

H.W. Robinson



MISSION
STATION
TEHCHOW

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THIS BOOKLET,

*prepared at the request of the members of the
Tehchow station of the North China Mission of
the American Board of Commissioners
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IS DEDICATED TO THE FRIENDS OF MISSION WORK IN CHINA

*in order to give through the eyes of a
newcomer a fresh impression of what
a mission station is.*

Tehchow, December 1940

THE WAY TO TEHCHOW.

IT WAS early in the morning of a cold day at the end of February when we arrived in Taku after having had a rough sea for our travel. Here the Hai Ho flows into the Yellow Sea, and passengers to Tientsin embark in another smaller boat which brings them after a day's journey to the English bund of the city. There wasn't much time to change boats, everything had to proceed in a hurry, passports to be examined (not in the simplest way), coolies carried trunks and suitcases to the river boat, officials were asking for vaccination certificates, small merchants tried to sell us Chinese curios just at the time when we could not move forwards or backwards, coolies wanted more money than we gave them, but finally we reached the deck of our little steamer. And after having reassured ourselves that all our luggage was there too, we settled down, ordered some tea, and relaxed after this exciting dis- and re-embarkment. I could have slept immediately, but I kept myself awake by force because this was the land I had decided to come to, and now I wanted to get the first glimpses of the graceful pagodas, of those beautiful Chinese temples looking from a hillside towards the west. Now I wanted to see the rich Chinese merchants, wealthy and fat, riding in their strange carts, dressed in beautiful rich silk coats; and I wanted to see the ladies accompanying the men, in their luxurious embroidered dresses.

In spite of the hot tea the boy had served me I shivered. It was misty, and a cold breeze came up from the sea. I put a blanket around my shoulders and got impatient to see the boat leave, to observe all the curious things waiting for me. Fortunately we departed soon. The boat wasn't one of those quick sailing boats cutting the water fast and smoothly as I expected and as would have fitted my restless impatience. It moved, slow and lazy, along the river, which seemed to have no current at all, and which had a funny smell of fish and dirt.

There was no life on the water; no boats met us. Sometimes I couldn't believe that we were moving on at all; and suddenly the colour of the water, the grey sky, and the misty air fell on my soul. I felt lonely, distressed, abandoned. If only it had been a little warmer I would have felt better, but the second blanket I had taken out of my trunk didn't help very much. I started to walk around the deck looking at the bank right and left lest I should miss something in this strange new country. But where I expected the lovely hills there was plain without vegetation, sometimes some

fields, just ploughed but now deserted, and every mile or so were some dirty, sad-looking little huts made of mud, whose use I couldn't understand. The river, at astonishingly regular intervals, made a curve to the right and then to the left; and for hours I waited to see China appear as I had known it in my imagination. But I waited in vain. There was no change in the landscape and no change in the tempo at which we followed along the river. And still there were these dirty-looking little huts along the banks which gave everything such a touch of unfriendliness, because one felt the dampness and darkness inside seeing that there were no windows, or only small ones which had no glass but white paper instead. Could these be homes? Impossible! No human being could live in such wretched things! A kind-looking man was standing at the rail watching the surroundings as I was; but he seemed to be so much more cheerful; and when I passed by, I heard him saying to an elderly lady, "These Chinese are very clever indeed. Their houses are built in such a way that they are cool in summer and warm in winter."

"Oh yes," replied the lady, "I can hardly tell you, John, how happy I feel to be in China again. I think it is just beautiful."

I rubbed my eyes; I felt as if awaking from a dream. I looked with the greatest astonishment at the couple who very definitely enjoyed this trip which seemed to me an endless journey through a colourless plain. And when I caught her next words I was in doubt whether I was sick or they had lost their minds.

"Oh, just look at those little dirty kids; aren't they cute?"

I took my seat again with my two blankets, wrapped my face in my coat; and because I couldn't cry, I thought of my mother and made plans how to get out of North China again. I felt an almost painful emptiness in my stomach, but I didn't want to eat. I felt that I was sufficiently protected against the cold, but how I shivered! And the coldness came from inside. I tried to think about something nice, but only little brown huts appeared before me — so dreadful, sad, and poor. I wanted to force myself into some kind of optimistic cheerfulness, but I was helplessly depressed.

Indifferent to everything, I landed late in the evening on the British Concession Bund and took the train to Peking. There I needed another permit and another vaccination certificate and another travelling pass; and by the time I got all these I was too tired, too distressed, to take notice of the city and of all the strange things in it which could have cheered me up.

We left Peking early next morning. Three rickshaws were waiting to take me and my things to the station. I gave them all my luggage and started to walk beside them; but before I could do anything I was pushed into a rickshaw, and off we went. My coolie, a slender youth, ran and ran not a bit different from the way a good horse runs before a carriage. I have seldom felt more ashamed than during this short ride.

Wasn't it a crime to be pulled by a human being for some cents which I would give him at the station? It certainly must be. And I was thankful that it was dark and nobody could see me, and I hoped for this poor fellow's sake that it would not be far.

The station was crowded, and had I not had my new friends with me I certainly would never have reached the platform. But I was pushed and pulled and kicked, and today I am unable to reconstruct how it happened that I got a seat in the train which left for the south and which passed Tehchow in the late afternoon. It wasn't a very comfortable seat because I was pressed in between a Chinese woman and an old Chinese man who wore unusually thick garments, not very clean and rather smelly, and I didn't dare to move lest I should touch other people who filled the aisle. I tried to breathe superficially so as not to get too much of this thick, hot air in my lungs; and I looked out of the window so as not to see the dirty, poor-looking crowd packed in the car carrying their bedding and their children, pushed around by train officials, speaking not in a language but in sounds which hurt my ears, eating indefinable food, spitting on the floor, smoking little pipes and spitting more, leaning against one another trying to get a nap, and—this was perhaps the worst—looking at me and my companions. The train went fast; the landscape had no different appearance from and did not change a bit more than that which I had seen from the boat. Here the little huts formed small villages, no green gave life to the plain, only very few men or women could be seen working in their fields, and I wondered where the people of overpopulated China were. My only comfort was that we moved, that we did not crawl through this depressing country as we had the day before yesterday. Still the journey seemed endless; but we got to Tehchow.

