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August 15, 1937.

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Dear Folks, - I hope last week's letter made the grade but there is some reason to doubt it. I will start this one as a sort of diary letter and add a little now and then until such time as we think it might go through.

Today we had a genuine thrill: The first air raid any of us have ever experienced. It will probably not be the last. I was down at Socony Hill seeing two patients and incidentally had an opportunity to listen to the English broadcast from Shanghai which went into detail about the fighting there (which I will describe later). On my return I noticed that people were collecting in groups in front of their houses and looking at the sky toward the north. Those not near houses were all running for shelter. The noise of the Ford I was driving was sufficient so that I didn't hear the sirens which apparently had been going for some minutes in various parts of the city.

Arriving home there was some excitement among the servants and Marjorie was grateful for my return though she was not at all panicky. The sirens sounded and soon we heard firing north of us and then the noise of airplanes. They came almost directly over our house flying low because of the low ceiling and being shot at all around us. The Ministry of Justice about three hundred yards away had machine guns sticking out of windows. The Minister of War, Ho Ying Ching lives only a couple of hundred yards away and from the sound I guess his place bristles with anti-aircraft weapons.

We weren't sure whether we heard any bombs discharged or not. At least none dropped near us. The siren warns us and when we hear airplane motors we head for the cellar where we are safe from anything but a direct hit right on the house. The warning was repeated several times during the afternoon and another time two airplanes passed almost directly over us. By this time, however, the Chinese airplanes had also taken to the air and the Japs were driven away. The rumors have it that from two to four planes were shot down.

Later news indicated that they had bombed the commercial airport near the Central Hospital. No mention was made of the military airport. One wounded man was brought into the University Hospital having been hit by a machine gun from the airplanes. He was near the reservoir, Tsing Liang Shan. Central Hospital also called up saying they had several wounded from the airport and wondering if we had any room for them.

The Hospital has been organized on an emergency basis. For two days I have been busy straightening out the inpatients so that those who can not walk are given a bed on the lower floors while those that can are put on the upper floors and expected to walk down when the siren blows. (I called up later to see if there was anything I could do at the hospital but the system worked perfectly and there was no need for me to leave Marjorie and Elizabeth. Dr. Cheng's family is away and Dr. Theodore Hsu is a bachelor so they can take a direct responsibility without having to think about two places.) There is some discussion of our moving into the hospital but for the present we are planning to stay here. The

over

advantage there is three cement floors overhead so that even a direct hit by anything but poison gas is relatively safe.

(Over the phone, just now, another report comes in that eight Japanese planes were sighted during the raid and that no less than five were brought down by antiaircraft guns. At that rate we should not have to fear much but it sounds a little too good to be true.)

Probably the news you get from the Shanghai quarter is more accurate than ours. We get one sided news from the Chinese papers, usually over-optimistic and occasional reports from the Shanghai Broadcasting station. I wish we had a radio. Last week I wrote about the incident at the Hungjao aerodrome. The upshot of that was that the entire Third Fleet of the Navy filed into the Woosung River. Forty men of war! That, combined with the high handed way they were acting in Shanghai, was a little too much and the Chinese decided to open up. All day yesterday Chinese planes bombed the vessels. Several old river steamers have been sunk to shut off their retreat. In the first bombing a fair proportion of the reserve supply of gas for the Japanese planes was burned and a number of ammunition dumps. The Japanese set up antiaircraft guns in the International Settlement, on the Bund. The Chinese authorities gave a vigorous warning that unless these were immediately removed they would be bombed by Chinese planes.

A late report today, probably another wild rumor, has it that the Japanese have been driven bodily out of Shanghai. Tomorrow is another day and we shall see what it has in store for us.

August 17. Franklin's birthday. Many happy returns. My last statement seems quite a while ago by now. "Tomorrow" was another day, only it was yesterday. We were awakened by the siren at six-fifteen and jumped into our dressing gowns. The siren system is all worked out now so that the first signal means that planes have been sighted. The next signal given in a series of wails indicates that they are near and it is time to dive for cover. After the second signal no one is allowed to move on the streets and the place looks like a long deserted city. As long as the raid is on there is absolute silence from below unless a Japanese plane is overhead in which case there is a veritable bedlam of machine gun and antiaircraft firing from places nobody seems to see. The third signal is a prolonged one indicating that the raid is over and the street appears miraculously full of people.

That process was repeated five times yesterday. In the morning I went to the hospital between the first and second raids. The Japanese planes did not reach the city in the first raid. The siren sounded for the second just as we had injected a spinal anaesthesia for a rather minor operation. We moved the patient and impedimenta to the X-ray room where there are two cement floors above us. The Jap planes broke through and dropped a few bombs one falling not far (about three hundred yards) from our house) and making Marjorie for the first time a little nervous. We finished our case and were about to call it a day and get home, having phoned in the meantime and found out that everything was all right, when the third raid started and we were kept in suspense for about two and a half hours before the releasing siren blew, or sounded. That brought it to after two o'clock and I was able to get home. No bombs were dropped in that time and we were coming to realize more of what was going on, namely that our planes were meeting the Jap planes

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before they got to the city and engaging them. We had no more than finished dinner when the fourth raid came. The defense seemed to be better organized every time. From our upstairs window after the first siren blew we could see the Chinese planes rising from the airport outside of Tung Chi Men, to the southeast, in twos and threes and head off usually toward the north sometimes passing quite close to us. Then after an indefinite period they would come back in about the same formations, circle for a while and then settle on the airfield.

It was during this attack that Mr. Marx called up and said that the U.S. Embassy had advised all women and children to go to Kuling or Hankow and that they had reserved space (not berths) for twenty five on the Wusung, a Butterfield and Swire boat that left at midnight. We got in touch with the Bradys and also called Hall Paxton, second secretary of the embassy in charge of getting the people out. Marjorie was not keen to go as we seemed relatively safe but an Embassy invitation is more or less of a command and so we packed up. The Bradys decided to go too. We were to gather at the Embassy at about eight o'clock. We divided our time between packing and listening for Japanese planes, and watching Chinese planes circling about, when at five-thirty another alarm sounded and was kept going until about ten after eight. I had just finished telephoning Hall for instructions, being told to come over to the Embassy as soon as the final siren blew, when it did blow and we piled over to the Embassy.

Elizabeth had lost a little sleep during her numerous trips to the cellar but slept quietly during the ride down. The chief officer of the Wusung took one look at her and piloted us into his cabin. Every one else slept on the deck around the captains and officers quarters. The rest of the boat was filled to standing room only with Chinese. Marjorie and Elizabeth's necessities were all in one corey and one suitcase and with the Trimmers now at Kuling and a good many old China hands on board, including Mr. Rugh, whom Marjorie had met at Yenching last fall, I felt that she would be well taken care of. She bore up like a Trojan and I'm hoping that the next word will say that she is safe in Methodist Valley. One of my final instructions was to be sure and make the August 21 trip to the cemetery.

