

# SACO VETERANS

VICE ADMIRAL MILTON E. "MARY" MILES  
Rear Duke & Perpetual Skipper

Issue  
No. 16

WHAT THE HELL?

APRIL 1998

SINO AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION

SACO

MEDAL



SACO



NEWS

**Officers - 1998**

**President**

Norman W. Dike  
2816 W. Fremont  
Peoria, IL 61605

**Vice President**

James F. Kelly  
3030 Edgemont St.  
Philadelphia, PA 19134

**Secretary**

Bill Bartee  
4624 N. Cheyenne Trail  
Tucson, AZ 85750-9717

**Treasurer**

Herman W. Weskamp  
3034 Larkwood  
West Covina, CA 91791

**Assistant Secretary**

Charles F. O'Brien  
9411 Rhonda Drive  
Richmond, VA 23229

**Assistant Treasurer**

Willie M. Baker  
2810 Highland Blvd.  
Spring Valley, CA 91977

**Historian**

Harold Bonin  
16 Elizabeth Court  
Secaucus, NJ 07094

**Legal Counsel**

William H. Sager  
3827 N. Abington St.  
Arlington, VA 22207

**Membership Chairman**

Paul Casamajor  
2605 Saklan Indian Dr. #6  
Walnut Creek, CA 94595-3035

**Editor, SACO NEWS**

Richard L. Rutan  
45-480 Desert Fox Dr.  
La Quinta, CA 92253-4214

**Trustees**

Dr. Elwood F. Booth, Jr  
7471 Thunderbird Rd.  
Liverpool, NY 13088

Jack M. Petersen  
1627 Western St.  
Oshkosh, WI 54901

Lloyd M. Felmy, M.D.  
432 Golden Beach Blvd  
Venice, FL 34285

William M. Miller  
1261 N.E. 188th  
Seattle, WA 98155

Frank W. Buckless  
4246 Darleigh Road  
Baltimore, MD 21236

**SACO HISTORY**

SACO (Pronounced "SACO!") was established during World War II by President Franklin D. Roosevelt and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. Officially known as U.S. Naval Group, China, it was placed under the joint command of VADM Milton E. "Mary" Miles and General Tai Li, Director of Chinese Intelligence with Tai Li as Director and Miles as Deputy Director. The Chinese and American members of SACO joined in combined effort to perform intelligence and guerrilla operations. SACO TIGERS served hundreds of miles behind enemy lines, establishing vital weather stations, coast watching to report on enemy shipping, rescuing downed allied airmen and being involved in numerous other military, medical and humanitarian endeavors. The American Personnel, numbering in excess of 2,500, were volunteers from all branches of service, but for the most part, Navy and Marine members. Three books: THE RICE PADDY NAVY, A DIFFERENT KIND OF WAR and THE ARMY-NAVY GAME, and one movie: DESTINATION GOBI, were based on SACO's activities.

**SACO NEWS**

**SACO NEWS is published by and for World War II veterans of the SINO-AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION (SACO) aka U. S. Naval Group China as well as "THE RICE PADDY NAVY."**

**Send your comments and newsworthy contributions for future issues to the editor. Photos and stories are welcome.**

Richard L. Rutan, Editor  
45-480 Desert Fox Drive  
La Quinta, CA 92253-4214  
(760) 360-3800

**CONTENTS**

Cover: Photo of SACO Medal submitted by Les Johnston

**LETTERS..... 3**

**FEATURE: PRISONER OF WAR.....10**

**TAPS.....22**

**OUR JUNKS WON THE LAST NAVAL BATTLE.....28**

**NOSTALGIA.....44**

**DOWN MEMORY LANE.....48**



MAIL CALL



21 Oct 1997

... This has been an interesting summer for us . . . had to place my brother in a rest home because he was unable to take care of himself. He is a bachelor and apparently got tired of his own cooking - quit eating and keeping his house warm. He was a mite upset about going into the rest home, but believe he is going to do well. Also, every piece of household equipment has gone on the blink this summer. The last one was corrected yesterday so we should be good for a few more summers.

I will gladly join the multitude and say "a job well done" or it was a 4.0 effort in your publication of the latest SACO "What The Hell" NEWS. It is equally easy to say, also, that your production and distribution of that magazine is the primary source of glue that holds our group together.

In reference to the 8 February letter of Mr. Hilton Jayne on page 5, and his close relationship with Donald R. Lennon at East Carolina University, is there something I can do to help our group at that facility? The University is only about a 90- minute drive from here. I am willing to help, but do not want to do something that is within another person's responsibility. Also on page 81 of the same issue, no doubt you have many responses indentifying the people in the picture. The fifth person from the left is either Kenny or Lash Mann. They are listed in our directory.

Your article about the Kunming mutiny is very interesting and to answer the one question (as to) who knocked the wire from Cdr. Joyce: CPO named Hitson did the job. Cdr Joyce got up, brushed off his uniform, looked around a bit and headed for his office and never uttered a word of thanks for saving his life



to Chief Hitson. For some strange reason, I believe Chief Hitson was from the state of Tenn. I have never seen his name mentioned anywhere in any of our publications.

... Best regards,  
Your friend, Bill (Hall)



6 Nov 1997

With warm thanks to you, all of the files that I was able to save (following the final evacuation of our Headquarters in early August 1945) pertaining to the operation of NavGrp China's Intel Unit ONE are now a part of the East Carolina Manuscript Collection, Joyner Library, East Carolina University, Greenville, North Carolina 27858. Enclosed is a copy of a letter from Donald R. Lennon, Coordinator of Special Collections at the Joyner Library, which acknowledges the receipt of this material.

The name of the Radioman on that overloaded truck that transported me from Happy Valley to Kunming in

the summer of 1944 was (fnu) RUDEN. The driver was a Marine by the name of WILSON and the fourth passenger was a Radio Technician named JENSEN. The truck broke down hopelessly on the mountain road one day out of Kunming. Jensen was able to set up a radio station from the material we were carrying on the truck and Ruden established radio contact with Happy Valley and called for help. Two days later, we received a new engine from Kunming which Wilson (with the help of the Chinese farmers who be-friended us) installed himself. We arrived in Kunming six days late.

With warm regards and I am looking forward to the next issue of the SACO NEWS.

Cordially, Hilton Jayne



9 November 1997

Once again I had enjoyed receiving your SACO NEWS booklet and have been accumulating them, making sure they remain with me.

In December, when traveling south to Florida in my motor home, I plan on visiting my oldest and best friend in SACO. He is Al Parsons with whom I traveled from Brooklyn, NY to Changchow, China and who lasted only 13 days at his position when he had been captured.

He supports the DAV and his church and is unable to do much else, therefore has not been able to contribute to SACO. However, I would like to see that he would get a copy of the SACO NEWS this year. Should you have an extra copy on hand and could mail it to him, I will reimburse you for the postage.\*

...I feel he would be delighted to see your efforts in producing such a fine issue and I do thank you for doing this service to Al. I do hope this conforms with the rules of order set by SACO and wish to extend my thanks and appreciation to you for your fine effort and dedication.

Have recently returned from and 2 ½ week trip to the Orient. This article was in the USA News which I thought may be of some interest to you. (FLYING

TIGERS RETURN TO YUNNAN. . . (article appears in this issue).

In the meantime, my kindest regards to Mother Erma and enjoy your holidays.

Sincerely, Harold Bonin

(Just know that your very kind letter is deeply appreciated, Hal, and thank you for relaying my desire to Al Parson's to do his story which is featured in this issue. Ed.)



24 Sept 1997

When you are receiving congratulations and Well Dones on the September 1997 issue of SACO NEWS, just remember that the reason the issue is so great is because Bill Sager occupies about 60% of the copy! People will be saying that you are the best PR man I've got! But, what more can I say? Each issue gets better, more material and more interesting. We appreciate you, Richard. And, when SACO Tigers say that you are doing a terrific job, it's a truthful understatement.

Thanks for returning the photos of Gabel, Smith and Leon Jones. I have restored them to my archives. The pictures came out quite well in the SACO NEWS. Better than the originals! You have a good printer and processor.

Speaking of photos, please remember that I am available to go to the Navy Photo Section to order originals of any of the photos that I previously sent you. Just let me know.

Thanks, also, for sending me a copy of the Postal Service 2nd class mailing privilege. It's now a part of the legal file. I have also send a copy to our Secretary to insert in the minutes book. I believe in spreading paper around!

Elizabeth joins me in sending our fondest regards to you and Erma.

Sincerely, Bill (Sager)

(Bill, again thanks for your kind remarks in recognition of the 15th (Sept 1997) issue. I can always depend on your support following each issue. It's sincerely appreciated. Ed.)



12 Mar 1997

... I would dearly like to go to the SACO reunion to be held in Peoria, IL this coming May 21-24 (last year). But I have come down with Parkinson's Disease which severely restricts my getting about. A branch of my Walker family settled near Havana around 1837 and in time, descendants of the original Walker family settled in Peoria, lived out their lives and are buried there. And for all I know, descendants of these early Walkers may still live in the area.

I hope to stay posted on SACO activities and will do my best to keep my dues up to date. 1996 was not a good year for me. I was seeing doctors almost weekly it seemed and on several occasions, spent some time in hospitals. It seemed I pretty much got behind on a lot of things. So be it, we will see how things go this year.

Sincerely yours, Reese

PS: I never, never go by the name "Bill"  
(Letter from William Reese Walker)

NOTE: Please be aware that I didn't have access to some letters prior to last publication, but not wanting to slight anyone, feel they are worthwhile and newsworthy in reporting the current circumstances of the writers. Ed.



17 Mar 1997

(To Norman Dike)

I was glad that my wife and I were able to attend and

enjoy conventions in 1960, '61, '62 and '63, but regret that we were not able to attend any since for various reasons beyond our control.

Now we will not be able to attend this one coming up (Peoria '97) because I am past 86 years of age and my wife is past 80 and we are both in declining health with heart and other problems and not able to travel.

I figured that I could at least send you a little money to help defray some of your expenses. Enclosed is our check in the amount of \$10.00.

Sincerely yours, Thomas P. Greco

(You will recall that Greco was the man who was able to confirm that SACO was involved in the rescue of downed fliers of a B-25 bomber. It was the not knowing the background as to whom the rescuers were that haunted Jim Powell for years and was finally resolved through our communications. P.10 Issue No. 11 Oct. 1994.)



24 Mar 1997

Frank is very thankful to have received phone calls and best wishes cards from a number of SACO friends through these long and stressful months since his massive stroke in May ('97) which left him paralyzed on his left side. He is improving, but very slowly, and we hope, he can gain his goal someday when he can take a few steps. And he is trying!!

One of the disappointments of 1996 was that he couldn't attend the reunion to be with his SACO friends. Although he was "under-the-weather," he commented, "I wonder what the boys are doing?" (at the convention). He reminded me lately that he hadn't paid his dues for this year, so I gladly am sending his due fees to continue his membership in an organization such as SACO.

Our very best wishes to our friends,  
Sincerely, Lilyan Tao

Cont'd p.36

# SACO DONORS

I have always known what a great group of men formed SACO, but I had no conception as to HOW great until Casamajor and Weskamp submitted the following overwhelming list of supporters that have come forth since the last issue of SACO NEWS (Sept '97).

It has been suggested that perhaps we should not list amounts donors contribute - one thought being the possibility of embarrassment to those who contribute lesser donations. But on the contrary, my personal view tells me that everyone gives what he or she wants to or can afford. And, in that vein, let me say no amount is too small and we extend equal gratitude to all.

My main concern is not overlooking anyone in the listing of contributors, as I feel strongly that every donor should be recognized (unless anonymity is requested - to my knowledge we have had only one such request in the past) and every dollar acknowledged. Ed.

Andrews, W. G	\$ 10	Ende, Jr., Ed H	20
Altevogt, Carl E	10	Ernest, William W	20
Baker, Willie H	50	Estes, James C	110
Baker, Jr., Alfred W	80	Felmly, Dr. Lloyd M.	20
Banes, George W	10	Fintak, Leonard P	10
Banks, Jr., William C	10	Fletcher, Leo W	100
Bannier, Richard K	50	Flournoy, Jr., W D	20
Bartlett, R. F.	10	Franklin, Charles E	20
Bash, James	65	Gillespie, H J	10
Bell, Robert James	5	Glass, William Prentiss	55
Bisceglia, V. R.	10	Goepfert, Jr., John L	10
Blanchard, Robert B	100	Grace, Robert M	40
Bohus, Arthur J.	100	Green, Jr., Luther J	150
Boroff, Paul	10	Greif, Dr. Roger L	20
Bradley, CTM Joseph O	25	Groepler, Martiz W	30
Brunner, John W	10	Hall, Bill C	30
Cannon, Michael P	10	Hankins, Ralph	10
Carter, Lyle W	10	Hayes, Cdr Edward L	80
Ching, Joseph	50	Hoe, Robert J	80
Clark, Robert	5	Horning, Lorne	5
Cofer, Robert	5	Howard, W D	30
Colson, Thomas J	30	Hubbard, W D	30
Comer, E. Lee	40	Hunnicut, Glenn W	20
Coughlin, Thomas W	50	Huston, Eugene W	10
Coulson, Kinsell	20	Jakmas, Rudolph P	20
Cross, Robert J	30	James, William C	50
Davis, Samuel C	105	Jayne, Hilton	20
Demmer, John E	45	Johnston, L D	30
Dike, Norman W	20	Keenan, Jr., Joseph D	10
Dormer, Robert L	15	Keller, J J	50
Doyle, Edward T	10	Kelly, James F.	50
Eaton, James R	30	Kilmer, Prof. Frank H	1
Edwards, W W	10	Klos, John N	50
Elliott, William E	5	Kwapisewski, R J	30

Latimer, Mike J	30
Larson, Robert P	10
Leighton, LtCdr James G	10
Leberman, D J	100
Lowell, Jr., Malcolm R	10
Luchini, Reno G	20
Lyall, Robert V	10
Maddox, Guy M	15
McCabe, Burton W	25
McClow, William	100
McDonough, Mrs James R	20
McNeely, Donald G	80
Miller, Don A	30
Miller, Jack L	100
Miller, Capt H C	80
Miller, William M	25
Moon, Albert Deane	10
Nelson, Mrs. Bernard W	180
Opsahl, B H	5
O'Toole, Edward J	50
Peacock, William J	80
Peden, R E	5
Petersen, Mrs. Kathryn A	5
Petri, R L	30
Petosky, Sigmund J	25
Powell, James W	10
Prather, Fred	50
Reynnet, Dairus F	5
Richardson, Robert H	110
Ritter, Edwin B.	60
Robinson, Charles	30
Rolak, Chester H.	15
Rosinski, Edward R	10
Scales, T N	10
Seidenberger, Mrs Mary	10
Semonis, John W	80
Shadduck, Mrs Nobel	5
Shragel, Mrs J S	10
Smith, L A	20
Smith, W Elsworth	5
Snyder, David	30
Sowa, Martin J	80
Spaulding, D H	10
Spirakus, Stanley F	35
Stewart, William H	20
Stone, Norbert J	20
Tanner, Allen c	10
Tate, S Shepherd	100
Terpstra, Richard I	80
Thomas, Robert G	100

Waters, John Calvin	55
Welchel, Thomas F	10
White, William F	50
Whitney, Phil	20
Wilcox, Marlyn D	10
Wilding, Mrs Arthur H	50
Willig, John R	15
Young, William D	30
Zucks, Jr., Leon J "Duke"	10

UNBELIEVABLE ???!!!\*\*\*

Such an outpouring of support...even numbered among this group are associates and widows. I think I can speak for all that we are so proud of each and everyone of you and for keeping the organization "alive and well!" Let's ask The Man Upstairs to watch over and keep us that we might reunite several more times.

Luv y'all.....Ed.

## IN MEMORIAM

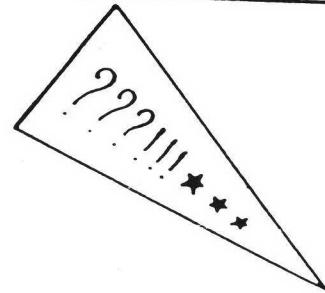
In the Sept. 1997 issue of SACO NEWS, The Foochow Gang: Joseph Semonovich, Richard Terpstra, Guy Tressler, Robert Weber, James Whitlock and Leon Zucks were listed as contributing a total of \$300. It should have been noted that this was a memorial to one of their own, the late Matt Gromala. My error..Ed.



# SACO PLAQUE TO BE DEDICATED



## SACO



SINO AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION  
AKA

U.S. NAVAL GROUP CHINA

INTELLIGENCE & GUERILLA WARFARE

1943 - 1946

Bill Bartee has earned eternal gratitude from our organization for the immortalization of SACO. Through his concerted efforts, dedication, perserverance and research, he has pioneered and finalized a permanent niche in history for SACO. With the approval of the trustees of SACO, Bill has reserved a choice spot on the recently designated Memorial Wall of the U.S. Navy Memorial in Washington, D.C. where this plaque (actual size) will be mounted. We can all take pride that our unique group of veterans will have permanent recognition. The Navy's highest compliment, "Well Done," seems almost inadequate for your diligent pursuit in this accomplishment, Bill, but being at a loss for greater praise, perhaps a "Well Done" from each and everyone of us will give you an idea of how much we appreciate you.





# SINO AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION

**VICE ADMIRAL MILTON E. "MARY" MILES**

*Rear Duke & Perpetual Skipper*

*1998 Convention Chairman*

## SACO VETERANS CONVENTION

### Officers - 1998

**President**

Norman W. Dike  
2816 W. Fremont  
Peoria, IL 61605

**Vice President**

James F. Kelly  
3030 Edgemont St.  
Philadelphia, PA 19134

**Secretary**

Bill Bartee  
4624 N. Cheyenne Trail  
Tucson, AZ 85750-9717

**Treasurer**

Herman W. Weskamp  
3034 Larkwood  
West Covina, CA 91791

**Assistant Secretary**

Charles F. O'Brien  
9411 Rhonda Drive  
Richmond, VA 23229

**Assistant Treasurer**

Willie M. Baker  
2810 Highland Blvd.  
Spring Valley, CA 91977

**Historian**

Harold Bonin  
16 Elizabeth Court  
Secaucus, NJ 07094

**Legal Counsel**

William H. Sager  
3827 N. Abington St.  
Arlington, VA 22207

**Membership Chairman**

Paul Casamajor  
2605 Saklan Indian Dr. #6  
Walnut Creek, CA 94595-3035

**Editor, SACO NEWS**

Richard L. Rutan  
45-480 Desert Fox Dr.  
La Quinta, CA 92253-4214

**Trustees**

Dr. Ellwood F. Booth, Jr.  
7471 Thunderbird Rd.  
Liverpool, NY 13088

Jack M. Petersen  
1627 Western St.  
Oshkosh, WI 54901

Lloyd M. Felmy, M.D.  
432 Golden Beach Blvd.  
Venice, FL 34285

William M. Miller  
1261 N.E. 188th  
Seattle, WA 98155

Frank W. Buckless  
4246 Darleigh Road  
Baltimore, MD 21236

Dr. Ellwood F. Booth Jr.  
7471 Thunderbird Road  
Liverpool, NY 13088  
Phone: 315-457-7751

March 9, 1998

**TO: All SACO Members**  
**FROM: Bill Bartee, Secretary.**  
**SUBJECT: Dedication Ceremony for SACO Plaque**

**General:** The SACO Trustees have requested the following information be provided to the membership.

**Background :** The U.S. Navy Memorial in Washington, DC, is a monument to Sailors, Marines, Soldiers and Coastguardsmen who have served their country. They recently designated a Memorial Wall for plaques commemorating those men, ships and organizations who make a contribution to the Memorial.

The SACO Trustees have authorized participation in this program and made a contribution. In return a plaque recognizing SACO (see attached) is to be installed in a prominent, easy to view location on the Memorial Wall.

