

April 2004

SACO VETERANS

OF
THE RICE PADDY NAVY
CHINA

WHAT

Perpetual Skipper

THE

HELL?

VAdm. Milton E. "Mary" Miles



Sino American Cooperative Organization

Issue No. 28

S
A
C
O
N
E
W
S



Locale of our Golden SACO reunion coming up in July of this year.

We sincerely hope for good health for everyone and that we enjoy a big turnout. Information concerning this historic event appears on the back cover of this issue.



From The Editor's Desk



Working on the Southern Region's publication, Keeping Track, are (left to right): Ray Boone, director of art production, editor Richard Rutan, and Bill Sauer, reporter for the machinists at Los Angeles.

"We rely upon eight volunteer reporters in the Los Angeles area—one from each of the crafts—plus one or two reporters from each of the other locations to help give us balanced coverage," explains editor Richard Rutan. The magazine, now entering its third year of publication, often runs to 40 pages and contains plenty of pictures of the employees.

This picture was taken about 25 years ago when I was with Southern Pacific Transportation Company. (It was basically a railroad, but our Chief Clerk always corrected our usual reference to the "SP Railroad" by reminding us that formality demanded we worked for Southern Pacific Transportation Company – not railroad!)

The above appeared in the March 1981 monthly issue of Southern Pacific Bulletin

Not knowing what tomorrow will bring, or should there not be a tomorrow, I would like to take advantage of the present and share a few thoughts with you.

These past many months have weighed heavily on me. And I don't want to ignore the fact that many in our group have suffered grief of a lost one and know what it is to be left alone without the one you have loved. You think of the many things that may have gone unsaid or regret that you couldn't share that last goodbye. And I am such a sentimental, emotional jerk that although time begins to make things a little easier, I can't avoid the tears as I communicate with you at this time. But I also realize that tears are not always for sadness alone, but being overjoyed for having those around us when they are needed. The latter is what those of you in SACO have been. Your kindness, sympathy and love have truly sustained me to the point that I shudder to think what my life would have been without you these past months. As someone said, "Time heals the wound, but the scar is forever."

But on the lighter side, I'm so happy that most of you had the fun and great fellowship with Erma, the love of my life, these past 30 years or so. I know you too, miss her and even that is comfort to me.

In addition, I want you to know what pleasure it affords me to have served as editor of our publication. I have Paul Casamajor to thank for his nomination of me several years ago, stating that we should have a newsletter. And thanks to your generosity, our capital exceeds that which was at my disposal on the railroad – our publication is bigger and better than those of that era of my life.

Yes, one can't deny that many hours, days and weeks are spent, but I have something constructive to live for – truly to me, a labor of love. Each issue is a challenge and you all make me very proud. You SACOs are the catalyst that inspires me. I am proud of what we *were* and today what we *are*. I love all of you and thanks for the honor. *R.L. Rutan*

SACO HISTORY

SACO (pronounced "SOCKO") stands for Sino-American Cooperative Organization and was established during WWII by President Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. Highly secret, originally known as U.S. Naval Group China, it was placed under the joint command of General Tai Li, (Head of BIS - Bureau of Investigation and Statistics. I.e., *Intelligence*), as Director of SACO and Vice Admiral Milton Edward "Mary" Miles as Deputy Director. The Chinese and American members of SACO joined in combined effort to perform intelligence and guerrilla operations. The group soon became known by the sobriquet, "THE RICE PADDY NAVY." SACO men were and are popularly known as "SACO TIGERS" who served hundreds of miles behind enemy (Japanese) lines in China, establishing vital weather stations, coast-watching to report on enemy shipping, intercepting Japanese code, rescuing downed allied airmen and being involved in numerous other military, medical and humanitarian endeavors. The American personnel, numbering approximately 2,500, were volunteers from several branches of service, but for the most part, Navy and Marine men.

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.

(Another note of interest: It has been noted that this group may have been the unique distinction of being the first American Military Group to ever serve under a foreign leader in time of war???!***



SACO NEWS

A non-profit periodical published by and for WWII Veterans of the SINO-AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION (SACO) aka U.S. NAVAL GROUP CHINA and more commonly, THE RICE PADDY NAVY. The publication is funded by annual dues of the members and their donated subsidies.

The publication is sometimes referred to as "What the Hell" magazine due to the pennant shown on the cover of every issue, which is symbolic of SACO members. It was a pennant dreamed up by our skipper, which he would fly on his ships as a personal novelty to arouse curiosity in his naval career. It actually depicted 3 question marks, 3 exclamation marks, and 3 stars - a mild form of profanity such as cartoonists would use. To Admiral Miles, it was translated as meaning "What The Hell," as frequent inquiries through the years as to the pennant would be just that - "What the Hell is it?" "What the Hell does it mean?" and from many encounters came many interesting stories through the years. During WWII as SACO was formed by Miles and the Chinese counterpart Tai Li, it was natural and apropos that "WHAT THE HELL" be the symbol or logo of this special group. In addition to being known as "SACO TIGERS," we might well have been "WHAT THE HELLERS!" Ed.

DUES

Regulars & Associates \$20

Treasurer H. W. Weskamp
3034 Larkwood
West Covina, CA 91791-2928

Ladies' Auxiliary \$15

Treasurer Laura Sellers
1291 Eastern Parkway
Louisville, KY 40204-2440

LETTERS & NOTES

To the editor Christmas 2003

Bob (Ervin) was really pleased to get your card. He has been in a nursing home since January because of a stroke. Still looks good and has a sense of humor.

Joyce Ervin (wife)

???!!!***

To the editor Christmas 2003

. . . This will be a short note as the Parkinson's tremor is not too good today. This time of the year is not too good for both of us – and of course, the rest also. Ruthie passed away on 4 December 1974 from breast cancer. We had 27 wonderful years together. Miss her as you do your faithful one.

Although my health fails me from time to time, I try to keep active as much as possible; the Lions Club, the Elks, Mona, the hospital board, the city and country libraries and my church keep me busy. I have to serve communion Christmas Eve. We always have a large attendance. My church – St. Paul's United church of Christ – has some 800 members.

Just to let you know – you are still in my thoughts and prayers. Have a blessed Christmas.

Don (Leberman)

???!!!***

To Paul Casamajor 13 Jan., 2004

I just received the SACO Organization's latest publication and saw your article concerning the SACO 14th AAC. I was hoping that you may have known my dad, Rm1/c Carl Altevogt.

I am an associate member and am always scanning the pages for mention of Dad. I know he was in the early groups and know that Ed Geary was a close friend of his that served at the same time.

I would very much appreciate any information that you could share about him and if there are any photos, I would be more than happy to pay for duplication.*

SACO has a great publication and I have just sent my dues in so that I can continue to receive the updates.

I am including my address and hope that you will be kind enough to respond.

Thank you,

Carl Altevogt

24333 Bent Feather Road

Conifer, CO 80433

303 838-1476

Email altevogt@idcomm.com

- Any of you readers, do you have any pix to share with Carl.?

???!!!***

To the editor 8 Dec. 2003

Thank you for the lovely card; it was nice of you to remember me. The loss of a loved one is hard to replace. Just concentrate on the good times you had with Erma.

Unfortunately, my health has been failing of late – mainly due to old age; I'm now 86 and 1/2. My mind is still active, but other parts of the body are not holding up.

. . . In the sports page of the L.A. Times on 12/4/2003, there was a picture of a bunch of Flying Chows in Galle, Sri Lanka. I passed through there in early 1943 on my way to India and China. It was called Ceylon then.

Howard (Samuels)

???!!!***

To the editor

6 Feb 2004

How do you manage to be so consistently excellent in your production of the *SACO NEWS*? Your last issue covering the Philadelphia Reunion was super. I am positive that in the photographs you didn't omit a single person who attended. (Jack Petersen took note that his wife, Beverly, was omitted, but as he stated, perhaps she wasn't caught by the camera. *Ed.*) Speaking of photos, Elizabeth says the photo of me which appeared in the color bi-fold was the best photo that I had ever taken in my old age! I can't recall who took that photo – it may have been the young lady, Carolyn Inman Arnold. (It was, *Ed.*) If you have the original that I can make additional copies, I would certainly appreciate the loan of it so I can have additional copies made for my heirs. (I called Carolyn and she complied by sending same. *Ed.*)

I enjoyed Shep Tate's article on the legal profession. Shep is a graduate of the University of Virginia Law School, class of 1942, I believe. I did not attend law school there until 1946, well after my tour of duty with SACO.

I am enclosing a short article that appeared in the *Scuttlebutt*, the quarterly magazine of the China Marine Association in March 2002. If you can use it in a future issue of *SACO News*, be my guest. . .

(I am trying to limit the volume of this and the next issue account this adds up to 3 editions in 2004 and will be a heavy drain on our treasury, but will eventually publish your story. *Ed.*)

Elizabeth joins in sending you our very best wishes.

Bill (Sager)

???!!!***

To Treasurer Weskamp

5 Feb 2004

I enclose a check for my 2004 dues and included therein is an extra \$100 to help defray the expenses of publishing *SACO NEWS*. Richard Rutan's last edition, covering not only the Philadelphia convention, but including Paul Casamajor's excerpt from Admiral Morrison's History of the Naval War in the Pacific, as it pertained to SACO, and the Balsley/McCaffrey article, and news of interest to the members and a bring-down on the last membership list was such a fine issue.

SACO members are much indebted to Richard Rutan for providing the leavening to keep the organization together and functioning, and to Paul Casamajor for keeping the membership rolls current for all of us. I know it has involved a lot of work and time for them, and has been most ably performed. Let us encourage them to stay with it!

Sincerely,

Brad (Conrad A. Bradshaw)

???!!!***

To the editor

21 Jan 2004

. . . The latest issue was excellent. I enjoyed the pictures of the reunion in Philly. Jim did a great job and it was nice to meet his family.

I was glad to see the picture of the Glen Line Building in Shanghai. I was stationed there for a short time before my points were being added up. A bunch of us were billeted at the Park Hotel. Its radiators had been torn out by the Japs in their frantic search for iron and steel. Then we found out later, as a result of the inspection of the Japanese defense positions in Northern China made by Carl Divelbiss, Ernie Arnold, Curly Hendrix and others, that some of the Japanese emplacements were made of plywood! The

estimate that it would take 3 years to invade and conquer the Japanese evidently was far wide of the mark, even if the atomic bombs had never been dropped.

Dave (Clarke)

???!***

To the editor

7 Jan 2003

Just received the new issue of SACO NEWS – Dec. 2003. I was particularly interested in pages 62 & 63 in its description of the weather division. By the way, I was in the Air Force and was drafted into SACO, I did not volunteer.

I was a Staff Sergeant in the Air Force at a fighter base in East China called Suichwan. I was evacuated in June 1944 when the Japs overran the airfield. I escaped to Kanchow and was put on detached serviced to the Navy/SACO, and proceeded to Camp 1, 200 miles southwest of Shanghai. I was picked because of my skill with the radiosonde equipment and information. This upper air information was vital to the fleet and the B-29's in China, Tinian and Saipan. Camp 1 weather information turned out to be one of the most important weather stations in Southeast Asia. I stayed until June 1945 and was on my way home in August 1945 when the atom bomb was dropped. I was in the Mediterranean.

Howard (Samuels)

???!***

To the editor

8 Dec 2003

We missed the get-together last spring and I have forgotten why! Think I just didn't want to go south and/or east.

We have had a tough year, too! A daughter had operations, she is doing ok now except needing a hip replacement.

Our oldest son died in November of cancer – terrible way to go!

I had the right shoulder joint replaced in November, then fell and dislocated the left one! Now that hurts! I'm trying to learn how to use them again. Poor Betty, she is raising a family all over again; but she is as good as gold.

When I fell, she was in California with our dying son and his family. My other two girls took care of me. I even had to have help getting my clothes on and in and out of bed.

. . . Our youngest son has a nice family – two nice youngsters with just as nice friends; all of them working and trying to get ready to "go" into adulthood. They live in a cul-de-sac and have nice neighbors – most of whom are a bit younger which lets our pair be Leaders & Joiners!

The other son is survived by his wife and 2 sons and a daughter and 3 grand kids, so we have a big family.

Bob (Clark)

???!***

The Veterinarian: Every Sunday, a kind lady placed \$1,000 in the collection plate. This went on for weeks until the priest, overcome by curiosity, approached her. "Sister, I couldn't help but notice that you put \$1,000 a week in the collection plate," he stated. "Why yes," she replied. "Every week my son sends me money, and what I don't need, I give to the church." "That's wonderful, how much does he send you?" "Oh, \$20,000 a week." "Your son is very successful, what does he do for a living?" "He's a veterinarian," she answered. "That is a very honorable profession. Where does he practice?" "Well, he has one cat house in Las Vegas and another in Reno."

A TALE OF TWO MISSIONS

by Jim Powell

March 12, 2002

Editor's note: This story by Associate SACO Jim Powell of Newhall, California was delivered by him to The Friendly Valley Veterans Club of his area. If you recall, Jim's life-long search to learn the identity of his rescuers was published in Issues 9&11, the latter confirming he and his crew were rescued by SACO and bringing closure and a happy ending to his many years of research.

During WWII, in early March 1945, I was assigned to the Fifth Air Force, 38th Bomb Group, 71st Bomb Squadron. The Group had moved to Luzon Island, P.I. in January 1945 and had established a tent city at Lingayen, across from a bombed-out Catholic church, and laid a metal landing strip along the beach.

My introduction to Luzon was a real shock. The C-47 transport plane, carrying us combat replacements, landed outside Manila, which was burning and enveloped in smoke. The Japanese, in retaliation for the reoccupation of Manila by American Ground forces, had bombed the city three days earlier. Many dead Japanese soldiers had not yet been picked up for burial. We were taken by truck to Santo Tomas University to stay overnight before continuing on to Lingayen.

Santo Tomas University was a civilian internment camp housing hundreds of Filipinos, Americans and foreign nationals who had worked in Manila or were visiting before the Japanese invasion in 1942. The people there were starving and ate the leftovers from the newly established GI mess in the camp. People outside the chain-link fence would gather whatever food the GI's threw over into containers such as buckets or coffee cans. Everything went together into the containers, including beverages such as coffee. The sight of this made my heart ache.

We stayed at the internment camp overnight and continued on to our combat base at Lingayen, about 150 miles north, the next day by truck.

I flew as a top-turret gunner in B25J medium bombers, or Strafers, as they were called. Our specialty was low-level bombing and strafing of Japanese sugar refineries, alcohol and oil refineries, railroads and railroad yards, Army bases, Air Force installations and aircraft. These missions were mostly over Formosa (Taiwan), some 500 miles north across the Pacific Ocean. Low-level meant 15 to 150 feet above the ground.

We also flew below-deck bombing missions against Japanese shipping in the South China Sea. On approach, our planes would be flown side-by-side just above the waves with all forward-pointed .50 caliber machine guns firing and bombs released into the side of the target ship. Our aircraft would pull up over the ship before the time-delayed bombs could explode. These were known as suicide missions because so many of our aircraft were either shot down by enemy ship-board gunners or they didn't pull up in time to avert disaster. My job was to protect the aircraft against enemy fighter attacks and help strafe enemy installations when required.

Casualties of men and aircraft were high, making it difficult for a young, inexperienced airman to be sure that God could be with him. My first three missions went as planned and were exciting as well as exhausting. But on my fourth mission, March 29, 1945, while on a minimum altitude-bombing mission against an alcohol refinery at Byoritsu, Formosa, our aircraft was hit by anti-aircraft fire and collided with the lead plane on the left at the start of the bombing run. Our plane veered down and to the left under the lead plane, which appeared to pass within a foot over my turret. About a foot was sheared off the left rudder/stabilizer and the right one was raked over side-ways to the right.

