

CHAPTER II

FAREWELL

6 FEBRUARY

SINCE IT STRUCK ME that the Chinese pilots all stayed away from the city during the last air raid, I happened to check in passing on various dugouts, and discovered that without exception they are all filled with groundwater. After all the misery the Japanese soldiers have brought us, people have become fully indifferent to the dangers of air raids. The crowd of refugees stands in my garden, silently staring up at the airplanes. A few people don't pay any heed at all, but calmly go about their daily business inside the straw huts.

I presented my request to the Japanese embassy today for a trip to and from Shanghai. In principle, Fukui told me, all such petitions are turned down. He says he will see what he can do nevertheless. Dr. Rosen officially endorsed my request, but that won't help much. As already noted, Rosen is not exactly *persona grata* among the Japanese, but that goes for me, too, as chairman of the International Committee. But the attempt must be made all the same, for as of today I've not heard one word from the firm telling me that they agree with my staying on here for a while. If I do get permission to leave, however, I would prefer to travel on a foreign gunboat.

*From a Report of the Nanking Office of the German Embassy
(Rosen) to the Foreign Ministry*

On 5 inst. a tea reception was held in the rooms of the Japanese embassy, attended by members of the local foreign legations at the invitation of the newly appointed Japanese garrison commandant, Major General Amaya.

After a rather long delay, we were asked to take our seats, and the general read a long speech from a manuscript, which Attaché Fukuda then translated into halting English.

The general first noted that the Japanese army was famous throughout the world for its discipline. Both in the Russo-Japanese War and in the Manchurian campaign there had been no violations of discipline. But if such things had occurred now in China—and certainly worse would have happened in any other army—then it was the fault of the Chinese. Chiang Kai-shek had called upon not just the army, but the entire populace as well to resist, very much to the embitterment of the Japanese soldiers, for as they advanced they had found no food or other supplies, and had therefore vented their feelings against the populace. The advance on Nanking had proceeded so quickly that it had not been easy for supplies to keep up.

(This was to some extent contradicted by a later remark that the people in the supply columns had had too much free time and for that reason had begun to display the familiar lack of discipline.)

The general berated the Chinese in particular for having marked Japanese officers as a special target, who therefore had had to don the uniforms of the rank and file to avoid notice! And Chinese spies had also set fires, etc. to mark staff headquarters in order to draw artillery and air strikes! As for Nanking itself, the foreigners, especially those from "a certain nation," had presumed to play the role of judge. Without foreign interference, the Sino-Japanese relationship in Nanking would have developed harmoniously! It was foreigners who were provoking the Chinese to resist! He was ready to listen to any criticism pertaining to matters of foreign interest, but he wanted to deal with the Chinese directly himself.

At the conclusion of his speech, the general asked if we had anything to add ourselves. Out of a personal distaste for the strange methods of his "address," I refrained from saying anything in my capacity as senior foreign representative present, but my American colleague, Mr. Allison, asked for a copy of the text of the speech, whereupon all of a sudden the speech was declared to be entirely improvised, the very same speech the general had just read word for word, spectacles perched on his nose and

holding his paper to one side now and then for better light, while Attaché Fukuda had stammered his translation from another Japanese copy! During the tea that followed I asked the Japanese deputy general consul, Mr. Fukui, when we might finally be able to count on visiting Dr. Günther, a citizen of the Reich, at the cement works in Kiangnan about 12 miles outside the city. Mr. Fukui replied that according to Major Hungo there were some 3,000 Chinese soldiers in the area; it was therefore too dangerous. I could not refrain from asking whether these 3,000 soldiers were dead or alive.

Of course this was yet another very lame excuse, for that same day Sindberg, a Dane who lives at the cement works with Dr. Günther, arrived in the city without a scratch, as he has often done before. Along with the attempt to prevent us from having a look at what crimes the Japanese troops have committed outside the city, the refusal to allow this official trip may also be connected with the fact that representatives of the Japanese Onoda Cement Works have already expressed some interest in the Kiangnan works, which have only recently been completed, but not yet transferred to a Chinese company. The German engineer and the Dane are therefore currently looking after the interests of the Danish firm that built the plant and the German firm that supplied the equipment.

My American colleague, Mr. Allison, who speaks Japanese, asked the general whether the officers of the American gunboat *Oahu* might be permitted on land to visit the embassy, something that has thus far been denied both them and the English. The general said to Major Hungo and Attaché Fukuda that he could see no reason why that shouldn't be possible, whereupon the two pulled him to one side for whispered conversation, and in the end the decision was that "the military" could not permit it! This example shows how higher Japanese officers defer to younger officers, and also how things are proceeding without any real planning, in matters great and small.

In general, daily life here is made absurdly difficult. Buying coal for the kitchen stove involves bureaucratic stupidity of the sort that in the old days used to be the subject of our humor magazines, and the purchase balloons into a major act of state. I had to provide exact information as to coal yard, truck, route traveled, and required amount of coal. Finally in possession of a large permit, the American embassy truck was able to drive off. Since the designated gate had been closed by Japanese soldiers, the driver wanted to use the next one, but that was impossible without a new permit. Moreover, General Consul Fukui demanded that because this was an American truck, it first be driven back to the American embassy instead of delivering the coal directly to me!

To return to the Major General Amaya's speech, the conclusion to be

drawn from it is that Chinese resistance to the Japanese must have rattled them a good deal. Surely it is self-evident to patriots like the Japanese that after years of suffering and constant humiliation, a nation will resist foreign intruders. But in their overweening blindness, the Japanese have never been able to see this. About two years ago, the Japanese assistant foreign minister for Manchukuo, Mr. Ohashi, one of those chiefly to blame for the current war, told me that two Japanese divisions could hold the main Chinese army in check!

The general's admission in regard to the unusual insecurity felt by his officers and even his general staff clearly shows what a very different picture these gentlemen originally had of their stroll through China. Quite out of place was the general's attempt to shift the blame to foreigners for the failure of the Nanking populace to show enthusiasm for the Japanese, especially when one recalls that the foreigners who remained behind in Nanking chose to place a German, indeed a functionary of the NSDAP, at their head, making Herr John H. D. Rabe their leading figure. And though by "a certain nation" the general may have been referring to the Americans, they have worked in close cooperation with those Germans who remained behind. Without the brave intervention of the Germans and Americans, the bloody culpability of the Japanese would have been considerably worse, so that they should have every reason to be most grateful to these foreigners.

