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Report by
Dr. Stephen Chang on PUMC

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Dr. Claude E. Forkner
Director of the China Medical Board
Chungking, China

Dear Dr. Forkner:

I heroby present for your approval and information an account of the closure of the PUMC. I am afraid I cannot call this an official scientific report as the thing happened one and a half years ago and the whole affair was a nightmare anyway. I hope, however, that from this semi-official narrative you will get some idea of how the school and hospital were closed by the Japanese.

December 8th, 1941 was only the culminating point of what we had had to put up with more and more in the preceding months. For months we had had trouble with the local police and the hospital employees. As I was the proctor of the men's dormitory and unofficially the assistant recorder I had many an occasion to visit the local and special and Japanese police to report to them on the various activities in the school. I had also to report on the activities of those American Chinese citizens who were residing in the dormitory, whether they had been doing any espionage work or not and I had to swear that in case I was not telling the truth I would bear all the consequences. We also had to close the dormitory gate at 10 p.m. because the Japanese soldiers often mistook our many lighted windows for a red-light district. A few of our students were man-handled when they came back from the library at night. Every morning the head-boy had to report to me if any beds had not been slept in. Any students sleeping the night out had to inform me before-hand. We had to be sure that we did not lose anybody. This may seem melodramatic but I assure you we had to do so. One morning the head-boy reported to me that one of the students did not come back the night before. We immediately started to work on all his relatives and friends and found he had really disappeared. After 4 days of enquiry at all the police stations and the Japanese Gendarmery we finally located him in the latter where he had been put through the third degree and suffered much ill-treatment. He was taken from the steps of the YMCA where he always had a cup of coffee every night. They were sure he went there regularly to report. Finally we got him out and he had to be deloused before he could be admitted to the dormitory again. There were even times when I had to take the presidents of the different classes to go down to the special police to report on the activities of each class. The servant class became a great trouble. They were backed by the Jap-controlled police. Take for instance the case of Miss Hirst, our chief of the housekeeping service. She caught one servant smoking during office hours and fired him on the spot. The man turned around and slapped her in the face breaking her glasses and of course the hospital called the police and the man was taken to the headquarters. Then Miss Hirst was summoned and instead of doing anything to the servant Miss Hirst was

fined \$300 for being impolite to the servant. Then again one employee in the dietary department was discharged because of chronic dysentery. The whole employment of the department had a sit-down strike and there was no food for the patients or anybody. Mr. Bowen went downstairs to see them and he was beaten up. We could call the police because we knew we were in the right but we knew it was no use. So in order to keep the hospital going there had to be a compromise. Such things never happened before in the annals of the PUMC. Just these few instances to show what we had been going through even before the fateful day of December 8th, 1941.

The week preceding that fateful day was our winter recess. On Sunday, December 7th all the students came back and there was a grand gramophone concert in the dormitory that night. The last item played was Tschaikowsky's 6th symphony, Symphony Pathétique. The announcer told the audience that Tschaikowsky meant it to be his funeral march. Little did we know that it was also our funeral march. Next morning at 8 a.m. I listened in to the Shanghai radio station and here are the words that came through: - "Ladies and Gentlemen, I have only one announcement to make. Japan has declared war on Great Britain and America. All Americans and British are requested to stay home and keep tuned in for further news and instructions. This is probably my last announcement." It was. As soon as I got this news I called up the hospital information desk and was informed that Japanese soldiers were at that very moment entering the gates and encircling the whole hospital. Dr. Loucks who lived in the South Compound just opposite my quarters called up the Yin compound and Mr. Bowen answered the phone himself and said that at that very moment Japs were walking towards him to arrest him. There was therefore no time to lose. I pulled the dormitory fire-alarm and got everybody into the dining room and announced to them the tragic news. I told them it was lucky that officially that was the first day of school after the winter recess and so all students who had homes or homes to go to in the city ought to move away immediately and those who had no homes to go to to move all their earthly belongings away. Those who wanted to stick around me were welcome but they were equally welcome to beat it. Within half an hour the whole Wenham Hall was empty. I knew I was in for it for I had been marked for some time as the running-dog for the foreigners in PUMC. But I am glad I stuck it out. The next thing I did was to move all the "Life" and "Look" and "Reader's Digest" and other magazines and a lot of British propaganda stuff given us by the British Embassy down to the basement where we had the central heating system. At 9 a.m. the Japs came. They were a nasty lot indeed. First they asked for me and just stared at me for a long time trying to decide no doubt what to do with me. Finally they decided to leave me there. Then I took them round to inspect the dormitory. Told them that many students had not come back from the winter recess. They took all the keys away and told me that if anybody took anything from the dormitory I would be shot for it. Of course that was easy to promise as there was nothing left to be taken from Wenham Hall. They then left first 2 and then finally one sentry at the gate. A cordon of Chinese police surrounded us. We had to feed them too, and no food or coal came over from the hospital that day and many days to come. We kept up the heating by burning all the "enemy propaganda material". Food we had to buy ourselves. We had enough rice stored in the dormitory and so all we needed was meat and vegetables. I paid for that for several days afterwards. Meanwhile Dr. Houghton and Mr. Bowen were taken to Lockhart Hall where the Japs had installed their general headquarters for the Gendarmerie. Dr. Anderson

