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/ N U M B E R S I X

Dixie Mission:
The United States Army
Observer Group
in Yen-an, 1944

DAVID D. BARRETT



陸世驥題

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By David D. Barrett

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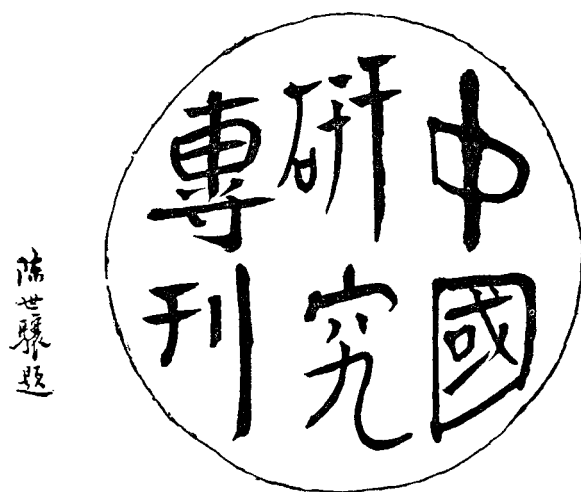
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Foreword

The commander of the Dixie Mission at Yen-an spent more than a year on the front line of history. Superbly trained as a military attache, Colonel Barrett reported during late 1944 and early 1945 on the Chinese Communist war-making capability against Japan in preparation for the final Sino-American defeat of Japan in China, a denouement that never came to pass. Though not assigned to take part in the intricate negotiations then under way between Mao and Chiang, he eventually became involved in them and did what he could to persuade Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai that a political settlement between the two contending party dictatorships would be the best thing for China. This also was by-passed by history, and Colonel Barrett wound up like everyone else in the Dixie Mission, a casualty of the cold war—in his case deprived of the general's star that his service merited.

The Dixie Mission was one that “failed” in conventional terms, for it didn't lead anywhere. For the moment at least it lies in the “dustbin of history” to which Chairman Mao has assigned so much of the record of Sino-American relations.

For the historian, however, who is always conscious of the turning of the wheel of events (Japan was once our enemy, China our friend), the Mission remains the high point of official contact between the United States and the Chinese Communist leadership.

It not only provided the military view of the Yen-an regime that Colonel Barrett and his staff reported on, it also coincided with the admission to Yen-an of a group of American journalists who got across the Kuomintang blockade to report on that other China, in the arid sun-drenched northwest, where bureaucracy and its evils were as yet only embryonic and a new Chinese polity, close to the soil and its people, was taking shape. The resulting half dozen journalists' accounts of Yen-an communism disclosed to the American public another dimension of the Chinese revolutionary scene.

Having spent 1944 and much of 1945 in the Washington headquarters of the Office of War Information, I can vividly recall the fascination with which we greeted still another by-product of the Observer Mission, the reports on the Chinese Communist success in psychological warfare against the Japanese that were sent back from Yen-an by the O.W.I. observer there, Francis McCracken Fisher. Japanese troops had almost never surrendered to the American forces. De-

spite the leaflets so assiduously dropped on them by the O.W.I., using some of the best talent of Madison Avenue, the Japanese captured alive had usually been unconscious at the time. Yet at Yen-an Mac Fisher found more than two hundred and fifty Japanese who had come over to the Yen-an forces, without benefit of two-color leaflets or photo-offset illustrations. He sent back food for thought.

Most important in the work of the Dixie Mission was the diplomatic contact with the Communist high command. This was carried on largely by a Foreign Service Officer on General Stilwell's staff, John Stewart Service. As the forthcoming memoirs of his colleague John Davies will indicate, this exploratory contact finally eventuated in a long interview with Mao, in which Mao suggested to Service a basis on which an American relationship with the Chinese Communist Party might be able to develop. This came to nothing and Service's brilliant reporting from Yen-an was later exploited by McCarthyite patrioteers intent on denouncing the American "loss" of China. This aspect of the Dixie Mission has not yet been evaluated in historical context as a creative search for an alternative to the Sino-American animosity that has supervened and blanketed out the preceding era of Sino-American friendship and collaboration.

Colonel Barrett thus presided over a pregnant phase of Sino-American relations, a time of hope and optimism when Maoism was new and possibilities were not yet foreclosed. No better man could have been found for the task. When Dave Barrett and his observer team flew into Yen-an in July, 1944, he was 52 years old and had already spent twenty-seven years in the United States Army, nearly all of them in China.

