Schuften mit den Besiegten

Toiling with the Defeated: US-Diaries, 1948

US-Tagebücher von Deane und Ian Barbour aus den Ruinen in Hamburg & Münster, 1948

Englische Originaldokumente

Erhard Böttcher, John D. Barbour & Joachim Reppmann, Herausgeber

moin

Cover photos, top: 1948, Deane and Ian Barbour returned on the *Marine Tiger*, a former troop ship which brought student volunteers and refugees from Europe to the USA.

Bottom: An undamaged statue unearthed in the Münster University chapel.


moin

„Die gemeinsame Arbeit in einem kirchlichen Workcamp ist nur ein Mittel. Das Ziel ist nicht nur allgemeine internationale Verständigung, die man auch in den internationalen Sommerkursen anstrebt, sondern der Versuch, eine Brücke in der gegenwärtigen Situation zu bauen, nach allem, was in der jüngsten Geschichte vorgefallen ist und nach Möglichkeiten persönlichen Verstehens zu suchen, ohne die Vergangenheit zu vergessen. Dieses gegenseitige Verstehen hat reale Wurzeln und kann daher fruchtbar für die Zukunft werden. (...)

Die gemeinsame Arbeit und der entsprechende Geist sind Hauptzweck dieser kirchlichen Workcamps. Ihr werdet staunen, welche wichtige Arbeit ihr in drei Wochen ohne besondere Ausbildung leisten könnt." *Joe Howell, New York, 1948*

This book publishes the diaries of Ian and Deane Barbour, who in 1948 participated in summer work camps in Münster and Hamburg. The young couple worked with American, Dutch, and German students to clear rubble from bombed buildings. This Christian group also sought understanding and reconciliation between former enemies, and experienced moments of great honesty and emotional depth. **Toiling with the Defeated** *includes photographs, documents that explain the background of the church work camps, an Introduction by Erhard Böttcher and Joachim Reppmann, and an Afterword by John D. Barbour.*

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**Die US-Tagebücher
von Deane and Ian Barbour aus den Ruinen in
Hamburg & Münster, 1948**

Abbildungen von John D. Barbour, Northfield, MN und *Morgenpost,* HH.

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Ian und Deane Barbour halfen 1948 beim Beseitigen von Trümmern in Deutschland

Erhard B ö t t c h e r

Tagebücher gehören seit langem all-überall zu den besonders persönlichen Stilarten der internationalen Literatur; sie markieren ein extrem weites Feld individueller Erfahrungen. Zu den bekanntesten Werken dieser Kategorie zählen Bücher weltberühmter Autoren wie Max Frisch, Thomas Mann und Walter Kempowski, extrem bewegende Zeugnisse von ursprünglich fast namenlosen Menschen wie der Jüdin Anne Frank und Fälschungen wie die skandalösen Hitler-Tagebücher von Konrad Kujau. Und dann gibt es schlichte Aufzeichnungen, die erst nach Jahrzehnten im Verborgenen ans Tageslicht kommen und beeindrucken, weil sie eine markante historische Periode unmittelbar, authentisch und eindrucksvoll zugleich schildern.

Zu diesen allemal historischen Dokumenten gehören die sehr persönlichen Tagebücher von Ian G. und Deane Barbour aus Northfield, Minnesota, die im Sommer 1948 nach Deutschland reisten, um beim Beseitigen von Trümmermassen in Universitätsstädten zu helfen. Sie engagierten sich in purer Nächstenliebe auf der Basis eines unerschütterlichen christlichen Menschenbildes. Die Amerikaner arbeiteten etliche Wochen in Hamburg und Münster und notierten ihre Eindrücke liebevoll, ehrlich und schonungslos zugleich. In West- und Mitteleuropa gab es immerhin 150 kirchlich inspirierte Workcamps - vornehmlich mit tausenden Studenten aus vielen Ländern. Junge Leute schufteten für besiegte Deutsche, die noch verwirrt und verstört, hungernd und fast hoffnungslos ihr Leben zwischen Ruinenbergen fristeten.

Deane und Ian Barbour heirateten 1947 in der US-Hauptstadt Washington. Deane studierte Theologie und Ian Physik. Er machte sich später als Professor einen besonderen Namen mit seinen Schriften über die Wechselwirkungen von Religion und Physik. Dafür bekam Ian Barbour 1999 den mit mehr als einer Million US-Dollar dotierten Templeton Prize einer in Philadelphia angesiedelten Stiftung.; das meiste Geld ging an ein einschlägiges Forschungszentrum in Berkeley (Kalifornien). Preisträger waren auch Mutter

Teresa, Billy Graham, Alexander Solschenyzin, Carl Friedrich von Weizsäcker und Desmond Tutu. Mit dem Blick auf heftigen Streit zwischen Materialisten und Fundamentalisten mahnte Barbour: "Es gbit viele Leute, die gleichermaßen an Gott und die Evolutionstheorie glauben."

Während der Zeit in deutschen Workcamps gab es schlichtes Essen: Kartoffeln, Karotten, Haferbrei und Brot. Die jungen Leute lernten eine riesige Bandbreite von Menschentypen kennen - von einem unverbesserlichen Nazioffizier bis zu einer besonders stark gläubigen Frau; etliche Leute haderten mit der großen deutschen Schuld. Nicht vergessen konnten die Amerikaner, was im deutschen Alltag zu sehen war: "Verkrüppelte Menschen auf den Straßen, Kinder, ..., manche um Essen bettelnd." Schließlich blieb bei dem Ehepaar eine Szene aus dem Abschiedsgottesdienst in einer Universitätskapelle zwischen Trümmern besonders hängen, als die internationale Gemeinde auf Zeit sang: "Goin' to lay down my heavy load" (Ich lege meine schwere Bürde ab).

Das Paar zog vier Kinder groß. John D. Barbour, Professor am St. Olaf College in Northfield (Minnesota), bewahrte die Tagebücher seiner Eltern wie einen Schatz. Er gab sie dem deutschen Auswandererhistoriker Dr. Joachim (Yogi) Reppmann.

Ian Barbour: Brückenbauer zwischen Wissenschaft und Religion

Führender US-Wissenschaftler im 20. Jahrhundert

Ian G. Barbour (1923 Peking - 2013 Minneapolis) studierte zunächst Naturwissenschaften und dann Religion, aber statt einen dauernden Konflikt beider Bereiche anzunehmen, half er, einen akademischen Bereich zu schaffen, in dem sie einen gemeinsamen Grund teilten. Barbour erwarb seine Doktortitel in Physik und Theologie in Chicago und Yale. Als führender US-Wissenschaftler integrierte Barbour Evolution, Urknalltheorie, Genetik und Neurowissenschaft mit dem Christentum, während er aktives Mitglied der First United Church of Christ (Kongregationalisten) war.

Als Kosmopolit wuchs Barbour in China, England und den USA auf. 1955 gründete er das Department of Religion am Carleton Col-

lege in Northfield (Minnesota), wo er auch Physik unterrichtete. In den sechziger Jahren erarbeitete Barbour eine wissenschaftliche Methodologie zur Erforschung des Verhältnisses zwischen Naturwissenschaften und Religion. Seine Werk „Issues in Science and Religion" (1966) gilt als Basis des akademischen Fachs „Wissenschaft und Religion". Hinzu kamen Schriften über Ethik und moderne Technik.

1986 wurde Barbour emeritiert. 1999 bekam er den Templeton-Preis für das Buch „Progress in Religion". Eine Million des Preisgeldes von 1,26 Millionen US-Dollar stiftete er dem Center for Theology and Natural Sciences bei der Graduate Theological Union in Berkeley.

New York Times, 13. Januar 2014 - Zusammenfassung des Nachrufs

Kraftquelle Kirche

Joachim Reppmann und Erhard Böttcher

2003 lernten wir in Northfield (Minnesota) nordwestlich von Chicago das charismatische Ehepaar Deane und Ian Barbour kennen. Nach einem Abendessen bei gemeinsamen Freunden erfuhren wir, welch tiefen Einblick sie 1948 bei zwei kirchlichen Workcamps in Deutschland gewonnen hatten. Es war wenige Tage nach der legendären Währungsreform und noch bevor sich die Bundesrepublik gründete. Wir waren bewegt und fragten vorsichtig am Ende des Abends, ob es vielleicht Tagebücher von den Aufenthalten in Hamburg und Münster gebe.

Deane und Ian Barbour heirateten als junge Studenten Ende 1947 in der US-Hauptstadt Washington. Wenige Monate später reisten sie gemeinsam nach Ommen (Niederlande) zu einem kurzen Vorbereitungsseminar der Congregational Church. Dann trennten sich ihre Wege in Deutschland. Deane leitete das kirchliche Workcamp in Hamburg; ihr Ehemann Ian übernahm für drei Wochen die Leitung in den Ruinen der Universität Münster. Dieses frühe, bewegende deutsch–amerikanische Freundschaftsprojekt wurde auf beiden Seiten des Atlantiks weitgehend vergessen.

Welche Kräfte, Ideen und Moral wirkten hinter dem Denken und Handeln des jungen Ehepaars Barbour? Getragen wird die christliche Kirche in Amerika von scheinbar widersprüchlichen Grundhal-

tungen. Neben tiefer Frömmigkeit treten der Wunsch nach voller Glaubensfreiheit und der Wille zur Selbstverwaltung des rührigen Gemeindelebens. Dazu gehören starker ehrenamtlicher Einsatz und intensive Jugendarbeit. Die Finanzbasis für seelsorgerisches und soziales Engagement basiert bei völliger staatlicher Unabhängigkeit auf großzügigen Beiträgen und Spenden.

Unverwüstlicher Pioniergeist und außergewöhnliche Gastfreundschaft beeindrucken unsere europäischen Gäste im ländlichen Raum des Mittleren Westens der USA zutiefst. Trotz der rasanten digitalen Revolution haben dort die alten sozialen Kraftquellen Familie und Kirche ihre Funktion behalten – unverfälscht und klar. Abseits der riesigen Metropolen gilt nicht nur das Leistungsstreben nach dem alten Motto „Jeder ist seines Glückes Schmied". Auch das Prinzip Nächstenliebe ist in der Gesellschaft unerschütterlich verankert.

Noch heute wird Kirche im Mittelwesten als Großfamilie erlebt. Ein Verband gegenseitiger Hilfe seiner Mitglieder, geeint durch Bekenntnis und Kirchenlied, Gebet und Beitragszahlung. Glaube ist dabei keine Privatsache, sondern entscheidend für das Leben in und mit der Gemeinschaft. Am Sonntag geht die Familie zum Gottesdienst; in Amerika ist das selbstverständlich und normal. Auch das Tischgebet wird zu Hause noch oft gepflegt. Der Glaube der Vorfahren ist im Mittleren Westen der USA (12 Bundesstaaten um Chicago) nicht verschüttet; er konnte nicht verschüttet werden, weil die gesellschaftlichen Prozesse die christliche Dynamik in dem weiten Land nicht zu erdrücken vermochten.

Im Hintergrund dieser Erfahrung steht ein handfester christlicher Glaube, der sich für jeden Mitmenschen zu engagieren weiß, der keine Phrasen, wohl aber spirituelle Gemeinschaft und mitmenschliche Hilfe anzubieten vermag. Und das jederzeit, gewissermaßen aus dem Stand, ohne große Worte - in jener Ausprägung, wie sie Kirche und Christentum im amerikanischen Mittelwesten auch jetzt zu Beginn des 21. Jahrhunderts in keiner Weise abhanden gekommen ist. Vor diesem Hintergrund ist der körperlich harte und selbstlose kirchliche Arbeitseinsatz von Deane und Ian Barbour zu verstehen.

Über Werte und Moral wird auch heute noch viel gesprochen. Viele Menschen entdecken, dass Materialismus, Wohlstand, Besitz allein nicht glücklich machen und Fragen nach dem Sinn des Lebens in einer immer stärker säkularisierten Welt dringlicher werden.

Was macht wirklich glücklich? Keine Gemeinschaft kann gelingen, wenn nicht Interesse am anderen, Neugier auf den anderen da ist. Nur durch das nicht mit Egoismen verbundene, vorbehaltlose Interesse am anderen Menschen können überhaupt neue Freundschaften entstehen.

Für neue Freundschaften waren die „anderen German Work Camps" eine großartige Begegnungsstätte; es entstanden sogar zwei internationale Ehen. Aus Interesse erwuchsen Freundschaften; aus Freundschaft erwuchs Verantwortungsbereitschaft - ein ganz zentraler Wert für jeden Einzelnen als Mitglied einer Gemeinschaft; das galt besonders, mit Vorbildcharakter, für Deane und Prof. Ian Barbour, erfolgreicher Gründer einer eigenen Wissenschaft. Er gilt als ein führender US-Intellektueller in der zweiten Hälfte des 20. Jahrhunderts. -

Warum sind diese 150 Freundschaftsinitiativen in Deutschland und Europa vergessen worden?

Umfangreiche Internetrecherche nach den Workcamps von 1948 blieb ergebnislos; Dr. Theo Sommer, langjähriger Chefredakteur „Die Zeit", war damals Jungredakteur und berichtete in einem Gespräch: „Es gab damals kaum Papier und solche Themen konnten nicht berücksichtigt werden." Dr. Ulrich Erdmann (www.erdmann-kiel.de), recherchierte intensiv mit dem Hamburger Bürgerverein Duvenstedt/Wohldorf-Ohlstedt, und alle fanden keine Hinweise auf die jungen Amerikaner in ihrem Stadtteil. Die Friede-Springer-Stiftung recherchierte vergebens nach dem späteren „Welt"-Redakteur Dr. Wolfgang Weise, der im Hamburger Workcamp Fien aus Holland, seine spätere Ehefrau, kennenlernte.

Wir hoffen, dass diese Publikation ein Anstoß für die weitere Beschäftigung mit den internationalen Workcamps 1948 ist.

Ein erster Erfolg ist Jeanne Lohmann aus Olympia (US-Bundesstaat Washington). Diese zauberhafte Lyrikerin leitete mit ihrem Mann 1948 das Workcamp in Bremen. (siehe bitte Appendix II und ihren bewegenden Bericht *Bremen Work Camp, 1948* in: „In Parallel Light - A Prose Collection", Fithian Press, McKinleyville, California, 2015, S. 33-36.)

Fotos 1948

Ian Barbour in Münster

Hochzeitsfoto in Florida, 1947.
Deane Barbour (8. September 1925 in Washington, DC; † 23. Dezember 2011 in Northfield, Minnesota) Ian Graeme Barbour (* 5. Oktober 1923 in Peking; † 24. Dezember 2013 in Minneapolis) war ein US-amerikanischer Physiker und Theologe. Er gilt als Begründer des interdisziplinären Fachs Wissenschaft und Religion.*

Münster; einige Studenten tragen die Schienen für die Kleinbahn, die den Schutt transportiert.

Münster Universitätskirche

Uni - Campus, Münster, 1948

Münster - Universität

Dachpfannen der Universitätskirche

Münster – zwei Kinder vor den Ruinen eines Ladens

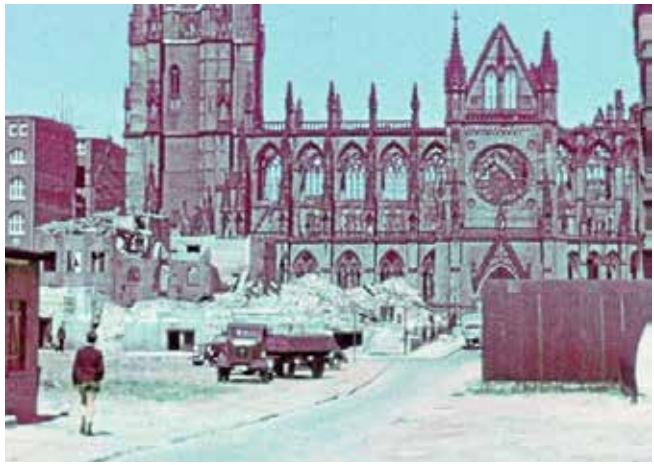
Nach der Arbeit trafen sich am frühen Abend immer Diskussionsgruppen.

1948: So sah Hamburg aus:

Konstantin von zur Mühlen (Filmfirma Kronos-Media, Hamburg) entdeckte kürzlich sensationelles Filmmaterial. Morgenpost, Hamburg, 16.12.2015

Ein kleines Mädchen als „Trümmerfrau".

Viele Hamburger leben in Ruinen und arrangieren sich mit dem Chaos.



Die Nikolaikirche, bis 1877 das höchste Gebäude der Welt, liegt seit 1943 in Trümmern.

A "Hamburger" with his dog in front of a pub, 1948

Introduction

Ian Barbour 2004 und 1948 (Briefwechsel)

On November 29th, 1947, Ian and Deane were married in Christ Church, Georgetown (Washington, DC). In the spring of 1948 Ian was 24 years old, working on his Ph.D. thesis in high-energy physics at the University of Chicago. Deane, aged 22, was enrolled at Chicago Theological Seminary (CTS), and we lived in one room of Robie House (designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and owned by CTS). We volunteered for a summer work camp project involving American, Dutch, and German students in Germany, three years after the end of World War II. The letter below prepared the way for some amazing and memorable experiences. We have transcribed our diaries from Germany with a minimum of editing, keeping the fragmentary character of our immediate impressions, often recorded late at night after busy days.

The Congregational Christian Service Committee (CCSC)
110 East 29th Street New York, 16, New York
June 3, 1948

Dear Deane and Ian Barbour:

This is to ask both of you, presuming the Dutch will let you be in one camp, to be co-directors of our German projects.

This is a rather late invitation, but nonetheless in good faith. We had expected that Dr. Carleton Gajdusek would be the leader, but he has been requested for leadership of the camp at Stuttgart, and so we turn at once to you. You bring to this summer project more experience in the field of work camps than anyone else, and in every sense it is a privilege to be able to turn to you for the kind of leadership which I feel the projects are really going to need in view of the fact that the Dutch have turned to an entrepreneur for the direction of the actual work.

I cannot really tell you too much what being leaders will involve. The Dutch have asked us for one general leader, and we can go them one better and give them a couple, I hope, if you are willing.

The important thing will be to get up to Leyden just as soon after your arrival on the continent as possible in order to report for whatever planning they may want your help on.

Sincerely,
Joe Howell

5757 Woodlawn Avenue; Chicago, Ill.
June 5, 1948

Dear Joe Howell,

We are grateful for your letter of June 3, and consider it a privilege and challenge to be considered for leadership positions. I am sure you can understand the desire to postpone our decision until we hear from you once more. I realize that many details of the program must be definitely vague, both because planning is being done in Europe and because of the desirability of flexibility to fit situations as they develop. However we would appreciate any more information you can give us. Since we do not know much about what being leaders would involve, the comments and questions below may be both irrelevant and incorrect:

1) Does the fact that your letter refers to "co-directors of our German projects" imply working with the over-all planning, setting up, and operation of all three camps, or would we probably be concerned, after the planning conference, with one specific work camp? What other leadership will the project have? Will the pattern probably involve: a) a local inhabitant (pastor, teacher, etc) who will have good community contacts; b) the entrepreneur, a private contractor who will direct the technical work of the project; c) a dietitian or cook; d) a German or Dutch leader; and e) an American leader like ourselves, who would with the German leader help plan and organize the camp, plan with a committee of campers the discussions, schedule, camp problems, etc., and perhaps be responsible for reports to the CCSC. Could you give us the pattern as you see it?

2) Knowing how important leadership is in the success of a work camp and in setting its tone (particularly if most campers have had no work-camp experience), and being so enthusiastic about the potentialities of a work camp when well led, we are very much aware of our own inadequacies, lack of experience, and youth. Hav-

ing seen what a person like Douglas Steere can do in a work camp situation, we feel unqualified. An older, more mature and poised person, who has the right touch in dealing creatively with personal and community interactions, could do so much better a job than we could.

3) It would also seem desirable to have for leader a person familiar with Germany and the German language and people. Our knowledge of Germany is negligible, and our German only mediocre, though we will study hard this month. I presume there will be local community leaders at all the camps — certainly when it comes to communicating, or explaining or understanding subtle reactions, we would not be worth much on the public relations end! There is also this question: if there are to be 3 or 4 times as many Europeans as Americans on the work camps, as stated in the CCSC mimeo-letters, would there not be advantages in having as much of the leadership as possible in the hands of Europeans?

We feel that, if pre-camp planning and setting up, and working with other leaders during the camps, is involved, we would be grateful for the opportunity to help. On the other hand, if very considerable responsibility in the operation and success of a camp would be in our hands, we have hesitations about our ability to do a good job of it; we would urge you to try to find a leader who is older and more experienced with group leadership and with Germany.

However, we do not know all the facts, what other personnel is available, etc. and we trust your judgment on the matter. We do not want to avoid responsibility, nor to get out of a difficult and challenging opportunity. So we repeat the desire to be assigned wherever you think best. Our primary concern is the overall value and effectiveness of the camp on the campers and the community.

Sorry this letter has become so long — you must be swamped with last-minute details and changes. We are truly appreciative of the care you and Dick West are giving to arrangements for the work camps. I hope we shall have a chance to meet you.

Sincerely,
Ian Barbour

Ian's 2004 note. In a phone conversation with Joe Howell we agreed to represent the Congregational Service Committee with the understanding that the Dutch committee would assume the main leadership role — since they had been doing the preliminary planning, and many of them are fluent in both German and English. We also agreed to urge that when each camp was under way it should elect a committee to make any further decisions about the life of the camp.

It turned out that the Dutch wanted to have one of us in each camp, Münster and Hamburg. After the orientation meetings in Holland (at Ommen) Deane and I did not see each other until the end of the camps.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHRISTIAN SERVICE COMMITTEE, INC.
110 East 29th Street, New York 16, New York June 8, 1948

Dear friend:

The Netherlands Committee of the International Student Service is organizing three camps in Germany (in one of which you will be participating), in Hamburg, Münster, and Göttingen, in the British Zone. Our committee is cooperating by providing $2,000 toward the expense of the camps. With the Ithaca Westminster Foundation, which is providing a further $1,400 toward the expense of the camps, we have selected the forty Americans who will take part.

