

Nanking, China.
Christmas Eve, 1937.

What I am about to relate is anything but a pleasant story; in fact, it is so very unpleasant that I do not recommend anyone without a strong stomach to read it. For it is a story of such crime and horror as to be almost unbelievable, the story of the depredations of a horde of degraded criminals of incredible beastiality, who have and are now working their will, unrestrained, on a peaceful, kindly, law-abiding people. Yet it is a story which I feel must be told even if it is seen only by a few. I cannot rest until I have told it, and, unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, I am one of the very few who are in a position to tell it. It is not complete, for it is only a small part of the whole; and God alone knows when it will be finished. I pray it may be soon, but I am afraid it is going to go on for many months to come, not just here, but in other parts of China. I believe it has no parallel in modern history.

It is now Christmas Eve. I shall start, say, with Dec. 10th. In these two short weeks we here in Nanking have been through a siege; the Chinese army has left, defeated, and the Japanese has come in. On that day Nanking was still the beautiful city we were so proud of, with law and order still prevailing. To-day it is a city laid waste, ravaged, completely looted, much of it burned. Complete anarchy has reigned for ten days. It has been a hell on earth. Not that my life has been in serious danger at any time - although turning lust-mad, drunken soldiers out of houses where they were raping the women is not, perhaps, altogether a safe occupation; nor does one feel too sure of himself when he finds a bayonet at his chest or a revolver at his head, and knows it is handled by someone who heartily wishes him out of the way. For the Japanese is anything but pleased at our being here after having advised all foreigners to get out. They wanted no observers. But to have to stand by while even the very poor are having their last possession taken from them - their last coin, their last bit of bedding (and it is freezing weather) the poor ricksha man his ricksha; while thousands of disarmed soldiers who sought sanctuary with you, together with many hundreds of innocent civilians, are taken out before your eyes to be shot or used for bayonet practice, and you have to listen to the sound of the guns that are killing them; while thousands of women kneel before you crying hysterically, begging you to save them from the beasts that are preying on them; to stand by and do nothing while your flag is torn down and insulted, not once, but a dozen times, and your own home is being looted; and then to watch the city you have come to love, and the institution to which you had planned to devote your best years, deliberately and systematically burned by fire - this is a hell I have never before envisaged, but hell it is, none-the-less.

We keep asking ourselves, "How long can this last?" Day by day we are assured by the officials that things will be better soon, that "we will do our best". But each day has been worse than the day before. Now we are told that a new division of 20,000 men is arriving. Will they have to have their toll of flesh and loot, of murder and rape? There will be little left to rob for the city has been well-nigh stripped clean. For the past week the soldiers have been busy loading their trucks with what they wanted from the stores and then setting fire to the buildings. And then there is the harrowing realisation that as we have only enough rice and flour for the 200,000 refugees for another three weeks and coal for ten days. Do you wonder that one wakes at night in a cold sweat of fear, and sleep for the rest of the night is gone? Even if we have food enough for three months, how are they going to be fed after that? And with their homes burned, where are they going to live? They cannot continue much longer in their present terribly crowded conditions. Disease and pestilence must soon follow if they do.

Every day we call at the Embassy and present our protests and appeals, our lists of authenticated violence and crime. We are met with suave Japanese courtesy, but actually the officials there are powerless. The victorious army must have its rewards - and these rewards are to murder, rape at will, to commit acts of unbelievable brutality upon the very people they have come to "protect" and befriend," as they have so loudly proclaimed to the world. In all modern history, surely there is no page that will stand so black as that of the rape of Nanking.

