

Excerpts from the Diary of Minnie Vautrin and Tsen Shui-fang

Historical Background: On July 7, 1937, the Japanese military launched a full-scale war against China. It swiftly occupied Peking and its seaport, Tientsin, and on August 13, attacked China's largest city, Shanghai. Two days later, the Japanese began air raids on their next target, the capital city of the Chinese Nationalists, Nanking. The Japanese proclaimed that they would take Shanghai in a couple of days and subjugate the entirety of China within three months. Yet, to the surprise of the Japanese, the Chinese military put up a stiff resistance and defended the city with exceptional bravery. It was only after Japan's deployment of 190,000 soldiers and a bloody battle lasting three months that, on November 15, Shanghai fell into the invaders' hands.¹

The Japanese troops immediately regrouped and marched from three directions toward Nanking with the support of two hundred tanks, hundreds of warplanes, and a naval fleet. The Chinese Nationalist government moved its seat to Chungking in southwest China and left over 100,000 soldiers to defend the capital city. Among these soldiers were many who had just retreated from Shanghai, exhausted after a long bloody battle there, and many more who were ill-trained new recruits. Only some 35,000 men were well-trained and combat-ready. The Chinese defense consisted of only two battalions of artillery and ten tanks but with no aerial or naval support.²

As the situation in Nanking became very grave, the American embassy and other embassies made a last call to evacuate their remaining nationals. Minnie Vautrin and some twenty Americans and Europeans were determined to stay in the city to protect innocent citizens in time of need. They established a safety zone with some twenty refugee camps and designated Ginling College

RECEIVING REFUGEES AT GINLING COLLEGE

as the specific camp for women. By December 8, the Japanese troops had reached the outskirts of Nanking. The city was under thundering artillery and aerial bombing throughout day and night.

of innocent sufferers, those whose homes are burned and looted or who are injured by bombs and artillery.

This weather is a blessing to the poor. It is as warm and balmy as October, and to sleep out on the hills as some are forced to do does not mean great suffering.

Tales are coming in from people who were forced to leave their homes last night by Japanese soldiers; also, of some looting by them this morning. Mr. Miao's house,¹ which had an American flag and an Embassy Proclamation on it, was entered—what was taken I do not know. They slept outside Lao Shao's house, using his fuel for [a] mattress—he and his family have moved down. Stories of young girls who were mistreated are coming in, but I have not had a chance to check them.

At 4 o'clock went down to Headquarter of Safety Zone. Mr. Rabe,² the chairman [of the International Committee for the Nanking Safety Zone], and Lewis Smythe³ have been trying all day to get in touch with commander of Japanese forces but were told he will not be in until tomorrow. Some of the officers whom they saw were extremely polite, and some extremely gruff and rude. John Magee who is organizing an International Red Cross Hospital has been out all day. He says the same thing—some men polite and courteous, others terrible. They have no mercy on Chinese soldiers and do not care much for Americans.

At 4:30 Plumer Mills wanted me to go with him down to Hausimen [Hanhsi Gate] to see the Presbyterian compounds there—I to act as keeper of his car. All are in good condition save for a few broken window panes. Japanese soldiers had been in but had not looted. I sat in the car while Plumer went in and talked to the gatemen. On our way back saw one dead body on road near Hillcrest.⁴ Remarkably few bodies around, considering the terrible shelling city has been through. A little past Hillcrest saw Mr. Sone⁵ on road and took him into the car. Said his car had just been taken—he had left it out in front of his house when he went in for a few minutes. There was an American flag on it and it was locked.

Many Japanese flags flying from houses of poor and some of better houses. The people had made them and put them up thinking they would receive better treatment.

When we got to Ginling the vacant space in front was filled with soldiers and about eight were just in front of our gate. I stood at the gate until they left and had a chance to bring Chen Szi-fu out of their clutches. Had I not been there they would have taken him along as a guide. Wei, the college messenger, was sent out this morning and is not yet back. We fear he has been taken. While I was standing at the gate a number of the soldiers looked at my International

Committee badge and one of them asked me the time. Compared with that fierce one of last night these were quite mild.

Tonight people are very much afraid, but I rather think things will be better than last night. It seems as if they are moving over to the section east of Safety Zone.

Durbin,⁶ New York Times correspondent, who tried to get through to Shanghai, was turned back at Giyung [Chuyung]. Said there were thousands and thousands of soldiers on their way to Nanking.

Our refugees have had rice twice today for which we are grateful. We were afraid they would not get any today because soldiers are in building where rice is stored.

I had made up my mind to bury the Chinese soldiers' clothes, which had been thrown on to our campus by fleeing soldiers night before last, but when I got out to the carpenter shop found that our gardeners had been wiser—they had burned them, and the hand grenades they had thrown into a pond. Mr. Chen hid the discarded gun.

Let us hope tonight will be peaceful.

From Tsen's Diary

Many more refugees came [to the college] today. All fled to here from the Safety Zone because the Japanese soldiers came to their homes to demand money and to rape. Quite a few people were bayoneted to death on the streets. The situation in the Safety Zone is [terrible] like this and it is even worse outside the Zone. Nobody dares to go out of the Safety Zone. Most of the dead were young men. Today, the third floor of #500 Building was fully occupied by refugees. At noon, seven soldiers came [into the campus] by jumping over the fence behind # 300 Building. Miss Vautrin was not here to stop them so [we] had to let them wander around. It was during the time to sell rice porridge, and the soldiers wanted to see the refugees. It scared the refugees to death. Several brave workers escorted [the soldiers] to various places. Some went to #500 Building and some to #100 Building. I escorted one of them too. When he saw refugees, he did not react much. But, when he saw a frightened young man, he immediately called several soldiers to his side and pointed his bayonet toward the young man, ordering him to take off his clothing. I asked the man to do so, and he complied. Nothing happened and then the Japanese walked away. When he [the soldier] spotted the American flag on the ground of the quadrangle, he asked the servant not to roll it up and the servant had to nod. These soldiers belonged to a group. When someone called from outside, they all left. Fortunately, they did not go to #400 Building because when seeing nobody inside, they would rob money there. This morning, Old Wei⁷ delivered mail to the Drum Tower Hospital and

he has not returned yet at night. Probably he was taken away by the Japanese soldiers. Many people on the street were taken away. Alive or dead, unknown. Now, Ginling has four or five thousand refugees.

Wednesday, December 15

From Vautrin's Diary

This must be Wednesday, December 15. It is so difficult to keep track of the days—there is no rhythm in the weeks any more.

From 8:30 this morning until 6 this evening, excepting for the noon meal, I have stood at the front gate while the refugees poured in. There is terror in the face of many of the women—last night was a terrible night in the city and many young women were taken from their homes by the Japanese soldiers. Mr. Sane [Sone] came over this morning and told us about the condition in the Hausimen section, and from that time on we have allowed women and children to come in freely; but always imploring the older women to stay home, if possible, in order to leave a place for younger ones. Many begged for just a place to sit out on the lawn. I think there must be more than 3000 in tonight. Several groups of soldiers have come but they have not caused trouble, nor insisted on coming in. Tonight Searle and Mr. Riggs⁸ are sleeping up in South Hill House [Residence] and Lewis is down at the gate house with Francis Chen. I am down at Practice School. We have a patrol of our two policemen—now in plain clothes, and the night watchman who will be up all night making the rounds.

At 7 o'clock I took a group of men and women refugees over to the University [of Nanking]. We do not take men, although we have filled the faculty dining room in Central Building with old men. One woman in the group said she was the only survivor of four in her family.

The Japanese have looted widely yesterday and today, have destroyed schools, have killed citizens, and raped women. One thousand disarmed Chinese soldiers, whom the International Committee hoped to save, were taken from them and by this time are probably shot or bayoneted. In our South Hill House Japanese broke the panel of the storeroom and took out some old fruit juice and a few other things. (Open door policy!)

Mr. Rabe and Lewis are in touch with the commander, who has arrived and who is not too bad. They think they may get conditions improved by tomorrow.

Our four reporters⁹ went to Shanghai today on a Japanese destroyer. We get no word of outside world and can send none out. One still hears occasional shooting.

From Tsen's Diary

Last night, Vautrin and I did not go to bed until midnight. We were afraid that soldiers might come. Fortunately, none of them came. This morning, a large number of refugees poured in. Miss Vautrin spent most of the time guarding the front gate to deter soldiers from coming into the campus. Sometimes, when they read the proclamation [issued by the American Embassy at Vautrin's earlier request] posted on the front gate, they left. The soldiers even entered the residences in the Safety Zone to look for money, food, and girls. They threw the residents out but kept the girls. Thus, many of these people came here. None of them dare to do business. Today, soldiers came to [the campus] and left. Some went to the South Hill Residence, breaking the doors. Inside were Western foods, tomatoes, and other small items. At the time, Mr. Riggs came and was asked to chase the soldiers away. And he did. Soldiers not only took things from here but also even took tobacco and wine from the International Committee. It really made the Committee [members] lose face this time. Previously they were worried that our troops would rob them and believed that the Japanese soldiers had better discipline. Whenever they held meetings, they always expressed the same belief. Now, they feel differently. Seeing the Japanese soldiers did not even recognize the Safety Zone, the Committee realized the ruthlessness of the soldiers. They became a little scared. The Japanese troops are stationed inside the Safety Zone. Their foot soldiers also came into the zone. So did several groups of advancing forces. They [members of the International Committee] always made a fuss about it and asked which country's soldiers the intruders were. Not many soldiers came [into the Safety Zone] from the South Gate. Now, the refugees wear the Japanese flag. Miss Vautrin is a Westerner and she is too busy [to deter the Japanese soldiers] because there are always several groups of soldiers coming into the campus daily. The Western gentlemen outside the campus are very busy too. She is reluctant to ask for those gentlemen's help.

