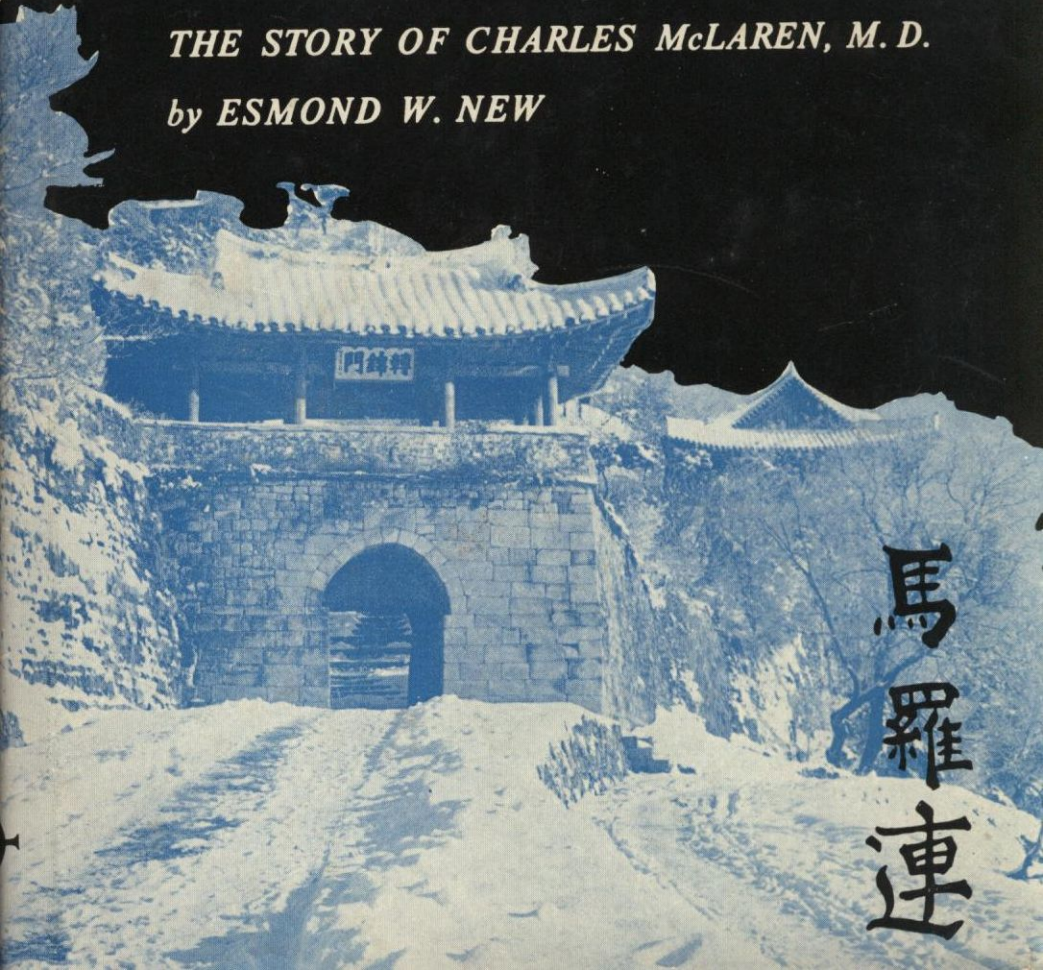
A DOCTOR IN KOREA

THE STORY OF CHARLES McLAREN, M. D.

by ESMOND W. NEW



TOR IN KOREA

ESMOND W. NEW

A DOCTOR IN KOREA

The Story of Charles McLaren, M.D.

Written and Illustrated by
ESMOND W. NEW

Charles McLaren was a very remarkable man. He was a brilliant neurologist and a fervent Christian who quite early in his professional career relinquished the rewards of private practice for the privations of missionary work in Korea. But in that beautiful land which has seen so much misery he found many consolations in healing the neglected bodies of the people and in striving to bring them in spirit to the love of Christ. In this noble work he was devotedly assisted by his wife.

Doctor McLaren was a man who pondered continually on the important, eternal problems of life—those which concern a man's life on earth and preparation on earth for the afterlife. His conclusions, never dogmatic and always the outcome of prolonged, purposeful thinking,

Continued on back flap

A DOCTOR IN KOREA

Charles Inglis McLaren, M.D.

Esmond W. New

A DOCTOR IN KOREA

The Story of Charles McLaren, M.D.

FOREWORD BY
Rev. George Anderson

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Foreword

Esmond New has given us a sketch of the life of a man whom many of us were honoured to know. It is only a sketch, but it is a true one, giving in authentic outlines the figure of a somewhat mysterious and quite extraordinary man. It may be that a sketch is the best treatment, for after all the one we remember gave himself in flashes; yet we were aware that these came not in irrational bursts but as expressions of a vital God-based personality.

We did not always understand Charles McLaren. Perhaps he himself did not fully understand all the profound things he tried to express. We knew that it was his habit to think deeply and often of the eternities; no wonder his thoughts were sometimes too deep for words! His strength was in the certainties that ruled his life. These were first the Fact of God as Ruler of the Universe and all its laws; second, that God has expressed Himself to the world in Jesus Christ so that He might lift man out of his sin and failure into the experience of joyous and conquering life. Once in France he was buried after a burst of shell fire; when the Japanese arrested him he was in real danger of his life. In the one case he quite simply commended his own soul to God; in the other his written record has no suggestion of panic, only a patient trust that whatever the issue, God's will for him would be done and the final result would be good.

Did he theorize about the Faith? Yes, he did, very often; but his committal to God was so real that inevitably the Glory of God was seen in his attitudes to life and his fellows. It might be a university man, it might be an outcast leper, an oppressed coolie, a forsaken child: to all he was a man of Christ whose meat and drink was to show his Lord to the world. So he

brought with him something of those eternal things which he pondered.

To be able to read the Life of such a man, we are indebted to his biographer.

GEORGE ANDERSON
Convener
Australian Presbyterian
Board of Missions

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Staff of the Australian Mission, 1913

☆

As an Officer of the Chinese Labour Corps
The Emperor's Birthday
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☆

With Japanese friends, Chinju
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Two orphans whom they adopted
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Staff of the Australian Mission, 1937, Fusan

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Gateway at Pyengyang, North Korea
The home in Seoul

☆

Ewha College
A group of students

Chapter Decorations
Esmond W. New

Author's Note

This is the true story of a man, one beloved by all who knew him. It also concerns a country in which Australians lived and worked and loved, and for which, later, many others fought and died.

Such a brief story can convey little, but it will fulfil its purpose if others will volunteer and live as unselfishly and heroically as our friend Charles McLaren.

My grateful thanks for assistance in compiling this biography go to Jessie McLaren, Mary Matheson, Marjory Holmes, Cath Ritchie, Dorothy Baker, George Anderson and James Stuckey; to Jack Newnham for designing the cover; and to F. W. Cheshire Pty. Ltd. for editorial advice.

E.W.N.

I
A GREAT TRADITION

In the autumn of 1875 two men sat talking in a chamber adjoining the Supreme Court of Edinburgh. One, an elderly man, was Lord Shand, a Judge of the Court, the other, a younger man, alert, bright-faced, attractive, was also unmistakeably a member of the legal profession.

"I would like to compliment you, McLaren, on the praise you received this afternoon in the House of Lords," said the judge. "America is a big country and it must have been no easy task to track down the identity and establish the death of the late Earl of Aberdeen. I agree you deserve high praise for the manner in which you performed this difficult task."

"It was nothing, my Lord," replied McLaren. "I really enjoyed the trip, and a change from the last few years of study and business."

"What do you propose to do, now that you have returned to the rather less exciting life of Edinburgh?" the judge asked.

"I am not quite sure, your Lordship, but having received a small taste of travel, I have a mind to go abroad."

"Abroad!" The judge was aghast. "My dear McLaren, I trust you are not going to waste the wonderful opportunities you have here. I can promise you that a man of your ability will eventually become a Judge of the Supreme Court of Scotland. Tell me something of your scholastic qualifications. I believe you did very well?"

McLaren considered for a moment.

"Yes, reasonably well. I obtained prizes in Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Logic, and English Literature, with an honourable certificate in Moral Philosophy; but as you know, your Lordship, many do as well and better."

"You're a modest young man," replied the judge. "My friend, Dr Cairns, tells me that you are by far the best student he has ever taught, not only in mind, but in heart—whatever he may mean by that! I hope your heart is not going to control your mind."

"I do not want to disappoint you, sir, but I am seriously thinking of leaving Law and going to Japan as a missionary."

Lord Shand was obviously shocked but, after a pause, said: "I am sorry that you feel impelled, after such a complete and thorough training in our profession, to enter such a different path, even although it be the Christian ministry! Doubtless you know your own business best. But why Japan, of all places?"

McLaren fell into thought, then replied: "Japan interests me. Granted it is the other side of the world, but it has been recently opened to Western thought, and the opportunities there are very great, that is for the spread of the Christian gospel."

"Well, if you have made up your mind, all I can say is that I hope you have success and will not be disappointed," said the judge. "You certainly have my good wishes, although I am

sorry you have not decided to stay here. After all, even we Scots need missionaries!"

Unfortunately, there is no record of how Rev. Samuel Gilfillan McLaren came to make his decision; but in October 1875 he sailed with his wife to Japan.

If the legal profession frowned a little on his misguided evangelical fervour, the United Presbyterian Church rejoiced that they had obtained the services of such an able scholar.

