

April 2005

SACO VETERANS

OF
THE RICE PADDY NAVY
CHINA

WHAT

Perpetual Skipper

THE

WELL?

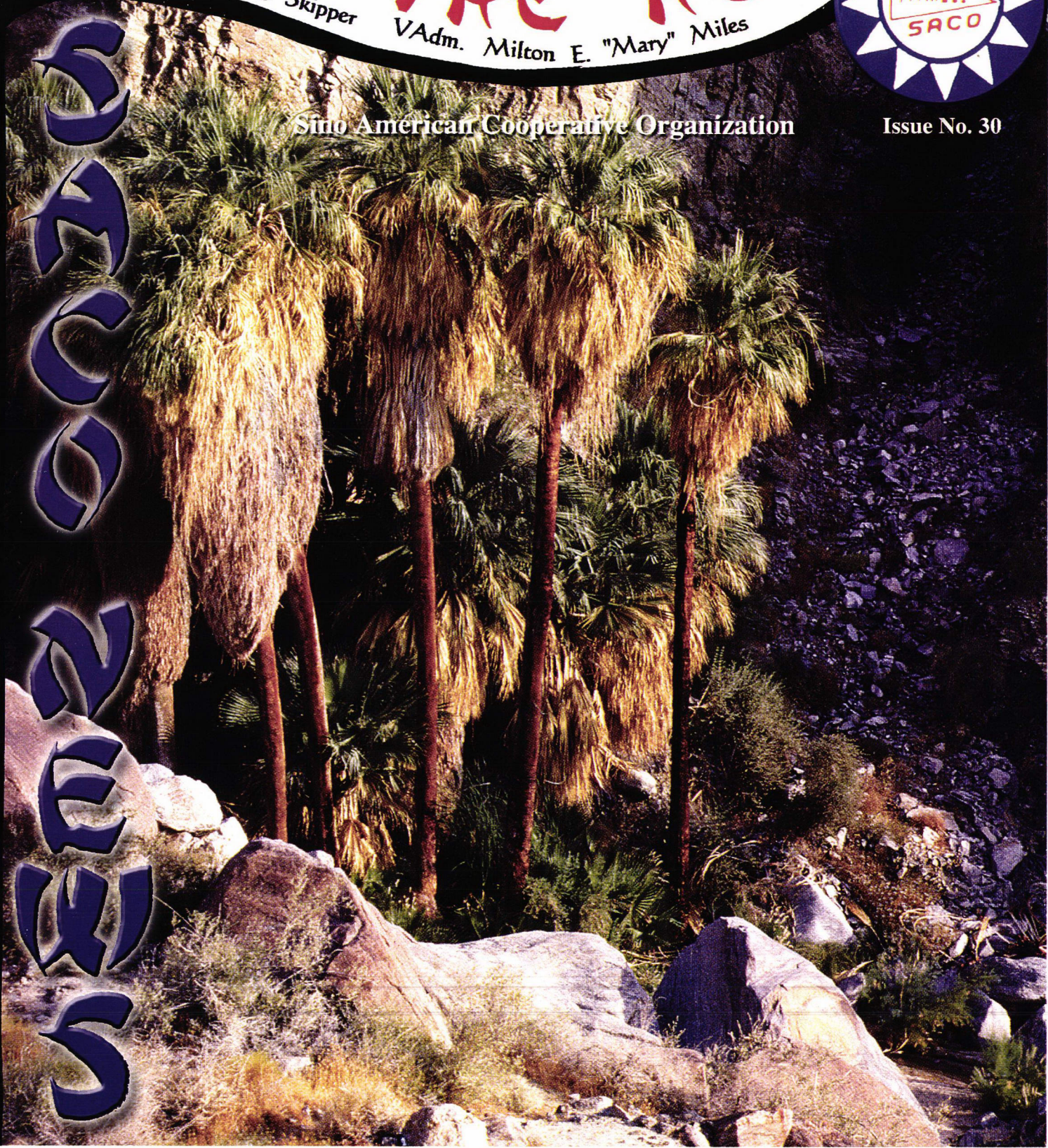
VAdm. Milton E. "Mary" Miles



Sino American Cooperative Organization

Issue No. 30

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So Very Alive and Kicking

By MIREYA NAVARRO

Palm Springs, Calif.

Just days before Christmas, Glenda Guilfoyle had only one present left to buy; a teddy bear with a sequined headband and red feather boa that sings "I Wanna Be Loved By You."

She planned to pick up the toy for Courtney, her 11-year-old granddaughter, and then head back to her condo. There were M&M cookies to bake.

But first, Ms. Guilfoyle, 71, mother of seven, grandmother of eight, asked me and the photographer accompanying us, "Do you

These showgirls don't hide their age. They flaunt it.

want me to do a high kick with the mountains in the background?"

For Ms. Guilfoyle is a showgirl. People her age usually come to Palm Springs to retire, but she is here as one of the stars of "The Fabulous Palm Springs Follies."

This lavish \$8 million variety show, now in its 14th season, makes a modest profit year after year, according to its founders. And it does so by billing itself as "the music and dance of the 30's and 40's with a cast old enough to have lived it." That means septuagenarians like Ms. Guilfoyle, who was a Radio City Rockette in the 1950's, are still kicking.

Ms. Guilfoyle is part of the "Follies" main attraction — the line of "long-legged lovelies" who parade down a staircase in full Las Vegas regalia and elicit gasps of "Oh! my Gods!" from the aud-



Hot Number Glenda Guilfoyle, 71, a star of "The Fabulous Palm Springs Follies"

ience when they introduce themselves and state their ages.

Limber, slim and red-haired, Ms. Guilfoyle would be this town's elder knockout if it weren't for the competition. In the singing cast of 11 women (and 6 men) she is up against Kit Smythe, a flirtatious 64-year-old with the sexy looks of Chita Rivera and a long career in musicals and television commercials.

And Beverly Allen, who started dancing professionally as a child and at 87 still tap-dances and does splits while flashing a radiant smile.

And Trina Parks, a luminescent 58-year-old with the toned body and diva attitude of a Bond girl or, in Ms. Park's case, A Bond nemesis. Remember Thumper, the karate-kicking, bikini clad

African-American who woos and then beats the daylight out of Sean Connery in 1971's "Diamonds are Forever"?

That's Ms. Parks.

This bunch shops, bakes, gardens and knits only when not vamping around the stage in feathers and rhinestones, rushing through multiple costume changes and racing up and down the 13 steps between the stage and their dressing room.

"They always tell us we're an inspiration to them, which we like to hear," Ms. Allen, barely five feet tall and all of 90 pounds, said of her audience. "They usually tell me how cute I am. Thank God they don't tug my cheek."

The women, chosen for their skills, stamina and beauty, have bodies that reflect a lifetime of dance classes and performances. Most insist they do little exercising beyond the three-hour show and even less dieting. Ms. Parks, who had to drop 35 pounds on her 5-foot-9 frame to join the cast last year, said she has stayed in the 135-pound range by cutting out most Thai food and pasta from her vegetarian diet, banning alcohol and avoiding meals at night.

As for exercise, she asks with a raised brow, "You want to do the show one day?"

More than showgirls, the women are all-around performers, the kind who dance, sing and act. Ms. Smythe, who descends the staircase like a pink peacock to "I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise," said she had always been more a comedienne than a chorus girl.

"It took me a while to feel like a showgirl," she said. Her claims to fame include Broadway shows, nearly 200 television ads and the pilot for "Gilligan's Island," in which she played the original Ginger.

She was also married once to Denny Miller, Tarzan No. 12 in

movies (and husband No. 2 of 3).

"At first I was very self-conscious," said Ms. Smythe, the most naked of the lovelies in the show, her body bare except for hanging beads in strategic places. "You have to have this attitude, 'I'm really kind of not so bad,'" she said. And then, once on stage, "the legs start going and the arms and the shoulders, and then you think, 'You're absolutely gorgeous.'"

The performers also find a fountain of youth in visual tricks, like relying on skin-color body stockings to pull in sagging skin and muscles and on two pairs of stocking (fish nets over tights) for that smooth long-legged look. Padding helps keep breasts up.

Still, their terrific looks prompt the inevitable question about plastic surgery, which is inevitably shot down by the publicist who hovers over every interview, Hollywood-style.

"I have to pledge the Fifth because of my boss right there," Ms. Smythe said, indicating Greg Purdy, the media relations manager who doles out access stingily and also nixes any ques-

The fans, who come by the busload, are long in the tooth, too

tions about how much the women earn. "I'm sure some of us have done that, and some of us haven't."

"Follies" is an oddball creation, a throwback to a bygone era, with performers of a bygone ilk. Even Palm Springs, with its thriving gay culture, bears little resemblance to the Palm Springs of Chi-Chi Club and the Jack Benny radio broadcasts live from the Plazas Theater, the 1930's relic that is the "Follies" home for its November-to-May run. (It is on a New Year's hiatus, returning Jan 12.)

Riff Markowitz, the 66-year-old impresario at the helm of the production, explains the longevity of the "Follies" by pointing at the white-haired throngs who come by the busload to fill the 800 seat playhouse. They leave walkers and wheelchairs in the lobby to sit through Viagra jokes, spinning plates, swing music, guest stars like Kaye Ballard and Buddy Greco and always a patriotic finale.

At a recent performance the guests included a group of Los Alamitos seniors and members of the San Bernardino Shrine Club. Many audience members are veterans of the armed forces, all of whom are asked to stand up to be recognized at one point during the show.

"It's bling-bling, it's glitzy, it's hope for the older people," said Bev Krogh, 58, a saleswoman for a homebuilding company who was seeing the show for the eighth year, this time with colleagues who had been treated to it by the company as a holiday present. "I have to have some work done so I look as young as the 80-year-old," she said.

As Mr. Markowitz, a former television producer who acts as the master of ceremonies, is fond of saying "This is no tap-dancing grandmas."

The cast includes performers who have shared the stage or set with the likes of Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Tommy Dorsey and Sammy Davis, Jr., who have danced on Broadway, in Las Vegas and at legendary nightclubs like the Latin Quarter in New York, and appeared in countless movies, television shows and commercials. They were retired or doing things like teaching dancing when they heard about the "Follies" and auditioned for a last hurrah in show business.

But the "Follies" seem not so much to redefine age as to revel in it, even as it lists on the program a

medical support staff of more than a dozen doctors, and the company keeps a defibrillator handy.

"The offers come in for the ladies," Mr. Markowitz said delicately of stage-door Johnnies. But he said his showgirls are far from the "fun-loving 'I just got this mink coat and Mr. So and So is sending the car for me' type." And he keeps a tight rein on his well-oiled machine.

Cast members have two days off a week for rest, for example and are discouraged from partying after the show, working when they are sick or taking risks like driving off to Los Angeles late at night to visit grandchildren.

Performers like Ms. Allen are happy to abide. She said she looks forward "to a long day off" and would rather play the piano at her Palm Springs condo and do her crosswords than step out. "I've done my share of dating," she said.

Ms. Smythe subscribes to a different philosophy. She likes to go to the swank steakhouses of Palm Springs and to indulge in girls' night out with her colleagues.

"I sometimes have two cocktails or even three," she said, fluttering her false eyelashes. She coyly allowed that she goes out "with a gentleman on the show," but declined to name him because of a messy divorce. (His.)

But even Ms. Parks, the youngest woman in the cast, said the season is so taxing, requiring 11-hour days when there are matinee and evening shows, that her free time mostly revolves around her life with her husband, a marketing consultant.

In "Diamonds Are Forever," which was filmed here in a John Lautner house, Ms. Parks was the first black Bond girl. Last year she returned to the desert to become the first black female "Follies" performer. (Cont'd p.59).

About The Cover

Palm Canyon — Fifteen miles long, Palm Canyon is one of the great beauty spots in Western North America. Its indigenous flora and fauna, which the Cahuilla people so expertly used, and its abundant *Washingtonia filifera* (palm trees) are breathtaking contrasts to the stark, rocky gorges and barren desert lands beyond. A moderately graded, paved foot path winds down into the canyon for picnicking near the stream, meditating, exploring, hiking or horseback riding. While in Palm Canyon, visit the Trading Post for hiking maps, refreshments, Indian art and artifacts, books, jewelry, pottery, baskets, weavings, and conversational cultural lore.

Centuries ago, ancestors of the Agua Caliente Cahuilla (pronounced Kaw-we'-ah) Indians settled in the Palm Springs area. They developed complex communities in the Palm, Murray, Andreas, Tahquitz, and Chino Canyons. With an abundant water supply, the plants, animals and Cahuilla Indians thrived. They grew crops of melons, squash, beans, and corn. They gathered plants and seeds for food, medicines, and basketweaving. Today, remains of Cahuilla society like rock art, housepits, foundations, irrigations ditches, dams, reservoirs, trails, and food preparation areas still exist in the canyons.

The Agua Caliente Indians were industrious and creative with a reputation for independence, integrity and peace. They believed this productive land of their ancestors would always be theirs. However in 1876, the U.S. Federal Government deeded in trust to the Agua Caliente people 32,000 acres for their homeland. At the same time, they gave the So. California Railroad ten miles of odd sections of land to induce them to build the railroad. Of the reservation's 32,000 acres, some 6,700 lie within the Palm Springs city limits. The remaining sections fan out across the desert and mountains in a checkerboard pattern.

Palm Springs and the surrounding area has been described as a recreation oasis as early as 1890's. Tahquitz Canyon and three southern canyons are listed in the National Register of Historic Places. Palm and Andreas Canyons have the most and second most palm trees in the world with Murray Canyon listed as fourth. The canyons provided them comfort from the desert heat and in the winters, they could go into the valley for warmth.

Back Cover: Bill Miller advises this print taken from a CD Rohm of Seattle SACO reunion in July 2004 in front of Aircraft Carrier Ranger at Bremerton Shipyards is available and he will send to anyone interested. Understand cost is quite nominal.

**ARE YOUR ANNUAL DUES CURRENT – MUST BE PAID TO REGISTER
FOR 2005 REUNION IN PALM SPRINGS, CA NOVEMBER 2 – 6, 2005**

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**

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

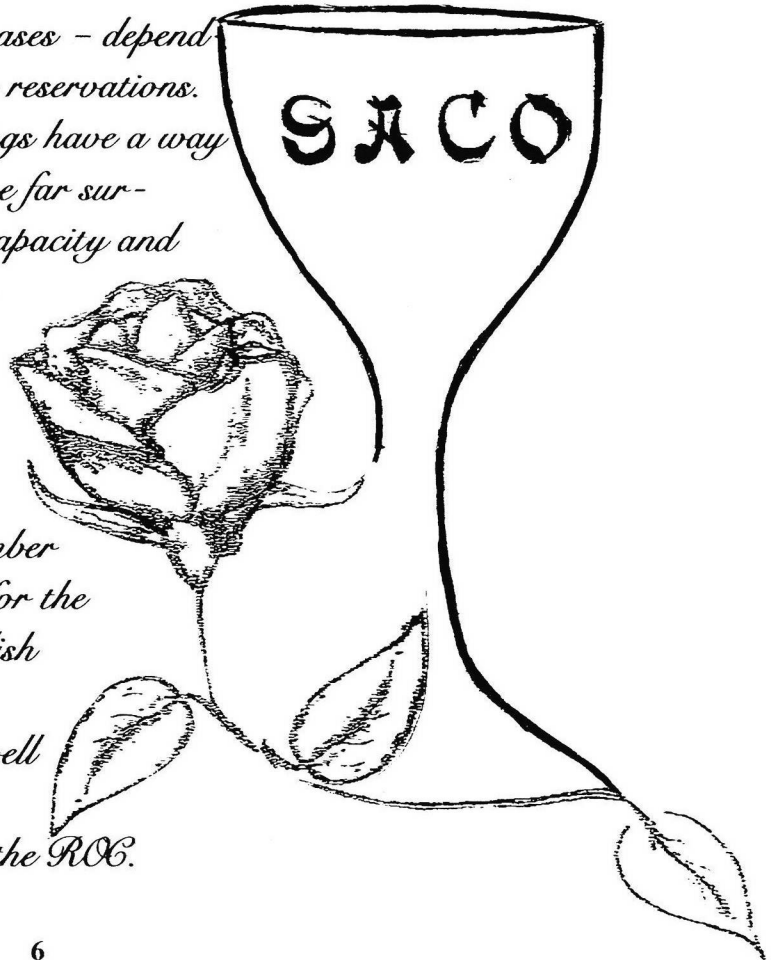
Treasurer Laura Sellers
1291 Eastern Parkway
Louisville, KY 40204-2440

*The 51st Annual National Reunion of SACO
"Days of Wine and Roses" Coming to Palm Springs,
California November 2 to 6, 2005*

To give you a little update - things are moving right along. Sometimes I think I'm a little over anxious, but I like to get the program finalized in the early stages so I can try a recall on things that may have been overlooked.

Realizing that things can change in the months ahead due to illness, etc. at our age, the commitment of those planning to attend has almost doubled my expectations. The Fabulous Palm Springs Follies sales manager has been most cooperative and helpful in many ways. After increasing the reservations three times, I feel secure in having 170 seats reserved. I increased the hotel room reservations also three times and it's touch and go as to more increases - depending on some cancellations of other reservations. But, as everyone assures me, things have a way of working out. Our numbers have far surpassed the hotel's banquet room capacity and I'm in search of another banquet venue.; hopefully close by.

I will be sending letters out to all on our mailing list endeavoring to cover every minute detail concerning plans for November activities and a reservation form for the hotel. My schedule is to accomplish this letter six months in advance - late April or early May as well as sending an invitation to the Military Intelligence Bureau in the ROC.



MAIL CALL

To the Editor Nov. '04

Rec'd the *SACO NEWS* and I so enjoyed. Have all the volumes that Moe had saved and when the snow comes, have great reading!

I'm going under the knife again for gall bladder surgery. Lordy, every two years they find all kinds of hidden problems. Haven't been able to use my frequent flyer miles even to go see my good buddy, Evelyn. She kinda stays close to home also – we're getting up there – 87 for her and 84 for me...Wow!

Our group is really getting small. Good we have the young people coming along.

Best of health to you, Happy Holidays.

As ever,
Ruth E. Cox

????!!***

To Paul Casamajor 30 October 2004

Thank you very much for your two mailings of the Provisional Index of Roy Stratton's book. I regret I have been unable to attempt an answer until now. This will be in stages as the arthritis and Parkinson kick in and I am all over the page. I do not have a PC and will not purchase one at this stage of my life.

I have been attending an evening meeting and one of the men offered to take me home. I do not drive at night as my implants create a glare in both eyes. It was dark and my friend did not see me and I was too slow to get out of his way – so he hit me with his pick-up truck on my right side. I am jut now getting over the physical damage that was inflicted. So, please excuse the delay. The index is very well done and I am pleased to be a part of it. It is very nice of you to have made it up and I thank you again for including me in your mailing.

Roy Stratton was a likeable, jovial individual. When we went U.S. Naval Forces, China, as part of the 7th Fleet, he was spot-promoted to Commander to replace Commander Phil Chubb as DO (Disbursing Officer) when Phil left China. I had several dealings with Roy as he needed travel orders to North China when we sent in the Marines to the Tsingtao area.

Ruthie and I made a summer trip to New England before I was recalled to active duty during Korea and stopped on Cape Cod to see Roy and his wife – she was a writer of children's books, but they were not at home. We did not go back to the Cape but continued our trip north.

Finished note today – 31 October, after church – Reformation Sunday. Had to help serve Communion. Will write an additional note in a few days. Thank you again.

Cordially,
Don (Leberman – Commander USNR (Ret.))

Editor's note: Don has been a faithful supporter of our group these many years through correspondence, pictures, etc. I regret that we have never had the opportunity to meet. It hasn't been an easy task for him to write, but he continually perseveres.

????!!***

To the Editor 30 October 2004

We received the *SACO NEWS* #29 this week – it was great. I enjoyed it and the pictures, too.

Phyllis and I will not be able to attend the 2005 meeting; Phyllis is recovering from a broken ankle – uses a walker. She is also an Alzheimer patient. Handles that quite well, traveling a little difficult, but very stressful. Any changes, I'll write immediately. Thank you

With best regards,
Phyllis & Jim Jones

????!!***

To the Editor – 23 Nov 2004

Thank you for the latest issue of *SACO NEWS* addressed to Bernard McCarthy. Sadly, Dad

was placed in an Alzheimer unit after the hurricanes. But Dad is now in a safe place and being taken care of his daily activities and needs. Dad's wife passed away five years ago and I believe that is when his decline gradually began. He is 87 years old and has always looked forward to receiving *SACO NEWS*. Both Mom and Dad enjoyed taking trips with their SACO friends, especially their trip to China. It was a very memorable trip for them both and spoke of it often.