Thursday, December 16*From Vautrin's Diary*

Tonight I asked George Fitch how the day went, and what progress they had made toward restoring peace in the city. His reply was "It was hell today, the blackest day of my life." Certainly it was that for me too.

Last night was quiet, and our three foreign men were undisturbed, but the day was any thing but peaceful.

About ten o'clock this morning an official inspection of Ginling took place—a thorough search for Chinese soldiers. More than a hundred Japanese came to the campus and began with the —— Building.¹⁰ They wanted every room opened—and if the key was not forthcoming immediately they were most impatient and one of their party stood ready with an ax to open the door by force. My heart sank when I saw the thorough search start, for I knew that in the geography office upstairs were stored several hundred padded garments for wounded soldiers—work of the National Women's Relief Association,¹¹ which we had not yet gotten rid of—we have been loathe to burn them because we know that poor people this winter will be desperate for clothes. I took the soldiers to the room west of the fatal room and they wanted to get in through an adjoining door, but I did not have the key. Fortunately I took them up to the attic where there about 200 women and children and that diverted their attention. (Tonight after dark we buried those garments, Mr. Chen threw a rifle in the pond which he had.)

Twice they grabbed hold of one of our servants and started to take them off saying they were soldiers—but I was there to say “No soldier. Coolie,” and they were released from the fate of being shot or stabbed. They went through all the buildings in which we had refugees. A small group of four with petty officer wanted a drink and we took them over to Mrs. Tsen's dormitory. Fortunately we did not know that there were probably as many as six machine guns trained on the campus, and many more soldiers on guard outside, ready to shoot had there been the slightest running. When the highest officer left, he wrote us a statement saying we had only women and children. This has helped us the rest of the day to keep out smaller groups.

Soon after noon a small group got in at the gate to the old infirmary and they would have taken Tung's¹² young brother, had I not been there. Later they went along the road and demanded entrance at the laundry gate, and I was there in time. Had they found any suspected person his fate would have been the same as that of the four men following them whom they roped together. They took them to our west hill, and there I heard the shots.

There probably is no crime that has not been committed in this city today. Thirty girls were taken from language school last night, and today I have heard scores of heartbreaking stories of girls who were taken from their homes last night—one of the girls was but 12 years old. Food, bedding and money have been taken from people—Mr. Li¹³ had \$55 taken from him. I suspect every house in the city has been opened, again and yet again, and robbed. Tonight a truck passed, in which there were 8 or 10 girls, and as it passed they called out “Gin Ming”—save our lives. The occasional shots that we hear out on the hills or on the street, make us realize the sad fate of some man—very probably not a soldier.

Most of my day has been spent sitting at the front gate as guard excepting when I am called to run to some other part of the campus to escort a group of soldiers. This evening, Shen Szi-fu, the servant at the South Hill House came down saying all the lights were on in the residence. My heart sank for I thought it was occupied by soldiers. We went up to find that Searle and Mr. Riggs had not turned off their lights last night.

Djang [Chang] Szi-fu's son, Science Hall janitor, was taken this morning, and Wei has not yet returned. We would like to do something but do not know what we can do—for there is no order in the city, and I cannot leave the campus.

Mr. John Rabe told the Japanese commander that he could help them get lights, water and telephone service but he would do nothing until order was restored in the city. Nanking is but a pitiful broken shell tonight—the streets are deserted and all houses in darkness and fear.

I wonder how many innocent, hard-working farmers and coolies have been shot today. We have urged all women over forty to go to their homes to be with their husbands and sons and to leave only their daughters and daughters-in-law with us. We are responsible for about 4000 women and children tonight. We wonder how much longer we can stand this strain. It is terrible beyond words.

From a military point of view, the taking of Nanking may be considered a victory for the Japanese army but judging it from the moral law it is a defeat and a national disgrace—which will hinder cooperation and friendship with China for years to come, and forever lose her the respect of those living in Nanking today. If only the thoughtful people in Japan could know what is happening in Nanking.

Oh, God, control the cruel beastliness of the soldiers in Nanking tonight, comfort the heartbroken mothers and fathers whose innocent sons have been shot today, and guard the young women and girls through the long agonizing hours of this night. Speed the day when wars shall be no more, when Thy kingdom will come thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

From Tsen's Diary

This morning, no later than 8:30, several Japanese soldiers came to inspect, Miss Vautrin received them, and I was there too. We had no idea how they intended to inspect. They claimed that they wanted to find Chinese soldiers. We're not worried about it because there were no soldiers on the campus. Not simply looking for Chinese soldiers per se, they would insist that Chinese soldiers hid on the campus if they saw uniforms. When we were at #300 Building, Miss Vautrin and I were a little bit apprehensive, for many wounded soldiers' uniforms and vests, made by ourselves or shipped here from other places, were

stored in the upstairs room of the Geography Department of the #300 Building. I stood at the door there, while Vautrin took [the Japanese soldiers] to see other rooms. At the time, many refugees were there. Later she took them to the third floor and then went downstairs, skipping the Geography Department room. Only then, I felt a little bit relaxed. They were very fierce. To them, all gray color clothing must be [Chinese] soldiers' uniforms. At the time, people were scared to death and threw their gray clothing into the pond as if they had encountered ghosts. Vautrin took the soldiers to #400 Building for tea. One of them walked with me to #100 Building, and I had no way out but to enter the building. At first, I did not even want to see them, but there were so many soldiers that Vautrin could not handle them all by herself. So, I pitched in. They wrote [Chinese] characters asking me if there were any soldiers here. I replied no, so did Vautrin. She not only served them tea, but also treated them with snacks. I was really mad at her for thinking that if we treat the soldiers better, they would behave. They wrote characters asking us to promise that no [Chinese] soldiers be allowed here.¹⁴ They also wanted us to swear about it. She [Vautrin] did. They wrote characters to ask me if I understood what they meant. When they left the front gate, they gave Vautrin a notice to show the [other] Japanese soldiers and deter them from entering the campus. As a matter of fact, it was useless. In the afternoon, soldiers came again and took Little Tung's brother away and accused him [of being] a Chinese soldier. He looked a little bit like [a] soldier. Twice, he was released on Vautrin's vouching for him. The workers heard that the Japanese soldiers tended to take away males with long hair. So, some of them shaved their heads. They had no idea that the Japanese soldiers treated the shaved heads even more harshly. They thought that all [Chinese] deserters shaved their heads. It's too late for the workers to regret to have their hair shaved. One group of soldiers after another continued to come, which made Vautrin busy to death. This time, soldiers saw Mr. Li, searched his body, took fifty dollars cash from him, and slapped his face. He should not have so much cash with him. At noon, meal time, [I] had reminded him to be careful about money. This morning, Li Szi-fu¹⁵ of #700 Building was robbed of ten dollars too; a Japanese soldier later returned one dollar to him. This soldier still had some conscience and left one dollar for Li to use.

Soldiers came again, asking for chickens. Vautrin had again to talk them out of it. She was so angry that she wanted to kill all the chickens and ducks to avoid their being taken by the soldiers for food. Today, the whole day, quite a few groups of soldiers came. Some again went to the South Hill to loot. Vautrin was exhausted from running back and forth to deter them from looting. I was very worried that the soldiers would hurt her, so I asked a worker to escort her. Although the worker would not be able to do much good, he would know

what the soldiers could do. I cannot run there. It worries me to death. Now, there are seven or eight thousand refugees here.

Friday, December 17

From Vautrin's Diary

Went to gate at 7:30 to get message to Mr. Sone who slept down in house with F. Chen. Red Cross kitchen must have coal and rice. A stream of weary wild-eyed women were coming in. Said their night had been one of horror; that again and again their homes had been visited by soldiers. (Twelve-year-old girls up to sixty-year-old women raped. Husbands forced to leave bedroom and pregnant wife at point of bayonet. If only the thoughtful people of Japan knew facts of these days of horror.) Wish some one were here who had time to write the sad story of each person—especially that of the younger girls who had blackened their faces and cut their hair. The gateman said they had been coming in since daylight at 6:30.

The morning spent either at gate or running from South Hill to one of the dormitories or front gate, wherever a group of Japanese was reported to be. One or two such trips were made both during breakfast and dinner today. No meal for days without a servant coming [to say,] “Miss Vautrin, three soldiers now in science building or . . .”

