

# The Family Letters of Dr. Robert Wilson

(i) *Thursday, December 9, 1937*

If you are getting the same sort of radio reports that we are, you are undoubtedly rather alarmed for our safety here. Well we are a little concerned ourselves. I am writing this to the tune of big guns firing just outside of the city. Today I counted eight fires going at once both inside and outside of the city. Japanese advance guards have reached the walls in several places. The Embassy has all departed for the gunboat [U.S.S. *Panay*] after a last effort to get us on. The official air raid tally must now come to a close as today was one long raid from morning until night. The sirens sounded once in the morning and then didn't bother to sound for the rest of the day. Japanese planes could be seen most of the day bombing both within and without the city. We received a number of casualties and the hospital is again filling up. We have a pretty good nursing staff now but still only the three doctors, Trim [Dr. C. S. Trimmer] and myself and the little fellow from Kiangyin (who claims to have a medical training though we haven't been able to unearth any evidence of it yet). [...]

Counting up today I find I have nine fractured legs at the hospital, four amputation stumps with severe infection, all open flap amputations in an attempt to save the patients' lives, three ruptured appendices now draining, two fractured (no, it's four) arms besides a host of other surgical conditions, most of them severe. With such a charge, there seems to be nothing to do except to take a chance on the Japanese shelling, the Chinese looting or whatever else may be in store for us.

My little shrapnel and bullet collection is increasing daily and I will be able to open a respectable museum before the war is over. The International Committee, of which five members are here at the house, are doing a splendid piece of work but the outcome is a matter of grave concern. The Japanese definitely say they will not recognize it. In this zone around us here, we now have about a hundred thousand poor people crowded into all the available buildings. What will happen to them is mere conjecture. The committee has gathered great quantities of rice and stored them in the University chapel. The zone is all marked with flags and banners and so far the Japanese have not bombed it. We still have hopes that even if they do not recognize it they might respect it. If they do, it will mean the saving of thousands of lives of poor people. The hospital has its work cut out for it. Trim is heading up a sanitation committee for the zone.

So far we have continued both our electricity and city water but expect both to go shortly. [Archibald] Steele, the *Chicago Daily News* reporter, got a baptism of fire today when he went with [Associated Press reporter] Yates McDaniel to Kwanghua Men [Gate]. They reached there to find Japanese machine gun bullets whistling over the wall over their heads. Chinese were replying from the wall. Several airplanes then started to dive practically overhead and a number of bombs dropped within two hundred yards of them. A good many Chinese soldiers were killed. The radio reports suggest that the fall of the city will come in a day or so and we think it entirely possible. There has not been much looting though we got in the hospital this afternoon an old lady of 72 who had been shot twice by a pistol by a Chinese looter, the first shot passed through the metacarpals of her left hand and the second shattered her thigh. I have the second bullet in my collection.

The air has been heavy with smoke all day and the

city looks more like Pittsburgh than our Nanking. A terrific explosion occurred about supper time and I happened to be looking at the spot when the explosion occurred. There was a big fire around Hansi Men and suddenly the sky was lighted with a huge flare from the center of the fire. After a few seconds the boom came. It must have been a big collection of ammunition. I was on my bicycle heading home from the hospital at the time.

(ii) *Tuesday, December 14*

[ . . . ] The battle of Nanking is finished and gone. It is a pathetic thing to see a breakdown of morale. The Chinese morale broke all of a sudden and we were treated to the full effects of it. My last note as I recall was written last Friday but I'm not at all sure. We have been very busy treating cases wounded by the aerial bombing. On Saturday the big guns began to creep closer to the city. We could see a couple of observation balloons somewhere in the vicinity of Spirit Valley. We had all kinds of trouble with wounded soldiers. We could not receive them as we were in the so-called safety zone but we treated them by the score and tried to get them to the military hospitals which were very sketchy institutions.

On Sunday the Japanese were pounding the city wall in several places and they made a breach near Kwanghua Men but were repulsed. Then suddenly starting about dusk on Sunday night the morale broke and all night the Chinese soldiers streamed north towards Hsia Kwan by the thousands. There was no discipline and they threw away all their guns and equipment which lay scattered all over the roads. They say the situation at Hsia Kwan was appalling as there were no boats to take them across the river. Thousands were drowned as crude put-together rafts were overturned and what small boats there were were overcrowded and sunk.

The looting on their way out was not marked as they

didn't seem to have time. The Japanese big guns shelled the city throughout the night. Numerous fires were started and our windows rattled practically all night. Needless to say we didn't get much sleep. Working in the hospital and particularly the operating room with the big guns going is a rather uncomfortable job. The Japanese seemed to respect the safety zone remarkably with their big gun fire and so none of us came near to being actually hit. The Chinese had spent two days barricading Chungshan [Sun Yat-sen] Road right in front of the hospital and up to Sunday night we were gravely concerned as the hospital formed one border of the barricade. The rout on Sunday night however left the nicely built sand-bag barrier just as they had built it without a single defender.

On Monday morning the 13th, exactly four months after the trouble started in Shanghai, the Japanese entered the city by several gates at once. Some came in Hoping Men in the north and some in Hansi and Kwanghua Mens in the west and south-east respectively. By night they had complete control of the city and numerous Japanese flags flew from various places including their former embassy.

The entire remaining population of Nanking, some 150 or 200 thousand individuals, were crowded into the zone I have described earlier as the refugee zone. The International Committee are doing a tremendous job with them and there is no doubt but that they have saved thousands of lives by their efforts. At the last moment thousands of Chinese soldiers threw away their uniforms and equipment and donned looted civilian clothes and crowded into the zone. Handling them is a grave problem in itself. Doubly grave has it become since the Japanese have not been fooled and are rounding them up by the hundreds and shooting them, putting their bodies in the conveniently handy dug-outs built for air-raid protection.

Any civilian who shows no signs of fear and goes qui-

etly about his business in the daytime seems relatively safe. Nobody is safe at night. Last night Mr. Chi, architect for the university and left behind to look after the buildings as best he could, was only saved from shooting by the intervention of Charlie Riggs, who stoutly maintained that Chi was his coolie. They then came over to our place with another Chinese University staff man, Mr. Ku, and all three stayed the night on some cots we put up in the living room. Steele of the *Chicago Daily News* also slept there and we totalled eleven people sleeping on the main floor and up, and I completely lost track of the innumerable Chinese that slept in the basement. The servants are rightly scared to death. To finish this paragraph more or less as it began, any civilian that shows signs of fear or tries to run away is promptly bayoneted. I sewed up one severed trachea this afternoon and we have had several dozen cases of bayonetting.

This morning we were treated to a thorough though unofficial inspection by thirty or so Japanese troops with fixed bayonets. They poked into everything. [James] McCallum, [Dr. C. S.] Trimmer and I showed them around and they would jabber away in Japanese while we would jabber away in both Chinese and English and neither had any idea what the other was saying. They lined up some of the nurses and took away their pens, flashlights and wrist watches. They did a pretty good job of looting the nurses' dormitory, taking all kinds of petty things. So far there has been no physical violence done to any of our staff.

Yesterday afternoon, before the Japanese had gotten complete control of the city but after most of the heavy guns had quieted down, I thought it would be safe to operate on an eye. The man had had a severe eye injury from a bomb several days earlier and the eye had to be removed to save the other one. As the eye was about half removed a terrific explosion occurred about fifty yards away as a

shell exploded right on the corner of the Christian Mission church in the next yard. I happened to be facing the window and raised my head to see the cloud rising from the explosion. Four pieces of metal came through the windows of the operating room and two of them have been added to my collection which is growing steadily. The operating room nurses were naturally pretty shaky and wanted to know if we should continue the operation. There was obviously nothing else to do but I don't think many eyes have come out that fast. The corner of the Church is pretty badly smashed. Another shell from the same source entered the new dormitory of the University and exploded. Fortunately neither shell either killed or wounded a soul.

We have added another young Chinese doctor to the staff also from the Kiangyin hospital. He seems to have a little more medical knowledge than the other one and I have had him help me once or twice in the operating room. The three Kiangyin nurses I have there have been doing beautifully. I did eleven operations today including the inevitable amputation. We have considerably over one hundred patients now and I didn't manage to get around to see them all today. One ward I had to leave over. The electricity is naturally off as is the water supply and now the telephone is off so we have few of our modern conveniences commonly regarded as necessities. What we are going to use for food shortly is something we can only guess at. I hope mail becomes established again shortly as I would like to get this off to you all and needless to say it would be rather grand to hear from everyone again.

(iii) *Wednesday, December 15*

It would be interesting to see what is in the headlines of your papers. We received confirmation today of the sinking of the U.S.S. *Panay* on which we all were supposed to be by Japanese bombing. You undoubtedly have fuller in-

formation than we have. Our story says that an Italian newspaper correspondent and an American captain of one of the Socony river steamers were killed and a number wounded including [Second Secretary] Hall Paxton. The group were taken directly to Shanghai by the U.S.S. *Oahu* so that we have not seen any of them.

