

NOT FOR PUBLICATION

(5 copies distributed)
4 Nanking

Rec'd. in N.Y. 2-18-38

Dr. Wilson

University Hospital
Nanking, China

December 15, 1937

Dear Family,

You will have to pardon the unceremonious ending of the last installment. When I got home this noon I found that Smith and Steele were leaving for Shanghai on a Japanese destroyer. I had just time to rush upstairs and jamb the pages into an envelope which I addressed while they were starting the car. Page 35 is the carbon copy because I couldn't find the original. I didn't even have time to sign my name.

It would be interesting to see what are in the headlines of your papers. We received confirmation today of the sinking of the U.S.S. Panay on which all of us were supposed to be, by Japanese bombing. You undoubtedly have fuller information than we have. Our story says that an Italian newspaper correspondent and an American captain of one of the Socony river steamers were killed and a number wounded including Hall Paxton. The group were taken directly to Shanghai by the U.S.S. Oahu so that we have not seen any of them.

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

The first case was a policeman who had had a bomb injury to his forearm shattering the radius and severing about three-fourths of the muscles. He had had a tourniquet on for about seven hours and any attempt to stop the hemorrhage would have completely shut off the remainder of the circulation to the hand. There was nothing to do but another amputation. The next case was a poor fellow who had a large piece of metal enter his cheek and break off a portion of the lower jaw. The metal was extracted as well as several teeth imbedded in the broken off portion of the jaw. Then came a series of cases under the flouroscope with Trim's assistance. One fellow had a piece of shrapnel in his parotid gland, it having severed his facial nerve. Another had a bullet in his side. It had entered his epigastrium and gone straight through his stomach. He vomited a large quantity of blood and then felt better. His condition is excellent and I don't believe I will have to do a laparotomy on him at all. I got the bullet out of the side without difficulty. Another case had his foot blown off four days ago. He was very toxic and I did an open flap amputation of his lower leg. Another case was that of a barber bayoneted by Japanese soldiers. The bayonet had cut the back of his neck severing all the muscles right down to the spinal canal, through the interspinous ligaments. He was in shock and will probably die. He is the only survivor of the eight in the shop, the rest having all been killed.

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

Saturday, December 18, 1937

Two nights ago I was here in the same spot writing a page of this epistle and when I came to put it with the rest I couldn't find it. I hope the Japanese haven't located. Today marks the sixth day of the modern Dante's Inferno, written in huge letters with blood and rape. Murder by the wholesale and rape by the thousands of cases. There seems to be no stop to the ferocity, lust and savagism of the brutes. At first I tried to be pleasant to them to avoid arousing their ire but the smile has gradually worn off and my stare is fully as cool and fishy as theirs.

Tonight as I came back from supper to stay here for the night I found three soldiers had ransacked the place. Miss Hynds had accompanied them to the back gate. Two of them arrived and the other had disappeared. He must be hiding somewhere around the place. I motioned the others outside stating in no uncertain terms that this was a Beikoku Byoyen. How do you like that? The two that were there allowed themselves to be led out. They had taken Miss Hynds' watch and several other watches and fountain pens as well.

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

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

One man I treated today had three bullet holes. He is the sole survivor of a group of eighty including an eleven year old boy who were led out of two buildings within the so-called Safety Zone and taken into the hills west of Tibet Road and there slaughtered. He came to after they had left and found the other seventy-nine dead about him. His three bullet wounds are not serious. To do the Japanese justice there were in the eighty a few ex-soldiers.

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

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

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

Last night Mills, Smythe, and Fitch went over in Fitch's car to escort Mills to Ginling (to sleep). Minnie Vautrin holds the fort there with several thousand women. When they got to the front gate they were held up by a patrol of Japanese soldiers under the command of a pugnacious, impudent lieutenant. He lined the men on one side and Miss Vautrin Mrs. Chen and Mrs. Twinem on the other side. He snatched the hats off the men and ordered everyone off the place including the women. Fitch told him he didn't have a place for them to stay but he insisted. They just got into the car when he ordered them back again and again harangued them for some minutes finally sending the men back where they came from. Later we learned that while this was going on some Japanese soldiers had climbed over the wall and helped themselves to sixteen women.

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

Another interruption to usher two Japanese soldiers off the premises.