who was living with Dr. Houghton offered to go with them but the Japs did not want him. They also took Dr. Snapper from his home. I don't know what reason they gave to Dr. Snapper himself but there were various reasons given. The best reason I got from one of the Japanese officers in charge of the PUMC. He said that in Japan the departmental head of Medicine is also automatically the dean of the medical school and so they mistook Dr. Snapper for somebody important. That they did not release him when they found out they were wrong was typical of the Japanese; they did not want to lose face and admit that they had made a mistake. Dr. Loucks hurriedly packed a suitcase with his warm underwear inside and waited for the Japs to arrest him. But although they visited the South Compound after they visited me and although they went through the Loucks' house they did not take him away. Every foreigner was told to make a very detailed inventory of his or her belongings. I was told to hand in a very detailed inventory of Wenham Hall within 4 hours and to mark down the cost of each item. I almost passed out under that assignment. Told them there was a complete inventory in the hospital and they said that the hospital was under the army and the compounds were under the Gendarmerie. When it came to price the power house in Wenham Hall and the Central Heating system I completely broke down and asked them to price them themselves. They could not either and had a good laugh. Then I was told to be in charge for the Japanese Government of the enemy property now under my charge. If anything got broken or stolen or destroyed I would have to pay according to my own estimates. I had priced each article as high as I could in the hope that when the war was over they would have to pay accordingly. Little did I know that it was I who had to pay for any damages according to those estimates. The joke was really on me. As soon as I got rid of the soldiers in the morning I immediately called the girls' dormitory which was in the North Compound. Families like I. C. Yuan had all run away leaving those poor girls to take care of themselves. I was mad. I sent our matron over to keep them company. Practically everybody ran away from the North Compound and practically nobody did so from the South Compound. One assistant professor in his haste to beat it forgot to take away his baby sleeping upstairs. And when he came back for it the Japs would not let him enter the compound. He got the baby finally. This is just to show how some selfish people did get panicky that day. That afternoon I was taken to the headquarters at Lockhart Hall and believe it or not that room must have been somewhere around 110 degrees F. although it was cold winter outside. The Japs must have been having their first experience of our wonderful heating system and were over-enjoying themselves. I had to sign paper after paper promising to act for the Japs to guard the property from sabotage. That same afternoon I had to go down to the special police to promise that I would spy on the American Chinese citizens and one German Jew then living with us. Luckily these were only formalities. The Japs were imitating the Germans but they could not copy their thoroughness. Then it began to snow and thus the first day of nightmare came to a close but none of us went to sleep because we had a radio secretly hooked up in the attic during the day and that night everybody sat up for news. Everytime the sentry went upstairs we closed the radio, words being sent up to us in the attic by relay system. Every bedroom had to be left open so that the soldiers could inspect at any moment. One sentry followed the German Jew even to the toilet and when the man was taking a bath the sentry stood right beside the tub until he finished. We had to feed these sentries and they must have whiskey and beer and a lot of peanuts to go with the drinks. If we wanted to smuggle

anything in or out all we had to do was to give them an unusually liberal dose and they would dose off into oblivion.

As I mentioned in the beginning the soldiers got into the hospital at 8 a.m. that morning. They took over the superintendent's office. They stationed guards in every ward. Every corner was a sentry. Just imagine how many soldiers they needed to guard the whole place. It was fun from the first to see the soldiers completely lost in the maze of the place. Most of them just roamed about trying to find out where they were. They arrested the paymaster from his house and took him to the hospital to open all the vaults and safes. They took away all the ready cash and all the valuables belonging to individuals of the college. There were even hunting guns and pistols. I think it was a very profitable haul for them that morning. Then the paymaster was taken to the headquarters. He was kept there for a long time. How he finally got out and what he went through he would not tell anybody. They also arrested the manager of the Chungfu bank which had offices in the PUMC to facilitate business transactions with the PUMC. When the manager came out after a few days he also would not tell what he went through. They were forbidden to say anything. After the soldiers took over the hospital they closed all the gates except the West Gate which the Japs used themselves and the North Gate, the hospital service entrance, through which everybody else must pass in and out subject to the most thorough inspections. One had to take off the hat and bow and then present the hospital identification card without which no passage was allowed. Failing these preliminaries always earned a box on the ear for the offender. The nurses had the hardest time. How the soldiers gloated over the examinations. One girl was wearing a pad and the sentry insisted on taking that out. The girl screamed and brought an officer to the scene. He slapped the sentry and I heard the fellow was severely punished and after that the inspections of the nurses never became so bad, but often bad enough. On the first day very few people went in or out of the hospital. Of course no patients were allowed in or out. The first district of the city in which PUMC was situated reported an increase of death due to disease of over 1,000 for the month of December 1941 as compared to the previous year, and they attributed the increase to the loss of the PUMC. When things began to clarify a little in the minds of the Japanese they decided to hand over the hospital to the Zusuki unit (one of 2 army medical units in Peking) and the college and the library to the unit then in charge of the making of sera, etc., out at the Temple of Heaven. A certain Lieutenant Dr. Mashuhashi was of the latter unit. He had been in Peking since the China War and he knew Dr. Frazier because he used the library a lot and Dr. Frazier was the Chairman of the Library Committee. He also attended all Mrs. Bowen's concerts. He was in fact a conscript from the Tokyo Medical School. He was altogether a very decent chap. That December 8th morning he came to the library as usual before 8 a.m. and while he was reading in the Journal Room he heard the commotion outside and went out and saw the soldiers and so asked what it was all about. He was told that his country had declared war on America and Great Britain. He went back to the library believing that he would never see that library again. So he took his favorite books and took them home. When he got home he received a phone call from Headquarters telling him he had been appointed to take charge of the PUMC and the library specially. He thought it was a good joke on himself. There he was having stolen books from the library his Emperor had entrusted to him. He rushed back