As I learned much later, the copilot of the lead aircraft had instinctively pulled his plane up to avoid ours, averting a catastrophe which would have claimed the lives of both aircrews.

Our pilots struggled to maintain control over our damaged aircraft and headed westward through a deep valley for the South China Sea between Formosa and China. Anti-aircraft fire came from both sides of the valley. As we reached the water, almost at wave-peak level, the pilot requested that the crew prepare to ditch. But the sea was too rough and the danger of capture and execution by the Japanese was too high. At this point, it was decided to head for an emergency landing strip in unoccupied territory in Southeastern China. Since truck convoys, presumably unfriendly, were seen adjacent to the airstrip, the pilots headed away from the main roads. Not finding any place to land normally, and with one engine malfunctioning, the pilots skillfully crash-landed the plane, wheels-up, down the side of a mountain, skimmed across a large rice-paddy, plowed through a shallow, narrow river and nosed into the high eastern river bank. Everyone was shaken, but no one was seriously hurt. Fortunately, we had landed in a small area not yet occupied either by the Japanese or the Chinese Communists who were known also, to take Allied airmen prisoners or execute them.

Local Security Forces (trained teen-age home guards) and local farmers/villagers contacted Chinese Government officials at nearby Shao-wu, informing them of our situation. Our crew was taken to a Catholic Church compound and later, to the home of the President of Fukien Christian University for cleanup and refreshments. Before we could clean up or eat, there came a well-armed contingent of Navy and Marines of SACO (Sino-American Cooperative Organization) hustled us into their waiting jeeps as local informants could reveal our whereabouts to the Japanese. There was a bounty of \$10,000 American for each airman turned over to the enemy. \$10,000 was a Chinese fortune of 5,000,000 Yuan (8,000,000 Yuan on the black market), thus a great incentive for Chinese mercenaries to turn us in to the Japanese. SACO worked with the Nationalist Chinese government and the Air-Ground Aid Service (AGAS) to return downed Allied airmen to safety.

We were driven about 50 miles east of Shao-wu to SACO Headquarters in Kienyang. After staying at the residence of some Catholic priests for two nights, in Kienyang, we were turned over to the AGAS down the road to the southwest at Nanping. On our three-day journey by weapons carrier and C-47 transport aircraft through Japanese-surrounded territory, proved harrowing as flights of Japanese bombers crossed the road ahead at times, and we learned later that, we were being followed by the Japanese. One night we traveled after dark to evade capture.

Safe at 14th Air Force Headquarters in Kunming, China, the plane's officers were interrogated about the aborted mission. Thereafter, our aircrew was returned to Lingayen for further combat missions.

Later, on my ninth mission, May 17, 1945, I replaced another gunner on a special two-aircraft mission to bomb an alcohol refinery at Keishu, Formosa. After successful completion of the main objective, the pilot pursued a reconnaissance mission over a Japanese Army base. As we were flying down one of the streets even with the second-story of the barracks, a tall chimney loomed straight ahead. As the pilot maneuvered the plane to miss the chimney, the plane was caught in an anti-aircraft crossfire. As a consequence, a .50 caliber bullet entered my turret from the side and blew it up. Flying hot metal hit my flak vest, both hands and my right thigh. The flak vest had a grapefruit-size dent over my abdomen and a smaller, orange-size dent over my chest. The canvas covering over the metal plates was heavily charred. The flak-vest saved my life!

The navigator, who was the crew medical officer, got sick at the sight of blood. The copilot, with his wits about him, applied a tourniquet to my right arm, which had a severed artery, and gave me a shot of morphine to ease the pain.

Back at the base, I was removed from the plane and anesthetized before being taken to the local Army station hospital (MASH). One of the radio operators, who witnessed my removal from the aircraft, later told me that I was covered from head-to-foot with blood.

In early July, I was transferred to a hospital ship for a thirty-day trip to the U.S. It was scary! The ship was painted white and had huge red crosses painted amidships on both sides. Lit up at night, a perfect target for Japanese submarines. The ship arrived in San Diego in early August. All patients were removed from the ship on stretchers. I didn't like it because I wanted to kiss the ground! From San Diego, I was sent to an Army hospital in Ohio by train, which spent much time on sidings waiting for troop trains to pass.

At the hospital, I met an Army chaplain who asked me if there was anything he could do for me. I requested that he apply for a promotion to technical sergeant for me because that's what I should have been if I had been able to serve more combat time. He was able to only a one-grade promotion to sergeant based on having been shot down.

I underwent additional corrective surgeries. Finally, I was given a medical discharge on December 7, 1945 on 100% disability.

I went into the Army a shy, insecure person, and came out confident, that with God's help, I could do anything I set my mind to.

QUESTION AND ANSWER SESSION

- 1) Question: Can you give us some background like where you were from and what training you received?

Answer: I entered the Army at Toledo, Ohio, 50 miles south of Detroit, Michigan in October 1942. I was sent to a civilian school for training as an aircraft and engine mechanic. It was located at Roosevelt Field on Long Island, NY, where Charles Lindbergh took off for his Trans-Atlantic flight to Paris, France. After graduation, I was sent to a B-17 base in Florida. While there, I was called into the Personnel Officer's office and was asked if I'd like to go to engineering school. I said, "Sure." Graduates of the engineering program were supposed to receive a 2nd lieutenant's commission upon graduation.

While I was in engineering training, I was U.S. Army Unassigned. Graduates of the program were sending frantic letters to the students that contrary to the promise of officer's commission, graduates were being degraded in rank and sent to 10-weeks' Combat Engineer's training in preparation for the Battle of the Bulge.

It looked like a hopeless situation, *but God intervened*. I and twelve other former Air Corps men, appealed to the Engineering Program Commanding Officer, a full Colonel, for return to the Air Corps. Surprisingly, he agreed to the transfer!

I was sent to a replacement training center for reassignment. Since I had always wanted to fly, and correctable eyesight was now permitted, I requested entrance into a flight cadet program. Although now eligible, I was refused admission because all cadet classes were full. Since there were aerial gunnery school openings, I was accepted there. After completion of gunnery school, I underwent combat training in B-25's and then was sent to the Pacific Theater for combat

- 2) Question: What prepared you for military service, life experiences?

Answer: I wasn't prepared! Again, I was a shy, insecure individual. It was totally new.

- 3) Question: What medals did you receive?

Answer: The only two of significance were the Purple Heart and the Air Medal. Award of the Purple Heart was straightforward. The head surgeon, a full Colonel, walked through our tent-ward one day with an armload of boxes. As he passed each hospital cot, he pitched a box upon it, saying, "Here's yours." No ceremony there!

Receipt of the Air Medal was a different story. I really hadn't given it much thought until I began to see articles in newspapers in 1991 about WWII veterans receiving their medals belatedly. So, I wrote to the Army Personnel Center in St. Louis, MO, requesting the Air Medal. I was informed that I hadn't been recommended for the medal and the statute of limitations on WWII medals ended in 1951.

In 1995, I read about an Air Corps fighter pilot, who was shot down in Europe on his fourth mission, receiving the Air Medal through the efforts of Senator John McCain of Arizona. He had received his medal based on an obscure Army Air Corps WWII policy to make an appropriate flying award to AAF personnel who had been killed, shot down in action, or taken prisoner *regardless of the number of missions flown*. Rather than appeal for the medal through Senator McCain, I thought that I'd enlist the assistance of Representative "Buck" McKeon of Santa Clarita (CA). He was unsuccessful from mid-1996 to early 1997. He was informed that I was not approved for the medal because I hadn't been recommended! But, I knew now that requirement wasn't applicable to me.

Unsatisfied, I contacted the Air Force awards office in the Pentagon directly, asking for reconsideration based on the obscure Army Air Corps awards policy covering downed airmen. Their reply in mid-1997 was that an award was not automatic. Again, I was refused the air medal.

Shortly thereafter, I appealed to Senator John McCain of Arizona, and with newly discovered official documentation, was notified finally of award of the Air Medal in November 1997. Presentation of the medal was made in April 1998 at a special Retreat Ceremony at Fort MacArthur in San Pedro, CA where my wife and I each fired a cannon for the occasion.

Comments: The talk was well-received generally.

A young Filipino caregiver (for one of the veterans attending), who was from a city north of Manila, thanked me for my part in support of the Philippine liberation.

Dick Churchill (speaker presenter, Friendly Valley Veterans Club): "It was good-you could have heard a pin drop."

Pastor Leon Strand: "Thank you for a moving presentation."

???!!!!***

Editor's note: If you haven't done so already, I think you'll find reading "The following letter from one of many fliers rescued by SACO . . ." printed elsewhere in this edition.



New-found SACO, Bill Wyatt Shares Memories

Re "SACO, *The Rice Paddy Navy*" –

Page 360 – picture on facing page – bottom picture was taken when Pat O'Brien and Jinx (Falkenburg) is Ellis Elmer Hileman, CRM and to his left is my right arm. Seated across from Hileman is J. C. Lachenmeier, CRM.

Page 74 Paragraph 2 – Collier's Magazine account of SACO by LCdr Charles G. Dobbins – (I have a copy of this article someplace – it may be in Illinois. My son, Bill, has put a lot of things in his computer; if you don't have this article, I can have Bill search for it.

The men that went over on the S.S. Mark Hopkins made up a good share of the radio watch that stayed at the base camp (Happy Valley) near Chungking. Hileman, Johnson, Peterson and Downing were the Chiefs of the four-section watch. There were four first class radiomen that worked the stateside circuit. All the intelligence that came in from the camps and coastwatchers was screened at camp base and sent to ComPac. It was mostly top priority. When we first started, we sent everything to "NPG" San Francisco. Then ComPac moved to Pearl Harbor and later we sent it to Guam.

I left Chungking headed for the states. 12 of us were out of Calcutta on a troop ship. We were a half-day out of Okinawa when the war was over. After we left the Philippines, we got into a typhoon that had 80-foot waves. I was never assigned to a crew aboard ship, but I stood watch with the crew on both ships. I am a little claustrophobic and I never got caught below deck when the ships were battened down for general quarters.

Back to "*SACO The Rice Paddy Navy*: Pages 46 & 47 – paragraph 4 – (CRM Ellis E. Hileman) Ellis was my closest buddy while in China. His memory as record in the book is not correct in some respects. There were 12 passengers and the pilot (a little guy from Oklahoma and the co-pilot.) I was sitting up against the plywood bulkhead that closed off the pilots from the passengers. I had been checking the port motor by looking out the window directly behind me and noticed it was losing oil. It was my recall that we had 14,500 feet when the pilot shut down the port motor and feathered the prop on the port motor and took a hard right rudder to compensate for the loss of the port motor. We went down like a rock! The pilot came back and told us to cut the lashing on the ammunition boxes and opened the hatch, but not to throw the ammunition out because we were over Myitkyina and we didn't want to get the Japanese all excited down there. He said he would ring the bell when we should throw the ammunition out. Hileman was back by the hatch and was standing in front of the open hatch. We were to slide the boxes down and he was leaned over to shove them out. The bell rang and we started dumping the boxes. The co-pilot opened the cabin door and looked back and immediately hurried back where Hileman was standing, grabbed him by the shoulder and slammed him back against the starboard wall and said, "Do you want to start walking?" Hileman sat down and took hold of something on the starboard wall and *kicked* the boxes out. He did not have a parachute. The co-pilot broke out parachutes and got us all into them and snapped each one up to the static line. He explained the chute operation and told us, "If the bell rings, get out fast because you won't have much time and if anyone falls in the hatch, kick them out and jump." (I just now thought of why he was encouraging us to get out quick – he was going to be one of the last out.) I will agree with Hileman that the catholic, Thomas P. Greco, PhM1/c was on his knees praying. As I recall, we all thanked him and the landing in China was very smooth.



Graduation of 11th Battalion from Northwest University

(submitted by W. H. Wyatt)

Kneeling L-R: Charles L. Cox, Jr – John R. Gavegan – William H. Wyatt – L. D. Fitzpatrick – D. E. Huber – Thomas P. Greco.

Middle Group L-R (excluding back row): H. W. Homan – Don J. Hovde – (Hidden behind Hovde – Unkn) - J. Kenneth McCoy, Jr - E. Lee Comer - Harold D. Ferris – Joseph Lewis Ruden – Samuel S. Stallworth, Jr., - L. D. Jones – W. D. Pickerell – Donald Lyle Johnson – J. F. Toner- P. W. Beauzay – C. E. Richardson – Ellis Elmer Hileman . (Wyatt says he may have McCoy and Jones mixed up).

Back Row L-R: James Joseph Keogh – Harold B. Ross - W. W. Nicholson – A. H. Wesselink – O. L. Johnson – J. Walter Aylsworth – Bernard Nicholas Baumann.

ADMIRAL NIMITZ STATE HISTORICAL SITE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF THE PACIFIC WAR

CHINA BURMA INDIA (CBI) SYMPOSIUM

Sept. 20-21, 2003

*SACO – ROBERT J. HOE
Sunday Sept. 21 – 10:05 AM*

(Bob Hoe accepted request for him to be SACO's delegate to the CBI Symposium in Fredericksburg, Texas last September. He composed a 9-page documentary for delivery as he was advised that he would have a 30-minute time allotment for his story of SACO. Upon arrival, he received shocking news that his time slot would be only 10 minutes! Needless to say, tense moments followed as he struggled to revise his presentation to fit only one-third the time originally planned. And in so doing, he missed much of the program. Bob sent me his original document and I don't know what portions he highlighted in the frantic abbreviation of his original speech. Therefore, I've picked a few excerpts that I felt to be of interest and hope meets Bob's approval. I didn't have possession of a copy of his address in time to include in the December issue of SACO NEWS. Bob declined allowing SACO to pay for his trip and he ventured at his own expense. Ed.)

Introduction –

"You are to go to China and set up some bases as soon as you can. The main idea is to prepare the China coast in any way that you can for US landings in three to four years. In the meantime, do whatever you can to help the Navy and to heckle the Japanese." - - -

"You have your orders. They are secret. Don't tell anybody what they are. And now – get out of here."

These were the orders given shortly after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor by the Chief of Naval Operations and Commander-in-Chief of U.S. Fleet, Admiral Ernest J. King to Milton E. Miles, USN, who had just recently attained the rank of Commander.

These terse, verbal orders were the beginning of an amazing series of events and activities relating to the operations of special units of the United States Navy and their Chinese allies against the common enemy, Japan, in the conduct of the war in China from 1942 through 1946. The US part of the resulting organization became US Naval Group, China under Commander Miles, while the Chinese part consisted of Chinese personnel under the direction of General Tai Li, Director of the Bureau of Investigation and Statistics, BIS, for the Republic of China.

Jointly, this organization became the Sino-American Cooperative Organization, or SACO, and a charter was prepared which defined the organization, goals and objectives, and operating methods for the organization. The story of the US Navy in China during World War II as a partner with China in the Sino American Cooperative Organization is, I believe, unique in the annals of US Naval Warfare. . .

Background –

The relationship between Miles and Gen. Tai Li grew to be one of complete respect for the integrity and ability of the other. This mutual respect for each other, in my opinion, constituted the single most important element in the success of the SACO operations in China during the last several years of the war. . .

Tai Li was a pupil of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek at the Whampoa Military Institute and became a loyal and devoted follower of the generalissimo. Tai Li directed the Chinese equivalent of the FBI and had control of an army

of countless soldiers, spies and special services personnel. He reported directly to Chiang Kai-shek and provided for the security of free China . . .