How often before had I looked up Tehchow in an atlas; and because it formed quite a black spot on a map, I thought I had good reason to expect a larger city. What I found was a place made up of the same huts, only bigger, and surrounded by a high wall which has a pagoda on one corner. The narrow streets were crowded with people who work, live, wash, shave, buy, sell, or whatever they might do on the street. Children—I think I have never seen so many children before—roll in the dirt together with the scabby dogs. It smelled of fish, spoiled vegetables, dirty water, and cholera. Rickshaws, donkeys, wheelbarrows of the strange Chinese sort, kept the streets busy; there was an awful noise and an awful dust; it was primitiveness and poverty in a most concentrated form.

I had already made up my mind that I would take the first opportunity to leave—at least this part of the country—again; thus I didn't feel so depressed as before, and when we were welcomed in Tehchow by a sandstorm which blew the yellow sand in our eyes and mouths, and which made it almost impossible to see, I was rather more

amused than angry with the destiny which brought me to this place, more miserable than any I had seen before, and I had seen some gipsy villages which weren't pleasant either.

We left this so-called city through the east gate where we had to get out of our rickshaws because there were Japanese soldiers, and after riding some minutes longer over an unusually rough road my companions, Tehchow missionaries, called my attention joyfully to a place in front of us, "Here is our compound!"

I saw only a cloud of dust and in the settling darkness some buildings which did not impress me at all, but faithfully I called back, "How lovely!" and could not but smile to myself over my adventure.

I got a room in a foreign-style house — the first one I had seen for a long time. I washed myself, I took a little food, and I got to bed as soon as I could. I suppose I was too tired to think much about what I had seen, but I remember that one question circulated in my brain till I fell asleep: "Why, for goodness sake, and for what do people leave their cultivated homes and beautiful countries and come to Tehchow?"





THE HOSPITAL

GIRLS SCHOOL

RESIDENCES

BOYS SCHOOL

FIRST GLANCES.

NEXT morning I woke up, or better, was awakened, by a man whom they here call Rob, and who was my host. He whistled funny melodies and tried to sing a new hymn while I dressed. I didn't understand how a man could whistle and sing in the deserted place I had seen yesterday. I couldn't understand how anybody could be happy in a country without trees, and I could not get the idea how a man could like to work under such inconsolable circumstances. When I entered the living room I was welcomed by a joyful, "Hello Fritz."

"Good morning, Mr. Robinson," said I, and wondered why he called me Fritz, "I am not old," I thought, "but on the other hand I am not a little boy to be called just Fritz."

"Oh", Robbie said, "I am sure you won't mind it if we call you Fritz. Mission folks are a family; we must stick together and try to make life pleasant; otherwise it's hard to pull through. But to change the subject: how do you like the place?" I owe kind Rob an answer to this day, but there will be an opportunity to give it.

We sat down to breakfast. "Mrs. Robinson is at school; you slept a little too long", said Mr. Robinson, "thus today we have breakfast alone." I ate with not very much appetite and didn't know what to talk about. "What is Mrs. Robinson doing at school?" I asked finally.

"She teaches English, and she has over a hundred students."

"Does she like Chinese students?" I asked timidly.

"Of course she does. Why shouldn't she? She always says she prefers Chinese students to American."

Now this was a little too much for me, and again I kept silent. Rob must have felt that I didn't feel too happy. He smiled.

"Why do you smile, Mr. Robinson?"

"I just thought about the story of the negro and the billy goat," he said, "It's too funny for anything. Do you know it?" No I didn't. So I was told, and I couldn't help it, I had to laugh in spite of feeling like a wet dog. We finished soon; Rob told me he was in a hurry because at nine a Chinese was coming, and later on the pastor from the west district would be there, and afterwards he had a class, and the sermon for tomorrow in Chinese wasn't outlined yet.

"See you later, Fritz," and off he went, whistling, singing his Chinese hymn again.

I was expected at the hospital; so I decided to go. I had become very suspicious. Had not Chinese art books given me the impression that China was a beautiful country? Didn't the map deceive me, showing Tehchow as a "larger city"? Work in a foreign-style hospital was promised me. I had come with confidence, but I could not help wondering what kind of a hospital this would be.

I stepped out. It was a beautiful day, bright sunshine and no clouds. The dust from the day before had settled. I looked around. The sky here seems so much wider than in other places because nothing interrupts the low line of the horizon. Around me were gardens with trees, real trees, neatly cut hedges, clean paths. Houses and other buildings in western style but partly with Chinese roofs looked promising. There were lawns, not exactly green, but still one could imagine they were lawns and suddenly I felt much more at home.

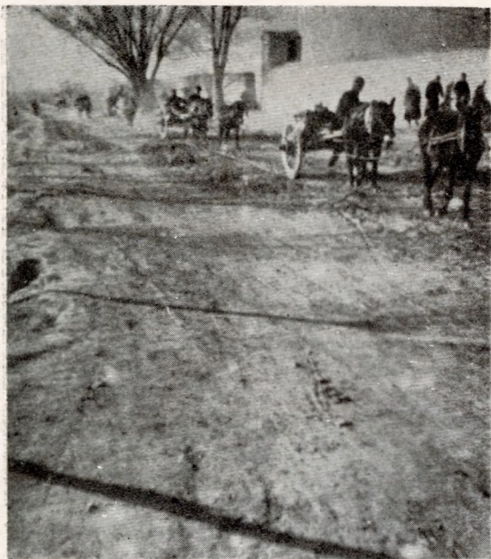
As I proceeded towards a little gate I met a foreign lady. I had met them all yesterday, but now I didn't know who it was.