The hospital gets busier every day. We are about up to our normal capacity as far as patients go. There were about thirty admissions today and no discharges. We can't discharge any patients because they have no place to go. About ten of the hundred and fifty cases are medical and obstetrical and the rest are surgical. Neither of our Chinese doctors have the ability to care for them except under careful supervision, so that keeps me humping. Yesterday I wrote that I had eleven operations. Today I had ten operations in addition to seeing the patients in the ward. I got up early and made ward rounds on one ward before coming home to breakfast. After breakfast I spent the morning seeing the other wards and then started operating after lunch.

The first case was a policeman who had had a bomb injury to his forearm shattering the radius and severing about three-fourths of the muscles. He had had a tourniquet on for about seven hours and any attempt to stop the hemorrhage would have completely shut off the remainder of the circulation to the hand. There was nothing to do but an amputation. The next case was a poor fellow who had a large piece of metal enter his cheek and break off a portion of the lower jaw. The metal was extracted as well as several teeth imbedded in the broken off portion of the jaw. Then came a series of cases under the fluoroscope with Trim's assistance. One fellow had a piece of shrapnel in his parotid gland, it having severed his facial nerve. Another had a bullet in his side. It had entered his epigastrium and gone straight through his stomach. He vomited

a large quantity of blood and then felt better. His condition is excellent and I don't believe I will have to do a laparotomy on him at all. I got the bullet out of the side without difficulty. Another case had his foot blown off four days ago. He was very toxic and I did an open flap amputation of his lower leg. Another case was that of a barber bayoneted by Japanese soldiers. The bayonet had cut the back of his neck severing all the muscles right down to the spinal canal, through the interspinous ligaments. He was in shock and will probably die. He is the only survivor of the eight in the shop, the rest having all been killed.

The slaughter of civilians is appalling. I could go on for pages telling of cases of rape and brutality almost beyond belief. Two bayoneted cases are the only survivors of seven street cleaners who were sitting in their headquarters when Japanese soldiers came in without warning or reason and killed five of their number and wounded the two that found their way to the hospital. I wonder when it will stop and we will be able to catch up with ourselves again.

(iv) *Saturday, December 18*

Today marks the sixth day of the modern Dante's Inferno, written in huge letters with blood and rape. Murder by the wholesale and rape by the thousands of cases. There seems to be no stop to the ferocity, lust and atavism of the brutes. At first I tried to be pleasant to them to avoid arousing their ire but the smile has gradually worn off and my stare is fully as cool and fishy as theirs.

Tonight as I came back from supper to stay here for the night I found three soldiers had ransacked the place. Miss [Iva] Hynds had accompanied them to the back gate. Two of them arrived and the other had disappeared. He must be hiding somewhere around the place. I motioned to the others outside stating in no uncertain terms that





Members of the International Committee for the Nanking Safety Zone, *from left*: Ernest Forster (American), Plumer Mills (American), John Rabe (German), Lewis Smythe (American), Eduard Sperling (German), and George Fitch (American). (Special Collections, Yale Divinity School Library, Forster Papers, Record Group No. 8.)



Members of the International Committee for the Nanking Safety Zone, *from left*: A. Zial (Russian), Rupert Hatz (Austrian), John Rabe (German), John Magee (American), and Cola Podshivaloff (Russian). (Special Collections, Yale Divinity School Library, Forster Papers, Record Group No. 8.)



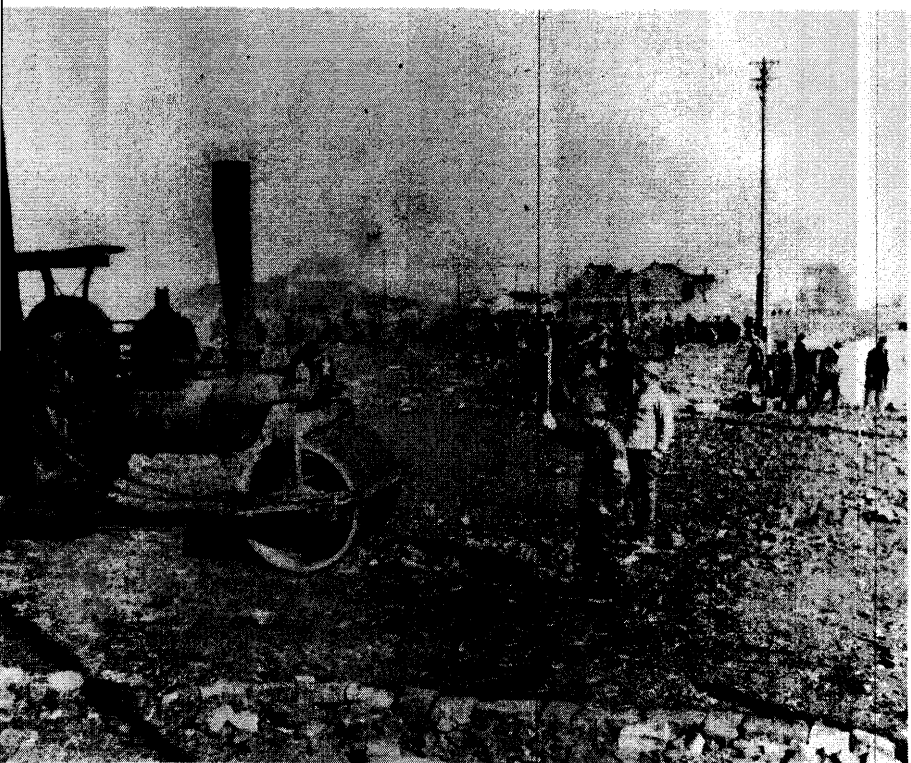
General Matsui Iwane making his official entry into occupied Nanking on 17 December 1937. (Corbis/Bettmann-UPI.)



A Japanese soldier on sentry duty in Nanking, March 1938. (Special Collections, Yale Divinity School Library, Forster Papers, Record Group No. 8.)



Japanese soldiers billeted at a Nanking restaurant, 17  
March 1938. (Special Collections, Yale Divinity School  
Library, Forster Papers, Record Group No. 8.)



Leveling a damaged section of Nanking. (*Shina jihen kahō*,  
no. 54, 29 January 1939.)



Peasants showing registration certificates as they enter Nanking at Chung-hua Gate. (*Shina jihen kahō*, no. 54, 29 January 1939.)



Dr. Robert Wilson seated in a ricksha, Nanking, 1936 or 1937. (Courtesy of Marjorie Garrett.)



Radhabinod Pal as portrayed at the front of the 1952 Japanese translation of his dissenting judgment. (*Nihon muzairon.*)

*Radhabinod Pal*



this was a Beikoku Byoyen [American hospital]. How do you like that? The two that were there allowed themselves to be led out. They had taken Miss Hynds' watch and several other watches and fountain pens as well.

Let me recount some instances occurring in the last two days. Last night the house of one of the Chinese staff members of the university was broken into and two of the women, his relatives, were raped. Two girls about 16 were raped to death in one of the refugee camps. In the University Middle School where there are 8,000 people the Japs came in ten times last night, over the wall, stole food, clothing, and raped until they were satisfied. They bayoneted one little boy, killing him, and I spent an hour and a half this morning patching up another little boy of eight who had five bayonet wounds including one that penetrated his stomach, a portion of omentum was outside the abdomen. I think he will live.

I just took time out because the third soldier had been found. He was on the fourth floor of the nurses' dormitory where there were fifteen nurses. They were scared within an inch of their lives. I don't know how much he had done before I arrived but he didn't do anything afterwards. He had a watch or two and was starting off with one of the girls' cameras. I motioned for him to give it back to her and to my surprise he obeyed. I then accompanied him to the front door and bade him a fond farewell. Unfortunately he didn't get the swift kick that I mentally aimed at him. One of the earlier ones was toying around with a rather formidable looking pistol which I'm thankful he didn't use.

One man I treated today had three bullet holes. He is the sole survivor of a group of eighty, including an eleven year old boy, who were led out of two buildings within the so-called safety zone and taken into the hills west of Tibet Road and there slaughtered. He came to after they had

left and found the other seventy-nine dead about him. His three bullet wounds are not serious. To do the Japanese justice there were in the eighty a few ex-soldiers.

One girl I have is a half-wit with some sort of birth injury, I believe. She didn't have any more sense than to claw at a Japanese soldier who was taking away her only bedding. Her reward was a bayonet thrust that cut half the muscles of one side of her neck.

Another girl of seventeen has a terrific gash in her neck and is the only survivor of her family, the rest of them were finished off. She was employed by the International Export Company.

As I left the hospital for supper after finishing my rounds on the 150 cases now under my care, the full moon was rising over Purple Mountain and was indescribably beautiful, and yet it looked down on a Nanking that was more desolate than it has been since the Taiping Rebellion [1853-64]. Nine-tenths of the city are totally deserted by Chinese and contain only roving bands of plundering Japanese. The remaining tenth contains almost two hundred thousand terrified citizens.

