

# The Civil War

## 國共內戰

### 1.1 My Childhood 童年

My twin brother, Wai-Kai (惠開) and I were born in Nanking (南京), the capital of Nationalist China in 1936. It was the beginning of the Sino-Japanese War (1937-1945) (中日戰爭). My father retreated with the government to Chongqing (重慶), with my eldest brother, Hollis (惠青), while my mother took us back to her parents' home in a remote village near the county Ching-Tien Hsien (青田縣) in Chekiang Province (浙江省). Since China is a large mountainous country, it was a safe and realistic alternative for the women and children to return to their remote village in the mountain to escape the war. At the same time, it was patriotic for the men to go with the government to save China.

It is difficult nowadays for foreigner to truly appreciate the depth of patriotism and passion of Chinese people felt towards their country during this time. This passion was brought about by China's long history of humiliation by the western powers and Japan. It had begun more than 150 years ago; with the defeat of Ching Dynasty (清朝) by the British in the Opium War (鴉片戰爭) of 1841. When the Sino-Japanese War started in 1937, the Chinese were fighting back, and were not defeated. To save China was probably the most abiding idea for almost all Chinese at the time.

After the Sino-Japanese War in 1945, our family reunited in Nanking, and we settled down in a very nice house near the old palace. I was about ten years old and my youngest sister, Helena (惠美), was born at this new house. Wai-Kai and I attended a primary school for the children of the Chinese Air Force personnel near home; and my elder sister, Eileen (惠齡), entered the famous King-Ling Girls Junior High School (金陵

女中), which was considered to be an elite private school at the time. There was great excitement and expectation among many Chinese people that they would now be able to live in a peaceful life going forward; and to start rebuilding the country under the Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek (蔣介石).



Wai-Kai (惠開) and W.F. attended the primary school in Nanking (南京) in 1948, seating from front row, third from left with a booklet, and standing third row, third from right. The class teacher Chen (陳岳如) standing at the left end.

This was the first time I could recall that we were living together with my father and siblings except my eldest brother, Hollis (惠青). Hollis was still living in a boarding school in Chongqing (重慶) at the time. It was my happy years at home; and we attended regular school for the first time in my memory. Eileen was staying in a dormitory during the weekdays; and came home every weekend. Unfortunately, these good things never last.

The Civil War between Nationalist and Communist started immediately after the Sino-Japanese War. Everyday, we read the

headline news about the Civil War that was going on in Manchuria. The tragic events on starvation of people in the besieged cities became more and more frequent. In the school, teachers did not teach us much; but kept talking about the war and its casualties. We practiced more frequently in school on how to act when the insurgents attacked the city. Bad news continued. Again, my father was forced to plan another family retreat and family separation followed shortly.

The situation seemed to deteriorate very fast, and the People's Liberation Army (PLA) (人民解放軍) defeated the Nationalist in a major battle in Shu-Chow (徐州) (淮海戰役); and they were ready to cross the Yangtze River (長江) to capture the capital, Nanking. In a hasty decision, my parents sent us back to the coast city, Wen-Chow (溫州), to stay with our Aunt (姑媽), my father's elder sister. My parents bought this house for my Aunt to live in; since she was single and never married. The city Wen-Chow was about 100 miles from our native county, Ching-Tien Hsien. Eileen was the only child staying with my parents in Nanking (南京). My siblings – Hollis (惠青), Wai-Kai (惠開) and I with my younger brother, Wai-Sun (惠森), and younger sister, Helena (惠美) – boarded a passenger ship in Shanghai (上海). We arrived at Wen-Chow in the summer of 1948.

In 1981, 33 years later, I had the first opportunity to return to China and visited this house again with my eldest son, Eric (中傑). I showed Eric how we lived there from 1946 to 1948 when I was at his age. I was amazed to see at that time that nothing had really been changed since the Communist Revolution after Chairman Mao's Culture Revolution (文化大革命), and followed with Teng's (鄧小平) open-and-reform policy (改革開放). There were five families that lived in this house during my first visit in 1981.

