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## War Torn China

By DR. ROBERT B. McCLURE, M.B., F.R.C.S.

DR. McCLURE:—Mr. Chairman and members of the Canadian Club of Toronto, there are times when it is difficult to face an audience. There are times when the audience itself provides the inspiration and to come to an audience in Toronto to tell you of what is going on in relief work in north China is a pleasure because in relief work Canadians have taken a very prominent part. We don't go on national lines. We are entirely international in our makeup. As a Canadian one does get a certain thrill out of seeing a prominent part being done by the Canadian in relief work out there. The northern zone, if we may get oriented in our geography, extends on the east from this section along the edge of the east and west railway into the north west and down to within a few miles of Hang Kow. Up here we extend the northern zone as far as you can get. If one is enthusiastic and wants to have a little kick in life you can go a good many hundred miles further north. Our relief work, however, is largely centered along this great east and west railway and in the basin of the Yellow River. This is one of the densest populated parts of the world and when the war hits on places such as this the picture is anything but happy.

Gentlemen, war has changed in its style. There are styles in warfare just as in ladies hats. I think the styles of warfare change more slowly but having changed I think the change is rather more persistent. None of you need be reminded that there is no innocent class and that the days of knights in shining armor riding to rescue maidens is gone. None of us had those illusions. I think even in our lowest moments, however, we did think there was a certain spirit of sportsmanship in war. We thought women and

kiddies were out. We thought when a man was down wounded he had done his bit and was no longer a legitimate target. Today all that has changed. It has changed in the far east and it has changed right here. And if you speak to military authorities you will find they recognize this change in the world of warfare that has come about. There is an answer to it however including not so much a change in style but a recrudescence to old style. And if on the one side of the Sino Japanese hostilities you have ruthless military warfare using the latest instruments on the other side you have a type of warfare that may be primitive but take it from me it is very effective. That is guerilla warfare. What does not seem to have taken hold of the minds of the military in any part of the world is the reason for guerilla warfare and I think as guerilla warfare is more intense today it requires a little investigation to find that cause. But I can find no enthusiasm anywhere for that investigation. My own theory is, and I studied it as one who had a seat under the aeroplanes—not in them—that if you bomb a man's house and family for no obvious purpose that he does not immediately go to the person sending the bombers and sue for peace. He looks for a gun and is likely to get going towards the landing field. And I think that is the basis of guerilla warfare, that just as the ruthlessness of modern scientific warfare has been allowed to run riot against the civilized population, the civilized population has answered back with guerilla warfare.

I am intensely interested in relief work; to all other phases I am theoretically deaf dumb and blind. Relief work is something any one can join in with a feeling that you are doing something to shall we say maintain prestige in China. In the maintenance of that prestige Canadians have taken a prominent part. It was perhaps a matter of accident that when we began to organize our relief work on the northern front and had that relief work under way that we found that in many, many of the places there were Canadians in key positions. Many of them were not with Canadian missions. Some of them were with Canadian non-sectarian missions and United Church of Canada Missions, but there were many in the British and American missions you would hardly know were Canadians. Up in the central part of

Chansi (?) province much to my surprise I found a doctor a graduate of Toronto of 1926. And their work is creditable work. A few examples. I will merely glance over the fact that we look after as trustees 2,000 orphans. These orphans are in the war zone. We look after them because we think it is too risky to move them out of the war zone with communications as they are today. It doesn't sound like a big job but we have to put them in groups of 30 or 50 and keep them 315 miles out of town and change the village they live in every two weeks to keep them from being bombed. You realize it is not as simple as running a Barnardo Home. We didn't think it necessary at first and it was not until we had 300 children pounded at by a .440 pound gun that we did. They splashed three of them around the wall and buried 9 alive. After that we decided the city was no place for an orphanage. We have to shift in case a scout plane takes a photo that would show a string of children going through one village to another to schools and that would be taken home and registered as soldiers on the march.

We do not squander any funds. The finances for each child, food, clothing, ordinary and technical education, fitting for life, it costs us 20 dollars per child per annum. Our safety zones. These are to protect the women and children against the by products of war. That should not ordinarily be necessary. The safety zones are for women and children. We do not permit any man from 15 to 55 to enter any of our refugee safety zones. We think there is other employment for men of that age of good physique and they are finding that employment to their heart's content. The women come in for an average of six weeks, sometimes much less, sometimes much longer. The safety zones are kept up on the bluff of the person in charge who is always a third power neutral party and the other thing is the sporting instinct on the part of the Japanese. There is no international law that applies. So far we have had very little difficulty. I will say to their credit there have been times when the Japanese have actually retired from a village due to lack of grain supply for their animal transport and they have avoided raiding grain supplies for our refugee zones.