The background for this cooperation under the leadership of the Dutch is as follows. Raynold Pitsker, whom our committee has made available to the World Council of Churches to develop work camps in Europe, last fall sought to determine what sort of project we might sponsor in Holland.

From his talks with the Dutch we came to the judgment that it would be more appropriate to work together with the Dutch in Germany. Ray Pitsker has given the reasons for this as follows: "The great need in Holland is spiritual rather than physical. Though great physical damage was inflicted upon certain areas by the war, nowhere is the need for this kind of reconstruction so great as in some other European areas. Years of underground resistance in hiding from the enemy did, however, create a tremendous need for spiri-

tual rehabilitation. It is in recognition of this need that Dominie van Gelder, youth leader of the Remonstrant Church, has cooperated so closely with the International Student Service in the organization of the German camps. He feels that by helping to reconstruct Germany physically and spiritually too, of course, the Dutch can best find a source of spiritual power for their own reintegration. Hence, in a very real sense, the German camps of the International Student Service may be considered a part of Dutch spiritual rehabilitation."

The Dutch have evaluated the purpose of the camps as follows: "The work is only a means. The end is not only general international understanding, which is also pursued in the international summer courses, but is especially the attempt to build a bridge in the present situation, after what has happened in recent history between Dutch and German students and to see if it is possible, without forgetting the past, to come to a personal understanding, which has its foundation in reality and therefore will be fruitful for the future."

"At both sides the reproach that we learned nothing from the past will only then be spared if we do not evade the problems but approach them with open eyes. Discussions and general and personal talks will be more important in the camps than lectures. Only a few lectures will be held. These must be concrete and personal, rather than only scientific."

"What is said above does not only concern the three camps of general character (in August) but also those with a Protestant-Christian character (in July — those in which you will be participating), where there is a common basis of Christianity. In these earlier camps, groups of American students will take part, who will of course approach the problem from a different background. They will certainly contribute to the widening of our horizon."

"The camp should be a unity, in a certain sense a closed community. For the intensity of the camp, it is helpful that there be as little distraction as possible. The participants have to focus their attention on one another. It is therefore essential that (a) the work will be done together, separated from other groups, (b) not too many guests and visitors will be received, (c) the connection with summer courses, and so forth, should not be too close, (d) in principle, no participant will come after the beginning or leave before the end

of the camp, (e) there should not be too many activities outside the camp community, which would harm the intensity of the contact."

Both the work and the spirit in which you do it are the chief purposes of these work camps. You can well wonder what important work you can do in three weeks without any particular skill. But the work the Dutch have chosen will be meaningful, clearing ground for trees, clearing rubble, and helping to build a student center. The work you do may not be very dramatic, but it will be the most natural means for your sharing in the condition of Europe and of the people living in Europe. The spirit in which you work is probably more important than the work you will do. By your presence, working beside students and workers from Germany and Holland, you will be saying more than you may be able to say at any time during the summer in words. But you will need words too, as you will see from the letter quoted below. One of the girls who worked in our project in France last summer and stayed over for a year of work in the College Cevenol has written confirming the importance of going in the right spirit but also urging, for her part, the greater importance of knowing facts about your country and its foreign policy.

"Americans are disliked in Europe more than last summer. Now, not because of what the soldiers did during the war, which is an old story, but because of what the foreign policy is doing right now. Some Europeans look at us with the same horror as one regards a strong moron playing with fire in one's house. Any American in Europe has got to have a lot of humility, a sound knowledge of the facts, so as not to be tripped up, and has got to have decided on what basis he is going to make his opposition to Communism and see that his basis is defend-able. He has got to have answers to the statement that the Marshall Plan is nothing but power politics against Russia and a means of building up markets for American goods and a bit of philanthropy to sooth American consciences. I am not saying that France is white and America black, but it doesn't do any good to say, 'Look what France is doing in Madagascar and Indochina. Why aren't the German prisoners home yet? Why don't you do something about your inflation? What about your own occupying policy?' When Americans are in this country, we are on the defensive. And although they can throw stones from their glass

house, in order to accomplish anything, we must be above that sort of thing. I am more and more conscious of my own ignorance, and I hope more of the Americans coming this summer will not be so occupied about being prepared spiritually, but will have some answers to the questions they are going to be asked."

Her letter makes it clear that you need not only to go to Europe in the right spirit but to know the facts about your own country. For our part we want to make it clear that, however naturally you will be a representative of America, you also go as an appointee of the Congregational Christian Service Committee, which seeks to share in Europe the will of God rather than the will of any one nation.

You may or may not find meaning in the service of communion and you may or may not understand it. But we ask you, to the extent that you can, to accept this summer's appointment and to fulfill it in the spirit of the communion service. Part of that service, and perhaps the most deeply meaningful part, occurs in silence. It has never been adequately explained in words and never can be. The people beside whom you will be working have probably suffered more than you have. The service of communion speaks to and from the experience of suffering. You are an American, and inevitably you will share your interpretation of what the strength and weaknesses of America are; but we ask you to go, as a representative of the Congregational Christian Service Committee, less to debate your country's case than to seek and to share the spirit of God to the extent that you are able. The words of one service of communion are appropriate: "Ye that do truly and earnestly repent you of your sins and are in love and charity with your neighbors, and intend to lead a new life, following the Commandments of God, and walking henceforth in his holy ways: draw near with reverence, faith, and thanksgiving, come, not because you must, but because you may; come to testify not that you are righteous, but that you sincerely love our Lord; come, not because you are strong, but because you are weak; not because you have any claim on heaven's rewards, but because in your frailty and sin you stand in constant need of heaven's mercy and help; come, not to express an opinion, but to seek a presence and pray for a spirit."

In April Professor Richard Cameron, of Boston University, who has been representative of the Congregational Christian Service Committee in France this past winter, went to Holland to confirm the plans for the camps. Part of his report will interest you, for it raises a problem which you should have in mind as you think of your contribution to the projects.

"As to the camp itself, they are making good plans for the educational part of it. They hope to have several lecturers of merit traveling through the three camps in rotation. … The arrangements for work didn't conform so well to our ideal. Their interest is predominantly intellectual. They are turning the work campers over to an entrepreneur for the manual work. He will pay them a small sum each week, enough for cigarettes, and not much more. But it indicated that the actual work doesn't occupy the important place in their ideal it does in ours. I expressed my disappointment at this; they didn't seem to know what else to do. Apparently the intellectual world in Holland has very few contacts with other planes of existence."

You will need to take real initiative in giving spirit to the work. The fact that an entrepreneur is in charge of it somewhat changes the usual situation in which everything about a volunteer work camp is volunteer. On the other hand, you should be sensitive to the fact that you are guests of Dutch leadership primarily and that this is the best way they have seen to provide for the work. There may be a tendency, even in volunteer groups in Europe, for the leader to be Leader and the camper to be Follower. Our experience in France the last two summers has indicated that European campers are responsive to opportunity for self-government. One of the most important contributions you may make this summer, even in so short a time, is to convey a real and contagious sense to the Dutch and Germans with whom you will be working of the way a group can determine its own life. This will require your imagination, resourcefulness, adaptability, patience, and humor.

There will be about twenty-five Germans, twelve Dutch, and thirteen Americans in each camp, making a total of fifty, of whom about twelve will be girls. The German students will be selected through the *Evangelische Studentengemeiden*, and Dutch students

through the Netherlands Christian Student Union (N.C.S.V.) and Modern Christian Student Movement (V.C.S.V.) Germans, Dutch, and Americans will share in the leadership of each camp. There will be a council in each camp, formed by representatives of the campers, to work out the daily program with the leaders. There will be a preparatory meeting of from four to six days at Ommen and an evaluation meeting after the camp, possibly followed by another short meeting just before the return sailing date.

This is the first time we have undertaken such a cooperative venture. It will not be perfect. Please share your reactions fully with each other and with us, so that your experience may help determine the success of another such venture next year or any modification.

Sincerely,
Joseph Howell

Deane's Diary: Hamburg

Friday, July 16, 1948. Ian and I part, an hour after the train has passed the German Border, he to go to Münster, I to the Hamburg work camp. I am remembering the words of Ian's prayer given in the dedication service at Ommen last night. May it increasingly be a part of thinking, living. Talk with Dutch Fenna on train. She is engaged: she is deeply in love. "And perhaps" (softly) "we think … perhaps in one year … we can save enough, and be married." I stand at the train window, watching the countryside, the people in the rain, thinking of what the weeks ahead may hold, and desperately needing Ian's smile and quiet strength. Suddenly Betsy the Matter-of-Fact, our hilarious next-door neighbor in Chicago, is beside me. I know she is thinking of the same things; and her husband is in Belgium in a work camp for the entire summer. Then her voice: "If the wives of service men gave them four years, for the cause of war, I can surely give up being with him for two months, for peace."

And we have reached another station, and divide into the Göttingen and Hamburg groups, parting with real affection, regret. This was a meaningful week of planning. Our train moves on through gathering dusk to Hamburg. We pass through neat green countrysides. It is rainy, gray. The houses are poor, and some, even here in the country, destroyed. Children are standing on the railroad tracks, begging for food. Their faces are thin; some (but what great love and seasoned wisdom it would take to read them truly!) look hard, old and disillusioned; others look indescribably sensitive, searching-"and acquainted with suffering." Then devastated Bremen, and later Hamburg, where the rubble, the shattered buildings, are incredible.

Many impressions: the idle railroad cars on unused tracks; the huge, echoing station, scene, one knows, of many a triumphal hour in the days of Nazidom. One imagines for a moment the restless spirits of thousands of young Nazis who boarded trains here which would carry them to fight for the Fatherland — that these sad spirits for a moment return in this July twilight and busily people the immense station, and call goodbye to their loved ones. Then this imagining is dispelled, and one finds welling within one a prayer for them, whom God keepeth in His love now. The station looks

very empty now. All people are dwarfed by its proportions. Some are hurrying. Most are standing very silent, staring, speaking not a work. Later one will hear of the thousands upon thousands of civilians who spent the nights in this station during parts of the war, sleeping on the platforms hoping that they might be able to find room on a train which would take them to other parts of Germany, to homes and loved ones whom they desperately feared they would find destroyed.

A feeling of seriousness. Feeling of fright. Then suddenly we are off the train! The unexpectedness, the joy, thrilling and unforgettable, of the warm welcome in English by six German students who had met us! Smiles, berets, kind questions, courtesy, enthusiasm. A quick steering to the bus, and a ride of 45 minutes to Ohlstedt, the last part of it through a beautiful old forest. Miles of stark ruins. People on the street look as though they feel well, but the sick may be lying inside any house (hovel?). A determining to try to seek, and recognize, "What is truth." To try to see, for the sake of faith, of integrity and all that is at stake what is really here; to be non-judgmental, insofar as possible, these three weeks; to let the sun shine through to one's blind spots, and not to favor one's prejudices, be they to describe Germany as "all right" or "complete Hell."

We arrive at camp. All during the bus trip the Germans have eagerly answered our questions about our camp, our lager. The Dutch and Americans, who at Ommen, Holland, during the planning, tended to divide themselves into two groups, draw closer together psychologically — yet are deeply cognizant that this must not mean still another separation into national groups: the American and Dutch, for one, the German for the second. Ten tents around a beautiful grassy center. There are cots for four or five in each. Oliver Ellsemann, the director, comes across the grass to see to the girls' working out a satisfactory division into their tents, girls from each nationality being in each. Dutch Hiete, Germans Anne Marie and Eva, and Americans Kitty and I are to be in the end one. Everyone rather quiet, yet very excited and happy— past words in a way, for the smiles and universal helpfulness seem to be promising something in this short three weeks. Not till long afterwards do I hear of the tension with which the Germans waited for us all during that day, wondering almost as children whether we would "like" or "hate"

them, and whether our lager would really build friendship and understanding.

And looking back I know too how deep seated was our concern, our anxious hope. "Human beings who have suffered terribly … In need of contact with others … Of spiritual hope … For these Christ died …"These were the thoughts, the knowledge, the prayer. Yet in the rain, the chill, and facing the unknown, the remembered voices of the cynical, in conversation and print, came creeping insidiously, testing, testing: "They're hard. They'll really be laughing at you. They don't want a work camp. They just want food. Nothing can ever change a German. What is the work camp idea anyway?" Then "Father of all, keep us true to our ideals … Yet help us to see reality, thy Reality … that thought and action be clean and straight and more free of self … that good may come."

And now suddenly, faith! For almost everyone, somehow. And we put down our suitcases. They are too well made, hold too much, we know with strange shame when we glance at the boxes or the ancient battered cases in which the others have brought a few things. Yet somehow there is tacit understanding that even to dwell on shame takes the sun out of the sky. There's a brightening, and a calling of no attention whatsoever to disparity— and we all set off in high spirits to the schoolhouse! This is about four or five longish city blocks through the forest, to Ohlstedt. This particular walk, made several times each day, comes throughout the three weeks to be one of the best parts. Under these trees various mistakes are recognized and integrated into experience, and thanks begins to be felt for slow, sure growth. Under these trees we walk and have unforgettable conversations.

The schoolhouse is a large, well planned building, about 18 years old. There are large classrooms and a kitchen and dining room that our camp is to use. Upstairs lie many little children, (about 60 or 70) who are staying here. They are undernourished, and are being cared for and built up by some utterly devoted young girls, social workers, who are supervised by three older women. More and more each day we admire and respect their program. We go into the dining room. Porridge has been served in big brown bowls. We eat bread. Exchange of talk … "What do you study?" (Not yet "Why did

you come?" for that is a deep and too personal question). A quick washing of dishes, and then Oliver's greeting and their welcome to us. And slow, distinct reading of the New Testament in German. A prayer. And we walk home through the woods by the light of the moon, having forgotten our flashlights.

Saturday, July 17. The morning drizzly. We have a worship service after breakfast, the words of "Grosser Gott" powerful, beautiful. We peel vegetables, singing, the Germans showing how much they love learning American songs. "Please teach me 'Swannee River'; I've always wanted to learn that!" The Dutch and German songs are fresh, delightful; some hilarious, some wistful and sweet. At lunch a German boy suggests that we all use "Du" rather than "Sie". This is of importance in this country. In the afternoon a fascinating staff meeting with about seven present. Discuss the basics of working together, the motivation, mechanics, leadership.

A note of pessimism and resentment is suddenly struck as Robert's name is brought in. Robert is the tall, nervous, intense German, the former Nazi officer, who has sought to dominate, to lead, to "make announcements", even to give orders in the kitchen. Everyone asks: "Did anyone appoint him?" No one has. There is a little furor. The German students bitterly term him "authoritative, militaristic." "He didn't come for the good of the group. He has no interest in anything religious. He was an officer and no longer has authority. He wants power and therefore came to this camp." "He is not Christian!" And then a sobering realization that one person cannot term another "unchristian." A realization that to deal violently with a human personality, though that personality frightens and appears a menace, in the name of Christendom is a weird contradiction. And yet there is a group feeling that for Robert's own sake he must not be allowed to put himself before the good of the group.

The ultimate decision: that the leadership as planned be mentioned to him (Oliver as director, Tom Alexander as assistant, Ricks as food administrator, Ruth, the capable German girl, as planner of things in the kitchen); that the basis of the camp as religious and not political should be discussed in an open meeting by the whole group; that Robert be made to feel welcome (yet free to leave if he cannot accept this basis and this leadership). A feeling that it might

be a more creative solution if Robert could be given some sort of responsibility that would channel the expression of these needs of his. But there appears so far no practical or appropriate job that confers a special authority, and some felt that this would be a concession to his aggressiveness, and unfair to the others who were all starting out on the same footing and would eventually work themselves into useful niches.

Final consensus: that it is each individual's responsibility to make a special effort to see that R. not feel rejected. One German, Heine, of good sense, observed: "You know, he will respect the camp more if he finds that there are certain boundaries, certain rules, which must be respected. He was used to that in the Army too: and it is also a need of his to live within a framework which cannot be shattered by the willful, unpredictable, selfish actions of individuals, as much as it is a need of his to be the willful individual.

Supper, and a long discussion during it with Heine, who is engaged to Ruth. We talked of Hitler, of Nazi philosophy, of what came to be called "the Jewish problem" during the 1930s; the weakening of spiritual values; the terror there was of protesting against the government, and the preoccupation of most Germans today with the bare essentials of material existence. A good talk. (Notes elsewhere.) So many people here to remember: Anne Marie, the tall, heavily-built German girl, who speaks English well, takes large and small things very seriously, seeks to "run things," give orders, speaks much of her personal distresses; Teddy, the young German dental student; Fien, the indefatigable Dutch girl, a med student, "true blue", with a neat sense of humor — I like her so much; Hiete, young but so mature and balanced, with a quiet reserve but friendly. It must be harder than we can imagine to have crossed over the border. May we not fail each other.

A "social evening" of singing, mostly. So many moments of it are indescribable. So much "cracking" of wonderful jokes, so much sensitivity of countenance and word. Some angularities, as when the Cornell U. boys and one of the girls burst out repeatedly in "rah rah" school songs. Yet even that did not mar the evening. Saving electricity, we did not use lights; in moments it was hard to be cheerful, and in the big auditorium the singing sounded, about the

middle of the evening, a bit hollow and forlorn. Dutch Jan valiantly sang a few solos. So many memories, so many hopes, so many seekings in these three national groups. And somehow we were suddenly pulled up by our own bootstraps— or something greater— and the evening ended with absolutely lilting music. Last things at night: the sound of a German's banjo being played — "Don't Fence Me In!"— and then Brahms's lullaby, played in the darkness out of doors. Hiete lying silent, looking up into the blackness of the tent; Eva expressing a wish that understanding and the sharing of work may increase. Two voices talking still at 1:30, out on the green.

Sunday, July 18. We walk up to breakfast early, sun shining, grass wet. The night was bitterly cold; there were hours of awareness of the singular pain of being awfully cold. And one understands more the tragedy, and tendency spiritually-to paralyze, of hunger and cold — that these fill the mind and can drain so terribly the energy which could and should be used to fight different things — or fulfill different things: the hunger of mind and spirit. To people who have this experience just occasionally, it is a chance to try to know God's presence in the hours of it; it is a startling and humbling experience. But we must also realize exactly what we are saying, or asking, or believing if we say to these Germans (or to the cold and hungry of Chicago) anything about "having faith" through all things.

After breakfast we wash dishes together. I talk to Ruth, who is just my age, while the others go to church. We prepare the lunch. Ruth says with an indescribable expression on her face: "We did not know until almost the end of the war what a devil he was." "Did you really believe that he loved Germany, wanted the best for her people?" "Deane yes, we thought he loved Germany, completely selflessly, that he lived only for her. Not until the end of the war did we know what a horrible personal life he lived, and also found out then about things like Eva Braun. We did not know until afterwards that it was ambition, egotism, which drove him completely." She says that thousands of Germans did not know the things the Nazis were doing until just before occupation — that they even thought the Jews were in factories, unjust as that was, rather than Auschwitz.

Free speech seems especially essential to the students now. Ruth went to school as a little child right here in this school. "Sometimes we would talk about the government in our class. No one of our pupils betrayed our teacher. But if the Nazis had known what he said to us, and what we were allowed to say, our teacher would have been put in concentration camp. My father hated the Nazis. My mother did too, and did all she dared to oppose. My father was horribly unhappy and confused. He would have denounced the party and lost his bank job. He used to say that this he would do if he were by himself, but that he could not bring himself to do it because he must support his family, take care of his children, and he could not let them suffer the things that would happen to them if he were away in a concentration camp." (Perhaps rationalization; but so human, tragic, understandable.)

Heine, blond, thoughtful, haggard face, studying with Ruth to be a teacher (they are both practice-teaching now) had said yesterday, "We were told that Poland had attacked us. We did not think it was a Christian war, a just war. Many of us were miserable within ourselves. But we believed it a necessary war, one that must be fought against invaders of our country. And later when we found that that had been a lie, we just somehow went on. We were part of a machine. And now there is spiritual damage more terrible than material."

In the afternoon we walk six miles through the ruins of Hamburg … and it is impossible to describe this. One feels sick and completely beyond words. That ruins like this lie in Poland, in Holland, in England, Russia. That men have done this to one another: "Man's inhumanity to man …" Crippled people on the streets; children running loose, some begging for food, faces angelic, impressionable. Miles and miles of ruins, and the memory of former beauty green in the minds of those who loved this city. Not a matter of a house here and there being bombed, but of every structure, in blocks that stretch on for miles, completely leveled. Where are people living? In cellars, one knows. In the rubble. There the children go home at night for bread, and sleep. The shells of bombed churches. The faces of men, women, children spending their Sunday afternoon on the docks. St. Paul, famous section of this city, now leveled and haunted.

The fascination of suddenly entering a tiny, unbombed quarter, the houses built in 1672, flowers in the windows, the kind of "student quarter" which Franz Schubert loved and in which he spent much time. The objectivity, yet the still-stunned quality with which the German students guide us. Walt, (American) walking along says: "I have Quaker ancestry. When the war came along I didn't have to go into the service, so I didn't think the thing through. But about this conscription business in the States now … well, I just don't know. It comes down to preparing for another war, to doing this all over again. And somehow …" This is his first word of this sort since we reached Ommen in Holland. For 10 days there was sullenness, cynicism: "I didn't come all the way to Europe to eat nothing but potatoes" or "I helped pay for this d — - bread and I'm going to see to it that I get my full share." We go back to camp. In the evening we have two hours in Bible study of Philippians: "that your love may be richer in knowledge and in insight" (chapter 1).

Monday, July 19. In the afternoon the girls (three Dutch, three American, four German) lie outdoors talking. The boys have all gone into Eppendorf Hospital to the reconstruction project, except one who is unfit for work, a law student studying for exams. I wake from a doze to hear Kitty trying to explain the meaning of "puppy love" to Dutch Gerard — hilarious! This morning up at 5:45. The boys all left for work at 6:25. A sudden enthusiasm for the newness of this weekday, and realization that the work project is really under way and introduces new notes into the schedule and into the atmosphere. Everyone waving hands as they dash to catch the tram. Fien says, "Ach, this is just like a movie isn't it: everyone waving hands!" We all laugh.