Last night [Plumer] Mills, [Lewis] Smythe and [George] Fitch went over in Fitch's car to escort Mills to Ginling [College]. Minnie [Vautrin] holds the fort there with several thousand women. When they got to the front gate they were held up by a patrol of Japanese soldiers under command of a pugnacious, impudent lieutenant. He lined the men on one side and Miss Vautrin, Mrs. Chen [Shui-fang] and Mrs. [Mary deWitt] Twinem on the other side. He snatched the hats off the men and ordered everyone off the place including the women. Fitch told him he didn't have a place for them to stay but he insisted. They just got into the car when he ordered them back again and again harangued them for some minutes, finally sending the men back where they came from. Later we learned that

while this was going on some Japanese soldiers had climbed over the wall and helped themselves to sixteen women.

The population faces famine in the near future and there is no provision for winter's fuel. It is not a pleasant winter that we look forward to. It is too bad that the newspaper reporters left on the day they did instead of two days or so later when they could have been more detailed in their reports of the Reign of Terror.

Another interruption to usher two Japanese soldiers off the premises.

As I probably won't get much sleep tonight I had better turn in dressed to get what I can.

(v) *Sunday, December 19*

I guess it's Sunday. After writing last night's installment the night passed peacefully. I came home this morning to listen to a dozen or more tales of plunder and rape. After writing an account of last night's visitation to the hospital I went with [Searle] Bates, Smythe and Fitch to the Japanese Embassy (they still call it that) and we talked with Mr. Tanaka [Sueo], one of the secretaries of the Embassy, who was formerly here at Nanking. He read over the account and listened to many other tales. He himself is sympathetic but has no control over the military and can only make representations like we do. There seems to be a very small glimmer of light but it is very faint and today was one of the worst days so far.

Practically every American house in the city was broken into. I dropped in at [University Hospital Superintendent Dr. J. H.] Daniel's on my way home. Three Japanese soldiers were there when I got there. As I have said, my smiles have ceased and I ordered the soldiers out in no uncertain terms. They had broken into our locked room in the attic and everything in our big trunk was

strewn all over the floor. One soldier had broken the lock on my microscope and was trying to look into it. Somewhat to my surprise, they actually ran down the stairs and out of doors. Probably they came back when I had gone but I couldn't stay there all day. The second floor is sacked clean. How thankful I am that Marjorie [Robert Wilson's wife] managed to get as much of my stuff away as she did, and that most of my useful clothing is over here.

Just as I came home to supper [Dr. Richard] Brady's cook and Mr. Chu who live where we were last summer had come in to get someone to go there and interfere with the raping of all their women. Bates, Smythe and Fitch went over, caught three soldiers at it in the basement of the house and Bates sent them packing. Again, they will probably return as soon as all is clear. The Japanese are swarming all over the place and I fully believe that the hospital is the only building in town except the one we are in where someone has not been raped and I'm not sure that there wasn't some done at the hospital before I located the fellow on the fourth floor.

Another stunt today seems to be a big burning tear. Yesterday there were a number of fires but today several large blocks near Taiping Road were ablaze about supper time and one house about two hundred yards from us here was burned. From the hospital it looked as if this house was going up in flames and I didn't feel comfortable about it until I had finished my rounds and came home to find it still intact.

I made rounds on two wards this morning starting late because of the visit to the Embassy. This afternoon I took out the third eye I have operated on lately and did five other smaller operations, adding two pieces to my museum. Another day has passed without an amputation.

At least four American flags have been torn down lately. Today at Hillcrest the flags were taken down and a

woman raped and then bayoneted in the basement. A pool of blood was on the floor when Mills took a consular policeman from the Embassy there this evening. The woman apparently is still alive and has been taken to the hospital where Trim will see her as he is on call tonight. I will see her in the morning.

All the food is being stolen from the poor people and they are in a state of terror-stricken, hysterical panic. When will it stop!

(vi) *Tuesday, December 21*

This is the shortest day in the year but it still contains twenty-four hours of this hell on earth. We heard yesterday that the Japanese news agency, Domei, reported the population returning to their homes, business going on as usual and the population welcoming their Japanese visitors, or words to that effect. If that is all the news that is going out of the city it is due for a big shake up when the real news breaks.

Huge fires are set in every business section. Our bunch has actually seen them set the fires in several instances. Yesterday before going home to supper I counted twelve fires. Tonight at the same time I counted eight. Several of them include whole blocks of buildings. Most of the shops of our vicinity have been burned. The populace is crowding into the refugee camps even from the private residences within the zone as the degree of safety is slightly greater though there is no guarantee anywhere. If it were not for the way the Committee had gathered rice beforehand and done what they could to protect the population there would be a first class famine already and the slaughter would have been considerably greater.

Several more stories of the slaughter keep coming in. One man came to [Rev. John] Magee today with the tale of what happened to one thousand men led away from a

place of supposed safety within the zone. The bunch contained perhaps one hundred ex-soldiers that had given up their arms and donned civilian clothes. The thousand were marched to the banks of the Yangtze, lined up two deep and then machine-gunned. He was in the back row, fell with the rest and played dead until, several hours later, the Japs had gone and he sneaked back to the city.

As we have seen a good many similar round-ups in this part of the city with no returns we presume the same has happened to all of them.

Yesterday a seventeen year old girl came to the hospital in the morning with her baby. She had been raped by Japanese soldiers the night before at seven-thirty, the labor pains had begun at nine o'clock, and the baby, her first, was born at twelve. Naturally at night she dared not come out to the hospital so she came in the morning with the baby who miraculously seemed to be safe and healthy.

This afternoon I put a cast on a lovely little girl of 13. When the Japanese came to the city on the 13th she and her father and mother were standing at the entrance of their dugout watching them approach. A soldier stepped up, bayoneted the father, shot the mother and slashed open the elbow of the little girl giving her a compound fracture. She has no relatives and was not brought to the hospital for a week. She is already wondering what to do when she has to leave. Both the father and mother were killed.

Day before yesterday at Hillcrest a young girl of nineteen who was six and a half months pregnant attempted to resist rape by two Japanese soldiers. She received eighteen cuts about the face, several in the legs and a deep gash in the abdomen. This morning at the hospital I could not hear the fetal heart and she will probably have an abortion. (Next morning: she died last night at midnight. Technically, a miscarriage.)

Yesterday at lunch some Chinese mechanics who live a few doors away from us asked what they could do with two young women at their place who were in danger. We suggested taking them to the University where they have finally established military police at night, and said that we would pick them up and take them ourselves. George Fitch and I started for them after lunch and had not got out of the door before the mechanics rushed up to say that the Japs were already there. We went to the place, Lewis Smythe and McCallum coming along. On arrival, the terrified Chinese round about pointed to the gate house of which the door was shut. We yelled and pushed the door open to find three soldiers fully armed but only partially clothed at the time and the two women also disheveled but fortunately intact. One of the soldiers was extremely angry (I can hardly blame him) and did some threatening, but it didn't come to anything and we took the girls to the University. The mechanics were afraid to stay there any longer when we left and so slept in our garage last night.

Yesterday the soldiers again made themselves at home at 5 Hankow Road. They were there for three hours in spite of a proclamation on the gate in Japanese by their own military telling them to keep out. When the people in the place protested that they had no women (there were some in the cellar) they went out [and] picked up the first one they saw and spent three hours with her upstairs. There were three soldiers. When they came out the girl was wearing one of Imogene Ward's best winter coats and most of her other valuable property went with them. What little we had left had been thoroughly sacked before. My microscope went yesterday.

This noon I went over with the cook, whose things were thoroughly looted yesterday. We picked up a few odds and ends, such as my cornet and the two or three pieces left of our silver. That in the hospital is intact. The little

cups given us by Mr. Nyi had only half disappeared. How thankful I am for every kori full of stuff that we got out in September.

The Americans composed a telegram yesterday asking for the immediate return of an American Diplomatic representative. The Japanese military refused to send it in spite of the fact that they had said before that they would send messages. Today the entire American community and several Germans went to the Embassy to put in protests. I was too busy to go.

We have every bed filled. There are only about four nurses out of our staff of twenty or so that have ever had any training, as far as I can gather. We have three male nurses on one of my wards and I'm sure that they are nurses only because they say so and think that it is about the safest profession there is at present. I have a very sick case there with a through and through wound of the chest wall. The chart naively told me that his temperature was 99, his pulse 80, and his respirations 24. Realizing that all was not well I retook them myself and found a pulse of 120, temperature 102.6 and respirations of 48. The little discrepancy is typical of the nursing on the floor.

This noon I came as near being shot as I ever hope to be. On my way home the police in front of the girls' dormitory at the University told me that a Japanese soldier was inside and begged me to see to it. As that is getting to be an old story now I barged in and ordered him out in no uncertain terms. He was having them pump up one of their own bicycles for him to ride but I put a stop to that and kept urging him out. He also wanted to take a ricksha and bicycle pump along and I roughly objected to that but that is where I overplayed my hand as he had brought the ricksha along himself with a poor coolie in tow. We were now no longer friends and he proceeded calmly to load his rifle and play around with it a little. The Chinese then



told me that he had brought the ricksha and pump so I told him to take them and get along, which he did. We then went outside and as I passed loaded several more bullets in his rifle. I fully expected to be shot in the back as I went beyond him towards our house. He must have lost his nerve.

