中文版在第 26-30 頁

扶輪社員費吳生見證南京大屠殺 1937-38

Rotarian George Ashmore Fitch -- Eyewitness of Nanking Massacre 1937-38

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28 December 2017

George Ashmore Fitch(費吳生) (1883-1979), American missionary, was born in Soochow, Kiangsu Province of the Ch'ing Empire (大清帝國江蘇省吳縣) in 1883, the son of American Presbyterian missionaries George Field Fitch (費啟鴻) and Mary McLellan Fitch. After receiving his Bachelor of Arts degree from the College of Wooster in Ohio in 1906, Fitch attended Union Theological Seminary in New York, U.S.A. He was ordained in 1909 and returned to the Ch'ing Empire to work with the Young Men's Christian Association (YMCA) in Shanghai (上海).

After the Xinhai Revolution in 1911 (辛亥革命), the Republic of China (中華民國) was established on 1 January 1912. Fitch joined the Rotary Club of Shanghai (上海扶輪社) in 1920, and served the Club as President in 1930-1931.

Commencing from 7 July 1937, the Imperial Japan launched the full scale aggression to China. After the outbreak of the war, the Japanese had pushed quickly through China after capturing Shanghai in November. As the Japanese marched on Nanking (*Nanjing*) (南京), they committed violent atrocities in a terror campaign, including killing contests and massacring entire villages. The Nanking Massacre was the mass murder of Chinese civilians by the Imperial Japanese Army in Nanking, the capital of the Republic of China, immediately after the Battle of Nanking and retreat of the National Revolutionary Army. The Massacre took place over a period of six weeks beginning on 13 December 1937. Estimates of the death toll vary from a low of 40,000 to a high of over 300,000, and estimates of rapes range from 20,000 to over 80,000. Most scholars support the validity of the International Military Tribunal for the Far East, which estimated that at least 200,000 were killed. Other crimes

included torture, looting, and arson. The massacre is considered one of the worst wartime atrocities in history.

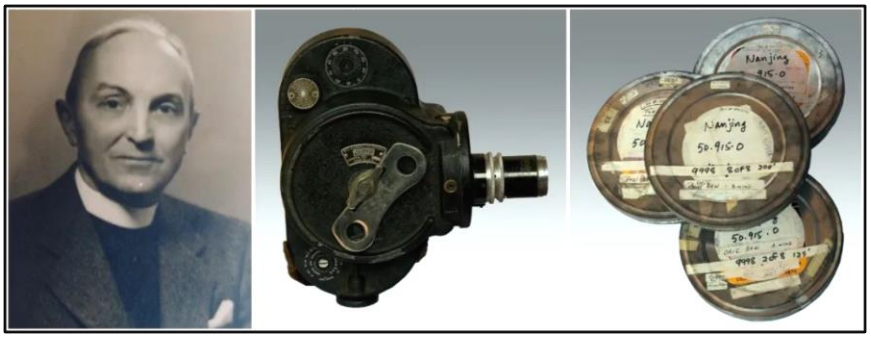
When the Nanking Massacre occurred in December 1937, Fitch was the head of the YMCA National Committee in Nanking. He quickly became the administer in assisting the International Committee for the Nanking Safety Zone (南京安全區國際委員會). Fitch's diary of events in Nanking was carried out by the first person able to leave Nanking for Shanghai, and then to the United States, after the occupation by the Imperial Japanese army.

The "Smuggling" of the Nanking Evidence

In January 1938, as Japanese forces occupied Nanking, Fitch risked his life to bring the world's first visual evidence of the ongoing atrocities to the international community.

On January 23rd, Fitch and 13 other Americans were allowed to leave Nanking to Shanghai on a Japanese military train. As Fitch prepared to leave the devastated city of Nanking, he carried more than personal belongings in his travel coat. Fitch's contraband consisted of multiple forms of documentation that together painted an irrefutable picture of systematic atrocity:

- Film footage which was shot secretly by the American priest Revd. John Gillespie Magee (馬驥牧師) at the Nanking University Hospital (金陵大學鼓樓醫院), with his personal 16mm camera, showing Japanese soldiers executing Chinese civilians and prisoners of war. Unlike still photographs that could be dismissed as isolated incidents, the moving images captured the systematic nature of the killings.



John Magee, his camera, and film negatives

- Photographs documenting mass graves, burned buildings, and civilian casualties. These images provided visual evidence that complemented written accounts and gave faces to statistics.
- Written testimonies from Safety Zone Committee members, including detailed logs of Japanese military actions, civilian casualties, and specific incidents of rape, murder, and destruction. The novel shows how these accounts were gathered through daily meetings where committee members compared notes, each entry representing not just data but personal trauma processed in service of historical truth.

- Personal diaries and letters that recorded day-by-day experiences during the occupation. Fitch's diary entries serve as both historical record and psychological outlet, showing how the act of writing became his way of maintaining sanity amid unspeakable horror.

Fitch's method was both simple and terrifyingly dangerous. He had the film canisters and documents sewn into the lining of his heavy winter coat. Nanking Safety Zone depicts this scene with particular poignancy, showing how Chinese civilians understood that their stories might only survive if carried by someone with the diplomatic protection of American citizenship.

The psychological pressure was immense, every checkpoint became a test of Fitch's resolve, every Japanese inspection a moment when discovery could mean not just his death but the loss of evidence for which so many had already died. The fictional scenes draw from Fitch's later writings about the train journey: "Every checkpoint was an eternity. Every time a Japanese officer looked at me, I wondered if this was the moment they would discover what I carried."

By sewing into the lining of his camel-hair coat, Fitch successfully smuggled the only eight reels of 16 mm negative movie film mainly contained evidence of Japanese atrocities during the Nanking Massacre. Fortunately, the film was not discovered, despite him coming under heavy scrutiny. He had the film copied at a Kodak office in Shanghai. Fitch described scenes in the film being "so terrible that they had to be seen to be believed." This evidence later proved instrumental in the International Military Tribunal for the Far East in 1946, which he would later testify in.

International Impact: From Documentation to Action

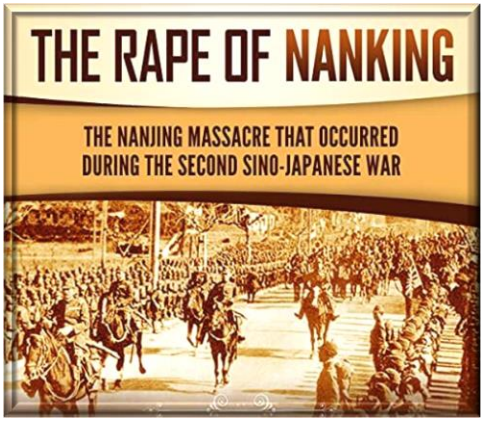
When Fitch's materials reached America in March 1938, they created immediate impact. The film footage was shown in churches, community centers, and eventually commercial theaters across the United States. The novel's epilogue captures this moment when Fitch's private agony becomes public testimony, transforming his personal burden into a tool for international awareness.

Fitch's《Nanking Diary》appeared in《Reader's Digest》in July 1938, while《LIFE》Magazine published his photographs and excerpts from his written accounts, together reaching millions of Americans and generating thousands of letters to Congress. In Nanking Safety Zone, these publications represent the completion of Fitch's mission---the evidence he risked everything to preserve finally reaching the audience that could act on it. 《LIFE》Magazine's visual impact was particularly powerful, as its photo-journalism brought the horror directly into American living rooms in ways that written accounts alone could not achieve. Fitch testified before Congress, using his materials as evidence for American intervention in China. Copies of Fitch's materials influenced European governments and provided diplomatic evidence that shaped international policy toward Japan.

Fitch returned in 1939 to Chungking (*Chongqing*) (重慶), China, to serve with the YMCA and the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Agency, then went on to serve the YMCA in 1947-1952 in Korea and then in Taiwan (臺灣) until his retirement in 1963 in the United States.

When Fitch was in Chungking, he joined the Chungking Rotary Club (重慶扶輪社) and then served as its President in 1942-1943. When in the Republic of Korea, he joined the Seoul Rotary Club. Fitch also joined the Taipei Rotary Club (臺北扶輪社), too, when he was staying in Taiwan.

Proud to be a Rotarian



Brief Histories of the Nanking Massacre

Setting the Stage

On 18 September 1931, the Japanese Empire invaded and occupied Manchuria, China. Manchuria, a colony in Northeastern China, was an industrial area known for its rich mineral and coal reserves. The so-called Mukden Incident (瀋陽事變) was the first of many skirmishes between the Republic of China and the Empire of Japan. Full scale war did not break out between the two countries until the Marco Polo Bridge Incident (盧溝橋事變) ---7 July 1937---when the Japanese army attacked a major entrance point to Peiping (北平), China. The Marco Polo Bridge Incident marked the beginning of the Second Sino-Japanese War; the war was fought before and during World War II and ended with Imperial Japan's unconditional surrender to the Allies on 9 September 1945. In December of 1937, during this war, the Japanese military invaded Nanking, capital city of China and engaged in a campaign of mass killing. The Japanese army marched from Shanghai, a port city 190 miles down the Yangtze River, to Nanking. Weakened by losses in Shanghai, China's army withdrew its troops from Nanking. This left the city, and its citizens, unprotected from the invading Japanese army. As the Japanese approached, Western businessmen and missionaries established the Nanking Safety Zone, a safe haven in the city for women, children and other noncombatants.

