

中文版在第 28-32 頁

為中國奉獻終身的長沙扶輪人 --- 裴文坦醫生

Changsha Rotarian William Winston Pettus, M.D. --- A Life for China

By Herbert K. Lau (劉敬恒) (Rotary China Historian)

1 June 2016



1944 年 5 月 19 日美國芝加哥國際扶輪第 35 屆年會
(左-右) 王恭行 (美國新奧爾良扶輪社)(中華民國駐新奧爾良總領事);
約翰·伊洛特 (國際扶輪理事); 裴文坦 (中華民國長沙扶輪社)

At the 35th Rotary International Convention on 19 May 1944, at Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A., (L-R) G. H. Wang (New Orleans, Louisiana, U.S.A.), John Illott (R. I. Director), William Winston Pettus (Changsha, China)

Dr. William Winston Pettus, M.D. (裴文坦醫生) was a Past President of The Rotary Club of Changsha (長沙扶輪社) (1937) located in the capital city of Hunan Province, Republic of China (中華民國湖南省省會長沙市). Pettus was appointed professor and chief surgeon at Central Yale Hospital (*Hsiang-Ya Hospital*) (湘雅醫院) in Changsha in 1940, where he remained until the Japanese occupation in 1942. He returned to the United States to continue studies in surgery, then came back to China to work in the relocated Central Yale Hospital in 1944-1945. He was a role model of exemplifying “Vocational Service” and “Service Above Self”, dedicated his young life to the cause of Yale-in-China, to Rotary, to the Chinese people, and to world peace. Pettus and his wife Maude Miller (瑪迪), whose remarkable contribution to China makes the name of the Pettus family even more respected both in China and in the United States.

The American Pettus was Rotary China’s delegate in attending the 35th Annual Convention of Rotary International held in Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A., on 18-22 May 1944. During the Second

Plenary Session on Friday evening, 19 May 1944, Pettus told the congregation how the Chinese people was suffered during the Imperial Japan's aggression to China since 1931:

First, I must accept the challenge of New Zealand and India and tell you that in China gasoline costs \$70, American money, per gallon, and civilians can't get any, anyway. (*Laughter*)

I have been asked to tell you, in a few words, how one Rotary Club has carried on in an actual combat area. Changsha, for the last five and one-half years, has never been more than ninety miles from the Japanese lines. During that time it has been the site of three major battles and of a great fire which destroyed 80% of the city, a city of over half a million people. That fire also destroyed the charter of the Rotary Club of Changsha and all of its records. Ninety per cent of its members were forced to leave the city. So the Club died.

However, a year and one-half later, four Rotarians who still remained in the ruined city, re-organized the Club, and now it has between 20 and 25 members. I remember one meeting where we met just 48 hours before the city fell. However, the Chinese troops re-captured the city before the time for the following meeting. So we didn't have to cancel any meetings because of the battle. (*Laughter*)

The war conditions have created great difficulties but they have also given us great opportunities for service. In the early years of the war, the greatest need in Changsha was for relief work for war refugees. At the instigation of the Rotary Club, Changsha Relief Society was formed. This is not a Rotary committee but was organized by Rotarians, and for the past three years all the executive officers have been Rotarians.

During the Second Battle of Changsha, on three hours' notice this Society afforded protection and quarters for 17,000 refugees. On three other occasions they set up rice kitchens when famine threatened the city and fed 10,000 people for three months.

Rotarian Wang has told us something of the international nature of Rotary in China. Our Club has had 6 presidents from 4 different nationalities. We use English and Chinese interchangeable in our meetings because all the members know both languages.

However, there is one aspect in which we are not international, and that is the food which is served in our meetings. That is pure Chinese. So, when you come to visit us after the war, as I hope many of you will, I advise you to have a lesson or two in how to handle chopsticks before you come so you won't go away hungry." (*Applause*)

The next day, Saturday morning, 20 May 1944, during the Discussion Forum Pettus went on telling the congregation about Rotary in the wartime China:

It was certainly a great privilege to address this Convention last night. Rather than go further into what I was talking about last night, there is one thing which is particularly on my mind, which I would like to speak to you about, and that is the proposal which Bill Waterman presented yesterday morning to this group here. He was only given ten minutes, which wasn't much time. But that was certainly enough to convince me, as well as a great many others of you, of the value of this proposal.

It was to create a fund whereby international exchange students would be given scholarships to go from other countries to this country, from this country to other countries, and between any two countries in which Rotary is represented.

He mentioned a number of outstanding illustrations where international students had built up international understanding and furthered the Fourth Object of Rotary. I could name in my own acquaintance perhaps thirty or forty of these. I see no way in which Rotary could do more to further international understanding than in furthering these scholarships as Bill Waterman proposed.

I might say a word or two more about some of the activities of Rotary in China. I would like to mention the economic aspect. As you know, there is an inflation in China which is worse now than any country that has suffered in modern times, except, perhaps, Germany and Russia during the last war.

The price of rice, which determines the basic cost of living in 1937 was \$7 a bushel. When I went there in 1940 it was \$15. When I left in 1943, in Changsha, it was \$300 and in Kunming, \$1,100. This, of course, has hit the white-collared classes the worst. That is the group that Rotary draws from.

There is one member of my Club, the most outstanding Chinese surgeon in the whole town, who couldn't afford to pay an initiation fee the equivalent of one American dollar. That was literally true. So, that fee was paid by another Rotarian, and, in order to save his face, he was told that he was merely filling the classification of another man who was away.

That man, incidentally, had spent one week, when the Japanese were approaching the city, evacuating the materials of his hospital and utterly neglected his own personal effects. So that when, during the battle, his own house was burned, he lost everything except for a few clothes which his wife had evacuated for him. But a man of that caliber, Rotary, naturally, would do anything to get.

Let me mention a few ways in which Rotary has met this difficulty of economics. One is the fact that Rotary International very generously, in 1937, fixed the exchange for Rotary dues at 2.01 to 1. The present exchange is about 40 to 1 but it is fixed to 2 to 1, so the amount of our dues to Rotary International is about 25 cents American money for six months, instead of \$2.25.

Rotary International doesn't get much out of that financially but they get a tremendous amount out of it from the point of view of men they get in Rotary in China.

The problems of meals was a very acute one in our Club. Because if you go to a restaurant, well, in Kunming, you have to pay \$50 to \$100 for a meal, in Chinese money, which would be several dollars in America, which a white-collared man can't afford, when his salary may be \$1,000 Chinese money a month. So, in our Club, the wife of one of our members personally went out and bought the food to be prepared for each meal, and the employees of the college where our meeting is held personally prepared it. So, we were able to keep the cost down to \$5 Chinese money, which is a quarter in American money.

Another difficulty we have is in the matter of transportation. I don't think there has been a District Assembly in six or seven years. To go from our Club to Kunming, where the District Governor is, would take about two weeks, and there are three other clubs which are much farther than we. To go from one end of the District to the other would take about two months, so that the District Governor simply can't visit all of the clubs.

We were entirely cut off from Rotary literature about two and one-half years ago. The only things we have received since then have been a few air mail letters. For two years before that time, when our District office was in Shanghai, the Japanese wouldn't let Rotary mail go through because they were suppressing Rotary at that time. (*Applause*)

With regard to the communists, that certainly is the most acute political problem in China today. They are not true communists, in the Russian sense of the word. They are more of an agrarian movement. Just how close their tie-up is with Moscow, I can't tell you.

One point I wanted to mention before but I neglected was that I feel I am absolutely safe in stating dogmatically, if it hadn't been for the returned students in China today. China would have capitulated to Japan several years ago, and the effect it would have had on this war would have been one of three things: either we would have resulted in a stalemate or would be prolonged by several years more.

.....

I would say the chances of that occurring are practically nil, for two main reasons: one is the fact that China has suffered and made such a tremendous investment in the United Nations' victory, all of which would be for naught if they were to capitulate now, and, secondly, that help is beginning to come. That has occurred more in the last week than any time in the last year and one-half. But the chances of getting a road through Burma within the next six months, I think, are excellent, and although a road through Burma would not be sufficient for an all-out attack on Japan in China. It would be enough to supply a major air force, which we don't have. We only have a minor air force in China now.

It would relieve their economic situation considerably, and it would enable the Chinese and American forces in China to prepare a port for the American Navy to attack. That, of course, is what is needed for an attack on Japan through China, a port on the China coast.

A Life for China --- Born in Shanghai, Fatal Accident in Guizhou

The Tragic Death of Winston

On Sunday 18 November 1945, Pettus's little L-5 plane crashed on a lonely peak in a sudden heavy fog while he was flying over the most treacherous mountainous area in Hwang Ping (*Huangping*) County, Kweichow (*Guizhou*) Province (貴州省黃平縣), Republic of China.

As a doctor, he had managed to get the plane with the plan that severe or special cases might be sent up to the Central Yale Hospital in Changsha. The plan proved to be an ideal solution to the bad or even none-existent roads in the country.

The people who knew him were all proud of because he did good as long as he could, by all the means, in all the ways and places, at all the times, and to all the people. He saved Chinese people at wartime and after the war. To them, his 33 years of life were meaningful and remarkable.

Dr. William Winston Pettus, is, and will always be remembered as a hero who came to wartime China with his young wife Maude through one of the most difficult times in Chinese history.

Colorful School Years of Young Winston

William Winston Pettus's short life (1912-1945) of 33 years spanned three major wars---beginning in the Chinese Revolution of 1911-1912, crossing World War I, and ending with the close of the World War II.

Pettus was born in Shanghai (上海), 25 February 1912, where his parents, like many other Americans from interior cities, were refugees escaping from the dangers of civil war between the northern warlords and the southern power led by Dr. Sun Yat-Sen (孫文). His next home was Peking where his American Christian missionary father, William Bacon Pettus (裴德士), was President 1916-1945 of the College of Chinese Studies (華文學院). Here he attended grammar and high school at Peking American School (P.A.S.). This unique institution gave him not only "the three R's" and preparation for college, but that association with boys and girls of many nationalities---American, Chinese, Russian, British, German, and others---which made him conscious of the person back of the minor circumstance of race.

At school he was a great Scout enthusiast. Scouting trained his mechanical bent. He was awarded 33 merit badges and he and his chum were the first Eagle Scouts in North China. ("Eagle Scout" is the highest award of the Boy Scouts of America.) Later, living in the United States, the land of the auto, he became thoroughly acquainted with all the whims of his own ancient machine, which he managed to ease along through a useful life at college. All this was later to prove of inestimable value on the roads of China.