and in his shame decided to get every book that had been loaned out back by hook or crook. He dug into the business right away. Some time during the first day a wheelbarrow came to Wenham Hall to collect all the library books the students had borrowed. When finally all the books were checked up the whole library had only lost 7 books. Many books which had been lost for some time also came back. I must say the loss of only 7 books was a really wonderful record. Some time in the first day the soldiers went through the offices of the Director and Controller and Recorder. Not gifted with the knowledge of the English language they left in disgust but I was told by Mashuhashi they left with all the cigarettes Dr. Houghton kept for his guests. That they did not force open his safe in the office was also a lucky carelessness for there were many personal documents there which Mary Ferguson finally rescued as soon as she was allowed to enter the office. The first thing they took from the hospital was our microphotographing machinery and all the new equipment of the dental department. They also stole the Radium but I was told that a few days later it came back, the officer who stole it was court-martialed. They did not take anything of value after that as they decided undoubtedly that there was no use to take away anything since everything belonged to them anyway. I think Dr. S. T. Wang came back to duty the very first day. He was magnificent to the very end. The superintendency was given to Dr. Yokomini who was only 28 years old and a lieutenant in the army. The superintendent's office was crowded with all sorts of officers and special telephone lines were hooked up connecting with the headquarters making the place look sinister and foreboding. Words immediately came out that the Japs had no intention of closing the PUMC but would let the Chinese go on with it if it could be self-supporting. That seemed like a ray of hope in those dark days. On the second or third day all hospital staff were allowed to carry on their work. Even Mary Ferguson and Harold Loucks were allowed to go in and out. It was wonderful to the surgical staff to see Harold Loucks again in their midst. Mary went back to her office and she immediately went to work on the official papers that should not fall into enemy hands. All letters or documents that might get somebody into trouble were taken down to the incinerator. She also immediately started to negotiate through Mrs. Thurmer who is half German and half Japanese and who was Dr. Houghton's secretary with the Japanese authorities to get Dr. Houghton and Mr. Bowen some change of clothes. Meanwhile after the first day or two they were taken down to the American Embassy where they were joined by Dr. Stuart and Mr. Alston whose arrest I understand was due to his being our chief engineer and they wanted to make sure that he would not do any sabotage on them. But when they were down at the embassy he was asked to take care of all the heating system and other machineries. The Japs are a funny people. On the second day the Japs came and took away one of our students and kept him 4 days and the poor fellow came back black and blue. It happened that the chap wrote a letter the day before to tell his family that PUMC was under military control and there were soldiers in every ward. That information almost cooked his goose. He was spreading news of the movements of the Imperial Japanese Army.

As soon as there was hope to keep the PUMC alive by some plan which the Japanese might approve, a faculty meeting was called and attended by all members I think. Dr. Fortuyn insisted that no decisions could be valid without approval from New York. He insisted so hard that finally Harold Loucks suggested that all foreigners leave the meeting to the Chinese. That saved the

