

December 2003

SACO VETERANS

OF
THE RICE PADDY NAVY
CHINA

WHAT

Perpetual Skipper

THE

WELLY?

VAdm. Milton E. "Mary" Miles



Sino American Cooperative Organization

Issue No. 27

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The Philadelphia Story
September 2003

Some more personal thoughts of Erma . . .

"How wonderful and touching is the latest issue of SACO News. You are to be commended for this tribute to your mother. How fortunate you were to have shared such a loving friendship. And how fortunate were we SACOites to have known her." (Much love, Jim Kelly)
. . . . cont'd next page.



Erma's bronze plaque installed at her Grave late October 2003 . . .

I am particularly pleased and proud to share with you the design and wording of her marker. I feel it is not only candidly descriptive of her life but a fitting tribute to one who led such a beautiful, loving time on earth bringing happiness to so many. And, not only to Erma alone, in this message, she shares a perpetual recognition to SACO and the men who served.

My heartfelt gratitude to all of you who gave so generously toward this bronze memorial and to all SACOs who shared love for Erma. It was my desire to please myself in wording this memorial and I hope it pleases all of you in my SACO Family. The love of you in SACO has helped carry me through and I love all of you in return. *Ed*



Erma was a dear friend to all who knew her and will be missed by everyone. *(Bill & Bobbie Hall)*

It's hard to believe Erma is gone – it seemed she should just go on and on. . . I thank you for sending me that beautiful memorial edition. So many memories! *(Mabel Carpenter – personal friend)*

Bill and I enjoyed the "SACO Veterans" memorial edition to your mom, Erma. We were saddened to hear of her dying, but now she's in the presence of her creator. We sure hope and pray you find some good things to do to fill in the gaps she'll leave in your life. . *(Bill & Janie Cumper- personal friends and former neighbors).*

I was sorry to hear about your mom. Try to think of all the good times you had. This is easier said than done. She was a wonderful person and gave so much of herself. *("Zig" (Sigmund) & Dorothy Petosky).*

Much love and prayers from the Cox family. Your tribute to your dear mother was awesome! God Bless! *(Ruth)*

. . . Erma was a really remarkable person and it will be hard to realize our reunions without her presence. We will greatly miss this lovely lady and wonderful friend. Your friendship means a lot to us and please accept our sympathy and this check *(Most generous indeed – Ed.)* to help pay for some telephone calls. We will send a check to Hospice in her memory as that is where Laura's time and efforts are needed and appreciated.

Our love and concern will be with you in this great loss. Take care until we see you again. *(Love, Laura and Charles Sellers).*

Scott and I were deeply sorry to hear that Erma died. She was always so cheerful and we are glad that we got to know her these past few years – a beautiful, fine lady who loved fun. I hope you are coping with your loss. If there is anything we can do, or you need a place to visit, let us know. *(Chris & Scott Davis – next door neighbors who spend summers at their home in state of Washington).*

I have just learned of the loss of your Erma. My mother and I are deeply saddened. Your words moved me deeply and please accept our condolences knowing words cannot take away your sadness. *(Victor Bisceglia)*

Your memorial edition was a wonderful tribute to Erma – she would have loved it. The pictures brought back lots of memories – hard to realize we've been so many places at the same time. The work on the magazine has to have been good therapy for you – to have the memorable thoughts and then put them in writing to share with your friends in SACO – you and Erma have been such an integral part of SACO for so many years – she will be sorely missed. . . Isn't it nice that we had her around for so many years – she was a special person – and you two had a special relationship – and we have always had special thoughts of you. . . *(With love, Bill & Sissy Miller)*

I only met your mother once – but I adored her. I wanted to see you two a few months ago when you came to San Diego, but I was too fragile. May the angels watch over your mother. *(Karol 'Baker' Jasmeyer – dtr of Willie and Audrey Baker).*

There is a character in Chinese "缘", We will remember and love Erma as long as we live. *(Steve & Linda Chu).*

Your mother was always friendly and we always looked forward to seeing her. *(Dick and Frances Petri)*

Our sincere sympathy for the loss of your dearest friend, mom, companion and our love to you, *Joe & Peg Fitzgerald).*

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 TIGERS," as they were, and are popularly known, 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 *each and everyone a volunteer* 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????!!***)

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SACO NEWS

is 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.