At P.A.S. he also developed a leadership in athletics, from basketball and other balls to ice-hockey. These teams competed occasionally with American marines from the Embassy. His schooling in Peking closed with giving the salutatory at graduation, at the age of 17, and with taking the College Board entrance examinations, as offered in America. These he hurried through one bright June morning, to catch the weekly train for Siberia, Europe, and en-route, the Scout Jamboree near Liverpool, England, arriving in New York some weeks later full of happy anticipations of Yale College in 1929 (the undergraduate liberal arts college of Yale University which is a private Ivy League research university in New Haven, Connecticut).

Pettus had to earn much of his way through college. His father always said: "*The basic way to do it is by high grades in your studies, thus killing two birds with one stone, the bird of studies and the bird of finances.*" Pettus won a Phi Beta Kappa key (the nation's oldest and largest academic honor society) and was honored by the Scientific Research Society, and had a position on the "Lit," proving in that, as in other jobs, to be a good businessman. Later in wartime China, he handled millions of (Chinese) dollars and stores of relief materials.

Studies and business left him time to sing in the University Choir, to enter into the religious life and the fun of college, and to help, sometimes anonymously, boys less fortunate than he. He joined enthusiastically in athletics, and played on a total of eleven teams (not Varsity), and made the much-desired Yale Swim Club.

Four years of medical studies at Yale School of Medicine followed, during which time he lost, through a rare disease, his fiancée. He was graduated with honors, the degree of Doctor of Medicine (M.D.) on 23 June 1937 and won the coveted Parker Prize given by the medical faculty to the student most likely to be successful in private practice. On the day of his graduation he was married to Maude Miller of Inwood, West Virginia, a missionary-spirited nurse. During the six months' interval between graduation and interning in the New York-Presbyterian Hospital (affiliated with two Ivy League medical schools: Columbia University Vagelos College of Physicians & Surgeons, and Weill Cornell Medical College), they took a trip around the world visiting first his old home in Peking and then hospitals in ten countries.

Medical Mission to China

The two years of interning in New York were full of work and music and happy associations. But he was wondering about the future. He would not settle down in a large city, overcrowded with competing doctors. He would make his life count where it was most needed. Why not China? No, he did not intend to be a so-called "foreign missionary," though some would say it was the most natural thing for him to return to the needy land of his birth. But like many other American children born in China which he loved deeply, he was especially charmed with life in America. The missionary spirit, however, was in his blood, and he would live in some needy part on America. He had already accepted an attractive position near New York as a stepping-stone to home mission medical work, when, pondering the need of the Yale-in-China Hospital (*Hsiang-*

Ya Hospital) (湘雅醫院) at Changsha for a physician knowing the language and thus meet the emergency immediately, he realized that he was indicated. This being clear, with characteristic energy and promptness he asked to be released from his appointment, and gladly offered himself to Yale-in-China Association (雅禮協會).

Yale-in-China (re-named as Yale-China Association in 1975) was the informal name of Yale Foreign Missionary Society known as early as 1913. A reflection of the religious fervor sweeping American college campuses at the end of the 19th century, Yale-in-China was founded in 1901 by a group of Yale graduates and faculty members committed to establishing a Christian missionary presence overseas. The founders chose China as the focus of their work, in part to honor the memory of a Yale graduate from the class of 1892, Horace Tracy Pitkin, who had worked in China as a missionary and was killed in 1900 during the Boxer Uprising (義和團之亂). The city of Changsha in Hunan Province was chosen as the base of operations in China after consultation with other foreign missionaries. With the arrival of Dr. Edward Hicks Hume, M.D., (胡美醫學博士) in 1905, medical education and care became a major focus of the endeavor. The educational compound that began with Dr. Hume's medical clinic eventually grew to comprise a preparatory school, the Yali Middle School (雅禮中學); the College of Yale-in-China (雅禮大學) (later moved to Wuhan 武漢, where it joined two other missionary colleges to form Hwa Chung University 華中大學); and the Hsiang-Ya Medical College (湘雅醫學院), Nursing School (護理學院) and Hospital (湘雅醫院). Over the years, Hsiang-Ya 湘雅 (a compound of *Hsiang* 湘, denoting Hunan, and *Ya* 雅, denoting Yale-China; transliterated today as *Xiangya*) developed a reputation for providing the most advanced training in Western medicine in all of central and southern China. More than at other foreign-affiliated institutions, an effort was made early on to bring as many Chinese faculty and administrators on board as possible. By the late 1920's, all major leadership positions were held by Chinese, and Yale-in-China was very much a joint Sino-American enterprise.

The war years (1937-1945) placed enormous strains on the Yale-in-China institutions, especially the Central Yale Hospital (*Hsiang-Ya Hospital*) (湘雅醫院) (re-named as *Xiangya Hospital* since 1950), which cared for the seemingly limitless war casualties and refugees. As the Chinese Nationalist armies retreated towards the southwest, these institutions followed to escape the advancing Japanese. In July of 1938, Hwa Chung University moved to Kweilin (*Guilin*) (桂林), but bombing raids there forced it to move to Xizhou Town (喜洲鎮) in the remote reaches of Yunnan province (雲南省) the following year. Yali Middle School moved to Yuanling County (沅陵縣) in western Hunan (湖南省) in September of 1938 and the medical college and nursing school moved to Kweiyang (*Guiyang*) (貴陽), in Kweichow (*Guizhou*) (貴州省), the following month.

Yale-in-China's wartime experiences were difficult, and many of the Changsha facilities were damaged by invading Japanese troops. Nevertheless, these challenges served to inspire renewed commitment on the part of both American and Chinese faculty and administrators. The Yale-in-China staff who returned to Changsha in September of 1945 were determined to rebuild the campus and resume their pre-war operations.

Dr. William Winston Pettus dedicated his life in this part of the Yale-in-China Hospital's (*Hsiang-Ya Hospital*) (湘雅醫院) history in the years of 1940-1945, with his body buried in the Hospital garden until today.

The first Japanese aggression to Changsha in 1939

The First Battle of Changsha (17 September 1939--6 October 1939) was the first of four attempts by the Imperial Japan's aggression to take the city of Changsha (長沙市), Hunan (湖南省). It was the first major battle of the war to fall within the time frame of what is widely considered World War II. By 10 October, Chinese forces had completely regained their former territories in northern Hunan Province, southern Hupeh (*Hubei*) Province (湖北省) and northern Kiangsi (*Jiangxi*) Province (江西省).

In 1940 Pettus and his wife again sailed for China via Southeast Asia and the British Crown Colony Hong Kong (香港) (*see photo on Page 21*). They finally arrived in Changsha and set to work immediately because there were masses of sick and wounded civilians and soldiers. When the Japanese military took over Changsha city, the United States was still a neutral country, hence American properties were safe. The Chinese staff of Central Yale Hospital, many of them trained in America, and the American nurse, gave the new couple a warm welcome. With the shortage of workers, Pettus's wife, though not officially on the staff, was given official positions when the Hospital was shorthanded (it usually was) and, official or not, she always gave a helping hand. There was much to be done, for work, even in unoccupied China, was affected by bombings and the repeated efforts of the Japanese to advance west. The capture of Changsha, an important point on the Canton-Hankow Railroad (粵漢鐵路), without which they could not cut China in two, was a major objective. Three times over a span of many months, the city or its suburbs was temporarily taken. The first time Pettus was useful as a neutral, protecting Chinese women and children and American property. Pettus took over 70% of the hospital's surgical operations while Maude, serving as the head nurse (*see photo on Page 27*), cared for 80 patients in the Hospital together with 10 nurses.

Pettus's letters show how indefatigably he served under terrible conditions, his medical and surgical skill in constant use. The months passed quickly.

We were working against odds because on September 26 four-fifths of the doctors and nurses had left for the South rather than submit to an intolerable tyranny. We had only two doctors and three nurses left, but a dentist and a bacteriologist offered to help. The operation room coolie could give anaesthesia and deliver babies. A nearby lady missionary found a job for herself washing blood and dirt off patients waiting for operations, and a university teacher travelling through Changsha acted as a blood donor.

The Changsha International Relief Committee had arranged for three refugee camps to be opened if the fighting came too close. One was to be on our mission high school campus, now deserted. We were looking around the buildings late in the afternoon planning where we might house refugees when the gate man came rushing up with the news: "The Japanese are here!" . . . Petrified men, women, and children came running from all directions and, forming a mob, tried to jam their way into the hospital. They had seen the soldiers and were rushing for the only safe place they knew---American property. We ushered them across the street to the refugee camp just before the next small group of Japanese soldiers arrived. Later they marched by in full force---long lines of infantry, artillery and cavalry.

Whenever the soldiers ceased coming for a short time, a group of refugees, arms loaded with baskets, bedding and babies, would run up to the mission gate and pass in. By dark, over 3,000 homeless civilians had entered. . . .

Two other mission representatives and I hunted up the Japanese army headquarters and called on the General-in-Charge to arrange for the protection of foreign mission property. He agreed to send inspectors around to the various mission compounds and when convinced that they contained no soldiers or military supplies would issue notice forbidding the entrance of Japanese troops. Foreign property would be respected.

When I returned to the Hospital I was informed that one of our carts carrying five hundred pounds of rice had been commandeered together with four of our men who were pulling it. The missionary escorting it had been threatened with violence if he attempted to follow the soldiers who made off with it. However one of the cart pullers escaped, returned and told us where they had gone so we tracked them down and found the Officer-in-Charge.

When we pointed out that he was violating American property he offered to pay something for the rice but our provisions were not for sale. After two hours of arguing in sign language and bad Chinese, I found an interpreter to write the following in Chinese characters which the officer could read: 《Your commanding officer promised me this morning that American property would be respected. If you refuse to return the rice I shall have to take the matter up with him.》 The officer's next move was typically Japanese. He opened one of the bags, examined the rice, made some disparaging remarks about it, asked if all the rest were of the same poor quality and told us to take it away: the rice was too poor for the Japanese army. All faces were saved and everyone was happy.

The looting of the city was now in full swing. Every shop, even the ones whose entrances had been bricked up, were broken into. Japanese soldiers wandered in groups of two or three from house to house, and street to street looking first for money, then for small valuable articles. Objects too big to carry were generally smashed.

In a field near the Hospital lay six bodies beginning to decay. All wore Chinese uniforms; all lay on their faces with hands tied behind their backs and bullet holes through their chests---a mute account of what happened to Chinese soldiers who were taken prisoner.

One Japanese soldier, angered because a woman he sought had taken refuge inside the hospital gate, demanded entrance. The largest foreigner in Changsha (a Norwegian) filled the small door, blocking his path. The soldier placed the sharp end of his fixed bayonet against the foreigner's chest but the latter was no coward and stood his ground. The bluff failed and the soldier retired. No soldiers entered the front gate of the mission compound where the refugees were, but five or six times every day or night they climbed over the low back wall and rummaged through some of the residences, indulging in petty looting.