"Good morning, Miss Dizney," I said straight away.

"Good morning, Dr. Baumgarten," was the answer, "but I am not Dizney. I am Alice Reed."

"Oh yes", now I remembered again, "She is principal of the school. How can she manage so many boys and girls?" I thought. "Isn't she afraid of them? If these student are fellows such as I saw yesterday in the train, I certainly wouldn't even enter a classroom. Think of the smell only!"

I scarcely had time to end this thought when I observed a crowd coming up the main road of the compound. They were all young boys. I took refuge behind a little wall and watched the students. They all had black hair and dark skins, but not as yellow as I had always thought the Chinese had; and like the men I had seen in China before, they did not have queues. Their bodies were mostly slender; they walked more softly, more noiselessly, than students at home would walk; and I found out that they all wore a kind of slippers and not shoes. They were neatly dressed in plain, long garments of a very cheerful blue with white trousers underneath. For the first time I was relieved. This wasn't so bad after all. They weren't dirty, and the only thing they had in common with the people in the train was the language. They didn't speak words or sentences; they just made sounds. And this morning Mr. Robinson tried to make me believe that he was going to preach a sermon in this language. I was looking for the way to the hospital when another crowd came along from the opposite direction; only girls. Quickly I disappeared behind my wall again and let this crowd pass too. The girls looked nice, they mostly had the same sky-



A Country Road.



The City.



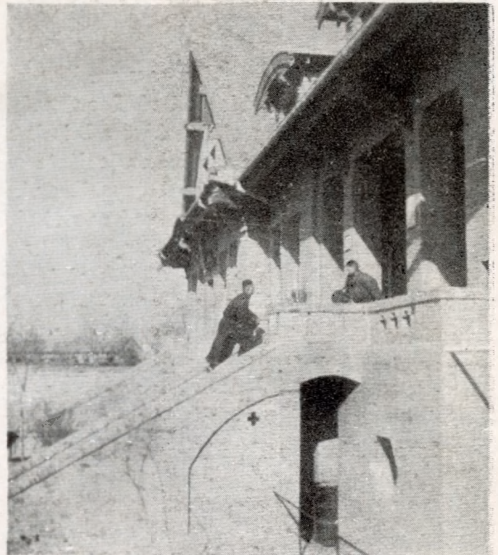
Inside the Compound.



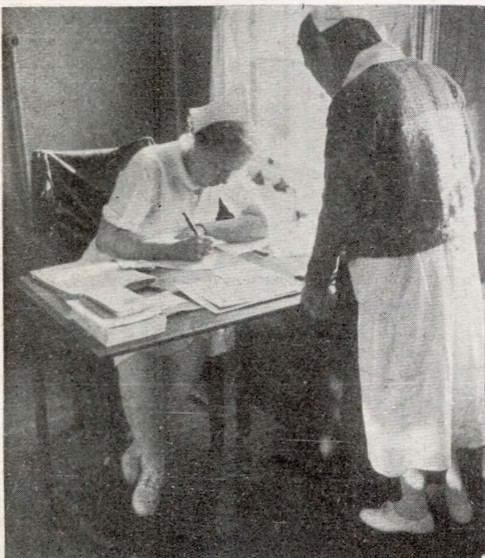
Outside the Compound.



At the Hospital Gate.



The Hospital.



The Head Nurse.



Emergency Patient.

blue garments as the boys. They didn't have the terrible, small bound feet of the women had whom I had seen before. They had short hair, and they walked modestly along carrying books and copybooks under their arms.

I looked at my watch. I was late. Folks certainly were waiting for me, but once more I had to stop because here was Miss Reed coming back apparently wondering that I was still here. Apologizing I said, "I just watched the students; you have an awful crowd here."

"Not too many," said Miss Reed, "before the war started we had over three hundred. There have been fewer since, but the proportion of girls is increasing. The old idea some parents had that it is impossible for a girl to learn seems to be slowly but surely dying."

She went on, and I hurried away to the hospital. The building, two stories high, did not look at all bad; but what may be inside there? I took courage, entered, and was welcomed by the head nurse, this lady with the cheerful blue eyes and fair hair whose personality is such that you can't separate it from a cup of good smelling coffee. Her white nursing cap was sitting way back on her head and I wondered why it didn't come off. I hadn't time to apologize for forgetting her name because I was immediately introduced to two Chinese doctors, who had the appearance of real doctors, and to nurses who had white uniforms, and to other people who belonged to the staff; and I was given the name Pao. I hadn't time to judge what I saw because so many things were shown me, but I had to admit I was surprised.

Everything looked clean, rooms were light and neat, and all facilities necessary to practise western medicine seemed to be present. We walked through wards, and rooms with only two or three beds, through the laboratory where clinical tests and bacteriology is done, through the outpatient department and examination rooms. The operating room, pharmacy, and X-ray were shown to me. We visited store rooms and then went to the second floor, where again were wards and the maternity department with its nice delivery room and cute nursery; and after we had seen the chapel, kitchen, and laundry, we landed finally in the business department, ruled by Mr. Hausske, and, as I had the opportunity to learn later, ruled with astonishing precision.

"Isn't it a fine hospital?" asked Mr. Hausske.

Now I didn't think it was the nicest hospital that I had ever seen, but it certainly was a western-style hospital, and so tower-high above everything in the city that I said it seemed to be a good hospital. I remembered that a newcomer has to be smart; thus I mentioned that I missed bathrooms. "Oh yes," said Miss Dizney, "they are next to the O.P.D., and they have a funny story because when the hospital was opened patients didn't want to enter just because of the bath they would get. It took them quite a time to learn that a bath doesn't kill a person."