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

December 19. I guess it's Sunday

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

Practically every American house in the city was broken into. I dropped in at Daniela on my way home. Three Japanese soldiers were in there when I got there. As I have said, my smiles have ceased and I ordered them out in no uncertain terms. They had broken into our locked room in the attic and everything in our big trunk was strewn all over the floor. One soldier had broken the lock on my microscope and was trying to look into it. Somewhat to my surprise, they actually ran down the stairs and out of doors. Probably they came back when I had gone but I can't stay there all day. The crowning insult was on the second floor where one had just finished depositing his calling card on the floor of the toilet within a foot of the toilet bowl. He had covered it with a clean towel which had been left hanging in the room. The second floor is sacked clean. How thankful I am that Marjorie managed to get as much stuff away as she did, and that most of my useful clothing is over here.

Just as I came home to supper the Brady's cook and Mr. Chu who live where we were last summer had come in to get someone to go over there and interfere with the raping of all their women. Bates, Smythe and

Fitch went over, caught three soldiers at it in the basement of the house and Bates sent them packing. Again, they will probably return as soon as all is clear. The Japanese are swarming all over the place and I fully believe that the hospital is the only building in town except the one we are in where someone has not been raped and I'm not sure that there wasn't some done at the hospital before I located the fellow on the fourth floor. A later account of that states that the fellow had undressed and gotten into bed with three nurses, each time the nurse yelled so that he hastily dressed and went out to see if anyone was coming. It was after the third one that I arrived so I think that I probably got there in time.

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

I made rounds on two wards this morning starting late because of the visit to the Embassy. This afternoon I took out the third eye I have operated on lately and did five other smaller operations, adding two pieces to my museum. Another day has passed without an amputation. At least four American flags have been torn down lately. Today at Hillcrest the flags were taken down and a woman raped and then bayoneted in the basement. A pool of blood was on the floor when Mills took a consular policeman from the Japanese Embassy there this evening. The woman apparently is still alive and has been taken to the hospital where Trim will see her as he is on call tonight. I will see her in the morning.

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

December 21.

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

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

Several more stories of the slaughter keep coming in. One man came to John Magee today with the tale of what happened to one thousand men led away from a place of supposed safety within the zone. The bunch contained perhaps one hundred ex-soldiers that had given up their arms and donned civilian clothes. The thousand were marched to the banks of the Yangtze, lined up two deep and then machine-gunned. He was in the back row, fell with the others and played dead until, several hours later, the Japs had gone and he sneaked back to the city.

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

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

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

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

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

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

This noon I went over with the cook, whose things were thoroughly looted yesterday. We picked up a few odds and ends, such as my cornet and the two or three pieces left of our silver. That in the hospital is intact. The little cups given ~~xx~~ us by Mr. Nyi had only half disappeared. How thankful I am for every kori ~~xx~~ full of stuff that we got out in September.

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

We have every bed filled. There are only about four nurses out of our staff of twenty or so that have ever had any training, as far as I can gather. We have three male nurses on one of my wards and I'm sure

that they are nurses only because they say so and think that is about the safest profession there is at present. I have a very sick case there with a through and through wound of the chest wall. The chart naively told me that his temperature was 99, his pulse 80, and his respirations 24. Realizing that all was not well I retook them myself and found a pulse of 120, temperature 102.6 and respiration of 48. The little discrepancy is typical of the nursing on the floor.

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

Continued

Christmas Eve.

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

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

This morning Trim and I went over and rescued some eatables from the Gales' house. There were some preserves and canned fruit which are most welcome. Our larder is getting low with no prospect of replenishing. We also looked in at the Bishop's. Both houses have been pretty thoroughly sacked. I took the opportunity of dropping in at the Masonic Temple where I rescued my Chinese dress suit along with a half a dozen others. They had been through and broken most of the doors and windows and taken off a few things.

Tonight we invited Trim and three of the five Germans in town to Christmas Eve dinner. Mr. Babe, head of the International Committee, didn't feel he could come and leave the 600 refugees that are crowding every corner of his house and yard. Every time he leaves them they are looted. He is well up in Nazi circles and after coming into such close contact with him as we have for the past few weeks and discovered what a splendid man he is and what a tremendous heart he has it is hard to reconcile his personality with his adulation of Der Fuhrer. He has labored incessantly for the thousands of poor people that ~~xx~~ have crowded into the Zone. The other two Germans, Kruger and Sperling, have given themselves wholeheartedly to the work of the committee and its attempt to save some of these poor people.