(vii) *Thursday, December 23*

This typewriter was rescued by Plumer Mills from the office of the Presbyterian mission. The ribbon is considerably better than mine and I see no immediate prospect of renewing mine.

While things seem to be calming down slightly the reason seems to be that there are no more houses to burn and the people have nothing more to be stolen and there are only a few able bodied men left to lead out and kill.

They still find a few houses to burn. Three fires are burning not far from here, one just across the road from the Middle School gate and slightly to the north. It is a small block of buldings that contain a garage, a butchery, a photo shop and several other stores.

Yesterday the cook asked me to go over and help him rescue his rice supply which I was afraid would be stolen. We got over there to find that the Japs had been in the place several times during the morning. There were five women in the cellar and they were terrified. I took two of them to the University along with the rice. Before I could get back for the other three, several soldiers had again entered. As I drove up I caught sight of a Jap officer with a white arm band. They have a few military police now and that is the way they are distinguished. I had him come with me and eject the soldiers. They were again ransacking Imogene's things. I took the three women to the University. This morning they tell me that the soldiers came back last night looking for them.

Two patients were admitted this afternoon whose condition represents about the last word in fiendish, unmitigated, atavistic brutality. One is the sole survivor of 140 led from one of the refugee camps to the hills where they were first sprayed with a few shots and then soaked with gasoline and set afire. His head is burned to a hideous fixed stare minus the eyes, which are burned out. He actually walked to the hospital. The burn extends from the top of the head and encircles his neck. The other was shot in the jaw first and then soaked in gasoline. He was then set afire. His hands had been bound together behind his back. He has a third degree burn of half his face, both hands half way to the elbows, half his back and from his hips down both legs are completely burned. Our auxiliary hospital is now full with over seventy patients and every bed we have is filled. In addition we are suddenly getting a lot of obstetrics cases. We had three today. Trim delivered two and I delivered one today. Fortunately I had only two small operations. It takes a fair share of the day just to make rounds and see everybody. There are practically no light cases. I have one man with a hole in the side of his head back of his ear about three and a half by one and a half inches in size. A considerable portion of his left temporal and parietal lobes have oozed through the hole and more comes off with the infection daily. He has been there for four days and is still conscious and can even smile with the left side of his face. His right side is paralyzed from head to toe. He would be a marvelous case for neurological study if I had the time. He seems if anything slightly better than when he came in and has no signs yet of meningitis. The injury was a bayonet slash.

One of the stupidest acts they have committed to date came to our attention today. They have been negotiating with the committee for the reestablishment of the water,

light and telephone systems. When they went to round up the workers in the electric light plant they found that 43 out of the 54 had been taken out and shot for no reason at all and now there is no one who can run the plant. They have also burned the telephone building.

Just two years ago tonight I left New York to start on my way here.

(viii) *Christmas Eve*

This seems like anything but Christmas Eve. It is sort of tough to sit in a small X-ray room to keep Japanese soldiers from looting a hospital in the center of what was a few weeks ago a great city while the rest of the family is scattered all over the globe. My baby will be six months old in four days and I have seen her for seven weeks of that time.

The burning seems almost over. Only a half a dozen fires were started today to finish up the job of wiping out the shops on both sides of all the main streets. The looting continues. They carried off the Daniels' rugs today, one of them requiring four men to take. The poor people who stay in the house can of course do nothing about it and can only tell about it later. J. Lossing Buck has no idea how extremely lucky he is to date. His house, by virtue of the fact that there are eight Americans in it, has so far been spared the ravages of looters. [The] Thompsons' house next door has also been left untouched. The remaining houses are mere shells.

This morning Trim and I went over to rescue some eatables from the Gales' house. There were some preserves and canned fruit which are most welcome. Our larder is getting low with no prospect of replenishment. We also looked in at the Bishops'. Both houses have been pretty thoroughly sacked. I took the opportunity of dropping in

at the Masonic Temple where I rescued my Chinese dress suit along with a half a dozen others. They had been through and broken most of the doors and windows and taken off a few things.

Tonight we invited Trim and three of the five Germans in town to Christmas Eve dinner. Mr. [John] Rabe, head of the International Committee, didn't feel he could come and leave the 600 refugees that are crowding every corner of his house and yard. Every time he leaves they are looted. He is well up in Nazi circles and after coming into such close contact with him as we have for the past few weeks and discovered what a splendid man he is and what a tremendous heart he has it is hard to reconcile his personality with his adulation for Der Fuhrer. He has labored incessantly for the thousands of poor people that have crowded into the Zone. The other two Germans, [Christian] Kroeger and [Eduard] Sperling, have given themselves wholeheartedly to the work of the committee and its attempts to save some of these poor people. No one will ever know how many have been ruthlessly slaughtered.

One man who just got in today says he was a stretcher bearer and was one of four thousand to be marched to the banks of the Yangtze and machine-gunned. He had a bullet wound through his shoulder and dares not talk above a whisper and then only after carefully peering about to see if he is going to be overheard. One of the two burned wretches died this morning but the other is still hanging on for a while. Bates went over this afternoon to a place described as the scene of the burning and found the charred bodies of the poor devils. And now they tell us that there are twenty thousand soldiers still in the Zone, (where they get their figures no one knows), and that they are going to hunt them out and shoot them all. That will mean every able-bodied male between the ages of 18 and

50 that is now in the city. How can they ever look anybody in the face again?

Simburgh [Sindberg] was back in the city today with some more horror tales. He says that the big trenches that the Chinese built for tank traps along the way were filled with the bodies of dead and wounded soldiers and when there weren't enough bodies to fill the trench so the tanks could pass they shot the people living around there indiscriminately to fill up the trenches. He borrowed a camera to go back and take some pictures to bear out his statement.

Good night and Merry Christmas!

(ix) *Sunday, December 26*

Since writing on Christmas Eve I have been primarily an obstetrician. After finishing the installment I went to bed only to be called at eleven and again at three-thirty to preside at the inauguration ceremonies of two little Chinese. It was like being back on the obstetrics service at the medical school with the slight difference that no matter what happened I was still the ultimate medical authority.

Yesterday I managed to make complete rounds on all wards before dinner and went home to a Christmas dinner with the eight of our immediate family and four guests. This time we had Grace Bauer, Minnie Vautrin, and two Chinese girls, Blanche and Pearl [Bromley] Wu (no relation). Miss Hynds refused our most urgent entreaties. Miss Blanche Wu had supplied the two Christmas geese from Ginling and in addition made us a present of a dozen fresh eggs, our first in several weeks. [ . . . ]

This morning we found Trim struggling with a temperature of 102 and feeling pretty miserable. We put him to bed in Grace Bauer's house, where he would get a little better food than at the hospital and he is feeling some bet-

ter tonight but will probably be out of things for a couple of days.

My rounds this morning were broken up by two birthday parties, (babies) one at ten-thirty and another at eleven-thirty. After a run of girls one of these turned out to be a boy.

This afternoon I started off with another amputation and had a few cases. The amputation was that of a leg I had been trying to save for a couple of weeks. The patient was going downhill steadily and it seemed to be a choice between his leg and his life. The outcome is not by any means settled yet, as he may well lose both. After finishing the operations there were still twenty patients yet to see on two wards as yet unvisited.

Shortly after seven the day's work seemed to be done and I went over to Grace Bauer's for supper and to pay Trim another visit. We had a semi-official visit from some Japanese officers this morning who looked over the place very carefully. They are now engaged in registering in the most inefficient manner possible all the residents of the city, all of whom are now cooped up in the Safety Zone. They have given us all arm bands which are a sort of pass within the city and told us to be sure and wear them.

Charlie Riggs was held up by one of the officers of the registration group yesterday and slapped about a good deal. I don't know what my reaction would be to that sort of treatment but the temptation to give the Japanese a vicious uppercut to the jaw would be all but insurmountable. I hope that if that time comes I will be able to keep my hands in my pockets as he did.

Except for the rather sketchy news from Simburgh [Sindberg] we have had none and we are sure that no real news from the city has escaped for the past two weeks.

When it does get out, feelings will probably have simmered down so that it will come as a sort of anticlimax. We would all like to see some light ahead, but as yet there doesn't seem to be even a glimmer.

(x) *Tuesday, December 28*

[ . . . ] Trim is feeling much better and was around to see the medical cases today. Last night I had one obstetrics case at nine-thirty and had one more today at noon. The latter was a twenty year old primipara and her little son refused to start breathing for about ten minutes. It was some relief to see him start. Including babies, I have had one hundred and seventy five cases while Trim has been sick. He will relieve me of about twenty of them.

It is almost a day's work just to make rounds on them all. Yesterday we had one case which will have to go down in the black book if his story is true. He was a worker in the Hsia Kwan telephone building, refugeeing at the University. He had gone down the street to find a friend, was seized by some Japanese soldiers and led to a place where there were several hundred other men. These turned out to be also from the University. When they had registered them they made some pretty speeches, stating that they were frankly looking for ex-soldiers. If, they said, anyone would come forward and admit that they had been soldiers their lives would be spared and they would be formed into a military labor corps. This was repeated several times in the presence of everyone including Mr. [Hubert] Sone, Mr. Bates, and Mr. Riggs. Two hundred men stepped forward and admitted that they had been soldiers.