My dad had a copy of a book, I believe was named "A Different Kind of War." He lent the book to someone who never returned it. Is there any way you might know of how I might obtain a copy of that book? Also, I would like to obtain a copy of "The Rice Paddy Navy" but I can't find a copy of Dad's membership card. Please let me know how I can get a copy of the book.

Would it be possible for me to continue receiving Dad's copy of *SACO NEWS*? It can be mailed to the same address on record for Dad.

Thank you so very much for your help with my requests.

Sincerely,
Jeanne McCarthy
157 Atlantis Blvd #105
Atlantis, FL 33462

Editor's note: I promptly wrote Jeanne hopefully covering all of her requests.

????!!***

To the Editor 30 November 2004

I must send my regrets to attend the SACO Reunion in Palm Springs. I have been in ill health for some time and due to a stroke, am unable to get about well.

Best wishes for a successful and well-attended reunion.

Regards,
Herman Bradtmuller/DB

????!!***

To the Editor 23 Nov 2004

It was with great pleasure to read in *SACO NEWS* that Laura and Phillip (of MIB) were able to attend the 50th Reunion in Seattle.

I was not able to attend as I had work commitments.

I will not be able to attend the 51st in California as I will be on my third Alpine bicycle tour starting on Danish German Border in mid-September ending in Madrid, Spain in November. I crossed the Alps on bicycle thirty years ago. This time I plan on using my racing bicycle and not a loaded touring bicycle.

Perhaps the 52nd Reunion will be on the East coast. I will try my best to be able to attend.

My best to all. I enjoyed being at the 49th in Philadelphia for Mother and Leo.

Faithful holidays,
Hans S. Fletcher

????!!***

To the Editor 24 November 2004

Greetings from Hong Kong. I've just revisited the SACO magazine from October and note that you're trying to come up with numbers for next year's reunion. While we don't know our exact plans for that time frame, we would be interested in attending - we are a party of two.

When the time comes nearer, I am assuming you'll let us know, Hoping to see you there.

Regards,
Debbie Chung

????!!***

To the editor 8 December 2004

Finally caught up with the whereabouts of John Klos. We were together at Camp 4. Spoke with him today at his Rest Home. Been there 6 months. He has colon and liver cancer and is on borrowed time as I write.

Can you send (Rush) him the October Issue of *SACO NEWS* Oct. #29? Send to:

Norman (John) Klos
St. Annes Retirement Community
3952 Columbia Ave.
Columbia, Pa. 17512

He did not get the one sent to his former residence.

His phone number is (717) 285 1456
Don't call after 5PM.

Jack Shearer

Magazine was sent next day after receipt of your letter...Ed.

???!***

To the Editor & SACO Friends 16 Dec. 2004

I have been remiss in contacting our many SACO friends, but I want to touch base with all of you after a two-year period of many difficulties.

I am enclosing the death notice of my precious Joseph. His passing was a big shock despite his bouts of poor health – he always seemed to make a comeback. The cause of his death was the chemo for bladder cancer that caused a lung infection. He died within 5 hours from when I called 911.

Joe was so supportive of me during this past year – I had surgery for pancreatic cancer. His mission was to “take care of my baby.” They gave me less than a year to live, but he did such a good job that it has been 14 months – doctors tell me I am one in hundreds and my condition is an “absolute miracle.”

Unfortunately, the love of my life is gone and not here to share the good news. I am finding it difficult on my own and presently I am in Oregon with my four sons and families for the holidays.

Although Joe and I were only married 8 years, our 33 years together were absolutely “Heaven on Earth.”

Richard, when I return to Florida, I will send you a booklet Joe put together in China with pictures he had taken. Enclosing a few items that might be of interest. Hopefully, I can get better organized after

family time. It's cold in this Northwest, but I'm surrounded with warm family.

If the good Lord allows, I want to go to Palm Springs. I so wanted to go to Philadelphia and Seattle, but the time Joe and I spent together was very precious. All of you were certainly in our thoughts and envy.

Richard, I know your past year or more has also been difficult and I want you to know how much we appreciated your several calls and notes to us. We love our SACO friends. Joe's closest – Wayne Goodson – and his wife Joyce sheltered us for a week during our hurricane season. They were so kind and helpful and I am looking forward to a visit from them in the Spring.

Until we meet again,
Affectionately,
Peg Fitzgerald

???!***

To the Editor 4 Dec. 2004

Dear Tiger Richard:

1. Greetings and well wishes to you and yours. There are a few things that I wish to tell you. They are –
 - (a) My wife of 70 years + 5 months went to Heaven on 8 December 2002.
 - (b) My son, Lashley H. Mann II died 13 Dec. 2003. He was a member of NCVA (not SACO)
 - (c) My brother Kenneth A. Mann of SACO went to Heaven 15 November 2004.
2. Enclosed is Kenneth A. Mann's obit and a picture of Helen Mann's tombstone plus a picture of Helen and I at our 70th Anniversary celebration.
3. I thank you for your work and diligence in producing the SACO NEWS publication. It is excellent.
4. I would love to attend the reunion in Palm Springs. If I can get someone of my family

or friend to accompany me, I will come.

5. I am sending my \$20 dues to Treasurer Weskamp and a little extra for the SACO NEWS publication.

Sincerely,
Lashley H. Mann
(Last of the original 5)

Personal observation from Paul Casamajor:

Sorry to hear about Ken. Mann. So, Lashley is the last of Miles' 1st contingent. That makes me the 2nd longest known server in SACO (after Lashley). I was 33rd man there and 31 are dead or not known. Makes you feel old.

???!!!***

e-mail sent by Jack Miller Christmas Day 2004

I do not think we have any major problems, but we have enough little ones. My wife has lost a couple more pounds. She is down to 78 now. That is not very much. She has to be helped wherever she goes. She does not get around the house but slowly and with difficulty. I have to help her out of the bathtub. She has not cooked for ages. We eat with Dick and Judy (dtr) each nite. Apparently her doctor does not think she has any serious problem. I do not understand it.

I have gone to three hearing aid specialists. They all show me the same thing. I get a sales pitch each time, of course, and I try to stall them off. I think I am going to settle on Bell Tone although I have never been there. I get this idea by talking to people, reading stuff and from the hearing test experiences that I have had. Not a lot of evidence, but I think it is enough. Sent for a pair by mail order, but did not work out. I had a little difficulty getting my money back, but I did. I would not recommend that mail order route for anyone, although some may have a good experience with it.

My heart doctor seems to think I am doing OK. I get tired quite a bit. I know I do not get enough exercise. I am not too far from the Y and I should go there. I have a General

Practitioner and a Heart Doctor. They both say the same thing and I keep reading about exercise, but I just do not take action to get it done. I did walk a few weeks when the weather was nice.

The weather has stopped Dan (son) from coming from Indy. I do not know when he is going to make the trip. Weather related. Granddaughter will be here from La Crosse and her mother and father will be here from Thorp tomorrow. Otherwise, everyone else, (two grandsons and one granddaughter) live in Neenah. Of course all of the activity, such as there is, will be over at Judy's tomorrow. I guess I am getting old as I do not look forward to most of it.

Called (Bob) Schumacher the other night. He is holding his own. Fell on his steps (tripped he says) and now has some kind of a head problem. He says it is not serious. He might have had a small stroke, but he does not think so. Fortunately, it was inside and the steps are padded.

We will have to get together again if you would like to go to Eddies. I do not know what to suggest other than that at the moment. We have not been anyplace in Appleton for ages. On occasion, we would go to Friar Tucks, but they changed hands and I do not know what is there now. I am sure another sandwich shop. That new steak house College St. is OUT! Bad menu and too noisy, etc. Did not impress.

Time to eat some cottage cheese and apple butter...Jack - talk to you later.

???!!!***

To the Editor 15 October 2004

My husband, William McCarthy has been disabled for 3 years and is unable to read the SACO NEWS. I tried reading it to him, but he doesn't understand what it is.

I'm sending \$20 check for this years dues. He spoke often of his 4 years with SACO. Our blessings to all members and thank you for sending the newsletter in the past several years.

Sincerely,
Catherine McCarthy

Editor's note: I spoke with Catherine by phone this date (9 Jan 2005) her letter wasn't clear to me as to whether she wished to continue subscribing to SACO NEWS for herself. She states she sent a check for current dues and that made me wonder since the issues meant nothing to her husband. I explained that if she did she could be an associate member with payment of annual dues (\$20)and she said she would like to continue receiving the publication.

????!!!***

To the Editor 3 November 2004

We really enjoyed the SACO NEWS that arrived a couple days ago and when Len saw that the next meeting will be in Palm Springs, he said he'd really like to go there one more time. We were there in '82 after we got back from Taiwan. So he's planning on us going. Perhaps we will be able to join the SACO members there. It's been awhile since we've been able to make it.

We really enjoyed reading your last edition and seeing pictures of all that were able to attend.

This year our family was all here in July to celebrate our 57th wedding anniversary and got to see our first great-grandson for the first time.

...Trust you're doing ok and keeping healthy. Len will be 85 in January, but that's the way life goes – thanks for the SACO NEWS.

Yours truly,
Dolores Fintak

????!!!***

To the Editor Sept. 2004

Just a line to tell you how we are doing. So far today, we are doing good. Charles spirits are sometimes low, sometimes ok. I guess that just goes with it. He is looking forward to getting reversed in November even though he dreads it at the same time, which I fully understand. Hopefully, when he gets back to his routine, everything will be find. *(Charles is free of the colostomy – plumbing has been rejoined and though he felt the procedure was worse than the*

original surgery – he is doing fine the last I spoke with him.)

We so appreciate and thank you for what you do for the SACO organization and its members and we look forward to each issue of the magazine. Talking to you gives Charles a lift as well.

Take care of yourself until we see you again. We love you,

Charles and Laura (Sellers)

????!!!***

To the Editor 30 October 2004

Sorry to be so long in answering your note, but have been visiting my son and great-grandchildren in N. Carolina. Thank you for the SACO NEWS, always enjoy reading all bout old friends and what has been going on in SACO.

Sorry to say, I will not be able to attend the convention in Palm Springs in 2005. If I fly at all (hate it) will go see my family in N. C.

Take care and the very best to you and all SACO friends.

As always,
Peg Leshner

????!!!***

To the Editor 28 October 2004

I apologize for my inconsideration in responding to earlier reunions. It would be a real honor to meet you and the other members of SACO.

I hope you will understand that the situation at home regarding caring for my mother simply does not allow me the time to make a reunion at this time. Hopefully, that will change.

Thank you for what you and the other members do.

Warmest regards,
Victor (Bisceglia)

????!!!***

To the Editor 6 November 2004

Do what you wish with my story (*MY SACO CAREER*, which appears elsewhere in this issue) and please excuse the writing. I have to use an enlarging machine to write. I am now legally blind; I've got macular degeneration. But it's not too bad. We've got a lot of volunteers to help us shop and visit the doctors so, Peggy and I are getting along. One thing, it has certainly curtailed our traveling out of Sun City. Thanks for listening of me. Maybe someday we'll meet. Good luck and Good Health.

Best regards,
Stan Spirakus

????!!***

To Paul Casamajor 23 April 2004

...Where have I been for the past 50 years? I remember attending the first reunion or get-together in 1947/48?? at the Hotel Statler in Hartford, CN. I enclose a photo that was taken at the dinner showing myself along with Ed O'Toole, the mail man at Happy Valley and others that I can't identify at the moment. I am the closest in the center with Ed. O'Toole on my right. (*Facing page*). Some how or another, SACO and I became separated. I would look through - "Shift Colors" - the Newsletter for Navy Retirees notices for reunions, but never found any for the group. I did catch up with Adm. Miles in Philadelphia at the time when he was a Commander of Cruiser Division in the Atlantic Fleet. I had coffee with him on his flag ship at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. We had a nice visit and he asked if I cared to go on their shakedown cruise of a few days out in the Atlantic, I said, "Thank you," but I now had to work for a living.

As I told you in my previous note that Jack Blake, Chief Yeoman, was the one who steered me to SACO Veterans. Jack and I met in Happy Valley in 1943, (which was also the time that you were there) and I must say, we developed a lasting friendship. My son (47 yrs) I think was impressed that I had kept in touch with someone that I had met way back in 1943.

...A couple months ago, I read a book review in the Philadelphia Inquirer on "Chiang Kai-shek - China's Generalissimo and the Nation He Lost" by Jonathan Fenby. I enjoy reading so I went to Amazon.com and ordered a copy. I went through the index ...and found a reference to a book, "Spymaster - Tai Li and the Chinese Secret Service," by Frederic Wakeman, Jr. which I now have...last but not least there was this book - "A Different Kind of War - The Unknown story of the U.S. Navy's Guerrilla Forces in WW II China," by Vice Adm. Milton E. Miles, USN. WOW!!!-talk about being fast on your feet - it only took 37 years to find out that the Admiral had written the story of SACO!

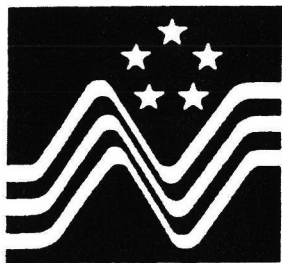
...With regard to your job as Ship's Service Officer, no, I didn't fall heir to that task...After the war, I was working in New York and Bill and his Irish-born wife were living in Connecticut and I went up to pay a visit. Some visit! After many "gambeis," I was in no condition to return to New York and so spent the night with the Shellys. We sort of lost touch after that...

With regard to Stratton's book - "SACO - The Rice Paddy Navy," I do have a copy and I may have a Collector's Copy. When you reach page 216, the next page is 289. By skimming ahead you will find pages 217-288 in the back...My wife, Peg, yes I do have a wife of some 54 1/2 years, was really impressed when I showed her the book with my name in it, this was after we were married. In the panel of pictures following page 72 - the top picture with Chaplain Father Phil Shannon celebrating Christmas Mass, the one to his right is "Yours truly" trying to be the altar boy.

I don't know where I got the idea that I have had a very interesting life and very recently took a 5-session workshop on how to write your life story - as they say "Beauty is in the eyes of the beholder." I started on the Navy aspect and it has taken me about a little over two pages to where I am about to go into the Recruiting Officer and sign up. I had better get going on the SACO phase before I have a complete lapse of memory as I just turned 86 April 18.

Best regards,
Marty Caulfield

????!!***



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January 21, 2005

Mr. Bill Bartee
Sino American Cooperative Organization
4624 N. Cheyenne Trail
Tucson AZ 85750-9717

Dear Mr. Bartee:

We received SACO's gift of 650 books, *The Rice Paddy Navy*, by Cdmr. Roy Stratton last July, and I sincerely apologize for the delay in my thanking you for this most generous gift. I want you to know we really do appreciate SACO's generosity.

As you are probably aware, we had a special book signing here on Veteran's day, which was very successful. We have sold many books already, and we have sent one copy to the Center for Pacific War Studies where future scholars will find it when they wish to learn more about the cooperation between the Chinese and Americans in WWII.

In case you haven't noticed it, SACO is given credit for the donation on our website, where the book is posted for sale.

Thank you again for this donation.

Warm regards,

C.D. Grojean
Rear Admiral, USN (Ret)
Executive Director

cc: Bob Sinks

"New-found" S.A.C.O. Comes Aboard

(About mid-June of this year, I received a large envelope addressed "SACO" at my address which contained 11 pages of double-spaced typing relative to a Naval career.. The return address was unfamiliar to me, so I checked the postwar SACO address booklet and found that James M. Caves, the sender, was listed. I called Paul Casamajor who confirmed his pay records. Through telephone information, I obtained his phone number. I inquired of Mr. Caves his intention of the enclosed material as there was no note accompanying the material. He replied it had been stated somewhere to send in any stories, etc. to SACO. I asked where or how he found out about our organization and he explained he had recently been discussing some of his activities during the war - and like many others - hadn't dwelled much on the subject with the family. His daughter got on-line and sought info on SACO. Thus, he "found" us. He was unaware of our reunions and was highly interested in the Seattle reunion. He then called Paul Casamajor and Bill Miller. Ed.)

Jim Caves' story - HOW I GOT INTO SACO

Graduating from high school in 1942, one of my buddies and I decided to join the Navy. Off we went to Chicago to take our physical. He passed; unfortunately, I did not due to my eyes having improper depth perception. Reluctantly, I headed back home where I soon had to register for the draft.

Bingo! A group of my friends and I were called for duty. Another physical and this time I passed as I had figured out how to get through the eye test by using several reference points nearby and everything worked out fine. Asked which branch of service I wanted, obviously chose the Navy and was soon off to boot camp at Great Lakes. After a few weeks, the chief came into the barracks asking for a volunteer. Everyone said, "Don't volunteer for anything." The chief asked if I could type. I said, "Yes," and the rest of my time in boot was typing paperwork for new recruits. I didn't mind that at all and missing the marching didn't bother me.

At graduation time, I was told that I typed well - why not go to radio school? I was soon on my way to Bedford Springs, PA. I went into the schoolroom and heard this chirping sound. I picked up a headset and heard all those dits and dahs, which I soon learned was the code we were to master along with math, fleet designations, setting up messages properly and a jillion other things.

I had never been a particularly good student, but here I found some motivation. They had an honor roll system - if you made it, liberty was from Friday evening until Sunday night - if you didn't you stood inspection Saturday morning and left about noon. Mastering a good speed with the code, it was requested I take a test with the instructor to see if I qualified as an instructor. I felt I hadn't joined the Navy to be a teacher, so I managed to screw things up and got out of it. We had a choice of ships we wanted and I chose a merchant ship. This required me to go to signalman school in Noroton Heights, Connecticut. I hated those flags, but managed to get through and was off to Norfolk to catch my first ship, the SS Berwindglen. Just a comfortable old ship with few crew other than the captain and a couple mates. As for Navy personnel, there was a boatswain's mate and three gunners mates plus myself. Our only defense was a .50 caliber machinegun on the stern. The ship ran along the coast from Norfolk to Bath, Maine, where we were loaded with coal for the return trip. Once again, I lucked out because when we came into port, we sealed the radio shack and I was on liberty until the ship

was ready to move on again. Unfortunately, the gunners had to stay aboard one at a time while in port. I would get us out to sea using the blinker code to answer questions and we would be on our way again. During the trip, day or night, the captain would toot the whistle twice which meant I must go to the bridge to answer other ships, helicopters or planes questioning us as to who we were, where we were bound, etc. A lot of ships were sunk off the coast we were running, but luckily, we had few problems. One time, we came out of the river into the ocean and I never saw such rough seas. We had two escort destroyers and I swear the waves and swells were so bad they could completely disappear from view. Our ship would hit a wave, go up and over it and come down with a bang. You wondered what kept the ship from breaking in two. The captain and first mate were great guys and showed me many things, including steering the ship and how to keep on the compass heading.

Good things never last – one day I was told to get off the ship in New York and report to the Navy in Brooklyn. I reported to the radio shack each morning for muster. If you didn't receive an assignment, we were lined up outside and marched to stay in shape.

At muster, there would be a list of names and where they were assigned. Most were going to mine sweepers and amphibious forces. One morning, I noticed a bulletin asking for volunteers for hazardous overseas duty. I said to my friend, "Let's sign up." He quickly replied, "Are you nuts? – don't volunteer for anything, especially this." "Are you crazy?" I argued, "Just what the hell would be more dangerous than a mine sweeper or amphibious forces?" We both decided to sign up.

After a couple weeks, we were notified to get ready to go to Washington D.C. by train. On arrival, we got a lot of shots and reported to the State Department a couple days later. We were issued khaki clothes and told to send our uniforms home. It was reported that the FBI was investigating us in our home areas. Next destination was the West Coast. At the rail station, we had to wait awhile for our train. One fellow, who usually was very quiet, was standing with a newspaper opened while he read. I slipped in front of him, lit a match and set fire to the bottom of his paper. It burned right in his hands and he took after me. Luckily, at that moment, our train arrived and we were called to get aboard.

Off we go – modest accommodations and it was one boring trip! We spent some time riding in boxcars and looking out at the countryside. After a long time, the train stopped at the outskirts of a town and someone spotted a nearby liquor store. Money was quickly pooled and then a mad dash to the store. It sure helped to pass the time on that long ride.

