

# Virgie Shanghaies Wainwright

By Frank X. Tolbert

ILLUSTRATED BY  
EARL OLIVER HURST

The strategy was all Virgie's but the tactical execution depended upon Sergeant "Asiatic" Donohoe and General Ho. Another smashing triumph for Miss Grew of the United States Marine Corps



NOT meaning any disrespect, of course, Sergeant Michael J. "Asiatic" Donohoe once passed the remark that General Ho Ma-Feng's head looked remarkably like the flight deck of the Saratoga.

General Ho was pretty bald-headed, but he was very youngish in appearance for his fifty-five years and two hundred and fifty pounds of heft. And he was plenty tough, as he proved during a visit last autumn to the Marine Corps Base at New River, N. C.

Ho was a member of the Chinese military mission to the United States, and he came to North Carolina, as guest of Colonel Elmer Grew, to observe the New River Marines in training. The Chinese officer was interested, particularly, in Paramarines and Raiders. For Ho, a Peiping University chemistry professor before the Sino-Japanese War, had first gained military renown as number one train wrecker for China's Eighth Route Army.

The general had a pleasant stay at New River for the first four days. He watched demolition and sabotage squads at their mischief. And he went on landing parties with the Raiders. He was very happy and busy—until Admiral Becker of the Washington Navy Yard and his son, Wainwright, arrived, also as house guests of the Grews.

On the morning following the Beckers' arrival, General Ho was awakened rudely. In fact, the general hadn't been awakened quite so rudely since the time back in 1939 when a Japanese patrol caught him asleep in a foxhole. (One of the Nips held reveille by jabbing the general on the hip pocket with a bayonet. And Ho let out a yelp that must have been heard halfway across Shansi province. Anyway, Ho's men heard him. They bobbed out of their foxholes and, quickly, erased the Japs with machine-gun fire.)

So, on opening his eyes there in the Grews' guest room, the drowsy Chinese thought for a moment that he was back

in a Shansi foxhole and hands were clutching at his throat. Certainly, someone was pawing his face and forcing his mouth apart. He looked up into the fat, frowning face of a small boy. It was Wainwright Becker.

"Hold still, you old Jap rat," ordered the boy.

According to his birth certificate, Wainwright was seven years of age. But Sergeant Donohoe argued that somebody made a mistake. "For how," said Asiatic, "could a kid get so fat and ornery in only seven years?"

After forcing Ho's jaws apart, Wainwright inspected the Chinese's teeth rather closely. Then he moved to the foot of the bed, jerked back the covers and stared at Ho's toes.

"*Che shih-shih ma ya?* (What is this?)" asked Ho. He was so astonished that he spoke in Chinese.

"Shut up, you old spy," replied Wainwright. "You may fool these eight-ball Marines around this old camp. But I know all about you, even if your toes ain't so big."

Wainwright was a child of deep prejudices. He had lived around naval stations all of his life and he had acquired a deep-rooted dislike for Marines. Wainwright had devoted most of his time, since he'd begun to toddle, toward making life miserable for members of the corps.

Ignoring Ho, the fat boy left the bed and began rummaging through some papers on a desk. He picked up the general's reading glasses and examined them intently.

So the general was relieved considerably when Miss Virgie Grew, the colonel's eight-year-old daughter, rapped once on the door and came into the room. Virgie's sweet, sunburned face was expressionless, except that her full, red mouth was set angrily.

"*Nin lai-la!* (Thankful you have come!)" said the Chinese.

"Get out of here, Wainwright," Virgie ordered. "Breakfast is about ready, and you'd better hustle downstairs."

The little boy smiled at Virgie. He scowled at the prone Chinese officer. Then he left the room.

"I knew I could get rid of that little chow-hound if I mentioned breakfast," said Virgie.

Then she spoke to Ho in the Mandarin dialect that she'd learned from her Chinese nurse during Colonel Grew's long tour of duty in Shanghai and Chungking: "Forgive this little stupid fat one, sir. He is a brother of the rabbit who forgot the seven virtues."

"It is nothing, Sweet One," answered Ho. "I was only startled. But why did the fattened boy examine my teeth, my

The general came down the stairs hurriedly. In fact, he rolled most of the way with a half-dozen golf balls bouncing after him

toes and my simple notes on the table?"

"I fear to tell you, sir," said Virgie. "But the unlettered boy has the fanciful notion that the general is one of the Monkey People. In the presence of his elders, he has stated that the general is really a Japanese spy posing as a leader of the Kuomintang."

