

Tientsin

James H. Cox

I WAS first introduced to Tientsin, China, in 1945 while on a tour of duty with the Marine Corps and was at once fascinated and awed by the city and its inhabitants. It is located in northern China and is not unlike St. Louis, Missouri, in area or topography but supports twice as many people.

Divided into four principal sectors, French, Japanese, White Russian, and, of course, Chinese, the city has the atmosphere of four countries in one. The Chinese and Japanese sectors, with their tea shops and restaurants, are quite similar. However, the Chinese lack the occidental flair the Japanese have acquired. The White Russians, as the Russian displaced aristocracy is called, have filled their sector with the grandeur of bygone days. Huge dining rooms with soft string music for atmosphere are extravagantly appointed. Carpeted floors, crystal chandeliers, and crisp, clean linens are standard equipment. The French sector with its sidewalk cafes and sidewalk artists is a bit of Paris. But no matter where you go, the mode of transportation is strictly Oriental, for the jinrikisha is everywhere.

Besides these main sectors, there are other smaller ones housing groups such as German, Jewish, and Mongolian, each observing the customs of his particular background. Strangely enough they do not attempt to sit in judgment on the actions or beliefs of their neighbors. They are, for the most part, content to live and let live. Thus, their cultures remain separate and distinct.

I feel that if I could spend a year with these people, living, studying, and trading, I could understand them better. Where but in Tientsin could one find such an interesting cross-section of humanity? Perhaps one could even discover the secret that nations of the world have sought for so long—the formula of living in harmony.

The Noble Profession

Marilyn Mills

WHEN I was nearing the middle of my junior year in high school, I began to think seriously about what plans I should make for the future. For quite some time, nursing had interested me; so one afternoon I went to one of the hospitals in town and secured the position of a "ward helper." The following Monday I started on my new job.

My purpose in doing this work was to make sure that I was really interested in nursing as a profession. My job was very simple in itself; I helped the floor nurses with their general chores, helped feed those patients who were unable to do so themselves, and ran various errands for both patients and nurses. I had a great deal of spare time, and after several weeks, having gained admittance to any room on the floor, I learned to know many of the hospital routines.

When I first started to work on Main Fourth, the nurses were very skeptical as to whether I would be of any help. Since I had had no training whatsoever and could not, therefore, be classed as a Nurses' Aid, they doubted my usefulness. I was aware of their skepticism immediately and was determined to overcome it. I easily