He was born in a Colorado mining town, Central City, in 1892, went to school in Boulder, graduated from the University of Colorado in 1915, and taught high school for two years before entering the U.S. Army in 1917. While serving in the Philippines in 1921, he applied for Chinese language training in the program for army officers conducted under the legation in Peking. After completing the basic four year course and serving as assistant military attache at Peking, he spent three years, 1931-34, with the Fifteenth U.S. Infantry at Tientsin—where George C. Marshall and Joseph W. Stilwell had also served. Barrett's spoken Chinese was already exceptionally good, and he acted most of this time as regimental intelligence officer, maintaining a lively contact with Chinese officials. From 1936 to 1942, he was again assistant military attache in Peking, during a time of particular stress and strain under the Japanese occupation (which is another story quite full of its own melodrama).

Dave Barrett had learned his Chinese in Peking, in the pure crystalline form that gave the speaker a bit of prestige everywhere else in China. Speaking Pekinese indeed could diminish a foreigner's foreignness, and

Dave Barrett spoke it with an obvious love of every tone and phrase. He also had those American Army qualities that created common ties with the Chinese people: he was, to be sure, a blue-eyed, red-cheeked white man, as exotically colored as one might expect a foreigner to be, but with the upstanding self-respect and respect for others that made him obviously civilized in his own way. Like all the military (at least in the old days), he loved outdoor movement, going over the terrain, dealing with problems of transport, living off the country like the countless generations of Chinese travelers who have gulped noodles at roadside shops and spread their bedding rolls in local inns. Most of all he loved contact with the Chinese people, in the way that so many Western travelers, missionaries, merchants and scholars have enjoyed it through the ages—not necessarily because of the foreigner's superior status (it was not always assured) but because of the pervasive charm and excitement of Chinese life on the personal plane. (This tie between China and the West has been the greatest loss due to the cold war.)

Barrett's predecessor as military attache, Joseph W. Stilwell, had an abiding admiration and affection for the Chinese common soldier and a commensurate suspicion if not contempt for his commanders. Barrett had less vinegar in his system and was more gregarious and out-going. His memoir shows him speaking in the same authentic American style as Mark Twain and other exemplars down to and not excluding the late W. C. Fields. One high point of Sino-American literature surely will be his account in this memoir of Patrick J. Hurley's arrival at Yen-an.

One fascination of this memoir is to see how one can be a true China hand and yet remain in some ways quite culture bound. Barrett is reporting on the Chinese Communist forces, what makes them tick, but he sees them in the American military categories which exclude politics. He finds their military training school really doing next to nothing militarily; the trainees seem to spend their time merely reading the *Chieh-fang jih-pao* (Liberation Daily). Out of this reading, of course, came the revolution—an army so ideologically indoctrinated that it could retain popular support and operate decentralized but under discipline. On manoeuvres Barrett finds the Communists rely on the populace to get accurate intelligence on the enemy and so fail to do that energetic scouting and patrolling that has been part and parcel of the American army tradition ever since the French and Indian War. After all, Americans, as in Vietnam, fight for terrain or to search and destroy, not to get the support of the local inhabitants. In the proper American fashion, Barrett also takes a dim view of political commissars and political work in the army. Politics is part of peace, and under the American division of powers these things are left to civilian arrangement. (The American military do not set policy, they carry out assigned operations; is it their fault if operations create policy?)

The reader will also find Colonel Barrett as a devotedly loyal officer still smarting under the cold war accusation that he was soft on communism, since “communism” subsequently became the American national enemy. In retrospect, however, we see now that he was dealing with that particular offshoot of Marxism-Leninism known as Maoism, and at a formative time when “Japanese imperialism” was just in the process of being superseded by “American imperialism” as its essential foreign enemy. But enemies in this bellicose human world constantly change. Future researchers on Sino-American friendship will be particularly indebted to this memoir and to its author as one of the best practitioners of the art.

The latest phase of Colonel Barrett’s career has been properly academic and in his home state: in 1960-62 he served as Visiting Professor in Chinese at the University of Colorado and became the first head of the new Department of Slavic and Oriental Languages there. And so he wound up bringing a bit of China back to Colorado.

JOHN K. FAIRBANK

Harvard University
August, 1970

Preface

If there is any merit in this footnote to history, it may in part be due to the fact I can answer in the affirmative the question: “Vas you dere, Sharlie?” Even if I was, however, there is little point in writing about it unless what I did and saw there is of some interest today.

