

The JOURNAL

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INDIAN LAND

It is early dawn and the little Hopi village of Moencopi is astir; towled-headed children appearing in the doorways; spirals of smoke from the kitchen chimneys show that breakfast is being prepared. There is an air of expectancy about the little groups of people as they emerge from their pueblos and wrap their brightly-colored shawls more closely about them to keep out the frosty air, for this is the morning when the Kachinas (gods) come down from the highest mountains where they dwell to bring presents to the children. Some of the older members gather on the flat-topped roofs of the one- and two-story stone and adobe dwellings to watch, while others wait with their children grouped about the doorways or in the open spaces just in front of the houses. Now while the light grows brighter, a muffled thump of the tom-tom is heard. It is coming from the kiva or underground ceremonial room of the medicine men where secret preparations have been carried on for several weeks. The men of the village who participate in this ceremony have been going to the kiva to practice the dances and to make and paint the elaborate masks and costumes.

Beans have been thickly planted in tubs of water and allowed to sprout and grow in the dark until they are about eighteen inches tall. The tops of these are cut off and tied in little bunches of six or eight stalks each, and one of these bunches is given each child as a special delicacy. Small wood-carved dolls, gaily painted and dressed, bright bows and arrows, gourd rattles, and small baskets or mats woven from split grasses or willows, make up the gifts for the children.

The rays of the morning sun are touching with gold a few cloudlets high in the

blue, while a wave of excitement passes through the crowd. From the ladder in the opening at the top of the kiva there steps a fantastic figure—the Kachina. He wears a large mask, representing some mythical bird or beast, which is painted brightly in blue, yellow, red, and black, and decorated with feathers. Around his neck he wears a ruff of twigs from cedars that grow at a high altitude, indicating the heights in which he dwells and from which he comes. There is an intricate design painted on the skin above his ceremonial skirt. At his knee is strapped an empty tortoise shell—empty but for a few small pebbles which rattle as he walks. He carries a sacred gourd rattle in one hand and presents for the children in the other. His disguise is so complete that the children can not recognize in him perhaps a father or an uncle.

He advances with his rattle keeping time to the measured beat of the drum and as he reaches the nearest group of children, they retreat, their interest overcome by awe. However, encouraged by their parents, they reach out reluctantly for the gifts proffered them, but with no thanks to the terrifying "Santa Claus." They hold their presents with suppressed enjoyment, nibbling meanwhile at the bean sprouts. Other Kachinas appear through the few narrow streets of the compact village, continuing their bounties until all the children have been provided with some remembrance. Then as the sound of the drum dies away and the Kachinas retire to the kiva, the children clutching their new treasures return home with their families for the usual breakfast of piki and beans, and another pagan ceremony of the sun-worshipping Hopi Indians is over. H. E. Scoles, M. D.

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O. B. PRATT, EDITOR, 1700 Michigan Avenue, Los Angeles, California

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R. J. Brines, '27, Honan, China

If you had been trying to sleep here last night, you would have thought that you were certainly on the real firing line. There has been continual shooting at night for the past three weeks. Besides shooting off rifles, the soldiers throw hand grenades once in a while which make a loud report. There is no war on up here but the group of soldiers stationed here now believe in keeping the robbers and brigands off by scaring them with shooting. This is a bit trying on our nerves when we are attempting to get a peaceful night's sleep.

I am up here in Old Honan where our work first started in China. We have a very fine well-equipped sixty-bed hospital and I keep it busy for I have operated almost five hundred cases in my year and four months out here. This IS the place to do surgery! Our institution has a good name which we are jealously guarding. We have considerable accident work from the railroad as well as many patients with gunshot wounds who come from long distances.

We have exceedingly interesting medical cases constantly coming to us. About two weeks ago a man came in who looked like I imagine Sampson did. All his muscles were greatly enlarged and stood out prominently on the body surface. He had small glandular enlargements all over his body. He was quite weak, though otherwise in good health. He denied having lues, which he probably had. He refused to stay in the hospital for free treatment in order that we could study his case. Now, what did he have? How I wish we had a good internist with us out here, for I certainly don't have the time to study these medical cases as I

should. We have a great number of malarial cases, tuberculosis in all forms, and lues in its most advanced stages. All the Chinese now know the value of neo-salvarsan and many of them want it for every ailment.

