

MY EIGHTY YEARS IN CHINA

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CHAPTER IX

MOVE TO NANKING  
1936-1937

When it was still a provincial capital a YMCA had been started in Nanking and in due time a fraternal secretary was sent out from America to assist in its development. A well-located building was erected and a residence built for the fraternal secretary. Newton Hayes and R. S. Hall had been the last to occupy that position, and I have in my possession a photograph showing Hayes together with Dr. Sun Yat-sen, Dr. Tong Shao-yi and other high dignitaries grouped on the front porch of the residence for the opening of a membership drive. This was the house which we now occupied. For me there followed a year and a half of the most interesting years of my life. In that period the Japanese forces were to storm that city with bombers and big guns and occupy and sack it, while I was to serve as Director of the so-called Safety Zone and also as acting Mayor. It was the only time in history that a foreigner was to serve as mayor of a Chinese city. I was also to continue, for a while, my services as adviser of the Officers Moral Endeavor Association (OMEA) and the War Area Service Corps (WASC) of which Col. (later General) J. L. Huang was the chief.

A couple of years earlier President Chiang and his wife had decided that an organization similar to our own American Army YMCA's was needed for the Chinese Army and asked my advice on the right person to organize and direct it. They were considering J. L. Huang, who had only recently come out from America as a well-trained secretary to join our movement. While I hated to see the YMCA lose this man, I felt that with the war situation developing and the urgent need of the Army for some such organization as was proposed, I could not refuse a favorable opinion. "J. L." proved to be a genius at organizing OMEA and the Government provided him with ample funds to erect a beautiful club house and other buildings. I was also asked to serve as adviser to the recently organized New Life Movement of which he was concurrently the general secretary, but that was obviously more than I could undertake and still serve the YMCA.

We were already acquainted with many of the missionaries, with a number of Government officials and also some of our own Embassy staff, so we immediately felt completely at home. My Shanghai dialect was not generally understood in Nanking so I spent the first hour of each day in studying with a Chinese language teacher. I also taught a weekly Bible class and busied myself getting acquainted with the staff and members of the Board and Committees. I early identified myself with the Rotary, American University and International and Y's Men's Clubs, and the Masonic fraternity. Of course there were frequent visitors from abroad as well as from other parts of China, so life in China's new capital was stimulating and full of interest. Among our early visitors were Merle Davis, of the World's Committee YMCA, Dr. and Mrs. Laurence Doggett, of Springfield YMCA College, the Frank Slacks, Walter Judd, J. T. Massey, of Melbourne, the Fong Secs and many other Y people who came to attend the Wuhu Conference in November.

In the meantime the anti-Japanese movement and boycott were growing. In December Chiang Kai-shek was made prisoner by Chang Hsueh-liang in Sian who tried to force him to agree to military action against the Japanese. The story of that incident and his dramatic release on Christmas Day, 1936, is well known. Never have we seen such universal evidence of rejoicing when word reached Nanking of his release. Two days later our son Kempton flew in from Sian with CNAC pilot Wingerter. They had a remarkable story to tell of their escape. He had gone on a special mission for his company, Caltex, and we did not know that he was there. Two days later he had to return to Tientsin.

One of the visits I shall always remember was that of the late Bishop Logan Roots in late January. My wife was off on a trip to Peking so I invited six or eight leading officials and bankers to dine with me in our home. After dinner I asked the Bishop to talk to us. He was closely associated with the MRA movement, but he just gave a simple talk on the needs of the times and how they should be met. It was an uplifting and inspiring message which made a deep impression on my friends.

Frank Slack's visit is remembered for an amusing incident. He and his secretary (his cousin) arrived by the night express on February 24, and after breakfasting in our home I took them for a drive around the city and out to see the famous Ming tombs. Suddenly, Frank discovered to his dismay that his wallet, with passports, return tickets to America and eighty dollars, was

missing. He thought he must have left it under his pillow in the sleeper. To say he was disturbed would be to put it mildly. I assured him that Chinese train boys were generally honest, and I felt sure he had a good chance to recover his loss. Returning home I 'phoned the Station Master. Imagine Frank's relief to hear that his wallet, with contents intact, had been turned in and were awaiting his call. When he tried to leave a reward for the train boy he was told that this was only what was expected of railway personnel and that nothing was expected or could be received.

