

SOCIETY

Phone 555 or 556

Letter From Schaffners Describes Building Program, Rewarding Life

(Note: The following is part of a letter from Mrs. Marlowe Schaffner, who is with her husband, Dr. Schaffner, at Songa Mission Hospital in the remote heart of the Belgian Congo.)

February 15, 1955
Dear friends at home:
It hardly seems possible that we have been gone from home 19 months. In spite of being out in the bush, there is never a dull moment here and life hurries on apace.
In January Marlowe spent ten days at Elizabethville attending the SDA Congo Union committee meetings. Rita and I went down for the last four days. The 400 mile trip took 24 hours. We had a

nice compartment all to ourselves in a new aluminum coach (2nd class) but we missed the air conditioning as the smoke and grime from the wood-burning engine drifted in on us.

I spent part of two days with the dentist and also tried to find a big hat for a sunshade, but the hats all looked like they had been left over from the Ark.
When we arrived home, we found both boys sick with malaria. We had left them with one of the white nurses at the Mission. The next day the local south Congo Mission Committee met here and we had eight or nine extra for meals for four days; one family stayed here in our house, another

in the nurse's house and three of them prepare for a better land.
When they are so pitifully glad for an old shirt, an empty tin can, or cardboard box, a crust of bread, a magazine to "paper" their mud walls, it makes one long for the time when all the willing and obedient will have mansions "over there."

The moonlight nights here are beautiful and exotic. The others are very black, especially after the light motor sputters and goes out at ten o'clock at night. One such dark night, in fact it was 1:30 in the morning, there came a BANG - BANG - BANG on our back door.

Grabbing a flashlight, Marlowe went to the door and was told by a white man there, in French, that there had been a truck accident 60 kilometers away from here (a kilometer is 5/8 of a mile) and there were dead and dying strewn all over the place. The man runs a store 30 kilometers from here and he had gone out to the scene of the accident to corroborate the native's story before coming for Marlowe.

Our nights are cool here, so Marlowe put on long pants and long sleeved shirt and grabbed his bag and asked the man if blankets were available for splints, etc.

put more gas in the car and started off. Just before it got light at six I thought I heard a car door slam somewhere and at seven Gustave told me our car was at the hospital.

Marlowe told me about the accident while he ate his breakfast, later on. He said it was the worst thing he had ever seen. The accident had been actually 75 kilometers away. This truckful of natives, evidently going too fast, had gone off the road about two o'clock in the afternoon, ran into a tree and turned around spewing natives all over the field like corn. What an eerie gruesome sight when Marlowe got there in the middle of the night 12 hours afterwards. Some of the natives had to walk for help.

Marlowe left the five dead and those he was sure were going to die soon, on the field, and brought three in splints back with him in our car, leaving others to come in a truck later. As he shone his flashlight around the field one final time before leaving for home, he spied another severely wounded man, his knees just showing over at the edge of the field.

By noon that day there were 15 in the hospital from the accident, all in bad condition from

shock and exposure. Other hospital patients were shunted from the beds onto the floor. Marlowe spent four hours putting on casts and then ran out of plaster. Accidents and broken bones are not frequent here.

The next night Marlowe attempted surgery on one of the accident victims who was not doing well at all. We put more gasoline into the light motor so the lights would not go out in the middle of the surgery. But unfortunately there was nothing he could do for the poor fellow. His intestines had been paralyzed by the shock of the accident. He had a spinal anesthetic and at the close of the surgery, the man said in a low voice "waf-waco" which means "Thank You." It was quite touching.

Two more of the patients died within the first few days, leaving 16 still in the hospital. It was a sad and busy time. What hospital in the states receives that many injured from the same accident? It will take months for some of them to recover and some will always be disabled. If our hospital were not here, probably most of them would have died.

This incident alone makes us grateful for the part we have to

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play in bringing health and happiness to an under-privileged people.
Anybody need surgery but hate to spend the money? The charge here for an ordinary major surgery is \$4. Come on over. Such fees supply about half our operating budget (which does not include the salaries of WHITE workers) and the rest is supplied by the SDA church and the government of Belgium.

Marlowe is the ONLY doctor here. There are two white nurses and about ten black nurse's aids. Marlowe and the white nurses teach the nurse's aid course. I could fill ten pages, but must not wear out my welcome as I may want to do this again sometime. We like Songa and are enjoying our work for Jesus here.