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A PHILADELPHIA STORY

The Madam opened the brothel door to see a frail , elderly gentleman. "Can I help you ?" she asked. "I want Natalie," the old man replied. "Sir, Natalie is one of most expensive ladies, perhaps someone else?" "No, I must see Natalie." Just then Natalie appeared and announced to the old man that she charged \$1,000 per visit. Without blinking, the old man reached into his pocket and handed her ten \$100 bills. The two went up to a room for an hour, where upon the old man calmly left .

The next night he appeared again, demanding to see Natalie. Natalie explained that no one ever came back two nights in a row and that there were no discounts...it was still \$1,000 per. Again the old man took out the money and the two went up to the room and an hour later he left.

When he showed up the third consecutive night, no one could believe it. But again he handed her the money and up to the room he went. At the end of the hour, Natalie said to the old man, "No one has ever used my services three nights in a row. Where are you from?"

The old man replied, "I'm from Philadelphia." "Really?" replied Natalie. "I have a family living there. " "Yes, I know," said the old man. "Your father died, and I'm your sister's attorney. She asked me to give you the \$3,000."

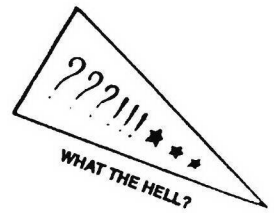
(From Jack Miller - "Can U use this?" I think I just did and thanks!)



SACO

SINO AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION

U. S. NAVAL GROUP CHINA VETERANS



Vice Admiral Milton E. Miles
Perpetual Skipper

**MINUTES OF THE SACO TRUSTEES' MEETING
DOUBLETREE INN
PHILADELPHIA, PA
September 3, 2003**

Editor's note: With permission of Secretary Bartee, I have taken liberty to edit complete contents of reports as to both the Meeting of Trustees as well as General Membership Meeting to compensate availability of space in this issue.

The Trustees' meeting was convened at 1930 hours Wednesday September 3, 2003.

Attendees were:

Trustees

Bill Miller

Jack Petersen

Jack Miller

Bob Hoe

Absent-Bob Sinks

Officers:

Norm Dike-Vice President

Herman Weskamp-Treasurer

Bill Bartee-Secretary

Bill Sager-Legal Counsel

In light of the absence of President Joe Fitzgerald and the physical condition of V.P. Norman Dike who had just experienced a terrible car wreck, Bill Bartee, SACO Secretary presided as President Pro-tem.

(Necrology – which should be covered in obits - and Old Business, in part, omitted)

Status of Jimmy Dunn Interment

Bob Hoe recapped his efforts to get Jimmy Dunn's remains interred in a National Cemetery. He noted that the Secretary of Veterans Affairs could okay the project if we could get to him or if we could get a Philippine congressman to sponsor the request and recognize Dunn as was done for Philippine Guerillas. Bob noted that he would not give up on the project yet and that he and Bob Sinks would continue to find a solution to the problem.

At this time, it was noted that Bob Hoe had agreed to represent SACO at a CBI Symposium to be held at the Nimitz Museum in Fredericksburg, TX on Sept 20 & 21. He was requested to try and locate the tontine that was made by Bill Miller in order that it could be displayed at future reunions.

Future Reunions

Jack Miller still open for Appleton – Harold Bonin willing for Secaucus, NJ – Bill Miller had four proposals and trustees agreed to present Miller's four options to the membership.

New Business

Motion made by Jack Petersen to acknowledge all of the work done for SACO by Paul Casamajor by providing him with \$1,000 toward the purchase of upgrade computer and to also bestow life membership upon him. Motion seconded by Bill Miller – motion carried.

Audit

The secretary requested an independent audit of SACO Treasury as a sound business practice and to preclude any problems with IRS at some future date. The trustees agreed that such an audit should be conducted and noted that Legal Counsel Bill Sager should use his previous experience as counsel for a nation CPA Association to determine the type and depth of the review. He agreed to work with the treasurer to determine proper procedures to be requested and the cost involved.

