The Book and the Author

Atrocity stories are the vicious commonplace of war propaganda. The author and compilator of this book is well aware of that fact. *Japanese Terror in China* is *not* an atrocity tale. It is a collection of materials, intended for the *Manchester Guardian,* which the Japanese censors refused to pass. And with good reason—for these are authentic, documented accounts of neutral eyewitnesses (missionaries, businessmen, etc.) to Japan's occupation of North China. Mr. Timperley has one undying purpose—to have the civilian population of the world know, in all its details, exactly what a modern war of aggression is like. There is no rhetorical denunciation here—merely the sickening factual record from day to day and hour to hour.

Mr. Timperley is an Australian citizen. He has been in China, Manchuria, and Japan almost continuously since 1921. China correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian,* he is also an advisory editor of *Asia* magazine, and a contributor to *Foreign Affairs* and *Pacific Affairs.*

From the British Reviews:

"Certain to make a tremendous impression. . . . A documentary record of the most terrible atrocities that have ever stained the long and evil record of war."

—Edinburgh *Evening News.*

"The evidence . . . here put forward is quite clearly genuine and reliable."

—London *Times.*

"Surely there is no man so toughly insensitive as to be capable of reading straight through this appalling compilation of horrors. . . . What is happening in the Far East is, as Mr. Timperley points out, not a distant, academic horror; it is something which concerns us all."

—*Oxford Mail.*

"Its veracity cannot be questioned."

—*Manchester Guardian.*

"A reputable journalist like Mr. Timperley does not send out such messages without making sure of his facts. . . . The reports are bald statements of fact, and if anything probably underestimate the case. . . ."

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

JAPANESE TERROR IN CHINA

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Compiled and Edited by

H. J. TIMPERLEY

China Correspondent, *Manchester Guardian*

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"Those who thus appreciate true valor should in their daily intercourse set gentleness first and aim to win the love and esteem of others. If you affect valor and act with violence, the world will in the end detest you and look upon you as wild beasts. Of this you should take heed."—Extract from Para. 3 of *The Imperial Precept to the Soldiers and Sailors,* issued by the Emperor Meiji on January 4, 1883. Authorized English translation on page 228 of *The Japan Year Book,* 1937. (This is read over to all units of the Japanese Army at frequent intervals in peacetime.)

FOREWORD

PERHAPS THIS BOOK would not have come to be written had it not been for the fact that telegrams reporting the outrages committed against Chinese civilians by the Japanese troops which occupied Nanking in December of last year were suppressed by the censors installed by the Japanese authorities in the foreign cable offices at Shanghai. Among the messages that were thus suppressed or mutilated were several telegrams which the writer attempted to send to the *Manchester Guardian.*

Although I was fully satisfied that the information upon which my messages were based was irrefutable, as the Japanese authorities had alleged some of them to be "grossly exaggerated," I began to search for documentary proof and had no difficulty in discovering a wealth of corroborative evidence from unimpeachable sources. So shocking was the state of affairs thus revealed that I conceived the notion of publishing this evidence forthwith.

I make this personal explanation in order to show that the idea of producing this book was entirely my own and, while I have received valuable assistance from several friends in the selection and compilation of the material, I take full responsibility for its publication. Access to the International Committee's correspondence was made possible through my connection with certain relief organizations in Shanghai which had received copies in order that they might understand the situation and cooperate as effectively as possible with the Nanking group. It was only at my earnest request that the custodians of these documents permitted me to make use of the material in this way.

It is by no means the purpose of this book to stir up animosity against the Japanese people. I have many Japanese friends whom I hold in the highest respect and I wish it were politic to mention their names. One in particular is an important official and another of rare fineness of intellect and feeling holds a semiofficial position in Shanghai. It was my privilege to be associated with them both in more than one humanitarian enterprise and I wish to express my heartfelt appreciation of their sympathetic cooperation and friendship under very trying circumstances. I should like also to pay a special tribute to a certain Japanese Army officer who, in private, expressed his regret at the massacre of the unfortunate Chinese civilians who were bombed in a refugee train near Sungkiang in the early part of last September. These men, and there must be many others like them, are doubly deserving of admiration and respect since to betray their true thoughts and feelings to their countrymen at a time like this may well bring them death and dishonor.

The aim of this book is to give the world as accurately as possible the facts about the Japanese Army's treatment of the Chinese civilian population in the 1937-8 hostilities so that war may be recognized for the detestable business it really is and thus be stripped of the false glamour with which militarist megalomaniacs seek to invest it.

Revelations of the propaganda methods used by both sides in other wars have not unnaturally caused many people to regard with scepticism any "atrocity" stories. In this volume are gathered statements, reports and documents, the most pertinent of which have been supplied by absolutely reliable neutral observers. The private letters have been left largely as they were written except where references were made to matters primarily of a personal nature and of concern only to the relatives and friends to whom the letters were addressed. As a matter of expediency and for the safety of all concerned, internal evidence of the identity of most of the writers has been suppressed. The official documents in Appendix D, however, are given in full. The originals or certified copies of these letters and documents have been examined by me and are being held in safekeeping. Photographs, motion picture films and other supporting evidence are also on record.

It remains only to express my personal thanks to those whose counsel or assistance I have sought in connection with the preparation of this volume, which is dedicated to the cause of collective security and to the prevention, through that means, of horrors such as it has been a painful task to set forth in these pages.

H. J. Timperley

Shanghai,
March 23, 1938.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

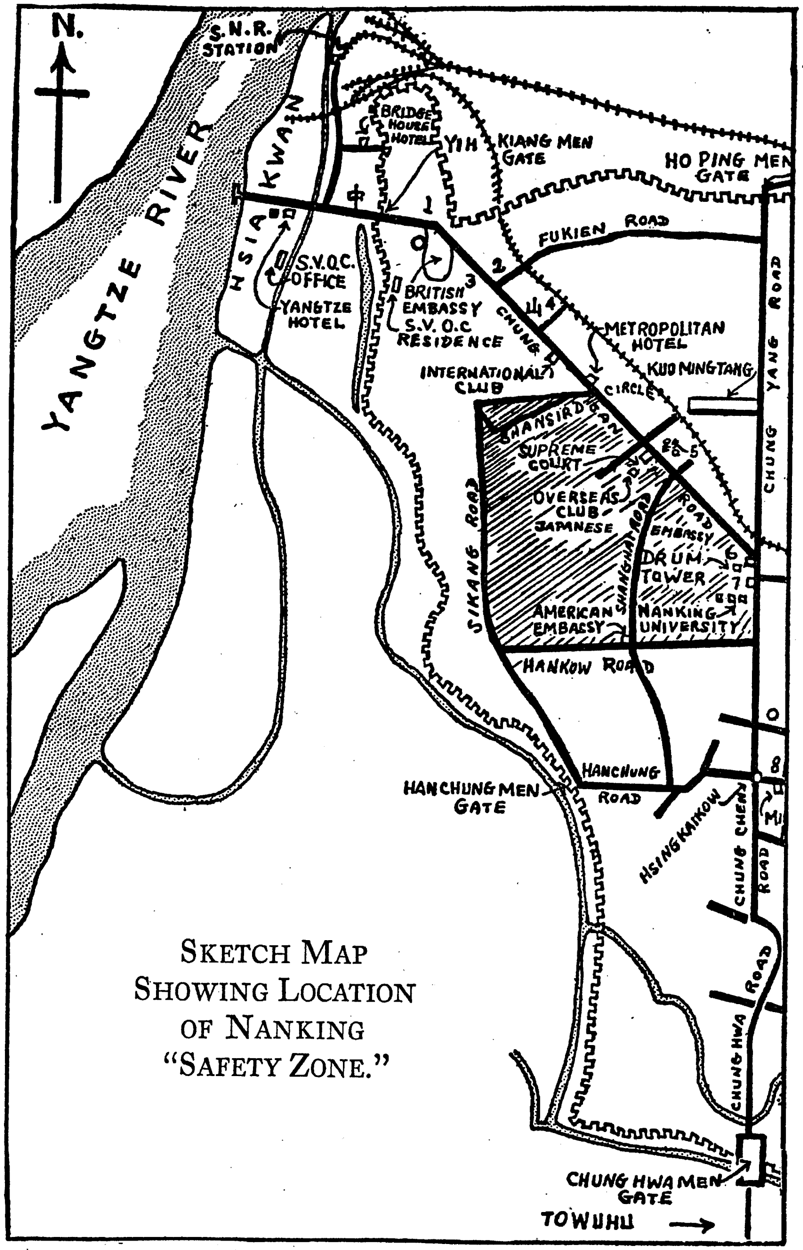
NANKING'S ORDEAL

As a consequence of the Sino-Japanese hostilities which began in the summer of 1937, some eighteen million people were forced to flee from their homes in and around Shanghai, Soochow and Wusih, in August, September, October, and during the course of November and December from Hangchow, Chinkiang, Wuhu and Nanking. Camps were established by Chinese and foreigners in the Shanghai International Settlement and French Concession which fed and housed, at their height, some 450,000 destitute Chinese refugees.

At least 300,000 Chinese military casualties for the Central China campaign alone and a like number of civilian casualties were suffered. The countryside was depopulated and barren and the Japanese marched on hoping to catch up with wealth or with a disintegrating Chinese army to destroy. They found neither. The Chinese army withdrew and was reorganized within the next few months. The wealth of China, being largely the industrious character of her people whom the Japanese were chasing further into the interior with every step of their advance, and the factories they so carefully bombed and shelled to pieces, escaped them too.

In all this tale of misery there was one hope of peace and security for a small proportion of the bewildered peasants and townsmen and that was to reach a foreign supervised safety zone of some sort. Father Jacquinot de Besange had succeeded in establishing one such zone in November for 250,000 inhabitants of the devastated areas in the southern quarter of Shanghai.

During November, 1937, a small group of public-spirited residents of Nanking met and discussed the possibility of establishing a similar zone in Nanking where Chinese and foreigners could take refuge. The idea had already been debated as regards safety from aerial



SKETCH MAP
SHOWING LOCATION
OF NANKING
"SAFETY ZONE."

bombing. No useful conclusions had been reached but with the approach of the Japanese troops the urgency of the problem was such that a committee was formed to establish this zone in the hope that, thereafter, it would be possible to obtain its recognition by both Chinese and Japanese.

From this seed grew the International Committee for the Nanking Safety Zone, whose Chairman was Mr. John H. D. Rabe, a German business man, and the names of whose other members are given in the list on page 169. Working in close conjunction with this Committee was the International Red Cross Committee of Nanking the names of whose members are also given in a list hereafter. (See page 170.)

To these veritable heroes, numbering just over a score, praise is due at the outset. How well it is deserved will be seen as their story is told. They elected, against the advice of their officials, to stay behind in Nanking, whence all, Chinese and foreign, who could find any means of transport, were fleeing in their hundreds of thousands. While none of them could have foreseen the actual events that occurred, all were men and women of experience and knowledge and could but know the danger of their position. Their courage, their selflessness, their devotion, and above all their determination to save something from the catastrophe that they knew conquest and subjection must mean for Nanking, will be apparent to all who read this account.

The area of the Safety Zone and its location are shown in the map on page 16. In Appendix D will be found copies of the letters which were written by the Zone Committee to Japanese officials on a variety of subjects together with a small selection of letters to other officials and institutions. No replies were ever received in

The sketch map opposite, reproduced in part by special permission from the *Shanghai Evening Post and Mercury,* shows the location of the "Safety Zone" established in Nanking by the International Committee. The zone measured three kilometers from North to South and two from East to West. Its total area was 3.86 square kilometers. The boundaries were all well-marked roads excepting the South-west corner, which was an imaginary line over the hills. Inside these limits were the compounds of the Japanese, American and Italian Embassies, the Netherlands Legation, the Ministry of Justice, the Supreme Court, the University of Nanking with its hospital, Ginling College and a number of other foreign mission institutions.

writing to these communications and only evasive verbal acknowledgment was ever made.

On December 13, exactly one month after it had smashed the Chinese defense of Shanghai, the Japanese army entered the gates of Nanking, the Chinese capital, some two hundred miles distant. This notable feat might well have gone down into history as one of the most spectacular military achievements of modern times. Actually whatever credit might have been due on this score was gravely discounted by the outrageous conduct of the Japanese troops in the cities which they occupied. As the Japanese army approached Nanking their airplanes distributed pamphlets declaring that "the Japanese troops exert themselves to the utmost to protect good citizens and to enable them to live in peace, enjoying their occupations." On December 10, in calling upon General Tang Seng-chih to surrender the city, General Iwane Matsui, Commander of the attacking forces, had declared: "Though harsh and relentless to those who resist, the Japanese troops are kind and generous to noncombatants and to Chinese troops who entertain no enmity to Japan." To what extent the Japanese army lived up to these glib assurances the following account will reveal. This brief but illuminating description of events immediately after the Japanese entry of Nanking is taken from a letter dated December 15, written to friends in Shanghai by one of the most respected members of Nanking's foreign community who is noted for his fairmindedness:

At Nanking the Japanese Army has lost much of its reputation, and has thrown away a remarkable opportunity to gain the respect of the Chinese inhabitants and of foreign opinion. The disgraceful collapse of Chinese authority and the break-up of the Chinese armies in this region left vast numbers of persons ready to respond to the order and organization of which Japan boasts. Many local people freely expressed their relief when the entry of Japanese troops apparently brought an end to the strains of war conditions and the immediate perils of bombardment. At least they were rid of their fears of disorderly Chinese troops, who indeed passed out without doing severe damage to most parts of the city.

But in two days the whole outlook has been ruined by frequent murder, wholesale and semiregular looting, and uncontrolled disturbance of private homes including offences against the security of women. Foreigners who have travelled over the city report many civilian bodies lying in the streets. In the central portion of Nanking they were counted yesterday as about one to the city block. A considerable percentage of the dead civilians were the victims of shooting or bayoneting in the afternoon and evening of the 13th, which was the time of the Japanese entry into the city. Any persons who ran in fear or excitement, and any one who was caught in streets or alleys after dusk by roving patrols was likely to be killed on the spot. Most of this severity was beyond even theoretical excuse. It proceeded in the Safety Zone as well as elsewhere, and many cases are plainly witnessed by foreigners and by reputable Chinese. Some bayonet wounds were barbarously cruel.

Squads of men picked out by Japanese troops as former Chinese soldiers have been tied together and shot. These soldiers had discarded their arms, and in some cases their military clothing. Thus far we have found no trace of prisoners in Japanese hands other than such squads, actually or apparently on the way to execution, save for men picked up anywhere to serve as temporary carriers of loot and equipment. From one building in the refugee zone, four hundred men were selected by the local police under compulsion from Japanese soldiers, and were marched off tied in batches of fifty between lines of riflemen and machine gunners. The explanation given to observers left no doubt as to their fate.

On the main streets the petty looting of the Chinese soldiers mostly of food shops and of unprotected windows, was turned into systematic destruction of shop-front after shop-front under the eyes of Japanese officers. Japanese soldiers needed private carriers to help them struggle along under great loads. Food was apparently in first demand, but everything else useful or valuable had its turn. Thousands upon thousands of private houses all through the city, occupied and unoccupied, large and small, Chinese and foreign, have been impartially plundered. Peculiarly disgraceful cases of robbery by soldiers include the following: scores of refugees in camps and shelters had money and valuables removed from their slight possessions during mass searches; the staff of the University Hospital were stripped of cash and watches from their persons, and of other possessions from the nurses' dormitory (their buildings are American, and like a number of others that were plundered, were flying foreign flags and carrying official proclamations from their respective Embassies); the seizure of motorcars and other property after tearing down the flags upon them.

There are reported many cases of rape and insult to women, which we have not yet had time to investigate. But cases like the following are sufficient to show the situation. From a house close to one of our foreign friends, four girls were yesterday abducted by soldiers. Foreigners saw in the quarters of a newly arrived officer, in a part of the city practically deserted by ordinary people, eight young women.

Under these conditions the terror is indescribable, and lectures by suave officers on their "sole purpose of making war on the oppressive Chinese Government for the sake of the Chinese people," leave an impression that nauseates.

Surely this horrible exhibition in Nanking does not represent the best achievement of the Japanese Empire, and there must be responsible Japanese statesmen, military and civilians, who for their own national interests will promptly and adequately remedy the harm that these days have done to Japanese standing in China. There are individual soldiers and officers who conduct themselves as gentlemen worthy of their profession and worthy of their Empire. But the total action has been a sad blow.

Further details are given in the following vivid account by a foreign resident of Nanking who has spent almost the whole of his life in China. His letter has been left exactly as it was received by his friends in Shanghai except that references of a largely personal nature have been deleted.

Nanking, China.
Xmas Eve, 1937.

What I am about to relate is anything but a pleasant story: in fact it is so very unpleasant that I cannot recommend anyone without a strong stomach to read it. For it is a story of such crime and

horror as to be almost unbelievable, the story of the depredations of a horde who have been, and now are, working their will, unrestrained, on a peaceful, kindly, law-abiding people. Yet it is a story which I feel must be told, even if it is seen by only a few. I cannot rest until I have told it, and, perhaps fortunately, I am one of a very few who are in a position to tell it. It is not complete—only a small part of the whole; and God alone knows when it will be finished. I pray it may be soon—but I am afraid it is going to go on for many months to come, not just here but in other parts of China. I believe it has no parallel in modern history.

It is now Xmas Eve. I shall start with say December 10th. In these two short weeks we here in Nanking have been through a siege; the Chinese army has left, defeated, and the Japanese has come in. On that day Nanking was still the beautiful city we were so proud of, with law and order still prevailing: today it is a city laid waste, ravaged, completely looted, much of it burned. Complete anarchy has reigned for ten days—it has been a hell on earth. Not that my life has been in serious danger at any time; though turning lust-mad, sometimes drunken, soldiers out of houses where they were raping the women, is not altogether a safe occupation; nor does one feel, perhaps, too sure of himself when he finds a bayonet at his chest or a revolver at his head and knows it is handled by someone who heartily wishes him out of the way. For the Japanese Army is anything but pleased at our being here after having advised all foreigners to get out. They wanted no observers. But to have to stand by while even the very poor are having their last possession taken from them—their last coin, their last bit of bedding (and it is freezing weather), the poor ricksha man his ricksha; while thousands of disarmed soldiers who had sought sanctuary with you together with many hundreds of innocent civilians are taken out before your eyes to be shot or used for bayonet practice and you have to listen to the sound of the guns that are killing them; while a thousand women kneel before you crying hysterically, begging you to save them from the beasts who are preying on them; to stand by and do nothing while your flag is taken down and insulted, not once but a dozen times, and your own home is being looted; and then to watch the city you have come to love and the institution to which you had planned to devote your best deliberately and systematically burned by fire,—this is a hell I had never before envisaged.