Virgie had on green dungarees, very like those worn by Marines at work and in combat, and there was a green beanie set far back on her red hair. When she spoke Chinese her black eyebrows arched with the effort of pronouncing the monosyllables. But, otherwise, her face remained very grave.

She said: "Breakfast will be ready soon, sir."

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# Oil for the Planes of China

By Daniel de Luce  
ASSOCIATED PRESS CORRESPONDENT

All the oil the Chinese need can be obtained from Burma—if and when the Allies drive out the Japs. A famous war correspondent tells you here why the enemy will never use the Burmese fields

they're useless. But listen to the man who did the scorching:

"If the Japanese brought in 15,000 oil specialists and 50,000 tons of equipment and machinery, they could get Burma producing again within a few months. But they have neither the specialists nor the equipment. We have both. We can soon have the wells flowing—if and when we recapture Burma."

For the story of the scorching of Burma, let's begin by looking into a little red-cloth-covered notebook which this itinerant war correspondent bought in Mandalay for ten annas before the shops were bombed and burned down on Good Friday last year. I had it in a sweaty pocket of my khaki shirt when I jeeped through Yenangyaung, oil capital of Burma, on Thursday, April 16, 1942.

Yenangyaung (pronounced yeh-nan-jowng), in Burmese, meant "stream of the smelly waters." Some centuries ago, silk-skirted natives had first knelt beside a wide, shallow creek near its confluence with the vast Irrawaddy and scooped up the pungent, black fluid which ran slowly down from shale fissures of the brown hilly slopes along the creek. They took the "smelly water" back to their small, dusty villages of palm-leaf roofs and grass-mat walls. They burned it in crude lamps at home and in their hpoongyi-kyangs before the shrine of the beneficent Buddha.

Came the white man. In the last sixty years thousands of derricks had sprung up on the drab hills. They became almost as dense as the teak trees in the Pegu forests. Burma oil, a million tons every twelve months, began lighting many a lamp in greater Asia.

Then came the Jap. He was about thirty miles south of Yenangyaung and pressing hard last April 16th when I walked into the main oil-field powerhouse and met a lean, hard, eagle-nosed English civilian loading his army .38 revolver. Walter L. Forster, of the Shell Oil Company at Cairo, had supervised the demolition of the Rangoon refineries the previous month, calmly departed by boat for India at the very moment the enemy was occupying Rangoon, and

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A job well done. Forster examines what was once a busy machine shop in the Yenangyaung oil fields. It is no prize for the oil-thirsty Jap

THE greatest reservoir of fighting manpower to whip the Japanese lies not in the United States, 5,000 miles from Tokyo. It's in free, unoccupied China, with some 250 millions of people, just across a relatively small stretch of water from the Nipponese isles. For five years the Chinese soldier has proved himself every bit as courageous and clever as his Japanese enemy. He has hung on in the face of discouraging odds, lacking modern weapons and an air force.

Anglo-American arsenals should eventually be able to furnish him with these new arms and give him the support of a combined armada of the United States Army Air Forces and the Royal Air Force. However, "the day" is indefinite. In 1943? Perhaps longer. There is a lot of spadework to be done for a great Allied offensive on the Asiatic continent. It is required chiefly in a land of white pagodas and yellow-robed priests—Burma. And it's being planned right now by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, General Sir Archibald Wavell and Lieutenant General Joseph W. Stilwell.

The transfer of a thousand bombers and a thousand fighting planes from America to China could be made in seven days. But once having got the air fleet into China, the Allies would be little better off than before unless they had Burma. For the Air Force would need fuel—not a piddling few thousand gallons flown laboriously over the eastern tip of the Himalayas for the handful of planes already operating under the command of Brigadier General Claire L. Chennault. To strike effectively, the Air Force would require many thousand tons.

And where's the oil for the future planes of China? In Burma. "Oh!" you say. "Weren't the Burma fields scorched by the British? Or was that just another newspaper story?"

Yes, the Burma fields were scorched, thoroughly scorched. At the moment



Walter L. Forster (left), demolition expert, Bill Munday, Australian correspondent, and de Luce (right) in Yenangyaung, survey heavy machinery rendered useless by British along with \$1,000,000 power plant



In a non-destructive mood, Forster takes time off to rescue a cow from a swimming pool. The water drained, Forster figures way to get cow out

Retreating British pile electrical equipment in pit which will be flooded with oil and set alight. In the background an oil well blazes away