According to our case's story these several hundred men were led into the hills in the west of the city and used for bayonet practice. He has no idea how many sur-

vived. He had five bayonet wounds himself including one that perforated his peritoneum. He will probably recover unless the peritonitis is too severe.

The [Japanese] are apparently sincerely trying to cut down the lawlessness. There are quite a few gendarmes and when they are present the looting stops. After they have passed there is still some going on. Only one or two big fires a day now remind us that there are still a few unburned buildings. Groups of soldiers and coolies are now busy cleaning up the streets which are littered with every kind of rubbish. They are making a lot of bonfires also in the streets, using the contents of stores as material. Near Sing Chai Ko the Nanking Music Shop had all its music and musical instruments piled up in the middle of the street and set afire. It seems so senseless. I suppose the idea is to destroy everything and then load up on cheap Japanese goods. The people are so completely robbed now that they won't even be able to buy the cheap Japanese wares.

Trim was at the hospital this afternoon and we did some fluoroscopies. One man had a through and through bullet wound from sacrum to right lower quadrant and apparently had developed a traumatic arterovenous aneurysm of the right common iliac artery and vein. I'm afraid he is doomed. After we finished the fluoroscopies we turned on his little radio and in time to get some outside news. We heard of the fall of Tsinan and that the *Panay* incident was declared closed and that diplomatic representatives were expected back in the city soon. We will be glad to see them.

(xi) *Thursday, December 30*

The year is fast drawing to a close. It would be pleasant to close the year with some sort of a brighter outlook for the next but we seem to be closing on a note of deepest gloom without a glimmer of light ahead. The only consolation is



that it can't be worse. They can't kill as many people as there aren't any more to kill. I can't get any further away from my family if I try. The hospital can't possibly get back on a self-supporting basis as none of the patients have any more money.

The gendarmerie are busy all right. Tonight coming home from the hospital Mac [James McCallum] and I were challenged by fixed bayonets on two occasions. Night before last the sentry at the Bible Teachers' Training School asked for a woman among the refugees. None was forthcoming so last night he raped one without permission. Today some poor fool who was annoyed at the man in charge of one of the refugee camps in the Sericulture building brought some Japanese soldiers around and showed them where a half a dozen rifles had been buried on the grounds. There was an unholy row and four men were taken away, one being charged with the heinous crime of being a colonel in the Chinese army. We don't have to wonder whether he is still alive.

This morning a fairly well dressed Chinese businessman ventured outside the safety zone to inspect the remains of his home and business. He was walking past Kuilan Church with three companions when some Japanese soldiers fired on them for a reason as yet undiscovered. One man was killed and they brought our subject to the hospital with four feet of small intestine hanging out of a gaping wound in his abdomen. The bullet had entered the left side of the abdomen and emerged through the right. It was still in his trousers and has been added to my collection. On opening him up I found the small intestine completely severed in six places and bruised and punctured in as many more. I resected all the lacerated portion and put in an enterostomy tube but figure his chances at considerably less than one in a thousand.

The fellow I reported last time is doing very well and has a very good chance of recovery. Another case today

was one of our chest cases who had developed empyema and I resected a rib. We must have ten cases shot through the chest. The man with a fair proportion of his brain gone finally died after a week in the hospital. I am trying to save the leg of a ten year old boy who has a frightful compound fracture of the lower third of the tibia and fibula. He is steadily losing ground and I'm afraid I'll have to amputate to save his life.

Trim is back on full time again and has taken over my obstetrics cases. [ . . . ] The little seventeen year old girl who was raped at seven-thirty one evening before starting her labor pains at nine, has now developed a rip-roaring case of acute gonorrhoea. She runs a temperature of 105 part of the time and the outlook is not too bright. We are giving her baby temporarily to the girl who lost hers prematurely when she was stuck in the abdomen with a bayonet in the basement of Hillcrest. She has plenty of milk.

We listened to the radio tonight at the same time and learned to our disgust that the only station broadcasting news at this time, when we have our little machine running, was Tokyo. They mentioned all the Americans being evacuated from Kuling and taken to Hankow but we don't know whether to believe it or not. The only paper in town is a Japanese one printed in Chinese. When I learned in the first few lines that they had destroyed 23 Chinese planes on Poyang Lake and 17 Russian planes at Lanchow I was ready to tear up the paper. Again the only consolation was that we heard a similar report over the radio when we were on the other side of the line and knew just how much to discount.

(xii) *Saturday, January 1, 1938*

The world must begin to think it strange that no direct word has come from the city for over two weeks. The diplomatic representatives have not yet been allowed to return

and no newspaper correspondents have come back although they hoped when they left on the 15th to be back in 48 hours. The Japanese Domei and other reporters are of course hopelessly inaccurate.

The Japanese put over a typical ceremony today when they had representatives from the refugee camps come to Kulou, where they raised the old five bar flag and had a few speeches, supposedly inaugurating an autonomous government. One of the chief men [Wang Ch'eng-tien] has been working in a rather subordinate capacity under the International Committee and has a long record with many connections with the city underworld, and other undesirable characteristics. He is by business an auctioneer. The others hold various positions with the Red Swastika Society and most of them have been working for the Committee. It certainly is a second-hand crowd, but then there aren't any first classers in town.

A three day holiday was declared though no one knew just what to do about it. There aren't any shops to close. They apparently imported or resurrected countless fire-crackers that have been popping off all day. The soldiers feel that it is the time to get drunk and go on rampages. After several days of comparative quiet the raping broke out afresh. In the house of Mr. Wang, religious director of the University, three soldiers broke in, one standing guard outside and the others enjoying a helpless girl inside.

We had a New Year's dinner this noon with four guests, Mrs. Twinem, Mrs. Chen of Ginling, Magee, and his roommate Mr. [Ernest] Forster. It was the first time the latter two had left their place together since the trouble started. They have about 250 refugees in their place. We had just finished our dinner when someone arrived to call them away and they arrived just too late to prevent the raping of one girl and the beating up of another because she resisted too strenuously.

A nun was brought in this afternoon with a compound

fracture of the femur of two weeks duration. She had been in a dugout with three others when the Japanese had entered the city. They came to the dugout and one soldier opened fire from each end of the dugout. The other three were killed. Her wound is badly infected and her prognosis grave.

Another pathetic case came in this afternoon. A woman of 29 who had six children, of whom the oldest was 12 years old, lived in a small village south of the city. The Chinese soldiers burned the village in their retreat and she took her five children (one died earlier) and headed for Nanking. Before evening an airplane dove around spraying machine gun bullets, one of which went through her right eye and came out her neck. She was unconscious until next morning when she came to and found her five children crying and cold beside her. The youngest was three months old and, of course, breast fed. She was in a pool of blood and very weak. She was too weak to carry the baby and had to leave it behind in an empty house. With the remaining four she somehow struggled to the city and into the refugee zone where she finally got them settled and found her way to the hospital.

With this sort of thing as a steady diet it is hard to go around and wish people a Happy New Year. [ . . . ]

(xiii) *Monday, January 3*

The members of the Japanese Embassy have kindly consented to take some letters for us to Shanghai for mailing. You have doubtless heard over the radio and through the newspapers that all the Americans who remained in Nanking are safe and sound.

We have had some exciting times but it is much quieter now. I am still living in Lossing Buck's house with Fitch, Mills, McCallum, Sone, Smythe, [and] Bates, and Charlie Riggs takes his meals with us. We have had a sufficient store of canned goods to keep us going and hope

that communications will soon be opened up so that we can get some more.

Tsai Si-fu and Chen Sao-tz are still here and we have some of Buck's servants and Plumer [Mill]'s cook as well. They are now in the process of being registered after which they will be freer to go about on the streets. The Japanese Embassy has provided us with arm bands giving us permission to go about within the city.

The hospital continues to be busy. Trim is looking after the obstetrics which is a flourishing department, and the medicine which is not so flourishing. The remaining one hundred and fifty cases are surgical so that you can imagine that I am kept fairly busy just making rounds besides having to do all the operating.

We were delighted to have the running water and electricity come back to the hospital after a lapse of three weeks. They were turned on this afternoon. We expect them to arrive at the house here soon. [ . . . ]

Three rather interesting cases turned up today. One boy of seventeen came in with the tale of about ten thousand Chinese men between the ages of 15 and 30 who were led out of the city on the 14th to the river bank near the ferry wharf. There the Japanese opened up on them with field guns, hand grenades and machine guns. Most of them were then pushed into the river, some were burned in huge piles and three managed to escape. Of the 10 thousand the boy figures that there were about six thousand ex-soldiers and four thousand civilians. He has a bullet wound in his chest which is not serious.