It was the reign of the Emperor Meiji. The Japanese were welcoming anyone and everything that came to them from the West. Advisors of all nationalities and occupations were settling in Japan. British naval officers were imparting British traditions to the Japanese Navy, even to the three white bands around the collars of the ratings in memory of the three great battles fought by Lord Nelson. Germans were drilling the army with a Prussian thoroughness. Americans were giving business a little of the driving power of the U.S.A. Educational Institutes were springing up overnight. If Japan was to master the West she must learn the secrets of the West.

In Japan the missions leaned towards work on a union basis; it was a saving in manpower, and a show of unity to the Japanese converts. One of these institutions was the Union Theological College, or Meiji Gakuin. On his arrival McLaren was appointed a Professor by the Board of Control. There is no doubt that he was a brilliant and able man, and during his eight years of office he did much to foster the reputation the College has held to the present time. After his retirement, matters that required legal advice were always sent on to him in Scotland and Australia.

The family resided at Tsukiji, a suburb of Tokyo, and in 1877 Bruce made his appearance. Mary was the next to arrive and then Charles, on the 23rd of August 1882. Marjory was born on their return to Scotland.

The climate in Japan is not an easy one for occidentals—cold in winter and exhaustingly hot in summer. The heat and humid-

ity is favourable for the growth of germs—malaria, hookworm and fevers—many of which cannot be classified. Western food was hard to obtain, especially milk and butter. Goat milk was usually used for infants, and this again brought undulating or Malta fever.

The Professor was not well, so in 1883 he made the sad decision to return to Scotland. No one who has ever lived in Japan can fail to love the country; it is incredibly beautiful. But Scotland with its mists and cold winters proved no better for the family, so in 1886 the decision was made to go to Australia. On his arrival Rev. Samuel McLaren was inducted to the charge of Coburg, a suburb of Melbourne. However, his most acceptable and fruitful ministry there was shortened, for three years later the Assembly was looking for a principal for the Presbyterian Ladies' College and they rightly and wisely took him from the charge to East Melbourne.

For twenty-two years he helped to establish the high standard of scholarship which has ever since been characteristic of this school. The McLaren girls naturally attended the College, while the boys walked across the gardens to Scotch College.

It was a happy life; they loved Australia and spent many wonderful years together. How they loved to sit and talk over the meal table! As Captain Matheson, who married Mary, said years later: "My wife must have been brought up with clever men, she argues so well."

All the family were not just clever but brilliant. Bruce was Dux of Scotch in 1893. He followed this success with a career of unusual distinction at the University of Melbourne. Later, he graduated second wrangler in the Mathematical Tripos at Cambridge. He was elected to the "Sir Isaac Newton Research" of Cambridge, and his final and greatest distinction was the award of that University's Adam Prize. After a lectureship at Birmingham in 1913, he was appointed Professor of Mathematics in the University College, Reading. Shortly before the war a German review, commenting on his views and ideas of

gravity, said: "It is a deep work rich in original ideas; it undertakes to recast the whole physics of matter and ether." There is justification for the belief that he anticipated Einstein's theories.

All this, of course, conveys little to the average Australian reading this book; but most will understand these words written about him: "He was probably the greatest and most original genius that Australia has ever produced."

Bruce had no military aspirations but when the hour of Britain's need came in 1914, he felt that his place was in the front line. He was killed in action in 1916.

Charles felt his death keenly; he had always admired and loved his brother and the shock of his passing influenced Charles more than any other experience in his eventful life.

Such was the background in which Charles grew up. His sister Mary says he was an attractive small boy, both serious and happy, sympathetic and understanding beyond his years. Essentially good, he could never quite understand why the other members of the family misbehaved themselves in the kindergarten. As his father said: "He was so kind and understanding that he seemed full of the Holy Ghost right from birth."

Today Charles would seem to be one of those once-born souls that never require conversion. He himself thought otherwise. While on summer holidays at Portarlington, Victoria, he attended the revival meetings of Rev. John McNeil, and there he made his decision to give his life to Jesus Christ. Let those who decry this method for children remember that Charles was only nine; but he never revoked his vow for the rest of his life.

2
A STUDENT VOLUNTEER

For a long time the Church was asleep and slow to grasp the opportunities among the students in the universities. Much credit must be given to that great American Dr John R. Mott, General Secretary of the Student Christian Movement.

The inaugural meeting of the Australian Student Christian Union (its former name) took place on the 6th of June 1896 in the Wyselaskie Hall of Ormond College, Melbourne. It was well organized; 256 delegates arrived from all parts of Australia and New Zealand. The chief speaker was Dr Mott. He was a remarkable man, who made a deep impression on all present. In his early thirties, he was tall, erect, well-groomed, with a full face, strong jaws, firm mouth and level, challenging eyes. As one student said: "The atmosphere was something I had never before encountered; the impact was on the will, rather than on the emotions."

Rev. Samuel Gilfillan McLaren, M.A., and Mrs. McLaren with Bruce (LEFT), Charles (RIGHT), Mary–Mrs C. D. Matheson (LEFT), Marjorie–Mrs Edwin Holmes (RIGHT)

The Staff of the Chinju Hospital with Dr Charles McLaren, Dr Jean Davis and Miss G. Napier (RIGHT)

STAFF OF THE AUSTRALIAN MISSION, 1913

FRONT ROW: Miss Ebery, Miss M. Campbell with Helen McKenzie, Frank Engel, Miss C. Laing, Miss M. Davies, Miss A. Skinner, Rev. Kelly with James

SECOND ROW: Miss N. Scholes, Miss B. Menzies, Mrs Currell, Rev. F. Macrae, Dr G. Engel, Mrs Engel with Elsie, Rev. J. Noble McKenzie, Rev. R. Watson with Jock, Mrs Kelly

THIRD ROW: Miss Nevin, Miss G. Napier, Mrs Lyall, Miss Moore, Mrs Taylor, Miss M. Alexander, Mrs J. N. McKenzie with Helen, Mrs Watson, Rev. A. Wright

BACK ROW: Mr Lomas, Dr H. Currell, Rev. D. M. Lyall, Miss I. McPhee, Dr Taylor, Miss F. Clerke, Rev. A. Allen, Mrs and Dr C. I. McLaren, Rev. F. Cunningham

Medical Officer of the Chinese Labour Battalion, France, 1917-1918

Rachael outside the gate of the house in Seoul on the Emperor's Birthday

Jessie, Rachael and Charles, Seoul

Charles with Japanese friends in Chinju

The family grows! Adopted daughter, sons-in-law, and grand-children

After the first meeting it was evident that a lasting impression had been made; if some had come to scoff, they stayed to pray. The leaders saw to it that the enthusiasm created by this first convention was not allowed to die. Another was arranged two years later at Mornington.

Charles was a school-boy delegate to it, although he knew that each conference he attended was making it more difficult for him to follow the medical profession in Australia. This time he was deeply influenced by Professor Andrew Harper, a great Hebrew scholar who was able to expound the book of Deuteronomy in a manner that the students had never heard before. One can imagine how he quoted the words, "Beware that thou forget not the Lord thy God." Charles was one who went back to his studies challenged by the call of God.

Writing of this period, Charles said: "In my days at Ormond, about half the students got up early once a week to join their respective study circles. One wonders if the same could be said today. I can testify to one life being profoundly changed by a close study of Oldham's *Studies in the Life of Jesus*. In my fourth and fifth years I studied the book and the scriptures, and there began to break in on my mind some sense of the originality and power of the teachings of Jesus."

As Rev. J. Stuckey said at McLaren's funeral nearly sixty years later: "The Bible was his source of truth and his standard of judgement. He believed passionately in its relevance to every situation."

But Charles was also a good student in his own profession, that of medicine. He graduated in 1906 as Bachelor of Medicine and Bachelor of Surgery. In 1907 he was a Resident Medical Officer at the Melbourne Hospital, and later in 1908 he began sixteen months at the Children's Hospital. He graduated Doctor of Medicine in 1910.

All his life he had been wrestling with God in thought and prayer. And even while busy in the great hospitals of Melbourne, he still felt that God was calling him to a life of missionary activity in a spot not yet revealed. As early as 1903,

while he was an undergraduate, he wrote to his mother stating that it was his purpose to volunteer for the foreign field:

You know my boyish purpose at the commencement of my medical course. I have not talked much about it during my years of study, but it has never been out of my mind. I have felt the call to the missionary field. Sometimes I have felt ready to answer that call, but at other times I have been impatient of it and would put it on one side. As my course draws to an end I cannot with a clear conscience put off any longer facing this question.

During the past few weeks I have had a bitter struggle with myself. Two great sayings of Jesus Christ keep coming into my mind. They are:

"Not every one that saith Lord, Lord, but he that doeth the will of my Father."

"Whosoever willeth to do His will shall know."

As I ponder the meaning of these words of Jesus, I find it is possible for me to pray, "Thy will be done." As I pray this prayer I know He is calling me to His work. It grieves me, dear Mother, for at the same time I realise the needs of this city of Melbourne, the burden of its sin and sorrow.

University Settlements are suggested for the slums. If this suggestion is carried out, then a man not going abroad could do no better than assist; it would be better service than merely building up a practice for his own advantage. But I feel that I personally am called and chosen to go overseas. In view of these facts I desire to sign with all due humility, and conscious of my own weakness the Volunteer Declaration which reads:

"It is my purpose, if God permit, to become a foreign missionary."

Surely, Mother, there can be no real objection to my signing this declaration, and I trust you will not raise any. After all, there is contained in it no pledge: it is the statement of a purpose. God may show me another way, or later another purpose.