The afternoon spent at gate—no easy task to control the traffic, to prevent fathers and brothers from coming in, or others from coming in with food or other conveniences. There are more than 4000 on campus and when 4000 more bring in food the task becomes complicated, especially when we have to be very careful about those who come in.

The crowd coming in all day we simply cannot take care of—if we had room we do not have strength enough to manage. Have arranged with University to open one of their dormitories and they will have a foreign man on duty all night. Between four and six I took over two large groups of women and children. What a heartbreaking sight; weary women, frightened girls, trudging with children and bedding and small packages of clothes. Was glad I went along for all along the way we met groups of Japanese soldiers going from house to house, carrying all kinds of loot. Fortunately, Mary T. [Twinem] was on the campus, so I felt I could leave. When I returned she said that at 5 P.M. two soldiers came in, and seeing the big American flag in [the] center of Quadrangle they tore it from the stakes and started off with it. It was too heavy and cumbersome to take on bicycles, so they threw it in a heap in front of Science Building. Mary was called from front gate and when the soldiers

saw her they ran and hid. She found them out in a room at the powerhouse and when she spoke to them they flushed, for they knew they were wrong.

As we finished eating supper, the boy from Central Building came and said there were many soldiers on campus going to dormitories. I found two in front of Central Building pulling on door and insisting on its being opened. I said I had no key. One said, "Soldiers here. Enemy of Japan." I said, "No Chinese soldiers." Mr. Li, who was with me, said the same. He then slapped me on the face and slapped Mr. Li very severely [severely] and insisted on opening of door. I pointed to side door and took them in. They went through both downstairs and up presumably looking for Chinese soldiers. When we came out, two more soldiers came leading three of our servants, whom they had bound. They said, "Chinese soldiers," but I said, "No soldier. Coolie, gardener"—for that is what they were. They took them to the front and I accompanied them. When I got to the front gate I found a large group of Chinese kneeling there beside the road—Mr. F. Chen, Mr. Hsia and a number of our servants. The sergeant of the group was there, and some of his men, and soon we were joined by Mrs. Tsen and Mary Twinem, also being escorted by soldiers. They asked who was master of the institution, and I said I was. Then they made me identify each person. Unfortunately there were some new people, taken on as extra help during these days, and one of them looked like a soldier. He was taken roughly over to right of road and carefully examined. Unfortunately when I was identifying the servants Mr. Chen spoke up and tried to help me; and for that he was slapped severely, and roughly taken to right side of road and made to kneel.

In the midst of this procedure, during which we prayed most earnestly for help, a car drove up in which was G. Fitch, L. Smythe and P. Mills—the latter to stay all night with us. They made all three of them come in, stand in a line, and remove hats, and examined them for pistols. Fortunately Fitch could speak some French with the sergeant. There were several conferences among [the] sergeant and his men again and again, and at one time they insisted that all foreigners, Mrs. Tsen and Mary must leave. They finally changed their minds when I insisted this was my home and I could not leave. They then made foreign men get into car and leave. As the rest of us were standing or kneeling there we heard screams and cries and saw people going out at the side gate. I thought they were taking off [a] large group of men helpers. We later realized their trick—to keep responsible people at front gate with three or four of their soldiers carrying on this mock trial and search for Chinese soldiers while the rest of the men were in the building selecting women. We learned later they selected twelve and took them out at side gate. When that was complete they went out front gate with F. Chen—and we were sure we would see him no

more. When they went out we were not sure they had left but thought they might be on guard outside, ready to shoot any who moved. Never shall I forget that scene—the kneeling at [the] side of [the] road, Mary, Mrs. Tsen and I standing, the dried leaves rattling, the moaning of the wind, the cry of women being led out. While we were there in silence, “Big” Wang came, and said two women had been taken from East Court. We urged him to go back. We prayed most earnestly for Mr. Chen’s release and for those who were carried off—those who had never prayed before I am sure prayed that night.

For what seemed an eternity we dared not move for fear of being shot; but by a quarter to eleven we decided we would leave. Du, the gateman looked stealthily out of the front gate—there was no one. He stole to the side gate—it seemed to be closed, and so we all got up and left. Mrs. Tsen’s daughter-in-law and all the grand children were gone—I was horrified, but Mrs. Tsen said calmly she was sure they were hiding with the refugees. In her room we found everything in confusion and realized that it had been looted. We then went to Central Building and there found Mrs. Tsen’s family, Miss Hsueh, Miss Wang and Blanche Wu.¹⁶ Then Mary and I went down to the Practice School. To my surprise there we found Mr. Chen and Miss Lo sitting silently in my sitting room. When Mr. Chen told us his story, I realized that surely his life had been saved by a miracle. We had a little meeting of thanksgiving. Never have I heard such prayers. Later, I went down to the gate and stayed in Mr. Chen’s home all night—in room next to gate house. It must have been long after midnight when we went to bed—and I venture none of us slept.

From Tsen’s Diary

Now it is midnight. I am sitting here to write this diary and cannot go to sleep because tonight I have experienced the taste of being a slave of a toppled country. During the day, [Japanese soldiers] came four times, twice to the South Hill, and once to where the chickens are raised. Unexpectedly, they would come at night. During daylight, they came to check upon directions [of the campus] and girls. Before we were about to finish supper and leave, servants came to report that many Japanese soldiers were coming. Vautrin at once went to #100 Building to meet them at the entrance. She told them there were no soldiers. One soldier slapped her face. After he left, I asked all young male workers to go to where the refugees stayed, as I was afraid that soldiers would come to #400 building. They all came to #100 Building. As soon as the soldiers reached [the building], some of them stood there. And some dared not enter the building. One stood at the stairway. Mrs. Twinem and I went to find Vautrin, asking everyone if they had seen her. They all said no. Seeing soldiers standing there, I felt uneasy to say more so I went with Twinem to find Vautrin. Upon

coming out of #100 Building, I saw a soldier running toward #400 Building, and I immediately followed him. He went in through the south door, came out of the north door, and ran to the kitchen. As I was about to reach the entrance of the kitchen, he went to #600 Building and pounded on the center side door. I went over to tell him that the door could not be opened because refugees slept there. I then took him to the north door to enter the building. Twinem was with me. In addition, Mr. Yang¹⁷ went inside of the building with him. Another soldier came out of #600 and went with us to #700 Building. I thought Vautrin might be there. I had no idea when we reached the place to turn that we would see Chen accompanying three soldiers, who pushed open the door of #700 and came out of it. When we gathered there, those soldiers asked us all to proceed to the front with them. I asked Chen if he had seen Vautrin. He said no. I presumed that she was at the front where the soldiers asked all of us to go. I realized it is bad news. Chen said we all [should] walk together. Unexpectedly, when getting there, we saw Vautrin alone and several soldiers standing there. Many people knelt on the ground. When Chen reached there, they made him kneel down. Only I, Vautrin, and Twinem were standing. Among the ones kneeling, some were workers, some were Mr. Hsia's family members. Mr. Chang¹⁸ made all of us go out there and asked Vautrin who I was. Vautrin replied that I'm her assistant and also in charge of workers. He asked about Twinem; Vautrin said she was an English teacher. Then he asked about the people kneeling on the ground one by one. Upon the newly hired worker's turn, Chen was afraid that Vautrin might not know him, so, instead, he responded for her, "coolie." Chang immediately slapped and kicked Chen. He then dragged Chen to stand on the other side and then ordered him to kneel on the ground. If [Chen] had kept his mouth shut, he would not have been slapped. During a lunch time, Vautrin and I had asked him not to hire many young people in order to avoid having [Chinese] soldiers among them. If there are too many males [on the campus], it would arouse the Japanese soldiers' suspicion. And he should ask them [young male workers] to leave. The fewer new workers the better. Some of them Vautrin does not recognize nor can she identify them if she is asked to do so. Chen put the newcomers in #700 Building and did not inform [us] about them. This individual was the one being dragged out from #700 Building. Thus, [Chen] was afraid that Vautrin could not recognize him, so he could not wait to speak out. As a matter of fact, even if he did not say anything, Vautrin would say that he was a worker. After the inquiry, several Japanese soldiers talked randomly. Some of them were running back and forth, probably looting our belongings inside.

At eight o'clock, Rev. Mills came for the night to give a hand. Mr. Smythe and Mr. Fitch drove him here. As soon as they arrived at the front gate, the Japanese

shouted to stop them, asking Smythe to come in. Fitch at first did not come out from the car. Japanese soldiers ordered him to come out, asked who they were, wanted to see their passports. And they asked Vautrin, Twinem, and me to leave with them [the three gentlemen]. Vautrin replied, "I cannot leave. I live here," [but said that] Twinem could leave [since] she lived outside [the campus].

Twinem had not come to the campus until this very day. I asked her for help because Vautrin could not handle [so many things] by herself. Further, [I thought] she shouldn't live outside by herself. I asked her to come [to the campus] for some time, but she declined, not willing to live under the protection of American flags. So, I had to ask her to help us.