We, with you, want to do our work so faithfully and well that soon Jesus can come and put an end to all want and suffering and sin.

Your letters with the news of friends and familiar things are always wonderfully welcome to us.

With love and prayers,
THE SCHAFFNERS

The Pentagon, headquarters of the Department of Defense, contains three times the office space of the Empire State building.

Office Safes—The Sentinel

PERSONAL & CONFIDENTIAL

To Those Suffering the AGONIZING PAIN OF ARTHRITIS - RHEUMATISM

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RECEIVING THE JEWEL PIN of Beta Zeta Chapter of Epsilon Sigma Alpha in ceremonies in late May were top photo, left to right: Mrs. Art McDonald, Mrs. Lester Gates and Mrs. W. A. Strausberger. Five new members of the group inducted same evening are shown below, left to right: Mrs. Cecil Martin, Mrs. George Witters, Mrs. Harold Sparks, Miss Dorris Arnest and Mrs. Taylor Young.



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Do I hear you say, "I thought Marlowe was a doctor?" One really gets to be jack of all trades in the mission field. Don't ever think that one's talents are buried in the mission field. Or that just anybody can be a missionary. The mission fields need the very best workers available - and of course, I think Marlowe is just that.

He spends each Tuesday working with the native masons and on other days tries to peek in on them often. A few months ago, there were 100 patients waiting in the "sick compound" here for surgery, but he has pretty well caught up now. He does about 70 major surgeries a month. Most common cases are hernias, pelvic tumors and goiters.

It would be fun to show you around here. Our main hospital building is nice enough on the outside - it's made of brick - but on the inside there is no whiteness and gleam like our hospitals at home. There are simple iron beds with one sheet and a dingy blanket and mattresses made of straw and grass. Often the 55 beds are full and we have patients on the floor. At night we must step carefully to get through.

In the daytime most of the patients stay outside on the grass even though they may have had surgery only the day before. 'Tis no problem here to get the patients UP - it's hard to keep them down, even if half dead. They eat their meals out of a tin pan with what they are used to. A flowering vine has invaded one corner of the roof and hangs down inside the ward. Sound like home?

Our Songa Hospital serves a large area. It is 60 miles to the nearest hospital in one direction, 90 in another, 150 miles in another and 200 miles to a hospital in the fourth direction. And none of them are mission hospitals.

The natives come to us from areas served by the Government hospitals many times, because they prefer a bit of consideration and love WITH their medical treatment. Even the non-Christian natives seem to trust us more than they do the government people. Some of them have told us that the government officials eat black folks! Sounds like cannibalism backwards.

One day a native tried to get Marlowe to let them take a dying woman away for fear of the witch doctor's curse if she died in the hospital. Many natives come to us only after the witch doctor's medicine has failed and they are about half dead. Of course, we are here to try to help them away from their fears and superstitions, both physically and spiritually and we hope by kindness and love to win them away from their fears and superstitions, and help

Reflections . . .

Listen! What Is It?

"Hello" was the cheery greeting of a friend as he tied his horse to our hitching post, the rhythmic beat of six hoofs and the measured clang of a bell as the fire engine came racing down the street, sand between tire rim and brake, piercing squeak of a wheel needing axle grease, are sounds that would indeed be strange today. The Little German Band, the tinkling bell over the door of the bake shop, emphatic warning of a street car, plaintive melody of a hand-organ, the soul piercing caliope are like noisy pages of history in our past.

Those sounds were then as common as screeching brakes, sirens, music from radios, welcome voice of a friend over the telephone. Time has covered those sounds as it has cities in past millenniums and we're richer for the change.



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CHARM TIP of the WEEK!
by Caroline Leonetti

"May I present . . ." is a more formal way of introducing and should be reserved for more formal occasions. "May I introduce . . ." is easy and acceptable, but even simpler and just as correct is the pronouncement of both names, such as, "Miss Smith, Mr. Brown". Teen-agers are young enough to abide by first name introductions, or first and last name introductions without "Miss" and "Mr."

You are invited to write directly to Caroline Leonetti—6607 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 28, California. Please include self-addressed and stamped envelope for analysis and suggestions which will be sent by return mail.

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