day. After that all meetings were without foreigners. The question then was whether we should keep the hospital going or both the school and the hospital. I had heard from Mashuhashi that there had been a standing order from Tokyo to close all American and British schools. So officially PUMC was within the category. But the hospital was a totally different issue. It would have been better if they had in the meetings decided to just petition the continuance of the hospital and then when that was approved we could always have the students unofficially. But that would mean that staff not connected with the hospital would be without any salaries. So the situation was that S. T. Wang did not feel up to it to ask the others to sacrifice themselves while he would somehow manage to run the hospital. The others insisted on either swim or sink together. So all the plans laid down were all plans to include the existence of the medical and nursing schools. The first recommendation to the Japanese was not accepted. Another draft was made and so on. Meanwhile we obtained permission to carry on classes and students were admitted to the hospital again. Any books or other personal belongings taken out of the hospital premises had to have Mashuhashi's stamp before they could pass through the sentries. The whole place became rife with rumors. Everybody was under tension and all work was really at a standstill. The Japanese officers took over the women doctors' quarters for themselves and the girls were removed to the private patients wards to live. Patients were encouraged to leave and no new ones could come in. The soldiers slept anywhere they liked, but mostly on the floor around the information desk. I always had the impression that was the only place they were sure they would know when they woke up so that they won't be late for duty, etc. They took over the House staff kitchen and there they cooked their own food. They had a good time taking out all our canned foods and I am sure they enjoyed them.

It must have been the 3rd or 4th day that I was called to the office and there through the interpreter I was told that they had received information that the instruments of the US Marine Band were kept in the PUMC somewhere and I was therefore to cough them up. I told them I was sure the marines left with the band for I remembered the farewell concert that they gave. But that did not satisfy them and for days I had to go with them through the basement rooms to look for the ghost band. Finally they gave up. But instead of letting me go I had to entertain almost every other day the soldiers on the pipe organ. They kept on asking me to play "Nearer My God to Thee". I did not know the meaning at the beginning and asked why they liked that song so much. I was told that they were told that when an American ship sank they always played or sang this hymn. They liked to hear it because they believed all the American warships were being sunk.

Great talk began to fill the air that the Japanese were actually going to pay our December salary. Also they were trying to get our two million dollars in Tientsin to pay our salaries in the future. We did get our December salaries. It seemed very probable then that we could probably be allowed to carry on under the supervision of the Japanese. The local government could not help actively but hoped that we could somehow make the Japs see that a hospital was not just an enemy property. It had unlimited responsibility toward the community. I think some officials did put in a few good words for us. Whenever we asked the Japanese officers in the hospital they always answered that

they were waiting for orders from Tokyo. And so we waited. Meanwhile December turned to January and still we dragged on. Members of the Committee working on some plan to carry on worked continuously and had their plans disapproved continuously. I was told again and again by the Japanese officers that it was hopeless to include the school with the hospital. It was therefore a great blow when on the last Monday of January 1942 we were suddenly told that the local Japanese Headquarters had decided to close the PUMC and to take over the hospital for a base hospital. The Sunday before Mashuhashi came to see me and told me he had a whole night's meeting at the Army Headquarters and that the fate of PUMC had been decided on and it was a hopeless case. I went with this news to Mary Ferguson but Mashuhashi like other Japs was very fond of sensational news and since there had been no word from Tokyo we were inclined to put his news to too much drink Saturday night. But it was true enough. The week before we were asked to prepare half of Wenham Hall for Japanese officers to live in. These officers had nothing to do with the Army Medical units and the officers at PUMC were not willing to admit them to the dormitories but could not help it. They were trying to delay their coming as long as possible. I was ordered to get the place ready slowly. Monday morning I went to report that the place was ready and was told it did not matter anymore since the PUMC would be closed anyway and the officers would take over the whole building. At 4 p.m. that day a faculty meeting was called and the death blow was formally given. You can imagine the effect of the tragic news. There we were after trying to keep up for over a month and were always given hope but actually we were only being strangled slowly. News also spread that the reason the Japs closed the hospital was because people like I. C. Yuan and Hsien Wu and others of the non-clinical staff had insisted on swimming or dying together, and the general opinion was that if we had only petitioned for the continuance of the hospital then the hospital would have been allowed to go on. The closure of the hospital of course affected the employees class most and many of them wanted to beat up the above mentioned professors. I strongly believe myself that the hospital would have been taken over by the Japs anyway sooner or later and the end result would have been the same and it would have been much worse if we had been kept and forced to work for them. It was good they closed the PUMC then. It would have been even better if they had treated us like Yenching University, i.e., closing us up on the very first morning. A slow death is always a more painful death. All patients were ordered to leave before the end of January. On the day of the announcement interns who were counted as students were not allowed to enter the wards anymore. Students were barred from the hospital premises too. We actually felt better when the final order came because it sort of cleared up the situation for us. Our great task then was to close the hospital and the school. The closing of the hospital was in the hands of Dr. S.T. Wang. The closing of the Nursing School was done by Miss Vera Nieh who not only closed the school smoothly but even arranged for the students to finish their work in some other hospitals. She was great all through these days. The closing of the Medical School was done by me with the help of Mary Ferguson in the background. First we decided to graduate the intern class. Diplomas were typewritten and signed by all the professors, and Mrs. Thurmer worked hard to get permission for Mary to see Dr. Houghton to have him sign all the diplomas. I forgot to mention that by that time the 3 captives (not including Mr. Alston who went to live in the British Embassy) had been moved back to the Yin Compound. Mary went finally to see Dr. Houghton and that was one of the rare