A few days ago, Herr Rabe offered Mr. Hidaka of the Japanese embassy his personal assistance and that of his coworkers to find some solutions to all the problems regarding Nanking's civilian population, but the Japanese think they can do everything better by themselves. And yet one can look to the future only with apprehension when one recalls that from 28 January to 8 February Japanese have committed over 170 violent crimes, i. e., mostly rapes and robberies of even paltry amounts of money from the defenseless poor. As I write this, Herr Rabe calls to report that yesterday an old married couple and two other civilians were shot and killed by Japanese soldiers for no plausible reason.

Granted, one can well understand that the Japanese, who until now have been able to keep their actions in this country from the public, are upset that precise details have been revealed here and that these play havoc with their claim of having brought light and order to a chaotic China whose populace could not contain its jubilation over it all. In contradiction to the fears of the foreigners, the Chinese in fact maintained model discipline under the pressure of several air raids a day, followed by actual fighting in the streets, and except for a few isolated incidents respected foreign flags, whereas the Japanese, even long after Nanking had become a quiet military base, swooped down over everything, including German and other foreign property—murdering, burning, violating.

As a result of changes in the leadership of German foreign policy, the Japanese apparently—judging from radio reports—have set great hopes on an endorsement of their China policy; but perhaps they have failed to note that the very man who created the Anti-Comintern Pact might have something to say about how the Japanese have violated its high ideals. Given the poor postal connections with Hankow, I am presenting this report directly to the Foreign Ministry.

ROSEN

7 FEBRUARY

After first gathering up the remnants of discarded uniforms and equipment lying about in the streets, the Japanese have now set fire to all the wrecked cars that are strewn about—having first removed any valuable parts.

Dr. Hsü arrives with news that the Japanese shot and killed four Chinese near Lotus Lake last night. Cause: An old man evidently wanted to fetch a ricksha he had hidden near his house. When his wife and two other relatives hurried out to assist him, they, too, were cut down.

This morning, led by two workers for the Red Swastika Society, Mr. Sone and I visited a somewhat out-of-the-way field in the vicinity of Sikiang Road, where the bodies of 124 Chinese have been fished out of two ponds, all of them shot, about half of them civilians. The victims had all had their hands tied, were then mowed down by machine guns, doused with gasoline, and set on fire. But when the burning took too long, the half-burned bodies were simply tossed into the ponds. Another pond nearby is said to contain 23 corpses, just as all the ponds in Nanking have been similarly contaminated.

Mills and I are joined by the daughter and sisters of the Chinese woman who was shot, and we drive to the scene of the crime, very close to Major Haub's former residence, to verify in person Dr. Hsü's report about the murder of four people.

Out in an open field we found three corpses, that of a woman, lying right beside that of two men, and the body of another man about ten yards away. Between the bodies lay an improvised litter, that is, a plank suspended on ropes from two poles, which the two men—whom the old man's wife had called—intended to use to remove the body of her husband. And once again these are very poor people: farmers, who owned a small plot, part of which they had already plowed. Their wretched clay huts were empty. According to the daughter, the mother had carried circa ten dollars, their en-



The Japanese army attempted to destroy the evidence of the slaughter by wholesale burning of bodies.

Chinese families had meager means with which to transport their injured to the hospital or their dead for burial. This woman is being carried in a basket strung from a pole.



tire fortune, on her person. Nothing was found among her clothes, however. Mills and I were profoundly shocked. I pressed ten dollars into the daughter's hand, who kept bowing but never shed a tear, so that she would at least have the money. Before we drove home, the murdered woman's sisters threw a handful of dirt on each of the bodies.

8 FEBRUARY

At 8 o'clock this morning, the women and girls are all standing in crowded rows along the middle path in our garden. It is the only open spot left in the garden. They wait patiently until I finish breakfast and am about to set out for committee headquarters. As I come outside they all fall to their knees and cannot be persuaded to get up from the cold cement path until I have given the following speech, translated by Liu the chauffeur, whom they trust implicitly.

The Japanese and the Autonomous Government Committee have publicly announced that you must leave the refugee camps, the Zone, today. I personally have nothing against your remaining here. I shall not chase you away! But what can I, a single foreigner, do if the Japanese soldiers march in here and force you to leave my house and my garden? You must realize that my own power is too small to protect all of you in the long run.

Nevertheless, I will try to prevent the Japanese from entering. Please let me go to the German embassy now to speak to its representatives.

"*Ta meo banfang*," Liu calls out. "There's nothing you can do. He knows no other solution." At that, they all sit down on the ground and let me go.

I had intended to drive to the Japanese embassy this morning with Dr. Bates and take one of the Japanese officials out to the murder site in Pei Tse Ting. When I see about 200 Japanese soldiers deployed not far from my house, I fear that the military intends to clear the Zone by force. So I quickly drive to the American embassy to mobilize all the foreigners to stand guard at the camps and then go see Dr. Rosen at the German embassy, who is more than willing to drive back with me to observe any forcible entry of my grounds and buildings by the Japanese. Thank God nothing happens! The deployment of Japanese troops was for a passing Japanese general!

After a quiet chat at my house, we went to the American embassy to talk with Mr. Allison about how the Japanese had not attacked the Zone,



The corpses of a family slain by a Japanese soldier. The only survivors of this family of thirteen were two girls, aged eight and four, who hid under blankets beside the body of their mother for two weeks and lived from rice crusts left in a pan. (See Pastor Magee's report, p. 281; Document 16, Case No. 5.)

and then five of us—Dr. Rosen, Mr. Smythe, Sperling, Jimmy Wang, and I—drove out to the murder site in Pei Tse Ting. In the meantime, the four bodies had been wrapped in mats and lay ready to be buried on a little nearby hill. Jimmy hunted up a Chinese man from the neighborhood, who gave us the following account of the incident:

The old Chinese man, allegedly trying to rescue his ricksha, had in fact been trying to bring two chairs from a thatch hut to his house. It was on account of these two chairs, looted or bought cheaply somewhere, that the Japanese soldiers shot him. He lay gravely wounded in the field. When his wife (or sister?) came to his aid with two male relatives, hoping to take him away, they were all shot.