Therefore, Vautrin said [to the Japanese soldiers] that Twinem could leave. The Japanese soldiers insisted on our leaving, so Fitch asked Vautrin to leave [with him] for the time being. Vautrin had no choice but to leave. When reaching the gate, only 4 or 5 steps away, she was ordered to return. They [the Japanese soldiers] again asked Fitch if he could speak French. Fitch could speak a little. After a while, again [they asked] the three [foreign gentlemen] to leave, but stopped them when they started their car. So, the three just sat in the car. After having looted inside and finding girls, [the Japanese soldiers] asked [the men in] the car to leave. Five of the soldiers left from the front gate and took Chen Fei-rung with them. They did not say anything to us. Then, after a short while, we heard wailing, "help," from the rear of the campus because some of the soldiers left from the back door. We had no idea and, instead, presumed there were more soldiers inside and did not come out. We thought that once Chen left, he would lose his life. We were standing there and praying for him, begging God to save him. Before [the Japanese soldiers] left, I was so provoked and wished that I had a knife to stab them to death. Yet, in my heart, I asked God to show them the righteous way.

After we stood there for quite a while, Mr. Wang, Vautrin's [Chinese language] tutor, came. They [Wang and his family] lived in the east courtyard. He came to say that his daughter and niece had been dragged away. At that time, Vautrin thought there were still soldiers inside and asked Mr. Wang to go back at once. Du Szi-fu¹⁹ said that soldiers had left from the back door. I suggested we all go to the rear [of the campus]. Both Vautrin and Twinem were not willing to do so, preferring not to move. They feared that the soldiers would come back or the three [foreign] gentlemen²⁰ would return. I replied they would not come back because martial law is enforced on the street, and there is not much that can be done. After waiting for another while, no one came. I again said that gentleman [those three gentlemen] had returned home to sleep. It was already eleven o'clock. We had stood at the front for three hours. Besides, it was so cold at night.

We all returned to #400 Building and saw not even one soul there. Miss Vautrin thought my grandchildren and others all have been taken away by the soldiers. She was so frightened. I said it might not happen and probably they all went to #100 [Building] refugees' building. Then we went to #100 to find them. After all, they were all there. Miss Wang, Miss Hsueh, and Miss Wu were worried to death; they thought we were taken away by the Japanese soldiers, and none of the workers dared to come [to look for us]. Upon returning to our sleeping rooms, [we saw] things were tossed around and messy, but not many items were taken. Eighty dollars rent from Hsieh Wen-chou²¹ was taken. During recent several days, I was too jittery to put the rent money away on the third floor. Kids' candies, fountain pens, and some small items were also taken. Several eggs were eaten. Yet, there were other things which I could not remember clearly.

[Loss] of material things is real minor compared to Chen's being taken away [by the Japanese soldiers] with an unknown fate, life or death. This kind of slavery life is very difficult to endure. If I were not struggling for the survival of our Chinese race, I would commit suicide.

Tonight, it was also very dangerous for Miss Wu. She ignored the situation and dressed too well to look like a refugee among the crowd. The Japanese soldiers saw her standing there and ordered her to sleep. She then had to pretend sleeping. Then, after collecting more information, [we] heard that eleven girls, all told, were dragged away tonight. [We] did not know where they would be dragged to and be molested. I wanted to cry. What kind of future would these girls have? Chen Fei-rung's house was also looted, and so was #300 Building, but not many things were taken. Now, someone came to tell me that Chen Fei-rung is back. Really thank God. He had already returned and came in from the rear door. [We] did not know about it until reaching the Practical School. Those soldiers took him to Canton Road, and he was forced to take off his clothing. At the time, he thought they would stab him to death, so he knelt down on the ground to beg them, saying that he had an old mother and wife at home. In fact, they did not want to stab, but, instead, they wanted to search his body to see if he had money. They took his wallet, which had only several coins, and then told him to go home. It does not matter what is lost; it's very, very fortunate for him to return.

These several days, I have been frustrated to death, having no idea what's going on with the war, no communication with the outside world. Embassies have no Westerners left. Not many Americans are here, and they are helpless. The refugees come here to seek shelter and insist upon coming in. It really made me angry to death. It's better not to let them in than see them being dragged from here; it is better not to see what happens to them outside. Each

night, outside, every place is burning. A lot of people at Hsia Kwan died. Why must Chinese people suffer like this? Today, several times soldiers went to the South Hill. I do not want to write any more. When thinking about the Chinese people, I cannot help but feel heartbroken. Another boy was born today.

Saturday, December 18

From Vautrin's Diary

All days seem alike now—filled with stories of tragedies such as I have never heard before. From early morning crowds of women and girls and children come streaming in—with horror written on their faces. We can only let them in but we have no place for them to stay—they are told they must sleep out on the grass at night. Unfortunately it is much colder now and they will have one more bitterness to bear. We are more and more trying to persuade the older women and even married women with young children, to go home and leave the place to the young unmarried girls. It seems to me that my days are spent running from one place on the campus to another saying “American school. Sie Gakuin.”²² In most instances it is sufficient to enduse [induce] the soldiers to leave, but in some cases they are defiant and look at me with a dagger in their eyes, and some times a dagger in their hands. Today, when I went to the South Hill Residence to stop the looting, one of the men pointed a gun at me, and then at the night watchman who was with me.

Because of the terrible experience of last night I took “Big” Wang, who is now my personal secretary, as it were, with me, and we decided to go to the Japanese Embassy to see if we could get any help after reporting our case to them. When we came to the place where Hankow Road crosses Shanghai Road, I stopped, not knowing whether or not it was best to go to get Searle to go with me, to go alone, or to go the American Embassy to see what I could get there. Fortunately I went to the Embassy and there I found a very, very helpful Chinese secretary or clerk, Mr. T. C. Teng. He wrote me two special letters and sent me in the Embassy car, so I went in state. I reported our difficult experience and also the Friday night incident and then asked for a letter which I could carry with me in order to drive out the soldiers, and also for some proclamations for the gate. I received both, and came home grateful beyond words. Also Mr. Tanaka,²³ a very understanding and distressed person, said he would go and get two gendarmes to keep guard during the night. When I tried to tip the Embassy chauffeur at the end of the time he said, “The only thing that had saved the Chinese people from utter destruction was the fact that there were a handful of foreigners in Nanking.” What would it be like if

there were no check on this terrible devastation and cruelty. With Mr. Mills and two gendarmes at the gate last night I went to bed in peace and for the first time for days felt that all would be well.

I wish you could hear the roar and noise outside of my door as I sit here in my office and write this. I imagine that there are 600 people in this building alone and I suspect that there must be five thousand on the campus tonight. They are sleeping on the covered ways tonight for lack of other space and all the halls are full, and the verandahs. We no longer try to assign rooms—in our first idealism we tried to do that but now we just let them crowd in where they can.

Mary Twinem and Blanche Wu have moved into the Practice School.

From Tsen's Diary

All the girls, except one, who were taken away last night were released and came back. [I have] no idea where the missing girl is or if she feels too ashamed to come back. These couple of days, a large number of refugees came here; inside and outside, people slept everywhere. Again, soldiers came several times today. If [they] did not go to South Hill, they just came here or to the chicken coop. Mrs. Twinem did not go home last night; when she saw what happened, she dared not go. Outside, many homes were looted. [Soldiers] looted places regardless of nationalities. They took whatever automobiles [they] saw; even the American Embassy's car was taken away.

Miss Vautrin wrote to the Japanese consul, asking to see him. Yet, she did not get a chance to meet him. She wanted to tell him that their Japanese soldiers committed inhumane acts. Last night, after they took away eleven [girls], they came again, searching for people [girls] two more times at #100 Building. They wanted to find Miss Wu and [presumed] she slept at #100. Because she changed place, they could not find her and left. The Japanese consul dispatched two military police [to the campus] tonight, but not during daytime as they only have a few military police, 17 for all of Nanking. The soldiers ignored the proclamation issued by the consulate when [we] showed it to them. Instead, they just barged in. Rev. Mills wrote to Shanghai for help but had no way to deliver it. Nobody from the International [Committee] came [to help]. Really overwhelmed. These [Japanese soldiers] were extremely ruthless; they committed all kinds of crimes, killing and raping whomever they like, no matter young or old. One family has mother and daughter. The mother, over 60 years old, was raped by three soldiers consecutively, and daughter, 40-some years old, by two soldiers. Both of them are widows. It is simply inhumane!

Now, Ginling has over 9,000 refugees. Outside and inside, walkways and hallways, people slept everywhere as if sardines packed in boxes. I'm worried

that soldiers will come again tonight. The military police slept at the front gate. It's useless because soldiers do not enter from the front gate. People can come into this place of ours [Ginling] from anywhere. Too many people are here and they would not follow orders, no matter how hard we and the workers shout until breaking our vocal cords. The Japanese soldiers wanted everything. The outside was looted to devastation. We had no idea to where they moved the valuable loot.

Today, three more babies were born. There are many big belly women. These women are really suffering to give birth and they sleep on the ground. Too many pregnant women need my care. I have no way to take care of them all. There are buildings not yet opened [to refugees] at the University of Nanking. We cannot accommodate so many so Vautrin has asked Mr. Chi to open a building there and she plans to send some refugees there.