Massacre

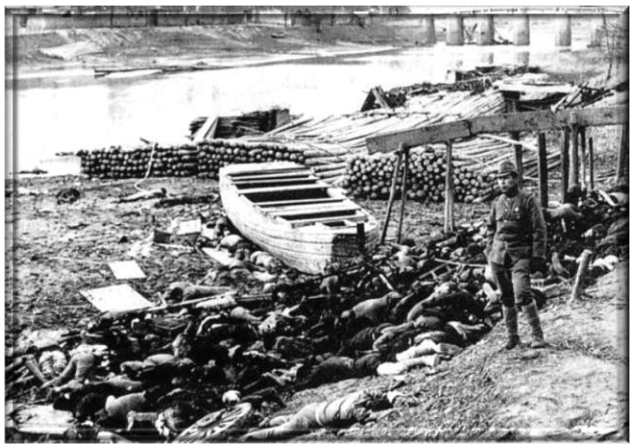
On 13 December 1937, The Japanese army captured what was then China's capital city, Nanking, and killed as many as 300,000 civilians and numerous unarmed Chinese soldiers over the course of two months. After the Japanese overran the city, they hunted down and killed suspected Chinese soldiers, massacred families living outside the Safety Zone, and raped tens of thousands of women. The Japanese army also looted the city and burned down many buildings. In January 1938, the invaders declared the city subdued and ordered the Safety Zone disbanded; when people returned home, atrocities resumed. The violence subsided in February, after the establishment of a Chinese led, Japanese influenced government. The chaos, fires, and mass graves make a precise count of casualties impossible.

Aftermath

The Tokyo War Crimes Tribunal opened in May 1946 and concluded in November 1948. The defendants, which including Prime Minister General Tōjō Hideki (東條英機) and other wartime leaders of Japan, were accused of crimes against peace, war crimes, and crimes against humanity. In total, twenty-five defendants were convicted. Sixteen were sentenced to life imprisonment (four died in prison); two received lesser sentences; seven, including Prime Minister General Tōjō Hideki, were hanged. The Japanese government paroled the imprisoned in 1956 and released them unconditionally in 1958.

Nanking Massacre Testimony

USC Shoah Foundation's Visual History Archive contains 30 testimonies from Nanking Massacre survivors. The Foundation partnered with the Nanking Massacre Memorial Hall in 2012 to preserve the testimonies of the last survivors of these atrocities; interviews continued until 2017. All of the testimonies are in Mandarin and contain English subtitles. Testimonies in the Nanking collection seek to establish full-life histories of the individuals, including their social and cultural life before and after the Nanking Massacre.



Dead bodies abandoned along the Yangtze River bank.

Excerpt from George Ashmore Fitch's Circular Letter

January 1938, Nanking, Republic of China

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

I shall start with say December 10th. In these two short weeks we here in Nanking have been through a siege; the Chinese army has left, defeated, and the Japanese has come in. On that day Nanking was still the beautiful city we were so proud of, with law and order still prevailing: today it is a city laid waste, ravaged, completely looted, much of it burned. Complete anarchy has reigned for ten days---it has been a hell on earth. Not that my life has been in serious danger at any time; though turning lust---mad, sometimes drunken soldiers out of houses where they were raping the women, is not altogether a safe occupation; nor does one feel, perhaps, too sure of himself when he finds a bayonet at his chest or a revolver at his head and knows it is handled by someone who heartily wishes him out of the way. For the Japanese army is anything but pleased at our being here after having advised all foreigners to get out. They wanted no observers. But to have to stand by while even the very poor are having their last possession taken from them---their last coin, their last bit of bedding (and it is freezing weather), the poor rickshaw man his rickshaw; while thousands of disarmed soldiers who had sought sanctuary with you together with many hundreds of innocent civilians are taken out before your eyes to be shot or used for bayonet practice and you have to listen to the sound of the guns that are killing them; while a thousand women keel before you crying hysterically, begging you to save them from the beasts who are preying on them; to stand by and do nothing while your flag is taken down and insulted, not once but a dozen times, and your own home is being looted; and then to watch the city you have come to love and the institution to which you had planned to devote your best deliberately and systematically burned by fire---this is hell I had never before envisaged.

We keep asking ourselves "How long can this last?" Day by day we are assured by the officials that things will be better soon, that "we will do our best"---but each day has been

worse than the day before. And now we are told that a new division of 20,000 men is arriving. Will they have to have their toll of flesh and loot, of murder and rape? There will be little left to rob, for the city has been well-high stripped clean. For the past week the soldiers have been busy loading their trucks with what they wanted from the stores and then setting fire to the buildings. And then there is the harrowing realization that we have only enough rice and flour for the 200,000 refugees for another three weeks and coal for ten days. Do you wonder that one awakes in the night in a cold sweat of fear and sleep for the rest of the night is gone? Even if we had food enough for three months, how are they going to be fed after that? And with their homes burned, where are they going to live? They cannot continue much longer in their present terribly crowded condition; disease and pestilence must soon follow if they do.

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

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

You will recall, those of you who have read earlier letters of mine, that our International Committee for Nanking Safety Zone had been negotiating with both the Chinese and Japanese for the recognition of a certain area in the city which would be kept free of soldiers

and all military offices and which would not be bombed or shelled, a place where the remaining two hundred thousand of Nanking's population of one million could take refuge when things became too hot, for it had become quite obvious that the splendid resistance which the Chinese had put up for so long at Shanghai was now broken and their morale largely gone. The terrific punishment which they had taken from the superior artillery, tanks and air forces could not be endured forever and the successful landing of Japanese troops on Hangchow Bay, attacking their flank and rear, was the crowing event in their undoing. It seemed inevitable that Nanking must soon fall.

On December 1st Mayor Ma [of Nanking] turned over to us the administrative responsibilities for the Zone together with a police force of 450 men, 30,000 piculs (2,000 tons) of rice, 10,000 bags of flour, and some salt, also a promise of a hundred thousand dollars in cash, 80,000 of which was subsequently received. General Tang, recently executed we have been told, charged with the defense of the city, cooperated splendidly on the whole in the very difficult task of clearing the Zone of the military and anti-aircraft, and a most commendable degree of order was preserved right up to the very last moment when the Japanese began, on Sunday the 12th, to enter the walls. There was no looting save in a small way by soldiers who were in need of provisions, and foreign property throughout the city was respected. We had city water until the 10th, electricity until the following day, and telephone service actually up to the date the Japanese entered the city. At no time did we feel any serious sense of danger, for the Japanese seemed to be avoiding the Zone with their air bombs and shells, and Nanking was a heaven of order and safety as compared with the hell it has been ever since the Japanese came. It is true that we had some difficulty with our trucking---the rice was stored outside the city and some of our drivers did not relish going out where the shells were falling. One lost an eye with a splinter of shrapnel, and two of our trucks were seized by the military, but that was a nothing compared with the difficulties we have since faced. But I must go on with my chronicle of events.

On December 10th, the refugees were streaming into the Zone. We had already filled most of the institutional buildings---Ginling, the College and other schools, and now had to requisition the Supreme Court, the Law College and the Overseas Building, forcing doors where they were locked and appointing our own caretakers. Two Japanese blimps were visible just beyond Purple Mountain, probably to direct artillery fire. Heavy guns were pounding the south wall, and shells were dropping into the city. Several shells landed just within the Zone to the south the following morning, killing about forty near the Bible Teachers' Training School and the Foo Chong Hotel. Mr. Sperling, our inspector, a German, was slightly injured at the latter place where he was living. The U.S.S. Panay moved upriver, but before it left I had a phone call (the last city gate had been closed and we had forfeited our

right to go aboard the gunboat) from Paxton of our Embassy giving me the last two navy radiograms to reach Nanking. He was phoning from outside the city, of course; the messages were from Wilbur and Boynton. Earlier that day I had received another message saying that Marion was to be married on December 18th in Hudson, Ohio, but it came to me second-hand and I did not get further details.

We ere now a community of 27---18 Americans, 5 Germans, 1 Englishman, I Austrian and 2 Russians. Out on the river was the Panay with the two remaining Embassy men, Atcheson and Paxton, and half a dozen others; the Standard Oil and Asiatic Petroleum motor ship with many more, a hulk which had been fitted out as sort of floating hotel and towed upstream with some 20 foreigners including Dr. Rosen of the German Embassy and some 400 Chinese, and other craft. How many of them have met their fate we do not know, but it will be a long time before any of them get back now. And what a Nanking they will see.

On Sunday the 12th I was busy at my desk as director of the Safety Zone all day long. We were using the former residence of General Chang Chun, recently Minister of Foreign Affairs, as headquarters, so were very comfortably fixed and incidentally had one of the best bomb-proof dugouts in all Nanking. Airplanes had been over us almost constantly for the past two days, but no one heeded them now, and the shell fire had been terrific. The wall had been breached and the damage in the southern part of the city was tremendous. No one will ever know what the Chinese casualties were but they must have been enormous. The Japanese say they themselves lost 40,000 men in taking Nanking. The general rout must have started early that afternoon. Soldiers streamed through the city from the south, many of them passing through the Zone, but they were well-behaved and orderly. Tan asked our assistance in arranging a truce with the Japanese and Mr. Sperling agreed to take a flag and message---but it was already too late. Tan fled that evening, and as soon as the news got out disorganization became general. There was panic as they made for the gate to Hsiakwan and the river. The road for miles was strewn with the equipment they cast away---rifles, ammunition, belts, uniforms, cars, trucks---everything in the way of army impediments.

