American Missionary Eyewitnesses to the Nanking Massacre, 1937-1938

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American Missionary Eyewitnesses to the Nanking Massacre, 1937-1938
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Yale Divinity School Library
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CONTENTS

List of illustrations....................................................................................................................... i

Preface ...................................................................................................................................... iii

Introduction ................................................................................................................................ v

Sketches of the missionaries
  Miner Searle Bates ........................................................................................................... 2
  John G. Magee................................................................................................................. 3
  George A. Fitch................................................................................................................ 4
  Lewis S. C. Smythe ......................................................................................................... 5
  W. Plumer Mills ............................................................................................................... 6
  Robert O. Wilson ............................................................................................................. 7
  Ernest H. Forster ........................................................................................................... 8
  James H. McCallum ....................................................................................................... 9
  Minnie Vautrini ............................................................................................................. 10

Documentation of the Nanking Massacre
  Report of the Nanking International Relief Committee ................................................... 11
  Chronological sequence of transcriptions: letters and reports from the missionaries...... 13
  Photographs................................................................................................................... 67
  Facsimile documents:...................................................................................................... 73
    December 16, 1937 letter from Lewis S. C. Smythe to the Japanese Embassy
    December 20, 1937 cable to American Consulate-General in Shanghai
    December 24, 1937 circular letter of George Fitch
    January 9, 1938 letter from M. Searle Bates to his wife
    January 11, 1938 letter from John Magee to Bp. William Roberts
    March 8, 1938 circular letter from Lewis S. C. Smythe
    "House of Restful Consolation" poster

Appendix: Documentation of the Nanking Massacre at the Yale Divinity School Library
LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Map of sites of the Nanking Massacre.................................................................1

The missionaries:
   Miner Searle Bates.......................................................................................2
   John Magee...................................................................................................3
   George A. Fitch............................................................................................4
   Lewis S. C. Smythe.....................................................................................5
   W. Plumer Mills............................................................................................6
   Robert O. Wilson.........................................................................................7
   Ernest H. Forster........................................................................................8
   James H. McCallum......................................................................................9
   Minnie Vautrin.............................................................................................10

Victims:.............................................................................................................67
   Bodies of victims outside the city of Nanking
   A woman killed by Japanese troops along a country road outside of Nanking, March 1938
   A drainage pond outside of Nanking, filled with the bodies of Chinese murdered by
   Japanese soldiers
   The wife of the American Church Mission's gatekeeper being carried into the hospital for
   treatment of gunshot wounds inflicted by a Japanese soldier who threatened to
   rape her.
   Two brothers outside the ruins of the shop that was their livelihood

Refugees:
   Refugees at Ginling College
   Refugees at the University of Nanking
   Refugees waiting for relief at the Safety Zone Committee headquarters
   Refugee huts outside the Safety Zone
The Nanking Massacre is doubtless one of the greatest horrors in the annals of mankind. By some estimations, within three months (December 13, 1937 - March 1938) the Japanese army killed more than 300,000 innocent Chinese and raped up to 80,000 women in the city of Nanking. Not only was the number of victims so high, the manner in which these victims met their death was extremely cruel and diverse (e.g. beheading, bayoneting, burying alive, burning, gang-raping, etc.), so ghastly in fact that it made the Auschwitz gas chamber appear humane. Despite the volume of evidence confirming the Massacre, the Japanese government for decades has denied the undeniable and some of its leaders have accused the United States of conspiring with China to fabricate the story in order to prove that the Japanese, being a cruel people, deserved the atomic bombings.

Tillman Durdin’s New York Times article, “Butchery Marked Capture of Nanking; All Chinese Captives Slain” was the first report of events dispatched from Nanking. When Nanking fell, there were twenty-seven Westerners remaining in the city; fifteen of them were Americans, primarily missionaries from the Episcopal, Disciples of Christ, Presbyterian, and Methodist churches. Against the advice of the U.S. Embassy to evacuate, these dedicated missionaries voluntarily chose to stay. With the blessings of the Chinese Nanking municipal government and the knowledge of the Japanese Embassy, they created the International Committee for the Nanking Safety Zone shortly before the capture of Nanking by the Japanese. Once the Massacre set in, the Safety Zone became the only place that offered some semblance of sanctuary; as a result, more than 200,000 people crowded into an area about one-eighth of the city. Throughout the long duration of the Massacre, these few foreigners were the true protectors of the desperate Chinese. They risked their own lives to save thousands of Chinese from being murdered and thousands of women from being raped by the Japanese army.

Without doubt the victims and the perpetrators can attest to the truth of the Nanking Massacre, but as the situation stands today, massive evidence brought forth by the Chinese victims has failed to draw world attention. While thousands of former Japanese Imperial Army men, scores of journalists who accompanied them to enter Nanking, and some of the Japanese Embassy personnel who are living today, were witnesses to the Massacre, they consistently refuse to talk. Indeed, had not the faithful, fearless, highly-educated American missionaries been the eyewitnesses to the Nanking Massacre and left us massive, irrevocable testimonies, an important page of human history might be lost.

To commemorate the 50th anniversary of China’s victory over Japan in World War II, Prof. Zhang Kai-yuan, a student of Dr. M. S. Bates, published his An Eyewitness’ Historical Records of the Nanking Massacre: A Study of Dr. M. S. Bates in Chinese. The publication of Zhang’s book caught the attention of many scholars and aroused the interest of Bates’ former students at the University of Nanking, particularly Mr. Tsuin-ho Kwoh and his wife, Hsuing Kwang, and myself. We decided to carry on what Prof. Zhang initiated by exploring further the Bates papers deposited at the Yale Divinity School Library, selecting materials pertinent to the Nanking Massacre, and publishing them so as to enable interested Americans and people of the world to read for themselves. Guided by Martha Lund Smalley, Curator of the Day Missions Collection at the Yale Divinity School Library, I read through the papers of those missionaries
involved in the Nanking Massacre and discovered a mine of information, some of which is hitherto unknown. We encouraged the publication of these rare and crucial materials in a book. The book is published in coordination with an exhibit on the “American Missionary Eyewitnesses to the Nanking Massacre” at the Yale Divinity School Library, August 1996 to January 1997. The papers we selected for inclusion in this volume come from the pens of nine American missionaries: Miner Searle Bates, John G. Magee, George A. Fitch, Lewis S. C. Smythe, W. Plumer Mills, Robert O. Wilson, Ernest H. Forster, James H. McCallum, and Minnie Vautrin. All the papers published here are from manuscripts in the collections of the Yale Divinity School Library. Many have been transcribed to improve their legibility, but facsimile documents are also included. An appendix lists the location of the documents published here, as well as many additional materials related to the Nanking Massacre in the library’s collections.

On behalf of the Society for Studies of Japanese Aggression against China, I wish to thank the Yale Divinity School Library for cooperating with us to make this publication a joint undertaking. Finally the Society and myself are greatly indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Kwoh for their generous donation to facilitate this publication and their constant encouragement to me in accomplishing this task. With gratitude and remembrance, we dedicate this volume to the American missionaries in China during the Nanking Massacre, for the world should forever remember their great contributions to humanity not merely because they saved so many lives but because their legacy of defending the truth and justice and cherishing good will toward man will brighten the future of mankind.

Carbondale, Illinois Tien-wei Wu
June 1996
On 12 December 1937, the Japanese army entered Nanking, the capital of Nationalist China, in the course of its campaign to take the mid coastal region of China.\(^1\) Because the Japanese planned eventually to subdue substantial population and territory in China, the behavior of their occupying forces elsewhere had generally been good, although there had been occasional violations of decency.\(^2\) But the story of the Japanese military in Nanking was entirely different. There the occupying forces loosed a bestial mob savagery upon the city. Acts of ferocity and depravity were committed not only against Chinese troops but against non-combatants as well. The city became a chamber of horrors as the Japanese seemed to have gone berserk. Both officers and soldiers turned the legitimate hunt for enemy troops into a crazed search-and-destroy mission against all in their path, engaging in wanton killing, numerous rapes, and random looting and burning. By the time the rampage had ended five months later,\(^3\) 20,000 women had been raped and thousands of Chinese had died — many of the deaths having been preceded by torture and sadism.\(^4\) One missionary letter termed the perpetrators "human beasts"; another likened the

\(^1\)I am grateful to Ms. Martha Smalley, Research Services Librarian and Archivist at the Yale Divinity School, for inviting me to undertake this project, to Professor James B. Crowley for advice, to Ms. Wei Zhuang for research assistance, and to Professor Yingyue Yung for sending me additional documentation from Japan. None of these persons is responsible for errors that may remain. To facilitate access to the Chinese works mentioned in the notes, I have employed Wade-Giles romanization and am thus conforming to the Yale University Library romanization system for Chinese. The place-name spelling of the capital city, Nanking, however, is rendered in the traditional standard postal spelling.

\(^2\)See, however, the following work, which places some atrocities earlier than the Nanking horrors: *Tieh-cheng ju-shan: Jih-pen Ch'iu-fa ch'in-Hua tsui-e shih-lu* (Ironclad proof: The Veritable Record of the Japanese army's atrocities in the aggression against China). Comp. Chintai Chung-kuo she (Taipei: Chin-tai Chung-kuo she, 1982).

\(^3\)See 13 May 1938 excerpt from Minnie Vautrin's diary, p. 65 below, which indicates that the carnage continued well into the fifth month.

\(^4\)With some exceptions, the figure of 20,000 reported rapes is generally agreed on, but the estimates of the number of deaths vary wildly. An American missionary account put the figure at 10,000 deaths inside the city and 30,000 nearby but outside; statistics collected from burial organizations and reported by Lewis S. C. Smythe, 21 March, p. 59 below. See also John Magee letter to Rev. J. C. McKim of 2 April 1938, pp. 61-62 below. The John Rabe *Diary* spoke of a thousand deaths in one night and tens of thousands of unburied corpses. The eminent Japanese historian Hata Ikuhiko apparently agonized over the appropriate figure, and with difficulty concluded that probably the number of deaths was in the range of 30,000 to 42,000, although at
experience to a "modern Dante's inferno". Two American eyewitnesses commented that what they were living through was surely "hell on earth".

The book before us, appearing in the sixtieth anniversary year of the Massacre, makes a major contribution to our understanding of these terrible events. It presents a selection of eyewitness accounts from the holdings of the Day Missions Collection at the Yale Divinity School Library, the largest Protestant missionary archival collection in this country. Only about twenty foreign residents remained in Nanking during the Massacre, nine of them the American missionaries whose family letters and petitions to the Japanese authorities are included here. With the

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the end he admitted that maybe it was higher; *Nankin jiken: 'Gyakusatsu' no kōzō* (The Nanking Incident: Explanation of the Massacre), (Tokyo: Chūō Kōronsha, 1986), pp. 214-15. Another modern investigator pronounced the Nanking Massacre to have probably been responsible for 200,000 Chinese deaths; R.J. Rummel, *China’s Bloody Century: Genocide and Mass Murder since 1900* (New Brunswick: Transaction Publishers, 1991), p. 6. This is the figure that was used in the Japanese war crimes trial; Nakamura Fumio, *Kōkō Nihon shi kyōkasho: Kentai kyōkasho 18-satsu o huiaku kentōsuru* (Comparison of 18 textbooks officially authorized [by the Japanese Ministry of Education]), (Tokyo: San ichi Shobō, 1987) pp. 300-01. The highest and most recent figure I have come across is 350,000 dead; James Yin and Shi Yung, *The Rape of Nanking: An Undeniable History in Photographs*. Ed. Ron Dorfman (Chicago: Innovative Publishing Group, 1996), statistic from frontispiece; see also p. 128 where it seems that this figure might also embrace the wounded.


7Author's conversation with the late Professor John King Fairbank of Harvard University, June 1983. In most cases there has been no editing of the content of individual documents or diary entries below, except to correct obvious misspellings and grammatical errors. Omissions of less relevant material from a few of the documents are indicated by ellipses. For the purposes of this book, selection made sense. The texts that remain here spare the reader the duplications that frequently appear in more than one letter. About six or seven times as many letters and reports remain in the archives, unused here, but the intention was that the selected documents relate all the principal facts.

8None of the nine authors survives today. The number of Westerners in the city has been variously reported; see James McCallum family letter 6 January 1938, p. 42 below, which specified twenty "of us foreigners", and *The New York Times* 12 December 1937, which reported sixteen Americans in the city. American Embassy overseas employees had long-since
Introduction

publication of these records, these letters and reports become the first detailed authoritative
accounts in English to be made available to the general public in more than half a century.\(^9\)

The missionary materials in this book offer several advantages. First, by supplementing
contemporary newspaper sources with insiders' views of events, they supply information that was
not used by or even known to journalists in the area at the time. In particular, details of the
advance preparations to protect local Chinese by means of the International Safety Zone and the
story of activities in and near the Zone itself, including the food stockpiles and medical aid
furnished at the hospital, are set forth here.\(^10\) Some missionaries also took photographs and
movies of the carnage. Second, these eyewitness reports supplement the official Chinese and
Japanese sources that convey the points of view of the governments involved. Although the
missionaries' documents may reflect personal biases, their authors were not writing to conceal
Chinese military weakness or Japanese atrocities. Another advantage of this collection is that
those who composed these accounts were themselves participants who were carrying on their
professional responsibilities right in the thick of things. Even though we have other actors' reports —
chiefly Japanese soldiers' depositions recollected several decades later — many of the
American missionaries spoke the local dialect and as long-time residents of Nanking were familiar
with local conditions. They wrote as highly well informed and active participant-sources.

The Westerners in Nanking had an advantage over the Chinese: because of their status as neutrals, and especially because Japan was anxious not to violate the rights of neutrals lest the

accompanied the Chinese government's move to Hankow. Similarly, missionary family members
had also been evacuated, many on the Panay. In addition, at various times there appear to have
been five British Embassy members as well as several Germans. Most of the letters were not sent
out by official post but instead were entrusted to Westerners leaving the city; see for example the

\(^9\)The journalist Harold J. Timperley assembled some missionary eyewitness documents at
the time and brought them out under the title, *What War Means: Japanese Terror in China: A
Documentary Record* (London: Victor Gollancz, 1938), 288p. with map; also other editions.
But because the missionaries feared that public identification of themselves as sources might
interfere with their rescue work, Timperley printed the documents without attribution to any of
the missionaries remaining in Nanking. On the Timperley assemblage, see Circular letter of M.
Searle Bates, 12 April 1938, p. 64 below. The Timperley book is not generally available today, so
its partial duplication in the materials presented here is justified in order to make the story
generally known as the sixtieth anniversary approaches.

\(^10\)The Zone measured about 2 x 3 km. (about one square mile); James Yin and Shi Yung,
p. 250. About 250,000 Chinese are believed to have taken refuge there over the course of the
hostilities. The Zone is described in the "Nanking International Relief Committee Report of
Activities", pp. 11-12 below, and a long family letter of W. Plumer Mills, pp. 44-46 below.
Because John Rabe headed the Zone committee, his diary may provide further details.
Introduction

Western powers be drawn into the war, the foreign residents of the city moved about in the Safety Zone without great risk, as apparently the Japanese troops were under strict orders not to harm them.\textsuperscript{11} This allowed the foreign residents to mount a strong protection and rescue effort. One missionary wrote his family: "Our presence...helps to keep [the Japanese] soldiers out."\textsuperscript{12} But twenty foreign residents could not be everywhere at once. Some Westerners were able to offer additional protection by making their homes available to refugees — the German businessman John Rabe had six hundred crowding his house and grounds and one missionary wrote that his "house is really packed like sardines."\textsuperscript{13} At first, more than three thousand Chinese took refuge in the halls and dormitories of Ginling Women's College, with up to 10,000 in the worst days of December; in the same period an average of 28,000 were cooped up in the six camps at the University of Nanking.\textsuperscript{14} Nevertheless, the refugees were constantly in danger as many Chinese troops had abandoned their uniforms and arms and hidden in the Safety Zone and by so doing had provided the Japanese with a legitimate reason to enter the Zone in search of them. Yet there were many Safety Zone violations which ended with non-military Chinese being rounded up, marched off to killing fields, and shot. Chinese husbands who attempted to defend their wives and daughters against would-be Japanese rapists were usually murdered for their pains.

The Japanese in China:

The story of what the Japanese were doing in China in 1937-1938 begins at the end of the nineteenth century, when Japan defeated China in the first Sino-Japanese War. The resulting Treaty of Shimonoseki (1895) ceded Manchuria's Liaotung Peninsula with its valuable port of Dairen to Japan, but this treaty provision so alarmed the Western powers that Japan was forced to retrocede it in return for an enlarged indemnity paid by China. In addition, the treaty granted Japan the island of Taiwan as well as other interests, such as more treaty port access in China. Japan's defeat of Russia in the Russo-Japanese War ten years later undid some of these arrangements by giving Liaotung and part of the South Manchurian Railway to Japan. The outbreak of World War One created still further opportunities for Japan in China. As a rising

\textsuperscript{11}Nevertheless, there were occasional tension and stand-offs; for example, see Robert O. Wilson letter of 15-18 December, p. 17 below.

\textsuperscript{12}Ernest Forster family letter of 19 December 1937, p. 24 below; M. Searle Bates to the Japanese Embassy, 18 December 1937, p. 21 below; James McCallum family letter of 19 December 1937, p. 22 below.


Introduction

Asian power without commitment to the war in Europe, the Japanese were able to step into the vacuum created by the Allies' departure from China. In 1914 the Japanese took over former German interests in the province of Shantung and in the following year they presented the Twenty-One Demands to China in an attempt to gain influence for Japan by extending Japanese interests in Southern Manchuria, Inner Mongolia, Shantung, and even by forming a joint-venture mining company on the Yangtze River. In the end the weak Chinese government was able to reject only one provision — one which sought to appoint Japanese advisers to posts at the heart of the Chinese government.

By 1931 Japanese militarists were ready to take a more active role on the Chinese mainland. As a first step they provoked an incident which ended in the death of the Chinese warlord in Manchuria and led to the establishment of the state of Manchukuo there, presided over by the former Chinese emperor, the puppet P'u-yi. Shortly thereafter Japan moved into the North China theatre, stationing troops in Jehol and winning control over territory as far west as Suiyuan Province (part of Inner Mongolia). On 7 July 1937 the "China Incident" at Marco Polo Bridge (Lu-k'ou Chi'iao) just outside Peiping precipitated war in China Proper and soon Japanese forces were swarming southwards, laying siege first to Shanghai and then to Nanking. By the end of the year the Nationalist Chinese resistance had crumbled after a hard-fought battle at Shanghai, the invaders had entered Nanking, and the atrocities known collectively as the Nanking Massacre were about to take place.15

Historians have variously represented these successive waves of Japanese intrigues and assaults on China as a ruthless Japanese aggression against a weak and defenseless neighbor, the ascendancy of a military clique out of control at the heart of Japanese politics, Japan's need for enlarged living space and food-growing territory, or Japan's desire for world respect and racial and economic parity with Western imperialist powers. Whatever the reasons, the result was that by 1938 the Japanese armies had swept down the coast of China and set up puppet governments over virtually all China's northern and middle coastal territory, forcing the Nationalists led by the Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek to take flight inland, with their capital first at Hankow and then for the rest of the war far in the southwest at Chungking. The surrender of the Nationalist Chinese capital at Nanking was a key to the Japanese war plan.

Other Sources and the Contributions of the Missionary Documents:

The missionary eyewitness sources reveal important on-the-ground details about the Nanking campaign not usually available in contemporary newspaper articles. But although the missionaries probably saw or heard of just about all significant events in the city during the Massacre period,

Introduction

and journalistic sources seem by contrast to yield limited information, still, the journalists' news stories offer a complementary and valuable perspective. For example, apparently The New York Times' correspondents were attached to military headquarters or army units; in addition most reporters did not speak Chinese and therefore rarely conversed directly with local people. As a result the Times' reports emphasize the two sides' military strategy and battle maneuvers. By contrast, the missionaries' letters pay little attention to the progress of enemy units and concentrate more on Japanese behavior in the Safety Zone.

Nevertheless, in spite of these limitations, The New York Times dispatches provided a surprisingly good general coverage for readers in isolationist America. One of the earliest news bulletins on events in Nanking to reach the U.S. appeared in the form of a full column at the top of The New York Times front page for 11 December 1937. Thereafter, The Times almost invariably gave front-page billing to the Japanese campaign in China. One interruption occurred in the wake of Japan's sinking the U.S. gunboat Panay on 14 December 1937 as it carried evacuees away from the fighting. The resulting diplomatic brouhaha including threats of rupture of relations and even war interfered with the coverage of the Nanking story for several days.

After the first week, The Times mentioned the Japanese terror in Nanking. Tillman Durdin's dispatch on the subject was headlined, "Butchery marked Capture of Nanking — All Captives Slain" and spoke of "wholesale atrocities and vandalism." Durdin continued with a short summary of the pertinent facts: "Wholesale looting, the violation of women, the murder of civilians, the eviction of Chinese from their homes, mass executions of war prisoners and the impressing of able-bodied men turned Nanking into a city of terror." Nevertheless, another dispatch, not bearing Durdin's by-line, implied that the Safety Zone's attempts to protect its civilians were completely effective, an assertion roundly contradicted by the missionaries' evidence. One missionary letter disparaged some journalists' narrow angle of vision by recounting how a group of reporters had movies taken of themselves acting as bountiful distributors of "cakes, apples," and "a few coins" at a refugee camp entrance. "At the same time," the letter continued with heavy sarcasm, "a bunch of [Japanese] soldiers climbed over the back wall of the compound and raped a dozen or so of the women. There were no pictures taken out back." The Times reporters did an excellent job of relaying what they were able to learn at army staff

16Although the attack on Nanking began in China on the 12th of December, because of the International Dateline there was still time to report it in the late edition of December 11.

17The Panay story began with The New York Times issue of 13 December 1937. The next day's issue reported that 96 persons out of 150 on board were missing.


20James McCallum family letter of 9 January 1938, p. 43.
Introduction

quarters, but for local detail, the researcher must consult other sources such as the missionary eyewitness accounts.

The Japanese Accounts:

The Japanese versions range from nationalist historiography and officially authorized schoolbook renditions to the accounts of courageous individual soldiers who came forward and private writing of historians who took seriously the requirements of their profession. Initially, the official Japanese government stance on the atrocities was to defend Japan's actions, misrepresent them, or ignore them.21 A contemporary Japanese journalist found "Japanese forces at the front...quite as reputable and efficient as any force under similar circumstances."22 After a week of "hell on earth", one missionary wrote home that he had heard that the Japanese news agency was covering up the outrages by reporting "people returning to their homes, business going on as usual, and the population welcoming their Japanese visitors, or words to that effect."23 Apparently the Japanese government wanted as few witnesses as possible to survive to tell the story of the atrocities; to accord with this policy, prisoners were killed and additional visitors to the city discouraged.24 One Japanese journalist met the atrocities issue head-on with a straight denial that any such thing ever took place, contending that photographs could lie by being doctored.25 Japanese denials have continued.26 Even as recently as this past year, a Japanese journal published an article insisting that investigation showed that only forty-seven Chinese had perished in the so-called "Nanking Massacre". Such arguments contradict masses of case-by-case evidence furnished by the eyewitnesses at the time and — after the war — by the Japanese


25Kawakami, pp. 170-73. These difficulties were compounded by one Rev. J. C. McKim who apparently wrote letters to *The New York Times* protesting that Japanese atrocity stories emanating from Nanking were not true; see John Magee letter to Rev. J. C. McKim, 2 April 1938, p. 61 below. McKim had not been stationed in Nanking.

Introduction

soldiers' own depositions and the careful detection work of certain courageous Japanese historians.

In addition to denials, certain Japanese have pronounced the American eyewitness sources hostile and therefore unreliable.\textsuperscript{27} This seems hard to credit in view of the fact that the missionaries did report Japanese good deeds along with the bad. One missionary wrote of meeting "some very pleasant Japanese who have treated us with courtesy and respect."\textsuperscript{28} Another praised Japanese who guarded a missionary ambulance to prevent their own troops from stealing it. Japanese were also reported as having sent food to the hospital.\textsuperscript{29} But it has to be admitted that such observations were few and far between; one story of good Japanese behavior was immediately followed by a far longer list of bad reports of the sort recorded every day.

Japanese historians' heroic efforts to write the story of the war in China and get it into Japanese schoolbooks have yet to be described in detail, but Japanese soldiers' accounts of their own atrocities confirm the sordid facts of the terror. One of the most comprehensive of this genre came out in Chinese, with the Japanese texts at the back of the book and an extensive collection of photographs taking up much of the work.\textsuperscript{30} This is a book filled with sadism and death. The hunting down of Chinese soldiers in hiding was the legitimate focus of Japanese military forays inside Nanking and even into the Safety Zone, but this object was pursued with such zeal that it was extended to virtually all Chinese males anywhere near the arms-bearing age. Those arrested, whether or not they actually were Chinese soldiers in hiding, were frequently forced to dig their own graves and then kneel in front of them, ready to tumble in once the executioner's sword had done its work.\textsuperscript{31} Another form of execution was to confine a Chinese in a cage and let him starve.\textsuperscript{32} One soldier admitted that sometimes they would cut a prisoner's ears, nose, or mouth, or insert a knife into the eyes. Another soldier explained that having had no diversion since coming to fight in China, "we did this as a kind of entertainment... The officers pretended they did not

\textsuperscript{27}Ernest Forster family letter 25 January 1938, p. 49 below.

\textsuperscript{28}James McCallum 29 December 1937 family letter, p. 35 below.

\textsuperscript{29}James McCallum family letters of 1 and 3 January 1938, p. 37 below.

\textsuperscript{30}\textit{Tieh-cheng ju-shan: Jih-pen Chun-fa ch'in-Hua tsui-e shih-lu} (Ironclad proof: The Veritable Record of the Japanese army's atrocities in the aggression against China). Comp. Chintai Chung-kuo she (Taipei: Chin-tai Chung-kuo she, 1982). I have employed this because its combination of numerous Chinese, Japanese, and American photographs with Japanese texts makes it one of the most comprehensive and detailed sources on the atrocities available.

\textsuperscript{31}\textit{Ibid.}, p.5, with illustration.

\textsuperscript{32}\textit{Ibid.}, p.7, with illustration.
Introduction

know what was going on. The soldiers' testimony also admits the indiscriminate mass killing of Chinese males without honestly attempting to distinguish between military and non-combatants, all of whom were rounded up by the hundred and machine-gunned. An extreme of sadism was reached when officers supervised bayonet practice against individual Chinese prisoners tied to trees or stanchions; reportedly this was part of a program designed to toughen new recruits. One soldier recalled, "After this kind of practice, killing became an ordinary matter."

The soldiers' confessions also dwell on the treatment of women, particularly on the troops' preoccupation with rape. One soldier commented, "Most victimized were the women — even the old; none would escape this fate." This witness added that frequently fifteen to twenty soldiers would draw lots and line up to take turns on one woman. As if to parallel the take-no-prisoners outlook, orders were given to leave no witnesses to the rapes and instead to kill all raped women. One soldier concluded that, "There was not a single Japanese foot soldier who did not rape women, and after rape they would kill the woman." Many rapes were accompanied by savagery and mutilation. A photographer who had been with the Japanese Army at the time declared: "...on all sides of the roads female corpses could be seen with lacerations made by bamboo in the genital area." Japanese government file photographs of such scenes are stamped

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33 Ibid., Japanese text p.67.

34 Ibid., Japanese text p. 65, statement of Okamoto Kenzo. This testimony is in part confirmed in Robert O. Wilson's account of a Chinese who as part of a large group mowed down by machine gun was left for dead and survived to report what had happened; family letter 21 December, pp. 26-27 below.

35 Tieh-cheng ju-shan, Japanese text p. 67; p.7 with two illustrations; p. 42 with illustration.

36 Ibid., Japanese text p. 67. Of course this behavior contravened the League of Nations international covenant on the treatment of prisoners of war, but Japan had not signed that document; at any rate, Japan took the official position that her China involvement was of the status of an "incident" rather than a "war", therefore there could be no "prisoners of war"; Rummel, p. 160.

37 Tieh-cheng ju-shan..., Japanese text pp. 67-68.


39 Tieh-cheng ju-shan..., p. 13, with illustration.

40 Ibid., p.13, with illustration.
Introduction

"[Release for publication] not permitted" (Fukyoka). One Japanese historian has commented that these shocking features of the Nanking Massacre provided a strong impetus for the army's subsequent encouragement of comfort women. Like many others, this book also offers Japanese soldiers' statements on their country's failure to acknowledge the Massacre and similar terrorism elsewhere in China. One soldier's deposition asserted that the Massacre really did take place — "I saw it myself," he testified.