There is famine abroad in this land and many of the poor people are eating roots, young wheat, leaves, et cetera, for food. Recently the flood relief came through here and gave the people much work on the repair of the dykes for which they were paid in American wheat. The big full kernels of wheat surely looked good to these poor starving people. The wheat harvest will soon be here and then this distress will be over for a time.

Our hospital patronage has, of course, been smaller than usual in view of the conditions in the country. We charge these poor people three to five dollars for a cataract operation. Sometimes I can get fifty dollars for a hysterectomy but most of our major work is done for fifteen dollars an operation. We usually get five dollars for a minor piece of surgery. When you think that one dollar gold, U. S. money, exchanges now for four dollars and a half of our money here, you can see why we have to still call for a little help, though not much for our work here. We pay our graduate nurses twenty-two to thirty-five dollars per MONTH. All native wages are very small. Our heavy expense is for things foreign such as medicines and surgical supplies.

We have recently completed our new out-patient dispensary building. It consists of eight rooms, three of which are quite small and are used for examinations.

We have a good eye department which treats hundreds of cases each month. The majority of the people here have trachoma. It produces a great deal of blindness. I operate on upper eyelids every week for entropion where the whole upper eyelashes ride completely on the cornea. It would be hard for you folks in the States to appreciate the terrible diseased eyes that we have to treat. The quacks will push one of their dirty needles right through the coats of the eye and then the eye will develop panophthalmitis and suppurate, the contents of the eye running out through the cornea.

The Chinese have a great fear of amputations as they think they will have to live in the next life without the amputated limb. Just today a compound comminuted infected fracture who refused amputation about ten days ago was taken home to die. About two weeks ago we had a child about ten years old with both forearms crushed to pieces by the train. We put the child under an anesthetic for examination expecting to do a double amputation but his old mother refused to have it done desiring that he die first rather than to lose the limbs. All we could do was to bandage him up and he died in a few days from infection.

Just now a patient came in with a smooth soft growth the size of a goose egg in his mouth growing from the tonsillar fossa which almost completely fills the mouth. Tell Dr. Balyeat I certainly wish he were here tomorrow morning to remove it for me.

ATTENTION LADIES!

A meeting of the Women's Auxiliary of the Alumni Association will be held Wednesday, September 7, at 2:00 p. m. in the White Memorial Chapel, corner of New Jersey and State Streets. The purpose of the meeting is to adopt a constitution and organize into chapters for doing practical work. Each member please bring some food supplies for a beginning commissary.

Mrs. Ford P. Cady.

THE STUDENT RESEARCH FELLOWSHIP

In the last issue of the JOURNAL, Dr. Barnes mentioned the Student Research Fellowship which was awarded this year to Mr. M. Couperus.

Being very much interested in the secretion of bile, Mr. Couperus chose to study the influence of diathermy upon bile secretion. A small amount of previous work on this problem seemed to indicate an increased flow of bile. This is of some interest and importance since it indicates an increase in at least one of the functions of the liver. Other functions of the liver may be studied in future research work.

The problem is being studied by means of biliary fistulae in dogs. These fistulae are produced by fastening a special retention catheter in the gall bladder and doubly ligating the common bile duct. The operation is simple and the animals do well. The flow of bile can be measured for any desired intervals. At present some acute experiments on animals and duodenal tube experiments on human subjects are being planned.

The animals are kept on a constant diet and are supplied with a regular quantity of ox-bile by mouth so as not to create an abnormal situation by the total loss of bile through the fistulae.

The bile itself is being studied as to quantity, appearance, specific gravity, freezing point, and bile salt content. This is to ascertain if an increase in bile flow is accompanied by any change in its character.

The animals have control days and treatment days and bile flow is carefully measured. The indications at present are that there is a definite absolute increase in bile secretion under the influence of diathermy as indicated by studies of the twenty-four hour bile flow.

The amount of work involved in this study, as in any careful research, is immense, but Mr. Couperus keeps faithfully at it. The diathermy apparatus has been very kindly furnished by the E. J. Rose Manufacturing Company of Los Angeles.

Fred B. Moor, M. D.

Did You Know That

Ralph Smith, '16, and D. D. Roos, '27, are joint owners of an airplane. Maybe they'll perform for us at the next Home-Coming!

J. E. Potts, '25, is working in surgery at the White. Will leave soon for the Walla Walla Sanitarium.

We are very sorry that Donald Davenport, '15, is seriously ill.