Now there are three reasons why I want to sign this declaration:

1. For my own sake. I want to be released from the intolerable burden of a half-formed plan; to put the decision off merely makes an ultimate decision more difficult.

2. I believe that individual students should publicly signify their purpose. This helps the Student Missionary Movement.
3. It will help my fellow students (some of them know of my struggles). It will help them if they know I have won my battle, and hinder them if they think I have lost.

Graham Balfour hopes I will go to Korea. The world is small and Korea after all is not far away!

From this letter one can see that Charles was breaking the news of his decision to go to Korea in a way that would not upset his mother too much. Apparently his mother was not anxious for him to go overseas. She knew only too well the problems of the mission field and, having lived in Japan, knew something of Korea. Perhaps she thought that the life would prove too much for a man of Charles' temperament, taking too big a toll of his physical strength and nervous energy. Yet she must have been proud of this letter, for over fifty years later it was still intact; she had kept it as a record of his first great decision to become a missionary.

Annual attendances at Student Summer Conferences had become for Charles very important milestones in his spiritual life. Bowral, the two Healesvilles, Mt Barker, Kiama and others—but the Daylesford Conference of 1910 became for him *the* conference, where he learnt that he that willeth to do God's will may find life "a lucid story" with the clouds of doubt dispelled.

Leaving the hospitals, Charles devoted the year 1910 to travelling through Australia and New Zealand for the Australian Student Christian Movement. About this time he had been greatly attracted by Miss Jessie Reeve, who had spent two years between school and university with her missionary father in Poona before returning to her home in Victoria. Thus she shared his missionary tradition and shared also with Charles his love of the Student Christian Movement. They were fellow members of the Student Volunteer Movement. Upon gradu-

ation she also became a travelling secretary—Jessie going through Sydney to New Zealand and back by Tasmania, Charles setting out from Melbourne through Tasmania to New Zealand. For a few hours they met in Hobart. Nothing was said but apparently they realized their paths lay together for the future, for the day after Charles returned to Australia they announced their engagement. Charles' father's comment was, "You haven't the money to buy a ring." To which Charles replied, "If the Lord has provided the girl, the ring will doubtless be provided also!" Mr McLaren's prudential concern was understandable as his son, like his father before him, was leaving professional advancement to follow the missionary quest.

Charles next served as a locum in two country practices by way of preparation for medical work in Korea. He and Jessie were married on the 22nd of August 1911. In September Charles was ordained as a missionary in Scots Church, Melbourne. Three weeks later they left for Korea. They arrived in Fusan (later renamed Pusan) where the Rev. Frank Engel, the present General Secretary of the S.C.M., had been born a few days before.

3
THE LAND OF MORNING CALM

Guidance from God can best be seen when one looks backward. The beginning of the Australian Mission in Korea is an illustration.

In the year 1889 a naval officer disembarked from a British ship and walked through the streets of the city of Fusan. On his return he mentioned to Rev. Henry Davies, founder and Headmaster of Caulfield Grammar School, that Korea was a country with tremendous missionary possibilities. A year later, on the 5th of April 1890, Henry Davies had died of smallpox, and today his grave is to be found on the mountains overlooking Fusan.

What did he accomplish? That is a matter that lies in the

heart of God. From our point of view, he was the first of many Australians who have since given devoted years of service to that country.

Arrival in Korea is always thrilling, but an anti-climax after living in the well-planned and hygienic cities of Australia. The new arrivals are greeted with sights and smells that are never sensed elsewhere. "What is the smell? Is it the drains?" "No," replies the Old Hand. "There are no drains." To be quite fair, it is not the lack of drainage but the smell of the different foods eaten by the Koreans.

You cannot go three miles in Korea without seeing mountains, and the harbour of Fusan surrounded by high hills gave Charles and Jessie a foretaste of the scenery which was to delight their eyes for the next thirty years.

The warm welcome extended by the white-robed Koreans and their missionary friends, among whom was an aunt of the Right Honourable R. G. Menzies, Prime Minister of Australia, reminded them that many others had laboured in this, Victoria's first mission station in Korea, while they had been twenty-eight years a-growing in Australia.

It was the time of rice harvest and for three days they made their way, at first by train to Masan and then by ricksha and pony, through fields "white already to harvest" and seldom out of sound of running water, which came from the mountains and flowed through the rice fields to the sea.

The roofs of the thatched village homes were red with chillies drying in the autumn sunshine. Pumpkins hung suspended from the eaves of the houses, while here and there great persimmon trees loaded with golden fruit added their touch of colour.

Each village was backed by a clustering bamboo grove to supply fences, rakes, baskets, hats, pipestems, water pipes, and laths for the mud and stone houses.

Women with huge trays of persimmons on their heads trudged along the highways with supple, lilting strides, while men laboured urgently, cutting the rice crop and laying the

sheaves on the verges of the paddies, hurrying to get it off the fields so that the barley crop might grow a few inches before the cold slowed it down.

Frances Clerke and Margaret Davies were their escorts. At the half-way house where they spent the night, the Japanese inn-keeper's wife supposed Charles to be a ladies' man, like so many of her compatriots. He was not a little scandalized to find her preparing to bed him down in an eight-by-eight room with the three ladies, and had the utmost difficulty in getting her to let him sleep on a cold, hard, wooden bench at the back of the shop instead of on the comfortable, warm, straw-matting floor. This was not the man's world to which she was accustomed. However, she tucked him up, solicitously murmuring in an unknown tongue. This was a far cry from the Presbyterian Ladies' College in East Melbourne, facetiously described by a fellow medico at the Melbourne Hospital as the "creche".

At sundown the next evening they topped the pass overlooking Chinju and had their first view of what was to be their sphere of work for the next seven years: a large cluster of straw-thatched dwellings with larger tiled-roofed official buildings and, high on a cliff overlooking the river, a Memorial Hall.

It was the eve of the birthday of the Japanese Emperor, a year after the annexation in March 1910 of the Korean Peninsula by Japan. So they were introduced forthwith to that "spontaneous enthusiasm" induced by the sale of Japanese flags to the populace by the police, which was to be a feature of their life for the next thirty years.

Chinju, the old capital of the southern province of Kyeng Sang, lies inland some ninety miles from Pusan. In the sixteenth century, when Japan over-ran Southern Korea, a Japanese general was celebrating their victory over Chinju with a banquet to which all the kisaing (geisha) of the provincial capital were summoned to entertain the victors. Naturally, the general reserved for himself the most beautiful girl. When the feast was at its height, she enticed the general to observe the view over-

looking the river. The next instant she had clasped her arms about him and they fell headlong to their deaths. Bereft of their general, the Japanese retired in confusion. Thereafter the name of this kisaing was an honourable one in Chinju, and houses of entertainment abounded.

This was the city which the Australian Presbyterian Mission had chosen for their third centre of work, and Dr Currell had the honour of being its first resident missionary. Dr Currell had already served one term in Chinju and had treated thousands of patients, and now the Paton Memorial Hospital was nearing completion. Dr Currell welcomed with open arms a colleague who would help in the herculean task of overcoming the lag in bringing skilled medical and surgical help to the community.

The hospital was a small and efficient plant but the staff had to be found and trained. If an operation had to be performed, the whole family filed into the hospital and as many as possible crowded into the theatre to see that the relative came to no harm at the hands of the Western doctors. The patients had to be watched constantly. If a limb was set in splints it was not unusual for the victim to pull off both bandages and splints in order to sleep better. Frequently a visitor would hop into bed with a patient. The hospital had only twenty-five beds but they were occupied continually, and, in addition, some 7,000 out-patients were treated annually. Many of the operations were upon patients in an advanced state of disease.

Due to lack of hygienic conditions, Korea was a land of roundworm, threadworm, hookworm and a few other worms only found in Korea. Malaria was universal, and as one doctor wrote: "There are two hundred and fifty types of fever that I have not been able to classify."

Mental patients received no consideration in old Korea. If harmless, they roamed the streets, unwashed, half-naked and unwanted. If violent, they were roped and treated on the principle that the blood had become stagnant and would not flow properly through the natural channels of the body. The treat-

ment is known as the art of Chim, which is a term applied to any kind of instrument used in piercing the flesh of the body. It can also mean the application of heat by other means, such as with a hot piece of wood. When a number of needles were inserted at various parts of the body, it usually met with a response. Chim seems to have been the early crude form of the shock treatment used today.

Tuberculosis was also prevalent. Often it attacked the bone; and again, as in insanity, there were no hospital facilities for those who suffered from this type of disease.

Lepers roamed around and lived in isolated communities, but always came into the towns to beg.

Mission doctors were also ordained ministers so that they could assist in the oversight of the smaller churches. Charles loved visiting the country churches, and who of those who have been missionaries there can ever forget this experience? Koreans do not work by the clock but by daylight, so that services began at any hour, as early as 4 A.M. or as late as 9 P.M. With no privacy in a Korean inn or village, there was always a crowd of Koreans anxious to see how a missionary went about things, particularly washing! On his return Jessie had him organized. He stripped, leaving his clothes in a heap, and stepped from them into a hot bath. Meanwhile, Jessie went through his clothes seam by seam destroying the village lice by the light of a dim oil-lamp.

Under Sir Richard Stawell, for whom he had a tremendous admiration, Charles had been trained thoroughly in neurology. He practised on Koreans, who soon gave him a reputation for having a pair of wonderful healing hands. They flocked from every side. When the hospital was full, he took them home for treatment.

