

A DAY IN T'UNGHSIEN CHINA

October 31, 1932.

7:30 a.m. Breakfast. Charles made a terrible fuss because there was no persimmon for him. He had to sit on the floor in the living room for the rest of his meal.

8. Sick call at the American School. Three boys and one girl to have treatment for trachoma, and a boy with an old chronic ear. Upstairs to the infirmary. Rosalie Wolferz was just about well of her tonsillitis, Sears of his influenza. A new patient,-- Mary Evans, with an upset stomach; she seemed tender just under her ribs, and perhaps the whites of her eyes were yellow,-- soft diet for her anyway.

8:30 The painter lay in wait for me on the path as I returned. His bill was \$64.91. He kalsomined the walls and varnished the floors of two rooms, repainted all the woodwork of three servants' rooms, and painted the furniture for the play-room, all for about \$15 in American money. I told him to separate the account into that for which the property committee will pay, and that which is mine personally. Maybe my salary check will come by the time he has that done.

9:15 To the hospital. Ward rounds, women's side,-- two mothers with fat gaining babies, one goes home today, the other in two more days,-- the nurse was told to see that the mothers know how to give the babies' baths themselves before discharge,-- our hospital carpenter's wife, who was operated upon in Peiping last year, hopeless cancer, here with us for a rest on the downward way,-- a bright little woman with heart disease, the Christian handwork shop where she is employed pays her bill here,-- another woman with heart disease, pretty bad,-- a student from the Sixth Provincial Normal School, the second week of severe typhoid fever, awfully sick,-- two young women who have been here a year or so with tuberculosis; it's lucky for them they're students and worth somebody's while to pay their bills,-- a young country woman with very advanced tuberculosis of the spine, to stay here just long enough to learn for herself the routine of the treatment, and then to go home to spend the long months that recovery will necessitate,-- and the Wang baby. This little boy, one and a half years old, the first and only child of a teacher, was brought to the hospital yesterday afternoon with a temperature of 104 degrees after having had a convulsion. He had had bronchitis and pneumonia six months before and the parents were afraid of a similar illness. No signs in the ears, throat or chest, white blood cell count only 5000. It might be typhoid fever, but it was more likely influenza. This morning the temperature was up nearly to 105 degrees, and he had had three more convulsions during the night. Still nothing to see in the throat, or any where else. Not so good, so I thought best to do a lumbar puncture. Miss Chang got everything ready and Miss Kintner held the baby. That's hard work. I put the mother out while all this went on. Correct jab the first time, -- out came 40 cubic centimeters of spinal fluid, and we could hope there would be no more convulsions. I demonstrated to Mr. Ch'en, the nurse who does the laboratory work, what to do, for he had never counted spinal fluid cells before. Anyway, the fluid was normal except for pressure and amount.

Ward rounds on the men's side,-- two students from the Normal School with typhoid, two young business men with tuberculosis, one about well, the other just beginning to improve,-- a student with malaria, another with amoebic dysentery,-- a carbuncle operated upon a few days ago, ready to skin graft,-- a young fellow who had extensive infection of his leg, now all he needs is persuasion and encouragement to use his leg again,-- a couple more surgical cases, getting along finely, if they would only eat more.

10:30 Outpatient department. First come school girls, with trachoma, colds, cracked lips, minor abrasions received at basket ball practice, (Hurry call, our typhoid girl's brother is taking her out against advice to go to Peiping to a friend's private hospital. I know what kind of a joint that will be, lots of unnecessary medicines and no nursing care. As she walks out (104.5 degrees) I think to myself that it's apt to be her last walk.) More outpatients, - a man who cut his hand on a piece of glass, a soldier whose jaw was broken a month ago by an amateur dentist, number of squalling children, impetigo, rickets, coughs, several dozen in all.

On my way home I met a theological student being brought to the hospital by a friend. He looked sick, - dysentery, - I send him right along.

12:30 p.m. Lunch. Sigrid said she didn't do so well in arithmetic today. She goes to the practice school appended to the normal class in the Christian Girls School, here in the compound. No wonder she can't subtract well, she hasn't got her Chinese all back yet. Her school is very small and select, Dr. Chang's children, teachers' children, exclusive, higher tuition, of course, than the ordinary school.

1 Read the Peiping Chronicle. Lord Lytton says the League is the lifeline of the world. The French can't see their way clear to discuss disarmament.

1:15 Nap. Easy business.

1:45 To the hospital again. Mrs. Robinson puts on her nurse's uniform to help in the annual routine physical examinations for the school girls. Our team of six nurses and two doctors get thirty done in two hours. Today we found quite a number of minor remediable conditions, one case of heart disease. Several of the older girls, 18 and 20, have had their feet bound, bad, even now, for basket ball.

I took a moment out to see that theological student. Mr. Ch'ien and I found the amoebae, -- emetine, encouragement, and wait to get well.

4:15 Clinic for Jefferson Academy boys. Much routine treatment of trachoma, a lot of athlete's foot, colds, sore throats, minor athletic injuries, at the end came a boy who had had tuberculosis two years ago, and feared he might be sick again. I could not find anything sure, but we talked it over and decided he should spend a week in the hospital for observation. He was to get excused, and come back in the morning.

I visited the Wang baby again. His temperature had dropped over two degrees. The reputation of lumbar puncture hereabouts will get a big boost! Perhaps it's only influenza.

Dr. Chang told me as I was leaving that an obstetrical case was on the way. We had been invited to the Fans' for dinner, but I decided to try to get back to the hospital to see the lady after I'd been home to change my collar.

5:30 At the American School infirmary again, -- too late, daylight was gone and I could not tell whether the girl really was jaundiced or not by artificial light. Then I went to see one of the missionaries who is just beginning the ambulatory stage in her convalescence from tuberculosis. She can not see why exercise is bad for tuberculosis. I gave her a few minutes of explanation, - the people who have that opinion die of it.

I borrowed the cook's bicycle and hurried back to the hospital. Dr. Chang had just delivered the baby. I congratulated the mother, "Major happiness." That was a bit of a joke, for it was a girl and I should have said "Minor happiness."

It was after six. I was late for dinner already. Mrs. Robinson had gone ahead with the Martins. To be tardy is not such bad form at a Chinese feast, however. Mr. and Mrs. Fan had invited seven guests, five of us were foreigners. Mr. Fan is the head of the science department at Jefferson Academy, and a great radio fan. He and his students have made dozens of radio sets, and he has made a broadcasting station for the school. When Mr. Hunter and his Rural Service Group hold fairs out in the country "Jefferson Station" broadcasts music, talks, and so forth, and the fair attracts a big crowd, you may be sure.

The food was wonderful, dozens of dishes, all sorts of vegetables, meats, fruit, pastry, stews, rice, and bread, and we all got overstuffed. As is usual at Chinese feasts we left soon after we had finished, so I still had time to typewrite a couple of letters and read an article on infantile paralysis before bedtime.

10:15 Made sure the children were covered. Lights out.

Hugh L. Robinson.

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