In June I had a letter from my old pal Jim Henry in Canton asking me to see Dr. Sun Fo (son of Sun Yat-sen and then President of the Legislative Yuan, a member of the Board of Lingnam University) and request his assistance on some problem with which they were faced. I promptly made an appointment by 'phone to see him at 2 o'clock the following day; but an attack of laryngitis that morning left me utterly speechless. When my Chinese teacher came at 8:30 I suggested, in a whisper, that he read to me as I couldn't talk. He asked if I'd take a Chinese remedy if he prescribed it. When I assented he wrote a few characters on a slip of paper, called the office boy and gave him 20¢ (about a nickel) and told him to go to a Chinese pharmacy and have the prescription filled. The boy returned with a paper containing what looked like chopped hay, half a dozen shriveled olives (though what they really were I don't know) and several winged seeds looking much like small maple seeds. Half of this he put in a glass, poured boiling water on it, and when it was cool enough I drank it. Half an hour later I took the rest of the dose. To my amazement my voice began to return. By two o'clock I was able to speak normally, and kept my appointment with Dr. Sun. Previously I had suffered from laryngitis a number of times and it always took me from three days to a week to recover my voice. The efficiency of this infusion was demonstrated again several years later when I was celebrating my birthday with my "twin," S. U. Zau, in Shanghai after the War. It has been our custom to celebrate this event together whenever possible. This time the treat, dinner at a famous restaurant, was on him. I arrived sans voice. Mr. Zau hailed our waiter, gave him a coin and a prescription, which proved to be the same as that of the time before--and had the same results. This time I took care to ask for a copy of the prescription, which I understand can be filled at any Chinese medicine shop



Historic meeting of leaders who established Chinese Republic, taken at Nanking YMCA, 1911. President Sun Yat-sen, r. c.; Premier Tong Shao-yi, l. c.; L. Newton Hayes,

either in China or this country. Curiously, I have never had laryngitis since--and I have lost the prescription!

On June 23, 1937, my wife and two boys took the train to Tsingtao for the summer vacation and I was to follow them five days later. The Military situation was steadily worsening and Nanking likely to be bombed.

Tsingtao seemed relatively safe, but in Shanghai the American and British authorities recommended the evacuation of all women and children to Manila and Hongkong. Our daughter Marion, who was on the staff of the North China Daily News and also working for Havas, the French news agency, went to Manila where she served with the American Red Cross and also continued her connections with Havas.

The roof of the Foreign YMCA became a popular place for watching the chain-bombing of the railway station in the Chinese section a mile to the north. It was bombed daily for a couple of weeks before the Chinese soldiers withdrew one night and there was no reply to Japanese bombing the next day. An occasional bomb dropped in the International Settlement. Two friends of mine were having lunch in the Sincere Hotel restaurant when a bomb from a Japanese plane came through the roof, crashed through the table around which they were sitting and exploded a couple of floors below. Not one of them was seriously hurt, but some two hundred were killed below them. The British Ambassador's car, flying his official flag, was bombed between Shanghai and Nanking, though fortunately he was not killed. And Mme. Chiang, traveling the same road with W. H. Donald, the President's Australian adviser, had a similar experience. It was only a few days later when I made the same trip by car with S. C. Leung, Hollis Wilbur and others of our services to the Chinese Army. Trains were being bombed but kept running, and Hangchow, Soochow and other cities were added to the list of cities being strafed. On that trip I carried letters for the British Ambassador and General Chang Chun.

President Roosevelt had urged the evacuation of all American civilians. What would this mean for my wife and boys in Tsingtao? She had written that they might have to evacuate, though up to that time everything had been peaceful there, and asked me to bring certain things she would need for the trip to America. I decided on the rail trip for there seemed to be less danger that way than passing the Japanese fleet at the mouth of the Shanghai river. A wreck ahead of us delayed my train 13 hours and in Tsinan there was further delay and an over-night

stop. It was September 16 when I finally reached Tsingtao. John Magee, of the Episcopal Mission, accompanied us and during our few days in Tsingtao we were asked to meet with the missionary community and talk about the war situation. Sons John and Bob were enrolled in the American School and it seemed a great pity to take them out and send them as well as my wife on the Navy transport "Chaumont" which was to leave in another few days. But news that the Japanese had just heavily bombed Canton, killing some 2,000 people and that new warships and transports had arrived in the Yangtze River, made us realize that further delay would be unwise. So I bade goodbye to my family and took a British coaster to Shanghai. Fortunately we got through the Japanese barricades without difficulty.

There I was asked to take an OMEA truck to Nanking. It was unsafe to go by daylight so we waited until dark to start. The Chinese forces still controlled the approaches so we had no difficulty in getting through.

