

I - 9.      Speech - Untitled - Undated.    Concerns Guerrilla Warfare  
              in China - 11 p.

Many people have a vague idea that guerrilla warfare is fierce, wild, undisciplined action, very unlike regular warfare. The Japanese learned otherwise in China, and they made a study, in so far as they could, of methods of guerrilla warfare and used what they had learned against the armies of the United Nations in the south Pacific. Only one American had studied guerrilla warfare tactics, ~~and he was able to~~ and was able to beat the Japanese at their own game. This American is Lt. Col. Evans F. Carlson, commander of our famous "Carlson's Raiders" in the south Pacific.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~  
 Carlson was an American Marine Intelligence officer in China for a number of years. He spent many months with China's famous Eighth Route Army, studying its guerrilla tactics and its system of political education which gives men something to fight and die for if necessary, but something to fight and live for.

It just happens that I was in the Chinese Eighth Route Army at the same time that Carlson came there. Later I was with a number of other armies, regular armies in the field, and with ~~XXXXXXXX~~ a large guerrilla Army known as the New Fourth Army.

I'm going to take an episode from ~~XXXXXXXX~~ this latter Army to show you how a guerrilla force organizes and disciplines its members. This story will also show you one of the first basic principles of guerrilla warfare: that this type of warfare requires the most active support and brotherhood of the common people. The people will not give such support unless a guerrilla army is disciplined and ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ linked as brothers with the common people.

One September day in 1940, a column of 100 guerrilla officers, political leaders, and a medical unit, had to cross the Great Yangtze River from the south and reach a detachment of Chinese guerrillas to the north of the Yangtze. I was going with them. ~~XXXXXX~~

We would have to march at night only and pass directly between two Japanese garrisons which were about five miles inland on the south shore of the

river. After passing between these two points, we would be in a territory totally dominated by the Japanese. They had a number of garrisons in the region, and they held two large river cities about twenty miles apart. ~~xxxx~~ There was one village between these two cities, where there were no Japanese. Many Chinese fishermen and junkmen lived in this village and were intimately connected with our guerrillas. They were to take us across the Yangtze and hand us on to men who would be waiting to take us further northward.

We chose a night when there was no moon, for the Japanese were afraid to venture out to fight on dark ~~xxxx~~ nights. They could never see how many Chinese they were fighting and, in the darkness, they could never see a target. They preferred to fight only in the daytime, while the Chinese guerrillas ruled the night, and made a good showing during the day. But the Japanese had excellent weapons and there were good motor highways in the territory which they dominated and through which we would have to pass. We had no means of travel other than our own legs, and if the Japanese should really get wind of our passage, they might come out and attack. Their trucks and armored cars were equipped with searchlights which they could swing around all over the countryside and detect any unusual or moving object.

To prevent enemy spies from learning of our plans, only three men know of the route we would take to reach the Yangtze. These three ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ officers of the guerrilla Army met in an old ~~temple~~ abandoned temple and mapped the expedition. One of them was to be our leader and we called him Captain Feng. We had to make preparations for going, but we were ordered to tell the people that we were moving to the rear. We were taking a few hundred cases of medical supplies with us, ~~xxx~~ and we each had our individual packs and our blankets. I had a typewriter, a camera with films and typing paper--a heavy burden. Some of the ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ units in our column were taking a small printing press and ink, books, and many cases of ammunition. Since there are no trucks

and pack animals, all these things had to be carried by animals. Even had we possessed trucks or pack animals, we would never have dared take them with us.

~~Each~~ Each peasant carrier could take two cases of supplies, ~~one~~ one case on the end of a bamboo carry pole. Therefore, in addition to our hundred marchers, we had over twice as many carriers. It's dangerous for so many men to pass through enemy-occupied territory, so many of our marchers were armed with ~~sub-machine~~ sub-machine guns and most of us had ~~an~~ an automatic pistol for self protection. Later we would get regular armed men to protect us.

One evening at dusk we got the orders to march. I was with the medical unit, ~~and~~ and our headquarters was in an isolated village. We therefore moved out and after an hour came to a grove of trees where we waited for the other units to assemble from the other villages.