It was nearly noon, and as I reached my room there was a big problem to solve: should I leave by the next train with apologies, as I had decided yesterday, or should I stay? I finally came to the conclusion that I would decide after three days. In this case I had to get my luggage from the station, and I made the trip to the city and back. Seeing the "city" again, and being disgusted were one and the same thing. I had just gotten my suitcases when I felt it was impossible to stay here. But now it couldn't be helped; thus I hurried back with only one idea in mind: to leave the city and reach the compound as soon as possible.

Why did this compound, separated from the outer world only by a low wall, give one so much the feeling of safety, of being nearer home? It seemed to be a different world. Even the air seemed to be different though it is not likely that this was the fact. But evidently there was another atmosphere which gave me very much the feeling that this was a place breathing culture and civilization.

I hesitated to unpack my suitcases, but I did and made myself at home. At home?



BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND.

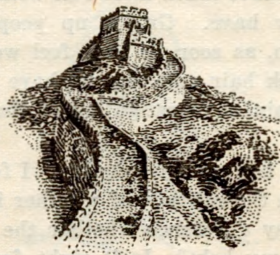
DURING the following days and weeks I went daily to the hospital. Soon I abolished the idea of leaving at once because, being here now, there was really no way out and also because I immediately got my tasks; I had my duties and felt I was need in this place. The clinics were crowded with people coming not only from the city but from the country miles and miles away. They walked, they came in little carts drawn by donkeys, or they were carried by relatives and friends to get our help. The wards were full to the last bed, the operating schedule was such that we could not be idle in the mornings, on the second floor babies were born, students from the school came, and emergency cases were brought in day and night. The laboratory technician worked hard and sometimes needed our advice, the X-ray man wanted to know how to take a picture, the pharmacist too called on us sometimes; laymen from the country came in to get vaccines to take back to their districts, letters and patients' histories needed to be written up, and a day was gone shortly after we had started it.

It took me months and months to get acquainted with the native population, their customs, habits, and language. But it was not long till I found out that it wasn't very important that this country is strange to newcomers but that we, foreigners, are strange to the natives. I thought the broad Chinese noses looked a little funny; but I soon found out that the Chinese have much more fun with our noses, which are awfully long compared with those they have. Grown up people are polite enough not to speak about it; but the children, as soon as they feel we are friends, do not hesitate to ask why we do not have black hair and why we have such terribly long noses; and they do not hesitate to make painful investigation of the hairs we have on arms and legs.

Thus I changed my attitude toward this country. I forgot for a while that I didn't like it and watched it more with the attitude of whether it liked me. Wasn't I a guest here after all? Did it make any difference whether the patients' dirty clothes suited me or not if they came to get my help? Is it right for a doctor to complain about this and that if he is needed to treat the sick, to deliver babies, to save lives? What did I do before? I studied medicine because I wanted to and because my parents could afford it. I worked in hospitals to increase my knowledge, I worked in clinics to get practice and experience, and I was in research work because it suited my am-

bition. But now it was not at all the question of whether I was happy, satisfied, and content; now it was the fact that I was needed—wanted—which faced me. And I speeded my work; I hadn't time to make plans to leave for another place where cinemas are at hand, where you can visit a restaurant or a coffee house, or where you can have exercise in the form of mountain climbing, swimming, or skiing.

I can't tell what happened or how it happened, but it won't be long before I shall celebrate the second anniversary of coming to the mission station at Tehchow where life is so lacking in variety, where entertainment is so rare, but where life is so rich beyond limit because it is dedicated to those whose destiny is to suffer. Tehchow is no more the place which is inconvenient because one can't turn on the running water, because dust storms make one's life almost unbearable in the spring, and because the thermometer rises to 110 and more in the summer. Tehchow is a center of civilization in a wilderness; it is like an oasis in a desert, supplying help and new spirit to those who come to it; it is a fortress of good will and a symbol of that which Jesus did when he walked on earth.



AND THE WORK.

I AM not competent to write a theological essay, but even to the layman it is obvious enough that Jesus healed, taught, and loved. The mission station in Tehchow sees its task to heal, or if that is not possible, to treat in a hospital, to teach the children in a school for boys and girls, and to show the population of China that love only can lead this country to a better future. And accordingly this task, the enrichment of the whole life of the people, is divided into three sections, medical, educational, and evangelistic.

Compared with the others we medical workers have probably the easiest job even though maybe it is the heaviest. It is the easiest because it is likely that we have less need to fight against old tradition than other groups have. If anybody starts any work in China, he must know that his work will be divided into two parts: first to make away with things wrongly done before, and then when he has reached the "zero point" to begin to build up his ideas on a new foundation. The mentioned "zero point" of course is never reached, and the fight against the old tradition is an endless and continuous one. Medical practice has a thousand-year-old tradition, but medical science meant something entirely new for China, and foreigners built it up from the very beginning; nothing traditional could be taken into consideration.

Schools were being carried on long before missionaries came to China, and modern educational workers in their effort to bring their schools up to date face the power of tradition. Most of the teaching, of course, has to be done by Chinese, and they are naturally influenced by the system of teaching by which they were taught as well as by the attitude of society. Thus it happens that many characteristics of China's age-old system of education still survive in even the best of modern schools.

Evangelistic workers have even more difficulty in reaching the "zero point". Superstition is still widespread in Europe and, I suppose, in America too. Imagine what an amount of superstition and false beliefs there must be in China, a country where more than 99% of the population cannot read or write and where mystics are at home.

Twenty-six years ago the eighty-bed hospital was built with modern equipment.

Since then both hospital and equipment have been steadily improved. It is only this year that a sanatorium for tubercular patients was opened, the only one in Shantung. Only last year improvements were made in the operating wing, laboratory, pharmacy, and children's ward; and only two weeks ago a new electric light plant was put into use supplying the whole compound with the joy of good lights.