Let me tell you a story of bluff in connection with these zones. There was a German Catholic padre just across the river from the large Canadian station of Ki Fung, just north of the Yellow River. He is a very unprepossessing chap, a little chap, 5 feet tall, fair hair, and did not seem to have to shave every day. He had 800 women in his refuge camp. The Japanese army moved in. One of the heads went to the head of the Chinese Chamber of Commerce and demanded he deliver them 200 women. The women, he said, would be delighted but they are over in the Catholic mission and the general said that the Chamber of Commerce head might go over there and get them out. The reply was that perhaps the general could do that more effectively and possibly too could choose the women. So it ended with the general paying a visit. He met the little padre. He tried to frighten him. But the padre was not impressed. The general said, "You must disband your camp, peace has arrived. The Japanese are in control and after all you Germans and the Japanese are all one and we expect co-operation. The padre asked him what happens if I do not disband. In that case, said the General, we come and get them. And the little padre said, "After you shoot me you can take the lot." The little padre's safety zone was still running five weeks later. But the Japanese went back to the Chinese Chamber of Commerce and was asked how he made out. The Japanese said, "Not very well. As a matter of fact it is up to you fellows to get these women." And the Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce said, "General he looks like a little runt but do you know even in ordinary times we cannot do anything with him and since war has come he is simply impossible."

The cost works out, if we do not have to feed the people, if they can bring their own grain, at 25 cents Canadian money for a six week's stay. We do all the anti-epidemic work and the delousing. It is a very uncomfortable bit of work. I recall a very well educated and well trained nurse who had studied abroad, a Chinese nurse, and she was in charge of health facilities in a large refugee camp, and I was interested in what she was doing for them, and my impression was something like a wrestling match because I saw her having a tussle with an old lady of 70 who had

just had the clippers run over her head and had the soap rubbed in and she was being put under the shower and both were getting a shower. The work is being done by white men out there because the white man volunteered. He thought it the sporting thing to do. He put his abilities at their disposal. We feel we have a special duty towards the Chinese because for years we have been building up a creditable medical system in the large cities. Medical institutions such as we have out there are not the fruits of a matter of a year or two but of 10, 20, 30 or 40 years of effort to build a hospital that would not embarrass us to say it is a Canadian hospital. And the building up of staff—under the strain of war I think anyone will agree that the staff that has been developed in our mission institutions has better technical, better team work, more devotion to duty and is better equipped to pull off a job for China. We have in our institutions a very creditable staff. These men are the result of years of training and now we are reaping the fruit.

The wounded soldier work is divided into two departments. One is the work for wounded soldiers in transit. As I told you the style of warfare has changed. You can no longer have hospitals with any safety at the front. So the soldier wounded at the eastern front has to travel back nearly 200 miles to the junction point and another 300 miles until he gets down here. (Indicates map.) He has air attacks all the time during his trip down. It takes a wounded soldier 4 or 5 days to get down to this Hankow base. The trains for the wounded soldiers move rather more slowly than other trains so they are easy targets. The matter of having the Red Cross painted on them does not seem to interfere with the general technique; so the trains move ordinarily at night time only and our work for the wounded soldiers in transit is done in the large cities anywhere from 8 p.m. to 3 a.m. We try not to engage doctors and nurses because they have work in the hospitals. We engage lay staff. We use school teachers and other workers who may be available. We use the postal clerk who has finished the route; the policeman off duty; high school boy or girl whose school is disbanded.

One of the most creditable performances is that done by a Canadian and American group in Kifung in Honan. Here we had 19 tents along the station platform and as the wounded trains came in the dark those who could get off were attended to in the tent. Two thirds could not get off so it was necessary to get on the trains to change the dressings. The average soldier had three wounds not one. The average number of dressings was three per man. From April 1 to May 10 that one city handled 36,000 wounded men and on June 2nd, I got a letter from the director of the work who said, "You will be glad to know our score has gone up to 50,000. It cost 1½ cents per man—not per dressing—to do that job of work."

Two things have impressed me and will stick in my mind as examples of what Canadians can do. On two occasions I stood within 200 yards of that platform during a daylight raid and watched bombers try to knock these 19 tents off the platform. I saw four in one day—two and three every day. But before the first train of wounded came in there were 19 tents on the station platform ready to do the work. Cooperation with the railway authorities is absolutely necessary. They do not pull out their trains until the last wounded man has his dressing changed. We try to be as prompt as possible. One morning about 3 a.m. a train seemed ready to go. The nurses had the stuff folded up and were going back to the ambulances. The engineer had not received his orders to start. I went down to the back to see what was the hold up. I found the last two cars not completed yet. On stepping in I got the surprise of my life. They were laying down a tetanus barrier through which no wounded soldier could go without being inoculated and the stuff being used was sent out from Canada and produced in Toronto.