Twice, foreigners who reminded them that they were on American property were roughly handled, following which the soldiers left the way they had come. The news of the establishing of a refugee camp, spread over the countryside like wild fire. Men, women and children, pigs, chickens and cows swarmed to the gates. Many women had blacked their faces and rubbed manure on their clothes to make themselves disgustingly revolting.

By the third day there were 8,000 refugees in the camp. Every inch of floor space in all the buildings was occupied; many of the doorways were blocked by people lying on the floor. Every tree sheltered a group. One little dugout scooped out of a bank the size of the space under my dining room table was occupied by a woman and her three children. The kitchens worked all day long to supply each refugee one bowl of rice usually served in the recipient's lap and eaten with the fingers.

We were forced to close the gates first to men, allowing women and children in, later to all newcomers. A large crowd camped outside the gate begging to be let in. Several Japanese soldiers passed by and searched their belongings for money and lootable objects. A number of men were beaten over the head with rifle butts. Some were commandeered to carry loot for the soldiers. Of these a few never returned and were never seen again by their families. Early on the morning of October 2, the Chinese troops reoccupied the city. What a relief! We could again take a deep breath and feel that we were free. As the fighting moved further to the northeast and transportation by stretcher became possible, the civilians who had been wounded and were still alive found it possible to reach the hospital. Ninety per cent of the wounds were dirty; almost all of the fractures had developed bone infections which required amputation or months of painful treatment. A number of chest cases were bloated with air which escaped through the skin. They were panting for breath. The air in their cheeks gave them a peculiar facial expression which could be recognized as soon as they came into the dispensary. There were no abdominal cases---they had all died before they could reach the Hospital.

One old man had a bayonet wound through his head because the five soldiers who searched his house were angered by finding nothing worth taking. About half of the men gave similar histories. One was forced to carry a load for the soldiers; when his strength gave out they left him with three bayonet wounds--one through the chest resulted in pneumonia; one through the spine left him paralyzed on one side of his body; another gave him a deep abscess of the flank. Another man arrived holding his head with his hands because all the muscles in the back of his neck had been severed by an attempted decapitation with an officer's heavy sword. Six or seven others reached the Hospital in the same condition.

The Hospital filled so rapidly that we couldn't keep up. An average day consisted of seeing fifty in-patients, a hundred out-patients and doing five or six operations. I had two deliveries at the same time and one of these was a double-header (twins) followed by a profuse hemorrhage.

The Japanese bombed heavily to liberate some of their rearguard that had been cut off. More casualties! Fresh ones this time. One man with both legs and an arm and his abdomen injured spent the day in the operating room getting two transfusions and undergoing three operations including an amputation.

We were beginning to wonder how long we could keep it up at this pace. I was already six operations behind and more cases were arriving every day. It was ten days after the Japanese had left when I looked up at the end of an operation and saw the resident surgeon standing before me. He is not particularly handsome, but he looked mighty good to me. As the doctors and nurses returned in the course of a few days or weeks or months, we would be able to restore many of the bodies which had been injured during this ruthless invasion, but how long would it take to remove the hatred and bitterness which it had planted deep in so many hearts?"

After a brief occupation the Japanese retreated in 1942, and Pettus was among the first to return to Changsha. It was largely due to his efforts that medical work was begun again in the seriously damaged hospital.

In 1943, Winston picked up a very rare liver problem and the family had to return to the United States for treatment. During his recuperation time, he learned how to fly a plane with the hope to use air ambulances for emergent cases. He also took the opportunity for advanced study in surgery. In May 1944, Pettus was Rotary China's delegate in attending the 35th Annual Convention of Rotary International held in Chicago, Illinois. As soon as he was fully recovered, he left for China leaving behind his wife Maude and their two little daughters Ann and Sally.

The fourth Japanese aggression to Changsha in 1944

The Pearl Harbor Attack resulted the outbreak of the Pacific War in December 1941 made the United States properties in China were also under attack. The fourth capture of Changsha came after the Battle of Changsha in 1944 (also known as *the Battle of Hengyang* or *Campaign of Changsha-Hengyang*) which was an invasion of the city of Changsha and two invasions of Hengyang (衡陽市). In June 1944, the Imperial Japan deployed 360,000 troops to attack Changsha for the fourth time. The operation involved more Japanese troops than any other campaign in the Second Sino-Japanese War. Changsha was quickly captured by the Japanese.

Eventually Central Yale Hospital decided to retreat to remote inland areas. Pettus, no longer a neutral, decided to evacuate as much of the hospital staff and equipment as possible and go with them. Though civilians were fleeing from Changsha by the thousand, he managed, with the help of officials who valued the Hospital's services, to hire 16 river junks on which he loaded what of hospital equipment there was room for besides the staff and their families. They sailed down river and up a branch, where they anchored till they should learn of Changsha's fate. In a day or two it was rumored that the Japanese had been repelled again. Pettus slipped back by bicycle and government launch to see if it were true. He was one of the two foreigners allowed to enter the city. Pettus rode a bike back to the city, only to find that the Hospital was burnt down. It was a place of desolation. It was impossible to get food. He wrote:

When we reached Hsiang-Ya (the hospital) late in the p.m. I had the shock of my life. Usually the hospital building is a landmark for a mile or two in every direction. But as we got near it, somehow I couldn't quite figure out where it was. Finally I saw a partially burnt building which looked suspiciously like it, but I actually turned away and went back to look three times before I definitely identified it.

As it turned out, the hospital walls were not badly damaged though the interior was gutted and the striking Chinese roof was gone.

One part of the Hospital was still burning when we arrived. We helped the five servants who were there to get it under control. Stores of rice and coal, however, burned for days afterwards . . . The most serious loss (in equipment) was the X-ray machine . . . It was too large, heavy and easily damaged to transport. . . . The Japanese tried to destroy the motor and burn the dynamo (of the hospital power plant) but we had taken some of the parts with us and five days after the engineers got back we had running water and will have electricity soon.

One thing which has impressed me tremendously is the general attitude of everyone toward the Hsiang-Ya Hospital. Before martial law was lifted, (a week ago) the words "Hsiang-Ya" seemed almost as good as the official password. I have been told by the county magistrates and also by several officers that when the Japanese took the Hospital there was a heated debate at the Chinese military headquarters on Yolo Shan (嶽麓山) (the fortified mountain across the river) as to whether or not they should shell the Hospital. Finally they decided that it plays too important a part and they would not shell it even though the Japanese were occupying it. A few days ago the provincial government made a gift to the Hospital of \$60,000 Chinese currency. This will help greatly in making a few temporary repairs---but even this is not enough for our immediate expenses.

Some of the staff stayed on at the mission hospitals en route temporarily, as the Changsha campus was largely destroyed and the work disorganized. The work of Yale-in-China (middle school, medical college, nursing school and hospital) was scattered to distant cities farther west, where, though crowded into improvised quarters like old temples and caves, it was relatively free from threats of invasion, though not of bombing. The medical school located in Kweiyang

(*Guiyang*) (貴陽), capital of Kweichow (*Guizhou*) (貴州), where they became associated with a government hospital. The way they got there can best be pictured by Pettus's description of the way they left for Chungking (*Chongqing*) (重慶) when the Japanese in their western advance sometime later threatened Kweiyang.

Last month during the threat on Kweiyang, it was necessary for the school to evacuate from there to Chungking. At the last minute, through a special channel, they got the use of part of 11 trucks. That enabled them to get out about 60% of the college equipment. All of the students and some of the staff walked. At the half-way point, some of the girls were picked up by trucks of the Friends' Ambulance Unit (公誼救護隊), but the boys walked the entire 350 miles. Much of their personal belongings had to be abandoned. Now there is about one set of bedding for each two students."

Pettus himself was detained by college business, and some days later brought up the rear with the last members of staff families. He and Wang, the driver, had a party of

four women, five children, and a new-born baby to take with us. On Saturday morning we loaded up the ambulance; then I took the Chevy sedan over to the U.S. garage for a little final fixing. When I returned ready to start for Chungking, we found both water and oil leaking out of the Ford ambulance. It had a cracked block and water was running into the crank case and diluting the oil. That probably meant waiting another week for it to be repaired or else junking the car completely. I had asked so many favors of the army mechanics that I hated to go to them again (after having bid them farewell three times). But after failing to find anyone else who could do anything about it, I finally went to them. They were not equipped to repair a cracked block, but had some dope which they put in the radiator which might plug the hole. It was partially successful. They said the only hope of saving the motor was to take it out on the road and run it! So with much trepidation, we started for Chungking the next day. By the time we reached Chungking (we did get there) the leak was completely sealed off! With the ambulance fully loaded we were not able to get up the drive-way from the street to the campus, and there were four mountains to cross on the way to Chungking, so we had to unload about a third of the stuff and put eight people in the sedan.

For the first half of the trip the road was either mud or snow. Without chains it would have been impassable. We saw a number of trucks which had gone off the road or broken down. The ambulance motor was too weak to get up some of the hills. So I would have to get out of the sedan and hold a wooden block behind the wheels of the ambulance. Wang would race the motor and crawl two or three feet up the hill before the motor stalled, whereupon I would block the wheel for him to get another start. This is the standard procedure for getting charcoal burning trucks up the steep hills. We tried to make T'ung Tze which was 160 miles, about half way, the first night. But shortly before dark I got a flat tire. Our jack is for a truck and not very suitable for a small car. So I had to lie down in the mud and fiddle with it for a half-hour. After dark I had another flat and the tire was ruined beyond repair. With only three tires we could not proceed. So I sent everyone back to the last town, in the ambulance, for the night and I slept in the sedan. The next morning we patched a tire and got going again, with the inner tube almost sticking out of the bit cut and ready to pop at any time. Then the ambulance motor quit and we found water in the carburetor. We could not figure out where the water came from and whether it meant discarding the gas from that tank, until I remembered that in flying you always have to fill your gas tank at night rather than in the morning, because dew may precipitate inside the empty gas tank during the night. We found dew in our nearly empty gas tank, separated it from the gas, and proceeded merrily on our way, until the sedan motor quit. At that point the sedan had one tire about to pop, no spare, one light out, the generator out of commission, the battery nearly dead, the brakes almost useless, and the motor dead. I was about to get out and walk the rest of the way to Chungking. Fortunately we had just gotten over the highest mountain and had only 2 miles of level road into T'ung Tze. So the ambulance pushed the sedan into town, where we found an American FEA mechanic. He put about ten men on the car and in less than two

hours had fixed everything, except the spare tire which was irreparable, and we ran into Chungking without any trouble!

Medical Mission continued and created Blood Bank in Chungking

After months of unbelievably difficult journey, they arrived in Chungking (*Chongqing*) (重慶). There, Hsiang-Ya Hospital joined with the better-equipped Central Hospital as its refuge place. Four hospitals in Chungking and environs invited Hsiang-Ya to share their quarters and facilities. Central, a government hospital, was chosen because of roomier accommodations and clinical facilities.