A school of nursing, founded in 1915, with its four-year course based on the best western nursing practice, supplies the nursing needs of the hospital as well as sending graduates out to fill positions in other hospitals. Other schools in China train pharmacists, laboratory technicians, and X-ray technicians who are employed by the hospital. Foreign doctors mostly have the supervision. Thus there is a foundation for the practice of modern medicine. This should not give the impression that everything has worked smoothly. It took a long time to get the confidence of the people and to convince them that with our kind of treatment more can be accomplished than with old Chinese methods. Certainly it shows success, that this hospital is always busy, but that is only comparative because the hospital, though it serves a population of nearly five million, still seems to be sufficient, whereas in a western country forty or more hospitals would be needed for such a population.

The New Testament tells us about "divers diseases" in ancient times. That's what we have in Tehchow, largely due to the poverty and ignorance of the people. And a doctor in a country hospital gets the impression that "divers diseases" are still more diverse because he is forced to do all kinds of medical work and is not able to specialize.

The hospital of course doesn't care whether the patient who comes is a Christian or not and it doesn't make any difference to which political camp he belongs or whether he can pay the hospital fees. The hospital's aim is to help, and even if the patient has no money there are—besides the medical reason—two moral advantages: to spread confidence and to show not with words but with facts that willingness to help is a force.

Just recently we had three little boys whose histories paint the need for help in most lively colours and admonish the administration that they spare no effort to help as much as possible. One was a beggar boy who in wandering from one court to another for some food got in conflict with a big dog that took no pity on the little fellow but put his arm in such condition that we worked six weeks to get him out of bed again. The second was one of those numerous kids who make their poor living gathering coal out of the dross along the railway lines. These children do this year after year and have no fear of the trains passing by. Thus the boy, who later on became a sort of hospital mascot, was too careless one day and the train got his leg and crushed it. The third boy was sent out by his parents to look for his own food

because there wasn't anything left to eat. He did what most children in such a situation do: he looked for one of those rare trees and climbed it to eat the leaves. Poor little boy! He fell down and was admitted to the children's ward with a perforated wound in his abdomen.

The extent of this essay does not permit me to tell more about work in the hospital even though I would like to tell about strange experiences, unusual cases, examples of courage, tragedy and joy, successes, and misfortunes, as a doctor sees them all most daily. But I cannot leave my beloved subject without mentioning the superintendent of the hospitals in Tehchow and Lintsing, Dr. Alma Cooke, because of her spirit which strengthens us if we weaken, because of her unselfishness, and because of her love for the sick.

Illiteracy is so extensive in China not only because Chinese is more difficult to read and write but also because there are not enough schools. The mission station in Tehchow has a big co-educational school. The growing proportion of girls (more than one third) counts as an especial success because girls are so much less valuable in Chinese eyes than boys that in the past nobody ever thought it worth while to give a girl an education. This has widely changed. In China too there are now lady doctors, well train nurses, lady teachers, business secretaries, and many other well educated lady workers.

Our boys and girls have, beside their regular school schedule, athletics and music: they have a literary society and a Christian Fellowship. The school employs well educated Chinese teachers and there is no doubt that the pupils get excellent instruction and have the opportunity to obtain considerable knowledge in all subjects. But still nearly unknown in China is the system which takes care not only for delivering a certain amount of knowledge but for the whole life of a boarding student. In this respect only a first step has been taken. Twice a year each student receives a physical examination and as far as possible pathological findings get corrected. The biggest job in this line is long-lasting eye treatment for trachoma. In suspicious cases temperatures and weight are watched for some time and X-rays are taken. It is astonishing, marvelous, in what good condition the pupils are. Caries of a tooth is seldom found, their skins are tanned, they are well-proportioned, almost never too big or too small, seldom too thin or too fat. It remains a secret how these good conditions are obtained under most moderate living conditions especially as far as their food is concerned. This, year after year, consists of millet, soya beans, and a very limited amount of vegetables. The only explanation is that China is a natural Sparta. Only the very strong ones, those with the best constitutions, reach school age; others die as babies or small children of starvation or of diseases in which the country is so rich. But

the good constitution of those who come to school is tested heavily. Regardless of age students have the same daily schedule. They get up at 6:00 in the morning and have a study period from 6:30 to 7:20. Breakfast follows; then classes begin at 8:00 and last till 12:00. One hour for rest and dinner; then there are more classes from 1:30 to 4:00. Afterwards physical exercise is required for thirty minutes. Supper comes at dusk, then study hall from 7:00 to 9:00, and at 9:30 they go to bed. And this heavy schedule does not include music, literary society and other extra-curricular activities.

Little is done to bring hygiene and public health principles into Chinese schools and doctors as well as modern teachers have a tremendous task before them. It is obvious that the necessity for a change is not great enough, because a Chinese youth who has reached the age for middle school can stand just everything, and until now it has not been obvious how much better results education could obtain were this selected group of the population treated better. The knowledge of the importance, worth, and necessity of an equal distribution of work and play for youth until now has not influenced schools in China.

But the workers in the school have besides the difficulty of fighting the old tradition also the difficulty of getting financial help. What was said of the hospital is true of the school too. Students who cannot pay their fees are given financial aid if they bring willingness to learn and ability. This costs yearly great amounts of money. But what would it cost to provide proper food for three hundred and fifteen students, (1940) to build proper bathrooms and modern dormitories, and last but not least, to engage specialists in school hygiene? As the situation is, such plans have to be abandoned. In spite of the inestimably valuable work which is being done already, this renunciation is a heavy one for those who love the youth and realize that the hope of a population is its children, and who know that doing everything possible for the younger generation means to build the future of a country.

"Not afraid of bandits, going to the country to-morrow?" I one day asked our Miss Murphy, who had not been seen for a long time in the station because her work is the rural field and who took some warm Chinese garments and a little package of lunch to go to a village badly damaged by the flood. She goes where she is needed most, which is not always easy to decide. The country always needs help, because if there is no flood there will be drought, and if there is no drought there will be insect plagues. Anyhow crops are nearly always so poor that a famine is almost in sight. Should crops be better one year, then bandits and soldiers have a good time taking away what peasants have harvested. These disasters change but inevitably there is disease. Thus the evangelistic workers go to their fields to organize relief work, to



A Student.