Arriving in San Pedro, CA, we were given overnight liberty. Two days later we boarded a troop ship and it was not until we were well out to sea that we learned our destination – China. We stopped at the Fiji Islands for supplies but didn't get to go ashore. I recall deep voices of people talking and singing and the beauty of the islands. We then headed down and around Australia and the sea was really rough! Being a troop ship with mostly Army men, it would seem sickness was the order of the day. I had become used to rough sailing, however the smell was overpowering. Finally, I went to the center of the ship where the pitching was not as bad and consequently, fewer sick.

Forgot to mention the initiation to become shellbacks when we crossed the equator. This included officers, crew and passengers. A large tank built out of tarps near the stern was filled with water and some straw and oil. We climbed up stairs to an electric chair. We were blindfolded, then had our heads painted. When they turned on the "juice" you jumped and went over backward into the tank. We had some women nurses and when they got to this point, they took some straw and holding it to their head, cut the straw with scissors making the nurses think their hair was being cut off. They were good sports once they found out their hair was still intact. I found that a shower and soap would not remove the paint out of the hair, so I tried Vaseline hair-tonic and it worked.

Later, we lined up to get some money, the "flying-five," to purchase shaving cream, toothpaste, etc., but in reality, crap games sprung up all over the ship and soon all of the fives would end up in just a few good gamblers' hands.

We stopped in Melbourne and ashore, found the Aussies were good people. When the ship was ready to depart the next day, there were four or five people who did not make it back in time, so they were left. We never knew what happened to them.

From Melbourne, we proceeded along the coast past Sumatra now known as Indonesia, then to Bombay, India. We got off the ship and what a horrible place! Dirty, hot and afraid to eat anything they had to offer. We boarded a train on a narrow gauge railroad, but at least we were in a car with wooden seats. Indians were on top of the cars, hanging on the sides and even all over the engine. We were on our way across India to Calcutta. It was a long, hot ride with a few stops where we tried to find some fruit to buy. Arriving Calcutta, we were taken to the outskirts to a tent city. We occupied tents with four bunks with mosquito nets. We were warned to watch for snakes. One morning, we heard a shot from a nearby tent where they had killed a cobra.

We went on liberty in Calcutta – what a dirty mess. Occasionally a dead person on the street and women on the corners, their stomachs all bloated and holding their babies, which they were trying to sell. Then there were the sacred cows roving wherever they wanted to go. Many Indians chewed beetle nut, which was brown and they spit all over the place. (*Maybe my memory is confused, but I thought the color was red???* Ed) My thoughts were this is the hazardous duty I signed up for and I promptly got soused with local liquor. All the clubs and bars were quite safe being protected by Ghurkas – huge men.

The next morning, an officer came to me stating I was his driver. We took off for Calcutta. People were walking on the road and just automatically parting enough for us to drive through them. I drove him several times, for what I don't know, and then one time I took him in the city and had to return by myself. I guess he was being reassigned.

After many days of waiting, we were issued a .45 and a machinegun and told we were leaving for China. We left Calcutta in a transport aircraft. Soon we challenged the Hump and found that since we had no oxygen, we would save altitude by flying through and not over the mountains. We encountered no enemy aircraft and arrived Kunming, China OK. This was a base of the Flying Tigers and some of their special marked fighters were around. This area belonged to the 14th Air Force.

We were taken to a hostel in Kunming, where we were to stay while our quarters and a radio station were being built several miles outside the city. On the first night, we were welcomed with a Jap bombing of the airport and I had my first experience face-down in a rice paddy. There were several air raids and I could not believe that some dissidents would sometimes set fires around the field for the bombers to see. The city was spared and finally, the Air Force got night fighters, which ended a lot of the raids.

Every day, we went to the station being built, as well as our quarters. We had rooms with four to a room and a mess hall with Chinese cooks and servants. Soon our equipment arrived and was housed in a transmitter building on the side of a mountain about a quarter mile from our quarters. We alternated working in the transmitter shack and working in the radio shack below, receiving and sending messages. Our station was NXQ and we would send messages many places including NPN on Guam. Messages were always coded so we never knew the contents.

There was one of our group named Parsons (AL) whom I understand was dropped on the coast with a radio and he would monitor Jap shipping, etc. and then relay that info to us or other areas of the Fleet and it would be sent out in code. Understand he was captured. (*He was captured – taken to Japan and suffered many tortures.* Ed)

Off time was spent playing poker in the mess hall or enjoying each other's company sharing liquor from a 15-gallon crock of vodka.

When the war was over, we boarded a transport plane to Shanghai where we were taken to the American School. Shanghai was divided into areas such as American, White Russian, French and English. We were paid per diem, so we ate where we pleased. There was a radio station on the Bund, the main street near the Yangtze River. The river was very dirty and a great many people lived on it in sampans. Some lived that way all their lives. Shanghai was a beautiful city with nice hotels; the officers lived in one and there were nice restaurants and clubs more modern than the States. Big bands were common and great places to dance.

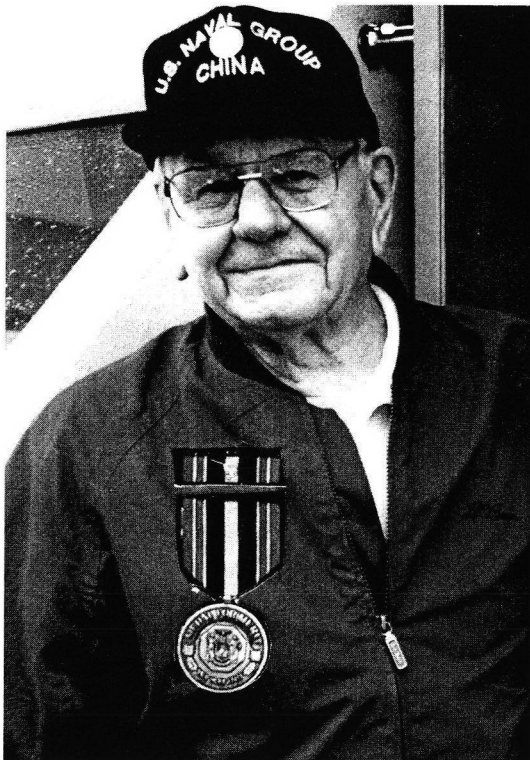
Soon we were told to report to the Naval Station; we were going home. We had to buy new uniforms since we had none and were then put on a troop ship for the journey home. I worked in the radio shack several days. My buddy and I made a mistake one day going on deck without our life vests. Suddenly, we were called to the bridge, where we were told this was not allowed and as a result we were to report the

next morning and given the task of washing out the smoke stacks. What a brilliant ending. Other than that, we had a good crossing and went to Great Lakes for discharge. We went out and bought civvies and headed for home.

A couple months after getting home, I received a letter from the State Department wanting me to come to Washington and do the same things I did in the Navy. I'd had enough, so I declined and that is the end of this story. I'm an 80-year-old man now with a tin ear from all the code.

???!!!***

Bud Booth Honored With Medal From State Of New York

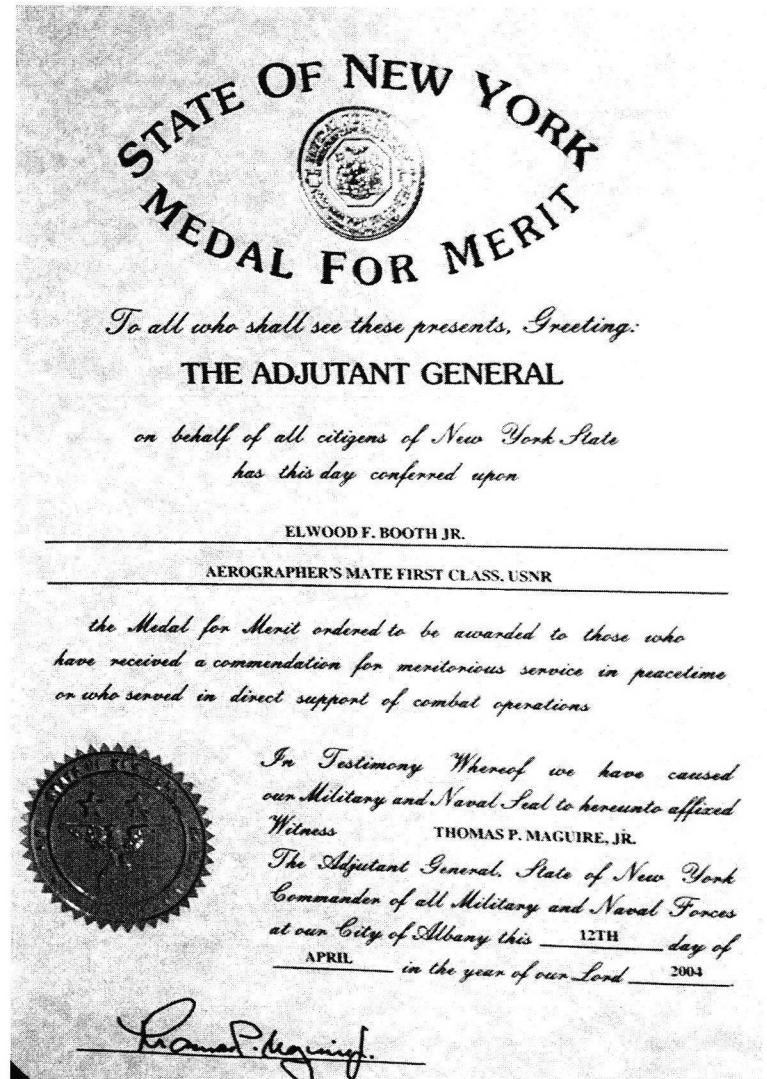


In a formal ceremony, NYS Assemblyman Jeff Brown Officiated at a Veterans' Award Ceremony recognizing past service of the state's veterans at the Onondaga County War Memorial Veterans Memorial Hall, October 26, 2004. Our SACO buddy, Bud Booth, was one of those honored.

The proclamation reads:

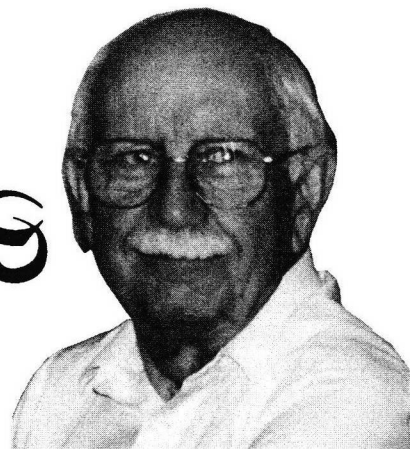
...the Medal for Merit ordered to be awarded to those who have received a commendation for meritorious service in peacetime or who served in direct support of combat operations.

In Testimony Whereof we have caused our Military and Naval Seal to hereunto affixed Witness—Thomas P. MaGuire Jr. The Adjutant General, State of New York Commander of all Military and Naval Forces at our City Of Albany this 12th day of April in the year of our Lord 2004.



Jack Miller Relives

CHINA ADVENTURES



Kweilin Air Raids

The Nips were giving the 14th Air Force landing field nighttime bombings. The raids would always be from round 2 to 4 AM because they knew that they could be out-fought in the daytime and they knew we did not have planes capable of night fighting. In the latter days of our tour there, Col. Tex Hill did acquire a P-61 which was a night-fighter and he went after them. One plane in the night would be safer.

Their methods did not vary too much; however, one night there was a mix up. The Chinese started banging on pans to signal an imminent raid and everyone took off to their favorite spot for safety. Time went on and soon the all-clear signal occurred. About half an hour later, the landing lights each side of the field were turned on and soon there was a “ker-voon! ker-voom!” when the bombs started landing between the rows of lights. Apparently, someone blew it. Rumor was that there were some of our returning bombers expecting to land. I don’t recall the outcome. The barracks I was in that night was close to the field. I had gone to bed early, then I heard the bombs exploding and the shrapnel hitting the building and made a mad dash for a newly slit trench, dressed in my shorts and shoes. By that time, the bombing was over. The mosquitoes made a feast of my skin until I decided to call it quits and get back to bed.

We were on “watch” the night another raid occurred. I told Bob Schumacher that I had found a new hiding place that did not have a lot of garlic-eating Chinese puffing at us. It was a space about 2 feet wide between a mountain and a very large rock that seemed to stand on end. It was about 15 feet wide and 30 feet tall. We felt really secure until sticking out heads around the rock when we saw a bomber coming our direction with the bomb bay doors open. Suddenly, we could see clearly that two bombs started falling. The scary part was the bombs seemed to be aiming in our direction! If they would hit in front of the rock, they may have crushed us; if they hit the side of the mountain, the shrapnel would come down and our safe spot would be compromised. Luckily, the pilot or his bomb-sight must have been good, because he hit the runway.

The runway was a big flat spot between the mountains. One night, a few of us took our carbines atop a mountain and shot at the planes as they made their run. They seemed to be very close. This trick failed after we heard from the Air Force that this was a “no, no.” Any kind of defense from the field was relatively non-existent. There were a few .50 caliber machine guns used by the Air Force from the ground, but they were never very effective.

A rumor was that an Air Force guy wanted to go home with a Purple Heart. The story was that he went to a slit trench near the runway and stuck his leg in the air during a raid. We never knew if he got the award, but understand he was sent home minus a foot.

Fortunately, one enemy plane was shot down during a raid. It landed off the end of the runway. The fellow was captured and our Commanding Officer Lt. Hoose interrogated him as he spoke a little English. He stated he was the son of a shoe manufacturer in Tokyo and took China duty because it was deemed safer than in the Pacific. Hoose asked him who was going to win the war. He said, "You are, it is just a matter of time." This was the summer of 1944.

Lt. Hoose was preparing to go home. He had a Kodak 35 that he had purchased in the States for about \$35. The going price for it in China would be about \$150. He said he would sell it to me for \$100. I bought it. After the aforementioned plane crash, I loaned it to "Oakie" (Bob Jerome) so he, Bob Lynch and Lyle Jansen could take pictures of the plane. Sometime later, he came crashing through the screen door of the radio shack, blood all over and incoherent. He finally related that he asked the fellows (Lynch and Jansen who were friends from childhood) to step back a little so he could get a better shot. At that moment, a bomb went off and killed them both instantaneously. There was a burial service near the runway attended by our Skipper Admiral Miles. After the war, their bodies were shipped home to Minnesota.

I took the camera to the Air Force photo shop where it was determined no pictures were taken. During the Korean ordeal, we met with Oakie and his wife in Hawaii. He said he was still carrying shrapnel and he always had a hard time explaining when he went through an electronic sensor. ???!!!***

The Kunming Temple Excursion

Years ago, back home, I had read about the Bamboo Temple in the National Geographic Magazine. I remembered it as being close to Kunming and now thought how lucky I was to be near it. It was remembered as being intriguing and I had to see it. Having difficulty finding anyone with the same excitement I was experiencing, after describing it, little by little, to Ralph Gravatt, Dick Rutan and Bob Schumacher, their fascination was built up to the point that each one was anxious to join me for the journey.

Our radio station was at the edge of the mountains, several miles from Kunming and a short distance from the old Burma Road. The temple was about 2 miles further. The mountainous trail to reach it was wide enough for a jeep, but with the mountain scenery being what it was, we decided to walk.

After the first mile of pounding the dirt, we saw a mud hut about one thousand feet off the trail. I suggested that it might be something of interest and we should leave the trail and take a look, but the enthusiasm wasn't positive. We continued on. After an hour or so, we had reached our objective. The Temple was a barn-like structure with Chinese style architecture. A covered "patio" about ten-feet wide and thirty-feet long, connected it to the sparsely built and designed living quarters. Beneath the patio cover was a stone floor on which sat several tables and benches. The typical Chinese carpentry was evident, but barely functional as "furniture."

After a bit more surveying of the immediate area, we entered the Temple through a beautifully carved doorway and discovered that worship was in progress. There were several robed monks moving slowly, circling the inside and chanting as they walked. Occasionally, one would stop and using a large stick, rap on a Temple Block (like drummers once used) about three-feet in diameter. Next, a gong, about the same size, would be struck by a leather covered beater. At the finish, they would kneel, continuing the chant, and then bow several times in front of an oversized Buddha.

During the time we watched the worship, I saw a very beautiful obelisk about 15" high and 3" square. It was expertly crafted and superbly lacquered black. Carved into each side were golden Chinese letters about 2" high. I was obsessed with its beauty. I thought, "This is something I have to take home." Reasonable communication with one of the monks was for naught. In sign language, I told him that I wanted to buy it. He insisted that it was not for sale and there was no way I could have it because it was a Holy Piece. I relented, but in my mind I thought, "If I can't buy it, I'll steal it." I quickly remembered that Holy Pieces meant more to the Monks than to me and knew that this was morally the wrong thing to do. I erased the thought from my mind. Although I regarded it as a treasure and a remembrance of the Temple, perhaps they treasured it more than I.

After the worship was over, we were invited to sit with them on the patio and were served hot black tea and melon seeds. We motioned our thoughts to each other and when our limited "conversation" ended, we departed.

Returning to the trail, I again suggested that we investigate the hut we saw on our way to the Temple. There still was no interest. I decided I would go alone. As I approached the building, it appeared to be about 12 x 15 and made of mud blocks with a dull red tile roof. It was surrounded by a fence about eight feet high, also made of mud blocks. I opened the gate and walked inside where I saw some chickens, an open fire and a woman tending a kettle. We made a few motions and she directed me to a doorway with a cloth covering for a door. Glancing behind, I saw that she was directing me to the inside. I was a bit apprehensive, but decided that although not knowing what would befall me, I was taking a chance and made the entry. On a bed of planks, with multiple layers of rice straw for a mattress, lay a man smoking a short pipe. Soon he reached for a small bottle and using a wire, extracted a drop of the contents. He held the drop to a flame. After it bubbled, he placed the bubble into the pipe. After a few puffs, he offered the pipe to me, but I courteously declined. I assumed he was smoking opium, which at that time, being caught doing so would get him the death penalty. I was not sure whether he lived there or if that was his "opium den." Rethinking the visit, I was glad that I made the stop, I wished the others would have done the same.

Catching up with the group was not difficult, but an old 6x6 truck lying at the side of the road as junk caught my eye and had to be inspected. After it was determined that there was nothing there of apparent value, I was almost ready to leave when the manufacturer's nameplate caught my eye. I thought, "Why not chew this thing off and send it to Studebaker's in my home town. Finding a piece of iron to use as a chisel, I managed to acquire the new souvenir. Although feeling a bit possessive of the new find, the thought still remained that it should be sent to the Company. I did so and received a letter of appreciation from the President Paul G. Hoffman. At this time, I haven't located the letter.

Rejoining the group, we returned to the radio station where we discussed the afternoon adventure.????!***

New Quarters in Kunming

During the fall of 1944, a new station was created where many from Chungking, those of us evacuated from Kweilin and transfers from other stations, were joined in one group. About 8 miles from Kunming, at the edge of the mountains, was a building that would become our next habitat and radio shack.

In addition to the main building, a mess hall and new sleeping quarters were built. The quarters were designed for 4 to a room. One was the Indiana Room which housed the four Hoosiers, Johnny Reising, Bob Schumacher, Richard Rutan and Jack Miller. It could hardly have been better, although by Hoosier standards, it was rather primitive.

Cooks and houseboys were hired, furniture was ordered and antennae were built. We used the entire front of the main building for the radio shack.

We were not at a loss in using our spare time. Our ranking athlete was Jack Lamke, who back home was a fitness guru. He convinced the Chinese to make some "Dumbbells" carved from stone. From this, he had an exercise team of Charlie Sellers and Beep Miller. After this experience, they became what they are today.

A periodic break in the day would be taking our clothes to the laundry, which was about ½ mile down a dirt path from the station. Here the women would wash the clothes by bashing them over rocks in the stream and eventually get them ironed, but how, we did not know.

On one trip returning from the laundry, we spotted a horse feeding. Feeling like John Wayne, we each mounted the beast and took each other's picture.

"Cottage industries" were wherever the government could find someone to do the work. The most able-bodied men were in the Army, but near the "laundry" was a makeshift building that housed a "factory" making brass casings for rifle shells. This was a primitive operation, which was actually productive and we watched it frequently.

On the side of the mountain was a wire factory constructed in the ground with a few windows showing. We visited the operation and afterward were invited to a party by the managers. We were seated at tables about 8 feet in diameter, which were loaded with the Chinese menu of vegetables and many kinds of meat. One of the features of the meal was, taking turns, each person was to raise a cup of Rice Wine and toast the rest of the group. After a few times round the table ???!!!*** Later, there were young people entertaining us with typical Chinese dances and music.