occasions when anybody could see him. While he was signing she told him all the news. We called the graduates together and gave them the diplomas and a picture was taken. Our next job was to close the dormitories and to get the students away first with their personal properties out of the hospital and then from the dormitories. We were told that we would be allowed to live in the dormitories until the end of March. The same grace was given to those living in the compound houses. We, however, decided to close the dormitories on February 6th, there being no reason why we should prolong the agony of death. Dr. Mashuhashi was a great help indeed. He helped so much that at one time he was given severe warning by the Headquarters that he might be court-martialed if he helped the Chinese too much. If when the war is over and he is still alive I hope the FUMC will do the magnanimous act and thank him officially for what he did for us while we were in trouble. I went to see him about letting the students get into the hospital once more to get their gowns and other personal belongings out. He was very nice about it and opened the South Gate (the College Gate) and he himself did the inspection and Mary was there to say good-bye to each one of the students. It was a very sad day indeed for her and I think she was great not to have broken down. The students passed in a single file and went out like a funeral procession. Then I negotiated for the interns to leave the hospital to live in the students' dormitories. Mashuhashi was so nice he even let me order the school truck to send their things away. Again he himself did the inspection. You see the interns live in the hospital and so each person had several pieces of luggage. He just let everybody go (the usual inspection was very strict indeed). Then the rest of the housestaffs. Finally we got all the housestaffs out of the hospital. Then the next problem was to send the students away. Most of them wanted to go down to Shanghai as most of our students came from the South but nobody could travel in occupied areas without travelling passes issued by the Special Police. The usual way is to apply for one with the guarantee of a shop and then wait until you are summoned and questioned and when finally they are satisfied that you have a good reason to travel then you may get the pass. Two weeks is a short time to get these passes. But of course if you know anybody in the Special Police you might get a pass on the same day. We discovered there were at least 50 students and another 100 nurses and fellowship students who would want to go to Shanghai. I asked Mashuhashi again for help and he got Yokomini the superintendent to guarantee for all applications. I got all the applications ready and got Yokomini's seal on every one of them. Then we sent them down to the Special Police. The Chinese traitor in charge of travelling passes was a very nasty chap. The first student summoned was slapped by him. This was what he said: "Before you FUMC people were running dogs to the Americans and now you are running dogs to the Japanese." He refused to issue the passes. That of course meant that Yokomini lost face and it was in no time after that that all passes came out allright. On Jan. 30th, 1942 all the employees of the hospital from the professors down to the smallest coolie left the hospital for the last time never to enter again. On Feb. 6th I closed the dormitories. When the nurses left the Oliver Jones' Hall they left the place in a mess and the Japs were mad and so when it came to the medical student dormitories we had to get the place shipshape before we could hand them over. Mary Ferguson and I went through each room ourselves, checking off all the furniture and left everything in good order. All the blinds were pulled down and finally we came down the fire-escape since the dormitories could not be locked from the outside. That was a very sad

day indeed. For some time the sentry at the gate of the dormitories went on as usual until the end of March without any sentries. The sentry who had charge of the South Compound was a nasty chap. It was he who for no reason slapped Dr. Loucks on a cold winter day. He was drunk most of the time and was altogether a poor specimen of humanity. Imagine the joy in the compound when finally he was removed. The Japs did get the 2 million dollars from Tientsin and they paid everybody the salary for January and one month extra. You may ask why I had so much to do with the closing of the school. Where was the dean and where specially was the Chinese assistant to the Director whose very job was to be the middle man between the school and the Japs and the local police? You may well ask. I asked the question myself so many times in those days until I felt ashamed for some of my fellow countrymen. Those were the days when the real character of the man came out. The selfish and the coward and the brave all stood out clear against the turmoil of those hectic days. The credit of the smoothness of the closure of the school must still go to the students themselves who were cooperation itself. They stuck around me and helped me at every turn. It was really a joy to see that while many of the older fellows of the college proved unworthy of their high calling the students rose to the situation magnificently and everybody tried to make things easy. Two girl students hearing that many boys had no funds to go home with went home and talked their parents into subscribing rather substantial sums toward the travelling fund. When we closed on Feb. 6th there were only a few boys left who had no place to go. I had rented a house meanwhile and I took in as many as I could. Eight of us lived together. Dr. C. H. Hu took in 3 more into his house until they could get away. Under such awful circumstances I must say we closed the school and hospital in a way we could be proud of ourselves. Dr. S. T. Wang stayed on with them for over a month afterwards to hand things over slowly to them. He was wonderful. Mr. James Chen, assistant to Mr. Bowen, was also a great standby in those days. Mrs. Thurmer also stayed on. Mr. Yang of buildings and grounds and Mr. Archie Chang of the engineering department were also asked to carry on. Some 60 servants were also kept to keep the buildings in some order. Meanwhile Mashuhashi had finished a long report on the library and the patients' record room. I saw his report and recommendations. They were wonderful. He recommended to have the records kept in some attic where nobody could get at. For the library he recommended to change the journal room into a reading room and the journals and books to be kept inside the library which would have an iron door through which nobody except the librarian could enter. He went to the headquarters several times to get his recommendations approved. Finally they were. Therefore up to the time I left Peiping both record room and the library were absolutely intact, thanks to Dr. Mashuhashi. One of our librarians is still there acting as the librarian.