Another of the Japanese works, a scholarly one, was by the historian Hata Ikuhiko, whose book was issued with an extensive bibliography. Its special value is that it quotes heavily from a broad spectrum of contemporary Japanese sources. Here we learn that when one Japanese commanding officer was questioned as to what to do with 120,000 Chinese then being held, the reply sent down was: "Just kill them." Hata offers several explanations for the extremes of Japanese behavior in Nanking. The Japanese troops' deep distress over the deaths of their comrades killed in earlier battles was in large part responsible for the frenzy — the soldiers had become half-crazed by marching into Nanking carrying bits of their fallen comrades' bones strung around their necks. Furthermore, in Shanghai the troops had had to take care lest they prey on the numerous Japanese businessmen still resident there; once in Nanking they were released from this concern and free to vent their rage. Another cause of the terror was said to be that the men had fought in Shanghai on the understanding that they were shortly to be sent home, yet having

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41 Several of these are reproduced in T'ieh-chengju-shan... pp. 37ff.

42 Hata, p. 239.

43 T'ieh-chengju-shan... Japanese text p. 65. The Japanese have also been accused of using poison gas and bacterial warfare in Nanking. Although these may have been used elsewhere in the China campaign, Ms. Martha Smalley tells me that the missionaries nowhere mention such a weapon in use in the Nanking part of the campaign.

44 Hata, Ikuhiko, Nankin jiken: 'Gyakusatsu' no kōzō (The Nanking Incident: Explanation of the Massacre) (Tokyo: Chūō Kōronsha, 1986). 269pp. The bibliography of primary sources both official and personal begins on p.257, with sections on participants, newspaper accounts, secondary sources, and collections of soldiers' letters already published. I have chosen Hata because he is generally regarded as one of the more moderate and open-minded among Japanese historians to have written on the subject. On another Japanese historian who wrote on this subject, Ienaga Saburo, see The New York Times 27 May 1993, International Section.

45 Hata p. 143. Hata says he did not have access to the original directive, which he states had been burned. The date supplied was 18 December 1937.

46 Hata p. 121.
Introduction

completed the Shanghai campaign all promises were off when they were ordered to Nanking. Military supply failed to keep up with the troops sent on to Nanking, with the result that the men arrived in an acute state of hunger in addition to having suffered other exigencies of war. Whatever the reasons, ultimately the terror was allowed to take place without purposeful government intervention. Indeed, the situation may have come about precisely because of a calculation that by capturing the Chinese capital city and waging a war of terror, Japanese forces would swiftly bring the Chinese to their knees and achieve an early end to the campaign.

The significance of the Japanese soldiers' and historians' evidence — and there is much more than the samples quoted here — is that it refutes the official view that Japanese army behavior was "quite as reputable" as any. What is more, it directly contradicts Japanese dismissals of the American eyewitnesses and the photographs as hostile evidence. But the soldiers' evidence was later battered in a trial in which those deemed responsible for such calumnies were successfully sued for libel in Japan.

The Diary of John Rabe:

Just as this book was going to press, an exciting and potentially highly significant development took place when, thanks to the efforts of Iris Chang who was researching a book on the Massacre, a previously unknown diary of the Massacre days in Nanking came to light in Germany. Written in German by John Rabe, a German businessman who lived in China for thirty years, this diary of more than two thousand pages is the most detailed account yet discovered. Unfortunately the Rabe diary is not yet generally available (a copy has just been deposited in the Yale Divinity School Archives and has yet to be fully translated), but it promises not only a new meticulous record but also one from the pen of a member of the Nazi Party. One view is that it will generally corroborate the American missionaries' accounts. But at roughly three times the length of all the missionary documents put together, its 2100 pages will surely yield new information. One of the points where the diary differs from the eyewitness accounts — probably

47 Hata p. 217.

48 Hata p. 218. On explanations of this behavior, see also Mikiso Hane, op.cit. pp. 278-281.

49 A large number of additional Japanese soldiers' depositions can be traced in the Yale Library catalogs under the subject heading "Nanking [not Nanjing] Massacre".


51 December 5, 1996 letter to the author from Mr. Tzuping Shao, President of the Alliance in Memory of Victims of the Nanjing Massacre. See also The New York Times 12 December 1996, p. A-3.
because of the availability of so much space for describing events — is to emphasize the dangers faced by those who attempted to help the Chinese. Simply challenging an armed Japanese soldier who was in the midst of committing an atrocity could have led to tragedy. In the excerpts already available from this diary, the foreign residents' survival seems a miracle.52

Rabe's horror at what he was witnessing is clear from the few translated excerpts. At one point Rabe wrote: "One of the Americans had coined the phrase 'The Safety Zone has been turned into a public house for the Japanese soldiers'... This is almost true. In the last night there were reported rapes of some 1000 girls and women, over 100 girls in Ginling Women's College alone. One hears not only of rapes. If the husbands or brothers come to their [the victims'] help, then they are shot. Wherever one looks or hears, there is only the brutality and bestiality of the Japanese soldiers."53

With the facts in such dispute, we must ask why we should today read about this long past event. There are several answers. We read to learn the story of the infamy and to condemn it. We read to salute the heroism of foreign residents who worked so hard to rescue the beleaguered Chinese. Finally, we read to commemorate the terrible suffering and sacrifice of those countless anonymous lost lives. Without the missionary records, the terrible sufferings of the dead could only be imagined and the missionaries' acts of kindness and heroism would be lost to history. Perhaps in all this we shall find guidance for a better future. That seems to have been the hope of the authors of these eyewitness accounts.

28 December 1996

Beatrice S. Bartlett
Professor of History
Yale University

53 Yale Divinity School translation from p. 288 of the Rabe manuscript.
1937·12

SITES OF THE NANKING MASSACRE

1937·12

Yen-tzu-chi

Yu-lei-ying

Yuhua

Intern. Safety Zone
Areas of Fires
Sites of Massacres

1. Yu-lei-ying
2. Outside of Han-chung Gate
3. Chung-shan Pier
4. Ta-fang-hsiang Square
5. Tsao-hsieh-chia
6. Hsia-kuan
7. Lung-chiang-kou
8. Yen-tzu-chi
9. Pao-ta-chiao and the vicinity of Yu-lei-ying
10. Shang-hsin-ho
11. Hua-shen Temple outside the Chung-hua Gate
12. Mei-tan Port
Miner Searle Bates was born May 28, 1897 in Newark, Ohio. His father was a minister who became president of Hiram College. Bates received his B.A. from Hiram College in 1916 and won a Rhodes Scholarship to study at Oxford University. With the United States entering World War I, he joined YMCA and served in Mesopotamia until the end of the war. He returned to Oxford to finish his B.A. and did some graduate work in 1920. In the summer of that year, he was commissioned as a missionary to teach at the University of Nanking by the United Christian Missionary Society. In 1923, he married Lilliath Robbins, a Canadian teaching at Ginling College. In 1934-35, Bates was Rockefeller Foundation Fellow studying Japanese and Russian at Harvard University. He received a Ph.D. in Chinese history from Yale University in 1935.

When the Nanking Massacre occurred, Dr. Bates was alone at Nanking as his wife and two children were staying in Japan. He plunged himself into the work of the International Committee for the Nanking Safety Zone, protecting the Chinese from being murdered and raped by the Japanese army, and saving thousands of them from starvation. To enhance his power to deal with the Japanese, the directors of the University of Nanking appointed him Vice-President of the University on January 13, 1938. Only two days after the fall of Nanking, Bates lodged his first protest against Japanese atrocities with the Japanese Embassy, followed by his famous Jan. 10, 1938 letter to protest, a copy of which reached free China.

Bates was a major moving spirit behind H. J. Timperley’s book, Japanese Terror in China (New York, June 1938). Except for seven brief trips to Japan and one to Spain to attend conferences, Bates remained in Nanking from 1937 to 1941, fearlessly challenging the Japanese authorities for their activities, especially narcotics-trafficking. On behalf of the Nanking International Relief Committee he wrote two pamphlets: one on “Crop Investigation in the Nanking Area” and the other on “The Nanking Population,” both of which are crucial to our understanding of the Nanking Massacre. After the war, he was summoned as a witness at the Tokyo Trial and subsequent Chinese trials for war criminals.
Sketches of the missionaries

The Rev. John Gillespie Magee was born October 10, 1884 in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. After finishing high school in Connecticut, he received a B.A. from Yale in 1906 and a B.D. from the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, Massachusetts in 1911. He was ordained as a minister of Episcopal Church and set off for China in 1912. In China he met Faith E. Backhouse, an English missionary from the China Inland Mission, whom he married in July 1921. They had four sons.

John Magee played a role in saving thousands of Chinese from being murdered by the Japanese, setting up a refugee hospital to take care of wounded soldiers and refugees, and serving as chairman of the Nanking Branch of the International Red Cross and member of the International Committee for the Nanking Safety Zone. Films taken by Magee in Nanking and sent to the West were among the first available visual documentation of the Nanking Massacre.¹ After the war, Magee was a witness at the Tokyo Trial. Jiro Takidani’s Witness to the Nanking Incident (Tokyo, 1993) documents Magee’s work during the Nanking Massacre.

When Magee first returned to America in the summer of 1938, after 28 years of service in China, he made an extensive tour to speak about the Nanking Massacre. Magee died on September 9, 1953 in Pittsburgh.

¹Magee’s films on the Nanking Massacre, found in the archives of Nazi Germany at Potsdam and released after the two Germanies were reunited, gained media attention and rekindled the interest of many people throughout the world. In the German archives there exist two sets of copies of an introduction in English to the pictures in four films taken by Rev. Magee with his 16mm. movie camera. The two copies, though different in paging, are identical in contents; they are also identical with the copy found in the Forster papers at Yale, but the latter contains the introduction to 12 films instead of 4 and covers 18 pages. Based on the Magee films of the Nanking Massacre provided by David Magee, the second son of Rev. Magee, a video tape has made under the title “Magee’s Testament” by Peter Wang.
George Ashmore Fitch was born in Soochow, China in 1883, the son of Presbyterian missionaries George F. and Mary McLellan Fitch. After receiving his B.A. from Wooster College in 1906, Fitch attended Union Theological Seminary in New York. He was ordained in 1909 and returned to China to work with YMCA in Shanghai.

When the Nanking Massacre occurred, Fitch was the head of the YMCA at Nanking. He quickly became active in assisting the International Committee for the Nanking Safety Zone. Fitch's diary of events of Nanking was carried to Shanghai by the first person able to leave the Nanking after its occupation by the Japanese on December 13, 1937. As Fitch has written, "My story created a sensation in Shanghai, for it was the first news of what had happened in the capital since its evacuation, and it was copied and mimeographed and widely distributed there."

Fitch's Nanking diary has been published previously but the version of his diary available in the Yale collection differs slightly from the well-publicized version, so excerpts from it have been included in this volume.

In 1938 Fitch traveled throughout the United States giving talks about the Nanking Massacre and showing films to document it. He returned to China to serve with the YMCA and the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Agency, then went on to serve the YMCA in Korea and Taiwan until his retirement in 1961.

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Lewis S. C. Smythe received his Ph.D. in sociology from the University of Chicago and was appointed to teach at the University of Nanking by the United Christian Missionary Society in 1934. In September 1937, Smythe’s wife took their two children to Kuliang for American school, while he remained in Nanking to teach. When the fall of Nanking was imminent, he refused to leave and devoted himself to establishing the Safety Zone for refugees. As Secretary of the International Committee for the Nanking Safety Zone, Smythe wrote sixty-nine letters to the Japanese Embassy from December 14, 1937 to February 19, 1938, protesting atrocities committed by the Japanese Army; some of the letters were signed by the Chairman of the Committee, John H. D. Rabe, but most were by Smythe.  

In the spring of 1938, under the auspices of the International Relief Committee, Smythe led a team of about twenty students in making a survey of damages and losses at Nanking and its surrounding counties. This was published as War Damage in the Nanking Area, December 1937 to March 1938. Smythe and his family left Nanking for Chengtu, Szechwan in September 1938, where he resumed his teaching at the University of Nanking’s relocated campus.

Included in this volume are excerpts of a letter sent by Smythe and his wife to friends in America, describing what had happened in Japanese-occupied Nanking up to the middle of March 1938. Also published here is a report by Smythe titled “Notes on the Present Situation, Nanking, March 21, 1938”. This report describes eleven cases of atrocities, numbered from 460 to 470 with no. 469 dated March 20; these eleven cases are not available in either Hsu’s book or Timperley’s work and therefore are reprinted here.

3These letters of protest, with attached reports of atrocity cases, were reprinted in Shuhsi Hsu (ed.), Documents of the Nanking Safety Zone (Shanghai: Kelly & Walsh, 1939); an incomplete list of the same is given in Appendixes D and E of Timperley’s book.
Wilson Plumer Mills was born in Winnsboro, South Carolina on December 1, 1883. He received his B.A. from Davidson College in 1903, a B.A. from Oxford University in 1910, and a B.D. from Columbia Theological Seminary in 1912. Mills served under the YMCA in China from 1912 to 1931, and then under the Presbyterian Foreign Mission Board in Nanking from 1933 to 1949. Mills was appointed Vice Chairman of the International Committee for the Nanking Safety Zone when it was founded on November 22, 1937; he became Chairman after John H. D. Rabe left Nanking on February 23, 1938. The Nanking Safety Zone had a population about 250,000, of which about 70,000 people were dependent upon the Zone Committee for food and fuel. By the end of May 1938, the Committee would have exhausted its cash and supplies of rice and flour.

Just prior to the Japanese occupation of Nanking, Mills played an important role in efforts to bring about a truce that would allow the Chinese army to withdraw from Nanking and the Japanese army to enter the city without fighting. With approval from General Tang Sheng-chih, Mills and M. Searle Bates went to see the U.S. Consul J. Hall Paxton on board the USS *Panay* to transmit the truce-negotiating messages. This visit is described in the January 24, 1938 letter from Mills to his wife included in this volume.
Robert O. Wilson was born in Nanking on October 5, 1906, son of Methodist missionaries William F. and Mary Rowley Wilson. Wilson graduated from Princeton University and received his M.D. from Harvard Medical School in 1929. He was appointed to the staff of the University of Nanking Hospital in 1935, arriving in 1936. Wilson continued working in the hospital throughout the Japanese occupation while most Chinese doctors had left Nanking well before the city was captured. Wilson’s diary/letters to his family published in this volume describe the incredibly heavy load of medical work carried by Wilson with the help of his colleague C. S. Trimmer, and a few nurses, one of whom was the 67-year-old American, Iva Hynds. Not until April 1938, when Dr. Lee of the St. Andrew’s hospital at Wuhsi came to the University hospital with another doctor (apparently R. F. Brady) and two nurses, did Wilson and his staff get some relief. In early June, 1938, Wilson was able to leave Nanking for a furlough in Shanghai.
Ernest H. Forster was born in 1895 in Philadelphia and graduated from Princeton University in 1917. After serving as assistant headmaster at St. Paul’s School, Baltimore for two years, Forster went to China as an Episcopal missionary and taught at Mahan School in Yangchow. In 1936, he married Clarissa Townsend, daughter of prominent lawyer Irving U. Townsend, in Boston. The Forsters returned to China and were stationed at Yangchow. They were transferred from Yangchow to Nanking to serve at St. Paul’s Episcopal Church only about one month before the capture of Nanking by the Japanese. Clarissa Forster was evacuated from Nanking to Hankow in late November 1937 and by the middle of January 1938 arrived at Shanghai via Hong Kong. Forster, with John Magee, another Episcopal minister, remained in Nanking throughout the critical months of the Nanking Massacre.

Letters, reports, and photographs in the Ernest and Clarissa Forster Papers held at the Yale Divinity School Library provide thorough and graphic documentation of the Nanking Massacre.
James Henry McCallum was born November 19, 1893 in Olympia, Washington. He finished his college education at the University of Oregon 1917 and earned his B.D. from Yale Divinity School in 1921; later he finished a Master’s Degree at Chicago Divinity School and did doctoral work at the Union Theological Seminary while on furlough. He married Eva Anderson of Philadelphia in 1921 and the newly wedded couple immediately set off for China. For the next thirty years, McCallum engaged in evangelical and community center work for the United Christian Missionary Society, traveling widely in Anhwei and Kiangsi provinces. From 1946 to 1951, he was in charge of rehabilitation work in Nanking as Secretary of the Mission. He handled missionary finances and evacuation at the end of his service in China.

During the Nanking Massacre, McCallum’s wife and the two children were in Kuling, Kiangsi, while he remained at Nanking as administrator of the University of Nanking hospital and refugee relief work. His diary/letters to his family from December 19, 1937 to January 15, 1938 served as evidence of the Nanking Massacre at the Tokyo Trial of Japanese war criminals. A copy of McCallum’s diary was discovered in Shanghai in 1995 and a Chinese translation was published, but that version did not include the entry for January 15, 1938, which is among those published in this volume.
Wilhelmina Vautrin was born in Secor, Illinois on September 27, 1886. She worked her way through the University of Illinois with a major in education, graduating with high honors in 1912. Vautrin was commissioned by the United Christian Missionary Society as a missionary to China, where she first served as a high school principal for a few years and then became chairman of the education department of Ginling College when it was founded in 1916. She served as acting president of Ginling College when President Matilda Thurston returned to America for fundraising. With the Japanese army pressing on Nanking, Vautrin again was called on to take charge of the College campus, as most of the faculty left Nanking for either Shanghai or Chengtu, Szechwan.

Minnie Vautrin's writings provide a detailed account of the situation in Nanking under Japanese occupation. In addition to several lengthy printed reports and articles, she kept a 526-page diary covering the period 1937 to 1941; about one-fourth of her diary (pp. 90-240) documents the period of the Nanking Massacre from December 1937 to March 1938. An excerpt from Vautrin's report to the Ginling College administration, entitled "A Review of the First Month: December 13, 1937- January 13, 1938", is published in this volume, as well as excerpts from her diary, including one that documents the fact that atrocities were continuing well into May, 1938.

In the last entry of her diary, April 14, 1940, Minnie Vautrin wrote: "I'm about at the end of my energy. Can no longer forge ahead and make plans for the work, for on every hand there seems to be obstacles of some kind. I wish I could go on furlough at once but who will do the thinking for the Exp. Course?" Two weeks later, she suffered a nervous breakdown and returned to America. A year to the day after she left Nanking, Vautrin ended her own life.
The International Committee for the Nanking Safety Zone was organized on November 22, 1937. The first problem was the establishment of the Zone itself. This meant the selection of a favorable site and the securing of recognition for the Zone by the Chinese and Japanese authorities. After careful inquiry and much discussion, that part of the city lying roughly west of Chung Shan Road between Han Chung Road and Shansi Road, and east of Sikang Road and a line from the southern end of that road to the intersection of Han Chung Road and Shanghai Road, was chosen. The Chinese authorities readily agreed to the idea of the Zone, though the military were naturally reluctant to move out of the area before the very last minute. The Japanese authorities never formally recognized the Zone, but did say that they would not attack an area which was not occupied by Chinese troops. On this narrow margin of agreement, the Chinese promise to evacuate the area and the Japanese statement that they would not intentionally attack an unoccupied place, the Safety Zone was finally put through.

The co-operation of the local Chinese authorities with the Committee was all that could be desired. Twenty thousand bags of rice and ten thousand bags of flour were assigned to us, and $80,000 in cash was given us. Of the rice, owing to difficulties of transportation, only 9,067 bags were finally brought into our godown (the University of Nanking Chapel) before outbreak of hostilities around the city. None of the flour allotted to us by the City Government was secured, though one thousand bags were obtained from the Ta Tung Flour Mill. The city also gave us 350 bags of salt.

The people coming into the Zone were urged to bring with them what food supplies they could and it was well they did so, as these private stocks were what carried most of the population during the six weeks following the Japanese entry, when little in the way of food could be brought into the city.

It is estimated that about 250,000 people entered the Zone. Only a relatively small number, probably not more than ten thousand in all, remained outside. Of these refugees approximately 70,000 were cared for in twenty-five large concentration centers or "camps", in whose management the International Committee co-operated, either by giving food or fuel, or providing supervision, or both. The work for the refugees was carried on at first by three commissions, Food, Housing, and Sanitation. These commissions were under the direction of Mr. H. L. Han, Dr. C. Y. Hsu, and Rev. Y. S. Shen respectively. Later a fourth Commission, the Rehabilitation Commission, under the chairmanship of Mr. Walter Lowe, was added to the other three. Dr. T. M. Tanghhas had charge of the secretarial and translation work of the General Office, and Mr. Wang Chen Dien, and later Mr. Chen Wen-shu have conducted the Business

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4 from the Miner Searle Bates Papers, Record Group No. 10, Box 102.

5 See map, p. 1.
Office. To all these gentlemen, and to their many colleagues and associates, the International Committee would like to express its appreciation of the way they have carried on their work under many and often insuperable difficulties, and sometimes even at the risk of life itself.

When the Safety Zone was first organized the International Committee hoped that its task would soon be over, and that once the actual fighting around the city was ended the people might speedily go back to their homes. However, these hopes were doomed to disappointment. The looting, burning, rape, and murder which followed upon the entry of the Japanese Army into the city made the Safety Zone the only part of the city where there was any semblance of order and protection. Even there, there was little enough, but by dint of frequent protests and much police work on the part of members of the International Committee and other foreigners in the city, conditions were gradually improved. On December 27th orders were issued by the Japanese authorities to the troops to stay out of the Safety Zone. These orders were often flagrantly disregarded, nevertheless there was after that time a slow but gradual improvement in the situation. By the end of January, the authorities began to put pressure on the people in the Safety Zone to go back to their homes, or into refugee centers provided by the Self-Government Committee. This movement was slow at first, because the people were naturally hesitant as to their safety, but gradually many have now gone back. Our camps' population has dropped during this period from nearly 70,000 to about 22,000 and ten of our refugee centers have been already closed. Nine more of these centers will be closed this month and the remaining six are to be closed by the end of May.

In this connection it should be noted that this closing down of the camps does not mean that the need for relief work will disappear by the end of May. This is far from being the case. The closing of the camp merely means that this phase of our work can by that time be discontinued. When the great loss to thousands of families due to the murder, imprisonment, or abduction of the wage earner, is added to the tremendous economic loss which the people have everywhere sustained, relief funds, even if multiplied a hundredfold, would still be inadequate. To the truth of this statement the Economic and Agricultural survey which the International Committee has been conducting and the careful case studies of more than 25,000 families which have been made by the Rehabilitation Commission bear ample testimony. The camps may be brought to a close by May 31st, but the need for relief will continue long beyond that period. Whatever the Committee's ability to meet the need after June 1st may be, the need itself will still be there. What has been destroyed in a month, can scarce be replaced in a decade.

Appended to this report are a Financial statement covering the period from December 1st to March 31st and a Budget for the months of April and May. By that time the International Committee's present resources in cash and supplies now in Nanking will be exhausted, save for a reserve of $10,000 specially set aside for the care of certain widows, orphans, and other dependents, and for an estimated stock of 2450 bags of wheat that can be carried forward into June. For meeting relief needs beyond the end of May, the Committee is dependent largely upon its friends in Shanghai and elsewhere. It appreciates the support already given to its work, and asks for such a continuance thereof as may be possible. In any case, no matter how generous the response may be, need will outrun resources.
December 14-15: Excerpts of letters from M. Searle Bates to the Japanese Embassy in Nanking

December 14: 6

[Japanese] Soldiers tore down the American flag and official notice of the American Embassy upon the gate of our [University of Nanking] Agricultural Economics Department (Hsiao T'ao Yuan), robbed several teachers and assistants living there, and broke several doors without waiting for keys.

December 15:

In our new Library Building, where we are taking care of 1500 common people, four women were raped on the property; two were carried off and released after being raped; three were carried off and not returned; one was carried off but released by your Military Police near the Embassy. These acts of soldiers have brought great pain and fear to these families, to their neighbors and to all Chinese in this part of the city. More than a hundred similar cases in other parts of the Safety Zone have been reported to me this morning. They are not my business now, but I mention them to show that this University problem next door to you is only a sample of the great misery of robbery and rape carried on by soldiers among the people.

We earnestly hope that discipline may be restored among the troops. Now the fear is so great that people are afraid even to get food, and normal life and work is impossible. We respectfully urge that your authorities may arrange for their proper inspections to be carried out systematically under the immediate direction of officers rather than by stray bands of soldiers who enter the same place as many as ten times in one day and steal all food and money from the people. And secondly, we urge that for the reputation of the Japanese Army and the Japanese Empire, for the sake of good relations between the Japanese authorities and the common people of China, for your own thought of your wives, sisters and daughters, that the families of Nanking receive protection from the violence of soldiers.

The disorder and failure of the Chinese army gave a good chance for the Japanese troops to secure the confidence of the people, and it is unfortunate for all concerned if that chance is lost by delay or indifference to ordinary human welfare and morality.

December 15: Report by M. Searle Bates 7

“Some Pictures from Nanking (Dec 15)”

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

6 Letters from Bates to the Japanese Embassy are contained in the Miner Searle Bates Papers, Record Group No. 10, Box 4.

7 From the Miner Searle Bates Papers, Record Group No. 10, Box 102.
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 semi-regular looting and uncontrolled disturbance of private homes including offenses against the security of women. Foreigners who have traveled over the city report many civilians' 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 bayonetting in the afternoon and evening of the 13th, which was the time of Japanese entry into the city. Any person 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 officers of rank. Japanese soldiers require private carriers to help them struggle along under great loads. Food was apparently in first demand, but everything also 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 motor cars 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 civilian, 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.

December 15-18: Letter of Robert O. Wilson to his family

University Hospital
Nanking, China

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 jam 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

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*Robert O. Wilson’s correspondence is contained in the Archives of the United Board for Christian Higher Education in Asia, Record Group No. II, Box 229.*
 Documentation of the Nanking Massacre
Chronological sequence of letters and reports from missionaries

December 15-18: Letter of Robert O. Wilson to his family

breakfast I spent the morning seeing the other wards and then started operating after lunch.

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

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 sadism 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 into and two of the women, his relatives, were raped. Two girls, about 16, were raped to death in one of the refugee camps. In the University Middle School where there are 8,000 people the Japs came in ten times last night, over the wall, stole food, clothing, and raped until they were satisfied. They bayonetted one little boy, killing him, and I spent an hour and a half this morning patching up another little boy of eight
Documentation of the Nanking Massacre
Chronological sequence of letters and reports from missionaries

December 15-18: Letter of Robert O. Wilson to his family

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
[when the rebels occupied Nanking in the middle of the nineteenth century]. 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.
December 15-18: Letter of Robert O. Wilson to his family

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 17: Excerpt from a report by Minnie Vautrin

The night of December 17 none of us shall ever forget for it is burned into our memories by suffering. Between four and six o’clock, since Mary Twinem had come over to see us, it was possible for me to escort two groups of young women and children over to the main campus of the University of Nanking where they were opening their dormitories for them. We were so crowded [at Ginling College] and so taxed in strength that it did not seem right for us to take in any more at that time. During my absence, two soldiers came in on bicycles, angrily tore down the American flag from its stakes in the main Quadrangle, and started to carry it off. Finding it too heavy they threw it on the ground in front of the Science Building. Mary was called and as soon as they saw her they ran and hid in the Power House from which place she sent them off the campus very much flushed and embarrassed. When we were just finishing our supper - we had persuaded Mary to stay for the night since it was late - the servant from the Central Building came running to the dining room and said that there were two soldiers at the front door trying to get in. Mr. Li and I went to that door and found the men pulling at the door and demanding that we turn over the soldiers - “enemies of Japan”. They refused to believe me when I said there were no soldiers, only women and children, and they insisted on searching. I did not know but later learned that other groups were searching in other buildings at the same time. Finally by a very clever trick they succeeded in getting almost all of the servants and those of us who were responsible for the refugees out to the front gate and there they carried on what we realized later was a mock trial. They made us feel that they were searching for soldiers, but as a matter of fact they were looking for young women and girls. Fitch, Smythe, and Mills appeared unexpectedly on the scene, the latter expecting to spend the night on the campus, and they greatly complicated the mock trial but did not defeat it. A little later they sent off these three men and proceeded in their search for soldiers. Between nine and ten o’clock through a side gate they took off twelve women and girls and the officer at the gate with us took off Mr. Chen. It was not until they were gone that we realized that the trick was to take off girls. I did not expect to see Mr. Chen again for I was sure that he would be shot or bayonetted. That closing scene I shall never, never forget. Mary, Mrs. Tsen and I standing near the gate, the servants kneeling just back of us, Mr. Chen being led out by the officer and a few soldiers, the rustling of the fallen leaves, the shadows passing out the side gate in the distance - of whom we did not know, the low cries of those passing out. Mr. Chen was released at the intersection of Shanghai and Canton Roads, and six of the girls came back at five the next morning unharmed - both of these we believe were wrought by prayer. I think now I

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9From the Archives of the United Board for Christian Higher Education in Asia, Box 145.
December 17: Excerpt from a report by Minnie Vautrin

might have saved those girls but at the time it did not seem possible. Those of us at the front gate stayed there in silence until almost eleven for we did not know but what there were guards outside ready to shoot if any moved, and then we left for the back part of the campus. Almost every building on the campus had been entered and there was some looting beside the taking off of the twelve. That night I stayed down at the front gate house and you can imagine that there was no sleep for any of us the rest of that night. When I reached the Practice School before going to the gate house, I found Mr. Chen there and also Miss Lo. Soon the other helpers came in for they with Mrs. Tsen's daughter-in-law and grandchildren had been hiding among the refugees. Never will I forget the little prayer meeting we had that night in that room at the Practice School. From that time on Mary has stayed with us and helped to carry the responsibility - especially of sending off soldiers. In addition to the twelve girls taken that night, three others have been raped on the campus and nine others have been prevented from the same fate by the appearance of a foreigner at the psychological time. I would that we could have prevented all such tragedies but compared with the fate in most refugee camps and private houses this is an exceedingly good record.....