Commander Joyce was the "Captain" of the station. He had been in the Navy since the early 1930's, spending much of his time at sea and was a tough cookie. Previously, regulations were rather lax. Some of his requirements were so ridiculous that we applied for a transfer to "any ship or station," to show our objection. Thanks to an executive officer who was sympathetic with us, we were advised that all of us signing a petition collectively was *Mutiny!* Needless to say, the document was destroyed and we submitted individual requests. In a matter of weeks, Cdr. Joyce was relieved of his duties by Admiral Miles. Finalizing repairs to the radio shack, a "hot wire" was loose. Cdr. Joyce picked it up and could not let go – almost electrocuted. Chief Nole used a board to whack the wire from his hand. Several voices were heard "Hit him, kill him." (*I was there and heard such remarks....Ed*)

Charlie Sellers did not know how to drive, so someone put him in a jeep and they took off dodging several chickens and a pig.

A pharmacist's mate arrived to give the shots that were required periodically. Since I was going home. I resisted and insisted they weren't needed. Days later, they said that if the shots weren't received, there would be no going home. I relented and was awarded 4 shots and 2 vaccinations at one time, which resulted in extreme soreness and a fever. I was told to exercise to reduce the symptoms, but did not even feel like standing. Finally, I asked Charlie if he would drive the jeep slowly enough that I could hang on the rear and run. That exercise really helped.

Shortly before I left for home, Peter Leong came on board. He was from my home, South Bend where his father owned a Chinese Restaurant. I told Pete that I would take a letter to his

parents if he wished. When I delivered it to his father, I could see that it was written in Chinese. In appreciation, he invited me to eat, gave me a menu and said to pick my choice of lunch. I chose Sweet Breads. WOW! That was the first time I had ever eaten them . . .and the last!

The Chinese terminus of the Burma Road (Stillwell Road) was Kunming and we learned where the celebration for the reopening of the road would take place in the city. Dick Rutan, Charlie Sellers and I made the trip. After taking some pictures, I climbed on top of a house for better shots. Unfortunately, the tile roof gave way and I landed on a fellow in bed. After this, houses were not used for observation posts. There was much joy and laughter, merry making and festivity among the Chinese during this event. For almost any celebration in China, fire crackers played a gigantic part and there was no shortage that day!

Another day, we saw a wedding party. There was a long procession of costumed participants resembling a big parade. Toward the middle rode the bride and groom in a brightly decorated sedan-like chair mounted on poles carried by 4 revelers. Again, fire crackers were a distinctive part of the celebration. ????!***

“Good Grief, Charlie Brown”

What's in a Name

**By Paul Casamajor
Membership Chairman**

On February 19, 1945 Lt. Roger L. Greif, MC, USN entered SACO service at Calcutta. After a brief visit to Happy Valley outside of Chungking, Dr. Greif became the medical officer at Camp 10 in Hsifeng, China.

Dr. Greif solved the problem of keeping track of the 750 “look alike” trainees when it came time to issue by painting an identifying number on the back of each man with Gentian Violet. This allowed them to eliminate over 100 “ringers” who lined up to receive weapons.

Recently, while creating an index for Roy Stratton's “SACO, The Rice Paddy Navy,” I found Dr. Greif's name misspelled as “Grief” on 15 pages in the last chapter of the book - the chapter about Camp 10 and the saga of their trek to Shanghai at the end of the war.

So, I wrote to Dr. Greif and asked him to confirm the spelling of his name, His response:

“My name is always written as Grief. In fact, on a PA system in a hospital in Cleveland, there was a Dr. Killam, Dr. Payne, Dr. Slaughter, which must have accelerated the departure of patients. Correctly spelled , it means, in German, GRIFFIN.”

Heimlich finds a new Mongolia

Team's trip helps Chinese organize cancer institution

From THE CINCINNATI ENQUIRER
Sunday, December 4, 1988

By Bill Vale

The Associated Press

Where there was just the sand of the Gobi Desert during World War II, there now are miles of irrigated fields of vegetables. New paved roads are crowded with food-laden carts.

This is how Mongolia looked to Dr. Henry Heimlich, one of the first foreigners allowed into the province on the Soviet border since World War II.

"It was really thrilling being one of the first foreigners," said the Cincinnati surgeon and researcher.

He recently returned from the People's Republic of China where he helped set up the Beijing Cancer Institute with Philadelphia researcher Eric Rippel. They head the Heimlich Institute and the Rippel Institute that have joined the Chinese in an experimental program using malaria to try to find a cure for cancer.

Heimlich, known worldwide for his "Heimlich Maneuver" to help choking victims, was a Navy doctor attached to a 12-man unit in the Gobi Desert during the war. They gathered weather reports and intelligence for Allied forces.

Heimlich set up a medical care unit for the people and for the troops of Nationalist Chinese Gen. Tso Yi Fu. The adventure was recounted in the 1960s movie *Destination Gobi*.

Since he left there in 1945, no foreigners had been allowed back in, Heimlich said. His trip with his wife, Jane, was arranged by Xiaou Dong, granddaughter of Fu, who became an official of the Red Chinese government after he opened the gates of the Chinese capital of Beijing, formerly Peking, to them.

"People look better; they are fed better, all through China," said Heimlich. "When I was there (during the war), it was all disease and famine, deformity and rags. You see plenty of food around now. The comparison in 44 years is astounding.



Dr. Henry Heimlich and Xiaou Dong at the site of the Medical Center in Mongolia that Heimlich ran during World War II The Associated Press

They've become consumer-oriented."

Nothing remained of the old military camp. The walled city of Gui Suai was knocked down by a 1964 flood. It is now the capital, called Hohohut. Names of all towns have been changed from Chinese to Mongolian, he said.

Others remembered Fu gave the Americans 12 horses and the Americans were very friendly. The stories have been passed down three generations, he said.

The party was mobbed at the local school.

"I met the teacher. He was a very personable young man who spoke perfect English. But he had learned it all in China. I was the first foreigner he'd spoken to," Heimlich said.

He said the school children asked him to find them pen pals in the United States. He brought a bag of letters back with him.

Heimlich said his experimental use of malaria to try to find a cure for cancer has the support of the National Institutes of Health. He believes many of the ills of man can be cured from medicines found in nature.

Heimlich noted that, from 1917 to 1975, a form of malaria was used to treat syphilis of the brain and spinal cord. Penicillin cured early syphilis, but cannot reach the brain tissue.

"Malaria treatment was discontinued in 1975 when neurosyphilis was wiped out," he said.

???!?!*??

(Submitted by Jack Shearer)



POTPOURRI



SACO Associate Attorney John D. Griffin Makes WWII Display at Vets Center in Honor of His Father



Lewiston (ME) Vets Center Displays Honor The Greatest Generation

My late father, Lewis J. Griffin, served in Chungking and Shanghai as a communications officer in 1945. I am now an associate member of SACO. I am working with our local Vets Center to bring recognition to the WWII Vets from our area. They have a nice display case at the center, so I started with my father. Enclosed is a photo* of the display. Each item is accompanied by a card explaining its significance. I am fortunate to have a copy of the press release dated Sept 13, 1945, wherein the SACO mission was finally explained to the public, the war having just concluded. I made copies of the press release available at the display for "take-away" by the visitors.

Also, please note that I placed in the case the *SACO NEWS* edition of the 50th Anniversary of SACO.

I also have in there, the CBI publication – "*SOUND OFF.*" I, as an associate member of the Pine Tree Basha, CBI Veterans Ass'n, now run their meetings with the help of my well-organized wife, Nancy. We began a program of interviewing, on tape, one member each meeting to preserve for posterity their unique experiences. I do hope SACO members will be inclined to do likewise. I do hope this is of interest to you. My dad was so proud of his SACO participation!


Lewis Griffin was trained as a code specialist and communications officer at the Harvard University's Service Schools in 1944, and was then assigned to the U.S. Naval Group, China. Also known as Sino American Cooperative Organization, or SACO, the group was essentially the Navy's version of the OSS. It operated in the China-Burma-India theater of operations and had established bases in British-controlled India, but its key activities, guerrilla warfare, coast watching and weather information were accomplished from camps in mainland China and Mongolia. These operations were dramatized in the 1950's film "*Destination Gobi*" starring Richard Widmark.

The only way into China was the perilous flight "over the Hump," the Himalayan Mountains. My father departed the United States on Thanksgiving Day, 1944, as an officer-courier, with a .45 automatic pistol in a shoulder holster and a briefcase handcuffed to his wrist. He went from Port Lautey in French Morocco to Egypt and then to India, where he had to wait for 30 days for a flight into China. The Navy, of course, had no Air Force but for carrier planes and the few odd transports, so it was up to the Army to get the Navy in the air. My father and his companion flew the Hump as "cargo," sitting on 55-gallon drums of aviation fuel! Finally, in January 1945, he arrived in Kunming, China and then made his way to Chungking. The city was in the mountains, and at that point, the Japanese forces stayed on the coast and in fortified areas. Chungking was the headquarters for SACO, and was called "Happy Valley." Conditions were harsh and supplies had to be flown in or obtained from local sources. Thus, the daily menu was rice and greens and sometimes eggs. It left much to be desired. The combination of excessive humidity and rice, rice, rice caused a 50 lb. weight loss in a matter of eight months. When the end of hostilities was announced, SACO prepared to move Headquarters to Shanghai. At that point, armed Japanese troops were still in control of all aspects of government. Not until the arrival of the U.S. Seventh Fleet and the formal surrender of the Japanese forces did a semblance of normality return to China and Shanghai.

Because of the need for communications officers, my father did not return to the United States until February 1946. It is noteworthy that on the voyage home, the ubiquitous SPAM was served to a table of twelve men. Ten immediately got up and left, but my father and his colleague from SACO, not having seen SPAM for years, ate the entire portions! The Nationalists, under Chiang Kai-shek and the communists under Mao had at this point, having defeated the common enemy, the Japanese, resumed their civil war. In Asia, as in Europe, the stage was being set for the Cold War.

The display at the Veterans Center will hopefully bring to light a somewhat obscure organization, SACO, and the forgotten theater of operations in WWII, the CBI.

**Preceding page*

Written by

John D. Griffin,
Associate Member
SACO Veterans and
CBI Veterans Association

MY SACO CAREER

By Stanley F. Spirakus, CSK

It's taken me 20 years to put my SACO tour in writing, but here goes, finally!

I wish I could go to your meetings, but health problems for my wife and myself just don't allow the luxury.

Anyway, I could write a more detailed account of my SACO Life, but I'll just try to give you a synopsis.

I was inducted into the USNR on October 9, 1942. I'll skip boot camp at Great Lakes and go to graduation day at Indiana University's Storekeeper School. A notice was posted asking for volunteers for "Hazardous Duty." Four of us volunteered; Martin Sowa, Al Prott, Sam Bassett and myself. I'm mentioning the names of the men I met in SACO during my three years.

We were told to report to the U.S. Navy Dep't in Washington, D.C. for duty. When we arrived, we reported to the Interior Control Board, Commander Leggett in charge. Then we were told to find our own lodging in the city and report back every morning until further notice. After a couple of weeks, we were told to report back for assignment. We then were taken to the railroad station and boarded a train for Chicago. There were 35 men in our group. When we got to Chicago, we transferred to the ATSF Railroad bound for San Francisco. When we arrived in San Francisco, we were treated to a Chinese dinner given by the Chinese legation. That is where we were introduced to Capt. Miles, who gave us all the information on where we were going, all about SACO and what was expected of us. Before then, we had been kept pretty much in the dark.

After that meeting, Lt. Larsen, who was in charge of our contingent, escorted us down to the docks where we boarded the Nieuw Amsterdam, a cruise ship, which was converted into a troop ship. There were about 2,000 soldiers, a Dutch crew, and our 35-man group. Off we went to Calcutta, India. Our first stop was Wellington, New Zealand for refueling and then on to Fremantle, Australia. In Fremantle, Lt. Larsen told us to stay on board because the ship was leaving the next day. But, I noticed the Dutch crew were all going off the ship just by flashing their I.D. cards. So, I mentioned to Al Clevenger, Larry Conrad and one other fellow whose name I forgot, "Why not try it and see what happens." So, we did and had no trouble getting off the ship. Once off, we got on a bus to go to Perth, a larger city about 10 miles up the coast. We got to Perth, checked in a hotel and proceeded on the town. In the evening, we went to a restaurant and then walked around a bit until we came on to a dance hall. We went in, (I think it was a dime-a-dance place) and picked some hostesses to dance. Lo and behold! While dancing, we bump into Lt. Larsen! He said, "Spirakus, is that you?" I said, "Yes, sir," He ordered, "Get back on the ship, we're leaving in the morning. I answered, "Yes, sir," and we hurried out. We then went to our hotel and went to sleep. Next morning, after breakfast, we took a bus back to Fremantle. When we arrived, along the coast we saw a big ship leaving port. We asked the driver to leave us off at the Dockmaster's office where we asked if that was the Nieuw Amsterdam leaving. Upon being advised that it was, he told us that the pilot would be coming ashore and we could talk to him. When we talked to the pilot, he asked us if we were the four sailors that everyone was looking for? We said, "Yes, sir." He told us, "Get on my boat and let's see if we can catch it." It was quite embarrassing; as we approached the ship, our whole gang was on the rails laughing and cheering. They threw down a rope ladder and we climbed aboard, saluted a very unhappy Lt. Larsen and hurried to our quarters.

After a few days, next stop, Colombo, Ceylon where we stayed overnight. Next morning, we went on a ferryboat to take us to the mainland India. There, we were put on a railroad train bound for Calcutta. It took about three days. In Calcutta, we reported to the U.S. Navy Office and were told to go and find our own living quarters and report back every day until further notice. After about two weeks, we were given our new orders. Martin Sowa went to Bombay, Al Pratt goes to Jorhat, Sam Bassett stays in Calcutta and I was assigned to Kunming, China.

The next day, I boarded a CNAC (China National Airways Corporation) plane and flew over the "Hump" to Kunming, where I was greeted by Lt. Robert Kotrla and CSK Monte Tidmore. We were the three men stationed in Kunming. Lt. Kotrla told me that our duties were to receive the incoming freight and arrange with the affiliated Chinese officials to truck the gear to our godown (warehouse) about three miles down the road. Also, we were to welcome incoming personnel and arrange for their transportation to the various camps which SACO was organizing.

After about a week, we received our first shipment. We then communicated with Gen. C. C. Lee, who turned us over to Col. H. and Major Sen, who would be in charge of arranging for trucks and laborers to unload and load.

After a couple more days, we received enough supplies to arrange for a convoy. Chief Tidmore and I were assigned to accompany the first convoy. The supplies consisted of radio gear, weather gear, pharmaceutical and photographic gear. Also, ammo, guns, comp c (composition C = dynamite) and C-rations. After the trucks were loaded, we journeyed on to Chungking. Sometimes we sat on top of the trucks and sometimes in the front seats. It took two days to get there. Monte turned over the papers and convoy to the men in Chungking and then he was able to get us a ride back to Kunming with a Lt. Col. who had a 4x4 weapons carrier and was going back to Kunming. When we got back to Kunming, I was assigned to airport duty with a new Storekeeper who had just arrived. He was SK3/c John Verdi. We lived in a tent on the 14th Air Force base and it was up to us to receive the incoming supplies and have them trucked to the godown. Also, take all incoming personnel to Navy Hdqtrs where they would be assigned to the various camps.

In a few days, another convoy was formed and I was to accompany it to Chungking. After arriving Chungking, I turned over the convoy to the Storekeepers and then went down to the Chungking Airport to hitch an airplane ride back to Kunming. Fortunately, a pilot of a DC-3 was going to Kunming and he took me on board. Getting back to Kunming, I found that John Verdi had been shipped out to Lt. Morgan at Camp 5. Therefore, I took over all the airport duties by myself. In a couple of weeks, a new convoy was being accumulated and I was chosen once again to accompany it. It was going to Hengyang or Hweichow, I forget which. We arrived two days later and I turned over the convoy to the proper people. Again, it was up to me to find my way home. It was important to leave fast because the Japanese were making a push in our direction. I walked over to the local railroad station and met a fellow SACOite, Chief Pharmacists Mate Rehling, who was also headed back to Kunming. While there, a soldier with a Jeep came by and was headed back to Kunming and we hitched a ride. On arrival in Kunming, I was informed that my transfer back to the states was there. I received permission to go to the airport and hitch a ride from a plane going back to Calcutta. At the airport, I talked with the pilot of a C-24 cargo plane that was headed for Calcutta and got a ride with him – that's how I got back to India.

After reporting to SACO Headquarters, I was allowed to find transportation back to the States. Actually there were five of us going back home, including Al Clevenger, Larry Conrad, a CPO whom I don't remember, Bill Lynch and myself. We talked to a skipper of a C-8 cargo ship who said we could come aboard and coach the Merchant Marine Seamen for their rating promotions.

Off we went, about 68 days on the water; it was an 8-knot per hour ship, very boring. We traveled through the Indian Ocean to the Red Sea, through the Suez canal with the only stop at Pt. Said, Egypt for refueling. Then, into the Mediterranean, past the Rock of Gibraltar and into the Atlantic Ocean and finally docking at Savannah, Georgia. From there we took a train to Wash.,D.C. and reported to the SACO Offices at the Navy Department where we were granted a 10-day leave.

My only claim to fame – I went around the world in about 100 days by rail and ship, but never on a U.S. Navy vessel.

Thus ended my first tour to China,; I went back some 2 months later, but that’s another story. Actually, my whole Naval career of 3 ½ months was spent in the SACO organization.

Editor’s note: January 8, 2005 I had phone conversation with Stanley in Sun City, AZ. I asked if there were any repercussions over leaving ship in Fremantle, Australia. He said Lt. Larsen wanted courts martial for the men and Capt. Miles told Lt. Larsen, “Forget it, they got here didn’t they? and that’s all that matters.”



Dining Room of the Hotel Savannah, Savannah, Georgia (1944?) The night we arrived back in the States. L-R: CPO ? – Al Clevenger, Stan Spirakus, Larry Conrad and Willard Lynch..

????!!!***

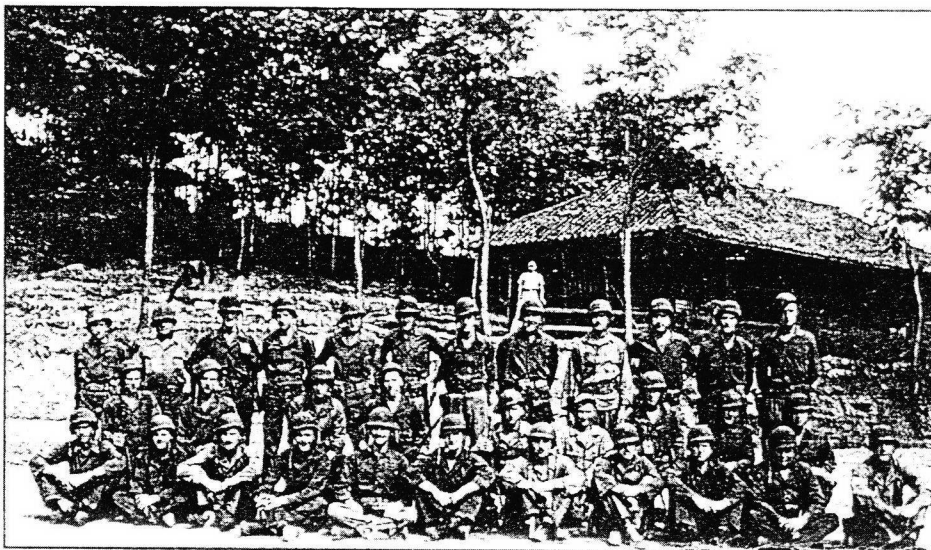
Rat Race at U. S. Naval Unit Ten

By William H. Sager
CO, U. S. Naval Unit Ten

The headquarters of U. S. Naval Unit Ten was located in a large two story stone building, probably the largest and most substantial building in that part of Kweichow Province. The first floor of the structure housed the mess hall, the armory, the sick bay, a general supply room, and several small rooms occupied by the house boys. The second floor housed the men's quarters (usually two or three to a room), the radio shack, the CO's quarters and the XO's quarters. The galley was located about 10 yards off the mess hall in a separate building. The "head" was located about 20 yards off the first deck also in its separate building. A washroom also containing several showers was located on the first deck just before you exited to the "head." Considering wartime China and the fact that Kweichow Province was one of China's poorest provinces far removed from any western influences, Naval Unit Ten's headquarters, while not luxurious by any means, were adequate.

There was however one problem that Marines and sailors housed in the U. S. most likely did not have to deal with. That was the rat problem. With the coming of cold weather rats sought the warmth and shelter provided by Unit Ten's stone building. When the rodent problem became acute, Unit Ten's medical officer declared that something had to be done before the health of American personnel became impaired.