Sunday, December 19

From Vautrin's Diary

Again this morning wild-eyed women and girls came streaming in at the gate—the night had been one of horror. Many kneeled and implored to be taken in—and we let them in but we do not know where they will sleep tonight.

At 8 o'clock a Japanese came in with Mr. Teso from the Embassy. Having been told we had not enough rice for the refugees, I asked him to take me over to headquarters of [the] Safety Zone; this he did, and from there a German car took me over to see Mr. Sone, who has charge of rice distribution. He promised to get us rice by nine o'clock. Later I had to go back with the car to Ninghai road; the presence of a foreigner is now the only protection for a car. Walking back to college, again and again mothers and fathers and brothers implored me to take their daughters back to Ginling. One mother, whose daughter was a Chung Hwa²⁴ student, said her home had been looted repeatedly the day before and she could no longer protect her daughter.

Later the morning was spent going from one end of the campus to the other trying to get one group of soldiers after another out. Went up to South Hill three times I think, then to the back campus and then was frantically called to the old faculty house where I was told two soldiers had gone upstairs. There, in room 538, I found one standing at the door, and one inside already raping a poor girl. My letter from the Embassy and my presence sent them running out in a hurry—in my wrath I wished I had the power to smite them in their dastardly work; how ashamed the women of Japan would be if they knew these tales of horror.

Then I was called to the northwest dormitory and found two in a room eating cookies—they too went out in a hurry.

Late in the afternoon two separate groups of Japanese officers have come and again I have had the chance to tell of the Friday night experience and this morning's doings.

Tonight we have four gendarmes on our campus and tomorrow we hope to have one. Great fires are burning in at least three sections of the city tonight.

From Tsen's Diary

Last night there were military police sleeping at the front [of the campus]. At night, soldiers still came in and went to the crowd in the living room of #500 Building to rape. Today, during daylight, two soldiers went to #500 Building: One stood at the door of a room and another inside. He wanted all the people out except one young girl and raped her. Miss Vautrin was at the chicken coop because soldiers demanded eggs there. If not for the sake of eggs, Miss Vautrin would have gotten there sooner so the girl would not have been molested. When Miss Vautrin reached there, it was already too late. Speaking to this point, I could not help but cry. You think it over: If this is not torture, then what is torture? Vautrin is deadly busy, tired, because every day [Japanese soldiers] come several times. Most times, not just one or two but five or six come together, with two at one place and two at another place. Mrs. Twinem is scared [of them]; Vautrin is not and is more courageous. Yet, the pitiful thing is that no one is fearless. [Should one] Neglect one's own [safety]? Previously, I followed them [the soldiers], but not now. On the one hand, [I am] too busy to do so; on the other, I cannot bear witnessing the Japanese soldiers' bad deeds. During daytime, [they] dare to come and engage in such deeds; at night even worse. Today, at noon, Riggs came. He intended to ask married women with husbands to go home so the Japanese soldiers would not come [to Ginling] to find [women] so often. Because they have all run into refugee camps, no women are left outside. What [Riggs] meant was that it is okay for women with husbands to return home, but not for the maidens. If a husband stays home alone, Japanese soldiers would accuse him of being a [Chinese] soldier because he has no family. Although there is nothing wrong with this reasoning, yet, as soon as I heard it, I cried. I thought that my own country is not strong, so it suffers this kind of humiliation. When can we shed the shame?

Today, [Japanese soldiers] came eight times; they ate food at South Hill four times. They broke down the doors because things were piled inside, each teacher having something there. Few belong to the Westerners. Things were tossed and littered on the floor: some were taken away, and some [of these things] got back by Miss Vautrin. She runs to so many places [to deter the Japanese

soldiers], once to the chicken coop, thrice to the dormitories. If Vautrin is not available, Mrs. Twinem does likewise. Yesterday, [soldiers] asked for chickens from Miss Wu, and she was not willing [to comply]. Japanese soldiers asked [for chickens] like this, so I was afraid that they would just come to take them. I said to her, "Tomorrow, I want two geese and two chickens for the workers to eat. We have not eaten meat for ten days, and everybody is tired too." She did not approve. I was mad. The following morning, I sent a worker to the chicken coop, requesting her [Miss Wu's] worker to fetch two chickens and two geese and asking the worker to tell her. Later, when she knew what happened, she went to Vautrin, telling lies about me. And she alleged that I caught her experimental chickens. The chickens I got were cocks because, if [you are] asking her for eggs, she always claims that most of her birds are cocks. Besides, Vautrin has already said to kill these chickens. Otherwise, I would not have fetched the chickens. Vautrin advises her [Miss Wu] to only save the ones for experiment, but not others. She is not willing [to do so]. This situation is bad, but Miss Wu does not care. She writes things about the chickens behind the closed door of her room. Vautrin and Twinem are so busy, and there is no feed grain. I feel sorry for them too. If [the chickens] are taken by the Japanese soldiers, I would be very unwilling [to allow it to happen]. I heard that several of the University of Nanking's cows were taken [by the Japanese soldiers]. It is difficult enough to save human's lives; why should chickens be so important? There is nothing wrong with her [Miss Wu's] experimental efforts for science. On the one hand, it's valuable, [but] the remaining chickens can do the job. If Miss Vautrin had not gone to save the chickens, there would not be any left! In the future, she [Miss Wu] will be able to brag about her big achievement [saving the chickens] in front of President Wu. [She] also wants to hang in the chickens' coop one of the proclamations issued by the Japanese military police. It's laughable!

This afternoon, the Japanese consul came to see Vautrin. She took him to see the refugees sleeping on the ground leaving no place to walk through. Naturally, his mouth [said] their troops are not good. His heart must be elated.

Today, a number of rooms in #200 Building are opened [to refugees]. No way out. Too many people. A lot of people come everyday; we can no longer boil water because there are too many people to be served. Instead, Miss Vautrin asked two individuals from outside to boil water and sell it to the refugees. Also our old chief cook had nothing to do so [we] asked him to sell cooked rice and fried flour twists under the makeshift shed between #500 and #700. Nothing is for sale outside. Quite a few of the houses in city south were burnt down, more burning every night. These refugees are really pitiable. Some of their homes have been burnt down. Some have husbands who have been killed

or taken away by the Japanese soldiers; we don't know whether they are alive or dead. Some cried; some wailed. It's tragic beyond words. Chang Szi-fu's²⁵ son of #200 was taken away by the Japanese soldiers on the 16th. He was in #100 to look after the building. Probably, on his way to come here, he was taken. Wei Szi-fu has not returned yet. Outside, buildings are either vacant or burning. Japanese soldiers set fire to buildings for fun. They are afraid of cold temperature too. At first they made fires with furniture inside to keep them warm. Whenever they want to leave, they just take off. If fire touches the building, it burns it down. Sometimes, they put corpses inside and then set fire to the building.

Monday, December 20

From Vautrin's Diary

The clear weather with sunshine continues seemingly the only blessing in these days of misery and suffering.

8–9:00 at the gate, trying to persuade the older women to return to homes and let Ginling be used to protect their daughters. They all agree in principle but are loathe [loath] to go home, for they say soldiers come to their homes again and again and again in the course of a day—looting everything.

From 10 to 12 tried to work in my office, writing an official report of acts of soldiers on our campus to present to Japanese Embassy—to no avail, for I am called from one end of the campus to drive out groups of soldiers. Found two in South Hall [South Hill] Residence again, looting Dr. Wu's chest of drawers and suitcases. During noon meal Mary and I went to three sections of campus to drive them out—they seem to love to come at meal time. We are trying to get a gendarme to stay on campus during the day.

At 3 high military officer came with several other men, and he wanted to inspect buildings and refugee work. I hoped most earnestly that while he was on campus some soldiers would come. Sure enough, as we had finished seeing refugees crowded in Central Building, a servant from the Northwest dormitory came saying two soldiers were there, in process of taking off five women. We rushed over, and when they saw us they ran—one woman ran back and kneeled before me asking to be saved. I went back in time to stop one soldier from escaping and played for time until the officer came. They reprimanded him, and let him go—not the severe treatment he needed in order to make this dastardly thing stop.

At 4 P.M. "Big" Wang and I went over to our Embassy, and from there were taken over to Japanese Embassy. Reported conditions again, and asked for

return of two servants and for gendarme in day time. Mr. Atcheson's²⁶ cook reports his old father shot, but none dared to go home to bury him.

To our surprise, just after supper twenty-five gendarmes were sent to us as a guard for the night—the afternoon's incident was effective, evidently. By making a map I showed them the danger spots on the campus—especially pointing out the northwest corner.

We probably have more than 6000 refugees tonight, covered ways full. Eastern sky vivid tonight. Looting continues in city.