The first necessity of any missionary is some knowledge of the language. But what a language to learn! Four forms of speech: one for the servants, one for one's friends, and another for addressing one's superiors. If a foreigner with a desire to level off society used the high form for the servants, he would

soon be the laughing stock of the whole town. The fourth was used in addressing God. Most missionaries for a time preferred to leave prayer in Church to a Korean rather than get tangled up in the higher levels of language.

In documents and letters Koreans use the classical Chinese characters mixed with their own script. The country people have idioms and dialects of their own. I remember asking my learned teacher what some country people were talking about. He had to confess he didn't know.

Charles was always on the side of the under-dog. In Korea under-dogs existed by the million. How to help, and whom to help first, was the ever-recurring problem. In this connection the McLarens acquired their first adopted child.

When leaving Australia Charles had received £10 from a donor who agreed to make it an annual gift to be used in any way Charles desired. On the strength of this, Charles deputed a Bible-woman, who had once been a procuress and was anxious to atone for her past, to seek out a needy child whom they could educate. She brought two—the younger more attractive, but the eleven-year-old, doubly orphaned, clutched under her arm a cheap red Korean hymn book tied in a piece of white cloth from which she would not be parted. Thus Samseki became a member of the McLaren family. Diligent and intelligent, she had begun her education in a humble village church, the hymn book being her first reader. She now attended the Mission Primary School, and later went to Seoul to High School, and from there to Japan. She was always head of her class. She loved to learn and loved to teach, continuing to do both after her marriage. During the Korean war Samseki and her family were among the refugees who fled from the capital in the winter of 1950 in that death march which killed so many thousands.

Homeless, penniless, with only the clothes she stood up in, she must have wondered why God had spared her life. With 40,000 orphans in one southern province alone, the answer came in a flash—"God needs mothers"; and she vowed to open

her home to as many needy children as she could possibly squeeze in, if God permitted her to have a home to come back to. Faithfully she kept her vow and when, miraculously, she and her husband and their three sons were back in Seoul, they set about this task. At the time of her death she had thirty-two orphans under her charge. "I do not know whether to laugh or cry," wrote one of her sons. "I thought she might let me have a toothbrush and some toothpaste designated for the orphans. 'Are you an orphan?' she asked."

News of the wonderful cures performed at the hospital spread through the countryside and thus the McLarens acquired another daughter. A blind girl of twelve, whose father had died and whose mother had (in the Korean view) disgraced herself by remarrying and had sent her children off to an aunt. With hope overriding fear, the blind girl stole off and begged her way, day after day, befriended by humble villagers, till at nightfall one day she found herself at the foreign compound in Chinju.

"What do you want?" she was asked.

"To receive my sight."

"You will have to wait till tomorrow," said the attendant; "but perhaps they'll let you spend the night here, if you have come so far."

A bowl of hot rice was hurried down.

"Why don't you eat?" she was asked.

"There are no condiments," she replied, with patient dignity.

It was so then and always. She might be blind but she had basic human rights and wished them to be respected.

The next day it became necessary to tell her that her sight could not be restored, but she was offered home and education, which she began in Chinju and continued at the Blind Institute in Pyengyang, where she learned to read and write in Braille before returning to study with sighted children again. Later on, she studied in the Bible Institute in Seoul and spent many years

working in Southern Korea, travelling around the villages with a sighted Bible-woman. She never failed to draw a crowd.

"Fancy that now! We have eyes and can't read. She reads with her fingers," the villagers would say. Then she would tell the Good News: "There are physical eyes and eyes of the soul. God wants us to see with our souls and believe in Him." She had a keen sense of humour and chuckled at the way the Japanese and Korean police, by constant surveillance of their Church activities, became themselves exponents of the Way to the more ignorant country bumpkins.

Love came down at Christmas, runs the hymn. Tuksooni, aged seven, tiny, skinny, barefooted, clad in single-ply jacket and trousers, with cropped head, was found on the school veranda after the night school had had their Christmas treat. Found there by Rev. Arthur Allen, she was entrusted by him to his servant overnight. An outraged servant was earlier than usual to work next day, in spite of the snow. "It isn't a boy, it's a girl-thing. We can't tackle that," he muttered. So she was hurried off to the McLarens. Petrified with cold and fear, she stood in front of the kitchen fire, mute, as she had been throughout, though her teeth indicated that she was old enough to talk. As Charles stood behind the child, he struck a spoon on a tin plate; this told him all he needed to know. Remonstrated with by his wife when the child let out a piercing yell of fright, he gave a satisfied smile: "She isn't deaf and probably isn't dumb either."

Dumping unwanted children might become a habit, so the McLarens had to devise a plan to find her parents. She was sent pick-a-back through the town in the hope that some old gossip might give them a clue. Eventually the mother was found. Her story was that she had left her impecunious first husband, taking her three children with her, but the new husband, an overseer on road construction, refused the girl while agreeing to take the two boys. In her dilemma the mother had left her at the Mission. Remonstrated with, she took back the child and hurried her back to the father. Unable to care for her himself,

he handed her over to his sister. She, penniless, in service with village folk only a little less poor than herself, had two little girls under ten whom she had had to hire out to earn their own living. Miss Scholes learned from this aunt, who was a Christian, how she had trudged back to her village, wondering if it would be a sin to leave the child by the roadside. For what reception would she get at her place of work when she brought along another mouth to feed?

Privation had already added to the child's congenital disabilities, so "Little-So-Big" was added to the McLaren family. At this stage she could be carried easily on one hand. She was slow at learning, slow at growing, but could be kept happy by the hour with a few grains of dye of different colours tied up in muslin, a basin of water, and some odd pieces of silk or cotton to dye. It was too much to expect she would grow up. But little-by-little she responded to medicine and proper food. The little wizened face would be wreathed in smiles when she sighted Charles striding up the steep path from the hospital for his midday meal. After all, *A-pa-jee* (Father), in his strength and tenderness, was the best food and medicine of all. She did live to grow up, improved in her studies, and was happily married. Later she had a baby of her own and no child in Korea was more lovingly tended.

4
FRANCE

The death of Bruce in France unsettled Charles. He knew that his brother hated bloodshed and that only a stern sense of duty would have taken him into the army. Bruce, like himself, was no soldier, being trained only in the ways of peace, and had the ability of the normal professor to withdraw his mind and think out a problem even when surrounded by others. While training, he had been known to wander off the route on to the footpath to walk alone—while the men wondered whether to follow him or stick to the route of the march. Now Bruce was dead and with him had gone another two thousand students from Cambridge. The flower of England's manhood was being offered up to stem the onslaught of the German invasion.

Charles was unhappy. Other missionaries assured him that his place was right where he was. Had not God called him to this

work? But Charles was convinced that his place was in France, so he offered his services through the Consulate. At last he received word that he was accepted and was to be in Tsingtao (China) on the 20th of December 1917. His appointment was as the medical officer of a battalion of Chinese labourers. Charles heard the news with relief. At last he would go to France; maybe he would be able to visit Bruce's grave? He considered this call as much the command of God as the earlier one to work in the hospital at Chinju. The Mission received the news with an eloquent silence. Only Jessie knew that it was no easy decision for Charles to have made.

In a letter to his sister Mary he said:

> How strange that the outcome of the Church's missionary activities should be that missionaries should become a medium through which the nation is enabled to make use of Chinese labour in her struggle against Germany. I hope this will be a step towards the abolition of the present alien exclusion laws which the West adopted towards the East.

At that time in the war-to-end-wars, Japan was an ally of Britain, although she did try to grab a number of concessions in China while Britain was preoccupied elsewhere. The Doctor's departure from Chinju was in the nature of a triumph. The Japanese and the Koreans combined to see he received a hero's farewell. At a special function the Christians presented him with a medal that they struck in his honour. It was a silver heart with a golden cross beaten into it. Together with the medal, he also received a large illuminated address which implied that now the Doctor was going, the war was as good as won! The Japanese, not to be outdone, attended his farewell. The Governor was also present, and presented Charles with an ancient and valuable Japanese sword.

Charles must have found it hard to live up to his new rôle. He remained just the same kindly, good man as before. On one occasion an orderly kicked a coolie. All that Charles did "was to rebuke him". One can imagine the orderly was as perplexed

as the coolie. Who had ever heard an officer rebuking a man in a calm and patient voice!

The route of the recruits to France was via Canada, where they picked up thirty-five Canadian engineers who were to be the brains of the Company. Charles was very interested in these young giants who would tumble off the train and crowd into a candy store to buy and eat lollies like children on a picnic.

Every day brought him nearer to France. As he stood on the deck of the transport he would watch the swell of the waves of the Atlantic, and he found himself constantly thinking of Bruce. Sometimes he wondered if he too would remain there, or was another step in God's purpose for his life going to be revealed to him?

Writing from the ship, he said: "We have an officer in charge of troops on board. He reminds me of Bruce, a fine unassuming fellow who has won the V.C. and D.S.O. He shows signs of the hell he has been through."

Upon arrival in Liverpool Charles with the rest of the Company was directed to Caesar's Camp near Dover and passed over to France the next evening. Their destination was Noyelles. While the other officers of the Company returned to England, Charles shared the work and the Mess of the Chinese General Hospital with about twenty other missionaries from all parts of China. Here he met Dr Ted Stuckey again, a fellow volunteer in student days for missionary work and later of Peking Medical College and Tientsin. He also met Dr Joe Anderson from the nearby Australian Base Hospital.

On the 18th of February he wrote to his mother that he had visited his brother's grave in Abbeville (a great many had died in that August of 1916). At last they found the grave: the clerk of the cemetery tactfully left him. As Charles stood before the grave marked with its white cross, he thought of his brother's splendid living and thinking. He had given so much—no man could give more—and received so little in return, just that simple little brown grave. Then, as the sun broke through the grey skies, lighting up the landscape, there flashed

into his mind the words of the scripture: "I know my brother shall rise again."