We keep asking ourselves "How long can this last?" Day by day we are assured by the officials that things will be better *soon,* that "we will do our best"—but each day has been worse than the day before. And now we are told that a new division of 20,000 men is arriving. Will they have to have their toll of flesh and loot, of murder and rape? There will be little left to rob, for the city has been well-nigh stripped clean. For the past week the soldiers have been busy loading their trucks with what they wanted from the stores and then setting fire to the buildings. And then there is the harrowing realization that we have only enough rice and flour for the 200,000 refugees for another three weeks and coal for ten days. Do you wonder that one awakes in the night in a cold sweat of fear and sleep for the rest of the night is gone? Even if we had food enough for three months, how are they going to be fed after that? And with their homes burned, where are they going to live? They cannot continue much longer in their present terribly crowded condition; disease and pestilence must soon follow if they do.

Every day we call at the Japanese Embassy and present our protests, our appeals, our lists of authenticated reports of violence and crime. We are met with suave Japanese courtesy, but actually the officials there are powerless. The victorious army must have its rewards—and those rewards are to plunder, murder, rape, at will, to commit acts of unbelievable brutality and savagery on the very people they have come to protect and befriend, as they have so loudly proclaimed to the world. In all modern history surely there is no page that will stand so black as that of the rape of Nanking.

To tell the whole story of these past ten days would take too long. The tragic thing is that by the time the truth gets out to the rest of the world it will be cold—it will no longer be "news." Anyway, the Japanese have undoubtedly been proclaiming abroad that they have established law and order in a city that had already been looted and burned, and that the downtrodden population had received their benevolent army with open arms and a great flag-waving welcome. However, I am going to record some of the more important events of this period as I have jotted them down in my

little diary, for they will at least be of interest to some of my friends and I shall have the satisfaction of having a permanent record of these unhappy days. It will probably extend beyond the date of this letter, for I do not anticipate being able to get this off for some considerable time. The Japanese censorship will see to that! Our own Embassy officials and those of other countries together with some of the business men who went aboard the ill-fated "Panay"[1] and the Standard Oil boats and other ships just before the capture of Nanking, confidently expecting to return within a week when they left, are still cooling their heels (those who haven't been killed or wounded by Japanese bombs and machine guns) out on the river or perhaps in one of the ports. We think it will be another fortnight before any of them is permitted to return, and longer than that before any of us is permitted to leave Nanking. We are virtually prisoners here.

You will recall, those of you who have read earlier letters of mine, that our International Committee for Nanking Safety Zone had been negotiating with both the Chinese and Japanese for the recognition of a certain area in the city which would be kept free of soldiers and all military offices and which would not be bombed or shelled, a place where the remaining two hundred thousand of Nanking's population of one million could take refuge when things became too hot, for it had become quite obvious that the splendid resistance which the Chinese had put up for so long at Shanghai was now broken and their morale largely gone. The terrific punishment which they had taken from the superior artillery, tanks and air forces could not be endured forever and the successful landing of Japanese troops on Hankchow Bay, attacking their flank and rear, was the crowning event in their undoing. It seemed inevitable that Nanking must soon fall.

On December 1 Mayor Ma[2] virtually turned over to us the administrative responsibilities for the Zone together with a police force of 450 men, 30,000 piculs (2,000 tons) of rice, 10,000 bags

[1] The American River Gunboat U.S.S. "Panay" was bombed and sunk by Japanese airplanes near Hohsien, about twenty-five miles up the Yangtze River from Nanking, on December 12, 1937.

[2] Ma Tsao-tsing.

of flour, and some salt, also a promise of £100,000 in cash, £80,000 of which was subsequently received. Gen. Tang,[1] recently executed we have been told, charged with the defence of the city, cooperated splendidly on the whole in the very difficult task of clearing the Zone of the military and anti-aircraft, and a most commendable degree of order was preserved right up to the very last moment when the Japanese began, on Sunday the 12th, to enter the walls. There was no looting save in a small way by soldiers who were in need of provisions, and foreign property throughout the city was respected. We had city water until the 10th, electricity until the following day, and telephone service actually up to the date the Japanese entered the city. At no time did we feel any serious sense of danger, for the Japanese seemed to be avoiding the Zone with their air bombs and shells, and Nanking was a heaven of order and safety as compared with the hell it has been ever since the Japanese came. It is true we had some difficulty with our trucking—the rice was stored outside the city and some of our drivers did not relish going out where the shells were falling. One lost an eye with a splinter of shrapnel, and two of our trucks were seized by the military, but that was a nothing compared with the difficulties we have since faced.

On December 10, the refugees were streaming into the Zone. We had already filled most of the institutional buildings—Ginling College, the War College and other schools, and now had to requisition the Supreme Court, the Law College and the Overseas buildings, forcing doors where they were locked and appointing our own caretakers. Two Japanese blimps were visible just beyond Purple Mountain, probably to direct artillery fire. Heavy guns were pounding the south gate, and shells were dropping into the city. Several shells landed just within the Zone to the south the following morning, killing about forty near the Bible Teachers' Training School and the Foo Chong Hotel. Mr. Sperling,[2] our Inspector, a German, was slightly injured at the latter place where

[1] General Tang Seng-chih. The report of his execution proved to be unfounded.

[2] Eduard Sperling, German, representative of Shanghai Insurance Co.

he was living. The U.S.S. "Panay" moved upriver, but before it left I had a phone call (the last city gate had been closed and we had forfeited our right to go aboard the gunboat) from Paxton[1] of our Embassy, giving me the last two navy radiograms to reach Nanking. He was phoning from outside the city, of course. The messages were from Wilbur and Boynton.

We were now a community of twenty-seven—eighteen Americans, five Germans, one Englishman, one Austrian and two Russians. Out on the river was the "Panay" with the two remaining Embassy men, Atcheson[2] and Paxton, and half a dozen others; the Standard Oil and Asiatic Petroleum motor-ships with many more, a hulk which had been fitted out as sort of a floating hotel and towed upstream with some twenty foreigners including Dr. Rosen[3] of the German Embassy and some four hundred Chinese, and other craft. All were looking forward to an early return to the city. How many of them have met their fate we do not know, but it will be a long time before any of them get back now. And what a Nanking they will see!

On Sunday the 12th I was busy at my desk in the Safety Zone all day long. We were using the former residence of Gen. Chang Chun, recently Minister of Foreign Affairs, as headquarters, so were very comfortably fixed, and incidentally had one of the best bombproof dugouts in all Nanking.

Airplanes had been over us almost constantly for the past two days, but no one heeded them now, and the shell fire had been terrific. The wall had been breached and the damage in the southern part of the city was tremendous. No one will ever know what the Chinese casualties were but they must have been enormous. The Japanese say they themselves lost forty thousand men taking Nanking. The general rout must have started early that afternoon. Soldiers streamed through the city from the south, many of them passing through the Zone, but they were well behaved and orderly. Gen. Tang asked our assistance in arranging a truce with the Japanese

[1] J. Hall Paxton, Second Secretary of the American Embassy.

[2] George Atcheson, Jr., Second Secretary of the American Embassy, temporarily in charge of the Embassy.

[3] Dr. George Rosen, German Embassy.

and Mr. Sperling agreed to take a flag and message—but it was already too late. He (Tang) fled that evening, and as soon as the news got out disorganization became general. There was panic as they made for the gate to Hsiakwan and the river. The road for miles was strewn with the equipment they cast away—rifles, ammunition, belts, uniforms, cars, trucks,—everything in the way of army impediments. Trucks and cars jammed, were overturned, caught fire; at the gate more cars jammed and were burned—a terrible holocaust,—and the dead lay feet deep. The gate blocked, terror-mad soldiers scaled the wall and let themselves down on the other side with ropes, puttees and belts tied together, clothing torn to strips. Many fell and were killed. But at the river was perhaps the most appalling scene of all. A fleet of junks was there. It was totally inadequate for the horde that was now in a frenzy to cross to the north side. The overcrowded junks capsized, then sank; thousands drowned. Other thousands tried to make rafts of the lumber on the river front, only to suffer the same fate. Other thousands must have succeeded in getting away, but many of these were probably bombed by Japanese planes a day or two later.

One small detail of three companies rallied under their officers, crossed the San Chia Ho, three miles up river, and tried to attack the Japanese forces that were coming in from that direction, but were outnumbered and practically decimated. Only one seems to have succeeded in getting back. He happened to be the brother of a friend of mine and appeared in my office the next morning to report the story. A fellow officer had drowned while the two of them were trying to swim the small tributary to the Yangtze which they had crossed before on rafts. And before daylight he had managed to scale the wall and slip in unobserved.

So ended the happy, peaceful, well ordered, progressive regime which we had been enjoying here in Nanking and on which we had built our hopes for still better days. For the Japanese were already in the city and with them came terror and destruction and death. They were first reported in the Zone at eleven o'clock that morning, the 13th. I drove down with two of our committee members to meet them, just a small detachment at the southern entrance to the Zone. They showed no hostility, though a few moments later

they killed twenty refugees who were frightened by their presence and ran from them. For it seems to be the rule here, as it was in Shanghai in 1932, that anyone who runs must be shot or bayoneted.

Meanwhile we were busy at headquarters disarming soldiers who had been unable to escape and had come into the Zone for protection. We assured them that if they gave up their equipment their lives would be spared by the Japanese. But it was a vain promise. All would have preferred to die fighting to being taken out and shot or sabred or used for bayonet practice, as they all were later on.

There was still some shellfire that day but very little that landed in the Zone. We discovered some fragments of shrapnel in our yard that evening; Dr. Wilson[1] had a narrow escape from shrapnel bits that came through the window of his operating room while he was operating; and a shell passed through one of the new University dormitories; but there were no casualties. The Communications building, the most beautiful in all Nanking, with its superb ceremonial hall, was in flames, but whether from shellfire or started by the retreating Chinese we do not know.

On Tuesday the 14th the Japanese were pouring into the city—tanks, artillery, infantry, trucks. The reign of terror commenced, and it was to increase in severity and horror with each of the succeeding ten days. They were the conquerors of China's capital, the seat of the hated Chiang Kai-shek government, and they were given free reign to do as they pleased. The proclamation on the handbills which airplanes scattered over the city saying that the Japanese were the only real friends of the Chinese and would protect the good, of course meant no more than most of their statements. And to show their 'sincerity' they raped, looted and killed at will. Men were taken from our refugee camps in droves, as we supposed at the time for labor—but they have never been heard from again, nor will they be. A colonel and his staff called at my office and spent an hour trying to learn where the "six thousand disarmed soldiers" were. Four times that day Japanese soldiers came and tried to take our cars away. Others in the meantime succeeded in stealing three of our cars that were elsewhere. On Sone's[2] they

[1] Dr. Robert O. Wilson, American, University of Nanking Hospital.
[2] Rev. Hubert L. Sone, American, Nanking Theological Seminary.

tore off the American flag, and threw it on the ground, broke a window and managed to get away all within the five minutes he had gone into Prof. Stanley's[1] house. They tried to steal our trucks—did succeed in getting two,—so ever since it has been necessary for two Americans to spend most of their time riding trucks as they delivered rice and coal. Their experience in dealing daily with these Japanese car thieves would make an interesting story in itself. And at the University Hospital they took the watches and fountain pens from the nurses.

Durdin,[2] of the *New York Times,* started for Shanghai by motor that day, though none of us had much faith he would get through. I hurriedly wrote a letter for him to take, but he was turned back at Kuyung. Steele,[3] of the *Chicago Daily News,* managed to get out to the river and reported that a number of Japanese destroyers had just arrived. A lieutenant gave him the news of the sinking of the "Panay" but had no details, nor did he mention the other ships that were sunk. After all their efforts to have us go aboard, finally leaving us with a couple of lengths of rope by which we could get down over the wall and to the river—it was ironical indeed that the "Panay" should be bombed and we still safe.

Mr. Rabe,[4] our Chairman, Nanking head of Siemens China Co., and Smythe,[5] our secretary, called at military headquarters in the hope of seeing the commanding officer and stopping the intolerable disorders but had to wait until the next day as he had not yet entered the city. Their calls were quite useless anyway.

On Wednesday I drove around to my house, which is just outside the Zone, to see if everything was all right. Yesterday the gates were intact, but today the side gate was broken in and the south door open. I had no time to investigate but asked a friendly looking major who had just moved in across the street to keep an eye on

[1] Prof. C. Stanley, American, Nanking Theological Seminary.

[2] F. Tillman Durdin, American, Nanking correspondent of the *New York Times.*

[3] Archibald T. Steele, American, Nanking correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News.*

[4] John H. D. Rabe, German, Chairman of the International Committee for the Nanking Safety Zone.

[5] Dr. Lewis S. C. Smythe, American, University of Nanking.

the place, which he promised to do. A staff officer from the Navy was waiting for me. He expressed his deep concern over the loss of the "Panay," but he too could give no details. The Navy would be glad to send a destroyer to Shanghai with any of the members of the American community who wished to go, also to send radio messages of purely a personal nature. He seemed somewhat disappointed in the brevity of the message I wrote out: "Wilbur, National Committee YMCA, Shanghai: All foreigners Nanking safe and well. Please inform interested parties."—also when I told him that with the exception of a couple of newspaper men the rest of us wished to stay in Nanking.

I offered to drive him back to his ship—he had been obliged to walk the four miles in,—but half way we were stopped by an army major who told us that no civilians were allowed further north as they were still rounding up some Chinese soldiers and it was unsafe. We happened to be beside the Ministry of War at the time and it was all too evident that an execution was going on, hundreds of poor disarmed soldiers with many innocent civilians among them—the real reason for his not wanting me to go further. So Mr. Sekiguchi of H.I.J.M.S. "Seta" had to walk the rest of the way. But that afternoon I stole a march on the surly major; I went to Hsiakwan by back roads. At the gate I was stopped, but I had Smith[1] of Reuters and Steele with me who were leaving on that destroyer, so we were finally allowed to pass. I have already described the conditions at that gate—we actually had to drive over masses of dead bodies to get through. But the scene beggars description. I shall never forget that ride.

At the jetty we found Durdin of the *Times* and Art Mencken of Paramount Films, with whom I had just made that trip to the northwest, to Shansi and Sian, already there, for they were going too, and I had promised to drive Durdin's car back to the American Embassy for him. Mr. Okamura[2] of the Japanese Embassy, just arrived from Shanghai, was also there and gave us the names of the killed and wounded on the "Panay" and the Standard Oil boats, so I offered him a lift back to the city. But at the gate we were

[1] L. C. Smith, British, Nanking correspondent of Reuters News Agency.

[2] Katsuze Okamura, Third Secretary of the Japanese Embassy.

stopped again, and this time the guard positively refused to let me enter. No foreigners were allowed to enter Nanking, and the fact that I had just come from there made no difference. Even Mr. Okamura's appeals were in vain—the Embassy cuts no ice with the army in Japan. The only thing to do was to wait while Okamura took one of the cars to military headquarters and sent back a special pass. It took an hour and a half; but I had the November *Reader's Digest,* the last piece of mail to reach me from the outside, with me so that time passed quickly. The stench at the gate was awful—and here and there dogs were gnawing at the corpses.

At our staff conference that evening word came that soldiers were taking all 1,300 men in one of our camps near headquarters to shoot them. We knew there were a number of ex-soldiers among them, but Rabe had been promised by an officer that very afternoon that their lives would be spared. It was now all too obvious what they were going to do. The men were lined up and roped together in groups of about a hundred by soldiers with bayonets fixed; those who had hats had them roughly torn off and thrown on the ground,—and then by the light of our headlights we watched them marched away to their doom. Not a whimper came from the entire throng. Our own hearts were lead. Were those four lads from Canton who had trudged all the way up from the south and yesterday had reluctantly given me their arms among them, I wondered; or that tall, strapping sergeant from the north whose disillusioned eyes as he made the fatal decision, still haunt me? How foolish I had been to tell them the Japanese would spare their lives! We had confidently expected that they would live up to their promises, at least in some degree, and that order would be established with their arrival. Little did we dream that we should see such brutality and savagery as has probably not been equalled in modern times. For worse days were yet to come.

The problem of transportation became acute on the 16th, with the Japanese still stealing our trucks and cars. I went over to the American Embassy where the Chinese staff were still standing by, and borrowed Mr. Atcheson's car for Mills[1] to deliver coal. For our big concentrations of refugees and our three big rice kitchens

[1] Rev. W. P. Mills, American, Northern Presbyterian Mission.

had to have fuel as well as rice. We now had twenty-five camps, ranging from two hundred to twelve thousand people in them. In the University buildings alone there were nearly thirty thousand and in Ginling College, which was reserved for women and children, the three thousand were rapidly increased to over nine thousand. In the latter place even the covered passageways between buildings were crowded, while within every foot of space was taken. We had figured on sixteen square feet to a person, but actually they were crowded in much closer than that. For while no place was safe, we did manage to preserve a fair degree of safety at Ginling, to a lesser degree in the University. Miss Vautrin,[1] Mrs. Twinem[2] and Mrs. Chen[3] were heroic in their care and protection of the women.

That morning the cases of rape began to be reported. Over a hundred women that we knew of were taken away by soldiers, seven of them from the University library; but there must have been many times that number who were raped in their homes. Hundreds were on the streets trying to find a place of safety. At tiffin time Riggs,[4] who was associate commissioner of housing, came in crying. The Japanese had emptied the Law College and Supreme Court and taken away practically all the men, to a fate we could only guess. Fifty of our policemen had been taken with them. Riggs had protested, only to be roughly handled by the soldiers and twice struck by an officer. Refugees were searched for money and anything they had on them was taken away, often to their last bit of bedding. At our staff conference at four we could hear the shots of the execution squad nearby. It was a day of unspeakable terror for the poor refugees and horror for us.

I dashed over to my house for a few minutes on the way to tiffin at Prof. Buck's[5] where I was living with six others. The two American flags were still flying and the proclamations by the Embassy still on the gates and front door; but the side gate had been smashed

[1] Miss Minnie Vautrin, American, Ginling College.
[2] Mrs. Paul DeWitt Twinem, formerly American but now a Chinese citizen, University of Nanking.
[3] Matron and Superintendent of Dormitories, Ginling College.
[4] Charles H. Riggs, American, University of Nanking.
[5] Professor J. Lossing Buck, American, University of Nanking.

and the door broken open. Within was confusion. Every drawer and closet and trunk had been opened, locks smashed. The attic was littered ankle deep. I could not stop to see what was taken but most of the bedding was gone and some clothing and food stuffs. A carved teak screen had been stripped of its embroidered panels, a gift of Dr. C. T. Wang,[1] and a heavy oak buffet battered in. Yates McDaniel[2] of the Associated Press, the last of our newspaper men, left in the afternoon by another destroyer for Shanghai. With him I sent another short letter which I hope got through.