While in Chungking, Pettus's workload was exceedingly heavy. Of the five surgeons, three were on leave, so he performed 70% of the surgery of all types including chest operations. One time he conducted 8 operations during 30 hours. Apart from that, he had to search for blood supply for operation use.

In October 1944 he resumed his work at Hsiang-Ya, then located at Kweiyang, Kweichow, and later at Chungking.

Even at that, the (1st and 2nd year) students sleep 30-60 in a room. One building has a wooden floor, the other two are of dirt. The 3rd and 4th year students are living in a couple of thatch-roofed huts. They have only 20-30 in a room. A couple of our professors sleep with the hospital house staff, in the bed of any intern or resident who happens to be out. Luckily, I have a room to myself. . . It is about 12 feet square, with a wooden floor and one glass window. I sleep on a wooden board, but expect soon the luxury of a rope bed. For \$4,000.00 (which is really cheap) I acquired a wicker set of two chairs and a small table which dresses up the room and makes it quite comfortable. There is a light, incomplete partition between my room and the next room, which was originally part of mine. On the other side are two brothers (Y. K. Wu and C. C. Wu). They are perfectly grand fellows and the two with whom I have most to do.

I was amazed at the quality of work being done at the Central Hospital. In many respects it is superior to many teaching hospitals in America. A week ago I had my first major chest case there. It was a lieutenant who was wounded in the fighting around Hankow (*Hankou*) (漢口) in 1938. He was shot through the chest, developed an empyema and a non-expandible lung. He has a hole about 3 inches across in his chest with a big cavity. He will need three or four operations starting with a first stage thoracoplasty. His hemoglobin was 60%. So I went on a search for blood. I have now grouped about 15 Americans and British friends, including some of the Friends' Ambulance Unit, all of whom are now willing to give blood. We gave him one transfusion and took another pint to have it ready for the operation. It was the most difficult thoracoplasty I have ever seen, because the ribs were all deformed by the six-year old infection, and our incision was limited by the proximity of a large wound. He went into shock and for 15 minutes we could get no blood pressure. Then we got it at 50 for about an hour. We used the blood and all the saline they had in the hospital. Then a nurse and two doctors gave some more blood. In the meantime we got another boy from the Friends' Ambulance Unit (a Harvard fellow who had previously given 30 transfusions) who gave blood. After 5 transfusions we finally pulled him through. We kept him in the operating room for 12 hours before we dared move him. Now he is doing fine. It was a close call not only for the patient but also for us; because if we had lost our first major chest case it would have taken a long time before we would be able to get any more. . .

The hospital work in July was exceedingly heavy. We usually have five surgeons, but two were away on vacation (including Y. K. Wu) and another was getting married. So I ended up with all the chest, urology, and men's surgery patients, amounting to about 70% of all the surgery in the hospital. The wards were loaded with thoracoplasty and nephrectomy cases. There have been so many thoracoplasties that

we now turn over most of the 2nd and 3rd stages to the house staff. The busiest time was one period of 30 hours, including two nights, when there were eight major operations on my service. Two of them were intestinal perforations due to typhoid. I had never seen one before, so it was surprising to get two in one day. One evening we had three emergency appendectomies after supper. The hospital is now building a new ward of 120 beds and a new operating suite is planned. That will help a lot, because we now have to refuse about two-thirds of the patients desiring admission because of lack of beds. Hsiang-Ya and Central Hospital together are also putting up some new buildings in which to give short courses to train people for medical rehabilitation work under the UNRRA (United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation) program.

Pettus joined The Chungking Rotary Club (重慶扶輪社) which furnished fun as well as projects, and a meeting place for friends who were too scattered to see each other otherwise. It also furnished music. Pettus wrote of the Rotary Club music:

Recently I have acquired a new job, assistant, assistant song leader for the Rotary Club. Every Rotary official here has an assistant, and most assistants have an assistant. Each man orders his inferior to do the work, so the man at the bottom is left holding the bag.

Hospital work and teaching were not meeting all the crying needs of the sick and wounded in Chungking. There were only casual facilities for blood transfusions, and Pettus decided it was time to open a blood bank for the use of all the hospitals in Chungking. Interested friends and organizations contributed various items including broken refrigerators, which were mended (no new ones were obtainable nearer than Calcutta), and other equipment. The Chungking Rotary Club arranged to do all kinds of publicity, printed and visual, a large part of which was making people willing to give blood in a country where blood was considered life. The government press would do the printing free. Then suddenly came the end of the War. This project had to be dropped because its sponsors were leaving Chungking for their old homes and some of the hospitals would be moving too.

In the meantime, the Central Government located at the Provisional Capital Chungking had asked Hsiang-Ya to double its student body and hospital capacity in Changsha when the War should be over, to help meet the need of the new government program of public hygiene and western medicine covering all China.

We drew up the basic plans for Hsiang-Ya's work after the war. It will include a 500 bed hospital, 500 medical students, 300 nursing students.

Pettus's humor and his "disarming" smile brought him many an adventure, for the Chinese are very like the Yankees. One of his interesting patients was a Chinese general, Lieutenant General Yang Sen (楊森陸軍中將) (Governor of Kweichow Province (貴州省政府主席), whom he had occasionally run up against in his flights between Chungking and other Yale units.

The Flying Surgeon

After World War II ended in 1945, Pettus and his colleagues underwent a very difficult period of restoration work. He traveled to many areas and got to know many people. He purchased a small L-5 military plane for his air hospital dream. With his little plane, he began flying to different places of the neighboring provinces and provided emergent medical services.

Ground travel was slow although sometimes unavoidable. Whenever on College business Pettus flew if possible. His associates looked upon him as a "glorified messenger" for he was faster than telegrams---and much more wordy! He loved flying, himself holding a pilot license. While on health furlough in America in 1943-44 recovering from two serious illnesses contracted

in the summer of 1943, he had learned to fly, besides studying advanced Chinese language and new techniques in chest surgery! With renewed enthusiasm and new skills he had returned to China, leaving his wife and two small daughters, till the war should end.

He learned all that he could from every pilot. While waiting once for three or four days, a mechanic gave him a thorough course in checking and in learning what ways an L-5 might develop trouble. He was sometimes allowed to pilot. He learned the air-routes.

With the Japanese surrender imminent, it was decided to send Pettus to Changsha at the earliest moment that he might be there to protect property during the turn-over. As it turned out he reached there ahead of the Chinese and American troops.

Getting in early is very important in order to protect property during the change-over and to occupy, if possible, before any buildings are commandeered.

The plane we were in did not have dual controls, so it was not possible for me to do any of the flying. Hence I became the navigator, setting the course, identifying land-marks and keeping track of where we were. Our gas tanks were inadequate for the round trip. So we carried extra gas in cans, and also got some additional gas at a field en-route. The most difficult part of the flight was over the mountains (5,000-6,000 feet) to Wenhwa (*Wenhua*) (文華), because the clouds were right down on the mountains, leaving very little room underneath. We were not equipped to fly on instruments over the clouds. We kept just out of Japanese territory by flying north of Siangsiang (*Xiangxiang*) (湘鄉) and Shaoshan (韶山), then west of Siangtan (*Xiangtan*) (湘潭), then cut north to a point west of Changsha. We then followed the highway westward to Ningsiang (*Ningxiang*) (寧鄉) looking for a place to land. There were several places where we could have landed, but for the fact that there was a very strong cross wind, which made landing too hazardous.

Three or four miles west of Changsha, we saw a large detachment of Chinese soldiers moving east. We drove down close to them and saw that they were Chinese. With Chinese that close, it seemed very unlikely there would be any Japanese on that side (west) of the Hsiang River (*Xiang River*) (湘江). Furthermore, we needed gas soon. So we decided to land in a pasture on the river bank a little south of Yolo Shan.

We had scarcely landed when Chinese guerillas approached us and informed us that there were Japanese troops nearby at the base of Yolo Shan. One asked me in a very confidential tone if I had brought any message from the Generalissimo. As we were preparing to transfer some gas from the cans into the fuel tanks, word came that some Japanese would be on the spot in a few minutes. Although I was not very anxious to get captured, my stuff was already out of the plane and I was planning to stay. The pilot (a sergeant) asked me what he had better do---remain, gas up, and talk with the Japs, or jump in, take off, and find a sandbar up river to land on and refuel. He said, "You know the Japs better than I do. What do you think I'd better do?" I pushed him into the plane, threw in the cans behind him, and urged him to get going. I was not afraid of anything they would do to him, but we were not supposed to be that close to the Japanese, there was a slight possibility of their holding the plane temporarily, and finally they might make me get in and fly back with him. So all in all, it was better to get him and the plane out. He took off just as the Japanese were approaching the plane three or four yards away.

I had hoped to get into Changsha within a few hours of the time the Japanese left---if possible, before the Chinese troops occupied. No one knew when that would be. The day I arrived (September 4) was two days after the Tokyo signing but two days before the Nanking signing, consequently I was captured!

Oddly enough, the officer who captured me was a medic---actually a veterinary. I resented being captured by a veterinary, until I recalled that in Changsha I too had been a horse doctor! He got there before anyone else because he had a horse.

Once captured, I decided to act as though it were intentional. It was barely possible that I might get to stay on the Yali campus and be right on the spot when the Japanese pulled out. So I told the officer I had returned to evaluate the condition of our buildings, make plans for reopening the Hospital and to be there to protect property during the change-over. (All true). All I wanted was a room on the Yali campus to stay in till they left. I asked him for a couple of guards to take me across the river into the city to see the Japanese headquarters. He said his orders prevented that, but that he would report the matter for me. He also said that he would not prevent me from going myself if I wished to take a chance. I am tempted to do so, but my Chinese friends have pleaded with me not to risk it. They say I'd probably get shot at, and my pass is not good for that side of the river.

It is fortunate that I have not once been asked to show any papers of identification and none of my baggage has been inspected, because I have been carrying \$600,000 in cash. No doubt my best identification has been the way people on the street have welcomed me by name.

On Thursday, September 6, I saw the first Chinese soldiers enter Changsha. I took a picture of them crossing from Yolo Shan. The Japanese soldiers (armed) just stood around and watched them come in.

Friday morning I found that the Japanese MPs had left Yolo Shan during the night. There still were some Japanese around, but not many. So I decided to cross over into the city and get as close to Yali as possible.