9 FEBRUARY

The Japanese embassy invited us to a concert yesterday evening. Dr. Rosen declined flat-out to take part. Our committee made the best of a bad situation!

*Military Band Concert at the Japanese Embassy,
3 p.m., 8 February 1938*

Programme:
Conductor: S. Ohonuma.

1. Overture:	Light Cavalry.	F. v. Suppé.
2. Danube Waves Waltz.		V. Ivanovici.
3. One Step:	Chinatown My Chinatown.	J. Schwalz.
4. Nagauta:	Oimatu.	arr. S. Ohonuma.
5. Fantasia:	Aida.	Verdi.
6. Overture:	William Tell.	G. Rossini.
7. March:	Varela no Guntai.	Military Band.

It was a tall order to expect men who have been walking in the morning among Chinese murdered by Japanese soldiers to sit that same afternoon among those soldiers and enjoy a concert, but anything is possible in this dishonest world. So as not to lose face that's been lost often enough and for the sake of famous East Asian courtesy, we committee members appeared almost to a man!

Scharffenberg and Hürter, Allison, the American consul, and the English representative Jeffery were also on hand, and he and I patiently let ourselves be photographed with a cute geisha between us for the Domei.⁴⁹

Mr. Fukui asks me to visit him this morning at the Japanese embassy in regard to my request for permission to travel to Shanghai and back. Presumably he wants to lay it upon my soul yet again that in Shanghai I am allowed to report only good things about the Japanese. If he thought I would contradict him, he's got his head screwed on wrong; but he doesn't, any more than I do. He's sees through me well enough to know that I'll give him all the false promises he wants to hear. Whether I pay them any mind later on is another matter. I'm sure he doesn't believe that himself. To judge from the company's most recent letter, a return here is out of the question, but I'll keep that to myself for now.

And now comes the huge job of closing up shop. Chang, our houseboy, just shook his head dubiously when I said that I would have to go to Germany and needed crates.

"Wooden?" Chang asks. "There's not enough wood even for coffins."

Despite everything, I shall try to drum up a few boards. All our furniture and the office setup will have to remain behind. Nobody knows what

will become of it all. I'm saddest about the oil paintings; but what's a man to do?

10 FEBRUARY

Fukui, whom I tried to find at the Japanese embassy to no avail all day yesterday, paid a call on me last night. He actually managed to threaten me: "If the newspapers in Shanghai report bad things, you will have the Japanese army against you," he said.

According to him, Kröger has had some very bad things to say. As proof of Kröger's bad attitude, he specified a long telegram from London that, so it's believed, came from Hong Kong and is being attributed to him.

In reply to my question as to what I then could say in Shanghai, Fukui said, "We leave that to your discretion."

My response: "It looks as if you expect me to say something like this to the reporters: 'The situation in Nanking is improving every day. Please don't print any more atrocity stories about the vile behavior of Japanese soldiers, because then you'll only be pouring oil on a fire of disagreement that already exists between the Japanese and Europeans.'"

"Yes," he said, simply beaming, "that would be splendid!"

"Fine, then give me an opportunity to speak with your General Amaya and Major Hungo, who is said to speak excellent German, so that I may discuss these matters with them in person. I am very much in favor of at last establishing a better relationship and friendly cooperation between the Japanese military and our committee.

"Why do you refuse entry visas to the foreign doctors and nurses that we've asked to help staff Kulou Hospital? Why can't we ship any food here from Shanghai? Why do you forbid us to visit the Red Cross hospital in the Foreign Ministry, for which our committee is providing the food?"

His answer: shrugs and the repeated statement, "If you report bad things, you will annoy the Japanese military and will not be allowed to return to Nanking!"

To my inquiry about whether I might take a Chinese servant with me on the trip, his answer is: "Yes, but he definitely may not return to Nanking!"

*From a Report of the Nanking Office of the German Embassy
(Rosen) to the Foreign Ministry*

10 February 1938

Re: Film documentary of the atrocities of Japanese troops in Nanking

During the Japanese reign of terror in Nanking—which, by the way, continues to this day to a considerable degree—the Reverend John Magee, a member of the American Episcopal Church Mission who has been here for almost a quarter of a century, took motion pictures that eloquently bear witness to the atrocities committed by the Japanese.

Mr. Magee, who has asked that his name be mentioned only in strictest confidence, has worked to find a place for Chinese refugees in the home of a German advisor. He is more open to things German than most of his colleagues are, primarily because his late sister was married to an Austrian diplomat. It is characteristic of his selfless and well-meaning intentions that he is not interested in gaining any commercial advantage from his footage, and that he has offered the embassy a copy of it if we will cover the cost of having it made by the Kodak office in Shanghai, from where it can then be sent by secure mail to the Foreign Ministry. Enclosed is a description, in English, of the events chronicled in various segments of the footage. These present, as does the film itself, such shocking documentary evidence that I would like to request that the film, along with a word-for-word translation of the descriptions, be shown to the Führer and Reich Chancellor.

One will have to wait and see whether the highest officers in the Japanese army succeed, as they have indicated, in stopping the activities of their troops, which continue even today. General Amaya conjures up memories of the Russo-Japanese war, and indeed at that time there was a spirit of true discipline and self-denial in the Japanese officers corps. Troops will always be the image of their officers.

A younger officers corps that has grown up glorifying political murder and for which the geisha trade seems more important than the old virtues of the samurai can demand nothing better of its rank and file than what has taken place here in Nanking. If Japan wishes to bring light to the East, it must first shed light in all the darkest corners of its own nation and do some serious housecleaning.

The expenses associated with the acquiring of this film will be presented by the embassy in Hankow in reference to this report.

11 FEBRUARY

Our coolie Tsian-la set out on a pilgrimage to his home village today. Three hours outside the city. I am very worried whether his family is still alive and what shape he will find them in. Reports say it's been murder and mayhem out there.

We've just got news that a soldier of the Japanese army, famous—as General Amaya put it—for its good discipline, forced his way into a house where a woman and her two daughters were living, intending to rape the daughters. When they resisted, he locked the three women inside the house and set it on fire. One of the daughters burned to death and the mother's face was badly burned. The case is being investigated.