To tell the whole story of these past ten days or so would take too long. The tragic thing is that by the time the truth gets out to the rest of the world it will be cold - it will no longer be "news". Anyway the Japanese have been proclaiming abroad (undoubtedly) that they have established law and order in a city that had already been looted and burned, and that the down-trodden population had received their benevolent army with open arms and a great flag waving welcome. However, I am going to record some of the more important events of this period as I have jotted them down in my little diary, for they will at least be of interest to some of my friends and I shall have the satisfaction of having a permanent record of these unhappy days. It will probably extend beyond the date of this letter, for I do not anticipate being able to get this off for some considerable time. Japanese censorship will see to that! Our own Embassy officials and those of other countries together with some of the business men who went aboard the ill-fated PANAY and the Standard Oil boats and other ships just before the capture of Nanking, confidently expecting to return within a week when they left, are still cooling their heels (those who haven't been killed or wounded by the Japanese machine guns or bombs) out on the river, or perhaps in one of the ports. We are wagering that it will be another fortnight before any of them is permitted to return, and longer than that before any of us is permitted to leave Nanking. We are virtually prisoners here.

You will recall, those of you who have read earlier letters of mine, that our International Committee for the Nanking Safety Zone had been negotiating with both the Chinese and Japanese for the recognition of a certain area in the city which should be kept free of soldiers and all military offices, and which would be neither bombed nor shelled; a place where the remaining 200,000 of Nanking's population could take refuge when things became too hot. For it had become quite obvious that the splendid resistance which the Chinese put up for so long at Shanghai was now broken and their morale largely gone. The terrific punishment which they had taken from the superior artillery, tanks and air forces could not be endured forever, and the successful landing of Japanese troops on Hangchow Bay attacking their flank and rear, was the crowning event in their undoing. It seemed inevitable that Nanking would soon fall.

On December 1st, Mayor Ma virtually turned over to us the administrative responsibilities for the Zone, together with the police force of 450 men, 30,000 piculs (2,000 tons) of rice; 10,000 bags of flour and some salt; also a promise of \$100,000 in cash, \$80,000 of which was subsequently received. Gen. Tang, recently executed, we have been told, charged with the defense of the city, co-operated splendidly on the whole, in the difficult task of clearing the Zone of the military and anti-aircraft, and a most commendable degree of order was preserved up to the very last moment when the Japanese soldiers began on Sunday the 12th, to enter the walls. There was no looting, save in a small way, by soldiers who were in need of provisions, and foreign property throughout the city was respected. We had city water until the 10th, electricity until the following day, and telephone service up to the very day the Japanese entered the

walls. At no time did we feel any serious sense of danger, for the Japanese seemed to be avoiding the Zone with their air bombs and shells, and Nanking was a haven of safety and order as compared with the hell it has been ever since the Japanese came. It is true that we had some difficulty with our trucking - the rice was stored outside the walls, and some of our drivers did not relish going out where the shells were falling. One lost an eye with a splinter of shrapnel, and two of our trucks were seized by the military, but it was nothing compared with the difficulties we have since faced, but I must go on with my chronicle of events.

On December 10th, the refugees were streaming into the Zone. We had already filled most of the Institutional Buildings - Ginling, the War College and other buildings and now had to requisition the Supreme Court, the Law College and the overseas Buildings, forcing doors where they were locked and appointing our own caretakers. Two Japanese Blimps were visible just over Purple Mountain, probably to direct artillery fire. Heavy guns were pounding the south wall and shells were dropping into the city. Several shells landed just within the Zone to the south the following morning near the B.T.T.S., killing about forty people. Mr. S. a German, was slightly injured.

We were now a community of 27; 18 Americans, 5 Germans, 1 Englishman, 1 Austrian and 2 Russians. Out on the river was the "Panay" with the two remaining Embassy men and half a dozen others; the Standard Oil and Asiatic Petroleum motor ships with many more. All were looking forward to an early return to the city! How many of them have met their fate we do not know, but it will be a long time before any of them get back no doubt.