I am assuming, accordingly, that there are people who would like to read about my experiences with the Dixie Mission, particularly since the Chinese Communists, whom a good many people regarded as “good guys” at the time, are now outdoing themselves to make it clear to all and sundry they want to be considered the bitterest enemies of the United States in the world today. Even if they hate us as much as they say they do—and I for one can see no valid reason for thinking they do not—it may be of interest to learn what they were like twenty-five years ago, at least as they appeared to one American who had opportunity to know them well, spoke their language, and felt no compulsion to appear ga-ga because he thought they were so good, or to fulminate because he felt they were so evil.

There are not too many people around today who had the same opportunity—and incidentally the same background of experience in China—to know the Chinese Communists and their leaders as I did. I think it may be important for me to set down my recollections of them while there is yet time and the memory of my service in Yen-an is still fresh in my mind. Fortunately I kept a diary which has been useful in holding in check any tendency to “remember with advantages” what I did there.

I have one record of my service in Yen-an which speaks for itself: the excellent pictures which Communist photographers made of people and events associated with the Dixie Mission. Memories can be wrong, and diaries may omit important points, but in general the camera tells the truth.

It is with some trepidation that I write about China at all, since that country has become such a controversial topic—so controversial indeed that few can think, talk, or write about it objectively. As far as the talking is concerned, a columnist wrote in a San Francisco newspaper a year or so ago that he had never met anyone who could do it without foaming at the mouth, one way or another. A friend who works for the Government in Washington has told me that smart people in sensitive positions there just don’t talk about China at all.

Not only is China in general a touchy subject, but to say anything nice

about the Chinese Communists, even as they were 25 years ago, is to risk offending some people. No matter how hard they may try, it is difficult for everyone to keep in mind that the world situation is much different now from what it was then.

All I can do is to ask any readers there may be of this little monograph to try to believe me when I say I have never had but one loyalty, the United States of America.

DAVID D. BARRETT

San Francisco,
May 1969.

I

The Dixie Mission Arrives

About noon on 22 July 1944, a United States Army Air Force C-47 cargo plane was approaching Yen-an, Shensi Province, China. Yen-an was then the headquarters of the Chinese Communists. Up to that time, no United States military plane had ever flown there, but the pilot, Captain Robert Champion, had been well briefed on how to make his approach and landing.

Aboard the plane was the first contingent of the United States Army Observer Group, which had been given the informal name of "The Dixie Mission," sent from Headquarters, China-Burma-India Theater of War, in Chungking, to establish liaison with the Chinese Communists. The personnel of the contingent, which had left Chungking that morning, comprised the following:

Colonel David D. Barrett, General Staff Corps

Mr. John S. Service, *Second Secretary of Embassy*, attached to the Staff of the Commanding General, China-Burma-India Theater of War

Major Melvin A. Casberg, Medical Corps

Major Ray Cromley, U.S. Army Air Corps

Captain John C. Colling, Infantry

Captain Charles G. Stelle, U.S. Army Air Corps

Captain Paul C. Domke, Signal Corps

1st Lieut. Henry S. Whittlesey, Infantry

Staff Sergeant Anton H. Remeneh, Signal Corps

A second contingent of the Observer Group did not arrive in Yen-an until 7 August 1944. It included the following personnel:

Mr. Raymond P. Ludden, *Second Secretary of Embassy*, attached to the Staff of the Commanding General, CBI

Lieut. Colonel Reginald E. Foss, U.S. Army Air Corps

Major Wilbur J. Peterkin, Infantry

Major Charles E. Dole, U.S. Army Air Corps

Captain Brooke Dolan, Infantry

Lieutenant Simon H. Hitch, U.S. Navy

1st Lieut. Louis M. Jones, U.S. Army Air Corps

Sergeant Walter Gress, Signal Corps

Technician 4th Class George I. Nakamura, Detached Enlisted Men's List

The first contingent had taken off in good weather, and the flight with a brief stop in Sian, also in Shensi Province, had thus far been uneventful.

II

Harking Back to Yao and Shun

The Chinese say of a man who, in describing an event, delves far into the past, that he “harks back to Yao and Shun”—two legendary Emperors who, if they ever lived at all, reigned long before the time of recorded history. They also speak of a long-winded man as one who, in telling about Peking, must first enter into a long description of Shanghai. Without wishing to come under either of these classifications, I feel a few words may be in order about some events in China before the Dixie Mission was sent out in the summer of 1944.

If there had been no Chinese Communists, there probably never would have been a Dixie Mission, for it was a desire, mostly on the part of Americans, to be informed about these people which ultimately led to the formation of our organization. The Chinese Communist Party was founded in Shanghai in 1921. Of little importance at first, by the latter part of the 1920s the party had begun to exercise considerable influence on the affairs of China.