Trucks and cars jammed, were overturned, caught fire; at the gate more cars jammed and were burned---a terrible holocaust---and the dead lay feet deep. The gate blocked, terror mad soldiers scaled the wall and let themselves down on the other side with ropes, puttees and belts tied together, clothing torn to strips. Many fell and were killed. But at the river was perhaps the most appalling scene of all. A fleet of junks was there. It was totally inadequate for the horde that was now in a frenzy to cross to the north side. The overcrowded junks capsized, they sank; thousands drowned. Other thousands tried to make rafts of the lumber on the riverside only to suffer the same fate. Other thousands must have succeeded in getting away, but many of these were probably bombed by Japanese planes a day or two later.

One small detail of three companies rallied under their officers, crossed the San Chia Ho three miles up the river and tried to attack the Japanese forces that were coming in from that direction, but were outnumbered and practically decimated. Only one seems to have succeeded in getting back. He happened to be the brother of a friend of mine and appeared in my office the next morning to report the story. A fellow officer had drowned while the two of them were trying to swim the small tributary to the Yangtze which they had crossed before on rafts, and before daylight he had managed to scale the wall and slip in unobserved.

So ended the happy, peaceful, well ordered progressive regime which we had been enjoying here in Nanking and on which we had built our hopes for still better days. For the Japanese were already in the city and with them came terror and destruction and death. They were first reported in the Zone at 11:00 that morning, the 13th. I drove down with two of our committee members to meet them, just a small detachment at the southern entrance to the Zone. They showed no hostility, though a few moments later they killed twenty refugees who were frightened by their presence and ran from them. For it seems to be the rule here, as it was in Shanghai in 1932, that any who run must be shot or bayoneted.

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

There was still some shell fire that day but very little that landed in the Zone. We discovered some fragments of shrapnel in our yard that evening; Dr. Wilson had a narrow escape from shrapnel bits that came through the window of his operating room while he was operating, and a shell passed through one of the new University dormitories; but there were no casualties. The Communications Ministry, the most beautiful building in all Nanking with its superb ceremonial hall, was in flames, but whether from shell fire or started by the retreating Chinese we do not know.

On Tuesday the 14th the Japanese were pouring into the city---tanks, artillery, infantry, trucks. The reign of terror commenced, and it was to increase in severity and horror with each of the succeeding ten days. They were conquerors of China's capital, the seat of the hated Chiang Kai-shek government, they were given free reign to do as they pleased. The proclamation on the handbills which airplanes scattered over the city saying that the Japanese were the only real friends of the Chinese and would protect the good, of course, meant no more than most of their statements. And to show their "sincerity" they raped, looted and killed at will. Men were taken from our refugee camps in droves, as we supposed at the time for labor---but they have never been heard from again, nor will they be. A colonel and his staff called at my office and spent an hour trying to learn where the "6,000 disarmed

soldiers" were. Four times that day Japanese soldiers came and tried to take our cars away. Others in the meantime succeeded in stealing three of our cars that were elsewhere. On Sone's they tore off the American flag, and threw it on the ground, broke a window and managed to get away all within the five minutes he had gone into Dr. Thompson's house. They tried to steal our trucks---did succeed in getting two---so ever since it has been necessary for two Americans to spend most of their time riding trucks as they delivered rice and coal. Their experience in dealing daily with these Japanese car thieves would make an interesting story in itself. And at the University Hospital they took the watches and fountain pens from the nurses.

Durdin, of the *New York Times*, started for Shanghai by motor that day, though none of us had much faith he would get through. I hurriedly wrote a letter for him to take, but he was turned back at Kuyung. Steele of the *Chicago News* managed to get out to the river and reported that a number of Japanese destroyers had just arrived. A lieutenant gave him the news of the sinking of the Panay but had no details, nor did he mention the other ships that were sunk. After all their efforts to have us go abroad, finally leaving us with a couple of lengths of rope by which we could get down over the wall and to the river---it was ironical indeed that the Panay should be bombed and we still safe.

Mr. Rabe, our Chairman, head of the Siemens China Co., and Smythe, our Secretary, called at military headquarters in the hope of seeing the commanding officer and stopping the intolerable disorders but had to wait until the next day as he had not yet entered the city. Their calls were quite useless anyway.

On Wednesday [December 15th] I drove to my house, which is just outside the Zone, to see if everything was all right. Yesterday the gates were intact, but today the side gate was broken in and the south door open. I had not time to investigate but asked a friendly looking major who had just moved in across the street to keep an eye on the place, which he promised to do. A staff officer from the Navy was waiting for me. He expressed his deep concern over the loss of the Panay, but he too could give no details. The Navy would be glad to send a destroyer to Shanghai with any of the members of the American community who wished to go, also to send radio messages of purely a personal nature. He seemed somewhat disappointed in the brevity of the message I wrote out: "Wilbur National Committee YMCA, Shanghai: All foreigners Nanking safe and well please inform interested parties."; also when I told him that with the exception of a couple of newspaper men the rest of us wished to stay in Nanking.

I offered to drive him back to the ship---he had been obliged to walk the four miles in---but half way we were stopped by an army major who told us that no civilians were allowed further north as they were still rounding up some Chinese soldiers and it was unsafe. We happened to be beside the Ministry of War at the time and it was all too evident that an

execution was going on, hundreds of poor disarmed soldiers with many innocent civilians among them, the real reason for his not wanting me to go further. So Mr. Sekiguchi of K.I.J.M.S. Seta had to walk the rest of the way. But that afternoon I stole a march on the surly major; I went to Hsiakwan by back roads. At the gate I was stopped but I had Smith of Reuters and Steele with me who were leaving on that destroyer, so we were finally allowed to pass. I have already described the conditions at that gate---we actually had to drive over masses of dead bodies to get through. But the scene beggars description. I shall never forget that ride.

At the jetty we found Durdin of the *Times* and Art Menken of Paramount Films, with whom I had just made that trip to the northwest, to Shansi and Sian, already there, for they were going too, and I had promised to drive Durdin's car back to the American Embassy for him. Mr. Okamura of the Japanese Embassy, just arrived from Shanghai, was also there and gave us the names of the killed and wounded on the Panay and the Standard Oil boats, so I offered him a lift back to the city. But at the gate we were stopped again, and this time the guard positively refused to let me enter. No foreigners were allowed to enter Nanking, and the fact that I had just come from there made no difference. Even Mr. Okanura's appeal were in vain---the Embassy cuts no ice with the army in Japan. The only thing to do was to wait while Okanura took one of the cars to military headquarters and sent back a special pass. It took an hour and a half; but I had the November *Reader's Digest*, the last piece of mail to reach me from the outside, with me so that time passed quickly. But the stench at the gate was awful---and here and there dogs were gnawing at the corpses.

At our staff conference that evening word came that soldiers were taking all 1,300 men in one of our camps near headquarters to shoot them. We knew there were a number of ex-soldiers among them, but Rabe had been promised by an officer that very afternoon that their lives would be spared. It was now all too obvious what they were going to do. The men were lined up and roped together in groups of about a hundred by soldiers with bayonets fixed; those who had hats had them roughly torn off and thrown on the ground, and then by the light of our headlights we watched them marched away to their doom. Not a whimper came from the entire throng. Our own hearts were lead. Were those four lads from Canton who had trudged all the way up from the south and yesterday had reluctantly given me their arms among them, I wondered; or that tall strapping sergeant from the north whose disillusioned eyes as he made the fatal decision, still haunt me? How foolish I had been to tell them the Japanese would spare their lives. We had confidently expected that they would live up to their promises, at least in some degree, and that order would be established with their arrival. Little did we dream that we should see such brutality and savagery as has probably not been equaled in modern times. For worse days were yet to come.

The problem of transportation became acute on the 16th, with the Japanese still stealing our trucks and cars. I went over to the American Embassy where the Chinese staff were still

standing by and borrowed Mr. Atcheson's cat for Mills to deliver coal. We now had 25 camps, ranging from 200 to 12,000 people in them. In the University buildings alone there were nearly 30,000 and in Ginling College, which was reserved for women and children, the 3,000 was rapidly increased to over 9,000. In the latter place even the space was taken. We had figured to sixteen square feet to a person, but actually they were crowded in much closer than that. For a while no place was safe, we did manage to preserve a fair degree of safety in Ginling, to a lesser degree in the University. Miss Vautrin, Mrs. Twinem and Mrs. Chen were heroic in their care and protection of the women.

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

I dashed over to my house for a few minutes on the way to tiffin at Prof. Buck's where I was living with six others. The two American flag were still flying and the proclamations by the Embassy still on the gates and front door; but the side gate had been smashed and the door broken open. Within was confusion. Every drawer and closet and trunk had been opened, locks smashed. The attic was littered ankle deep. I could not stop to see what was taken but most of the bedding was gone and some clothing and food-stuffs. A carved teak screen had been stripped of its embroidered panels, a gift of Dr. C. T. Wang, and a heavy oak buffet battered in.

Yates McDaniel of the *Associated Press*, the last of our newspaper men, left in the afternoon by another destroyer for Shanghai. With him I sent another short letter which I hope got through.

Friday, December 17. Robbery, murder, rape continue unabated. A rough estimate would be at least a thousand women raped last night and during the day. One poor woman was raped thirty-seven times. Another had her five months infant deliberately smothered by the brute to stop its crying while he raped her. Resistance means the bayonet. And the hospital is rapidly filling up with the victims of the Japanese cruelty and barbarity. Bob Wilson, our only surgeon, has had his hands more than full and has to work into the night. Rickshaws, cattle, pigs, donkeys, often the sole means of livelihood of the people, are taken

from them. Our rice kitchens and rice shops are interfered with. We have had to close the latter.