Sino-American Special Technical Cooperation Agreement -

Early on, joint operations were carried out on the basis of the verbal arrangements between Miles and General Tai Li. However, as the organization began to develop and grow, Chiang Kai-shek considered that a written agreement acceptable to both nations at the highest level should be implemented. This agreement was prepared and reviewed by both governments and the final version approved and signed off in April 1943. (Tai Li signed on July 4th, 1943).

“The present organization shall have Director and a Deputy Director. The Director shall be appointed by the Chinese side, and the Deputy Director by the American side.” “ - - - the responsible persons and the whole staff of this organization shall be appointed by the Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.” . . .

The headquarters of this organization will be established in Chungking, the wartime capital of China” . . .

“All materials needed by this organization for sabotage, wireless, arms, ammunition, explosives, communication, photography, meteorology, chemicals, printing, medical equipment, and all other materials required for the diverse activities of this organization, shall be supplied by the American side -”

The appointment of General Tai Li as Director was made by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and the appointment of Captain Milton Miles, USN, was approved by President Franklin D. Roosevelt. . . .

Summary -

The activities of the Sino-American Cooperative Organization, SACO, in China during WWI were not without disturbances and setbacks, both political and operational. However, I believe that, despite the problems that were encountered, the record of performance of SACO represents a unique chapter in the history of Naval encounters. The primary purposes of SACO, i.e., 1) Guerrilla warfare; 2) Intelligence; 3) Training, were indeed accomplished within the several Camps and special groups established within SACO. The extraordinary friendship and relations developed between two men, Adm. Milton Miles, USN, and General Tai Li, Chinese National Army, can be credited with a great deal of the success of SACO.

But the story does not end with WWII and the decommissioning of SACO. The training programs of the Navy Scouts and Raiders and Underwater Demolition Teams, as applied in the training of the Roger teams for duty in China and the activities carried out by the guerrilla warfare teams in China formed the basis for continuing Navy Special Warfare training. The concept of today's Navy Seals has evolved, through the continuing effort and support of persons such as SACO veteran Phil Bucklew who continued his career in the Navy and was one of the persons directly responsible for the establishment of the NAVY SEALs. The Navy Special Warfare Command has honored Captain Bucklew by naming the Navy Special Warfare Command in Coronado, California after him.

When I attended a graduation of a SEALs/BUDS class, I was pleased and surprised to see a short biography of Phil Bucklew included in the graduation program. Even more surprised when I read of the mission that Phil was scheduled to lead when the atomic bombs were dropped on Japan!

It was indeed gratifying to learn that some of the lessons that we learned in WWII are still being taught today!

Robert J. Hoe, SACO

My Experiences in The Navy During World War II

by Donald E. Huber

After graduating from Gladwin High School (Michigan) in 1940, I went to work for my dad delivering milk and working in the dairy – salary, three dollars a week plus room and board! I also worked at the theater next door to our Dairy Bar, ushering, taking tickets, etc., to pick up a little extra money and see all the movies!

On December 7, 1941, after the five o'clock show had started, I went across the street to Burn's Restaurant for a sandwich. When I returned, Jim Heslop, the owner, told me that Japan had bombed Pearl Harbor. Like many people, I wasn't sure where Pearl Harbor was, but I soon found out!

At the time, the war in Europe was going on and each month a group of young men who had been drafted would gather on the courthouse lawn to board the bus to be taken for military training. A friend of mine asked me if I would borrow my dad's car and take him and two others to Saginaw to the Navy enlistment office located in the post office building. Gordie Hudson, Speed Raymond, Dale Bard and I went there on Dec. 12, 1942. While there, the Navy recruiter talked me into enlisting!

Not being 21 for the Navy enlistment, I had to have my dad sign some consent papers when I got home. He was not very happy about having to sign the papers and now I understand why. I probably would have been drafted in another year or so as the war continued on. Gordie Hudson didn't pass the physical nor did Dale Bard, but both were called into the Army later on.

On Dec. 12, 1942, Speed Raymond and I, after another physical, were sworn into the USNR at Detroit and sent home to await further orders. We were called back Dec. 31, 1942 and arrived at Great Lakes Naval Station at North Chicago, Illinois. I lost track of Speed after another physical and my assignment to Company 10. I later learned that during his physical, they discovered some heart problem and he was given a medical discharge and never had to serve in the armed forces! So, after being talked into enlisting by my friends and the Naval recruiter, I was the only one who got into the Navy! Speed did die in his early sixties, so his heart problem was very real.

After 10 weeks of boot camp, where I took some exams, I was given a nine-day leave and returned to Great Lakes and then was sent to Radio School at Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois. We were there for 4 months where we learned Morse code, typing (easy 'cause I had it in H.S.), procedure theory, etc. After our evening meal, we returned to the auditorium two nights every week for two hours of lectures. The instructors were all university people and very good. They made us work hard and we were given two hours extra leave every weekend if our marks were good. I took the EL train into Chicago every weekend where my Aunt Grace and Uncle Henry Price lived with some of my cousins. Evanston was a nice town and I especially liked the drug store that served delicious malteds.



August 3, 1943 was graduation night and I graduated 30 out of a class of 120 with a RM3/c rating (Radioman Third Class). At that time, eleven of us were made an offer - we could volunteer for "long and hazardous duty in a foreign land" - - that's all we were told about the duty, but they said at any time during our upcoming training in Wash., D.C. we could back out. No one did, however. The F.B.I. went to our hometowns to do some background checking - - I didn't know exactly why.

We left for our training in Wash., D.C. on Aug. 5, 1943, reporting to the ONI (Office of Naval Intelligence). We spent a few days at the American University in Washington to learn about demolition. Later, we went to 20mm anti-aircraft gun practice in Virginia Beach, Va., then took a barge ride down the Potomac River from Washington to Dam Neck, Va., for night movement using compass and also to learn booby trap detection. In between these assignments, we had time to sightsee and also a few days leave before heading for California.

We were given three months advance pay and per diem and were told to keep \$70 and send home 650 since our transportation, meals and housing would be furnished. The most money I ever had!

The enlisted men were given very little information about our duty in China. We were issued passports to Iraq and Iran, but never entered these countries since we left from the West Coast instead of the East.

We arrived in Los Angeles on Oct 6, 1943 and stayed at the Rosslyn Hotel. On Oct. 19, we were called to San Pedro and boarded the SS Mark Hopkins to start our journey overseas. The Mark Hopkins was a merchant ship with no facilities for passengers. To accommodate us, they had fastened two wooden "shacks," one on each side of the ship's deck and each was just large enough to hold four triple bunks and our baggage. The three officers with us were able to bunk in a stateroom. We all ate in a small dining room with the crew and the food was excellent! To keep us occupied, we stood watch on deck, but could move about freely.

We had G.Q. (general quarters) twice a day. In the evening, just before sundown, we manned our assigned 20 mm gun positions, loaded the guns and kept watch for enemy planes until dark. This was repeated in the morning - - we got to our stations before sun-up and kept watch until after. Along the way, we sighted two small islands and also an airplane far away. Must have been friendly! On Nov. 7, 1943, I celebrated my 21st birthday aboard the Mark Hopkins. The menu for the day: breakfast was ham & eggs; dinner - fried chicken; supper - tenderloin steak! As you might guess, I was gaining weight. I had gained nine pounds by the time we arrived in India. That problem was taken care of while I was in China. I lost 17 pounds while there.

On Nov 13, we lost one day in crossing the International Date Line. On Nov. 19, we arrived in Hobart Tasmania, Australia after 30 days at sea. It was a wonderful sight! As we pulled into the harbor, the sea gulls came out and circled above the ship. I was standing at the rear of the ship and one of dropped a whole "load" on my head! I believe that's what started my hair loss some years later! After taking on supplies and an overnight liberty, we left Hobart and headed out to sea. On Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 25th, we were served turkey and all the trimmings. 28 days after leaving Hobart, we pulled into Karachi, India and it was wonderful to see land again. Some Indians boarded the ship and helped carry our baggage ashore. We were then taken to the Muslim Hostel, Army Base, awaiting a plane flight across India. Nine people left each day and we all arrived at Chabua, India in Assam Province after brief stops in New Delhi, Agra and Calcutta. We saw the Taj Mahal temple in Agra from the air, but had no time to visit after landing. On Dec. 23, 1943, we had a nice meal at the small Army base; then saw a movie. We left camp two days later and flew over the "Hump" in dark Jap-held territory, landing at Kunming, China the following day. We flew without oxygen safely and were put-up in tents at a Chinese air base in Kunming. The group coming the following day had some exciting moments. We flew in C-47s - two engine planes and when they were part way over the "Hump," one of the engines conked out. They were ordered to dump all the cargo boxes of radios & supplies. Shortly afterwards, the other engine started to misfire and the pilots announced over the loudspeaker that when the "red light" came on, they were all to jump! Fortunately, the engine straightened out and they were able to make an emergency landing at another airport and came on to Kunming later after engine repairs were made.

Part of our group was able to leave on Army planes to Chungking as space became available. Twelve of us were left behind. While at Kunming, we looked for things to do. One day, four of us decided to walk

to a nearby mountain and climb up to the peak. It didn't look too far away, but after going around several rice paddies, we came to a lake. A Chinese man was there with a sampan and took us across. The mountain was still far away, but we couldn't turn back. We had left around nine in the morning and finally arrived at the foot of the mountain around five o'clock. Lucky for us, a little village there was the end of the bus line, so we caught the last bus that went back to our camp. My diary notes say the mountain was ten miles away – I'm not sure it was that far, but it was much farther than we realized.

When we first arrived in Kunming, I went to the base post office to change money to Chinese currency. The official rate was 18 Chinese for one American dollar. I was told to go into town and get money changed on the black-market. There the exchange was sixty to one! All you had to do was walk around and someone would approach you to change money. They all wanted American money. When I left China 19 months later, the official rate was 30 to 1 and the black market was 1800 to 1.

On Jan. 17, 1944, the twelve remaining men left Kunming for Chungking in a three-truck convoy and headed north on the Burma Road. The trucks were loaded with boxes of supplies and four men rode on top of the boxes of each truck. The trucks were Chinese and were powered by charcoal. A large metal barrel or container, was fastened on the outside of the truck cab and somehow, the burning charcoal gas was piped to the engine. There was no gasoline available. Each truck had two drivers and none spoke English. At least twice a day, one of the trucks would stall and the drivers would have to take the carburetors apart and clean the fuel lines, etc. It's a wonder they got all the parts back together again.

When we left Kunming, we were told to keep all of our guns in sight to discourage Chinese bandits. We each carried a .45, a Thompson submachine gun and a .30 caliber rifle. Earlier, a British convoy had been shot up and all the supplies were stolen. The first night out, we stayed at a British Friends Ambulance Unit and had a nice evening meal and breakfast the next morning. The town was called Kutsing. We continued on through the mountains and at the town of Suahwei, we stayed at the Cantonese Hotel. It was awful and had rats running all over! We ate a lot of tangerines along the way and a lot of eggs. Unfortunately for me, I didn't like Chinese food, but I never went hungry.

The cities and towns in China were all "blacked-out" – no lights allowed during the war to protect them from the Japanese bombers. We arrived in town after dark a few times and finding a place to spend the night was not always easy. Whenever we arrived in town, we always attracted a small crowd. Most had never seen Americans before, but were always glad to see us and usually we could find someone who could speak English. One night while looking for a place to sleep, a young man led us down a dark, narrow alley and knocked on the door. The door opened about an inch and immediately closed after seeing twelve strange men outside all carrying guns.

The entire trip was through the mountains with narrow ledges, hairpin curves, and wet, slippery-clay roads. It was very beautiful, however, with the snow-capped mountains, etc. The highest elevation was 9,000 feet. Every so often, we would see a dead body along the road. We arrived at Weining and walked over a mile with blankets to spend the night at an English Mission. They treated us to coffee, cake and cookies and played the phonograph for us before going to bed. We slept on the floor of the nearby schoolhouse and kept warm with a pot of charcoal burning in the middle of the room. A Mr. Stone was the Methodist missionary. A day later, we arrived at Pichich after dark and stayed at the German Sisters Mission. Sister Margaret had come to China in the First World War from Germany and never went home. They also had an orphanage. They prepared an evening meal and breakfast for us the next morning. The next day, we arrived at Suyung and stayed at the Chinese Travel Service – a nice place. The following day, Jan 23, we arrived at Luhsien to wait for a river steamer that would take us to Chungking where someone from our camp would meet us.

On Jan 25, the Chinese celebrated their New Year with firecrackers, etc. Firecrackers were cheap and our group marched down the street setting off firecrackers and kids would come onto the street and follow us with their own fireworks, shouting, laughing and having a great time .

On Jan 27, the river steamer arrived for our three-day trip down the Yangtze River to Chungking. This was definitely not a luxury steamer. It wasn't meant for passengers, no facilities for washing or sleeping, so we just put our blankets on the deck and slept the best we could. The toilet consisted of a wooden box

about two-feet square that hung over the rear of the steamer with a hole in the bottom! The toilet paper in China was like using 60-grit sandpaper!

We arrived at Chungking and were met by some of our camp people and after climbing over three hundred steps up to street-level, we boarded a truck and headed for Happy Valley, our camp's name. There were no roads to our camp, so we had to walk nearly two miles up and down hills to get there. The Chinese coolies carried our bags, so that was a big help.

After getting to our room at Happy Valley, the camp postmaster, Ed O'Toole, went to the office and brought us our mail. The first news from home in four months! I received 106 letters and one parcel that was pretty well mashed up. Many of the letters were from my sister, Ruth, who still lived with my parents and always kept me informed of the goings-on in Gladwin. All of my sisters and brothers and both parents wrote often. I stayed up very late to read all the letters from home and was happy to learn that everyone was okay. One of the fellows learned that his mother had died and another had lost his wife. I was very lucky.

Chungking was the capital of China at that time and had been heavily bombed by the Japanese prior to our arrival. The Chinese Communists were uprising and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek was slowly losing power, eventually moving the Nationalist Government to Taiwan where it remains to this day.

Our main camp was located on a mountainside about 30 miles outside of Chungking. The purpose of our being in China was to establish a network of small camps located throughout China, including the Gobi Desert. These camps would have four or five Navy men, including an aerographer (weather man), a radioman, a pharmacist's mate and some Chinese. Each camp would gather weather information, Japanese troop movement, and airplane activity while camps along the shore would report on enemy ship movement, etc. The main camp was contacted by the outer camps at the same time each morning and night to give their reports. They could contact the main camp anytime if an emergency should arise. At times, if the Japanese got too close, or if a medical emergency arose, they would pick up and move to another location. Camps varied in size from 6 or 7 men to 12 or 15; a few were larger.

At the main camp, Happy Valley, I was first assigned to the transmitter shack located higher up the mountain. There were two large transmitters that were used to transmit coded messages longer distances and several smaller ones for camps within China. There was a lot of static interference at times, so fine tuning was necessary to be able to send out a strong signal. After a month in the transmitter shack, I was assigned to the radio shack. There we sent and received messages, working eight-hour shifts. Our superiors worked in the back room coding and decoding all the messages. We never knew the content of any messages we received or sent.

The weather, as it moved across China, would be in Japan in a few days, and by broadcasting coded weather reports every day, the Air Force, the Naval warships and bases could plan their attacks. All messages were headed either Routine, Priority or Urgent. Each code group was made up of five-letter groups and weather messages, five-number groups. The first group of five-letters or numbers was the key to use for decoding the message and it might change every day. There were various three-letter signals the radiomen used to indicate a weak signal, too much interference, send faster or slower, etc. If the signal was very clear and a good radioman was receiving, we might use a "bug" – a speed key that was much faster than the hand key.