In 1926, when the Northern Expedition, under the command of Chiang Kai-shek, set out from Canton with the objective of overthrowing the warlords who for years had been bringing incalculable misery and virtual economic ruin upon the people of China, the Generalissimo was by no means as bitterly anti-Communist as he later became. In Canton, in the early 1920s, he had openly sided with the Russians, and in 1923 he visited the Soviet Union for four months. It was during this period, some of his biographers have maintained, that he came to develop the aversion to anything connected with this doctrine which has become a dominating force in his life.

Regardless of just when Chiang Kai-shek first began to turn against Communism, in the Whampoa Military Academy at Canton—which Doctor Sun Yat-sen, Father of the Chinese Revolution, appointed him to head in 1924—there were Communists on the teaching and administrative staffs. Among these were figures prominent in the Chinese Communist world of today, such as Chou En-lai, Yeh Chien-ying and Lin Piao. And in the forces of the Northern Expedition there were officers and political commissars who were Communists.

Early in the history of the Northern Expedition, friction began to develop between Communist and more conservative elements. By 1927, the strength of the Communists and extreme leftists was centered in Hankow, with anti-Communists based in Nanking. The final break be-

III

I Learn About Dixie

Having finished harking back to Yao and Shun, and after working my way through Shanghai to arrive on the outskirts of Peking, I take up the account of the Dixie Mission on a more personal basis.

In the spring of 1944 I was stationed in Kweilin, Kwangsi Province, as G-2 in Headquarters of the U.S. Army Z Force, an organization preparing to serve with the Chinese National Government Army in the same way as our Y Force was then cooperating in fighting the Japanese in Burma. I had already had considerable service in China. From 1924 to 1928 I had been an Attache for Language Study, and later Assistant Military Attache, in the U.S. Legation in Peking. From 1931 to 1934 I had been stationed with the 15th United States Infantry in Tientsin. In August of 1936 I had arrived in Peking as Assistant Military Attache, U.S. Embassy, my chief being Colonel (later four-star General) Joseph W. Stilwell. In 1942 I became Military Attache, but in the fall of the next year, I had been relieved, at my own request, from this duty in order to be "seeking the bubble, Reputation, even in the cannon's mouth." That I saw no cannon and achieved little reputation is a subject which need not be developed here.

As a "China hand," I had long been aware of the feeling in some quarters that the National Government was devoting too much effort to containing, and sometimes clashing with, the Communists instead of putting its whole effort into fighting the Japanese. I was aware of the pressure for despatch of competent and impartial observers to the Communist areas. I had not, however, heard of the desire of President Roosevelt that a U.S. Army observer group be sent out.

On 25 March 1944, I was ordered to proceed to Chungking and report to Headquarters CBI "for temporary duty," the nature of which was not specified. By inquiry "from sources whose information had hitherto proved reliable," however, I learned about the Dixie Mission and "G-2'd" I was probably to accompany it. On arrival in Chungking four days later, I learned from Jack Service that I was to be in command. According to Jack, General Stilwell desired the mission be headed by an officer whom the Communists would respect and who could speak Chinese well. Naturally I was fearfully bucked up that I was considered qualified.

When I arrived in Chungking, I had heard nothing about the most

IV

Dixie at Work

Before beginning to hark back to Yao and Shun and prefacing a description of Peking with a long account of Shanghai, I had worked the Dixie Mission to Yen-an and the quarters we were to occupy during our period of service there.

We were housed in some of the Yen-an “caves,” which were really not caves at all, but short tunnels, about 15 feet in length, cut into the steep hillside and lined with beautifully fitted blocks of hewn stone. The single room of each cave ended in the blank face of the tunnel. In front, a door and window, set in wooden frames, provided an entrance and admitted some light. In lieu of window panes, white paper was pasted over the frames, which prevented anyone from seeing anything from inside or outside. The caves were floored with grey bricks, with sand in the spaces between them.

Furnishings of the room were of Spartan simplicity: a rough table, one or two plain wooden chairs, a trestle bed (planks set on saw horses) for each occupant, a stand for an enameled wash basin, and a rack for towels. There was no floor covering. Everything was clean, and ample for the requirements of anyone not expecting soft living. At night, light was supplied by tallow candles.

There was no running water anywhere on the premises. The latrine, undoubtedly built with special care for the accommodation of fastidious foreigners, was located at an inconvenient distance from the living quarters, but otherwise provided entirely satisfactory sanitary facilities.