Talk with Anne Marie. Though she knows many things, there are tragic blind spots, both emotionally and factually, in her arguments. She tells of hard times Germans have now because when all people were liberated from concentration camps, "many of them were real criminals, murderers, etc., as well as innocent. In fact 80% were criminals. 80%! So now they are loose!" Sick at heart, one mentions the innocent, and the Jews killed, and tries to find where the '80' comes from. "Well we are not thinking now about the ones killed. And the Jews have their own organization to take care of them; did you know that?" It is so easy to understand why they try

to forget, to shut their eyes … to horror. It is to truth some shut their eyes, too — but not all. I do not think Ilse does, nor Inge; nor does Eva altogether.

After lunch I go to the bakery with Ruth. It is prosperous, compared with most places, the healthy-looking children of the baker playing in the yard happily. He was a famous baker before the war. People now bring him their flour and ration stamps, and he makes them bread, and once in a while a cake for someone. Then we leave, and see coming up the street a horse-drawn cart, with flour to be ground at the miller's, and it might be 200 years ago from the look of the quiet scene. This morning we washed clothes for the whole camp. Not as busy a morning as the others have been, and one finds it as difficult, as challenging, to live quietly, thoughtfully, seeing God in each person and incident, as to be under strain, busy, making decisions. One can so easily fail to meet the needs that are not obvious; one becomes aware too late, so often.

Yet each day is so profoundly important in the lives and thinking of the Dutch and German students, especially. I became more aware of the emotional strain that the Dutch are experiencing when Hiete — the high-minded, realistic, often merrily laughing, and often deeply serious — said to me last night with tears, "What is happening to me? I do not know what I shall do! Every time a German does something that would not irritate me at all were a Hollander or an American doing it— or not very much— I feel so furious inside and think 'Hah! Typically German!' And then the memory of how my brothers and my friends suffered from the Nazis during the occupation just floods me, and I cannot speak but must go away and be a little quiet." To see herself so clearly is the first step. But in any sense forgive, a thing she thought she had done when she made the quite unusual decision (opposed by her family) to come to a reconstruction project in Germany. This is something very complicated. I will remember Hiete's fineness and all her wonderful capacity for laughing at her own times of tenseness, and her maturity.

In the evening we listen to an extremely interesting lecture on German economics by Professor Ritschl, a famous faculty member of the University of Hamburg. He said that other nations are making money today from armaments. "This occupation is denied to

Germany." He made this observation not to indicate that Germany wants to begin such manufacture again, but as a practical economic fact, explaining in part Germany's shaky financial position at the moment. (But an ironic, hard economic fact! How amazing that other nations' economies are thriving on war-munitions booms. If their leaders, their people, have seen even once the ruin of a city, the ruin of lives . . .)

Talk with Inge at night. She is one of those German girls who will probably not be married. She is 29 now and there are "not enough boys." This affects drastically the outlook on life that many of these German girls have; their whole training and hope had been geared toward the homemaking, the childbearing and raising, that the Germans have always held as a central value. Later, rationalizing, she mentions in a light tone a man "to whom I finally wrote telling him I could not see him again." It is transparent, but a spoken sympathy is not what is needed. Just a listening ear, without curiosity or callousness. What a delicate, intricate thing, illustrative of dozens of other moments here needing greater wisdom that we have.

I ask Eva, whose clothes are so poor, shoes falling apart so that she goes barefooted most of the time, even when the air is raw and the ground soaked, what new thing she would choose to receive if possible, feeling sure that the answer will be "Ach! Shoes I would think!" She looks thoughtful: "An Oxford Dictionary, more than anything at all. That would be most luxurious for me." (She is a student of English at the University.) "One even thinks that maybe one can get a special certificate to get other things; maybe there will be more clothes in Germany, and other things. But a book! Such a book will be impossible for a German to get for perhaps some years." (Books are not being printed; the University libraries lie in great part in the ruins; and even if there were books, the few precious marks one has a week could not possibly go to buy them.) And Eva also tells me of the hundreds of students who all wait to use the one or two copies of a book a professor has assigned. It is on the reserve shelf in the library. "And somehow even if I run there after class it is always gone!")

This evening after five o'clock supper Hiete and I took a long walk together. We see the lovely little thatched houses of some

farmers, the most beautiful woods either of us has even seen, and entrancing lanes, which we follow this way and that for a long time. We see women hunting for food, and men picking grass for their rabbits, which they are raising in the city. This is 50 minutes by tram from central Hamburg; they have a long way to go home. And watching a brook, leaning over a little wooded bridge, we see a young boy in an ancient camouflaged jacket: orange and brown spots on green.

Forgot to note that Professor R., considered a brilliant economist, said tonight that when a country such as Germany starts a munitions boom, begins arming to the hilt, there eventually comes a moment when it is "economically judicious to stop making things and start using them. It is economically advantageous to start shooting the guns, in other words, or they won't 'pay off.' This is in part what happened in Germany." And he is silent, and the same thought must be in many minds. "Why can there not be some other way in the world today than a maelstrom of preparations which lead to a depth of involvement — and then? Will we ever hear an atomic scientist calculate, 'This will pay us off ' and people would believe it?"

Tuesday morning, July 20. We peel potatoes for several hours, clean the school, etc. I walk with Ilse to post office. She tells me of the fright as Berlin fell, and of the years for her mother and herself since then. Talk with Peter, who was in the Nazi Air Force. He says that the army did not like the Party and often hated it, yet did its will. He says too that Robert Cook, so much a problem the first few days but now more integrated, was an officer. He was caught resisting the Party, tried, and demoted to a private in "the most dangerous part of the front." Several of these students, Dutch and German, are engaged back home. All have from one to four years to wait: no houses, no money, no jobs assured, and studies to complete.

Study in afternoon. Read Rilke's *The Cornet* for the first time — lovely but tragic. (Rilke is immensely popular among Germans today). The day is beautiful, at moments fraught with joy (and also with the peculiar pain yet gladness-at-honesty of people's saying in odd moments that the camp still needs more understanding and cooperation. Fien, Tom, Jan and several others wonder about and

think on this. It is amazing now busy we are; there is always work or a decision. There is on the part of the Dutch the underlying question, almost with racking tears, "Why did you do it?" — sometimes swallowed for a few minutes and perhaps asked more creatively. God bless them. They are so much to be admired.

Yet I hear admiration for the Germans too, who want desperately to think things out and to have things spoken: want it consciously — yet subconsciously cannot bear to look at past horror and moral weakness. But this is not a camp of accusation, nor is it a camp of martyred "forgetting and forgiving." This is hard to explain. It is not a matter of forgetting, for that is impossible and unrealistic. For one thing it is not fair to the Germans, for it would be a failure to value truth, to look at, and learn from history. Yet it is a group experience of quiet forgiving, in a more mature way each day. It is amazing how it comes, and I cannot possibly describe it. It comes from laughter, it comes from the terrifically hard work at the hospital, it comes from laborious, sincere conversations out on the green or in the tents, lasting far into the night. It comes from things being "said right out," and from individuals making mistakes and coming to like each other. It comes from believing in Ilse's integrity, for instance: in believing that she too loathed what we outside, looking in, were loathing; from understanding, though not agreeing with, the silence she and other Germans kept, that they might live; from seeing her untiring work in camp these days, sometimes doing other peoples' work. It makes one wish that one's own character might be nearly as lovely if one were carrying, too, the load of guilt she has in her heart. But this is just one tiny instance. And each person is experiencing different things. And still we are seeing but darkly.

A two-hour discussion on Philippians. We talk about young peoples' groups, which are practically unknown in Germany in the sense that we have them. They do not meet in church groups to discuss practical problems, e.g. vocational decisions, boy-girl relationships, etc., and this they want and feel they need. And Freddie, the hilarious, irrepressible German: "I read that in the U.S. church dance music is often played before and after the service. Are all churches there like that?" We discussed how easy it is after hearing one thing about a country or a group (e.g., the Jews) to apply the fact universally. It was one of the most eye- (and thought-) open-

ing discussions so far, with frank sharing of experiences. And Dick Enthoven, who joshes about Ian, my "Chicago gangster," said "You know, till now I really believed all American were cowboys, and rich, and utterly superficial, and play jazz all the time." Talk in our cots at night about plays and what each of us likes to read. A.M. says that German young people are longing for the opportunity to read American literature: Thornton Wilder, Steinbeck, etc. And Fien, too, longs for English books; they are extremely difficult to get in Holland. I must remember.

In a meeting today Freddie said that Gandhi was once offered a new set of teeth by a dentist. They were to be free. Gandhi said gently: "Make some for me after you have done so for everyone else in India."

July 21. At 7:00 Heite and I take our turn going to work with the boys of the camp. We work in the rubble of the hospital of the U. of Hamburg— Eppendorf. A large plant, covering several blocks. Buildings bombed. Patients in chairs outside, or lying in wards, listlessly watching those who pass. Some sweet faced nurses and attendants care for them in this heartbreaking atmosphere. Wolfgang takes me through the ruins of some of the hospital buildings. He is a theological student, with a depth of character that shows in his relationships. He tells me of his family. He grew up in Berlin. His mother was jailed for resistance to the Nazis. She is now back in Berlin but in the Eastern Zone and he worries a lot about her. His father died after the war, partly of illness and partly, it seems, of sorrow.

Work digging the borders of lawns with Oliver Ellsemann and a German laborer. This man spent 2 years in Georgia and Tennessee as a prisoner of war. Says he was treated well, liked the Americans he met. Has not seen his Czechoslovakian wife for seven years. He came back from his POW term and found she had divorced him. Nor has he seen his seven year old Hans — "about whom I think much, and worry." A lined, serious face, but cheery at times with all. A young woman, who seems to love him very much came by to bring him apples. She is a young widow with a priceless seven year old (courtly, with his arm in a sling, broken when he fell, after climbing a tree!), and she and this man are to be married as soon as they can find a house or rooms; it could take a long time. A sandwich

lunch with everyone. Back to work, digging. This physical labor is a new and good experience.

Astonished to find out that Oliver considers the work part of a work camp "secondary" and thinks that in this particular situation intensive, very swift work is not creative in the long run. He talks about how he thinks this will be seen by apathetic Germans, who simply haven't the energy, and some frankly haven't the heart or enough courage left in their exhausted spirits. He says that they will become panicky and that we will take away their jobs, and that "all-out" physical effort elbows out close personal contacts. I disagree. Yet Oliver managed to draw forth enthusiasm from Wilhelm, the German, for the work itself after many long intervals of leaning on their spades talking. Yet the others, on projects scattered throughout the hospital grounds, are working hard. Oliver still says "Slow up," even when we are working alone and there are no Germans to talk with. The tears gather and have to be checked. Surely the answer lies in between. Surely there is insincerity if one just tries to "look busy." Surely it is not right that even tired Germans see sloth on our part. Yet there can be insidious spiritual pride at the other extreme too.

I go to the American consulate with Heite and Kurt. The picture of George Washington on the wall, which had never meant much before, brings suddenly and overwhelmingly close the knowledge of how precious are the best things for which the U.S. stands, including freedom of speech and of religion and the concept of "liberty and justice for all." In my head comes the melody of "America the Beautiful": "beautiful for pilgrims' feet, for mountains' majesty." This was shattered utterly for the moment by the American accent of the well-dressed, brusque receptionist replying to a thin German lady who is fighting to hold back the tears as she asks for some sort of "extension." She is refused. "But you told me I am sure that if I did (such and such), I might come back. The British Office just sent me over to you." Then the secretary, in an icy, curt voice I cannot forget: "You TOLD me that." Not a kind word as the woman leaves. Yet the secretary is then sweet, helpful to me; my American passport "makes things easy." Kurt, the German, one-quarter Jewish, says "Of course they are like that to the Germans. That's all we expect. And we Germans have been like that to others, we know." Yet the curt-

ness and flagrant discourtesy distresses, frightens, and makes me as an American feel sick and ashamed. And yet, and yet … I "passed by on the other side" at that moment as surely as I ever did. I said nothing to the lady in gray with the white face, the cultured voice, the anguish in her eyes (was this somehow tied up with someone she loves as much as I love Ian?). Nor even a word of suggestion of what I thought to the suave, beautifully-dressed receptionist who sits in the Consulate Office in Hamburg. And I want to weep over the contrast between her "new look" and Hiete's good sturdy cotton dress, which has an "old" look.

We go to Kurt's house for a few minutes. His father is a lawyer. His mother comes in to talk with us, brings a few little green apples. That night there is a lecture on the Third Reich. There is deepened realization these days that one must not close one's eyes to what one's country does, saying "it will be all right" — whether it be when Jewish babies are killed in Hamburg, or when people in one's country feel free to lynch a Negro ("The sheriff won't look for us very seriously"). The professor from Cologne tonight tells of "the victory of Munich" when appeasement of Hitler enabled many Germans to think that maybe Hitler was right after all, if the other nations approved, and that maybe their more serious doubts had been groundless. Munich's appeasement was in that sense a psychological tragedy for them. He also spoke of how the tremendous fear of the Germans increased after Poland and Czechoslovakia had fallen: "For having treated some nations so terribly, they had to win the war or be treated in the same way by their conquerors." He said that a definite element in German thinking had been that a showdown with Russia was coming sometime. "The German leaders kept hoping that somehow an understanding would come with the Western powers, and that they would join in a common fight against Russia." (Is this true? Or is it being said in the present crisis to strengthen Germany's relationship with the western countries?)

Thursday, July 22. Up at 5:00 to fix breakfast and the sandwiches for lunch with Hiete, etc. The gray dawn lovely, fresh, the woods sparkling. All morning until lunch we worked in the kitchen and school. It is hard to fight off the fatigue from this diet. The presence of God is remembered only with great difficulty; one can be quite overwhelmed with self-concern sometimes. This a quiet

day, mostly of kitchen work. Tears cannot be held back when still no word from Ian, who is in Münster 75 miles away. Shame comes when I realize that many of those all around me do not even have a love such as Ian … and that also in this country thousands of women wait for letters which will never come. A newspaperwoman comes to take our pictures for the papers. Inge is confused for she has fallen in love with Charley Orr. This German girl feels great tenderness for this older American economics professor (he is about 40, she is 22) but is hurt by the absence of reciprocation.

Ian's note, 2004. There were two international marriages later from this work camp. Inge and Charley were married in 1949 and lived in Chicago. Fien, a medical student from Holland, was married to Wolfgang from Germany and lived near Bonn where he was an editor at the newspaper *Die Welt*.

In the evening a lecture by Dr. Fisher on "The Spirit of Europe": Christianity, nihilism, war madness. He is pastor of a church in Rotterdam but he is German; he left Germany in the 30's because of all that Hitlerism was coming to be. A kindly person of keen intellect. He cites as the three great dangers of civilization today: fear, eroticism, and famine. If the first is overcome, then force, military power will not be universally held as the strongest defense, offense, against aggression. A spiritual criterion. He said that many people are now comparing today with the past saying: "We had plenty to eat under Hitler." But they forget that they had this only by taking from others, depriving neighboring nations, etc. The damage has begun here in Germany. Therefore the tidying up must begin here. A word to the Christians of other countries from Christians in Germany: there has never been a time so strong for the proof of God as this one. It is our fault that we have left the community of God's word. We know from this experience that God did not suffer people to be oppressed and badly treated. He lives. He judges. He comes to the help of those who are oppressed. This is our testimony. We have seen it happen for you whom we oppressed.

He was asked questions: "Could the war have been prevented?" "At the last minute it could have by Germany, but not by the Allies. The workers in Germany had been promised many things that they did not get, and the whole affair was a blank check which had to

be cashed." Student: "Can the Christian religion go on without a real experience of God in life?" "German students tend to be good at discussion. But one must have personal experience of God in daily living in small ways and large. Barth was so tremendously influential partly because he actually went and lived with students under the hardest conditions." On the problem of anti-Semitism: "Much to be said; but an anecdote illustrates best. Once Frederick the Great was sitting at his council table surrounded by counselors. He asked: 'Is there any proof of the existence of God?' A doctor, well known for his satirical remarks said, 'Yes, Sire, the Jews. The history of the Jews is as much a proof of the existence of God as there can be.' It is starting from there that the problem must be discussed."

On the problem of Russia: "Hitler's War brings this problem into focus. Some people say, 'National Socialism told you the Russians are a problem.' The question is: how come they got into Central Europe? The answer is: we fought them with their own Bolshevik methods rather than trying any other method. If one says No to Bolshevism, it must be a positive yes to another alternative. But this can only happen if we stop thinking '*Ich, Ich, Ich*' and start to think 'we,' thus creating a new order, each thinking of his neighbor. The service of our brothers is almost too difficult. If we Christians cannot carry it out, whom can we expect to, even in this work camp?"

Then a fascinating and moving thing happens. A German girl asks what can possibly be done to help the terribly suffering Germans here from the east. This is amazing for any German to say, since almost without exception they can hardly make ends meet from day to day, and the tragic influx from the east threatens whatever precarious security they have now.

Friday, July 23. Ian's letter came!! The mail had been held up. Heart overflows. Today the boys did not go in to the hospital, for there was a long discussion with Dr. Fischer all morning. Excellent. In afternoon Fien, Ilse, and I go to Hamburg to Ilse's office (the British Finance Office, where she is a secretary). There she takes care of some letters for the officer who is her boss. She is using her vacation for the work camp. We meet other German and British personnel. A friendly place. Her boss is considerate and kindly toward her. Then on the riverboat, and a long walk through what was the wealthy

section of the city, along the river's edge. Beautiful water, sky, sailboats, and soft light on terrible ruins. Any large houses still standing are used by the British. An amazing number of joyous sights, and some tragic ones. The empty ruins with grass growing where floors were formerly. The enthusiasm and bright faces of those sailing on the water. The flowers in the gardens and in the windows. An old, old lady, walking in the twilight in the rubble of one house, stooping now and then to examine something more closely.

And Ilse, the 27 year old who fled Berlin in horror as it fell, taking a few treasured photographs and books with her and a few clothes, then takes us along with her to her dismal little one room flat, endearing herself by her gaiety. And Fien is hilarious! Strange to know a little bit of what hunger is, among these ruins. We've not had anything to eat today but some bread and there is hunger all around us, even in the loveliness of this summer evening. And there is tacit understanding that one does not mention one's own hunger tonight. Ilse's room: immaculate; extremely simple, desperately in need of barest essentials, like a third cup, a cup towel to dry with, etc. In the US, living is so easy, in comparison. Yet Ilse faces all the years ahead in this bleak little room. She is verbally wistful on only two subjects: the wide separation of the members of her family and their several difficult situations; and the lack of really good books to read. They just cannot be bought, and cannot be taken from the library.

But what a hilarious two hours follows, with missing trains and the "irate official." Dutch Fien so excited she forgets her German in this crisis; the debate in the hall as we decide not to go into the lecture late, Fien skulking around to see how nearly it is through and proposing things like going back to Hamburg and coming home at 4 a.m. "Everybody will be so happy to see us that *zey vill not notice we come not to ze lecture. They vill be all lined up in front of our tent, waiting for us with a beeg kiss*!"

Then we get ready for bed, Hiete telling us of the nights when in pitch blackness she would ride on her bike for three hours to hunt for food during the occupation of Holland. Her brother is in the darkness behind. Each moment they fear that the Nazis will find them. If they find the boy, who has been hidden for months,

he will be sent to a concentration camp or a factory in Germany. And late in the night returning with a sack, rushing into the house to their mother and father and the other brothers, and then Hiete lying weeping all the night from tension and fright. And then she tells delightfully of how "we laughed during the war too! We had to! I shall never forget how we worked to figure out a hiding place for the three sons of our family. And we were so proud! Each family had its own hiding place for its boys, and when a neighbor came in we said 'We have such a fine hiding place for our boys now!' And the neighbor said 'Ja … It vill be there' (pointing to the very place). Ach! We were so downhearted!" And Anne Marie, the German girl, stands listening, and laughs at this drollery too. It is an amazing experience that here stand we, of three nationalities: I from those who bombed this Hamburg of theirs, Hiete from those whose sons and fathers were shot in the streets of Dutch towns, and Anne Marie from those who experienced the Hitler madness. And strangely there is somehow deepened understanding.

Saturday, July 24. At 7:30 we are off to Hamburg, where we take a boat. For 45 minutes we ride and on board are hundreds of children, between four and eleven. We go to one of the experimental fresh air camps of Germany for this Saturday's excursion, and it is an unforgettable experience. The signing on board. Heine, a former Nazi officer who says he wants to devote his life to working with children and has invited us to this camp, singing, playing the guitar and leading them. They have such a delightful and delighted hour. They are in every corner of the boat talking, playing, reading, eating their brown bread, singing.

We reach the camp: a widely-known Hamburg experiment. There are 1200 children there. Each group comes for two weeks. The children leave home early each morning and rush through the gates of the camp. During the day they receive three little meals; they play with excitement on the beach; they nap in the sun, make friendships, and play with the counselors, and for these hours see not a single bombed building. And then it is wonderful to go back tired and happy, and tell the rest of their family what the day held. One little boy tells me how his brothers and sisters all crowd around him to ask about it when he reaches home. One of them may be able to come during part of the next two-week session, if there's

room. This little boy says he will ask him! The superintendent, his face thoughtful as he looks from the porch where we stand across to the shore where hundreds of small figures play, tells us that these come from nearly the poorest-of-the poor of Hamburg — but not quite, for their parents pay a few pfennig a day for this.

There are children playing in the homes and streets whose parents cannot afford even this. Such enthusiasm! It is strangely moving and another of God's gifts that I can see it. They cheerily eat every morsel of stew and go to receive "seconds" with a smile, almost invariably. It is not dramatic; it is simple. Yet it is drama. The long, low buildings are filled with tables. The littlest children eat outdoors in the sunshine. All of them look at the strangers with curiosity, and most smile and one hears a few say softly, "Don't they look funny?" and we all end up laughing.

Some show terrific energy, others are listless. So many thoughts as one hears that this will probably close down for lack of funds three days from now. ("What? Before the little boy's brother can come?") So many thoughts as one looks at these children and knows them partly determinative of the future of the world as one watches their leaders. You think of the years of adolescence, of decision and critical experiences which lie before them and wonder what influence these weeks here will have on them. Will there be one experience of normality and friendship to which they will cling? Will there be some opening of life to them? What they scrape from the big dishes is what many Americans would leave.