Reiner, of the Army and Navy Department YMCA, was in town and wanted to see Nanking so I took him with me. In places the road was crowded with wounded soldiers being taken to the rear and driving was difficult. In Soochow, where we stopped for a rest, we were delayed by an air alarm, also shown where a Japanese plane had been downed just opposite the YMCA building.

There were alarms and air-raids and dogfights every day in Nanking for the next few days. "J. L." asked me to stay with him at OMEA HQ (as being safer) but for some reason or other I had no sense of fear--I foolishly felt that with only a few fighters overhead one could safely take a chance. My secretary, a Eurasian girl, was terrified every time the planes came over and would hide herself in the entrance to our vault. I suggested that perhaps if she came and took dictation the next time the raiders came she might feel less nervous. She tried it, but unfortunately that time a Japanese plane was shot down in a dogfight overhead and crashed in flames into a building just across the street from us, one of its wings scraping the wall of the Y only a few feet from where we were working. I didn't insist on her trying it again! Instead, I usually would go into a vacant lot near us to watch the fights, for the Chinese planes always went up to meet the Japs when they came. Not infrequently I saw Miss Wu Yi-fang, the president of Ginling College, out to watch the raids, and sometimes Mme. Chiang who always hurried out before the "all clear" to see what damage had been done and whether there were injured to care for.

Another trip to Shanghai seemed necessary in mid-October to contact the National Committee YMCA about our work with the Chinese Army and also to inspect some of our OMEA units. So, on the 16th, accompanied by General Sam Moy of OMEA I made the 180 miles over a road that was badly damaged in places and in one instance, we had to be pulled out of a ditch by an Army truck.

It was moonlight as we neared the Shanghai barrier and the sky was illuminated by anti-aircraft fire for a raid was on. These raids were confined to the areas outside the International Settlement and French Concession, so did not disturb us. A constable was assigned to see us through to the border, and after delivering General Moy to his home I dropped in at Cliff Pettit's for the night. The next day was Sunday and at Community Church there were many friends who wanted to know about the situation in Nanking, including my brother and his wife and my sister and her husband (the Keplers). In the afternoon I had an appointment with the pastor, Dr. Emory L. Lucock, and got him to consent to go to America to speak on behalf of the Chinese. That night there was much heavy bombing--five raids in all--but no bombs fell in the Settlements. There were conferences on our YMCA Emergency Services to Soldiers, a cable to be sent to Dr. Stanley Hornbeck of the State Department in Washington, a meeting of the Y's Men's Club where J. B. Powell was the speaker, a conference with "Holly" Tong for getting pictures and movies to the States, etc., during the next two days.

Fittinghof and some members of the Italian Embassy had their car machine-gunned on the road back to Nanking. On Friday night I started back. I had scarcely crossed the barrier, however, when I crashed into an Army truck that crossed my path, that I failed to see, having to travel without lights, and had to return to OMEA headquarters for another car. The highway was narrow, with rice fields on each side, and my heart was constantly in my mouth as military trucks, many of them bearing wounded soldiers, passed me in the dark giving me a leeway of barely a half-inch at times. Many more wounded were walking and a number of times they begged for a ride and tried to stop me.

At Soochow I stopped at the "Y" and managed to get three hours sleep, then listened to reports from some of our war workers and volunteers. At the Red Cross Hospital, crowded with 560 wounded, my friend Elsie Soong arrived driving a truck loaded with medical and relief supplies from Shanghai. At the University Hospital they

brought in a young girl who had just had her arm blown off; her entire family had been killed. I also visited the special hospital for soldiers of the Cantonese units where their 500 beds were all occupied. I had lunch with the superintendent, Dr. Ma, then thanked him and tanked up and hurried on. As I neared Wusih, I almost ran into six planes which were bombing the railway station, starting big fires and destroying many railway buildings and mills. The Japanese were trying to destroy China's communication system but heroic engineers kept the trains running despite the raids. Oliver Caldwell of the University told me that afternoon that his train had taken 44 hours to get there from Shanghai.