From Tsen's Diary

Today, again many refugees came. The third floor of #200 Building is fully occupied. They thought that this place is protected by military police. In fact, some military police dragged girls to the yard and raped them. They are not human beings, but animals no matter where. At noon, a soldier dragged two girls [out] and took their things. By chance, an officer came to visit, and Vautrin asked him to see what his soldier was engaging in. He was very embarrassed. In fact, it does not matter much to him, as Chinese are his enemies. Vautrin does not understand this logic. She is really busy; if not chasing the soldiers, then receiving the officers. Chen Fei-rung was frightened to death by the last incident so he dared not come out these two days. [I] have no idea where he is hiding. I'm almost tired to death. These refugees do not follow orders, urine everywhere, and no place to set foot. And at night, we simply dare not to walk. These several days, Vautrin and I went to bed extremely late because we feared something would happen. Tonight, that officer [who came to visit during the day] dispatched twenty-four soldiers and one sergeant to protect the campus. What good does it do to have so many here? Besides, we have to prepare sleeping quarters for them. Fortunately, there is enough bedding; otherwise, where can we find so much bedding? In addition, we have to make fires [to keep them warm] and ask servants to serve them with tea and tobacco. As a matter of fact, it is better to have military police [here]; two or three are adequate. Tonight, it is uncertain if they are reliable. Looking at their appearances, they are not good guys. Now, it is really suffering; no news from anywhere.

Yesterday, the Americans signed their names and petitioned the Japanese consul to telegram Shanghai for sending more people here to help out. When they [the Americans] went [to the Japanese consulate], the consul replied that he was too busy to send the telegram today but would do it tomorrow. It was his excuse, as I told Vautrin. He would not send the telegram. As it turned out, he did not. Seemingly, [the Japanese] want to imprison us to death. Outside, it is burning again. Thinking about it, it's better to die under artillery bombs than to live miserably like this.

Today, one baby died and three were born. In a week, three deaths and more than ten births, all told.

Tuesday December 21

From Vautrin's Diary

The days seem interminable and each morning you wonder how you can live through the day; twelve hours.

After breakfast we collected facts about the harm done by our guard of 25 last night (two women raped) but we realize that those facts must be handled with care and tact, or we will incur the hatred of soldiers and that may be worse for us than the trouble we have at present.

Mary and Mrs. Tsen are trying to teach the women to stand in line for rice, and perhaps they will teach them in time, if they are patient. We never have enough rice for them and some people take more than they need.

At 11 Mr. Wang and I went over to the Embassy to make arrangements for a car to take us to [the] Japanese Embassy in the afternoon.

At 1:30 I went with Mr. Atcheson's cook in Embassy car over to street west of us. He had heard that his old father of 75 was killed and was anxious to see. We found the man lying in the middle of the road. They took his body over to the bamboo grove and there covered it with matting. The old man had refused to go to Embassy for protection, saying he was sure nothing would harm him.

When we went to [the] Japanese Embassy at 2 P.M. the consul was not in, so we arranged to call again at 4 P.M. Fortunately, as we were going out of gate, we met the consul's car and went back for interview. We told him we were very sorry we could not furnish charcoal, tea, and "dien sin" (cakes) for such a large group, and wondered if we might have just two military police for night duty, and one for day. He was wise enough to understand that all was not well on our campus last night with 25 guards.

All foreigners in [the] city this afternoon sent in a petition pleading that peace be restored in Nanking—for [the] sake of the 200,000 Chinese here, as well as for the Japanese army's good. I did not go with the group. Having just been there.

After leaving Japanese Embassy, again went with our Embassy servant to the home of Mr. Jenkin[s]²⁷ at San Pai Lou.²⁸ Although his house had been protected by an American flag, Japanese proclamation and special telegram to Tokyo, it was thoroughly looted. In the garage, found his trusted servant dead—having been shot. He had refused to leave his master's house for the shelter of the Embassy.

Those of you who have lived in Nanking can never imagine how the streets look—the saddest sight I ever hope to see. Buses and cars upset in street, dead bodies here and there, with faces already black, discarded soldiers' clothing everywhere, every house and shop looted and smashed if not burned. In the Safety Zone the streets are crowded—outside you seldom see anyone but Japanese.

Because it is not safe for any car with any flag to go on the streets without a foreigner inside, I took the Embassy car back to the Embassy. Walking home with Mr. Wang and Lao Shao—I would hesitate to go out alone—a man came up to us in great distress asking us if we could do anything for him. His wife of 27 had just gone home from Ginling—only to have her home entered by three soldiers. Her husband was forced to leave and she was left in the hands of those three soldiers.

Tonight we must have 6 or 7000 (9 or 10,000?) refugees on our campus. The handful of us who are managing are worn out—how long we can stand the strain we do not know.

Great fires are now lighting the sky to the northeast, east and southeast, each night these fires light the sky and by day clouds of smoke make us know that the work of looting and destruction still continues. The fruits of war are death and desolation.

We have absolutely no contact with the outside world—know nothing of what is happening and can send out no messages. While watching at the gate tonight, the gateman said that each day seemed like a year, and life had lost all meaning—which is true. And the sad thing is we see no future. The once energetic, hopeful capital is now almost an empty shell—pitiful, heartrending.

Have not yet been able to send out radiogram that I worded days ago.

From Tsen's Diary

The [Japanese] soldiers dispatched here last night were for protection in name only. They came to change shift. Vautrin thought that the officer was so nice to send people to protect [us]. In fact, he is resentful of losing face because no matter how [we] receive girls from outside, the soldiers still come to take them away, day and night. I told Vautrin, "You should not forget that we are their enemies. You should not believe their sweet words." What they say is not what they really believe in their hearts. Now, they [the Westerners] all see every inhuman deed and empty sweet words which the Japanese engaged in. Sometimes, when Vautrin went to the Japanese consulate to report their troops' bad deeds, I said to her that the more you report, the more harm they would do. Fortunately, there are still two Germans²⁹ here. Not adequate to have only Americans. Now, the several Americans are also helpless, deadly tired too. But, on the other hand, if there were not several Americans here, the Chinese

would only face a death road. This morning, Vautrin went to South Hill to get some small things. I fear most that if Vautrin encounters bad soldiers and is stabbed to death, it would be disastrous. I said to Vautrin what President Wu had said—things are not important, but people are. One time, I did not say this for a couple of days. I saw her aging a lot. Every time, when going to the [South] Hill, although she claims that she is not scared, she is. At first, she dare not go inside. And then after slowly saying “hello” several times, she goes in. Yet, some of the soldiers are a little bit fearful of her; they leave when they see her. Some are not afraid and take her things away and pay no attention to her when Vautrin says, “You cannot take these things.” Sometimes, she gets things back from their hands. Twice, when Vautrin went up [to South Hill], [Japanese soldiers] had already taken things away. Because sometimes Vautrin is at the front gate, and it is quite a distance for her to get to South Hill in time. Her days are simply unbearable; sometimes at mealtime, the Japanese soldiers came and everybody left, but Vautrin had to face them. They come several times a day. And we have no idea what they will do. It really makes people tremble. Last night again, two soldiers came and took [raped] two girls on the ground. It’s really heart-rending. In the past, I heard people say that they [the Japanese soldiers] were inhuman. Now, it has indeed become a reality.

Wednesday, December 22

From Vautrin’s Diary

There is a great deal of machine gun and rifle firing this morning. Is it merely practice or are more innocent people being shot?

My strength has suddenly come to an end and I feel utterly exhausted from the terrific strain and sadness of these days. Save for an interview this morning with a Japanese Embassy police official, and this afternoon with Mr. Fukudu, military attaché, and this evening with the head of our guard for the night, I’ve done nothing. Have tried to get as much rest as possible during the day. It is such a blessing to have Mary here to help and Big Wang. Mrs. Tsen is very wise in all her advice and is invaluable. She, too, is terribly tired.

Today we are serving rice to the refugees simply because it has become unmanageable. We are taking time to reorganize our system, sewing on each person too poor to buy, a red tag—and they will be served first, hereafter. Also have prepared tickets for those who do not get rice each day—it always runs out before we get around—so that they will come first on the next serving. I dare not estimate how many we have on the campus—some think about 10,000. The Science Building, which has two rooms, the hall and attic open, has about

1000 in it—so the Arts Building must have 2000. They say the attic alone of that building has almost 1000. On the covered ways at night there must be 1000. Mr. Fitch came over tonight and asked us if we would like Hwei Wen³⁰ opened for our overflow, and we said we certainly would.

Mr. Forster³¹ of the American Church Mission came in this afternoon and told this sad story. The Japanese Embassy wanted the electric light plant repaired so that lights could be turned on. Mr. Rabe therefore got fifty employees together and took them down to the plant. This afternoon forty-three were shot by soldiers saying they were the employees of the Chinese government. Mr. Forster also wanted to know if we could have an English Christmas service here on Saturday. Mary and I are inclined to think it is not wise for all foreigners to get together, for fear we might attract too much attention.

A guard of twenty-five soldiers has been furnished us each night. The first night we had them we had several unfortunate incidents, [but] last night all was well, and the night was peaceful. Tonight we tactfully suggested that the same method be used tonight as last night—they guard on the outside, we on the inside.

People say conditions are somewhat better in [the] city—certainly there are fewer fires, although there are still some. We still have no contact with the outside world.