Our amah was allowed to go with her little boy and she was tickled to death to get out. I am left with a substitute cook and a substitute coolie, both Nankingites who are about the most cool and collected and unconcerned people in town. We came back with the aid of the Embassy pass. Dick Brady was seized the day before with a terrific intestinal upset and I had been attending him. He took a decided turn for the better and was able to help with getting his family off. I drove his car and our duffle was divided between his and an Embassy car. The Daniels had left a camp cot which we sent along and let the chief officer sleep on. I returned to a deserted house shortly after midnight and got a few hours' sleep.

We heard quite a bit of news while down at the boat. One of the families leaving was the Lancaster mother and daughter. I have probably mentioned them before. He is employed by the Chinese government and is located at the big military airport outside of Tung Chi Men. The figures he gives as authentic for the aerial combats of Friday and Saturday were almost fantastic. (I mean Saturday and Sunday) It seems that the

Chinese here are equipped with the latest type American pursuit planes with some large caliber guns which make havoc of anything they hit. The Japanese planes involved in these raids have been of a German, Junker, model with smaller guns. The Chinese pilots actually downed on those two days twenty-six Japanese bombers with a loss of only three of their own planes. In the second raid when some of the Japs broke through they dropped a bomb on the airport which destroyed three more, a total of six. Practically no other damage was done in the whole Nanking area and vicinity. On the Japanese pilots and in their planes were found maps with about forty places listed for bombing. The above figures do not seem entirely credible but give a general idea of the fact that the Chinese are on their toes. Lancaster says there is no doubt of the figures and that the Chinese are not publishing them for fear the people will get overconfident and relax precautions. Japan would not give up easily and a few raids are only a sample of what they are bound to try to do, if for nothing else than to make up some of their lost face.

Mrs. Lancaster is expecting an addition to the family during the last of September and was expecting me to do the honors. She is now going up to Hankow and I am hoping Logan Roots will be there then to help her. No one knows when people will be allowed to return.

As the story now comes down to today I will start a new page and this time make it a carbon copy so as to send one to Marjorie in Kuling.

August 17 continued.

Only two air raids disturbed our equanimity today. The first caught me again in the operating room; this time doing a colostomy on a young woman of thirty who had an inoperable cancer of the rectum which had nearly closed off the lower end of her intestinal tract. How I wish we could have seen her a few months ago! The cancer had by now involved the uterus, one tube and was fixed to the sacrum. The operation will relieve the very distressing obstruction but will not be able to be followed by a removal of the tumor. We didn't bother to get out of the operating room and in about fifteen minutes the second signal came, only this time instead of the wails, indicating danger, a long triumphant blast indicated that the planes had never even approached the city.

Shortly after finishing lunch, continuing our new system of eating Chinese food every noon, the siren again blew. The cook, coolie and I watched plane after plane rise from the southwest and head northwards. The danger signal sounded but we didn't see any Japanese planes and at about quarter to three the final blow announced that again they had been turned back. Our planes continued to circle around for about half an hour. Returning to the hospital I found that the clinic had been practically non-existent. There seemed to be plenty to do, however. One of our aviators had been admitted on my ward. He had only a few scratches, including one on the eyelid that had to be sutured. We promised him that he would be fit as a fiddle in a few days and could get up in the air again soon. He was a pilot of one of the pursuit planes.

The planes have not returned so far, it being now eleven p.m. No Japanese plane has even reached the city for the last four raids and if their mortality continues at the rate of Saturday and Sunday they cannot afford to keep trying to bomb Nanking. The change in the countenances of the Chinese from a rather deep gloom on Sunday has changed to a look of hope and returning confidence.

The Shanghai news is not quite so encouraging but even there the Chinese are making definite headway. Their bombers are being used with telling effect. Quite a few, probably twenty or so, have been brought down but to show for it they have actually driven the powerful lineup of Japanese vessels out of the Woosung river. One boat, a battleship, is actually sinking and their flagship was so badly damaged that it had to be towed away. Another ship was also put out of commission. With their main support taken away from them the Japanese are losing ground on the land also and their headquarters was taken by the Chinese today. They have a large aircraft carrier some miles off the mouth of the Yangtze. It is completely surrounded by battleships making it almost impossible to approach from the air. A squadron of twenty six bombers was sent yesterday to make the attempt led by a certain man named Ting who is probably the ace of the Chinese air force.

Dr. Cheng was called over to see Madame Chiang yesterday evening as she had an infection in her finger. He had to attend her during a meeting of military officials. The same change in atmosphere was also noticeable about these officials. The Generalissimo was in good spirits and a quiet confidence was beginning to take the place of the

anguish of the previous weeks when the cruel dilemma confronted him of ~~an~~ a peace with dishonor and loss of her place as a sovereign state, or a war in which he felt that China was still inadequately prepared and would hence lead to the total destruction of all he had been building up for the last ten years. China is better fitted for a prolonged struggle than Japan, unless her air force gives out. In that case the Japanese would proceed systematically to bomb intensively every place of importance in the country. Today for the first time they used ~~poison gas bombs, the result is not known.~~ It was at a place called Haining and I don't even know where that is. From present indications it does not seem too much to hope that the Japanese air force will be the first to succumb in which case there will be a speedy cessation of fighting as the Chinese people have no greater desire than to be left alone to develop as they are now developing.

But to return to Colonel Ting's story which Cheng heard at the Generalissimo's. It seems that he, Ting, had orders to get the aircraft carrier or die in the attempt. With his 26 bombers he started from Nanking, avoided Shanghai and headed to sea where they soon sighted the Japanese battleships surrounding the carrier. A perfect hell of anti-aircraft bombs from all around the carrier kept a steady barrage and made it impossible to get close enough even to attempt to get at the carrier. Ting then ordered his men to return to Nanking, rather than sacrifice all their planes (and incidentally lives) while he would circle around and watch for his chance. They turned around and at Yangchow met some Japanese planes bringing down two. They landed there and phoned for instructions which were in no uncertain terms to get back ~~where their commander was.~~ They found him still circling out of reach of the guns. The fire was too fierce to penetrate, however, and they turned around. At Chingkiang Colonel Ting himself shot down two more Japanese planes and then every one of the twenty six returned to Nanking. In view of their shooting down of four planes they were forgiven for not getting the carrier but something tells me that we are going to hear more about that carrier.

A tale of true heroism was also reported today. A young gunner in his machine was engaged in a fierce encounter with Japanese planes, shooting down two. Suddenly his plane didn't seem to be acting aright and to his dismay he saw that his pilot had been shot. He crawled out of his cockpit and to that of the pilot, whom he found dead. There was not room for two so he draped the dead man around the back of his neck and brought the plane safely back to Nanking.