I had scareceely arrived back when "J. L." told me that he wished me to take a trip to the Northwest with a special message from President Chiang to Marshal Yen Shi-san, Governor of the so-called "model province" of Shansi. I confess that I wasn't exactly eager to go, for it was not without its dangers and certainly would be bitterly cold. He would send General Moy, American-born Chinese and a member of our OMEA staff, with me and two well-known American newsreel men were to accompany us. He insisted on my taking his huge fleece-lined double-breasted leather ulster. We knew that the Japs were already attacking in this area, but they had not yet reached Taiyuan, the provincial capital, and it was hoped that we might get there before they did. As an American I would have certain advantages over a Chinese in case of capture, for we were not then at war with Japan. It meant crossing the Yangtze, taking the train from Pakou on the north bank to Hsuehchow from there another west to Feng Ling Tu, crossing the Yellow River and then taking a narrow gauge train up to Taiyuan. Before I left I had the satisfaction of learning that my wife and boys had safely left Tsingtao on the transport "Chaumont" and were headed for San Pedro and temporary residence in Pasadena. I also met several times with the OMEA staff, some times in our dugout when Jap planes were overhead. Also, I visited the prison where fifteen Japanese airmen who had been shot down by the Chinese Air Force were interned and where they were treated with courtesy, helped "J. L." in distributing cash awards to the Chinese wounded soldiers, and with the YMCA staff did what we could to train volunteer workers for our emergency services.

My trip to the Northwest was without incident until after crossing the Yellow River. There we were told that the railway had ceased running as the Japanese

were even then commencing their occupation of the capital. When we showed our credentials, however, the station master managed to round up an ancient engine and a small combination car, and early the following morning we were on our way again. At night we slept on the car floor as the wooden seats could not be moved. It was then that I was grateful to "J. L." for his big warm coat. It took us two days to reach Linfeng, the halfway point, and there we learned that we could not go further--the Japanese had occupied Taiyuan and controlled the northern end of the line. Fortunately we were able to get accommodation at the China Inland Mission and get a good bath and a square meal. That evening as I walked through the town I was astonished to hear a radio broadcast in English. It was the BBC, London, and among other things stated that the Japanese were now in occupation of all of the province of Shensi--and yet here I was halfway up to its capital!

The next morning Army Headquarters told us that General Yen, the Governor, was now on his way south but they could give us no idea of where we could reach him. His army had been routed, and though he might be coming through Linfeng in another few days they could not allow us to stay and meet him. They would provide us with a truck to return to Feng Ling Tu; which would be greatly preferable to the train we had come by. We could only leave our message for the Governor and hope that he would get it some day. On the trip down we picked up a number of missionaries, who had reluctantly decided that evacuation was now called for. Our newsreel friends were greatly impressed by the work that was being done at both these places, especially the medical, and made generous contributions to their work. They also got some good shots of refugees coming down from the north, of machinery being salvaged from Taiyuan, and of soldiers loading junks on the river.

Before returning to Nanking, Moy and I decided to make a side trip to Sian, capital of the adjoining province of Shensi, where both the YMCA and OMEA were organizing for service. We were met at the station by a representative of General Chiang Ting-wen, director of the Generalissimo's Headquarters in Sian and one of the heroes of the Sian coup-d'etat in 1936, and taken in his car to the very comfortable government guest house where we had good beds and baths and the first heated rooms since leaving Nanking. For breakfast we had good coffee again and real butter.

Two Jap bombers came over flying too high for the anti-aircraft fire, and dropped nine bombs before leaving, but no serious damage was done. We found both the Y and OMEA staffs making preparations for emergencies, though lacking in adequate funds. At dinner with General Chiang, the Governor of Shensi, General Sun and two Army generals were there who promised full cooperation. The Rotary Club, which I had been instrumental in organizing a couple of years earlier, had lunch in my honor, at which I spoke. Dr. Kong Shien-ming very kindly took us afterwards in his car to see the Tang Dynasty ruins and the museum where the famous Nestorian tablet and four Ming horses, in deep bas-relief, were then housed. We also met with most of the members of the missionary community at church on Sunday, the day before we left. Twenty-one Russian pursuit planes, on loan to the Chinese Army, took off for Nanking that morning. I was to see more of their pilots when I returned to Sian a couple of years later.

Sam Moy and I said goodbye to each other, after paying courtesy calls on the Governor and others--he to return to headquarters to report on our trip, I to see what needed to be done in Hankow and Changsha, also to say 'hello' to our son Kemp at the latter place. It was raining heavily when we landed. I had expected to stay at the Navy Y, but found it full, but managed to get into the Lutheran Home where I was delighted to find both my brother-in-law Ray Kepler and his son Raymond. News came in that day, November 16, that Soochow, the city of my birth, had been practically destroyed. The trip to Changsha the next morning was through heavy clouds and we circled the airfield for nearly an hour before finally getting a directional rocket that showed us where to land. A slight mistake and we would have crashed into the mountains. Kemp was there to meet me, for I had sent him a message by radio the day before. I was just in time for another Rotary meeting which gave me a splendid opportunity to see friends. Both Ifan Chang, of the YMCA, and General T. T. Teng (a fellow-alumnus of Wooster), of OMEA, were doing splendid jobs, and with nearly 30,000 wounded in the province they had their hands more than full. Trouble was brewing. However, the Ministries of Foreign Affairs and Health were shortly to move here and other departments of the Government were moving to Chungking.