I am thinking of this when suddenly Wolfgang starts talking to the nine-year-old beside us. Sturdily and simply he tells Wolfgang little by little some things, seeming a bit surprised that Wolfgang should be interested. He is the eldest of five. His mother is working, and his father is just home from a Russian prison, and must go to a hospital to get well. "Do you get enough to eat at home? *Bist du satt?*" W. asks. "We just must be" he smiles, and one sees no trace of nineyear-old self-pity. The day is too wonderful — for us all! To think that this may close, and that a pittance could keep each child here a day. About twenty-five cents would pay for the boat and the meals for another day. How will those of us who are here spend twenty-five cents from now on? Will it be with more care? A hun-

dred other impressions. And one leaves and will never again forget the expression in the leaders' eyes: sadness, hope.

At night beautiful singing around a fire: the guitar, the German and Dutch melodies sweet, moving beyond description. Hiete tells me of the hovels in which she has visited all afternoon, in low, subdued, and saddened voice. But the laughter and the loveliness of the voices and the calling out of *Gute Nacht* bring an unexpected happiness and the day ends on this note.

Sunday, July 25. So happy on awakening, remembering the music of last night. Anne Marie in a hilarious mood, though it was tragic-comic, for Auslan, her dog, had gotten loose and eaten some of our bread. The bread is made with one third sawdust. At breakfast the door suddenly opens and the children of the school, between about four and seven years old, stand outside singing birthday greetings and "long may he live" to Bud Roberts. A magical ten minutes! They present a little cake to him, made from their own rations, and two do a little dance and sing again. An outgoing, creative experience for them; we see it in their faces. And an unforgettable one for us. All day one hears: "You do not believe these things until you see the — the destruction, the need, and the wonderfulness of contact and sharing. I hope that in some way, when I reach home …"

We go to church upstairs. Elderly men and women, some younger women. Simple, neat clothes, thoughtful faces. The big wooden cross above the altar, the brown wood startling against the white wall. Two candles, unlit. A beautiful Bible, white altar cloth with delicate blue embroidery, and the music ringing, strong. The familiar words of English invocation, prayer, the Gospel, find new life as I hear them in German, said slowly, earnestly this day. And later the Communion service. "*Mein Blut* … for you …" God is here, God is nigh.

And in the afternoon I write to Ian, the thought of him is strength, is love. At six o'clock we go into Hamburg to hear the Hamburg Symphony play Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. The hall overflowing. We stand and hear the concert free. Rapt attention of all, the notes weaving into that incomparable pattern. I think of a deaf Beethoven writing this. Out of Germany came this too, as surely as did the insanity of war-madness and the hatred of the Jews. Final-

ly the chorus, "All men will be brothers," and we are filled with the solemnity of it, and the experience is perhaps one of the mountain tops of one's whole life. Then thunderous applause … and the people filing quietly out. I wish someone could paint their faces: "Faces of Hamburg Citizens, July 1948, after listening to Beethoven's Ninth Symphony." And then the long ride on the train home, Jan talking about the necessity of a secure, loving home for children, and Kurt talking about the importance of co-education, to help prevent possible mixups later. "It is sad, there are so many 'bad girls' in Germany these days. So the boys and the girls are confused."

Monday, July 27. "Suffering passes, but to have suffered never passes." Dick Endhoven tells me about the young Dutch boys during the Occupation, hidden under the floors of their family's homes, and of how they met the trains on which Rotterdam boys were being taken to German factories and gave them bread and butter they had collected from the townspeople. "Then we village boys came off the train with a few of the Rotterdam boys— the ones who looked youngest— in our midst. The Germans couldn't tell them from our village boys. We never knew why they did not take more of our own boys. We saved about fifty or sixty this way. Finally the Germans noticed that some were disappearing, and would not let us go on the train. We could only hand bread through the windows."

And again, thoughtfully: "No, I wasn't in the resistance movement, not actively. I wasn't because I knew within myself that if I were caught, no matter how I felt about it, I would give up under torture. If they gave me the third degree I knew I'd tell the names of the others. Instead, some of the boys I knew and I built a schoolhouse in our village. It did not have one before this and by now the children couldn't go to the next town to the one there. For two years we taught all the classes for the younger children. We couldn't continue with our own study because the universities w ere closed to everyone who wouldn't sign the Nazi statement. So we taught the children."

To Hamburg with Ilse. We spend five hours doing mechanics and taking the wrong train. (The experience of too few calories for needed energy. The experience of really thinking that if no one were around, if Ilse were just not so brave, one would eat grass and

leaves … of utter weariness while knowing that all around one are people inestimably more weary … of trying not to faint for it would take so much of someone else's energy to help you. The feel of the cool metal of the railing beneath one's hand. All of this experience that is unforgettable may in some unknown way be a gift to my life. Somehow out of it one must formulate for oneself, a message, a plan, meaningful when this is a part of past experience. My need of God and a vision of things beyond myself, a greater understanding of the meaning of "spiritual values," is deep and urgent.

Excerpts from Deane's Notebook.

To understand and creatively use the irrational irritation that wells up over small things in the camp … to believe God is present, "bidden or not bidden" … to judge oneself severely but to judge others gently.

Discovery that part of the explanation of Mel Walker's shyness, quietness, and appreciation is his three-fourths Native American background (North Dakota home, low income) and his unease with the smoother East Coast boys who feel rushed and unable to take time with and for him.

Straightening suitcase, etc. Find out how small things — an aluminum spoon, or shoestrings — mean to Ilse and some of the others. Resolve to find out who could use certain things I have at home.

Go in to the ruins of Hamburg University with Inge. "And this was our lecture hall." There are only two buildings used now, several blocks apart. Inge tells of the book situation. The library was virtually destroyed. Never before had I understood "to hunger and thirst after knowledge" until I see a small room with 300 students in it, many so pale, completely silent, attentive, almost reverent as the professor lectures. Then the rapping of desks in appreciation afterward. Meeting Inge's brother, a young medical student who finishes in December.

From lecture, July 26 (as we sit in the meadow).

We must not retire from the problems of today into Christianity or humanism, into "our mighty fortress." There is more than retiring to do, or it will be ineffectual escapism. We must not always sing

the old *Chanson de Roland*: "the Christian is right and the pagan is wrong."

"Those who collect many experiences have also much responsibility."

Often in particularly rotten times Christianity becomes prophetic, but too often it becomes protest and accusation.

"We feel today that all we hold dear is gone. Perhaps it is, perhaps not, but we can start again. We are rich enough in our gospel, in our God, to find the power to begin to rebuild. We have a place to start. Christianity must be brought into the world by man, by sinful man. Even if all the traditional forms of Christianity are failing, we must not despair. All the things that we do, even when we obey the word of God, are sinful, but we must have courage to believe that in spite of this, God will use our broken work for the coming of his Kingdom. We can see every other person as a child of God. In the light of the cross, to know that the other person is suffering more by the very fact that he has sinned against God."

It is more difficult for the Dutch here than for the Americans. We live close together, we are forced to live with others, sometimes painfully, but we must be able to acknowledge that what is past is past.

Notes from Group Discussions:

American: We came to learn, to share, and perhaps … even to teach.

A Dutch student: No, not to teach, for the Germans were considered the most educated people in the world. Just to have contact. They must learn to educate themselves through the contact.

Dutch girl: At the Munich conference, an author told the audience of 1500: "I must tell you of the conflict and hatred in the French people now, and in myself, about the Germans." I was glad he spoke so. He was German, and that was important to them, for they are not sure that the Americans speak with as much knowledge.

Dutch girl: It is not possible to totally forget, for these things are a part of history. But a false view must not be given to the Germans of their own history. It undermines responsibility when in the beginning of the war the Allies said: "We are not fighting the Ger-

mans, but the Nazi system." For in this way we separated the government and the people with their responsibility.

Dutch boy, speaking of his impressions of German families: You notice that in almost every family somebody is missing. Of course this is very difficult on family life. People are easily irritated with each other because of their bodily state. Children are irregular in school life because of the absence of teachers and buildings. They feel it especially because Germans have always been rather proud of their education. There is a tension about refugees. They use the terms *Altbürger* and *Neubürger*. The tensions are reflected in the elections in the crowded villages.

A German student: War damage is not only a physical thing, it also has spiritual and social aspects. The end of this war has meant a social revolution. Migrations and refugees have much to do with this. People are not well received by their own countrymen. "Bavaria for the Bavarians."

Another German: Many young boys and girls have never known anything but war. They are not used to having real homes because of evacuations, uncertainties, and so forth. Young people do not believe in anything. This is not as true in Catholic areas. There is no hope in anything. But certain courageous, helpful deeds are seen. Sometimes, comparing generations, the attitude of older people differs because they completely believed in Hitler. They didn't believe the propaganda but they believed in him and could hardly accept defeat. Many younger people say they saw defeat coming since 1942.

Another German: "The Germans are very formal, they want to have formal relations with people to know where they are. This partly explains their bureaucracy. But sentimentality is often combined with brutality. A Nazi might strive to save one child from the gas chambers but did not mind about others."

A Dutch student: I never realized until after the war that stupidity can be a crime and a vice. That is, they did not want to know what they needed to know to think for themselves. A whole generation was learning to "know nothing, believe nothing." Later, no one believed all the propaganda in the Hitler regime, and as a result no one believes official pronouncements now. A fundamental distrust.

A German student: The Protestant churches have the problem of new masses of people coming to them who are not sure what they are looking for. Factory workers in particular seem to be characterized by a dangerous ignorance, willful stupidity and they refuse to face facts and the need to organize into unions. Some people are insistent that no country has suffered as theirs has. They hardly believe that others were as hungry. There is disbelief that six million Jews were killed. That Germans are considered an inferior people now is a blow to pride and hurts as much as bombed cities.

Another German: Much of the occupation is impersonal. The behavior of officials is often what it would be in colonies: not giving up any of their ease to get closer to Germans. They have separate clubs and busses. Yet once in a while you meet an excellent librarian or teacher or club leader, but they are doing this on their own.

A Dutch visitor working with refugees: It is important to also tell Germans of the troubles of one's own country. Don't always start with theirs. It is new and invigorating to them to discuss the problems of other nations. It is valuable for them to see everyone's problems as part of a world situation.

The only way a Jew can come back and be accepted is not to consider himself a Jew but a socialist, or have some other identity. The attitude toward Jews has not changed as a whole. Many Germans refuse to believe all that has been done to the Jews, and the latter would find it almost intolerable to meet the relatives of those who killed their people and not be able to discuss it.

An American: Each country seems to think it suffered most: the French, the Dutch, even the Swiss. A Dutch student: I'm sorry if we have given that impression. We did not suffer as much as Poland, Greece, or Yugoslavia.

A former German soldier who now drives a car for a British general is much impressed with the difference between German and British generals. The German never forgets he is a general; the Brit was a very nice fellow who sat in the front seat with him and asked him about German words, his children, etc.

A German pastor on the problem of German guilt: Germans passed over their responsibility to decide things. Since Frederick the Great, they have had a strong trust in force. War is always con-

sidered as a possibility rather than as an instrument to be used only in extreme circumstances. Hitler tried to replace a religious feeling toward God by a religious feeling toward himself, a kind of Messianism. Secularization changed into anti religion, far from the bond to God felt in the Middle Ages. In 1945 at the confessional church meeting in Stuttgart a statement was made that the church had not spoken out against the Nazi faith. Those whose religious faith was replaced by Nazism feel deep guilt now. Yet many felt that politics was outside the church.

There are three kinds of guilt: criminal or legal; personal responsibility; and confession before God. Germans want to obey and not feel responsible.

In 1936 the Olympic games made the resistance movement feel left out because other nations seemed to approve of our leaders. What were we doing in the years before the concentration camps to prevent the growth of the Hitler religion? The basic structures of family were being threatened by moral decay. And we can see now some of the dangers of nationalism.

For German students there is a shortage of books and supplies. Seven students may be living in one room together. Huge assignments, sometimes eight or nine compulsory lectures a week. You have only two opportunities to pass the exams. Students may have to support themselves and younger brothers or sisters. Many are undernourished and underweight. Clothing is an ongoing problem. Only 10% of students are married. Many are mutilated and tuberculosis is common. With many more girls than boys, the ideal of a family seems a far-off goal.

Dutch boy: we get used to being hungry, but what we need is contact with others and relief from the isolation imposed during the Occupation. I had thought Americans tried to forget the war and have a fine life, but now I see that they want to understand and work. In response to a student who seemed to try to "take over" and dominate meetings: there is no place in our work camp for an attitude of authority, a military attitude.

German girl: My father used to say that he would not be a party member if he did not have a family and need food. But he was a gro-

cery store clerk. It was mostly those without families who resisted. My father did not believe in the Nazis.

German girl: Please hurry. This is the only candle I have and it was quite expensive. I may not get another.

German boy: The other countries must help Germany recover materially and spiritually, and one way they may do this is by admitting their own political errors. We must recognize that our destinies are tied together.

Ian Barbour's Diary: Münster

Saturday, July 10, 1948. First views of Holland. Flat green land, many churches visible, beautiful houses, roofs tile or thatch, walls red stone, always flowers in windows and around house. A few windmills. Candy passed to us by the boy on the train to whom we couldn't even talk, as he spoke only Dutch. Clean, industrious people. Leiden station, taxi to 34 Rapenburg where we met Schweitzer. Canal in middle of street, every other block a canal. Night with students, DKB to a house in which medical students live-wonderful girls who did just everything for D and Muriel Specht. IB with Grevers, law student interested in going to Indonesia. All speak good English. Stay in room of fellow-student in theology — books by Thomas a Kempis, Niebuhr, Barth, C.S. Lewis. Grevers would not go to a work camp in Germany. Feels that Dutch students should first look after some of the damage in their own country before going to do any rehabilitation in Germany. Students very serious about studying, making up 5 years lost by the war, but also active in the Student Christian Movement.

Sunday, July 11 to Thursday, July 15. Preparatory Camp at Ommen. Up fairly early, taxi to get girls and to station. Three changes, Ommen at 3, discussing details of plans on the way. Schweitzer has done a magnificent job of planning these camps. Has worked entirely voluntarily, and has had to drop studies for a month to do it. Walk to camp with bags! Most of group already there. First night in bunks, second with DKB in little bungalow. Barracks, dining hall part of SCM campground, used by Nazis during war for a concentration camp for Jews. Beautiful woods, with houses, barracks scattered in them. Food: mostly bread and butter, cheese, sausage-slices, jam (Appelsiton) with one meal of potatoes, vegetables, gravy, pudding, etc.

Dutch students are amazing at speaking languages. Most of them speak good or excellent English; ditto German, plus French! They say that no one ever learns Dutch, so they themselves must learn other languages, especially for trade. A wonderful group of students. Sincere, serious, yet good sense of humor. Singing at table — happy birthday. Rev. van Gelder, Wm Wesseldjk. Talks by Pastor Fisher on question of German guilt, outlook, etc. Worship

services. Lord's Prayer in 3 languages, hymns in German with flute. Concern about cliquishness, etc. on part of the Cornell group, and attitudes like "Well, I paid for this, I'm going to eat as much as I can get" or "I didn't come over here to study the Bible." Several of the boys from Holland have been in concentration camps, or were sent to Germany, one for 3 years. Meeting of groups going to each camp. Folk dancing: Dutch dance with one extra man so always a man sliding across to get girl. Singing songs of each group. Organization of camps, food, personnel, etc. for Germany. Volley ball. IB & DKB in bungalow. Talk with the youth hostel man — almost embarrassing to be offered cookies with insistence. Walk to village. Farmer lent his bicycle to kids coming up with baggage, total strangers to him.

Friday, July 16, Ommen to Münster. Up early after final worship service together the night before. Breakfast at 7, down to station at 8:30. Whole gang together, fun trip, in spite of many changes, customs at frontier. Leave-taking at Rheine, much waving, goodbyes, real friendships from the Ommen camp (and a tear from IB). Sudden change from anything we had seen. Had expected a more gradual change, but France had little evidence of damage, Belgium and Holland not much except Rotterdam, and that has been cleared up. The railway platform ran only half way, and then was broken off; roof of platform opposite is just girders, twisted and bent. Many buildings damaged. Then an hour more on train to Münster. Empty feeling on arriving at station, with no one there to meet us (they had met the earlier train). Finally found the bus that had been chartered to take us and baggage out to camp. Benno Busing came just as we were about to leave-first experience of speaking German! At camp supper is waiting, move into tents.

Saturday, 17th - Friday, 23rd July. First week in camp. "Universitats Sportsplatz" on the outskirts of town. Sports clubhouse, kitchen, big room with tables, piano, showers in basement. Six tents on the sports field with track, football, tennis courts, "Gymnastik." Forty of us in all, including 11 girls: 8 Dutch, 14 Americans, 18 German. Saturday morning with Benno Bösing and Siegfried Ecke calling on the correct authorities: the "Magnificenz" (apparently 'President') of the university, who had left unexpectedly; Mr. Peraudin, Director of Education for the British Military Government, friendly, really interested in the camp and in helping the German students. The uni-

versity campus completely bombed out — only one or two small rooms in basements in the whole campus are standing. So present classes are held in Hospital, barracks, etc, on outskirts of town. No dorms, so students live in town where they can; many commute from miles around, have to get up at 4 or 5 in the morning. Heavy schedule of classes. Each student must do physical work, clearing away the bombed buildings, etc., one week each semester. New students must similarly work three months before they can enter the university.

Münster, capital of Westphalia, is a fair-sized city. Pictures taken before the war show it was amazingly rich in old buildings, ornate churches, the castle, and the Rathaus (government hall) where the Peace of Westphalia ending the 30 years war was signed 300 years ago this year — nothing left but the walls. Plan to reconstruct for the anniversary, the outside at least if not the oak-paneled room where the government met. There were many officials and offices here, some industry including beer, with weaving and spinning in outlying villages.

Currency reform a month ago has had great effect on students and economy. All Germans had to turn in all their money on a certain date. For the first 40 marks they got back 40 marks. All money above that they got back 10% new marks. If you had 1,000 marks, you got back 100. This was to check the inflation: there had been too much money around. Previously most people had money, but there was nothing to buy in the stores, as the merchants didn't want to sell for money that had little value. There was also a strong black market in many places. Now there are many things in the stores, but almost no one has money to buy with. Black market is reduced; now black market prices are often lower than store prices. Salaries and wages and prices are supposedly controlled at the same number of marks as before, though prices are said to be rising. Also factories were given an initial capital advance to start with, but many are having difficulties paying wages; so there is a large increase in unemployment — particularly tough on students who have saved up money to go to university, and many have to try to get work now. Present official exchange rate is 3.3 marks per dollar. Wage of 1 mark/hr. for unskilled labor. 1 kilo loaf of bread costs 48 pfennigs; good table radio, 350 marks.

Work project: 25 men, 6 hrs/day, 5 days/wk. Clearing away old physics and science building, which was an L-shaped building. One wing still stands — no roof or windows, of course, and not in good shape, but they have already started to build a new wooden roof, and the bottom 3 floors are in fair shape. The other wing is completely destroyed; the 4 stories are now a pile of rubble about 6 to 12 feet deep. Little railway cars, like coal cars, 5 ft. high. We fill 25 or so each day. We break up remaining sections of wall, parts of first floor, and save the bricks. Work at 8, sandwich at 10, lunch on project at 12:30 (soup, tea, 3 sandwiches) and quit at 3. It is slow work, especially where the rubble has consolidated, but we have gotten quite a lot done — a whole side and wing almost cleared — though there is still a lot to do. The gang works fairly hard. The 'foreman' in charge of all the clean-up work for the city government was surprised that we did so much; apparently he thought that Americans and Dutch students would look on it as play. Work morale is good, there is practically no loafing on the job, though 3 o'clock is welcome. Two or three girls come out for at least part of the day, usually doing lighter work like chipping cement from the bricks; mostly the 11 girls do the cooking and bring lunch out to the project.

Sunday morning we split up to go to different churches. My group went to Martin Luther House; most of churches in town were bombed out, so it is common to have services in meeting rooms, etc. The room held about 200, crowded, nicely furnished, altar and pulpit of light wood. Service resembles Episcopal services in the U.S: liturgy, Apostle's Creed, responses ("The Lord be with you … and with thy spirit".) Sermon on baptism, as there were five children there to be baptized. Theme: baptism is not only a matter of dedicating children, it is the entrance of the Holy Ghost, the spirit of God, into man, making our flesh and blood, hands and feet, into a Son of God. This was the *Evangelische Kirche*, from which the *Bekenntnisskirche* (Confessional Church) under Martin Niemöller split off during the Hitler days in order to take a stronger stand in resisting Nazism. But now they are back together and represent Protestantism in Germany. They find it hard to see how America could have 245 dominations within Protestantism. They admire Barth and find Niebuhr the theologian in America whom they can most accept. They seem to place more stress on John and Paul than on of Mark, Matthew, and

Luke. They have a generally more pessimistic theological outlook, more concerned with the sinfulness of man, and with suffering, and they think American belief in inevitable progress and the goodness of man is too optimistic.

Each tent has elected a representative to form a camp Council, meeting after supper each day to discuss plans. Dick Hunter was elected as chairman. Worship service after breakfast with a hymn and bible selection. Last thing at night, a hymn, scripture, and prayer. Singing several evenings: rounds, "Oh wie schön ist mir die Abend," "Donna Nobis Pacem," etc. Dutch and American songs, good spirit. Bible study two evenings, with a short talk and small group discussions, going through Paul's letter to the Philippians. Language difficulty rather great here, as the ideas are somewhat complicated.

Talks (see separate notes). Schocking (professor of church history in Holland, visiting at Köln) on "The spiritual situation in Europe" in German — rather lengthy, abstruse, philosophizing. Long discussion on Subjectivism and Objectivism and Picasso's painting and whether it (and music and art in general) can be taken as indicative of a state of mind or a culture. Good talk by Professor Ratchow of the University here on National Socialism and its end, Alex Funkle on conditions in the Russian zone, which he has just left.