December 17: Letter from M. Searle Bates to the Japanese Embassy in Nanking

The reign of terror and brutality continues in the plain view of your buildings and among your own neighbors.

(1) Last night soldiers repeatedly came to our Library buildings with its great crowd of refugees, demanding money, watches, and women at the point of the bayonet. When persons had no watches or money, usually because they had been looted several times in the two preceding days, the soldiers broke windows near them and roughly pushed them about. One of our own staff members was wounded by a bayonet in this manner.

(2) At the Library building, as in many other places throughout this part of the city last night, soldiers raped several women.

(3) Soldiers beat our own unarmed watchmen, because the watchmen did not have girls ready for the use of the soldiers.

(4) Last night several of our American-owned residences, with flags and Embassy proclamations on them, were entered irregularly by roving groups of soldiers, some of them several times. These residences included houses in which three American members of our staff are living.

We respectfully ask you to compare these acts, which are small samples of what is happening to large numbers of residents of Nanking, with your Government's official statements of its concern for the welfare of the people of China, likewise of its protection of foreign property.

We do not wish to emphasize personal matters, and refer to two other incidents merely to indicate the degree of wild license among uncontrolled soldiers. Yesterday one American member of our staff was struck by an officer upon entirely false charges which the officer did not investigate, and also by soldiers. During the night another American and myself were pulled out of bed by a drunken soldier with a rifle.

This letter is not written to ask for special protection on behalf of the University, but to
Documentation of the Nanking Massacre
Chronological sequence of letters and reports from missionaries

December 17: Letter of M. Searle Bates to the Japanese Embassy

emphasize, by reason of the nearness of the University to yourselves, the urgency of peril to all peaceable people.

We believe that the Japanese Army has the power and the efficiency to maintain respectable conduct, and to give conquered people a chance to work and live under good order. We are unable to understand why it does not do so, and do it before further damage is done to local people and to Japan’s reputation.

December 18: Letter from M. Searle Bates to the Japanese Embassy

Misery and terror continues everywhere because of the violence and robbery of the soldiers. More than 17,000 poor persons, many of them women and children, are now in our buildings hoping for safety. They are still crowding in, because conditions elsewhere are worse than here. Yet I must give you the record of the past twenty-four hours in this relatively good position.

(1) University Middle School, Kan Ho Yen. One frightened child killed by a bayonet; another critically wounded and about to die. Eight women raped. Several of our own staff, who are trying to feed and care for these wretched people, were struck by soldiers for no reason whatever. Soldiers climb over the walls many times day and night. Many persons could not sleep for three days, and there is hysterical fear. If this fear and despair result in resistance against the attack of soldiers upon women, there will be disastrous slaughter for which your authorities will be responsible. American flag scornfully torn down by soldiers.

(2) Sericulture Building, Chin Ying Chieh. Two women raped.

(3) Agricultural Implements Shop, 11 Hu Chia Ts'ai Yuen, two women raped.

(4) Faculty residence, 11 Hankow Road, inhabited by our own staff. Two women raped.

(5) Faculty residence, 23 Hankow Road, inhabited by American member of our staff. One woman raped.

(6) Agricultural Economics Department (Hsiao T'ao Yuan). This place has received terrible treatment so many times that all women have fled. This morning while visiting there, I was approached by six soldiers, one of whom repeatedly pointed a pistol at me with his finger on the trigger, although I did nothing except ask a courteous question as to whether he found any difficulty there.

These plain facts do not tell the misery of ordinary people visited as many as ten times in one day and six times in one night by wandering groups of soldiers looking for women and loot. They do indicate the urgent need for control at once.

Certain of your representatives declared that there would be military police at the gates of several of these buildings last night (as at certain other points where large bodies of refugees are gathered). But not one guard was seen. Since soldiers are everywhere climbing over walls, a few guards will not do much good, anyhow, unless there is a genuine restoration of general discipline.

The presence of the Akiyama Department Headquarters in the residence formerly belonging to Ho Yin-ni'in, constitutes a special peril to this neighborhood until your soldiers are
Documentation of the Nanking Massacre
Chronological sequence of letters and reports from missionaries

December 18: Letter of M. Searle Bates to the Japanese Embassy

controlled. It could be made a means of security if the generals so desired.

Here and all through the city, people are becoming desperate with hunger, since soldiers have taken their food and money; also many are cold and sick because soldiers have taken their clothing and bedding. How do the Japanese authorities plan to deal with this problem?

It is said on every street with tears and distress that where the Japanese Army is, no person and no house can be safe. Surely this is not what the statesmen of Japan wish to do, and all residents of Nanking expect better things from Japan.

I believe that if you have an opportunity, it would be well for one of you to go with me through some of the places where this terror and suffering continues, so close to your own walls. The writing of this letter has been interrupted in order to deal with seven soldiers engaged in their usual business called "inspection", which means looking for women whom they will return to seize at night.

I slept in these buildings last night, and will continue to do so in the hope of giving a little aid to helpless women and children. Other foreign friends and myself in doing such humanitarian work have repeatedly been threatened by your soldiers. If in the course of these efforts we are killed or wounded by drunken and disorderly soldiers, the responsibility will be entirely clear.

This letter is written in a courteous and friendly spirit, but it reflects something of the unhappy despair in which we have lived since the Japanese Army entered the city five days ago. Immediate remedy is greatly needed.

December 19: Letter of James McCallum to his family

It has been just one week now since the collapse of the Chinese Army in its Nanking defense. Japanese soldiers came marching down Chung Shan road past the hospital on Monday and Japanese flags began to appear here and there. We all breathed a sigh of relief thinking now order would be restored after the panic and stampede caused by the retreating Chinese army. Airplanes could fly over our head without causing apprehension or tension. But a week has passed and it has been hell on earth.

It is a horrible story to relate; I know not where to begin nor to end. Never have I heard or read of such brutality. Rape: Rape: Rape: We estimate at least 1,000 cases a night and many by day. In case of resistance or anything that seems like disapproval there is a bayonet stab or a bullet. We could write up hundreds of cases a day; people are hysterical; they get down on their knees and "Kotow" any time we foreigners appear; they beg for aid. Those who are suspected of being soldiers as well as others, have been led outside the city and shot down by hundreds, yes, thousands. Three times has the staff of our Hospital been robbed of fountain pens, watches and money. Even the poor refugees in certain centers have been robbed again and again until the last

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10 A copy of McCallum's diary/letters to his family is found in Record Group No. 8, Box 119; this copy was provided by Dr. Wu Tien-wei from Dr. Chu Mi of the Library of Congress.
Documentation of the Nanking Massacre
Chronological sequence of letters and reports from missionaries

December 19: Letter of James McCallum to his family

cent, almost the last garment and last piece of bedding only remains and this may go ere long. Women are being carried off every morning, afternoon and evening. The whole Japanese Army seems to be free to go and come anywhere it pleases and to do what it pleases. American flags have frequently been torn down from Ginling and the University and Hillcrest school. At the Seminary, B.T.T.S., University, Ginling, University Middle School, Sericulture buildings, Library and scores of other places, there are case of rape, robbery, shooting and bayonetting every night. Foreigners, when present, have been able in some cases to prevent this. But the fifteen or twenty of us available cannot be in every building all the time.

December 19: Letter of Robert O. Wilson to his family

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 Daniels’ 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 different nurses; each time the nurse yelled so that he hastily dressed and went out to see if anyone was coming. It was
December 19: Letter of Robert O. Wilson to his family

after the third attempt 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 19: Letter of John Magee to his wife

The horror of the last week is beyond anything I have ever experienced. I never dreamed
that the Japanese soldiers were such savages. It has been a week of murder and rape, worse, I
imagine, than has happened for a very long time unless the massacre of the Armenians by the
Turks was comparable. They not only killed every prisoner they could find but also a vast number
of ordinary citizens of all ages. Many of them were shot down like the hunting of rabbits in the
streets. There are dead bodies all over the city from the south city to Hsiakwan. Just day before
yesterday we saw a poor wretch killed very near the house where we are living. So many of the
Chinese are timid and when challenged foolishly start to run. This is what happened to that man.
The actual killing we did not see as it took place just around the corner of a bamboo fence from
where we could see. Cola went there later and said the man had been shot twice in the head.
These two Jap. soldiers were no more concerned than if they had been killing a rat and never
stopped smoking their cigarettes and talking and laughing. J. L. Ch’en’s oldest boy, Ch’en
Chang, 16 years (Chinese count) was carried off with a great body of possibly 500 from right
around where we live two days ago and I think there is very little chance that he is alive. In this
group were also 11 other Ssu So Ts’uen Christians. We have been able to get no trace of them
since, although I gave the names of our people to the newly arrived Consul-General Tanaka
yesterday.....

But the most horrible thing now is the raping of the women which has been going on in

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11 Contained in the Ernest and Clarissa Forster Papers, Record Group No. 8, Box 263.


Documentation of the Nanking Massacre
Chronological sequence of letters and reports from missionaries

December 19: Letter of John Magee to his wife

the most shameless way that I have ever known. The streets are full of men searching for women. Ernest and I, one or the other of us, have to stay and keep our eyes on these houses where our Christians from Hsiakwan and St. Paul's as well as many other refugees we have taken in, are located and Schultz-Pantin’s house where we keep our clothing and take such meals as we can. Cola stays at the house as does another man, a Turco-Tartar who is a mechanic. The Ssu So Tsuen and San Pai Lon Christians are housed next door to us and Jap. soldiers keep going in there and robbing these people of the little that they have. It is a regular nightmare to deal with these perverted groups of men. The house where we keep our things is loaded with women and some even sleep in our dining room. They sit in the house all day in dreadful fear. Several days ago a Buddhist priest from a little temple across the street came in and said he had heard that Japanese had carried off two Buddhist nuns and begged me to take some nuns in, which I have done. The house is really packed like sardines. They sleep in the halls upstairs and down and for a while we had a mother and daughter in our bathroom.

December 19: Letter of Ernest Forster to his wife

It has not been possible for me to write you since my last letter which was sent to you by Mr. [Tillman] Durdin of the NY Times. We have been through an even worse hell since he and the other correspondents left. It is impossible to write all that has happened, but I never dreamed that such human beasts existed as we have had to deal with. They have not loved us foreigners since we insisted on staying here when they did not want us to be here to see all their fiendishness. On the 15th and 16th they searched for soldiers and took off men in droves regardless of whether they had even shouldered guns or not. They murdered most of them in cold blood. We hear that they took a group of two to three hundred to a pond, shot them one by one and let them fall in to the water. Another big group was forced into a mat shed, surrounded with machine guns and burned alive. Fourteen men from Mr. Chen’s congregation at the Model Village were carried off several days ago and have not yet returned. Among them was Mr. Chen’s oldest boy about 16 years. He had not yet returned either. Then the soldiers have been looting and raping to their hearts’ content. John and I usually spend the day taking women and wounded civilians to the hospital and in guarding the two residences where most of our Christians and many others, particularly girls, are taking refuge. Our presence there helps to keep soldiers out. We also sleep there.

Kola and his Tartar friend stay on guard here. We have about 100 people in our house including Buddhist nuns. The number increased when the raping assumed such large proportions. It was quite evident that the soldiers were out of hand. today seemed better in some ways, as some officers seemed to be patrolling this afternoon. But this a.m. it was one continuous succession of soldiers going into houses to get whatever they wanted. Many civilians have been

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From the Ernest and Clarissa Forster Papers, Record Group No. 8, Box 263.
December 19: Letter of Ernest Forster to his wife

killed. John was in Hsiakuan with one of the secretaries of the Japanese Embassy yesterday a.m. The only buildings left standing are ours, which have been looted, the Yangtze Hotel and Socony Installation. He said the streets were littered with hundreds of corpses. The Japanese Embassy people have been decent, but have lost face over their inability to accomplish anything with the military. All properties, foreign and Chinese, have been looted and tumbled upside down. We are hoping that things will get a little better.

I had a long talk this p.m. with a Japanese soldier who is a merchant from Yokohama on Benton Dori. He said their soldiers were very short of food upon their arrival, since their service of supplies could not get things to them as they neared Nanking. So for several days their soldiers were desperate for food. Now that the River is open and the motor road being repaired, they are getting supplies again. He was very decent and told me lots of interesting things. We hope that foreigners will soon be able to get back to Nanking to help us as the job is getting impossible for the few of us to handle.

Over three thousand women and girls are herded into Ginling, some have been carried off by the soldiers; women and children have been raped in the University of Nanking library building, and other Univ. buildings which are crowded with refugees. Last night several soldiers got into the nurses quarters in the University Hospital and frightened a number of girls almost out of their wits. Yesterday p.m. they raped one of the Model Village women. Last night they raped some Buddhist nuns who had crossed the street from our house to get supper and then were afraid to come back because of soldiers in the street.

We are cut off from all news here, so do not know what is happening. None of the foreign embassy people have returned, and we suspect the Japanese do not want them back for a while.

This is now the 20th. We have had a quiet uneventful night and I have just returned to the house where I am standing guard......

December 21: Letter of M. Searle Bates to the Japanese Embassy

In accordance with your request this morning, I submit the following facts, most of which have been observed by myself since I saw you, and the remainder I have carefully investigated after they were told me by reliable people.

(1) This afternoon seven persons were taken from our Library Building by soldiers. These included members of our own staff. There was no accusation or fact of their being soldiers (Chinese), but they were simply seized for forced labor without regard to your proclamation.

(2) At No. 4 T'ou T'iao Hsiang, near the entrance to your Embassy, a woman was raped this afternoon by two soldiers. Does this suggest that a few gendarmes are restoring order?

(3) While I was with you in the Embassy today, my own house was looted for the fourth time. Seven other University houses have been looted today, and many have been entered several times.

(4) Fires systematically laid by large bodies of soldiers working under the direction of officers, are rendering thousands of people homeless and without hope of return to normal life and work. They are going ahead all day just the same as before.
Documentation of the Nanking Massacre
Chronological sequence of letters and reports from missionaries

December 21: Letter of M. Searle Bates to Japanese Embassy

(5) The Shuang Lung Hsiang gate of the University Hospital was broken in today, although it carried your proclamation. In another part of the Hospital, an American just saved the ambulance, which soldiers were stealing.

(6) I have seen myself five cases of soldiers taking this afternoon food and bedding from poor people, usually requiring the people then to go with the loot as carriers.

(7) In An Lot Li next to our Middle School, I answered a call for help from a Red Cross Dressing Station that was caring for three persons wounded in the night by soldiers demanding women and money. One woman was raped upstairs in that house last night. Two soldiers were thoroughly robbing the house when I went in. The very good man doing the medical work said that in his own house at 58 Kao Chia Chiu Khan, two women were raped last night.

(8) I returned through several hundred straw huts of very poor people south of Wu T’ai Shan; some people said that conditions were better last night. Others said they were worse, for soldiers were still seizing girls in their homes, looting from the poorest people, and taking the rickshas of men who have no other means of living.

(9) Yesterday, for the second time, the American flag was torn down from the American Primary School (Wu T’ai Shan) and trampled by soldiers. Soldiers threatened to kill any servant or other person who should put it up again.

December 21: Letter of Robert O. Wilson to his family

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 going 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.

26
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.

Day before yesterday at Hillcrest a young girl of nineteen who was six and a half months pregnant attempted to resist rape by two Japanese soldiers. She received eighteen cuts about the face, several 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 McCallum coming along. On arrival, the terrified Chinese round about pointed to the gate house of which the door was shut. We yelled and pushed the door open to find three soldiers fully armed but only partially clothed at the time and the two women also disheveled but fortunately intact. One of the soldiers was extremely angry 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 us by Mr. Nyi had only half disappeared. How thankful I am for every kori full of stuff that we got out in September.

The Americans composed a telegram yesterday asking for the immediate return of an American diplomatic representative. The Japanese military refused to send it in spite of the fact that they had said before that they would send messages. Today the entire American community and several Germans went to the 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 respiration 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 calmly to load his rifle and play around with it a little. The Chinese then told me that he had brought the ricksha and pump so I told him to take them and get along which he did. He then went outside and as I passed loaded several more cartridges 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.

December 23: Letter of M. Searle Bates to the Japanese Embassy

I have tried for a couple of days to refrain from troubling you further. However, many difficulties occur every day, and today they are worse than usual. New parties of stray soldiers without discipline or officers are going everywhere stealing, raping and taking away women. Some cases follow:
(1) Just now soldiers forcibly entered the University and towed away a truck used to supply rice to refugees.
(2) In our Sericulture Building along there are on the average of more than ten cases per day of
December 23: Letter of M. Searle Bates to the Japanese Embassy

rape or of abducting women.
(3) Our residences continue to be entered day and night by soldiers who injure women and steal everything they wish. This applies to residences in which Americans are now living, just the same as to the others.
(4) Soldiers frequently tear down the proclamations put up by your military police.
(5) This morning an American member of our staff was struck by an officer who suddenly approached him and angrily tried to tear off the arm band supplied by your Embassy.
(6) Other buildings not mentioned above are daily entered several times each by soldiers who utterly disregard your proclamations, looking for women and for loot.
(7) Despite this disorder caused entirely by soldiers, we have no guard whatever and no military police have been sent near us.

December 24: Letter of Robert O. Wilson to his family

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

The burning seems almost over. Only a half a dozen fires were started today to finish up the job of wiping out the shops on both sides of all the main streets. The looting continues. They carried off the Daniels’ rugs today, one of them requiring four men to take. The poor people who stay in the house can of course do nothing about it and can only tell about it later. J. Lossing Buck has no idea how extremely lucky he is to date. His house, by virtue of the fact that there are eight Americans in it, has so far been spared the ravages of looters. 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. Rabe, head of the International Committee, didn’t feel he could come and leave the 600 refugees that are crowding every corner of his house and yard. Every time he leaves 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 discovering 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 have crowded into the Zone. The other two Germans, Kruger and Sperling, have given themselves wholeheartedly to the work of the
December 24: Letter of Robert O. Wilson to his family

committee and its attempt to save some of these poor people. No one will ever know how many have been ruthlessly slaughtered.

One man who just got in today says he was a stretcher bearer and was one of four thousand 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: Letter of Robert O. Wilson to his family

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. The patient was going downhill steadily and it seemed to be a choice between his leg and his life. The outcome is not by any means settled yet, as he may well lose both. After finishing the operations there were still seventy patients yet to seen on two wards as yet unvisited.

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

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

Except for the rather sketchy news from Simburg we have had no news for two weeks and we are sure that no real news from Nanking 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 27: Letter of M. Searle Bates to the Japanese Embassy

Beginning more than a week ago, we were promised by you that within a few days order would be restored by replacement of troops, resumption of regular discipline, increase of military police, and so forth. Yet shameful disorder continues, and we see no serious effort to stop it. Let me give a few examples from University property close to you, without covering all portions of the University.

(1) Yesterday afternoon a soldier cut the rope and took away the American flag from our Rural Leaders’ Training School at Yin Yang Ying and Shanghai Roads.

(2) Last night between eleven and twelve o’clock, a motor car with three Japanese military men came to the main University gate, claiming that they were sent by headquarters to inspect. They forcibly prevented our watchman from giving an alarm, and kept him with them while they found and raped three girls, one of whom is only eleven years old. One of the girls they took away with them.

(3) Stray soldiers continue to seize men to work for them, causing much fear and unnecessary
Documentation of the Nanking Massacre
Chronological sequence of letters and reports from missionaries

December 27: Letter of M. Searle Bates to the Japanese Embassy

inconvenience. For example, a soldier insisted on taking a worker from the Hospital yesterday; and several of our own servants and watchmen have been taken.

(4) Several of our residences are entered daily by soldiers looking for women, food, and other articles. Two houses within one hour this morning.

(5) Example 5 is from the Bible Teachers' Training School for Women, Chien Ying Hsiang, a place which has suffered terribly from your soldiers for a long time, and which I believe you once promised to protect especially - but where no military policeman has appeared. Yesterday seven different times there came groups of three or four soldiers, taking clothes, food and money from those who have some left after previous lootings of the same type. They raped seven women, including a girl of twelve. In the night larger groups of twelve or fourteen soldiers came four times and raped twenty women.

The life of the whole people is filled with suffering and fear - all caused by soldiers. Your officers have promised them protection, but the soldiers every day injure hundreds of persons most seriously. A few policemen help certain places, and we are grateful for them. But that does not bring peace and order. Often it merely shifts the bad acts of the soldiers to nearby buildings where there are no policemen.

Does not the Japanese Army care for its reputation? Do not Japanese officers wish to keep their public promises that they do not injure the common people?

While I have been writing this letter, a soldier has forcibly taken a woman from one of our teachers’ houses, and with his revolver refused to let an American enter. Is this order?

Many people now want to return to their homes, but they dare not because of rape, robbery, and seizure of men continuing every day and night. Only serious efforts to enforce orders, using many police and real punishments will be of any use. In several places the situation is a little better, but it is still disgraceful after two weeks of army terrorism. More than promises is now needed.

With respectful distress and anxiety,

December 28: Letter of Ernest Forster to his wife

I have been doing police duty at 17 and 25 again, but have not had any troubles to deal with, thank the Lord. Last few days, I have had a chance to get in a little reading. John spent the night at 25 and I was here at 17. Then I went home to breakfast and John went later. He does not usually get up until about eight and by that time I am eating breakfast. He has not returned to relieve me here, so I may decide to eat Chinese supper and not go back to our house. The two servants are well. Yu-fok seems to have recovered, but has gotten quite thin and white. They are both functioning under difficulties as the house is so full of refugees they can scarcely move. Things seems to be better in general, as a great many troops seem to have left town, and the people feel freer about walking on streets. They are still scared as stray soldiers are still looting and raping, and men suspected of having been soldiers are still being executed. But it is still much better in many respects than it has been and we are no end thankful. If only more foreigners would
December 28: Letter of Ernest Forster to his wife

Come back and help out it would be a great relief to the congested conditions now obtaining. At Ginling College alone there must be over ten thousand women and children. We do not know when people will be allowed to move in and out of the city freely. The problem of finding food for so many is getting very acute. We hear that the farmers outside the city are destitute, too, since their grain, farm animals and implements are largely gone. Fires are still being set in some sections of the city, so that the southern part is mostly ruin. No plea on the ground of humanity seems to be of any avail. Don’t worry about us. We are o.k.

December 28: Letter of Robert O. Wilson to his family

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 night 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.

The Japanese are apparently sincerely trying to cut down the lawlessness. There are quite a few gendarmes and when they are present the looting stops. After they have passed there is still some going on. Only one or two big fires a day now remind us that there are still a few unburned buildings. Groups of soldiers and coolies are now busy cleaning up the streets which were littered
December 28: Letter of Robert O. Wilson to his family

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 a repair now in the face of his present infection is out of the question and just 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.

December 29: Letter of James McCallum to his family

Have been so busy every day and five nights of the week that I’ve had no time to write. A foreigner must be on duty 24 hours here at the hospital in order to deal with the Japanese visitors. It is snowing and bitterly cold; our hearts ache for the thousands who have poor shelter and who are cooped up in such close quarters. Our hospital is full and the lighter cases fill the University Dormitory building. Some we cannot dismiss for they have no place to go. Have had fifteen or twenty babies within the last week; six on Christmas Day. It is easy to find Miss Hynds; she is always in the nursery mothering the whole crowd of babies.

Thought of you all on Christmas Day and hoped it was a happy time for you. We presumed you were still in Kuling. The rumors are reaching us that Kuling may be evacuated. We have been completely out of touch with the rest of the world. No one can get into Nanking and it seems very difficult to get out. We have talked of sending some one of our group out to carry the news of the terrible things that have been and still are happening here, but know that person would never get back if he once left.

I have been living with Mills, Fitch, Smythe, Sone, Wilson, Bates, and Riggs here in the Buck house. All of us have been doing double duty. We scarcely sit down to our meals without someone coming in every other five minutes or so to call for help. Food is swallowed whole and hurried exits are made to save a truck from being stolen or more often to protect women from soldiers. Seldom do we all sit down to eat at the same time. We dare not go out alone after dark but go in twos or threes.

Every day or two I have gone out for an inspection of our mission property. I have found visitors in our house at Peh Hsia Rd. every time I have gone there. Every foreign house is a sight to behold; untouched until the Japanese army arrived, nothing untouched since. Every lock has been broken; every trunk ransacked. Their search for money and valuables has led them to the flues and inside pianos.
Documentation of the Nanking Massacre
Chronological sequence of letters and reports from missionaries

December 29: Letter of James McCallum to his family

Our phonograph records are all broken; the dishes are in a broken mass on the floor along with everything else that was discarded after each looting. The front of the piano was removed and all the hammers struck with something heavy. Our house being outside the Safety Zone, this was not to be unexpected but houses within the Zone have shared a like fate. Two of our boys' school buildings were set fire to, one a complete loss. Nanking presents a dismal appearance. At the time the Japanese Army entered the city little harm had been done to buildings. Since then the stores have been stripped of their wares and most of them burned. Taiping, Chung Hwa and practically every other main business road in the city is a mass of ruins. In south city much of the area back of the main street was also burned. We see new fires every day and wonder when such beastly destruction will cease.

But far worse is what has been happening to the people. They have been in terror and no wonder. Many of them have nothing left now but a single garment around their shoulders. Helpless and unarmed, they have been at the mercy of the soldiers, who have been permitted to roam about at will wherever they pleased. There is no discipline whatever and many of them are drunk. By day they go into the buildings in our Safety Zone centers, looking for desirable women, then at night they return to get them. If they have been hidden away, the responsible men are bayoneted on the spot. Girls of 11 and 12 and women of fifty have not escaped. Resistance is fatal. The worst case come to the hospital. A woman six months pregnant, who resisted, came to us with 16 knife wounds in her face and body, one piercing the abdomen. She lost her baby but her life will be spared. Men who gave themselves up to the mercy of the Japanese when they were promised their lives would be spared, - a very few of them returned to the Safety Zone in a sad way. One of them declared they were used for bayonet practice and his body certainly looked it. Another group was taken out near Ku-ling Sz; one who somehow returned, lived long enough to tell the fate of that group. He claimed they threw gasoline over their heads, and then set fire to them. This man bore no other wounds but was burned so terribly around the neck and head that one could scarcely believe he was a human being. The same day another, whose body had been half burned over, came into the hospital. He had also been shot. It is altogether likely that the bunch of them had been machine-gunned, their bodies then piled together and then burned. We could not get the details, but he evidently crawled out and managed to get to the hospital for help. Both of these died. And so I could relate such horrible stories that you would have no appetite for days. It is absolutely unbelievable but thousands have been butchered in cold blood - how many it is hard to guess - some believe it would approach the 10,000 mark.