The resolution of the rodent crises fell to Master Gunnery Sergeant Joe V. Lambalzer, Unit Ten's "old China hand." Gunnery Lambalzer informed the medical officer that he would initiate a rodent



U. S. Naval Group, China Naval Unit Ten, Hsi Feng, China. 1) Capt William Sager USMC, CO US Naval Unit 2) Edward E. Porter, 1stLt, USMC, M.C. Medical Officer 3) Lt. (jg) Roger Greif, USNR, Medical Officer and 4) Master Gunnery Sgt, Joe V Lambalzer, USMC, Senior NCO.

extermination operation that would eliminate the rodents from the building. Gunnery mustered the house boys and briefed them on the rodent extermination campaign. The house boy who killed and produced (to Gunnery's satisfaction) the largest number of dead rats would win a prize. I asked Gunnery what the prize would be.

"The first prize will be a pocket watch with a picture of Generalissimo Chiang-KaiShek on its face," said Gunnery. "I bought the watch with my own money when I was coming through Kweiyang so Ensign Gabel (Unit Ten's Navy disbursing officer) won't have to worry about being accountable. The next prize will be CN (Chinese currency) and I will provide that from the mess fund, which Ensign Gabel doesn't have anything to do with." Having been assured by Gunnery that no U. S. Navy funds were being expended I gave my blessing to Gunnery's rodent extermination operation.

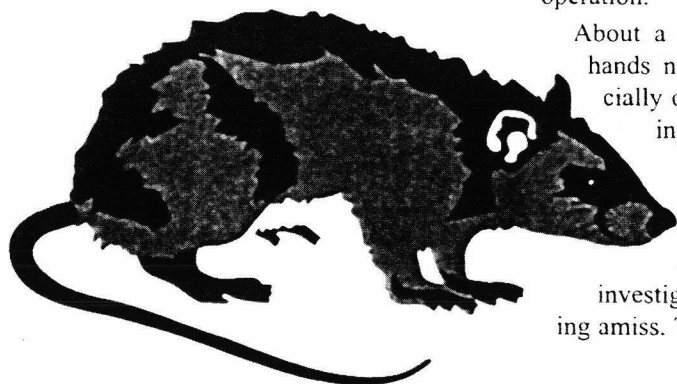
About a week into the campaign all hands noticed a peculiar odor especially on the first deck of the building. Another day or so and the odor seemed to be coming from the house

boys' quarters. Tommy, our No. 1 Chinese man, investigated. He said he found nothing amiss. The odor persisted.

Another day passed. At evening mess while all hands were at chow several of the house boys who had no responsibility for the mess hall, marched in each carrying a sack of some sort in which was that boy's quota of dead rats and proudly approached Gunnery Lambalzer to exhibit their dead rats and to claim their appropriate prize. The winner (according to Gunnery later) had eighteen dead rats (all in various stages of decomposition). To unanimous shouts of "Get 'em outa here" Gunnery assembled his "troops" and shepherded them from the mess hall.

Gunnery later informed us that the winner of the watch with the Generalissimo's picture of its face had produced 18 dead rats. We never asked how many rats were produced by the second place winner. To some small extent Gunnery rodent extermination campaign was a success even though it came to an abrupt conclusion.

Under the direction of our medical officer and Tommy, every room on the first deck of the building received a thorough cleaning. While it was impossible to make the stone building rodent proof every effort was made to make the premises un hospitable to rodents during the cold weather season. The problem wasn't really resolved until the coming of warm weather when the rodents left the premises to seek a better environment in the fields.





I Have Been The “What-the-Hell” Pennant for 71 Years. I First Served My “Father,” Adm. Milton E. “Mary” Miles, From 1934 Until He Formed U.S. Naval Group China (Later SACO) During WWII At Which Time He Officially Declared Me To Be The Insignia Of Your Group. And I Shall Remain Presiding Over You Until The Last Man When I Join The Annals Of American History.

(From his Book “A DIFFERENT KIND OF WAR,” here are a few of the many events I covered as reported by Adm. Miles.)

One day when several of us had gone to Chungking and were at work at Fairy Cave (English translation of the Chinese name for his residence) we caught Webb Heagy (LCdr of Miles’ staff) standing on the terrace studying the unusual number of planes that were lined up beside the river airstrip far below our hilltop.

“What’s on your mind, Webb?” I asked.

“Some of those planes,” he began, “have Army numbers. Some have C.N.A.C. (China National Airways Corporation) insignia. And some aren’t marked at all. Now you may not believe it, but the ones without any numbers or insignia are mosquitoes that have managed to get into that formation.” *(Miles’ book earlier reported: The weather had changed to wet and rainy and the crop of mosquitoes was bountiful. The result was that our boys were soon topping any New Jersey mosquito story ever told. Our mosquitoes, for example, were so big that they had circulatory systems of their own. That explained why when you killed a thousand of them, they all had blood in them.)*

We admitted that the idea (Webb’s) was plausible, but we felt sure that no proper Fairy Cave or Happy Valley mosquito would be caught dead without its own special insignia.

“How about a ‘What-the-Hell?’ pennant I asked, whereupon we solemnly formed the What-the-Hell? Association and hoisted a pennant I had brought with me that already had a little personal history of its own.

In 1934, when I had been executive officer of the junior destroyer of our division – the U.S.S. *Wickes* – we often found ourselves “snapping the whip” when, in maneuvering ships ahead of us did not precisely follow the order. It was primarily with this in mind that I asked my wife, one evening, how she would say “What the Hell” on a pennant.

“Well,” she replied, “when editors are up against the problem of suggesting something they are too moral to print, they fill in with question Marks, exclamation points, and asterisks.”

So the very next day, I had a special pennant made up - white, with red markings, arranged as follows: **???!!!****.

For several years, I used that pennant occasionally for monkeyshines. In fact, I had our signalmen use it enough to acquaint our whole division with it. But then, in 1939, when I was on duty in the Far East again, it served a purpose that had serious attributes despite its nonsense.

I was skipper of the destroyer *John D. Edwards* and one afternoon in February, we were ordered to hurry from Swatow, in Kwangtung Province, to Hainan Island, something more than four hundred miles to the southwest. Our orders told us to see what the Japanese were doing to some American medical missionaries during landing the Japanese Navy was making there, and we got under way promptly.

In order to make navigation harder for the Japanese, the Chinese had destroyed all the lights and markers along the coast, but we nevertheless went full speed ahead all the way and sighted the northernmost tip of Hainan Island at dawn. A little later, as the early morn mists grew thinner over the open roadstead of Hoihow (Kaikou), we were able to see and hear a good part of the Japanese fleet, from cruisers to small boats, some of which had begun to bombard the city.

Commodore John T. G., Stapler, our division commander, had decided to come along, and when the Japanese ships ran up international code pennants saying, in effect, that we weren't welcome – to go away – to return to our port – I asked him what he would like to reply. Our orders, of course, were to see about the Americans who were ashore, and in view of what the Japanese signals were now telling us, it is not surprising that the commodore was not quite sure just what kind of reply to make. But we were under way, and unless we decided to stop or to change our course both promptly and sharply, we would soon be in among the Japanese ships. My signalman was standing by and he may have read my mind. At any rate, he had the "What-the-Hell?" pennant bent on under the International Code pennant by the time I gave the order to "run it up."

Seeing that we were replying, the Japanese lowered their signals and halted their bombardment. Fortunately, we had given them enough time before we anchored to make out our signal and to search for it in their signal books, but not enough time to make sure that the strange new pennant we were flying wasn't there.

As a result, along came a young Japanese lieutenant, hurrying toward us in a pulling boat.

"You cannot anchor here," he shouted.

"Well, I don't like it here myself," I told him from the wing of the bridge. "I would prefer to be closer to shore."

"Oh, no!" he shouted. "My admiral would not like or permit that."

"Please inform your admiral," I replied, "that we prefer to anchor closer to shore."

He had a long way to go before he could deliver that message so, while he was on his way, we upped anchor and moved in closer. Then, having anchored again, Commodore Stapler and I went ashore to follow our orders and see about the safety of the American missionaries in town.

We did not return until the next day, and by then our chores had been attended to. We now had only to pay a return call on the Japanese, for seagoing manners are not canceled even under such unusual circumstances. After, our Japanese friends had considerably stopped their bombardment to let us come in to the harbor!

As skipper of the "visiting" American destroyer, it was up to me to pay an official call on the Japanese flagship, and I did so as smartly as my men and I knew how. Still, I wasted as little time as possible in talking with the officer of the deck and was almost ready to say goodbye when the admiral himself appeared.

"By the way, Captain," he said in very good English when he had greeted me, "what was the meaning of the pennant you flew as you entered the harbor yesterday?"

"What pennant was that, Admiral?" I asked as innocently as I could, though I edged toward the accommodation ladder at the same time.

"Why this pennant," he replied, breaking out a very glossy print showing the *John D. Edwards* coming out of the haze and plainly flying both the red-and-white striped International Code pennant and the "What-the-Hell" pennant with its question marks, exclamation points, and asterisks.

"Oh that," I nodded. "Well, Admiral, it could be that the Japanese Navy is so busy these days that the boys haven't had time to keep their signal books up to date. Good day, sir." And having saluted him and also the Japanese colors on the cruiser's stern, over the side I went.

For once my "What-the-Hell" pennant had managed to serve a useful purpose. It should be added, however, that the incident troubled that Japanese admiral enough to have him set in motion a request for information that actually reached Washington and even penetrated to certain inner offices of the State and Navy Departments. In fact, when I was transferred to Washington a few months later, that Japanese inquiry had been passed down again by easy stages until it actually landed on my desk, together with a print of the picture the admiral had shown me.

"What," its accompanying memo asked, "is the meaning of this pennant you flew on the *John D. Edwards*?"

That had been in August 1939, and I promptly started a reply back up the chain of command. The Japanese admiral, however, never received any direct answer to his query. Somewhere along the way, I have been told, my explanation aroused the risibility of some of my seniors and, as a result, what I had to say was "filed." But now that the war had come and we members of Navy Group China were looking about for an acceptable bit of insignia, the "What-the-Hell?" pennant seemed made to order for our purpose. Consequently, it was then and there adopted, partly, perhaps, in the hope that because of what we hoped to accomplish, the Japanese would somehow come to understand that, in addition to its nonsense, that pennant had its share of serious meaning after all.

. . . Despite our difficulties, the work of all the SACO men continued. Accustomed success is a mighty fine weapon and, with that in mind, we at Happy Valley kept our frustrations from our widely scattered men. I expected them to work in harmony with the Army in the field, and they did. Army-Navy relations on the fighter's level were always excellent. Actually the Army men who were in the field had their own full share of difficulties because of the activities of the paper-pushing Staff. During this time, too, the men at Happy Valley even had a little relaxation.

While I was in Washington, Camp Nine had given a fine review to the generalissimo and received a "Very Well Done." And, now that I was back, I invited Ambassador Hurley to the Valley for an inspection. The day was fine. The place was beautiful. We greeted him with the flags, ruffles and flourishes, and "The Star Spangled Banner." Surprisingly enough, this proved to be the first and only "official honors" he was given as Ambassador. And we even slipped in a full review.

The troops passed – ten minutes of infantry with the drill team offering the difficult "Queen's Salute." The dogs made their attack. The pigeons flew when released. Our few motor vehicles passed smartly. Then ten minutes of cavalry. (We had only sixty horses for our training school, but we borrowed a neighboring troop of five hundred of General Tai Li's mounted men.)

My favorite memory is of a serious U.S. Coast Guard horseman at salute as he passed carrying a guidon with our emblem – the "What-the Hell?" pennant over a U.S. Navy anchor and inside China's star. As the mounted troops dashed up in a spectacular charge, General Hurley let out a tremendous "Yea Navy!"

. . . Not long after Foochow had been taken, General Tai Li and I, finding it necessary to go to Kienyang, decided to drop in on Camp Seven. It was "only" a four-hour walk (on a day when the temperature reached 110 degrees) and, because we had come to see and to admire, it certainly was worth that. After all, the boys of Camp Seven were no longer a problem outfit. They were veterans, now, with three active operating columns and a successful sabotage group.

Father Shannon had already contributed a fine big "What-the-Hell?" entrance gate, with that SACO motto picked out in pine branches against the sky. And, to give it a little idea of the kind of medicine he prescribed, his Sunday morning sermon while we were there was based on the motto, too.

"Make sacrifices," was a part of what he offered. "Undergo hardships. When the chips are down, face the enemy. But thank God you can say with American gusto, "What the Hell? It's all worthwhile."

. . . When Japan sued for peace a few weeks later, Unit Six had only to cross over to Amoy Island, where our men landed without the firing of even a single machine gun. With Chaplain

Shannon assisting, they went to the Japanese headquarters in the Seaview Hotel where they happily hoisted not only the Stars and Stripes and the flag of China, but also a bright, new SACO "What-the-Hell?" pennant.

Camp Seven moved into Hangchow. Men from Camp Eight, manning a couple of junks, actually went "to sea" as Navy men should. In fact, they even fought a battle under sail, though that came later.

Peace was only a few weeks away as General Tai Li and I sat in our Chienyang courtyard, proudly conscious of the fact that if our seven-story pagoda only had a yardarm, it would be none too high to fly the "Well Done" that SACO had so obviously earned.

... (Shanghai - Glen Line Building) Up to the time we decided to take the building over, it had been used by the Japanese who, the moment they got wind of our coming there, started clearing out their equipment and records - a violation of the surrender terms that was abruptly stopped by our Chinese troops. It was during the night that we learned what was going on and the next day Webb and George told me that the Chinese had thoroughly enjoyed routing the Japanese out that morning, permitting them to leave the building with only the clothes on their backs and with small, square packages in which they were permitted to carry only their more intimate personal possessions.

The building had four flagstaffs on the roof, two at the front and two at the back. We hoisted the Chinese and American ensigns on the two front flagstaffs, and the two back ones held my two-star flag and the "What-the-Hell" pennant. The first thing we installed was the radio station and, with some new gear we managed to get, we finally found ourselves - for the first time - with the equipment we needed. Within a few days we were even able to establish Fleet Weather Central.

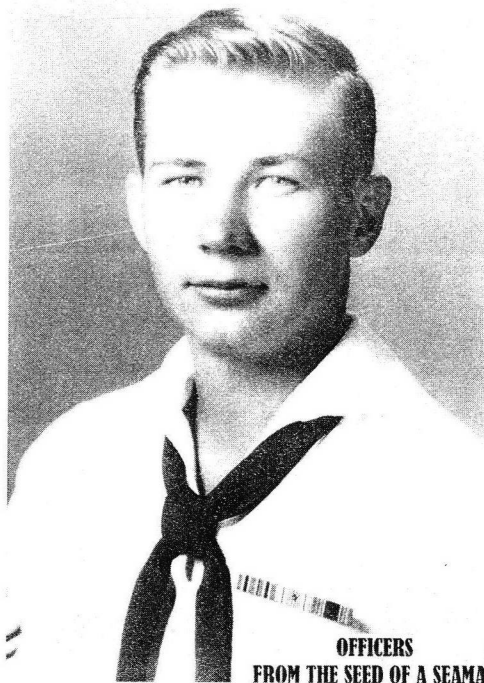
????!***

OFFICERS FROM THE SEED OF A SEAMAN

Seaman Richard Terpstra

Son Adm. Richard Terpstra

Grandson Ens. Eric Terpstra



NOSTALGIA

JACK SHEARER OFFERS PHOTOS OF THE PAST

Jack writes to Paul & Martha Casamajor 7 January 2005

What a delight to hear from you with seasons' greetings!

...I best recall (*reunions*) sitting in a train at the Des Moines meeting as we traveled way high on an excursion trip – lots of fun and good conversation.

You asked me several years ago to write an account of life at Camp Four (*service in SACO in China WWII*). Even then, my memory was fuzzy and worse now. So the next best thing is photo memories – enclosed which may serve some useful purpose. The John Klos illness triggered this action on my part – thus the enclosures. I do have a number of other photos in an album, a legacy for my “heirs.”

I got through to John Klos (*fighting colon cancer*) this morning – he's battling a cold, but otherwise sounds chipper and good for 3 squares a day. We visited annually in Lancaster, PA where my daughter teaches in a Mennonite (liberal Amish) school.

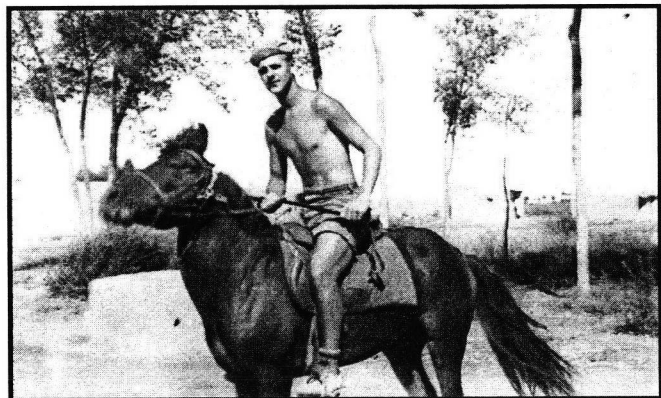
I'm curious: Am I one of the 25 SACO members with an unblemished dues-paying record since 1986? I started in the early '80's and I think I've paid up annually – a rhetoric question – no need to answer.

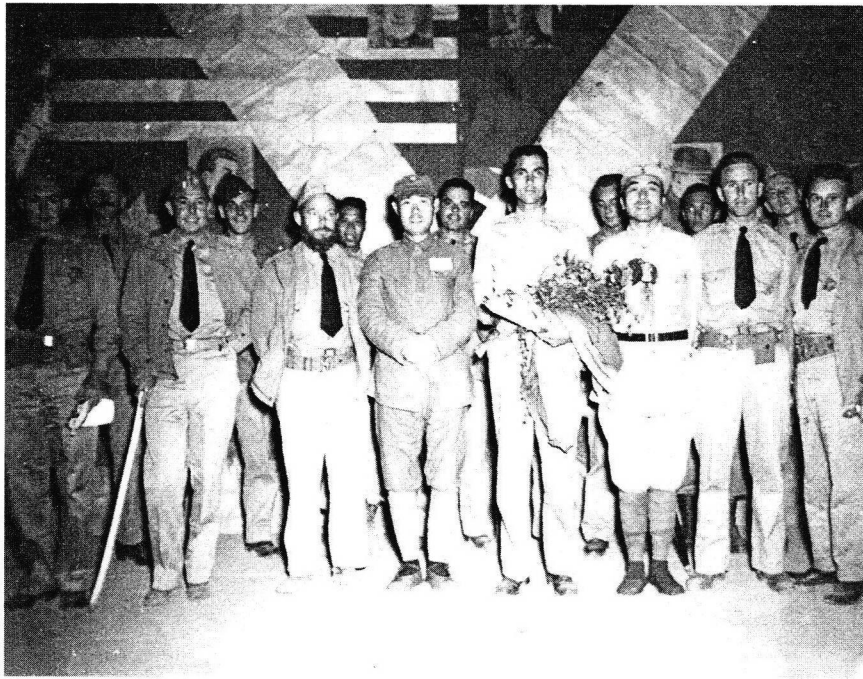
Hope both of you remain well. June and I are OK, but have to defer to Mother Nature and Father Time – thus, must now pass up SACO reunions.

Best to both of you,
Jack & June Shearer

Paul Casamajor brought to my attention the rarity of this pic of Jack who was one of 3 men under Lt. Wilcox in the Cavalry, along with 200 Chinese guerrillas that raided the Japs in March 1945 – killing confirmed number of 70 of the Japs. (pgs 165-166 “SACO-The Rice Paddy Navy.”) As noted, this was probably the only known Naval Cavalry & undoubtedly, the only one mounting bazookas on horses' backs.

One can't help but marvel at these stories that slowly leak to our attention. It goes to show how little we know about each other's escapades; so many “firsts” in Naval History that SACO can claim, and some we don't yet know about. It's a damn shame we'll never know the complete story. It's as though secrecy still abounds.
Ed.