The German Campers. Mostly from the Student Christian Movement, many from here at Münster. Hans Hugo's father is in advertising in Bremen and his brother also works there. Hasn't heard from them since the currency reform, so doesn't know what effect it has had on his father's job. He grew up in Bremen, but went to school during the war in the country outside Bremen. Their house not hurt in bombing as much of Bremen was. Food conditions there were not as bad as in many cities because it is a port through which food is sent. Last year and even now many people have to get extra food from the country. They go out of town taking some family silverware, textiles, or something to exchange with a farmer for some food. During the early occupation days it was done via cigarettes; GI's traded cigarettes for silver, paintings, etc. and the city people took the cigarettes to farmers for food. Hans kept out of the Hitler youth movement for a long time, though almost all his friends were in it. Finally he was called before the local chief and told that if he

didn't join he would not be allowed to go to school or to have a job when he got through. "Under Hitler the whole of life was organized like one big machine." In the Hitler youth movement, each three boys had a leader, each three of these had a leader, and so on, each appointed by the next step higher ("the Führer principle"). He now studies theology at Münster.

Most of the students are fairly young. Most had not started University before the war. There is also at the university a group of older officers, mostly 29-35, many married, though none in our group is married. Hans D. is engaged, finishes law school this year, but serves three years as a sort of apprentice making very little money before he takes his second exam. His girl is studying Germanics and theology. The question is whether they should be married before finishing training. Lucia is studying chemistry and Friede theology to teach in school. The girls work hard, probably partly in the European tradition that "a woman's place in the home," but we have tried to have the work spread out among more people. Fritz, 23, a physics major whose father was a missionary to Samoa and came back in the '30s. Discussions with him about physics and religion, miracles, and the moral responsibility of scientists.

Waldemar Hoffmann, 29, grew up in Stettin. His father was a public official. He was confirmed in church at the age of 14. Interested in mechanics, building motors, in a group that built and then took flights in ten-foot gliders. He was in service 6 years, first in air corps and liked flying. He was at first very disappointed to be put in an ambulance unit seeing suffering and death, but feels it had a strong influence on him. He was captured at a first aid station and served as a hospital orderly under the British. Now a medical student, almost through, interested in psychiatry. He has been one of most helpful members of camp, always doing things for others, very sensitive and humble. A very sincere Christian, perhaps somewhat fundamentalist. He feels keenly the wrongness of Nazi pride, self-aggrandizement and use of force in contrast to the Christian ideal of humility and love.

Conversations about Nazism. At supper the fellow sitting next to me said that there are distinct races which are superior and that anti-Semitism was justified. I pointed out that the US is

composed of many groups — English, German, Irish, French-and that even the "pure German" is a mixture and that it is the culture and not a "race" which shapes the personality mostly. He was sure that any mixture was terrible, would lead to low intelligence and couldn't believe that Don W. grew up in Hawaii which is composed of many races.

In another conversation a German student said: "Hitler did have a fair amount of popular support at the beginning. You have to remember that we had very bad conditions and a depression under the Weimar democracy, with no leadership and low morale. Under Hitler morale became high and economic conditions good; he seemed to be helping Germany which we loved." Reply: "Didn't you realize the evil means Hitler was using to attain these ends? *Mein Kampf* was written by Hitler before this and you could see the anti-Christian principles for which he stood." German student speaking again: "*Mein Kampf* was not widely read until '36 and '37, by which time it was too late. And also we in Germany did not realize what was happening. Those in control must have, and also soldiers who went into occupied countries, and the SS (Secret Service), but most people didn't know about it. And England and America, which did know, did nothing; you sent your teams to Hitler's Olympic Games here and you almost seemed to approve of Hitler. Chamberlain came all the way over here to see Hitler, and to us he seemed to approve."

"But you certainly must have known of the treatment of the Jews; seven million people can't disappear from the face of the earth without someone knowing about it." "We did know that they were treated badly. Some of us thought this was very wrong, though many others approved, at least at the beginning, when Jews were removed from positions of power and industrial control. But not many people realized the extent of it, nor that Jews were actually killed; most of us thought they were sent to concentration camps." "But when you did realize, wasn't there anything you could do?" "There was very little. The whole state was organized like a big machine, and one felt absolutely helpless against it. School, jobs, ration cards, were all controlled by the party, so unless one went up into the mountains, one could hardly do anything but follow. I know a friend who was in an army squad that was ordered to shoot

a group of prisoners; one of the men refused to do it and though he was an officer he was immediately shot by his superior. There was nothing one could do."

A Dutch student joins the conversation: "But look at Holland during the occupation. Exactly the same punishments, or worse, were put into effect by the Nazis. Dutch boys were ordered into youth camps, but they refused to go. At our university, at one time, a decree was sent out that in order to remain at the university, each student must sign a statement of allegiance to Hitler. The students (except for about 5%) just refused, willing to leave the university if necessary. Many died for their convictions, but they didn't give in. At the beginning, there were 1 or 2 % "Quislings" who bowed to the Nazis, and at the end, perhaps 3%." "Yes, but there you were rebelling against your invaders, a foreign conquering power." "No, we were against the Dutch Nazis just as much, in fact more so, than the German ones." "But you had the hope of something else; you had a government in exile for which to fight, and the hope that they could come back again. We had nothing to hope for as an alternative. It would have been rebelling against our own government, and we had no alternative government, nothing to take its place." "But the important thing is to stand up for what is right, to be willing to sacrifice anything for its sake."

The opinions of the German students vary quite a bit and as yet we haven't had a general discussion. Most seem to feel that the mistake was in not realizing soon enough the bad side of what Hitler was doing. Perhaps it was the old question of ends and means; like Communism, many of the theoretical ends were good, but the means used (dictatorship, force, suppression of free speech and freedom) were totally wrong. Many of the students do feel a sense of responsibility for what has happened. In this group, who are mostly Christian students, there aren't many who think Hitler was right, but many felt helpless. "It could only be broken from without. There were several attempts at revolutions, but they couldn't succeed. Even if Hitler had died, it wouldn't have helped a bit, and might have even made things worse. It is mostly attributable to the conditions earlier; the masses don't think very far ahead, they are mostly concerned with their wives and children who have had a bad time of it, and when Hitler helps them, they support him."

Attitudes toward America and Russia. Everyone admires our technical abilities, high standard of living, and apparently unlimited opportunities. Some are even surprised to find that some Americans are concerned about the moral responsibility of America or about the atomic bomb. There is considerable trust in America, though reluctance to be so dependent on her. American dollars are wanted for trade all over Europe. Here in the British zone the British are more criticized than the US. The de-Nazification program is pretty good, a couple of people have said. They don't always get the right people, and sometimes it is a pretty fine line as to who is more responsible than whom. The Nurenberg trials were sometimes criticized; some had heard that people had been intimidated with threats to their families, and that they were not tried according to any law. "It was too much a victor's decision; it would have been better if run by Switzerland or some neutral country."

The biggest criticism is of what are perceived as policies of "deindustrialization" and "limitation of trade." Germany is trying to get back on her feet, they say; she must have industry, for otherwise a country this size simply cannot support itself, particularly with the best parts in the hands of Russia. "Many of the factories that have been taken down could perfectly well have been used for peacetime uses. It has created unemployment and held back many vital links in the economy. There are other regulations, like forbidding any use of dynamite for construction work or anything, that could much better have been allowed under controls than completely forbidden. And the limitation of foreign trade is very crippling; we have to trade."

Russia is taken very seriously, but not as a reason for panic. Many refugees are here from the Russian Zone and Poland, and people know that conditions are not good and that many liberties are restricted. One fellow said: "There is nothing that can break the Russian dictatorship, just as there was nothing to break Hitler's except a war from outside. I feel that even Western Germany is in danger of communism unless the Marshall Plan really does produce the goods it has talked about, though at present there is very little real communist strength in the Western zones." "Europe must find and be allowed to find, her own way of life; it is bad to have to always

choose between the American way and the Russian way, and never have a European way."

Saturday, July 23. Luxury of breakfast at 8:30 on the porch. Up at 7 to get breakfast with Hoffman, to give the girls a rest; experiment of making toast on stove-top successful. *Fussball* game (soccer) with 14 playing. After lunch, whole camp goes across to other side of town to visit camp where 800 refugees from the Eastern zones are living, some in brick buildings, some in partitioned-off sections of airplane hangars of what used to be a *Luftwaffe* airfield. Several are used for industrial projects; in one building blocks were being made from pulverized rubble plus cement. Refugee families mostly living in one room with only bare essentials, but said things were much better than they used to be. Water no longer comes in through floor and the walls were painted walls.

We split up into smaller groups to talk with some of the refugees. The four we talked with were very anxious to go back to their homes in Eastern Germany, mostly in the territory now given to Poland, but they do not want to go back while Russia is dominant. They speak excellent German but are not at all absorbed by the local population. The staff member with us explained this was due to their living separately; in some cities the refugees are scattered all over the city, living with families or wherever they can. Münster was so badly bombed that the refugees live together on the outskirts of tow n. They still feel their roots are in their hometowns, and they do not want to grow new ones. Several had been prisoners of war in Russia, and described some pretty bad conditions. One was taken to Russia in a cattle car in which four people died; he escaped with the help of a Polish man. One told of the labor camp at which he worked. He got up at 5, had some watery soup, walked 20 kilometers (about 12 miles) to their place of work, worked until 8 at night, walked home to another 500 grams of watery soup, and then slept on the ground with no beds.

Sunday, July 24. To church in two groups at ten. Our group was in the north section of town. A very beautiful Communion service, a thoughtful short sermon, clearly spoken. The room holding about 200 on the third floor, nicely arranged as a chapel with altar at one end, organ at other. Eight people at a time kneeled for com-

munion wafer and golden cup, and the words *"mit Friede."* In spite of the fact that it must have taken about 40 minutes, everyone came forward, and it did not seem to drag. A small choir of women sang three times. Significance in sharing the communion cup, with other campers, with German men and women and girls worshipping the same God and looking to the same Christ here as in America.

Bible study at 4:00. Went better this time, split into small groups, discussing the section of Philippians dealing with the Incarnation. Discussion of Jesus as the Son of God. Reporting back to the big group, the language difficulty is most felt . Adrian still translates most things, as there are several people with limited language ability.

At 8:00 together to see Carmen at the Schloss Park with 1,000 seats in the flat space near the bombed-out Castle which was the pride of the town. On the left, woods and the "moat" of the castle; on the right, part of the walls of a long building; ahead an open-air stage, good setting and lighting. Bugle for the curtain starts just as the sun sets. A fine performance, colorful scenery, boys and girls parade in singing, very good acting by Carmen. We walk home together, singing the Torreodor song.

Monday, July 25. Good day at work. Weather excellent, after rainy spell for a month; all this week has been quite hot. The lower part of the building is almost cleared, though dismounting the big compressor and other equipment and taking down the walls slows things up a lot. Also several guys were detailed to other jobs, stacking lumber, fixing new rails, and moving statues (life-size in stone, very heavy) from the University Chapel, where they had been taken down from their niches after the first light bombing and put in a comer, they were covered with dirt just before the heavy bombing which knocked most of the Chapel apart.

Evening discussion. Split up into three groups: "Why am I here?" "Is Christianity revolutionary — why and how?" and "The Christian student in the university and the world scene." Excellent discussion, with about 12 or 15, lying in circle on the grass. Ours on "Why am I here?" Jane: our experience has been so different from that of European students. Most of us in America do not have a very good picture of things here. Wiet: fellow Christians, one in Christ. Tine:

we must discuss common problems, not "the German problem," for most Germans are already too absorbed in themselves and think that the only problems and hardships in the world are in Germany. Horst: importance of friendships. The chance to write letters back and forth afterwards will be very valuable. Getting a new picture of America. Others: work camp as such, personal interaction, community, chance to really live according to our principles. We are all searching for the truth in religion, for ways of putting our ideals into practice, giving and getting. The other discussions went well, continuing afterwards among individuals over tea and on into the night.

Tuesday, 26 July. Evening mostly on recreation. First, games (hit ball, potato and 3-legged races), then folk dances from 3 nations. Closing worship service, song by Tony from *Paulus*, a prayer "teach us to live from our hearts." Camp council discusses how to draw in the two or three individuals who have been going off in the evening rather too often. Decide first to mention the general question to everyone. Of course people want to do some things on own, but beyond a certain point they should realize that they are detracting from the unity and success of the camp.

Wednesday, July 27 - Friday July 29. Interesting discussion at project with three German fellows (not in our group) working in a nearby building. Very much interested in America, political parties, university system, etc. Some people here have an impression that there are no poor families in America. One man says: "There isn't much interest here in politics. Most people have been too busy looking after themselves. They also don't feel that it is their politics, but that of the Military Government. But actually I'm glad the occupation forces are here; there is no political leadership among the Germans. The only parties are the ones we tried in the 1920's and they failed us." Another man: "Germany must have industry and trade to live. Taking away many of our industries and not allowing trade doesn't give us a chance to get started. While we were starving, there was much food in Holland which they wanted to give us in exchange for industrial products, but Military Government wouldn't allow trade. Just this year a plant in the Ruhr which had not been making war products was dismantled, leaving 5,000 men and their families without jobs."

Russia is very much feared. "They are worse than the Nazis." "America should make war on them now because it will come sooner or later." On politics: "We have a certain amount of freedom. But can you call it real freedom if every newspaper is censored, if the Communist paper is not allowed to be published." On the other hand one of the group here said later "I think the Communists are allowed too much freedom; they spread lies about the British military government." "One is not allowed to criticize the policies of the Military Government."

Continuing discussion back at camp. "Hitler told us he would correct the injustices of Versailles and would also give us jobs and food; he restored our national pride. You have to realize we had been demoralized and had years of unemployment." IGB: "Hitler held *der Zweck heiligt die Mittel* (the end justifies the means). But his means involved the suppression of civil rights and a free press." "But at the beginning we did not know this, and when we did, it was too late." Here one fellow said, in essence, "Yes, that was our mistake." This was apparently sincere, and what he said made me realize the tragedy of the situation. Others in the group said: "But we couldn't do anything about it." From individuals one can accept this argument, but from 70 million people this is not an excuse. But the absence of a democratic tradition contributed. Even in their Christian tradition there were elements which made it more possible, including Luther's idea of the separation of religion from political life, grounded in the passage in Romans 13 where Paul says: "Obey the authorities — they are constituted of God."

Talk with law students, mainly studying common law and civil law dating from 1890. There is no real basis for what we would call "constitutional law," as Germany has no constitution. Some elements are now continued from the Wiemar Constitution, which set up certain forms and arrangements for settling disputes, but apparently had little of what in our tradition are the Bill of Rights, protection of the individual against the government or against corporations. Hitler never said he would abolish the Wiemar Constitution; there were two concurrent systems, law courts continued but the Gestapo and SS (Secret Service) were above the law and had their own arbitrary methods.

Evening discussion split into three groups again. "Church and Minority Groups" discussed anti-Semitism, Jews in Germany, Negroes in US, etc. "Church and Women" discussed women's rights, job opportunities, the European tradition that "her place is in the kitchen," etc. Our group on "Church and Labor" had about 12 people in it, including a German professor, Ratchow. Started with importance of the Church's speaking to the working classes. In Germany the church is very much associated with upper classes, and working people feel it is against them. There are no ministers from the working classes, and the church has tended to ignore them. Suggestions: that ministers work sometimes, perhaps in the summer; that more seminary students be admitted from non-professional groups. Here all ministers are really "officials." Churches are not supported by voluntary contributions, but by state taxes and by individual church taxes (a church will tax a member 1% or 2% of his or her income). All ministers must take theological training for five years after *Gymnasium*; their families must support them because in Germany almost no students work their way through college or work at all while in school. The church should not become an adjunct of a labor union and say that wages and hours are all that matter; but it also must avoid saying "It doesn't matter if your wife and children don't have enough to eat, you will get your reward in heaven."

Friday night Bible discussion on 3rd chapter of Phillipians. Again split into three groups; mine had about nine, including Ed , Marteen, Tina, Horst, Hertha, and two from the local *Studentengemeinde*, the discussion about half in English and half in German. Unselfishness and self-denial are not ends in themselves, but may come in seeking other goals. What is the role of suffering? What is the Christian standard on which we should decide: the Bible, or "What would Jesus have done in this situation?" There is a danger in lifting Jesus from his times, and yet a necessity of doing so. One might try to act "in the presence of God" or "in the spirit of prayer."

Can one kill another person "in the presence of God?" If one is applying this standard, do you discontinue the standard during a war, or can you shoot a person in God's sight? Could Jesus have done it; can we follow his example, or is the world too imperfect? Does one have to say, "I must do it, but I must ask God 's mercy and forgiveness." Extreme position in this direction taken by a German

girl who felt one has to do what the authorities say. The government is the will of God and one has no choice in the matter. Another felt — and on this many agreed — that we live in an imperfect world and are often faced with a choice of two evil alternatives. Man is sinful. The Kingdom of God is not yet here. Once a war has started is there no alternative but to join. Gandhi and N.T. say "act always with love in your heart," but can one always do so?

Saturday, July 31. After lunch the British lorry comes to take everyone swimming, eight km to Steiner See. A moderate number of people there: beach, volley ball, groups of boys with camping equipment, the ever-present bicycle which most people possess and use constantly. Back all too early. Saturday night recreation: folk dancing and a talent show with Marteen playing the flute, Toni singing, Friede telling stories and doing cart-wheels, Ruth and Nancy lighting cigarettes standing on their heads. Singing: "Kukaberra sits on the old gum tree," "Dona nobis pacem," *"Man soll dem Ochsen der da drisch, das Maul nicht verbinden," "Oh wie schön ist mir der Abend,"* etc. Toni sings Schubert's Ave Maria, then worship service, and to bed.

Sunday, August 1. Early breakfast, bus hired from the city for an excursion (mayor talked into paying 100 marks of expense). Chairs set in aisles so some of *studentengemeinde* can come along with us. A 180 kilometer trip, getting back at nine. After an hour, we stopped for 45 minutes to walk through a beautiful old town. A church where the new pastor was being installed. Historic buildings, with wooden beams in front, intricate carving and painting, dates 1591, 1645. Many buildings with a motto carved across the front, such as "May God bless the coming in and going out from this home," "He who builds without God builds in vain" — mostly in Plattdeutsch. Narrow streets, many lovely old houses of all sizes, storybook little shoe-makers' houses in which you felt only very small people could live. Then on south into the mountains. Conversations by twos all the way. Out to see some caves with good stalagmites and stalactites from the roof and floor, wonderfully cool. Then on through mountains with lovely views. For many of the Dutch students these were the first hills or mountains they had ever seen.

Stopped at Honersee, a large lake formed by a great dam which was bombed during the war, flooding many parts of the Ruhr district. Had lunch, swim, waterball, lecture by Dr. Munich who had come along (a Dutch professor). The trip back through even more beautiful mountain landscapes. Stopped for ten minutes at a mountain *Gasthaus* where they had piano playing and beer. Back through part of the Ruhr District, including Hamm. This part was not as heavily industrialized or badly bombed as further down around Essen, Dortmund, and Dusseldorf, where most factories are just girders. We sang the rest of the way home.

Monday and Tuesday, August 2-3. Last days of work. Move ten trucks of tiles. This was one of the objectives of clearing the rubble, to enable the laying of tracks to the wing of the building whose walls are still standing, and the roof is being rebuilt. All statues from the Chapel have been moved. We have moved out 250 tons of rubble, plus the recovery of at least a dozen trucks of whole bricks, which are valuable for rebuilding. The foreman and representative of the city gave speeches of thanks. Monday night lecture by a minister of the Confessional Church, giving his own experiences, the actions of Martin Niemoller, the distribution of pamphlets, and encounters with the SS. Tuesday night an excellent Bible study on last chapter of Philippians (see introductory talk by IB), with three subgroups. Our group was on prayer, a wonderful sharing of ideas and experiences. What can one pray for? Rain? Recovery from illness? Is one trying thereby to change God's will? Intercessory prayer? The three Germans felt that praying for rain was OK, that God is master of natural laws. Most of the group felt that the most important prayer is "Thy Will Be Done," for otherwise one tends to justify asking for any selfish desire. By what standards should one look at "answers to prayer?"

Wednesday, August 4. Joe and Mario Howell and Ray Pitsker from New York drove up at 9:30 in the CCSC Chevrolet Station wagon. Joe is the CCSC assistant director and has done all the planning and selection of personnel for all the Congregational work camps in Europe; Ray is with the World Council of Churches in Geneva, and has done a lot of work on their European projects. They had visited several work camps; came directly from Göttingen, where they reported a good work project, their spirit good but not up to ours, and

a somewhat dominating Dutch leader. German participants there were not as carefully selected as in our camp. Talked with him for several hours about our camp and recommendations for next year.

Wednesday, August 4. Last day of whole camp. No work. Morning showed Joe and Ray and Mario around the project. Council meeting after lunch to discuss what to do with the funds remaining from the money we had paid for the bus trip and after the bills for bread, vegetables, breakage and so forth were paid. Decided to give 50 marks to Martin E. who was in hospital; his family are in the Russian zone, he has one glass eye (from a war injury) and no support from this family. 25 marks for any forgotten business of camp. The remainder for a) travel money for Germans and Dutch to get home and b) for a committee to give to those campers who needed it most. Then in to Military Government office. Peraudin (Educational Officer) and Major Page (Welfare) are wonderful men, really concerned about German people. In the evening the whole camp discussed the money proposal and evaluation. Then short recreation (Ed leads the lion story) and the final worship service led by Adrian. "Let now thy servant depart in peace." Joined hands for the final benediction in three languages. "May the Lord watch between me and thee." It is really difficult to think of saying good-bye. To bed at 1:30, though many stayed up until 3:00.

Some Miscellaneous Memories:

Milly explaining the children's music story "Tubby the Tuba" to two German fellows (trying to describe and imitate a frog since no one knew the German word for "frog"). At first we wondered if she was pairing off too much with some of the German fellows; actually it probably was a very good thing and gave them a chance to unload the problems of the world which they felt on their shoulders.

We heard that Germans always use *Sie* in addressing all except pretty good friends. It was wonderful to find after the first three days they used *Du* and asked that we do the same.