Now the other work for wounded soldiers is for the seriously wounded and they go by the fullest definition of that word serious. We receive from the soldier hospitals those whom they cannot handle or from the trains of wounded and if we have five or six beds in the afternoon the people who go down to change the dressings will get five or six patients. They pick those whom they think will not last 24 hours. Since we have superior equipment it is up

to us to take the most difficult cases. The average stay in the hospital is four weeks. They average four dressings. And as soon as they cease to be seriously wounded they are taken out. The outlook of the seriously wounded soldier however is one of cheer and optimism. They are anxious to get back. Those permanently disabled are anxious to get a pension and settle down. The wounded are anxious to get back and if you ask them why they think they can crawl down a little flatter next time and their feeling is one of optimism. The life of a surgeon in our work is not a very happy one. If you suggest so and so is an amputation they have to get the grandmother's permission and the great uncle's and when the whole family has consented you can proceed. Today that is changed and the wounded soldier puts himself entirely in your hands. And it is a great pleasure to work for them. Our operation fee, our anesthetic fee, nursing fee, the operations, everything—and 80 per cent. of the operations receive X Ray—costs 12½ cents per person per day. I don't want you to think we are throwing your money around or we use gold plated instruments. The wounded civilians are the opposite of optimistic. There is nothing more disgusting than doing work for wounded civilians. Seventy per cent. are women and children. If war were fought with the most primitive instruments there would be no wounded civilians. You patch up the wounded to put them back, and have more air raids—futile.

It fills you with no great thrill to know that the aeroplanes that come over to drop bombs were flying on British petrol and British grade of commercial oil. And when you see the influence that it is having on China it will not help our prestige. Our relief work does help prestige and it is taken as such. But whatever preparations you make for civilians are hopelessly inadequate. Picture a room the width and length of this one. The first raid we had 200 killed and 500 wounded. It lasted 20 minutes. The people do not want you to make them better. The wounded soldier says to make him better. The wounded civilian says, "Ease my pain; put me out." And I think the quicker we realize the fact of this new style in warfare the better it will be for us. But you say preservation is one of the most primitive in-

instincts in a man's life. A 14 year old patient of mine was dragged from the ruins of his house; the rest of his family was left inside. He was brought to the hospital; taken to the operating room; he had one leg amputated above his knee; the other below the knee. He found himself in the world with no chance in life. He wondered if he sat up in his bed the next air raid if he might have something more than his foot blown off. His family is gone. Perhaps you understand why he asks to be put out. A good looking waitress in the cafe across the road—her fiancee had gone away and she was looking for him to come back and her cafe was hit. Of the persons inside there were two people brought out alive. One died in two hours. And this waitress came to our hospital. An ear and eye on one side of her face were blown off. It is easy to understand why they pray to be put out of their misery. We accept this challenge to a Christian hospital. They need more than orthopodics, more than plastic surgery. If we are to build foreign prestige and a China that will be friendly to us we have to offer them something more than we have.

We ask that Canadian institutions be supplied with the funds and materials which they require from Canadian sources. We think we represent you. We are doing the work out there you would do and we try to do it in the spirit you would do it. We ask you to make it possible for us to carry on the work. We had a doctor come out to us. We only knew he was coming four hours before the plane landed but we had a place assigned him for duty. We did not know what kind of a chap he was, whether a whiskey and soda doctor was coming out where club rates were lower. So we sent him where if he were good stuff he would be all right and if he were bad stuff he would not last long anyway. He has stuck since last January. He represents everything that is English. They never saw one of these specimens in captivity before. He shines his shoes every morning, and shaves. Has his "bawth" every morning, and sings in his "bawth". And he is not musical and we do not enjoy his singing. And the Chinese are particularly keen in noting these things. He represents the best there is in England and the Chinese know that man will always do the proper thing. He says so himself. He says

that is the end of education to teach a man to do the proper thing. And he insists on it. He never seems to have in his mind that there are two ways of doing anything. There is the proper way. We had 12 bombs dropped on hospital property during the air raids. The trenches caved in and the roofs of the dugouts fell in. And as soon as the bombs had ceased falling (if you hear the next one it is all right; if you don't hear it is all up)—Well, those of us who heard them got up and dug out the other fellow. We could not find this Englishman. Finally we found his assistant in the trench. We asked where was his boss? We have looked everywhere. And the answer was, "Don't you know where that man would be? He would be up on his ward with his cases." And we went up to look and there he was standing in the middle ward. The ceiling was draped around him in the form of a shroud. He could not speak a word of Chinese but he was standing in the middle saying, "It is all right; keep cool; it will all be over any minute." And if they were in doubt of his meaning he said it a little longer. When I left I went to say good-bye to him and I said to him, "You ought to be going instead of me; you know the English people and should be able to influence them more in getting contributions for our work. He said, "Mac, you don't need me; just tell them what we are doing out here and you can leave it to them; they will know what to do; they are British."