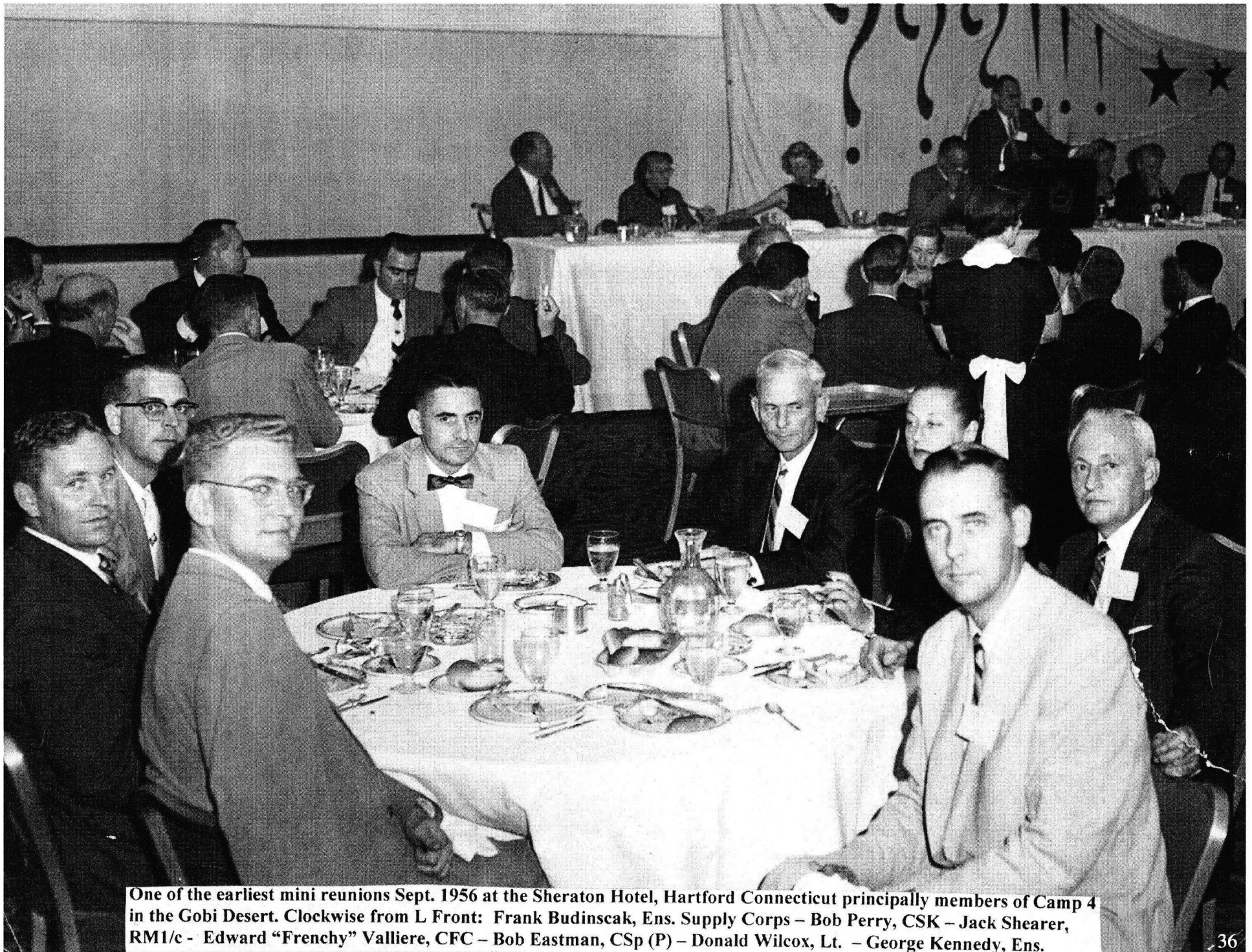


This was a party hosted by Fu Tso I, Governor (War Lord?) of Ningsia Province Inner Mongolia in observance of China's 7th year of war against Japan

Camp 4 attendees: L-R: O. J. Olson – Jim (Red) McGrail (back row) – Lt. J. Barringer (with cane) – Jack Shearer (back row) – Doc Goodwin (with beard) – Interpreter (back row) – Fu Tso I – Ken Rhicard (back row) – C.O. V. R. Bisceglia (with flowers) – Charlie Hall (back row) – Chinese officer – Bill Lutnick (back row) – Bob Perry – Mike Conway (back row) – Charlie Keil. *(The original group sent to the most remote of all outposts left 18 Nov. 1943 and did not arrive their destination Inner Mongolia until 18 Jan. 1944. Every man was issued his own personal horse while there in the Gobi Desert. These men were the original “stars” of the later movie “Destination Gobi.”*



John Klos and I (Shearer) at a Chinese Wedding (Catholic) officiated by a Missionary Belgian Priest. Klos and I were stationed here in Pingliang about 350 miles south of site of Camp 4 in late 1945.



One of the earliest mini reunions Sept. 1956 at the Sheraton Hotel, Hartford Connecticut principally members of Camp 4 in the Gobi Desert. Clockwise from L Front: Frank Budinscak, Ens. Supply Corps – Bob Perry, CSK – Jack Shearer, RMI/c - Edward “Frenchy” Valliere, CFC – Bob Eastman, CSp (P) – Donald Wilcox, Lt. – George Kennedy, Ens.

Veterans of World War II Camp Reunite

THE HARTFORD COURANT: Thursday, April 5, 1990

By Lisa Trei
Courant Staff Writer

WINDSOR LOCKS – They were in the U.S. Navy, but they never saw ocean duty during World War II.

From September 1943 to November 1945, a group of young Americans lived in a camp on the edge of the Gobi Desert in Inner Mongolia, beyond the Great Wall of China, near Japanese lines.

Camp 4, described by military sources as one of the best-kept secrets of the war, was one of a dozen camps based in China that supplied meteorological and ship movement data to the U.S. Pacific Fleet.

The camps also trained and equipped members of the Chinese Nationalist Army to launch guerrilla

attacks against the Japanese.

Wednesday, 11 of two dozen members of Camp 4 reunited at the Sheraton Hotel at Bradley International Airport. For many, it was the first time they had seen each other since their days in the "Rice Paddy Navy."

"Camp 4 was the most detached duty station on the face of the Earth," said former Chief Aerographer Robert Sizemore of Toledo, Ohio. "When they invaded Europe we didn't know about it."

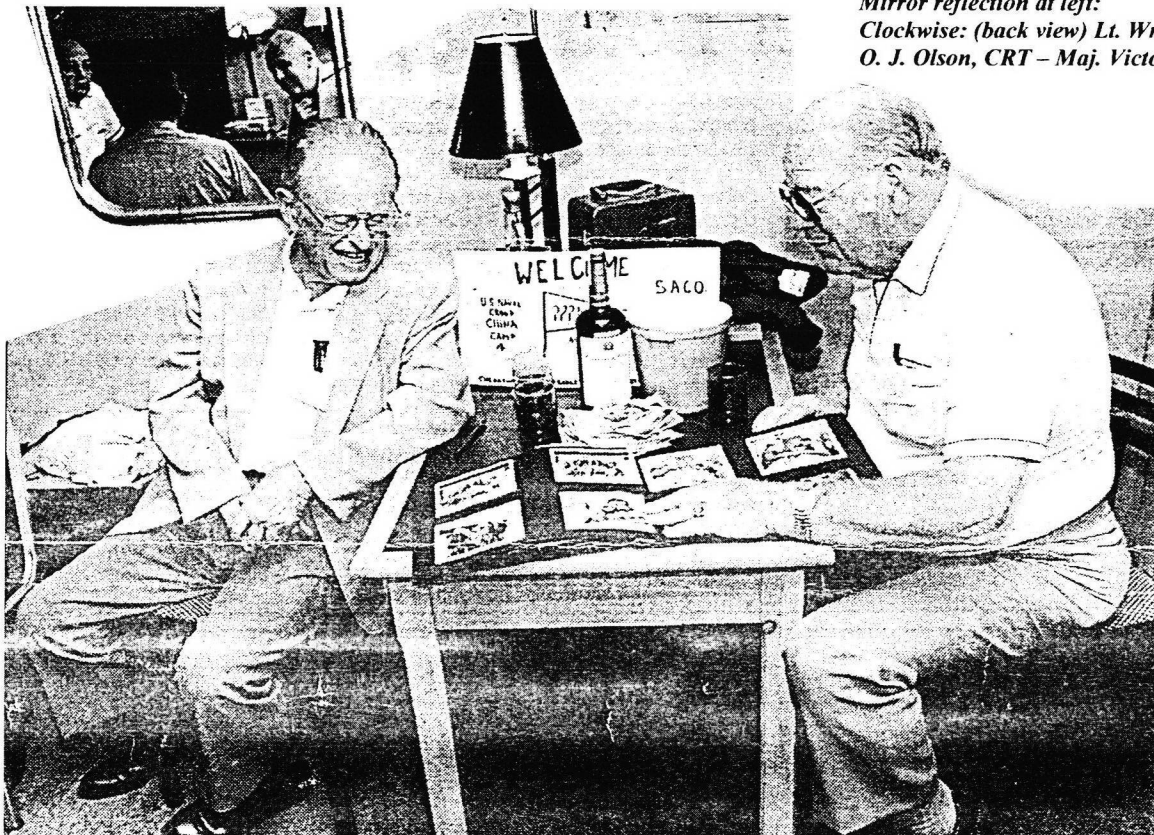
The unit's commanding officer, retired Maj. Victor Bisceglia of Harrison, N.Y., explained that the secret camps were created through a friendship between then U.S. Navy Capt. Milton E. Miles and Gen. Tai Li, the right-hand man of Generalissimo

Chiang Kai-shek, the leader of the Nationalists.

The camps were first dubbed the Friendship Project and later the Sino-American Cooperative Organization.

"It was a unique situation," Bisceglia said. "The objective was to give the U.S. a base in China to fight the Japanese. The main thing was to be ready for a (United States) invasion of the Chinese coast."

The men are in their 60s and 70s now. In retelling war stories they focused on the camaraderie of camp life instead of the loneliness, primitive living conditions and isolation of being so far from home. Many of the men said it was an adventure – it took five months to get to the camp by truck, train and camel from headquarters in Chongqing



Mirror reflection at left:

Clockwise: (back view) Lt. Wm. A. Lutnick – O. J. Olson, CRT – Maj. Victor R. Bisceglia

■ World War II veterans Charles Keil of Delray Beach, Fla., left, and Jim McGrail of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., look at snapshots from a two-year stint at Camp 4 in the Inner Mongolia area of China. They served in the area from 1943 to 1945.

Bob Stern / Special to The Courant

(Chungking), 1,500 miles south.

They were all volunteers for what was called "prolonged and hazardous assignment."

"I don't think too many knew what the hell they were doing, Michael Conway of Mundeleine, Ill., who said he served as a yeoman. It's something that a young boy might like."

James L. McGrail of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., was a storekeeper for the isolated camp, which he said went from one crisis to another. It was not listed on maps and once an airplane arrived, it had to be guided in with radio signals.

"I thought I was in the land of Oz," McGrail said. "We were all of the opinion we were supermen. It was a very serious endeavor and we wanted to make the war effort successful."

The only contact the camp had with the outside world was a hand-cranked generator that provided radio communications with Chungking.

"The mail took five to six months to reach us from the United States," said

former radioman George Dunleavy of West Haven. "The last leg of the (mail) journey was by bull cart."

The group did not receive Navy supplies and fended for itself by commandeering provisions from Mongolian peasants who scratched a livelihood from the desert. "We had to live off the fat of the land and it wasn't very fat," said former radioman Jack Shearer of Burlington, Mass. Except for a National Geographic research group, the peasants had never seen caucasians, he said.

Herman Mast, a history professor at the University of Connecticut, said when the camps were set up, the Western half of China was controlled by the Chinese Nationalist and Communist forces. The Eastern portion was occupied by the Japanese.

The camps were established to harass the invader: Camp 4 was based about 40 miles from the Japanese force's Western-most outpost located at the end of a train line linked to Beijing (Peking). The veterans trained

Nationalists to blow up train bridges and tracks. They said it was a challenge because many of the Chinese forces were conscripted peasants who had never seen a train.

"The ultimate objective was to try to push the Japanese from Central China to the east so that the Nationalists could build airstrips for the final offensive on Japan," Mast said.

But tactics changed after the Battle of Midway in 1942, Mast said, and the U.S. forces adopted a successful island-hopping strategy that precluded any need for a China-based air attack against Japan.

So the camps tracked weather and pinpointed the locations of Japanese Navy ships. Coded information was sent to Chungking and relayed to the Pacific Fleet.

"When our bombers flew over Japan, they relied on the weather forecast," Sizemore said. "That became the primary reason for the camps."

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Word Origin - Knowledge is Powerful

(From Jack Petersen's incoming flood of e-mail)

Amazing fact in the 16th and 17th centuries, everything had to be transported by ship and it was also before commercial fertilizer's invention, so large shipments of manure were common. It was shipped dry, because in dry form it weighed a lot less than when wet, but once water (at sea) hit it, it not only became heavier, but the process of fermentation began again, of which a byproduct is methane gas. As the stuff was stored below decks in bundles you can see what could (and did) happen. Methane began to build up below decks and the first time someone came below at night with a lantern, BOOOOM! Several ships were destroyed in this manner before it was determined just what was happening. After that, the bundles of manure were always stamped with the term "Ship High In Transit" on them which meant for the sailors to stow it high enough off the lower decks so that any water that came into the hold would not touch this volatile cargo and start the production of methane. Thus evolved the term "S.H.I.T " (Ship High In Transport) which has come down through the centuries and is in use to this very day. You probably did not know the true history of this word. Neither did I. I thought it was a Golf Term.....



Several years back – Issue #21 of October 2000 – a copy of the above photo taken in Egypt appeared p.87 and I was unable to identify. This date, Feb. 14, 2005, I received information from SACO Associate Member John D. Griffin, son of the late Lewis J. Griffin, naming all riders L-R: William B. Turnbull, Lt (jg) – Lewis J. Griffin, Lt (jg) – William T. Fee, Ens. – Charles P. Calhoun, Lt (jg)
 Thank you, John Griffin, for solving the mystery of some time ago. *Ed.*

One of the longest if not the longest service of any man in SACO



The late Luhr Jensen, Jr., CRT (Chief Radio Technician) quite possibly held the record for longest service in SACO. His daughter, Joan Jensen, had corresponded with Paul Casamajor regarding associate membership and sent some of her dad's pictures. Paul checked his pay records finding Luhr entered SACO 9/13/43 in Chungking, serving their until 8/15/44. His service continued as follows::

Kunming	8/31/44	Camp One	1/31/45
Kanchow	0/30/44	Kweichow	2/28/45
Camp Seven	10/31/44	Kienyang	4/30/45
Camp Eight	11/15/44	Changting	8/31/45
Yangtai	12/31/44	Swatow	11/30/45

This period of 26 and ½ months of SACO service is certainly one of the longest of any person and stationed at more locations than any other SACO man.

Adm. Miles' No. 3 Son, Charles H. Miles, Returns Father's Cherished Photo To The Republic Of China At Seattle Reunion

SACO Reunion, Seattle, Washington
July 17, 2004

During the end of April, 1942, General Tai Li bestowed on Captain Milton Miles the name *Mei Lo-ssu*. The General saw in the Captain the promise of the Winter Plum blossom which flowers on seemingly dead branches during the hard part of winter. Both great honor and great expectations were part of this new identity. The General saw hope in a time of stark adversity.

Two years later, Mei Lo-ssu, then a Commodore in the U.S. Navy, photographed General Tai Li in a thicket of blooming mei hua. The two men were extremely busy waging a China-wide war and saw precious little of each other but they took a personal break. Although only one man is pictured, the other is definitely present and the spirits of both remain entwined.

After the General's death in a tragic air accident during March of 1947, Milton E. Miles requested a copy of that picture from the Chinese Ministry of Domestic Affairs. It remained in his private personal files with treasured family pictures and letters until after his death; attached is this notation in his hand:

*Copy of old photo of General Tai Li -
Taken by Commodore Miles 1944 20 Mar 49*

General Hsieh Cheng-chang, will you please repatriate to the Republic of China this portrait of continuing friendship:

General Tai Li and Mei, 1944

returned by

Number three son
Charles H. Miles
P.O. Box 17863
Boulder, Colorado 80308





25 February 1945 – Kunming, China – Celebration of Thomas B. Webb's 20th birthday (Front – 2nd from Left wearing hat) – Thomas advises bottles held were props of the studio and states, "We were not drinking." OK, guess we have no grounds to prove otherwise, but what about later? Couldn't help but take note that about everyone was wearing the dragon/anchor patch, the design of which was conceived by yours truly and embroidered at a shop in Kunming. Since these men were apparently radiomen, would like their identity – perhaps some we had known. Ed
(Webb advises copies of this picture are available by writing Thomas B. Webb – 102 N. Hope Ave Apt 3 – Santa Barbara, CA 93110)



Burt Rutan: Building 'Tomorrowland' One Launch at a Time

By Leonard David
Senior Space Writer
14 October 2004

MOJAVE, California – Nobody can claim that Burt Rutan, the innovative aerospace designer, doesn't have his head in the clouds...and his eyes focused on the stars.

Fresh from success of nudging the piloted SpaceShipOne's nose to record-setting heights and capturing the \$10 million Ansari X Prize, Rutan and his team at Scaled Composites have clearly set their sights on far loftier goals.

One gets the feeling that in restricted niches of the Mojave Spaceport here, work is already underway on bigger and better spaceships. Asked directly about that prospect, Rutan is quick with a "no comment" that comes wrapped in a guarded smile.

"You think this is cool?" Rutan asked, pointing to the freshly flown SpaceShipOne. "Wait 'til you see SpaceShipTwo...it is erotic," he added, alluding to the smooth lines of a craft that would seem tangible and touchable – not a mind's-eye image of vaporware.

In an exclusive interview with *SPACE.com* the day after his design won the X Prize, Rutan discussed his passion for making the space frontier accessible to the public.

Simplicity of design

Standing in Scaled Composite's hangar alongside his creation, Rutan examined the spacecraft. It looks fresh and ready for flight; no worse the wear from its high-speed, back-to-back suborbital jaunts.

"Any damage is actually kind of hard to find," Rutan said. A slight charring in a couple of spots on the vessel is all that's visible. "You're hard pressed to find anything else."

Thermal protection is not an issue for suborbital space tourism, Rutan said. "We got to 3.3 Mach number, but we go there momentarily. We don't sit there for about an hour like the SR-71 does, recounting the abilities of the super-fast military reconnaissance aircraft.

Looking into the hybrid rocket motor area of SpaceShipOne, Rutan underscores the simplicity of the power plant's design.

"The fewer things you have that can leak or can fail in a rocket motor, the fewer problems you have," is a Rutan rule of thumb.

Similarly, there's the plumbing of the craft, pneumatic cylinders and valves to control the large movable tail section rather than using electrical systems. Like your garden hose under pressure, a turn of the valve and water is definitely going to come out, Rutan said. "It's just that reliable."

On any number of topics – be it NASA, large aerospace contractors, or inept television reporters.

Tomorrowland upbringing

– Rutan has an opinion, mischievously taking out a handmade ear from his shirt pocket and casually slipping it on.

Wording on the false ear speaks volumes: "Bull**** Deflector".

Time traveling back to when he was 12 years of age, Rutan recalls a seminal moment that triggered his yearning about space travel.

In 1955, Walt Disney took television viewers into Tomorrowland – a series of Disneyland presentations that included rocket genius Wernher von Braun detailing space travel in matter-of-fact prose. Those TV shows also talked about floating in weightlessness, lunar exploration, as well as the potential for life on Mars.

"It influenced my life like you wouldn't believe," Rutan recalled. Those television airings came before Sputnik in 1957, the selection of America's first astronaut corps, and the flight of the Soviet Union's Yuri Gagarin – the first human into Earth orbit.

“And we’re sitting there amazed throughout the 1960s. We were amazed because our country was going from Walt Disney and Von Braun talking about it...all the way to a plan to land a man on the Moon...Wow!”

The right to dream

But as a kid back then, Rutan continued, the right to dream of going to the Moon or into space was reserved for only “professional astronauts” – an enormously dangerous and expensive undertaking.

Over the decades, Rutan said, despite the promise of the Space Shuttle to lower costs of getting to space, a kid’s hope of personal access to space in their lifetime remained in limbo.

“Look at the progress in 25 years of trying to replace the mistake of the shuttle. It’s more expensive...not less...a horrible mistake,” Rutan said. “They knew it right away. And they’ve spent billions...arguable nearly \$100 billion over all these years trying to sort out how to correct that mistake...trying to solve the problem of access to space. The problem is...it’s the government trying to do it.”

Forecast of things to come

The flights of SpaceShipOne, Rutan said, permit a forecast of things to come.

“I predict in five or six years, the average kid is no longer just hoping and dreaming that he’ll go to space. He knows he will. He’ll at least take one of these suborbital flights that are flying every other day or every day here at Mojave,” Rutan stated. While initially expensive, flights into space will drop in price over time, he added.