[1] Chinese Ambassador to U.S.A.

[2] C. Yates McDaniel, American, Nanking correspondent, Associated Press of America.

CHAPTER II

ROBBERY, MURDER AND RAPE

CONTINUING HIS NARRATIVE *in diary form the writer says:*

Friday, Dec. 17. Robbery, murder, rape continue unabated. A rough estimate would be at least a thousand women raped last night and during the day. One poor woman was raped thirty-seven times. Another had her five months infant deliberately smothered by the brute to stop its crying while he raped her. Resistance means the bayonet. The hospital is rapidly filling up with the victims of Japanese cruelty and barbarity. Bob Wilson, our only surgeon, has his hands more than full and has to work into the night. Rickshas, cattle, pigs, donkeys, often the sole means of livelihood of the people, are taken from them. Our rice kitchens and rice shop are interfered with. We have had to close the latter.

After dinner I took Bates[1] to the University and McCallum[2] to the hospital where they will spend the night, then Mills and Smythe to Ginling, for one of our group has been sleeping there each night. At the gate of the latter place we were stopped by what seemed to be a searching party. We were roughly pulled from the car at the point of the bayonet, my car keys taken from me, lined up and frisked for arms, our hats jerked off, electric torches held to our faces, our passports and purpose in coming demanded. Opposite us were Miss Vautrin, Mrs. Twinem and Mrs. Chen, with a score of refugee women kneeling on the ground. The sergeant, who spoke a little French (about as much as I do), insisted there were soldiers concealed there. I maintained that aside from about fifty domestics and other members of their staff there were no men on the place. This he said he did not believe and said he would shoot

[1] Dr. M. S. Bates, American, University of Nanking.

[2] Rev. James H. McCallum, American, University of Nanking Hospital.

all he found beyond that number. He then demanded that we all leave, including the ladies, and when Miss Vautrin refused she was roughly hustled to the car. Then he changed his mind: the ladies were told to stay and we to go. We tried to insist that one of us should stay too, but this he would not permit. Altogether we were kept standing there for over an hour before we were released. The next day we learned that this gang had abducted twelve girls from the school.

Saturday, Dec. 18. At breakfast Riggs, who lives in the Zone a block away but has his meals with us, reported that two women, one a cousin of a Y.M.C.A. Secretary, were raped in his house while he was having dinner with us. Wilson reported a boy of five years of age brought to the hospital after having been stabbed with a bayonet five times, once through his abdomen; a man with eighteen bayonet wounds, a woman with seventeen cuts on her face and several on her legs. Between four and five hundred terrorized women poured into our headquarters compound in the afternoon and spent the night in the open.

Sunday, Dec. 19. A day of complete anarchy. Several big fires raging today, started by the soldiers, and more are promised. The American flag was torn down in a number of places. At the American School it was trampled on and the caretaker told he would be killed if he put it up again. The proclamations placed on all American and other foreign properties by the Japanese Embassy are flouted by their soldiers, sometimes deliberately torn off. Some houses are entered from five to ten times in one day and the poor people looted and robbed and the women raped. Several were killed in cold blood, for no apparent reason whatever. Six out of seven of our sanitation squad in one district were slaughtered; the seventh escaped, wounded, to tell the tale. Toward evening today two of us rushed to Dr. Brady's[1] house (he is away) and chased four would-be rapers out and took all the women there to the University. Sperling is busy at this game all day. I also went to the house of Douglas Jenkins[2] of our Embassy. The flag was still there;

[1] Dr. Richard F. Brady, American, Acting Superintendent of the University of Nanking Hospital.

[2] Douglas Jenkins, Jr., Third Secretary, American Embassy.

but in the garage his house boy lay dead, another servant, dead, was under a bed, both brutally killed. The house was in utter confusion. There are still many corpses on the streets. All of them civilians as far as we can see. The Red Swastika Society would bury them, but their truck has been stolen, their coffins used for bonfires, and several of their workers bearing their insignia have been marched away.

Smythe and I called again at the Japanese Embassy with a list of fifty-five additional cases of violence, all authenticated, and told Messers. Tanaka[1] and Fukui[2] that today was the worst so far. We were assured that they would 'do their best' and hoped that things would be better 'soon,' but it is quite obvious that they have little or no influence with the military whatever, and the military have no control over the soldiers. We were also told that seventeen military police had recently arrived who would help in restoring order. Seventeen for an army of perhaps fifty thousand! Yet we rather like the three men of the Embassy. They are probably doing their best. But I had to smile when they asked my help in getting cars and a mechanic for them after so many of ours had been stolen. I felt like referring them to their own military—but instead I took them around to the American Embassy and borrowed our Ambassador's and two others for them and later sent them our Russian repair man.

Monday, Dec. 20. Vandalism and violence continue absolutely unchecked. Whole sections of the city are being systematically burned. At 5 p.m. Smythe and I went for a drive. All Taiping Road, the most important shopping street in the city, was in flames. We drove through showers of sparks and over burning embers. Further south we could see the soldiers inside the shops setting fire to them and still further they were loading the loot into army trucks. Next, to the Y.M.C.A.—and it was in flames, evidently fired only a hour or so ago. The surrounding buildings were as yet untouched. I hadn't the heart to watch it, so we hurried on. That night I counted fourteen fires from my window, some of them covering considerable areas.

[1] Sueo Tanaka, Attaché, Japanese Embassy (now Consul).

[2] Kiyoshi Fukui, Japanese Consul-General, Nanking.

Our group here at the house drafted a message to the American Consulate-General in Shanghai asking that diplomatic representatives be sent here immediately as the situation was urgent, then asked the Japanese Embassy to send it via navy radio. Needless to say it was never sent.

Tuesday, Dec. 21. Fourteen of us called on Tanaka at 2.30 and presented a letter signed by all twenty-two foreigners protesting the burning of the city and continued disorders. More promises! Rabe fears for his house, for buildings are burning across the street from him. He has over four hundred refugees living in matsheds in his garden. The problem of feeding is becoming serious—some refugees, hungry, started rioting in the University. Our coal will soon be finished, but Riggs is scouting for more. The Japanese have sealed all supplies of coal and rice. Soldiers came into our place today, over the wall, and tried to take our cars while we were all out, and at another time they nearly got Sone's truck from him. Rabe had a letter today from Dr. Rosen of the German Embassy, through Mr. Tanaka, saying he was on the H.M.S. "Bee" at Hsiakwan but not allowed to land and asking about German properties. Rabe replied that he was glad to be able to inform him that two houses were not looted, the Ambassador's and his own, and that two cars were still left! (There are over fifty German residences in Nanking.)

Wednesday, Dec. 22. Firing squad at work very near us at 5 a.m. today. Counted over a hundred shots. The University was entered twice during the night, the policeman at the gate held up at the point of a bayonet, and a door broken down. The Japanese military police recently appointed to duty there were asleep. Representatives of the new Japanese police called and promised order by January 1. They also asked for the loan of motorcars and trucks. Went with Sperling to see fifty corpses in some ponds a quarter of a mile east of headquarters. All obviously civilians, hands bound behind backs, one with the top half of his head cut completely off. Were they used for sabre practice? On the way home for tiffin stopped to help the father of a Y.M.C.A. writer who was being threatened by a drunken soldier with the bayonet, the poor mother frantic with fear, and before sitting down had to run over with

two of our fellows to chase soldiers out of Gee's[1] and Daniel's[2] houses, where they were just about to rape the women. We had to laugh to see those brave soldiers trying to get over a barbed wire fence as we chased them!

Bates and Riggs had to leave before they were through tiffin to chase soldiers out of the Sericulture building—several drunk. And on my arrival at office there was an S.O.S. call, which Rabe and I answered, from Sperling and Kroeger who were seriously threatened by a drunk with a bayonet. By fortunate chance Tanaka of the Embassy together with some general arrived at the same moment. The soldier had his face soundly slapped a couple of times by the general but I don't suppose he got any more than that. We have heard of no cases of discipline so far. If a soldier is caught by an officer or M.P. he is very politely told that he shouldn't do that again. In the evening I walked home with Riggs after dinner—a woman of fifty-four had been raped in his house just before our arrival. It's cruel to leave the women to their fate, but of course it is impossible for us to spend all our time protecting them. Mr. Wu, engineer in the power plant which is located in Hsiakwan, brought us the amusing news that forty-three of the fifty-four employees who had so heroically kept the plant going to the very last day and had finally been obliged to seek refuge in the International Export Company, a British factory on the river front, had been taken out and shot on the ground that the power plant was a government concern—which it is not. Japanese officials have been at my office daily trying to get hold of these very men so they could start the turbines and have electricity. It was small comfort to be able to tell them that their own military had murdered most of them.

Thursday, Dec. 23. Sone was the one to get mishandled today. At Stanley Smith's house he found an officer and soldier who had just removed the American flag, also the Japanese proclamation, forced the refugee living there out, and said they must use the place

[1] C. T. Gee, Chinese, resident architect and engineer, University of Nanking.
[2] Dr. J. H. Daniel, American, Superintendent, University of Nanking Hospital.

as a registration centre. He must have had a pretty uncomfortable time of it, for he was finally forced to sign a paper giving them the right to use the place for two weeks. And Sone is not a man to take things lying down! A protest to the Embassy finally got the soldiers out of the place. Seventy were taken from our camp at the Rural Leaders' Training School and shot. No system—soldiers seize anyone they suspect. Calluses on hands are proof that the man was a soldier, a sure death warrant. Ricksha coolies, carpenters and other laborers are frequently taken. At noon a man was led to headquarters with head burned cinder black—eyes and ears gone, nose partly, a ghastly sight. I took him to the hospital in my car where he died a few hours later. His story was that he was one of a gang of some hundred who had been tied together, then gasoline thrown over them and set afire. He happened to be on the outer edge so got the gas only over his head. Later another similar case was brought to the hospital with more extensive burns. He also died. It seems probable that they were first machine-gunned but not all killed. The first man had no wounds but the second did. Still later I saw a third with similar head and arm burns lying at the corner of the road to my house, opposite the Drum Tower. Evidently he had managed to struggle that far before dying. Incredible brutality!

Friday, Dec. 24. A Chinese at the U.S. Embassy reports that the Chinese staff and their relatives, living in the Embassy, were all robbed last night by an officer and his men; Paston's office door was bayoneted, three cars stolen from the compound and two more this morning. Later I had the pleasure of telling Tanaka that Mencken's car, which I had promised him the use of yesterday, was among those stolen. Registration of Chinese started today. The military say there are still twenty thousand soldiers in the Zone and that they must get rid of these 'monsters.' I question if there are a hundred left. Anyway, many more innocent must suffer and all are fearful and nervous. The Chinese Self-Government Committee, formed day before yesterday at the invitation of Tanaka, may be helpful in this; but there are spies already at work. We caught one here. I just saved him from a bad beating, so locked him up

in our basement and later turned him over to the Chinese police. What will they do to him? Strangle him I suppose—but I have told them to be careful! Constant interference from the Japanese today: more of our sanitary squad taken, also the policeman at the University gate, and they are constantly trying to get our trucks. They also sealed up one of our coal depots but Riggs finally managed to talk them out of that.

Christmas Eve. Kroeger,[1] Sperling and Dr. Trimmer[2] in for dinner with us—a good dinner, too, with roast beef and sweet potatoes. Rabe did not dare to leave his house as Japanese soldiers come over his wall many times a day. He always makes them leave by the same way they come instead of by the gate, and when any of them objects he thrusts his Nazi armband in their face and points to his Nazi decoration, the highest in the country, and asks them if they know what that means. It always works! He joined us later in the evening and gave each of us a beautiful leather-bound Siemens diary. We sang Christmas songs with Wilson at the piano.

Christmas Day. A perfect day too, as far as weather is concerned. And conditions also seem slightly better. There were crowds on the streets with quite a number of stalls selling things. But at tiffin time, while we were sitting at roast goose, with Miss Vautrin, Miss Bauer,[3] Miss Blanche Wu,[4] and Miss Pearl Bromley Wu[5] as our guests, we had to answer three calls for help and then turn soldiers out of Fenn's[6] and the Chinese faculty house and the Sericulture building. That day the American flag was taken from the Rural Leaders' Training School; seven soldiers spent that night and the night before in the Bible Teachers' Training School and raped the women, a girl of twelve was raped by three soldiers

[1] Christian Kroeger, German, Representative of Carlowitz & Company.

[2] Dr. C. S. Trimmer, American, Acting Superintendent, University of Nanking Hospital.

[3] Miss Grace Bauer, American, University of Nanking Hospital.

[4] Miss Blanche Wu, Chinese, Instructor in the Department of Biology, Ginling College.

[5] Miss Pearl Bromley Wu, Chinese, adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Bromley, formerly of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society.

[6] Dr. Wm. P. Fenn, American, University of Nanking.

almost next door to us and another of thirteen, before we could send relief. There were also more bayonet cases; Wilson reports that of the 240 cases in the hospital three-quarters are due to Japanese violence since the occupation. At the University, registration commenced. The people were told that if any ex-soldiers were there and would step out, they would be used in the labor corps and their lives would be saved. About 240 stepped out. They were herded together and taken away. Two or three lived to tell the tale and, by feigning death after they were wounded, escaped and came to the hospital. One group was machine-gunned, another was surrounded by soldiers and used for bayonet practice. We have had quite a number of cases where men have faced the execution squad, escaped with only a wound or two, perhaps lying all day and into the night covered by the corpses of their comrades to escape detection, and then getting to the hospital or to friends. A rash bit of carelessness on the part of the Japanese!

Monday, Dec. 27. The third week of Japanese occupation begins and is celebrated with the arrival of a Nisshin Kisen Kaisha ship from Shanghai. Four representatives of the company called at my office and promised that a regular service will soon be established on the river. A number of ladies are in the party and are taken on a sight-seeing trip of the city. They distribute a few sweets to some children and seem tremendously pleased with themselves, also with Japan's wonderful victory, but of course they hear nothing of the real truth—nor does the rest of the world, I suppose. The soldiers are still completely out of control, there is no co-operation between the Army and the Embassy. The Army even refuse to recognize the new Self-Government Committee which was called into being by the Embassy, and its members are deliberately slighted. They are told that they are a conquered people and should expect no favors. Our list of instances of disorders and cruelty keeps mounting and those we never hear of must be many, many times what are reported or observed. A few of today's: A boy of thirteen, taken by the Japanese nearly two weeks ago, beaten with an iron rod and then bayoneted because he didn't do his work satisfactorily. A car with an officer and two soldiers came to the University last night, raped three women on the premises and took away one with them. The Bible Teachers' Training School was entered many times; people were robbed and twenty women raped. The hospital night superintendent was taken by soldiers in spite of Miss Bauer's protests. The burning of the city continues, and today two of the Christian Mission School buildings in the south part of the city were fired, also Kiessling & Bader's[1] (German). But Takatama, Chief of the Embassy police, calls and now promises protection for all foreign buildings and starts out with Sperling to inspect German properties. Personally I think he is promising far more than he can deliver. What a list of claims Japan will have presented to her—and it all seems so utterly needless—for there are hundreds of foreign properties in Nanking almost all of which have been looted by her soldiers. And the cars that they have stolen. I think I forgot to mention that yesterday Smythe and I called at the British Embassy which is in the far-north-western part of the city, out of the Zone. All the cars, eleven of them, had been taken away by soldiers, also a couple of trucks, but fortunately the servants had fared fairly well. Every block or so one now sees abandoned cars—and batteries and anything else useful—left where they are, usually overturned.

There was one bright spot today, though, and that was the arrival by the N.K.K. boat, through the Japanese Embassy, of a letter to me from Dr. Fong See[2]—the first and only letter to come to any of us in all these past three or four weeks. He wanted to know if we might not be in need of funds for our relief work and offered to hold some of the money that was coming in in response to our appeal through Rotary International. That's Fong all over! And we'll need additional funds all right—many many thousands. I have a nightmare every time I think of what we'll soon be needing; for where are we going to get it?

Tuesday, Dec. 28. What we had feared—bad weather: A steady drizzle and then snow. The poor refugees living in huts, many no

[1] A well-known bakery and confectionery, situated in the main shopping district.

[2] Dr. Fong Foo-see, American-educated, former head of the Department of English, The Commercial Press, now Governor of 81st District (Far East) Rotary International Clubs.

longer than a pup tent, will have a miserable time of it, for most of these huts are not rainproof. And then there is the sticky mud. But we have certainly been fortunate in having had ideal weather up to this. I inspected some of our camps today. The crowding in most of them is terrible and of course it is impossible to keep them clean. Our camp managers and their assistants, all volunteer workers, are doing a splendid job on the whole in maintaining discipline, feeding the people and keeping things fairly sanitary. But how long must we maintain these camps? When are the people going to be permitted to return to their homes—those who have any homes left? When will order ever be established?

I went over to the School today for the first time. It is located not far beyond my residence. Everything had been turned upside down and many of the instruments in the physics laboratory deliberately smashed. On the athletic field was a dead cow, half eaten by the dogs. The Embassy proclamation had been torn from the gate.

Wednesday, Dec. 29. Weather better today, fortunately. Registration continues, most inefficiently, and the people are given no information as to where and when to appear. More taken as ex-soldiers. Women and old men come kneeling and crying, begging our help in getting back their husbands and sons. In a few cases we have been successful, but the military resent any interference from us. Word comes through from Hsiakwan by a representative of the Chinese Red Cross Society that there are approximately twenty thousand refugees along the river front. The supply of rice we let them have before the Japanese arrived is nearly exhausted and there is great suffering. They ask to come into the Safety Zone, but we are already too crowded. Anyway, the Japanese wouldn't permit it, nor will they permit us to go out there and render help. For the time being they will have to get along as best they can.

Guards are at last posted at the various foreign embassies. But why wasn't it done two weeks ago? Our homes are still left unprotected; and the few guards posted at some of our camps are often more of a nuisance than a help. They demand fire and food, beds and often other things of the people.