When we had all assembled, we stood in rows and listened to our commander, Captain Feng, give us his first report on the exact situation in the region through which we were to pass.

He painted no rosy picture. ~~We~~ We would have to march for three nights. On the third night, ~~at~~ at midnight, we were to cross the Yangtze, ~~and~~ and continue marching until dawn.

Before this first night was finished, he said, we would be in a zone in which there was almost constant fighting. Yet every precaution had been taken. The Army had sent civilian and plain-clothes military spies up and down the Yangtze and into Japanese garrisoned towns to watch for any unusual Japanese activity.

So far, these spies had seen nothing unusual around Japanese garrisons. They would continue to bring in daily reports so we would be kept informed.

Captain Feng gave us orders about the march. It was dark, but no one could show any light. There should be no talking, no smoking, no lighted matches, and

no flashlights. Since it was so dark, each of us was to follow the man directly ahead of us. If that man turned to the right or left, we were to follow; if he stepped down, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ or up, we would know the road was uneven or there was a ditch, and we should do as he did.

With these instructions, our commander cried out sharply:

"Tso-ba!" which means "go!" or "march."

We all fell in line, single-file, and began to march. Two or three hours passed in total silence, with the night grown black. Then the head of the column whispered ~~xxxxx~~ a command over his shoulder to the man behind him, and in this way the command fled in a whisper down our column. It was: "rest."

We dropped to the path where we stood and rested. Ten minutes later a whisper of "March" came down the line and we arose immediately and marched.

So we passed the night, and at dawn came to a small village. We were now on the battlefield. In the growing dawn I could see the faint figures of civilian sentries, peasants all, with guns, standing guard on the surrounding hills, peering far and near. We ate and lay down to sleep, resting secure in the hearts of the common people.

In the late afternoon we arose, ate a meal of rice with a bowl of boiled cabbage and eggs, marched to an isolated spot, and halted to hear another report from Capt. Feng. ~~xxxxxxnothingxxxxxx~~  
~~xxxxxxthisxxxxxx~~

He had nothing new to report. From this time on, he said, we should take pains to make no sound of any kind, lest we awaken the sleeping people. And since we were never certain of Japanese spies. ~~xxx~~

Our shoes made no noise. They were made of cloth, even to the soles. The village dogs would bark, which was a danger, but we were to try to quiet them.

We marched as on the first night, resting every two hours. We passed through sleeping, silent villages, and only now and then did some dark figure come out and stand watching. Many times we came to cross-roads, and found a peasant, with a rifle over his shoulder, standing, his arm outstretched. He whispered: "Go left," and we obeyed. Then into the villages of ~~xxx~~ mud walls and low thatched roofs. We heard the moaning of sick men coming from each village. It was a malarial region, but the Army did not have the medicine or medical workers to care for all the people. There were no other medical workers in the territory.

Not a word was spoken through the night other than our whispered orders. Up winding mountain paths, down through valleys, up mountains paths again, and the dawn found us still on the road.

We saw the peasants come into their fields and begin to work. On the hills about ~~xxx~~ stood peasant sentires with guns, and some of those on the field stacked their guns near-by.

We finally reached ~~xxxxxxx~~ a deserted temple in the mountains. ~~xxxxxxx~~ There were dark forests about, so we felt secure against air-planes. Before going to sleep we climbed the highest mountain peak and looked down on the gleaming Yangtze River about ten miles away. We saw the black hulk of a Japanese gunboat nosing its way up the river past the very village where we intended to cross that night. We could see a pall of smoke rising over the villages occupied by the Japanese on the plain below.

In the late afternoon we arose and, without eating, moved forward. The mountain paths were blocked by felled trees and we had to pick our painful way through the brush. We were trying to reach the headquarters of a battalion of the guerrilla army which lay on the other side of the mountain. It was dark before we arrived, but the battalion welcomed us gayly, happily, fed us and joked with us.

They were all young men under thirty, fearful ss

and debonnaire. To cross the Yangtze, they said, was just a pleasant night's jaunt. We need not be afraid. And two companies of armed men of this batallion were to escort us to the ~~xxx~~ shores of the Yangtze and come back before the night ended.