“And I predict within 10 years from now, maybe 12 years, kids will know that they will go to orbit in their lifetime. They will know they will...not just dream and hope,” Rutan explained.

IBM mentality

Turning his attention to the larger aerospace firms like Boeing and Lockheed Martin that offer pricey lines of boosters, Rutan offers free advice.

“They are thinking SpaceShipOne is a toy,” Rutan said. That assumption is akin to the mentality of IBM in 1975. At that time, they believed people aren’t going to have cheap computers. Computers are main frames and they have to be complex and very specialized. That was the view of IBM, he pointed out.

“IBM didn’t know in 1975 that they were going to build \$770 dollar computers for people and they were going to build them by the tens of thousands. But then came Apple,” Rutan said, “and they had to.”

That being the case, Rutan made another prediction: “Lockheed and Boeing will be making very low-cost access to space hardware within 20 years. They just don’t know it yet...because they’re going to have to.”

Thousand of Probes

Rutan said that an upshot of public space travel is the creation of far less expensive boosters in order to satisfy growing numbers of customers.

That development – coupled with advances in computers and sensors – will enable thousands of probes to be launched that flood the solar system 25 years from now, Rutan said.

“You’ll be able to do a lot more exploration if you send thousands. And it’ll be cheap because the boosters were developed because people can’t afford to spend too much to get into orbit,” Rutan concluded.

“I could be wrong...but these are the things that keep me up nights.”

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Day is done ... gone the sun ...
 From the lakes, from the hills, from the skies,
 All is well ... safely rest,
 God is nigh. **TAPS**



Joseph F. Fitzgerald



Peg & Joe

Joseph Francis Fitzgerald passed away on Monday, October 25, 2004, at Holmes Regional Medical Center in Melbourne, Florida.

Born May 3, 1926 in Philadelphia, Pa., he was a Navy veteran of World War II and the Korean Conflict.

During WWII, he was a volunteer member of SACO (Sino American Cooperative Organization), also known as U.S. Naval Group China – a highly secretive group of Chinese soldiers and mostly American Navy and Marine personnel – involved in intelligence and guerrilla warfare – working behind Japanese lines in Mainland China.

Joe and Peggy hosted the 48th National SACO Reunion in October 2002 in Cocoa Beach, Fl.

The following year, he was President and Peg was President of the Women’s Auxiliary.

Joe retired in 1974 as a Computer Specialist on the staff of the Chief of Naval Operations, after 29 years of service with the Department of Navy.

Prior to moving from Arlington, VA., Joe was President of the Arlington Men’s Golf Association as well as a volunteer with the D.C. Arena Stage. In 1989, he was recognized at a White House reception by Mrs. Barbara Bush for his 15-year reading sessions for Recording for the Blind.

In 1995, Joe moved to Brevard County to play golf. He was a member of the Melbourne Beach Golf Association at Spessard Holland.

An avid reader, he wanted to motivate in children a desire to read, and he volunteered with Rolling Readers. He was happiest when reading to his “Little Kiddies” as he called them.

Joseph is survived by his loving Peggy, his wife of eight years and devoted partner of 33 years; his daughters Patricia (Gary Sherbert, Cathryn Fitzgerald, and Maureen (Dr. Ted) Swanson; granddaughter, Heather Sherbert; two grandsons, John and Mathew Swanton; and former wife, Virginia Fitzgerald.

Peggy & Joe’s family received friends to celebrate Joseph’s memory on Sunday, November 7, 2004 at 6:00PM in the Pine Creek Community Center.

Memorial donations can be made to SACO veterans, 45-480 Desert Fox Drive, La Quinta, CA 92253-4214 or to the Leukemia Society of America, Central Florida Chapter, 3101 Maguire Blvd., Suite 225, Orlando, FL 32803.

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Joseph H. Powley

Joseph H. Powley, D.D.S., 85, of Smithton (PA), died Thursday, NOV. 11, 2004 at his home. He was born Feb. 4, 1919, in Smithton, a son of the late Amel Sr. and Madeline Borsotto Powley. Dr. Powley attended school in Smithton and Connellsville. His pre-dental schooling was at Washington and Jefferson College, where he had a football scholarship, and the University of Pittsburgh. He graduated as a dentist in February 1943 from the University of Pittsburgh Dental School. Because World War II had started while he was in dental school, he enlisted in the Naval Reserve program and went on active duty as a dentist. He served as a dental officer in the United States at the Brooklyn Navy Yard and Norfolk Naval Station; in the Atlantic Theater aboard the USS Milwaukee; and the Pacific Theater in China. His China service was with SACO (Sino American Cooperative Organization) a top-secret group composed of volunteers engaged in weather reporting, intelligence and guerrilla warfare.

After the war, Dr. Powell opened his dental practice in Smithton in 1946. He also served as school dentist for Rostraver/Bell Vernon area and South Huntington/Yough area for many years. He had an office in Smithton for 46 years until he retired in 1992. He was a member of Hope Memorial Lutheran Church and American Legion Post 790, both of Smithton. He was a life member of the American Dental Association, the Pennsylvania Dental Society, the Dental Society of Western Pennsylvania, Westmoreland County Dental Society, where he served as a past president, and the Delta Sigma Delta Dental Fraternity. In addition to his parents, he was preceded in death by a brother, Amel L. Powley, Jr.; and two sisters, Louise Forcucci and Amelia Burkhart. He is survived by his wife, Ruth Morrison Powley; a daughter, Linda Pirlo, of Smithton; a grandson, Adam Pirlo of Smithton; and several nieces and nephews.

From the local Tribune Review, reporter Paul Paterra writes:

Joseph H. Powley never wanted to be anything but a dentist. . .”He enjoyed dentistry,” said his wife, Ruth. “That was his first love, next to me.” . . .

. . . His time in the Navy took him to such locations as India, China, Russia and Scotland.

“He had many different episodes. Some were hair-raising,” Ruth Powley said.

She recalled one incident in China where he did not have his dental equipment. A man with a swollen jaw walked three miles to see him.

So Dr. Powley went to a nearby mechanic and asked for his smallest bit. With the help of a handful of other men who either held down the patient or helped to hold makeshift dental equipment in place, he was able to tend to the swollen jaw. “The tooth opened up and the man smiled,” Ruth Powley said.

. . . During his 46 years in dentistry, he did his best to keep his patients pain-free.

. . . Dr. Ed Hogan recalled Dr. Powley talking him into opening a dental practice in Smithton. Dr. Powley steered a lot of business his way and even kept Hogan’s card on hand. When Dr. Powley retired, Hogan inherited all of his patients.

“Joe was a guy who was totally dedicated to his patients. He was just the salt of the earth,” Hogan said. “The saddest day was when Joe retired. He would have practiced until his dying day if he could.”

???!****

Martin John Sowa

Born August 14, 1915 in Fall River, Mass., died on Thursday December 2, 1944, in Lancaster, Pennsylvania at age 89.

The son of Polish immigrants, Jan and Francesca Sowa, Martin graduated from B.M.C. Durfee High School and lived most of his life in Fall River and Westport, Mass. He served in the Navy in India and China as a member of SACO (Sino American Cooperative Organization) with the rank of SK1/c.

He was the founder and president of Sowa Outerwear Corp., a clothing manufacturing

firm in Fall River. He was married to Doris Palmer of Fall River for fifty-four years until her death in 2001.

He is survived by his daughter, Stephanie Dickey, of Indianapolis, Indiana, and son, Martin John Sowa, Jr., of Columbia, Pennsylvania and by six grandchildren, Graham, Owen and Spencer Dickey, and Lauren, Jonathan and Logan Sowa.

????!***

Kenneth A. Mann

Master Chief, US Navy (*Ret.*), of Rockville, MD, died Monday, November 15, 2004. He was preceded in death by his wife, Sara A. "Sally" Mann on December 8, 2002.

Survivors are son, Gary "Bucky" Mann, Sr.; grandsons, Gary K., Stephen E., and Patrick J. Mann; granddaughter Michele K. Ablashi; and daughter-in-law Kathleen M. Mann. Surviving siblings – Lashley Mann, Betty J. Starkey, and Charles W. Mann. A sister, Vera Daugherty is deceased. Also survived by eight great-grandchildren.

(Editor's note): Kenneth and his brother, Lashley, both served in SACO (Sino American Cooperative Organization) in China during WWII. This must be anomalous as I haven't heard of any other brothers serving in the group.

????!***

Fred William Johansen Cryptologist, Magician

Fred W. Johansen, 93, who worked as a cryptologist with the National Security Agency and whose passion was performing magic tricks, died of a cerebral hemorrhage Aug. 10, 2004 at Frederick Memorial Hospital. A longtime resident of Montgomery County, he and his wife moved to Jefferson (MD) in 2002.

Mr. Johansen was born in Hay Springs, Neb. Growing up in the small town in the Western part of the state, Mr. Johansen attended the

Congregational church that his grandfather helped build, and in the summertime, he played his trombone at weekly band concerts on the old village square. He also worked at Charlie Riley's grocery store and, at 13, began working as an usher at a theater called Skeen's Wonder Show.

Occasionally, a traveling magic show passed through Hay Springs, and Mr. Johansen's father, editor of the weekly Hay Springs Enterprise, usually got a free pass. His stories about the wonders he witnessed prompted young Fred and his twin brother, Ferd, to put together a magic act. *The Twin Mystics*, as they billed themselves, entertained at schools and other Hay Springs venues, as well as across the state.

Mr. Johansen graduated from Hay Springs High School in 1930 and with the Depression at full force, moved to Omaha to find work. He attended the Bickel School of Advertising and a business school. While working for a large furniture store in Omaha, he performed as a professional magician for trade shows, dinners and churches and in theaters.

Shortly after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor in 1941, Mr. Johansen joined the Navy. He was dispatched to Washington, where he worked with communications specialists in the Navy Department, and in 1943, he was sent to Chungking, China, where he was assigned to the headquarters of Adm. Milton E. Miles, Deputy Director of SACO, with the rank of CSP (X). As magician, he traveled across China and into Mongolia, performing at Chinese army camps, in temples and in the homes of warlords.

When the war ended, he settled in the Mount Pleasant area of Washington. With his wife and four children, he moved to Montgomery County in 1955.

In Washington, Mr. Johansen went to work for the CIA and was transferred to the NSA shortly thereafter. His duties as a cryptologist were highly classified, but when he retired in 1973, he was commended for his dedication to the U.S. Government and for his support of NSA's mission.

He continued entertaining with his magic tricks and ventriloquism. His daughter Bunny

Galladora recalled a favorite joke: Little Joe, the dummy, would get "sassy," and Mr. Johansen would say, "If I were your father, I'd give you poison." And Little Joe would say, "If I were your son, I'd take it."

A quiet man, he became a different person on stage, his wife, Madge E. Johansen of Jefferson recalled. He performed at children's birthday parties and churches and at Christmas for reporters and their families at the National Press Club. He did his magic act for patients at the National Institutes of Health until he was no longer able to do so.

Mr. Johansen was a member of the Society of American Magicians for 74 years and served several terms as president.

In addition to his wife, Madge, of 57 years, survivors include four children, Hazel Johansen, a missionary in Taiwan, Darlene Pierce of Laurel and Bunny Galladora and Fred "Skip" Johansen, both of Gaithersburg; four sisters - Constance Miller of Oelrichs, S.D., Thelma Carter of Boulder Colo., Madge Dugger of Rachos Palos Verdes, Calif., and Norma Patton and husband, Kenneth of Casper, Wyo., one brother, Ellis Johansen and wife, Inez, of Alamogordo, N.M.; and six grandchildren.

Fred Johansen was buried Aug. 16 with military honors at Cheltonham Veterans Cemetery in Cheltonham, Md.

???!!!!***

Kenneth A. Stark

The only info available is the following note dated Dec. 6, 2004 from Mary C. Stark, daughter:

I am writing to inform you that both of my parents, Kenneth and Kathleen Stark, have passed away. My mother passed away May 5, 2002, and my father on November 8, 2003. I wanted to inform you so that you could update your records.

Kenneth was Y1/c in SACO. . .Ed.

???!!!!***

Rudy P. Jakmas

Rudy Jakmas died Friday, Nov. 19, 2004 at Anchor Lodge Nursing Home in Lorain (Ohio).

He was born Nov. 7, 1913, in Pennsylvania and lived most of his life in Lorain.

He was a graduate of Lorain High School.

Jakmas was a Navy Seal and a SeeBee and served during WWII in the India and China Theater as MM1/c in SACO.



Jakmas

He owned Jakmas Plumbing in Lorain from 1955 until he retired in 1979. He completed training with the Ohio State Highway Patrol in 1941 and was elected bank director of Central Bank in 1974.

Jakmas was a member of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary Catholic Church in Lorain, the Knights of Columbus, AMVETS Post 47, the Polish Club in Lorain, the Polish Legion of American Veterans, the Waverly Hunt Club and the Elyria Country Club. He was an avid hunter, golfer and fisherman.

Survivors include his wife, Louise (nee Cyran) Jakmas; sisters Mary Kohlmyer of California and Agnes Thompson and Helen Cyb, both of Lorain; and several nieces and nephews. He was preceded in death by his parents, Adam and Anna Jakmas; brother Adam; and sisters Josephine Mancini and Theresa Timko-Smith.

???!!!!***

Richard R. Irvine

No obit - the following letter to the editor from Kathy Irvine:

This letter is to inform you of the passing of Richard R. Irvine, former SACO member. We have enjoyed the SACO magazine and learning more about the SACO operation. Thank you for a wonderful publication. To save you considerable postage costs, please remove Richard R. Irvine from your membership roster.

Thank you very much & keep up the wonderful work!

Editor's note: We have Irvine's home listed as St. Paul, MN. He was CGM in SACO. Assume Kathy Irvine is his widow –(not stated) and no date of death furnished.

????!!***

William Anthony Lutnick



Fallbrook, CA – William Anthony Lutnick, 87, died Sunday, Dec. 26, 2004, in Sandy, Utah of a brain tumor.

Born June 1, 1917, in Chicago, he lived in Fallbrook for 53 years. He owned and operated B&L Independent Tire Co. He retired in 1964 as a Major after 27 years in the U.S. Marine Corps.

He served three tours of duty in China before, during, and after World War II. He received the Purple Heart for combat wounds in Korea. He was a member of the Sino American Cooperative Organization (SACO). He served as an awards chairman for the BSA for many years.

Mr. Lutnick was preceded in death by his wife of 53 years, Oleah Lutnick, in 2003; brother John Lutnick in 2003; sister Evelyn Farkas in 1983; daughter Deborah Lutnick Riley; and grandchildren Sherean and Patrick Jr. Riley in 1974 and James Lutnick in 1995.

He is survived by his sons and daughter-in-law, Randall and Christine Lutnick of Fallbrook and William Lutnick, Jr. of DeLuz; daughter and son-in-law Patricia and Craig Ashcroft of Sandy, Utah; brother and sister-in-law Edward and Estelle Lutnick of Grand Blanc, Mich.; sister and brother-in-law Betty and Robert

Keast of Long Beach; and grandchildren Carilee, Jennifer, Matthew, McKell, Chelsea, Natalie, Lauren, Hailey, Dale and Andrew.

A graveside service was held with full military honors on Tues, Jan. 4, 2005 at the Masonic Cemetery in Fallbrook.

????!!***

Alfred E. Chisefsky



Alfred Chisefsky of Silver Spring, MD, beloved father of Lee Galloway, Melanie Gann and Kathryn Chisefsky, died Saturday, April 26, 2003 at the age of 77. He is also survived by five grandchildren, a former wife, Leah Pease, and other loving family members.

Albert served with SACO (Sino American Cooperative Organization) with the rank of RT2/c – a top secret intelligence and guerrilla organization made up mainly of Navy and Marine Personnel which operated on Mainland China during WWII.

A memorial service was held Saturday, May 3, 2003 at Faith United Methodist Church in Rockville, MD. Mr. Chisefsky was inurned at Arlington National Cemetery Columbarium on Monday, June 2, 2003.

Members of the Retired Firefighters Association of Washington, D. C. were notified of Brother Albert E. Chisefsky's death. Brother Chisefsky was appointed July, 1954, E/17 and retired January 1, 1975, E/7.

????!!***

Thomas P. Greco



Mr. & Mrs. Thomas P. Greco

Thomas P. Greco, 93, of Mahlon Street, Shinnston (WV), died Saturday morning, July 31, 2004, following a brief illness. He was born in Gaston Mine, near Fairmont, on February 14, 1911, a son of the late John and Filomena Tiano Greco.

He was preceded in death by his beloved wife, Josephine Ann Mazza Greco, on February 27, 1998.

He is survived by three daughters and sons-in-law, JoAnn and Norman "Duke" VanMeter, Fairmont; Bettina "Tina" and Garry King, Bridgeport; and Patricia and Walter Post, Shinnston; two sons and daughters-in-

law, Thomas P., II and Shelby Greco, Lumberport; and John and Tammy Greco, Shinnston. Also surviving are 8 grandchildren, Alissa Wilmoth, Chrissy Laswell, Jeannise Greco, Chris and Greg King, Mathew Post, and John and Nickie Greco, and 10 great-grandchildren. Three sisters, Natalie Medina, Spelter; Theresa Ellis, Maryland; and Rose Martin, North Carolina, and several nieces and nephews complete the family.

In addition to his wife and parents, he was preceded in death by a grandson, Thomas Paul Greco III, a great-grandson, Christopher Bruce Laswell; 2 brothers, John & Louis Greco; and 2 sisters, Mary Theresa Greco and Julia Secreto.

Tommy always loved to tell stories about his military experience. He served in the US Navy during WWII from November 1942 until September 1945 as a Pharmacists Mate 1st Class in the China, India, and Burma Theater areas of operation as a member of SACO. His group was responsible for weather observations for the Air Force and our Pacific fleet, rescuing downed fighter pilots, and training the Chinese troops in military operations. He was a life member and oldest member of American Legion Post 31, Shinnston, and just received his 60-year membership card.

Tommy was the owner and operator of Shinnston Shoe Repair for over 60 years, retiring in August 1994. He was Businessman of the Year, 1992, presented by the Shinnston Heritage Days, and was also profiled in Golden Seal, a West Virginia magazine, in 1993, for his craftsmanship as a shoe repairman. He was also a member of the Honorary Council of the West Virginia Heritage Festival, and a graduate of Lumberport High School, Class of 1929.

A devoted member of St. Ann Catholic Church, he had been a regular weekly adorer at the Perpetual Adoration Chapel for the past 5 years, and previously served as a lector, usher, and

Member of the Holy Name Society.

Editor's note: In Issue #11 of Oct 1994, Tom Greco's response to Jim Powell revealed that SACO definitely was involved in the rescue of Powell's crew members.

???!***

William Prentiss Glass



William P. Glass

William Glass, 82, died October 8, 2004 in Pasadena, Texas. He was born March 13, 1922, in Ragley, Louisiana. He joined the Navy in 1942 and served as a guerrilla fighter in the elite SACO division of Coast Watchers behind enemy lines in China during WWII.

He founded Eastex Vacuum in Houston, Texas in 1966 and was one of the top Kirby salesmen in the Southwest.

He was preceded in death by his son, Robert Prentiss Glass and daughter-in-law, Jeannene. He is survived by his wife of 62 years, Molly, of Pasadena, Texas; his daughter, Sue Jackson and son-in-law, JR of Coldspring, Texas and his son, Jack Glass and daughter-in-law, Wilma, of Pasadena, Texas. Also, four grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren. He leaves behind a multitude of family and friends.

???!***

Charles T. Shallcross

Editor's note: It is regrettable that we are long overdue to report the death of Charles Shallcross, but Paul Casamajor recently found that a letter to him from Mrs. Shallcross got buried in the mountain of paper that one accumulates in this business. (It's happened to me more than once, let me tell you) and not without frustration with a little stress thrown in! The 2002 letter from Mrs. Shallcross included a newspaper article (possibly dated 1964) at the time Mr. Shallcross was promoted to Captain which we reprint here. Charles T. Shallcross died August 26, 1989 and Mrs. Shallcross felt that she had notified "our office" at that time. Paul Casamajor wrote Mrs. Shallcross a letter of apology expressing his extreme sorrow for this unfortunate circumstance.

SHALLCROSS CLIMBS TO RANK OF NAVAL RESERVE CAPTAIN



CHARLES T. SHALLCROSS
Elizabeth educator continues
advance in Naval Reserve.

Charles T. Shallcross of 117 Princeton Road, (Elizabeth, NJ) director of physical welfare for the Elizabeth public schools, has been promoted to Captain in the U.S. Naval Reserve.