A woman of forty or so came in with the tale of having been taken from one of the refugee camps on December 31, ostensibly for the purpose of washing clothes for some of the officers. Six women were taken. During the days they washed clothes and during the nights they were raped. Five of them had from ten to twenty visits a night, but the sixth was young and good-looking so she had about forty. On the

third day two soldiers took our patient away from the place where they all were and went to some isolated spot where they tried to cut off her head. One tried to do so with four blows but only succeeded in cutting all the muscles of the back of the neck down to the vertebral column. She also had six other bayonet thrusts in her back, face, and arms. She will probably recover. While she was lying in this condition, another Japanese (!) soldier found her and had her brought to a place of safety. The third case was a young girl of fourteen who wasn't yet built for rape and will have to have considerable surgical repair.

I have had five operations this afternoon, including the extraction of two more bullets, which are in my collection. I wrote last time that the young mother of six had a bullet pass through her eye socket and come out her neck, but the bullet hadn't come out and I extracted it this afternoon. I am getting discouraged over the cases of compound, comminuted fractures of the upper end of the femur. They just don't do well at all. One of my cases of that kind died today after six weeks in the hospital.

One Japanese officer who has spent four years in America is very solicitous about our welfare and comes every day to inquire what we need. Today he brought us a whole sack of beans and some fresh meat. I wish there were more like him.

Yesterday we had a church service at our house and Trim, Mrs. Twinem, and Miss Bauer were here in addition to our family. Mac led the service with the sermon which he prepared for the service four weeks ago and which had been postponed week by week. He had to revise it a bit.

(xiv) *Thursday, January 6*

Three more busy days have passed with some new developments but beyond the gradual quieting down of the troops there is little to report. This morning three mem-

bers of the American diplomatic service returned. Mr. [John] Allison, who was formerly in Tsinan, and has been a guest here since we took up residence in the Buck house, is now the American consul. He has with him two younger men, [James] Espey and McFadyen. We had them for lunch today and tonight they are the guests of the Japanese Embassy.

They brought some mail, mostly from the families in Kuling. It will probably be quite some time before any regular mail comes through from the States. They also brought news that the Americans in Kuling had evacuated to Hongkong, via Hankow, on December 30th. So it seems we did the right thing in the first place as there wasn't likely to be much baggage on this trip.

The Japanese are heading north on the Tientsin-Pukow Railway and are intending to take Hsüchow, the junction of that line and the Lunghai Railway. They have already taken Tsinan and Taian, and are heading for Hsüchow also from the north. The main Chinese forces are preparing themselves farther to the west and the struggle apparently shows no sign of ending. We occasionally get evidence that the Chinese air force is not yet defunct but so far they have confined their efforts to the air fields around the city, which is as it should be.

At the hospital our out-patient department is picking up again and keeps our Chinese doctors busy most of the day. We are going on regular schedule and medical clinics, starting next Monday. Yesterday I spent most of the afternoon operating on a strangulated hernia that had been strangulated for five days and was gangrenous, necessitating a resection of about eight inches of small intestine. Today I got back into the old December schedule and took off two legs that I had been trying to save for about a month. One was on a little boy whose leg had been badly shattered. I did my best to save it but the foot has been

gradually becoming gangrenous from lack of circulation and the infection was spreading instead of getting under control so it had to come off to save his life.

The Japanese have not yet allowed the British or German diplomats to return but are going to let them in on the tenth. We don't know when they will allow reporters.

This afternoon Mac drove with the patched up unpainted ambulance that Charlie Riggs had fixed up for us to south city for some vegetables. When he got there they had a flat tire and were without the necessary equipment to fix it. The chauffeur chased all the way back to the hospital, terror-stricken lest he be seized by the Japs on the way. I had just finished the most important of the operations and we went to his rescue in the beautiful new Studebaker ambulance given to us by the Red Swastika Society. It is painted white, has four rolling stretchers in it and has only been driven 2000 miles. It is just about the last word in ambulances and much superior to anything I saw in New York. They gave it to us to prevent its being stolen by the Japanese. It was getting dark when we arrived and we found that the nuts on the spare were fastened in such a way that with the instruments we took we couldn't get sufficient leverage to loosen them. All we could do was to take off the offending tire and bring it back to be repaired. As travelling at night is not very healthy yet, we decided to leave it there and get it first thing in the morning, if it is still there. It is in the extreme southwestern portion of the city only a few hundred yards from the wall. There are no Jap soldiers in the immediate vicinity so we think our chances of recovering it are fair. Mac is staying at the hospital for his turn tonight and will drive down for it before he comes to breakfast.

(xv) *Saturday, January 8*

[ . . . ] With the hospital electricity now going for most of the time we have been able to get in touch again with the



world by radio and it is good to have daily news. The news, however, doesn't particularly add to our peace of mind. Both countries are apparently settling down to a protracted struggle. The Japanese do not seem to have advanced much since they captured Nanking. The city is continually filled with wild rumors which we check by our radio connections.

Today the gendarmes bound and took away a young lad who has been living in the Middle School and who speaks Japanese. He has been acting as interpreter there much against his will. Bates went to their headquarters to see what he could do and was roughly pushed out with no satisfaction. The people are rightly afraid to go back to their homes in spite of the apparent wish of the Japanese authorities for them to do so. As soon as they get out of the Safety Zone, and even to a lesser extent within it, they are subject to all kinds of indignities, the men being led off as carriers and the women being raped.

Another Chinese air raid came this morning and they apparently made a direct hit on an ammunition store in the eastern portion of the city. A huge fire raged all morning with continual popping of ammunition. The fires continue every day to the sum of twenty or more. Last night coming home from the hospital for supper I didn't see one, the first night I could say that for three weeks. However, the record was kept up when, as I went back to sleep at the hospital there were several fires going. When I got there the Chinese police at the gates were all excited and said that a bunch of Japanese soldiers had pounded on the gate and tried to get in but they kept them out by pretending not to hear. It turned out today that they were some of the officers who were sent to tell us not to have so many lights burning. They came today to tell us, and then apparently emphasized their request by the simple method of turning off all the lights at about six-thirty just as two obstetrics cases were in labor. It is Trim's night on

so he will attend to them. There were none during my night last night.

Tomorrow the British and German Embassy representatives are expected, a day earlier than previously reported. We hope to have the three British here to lunch but do not know whether they will arrive in time. Some word from the city is now escaping through the U. S. Embassy so you will have news.

(xvi) *Sunday, January 9*

At last there is an opportunity to get out some mail with a fair chance of escaping Japanese censorship. It is to be sent down on the American tug-boat that has been up river salvaging the *Panay*. They are to put it in the hands of Mr. Walline of the Presbyterian Mission who is to get it aboard an American boat so that it will not reach regular mails until it reaches America. You can do anything you like with it, Marjorie. I wish I could have made several copies of most of it, for I would like the family to see it and Julia and Franklin, and then some of it could be used for such publicity as might be suggested by Frank Price's office or Mr. Garside. He would doubtless be very much interested in it.

Taken together with the first portion written before you left, it makes quite a tale. I hope you got the pages sent by Steele and [Reuters correspondent L. C.] Smith without having them censored. I have one copy here as a safeguard. Lewis Smythe has been doing most of the official recording and has compiled a long series of cases that have been seen, or heard from those who had seen them. Such tales as I have told in this of my own experience are in his list.

Today was Sunday and after having breakfast a little later than usual I made most of my rounds and then

found John Magee and his movie camera ready to finish up some pictures that he hadn't taken on his previous trips. This morning we took pictures of an elderly man with two long gashes in his neck. He had been asked to procure women for some soldiers and his crime was not being able to produce them. The next one we took was the policeman who had eighteen (no, it was twenty-two) bayonet wounds of the back, chest and arms. There were no accusations against him. The third was the woman I wrote of the other day who was taken with five others and made to wash clothes in the day time and to entertain at night. Her neck is gradually healing and she has avoided the pneumonia which I thought she was getting. We then took pictures of the nun with the fractured hip and her little apprentice nun who was stabbed in the back. While we were taking the pictures I told John that at a solemn conclave at our house last night he had been unanimously selected to preach to us also at our house this afternoon. I also told him that if he came early he could have a bath, his first in six weeks. With the promise of the latter he gladly consented to the former, and we had a pleasant and helpful service with fourteen present, including Espey of the Embassy and four Chinese friends.

Just before the service, Fitch, Smythe, Mills and I went down to the British Embassy to welcome Mr. Prideaux-Brune and Colonel Lovat-Fraser. They had arrived too late for dinner today so they are coming tomorrow. They gave us more details of the attacking of British boats on the river and particularly the bombing of the *Ladybird* at Wuhu. It was the first time I had been down towards the northern part of the city and it was most depressing to see the ruins of the magnificent Ministry of Communications. Fortunately the Ministry of Railways across the street was spared. The Japanese have finally

cleaned up the streets pretty well but there is a lot of litter along the sides and the district outside of the Zone is practically deserted.

Plumer [Mills] went down to the south city to the Presbyterian compound where 1500 refugees have stayed and found that a woman had been raped there three times this afternoon. Kroeger, one of the Germans, witnessed an execution in the Zone this morning where they forced a poor coolie out to his waist in an icy pond, with his arms tied behind him and then shot him. The soldier shot at the command of an officer and took three shots to finish his victim. Well I will close with this.