On Sunday, the 12th, I was busy at my desk as Director of the Safety Zone all day long. We were using the former residence of General Chang Chun, recently Minister of Foreign Affairs, as headquarters, so were very comfortably fixed, and, incidentally, had one of the best bomb proof dug-outs in all Nanking. Airplanes had been over almost constantly for the past two days, but no one heeded them now, and the shell fire had been terrific. The wall had been breached and the damage in the southern part of the city was tremendous. No one will ever know what the Chinese casualties were, but they must have been enormous. The Japanese themselves say they lost 40,000 men in taking Nanking City. The general route must have started that afternoon, soldiers streamed through the city from the south, many of them passing through the Zone, but they were well behaved and orderly. Gen. Tang asked our assistance in arranging a truce with the Japanese and Mr. S... agreed to take a flag and message, but it was already too late. He fled that evening, and as soon as the word got out disorganization became general. There was a panic as they made for Hsiakwan and the river. The roads for miles was strewn with the equipment they cast away - rifles, ammunition, belts, uniforms, cars, trucks - everything in the form of army impediments. Trucks and cars jammed, were overturned, caught fire. At the gate more cars jammed and were burned, a terrible holocaust - and the dead lay feet deep. The gates blocked; terror-mad soldiers scaled the wall and let themselves down on the other side with ropes, belts tied together, clothing torn in strips. Many fell and were killed. But at the river was perhaps the most appalling scene of all. A fleet of junks was there but it was totally inadequate for the hordes that were now in a frenzy to cross to the other side. The over-crowded junks capsized and sank and thousands were drowned. Other thousands tried to make rafts on the river front of the lumber found there, only to suffer the same fate. Other thousands must have succeeded in getting away, only to be bombed by Japanese planes a day or two later.

So ended the happy, peaceful, well ordered regimen, which we had been enjoying here in Nanking and on which we had built our hopes for still better days. For the Japanese were already in the city and with them came terror and destruction and death.

Meanwhile we were busy at headquarters disarming soldiers who had been unable to escape and had come to the Zone for protection. We assured them that if they gave up their equipment their lives would be spared by the Japanese. But it was a vain promise. All would have preferred to die fighting than to be taken out and shot or sabred or used for bayonet practice as they all were later on.

On Tuesday, the 14th, the Japanese were pouring into the city - tanks, artillery, infantry, trucks. The reign of terror commenced, and it was to increase in severity and horror with each of the succeeding ten days. These were the conquerors of China's capital, the seat of the hated Chiang Kai-shek government, and they were given free rein to do as they pleased. The proclamation on the handbills which airplanes scattered over the city saying that the Japanese were the only real friends of the Chinese and would protect the good, of course meant no more than most of their statements. And to show their "sincerity" they raped, looted and killed at will. Men were taken from our refugee camps in droves, as we supposed at the time for labor - but they have never been heard of again nor will they be. A colonel and his staff called at my office and spent an hour trying to learn where the "6,000 disarmed soldiers" were. Four times that day Japanese soldiers came and tried to take our cars away. Others in the meantime succeeded in stealing three of our cars that were elsewhere. From S they tore off the American flag and threw it on the ground, broke a window and managed to get away during the five minutes S was in Dr. T's house. They tried to steal our trucks - did succeed in getting two - so ever since it has been necessary for two Americans to spend most of their time riding trucks as they delivered rice and coal. Their experience in dealing daily with these Japanese car thieves would make an interesting story in itself. And at the University hospital they took the watches and fountain pens from the nurses.

S. of the ... News managed to get out to the river. A lieutenant gave him the news of the sinking of the "Panay" but had no details. On Wednesday a staff officer from the Navy was waiting but could give no details of the "Panay". I offered to drive him back to his ship (he had walked the 4 miles in) but half-way we were stopped by an army major. It was all too evident that an execution was going on, hundreds of poor, disarmed soldiers with many innocent civilians among them. At the gate we actually had to drive over masses of dead bodies to get through.. The stench was awful - and here and there dogs were gnawing at the corpses.

At our staff conference that evening word came that soldiers were taking all 1,300 men in one of our camps near headquarters to shoot them. We knew there were a number of ex-soldiers among them, but R had been promised by an officer that very afternoon that their lives would be spared. It was now all too obvious what they were going to do. The men were lined up and roped together in groups of about a hundred by Japanese soldiers with bayonets fixed. Those who had hats had them roughly torn off and thrown to the ground, and then by the light of our headlights we watched them march away to their doom.