We have met some very pleasant Japanese who have treated us with courtesy and respect. Others have been very fierce and threatened us, striking or slapping some. Mr. Riggs has suffered most at their hands. Occasionally have I seen a Japanese helping some Chinese or pick up a Chinese baby and play with it. More than one Japanese soldier told me he did not like war and wished he were back home. Altho' the Japanese Embassy staff has been cordial and tried to help us out, they have been helpless. But soldiers with a conscience are few and far between.

Now it is time to make the rounds of the hospital. There are a hundred on the staff. When we have water and lights again it will be much easier, for the lamps to look after and water to
Documentation of the Nanking Massacre
Chronological sequence of letters and reports from missionaries

December 29: Letter of James McCallum to his family

pump each day increases our labor considerably.

December 30: Letter of James McCallum to his family

Glorious weather. It feels so good to get out into the air. It is more peaceful but far from good. A man came into the hospital today shot through the intestines with about four feet of them hanging out. He has a chance in a thousand of recovery. Bob Wilson spent the better part of the morning trying to patch him up. Before dinner a 12 yr. old girl was abducted by two Japanese soldiers who drove up in a yellow taxi. Several men were forcibly carried away from Ginling, Magee’s place, as well as other places, accused of being soldiers. The men had friends among the group who could identify them as civilians, but because they had calluses on their hands, they were branded without further investigation as soldiers in spite of the protests voiced. Many ricksha and san-pan men as well as other laborers have been shot simply because they have the marks of honest toil upon their hands. An old caretaker in a German residence near the Kian An bus station is reported to have been killed yesterday. Soldiers found no young men on the place to conscript for labor and he protested about going himself. And I said this had been fairly peaceful today. Can you imagine what was happening when I did not have time to stop and write.

Been busy getting in supplies of rice for the hospital and those Chinese Christians housed in the Drum Tower Church. Moved 50 big bags - about 65 tons.

The Japanese are beginning to tighten up on the police, on the Chinese and a suggestion of further restrictions for the foreigners. It was suggested by Mr. Oki that we Americans be concentrated in one place under guard. Just how much freedom would be allowed in such as case we do not know, but we are a bit suspicious. The registration is proceeding and those Chinese who do not have a certificate of registration are being restricted for free movement within the Safety Zone and are refused exit from the Zone.

Now I must close. I must take some patients home in the ambulance. Everyone who leaves the hospital must be accompanied by a foreigner. I am the official bodyguard for even the police. We are so crowded that we are glad to get some out. So many have no place to go to and no money and no clothing that it is quite a problem. We cannot heal them and then kick them out to die of neglect or starvation, or to be killed or reinjured. Most of them have come in from bayonet or bullet wounds since the city was captured.

....Still we have been kept in complete isolation from the rest of the world. I heard that they are giving out that it is still dangerous for foreigners to come here as there are still Chinese soldiers about! The real danger from the Japanese standpoint is that they do not want more foreign eyes to see the dreadful things we have seen. Things are much better now as there is much less raping and robbery although this still continues. The worst division has been taken away from the city but I pity the poor people where it goes as there will be no foreigners to help them.....
December 31: Letter of James McCallum to his family

This is the last day of the year. Great preparations are being made to celebrate the New Year. It must be one holiday our Japanese friends like. A three-day holiday has been announced. We dread what may take place with more freedom allowed. There is some indication of things for the better. Today I saw crowds of people flocking across Chung Shan Rd. out of the Zone. They came back later carrying rice which was being distributed by the Japanese from the Examination Yuan.

There were some happy people today: We have so many babies in the hospital and the mothers and babies are always happy to be leaving even tho’ they have no decent place to go - only over-crowded concentration camps with hundreds in a room. The grandmother and three other children had to escort the new baby “home” as they called it, so bundled them all into the ambulance and took them over the University where they are “at home” among the 20,000 refugees there. The brother insisted on holding his little baby brother and they were all smiles over the fine, tho’ brief, auto ride. but what do they have to be happy over? Well, I hand it to them, they’ve succeeded in rising above the circumstances in a noble way. Another servant from the American Embassy came in for his final examination and to have the stitches removed from a bullet wound - and he was all smiles.

Registration is under way at the B.T.T.S. Spent part of the morning trying to get some of our Hospital staff registered, but there was such a jam that we could not get near. Our folks are anxious to get registered fearing the time limit will expire, and death if they do not comply. Our busy bunch cannot stand in line day after day waiting when they have so much work to do. The rest of the morning was spent in trying to get something to eat for our family of three hundred. They surely eat up a lot everyday and food is hard to get. We went way into the southwest part of the city near the wall and had a hard time getting there as some of the fires had caused so much debris to be scattered into the streets one could hardly get by in spots.

The food problem will soon be a very serious one unless something is done to get some in from the outside.

Another woman with a new baby insists on leaving the hospital tho’ she has no place to go to, no money, no friends and no provision for her baby. Her husband was taken away days ago and has never returned and probably never will. She wants to get out to seek him, going around from place to place in her search. She has no strength and how can she possible do it? I have given her name out to several of the camps trying to trace friends or neighbors, all to no avail. My! What misery we witness.

We expect the new government to be inaugurated in Nanking tomorrow - a celebration due Kulou in the afternoon. The former five-color flag has been revived and they say 60,000 have been made to order that they may be flown along with the Japanese flag.

January 1, 1938: Letter of James McCallum to his family

The day and the year started gloriously. Firecrackers going full blast woke me and I opened my eyes to wonder what was going on. It was a perfectly beautiful day with the sun a big
red ball of fire in the sky. Later Purple Mountain was a lovely blue like the Cascades often are. It was very obviously a holiday. Firecrackers - loads of them - had been distributed to the Chinese free- and who would refuse the indulgence of making a good noise to relieve the spirit. We learned that yesterday they gave away several hundred of thousands of 200 lb. bags of rice. The usual New Year’s greetings were exchanged.

Night before last we were invited to the home of Herr John Rabe where we found a beautiful Christmas tree lighted with many candles. Everything was perfect except the absence of our wives and children - a big lack. We have been worrying about you. We heard one brief sentence over the radio from Tokyo that all Americans were being evacuated from Kuling. I sometimes wish you were all safe in America.

We had a New Year’s dinner with Mrs·. Twinem, Mr. Magee, Mr. Forster, and Mrs. Ching of Ginling as guests. We ate our last goose. About the time we finished our dinner our day began to be spoiled. Two men came running from Magee’s place (he has three places full of refugees) saying that two Japanese soldiers had entered and were after the women. We got a car ready and Fitch took Magee and Forster over. Later he brought in two of the women to the Hospital. One had been raped and the other badly beaten had managed with the aid of her father to break away, but had been injured as she jumped from a window. They were hysterical. Then a nun from a Temple in the southeastern part of the city was brought to us. She had been wounded on the fourteenth of December. Five of them had sought safety in a dugout, but the Japanese soldiers came into the dugout from each end killing three of the five, wounding the other two. These two, the nun and a little apprentice girl of ten later saved their lives by hiding under the dead bodies of their friends. Eighteen days with no medical attention and five days without food! A man in the neighborhood managed to get the badly wounded nun to the hospital. She hold us of the little girl who had been stabbed in the back, so I took the ambulance down to get her. Her wound had healed; all she needed was food, a bath, and comfortable surroundings. The people who live in the southeast section of the city are a terrified lot - surrounded by Japanese soldiers. They gathered around us as we waited for the little girl - quite a decently behaved group of soldiers. But as we stood there a drunk soldier came by bullying two old Chinese men. The Chinese men were so frightened that they came up to me and begged for my help. I must confess I am afraid of an armed drunken soldier, but with the aid of a few of the sober soldiers who helped by diverting the attention of the drunk, the old men had an opportunity to escape - and how they took to their heels! The drunken soldier evidently cursed me, for one of the other soldiers, angered, took a club to him. As I started back to the ambulance, one of my orderlies I discovered had been taken off by another bunch of soldiers. It was the cook, who urged by curiosity had begged to be allowed to accompany us. His Red Cross sleeve band had been taken off; he was scared and thought sure he was about to be shot. I rescued him and by this time I began to fear our ambulance might have been taken, but we hurried back to find the decent bunch of soldiers still surrounding it so we left them with smiles. The last few days we have had to go into the extreme parts of this city where few people dare to venture but we have come back safely each time with our load of food or patients.
January 1: Letter of James McCallum to his family

Tried today to estimate the extent of destruction of property. From the Hospital to Chung Che and Peh Hsia Rds. about 30 percent; about half on Peh Hsia Rd; on Chung Hwa Rd. about 80 percent - beyond there, less and not a great deal burned out in the extreme southern part. Off from S. Kulou towards the East Wall about 20 or 30 percent concentrated in certain areas.

Another woman came into the Hospital this afternoon who had been wounded before the fall of Nanking. Her home was in a village south of Nanking. She had left home with her five children - the youngest three months and the oldest twelve. Japanese planes flew overhead spraying machine gun bullets. One hit her in the eye, coming out near the throat. She tried to struggle on with her baby but finally had to give up and lay unconscious most of one night with her children gathered near her. In the morning she realized she could not continue with the weight of her baby so she left it in the deserted house and struggle along until she came to some villagers who helped her into one of the refugee camps. After eighteen days she reached us and medical aid.

Tonight at dusk I counted five good sized fires in different parts of the city - and so the burning and looting and raping continues. In the Safety Zone it is much better altho’ the soldiers still come in. However in contrast to those days when we were trying to stop them at several places at once, day and night, it is comparatively peaceful and quiet. At least we have time to write.

January 3: Letter of James McCallum to his family

Succeeded in getting half of the hospital staff registered today.

I must report a good deed done by some Japanese. Recently several very nice Japanese have visited the hospital. We told them of our lack of food supplies for the patients. Today they brought in 100 chin of beans along with some beef. We have had no meat at the hospital for a month and these gifts were mighty welcome. They asked what else we would like to have.

But each day has a long list of bad reports. A man was killed near the relief headquarters yesterday afternoon. In the afternoon a Japanese soldier attempted to rape a woman; her husband interfered and helped her resist. But in the afternoon the soldier returned to shoot the husband.

This morning came another woman in a sad plight and with a horrible story. She was one of five women whom the Japanese soldiers had taken to one of their medical units, to wash their clothes by day, to be raped by night. Two of them were forced to satisfy from 15 to 20 men and the prettiest one as many as 40 each night. This one who came to us had been called off by three soldiers into an isolated place where they attempted to cut her head off. The muscles of the neck had been cut but they failed to sever the spinal cord. She feigned death but dragged herself to the hospital - another of the many to bear witness to the brutality of the soldiers. Dr. Wilson is trying to patch her up and thinks she may have a chance to live. Day after day our group has made its report to the authorities of these terrible conditions. They have tightened up and issued orders; still each day brings its atrocities.
Our Committee went out this morning and inspected two refugee centers. Several mass meetings were held for the inauguration of a self-government society for the city. It is significant that the old five barred Chinese flag was used with the Japanese flag, and that no flags of the central government were in evidence. In fact, at the mass meeting which was poorly attended, all the sins of the latter were exposed by the orators, and the blessings the people might expect from the new regime were proclaimed. John and I had been invited to a New Year’s dinner at the University of Nanking, but we decided that I was to go and John was to stay on guard. John was persuaded by George Fitch to attend the dinner anyway, so he went. But we had just finished eating when Catechist Fan and Paul Tong came running to say that some Japanese soldiers had entered No. 17 and were raping the women there. We rushed over immediately in Geo. Fitch’s car but the men had left about three minutes before. We tried to trace them but unsuccessfully. As I got the story, what happened was this: Two soldiers came into Chiang’s room, the Chinese priest from Puchen, and stole his sweater and a pair of gloves. They saw Mrs. Chiang and decided to come back for her. She managed to escape, however, by a bathroom door. Then one of the soldiers went to the 3rd floor and started to rape an unmarried girl there. She resisted and succeeded in tripping up the soldier and thus escaping. Then the soldiers attacked two young married women on the second floor. We took them to the hospital for treatment. A soldier beat one of them and Mrs. Chou who was trying to protect her with a bayonet.

Mr. Lu, the Chinese helper at Tungshan and Tunglieu has apparently carried out his threat of suicide. He has not returned since early morning of Dec. 31st. Neighbors told us that they saw a body in a pond nearby which they think is his, but we have not yet received permission from the authorities to drag for the body. It is very sad. He seems to have entertained this idea for some time and his determination has increased by the sufferings of the people, since the occupation of the city.

Yesterday I preached at the service for the Model Village Christians. We had a good service and the people listened well. After lunch I went over to No. 17 to relieve John who had worshiped with the Christians from Hsiakuan and St. Paul’s. I spent the afternoon typing our report of the inspection we have made so far. John came back to House 25 to spend the night and reported two incidents that had happened. About 4:30 a Japanese soldier had tried to rape the mother of five children. Her husband was at home and struggled with the soldier so that his wife could escape. The soldier left in anger, returned with his rifle and shot the man dead. John went to report the matter and found that Mr. Fitch was already on his way to Mr. Rabe’s house to report the case. While they were conferring, neighbors rushed in to say that a Japanese soldier was trying to rape a woman in a nearby hut. John and George rushed out and drove the fellow off.... So it goes.

At the Woman’s Bible School the soldiers have been doing a good deal of raping and looting. After much protesting a group of military police was stationed there. The other night one of them went in and raped a woman. Yesterday afternoon several men came in to report happenings at the Texaco Installation outside the Han His Men. The place was looted by Japanese soldiers who took down two American flags, stating that since America and Japan were enemies,
Documentation of the Nanking Massacre
Chronological sequence of letters and reports from missionaries

January 3: Letter of Ernest Forster to his wife

the flags could not be flown. They made the servants at the point of guns sign and fingerprint a statement to the effect that they had sold the loot to the soldiers for a sum of money, and then forced one man and his 63 yr. old father to push the motor cars and trucks which belong to the Texas Oil Co. to another place. The men had one meal in three days. They killed a number of people in and around the installation. In one family of nine, only a woman and child escaped. The soldiers fired on them and then set fire to the dugout. The woman escaped by covering herself and the baby with a heavy quilt and then running through the flames. These are just samples of what has been happening here.

Things are somewhat better though it is quite evident that neither the military nor civil Japanese officials have the soldiers in hand. What has happened here has been repeated I fear all along the line of march. Yesterday we had a visit from the Chinese planes who dropped some bombs at Hsiakuan and outside the south gate in the airdrome. There was anti-aircraft firings for a few minutes. Then all was quiet again. There are rumours that Yangchow is now in Japanese hands as well as Taichow, I-ling, Tai-hsien, etc. so I guess we may expect the worst. Today for the first time in many weeks we have electric lights again which means also that we can get radio news. Unfortunately, John’s is not functioning....

January 5: Letter of John McCallum to his family

A perfect morning and a gorgeous view of the sunrise from my attic room in the Buck house. Fixed up a radio in the X-Ray room at the hospital with stray equipment picked up here and there and it came in good last night - so communications are again established.

Made a trip to South City in the ambulance to get pai tsai for our big family. Saw many large fires burning.

A red letter day. Mr. Fukuyi of the Japanese Embassy informs us that three American Embassy men will arrive in Nanking today. They have been making promises for ten days, but apparently had some difficulty in getting Army permission. We tried to send a message thru' the Japanese asking for their return, but they refused to send it. They would like to have had us all out of Nanking but now that we have stayed so long and know so much, we are not allowed to leave - we are virtually prisoners.

My radio does not work so well after all. We have secured a second radio but cannot get the short wave to work. We got English reports from Tokyo, Manila and Shanghai and there is some good music, but I spent some hours at the radio yesterday and from all sources I got the same record so often that I could sing it for our household:

"I'm Pop-eye the sailor man. I'm Pop-eye the sailor man,
I fight to the finish for I eat my spinach,
I'm Pop-eye the sailor man."

Have a new job. Been delivering babies. O yes, Trim and Wilson DELIVER them, but I take them home, to some crowded refugee camp. Nearly every other day I take the ambulance out to get pai tsai, rice and other foodstuffs. A foreigner must go along to guarantee delivery.
January 5: Letter of James McCallum to his family

Salvaged three cows recently and Mrs. Chang is making some butter for us. Our bachelor group has gone thru' with about 26 dozen tins of Luchowfu peaches and for the past month we have had them every day. We are eating more rice and there is plenty of pai tsai. I understand the Japanese are selling apples, in limited quantities, at ten cents a piece. A few other things are coming in.

January 6: Letter of James McCallum to his family

The biggest news of the day has just come. The American Consular representatives told us that the families of McCallum, Trimmer, Mills, and Smythe left Hankow for Hongkong on the 30th. He also delivered some letters of yours written the last of November.

It is the first news or mail we've received for more than a month and how welcome it was! I'm hoping you had a comfortable trip, altho' I feel sure you must have been exposed to a lot of inconveniences and possible dangers. I shall be relieved when I hear where you are and what your next move will be. I have concluded in my own mind that if you are permitted to come to Shanghai that you will do so and place the children in the American school there for the rest of the school year. I'm hoping for that move, for it means I might be able to see you before long, altho' we as yet have no assurance that we would be permitted to leave.

I am glad I stayed. Altho' there were only 20 of us foreigners we have been able to help considerably in the various concentration points in the Safety Zone. Had there been a hundred of us to guard against the 50,000 soldiers that much more could have been accomplished. Ginling has housed as high as 12,000, the University buildings about 25,000, the Seminary and B.T.T.S., 2 or 3 thousand each and every house in the vicinity crammed full. Some of the men are engaged now in trucking coal and rice; we do not dare leave a truck or car out of our sight.

There is still a corpse in our compound at Peh Hsia Rd., another on the first floor of our South Gate Women's Building, and one in the Plopper's compound - all having met their fate about the 13th. In the Price's yard is a little baby about six months old. It cried while a soldier was raping its mother. The soldier smothered it by putting his hand over its nose and mouth. Permits to bury have not been obtainable. I have buried more than 38 bodies myself in our hospital dugouts; gathering them off the streets nearby; most of them being soldiers. The loss of life has been appalling. Men, women and children of all ages have paid a terrible price. Why does war have to be so beastly?

Japanese talk of getting the people back to their homes, starting up business again and of bringing in a lot of Japanese goods. The diplomatic group wants to set up a city government; the Army will not allow it. They want the people to go back to their homes; the Army continues to terrify them so that they dare not leave the concentration camps. They want business started again; the Army has taken away all stocks and burned the stores. They want them to start trade; but the Army has robbed the people of their money. They want them to produce; but the Army has killed all the chickens and pigs and cows, every living thing. The irony of it.
January 9: Letter of James McCallum to his family

Some newspaper men came to the entrance of a concentration camp and distributed cakes, and apples and handed out a few coins to the refugees. And a moving picture was taken of this kind act. At the same time a bunch of soldiers climbed over the back wall of the compound and raped a dozen or so of the women. There were no pictures taken out back.

The constructive group wants to restore electricity and water. The day before the final arrangements were made through Rabe to get the workmen back on the job, a military detachment headed by non-commissioned officers went to the British Export Co.’s factory and picking out a group of Electric Light Co. employees, 43 of them, lined them up and machine-gunned them. The Light Co. was a private corporation. The soldiers without investigation claimed they were government employed. That is the general condition after a month’s time and there is little hope of improvement.

Now the Japanese are trying to discredit our efforts in the Safety Zone. They threaten and intimidate the poor Chinese into repudiating what we have said. Some of the Chinese are even ready to prove that the looting, raping and burning was done by the Chinese and not the Japanese. I feel sometimes that we have been dealing with maniacs and idiots and I marvel that all of us foreigners have come through this ordeal alive.

We do not know when we will be permitted to leave Nanking. With so few of us we do not want to leave until some more men are allowed to come in. We have been living fairly normally in our bachelor quarters and it has been a grand bunch to be with. All of us have gotten into many amusing situations as well as serious ones and we have jolly times relating them to each other. We could welcome a change from Luchowfu peaches and Chinese cabbage for a diet. How good butter and eggs would taste! But we have plenty of flour, rice and our gardens are still yielding lettuce and carrots and beets. If it is made available by the military there should be enough rice in the city to feed the 200,000 people through the winter. But the economic outlook is pitiful to contemplate. There is no production; only consumption.

Just heard the family had arrived in Hongkong safely. Praise be! Now where?

January 15: Letter of James McCallum to his family

One of the British Embassy men is going to Shanghai tonight and has promised to take any letters we might want to send. I am sending you the letters I have written, but could not mail - quite a stack by now.

Conditions have improved but horrible things still go on. Ten days ago I went into the dispensary and saw a fifteen year old boy on the table there with part of his stomach and some of his intestines protruding. The wound was two days old. He lives out near the Wu Ting Meng Gate. The soldiers had taken him as a laborer to carry vegetables. When he had finished his work they went thru’ his clothing and robbed him of the sixty cents which they found, then stuck him several times with bayonets.

Our British Embassy friends have had a difficult time hearing our stories. They are too raw for them to take so we have had to tone them down considerably. But they have been bumping
Documentation of the Nanking Massacre
Chronological sequence of letters and reports from missionaries

January 15: Letter of James McCallum to his family

into some pretty terrible things on their own and getting it first hand. They went on a tour of inspection of the British property and near the A.P.C. at Ho Ping Men they found the body of a woman who had had a golf club forced up, internally; a part of it was protruding. Now you know why the people are still in the refugee camps and why they are still terrified. We have been able to protect them on American property when we have been present, but what we have been able to do has been a mere drop in the bucket.

January 24: Letter of W. Plumer Mills to his wife¹³

Memories crowd in on one, as one sits down to write. The last three months have certainly been full. The latter part of November and the first part of December saw the planning of the Safety Zone and the setting up of the machinery for its administration, then came the tense days of fighting around Nanking and our unsuccessful though strenuous attempts to arrange a truce, and finally since the 13th of December our long continued struggle with the Japanese to establish and maintain order. Then too there have been especially since the first of December, really big problems to deal with constantly in regard to the housing and provisioning of the refugees. I shall try in this letter to speak of these things in consecutive order to enable you, if I can, the better to understand what has happened.

With regard to the Safety Zone, we got our inspiration of course from the success of Father Jacquinot’s zone in Shanghai. I have called it his zone, just because his name was so prominently associated with it. Our first task locally was to clear the idea of such a zone with Chinese and foreign friends, then to discuss it with the Chinese officials to make sure that we had their support, and finally to take it up with the Japanese. We had to make as sure as we could of a good location, to get the Chinese to agree to move their troops and military equipment out of the area, and then to get a promise from the Japanese to respect it. These were all difficult things to do. As a matter of fact the last two were never fully accomplished, but we did get both sides sufficiently committed to justify us in going ahead to put the Zone into operation. The Chinese promised to move their troops out of the area, but never fully did so until just about the time of their retreat. On the other hand, the Japanese at first made no reply to our proposal, and then only after repeated efforts on our part; finally gave a sort of back-handed recognition to it by saying that while they were not in a position to give an undertaking that the area would not be either bombed or bombarded, it could nevertheless be taken for granted that the Japanese forces had no intention of attacking places not used by the Chinese troops for military purposes. We were never able formally to declare to both sides that the Zone was in operation, because by the time the Chinese troops had moved out sufficiently to enable us to make such an announcement honestly, the foreign gunboats had all moved up the river, and we had no way to send any messages out, as all other means of communication had long since ceased to function. What we did do was this.

¹³From W. Plumer Mills papers in Record Group No. 8, Box 141.
We announced, before all lines of communication were out, that the International Committee for
the Safety Zone, relying on the good faith of both sides in regard to the assurances given, was
going ahead with its plans for the operation of the Zone, was inviting the people to come into it,
and making provision as far as it could for food, fuel, and housing. In other words, our Nanking
Safety Zone was carried through on sheer nerve; or if you prefer, on faith; or on a certain sort of
boldness that did not know when it was licked. More than once our chances of success seemed
slight, but something always happened, or was made to happen, that gave us a new start, until
now, ten weeks after its inception, the Zone is still going strong. Of course, we all thought and
expected that the Zone would have gone out of operation long ago, but as I wrote you on the
22nd, the Zone has proven far more useful after the occupation than it was before. It did give
some protection during the fighting, because it proved a haven of refuge especially to the people
in the southern and southeastern sections of the city and in the suburbs, where the heaviest
fighting took place. But the chief usefulness of the Zone has been in the measure of protection it
has afforded to the people since the occupation. I wish you could have seen the way the people
flocked into the Zone during the early days of December, and I wish you could see Shanghai
Road and Ninghai Road now. These two are now the principal business streets of Nanking.... The
reason is simply that the people are here in the Zone, and because by now some sort of order has
been established, so that there is no longer the universal plundering and robbing that there used to
be, the people now have more confidence than they had before and have begun to come out again
on the streets. They have set up scores of temporary shops by the side of the road and business is
brisk in these - all of course on a small scale and all within the Zone. Outside of the Zone there is
no business at all.

We could never have put the Zone into operation had it not been for the splendid
assistance given us in the beginning by the Chinese civil officials, the members of the diplomatic
Corps, the foreign newspaper men, and the foreign businessmen. They were all for the scheme and
aided it in every way they could. Our troubles were solely with the military, Chinese and Japanese.
With the Chinese the difficulty was due to the fact that they were so dilatory about moving out of
the area. With the Japanese our difficulty lay in getting them to make any reply at all, and even
then we got only an indirect recognition of the Zone, but it proved enough for our purposes. The
Committee held steadily to its determination to establish the Zone, and finally succeeded, though
it was an uphill task. Almost at the last the Chinese military tried to make us alter the southwest
line, claiming that they had not clearly understood just what the civil officials had agreed to,
although we had previously been solemnly assured that it had all been thoroughly checked with
them. If I ever felt in danger these months in Nanking, it was on the afternoon when Searle Bates,
Mr. Rabe, Mr. Sperling, and I finally went over that line again with the military, and settled that
the line should run as originally agreed upon. While we were out on the hills back of Hillcrest and
the Seminary, two Japanese planes appeared overhead, and the anti-aircraft guns close by us
began to roar. We were out directly among the soldiers, so we were a fair target so to speak. We
lay down on the ground and watched the planes go by, while the guns blazed. For the first time I
saw the silver gleam of some of the smaller shells or tracer bullets as they sped after the planes.
Documentation of the Nanking Massacre
Chronological sequence of letters and reports from missionaries

January 24: Letter of W. Plumer Mills to his wife

Fortunately the planes were after other prey that day and we escaped, but as Mr. Rabe said afterwards, "I expected to be bombed that day." I did not exactly expect to be bombed, but both planes and guns were too close for comfort. Searle went back with Mr. Sperling the next day to put up the Zone flags - a red cross with a circle - thus finally marking the line, and he said their experience then was much worse than the day before when I was with him.

All this is only part of the story of the Zone, but I must pass on to other things. Perhaps this is the logical place to tell you a bit about our efforts to get a truce established that would permit the Chinese to withdraw from the city and the Japanese to enter it without further fighting. It was perfectly clear from a variety of reasons that the Chinese could not hold the city, though not so clear that they might not be able to make it somewhat costly for the Japanese. A truce proposal therefore seemed in order. The scheme was all talked through with General Tang, who was in command of the city, one of his secretaries acting as go-between, and had his hearty approval. Officially of course he could not accept the plans without the approval of General Chiang, who had by then left Nanking. It was necessary therefore to send a wire to Hankow and one to Tokyo at the same time. The messages were drafted and Searle and I took them out to the Panay, which was then lying a little upstream off Hsiakwan. We went out with General Tang's secretary on a special pass through the city gates. Hsiakwan was already ablaze, having been set on fire by the Chinese troops with the idea of leaving no cover for the enemy in their attack on the city. It was weird driving through the streets with the fires blazing on both side of you. Archie Tsen's house was burning fiercely as we came back towards the city gate. I shall never forget the sadness of that night's drive. The destruction seemed so futile and stupid.

General Tang had assured us that he was confident that Gen. Chiang would accept the truce proposal, so we were surprised to receive a wire from Hankow the next day to the effect that he would not. Naturally this word necessitated further messages and Tang's headquarters were insistent that we communicate with Hankow again. So Searle and I took another trip out the Panay the next night. This was the evening of December 10th, and the hours was much later than our previous trip. It made one feel creepy to drive through the still and deserted streets, and there was a sense of impending catastrophe in the air. Also one had the feeling that there might easily come at any time a burst of rifle or machine gun fire from somewhere in the dark. It did not tend to make me feel any better when we got on the boat to have Paxton tell us that some time before we came there had been such firing on shore. But we got the messages off and returned safely around midnight. That was another experience one would rather not repeat. The next day the Panay started upstream to her new anchorage and her untimely end. All communications being thus cut off, we could do nothing further to effect a truce. But the story does not end here, though the telling of the rest of it will have to wait next week's letter.