Last night the Marx's were listening to a Japanese broadcasting station giving news in English. The Japanese it seems were about to call on the British, French and Americans to force the Chinese to stop picking on them.

In the north the Chinese are closing in on Tientsin. The Japanese are trying desperately to take the Nankow Pass. So far they have been unsuccessful and have lost upwards of five thousand men and over forty tanks in the attempt. I don't know how many the Chinese have lost there but as they are not as well equipped as the armies down this way the chances are that their losses are heavy. However, being on the defensive their losses may not be too heavy.

Miss Hynds has ceased to be a pacifist and is heart and soul for the Chinese as we all are. The Lord's will be done but we can't help

but hope and pray that all the progress that we can see about us will not be destroyed by a power that to us at least seems to be some sort of reincarnation of Lucifer himself.

August 18.

A breath of relief today. Not a single air raid. The air is filled with rumors. The German ambassador today told all German nationals to secure gas masks. I now carry mine around with me even though the possibility of having to use it is very remote. The kind that fits over one's head and looks like the head of some weird futuristic monster costs too much and the supply is too limited for general distribution. We each carry around a face mask with twenty thicknesses of gauze and a small bottle of a chemical solution. When the warning comes we are to pour the solution on the mask and place it over our mouths and noses until the danger is over. For the deadly mustard gas which eats holes right through the flesh, we have to take our chances. The supply of bleaching powder is small and that is supposed to be the most effective antidote. The solution we have is calculated to neutralize phosgene, chlorine and several of the other possible gasses.

The Shanghai situation is by no means clearing. Americans, British and others are leaving by the hundreds. Again a slow but steady advance seems to be under way in every sector and the Japanese are gradually getting with their backs to the river. The advance is made at frightful expense to Chinese lives as every street gained means a drive right into the worst kind of machine gun and fire and sniping. Two divisions are said to have suffered very heavily. While some Japanese gunboats left, apparently all did not go as there are thirty still reported in the river.

The Nankow battle is still fierce. The only ulterior motive seems to be a severance of the shortest route between China and Russia. One Chinese division of 1500 men was reported to have been virtually wiped out in a terrific attack by the Japanese with numerous tanks. Their stand gave sufficient time however for reinforcements to come up and in equally severe counter attack with fresh troops the Chinese gained back all the lost territory and captured a number of the tanks.

The hospital is quieting down and we have quite a few empty beds. We do not know when they will begin to fill up with wounded. Three Japanese aviators are patients in the Central Hospital. They are being given every consideration and have been allowed to send messages to their families. We are writing to the American Red Cross to see if anything in the way of money or supplies can be sent in to help us out.

Dick Brady and I are making it a nightly practice to go over to Mr. Marx' house where we listen to the evening broadcasts from Shanghai Nanking and Manila. The Japanese run as much interference as they can on the Chinese wave length and tonight for the first time we found that the Chinese were starting to do the same with the Japanese broadcasting station in Manchuria. I got a letter from Dave Rowe from Shanghai today. He arrived there on August 12 and wrote on August 13 just before the trouble started. He is marooned there now.

August 20.

Wednesday's relief did not last long. I had no more than finished writing when the siren again sounded and we were subjected to two hours of silence except for the sound of numerous airplanes buzzing. There was a good moon and while we could not actually see the planes, I am told that they can see each other in the air without too great difficulty. Apparently the Japanese did not get over the city as no bombs were dropped. Before the final siren had sounded saying it was all over (the raid lasted from midnight until 2 a.m.) I had dropped asleep in my bed which as was mentioned before has been brought down to the living room so as to make it easier to duck into the cellar.

11 M 20 Yesterday morning all was quiet and we had a relatively normal day for rounds, operating and the usual routine. I came home earlier than usual for lunch and was eating it at about 12:15 when again the siren sounded. This time the Japanese planes had sneaked into the city unawares. When they have come in numbers we have been adequately warned but this time the warning had no more than sounded before a small plane came buzzing by. There were only two altogether and they dropped a few incendiary bombs, one of which started a fire that lasted about fifteen minutes, about a mile south of our house. They were soon chased off.

Our release did not come until about quarter to three and I went over to the hospital to find quite a few patients in the clinic. One was a young pilot with a minor ailment. He had a very gloomy picture to paint. Yesterdays optimism was already beginning to be submerged in an atmosphere of mounting depression and feeling of coming disaster. He said that while the relative score of the Japanese and Chinese around Nanking was markedly in favor of the Chinese, it was not so in the Shanghai area. The antiaircraft guns of the Japanese there had played havoc with the Chinese planes and many of the best were already down. The ten planes presented by the city of Shanghai to Generalissimo Chiang for his birthday had all been destroyed.

Dick Brady had two calls to make late in the afternoon. At a business house in Hsia Kwan the atmosphere was tense and there was a general feeling of "tonight's the night". He then went to the Russian Embassy for another call and the same feeling reigned there. They were all frightened and felt that before the night was over we would be hearing from the enemy planes in a manner different from that which we had grown used to.

The siren sounded while I was eating my supper. Beyond reducing my appetite a little it had no other effect. Finishing my meal I went out on the porch with the coolie and cook and watched the Chinese planes as they rose from the airport and headed off towards the north-west. After about half an hour they returned and started to settle down. It was dusk and we had had a shower so that the clouds were rather low with patches of blue sky in between. Suddenly a low ominous humming was heard in the north-east. From my porch I could make out the first of the bombers, a group of three. Then another three and a third set of three. They were heading directly for us and then started swinging south. As they reached a point about half a mile away a perfect bedlam of antiaircraft guns started going off. From Ho Ying Ching's house and the Ministry of Justice

they were firing a rain of tracer bullets and small explosive bombs. The tracer bullets ~~were~~ ^{are} interesting in that you can watch the direction of the bullet and tell whether the aim is correct. It apparently wasn't as they kept coming on. Just as I had made out the third set of three two terrific detonations shook the earth and not waiting to see the fourth set of three which I found out later was right behind, I ducked for the cellar. As the sound of the motors dimmed I again came up and found that ^{and} two fires were started about half a mile from the house to the north ^{and} east. One was about due east and proved to be a military barracks with some ammunition which kept going off for about fifteen minutes.

It was another hour before the siren finally released us and I went over to the hospital expecting to find it full of wounded. None had arrived and I went with Dick Brady and Mr. Marx to the latter's house where we intended to listen to the radio and hear the day's news. The lights did not turn on there and as the radio is run on the general current we had to be content to sit around with candles. The respite was not for long however and the siren soon sounded a new alarm. We put out the candles and prepared the cellar, he has a cement ceiling to his cellar, and then sat out on the steps to the cellar waiting for the sound of approaching planes. We waited in vain for about forty-five minutes and then the siren again released us. Still no lights so we had no outside news. Mr. Marx prevailed on me to sleep there which I was not loth to do. All three of us felt a little better for company.

