

Shanghai, Oct. 31st

Dear Folks:

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Well gang tonight I'm staying /for a change as I'm a little tired. To start off with, I want to tell you about yesterday morning. I went for a walk and ran into a swell Jewish boy of about 18. I asked him where I can take some pictures and he told me where. Then he asked me if I would like to see some of the Jewish refugee camps. He calls them camps. I call them ghettos. Folks you won't believe what I'm going to tell you but I'm going to anyway.

My friend, who was taking me around, a likable kid, lives in a room 5 yards long and 4 yards wide. He lives with his father, mother, brother, another family of 4 people and a third family of three. All in one little stinking room. I saw 50 women living in another room so close that it reminded me of a herd of cattle. They all came over and told me how far the past seven years they have been living just like that with little more than nothing to eat. The hospital was crowded as hell, full of every disease possible. I next went to the school where all the children go. Beautiful children and all thin as a rail. One little girl came over and sat on my lap. I gave her a piece of chewing gum and believe me Mom she had never had any before. She was so happy she started to cry and I cried right with her. I spoke to their teachers who work for the great sum of three dollars a month. The children had not given up hope as they were smart as whips. I spoke to the school doctor, who told me that he couldn't do much for the children because the school had no money for buying vaccine for the vaccination. I thought of how much the children of our country have to be thankful for. They use to cry when they couldn't get icecream. I was one myself and I don't think I shall ever forget or fig forgive myself for being such a spoiled child when I didn't know what existed at the other end of the world. I went to see the committee in charge of the relief and I begged him to tell me why the people aren't better taken care of. He told me that he gets only \$100,000 for his relief work from the JDC and he does his best. I suggested having kitchens and at least feeding the people. He said the people are independent and don't want to look like beggars in a chow line. I suggested a commissary where he could buy the food in large quantities and sell to the people below the market price and he said no. I asked him to account for the money he gets and he showed me a statement down to the last penny. He said that the only trouble is that they don't get enough money. I went away in a very low mood and promised them that I would try every way I know how to do something for them when I go home. Then I took the kid that showed me around and we got in a rickshaw and believe it or not it was the first time he had ever rode in a rickshaw. (It only cost about 10¢). He just never had the money. I took him down and spoke to a colonel I know and the colonel hired him. He has a job cleaning rifles at ~~\$25x~~ \$45 a month. When we walked out he threw his arms around me and blessed me like I never was before. Today when he came to work he brought me two tangerines and his picture that he wants me to keep. I really felt good and I nearly broke out crying.

Dad I'm sure nobody know of the poverty that exist here and I wish you would arouse some of the people and let them know. Believe me it would be a mitzvah. I hope all is well and happy and God bless you all.

Stan

NOTE: Above letter was written by an American soldier in Shanghai to his family here and was brought into the office by Rabbi William Novick.