The trip back to Hankow two days later was made by train--comfortable but cold and four hours late. This time I was the guest of our U.S. Consul, Paul Josselyn. I found myself lunching with four great airmen--Bixby (later Vice-President of Pan-American Airways), Bond, Allison

and Polin. There were no planes to Nanking, but Bond very kindly offered to take me there by a small flying boat which he was delivering to Pawley in Wuhu. Again the news was bad: the Embassies were evacuating Nanking on the morrow. There was little I could do there so I accepted Bond's invitation. It was a cold, rainy day when we crossed the river early the next morning. All efforts to start the motor failed and we finally had to give up and return. Fortunately Capt. Julius Barr, President Chiang's personal pilot (later killed in a test flight at Boeing's) blew in that afternoon with the President's plane, returning empty from a trip to Chungking. When he heard of my plight he kindly offered to take me with him the next day. The plane was an amphibian, and in landing on the river at Nanking we came down too quickly and cracked the hull of the ship--fortunately not too seriously and I understand the leak was subsequently repaired.



CHAPTER X  
NANKING DOOMED  
1937-1938

What changes had occurred in my absence! I have already mentioned the evacuation of Government offices. Three-quarters of the Chinese population and most of the foreigners had left, or were in the process of doing so. The Chinese Army, making frequent heroic stands and losing many thousands by death, was in retreat and it was only a question of time before the enemy would be at the gates of Nanking. The superior equipment of the Japanese Army was just too much for the Chinese.

Representatives of the various embassies and other organizations had met with certain Chinese officials and appointed an International Relief Committee, charged with responsibility for looking after the welfare of such residents as might not be able to leave before the Japanese occupation. They also negotiated with the Japanese Embassy, which was then in Peking, for the recognition of an area within the city walls of some five square miles which was to be known as a Safety Zone and which they would refrain from bombing or occupying with their troops. In my absence they had elected me as director of this Safety Zone.

I had fully expected if and when the occupation took place that I would accompany "J. L." Huang and his staff of OMEA up river, or wherever they might be going, but I was finally persuaded that this was now the more important job, though I also recognized the risk it involved. The story of what followed is a long and tragic one, one that I recorded in a day-by-day statement that I took from my diary and sent to Shanghai by the hand of the first person to leave Nanking after its occupation by the Japanese on December 13, 1937. That was Mr. John K. Rabe, chairman of our committee, the China representative of the great German firm of Siemens China. 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.

During the few days that were left to me I busied myself with preparations for the occupation: daily meetings with the remaining members of the Committee--thirteen Americans, including two doctors and two

nurses of the University Hospital, five members of the University faculty, three Germans (including our Chairman), two American ladies connected with Ginling Women's College who had elected to stay, a Russian and one or two others, and also several Chinese (one of them from our Y staff). All were assigned to specific responsibilities. Before leaving the city the Mayor, General Ma Shao-chuan, turned over to me such finances as were then in the treasury, about a third of his police force (the rest were leaving with the Government) and all the stores of rice which had to be left behind. The Ministry of Communications left a sufficient staff to man the telegraph and telephone services. General Chang Chun (later Presidential Secretary-General in Taipei) very kindly turned over his lovely home for our use as headquarters. My own home was outside the Safety Zone so I moved some of my things over to the J. Lossing Buck house on the Nanking University campus, which I shared with three or four of the other men. My room happened to be what was formerly Pearl Buck's studio. The campus, also that of Ginling College, and the Hospital were all within the Zone.

One of my final acts was to render assistance, together with some of our OMEA staff, in the loading of the Palace Museum National Treasure, which was housed in a special air-conditioned warehouse, on a ship which was to take it up river--the last transport to leave the city before the takeover by the Japanese. It was impossible to take it all--over a thousand cases of priceless art objects had to be left behind--but we got the best of it. After being stored in some limestone caves south of Chungking throughout the War it was finally removed and shipped to Taiwan, where it is now suitably housed. Dr. Han Lih-wu, presently Ambassador to the Philippines, was Custodian of this treasure for many years and later was to render me great service in connection with the Industrial Cooperatives and the Aid to Refugee Chinese Intellectuals. He was one of China's outstanding statesmen.