A Teacher.



A Patient.



A Friend.



Boys School.



Girls Basketball.



Sunday School Class.



Relief Camp.

fight against superstition, and to give the population that spirit which makes it easier to bear what is unchangeable and which helps them to have strength and courage.

"No, bandits won't get me", was the answer to my question, "but I had better take another pair of padded trousers with me. It will be cold out there." So she wrapped another pair of unbelievably thick trousers in a piece of blue cloth and hurried away so as not to miss the bus.

Three busses were leaving in the direction she wanted to go, but there was a crowd which could have filled at least five. Thus our Alice Murphy had a tough fight to get into one of these vehicles, and having had lots of experience she somehow managed not only to get in but to get a seat too. It was lucky also that her bus left first so that she didn't have to swallow all the terrible dust from the car ahead. Alice was sitting wedged in from both sides, and she couldn't raise her head because this would mean bumping the ceiling, but she minded only the fact that she couldn't move her legs. It was impossible to keep the windows closed because of the crowd inside; so they were opened after some effort and a cold wind swept in clouds of dust. Cyclists and pedestrians escaped into the fields as the bus approached, but wheelbarrows loaded with heavy burdens or more typically with an old lady could not escape as quickly, and they could be seen left behind coughing and rubbing their eyes.

Monotonously the car rattled through the monotonous land, and to forget her already painful legs Alice decided to get out a little book when she observed something very strange. On the other side of the car she saw a little girl playing with a string, and this was a "well to do" string such as is not common in this country. After reading a while she by accident took a look in the same direction and saw something still stranger: a woman eating a piece of white bread. Now she knew what had happened; her lost lunch had been found. She couldn't help smiling about this little incident, glad that the lunch was being enjoyed.

At last the bus reached its destination, Lintsing. The next day Alice went on from there with some Chinese workers to a small village where the population from a flooded area had sought refuge. This place was reached in the dark, and it was impossible to obtain an idea as to what the work of the following days and weeks would amount to. She found a place in one of the little brown houses, and being tired she slept on the hard "k'ang" nearly as well as in her bed at home.

What she observed next morning was worse than she expected. Hundreds of people cowered around forming a moving bundle of misery. There was no food and no money to buy food; there weren't houses enough to protect the crowd from the cold and no fuel to make fires. Wearing Chinese clothes she was not recognized as a foreigner at first; but when she was, a wave of hope came over the sufferers; and all of a sudden the feeling that help was near cheered them up. Hundreds of questions

were asked, hungry children were hanging to her clothes, men wanted her advice on what to do; and when the long day of planning was over, there was still no food and no fire, but hope. Luckily the organization worked perfectly in spite of hundreds of difficulties. Millet, straw mats, and wood arrived in time; and before the second day was over each refugee had received a bowl of warm food. To conquer the worst enemy before he was in force, vaccinations were given; and before many days the worst had passed for these sufferers.

There was no hope that the refugees could return to their villages in the next few months; so plans were made for little schools, courses for men and women, and small workshops where necessary things could be produced. And it was not long before these plans were carried out.

It is impossible to tell more about the various tasks of an evangelistic worker, despite my great desire to do so, because my plan to accompany one of them on an all-round trip has proved impossible to carry out as yet. But even if I had had the opportunity to observe their work, I couldn't tell about it as vividly as Miss Lucia Lyons does. Below I quote Miss Lyons.

"The little market town where we leave the bus has a desolate look compared to its care-free activity of a few years ago, but within ten minutes we are walking along a country road with people busy in the harvest fields on both sides, calling out their friendly greetings as we pass. Something greater than armies and dictators is here — a patient force that is close kin to life itself. And when we reach the village that was for so many years the center of our work we find everyone, old and young, deep in plans for the harvest festival. Bags full of corn stand ready to be carried into the church, girls are rehearsing a little play, and women coming in with bunches of sweet potatoes or carrots. By Sunday eleven or twelve bushels of grain have been brought in. These are truly a thanks-offering, for instead of the droughts, floods and insect plagues of a year ago, there is at last food enough to eat, and in this knowledge other fears and anxieties are forgotten. God, they feel, is to be trusted.

After the service we get on a big farm cart with a family who are returning to their village seven miles away. In spite of the slow pace of the ox and mule time passes quickly, for we are listening to stories of simple trust and of preservation from dangers of fire and sword, when life itself seemed so precious that the loss of houses and possessions was not even to be remembered.

In their village everyone is busy from dawn to dark on the threshing floor, but Mrs. Chia, my Chinese helper who is with me, finds her place at once. We talk to the women while we all shell corn; now the subject is the importance of covering food against flies to prevent the spread of cholera; again it is instructions about boiling scissors and dressings when the new baby is born — the last one in the same family having died

of convulsions. Then we are trying to bring interest and hope into the life of a dear old lady with double cataracts. She is eighty years old and her work in the home is not needed; there are children to wait on her. How can they afford to bring her to the hospital? asks the family, but the old lady turns pathetic sightless eyes towards us and asks if prayer will not help. In the evening it is a relief to the weary women to spend a little while learning a new song; we talk for a few minutes about some Bible passage and after a prayer we all go to bed.

During the next few days we go on foot to four other villages. As we pass through one which is strange to us a woman asks us to sit down and rest. We sit under the shade of some willows while Mrs. Chia talks to an ever-increasing crowd about what it is that God really wants of his children. When we reach the next village several women hurry out to meet us, one of them saying. "We are waiting for you because my uncle just heard you talking in the Liu village and said we must get you to tell us about it too!"