From Tsen's Diary

These two days, at the front, there are soldiers to guard the gate. The number of soldiers coming in decreased a little. Last night, a soldier came in. [Seeing] the walkways inside #300 Building were fully occupied with sleeping people and no room for him to step in, he left. All the hallways in each building are filled with sleeping people, and it's a good thing that they are impassable. The Germans and the Americans asked [the Japanese authorities] to protect people. Now, it has been almost ten days. They promised to protect people the day after tomorrow, and then said the 37th Division would come, and so would Chi Hsieh-yuan.³² They also demanded people register. I do not know what kind of tricks they are playing. More than 9,000 people live here [on campus]. Can you imagine how crowded it is? Luckily, it is winter. If it were spring, the stink would be unbearable. The Americans requested the Japanese consul to telegram Shanghai for more manpower to help here. They refused. They deliberately did so. The German consul at Hsia Kwan is not allowed to enter the city. Naturally he stays on the ship. He [the Japanese consul] wants neither the third country [Germany] to see their immoral deeds, nor people to see the corpses lying on the roads. Some of the roads, [people] can only see dead bodies, but not the road. [The Japanese] simply treat the Chinese people

not as human beings. The Japanese troops have taken away a lot of good things. Those things which they do not want are grabbed by the civilians, who took doors, flooring to make fires. In some places, the Japanese asked them to take things and then took pictures, which were sent to other nationalities to view. It proves that not they but the civilians were looting. Our civilians have no idea about their [the Japanese] motives.

Mr. Bates talked about celebrating Christmas. I responded to celebrate the holiday in hell. He thought the same way. Really live in hell. Everyday, there are women giving birth. I just cannot handle it. And it makes my body and mind uneasy, so I ask them to seek midwives' care. Too many births. My spirit is frustrated and body exhausted, so I am in no mood to care for so many of them. I have not taken a bath for two weeks. First, I was too busy. Second, I dare not take a bath during the day time for fear that soldiers might enter into the bathroom. [They] go everywhere once they get inside. Third, there is no light at night. During the first several days, we had light at mealtime, and then we dare not have light. If seeing lights, they [the soldiers] would come, because there is no electric lights outside [the campus], all broken. Only here has electric lights. Several times, Japanese soldiers came to attack our electric light building, but they had no idea where our electric lights came from. Sometimes, we even dare not to light candles. It is pitch black.

Thursday, December 23

From Vautrin's Diary

Two days before Christmas! How different from the usual life on our campus at this time of year. Then all is so busy—preparation, anticipation and joy, now all is fear and sadness, not knowing what the next moment may bring forth. Our campus yesterday and today has been more peaceful—yesterday three groups of soldiers strayed in and today but one. The past two nights have also been peaceful. Our guard is changed every day—and with each new group Mr. Wang and I explain by every means possible that if they will guard outside the campus we will guard inside.

This afternoon at 2 o'clock a high military adviser came with three other officers. They wanted to inspect the buildings where refugees are living. Again and yet again we said that just as soon as city becomes peaceful we will urge them to go home. They say that things are better in the city and they think they can go home soon.

Our neighbor Swen from Hu Gi Gwan [Hu Chu Kwan],³³ who is living at East court, said that last night from sixty to hundred men, mostly young,

were taken in trucks to the little valley south of the Ginling Temple, shot by machine gun fire, later put into a house and the whole set on fire. I have been suspecting that many of the fires we see at night are to cover up either looting or killing. Fear more and more that our messenger boy and the son of the biology servant have both been killed.

We have decided that it is not safe to have a Christmas service together for fear of what might happen on our campus while we are absent. Mary and I also afraid the gathering might create suspicion.

Food is getting more and more scarce. For several days now we have had no meat—it is impossible to buy anything on street now—even eggs and chickens are no longer available.

Lights go off at 8:30 tonight. We have been using only candles in Practice School for days for fear of attracting attention.

As soon as the way opens up, I am anxious for Francis Chen, Mr. Li and Mr. Chen to leave Nanking, for I do not feel that youth is very safe.

Mary Twinem's house was thoroughly looted today. Most residences have been looted unless a foreigner is present in them and that has been impossible when people are so busy.

It is raining today. All people who have been sleeping on verandahs will have to squeeze inside somehow. The good weather of past weeks has been a great blessing.

From Tsen's Diary

Last night, no soldiers came in. They went to other camps to find [girls]. Fewer soldiers came during daytime. Those soldiers guarding the gate want to make fires [to keep warm]. They need firewood, charcoal, and treats to eat. Where can we find treats for them? Not to say we have none. Even if [we] have, we would not give to them. Because, on the first day when they came, Vautrin took some peanuts and cookies that remained in the South Hill to treat them. Then, everyday they want some. It's a lot, which we do not have.

After consuming salted vegetables for two weeks, now we are able to purchase a little bit of green cabbage, three or four hundred dollars [Chinese currency] a pound, really expensive. There is also salted food for sale, all looted from elsewhere.

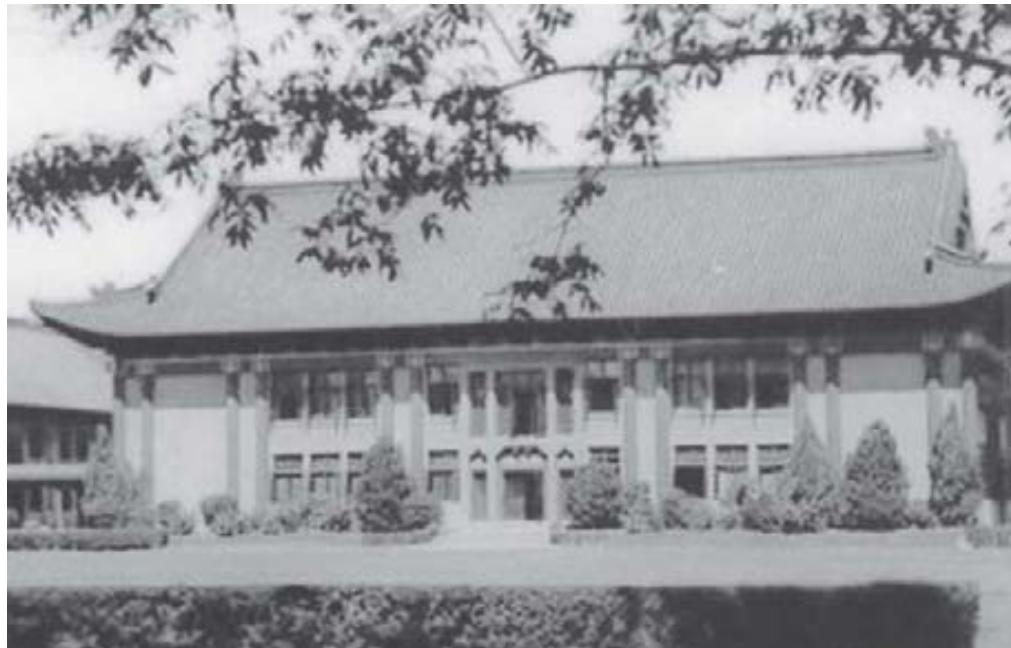
Wei Szi-fu has not yet come back. People say that he had several ten dollar bills with him. If it's true, his life may not be saved. His son has not yet returned to #800 Building. Soldiers looted Liao's and Chen's homes and several things were taken away. It is cold and raining today so those who have slept on the outside verandahs really can no longer sleep there. We wanted to open Hwei Wen [for refugees] but no Westerners are available to take care there. It

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won't work. We have not made fires in the stove and dare not. Only Vautrin's place has made a fire in the stove. Ten days under them [Japanese soldiers], people have suffered so much. Today, a girl was carried in and could not walk, being molested by several soldiers and [her] belly swollen. Now, we tried to find ways to treat her. Probably, we will send her to the hospital tomorrow. In the future, there will be quite a number of bastards to be born in Nanking. Hateful! Hateful!



Central Building (left) and 500 Dormitory (far right) on the campus of Ginling College, 1930s.
Courtesy of Mrs. Emma Lyon.



Arts Building on the campus of Ginling College, 1930s. Courtesy of Mrs. Emma Lyon.

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The interior of the Ginling College Library Building. Courtesy of Mrs. Emma Lyon.



The three-member Emergency Committee with staff and volunteers at Ginling's refugee camp. Minnie Vautrin (front row, center) is flanked on the left by Francis Chen and on the right by Tsen Shui-fang. Courtesy of Mrs. Emma Lyon.

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Minnie Vautrin in junior high school.
Courtesy of Mrs. Emma Lyon.



Vautrin's last portrait before her death.
Courtesy of Mrs. Emma Lyon.



Tsen Shui-fang in her early fifties.
Courtesy of Mrs. Emma Lyon.