The big house in Wen-Chow (溫州) was on the bank of a river. There was a large backyard with a huge orange orchard outside the house. We had a good time at the big house: swimming in the river, fishing on the pier, playing seek-and-hide games in the orange field, and using the hand-made Y-shaped bow with rubber bands to shoot birds. Sometimes our skills were practiced so well that we could even shoot down a bird standing on the ridge of a roof with confidence. Wai-Kai (惠開) and I

entered the fifth grade of a private primary school. Hollis entered as a senior of a public junior high school. We had two teenage maids doing housework for us. One was bought by our parents and followed us from Nanjing (南京) to Wen-Chow, and the other was bought by our aunt to take care of our ailing grandfather, who had a major stroke and was totally paralyzed. They came from very poor peasant's families; because their parents could not afford to feed them.

In 1949, the PLA (解放軍) crossed the Yangtze River (長江), captured Nanking, and entered Beijing and my parents retreated hastily to Taiwan with the Nationalist government (國民政府). The city, Wen-Chow (溫州), was still under the government control at the time. In the summer of 1949, my parents paid a fee in Taiwan; and hired an agent to come to Win-Chow to take us back to Taiwan. My aunt decided that the three elder brothers should stay in the big house to guard the property. Three of them – Aunt (陳英), Wai-Sun (惠森) and Helena (惠美) – would go first with the agent to Taiwan. They left in one of the early mornings, boarded a small boat, and sailed directly to Taiwan. Since there was basically no effective government in Win-Chow at the time of confusion and transition, there was no security check at all, and everyone was on their own.

One morning in the fall of 1949, Wai-Kai (惠開) and I went to our school as we usually did every day. We heard loud gun fights and sounds of machine guns shooting near the river bank and on the hill nearby. We saw clusters of Nationalist soldiers in small groups passing us, some with wounds and blood. They looked like they were in a hasty retreat. We continued to cross the streets under gun fights and tried to reach our school. We suddenly saw soldiers with different uniforms. They were PLA soldiers. They told us to go home; there was no school today, they said. So, we crossed the battle line again and returned to our big house. We saw the retreating Nationalist soldiers looting and they took whatever they could grab during their retreat. The next day, the local Nationalist government announced that they had surrendered to the new government.

The PLA troops that just crossed the Yangtze River (長江) required a rest and re-supply in Wen-Chow (溫州) before their next battle. A

platoon of soldiers was assigned to stay in our big house. Their discipline was very impressive and their moral was super high. Every morning they were doing their usual routine: singing songs, roll calls and doctrine lectures. They dared not take anything from the house without our permission. The two teenage maids were so impressed by the PLA Army that they decided to join them. They said goodbye to us when the platoon moved out a few weeks later. I saw the two maids dressed up in PLA uniforms on the day of departure with high spirits. That was an impressive scene. I still remember vividly some words from those songs they kept singing and singing every morning and every evening:

“Do not take a needle and a thread from the people”

(不取人民一針一線)；

“East is red, sun rises”

(東方紅，太陽升)；

“China has a Mao Zedong”

(中國出了一個毛澤東)；

“He is the savior of Chinese people”

(他是人民的大救星)。

## 1.2 The Escape 逃出

In the winter of 1949, my parents again hired an agent in Taiwan; and asked him to escort three of us back to Taiwan. Although Wen-Chow (溫州) was under the communist government at the time, for all practical purposes the government was not really established; and it was more or less still a free port. There were open advertisements on the newspapers for sharing the boat costs to sail to Taiwan. Hollis decided to sell our rice grains in the storage bins and also some valuable belongings; and he bought some gold bars for us to carry. So, in one of the early mornings, we went with the agent to board a boat to sail directly to Taiwan. It turned out this was just the beginning of an unexpected and quite eventful journey to Taiwan. It seemed more like a good movie script than real life.

Our neighbor, a young lady, Yen Hong-Ying (嚴紅英), with her infant son, decided to go with us to Taiwan. Her ultimate destination was

Amsterdam, The Netherlands, since her husband had a restaurant business there. They had just married in Win-Chow not too long ago. The fall of the Nationalist government was so fast that we were all caught off-guard.

