

# *How the COMMUNISTS Won Manchuria*

By WES BAILEY

ONE of the most malicious lies that the Communists have been able to sell is the canard that Chiang Kai-shek's troops surrendered Manchuria because his regime was "corrupt." Nothing could be further from the truth, but the mythology lingers on.

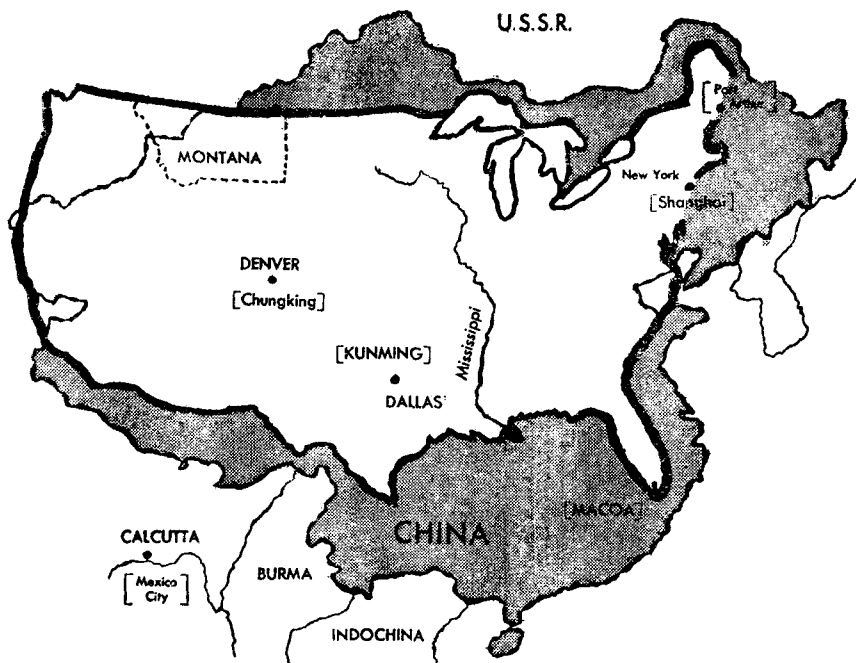
For geography, not politics, was the key.

If we remember just a little bit of United States geography, we can recognize the task that Chiang faced when World War II abruptly ended. And we can see how the Russians — who came into the war *after* the atomic bomb hit Hiroshima — had an entire continent handed to them.

Spin a world globe and you will

see that China lies largely between the 25th and 45th parallels, as does the United States. If we can visualize the Mississippi flowing east and west, rising near Denver and emptying out of New York harbor, we will have a rough approximation of how the Yangtze has its mouth at Shanghai, and its head back in the mountains near Chungking. Manchuria becomes our New England, containing all the coal of Pennsylvania and the iron of Michigan.

Now let us remember that in 1931, fourteen years before World War II ended, Japan had invaded China and driven Chiang and his armies back up the Yangtze — all the way to "Denver," which approximates Chungking. All of the eastern



seaboard from Port Arthur to Macao — like Florida to Maine — was in the hands of one of Chiang's mortal enemies, Japan. Mao Tse-tung, who rules China today, was sitting in a cave in Yen-an, taking no part in the fighting against the Japanese.

Mao Tse-tung and Chiang had once fought side by side in aid of Sun Yat-sen, the George Washington of China. But while Chiang was and is a devout Christian and democrat, Mao was godless and Communist. The split was inevitable. The Gissimo drove Mao and his Commies back into the wilderness of what might be Montana if it were in the U.S., and then returned to the East coast. This done, Chiang turned to the formidable task of building up

China's commerce and industry.

But across the Yellow Sea the Japanese War Office knew that a peaceful, united China, under an able government backed by 400,000,000 industrious citizens, would one day challenge Japan's dominant position. There was room, the Japanese thought, for only one important nation in Asia. That is why, in 1931, Japan created the incident of the Marco Polo Bridge, and began the war with China that did not end until the second atomic bomb hit Nagasaki in August, 1945.

AND SO, for fourteen years, there had been no Chinese civil administration in the vast seaboard area of China. Think, if you can,

what it would mean to the U.S. if we had been successfully invaded in 1940. Everything east of the Mississippi is in enemy hands — Boston, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Charleston, Miami. All of New England's resources have been feeding the enemy's war machine. They have been unopposed strongly on the mainland, and not at all in their homeland, for a decade and a half. In that time, with Japanese thoroughness, they have organized every activity of our country; introduced a new currency, a new economic system, completely destroyed all traces of the previous American administrations.