The announcement was made by the Naval Reserve Training Center at Fourth Ave. and Palmer St., where Capt. Shallcross is attached.

Mr. Shallcross enlisted in the Naval Reserve as a chief specialist in athletics in 1942. He served as an instructor at the U. S. Naval Reserve Midshipmen's School at Notre Dame University. A year later, he was commissioned a Lieutenant junior grade.

He served as assistant district welfare officer for the Ninth Naval District at Great Lakes, Ill.,

and later as athletic officer at the Naval Training Center, Sampson, N.Y.

In 1945, Mr. Shallcross joined the Naval Group, China (Sino American Cooperation Organization) - SACO -, which operated throughout the war behind Japanese lines in China. Its functions included communications, weather information, intelligence, recovery of downed American airmen and arming Chinese guerrillas and saboteurs. Some of Gen. Doolittle's Tokyo raiders were rescued by the group.

Since the end of World War II, Mr. Shallcross has remained active in the reserves. He was commander of Battalion 3-4 and commanding officer of surface division 3-15 at the Elizabeth center.

Presently, Mr. Shallcross is Naval Academy information officer and the commandant's local representative for the academy at Annapolis.

He joined the Elizabeth school system as a coach and physical education instructor in 1935. He has served as principal of Benjamin Franklin School 13, and Cleveland Junior High School. He also was president of the State Association of Health and Physical Education Directors.

???!?!***

Donald B. Saxby

Verna L. Saxby, wife of Donald, writes to Paul Casamajor: Donald B. Saxby died October 15, 2004 at age 85 at Palm Beach Gardens Medical Center, Palm Beach Gardens, Florida after a courageous battle with Parkinson's. He is survived by his wife, Verna, son Larry (Cheryl) Saxby, daughter, Marilee (Dale) McGaughey, granddaughters, Karen and Kathryn Saxby, Meridith and Megan McGaughey.

Paul Casamajor notes in a letter of condolence to Mrs. Saxby: "Donald and I worked for SACO at the same location - Kunming - but we never met because I left there eleven months before he arrived. He saw a great deal more of China than I did because he was later stationed at Chihkiang and Hankow. I never got out of Kunming until it was my time to leave China back over the 'Hump.'"

???!?!***

Deaths Reported Since Issue #29 2004

ERVIN, Robert D. RM1/c 2004
Chungking/Kweilin/Kunming/FRUCHI

FITZGERALD, Joseph F. RM2/c 2004
Chungking

GALATIN, USN (Ret), Adm. I. J. "Pete" 2004
Cdr - Chungking

GLASS, William Prentiss RM1/c 2004
Calcutta/Chungking/Kienyang/Changchow/Shanghai

GRECO, Thomas P. PhM1/c 2004
Camp 1/ Kienyang/Changting

IRVINE, Richard R. CGM 2004
Tezpur, India/Luliang/Kunming

JAKMAS, Rudolph P. M1/c 2004
Calcutta/Kunming/Foochow

JOHANSEN, Fred William CSp 2004
Kunming/ Chungking/Shanpa/Litung/Shanghai

LUTNICK, William A. Gy/Sgt 2004
Chungking/Camp 4

MANN, Kenneth A. CRM 2004
Chungking

MORRISON, William A. RM3/c 2004
Chungking/Hengyang/Shanghai

POWLEY, DDS, Dr. Joseph H. Lt. 2004
Kienyang/Shanghai

REEVES, Harry W. Capt. MC 2001
Calcutta/Kunming/Chungking

SAXBY, Donald B. Ens. 2004
Calcutta/Kunming/Chihkiang/ Huakow

SHALLCROSS, Charles T. Lt. 1989
Kunming/Hangchow/Shanghai

SOWA, Martin John sk1/C 2004
Bombay/Calcutta

STARK, Kenneth A. Y1/c 2003
Calcutta/Shanghai

TORDOFF, John S. Lt (jg) 2004
Camp 8/Shanghai

???!?!***

Adm. I. J. Galantin

Adm. I.J. "Pete" Galantin, USN (Ret) died at home in Florida in late 2004. His service in SACO was brief – only three months, from February to April in 1945, but for a substantial portion of that brief period, he was the Acting Commanding Officer at SACO Headquarters in Happy Valley. Only a Commander at the time, he was the SOP when *(quoting from his novel)* "Commodore Miles was summoned to Washington to present the Navy's case before the Joint Chiefs of Staff. At the same time, his Chief of Staff, Capt. Irwin F. Beyerly, was far afield in Eastern China, leaving me *(Galantin)* in charge. I had to feel my way through the maze of international politics, petty interservice rivalry, and incongruous military operations."*

Pete Galantin was the second officer to serve as the SACO/Pacific Fleet Submarine Command Liaison, following Cdr. Walter G. Ebert, who served in Chung-King from July 1944 until March 1945. Their mission was twofold: 1) To sift and pass on all intelligence that might assist the Pacific submarine fleet with offense and defense matters, and 2) Assist the 14th Bomber Command with rescue services of airmen downed at sea.

Following WWII, Galantin became a major factor in the development of missiles fired from submarines. In this activity, he rose in rank to Admiral.

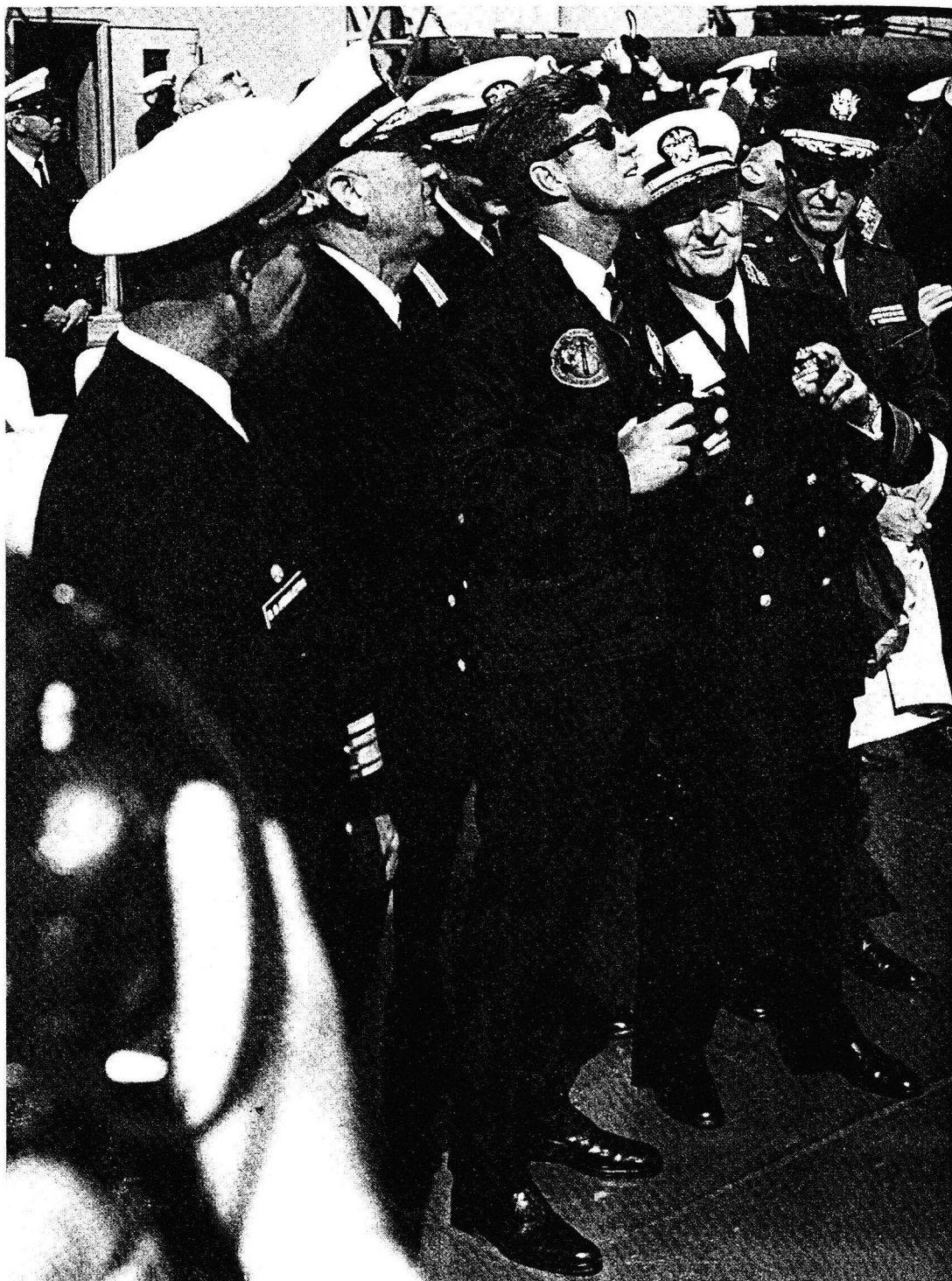
He was the author of two books, "Take Her Deep," and "Submarine Admiral." The latter contains a fine chapter about SACO.

*From p. 109 "Submarine Admiral"

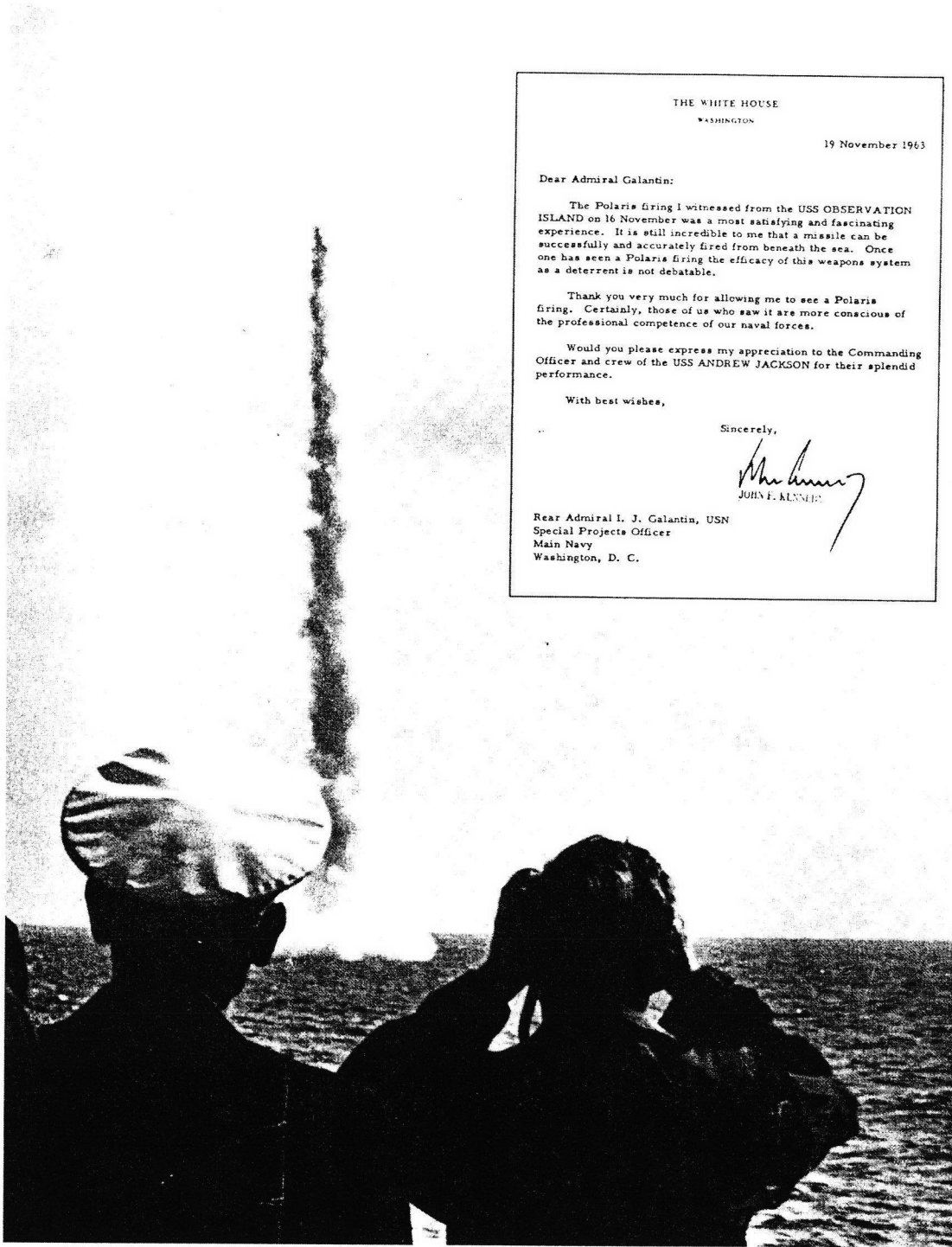


Author at periscope, USS Henry L. Stimson, March 17, 1968. (U.S. Navy photo)

Above photo of Admiral Galantin from his novel "Submarine Admiral" and obituary as well as the following photos of historic moments in the life of Adm. Galantin were submitted by Paul Casamajor. (Paul, thanks for the sharp photos...and the obituary due to your research...Ed.)



Author, with fingers crossed, assuring President John F. Kennedy that inert warheads fired off Cape Canaveral would fly perfectly to target in the Atlantic Test Range. Aboard the observing ship *Observation Island* are (left to right) Capt. R. O. Middleton, Rear Adm. V. L. Lowrance, Kennedy, the author, and Maj. Gen. Ted Clifton. The photo was taken on November 16, 1963, six days before Kennedy was assassinated in Dallas. (U.S. Navy photo)



THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

19 November 1963

Dear Admiral Galantin:

The Polaris firing I witnessed from the USS OBSERVATION ISLAND on 16 November was a most satisfying and fascinating experience. It is still incredible to me that a missile can be successfully and accurately fired from beneath the sea. Once one has seen a Polaris firing the efficacy of this weapons system as a deterrent is not debatable.

Thank you very much for allowing me to see a Polaris firing. Certainly, those of us who saw it are more conscious of the professional competence of our naval forces.

Would you please express my appreciation to the Commanding Officer and crew of the USS ANDREW JACKSON for their splendid performance.

With best wishes,

Sincerely,


JOHN F. KENNEDY

Rear Admiral I. J. Galantin, USN
Special Projects Officer
Main Navy
Washington, D. C.

President Kennedy, with glasses, watches as a Polaris missile is launched by USS *Andrew Jackson*, November 16, 1963. Rear Adm. Lowrance stands alongside. (U.S. Navy photo) Insert: Letter from President Kennedy to the author.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

19 November 1963

**Enlargement
of letter in
photo on the
preceding
page**

Dear Admiral Galantin:

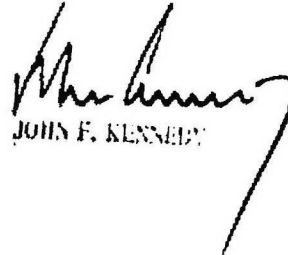
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With best wishes,

Sincerely,



JOHN F. KENNEDY

Rear Admiral I. J. Galantin, USN
Special Projects Officer
Main Navy
Washington, D. C.

Some tidbits from Jack Miller:

**In the stock market,
the Bulls and Bears aren't as much of a problem as the "Bum Steers."**

**The Internal Revenue Service really believes in it's citizens.
They know we have what it takes.**

The best way to make your car run better is to check out the prices of the new ones.

And I'll toss one in, too. Ed.

The way to recognize a mistake is to make it again.

2004

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Leu, Del
Maddox, Guy M.
Maurice, Richard & Judith
McDonough, Jennie
Miles, Murray & Enid
Moore, Robert D. & Edith D.
Norbert, J. Stone
O'Brien, Charles F. & Mearle H.
Peacock, William J. & Frances
Petersen, Kathryn A.
Petosky, Sigmund. J. & Dorothy
Powell, James W. & Jeanne
Primos, Aleck & Dorothy Anne
Quinlan, Marian S.
Reynnet, Darius F.
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(Book – SACO - TRPN)
Sager, William & Elizabeth
(Book – SACO - TRPN)
Scarborough, Sr. Joseph T. & Louise
Scurlock, Mary Ellen (Hirt)
Shearer, Jack & June
Smith, Richard C. & Grace
(Book – SACO - TRPN)

Smith, Elsie M.
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 Welchel, Thomas F.
 Weskamp, Herman & Kathryn
 White, William F.
 Wilcox, Marlyn D. & Beverly
 Wilson, Kenneth R. "Tug"
 Wogan, Anthony J. & Evelyn
 Wyatt, William W. & Mary
(Honor of Editor)
 Young Jr., William D. & Virginia

Donations from non-members:

Beard, Daniel J. *(friend of the Editor)*
 Delay, Jr., Henry & Elinor H. *(friends of the Fitzgeralds in memory of Joe)*

Editor's note:

Our heartfelt gratitude to all of you who have so generously supported our group and the "SACO NEWS" above and beyond annual dues. If there are any errors in the foregoing report or any omissions of donors, we earnestly request that you bring them to our attention by notifying me promptly. Without your kind words & deeds we would not have sustained our current financial status which affords us the opportunity to continue our publication. From all of us - thanks for being part of a large "Honor Roll" and a "Well Done" for your thoughtfulness.

rlr, Editor

ALEX CARRILLO CALLED 12 FEB '05 AND REQUESTED THAT I LET EVERYONE KNOW HOW MUCH HE AND ELOISE HAVE MISSED ALL OF YOU AND LOOKS FORWARD TO JOINING US AGAIN IN PALM SPRINGS IN NOVEMBER. HE STATES THEY HAD PRETTY SERIOUS INJURIES FROM A CAR ACCIDENT ABOUT A YEAR AGO. Ed.

Those Golden Years !!!

*When I was young and saw the sun,
 I knew full well, Life had begun;
 But older folks would bend my ears,
 And say, "Just wait for the Golden Years."*

*Do what you like, your time's your own;
 Take no lip from boss or crone,
 Life will be a time of cheers;
 There's nothing like those GOLDEN YEARS.*

*And so I waited, curbed my fears,
 Looking forward to the GOLDEN YEARS;
 Suppressed my thoughts of booze and sex,
 Kept myself in constant check.*

*But looking back at things I've missed
 Are just enough to make me pissed.
 These GOLDEN YEARS do cast a spell -
 Those older folks can go to hell!*

*Cuz' now I've reached that great plateau,
 I'm here to tell ya, "It just ain't so!"
 With eyes and ears and teeth all false
 These GOLDEN YEARS are like a waltz.*

*One step forward, two steps back,
 Find a bathroom in any shack.
 How can I get from here to there,
 Without a stop in the GOLDEN YEARS.*

*So, I ask you straight at this time in life,
 That's filled with pills, pain and strife,
 Are those GOLDEN YEARS so full and free?
 Want the truth? Just ask BARTEE!*

*Bar Tee
 10-13-04*

Still Alive, Doing Splits, And Kicking: The Usual



(Adm. Richard Terpstra found this article about "The Fabulous Palm Springs Follies" in THE NEW YORK TIMES – sent same to his father who forwarded it to me. Thank you gentlemen for such a "timely" story. Ed.)

Photographs by Jamie Rector for The New York Times

Ms. Parks, a graduate of the High School of Performing Arts in New York and a former dancer with the Katherine Dunham and Alvin Ailey companies, among others, said she has fit in nicely, though she rejects the label "showgirl."

"You're really performing," she said. "This is such an extension to what I've done. It's singing and dancing, and I'm experiencing all the people's lives who have done more than I have. I love hearing the stories from back in the day."

Backstage before a matinee show recently, the women's

dressing room teemed with costumes and wigs, while dressers helped the performers into bustiers and headdresses for the opening numbers, "Bumps and Grinds" and "We Are the Girls of Burlesque." There was chatter – "The color looks better on you than it does on me," one woman was saying – but no obvious jitters as they primed in front of the mirror and tugged at costumes.

"I'm nervous when my kids are in the audience," said Ms. Guilfoyle, who raised her seven children alone after her husband

left her, and carries a picture of her growing brood of grand-grandchildren.

Ms Guilfoyle, who has been with the show for 10 years, is not sure when her gig would be up. Auditions, for applicants 55 and older, are held every year, and current cast members must be "invited" back.

"We just have to take each year and see if we can still move," she said.

*(This article also sent by John Waters)
????!!***



15 July 2004 – Golden Anniversary of SACO Reunions in Seattle, WA – The tour visited Bremerton Navy Yards where the Aircraft Ranger was retired. Carolyn Inman Arnold's father, Willard Inman served on this ship. Carolyn (white top) is kneeling in front of group.