Our legal counsel, Bill Sager has coordinated with Navy Memorial personnel to establish a date and time for the dedication. It appears that Memorial Day weekend is the most feasible and will provide additional exposure for SACO through the many visitors expected at the Memorial during that time.

The ceremony will be as long or short as desired, depending on how many of the SACO Tigers attending want to say a few words.

**Conclusion :** The expedient action of the SACO Trustees will result in some long overdue recognition for one of the Navy's most unheralded groups.

**Recommendation :** All SACO members are hereby invited and encouraged to attend the SACO Plaque Dedication Ceremony.

**Location:** U.S. Navy Memorial  
701 Pennsylvania Ave. N.W.  
Washington, D.C. 20004-2608

**Date:** May 25, 1998

**Time:** Approximately 1000 Hours (10 a.m.)

If you plan on attending the ceremony, it would help if you notify Bill Sager, in order to get an approximate number of attendees. Refreshments will be provided.

He may be reached @ 3827 N. Abington St, Arlington. VA 22207. Phone 703-536-6860

Bring your cameras and camcorders.

Sincerely,

  
Bill Bartee,  
Secretary

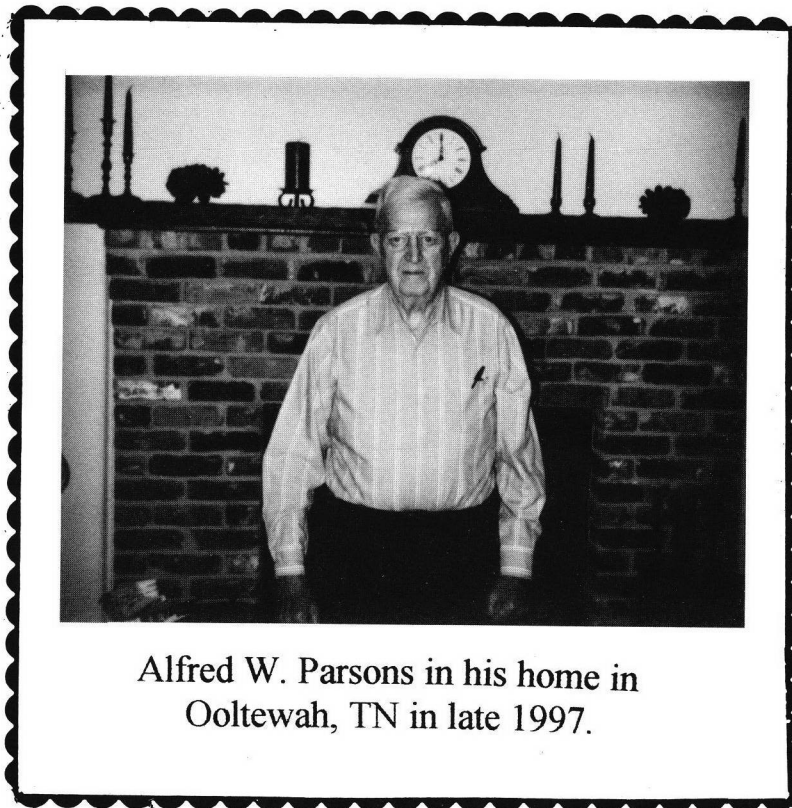
1998  
Syracuse, NY



# PRISONER OF WAR

## ALFRED PARSONS

### CAPTURED BY JAPANESE



Alfred W. Parsons in his home in  
Ooltewah, TN in late 1997.

Editor's note: I had a strong feeling for several years that this tragedy as a POW needed to be told - no doubt it would unfold one of the most dramatic sagas in SACO history. But I had extreme reservations about intruding in the life of one of our own who had been through Hell and probably wanted not to "relive" those days even though, as much as he might like to, he cannot "blank" the torture he endured at the hands of the Japanese.

Last winter, Harold Bonin wrote that he was going to visit Al Parsons (his China buddy) in Tennessee and I revealed to Harold my desire to do Al's story and asked Harold to approach Al about the possibility. I was extremely pleased to receive the following from Al in very short time:

12-17-97

"Please don't even feel reluctant about requesting information pertinent to my capture. It's SACO news and, as related by Cdr. Roy Stratton in his book, SACO, THE RICE PADDY NAVY, could have been your story instead of mine.

"I am presently entertaining the thought of an autobiography. Naturally, my capture would be an integral part. However, I am sending you a condensed version...in 2 or 3 weeks...."

Then 1-20-98 Al writes the following which accompanied his manuscript:

"This would probably be considered a very brief synopsis of my POW experience. Even now, I can remember so many things in addition to what I have already written.

"I just hope this bit of information will suffice for all. Keep in mind that this was war and each POW was considered an enemy. In the mind of each Japanese guard, we were capable of unspeakable atrocities, thus they proceeded to render each of us useless and helpless.

(I requested pictures and Al continues his letter): "By the way, as far as pictures are concerned, I can easily supply the "now" photo. Earlier photos present a problem. In December 1945, I had already gained about 50 pounds and from there I continued to gain weight until, at about 56 years of age, I weighed over 280 pounds. This abnormal weight nearly cost my life. I do not even have a photo - not even one - from this period of my life. As far as the "then" category is concerned, I do not have one photo. We'll have to compromise for a 185-pound-substitute at nearly 77 years of age. I will be 77 on the 21st day of January."

**AND SO, HERE IS AL'S GRAPHIC REVELATION OF HIS CAPTURE AND IMPRISONMENT AS HE WROTE IT, HIS OWN TYPING AND COMPLETELY UNALTERED:**

*WWII POW TREATMENT AT THE PRISON CAMP  
IN OFUNA, JAPAN*

*Alfred W. Parsons  
5648 Tucker Rd.  
Ooltewah, Tn. 37363-8122  
423-396-2651*

*To give an account of events at and beyond Sung Su, Fukien, China had been very painful until recent years. The emotions and the flash-backs were, to say the least, very unpleasant. It certainly left an indelible impression and reinforced my faith in God and all the freedoms He has granted our great nation.*

*The account given here may differ some from the recollections of 1949 as reported by Roy Stratton in his book "SACO-The Rice Paddy Navy". Today's realization is the fact that the past can never be altered - it's over and the history of an era in time. Let us never forget though that history does have a way of repeating itself. Our nation seems to be getting a little too cozy with Communist China. When I arrived at Chang-chow Lt. Carl Divelbiss was the officer in charge. I had arrived*

just in time to relieve RM2c Charles R. Cosgrove. Charles was injured at Sung Su Pt. After 2 or 3 days, the Lt. called me in to explain the situation. Before we departed, several of us - I can remember Harold Bonin, Lt. Carl Divelbiss and 2 or 3 others - going over the daily trips to Whale Island, the daily tide checks, etc. The Lt. said we would go over the duties again upon arrival at the point. When we arrived, as promised, the Lt. thoroughly rehearsed the duties. I was also introduced to a representative of the Chinese Army, Capt. Lin Shih Fong. Capt. Lin was a great help in the daily trips to Tao Sae (Whale Island). He spoke little of our language, likewise I spoke very little of his, but we always managed to understand what the other was saying. From a vantage point at Sung Su, you could see Tao Sae (Whale Island), Amoy, Kulangsu and the outer harbor. I would estimate  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile of water separated us from Whale Island and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles of water separated us from Amoy and Kulangsu. As we conversed about my duties, the importance of accuracy, etc., I had an eerie feeling that I would be dead in about two weeks. Capt. Lin and I made those daily trips until our capture on the 13th day, Dec. 21, 1944.

Whale Island was a great spot and, I might add, the only logical place to view shipping in the inner harbor. In addition, it was also a great place for an ambush. The tall grass had the appearance of a marsh or wheat field. That morning, as we arrived near the top of the island, I heard shots. As I turned in the direction of the shots, I could see our san pan high-tailing it toward Sung Su Point. I was well armed with a hand grenade, 45 and carbine. I was hit in the head with a rifle butt, blood pouring from my poor, aching wound and immediately surrounded by the Japanese. They walked us to the beach below on the Amoy side of the island. When we arrived at the beach

2

area they proceeded to give me the beating of my life. I would say there were 20 to 25 men and about 10 of them were practicing their judo on yours truly. When they finally decided it was time to go, I was just one step from unconsciousness. We were thrown on the deck of what was probably a small patrol type vessel and taken to Amoy. We were separated and I was placed in a dark, dingy cell under guard. They wrapped a rag around my head to absorb blood more than anything else. I was chained hand and foot. In a day or two, they somehow decided I was alert enough for interrogation. They came to the cell, removed the shackles, and walked me to what appeared to be a senate like chamber or courtroom. The interrogators sat on a dais on raised platform. These officers spoke our language fluently. They apparently had forced some information from Capt. Lin, they knew from observation or their intelligence net had fed info on some aspects of our work at Sung Su. They wanted to know why I checked the tides daily, who received the coded, shortwave reports, who gave me my orders, why the aircraft camera and on and on the questioning went. Many of the same questions were asked over and over. They would change the wording at times and start all over again. In the final analysis, they said,

"You have no true identity, your clothes are mixed (I did have a mixed bag - navy, airforce, marine - whatever was assigned or issued), your ID is no doubt a fake and we have determined you are an international spy. Do you understand what that means?" I told them I understood, but I was still a member of the U. S. Navy. Simply put, this was guilt at the hands of an enemy that had little or no regard for life, there was no appeal and the penalty was death. Now if that didn't cause you to choke on your next mouthful of rice, nothing would. I was then removed from the courtroom, taken to another cell, blindfold removed and introduced to a new colony of lice. Time, it seemed, was no longer relevant.

In several days, from the humble beginnings with the enemy, a brand new era began as, from this moment on I was handcuffed, blindfolded and led around like an animal. I was placed aboard a Japanese destroyer and locked in a wire-mesh storage facility. I was again interrogated and I'm certain the fresh answers were as ambiguous as the first ones. One morning they came in, opened my cage and began what I thought was a very strange conversation. "How much do you weigh and how tall are you," they inquired. They then proceeded to measure pieces of canvas and sew them together. My one thought - a burial at sea - mine! Another interrogation followed and so did another crop of ambiguous answers. Nothing ever seemed to materialize from this series of confrontations, at least, not until later down the road.

Soon after this we arrived at what I thought to be Formosa. Of course, I was again blindfolded and handcuffed and taken in a '35 or '36 Chevrolet (I knew the sound of that engine) to what may have been a maximum security type prison. It was heavily guarded and the cells had a small mat for nest (poor

3

word choice) and the balance of the floor was concrete. At the guards discretion a signal was given to inform each honio (prisoner) to kneel upright on the concrete until further notice. In about 35 or 40 minutes, the pain seemed excruciating. You wondered how long you could withstand the pain. Well, to be very blunt, it didn't take too long to get all the persuasion one would even need. The Chinese cell mate fell to his hands crying in agony. When the guard caught him, he was beaten repeatedly and without mercy with what I later came to know as a bimbo club or stick. It was at this horrible hole that I was introduced to a new, Sheraton type cuisine. When I received fish heads and grasshoppers, I honestly thought I had graduated to some new level of respect - these thoughts were soon dashed. After several days, the guards came rushing into my cell, blindfolded and handcuffed me and led me to an area I thought was in front of a wall. At this point in time, the mind is beginning to waver and the thoughts turn to a firing squad, especially when you suddenly realize you are not the only one on "death row". You are then shoved into the back end of a truck and canted off to a train depot. You soon find yourself taking a long train ride to an airfield somewhere in Northern Formosa - your guess is as good as mine. Next is a flight to

an air terminal somewhere on Okinawa or Kyushu for a brief stopover and then on to a terminal in Yokohama on the main island of Japan, Honshu. From here, they gave us a truck ride to our final destination, Ofuna, Japan.

We will now concentrate on the final phase of my capture. Ofuna prison camp had the appearance of a group of chicken houses. It was surrounded by an 8 to 10 foot wooden fence. The cells were approximately 6' x 8' x 6½'. One side of the cell was raised about 4 or 5 inches and covered with a crude, hard pad. The camp was divided into ikoo (solitary confinement), nikoo (semi-solitary confinement), sonkoo (limited privileges), and yonkoo (sick bay). Then, of course, the heads or toilets, bath, galley and heated headquarters for Nippon personal. The prisoner portion of the camp was not heated. We arrived at night (there were several other prisoners also). We were assigned cells and given very strict orders to close the sliding window shutters in case of an air raid or whenever ordered. The first night a big, strapping guard decided, after cursing me, to teach me a lesson or at least give me something to remember him by. He punched me in the face, knocking me to the floor. I rode the punch and I'm certain he felt his temper tantrum had accomplished its intended purpose - a little revenge on this dirty, international spy. They started me out with seven blankets and within a weeks time I was down to three. They smiled and said they knew I would want to share with new prisoners coming into camp. You always bowed and thanked Mr. Guard with the gracious, humility one would expect from a slave.

Our day started at 5:30 to 6:00 in the morning. In solitary or semi-solitary confinement, we never had to worry with line-up

4

and roll call as the only light of day you enjoyed was through your little 2 x 2 glass window. It was time now to fold your blanket or blankets if you happened to be fortunate enough to have more than one. Do not fold your blankets any way but the Nippon way. If you could not fold your blankets according to specifications or the guard had not rested during the night, you could expect a beating. He never really needed a reason for anything he did. The bimbo club, by the way, was nearly the size of a softball bat. When the guard forgot or misplaced his bimbo club, the poor thing had to resort to using his fists. At all hours of the night and day, especially when it was cold, we had to use the head (toilet). Since there was no heat and the floor mats were only 1½" to 2" thick, the kidneys were hard to control. Sometimes a prisoner would plead for an hour for permission to use the head. Most of time you went blindfolded, bowed and thanked the guard. It was my understanding that the winter of '44 - '45 was one of the worst in years.

Mealtime was a special time when you prayed God they might change their menu from a cup of water and a little rice to anything a little more appetizing. In solitary confinement, your slop was placed at your door. On command cell doors on the right would open, honio (prisoner) would grab his food, thank the guard and close the door. The same procedure was carried out for those on the left. This prevented you from seeing the prisoner in the cell opposite yours. Whenever you opened that door, you profoundly thanked the guard. If you didn't understand Japanese, you said what you thought the other prisoners said and hoped the guard accepted your effort. This might very well prevent another bimbo confrontation. For example, a guard practicing his English may call your name or cell number or both. You may have heard what sounded like someone spitting up several pounds of rice. Your response was totally unacceptable and you were left with a very painful reminder. Speaking of food, the average house cat in our country ate more and better food than the Japanese fed their prisoners. Yet, as you look back on this whole nightmare, you have to thank God as it did keep us alive.

Next on the agenda was to sweep out your cozy little den and swab the hallway. The guard supplied the broom and after banging your head a few times for good measure, you thanked him for the head hammering and the broom. By this time you had also bid the guard good morning several times. You swept your dirt into the hallway, returned the broom, thanked the guard again and waited in fear for the next phase - swabbing the halls or decks if you so prefer. You prayed a selfish prayer that your name would not be called. The swabbing was the most inhumane part of this particular duty. After the hall or deck was swept clean, one of the prisoners was escorted outside to get water from a bannel. At times the water was frozen and he had to break ice. He would return with his bucket of water and prepare for the arduous task of swabbing the deck or hallway. The swab or wet mop had no handle, the deck boards appeared to be about six inches wide, and you were ordered to wring out your mop, bend over and make runs of 30 to 40 feet. As you bent over, you waited for the

5

guards command and started your run. With lack of water on the mop, it was very hard to make a successful run of 30 or 40 feet. At times, after 10 or 15 feet, your progress was slowed to a near standstill. This was not acceptable and you were beaten with the bimbo club as you desperately tried to reach the guards required speed. Several of the prisoners performed this duty in their bare feet and you can imagine the consequences - raw, frozen feet. I never did find out if this was punishment for disobedience or they felt it would be easier to reach required speed. It just could be, since it was such a painful task, it was done to get some relief from this particular duty. They must have had some oriental system of notation for this duty as a prisoner, upon completion, was literally beaten, weak and completely exhausted. The balance of your time was often taken up with interrogations, guards on both. Many times guards made their presence felt with a bimbo club, fists on both.

Evening chow rolled around and you received a repeat - cup of water and pan of rice. I would estimate the rice at three quarters to one full cup. It didn't take long to realize that nothing went in your favor as we were still considered the enemy. In our shrunken skulls, we were more of an enemy now as what we had heard about the Japanese turned out to be true. At long, long last the day ended, the guards inspected your little dungeon, turned out the lights, and you graciously bowed and wished them a good night. Once in a while, during the night or early morning hours, a guard might drop in to further his linguistic skills. If the meeting of minds seemed to hit a snag, depending on his mood or temperament, you could wind up with a disgusted look, the bimbo club, a fist on all three.

I finally moved to semi-solitary confinement where you were allowed to see your fellow POW but were not permitted to speak. My stay here was about 2 months. You see, time seemed of little relevance as hours grew into days, days into weeks, weeks into months and months into years. The next move came when I reached the final stage in my feeble quest for at least some semblance of freedom. This section of barracks was fenced off from the rest of the camp. This was known as Sankoo and Yonkoo. The last named building was the sick bay, hospital or more appropriately, the morgue. It was about six weeks before you were allowed to speak to the other horio's or prisoners. It was here I became a full fledged member of the "bag o' bones" club - requirements: maintain the appearance of a walking, live skeleton, shrunken skull and all. Here it seemed the Japanese tried their many endurance games - prisoners ran until totally exhausted, stood, knelt or remained bent over in tense, awkward positions until their weakened legs could no longer support their skeletal remains. We referred to Yonkoo as the morgue since a prisoner sick enough to be cast into this hole often failed to recover. One of our men never made it to Yonkoo as he died in his cell. Another prisoner was unmercifully beaten for not closing his window shutter during a massive air raid on Yokohama. The guards caught him watching the B-29's fly by. Prisoners spent much of their time killing lice. Our bodies had the appearance of hives or measles from head to foot. My hips had large sores from

6

sleeping on those hard mats and turning from on side to the other. The dysentery was so bad I never had complete control until an operation, some years later, partially corrected the situation. My head had been struck with such force it took the whole hand to cover the swelling. Our legs were hit occasionally with enough force to draw blood. This is the reason I spit every time we had roll call and were forced to bow down as we faced the emperon's winter or summer home. This was a practice I had to stop as it was too risky and could have cost my life and the lives of others. We also received 2 Red Cross boxes during my tenure. The guards managed to finagle whatever they desired. In nearly nine months, I can only recall two baths and we kept our clothes on 24 hours a day - in other words, we slept in our clothes. The International Red Cross, just prior



to the wars official end, recorded my weight at 85 pounds. Some larger framed, taller prisoners weighed anywhere from 95 to 115 pounds.

The following information came to my attention in 1949: While it was not previously mentioned, we had a cook at Sung Su, Wang San Ki, alias Wang Chow, age 51. He was arrested by the Chinese and a search of his quarters disclosed 6 vials of poison, American cigarettes and a sizeable amount of cash. It could very well be, since the head of a spy ring was reported living in Changchow, he was indirectly responsible for our capture. The Japanese seemed to know a good bit about our operations in China, but the information seemed very fragmented. They also seemed disorganized and frustrated; this was no doubt due to SACO's swift reaction to danger and their unified resolve. I don't believe my interrogations helped the confusion one iota. When all the information was finally gathered at Ofuna prison, it was either Sanematsu (Little Captain) or Susaki (Handsome Harry) who told me that with all the information from Amoy and the destroyer, we have nothing but lies. "Why?", they asked, "Why?". I told them that I was threatened with death and felt I had nothing to lose. Each interrogation after that produced the same results. Well, believe it or not, some of the final interrogations took place in the presence of a psychiatrist, and at one session, an artist drew sketches of me. The psychiatrist I could readily understand, but who would want sketches of someone we might assume had flipped his bonnet? The next account was received from the U. S. Navy concerning those who were responsible for operating Ofuna prison and the trial results. IIDA, an Ensign and camp commander at Ofuna was sentenced to death. KITAMURA, a pharmacist mate (called Conga Cho) was also sentenced to death. NISHI, a seaman guard (known as snake) got 15 years. KOMINE, also a seaman guard (weasel) got 40 years. HATA, our civilian cook (nicknamed Curly) got 20 years. TAKADU, another seaman guard (metal mouth) received 10 years. SANEMATSU, a Captain and chief interrogator (called Little Captain) was given 40 years. SASAKI, a civilian whose equivalent rank was Lieutenant, SG (known as Handsome Harry) picked up 18 years. Other terms meted out ranged from a few years to 20 years.