We listened to this light talk, but I noticed that everyone was looking his gun over, and seeing that cartridge clips were in their place. I handed my pistol to my bodyguard and told him to put it in perfect order. I went on making notes in my diary as everybody talked and wisecracked. They spread out a military map on the table and showed us the exact path we would have to follow before the night was finished. But we needed no map. We had already seen that route from the mountain-side.

We heard a ~~bird's~~ sound like a bird's call coming from a dark grove of trees, and my bodyguard said "Come! We are going", and handed me my pistol.

We left the courtyard and went to the grove where we found ourselves in a mass of moving men, with our hundreds of carriers lifting and testing their burdens on the end of their bamboo poles. Now we had two companies of ~~xxx~~ regular guerrilla soldiers, ~~xxx~~ many of them with light Thompson's machine guns. Half of them moved up to go first and ~~xxx~~ the others waited to bring up the rear.

Captain Feng gave his final report. He said:

"Attention Comrades! Today a Japanese gunboat anchored ~~xxx~~ before the very village from which we must embark this night. Enemy launches came ashore and searched every man, forcing them to strip naked, to see if there was anything in their clothing connecting them with our guerrillas. The Japs felt each man's head to see if there was the crease of a soldier's ~~xxx~~ cap.

"All this sounds bad. But it isn't. It's just an ordinary thing in this region. All reports from enemy garrisons show no unusual Japanese activity. We have one company of troops now scattered

directly along the shores of the river to the west and another company to the east. They are under orders to open fire on any Japanese boat of any nature that comes along this night. They are to draw the fire on themselves while we cross the river.

"We have thrown an armed cordon sanitaire around those two Japanese garrisons on the plains below us. Those garrisons are just three miles apart. We must pass right between them, so the Japs will be a mile and a half away on either hand. Between us and the Japs stand our armed troops, under orders to fight and not retreat.

"Now, some of you are sick or tired. Three nurses have been sick all day with malaria. But everyone must summon all his strength and reach the Yangtze by midnight and cross. We have overcome greater difficulties than this already, and this is small in comparison. "

The Commander told us that on this night we would not rest often, and only about five minutes at that. He ordered us to make no sound and to quiet barking village dogs if possible. Our carriers were ordered to allow no squak to come from their burdens.

Our Commander said that it was ~~black~~ pitch black in the mountains, but on the plains below there were no forests and we would be able to see better in the starlight. He told ~~men~~ to tuck the end of their small face towels in the back of their collar and let the end hang down their backs, so men behind them could see.

There was a rustling as we made ready. Then came the order to march and we filed out in the darkness. I could not see one single thing and ~~could~~ could only hear the soft thud of feet before and back of me. I stumbled along, and finally placed my outstretched arm on my bodyguard's shoulder, who seemed to have eyes like an owl.

As we approached sleeping villages the

dogs began to bark wildly. They heralded our approach and kept on barking until the last of our column had passed. By that time the dogs of another village had begun. It was a terrifying thing, for the Japanese surely could locate us exactly.

We neared a village and the order to rest came down the line. One carrier lay flat on the earth and tried to take comfort in his pipe, but hardly had ~~xxx~~ the match been lit before a guard was on him, knocking the light from his hand.

I lay outstretched on the earth I saw a clump of bushes. Inside was a small temple to the earth god and his wife, and before them burned a bright new candle. The candle was new, just lighted-- it was a signal that all was well.

We arose at ~~xxxxxxx~~ the order "March quickly!" And knew one of the decisive moments had come. We were now going to pass between the Japanese defence positions a mile and half on either hand.

We began to march swiftly, and when we came to barren rolling hills we crouched low and ran, lest our dark figures be seen in outline by enemy sentries.

I heard the night birds, the wind through the trees, and the stars above had never seemed so bright. Then I heard a far-away sound like the wierd bellow of a buffalo calf. It sounded three times. It ended, then the same sound came from the other direction--near the Japanese garris on.

My bodyguard gave a low, satisfied sound as of laughter and I knew the signal was that all was well for us.

For the second time we rested and laughed happily because we had passed through the danger spot in safety. Then on the road again. We neared a village, but not a dog barked! Strange!