The last wagonload of rubble pulling out from the project with a small tree in it. When they build a roof here, they put a small tree on the highest point. The tree should stay green until the roof is finished, when they have a celebrations around it.

The Nazis banned the music of Mendelsohn because he was of Jewish descent. Anyone who had known music before the Nazis knew he was as great a composer as others, and that his music is not any more "weak" or "inferior" than Schumann's, and they continued to play it. Those growing up under the Nazis really believed it; they were told his music was inferior, and they never had a chance to hear it.

The German campers are mostly surprisingly young; several are 20 or 21 and a few even younger, though one or two are in their late 20s. Yet they are by and large considerably more mature than the Americans, who were mostly 22, 23, or 24.

It is really impressive to many Germans that the Dutch, whom they bombed and badly mistreated, but who never bombed them, were willing to come here to help them.

There are 150 work camps in Europe this summer in Germany, France, Belgium,

Holland, Greece, Italy, Norway, etc., of which 50 are run by UNESCO. Joe Howell gave a talk in which he helped our camp see it was not an isolated group, but part of a larger picture.

After the recreation evening, one of the German students said he had never seen German students enjoying themselves so much, so happy. In their own university life they are always talking about their own problems. They aren't drawn into group activities and do not really put themselves into them as they do here in the camp. The girls here really give themselves for the camp.

One socialist boy here, one or two of socialist leaning, but no Communists. Heinz thinks socialism is the only thing for Germany, though not necessarily good for all countries. He doesn't know what he would think in US, but here there is not enough private capital for capitalism.

A big impression made on a couple of the students who have seen CARE packages from the U.S. listing on the label the agencies contributing to them, including the Jewish welfare agency.

Several campers said that experiences in the war had increased their religious convictions. They said that God was the only thing they could hang on to or find any security in, the only thing they

had left. Is there a danger that such a person may keep this religious side separated from life? The Germans have a saying "War makes men either swear or pray."

On the Bombing of Münster. The city was heavily bombed (110 raids in 1942- 44, with the worst towards the end). The official figure is that it was 89% destroyed, and it will take several decades to rebuild. In itself the city had negligible military value; the largest factory had 80 employees. It is a minor railway junction, but the bombing was certainly too general for that to have been the reason. It does have some offices as the *Hauptstadt* of Wesphalia. The university was possibly bombed because they thought important military research was going on there. But the "saturation bombing" of a city is primarily an attempt to demoralize civilians. I would like to hear what the bombing Ommend and the psychological warfare people believe about its effectiveness. The fire bombing of Dresden was the first case of deliberately incinerating a whole city, followed later by the fire-bombing of Tokyo and then the atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

The university *Hausmeister*, a sort of glorified custodian, told three of us about the day of the bombing which knocked out the university. American planes, he says; "You can tell by the fact that US gave concentrated doses to one area, and the bombs remain afterwards." It was 12:30 on a Sunday so his wife and one professor were the only people killed.

Joe and Ray were utterly amazed at some of the things they had seen. For instance, outside of Frankfurt stands the I. G. Farben building, which for many years was by far the largest office building in Germany. It controls all the business and patents for a huge corporation which each day during the war turned out huge quantities of war chemical and military products. For several miles all around this building the factories and offices were simply leveled, but this huge building, half as big as the Pentagon, was completely untouched. It makes people wonder, since I.G.F. was one of the strongest international cartels. In the Ruhr, there are also cases where, alone among total wreckage, stand steel mills in which British capital was invested.

The University of Münster. Statistics from last year: 93% of the men have had military service (30% for 3 yrs, 40% for 4 or 5 years, 24% for 6 or more years). 30% had been soldiers, 45% under-officers, and 25% reserve officers. 1,000 students in the "philosophy" faculty, 883 in medicine, 565 in law, 235 in catholic theology, 152 in protestant theology. 53% have rooms in Münster, the rest commute. Of their parents, 13% are government officials *(Beamte)*, 9% *Freiberufler*, 14% *Kaufleute* (merchants, etc), and 11% teachers.

University students study very hard in crowded classes and often have to walk a long distance to school. They seem to listen intently to lectures. University here corresponds to the last 2 years of college plus 3 years of graduate school in America. It is entered only to prepare for a "profession" — chiefly that of doctor, lawyer, minister, or teacher in *Hochschule* or University — not for a general education or "liberal arts." Students study only one field and often are interested only in medicine or law and have no concern about other fields or politics.

Books are very scarce, libraries completely burnt, and only a few books available. Books can be read only for one hour at a time in the library; often one must wait for them. New books are very hard to buy; only a few have been printed in Germany since the war. Mostly students must rely on lecture notes. Fraternities are rare. They used to be strong in the old days, with their own traditions, and some were "noblemen fraternities." Hitler abolished them and had only one Nazi group. Now people are interested only in pursuing their education. The refugees from the Eastern Zone have a particularly tough time because they get no help from parents. University costs 150 marks/semester. Savings were practically wiped out by the recent currency reform. Many students work part time. Of those in our work camp, two were going from here to work in a mine, one to work on a farm in Switzerland, some to vacation with families, a few are relatively well off. *Studentengemeinde* (S.C.M.) is pretty active. It distributes *Hilfswerke* relief among refugees and has meetings, bible study and speakers.

Impressions of student attitudes. Many have lost enthusiasm and see little future: nothing around which to build any hopes as a nation (not even a peace treaty yet) or as groups. German students

preparing for a profession were traditionally rather removed from the world, so it may be good that some have to work now. Youth in general has little belief in anything; all the things in which they had been taught to believe have crumbled away.

Shoes are 35 marks a pair. The cheapest meal, one mark. Most students eat in a common hall, with food not as good as at camp; very little butter or fats or meat, and small servings. Mennonites distribute a supplementary soup, which they say makes just the difference in being able to get by. Students rent single rooms, the lowest being about 25 mk/month. Cigarettes 20 pfgs each.

In the city of Münster there are almost no people actually starving. It is of course worse in winter. Winter before last was very bad. Stores of potatoes were used up before the new ones came in. Those doing heavy work, especially in the Ruhr, get extra food and CARE *Pakete*: the famous CARE packages which all Germans seem to know about. We were talking to the bus drivers when we got stranded at the end of the line for 15 minutes; when we mentioned that we were from America, the first question they asked was: "Is it true that in America everyone has plenty to eat?"

Evaluation Session by Camp Council. Leaders should come to the camp if possible two or three days before camp opens. Preparatory leaders beforehand to carry over until other leaders are selected by camp. Lectures should be more general, not so much about Germany, and should avoid repetition and overlapping. Also plan fewer lectures and more free time, especially toward the end. Longer camp recommended, four or five weeks would be good. Most German campers could come for such a longer period.

Selection of personnel, not only on basis of individual talents, but on ability to be members of a group. Religious basis should be made more clear to American campers. Discussion of having Catholic campers, though most recommend against this. The Germans feel worship is important and interfaith services would detract from this. It is enough to overcome the differences we have without also introducing religious differences. Some Dutch and American campers are going to visit the families of one or another of the German campers.

Of 1200 marks earned by our work, 550 remains after paying all our bills. It was decided to first let all those who needed travel money (above the nine marks of "pocket money" already given to every camper) to take it from the pool. Next to set aside 50 marks for any unexpected leftover bills. To give Martin Ehrenwerth 50 marks; even though his hospital bills are all paid by the university, he will probably not be working for several weeks after he gets out. The remainder to be distributed by a committee of four Germans to the Germans students who needed it most. Right at the end Marteen (Dutch) suggested that it be given only to members of the camp. The motion passed, which was perhaps unfortunate, as it might have been worth leaving the way open so that if the committee had wanted to they could distribute some to other students in even greater need.

Last night everyone stayed up until one, and several until three. There were even at that so many unfinished conversations, so many friendships that were just growing. Everyone longed for another week together. There was a real sort of home-sickness at leaving. Two of the German fellows said to me in different ways that this had been such an important experience that it was almost like going into a different world to go back to the situations they had left. Certainly the fellowship, community, and family spirit could have been greater, but it was amazing that with a group that large we achieved it as much as we did.

Miscellaneous Comments. Some contacts with the community have been made. Visiting groups from the *Studentengemeinde*, delegations sent to the Catholic club, American club, visits by the Military Government. But more could be done to let the camp be more known by the community and to have them see what is going on.

On need for fairly strong leadership. Camp needs the security of knowing things are being done. The first day people felt somewhat lost and disorganized, even on Sunday before committees were established. Importance of a sense of humor in a leader who can get the group laughing and at ease, as well as personal concern for individuals, yet care in keeping things planned and organized. Personal interest without favoritism, and humility. A balance be-

tween asking the group everything and making all decisions himself. Dick Hunter has done excellent job of running camp meetings.

How much should people be encouraged not to go off in small groups in the evening? Some don't understand the language, and are neither prepared for nor interested in theological discussions, so they have little interest in some parts of the program. Couples in camp, pairing off, can be very good. M. has probably done quite a bit for a couple of the German fellows by having long discussions with them. Concern of group to draw in those who seem slightly left out.

A person's strengths and weaknesses come out here. A chance to live one's Christian convictions, really putting the welfare and success of the group and other individuals above one's own preferences. Personal interaction, contact of whole personalities, chances for real friendships. After the first two weeks we really began to know each other, personal talks about many things. Seriousness of purpose and religious searching, yet fun and enjoyment.

Thursday, August 5, last day in Münster. Morning getting students and their baggage to the bus, farewells to three groups. Lunch at camp. DKB arrives. What a reunion, so many things to tell, and also to just keep in stillness. Bags to the Bosings, tea there, then out to see camp, where only four students are left. Try to phone my parents in England, but can only give a message to the Fawcett's. Supper at NAAFI canteen, walk through city talk with the Bosings for an hour or so. Benno is out at camp and invited us to use his room. They show us pictures in their family picture album of the children in school, at the beach, and their old house in Münster during the first raids. They are very proud of their children and glad that Benno is almost through his medical school now, though rather wistful about his future. There are already too many doctors in the western zones of Germany, because under Hitler many were trained and also many have fled from the Russian zone. Now there are less than a thousand people in the population for each doctor, which makes the prospects not good. Mr. B. is a railway inspector, reasonably well off compared with most, though still they have many difficulties: the roof leaks in wet weather, and particularly in winter conditions are miserable. But across the street a refugee family from Danzig

lives in the cellar of a bombed house, the father a student at the university at the same time that he and his wife try to support their children.

Friday, August 6, Münster to Köln. Decided to sleep late instead of taking the early train. Breakfast at ten: Mrs. B. produced two eggs from their own hens, about the size of large robin's eggs, but delicious — such a luxury, the first fresh ones we have had since landing in Europe. Train at noon to Köln. Ride through gentle hills, then across upper Ruhr region. Sitting opposite a German doctor interested in research in TB. Most memorable event: DKB getting something out of a suitcase on the luggage rack when suddenly the train lurches and the suitcase starts to slip. IB tries to get the suitcase and in the process DKB steps on a sack on the floor owned by a woman in a black dress. The sack has small hens in it which have already been getting out occasionally, and now start darting all around the compartment, the woman nervously searching the bag to see if any of the hens were hurt, psychoanalyzing them individually. Deane came through in beautiful form with *Es tut mir Leid*. A unique situation, so utterly hilarious that one could hardly keep from just roaring with laughter, and yet realizing that this was such a highly dramatic moment for the woman and the hens and that one just had to look hopelessly chagrined. It turned out that nothing was hurt, but we left the woman a package of cigarettes as a consolation prize. Through town after town that has been destroyed, occasionally a small one intact, looking so pretty.

Then into Köln, its cathedral towering above the city, soaring Gothic spires and tall columns. It is right next to the railway station, and all around it there is much destruction, with many blocks almost completely leveled. The cathedral was hit only three times, and only in the nave; the windows and parts of the exterior are broken but most of the walls are untouched. This is partly due to care by the RAF when they could bomb precisely, and partly because the towers and the cathedral with the windows out was "open work" which can withstand bomb-blasts better than a more solid closed-in structure. The cathedral can be seen from all over the city. A beautiful final image of Germany.

Afterword

John D. Barbour

As one of their children, I offer here a few remarks about the significance and long-term influence of Ian's and Deane's experiences in the work camps at Münster and Hamburg.

Ian and Deane had each studied German in college, but had not been to Germany before 1948. Deane's maiden name was Kern, and her ancestor Abraham Kern came to America from Alsace in 1731. She grew up in the Episcopal Church, while Ian's religious background was Presbyterian. Later, in Minnesota, they joined The United Church of Christ. They were also drawn to the Quaker tradition because of its silent worship, strong program of social service, and belief in the inner light.

What motivated the young couple to participate in the work camps? They were asked by the Congregational Church's Service Committee to serve as counselors in the camps because they had both had experience in work camps, as Joe Howell's letter of invitation explains. In 1948, as a student at Chicago Theological Seminary, Deane had been a counselor in a project in which students found low-paying jobs and studied the problems of industrial workers. She had previously helped organize work camps for the American Friends Service Committee in Philadelphia. Ian had been a pacifist during World War II, doing alternative service in a forest work camp in Oregon and a mental hospital in North Carolina. Ian's response to Howell makes clear his reluctance to be a leader and his hope that the Dutch would take the initial role in organizing the camps, with each camp electing a committee to make further decisions. I think that Ian and Deane were motivated by desires to help others, to make friendships across the divisions of war, and to find religious meaning and community at a time of great despair and estrangement. They could not have known what they would encounter in Germany, and even while they were in the camps they felt at once an urgent sense of calling and uncertainty about the meaning of their work. In an unpublished letter that Deane wrote from Hamburg to Ian in Münster, which echoes the language of older biblical translations, Deane wrote: "So sure am I that thou art 'called' to Mün-

ster, and I now to Hamburg, for reasons all of which we don't even know yet." They shared the Christian belief that God and healing grace are sometimes discovered in the midst of suffering.

Ian's diaries are rich in factual information and provide an informative picture of postwar conditions in Germany. For me, the most moving and profound sections of the diaries are when Deane describes specific incidents that led her to ethical and religious reflection. Often written late at night after exhausting days, Deane's diary entries show her discerning the deeper meaning of what she witnessed. It was a challenge for the Americans and Dutch not to simply condemn the Germans. The goal of the work camps was not to forgive and forget, she wrote, "for that is impossible and unrealistic. For one thing it is not fair to the Germans, for it would be a failure to value truth, to look at and learn from history. Yet it is a group experience of quiet forgiving, in a more mature way each day." Deane linked reconciliation to sharing a common life, honesty about the past, and recognition that there is finally a mystery about forgiveness, an amazing gift-like quality that cannot be controlled, earned, or completely understood. In an experimental and intuitive way, the volunteers at the work camps were seeking forms of healing with goals and methods similar in certain ways to later formal procedures such as South Africa's court-like Truth and Reconciliation Commission.

The example of the Dutch students was crucial, for although they had been bombed and mistreated by the Germans, and had plenty of rebuilding to do in their own country, the Dutch came to Germany to help with reconstruction and to attempt reconciliation. Deane was struck by one Dutch student's comment that their presence in the work camps was "not to teach, for the Germans were considered the most educated people in the world. Just to have contact. The Germans must learn to educate themselves through the contact."

Deane was deeply moved by the way the Germans struggled to come to terms with their guilt about the past and their responsibility for the future. Her German friends explained the difficulty of protesting against Hitler, especially for those with families. Deane's conscience did not permit her to see this kind of moral failure as an

exclusively German problem. She mentions several times the aversion to confronting injustice in the United States, where an African American could be lynched. Without excusing Germany from its guilt for the evils of Nazism, Deane saw that other countries must acknowledge their own faults. She describes the deeper meaning of Nazism as not simply evil, but tragic: a terrible corruption of what was good about the German people and a stark reminder of truths about the human condition. With deep compassion, she shares in Dutch and German sorrow, mourning for all that had been lost. The last words in the diary, quoting a German boy, affirm that the destinies of all nations and peoples are tied together.

A moving passage (July 21) describes Deane's inability to respond to injustice at the American embassy in Hamburg when a German lady was treated with contempt. Deane says that she "passed by on the other side," alluding to those individuals in the parable of the Good Samaritan who didn't come to the aid of the man in need. Deane discerned how a massive world conflict reverberated in the daily interactions of individuals, and she felt responsible for a stranger.

Towards the end of the work camp, Deane described in her diary (July 27) a moment of exhaustion, hunger, and longing for religious understanding. She had taken the wrong train with her German comrade Ilse. So hungry that she wanted to eat grass and leaves, she was sustained by her friend's presence. She wondered what so much suffering could mean. "All of this experience that is unforgettable may in some unknown way be a gift to my life. Somehow out of it one must formulate for oneself a message, a plan, meaningful when this is a part of past experience. My need of God and a vision of things beyond myself, a greater understanding of the meaning of 'spiritual values,' is deep and urgent." In the midst of tragic waste and misery, Deane yearned for reconciliation and hoped that somehow what she witnessed would find meaning in her future life.

The experience of the work camps did indeed have long-term effects on Ian and Deane. For the rest of their lives they were keenly interested in Germany, especially literature, film, and Rolf Hochhuth's play *The Deputy*. Deane often recommended to me works

that dealt with the dilemmas of the "bystanders," those who were disturbed or appalled by Nazi deeds but afraid to protest, often because of concerns for family members. Their encounters in Germany shaped my parents' view of events in the United States, including the legacies of racism and the Vietnam War. Their German experience helped them understand the need to heal the wounds created by acts of injustice. They sought ways to work through guilt and shame about the past, and to find a constructive response and reconciliation.

Ian and Deane believed strongly in the value of work camps and encouraged their children and others to participate in projects that combined service and community living. My siblings participated in work camps organized by the American Friends Service Committee or other church groups in Maine, Virginia, Missouri, and Philadelphia.

My parents loved the music of Bach, Händel, Schubert, and Beethoven, and Richard Strauss's *Death and Transfiguration*. In a 1957 letter to her brother in Germany, Deane wrote: "Have you been to any concerts of music by German masters? I shall never forget standing through a concert in Hamburg one night in 1948, and looking at the expressions on a sea of German faces as Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was played." Deane's account of this experience on July 25 is one of the most moving passages in her diary.

In the same 1957 letter, Deane urged her brother to keep a journal and remembered her feelings when seeing hungry German children:

I remember so well the feeling of wanting to keep forever certain impressions and memories, and particularly to record the things that have been said to one … I notice that you seem to enjoy the German language, mentioning even the names of streets, which always interested me so. Ever so many memories are resurrected by allusions in your letters, particularly when you mentioned the children whom you've been testing. We cooked in a schoolhouse which was housing about fifty children (a sort of fresh air camp) who were unforgettably thin and weary looking (a child had to be ten or fifteen pounds underweight to qualify), but appealingly friendly. During their folk games, a few used to come and stand at the window to watch us work.

No words can ever express the guilt that seemed to be attached to even handling food in their presence. Actually the philosophy of the camps was to have nothing that was not in common usage in the country at that time (no U. S. subsidized camp meals), and we ate potatoes, carrots, porridge, and bread almost exclusively. The bread had some percentage of sawdust in it for bulk. At the end, a Dutch gift of some spam-like meat and some chocolate was shared with these quiet little children … so ironically a drop in the bucket.

Writing a decade after the work camp, Deane expresses compassion and guilt; her letter shows how deeply she was affected by her experience in Germany and her knowledge of the limitations of what could be accomplished in so brief a time: a drop in the bucket.

So far as I know, Ian and Deane only returned to Germany once, in the summer of 1968. With their children they visited Wolfgang and Fien Weise in Koblenz. It was clear to me that the couples shared a profound bond, and they corresponded for many years. Germany stayed in their hearts, thoughts, and prayers.

After they returned from the work camps in 1948, Ian finished his PhD in physics at the University of Chicago. He taught for four years at Kalamazoo College in Michigan. Pursuing an interest in theology, he went to Yale Divinity School. In 1955 he began teaching Physics and Religion at Carleton College in Northfield, Minnesota, founding its Religion Department and retiring in 1986. Ian had a distinguished career as a scholar and author, and is credited with having created the field of Science and Religion. He gave the Gifford Lectures at the University of Aberdeen in 1989-91 and received the Templeton Prize in 1999. The most influential of his many books are *Issues in Science and Religion* (1966), *Religion in an Age of Science* (1990), and *When Science Meets Religion* (2000). Ian and Deane had four children: John, Blair, David, and Heather. Deane died on December 23, 2011, and Ian died on December 24, 2013.

Ian compiled a sixty-page document he called "German Work Camp Diary" in 2004, giving copies to family and friends. The document you are reading was produced in 2016 in the hope that it would interest German readers and find a larger audience in the English-speaking world. Although much less well-known than the terrible Nazi camps, these reconstruction efforts by Dutch, Ameri-

can, and German students are also a significant part of history as an experiment in international reconciliation and intentional Christian community. Ian and Deane would never have claimed to provide a definitive account of these work camps. When he sent his diary to the Congregational Christian Service Committee on November 1, 1948, Ian wrote: "Of course you are welcome to use any of the diary which could serve any useful function. It should be made clear that they are just one person's on-the-spot superficial reactions. Even on the return boat voyage one found quite differing viewpoints among different people; also, they represent not even one person's thought-out conclusions, but only impressions."

Somewhere there must be other diaries or letters from other participants in the work camps, perhaps stored in their children's basements, perhaps in the archives of a church or university. Ian's journal says that during the summer of 1948 there were 150 work camps in Europe, including Göttingen and in France at Le Chambon. The moving experience of a work camp must have changed other lives and been remembered and written about. A worthwhile project would be to gather the reflections of German, Dutch, and American work campers (and those of other nationalities) and publish a collection of these writings. I wish to express my gratitude to Joachim Reppmann for suggesting that we publish the work camp diaries of Ian and Deane Barbour, and for his infectious energy in encouraging and organizing the many tasks necessary to produce this text.

Reflections

Dr. Wolfgang P l e n i o , Philosopher, Wees near Flensburg

In 1948 in Kiel, Germany, my family knew starvation and the misery of being refugees and homeless. Shortly before the currency reform, we were turned out of our house and given a room (about 35 x 35 feet) in a barracks for our family of five (father, mother, three children) because my father had been a low-level Nazi, a block leader. In high school in Kiel, our main meal was from the substantial school food program funded by assistance from the Allied countries. Kiel had been mostly destroyed and unexploded bombs were often found and detonated. We had a class trip to Heidelberg, going in an ex-Wehrmacht radio truck fitted out with blankets on wooden benches. We spent nights in youth hostels, and our midday meals were in the University cafeteria there.