Not a whimper came from that entire throng. Our hearts were leaden. Were those four lads from Canton who had trudged all the way from the South and yesterday had reluctantly given me their arms, among them, I wondered? Or that tall, strapping sergeant from the North whose disillusioned eyes as he made the fatal decision still haunt me? How foolish had I been to tell them the Japanese would spare their lives! We had confidently expected that they would live up to their promises, at least in some degree, and that order would be established with their arrival. Little did we dream that we should see such brutality and savagery as had probably not been equaled in modern times. For worse days were yet to come.

The problem of transportation became acute on the 16th., with the Japanese still stealing our trucks and cars. I went over to the American Embassy where the Chinese staff was still standing by and borrowed Mr. A's car to deliver coal. For our big concentrations of refugees and our three big rice kitchens had to have fuel as well as rice. We now had 25 camps, ranging from 200 to 12,000 people in them. In the University buildings alone there were nearly 30,000 and in Ginling College which was reserved for women and children the 3,000 were rapidly increased to over 9,000. In the latter place even the covered passageways between buildings were crowded, while within, every foot of space was taken. We had figured on 15 square feet to a person, but actually they were crowded in much closer than that. While no place was safe, we did manage to preserve a fair degree of safety at Ginling, to a lesser degree in the University. Miss V., Mrs. T and Mrs. C., were heroic in their care and protection of women.

That morning the cases of rape began to be reported. Over a hundred women that we know of were taken away by soldiers, seven of them from the University library, but there must have been many times that number who were raped in their homes. Hundreds were on the streets trying to find a place of safety. At tiffin time R. who was associate commissioner of housing came in crying. The Japanese had emptied the Law College and Supreme Court and taken away practically all the men, to a fate we could only guess. Fifty of our policemen had been taken with them. R. had protested only to be roughly handled by the soldiers and twice struck by an officer. Refugees were searched for money and anything they had on them was taken away, often to their last bit of bedding. At our staff conference at four we could hear the shots of the execution squad near by. It was a day of unspeakable terror for the poor refugees and horror for us all.

Friday, December 17th, robbery, rape, murder continue unabated. A rough estimate would be at least a thousand women raped last night and during the day. One poor woman was raped thirty seven times. Another had her five months infant deliberately smothered by the brute to stop its crying, while he raped her. Resistance means the bayonet. The Hospital is rapidly filling up with victims of Japanese cruelty and barbarity. W., our only surgeon, has more than his hands full and has to work into the night. Rickshas, cattle, pigs, donkeys, often the sole means of livelihood of the people, are taken from them. I dashed over to my house for a few minutes on the way to tiffin. The two American flags are still flying and the Proclamations by the Japanese Embassy were still on the gate and front door. Within was confusion. Every door and closet and trunk and drawer had been opened, locks smashed. The attic was littered ankle deep. I could not stop to see what was gone, but most of the bedding had been taken and clothing and food stuffs.

After dinner I took B. to the University and M. to the Hospital where they will spend the night, then M. and S. to Ginling, for one of our group has been sleeping there each night. At the gate of the latter place we were stopped by what seemed to be a searching party. We were roughly pulled from our car at the point of the bayonet, my car keys taken from me, lined up and frisked for arms, our hats jerked off, electric torches held in our faces, our passports and purpose in coming demanded. Opposite us were Miss V. Mrs. T. and Mrs. C with a score of refugee women knelling on the ground.

The sargeant, who spoke a little French, insisted there were soldiers concealed there. I maintained that aside from about fifty domestics there were no men on the place. This he said he did not believe, and said he would shoot all he found beyond that number. He then demanded that we all leave including the ladies, and when Miss V. refused she was roughly hustled to the car. Then he changed his mind; the ladies were told to stay and we to go. We tried to insist that one of the men should stay too, but this he would not permit. We were kept standing there for over an hour before we were released. The next day we learned that this gang had abducted twelve girls from the school. At breakfast, R., who lives a block away, said that two women, one a cousin of our Y.M.C.A. Secretary, were raped in his house while he was having dinner with us. W. reported a boy of five years old being brought to the hospital who had been stabbed by a bayonet five times, once through his abdomen, a man with 18 bayonet wounds, a woman with 17 cuts on her face. Between four and five hundred terrorized women poured into our headquarters compound in the afternoon and spent the night in the open.