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No one will ever know how many have been ruthlessly slaughtered.

One man who just got in today says he was a stretcher bearer and was one of four thousand marched to the banks of the Yangtze and machine-gunned. He has a bullet wound through his shoulder and dares not talk above a whisper and then only after carefully peering about to see if he is going to be overheard. One of the two burned wretches died this morning but the other is still hanging on for a while. Searle Bates went over this afternoon to the place described as the scene of the burning and found the charred bodies of the poor devils. And now they tell us that there are twenty thousand soldiers still in the Zone, (where they get their figures no one knows), and that they are going to hunt them out and shoot them all. That will mean every able-bodied male between the ages of 18 and 50 that is now in the city. How can they ever look anybody in the face again?

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

Good night and Merry Christmas!

December 26, Sunday

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

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

I had postponed any operations possible that afternoon and took the afternoon off catching up a little on some sleep and reading a rather engaging book written by an adventuresome rascal named Negley Farson, an autobiography entitled, "The Way of a Transgressor".

This morning we found Trim struggling with a temperature of 102 and feeling pretty miserable. We put him to bed at Grace Bauer's where he would get a little better food than at the hospital and he is feeling some better tonight but will probably be out of things for a couple of days.

My rounds this morning were broken up by two birthday parties, one at ten-thirty and another at eleven thirty. Earlier in the morning Miss Hynds, Miss Kao and I were betting on which one would crash through first. After a run of girls one of these turned out to be a boy. As a matter of fact one of the ones the other night was a boy but before that we had had five girls in succession.

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

(The patient)

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

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

Except for the rather sketchy news from Simburg we have had no news for two weeks and we are sure that no real news from Hanking has escaped during that time. When it does get out, feeling will probably have simmered down so that it will come as a sort of anticlimax. We would all like to see some light ahead but as yet there doesn't seem to be even a glimmer.

December 22, Tuesday.

Elizabeth is six months old today. How I wish I could be with her and Marjorie to celebrate it! Just to think that she is probably cutting teeth now and doing all sorts of things that I have not seen her do. We managed to spend seven weeks of those six months together and there seems to be no immediate indication that matters will settle down here for some time.

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

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

According to our case's story these several hundred men were led into the hills in the west of the city and used for bayonet practice. He has no idea of how many survived. He had five bayonet wounds himself including one that perforated his peritoneum. I operated with the impression that his intestines had been pierced but found only a lot of dark blood in the peritoneal cavity. The bayonet had struck him almost in the midline but had gone in at such a slant that it had pierced the peritoneum in the right lower quadrant injuring some blood vessels but not entering the intestine. He will probably recover unless the peritonitis is too severe.

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

Trim was at the hospital this afternoon and we did some fluoroscopies. One man had a through and through bullet wound from sacrum to right lower quadrant and apparently had developed a traumatic arteriovenous aneurysm of the right common iliac artery and vein. I'm afraid he is doomed as operating and attempting to repair it now in the face of his present infection is out of the question and just trying tying it off would mean gangrene of the entire right leg. After we finished the fluoroscopies we turned on his little radio in time to get some outside news. We heard of the fall of Tsinan and that the Panay incident was declared closed and that diplomatic representatives were expected back in Nanking soon. We will be glad to see them.

Thursday, December 30.

The year is fast drawing to a close. It would be pleasant to close the year with some sort of a brighter outlook for the next but we seem to be closing on a note of deepest gloom without a glimmer of light ahead. The only consolation is that it can't be worse. They can't kill as many people as there aren't any more to kill. I can't get any farther away from my family even if I tried. The hospital can't possibly get back on a self-supporting basis as none of the patients have any more money.

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

This morning a fairly well dressed Chinese business man ventured outside the Safety Zone to inspect the remains of his home and business. He was walking past Kuilan Church with three companions when some Japanese soldiers fired on them for a reason as yet undiscovered. One man was killed and they brought our subject to the hospital with four feet of small intestine hanging out of a gaping wound in his abdomen. The bullet had entered in the left side of the abdomen and emerged through the right. It was still in his trousers and has been added to my collection.