As soon as they got rid of us all plans were immediately made to accommodate some 1,000 wounded soldiers in the hospitals. The hospital as I mentioned before came under the Zusuki unit. The college buildings went to the unit in charge of epidemic preventive measures. The compounds went to the army headquarters for the officers. Oliver Jones' Hall and Lockhart Hall went to the Gendarmery. Wenham Hall which was to go to the army too for a dormitory for officers was not used for many months. Both the army and the gendarmery thought they were going to have a nice time living in our nice buildings. But orders came to send practically everybody down to the South Seas to fight. So the

officers who were so anxious to have Wenham Hall left and so it was true with all the generals and what not who were supposed to get the compounds. As soon as the spoils were divided the hospital cut off both electricity and water supply to any building not belonging to the Zusuki unit. Just imagine the mess all this created. All the other units had to lay new wire lines and pipes to connect with the outside city mains. Furthermore PUMC was run under 110 volts direct current. The city current is 220 alternate. So all the lights and all the fans and stoves and refrigerators and all other electrical appliances could not be used. What they did was to send all these things away immediately for scrap. The enmity between the different units was most noteworthy. I forgot to mention that our storeroom went to the Economic Bureau of the Japanese Government. The Yin Compound became the home of the chief of staff. The 3 captives went to the servants' quarters of A.A. Honning and Co., Wai Chiao Pu Chieh. When we left the hospital we had to hand in every single rubber tube or needle to the Japs. But as soon as we were gone they took everything down from the wards and poured them down the elevator shaft to the basement. They were not going to trust our instruments to treat the wounded of the Imperial Japanese Army. They would not even sleep in our beds. There were some 900 wounded that came in during the first week. They all came at midnight and streets were put under martial law to prevent people seeing them come in. After a few days they had a bright idea. They roped off the street in front of the hospital gate with a sign "Smallpox". Nobody was allowed then to pass through that street at any time. (The pass was given me so that I could entertain the wounded on the pipe organ whenever they needed me.) I saw in the basement all the stuff from the wards; basins, inhalation pots, infusion sets, enema cans, bed pans and what not all going to a bonfire. A grand scale looting by the soldiers soon followed. One could buy anything from the streets from the PUMC. Blankets came out of the dormitories and wards in hundreds. Instruments and microscopes and typewriters came out continuously. Brand new things could be ordered from the storerooms if you knew the soldiers. Organ pipes were taken down and blown by the soldiers up and down the streets. Every room was entered and the soldiers had a good time playing with everything thus breaking the X-ray machine and other machines in no time. The wards were divided more or less as before. The wounded officers went to E ward, those with infectious disease went to P ward, and the rest in the public wards. All the OPD space and consultation rooms became wards too. There were only 2 medical officers to take care of all the wounded. Down in the pharmacy it was pitiful. The soldiers chose the beautiful bottles and poured off the contents and took the bottles away to play with. As time went on they found it harder and harder financially to keep up such a big place. They discharged everybody except Archie Chang who had to look after the dynamos and other electrical appliances. Machinery and all sorts of other things began to disappear wholesale, probably on their way to Japan. Anything that could be used for scrap was also taken. Even the wire cages of the animal house went for scrap. Steam pipes and stoves were taken from the compound houses and iron beds were removed from Wenham Hall. They all went for scrap. By the grace of Justice the Japanese Hotel Fushankwan on Hatamen Street was burnt down. That hotel was the spies' nest before the China War. After the burning Wenham Hall was changed into a hotel. About 50 dollars a room a month. Things were disappearing quickly from all the hospital buildings although some buildings were still more or less intact when I left Peiping. The pharmacology floor was the emptiest. There was not a sheet of paper left in the drawers.

How long the library will be kept intact nobody can say but we have hopes that it will be **all** right. Just before I left Peiping Cheeloo books were all in the market for sale.

That they had to turn the whole of Tsinghua University and PUMC and later on the Language School (College of Chinese Studies) all into base hospitals must be regarded as a credit to the guerrillas around the Peiping areas.