When we boarded a Chinese junk in Wen-Chow (溫州), before we reached the near-shore island, Ta-Chen (大陳) controlled by the Nationalist government at the time, we encountered a pirate ship. I remember vividly that we were hidden behind the dry bamboo leaves in the cargo bay. When they discovered this, they were furious, shouting, and yelling with guns pointing to us. After we reached Ta-Chen, we were wondering around the area for quite a while. Then one day, we landed in an island and stayed there for a week or so. During this period, they caught a barber, accusing him a communist spy and shot him in front of us.

Our boat finally docked at Ta-Chen (大陳), which was under the Nationalist Army (國軍) control; and the strait was patrolled by the Nationalist Navy (海軍). We were told at the time, there was a military exercise going on around the region; so no boats were allowed to move around freely. We waited in the boat for several days; while our agent went on shore and tried to find a way out. Fortunately, since our last name and our native town were the same as the four-star general, Chen-Chen (陳誠), who was the commanding general on the site at the time, we were somehow treated as his relatives. Perhaps, the agent told the authority so. So, we were told we could aboard a large ship nearby and sailed to Taiwan with them. After the transfer to the big ship, our agent disappeared and from there on we were on our own.

After a few days, our ship, named J-Phone (吉豐輪), left the port and continued the journey on an open sea. We were surprised to see that this ship was well equipped with large machine guns and small canons. The military personnel would not hesitate to shoot other civilian cargo boats and seize their cargos. We found out this ship belonged to the Nationalist intelligence office (情報局); and they had to be self-sufficient since there was no re-supply forthcoming. They acted like a pirate ship on the open sea. The ship did not sail directly to Taiwan. They docked near another small island. We all went on shore and lived

with a garrison of troops on the island. There were also fishermen on the island; so our regular foods were fishes, all kinds with and without shells. Since cooking oil or meat was not available on the island, the fish was simply cooked with boiling water as the main meals, no rice. There was not much taste at all for the meals.

One morning when we got up, we found we were the only few left on the island alone; all the garrison troops and our ship disappeared. After a day or so, they returned. We were told later that they received an intelligence that the PLA troops planned to land on the island that day; so they retreated to avoid the confrontation. We were shocked to learn this fact afterwards. They simply abandoned us. If they did not return to island, then we had to survive on our own.

Since there were no assigned spaces on the ship for us, we stayed on the walkway outside the officer's cabins. It was quite windy during the sailing. Each of us had only one blanket to cover ourselves during the night. One day, there was a storm; Hong-Ying (紅英) used all our blankets to help protect her infant baby from the storm. It was an unforgettable night for all of us. In 1984, when I took a sabbatical leave in Germany with my family, we made a special trip and drove to Amsterdam from Kassel, Germany to visit Hong-Ying (紅英). She was so happy to see us and treated us royally with best dishes at her famous restaurant in downtown district. It was a five-story building with an apartment on the fifth floor for her; and a kitchen on the first floor. The foods were lifted up and down through a lifter to serve the customers. Her husband passed away many years ago and her baby son, now, a grown up young man, married and owned several restaurants himself. We talked a lot about our adventure some 35 years ago. It was still fresh in our mind even after so many years.

Finally, our ship sailed directly to Keelung Harbor (基隆港), Taiwan. There were soldiers everywhere. They were just retreated from various parts of Mainland China. Our ship was docked near the harbor and we were allowed to leave the ship at night. My parents were totally unaware of our where about, and were pleasantly shocked when we appeared at their Taipei house. The Taipei house was a much smaller than that in Nanjing or Wen-Chow (溫州). Even in this house there

lived two families. The first order of business for us was to take a bath and change to clean clothes. We finally reunited as a family in Taipei.