(xvii) *Friday, January 28*

[ . . . ] The news which you are getting at the present time is fairly accurate about Nanking as a good many of our uncensored dispatches are getting through. Allison certainly managed to get in for some publicity. The Japanese apparently tried to beat him to the publicity to get in their side of it first. The incident has been written up in detail by Searle Bates and furnishes interesting reading. I will relate it in brief. Allison had requested that all cases of illegal entry into American property be reported to him. Accordingly when three Japanese gendarmes entered the University Agronomy department (a long way of saying Charlie Riggs' shop) at eleven o'clock one night, took a woman to their headquarters and raped her there three times before returning her, it was reported to Allison. Before that Bates and Riggs had gone with the woman and identified the place to which she had been taken. Allison and Riggs then went with several Japanese consular police to the place where both received some rough handling for no apparent reason. The Japs had some fancy explanation about a gendarme doing his duty which is of course pure twaddle. The police then took the woman to the

Japanese Embassy for questioning, Allison making Fukui [Kiyoshi], the Consul, personally responsible for her safety. (The last similar case, that of a boy in the Middle School, ended in the complete disappearance of the boy and his certain death.) Instead of the promised two hours she was kept for thirty and apparently was a little too smart for them. They brought her back to our house at about ten o'clock last night and listed five points of error in her story. These pertained to the color of the walls, the number of steps she went up, the position of the lamp in the room and the time of her abduction. As to the main points of the story there seemed to be no division of opinion. By bringing out the errors they saved their face, the woman was returned and I guess the incident is closed.

Another incident happened yesterday to Mac. It was just before I went back to the hospital after lunch. He found two Jap soldiers in the rear compound of the hospital. They had just torn down a door from the nurses' residence. He escorted them out scolding them along the way and at the back entrance pointed to the American flag and the Japanese proclamation forbidding their entrance. One of them took hold of his arm and wanted him to come along with them. He was quite agreeable, as he wanted to follow it up and identify them. They proceeded about a hundred feet when on further reflection they thought it wasn't such a good idea and ordered him back. The Chinese all thought he was being carried off and rushed the news to Trim. One of the soldiers who wanted to show off a little as he had come in for considerable scolding in front of a lot of Chinese pulled out his bayonet and made a pass at Mac's midriff. Finding no evidence of fear he then pricked him in the neck. Mac jerked his head back and that seemed to satisfy him, so they sauntered off. Just then two of the more amenable consular police happened by and Mac took them along and overtook the

soldiers, who were then lectured by the consular police who got their names. The consular police have been buzzing around some since, but I guess the incident is closed.

The Japanese are now ordering the people back into their homes, if any, by February 4. The portion of the city, nine-tenths, outside the safety zone is still relatively deserted, and those who have followed instructions and go back have been subjected to all the violences of the earlier weeks. Only yesterday a 53 year old woman went back to her home and within an hour a soldier tried to rape her. She went on her knees and wept and wailed so that he contented himself with beating her up a little whereupon she immediately came back to the zone. The Japanese are doing everything in their power to discredit the International Committee but they allow the Autonomous Government [Self-Government Committee] so little leeway that they cannot possibly feed and care for the people. The International Committee therefore has its hands full in spite of the Japs. The Japs will not allow the Committee to sell any rice and have had the Autos set up a rice shop far outside the zone, near the Kiangtangchai Church ruins. During the first few days almost everyone who tried to go down and buy rice was robbed of all his money on the way down. They now purchase tickets within the zone and then go down there for their rice.

Two days ago I had a case come in of a 22 year old girl who had been married four years. She and her husband came into the zone on the day the Japs entered. Her husband was taken off that same evening and hasn't been seen since. She was also taken that evening and taken to some quarters in south city where she was raped about a dozen times daily for 38 days. By that time she had developed bilateral purulent buboes, a vicious case of gonorrhoea and a large raw ulcer of the vagina so that she was sent away as no more use. I guess before they were

through with her she had just done her bit for her country.

Skin grafts and plaster casts continue to be the order of the day. I have several boys up and about in walking casts after a few weeks of traction for fractured femurs. Some of the compound fractures that seemed headed for certain amputation have healed remarkably. Today a case that had come in several weeks ago with a severed trachea from a bayonet wound returned with a stricture of the larynx which was almost shut off. He was breathing like a case of diphtheria. Probably he had grown a lot of granulation tissue in the lumen of the larynx. I started to cut down and investigate the scarred area but had to finish in a tremendous hurry with an emergency tracheotomy below the scar as he very nearly passed out from asphyxia. I will do the investigating later on.

(xviii) *Sunday, January 30*

Plumer Mills is preaching at the Bible Teachers' Training School this morning and the others have scattered to their various duties. Lewis Smythe came back from the Committee headquarters the other day with General Chang Chun's radio. It is a Zenith and the finest thing in radios that I have ever seen. We had been getting poor reception since Searle's broke down but yesterday I achieved the acme of my radio ambitions when I listened to the news broadcast by the National Broadcasting Service, RCA Building, New York. It is their six-thirty in the evening broadcast, if I have my times right, which we pick up as we start breakfast at seven-thirty the next morning. The European stations can be made to reverberate through the house and the sensitivity and selectivity are remarkable. [...]

Trimmer, Mac, and I still alternate nights sleeping at the hospital as we do not feel that we should leave it. [...]

A cablegram from Ireland arrived yesterday asking me

whether there was anything left of Mr. Greer's house. I haven't had the chance to check up on it yet but believe the walls are still standing anyway. The insides probably look like the interiors of the rest of our houses with few exceptions.

(xix) *Monday, January 31*

[ . . . ] The *Oahu* is due to go to Shanghai about Wednesday so that this will get out fairly promptly. One interesting thing about the news of the last few days is that we are now getting copies of the January magazines such as *Current Affairs*, *Oriental Affairs*, *Time*, the *Christian Century* and others which are beginning to have some material sent out from Nanking. Detailed accounts of the *Panay* incident with pictures came in the copy of *Oriental Affairs*. Details of the state of affairs in Nanking and along the whole way from Shanghai to Nanking have not yet been published, but from the radio news we get it seems that it will be published soon.

Timperley, correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, has had several dispatches censored in Shanghai. He got some accurate material from here and the Japs refused to let it go through. We are branded as a lot of liars. The Japanese Embassy people tell people that everything we say is imaginative. That might be a lot truer if I were not a surgeon and have to patch up the results of their excesses.

Only yesterday Mr. Rabe actually lifted a soldier off from on top of a woman not far from here. Two days ago a truck was going about the streets collecting women. One they collected was the wife of the murdered Liu Wen-ping of the Middle School of whom I have written. She was taken to some Jap quarters and was advised by a Chinese on the side to stick her finger down her throat in the



midst of their meal. It worked and they kicked her out in a hurry and she lost no time returning to the Middle School at 2 a.m. The populace is panic-stricken at this order to return to their homes, again if any. They have not the slightest assurance of safety. Again two days ago three Chinese were murdered in cold blood in one of the two new bath houses started by the Autonomous Government.

The countryside from here to Shanghai must present a bleak picture. Bishoprick [an American working for the China Import and Export Lumber Co.] who drove up in a car says that for miles at a time there were no people at all, and all the farm houses were burned. The cities are laid waste and the people have either been killed or have disappeared. And this district was once the most populous in the world. How can such a slaughter possibly be condoned or justified! It makes one ill, just to contemplate it.

(xx) *Saturday, February 5*

Saturday night rolls around again. We are in the midst of more birthday celebrations. Tonight all of us, seven, were invited over to Grace Bauer's to celebrate Trim's birthday and tomorrow is Charlie Rigg's. Miss Hynds had another on the first and Lewis had his a few days ago. My throat cleared up so that I was able to get back on full time on Tuesday and have had no trouble since. The first few days after returning were pretty busy.

Last night we had Jeffrey and Williams, the two members of the British Embassy who took Prideaux-Brune's place here for supper. Also Bishoprick who has not yet returned to Shanghai. He is leaving early tomorrow morning and will take some mail down but this is too late and will have to wait for the next gunboat. Williams was here before but Jeffrey is new to Nanking though he has been in China for ten years. We had a very pleasant visit. To-

morrow night we are entertaining the members of the Japanese Embassy for the first time. I hope the evening passes off without a fight.