Sunday, 19th. A day of complete anarchy. Several big fires raging to-day started by the soldiers and more are promised. The American flag was torn down in a number of places. At the American School it was trampled on, and the caretaker told he would be killed if he put it up again. The proclamations placed on all American and other foreign properties by the Japanese Embassy are flouted by their soldiers, sometimes deliberately torn off. Some houses are entered from five to ten times in one day and the poor people looted and robbed and the women raped. Six out of seven of our sanitation squad in one district were slaughtered, the seventh escaped wounded to tell the tale. Towards evening to-day two of us rushed to Dr. B. and chased four would-be rapers out and took all the women from there to the University. S. is busy at this game all day. I also went to the house of J. of our Embassy. The flag was still there, but in the garage his house boy lay dead, another servant, dead, was under a bed, both brutally killed. There are still many corpses in the streets, all of them civilians as far as we can see. The Red Swastika would bury them, but their truck has been stolen, their coffins used for bonfires, and several of their workers bearing their insignia have been marched away.

S. and I called again at the Japanese Embassy with a list of 55 additional cases of violence, all authenticated, and told Mr. Tanaka and Kukui that to-day was the worst so far. We were assured that "they would do their best", and hoped that things would be better soon, but it is evident that they have little or no influence over the military and the military have no control over the soldiers.

Monday, December 20th. Vandalism and violence continue absolutely unchecked, whole sections of the city are being systematically burned. All Taiping Road, the most important shopping street in the city is in flames. The soldiers are loading the loot into army trucks

and further on the soldiers are seen inside the shops setting fire to them. When we came to the Y.M.C.A. it was in flames, it evidently having been set on fire an hour or so ago. Our group here at the house drafted a message to the American Consul-General in Shanghai asking that diplomatic representatives be sent here immediately, as the situation was urgent, then asked the Japanese Embassy to send it by radio. Needless to say it was never sent.

December, 21st. Fourteen of us call on Tanaka and present a letter signed by 28 foreigners, protesting the burning of the city and continued disorders. More promises! Problem of feeding is becoming serious - some refugees, hungry, started rioting in the University. Our coal will soon be finished but R. is scouting for more.

Firing squad at work very near us this morning. Counted over 100 shots. On the way home from tiffin had to help the father of our Y.M.C.A. writer who was being threatened by a drunken soldier with his bayonet, the poor mother frantic with fear. Then before sitting down had to run over with two of our fellows to chase soldiers out of G. and D's houses where they had just begun to rape the women. We had to laugh to see those brave soldiers trying to get over a barb wire fence as we chased them. S. and K. being seriously threatened by a drunk with a bayonet, sent an S.O.S. and by fortunate chance Tanaka of the Embassy together with some general happened to arrive. The soldier had his face slapped a couple of times by the general, but I do not suppose he got any more than that. We have heard of no case of discipline so far. If a soldier is caught by an officer or M.P. he is very politely told he shouldn't do that again. Mr. W. at Hsiakwan, has brought to us the amazing news that 43 out of the 54 employees of the Power Plant, who had so very heroically kept the plant going to the last day and had finally been obliged to seek refuge in the International Export Co., a British factory on the river front, had been taken out and shot on the grounds that the power plant was a government concern, which it was not. Japanese officials have been at my office daily trying to get hold of these very men, so that they could start the turbines and have electricity. It was a small comfort to tell them that their own military had murdered most of them.

Thursday, December 23rd. At noon a man was brought to our headquarters, with head burned cinder-black, eyes and ears gone, nose partly - a ghastly sight. I took him in my car to the hospital where he died a few hours later. His story was that he was one of a gang of some hundred who had been tied together, then gasoline thrown over them and set on fire. He happened to be on the outer edge, so got the gasoline only on his head. Later another case was brought to the hospital with more extensive burns. He also died. It seems probable that they were first machine gunned but not all killed. The first had no wounds, the second did. Later I saw a third with similar head and arm burns lying dead on the corner of the road near my house, opposite the Drum Tower. Evidently he had managed to struggle that far before dying. Increditable brutality.