Sindberg arrives bearing an even worse story. This time, however, we're dealing with Chinese bandits, four of them, who suspected one of their countrymen of having hidden some money, so they slowly swung him by his arms and legs back and forth over a fire, roasting him, trying to get him to reveal the hiding-place.

We are indeed in Asia! But homesickness wells up when you hear of too many such atrocities.

Good news from Shanghai. They've shipped us 100 sacks of the green beans we begged for to fight beriberi.

Chang is out looking for wood. I would like to have some crates made that I can pack full with all sorts of odds and ends. Who knows if we'll ever see Nanking again! Carlowitz is said to have an empty crate, which Sperling is going to pilfer for me.

About 1 o'clock: *tiffin* with Dr. Rosen and the officers of the English gunboat *Cricket*. Nice people. What a shame that I've not finished my packing yet. Otherwise I could have boarded the *Cricket* for Shanghai tomorrow.

Reverend John Magee has taken motion pictures of the atrocities. Dr. Rosen is having a copy of the film made in Shanghai, which he then wants to forward to Berlin. I'm supposed to get another copy later, too. I saw some of the casualties (shown in the film) and was able to speak with a few before they died. I was shown the bodies of some of them in the morgue at Kulou Hospital.

*Memorandum of Chancellor Scharffenberg
for the Embassy in Hankow*

10 February 1938

The Japanese have kept us very busy socially of late. On 3 February all the foreign officials were once again invited to dinner by Embassy Councilor Shinrokuro Hidaka, with no military present, only General Consul Fukui and an attaché. The English came very late.

Since the gendarmes had already knocked off for the evening, the two English officials had to negotiate for a half hour until they were permitted to drive to the Japanese embassy. These officials are calm and cool by temperament, and they saw the incident more from its comic side.

The evening was spent over good food and good wine—the burgundy too chilled, however—a very calm, restrained atmosphere. Councilor Hidaka worked the same phrase into his conversation with the three legation heads—each individually: "Let's not talk about official matters today!"

On 5 February, all officials were again invited to a tea, as guests of garrison commander Major General Amaya. Councilor Hidaka, all the Japanese officials, including Major Hungo, and a few other officers were on hand. We conversed very amiably for a good while, when suddenly it got very quiet and formal, everyone took a seat, put away cigarettes, and Amaya put on his glasses, plucked a paper from his pocket, and gave a speech, which the young, pleasant, and always helpful attaché Fukuda translated sentence by sentence. Unfortunately he was not very well prepared, and so the translation was a bit halting. The upshot was that the general, otherwise a very genial, pudgy gentleman, really pitched into us Westerners. His thesis was: Everything would have gone far better in Nanking without any Westerners. The Chinese had crept in under the Westerners' coattails and by trusting in our intervention, had dared to defy the Japanese. In Yangchow, where he had been the local commander until now, everything had fallen into place wonderfully after a few days, and commercial life had scarcely been interrupted. The high point of his speech was: "Please don't interfere in my dealings with the Chinese!" I think he's right in a certain sense, but he wouldn't hand over a copy of the speech.

The Safety Committee has long been a thorn in the side of the Japanese, but since 4 February a large number of Chinese have in fact left the camps and found shelter somewhere in the city. In my view, Herr Rabe as its chairman has indeed achieved extraordinary things, but he has let himself be lulled far too much by the Americans and is helping promote

American interests and missionaries who are out to catch souls *en gros*. He could have resigned his office on 4 February, the date set for clearing the Safety Zone, and having arrived at the zenith of his excellent work and retiring in a blaze of glory, could have vanished from Nanking. Rabe, here endeth the tale of thy glory!

Rabe realizes as much himself, and is trying to get Japanese permission to go to Shanghai, but he is still actively trying to counter the bloody excesses of Japanese looters, which have unfortunately increased of late. To my mind, this should not concern us Germans, particularly since one can clearly see that the Chinese, once left to depend solely on the Japanese, immediately fraternize. And as for all these excesses, one hears only one side of it, after all.

All the local Germans—with the exception of Rabe—have grasped the fact that Asiatic warfare is simply very different from warfare among us! Since there is no taking of prisoners, savageries necessarily ensue. Much as in the Thirty Years War, looting, etc. is simply a matter of course, and that things are especially bad for women probably has its roots in the massacre at Tungchow: The gruesome murder of Japanese women and children there has to be revenged a thousandfold.

And as sad as things may still be here, one can assume they will improve as soon as the refugees have cleared out of the Safety Zone. General Matsui was here recently to establish order.

But one also observes Amaya's hand in things, particularly since he has had all the wrecks removed from the streets—overturned trucks, buses, and countless vehicles of all sorts, most of them junks, are doused with gasoline and burned, and what's left is hauled away. A good many troops are working in the city, clearing away dangling electrical, telephone, and telegraph wires and stringing new ones.

And so to that extent things have begun to improve. And the Red Swastika Society has received permission to bury the countless corpses still lying about. From one single pond near Dr. Schröder's house, for example, they fished out over 120 bodies, their hands tied behind them with wire. Herr Rabe was there and saw it all. I myself have frequently seen Japanese soldiers fetch water in their cooking pots from these pools. Bon appétit! — One must fear the worst once warmer weather arrives.

At 4:00 p.m. on 8 February, all Westerners were assembled in the now familiar rooms of the Japanese embassy to hear a military concert. The band was seated in the large dining room, all 42 of them, brought here from Tokyo for the occasion; they played well, indeed much better than the grumblers among us had predicted. The conductor, Captain S. Ohonuma, who studied music in Paris, did a very nice job and gratified us with a few encores, some of them compositions of his own.

The foreigners sat in rows in the salon; after we had taken our seats we were first served tea by some of the geishas from the "embassy staff." It was a feast for sore eyes, since the four loveliest had been put into service; and then the concert began. Program enclosed.

After No. 4 there was an intermission, the time filled with a sumptuous buffet set up out on the verandah. The long table sagged under all the cakes, candies, pastries, fruits, etc., like some imperial Russian *zakuska*. Everything for show. The geishas served tea again and as they offered us cigarettes, especially as they lit them, assumed the most charming poses, which were then captured by countless press photographers, so that an astonished world might later behold with its own eyes the cordial relations between the Japanese and Westerners in Nanking. That was the reverse side of the coin. The cloven foot!