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This morning we found that about twelve people had been killed and a number wounded. It was my operating day so I got in my first real war surgery. One amputation of the foot, one amputation of the finger and a repair of a very strange wound. A young girl of about eighteen or nineteen had seen a bomb falling and crouched with her back to the explosion. Her buttocks were literally ripped off. We cleaned the wound and after what infection arises clears, will be able to skin-graft it. One man with a fractured leg and internal injuries died during the night.

During the amputation of the foot the siren again sounded but we proceeded ^{with the} operation and in about half an hour the release siren announced that the enemy planes had not been able to reach the city. Various reports and wild rumors are of course current. The Chinese papers say that four were brought down. From several places comes the rumor that our planes were purposely called down to give the anti-aircraft a chance to see what they could do. If the latter is the case I hope they don't give them another chance.

How glad I am that Marjorie and Elizabeth are in Kuling. It would be a strain on Marjorie that would be difficult to calculate. I am waiting anxiously for my first letter from there to see how they are making out. It is now seven thirty in the evening and everyone has been a little jumpy for fear that the dusk hour would produce another evening like last night. I am going over to Mr. Marx's to hear the outside news and will let you know about it in my next installment.

August 21.

I am writing this by the light of the full moon because we are still in the process of our third air raid today. Last night after writing the installment I went over to Mr. Marx' where we listened undisturbed to the news of the day. The impartial Shanghai Post broadcast was for the first time admitting Chinese advances on practically all fronts in Shanghai. The Chinese forces have driven a wedge into the center of the Japanese and practically isolated one large portion. They have destroyed by bombing practically all the wharves along the Whangpoo river thus making it exceedingly difficult for the Japanese to land reinforcements. About 45,000 men have arrived from Japan, that is three divisions, but they have not been able to land.

A Japanese shell fell on the U.S.S. Augusta today killing one American sailor and wounding eighteen. It apparently was from an antiaircraft gun. The Japanese have taken over several islands off the coast to use as air bases, one in particular between the mouth of the Yangtze and the port of Hangchow.

We went to bed about eleven thirty, my bed consisting of a mattress on the floor of the upstairs study. It was a beautiful moonlight night and the temperature dropped into the seventies so that we had a very comfortable night until four twenty a.m.. (Ah! the releasing siren, and here are the lights so I can see what I am writing) At that time the siren sounded and we dressed and witnessed a magnificent sunrise in the course of the next two hours before a signal told us that the raid was over. We heard later that a fierce aerial combat took place over Yangchow, about fifty miles away and that three planes of each side were shot down. The total number taking part was not given. Several Japanese planes did, however, reach Hsia Kwan where they were greeted with a barrage of antiaircraft gunfire and turned back.

Coming home to breakfast things looked very peaceful. Wang Arrived promptly at eight and we spent an hour mostly on Chinese newspapers which I am beginning to get the hang of. We had no more than started when the second alarm sounded. We watched for a while to see if anything was stirring and then settled down to study. Promptly at nine, as if they were giving us the signal to stop the studying, the releasing siren sounded. The day was peaceful. One patient was brought in having been wounded in the bombing night before last. He had been hit in the side with minor skin injuries but it soon became evident that something more was the matter as his abdomen began to distend and we decided that some viscus, probably jejunum, had been ruptured. He is to be operated on as soon as we can find somebody to sign for him. That is a handicap here that we do not have at home where anyone over twenty-one can sign for himself. We wouldn't do that a month before the hospital would be closed on account of law suits.

Cheng was again called to see the Generalissimo last night. He sailed away in an enormous Buick special-make touring car with the top down, looking like a million dollars. He found another conference of about twenty officials in session but learned little news. The Generalissimo's health is showing the strain but there is nothing to worry about yet.

The last siren again interrupted my supper, which I eat early so that if the siren blows I can still eat in the light. The raid lasted

August 22. (Last night we stopped in the middle of a sentence) from six-fifteen until quarter to eight but apparently no Japanese planes reached the city. After seeing that the hospital was quiet, I went over to Mr. Marx and we listened to the day's broadcasts. It apparently had been a day of more or less long distance shelling with occasional air bombing but little advance. The wedge claimed by the Chinese was confirmed and they have apparently taken the Wayside wharf which puts the Japanese in a predicament in the section between the wharf and the International Settlement.

The Chinese expression for "in a predicament" is "lang Bei" derived from the names of two animals, one with short front legs and long hind ones and the other with long front legs and short hind ones. The expression also means a "conspiracy". The precise connection is left to the imagination.

We were allowed to sleep in peace and so far they have preserved the Sabbath and no raids have taken place, it being now five p.m. The foreign church service is called off and we are left to worship in our own homes. The hospital also was very quiet.

Four more Japanese aviators have been captured, making, with the three patients in Central Hospital, a total of seven here in town. One can speak Chinese well and his story is interesting. The Japanese, as you know, have a horror of mutilation. They have little fear of death as long as some part of their body is not cut off. Even an ear or a finger is included in the fear which is based, I am told, on the Shinto belief in transmigration of the soul. Probably Buddha is responsible. It seems that if any part of their body is severed they cannot be reincarnated into another body on this earth. These aviators say that in Japan it is firmly believed that all Japanese residents in China have been systematically slaughtered and mutilated. When they were shot down they resigned themselves to the same treatment. The one who told the story ^{and his companions} were taken by some Chinese farmers and given food and a bed until ~~they were~~ turned over to the authorities who have treated them well and their amazement is beyond bounds. // If their treatment is recorded in their letters home we may be sure that the military censorship will delete any such references.

The radio reported last night that fifty Japanese transports were anchored off Tientsin, bringing men, munitions and supplies. Fifty transports can carry a fair sized army. Also a continuous stream of the same is coming down from Manchuria through Shanhaikwan. The radio also said that inspite of their most strenuous efforts for an entire week they had not been able to take the Nankow pass. On the contrary it seems that the Chinese are making headway north of the Great Wall into Jehol province threatening to cut off the rear and lengthening the front which is all to China's advantage.