Friday, December 24th. Mr. T. of the U.S. Embassy, reports that the Chinese staff and their relatives living in the Embassy, were all robbed last night by an officer and his men; three cars stolen from the compound and two more this morning. Later I had

the pleasure of telling Mr. Tanaka that M.'s car which yesterday I had promised him the use of, was among those stolen. Constant interference from the Japanese to-day, more of our sanitary squad taken, also the policeman at the University gate and they are constantly trying to take our trucks.

Christmas Eve. We sang Christmas songs with W. at the piano. Christmas Day. A perfect day as far as weather is concerned. While we were at dinner we had to answer three calls for help. That day too the American flag was taken from The Rural Teachers Training School; seven soldiers spent that night and the night before in the B.T.S., and raped the women; a girl of 12 was raped by three soldiers almost next door to us, and another of 13 before we could send relief. There were also more bayonet cases. W. reports that of the 240 cases in the hospital, three quarters are due to Japanese violence since the occupation. At the University registration commenced. The people were told that if there were any ex-soldiers there, and they would step out, they would be used on the labor corps and their lives would be spared. About 240 stepped out. They were herded together and taken away. Two or three lived to tell the tale, and by feigning death after they were wounded, escaped and came to the hospital. One group was machine gunned and another was surrounded by soldiers and used for bayonet practice.

December, 27th. The third week of Japanese occupation begins and is celebrated by the arrival of the Nisshin Kission Kaisha line boat from Shanghai. A number of ladies are in the party and are taken on a sight seeing tour of the city. They distribute a few sweets to the children and seem tremendously pleased with themselves; also with Japan's wonderful victory, but, of course, they hear nothing of the real truth - nor does the rest of the world, I suppose. The soldiers are still completely out of control and there is no co-operation between the army and the Embassy. The army even refuses to recognize the new Self-Government Committee which was called into being by the Embassy, and its members are deliberately slighted. They are told they are a conquered people and should expect no favors. Our list of instances of cruelty and disorder keeps constantly mounting, and those we never hear of must be many many times what are reported or observed. The burning of the city continues and to-day two of the buildings of the Christian Mission School in the south part of the city were fired.

December 28th. What we had feared, bad weather. A steady drizzle and then snow. The poor refugees living in tents, many of them no larger than a pup-tent, will have a miserable time of it, for most of these huts are not rain proof. We have certainly been fortunate in having ideal weather up to this time. I inspected some of the camps today. The crowding in most of them is terrible and of course, it is impossible to keep them clean. Our camp managers and their assistants, all volunteer workers, are doing a splendid job on the whole, feeding the people and keeping things fairly sanitary. But how long must we maintain these camps? When are the people going to be permitted to return to their homes - those who have any homes left? When will order ever be established?

December, 29th. Weather better today fortunately. Women and old men come kneeling and crying, begging our help in getting back their husbands and sons. Word comes through from Hsiakwan that there are approximately 20,000 refugees along the river bank. The supply of rice we let them have is nearly exhausted and there is great suffering. They ask to come into the Safety Zone, but we are already too crowded. Anyway the Japanese would not permit it, nor

will they permit us to go out there and render aid. For the time being they will have to get along as best they can.

December, 30th. I called in the Y.M.C.A. servants today, 18 of them, and told them that they must try to find other work. I paid them up to the 15th of the next month. It was a hard job. Some of them have been with the Association for many years and are fine faithful fellows.

December, 31st. A comparatively quiet day. For the first time no cases of violence were reported for the night. The Japanese are busy with their New Year preparations. We dread it for it means more drunken soldiers. Refugees are advised to stay indoors.