Among the many missionaries, etc. I also saw Mr. McCallum, who is Embassy Councilor Fischer's⁵¹ landlord.

P. SCHARFFENBERG

12 FEBRUARY

It really is high time for me to get out of here. At 7 o'clock this morning, Chang brought in Fung, a friend from Tientsin, who is watching the house of an American here and whose wife is expecting a baby, which for three days now has been struggling to see the light of this mournful world, and you really can't blame him. The mother's life is apparently in danger. Birth definitely needs to be induced. And they come to me of all people!

"I'm not a doctor, Chang. And I'm not a *kuai ma*,⁵² either. I'm the 'mayor,' and I don't bring other people's children into the world. Get the woman to Kulou Hospital at once!"

"Yes," Chang says, "that all true; but you must come, otherwise won't work, otherwise woman not get into hospital, she die and baby, too. You must come, then everything good. Mother lives and baby, too!"

And that puts an end to that—"Idiots, the whole lot of you!"

And so I had to go along, and who would believe it: As I enter the house, a baby boy is born, and the mother laughs, and the baby cries, and everyone is happy; and Chang, the monkey, has been proved right yet again. And the whole lark cost me ten dollars besides, because I had to bring the poor lad something. If this story gets around, I'm ruined. Just think, there are 250,000 refugees in this city!

5 P. M.

A visit by Chinese pilots. The entire sky is full of airplanes, and the Japanese anti-aircraft battalion fires away with everything it's got. But nobody hits a thing! And just as well, since no one bothers to take shelter. The Chinese believe that air raids by their fellow countrymen can't touch them.

Mr. Fitch returns from Shanghai today at noon with "our navy friends," bringing sausage, cheese, insulin, and a lot of letters, among them a picture that Mutti cut out along with an article from a Berlin newspaper, celebrating "Rabe, Mayor of Nanking." Ah, if only I could retire on a mayor's pension!

Shortly before the city was taken by the Japanese, two functionaries of the Chinese government sought and were given refuge in my house. They came equipped with bags full of money and on various occasions gave my servants tips that were far beyond reason.

Since Chiang Kai-shek had promised our committee a donation of 100,000 dollars in toto, of which we were able, with much difficulty, to collect 80,000, I demanded a written statement from these two gentlemen that



Members of the Red Swastika Society (the local branch of the Red Cross) formed details to help with the collection and burial of bodies.

they were in possession of no other moneys for the International Committee of the Nanking Safety Zone.

John Rabe's diary includes the requested statement, in which the two Chinese claim that the government had given them \$50,000, which they had then passed on, dividing it between the Safety Zone Committee and the International Committee of the Red Cross in Nanking. They declared that they were in possession of no other moneys for these organizations.

The immediate cause for my making these inquiries is that a bundle of bank notes in the amount of 5,000 dollars suddenly appeared on the desk in my office one day, and with it the following note: "For you honourable deed of saving poor souls."

I immediately put the money into the committee's treasury and gave the two somewhat astounded Chinese an official receipt in that amount.

13 FEBRUARY

In addition, I received the following telegram confirmation, likewise by way of the American embassy.

Siemens China Co.
Hong Kong Branch

Hong Kong, 1.12.37

We received the following telegram from Shanghai with the request to forward it to you: "Not in agreement with measures request immediate departure Hankow to attend to interests of Siemens China Co." Hong Kong Branch

This afternoon a service at the Ping Tsang Hsian, Dr. Bates preached a wonderful sermon about Abraham Lincoln, and much of what Lincoln had to say bears directly on our present time. Lincoln's Proclamation for a Day of Fasting from 1863 was read.

It should be noted in regard to the confirmation of the company's telegram, which is dated 1 December 1937, that I never received it. They did telegraph me to advise me not to put my life at any greater risk and to join the staff of the German embassy if they left Nanking. Ultimately they requested I telegraph them my plans. My answer read:

"Am remaining here as chairman of the International Committee for establishing a refugee zone for over 200,000 noncombatants." And as I now

learn from this telegram confirmation, they didn't agree with that. But, as I said, this telegram never reached me.

What a mess! I truly am a "Lame Jack."⁵³ I went and did the right thing, and now the company doesn't like it!

It can be assumed, however, that the firm probably telegraphed that particular message to me in order to prevent me from putting my life in any danger. On the other hand, it's a good thing I never received it. As a well-disciplined company man, I might very well have changed my decision at the last moment and boarded the *Jardines Hulk*. Moreover, I tend to doubt whether the rest of the employees of Siemens China Co. in Nanking and a few other poor devils would still be alive had I cut and run.

Contrary to expectation, I've managed to come up with some crates. There's a carpenter among my *lao bai xings*,⁵⁴ that is, among the refugees in my garden, and through his connections I've been able to round up 20 crates, and not just crates, but straw as well. For the grand sum of two dollars and by pouring rain, several of the refugees carried three cartloads of straw from well beyond the Han Hsi Men city gate, and the carpenter is helping me pack free of charge. You see: The friendship of these poor people is worth something after all, sometimes, as in this case, worth a great deal, for wood has all but vanished from the marketplace.

North China Daily News
Shanghai from 30 Jan. 1938 (Excerpted by John Rabe)

Japanese Envoy Is Skeptical

London, January 29. The Japanese ambassador in London, Mr. Shigeru Yoshida, today said in an interview with the "Daily Sketch" that he "deeply deplored" reports reaching Europe accusing Japanese soldiers of "unspeakable atrocities" and added that it was "unthinkable that our troops would forget their traditions." . . .

"Such conduct is utterly foreign to our noble traditions, and there is nothing in the whole history of Japan which shows any precedent for such conduct. . . . Our army is well disciplined."

14 FEBRUARY

Since we've had a few cases of beriberi here, we had asked Shanghai to ship us 100 tons of green beans, which were expected to arrive today aboard the steamer *Wantung*. The Japanese navy in Shanghai had given permission to

ship the beans and likewise to have them unloaded in Hsiakwan. All that was needed was the consent of the Japanese army in Nanking, which then promptly refused it.

At noon today the radio reported the incident from Shanghai and presented the matter as if our International Committee's "lack of cooperation" with the Autonomous Government Committee had caused problems with the shipment, for which only the Autonomous Government Committee can be given authorization.