7

Typical of the men in SACO was SM2c James H. Lively. We worked side by side at Sung Su Point - brothers in arms for a great country and a noble cause - freedom and justice as we had always known it in America. James offered to take my place that fateful day in December, 1944. Let me paraphrase what Jesus said concerning such a gesture: "No greater love hath any man than he that is willing to lay down his life for another". That's a memory that will stay with a man for a lifetime. Harold Bonin and his mom and dad took me in soon after the cessation of hostilities when, it seemed, the whole world had turned its back. This is the reason I told Richard Rutan that, while I was awarded the Silver Star by the United States Navy, let's just say that in SACO we operated as such a closely knit unit, the award is ours. Keep in mind, as Roy Stratton said, there was a price on your heads also - dead or alive.

*This was a labor of mixed emotions that ran the gamut from love of God, country and fellowman to utter contempt for leaders who promote evil and hate. It was some of the negative emotions that were about to control and ultimately ruin my life. However, I can readily attest to the fact that I met some of the Navy's finest officers and men in SACO. So please forgive me and believe me when I tell you it was my intent to completely forget the enemy and not my SACO friends.*

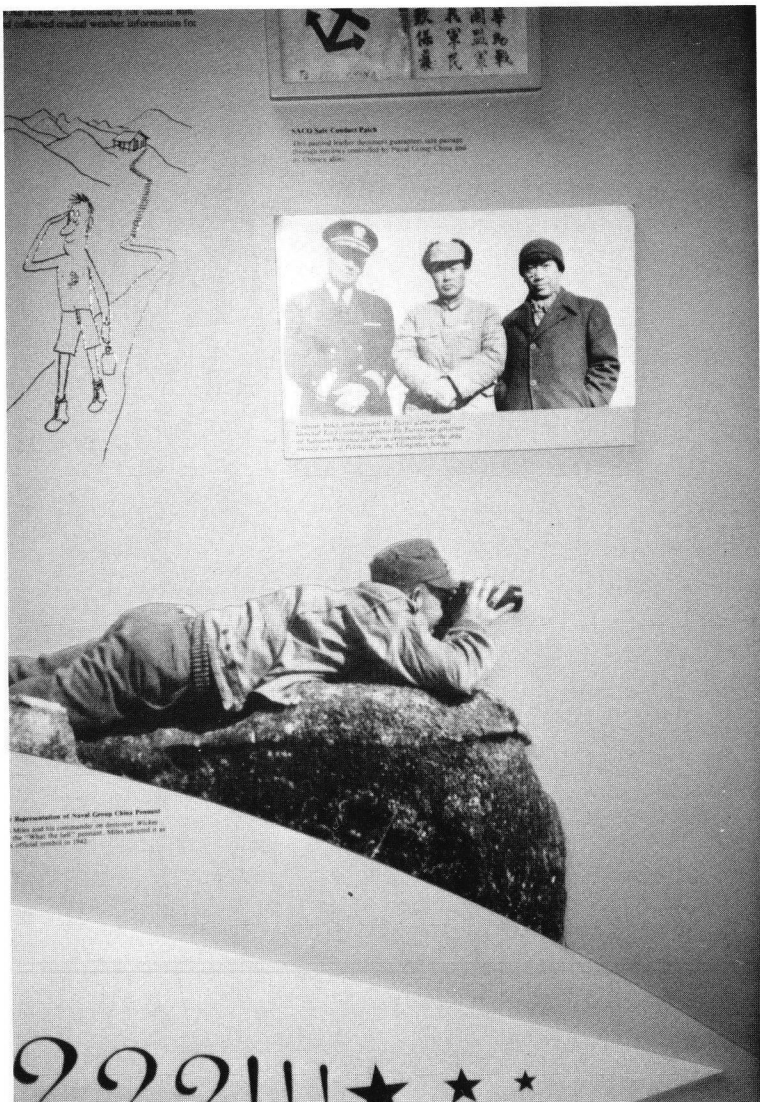
*Yours in Christ's love,*

*Al Parsons*

*Alfred W. Parsons*

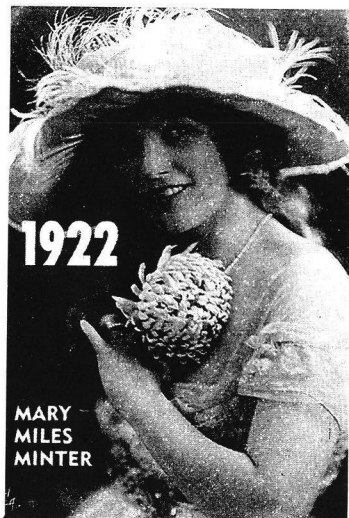
**Bill Sager visits Navy Museum At Washington Navy Yard**

30 Aug. '97, Bill writes they had visited the Museum and sent pix of small SACO exhibit there.



# MARY MILES MINTER & A MURDEROUS (?) MOM

The following article appeared in a recent issue of the National Enquirer (March 1998):



**The 1922 murder of silent screen movie director William Desmond Taylor, found on the floor of his bungalow with two bullets in his back, is Hollywood's most baffling mystery.**

Was he shot by a valet fired for forging his name to checks? Was the man seen leaving his bungalow actually a woman in disguise? Was screen sweetheart Mary Miles Minter involved? She wasn't the only one of his lovers on the list of suspects. When Taylor's body was found, neighbor Edna Purviance - Charlie Chaplin's leading lady - hastily phoned Keystone Kops comedienne Mabel Normand, 27.

Then she dialed 20-year-old Minter, Mary Pickford's screen rival who portrayed sweet virginal innocence.

"If you've left anything in that bungalow you don't want anyone to see, you better get it out now," Edna warned. Police arrived to find studio executives removing bootleg whiskey and Normand searching desperately for love letters. Hysterical Minter wasn't allowed in when she arrived with her mother.

The coroner found two .38-caliber slugs drilled into the 45-year-old director's back. Police eliminated robbery - the corpse still wore a large diamond ring.

Norman said she'd visited Taylor that night, but left around 7:30. Neighbors heard an explosion around 7:50, but thought it was a car backfiring. One saw a "man" leave Taylor's bungalow in a coat, hat pulled over his eyes, a muffler over his chin.

Taylor had received harrasing phone calls for months and police suspected his valet, who'd been fired for forging checks and stealing.

But Taylor had also urged police to crack down on drug trafficking - and he'd struck a man who was getting \$2,000 a month from Norman to supply her with cocaine.

After six months police reached a dead end. But the scandal destroyed the careers of Normand - whose love letters

were found in Taylor's riding boots - and Minter, whose MMM-embroidered lace panties were found in a closet.

Seven years later the incoming district attorney charged cover-up, claiming a woman had killed Taylor and paid off officials to avoid arrest.

She was rumored to be Minter's mother - who'd dressed in male clothing and shot the director to protect her daughter's screen image.

**(Editor's note: I found the foregoing article of special interest because it was due to the popularity of this silent star at the time our skipper was a cadet at the Naval Academy that he inherited his lifelong pseudonym to be known affectionately as "Mary" Miles.)**

---

---

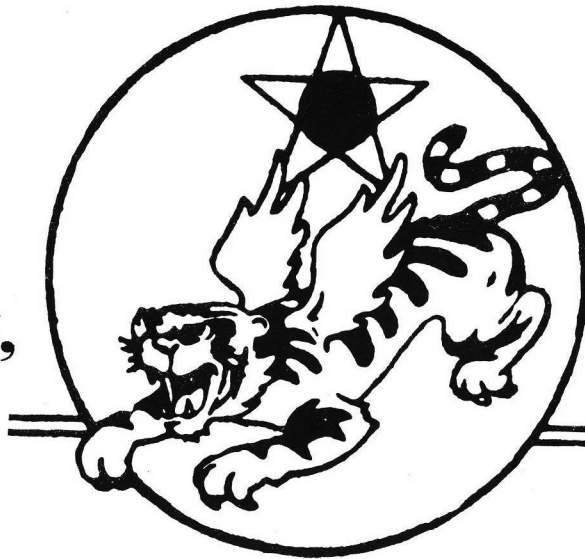
## LOOKING FOR COMPANY TO SYRACUSE

Sam C. Davis of Richmond Hill, Georgia 31324 called Weskamp and stated he would like a ride or company to the Syracuse Convention. He states he lost his wife and doesn't want to go alone. I looked up Richmond Hill and find it to be just southwest of Savannah.

If anyone cares to discuss transportation means with Sam, his phone is (912) 756-2267.

In any event, Sam, hope you can make it to Syracuse. Ed.

# **FLYING TIGERS RETURN TO YUNNAN, GET A MEMORIAL**



Kunming (Xinhua) - Forty-six surviving members of the Flying Tigers Association returned to Kunming, the capital of China's Yunnan Province this week, a little more than half a century after they fought the Japanese there in World War II.

The men, most of whom are in their late seventies and eighties, were accompanied by family members. They climbed a hill in the western suburbs of Kunming to mourn their war dead at a monument in their honour.

The American volunteers set up a 282-man base in 1941 in Kunming and shot down 6 out of 10 attacking Japanese aircraft in the skies over Yunnan on December 20, 1941 and crippled the other four.

The first victory caused them to be known as the "Flying Tigers," and they became war heroes who have long been remembered by the Chinese people. The people of Kunming rushed into the streets to celebrate the victory at the time.

Some 56 years later, the local people decorated the streets with

flowers to pay their respect to these war heroes who had fought to protect the city. Robert F. Layher, who shot down five Japanese aircraft told Xinhua that he continued to think of the friendly people of Kunming after having left China so many years ago.

The visitors will also make a trip to Guilin and Chongqing (Kweilin and Chungking respectively as we knew the cities, and, in my book - always shall be. Ed.) and tour what was the Command Office of the US 14th Fleet in the 1940s.

To commemorate the historical contributions of Chinese and American pilots during World War II, Yunnan Province has planned to build a memorial hall in Kunming.

It will contain wreckage of a military cargo plane discovered earlier this year on Gaoligong Mountain by two hunters. The plane's right wing was broken off by a tree, part of the left wing broke off, and the fuselage was destroyed, but the characters for "China Airlines" can be seen clearly.

Chinese experts verify that it flew the "Hump" over Burma carrying war supplies during China's anti-Japanese war from March 1937 to 1945. It crashed on March 31, 1943. The captain was American and the two other crew members were a Hong Kong man and a Cantonese.

According to Chinese authorities on World War II, the air route between Kunming and India's Assam State was regarded as the most dangerous air route in the world. The 1,100 kilometre route passed over the southern side of the Himalayas. The peaks there are very high and planes had to navigate among them. Because the terrain along the route resembled the back of a camel, the route came to be called the "Hump."

During World War II, 514 planes, more than 400 of which were American, crashed on the perilous route in a three-year period, taking the lives of some 1,500 crew members, about 1,400 of whom were Americans.

To commemorate the friendship of the American people and the assistance given in wartime, Yunnan Province decided to build a memorial hall and a special monument for the "Hump" flights in a suburban Kunming Park.

Submitted by Harold Bonin who wrote me in early Nov. '97 that he had "recently returned from 2 ½ weeks in the Orient" and had read this article in USA Today so I'm assuming the Flying Tigers had been to China perhaps in October?? Ed.

# Pearl Harbor vets to join shipmates

(The Desert Sun - Serving the Coachella Valley - Sunday, December 7, 1997)

**“ It is an honor extended to those who survived the attack while serving on another ship, or those who served on the Arizona before the attack.”**

**USS Arizona:** Survivors to have ashes scattered over sunken battleship.

**By Ben DiPietro**

The Associated Press

**Honolulu** - Joe Langdell comes from a seafaring family.

It was natural for him to join the Navy - an ancestor was lost at sea while raiding British Ships in the late 1790s, and several other family members later served in the Navy.

He became an ensign, assigned to the USS Arizona based at Pearl Harbor. As luck would have it, Langdell was ashore the morning of Dec. 7, 1941, when the Japanese attacked.

Langdell watched from nearby Ford Island as 1,177 of his crew members were killed. An estimated 950 were entombed in the ship.

When Langdell dies, his ashes will join his fallen shipmates in the rusting hull of the ship.

“I felt absolutely helpless as I watched the attack,” said Langdell, an 83-year-old retired lieutenant commander from Yuba City. “If I had been aboard, I would have been killed in that No. 2 (gun) turret.”

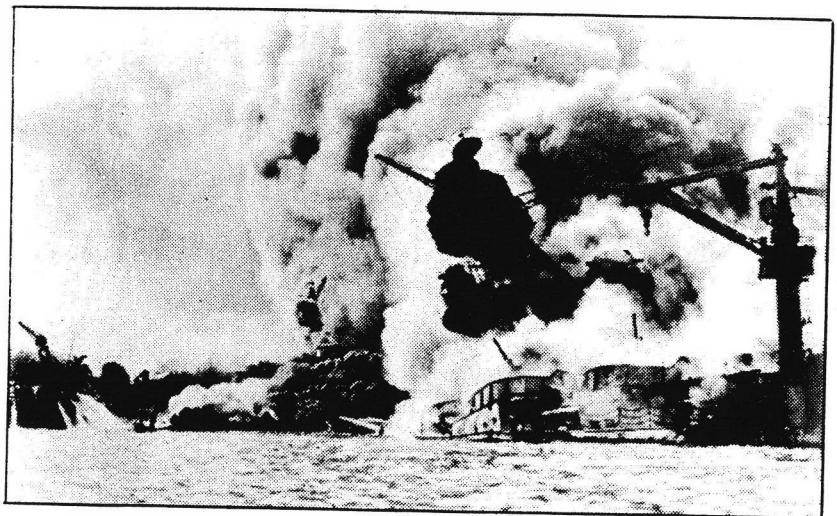
Today, the 56th anniversary of the attack that drew the United States into World War II, two Navy men who survived the battle are scheduled to have their ashes scattered on the waters above the battleship. It is an honor extended to those who survived the attack while serving on another ship, or those who served on the Arizona before the attack.

Jack Carson of Sherwood, Ore., died in June and Jack Beardsley of Carson City, Nev., died in August. The friends served aboard the destroyer USS Henley, which returned fire against the Japanese bomber squadrons, a spokesman for the Pearl Harbor Naval Base said.

The Desert Sun

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1997

Nation



The Associated Press

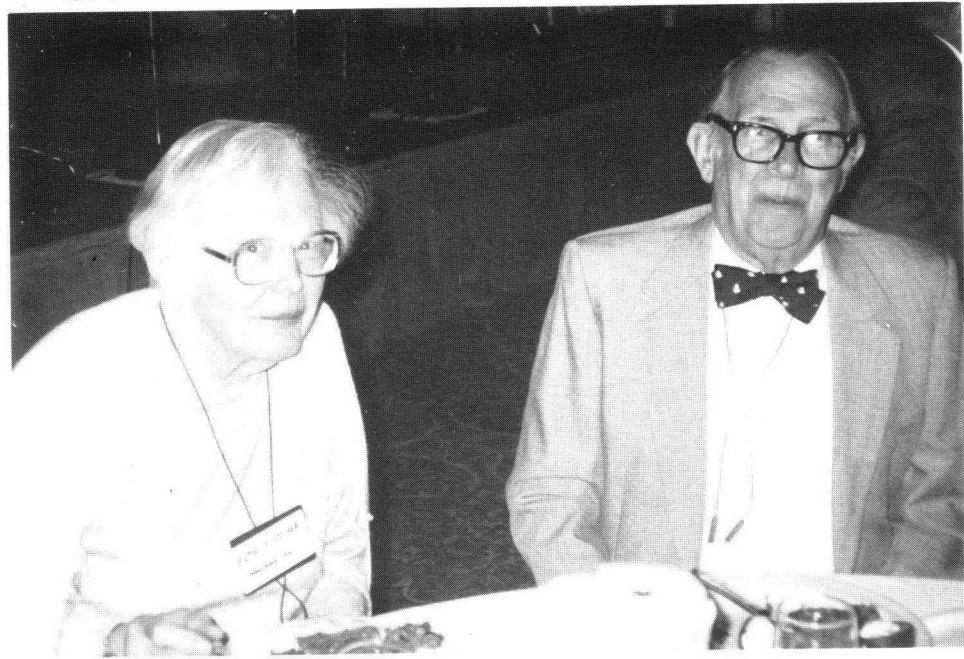
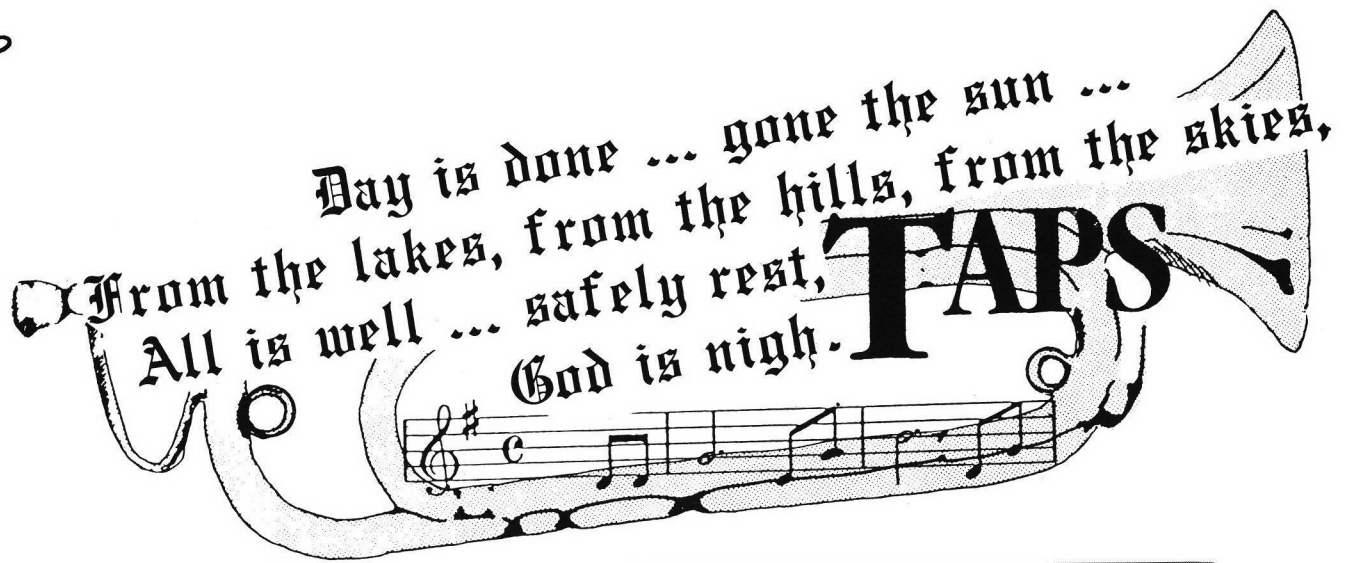
**Infamous attack:** The USS Arizona is pictured in flames after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7, 1941. Two Navy men who survived the battle will have their ashes scattered near the battleship today to commemorate the 56th anniversary of the attack.

In all, 13 Arizona survivors have had their ashes placed with their long-dead comrades in arms.

Divers place urns containing ashes in the Arizona's now submerged No. 4 barbette, a 25-foot deep armored cylinder on which one of the battleship's 14-inch gun turrets was once positioned, said Kathy Billings, superintendent of the USS Arizona Memorial.