### 1.3 Experience in Taiwan 台灣經驗

Our formal education started in Taipei; when my twin brother, Wai-Kai and I entered as sophomores in the Junior High School of the Taiwan Normal University. We were assigned to Class 27. In fact, there was another pair of twins in the same class, John and Henry Mee (米明瑯, 米明琳). In 1999, after nearly 50 years of separation, we met again in Honolulu with John Mee (米明瑯) and his wife, Grace Mee (張瑋寶), when I took the dean's position at the University of Hawaii. The Mee's family lived in Hawaii Kai and we lived in downtown Honolulu, a half hour driving between our two homes.



Left: In front of Yen Hong-Ying's restaurant (富貴酒樓) in Amsterdam, The Netherlands, 1984. (Arnold (中毅), Linlin (玲玲), Hong-Ying, Eric (中傑), Shui-Tan (水丹), Brian (中宇), and Restaurant Manger).

Right: Inside Yen Hong-Ying (嚴紅英) Son's Restaurant. (Arnold, Linlin, Hong-Ying, her Son 荷凱/granddaughter/grandson, W.F., and Brian).

In Taiwan, most of the public schools were unisex schools. During the transition, however, our school had a few girls in our class. Most of our classmates came from the families retreated from Mainland China.

The local Taiwanese students were mostly assigned to other unisex schools. The traditional culture at the time was to keep us apart for as long as possible – thus avoiding the nightmare of sexual contact – and trained us to fulfill our traditional gender roles. It was a socially conservative approach to education and discouraged any interaction between boys and girls till the graduate school. As a result of this educational system, we were often dumb ourselves down or retreated into the woodwork when we were around girls. Keeping boys and girls apart obviously did not give us the best shot at reaching our full social and intellectual potential.

In 1955, after I graduated from the Senior High School of the Taiwan Normal University, I passed the national examination and entered the National Cheng-Kung University (NCKU 國立成功大學) in Tainan, Taiwan. At the time, Taiwan was at a crossroads; land reform and economical development were the focus of the government, a top priority for the regime survival. With an infusion of American aids, educational reform followed; and higher education became very much Americanized. Purdue University in West Lafayette, Indiana was selected as the counterpart by the US State Department for NCKU. Purdue served as our role model for curriculum reform, teacher training, and re-education. Many of the existing faculty members were sent to Purdue for advanced degrees. Several Purdue faculty members came to NCKU to teach a variety of courses and also guided the top administrators for the university system reform.

Those days, we used for the first time the original English textbooks as our official textbooks. Since the University had only a few original books from overseas; they were very expensive, the University set aside a room for us to read these "original English books" in the library. Later, these original textbooks were reprinted in Taiwan with an affordable price. Several of my classes were also taught directly by the Purdue professors. There were good interactions between us. It was a struggle, of course, for all of us to learn to read, write, and understand English quickly since we were not prepared at all for such a drastic change.

This turned out to be a blessing for many of us who came to the US later for advanced degrees. As a result of this relationship, I had a deep

impression about Purdue and knew about its great engineering school in the US since my undergraduate years. Who could predict that, 20 years later, I would become a faculty member at Purdue, promoted steadily to the Head of Structural Engineering in 1980, and became the first George E. Goodwin Distinguished Professor of Civil Engineering in the School of Civil Engineering ever in 1992?



Receiving NCKU (成大) Distinguished Alumnus Award (傑出校友) in 1988 with Civil Engineering faculty and top administrators (from left: Chairman Tang (譚建國), President Ma (馬哲儒), W.F., former President Nee (倪超), and Professor Shi (史惠順)).

#### 1.4 Remembering Father 紀念父親 - 陳又超

My grandfather was the principal of a primary school in my native town, Ching-Tien Hsien (青田縣), and my aunt was a teacher. As far as I know there are many more of our relatives and close friends who were also teachers. The teacher was a well respected profession in rural China at the time since most of the population was peasants. It was a big deal for their kids to attend school. The purpose of schooling in the old China was to pass government examinations to become a civil service official. My elder brother, Hollis (惠青), was a professor at Ohio University in

Athens, Ohio; and my twin brother, Wai-Kai (惠開), was a professor at the University of Illinois at Chicago campus. My younger brother, William (惠森), was once a professor at Morehead University, Ohio. So it was just natural for me to follow their footsteps and I aspired to be a teacher as well.