It was a grim, hard year; the roar of the great German offensive could be heard away on the Channel. Charles was not perturbed, for as he walked the lanes he heard also the song of the sky-larks overhead. He was content, knowing that it was the will of his Heavenly Father that he should be right there. "We are fighting for a principle, despite our somewhat mixed motives. This principle is right, therefore we shall win." It was a point of view that always annoyed those who disagreed with him, but Charles had rather a Puritan attitude to life. Once in our Masan home we had a meeting, in which we discussed what our attitudes should be to the demand that we worship at the Shinto shrines. "No," said Charles; "it would be wrong: Japan has turned the truth of God into a lie. Time will prove this, and we shall be vindicated." Cold comfort, but the only comfort to those who saw the work of a life-time coming to an end.

After the day's duties were over, Charles would go for long walks. "I get such a lot of time for thinking. Don't say my thinking is a waste of time. Some day people will say, 'That chap McLaren had a bright idea, let's do something about it,' " he would say.

But Charles felt that he could not do other than offer himself for work at the Front. He expressed his attitude thus: "I approve others fighting in this just cause, so I must do my part, too." So he requested his commanding officer to have him sent up the line. On the 23rd of March he wrote: "The Germans started their offensive over a fifty-mile front yesterday and hurled forty divisions against our lines. The hospitals near here are already working at highest pressure." In the same letter he adds: "I am at length fitted up in my uniform, and have also received my commission."

On the 11th of April he received notice from the Colonel to proceed up the line. The battalion to which he was sent was not normally a front-line group but had been sent into the

trenches to help stem the German advance. As he sat down in the Mess that first evening, he shared with the survivors something of their recent experiences. Half their number had been killed within the past day or two, including the medical officer whose place he was taking. The C.O. told him not to go into the line that day, saying: "A pity you should die on your first day."

Charles wrote: "This is a unique opportunity of getting into contact with the fighting men. So many of them suffer from nerves, and I feel so sorry for them. Many are mere youths thrust out to face all that is involved in war. Some need relentless pressure to make them play the man, instead of scheming and shamming to escape their share; others need sympathy and comfort. For some I am sorry, others again I admire immensely; in others I try hard to see the man that could be, not the man that is. Many will make the grade and triumph through the way that lies ahead."

Their aid post was demolished by enemy shell fire, so they continued in the basement and even tunnelled through to another basement, making extra room for sleeping quarters beside the treatment unit. With timbers from the wrecked house they were able to strengthen their roof and were "very comfortable". Charles mentions with appreciation the stray cat that kept his feet warm at night. The curse of the trenches were the rats and the lice. But here Charles was in his element. Was he not one of the lice experts of South Korea! Jessie had taught him that the seams of trousers were the favourite hide-out. This knowledge gained for him a rare distinction: his unit was regarded as the most sanitary in the British Expeditionary Forces or at least in the Fifth Army. Pleased and amused, Charles reported that the powers-that-be wanted him to write a book on "The Problem of Lice in the Army". Despite this curious title, one gathered what he meant. A fellow officer said: "One of the most remarkable sights in France was Charles putting his men through Operation Lice. Each one would

slowly drop his pants while he searched methodically down the seams."

During a lull in the fighting he was able to visit the grave of Jessie's only brother Fred who, after being invalided out of Gallipoli, had succeeded in getting a commission in the R.A.F. and had died of head wounds at Bethune in May 1917, aged twenty-one.

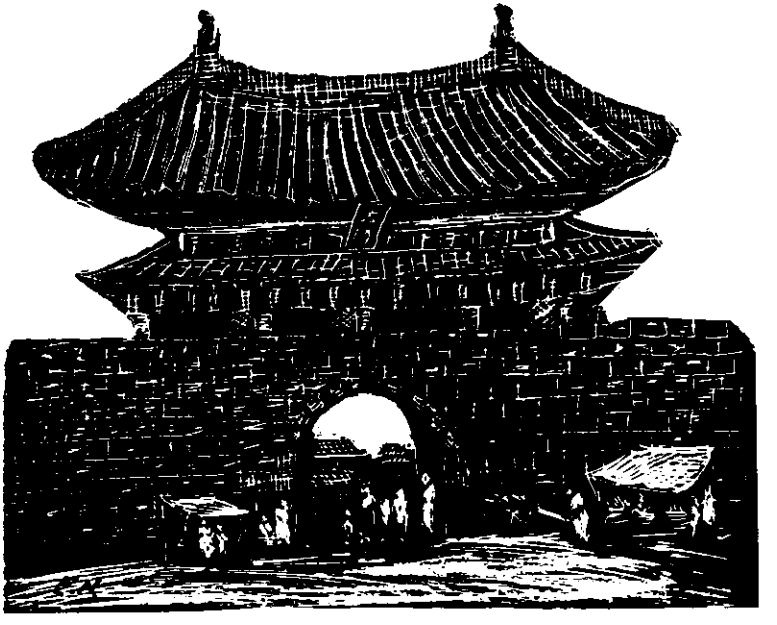
How Charles loved to think! Even front-line life did not cure him. "I am so easily entertained, given a box to sit on and the Universe on which to speculate, what more could a man require?" How like Descartes in the Thirty Years War! But he was practical, too, for we find him offering prizes to the cooks for the best meals prepared from the rations, thus improving the diet of the men. In fact, the competition was quite keen and this was a language every soldier could understand.

Neither had his sense of humour forsaken him, for he tells of a seriously wounded Scot who, upon being tenderly placed upon the stretcher to be sent back to Base, said, "Ye'll no forget ma wee bag."

On the 19th of August Charles writes from a Rest and Instruction Camp to which he had been recommended by his Commanding Officer: "My complete ignorance of army methods has qualified me for this course, and by earnest attention, and by turning myself privately in corners when off-duty, I am learning to left-turn, right-turn and about-turn, and the other elementary evolutions that are the sine qua non of the soldier. I am not bored, but get a lively satisfaction out of it." The adjutant and drill sergeants were puzzled that anyone with so little military knowledge could have obtained a commission. Again, not knowing his Australian background, adjutant, riding instructor and fellow pupils were astonished that he was able to sit a horse when he had made such a poor show at the drill. When in casual conversation with the medical officers, it transpired that Charles was interested in neurology and psychological medicine, so it was suggested he might like to transfer to one of the Base Hospitals where he could specialize in this

work. But he preferred to return to his men and thus, when the Armistice came, he marched with them into Belgium. On route they were reviewed by King George V and the two princes.

It was a wonderful and valuable experience; he had seen the reaction of men under the stress of war—strong men reduced to tears, whole regiments exhausted—and he returned to Korea better fitted to become the pioneer of the science of psychiatry there.



5
RETURN TO CHINJU

In 1919, during Charles' absence from Korea, an independence movement had surged through the land. Its core was the enlightened and educated class; Gandhi's non-violence set its pattern, and Woodrow Wilson's ideal of self-determination for small nations was the spark of hope which helped to set the flame alight. From all over the country students and intelligentsia were arrested and thrown into prison for their passive resistance. Though their hopes were unrealized, a new spirit was taking the place of the inertia bred by the first ten years of Japanese rule under which most important posts were held by Japanese. Women had taken a leading part in the rising. Many unsung heroes and heroines inspired their fellows to fit themselves for the tasks of the future. Many got their first taste of liberal education in their years of imprisonment when highly educated folk shared what they could with less privileged

compatriots. Prison became known as "Our University".

Chinju was not the place Charles had left, for the hospital staff was responding to the stimulus of world affairs and Charles found satisfaction in helping various members of the staff to take periods of study at Severance Medical School and elsewhere. What a new world opened up for the student bacteriologist, for example, when he first entered a laboratory, and spent lonely hours over Charles' microscope!

Leadership had also been stimulated. At one stage the hospital staff was planning to go on strike for an amended salary scale. Getting wind of this, Charles called a meeting of the whole personnel and asked them to propose a new scale. There was prolonged and headache-inducing discussion in which washer women and orderlies took their place with dispensers, dressers, secretary, clerks, nurses, doctors. Each found some other only too ready to whittle down any salary but his own. At length they thankfully abandoned their discussion and decided that the Missions' scale was more equitable than any they could arrange!

After his brother Bruce had been killed in France, Charles decided on a practical memorial. The hospital had hitherto been reached by a narrow footpath leading from the main street of the town. It would be several years before town-planning provided a road. So he offered to finance one, to enable the hospital to be reached by a horse- or ox-drawn vehicle instead of by only pack pony and ricksha. The consequent ease of access was a boon to patients, and a great convenience in cartage of stores. It also helped the hospital morale not to have uniforms bespattered by plunging through mire.

The spiritual side of the work was challenging. By his war experiences Charles was the more convinced that the real cause of mental trouble and breakdown was simply lack of faith brought on often by some crisis. "Increasingly I am coming to believe that lack of faith is the process of the devitalizing of the mind," he said. "Only this year have I been able in my practice of psychological medicine to lay my finger on the

most vital issue, and to make clear to a patient that what he needs is faith."

A youth came to him for treatment to an ulcer of the leg. The treatment was straightforward; it required only simple dressings but it would be prolonged and difficult for the lad to stay long in Chinju, or to make repeated visits from his distant village. "I instructed the dresser to prepare a large bundle of dressings and a supply of ointment and to give them to the patient," said Charles. "He was a free case and there was to be no charge; but the unexpected happened. I discovered that the lad was convinced that medicine in such a considerable amount and free of charge was obviously of no value. The youth lacked faith!"