January 24: Letter of Ernest Forster to his wife

Just have time to write a little before the broadcast comes, of which we type notes and send them around to our friends who have no other chance to get news. Mr. Kroeger should have
reached Shanghai last night. He left here yesterday at 7:30 a.m. The best accommodations offered were on an open box car. At least his view was not obstructed and he probably got two eyes full along the way. Yesterday I went out with the Chinese manager of the Metropolitan Hotel who is member of our rehabilitation Committee to deliver questionnaire forms at five of the refugee centers. On getting back we had a service at 10:30 at #25. We heard at the Old Land School which serves as a refugee center that a woman had been taken from there by Japanese soldiers during the night. Our service was well attended. We had shortened morning prayer which I took which was followed by Holy Communion which Dr. Tong took. He also preached. After service a group of us were invited to a Chinese dinner given by Mr. Lows (Leu), the manager of the Hotel. It was his wife’s birthday and also George Fitch’s. Mrs. Lows is in Shanghai but we had a bang up feast lasting from 12:30 to 3:30. Then John and I went to the English service led by Mr. Mills.

Today we had another full day. I had to be at the Embassy at 10:00 to meet some Japanese military police who had come on Sunday afternoon when I was out, to have me look at a piano, thinking it might be the one taken from our parish hall. Since I was not home yesterday they made an appointment for me this morning. Mr. Espy of the Consulate also had an appointment to visit the Texaco Installation from which a lot of gasoline and other things had been taken. So he went off first and I went to Ginling to deliver the news sheet and have a chat with Miss Vautrin and Mrs. Twinem. They told of a man who was carried off by the soldiers on Dec. 18th and who returned a day or so ago. He was taken to Changshing in Chekiang and made to work for an officer for eight days; while he was very severe, he did not mistreat the man, who told he might return to Nanking. On the way he was taken at I-shing near Wusih by another group of men and again made to work for an officer, who was very kind and treated him very well. They exchanged addresses and after 18 days of service they gave him some money and sent him home. He made his way back by small country paths and reached Nanking after 8 days travel. The country people treated him very kindly when they heard his story and helped him along the way. He said that over in Anhui the Big Sword Society is very active in protecting the countryside against Japanese and Chinese soldiers and against brigands so that the people there are prosperous and the food plentiful and cheap. That is very interesting. He had passed through many places; Hsüchow is deserted and ninety percent destroyed. Changshing, Kuangteh, I-shing, Lishui, Liyang, Chuyoung are also deserted and mere heaps of ashes and ruins. The piano we looked at was not ours and so we came back. We had just finished lunch when neighbors ran in to say that a soldier had tried to get a woman and had threatened her with a bayonet. The three of us, John, Kola and I, rushed out. The man took fright and ran away, but Kola and I caught sight of him and gave chase. I yelled and Kola yelled and we both ran, and the soldier beat it off as fast as his legs would carry him. But he left behind his bayonet which we are turning over to the American Consul to be presented at the Japanese Embassy with an account of the “incident. The soldier came back the second time to get his bayonet which had been brought to us. We gave chase again through the mud and over ditches but he ran away. When the excitement died down I went to #17 and then to make an appointment with the University architect who built our parish house to have him give me an estimate of the damages to our property at St. Paul’s. I also have to lead a Bible
Documentation of the Nanking Massacre
Chronological sequence of letters and reports from missionaries
January 24: Letter of Ernest Forster to his wife

class tomorrow afternoon at the University.

Incidents are still happening. that is, on Saturday night, just after our Consular people had finished dinner, a servant came to report that some Japanese soldiers were in one of the Embassy garages. He found two playing mahjong with some Chinese. He asked them to leave promptly which they did. But then as he was wondering whether he ought to have put them out, another servant came to say that a Japanese soldier had taken off his older daughter. While the two had gone into garage No. 3 to play mahjong this fellow had gone into No. 5 and insisted on taking the older girl along. So Allison and some of the others rushed out on the street to find her. They met her returning and she said that just as her abductor was trying to force her into a motor car, his two cronies who had been chased off the premises came along and told him that since they had been trespassing on the American Embassy property, that he had better send the girl back or there would be the devil to pay. There have been some cases which did not end so happily, however, We have heard of two very sad ones which seem to be authentic. A young woman was raped by a Japanese soldier who forced an empty beer bottle into her and then shot her. The other case was seen by a member of the British Embassy staff. A woman was raped and a golf stick rammed into her. She was found dead in that condition. It hardly seems possible that such human devils were in existence. But instance after instance can be mentioned. A young boy was brought into the hospital with a bullet in his jaw the other morning. A Japanese soldier had told him to catch a pig and when he was unable to do so shot him in the jaw. We know of another instance of a boy who was unable to produce a pig for a soldier was disemboweled and thrown into a pond. Another instance in the same neighborhood was that of a man who had been carried off to Wuhu by the soldiers. He succeeded in making his way back to find his home gone and his womenfolk in hiding. Tired and hungry he had just prepared a bowl of cabbage when a Japanese soldier came along, demanding money and women. When the man could produce neither, the soldier urinated into the bowl of cabbage and went off. Allison and the British and German Consuls are not standing for any nonsense. When their protests, etc. are tabled by the Japanese Embassy officials, they get into direct communication with Tokyo through Washington, London, and Berlin. This has made the Japanese awfully mad here, as you may imagine, and they are being told that our Governments do not consider it a small and unimportant matter to have the property of their nationals looted and people living on those premises for protection carried off by troops whom their officers will not control. One of the Japanese Consular police is very angry because Allison reported to Washington that he came to the Univ. of Nanking to get women to wash clothing, but when he refused those who offered to go and demanded others who were young and beautiful, he placed his motives under grave suspicion. He came to our house the other day also, and asked Kola to supply him with Chinese girls. Kola asked him what the hundred Japanese and Korean girls they brought here were for. He replied that he did not want them, but Chinese girls from good families. Now he is trying to find out what Chinese reported his visit to the Nanking University to the authorities, and today they seized a pastor in charge of the University Middle School refugee camp to try to get information from him. So, we live from day to day, never knowing what a new day is going to bring forth. Since Allison communicated directly with Tokyo
January 24: Letter of Ernest Forster to his wife

through Washington the local Japanese officials have been more tractable, though still not all they should be. Guess they would like to kill us, one and all.

We are looking forward to mail perhaps tomorrow or the day afterward by the H.M.S. Aphis. Please ask Bp. Roberts and Bessie Sims to send me as soon as possible an inventory of the things which they left in their houses so that I can check the things that have been taken. Also get a list from Miss Van Voast. The Consul wants us to file preliminary claims as soon as possible. Our Embassy now has a wireless sending set with an operator from the Navy. The Japanese refused at first, but Allison won out. More power to him! He is awfully nice as are Espy and MacFadgeon, the two vice-consuls. Tell Dyer that the wife of one of the Wusih Christians named Li died in the hospital yesterday of blood-poisoning I suspect. They refugeed with us at Hsiakuan and here. They have one little girl. The woman had been ill for some time with dysentery. If possible get from Mr. Kuo the number of his piano and that in the parish hall for identification purposes.

January 25: Letter of Ernest Forster to his wife

After supper I am going over to #17 to spend the night. I began the day with a bath, not in a tub but standing in the bathroom to the tune of two oil stoves. As John said afterwards, I looked quite respectable again. I certainly feel that way. He was tempted to take one, too, but couldn’t bring himself to it, even though he needed it more than I. After breakfast went to the committee Headquarters of the leaders of the various refugee centers. It was a typical meeting, much time being spent over the question, and realizing at the end that the question had no concern with us. The meeting lasted till after 12, when I came back for lunch and prepared for the meeting at the Univ. of Nanking. There was really an evangelistic meeting rather than a Bible class, even though we used Mt. XIX as a basis, since most of the people who came were non-Christians. One of the Professors of the Univ., a Hsiakuan Christian, told me he counted more than four hundred people in the audience and that it was the biggest attendance they had had. The meeting was held in the science lecture room which was certainly packed, and the people listened very attentively. So you see God has not lessened our opportunities. I believe there will still be a rich harvest over this trouble and sorrow.

As I walked back I passed an open field where many many coffins were placed awaiting burial. I saw a man weeping by the side of a child’s coffin that had apparently just been placed there. Immediately the thought came to me that I ought to try and comfort him and ask him to turn to the Lord Jesus for comfort. I walked on a little way but soon turned back and spoke to the man. He said that the child was his little girl who had just died. He told me that he had heard the Gospel in various preaching halls from time to time and he seemed to take some comfort as his tears stopped flowing. But suddenly as he saw a group of people, including a policeman coming along the nearby street, he left me very abruptly and hurried away. But I am glad I followed my impulse and spoke to him. On the way another man offered me a part of a Russian tea brick. He said he had bought it, which may be true, but I politely declined to accept it, as I thought he
Documentation of the Nanking Massacre
Chronological sequence of letters and reports from missionaries

January 25: Letter of Ernest Forster to his wife

would appreciate it more than I. The people certainly seem grateful for what the Committee has been trying to do to help them. As I mentioned in a previous letter, a new set of troops has come, so women are again having a pretty hard time of it. I was glad to learn of the protest which Ambassador Grew had made to the foreign office in Tokyo, and we all hope it will bear fruit. We heard that a Japanese soldier got into the Ministry of Foreign Affairs which we tried to organize into an International Red Cross Hospital for wounded soldiers, of whom a number had been left there before the Japanese entered the city. John had installed some “doctors” and dressers in there to look after these men, but when the Japanese took over the building, we foreigners were no longer permitted to go in. Nor can we get permission even now. We get word occasionally from people inside about conditions there. This Japanese soldier went in last night and murdered one of the coolies with his bayonet when he refused to take him to where the girl nurses were sleeping. Then he threatened another coolie who finally led him to a room in which five girls were. They, realizing what was threatening, dressed quickly and when the door was opened, three of them rushed out and escaped. The other two led the soldier through a series of rooms to where a Chinese doctor was staying and by playing for time managed to foil the soldier’s plan. He was very angry of course, but, having murdered one person, he had accomplished enough mischief for one night. The wind is blowing strong from the north so it will be a very cold night, and I am to sleep at No. 17.

It has been very cold today as a result of the strong wind, but the sun has been shining most of the time and moderated the cold. I am glad for the people as the cold is so hard on them with so few means of keeping warm. I could spend some time this morning making notes from Headlan’s Christian Theology, an excellent book with much material useful for preaching to non-Christians, especially the educated class. They conducted a preliminary burial service for Mrs. Li, the wife of one of the Wusih Christians who died in the hospital on Sunday. We placed the coffin in a bamboo grove, near No. 17 alongside that of Evangelist Lu. I used practically the same service. I lunched at the Buck house where most of the American men are living, because they wanted to use the occasion to discuss some plans for our rehabilitation committee. This lasted until after two, when I came back to No. 17 to investigate the shooting of a fourteen year old girl yesterday afternoon very near our house. She and her mother and brother are in Wusih and are living in one of the refugee centers. The girl and her brother had gone to a nearby field for some turnips when a Japanese soldier appeared. He tried to get the girl but she became frightened and ran away, whereupon the soldier fired his gun and shot her through the head, killing her almost immediately.

We have been plying the Japanese Embassy with case after case of outrages which the soldiers are committing. They are making a pretense of investigating them, but so far as we can find out, none of the guilty persons are punished as they deserve, and as they would be in any western army. I’ll tell you something that happened today. Mr. Allison, our Consul, was slapped in the face by a Japanese soldier, and Mr. Riggs of the Univ. manhandled. A girl had been taken by soldiers from one of the Univ. buildings and raped. On her return, the case was reported to the consul and he and Riggs accompanied the girl to the place where she had been taken. It was no
January 25: Letter of Ernest Forster to his wife

less a place than the Military Police headquarters. Some Military Police, Japanese, had accompanied the Consul as they do when he goes out. The girl was asked to enter the building, perhaps to identify her assailant but Allison and Riggs were not permitted to go along in. they stood about two feet inside the gate. A soldier tried to push them out, and when an officer came along foaming with rage and shouted that they were Americans, a soldier reached over from behind and slapped Allison’s face. When one of the Military Police who had accompanied Allison said to the others that he was the American Consul, another soldier grabbed Riggs and shook him by the overcoat collar until he tore it. They waited, however, until the girl was delivered back in their hands. Allison does not know yet whether to report the incident as he is afraid it may have serious results, as far as the relations between the two countries are concerned. Technically he was wrong in being inside the gate of the Military Police headquarters, but that does not excuse the conduct of the soldiers and the officer. The latter was the same who slapped Riggs’ face once before, and they think it is he also who pushed Dr. Bates downstairs when he had gone to intercede for a middle school graduate whom the Japanese had forced to act as an interpreter. The boy sent back a note to his wife that he was going to be executed, and he probably has been since he has not returned.

This morning they fished out the dead bodies of a big group of men who were machine-gunned soon after the Japanese entered the city and their bodies thrown into a pond just at the end of the street where we are living. They are mostly civilians but were all taken and executed on suspicion of being ex-soldiers. John went today to a house in which fourteen occupants were killed by the soldiers soon after their entry into the city. Eleven were women all of who had been raped and then killed. The bodies are still there. John has adequate evidence of that. A woman came into the hospital this a.m. who had been carried off to the southern part of the city more than a month ago. Her husband was carried off at the same time and has not yet returned and probably never will; they had been married four years and had had no children. Japanese soldiers raped her from seven to nine times every day and finally released her when she could no longer be used. She has three forms of venereal disease in their worst state as a result of her experience, but of course the Japanese army never does such things and it is we foreigners that invent these lies to encourage the Chinese! So you see we are not exactly popular. But you can imagine what is in store for the Chinese if Japan has her way. After I had investigated the case of the girl who had been shot yesterday, I attended another meeting of our rehabilitation committee which lasted until five.

February 1: Letter of Ernest Forster to his wife

Just heard that the mail must be in the Embassy by four o’clock this afternoon. My cold, fortunately, was much better and it was not necessary for me to stay in bed yesterday. About eleven a Japanese Consular policeman and a Military Police came to ask me to look over some pianos they have collected to see whether the two from St. Paul’s were among them. They weren’t, which apparently did not please some of the military police who said among themselves
Documentation of the Nanking Massacre
Chronological sequence of letters and reports from missionaries

February 1: Letter of Ernest Forster to his wife

that I was trying to hold out for new pianos. Kola went with me and understood their conversation. They wanted me to select two pianos and call it quits, but I refused to accept what obviously did not belong to me. When they started on their piano search after I had reported our loss, they were most insistent that I should know the exact number of the piano, their make, etc. They are certainly a double-tongued gang of thieves.

John was able to get down to Hsiakuan yesterday with Mr. Bishopric (an American from the China Imp. and Exp. Lumber Co. who got permission to return to Nanking) to look over the mission premises there. He found them in pretty good condition. There has been some looting, but not as much as he feared. Some of the rooms and closets have not yet been broken open, as has happened everywhere else. Our two arm chairs were still there. Also the corpses of two Chinese soldiers in the trunk room of John’s house, and another corpse on the compound. Since it was Chinese New Year, some of the Japanese soldiers apparently decided to celebrate, too. They came to #17 and #25 in the morning while John was there and were “too happy” to be trusted very far. It was much milder yesterday, so I went over, but no soldiers came in, fortunately. Last night I slept at #10 and am feeling fine today.

This morning there was a meeting of the managers of the refugee centers which I attended. At present there are about 58,000 people being cared for in these centers by the International Committee. These centers are all located in the Refugee Zone. It is interesting to see how they are distributed. 36,271 or 62% in American property; 601 or 1% in German property; 17,900 or 31% in Chinese government property; 3,139 or 6% in private property, Chinese. The Japanese are insisting that the people must move out of these centers by Feb. 4th or they will be driven out by force. Notices to this effect have been posted in all the centers and some people have begun to move back into the areas designated as safe by the Japanese authorities. But at the meeting this a.m. practically every camp manager reported incidents which have caused people to come back into the refugee centers. Women suffered from raping and men from robbery by the soldiers. Ginling College alone has more than forty authenticated cases which have happened since Jan. 28th when the people started moving back. Other centers also had many cases to report. All these will be presented to the Japanese as an indication that they are not carrying out their promises to protect the people if they go back to their homes.

Just 5 min. ago John and I were called to a neighboring house where two drunk Japanese soldiers had locked a girl into a room and raped her. We broke down the door and drove them out, turning one of them over to some Japanese soldiers on guard in a nearby street crossing. We hear that the high military official dispatched from Tokyo to investigate conditions in Nanking arrived today. He will be here about two days but representatives of the three Embassies are hoping to confront him with all the evidence that has been accumulating of their outrages and atrocities. We were interested to hear over the radio that Japan has already expressed regrets over the slapping of Consul Allison, which means that they were confronted as in the case of the Panay incident with irrefutable evidence. Perhaps they will believe some day that their army isn’t quite so nice in the opinion of the world as it is in their own.... Now John wants me to type some notes for him about the atrocity cases which came to the Univ. Hospital and of which he took movies. I will
February 4: Diary of Minnie Vautrin

This is the day of terror for the poor women and girls - the day when they should go to their homes. What the day will bring forth we do not know. We are not expecting to force people to go home - they must take the responsibility.

During the morning five girls came over from B.T.T.S. saying that camp was disbanded yesterday, that they had gone to their homes, that soldiers had come in the night, that they had scaled the wall of their home and run back to B.T.T.S. They want to come here. We are fearful about taking them lest we have a deluge which will bring added danger to the 4000 or more that we still have. Later in the day we decided to let them come. If in the next few days girls who have gone home from other camps find they cannot remain at home, we will have to receive them and take the consequences.

At ten and at 12:30 two military police called and inspected some of the buildings. Said they had come to see if we were all right - although they may have had an additional purpose. We explained that many had gone home - we had ten thousand, but now only about 4000. We also tried to make it clear that some of our refugees are from Shanghai and Wusih and other places and cannot go home until communications open up; that others have had their sons or husbands taken, the breadwinners of the family, and have no means of support; that still others have had their houses burned and have no homes to which to return.

At 3 p.m. two Embassy Police and a Chinese came and asked us to get all the refugees together so they could explain to them the plan of returning to their homes. We suggested that we get those in the Science Building into the big lecture room and they begin with that group and thus take building by building. This plan they approved - but stopped with the first building. It is no easy thing to make a group of refugee women understand. The three points were -

1. All must go home. Military police, ordinary police and special district organizations will protect them. (There are four special districts in city.)

2. If husbands have been taken or homes burned, or if they are very poor, they should report to the Special District Organization.

3. Hereafter there will be no protection for Safety Zone - only the four districts will be protected. You must not bring property back into Safety Zone.

The Chinese man lingered long enough to let us know in a whisper that he felt young women were not safe and that they should remain with us.

At 5:30 p.m. Plumer came to talk over plans for relief, also reported no forcible eviction in any camp. At 5 p.m. about 200 young women came to keh-tow and beg to remain. We have had

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14 Vautrin's diary is contained in the Ginling College records of the Archives of the United Board for Christian Higher Education in Asia, Record Group No. 11, Box 134.
no thought of forcing them to go. Later when Plumer went they had quite a demonstration in front of his car, weeping and keh-towing. Poor youngsters.

February 16-17: Report of a Trip to Tsih Hsia Shan by John G. Magee

Refugees
At present there are 10,000 refugees in the camps inside the grounds of the Tsih Hia Shan Cement works under the supervision of Dr. Günter and Mr. Simberg. The numbers there are increasing at the present time and new huts were being built as I walked through the camp. Most of the huts are built of rice straw while there were a few larger mat sheds. The camp is managed by a number of head men working under the foreigners.

A priest at the temple, which has also been housing refugees, told me that at one time they had 20,000 refugees there but that now they only had something over 1000. Apparently some of those in the temple had moved to Cement Works camp as the number at the camp was increasing in size while that at the temple was decreasing.

On the evening of February 16th, I met with the head men of the Cement Works camp, possibly 25 in all, when I had the opportunity of hearing them talk and also of asking them questions. I will give here a report of this conference as well as what I saw myself in the dispensary and also on my drives with Mr. Simberg through the countryside.

Outrages
One representative said that in a square of between 10 and 20 li each way he calculated that from 700 to 800 of the civilian population had been killed. This estimate seemed to be agreed to by the others. Let us call this, then, five miles square or 25 square miles. They said the case of rape of women between 30 and 40 years old were too numerous to give an estimate while cases were known of girls about ten years old being raped.

These outrages are still happening. They said that soldiers had come to Shih Pu Ch’iao, a town less than a mile from the railway station at Tsih hsia Shan, on Feb. 15th and demanded of some old people who had returned some girls. When this couple said there were none the soldiers burnt down their house. When I asked the head men when they would be returning to their homes they said they were afraid to do so since the Japanese would come and demand either girls or food (especially the former) and when these were not forthcoming their homes would be destroyed or they would suffer some other injury.

Another man reported that at his village, Hwa Shu Ts’uen, about five miles from the camp, soldiers had come on Feb. 15th and killed 7 people and wounded another. These villagers had recently been vaccinated and the soldiers avowed that the marks were bullet wounds and that therefore they were soldiers.

In the dispensary on Feb. 17th I saw a farmer who had been shot in the hand on Feb. 15th

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15 Contained in the Miner Searle Bates Papers, Record Group No. 10, Box 102.
by two soldiers who had demanded that he produce some girls. It was a most painful wound.

A child was brought to the dispensary while I was there who had been horribly burnt when Japanese soldiers set fire to the house in which it was living. As the father had fled at their approach the soldiers asked this child of three where its “ma-ma” was and when he made no satisfactory answer they set fire to the house. A neighbor rescued him. The mother was already living in the camp.

I also talked to a young farmer in the dispensary who had been badly burnt in the upper part of his body when soldiers threw kerosene oil on him and set him alight. They had demanded money from him but he had told them that he was a poor farmer and had no money. This happened in the outskirts of Nanking on Feb. 9th.

Cases are also being brought into the dispensary in which the injury has been caused by bandits. While I was there a woman of 49 years was carried in who had been injured on February 14th. Bandits had come in the night demanding money. When she and her husband said they had none they battered her head and breast with a stool and burnt her feet until she disclosed their saving of between four and five dollars.

**Burning of homes**

These head men estimated that along the main highway from Taiping Gate to Lungtan, a distance of between ten and twelve miles, about 80% of the houses had been burnt down while they thought that about 40-50% of the houses on the smaller roads away from the main highways had been destroyed. From my own trips about the country I should say that these estimates were about right.

**Food**

They thought that the comparatively few more well-to-do families living in the camp had food to last for four months more but that the great majority had food only for one month. Dr. Günter told me that up to the present the refugees had been providing their own food.

**Buffaloes**

They said that only about 10% of the water buffaloes were left in the area running from Taiping Gate to Lungtan-T’angshan-Nanking. One place hidden away in the hills had pretty well escaped. I myself noticed a few buffalo in the camp, and I also saw three at a village near to Tsih Hsia Shan that had, I think, been kept at the camp and had only recently been taken home.

In reply to my question as to what crop they might be able to produce without oxen and with human labor alone they said they would only be able to produce 1/3 of a normal yield.

They estimated that in an area from Taiping Gate to Lungtan to Chi-Ling Men and back to Nanking they would need 3000 oxen to bring about normal conditions. In reply to my question they said that if the banks could advance money to establish Cooperatives for buying oxen they could repay the loan in three years.

**Seed**

They reported very little seed on hand and went on to say that even if they had seed the farmers would not dare to go back to their farms in any large numbers in present circumstances.

In my drives with Mr. Simberg over the countryside as well as on the road between Tsih
Documentation of the Nanking Massacre
Chronological sequence of letters and reports from missionaries

February 16-17: Report of a Trip to Tsih Hsia Shan by John G. Magee

Hsia Shan and Nanking I saw a few people on the roads apparently going back to their farms. the seemd to be particularly noticeable near to Tsih Hsia Shan the camp at night. One woman casting manure on her fields as though nothing had happened stands out in my memory as women were so rare. In one village I saw three men, two women and some children starting to rebuild their home, the substantial stone walls of which were still standing.

Medical work

Dr. Gunter and Mr. Simberg have opened a small hospital and dispensary in one of the buildings belonging to the Cement Works, helped by several gifts of medicines, bandages, etc. from the University Hospital. Six or more in-patients were being cared for while there were 24 dispensary cases the morning I was there. Some lives have been saved in spite of the total lack of trained medical staff at the beginning. At present there is one graduate nurse with two women and one man dresser who have had very little training. Cases were there needing an operation and it is unquestionably true that more lives would be saved if they had a more adequate staff. While I was at Tsih Hsin Shan the foreigners had a conference with three old-fashioned Chinese doctors who agreed to start work in the camp tending to cases needing internal medicine. Dr. Günter’s idea was that the farmers would probably prefer Chinese medicine and there was also the fact they they had no doctor at the dispensary to attend to internal diseases. These Chinese doctors were going to make up a list of the medicines they would need. The plan is to have them start work in another part of the camp so as not to interfere with the work at the dispensary.

There can be no question of the need in this place. If a doctor could attend, even once a week, a great deal of suffering could be relieved and many lives would be saved. In the substantial buildings belonging to the Cement Works an operating room could be easily set up. Once there were proper facilities for medical and surgical work the news would spread over the countryside and the numbers of patients would greatly increase.

February 23: Diary of Minnie Vautrin

Mr. Rabe left this morning. Took one servant with him. As far as I know this is the third Chinese who has been permitted to leave Nanking.

A mother brought in three young girls this afternoon and begged us to receive them. One is her daughter who went to the country in early December, the other two were country girls. They say it has been terrible in the country. Girls had to be hidden in covered holes in the earth. Soldiers would try to discover these hiding places by stamping on the earth to see if there were hollow places below. They said they had spent most of their days since December 12th in these holes.

This afternoon between five and six Francis Chen and I went around our campus by way of Hankow, Hugigwan and Canton Roads. We met a number of old men going back to the Zone for the night. they say that during the day the stealing of money continues. I put Mr. Chen’s money in my pocket for fear we might meet the same fate.

On Hugigwan I saw only four old people who were living there at night. Most houses are
February 23: Diary of Minnie Vautrin

still boarded up. Truly it looks deserted and sad. Not a young person in sight and no normal activities going on. At nine this morning two young girls came running to the campus from the street between the University and Ginling saying that soldiers were in their home and they had escaped. It chanced that Lewis was on our campus in a car so we both went over to the house. The soldiers had left, but one had relieved a poor man of $7.00 before going.

The planes continue to go over us to the northwest.

Tree planting and cleaning still continue on our campus. We have made a huge trench in the back hill and are about to begin one on the hill north of the library.

Mrs. Tsen, Francis Chen and I are trying to estimate the cost of refugees to Ginling, aside from injury to the buildings. The latter will be well over $2000, I am sure. Our camp has been fortunate in many ways, but largely because we had only women and children, and because our people did not have to do cooking in their rooms.

March 3: Excerpt from letter of M. Searle Bates to H. J. Timperley

...The chief officer of the Embassy formally referred to me as “anti-Japanese”; and previously asked others if I were “nervous” -- much to their amusement. The latter term came after I argued with him one afternoon in refusing to accept his patient formula; the military are doing all in their power to remedy the situation, and therefore there is no grounds for complaint. He thought I was excited or afraid, because I insisted on the facts of disorder and danger. Some of the foreign group here have continually besought me (and to a lesser extent Smythe and Mills) -- Fitch also when he was here -- to cease the thorough reporting and protesting and indirect publicity, lest all missionaries be excluded from Nanking. This is put in here merely to suggest that for a while there is some reason to be cautious. Fitch and I were formally cited to the Ambassador, who defended us at least in a code radio to Allison (all this to be kept under your hat, for I really do not know its significance). There has been a steady stream of lying charges against the University in the Sin Shun Pao, the propagandist organ widely distributed in Shanghai and East China generally. I want to stand to my guns, and yet not damage the future of the University and of mission interests generally by any error or judgment of method....

March 15: Diary of Minnie Vautrin

Warmer today and glorious sunshine. Much aeroplane activity. We are told that there are new troops in the city - and that does not add to our peace.