After dinner I took Bates to the University and McCallum to the hospital where they will spend the night, then Mills and Smythe to Ginling for one of our groups has been sleeping there each night. At the gate of the latter place we were stopped by what seemed to be a searching party. We were roughly pulled from the car at the point of the bayonet, my car keys taken from me, lined up and frisked for arms, our hats jerked off, electric torches held to our faces, our passports and purpose in coming demanded. Opposite us were Miss Vautrin, Mrs. Twinem and Mrs. Chen, with a score of refugee women kneeling on the ground. The sergeant, who spoke a little French (about as much as I do), insisted there were soldiers concealed there. I maintained that aside from about 50 domestic and other members of their staff there were no men on the place. This he said he did not believe and said he would shoot all he found beyond that number. He then demanded that we all leave, including the ladies, and when Miss Vautrim refused she was roughly hustled to the car. Then he changed his mind: the ladies were told to stay and we to go. We tried to insist that one of us should stay too, but this he would not permit. Altogether we were kept standing there for over an hour before we were released. The next day we learned that this gang had abducted twelve girls from the school.

Saturday, the 18th. Marion's wedding day. At breakfast Riggs, who lives in the Safety Zone a block away but has his meals with us, reported that two women, one is a cousin of Wang Ding, our YMCA secretary, were raped in his house while he was having dinner with us. Wilson reported a boy of five years of age brought to the hospital after having been stabbed with a bayonet five times, once through his abdomen; a man with eighteen bayonet wounds, a woman with seventeen cuts on her face and several on her legs. Between four and five hundred terrorized women poured into our headquarters compound in the afternoon and spent the night in the open.

Sunday, the 19th. A day of complete anarchy. Several big fires raging today, started by the soldiers, and more are promised. The American flag was torn down in a number of places. At the American School it was trampled on and the caretaker told he would be killed if he put it up again. The proclamations placed on all American and other foreign properties by the Japanese Embassy are flouted by their soldiers, sometimes deliberately torn off. Some houses are entered from five to ten times in one day and the poor people looted and robbed and the women raped. Several were killed in cold blood, for no apparent reason whatever. Six out of seven of our sanitation squads in one district were slaughtered; the seventh escaped, wounded, to tell the tale. Toward evening today two of us rushed to Dr. Brady's house (he is away) and chased four would be rapers out and took all the women there

to the University. Sperling is busy at this game all day. I also went to the house of Douglas Jenkins, of our Embassy. The flag was still there; but in the garage his house boy lay dead. Another servant, dead, was under a bed, both brutally killed. The house was in utter confusion. There are still many corpses on the streets. All of them civilians as we can see. The Red Swastika Society would bury them, but their truck has been stolen, their coffins used for bonfires and several of their workers bearing their insignia have been marched away.

Smythe and I called again at the Japanese Embassy with a list of fifty-five additional cases violence, all authenticated, and told Messrs. Tanaka and Fukui that today was the worse so far. We were assured that they would "do their best" and hoped that things would be better "soon", but its quite obvious that they have little or no influence with the military whatever, and the military have no control over the soldiers. We were also told that seventeen military police had recently arrived who would help in restoring order, seventeen for an army of perhaps fifty thousand. Yet we rather like the three men of the Embassy. They are probably doing their best. But I had to smile when they asked my help in getting cars and a mechanic for them after so many of ours had been stolen. I felt like referring them to their own military, but instead I took them around to the American Embassy and borrowed our Ambassador's and two others for them and later sent them our Russian repair man.

Monday, December 20th. Vandalism and violence continue absolutely unchecked. Whole sections of the city are being systematically burned. At 5 PM Smythe and I went for a drive. All Taiping Road, the most important shopping street in the city, was in flames. We drove through showers of sparks and over burning embers. Further south we could see the soldiers inside the shops setting fire to them and still further they were loading the loot into army trucks. Next to the YMCA---and it was in flames---evidently fired only an hour or so ago. The surrounding buildings were as yet untouched. I hadn't the heart to watch it, so we hurried on. That night I counted fourteen fires from my window, some of them covering considerable areas.

Our group here at the house drafted a message to the American Consulate-General in Shanghai asking that diplomatic representatives be sent here immediately as the situation was urgent, then asked the Japanese Embassy to send it via navy radio. Needless to say it was never sent.

December 21. Fourteen of us called on Tanaka at 2:30 PM and presented a letter signed by all 22 foreigners protesting the burning of the city and continued disorders. More promises. Rabe fears for his house, for buildings are burning across the street from him. He has over 400 refugees living in mat sheds in his garden. The problem of feeding is becoming serious---some refugees, hungry, started rioting in the University. Our coal will

soon be finished, but Riggs is scouting for more. The Japanese have sealed all supplies of coal and rice. Soldiers came into our place today, over the wall, and tried to take our cars while we were all out, and at another time they nearly got Sone's truck from him. Rabe had a letter today from Dr. Rosen of the German Embassy through Mr. Tanaka, saying he was on the H.M.S. "Bee" at Hsiakwan but not allowed to land and asking about German properties. Rabe replied that he was glad to be able to inform him that two houses were not looted, the Ambassador's and his own, and that two cars would still be left. (There are over fifty German residences in Nanking.)

December 22. Firing squad at work very near us at 5:00 AM today. Counted a hundred shots. The University was entered twice during the night, the policeman at the gate held up at the point of a bayonet, and a door broken down. The Japanese military police recently appointed to duty there was asleep. Representatives of the new Japanese police force called and promised order by January 1st. They also asked for the loan of motorcars and trucks. Went with Sperling to see 50 corpses in some ponds a quarter of a mile east of headquarters. All obviously civilians, hands bound behind backs, one with the top of his head cut completely off. Were they used for sabre practice? On the way home for tiffin stopped to help the father of our YMCA writer who was being threatened by a drunken soldier with his bayonet, the poor mother frantic with fear, and before sitting down had to run over with two of our fellows to chase soldiers out of Gee's and Daniel's houses, where they were just about to rape the woman. We had to laugh to see those brave soldiers trying to get over a barbed wire fence as we chased them.

Bates and Riggs had to leave before they were through tiffin to chase soldiers out of the sericulture building---several drunks. And on my arrival at office there was an SOS call, which Rabe and I answered from Sperling and Kroeger who were seriously threatened by a drunk with a bayonet. By fortunate chance, Tanaka of the Embassy together with some generals arrived at the same moment. The soldier had his face soundly slapped a couple of times by the general but I don't suppose he got any more than that. We have heard of no cases of discipline so far. If a soldier is caught by an officer or MP he is very politely told that he shouldn't do that again. In the evening I walked home with Riggs after dinner---a woman of 54 had been raped in his house just before our arrival. It's cruel to leave the women to their fate, but of course it is impossible for us to spend all our time protecting them. Mr. Wu, engineer in the power plant which is located in Hsiakwan, brought us the amazing news that 43 of the 54 employees who had so heroically kept the plant going to the very last day had finally been obliged to seek refuge in the International Export Company, a British factory on the river front, had been taken out and shot on the grounds that the power plant was a government concern---which it was not. Japanese officials have been at my office daily trying to get hold of these very men so they could start the turbines and have electricity.

It was small comfort to be able to tell them that their own military had murdered most of them.

Thursday, December 23. Sone was the one to het manhandled today. At Stanley Smith's house he found an officer and soldier who had just removed the American flag, also the Japanese proclamation, forced the refugees living there out, and said they must use the place as a registration center. He must have had a pretty uncomfortable time of it, for he was finally forced to sign a paper giving them the right to use the place for two weeks. And Sone is not a man to take things lying down. A protest to the Embassy finally got the soldiers out of the place. Seventy were taken from our camp at the Rural leaders Training School and shot. No system---soldiers seize anyone they suspect. Calluses on hands are proof that the man was a soldier, a sure death warrant. Rickshaw coolie, carpenters and other laborers are frequently taken. At noon a man was led to headquarters with us his head burned cinder black, eyes and ears gone, nose partly, a ghastly sight. I took him to the hospital in my car where he died a few hours later. His story was that he was one of a gang of some hundred who had been tied together, then gasoline thrown over them and set fire. He happened to be on the outer edge so got the gas only over his head. Later another similar case was brought to the hospital with more extensive burns. He also died. The first man had no wounds but the second did. Still later I saw a third with similar head and arms burns lying dead on the corner of the road to my house, opposite the Drum Tower. Evidently he had managed to struggle that far before dying. Incredible brutality.

Friday, 24th. Mr. Tang of the U.S. Embassy reports that the Chinese staff and their relatives living in the Embassy, were all robbed last night by an officer and his men; Pixton's office door was bayoneted, three cars stolen from the compound and two more this morning. Later I had the pleasure of telling Tanaka that Menken's car, which I had promised him the use of yesterday, was among those stolen. Registration of Chinese started today. The military say there are still 20,000 soldiers in Zone and that they must get rid of these "monsters". I question if there are a hundred left. Anyway, many more innocent must suffer and all are fearful and nervous. The Chinese Self Governing Committee, formed day before yesterday at the invitation of Tanaka, may be helpful in this; but there are spies already at work. We caught one here. I just saved him from a bad beating, so locked him up in our basement and later turned him over to the Chinese police. What will they do to him? Strangle him, I suppose---but I have told them to be careful. Constant interference from the Japanese today: more of our sanitary squad taken, also the policeman at the University gate, and they are constantly trying to get our trucks. They also sealed up one of our coal depots but Riggs finally managed to talk them out of that.