We sometimes sent messages for the OSS (Office of Strategic Services), who had some facilities a few hundred yards from our camp. We had regular contact with Honolulu; they relayed any messages we had for Washington, D.C. or the Air Force, etc. We were in contact with San Francisco a few times, but usually it was too difficult to get a clear signal for very long. We were also in contact with the B-29 base in China, including India contacts. We could usually tell if a bombing run might take place because all the weather and other messages were "Urgent." We also used a teletype machine, which enabled us to send out weather reports at a very high speed to the fleet and air bases. They would receive the high-speed message on a tape, then run the tape at a slow speed to copy and decipher.

Life at Happy Valley was very interesting. As new personnel arrived, they were outfitted with a radio transmitter and supplies and sent out to establish a new camp. Only a few enlisted men remained at the main camp for their whole tour of duty and I was one of those. I never knew if I was too good to send out

or not good enough! I was safe, got regular mail and was glad to be where I was. After a few months there, new housing was built with four men to a room and it was a big improvement over the old quarters. A new dining room was built, also. The officers and enlisted men ate in the same dining room and we all ate the same food. We had eggs for breakfast and Chinese food for other meals. I didn't like Chinese food, but I would always get enough to eat. The food was brought to our tables and dishes removed by the Chinese. We used chopsticks always. Our drinking water came down the mountainside in bamboo poles and was put into a concrete vat with a fire pot underneath. We had a water watch until the water boiled and everyone filled their canteens. If no one kept watch, the coolies might wash their clothes or feet in the water. When we needed a haircut, a Chinese barber would come around with a pair of scissors and hand clippers. We would sit outside on a stool – the clippers weren't very sharp, but the price was very reasonable - three American cigarettes!

In the center of our yard was a large pole, like a telephone pole, with three large balls on a cord. When one ball was raised to the top of the pole, that meant that Japanese planes had taken off. When the second ball went up, they were headed in our direction. When the third ball went up, it meant that they were in the vicinity and everyone rushed into a cave in the side of a nearby mountain. The alert didn't usually last very long and we only had two or three while I was there.

When we were not on watch, three or four of us would visit some small villages that were only a mile or so away. The paths into the villages were well worn and went up and over the mountains. There were several beggars along the way. In these villages, we would sometimes go for a ride in a rickshaw, a two-wheeled cart pulled by one man and holding two persons. Other times, we would ride in a sedan chair, a canopied chair for one person carried on poles by two bearers, one before the passenger and one behind. In cities along the rivers, thousands of people lived in grass-covered sampans and in flood times, many of these people would lose their homes. They did their laundry in the river and always had a big pot of steamed rice to eat with chunks of meat (dog?) and some greens.

Sometimes we would visit a family near the path. They lived in grass huts and were always smiling and happy to see us. We had learned a few Chinese words by then, but they could speak no English. I was told that the Chinese were taught English in the ninth grade at school. However, I'm sure that those children, and many others in the mountain area, never went to school.

One time, we went to a large mountain that had what looked like a factory built into the side. The interior was huge, but didn't appear to have ever been used. Probably built during the heavy bombing of Chungking. We went to Chungking once or twice for an overnight stay at the American Embassy. There were only a few people there at the time and the facilities were not very plush. We rode a packed Chinese bus in and out of the city and I do mean packed. People were hanging on the sides, on the fenders, etc. My folks sent me a camera and film, so I took a lot of pictures of my friends and of the camp and surrounding area. We were not allowed to mail home undeveloped film, so we got the proper fluid and did our own developing and sent the negatives home. Our letters were also censored and some were received at home with a few holes in them. While in China, we never wore any Navy clothes. In the summer, the temperature would get up to 110 degrees, so we only wore shorts. In the winter months, it never froze, but was damp and cold.

We had a table tennis set and played that quite often in the summer time. A couple of times, the radiomen gathered around and listened to the news being broadcast in Morse code. It was all in "plain language," so it was just dots and dashes. Another interesting sight were the "honey pots" that were located around – one was right outside our radio shack. They were round holes in the ground, about twelve inches across and a few feet deep, and they were used as toilets, standing and squatting! They were completely in the open and were emptied and used as fertilizer for the rice paddies in the spring. Ours was not used, thank goodness!

We were paid \$6.75 per diem plus our rating pay, and sixty or seventy dollars for our meals each month out of that. Since there wasn't much to spend our money on, I was able to send home \$200 almost every month. The floor in then dairy bar at home needed replacing, so I wrote to my dad and told him to take \$300 and have a new floor installed.

We were supposed to be sent back to the states after completing 18 months of duty, but I had to stay another month. It was a very long month. By this time, a road had been built into our camp, so getting to the airport to fly to Calcutta was much easier. Two of us were sent out and we boarded a CNAC (Chinese National Air Corp.) plane and headed for Calcutta. After surviving a terrific headache, we landed safely and were taken to Fort Knox, a Naval Station near Calcutta. While there, five or six of our original group showed up and we had a happy reunion. It was several days before the troop-ship arrived that was to take us back to the states, therefore, we had time to see a lot of Calcutta and the surrounding area.

Before we left for home from Happy Valley, we had to sign a statement that, "we would not divulge any information about our duty in China for five years." However, once Japan surrendered, it was soon in the news about our mission there.

The troop-ship we boarded was called the General E. J. Collins. It arrived in Calcutta to pick up an Army unit that was returning to the states. The ship was filled to capacity - 3,000 men, about 1200 more people than lived in the city of Gladwin at that time! We were put in triple bunks at the bottom of the ship, way below the water line. After standing in the chow line for breakfast, we would eat, then get in the line for lunch. After a few days of this, we put on our Navy dungarees and went down the back stairs with the Navy crew to the dining hall. After five days out, four of us were on our bunk playing bridge when an announcement came over the loudspeaker that we had dropped the A-bomb on Japan and the war was soon to be over. We couldn't do anything; we just kept playing bridge. We continued on our way around Southern Australia because the shorter route to Okinawa had not been cleared of mines and other hazards. One day an officer approached one of my friends and I and said we were to go to the officers' galley (kitchen) that prepared food for the officers' dining room and paint the inside of the pantry. The room was about 6 ft. by 10 ft with several shelves. The cooks and waiters were all black and while we painted, we could eat our meals there. Each morning we would go to the ship's paint locker and check out our paint and brushes, do a little painting, take a nap on the shelves, then turn in the paint & brushes to the paint locker later in the day. The food there was much better than in the enlisted men's mess hall, so our painting was very slow (?) When we went to paint on the tenth day, the captain met us and booted us out - we were taking too long!

We ran into some bad storms around the Southern part of Australia. In the mess hall, everyone ate standing up at counters that were waist high and about eight ft. long. The counters had a ridge around the edge about an inch high to keep the trays from sliding off. In a storm, you ate with one hand and the other held on to the tray and kept you steady when the ship was rocking back and forth. We stopped at Fremantle, Australia (since renamed) for two days to take on supplies and some of us were able to have a few hours liberty while there. We were not able to get out of the city, but it was nice getting off the crowded ship.

We made a stop at Hollandia, New Guinea (since renamed) and another in the Philippine Islands, then on to Okinawa where the troops were exchanged. We never left the ship at any of the stops. While in Okinawa, a devastating hurricane struck and we pulled out to sea to ride out the storm. The ship rolled and the high waves crashed against the side and caused damage to the anchor and to the rail. The rail extended for four or five feet above the deck and was bent inward about twelve or fourteen inches; this included seven of the steel beams that were spaced four feet apart. As the hurricane moved away, we returned to port to see five or six smaller ships that were sunk, unable to ride out the storm. Repairs were made on the anchor system.

We then headed for California and after fifty-eight days since boarding the ship in Calcutta, we disembarked in San Pedro, California. What a happy day! A lot of parents were there to meet their sons, but ours were too far away. We then boarded a train and headed for Washington, D.C.

After business was taken care of in Washington, we were given leave and I took the train or bus to Bay City, where I had a very happy reunion with my parents! After my leave, I needed one more month of duty before I could be discharged. I spent that month in New York City

where Joe Ruden, a fellow radioman, lived. He showed me around the city and had me meet his family. We spent New Years Eve with his family Dec. 31, 1945. I checked into Navy Pier each morning, but was given the rest of the day off and spent that time sightseeing and taking in the movies. The afternoon movies had intermissions and during that time, big bands would play, I saw (and heard) Jimmy Dorsey, Tommy Dorsey and a couple of others that were popular at that time.

I was then sent to the U.S. Naval Personnel Separation Center at Great Lakes, Illinois, where, on January 19, 1946, I was issued an honorable discharge after three years, one month, and nine days in the USNR. Another very happy day for me and my family. I was discharged with a Radioman First Class rating and four ribbons; American Area, Asiatic-Pacific-1 star, Victory Ribbon and Good Conduct Ribbon.

The following is a resume of how and why SACO was started and its purpose. We knew none of this before we arrived in China.

In 1942, Cmdr. Milton E. Miles, an officer with extensive China Service, was ordered by Adm. Ernest J. King, Chief of Naval Operations, to report to the American ambassador in Chungking and there assume the position of "Naval Observer." In addition to his written orders, King also imparted to Miles a set of verbal, secret orders. Miles was to establish a weather reporting network; then learn everything his could about the situation in China to prepare the China Coast for projected amphibious landings 3-4 years hence; and, in general, do everything possible to harass the Japanese in China. To accomplish his mission, Miles forged a close working relationship with the powerful and mysterious General Tai Li, the head of a secret police/intelligence organization said to compromise 300,000 agents. Miles believed General Tai's cooperation was essential to the success of any operations conducted in China. Miles established a close relationship with Tai in spite of the view of the State Department and U.S. Intelligence community that the General was an unsavory, sinister figure. The General was never to give Miles cause to regret their alliance. Together, Miles and Tai proposed the formation of the Sino-American Cooperative Organization (SACO) for the purpose of training guerrillas and intelligence groups, and establishing weather and radio intercept stations. American equipment would be used in these endeavors, while the Chinese would supply the lion's share of personnel.

???!***

The Most Powerful Liquid

A little boy was sitting on the curb with a gallon of turpentine and shaking it up and watching all the bubbles.

A little while later, a priest came along and asked the little boy what he had.

The little boy replied, "This is the most powerful liquid in the world; it's called turpentine."

The priest said, "No, the most powerful liquid in the world is Holy Water. If you take some of this Holy Water and rub it on a pregnant woman's belly, she'll pass a healthy baby."

The little boy replied, "You can take some of this here turpentine and rub it on a cat's a-- and he'll pass a Harley Davidson!"

???!***

Bob Stoll Relives Adventures Of His Youth

I was brought up in the country and lacked the worldliness of the city dwellers. I had an intense desire to be more than I was.

From the Sunday evening that we first heard the Japanese had attacked Pearl, I wanted to go into the service, mainly, the Marines so as to be in the Pacific. So, my heart set on this plan, I patiently waited until I was 17 years old and went to enlist. The Marines would not accept me because I was too short, so I went to the next Pacific Group, the Navy. They signed me up June 6, 1944, but I had to wait until Oct. 19 for active duty. After boot camp, I went to Little Creek, where I was able to sign up for hazardous duty. I arrived at Ft. Pierce Feb. 4, 1945. I managed to get through the Roger 3 training; left June 6, 1945 – delayed en route to San Pedro.

Arrived in Calcutta, Aug 1 to Camp Knox, where I was made a prison guard. After the war ended, we were disbanded, but volunteers were allowed to stay on to drive a convoy over the Burma Road. I wanted to stay on longer anyway, so I jumped at it and was given a 15-minute lesson on how to shift a six-by truck. I think I ruined the transmission!

We and the trucks went by train to the staging area where we all took turns loading the truck. There were about 375 trucks of arms and ammo plus eleven 1941 Hudson cars in crates. I was usually in the middle or near the end and it took up to 2 hours to get moving in the morning. This made me very late in the evening at the next stop. The only two scary events for me were 1), I was stopped by an officer in a jeep and told to back-up a truck that a Chinese driver had run the front wheels off the road and over the edge; but it was heavily loaded and came back up easily. By this time, I knew where reverse was, thank goodness. 2), The next incident was a washed-out bridge on a hairpin curve. The wood portion had washed away and only the girders were standing on the riverbed; they ran parallel to the river and someone had laid planks on each edge to fit the wheelbase of the trucks. It was after midnight and the only guideposts were 4 bamboo sticks with



Calcutta, India 1945

**Rear L-R: G.R.Watson, R.G.Miller, D.J.Thomas
Front L-R: G.A.Spencer, Bob Stoll, E.G.Pfannenstiel**

lanterns on them. I remember I just drove straight ahead and tried to keep between the lanterns at the end. We had stopped for many days at staging areas to repair trucks and a mountain of tires. Our last long stop was in Mong Yu to wait for the Chinese troops to escort us to Kunming. It was there on a 12-4 perimeter watch I shared with a young Chinese soldier who wanted to learn English so we were able to communicate. I wasn't a very good teacher, but he learned more English than I did Chinese. I thought I was young at the time, but he was only 15. I was in Kunming only over-night and flew back the next morning. Only those who had something to offer were sent further into China. But I wasn't alone on the plane; it was full. By the time I returned to Calcutta, the Army had taken over Camp Knox. I

Cont'd p. 31

NOSTALGIA

Francis T. Devlin Shares Memories

To the editor 15 March 2004

Have finally found the picture of "Mary" and staff taken many years ago at his headquarters in China.

I've identified, as best I could, the group gathered on the front "porch" on a sunny day in the late summer or early fall of 1943.

I was nursing a mustache at the time (it did not last long) and had lost a false front tooth (result of a hockey collision with a hulking Yale defenseman back in West Point days – actually Jan. 1940 – my graduation year.)

Everybody's happy and young at this sitting (picture next page). Hank Gibbons on my right was a dear friend and also on loan to SACO, as was I, by OSS, (Detachment 101 in Burma). He left us not long after the picture to rejoin 101 and was shot down in an air drop. 2 of the planes, supplying some of our guys on the ground, were lost. Hank was the son of an Army general officer and long line of soldiers.

Maybe some of the SACO group will remember the gents I've missed – perhaps you'll recognize some.

I have a vague hunch that I might have made these available back some years ago, but I can't be sure. I believe that Eddie Liu, who has been living in the USA for sometime, passed on not long ago. What a tremendously valuable person he was! . . .

Enjoy and copy – do whatever you wish and return them at your leisure – I'm certainly in no hurry.

I have your last issue of "What The Hell" and again compliment you – you cover everything and seem to have a little bit *for* and *include* everybody.

I regret not being able to be with you all in Philadelphia. Although I'm a New Englander and not far from Philly (Boston).

I've only been for the visit one can have at 4 Army-Navy football games. The game for years was played in Philly – only stadium in the East big enough to hold the crowd I guess. Those years were the fall of '36, '37, '38 and '39. *Goodness, such memories!*

Again, I thank you for the pleasure of your fine work and when it arrives, it seems very natural to pause for a moment and ask Erma for her blessing, which I do.

With fond regards and best wishes,
Sincerely,



Col. Frank Devlin, USA (Ret.)



Rear: Eddie Liu (Miles' Interpreter)- Col. B. T. Holcomb (USMC)- Lt. Henry Gibbons (USA)-Maj. (Later Col.)Francis T. Devlin- Maj. W.W. Young-Lt.Cdr Webb Heagy. Front: Commodore (later Vadm.) M. E. Miles- Cdr. Hal Williams
JULY or AUGUST 1943

Some more snapshots from Frank Devlin:

Believe these to be Saco attending Marine Graduation in San Diego in 1992



Carl Divelbiss – Evelyn Wogan – Erma Rutan
Back of them Caroline & Francis Reynnet



View of Bay from our hotel



Martha and Paul Casamajor – Slim Gilroy



Evelyn Buckless – Sissy & Bill Miller (Background) Frank Tao – Victor Nichols – Art Olsen – Jimmy
Dunn - ??? – Richard Rutan



GEORGE SKENE/ORLANDO SENTINEL

Bird in the hand. Frances Waters admires the sculpted bird that survives from a live oak planted by her husband in 1963. The rotting tree was cut down in 1999 after a limb threatened their house.