After the PUMC was closed then all the staff and students were scattered to the four corners of the country. Most staff members went into private practice. There was a movement on foot by the city government to change the Central Hospital which was run by a group of French Sisters and which was as badly run as any hospital could be. The plan was to hand over this hospital to the PUMC staff and let the PUMC people take the whole hospital over and change it into another small PUMC. Things went on very well and just when we were ready to take over in stepped the Japs and pricked the bubble. However the Chinese were not outdone. Instead of getting many PUMC people in at one stroke they now resorted to the infiltration method and now the whole of the Central Hospital is manned by PUMC staff down to the telephone operator and messenger boys. But since the hospital is very small compared to the PUMC many employees are now roaming the streets of Peking as beggars. Dr. H. L. Chung has been the director of the Hospital and he is doing a very good job indeed. No Japanese doctors or nurses or advisors there. People like S.H. Liu, S.T. Kuan, C.M. Meng and Char and many others have hung out their shingles and making good money through private practice. Dr. Char is still like a father to the undergraduates and younger staff and has been giving them good advice and help in all ways. A group of graduates went down to Tientsin and rented a hotel and changed it into a hospital. Miss Wang Lo-lo was their nursing superintendent before she came to Free China. Some went down to Shanghai. As to the students most of them entered other medical schools to continue their education. Many went to the Peking University Medical School because it is the only medical school in North China. There medicine is taught in Japanese. Other students went to Shanghai and entered the various medical schools there notably St. John's Medical School and the Red Cross Medical School. But all their hearts turned to Free China and many have managed to cross. Some students tried many times before they succeeded in the crossing. Dr. S. T. Wang was out of job for a short while and then with a few friends he bought over a soy-bean source factory so that the Japs could not say he was idling and make him work for them.

As you know very soon after the declaration of the Greater Asia War Dr. Hoeppli became the Swiss Consul in Peking. Mary Ferguson immediately offered to act as his secretary voluntarily. Through that office many Americans and British were helped in many ways. Dr. Anderson who had moved from the Yin Compound to live with Dr. Loucks moved out with him from the South Compound after the March 30th dead-line and moved to live in the Methodist Compound and they lived with Professor Davis of Yenching University and Mr. Hanson of the Methodist Mission. Mary Ferguson lost over 30 pounds in those days and she was as near a nervous breakdown as anybody could be. Poor girl, the stress and strain of it all was really too much for her. Dr. Anderson became the medical officer for the Americans and British. Dr. Loucks went round the whole city acting as consulting surgeon to all the Mission and Private Hospitals. He got

a bicycle and rode miles and miles every day. When the Mayor's daughter got acute appendicitis it was Dr. Loucks and not a Japanese doctor who operated on her. Towards the winter of 1942 the Japs decided to take over all mission hospitals. (That is why I say that I strongly believe that eventually no matter how we compromise the Japs would have closed the PUMC anyway.) First they took over the British Charity Hospital and then the Methodist Hospital and then the Sleeper Davis Women's Hospital and finally the Presbyterian Hospital. When they came to take over the last mentioned hospital the Mayor of Peking stepped in because all the others that were taken over had flopped terribly. The mayor asked Dr. C. T. Teng to be the superintendent because in years gone by he was cured by Teng of kala-azar. Teng put up 2 main conditions, namely, no Japs and no interference from anybody. The Mayor consented and Teng became the superintendent. Recently I hear he has resigned. Probably the Japs would not keep to those conditions as promised by the Mayor. After the Japs had taken over all the hospitals Harold Loucks could not visit them openly anymore but the staff would arrange the big operations at night for him after the Japs had gone home to sleep.

The closure of PUMC resulted in a great deal of dissatisfaction among the Chinese populace for the inhumane act. The Japs, therefore, tried to justify their action by proving to the people what an inhumane and rascally institution PUMC was. First they landed on the idea that the PUMC cut open the dead Father of the Chinese Republic and stole all the insides and kept them in bottles. That was sheer sacrilege they said. In order to prove their point they had a very impressive memorial service in the room where Sun Yat-sen was supposed to have died and a bottle containing his carcinoma of liver was displayed and worshipped. Newspaper men and important people were invited to this service and pictures filled the newspapers for days. The carcinoma finally went down in state to Nanking to lie with the mummy. The second act was about the Peking-man. There PUMC was attacked as having destroyed or stolen a scientific specimen which belonged to the Chinese people. The Japanese government pledged to leave no stone unturned until this rare specimen of archaeology was returned to the Chinese people. Anybody who had had any relation with the administration of the PUMC or with the Peking-man was questioned but it was nowhere to be found. Archeologists came from Japan to check over the skulls in the anatomy department. Newspapers were full of the theft of the Peking-man for weeks until finally with the failure to find it the sensational news died a natural death. The skull was of course no more in PUMC. I think you know where it might be. It was because of this affair that Mashuhashi had another occasion to see Dr. Houghton and Mr. Bowen since even Japanese officers were not allowed without good reason to see them.