Christmas Eve. Kroeger, Sperling and Dr. Trimmer in for dinner with us---a good dinner, too, with roast pig and sweet potatoes. Rabe did not dare to leave his house as Japanese soldiers come over his wall many times a day. He always makes them leave by the same way they came instead of by the gate, and when any of them object he thrusts his Nazi armband in their face and points to his Nazi decoration, the highest in the country, and asks them if they know what that means. It always work. He joined us later in the evening and gave each of us a leather bound Siemens diary. We sang Christmas songs with Wilson at the piano.

Christmas Day. A perfect day too, so far as weather is concerned. And conditions also seem slightly better. There were crowds on the streets with quite a number of stalls selling things. But at tiffin time while we were sitting at roast goose, with Miss Vautrin, Miss Bauer, Miss Blanche Wu, and Miss Pearl Bromley Wu as our guests, we had to answer three calls for help and turn soldiers out of Fenn's and the Chinese faculty houses and the sericulture building. That day, too, the American flag was taken from the Rural Leaders Training School. Seven soldiers spent the night and the night before in the Bible Teachers Training School and raped the women, a girl of 12 was raped by three soldiers almost next door to us and another of 13, before we could send relief. There were also more bayonet cases; Wilson reports that of the 240 cases in the hospital, three fourths of them are due to Japanese violence since the occupation. At the University, registration commenced. The people were told that if any ex-soldiers were there and would step out, they would be used in the labor corps and their lives would be spared. About 240 stepped out. They were heard together and taken away. Two or three lived to tell the tale and by feigning death after they were wounded, escaped and came to the hospital. One group had quite a number of cases where men faced the execution squad, escaped with only a wound or two, perhaps lying all day and into the night covered by the corpses of their comrades to escape detection, and then getting to the hospital or to friends. A rash bit of carelessness on the part of the Japs.

December 27th. The third week of Japanese occupation begins and is celebrated with the arrival of a Nisshin Kissen ship from Shanghai. Four representatives of the company called at my office and promised that a regular service will soon be established on the river. A number of ladies are in the party and are taken on a sight-seeing trip of the city. They distribute a few sweets to some children and seem tremendously pleased with themselves, also with Japan's wonderful victory, but of course they hear nothing of the real truth, nor does the rest of the world, I suppose. The soldiers are still completely out of control, and there is no cooperation between the Army and the Embassy. The Army even refuses to recognize the new Self-Governing Committee which was called into being by the Embassy, and its members are deliberately slighted. They are told they are a conquered people and should

expect no favors. Our list of disorders and cruelty keeps mounting and those we never hear of must be many, many times what are reported or observed. A few of today's: A boy of 13 taken by the Japanese nearly two weeks ago, beaten with an iron rod and then bayoneted because he didn't do his work satisfactorily. A car with an officer and two soldiers came to the University last night, raped three women in the premises and took away one with them. The Bible Teachers Training School was entered many times, people were robbed and 20 women were raped. The hospital superintendent was taken by soldiers in spite of Miss Bauer's protests. The burning of the city continues, and today two of the Christian Mission School buildings in the south part of the city were fired, also Kiesling & Baders (German restaurant). But Takatami, chief of the Embassy police, calls now promises protection for all foreign buildings and starts out with Sperling to inspect German properties. Personally I think he is promising far more than he can deliver. What a list of claims Japan will have presented to her and it all seems so utterly useless, for there are hundreds of foreign properties in Nanking and almost all of them have been looted by her soldiers, and the cars that have been stolen. I think I almost forgot to mention that yesterday Smythe and I called at the British Embassy which is in the far north western part of the city, out of the Zone. All the cars, eleven of them, had been taken by the soldiers, also a couple of trucks, but fortunately the servants had fared fairly well. Every block or so, one now sees abandoned cars---stolen cars that have been run to ruin. Ten stripped of their tires and batteries and anything else useful and left where they were, usually overturned.

There was one bright spot today, though, and that was the arrival by the NKK boat, through the Japanese Embassy, of a letter to me from Dr. Fong Foo Sec---the first letter to come to any of us in all these past three or four weeks. He wanted to know if we might not be in need of funds for our relief work and offered to hold some of the money that was coming in response to our appeal through the Rotary International. That's Fong all over. And we'll need additional funds all right---many, many thousands. I have a nightmare every time I think of what we'll soon be needing; where are we going to get it?

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

I went over to our YMCA School today for the first time. It is located not far beyond my residence. Everything had been turned upside down, and many of the instruments of the physics laboratory deliberately smashed. On the athletic field was a dead cow, half eaten by the dogs. The Embassy proclamation had been torn from the gate.

December 29th. Weather better today, fortunately. Registration continues, most inefficiently, and the people are given no information as to where and when to appear. More taken as ex-soldiers. Women and old men come kneeling and crying, begging our help in getting back their husbands and sons. In a few cases we have been successful, but the military resents any interference from us. Word came through from Hsiakwan by a representative of the Chinese Red Cross Society that there are approximately 20,000 refugees along the river front. The supply of rice we let them have before the Japanese arrived is nearly exhausted and there is great suffering. They ask to come into the Safety Zone but we are already too crowded. Anyway, the Japanese wouldn't permit it nor will they permit us to go out there and render help. For the time being they will have to get along as best they can.

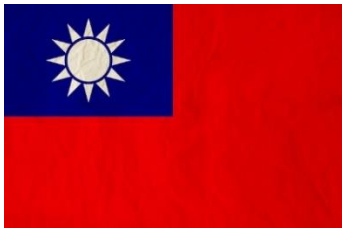
Guards are at last posted at the various foreign embassies. But why wasn't it done two weeks ago? Our homes are still left unprotected; and the few guards posted at some of our camps are sometimes more of a nuisance than a help. They demand fire and food, beds and other things from the people.

December 30th. I called in YMCA servants today, 18 of them, and paid them up to the 15th of next month and told them that they must now try to find other work. It was a hard job. Some of them have been with the Association for many years and are fine, faithful fellows. Wong Ding and I hope it may be possible to start something in a small way in the old school buildings if and when we get order established, but few of our members are left and it will be a difficult matter to build up a new constituency from the material that is now in Nanking. Wong Ding has done a splendid job as assistant housing commissioner, and so has Y. S. Chang, as one of the camp superintendents, while our servants have all been doing their bit in one way or another.

When I called at the Japanese Embassy this afternoon they were busy giving instructions to about 50 Chinese, most of them our camp managers, on how the New Year's was to be celebrated. The five-barred flag [flag of Beiyang Government (1912-1928) of the early China Republic and used by collaborationist Chinese army during Japanese invasion] is to replace the Nationalist flag, and they were told to make a thousand of these and also a thousand Japanese flags for that event. Camps of over a thousand must have 20 representatives present, smaller camps 10. At one o'clock New Year's Day the five-barred flag is to be raised above the Drum Tower, there will be "suitable" speeches and "music" (according to the

program)---and of course moving pictures will be taken of the happy people waving flags, and welcoming the new regime. In the meantime, the burning of the city continues, three cases of girls 12 to 13 years of age being raped or abducted. Sperling has a busy time chasing soldiers out of houses in the immediate vicinity of headquarters. The sericulture building (a part of Nanking University: American property) has a cordon thrown around in while soldiers engage in a man-hunt, etc., etc.

Five-barred Flag



Nationalist Flag

December 31st. A comparatively quiet day. For the first time no cases of violence were reported for the night. The Japanese are busy with their New Year's preparations. Two days of holiday are announced. We dread them, for it means more drunk soldiers. Refugees are advised to stay indoors. Rabe invited our household to his house after dinner and lighted his Christmas tree for us, and each by all 22 of the foreign community in Nanking. He also entertained us with stories of some of his experiences in South Africa. On his walls hang some magnificent trophies of his hunts.

New Year's Eve. Thoughts of home and loved ones come crowding in. What wouldn't I give for a letter from "home". My last from Mrs. Fitch was dated October 28th as she was about to sail from Yokohama; from Marion the same day but written just before she had joined up with Mrs. Fitch on the President Hoover; from Albert and Edith long before that. Kempton of course I had seen on that airplane trip of mine back from Sian the latter part of November, and I suppose he is still in Changsha. Evidently we are going to have to exercise patience a while longer for the Japanese Embassy tells us that it will still be weeks before the postal services are re-established here. They also tell us that it will be a month, at least, before one of us is allowed to leave the city on a visit to Shanghai.

There is perhaps no purpose to be served by going further with this story and telling of acts of horror that have been committed since. It is now the 11th of January, and while conditions are vastly improved there has not been a day that has not had its atrocities, some of them of a most revolting nature. With the arrival of three representatives of the American Embassy on the 6th and of three of both the British and German embassies on the 9th we feel a little more assurance that conditions will still further improve. But only last night I drove

past four new fires that had just been started and saw soldiers within a shop just starting a fifth. There has not been a day since December 19th that fires have not been started by the Japanese soldiers. And Kroeger, who managed to slip out of the East Gate the other day, tells us that all the villages as far as he went, some 20 miles, are burned, and not a living Chinese or farm animal is to be seen.

We are at last in touch with the outside world through the radio and that is a great blessing; for last Sunday I got our house connected up and we now have electricity. Fortunately too for our stock of candles and kerosene was just giving out. At our Committee headquarters we had current a few days earlier. Only the Japanese are suppose to have current electricity, though, so we are not advertising the fact. Then we have seen a couple of issues of a Shanghai Japanese paper and two of the *Tokyo Nichi Nichi*. These tell us that even as early as December 28th the stores were rapidly opening up and business returning to normal, that the Japanese were cooperating with us in feeding the poor refugees, that the city had been cleared of Chinese looters, and that peace and order now reigned. It is typical of the lies Japan has been sending abroad ever since the war started.