Thursday, Dec. 30. I called in the servants today, eighteen of them, paid them up to the 15th of next month and told them that they must now try to find other work. It was a hard job. Some of them have been with us for many years and are fine, faithful fellows. W. and I hope it may be possible to start something in a small way in the old school buildings if and when we get order established, but few of our members are left and it will be a difficult matter to build up a new constituency from the material that is now in Nanking. W. has done a splendid job as assistant housing commissioner, and so has C. as one of the camp superintendents, while our servants have all been doing their bit in one way or another.

When I called at the Japanese Embassy this afternoon they were busy giving instructions to about sixty Chinese, most of them our camp managers, on how New Year was to be celebrated. The old five-barred flag is to replace the Nationalist flag, and they were told to make a thousand of these and also a thousand Japanese flags for that event. Camps of over a thousand must have twenty representatives present, smaller camps ten. At one o'clock New Year's Day the five-barred flag is to be raised above the Drum Tower, there will be 'suitable' speeches and 'music' (according to the programme) and of course moving pictures will be taken of the happy people waving flags, and welcoming the new regime. In the meantime the burning of the city continues, three cases of girls of twelve and thirteen years of age being raped or abducted are reported; Sperling has a busy time chasing soldiers out of houses in the immediate vicinity of headquarters; the Sericulture building (a part of the University of Nanking—American property) has a cordon thrown round it while soldiers engage in a man hunt, etc. etc.

Friday, Dec. 31. A comparatively quiet day. For the first time no cases of violence were reported for the night. The Japanese are busy with their New Year preparations. Two days of holiday are announced. We dread them, for it means more drunken soldiers. Refugees are advised to stay indoors. Rabe invited our household to his house after dinner and lighted his Christmas tree for us, and each of us received a New Year's card with our Zone emblem—a circle with a cross within it in red—signed by all twenty-two of the foreign community in Nanking. He also entertained with stories of some of his experiences in South Africa. On his walls hang some magnificent trophies of his hunts. *New Year's Eve!* Thoughts of home and loved ones come crowding in. What wouldn't one give for a letter from 'home'! Evidently we are going to have to exercise patience a while longer, for the Japanese Embassy tells us that it will still be weeks before the postal services are re-established here. They also tell us that it will be a month at least before any of us is allowed to leave the city on a visit to Shanghai. We are virtually prisoners here!

There is perhaps no purpose to be served by going further with this story and telling of acts of horror that have been committed since. It is now the 11th of January, and while conditions are vastly improved there has not been a day that has not had its atrocities, some of them of a most revolting nature. With the arrival on the 6th of three representatives of the American Embassy and on the 9th of three of both the British and German Embassies we feel a little more assurance that conditions will still further improve. But only last night I drove past four new fires that had just been started and saw soldiers within a shop just starting a fifth. There has not been a day since Dec. 19 that fires have not been started by Japanese soldiers. And Kroeger, who managed to slip out of the East Gate the other day, tells us that all the villages as far as he went, some twenty miles, are burned and that not a living Chinese or farm animal is to be seen.

We are at last in touch with the outside world through the radio, and that is a great blessing; for last Sunday I got our house connected up and we now have electricity. At our Committee Headquarters we had current a few days earlier. Only the Japanese are supposed to have electricity, though, so we are not advertising the fact. Then we have seen a couple of issues of a Shanghai Japanese paper and two of the Tokyo *Nichi Nichi.* These tell us that even as early as Dec. 28 the stores were rapidly opening up and business returning to normal, that the Japanese were cooperating with us in feeding the poor refugees, that the city had been cleared of *Chinese* looters, and that peace and order now reigned! We'd be tempted to laugh if it all wasn't so tragic.

I have written this account in no spirit of vindictiveness. War is brutalizing, especially a war of conquest, and it would seem to me from my experiences in this, as also in the Shanghai 'war' of 1932, that the Japanese army, with no background of Christian idealism, has today become a brutal, destructive force that not only menaces the East but also may some day menace the West, and that the world should know the truth about what is happening. How this situation should be dealt with I shall have to leave with abler minds than mine to consider.

There is a bright side in this story, of course, and that is the wonderful spirit of service that has been shown by our Chinese and foreign friends alike and the intimate fellowship we have enjoyed in our common cause. Our hearts have been frequently warmed, too, by the innumerable times the refugees have expressed appreciation for what we have tried to do; and our own losses and inconveniences seem so trivial when compared with what they have suffered. Then our three German friends on the Committee have won both our admiration and affection. They have been a tower of strength—without them I don't see how we would have got through.

What of the future? The immediate future is anything but bright, but the Chinese have an unsurpassed capacity for suffering and endurance, besides their many other qualities, and right must triumph in the end. Anyway, I shall always be glad that I threw in my lot with them.

A selection of case reports covering this period will be found in Appendix A.

CHAPTER III

PROMISE AND PERFORMANCE

TOWARDS THE END *of December the Japanese authorities made known their intention of carrying out the registration of all the thirty thousand odd refugees concentrated at the University of Nanking, an American missionary institution founded fifty years ago. The registration was made of all residents in the city. The following account of what happened was written by a foreign member of the University faculty on January* 25 *from a draft of information prepared on December* 31 *and notes made on January* 3:

Registration was begun on December 20 in the main compound, occupied mainly by women. To the relatively small number of men there, the military authorities added more than two thousand from the new Library. Out of the total of about three thousand men massed together on the tennis courts below Swazey Hall, between two and three hundred stepped out in answer to a half-hour of haranguing to this effect: "All who have been soldiers or who have performed compulsory labor (*fu juh*) pass to the rear. Your lives will be spared, and you will be given work if you thus voluntarily come forth. If you do not, and upon inspection you are discovered, you will be shot." Short speeches were repeated many times over by Chinese under the instructions of Japanese officers. They were Chinese who wished to save as many of their people as possible from the fate that others had met as former soldiers or as men accused wrongfully of being former soldiers. The speeches were clearly and thoroughly heard by Mr. H. L. Sone, Mr. Charles H. Riggs, and myself, as well as by many Chinese members of the University staff. It was thought by some Chinese that certain men who stepped out were influenced by fear or by misunderstanding of the term for compulsory labor. Assuredly, a fair number of them had never been soldiers.

The actual conduct of the registration was in the hands of officers whom we later came to know as relatively considerate and reasonable, though that is no praise for, nor exemption from, the responsibility they must bear for the actions of their men in open daylight and in public view, even during the process of registration while the officers were present. At the outset that morning, the chief officer asked my permission to conduct the registration on American property, a deference most startling in the experience of Japanese occupation. Moreover, he and others took especial pains to avoid causing unnecessary fear at the beginning, and I am inclined to credit them with sincerity of intention. Again, although the soldiers sorted out for examination nearly one thousand from the remaining men, including those who had not stepped out, the officers permitted all but one of these thousand to be released for registration upon the casual 'guarantees' given by various Chinese as the line was marched by for individual inspection: and that one was let go upon the joint representations of Mr. Sone and myself. Furthermore, officers before noon asked that we provide two meals of rice for each of the two to three hundred "volunteers" to be replaced by rice from military stores. Even the common soldiers acting as guards were fairly kind, and gave out more cigarettes than blows. In the afternoon the men reported individually their names and occupations, which were written down.

Meanwhile another element had been introduced. Two additional officers, with higher status at least for this particular job, came in. One of them was violent in his dissatisfaction with what had been done. This man had shown gross roughness and stupidity during a visit to the University on the previous day, and we were often to encounter his evil doings and coarse methods as head of the military police for this district. Toward five o'clock in the afternoon, the two or three hundred men who had stepped out were taken away in two groups by military police. One of them in retrospect declared that he was beginning to be suspicious of the unusual courtesy of some of the friendly guards.

Next morning a man with five bayonet wounds came to the University Hospital. On two occasions before this man declared with fair clarity that he had been a refugee in the library of the University. He stated that he had been picked up by the Japanese on the street and added to a group that had come from the tennis courts mentioned above. That evening, he said, somewhere to the west, about 130 Japanese soldiers had killed most of five hundred similar captives with bayonet thrusts. When he regained consciousness he found that the Japanese had gone, and managed to crawl away during the night. He was not familiar with this part of Nanking, and was vague as to places.

On the morning of the 27th another man was brought to me. He said that he was one of thirty or forty who had escaped the death met by most of the two hundred or three hundred taken away the previous evening. The man desired help for himself and one or more companions in the registration then continuing, but since I was surrounded by military police at the time, I had to tell him that registration was that day limited to women, and that it was best not to speak further at the moment. Three times later I inquired for this group, but I heard nothing more of them.

In the course of the same day and the next (27th and 28th) I heard and checked apparently circumstantial reports that part of the men taken away had been bound in groups of five and ten, to be passed successively from a first room of a large house into a second room or court where there was a big fire. As each group went forward, groans and cries could be heard by the remainder, but no shots. Some twenty remaining from an original sixty broke away in desperation through a back wall and made their escape. Part of the detachment brought from the University were said to have been saved by the pleas of priests living in the neighborhood (Wu T'ai Shan, clearly specified in all this group of indirect reports, which came in part from Buddhists). A similar story had been heard by Mr. Riggs early in the evening of the 26th, conjecturally too soon to come from the same incident. This confusion or complexity of reports was discouraging, and several attempts at further inquiry met with little result while other duties and problems pressed upon us each day.

On the 31st, two men gave a request for aid, with their story, to a trusted assistant of the Library refugee camp, who offered to bring them to me for confirmation if desired. One frankly declared that he had been a soldier, thus creating some presumption in favor of

his truthfulness. They declared that the two hundred-three hundred men from the University were split up into various groups. They themselves were taken first to Wu T'ai Shan, then to the bank of the canal outside Han Hisi Men where a machine gun was turned upon them. They fell, one of them wounded, among the dead men and smeared with their blood.

On the 3rd, of January, an interview was secured with two men among five acquaintances in the Library, who were survivors of the experience of December 26. One of them was in the first group taken from the University, and confirmed circumstantially the room-find-fire account at Wu T'ai Shan as given above under the date of the 27th and 28th. He estimated that of his group eighty were killed and forty to fifty escaped; one of them, wounded by a bayonet thrust, was in the Library, and could be brought to report the same facts.

The second was an unusually intelligent man, clear and specific both in narrative and under cross-questioning. He was taken with the second group to a large house at Wu T'ai Shan opposite a temple (this side has been identified with considerable assurance as one of two buildings on Shanghai Road or an alley from it, across from the American School a short distance to the south). There on the road he was alarmed by noticing Chinese priests and a Japanese priest sorrowfully praying and putting long strips of paper at the entrance to the temple. (Since the report of a Japanese priest in Nanking was an utter novelty, I sceptically asked how he knew that the priest was Japanese. The informant replied that his footgear was cleft for a separate big toe; and later I learned that the informant had lived in Tientsin, where he would naturally acquire such recognition. A few days later I myself saw such a priest on Shanghai Road.) Sensing that the atmosphere was ominous, the man spoke to a guard who had been friendly, indicating his anxiety. The guard silently wrote in the dirt with a stick, *ta jen ming ling*—"orders from a superior."

The men in the immediate vicinity of my informant (he did not speak of others) were bound with wire, wrist to wrist, in pairs. Thirty or more were taken to Han Chung Men and across the canal, where four or five in desperation broke from the column in the dusk or dark, taking advantage of protecting walls, and found a hiding-place. The man guessed by the moon that it was about one o'clock when he heard despairing cries not far to the north. At day-break he went a little in that direction and saw bodies in rows, bayoneted. Though in great fear, he managed to get past the gate safely and slip back to the Safety Zone.

To the account of this man and his testimony must be added two items. A responsible worker in the Chinese Red Cross requested us to go outside the Han Chung Men to inspect a large number of bodies there. Mr. Kroeger of the International Committee told me that he observed these bodies himself, in the course of an early venture outside the gate; but that they could not be seen from the City Wall. The gate is now closed. Burial gangs report three thousand bodies at the point, left in rows or piles after mass executions. The original informant talked so freely to me because he had a premonition of trouble during registration, which he was about to attempt. On January 7, I believe, he was one of some ten men sorted out by the military police from the men passing before them during the open registration resumed on the University compound. During that week the officers who did the actual work seemed to be under instructions to get about that many men per day, or perhaps to feel that they could satisfy their superiors with nothing less. (Naturally the voluntary admission of previous military service had practically ceased, and the whole procedure of registration had changed greatly from the earlier times.) As usual, I tried to watch these performances with some closeness, and to give a little help so far as the personnel and temper of the military would permit in each shifting hour. Failing in indirect efforts after I observed that this man was among the ten, I searched for a chance and took the best of the officers there with me, claiming (with some stretch for which I hope to be forgiven) that I recognized the man and one other who looked most promising of the remainder, and should like the favor of guaranteeing them. The second was released, but not my acquaintance, for reasons unfathomable; and further efforts brought such a kick-back that I had to desist for fear of injury to others. Death was the probable outcome though not certainly so.

Two other men from the University Library reported indirectly that they escaped from a large body of several hundred who were bayoneted along the canal wall to the north, near to San Chia Ho.

Finally, it should be remembered that this incident is only one of a series of similar acts that had been going on for two weeks, with changes on the main theme of mass murder of men accused rightfully or wrongfully of being ex-soldiers. This is not the place to discuss the dictum of international law that the lives of prisoners are to be preserved except under serious military necessity, nor the Japanese setting aside of that law for frankly stated vengeance upon persons accused of having killed in battle comrades of the troops now occupying Nanking. Other incidents involved larger numbers of men than did this one. Evidences from burials indicate that close to forty thousand unarmed persons were killed within and near the walls of Nanking, of whom some 30 per cent had never been soldiers. My special interest in these circumstances is twofold: first, because of the gross treachery of the terms by which men were made to bring themselves forward to death: second, because of the painfully close connection of our property, personnel, and protégées (refugees) with various stages of this tremendous crime. Also, the total evidence for the methods, place, and time of murder is more abundant than for some other cases in which large bodies of men were taken off never to return, but about which we have only scraps of information. It seems a clear conclusion that a large majority of the men taken from the University were murdered the same night, some of them after being mixed with groups collected from other places.

Even in all the brutality of the past weeks, it is still difficult for me to pass those tennis courts. To deal, for a number of days, with officers and soldiers who played varying parts in the drama, having to show smiles and deference for the sake of the welfare of the tens of thousands brought to the University for registration, was torture. One feels that one has become a partner with one's own Christian institution in the murder of two hundred men and so responsible for the wretched dependents if they could be found in all the surrounding sea of misery.

The officers and soldiers? Some of them were humane in comparison with violent gangs that we have faced, and many of them must have wives and children to whom they are kindly.

CHAPTER IV

THE NIGHTMARE CONTINUES

A SURVEY OF THE *situation as it presented itself nearly a month after the Japanese occupation is given in the following letter, written on January* 10 *by the same foreigner whose earlier account is given at the beginning of Chapter I.* (*See pages* 18–20.)

DEAR FRIENDS:

A few hasty jottings amid rape and bayonet stabs and reckless shooting, to be sent on the first foreign boat available since the situation developed after the Japanese entry—a U. S. Navy tug engaged in salvage work on the "Panay." Friends in Shanghai will pick this up from the Consulate-General, and will get it away somehow on a foreign boat without censorship.

Things have eased a good deal since New Year's within the crowded Safety Zone, largely through the departure of the main hordes of soldiers. "Restoration of discipline" very scrappy indeed, and even the military police have raped and robbed and ignored their duties. A new turn may come at any moment through fresh arrivals or vacillations in action. There is no policy visible. At last foreign diplomats have been allowed to re-enter (this week), which seems to indicate a desire for stabilization.

More than ten thousand[1] unarmed persons have been killed in cold blood. Most of my trusted friends would put the figure much higher. These were Chinese soldiers who threw down their arms or surrendered after being trapped; and civilians recklessly shot and bayoneted, often without even the pretext that they were soldiers, including not a few women and children. Able German colleagues put the cases of rape at twenty thousand. I should say not

[1] This figure shows the caution of the observer in making this earlier estimate, which should be compared with the subsequent evidences from burials indicating forty thousand. Cf. Chap. III, p. 51.

less than eight thousand, and it might be anywhere above that. On University property alone, including some of our staff families and the houses of Americans now occupied by Americans, I have details of more than one hundred cases and assurance of some three hundred. You can scarcely imagine the anguish and terror. Girls as low as eleven and women as old as fifty-three have been raped on University property alone. In other groups of refugees are women of seventy-two and seventy-six years of age who were raped mercilessly. On the Seminary Compound seventeen soldiers raped one woman successively in broad daylight. In fact, about one-third of the cases are in the daytime.

Practically every building in the city has been robbed repeatedly by soldiers, including the American, British and German Embassies or Ambassadors' residences, and a high percentage of all foreign property. Vehicles of all sorts, food, clothing, bedding, money, watches, some rugs and pictures, miscellaneous valuables, are the main things sought. This still goes on, especially outside the zone. There is not a store in Nanking, save the International Committee's rice shop and a military store. Most of the shops after free-for-all breaking and pilfering were systematically stripped by gangs of soldiers working with trucks, often under the observed direction of officers, and then burned. We still have several fires a day. Many sections of houses have also been burned deliberately. We have several samples of the chemical strips used by soldiers for this purpose, and have inspected all phases of the process.

Most of the refugees were robbed of their money and at least part of their scanty clothing and bedding and food. That was an utterly heartless performance, resulting in despair on every face for the first week or ten days. You can imagine the outlook for work and life in this city with shops and tools gone, no banks or communications as yet, some important blocks of houses burned out, everything else plundered and now open to cold and starving people. Some 250,000 are here, almost all in the Safety Zone and fully 100,000 entirely dependent on the International Committee for food and shelter. Others scraping along on tiny holdovers of rice and the proceeds of direct or indirect looting. Japanese supply departments are beginning to let out for monetary and political reasons a little of the rice confiscated from considerable Chinese Government supplies, though the soldiers burned not small reserves. But what next? When I asked Japanese officials about post and telegraph services, they said, "There is no plan."

The International Committee has been a great help, with a story little short of miraculous. . . . A Dane and three Englishmen aided a good deal in the preliminary stages, but were pulled out by their companies and Governments before the Chinese retired from Nanking. So the bulk of the work has fallen on American missionaries, only nine of whom have been outside the confining strain of the Hospital filled with bullet and bayonet cases; and of course some of us have had varying duties and conceptions of duty. Naturally there has been considerable Chinese aid and cooperation from the beginning, and most of the detail has had to be done by and through Chinese. Yet at some stages nothing could move, not even one truck of rice, without the actual presence of a foreigner willing to stand up to a gun when necessary. We have taken some big risks and some heavy wallops (literally as well as figuratively), but have been allowed to get away with far more than the situation seems to permit. We have blocked many robberies, persuaded or bluffed many contingents of soldiers away from rape and intended rape, besides all the general work of feeding, sheltering, negotiation, protecting and protesting after sticking our eyes and noses into everything that has gone on. It is no wonder that a Japanese Embassy officer told us the generals were angry at having to complete their occupation under the eyes of neutral observers, claiming (ignorantly, of course) that never in the history of the world has that been true before.