The situation here now is completely cock-eyed. Both Chinese and Japanese soldiers (armed) are in the city. Some guard one street, some another; but neither one stops anyone except at entrances to military headquarters. Both have headquarters. South of Chung Shan Ma Lu (*Zhongshan Road*) (中山馬路) is supposed to be Chinese and North of it Japanese until tomorrow, but I can't see any difference between the two sections. There are thousands of Japanese camped inside and outside the buildings in the North and East suburbs. These are in process of moving out. There is a single track railroad to Hankow but almost no locomotives. They use trucks, without tires, to push several small flat cars each. It takes three days to Hankow, 100 miles. Contrary to the treaty, Japanese have been destroying property, both military and otherwise. They are also moving furniture and woodwork from houses they occupy, to burn or sell. Chinese civilians have been for months doing likewise so that many buildings are without any wood.

The Japanese Surrender – 15 September 1945

In September 1945 Pettus flew into Changsha before the Japanese relinquished control of the city and began working to re-open the Yale-in-China medical facilities.

I found it possible to go right into the campus and walk around, even though the Japanese are still there. So much of the walls is gone that there are dozens of entrances. As we walked past our bungalow there was a shot nearby, but nothing happened, so I kept going. Jevons Lee's house was largely torn apart during the past month. The rest of the residences look pretty good from the outside, although a few doors and windows are missing. Only a little furniture, including 27 iron beds (hospital), is left in the houses. Nearly all doors and windows of the hospital are gone but most of the window frames remain. There were trucks all over the campus and men camped outside as well as in.

Calling on the Japanese officer (a captain) in charge of the campus, I asked him if I could inspect the interiors and start rebuilding the wall. He said not before they left (about 10 days more) without an order from headquarters. I could not go there because they have ordered me to stay out of the city. He promised to stop removal of our property, but a report this morning says it is still happening.

Nearly all the missions in town have sent delegates asking me to help protect their property from: (1) the Japanese, (2) Chinese civilians, (3) the Chinese army. As the only missionary or foreign civilian in town they consider me as the grandfather of all Protestant Missions. Yesterday I saw the Chief of Police

(Chinese) and Garrison Commander (Chinese) about putting protective notices on all mission property, but I don't know whether we'll get anywhere.

This past week we have seen history in the making here. Five days ago the first American convoy arrived with ten vehicles and the next day there were 29 more. It took them five days to drive the 390 miles from Chihkiang (*Zhijiang*) (芷江). The road was not really through and they had to build many of their own bridges as they came. There are two larger groups, the Liaison group attached to the Chinese 18th Army, headed by Col. Lake; and the C. C. C. Eastern Command attached to the Chinese High Command, headed by General King. Both groups were quartered in buildings furnished by the Chinese near their respective headquarters, but neither was satisfied. I saw Col. Lake three times in 24 hours trying to get him to look at the campus, but he had the impression that it was too far away. Finally after several of his officers had reported enthusiastically about it, he went out and immediately fell for the place. We were anxious to have them in because they would not only protect the property for us, but also put in improvements. They expected to stay for only a month or two and we had no need for the houses during that time. One hour after he had occupied the place, General King's representatives were around wanting it. So I took them over to the Presbyterian Mission and gave that to them. My authority for dealing out other people's property in this manner was that the local Chinese church members had asked me to protect their property, and it was greatly to their advantage to have American troops in occupation. So it seems that I have fallen into the job of unofficial billeting officer for U. S. Forces in Changsha. Altogether there have been five different American groups. In addition to the 18th Army Group there is a Portable Surgical Hospital occupying two of the Yali residences.

But I must go back a couple of days to the time when the Japanese were still in occupation. The story of their expulsion is the most amazing and exciting incident I have witnessed to date. Arriving with the 18th Army Group convoy was a very unique character, whom I shall call Col. Q. He is a full colonel and a West Pointer. He was in command of another American group attached to another Chinese Army. But there was nothing of importance happening where he was located; so he decided to come along to Changsha to pick up some souvenirs. Having nothing better to do, he went along with several 18th Army officers to inspect the campus. When he saw the Japanese living in American houses and saw the destruction which had been wrought, he was infuriated. He assumed the prerogative of his rank, took command, ordered all the Japanese officers into one room, started pushing them around and talking to them very roughly. With him was an American lieutenant who could talk Japanese. He told them that he represented the U. S. Government, that they had no business in American property, that they had acted disgracefully and that they would leave immediately. They replied that they could not leave without orders from their superiors and that he should deal with a higher officer. Finally he ended up by going to the Commanding Japanese General, who put the matter in the hands of his Chief of Staff. The Japanese replied that the proper channel was to deal with the Chinese Commander, General Lu. Col. Q said that this was American property and did not concern the Chinese. The Japanese General replied that General Lu was in command of all Allied troops in the area (true). So I pulled the colonel aside and informed him that I had approached General Lu the day before about getting the Japanese off the campus and that he had agreed to help. So he said to the Japanese, 'General Lu has been informed of this atrocious situation. He fully approves of your leaving. There is no need to consult him further. You will follow out my orders in this matter. It is now twelve o'clock. By 2 p.m. all Japanese will be out of all American property in Changsha; they will clean up as they leave. All furniture will be left in place. I will make an inspection tour with you at 2 p.m. to see that this is carried out.' Thereupon, I marked all American property on the map, and they agreed to see that it was done.

When we made the tour, the evacuation was not complete from the Hospital. The Hospital was one terrific mess. Being so close to the North Railway Station it had been used for transient troops. For months the place had not been cleaned. It was filled with ashes, rags, feces, and filth. Fires had been built on the floors. Col. Q hit the ceiling. Preaching three or four sermons to the poor Japanese lieutenant (who spoke excellent English) he decried such indecency as a crime against humanity! 'This was savage!

Any army guilty of this!’ He ordered that all Japanese, including one lying dead on the floor, be removed immediately and that starting the next day, 200 Japanese soldiers be detailed to go there daily to clean up until some semblance of order was gained. They would come unarmed. Another 150 would clean up the Yali campus. It was a grand bluff, but the Japanese fell for it, and Yale-in-China profited immeasurably. The work done by the Japanese on our property saved us several weeks of hard labor. For three days thereafter Col. Q made personal inspection tours to supervise the cleanup. When I expressed our deep appreciation for his work, he said that he had gotten a bigger kick out of it than anything else he had done in China.

As to the attitude toward me of the Japanese on the campus, I was not quite sure. True, I had warned them two days before that the American Army was coming. But if they had been able to foresee what happened when Col. Q went to work, some of them would have favored shooting me as a spy. It was very obvious that I was giving the colonel the information on which he was acting.

Brank Fulton (Field Director of Yale-in-China) and his party brought in \$2,000,000 in cash. This will help, but we need much, much more. The rebuilding of the Yali and Hsiang-Ya campus walls alone is costing us nearly \$1,500,000.00. Prices are rising. So if we can get the cash here quickly, we will save millions.

On the morning of September 14th, the first big plane landed at Changsha, bringing General Wang (王耀武陸軍中將) and General King (金武德准將) to receive the Japanese surrender of all troops in Hunan and to start the process of disarming. A big welcoming party, including the Japanese generals, was held at the air-field. (I have some good pictures of this affair.) The surrender was planned for several days later, but General King said that he would not permit Americans to remain in Changsha another night unless the Japanese had signed the surrender. So the date was pushed forward to the 15th. On the night of the 14th, I went with Col. Lake to see General Hu, Commander of the 18th Army, about protecting the Changsha Union Hospital buildings. General Hu told us the details of the surrender ceremony. He invited me to attend, but said that I had to go in some official capacity. Knowing that I had a camera, he said that he would appoint me as a press reporter and I could take pictures. So I represented the “Great American Public.” The ceremony was held in the Hunan University buildings at Yolo Shan, at noon. It was very simple and dignified, with about 30 American and 60 Chinese officers attending. The room, which was not large, was very nicely decorated with United Nations flags and pictures of the leaders. The Japanese generals and staff entered, listened to the terms of the surrender, signed the document, presented it to General Wang and were led out. They did not wear samurai swords. Their facial expressions were remarkable. They were solemn and dignified, but you could see that they were going through a terrific ordeal--surrendering to an army which had not beaten them! ”

The Fatal Last Mission

After Pettus had started repairs on the property, other members of the staff arrived to take over. Dr. Chang Hsiao-Chien (張孝騫院長), director of Yale’s medical work, decided that Pettus’s most valuable contribution at this moment was touring the country, keeping the various Hsiang-Ya units in touch with each other, getting help for the Changsha reconstruction, and scavenging medical supplies where possible.

The ‘scavenging’ of medical supplies became an exciting adventure as U. S. posts were abandoned. Pettus wrote:

Medical supplies are divided into two categories, expendable and non-expendable. The former includes drugs, dressings, etc. and does not have to be accounted for. Rather than turn these back in to the army storehouses, now that the war is over and everyone is going home, all the medical officers I have met prefer to see them used to help mission hospitals where they know they will meet an urgent need. Non-expendables, such as instruments, X-ray machines, etc., have to be accounted for and turned in. In

playing this army game you have got to be on the spot at the exact time that a unit is closing up, and you have got to have your transportation to take it away. There is a terrible amount of stealing after and before people pull out.

Among other things the doctor found six large army tents which were given to him if he would pull them down and move them away. Yali had been thinking in terms of using tents for their students in Changsha. Transportation was the ever-present problem. So it was logical to try to get some “surplus” army vehicles.

We have been trying through various channels to secure several American army vehicles to use permanently for the hospital. But there has been no way whereby this was possible. The U. S. Army has been turning over its vehicles to the Chinese army. They don't have enough drivers to use them all. So today I went to the American major who was turning over vehicles and acted as his interpreter. After turning them over, he stated that our hospital needed a truck and an ambulance very much and that it would please him personally if the Chinese army would see fit to give us one of each. The request was, of course, unofficial, but it was the psychologically perfect time to make it, since they were deeply obligated to him. So they gave us a “six-by” and an ambulance! And we won't have to beg for transportation any longer. For that matter, there won't be any after tomorrow that we can beg, because the last convoy will leave tomorrow morning.

The driving of a 6 x 6 (giant army truck) was a new experience but not too baffling after having driven jeeps and trucks burning alcohol and other improvised fuels.

In Chihkiang that night, Ken (one of the Middle-School teachers) and I decided to turn truck drivers. Neither of us had ever driven a “six-by” and a 400-mile trip over a rotten road, with no repair facilities, was not a bright prospect. But it meant the securing of equipment worth somewhere between 25 and 50 million dollars (national currency).