On opening him up I found the small intestine completely severed in six places and bruised and punctured in as many more. I resected all the lacerated portion and put in an enterostomy tube but figure his chances at considerably less than one in a thousand. The fellow I reported last time is doing very well and has a very good chance of recovery. Another case

patient

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

Trim is back on full time again and has taken over my obstetrics cases. One little boy I delivered was discovered to have a minute little extra thumb attached by a small pedicle to his normal one. It wasn't noticed at the time of delivery. I snipped it off today. The little seventeen year old girl who was raped at seven thirty one evening before starting her labor pains at nine, has now developed a rip-roaring case of acute gonorrhoea. She runs a temperature of 105 part of the time and the outlook is not too bright. We are giving her baby temporarily to the girl who lost hers prematurely when she was stuck in the abdomen with a bayonet in the basement of Hillcrest. She has plenty of milk.

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

January 1, 1938.

The world must begin to think it strange that no direct word has come from Nanking for over two weeks. The diplomatic representatives have not yet been allowed to return and no newspaper correspondents have come back although they hoped when they left on the 15th to be back in 48 hours. The Japanese Domei and other reporters are of course hopelessly inaccurate.

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

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

We had a New Year's dinner this noon with four guests, Mrs. Twinen, Mrs. Chen of Ginling, Mr. Magee and his roommate, Mr. Forster. It was the first time the latter two had left their place together since the trouble started. They have about 250 refugees in their place. We had just finished dinner when someone arrived to call them away and they arrived just too

late to prevent the raping of one girl and the beating up of another because she resisted too strenuously.

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

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

With this sort of thing as a steady diet it is hard to go around and wish people a Happy New Year. This is my turn at the hospital and so this is written on the typewriter of the x treasurer's office. Last night our whole crowd went down and spent an hour or so with Mr. Babe in his house as a New Year's Eve celebration. He had some good records and we got the current ~~xxxx~~ situation pretty well discussed before we left. None of us stayed up to see the new year in.

January 3, 1938.

You will undoubtedly get page 50 long before you get many pages before and after it. I hope the paging will imply that as there was no chance to write anything we did not mean for Japanese consumption.

Day before yesterday I contrived to drop a four pound iron weight on my big toe and so have been limping around the hospital for a couple of days. Yesterday being Sunday I made a complete set of rounds in the morning and then rested in the afternoon with the result that the toe is almost well by now.

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

A woman of forty or so came in with the tale of having been taken from one of the refugee camps on December 31, ostensibly for the purpose of washing clothes for some officers. Six women were taken. During the days they washed clothes and during the nights they were raped. Five of them had from ten to twenty visits a night, but the sixth was young and good looking so she had about forty. On the third day two soldiers took our patient away from the place where they all were and went to some isolated spot where they tried to cut off her head. One tried to do so with four blows but only succeeded in cutting all the muscles of the back of the neck down to the vertebral column. She also had six other bayonet thrusts in her back, face and arms. She will probably recover. While she was lying in this condition another Japanese (!) soldier found her and had her brought to a place of safety.

The third case was a young girl of fourteen who wasn't yet built for rape and will have to have a considerable surgical repair.

I have had five operations this afternoon, including the extraction of two more bullets which are in my collection. I wrote last time that the young mother of six had a bullet pass through her eye socket and come out her neck but the bullet hadn't yet come out and I extracted it this afternoon. I am getting discouraged over the cases of compound, comminuted fractures of the upper end of the femur. They just don't do well at all. One of my cases of that kind died today after six weeks in the hospital. The infection had been steadily travelling upwards and a few days ago he started to bleed from his wound. It was too high for a tourniquet and incising into it only revealed a tremendous foul abscess cavity that you could put both fists into and which extended clear to the midline and partway up the back. The femur was completely shattered in its whole upper portion. I tried to get the leg off in a hurry but was too late. I don't believe it would have helped much to try earlier but perhaps it might.

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

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

Thursday, January 6.

Three more busy days have passed with some new developments but beyond the gradual quieting down of the troops there is little to report. This morning three members of the American diplomatic service returned. Mr. Allison, who formerly was in Tsinan and has been a guest here since we took up residence in the Buck house, is now the American consul. He has with him two younger men, Esby and MacPadyen. We had them here for lunch today and tonight they are the guests of the Japanese Embassy.