I have written this account in no spirit of vindictiveness. War is brutalizing, especially war of conquest, and it would seem to me from my experiences in this, as also in the Shanghai War of 1932, that the Japanese army, with no background of Christian idealism, has today become a brutal, destructive force that not only menaces the East but also may menace the West someday, and that the world should know the truth about what is happening. How this situation should be dealt with I shall leave to abler minds than mine to consider.

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

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

Signed G. A. Fitch

1937 年 -- 南京安全區國際委員會部分委員（由左至右）：
(美)傅師德、(美)米爾士、(德)拉貝、(美)史邁士、(德)斯珀林、(美)費吳生
1937 – Partial members of the International Committee for the Nanking Safety Zone (L-R):
Ernest H. Forster (US), Rev. Wilson Plumer Mills (US), John Heinrich Detlef Rabe (German),
Lewis Strong Casey Smythe (US), Eduard Sperling (German), George Ashmore Fitch (US)

The Literary Truth behind Historical Fact

Nanking Safety Zone takes the documented facts of Fitch's smuggling operation and explores their deeper human meaning. While the novel necessarily fictionalizes certain elements---adding personal relationships and dramatic encounters that enhance narrative flow---it remains faithful to the essential truth: that ordinary people can accomplish extraordinary things when they refuse to look away from evil.

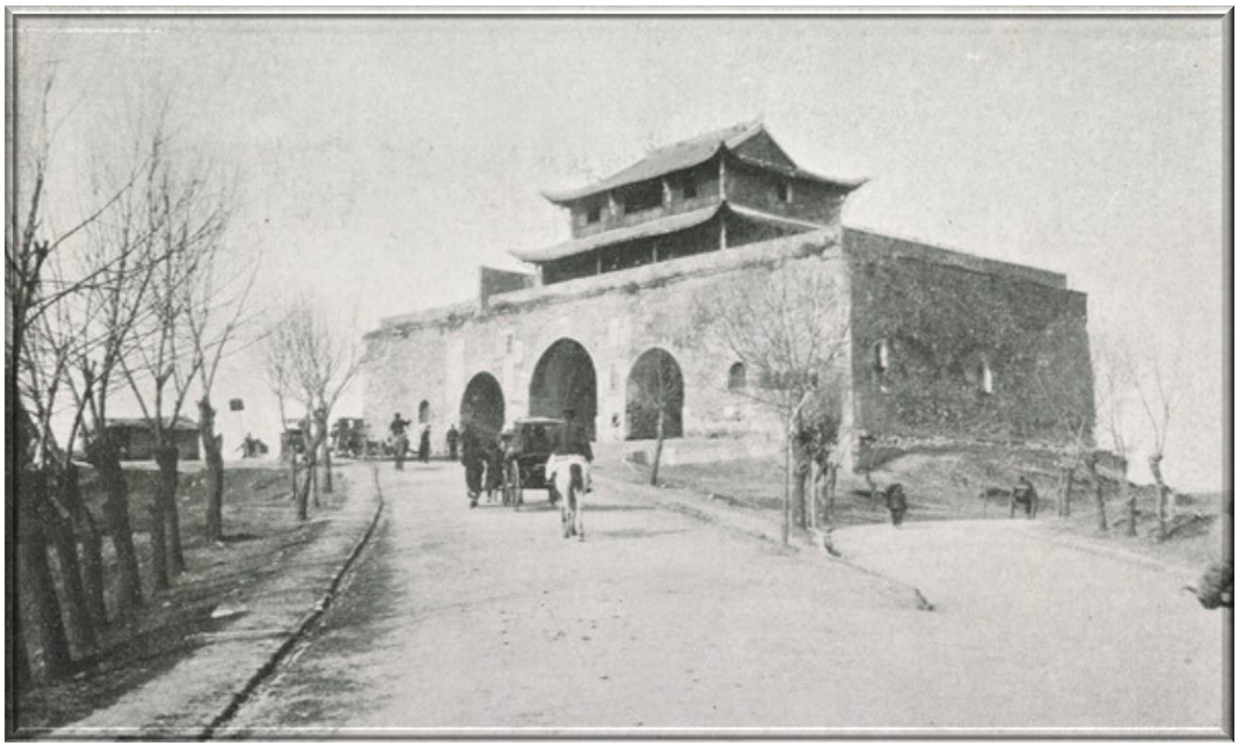
The novel's power lies in showing how Fitch's choice to carry evidence out of Nanking was not just a historical footnote, but a defining moral decision that exemplifies how individuals can serve as bridges between tragedy and justice, between local suffering and international awareness.

Through both historical record and fictional portrayal, George Fitch's dangerous mission reminds us that in every era, the preservation of truth depends on individuals willing to risk everything to ensure that witness is borne, evidence is preserved, and the voices of the dead continue to speak to the living.

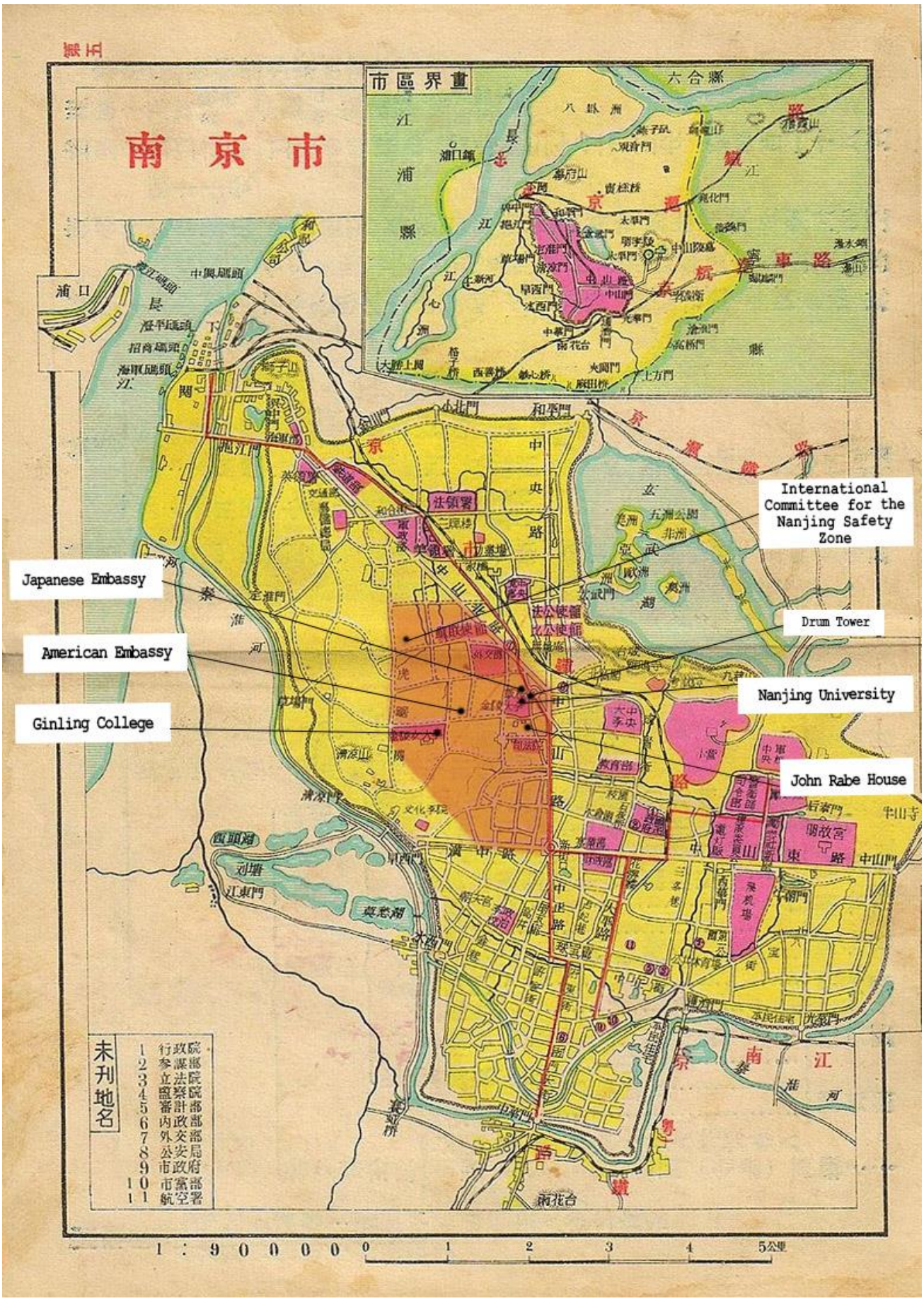
The materials Fitch carried in his coat lining weighed perhaps ten pounds. Their impact on history---and their representation in literature---proves immeasurable, continuing to teach new generations about the cost and necessity of bearing witness to truth.

魏特琳（中）和南京金陵女子大學的教職人員。

Minnie Vautrin (center) and members of the faculty of Ginling Girl's College in Nanking.