It took us three days to make the 400 miles from Chihkiang (芷江機場) (important American air base) to Changsha. There were 6 V 2 tons on my truck and trailer, but a “six-by” is a wonderful vehicle and is powerful enough to pull practically any load, even over high mountains. On one mountain the curves were so sharp that we had to stop, and back up, to get a big truck around them. At one ferry, we ran into an air force convoy en-route to Hankow. I was asked to treat a driver who had been slightly injured when his truck had been forced off the road by a road-hog. The truck had gone over a cliff, but he had jumped clear in time to save himself. By the end of the day we had learned a lot about “six-by's”. We were completely exhausted and slept without budging for the nine hours. Our host the first night was my old friend Colonel Q. He had just gotten orders to close up and leave the next day. So he took us into his storeroom of state-side food and stores and told us to take whatever we wanted. Unfortunately we were already loaded to the gills, but were able to get on a few boxes. The road from Siangtan is terrific. The places where the road was destroyed to prevent the motorized Japanese advance have not been filled in, but merely rounded off. So it's like one continuous roller-coaster. In one place I was passing a group of Chinese troops, who occupied most of the road, when my trailer slipped off the edge and turned over. Fortunately, there was no damage. We got the soldiers to help us unload the trailer, turn it right side up and load it again. En-route we had four flat tires, which is not many.

Improvising instruments or techniques was a special joy to Pettus, and in that skill some of the Chinese professors also proved remarkably apt. Radios were always getting out of order, and it was a real deprivation to be shut off from the rest of the world. The current was often shut off for economy, and when on, varied between 80 and 200 volts, so he said:

I've had a little difficulty with the radio. The loud speaker is a little fussy, but otherwise it weathered being handled 28 times in transit between New York and Chungking remarkably well. I have found a good transformer with a volt meter attached, which is ideal, except for the price, which is \$15,000. All

others run \$20,000-\$40,000. But this belongs to a Harvard man (Chinese) in the radio business. So I'll get it if he'll fix my loud-speaker too. The record player is O. K., except that part of the case was broken. Since the current here is 50 cycles instead of 60, as in America, the player runs too slow. So I took it apart, found that it had a friction drive to it, increased the circumference of one wheel by sticking adhesive around it, and now it runs at the right speed. My records are all in India, but there are plenty which can be borrowed.

Now having flown thousands of miles with airmen in China he had made many friends among them, and they were interested in the idea that was forming in his mind of getting a couple of the little Stinson L-5 Sentinel (*see photos on Page 24*) from the army for air ambulances. These would solve many transportation problems in a country of bad roads or none. A plan had been started to link up, after the War, all mission hospitals in Hunan with the Central Yale Hospital at the capital, Changsha, where severe or special cases might be sent up for treatment. Moreover, seventeen small airfields were scattered over the province, one of which adjoined Hsiang-Ya Hospital. Pettus wrote:

On my way here I saw a fleet of over twenty (L-5's). So they are becoming plentiful. I am feeling out the prospects of getting one or two to use for hospital ambulances after the War. These are fitted out with a stretcher. Yesterday, by sheer luck I found myself talking to a pilot who flies one. He introduced me to his crowd and they showed me all the fine points of the plane. It is not too different from the plane I flew in St. Louis, but it is faster and is much better fixed up. It would be ideal for my purpose.

But buying army airplanes was full of red tape, and it took months of time and trips before two L-5's were pronounced "surplus" and could be bought by the hospital. They were put in perfect condition by the army, and extra parts and fuel were generously thrown in. On Sunday 18 November 1945, Pettus was flying one of these from Chungking "home" and was crossing the most treacherous flying area in China—Kweichow Province—when, evidently, he became lost in a sudden heavy fog among high mountains. He crashed against a lonely peak. There peasants found him the next day in his twisted plane. His ash was moved to Changsha and buried by the Yali Chapel near his beloved Hospital, and which is today the teaching hospital---Xiangya Hospital---of Central South University (中南大學湘雅醫院). He who saved so many Chinese people rested forever in his second homeland China.

Dr. William Winston Pettus was not merely a true Rotarian in his professional service as a surgeon. Other than treatment for hundreds of wounded and saving lives of thousands, under his able leadership, both of the Changsha Rotary Club and Chungking Rotary Club had joined in the establishment of the early blood banks in China in the cities of Changsha and Chungking, respectively.

Rotaryanne – "Maudie" Maude Miller Pettus

Maude Miller (7 April 1914 – 22 April 2017), daughter of pastor Rev. Ed Miller, was born in Springs, Pennsylvania, United States, and received her nursing degree from Capital City School of Nursing in Washington, D.C. in 1936. During her training, she met a Yale medical school student, William Winston Pettus, whom she married on 23 June 1937. After graduation, Maudie worked in the Neurological Surgery Department at New York Presbyterian Hospital while Win did his residency there.

In 1940 they began serving as a surgical team in Changsha, China, at a hospital founded by Yale University. Shortly after the birth of their two daughters, Ann and Sally, Win was tragically killed in a plane crash on 18 November 1945, in China. Following the death of her husband, Maude received her Public Health Nurse degree at University of California, Los Angeles (UCLA) in 1948. She had a second career as a school nurse at the Beverly Hills Unified School District until her retirement in 1984.

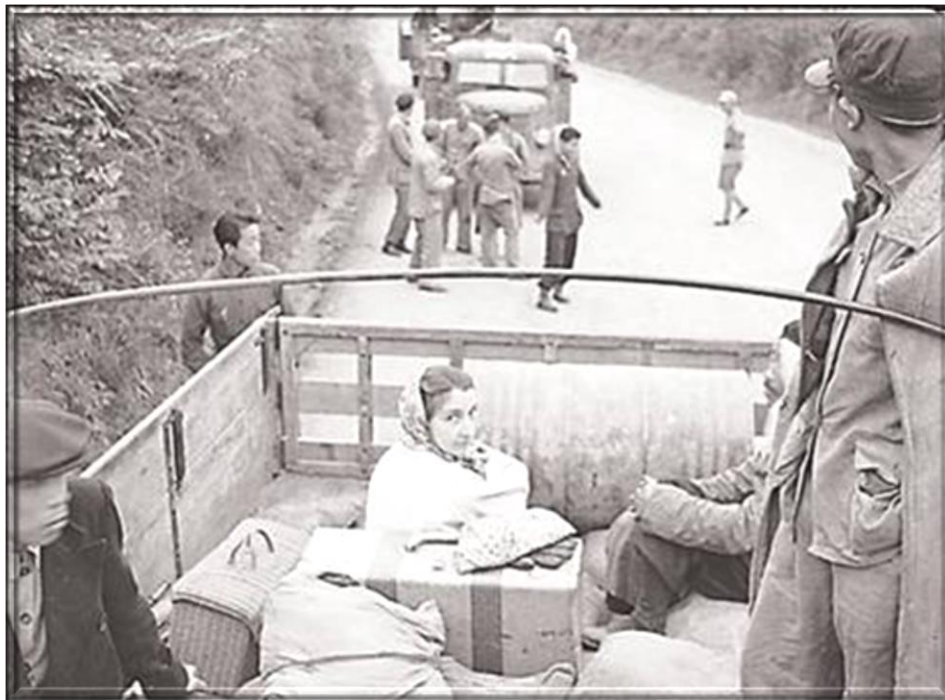
Maude moved to Stamford, Connecticut, in 1986, where she worked in home healthcare to the elderly. As the daughter of a Mennonite minister, her faith was always very important to her. Maude belonged to the Noroton Presbyterian Church in Darien, Connecticut, where she was a member of the Tuesday Morning Bible Study, the Prime Timers Senior Fellowship and the Flower Team. She will be remembered especially for her contagious joy, her deep faith, her caring spirit, and her persevering resiliency as she faced the many trying circumstances of her life. Toward the end of her life, Maudie returned to China to celebrate The Centenary of Hsiang-Ya Hospital as well as her 100th birthday with friends at Yale-China in 2014. Again in 2015 she was a guest of the Chinese Government in commemorating the 70th Anniversary of War Victory, as well as “the Death of Dr. William Winston Pettus for China”.



2014年10月19日，是湘雅醫學院100周年紀念日，也是裴文坦夫人瑪迪女士慶祝百歲壽辰。
Maude Miller Pettus's 100th Birthday was celebrated at Xiangya Hospital of Central South University in 2014



*(前 1-2) 年輕的裴文坦夫婦於 1940 年橫渡大洋到中國
(Front 1-2) The young Pettus couple sailed to China in 1940*



*瑪迪搭乘一輛紅十字會卡車，從香港前往長沙，避開戰區。
Maude aboard a Red Cross truck traveling a circuitous route from Hong Kong to Changsha to avoid battles.*



裴文坦醫生和夫人瑪迪在湘雅醫學院校園
Dr. & Mrs. William Winston Pettus in the campus of Hsiang-Ya Medical College



裴文坦醫生的全家福 (1944)
Dr. & Mrs. William Winston Pettus and two daughters Ann & Sally (1944)



裴文坦醫生治療傷員

Dr. William Winston Pettus provided treatments for the wounded.



史汀森 L-5 通訊飛機 (聯絡飛機) / 飛行速度：每小時 144 公里 / 最高時速：每小時 209 公里
The Stinson L-5 Sentinel was a World War II era liaison aircraft purpose-built for military use by all branches of the U.S. military.



裴文坦醫生在史汀森 L-5 通訊飛機前留影 (1945 年重慶)
Dr. William Winston Pettus posed at the Stinson L-5 Sentinel, Chungking 1945



裴文坦醫生使用過的降落傘等遺物
Relics such as parachutes, military maps, used by Dr. William Winston Pettus



1945年12月9日 -- 裴文坦醫生的追悼會
The Memorial Service for Dr. William Winston Pettus, 9 December 1945

W.WINSTON PETTUS, M.D

FEBRUARY 25, 1912 NOVEMBER 18, 1945

YALE — CHINA HSIANG-YA

HE GAVE HIS BEST WITH COURAGE,
ZEST AND SKILL, AND WE, HIS
GRATEFUL COLLEAGUES, STUDENTS
AND FRIENDS, WILL NOT FORGET

猗歟 妻女 黃平 驅梭 時世 家庚 歸國 裴文 裴文
君中 女翌 平遇 梭校 世戰 庚信 國習 文坦 文坦
外典 年一 霧機 湘渝 方熾 基督 醫畢 博士 教授
身雖 月九 毀殉 間一 追日 一四 業雅 藉隸 墓碑
立湘 日瘞 職年 四五 本屈 零年 禮大 美國
雅隕 院內 三十 十十 君為 來華 為胸 生於
醫精 銘日 有三 一月 院運 任教 部外 滄長
學靈 遺父 遺父 十八 輸屢 本院 外科 於燕
院永 母日 母日 八日 屢 專 壯

裴文坦醫生的墓誌銘

The biographical sketch engraved on the tombstone of Dr. William Winston Pettus, M.D.