Perhaps I should mention a few words here about those PUMC members who went by the last boat back to America and were caught in Manila when war broke out. They were Mr. Ballou of the Trustees, Mr. Griffiths, our chaplain, Dr. Boots, our professor of Dentistry, Dr. Whitaker, our professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology, Misses Robinson and Wyne of the Nursing School, Miss McMillan, our physiotherapist and Mrs. Loucks and her son. They all had a very hard time in Manila and all entered the concentration camp except Mrs. Loucks because she had sense enough to wear a Red Cross uniform and the Japs allowed her to live outside doing her errands of mercy. Finally when it was decided they were to be repatriated, the three single women and Dr. Boots were sent up to Shanghai

to catch the boat and the rest were left behind to wait for the same boat to pick them up in Manila. They had all been sick in Manila and they came up to Shanghai in a horse transport. I saw them many times in Shanghai and they were thin and sickly. What they went through was something terrible but scarcely had they settled down in Shanghai then they were ordered to enter Concentration Camp there again. Ethel Robinson went to the Country Concentration Camp there again. Mary McMillan went to the Country Hospital instead for she was suffering from Beri-beri. I am just saying a few words about them because I understand you have had a report concerning them. If you would like to have more detail about them I shall be glad to tell you more. The Shanghai group of "enemy nationals" were concentrated in January and February 1943 and the North China group were concentrated in March. They were all sent down to the Presbyterian Mission Compound in Weihsien, Shantung, near Tsingtao. There were to be some 2,500 people there. For weeks Dr. Loucks and Dr. Anderson had been collecting surgical instruments and medical supplies for the camp. I had then decided to come in to Free China and so I had the pleasure of donating and selling a lot of supplies to them. They left with a very good supply for a hospital. They had many doctors and nurses in the group. Undoubtedly Harold Loucks became the moving spirit of the camp. The British left a week after the Americans. And after they had left, anybody, Chinese or Japanese, who had helped them was arrested by the Japanese Gendarmery and punished as traitors. A week after they entered camp, typhus had appeared, having been brought down from Mongolia by the Catholic priests. Mary Ferguson and her father were exempted from the camp because of the father's old age. Old Dr. Hopkins who had been in Peking for some 55 years was also exempted from the camp but all of them had to live in the embassies. Whether they will be sent down to Weihsien or not remains to be seen. Mr. Alston was made the custodian of the British Embassy and Dr. James Yee, one of our American Chinese housestaffs became the custodian of the American Embassy. There were altogether 3 staff members belonging to this category (American Chinese) and 2 students and they were all exempted from camp.

Of course you have heard how many of the Yenching professors were arrested by the Japs and kept in imprisonment for months. I had the honour of being arrested too with other members of the PUMC and was kept for 17 days. The rest were kept anywhere from 17 to 50 days. The Japs kept an eye on all Yenching and PUMC people and any slip would mean trouble. All churches have to have Japanese advisors and the sermons every Sunday had to be approved by the Japanese Special Police before they could be delivered from the pulpit.

I think I have written you before about Dr. Houghton and Mr. Bowen and Dr. Stuart. When the Japs got hold of them on December 8th, 1941, Mr. Bowen just happened to have \$10,000 in cash with him. This he brought with him wherever he went and it was a wonder that the Japs never discovered it. They were supposed to receive \$45 a month for food each but in the process of coming down the money never reached them. Last Spring they felt that they had to have some more cash and Mary Ferguson managed to smuggle in \$2,000 to them through the servant. But it was decided that smuggling could not be kept up indefinitely specially when everybody was going to camp and there would be nobody left to do it and so Dr. Hoeppli was going to call a show-down and let the Japs feed them. I do not know where they stand now. The Japs call them their political prisoners and thus are directly under the Japanese Army and the Swiss Consul has no jurisdiction at all over them. They also have had no intention to

repatriate them if repatriation should take place. One night the A.A. Henning and Co. went on fire and the Jap sentry just locked the door to the servants' quarters where the 3 captives were. Luckily the fire was brought under control for otherwise I would not like to guess what would happen to them. None of us has seen them for over a year. But Dr. Mashuhashi has seen them and tells me they look all right and that Mr. Bowen has gone native and basks in the sun every day without anything between him and his Creator. Both Dr. Stuart and Dr. Houghton have been studying Chinese and I am sure are writing their own autobiographies too.

When I left Peking they were all well. Mary Ferguson still worked for Dr. Hoeppli. She was looking better. The Japs still had PUMC for a base hospital and taking things out like nobody's business. All the members of the PUMC staff were trying to earn a living. They all voiced the desire to come to Free China but were worried for the sake of their families as the Japs have learned from the Germans how to punish their families if they disappear. Life was getting very hard in the occupied areas as food was getting very scarce and commodity prices had been going steadily upwards. It is our hope that with better arrangements on this side as to their work and how to get them out that many of our staff will come to serve their alma mater and their country.

I must apologize for this lengthy and unscientific report. I do hope, however, that I have given you some idea how things happened. If you need any further particular information please let me know and I will do my best to provide you. It is our great hope that before long we would be going back to pick up the broken string and build a better and nobler PUMC.

Yours very sincerely,

Stephen Chang
Peiping Union Medical College