Another week should tell us how the wind is blowing. So far the Japanese have failed in everything but their initial push into Hopei to take the cities of Peiping and Tientsin. The Chinese at that time having not reached any decision as to just how far they would yield before defending themselves. They are resigned now to fighting as long as their strength holds out and we are all hoping that it will hold out longer than the Japanese. The control of the air is of course

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is a grave question
a matter of vital concern. // Whether there are enough Chinese planes and aviators to keep up the air struggle. So far they have acquitted themselves magnificently. Their pursuit planes here at Nanking are American Curtis Hawks with a 300 m.p.h speed and a large exceedingly powerful type of machine gun. Yesterday when one of the alarms sounded I counted ten of our machines at one time and the sound of others that I couldn't see intimated that more were circulating. //

citizens
Several have been arrested as traitors. One man, the proprietor of the biggest store near us, who has just put up an additional modern furniture store that looks like 5th Ave. or at least Broadway, was caught giving signals with green and red lanterns on the roof of his new store as the bombers came over in our fiercest raid the other night. Another wealthy merchant on Tai Ping Road has also been arrested. // It is the opinion of many people here that the Japanese bombing of places in the interior is having just the opposite effect ^{to that} intended by the Japanese. Instead of reducing them to a panic it is making them realize that the fighting in Shanghai and the north is not an isolated affair but that the whole nation is involved and the nation thus is becoming more firmly united than ever before.

The city is practically deserted now except for the very poor who have no place to go or those who have some official business. It is interesting to note that whereas in 1932 the government took itself off to Loyang at the first sign of trouble, it has shown no signs as yet of moving out of Nanking on this occasion which far overshadows the 1932 incident. It is very difficult for my cook to find anything to buy on the street and what he does buy he has to pay fancy prices for. He is going to try going down before breakfast in the morning in which case if he is caught by a raid I will have to get my own. //

No mail has arrived yet from Kuling. We have heard that the air mail which the post office confidently asserts is running has in fact not been sent for several days. Probably they are waiting for mail just as anxiously as we are. There is as yet no indication of the time when I can draw this letter to a close with any prospect of its reaching its destination.

4 August 23.

One great weight rolled off my mind this morning when two letters arrived from Marjorie telling of her safe arrival in Kuling and her trip up the river. The river is overflowing its banks around Kiu-kiang adding to navigation difficulties. Marjorie will be staying with the Trimmers where she will feel very much at home and it is an arrangement which we had sincerely hoped would be possible. It seems rather natural to have some Wilsons in Methodist Valley again, even though these particular Wilsons have never been there before. Perhaps if things get too hot the Embassy will insist on our getting out also. They are now urging everyone who has no vital interests in China to get clear out of the country.

11 Every time I end my installments on a peaceful note it seems to presage disaster. Yesterday everything seemed so calm. I went over to the hospital at seven in the evening to operate on a nineteen year old girl on whom we had made a diagnosis of perilienic abscess. (i.e. abscess around the spleen) Having made such a diagnosis the only procedure was to operate promptly before the abscess had a chance to rupture into the general peritoneal cavity. Fortunately I used local anaesthesia, as she was in rather poor general condition and I felt that local would be less of a shock. She arrived in the operating room crying and very much frightened. Our anaesthetist, Ran Chang Kun, is a wonder. Before we got started with the operation he had her all calmed down and was extracting her life story. He kept up the congenial conversation all through the operation. We found just what we were expecting so that it was not many minutes before we had the abscess cavity cleaned out and the drains inserted. Just at that moment the siren bounded, making the third time I have been caught operating. The heavy black window curtains were drawn and we continued by flashlight and sewed her up as if our lives as well as hers depended on it. The coolies who carry patients back and forth were all busy moving patients down to the lower floors so the operating team whisked her on to a stretcher and took her to her room, just in time. It was a real raid and three bombers came directly overhead, with antiaircraft guns rattling and booming all around us. They made a wide circle to the south of us and came booming overhead again.

16 In the hospital it is if anything more calculated to frighten a person than in a house, as the noise of the airplanes cannot be heard until they are right overhead and their presence is made known by the guns which look for all the world like Roman candles, as the red and white tracer bullets go sailing up towards the spot where numerous searchlights are focused on the sinister forms of the bombers. We thought we heard the dropping of numerous bombs but check-ups this morning showed that no damage had been done.

We had another mild flurry of excitement during the raid. A young man, a total stranger, had entered the hospital at the commencement of the raid with a flashlight with a red shield instead of our customary green or black. He went down to the first floor and entered a double room, the only occupant of which was a woman from whom I had removed a ruptured appendix about two weeks ago. He proceeded to get into the other bed which was empty and to cover himself up with the bed-clothes. When the siren sounded for the second time indicating that the enemy planes were near he got up and started to open the window,

which had been carefully shut by the nurses for fear of poison gas. The arrival of a nurse and another patient prevented this and he fell into conversation with the patient who happened to be one of our Chinese aviators who is in with a mild finger infection which we are trying to clear up speedily so that he can get back into the air again. The questions put by the stranger began to arouse suspicion as he began to inquire about such things as the range of our bombers, their usual flying height and other things. The aviator then asked him his name which he refused to give and likewise refused to give the name of his school. Several people gathered and then a crowd and he was soon delivered over to the police still unable to give a satisfactory account of himself. Whether he was just scared into incoherency by the raid or was actually a spy, we will leave to the police to determine.

About twenty people were arrested last night giving signals with green and red lanterns to the planes. Patriotism in China is a new concept. For several hundred years it has lain completely dormant. Within the last fifteen or twenty years it has begun to creep into the national consciousness. It has made great strides but it is not deeply enough instilled to carry the whole people with it. There are still plenty of people who are willing to sell their country for a consideration. Such is true to a certain extent in every country but as a national patriotism as such is even more recent here than in most countries we have to expect more Judases. The amazing thing is the amount of unity rather than the occasional lapses.

Dick Brady and I went over to Marx' when the raid was over, about nine-thirty, and listened to the Shanghai broadcast which dealt largely with the public health and safety activities of the Shanghai Municipal Council. We retired at about eleven thirty only to be roused by another raid starting at twelve-thirty and lasting until about two. In this raid three more planes sailed almost directly overhead to the accompaniment of the usual rattling and banging and fireworks. Again no damage was done. Two reports today concerning the raid conflict; one stating that two planes were shot down and the other that they all got away.

A terrible tragedy was reported in detail by an eye witness today. At Nantung, formerly Nantungchow, about eighty miles from Shanghai on the northern bank of the Yangtze, the Christian Mission hospital was bombed by Japanese planes, on August 17. Of the forty in-patients thirty were killed, chiefly by the fire succeeding the landing of the bomb. Two Chinese doctors, several nurses and the hospital technician were likewise killed. The two American nurses escaped injury and the superintendent, Dr. Hegeman, was in Kuling having been unable to return. No reason is given for the bombing. The hospital is isolated by a large open space from any other buildings and it could not have been otherwise than a ~~fiendish~~ deliberate placing of the bomb.

Mr. Marx tells a story that may have some fantastic connection with the bombing. Sometime during the twelfth or thirteenth centuries the Japanese invaded China and a pitched battle was fought at Nantung, in which the Japanese were overwhelmingly defeated. The victors cut off the ears of the dead Japanese and placed them in a mound over which they placed a monument which stands to this day. During the 1932 in-

cident, the more boisterous element in the community got together and sent a telegram to Tokyo saying, "Nantung is still on the map." *Stop v w*
 TH Such flagrant violation of the common laws of decency and morality certainly test to the utmost one's ability to maintain even a semblance of Christian feeling towards the perpetrators. And yet the Chinese Christian pastor who brought the story of the bombing said that he and his people prayed daily that God would bring about a change of heart in the people of the Japanese nation.