By **JEFF KUNERTH**
SENTINEL STAFF WRITER

FAMILY TREE

After years as a towering shade tree in College Park, the oak's dead stump was given new life.

Her hair is long and white now, but when her husband planted a live oak on the front lawn of their College Park home, Frances Waters was a young mother of five. Their house, in 1963, was the second built on Lake Sarah Drive, rising out of what was then a citrus grove.

When the houses came in, the trees came down. To compensate, John Waters became a prolific planter of trees around their gabled, one-story house.

The tree in the front yard grew tall, the children grew up, the couple grew older. The live oak's branches spread over the house, shielding the front windows from the sun, allowing the Waterses to open their house to the breezes that blew off the lake and across the street.

KNOCK ON ANY DOOR

Random stories of Orange County residents

Sculpture reflects creativity, humor

BIRD FROM K1

"The trees have always been the saving grace of this house," said Frances Waters, 81.

In 1999, a rotted limb that reached over the roof signaled the end of the live oak.

When it came down, neighbors came to watch. So large and majestic was the tree, so impressive and sad its dismantling. The old tree provided a neighborhood with firewood that winter.

At John Waters' insistence, the tree crew left a 6-foot stump where the 30-foot tree had been.

In his working days, Waters was a supervisor of citrus packing plants and cement companies.

In his retirement, he became artistic, taking classes in ceramics and metalwork. Cutting old oxygen cylinders in half, he creates unique, metal bells that adorn the homes of his family members.

"He puts everything to use. He knew he had to do something with that tree when they cut it down," said his daughter Marty Tetlow, 46.

Waters' idea was that he might want to try carving something out of the tree stump himself. But it stood there untouched, a stocky truncated sentinel by the front door.

"He's artistic," his wife said, "but it was more than he could tackle."

That Christmas, the Waters children gave their parents a gift that replaced their beloved tree with something just as special.

They paid about \$600 for a wood sculptor to transform the stump into a statue.

"You know parents. You never know what to get them, except when you have a huge tree stump in front of their front door," said Tetlow, who suggested they hire the stump sculptor.

The woodcarver came from Melbourne, where his day job was styling women's hair.

He looked the stump up and down and gave the Waterses several choices. He could carve a bear, turkey, turtle, manatee, porpoise or bird.

"I didn't want a bear, and I didn't want a turkey," Frances Waters said.



THE WATERS FAMILY

Artist. Keith Carroll of Melbourne carves the oak stump into a work of art in this 1999 photo. Carroll took 12 hours to create the yard statue from a 6-foot stump.

"All we wanted was something that was decorative and wasn't an eyesore."

With two chain saws, a grinder and a sander, the woodcarver took 12 hours to sculpt the trunk. A crowd gathered as he sliced away slabs of wood.

Nobody knew exactly what would emerge from the wood. He finished in the dark under spotlights.

The end product was the perfect

present.

"You know what a great feeling it is when your parents are tickled pink about their gift. It makes you feel really good to know you nailed that one," Tetlow said.

The result is what Frances Waters affectionately calls "Bird." She isn't sure what kind of bird — a stork, a heron, an egret — but what she likes about the 4-foot-tall sculpture is that Bird is a bird with a sense of humor.

Cont'd p. 31

*The following letter from
one of many fliers rescued by
SACO contains an
interesting story of events
experienced by the writer.*

To the editor

28 Dec 2003

... My wife and I haven't been coming to SACO reunions because of higher priority events. We didn't even make the 2002 38th Bomb Group reunion because my wife didn't care to fly, and I didn't want to drive to Colorado Springs. The next Air Force reunion takes place in 2004. We don't know about going to that one either. But we'll think about the possibility of attending the 2004 SACO reunion in Renton, WA. Our daughter lives close-by.*

I received an award of the Air Force Air Medal in November 1977 as a consequence of having crash-landed and evaded capture by the Japanese due to the rescue of our air crew by SACO personnel and delivery to the Air-Ground Aid Service (AGAS) who got us to safety in Kunming, China.

Those brave SACO personnel who rescued our downed air crew are forever embedded in my memory. It was a pivotal point in my life. My WWII career ended too soon. I was wounded in action over Formosa in May 1945 after only nine combat missions. After almost seven months in various Army medical facilities, I was given a medical discharge on December 7, 1945 on 100% disability.

After my discharge, I went to college, graduating with an engineering degree in 1949, and had a successful 36-year aerospace engineering career before retiring in 1985. During those years, I was responsible for the design, development, and

launching (at Cape Kennedy), rocket propulsion systems for on-orbit control of some of the nation's most advanced communications satellites. Being on the cutting-edge of technology for so long was very exciting and rewarding. Oh, to be young again!

I appreciate your devotion to the *SACO NEWS*. I have retained every issue, which I have received, starting with Issue No. 10, March 1994. You do such a marvelous job of putting it together. It's the best veterans' publication that I have ever seen! Keep up the good work.

Richard, thanks for all that you do. May God bless you every day.

Sincerely,
Jim Powell (SACO Associate Member)

PS: Enclosed is a copy of a talk, which I presented to The Friendly Valley Veterans' Club on March 12, 2002 entitled, "A Tale of Two Missions." (*Appears elsewhere in this issue - Ed.*)

*I have appealed to Jim to make every effort to join us in Renton, Washington. It's always a pleasure to hear from him, and all of you Tigers, though perhaps not directly involved in the rescue of him and fellow crew members, should take pride in knowing you served in SACO, a group to which Jim expresses eternal gratitude. And let me add, Jim, thanks for your complimentary assessment of our publication. *Ed.*



The following is an excerpt from her own story, "Jinx Falkenburg in CBI" as published in "Ex-CBI Roundup" in Mar. 2004. (submitted by Bill Bartee)

(This portion of Jinx's story relates visit to SACO in deference to dinner with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.)

(*Chungking*) - We checked into Red Cross headquarters to unpack and scrape the mud off our boots. Gladys Chang's father, who had returned to China and was, by this time, the fifth most desirable Chinese on the Jap extermination list, came over to pay me his respects. I had no idea how he knew I was there - but an hour later, he walked in with a perfectly lovely bouquet of flowers and an invitation to a dinner that night, which was to be attended by T. V. Soong, in addition to other Chinese and American dignitaries. So that we could go to the dinner, we did the show that day in two shifts, one before the dinner and one after. It was a miserably hot, soggy night and hundreds of people - correspondents, top brass, and enlisted men were all jammed into a huge Kuomintang meeting hall. Mr. Soong told us Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's birthday was the following day and would we do him the honor of coming to the dinner for him? Would we do *him* the honor? We almost fell out of our chairs, but this seemed like such a rare opportunity. We, of course, accepted. After the second show, we went back to our Red Cross quarters and were jumped on in a dark alley by three enormous rats. After our wonderful little *amah* calmed us down, she served us egg sandwiches. Ruth looked at them and stalked off to bed.

"One more egg and we'll all be cackling."

Crack of dawn the next morning, we accosted Major Nixon.

"Major, isn't it wonderful?"

"Sure, it's all wonderful. What?"

"Why, our being invited to the Generalissimo's birthday dinner."

"But, you can't go."

"Oh, John, No! We already told Mr. Chang that we'd be there. Can't we even go between shows or after the last show?"

"No. I can't say why, but you'll be out of Chungking. I can't say where. If you'll all come with me, the officers here will brief you. I can't and besides, I don't know."

And so, we were briefed, and it was certainly the strangest briefing I'd ever heard before or since. We were told that we were to take a short trip to do a show at some undesignated and very top secret base. The base was commanded by a man known only as Commodore Mary Miles. We were not to know any more about it, we weren't to write our families until after the war. And that was that!

It was very dark that evening when we left Chungking. Everything and everybody seemed unusually quiet. The army had set up an elaborate communications system and only the most necessary messages could be conveyed between any of us. We drove in jeeps to a tiny path leading into a mountain valley. Each of us was assigned to a sedan chair, with one coolie in front and one behind; probably the same kind of chairs they used centuries ago in the days of Genghis Khan. No one spoke as we got in our chairs and proceeded to make the most fantastic, slow, tortuous way up a series of desolate mountain paths. The chairs lurched back and forth around the hairpin turns and perilously close to the sheer drops on either side of the path. By eight p.m., we reached the top of the hill. This was the fabulous "Happy Valley," the outpost of the Office of Strategic Services, the secret branch of the armed forces. We discovered later that it was a great honor that was being conferred on us. No civilians had ever been permitted here before.

The personnel and inhabitants of this strange mountain retreat were American and Chinese guerrillas and saboteurs. The leader, Commander "Mary" Miles, was a Navy man, but wore no uniform and the other dominant figure seemed to be an evil-looking tiny Chinese, a man named General Tai Li, the top Chinese guerrilla, later killed, who spoke no English, but who, through interpreters, was most gracious to us. Immediately after formal introductions to all the handsome sparkling, bright boys, we were ushered into a huge dining hall and the most fabulous Chinese dinner and

endless *Gapai* (pronounced Gombay) or Bottoms Up! After the toast had been drunk, we put on our show. A group of little barefooted deaf and dumb children had put flowers in our makeshift dressing room. They were entranced by red nail polish, which they had never seen before. After our show, another group of small Chinese sang for us and then an entire full-length Chinese opera was performed for *our* amusement. Anyone who is not familiar with Oriental theatre is in for a big surprise when he has his very first experience with it. To the uninitiated, as we were, it's a weird and endless performance, with an actor taking as long as half an hour to cross from one side of the stage to the other. This slow motion, in addition to the peculiar harmonies sung, thoroughly mystified all of us. By the time the opera was over, it was three a.m., at which time we had another enormous dinner, and then "to bed" for an hour or two on the top of a hill in a *sentry box* and then crawled back into our sedan chairs, like the Dalai Lama, and disappeared into the dawn back to Chungking.

Jinx's complete story as she wrote it is quite interesting - perhaps if space will allow, we could include it in a future issue. Ed.)

???!!!***

Bob Stoll ...

was put up in a hostel outside of town until I caught a ship for home on Nov. 30, 1945.

We landed in Seattle and I got leave and reported to Philadelphia Navy Yard.

I hope this hasn't been too boring. It was the most interesting time of my life.

???!!!***



Family Tree . . .

KNOCK ON ANY DOOR

Behind every door there's a person, and behind every person there's a story. Knock On Any Door is an occasional series of stories that picks Orange County residents at random and tells the stories of their lives.

"If you notice," she said, "the bird has a smile."

Bird has become a neighborhood landmark that reflects some of Frances Waters' own whimsy. She dresses Bird in bonnets for Easter, red-ribbon bows for Christmas, and "something sparkly" for the Fourth of July.

For a while, neighborhood kids who approached the Waters house would stop to wrap their arms around Bird and give him a kiss.

"He entertains the children in the neighborhood. They like to pet it and climb on it a little bit," Frances Waters said. "We didn't expect it to be the attraction that it has become."

The sculpture outside their home reflects the people inside. It speaks to John Waters' creativity and Frances Waters' sense of humor.

It refers to their love of the outdoors and the wildlife that lives there.

"It's perfect," Tetlow said. "It's just them."

And it pays homage to the great oak tree that for so many years provided John and Frances Waters with shade and comfort.

Now, from the front window where she likes to sit and write letters, Frances Waters can see the artistry in wood that makes a direct reference to the beautiful tree that came before it.

"We do miss the tree. We had to add insulation to the house and put film on the windows, the sun is so intense," Frances Waters said. "But we're glad we saved something out of it."

General Claire Lee Chennault

An Unsung Masonic Hero

Michael Sinatra, 32°, K. C. C. H.:
1439 NW 97th Terrace
Coral Springs, Florida 33071-5945
sinatram@bellsouth.net

Bro. Chennault, nicknamed "Old Leather Face," organized the daring "Flying Tigers" and was a heroic symbol to the Chinese throughout World War II.

During the Second World War, many of our leading American Army Generals were Freemasons. Among the most famous were Mark Clark, Omar Bradley, Hap Arnold, Jimmy Doolittle, and, of course, Douglas MacArthur. Little has ever been said about one of the most innovative Generals of the time and, in particular, of the Pacific Theatre. General Claire Lee Chennault 32°, K. C. C. H., a controversial military genius who was deactivated twice because of his strident efforts to modernize air power.

According to the records of Arlington National Cemetery, Bro. Chennault was born on September 6, 1890, in Commerce, Texas, but at the age of five, he relocated with his family to Louisiana. A descendant from 18th-Century Huguenot immigrants and related to Sam Houston on his mother's side and Robert E. Lee on his father's side, Chennault faced a succession of challenges throughout his life. He always aspired to be the best at whatever he did, and he possessed a quick, retentive mind. Expecting the same of others, he hated to explain anything more than once, a trait he had learned to deal with when he became a teacher in a one-room schoolhouse in Athens, Louisiana.

General Chennault was not a West Point Academy graduate as were most other Generals. Not being in possession of an Academy ring, he, like Doolittle, was often shunned, ostracized, and viewed as an

inferior officer. Because of Doolittle's heroic feat in bombing Japan, Doolittle gained recognition, credibility, and rank. Chennault, on the other hand, was a maverick and a loner with the philosophy that "if you're not with me, then you are against me." Consequently, he seldom received cooperation from the Army.

Early in Chennault's career, he tried to introduce the use of parachute troops, but he was ridiculed for the idea. He also advocated the use of more firepower for fighting planes. In 1936, he was the subject of jokes over his suggestion that four .30-caliber guns could be synchronized to fire through a propeller. The next year, Russian planes had that valued feature. Military leaders were not listening to Chennault since they did not believe fighters could shoot down a bomber. He had a brilliant mind and was far ahead of the military strategists of his day.



Photo: The American Heritage Picture History of World War II, 1966

Chennault's short temper, insubordination, and unorthodox ideas, forced him to retire from the Army in 1937. A few months after leaving the Army, Chennault was hired as a civilian consultant to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek of China. For two years, Chennault taught Chinese aviators war tactics and fought the Japanese from his base at Kunming. It took Chennault a long time to convince Chinese pilots that their lives were more important than saving face. They simply refused to bail out of a crippled plane

In October 1940, approximately one year before America's formal involvement in World War II, Chennault proposed American air strikes against the Japanese. In effect, these were covert operations against a country with which we had peaceful diplomatic relations. The bombing missions were to be carried out by American mercenaries paid by the United States Government through a private corporation. This newly formed unit, a covert entity of the Office of Strategic Services, the wartime predecessor of the CIA, referred to Chennault's team as the "American Volunteer Group" (AVG). They were to fly American planes (Curtis Warhawk P-40s) painted with Chinese insignias and later became known as "The Flying Tigers," a name the Chinese tacked onto the AVG. What made the plan all the more bizarre was President Roosevelt approved of it.

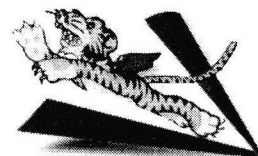
On April 15, 1941, President Franklin D. Roosevelt signed the Executive Order authorizing the formation of the American Volunteer Group. This Order permitted members of the Navy, Marine Corps, and Army Air Corps to resign from their branch of service with the assurance that they would be reinstated to their former rank or grade upon completion of their contract. Since we were technically at peace with Japan, the plan required some subterfuge. On July 23, 1941, five months before the attack on Pearl Harbor, President Roosevelt formally authorized

Chennault's air strikes against the Japanese. The AVG pilots, the first Americans to see action against the Japanese, were relatively small in number and never had more than 100 P-40s available. Of these, only 50 were generally in flying condition as finances and parts were hard to come by. Often AVG planes had their engine cowlings and spinners repainted different colors to fool the enemy into thinking the force was much larger than it actually was. As small as it was, the AVG was the only American force doing anything against the Axis.