The Japanese claim that they know of no cases of beriberi in Nanking,

SIEMENS CHINA Co.
HONGKONG BRANCH

Hongkong, d. 1. 12. 37 10

TELEGRAM - CONFIRMATION

Sent to Nankang on 1. 12. 37 at 9 a. m.

Code(s) Alpha

Code Word	Translation
HPTYF	Wir erhalten folgendes Telegramm von - mit dem Bitten, es Ihnen zu vermitteln
LUVRL	Shanghai
FRIYR	Nicht einverstanden mit Maßnahmen
CRCYT	erhalten
IGPRB	unmöglich
AJONU	Abschick
LTJEG	Hankow
ECWER	zur Wahrung der Interessen von -

*kein Telegramm auf hier nicht ein!
Die Probedrüse ist nicht so leicht, am
13. Februar hier eine Kündigung durch die
Amerikanische Botschaft*

The telegram from Siemens instructing John Rabe to leave Nanking

which is not at all surprising, since they've showed no concern whatever about public health here.

15 FEBRUARY

Lung and Chow⁵⁵ left my house yesterday evening; they intend to leave the city today. I don't know how. They haven't volunteered their plans to me, and I haven't asked. Our friendship has in fact been ruptured. All the same, I wish them a good journey home to Hong Kong. But I have no wish ever to see these people again.

I am now busy packing. It's not an easy task: My health is not up to par, I'm sleeping only about two hours a night. Maybe it has something to do with my diabetes, but so what! You simply do what must be done. Things will turn out all right.

The "green bean problem" is not yet solved. The Japanese demand that we hand the beans over to the Autonomous Committee, no questions asked, otherwise they will not be allowed in. The beans are consigned to Kulou Hospital, which means that the Japanese are trying to prevent the delivery of foodstuffs to a private institution. Mr. Allison is spending all his time trying to bring the Japanese around.



The mass burial mounds dominated the landscape in all directions around Nanking.



A column of women being brought to shelter at the university

I've just heard that the camp managers have all decided to send a telegram to Siemens in Shanghai, asking the company to allow me to remain on here. I don't like that at all.

My nerves are pretty well shot, and I long for my vacation trip. I'm also afraid that the firm could get the idea that I was behind the telegram (from the camp managers), which, of course, is not the case.

Except for my furniture, I've packed up all the odds and ends and am now sitting in a half-empty house devoid of every comfort. I'll have to leave the large pieces of furniture here under Han's care for now, likewise the crates I've packed.

L A T E R

What shocks me most about a report by our committee that cannot be made public is the observation that although the Red Swastika Society has thus far been burying about 200 bodies a day, there are still 30,000 to be dealt with, most of them in Hsiakwan. Those numbers tell the story of the last Chinese troops that crowded into Hsiakwan and were unable to escape across the Yangtze.

I'm touched by the way all my American friends, one after the other,

have been inviting me to a farewell dinner, when they themselves are short on rations. And now here comes Miss Minnie Vautrin, who wants me to come to a farewell tea. Miss Vautrin won my highest and very special respect in those worst December days when I saw her marching through the city at the head of 400 fleeing women and girls, bringing them to safety at the Ginling University camp.

Mr. Jeffrey, the deputy at the British embassy, promised that he'd speak on my behalf with the British navy, so that I can travel to Shanghai either on the Butterfield & Swire steamer *Wantung* on 22 February or with the English gunboat *Aphis* two days later, together with the servant that the Japanese embassy has allowed me to take along.

16 FEBRUARY

Jimmy Wang, from the Autonomous Government Committee and at the same time a (secret) member of our organization, tells me that the Chinese have decided to buy our headquarters and give the building to the committee as a gift. Very fine idea.

Mr. Allison from the American embassy arrives with news that the "green bean problem" has now been settled. The beans can be imported and distributed both inside and outside the Zone.

From a Memorandum of Chancellor Scharffenberg for the German Embassy in Hankow

Re: Situation in Nanking on 17 February 1938

We were awakened early this morning by the friendly bombs of the Chinese and then a long sequence of flak fire by the Japanese. The sun was so bright, however, that we could not see much.

On 15 inst. we were given permission to drive out to the area of the Sun Yat-sen mausoleum, and we got as far as the swimming pool. The lovely willows along the road near the pagoda have all been chopped down and almost all the villas have been burned. We could not walk in the area because there were still too many corpses, blackened and partially eaten by dogs.

On the trip back we entered the palace of President Lin Sen. The building has not been burned and in time it can probably be restored, despite the great damage to all its façades from the shelling; it looks horrible, and it really is a shame. It's hard to believe, but in the reception room upstairs, there on the splendid marble floor, lay the cadaver of a pony,

half decomposed and gnawed away. Which also explained why the marble staircase was in such bad shape.

On our drive through the city some life and movement were to be seen, though mostly just the older generation. The committee claims that about 100,000 are in the city now, that is, they've left the camps. We even saw a ricksha and a horse-drawn wagon. Unfortunately there are cases of beriberi among the refugees now, and the committee acted swiftly to ship beans from Shanghai. I'm very pessimistic about epidemics, especially because of the water supply, and then there's the garbage, and finally still too many bodies lying about. The weather is very changeable at present. When it's as warm as it is today, you can't go out on the street for the stench of corpses. Things will get better only after the Zone has emptied out more. To illustrate conditions in Nanking: The Rev. Forster had reported the theft of a piano to the Japanese; he was then taken to a warehouse in which there was a collection of 17 instruments of all kinds. Was his one of those?

"No!"

Then would he please select a replacement. Forster declined.

Nanking is black as pitch at night, and of course there's no street lighting of any sort.

P. SCHARFFENBERG

17 FEBRUARY

Mr. Ritchie, the postal commissioner, is about to reopen the post office, with the Japanese. Until now he's had no success reopening in any of the destroyed areas.

The farewell tea at Miss Minnie Vautrin's was very nice. Besides Dr. Bates and Fitch, Mr. Ritchie, Mr. Allison, and Dr. Rosen had been invited. There were some very lovely things to eat, but saying goodbye was dreadful!