That night we were in a village where a relief school was held this summer. Three fine young men have worked there for years to awaken their own people to the value and truth of Christianity, and now the practical demonstration in terms of food for the hungry and school for the illiterate, together with the unselfish service and boundless hospitality of these young men and their mother, has accomplished what mere words could never have done. In the evening the big family room is crammed to the window-sills with eager people who leave only reluctantly at eleven o'clock. A group of young people study the Bible together every evening, and twice a week besides Sunday there is a meeting which in less busy times overflows into the yard. During the time of our stay groups of people listened and learned, yet Mrs. Chia finds time to work patiently at teaching a deaf and dumb girl to talk and to write phonetic characters.

In the following days there are brief glimpses of other places, and a night at the home of Pastor Wang, whose tragic death in the hands of bandits shocked us all a year and a half ago. In that town there is a man who is eagerly studying Christianity because of what he saw last spring. When all the village was hungry after seven months of famine Pastor Wang's widow, though obliged to borrow grain for her own family, yet invited the poorest people to come into her alfalfa field and gather for their own food a crop that would have brought in \$40 local money. Then when a little later someone stole the large wooden cross from her husband's grave she only said, "They needed it for fuel".

'Why', said this new inquirer, 'I had hunted for years for the true way of life. When I heard these things I felt that I had found it at last!'

Sunday finds us in a little old market town, with people coming in from villages on all sides telling each other the good news of abundant crops and getting advice

from the pastor about knotty problems at home. Plenty of work awaits the church in that little town, with the alarming increase in the use of narcotics, especially by the young people. So we are doubly glad to find a young man and a young woman who have been in our lay training classes now taking their place as leaders.

In the afternoon three of us are on our way to call on a family a mile or two from town. As we cross the fields the sound of booming cannon comes clearly to our ears and continues for ten or fifteen minutes. But not one of the workers in the fields lifts his head to listen; and the unlettered Christian woman who is leading us goes placidly on with her story of how she turned an enemy into a friend. Fighting and destruction are not far away, but the work of God goes on in the autumn fields and in the hearts of men."



CONCLUSION.

THE care for about 2,700 inpatients, 10,000 outpatients (1940), 315 boarding-students in the schools, 30 student nurses, and innumerable people in the country is at present carried on by seven foreigners in the station. Their lives are simple and rich in hardships. It is lucky that there is always plenty of work which keeps them in good spirit, and it is lucky that one can adjust oneself if it is necessary. The Chinese are good friends to them and the feeling that they are responsible for these friends to a certain extent gives satisfaction. Even I to whom conditions in the interior of China were so shocking in the beginning have learned to appreciate the lighter sides of Chinese country life, and now even I am convinced that Chinese houses are indeed cleverly built because with a minimum of cheapest material they protect best against heat in summer and severe cold in winter, and it did not take me long to like Chinese children. They are my pets in the hospital, especially after their third bath which cleans them up at least partly, but I confess: if they are dirty I don't mind it either. Missionaries are like parents who love an ailing child most because this child needs much more attention and more care than a perfectly healthy one. The country people here are always badly in need of help and advice: they are ailing children to us.

Missionaries, in spite of so many misfortunes and disappointments, are optimists and know that seeds of social work will grow fast and bear plentiful fruits as soon as more normal conditions return to China. And social work based on the teaching of Christ is the main claim of the mission station in Tehchow.

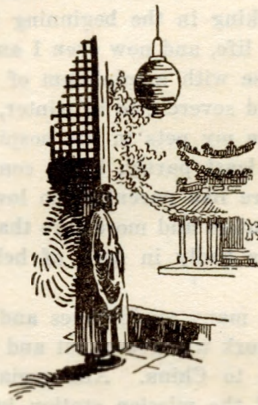
The belief that missionaries are a sort of queer people who live in strange countries only to convert people and that a mission station is a sort of a "baptizing factory" seems to me still widespread. In this brief essay I have tried to say that mission work means active religious work. To heal, to teach, and to love is certainly more effective than preaching that it should be done.

How extensive mission work can grow nobody knows. But it may be that it will sometimes leave countries of lower civilization and return to those of higher civilization which are probably in even greater need of unselfish work for prosperity and peace and a fight against hatred.

Therefore all forces of good will should be gathered to bring the whole world nearer to the point where it will represent a "mission station".

CONCLUSION

The year for about 2,000 years ago, the Chinese people in the world in general, and particularly in the East, are people and as present carried on by their fathers in the East. Their lives are simple and this in particular. It is likely that there is always a part of you which keeps them in good order, and it is likely that you are subject to it. It is necessary. The Chinese are good friends to them and the feeling that they are responsible for their lives to a certain extent gives satisfaction. Even I to whom conditions in the interior of China were an obstacle in the position have learned to appreciate the lighter side of Chinese country life. I am convinced that Chinese houses are indeed largely built because of the material they protect against heat in summer and against cold in winter, and it did not take me long to like the Chinese children. They are very clean and especially after their bath which cleans them up as much as a shower. I have seen many of them and I have seen them as a child most because of their health. This child needs much more attention than a perfectly healthy one. The country people here are always very kind and helpful and advice they are giving children is an



and now that work of social work and their beautiful fruits as seen as more actual results than in China. The teaching of China is the main aim of the mission station in Yankow. The belief that missionaries are a part of your people who live in a strange country only to convert people and that a mission station is a sort of a "factory" is wrong in my view. In the first place I have tried to say that mission work means active religious work. To fail to reach, and to have it certainly more effective than preaching that is should be done. How education work can grow nobody knows. But it may be that it will sometimes have examples of lower civilization and return to those of higher civilization which are possible in even greater need of methodical work for prosperity and peace and a light and better

Introducing

The Staff of the Station
in order of their length of residence in Tehchow.