A class on our age level at the US base there invited us to a reception, evening meal, and pastries. We were ashamed to be with these open-hearted students: they had everything to offer, while we had nothing. We felt inferior on account of our bad English; we felt superior on account of our humanistic education. But we were together in a friendly atmosphere. We didn't yet have any sense of guilt because we knew little of Nazi crimes or concentration camps.

In reading the diaries of the Barbours from 1948, I felt astonished that young Americans were willing to help clean up the rubble from the time of the carpet bombing of German cities, and that they felt solidarity with the sufferings of German and Dutch young people. They recognized German shortsightedness, yet were ready for reconciliation and admired German cultural achievements. I kept reading and translating these diaries of Americans of my own age with growing interest in their fine minds and willingness to put up with privations.

German youth of today should get to know these diaries because they could learn from them how victorious nations can put forth the effort to meet one-time enemies with as few prejudices as possible, trying to understand their problems. The victors must open up to those who see things differently so they will not be left out.

Have we Germans felt the necessary thankfulness? It is a shame that at that time many Germans failed to recognize this help due to their self-righteousness and ignorance. At that time the German sense of cultural superiority was out of place.

By studying the Barbour diaries, I have realized the American readiness to help that came from Christian convictions and emotional openness to the needs and sufferings of people their own age, guilty and innocent. As they came to know the Americans, Germans had to feel more and more shame for the crimes done in their name by the Nazis against other people.

It was only around 1948 that I recognized a radical divide between genuine Germans and those who were the traitors against German and European cultural values. It was then I learned sympathy for the American friends who before I had ideologically failed to acknowledge.

I belonged to the most thoroughly indoctrinated generation of blind believers, who during the Nazi era did not want to believe that Germans could commit such crimes. I was filled with happiness when Americans experienced the same emotional attraction to Beethoven's Ninth as their German friends did.

Appendix I

Zwei US-Workcampberichte

„Together - in a Work Camp"
(Münster)

We came together, rather shyly and fearfully, on the 16th of July, 1948, from three different countries; having in common only that we were all students and that we called ourselves Christians. We left feeling that we had experienced together the reality of the Christian community, in many, many ways. ... Perhaps the most extraordinary thing was that we came together at all. Here were the Americans, who had bombed this university town as a "psychological experiment," and were more or less babes in the woods about this as about international dealings in general. Here were the Germans whose nation in a very real sense had started the whole mess. … Here were finally the Dutch, who had suffered five years of German occupation. Some had seen pastors and relatives shot as hostages, ... All had suffered the next thing to starvation in the hunger winter.

We had come for a variety of reasons -from interest or curiosity or compassion- to break out of Germany's isolation (some were only five or six in 1933)- from some personal feeling of compulsion. For the Dutch I think it was the hardest to come, and in so many ways they brought the most to it. One said, „For two years I lived in terror and I hated them. I didn't like the mentality. But we have have got to get past that. There's every reason for trying to do something together with them, as Christians, if it is possible." ... This was the first step in the making of the camp, for on the Dutch fell the heaviest share of the mechanics of planning, the ordering of the stores, and the smooth, cheerful working of the camp.

Our community began to take shape and find itself when we elected leaders and a council on the third day. ... For the Germans I think this was a strange, perhaps scary experience -to throw out authority, even with the authorities' most amiable cooperation. But as we elected tent representatives (strictly PR) they began to sparkle and when we sat around our stretcher-beds to hash over plans, they no longer silently assented, but began to talk, slowly at first,

then excitedly and with enthusiasm … We chose committees by a combination of recommendations and discussions. These slightly untidy but very functional democratic processes seemed to meet with approval … and a German student was on his feet saying, "Do you not all think we should say *du* to one another, as we begin to be a family?" This time the tables were pounded until they shook and all ended with a chummy drink of hot tea all round before evening worship … First, the *Bekenntniskirche* took the step of showing responsibility. They became honest with history. They ceased to be sheep and stood firm for Christian values, so today they are the nucleus and starting point for a new life … The days went by, much too fast - shoveling rubble in the hot sun, studying Philippians, discussing American education, race problems, the currency reform, the place of women in society and the meaning of suffering. Sometimes our talk was skimming, not too well-informed; sometimes it went deep. But all we did -saying silent grace before meals, deciding what to do with our extra marks, planning for one boy who was hurt by a falling roof, saying the Lord's Prayer together- all these things became an expression of our fellowship, an intensely felt act of love.

I'll always remember the last day, sitting in the ruins of the University Chapel, waiting for the rain to stop, and singing, "Goin' to lay down my heavy load".

Whatever happens, we had this together and have it now and always.

Ruth Blackburn, New York, NY, in: ADVANCE, Staten Island, NY, Nov. 1948

"In a Student Work Camp in Germany – Understanding grows as the youth of different lands live and work together in harmony"

(Göttingen)

"We are so glad you really came! We were afraid the Berlin situation would keep you away." The tall blond German boy spoke in perfect English, and his enthusiam left no doubt as to the reception we would have from the students at the University of Göttingen. We were ten Dutch and 13 American university students

arriving on the Scandinavian Express from Holland on July 16, 1948, to join 28 German students in a volunteer work camp. The camp was designed to aid in the physical and spiritual reconstruction of Germany ... . American members of the camps were recruited by the Congregational Christian Service Committee and the Ithaca Westminster Foundation (Presbyterian) of Cornell University. The American groups provided $3400 toward the expense of the camps. ... In addition, each American student contributed $20 toward the expense of his camp and paid his own travel expenses, including steamship fare. ... The work camp in Göttingen was not planting trees as in Hamburg, or clearing debris as in Münster but to recondition a 40-room villa so that it could open as an international house for students at the University of Göttingen. Built by a Jewish merchant about 1900 ... it became the headquarters for the Nazi elite during the war. In 1945 the British made it into a military hospital. ... We were also anxious to meet the spiritual father of the project. Unlike the international houses in New York City and Chicago, this one has no millionaire sponsor but is the dream of a Norwegian pastor, Olaf Brennhovd, whose only wealth consists of an understanding and forgiving heart and a passion for international good will. Tall and heavy set, Pastor Brennhovd was reduced to 100 pounds in a German concentration camp where he was sent when his death sentence for his activities in the Norwegian underground was unexpectedly commuted. Upon his release he decided to serve under the World's YMCA as chaplain to German prisoners of war. He is now living in the villa in Göttingen with one of the German students whom he met in a war prisoner's camp. ... In our moments of rest between loads, we dreamed of what one good American bulldozer could do with that dirt -and in short order- but the returning lorries shattered our dreams and we got back to work with what we had - picks and shovels and about 30 pairs of willing hands. ... Americans, too, have a need of a different sort: to increase their awareness of and sensitivity to the conditions in Europe today. The Dutch leaders felt that in helping to reconstruct Germany physically and spiritually the Dutch students could best find a source of power for their own spiritual reintegration. Those Americans who came to the German work camps with an easy-going optimism had to abandon it. ... Would there spring up the international understanding which

is envisioned for the future residents of the Fridtjoff Nansen International House for whom we were laboring? ...

A German student of philosophy, *Fräulein* Brigitte Kurek, expressed the feelings of some of her comrades at a vesper service. ... "All human beings who are knocked down and tired and hopeless hunger for love and kindness. We, who have experienced what a bit of humanity meant to us in hours of deep despair, how only one kind look could save us from the stiffness of hopelessness, how one understanding shake of the hands gave us faith and courage anew, *we* should try to spread charity and kindness around us, as much as possible." ...

What answer shall we offer these people? Surely we cannot leave them alone to return to their hopelessness, nor can we expect them to live on bread alone. If we do, we will be guilty of the spiritual immaturity described by *Fräulein* Kurek, of resting in high-sounding phrases while neglecting our immediate and continuing duty to these our brothers "in darkest Germanys." Student groups and others wishing to express their concerns through helping the Göttingen international house to open and expand its program, may write for information to Pastor Olaf Brennhoved, Fridtjoff Nansen Haus, Göttingen, Merkelstrasse 4, (British Zone) Germany. To help keep open the channels for the international exchange of students write to congressmen, especially to Congressman Carl Mundt, and to the Maritime Commission, expressing appreciation of their action in making special shipping space available for the exchange of students, and requesting that they take action to continue this program of inexpensive steamship accommodations for students. Church World Service, World Student Service Fund, CARE, and C.W.V.R. offer opportunities to all Americans.

Betsy Fisher, Chicago-Evanston, IL, in: ADVANCE, Staten Island, NY, Nov. 1948

Appendix II

Germany in 1948

Handout for Orientation on the Boat

The People

Nations are like oceans. The surface may be disturbed, strong winds and hurricanes may radically change the direction and size of the waves, but underneath the disturbed surface there remains a constant flow of water which is rarely touched by the happenings on top. The reports about present-day Germany compare to oceanic surface disturbances. What is underneath? Has the real German character (whatever that may be) been changed or altered by the recent happenings?

A brief psychological analysis of German traits may be in order so that comparisons and evaluations can be made. The family is the smallest cultural unit in Germany as well as in most cultures. The German family set-up was authoritarian in structure and function. The husband and father was not only the head of the household, but also its leader. His word was law. Wife and children had no choice but to obey. The father not only sat at the head of the table, but was served first. Children were brought up with discipline and were taught loyalty and obedience. The German child was deeply steeped in concepts such as honor, truth, and unquestioning belief in nationalistic concepts. The highest ideal for the German male child was to serve in the armed forces. To die for one's country was regarded as the highest honor. It is quite apparent from this that the "Fuehrer" ideal of a Hitler was not the artificial invention of his brain, but the application on a national basis of something which was known, and practiced by the Germans on a much smaller scale. Germans have always been idealistic dreamers. Therefore any doctrine which combined customary usage with idealistic justification became gospel truth for Germany.

The geographical location of a country leaves a deep imprint on its culture. Germany occupies the heart of Europe. Save for two short stretches of water, it is surrounded by other countries on all sides. Germans, therefore, have felt hemmed in, restricted and in-

hibited in their expansion. Attempts to change the map of Europe have led to the growth and perpetuation of chauvinism. Songs like "Germany, Germany above everything in the world" are vivid expressions of this German trait. Another, less well understood aspect of German chauvinism was a skillful propaganda which started long before the insidious days of Goebbels. The world was told that Germans were the best thinkers and poets, that everything that came out of Germany was first-class and unbeatable. The world was told that the salvation of the world would come through the universal adoption of German ways. The axiom: *Am deutschen Wesen soll die ganze Welt genesen* was coined long before Hitler.

Yet all of this did not develop a secure, independent and politically mature nation. The German child was so completely trained in loyalty and obedience that he could not develop his own thinking as a mature person. He learned his profession or trade and left leadership to those on the top who had been especially trained for this. This political immaturity explains why this nation, which was made to believe that it had a mission of saving the world, changed its political structure and its flag three times between 1871 and 1933.

Obedience calls for passivity. Chauvinism offered outlets for aggression. Thus the German character is a curious mixture of passive idealism, poetry, sentimentality, tact and softness on the one hand, and of brutal, ruthless aggression on the other.

Any attempt to rebuild Germany from the outside, to help Germany to get back on its feet, cannot do a lasting job by paying attention only to the obvious consequences of a lost war. A careful psychological analysis of German cultural aspects, customs, and traits is necessary to determine to what extent, if any, these deep oceanic streams of a national life have been touched and altered, and to devise ways and means whereby basic attitudes can be reached, re-trained so that a healthy *Weltanschauung* among the Germans will prevent further world wars and help the Germans to become a useful, trustworthy nation in the family of nations.

German Morale

This is hard to evaluate at present. Germany is somewhat like a patient coming out of a traumatic experience. There are two outstanding factors in the current mentality: (1) the universal attempt

to blame recent happenings on Military Government, displaced persons, or the Hitler regime; (2) the constructive attempt to rebuild and get started on the physical level. There is still deep human suffering, from loss of men in the war and temporary loss of men who are still prisoners of war in Russia. There is a breakdown in morality, as exhibited for example in the prevalence of pre-marital relationships. The crowded living conditions are also bad for morale.

The upper middle class has lost money, has often been bombed out, lives in crowded quarters, must stand in line for hours and often go through endless red tape to do or to get anything.

Germans are disillusioned after following Hitler who, they claim, betrayed them. The realization of German atrocities has been a blow to the majority of Germans. Often they still attempt to deny them, or only half believe in them.

Fear of a war in which Germany will again be the battlefield is hindering the actual job of reconstruction. Some Germans even hope for war — those from eastern Germany, and also some young people who think Germany has nothing to lose and might gain something in a war.

There is a shortage of skilled workers in Germany, but unemployed young men are in evidence on the streets, many engaged in black market activities. There is a tremendous amount of traveling to look for food and work, and to visit families.

The appearance of goods in the shops after the currency reform produced a new morale problem after a brief uplift. When an explosion took place in Ludwigshafen recently, there was extensive looting.

The church seems to have missed a great opportunity. At the end of the war young people looked to it to replace the defeated Nazi philosophy. The church, however, appeared doctrinaire and arid rather than living, according to many German young people. Now chiefly old people show interest in it.

There is a great desire for escape in Germany: to go to Canada, North America, South America, any place.

Morale suffers further from the dismantling of German industries, especially of the watch industry.

Health

Great skill has thus far prevented large-scale epidemics. Tuberculosis is prevalent but has not swept the country. The tuberculosis rate appears higher than previously in part because better records are now kept. In almost every city the water is safe to drink.

In an article in Stars and Stripes it is said that children are back to the weight of English and French children, but that German adults are on the average sixteen pounds underweight. But examinations of children applying to receive additional rations revealed a retardation of two to four years in physical development. Most showed signs of incipient rickets. Of the general urban population in the French zone sixty percent have tuberculosis.

Food

Europe has pretty well raised itself above starvation except in Germany. This is true with the probable exception of Hungary, Poland, and certainly Romania. Germany is about at the point now that the rest of Western Europe was at the end of fighting in 1945. Food has just this summer (since June 20) become available on the markets in German cities. Food can now be bought for currency. For three years food could be obtained largely through black market barter, stealing, or as gifts from other countries or from farmers in Germany. We have heard many times from Germans that people still alive today in Germany have survived through having something to barter on the black market, through stealing, through having relatives and friends in other countries who could send food and from living on farms or having friends or relatives on farms in Germany.

Because of constant rains and cloudy weather this summer in Germany (and on the continent in general) only about a thirty-five percent crop increase over the poor crops of last year is expected. This will help. The coming winter is not feared with the same horror that Germans felt for the past two winters, but there will be general hunger and much suffering.

It is expected that the official ration for Bizonia [the British and American zones] will be increased to 1,800 calories a day per individual. This will be an improvement; however, in light of the 2,000 to 2,500 calorie minimum required for health, and compared with our American average of from 3,000 to 4,000 calories a day, it will mean

the continuing necessity of supplementing this official ration from other sources as in the past. It will also mean continuing misery in Germany beyond the imagination and experience of most of us.

There are other signs of improvement and reasons for hope. Under the Marshall Plan 780 million dollars of goods will be applied to Germany. Up to 2 billion dollars worth of surplus in Germany is to be made available. Some of this will be in food; some in productive goods to provide employment and export-import credit.

The principal food shortages will continue to be proteins, fats and sugar, and such morale foods as coffee and tea, and cocoa.

Germany even in her best years has never produced more than 60% of her food. The rest has had to be imported. The problem is more complicated now by the addition of from 10 to 13 million refugees of all kinds and the loss to the German economy of about one-fourth of the best agricultural land to Poland.

Also adding to the problem for the individual German is the fact that there is a general shortage of new Marks with which to purchase even the rations allowed and the food available on the markets.

Clothing

Probably the greatest personal need in Germany this winter will be for clothing. Many years have gone by now with no opportunity to replace clothing that was worn out or destroyed. Millions of people in Germany lost all of their personal possessions in the bombings and the fires that followed. The remainder of the population has generally been required to share the clothing they had left until it has all been spread as thin as can be, and more than the bottom of the clothing barrel has been reached.

In the depression year of 1932 the average German consumer "consumed" (for replacement needs) 11 pounds of textiles; in the rather prosperous year of 1938, 14.9 pounds were used; but in 1947, military government was releasing only 1.1 pound of textiles per head in the French Zone and it is expected that only about 1.8 pound per head will be the available average per head for 1948.

In addition to the physical unavailability of clothing on the market, there is the problem of sufficient ration points and sufficient money with which to purchase what is available.

Shoes and work clothing are particularly needed. In many families there is but one pair of shoes for from five to seven children. At a relief shoe distribution, a little girl of seven found a pair of new shoes that fitted perfectly and was delighted; but in a few minutes she took them off and handed them back, saying she would have to take a larger pair so that her brothers and sisters could wear them too.

Clothing is a morale factor as well as a necessity for preserving bodily calories. The care with which clothing is patched over and over again — patch upon patch — and the skill with which clothing is kept neat and clean even without soap is an indication of the attempt of the German people to make the best of what they have and to keep some sense of dignity.

Housing

Progress in patching up and rebuilding housing; in the destroyed cities has been slow — barely perceptible in some areas. People are still living in cellars and in unspeakable congestion. It is a general thing for two and three families to have to live in quarters that are inadequate for one normal family.

One of the first questions one asks upon arriving in a bombed-out city is "Where do all these people live?" Even heads of city government and welfare cannot tell you.

Reconstruction of housing has not been possible yet on any permanent basis. It consists largely of weatherproofing the rooms of a bombed house that are still livable at all; or of cleaning bricks from the rubble to build one- and two-room shelters with small odd-sized windows and doors. There is little opportunity for overall city planning. However, many cities have planning commissions whose job it is to attempt to regulate the priorities and to help make the available materials go for the most-needed building.

The job of clearing rubble alone, so that building can be done, is a task for more than a generation at the present rate and with the machinery now available. An example of the extent of destruc-

tion of housing can be seen in the heavily populated Ruhr where over half of the living quarters have been completely destroyed and much of the remainder badly damaged. We saw not one building in the Ruhr unscarred or undamaged by the war.

The Currency Reform of June 20, 1948

In general the currency reform seems to be a good thing for Germany. Something to do away with the black market and to stabilize exchange was badly needed. The New Mark has real purchasing power at present. Farmers now interested in getting Marks are bringing their produce in to the markets; the black market has been greatly curtailed; there is more incentive to work for wages. Shop windows blossomed with goods almost immediately after the reform.

People who had lived on savings are hard hit by the reform, since they are allowed to keep but ten per cent of what they had. Old people and students especially are in desperate circumstances now since they have no money with which to buy even the limited goods available.

City governments and welfare departments are also now without funds and are practically paralyzed. Many civil service employees have had to be dismissed because there is no money with which to pay their salaries. It is expected that a law will be passed confiscating 80 per cent of the profits made by merchants who had withheld their stocks until after the reform, and that these funds will be turned over for use by Public Welfare.

The future success of the currency reform depends a good deal on the extent to which there is real production behind the present show of goods in the shops, and the extent to which employment becomes available for all types of workers in Germany.

The currency reform alone can accomplish nothing of lasting importance. What happens to the general economy of Germany in the next few months is of crucial importance.

Military Government

There is an extreme difference between the necessity for a continuing military garrison in Germany, which is generally recognized by the Germans, and the growing drawbacks of burdening

the army with the task of governing Germany. It is this Military Government which frequently appears at odds with the task of democratic re-education in Germany. American policy in Germany looks like a three-cornered push and pull: the routine of the Army, the State Department and American private business, which attempts to use the Army. Justice to these American business interests, as well as to German economy, would require highly skilled civilian administrators. The political importance of Germany would require that the State Department have an increasing part in the direction of this civilian administration.

At present in Germany, the Military Government has taken over all the big hotels, also recreational facilities (these are sometimes given over one or two days a week to the Germans), has established its own transportation systems for Americans (its own bus systems, and separate cars on trains). The PXs and Snack Bars, as well as hotels and almost all facilities, have signs: "Germans Forbidden" or "Natives Allowed Only When Accompanied by Americans." Large villas have been taken over. The caliber of the average occupational troops does not seem to be superior, in fact, anything but. While few act in obviously obstreperous fashion, few show any real understanding of the Germans, often reveal contempt for them, and openly brag about Black Market activities. The age of the volunteers is very young.

The very discrimination which we condemned in Nazism is apparent everywhere. There is a great paradox really about the situation in Germany, for the United States Army does not live off the land but brings in food and all supplies. In any event, the Army would need separate facilities, but the location of present facilities in the very centers of towns is the very worst from a psychological standpoint.

Actually, the situation in Germany now is paradoxical. The continued presence of American troops seems to be desired by Germans because of fear of Russia and fear of violence of other German groups. It is common knowledge among Germans and Americans that there is still a Nazi underground. The Hitler Youth sign was put on the door of the Military Government in Marburg, and swastikas appeared in the city. Even Germans who are not in the under-

ground still do not look on Nazism as Americans do. Eighty per cent, in a recent poll, described it as a good thing poorly directed. Their concept of National Socialism (as they invariably refer to Nazism) is different from the American view of it, and pays attention to its strength and prosperity, not to the atrocities.

All these problems require skill and tact in handling. It is to be desired that the most adequately qualified agency, the United States State Department, should be put in charge.

Education

German education today is overcrowded, hindered by destroyed buildings, shortages of books and materials, very low financial support since the currency reform, and a generally low morale among students, as among all Germans.

Some of the universities, such as the University of Freiburg, are eighty per cent bombed out. Others, like Tübingen and Heidelberg, remain relatively untouched. In the majority, which have been bombed, students are required to devote eight days a semester to reconstruction, chipping mortar off bricks and cleaning rubble, and students may still find human bones and bodies in the rubble. Naturally, this has a bad effect on morale.

With the end of the war, a great number of students returned to the universities, so that classes are now more over-crowded than ever in the history of German education. The problem of feeding and housing the students is great, for most private dwellings, in which students once rented rooms, have been destroyed.