The refugees at the university—there are still 3,000 women and girls there—besieged the door and demanded that I promise not to leave them in the lurch, that is, not to leave Nanking. They all went down on their knees, weeping and wailing and literally hanging on to my coattails when I tried to depart. I had to leave my car behind, and once I had fought my way to the gate, which was instantly closed behind me, had to return home on foot. This all sounds very exaggerated and lugubrious. But anyone who has witnessed the misery here understands what the protection we've been able to give these poor people really means. It was all so obvious, none of it has anything to do with heroics.

18 FEBRUARY

Committee meeting: The "Green Bean Problem" is finally settled.

My suggestion to name Mr. Mills vice chairman, and/or acting chairman is accepted. I will remain chairman for about two months, and if I have not returned to Nanking by then, presumably Mills will then officially be made chairman. We decide to change the name of the Zone Committee to Nanking International Relief Committee. Mr. Sone is named the successor to Mr. Fitch, who is returning to America. Mr. Smythe will continue to fill the posts of both treasurer and secretary but is to be relieved of one of them later on.

I remain as before a committee member of the International Red Cross in Nanking.

Fukuda pays me a call at headquarters to tell me that my trip to Shanghai has been given final approval. He doesn't know anything about my being allowed to take a servant along, but will make inquiries. Maybe I'll take Tsai with me.

19 FEBRUARY

I receive news from the British embassy that I can leave on the English gunboat *Bee* on Wednesday, 23 February. I gratefully accept. Mr. Jeffery will find out if I can ship my 53 crates of household goods to Shanghai on the *Wantung*. The furniture must remain here in any case, unfortunately all of it still not packed because I couldn't find any crates for it.

20 FEBRUARY

The Chinese on the committee want to hold a large reception in my honor at headquarters tomorrow afternoon. I've got to put together a speech fast. Everyone shall be given their due. The Americans, all of whom have been invited to the reception of course, want to give yet another special reception for all the embassies at eight o'clock tomorrow evening. That pleases me especially: Even the Japanese are invited. It's doubtful if Dr. Rosen will come. He says he doesn't want to spend any more time with these "murderers." For a diplomat, that's going way too far, but it's hard to even approach him about it.

21 FEBRUARY

What a shame I'm so unmusical! Reverend Jas. H. McCallum has composed a choral piece in my honor, entitled *Nanking Nan Ming*, and has also written the text: "We want beans for our breakfast, beans for our lunch." I didn't know the dear old parson, whom the Japanese came close to stabbing to death, had such a sense of humor.

4:00 P.M.

Large reception at the headquarters of the Safety Zone Committee. I am given an official letter of thanks in Chinese and English, copies of which are to be sent to Siemens China Co. as well as to Dr. Rosen of the German embassy. I respond to the various speeches in which I am praised more than I merit.

My speech is received enthusiastically, both by the Americans and the Chinese, who ask for the text so that it can be translated into Chinese. The Chinese want my autograph. They have brought along huge sheets of white paper that I'm supposed to fill up somehow. I am embarrassed by my lack of poetical texts, but I manage tolerably enough by taking refuge in the poetry albums of my youth.

7 P.M.

A cozy farewell dinner surrounded by my American friends. Then, at eight o'clock, a reception for the German, American, and Japanese embassies.

The English representative, Mr. Jeffery, could not come because his Japanese guard will not let him out after eight in the evening. Mr. Jeffery has protested at length but is too polite to take energetic action against such nonsense. Dr. Rosen, Scharffenberg, and Hürter were there from the German embassy; Mr. Allison, Espey, and McFadyen came from the American. I had to be careful in formulating my speech because of the Japanese.

22 FEBRUARY

Mr. Loh Fu Hsian, whose real name is Captain Huang Kuanghan, an air force officer and the brother of Colonel Huang of the OMEA (Officers

Moral Endeavor Association), has, with some help from Han, been given a pass for the trip to Shanghai. I will smuggle him aboard the *Bee* as my servant, and that way he can finally escape from danger, because he's been hiding in my house since the fall of Nanking. Capt. Huang, who shot down several Japanese aircraft, was ill when the city was conquered by the Japanese. He attempted to flee, but could no longer get across the Yangtze. While trying to swim one of the arms of the river, he lost his close friend. He, however, managed to get back through the city wall and into the Safety Zone.

I spend the whole morning packing. My *lao bai xing* have dragged in still more wood—all of it pilfered, I'm sure. Some of the planks come directly from a construction site. They're still smeared with cement.

I have received permission from the Japanese embassy to ship my crates to Shanghai on the *Wantung*. And so all that's left is the task of getting them on board, which I'll have to leave to Mr. Han and my American friends here, since I shall have already left for Nanking when the *Wantung* arrives.

I P. M.

Tiffin with Dr. Rosen and Mills, Dr. Bates, Miss Vautrin, Magee, Forster, Hürter, and Scharffenberg.

8 P. M.

Dinner alone with Dr. Rosen, whose heart is heavy with the problems of his current fate and who tells me some of them.

Radio news at 10 o'clock: Germany has recognized Manchukuo. The report goes on to say that our Ambassador Trautmann, currently in Hankow, has thus been put in a difficult situation vis-à-vis the Chinese government. We're afraid he may very well resign, although nothing is mentioned about that. It's very difficult here to see through the situation at home, but: Right or wrong—my country!

23 FEBRUARY, 8 A. M.

All the Americans come to say goodbye. Sperling, Han, and a few of the Chinese from the electricity works take Captain Huang and me to Hsiakwan.

At 9 o'clock on the dot, Mr. Jeffery and Williams from the British embassy appear, and with their help I am allowed without further ado to

board a launch from the British gunboat *Bee*. On board the *Bee*, lying at anchor about two miles upriver, I am received cordially by the commander, Captain Armstrong, and his first officer, Mr. Brain-Nicols. The launch is piloted by a young officer, Sub-lieutenant Pearson. The fourth guest in the officers mess is the doctor, Surgeon Lieutenant Colonel Joynt. I'm very happy there's a doctor on board. I'm not feeling very well, I've caught a cold that has settled in my bones.

Shortly before departure, Dr. Bates brings me a résumé from the press. I still have to think about what details I want to make public. In any event, I don't want to see the committee get into any difficulty because of it.

LATER (ON BOARD THE HMS BEE)

HMS *Bee* weighs anchor at 9 a.m. We pass Ching Kiang in the afternoon. Since by order of the Japanese there can be no traffic on the Yangtze at night, we anchor this evening near Kou-An.