You must also recognize that where Canada sits, the Big Bear of Russia lies hovering, menacing. You, Chiang Kai-shek, had kicked Stalin's pal Borodin out of the early government, and chased Russia's puppet Mao back into the hills near the Russian border. For years you have been the world's Number One Anti-Communist, and Stalin would like nothing better than to see you crushed.

But the U.S. Government belief in 1945 was that Chou and Mao (and "Uncle Joe") could be handled. Now the war was happily over, and Chiang's job was to get his troops, who had been fighting under U.S. General Stillwell in Burma, as quickly as possible up to Shanghai, Nanking, Peking; to Amoy, Foochow, Canton, Tientsin.

The situation was the same as if, after fourteen years away from these cities, General Eisenhower had immediately to find administrators, mayors, judges, financial officers, policemen, engineers and a multitude of civil experts to take over the facilities of Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, New York, Boston, Washington, Philadelphia and Charleston — plus a hundred Hartfords, Harrisburgs, Richmonds and Atlantas.

But let us further assume that there are no railroads from Denver to New York. There is the river, but it is treacherous for much of its length (which is why the Japanese could advance no further) and subject to wild floods. And there are no ships to navigate the roaring gorges or the shallow waters. Nor are there any broad highways.

Let us leave Chiang now in Chungking (Denver) and look at the situation in Kunming (Dallas).

AS WE KNOW, during the war all supplies for the U.S. Army and the Chinese troops had to come in over the Hump — that nightmare of Himalayan Mountains which bred Mt. Everest and which stand as the tallest, most unexplored, unknown mountain range in the world. For some years a project had been underway to build the Burma Road, but despite bone-searing work by U.S. Army engineers and Chinese coolies, it had never really functioned.

So airlift from Calcutta to Kunming was the only practical way. All supplies to Calcutta had to come the long way around, of course; across the South Atlantic, around Africa, across the Indian Ocean. A jaunt of 12,000 miles from New York, half-way around the earth before the *hard* part of the supply line began!

But in between Calcutta (which is almost precisely parallel to Mexico City) and Kunming (Dallas) is not the lazy Rio Grande and the pleasant country of Mexico. No. Here lie the tangled, steaming jungles of Burma, and the soaring Himalayas. Over the Hump, with its uncharted mountains shrouded in fog, and sudden death lurking in turbulent air currents.

And since the best planes were, quite properly, fighting the war in Europe or flying from the decks of U.S. carriers, China got the second best. Planes not equipped to fly at 27,000 feet; planes with not enough power to get them safely over the sky-brushing peaks. But they were the only supply line, and brave American boys died to keep it open.

Because of this tenuous line, with the limited carrying capacity of the C-54's, it was impossible to build up important supply depots. To increase the capacity, gliders loaded with critical ammunition, gasoline or medicines, were sometimes pulled by the four-engined C-54's.

If the unpredictable headwinds whipping out of the mountains or rising from the humid jungles proved

too strong, the glider had to be cut adrift. The glider crew were sent to almost certain death. Since the C-54 could not get through to Kunming if it used all its gas fighting the headwinds with the tow, the grim decision had to be made that it was better to sacrifice three men, and the junior load, than to destroy both planes, both crews, and all supplies.

That this dreadful choice had to be made by the C-54 pilot, who knew he was saving himself by sacrificing other men, did not make it easier for him. Everyone understood — including, I am sure, the doomed crew in the glider — but it was a heart-breaking task.

IT WAS under these conditions that all supplies arrived in Kunming. And so, when the Japanese suddenly surrendered after Atom Bomb No. Two, the job of Chiang and his general staff was to get his trained troops somehow, someway from Kunming and Chungking (Dallas and Denver) up to the East Coast cities — and fast. He had to get there, if he could, before the Japanese surrendered and turned over their arms to the Russians — or changed their minds and fled to the hills to fight on as guerrillas.

To get to Shanghai, this is what Chiang faced. An American C-54 pilot had to fill his plane with drum of high-octane gasoline from the Liberty ships anchored in Calcutta. He then flew the gasoline to Kun

ming, left part of it in storage, keeping on board enough to fly to Shanghai — and back.

Then the Chinese troops went aboard, carrying rifles and minimum gear; no tents, cook-stoves, or heavy equipment. Not more than 80 soldiers could be jammed into the plane after allowance was made for the drums of gas needed to get back. When the men had been delivered in Shanghai, the ship flew back to Kunming, was refueled with the gas previously stored, and went back to Calcutta to repeat the process.

This was equivalent to flying a four-engine ship from Mexico City to New York to deliver 80 men. Since Shanghai is a city of five million, even ten thousand troops would not have been too many.

But additionally Chiang had to get his troops out of Shanghai and into the “New England” cities of Nanking, Tientsin, Peking and dozens of other key points. The number of available planes we had was far too small for the job of this 4,000-mile airlift, for China was always the least important theater of war. The big four-engine jobs gulped gasoline by the barrels. And the American pilots and ground-crews were understandably eager to get home; a natural desire that was busily promoted by the Communists within and without the U.S. Army.