The Government, the personnel of most of the embassies, missionaries and business men, with the exception of the small group of those of us who had elected to stay, together with three-quarters of Nanking's population, had left, mostly by the ships and boats which had been corralled to take them up river to Hankow or down to Shanghai, some of course by the last trains and a few by road. At anchor lay the U.S.S. "Panay" to take the last of the American diplomatic staff, together with

any others of the remaining American community that might decide to change their minds about leaving.

A couple of nights before the final assault by the Japanese two members of the Italian Embassy staff gave a farewell dinner to which I was invited. Our American representative brought along a long coil of 3/4 inch Manila rope which in an after-dinner speech he presented to me with the remark that I might find it useful to get over the city wall (70 feet high) and out to the "Panay" should I change my mind about leaving. I accepted it, needless to say, for I thought I might find it useful--as later it was--in towing cars to safer positions which others had left behind. One of these happened to belong to my friend W. H. Donald--a beautiful European sports car which he was forced to abandon but which the Japanese subsequently deprived me of.

Little did any of us think that escape via the "Panay" might involve greater danger than staying, for the "Panay" was bombed before she got away a day or two later and two of those aboard were killed. The news reached my wife in Pasadena and for a few hours she thought that I was lost. Later she learned from the radio that several Americans had remained in Nanking to look after the refugees and she comforted herself with the thought that I was probably among those who remained. Later a New York paper published my picture together with those of four others as among those probably killed. It wasn't until some days later that she learned definitely that she wasn't a widow.

At last the day came when shells from Japanese guns commenced falling inside the city walls. I went outside to watch them. They formed a perfect pattern, the explosions advancing in regular rows about twenty-five yards every half minute. They were coming from outside the south gate directly towards me. It was a little unnerving, for I couldn't help but wonder if they would advance all the way to where I was standing. To do so, however, they would have to pass through the Zone, and this the Japanese had promised not to do. Finally a few shells exploded in the southern part of the Zone, but then, to my great relief, they stopped.

In the meantime the attacking soldiers commenced coming over the great wall. I jumped into my car and drove down to see what damage had been done. At the southern edge a small advance detachment was approaching. The officer in charge spoke neither Chinese nor English and the little Japanese I had learned in my childhood was utterly inadequate. He brought out a map of the city and pointed on it to what was evidently the Safety

Zone. It was gratifying to find that the Army had been informed about it and I felt we could hope for security. How wrong I was! When I turned to leave, two or three Chinese who were curious to see what was happening, turned and ran, afraid, now that I was gone. A couple of the Japanese soldiers shot them dead before they had gone fifty yards. This was disquieting, but it was nothing compared to what was to come.

Back at headquarters we found a column of defeated Chinese soldiers who were asking for refuge. We told them that the only way we could give them protection was for them to give up their arms, remove their uniforms and we would then give them shelter in one of the big government buildings which we had appropriated for housing refugees. It was a sad day for them. Most of them were brave men who had suffered untold hardship in their retreat from the Shanghai lines. Altogether about two thousand of them gave up their arms. But it was a sadder day still when I was driving back to the house a few evenings later and came across these same men lined up and roped together in companies of fifty. I demanded from the captain in charge what this meant and was told that the Japanese Army was in need of laborers to help in cleaning up the city, that these men would be properly treated and would also receive compensation for their work. I was utterly powerless to prevent them, but you can imagine my anguish and rage when I learned later that they had all been taken to a vacant lot and there machine-gunned. Not a man lived.

Their fate, unfortunately, wasn't much worse than that of many thousands of others who refused to surrender their arms and tried to escape through the Hsiakuar Gate to the river. All the thirteen gates of the city had been closed and locked as a matter of defense. A long tunnel, over seventy feet in length, led to the heavily barred gate, and in this a couple of military cars had collided and burst into flames causing a general panic. People fought to get out, trampled on and killed each other, and with more soldiers pressing into the tunnel from within and the impossibility of getting out thousands were suffocated or trodden underfoot. Others climbed to the top of the great wall and let themselves down on the outside by their puttees and bits of clothing tied together. Those that made it to the river found only a few boats there and these they overloaded before they could push them into the stream and so most of them were drowned. In the meantime a contingent of the Japanese Army came around the wall from the south and shot down those at the river front and others who were still trying to get down over the wall. It was a massacre.

Two days later, I believe it was, I drove a friend of mine, a representative of the United Press Services who had decided to remain in the city through the occupation, and had been promised a trip down the river to Shanghai by a Japanese gunboat, down to the waterfront. The Hsiakuan Gate had been opened, by the Japanese, but through the entire length of that terrible tunnel I had to drive my car over the bodies of dead men who lay where they fell two and three feet deep. It was a ghastly experience; and of course I had to repeat it on my way back into the city.