This afternoon I performed an open reduction of a fracture of the humerus which had failed to unite after several weeks. There had been some over-riding and I used a metal plate, my first attempt, to fix the bone in position. I also did the first stage of another flap graft for a guillotine amputation of the thigh. The last case has done beautifully and has a good looking stump now. All he needs is the artificial leg but I see no chance

After the order went out that the people had to go to their homes by February fourth, many tried to do so and Lewis Smythe collected in the few days preceding the 4th over a hundred cases of violence, mostly rape. A middle aged farmer had gathered a few vegetables outside of the city and was bringing them in to sell. He met some Japanese soldiers who forced him to kneel in the road and asked him where they could find some girls. He said he didn't know and they motioned for him to throw away his vegetables, which he was not quick enough in doing, so one of the soldiers hit him a vicious blow on the leg with the butt of his gun, breaking both bones. It was two days before he could get someone to carry him to the hospital where he arrived yesterday. Everywhere we go near the camps people crowd around kneeling down and begging us to save them. Some say they would rather die in the camps than go back to the violence of the Japanese soldiers in their homes. We are getting the first signs of inadequate diets with two cases of beri-beri which came to the hospital yesterday. [ . . . ]

(xxi) *Tuesday, February 8*

Our anticipated visit with the Japanese Embassy did not materialize as they had to entertain General Iwane Matsui who visited for a couple of days during which time he made

a speech saying that the army had to tighten its disciplinary control to maintain its reputation. As if it had one to maintain, that is a good one. Instead of the Japanese we had Allison, Espey and MacFadyen. Then last night we had Mr. Rabe and Dr. Rosen. The Germans are certainly a congenial outfit. Tomorrow Searle Bates and I are invited to Dr. Rosen's. To show the extent of our social life the entire foreign community was invited to the Japanese Embassy this afternoon to a concert given by the military band of the Tokyo Military Academy. Most of us were present and the concert wasn't half bad. They played the overture from William Tell, the Fantasia from Aida and several other familiar numbers. Tea was served by six geisha girls and there was a lot of picture taking by members of the Domei news agency. Every time they wanted a particular person they would get a geisha girl to sidle up to him and then snap the picture so if you see me in the newspaper alongside of one don't be surprised. One trouble is that it is impossible to make conversation unless one speaks Japanese.

The *Bee* arrived today but the mail has not been distributed so that we are consumed with anticipation awaiting tomorrow's delivery. No mail would be a bitter disappointment. The *Oahu* will be coming in a few days and then it is said that there will be no more communication for several weeks except censored dispatches through the Japanese Embassy. I hope tomorrow's mail will fill in a lot of gaps that I had to read between the lines of the last mail.

The people are gradually getting back to their homes. The expected driving out by soldiers did not materialize. A lot of cases have been reported of violence, rape and robbery and many rushed back into the zone. On the whole the situation is improving. Now that so many have gone back the number of cases we hear about will be markedly diminished. Here are a few samples:

A family of six went to their home where at five p.m. a

Japanese soldier came and attempted to rape the adult woman of the family. Someone found a gendarme who came and took the soldier away bound. That night he returned with some companions and killed all six members of the family. Again: A middle aged man was seen carrying off two chairs from a house. He was shot as a looter and his wife and two friends came to carry him off. They were also shot on the spot. This incident was investigated by several of our bunch who saw the bodies. Again: A middle aged weaver who had been carried off by the Japs a month ago and had worked for them came back to the zone a few days ago. Day before yesterday he went with two friends along the road towards Hansi Men. A soldier standing on a mound by the side of the road stopped them and motioned them to go back. They turned and went and after going about thirty yards the soldier fired a shot which nearly tore the arm off the weaver. It was so shattered that by the time he arrived at the hospital there was nothing to do but cut it off at the eldow. Just a nice friendly bunch of people. [ . . . ]

(xxii) *Thursday, February 10*

[ . . . ] The proportion of medical [to] surgical cases at the hospital is steadily increasing so that now Trim has about 50 patients to my 100. Today for the first time I went to our regular surgical clinic at 2 p.m., starting my operative schedule at 3:30. I shall try to continue that as the clinic certainly needs a guiding hand and there have been a lot of complaints about the way people are being treated there. This afternoon a woman came in with her face badly burned. She had returned to her home, on the orders of the Japanese, four days ago. Several Japanese soldiers promptly visited the house and demanded girls. She had only one 11 year old and one 12 year old and as these

did not satisfy the soldiers they set fire to her house burning up the 11 year old girl in the building.

We are getting a large number of women from 16 to 30, most of them nice looking girls who are ridden with venereal disease from frequent raping. All of them have gonorrhoea, most have syphilis and a large proportion have chancroid as well. That aspect of the clinic is certainly a heartbreaking one. It doesn't take long for any remote respect for the Japanese soldiers to evaporate permanently.

When our two cases of beri-beri showed up the other day we got immediate action and a boat is starting from Shanghai tomorrow with 100 tons of green beans. We hope to cut down any further incidence.

Yesterday I tried my first heterogenous skin graft using pinch grafts from a father to his daughter. The graft looked fine today but it is much too early to tell. This afternoon I admitted a horribly burned little girl who has all the skin off her lower abdomen and anterior thighs. It happened six days ago and the mother had put on a concoction of mice boiled in oil and ground up. I had to give the child a general anaesthesia to clean it up. Her father had been shot offhand by the Japs about a month ago and the mother had not been able to give the child the attention she wanted to.

We get up to the tune of Jap airplanes and hear them all day long. Every now and then we think some Chinese planes come to the outskirts but we have no direct confirmation except occasional radio reports from Hankow. [...]

(xxiii) *Sunday, February 13*

[...] Last night we finally had the members of the Japanese Embassy to dinner. Three of the four came, the fourth having celebrated the previous day too vigorously.

The previous day was the Anniversary of the founding of the Empire. Mssrs. Fukui, Fukuda and Kasuya were the guests. We put our excellent radio upstairs and played some classical records for them. We settled the problem of what to talk about by finding that two of them played bridge so that a bridge game was quickly organized. Fitch and Fukuda playing Riggs and Fukui. Unfortunately they stayed until ten-fifteen so that we didn't get any of the news broadcasts. Ordinarily we listen to Manila at 8:50, Hongkong at 9:30 and Shanghai at 10:10. Occasionally London at 6:00 and now and then Melbourne or some other place that happens to be giving the news.

Another cheerful tale came to my attention yesterday. Two weeks ago six Japanese soldiers entered the town of Liulangchiao some miles southwest of our town. They proceeded with their usual system of rape and looting. Some of the men in the town organized some resistance and killed three of the soldiers, the other three getting away. The three soon returned with several hundred who quickly threw a cordon around the town. A town of 500 inhabitants, it had only about 300 at the time. These 300 were all tied together in groups of six to eight and thrown in the icy river. They then leveled the town so that there wasn't a wall standing. The story was told me by a man who had gone from Nanking to Tanyangchen, a village just beyond Liulangchiao. He talked with the few terrified inhabitants of the surrounding territory and saw the ruins. Coming back he passed two soldiers on sentry duty at Yuhwatai just outside of South Gate. He was with his wife and child. They had passed the sentries about fifty yards when one of them casually shot in their direction, the bullet going through his flank but fortunately not entering the peritoneum. He is anxious to get out and return to Tanyangchen.

Only tonight four Jap soldiers came in and robbed several people in the University Library at the point of pistols of several hundred dollars. I guess the millennium is not here yet.

(xxiv) *March 7*

[ . . . ] The fall of Nanking on December 13 was immeasurably hastened by the incompetence and defection of T'ang Sheng-chih who was supposed to coordinate the defence. I shall not go into details on that here but will some day when the opportunity affords. If anyone had mentioned to us on December 12 that the entry of the Japanese would be the signal for a reign of terror almost beyond description we would have laughed at their fears. We had urged our Chinese staff to stay in the firm belief that, once the much vaunted Japanese Imperial army had taken control, lives would be safe and, while there might be some interference in the conduction of affairs, it would be only petty annoyances and that we need not be overconcerned.

When the mass murder, rapine, looting and arson began shortly after the entry of the Japanese troops we at first could not believe our eyes but were effectively convinced in a very short time. We had experienced no trouble whatever at the hands of Chinese soldiers even during the night of December 12 when tens of thousands of them streamed northward through the city to their slaughter at Hsia Kwan. It is true that they had burned some of the buildings just outside of the city walls in preparation for a defence of the walls that was never made, but outside of that and the burning of the Ministry of Communications, which burned on December 12th and therefore was presumably burned by Chinese, no destruction was carried out.

The Red Swastika Society has for the last month been

feverishly burying bodies from all parts of the city outside the zone and from the surrounding countryside. A conservative estimate of the number of people slaughtered in cold blood is somewhere about 100,000, including of course thousand of soldiers that had thrown down their arms. A few pitiful survivors of many of the mass murders managed to get to the hospital to tell their tale. I will record only one incident to illustrate.

At the University where the haphazard registration was going on of the twenty thousand people occupying the new library and compound and the main University buildings and compound, speeches were made urging all those that had been connected with the military to acknowledge it. They were promised that if they did so they would be made into labor gangs and their lives would be spared. If they did not acknowledge it and for any reason the Japanese suspected they had been connected with the military they would be summarily shot. About two hundred came forward and gave themselves up. I treated several survivors of that group. They were separated into several gangs and joined with hundreds of others picked up elsewhere. One bunch was taken into the hills beyond Ginling College, a few machine guns sprayed on them, several gallons of gasoline doused over their heads and they were set afire. Two survivors later died in the hospital burned almost beyond recognition, one not even having been hit by the machine guns, and the other having his jaw torn open.