Another wild rumor has been circulating today. It seems that twenty-one Japanese bombers left Formosa to bomb Hankow. Just how much damage they did the rumor does not report. They were chased about considerably by Chinese pursuit planes thus having to travel farther than they originally intended. The result was that all twenty-one ran out of gas before they reached the coast on the return journey and had to come down in Chinese territory. At the lowest current figures given for the price of these bombers it would mean a cost of over six million yen, and if the higher figures are correct a cost of ten million yen. I hope that they were not so much damaged but that they can be repaired for further use as they would provide no mean addition to the Chinese bombing force.

August 24.

Last night we listened to the various news broadcasts including that of the tragedy in Sincere's store. Reports all differ except for the fact that a big bomb exploded and killed one hundred or more and wounded an additional two hundred or more. The source of the bomb is not certain. It landed just after one o'clock. Just after noon some Japanese planes were circling overhead. When asked if any of their planes were overhead at the time of the accident the military authorities referred the question to the naval authorities. Their answer was not reported. It is agreed however that no Chinese planes were flying at the time. If it was a large shell it will be difficult to determine from which side it came. Sincere's had been closed for about a week and just yesterday morning opened its doors to do business. The extent of the damage to the store, which is on the scale of Gimbel's covering a whole block, makes it doubtful if the company can remain solvent.

The military news stated that the fiercest battle of the war was raging at Woosung where the Japanese were desperately trying to land reinforcements and had moved over thirty warships down there to cover their landing. Chinese reports say that they were prevented from landing with considerable slaughter. Japanese reports say that they have landed a large force and are starting a major offensive against the Chinese with Woosung as a starting point. The Japanese up nearer the settlement appear to be in a tough spot, divided into three groups all surrounded on three sides. Neutral news is hard to get as it is too hot for neutral men to get down to Woosung to see what is going on. We should be able to tell in a few days.

We retired at eleven and were awakened at twelve by the sirens. There are about a dozen sirens now in various parts of the city. We half dressed and went downstairs so as to be able to ~~exit~~ duck into the cellar when necessary. As we heard planes approaching we ducked and heard three reports which we took to be antiaircraft ~~to be~~ opening up. *five*

No more reports were heard and at one thirty we were released and went to bed. This morning we found that the noise was that of bombs exploding. At noon Cheng, Dick and I went in Dick's car to see the damage. Two bombs had dropped in the road just outside of Hsuing Wu Men, formerly Feng Ren Men, which leads to the first of the Lotus Lake Islands. ^{which} No buildings were within several hundred yards of the bombs and they had made holes in the earth about fifteen feet across and three or four feet deep. The only damage was to a water pipe. Another ~~report~~ bomb landed in the lake and a fourth landed right on the city wall making a wedge-shaped dent about ten feet deep in its outer edge. This last shell landed within a few hundred yards of the Soviet Embassy. We are wondering if all the bombs were not intended for the Embassy. The Japanese seem to have a habit of riling the Russians and raided the Tientsin Consulate of the U.S.S.R. as soon as they had taken over the city.

Am 24,
The moon last night was so bright that we could see the range of lime hills twenty miles away, from the upstairs porch. Any buildings that were not black stood out clearly. We will be glad when the moon has finished this phase of her cycle and the welcome darkness comes when search lights and antiaircraft will have a much better chance at the planes.

Today was again quiet. The girl with the perillenic abscess had a normal temperature today and was feeling much better. The ruptured appendix, mentioned in connection with the arrest the other night, went home today. Another little girl of 14 with a ruptured appendix was walking today and will go home tomorrow. The amputations are all getting along. I may have to operate again tonight.

A large order of hospital supplies arrived yesterday and will tide us over for quite a while. The question of getting out is of course raised again and again. Cheng intimated today that if the Americans left a great many of the Chinese staff whose homes are in other parts of the country would feel that they had a right to go also. The hospital would have to close or be operated by the military authorities. The Embassy people intend to stay to the bitter end. It is hard to say what is best to do. One can't help feeling that leaving right now would be passing up an opportunity for service of the highest kind, not only medically, but morally as well, and that while one could not be blamed, at least a suspicion of the white feather would always remain to prick one's conscience. There is no doubt that people without a definite program and all women and children have no place here.

August 25.

Our evening raid came early last night starting at 7:55 and ending at 8:30. The most annoying part was that the Shanghai broadcast has been moved from 10:10 to 8:10 and hence we missed it entirely having to be content with rumors and the Chinese newspapers. It was one of the more terrifying type but we could not find today that they had done particular damage. Several nights ago the Chinese planes were not called out as they wanted to give the antiaircraft a chance. They went up last night, however, and brought down two Japanese planes, one landing in flames outside the city and the other one is still just a report as far as we are concerned.

Reports indicate that the Japanese have succeeded in landing at Woosung under cover of their battleships. Whether it will change the aspect of things is hard to say. We are waiting anxiously for further reports. The success or failure of the Chinese at Shanghai will mean a great deal in regard to future events. If the Japanese get their way there they will likewise do so in the north and it will be a bitter pill for China to swallow. A victory in Shanghai for the Chinese would give them a tremendous moral support and I feel sure would provide sufficient incentive to make the victory complete and drive the Japanese clear out of the country.

This afternoon we had a brief shower followed by a magnificent double rainbow. Several Chinese planes were soaring overhead as if playing with the rainbow. The big Douglas transport suddenly appeared for the first time in a week indicating that commercial aviation is still doing its bit.

I found time today also to pack a trunk full of Marjorie's things which I hope to get off to her by someone leaving soon. It may turn cold up there before they get a chance to come down. My Chinese teacher came today and we had a good session over the Chinese daily. Had I mentioned that I am now having Big Wang, the prize teacher of the former language school. It is certainly a pleasure to study with him and my Chinese should show rapid improvement.

August 26.

The Japanese seem to delight in cutting us off from our daily news broadcast. The news was scheduled to come through at 8:10 and at 8:05 the siren announced the planes were approaching. We did not see any of them nor hear any bombs. Our Chinese pursuit planes got into the air immediately after the first siren. They were buzzing around when the second signal warned of the proximity of the Jap planes. Every few minutes a plane would come near enough to cause us to duck into the cellar and when the noise died away we would come up again and enjoy the light of the moon which was just coming up over Purple Mountain a few days past full. It has again turned hot and the days find the temperature over ninety while the nights are in the middle eighties. The cellar, all closed up, gets pretty stuffy and we are glad to get out and breathe between attacks. We feel able to tell between the Chinese pursuit planes and the Japanese bombers but when any plane is directly overhead it isn't the most comfortable feeling in the world and we are glad to duck for the time being.