ALICE C. REED. *Came to China in 1916 to represent Grinnell College in the schools at Tehchow, its "Grinnell-in-China". Principal of Girls' School 1920 until the schools became co-educational in 1929. Teacher of English and music in the present Porter-Wyckoff Middle School, with a large share of responsibility for the religious life of the students. Principal for the two and a half difficult years after the outbreak of war.*

LUCIA E. LYONS. *Arrived in China 1905. After some years spent in caring for parents came to Tehchow in 1930. General supervision, women's evangelistic work. Chairman Religious Education Committee, planning for the training of church members and lay leaders, for Vacation Bible Schools, etc.*

HAROLD W. ROBINSON — *on furlough. First field of work Paotingfu, 1916 to 1931. Arrived Tehchow 1931. Treasurer and mainspring of the evangelistic work. Active in visiting and inspiring the eighteen country churches scattered over a territory sixty miles long by thirty wide. Head of relief work carried on since the "occupation".*

MARY S. ROBINSON (Mrs. H. W.) — *on furlough. On faculty of Porter-Wyckoff Middle School as teacher of English. Friend and adviser to students and faculty, missionaries and Chinese co-workers. Active in work of women's society.*

ALBERT C. HAUSSKE. *Business Manager and Assistant Superintendent of Hospital. Came to Tehchow eight years ago after twelve years in the same kind of work in Taiku, Shansi. In addition to the endless detail of this work he has during these years had some supervision of accounts in Taiku, Fenchow and Lintsing. Is often called on to audit other accounts and gives thorough accountant's training to his own Chinese assistants.*

CLARA J. HAUSSKE (Mrs. A. C.) — *on furlough. Chief interest child care and diet, on which subject she has had several books and posters published in China and Manchuria. Member of the Homes Committee of the National Christian Council and of the North China Homes Committee. As an expert stenographer she has been of valuable assistance in getting out reports and correspondence for the hospital.*

HELEN DIZNEY, R. N. *Came to China in 1920. After fourteen years in Taiku was transferred to Tehchow, where she is now Head Nurse and also Director of the School of Nursing. Her special interest is public health, and on her last furlough she*

received her Certificate of Public Health Nursing. Is hoping for adequate support to make a real public health program possible.

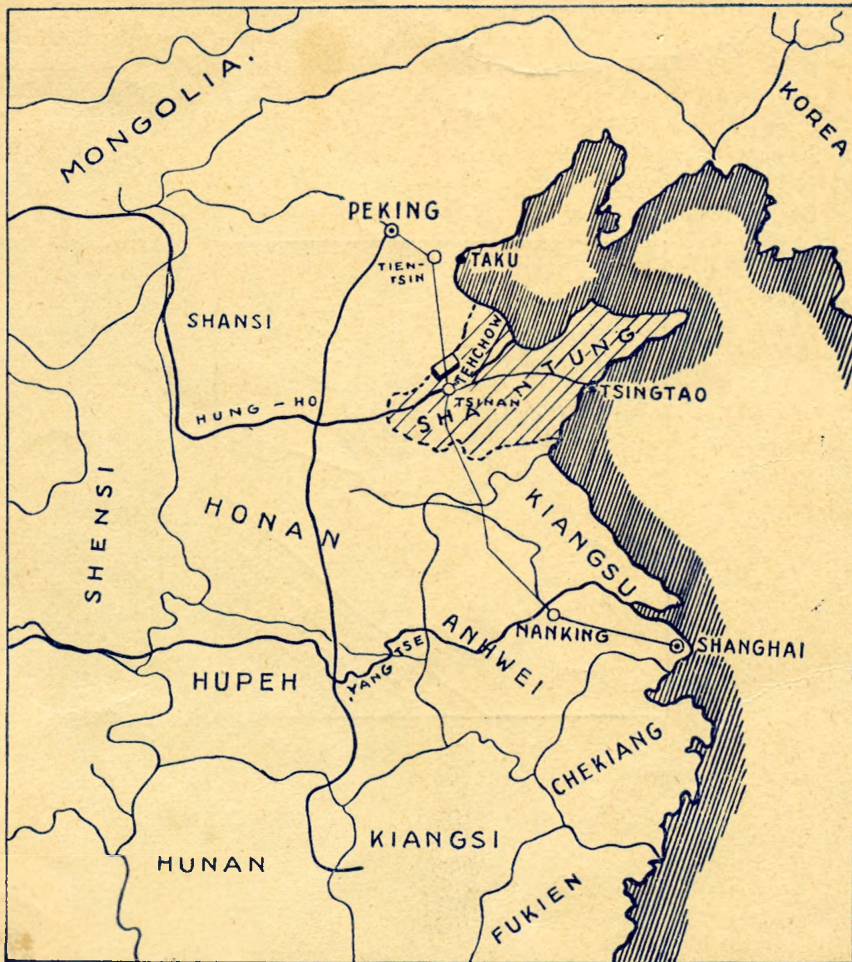
ALICE E. MURPHY. Arrived in Lintsing in 1925 to join the staff of the Ellis Laymen's Christian Training School, which trains lay leaders in both the Lintsing and Tehchow fields. She is now acting principal of the school. Since 1935 her official residence has been Tehchow. Her two groups work partly in the rural field, living among the people of a chosen district for from three months to a year at a time, training young leaders by actual practice in carrying on church work. They also co-operate with the evangelistic staff in short intensive courses for lay leaders.

ALMA L. COOKE (M. D. University of California). Came to China in 1920, served in the Lintsing hospital until 1935, when the falling income of the Board made it necessary to divide her time with Tehchow. Is now superintendent of these two hospitals sixty-five miles apart, connected by worse than inadequate bus service. Her carrying of this double load is made possible by the presence in Tehchow of Dr. Baumgarten and two Chinese colleagues.

FRITZ BAUMGARTEN (M. D. Vienna Medical School 1935). Arrived in Tehchow March, 1939. Found his services greatly needed and was for some months the only doctor in a hospital sometimes full to its maximum capacity of over one hundred beds. Since September 1940 has been Medical Superintendent of the Hospital.

LUCIA E. LYONS.





No.

TO

FROM

Mr Fritz Sawngarten