There being no further business for the good of the order, a motion to adjourn was made by Jack Petersen, seconded by Bill Miller. Motion carried and the meeting was adjourned at 2230 hours.

(signed) Bill Bartee

**MINUTES OF SACO GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING
DOUBLETREE INN, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
SEPTEMBER 6, 2003**

Bill Bartee, President Pro-tem, called the membership meeting to order at 0910 hours September 6, 2003, with 41 members and associate members attending. The absence of the President and precarious physical state of Vice-President Norman Dike were reviewed, explaining why Bartee was presiding. Bill Bartee then conducted the invocation and pledge of allegiance.

Membership Report

Associates

Bill Miller noted that Paul Casamajor had recommended to the membership chairman the names of 18 individuals. He noted that the trustees had accepted the list without question. A motion to accept the list as provided by Casamajor was made by Harold Bonin and seconded by George Barrett – motion carried.

Future Reunions

As stated in minutes of Trustees' Meeting, Jack Miller, Harold Bonin and Bill Miller's proposals were discussed. Actually, Bill Miller had four options as to location in Washington – U of Washington Campus Park Forest, 2 1/2 hours north of Seattle, Casino Hotel site and Hawthorne Suites in Kent, WA near SeaTac Airport.

The membership vote was:	Appleton, WI	10
	Secaucus, NJ	6
	Kent, WA	13

After this process of elimination, a motion was made to hold the 2004 reunion in Kent, WA at the Hawthorne Suites by Guy Purvis & seconded by Dick Terpstra. Motion carried.

SACO Documentary

Carolyn Inman-Arnold was called on to update the membership on the status of the documentary. She noted that the IRS had finally got out of her hair and she was now ready to resume work after a two-year investigation.

NEW BUSINESS

By-laws

The trustees noted that they had studied the present by-laws and decided that no changes were required this late in the game.

Reprint of "Rice Paddy Navy"

Bartee presented a proposal that would result in getting the Roy Stratton book reprinted and made available to the membership. The proposal would request the membership to contribute to a reprint fund that already has \$3,000 pledged. It was noted that the proposal had been presented to the trustees at their meeting and met no opposition. A roster was established by Willie Baker where attendees could make a pledge if they so desired. This roster generated \$2,600 for a total of \$5,600 toward the goal of \$8,000.

Nimitz Museum Symposium

The membership was informed that Bob Hoe had agreed to represent SACO at the CBI Symposium in Fredericksburg, TX on Sept 20 & 21, 2003. It was noted that the SACO trustees felt he should be compensated for at least his airfare and room accommodations. Hoe noted that he had already completed the registration form provided by the museum and noted on it that such cost would be deemed as a contribution to the museum. He therefore would refuse any reimbursement from SACO. This action is to be highly commended by the SACO membership.

Election of Officers

A count of the ballots revealed the following as SACO officers:

- President - Jim Kelly
- Vice President - Charles O'Brien
- Secretary - Bill Bartee
- Asst. Secretary – Allan Tanner
- Treasurer – Herman Weskamp
- Asst. Treasurer – Willie Baker

SACO Trustees

- Jerry Coats – Three year term
- Bob Hill – Three year term
- Richard Petri – One year term

Meeting adjourned at 1200 hours.

Respectfully Submitted

Bill Bartee
Bill Bartee
SACO Secretary



The Good Texas Baptist

A Good ole Texas Boy walks into a local bar, orders three mugs of Coors and sits in the back of the room, drinking a sip out of each one in turn.

When he finishes them, he comes back to the bar and orders three more. The bartender approaches and says, "You know, a mug goes flat after I draw it. It would taste better if you bought one at a time." The Texan replies, "Well, you see, I have two brothers. One is in Australia, the other is in Ireland and I'm here in Texas. When we all left home, we promised that we'd drink this way to remember the days we were able to drink together. So I drink one for each of my brothers and one for myself."

The bartender admits that this is a nice custom and leaves it there. The Texas Boy becomes a regular in the bar and always drinks the same way. He orders three mugs and drinks them in turn.