The attack killed 2,403 men, women and children. The greatest loss of life in a single place was aboard the Arizona. The Japanese sank 21 Navy ships and destroyed 185 military planes.





Ruth and Leo Fletcher



### RUTH FLETCHER

Ruth Andrews Fletcher, a retired Reference Librarian and Archivist at Wheaton College in Norton, MA, died July 19, 1997 in Woonsocket, RI.

An active member of the Centennial Class, Ruth's devotion to Wheaton was part of a long family tradition; her mother, Harriet Haight Andrews, attended Wheaton Female Seminary in

1901-1902, and her granddaughter, Jaime Nangle and grandnephew, Bill Fletcher, are both members of the Class of 2000.

After graduating from Wheaton, Ruth raised a family of four with her husband Leo, taught and tutored children with language disabilities for many years, and earned her master's degree in library science at Simmons College in 1967. In that year, she became Wheaton's first reference librarian; over the years, she developed a

quality reference collection, helped to compile the first editions of the SMCL Union list of Serials, developed a modern bibliographic instruction program, and provided research and reference assistance to students and faculty. She was famous for her April Fool's costumes, including a blonde wig and "Unabashed Librarian" T-shirt.

Always interested in Wheaton history, Ruth was given responsibility for the College Archives in 1969. As early as 1975, she began to plan for the college's upcoming Sesquicentennial with the President, Librarian and alumnae. In 1977 she was given a special leave to organize the archives and was named the first full-time Archivist in 1978. Ruth helped to plan the Gebbie Archives & Special Collections facility which opened in 1980, then moved in and organized the collection, both physically and intellectually.

Ruth never stopped giving to the Archives...of her time, her memories and her mementos. Now her family has established the Ruth Andrews Fletcher W1935 Memorial Fund for Archives and Special Collections. They have generously agreed to allow us to use the fund wherever it is needed most; for purchasing books and manuscripts, exhibit support, or conservation of fragile items.

Ethelind Austin's tribute to Ruth upon her retirement in 1980 is still fitting:

"Farewell, Oh colleague unsurpassed,  
Our Ruth, 'librarian unabashed'!"

(Zephorene L. Stickney, Archivist & Special Collections Curator).

## VERNE R. BENEDICT

Verne R. "BENNY" Benedict, 75, died November 11, 1997 in Bellingham, WA. Born in Jet, OK June 11, 1922, Benny was a longtime West Seattle resident and was employed by the QFC Stores for many years. He was preceded in death by his wife, Jackie in 1988.

He is survived by his son, Verne, Jr., and wife, Lane of Bothell; daughter, Jill Carille and husband, Craig of Bellingham; grandson Jason Benedict; granddaughter Cindi Layer and husband, Sean and great-granddaughter Samantha Layer. In keeping with his wishes there were no services and his ashes were scattered in Puget Sound.

(Benny was an avid supporter of SACO and deeply regretted his inability to attend annual reunions due to failing health in recent years. Several members at the Seattle reunion in 1995 visited Benny in Bellingham. No other member of our group was loved anymore than Benny was by those fortunate to know him. He was truly a gentleman in our midst. Ed.)

From the family to Lee and Ruby Alverson:

We'd like to thank you and the Millers (I didn't know where to reach them) for the beautiful flowers in memory of my dad. I know how much he valued your friendship over so many years. He was a wonderful father and it saddened all of us to see the many changes he went through. We'll miss him so much...

Jill, Craig, Verne and Lane

## ALFRED W. BAKER

Our family is adjusting to our loss of Dad (Bill/Al). He had a stroke in July and died at home (Sterling, VA) August 14, 1997. He had been battling Alzheimer's disease for a number of years. Services were held at Arlington National Cemetery.

He was born and raised in Baltimore, MD and served during WWII at Norfolk Naval Base and as a photographer in India and China at SACO Camp 9.

(Mrs. Alfred W. Baker).

## EDWARD H. ENDE

This is to inform you that Edward H. Ende, a member of SACO, has passed away (24 Feb. 1998).

Ed died as a result of complication from a stroke. We will miss him.

Catherine A. Ende, Ed's wife

## G. WADE COX

G. Wade Cox, retired insurance executive, died Nov. 3, 1997 in Mobile, AL

Mr. Cox, 85, was a graduate of Murphy High School when his father, the late Dr. Norman Wade Cox, was pastor at First Baptist Church of Mobile. He attended Huntington College in Huntington, W.VA. He served with distinction during WWI as a member of the volunteer group SACO which served in China. Having broken the Japanese code, the group contributed to the eventual defeat of Japan.

He retired as an executive vice president of WKP Wilson

Insurance. Survivors include his wife, Margaret Sanders Cox of Mobile; a son, Norman Wade Cox II of Hawaii; a sister, Sarah Cox Thigpen of Fairhope; three grandchildren and five great-grand children.

### JOHN F. LALLY

John F. Lally, a retired teacher and coach, died Feb. 7, 1998. He was the husband of Dorothy (French) Lally.

Born in Holyoke (Mass.), Mr. Lally moved to Osterville from Arlington, VA in 1977. He was a 1943 graduate of Amherst College, where he was captain of the baseball team from 1942 - 1943. In 1959, he was named to the First Team All-American Baseball Team.

He was a teacher and coach at Worcester Academy, then went to the CIA, where he worked for 24 years in the Far East Division until his retirement in 1974.

Mr. Lally was a World War II Navy veteran, serving in China with SACO, training guerrillas. He was an alcohol and drug counselor in Arlington, VA and for Cape Counseling Center in Hyannis.

He was a member of the Osterville Men's Club, Cape Cod, where he served as treasurer. He served as a town representative for five years.

Surviving besides his wife are a daughter, Laura French Jessup of Fairfax Station, VA; three brothers, James Lally of Holyoke, William Lally of Westfield NJ and two grandsons.

He was also the father of the late J. Dickinson Lally.

### JACOB CALVIN SIEGRIST

Jacob C. "Jake" Siegrist, born June 11, 1919 in Maryland, died in Santa Cruz, California November 22, 1997.

Jake's wife, Harriott, sent a copy of the memorial service leaflet in which was printed:

#### THE MEMORY OF ME

I'd like the memory of me  
To be a happy one.  
I'd like to leave an afterglow  
Of smiles when life is done.

I'd like the tears  
Of those who grieve,  
To dry before the sun  
Of happy memories that I leave  
When life is done.

Carol Mirkel

### THOMAS J. DELANEY, JR.

Enclosed is my husband's final dues of \$20.00. He passed away March 1, 1997 after a long illness. He had hoped to make the Peoria reunion, using a wheelchair, because it is close to our home.

Best regards,  
Geraldine Delaney

### LEWIS J. GRIFFIN

Lewis J. Griffin died Jan. 4, 1998 in Lewiston, Maine.

He was born in Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 17, 1914, son of Patrick F. and Mildred S. Griffin. The family moved to Maine and he

was educated in local schools graduating from Bates College with the class of 1935.

He entered the family wholesale candy and tobacco business, Bates Street Cigar Company and later became manager.

He entered the U.S. Navy during WWII and served as a Communications Officer in a special unit SACO, in China behind Japanese lines. Following his return from military service in 1946, he rejoined the family business and later established Maine National Vending Company.

He was active in community affairs, serving on the Lewiston Public Works Board and as a member of Little Theater and Kiwanis. He remained in the naval reserve as a Lt. Commander for a number of years.

He enjoyed international travel in retirement and spent many winters in Cape Coral, FL.

Survivors include his wife, June Lovelace Griffin; two sons, John D. of Auburn and Richard L. of Norwood, Mass.; a sister, Lillian Davis of Lewiston; three grandchildren, Bradford, Patrick and Ryan Griffin.

### JAMES D. LITTLE

James D. Little expired 18 April 1997. I am his sister and the family and I would like a copy of the 1997 Directory as well as the Sept. '97 issue of the SACO NEWS.\*

Polly Madden  
Box 215  
Panhandle, TX 79068

\*Both sent. . .Ed.





**MARCELLA SPIGELMIRE**

Marcella Dean Spigelmire, 85, died Jan. 8, 1997 of heart failure.

Mrs. Spigelmire, who retired as vice principal of Chapel Hill Elementary School in 1974, began her teaching career in Baltimore County public schools in the early 1930s. She worked as a cryptographer at Fort Holabird during WWII and returned to teaching in 1952.

The former Marcella Dean was born in Cumberland and moved to Dundalk in 1923. She was graduated from Sparrows Point High School in 1929 and earned a bachelor's degree in education from the Johns Hopkins University in 1956.

In 1936 she married James Spigelmire, who owned Spigelmire's Bar in Highlandtown. He died in 1992.

She was a member of Delta Kappa Gamma, the national education honor society, and the

Teachers Association of Baltimore County and was a founding member of Women Educators of Baltimore County in the late 1950s.

Survivors include two daughters, Lynne Viti of Westwood, Mass.; and Anne Werps of Perry Hall, Md.; and four grandchildren.

**ROBERTA G. BURKE**

Roberta Gorsuch Burke, 98, an enduring "First Lady of the Navy" as the widow of Adm. Arleigh Burke, died of cardiac arrest (1997 date unavailable) in Fairfax, VA. Mrs. Burke asked in advance that the epitaph "a sailor's wife" be placed on the tombstone adjoining her husband's at the Naval Academy Cemetery in Annapolis.

Admiral Burke died last year. The couple, who had been married for 72 years, had no children.

**DEATHS REPORTED SINCE LAST ISSUE (SEPT '97):**

**Grant S. Andresen**

Lt.-Chungking/Kienyang/Changchow/Shanghai

**J A Atkins**

Lt - Calcutta

**Alfred W Baker, Jr.**

PhoM1/c - Calcutta/Chungking Shanghai

**Joseph J Boos**

GM1/c - Camp 8/Shanghai

**Ernest H Coleman**

Lt.- Camp 6/Changchow Shanghai

**Graham Wade Cox**

SP3/c-Calcutta/14th AF Kunming

Cont'd next page. .

**SACO GIFT IN MEMORY OF "BENNY"**

11/28/97

Dear Mr. Rutan:

My name is Verne Benedict, Jr., son of Benny Benedict. You have probably heard of his recent passing. My sister and I received this check (\$100) in his memory and decided the best use would be as a gift to SACO. He really enjoyed the organization and his friends that were members. Could you make sure SACO receives this gift in his name? Thank you.

V. R. Benedict

V.R., your check has been forwarded to our treasurer and we thank you and your sister, one and all, for your thoughtfulness and generosity in this decision to honor your father as well as the SACO Organization. As you stated, we know what an ardent supporter Benny was and how he regretted health conditions denying his attendance at reunions in recent years. We are deeply touched with this gift in his memory. Enjoy the memories of days gone by as we shall. Benny was one of the greatest of the group. Ed.

**Deaths Cont'd....**

**Jack T Coyle**

RM1/c-Chungking/Kunming/FRU  
CHI

**Edward H Ende, Jr.**

PHM1/c-Camp1/Shanghai

**Manuel J. Goveia**

GM2/c-Calcutta/Camp 3

**Lewis J Griffin**

Lt(jg)-Chungking/Shanghai

**Alfred L Daniels**

Lt-Camp 3/Shanghai

**Frederick W Hanle**

Lt(jg)-Chungking

**Nelson G Hillman**

Sgt MC Camp 1

**Wayne J Horsman**

MoMM3/c-Calcutta/Kunming

**John F Lally**

Lt(jg)-Camp7/Yung Tai/Hangchow

**Ira J Loeffler**

BM1/c-Calcutta/Changchow/Shun-  
an/Shanghai

**Arthur C Longworth**

MoMM2/c-Camp7/Kienyang

**Earl M J MacKintosh, Jr.**

Ens.-Calcutta/Meishien/Swatow

**B Ray McCartney**

GM1/c-Camp 7/Shanghai

**Denver W Mccarty**

CCM-Kienyang/Kanchow/Chung-  
king

**James W MacDonald**

RM2/c-Chungking/Shanghai

**Herbert T "Tom" Reiner**

LtSC-Kunming/Kienyang/Shanghai

**Robert P. "Pat" Ryan**

GySgt MC-Camp 1

**Charles D Skippon, Jr**

Y1/c-Calcutta

**Edward E Stevens**

GM1/c-Camp 8/Shanghai

**Howard W Wessenberg, Sr**

CRM-Chungking

**Daniel E West**

GM1/c-Camp 6/Huaan/Shanghai

**Robert S Wolfkill**

S1/c-Camp 1/Kienyang/14th AF  
Kunming



**"AS MUCH A CASUALTY OF  
WAR AS ANY SOLDIER ON  
THE FRONT LINES"**

We recently made our annual pilgrimage to THE PALM SPRINGS FOLLIES (an absolutely fabulous production always) and this article was in "THE PALM SPRINGS FOOTLIGHTER" a tabloid which contains the program and news items "Now and then" in which I noticed this article which brought back many memories to me as I'm sure it will you. Ed.



Carole Lombard

**AIR CRASH KILLS  
CAROLE LOMBARD**

Jan. 16, 1942—One of the world's most beloved actresses, Carole Lombard, died when, minutes before it was due to arrive in Los Angeles, a TWA DC-3 crashed into a mountain, killing all on board.

The sophisticated comedienne, known for her charm, wit, and warm personality, was at the peak of her career when

the accident took her life. She was returning from a U. S. War Bond selling tour of the Midwest and had a train ticket from Indiana to California. Anxious to rejoin her husband, Clark Gable,



Clark Gable was among the first to arrive at the fatal crash site.

she cancelled the ticket and decided to return by plane. Her mother, though reluctant to fly, accompanied her on the ill-fated flight.

Miss Lombard was married to William Powell from 1931 to 1933 and following their divorce, she married Mr. Gable. The two formed what Hollywood called "a marriage made in heaven."

The lovely, witty star is remembered fondly for the roles she played in such hits as "My Man Godfrey" and "Nothing Sacred." She co-starred with Jack Benny in her last picture, "To Be or Not to Be."

Devastated and suffering extreme shock from the terrible news, Clark Gable nevertheless rushed to the crash site to assist rescuers in recovering the bodies. A spokesman for her studio said Miss Lombard was "as much a casualty of war as any soldier on the front lines. Thanks to her efforts, the government has sold millions of dollars in War Bonds."

## A SALUTE TO VERNE "BENNY" BENEDICT

1922 - 1997

By Lee Alverson



Verne "Benny" Benedict



Lee Alverson

I'm sure that most of the SACO regulars have fond memories of Verne "Benny" Benedict and his wife "Jackie" as a result of personal interactions at the annual SACO meetings and friendships made during trips to Taiwan. God gave me the privilege and opportunity to know Benny for the greater part of my life. Benny was born in Jet, Oklahoma in June of 1922 and died quietly in Bellingham, Washington in November of this past year, leaving a son, Verne C. "V.R." and a daughter, Jill.

Benny joined the Navy in early 1942 and following boot camp, was sent off to general radio school and subsequently to Bainbridge, Washington to learn the Japanese CW Code. My first contact with Benny came in June of 1994 when we met in Washington, D.C prior to traveling to China in July of the same year. You knew you liked Benny within a matter of minutes after meeting. He was a soft-spoken, non-controversial, easy-going person whom the Creator endowed with kindness and a big heart. But, even more, he was 100% committed to his job and a first rate Navy professional in the service of his country.

Benny sailed from Newport News, Virginia July of 1944 on the General Anderson, along with Murphy, Alverson, Stringfellow and Estes and arrived in Bombay during August. Shortly after arriving in India, he took the train from Bombay to Calcutta and then was later shipped off to Camp Kanchrapara and subsequently to Kunming, China. Benny's time with the "SACO Tigers" was spent with the Radio Intelligence group in Kunming and following the end of the war, he helped to set up a station in Beijing. After several months in Beijing (Peiking), he was shipped home via Washington, D.C.

Benny was called back into service during the Korean War and was shipped off to the Aleutians for a couple of years. We watched each other's children grow up and move on into their own lives. V.R. is a CPA in the Seattle area and his daughter, Jill, a teacher in Bellingham. My life has been etched with memories of Benny who was dedicated to his family, his country, to SACO and God. We will all miss him.

# OUR JUNKS WON THE LAST NAVAL BATTLE OF WWII IN A CLOUD OF DUST

The following is a report on a World War II event which appeared in The San Diego Union-Tribune on Friday, August 25, 1995 and was submitted by Jim Murphy and James Dunn:

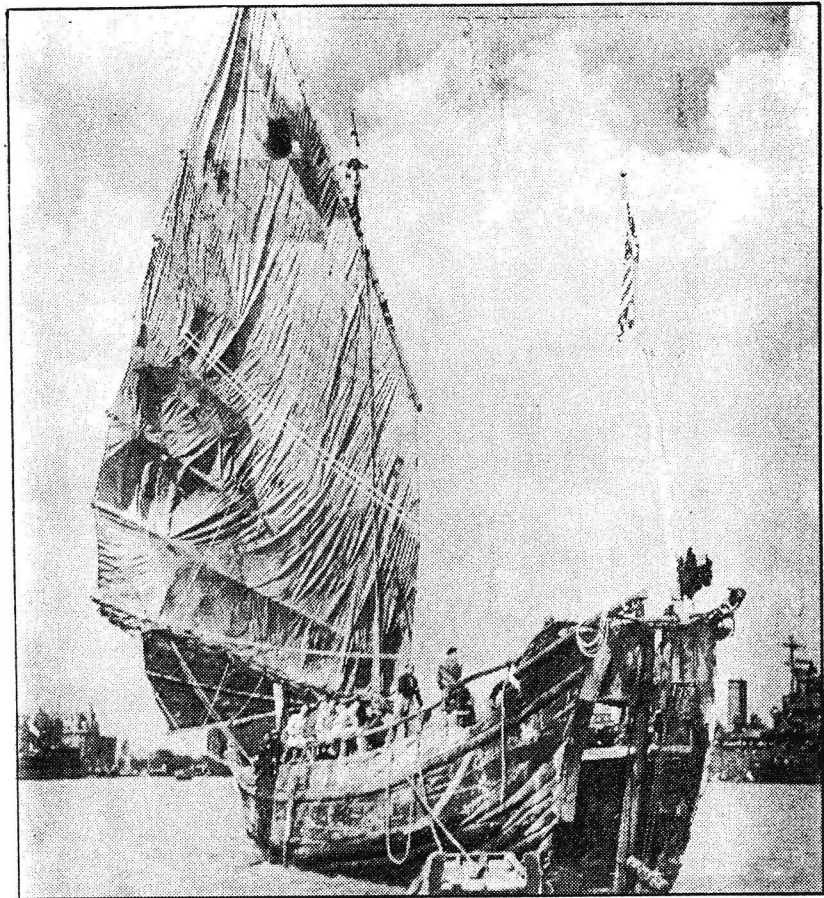
**By Hugh Crumpler**  
Special to the Union-Tribune

The last naval battle of World War II was a clash between Chinese junks and a Formosan junk in the service of the Japanese Army.

And, in a scene that could have been occurring in a time warp, the victorious Americans and their crews of Chinese guerrillas boarded the enemy craft and claimed it as a prize of war.

That engagement was the "Battle of the Dust Cloud"--the name itself a contradiction in everything maritime, since an encounter at sea is the last place to look for a cloud of dust.

Nothing about the battle fought on Aug. 20, 1945 was synonymous with the great Pacific naval war that had ended five days before with the announcement of Japan's surrender.



NAVAL HISTORICAL FOUNDATION

**The victors:** *A Chinese junk, flying the U.S. flag and commanded by Navy Lt. Livingston Swentzel, enters Shanghai harbor. The crews aboard this junk and a second junk commanded by Marine Lt. Steuart L. Pittman had just fought and won the last naval battle of WWII.*

It was a throwback to the wooden warships of naval hero John Paul Jones, who sailed under splinters ripped from the wooden ships by cannon balls were the killers and crippers of seagoing warriors.