裴文坦夫人瑪迪女士 --- 長沙雅禮協會湘雅醫院的護士長 (1941 年)
Mrs. Maude M. Pettus served as head nurse at Yale-in-China Hsiang-Ya Hospital, Changsha (1941)



裴文坦夫人瑪迪女士與中南大學湘雅醫院的護士合影 (2015 年)
Mrs. Maude M. Pettus with fellow nurses at Central South University Xiangya Hospital (2015)

為中國奉獻終身的長沙扶輪人 --- 裴文坦醫生



裴文坦醫生(Dr. William Winston Pettus, M.D.)，美國人，是位於中華民國湖南省省會長沙市長沙扶輪社(Changsha Rotary Club)(1937)的前社長。裴文坦於1940年開始在長沙市湘雅醫院(Yale-in-China Hospital 或稱 Hsiang-Ya Hospital)擔任教授和首席外科醫生，直到1942年長沙市被日本帝國軍隊佔領。他返回美國繼續進修外科手術，然後在1944-1945年回到中國，繼續服務湘雅醫院。

裴文坦是中華民國的代表，出席於1944年5月18-22日在美國伊利諾伊州芝加哥舉行的第35屆國際扶輪年會。在全體會議上，裴文坦告訴會眾自1931年以來日本帝國侵略中國，中國人民遭受的苦難。(全文見第1-4頁)

裴文坦是一位耶魯大學的優秀學生，一位曾受訓於哥倫比亞大學的充滿活力和希望的外科醫生。他響應了雅禮協會(Yale-in-China)的迫切召喚，同他的妻子瑪迪(Maude Miller)於1940年來到長沙。當時正值日本軍隊對長沙和中國南方發動大規模、殘酷無情的攻擊。五年半後，他在駕駛一架運送湘雅援救資金和物資的飛機失事中去。遺憾的是，時至今日已經沒有多少扶輪人瞭解他的事蹟。(圖見25-26頁)

雅禮協會是19世紀末，美國耶魯大學本科校園的宗教熱情的產物。雅禮協會由一些耶魯畢業生和教職員工成立於1901年，是耶魯海外傳教團的一部分。開創者致力於在海外傳播基督教，建立基督教的海外基礎。他們選擇中國開展事業的部分原因，是要向1892屆耶魯畢業生比特金(Horace Tracy Pitkin)致敬，他曾經在中國傳教但於1900年死於義和團運動。

雅禮協會選擇湖南省長沙市作為傳教基地，相比較福音事業，傳教團更加注重教育事業發展。1905年胡美博士(Dr. Edward Hicks Hume, M.D.)到達長沙，醫學教育與服務成為雅禮事業的核心。胡美博士創建的診所最終產生了一所預備學校雅禮中學(Yali Middle School)、雅禮大學(Yale-in-China College)(之後遷至武漢，合併了其他兩所教會學校，成立華中大學)、湘雅醫學院(Hsiang-Ya Medical College)、護理學院、以及湘雅醫院(其中的「湘」字代表湖南、「雅」字代表雅禮協會)。多年後，「湘雅」因其能夠在華中和華南地區提供最先進的西醫培訓而享譽全國。與其他外資創辦的機構不同的地方在於，湘雅從一開始就致力於盡可能多地培養中國教職員工和管理者。上個世紀二十年代末期，湘雅所開設的所有專業的領導職位都由中國人擔任，「雅禮」在中國已經成為一項中美合作事業了。

日本帝國侵華戰爭期間(1937-1945)，「雅禮」機構在華活動受到嚴重破壞。因為戰爭導致病患和難民人數劇增，故而湘雅醫院所面對的服務最為嚴峻。隨著中國國民黨部隊向西南地區撤退，「雅禮」相關機構也隨之南下或西遷，以避開日本侵略軍。1938年7月，華中大學遷至

桂林，但持續不斷的炮火襲擊令華中大學不得不於次年遷至中國邊陲的雲南大理喜洲。1938年9月，雅禮中學遷至湘西沅陵；10月，醫學院和護理學院遷至貴州貴陽；湘雅醫院遷往重慶。

裴文坦是「職業服務」和「超我服務」的典範。生於上海，死在貴州，長眠長沙，奉獻了33歲年輕的生命給雅禮協會、給扶輪、給中國人民、並為了世界和平。他的一生，感觸了很多人——學生、醫務人員、病人、戰士、政府官員。他的遺體安葬於湘雅醫院的北牆附近，白色的湖南大理石墓碑上鐫刻著：「他傾其所有，把偉大的勇氣、無比的熱忱、橫溢的才華都奉獻在這裡，對他滿懷感激的同事、學生、朋友們，將永誌不忘！」（英文原文見第26頁圖片）

為有犧牲多壯志：回首裴文坦醫生的故事

1912年，裴文坦出生於上海。像家裡的其他人一樣，他有一個真正的中國名字：「裴文坦」。他的下一個家是北京，美國基督教傳教士父親裴德士（William Bacon Pettus）在北京擔任華文學院院長（College of Chinese Studies）（1916-1945）。他跟隨父親，就讀於北京美國學校（Peking American School）。在學校，他獲得了美國童子軍團的最高級獎章「鷹級童軍」（Eagle Scout）；是合唱團的優秀成員；在多種體育運動中表現出色。

在北京高中畢業後，十七歲的裴文坦進入耶魯大學本科（Yale College）就讀，之後在耶魯大學醫學院（Yale School of Medicine）深造。他是醫學院院長和名醫庫欣博士（Dr. Harvey Cushing）的得意門生。醫學院畢業的那天，他與瑪迪喜結良緣。蜜月結束後，他被紐約哥倫比亞大學的長老會醫院（New York-Presbyterian Hospital）外科住院醫師項目錄取。在那裡，他受訓於著名的外科醫生、外科系主任惠普爾博士（Dr. Allen Whipple）。

完成外科住院醫師培訓後，裴文坦決定放棄紐約弗農山（Mount Vernon）醫院給他的職位，而是選擇去中國，以滿足長沙抗戰的迫切需要。這是在1939年底，當時正值第一次長沙會戰（1939年9月17日-10月6日）結束，長沙仍在遭受日軍的連番空襲。裴文坦和瑪迪於1940年5月底抵達香港（圖見21頁），然後他們花了四周時間，歷經了千辛萬苦才抵達長沙。因為當時日本軍隊已經遍及大部分中國，恐懼籠罩四野，幾乎無處不在：害怕軍隊攻擊，害怕空襲，害怕被俘成為勞工，以及害怕被強姦。他們搭乘小船、蒸汽輪船、卡車、火車、騎自行車和步行，甚至穿越漫溢至胸、氾濫成災的河流。

他們終於在1940年6月20日到達長沙。在此之前，湘雅醫學院已經撤退到貴陽，而湘雅醫院和護士學校遷往沅陵和耒陽。留守醫院工作的只有一名雅禮協會的醫生顧仁博士（Dr. Phil Greene）（裴文坦醫生是來接替他的）；一名英國醫生，加爾佈雷思博士（Dr. Dorothy Galbraith）；一個俄羅斯牙醫，阿弗斯蓋博士（Dr. Dimitri Afonsky）；以及蕭元定主任和林約翰博士（Dr. John Lin）。護理人員除了1939年從西儲護士學校畢業後來到湘雅的圖克（Marjorie Tooker）外，還有9名中國護士，以及瑪迪，一起照顧醫院的80張床位。

裴文坦之前在紐約與惠普爾博士和兩個輸血專家斯卡德博士（Dr. John Scudder）和德魯博士（Dr. Charles Drew）共事，因此已經掌握了很多輸血醫學的知識。當裴文坦抵達長沙時，湘雅是在戰爭的前線，治療在日本侵略軍空襲中受傷的患者和士兵。他很快意識到，血液供應不足是拯救那些重傷患的一個很大的障礙。但是，由於當時中國人「身體髮膚，受之父母」思想根深蒂固，任何一種看起來傷及身體的事情一直被視為是一種罪惡，以致獻血遭受著強烈的偏見。通

常裴文坦、顧仁博士、甚至瑪迪不得不捐獻自己的血液，以挽救病人的生命。而當人們知道輸血可能是救命的良策後，需求開始增加，導致來自西方的工作人員的無償獻血變得明顯供不應求。裴文坦漸漸萌生了建立湘雅血庫的想法，此想法受到長沙扶輪社社員的支持。由於身先士卒，他終於促使許多起初不願意的中國員工獻血，同時也收集到全院職工中一份 70 位捐獻志願者名單。然後，以一份來自加州聖巴巴拉市的捐款為起動金，他設立一個基金用以獎勵獻血者，並資助那些負擔不起輸血費用的病員。1945 年在重慶的湘雅和中央醫院工作時，裴文坦繼續他在普及輸血運動上的努力。在許多場合下他自己獻血，或者帶領朋友為大的手術獻血，並激勵員工、醫學生和醫院職工參與獻血。由於他的不懈努力，並在重慶扶輪社(Chungking Rotary Club)、美國紅十字會(通過斯卡德博士)和中國軍隊醫政司的支援下，衛生部旋即組建了重慶市血庫，以滿足各家醫院的需求。重慶扶輪社幫助推動各種宣傳，包括印刷和視覺宣傳，其中很大部分是讓民眾認識到自願獻血是為了國家的生命。這個項目不久之後不得不放棄了，因為日軍在 8 月份投降，戰爭突然結束了。贊助商正在離開重慶，而且一些醫院也會搬家。

1941 年 3 月，裴文坦和夫人瑪迪前往貴陽，在湘雅醫學院任教三個月，並隨後參觀了重慶、成都。雖然他們在貴陽停留的時間不長，那也是他的第一次教學經歷，學生們對裴文坦印象非常深刻。正如盧光舜博士寫道：「他是個能說會道的老師，有責任心，充滿活力和青春。」

他們從貴陽一行回到長沙後不久，日軍於 9 月初和 12 月下旬先後對長沙發動了第二次和第三次攻擊。9 月 27 日，日軍攻到長沙城北門。因為當時湘雅被視為西方的資產，除了一些個別非法闖入和搶劫，日本人對湘雅基本上沒有進行破壞。結果，湘雅校區被用作避難所，近萬人藏身於此。裴文坦與日本士兵據理力爭，以保護湘雅的資產和裡面的難民。同時，他和蕭元定醫生——僅存的兩名留院醫生，照顧著 65 名病重的住院患者以及負責難民診所的日常工作。據蕭醫生講述，裴文坦非常同情貧苦的難民，終日工作，卻似乎從未覺得疲憊。