Nanking Drum Tower　　南京鼓樓


南京市
市區界畫
International Committee for the Nanjing Safety Zone
Japanese Embassy
Drum Tower
American Embassy
Nanjing University
Ginling College
John Rabe House
未刊地名
1 行政院
2 參謀部
3 立法院
4 監察院
5 審計部
6 內政部
7 外交部
8 公安局
9 市政府
10 市黨部
11 航空署
1 : 900000
0 1 2 3 4 5公里

百人斬り"超記錄"

向井106—105野田 兩少尉さらに延長戰

紫金山麓にて十二日淺海、鈴木兩特派員發

〔記事入りまで〕"百人斬り競爭"はいよ〳〵紫金山麓の野田毅、向井敏明少尉は十日の紫金山攻略戰のどさくさに百六對百五といふレコードを作つて十日正午兩少尉はさすがに刃こぼれした日本刀を片手に對面した

野田「おいおれは百五だ」向井「おれは百六だ！」……〔記事〕「ちやドロンゲーム」の眞相を聞いてみると十一日からいよ〳〵百五十人斬りはじまつた、十一日午前中山麓を眺めてゐたのは彼ら、彼の闘志が爆発するとともに刀を振り出しには彼もあまり出されて群衆の中を「えいよ〳〵」と刀をかついで彼立ちになつてゐたが一つもあたらやさこれもこの孫六のおかげに飛來する敵彈の中で百六の生命を保つた孫六を記者に示した

"百人斬り競爭"の兩將校

(左)野田毅少尉 (右)向井敏明少尉

紫金山麓にて佐藤本社特派員撮影

百人斬比賽(百人斬り競争)是指由 1937 年 11 月底至 12 月 10 日，日本軍國主義媒體報導兩名日本軍官的作戰表現所衍生的案件。當時在日軍從上海進攻南京直至南京大屠殺前夕途中，向井敏明少尉和野田毅少尉，約定以武士刀先砍殺 100 個中國戰俘（已投降）與中國百姓頭顱為樂的競賽。根據該報導聲稱，野田毅砍殺了 105 人頭顱，向井敏明砍殺了 106 人頭顱。又因不確定是誰先達到砍殺 100 頭顱之數，決定這次比賽不分勝負，重新比賽誰砍殺滿 150 名中國戰俘與中國百姓。其他類似的百人斬事件，還有日軍第 6 師團上尉田中軍吉的一人宣稱砍殺 300 頭顱事件。1945 年日本投降後，參加東京遠東國際軍事法庭對日戰犯審判的中國代表高文彬，在已被盟軍封存的日軍檔案中，無意間發現了一篇《東京日日新聞》這個報導（見上圖），於是立即通知中國南京。兩名日本軍官在 1947 年（昭和 22 年）9 月 2 日，被盟軍最高司令官總司令部逮捕。後被引渡回中華民國，二人經南京軍事法庭判處死刑。罪名則為參與南京大屠殺、違反海牙陸戰規則及戰時俘虜待遇公約，構成戰爭罪及違反人道罪。並於 1948 年 1 月 28 日，在中華民國南京中華門外雨花台刑場伏法。

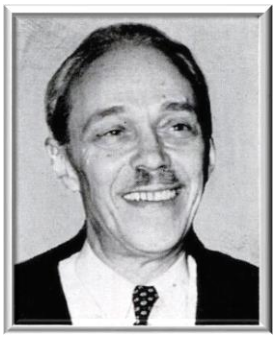
The Hundred Men Killing Contest (百人斬り競争) was a newspaper account of a contest between Toshiaki Mukai (3 June 1912 – 28 January 1948) and Tsuyoshi Noda (1912 – 28 January 1948), two Japanese Army officers serving during the Japanese invasion of China, over who could kill 100 people the fastest while using a sword. After the war, a written record of the contest found its way into the documents of the International Military Tribunal for the Far East. In 1947, the two soldiers were arrested by the U.S. Army and detained at Sugamo Prison. They were then extradited to China and tried by the Nanking War Crimes Tribunal. On trial with the two men was Gunkichi Tanaka, a Japanese Army captain who personally killed over 300 Chinese POWs and civilians with his sword during the massacre. All three men were found guilty of atrocities committed during the Battle of Nanking and the subsequent massacre, and sentenced to death. On 28 January 1948, the three were executed by shooting at a selected spot in the mountains of the Yuhuatai District, Nanking, China.

南京大屠殺簡要說明

南京大屠殺（1937 年 12 月至 1938 年 1 月），在第二次世界大戰之前的中日戰爭期間，日本帝國軍國主義於 1937 年 12 月 13 日佔領中國首都南京後，對中國公民和投降士兵進行大規模屠殺和蹂躪。關於這場大屠殺中遇難的中國人民的人數，一直存在很大爭議，大多數估計在 10 萬到 30 萬以上之間。

攻克這座城市的日本華中方面軍司令松井石根，下令摧毀南京－1928 年至 1937 年間，南京一直是中華民國的首都。在接下來的幾周裡，日本士兵執行松井的命令，進行了多次大規模處決和數以萬計的強姦。軍隊搶劫並燒毀了周圍的城鎮和城市，摧毀了三分之一以上的建築物。1940 年，日本帝國將南京定為以汪精衛為首的中國傀儡政府的首都。1945 年日本帝國戰敗並無條件投降，第二次世界大戰結束後不久，松井石根和親自參與謀殺和強姦行為的中將谷久夫，被遠東國際軍事法庭判定犯有戰爭罪，並被處決。

扶輪社員費吳生見證南京大屠殺 1937-38



1937 年 12 月，中華民國首都南京淪陷之際，一些外籍人士親眼目睹了日本侵略者大屠殺平民的罪行，費吳生就是其中一位。

費吳生(George Ashmore Fitch)（1883-1979)是美國人，1883 年 1 月 23 日生於大清國江蘇省吳縣。為了紀念自己的出生地，他用「費吳生」為自己的中國姓名。他的父親費啟鴻(Rev. George Field Fitch)先是在巴達維亞(Batavia)任基督教牧師，1870 年 11 月 5 日，攜妻子乘船來到大清國上海，參加了美國長老會(Presbyterian Church in the United States of America)的傳道工作，生了二男三女。費吳生是次男，排行第四，他和妹妹愛麗絲都生於吳縣(蘇州)。

1891 年 6 月，費吳生回到美國，那時他才 8 歲。第二年夏天費啟鴻全家又回到上海，由於那時上海沒有美國學校，子女的教育一概由費啟鴻夫人負責。1900 年北方義和團運動風起雲湧，年輕的費吳生回到美國讀書，入伍斯特學院（College of Wooster），主修物理。在大四這一年，他向長老會申請來華工作，獲得了批准，但被派往山東煙臺。他因為父母都在上海，故未應聘。可巧，那時上海國際基督教青年會(Young Men's Christian Association)需要職員，他就加入了基督教青年會工作的行列。

1911 年辛亥革命後，1912 年 1 月 1 日中華民國成立。費吳生於 1920 年加入上海扶輪社(Shanghai Rotary Club)，並於 1930-1931 年度擔任該社社長。

1937 年 7 月 7 日，日本帝國對中國發動全面侵略。是年秋天，費吳生到中國各地視察基督教青年會的工作。11 月中旬到達南京，看到情勢已經大變。從上海潰退下來的中國軍隊到了南京，市內一片混亂。國民政府忙著西遷，居民以及外國僑民也紛紛在逃難。11 月 15 日左右，金陵大學董事會董事長杭立武鑒於情勢危急，邀請了一批富有正義感的外籍知名人士，參照上海難民區的先例，決定成立一個國際救濟機構---「南京安全區國際委員會」，以保護未撤離的居民。17 日，金陵女子文理學院美籍教師魏特琳（Minnie Vautrin）、長老會米爾士牧師（Rev. Wilson Plumer Mills）、金陵大學美籍教師裴志（Miner Searle Bates）、史邁士（Lewis Strong Casey Smythe）分別與美國大使館官員派克聯繫，建議在南京設立一個安全區。並公推德國商人拉貝(John Heinrich Detlef Rabe)為委員會主席，杭立武及費吳生為安全區主任和副主任。設立「南京安全區國際委員會 」 一事，由法國神父饒家駒（Father Robert Jacquinot de Besange）在上海徵得日本帝國同意。

國際委員會劃定的南京安全區，以美國駐華大使館所在地和金陵大學、金陵女子文理學院、金陵神學院、金陵中學、鼓樓醫院等教會機構為中心，占地約 3.86 平方公里，四面以馬路為界：東面以中山路為界，從新街口至山西路交叉路口；北面從山西路交叉路口向西劃線至西康路；西面從上面提到的北界線向南至漢口路中段（呈拱形）再往東南劃直線，直至上海路與漢中路交叉路口（圖見第 23 頁橘色部分）。界內分設交通部大廈、華僑招待所、金陵女子文理學院、最高法院、金陵大學等 25 處難民收容所。

中國政府承認安全區，承諾實現安全區的非軍事化，並且提供給國際委員會現金、糧食和警察。日本方面拒絕承認安全區，但是表示只要安全區內沒有中國軍隊駐紮，日軍不會攻擊安全區。

於是，費吳生協助杭立武開始緊張的應變準備工作。首先，他通過日本大使館通知日軍不要向安全區開炮，以確保安全區的中立。市長馬超俊撤離前，將市政府所有的一切物資以及 450 名員警，全部移交安全區；安全區辦公室設在外交部長張群的私宅。

12 月 10 日起，難民紛紛進入安全區。但城外日軍不信守承諾，不斷向市內開炮。連安全區也不能倖免，有 40 多人被炸死。

12 月 12 日，日軍炮火更加猛烈，市內火光沖天，居民死傷無數，死屍堆積如山。

日軍終於進城了，開始了恐怖大屠殺。費吳生陪同拉貝來到安全區最南面的漢中路上，請求保護安全區內難民的安全。「知道了！」一個日本軍官陰沉著臉回答。可是，兩人返回途中，便看到日軍將驚慌奔逃的 20 多名難民擊斃。接著，野蠻的日軍當天又闖進安全區，強行抓走大批已解除武裝的中國士兵，將他們槍殺。費吳生將這一切，都記在自己的日記裡。