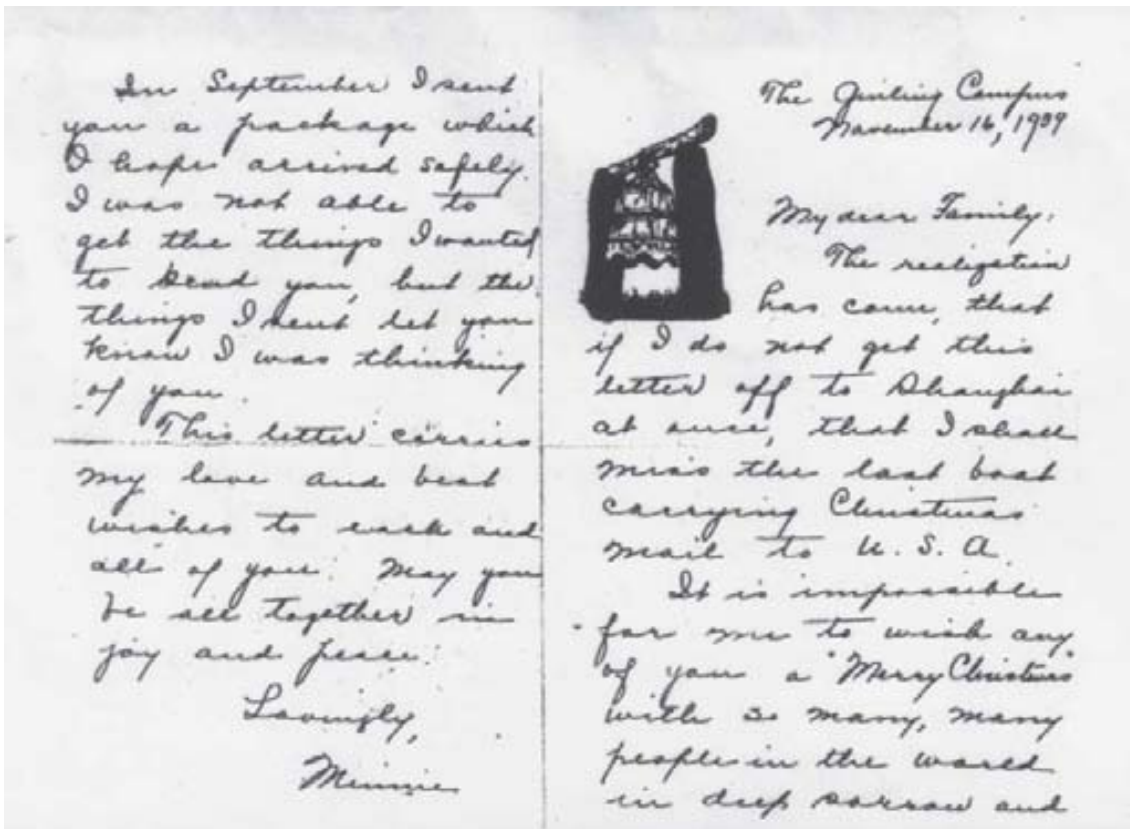


Tsen Shui-fang in her eighties.
Courtesy of the Center for Studies on the Nanking Massacre.

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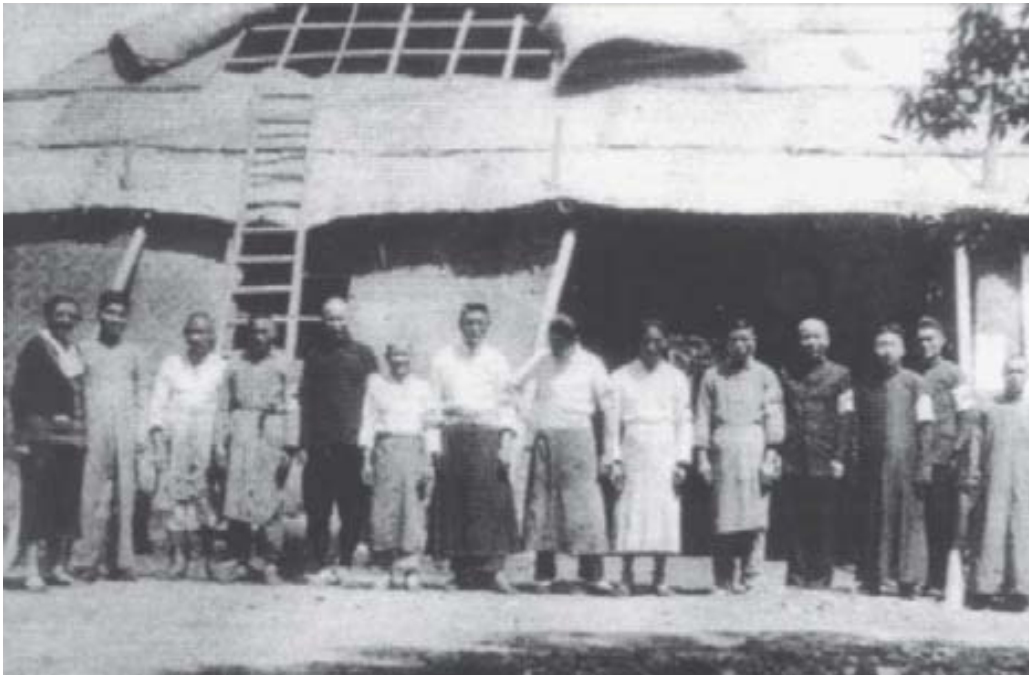


Two leaves from Tsen Shui-fang's handwritten Chinese diary. Photo by China's Second Historical Archives of Nanjing, China.



Pages from Vautrin's handwritten family letter of November 16, 1939, discovered in the attic of her niece Emma Lyon's home in May of 2006. Photo by Dr. Chia-lun Hu.

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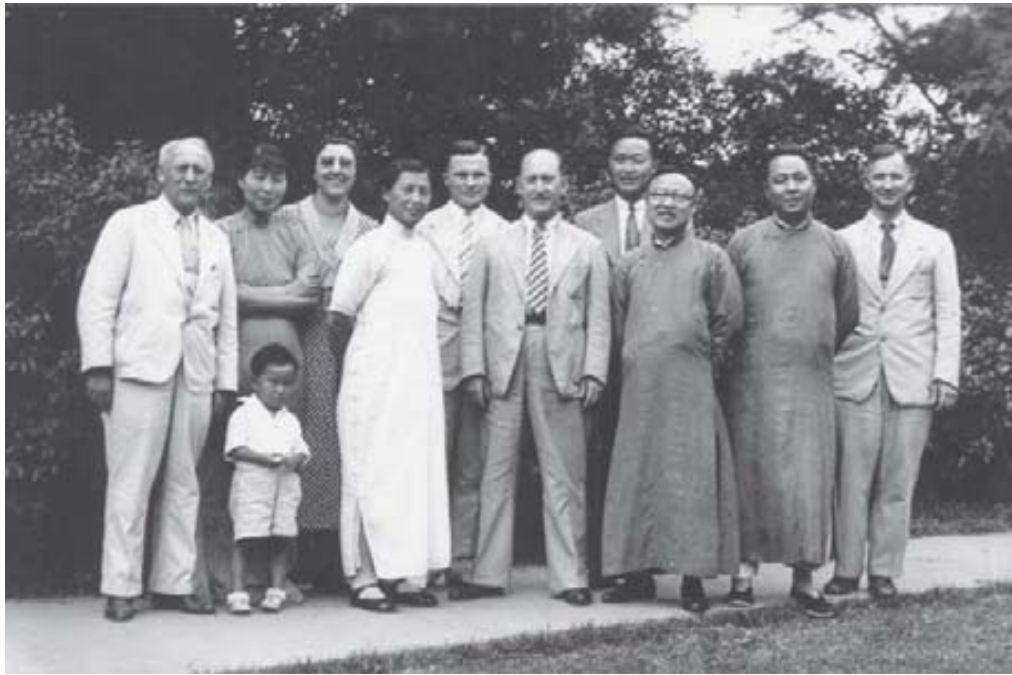


Vautrin (far left) and workers at the Red Cross rice kitchen serving the refugees. Courtesy of Mrs. Emma Lyon.



Staff, volunteers, and visitors at Ginling's refugee camp. Vautrin (center) is flanked on the left by Francis Chen, Blanche Wu, Miss Lo, and two unidentified ladies; and on the right by Tsen Shui-fang, Mary Twinem, and others. On the back row: behind Vautrin stands Ernest Forster; behind Twinem is "Big Wang"; and David Yang and Mr. Li are second and third from the right. Courtesy of Mrs. Emma Lyon.

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Vautrin, Rev. James McCallum (second to the right of her), Dr. Lewis Smythe (far right) and others in Nanking, summer, 1938. Courtesy of Disciples of Christ Historical Society of Nashville, Tennessee.



Refugee students at Ginling's camp, September 24, 1939. First row, left to right: Blanche Wu, Vautrin, and Pastor David Yang. Courtesy of Mrs. Emma Lyon.

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Vautrin (second from the left) with five China missionaries of the Disciples of Christ at a St. Louis convention, May 1941, shortly before her death. Courtesy of Disciples of Christ Historical Society of Nashville, Tennessee.



The Order of the Jade bestowed on Vautrin by the Chinese Nationalist Government in July of 1938. Photo by Dr. Chia-lun Hu.



Vautrin's grave in Shepherd, Michigan. Photo by Dr. Chia-lun Hu.



Hua-ling Hu and Zhang Lian-hong visit Vautrin's bronze bust on the campus of Ginling College of Nanjing Normal University, December 10, 2003. Photo by Ma Xiao-yan of Nanjing Normal University.