At 9 o’clock went over to former Bank of Communications for a renewal of permit to transfer materials belonging to National Science Research Institute. We may be able to secure the use of a truck today, and would like to complete the moving process. If possible, we want also to bring over two pianos - of friends. Now I wish we had brought in such things before. Received a permit for a period of 5 days. Saw two Chinese there to whom I made my plea for release of civilians from Model Prison. I rather think they will try to do something about it.
March 15: Diary of Minnie Vautrin

Met my class at 10:30. It now has almost fifty enrolled in it. I wish I could really speak and write good Chinese.

At 11:30 went with J. M. to south city to take pictures of one of our tragedies - the woman of 48 who was raped 18 or 19 times and her mother of 76 who was raped twice. The story is vastly beyond heartless belief. Some of the south gate streets are still pretty much deserted, and even where there are people one sees few women excepting old ones. The whole of Mo Tson Road is a busy market place. There is much buying and selling - someone said that eight out of ten are in the business for there is nothing else to do. I suppose one reason people crowd together on the streets is because they feel safer that way. Danger to women is certainly less, but robbing is still going on. The pity is that Chinese often lead the soldiers to the home of a merchant where there is a bit of money, and a gun or bayonet makes it unwise not to hand it over.

The re-registration of our refugees has just taken place. There are now 3310. Fourteen new refugees have just been received - women and girls who evacuated to the country late last fall. Their money has all been used up, and the bandits are active; so they choose to face the perils of the return journey and Nanking. They probably have heard of the Safety Zone or of some Refugee Camp.

This morning in south city saw many soldiers, cavalry and common soldiers. How everything within me rebels to see them strutting down the street as if they owned it! Most of the shops we passed on the main street are either burned completely, looted completely, or boarded up. The former Chocolate Shop has been opened by the Japanese, but I did not notice the nature of the business.

Visit from two groups of soldiers today.

As I finish this page, I hear several bombers on their way back to Gi Yung from the north west. It is a clear moonlight night and nothing to hinder their flight.

March 21: Report by Lewis S. C. Smythe

Notes on the Present Situation

Nanking, March 21, 1938

1. Order is becoming a problem again. Robbery and rape are recurring, at least in cases that are closer to our observations. This includes the rape of a young girl on the afternoon of the 19th at one of our refugee camps on American property. A Japanese soldier was found there by an American and he was able, although threatened with a bayonet, to persuade the fellow to leave. But he demanded a woman of the American! And the real damages had already been done.

16Contained in the Miner Searle Bates Papers, Record Group No. 10, Box 102.
2. **Food.** The food situation is somewhat relieved now that commercial rice is allowed to come into the city more freely and the Self-Government Committee has received 3,000 bags of rice by boat from Wuhu. But how much there is available and how long it will be free to come no one can say. The price is fixed at $9.00 per *tan* or $11.25 per bag. With rice selling for $4.50 to $6.00 per *tan* in Wuhu, it is hoped the price will fall here somewhat. However, a tax by the Self-Government Committee (with approval of the Special Service Organ) of $0.60 per *tan* will partly prevent a fall in prices. The Committee hopes to be able to buy rice in the open market for its relief work.

3. **Economic conditions.** The most serious question for the future is the fact that only a few of the 10,000 gardeners inside the city wall have dared return to their homes and begin spring planting. We are trying to organize their return so as to give them some greater degree of security. Most of them have lost not only their household things, but also their implements and seed. Another phase of the same question is that people are coming in from the countryside hoping to find greater safety here. Over 300 came one afternoon asking for a camp to take them in. Intelligent observers returning from north of the river say in some areas the winter wheat crop will be less than 30 percent of normal because of late planting due to fighting and that 80 percent of the farmers have no reserve food supplies. In Chuyung hsien winter crops are better, probably 70 percent of normal, but 90 percent of the farmers have no reserve food supplies and less than 10 percent have started spring work. North of the river also, country people have gone to the towns for protection. If the countryside depends on the city, what can the city depend on? When farming is the only form of basic production that can be done in this area, it is very important that farming be carried on.

4. **Relief situation.** Because of country people coming into the city and because of our “semi-permanent” camps are full with 15,000 refugees, we have had to slow up on closing other camps. But all eight camps in government buildings have been closed excepting one reserved for refugees from other towns. In general, we are trying to get all men to move out, only allowing women between 13 and 40 years of age to stay, but permitting children to stay with their mothers. An inspection of the southern part of the city reveals that many streets are now populated which were deserted a month ago. This extends even to the southeastern section of the city. But very few young women have returned --- after the terrible experience of the first week in February the people have learned to leave their young women either in camps or in houses in the Safety Zone. There was even one rice shop open on Moh Tsou Road! ....

Putting together information from organizations interested in burying the dead and other observations, it is estimated that 10,000 persons were killed inside the walls of Nanking and about 30,000 outside the walls -- this latter figure depends upon not going too far along the river bank! These people estimated that of this total about 30 percent were civilians.

5. **Cases**
Documentary of the Nanking Massacre
Chronological sequence of letters and reports from missionaries

March 21: Report by Lewis S. C. Smythe

460. Feb. 27th, about 4 p.m. Ts’ai Djih-lan and his father were standing near a house at a place called Sa Chou Wei Kao Chiao, about eight or ten li from Nanking outside of Shuisimen. There were some women in the house near which they were standing. Japanese soldiers were seen approaching and the women ran away. When soldiers came up, they asked where the women were and wanted the boy and his father to lead them to them. They refused, whereupon a soldier shot the boy in the leg, injuring him very badly. He is now undergoing treatment at the University.

461. March 4th, a farmer aged 54 at Molinkwan was asked by Japanese soldiers on February 13th for some cows, donkeys and girls. The neighbors all ran away. The soldiers tied the farmer and spread him out three feet from the ground. Then they built a fire under him and burned him badly around the lower abdomen, genitalia, and chest, and singed the hair of his face and head. One soldier protested because of his age and put out the fire, tearing off the farmer’s burning clothes. The soldiers went away and after about an hour his family returned and released him.

462. March 9th, 8 p.m. Japanese soldiers came to Mr. Hwang’s house on Chukiang Road and asked him to lead them to women. He did not agree to do so. So one of the soldiers stuck him with a bayonet through the left groin, piercing his flesh one-half inch. The man jumped back and at the same time pushed the bayonet aside with his right hand but cut his hand in so doing. He ran and the soldiers followed but he made good his escape. Bayonet just missed a large artery. (Because of fear the soldiers would return, two families related to him including 12 people, moved into the University Middle School.)

463. March 10th, about 8, p.m. five Japanese soldiers wearing blue and yellow uniforms came to the Ts’ai house in Men-si. While two soldiers kept watch outside, the other three entered the house asking for money. The whole family fell down on their knees begging for mercy. The three soldiers placed a wooden ladder in front of the room door. With a rope they tied the two hands of the husband to the ladder and left him hanging there. They began to search the family and took away: one five-dollar note, one ten-sen Japanese coin, three Chinese double dimes, one paper money and copper, after turning over wardrobes and trunks, they took away a fur robe, one woman’s winter clothes, one phonograph. On leaving, they stabbed Ts’ai’s thigh six time, two on each shoulder, and at last they shot him on his head and killed him instantly. They also stabbed several times the head of Ts’ai Lih Shih who was on her knees, and stabbed Wang’s thigh twice. After this they went away.

464. March 11th, a woman was raped by two soldiers in a hut next door.

465. March 15th, a man named Chung, aged 47, living at Hansimen, while walking near Chu So Hsiang at 7 a.m. was hit by a stray bullet at his head. He was sent to the hospital for treatment, where he died shortly after arriving.

466. March 17th, at 10 p.m. six Japanese soldiers went into the house of a 40 year old farmer named Kao who lived at Hou Tsaimen. They demanded that he get some women for them. He replied he didn’t have any women and could not find any women. So they jabbed him
many times in the body and in the neck and cut his head with their bayonets. He ran but by the time he reached the door of the house he fell down bleeding very profusely. He died without being able to get up again. The soldiers saw they had killed him so they left quickly.

467. March 19th, between 3:30 and 4:00 p.m. a Japanese soldier committed rape upon a refugee, a nineteen year old girl, in the Language School Refugee camp at the University of Nanking. Dr. Bates arrived there about 4:05 and as he approached the soldier, the soldier brandished his bayonet and insolently said, "want girl." But Dr. Bates persuaded him to leave. The soldier showed no sign of being drunk.

468. March 19th, night, a man and a woman were caught crawling over the wall of the Middle School Refugee Camps. When told they could not come in, they said the woman had been raped twice that evening and they could not go back.

469. March 20th, 9:30 p.m. five poor families near our house were robbed of $283.30 by Japanese soldiers.

470. March 19th, an uncle of one of our staff was marched off by Japanese soldiers because he wore khaki pants. Sperling rescued him.

April 2: Letter of John Magee to Rev. J. C. McKim

Dear Mr. McKim:

It has been brought to my attention that you have been writing letters to the Times saying that the stories of Japanese atrocities in Nanking were false. Perhaps by this time you will have learned that they were only too true. If I had not seen with my own eyes the things that I have seen I could not have believed that such things could have happened in the modern world. It reminded one of an ancient Assyrian rape. We were not expecting such horrors and it was a terrible shock to us all when they began to happen.

The head of the Chinese Benevolent Association that has done the major part of the burying told me that between January 23rd, when they began work, to March 19th, they had buried 32,104 bodies and that they estimated that a similar number remained yet to be buried. Some other organizations did some burying as well, while many were buried by friends and relatives. For instance, the caretaker of our Church Cemetery about a mile outside one of the gates, told me that between 2,000 and 3,000 people had been killed outside that gate and that they had been buried by the local people. (I might say that his own wife had been shot out there only a few weeks ago by a Japanese soldier. The bullet has now been extracted and she has left the hospital.) It will be a long time before we know how many of our own people, including catechumens and inquirers, have been killed, as so many fled to the country and the more well-to-do moved further into the interior. On December 16th 14 men were taken from a place in the Refugee Zone where we were caring for two poor congregations. The group carried off at the time included at least two boys, one of whom was the son of the Chinese priest, a boy of 16 (Chinese reckoning or 14-15 years old.) One of this group escaped miraculously when the rest were being mowed down by machine guns on the bank of the river. He fell over with the others,
feigning death although not hurt, and covered himself with the bodies of those about him. In the darkness he was able to escape and came back to tell us of what had happened. Later on I saw hundreds of bodies piled up on the river bank. Another member of that congregation volunteered to try to get some fuel and was shot in the streets not far away. His father was one of a group in a Bible class which the priest has holding several weeks later when a Japanese soldier came in. The whole group arose and this Mr. T'ung opened his Bible to show him what they were studying. The soldier picked up a long heavy brass tobacco pipe lying near at hand and hit this Mr. T'ung a vicious blow on the head. Someone ran to me as I was ... in a German friend's house near at hand. When I arrived I found T'ung with his face covered with blood .... and took him to the hospital. I went another time to a house where 11 people had been killed, all of them women and children except three men, on of whom was a 76-year-old man. Of the children I remember that one was less than a year old. Only one person was spared, a child of five (Chinese count) while a girl of nine was bayoneted in the back and side but recovered. This child's mother was raped and then had a bottle rammed up her vagina. Two daughters of this woman, aged 14 and 16, were stripped, raped several and then killed, the older girl having a stick rammed up into in the same barbarous manner as the mother had been treated. Before they were killed their grandparents, aged 76 and 74, who had tried to protect them, had been shot dead. If this awful tragedy had been an isolated event one might say that it was the work of sadists but there have been many authentic stories of such horrors, although this was the worst tragedy that I have personally been brought into contact with. I took another little girl of fifteen-years-old to the hospital who told me her story. Her older brother, brother's wife, older sister and father and mother were all killed with the bayonet before her face and then she was carried off to some barracks where there were some 200 to 300 soldiers. She was kept in a room and her clothes taken away and there raped a number of times daily for about a month and a half when she took sick and they were afraid to use her. She told me that there were a number of other girls held there in the same way as herself. I have talked to an old lady of 76 who was raped twice. Her daughter, a widow, was raped between 18 and 19 times, she is not sure which. This is the oldest case I personally know about but a Bible woman told me of a woman of 81 with whom she was living and who was told to open her clothes. She said she was too old and the man shot her dead. I have taken carload after carload of women in our Mission Ford to the hospital to be treated after rape, the youngest being a girl of ten or eleven years. Mr. Forster, my fellow-priest here, and myself spent much of our time guarding two houses, in fact more than that, where our people were living. In the daytime during the worst period one or the other of us stood in the street where we could watch several houses and we would then run to one house or the other when soldiers were attempting to get in. On New Year's day when things seemed to be a little quieter we thought we would both accept an invitation to dinner and left for a brief period. We had just finished dinner when two of our men came running to say that Japanese soldiers were after our girls, so we hurried back in a car only to find that two girls had been raped. Another girl had escaped by a ruse, and an elderly woman who had knelt and begged that the girl might be spared had been beaten over the head by a bayonet. I could go on for many pages telling you of such things as these but I think I have written enough.
Documentation of the Nanking Massacre
Chronological sequence of letters and reports from missionaries

April 2: Letter of John Magee to Rev. J. C. McKim

to let you know that the stories of atrocities were not exaggerated. Things have greatly improved but murder and rape still continue, only on a smaller scale here in Nanking.

When you said, as I understood you wrote to the Times, that these outrages were not perpetrated by the Japanese but by Chinese soldiers you were misinformed as far as Nanking was concerned. There was a small amount of looting of some shops by Chinese just before the Japanese entered. It is true that the homes of many people immediately outside the city walls were burnt down by the soldiers for defensive purposes, and this was certainly an outrage, but it was done with the mistaken idea that it would help in the defense of the city, which did not prove to be the case. It is true that Chang Hsueh Liang’s troops, which showed up so miserably in the fighting, looted between here and Shanghai but there were executed by the hundreds. It is certainly unjust to have publicly accused the Chinese of such horrible things that happened here. I think I have written enough to let you know what horrors have happened. If you want to know further you could ask Dr. John W. Wood to let you see a copy of a kind of diary letter that I wrote to my wife.

The only reason why I am writing this letter is that I believe that all friends of Japan should know the truth. It is the part of real friendship for the Japanese to let them know what is actually happening in China. I believe that a great many people in Japan would be horrified if they knew what was happening over wide areas of this land, just we who have seen it have been, and their horror might be used to break the power of the military in Japan, which has been the real cause of this conflict.

I hope you will in the cause of justice and truth correct any misinformation you may have unknowingly given to the papers. I would ask you also to be careful about using my name in any publicity. I do not fear the personal consequences but rather that I might be run out of the city or that the relief work that we foreigners here have been carrying on for the benefit of the people of the city might be further curtailed than it has been. If we had not been here and established the Safety Zone and all of us been busy trying to protect the people the tragedy would have been worse as every Chinese in the city knows.

I have visited Japan a number of times and once had the pleasure of living with my family alongside of your sister at Mayabashi. It is a beautiful country and I thought the people charming. How to reconcile the Japan that I have seen and the savagery that I have seen here is a problem that I have not solved yet.

April 12: Circular letter of M. Searle Bates

Dear Friends,

This note is written from Shanghai. After long effort I was able to secure military passes for a visit of ten days on behalf of the International Relief Committee and other organizational enterprises as well as for family reasons.

17From the Miner Searle Bates Papers, Record Group No. 10, Box 4.
April 12: Circular letter of M. Searle Bates

Without wishing to frighten you I desire to give you information in advance that will prepare you for possible shocks in the summer. It may be that the problem here presented will not result in serious consequences, but we have had to face that possibility.

There is in active preparation for publication in England and America a book by Mr. H. J. Timperley, experienced correspondent of the Manchester Guardian, which will probably be entitled “The Japanese Terror in China.” Mr. Timperley is a journalist of the highest character who has been in close touch with Christian leaders in Peiping and in Shanghai over a long period of years. He has secured from the relief groups here a large body of documents and letters which indicate the actual character of the warfare carried on in China. That material is presented in a fair and essentially constructive way.

Although not legally responsible for this enterprise I have been connected with it from the first, have checked over the plan and various phases of its development, and have also examined a final draft of the complete manuscript. Moreover, the book uses a statement which I prepared on the 15th of December to be utilized by the various correspondents leaving Nanking on that date. It also includes my letter of January 10th describing in general terms the terror of the preceding weeks in Nanking. The appendices contain many letters to the Japanese Embassy during December. Although my name is not used it will be perfectly obvious to the Japanese officials in Nanking and Shanghai, if not in Tokyo, that these documents are from my hands. Dr. Smythe will be less critically involved through his signature upon various documents and case reports coming from the office of the Secretary of the International Committee.

The book is not geographically limited in scope and contains a fair amount of material from other cities and regions in China. However, the Nanking items have the most bite in them because of the concentrated cruelty in our city. It is therefore probable that the Japanese authorities will be acutely resentful toward the small group of missionaries in Nanking, and perhaps toward me in particular. Mr. George Fitch will also be seriously involved because of the use of his diary; and Mr. John Magee because of the employment of some of his pictures.

We originally gave our approval to the production of a book along these lines with the expectation that our material would be drawn upon for facts, but would not appear in recognizable units. However Mr. Timperley and his consultants in Shanghai found themselves drawn more and more toward the use of entire documents or considerable selections from them. They desired the directness and authenticity of firsthand materials, and likewise they were critically pushed for time by their friends in London and New York who were their agents in approaching publishers. No one of us would have done the whole thing in exactly the way that has actually been adopted. However, all the missionaries concerned in the Nanking material and a considerable group of mission leaders in Shanghai have carefully considered the whole problem and are convinced that it is right and desirable to go ahead with publication.

We feel that there is a certain moral necessity to make known the terrible facts in a constructive way. Only ourselves or people working with us can do that. Others are gaining access to the materials more and more freely by indirect means and are bringing them out in semicommercial form. On the one hand this will perhaps lessen the intensity of the Japanese attacks.
upon us while at the same time it impels us to seek a comprehensive and good-spirited account of
the experiences of the Chinese people. I need not discuss all the general principles and issues
involved which you can imagine or think out for yourselves.

It is possible that there may be retaliatory restriction upon individuals or upon groups of
missionaries. We do not believe however that such action is a certainty. Perhaps it is not even a
probability. Most of the fears of the past year have never become realities in the form that we
anticipated. On the positive side we hope definitely to exercise some deterrent restraint upon the
management of the Japanese forces in other parts of China during the remainder of the struggle.
Moreover, the people of the rest of China, of the Orient, and of the other parts of the world have
a right to know this significant chapter in the experience of our times. The book will be translated
into several languages, and after that translation has been paid for all profits will go into the
International Relief Fund.

I am sorry to inflict such a lengthy statement upon you, but it may be of value to you in
considering other problems of publicity than the present one. Moreover if serious difficulties arise
for some of us you will understand the background and the consideration that we have given to
the issues. I do not feel that timidity as such has accomplished anything whatsoever in the world
that we confront. Let us do what we consider to be our duty. Do it in a good spirit and accept the
consequences likewise.

May 13: Minnie Vautrin diary

Friday, May 13, 1938

Spent morning - or what was left of it in trying to work out a curriculum for J---S. middle
grade work for this autumn.

Here are two typical cases that came to my office this morning -
Giang Lao Tai and daughter called. Her story -

Has son of 53 who has had T.B. for years.
He has a wife and son.
Has another son of 33 who was earning $50 per
month running a machine in a rice hulling shop. This
son has a wife and four children from 3 - 10 years of
age.

All nine were dependent on this one son of 33. Eight of the family evacuated north of
river last fall and used up everything they had. The son of 33 was killed by the Japanese soldiers.
Then came a person telling me the story of Liu Lao Tai - a woman of almost 50 living
down near San Pai Lou. She has three sons and two daughters-in-law. Four nights ago two
soldiers came to her door about ten p.m., unable to push the door in they forced their way in
through a window and found themselves in Liu Lau Tai’s room. They demanded her daughters-in-law and when she refused and started to go for a military police, they cut two gashes in her face and one in her heart. She died from these wounds.

These two tragedies were told me today. Almost every day I hear others as heart-breaking. One cannot wonder that people ask you most pitifully, “How long will this terrible situation last? How can we bear it?”

November 19, 1938: Excerpt from a circular letter of M. Searle Bates

The past year and a half don’t leave to an analytical mind much remainder from certain conventional beliefs in a benign providence, and I can see little indication of God in the tremendous wave of cruelty and greed that has engulfed a big piece of our world. Yet the worth of human character, and the need of men for the life and vision that Jesus gave, have never loomed so great. The invigoration of fighting unarmed for the lives of persons in pressing danger, and the thrill of standing for truth and humanity when you know that any moment you may be wiped out by unregarding force -- maybe that’s life eternal, if we lose our slavery to time. There is a new sense of freedom to go ahead according to the light that’s given, take whatever comes. If life stopped now, it still would have been worthwhile, and the investment of others in nurture and opportunity, which used to weigh heavily, would not have been lost. So far an open procedure in the immediate struggle, and an attempt to keep clear of narrow partisanship, have been rewarded by continuance. But one vindictive military policeman, one narrow reader of suspicious clippings, can radically tear out a lifetime’s work.

“Peace on earth, good will to men.” But can the peace before us be a peace of good will? Every spiritual concept seems drawn irresistibly to the test in this awful situation, though I know it shouldn’t be misplaced or twisted. “Be not overcome of evil,” is a call right to the heart. “Overcome evil with good,” requires a more powerful “good” than is visible to most eyes, but there’s no doubt of its being the right way to work. So that will have to do for faith this Christmas. There is not much hope in the ordinary sense, but there’s a good deal of love, some of it found in unexpectedly rough and desperate places.
Bodies of victims outside the city of Nanking

A woman killed by Japanese troops along a country road outside of Nanking
A drainage pond outside of Nanking, filled with the bodies of Chinese murdered by Japanese soldiers.

The wife of the American Church Mission’s gatekeeper being carried into the hospital for treatment of gunshot wounds inflicted by a Japanese soldier who threatened to raped her.
Two brothers outside the ruins of the shop that was their livelihood.

Refugees outside Ginling College
Documentation of the Nanking Massacre
Photographs

Refugees at the University of Nanking

Refugees waiting for relief at the Safety Zone Committee headquarters
Documentation of the Nanking Massacre

Photographs

Refugee huts outside the Safety Zone

A young orphan at the Ginling College refugee camp
Documentation of the Nanking Massacre
Facsimile reproductions of documents

The documents included here are a small sampling from extensive records related to the Nanking Massacre in the collections of the Yale Divinity School Library.

December 16, 1937 letter from Lewis S. C. Smythe to the Japanese Embassy in Nanking: This facsimile is included as an example of the numerous protests directed at the Japanese Embassy by the International Committee for the Nanking Safety Zone, showing the tone and format of these letters. [From the Miner Searle Bates Papers, Record Group No. 10, Box 102, Folder 863.]

December 20, 1937 cable to the American Consulate-General in Shanghai: This document was selected for inclusion because it conveys the sense of isolation and despair felt by the missionaries who remained in Nanking throughout the Massacre. The missionaries feared that only inaccurate and misleading information about the situation in Nanking was reaching the outside world. [From the Bates Papers, Record Group No. 10, Box 102, Folder 863]

December 24, 1937 circular letter of George Fitch: A version of the letter has been published elsewhere, but it is included here because it provides a clear, well-written summary of the events leading up to the Japanese invasion of Nanking and the atrocities committed during the occupation of the city. [From the Archives of the United Board for Christian Higher Education in Asia, Record Group No. 11, Box 9, Folder 202]

January 9, 1938 letter from M. Searle Bates to his wife: This letter was selected for publication because it represents the sacrifice made by the missionaries who elected to stay in Nanking during the Japanese occupation. The families of the missionaries initially thought that many of them may have been killed during the sinking of the U.S.S. Panay because Americans had been directed to evacuate Nanking on that ill-fated vessel. As described in Bates' letter to his wife, the missionaries experienced physical danger and emotional anxiety, and saw their homes destroyed by the invading soldiers. [From the Bates Papers, Record Group No. 10, Box 1, Folder 8]

January 11, 1938 letter from John Magee to Bp. William Roberts: The American Church Mission (Episcopal) missionaries who stayed in Nanking, John Magee and Ernest Forster, were responsible for thousands of people who took refuge in private residences within the Zone. [From the Ernest and Clarissa Forster Papers, Record Group No. 8, Box 263]

“House of Restful Consolation” poster: A poster put up on a large girls’ school in Nanking by the Japanese. [From the Bates Papers, Record Group No. 10, Box 102, Folder 871]

March 3, 1938 circular letter from Lewis S. C. Smythe: A comprehensive description of the Nanking experience, prepared by Smythe and distributed for him by the United Christian Missionary Society. [From the Bates Papers, Record Group No. 10, Box 4, Folder 64]
Mr. Tokuyasu Fukuda,
Attache to the Japanese Embassy,
Nanking.

My dear Sir:

As pointed out by the Major we interviewed with you at the Bank of Communications yesterday noon, it is advisable to have the city return to normal life as soon as possible. But yesterday the continued disorders committed by Japanese soldiers in the Safety Zone increased the state of panic among the refugees. Refugees in large buildings are afraid to even go to nearby soup kitchens to secure the cooked rice. Consequently, we are having to deliver rice to these compounds directly, thereby complicating our problem. We could not even get coolies out to load rice and coal to take to our soup kitchens and therefore this morning thousands of people had to go without their breakfast. Foreign members of the International Committee are this morning making desperate efforts to get trucks through Japanese patrols so these civilians can be fed. Yesterday foreign members of our Committee had several attempts made to take their personal cars away from them by Japanese soldiers. (A list of cases of disorder is appended.)

Until this state of panic is allayed, it is going to be impossible to get any normal activity started in the city, such as: telephone workers, electric plant workers, probably the water plant workers, shops of all kinds, or even street cleaning.
In order to quickly improve this situation, the International Committee respectfully suggests that the Imperial Japanese Army take the following steps at once:

1. Have all searching done by regularly organized squads of soldiers under a responsible officer. (Most of the trouble has come from wandering groups of 3 to 7 soldiers without an officer.)

2. At night, and if possible also in the daytime, have the guards at the entrances of the Safety Zone (proposed by the Major yesterday) prevent any stray Japanese soldiers from entering the Safety Zone.

3. Today, give us passes to paste on the windshields of our private cars and trucks to prevent Japanese soldiers from commandeering them. (Even under the stress of defence of the city the Chinese Army Headquarters supplied us with such passes and the cars that were taken before we got the passes were returned to the Committee within 24 hours after our reporting the cases. Furthermore, even in that difficult situation, the Chinese Army assigned to us three trucks to use for hauling rice for feeding civilians. Certainly, the Imperial Japanese Army in full control of the city, with no fighting going on, and with much greater amount of equipment, cannot do less for the Chinese civilians that have no come under their care and protection.)

We refrained from protesting yesterday because we thought when the High Command arrived order in the city would be restored, but last night was even worse than the night before, so we decided these matters should be called to the attention of the Imperial Japanese Army, which we are sure does not approve such actions by its soldiers.

John H. D. Rabe, Chairman.
CASES OF DISORDER BY JAPANESE SOLDIERS IN THE SAFETY ZONE

Filed, December 16th, 1937.

Note: These are only sample cases we have had time to check up on more carefully. Many more have been reported to our workers.

1. Six street sweepers of the second division of the Sanitary Commission of the Safety Zone were killed in the house they occupied at Kuleo and one seriously injured with a bayonet by Japanese soldiers on Dec. 15th. No apparent reason whatever. These men were our employees. The soldiers entered the house.

2. A carriage loaded with rice was taken on Dec. 15th at 4:00 P.M. near the gate of Ginling College by Japanese soldiers.

3. Several residents in our second sub-division were driven from their homes on the night of December 14th and robbed of everything. The chief of the sub-division was himself robbed twice by Japanese soldiers.

4. On the night of December 15th, last night, seven Japanese soldiers entered the University of Nanking library building and took seven Chinese women refugees, three of whom were raped on the spot. (Full details of this case will be filed by Dr. M. S. Bates Chairman of the University of Nanking Emergency Committee.)

5. On the night of December 14th, there were many cases of Japanese soldiers entering Chinese houses and raping women or taking them away. This created a panic in the area and hundreds of women moved into the Ginling College campus yesterday. Consequently, three American men spent the night at Ginling College last night to protect these 3,000 women and children in the compound.