One day, he comes in and orders only two mugs. All the regulars take notice and fall silent. When he comes back to the bar for the second round, the bartender says, "I don't want to intrude on your grief, but I wanted to offer my condolences on your loss."

The ole Texas Boy looks puzzled for a moment, but then a light dawns and he laughs. "OH, no, no, everybody's just fine," he explains, "It's just that my wife had us join the local Baptist Church and I had to quit drinking. Hasn't affected my brothers though."

(From the newsletter of the local American Legion Post 301 Rancho Mirage, CA.)

LETTERS

To the editor

18 September 2003

. . . I'm in the throes of writing thank you notes and, of course, you are to be thanked for your input to the reunion. Don't think me a bit off hand when I express my gratitude. I'm most appreciative, Richard.

The attached is a list of attendees, which you indicated you wanted. As you can see, I failed to get everybody on the one list . . . if you plan to print the names in the SACO NEWS, please insert the tail end in its proper place alphabetically. (I didn't phrase that last sentence properly . . . mea culpa!)

I've received some feedback and will forward some of it to you - - - all positive, incidentally. I still feel badly that more SACO members didn't come, but I guess the onslaught of old age is the culprit. The future of more reunions certainly isn't promising. I intend to go, be the good Lord cooperative.

Richard, 'twas good to see you're coping well. I think Erma would be proud of you, just as she was when she was alive. So stay positive and keep Erma with you always, as I'm sure you will.

Much love,
Jim Kelly



???!***

To the editor

20 June 2003

I am enclosing my check for \$100.00. I am looking at your letter of March? 2003. I hope this will cover Marion's dues for the years 2001-2003.* Marion died year ago, and I put all SACO material in a pile thinking I would send his obituary to you. A year later I am truly apologetic that I have been so delinquent.

Marion read all the things that came from SACO and the Interpreter. The last few years he was very

ill and I read them to him. I just wanted you to know that his Naval service really made a difference in his life and his work. He was for many years Chairman of East Asian Studies at Princeton University and really did build up a department and program that did the university proud.

I am sending a little booklet that one of his many eminent students put together after his memorial service here. . .

Again, I apologize for my inexcusable delay in writing to you.

Yours sincerely,
Joy C. Levy



*Your check was forwarded to Treas. Weskamp, which more than covered dues for those years & the balance shown as donation to our fund. Thank you again.

???!***

To the editor


5 August 2003

I was deeply sorry to learn of your mother's passing. I thoroughly enjoyed meeting her at Fredericksburg 2 years ago and being of a little assistance to her then. By now, your foot/leg must be back to normal.

I lost my mother at 92 in 1989 and still miss her a great deal.

I am unable to make the Philadelphia meeting, but hope the next meeting in 2004 is closer to us. (How about Kent, WA in 2004?)

Every best wish
Frank H. Kilmer (A)



???!***

To the editor

7 Sept 2003

It was pleasant to have visited with you at this Philadelphia reunion. Too bad the weather on the day we went to visit the Ship was so rainy. This did put a damper on part of the trip.

We realize how busy you are and how involved in the affairs of SACO and we appreciate the fact that you were able to take time out to join us for lunch. We hope you enjoyed it as much as we did.

We, too, miss your mother at these meetings and we can understand how much of a life changing event your mother's passing was. We, too, miss her, but in a different way than you do, but having lost my mother and Pearl's mother also, we can certainly understand what a "hole" this creates in your life. We hope that the many pleasant memories and your dedication to her will give you continuing satisfaction that you always did you very best and gave her your unqualified love and affection. We are sure that her love for you was as great as your love and affection for her.

We understand that you have prepared wording that is approved by the cemetery for your mother's headstone. We know that this is a very personal thing and we do not wish to intrude, but we would like to send this small remembrance (actually extremely generous and again I thank you so much! *Ed.*) to you to apply toward the headstone you are preparing to mark her grave. Please accept it in the manner in which it is offered. We do NOT wish to diminish in any way the feelings that you have and will always have for your mother.* We just want to be remembered by a Great Lady. . .