So, it had to be a dramatic event for my father not to follow the footsteps of the family tradition; and to instead join the newly established Chinese Air Forces Academy as a fighter pilot. In those days, just like Senator Kerry said recently during the 2006 US mid-year election: *“If you study hard, do your homework, and make efforts to be smart, you will be rewarded handsomely and realize your dream. If not, you will be stuck in Iraq”*. This was precisely the same attitude in China about joining the military at the time.

What was the motivation for my father to join the military? For my father who was raised in an intellectual family, the most abiding ideal the younger generation had at the time was to save China, particularly during the gathering storm of the Sino-Japanese War which occurred later in 1937. The depth of patriotism and compassion to save China was brought about by China's long history of humiliation by the western powers and Japan in particular. It is difficult nowadays for us to understand; but it was much more important than any other ideal at the time.

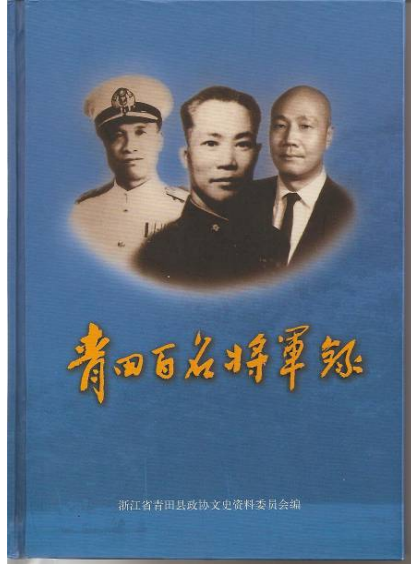
In a recent search, I collected some historical records on my father's war records during the Civil War and Sino-Japanese War in which his name was either clearly identified or may be implied to be a part of the action team at the time during his active service period. As my tribute to my father, some selected highlights were reprinted in the following in its original Chinese format.

### 陳又超簡介 – A Brief Bio of Yu-Chao Chen

秀才陳克書長子，兄弟三人，姊妹二人均系知識份子，望重一時。幼從父讀經書，十五歲畢業于青田縣立敬業小學(今人民小學)，即考取省立十一師範學校。畢業後去廣州考入黃埔軍校第六期。1932年轉考笕橋航空學校(後改中央空軍軍官學校)飛行科第一期。畢業後歷任飛行員，隊長，科長，浙江衢州空軍總站少將總站長。

1944 在重慶任航空委員會航政處少將處長等職。

中華民國空軍抗戰史-A Glance of Air Battles, 1934 to 1942  
別以為我們中華民國空軍在抗日時期完全捱打，以下便是一些我軍在抗日戰爭時期的英雄事蹟。



The book “*One Hundred Chinese Generals from Ching-Tien Hsien* (青田縣)” was published by the Committee on Historical Records in (浙江省).

Photo: four-star general, Chen-Chen (陳誠), middle. Father Yu-Chao Chen (陳又超), right.

時間：民國二十三年 地點：江西廣昌

是役空軍參戰人員：轟炸第二大隊隊長王勳（叔銘）、副隊長王伯嶽、教官王衛民、分隊長王星垣、孫仲華、李賜楨。隊員張森樵、范伯超、朱天寶、**陳又超**、趙家義、彭允南、羅中揚分別駕機輪炸大羅山，摧毀其防禦工事。

### 八一四笕橋空戰

時間：民國二十六年八月十四日下午四時

地點：杭州笕橋

## 八一五杭州空戰

時間：民國二十六年八月十五日上午七時

地點：杭州

1942年浙江軍民援救美軍飛行員紀實 - Rescue of the U.S. pilots led by Lt Col. James H. Doolittle for the historical first U.S. air raid of Japan in 1942. The 16 B-25 bombers took off from the deck of the aircraft carrier Hornet. Plans originally called for them to land at airfields in China during the day. But the bad weather changed the plans. The pilots were forced to ditch their planes or bail out over or along the Chinese coast at night.