6. About 30 Japanese soldiers with no apparent leader, on December 14th, searched the University Hospital and the nurses' dormitory. The staff of the Hospital were systematically looted. The objects taken were: 6 fountain pens, $180.00, 4 watches, 2 hospital badges, 2 flashlights, 2 pairs of gloves, 1 sweater.

7. Yesterday, December 15th, every one of our large refugee camps in public and institutional buildings reported that the Japanese soldiers had been there and robbed the refugees several times.

8. On December 15th, the American Ambassador's residence was broken into and searched and some small personal articles taken.

9. On December 15th, the faculty house of Ginling College was entered by Japanese soldiers who climbed over the back fence and smashed in a door. Since every movable thing had been taken out of the building since December 13th, nothing could be stolen!

10. At noon, December 14th, on Chien Ying Hsiang, Japanese soldiers entered a house and took four girls, raped them, and let them return in two hours.
Cases, filed Dec. 16th, 1937. p. 2. (Copy)

11. Our Ninghai Road rice shop was visited on December 15th in the afternoon by Japanese soldiers who bought 3 bags of rice (3.75 tan or piculs) and only paid $5.00. The regular price of rice is $9.00 per tan, so the Imperial Japanese Army owes the International Committee $28.75 for this.

12. At 10:00 P.M. on the night of December 14th a Chinese home on Chien Ying Hsiang was entered by 11 Japanese soldiers who raped 4 Chinese somen.

13. On December 14th, Japanese soldiers entered the home of Miss Grace Bauer, an American missionary, and took a pair of fur-lined gloves, drank up all the milk on the table, and scooped up sugar with their hands.

14. On December 15th, Japanese soldiers entered the garage of Dr. R. F. Brady (American) at 11 Shuan Lung Hsiang, smashed a window in his Ford V8, later came back with a mechanic and tried to start the car.

15. Last night, December 15th, Japanese soldiers entered a Chinese house on Hankow Road and raped a young wife and took away three women. When two husbands ran, the soldiers shot both of them.

The above cases have been checked up on by foreign members of our Committee or Staff.

Respectfully submitted,

Lewis S. C. Smythe, Secretary.
AMERICAN CONSULATE-GENERAL SHANGHAI

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS REQUIRE IMMEDIATE PRESENCE AMERICAN DIPLOMATIC REPRESENTATIVES IN NANKING STOP SITUATION DAILY MORE URGENT STOP SIGNED BATES BAUER FITCH FORSTER MAGEE MILLS MCCALLUM RIGGS SMYTHE SONG TRIMMER VAUTRIN WILSON

DATED NANKING DECEMBER 20th.

Lewis H. Smythe
Chas. H. Keyes
Jan. W. McCallum
W. S. Mills
M. E. Bates
Hubert A. Sage
F. C. Fitch
L. P. Trimmer

W. H. Humphreys
Grace Bauer
Robert Wilson
John L. Magee
Eugene D. Foster
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 of degraded criminals of incredible bestiality, 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 unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, I am one of a very few who are in a position to tell it. It is not complete for it is 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 Christmas Eve. I shall start with say December 10th. In these two short weeks we have 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 women is not perhaps altogether a safe occupation; nor does one feel 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 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 possessions taken from them -- their last coin, their last bit of bedding (and it is
freezing weather), the poorricksha man hisricksha; while thousands of dis-
armed 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 watch the city you
have come to love and the institutions to which you have planned to devote
your best years deliberately and systematically burned by fire -- this is a
hell I had never before envisaged, but hell it is none the less.
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 are 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 won-
der that one wakes 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 live? They cannot continue much longer in their present ter-
ribly crowded condition; disease and pestilence must soon follow if they do.

Every day we call at the Embassy and present our protest, 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 vic-
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rape at will, to commit acts of unbelievable brutality and savagery on the
very people whom 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 or so 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 down-
trodden 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 Jap­
anese 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" 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 are wagering that it will be another fortnight 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 the 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 hun-
dred thousand of Nanking's population could take refuge when things became
too hot, for it has become quite obvious that the splendid resistance which the Chinese had put up 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 force could not be endured forever and the successful landing of Japanese troops on Hangchow Bay attacking their flank and rear was the crowning event in their undoing. It seemed inevitable that Nan-

King must soon fall.

On Dec. 1st Mayor Ma virtually turned over to us the administrative respons-
sibilities for the Zone together with a police force of 450 men, 30,000 pic-

uls (2,000 tons) of rice, 10,000 bags of flour, and some salt, also a promise of a hundred thousand dollars in cash, 80,000 of which was subsequently re-

ceived. Gen. Tang, 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 com-

mandable 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 day 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 compared with the hell it has been ever since the Japanese came. It is true that 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 nothing compared with the difficulties we have since faced. But I must go on with my chronicle of events.
On December 10th, the refugees were streaming into the Zone. We had already filled most of the institutional buildings — Ginling, the College and other schools, and now had to requisition the Supreme Court, the Law College and the Overseas Building, 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 wall, and shells were dropping into the city. Several shells landed just within the Zone to the south the following morning, killing about 40 near the Bible Teachers' Training School and the Foo Chong Hotel. Mr. Sperling, our inspector, a German, was slightly injured at the latter place where he was living. The U.S.S. Panay moved up river, 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 of our Embassy giving me the last two navy radiograms to reach Hankang. He was phoning from outside the city, of course; the messages were from Wilbur and Boynton. Earlier that day I had received another message saying that Marion was to be married Dec. 18 in Hudson, Ohio, but it came to me second-hand and I did not get further details.

We were now a community of 27 — 18 Americans, 5 Germans, 1 Englishman, 1 Austrian, and 2 Russians. Out on the river was the Panay with the two remaining Embassy men, Atcheson and Paxton, and half a dozen others; the Standard Oil and Asiatic Petroleum motor ship with many more, a bulk which had been fitted out as a sort of floating hotel and towed upstream with some 20 foreigners including Dr. Rosen of the German Embassy and some 400 Chinese, and other craft. 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 Hankang they will see.

On Sunday the 12th I was busy at my desk as director of the Safety Zone all day long. We were using the former residence of Gen. Chang Chum, recently Minister of Foreign Affairs, as headquarters, so we were very comfortably fixed.
and incidentally had one of the best bomb-proof dugouts in all Nanking. Air-
planes had been over us almost constantly for the past two days, but no one
heeded them now, and the shellfire 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 40,000 men in taking Nanking.
The general rout must have been 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. General Tan asked our assistance in ar-
ranging a truce with the Japanese and Mr. Sperling agreed to take a flag and
message — but it was already too late. He fled that evening, and as soon
as 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
jamned 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, putties and belts tied together, clothing torn
in 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 inade-
quate for the horde that was now in a frenzy to cross to the north side. The
overcrowded junks capsizeed, they sank, thousands drowned. Other thousands
tried to make rafts of the lumber on the riverside only to suffer the same
fate. Other thousands must have succeeded in getting away, but many of these
were probably bombed by the Japanese planes a day or two later.

One small detail of three companies rallied under their officers, crossed
the San Chiao Ho three miles up the river and tried to attach the Japanese for-
ces that were coming in from that direction, but were outnumbered and prac-
tically 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 him were trying to swim the small tributary to the Yangtse 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 Safety Zone at 11:00 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 any who run 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 would give up their equipment their lives would be spared by the Japanese. But it was a vain promise. All would have preferred to die fighting than be taken out and shot or sabred or used for bayonet practice, as they all were later.

There was still some shell fire that day but very little that landed in the Zone. We discovered some fragments of shrapnel in our yard that evening; Dr. Wilson 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 Ministry, the most beautiful building in all Nanking with its superb ceremonial hall, was in flames, but whether from shell fire or started by the retreating Chinese we do not know.

On Tuesday the 14th the Japanese were pouring into the city -- tanks,
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, 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 "6,000 disarmed soldiers" were. Four times that day Japanese soldiers came and tried to take our cars away. Others in the mean time succeeded in stealing three of our cars that were elsewhere. On Sora's they 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 Dr. Thompson's 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 experiences in dealing 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 of the N.Y. Times started for Shanghai by motor that day, though none of us had much faith that he would get through. I hurriedly wrote a letter for him to take, but he was turned back at Kuyung. Steele of the Chicago 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 to the river — it was ironical indeed that the Panay should be bombed and we still safe.
Mr. Rabe, our chairman head of the Siemens China Company, and Smythe, our secretary, called at military headquarters in the hope of seeing the commanding officer and stopping the intolerable disorder 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 not time to investigate but asked a friendly looking major who had just moved in across the street to keep an eye on the place, which he promised to do. A staff officer from the Navy was waiting for me. He expressed deep concern over the loss of the Panay, but he could not give 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 personal nature. He seemed somewhat disappointed in the brevity of the message I wrote out; "Wilbur National Committee Y M C A Shanghai: All foreigners Nanking safe and well please inform interested parties."; also when I told him that with the exception of a couple of newspapermen 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 to evident that an execution was going on, hundreds of poor disarmed soldiers with many innocent civilians among them, the real reason for not wanting me to go further. So Mr. Sekiguchi of K.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 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 Menken of Paramount Films
with whom I had just made that trip to the Northwest, to Shansi and Sian, al-
ready there, for they were going too, and I had promised to drive Durdin's car
back to the American Embassy for him. Mr. Okamura 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 Standard Oil Boats, so I offered him a lift
back to the city. But at the gate we were 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 differ-
ence. 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 the time passed quick-
ly. But the stench at the gate was awful -- and here and there the 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 was 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 march away to their doom. Not a
whimper came from that entire throng. Our hearts were lead. Were these four
lads from Canton who had trudged all the way up from the south and yesterday
reluctantly given me their arms among them, I wondered; or that all 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 trucks and cars. I went over to the American Embassy where the Chinese staff was still standing by and borrowed Atcheson's car for Mills to deliver coal. For our big concentration of refugees and our three big rice kitchens had to have fuel as well as rice. We now had 25 camps, ranging from 200 to 12,000 people in them. In the University buildings alone there were nearly 30,000 and in Ginling College which was reserved for women and children the 5,000 was rapidly increased to over 9,000. In the latter place even the space was taken. We had figured to sixteen square feet to a person, but actually they were crowded in much closer than that. For a 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, Mrs. Twinam and Mrs. Chen 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, 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 taken away, often to their last bit of bedding. At our staff conference at four we could hear the shots of the
execution squad near by. 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 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 doors; but the side gate had been smashed and the door broken open. Within was confusion. Every drawer and closet and trunk had been opened, looks 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 from Dr. C. T. Wang, and a heavy oak buffet battered in.

Yates McDaniel of the Associated Press, the last of our newspapermen, left in the afternoon by another destroyer for Shanghai. With him I sent another short letter which I hope got through.

Friday, December 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. And 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. Rick-shas, cattle, pigs, donkeys, often the sole means of livelihood of the people, are taken from them. Our rice kitchens and rice shops are interfered with. We have had to close the latter.

After dinner I took Bates to the University and McCallum 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 a 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. Twisnam, 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 50 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 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 would 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, the 18th. Marion's wedding day. At breakfast Riggs, who lives in the Safety Zone a block away but has his meals with us, reported that two women, one a cousin of Wang Ding, our 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 the 19th. 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 squads in one district were slaughtered; the seventh escaped, wounded, to tell the tale. Towards evening today two of us rushed to Dr. Brady's house (he is away) and chased two 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, of our Embassy. The flag was still there, 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 55 additional cases of violence, all authenticated, and told Messrs. Tanaka and Fukui 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 was quite obvious that they have little or no influence with the military whatever, and the military has 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 criminals of the most depraved type 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 taken. 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, December 20th. Vandalism and violence continue absolutely unchecked. Whole sections of the city are being systematically burned. At 5:00 PM Smythe and I went for a drive. All Taiping Road, the most important shopping district 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 an 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.

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

December 21. Fourteen of us called on Tanaka at 2:30 and presented a
letter signed by all 22 foreigners protesting the burning of the city and con-
tinued disorders. More promises. Rabe fears for his house, for buildings are
burning across the street from him. He has over 400 refugees living in mat
sheds in his garden. 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 car 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 Haiakwan 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 will still left. (There are over fifty German resi-
dences in Nanking.)

December 22. Firing squad at work very near us at 5:00 AM today. Counted
a hundred shots. The University was entered twice: during the night, the police
man at the gate held up at the point of a bayonet, and a door broken open.
The Japanese military police recently appointed to duty there was asleep.
Representatives of the new Japanese police force called and promised order
by January 1st. They also asked for the loan of motor cars and trucks. Went with Sperling to see 50 corpses in some ponds a quarter of a mile east of headquarters. All obviously civilians, hands bound behind backs, one with the top of his head cut completely off. Were they used for sabre practice? On the way home for dinner stopped to help the father of our Y M C A writer who was being threatened by a drunken soldier with his 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 and Daniel's houses where they were just about to rape the woman. 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 dinner to chase soldiers out of the sericulture building — several drunks. 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 soldiers 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 54 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 of our time just protecting them. Mr. Wu, engineer in the power plant which is located in Hsialow, brought us the amazing news that 43 of the 54 employees who had so heroically kept the plant going to the very last day 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 grounds that the power company was a government concern — which it was not. Japanese officials have been to 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 murdered most of them.
Thursday, December 23. Some was the one to get manhandled 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 refugees living there
out, and said they must use the place as a registration center. He must have
had a pretty uncomfortable time of it, for he finally was forced to sign a
paper giving them the right to use the place for two weeks. And Some 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 any they sus-
pect. 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 his 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 fire. He happened to be on the outer edge so got the gas only
on his head. Later another similar case was brought to the hospital with more
extensive burns. He also died. The first man had no wounds but the second
did. Still later I saw a third with a similar head and arm burns lying dead
on 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, 24th. Mr. Tang of 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; Paxton's office door was bayonetted, three cars stolen
from the compound and two more this morning. Later I had the pleasure of tell-
ing Tanaka that Menken'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 20,000 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 Governing
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, Sperling and Dr. Trimmer in for dinner with us — a good dinner, too, with roast pig 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 way they came instead of by the gate, and when any of them object he thrusts his Nazi arm band 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 leather bound Siemens diary. We sang Christmas songs with Wilson at the piano.

Christmas Day. A perfect day too, so 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, Miss Blanche Wu and Miss Pearl Bromley Wu as our guests, we had to answer three calls for help and turn soldiers out of Fenn's and the Chinese faculty houses and the sericulture building. That day, too, the American flag was taken down from the Rural Leaders Training School. Seven soldiers spent the night and the night before in the Bible Teachers Training School and raped the women; a girl of 12 was raped by three soldiers almost next door to us, and another of 13, before we could send relief. There were also more bayonet cases; Wilson reports that of the 240 cases in the hospital, three fourths of them 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 spared. 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 had quite a number of cases where men 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 Japs.

December 27th. The third week of Japanese occupation begins and is celebrated with the arrival of a Nisshin Kissen ship from Shanghai. Four representatives of the company call at my office and promise 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, and there is no cooperation between the army and Embassy. The army even refuses to recognize the new Self-Governing Committee which was called into being by the Embassy, and its members are deliberately slighted. They are told they are a conquered people and should expect no favors. Our list of disorder 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 15 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 in the premises and took away one of them. The B T T S was entered many times, people were robbed and 20 women were raped. The hospital superintendent was taken by soldiers in spite of Miss Bauer's protest. The burn-
ing of the city continues and today two of the Christian Mission School build-
ings in the south part of the city were fired, also Kissing and Baders
(German restaurant). But Takatami, 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 useless, for there are hundreds of foreign proper-
ties in Nanking and almost all of them have been looted by her soldiers. And
the cars that have been stolen. I think I almost forgot to mention 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 by the soldiers, also a couple of trucks, but fortunately the servants
had fared fairly well. Every block or so, one now sees abandoned cars —
stolen cars that have been run to ruin. Ten stripped of their tires and bat-
teries and anything else useful and left where they were, usually overturned.

There was one bright spot today, though, and that was the arrival by the
N Y K boat, through the Japanese Embassy, of a letter from Dr. Fong Soo, —
first 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 of-
fered to hold some of the money that was coming in in response to our appeal
through the Rotary International. That's Fong, all over. And we'll need ad-
ditional funds all right — many, many thousands. I have a nightmare every
time I think of what we'll soon be needing; where are we going to get it?

December 28th. What we feared — bad weather. A steady drizzle and then
snow. The poor refugees living in huts, many no larger than a pup tent, will
have a miserable time of it, for most of these huts are not rain proof. 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 the 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 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 be established?

I went over to our Y M C A 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 of 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.

December 29th. 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 resents any interference from us. Word came through from Hsiakwan by a representative of the Chinese Red Cross Society that there are approximately 20,000 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 sometimes more of a nuisance than a help. They demand fire and food, beds, and other things from the people.

December 30th. I called in the Y M C A servants today, 18 of them, and paid them up to the 15th of next month and told them they must now try to find other work. It was a hard job. Some of them have been with the Association for many years and are fine, faithful fellows. Wong Ding and I hope it may be possible to start something in a small way in the old school building.
if and when we get on 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. Wong Bing has done a splendid job as assistant housing commissioner and so has Y.S. Chang 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 60 Chinese, most of them our camp managers, on how the New Year's was to be celebrated. The 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 the event. Camps of over a thousand must have 20 representatives present, smaller camps 10. 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 program) — 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 12 to 13 years of age being raped or abducted. Sperling has a busy time chasing soldiers out of houses in the immediate vicinity of headquarters. The sericulture building (a part of Nanking University, American property) has a cordon thrown around it while soldiers engage in a man-hunt etc., etc.

December 31st. 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's preparations. Two days of holiday are announced. We dread them, for it means more drunk 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 22 of the foreign community in Nanking. He also entertained us 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 I give for a letter from "home". My last from Mrs. Fitch was dated
October 28th as she was about to sail from Yokohama; from Marion the same day but written just before she had joined up with Mrs. Fitch on the President Hoover; from Albert and Edith long before that. Kempton of course I had seen on that airplane trip of mine back from Sian the latter part of November, and I suppose he is still in Changsha. 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.

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 of three representatives of the American Embassy on the 6th and of three of both the British and German Embassies on the 9th 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 December 19th that fires have not been started by the 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 20 miles, are burned, and that not a living Chinese or farm animal is to be seen.

We are at least 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. Fortunately too for our stock of candles and kerosene was just giving out. At our committee headquarters we had current a few days earlier. Only the Japanese are supposed to have current, 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 December 28th the stores were rapidly opening up and business
returning to normal, that the Japanese were co-operating with us in feeding the poor refugees, that the city had been cleared of Chinese looters and that peace and order now reigned. It is typical of the lies Japan has been sending abroad ever since the war started.

I have written this account in no spirit of vindictiveness. War is brutalizing, especially war of conquest, and it would seem to me from my experience 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 menace the West some day, and that the world should know the truth about what is happening. How this situation should be dealt with I shall leave to abler minds than mine to consider.

There is a bright side of our 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 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 know how we should 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 beside their many other good qualities and right must triumph in the end. Anyway, I shall always be glad that I threw in my lot with them.

G.A. Petch
bedding, money, watches, bicycles. I had taken to a safe a portable silver, my father’s watch, Chavannes, the Renaissance books. Did not know where else to draw a line. Mattresses put in lockers, sealed boxes (which soldiers broke of course), or were largely intact. My typewriter, most of my winter clothes, some bedding here—much in Shanghai bank.

Bombing & shelling were bad for three days, but much less than the terror after entry. My closest calls were from violent shunmen soldiers. Am sending you some copies of reports.

If you are in Shanghai communication will be quicker and possibly easier when some kind of travel is open. Military trains take days on irregular schedule. As my shows interest in commercial openings, even for food. City faces intolerable outlook unless some brains turn this way. Life hardly exists outside the walls, or little outside the Zone. Now Shanghai Minghai Road are the most crowded in town, with tens of thousands in good weather. Single men are

I am very sorry for the distress over the way, and hope there will be no further string of that kind. Just now there is no physical danger, but there is much struggle over spies, delation, etc., in which the American refuge camps’ staffs seem to be a main arena. I get about one heavy jolt per day; yesterday violently showed out of an office for trying to save the life of a useful interpreter who had stood with us thru threats & bribes. Today discovered one spy or probable second in our main buildings. Lewis now takes turns with me for cleverness in Severance Hall. We have guards at main gate, but they are troublesome & not over-effective.

I love you dearly, Williath, and will be most glad when we can have a home again.

Sara
Dear Billy:

We were very happy indeed to receive some foreign letters including yours, and to get some news of the various people in the Mission.

I have just consulted Paul Tong about the number of trunks I sent as he and Mr. Kuo packed them. He said there was one big trunk, one "standing trunk" (he probably means Wardrobe trunk) 2 ordinary trunks and a roll of bedding. In addition there was Helen VanVoest's trunk. I'm amazed that it took so long to get the trunks to Shanghai and very much hope that one has not been lost.

Glad to know that all at Wuhu are safe, and pray that our Chinese workers and people have come through everywhere. J.L.Chen's son was carried off with 500 to 1000 others, including about 13 of J.L.Chen's Christians and inquirers. We heard he was not shot with the others but he has not been seen since the day the others were killed Dec. 16th as it looks very bad. His father thinks he is dead. Another of his people, old Mr. Tung's son of San Pai Lou was shot dead in the street in the Refugee Zone near to the houses where his people are refugeeing. The Ch'en family have taken this wonderfully and he has shown up very well through the whole crisis. One day he was taken off to do coolie work but returned after a few hours in safety. All Chinese, with exception of children, were forced to register with the military, and at this time another of our inquirers from J.L.Ch'en's group was taken and has not been heard of since.

Thousands of men, women and children have been murdered in addition to all the disarmed soldiers who have been discovered. There were dead bodies in every street and alley in the city, so far as I could tell, and I went around quite extensively including Hsiakwan, although it is impossible to go to the latter place now. I went with the Consul-General (Japanese) who has tried to help, but the soldiers paid little attention to him. The Consul took George Pitch to Hsiakwan and then he was not allowed to enter with the consul and had to wait for an hour and a half until the Consul could get a military permit. It is impossible to say how many people have been murdered (including disarmed soldiers, but my guess is 20,000). A little boy of seven died in the hospital of five bayonet wounds in his stomach. I saw a woman yesterday who had been raped between ten and twenty times and then two soldiers tried to cut her head off. Her head has to be held up but fortunately nothing vital was cut and she will recover. In addition to the terrible wound in her neck she has a number of other wounds. I have talked to a Buddhist nun who was living behind a temple in the south city. The soldiers rushed in killed the "mother superior", aged 65 (Chinese) count and a little apprentice nun of 10 (Chinese). She herself was shot in the hip and a little apprentice nun of hers, aged twelve (Chinese) was bayonettied in the back. She took refuge in a pit with the little nun and feigned death covering herself with dead bodies. An old nun of 70 was crushed beneath the weight of the bodies, according to her story. She and the little girl did not move for five days and had nothing to eat. She did not dare open her eyes. Then she heard a soldier
Bishop Roberts -- 2

in Chinese (Many of the Japanese soldiers know a little Chinese) "K' o-lien" and she opened her eyes. This soldier pulled her out of the pit and told some Chinese to carry her to a Japanese dressing station - she and the child - and some days later a neighbor brought her to the Univ. Hospital.

The raping of women has been beyond description or imagination. Most of the foreigners in town have been kept busy driving off Japanese soldiers from houses all over the refugee zone. I do not know how many women I have taken to the hospital to be tended to after this experience. Among them was one little girl of twelve (Chinese). Dean Tong told me he knew of a child of thirteen who had been raped by three men. Men in the Texas Oil Co. Installation outside the city told me that a child of ten (Chinese!) had been raped just by them there. In the one time for a long time that Ernest and I left these houses at the same time two of the girls in Herr Stimnes' house where the St. Paul's Church Christians are were raped. It was on New Year's Day and as everything seemed peaceful we went over in a car to Buck's house where most of the foreign men (Americans) are living. Just as we were finishing dinner Catechist Fan and Paul Tong came running to tell us that the soldiers had arrived and were after women. We were too late. Mrs. Chou was trying to save one girl and was beaten over the head with a bayonet but not hurt seriously. Another girl who was in the third story escaped by cleverly tripping up a soldier. About a week ago while I was in front of our Refugee Zone office a policeman came running and said a man had been killed. I went with him to a nearby house and found a house with many people crying. It was then after five o'clock. A soldier had been there at about 4.30 and tried to drag a woman into a room. Her husband in some way assisted her so that she was able to run into this room and out through a door at the back onto the street and escape. The soldier, who was unarmed, went away and came back twenty minutes later and killed the man. The woman, whose husband kept some kind of a small shop for selling goods, said to me "How am I going to feed my five children"?

This is only a small part of what I have seen and heard. Not long ago several hundreds of soldiers gave themselves up among the four thousand men refugees in the U.of Nanking at the time of the compulsory registration of all Chinese except children. An officer had told the whole crowd of men if those who were soldiers would acknowledge the fact he would guarantee their lives although they would give them work to do. He allowed them twenty minutes to think it over, after telling them that if they did not acknowledge it and were discovered they would be shot. Two hundred stepped forward and were led off. We discovered by a remarkable circumstance that I do not want to mention on paper they were taken out near a temple inside the city and all killed with bayonets. Can you imagine such perfidy? Here and there among the soldiers there have been decent men, but it seems like most of them went mad after entrance into the city. Such a ferocious body of men I have never seen and I have seen the worst type of Chinese bandits looting this city, too.

The marvel is that none of us foreigners have been killed. This looks to me as though the officers could have controlled their men if they had wanted to, as a member of the German Embassy staff told me today that a number of French R.C. fathers had been killed by Japanese soldiers in the north. I read about the death of these
men in the newspapers several months ago but the Japanese had announced that Chinese bandits, former members of Sung Cheh-yuan's army had done it. This German told me that they now knew for a fact that it was the Japanese who did it. We foreigners repeatedly drove soldiers out of houses and away from women. I myself burst into a room with a J. lying on top of a woman and shouted at the man, "Ch'u-pa" and he went. Afterwards the women's mother came and Kowtowed to me. A soldier drew a pistol on Bob Wilson who came into a room in the University Hospital where a soldier had crawled into bed with a girl nurse and Bob thought he was going to use it but he thought better of it. Others have had similar experiences.

The night before last Searle Bates was pushed down the stairs of Father Kearney's house where he had gone to see the head of the Military police who is occupying the place to intercede for a fine young Middle School student of the University Middle School who had been bound and taken off by soldiers just previously. The officer there was furious with him. This boy's father was a merchant in Japan and he could speak Japanese. They had been trying to get him to help them for days but the boy had made various excuses and finally they carried him off. We fear for his fate.

Things are improving. The bodies have been moved from the streets but are still lying in ponds and out of the way places. Just yesterday one of the foreigners saw soldiers (two) push a Chinese with his hands tied into a pond by Shansi Road and then shoot him dead while he was standing in the water. Any little corporal seems to be able to determine the fate of the poor Chinese. Fires still continue but on greatly decreased scale.

Please be very careful of this letter as we might all be kicked out if it were published, and that would be a disaster for the Chinese of Nanking. Please send copies to John Wood and ask him to send copies to my wife, Louise Hammond, and my sister Mrs. J. V. Scaife, Schenley Apartments, Pittsburgh.

With much love to you all,

As ever yours,

John

P.S. Don't send it to Dr. Wood until you have a perfectly safe way to do so.
Dear Friends in God's Country,

Your answers to my Christmas letter mailed from here on December 4th are beginning to come through thanks to the Chinese Post Office in Shanghai. They are soring out mail for us and sending it up on the British and American gunboats. I told you they would get it through some way! The latest, dated January 18th, arrived March 4th. Here's hoping more come because it makes me feel as though I had some ties across the water again! We have been buried here so this winter, both in lack-of-connections with the outside world and with the immediate task, that we have come to feel quite isolated.

I could make this whole letter a rebuttal or supplementation of press dispatches that have filtered back to us one way or another about Nanking. But the error that took the cake was the one put out about the time I wrote you in December in which it said that all Americans had gone on board the Panay but the Embassy staff. It would have been more nearly true to say only the Embassy staff went on board. A letter from Ardle in Nanking dated December 15th (received here the last of January) said they would not believe that we were all at the bottom of the Yangtze. I had written in my last letter that got through December 4th, that we had just signed our death warrants to stay in Nanking through any "expected eventualities." Ardle remarked, "Thank God for that!" Well, while we have not had exactly a gay timeshere in Nanking this winter, we feel thankful that we did stay. We do not want to toot our horns any because it was merely doing our duty, but we do believe that we have reduced the amount of suffering for about 250,000 Chinese civilians who were caught here in the city. We have not done a perfect job by far and many Chinese were killed and many others suffered in spite of all we could do. But we raised a storm of protest so strong that finally General Matsumi himself came to Nanking to tell his soldiers to behave themselves---but six weeks too late! If he had said that and made it effective on December 17th when he was here before, there would be a different tale to tell.