Sincerely, *Pearl + Howard*
Pearl & Howard C. Millerin

*There's no way that any of you can diminish the feelings I have for my mother; on the contrary, the love that you people have expressed for her through the years makes me love her all the more in the knowledge that all of you also recognized someone who was uniquely special! One of my best friends, a neighbor girl that I grew up with, many years ago gave Erma a plaque for Christmas reading "There are lots of people in this world, but God made you special." I had always planned that I would place that plaque in or on her casket and to think that I forgot it. But it still hangs in her bedroom. *Ed.*

???!!!***

To the editor 14 September 2003

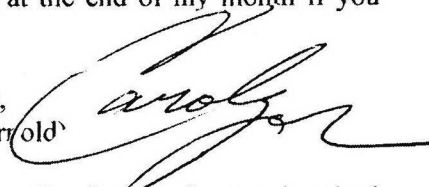
Ah! What a wonderful time we had in Philly! Perhaps I am getting more sentimental as the years go by, but the memories we create at SACO reunions are priceless!

Yesterday, Dave, my fiancé and I took the metro-rail down to Chinatown in Los Angeles for the celebration of the mid-Autumn Moon Festival (Zhongquijie). I had my first moon cake (Yuebing). In 1945, my father made the following entry: "Sept. 20, Moon cakes galore today, rich as hell. Something like fruitcake only richer, consistency of an old rubber heel." It warms the heart knowing that some things never change!

After Chinatown, we went to the Hollywood Bowl (the season's fireworks' finale) where they paid tribute to China and her contributions to humanity. We were entertained by the "peking Acrobats." Absolutely wonderful. However, I don't think I could live with myself if my body was able to contort in such a fashion! Amazing!

I have loads of good photos for you! So, here I sit on my patio wondering to myself . . ."Should I mail these photos or should I hand deliver them?" The latter sounds much more fun and would give me a great excuse to visit La Quinta! . . . there's nothing scheduled at the end of my month if you are game. . .

Think of you often,
Carolyn (Inman-Arnold)



(I was "game" - Carolyn is about a hundred miles or so from here and she drove out the last Sunday in September - we had lunch at a local Chinese Restaurant and I gave Carolyn a brief tour of La Quinta, Date Palm groves, a little of Palm Springs, etc. It was a very enjoyable day for me to have company. And she brought prints from about 9 rolls of film *Ed.*)

???!!!***

To the editor 8 September 2003

It was a pleasure and an honor to attend the 49th SACO Reunion in Philadelphia. Thank you and all the SACO personnel and their families for their warm and gracious welcome.

I was scanning the SACO NEWS Issue No. 23 in which I found your query about the SACO shoulder patches. I have my father's. It is as specified in the design, but it shows no sign of ever having been adhered to a uniform.

Sincerely *Hans S. Fletcher*
Hans S. Fletcher

To: Mrs. Jinx Falkenburg
P.O. Box 405
Mill Creek, NY 11765

I have been a life member of the CBIVA and have read the article of you, which I have enclosed.

Went to China in 1944 and returned to my New Jersey home in 1946. I then worked in New York City for 43 years as a salesman and retired in 1989 so that I could enjoy some of the land of paradise.

There were three reunions of our group held in New York City at the Warwick Hotel. They were as follows: Aug. 10, 1957 – Aug. 2, 1958 and Aug 12, 1961.

I met you at one, which I believe to be a Saturday with our Admiral Milton E. Miles and several other members. To refresh your memory, you had aided the admiral and a couple of the members to run the “What The Hell” pennant up the yardarm over the entrance way of the Hotel Warwick located off 6th Avenue on one of the streets in the ‘50s.

Note that you have your own health problems and wish you continued success towards the restoration of good health.

Would be delighted to phone you and discuss our SACO group about to have their 49th reunion in Philadelphia in September should you wish to forward your phone number. Our group has also been known as “The Rice Paddy Navy,” and they have been a part of my life all these years. Have attended 46 reunions thru out the country and visited Taiwan eight times since 1979.