There is perhaps no purpose to be served with going further with this story and telling of acts of horror that have been committed since. It is now 11th of January and while conditions are vastly improved, there has not been a day that has not had its atrocities, some of the most revolting nature. With the arrival on the 6th of three representatives of the American Embassy and on the 9th of three of both the British and German Embassies we feel a little more assurance that conditions will still further improve. But only last night I drove past four new fires that had just been started and saw Japanese soldiers within a shop just starting a fifth. There has not been a day since the nineteenth of December that fires have not been started by Japanese soldiers. K., who managed to slip out of the East Gate the other day tells us that all the villages, as far as he went, some 20 miles, are burned and that not a living Chinese or farm animal is to be seen.

We are at last in touch with the world through the radio, and that is a great blessing. We have seen a couple of issues of a Shanghai Japanese newspaper and two of the Tokio MichiNichi. These tell us that even as early as December 28th the stores were opening up and business returning to normal, that the Japanese were co-operating with us in feeding the refugees, that the city had been cleared of Chinese(!) looters and that peace and order now reigned! Well, I'd be tempted to laugh if it weren't so tragic. It is typical of the lies Japan has been telling ever since the war started.

I have written this in no spirit of vindictiveness but the world should know the truth of what is happening.

There is a bright side to the story. The wonderful spirit of service shown by Chinese and foreign friends alike, and the intimate fellowship we have enjoyed in our common cause. Our hearts have been frequently warmed by the innumerable times the refugees have expressed appreciation for what we have tried to do; our own losses and inconveniences seem so trivial when compared with what they have suffered. Our German friends on the Committee have won both our admiration and affection. They have been a tower of strength. Without them I don't see how we could have got through.

What of the future? The immediate future is anything but bright, but the Chinese have an unsurpassed capacity for suffering and endurance, beside their many other good qualities. And right must triumph in the end. Anyway I shall always be glad I threw in my lot with them.

Regulations pertaining to residents desiring to return to their homes in Hongkew.

Foreigners who want to employ foreign and/or Chinese house boys and amahs are requested to submit through the Japanese Police Force of the S.M.C. to the Japanese Consulate General an application describing the employee's nationality, address, name, profession, as well as the employee's nationality and permanent domicile, name and classification of occupation with two copies of employee's photographs attached thereto. Control of light shall be strictly observed. For this purpose all the residents are requested to have necessary devices which will have to undergo inspection by the S.M.C. Japanese Police.

Those who want to employ Chinese servants are requested to previously submit to the Japanese Consulate General an application together with two copies of photographs of each servant and make such employees assemble at the Garden Bridge by 10 A.M. on the appointed day. These employees will be sent to the Isolation Hospital where they will be detained over night for the purpose of undergoing medical examination and examination ex creta, preventive infection against cholera and vaccination.

Employees on the following morning are requested to call at the Japanese Consulate in order to receive a note or authentication and then to go to the Garrison Headquarters at the Japanese Club in order to receive a pass.

Curfew 10 P.M. to 5 A.M.

The market will be opened to all residents between the hours of 5 A.M. to 9 A.M.

Foreigners returning to districts North of the Creek are specially requested to respect the sentry on point duty at the Garden Bridge and at street corners by giving a gentle bow and wishing him "good morning". Foreigners must realize that the Japanese soldier doing such duty represents the EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

Special passes will be given to those having Japanese friends and it is hoped that everyone wishing to live in Hongkew will make friends with the Japanese. Japanese ladies, 150 from Tokyo High School, well versed in English are now in Shanghai for the whole purpose of being better acquainted with foreigners.

Further details regarding interviews, etc. with those ladies will be furnished at the Japanese Club in the office of the Secretary to the Commander of the Naval Fleet in Shanghai.

In the event of foreigners wishing to employ Japanese maid servants they are requested to make application to the Garrison Commander at the Japanese Club as soon as possible as there are a limited number of Nei Sans. Bachelors need not apply. All single men will be supplied with mates as soon as facts are known. Married men applying for Nei Sans will have to obtain the consent of their wives.

Foreigners who employ Nei Sans will be entitled to one bath a week in any of the undermentioned bath houses in Hongkew, free of charge, foreign ladies can apply for Japanese male masseurs. Bath houses are situated at

1. 275 Range Road. 2. 393 Boone Road. 3. 120 A Woosung Road.

By order of the Garrison Commander of Japanese Expeditionary Force in China.