I am being treated splendidly on board. The cabin, meals, and service are excellent. The Chinese servants on board are apparently all in a puzzle over Mr. Huang (or Loh Fu Hsian). It's obvious that he's not a servant, but we're keeping mum. The *Bee*'s officers think he's my "comprador."⁵⁶ I'm feeling somewhat better.

*From a Memorandum of Chancellor Scharffenberg
for the German Embassy in Hankow*

Re: Situation in Nanking on 4 March 1938

On 23 February Herr John Rabe left Nanking, after being honored by both Chinese and foreign nationals at several impressive and dignified gatherings, with many good and stirring farewell speeches expressing great gratitude for his service on behalf of the Safety Zone. He had to give a few speeches himself, and especially at the celebration held by the American missionaries and the foreign nationals he found the right words to say to Japanese general consul Fukui about the support to be given the work of the International Relief Committee, as it is now called.

On 27 February, both the Austrian Rupert Hatz and Zaudig the Balt left town. Richard Hempel, the hotelier, and Eduard Sperling, the "chief of police" of the Safety Zone, are the only Germans left.

The Safety Zone is now 50 percent cleared. Until night falls, you now see a good many Chinese in the city. But only an occasional ricksha, no pony wagons, though now and then a donkey pulling a cart.

Dr. Brady, an American physician, has arrived, and the Relief Committee has assigned him to inspect all 36 refugee camps and inoculate everyone. He has inoculated several thousand people, and Police Chief Sperling has been asked to work with him, to make sure that all the camps are cleaned. Sperling is organizing a kind of "refuse disposal" because you can scarcely imagine how filthy it all is here; the garbage is piled high in vacant lots between buildings in the residential areas, and it's even worse outside.

They are now hard at work removing bodies from the center of the city. The Red Swastika Society has been given permission to bury the 30,000 bodies in Hsiakwan. They manage 600 a day. The bodies are wrapped in lime and straw mats, with only the legs hanging out, then driven back into the city and buried in mass graves also filled with lime. It's said that circa 10,000 have been dealt with.

The garrison commander, Major General Amaya, keeps a tight rein on things, and we no longer hear of atrocities, and order is also being restored in general. All the trees that the Chinese chopped down for barricades against tanks have been removed, so that the roads near the Sun Yat-sen mausoleum are free again. But in that entire area, which is probably as large as the city enclosed by the long city wall, you do not see a single farmer in the fields. The entire harvest there is ruined.

War equipment is being gathered up and taken away as well; it is all piled in Hsiakwan, along a line from the train station to the charred remains of the Bridge Hotel—but we are not allowed there under any circumstances. Thousands of vehicles of every sort, steamrollers, etc. are parked there, waiting to be shipped to Japan, some as scrap metal. But the fire trucks that were also commandeered have been returned to the Chinese.

The Japanese have opened the little movie house on the side street next to the Chinese newspaper offices on Potsdamer Platz as a Chinese theater. The Japanese pay every actor, believe it or not, ten cents a day.

Since 1 March the *Nanking Kung Pao* has been appearing, a small double-column sheet, but very neatly printed, containing Japanese notices put together by Chinese editors. Price: 2 cents.

The number of Japanese canteen owners and petty merchants continues to grow. All in all, conditions here have improved. A major disadvantage, of course, is that the water mains do not yet function very well. The upper stories get only a trickle now and then.

Herr Hempel and Herr Sperling are thinking of reopening the Foo Chong Hotel at some point. They are banking on Japanese officers as hotel guests, and on the banquets that the Chinese on the Autonomous Committee will hold for the Japanese.

The Japanese still make entering and leaving the city difficult, i.e. for Westerners. Attaché Fukuda was in Shanghai again, traveling by car this time; it took eight hours and he claims the road is in good order once more. But we're in a mouse hole here, and the cat is Japanese!

P. SCHARFFENBERG

24 FEBRUARY (ON BOARD THE HMS BEE)

Around 11 o'clock we pass the forts at Kian Yin. According to newspaper reports, the devastation should be much worse. You can see Chinese working in the fields along the banks. We pass three wrecked warships. A Japanese gunboat, a Chinese gunboat, and a Chinese cruiser, the *Hai Yin*.

25 FEBRUARY

I radio both the American general consulate to inform Fitch and the German general consulate to inform Siemens China Co. of my arrival. Fitch is leaving for America tomorrow afternoon. I would very much like to speak with him before he departs and give him his mail from Nanking.

28 FEBRUARY

At 2 p.m. yesterday afternoon we arrived in Shanghai. As we passed the *Gneisenau*, which was lying at anchor ready to depart, I heard someone call my name but could not discover from which of the many portholes the call came. Mr. Fitch was on board as well. I wasn't able to get his mail to him because by the time I landed at 3:15, the *Gneisenau* had already pulled out and could no longer be reached. I spotted Mutti waiting for me as we passed the customs jetty. But she didn't recognize me from that distance.

And now I'm sitting nice and cozy in Shanghai, and feel "proud as a Piefke" when the victorious troops marched into Berlin.⁵⁷ Everyone thinks I'm a hero, and that can be very annoying; for I can see nothing heroic about me or within me.

With all the hymns of praise being sung in my honor, I'm reminded of the lovely poem that tells of a lad from Hamburg who saves one of his buddies from drowning, and when the father of the rescued lad calls on him that evening to thank him for saving his son's life, the lad says: "Saved his life?—Oh crap!" and rudely rolls over on his other side.

BACK HOME AGAIN AFTER THIRTY YEARS IN CHINA

On 16 March 1938, Mutti and I boarded the *Conte Bianca Mano* for home. Captain Huang, who had preceded us, was waiting for us at the dock in Hong Kong, along with his nineteen-year-old wife and her entire family, who live there and who took touchingly good care of us for three days. The German community had prepared a reception at the German Club in Hong Kong, where I spoke about some of my experiences. Almost the entire community, with Frau von Falkenhausen at their head, came on board to say goodbye.

After an absolutely wonderful trip via Manila and Bombay on the Italian ship, which is fitted out very luxuriously, we landed in Genoa on 12 April 1938.

On 13 April we learned in Munich that Otto, whom we had not seen for seven years, has in the meantime marched into Austria as a soldier. On 15 April we arrived in Berlin.



John and Dora Rabe, 1947