It was about this same time, too, that an Air Force Captain came to my office in the Safety Zone and asked for sanctuary. His clothes were dripping wet and it was bitterly cold, so I borrowed some clothing for him and put him in a room where he could change. His story was a remarkable one. He and three others were the last of the Air Force to leave the city, taking off just as the Japanese Army was coming in. They flew past Shanghai and out to sea, for they had learned that more transports were coming with men and supplies from Japan. Not far off shore they spotted them, five or six ships, and right in the midst of them an unusually large one. On this they set their sights, but just as he gave the order for "bombs away" he saw to his horror that it had an American flag painted on its deck. Fortunately he had not triggered his own bomb, but one of those that was dropped hit the "President Hoover", (It was the flagship of the Robert Dollar Co. and the largest ship on the Pacific) crashing through its deck and exploding in a hold below, causing no deaths.

The four planes headed back to Nanking and he crash-landed his in a field only a couple of miles from the river gate. It was dawn, and to get to the gate he had to cross a canal. A Japanese column came into view just then, so he and his co-pilot plunged into the canal. He was a good swimmer and swam under the surface most of the way. His companion was shot before he got across. At the city gate he managed to climb over the wall by means of the puttees and ropes which had been left there the day before and finally found his way to my office. I took his uniform to be hidden away in some safe place after having it dried. At a staff meeting it was decided to appoint him as special assistant and interpreter to our Chairman, Dr. Rabe. In that capacity he successfully evaded all suspicions of the Japanese. He was a younger brother of a division commander of the Air Force and as such the Japanese would have been only too glad to have him as a prisoner. He proved very helpful to us. A couple of

months later he was able to accompany Dr. Rabe to Shanghai and pass through the Japanese lines without arousing any suspicion. Still later I was enabled to make that trip to the Kumbum Lamastery in Kokonor where I interviewed the young Dalai Lama through the assistance of his brother who was then commander of the Northwest Air Force Division. But that is another story.

I now turn to my "Nanking Diary" (and will reproduce it in the Appendix). It appeared in the late H. J. Timperley's book, "Japanese Terror in China." It was also printed in full in a book by Dr. Hsu Shushi, later Ambassador concurrently to Peru and Bolivia, and the author of a number of important books. The Diary was first used, however, as the basis for an article in KEN magazine (no longer published) entitled, "The Sack of Nanking, as told to John Maloney by an American, with 20 years experience in China, who remained in Nanking after its fall." This was reproduced in full in the July, 1938, issue of READER'S DIGEST. Maloney, incidentally, had been on my staff in Shanghai and was then an aide to Secretary of the Navy, John Knox. I, of course, knew nothing about the use being made of it until months later.

The DIGEST story brought such a storm of protest from readers who thought it "unbelievable" that three months later the editors published excerpts from my diary and those of others who went through the occupation, which verified my observations. In my own diary were daily entries for another month and a half--days of continued strain and horror, somewhat lessening in degree as time went on. This, however, was lost and it is impossible now, twenty-six years later, to recreate it even in summary form. Nor would any useful purpose be achieved by further enumeration of the continued butchery of the soldiers and the sufferings of the people.

Consular officials--American, British, German--returned, but were treated with scorn by the Japanese military, and were powerless to control them. John Allison, American Consul, had his face slapped for seeking to "interfere"--a humiliating experience. But it was the food situation that caused us the greatest concern. Our stores of salt cabbage were exhausted. Our stores of rice were still holding out, but rapidly dwindling. The surrounding area for miles around had been completely laid waste, and nothing was allowed to be brought into the city except for the Japanese. Cases of beri-beri were appearing and it seemed imperative to bring in a shipload of supplies to prevent disaster.

After lengthy negotiations with the Japanese, I finally secured permission to go to Shanghai by the H. M. S. "Beel" which had just landed the British Consul and some of his staff. I do not recall the exact date I boarded the British gunboat but it must have been in late January. My first lunch in Shanghai was with the late highly esteemed Admiral Harry Yarnell on board his flagship. He was anxious, as were many others, to get the latest news about Nanking. I had to speak a number of times and also give interviews, but in the meantime I arranged the purchase of a shipload of soy beans, rice, wheat flour and a few other commodities for early delivery at Nanking. I was also asked by a group of Americans to fly to Washington at the earliest possible date and report the Nanking situation to our Government. I had promised the Japanese authorities, however, that I would return-- permission to leave the city was dependent on that--and of course I also wanted to ensure the safe delivery of my cargo of foodstuffs. I promised my friends, however, that as soon as I got back I would start negotiating for another permit to leave.