Cordially,
Harold Bonin,
Historian



From CBIVA Spring 2003 Issue:

This photo of Jinx Falkenburg was submitted by PSC, PBC Carroll Schaeffer of Pensacola, FL and the White Beach Basha. Carroll reports that Jinx is in a continuing battle with lung cancer. He phoned her recently and she answered the phone (before her son could get to it) in a strong voice. She has lung cancer, had surgery in 1997, but continues to enjoy life and socialize with

friends. The latter must come to her since she is more or less confined to her home.



She survives many of her Hollywood friends such as Carole Lombard (died in a plane crash 61 years ago) and Paulette Goddard who died a few years ago. Carroll believes only Jinx and Betty Yeaton are the only survivors of the Hollywood troupes who entertained troops in CBI. Carroll encourages CBIVers to send Jinx “Get Well” cards to Mrs. Jinx Falkenburg, PO Box 405, Mill Neck, NY 11765

Editor’s note: Bonin’s letter was addressed to Mill” Creek” and CBIVA article projects Mill” Neck” – assume Bonin misread and perhaps the Falkenburg article is correct. I was unsuccessful in locating either community on my map.

????!!***

To the editor

12 August 2003

I was stunned to read of Erma’s death and sorry I’m so late in extending my heartfelt sympathy and prayers.

My brother in Michigan also passed away – he was 85 in May. I was busy going back & forth & having to deal with his estate (farm), which is still unsold.

What a wonderful memorial you had for Erma; my tears never stopped – they’re splattered over the pages. Thank you and thanks to your dad for

choosing Erma for his wife and giving you the finest mother in the world and a wonderful gift to SACO.

Enclosed is a poem – I don't know who wrote it – but it may remind you of Erma. (*Poem appears on first page of obits Ed.*)

Also \$25 for Erma's memorial (bronze tablet) and \$10 for all your work as editor. Please stay well and remember how much you are loved by all of us.

Elsie Smith
(O.J.'s widow)

Elsie – thank you for one of the most beautiful of letters received. And thanks for the contribution. Ed.

???!!!***

To the editor 13 September 2003

Hope you are home safely . . .

Jack and I went on to visit our sons in Montclair & Dover & drove home via the Chesapeake Bay Bridge Tunnels – all in all a good trip, a good meeting & a pleasure to see old friends again.

I know how difficult it was for you – especially at first, but I hope you were more comfortable as the days passed; especially knowing you were among friends who certainly understood your difficulty and deeply felt your loss. You were very brave!

I left the registration book with Jim Kelly – my up and down health problems this past year makes me uncertain even to how the next day will go – so best to be sent to Bill & Sissy & not depend on me until I appear.

So glad to see you walking well – and that problem is behind you.

Many thanks & love, *Fran Waters*
Fran Waters

Fran, I know that the preceding year hasn't been kind as to your health, but I hope things are looking better and stay that way. As Erma would say, "We'll keep a good thought!" Love to you both Ed.

To the editor 14 Oct '03

I was stunned when I read the eulogy "A Walk With An Angel," in the July '03 issue of *SACO News*. It seemed that many thoughts and memories all were racing through my mind simultaneously; so much so that I had a hard time organizing them into sensibility. I could not believe Erma had died. But there it was on the front cover of the News and detailed inside as a memorial to the "Mother Erma."

The little bit that I knew about the two of you and your sojourn in Kokomo absorbed me greatly for the next few days, for it was like "deja vu" all over again. (My childhood was somewhat similar). Living in Kokomo and having connections and/or relatives in nearby Alto and West Middleton caused me to reflect considerably on the possibility that our paths may have crossed many times. I know that I was in the corner store in Alto many times. My grandfather and grandmother shopped there occasionally as we were on the way to West Middleton. This of course, was during late twenties and early thirties. Little did you or I know that seventy years later we would get to know of this connection. It was because of this connection that I fully intended to rent a car if SACO ever met in Indianapolis so we could take dear Erma on a free afternoon to the old "stamping ground," driving through the old familiar places. I am dreadfully sorry that this plan didn't work out.

I hope you are able to "carry on" without her. You must know that all who knew her are pulling for you; that through God's grace you will "keep on keeping on." Please know that all your good friends share in your loss. You are not alone!