Back in the United States, the Flying Tiger's name was taken to the Walt Disney Studios where the famous winged tiger leaping upwards from the base of the letter "V" (Victory) was created. The Tigers were now official.

Chennault now had the opportunity to test his flying tactics, as he was not under the US Army's eye. An outspoken advocate of pursuit aerial combat, as opposed to the U.S. Army's preference for strategic bomber tactics. Chennault now had the opportunity to utilize his strategies, and China was the testing ground. Chennault's warfare tactics, planning, execution of attack, and enemy kill ratios were outstanding to the extent that he embarrassed the Army Air Corps. In its brief six months of operation, the AVG was credited with 296 enemy planes destroyed against the loss of eight Flying Tigers. The AVG had the highest victory-to-loss ratio of any air combat unit in World War II. Although the Japanese planes were more maneuverable than the P-40s, the Americans had greater speed in a dive, superior firepower, and the advantage of being able to absorb battle damage.

Chennault was an excellent teacher. He inspired confidence and a fierce loyalty. Even seasoned pilots forgot their prior training and adhered to Chennault's lessons in tactics. For over three months,



he personally instructed and drilled a pilot until at least he was satisfied that the pilot was properly trained.

To the Army's dismay, it was necessary to reenlist Chennault into the Army Air Corps and promote him to Brigadier General. The Army Air Corps now became the organization Chennault was affiliated with, and his outstanding performance was credited to the Army, not the renegade Flying Tigers. The AVG was formally disbanded on July 4, 1942.

Doolittle was also promoted to the same rank a few days earlier. On his way to the United States via Calcutta, India, Doolittle visited Chennault at Kunming, China. Upon learning that Chennault was also promoted and not having been issued his stars, Doolittle gave him his own. The length of their Masonic cable tows, obligations, and vows tied these two men of completely opposite personalities.

True to form, General Chennault was outspoken about several other Generals that he felt were impeding the war effort in China. His comments sparked a furor, and in 1945, two months before the war ended, he was accused of various illegal activities, railroaded, and again forced to resign his commission. As a further insult to the man and his career, Chennault was never invited to the deck of the USS *Missouri* to witness the unconditional surrender of the Japanese troops to the Allied Forces, yet he had been engaged in fighting the Japanese longer than any other American, almost eight years!

As a civilian, Chennault founded the Civil Air Transport (CAT), becoming its President. This commercial transport company, which carried relief supplies to China, nurtured a thriving transport business until 1949, the year the Chinese communists grew in such strength and power that Chennault was forced to leave China.

The Chinese people felt a most gracious and heartfelt gratitude to Chennault and bestowed upon him hundreds of gifts, all of which he donated to Louisiana State

University. They also presented him with the "White Sun and Blue Sky," China's highest award.* He received at least 17 medals from the Army, including the Distinguished Service Medal with Oak Leaf Cluster and the Distinguished Flying Cross with Oak Leaf Cluster.

As a result of chain smoking and serious bouts of bronchitis, Chennault succumbed to cancer and died July 27, 1958. He was buried in the Arlington National Cemetery in Virginia. A few months later, the Lake Charles Air Force Base, Louisiana, was named Chennault Air Force Base in honor of the late General. Winston Churchill was appropriately quoted saying, "God Almighty, I'm glad he's on our side."

Brother Claire Lee Chennault was a member of League City Lodge No. 1053, League City, Texas, a Thirty-second Degree, Knight Commander Court of Honour, Orient of China at Shanghai (in exile), and a Noble of Islam Shrine Temple, San Francisco, California.

(From the March 2003 *The Scottish Rite Journal* & submitted by Bill Bartee.)

*Several Issues back was a picture of Adm. Miles who was awarded China's highest award "The Order of the White Cloud and Golden Banner." Just curious - wonder which is correct? Ed.

SOURCES

Tigers Over Asia by Bernard Nalty 1978
EP Dutton, N.Y., N.Y.

The Maverick War, Chennault & The Flying Tigers by Duane Schultz, St. Martin's Press, N.Y., N.Y.

Arlington National Cemetery:
<http://www.arlingtoncemetery.org>

American Volunteer Group:
<http://www.flyingtigersavg.com>

Famous Texans:
<http://www.famoustexans.com>

Michael Sinatra

lives in Coral Springs, Fla., and has been employed by Comcast Corporation as their Fleet and Facilities Manager-Broward County, Fla., since 1986. Raised in 1978 and currently a member of Boca-Delray Lodge No. 171, Boca Raton, Fla., he is a member of the Scottish Rite Bodies of Lake Worth, Fla., and a member of Amara Shrine Temple, Palm Beach Gardens, Fla. Bro.: Sinatra has been Venerable Master in the Fourteenth Degree for the past nine years. He was invested a K.:C.:H.: in October 1997 and awarded the Double Eagle Award, Valley of Lake Worth, Florida, in May 1999.





Taps



Ernest "Bud" Arnold

Ernest "Bud" Arnold, co-founder of Sedgwick firm, died Wednesday January 14, 2004 at San Francisco's Ralph K. Davies Medical Center following a year-long bout with lymphoma. Arnold was the last remaining name partner of the firm, which was established in its present form in 1959 and specializes in product liability litigation. The firm has grown to 340 lawyers in 10 offices worldwide, and last year, Sedgwick grossed a record \$136.5 million, landing it among the 10 highest-grossing firms in the Bay Area for the first time.

Sedgwick Chairman Kevin Dunne said Arnold's passing has given him and some of his partners a chance to reflect on the foundation laid by the firm's founder. A group of about 10 gathered Wednesday with Arnold's wife, Dee, to reminisce, he said.

"It has been an opportunity for us to celebrate the people who gave

us our original culture and values," Dunne said.

Calling him a "very strict taskmaster," Dunne said Arnold was a prime example of the signature characteristics of the World War II generation: a strong work ethic and modesty.

"He's the backbone-of-the-country type of person," Dunne said of Arnold. "He served his country, but never bragged about it, and he tried hundreds of cases, but never bragged about it. He was modest to a fault; he never raised his voice and he commanded tremendous respect."

Arnold earned his law degree at the University of Nebraska in 1940, first working for that state's railroad commission. He came to San Francisco in 1942 to work with attorney Wallace Sedgwick, a former insurance claims manager.



During World War II, Arnold joined the U.S. Navy as an intelligence officer, serving with SACO (Sino American Cooperative Organization). His

service took him behind enemy lines in central China.

As a trial lawyer, Arnold was understated and precise, Dunne said. He was extremely believable and he was tremendously prepared. In the 1950s, Sedgwick and Arnold faced off against Ed Bronson, Sr., to win the largest plaintiffs verdict at the time, a \$100,000 award for the widow of a San Mateo County man burned to death when a barrel of sulfuric acid exploded. In the 1960s, Arnold represented the insurer for General Motors Corp. in litigation over the company's Corvair automobile.

Arnold retired in 1988, but continued to visit the office two or three days a week to check on his investments and real estate holdings, have lunch with partners, and chat about cases and the firm's progress.

A longtime resident of San Francisco and Walnut Creek, Arnold was a member of the Olympic Club for more than 50 years, as well as the International Association of Defense Council.

He is survived by his wife, Dee; sister Barbara Wicker; nephew Vaughn Wicker; niece Sherryrae Wicker and family.

???!!!!***

Walter J. Stoddard

Walter Joseph Stoddard, our dear father, grandfather and friend, died at the age of 81. Walt was born December 12, 1922 and passed away December 20, 2003 after a courageous battle with cancer. He was preceded in death by his loving wife, Julie.

Walt is survived by his two daughters, Judith A. (Anson) Hokett and Jeanne M. Lewis; two grandsons, Walter A. (Melissa) Hokett and John W. Lewis; sister, Susan (Harold Dickson) and brother, William Stoddard.



Julie and Walt Dancing at a past SACO reunion

Walt served in the Navy 1941-1946. He was a volunteer in SACO as an aerologist in interior China. After WWII, he continued to work in civil service for the U.S. Weather Bureau as a Port Meteorologist Officer. After 35 years of government service, Walt retired to Tucson and was employed at Sahuaro High for 15 years as a Campus Supervisor. He was an active member of St. Francis de Sales Church and the Knights of Columbus.

???!!!!***

Frederic A. Allner, Jr.

(submitted by Nelson Bowman & Bill Sager)

From the Baltimore Sun by Frederick N. Rasmussen of Sun Staff

Frederick A. Allner, Jr., a retired CIA covert-operations specialist, died of pneumonia at Sibley Memorial Hospital in Washington. (Date of death was not stated, but believe it to be early 2004. Ed) The Bethesda resident was 79.



Frederick A. Allner Jr. did mostly classified work in his 32-year CIA career.

Mr. Allner, who was born in Baltimore and raised in Roland Park, graduated from Gilman School in 1942. His college studies at Princeton University were interrupted when he enrolled in the Navy's V-12 program at Cornell University, which provided accelerated officer training during World War II.

Commissioned an ensign, he served in China during the war with the Sino-American Cooperative Organization (SACO) as an intelligence officer and liaison to the Chinese Army.

After the war, Mr. Allner returned to Princeton, where he earned a bachelor's degree in international relations in 1948. He was a four-time All-America defenseman at Princeton and Cornell and was inducted into the Lacrosse Hall of Fame in 1983.

In 1949, Mr. Allner began his career with the CIA.

"Most of his work was of a classified nature, but it did include recruiting and intelligence-gathering." Said a son, Frederick A. Allner III of Glyndon.

"I think he joined the CIA because he had a keen interest in international affairs. As a youngster, he had traveled with his parents to their native Austria before World War II. While at Princeton, he had studied Chinese," he said.

During his 32-year career, Mr. Allner was chief of station at Bern, Switzerland, for several years. He had also held posts with the agency in Germany and in Vietnam during the early 1970s. While serving in Indonesia in 1956, Mr. Allner was stricken with polio.

"My father was sent to the Bethesda Naval Hospital for treatment and later to Warm Springs, GA., where President Franklin D. Roosevelt had recuperated from polio." The son said. "While the polio required him to permanently use crutches, this impairment did not seriously inhibit his profession or social activities."

Mr. Allner was a consummate observer and diligent diarist.

"He made notes and comments, and if he met someone on a plane, he would only record their names by their initials. He would never write their names and was always very discreet. He was very sharp and had an incredible memory for names and events," Mr. Allner's son said.

"I first met Freddie when we were freshmen at Princeton, and then we both joined the CIA in 1949," said Richard Henry "Harry" Webster, a retired CIA operations officer and lifelong friend.

"He was both a remarkable and excellent choice for the CIA. He was a good all-around and sensible man. And those of us who knew him will always recall his doggedness and courage," Mr. Webster said.

"He conducted exercises in both the classroom and field across the country in covert training...Just a month ago, he was asked to come back and consult on Indonesia," his son said.

A lively conversationalist whose wit was

honed by his sharp intellect, Mr. Allner wasn't shy when it came to expressing his opinions.

"He was always open and very direct in his comments, and if people didn't agree with him politically or philosophically, they still immensely admired him." Mr. Webster said.

Mr. Allner was an enthusiastic poker player who enjoyed the game while sipping a glass of vodka and methodically drawing on cigarettes. He was also an avid reader of history and biography.

Mr. Allner was a member of the Maryland

Club, the Baltimore Country Club, the Association of Former Intelligence Officers, the Central Intelligence Retirees Association, the Safari Club of Washington and the Progress Club.

His marriage to the former Elizabeth Spotswood Patterson ended in divorce.

In addition to his son, Mr. Allner is survived by another son, Allen S. Allner of Arlington, Va., a daughter, Page West Tyran of Napa, Calif., and seven grandchildren. Another son, Marine Lt. Carter Burwell Allner, died in 1983. ???!!**

Paul F. Kerns, Sr.



Arrow points to Paul F. Kerns, Sr. – Can you identify anyone else?

Paul F. Kerns, Sr., 80, passed away on Friday November 21, 2003 at his home in Bayonet Point, FL. He is survived by his beloved wife of 47 years, Grace. He was born in Oak Bluffs, MA December 2, 1922..

Paul was a graduate of Tisbury High School and a WWII Navy Veteran. From 1942 to 1945, he served as part of the Navy's land-based Sino-American Cooperative Organization (SACO), a highly secret intelligence operation in internal China.

After leaving the Navy, he worked as a carpenter, a commercial fisherman and a postal clerk. In 1984, he retired after 18-years of service at the Vineyard Haven Post Office.

He was a lifetime member of the VFW and a member of the Disabled American Veterans, the American Legion and SACO Veterans. He was a charter member and three times past commander of VFW Post 9261 in Oak Bluffs.

During the last several years, his most memorable times were his travels back to the New England area and to Seattle, WA to visit his children and grandchildren. He loved nothing more than to sit with his family and friends and share stories of his days in China, sword-fishing, politics, Boston sports teams and his early years on Martha's Vineyard.

He and his wife left the Vineyard for Maine in 1988 and then moved to Bayonet Point, FL in 1999.

In addition to his wife, he is survived by four sons, Paul F. Kerns, Jr. /wife, Lisa of Appalachin, NY; Thomas Kerns/wife, Anne, of East Providence, RI; John Kerns/wife Tena of Berkley, MA and Michael Kerns of Seattle, WA; three daughters, Kathleen Bongiorno/husband, Bob of Norwood, PA; Susan Rosin/husband Dick of Boxford, MA; and Patti Schuller/husband Paul of Clinton, WA; a brother, Bill Shannon of Indiana, a sister Eileen Fichtner of Bayonet Point, FL; 13 grandchildren, 3 great-grandchildren and many nieces and nephews. He was predeceased by his daughter, Patricia Louise Kerns, his sister Bette Melchoir, his brother Richard Shannon, his mother Emma Murphy

and his stepfather Auranus Murphy.

Burial was to be in the Massachusetts National Cemetery at Otis Air Force Base in Bourne.

???!!!***

William G. Andrews

William G. Andrew's daughter, Donna Donner wrote a note on Jan. 7 to notify us that her father had died November 19, 2003. The family sent a cash gift to SACO in his memory.

Survivors include two daughters; Donna & husband Rev. David Donner, Trudy & husband Gerry Severa; grandson; Christopher Donner; and granddaughter Jennifer Mazur.

???!!!***

Mary Frances Coats

Mary Frances Coats, 80, of Old Greensboro Road (Thomasville, NC), died Sunday, March 28, 2004, at Lexington Health Care Center.



The funeral was held at Mt. Pleasant United Methodist Church and interment was in the church cemetery. *Cont'd p. 41*

Darvin Anderegg

Darvin Anderegg, 80, A resident of 902 Cedar Street, Charles City, (Iowa), died Thursday, January 22, 2004 at his home.



Darvin Eugene Anderegg was born August 4, 1923, at West Bend, the son of Harold and Rosetta (Williams) Anderegg. He was graduated from the West Bend High School. Darvin served in the United States Navy (Sino American Cooperative Organization/SACO), during World War II in a remote area of China – the Gobi Desert) - receiving the Pacific Theater Ribbon, American Theater Ribbon, Good Conduct Ribbon, Victory Medal and Presidential Unit Citation.

On August 24, 1946, Darvin was united in marriage to Virginia Rubino, farmed for 10 years, worked as an investigator for Retail Credit Company and provided security for the White Farm Equipment Company. He was a member of the Immaculate Conception Catholic Church, American Legion, lifetime member of the VFW and served as Little League president for 16 years. His favorite pastimes included baseball, gardening, playing cards and fishing. Family was all important to Darvin and spending time with them was always the focal point of his life.