A surprise mail today brought the North China Daily News from August 15 to 22 inclusive. Also a Peiping Chronicle dated August 5 and containing the account of Uncle John and Aunt Mary's Golden Wedding Anniversary. I expect you also received one. Twenty one days from Peiping to Nanking. We frequently get mail that quickly from California. The newspapers had little to offer that we did not know but did more or less confirm our fear that a good many troops had landed at Woosung under the combined protection of the fleet and air control.

J.H.

This morning Colonel Huang visited the hospital to see a few aviators and I had a brief talk with him. He is the man who flew up to Sian last December with Madame Chiang Kai Shek when the Generalissimo was kidnapped. He is a tremendous man about six feet four and weighing well over two hundred pounds. He confirmed the report about landing at Woosung but claimed that at the most there were about 4000 whereas the Japanese claim to have landed 50,000. It is not at all unlikely that the Japanese will do some large scale fighting yet and may break the Chinese defence. Such an eventuality must be faced but we are sincerely hoping that it won't happen. Huang is head of the Officers' Moral Endeavor Society which is a sort of Y.M.C.A. for the military officers.

Dr. Hegeman arrived today from Kuling. He had seen Marjorie and said that she was looking well. He plans to go down and visit the wreck of his hospital in Nantung but we may keep him here with us for a few days. With Dick and Mr. MacCallum in single beds in one room and Mr. Marx in the other bedroom and myself on a double mattress on the floor of the study between the two rooms we are approaching capacity. Hegeman will probably share my double mattress on the floor. With a group together it is certainly more congenial when the night raids come.

My substitute cook and his little boy stay here at our house. I come back in the morning to shave and eat and so far am taking all my meals here. Another pleasant surprise today was the arrival of our monthly check which I had felt sure would be indefinitely delayed. I can now hold out for a long time and as eating is a very small expense I feel justified in keeping the house open for the time being.

August 27.

Last evening as I was writing I counted up the raids reported in this chronicle. Up to the time of counting there were nineteen. Our twentieth came last night. We had retired about eleven after listening to a rather uninspiring broadcast of the day's events. It seems that we must admit Japanese gains in the Woosung area.

The event which should have the most far-reaching consequences was the shooting of the British Ambassador yesterday afternoon. He was riding in an automobile flying a British flag. The car was still some distance from Shanghai when four Japanese airplanes appeared overhead and started to try and hit the auto, and another car which completed the party. After missing with their bombs they dove and sprayed the cars with machine gun fire. The only casualty was the British Ambassador, Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugesson, who was struck by one machine gun bullet and seriously injured. You will know long before you get this from your own papers whether he recovers or not.

After just sufficient time to sink into the deepest reaches of sleep we were rudely aroused by the siren at twelve o'clock. This time we did not get back to bed until four a.m. and in the meantime were subjected to the most severe bombing to date. Three fires were started in different parts of the city, none very near us. Apparently twelve bombers took part and two were shot down. One of the fires burned two lots of vacant houses, another a big store on Tai Ping Road and the third was somewhere in between them. Nothing was accomplished by the raid except the depriving of a rather weary populace of some much needed sleep. Several coolies were killed in a mat shed when a bomb burst right outside of the shed.

I have a souvenir of the raid extracted from the buttock of an old woman this afternoon in the clinic. It is a piece of jagged metal almost two inches in diameter which travelled for about six inches under the skin of her buttock and lodged subcutaneously so that it was an easy matter to give her a little novocain over the metal and remove it. It appears to be a fragment of a shell. She walked in and out of the hospital.

After last night's very limited rest I found myself confronted with quite an operation this morning when a man entered with a hernia that had been strangulated since the morning before. About eight inches of the intestine were gangrenous but not perforated so that after repairing the hernia I had to make another incision and remove the gangrenous intestine and perform an anastomosis. The final step was to insert an enterostomy tube a few inches above the anastomosis. Fortunately no raids occurred during the operation. In fact, as you will have observed we have had no day time raids for some time.

Mr. Gray called today saying that he was leaving for Kuling in the morning and would take some things to Marjorie. Dr. Dietrich Husemann, Ph.D. called this afternoon to see if he could move over here since his wife was leaving. It will be pleasant to have someone else in the house so that I won't have to eat alone and also won't feel quite so guilty about keeping a big house open just for myself.

The other big event of the day was the arrival of letters from America. How they got through, I don't know. The letter from you all was mailed on August 5 which is pretty good time. There must be several missing intervening letters. That tempts me to send off this letter before it gets too bulky. I'd hate to have it miss its mark however after having chronicled the whole series of events here to date.

August 28.

Another circular from the Embassy strongly urges all Americans to leave the city. I must talk it over with President Chen Y Kuang and others and see if it seems the best thing to do. It will mean probably a tremendous loss here to the Daniels, Wilsons and Imogene Ward whose goods are all piled on the third floor. They might not be touched but that would be extraordinary.

We had two alarms last night, one from seven thirty to eight thirty and the other from one until two a.m. In neither did the Japanese planes reach the city. The news last night was distinctly unfavorable with the Japanese making steady advances around Shanghai in the Lotien, Liuho area. An atmosphere of pessimism is being created which I wish would ease up.

This morning I took the oil stove and Marjorie's trunk down to the Jardine, Matheson Co. steamer Sui-Wo and put them in charge of an English missionary named Gray who is going to Kuling. They should keep Marjorie and the baby going for some time. Several letters which arrived from America were squeezed into the trunk.

August 29.

After writing yesters brief report I returned to the hospital and was surprised and delighted to get a telephone call from Kuling and to hear Marjorie's voice. She was glad to learn that her things were on the way.

For the first night in almost two weeks we had no alarms sounded last night and were treated to a good night's sleep. Previously if any length of time intervenes between raids the succeeding one is usually severe. We hope that that will not be the case this time but are prepared if it does. Today is Sunday and as I am writing this in the afternoon about a dozen Chinese planes are circling overhead. As long as they remain here in their present numbers and efficiency I feel that we are reasonably secure.

This afternoon I had quite a talk with Hall Paxton, second secretary of the Embassy. I explained how we felt about our moral support keeping the hospital going and that we felt that until military operations on land began to approach Nanking we did not feel that we were justified in leaving. The decision of the Japanese to send eight divisions of the regular army, about 120,000 men to the Shanghai area, makes the approach of hostilities a distinct possibility. The Chinese are now withdrawing from the immediate vicinity of Shanghai and taking up defence positions in a well fortified zone a few miles to the rear.

August 30.