Sometimes we have failed cold, but the percentage of success is still big enough to justify considerable effort. We must recognize that although in some points the relationship is far from satisfactory, we have gained a good deal by the effort of the Japanese Embassy to put cushions between the Army and foreign interests, the relative decency of their Consular Police (few and not altogether angelic), and by the fact that the main figures of the enterprise have been Germans of the Berlin-Tokyo axis and Americans to be appeased after the barbarous attacks on American ships. The Japanese refused twice to send out for us a mild request for the return of American officials, because of the great number of property cases and flag problems; and even with this week's improvement we are still in practical isolation even from the countryside and riverfront, except for the opportunities of American naval wireless through the Embassy for a limited scope of messages.

No mail since about December 1, and that most tardy. Electric light in our house last night by special arrangement (seven Americans, among whom were personal links to the staff of the power plant). Japanese shot forty-three of the fifty-four technical men on the staff, falsely accusing them of being Government employees. Bombing, shelling and fires on top of that, and you can imagine that utilities are slow in resumption. But insecurity of workmen and their families was the main stumbling-block at that. Water depends on electric pumps, but we are beginning to get a trickle at low levels of the city. No dreams of telephone or bus or even ricksha. The Zone is about two square miles in area, not all built up. In this concentration we have had no accidental fire of notice, and practically no crime or violence except that of soldiers, until this present week's turning to loot outside the area in open buildings —especially for fuel. No armed police.

The University has thirty thousand refugees on various parts of its property. Problems of administration are fearful, even on the low scale of living that can be maintained. We have very few indeed of regular University staff and servants, most of whom have done splendid work. There are many volunteer helpers hastily got together by the International Committee, who have come with considerable adulteration of motives. Now we must add delation and the intimidation and purchase of agents by the Japanese. I'm in three hot spots right now over this sort of business, and begin to wonder whether they are out to get me or the University into a corner. For instance, the two occurring in the past three days involve a contradiction of my report of losses for the University's Middle School (thus putting me down for lying and cheating to the Japanese, and striking between me and a key man in that tremendous refugee camp); and a severe shove through the gate by a terrible military police officer when I tried to inquire about a good-spirited interpreter whom they had carried off bound as for death (after he had refused to leave the Middle School camp to accept their offers or submit to their threats). Incidentally, police from that office last night took a woman from a University house and raped her thoroughly, after putting a bayonet against our man Riggs, when he happened along at the wrong time. So you get a little of the flavor of our daily diet while struggling to do something for these wretched but remarkably durable and cheerful people.

The real military police numbered seventy at the time that over fifty thousand soldiers were turned loose on Nanking, and for days we never saw one. Eventually soldiers were given special armbands and called police, which means that they have special preserves for their own misdeeds, and keep out some of the ordinary run. We have seen men scolded for being caught by officers in the act of rape, and let go without penalty; others made to salute an officer following robbery. One motorized raid on the University at night was actually conducted by officers themselves, who pinned our watchman to the wall and raped three women refugees before carrying off one of them (another was a girl twelve years old).

L. had every reason to think I was finished or wounded on the "Panay," for my messages about remaining in Nanking had not got through to her and the papers in Tokyo implied that all foreigners were taken on the boats. But after forty-eight hours of distress she read in a Japanese paper an interview that a couple of dumb-bells got out of me shortly after the Japanese entry. The paper responded to the thanks of her friends by rushing out reporters and a photographer on the 17th. (Entry on 13th: "Panay" sinking on 12th, reported slowly). One of their men brought me a picture and a letter New Year's Day, the latter of course dutifully read in the Japanese Embassy. Thus we were saved a good deal of prolonged concern. I have had no other word since November 8 save that letter, although she wrote and wired many times by all sorts of routes and agencies. On December 17 she expected to come to Shanghai the first week of January, but I have heard nothing more. Perhaps a recent radio through the newly arrived gunboat will get some information from Shanghai.

However, I am not allowed to pass through a Nanking gate, and she would not be allowed to start west of Shanghai even if means of communication were open to her. How long this state will continue we do not know. Chinese have been greatly afraid lest Americans or all foreigners would be expelled from Nanking, but *they* seem more afraid to have us go than to have us stay—so far. Meanwhile I try to keep on friendly terms with the Embassy staff and a few Japanese in semiofficial posts, and even with a few of the less violent and treacherous of the police and soldiers. But it's hard going. Four weeks today! The shells and bombs were almost comfortable, if we had only known it. And what's ahead?

PS. The disorder of this letter corresponds to that outside. I should have said at the start that the Chinese armies in an ill-conceived military program burned many villages and blocks of houses outside the wall, and did some casual looting of shops and houses for food. Otherwise they caused little trouble, though there was great anxiety over their obvious collapse, their preparations for street fighting that never occurred, and their possible injuring of the civilian population. The Chinese failure was disgraceful in the flight of high officers, and in its lack of military coordination and determination. But comparatively considered, the ordinary soldiers were very decent.

It is hardly necessary to say that this letter is not written to stir up animosity against the Japanese people. If the facts speak of needless savagery on the part of a modern army, one that covers its crimes with lying propaganda, let them speak. To me the big thing is the unmeasured misery from this war of conquest, misery multiplied by licence and stupidity, and projected far into a gloomy future."

Written a week later, the following letter is less factual than the preceding accounts but it is nevertheless valuable because of the atmosphere it conveys:

Nanking, China,
January 16, 1938

Things have happened since you left Nanking. Our school closed, the teachers and students scattered to places of safety—or relative safety, and those who remained prepared for what was to come.

We all expected a certain amount of confusion especially from the Chinese troops who would inevitably be withdrawing, and, what we feared, looting during that time. The Safety Zone was established and people moved into it from all over the city. The Zone boundaries were marked, with Han Chung Road on the south, Chung Shan Road on the east, Shansi Road on the north (really a little north of Shansi Road), Sikong Road on the west (this road runs west of the roads a little west of Ginling College), a straight line across the hills to the corner of Shanghai Road and Han Chung Road. This formed the south-west boundary. This line cut through the seminary boys dormitory. But houses on the border lines were considered about as safe as those just inside the border. Practically the whole population of Nanking moved within this area. All houses were filled to overflowing. In the absence of any responsible person in charge at the B.T.T.S.,[1] I asked the pastor of the Ku I Loh Methodist Church to move into the Ladies' faculty residence, and take charge of the place there. His occupancy of that house assured us that it would be in good hands. There are about four thousand people housed on the campus of the B.T.T.S. In our own seminary, there are over 3,100 people. At both places of course hundreds of people are living in little mat-sheds erected on the campuses. The entire Refugee Zone is a city of mat-sheds. All public and private houses are filled to capacity.

With the coming of the Japanese soldiers we thought order would soon be restored, and peace would come, and people would be able to return to their homes and get back into normal life again. But the surprise of surprises came to us all. Robbery, looting, torture, murder, rape, burning—everything that can be imagined was carried out from the very beginning without any limit. Modern times have nothing to surpass it. Nanking has been almost a living hell. There has been nothing or no one safe. Soldiers have taken anything they wanted, destroyed what they did not want, raped women and girls openly and publicly by the scores and hundreds. Those who opposed them were bayoneted or shot on the spot. Women who have opposed being raped, have been bayoneted. Children who have interfered have also been bayoneted. One woman who was being

[1] Bible Teachers' Training School (for Women).

raped on Fran's place—there have been about 150 people staying at his house—had her four or five months old baby near her, and it cried, so the soldier raping her smothered it to death. One refugee girl in the B.T.T.S. was raped seventeen times. Finally we got Japanese guards stationed at the gates of the larger compounds, but they often themselves go in and rape women. Every day and night brings forth repeated cases. These cases have occurred by the hundreds—they make a tale of horror almost indescribable.

But we are still living in hopes—hopes that a better day may soon come. But when—we cannot now see. The homes of many people have been burned, and shops and stores are still burning. Every day and night fires can be seen in the city. Nearly all of Taiping and Chung Hwa Roads have been burned out. Nearly all the important business and shopping districts have been burned. The Chiang Tang Chieh Church and the Y.M.C.A. have been burned to the ground. So the people cannot all go home even when they might be able to. Many of the villages outside the city have been burned. Shunhwachen has been burned, we hear, but not the Rural Church training center.

We have a big refugee problem on our hands now with this large number of people—perhaps 150,000 or more in this Refugee Area, and perhaps 60,000 in our Refugee camps. Many of whom have to be fed. Our food supplies are very short, and unless something can be done to get more suplies, famine conditions of a most serious nature face the people. Our International Committee has a supply of rice on hand for about three weeks yet—we do not know what we will do after that time. We are trying to buy rice from the Japanese (Chinese rice they have commandeered), but they are holding it apparently anticipating a long war, and keeping it for their own use. I am busy distributing the rice each day to the various centres. Riggs is supervising the coal and fuel supplies to the various rice kitchens, and others are doing other things—all together trying to carry on and help improve the conditions as much as possible. But our task is not an easy one. We are trusting in the Lord and doing our best at it. He can well see through it, we verily believe.

The servants of the B.T.T.S., three school servants and your own servant, have asked about the whereabouts of Miss Smith, because they are needing their wages. I told them I would try to get in touch with you, but that I would pay them regularly myself, so they need not have any fears—we can make these financial adjustments later. I am looking after the finances of the seminary group of course—including all the caretakers of the various houses, so finances are not our chief difficulty. I am glad to say that all of our servants have been most faithful and loyal and helpful in these trying times.

I am sending this letter by the British Embassy official who is going to Shanghai today. They will have a gunboat returning to Nanking immediately, so if you wish to write me a line, you can send it by the British Consulate there.

PS. It is needless to say that all of our houses have been thoroughly ransacked—Chinese and foreign alike. But the houses themselves have suffered very little damage. Our Married Students' quarters were pretty much wrecked by a bomb falling about fifty feet away just before the coming of the Japanese. Books and heavy furniture have not been molested much, but smaller valuables, warm clothing, foods, valuables, bedding, bicycles, automobiles, cows, horses, pigs, chickens—have been taken almost with a clean sweep. But the story is too long to continue—and too heartbreaking.

A chronology of cases of disorder by Japanese soldiers reported between January 1 *and February* 9 *appears in Appendices B and C.*

CHAPTER V

TERROR IN NORTH CHINA

THE FOREGOING PAGES *have dealt almost exclusively with the conduct of the Japanese Army during their occupation of Nanking on December* 12-13, 1937, *and after the occupation up to about February* 9, 1938. *This method of presentation has been followed because Nanking was the main objective of the Japanese Army, and because a proportionately large and international group of foreign residents remained there throughout and kept meticulous records of events.*

It should not be supposed, however, that the events at Nanking were by any means exceptional. Similar outrages against civilians have been reported from widely separated regions of China ever since the beginning of hostilities in North China in the mid-summer of 1937.

No attempt is made here to give an exhaustive account of happenings elsewhere. Such an undertaking would require a volume very much larger than the present one. Instead, and following the general method of presentation in the earlier chapters, eye-witness accounts from various centers, large and small, will form the bulk of this chapter.

Without exception, the writers of the subjoined accounts are foreigners with many years' experience in China, and, in some cases, in Japan as well. In each instance the letters in which they recorded their impressions were intended not for publication but for the information of an intimate circle of their friends. As such they form a straightforward picture composed of intimate details of the happenings around them. Withal, it will be noticed that fairness is implicit in their accounts and, indeed, that restraint is the keynote. The names of the writers are omitted only because many of them *are still engaged in relief activities in the districts from which they write, and publication might prejudice their ability to continue.*

On September 18, 1931, *were fired at Mukden the first shots which resulted in the creation of "Manchukuo" and the domination of Manchuria by Japanese militarists. From* 1932 *to* 1937, *Japanese forces applied gradual pressure in North China, especially in the Peiping-Tientsin district. On July* 7, 1937, *what has come to be known as the "Marco Polo Bridge Incident" occurred on the outskirts of Peiping as the prelude to a large-scale Japanese drive in North China. Japanese troops poured into the Chinese Provinces of Hopei and Chahar daily, until by the end of November some* 300,000 *soldiers were on Chinese soil and, having driven the Chinese troops out of the greater part of these two provinces, were forcing their way into the neighboring provinces of Shansi and Shantung. Peiping and Tientsin were rapidly taken by the Japanese forces, which then proceeded to capture Paoting, provincial capital of Hopei, some eighty miles south of Peiping.*

The following letter from a neutral foreign observer describes events in Shansi from early September to mid-December:

Peiping, December 17, 1937.

Dear ——,

I left Paoting for Pingting, Shansi, on September 4 after quite a little bombing had been done in that city, but it was not occupied by the Japanese until some two weeks later. In Pingting I stayed with friends in the Brethren Mission and as a group it was decided we would stand by and await the Japanese occupation.

On October 23 our communications with Taiyuan, the capital of Shansi, were broken, and on the 25th bombing planes filled the air from five o'clock in the morning until five o'clock in the evening. No bombs were dropped in the city of Pingting as no Chinese soldiers had been stationed in the city. Some fell on the barracks less than two miles distant and many at the railroad station five miles away. That night many Chinese soldiers passed through the city, and the city police and officials fled to parts unknown. The next day, before daybreak (Thursday), we could hear the fighting, and by the next morning could see the tearing up of the ground and the smoke from the big guns. On Friday about four o'clock from my window I saw the planting of the Japanese flag on the city wall, and soon the troops poured through the gates. Since then we have been living under the rule of the Japanese. Our own compounds flew the American flag. The house in which I was living had a great American flag painted on the roof.

War is WAR, no matter what country is carrying it on, and I am glad that in reading *Gone with the Wind* during the summer I had some realization of what had taken place in my own country some seventy years ago. From 1,000 to 1,500 Chinese fleeing from their homes flocked into our compound. The first week of occupation by the conquering army will always be an indescribable nightmare. Many of our refugees were girls or young women, which the people were trying to hide. One instance will show how they were hunted down. In one home the mother was sick on the kang, and they hid their young daughter under a cupboard in a most cramped space. The soldiers looked everywhere for young women in the place and even came in several times during the night to see if some one had not come out of a hiding place. For two days and two nights the girl scarcely dared to breathe in this hole and was not in a position to eat, before they could get her out and to a Mission compound. Hundreds of women were hidden in nearby mines. One group of over two hundred was rescued by an American nurse after having been without food for over two days. Another group was betrayed and carried off. The Mission housed refugees in three compounds inside the city as well as in the hospital compound outside the gate. One compound was not Mission property so could not fly the American flag. One day two soldiers came over the wall and grabbed a couple of young girls and carried them back of a house. Mr. C. was sent for and fortunately arrived before they were injured. During the day one or another of the foreigners stayed in these compounds during those first frightful days. At night over seventy girls and young women slept in our house, and all other houses were equally full. You may guess we did not undress and did not sleep very soundly. . . .

After the main part of this army had passed on, Pingting was used as a base for supplies and sending soldiers north and south, east and west, so there has been a constant coming and going of troops. Those coming from the front would rest a day or so and loot and rape. The soldiers and their horses were quartered in the homes of the people, appropriating everything they wanted in them and using furniture, doors, everything of wood about them, to build their fires. I have been in homes in which nothing was left but the brick walls and dirt floors. The first lot that came in spent four days and went through books and everything written that they could find, gathering anything they could against everybody they could in the city. The shops as well as the homes were completely emptied of everything. If anything was left troops coming later picked it up. Anyone whose clothes had any resemblance to those of a soldier was killed on the spot without questions. One man I knew who happened to have grey inner trousers was thus cut down. Men were taken to serve them and if they did not understand immediately what was desired of them they were killed. So many tales one could tell. Yet this is WAR.

As they took possession of all food supplies, food was becoming more and more of a problem. Many of the refugees had neither food nor money. Several hundred of those in the Mission compound were being fed by the Chinese Committee organized under the Japanese. Those who had money were finding it increasingly impossible to find anything that could be bought. The soldiers had eaten or carried off the pigs, sheep and chickens, so meat had to be very limited in our diet. They also absorbed everything in the line of fresh fruit, but some vegetables could be obtained. Fortunately the Mission families had had a big yield of tomatoes in their garden. . . .

These things I am telling you out of the limited experiences of my own weeks in the midst of HELL. When one thinks of the great areas of this country of which this is a fair sample, it is too awful to contemplate. At no time did I feel in any personal danger. Mr. C. early established relations with the officers of the conquering army and we met some very fine Japanese men, some of them had studied in American institutions. The soldier's attitude depends upon what kind of a man he is, and some of them are bad and some of them are good. . . .

PAOTINGFU

Another letter, describing events in the Paoting district, follows:

Paoting, December 10, 1937.

By way of introduction for some who may see this let me explain that I have been keeping a diary that I head 'As It Happens' intended chiefly just to share with my family. Some matters that I have excluded from its pages I wish to record and comment upon here. . . .

Now let me mention a few concrete matters of which I have intimate knowledge. It is now eleven weeks since the change of regime in this area, so we are somewhat away from the heat and the confusion of the actual war zone,—no main theater of war within sixty miles of us for two months.

For about seven weeks of this period we had here but a small army of occupation, and little movement of troops to and fro,—probably less than two thousand Japanese here at any time. The body in control was the 'gendarmerie' here for maintenance of law and order. A fair amount of police order within the city walls was brought about within a month and has been maintained there since, so that for the most part the populace in the city feel as secure as in normal times. Yet the following incident happened but a few days ago and I am told that like occurrences are not infrequent: Three Japanese demanded entrance to the premises of a well-to-do resident. Caretakers were there but the owner away. He has held much of his wealth in the form of valuable antiques and Chinese works of art of different sorts. The Japanese helped themselves to all the more valuable objects they could find. . . .

The first of the week one of our staff went to a nearby village to see the officers of a local cooperative society that we have helped foster. Soldiers live in some of the private premises of that village. At night, if anybody locks doors and does not open at once when the soldiers come along they break the door in. The night before soldiers had made a house-to-house search over the whole village with flashlights for women. That day a villager had been clubbed to death for the offense of not producing any women for them. . . .