Harold Mourer, '29, is recuperating from a severe attack of pneumonia.

Elder F. I. Gilbert's son, William, is enrolled in the Freshman medic class.

Edwin Coyl, '31, naval doctor, has been transferred to Guam for a two-year service.

O. B. Pratt, '24, and family, visited Blanche Noble-Nicola, '24, at Independence, Calif., over a recent week-end.

Walter Jensen, '24, army doctor, has been assigned to temporary duty at Fort McArthur awaiting the time when he will be transferred to Texas where he expects to take up special training as a flight surgeon.

Benton N. Colver, R. Manning Clarke, H. G. Westphal, L. E. Elliott, Newton Evans, D. D. Comstock, and George Thomason have signified their desire to become Associate members. We are glad to have them join us and invite other A.M.M.C. men to affiliate with us.

Now for some free rides in the air! W. H. Rambo, '26, will soon have his pilot's license!

Warren H. Orr, '27, of Washington, is visiting in California. Wish all alumni would stop at the office to see us when in L. A.

Dr. H. W. Miller of our Shanghai Sanitarium is home on furlough. Last week while at the White he performed two operations.

Robert Wirth, '32, spent his vacation as camp doctor at Camp Tulakes. He is serving a second year internship at L. A. County Hospital.

Lester Steck, '25, is County Coroner at Chehalis, Wash. He and his wife are active church workers. Through contacts made in his practice, Dr. Steck has been instrumental in the conversion of two of his patients.

Sammie Kime, '25, has a pipe organ installed in his new home. Wish he'd invite us out!

Ssh! George F. Paap, '31, has whooping cough, and he was in swimming at Long Beach the other night, too!

Dr. George Thomason spent his vacation fishing in the "most beautiful river in the world" at Klamath, Calif. While there he visited Harold Leland, '23.

The Executive Committee of the Alumni Assn. holds a meeting every Monday at 12:30 at the White Cafeteria.

E. D. Pratt, '25, has moved his offices from Magnolia Park to San Fernando Road, Burbank.

W. E. Macpherson, '24, visited Alfred, '29, at Sparks, Nevada, during a vacation trip and reports that his brother is getting along very well.

H. E. Butka, '17, is opening offices at Pomona, Calif.

You ought to take the JOURNAL home for your wife to read!

Baby Charles Mosser Taylor is enjoying a visit at the White while Papa and Mama Taylor and Beverly are vacationing with Theodore and Nellie Kimball, '29, at the Arrowhead Villa Club, San Bernardino Mountains.

David A. Schmidt, '24, has a son! But why didn't the mailman bring us the announcement?

We were very pleased to receive dues from the following members of the Class of '32: Leslie Ekval, R. Haining, G. E. Norwood, Burt O. Wade, and T. W. Whittaker.

Helen Yarnell, '32, is visiting her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Silas Yarnell, at Spokane, Wash.

We were pleased to see included in the eighty who attended the Women's Auxiliary Luncheon the following ladies whose husbands are members of the Class of '33: Mesdames Donald Abbott, Curtis Hanna, Richard Pogue, Wesley Smith, C. L. Pohle, Leon Swift, and A. L. Cramp.

The recent visit of F. Herbert Coeur-Barron, '24, to the Alumni office proved remunerative for the General Fund. Call again, please!

Fay Nelson, Ass't Sec'y, made an early morning trip to Hondo with Roger Barnes, '22, and visited with the following doctors: Floyd Harbard, '25, William Edwards, '23, Paul Kurtz, '22, and Harriett Bulpitt-Randall, '29.

Hazel Clark of the White Dispensary accompanied Merle, '32, and Margaret, '29, Schneckloth on a trip north. They visited Glenn McCaffery, Harold Mikkelsen, Elmer Reiswig, Clifford Senecal, and Arnold Johnson, all of '31, in Seattle. They met Eugene Joergensen, '32, and Melvin Drake and Robert Hodgkin, '31, at the Portland Campmeeting. They say George Boyd, '32, is opening offices in a former Governor's mansion at Salem, Ore. And that Arthur Grauman, '25, says that our interns are preferred above all others at the Seattle hospitals where our men have been.

The return envelope is for your dollar, or check, for this month. Please send it in today.

O. I. Cutler, '24, has been teaching pathology at the University of Chicago. He was associated with Dr. H. G. Wells, eminent pathologist. Will return to L. L. soon.