The voyage up the Yangtze was made on the U. S. S. "Oahu," as arranged by Admiral Yarnell, and was uneventful. On my arrival I learned to my dismay that the Japanese military had gone back on their word and now refused permission to land the cargo. The ship had proceeded on to Wuhu to await negotiations. Fortunately a second permission was finally obtained, our ship returned and we took delivery of its cargo without interference. This may have been because of the posters which the Japanese were putting up all over the city saying that they were now looking after the welfare of the people. One poster showed a smiling Chinese woman and child kneeling before a soldier who was giving them a loaf of bread. The star poster, though, was captioned "Japanese Troops gently soothe the Refugees. The harmonious atmosphere of Nanking City develops enjoyably," and then went on with utterly fantastic lies about how people, oppressed by the anti-Japanese armies, had suffered and could get no food or medical help, but "fortunately the Imperial Army entered the city," put their bayonets into their sheaths, and stretched forth merciful hands...diffusing grace and favor to the excellent true citizens... Many thousands of herded refugees cast off their former absurd attitude of opposing Japan and clasped their hands in congratulation for receiving assurance of life." And so on ad nauseam for several paragraphs, winding up with a picture of "Soldiers and Chinese children happy together, playing joyfully in the

parks. Nanking is now the best place for all countries to watch, for here one breathes the atmosphere of peaceful residence and happy work." This translation was made by a member of my staff, and I can vouch for its authenticity, incredible as it may seem.

It was now two months since the occupation of Nanking began and yet the atrocities continued daily, though as I have said, in a slightly lessening degree. On January 18, two men came to us, both shot through their arms because they could not satisfy soldiers who demanded money of them; another was brought to the hospital who had been shot through his jaw and neck because he hadn't the strength to carry a heavy load; and yet another who had a serious bayonet wound on his head. Were they wearying of their inhumanities, or was, perhaps, the Army trying to show signs of control and discipline? I don't know. Anyway, I was soon to leave. A wire (by pre-arrangement) from Hollis Wilbur in Shanghai said, "Be in Shanghai before 23rd." Armed with this I finally got my permit to leave again. I had a farewell dinner with John Allison, then our senior Embassy officer, and the following morning at 6:40 took the Japanese military train to Shanghai. I was crowded in with about as unsavory a crowd of soldiers as one could imagine in a third class coach, a bit nervous because sewed into the lining of my camel's-hair great-coat were eight reels of 16 mm. negative movie film of atrocity cases, most of which were taken in the University Hospital. My baggage would undoubtedly be carefully examined by the military when we got to Shanghai. What might happen if they discovered these films? Fortunately they weren't discovered, and as soon as I could after my arrival I took them to the Kodak office for processing. Most of the exposures were made by John Magee, of the American Episcopal Mission, later Dean of St. John's Episcopal Church in Washington. They were so terrible that they had to be seen to be believed. Bob O'Bolger, the Kodak representative, rushed through four sets for me, and of course I was asked to show the film at the American Community Church and one or two other places.

Miss Murial Lester, of the Fellowship of Reconciliation (British) happened to see one of the showings and expressed the thought that if some of the Christian and political leaders in Japan could see the film they would work for an immediate cessation of hostilities. She offered to go to Japan and show it there to selected groups if we would supply her with a copy. I didn't have much faith in the success of her plan but nevertheless gave her one of the copies which I then had. Some weeks later she reported that she had shown it before a small group of leading Christians in

Tokyo but that they felt only harm could come from an effort to show it further so she finally abandoned her plan.

My few days in Shanghai were crowded: another lunch with Admiral Yarnell, a dinner party given by Timperley, who was chiefly responsible for my going to Washington, and a Washington's Birthday dinner at the Columbia.

Country Club in company with my brother and his wife.

It was a different world, though only 180 miles from

Nanking. Many people came to see me about Nanking affairs; and I finally got out to Hungjao Road to see our house. This was outside the Settlement area and I confess I ventured there with some trepidation for Japanese soldiers were all around. In the corner of the garden there was a charred area about ten feet in diameter where my library (except the books taken to Nanking and destroyed there), including all my diaries dating back to 1902, (a total of over 1,500 volumes) had been burned. Nearby was a bathtub which had been torn out from the third floor bathroom, evidently with the idea of taking it somewhere, while within the house there was general chaos. I hurried away.