A recent Japanese Imperial Edict had given to victims of the white slave traffic an opportunity to get free of their bonds by making a statement before a police official. A Japanese woman in a country town had sold herself to help her family. Hearing that missionaries in Chinju were willing to help, she got herself transferred to a brothel in Chinju, and then sent an appeal to the Mission. Charles took up the challenge. He approached the brothel-keeper (who entertained him with very sweet thick cocoa) and told him that he proposed to help the woman to escape, then informed the police that he would escort her to the 7 A.M. bus on a certain day. The brothel-keeper and police threatened action but actually his bold tactics had nonplussed them and the affair passed off without incident. Later two younger Korean women were also enabled to break their bonds.

Earlier, in their second year in Chinju, Charles and his wife were approached on behalf of a famous and beautiful kisaing who had been attending the Church at the suggestion of the nobleman whose concubine she had become. As she said later: "Who would have thought that his introducing me to Church would have struck the blow which severed our connection." She had signified her intention of renouncing her past life but was hampered by the bond of filial affection. For her father

had no son and she was expected to produce a male child to carry on the ancestral sacrifices. It was felt she might be strengthened by closer association with the missionaries. So she came daily to their home, helping with house-keeping and language advice and reading with Jessie the Bible and hymn book. Once Jessie asked her to teach her some Korean songs. With an unforgettable expression she took the little Korean hymn book in her hands and said, "Learn these, all of them are pure." Later on, when she was in Seoul with the McLarens when Charles was lecturing at Severance, someone succeeded in persuading her to contract a relationship of concubinage with a most eligible young Vice-Governor of a Province. But, when all arrangements were made, and Jessie had been unable to persuade her against the step, Jessie mentioned that Charles had said what a pity it was that such a noble character should be the victim of a system that forced her into such a life.

"Did Dr McLaren say that of me?" she asked. "If such a good man thinks me noble, I'll break this contract and continue in the Christian way."

And she did.

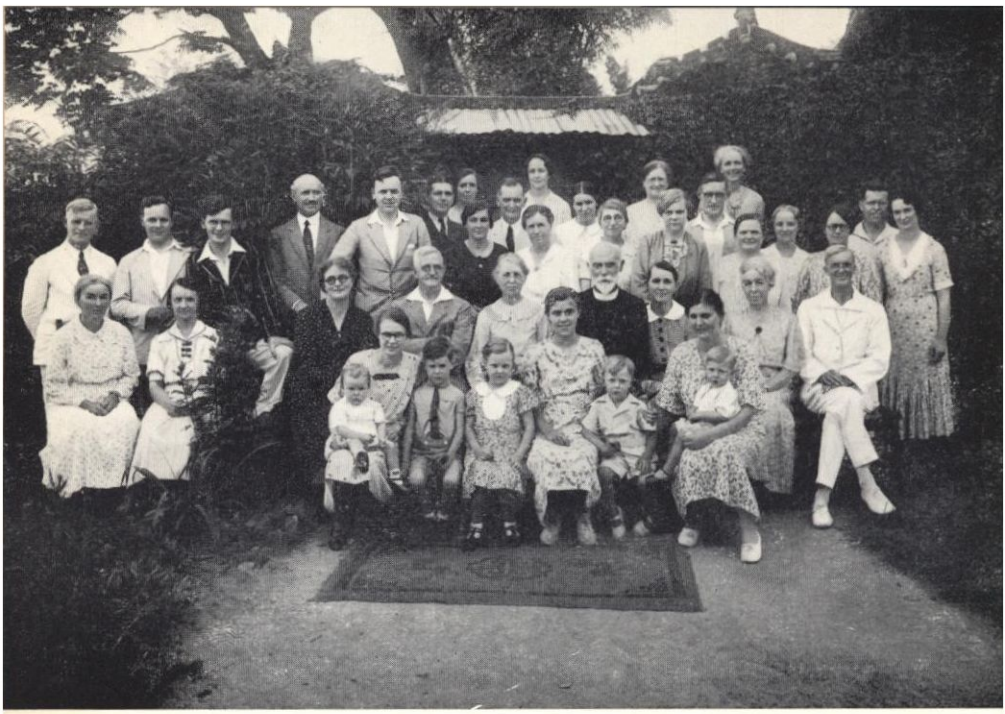
It was the irony of fate, or shall we say, the triumph of the Christian way, that when at length her father died he asked that he might have a Christian funeral and not an old-time ancestral one.

The dislike and hatred of Koreans for the Japanese, dating from the over-running of their country in the sixteenth century, was fomented by the annexation of Korea in 1910. They had full justification, for no Korean ever had a soul to call his own in a police state governed by the Japanese. However, there were many Japanese who did what they could to mend the rift between the two nations.

One of the finest governors ever sent to Korea was Baron Saito, who had retired from the Japanese Navy. On one occasion he sent for Charles, who thought it must be a matter of medical importance. But the Governor had been reading the life of Sir Francis Drake, also an admiral, and he was interested

The arrival of the two girls whom they adopted.
Samseki carries a hymn book

The wedding of Samseki to Yi Wangun



THE STAFF OF THE AUSTRALIAN MISSION, 1937

This was taken at Fusan during the critical period at the beginning of the war in China

FRONT ROW: Mrs Borland with Ruth (ON LAP), Douglas and Robin; Sheila McKenzie with Geoffrey New; Mrs New with John

SECOND ROW: Mrs Trudinger, Mrs Cottrell, Miss D. Hocking, Dr and Mrs Taylor, Rev. J. Noble McKenzie and Mrs McKenzie, Mrs Macrae and Rev. F. Macrae

THIRD ROW: Rev. M. Trudinger, Rev. A. Cottrell, Rev. J. Stuckey, Rev. A. Wright, Rev. F. Borland, Miss E. Kerr, Miss M. Davies, Miss M. Withers, Miss E. Dixon, Miss A. Skinner, Mrs F. Cunningham, Mrs A. Wright, Rev. and Mrs H. Lane

BACK ROW: Rev. E. W. New, Miss B. Dunn, Dr C. I. McLaren, Miss D. Leggatt, Miss C. Ritchie, Miss S. Scott, Rev. F. Cunningham and Miss M. Alexander

Old Gateway of the City of Pyengyang

The McLaren home in Seoul

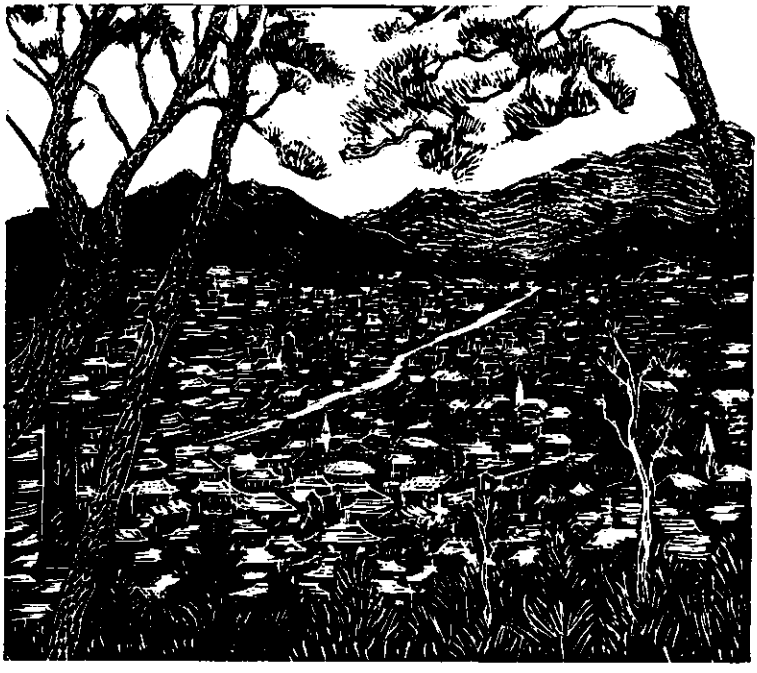
Ewha College. Mrs McLaren planned the layout of the grounds

Some of the students

that Drake's relaxation was the game of bowls. He knew Australians also played this ancient game, therefore Charles, being an Australian, must also be a keen bowler. Charles knew nothing of the game. He imparted his lack of knowledge to the Governor, yet at the same time established a firm friendship with this Christian Japanese. He mourned when the revolting section of the Japanese Army murdered Saito in 1936.

In the closing years of their time in Chinju Charlie and Jessie were happy to entertain in their home for a few days the first Travelling Secretary of the newly formed Korean Young Women's Christian Association. This was a prelude to years of work together in Seoul.

In February 1923 Rachel Reeve McLaren was born. "Anything, even a girl, is good enough at 40" was the welcome extended by the large circle of Korean friends who had been hopefully anticipating a son. A family of three adopted Korean daughters and the new baby accompanied Dr and Mrs McLaren when he was transferred to Seoul.



6
SEVERANCE

Seoul, the capital of Korea, is a city that has long since outgrown its old walls and gates. These gates, which once were closed at nightfall, have now outlived their usefulness. But people still continue to speak of the South gate or the East gate.

Severance Hospital is situated at the South gate. A building in Western style, it grew from the work of an American, Dr H. Allen, and Dr Avison, a British subject working with the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. Dr Allen, a Presbyterian physician, arrived in Korea in 1884, eighteen years after the last massacre of the French Christian martyrs. He won the confidence of the Royal family when he saved the life of a prince who was in danger of death after an attack by a band of

assassins. The King, in gratitude, opened the country again to missionary doctors and teachers, and established a small hospital with the flowery name of "The Place of Help for Many". The name "Severance" honours an American family whose generous donations provided additional buildings—a college and a nursing school.