What most people feared for us was danger from air raids and the battle. We worked right through the air raids those last days when the alarm sounded in the morning and did not sound any "all clear all day. We slept in our regular beds through the battle trusting to wake up if the barrage came any closer than the southern part of the city---and foolishly trusting in Japanese instructions to their artillery to respect the Safety Zone. Our heir nearly stood on end when on the afternoon of December 13th we contacted their advance guar in the center of the city and they did not have the Safety Zone marked on their maps! (Although we had notified them we were moving the civilian population into that area.) The Zone proved to be safe (excepting for 11 shells that landed along the southern border on the four or five the afternoon of the 13th in the University area) for the simple reason that we followed the advice of foreign military observers here and chose a part of the city that had the least military value. Because we disarmed all Chinese soldiers coming into the Zone on the afternoon of December 13th (trapped in the city) we had no sniping in the Zone at all. But that did not prevent orders from the high command of the Japanese Army from having every disarmed soldier found in the Zone and many civilians along with them tied up
and marched out to be shot. We pled and protested but no avail. When we consulted foreign military observers afterwards they told us that no matter what we might have done as long as the Japanese army worked on that basis nothing we could have done would have saved them and if we had tried to scatter them amongst the civilians we would have just lost more civilians. But the case that still irks us most was that on December 26th, when they started registering the population in the camps, over two hundred men were marched off and some machine-gunned and others used for bayonet practice and others half dead finished with burning gasoline. How do we know? Several escaped after dark and found their way, one who had his eyes and face burned to a crisp with the help of a friend, to the University Hospital. And after these men had been told for twenty minutes on the University campus that if they voluntarily confessed to having ever been a soldier or part of a military labor corps they would be given work, but if they did not confess and were caught they would be shot. Now with inadequate organization, reimbursement, and protection of civilian labor in this area, some Chinese soldiers are being brought back from the front for labor but at the time Hankow was captured there was no such foresight.

This gruesome tale has its own irony. The very day the Japanese Embassy, Navy, and Army came to the headquarters of the "unrecognized Safety Zone" to ask us to help find the men who could start the electricity works, other Japanese soldiers were busy shooting 42 of the best workers of the electric plant! As one British official remarked, "I know the Japanese did not intend to bomb the Panay. It was just a part of their complete lack of co-ordination." Germans here remarked that they had learned how weak an ally they had in Japan. If their Army were up against any well-equipped modern Army it would go to pieces. The Allison incident was only the end of a long series of slapping incidents in Hankow beginning with a Major slapping a soldier he caught in the very act of rape and then letting the soldier go! After two weeks of this, it soon became evident that either the Army did not want to stop it or could not—or some of both! Now the latest is from the Japanese paper that they have found eleven Chinese armed robbers who were to blame for it all! Well, if they each raped from 100 to 200 women per night and day for two weeks and got away with the reported $50,000 they were pretty powerful Chinese when the Japanese Army had preempted all those rights in the city! Even looting by Chinese common people did not begin until after nearly three weeks of destruction and then they started to pick up the pieces in the ruins of burned and looted shops. Cases of armed robbery by Chinese did not begin until a few weeks ago—after ammunition had been left lying about the streets along with dead bodies for weeks after Japanese entry. Even the main road along which General Hatsumi himself rode on December 17th was not cleaned up until it was known the American Embassy people were due back in a few days! Just two weeks ago the Red Swastika Society reported there were still 30,000 bodies to be buried, nearly three months after the Japanese took the city, and the Army not lifting a hand in the process!

Well, now we are thankful that nightmare is passed. The Japanese have moved out their troops and trucks to attack our Chinese friends farther north and west. But the sad part of it is that every indication is that the same is true of all the occupied territory in
the Yangtze Valley and the claim that it is "too dangerous for foreigners" is that they might be horrified. There is no danger from the Chinese snipers for us! The only danger we have faced is that from Japanese soldiers. How we all escaped when we were almost insidiously policing the Japanese Army---they claimed their 17 military police in the city were inadequate (as they were) but 22 foreigners made a good attempt at it---is more than any one of us can ever explain. One night when things were at their worst---two days after Matsui's triumphal march through the city---the fellows at our house remarked at supper, "The first fellow that gets killed we are going to carry his body over and put it in the Japanese Embassy." Several piped up, "Well, I am willing to either be so carried or do the carrying!" Each night the doctor acting as "Mama" of the household would look around the eight of us and wonder who would be missing the next night. He said, "We just can't all get through this alive." Well, we did. The worst was a bayonet scratch in the neck that McCallum got the day after the Allison incident. The greatest paradox of it all is two pacifist missionaries throwing out through a hole in the wall a Japanese soldiers they caught in bed with a Chinese girl near their home, and then laughing at his trying to run up the street and hold his pants up because he had left his belt behind him in his hurried exit! A German comrade has a New Year's story that outdoes that but it can only be printed in the German Embassy's official report, not here! Well, we wondered if we could keep our minds. But we had enough who could laugh at some feature of the worst of it and we came out nearly sane! Japanese actions and statements were absurd enough to provide absurdities to give us release in laughter! All the folks who left before December 10th had to have a vacation because of the strain they had been through. Well, we had to take our vacation right here.

In the midst of all that excitement we had to feed 69,000 people who had crowded into the public and institutional buildings we held till the last minute as reservoirs for those who could not make private arrangements for a house in the Zone. Originally we estimated by crowding, we could put only 35,000 in these buildings! The panic of women in private houses every morning during the first week swelled the total by 20,000 because they were relatively more safe in the crowded camps, especially at Ginning College and the University of Nanking. With all this disorder about us, with every truck or auto taken by stray Japanese soldiers if there were not a foreigner sitting right in it, we had a desperate time getting good to them. The first two nights we had to take rice in private cars to some of those camps to keep people from going more than two days without food. Then we faced the daily fear our rice would not hold out because if the whole population were dependent upon what we had hauled in so desperately during the defense of Nanking, it would only last the 250,000 people one week. But we were soon to learn that our two chief assets were the ingenuity and endurance of the Chinese population and good weather. The Chinese are more accustomed to disaster than we so every family that had anything had brought all the rice they could possibly store before we started hauling---all rice shops were closed by then. And that individual foresight has saved the population because the Japanese have not released for sale enough rice for two weeks' total consumption in the three months they have been here. And they confiscated enough from the Chinese army, private stocks, and from our stocks, to feed the population more than three months.
With the Japanese order in the midst of the "Great Cold" for all the people to go home in less than seven days, people did begin to move out and now our camps are down to one-third, 23,000. By hook or crook we have held on to and secured enough rice to carry that many another three weeks yet. As soon as that movement home started the first of February we began to shift as much as possible to cash relief because the people could buy rice outside of the Zone, though irregularly and with difficulty. So now we are putting out more relief in cash than in rice---about $1,000 per day or $3.85 per family in Chinese currency/1 (i.e. US$1.14). To date we have helped over 6,000 families in this way.

March 9th. Well, if reading about December is as disturbing to you as writing about it was to me last night, you won't sleep after reading this. It brought back the sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach that I had up until about two weeks ago. The trouble was we were foreseeing what the future had in store for this population. On the 20th of December when Mr. Fitch and I drove around the southern part of the city in the gathering dusk and found the Japanese Army systematically taking the remaining goods out of stores and loading it in Army trucks, then setting fire to the buildings we realized that it was deliberate destruction rather than accidental. The Y.M.C.A. building had just been fired when we got there. We fully recognized that this deliberate destruction of the city would mean the finish of the local economic resources with which the population had some chance of staging a comeback. In the month following they burned over three-fourths of the stores in town (all the large ones, only some small ones remaining) and all of them were completely looted. Now they are hauling all the loot and wrecked cars etc., out on the railway to Japan. Reminds one of the Punic Wars!

When we talked about how badly the Japanese Army was treating Nanking, some of them came back with the remark that it was just like all armies did and instanced Belgium. Our good German comrades did not like that! One of them had seen service in Belgium and while he admitted acts by individual soldiers said this was much greater in extent, and there soldiers caught in such actions were shot. One of our number who had been with the British army in Mesopotamia said the only case of rape they found there was of a Kurdish woman and the soldier was shot before the whole brigade of 5,000 men. Since a lull in our policing job, we have been reading up on Belgium and have about decided that the Japanese killed more civilians and burned more buildings here in one city than the Germans did in all Belgium! When they objected to the German representative here calling it disorder, he quickly asked, "Do you mean to tell me that this was all ordered by Japanese officers?"

I know some of my pacifist and neutrality friends will wonder what stand we took on American rights. When the Zone was started we all definitely decided that it should not concern foreign property or rights. We stayed at our own risk and did not expect any succor. But when the Japanese got here they would not listen to any humanitarian appeal at all. They credited us with only the most narrowly selfish interests for looking out for ourselves as foreigners and our property. The first spark of interest we got from them on the welfare of the refugees was when we finally told them that their soldiers were mistreating refugees on American property. They got
excited at once and did nothing! But gradually guards were established
at those places (containing nearly two-thirds of the refugees in camps)
and we went through a "guarded stage." (But not of our private
residences though we had to argue one whole afternoon to prevent that!)
Our German chairman told them when the Chinese were safe we would be
safe.) After the American representatives got here they took a stronger
attitude on the illegal entrance of American property than we had
thought of, although they stressed their attitude on a large body of
precedent in China. It was merely an attempt to carry through the
request that the Japanese ask for permission to search American property
that led to the Allison incident. From the very first night the
Japanese were here, we had not objected to any legal search. But what
gave the trouble was stray groups of three to seven soldiers who would
come around and when caught would claim they were looking for Chinese
soldiers! Lest I misrepresent the facts, I must insert that after
December 27th, the Japanese finally came to do what we had asked for
on December 14th—to station guards at the entrances to the Zone and
order all soldiers to stay out. That improved the situation but because
ineffectively carried out did not clear it up.

Some will think the above is an incitement for America to
declare war on Japan. Far from it. When things were at their hottest,
one of our group kidded a pacifist, "Well, are you still a pacifist?"
He came back, "Yes and becoming more so every day." While it does
not excuse the Japanese and they seem to have set a world's record
for a modern (?) army, it is true that the background of all this is
WAR. It brings out the worst in men. (Yes, even the Japanese as soon
as they got to Nanking told us, "This is war," though their propaganda
at home and abroad calls it an "incident". They seem to want the
advantages of calling it a "war" without assuming the responsibilities
of doing so.) Even our own thoughts have been coarsened by it—we
discussed rape at a dinner where ladies were present on Christmas day.
No, for the United States to go to war with Japan would just spread
this mess around the world. Nor will an isolation policy of "save our
own skins" really help solve the problem. We are beginning to have to
pay for that now. The decade of hope for some form of collective
security has passed and, with British capitulation from that formula
the ideal is quite definitely set toward an armament race in which each
nation looks out for itself and the devil take the hindmost. Under
present conditions it is either collective armament on an economical
basis or else individual armament on a competitive and expensive basis.
We have chosen the latter course and now we will have to foot the bill.
As I tried to point out last fall (but the Christian Century would not
publish it!) the purely negative solution of the Neutrality Act would
be unsatisfactory and it would probably be swept aside by a tide of
belligerency. If we did not want to go the full way of collective
armament, there was the form of guarantee of world security for all by
the use of international economic sanctions against aggression. But
we so feared that would lead toward that our fears have put us in the
way that leads to war! And we are so hamstrung by the new-found
conscience over our past imperialism that we can do nothing to stop
the spread of aggressive imperialism by others. Just because we have
engaged in "punitive expeditions" and now realize that such things
are not best for world welfare, it is not enough for us to fold our
hands and say "We cannot object, because we committed the same sin."
Rather we must ask all the nations of the world to live up to the
most recent revelation of moral insight. Well, Stanley Jones is stating
the moral issue much more clearly than I can. Either the nations of the world must cooperate for a better international order or else all will live in the mess of an anarchical world.

We are having to slow up our relief work because it is not reported that the American Red Cross campaign is not progressing favorably. From all indications we are only at the beginning of the relief problem in China, both behind the Chinese lines where the chief problems are care of the wounded soldiers and refugees from the war areas, and behind the Japanese lines where the chief problem is the care of civilians in a war-torn area. We have found the latter problem more difficult than the relief problem created by the Yangtze River Flood of 1931. With an "act of God," such as a flood, relief work can proceed with full force immediately; with an "act of man," the deviltry seems to have only begun and relief work is hampered on every side by the men who committed the act. In 1931 shiploads of wheat were shipped immediately; now we, an international relief committee, are prohibited from shipping anything on either foreign boats or Japanese boats. (Compare this though with Belgium where the American Relief Commission shipped in food supplies long after German occupation. In 1931 people could return to their farms as soon as the waters had receded; now farmers do not dare return to their fields three and four months after the fighting has ceased. If the winter wheat crop is harvested in June by then the worst may be over; if depredations against farmers by both Japanese soldiers and Chinese bandits continue, we will face serious famine conditions in the fertile Yangtze Valley by late summer and fall. So leading relief workers in Shanghai are telling us to cut our cloth so that it can be spread over at least a year. That includes what is expected from the American Red Cross campaign. If that campaign fails, the suffering here will be much worse. With all the hindrances on our work, with actual cash resources we cannot find a way. Without the resources, we can do nothing.

(About Chinese banditry, I should explain that the situation is worse now than it was for any time during the last ten years. Japanese destruction of constituted authorities in this area, and assuming no responsibility for a new one, coupled with destruction of the very bases of economic life, is driving the countryside to banditry.)

We have been so borne down by the Japanese period of the Safety Zone that we have nearly forgotten the "Chinese period." The foresight of the Chinese Mayor of Nanking in giving our Committee over 2,400 tons of rice and 500 tons of flour and $80,000 Chinese currency for our work has been the chief salvation of this population through this winter. Now other funds have been made available in Shanghai. If we had the 1,400 tons of rice and 500 tons of flour the Japanese confiscated, from the above amounts, we would not have to worry about food for the people on relief for the next few months. The Chinese agreed readily to withdraw all military establishments from the Zone but there was a difference of opinion on the question of time. We urged speed. They said that the Japanese would not be here for two weeks. So we did not get the Chinese military out until it was too late to send any final notification to the Japanese via the ill-fated Panay. But the morning of December 13th I checked up on the southern boundary of the Zone myself and there were no Chinese soldiers there. At noon when we went back twenty bodies lay in the road --- they had run when the Japanese forces reached the boundary!
In my studies of Sociology I have heard a lot about the terrors of the "interregnum". We passed through the siege of Nanking, the retreat of the Chinese soldiers on the night of December 12th, the period of no authority from the time the Chinese general left Sunday afternoon until the Japanese high command arrived on the Wednesday without a single disorder by civilians! The only disorders were by the Japanese soldiers beginning from the night of the 13th. It sounds like a fairy tale and very different from we expected. It may be that the fact we had the Zone organized, that the heroic Chinese workers kept the light, water, and telephone going until the evening of December 12th which preserved much perfect order in a sea of disorganization. But only a clerk remained of the former City Government and even the head of the police had fled! The burning referred to in news despatches was outside of the city wall, not inside. In other words, we had here a set-up perfectly arranged for the Japanese to take control of the civilian population peacefully and to have had the essential services going in a day or two. They missed that opportunity by being too blind to see it!

But since the occupation of the troops of the Rising Sun, I have come to fully appreciate the value of organized society. In the deluge of vandalism that broke upon this city not a shop dared remain open---our specially organized rice shop had to close because its workers were taken away and the rice stolen by soldiers. Not a ricksha or bicycle dared show itself on the road, much less a car. The streets were deserted excepting for a brief time for curb marketing early in the morning. Then the agony of getting a rice shop started, a simple exchange shop run by college graduates, rice delivered by one of the leading missionaries of Nanking and later for six weeks by an American Professor of the Old Testament, coal hauled by our Professor of Agricultural Engineering after he could be released from the "policing job." Then he organized a trucking service for hauling all food supplies for the whole city and still supervises it. To do this he had to piece together trucks damaged by the Japanese while hundreds of Japanese Army trucks stood idle about the streets of the city! What about the much talked of "cooperation"! All these services were taken for granted in Nanking under the Chinese. And the telephone service has not been restored yet, nor the mail, nor the banks, nor the movies, nor......! The first function of the "Self-Government Committee," when called together by the Japanese on December 22nd, was to organize three houses of prostitution for the Japanese Army---and many were those who blessed the event! But it was then we learned with whom we were working. Representatives of our office manager went to the campuses of Ginling College and the University of Nanking and from the midst of the 10,000 refugees at each with a snap of a finger called forth 28 prostitutes! So we laughed and said the International Committee was carrying on its work with American missionaries, Chinese Christian workers, German Nazi business men, Chinese Red Cross, Chinese Red Swastika, and the underworld! But we all surged with the feeling of common humanity in that crucial hour. The five-barred flag of the new city government was raised over Drum Tower on January first by a former second hand merchant---for a second hand government!---now Food Commissioner and head of the Department of Labor and Commerce for the city. He told us about "self-government": "When the Japanese say 'Yes,' we do it!"
We have come to understand the Japanese much better than we did. A week before their entry I preached to our retreating University group and gently blamed them for leaving and urged them to have faith in the goodness and humanity of the Japanese. The Chinese that remained remained are still laughing at us for our innocence! We soon learned that the Japanese sincerely believed from the common private up through the highest men here that while it was necessary to show some regard for foreigners they could do anything to a Chinese. While part of our success in meeting them was possibly due to our looking them straight in the eye and a certain feeling of moral rightness in our position, we realized that our nationality probably protected us from death. But Chinese who went about relief work risked death itself and some met it in faithful service. One refugee young man at the University Middle School had been a big help in keeping Japanese soldiers from molesting women there because he could speak a little Japanese. But when he refused to become a henchman for the consular police, he was arrested—escaped machine-gunning once, then taken from the residence of a missionary who had given him refuge, and shot. When about New Year's some of us were invited to the Japanese Embassy for dinner, this missionary remarked, "Am I to go and eat with the murderers of Liu Wen-pin?" And yet we felt we had to be friendly in a personal way in order to try to get to some working arrangement for the sake of the 250,000 civilians depending on us for their lives, honor, and food.

We also better understand Japanese propaganda: whereas in propaganda for the United States, Japan represents herself as defending foreign rights in China and preventing communism, in China the Japanese Army publishes statements in Chinese recounting her efforts to drive the white race out of Asia. In fact she is rapidly "communizing China" in the old sense of creating economic distress which gives rise to banditry, as well as forcing China to turn more and more to Soviet Russia. After what we have seen here the following always gets a laugh: "In former times Khublai Khan's great armies rolled up the continent of Europe like a mat. So why should we oriental peoples, creators of the spiritual culture, sweetly submit to the western peoples' greed and arrogance?" (Press Release by Japanese Army in local Chinese paper, Nanking, March 10th, 1938.)

In the midst of such great suffering in January, Japanese news squads went around staging pictures of Japanese soldiers giving candy to a child or an army Army doctor examining 20 children. But these acts were not repeated when no camera was around!

Some American friends had their houses pretty well looted by Japanese soldiers—oh yes, we caught them in the attics going through boxes and chased them out of basements where refugee women were hiding—but the fact that most of our houses were crammed full of refugees covered up much of our stuff! My house crowded to the attic with refugee families miraculously escaped looting though my refugee guests suffered both looting and rape. Two men stayed at home and protected the refugees in their houses but others of us felt to create such islands in the midst of so much suffering was useless. So we struggled to improve conditions in general and filed two protests with the Japanese Embassy daily for a month and did get the Japanese soldiers excluded from the Zone after two weeks. However, this was only partially effective. The house here where eight of us were staying and none of us could stay during the day to protect escaped. The Japanese soldiers only happened to come when someone was at home or at night. Several of us traded off sleeping at two of our camps
and the University Hospital until into February to protect the women there.

What are the prospects of the University re-opening here? About zero for a year at least. I criticized our students and staff for leaving. Now I am glad they did as probably most of the students would have been shot with the Japanese in the mood they were when they took this city. Even the return of one of two Chinese Seminary professors from the countryside where they hid out has been a subject of much questioning. So if we ever get through with the refugee job here, we will probably filter out to Szechuen where the intelligentsia of China are now gathered. The Japanese only took the physical structure of Nanking and the poorest part of its population, not the 'Capital' as we knew it.

On the other hand evangelistic work here has a big opening. In our refugee work we have almost leaned over backwards to make sure that none of it was made conditional upon a man's being a Christian or to give Christians any favoritism out of funds given for the general welfare. (We have helped Christians out of special funds though.) And while we were laboring Sunday like any other day to keep the population fed and protected, the few Chinese pastors left in the city found the people very responsive to the Christian message. As one intelligent pastor expressed it: "Now they believe beyond all belief!" We are struggling now to get some more mission workers back so they can help in the continuing relief work for widows and others who have no home or family to go back to.

I came here last September against the express instructions of the American Embassy "just for three days" and stayed through until now when the American Government is proclaiming that Americans have a right to live and move about in China. The world do move! After all the effort last fall to get missionaries out and some of the thoughtless words that were said about it, I can only say that we were treated in the finest manner by our American representatives here and when they left some of them said they wished they could stay and help us. Since their return in January they have been a help as men as well as representatives of our Government. And without endorsing the policy of foreign gunboats (including Japanese) on the Yangtze, we can express our appreciation of the fine way the gunboats of both the American and British navies have carried relief supplies and sent urgent radio messages for us.

Our personal plans are unknown! Mardie and the children stayed in Kuling until the American School there broke up on December 26th. Then she travelled as far as Hongkong with the school but stayed there on Cheung Chau Island while the others went on to Shanghai. The children are enjoying a winter in that southern clime although the oldest, Margaret Ann, had dysentery after getting there—but got over it satisfactorily. Joan is thriving. They had hoped I could join them there but since we have been virtually prisoners here and now only go out under danger of not being allowed to come back— as well as the fact the work goes on needing us—keeps me from even having any hopes of getting to Hongkong this spring. Where Mardie will go for the summer (that is, May 1st there) remains to be seen. Baguio in the Philippines is most convenient for her and I certainly do not want to go to Japan! Would like to get where I wouldn't see a Japanese for three months. (Oh yes, there are many fine Japanese I would like to see!) Still others say they have been sweetened on Japan after being inside
the country. We are kind of at the beck door here. If I go to Chengtu, Mardie says she wants to go with me. That partly depends upon the vigor of the Japanese southern campaign! Well, we might go around by Burma! (Until further word you had better address us here in Nanking---but remember the mail will be censored in Shanghai. This letter will go by hand until it is safely on a foreign steamer out of Shanghai.)

Do I hate the Japanese? No. I dislike very much their policy and I dislike very much the way they are treating the common people of China. And I believe the truth will out and I did not want to stand in its way! But if I am ever given the opportunity of doing the same as we have done here for 250,000 Chinese men, women, and children, I would do the same right over again. This experience has also convinced me that there is really no other way for the world but that of Christian love.

Let us hear from you. Thereby you may save our souls!

Your friends in China,
Lewis and Margaret Smythe

Revised, March 14th, 1938.

Nanking, March 14th, 1938.

United Christian Missionary Society,
Indianapolis, Ind.
U.S. A.

Gentlemen:

Will you please mimeograph this above letter and send to the same persons as you sent my Christmas letter? Charge costs to my salary account. Do not publish.

Many thanks.

Sincerely yours,
BROTHELS ARE POLITICAL TOOLS IN
"THE NEW ORDER IN EAST ASIA"

The Imperial Army flaunts its vices on the main boulevard
of the conquered capital.

(Translation of the officially approved poster pictured above)

Designated by the Base Camp Authorities
HOUSE OF RESTFUL CONSOLATION
No. 4 Hall for Friendly Relations between Japan and China
"BEAUTIES"
600 meters along the bank of the stream from here

The photographed poster represents one of a standard type of signs adorning
Nanking streets. This particular sign has been displayed in two large copies on
the North Chung Shan Road, not far from "The Circle". Inquiry revealed that it
was put up directly against a large girls' school, and that it is also near a
military police headquarters. The people of Nanking frequently recall that under
the Chiang Kai-shek Government there was no harmful display of sexual looseness,
and the public authorities exerted much pressure against all forms of vice.

Now they are learning the significance of the statement of the Premier of Japan, that his country "must by supreme effort raise China to the Japanese cultural level".

Even the language of the poster is a vulgar mixture of Chinese and Japanese, disgusting to every literate Chinese, and presumably to civilian Japanese of some education. What decent families of Hankins think of the kind of "friendly relations" promoted by the Japanese Army, had better not be printed.

Residents of the occupied areas know that the Japanese Army cannot exist without vice, and plenty of it. But they do wish that some consideration would be shown for the minds of young people, and for the appearance of the streets in a society formerly accustomed to decency.
APPENDIX

Materials related to the Nanking Massacre
held at the Yale Divinity School Library

RG8 = China Records Project Miscellaneous Personal Papers Collection
RG10 = Miner Searle Bates Papers
RG11 = Archives of the United Board for Christian Higher Education in Asia
RG20 = Albert and Celia Steward Papers

Records of individuals documented in this publication:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name of individual</th>
<th>Record Group#: Box#, Folder#s</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bates, Miner Searle</td>
<td>RG10: B1, F 7-11, B4</td>
<td>Corres. to his wife and sons Corres., including to/from Japanese Embassy in Nanking, with University of Nanking Board of Founders, H. J. Timperley Writings of Bates Sources on Nanking during the Sino-Japanese conflict Sources on political and religious situation in China Biographical material, incl. transcript of Bates' testimony before the International Military Tribunal for the Far East</td>
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<td>Fitch, George</td>
<td>RG11: B9, F202, B44, F1131</td>
<td>Corres.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forster, Ernest</td>
<td>RG8: B263-265</td>
<td>Corres., collected documents, and photographs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCallum, James</td>
<td>RG8: B119, B22x</td>
<td>&quot;Account of the Japanese Atrocities at Nanking during the Winter of 1937-1938&quot; Oral history transcript</td>
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<tr>
<td>Magee, John</td>
<td>RG8: B263</td>
<td>Materials in the Forster Papers: corres., introduction to his films</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mills, W. Plumer</td>
<td>RG8: B141</td>
<td>Corres. to his wife</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smythe, Lewis S. C.</td>
<td>RG10: B102, B4, B225, F206</td>
<td>Corres. &quot;War Damage in the Nanking Area December 1937 to March 1938&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Vautrin, Minnie</td>
<td>RG8: B206, B134, B145, B218</td>
<td>Diary, corres., reports</td>
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Records of other individuals with relevance to the Nanking situation:

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Name of individual</th>
<th>Record Group#: Box#, Folder#s</th>
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<tr>
<td>Bauer, Grace</td>
<td>RG11: B205, F3489-3493</td>
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<td>Buck, J. Lossing</td>
<td>RG11: B208, F3537-3542</td>
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<td>Caldwell, Oliver</td>
<td>RG11: B209, F3547</td>
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<td>Daniels, J. Horton</td>
<td>RG11: B212, F3603-3606</td>
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<td>Garside, B. A.</td>
<td>RG11: B10, F231-234, B136, F2745</td>
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<td>Jarvis, Anna Moffet</td>
<td>RG8: B103, RG11: B139, F2783</td>
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<td>Kirk, Florence</td>
<td>RG11: B138, F2761-2765</td>
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<tr>
<td>Riggs, Charles and Grace</td>
<td>RG11: B224, F3787, 3788</td>
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<td>Spicer, Eva</td>
<td>RG11: B142, F2827-2829</td>
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<td>Steward, Albert and Celia</td>
<td>RG20: B10, F220</td>
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</table>

Also of interest at Yale are the John Hall Paxton Papers, Ms. Group 629, Manuscripts and Archives, Sterling Memorial Library. Paxton was an American foreign officer who served as Vice-Consul to Nanking (1925-1929), Second Secretary of the Embassy at Nanking (1937), and Consul at Shanghai on assignment to Nanking (1938-1942).
With best wishes for a bright and prosperous New Year 1938 from

Chairman of the International Committee for Nanking Safety Zone.