The common people around us ordinarily depend largely on leaves, grasses, and grain stalks for winter fuel,—affording little wood. But the Japanese search for wood everywhere, that they use in prodigal fashion for quick fires. As a result, loose wood now being exhausted, doors, window frames, furniture, farm tools, even the frames of houses that they are pulling down are rapidly being used for fuel. One of our refugee women was telling today with tears in her eyes of losing a weaving loom for fuel. 'It is my one means of livelihood,' she said. Just across the street from us is a yard that belongs to our native church. In it is one house built some thirty years ago semi-foreign style, with well carpentered panel doors. Day before yesterday two of these were wrenched off for fuel, and the others being strongly held by rusty screws, the soldiers just splintered out the panels from several of them. Yesterday we took off the remaining ones and stored them in our compound. Yesterday several of the soldiers scaled a back wall into a little side court off our main compound and before we knew it had sawed down a tree of five-inch diameter. When my American colleague accosted them just after the deed was done, they did seem a bit shame-faced. . . .

I haven't arranged items in any order of climax, but have tried to give a bit of index to the aftermath of war in this particular zone. Just now in an interruption I have heard another fully authenticated story of three men, tenants in a yard not far to the south of us, who have taken a heavy beating for letting their women get out of reach,—one left with teeth knocked out, another with such a bruised leg that he can not bear weight upon it.

Are such happenings as I have mentioned the necessary aftermath of any war? Maybe War would make it worse! Aren't we told that the present expedition was just to settle 'a local North China incident'? No war has been declared. But, at any rate, now that trouble is on, 'there must be a fundamental settlement of the China question.' And 'this concerns just the two countries.' It is for no third party to intervene. Any settlement must be on the basis of an understanding for 'cessation of all anti-Japanese propaganda and effort' and of 'full cooperation against Communism.' And what excellent methods are used among the populace to get such fundamental understanding! Is psychology—either theoretical or practical—completely banned from army circles?

I haven't the least wish to condemn a whole people with any such words as I have here tapped out. Nor even would I, by any means, condemn all who are in the army. I could list for you a goodly number of instances of fine sympathy and human goodness on the part of individual soldiers and officers, that have come within the range of our knowledge or observation right here. And more than one have told me that they would prefer not to be at this, but 'we are under orders.' There you have it. They are caught in the meshes of a system, and carried along hardly half aware of what it is all about and where it is taking them. God, pity these men! and pity this old world that still does not cure itself of the terrible malady of the war system! Are we Christians so helpless as we have seemed to be hitherto to bring some remedy for war madness? How much are we actually undertaking to do?

These words are intended particularly for some of my closer friends and relatives. I trust that they will not fan the flames of hatred on the part of any of you, but that they will equip you a bit for further thinking, and for giving testimony where ungrounded propaganda is spreading falsehood. . . .

A GENERAL SURVEY

The following extracts have been taken from a confidential report headed "As It Looked in North China, February 1938" *sent by a well-known American missionary to his colleagues at Shanghai:*

Conditions throughout the countryside, south and west of both Peking and Tientsin, are best described as those of 'unprecedented lawlessness and anarchy,' as Mr. Pennell, editor of the *Peking & Tientsin Times,* put it on Feb. 16. Most of what he said in an article in the January Number of *Oriental Affairs* under the title of 'Anarchy in North China' remains true. There is, however, a slight difference in that in some sections this 'anarchy' is becoming somewhat organized, if such an Irish way of expressing the truth may be permitted. That is, with all the former organs of government removed except from the immediate vicinity of the railway lines and a few garrisoned county-seats and market towns, something has begun to come in to fill the vacuum. This something seems to be of three varieties: (1) local bands of bandits looking out only for themselves; (2) more socially minded groups, such as the revivified 'Red Spears' who are particularly active in parts of Shantung but are also found in southern Hopei; and (3) mobile units of Chinese troops, with or without organic connection with the increasingly famous 'Eighth Route Army,' the so-called Communist element in the national defense. All three types are united in their whole-hearted hatred of the Japanese; the first type, of ordinary bandits, are hunted down and exterminated when possible by both the other two; and the third type gives promise of absorbing or consolidating the second.

In the meantime all three add immeasurably to the difficulties of the occupying forces. There are stories galore of their exploits, many of which have a good chance of being preserved as parts of a new collection to rival the fables of 'The Three Kingdoms.' They have certainly put the fear of something into the hearts of the Japanese all along the Peking-Hankow line. At Paoting Japanese soldiers no longer venture far from their barracks after dark—thereby removing one of the greatest causes of anxiety from the hearts of most civilian families. The garrison at T—— is reported to have been wiped out three times by sudden raids.

The tragic side of this is the retribution which is so frequently meted out to people living near the scene of Japanese reverses. After one of the attacks on the garrison at T—— a large number of civilians were reported to have been burned to death with kerosene or gasoline taken from the local stores of one of the foreign agencies. . . .

The Father Superior of a group working in Shantung reached Peking only a few days before I came away. According to Dr. P. he reported atrocities repeatedly occurring in their vicinity of the same type that became so familiar here when news began to come out of Nanking. The ill treatment of women was not confined to houses and courtyards but was extended to the open streets, and on one occasion a civil officer had beaten one of the foreign priests. In Shansi the Japanese advance in November stopped short a little distance south of Pingyao, some thirty miles beyond Taiku. The hills on both sides of the plain have been held either by semi-independent mobile units or by forces directly connected with the Eighth Route Army, and frequent raids have kept the invaders in a chronic state of jitters, but have led to as frequent reprisals on the helpless villages who have remained within the area of activity.

One of the ways in which an enormous amount of useless destruction of property has occurred is through the ignorance on the part of the Japanese of the use of coal. Many of them apparently know how to burn nothing but wood, even when large stocks of coal are available. They have therefore ransacked villages for fuel with a total disregard to its source. Doors, windowframes, posts, rafters, tables, benches, wooden farm implements, timbers of all sorts, have been carried away or yanked out of the buildings and used for cooking and heating. In one of the gates at Paoting an enormous bonfire was kept going day and night in an extravagantly wasteful manner, and anything wooden that could be laid hands upon was considered legitimate fuel.

One of the worst stories which I heard was brought in only the day before I left Peking. A band from the Eighth Route Army had come down to the railway track not so very many miles from Paoting and requisitioned labor from the near-by villages to tear up the track. They did the job so well that for six days there was no through train between Shihchiachuang and Peking. (This we know from reports in the French newspaper—the *Peking Chronicle*, the official foreign-language organ of the new Government, had denied any such thing only two days before.) But in due time the railway was repaired and Japanese troops came on the scene in some force. They visited one of the villages and at first appeared bent on no particular errand. Shortly afterwards however they rounded up two hundred of the men of the town, took them out and shot them. When a long enough time had elapsed so that the terror-stricken people had for the most part returned to their homes, they suddenly appeared again and this time seized sixty of the huskiest young men of the village. It became known that these men were to be burned, but in some way during the confusion of making the preparations for the burning, somebody was able to set them loose and they all escaped. Two old men were thereupon seized and substituted for the younger men. As the narrator put it, people of that region have since determined that henceforth they will refuse to assist in any guerilla warfare efforts on the part of Chinese troops. 'It is better to be shot by our own people for disobedience than to suffer in this way at the hands of the invaders.' This raises an important question which I shall refer to a little later. The man who brought this story went on to say that as he came north on the train to Peking he saw a village very near the railway in flames, with a cordon of troops surrounding it, who were actually shooting people as fast as they tried to escape from their burning homes. After very careful questioning, one of my closest Chinese friends, a man with whom I have been intimately associated during the past seven years, was convinced that the village must have been the one in which his own wife's parents and other relatives have always lived. A member of the staff of the —— Embassy received a report just after this that all the villages near the railway track for a long distance in that region had been burned. . . .

CHAPTER VI

CITIES OF DREAD

SHANGHAI AND THE Yangtze Delta were brought into the orbit of hostilities when on August 9 a Japanese officer and a seaman acting as his chauffeur were killed when driving a car in the vicinity of the Chinese military airport at Hungjao, on the western outskirts of Shanghai.

The story of the war in the Yangtze region is one of heroic failure on the part of the Chinese troops in their attempt to dislodge the Japanese from their positions in the International Settlement in August, and an even more heroic resistance to the increasing Japanese pressure of men and metal from ships, land and air until, after a series of repeated withdrawals, the Chinese Army found itself outflanked again and again and so was forced finally to retire from Shanghai on November 14.

After having occupied the main cities and lines of communication embracing the Shanghai-Soochow-Hangchow area, Japanese troops succeeded, as has already been related, in breaching the walls of the national capital itself on December 13.

The subjoined accounts tell of the death and destruction left in the wake of the Japanese Army's swift advance through what is normally one of China's most peaceful and most densely populated districts.

According to a careful estimate made by a foreign observer who had visited these regions on several occasions, both before and after the Japanese occupation, at least 300,000 Chinese civilians have lost their lives as a result of the Sino-Japanese hostilities in the Yangtze Delta. A considerable proportion of these people were slaughtered in cold blood. This observer spoke of old men and young boys having been forced by the Japanese soldiers to carry burdens far beyond *their strength and, when they fell down from sheer exhaustion, having been bayoneted and flung into a ditch by the roadside. Nor were the dead spared from ill-treatment. At many points along the line of march, he stated, Chinese graves were opened up and the coffins burned. It was the considered opinion of this observer that in its advance upon Nanking the Japanese Army had adopted a policy of deliberate terrorism.*

The following graphic account was telegraphed to London by a British correspondent who visited Sungkiang, a walled city thirty miles south of Shanghai, on January 14:

Sungkiang, which was the original headquarters of General Gordon's "Ever Victorious Army," and a thriving city on the Shanghai-Hangchow Railway, presented a scene of indescribable desolation and destruction. Acres of houses have been laid waste as a result of aerial bombing, and there is hardly a building standing which has not been gutted by fire. Smouldering ruins and deserted streets presented an eerie spectacle, the only living creatures being dogs unnaturally fattened by feasting on corpses. In the whole of Sungkiang, which should contain a densely packed population of approximately 100,000, I saw only five Chinese, who were old men, hiding in a French Mission compound in tears. They were short of food and begged to be taken back to Shanghai.

The condition of Sungkiang is typical of the state of affairs throughout this densely populated delta between Shanghai and Nanking, and testifies to what may have been one of the greatest mass migrations of population in history. No one is able to answer the question of what has happened to the hundreds of thousands, or rather millions, of Chinese who have literally disappeared from this area. The whole thirty-mile route between Shanghai and Sungkiang is like a desert, with rice crops ungathered and left rotting in the fields as far as I could see. The traveller passes a continuous vista of blackened ruins and burnt-out farms guarded over by gruesomely fattened dogs.

Considerable bodies of Japanese troops returning to Shanghai were passed on the road. They represented a strange appearance, being loaded up with piles of loot from the countryside. In many

cases rickshas containing trunks and suitcases were hitched behind cavalry horses and Japanese soldiers were riding donkeys, cows, and even buffaloes, collected from the countryside. Live pigs were tied to artillery limbers, and chickens were carried which had been taken from farms miles from the route that had been visited by foraging parties. At one point on the road was a huge concentration of Japanese supply wagons, and several batteries of field artillery. My attention was caught by thousands of cases of Japanese beer which had been consumed by the Japanese troops.

SOOCHOW

Soochow, known as the "Venice of China," is a picturesque city on the Shanghai-Nanking railway line fifty miles west of Shanghai, with which it is also connected by several new motor roads. It is known to thousands of tourists who make only brief visits to China. Its normal population is about 350,000. *Following the retreat of the Chinese troops from the Shanghai area, the city fell, practically undefended, to Japanese forces on November* 19, 1937.

The following account of events in Soochow, written by an American, appeared in a supplement of the China Weekly Review, *Shanghai, March* 19, 1938, *entitled "Destruction in China."*

SOOCHOW NIGHTMARE

An Almost Incredible Experience in the Shadow of Bursting Shells, Looting, and Assaults on Women

(The writer, a resident of China for more than thirty years and whose name, for obvious reasons, is withheld, reports the following eye-witness account of terrorism and atrocities by the Japanese army.)

It was our helplessness, the impotency of 350,000 human beings —the aged, young and feeble of the beautiful, tradition-steeped city of Soochow—in the path of Barbarians at War which struck us with nauseating force that day in the second week of November when Japanese bombers first began releasing high explosives upon the city proper.

It was a frightening thing to see; a horrible, maddening thing under which to dwell—tons of explosives hurtling down from the skies, exploding in a cascade of bits of human flesh, dirt, stone and mortar. Both night and day death rained upon the city from the circling, droning Japanese planes.

At the early stages of the bombings, the majority of the fear-crazed residents of Soochow sought sanctuary in dugouts. Finally, air raids became so incessant that we debated whether to remain in the dugouts or return to our work and take our chances on missing death. We decided on work.

On November 9, handbills were dropped from planes, warning Soochow that, after three days had elapsed, the entire city would be even more intensively bombed. Could that be possible? We were already living in a veritable inferno. This warning: that the grand old city of Soochow would be practically destroyed, brought before me a tragedy too realistically terrible to put into words. I cannot pass on to you the feelings that came over me as I saw hundreds of thousands of men, women and children leaving their homes, carrying with them their pitifully small belongings.

By this time, however, boats, rickshas and other vehicles could not be obtained at any price, and most of the refugees had to flee by foot. My companions and I had previously secured two boats from Chinese soldiers, and it fell to my lot on the night of November 12 to tow these boats by motor launch to Kwangfu with our first contingent of refugees. I immediately returned to Soochow for another load where Chinese soldiers commandeered the two boats, but left me the motor launch. I turned the launch over to my companion and he, with other friends, started off again for Kwangfu.

It was now too late to enter the city gate so, with a friend, I spent the night in a deserted hospital. It was the night of the big air raid. And only God and the people left in the doomed city of Soochow knew, or ever will know, the horrors of that night. The most dreadful nightmare could not compare with it. The entire city and its environs were lighted with flares dropped from planes. And then death started on its speedy flight from the skies. No human being could have counted the number of bombs released upon this defenceless city. One might as well have tried to count the drops

of rain falling on a like number of square miles in twelve hours' time. My friend lay flat upon the floor. At times, I got under the bed. Strangely enough, I felt safer there.

At daybreak, we arose and went into the city. The death and destruction we witnessed defies all description. We felt nauseated, sick. The only cheering sight we saw was a Chinese pastor leading a thousand refugees towards Kwangfu. What a picture! Behind him trailed small children, old men and women, the lame and those disabled by bombs and shells—I thought of the Good Shepherd leading His flock. In two days, five thousand refugees from Soochow had been removed to Kwangfu.

I, myself, left for Kwangfu and it was not until November 21 that I returned. My companion and I had to drive carefully to avoid running over bodies of the dead lining the roads and scattered over the fields. When we arrived, looting on the part of uniformed Japanese soldiers was proceeding in lively fashion. Mission property, as yet, had not been molested. From that time until December 11, we went into Soochow nearly every day. We saw that every bank and shop and every residence had been forced open. Japanese soldiers were passing in and out of them, like ants loaded down with bales of silk, eiderdown quilts, shop goods and household effects of every description.

On one of our trips, however, we found that mission property had been looted thoroughly. The front, back and side doors of one particular building had been forced open. The doors to the school buildings and residences had been smashed in, apparently with axes and butts of guns. All rooms had been entered and all trunks and boxes broken into. Such things for which they had no use were scattered in wanton confusion over the floors. In my home, the dishes had evidently been thrown upon the floor with great force. In my friend's home, we saw his son's violin on the floor, broken beyond repair.

During one of my visits to Soochow, I went into the Administration Building of Yates Academy. I came upon a group of soldiers before they were aware of my approach, catching them in the act of breaking open the school safe. One soldier was striking the safe door with a pick-axe. While a group was attempting to smash the safe, others were rifling desks in the offices of the principal and the dean. When I went to the end of the hall to call an interpreter, they left, taking their tools. In another hour's work, however, they would have had the safe open.

Leaving the compound, we heard music in the church. We entered and found a Japanese army officer playing the piano, while several of his soldiers were rifling desks in the conference room of the auditorium. I rebuked him for allowing his soldiers to loot the church. He saluted and left immediately.

The next morning we returned and found that the soldiers had finally forced open the safe and robbed it of approximately $400. Amusingly enough, however, is that the looters threw on the floor about $300 in pay envelopes, thinking they were useless letters. We found, too, that safes in several other mission compounds, as well as the strong boxes in banks and shops had been smashed and their contents carted away. The "fine discipline" of the Japanese army apparently was no more than a myth.

Actually, blame for wholesale looting in Soochow cannot be placed upon individual soldiers, but rather upon the Japanese army as a whole. More loot was taken than could have been carried away by individuals and, furthermore, we saw much of this loot being loaded on army trucks. One truck, loaded with expensive blackwood Chinese furniture, stood in front of the Japanese army headquarters.

The dead bodies we saw on the streets in Soochow on our first visit there after Japanese occupation, lay there for ten days or more. On our later trips to the city, we observed that the street dogs were noticeably fatter. Equally ghastly were the buildings, damages amounting to more than a million dollars.

All that I have recounted is terrible, but the worst remains to be told—the violation of women of all classes. None can possibly estimate the number of women ravaged by the lust-mad Japanese army. Personally, I know of enough cases to make me believe all the reports that I have heard. After all, what difference does it make in such wholesale assaults whether the number is 9,500 or 9,600? One morning in Kwangfu, I met a young student of Soochow University who told me, with tears in his eyes, of the attack upon his beautiful sister. Again, I saw great numbers of village men

sitting by the roadside, trembling—a band of armed Japanese soldiers had driven them from their homes keeping behind their wives and daughters.

That night I was asked to stay at the home of a Chinese in order to help protect his daughters and other young girls who had come there for safety. It was well that I did, for that night at about eleven o'clock I was awakened by a flashlight shining through my door's transom. Someone whispered 'Japanese are here.' I secured my flashlight and rushed into the adjoining room. There I saw three Japanese soldiers flashing their lights into the faces of the ten or twelve young girls sleeping on the floor. My presence surprised them and, at the sound of my angry tones, the marauders hurried down the stairs. The Chinese father stood by my side during these very tense moments.

I have told this story, because I cannot live with it hidden in my heart. And, should anyone believe that the Japanese army is in this country to make life better and happier for the Chinese, then let him travel over the area between Shanghai and Nanking, a distance of some 200 miles, and witness the unbelievable desolation and destruction. This area, six months ago, was the most densely populated portion of the earth's surface, and the most prosperous section of China.

Today the traveller will see only cities bombed and pillaged; towns and villages reduced to shambles; farms desolated, and only an old man or woman here and there digging in the once "good earth." The livestock has been either killed or stolen, and every sort of destruction that a brutal army, equipped with all the modern implements of war, can inflict has been done here.