At first suspicious, the Koreans afterwards came in great numbers, and the hospital grew in size and fame. Most of the thousands treated were unable to pay, and at one period over 25,000 attended in one year. In addition, over 15,000 free day-treatments were given annually—the largest free charity in Korea.

The hospital was under Union control; in other words, the missionaries, with a tolerance not usually seen in the home countries, got together to support and help this wonderful piece of work. There was no specialist on the staff with a knowledge of pediatrics and neurology, so they welcomed Dr McLaren with open arms. They gave him a warm handshake, a small office and their blessing; but left him to find everything else himself. With the assistance of the mission and friends, Charles built a unit of eight beds. The hospital gave the land, but as for the annual support, that was a matter for the Australian Mission. Charles now found himself the only neurologist in a country with a population of over 20,000,000.

Around Seoul is a ring of mountains, the most famous of which is Puk Han (North Mountain). Jessie was anxious to pick an attractive site for their new home, and she chose a spot which gave them an excellent view of this mountain with its ancient fort silhouetted against the sky line. One could hardly call it an Englishman's castle, for when the hospital filled up Charles brought odd patients home for treatment. From time to time missionaries would also arrive looking for a few comforts denied them in the hotels. Having been in the country villages, they usually arrived dressed in the latest style of five years before. This rather motley gathering filled the house to overflow-

ing. No one can estimate the regard we younger members of the staff had for Charles and Jessie, with their generosity.

Jessie was happy; not only could she entertain friends, see that stray Koreans were fed and looked after properly, but she found a wonderful opportunity in giving her services to the Ewha College. She had taken honours in History and Philosophy at school and university and began teaching History and Bible. Passionately fond of flowers, she was later commissioned to act as honorary curator of the new College grounds. She laid out the beds and sent coolies in every direction to obtain grass turf and small trees. The grounds grew in splendour; but as the lawns improved, so the graves of the surrounding districts became bare. To her horror she found that the coolies were stripping turf from them, which explained why they could only deliver when the moon was full. The coolies could not care less, but the relatives would have been distinctly annoyed at these acts of desecration.

Of the minority groups in Seoul, none were in a more pitiful state than the White Russians. After the revolution of 1917 many of them drifted to Harbin, Mukden and down to Wonsan in Korea. Usually the Japanese suspected them of communist tendencies, despite the fact that it was this new doctrine that had driven them from their homes. The Japanese treated them badly, but, lacking passports, they had nowhere else to go.

One evening when the McLaren family was preparing to go south to the Mission council meetings, a poor White Russian woman of their acquaintance came begging that they provide her with shelter as police were demolishing her hovel. She was not alone but came with seventy chickens and a few goats. She was desperately sick and the doctor immediately got her into the hospital. The chickens and goats were housed in the washhouse. On their return later, they found she had committed suicide by cutting her wrists, taking poison and hanging herself. As a fellow White Russian exclaimed: "How much she wanted to die!"

Charles loved his staff; their problems were his, and their joys his joys. On one occasion he took as an assistant a young medical student who two years before had suffered a nervous breakdown. For some months he had been in the mental hospital. Having made an excellent recovery, he had been on probation in the clinic. Charles was happy about his complete recovery and thought that he could get permission for him to renew his medical studies. The matter was referred to the faculty, but they were unmoved and would not reinstate a student with such a history. It was a natural enough point of view, but Charles was most indignant.

As he said: "It is impossible, surely. In our attitude to a patient who has suffered from a psychosis, to accept it as inevitable and beyond remedy and to sit down under the shadow of a dreaded recurrence is not the kind of help we should extend towards this sickness."

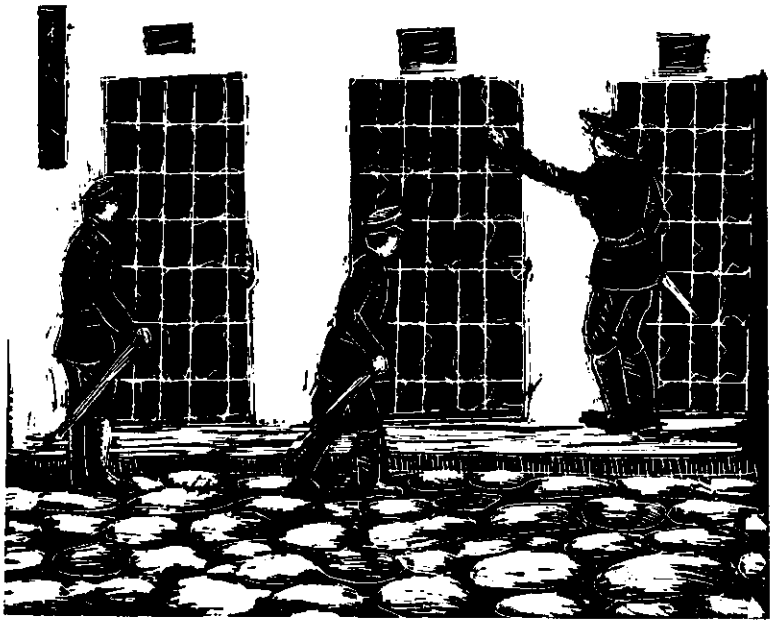
His watchword was seek out the cause, find the remedy, rehabilitate the patient.

"To deny the hope of a cure seems that we have not emerged from a fatalism scarcely to be distinguished from superstition," he said. "It denies the faith alike of scientific medicine and of Christianity, for both of them teach that nature is understandable and can be brought under control."

Charles felt like a man working feverishly against time; it must be his main purpose to train Koreans. For it was becoming increasingly evident that for a number of reasons there might be no second generation of Western experts to carry on the work of Christian education. Therefore, if the work was to go on, Koreans must be trained as quickly as possible. He wanted Dr Lee, his assistant, to go to Vienna, but he could not finance it himself. He prayed, and sure enough £300 came to him as a donation from Australia.

The clouds of war were gathering; the preparations of the Japanese were more than they would require for the war in China. At any moment a greater war might begin. As he

worked he prayed, "Just a little more time, O Lord, just a little more time." Jessie and Rachel had left for Australia, and still Charles worked on; every day counted and his work was not yet completed. When in March 1941 his furlough fell due, Charles decided to stay, for now if at any time a Christian doctor was needed.



7
IN PRISON

The ultimatum of the Japanese that all Christians must bow at the Shinto shrines threatened to wreck the churches as well as the missions. Some missionaries wished to conform and save the churches and the schools; others refused, although they knew that the penalty would be that we would lose our educational institutions as well as our opportunities in the churches. For Charles, the issue was quite clear: the way of the shrines was a godless one, and no Christian could bow. During this controversy he became a marked man, and if war broke out he would immediately be arrested.

As an ex-naval man and living in Masan, a naval port, I was always regarded as a spy. When war was inevitable, my secretary came up one morning and said, "You must leave immediately." Fortunately, I was due for furlough and was able to get away. As the days darkened, many of the women

and children sailed for home, and the staff of the Mission thinned down until Dr McLaren, Rev. A. C. and Mrs Wright, and the Rev. H. and Mrs Lane were all who remained.

Pearl Harbour was a staggering blow to all, particularly to those who now found themselves in enemy territory. On the morning after this disaster a Korean detective called to tell Charles that war had broken out. That same evening half-a-dozen policemen arrived at the house. At first Charles thought they had come for the usual interview, but he was arrested and taken to the police station.

He says: "I was stripped naked, and naked I stepped into a cell. Like a flash came the words of St Paul, 'Nothing can separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus, nor nakedness.' It was mid-winter and cold, so I was pleased when a little later they returned my clothes with a dressing gown and a blanket. There was no furniture, my pillow was a log of wood, the latrine a shaft in the floor. There was little ventilation, a barred hole in the wall only, and by the light that came through it I judged the time. I had no books, and was not allowed to talk. During the period of eleven weeks I washed once; to get this wash I was roped with another prisoner and led out of the cell. To get toilet paper I called to the guard who rolled some in a ball and pushed it through the bars of the door. My Korean servants were allowed to keep me supplied with hot and nourishing food. At first I was alone, but later the cell filled up with others. Ten prisoners shared with me a cell 15-by-15 feet. Any small breach of the regulations was visited by swift consequences. The prisoners were tripped and kicked. Another form of punishment was to order us to raise our arms above our heads for long periods.

"I did have opportunities of sharing, and, I hoped, faithfully, with my fellow Korean prisoners. New meaning came to me of the words of St Paul written in his prison days."

After many protests Charles received his glasses, New Testament and a Japanese study book.

"Perhaps the strangest medical consultation I ever received

in my professional life occurred during my imprisonment," he said. "The guard on duty heard that I was a medical man and a specialist in nervous diseases. He was a sexual neurasthenic and the distinguishing characteristic of that type of man is to confide and seek relief from his anxieties; here was a golden opportunity and without fee! I could not help being amused at the whole situation; from the rostrum on which he was sitting on guard over us and in the full hearing of the scores of other prisoners, who, no doubt, were quite interested, he shouted out to me his symptoms and complaints, of a most intimate and personal nature, and wanted to know what to do about it. I saw the essence of his problem and at the top of my voice told him how his symptoms were to be dealt with and his problems solved.