So the pressure to release the planes, and the men who kept them flying, was enormous. Some were turned over to the relatively few

Chinese pilots who knew how to fly them, but the Chinese technical service was woefully ignorant. The service began to falter, stagger, and finally came to a grinding halt.

Meantime, the troops who had reached Shanghai promptly started to march to other cities. I saw column after column of the ill-fed Chinese troops, clad in the thin summer tropicals of Burma, wearing blue sneakers or straw sandals, march singing out of Shanghai that fall and winter of 1945. The railroads were few, or had been destroyed. The “agrarian reformers” of Yen-an, alive now that the Japanese had surrendered, were sabotaging everywhere. I have flown at tree-top level from Tientsin to Peking, roughly the same distance as lies between New York and Albany, and seen the railroad rails lying broken and bent after the Commies had sneaked out of the hills and set raging fires on the tracks to melt and twist the steel.

**P**ERHAPS one begins to get the picture of what Chiang was up against in trying to get his troops into these key cities to accept the Japanese surrender, and to restore Chinese civil rule to areas from which it had been pushed by war fourteen years before.

Of most pressing concern was the need to get Chinese troops into the Northern cities — Harbin, Mukden, Port Arthur. At Port Arthur the Russians were already entrenched, and not only denied the Chinese,

but refused for months to let the American consul land, and angrily warned off the American ship that tried to land him.

But Chiang's troops marched into Mukden, pitifully few for the job they had to do, almost completely without supplies. The situation was similar to sending 5,000 troops to Boston to control all of New England, while a hostile Russian army flanked you in Providence and had a million more troops posed above you in Canada.

Under these conditions it was relatively easy for Mao Tse-tung, Chou En-lai and the rest of the Communist gang to get from the Russians all of the supplies they had taken from the Japs. Rifles, mortars, ammunition, trucks, heavy and light artillery. And with the gift went Russian instructions on how to use them.

The situation was a tragic one. Loyal though Chiang's troops were to him, it soon became apparent that overwhelming numbers of the enemy, lack of equipment and complete chaos among the civilian population made defeat inevitable.

And so began the long, hard march back, running the gauntlet of fire.

Chiang did not have troops to fight through to the rescue, for by this time the U.S. Army and Navy were rapidly being evacuated, and there was no transport. The Communists had done their work well.

Chiang had other problems at this

time. There was strong pressure from the White House for him to find a way of "coexistence" with the Communists who were shelling his troops! General George Marshall was sent over by President Truman to enforce a "peace." Peace teams of American officers, arriving by the truckload from desk duty at the Pentagon and U.S. bases, completely ignorant of China and its problems, deployed out of Shanghai to "stop the fighting."

The fighting stopped. It stopped where the Communists wanted it to stop, and it stopped — let's face it — because we did not back up Chiang. The Communists he could have, and would have, stopped if we had helped him even a fraction, later killed tens of thousands of American boys in Korea. They are on the march today.

But this is not written in defense of Chiang Kai-shek. They tagged him with the label of "corrupt," but that is probably as false as the "agrarian reformers" tag that was so popular at the time. I don't know.

But anyone with an elementary knowledge of U.S. geography can understand why Chiang's troops faced an impossible task in liberating Manchuria. It's a long way from Mexico City to New York, and equally far from Calcutta to Shanghai. To control New England out of Boston with few troops and no supplies in the face of a hostile Canada would be quite a task.

And that's the way it was.



## *Happy Wanderer*

BY M. B. SAWNER

A POPULAR song has lyrics which go like that, and to an armchair dreamer, it sounds ideal — freedom and the open road. In America we dream it; in Europe they live it.

Seeing one of these wanderers for the first time, an American thinks he's quaint. A European Scout leader perhaps. He wonders where the Scouts are. Soon enough, however, he learns the knapsack carrier isn't a Scout leader; that this is how a good fraction of the population travels.

Wherever the American goes in Europe, there is the hosteler, the knapsack on his back, wearing corduroy shorts with heavy wool sweater and knee socks and a pair of

good hiking shoes. There is a look of self-reliance and health on his face that would make anyone envious. He's part of a group, or by himself; sometimes he's on a bicycle, most often on foot. Decidedly, he's roughing it and using all of Europe for his adventure.

Money is still a scarce commodity in Europe but the desire to see the world is strong. The combination yields this answer to a poor man's purse.

This means of travel enables the knapsacker to see the country, more of it for less. He doesn't flit from capital to capital by train, having an hour-by-hour schedule that runs the usual tourist ragged. In his mind