And where are these people now who have been driven from their homes?

Countless numbers have been killed; others have been maimed for life; yet others are huddled in refugee camps, or hiding in mountain caves, afraid to return to their desolate farms, their empty shops and ruined businesses. Those who would dare return are not permitted to do so by the war-mad Japanese army.

It is shameful, indeed, in the face of all this, that the Japanese who control communication lines, are proclaiming to the world that they are inviting Chinese back to their ancestral homes to live in peace and plenty.

WUHU

Wuhu with an approximate normal population of 140,000, *is a thriving Yangtze River port* 58 *miles south-west of Nanking and about* 263 *miles south-west of Shanghai. For many years it has been an important mission center. The town fell to the Japanese forces on December* 10, 1937, *three days before the fall of Nanking. The following extracts from the letters of a foreign missionary in Wuhu describe events during and following the occupation up to December* 30, 1937:

Wuhu, December 17, 1937

Since the war has come to our Wuhu area you, no doubt, have been thinking of us as we have of you. I will send a brief statement of some of the things that have been happening here. A summary of events beginning December 5 will give you an idea of the conditions under which we are living during these days of crisis. On Sunday, the 5th, while we were in church service the hum of planes was heard overhead, which was coming to be a commonplace occurrence, when all at once there was a succession of terrific bomb blasts. The audience rose to their feet as one man. We suggested the windows be opened and that there was no cause for alarm. We then continued the service for about ten minutes when an even larger series of terrific blasts were heard. On going to the front of the building, we saw one of the Jardine boats in flames and great clouds of smoke rising from what seemed to be the railway district. After watching the planes for a few minutes until they seemed to be going away, I asked for the car to be brought to the gate, but found that our chauffeur could not be located, so I drove the car myself taking one of our staff with me. We were at the bund within half an hour after the planes left, and started sending wounded to the hospital. The casualties of this bombing were especially severe as the people were not prepared for it. Dead and dying were all around. I went onto the British gunboat and found considerable shrapnel had struck the ship and slightly wounded Commander Barlow. Their crew were busy pulling people out of the water, and the ship's doctor was already giving first aid to some of the cases. The British tugboat was going alongside the burning "Tuckwo" helping in the removal of those on the ship. The B. & S.[1] ship "Tatung" had just come alongside their hulk preparatory to taking the hulk away. It was also struck but not set afire and immediately proceeded to the opposite bank of the river. During that afternoon and night we received one hundred at the hospital for treatment. More than eighty of them needed to be admitted and the staff performed thirty operations during Sunday afternoon and night, besides the treatments given in the admitting rooms.

The days since December 5 have been rather hectic and strenuous for us. We were bombed three days in succession, and all roads leading from the city were crowded from dawn to dark with the city's population seeking places of safety. Pathetic sights passed our gates. Families carrying what bedding they could for the enforced exile among the hills and fields, babies on parents backs or in baskets on the carrying poles, all with drawn anxious faces made up the procession. . . .

The Japanese troops have occupied the city in increasing numbers since the 10, establishing artillery batteries at the railway bund and just below the B. & S. bund. They have been ruthless enough in their treatment of the few soldiers who had remained, not knowing of their arrival. Civilians who have not complied with their every demand have been treated in like manner. Any moving junks or sampans attempting to cross the river have been riddled by machine guns. One such boat with three occupants drifted ashore below the hospital and they were brought in for treatment. One of the men had ten bullet wounds. . . .

December 30, 1937

Every day of the past month has been full of exciting, difficult, and at times dangerous experiences, but so far not one of the more than 1,400 people on our hospital hill who entrusted themselves to our protection and care has been lost. Every day has been a challenge to our ingenuity, patience and loyalty to protect them against the soldiers who frequently demanded admission at the gates or climbed

[1] Butterfield and Swire.

over the compound wall, and to provide shelter, food, sanitation, and control for this large number who are living in a place with housing facilities for only four hundred.

During the first week of occupation, the ruthless treatment and slaughter of civilians and the wanton looting and destruction of the homes of the city far exceeded anything ever seen during my twenty years' experience in China. The Chinese soldiers did not enter or disturb any foreign property in Wuhu. However, the Japanese have entered and looted nearly every piece of foreign property in the city. The two or three places that have escaped were those where some of us Americans stayed by to keep them out.

Probably conditions in Wuhu have been less severe than in most places because there was little fighting here. The soldiers seemed to especially seek Chinese women for violation and the saving of these women became one of our major activities over a period of several days. I did not hesitate to go out into the city with one or both of our cars to pick up women wherever I learned they were in hiding. On some days I made as many as four trips bringing back carloads of younger women and girls. If our cars had never rendered any other service, they have been worth far more than their cost during these few weeks and I hope some way may be found to express special thanks to the friends in Albion and Ann Arbour, Michigan, who gave these cars to me. Without them, it would have been utterly impossible to have saved these women or to have brought in provisions to keep the institution going.

I have kept in constant touch with the Japanese military authorities and the Japanese Consul who recently arrived. They give strong assurances for the protection of American lives and property and I have been using all the strength of my influence to get them to control their soldiers in their violence against Chinese civilians. They assure me their soldiers are forbidden now to molest the Chinese or to force them to serve them, and most of the officers desire to prevent these offences. In spite of these promises, it is still not safe for any Chinese man and much less for a woman to go on the street. Two of our hospital servants whom I sent out two days ago on a trial trip were robbed and made to carry loads. I immediately sent a letter of protest to the commanding officer and received his apology with the

return of the money, but those who are not protected in this American compound have absolutely no redress.

An American flag was torn down from our hospital junk on Dec. 13. I immediately went to the junk, fished the flag out of the river with a bamboo pole, and then took it, still wet, to the Japanese commanding officer. I also reported this incident and several others to our American authorities in Shanghai and since then have had representatives call to make apologies from the Japanese Navy, the Japanese Army, and the Consul. Since the bombing of the U.S.S. "Panay," they seem very anxious to make amends to Americans. Several of the wounded Americans and Chinese from the U.S.S. "Panay" were brought to this hospital for treatment.

Conditions have been such that it was not safe for our hospital men to go out and bury the dead that were accumulating in the hospital morgue. Our supply of lumber for making coffins also ran out. Finally, it was necessary to dig one large grave on the hospital compound in which we buried twenty bodies. . . .

HANGCHOW

Hangchow, "the Lakeside City," which was reportedly visited by Marco Polo, is one of the beauty spots of China and has a normal population of about 800,000. *It was occupied on December* 24, 1937, *at* 8 *a.m., by Japanese forces, the vanguards of which consisted of the Fujii unit. Hangchow was practically undefended. The account following consists of extracts from the letter of a foreigner who stayed in Hangchow throughout the occupation, the letter being in the form of a report to friends abroad:*

Hangchow, January 27, 1938

Dear——,

Early in November there was a Japanese landing in Hangchow Bay which seems to have been practically unopposed and this resulted in all Chinese troops in the Shanghai district being left with no defences to the south and a general retreat began which did not really stop till after Nanking was captured in December. Day by day we heard of this town and that being captured and it seemed to all that if the Japanese wished to capture Hangchow it was very likely that they could. . . .

On Sunday, Dec. 19, rumors began to fly thick and fast—the Chinese army staging a very complete and successful retreat beyond the river engaged the Japanese forces in great strength, by wireless! and nobody knew where we were really until one day all the bridges on all the roads round Hangchow were blown up, the Governor and the Mayor departed and all officials. On Dec. 22 in the afternoon after due warning given our Big Bridge and our most efficient Electric Power Plant were blown up with a tremendous explosion, our waterworks machinery was dismantled or destroyed, during the night the Police left and we wakened on Dec. 23 to a deserted town in every way defenseless. Then alas, the dregs of the populace covered itself with infamy for a large number of the rice shops were badly looted, a number of schools were stripped of all their furniture and one could meet a stream of people for all the world like a stream of ants in the neighborhood of any of these schools and of the well equipped Chekiang Government University, with students' desks, chairs, stools, beautiful laboratory tables, anything made of wood, all intent on heaping up a store of fuel 'while there was time' and no authority to prevent them.

The city fathers had arranged a force of six hundred "specials," members of our little back street fire brigades, but they only looked on, helpless to stop the looting, and then on Dec. 24 the Japanese came!

Our planning to save Hangchow seemed to have been successful, except for the looting by the populace, for now we felt we would be in the hands of a modern equipped and disciplined army and, though occupied, all, we thought, would be well.

The Japanese evidently knew that there was no likelihood of resistance for on December 24 the troops just straggled in, in no sort of military order and with no sort of military precautions, and starting Dec. 24, they just strolled in, in twos and threes, rifles slung on their backs with no scouting, no preparation, no nothing, till our streets were gradually filled with little bodies of Japanese infantry, very tired, wandering aimlessly about looking for food!

As soon as possible we got in touch with the first regimental Commander to arrive and told him we hoped to cooperate with him, etc. etc. The city fathers got orders about rice and food which were rendered more difficult to comply with after the looting of the day before which continued into the next morning. While we talked to him we heard of two people shot by the soldiers, one because, not understanding Japanese, nor the writing of a Japanese soldier, he turned away rather quickly, the other because he tried to run away—a Japanese soldier who spoke Chinese is reported to have said "This man tried to run away" and shot him!

However, we hoped these were isolated occurrences and we went to bed that night feeling that the long strain was over, that our determination to hold on to the Hosiptal work exposing our foreign women and our many Chinese girl nurses to all the possible perils of warfare had been justified and that now we only had to readjust ourselves to the Japanese regime and carry on in peace and safety. . . . I was personally reminded of Christmas Eve 1926 in an old home in another part of China, when we were similarly "occupied" by 'the Northern Expeditionary Army,' and expected for ourselves and our children and the Christian community generally, a time of great trial. Then our anxiety was turned to peace when the Southern Commander turned out to be a Christian and we were freed from all fear, but *now* when we expected peace we were very sadly disappointed.

Our hopes were still high as Christmas morning dawned. We had our Hospital Holy Communion Service at 8 a.m., English Celebration for the A.P.C. patient and another Britisher at 9, there was a 7 o'clock celebration in the city church and we assembled for our regular 10 o'clock matins and celebration with quite a good congregation considering how almost everybody who could had fled.

But on my way home from Church I began to doubt, the street was full of straggling troops, not in any sort of order, mostly with rifles slung and not at all prepossessing in appearance (infantry after ten days or so on the march are like that!), and as I turned round into the main street for the Hospital I saw a fierce-looking fellow with his entrenching tool neatly going through the shutters of a little shop and taking the whole front down and at the other side of the road there were members evidently of the same ration party going from shop to shop right along the street and then stories began to run through the streets of looting and pillaging all over the town so that our refuges, which some of us thought the day before might not after all be needed, began to fill up with frightened women and their numerous small children. Throughout the day, too, airplanes droned overhead continually and heavy artillery fire was kept up for hours as the Japanese harassed the Chinese on the other side of the river.

Then began for me a few days of very real "shepherding." It began on Dec. 26. We had been a little disturbed on Christmas night by heavy knocking at various parts of the Hospital—all round the compound there are old entrances that have gradually become disused and more or less blocked up—it was the 'less' in several of these that gave us pause and on the morning of Dec. 26 Dr. Sturton and I went on a tour of inspection all round to see what further strengthening was needed. When we were just about half-way round getting to the north-east corner of the Hospital we met several women who asked our help—we told them to go to the Wayland School some ten minutes' walk away where there was a Red Cross refuge. They said they wouldn't be taken in and as they continued in that strain I said I would go with them. Then began a calling and shouting to friends and relatives and children and requests to me to wait a while for this one and that and for one from another house till I was like the Pied Piper with women and children for my following as I led them through the streets, through a lot of halted Japanese soldiers to the Wayland gate outside which there was a crowd of about a hundred people clamoring to get in.

I got in touch with the Chinese in charge of the door and asked him to open for this group of about forty people I had gathered up and the others who were waiting. "I can't," he said, "we are all full up." "Nonsense," said I, "the women must get in—call Mr. Clayton, please." He was the American missionary in charge of this refuge. When he came along he said they had already about eight hundred inside but as they had planned to take a thousand he would let this group in—the Chinese helpers said if we were not careful men and all would rush in so I spoke to the people and told them the refuges were only for women and children and they would all be admitted "but you men must go out of the way to the other side of the street!" which they did very willingly and just about ninety women and children were admitted. That was my first "shepherding"

but for a few days after that I made two or three trips each day to the various refuges taking along ten or twenty women and children full of terror at the things that had happened to them or that they had heard of and feared. Generally these little bands collected at the Hospital. From the morning of the 24th we had to have the outside gate locked and a foreigner in charge. The first couple of days I was on guard a good deal helped by Dr. Phyllis Haddow and Miss Garnett, but later Miss Garnett became 'Horatius' and for about a fortnight she kept the gate all day, deciding who could and who could not come into the Hospital. On the 26th when I was going to the front gate at about 9 o'clock in the morning I found a thick stream of people pouring into the Hospital for refuge. I had the gate shut at once and we gradually sorted them all out, some had to go straight out, men mostly, women we gathered into the out-patient preaching place near the front gate and then I led off those who wished to go to the refuges. We were a sorry sight; mostly poor women with several children in arms and toddling along holding their mothers' skirts and biggish girls with nondescript bundles of bedding, clothes, household utensils, etc. etc. Straggling along and being halted every few minutes to keep them together making our way slowly through streets with a large number of Japanese soldiers, not generally actively interfering in any way but putting terror into the hearts of these women as they just looked at them!

Each morning found more and more frightened women thronging to get into the refuges and from one thousand inmates the two biggest ones rose through fifteen hundred and two thousand to over twenty-five hundred. What a sight they made inside! Camped out, for example in the Union Girls' School, the crush at the door, the gradual sorting out inside, the putting into places already crowded beyond possibility of lying down, more and even more little groups of mothers and their big daughters and all the little ones, till in a dormitory building of three stories, bedrooms, corridors, porches, verandahs, landings on the staircases were all crowded tight, and in a huge cement-floored gymnasium behind hundreds were packed in the space they took up as they sat—there they sat all day, there they were fed and there they slept—a sight to turn anybody against war and its sufferings and yet these were the fortunate ones! How they were fed, mostly one meal a day and that cooked with great difficulty! How they were kept in a reasonably sanitary condition only the devotion of the Chinese helpers and the adaptability and reasonableness of the patient Chinese women made possible, but there they were in such conditions, not for our originally planned four days, but as I write it is the thirty-fifth day and it is not yet safe for the women to go to their homes.

We soon got settled into a routine life. Dr. Sturton was freed from all duties in hospital so that he was available for helping in every conceivable sort of outside duty with the Hospital car or ambulance. Here is the sort of thing he did: Dec. 27, 9 a.m. Report from the Roman Catholic Convent on the City Hill that Japanese soldiers are actually inside and frightening the women refugees. "Can the C.M.S. Hospital help?" Off goes Dr. Sturton, with a Japanese officer who was visiting the Hospital, in the ambulance and the soldiers are evicted, the Convent abandoned and the women taken by ambulance to the Roman Hospital a couple of miles away. 1:45 p.m. same day. Phone from Roman Catholic Church: "Can C.M.S. Hospital do anything?" (We had a phone kept on when the city system was stopped, joining us as center to the R.C. Church, the College and our Branch Hospital at Sung Mok Dzang.) Dr. Sturton again with a Dr. Tanaka of the Japanese forces goes off at once, finds the Roman Bishop Deymien beaten in the face by a drunken soldier who was continuing to threaten the Bishop with his fixed bayonet till Dr. Tanaka drove him out; and so off in the ambulance for a load of wood to the other end of the city, hoping the Japanese ration parties will not "commandeer" it at sight, or for rice for one of the refuges, or for coal for the Hospital or to take the guards round to our six posts, etc., etc. Any of us at any time were sent off for that sort of job but especially Dr. Sturton, while Dr. Haddow got her very capable hands on the regular washing of the hospital, and Mrs. Curtis became extra busy with the many babies who came from the refuge camps to our maternity department to be born and Miss Garnett kept the gate, and as for the rest, the student nurses had all their regular lectures and the whole work of the Hospital, doctoring, nursing, etc. etc., wounded soldiers, civilians, babies, went on day and night in its ordered course. . . .

I mentioned "fire" a little while ago—anybody who knows the position of the Hospital right in the heart of the city with a fairly wide street on the south side and typical old-fashioned Chinese streets on the other three sides, and into the middle of our south side a block of old dilapidated Chinese houses running, and on our west, south and north sides in places rather miserable old lath and plaster buildings, and inside a large proportion of our buildings just made to burn up quickly, will realize how dreadful a thing fire seems to us. On Dec. 26 as I was finishing shaving I happened to look west and as it seemed between me and the Sturtons' house on the extreme west of the Hospital a huge column of black smoke was rising and as I looked it burst into flames and the hospital bell began to sound the fire alarm. I shouted to my companion, threw on an overcoat and ran out to find all the hospital workers rushing to the west of the hospital. As I got towards the front gate I saw the fire was outside the Hospital so I went into the street west and saw there was a good twenty-foot wall on the other side of the street and the fire was well inside that. Then back to mingle with the Hospital people beginning to remove patients from the Hospital block in the west, north of the Sturtons' house and to tell them it was not immediately necessary, then I got up to the third story of the foreign sisters' house a little more to the north and thence one could see the fire clearly and observe first that it was burning away from us and that we could not be in danger unless it moved through a couple of walls and came back twenty or thirty yards but second that if it did so the sisters' house would be in extreme danger as one can almost shake hands across the street west of them from some ramshackle back buildings of ours to some more wooden structures on the other side of the street—with a west wind and a fire there we would be in serious danger. However, that Sunday we were able to get back to breakfast in a short time but our 8 o'clock celebration had to be cut out!

From that time there have been many fierce fires in the city but that was the nearest to us though twice at least there were fires near enough to force us to go and see actually where they were and on yet another occasion the night staff nurse who is also due to call me if necessary called me to look at a fire that seemed to her too near to be pleasant. Miss Woods' household half a mile north of us was got up twice and out on to the lawn for that fire which was in her street. . . .