Detailed to supervise our living quarters and look after our wants were two young Communist officials, Huang Hua and Ch'en Chia-k'ang. Both were pleasant, courteous, and efficient, particularly Chia-k'ang, who reminded me more of a student in Peking than a follower of Marxist doctrine.

After the Communists took over the mainland of China, Chia-k'ang became an ambassador. The last I heard of Huang Hua, he was acting as chief negotiator for the Communist side in the negotiations at Panmunjon, North Korea, in 1953. Whether the experience with Americans gained by these two young men while the Dixie Mission was in Yen-an was of benefit to them or not, I do not know.

One of the first things our Communist liaison officers told us was that when we wanted something, not to bawl “Boy”—in the fashion of foreigners living in the Far East—but to call, in a reasonably loud tone

V

Dixie at Play

It must have been evident in Yen-an that personnel of the Dixie Mission worked hard. I believe in sincere effort to break the tedium of much work and little play. The Communists devoted considerable attention to entertaining us outside of our duty hours.

We were frequently invited to dinner parties, at which Mao Tse-tung, Chu Teh, Chou En-lai, Yeh Chien-ying and other leaders were usually present. On these occasions the Chinese food was uniformly good; the wine terrible. The best offered us in the way of drink was a local imitation of *shaohsing*, a famous Chekiang wine which tastes a good deal like dry sherry. Unfortunately *shaohsing* was in short supply over China during World War II, and we were often regaled with *pai-kan* (white-dry), a colorless distilled spirit which according to our ideas was not wine at all, as it was not made by fermenting the juice of the grape, but distilled from kaoliang (millet). The Chinese do not distinguish between "wine" and "spirits," as we do, but include under the name of *chiu* (wine) everything which has alcohol in it.

Pai-kan, which American soldiers in Chungking during the war called "ching pao (air alarm) juice," is really the traditional wine of China, usually drunk warm and from small cups. It often appeared in the market and on dinner tables in stoneware bottles labelled "Mao Tai," a village in Kweichow Province in which in normal times an excellent grade of the spirit was produced. As far as I was concerned, however, even if Mao Tai, genuine or otherwise, had been good, I would not have liked it. I found it fearfully strong, with a definite flavor of coal oil. Too much of it could make you terribly drunk, for it had a kick like a mule. Even a small amount could result in a severe case of heartburn.

In Yen-an we were also served a sort of wine called "tiger bone," supposedly made by soaking bones of the beast in *pai-kan*. It was said to build up the strength, as well as giving the drinker the courage and fierceness of a tiger. Since tigers were rare in the Border Area, it was usually made with beef bones, not always of the freshest. It would almost lift the scalp of anyone who swallowed it too hastily. I confess to having offered it at times to unwary persons without due warning, and being greatly amused to see their coughing and choking after they had tried to toss off even a small cup.

We had been in Yen-an but a few days when a big welcoming party was given in our honor in a large hall. No food or drink was served on

VI

General Hurley Visits Yen-an

“The Wounded Duck,” as I had been pleased to call the plane which had been heavily damaged the day our first contingent arrived in Yen-an, was repaired by mechanics sent especially for the purpose, and on 23rd September it was flown back to Chungking. While under repair it had sat in the open on the field, presenting what seemed to me an inviting target for a bombing attack. It seems highly likely the Japanese must have known about this plane, but whether they did or not, no bombers ever appeared to attack it. While the Duck was under repair, another aircraft was assigned to the Yen-an run.

The arrival of the plane from Chungking was always a big event in Yen-an, and on the afternoon of the 7th of November, Chou En-lai and I were among a large crowd of Chinese and Americans on hand to greet it. After it had landed and the doors opened, there appeared at the top of the steps a tall, gray haired, soldierly, extremely handsome man, wearing one of the most beautifully tailored uniforms I have ever seen, and with enough ribbons on his chest to represent every war, so it seemed to me, in which the United States had ever engaged except possibly Shay’s Rebellion. It was Major General Patrick J. Hurley, Special Emissary of the President of the United States, of whose intention to visit Yen-an apparently no one had thought to inform us. He had come, so I was soon to find out, to act as a mediator between the National Government and the Chinese Communists.

Visibly startled by this picture of soldierly bearing and sartorial splendor was Chou En-lai, who at once asked who the distinguished visitor was. I told him it was General Hurley, whom I had once seen years before in New York when he was Secretary of War. “Please hold him here until I can bring Chairman Mao,” said Chou, as he disappeared in a cloud of dust.