Flying splinters--the terrifying, jagged missiles could range in size from a needle to a railroad tie--would cause casualties in the 1945 fight.

The American officers who commanded the two U.S. junks were the late Navy Lt. Livingston "Swede" Swentzel of Brooklyn, N.Y. and Marine Lt. Stuart L. Pittman of Davidsonville, MD.

Swentzel was the commanding officer and Pittman his deputy at a guerrilla training camp operated by the Navy's Sino-American Cooperative Organization. The shadowy outfit was known by its acronym SACO, pronounced "Socko."

Swentzel's command, known by the code name Camp Eight, was one of more than 50 camps, weather stations, mine units and coastal lookout stations operated by the Navy with American officers and Chinese guerrillas.

SACO, commanded in China by the late Navy Capt. Milton E. Miles worked closely with Gen. Tai Li of the Chinese Nationalist government. Its network of American trained units extended across the width and breadth of China and into the deserts of Mongolia.

### Behind enemy lines

Camp Eight was operating in the mountains near Wenchow, behind Japanese lines, when Japan accepted the Allied terms for unconditional surrender. Swentzel received orders to proceed to Shanghai with his staff and

members of a nearby air/ground rescue unit.

Swentzel and Pittman, who usually traveled in China dressed as Chinese, made their way to Hamien, a fishing and smuggling port on the Chinese coast about 300 miles south of Shanghai.

"Buying the junks was easy," Pittman said in a recent interview. "We were the only people on the China coast with money to spend.

"The Chinese and the Japanese never bought anything. They commandeered what they wanted and conscripted the men. No payments for anything.

"The junks were so cheap that the purchase hardly dented our private treasury."

Pittman signed on a helmsman and two crew members who were skilled at operating the junk's sails. Then the junks were supplied and armed.

Swentzel's heavy artillery included a shoulder-held bazooka manned by Navy Seaman James Reid.

Reid received some elementary instruction, but never fired the bazooka because with an arsenal of just five shells, they couldn't afford the luxury of practice rounds.

No one knew how the bazooka, an anti-tank weapon, would perform against the wooden ships of the China coast.

Swentzel's second gun was a 1914 Lewis machine gun. It was a reliable weapon--it almost never jammed--but it was heavy and awkward because of the top-mounted drum magazine. Swentzel had two extra drums.

On Pittman's junk, the premier weapon was a .50-caliber machine gun that had been salvaged from a U.S. bomber that had been shot down by the Japanese. The crew jury-rigged a swivel tripod and anchored the tripod and gun to the deck at the bow.

Every third round in the ammo belt was a tracer; every fifth round was an armor piercing bullet. Pittman assigned Navy Gunner's Mate Floyd Rose to man the .50-caliber gun.

### Light arms

Crews of both junks were armed with Tommy guns, rifles, revolvers and hand grenades. They were ready for trouble but didn't expect it. The war was over.

Chinese pirates, though, infested the coastal waters and it was best to be prepared.

At Swentzel's command, the crews raised U.S. flags and man-handled multipatched sails up wooden masts. The two-junk armada of SACO Camp Eight weighed anchor and sailed in ragged majesty from Hamien Harbor, setting course for Shanghai.

They were within 90 miles of Shanghai when trouble struck.

"We had raised a cluster of small, rocky islands when we sighted a black junk as it sailed from behind a headland," Pittman said. "She wallowed in the swells, but she was making headway in our direction.

“What was she? A peaceful coaster? A fisherman? A Jap? I was astern of Swede. I raised him on the Walkie-Talkie ”

The Walkie-talkie was a wartime invention, a radio telephone that was a marvelous big boy's toy, but military users found it to have an inexplicable tendency to fade out and die in emergencies.

“What do you make of her, Swede?” Pittman asked.

The Walkie-Talkies stayed alive long enough for the two men to eliminate the possibility that the black junk was coaster, fisherman or pirate. Too many men lolling on the deck in dirty, white skivvies.

“About then, I noticed a lot of activity on the bow of the black junk,” Pittman said. “Men had surrounded an old mountain gun and were wheeling it out in firing position.”

“They're Japs!” Pittman yelled over the walkie-talkie before it went dead.

Pittman, an amateur sailor who had honed his navigation skills on Chesapeake Bay, maneuvered his junk to within a hundred yards of the enemy and instructed his interpreter to shout a message across the water.

“The war is over. We are Americans. Our intentions are peaceful.”

The answer from the black junk was a round from the aged, 75mm mountain gun. The shot fell short, but close.

On Swentzel's junk, Seaman Reid braced himself and launched the first bazooka round. Both his junk and the Japanese junk were

rolling so heavily that he never saw where the round went. It did not hit the black junk.

Reid had four shells left.

### **Mainmast is hit**

Pittman saw the Japanese gun crew swab and reload the mountain gun. He ordered Gunner's Mate Rose to concentrate his .50 caliber machine gun fire on the mountain gun.

The enemy gunners got off the second shot and it slammed into Swentzel's mainmast, producing an explosion of splinters, shredded canvas and tangled lines.

Army Capt. Austin B. Cox, a passenger on Swentzel's junk, thought he'd been turned into a human pin-cushion by the flying splinters from the broken mainmast.

But he grabbed the Lewis gun, a weapon he never had in his hands before, and pulled knobs and levers until he got it to fire. Then he directed a series of staccato bursts at the black junk

Gunner's Mate Rose shouted, “Got 'em!” when an armor-piercing round from his machine gun hit the breech of the mountain gun and knocked it out of service.

The battle was in full fury.

The Japanese raked the hulls of the American junks with fire from six anti-aircraft rifles. The three vessels were at point-blank range and the air was filled with gunfire and grenades and the cries of wounded men.

It was too much for the crewmen who had signed on with Pittman at Hamien. They fled below deck. That was a mistake.

“Some of them were killed and some wounded,” Pittman said, “because the Japs concentrated their fire at the waterline. No one on the deck was hit.”

The flight of the crew to anticipated safety below left the tiller flopping wildly from side to side. Gunner's Mate Keith Barratt raced across the deck and gained control before the junk lost headway.

On Swentzel's junk, Gunner's Mate Reid, whose first bazooka shot had disappeared into nowhere, now calculated the roll of his junk and the roll of the black junk. He fired his second shot.

“Reid's second bazooka shot was a direct hit on the deck of the black junk,” Pittman said. “That explosion liberated a century of dust of a thousand cargoes. The dust rolled out of the junk like the explosion of a smoke bomb. Then Reid put his remaining three shells into the black junk and the cloud grew even bigger.”

### **'Blind and helpless'**

That's how the engagement got its name, the “**Battle of the Dust Cloud.**”

“The Japs couldn't see through the dust,” Pittman said. “They were blind and helpless. On my order, the interpreter yelled through the dust for the surviving Japanese to jump into the water between their junk and mine, where I could pick

- 21. EDDIE LIU
- 22. MRS. RALPH BRIGGS
- 23. NANCY TABOR
- 24. TOM TABOR (DEC.)
- 25. ANALANA HAYES (DEC.)
- 26. RICHARD RUTAN
- 27. NORMAN DIKE
- 28. LYN DIKE
- 29. "DOC" GOODWIN (DEC.)
- 30. MRS. GOODWIN
- 31. BETSY LA SOR
- 32. CHAPLAIN BILL LA SOR (DEC.)

- 33. PEG LESHER
- 34. MARLIN LESHER (DEC.)
- 35. SARA JONES
- 36. MAYHEW JONES (DEC.)

年二七九一所作合



them up. A few of them did.

"Then, in spite of my repeated orders, the Chinese began firing on them. I knocked down one Chinese with the butt of a rifle before they understood the order and stopped firing."

As the cloud of dust slowly drifted out to sea, it was obvious the Japanese were through. A few on deck of the black junk waved dirty shirts in surrender.

Pittman ordered his junk alongside the black junk and boarded it. Pittman's crew covered him while he walked the length of the deck. He ordered men with Tommy guns to stand watch at the fore and aft hatches. He went below through the aft hatch.

"It was ghostly down there," Pittman recalled. "There were no compartments and no decks. Just a big hold, dark and dirty. The deck above creaked and dust drifted down as my men walked overhead. Dead and wounded Japanese were everywhere.

"It was a remarkable scene. There had been 80 Japs aboard, but very few had survived the bazooka rounds, the machine gun and small arms fire and the hand grenades.

"I walked forward through the hold, watching carefully for signs of life. I passed a Japanese bigger than the others, wearing the sword of an officer. He appeared to be dead. I had just stepped past him when one of my men cut loose from the hatch with a Tommy gun.

"He had seen the Japanese rise on his elbow and pull a pistol to shoot me in the back. When I turned around, pretty shaken up, the officer had six .45 slugs in him,

but he was still alive.

"One of the prisoners we took was the Japanese doctor. It was too late to help the dying man who had tried to shoot me. But the doctor identified him as the captain of the junk and the commander of the 80 soldiers."

The "Battle of the Dust Cloud" was over.

#### A prize of war

Swentzel's crew jury-rigged the three junks and set sail again for Shanghai. This time they sailed with Japanese prisoners and a Formosan junk they claimed as a prize of war.

When they arrived in Shanghai on Aug. 24, the Americans were in for another surprise. A Japanese officer and armed detail, bayonets fixed, met them at the docks. When Swentzel protested, the Japanese officer politely replied: "We may be your prisoners in a few days. . .but right now you are our prisoners."

Throughout Asia and the Pacific, Japanese officers were confused and uncertain over the surrender.

Emperor Hirohito had not used a Japanese equivalent to "unconditional surrender" in his radio address to the nation on Aug. 15.

He had spoken in the traditional emperor's manner that assumed his subjects instinctively knew his meaning. The emperor's wish, therefore, would be obeyed unquestioningly without being soiled by transmittal through ordinary language.

The confusion in the ranks of Japanese military lasted until the

official surrender aboard the battleship Missouri in Tokyo Bay on Sept. 2.

As for the Americans of SACO Camp Eight, they were in for still another surprise. The Japanese officer drove them to their prison--the Park Hotel, which boasted two jazz bands, a Western-style chef, and 50 interned White Russian women.

Swentzel, hero of the battle of the junks, found the Shanghai Park Hotel to his liking. And he married one of the White Russians.

???!!!\*\*\*

**HUGH CRUMPLER**, who lives in Rancho Bernardo, (CA) was a war correspondent in the China-Burma-India and Pacific Theaters during WWII.

#### ALL SACO PLEASE NOTE

If you paid dues in 1997 but have not to date paid 1998, you are being sent this issue even though you are not current on the premise that you may have overlooked the fact that 1998 dues were payable as of Jan. 1 (though it's never too late, really).

**THEREFORE**, if you haven't paid for 1998 by the time the next publication is mailed (probably late fall this year), we will have to assume you're not interested and you will be dropped from the next mailing. **We want to stay in contact with all**, but as stated many times, this is an expensive publication and the organization cannot afford to carry those who don't support it with annual dues.

- 1. MARK RAMSEY
- 2. NELSON BOWMAN
- 3. ELNORA BOWMAN (DEC.)
- 4. BILL LAWLOR (DEC.)
- 5. VIOLET LAWLOR CARMICHAEL

- 6. JIM WERWAGE (DEC.)
- 7. SUE WERWAGE
- 8. BILL PEACOCK
- 9. ETHA BROWN
- 10. AL EDISS

NAMES I COULD  
REMEMBER. . Ed.

- 11. MISSY EDISS (DEC.)
- 12. ART WILDING (DEC.)
- 13. GLENNA WILDING
- 14. COL. SIN-JU HSIAO
- 15. SLIM GILROY

- 16. BILL BARTEE
- 17. BUCK DORMER
- 18. RALPH BRIGGS
- 19. SANDY HAYES (DEC.)
- 20. HARRY BRANDWEIN (DEC.)

SACO CONVENTION, 1972 (TAIPEI) (北台) 會 年

秋 五 碧





**1ST TWO PEOPLE EXTREME L:  
MR. & MRS. STEVE MICHALICEK??  
37. JOHN KLOS  
38. COL. CARL EIFLER OF OSS**

**39. BOB HILL  
40. LOLA HILL  
41. MARGARET EIFLER (DEC.)  
42. PAT CHIN (MIB)**



(1997 - exact date unavailable)

Sorry we can no longer travel and attend the SACO Conventions. Ken's memory is gone and his physical condition is deteriorating. We are still able to maintain our home of 57 years and hope to do so for a few more. Enjoy the SACO NEWS and have fond memories of all our friends from the conventions. Look forward to the next issue.

Remember us to all.

Sincerely, Kitty Sheaffer



31 Mar 1997  
(To Weskamp)

. . .To all who served with our Rear Duke and Perpetual Skipper, perhaps, just perhaps the most wondrous group to ever serve in any war. What a young brave group of men; to walk into the valley, sometimes with only faith; blind faith to guide you. . .

D. R. Scheck



3 Apr 1997  
(To Weskamp)

. . .Normally I try to pay up (dues) several years in advance, but under the present circumstances of not knowing what part of the machinery is going to break down next, I'll be taking a year at a time, and be grateful for each and every one that I don't see my name in the obit columns.

Watching the grass grow from above ground is still my favorite option. Only one. . .

Red McGrail

1997 (exact date unavailable)  
(To Weskamp)

Sorry I'm late with my dues, but have been busy with my wife's sickness with cancer the last year and a half. Peggy, my wife, passed away in April and I am just getting to feel a little better - enough to take care of a little business anyway.

Hope you guys had a grand time at the reunion.

Burton W. McCabe



11 Feb 1998

I understand that you publish the SACO NEWS. I am seeking any information you or your subscribers might have about an organization called AGAS (Air-Ground Aid Service). Might it be possible to put a notice in your journal? My father was a member of AGAS in China in 1945 and is writing a book about his experiences. I am helping with the research. Any assistance you could give would be greatly appreciated!

Sincerely, Rev. John C. White  
2925 S. University Blvd.  
Denver, CO 80210  
Tel:(303) 756-0339  
E-mail: DenverWH@aol.com



12 Dec 1997

... On the way down, (to South Bend), I stopped to see our old buddy (Bob Schumacher) like I said I would. I overstepped his doorway and after I had reached a few doors north, I heard him call. I looked back and saw an "old man" beckoning me; that was my first impression. After I was in in his living room

and we started talking about old times, he looked younger and younger like I always knew him. I guess that it is just the fact that we are all getting old and perhaps some of us look like it and won't admit it. After all it has been over 50 years ago.

He was in good spirits and his apartment looks real nice for a bachelor. Says he goes to church each morning at 9 and I don't remember what he said about the rest of the day.

He has a life membership in the VFW and goes there frequently. He has not been to Chicago in 15 years. Probably not too far out of Munster either.

I told him we were badly in need of a bartender after I asked him some questions about his experience with the bar in Hammond many years ago. He said, "That wasn't a real bartender's job. All you had to do was listen to other peoples' problems and give them a shot and a beer," but I think he can mix drinks.

After I made my pitch and promised him the moon if he would make the trip to Appleton in '99, he said no very emphatically. "Promise me a villa and I still won't go!" So . . . finally decided to taper off and forget it.

We talked about some of the guys and looked at his picture album for a while and then I was on my way to SB. As I remember, he hasn't heard from anyone for a long time.

He's very alert and moves around like a young guy. I don't recall that he has any medical problems. Says he won't go to a doctor because if they find anything wrong with him, he doesn't want to know. . .

Jack (Miller)



2 Feb 1998

No news is good news , which I hope is the case with you. For us, January was a wash-out. Dorie became dehydrated and spent about two weeks in the intensive care part of the hospital and I was flat on my posterior with the newest flu bug. Dorie's hospital bill was in the gross amount of \$40,000, so that caused another fainting spell and diarrhea. Ah well, all's well that ends well. At least we are back on our feet, have

dispensed with Meals on Wheels and are taking walks to try to strengthen our legs and knees....

Dorie and I do not plan to attend the reunion at Liverpool and I will write to Bud and Ellen to let them know soon. I have scheduled another reunion in Montana in May and a trip to Ireland in July, so the extra trip in June would be a bit much. In addition, Dorie is planning an addition to the house in Sturgis and wants to be there to supervise the workmen - which I know they will appreciate.

...  
With very best wishes, Dave (Clarke)



11 Jan 1998

We really enjoyed the September issue of the SACO NEWS. The photo on Page 81 was taken in the Radio Shack at the Kunming Compound. The person on Lt. Lankford's left , sitting on the edge of the table, is Willie Beene.(Wayland W. Beene). Willie came to SACO from the fleet and was a real character. He had been a RM/tailgunner on a Navy torpedo plane flying off carriers in the Pacific. He was a Texan. The directory shows that he is deceased and also shows that he was in Chungking. I served with Willie in Kunming and have no recollection of his going to Chungking. His real name was Wayland, but he preferred to be called Willie.

The person on Bob Hill's right is Jack Coyle. Jack passed away on April 15, 1996 of a heart attack. Jack was a RM1/c and was assigned to Kunming and went to Shanghai at war's end. He was one of those to to leave Kunming and meet up with the Navy convoy on the Burma Road. This was the first Navy convoy to leave India and I believe the war ended before they got to China. The convoy, as best I can recall, was being harrassed by Burmese rebels along the way and had requested assistance. I recently talked to Jack's widow, Ida, and she was preparing to move to Jacksonville from Winter Haven as she has two daughters here..

I remember the person in the photo on Jack's right but just can't come up with a name. Also, recognize the RM sitting at the table. Believe his name wa

McQuade or McQuiag or something similar, but my memory simply fails me. Will be 75 next month so guess it's understandable.

The pix of Cdr. Joyce brought back some unpleasant memories. He threatened to "drum" me out of the Navy on one occasion, but never got around to it. He was drunk (as usual) at the time.

. . . Sorry about the handwriting, but I'm on prednisone and it makes me quite shaky at times. Had a lung removed in 3/92 and am on oxygen due to chronic bronchitis.

Regards, Wayne McClow



25 Sept 1997

It was so thoughtful of you to send me two copies of SACO (news) with the write-up of Nobel. I appreciate your note, also. He enjoyed your friendship, too.

Life is quite different without Nobel. We had been married 51 years, which was a blessing, especially since he was quite ill with malaria when he returned from overseas. He later found out that others in his group got malaria, too. They hadn't received any preventive medicine.

Enclosed is a small check to add to the fund to keep SACO going. It meant so much to Nobel.

Thank you for the copies of the beautiful magazine.

Sincerely, Mildred Shadduck



21 Sept 1997

Well, Richard, YOU DID IT AGAIN!

With each issue of the SACO newsletter, we've felt it couldn't get better, but each issue is a treasure. Our sons and I deeply appreciate your printing the pictures and Bob's obit and sending us the six copies.

Alma Cochran deeply appreciated your hospitality at

the Peoria convention and she immediately set down and read her copy in its entirety. She had planned to accompany Bob and I to Peoria to help drive. When we lost him so quickly, the boys were glad we decided to attend anyway. AND you all made it so easy by sharing in his loss.

I keep busy and count blessings each day. Bob always loved living in this small town where he was born and the enduring friendships. I've had a remodeling project at the church in his memory, of getting the offices downstairs from the top floor and it's good therapy. The Lions Club has also invited the wives and widows frequently to their meetings: Everything helps.

Bob gave his tools to the boys and they will have many projects with them when they feel up to working out there. He was always happiest when they all 3 had different projects, all hammering away! The sons put pieces of his valued hardwood in (the casket) with him, along with a "sharp" penknife - he was never without one.

Our grandson was interning here at the funeral home and presented the flag to me after the services at the cemetery. He returned to the Cincinnati, OH area Aug. 1, but it was good to have him home.

Read so many obits of our SACO friends. Katie Pease was an angel in caring for him (Cliff). Irene Gats called and Sylvia Irwin wrote. I'm going to have our Tom gather some good pieces of sassafras to send to Bill Miller. Bob always enjoyed working with this, particularly, he felt it had the strength of oak without the weight, and easier to work with. Bill likes to use it in the "bending" projects.