It was quite a treat to go to see Miss Woods (and it became routine on my part after a day or two), to visit her from (refugee) centers and Mr. Taylor's of which more anon, each morning at about nine o'clock. I became milkman for that community early on when the milkman dare not take his milk into the streets. You might meet me any day with four pint bottles divided between the side pockets of my overcoat and a half pint in my breast pocket—one of our blessings was that we have had fresh milk (in the Hospital!) on every day but one all through—and see the order and enjoyment of life there—a kindergarten school, a primary school, a middle school and a Bible School for women all running by timetable all the time —it was an oasis of order in a very disorderly world. Miss Woods got in touch with the soldiers billeted all round her centers and had no trouble but quite a deal of help from the men. On New Year's day outside a billet between the Church and Miss Woods' house I saw on the wall in chalk "Dear Mr. Bishop, A Happy New Year to you." There was a notice signed by me on the Church door—hence this greeting! This was quite a happy spot in the unhappy city, tho' even then from nearby Miss Woods and her helpers were continually rescuing women and girls from the prevalent danger. For since the occupation besides looting all over the city—I doubt if one shop or house anywhere was left unmolested and in addition in many places horses were stabled in shops and houses so that our beautiful Hangchow soon became a filthy, battered, obscene place—there were reports from all directions of women being ill-treated. The frightened groups ouside the refuges each day told their own tale and we have in hospital among other damaged women, two women with broken backs, one of them has both legs broken in addition, both injured as they jumped from upstairs windows to escape pursuing soldiers. The city became a city of dread where robbery, wounding, murder, rape and burning all added their share to the cumulative fear and only in our foreign compounds and in the refuges was there any sort of security.

The authorities and especially the Military Police did their best to help *us foreigners* but for the city at large there was *no help.*

Chinese were left there at the mercy of any soldiers whose dispositions led them into evil doing and when we had opportunity to protest the authorities professed to find it hard to believe such stories and consistently treated them as of little importance.

The Military Police were excellent but all too few in number: one of the first days just as it was getting dusk the hospital business manager Mr. Dzen rushed in as I was having a late tea after some scurrying round and besought me to go to his house in the next street and help him, as two soldiers were there looting. Not very happily I went and just as we got to the corner of the Hospital to turn down into the other street we saw a military policeman standing beside his bicycle giving directions to some soldiers; so Mr. Dzen rushed at him and began to write down in Chinese an appeal for help and he came right away with us. We (he rather!) caught one man in the house using a long sword bayonet and taking his name etc. he marched him off to the police headquarters. . . .

When we bring these misdoings to the notice of the Japanese authorities we are sometimes expected to be comforted by the words "you should see Shanghai or Nanking or Kashing!"

What it is all to mean to our Church work we can't tell. The Chinese and Japanese armies have been all over our three country parishes in the Hangchow District Church Council and we shudder at what may have happened having seen the happenings in Hangchow. So far the other three District Church Councils across the river have not been invaded and we pray that they may be saved from this horror, but everywhere terror stalks through the land and the stories we discounted to our Chinese friends before the Japanese occupation we can only now sorrowfully confess do not fully portray the horrors actually experienced.

In Hangchow there was a wonderful opportunity for the Japanese Imperial Army to show how a disciplined army can take possession of an undefended town but alas the opportunity was not taken. There was no defense, not a Chinese soldier left in the town, and the Japanese evidently knew in advance that this was so but instead of the soldiers being kept in order and the townsfolk being encouraged to keep the life of the town going, now five weeks after the occupation one can hardly walk anywhere in the city without seeing looting openly carried on by soldiers without any evident attempt by the authorities to interfere, and even now hardly anywhere is a woman safe.

As far as we foreigners are personally concerned we have not much complaint to make; only, as far as I know, three assaults, and these not very serious, have been made on foreigners, strangely enough one on each of the three nationalities represented, Bishop Deymien of the French Mission, Dr. McMullen of the American and Mr. George Moule, British, retired from the Chinese Customs Service and living in Hangchow (the son of a former Bishop of our Church here). The assault on Mr. Moule at his age, well over seventy, might very easily have been very serious. Our properties have been kept reasonably safe, tho' actually on our properties several of us have been threatened with rifle or pistol by intruding soldiers. This safety however only obtained where foreigners have actually been in residence; elsewhere no national flags, consular notices, church notices, military police notices availed to stop continued intrusion and looting. Even places which the Military Police wished to help us to protect had to be abandoned in the end and were visited continually and the contents gradually disappeared. . . .

WUSIH

Wusih, aptly nicknamed by the Chinese as 'Little Shanghai,' is an industrial center with a peacetime population of about 900,000. *It is about* 105 *miles due West of Shanghai, to which it is connected by several motor-roads and by the Shanghai-Nanking Railway. The following account of happenings at Wusih was printed in the special "Destruction in China" supplement of the* China Weekly Review, *Shanghai, March* 19, 1938:

DIARY OF AN AMERICAN DOCTOR IN CHINA

Medical Man's Recordings are Indictment of Brutalities by Japanese in Warfare.

No more graphic account has been related of the last days of Wusih before the war-mad hordes of Japanese military descended upon the city, than this odyssey of an American doctor who left Shanghai October 14 for the doomed city, his motorcar loaded with clothes, food and medical supplies in order that he might alleviate the sufferings of the wounded and the hungry. His trip was a perilous one, taking the road on which two days previously three cars, carrying the British flag, were machine-gunned by Japanese planes.

His description of scenes witnessed a few miles before he reached Wusih is a damning indictment of the brutalities of Japanese warfare. The bombing of coal barges on the canal near the road, the shooting of helpless farmers in the field, the descending of planes upon innocent groups of peasants, machine-gunning them and following those who lived to run and firing upon them again.

His story of hardships, the daily caring for sick and wounded under the constant threat of death from the rain of Japanese bombs, is written in diary form. The following is his personal record:

October 16. A Chinese was brought to the hospital today, his intestines so badly torn by machine-gun bullets and the subsequent loss of blood made his case hopeless. When the Japanese planes approached, he ran for cover in a mulberry grove. The planes followed and machine-gunned him. At the same time, three other farmers were killed and four wounded. There were no Chinese soldiers within miles. Why, or for what purpose could these Japanese attack poor country people who are perfectly harmless?

October 17. This morning I went on ward rounds with the hospital staff. The building is crowded with wounded soldiers and a few civilians. Pitiful were those soldiers with legs and arms amputated and those who are so badly wounded. It is just a matter of time until they pass away. Certainly, it is a horrible thing. There were three women, each of whom had a leg amputated, after being injured during the severe bombing at the Wusih railroad station October 6.

We found the staff had built three huge bombing shelters below ground on hospital property for those who wanted to take cover during an air raid. The power plant which furnishes Wusih with electricity was disabled by bombs recently, so we have no juice for X-rays during the day, but a temporary plant gives us power at night. Then we are able to get radio news from Shanghai, provided there are no air alarms which means 'all lights out.'

October 18. Early today, just as we were starting on ward rounds, the siren sounded and we knew the Japanese planes were Wusih-bound. We kept on with our ward round, although we all had a gentleman's agreement that it is quite proper to seek shelter in the dugouts. Soon we could hear the heavy drone of planes. Then came the terrifying sound of the ships power-diving which always precedes the bomb explosion. I didn't know what this American hospital was in for and, although a colleague and myself continued our work, I couldn't honestly say that I was taking much interest in the cases. However, we both had previously decided that we couldn't run out of the wards and seek protection while helpless patients had to remain in bed. Soon the sound of bomb explosions reached our ears and we guessed that it was the railway station which had been hit. There are no defense works here and not a shot was fired at the ships which dropped four bombs in all. Shortly, a railroad guard was brought to us, the side of his head smashed by shrapnel. His condition was so critical he had no chance of living. Several others were killed and wounded in this bombing.

October 25. No bombings have yet occurred within the city walls and I don't believe any will. I wouldn't be anywhere else for a million dollars and I hope I can be of some use here. The hospital itself is plainly marked with American flags and in Chinese characters which are the same in Japanese.

October 30. No air raid today, but several alarms were sounded, warning of planes passing in the distance. Still no electricity and no prospects of getting any.

October 31. A direct hit on a Chinese hotel today completely destroyed it. The policeman on duty near there escaped shrapnel which splattered all around him. The terrific noise made him deaf.

Bombs destroyed the clock tower and pitted the road with craters. The station had two direct hits and the freight godown was burned. We crossed the tracks and saw where a bomb had landed directly in front of the Washington Hotel and the Brothers' Hospital yesterday.

November 1. Local Chinese newspapers promise electricity soon. Hope it's true. As I write, a Japanese plane is circling overhead. Wish this war was over. Made tentative arrangements to resume my language classes with a former teacher in the Soochow Language School who is now in Wusih.

November 3. Two Japanese seaplanes arrived this morning and bombed for about twenty minutes, directing their missiles at empty trains. Later, when I was amputating some fingers, or what remained of them, on a soldier who had been struck by shrapnel, another plane came over. Fortunately for the operation, no bombs were dropped near us. We hear that the telegraph wires to Shanghai are cut and that the Japanese are crossing Soochow Creek while the Chinese continue to fall back.

November 4. Japanese planes raided us this morning during Chapel. They dropped bombs across the city wall, the closest to us as yet. They quite startled us as the plane motors were quieter than usual. Probably a new-type bomber. A train was hit and several people killed.

November 5. The lights came on today for the first time in three weeks. I found myself in much disfavour with the crowd when I blew a fuse out in attempting to plug in the radio. However, after the electrician fixed it, we failed to get the raido news because a boxing match was being broadcast.

November 10. This has been our worst day by far for bombings. Conservatively, 160 of them were dropped, causing heavy damage and several fires. The areas bombed were the mountain at Wei Sei, outside the city, the mill districts and the area beyond the

West Water Gate. At 11.30 p.m., I was hounded out of bed by heavy explosions. From the window I could see a Verey light descending slowly, lighting up the whole city. Apparently the light revealed nothing worth-while, and the plane passed on. I learned that many wounded soldiers were killed in the bombing today when a military hospital was hit at Wei Sei, besides countless deaths among civilians in the mill districts. Civilians brought to our hospital were terribly mangled. A man had his left ear torn to shreds, his left biceps muscles almost severed, a long penetrating wound in his left thigh, his right foot torn almost in half (amputation will be necessary) and his genitals badly mutilated. He had a dozen other smaller wounds. Goodness knows where we will put patients if this bombing around here continues.

November 11. Planes bombed Wusih for an hour this morning deliberately picking their targets. I was in the operating room at the time and the sterilizer was making so much noise the explosions didn't bother me so much. In the afternoon bombing, the missiles came much closer, landing within a few hundred yards from the hospital. The house trembled again and again, and furniture danced a jig. I felt the urgent need for a cigarette.

We immediately went to the hospital and found that several pieces of shrapnel had hit it. The nurses seemed quite calm, but one or two of the doctors were jittery. We learned that the big normal school had been hit. Shortly, four horribly wounded civilians were brought in with legs and arms dangling grotesquely and all requiring amputations. I worked with a colleague in removing a man's leg at the knee and extracting a piece of shrapnel from his thigh. He also had a shrapnel wound in his buttocks where a piece had entered fracturing his coccyx and perforating his intestine. Now I am waiting for supper, and other operations are posted for tonight and tomorrow.

We heard a touching story today. When the dugout here was struck October 28 and all its forty occupants killed, there was a young child in there who was so terrified that no one could stop it from screaming. Believing planes would discover the hiding-place because of the noise, the mother was told to take the child out. She

refused. The father finally carried the tot to a position behind a tree trunk. A few minutes later, a bomb hit the flimsy dugout and all inside were killed.

November 12. Today was a nightmare. A Chinese soldier, wearing a steel helmet, was sitting in the window when the Japanese bombers came over. He immediately ducked inside, but a few seconds later the bombs started hurtling down, falling on all sides of us. I'll admit my reaction was self-preservation. I crouched down, noticing at the same time that the room was clear of nurses. I was scared to death and sick with fear. I was ashamed of myself for being so. The bombs continued to fall with ear-deafening explosions. I knew that some of them had fallen just outside and I was relieved not to be hit. Almost immediately, they began bringing in people injured in the bombardment. The first man brought in had died of fright. Other cases of severe shock came, but I knew they had no chance to live. Another man with bad chest injuries was hopeless. A father called us to aid his daughter whose thighs were fractured, and his son, with one eye shot out. An old man came carrying his feeble wife upon his back. She was lacerated with shrapnel. In they came in droves, victims of Japan's attack upon civilians. Some are of the opinion that the planes overshot their marks, but I believe the bombing was intentional. They were flying low and could not fail to distinguish the very large freshly-painted American flags on all the roofs besides the flags flying over the two compounds. The damage to the compound was terrific. Walls were smashed, telephone poles riddled and the wires down. Projectiles had gone through neighbouring houses and debris was scattered all over the place. The exodus from Wusih is beginning. I can hear our neighbors nailing up doors and windows and moving out of the city as fast as they can. The Chinese staff is deserting en masse. The hospital chief hasn't said yet what he intends to do about this desertion except that it will be impossible to keep the hospital open and that our next step will be to get the remaining patients moved out. Although I might not enjoy it, I will stay to the last ditch if some of our staff members reconsider and decide to try and keep the hospital open. I reckon I'm a sissy, but I'm still scared.

November 13. None of the doctors appeared for duty today and we learned that some of them had left the city during the night by means of a military truck. The nurses are frantic to get away, but there are no buses available, all are being used at the front. The hospital chief feels terribly about turning the patients out of the hospital. The worst part of it is, he has no way to move them. None of those remaining here are willing to help. The chief feels he may be criticized, but he has no other alternative. The place is lonely. Tonight there is only the gateman, one or two coolies, and a few nurses who are staying only for one or two days because they are unable to find transportation. The cooks, laundrymen, firemen, mechanics, carpenter, operating room coolie, druggists, laboratory men and all the doctors have gone. It would be impossible to care for these patients were we to keep them. Thankfully, some of the patients are well enough to leave by themselves and by tomorrow I think we shall have only about a half-dozen to care for.

Bombing here probably hasn't been so bad as it has at Soochow and other places because there haven't been any troop concentrations here. However, the bombing has been unexpected and cruel for that reason and the fact that Japanese broke their precedent and bombed within the city walls.

Word came through tonight that we can get our wounded soldiers moved to a military hospital. That's a relief. But it also means that it won't be long before the battle line is here.

November 14. I started the motor of the old car this morning to see if it would run. It was all right. I tied an American flag to its roof. We have decided to leave before daybreak tomorrow.

November 15. We left Wusih at 5:30 a.m. driving through the wreckage at West Gate. This area was swarming with soldiers, preparing to take cover for the day. Rickshas, carts and hordes of persons were streaming through the gate, fleeing from the city. The air was tense. You felt that panic was on the verge of breaking out.

Every town we passed through we saw great crowds waiting for buses; however, the further we got away from Wusih the more normal things appeared. Shortly after 11 p.m. we reached Nanking where great military activity was taking place. My one thought is, however, to get back to Shanghai.

November 19. We left Nanking yesterday and today we are anchored off Chinkiang. We leave tomorrow for Kowan where we will have to take small launches to go inland by canals. This move is to avoid the river booms.

November 21. Back in Shanghai again! And now, in the quiet of my home with my war-time moustache shaven off, I have much to be thankful for. But I cannot forget the misery we left behind us. We have been gone for slightly more than a month, but in that month I have seen enough to make me hate war forever. The misery and the suffering it brings to the innocent civilians is indescribable. . . .

CHAPTER VII

DEATH FROM THE AIR

RARELY IN HISTORY *can civilians have been wiped out by aerial bombs in the wholesale fashion witnessed during the Japanese invasion of China. There is virtually no important city in China, save in the remoter provinces, which has not been visited by raiding Japanese bombers since the first attack on August* 15 *at Nanking by Japanese planes which flew across the sea from Formosa. Japanese aerial activity in North China in July and early August* 1937 *was insignificant in comparison to attacks from August* 15 *on throughout China. The widespread character of the Japanese aerial attacks can be judged by the following Domei*[1] *report from Tokyo, printed in the* Shanghai Evening Post and Mercury, *an American-owned English-language daily, of November* 3, 1937:

TOKYO, Nov. 2—(Domei)—Eight-hundred and fifty naval planes took part in attacks on Chinese positions on the Shanghai front and the hinterland between Oct. 25 and 27, a spokesman of the Admiralty revealed today.

These aircraft, he added, dropped in all 2,526 bombs, weighing 164 tons. The consequent Chinese losses, the spokesman asserted, were high. . . .

The Osaka Mainichi, *an English-language paper, in its edition of October* 15 *stated that Japanese planes had bombed more than sixty places of "military importance" in the two months which had elapsed since the initial bombing of Nanking on August* 15. *The cities which had been bombed (to Oct.* 13), *as listed in the* Mainichi, *were as follows:*

SHANTUNG PROVINCE

Hanchuang, Tsaochuang, Yenchow, and Tsining.

[1] Domei is the official Japanese news agency.

KIANGSU PROVINCE

Nanking (including Pukow), Shanghai, Kuyung, Wusih, Kiangyin, Soochow, Kunshan, Kiating, Taitsang, Sungkiang, Suchow, Yangchow, Nantsung, Haichow, Lienyun, Huaiyin, and Nanhsiang.

CHEKIANG PROVINCE

Hangchow, Ningpo, Haining, Kienkiao, Kashing, Chuki, Kinhua, Chuhsien, and Shaohing.

FUKEAN PROVINCE

Amoy, Lungki, and Kienow.

KUANGTUNG PROVINCE

Canton, Sheklung, Fumoon, Waiyeung, Yingtak, Kuking, Lokchong, Kityang, Chaoan, Swatow, and Whampoa.

ANHUI PROVINCE

Wuhu, Kuangteh, Anking, Chuhsien, Pengpu, and Shuhsien.

KIANGSI PROVINCE

Nanchang, Shangjao, Yukiang, Tsingkiang, and Kiukiang.

HUPEI PROVINCE

Hankow (including Wuchang and Hanyang), and Siaokan.

HUNAN PROVINCE

Chuchow.

Commenting editorially on this report in the October 30, 1937, *issue of the* China Weekly Review, *Shanghai, Mr. J. B. Powell, editor of the* Review *and himself an intrepid eye-witness observer of Japanese military activities, stated:*

This list of towns, few of which have any possible military significance, probably has been doubled by this time, particularly when the dozens of villages and hamlets in the Shanghai area which have felt Japanese frightfulness, are included in the list. On Sunday afternoon (Oct. 24) the writer observed about two dozen planes, ten of them twin-motored monoplanes carrying six bombs each, which were engaged in bombing the farm villages, most of them one-family-and-relatives hamlets, located in the farming and gardening area stretching northward from Soochow Creek. A foreigner who had observed the bombing in the morning stated that 18 planes had been engaged from daylight to noon and that approximately 200