Living family members include his wife, Virginia of Charles City; four children, Patricia (Tom) Nockels of Des Moines, Charlotte (Dave) Nehls, Eugene (Keri) Anderegg, and David (Patrese) Anderegg - all of Charles City; 13 grandchildren, eight great-grandchildren and three sisters, Joyce (Charles) Marzen of Marble Rock, Phyllis Ferrier of Clear Lake, and Mary Peter of Sheffield.

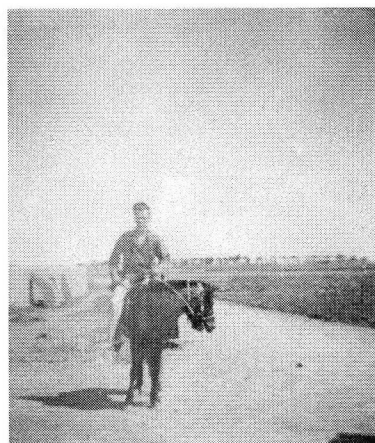
Burial was in Calvary Cemetery with The Charles City Ceremonial Unit conducting military honors.

A personal letter from wife, Virginia Anderegg:
(to Laura Sellers Feb. 12, 2004)

Enclosed, find my dues for the Ladies Auxiliary for 2004.

The main reason I'm writing is to let you know my husband, Darvin, passed away January 23 at home after a long illness.

I met him in 1944 at my home in Brooklyn, N.Y. My brother, Ed Rubino and Dar were buddies in the Navy. They met in radio school in Chicago, and when they volunteered for duty overseas and knew they were going to be called at any moment, Ed brought 8 of the boys home to our house for Christmas and our love story began. He was stationed in the Gobi Desert and given a Mongolian pony; he named it Erga (#2).



We married shortly after his discharge in 1946 and moved to a farm in Dougherty, Ia. I wrote home and told my mother I had a hot and cold running path and a furnace to cook on in the kitchen. It really was a culture shock, but I settled in and we had 57 years together. He was a loving, caring man; my best friend.

When I promised to love him forever and stay by his side in good times and bad, in sickness and in health – it was the biggest promise I ever made, but as forever draws closer, I learned the bad times are easier when shared and sharing makes love grow deeper. I learned that forever is too short and marrying Dar was the smartest thing I ever did.

Remember us both in your prayers.

Thanks,
Virginia Anderegg

Mary Coats . . .

Mrs. Coats was born in Davidson County on Dec. 21, 1923 to Harrison Grant Murphy and Audrey Moring Murphy. She was a homemaker and a member of Mt. Pleasant United Methodist Church. She was also a member of the Ladies Elks Emblem Club since 1972.

Mrs. Coats was preceded in death by a daughter, Lynette Warren and a son, Robert Coats. She was married to Gerald Finley Coats, who survives at home.

Also surviving are one daughter, Penny Coats of Thomasville, one sister, Doris Curry and husband Troy, of Thomasville, and one grandson, Robert Coats of Thomasville.

Memorials may be made to Mt. Pleasant United Methodist Church Cemetery Fund, 6516 Old Greensboro Road, Thomasville, NC 27360.

???!***

DEATHS REPORTED SINCE LAST ISSUE

William G. Andrews 2003
SK1/c -Camp 3/Sian/Chengtu/
Chungking/Shanghai
Ernest (Bud) Arnold 2004
Lt. -Chungking/Kunming/
Shanghai/Peiping
E. Lee Comer, Jr.
RM1/c -Chungking/Camp 2/
Yangtze Unit
Fred R. Curtner, Jr. 2003
RM1/c -Kunming/Chungking
George P. Gibbs, Jr. 2000
S1/c -Calcutta
Neal B. Hervey 2003
Y1/c -Calcutta/Kunming/Shanghai
Paul F. Kerns, Sr. 2003
GM1/c -Camp 8/Kunming/Shanghai
Walter J. Stoddard 2003
AerM3/c -Chungking/Shanghai

STATUS OF REPRINT "RICE PADDY NAVY"

To date, a total of 28 of our members have contributed a total of \$6,800 toward the cost of reprinting "THE RICE PADDY NAVY." Estimates received from printers indicate that we need close to \$8,000 to get the book reprinted in a hard cover edition. We will need some extra to ship the remaining copies to the Nimitz Foundation bookstore and to provide postage for the contributor's copies.

In addition to pledges at the last reunion, I have received several phone calls from SACO Tigers who said they were going to contribute, however, I have received nothing to confirm their intentions.

With the SACO Reunion drawing near, I intend to wait a bit longer to determine if any additional funds come in. If not, I will proceed to get as many copies as possible of the soft cover version.

If anyone has any suggestions on this matter, I welcome them with open arms.

Bill Bartee, SACO Secretary

CBI's Sweetheart Dies

By Carroll Schaeffer

Jinx Falkenburg, an actress, model and radio and television star who along with her husband, Tex McCrary, helped establish the talk show genre, died August 27, 2003 in North Shore University Hospital in Manhasset, NY. She was 84.

Falkenburg and McCrary, known as "Tex and Jinx," had two radio talk shows, several television shows and a column in the New York Herald Tribune.

Their first show together, "Hi Jinx," was broadcast in 1946 on WEA radio in New York, and later they hosted the popular "Meet Tex and Jinx." On television, the couple starred at "At Home" on NBC, interviewing guests in their home. Later, their show, "The Swift Home Service Club" consisted of household hints and interviews.

In the 1950s, they broadcast interviews with celebrities from The Waldorf-Astoria.

Born Eugenia Lincoln Falkenburg in Barcelona, Spain, where her father, an engineer, was working on a project electrifying railroads, she was nicknamed Jinx by her mother.

Falkenburg, who was fluent in Spanish, signed a studio contract with Warner Brothers and appeared in Spanish-language movies before her career took off after she was featured on the cover of *The American Magazine* in 1937.

Falkenburg met Al Jolson in a Hawaii hospital while she was recovering from a fall through a balcony in Honolulu, where she had



been shooting a film.

Jolson offered her a part as a cowgirl in "Hold On to Your Hat," a musical that opened in 1940, and Falkenburg met McCrary, then a writer for *The Daily Mirror*, when he interviewed her.

Falkenburg appeared in such films as "Sing for Your Supper," "Sweetheart of the Fleet," "Lucky Legs," "Two Senoritas from Chicago" and "Cover Girl," among others.

In 1941, she became the first Miss Rheingold in a brewery's publicity campaign.

She entertained troops during World War II and married McCrary, who served as a photographer and public relations officer for the Army Air Corps during the war, in June 1945.

Jinx joined the Pat O'Brien USO tour that was headed for the China-Burma-India Theater, making six in the group, to entertain troops during World War II. They contracted for 54 shows, but did more than 70 during September, October and November.

In late fall of 1997, World War II Veteran Carroll Schaeffer, then commander of the White Beach Basha, Pensacola, FL, found a faded photograph of Jinx Falkenburg, cover girl who had traveled to India to entertain him and other troops in 1944. Schaeffer came across her address in a veteran's publication and sent the picture, hoping for an autograph although more than 50 years had passed. To his delight, the picture was returned to Schaeffer's home some months later.

Schaeffer wanted some way to honor Falkenburg, Saturday, September 19th. He got his wish. At the China-Burma-India Veterans Association Spring Reunion May 16, 1998, at Kissimmee, FL. During the business meeting, Schaeffer submitted his proposal to the members and received a unanimous vote making Jinx Falkenburg an honorary member in the Florida State Department, CBIVA. The White Beach Basha had previously given her this honor.

On the veranda of Falkenburg's home, nervous as all get-out, Schaeffer representing Florida State Commander Deane Hodge and Florida State Department, Falkenburg was presented with an honorary membership to Florida's China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

"We loved her," said Schaeffer, "She brought a taste of home to all HER boys in the China-Burma-India area. Jinx replied, "to me, entertaining troops in the CBI was a high point of my life." In the early 1940s, she enjoyed a career as a top model, appearing on the covers of more than 60 national magazines, including *Life* and *Look*. Jinx made many appearances on behalf of the Red Cross and War rallies in the United States as well as Mexico and Panama. She slept in huts, tents, traveled rocky roads and flew over the treacherous Himalayan Mountains and had a few close calls with the Japanese, she recalled, not to mention the extremely bad weather flying to many bases to do the shows.

Falkenburg and McCrary, who worked to persuade Dwight D. Eisenhower to run for President in 1952, were fund-raisers for the Republican Party and Falkenburg was appointed head of the party's women's division in 1954.

The couple was among the founders of North Shore Hospital. They separated in the 1980s but remained friends until McCrary's death in July. Falkenburg lived in Mill Neck.

She is survived by the couple's two children, John Reagan McCrary III, of Manhattan and Kevin Jock McCrary, of Mill Neck.

(Submitted by Harold Bonin)



Donors who have contributed in addition to annual dues.

Reporting of donors in the past has been sporadic, and not wanting to overlook anyone, Treasurer Weskamp and I feel we should strive to make reports of donors in the future, (as we're doing now), in the first issue of *SACO NEWS* in each calendar year for the previous year. At this time we felt we should go back to 2002 as well as 2003. *Ed.*

DONORS IN 2002

Abbey, Lacey & Gertrude
Baille, (A) Lt. Frank
Baker, Willie & Audrey
Banner, Richard & Mathilda
Barbieri, Pete & Judy
Bash, James & Jean
Bayer, (A) John & Laura
Bisceglia, (A) Victor
Blackmore, Chas & Bessie
Blackwell, James & Dorothy
Blanchard, Robert
Bohus, Arthur
Boroff, Paul & Iona
Bradley, Joseph & Harriet
Bradshaw, Conrad & Mollie
Bricker, Alfred
Browning, Rev. Charles
Ching, Joseph Tzu-li & Maria
Ciaccio, Salvatore
Clarke, David & Doris
Colson, Thomas & Sarah
Coughlin, Thomas & Vera
Cox, (A) Alex
Cox, (A) Ruth
Cramer, Ed
Cross, Robert
Devlin, Francis & Betty
Dillon, Henry
Dunn, (A) Jean
Dunn, (A) Terrence
Durant, (A) Analee
Elliott, William & Rosemary
Erwin, (A) Sylvia
Fiduk, (A) Stephen (deceased)
Fintak, Leonard & Delores
Fitzgerald, Joseph & Peggy
Gantz, (A) Beverly
Gee, Clarence & Norma
Gerosa, Alfred & Martha
Gillespie, Howard
Glassic, Francis & Lois
Grace, Robert & Betty Lou
Grayson, John & Mary
Greene, Jr., Luther

Hall, Bill & Bobbie
Hanson, Buren & Kathryn
Hardenbrook, Don & Dorothy
Harmon, Elmer L
Hatterman, (A) Fanny
Hildreth, Charles & Goldia
Hoe, Robert
Howard, William
Howell, Jr., Bronson & Phyllis
Huber, Donald & Mary
Johnson, Cecil & Sarah Anne
Johnson, Gordon
Keenan, Jr., Joseph & Florence
Keller, John
Kelly, James
Keogh, Dr. James
Kilmer, (A) Frank & Shirley
Klavan, Stanley & Ethel
Klos, John
Lally (A) Dorothy
Larson, Robert & Jessie
Leberman, Donald G
Leighton, (A) Martha
Magann, Dr. W. E. & Hannah
Mann, Lashley & Helen
Maurice, (A) Richard & Judith
McCabe, Burton W.
McDonough, (A) Jennie
McNeely, (A) Donald
Metzel, Jr. Adm Jeffrey & Jean
Michalick (Y) Doloris
Miller, Bill & Sissy
Milliren, Howard & Pearl
Montgomery, (A) Alan
Moon, Albert & Pauli
Moore, Roger & Edith
Morris, Seth & Susie
Morrison, William & Trudy
O'Brien, Charles & Mearle
Olsen, Arthur
Parker (xx) Cheryl
Parsons, Alfred & Bobbie
Peacock, William & Frances
Peden, Ralph & Helen

Petersen, Kathryn
Petosky, Sigmund & Dorothy
Petri, Richard & Frances
Powers, Dr. William & Billie
Prather, Fred
Reynnet, (A), Darius
Richardson, Jack
Rourk, Jr., William & Ethel
Schmeling (xx) Marie
Shearer, Jack & June
Shiffler (A) Eleanor
Shragal, (A) Elsie
Simmons, Bill & Shirley
Sizemore, (A) Arline
Spirakus, Stanley & Margaret
Stewart, William
Stoddard, Walter
Stoll, Robert
Stone, Norbert
Stouffer, Ralph & Florence
Tanner, Allen & Mary
Tate, S. Shepherd & Janet
Tedesco, Ben & Ann
Terpstra, Richard & Marti
Tether, Charles & Ivaloe
Thomas, Robert
Tordoff, John
Tressler, Jr., Guy & Rosemary
Vasold, Edward
Wagner, Marcel & Katherine
Warner, Dean & Billi
Waters, John & Fran
Wayner (A) Joe
Wheeler, James & Mary Lee
White, William
Whitney, Phil
Wilcox, Marlyn & Beverly
Witherby, Frederick & Anne
Wogan, Anthony & Evelyn

????!***

2003 Donors next page

2003 Donors

Baker, Willie & Audrey
 Banner, Richard & Mathilda
 Barte, Bill & Skeeter
 Blanchard, Robert
 Bohus, Arthur
 Boroff, Paul
 Bradley, Joseph & Harriet
 Bradshaw, Conrad & Molly
 Chu, Stephen & Linda
 Clarke, David & Doris
 Colson, Thomas & Sarah
 Coughlin, Thomas & Vera
 Cox, (A) Charles
 Cross, Robert
 Davis, Samuel
 Edwards, Wilbert & June
 Fintak, Leonard & Delores
 Fitzpatrick (xx) Sarah
 Gantz, (A) Beverly
 Gee, Clarence & Norma
 Glassic, Francis & Lois
 Goodson, Wayne & Joyce
 Grace, Robert & Betty Lou
 Green, Jr., Luther
 Hardenbrook, Don & Doroth.
 Harvey, Jack
 Hatterman, (A) Fanny
 Howard, Willam
 Howell Jr Bronson & Phyllis
 Hubbard, Neal & Edith
 Johnston, Leslie & Carmel
 Keenan, Jr Joseph Florence
 Kelly, James
 King, Weldon & Marilyn
 Larson, Robert & Jessie
 Lear, Robert & Mary
 Leberman, Donald
 Levy, (xx) Joy
 Magann, Dr Edmund/Hannah
 Mann, Lashley & Helen
 McNeely, (A) Donald
 Metzler, Jr., Jeffrey & Jean
 Michalick (Y) Doloris
 Miller, Bill & Sissy
 Milliren, Howard & Pearl
 Neighbor (xx) Eric
 Nelson, Judge James /Virg.
 Parks, (A) Richard & Anna
 Parks (A) Sue
 Parsons, Alfred & Bobbie
 Petri, Richard & Frances
 Quinlan, (A) Marian
 Richardson, Jack

Robinson, Charles/Elizabeth
 Rosinski, Edward & Dorothy
 Sager, William & Elizabeth
 Scarborough, Jos. & Louise
 Schmierer, Clifford & Teresa
 Seidenberger (A) Mary
 Slifer, Carl & Evelyn
 Spirakus, Stanley & Margaret
 Stoddard, Walter (deceased)
 Stoll, Robert
 Tanner, Allen & Mary
 Tate, S. Shepherd & Janet
 Thomas, Robert
 Tressler, Jr. Guy & Rosemary
 Warren, Jr. Robert
 Webb, Thomas & Evelyn
 Webster, Fred. & Vivian
 Weskamp, Herman & Kathryn
 White, William
 Wilcox, Marlyn & Beverly
 Wilding, (A) Glenna
 Wogan, Anthony & Evelyn
 Young, Jr., William & Virginia

???!***

Double Meaning???!***

A young woman was pulled over for speeding. As WV State Trooper Officer walked to her car window, flipping open his ticket book, she said, "I bet you are going to sell me a ticket to the WV State Police Ball."

