

January 28.

See by [unclear]

(Dearest Family,

Such a feast of mail as we have all had today. It was Elizabeth's seventh month anniversary, and I got two letters from Marjorie, and two long letters from California with enclosures from Julia and Franklin, the one from Julia including a personal one written to me on November 27 and giving a whole page about "our baby". It is hard to put into words the profound pleasure that the day has brought. A good letter also came from Uncle John and there were several 'Time' magazines, Princeton Alumni Weeklies and a Reader's Digest. The mail was brought to Nanking on the H.M.S. Bee which brought a new British Representative to take the place of Mr. Prideaux-Brune who is going on leave. The Apis will be going down tomorrow and is taking one of our number, George Fitch. This is the first break up of the eight that have been here since the Japs entered in the middle of December.)

The Apis also brought us a much needed list of groceries. We had just used our last sugar and our coffee was running low so that we are now fixed up again for at least a month. (The letters from home were those of October 25 and December 23 while Marjorie's were mailed on Nov-20 and 25. It is the first word I have had from Marjorie except the Christmas cable since she landed on October 13. There must be quite a little mail held up somewhere. I had to piece out a good deal between the lines to catch up on what had happened in the meantime. The baby seems to be coming in for her share of attention and I guess her dad will have to take her in hand some day to keep her from being spoiled.)

The news which you are getting of the present time is fairly accurate about Nanking as a good many of our uncensored dispatches are getting through. Allison certainly managed to get in for some publicity. The Japs apparently tried to beat him to the publicity to get in their side of it first. The incident has been written up in detail by (Searle Bates) and furnishes interesting reading. I will relate it in brief. Allison had requested that all cases of illegal entry into American property be reported to him. Accordingly when three Japanese gendarmes entered the (University Agronomy department (a long way of saying Charlie Rigg's shop) at eleven o'clock one night, took a woman to their headquarters and raped her there three times before returning her, it was reported to Allison. Before that Bates and Riggs had gone with the woman and identified the place to which she had been taken. Allison and Riggs then went with several Japanese consular police to the place where both received some rough handling for no apparent reason. The Japs had some fancy explanation about a gendarme doing his duty which is of course pure twaddle. The police then took the woman to the Japanese Embassy for questioning, Allison making Fukui, the Consul, personally responsible for her safety. (The last similar case, that of a boy in the Middle School, ended in the complete disappearance of the boy and his certain death) Instead of the promised two hours she was kept for thirty and apparently was a little too smart for them. They brought her back to our house at about ten o'clock last night and listed five points of error in her story. These pertained to the color of the walls, the number of steps she went up, the position of the lamp in the room and the time of her abduction. As to the main points of the story there seemed to be no division of opinion. By bringing out these errors they saved their face, the woman was returned and I guess the incident is closed.

Another incident happened yesterday to Mac. It was just before I went back to the hospital after lunch. He found two Jap soldiers in the

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

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

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

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

Needless to say my thoughts are continually of you all and the time we will be together again. heaps of love, Bob.

Sunday, January 30, 1938.

Dearest Family,

In order to get time to read some of the Time Magazines and reread my letters I cooked up a splendid sore throat that is keeping me in bed today and giving me the opportunity desired. My voice is only a whisper but there is no constitutional reaction and I expect to be up and at it tomorrow. Yesterday we had the biggest snowfall of the season and the world is white today. Our four dogs are enjoying it immensely. Snooky is tremendous but retains his excessive friendliness and the three smaller dogs love to play with him but won't play with each other. Baerli is the aristocrat and bosses the show. Tibby is the Thibetan terrier who resembles a doormat and was found by George Fitch after a loss of some months in one of the refugee camps. He and Baerli do not get on well together as Baerli is overjealous but they are slowly making up. The fourth member does not belong in the aristocratic assembly that have the run of the big house and his homely little monkey-face is most frequently seen in the arms of the nine children of the gateman, Lao Kwa. He is very valiant however in spite of his five inches height and chases the others merrily about the yard. As I am writing this Snooky and Baerli are chasing up and down the white yard with a stick between them and Tibby is looking on slightly bored but a little desirous of taking Baerli's place in the romp.

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

The Princeton Alumni Weeklies contain part of my letter to Charlie written in Kuling. I wonder if he got the next one which had some real news in it. I shall have to write again to enable him to catch up on the real low-down about Nanking. Yesterday I wrote to Uncle John but had to use guarded language as it will most certainly be censored.

Trimmer, Mac and I still alternate nights sleeping at the hospital as we do not feel that we should leave it. On several recent nights I have had a chance to improve my obstetrical experience. The other day another arm presentation came in after two days of unsuccessful labor. The cord had prolapsed first so that the baby had been dead for the two days. The mother was in remarkably good condition and took an amazing amount of ether before relaxing. The case proved relatively easy and has so far had an uneventful convalescence, for which I am very thankful.

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

Jan. 31.

At Trim's insistence I am staying home today also as my throat has not entirely cleared up and the day is wet and nasty outside. Fortunately no acute surgical cases have turned up in the interval and most of my present cases were well under control. What I need is good nursing care!

I have just been glancing over some of the carbon copy of this long epistle and find one or two things that need straightening out. Two page 44's are in my pile which implies that you are minus that page. That page mentioned the advent of a new typewriter after my lament about the ribbon. Shortly thereafter Searle Bates found some ribbons at the University so that this is again my own typewriter plus a good ribbon. Occasionally I use Plumer's if it is handier.)

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

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

Only yesterday Mr. Rabe actually lifted a soldier off from on top of a woman not far from here. Two days ago a truck was going about the streets collecting women. One they collected was the wife of the murdered Liu Wen Ping of the Middle School of whom I have written. She was taken to some Jap quarters and was advised by a Chinese on the side to stick her finger down her throat in the midst of their meal. It worked and they kicked her out in a hurry and she lost no time returning to the Middle School at 2 a.m. The populace is panic stricken at this order to return to their homes, again if any. They have not the slightest assurance of safety. Again two days ago three Chinese were murdered in cold blood in one of the two new bath houses started by the Autonomous Government.

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

gent All kinds of love,

Bob