由於第三次長沙會戰發生於日本突襲珍珠港之後，日軍在元旦節後佔領了湘雅並使用其建築作為瞭望台和堡壘從北攻城。國軍原計劃用炮火炸平這幢湘雅建築，多虧有三名長沙本地士兵的反對，這項計劃最終沒有執行。當時除了 7 名工人選擇留守並躲藏外，整個醫院在耶誕節後已經退避。一支往北退到益陽；裴文坦夫婦所在的另一支則往南退到湘潭，這一支隊包括一些病人、工作人員及其家庭成員。幸運的是，經過一周殘酷的巷戰，日軍被擊潰而逃。1942 年 1 月 4 日，日軍在撤退時燒毀了湘雅醫院大樓。兩個校區所有房屋大樓焚毀殆盡，幾近片瓦不存、面目全非。裴文坦描述滿目瘡痍的廢墟為「畢生的震驚」。當他騎自行車趕回長沙，走出北門來到這幢曾為長沙地標性建築，他竟不能認出來，直到他返回並反復看了三次才辨認清楚。作為第一名返回的員工，他帶領工人一起修復和保護湘雅資產，並在其他的員工返回之前開始收治傷病員。正是由於他的努力，在醫院嚴重毀壞後醫療工作又能再次開展。

1942 年夏天，瑪迪生下第一個女兒 Ann 後不久，裴文坦在益陽旅途中，不幸感染了血吸蟲。幾個月治療後，他的症狀並未好轉。1943 年春，他只好到三藩市(San Francisco)接受進一步治療。在這一年裡，他在伯克利(Berkeley)繼續學習中文並在當地醫院外科觀摩。也正是在這期間，他還考獲了飛行員執照。1944 年，他完全康復，全家搬到聖路易斯(Saint Louis)。因為他意識到結核病在中國氾濫，他需要掌握治療肺結核病人的技能，所以他又在巴雷斯醫院(Barnes Hospital)接受了 6 個月的胸外科手術訓練。不久後在重慶陸軍醫院，他運用這些技能治療了許多病人。

1944 年底，裴文坦一家四口都已做好返赴中國的準備。但他最終只能獨自成行，因為美國政府不允許婦孺趕赴中國戰區。然而在他回中國之前，日軍已於 1944 年 5 月 27 日發動了第二次中日戰爭中最大規模的戰役——第四次長沙會戰。蕭醫生和護士長圖克女士不得不將醫院退避到石潭，然後再退到安化的東平。年底日軍開始西進，張孝騫院長領導醫學院于 12 月底又從貴陽遷到重慶。由於當時中國基本上被日軍切斷了所有同外部世界的聯繫，裴文坦只能花 3 個月時間乘船先到印度，然後再乘坐美國空軍飛機飛越駝峰（喜馬拉雅山東區）——中國同世界的唯一聯繫航線。他為湘雅隨身帶來了近一噸的藥品、設備和書籍，於 1945 年 1 月經成都到達重慶。

據他的學生兼同事盧光舜醫生回憶，裴文坦在重慶非常繁忙。他既要在醫學院教學，又同時在中央醫院和陸軍醫院擔任外科醫生。當時醫院都很忙，經常需要超時工作。有一次，他在 30 小時內連續做了 8 台手術。在作為教學醫院的重慶中央醫院，他與學生們一起擠在臨時宿舍。為了給住院醫師講課，他花很多時間在晚上通勤——駕車、步行到河岸，搭乘輪渡過江，還經常準備講義到深夜。據與裴文坦在重慶一起共事的好友吳執中醫生描述，他的講義簡潔、更新快，令人印象深刻。此外，他還擔任張孝騫院長的外事秘書長。裴文坦也是重慶血庫得以建立的功臣；他又參與了由中國陸軍醫務部和美國空軍一同在芷江建立湘雅醫院的計劃，因為日軍在 8 月份投降，然後突然戰爭結束了，這一計劃也就落空了。

1945 年 9 月 15 日正午，抗日戰爭中國戰區中國陸軍第四方面軍「長衡地區受降儀式」在湖南大學科學館舉行，侵華日軍第二十軍司令坂西一良代表長衡地區日軍，向中國陸軍第四方面軍司令王耀武陸軍中將呈遞投降書。美國軍方知道裴文坦有一台照相機，於是邀請他以某種官方身份參觀儀式——任命他為新聞記者，允許他可以拍照。因為這個安排，裴文坦代表了「廣大的美國民眾」出席，拍攝了許多歷史性照片，為歷史做見證。這個非常簡單和莊嚴的受降儀式，約有 30 名美國人和 60 名中國官員參加。

隨著抗日戰爭的結束，裴文坦幫助籌備湘雅重返長沙的回遷工作。他主要負責籌款，並爭取獲得大量的藥品、物資和醫療用品。由於他與美軍及其多地的醫院有著廣泛的聯繫，他爭取到了美國軍隊的一些救護車和卡車。例如，他從國際救援委員會籌集到四百萬元的國幣資金用於湘雅的重建。9 月的一天，他步行 8 英里到芷江附近的美軍藥房取到 400 單位的血漿，並送到沅陵。他從戰時運輸委員會爭取到了 8 輛卡車，用於幫助湘雅的轉運。又有一次，他從中國戰區作戰司令部弄到兩輛 5 噸十輪軍用大卡車，並與雅禮的莫里郎德先生（Mr. Ken Moreland）一起驅車三天，從芷江的醫療供應倉庫開到長沙，兩輛大卡車加掛車滿載醫療用品。他的這些努力，對於湘雅的快速重建、重新開業以及一年後回遷長沙，都有著至關重要的意義。從那年 9 月到他人生的最後幾個月，他輾轉奔波于重慶、芷江、沅陵、上海、昆明和長沙。正如他寫給瑪迪的信中所說：「張醫生認為我對學校最大的益處，就是奔波全國各地。使湘雅各個單位保持聯繫，為湘雅重建爭取援助，並盡可能的撈集醫療用品……也許當我有妻子兩個女兒的照顧時，我會在某處安定下來，再次成為一位受人尊敬的公民。」因為他經常與美國空軍隨行，並且是他們的官方攝影師，在日本從長沙撤退之前，他被指派負責評估湘雅的受損情況並運送湘雅重建的資金和物資。

1945 年 9 月 4 日，裴文坦被派遣長沙評估湘雅的情況。他的飛機降落在嶽麓山南邊的江岸後，被日軍俘虜。這是在日本于東京簽署投降協議之後，但在中國軍隊接管長沙之前。他被日軍扣留在嶽麓山區好些時日，幸運的是，他偶遇了李先生。李是圖克女士的廚師，他們是在日軍憲兵押解他去見上級時相遇的。通過李先生，裴文坦又聯繫上了湘雅醫院的一些其他員工。幾天後，中國軍隊進駐長沙。他隨即仔細檢查了校園，並且立即與醫院員工一起開始著手保護醫院的財產。

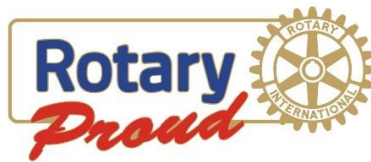
由於日本軍隊仍住在校園，破壞搶劫，他不得不周旋於兩國軍隊和他們的將軍之間。最後他得到了一位美軍陸軍上校的幫助，得以震懾日軍士兵，停止了進一步的破壞，甚至責令他們幫助清潔校園。不僅如此，裴文坦還幫助保護市內的其他醫院。10 天后，劉澤民醫生和盛澤斌先生從沅陵返回，分別接管了醫院和雅禮中學的這些工作。10 月 11 日，湘雅醫院重新開業。

由於戰時運輸系統毀壞嚴重，遠不能滿足需求。裴文坦說服了美軍以極低的價格出售兩架 L-5 通訊飛機（圖見第 24 頁）給湘雅，以幫助湘雅的重建和搬遷。這原本是一個很好的點子，遺憾最終卻以悲劇收場。經過美軍繁文縟節的諸多手續，湘雅收到了飛機。11 月 13 日，裴文坦駕駛其中的一架，帶著湘雅重建的部分資金和物資從重慶起飛。在這最後一次航程之前，他去陸軍醫院給盧醫生留了字條，說到他將在 2-3 周後返回。在昆明和貴陽停留後，他繼續飛往長沙。不幸的是，在裴文坦起飛後天氣突變大霧，他的飛機撞到距黃平縣約 10 英里的一座山上。這一天是 1945 年 11 月 18 日（星期日），當時裴文坦英年 33 歲。

噩耗傳來，貴州省政府主席楊森陸軍中將連忙組織搜救，在失事地點找到了飛機殘骸，收殮了裴文坦的遺體。重慶的湘雅同仁，當即派盧光舜醫師赴黃平交接料理。總部設在倫敦的國際公誼救護隊(Friends' Ambulance Unit)協助他們用汽油桶把骨灰運到重慶，安葬在重慶的湘雅校園附近。12 月 20 日，全體湘雅師生在重慶楊公橋集會，沉痛悼念裴文坦。

1945 年 12 月 9 日，長沙的湘雅社區為裴文坦舉辦了追悼會（圖見第 25 頁）。之後，長沙的裴文坦墓安葬在湘雅醫院大門東邊，北牆根下，與老醫學院大樓的西入口相對。不過，那只是一座衣冠塚，是湘雅 1947 年第 21 屆畢業生集資 40 餘萬法幣營建的。在白石的湖南大理石墓碑上鐫刻著：「他傾其所有，把偉大的勇氣、無比的熱忱、橫溢的才華都奉獻在這裡。對他滿懷感激的同事、學生、朋友們，將永誌不忘！」（英文原文見第 26 頁圖片）

裴文坦的一生感觸了很多人——學生、醫務人員、病人、戰士、普通員工和政府官員。正如張孝騫醫生所寫：「重慶的湘雅社區都陷入了不可估量的悲痛中…裴文坦醫生無私、無畏、無限的為人犧牲精神，將永遠給予湘雅師生莫大的激勵。」



1940 年，當日本帝國對中國南方發動大規模、殘酷無情的侵略時，裴文坦醫生響應雅禮協會的迫切召喚，攜同妻子瑪迪來到長沙。五年半以來，他倆分別作為外科醫生和護士，在湘雅醫院和醫學院不僅救治了許多中國軍人和平民，還保護了成千上萬的戰爭難民。他駕駛飛機為湘雅運送援救資金和物資時遇霧撞山，殞命藍天，年僅 33 歲。裴文坦醫生在外科醫生的專業服務中，不僅僅是一名真正的扶輪社員——除了治療傷員和挽救數以百計的生命外，在他的幹練領導下，長沙扶輪社和重慶扶輪社分別加入了在長沙和重慶等城市建立中國早期血庫的工作。英雄的長沙扶輪人裴文坦醫生將永遠活在中國人民心中！

2014 年 10 月，百歲高齡的裴文坦遺孀瑪迪女士再次返華，在長沙與湘雅醫學院共同慶祝百年華誕（圖見第 20 頁）。2015 年 9 月 3 日，應中國政府之邀請，瑪迪和大女兒 Ann 到北京出席了「中國人民抗日戰爭暨世界反法西斯戰爭勝利 70 周年」的紀念活動，重訪湘雅。（圖見 27 頁）