In a shorter time than I would have thought possible, Mao and Chou appeared in the Communists’ only piece of motor transport in Yen-an, at least as far as I ever saw, a beat-up truck with an enclosed cabin. Close behind them came a company of infantry, evidently hastily mustered at a barracks near the airfield. While Mao greeted the General with due ceremony, the company lined up in guard of honor formation and the General reviewed them. After the General had returned the salute of the officer commanding the company, he drew himself to his full impressive height, swelled up like a poisoned pup, and let out an

VII

The Way of the Negotiator Is Hard

It seems reasonable to assume that General Hurley showed the Communist proposals for a settlement with the National Government immediately upon his return to Chungking, perhaps on the same day. Whether or not he first showed them to T. V. Soong, I do not know. If Doctor Soong had asked to see the terms, it would have been difficult to refuse him.

In fairness to General Hurley, it appears highly probable that when he left Yen-an on such high notes of hope and good feeling, he must not only have thought the terms fair, but also that there was a reasonable chance the Generalissimo would accept them, if not wholly at least in sufficient part to favor the chances of further negotiation. If the General were successful in his effort to bring the Communists and the Kuomintang to an agreement, he stood to win tremendous face, perhaps even a Nobel peace prize. On the other hand, if Chiang Kai-shek summarily rejected the terms, General Hurley stood to lose much face, particularly after he had signed them to indicate his approval.

In all probability, the terms were shown to the Generalissimo after they had been translated into Chinese. Whether or not the translation showed that they had been signed by Mao Tse-tung and General Hurley to indicate their belief in their fairness, I do not know. In any event, the first reaction on the part of the National Government officials was that the Communists had sold the General a bill of goods.

It appears certain that immediately after his return to Chungking, General Hurley tried hard to persuade the Generalissimo to accept the Communist proposals, in the framing of which he had played such an important role. On the 16th of November, the General reported to President Roosevelt that the Generalissimo had found the terms "not completely acceptable"—a masterpiece of understatement if ever there was one. General Hurley's part in the shaping of the terms must have been apparent to any Chinese official who read them and noted such expressions as "writ of *habeas corpus* . . . freedom of speech . . . freedom of assembly," and so on, which no Chinese—no matter what his party affiliation—would be likely to use, or perhaps even know about unless he had studied the United States Constitution.

In his despatch dated November 16th to the President, General Hurley makes no mention of the part he played in the framing of the Communist proposals. It is interesting to note, however, that at one point he

VIII

Distant Views of Dixie

Somewhat to my astonishment, the Dixie Mission did not fold after I was finally relieved of command in December 1944. I was succeeded in Yen-an by my close friend, Colonel Morris B. Depass, Junior. We had been language officers together in Peking, and we had both served in the 15th Infantry in Tientsin. He was well qualified for service with the Mission and performed his duties most efficiently.

Colonel Depass was succeeded by Colonel Ivan D. Yeaton, an officer who had served as an Assistant Military Attache in our Embassy in Moscow, and had the reputation in some quarters of being an expert in Russian affairs. He was held in high esteem by General Wedemeyer, who paid him a glowing tribute in his "Wedemeyer Reports." I might add that the General did not refer to me in anything like such complimentary fashion.

After I left Yen-an a tragic incident occurred which affected me deeply. The officer representing Air-Ground Aid Service, which as noted above was charged with rendering all possible assistance to U. S. pilots downed behind the Japanese lines, was Captain Henry C. Whittlesey, who was a First Lieutenant when the Mission arrived in the Communist capital.

In the course of his duties, Captain Whittlesey, accompanied by a Communist photographer, had occasion to visit an area close to the Japanese lines, and they entered a village which they had been told was clear of the enemy. After the American officer and the photographer were inside the town, however, it turned out there were still Japanese there. Whittlesey and the Chinese were fired on, and both were killed. Colonel Depass told me later the Communists sacrificed almost a whole battalion in an effort to recover the bodies, but were unable to do so.

The Communists appeared deeply distressed over Captain Whittlesey's death. I believe they held him in high esteem, and it was also a great loss of face for them to have allowed him to enter the village on their assurance there were no Japanese there. Some people might say Whittlesey could have been deliberately allowed to fall into a trap, but this I would find hard to believe. Not only do the Chinese have regard for their pledged word, but also I doubt they would willingly have sacrificed the photographer along with the American officer. Later, perhaps, they might have been willing to do this, but not, so it seemed to me, at that time.