"I suppose it was the British streak in me, but I wanted to try and keep up my appearance; a difficult task when one is unwashed, shoeless, collarless, tieless, with an unkempt beard, and finger-nails like talons. Nevertheless, I did what I could. I washed in drinking water, a drop or so at a time, used a splinter from the floor to clean my nails, my talons were effective for combing my hair, and I even did my best to dry clean my clothes. I was not depressed and remained cheerful.

"When Singapore fell, I was met with the taunt that something must have gone wrong with my prayers. To which I replied: 'Not at all, I never prayed that Singapore would not fall.'

"The guards were insistent that all prisoners must bow in the direction of Tokyo to do *muk to*, as it is called in Korea. I did kneel every morning when at prayer, but in any direction except that of Tokyo. The guard had noticed this and asked me why I did not bow as I should in the direction of his Imperial Majesty, the Son of Heaven. I explained that as a Christian I could not do so."

"His answer reminded me of an incident in France. The rations consisted of pork and beans and one of the Chinese coolies happened to be a devout Mohammedan and therefore

left the pork. The sergeant was annoyed. I explained the situation. 'Tell the man,' he replied, 'that there are only two religions allowed in the British Army, C. of E. and R.C., and he must eat his rations.' "

Charles had a good deal of time for thinking, his favourite pastime. One of the things he proposed doing if he ever got back to Australia was to go to a police station and see how they did things there. He was sure that our men did not use the teapot torture, which meant that a prisoner was turned upside down and then had hot water with red pepper poured down his nostrils; also, he felt that we did not use the unsporting tortures of giving a prisoner electric shocks, or beating them until they were unconscious. One day he was overjoyed to hear the voice of Dr Kim, the Superintendent of the hospital; he thought at first he had come to help him, but later found he also had been put under arrest.

Charles regarded the whole incident of his imprisonment as an education which threw light on the "blessings" of the New Order Japan was about to confer on East Asia. And more so when later he heard of the shocking treatment which had been meted out by the Japanese in the countries which they overran.

Although an expert on the art of dealing with lice, Charles confessed that at last he was beaten; the lice won. One guard, taking pity on him, surreptitiously gave him a packet of insectibane, and from then on by using it carefully he had no further trouble. What he really did appreciate was the warm hand which the guard placed on his shoulder and with which he patted him affectionately.

God was with him in the cell; of that Charles was convinced.

"No sacred building in which I ever worshipped proved itself more surely a place where God was near," he said. "I prayed for my friends, my fellow Christians among the Koreans, I prayed for my enemies, for my family and for the Church Universal. My time of confinement taught me that 'Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage.' The

soul of man is free and with one's imagination one can always step out through the thickest walls and from the deepest dungeon."

On the 23rd of February, seventy days later, he was taken to where four other members of the Australian Mission had been interned in a Mission Home. It was a wonderful reunion.

Their departure from Korea was triumphant; the Koreans, learning of their impending departure, lined the route and even forced their way on to the pier, singing hymns and giving them a joyous and loving farewell.

But it was a sad day. All of them had come to love Korea, and they wondered if they would ever see it again, and worried over the fate of their Korean friends. In Kobe, where they remained for about two months, they were joined by others from Manchuria and Mongolia. Sailing on the exchange ship *Tatsuta Maru*, they went to Lourenco Marques in Portuguese East Africa. In November they reached Australia.

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Charles wrote: "November '42. So this is Australia! How rich! How wonderful! How packed with wealth and warmth of welcome! Journeys have ended in lovers' meetings. . . . And now we are really back and want to do our bit for that better world that must be made out of all this turmoil."

The situation in Australia was tense; Mr Curtin, the Prime Minister, had spoken of a scorched-earth policy, and there was still a real fear of a Japanese invasion. Charles was anxious to get into the fray, but he was too old now to join the services. Instead, his knowledge of the Japanese language was sought by the army, and he was attached to the educational section. He lectured extensively to the personnel, and his services were greatly appreciated by the authorities. However, one wonders

if at times his lectures were a little above the heads of the troops. They considered all Japanese as b————s, while Charles thought of them as mentally sick men. The substance of his talks is contained in his *Preface to Peace with Japan* in which he states that the real solution of the problem is not merely reconciliation between Australians and Japanese, but reconciliation between the Japanese and God. The Right Hon. R. G. Menzies, in the foreword for the second edition, wrote: "Dr McLaren goes to the root, and reminds us with unswerving accuracy that real peace will be something that resides in the heart and spirit of man. It is the man that counts. If we believe in Christianity, we must see in it the essential element in a new world. It always was an easy religion to state; it was and is still a profoundly difficult religion to apply."

Charles did not consider non-violence as adequate. Pacifists have described war as murder. Wars should not be so designated, for that is neither true nor helpful. If war is murder, men who make war are murderers. Are we prepared to so designate Abraham Lincoln, who said: "With malice to none and charity to all, struggle for the right"? And God gave him to see the right in the civil war he sought to avert. That was Charles' reasoning. "I do not condone the horrors of war," he said, "but I want all to think about it clearly."

Charles lived in prayer and with his Bible, but, even so, his brethren in the Presbyterian Assembly sometimes found it difficult to understand what he attempted to say. Rev. J. Stuckey said: "Sometimes the excitement of a discovery in the Bible made his speeches in the Assembly turgid and difficult to follow, but members always recognised that he was one of the mighty men of God who wrestle with problems which have always puzzled men since the beginning of time, and that he was bringing back answers that were true."

On one occasion the Assembly was wrestling with the question of communism, and Charles was requested to publish an analysis and a policy for the Church from the Christian point of

view. A member of the staff of a Melbourne newspaper was given a copy of this published report to read. He struggled with it for a fortnight and then said, "It is beyond me; if I were to put it on one side for a number of years and then pick it up, I believe I would not only find it perfectly clear but also true."

I discussed this with Charles and said, "You know, I always think of you as a type of lung-fish; when I was on the coast of New Guinea I was fascinated by them; they would come out of the primeval mud and ooze, crawl up a mangrove root, take a long look around and then go back; probably the other fish could not understand what they were talking about. That is how you sometimes seem to me; we ordinary mortals live too much in the ooze."

Charles was convinced that the error of communism was that it was godless, and his book was written so that fellow-travellers might be diverted into proper channels of thought and action.

After his return to Australia, Charles devoted himself with tremendous energy to various crusades. He had always thought strongly about the White Australia policy. And he was most indignant about the Gamboa case, in which a soldier of the American Army who had married an Australian was refused admittance to see her in this country. The reason: He was a Filipino. Charles decided that to make his views public he would oppose the Hon. A. A. Calwell in the elections. He had not the slightest desire to go into parliament, but it would give him a very good opportunity to influence Australian public opinion. Charles lost his deposit but had a very wonderful time.

On my return from a couple of exhausting periods of service with the Royal Australian Air Force in Korea and Malaya, I happened to be travelling on the same tram as Charles.

"Where are you now?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm in the country—I went there for a rest."

"What are you doing?"

"Thinking," I replied.

"Don't be so silly," said Charles, and then added: "You know, that's what they always say to me."

It was quite true; Charles was always thinking, and much of it was dealing with the thought: "How can we make the power of God work in the mental diseases to which mankind is prone?" This was the refrain to the music of all his thinking. As far back as his Richard Stawell Oration, he had written: "What then, and this the all-important question, is the truth that can save us all? Emphatically it is not, as has been cynically said, at the bottom of a deep well. The simple practical truth for living is, I believe, as the sun shines in mid-heaven which men may see if only they do not bury themselves in the deep tunnels of their own selfishness, pride and fear. Truth for living has come into human life, in the person of Jesus Christ, the great Physician and Teacher of our race."

Always right to the end of life Charles was concerned with the mind of man and with its diseases. He was very friendly with that great Melbourne Christian doctor, John Fisher Williams. When Williams' life was cut off all too suddenly, it was Charles who stepped into the breach and carried on his practice until other arrangements could be made. With his accustomed energy, he threw his weight with others into the planning and establishing of a memorial clinic to carry on the work that Williams had begun.

In some ways Charles seemed to experience an Indian summer, a return of energy to give in service before he went to live with his Master. He worked unceasingly for the A.S.C.M. He was active in the public relations committee of the Church, he never lost his interest in the work of Foreign Missions. He called a meeting of doctors to get them interested in the Vellore Medical University in India. He wrote and published booklets and, as time allowed, he revised his last still-unpublished manuscript, "The Resurrection of Jesus Christ"; actually he had

finished it years before, but he hesitated to put it into print because he felt still some more light would come to him. It did come, on that day in October 1957 when he crossed the river that was neither too difficult nor deep. If one can sum up in a few words the life of this most remarkable and lovable man, it is in his own words:

Man without God gets nowhere,
Man with God can get anywhere.

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often came to his fellows as revelations—like brilliant lightning flashes in a murky sky.

He was also a man of more than usual idealism, a man who would without hesitation forgo comfort and safety to do what he considered was right according to God's Will. And he lived his long life in a spirit of service and prayerfulness, which enabled him to endure with cheerful humility and courage the horrors of the First World War in France and the brutalities of imprisonment by the Japanese in Korea during the Second. But nothing, so his contemporaries and his captors learned, could quench his joyful Christian faith.

THE AUTHOR

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It was while serving as a missionary in Korea before the Second World War that he formed a lasting friendship with Dr. McLaren and his family.

Mr. New served with the Royal Navy in the First World War, as a combatant, and in the Australian Army and Air Force in the Second World War as a chaplain. He returned to Korea during the Korean War on special duties for the R.A.A.F., and afterwards served with the Far-Eastern Air Force in Malaya.

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