12 月 14 日，大批日軍進入南京，燒、殺、淫、掠，無所不作。又先後 4 次闖入安全區，搶走護士們的手錶和鋼筆，偷走汽車；還派日機炸沉了來南京接應撤離美國僑民的巴納號軍艦。

12 月 15 日，費吳生抽空回家看看。雖然他的家門外面貼有美日雙方的佈告，不准任何人闖入，但還是被日軍砸開大門，屋內一片狼藉。費吳生匆匆趕回安全區辦公。當日下午，日本海軍一個軍官來見費吳生，對炸沉巴納號美艦表示「歉意」 ；並說如有美僑願往上海，或有電報要發，日艦可以效勞。費吳生告訴他，除了少數新聞記者外，其餘美僑都願留在南京，保護中國難民。後來，費吳生想去下關看看，車在途中被阻。一個日本少校說，任何人都不能北去，因為那兒正在搜捕中國士兵。在三牌樓軍政部旁，費吳生看到幾百名被解除武裝的中國士

兵和老百姓正被屠殺。上前阻止，卻遭到日軍毆打。他終於繞道去了下關，只見沿途屍體山積，慘不忍睹。晚上，安全區委員會開會時，忽然大批日軍又闖入安全區，強行抓走 1,300 多名難民。費吳生和委員們上前阻止，同樣無效。費吳生想到以前曾答應進入安全區的人，可以獲得保護；現在卻愛莫能助，深覺愧對死者。他萬萬沒想到日軍會如此殘暴，簡直毫無人性。

安全區的汽車，大部分被日軍偷走了。到了 12 月 16 日，對外交通大受影響。由於安全區難民人數劇增，每天必須有糧食和燃料來維持他們的伙食，沒有汽車就無法運送。而且，這天安全區又有 100 多名婦女被日軍掠走；最高法院和法學院的難民全部被日軍強行抓走；其中 50 名員警也在內，安全委員雷格抗議時遭到日軍毆打。

12 月 17 日, 日軍繼續燒殺淫掠。婦女被強暴的不計其數，如有抗拒即被刺殺，醫療所擠滿了傷患。晚飯後，費吳生到醫療所巡視，在入門處被日軍阻攔。全身被搜，連汽車鑰匙也被搶走。費吳生不斷抗議，折騰了一個多小時，才恢復自由。

日軍姦殺婦女的暴行愈來愈多。12 月 18 日下午，突然有 500 餘名驚慌失措的婦女奔來安全區。因無法容納，只好在露天過夜。南京城內到處是大火，連外僑住宅也被洗劫一空。街上到處都是死屍，紅十字會的人想埋葬他們，但佩戴紅十字會會徽的工作人員也被捕殺。次日，費吳生去日本大使館出示日軍暴行的確實資料，並提出強烈的抗議。使館代表雖假惺惺的表示，一定要使情況改善，但暴行仍然有增無減。這天上午，費吳生與安全委員會幹事裴志、秘書史邁士在金陵中學看見 4 名日軍追逐一名跑過來求救的婦女。費吳生把她推進汽車後，便和裴志、史邁士鑽進車裡。連忙關上車門，向校門外開去。剛出校門，一名騎馬的日本軍官攔住汽車。雙方僵持片刻，他終於對汽車前插著的星條旗和紅十字旗有所顧忌，最後悻悻離去。費吳生根據該女子的意願，把她送到鼓樓醫院去幫助救護傷患。當 3 人駕車來到金陵大學職員住宅時，又見 4 名日軍正在底樓光天化日下強姦婦女。費吳生等 3 人衝上去，救下了那位被凌辱的婦女後，又將宿舍底樓所有的婦孺全部送往金陵大學本部的收容所裡。

20 日下午，費吳生乘車經過往日最繁華的太平路，看到一隊隊日軍在縱火焚燒被劫掠後的商店。許多商店烈焰沖天，基督教青年會也未能倖免。晚上，費吳生在窗口遙望，有 14 處大火，慘不忍睹。由於情勢緊張，他擬了一封電報，請求美國駐上海總領事派人來南京協助。這封托日本大使館代發的電報，並無回訊。

21 日下午，安全委員會 14 位代表去日本大使館，向使館參事田中面交 24 位外國人簽名的信，抗議日軍屠城罪行。狡猾的田中承諾轉告軍方，但能否有效，只有天知道了。

22 日一早，費吳生就聽到附近又響起屠殺難民的槍聲。在附近的一個池塘裡，他看到至少有 60 多具平民屍體。醉酒的日軍，到處滋事。有兩個日軍在一民宅試圖強暴一個中國婦女，被費吳生等發現，日軍越過鐵絲網逃去。下關電力公司吳工程師告訴費吳生，該公司的 54 名員工，有 43 名被殺，現在已無法供電了。

到了 12 月 27 日，日軍為慶祝佔據南京兩星期，加倍地瘋狂殺戮。婦女兒童，無一倖免。大火仍在各處燃燒，基督教青年會學校也難逃厄運。

28 日這一天，天氣特別寒冷，又下雨雪。住在帳篷裡的難民，因漏雨更加痛苦。費吳生冒雨到各區察看，見擁擠髒亂情況，吩咐義務管理人員務必竭力維持秩序；飲食上也應力求清潔衛生，以防疾病蔓延。然而，他又擔心難民的口糧成問題，何時他們才能回家(其實家已被燒毀)？什麼時候南京的秩序才能恢復？……想到這些，心情更加無限悲痛和沉重。

29 日一早, 中國紅十字會來人向安全區求援。有 20 萬難民在下關江邊，無衣無食，情況悲慘，要求安全區准他們入住。費吳生因安全區早已擁擠不堪，實在無法容納；同時日軍也不會答應他們進城，只能愛莫能助。

新年過後，傀儡維持會成立，情況稍稍有改善。費吳生等一班救援人士因日夜操勞，也已心力交瘁。國際委員會及國際紅十字會南京委員會的成員，冒著生命危險，在日軍對南京城長達數週的屠殺中，保護了數十萬中國難民的生命。1938 年 1 月底，日軍強迫安全區內難民還家，並聲稱已經恢復了南京城的秩序，但實際上殺戮依然在繼續。2 月 18 日，南京安全區國際委員會被迫改稱「南京國際救濟委員會」，國際委員會及難民區不復存在，最後一批難民營被迫於 1938 年 5 月關閉。

由於費吳生等一批外籍人士的幫助，使得南京 25 萬難民逃脫了日軍的屠殺。尤其值得稱道的是，1938 年 1 月 23 日，費吳生和其他 13 名美國人被允許乘坐日本軍用列車離開南京前往上海。費吳生利用縫製在駱駝毛大衣的襯裡，成功偷運了僅有的八卷 16 毫米膠卷，電影膠卷是由美國籍馬驥牧師(Revd. John Gillespie Magee)秘密拍攝。南京大屠殺期間，他擔任國際安全區總稽查。目睹日軍暴行，馬驥牧師感到一種「無法用語言描述的痛苦」。他拿起了以前用於拍攝福音傳播的貝爾牌 16 毫米家用攝像機，在金陵大學鼓樓醫院一帶拍攝紀錄片。當時日軍對外籍人士行動嚴格控制，攝影絕對禁止。馬驥牧師在影片的引言中寫道：「必須小心謹慎地行動，攝影時千萬不可讓日本人看見。」

這份長達 400 英尺、分為 8 卷的膠片，放映時間達 105 分鐘，是有關南京大屠殺的唯一影像文獻資料。費吳生和正在上海的英國《曼徹斯特衛報》記者田伯烈，對影片進行了剪輯，並給影片的各部分加了英文標題。然後送交上海柯達公司(Kodak)製作了 4 份拷貝帶到英、德、美國。費吳生帶到美國各地放映，使日軍的滔天罪行大白天下。同時他又撰文在暢銷全球的《讀者文摘》上刊載，讓全世界都清楚日本軍國主義的暴行。

費吳生的日記從 1937 年 12 月 10 日寫到 1938 年 1 月，記錄了大屠殺前後南京的變化情況及慘狀。在費吳生的心中，南京是一個「我們引爲驕傲的美麗城市，依然有着法律與秩序」。而在日軍進入南京以後，南京「則是一座廢棄的、充滿仇殺、洗劫而大部分被焚毀的城市」。

在日軍進入南京城以前，費吳生和安全區的工作人員，都在爲了安全區的建設做着積極的籌備。費吳生 12 月 1 日的日記，記載了他們在日軍進城前的想法：「我們沒有感覺到有嚴重的危險，以爲日軍似乎想讓難民區避免空襲和炮彈。而且和日軍自侵犯以來造成的地獄相比，南京是一座秩序和安全的天堂。」可是，他們絕沒有想到幾天後的南京，會變成一座充滿殺戮和恐懼的人間地獄。

這些無可否認的日本戰爭罪行證據，後來在 1946 年遠東國際軍事法庭上公開。費吳生又出席了在東京的國際軍事法庭對日本戰犯的審判，並為檢察組證人之一。

1980 年，費吳生以 95 歲高齡在美國辭世。在血和火的南京大屠殺中，他和一批可敬的外籍人士對中國人民伸出了援手，使我們永遠感謝恩典，不能忘懷。

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