Father Yu-Chao Chen (陳又超) was the Director General of the Airport in (衢州, 浙江省), a coast province, at the time. It was too late for him to receive the order from the highest authority in Chongqing (重慶), Capital of China during the WWII, to open the airport facility for the returning U.S. B-25 bombers to land in China.

2005-6-16 14:33:42 作者：來源：不詳

1942年4月18日上午，美國16架B-25轟炸機在杜特利爾中校率領下，從距日本650海裏的“大黃蜂”號航空母艦上起飛，轟炸東京、大阪、神戶等地。這是日本發動侵略戰爭以來，本土首次遭敵國機群轟炸，損失巨大，朝野震驚。B-25機群返航時，由于和衢州機場地面聯不上，在油料耗盡之後，機組人員被迫棄機跳傘，損失慘重。這一曆史事件，影片《東京上空30秒》和《珍珠港》中都有反映。

## 加油未遂

對這次轟炸東京歸來的美國飛機未能按計劃在衢州機場降落加油，曾有一種說法：由于天黑雨大，衢州機場當局誤以為日機侵犯而關閉機場。

爲了弄清事實真相，上世紀九十年代初，我訪問過當年任中國農民銀行衢縣辦事處主任、1989年從台灣回衢州定居的戴允銘先生。戴先生對我說，那天（1942年4月18日）確是雨天。晚上七八點鐘，衢州有警報聲，也有飛機聲，但這飛機聲不同于日本蚊式飛機的聲音（日機一般晚上不出動）。次日，才知道是

美國飛機。這些飛機轟炸東京航歸，計劃在衢州機場加油。“大黃蜂”號航空母艦將此事通知華盛頓最高指揮部，華盛頓再通知重慶中國最高當局。重慶將這一指令通知衢州機場，已是午夜12時。儘管衢州機場立即開放，但未見美機降落——原來，當晚8時至10時，返航美機飛到浙江上空，已油盡而墜地，有的落入海中了。

戴先生說，當年衢州機場的負責人是陳誠的侄兒陳又超先生。戴允銘與陳又超時有往來。事發後，陳又超曾同戴先生講起過，當時空軍官兵也聽出不是日本飛機，但沒有重慶最高指揮部命令，即使知道是美國飛機，也是不敢擅自開放機場的；擅自開放機場，主官是要殺頭的；等來了命令，卻為時已晚。

當時，16架B-25轟炸機中，1架（8號）迫降于蘇聯遠東地區，5位飛行員被蘇聯當局羈押。另外15架墜毀在浙江、安徽、福建境內（浙江10架、安徽2架、福建3架），機上75位美國飛行員中，除5人喪生、8人被日軍抓獲外，其余62人由當地軍民救助而脫險，其中43人由駐軍、行政機構或遊擊隊護送到衢州空軍第十三總站集中。他們稍事休整，即由衢州機場登機直飛重慶。出發前，他們還請衢州照相館的攝影師到駐地拍了合影。

### 50年後的紀念活動 The 50-Year Anniversary Activities in 1990: A Re-Visit of the Site by Some Rescued Pilots

杜特利爾（four-star General Doolittle）于1985年晉升為四星上將。1990年，杜特利爾的朋友、原美國西北航空公司副總裁穆恩組織一支5人考察團來浙江、安徽等地尋訪當年參加救護美國飛行員的中國老人。

在“杜特利爾行動”50周年紀念活動上，美國總統喬治·布什（President George Bush）對這段曆史作出了高度評價：“在突襲以後，那些善良的中國人不顧自己的安危，為我們的飛行員提供掩護，並為他們療傷。在具有特殊意義的時刻，我們也向他們表示崇高的敬意，感謝他們作出的人道主義努力，是他們的幫助才使我們的飛行員能夠安全返回。杜特利爾行動雖然已經過去了半個世紀了，但這些英雄們一直受到美國人民的敬仰和尊重。我們永遠不會忘記他們作出的偉大功勳，也永遠不會忘記為自由和正義事業作出貢獻的中國人”。(We will never forget the humanitarian efforts of the great Chinese people to risk their life to help our pilots to return home safely.) By President George Bush.