As my part of the column moved through the main street of the village, we saw a strange sight. On either side stood long rows of tables covered with bowls of ~~steaming~~ hot water, and near them stood all the villagers, men, women and children, ~~standing~~ silently handing us each a bowl of water to drink.

A dog began to bark wildly, but just as he began I saw the figure of a little ~~black~~ boy spring from behind a table and ~~dash~~ flash past in the direction of the ~~sound~~. There was a terrified yelp and the sound ceased.

We drank our water, ~~and~~ returned the bowl, and marched swiftly ahead. Not a sound was made in the village.

Nearing the mighty Yangtze, we came out on top of the high mud dykes that hold back the river during floods. Dark lagoons lay on either hand--breeding places of the malaria mosquito.

Then a traitor suddenly appeared. It was the moon. It rose in a ruddy glow from the mountains behind us, cast its light on the lagoons, and threw the high dykes into gleaming light. We call the moon a traitor. But when it arose we knew it was two in the morning instead of midnight and we were two hours late at the crossing. In fear of the moonlight, we all began to march swiftly or to fall into periods of trotting.

Suddenly our whole column came to a dead stop as an order of "wait" came down to us. Confused whispering arose everywhere.

My guard put his voice to my ear, pointed ahead down the dyke, and said: "Look! Everything OK".

Far down the dark I saw a great light flare up, as if light paper was being burned. It lit up the inside of a village gate. Then it died down.

We began to march swiftly. I heard the soft padding of running feet and past our lines sped our guerrilla soldiers. They fanned out and surrounded the village ahead of us and some of them sped through the streets inside and took up positions, watchful for any traitor signal to the enemy. Soldiers took up positions along the village wall

Our column did not enter the village, but went down the dyke embankment to a tributary of the Yangtze River. Two huge junks, sails ready, lay groaning at anchor, two gang planks up the sides of each.

Our carriers did a remarkable thing. Without a sound they ran up one gang plank, lowered their burdens into the hold of the junks, then ran down the other gang plank. There was a continuous line on each boat and within a few minutes the junks were loaded and the rest of us sped up the gang planks. Only our guerrilla soldier guards were going back to the mountains. Before we could more than think, the great junks had shoved off from shore and ten minutes later we were out on the mighty Yangtze.

Now our fate lay in the lap, ~~not of the gods~~ not of the gods, but in the hands of the guerrilla soldiers scattered up and down the shores of the river. ~~if~~ There was a great Japanese garrison up river, with a gunboat always lying before us. That gunboat could reach us within seven minutes if it got news of the crossing. Our soldiers might draw its fire on themselves.

The Yangtze is a mighty flood that looks like the ocean at night, its waves rolling. The moonlight ~~xxx xxxxx~~ lay in long streaks across it and a mist hung low. At this point the Yangtze was five miles wide as the crow flies, but actually it was 23 miles from our place of embarkation to the village on the north shore where we intended to land.

Sometimes, when the wind failed us and our sails hung limp so that we had to tack back, fear seized us. But others of us ~~xxx~~ lay in exhausted sleep on the junk, caring not at all.

Once we approached a low sandy island in the river, and tied up to a crude wharf were two junks. One of our boatmen jumped up as if catapulted and shouted furiously at the junks:

"Who are you?"

A low sarcastic laugh came back and a contemptuous voice said: "Who are you?"

But the voice was Chinese, not Japanese, so that our boatman bellowed in fury: ~~xxxxxxx~~

"Get out of here whoever you are!"

The voice laughed ~~xxxxx~~ again as if saying:

"Mind your own business."

Then, from the other junk, came a shout:

"Who are you--give your name!"

All fury had left our boatman by this time and, staring at the distant junk, he bawled:

"None of your business!"

It was nearing dawn when we saw the long line of trees on the north shore of the Yangtze rise out of the night and grow larger and larger. As we drew near we saw armed guerrillas standing up and down the shores. We ~~xxxxx~~ sprang happily over the side of the junk and landed in a large gathering of laughing people who had gathered to welcome us.

This is the way we crossed the Yangtze in Chinese guerrilla land.