We hope the two of you continue in good health and keep on helping the rest of us build more pleasant memories in the days we have left. Good Lord willin', we - Alma and I - hope to make Syracuse next June. SACO is a really close, great group, and a few of you have done so very much to keep and make it that way!

THANKS AGAIN,

Mona (Miller)



26 Mar 1998

Can you tell me who would be the caretaker for some old pictures I am planning to make copies of? They are primarily of Camp 1 surroundings and personnel...years 1943, 1944 and 1945.

As you might have guessed, we have had some "El Nino" problems here in the San Fernando Valley with two close calls of flooding, but one sump and a drain I put in years ago helped save the "Day." This year, in July, I'm coming up on Age 81.

The best to you, Howard (Samuels).

I called Howard and told him I would be interested in his pictures, perhaps. I think we need as many photo memories as we can come across. Ed.



26 March 1998

....I am very interested in the photo on page 78 (PACT SHOT) Sept. '97 issue. How can I obtain a picture\* of this that I want to hang in the UDT-SEAL museum? I will bear the cost of it. This way SACO can get better known.

SACO is like the S&R's, hardly anyone knows about either one of us and I am sure we did as much, or more, than other outfits that had someone always boosting them.

In looking at the photo, I see Billie Houck... I am in touch with him..not sure if I ever sent you his address.

(I don't see Houck listed in the directory - if he's interested he should contact Membership Chairman Casamajor who keeps records on SACOs . Ed.)

...He gave me his history and it's very interesting. Their plane landed on a Japanese airstrip with the Japanese still holding it. I'm sure you know all about this as most of the men in that crew are SACO members. Sal Ciaccio and R. P. Jakmas were two fellows on that plane. (This is all news to me and

sounds interesting, but I can't report that which is not reported to me. **(HOW ABOUT IT GUYS, THERE MUST BE MANY INTERESTING EPISODES THAT HAVE NEVER BEEN TOLD???) ED.)**

... Jim (Barnes)

\*If my memory serves me right, the photo you refer to belongs to Guy Tressler. Though currently in my possession, Guy may want it returned. Suggest you contact him about the photo in question. Ed.



28 Feb 1998

Yes, I do plan to attend the 1998 SACO Reunion. I am enclosing my SACO dues for the current year, as well as those for 1997, for I would like to obtain a copy of the 1997 NEWS and the Directory (sent. . . . Ed.)

As I have indicated on the SACO Reunion Registration Form, I would like very much to be placed on the list of those to be awarded the SACO Medal.

Cordially, Jim Payne



No date To Weskamp

Thank you very much for sending me the information on the SACO reunion. I'm very sorry I cannot attend. We, (Joe & I) haven't attended the reunion for many years because of his heart & diabetes. He was so proud of the SACO and that is why I keep the membership in his honor. I miss him very much after almost fifty years of wedded bliss.

Thank you very much and I hope you have a very good attendance for the reunion.

God Bless, Elsie Shragal

30 Dec 1997

Thank you for your understanding and rapid response to my request for the last copy of SACO NEWS. It certainly is a great bulletin, as is it's editor. I just did not have the heart to ask my friend, Vince, to return it to me. He has been moved to a convalescent home, but seems to be losing the battle. He is diabetic and is having foot-sore and other problems.

I am sorry to hear of Erma's hip problem. I hope it is not damaging her spirit. All of SACO conventions are benefited by the presence of you and Erma. You always made me feel special.

My own health problems are on-going; angina, bronchitis, circulation and lung deficiency. I have little strength and endurance. Sometimes I experience feelings of total collapse - this bothers me most and is the reason I don't travel anymore.

My desk is at the window and right now I am observing a beautiful snow scene. It is our first winter snow and it's blowing like the dickens, but it is clinging to the trees on the windward side. The roads are in good shape because it has been unseasonably warm. The snow is building up on the cars and grassy areas. But I don't have to go out today, so let it snow!

My principle occupation is helping to care for my sister. She is 87, diabetic, severe arthritis, has had both hips replaced after falling and had a quintuple by-pass a few years ago. She tried retirement home care, but is adamant about staying in her own home. It presents a problem for all of us care-givers.

Again, I thank you, Richard. I cannot be more sincere in wishing that you and Erma continue to enjoy life together in 1998 and thereafter. I will enjoy the memories.

Best wishes,

John (Klos)



9 Dec 1997

I got your name from Mr. Jim Barnes who responded to an ad I had placed in MILITARY magazine.

I am seeking information on my uncle, Stanley Keith Henry from Winamac, IN who served in the U.S. Navy with SACO during WWII.

He is mentioned in THE RICE PADDY NAVY as OK Henry, Pharmacist's Mate. He survived the war, but passed away a few years ago following a heart attack.

During his tenure behind the lines with SACO, he suffered an attack of appendicitis and was carried out by his shipmates.

I am trying to establish contact with anyone who may have known him and served with him during this period.

Mr. Brown suggested I contact you about running his name in WHAT THE HELL. I would like to do this if you can arrange it for me. If there is any charge involved, please let me know and I will mail you an immediate donation. (No charge...Ed.)

My uncle was one of 6 brothers, including my father, who all served on active duty at the same time during the war. Four were in the Navy, one was in the Marines and one in the Infantry. All survived the war and four are alive today.

I am attempting to establish a family history of these men during WWII.

Sincerely,

Larry E. Henry  
51845 Waterford Green Drive  
Granger, IN 46530

CAN ANY OF YOU HELP MR. HENRY?



1 Nov 1997

...We are having our own bit of trouble...Peg split one of the menisci on her left knee joint. We think she did it at the lake last summer, but it kept getting worse. So, last week, we had one of our local pals get a load of cortisone in the joint for some relief. However, we ain't seen the last of it, I'm afraid. May need a scope job done on the joint somewhere along the line. (Since this writing - Peg has had arthroscopic

surgery in early 1998 Ed.)

. . . Glad they got things settled re the SACO plaque at the Navy Memorial. Hopefully, someone will remember us; but when you talk to someone on the outside, most have not known who we were.

Got a nice letter from Petersens after the reunion. Hope Dike got his ring (Skipper's SACO ring which is handed down to each succeeding president). He wasn't around when we left the hotel, so I told the people at the desk to see that he got it. However, I told them it was "jewelry" and I'm wondering if someone might have walked off with it. Hope not, 'cause there ain't no more rings.

Our son, Michael, is doing OK with the 7th Fleet. Lots of laughable shortages: no sweet vermouth; no paper coffee filters; no water filters for the faucet purifiers; bread is \$1.50 per loaf with only 12 pieces in a loaf; coffee is the lousiest brand the PX could find. They have a brand-new apt., but he spends most of his time on the USS Blue Ridge. . .

Will send Erma a purple heart if she ain't careful.

Peg & Doc (Felmly)



8 Jan 1998

Thought some people at SACO might be on the internet, so I submit my address:

"HScurlock@Larkom.net"

(Hank has left me alone in the desert - sold their home in Palm Desert and moved to the beach. Laura is not a bit well - on oxygen all the time. Here's their current address : Ed.)

H. F. Scurlock  
13700 Alderwood Ln #80D  
Seal Beach, CA 90740

PS: Hank says, "The sun doesn't shine at Seal Beach like in the Coachella Valley."

4 March 1998

Thank you for your kind letter of February 14, 1998 regarding my late father. You might be interested to know that when I visited Florida recently, I took the time to contact Dr. Felmly as Venice was a short drive from where I was staying in Bradenton. He was most kind and invited my wife and myself to lunch and gave me some materials, including the 1993 50th Anniversary newsletter which contained the establishing articles for the organization. This will be most helpful to me in my continuing research. (Mr. Griffin is compiling info which relates to his late father's association with SACO and hopes to publish an article from his research in the MILITARY Magazine).

I do have the book "A Different Kind of War" by Admiral Miles as I obtained a copy in the 1980's from his widow as a Father's Day gift to my dad. I am currently looking for other items referred to by both you and Dr. Felmly.

I would certainly be pleased to have you reprint the obituary in the SACO NEWS. As a matter of interest, the family has elected to have my father's remains interred in the Maine Veterans' Cemetery. We felt this was most appropriate because of his pride in his time in service.

Dr. Felmly indicated that it might be possible for me to have an associate membership in the SACO Veterans Organization. Hopefully, this will take place and I will continue to be informed of developments with your fine organization. I thank you once again for your courtesy and assistance in this regard.

Sincerely, John D. Griffin, Esq.  
(Son of the late Lewis J. Griffin)





## A Short History of our "WHAT THE HELL" Pennant

Captain Milton Edward Miles got his nickname when he was a cadet and Mary Miles Minter was the current pin-up girl. It has stayed with him ever since. Perhaps just to show he didn't give a damn, he made himself a flag and carried it on every ship on which he served. Whenever someone ran up "Mary" from another vessel, Miles would answer them with his own pennant, "???!!!\*\*\*." Out in the East, the fleet got to know it as "Mary's WHAT THE HELL flag" and it became a standard joke.

Hong Kong in 1938, and Miles was No. 2 in our small South China squadron commanded by Captain Jack Stapler. Rumors came one day that the Japanese were making a quiet snatch of the important island of Hainan. Captain Stapler sailed off in a destroyer to investigate and Miles went with him.

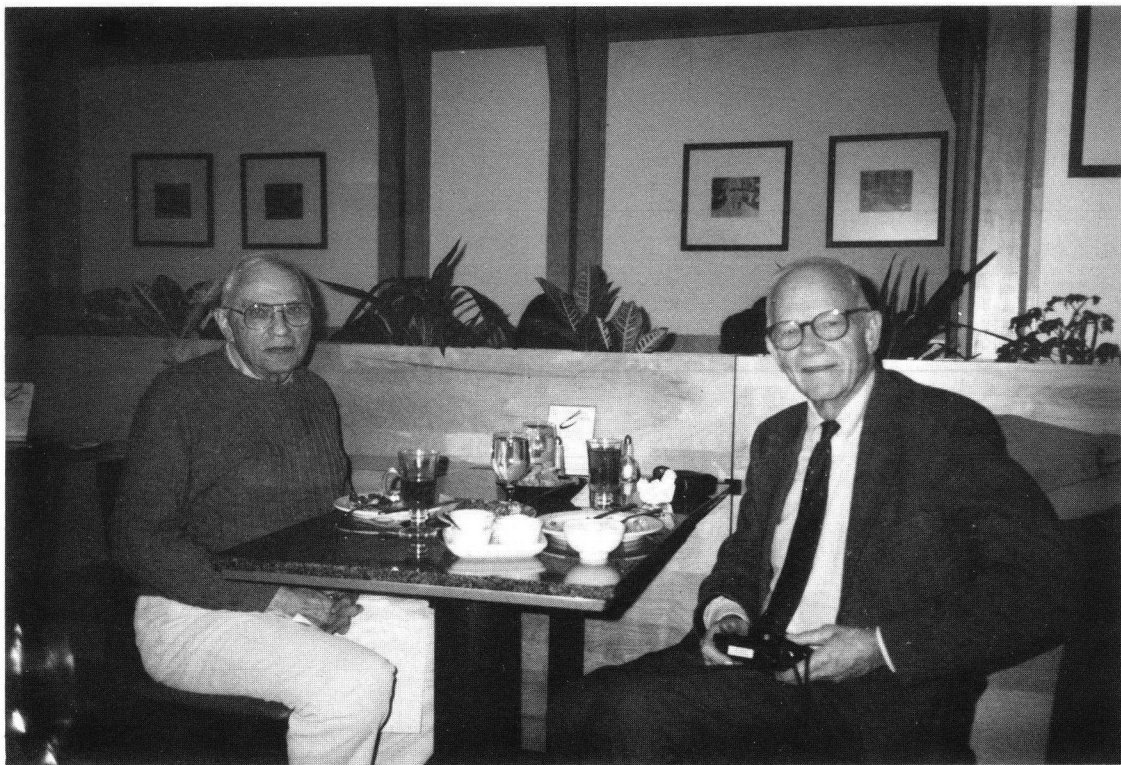
Nearing Hoichow, the principal port, they suddenly found themselves in the midst of the "Sun-Goddess" fleet, which was pounding away at the Chinese shore batteries. At first astounded, the Japanese became enraged at the "spying" on their private war with China. The Japanese flagship ran up frantic signals in the international code: "Danger!" "Port closed!" "Proceed at your own risk!" But the destroyer did not stop. And finally, Stapler said to Miles, "They might take a shot at us if we don't answer. Any ideas, Mary?" "The situation," Mary answered, "is well in hand, sir." He moved off and in a few seconds the "???!!!\*\*\*" waved overhead. The Japanese signals stopped and the destroyer sailed on.

After studying the Japanese gunnery and then going ashore to observe closer, Stapler and Miles paid a courtesy call on the admiral. "Just as we were leaving his ship, Miles



told me, "he whispered to me, 'That flag, commander, what is the meaning?'" I gravely replied, "Admiral, the Japanese Navy must be very busy these days. It is very understandable then that you haven't heard the latest changes in the international code! The admiral gave a forced laugh and swung away."

A year later, Miles was summoned before the naval staff in Washington. He was shown a vast file of correspondence involving the Japanese admiral, his fleet admiral, the home staff, the naval attache in Washington, the Japanese ambassador and the United States Department of State. There had been quite a stir, but the mysterious signal was never explained to the Japanese on the theory that they'd neither understand nor believe it and just be angrier than ever. ???!!!\*\*\*



**BILL SAGER & DR. ROGER GREIF**

Roger L. Greif was the medical officer at Camp Ten, SACO, during most of 1945. Later, in 1946, he was stationed on a destroyer that operated out of Shanghai.

Roger retired a number of years ago as head of one of the Departments at New York-Cornell University Medical Center in New York City. I have fairly well stayed in touch with him since our son-in-law is associated with the hospital.

I am enclosing a photo of two old SACO Tigers that was taken when Roger and I had lunch at his favorite (?) Chinese restaurant, the Evergreen on First Avenue, when we were up in New York visiting our grandchildren. The photo was taken on Nov. 13th.

Sincerely, Bill

# NOSTALGIA



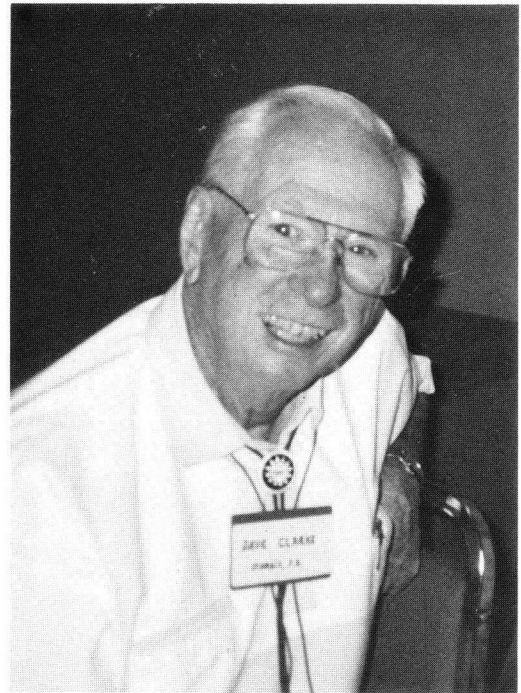
7 Oct 1997

I found these photos of Vince J. Healy, Largey MacDonald, and Alex Leonard and thought you should have them, or pass them along to whomever. They were taken when we shipped back to the U.S. after the war in Nov. and Dec. 1945. I have forgotten the name of the supply ship. It took 40 days and 40 nights with one stopover in the Philippines for water. No one was allowed to go ashore. The ship was well supplied with steaks and other goodies, but by the time we were about to arrive in San Francisco we, the passengers, found that the crew had long since devoured them and the rest of us subsisted on biscuits with bole weevils. San Francisco, with fresh lettuce and a glass of milk, was paradise!

I have no idea what happened to any of them (men in photos). Largy was from Butte, Montana, and I'm not sure he was with SACO (I found no record....Ed.)...

The last issue of SACO NEWS was another gem. Congratulations. You give a lot of old timers some hours of pure enjoyment while they remember days gone by....

Sincerely, Dave {Clarke}

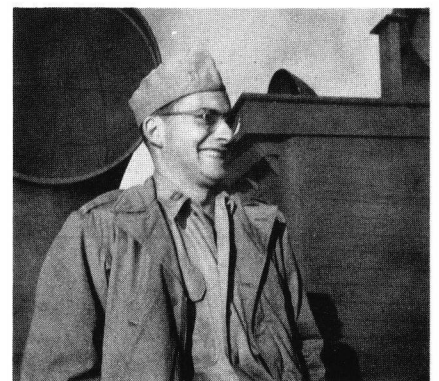


DAVID J. CLARKE, LT.



VINCENT J. HEALEY, LT.

ALEX C. LEONARD, LT.



## WISDOM OF THE HEART

### EULOGY FOR AN ADMIRAL, A MAN MOVED BY LOVE

By Capt. Joshua L. Goldberg  
U.S. Navy (Ret.)

From "Sunday Star-Ledger"  
Newark, New Jersey  
April 16, 1961

The news that Vice Admiral Milton E. Miles, USN (Retired), died of cancer on March 25th, reached me in Warsaw. While not unexpected, the sad news plunged me into deep grief for it marked the passing of a great leader of men.

I met the Admiral first in March 1955, when I flew, at his request, to the Panama Canal Zone, where he was commandant, to minister to the personnel of the Jewish faith during the Festival of Passover.

When my wife and I arrived at the airport at 4 o'clock in the morning, we were quite surprised to find him at the stair-ramp waiting to greet us. He honored the Jewish men by attending the religious services ushering in the Passover and graced the "Seder" table together with his faithful life companion. They were a famous pair!

"MARY" MILES, as he was affectionately called by thousands who loved and admired him, was a unique personality. Born in humble circumstances, he developed a rugged individualism. He worked and studied, and in 1917 enlisted in the Navy to serve his country. Later he received an appointment to the United States Naval Academy from

which he was graduated in 1922. He brought to the service, a supreme dedication to duty and a gallantry beyond compare.

In World War II, he served as deputy commander of the Sino-American Cooperative Organization (SACO), which was made up of 3,000 United States Navy men and 100,000 Chinese guerrillas, who operated behind the Japanese lines from Indo-China to the Gobi desert, relaying vital intelligence data to the American Navy and the Chinese forces.

The harrassed Japanese offered a substantial price for his head, but he heeded not danger to himself and was always in the forefront with his men whom he loved dearly. His profound concern for the least among them made him a Most beloved leader and a symbol of the great heart of America. Whoever among them was touched by his presence remained a faithful follower and a friend forever.

\* \* \*

In 1955, Admiral Miles personally directed the aid to Tampico, Mexico, when that area was devastated by hurricanes and floods. Eyewitnesses reported at the time that his own participation in the rescue work bordered on the superhuman.

He was deeply religious. To help fellowmen was his daily creed. He paid homage to his Creator with the morning. Breakfast never started without devotions and the reading of a chapter in the Bible. While firmly rooted in his own Christian tradition, he respected the creeds of others.

During his tour of duty as Commandant of the Third Naval District in New York, we assembled weekly in his quarter for Bible study. His child-like faith was infectious.

...And then the fatal illness struck! His life hung in the balance. When I visited him on the thrid day after major surgery, I found him praying on his knees. . . He improved but he had to leave the Navy

\* \* \*

HE WAS SPARED for another three years thereafter. His magnetic smile ever gracing his lips, his courage undimmed, his faith undiminished! He remained as sensitive as ever to other people's trials and tribulations.

He revisited Taiwan where over 5,000 former associates hailed their "Honored general" at the airport. He also revisited Tampico where the school children lined the streets to wave a welcome to their American rescuer and friend.

His heart beat with love for others to the end, until God lifted it unto Himself as one of the finest flowers that graced our American soil.