He replied, "WV State Troopers don't have balls." There was a moment of silence while she smiled, and he realized what he'd just said. He then closed his book, got back in his patrol car and left. She was laughing too hard to start her car.



Submitted by
 Bill Simmons

That's what friends are for.

POTPOURRI

THE FOLLOWING COMMENDATION TO RI MEN IN KWEILIN IS REPRODUCED
EXACTLY AS WRITTEN (*Original has yellowed and not suitable for photo copying*)

HEADQUARTERS 68TH COMPOSITE WING
14TH AIR FORCE
A.P.O. 430

25 September 1944

SUBJECT: COMMENDATION

TO : Officer In Charge, Naval Radio Unit, APO 430, c/o PM New York, N.Y.

1. I desire to commend the following personnel of the Naval Radio Unit 68th Composite Wing for outstanding performance of duty in the direct support of combat operations during the period 3 May 1944 to 24 September 1944.

Lt. (jg) H. P. Hoose		USNR
Lt. (jg) L. H. Mann		USNR
Radio Electrician D. W. Harold		USN
Altevogt, . E.	RM1c	USNR
Cowan, J. K.	RM1c	USNR
Cox, C. L.	RM1c	USNR
Day, H. L.	RM1c	USNR
Ervin, R. D.	RM2c	USNR
Geary, E. J.	RM1c	USNR
Hall, B. C.	RM2c	USN
Jansen, L. J.	RM2c	USNR (DECEASED)
Jerome, Bob	RM2c	USNR
Lamke, J. M.	RM2c	USNR
Miller, J. L.	RM2c	USNR
Lynch, R. J.	RM2c	USNR (DECEASED)
Miller, J. E.	RM2c	USNR
Reising, J. L.	RM2c	USNR
Richards, B. R.	RM2c	USNR
Ross, J. W.	Y1c	USNR
Rutan, R. L.	RM2c	USNR
Schumacher, R. H.	RM2c	USNR
Sellers, C. E.	RM2c	USNR

2. Omitted

Note: The subject matter of this paragraph is classified Secret, and therefore cannot be quoted in this copy. The full context is on file in the fitness reports and service records of all officers and men concerned, and is also contained in the secret files of Naval Radio Units, A.P.O. 430 and 627.

Basic: Ltr. Of Commendation, TO: Officer In Charge, Naval Radio Unit,
APO 430, dtd 25 Sept 1944:

3. The personnel of this unit have worked long hours handicapped by limited equipment and facilities in order to insure that twenty-four hour coverage was maintained at all times. Frequently they have been interrupted and distracted by air raids but in spite of this have continued to furnish vital, accurate and timely information.

4. The spirit of the men of the Naval Radio Unit together with the high degree of service rendered to Hq, 68th Composite Wing typifies the close cooperation which exists between two great branches of our Armed Forces.

Signed: Clinton Vincent

C. D. VINCENT
Brigadier General
U. S. Army
Commanding

Certified to be a true copy with paragraph # 2 omitted:

H. P. Hoose
H. P. Hoose
Lt. (jg) USNR

FIRST ENDORSEMENT

NAVAL RADIO UNIT
APO 450 P. M., N.Y. N. Y.

25 September 1944

From: Officer In Charge, Naval Radio Unit
To: (Copy to each man listed)
Subject: Commendation

1. Forwarded.

H. P. Hoose
H. P. Hoose
Lt. (jg) USNR

Editor's note: C. D. Vincent, popularly known as "Casey" became the army's youngest Brigadier General at the age of 29.

U. S. NAVAL GROUP, CHINA

By Rear Admiral Milton E. Miles, USN

THE STORY of SACO, (Sino-American Co-operative Organization), dates back to the first few weeks after Pearl Harbor when the Navy and the National Military Council of China, laying immediate foundations for offensive action against Japan moved to establish a weather service in Asia, where the weather for the Pacific originates. After months of inspecting, planning, negotiating and preparation, the first United States Naval personnel arrived in China and commenced setting up the organization with the Chinese.

Once in China it became apparent that to achieve our primary mission, that of establishing weather and intelligence units whose reports would be of value to American forces in the Pacific and Asia, it would be necessary to train and equip Chinese guerrillas and to set up and maintain the many and varied establishments that such an undertaking would require. It was a long, progressive task that improved until victory was finally realized.

By the end of 1948 our Weather Central near Chungking, with the cooperation of the Chinese Government, was sending regular weather reports from many occupied areas in the Far East to the U. S. fleet. China assigned substantial undercover forces to protect American observers. Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard personnel participated in the training and equipping of roughly 30,000 Chinese. 50,000 more were trained but due to lack of "hump" transportation allowances, they could not be equipped. With American equipment and American participation in the raids, they became the best organized and most effective of all Chinese guerrillas.

From the administrative offices of the India Unit in Calcutta, all American personnel were flown into China. From early 1942 until the Stilwell Road was completed, everything that went into the project, books, radio equipment, jeeps, guns, mines, gasoline, and other essentials had to come into China over the "Hump" by air as part of the monthly 150-ton allocation assigned to our project.

BEHIND THE LINES

With these materials SACO units set up weather, communications, and intelligence stations all the way from the border of Indo-China to the northern reaches of the Gobi Desert. Much of the concentration of activities was located along the China Coast behind the north-south Japanese lines. While it was sometimes possible to enter or depart from some portions of Jap-

held territory by air, SACO Americans became adept at Chinese disguises and, guided by SACO Chinese, they slipped safely through enemy lines whenever and wherever they chose. Through months and years only 3 Americans from SACO were captured.

Chinese and American personnel lived, worked and fought side by side, knowing that they were the most important source of essential intelligence in China for the prowling U.S. Fleet and for our submarines just off the coast. Fleet operations in the Western Pacific made the most of SACO weather reports, especially in planning and executing hazardous carrier strikes despite the treacherous weather conditions prevailing near Formosa and the Japanese home islands.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS

The 14th Air Force at all times benefited from SACO activity. Much of its intelligence emanated from the American Navy in China. Facts concerning Japanese troop movements, supply concentrations, airfield developments, bridges, and other strategic targets reached 14th Air Force Headquarters from SACO-manned stations, and the hard-hitting Army fliers used this information to great advantage. Directed by SACO forces, aerial mining of the China Coast and vital inland water routes was effected. A principal achievement of these mining operations combined with SACO coast watchers was to force Jap shipping far out to sea, where it fell into the ambushes of U.S. submarines.

The Chinese guerrillas trained in 12 SACO camps made a fine record in their offensive against Japanese units. Killing 3 Japs to every guerrilla lost, they are credited with wiping out more than 2,000 Japanese a month in 1945. Sabotage units developed and carried out extensive operations against Japanese establishments.

During the war, SACO, working with our own Chinese rescue agencies, rescued 76 fliers forced down in China.

The success of our mission in China is attributable to the over 2,500 volunteers of the U.S. Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard who served in SACO, and to the close relationship that existed there between U.S. Naval personnel and the Chinese.

Milton E. Miles

In May of 2003, the daughter of the author wrote Paul Casamajor stating this was the latest of books her father had written, and related that Dr. Kubek was in failing health. It was her goal to publicize his work and get this edition on the shelves as soon as possible.

Nora Kubek (dtr) states at the time of her letter to Casamajor, she had approximately 300 books at her residence and the price at "cost" for \$14.00 per copy including shipping and handling.

If interested, contact:

Nora Kubek
2717 Yorkshire Street
Irving, Texas 75061
PH. (972) 513-9363

Due to many personal issues at the time her information was received, I was unable to work it in the December 2003 Issue. Suggest you contact her by phone or letter to see if copies are still available if it is of interest to you. *Ed.*

**HALLBERG
PUBLISHING
CORPORATION**

Nonfiction Book Publishers
Est. 1965 • ISBN 0-87319
Tampa, Florida 33623

*"A must read to understand the United States
TAIWAN RELATIONS ACT commitment!"*

— M. Stanton Evans *National Journalism Center*

**RONALD
REAGAN
AND
FREE CHINA**



Dr. Anthony Kubek

Afterword

Chen Shui-bian

President, Republic of China



U. S. INFORMATION SERVICE

September 14, 1945

CHINESE AND AMERICAN SACO DIRECTORS HAD HIGHEST PRICED HEADS IN ORIENT

CHUNGKING, Sept. 14. – By Japanese reckoning, two of the highest priced heads in the Orient were those of General Tai Li, Director, and Rear Admiral M. E. Miles, Deputy Director of the Sino-American Cooperative Organization, SACO; Commander George Berger, Liaison Officer for SACO, says their offer on each was several million U.S. dollars, Clyde Farnsworth, Associated Press Correspondent here, reported today. Farnsworth said:

“No one knows how many times assassins have tried to collect on General Tai, but there have been at least two attempts on Admirals Miles’ life, one of which was an attempt against both Tai and Miles.

“Miles and Tai were warming themselves near a charcoal brazier one night on a trip into occupied China, when a man passing for a servant entered their room and pretended to fix the fire. Instead, he dumped a quantity of cartridges in the glowing embers. For a little while the air was full of flying bullets. The two men escaped by flattening themselves on the floor.

“The other attempt on Miles’ life was a stabbing at the Allahabad railway station in India in August 1942. Miles believed that the assassin followed him from Calcutta to Bombay to New Delhi and finally to Allahabad where he struck. He remembers that the assassin looked like a non-Indian oriental. Miles, then 42 years old, grappled with his attacker and sustained slashes on the shoulders and legs. The attacker fled, as Miles walked away with his shoes filled with blood.

“There were never two stranger partners than Miles, a visionary and administrator combined, and Tai, whose name has been a synonym for black-cloaked mystery. Tai, probably the least known figure in the Chungking Government, is head of a secret service which Miles calls, ‘The most amazing and widespread in the world.’

“To his political foes, Chekiang-born General Tai may be a ruthless persecutor, but Admiral Miles found him, through long association, a cooperative and dependable friend.

“‘We have lived in the same house; we have lived in the same room; we have eaten the same food, and traveled together for three and one-half years of the closest cooperation,’ Miles told correspondents recently. ‘We are men of two different standards. At first we were strangers, but relations have been perfect during the past two years. We found that we could argue a point out. We never allowed molehills to grow into mountains.’

“Admiral Miles said that General Tai is attentive in his care for families of his agents, especially those who have lost their lives in his service. He is the foster father to more than 300 orphaned children. Miles found that the basis of Tai’s remarkable position was personal loyalty. Many people volunteered during this war as agents because they had suffered Japanese outrages. Many of them would accept no money for their work—only food, Miles said.

“Tai is a graduate of China’s ‘West Point,’ Whampoa Military Academy, where he became a Communist Party member years ago in order to keep tab on the Reds, Miles related. Tai is steadfastly devoted to the Generalissimo. As directing head of the Central Government underground and Commander of the loyal guerrilla armies in the long war with Japan, in addition to his regular police duties, Tai played an enormous behind-the-scenes role in China’s resistance.

“On best authority, his present title is that of Director of the Bureau of Investigation and Statistics of the National Military Council, but the latest Chinese ‘Who’s Who,’ giving him a non-communicative seven lines, says that he was formerly Director of the Smuggling Prevention Administration of the Ministry of Finance and presently Director of the Freight Transportation Bureau of the same Ministry.

“Miles, who went to the U.S. Naval Academy after enlistment in the Navy as an apprentice seaman in the first World War, as a Navy career man. He was married in Hong Kong in 1925. For the past two and one-half years in this work in China, he has been assisted by Captain Irwin F. Beyerly, USN, as Chief for the U.S. Naval Group in China.

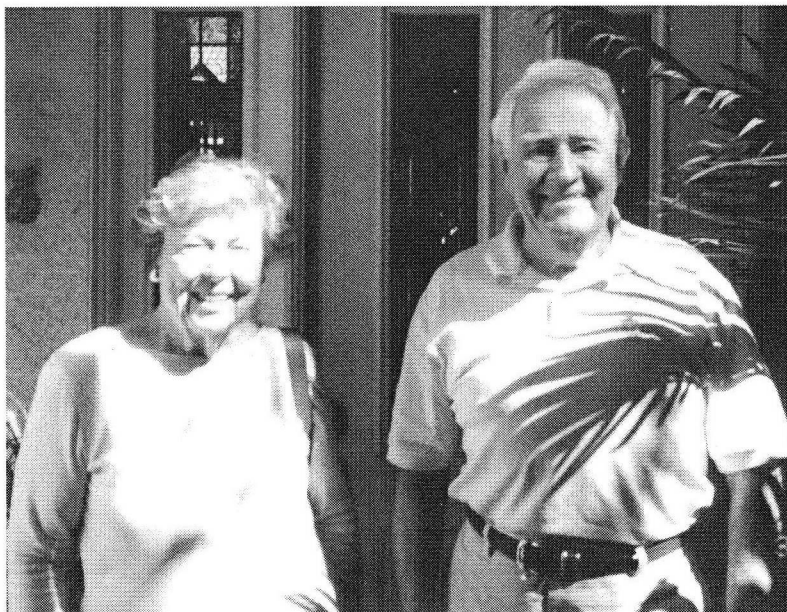
“Miles, who spent many pre-war years as gunboat commander in the Canton Wuchow area, has long since learned not to look at China with ‘Treaty port eyes.’ He was interested in China’s fight from the outset. In 1939, he proposed that the U.S. Navy Department send him to China to teach the use of magnetic mines. The proposal was frowned upon.

“But on December 8, 1941, the day after Pearl Harbor, Miles suddenly found his background as a China hand in new demand. General Marshall and Admiral King joined in asking him to go to China to establish weather outposts.

“When he arrived in Chungking, Generalissimo Chiang assigned him to General Tai, whose control over considerable guerrilla forces, as well as an underground organization in occupied China and in Japan, Formosa, Manila and Singapore, so impressed Miles with its potentialities that he recommended and strove for a broadened program that became SACO – Sino-American Cooperative Organization.

“SACO, probably the greatest joint operation of its kind in history, was all the more remarkable because of the barriers of different languages, customs and attitudes it surmounted in its success.”

????!!***



BILL - SHIRLEY SIMMONS VISIT THE DESERT

Not having seen Bill & Shirley since 1989 In Charleston, SC, it was great to get together in early March this year! They invited me to join them for dinner at the exclusive & beautiful Desert Springs Marriott in Palm Desert. A couple days later, they came to my home and we visited for a while before they departed for home
Ed.



MAYHEW AUDI WEBER KEITH GROUX WILSON HERBERG
SCOUTS AND RAIDERS - FORT PIERCE, FLORIDA - NOVEMBER 1944



Golden Anniversary SACO National Reunions



Bill & Sissy Miller will host the celebration of our 50th reunion of the SACO Veterans of World War II.

Where: Holiday Inn Select
One S. Grady Way
Renton, WA 98055
Tel: (425) 226-7700

Hotel has 24-hour Shuttle Service to SEATAC Airport

Room Rates \$89
(Rates good 3 days prior & after)

When: Wed.-Sun. 14-18 July, 2004

Bill & Sissy 's phone: (206) 363-4290

You should have Bill's letter re this event by the time this arrives. Below, scenes from Kiana Lodge where we will have dinner one evening.