Often students must live outside the university town and spend as much as one or two hours commuting.

Students have been given extra food rations, but these do not come anywhere near basic rations in other countries. A large percentage of students are in poor health, but physical examinations and some medications are being administered.

Many students must devote some time to helping their families find food or perhaps cut wood and haul it to their homes for winter. A very common sight in Germany on all public transportation is a man or woman carrying large bundles of wood to his or her home.

The outlook of the average German youth is not optimistic. The Nazi philosophy has been defeated and yet he has found nothing to replace it. He finds it very difficult to understand democratic ideas under an occupation force which is anything but democratic. He fears another war and thinks that Germany will again be the battleground in the event of a war. Above all things, he fears occupation by the Russian army.

The war has destroyed so much of Germany that few young people have any faith in Germany's future. "Germany has no future; it is a dead nation," one student said. Many of them want to go to North or South America or to some other country.

Few young people in Germany want to join any groups — social, political, educational or otherwise — for they fear that they will be held responsible for membership in these groups in event of occupation of Germany at some time by another power.

There does not appear to be the same high ideal in German education that there once was. Traditionally, each student has worked hard to get into the university, is honored to be there, and is really seeking truth and knowledge. Now, the idea seems to be just to get a degree so as to be able to get a job. The real concern is just with being able to make enough money to care for the material needs of the day or the week.

Education always has been a highly honored institution in Germany, and even now the townspeople demonstrate this. For instance, when the currency reform came about in June, the savings of most students were naturally wiped out, and many thought they would have to quit before the end of the term. However, townspeople came through with part-time jobs, with food and with many different kinds of aid in almost every German university city. As it was, almost all students finished the term, but large numbers will drop out in the fall.

A young German architect in Freiburg said that he thought traditional educational methods were the source of all Germany's weaknesses. In the formality of the institution, the professor is apart and above the pupil. He lectures to the student, largely in theoretical and philosophical realms, does not encourage independent thinking on the part of the student, very little discussion or argu-

ment, and does not humanize what he says. He does not prepare the individual to apply what he learns to life (except in technical fields — but even this must be qualified). He felt that more discussion and more individual thinking must be fostered in the student.

There now exists a great gap in the German education, for nothing about developments in other countries has been taught in Germany since the rise of Nazism. There is a great curiosity on the part of young Germans to find out about other countries, and most of them tried hard to make friends with foreigners who were in Germany this summer. American students at Heidelberg said they had never seen such hospitality as they had from the Germans.

Rector Erbe, of Tübingen University, said that the problems in German education now were extremely complex because of the confusion in the German mind, because of the uncertainty of the future, and because of conditions in Germany, and he hoped that other nations would show patience and would promote student exchange.

Appendix III

Addresses 1948

Münster Work Camp Participants

Name	1948 Address	Parent's Address
Dabringhaus, Irmgard	Münster; Friesenring 80	Wuppertal Vohwinkel; Schlieffenstraße 44
Danneel, Lisa	Münster; Ferdinand-Freiligrathstr. 10 (Dr. Maue)	Fritz Boche Münster; Schulstr. 4
Ecke, Siegfried	Münster; Roxelerstr. 44	Datteln; Pevelingstr. 19 (1951 geh. Irmgard Dabringhaus)
Eigenbrod, Friedrich	Münster; Schiffahrterdamm 82c; bei Feldhaus	(21a) Gütersloh; Kökerstr. 15
Ehrenwerth, Martin	Münster; Wilhelmstr. C4	
Deringer, Sieghard	Vaake/Weser, Krs. Hofgeismar	
Dringenberg, Hans	Bottrop (21a), Heimannstr. 18	
Frutel, Lucia		Düsseldorf, Zietenstr.
Garde, Hans Hugo	Münster, Havixburgweg 3	(23) Bremen, Wulwesstr. 9
Hoffmann, Waldemar	Münster, Melchersstr. 57	Gronau, i.W. Schiefestr. 42
Koch, Hermann	Studentenbunker, Gievenbeck; bei Münster	(21a) Lage/Lippe, Bülte 34
Ötting, Friede	Buldern, Studentinnenheim	Gladbeck (21a); Rossheidestr. 30
Ries, Hans Helmut		(22a) Wuppertal-Beyenburg; Im Sondern 25d

Name	1948 Address	Parent's Address
Schnitker, Werner	Münster; Horstmarerlandweg 71	(23) Lingen (Ems); Loosstr. 27
Sengenhorst, Hertha	Münster; Heerdestr. 4	Meckingsen; Krs. Soest
Werbelow, Horst	Wuppertal-Barmen, Pädagogische Akademie, Thornerstr. 15	Langenfeld/Rhld.; Hitdorferstr. 120
Wesselink, Hermann	Münster, Nordstr. 37/II	Grose-Ringe (25); Kreis Bentheim
Wiedmann, Fritz	Münster, Martin Lutherhaus	Lotte, Kr. Tecklenburg; Westf. Pfarrhaus
Weber, Heinz Georg	Kattenvenne 40, über Münster	Girkhausen, Krs. Wittgenstein, i.W.
Benno, Bösing	Münster; Weinkopfstr. 8	See page 57 & 78
	Dutch Students	
Ende, Anthony van den	ATVAgeboow, Karnixstraat 290; Amsterdam (C)	Wilhelminastraat 40; Waternigen
Wiet, Hopperus Buma	Oude Singel 106, Leiden	„Refugium" Wolemweg; Diepenveen near Deventer
Heide, Tine van der	Doezastr. 34, Leiden	Harderwykerweg 36, Ermelo
Reinink, Maarten	H. Coläniusstr. 33; Groningen	Zuid Boulevard 27; Noodwyk aan Zee
Remmelts, Mieke	Corn, Krusemanstr. 46, Amsterdam Z	
Rietberg, Henk	Oosterstraat 14A, Groningen	Oosterstraat 14A, Groningen
Van der Ven, Adrian	Rapenburg 4, Leiden	29 Schouwweg, Wassenaar
J.A.P. Greveta		Breetstraat 47; Leiden

Name	1948 Address	Parent's Address
	US Students	
Ian Barbour	5757 University Ave, Chicago IL	3521 Cornell Pl.; Cincinnati, OH
Ruth Blackburn	503 W. 121 St, New York City	St. Phillip's Church; 215 W. 133; New York City 20
Daniel Coolidge	2 Holyoke Pl, Cambridge, MA	567 Concord Ave; Belmont, MA
Cobb, Hohn	2 Holyoke Pl, Cambridge MA	15 Goddard Ave; Brookline, MA
Bowden, George		1019 Westover Ave; Norfolk, 7, VA
Gerhold, Caroline		218 E. South St.; Sidney, OH
Hansen, Mildred		56 Juniper Rd; Belmont, MA
Hunter, Richard	81 South Dr, Chorlton-cum-Hardy; Manchester, 21; England	445 Gramatan Ave; Mt. Vernon, NY; USA
James, Nancy	Harwood Ct, Pomona College; Claremont, CA	517 N. Campbell Ave; Alhambra, CA
Korright, James	106 College Ave, Ithaca, NY	80 New St, Huntington, NY
Normile, Price	Eliot House C-41, Harvard College; Cambridge, MA	2425 Park Ave; Des Moines, 15, IA
Savringhaus, Edwin	Cornell Univ. Med School; 1300 York Ave, NY	59 Warren Pl; Montclair, NJ
Weaver, Donald		178 Bradely Rd; Scarsdale, NY
Wigsten, Jane	Baleh IV, Cornell Univ.; Ithaca, NY	S. Pain St.; Horseheads, NY
Wood, Robert	Doane College, Crete, NE	507 Greenleaf Ave, Wilmetter, IL
	Hamburg Work Camp Participants (whom we know of)	
Ilse Asmus	Hamburg	
Dr. Wolfgang & Fien Weise (Wiese?)	Hohenzollerndamm 3 (111?)	Berlin-Grunewald (From 1958)

Name	Street	City
	Danish Students	
Meyer, Birthe	Stolbergsvej 5	Hørsholm
Proschodsky, Marie	Henningsens Alle 42	Hellerup
TOP-Jensen, Grethe Anne	Kildegaardsvej 8 A, 1. Sal	Hellerup
Thomassen, Gunvar	Grondalsparkvej 14	Copenhagen F.
Jochens, Jenny	Paradisvænget 18	Holte
Jensen, Bente Fritze	Thersvej 4	Korsør
Halved, Inger la Cour	Rigshospitalet	Copenhagen Ø
Heilmann, Maragarethe	Annemonevej 5	Gentofte (Vibevangel 5, Soborg)
Diemar, Anna Lise	Gersonsvej 71	Hellerup
Høybye, Palle Fredrik	Gasvej 2	Horsens
Hansen, Karl Ole Warthoe	Vesterport 1	Randers
Olsen, Carl Erik	Haugesundvej 5	Aarhus
Olsen, Peter Ussing	Hjørringsvej 3	Aarhus
Thomassen, Ole	Grøndalsparkvej 14	Copenhagen F.
Sørensen, Harald	Fru Ingersvej 17	Sorø
Jørgensen, Evald Kristian	Carstensgade 78	Copenhagen V.
Ebbesen, Ole Vagn	Lindegaardsvej 45 C	Charlottenlund
Iversen, Per Viggo Fritz	Ellegaardsvej 44	Gentofte
Hjortkjaer, Thorkild	Falkoneralle 18	Copenhagen F.
Schøller, Helge	Hamburg	Danish Red Cross
	Swedish Students	
Langkilde, Anna Dagmar Ingegerd	Teassgatan 5	Göteborg
Bjorkhammer, Anna Margaretha	Klockgjufaregatan 14	Norrkoeping
Zetterstrand, Karin H. S.	Stjaernorgatan 13	Linkoeping
Holmblad, Anders Astoft	Gotlands Tofta	
Anderson, Per Otto Emanuel	Biskopsmå-laskola	Hoeljc
Berndtson, Bernt Vilhelm	Kaponjoergatan 4 A	Göteborg
	Norwegian Students	
Ellingsen, Solveig	Ullevålsvn. 55	Oslo
Engen, Signy	Munkerudveien 16	Nordstrand, Oslo
	American Students	

Name	Street	City
Blaesing, Gretchen	01350 SW Radcliff	Portland, Oregon
Cox, Phyllis J.	5747 Kimbark Ave	Chicago 37, Illinois
Davis, Louise		Vienna, Georgia
Davis, Maidie		Vienna, Georgia
Greife, Phyllis	3844 Country Club Place	Cincinnati, Ohio
Lohmann, Henry G./Jeanne	5747 Kimbark Ave.	Chicago 37, Illinois
Tate, Lindsay	1348 Queens Road	Charlotte, NC
Van Hise, Joseph	6426 Kenwood Ave	Chicago, IL
Warden, Jack	Phi Kappa Psi	Lewisburg, PA
Weeth, Marian	2210 So. 10th	Abilene, TX
Harris, Irene	63 Auburn Ave. NE	Atlanta, Georgia
Swartley, William	Squirrel Lane	Lansdale, Penn.
Kirkham, Charles D.	Box 384	Cleburne, TX
	British Student	
Cave, Harold	23 Cecil Road	Petersborough, England
	German Students	
Hohenholz, Anke	Moselstr. 18	Bremen
Selle, Eva	Sottrum 37	Hamburg (?)
Ötinger, Christa	Tieckstr. 12	Bremen
Bertram, Käthe	Kepplerstr. 34	Bremen
Lehmann, Marga	Eichenstr. 47	Bremen
Mühr, Dörte	Max-Regerstr. 1	(23) Bremen
Köhler, Liesel	Fehrfeld 24	Bremen
Kuder, Karin	Zschörnerstr. 29	Bremen-Blumenthal
Dürkop, Hildegard	Manteuffelstr. 52	Bremen
Osterloh, Ilse	Klaus-Groth Str. 56	Bremen
Fokken, Anni	Neuenlanderstr. 145	Bremen
Ziegler, Olga	Verdenerstr. 15	Bremen
Grohbrügge, Gertrud	Freibergerstr. 10	Bremen
Neuhaus, Gabriele	Park-Allee 15	Bremen
Hermes, Marianne	Moordeich	Bremen-Huchting
Henry, Frau Dr.	Moselstr. 24	Bremen
Kalthoff, Henning	Gabriel Seidelstr. 2	Bremen
Steinfeld, Reinhard	Schweizerstr. 23	Bremen
Johannson, Eberhard	Stadestr. 66	Bremen
Engel, Hermann	Nordstr. 11	Bremen-Aumund

Name	Street	City
Daude, Hans	Nordstr. 11	Bremen-Aumund
Kiehm, Josef	Bertholdstr. 20	Bremen-Blumenthal
Barloschky, Dietrich	Halmerweg Jugendwohnh.	Bremen
Bönning, August	Hashude 1	Bremen
Erhard, Herbert	Bruchhauserstr. 33	Bremen-Arsten
Tegeler, Hermann	Borgshöhe	Bremen-Schönebek
Grube, Hans	Liebensteinerstr. 3	Bremen
Manschke, Gert	Delmestr. 85	Bremen
Schütte, Karl	Johann-Lange Str. 27	Bremen-Aumund
Wurtmann, Lothar	An der alten Weide 30	Bremen-Aumund
Wiechmann, Erich	Katrepelerstr. 47	Bremen
Sauer, Herbert	Birkenstr. 14	Bremen-Blumenthal
Kinzel, Helmuth	Waller Heerstr. 87	Bremen
Leo Skiba	Mühlenstr. 17	Bremen-Blumenthal
Dening, Hans	Horner Heerstr. 17	Bremen
Wendler, Hans	Dietrich Schäferstr. 7	Bremen
Wellner, Fritz	Fanzius Str. 16	Bremen
Steiner, Rainer	Osterdeich 172 b	Bremen
Westerhoff, Waltraud	Klugkiststr. 9	Bremen
Bote, Gardi	Waterloostr. 103	Bremen
Lohmeyer, Ute	Richthofenstr. 31	Bremen-St. Magnus

During the summer of 1948, another work camp was organized in Bremen. Hank and Jeanne Lohmann, who participated in this camp, traveled to Europe on the *Marine Tiger*, a converted troop transport ship, with Ian and Deane Barbour. Jeanne, who now lives in Olympia, State of Washington, remembers meetings for worship in the old gun turrets with the Barbours. The two couples had also been involved in a couples' worship group at the University of Chicago. Jeanne sent the following list of participants in the Bremen work camp to Yogi Reppmann, and it is published here with the hope that some of these people, or their children or grandchildren, may also have memories, diaries, or photographs to share. Please, see her moving report, Jeanne Lohmann, *Bremen Work Camp, 1948* in „In Parallel Light - A Prose Collection", Fithian Press, McKinleyville, California, 2015, p.33-36.) *jdb*

Appendix IV

Translation: Introduction

Toiling with the Defeated

Ian and Deane Barbour helped 1948 to remove debris in Germany

Diaries are a special style of literature that highlight a broad range of individual experiences. Among the best known oeuvres of this category are books by such worldwide known authors as Max Frisch, Thomas Mann and Walter Kempowski, moving accounts by once unknown people like the Jew Anne Frank, and hoaxes like the disgraceful Hitler diaries by Konrad Kujau. And there are sober records reaching daylight after decades of being hidden that explain a certain historical period directly and simply.

Among such historical documents are the very personal diaries of Ian G. and Deane Barbour, from Northfield, Minnesota in the USA. This couple travelled to Germany in the summer of 1948 to help remove huge amounts of debris in Hamburg and Münster. In western and middle Europe that summer there were 150 work camps with thousands of student volunteers from many countries. The work camps were organized by Christian student organizations like the YMCA, Congregational Service Committee, and the American Friends Service Committee. Young people toiled with defeated Germans still scraping a living and hungry and nearly hopeless between hills of ruins.

Deane and Ian Barbour were married in 1947 in the US capital, Washington. Deane studied theology, and Ian physics. Later as a professor he became especially famous with his publications about the dialogue of religion and science. This was the reason that a foundation in Philadelphia honored Ian Barbour in 1999 with the Templeton Prize; most of the money was donated to a pertinent research center in Berkeley (California). Previous laureates were Mother Teresa, Billy Graham, Alexander Solschenizyn, Carl Friedrich von Weizsäcker and Desmond Tutu. Regarding the bitter quarrel between materialists and fundamentalists Barbour asserted: "There are many people believing both in God and in the theory of evolution."

During the time in German work camps the food was modest: potatoes, carrots, porridge and bread. The young people got to know a huge range of human types: an incurable Nazi officer, a lady with strong faith, and many people who struggled with the great German guilt. The Americans could not forget the daily routine: "Crippled humans on the streets, children, ... , some begging for food." The couple especially remembered the farewell service in a university chapel between ruins, when the community sang: "Goin' to lay down my heavy load".

The couple raised four children. John D. Barbour, Professor at St. Olaf College in Northfield (Minnesota), saves the diaries of his parents like a treasure. He handed them to the German historian of emigration, Joachim (Yogi) Reppmann.

Why have these 150 friendship initiatives been forgotten in Germany and Europe?

Extensive Internet research about the work camps of 1948 was not successful. Dr. Theo Sommer, former editor-in-chief of *Die Zeit*, who had been a young journalist, told us: "In those days there was very little paper, and such topics could not have been published in a newspaper." Dr. Ulrich Erdmann (www.erdmann-kiel.de) did extensive research with the Hamburg Civil Association Duvenstedt/ Wohldorf-Ohlstedt, and could not find a trace of the young couple in their area. The Friede-Springer-Foundation researched unsuccessfully for the later *Die Welt* journalist Dr. Wolfgang Weise, who met his later wife Fien, from Holland, in the Hamburg work camp.

We hope that this publication encourages further engagement with the US work camps of 1948. Perhaps descendants of the participants (see appendix 1) own more documents.

A first success is Jeanne Lohmann from Olympia (State of Washington). This charming poet together with her husband led a work camp in 1948 in Bremen and recently reported how she returned together with the Barbour couple on the US troop carrier *Marine Tiger* back to America (see appendix III).

Erhard Böttcher, John D. Barbour and Joachim Reppmann

Herausgeber der Barbour-Tagebücher

Erhard B ö t t c h e r wurde 1944 in Guben (Brandenburg) geboren. Als Flüchtlingskind wuchs er in Flensburg auf. Als Redakteur schrieb er für mehrere Zeitungen in Deutschland, schließlich 27 Jahre für die Deutsche Presseagentur (dpa). Auf Anstoß seines Freundes Joachim Reppmann unternahm er Forschungsreisen in die USA. Gemeinsam veröffentlichten sie das Buch „Building a Bridge - wie die Einwohner von Holstein in Iowa die Verbindung mit der Heimat der Vorfahren wieder aufnahmen" (2006).

Dr. John D. B a r b o u r ist Professor für Religion am St. Olaf College in Northfield (Minnesota). Er verfasste Essays und Lehrbücher - darunter „Versions of Deconversion: Autobiography and the Loss of Faith" - „Spielarten des Glaubensverlustes: Autobiographie und Glaubensverlust" (1994) sowie „The Value of Solitude: The Ethics and Spirituality of Aloneness in Autobiogaphy" - „Der Wert der Einsamkeit: Ethik und Spiritualität des Alleinseins in der Autobiographie" (2004). 2013 veröffentlichte er den Roman „Renunciation" - „Verzicht", der die Beziehung zweier Brüder und das Thema Entsagung erkundet, wie sie erscheint in religiösen Gelübden und bei anderen Wahlmöglichkeiten.

Dr. Joachim (Yogi) R e p p m a n n wurde geboren in Flensburg; Dr. Wolfgang Plenio war sein *Ausnahme*-Philosophielehrer. Reppmann verfasste Bücher über die schleswig-holsteinischen *Forty-Eighters* in den USA. Er unterrichtete am St. Olaf und Carleton College in Northfield (Minnesota) und leitete „Legacy of 1848 through today-Konferenzen". 2014 US-Steuben-Historikerauszeichnung in New York. Seit 1992 pendelt er zusammen mit seiner Frau Gitta (Hamburgerin) zwischen Flensburg und Northfield. Heirat in Las Vegas (Nevada). www.Moin-Moin.us

Danke

Molly Woehrlin, Northfield, Minnesota

Jeanne Lohmann, Olympia, Washington

Mary Ellen Frame, Northfield, Minnesota

Evelyn Sadri, Flensburg, Schleswig-Holstein

Renate & Helmut Kunde, Handewitt, Schleswig-Holstein

Wolfgang Plenio, Wees, Schleswig-Holstein

Ulrich Erdmann, Kiel, Schleswig-Holstein

Ameeta & Craig D. Rice, Northfield, Minnesota

Sonja Anton, Frankfurt, Hessen

Norman Watt, Northfield, Minnesota

Hawken M. Rives, Tulsa, Oklahoma

Joseph Kronzer, Duluth, Minnesota

Meg Ojala, Dundas, Minnesota

Deane und Prof. Ian Barbour, Northfield, MN.

Im Sommer 1948 wurden wir vom Congregational Service Committee gebeten, als Berater einer Gruppe niederländischer, deutscher und amerikanischer Studenten in einem kirchlichen Workcamp nach Deutschland zu fahren. Es gehörte viel Mut dazu, mit den deutschen Studenten - darunter ein früherer SS-Offizier - Kontakt aufzunehmen. Gespräche bei der Arbeit, beim Essen und in Diskussionsgruppen wurden oft in unseren Zelten bis in die Nacht fortgesetzt. Ian B a r b o u r , Northfield, Minnesota (2004)

Ich habe die Tagebücher mit wachsendem Interesse an der Mentalität und Verzichtbereitschaft meiner damaligen amerikanischen Altersgenossen gelesen; Erstaunen und Anerkennung über die US-Hilfsbereitschaft aus christlicher Gesinnung. Die amerikanischen Studenten handelten aus emotionaler Offenheit für die Nöte und Leiden der schuldig-unschuldigen Altersgenossen, die mit zunehmender Kenntnis der Amerikaner immer stärker Scham empfinden mussten für die Verbrechen der in ihrem Namen andere Völker misshandelnden und mordenden Nazis. Dr. Wolfgang P l e n i o , Philosoph, Wees (2016)