!!!???\*\*\*



Mr. Richard L. Rutan  
45-480 Desert Fox Drive  
La Quinta,, CA 92253-4214

March 9, 1998

Dear Richard,

The work on Mother's Autobiography is going, if not slowly. But I keep stumbling over odds and ends like *MAY YO GWANCHI*, of which I include two versions. The Unit Six version was dated December 1, 1945/

This computer stuff is good for filling spaces from files

like Dad's junk

or Sin-ju Hsiao and Mother in 1945



See you in Syracuse.

Mr. Charles H. Miles  
P.O. Box 17863  
Boulder, CO 80308-0683

## MAY-YO GWANCHI

"May-yo gwanchi. dung-e-dung", "Ma ma fu fu wo boo doong".

That's what they say in Shang-hai.

"How boo how and quay de en", "Wo ai nee and Swey bi-en".

You'll get the drift by and by

"Wo ai nee" means I love you. Say it sweet and low.

If she tells you "qua qua Joe", that's all you need to know.

Should she answer "wo boo yow" Take your hat and leave her now.

"May-yo gwanchi. dung-e-dung", "Ma ma fu fu wo boo doong".

### Second Verse - Repeat above Patter or Chorus

If you feel like stalling, You say "dung e dung".

If you didn't get the word, It's "wo boo doong".

If it isn't ve-ry good, It's "ma-ma fu fu".

If it doesn't mat-ter, "May yo gwan-chi" will do.

If you won-der if it's tops, Say "How boo how".

If you're lack-ing in de-sire, Say "wo boo yow".

If you're in a hur-ry, Tell 'em "quai de-en".

But if you take it ea-sy, You will "swey bi-en".

( Original Unit Six Version )

"May yo gwanchi", "dung e dung", "ma-ma fu-fu", "we boo doong",

That's what they say in Hwa-an.

"How boo how" and "quai de-en", "Jug-guh, jug-guh", "swey bi-en",

So goes the war with Japan.

Not so very long ago, I was clean and. pure.

Now I live on chow that grows in honey pot manure.

Doing things the SACO way, rates per-diem day by day.

"May yo gwanchi", "dung e dung", "ma-ma fu-fu", "we boo doong".

( Second Revised Version)

"May yo gwanchi", "dung e dung", "ma-ma fu-fu", "we boo doong",

That's what they say in Hwa-an.

"How boo how" and "quai de-en", "Jug-guh, jug-guh", "swey bi-en",

So goes the war with Japan.

I was told I had the word, at the I. C. B.,

But they forgot the honey pot, for the crap they handed me.

Doing things the SACO way, rates per-diem day by day.

"May yo gwanchi", "dung e dung", "ma-ma fu-fu", "we boo doong",

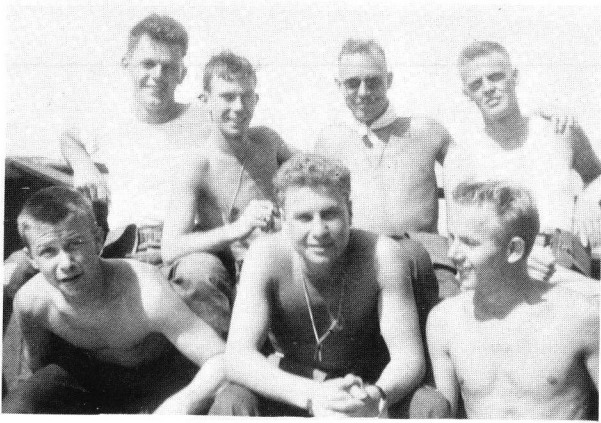
# DOWN MEMORY LANE WITH R.I. GUYS



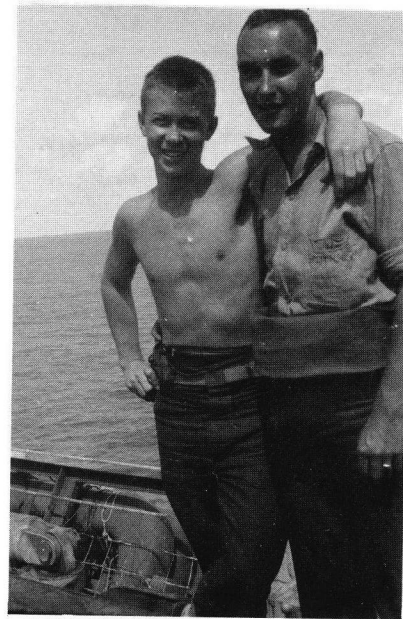
## THE DRAGON/ANCHOR PATCH "THE SAD SPARKS OF CBI"

Though unofficial, the patch was designed by and for RI personnel - the sparks symbolic of radio, the dragon for the locale and the navy anchor being evident. To woo the compassion of favorites in the "pinup world," it was felt that a "catchy" nomenclature might influence "special attention" as we requested autographed photos of beauties of the silver screen - thus THE SAD SPARKS OF CBI came into being. We were recognized by several such as Donna Reed, Susan Hayward, Ann Sheridan, Merle Oberon, Ida Lupino, Lana Turner to mention a few. (Your editor was slightly involved in these ventures).

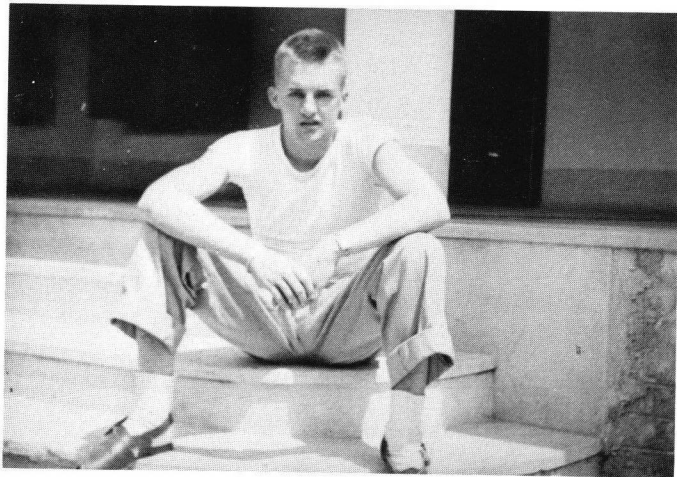
The following pages depict some of our group enroute to China aboard the HMS Shah, Calcutta, India, Kweilin and Kunming, China - for the most part - 1944.



Ashamedly , I've forgotten some -  
Back L-R: ??? John Reising - Tom  
Chvala? - ???  
Front: Charles Sellers - Bob Jerome -  
John Westphal



Charlie Sellers and O. J. Smith



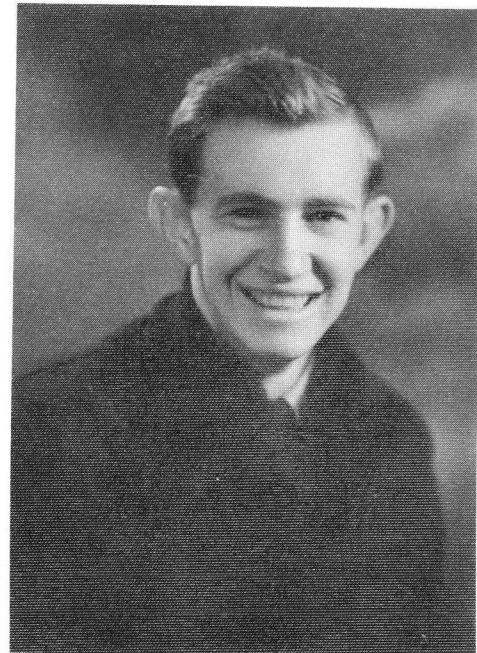
Jack Petersen on steps of our bungalow  
on outskirts of Calcutta where we awaited  
flight over the Hump.



Ralph Gravatt in Chinese  
Temple - Ralph on Right!!



Jack Miller



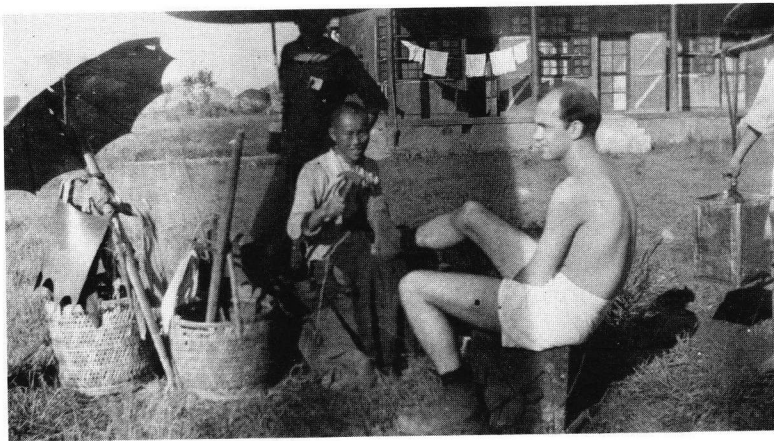
Bill Hall



Coolies repairing airstrip in Kweilin



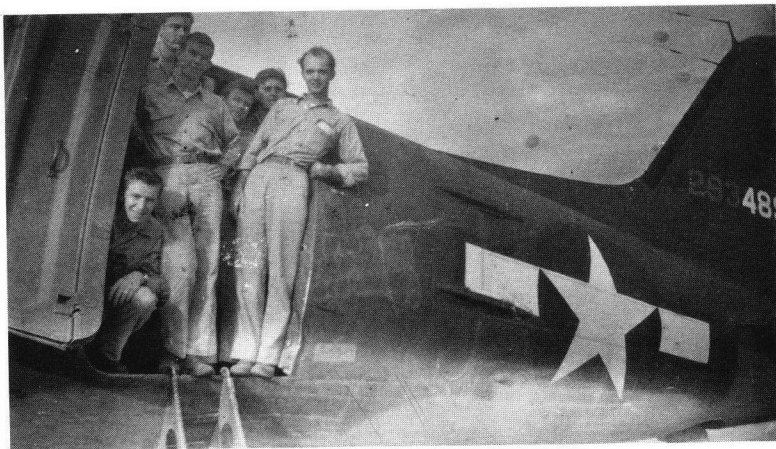
Jim Murphy takes timeout for a pose



Rutan receives services of traveling shoe repairman.



Jack Miller



Kweilin Evacuation Day - Time to let the Japanese have it.  
L-R: Bill Hall, Jim Miller, John Reising, Charlie Sellers, Jack Lamke and Richard Rutan



Quarters for Air Force in Kweilin

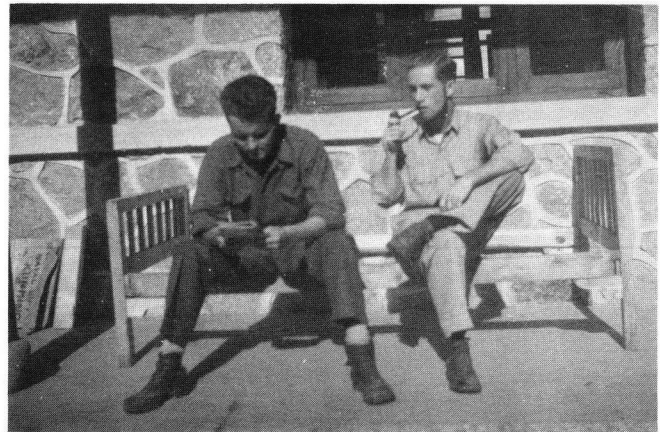




Whose Birthday?? - Seem to recall Lamke and Rutan both November?? L to R: Bill "Beep" Miller - Richard Rutan - O. J. "Smitty" Smith - Jack Lamke (one on our lost list) and Ralph Gravatt - Kunming, China 1944



Johnny Reising - Rutan



Ed Geary and Jack Miller at the compound near Kunming.



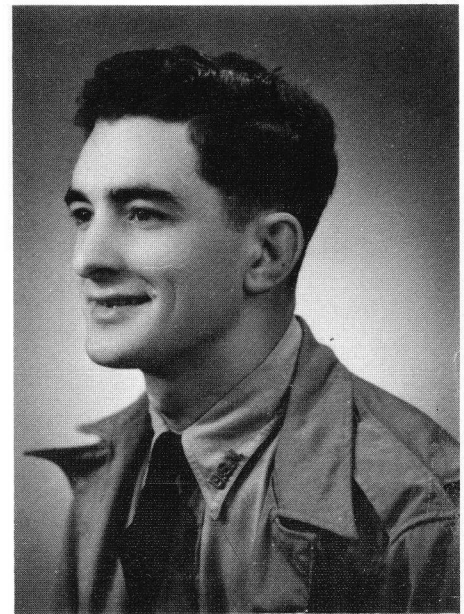
Cowboy Jack Miller (had thoughts for another caption, but doesn't look like an ass to me.) 51



Rutan in Calcutta



SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC ON THE HMS SHAH ENROUTE TO CHINA 1944. Front L-R: Kenneth Brown Lloyd Acker-Jack Petersen-Middle: James E. Miller (lost) Robert J. Lynch (dec.)-Roland D. Skiles (dec.) & Lyle J. Jansen (dec.)



William M. "Beep" Miller



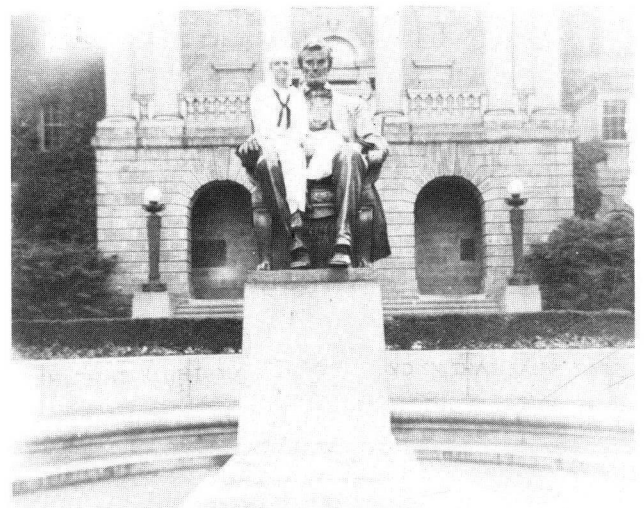
Help me!! Standing L-R: Ralph Gravatt - Harry Day? -???- Howard Swolgaard???- James K. "Jake" Cowan- ???-Henry F "Hank" Scurlock.



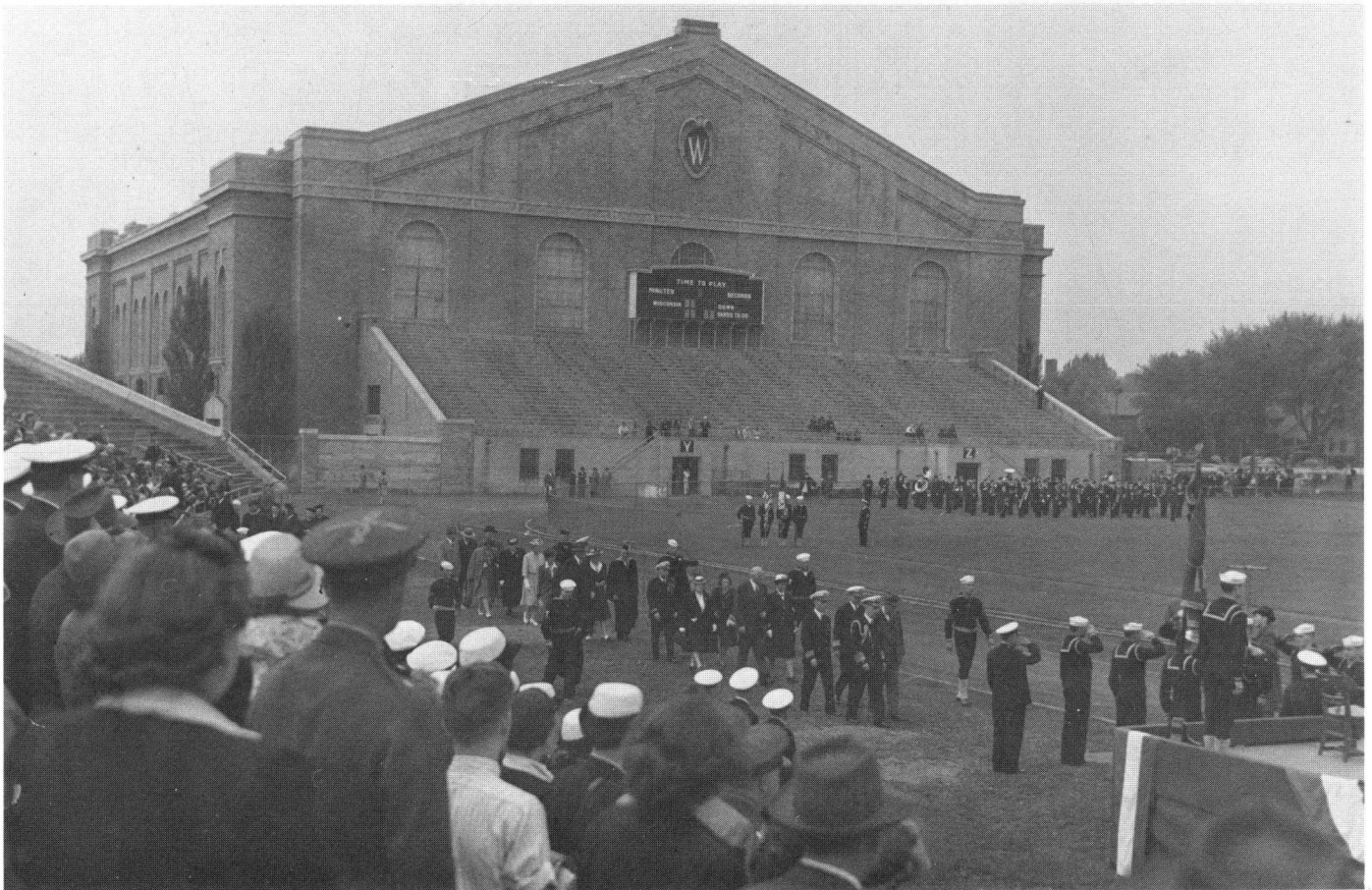
Day, Rutan & Sellers bathe mascot "Sparks"



Rutan-Robert H. "Bob" or "Schu" Schumacher



Rutan in Abe's lap Bascom Hall UW summer of 1943 (Forgot how I got there????!!\*\*\*)

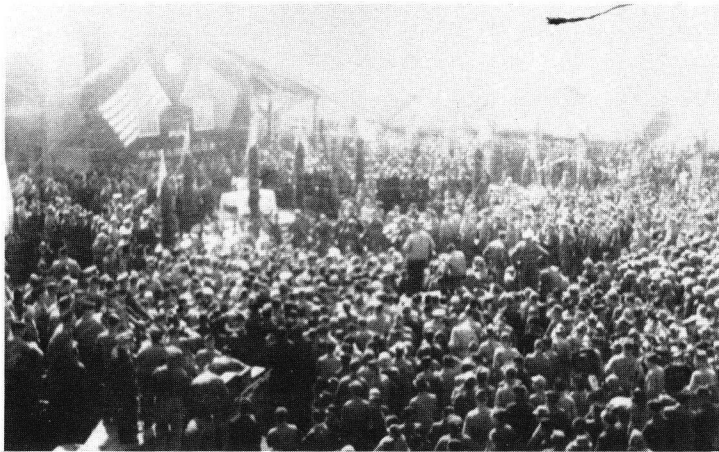


### **THE BADGER STADIUM**

Time: Probably June 1943 - Place: Stadium of Wisconsin University in Madison, WI. Occasion: Dress Parade in honor of Adm. William D. Leahy, Chief of Staff to President Franklin Delano Roosevelt (who was very pro Navy). Admiral Leahy leads entourage as they approach the viewing stand.