They brought some mail, mostly from the families in Kuling. It will probably be quite some time before any regular mail comes though from the States. They also brought news that the Americans in Kuling had evacuated on December 20 to Hongkong, via Hankow. So it seems that we did the right thing in the first place as there wasn't very likely much baggage on this trip.

The Japanese are heading north on the Tientsin-Pukow Railway and are intending to take Hsuechow, the junction of that line and the Lunghai Railway. They have already taken Tsinan and Talian, and are heading for Hsuechow also from the north. The main Chinese forces are preparing themselves farther to the west and the struggle apparently shows no signs of ending. From what we have seen here it is difficult to imagine what the Chinese are using for troops.

We occasionally get evidence that the Chinese air force is not yet defunct but so far they have confined their efforts to the air fields around the city which is as it should be.

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

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

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

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

Saturday, January 8, 1938

When I got home this noon I found a message from the Embassy marked, "Important, Urgent". It turned out to be the Christmas and anniversary greetings from Marjorie sent through Cousin Helen and Brigadier-General Beaumont. Allison had forgotten all about having it when he was here for lunch the other day and had brought letters to everyone else. It was certainly a grand and glorious feeling to get it. Where they are and what they are doing and when we will get together again are three questions that are continually on my mind. Elizabeth's first teeth must be in by now and she is trying them out on various things. ~~I expect she will be weaned soon.~~

With the hospital electricity now going for most of the time we have been able again to be in touch with the world by radio and it is good to have daily news. The news, however, doesn't particularly add to our peace of mind. Both countries are apparently settling down to a protracted struggle. The Japanese do not seem to have advanced much since they captured Nanking.

The city is continually filled with wild rumors which we are able to check by our radio connections. Today an amusing incident occurred. The Chinese had rumors that Chinese troops were at the gates of the city and that it was about to be recaptured. Some women who had been at the Japanese Embassy washing clothes came home with large bundles in their arms. As they approached the University the news spread like wildfire that the Japanese had left the Embassy and that these women were coming away with loot. Immediately a crowd of women clambered over the barbed wire fence around the Embassy to get in their share of looting. They were hustled out by the Chinese servants in the rear of the buildings before any serious break occurred.

Also today the gendarmes bound and took away a young lad who has been living in the Middle School and who speaks Japanese. He has been acting as interpreter there, much against his will. Searle Bates went to their head-

quarters to see what he could do and was roughly pushed out with no satisfaction. The people are rightly afraid to go back to their homes in spite of the apparent wish of the Japanese authorities for them to do so. As soon as they get out of the Safety Zone, and even to a lesser extent within it, they are subject to all kinds of indignities, the men being led off as carriers and the women being raped.

Another Chinese air raid came this morning and they apparently made a direct hit on an ammunition store in the eastern portion of the city. A huge fire raged all morning with continual popping of ammunition. The fires continue every day to the sum of ten or more. Last night coming home from the hospital for supper I didn't see one and that was the first night I could say that for three weeks. However, the record was kept up as when I went back to sleep at the hospital there were several fires going. When I got there the Chinese police at the gates were all excited and said that a bunch of Japanese soldiers had pounded on the gate and tried to get in but they kept them out by pretending not to hear. It turned out today that they were some officers who were sent to tell us not to have so many lights burning. They came today to tell us and then apparently emphasized their request by the simple method of turning off all the lights at about six-thirty just as two obstetrics cases were in labor. It is Trim's night on so he will attend to them. There were none during my night last night.

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

Sunday, January 9, 1938

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

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

Today was Sunday and after having breakfast a little later than usual I ~~xxx~~ made most of my rounds and then found John Magee and his movie camera ready to finish up some pictures that he hadn't taken on his previous trips. This morning we took pictures of an elderly man with two long gashes in his neck. He had been asked to procure women for some soldiers and his crime was in not being able to produce them. The next one we took was the policeman who had eighteen (no it was twenty-two) bayonet wounds of the back, chest and arms. There were no accusations against him. The third was the woman I wrote of the other day who was taken with five others and made to wash clothes in the day time and to entertain at night. Her neck is gradually healing and she has avoided the pneumonia which I thought she was getting.