

Newsman's Diary Describes Horrors of War in Nanking

(C. Yates McDaniel, Chinese-speaking Associated Press correspondent, was within Nanking during the Japanese army's siege and capture of the capital of China. Here is his diary of those dangerous, uncertain days.)

By C. YATES M'DANIEL

SHANGHAI, Friday, Dec. 17.—Diary of a war correspondent in Nanking.

December 5—Conflicting reports started me on a motor expedition east of the city to find the war. I found it, all right, when my car was brought up by an explosion of a shell 200 yards ahead. I discovered I had driven through Japanese lines twenty-eight miles from Nanking.

December 6—Declined Captain Hughes' invitation to shelter aboard the gunboat Panay.

December 7—Drove through flaming villages fifteen miles out, fires set by retreating Chinese. Forced behind a farm house when a Japanese plane dived. Passed through Tangshan Hot Springs and suddenly discovered I was in no man's land with shells from both sides whining over me. Backed the car quick, was 300 yards from a Japanese battery.

December 9—Found southeastern gates barricaded, Chinese vigorously firing on Japanese half-mile outside. Japanese planes bombed houses two blocks away. Started forward, with a Chinese detachment, when Japanese planes appeared. I ducked into a dugout. Sticking out my head, saw a score of dead or writhing soldiers. I left.

December 10—Ten Chinese batteries near American embassy barked all day. Near the south gate when bombs hit, killing forty soldiers. Forced to leave when Japanese got range and showered area with shrapnel. Last gate shut today, cutting off escape from doomed city.

December 12—Nanking without water, heat, lights. Bombardment this afternoon terrific, even Purple Mountain's 1,400-foot heights sprayed by shrapnel. This evening car engulfed by crazed mob of retreating Chinese; pushed many off running board. Forced duck inside when bullets whistled all around. Saw Ministry of Communications explode and burn.

December 13—Near north wall, suddenly saw Japanese climbing through breach. Emerged from car with hands up as Japanese soldier ran through breached gate, walked through streets filled with dead Chinese. Some Japanese's sense of

humor—decapitated head balanced on a barricade with a biscuit in the mouth, another with a long Chinese pipe.

Helped foreigners disarm Chinese troops, wandering around filling car with machine guns, grenades, pistols and rifles. Urged soldiers shed uniforms and enter safety zone to save them from being executed.

December 14—Watched Japanese throughout city looting. Saw one Japanese soldier who had collected \$3,000 after demanding civilians in safety zone give up at bayonet point. Reached north gate through streets littered with dead humans and horses. Saw first Japanese car enter gate, skidding over smashed bodies. Finally reached waterfront, boarded Japanese destroyer; told Panay had been sunk.

December 15—Chinese thankfulness siege over became despairing disillusionment. Went with embassy servant to look for her mother. Found her body in ditch. Embassy office boy's brother also found dead. This afternoon saw some of the soldiers I helped disarm dragged from houses, shot and kicked into ditches. Tonight saw group of 500 civilian disarmed soldiers, hands tied, marched from safety zone by Japanese carrying Chinese "big swords." None returns. Many Chinese seized, led away despite Japanese flags placed in houses and huts.

Japanese soldiers attempted to enter American embassy, where I was living, but when I refused entry they withdrew. The embassy Chinese staff was marooned without water and fearful to step outside, so spent an hour filling buckets from the street well and bringing into the embassy.

December 16—Before departing for Shanghai, Japanese consul brought "no entry" notices, which posted on embassy property. En route to the river, saw many more bodies in the street. Passed a long line of Chinese, hands tied. One broke away, ran and dropped on his knees in front of me, beseeching me to save him from death. I could do nothing. My last remembrance of Nanking: Dead Chinese, dead Chinese, dead Chinese.

December 17—Arrived in Shanghai on the Japanese destroyer Tsuga.