Our twenty-third alarm sounded as Dietrich Husemann and I were walking back from his former house near Ginling College. I had taken the two dogs with me. Snooky has grown in the two and a half months since we acquired him to be quite a hound. He is very companionable. Baerly, Imogene Ward's dog, is a little white fellow allied to the Spitz tribe. Just how dilute his blood is I don't know. We hurried back trying to keep the dogs from under speeding cars also scurrying to safety. The alarm lasted about forty five minutes but the planes didn't reach Nanking. About fifteen of our planes circled overhead. We heard today that they fought over Yangchow and Lancaster at the air field confirmed the report in the newspapers that two bombers were brought down. It was the first time they had used daylight for some time. We were again treated to a good night's sleep.

We seem to be able to fill our hospital beds fairly consistently. The numbers in the clinics, however, are distinctly smaller. The strangulated hernia of the other day is doing splendidly. I forgot to mention that during the operation his appendix popped into view with evidence of chronic infection and we took a couple of extra minutes to relieve him of that also.

The other day when I took Marjorie's trunk to the Jardine steamer I found the woman whom I have mentioned before as having had a ruptured appendix removed, and who was in the room with the suspicious character. She was travelling to Hankow with her family and seemed in the best of health and spirits.

Our cook opened the door of the pigeon cote two days ago in spite of my warnings. All five pigeons flew away and only two have returned so far. We are giving these two the freedom of the air now and let them out daily.

August 31.

Two more raids to record. The first shortly after writing yesterday's bit. It was almost sunset and after the first alarm I hurriedly ate supper to make use of the daylight. Husemann didn't ~~make~~ manage to arrive so he had to wait for over an hour until the all clear signal came and arrived home hungry. No Japanese planes reached the city but fifteen of twenty Chinese pursuits planes kept the air noisy.

The second raid was a short warning from 1:45 until 2:30 when the Japanese again failed to reach the city. It served only to make the clinic start a little later than usual. Mr. Mead, manager of the local branch of the Socony, has been coming in daily for treatment of a carbuncle of the neck and numerous subsidiary boils. He has had quite a siege but is now on the road to rapid recovery. The autogenous vaccine seems to be doing its work.

My reason for mentioning Mr. Mead just there was that his family was on the Hoover which yesterday was bombed by Chinese planes. He was not excited about it as he didn't hear of it until this morning at which time he also heard that no passengers were injured. The planes had been instructed to go out and bomb a Japanese transport

~~August~~ September 2. (again the middle of a sentence) which was supposedly arriving off Woosung. The Hoover was about twenty miles from the lighthouse, or seventy miles from Woosung, when four Chinese planes zoomed overhead and one of them opened his bomb rack and let a few fall. Seven members of the crew were injured and three passengers stunned. Numerous shrapnel holes were made in the ship's sides but none near enough the water line to be serious. One of the crew died yesterday but the others are considered out of danger. The Chinese foreign office immediately sent an apology and offered to shoulder full responsibility for damages. Quite a different tone from the Japanese reaction to their bombing of Sir Hugué. We all feel that it was a most unfortunate occurrence and the Chinese are heart-broken about it.

Yesterday was my half holiday and Big Wang arrived punctually at 2:30 to pore over the situation through the local paper with me for two hours. During the lesson Mrs. Ward suddenly appeared. She had just arrived in Nanking from Shanghai and was going to collect a few of Imogene's things on our third floor and take them with her up the river.

At about five o'clock the doctor and his assistant from the U.S.S. Tutuila arrived and I went down with them to the gunboat for supper and a movie afterwards. The Dr. from the U.S.S. Guam which is also in town came over for supper. He knew a number of my medical school classmates and friends and we had a pleasant visit. Dr. Swanson of the Tutuila has a patient under my care at the hospital and so far we haven't been able to make a diagnosis. A snap diagnosis would be malaria but with nine examinations failing to find the parasite and a complete failure to respond to the usual malarial therapy we are stumped for the time being.

We stayed on board for a movie afterwards and I got ashore at about 10:30 to find the bund practically deserted. The taxis were all gone and the taxi agent said they could not be obtained. The busses had stopped at about nine o'clock. A lone ricksha man was around and offered to bring me up. We haggled a bit and finally agreed on fifty cents, he having started with eighty. He was a very affable fellow and before we had arrived at the Ministry of Communications I had learned all the intimate details of his past life, his present and future prospects and his general outlook on life. The trip took about an hour. One rather amusing detail kept recurring during the trip. Passing ricksha men always inquire of each other where they are going and how much they are being paid. Practically every one that went by would get my man's reply and then burst into laughter exclaiming that they were going about half as far for twice as much. It didn't bother me as I knew they had held up their passengers because of the difficulty of securing any transport but it began to get under the skin of my ricksha man. I finally added enough tip to send him away smiling and he probably will enjoy telling about it for many a day.

With crossed fingers we make the unusual report that we have had no warning signals for two days. Our guess is that the Japanese are concentrating all their energy on landing at Woosung preparatory to a general offensive and that they figure it isn't worth while to deviate from that course. Signs point to major engagements in the next few days that will make or break the situation.

September 3.

Still no more air raids to report. They are apparently giving us a wide margin. There is a serious rumor to the effect that they (the Japanese) succeeding in bombing and destroying a large plant at Nanchang equipped to repair American made planes with heavy imported machinery. It would be an almost irreparable loss to the Chinese. The rumor continues that a small plant of a similar nature very close by to repair Italian planes was not touched and that the local authorities so strongly suspected the Italians of giving the signals to the planes that they arrested some of them. The incident of course has not appeared in the local papers. Cheng picked it up from some of his official contacts.

Dr. Trimmer returned from Kuling yesterday. He brought a letter from Marjorie and some eatables as well. We thought they were having a near famine there and apparently they thought the same of Nanking. I managed to send up another corey and a hat box with a few odds and ends so that Marjorie has a fair share of her belongings now on the hill with her. We have no definite indication that we are going to have to leave any time in the near future.

The Chinese seem to be holding their own around Woosung in spite of Japanese reports to the contrary. Three of China's best generals are now in command of the three sectors on which there is fighting around Shanghai and the three are coordinated under a Chief of Staff. We get more and more the impression of a fight to the finish. Another example of the Japanese resolve to do its best to wipe out Chinese culture was reported yesterday when they systematically destroyed the Tung Chi university and medical school near Woosung. No Chinese soldiers were near it at the time. They sent up a few bombers and planted bombs on practically all the better buildings leaving them in ruins. The most valuable contents had been removed some time before.

The hospital beds, except for the fourth floor, are practically filled up. The obstetrics department has had a record month in August. This morning I did a suprapubic cystostomy on an old man as the first stage in a prostatectomy which I expect to do in a couple of weeks. The clinic remains smaller than usual so that we are by no means overworked. Our general practice among the foreign population is practically at a standstill.