The stadium was living quarters for our group - Division 13. Each morning we marched to the campus for breakfast (absolutely astounding food at all meals). We marched in cadence (usually singing a colorful version of "I've Been Working on The Railroad" for approximately a mile or a little over. After morning classes, we marched back to the Stadium for 45 minutes of calisthenics. Many times I had to direct the exercises and that's probably why I shy away from windmills, pushups, jumpin jacks, etc. today. I know - I need them - but you know "What the Hell!" Oh yes, and I could do a pretty jumpy tune of "Hup! Toop! Three! Four! and a Laeft Raight Laeft!"

It was a tough course, no doubt. Our last class was at 9pm daily - we were told our three months of studies were comparable to a 2-year regular course and with the hours we put in, it's possible. But, we were young - remember? We looked forward to Saturday - with good behavior - we got liberty from noon until midnight on Saturday and 2300 on Sunday. Ed.



Rutan & Sellers witness opening of Stillwell Road. Never can forget the roar of the crowd and the dismay of many when the first vehicle in the convoy was a Navy jeep????!!\*\*\*



We were bunked four to a room - this was our "pinup wall" decorated for Christmas with family portraits below. (Kunming)



Locals flailing rice.



## SUMMER MEMORIES

Memories of summer, we all have some, barefoot days romping with chums, skinny dipping down at the creek, soaring high in the truck-tire swing, whispering secrets about childhood things.

Those activities molded our life, taught us to deal with daily strife. What a sweet time of innocence then, one that will never return again.

By  
Glenna Whiteaker Wilding

One of my favorites of yours, Glenna....Ed.

## **The Late Father Phillip Shannon's Eulogy For Admiral Miles in 1961**

"His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, **"This was a man."** So wrote Shakespeare and so can we think and say of our beloved Skipper and friend, Admiral Miles as we pause to pay honor to his sacred memory. The joy of our Reunion 1961 is o'er-cast with purpled sorrow and words indeed appear such shallow instruments to express our inmost thoughts. "O, for the touch of his vanished hands and the sound of his voice that is still." Yet, withal, our one consolation is that his noble soul has not known death and that, in God's embrace, he is nearer to us now than he was in Happy Valley or on the China trails, ever encouraging, inspiring, leading us on.

Indeed, this was a man, a superior man. It was the great Confucius who once said: *"The way of a superior man is threefold; virtuous, he is free from anxieties; wise, he is free from complexities; bold, he is free from fear."* Was it not these very qualities of mind and soul that endeared "Mary" Miles to the people of China who shall ever hold his memory in eternal reverence and esteem? A superior man and a leader of men. In the world's greatest war, indeed the twain did meet as Admiral Miles and General Tai Li stood side by side - **WOMEN DE LING SHU** - our great leaders, striking terror in the hearts of the common enemy, a firmness of purpose in the hearts of us all.

Virtuous, wise and brave, Admiral Miles commanded not only the loyalty, but the love of every man of SACO, no matter what his rank or rate. To each he was father, confidant and friend. To each he gave of himself, gave a philosophy of life, a philosophy conceived in the serene depths of his noble soul, a philosophy that found expression with the help of his beloved wife and counterpart, "Billy" Miles, in an odd sort of pennant; three question marks, three exclamation points, three stars. Its meaning quite simply was: **"WHAT THE HELL!"** To the unthinking, a flippant attitude towards life; but to those who reflect, the outward expression of profound spiritual values. Great mystics and saints had shared the thought before him, but never did they express it so concisely and so well. Indeed, all things are passing; God alone sufficeth; all things have value and worth only in the eternal Light of God. May we not, then, be permitted to interpret these characters in such wise as this? Three

question marks punctuate man's most profound questions: Whither am I from? Why am I here? Whither do I go? Answered by three exclamations: God! God! God! And crowned by three stars of praise: Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts.

Indeed, here was a man, a superior man, a leader of men. He was a nobleman of God, the liegeman of his Lord. It was his deep abiding faith that enabled him to face death with an equanimity and a courage that defied belief. Indeed, "death slew him not, but he made death his ladder to the skies."

His epitaph is written in countless human hearts: *I want men to remember when gray death sets me free; I was a man who had many friends and many friends had me.*"



*Fintaks Celebrate Golden Wedding 19 July 1997*

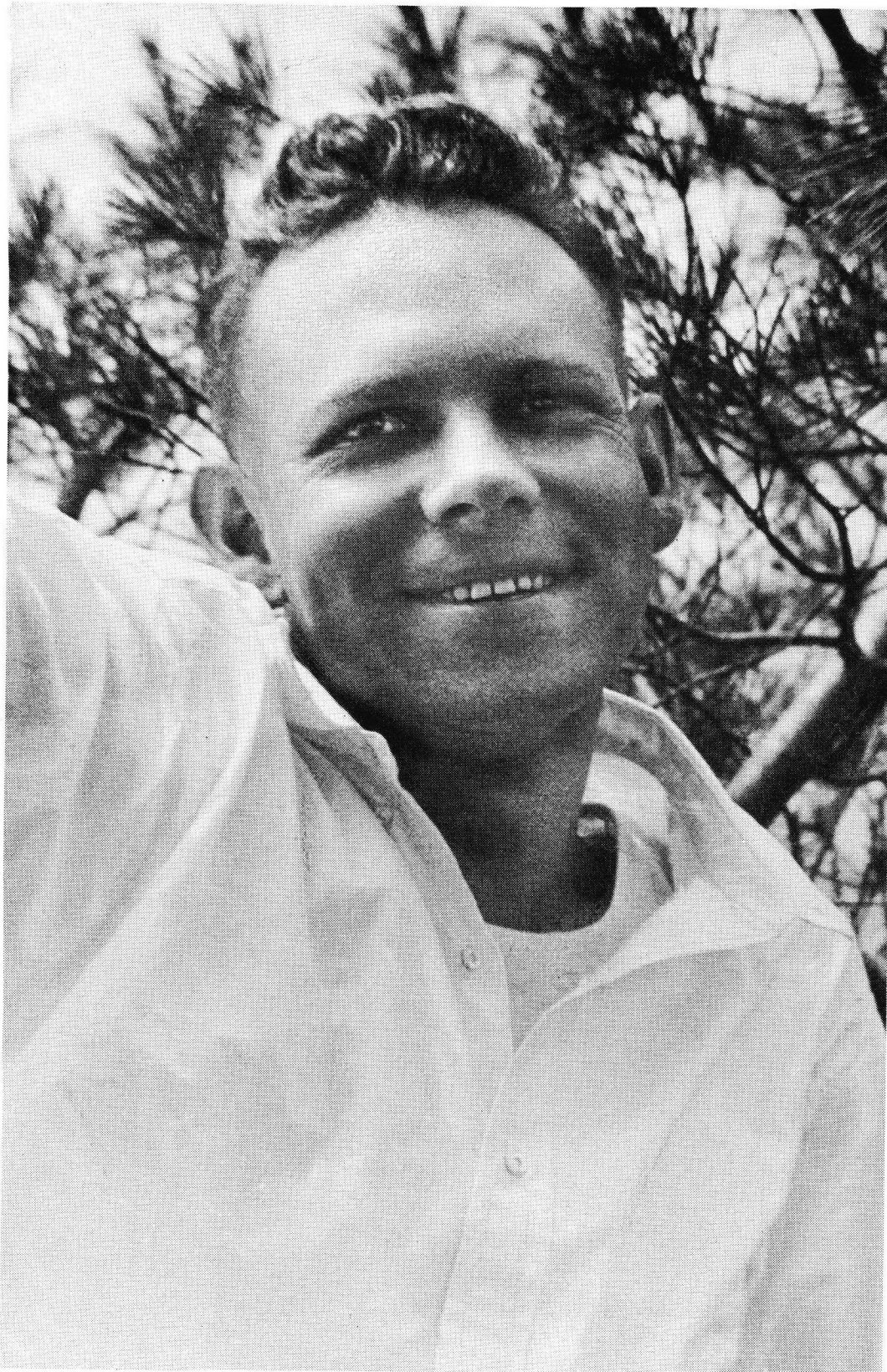


*Leonard & Dolores*



*The family: Len, Dolores, son, Dan, daughters, Linda and Barbara*





## **A PROUD & PROTECTIVE LEADER**

At this stage of his young life, it must have been furthest from his mind that he would someday command SACO and write:

“For 3 ½ years I had watched the development of what I believed to be the finest group of smart and loyal fighting men in the whole wide world - men whose exploits, it seemed to me, could not be surpassed. They proved it again and again during those final months of the war and the first few weeks of peace. Long since accustomed to making decisions in order to gain their military ends, they now were ready to go wherever they were needed in China. They were magnificent.”

**OUT OF UNIFORM AND APPARENTLY VERY RELAXED WAS OUR SKIPPER, MILTON E. "MARY" MILES, WHEN THIS WAS TAKEN. NO. 3 SON, C-GOING, BELIEVES THIS TO BE IN SAN DIEGO BEFORE THE WAR.**



Photo courtesy Charles "C-Going" Miles



**CAMP 10 (probably 1944?)**

**L-R: Interpreter Eddie Liu - Dr. Roger L. Greif - Adm. Miles -  
Gen. Tai Li - Marshall Teng En-Bo - William Sager (smoking)**





F. J. DENNIS



V. H. ELLIS



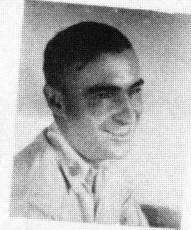
P. J. DANT



C. D. SKIPPON, JR.



L. HORNING



J. J. SMITH, JR.



L. J. GREEN



W. WILSON



G. W. GIESE



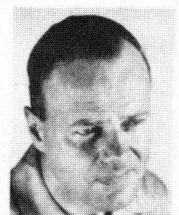
C. M. PETERSON



J. M. POTTER



C. A. MILLMAN

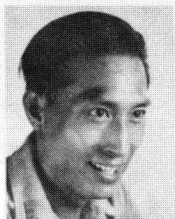


F. G. OTIS

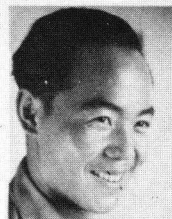
# U. S. NAVAL PRINTING UNIT

NOVEMBER 1, 1944

# CALCUTTA, INDIA



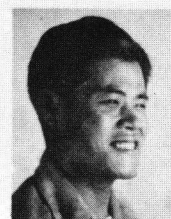
HAN SIU YUNG



HSU WEI CHUN



HO MAN KIT



YOUNG MING TAK



TAI CHUN CHUNG

CALCUTTA, WHO CAN FORGET??? - OUR FIRST INTRODUCTION TO SERVANTS WITH SPARKLING WHITE ATTIRE AND TURBANS, THE HUSTLING BUSTLING CROWDS OF PEOPLE IN DOWNTOWN CALCUTTA, THE MONSOON RAINS AND STREET FLOODING, CHOWRINGHEE ROAD, THE GRAND HOTEL, THE GREAT EASTERN HOTEL, FIRPO'S AND THE ICE CREAM, THE BRAHMA CATTLE FREE TO ROAM THE STREETS AT WILL AND FEED OFF STREET VENDORS BECAUSE OF RELIGIOUS BELIEFS, THE BURNING GHATS ON THE HOUGHLY RIVER WHERE HUMAN REMAINS WERE CREMATED, THE BEAUTIFUL AND MAGNIFICENT TEMPLES AMID UNIMAGINEABLE POVERTY, THE WINTER GARDEN, CASANOVA, OUR CAB DRIVERS, THE SIKHS (EVER SEE ONE SMILE?) - SCARE THE HELL OUT OF YOU...A WHOLE NEW WORLD AND QUITE AN EXPERIENCE . . . A PRELUDE OF THINGS TO COME OVER THE HUMP. ???!!!\*\*\*

## THE BUMPER STICKER

“Honk  
If You Love Jesus”

The other day I went to the local religious store where I saw a “Honk! If you love Jesus” sticker. I bought it and put it on the back bumper of my car and I’m really glad I did.

What an uplifting experience followed. I was stopped at the light of a busy intersection, just lost in thought about the Lord and didn’t notice that the light had changed. The bumper sticker really worked! I found lots of people who love Jesus.

Why, the guy behind me started to honk like crazy. He must really love the Lord because pretty soon he leaned out the window and yelled “Jesus Christ!” as loud as he could. It was like a football game with him shouting, “Go, Jesus Christ, Go!” Everyone else started honking, too, so I leaned out of my window and smiled and waved to all those loving people.

There must have been a guy from Florida back there because I could hear him yelling about a “sunny beach” and saw him waving in a funny way until only his middle finger stuck up in the air. I asked my two kids what that meant. They kind of squirmed, looked at each other, giggled and told me it was the Hawaiian Good Luck Sign. So, I leaned out the window and gave him the Good Luck Sign back.

A couple of people were so caught up in the joy of the moment that they got out of their cars and were walking toward me. I bet they wanted to pray, but just then I noticed that the light had changed and I stepped on the gas. And a good thing I did because I was the only driver to get across the intersection. I looked back at them standing there. I leaned way out the

window, gave them a BIG smile and held up The Hawaiian Good Luck Sign as I drove away.

PRAISE THE LORD FOR SUCH  
WONDERFUL FOLKS!!! ???!!!!\*\*\*



## “The Fund Raising Problems of Father Murphy”

Father Murphy was a priest in a very poor parish. He asked for suggestion as to how he could raise money for his church and was told horse owners always had money.

So he went to a horse auction; but he made a very poor buy as the “horse” turned out to be a donkey.

However, he thought he might as well enter the donkey in a race. The donkey came in third and the next morning, the morning headlines in the local paper read:

“FATHER MURPHY’S ASS SHOWS”

The Archbishop saw the paper and was greatly displeased. The next day the donkey came in first and the headlines read:

“FATHER MURPHY’S ASS OUT  
FRONT”

The Archbishop was up in arms and figured something had to be done. Father Murphy had already entered the donkey in another race and when it came in second the headline read:

“FATHER MURPHY’S ASS BACK IN  
PLACE”

The Archbishop thought this was too much, so he forbade the priest to enter the donkey again. This inspired the editor to write:  
 "ARCHBISHOP SCRATCHES FATHER MURPHY'S ASS"

Finally the Archbishop ordered Father Murphy to get rid of the donkey. He was unable to sell it, so he gave it to Sister Agatha to dispose of at once. She then sold it for \$10.00. Next day, the headline read:  
 "SISTER AGATHA PEDDLES HER ASS FOR \$10.00."

They buried the Archbishop days later....



## Commentary

WILLIAM SAFIRE

## Dog's plea to Master President

Washington - The following appeal was issued by Buddy, the First Dog:

I see on the papers that I am to be castrated. The word they use is "neutered," but even I, at seven months, know what that means.

To me, Doris Day is the Wicked Witch of the West. She and her Animal Welfare League have written you to claim that if I were left "intact," I would risk testicular cancer and prostate problems leading to embarrassing urinary accidents. To Ms. Day, I say: Que sera, sera.

That is not her real reason. Nor is she truly worried about aggressive behavior, which is why some owners have to "fix" their dogs. Thomas

Jefferson had his sheepdog Buzzy hanged when she killed a sheep. But I'm a chocolate Labrador. Aggressive? We lick people to death. (One little run-in with the cat is nothing.)

The Humane Society establishment is coming after me because it wants you to send a message about too many strays wandering around the streets. They mean well. They don't want to put more uncared-for pets to sleep, so they want to set an example of preventing canine overpopulation.

But don't you see what's really at stake here? I'm not a symbol, I'm a real dog - not a cause but an individual. I'm not a population statistic; I'm a living, breathing, non-virtual photo-op anecdote.

Here are my Talking Points, which I have worked out with Uncle Bruce.

- I am not a mutt. My pedigree goes back further than anybody else's in this White House. With my genetic make-up, I was born to breed.

- I'm not about to wander the streets starving and snapping. On the contrary, no other dog gets Secret Service protection. If I get lost, 20 guys lose their jobs.
- You don't need the ridicule that castration would surely bring. Already there's the cartoon of Hillary at the vet saying "Which one?" and you and me pointing at each other.
- You got any idea how much one presidential puppy is worth? Born right here in the White House? Give the pups to \$100,000 contributors, a more memorable souvenir than a Lincoln bedroom sleepover and no criticism about Asian connections. (I'm no Pekingese.) That's \$1 million a litter - and as an eligible male, I'm good for as many litters as the DNC fund-raisers can bear.

What say we leave it to the people? All you pet-lovers out there - write or e-mail the White House. Tell him: Support good breeding. Save Buddy from the knife!

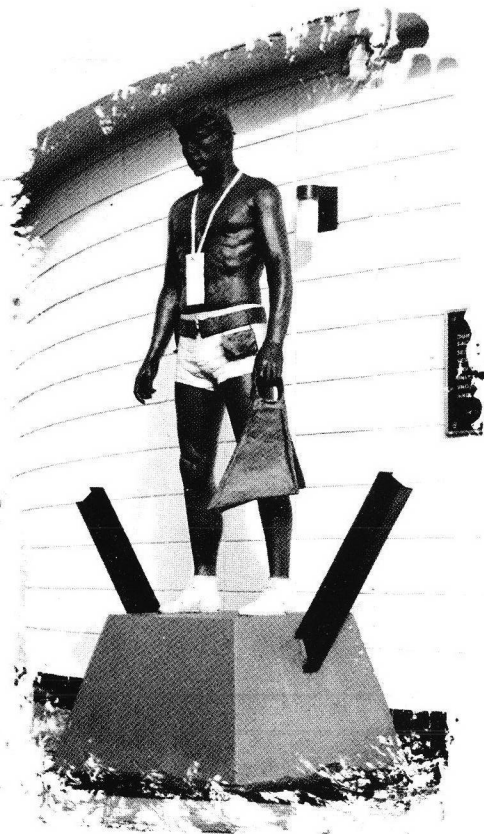


"Doc" Felmly, not sure, but if memory serves me right, weren't you the submitter of the first two "belly-laughers?" If so, you're the "devil" that made me do it! And I still laugh everytime I read them!

Ed.



The museum's outdoor displays include equipment that is part of Naval Special Warfare history from World War II to the present—river patrol boats and other specialized watercraft, swimmer delivery vehicles, a space capsule, a Seawolf helicopter, a captured gunboat.



# UDT-SEAL Museum

Dedicated to Preserving the Weapons,  
Equipment, Artifacts, Vehicles,  
And Valor of Our Country's  
Most Extraordinary Fighting Men . . .

**U. S. Navy Frogmen**



**U. S. Navy SEALs**

Submitted by Jim Barnes

**ARE YOU SACO BOUND  
FOR SYRACUSE, NY  
JUNE 24, 25, 26 AND 27?**

**BUD & ELLEN BOOTH ARE  
LOOKING FORWARD TO  
ENTERTAINING YOU AT OUR  
44TH ANNUAL NATIONAL  
REUNION - DON'T MISS THE  
FUN - CALL THEM TODAY:  
(315) 457 7751**



**SACO ANNUAL DUES**

**ARE NOW DUE JANUARY 1ST  
EACH YEAR FOR REGULAR,  
ASSOCIATE AND AUXILIARY  
MEMBERS AND PAYABLE AS  
FOLLOWS:**

**Regulars and Associates: \$20.00**

TREAS: Herman W. Weskamp  
3034 Larkwood  
West Covina, CA 91791-2928

**Ladies Auxiliary: \$10.00**

TREAS: Ellen Booth  
7471 Thunderbird Rd  
Liverpool, NY 13088

**Remember: Because of expense  
of publication, SACO NEWS is  
sent only to members whose dues  
are current.**



**SACO NEWS**

Richard L. Rutan, Editor  
45-480 Desert Fox Drive  
La Quinta, CA 92253-4214  
(760) 360-3800

NONPROFIT ORG.  
U.S. POSTAGE  
PAID  
PALM DESERT, CA  
PERMIT NO. 296

**ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED**

Mr. Kenneth U. Brown  
163 Harmony Lane  
Laramie, WY 82070