Everlastingly your friend,

(James Bash)

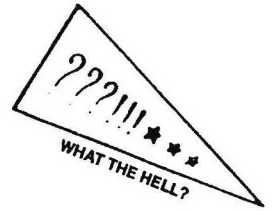
???!!!***



SACO

SINO AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION

U. S. NAVAL GROUP CHINA VETERANS



Vice Admiral Milton E. Miles
Perpetual Skipper

September 16, 2003

Mr. James F. Kelly
SACO President
109 Homestead Ave.
Collingwood, N.J. 08108-1929

RE: 49th. SACO Reunion

Dear Jim,

On behalf of the Officer, Trustees and membership I would like to take this occasion to offer our most sincere thanks and profound gratitude to you for one of the most memorable reunions yet held.

These kudos are also extended to your fine children, Dennis, Jim and Janice whom without, you would have no doubt sank in the quagmire of details required to successfully produce such a production.

Your thoughtfulness and ability to meet and greet every attendee with gusto is an attribute that few people have. The climax you provided with REAL Philadelphia Mummies was indeed the crowning event to a successful reunion.

Very few people realize the labor and time involved in making a reunion successful. You took the bull by the horns and did it by providing a great and enjoyable outing for all. Thank you Jim, you will never know how much we appreciate your efforts. Now sit back and enjoy your term as SACO President. You have earned the position in every respect.

Sincerely,


Bill Bartee
SACO Secretary

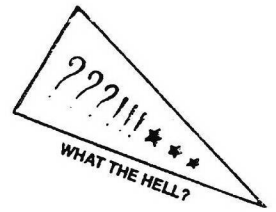
CC: SACO Officers and Trustees.



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SINO AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION

U. S. NAVAL GROUP CHINA VETERANS



Vice Admiral Milton E. Miles
Perpetual Skipper

September 16, 2003

Major General KUO, Rong-Charng
Vice Director, M.I.B.
P.O. Box 3693
Taipei, Taiwan. R.O.C.

Dear M.G. KUO, Rong-Charng,

On behalf of the SACO Officers, Trustees and membership, I would like to take this opportunity to thank you and your entourage of Mrs. KUO, Major LIN and Major MO for your presence at our 49th. SACO Reunion. We are always glad to see and converse with our friends from M.I.B. and your participation in the events makes your presence doubly appreciated.

We would especially like to express our profound gratitude for the elegant speech you gave at the final banquet, along with your more than generous contribution to the SACO treasury. As you are aware we are a self-sustaining organization and any contribution to our treasury is more than welcome. I would be remiss if I did not also offer our thanks for the personal gifts that were distributed to all of those attending the banquet. The pen and key case will serve as a reminder to all that our friends from Taiwan really care. As our membership dwindles, due to the process of old age, I honestly believe that our ties to each other grow deeper each year.

Please convey our greeting to all of our friends in the M.I. B. and if there is ever a need for something here in the U.S.A. please call on any of us immediately.

Again thanks for coming and please DO come back.

Sincerely,

Bill Bartee
SACO Secretary

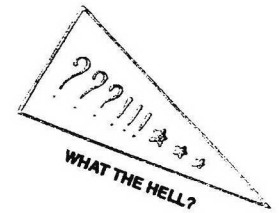
CC: Director M.I.B.
SACO Officers and Trustees.



SACO

SINO AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION

U. S. NAVAL GROUP CHINA VETERANS



September 25, 2003

Vice Admiral Milton E. Miles
Perpetual Skipper

Major General Kuo, Rong-Charng
Vice Director, MIB, MND
P.O. BOX 3693
Taipei, Taiwan, ROC

Dear General Kuo,

In reflecting on the recently completed SACO Reunion, I know that everybody in attendance joins me in thanking you, Mrs. Kuo and Majors Lin and Mo for your presence. You certainly represented General Hsueh admirably throughout your stay in Philadelphia. I daresay General Hsueh would have been proud of the positive impressions you and your staff projected. All of us SACO members wished your party could have remained for a few more days. Moreover, we trust all of you share these sentiments.

My one personal regret is that more members of SACO were unable to attend the Reunion. However, I realize the onset of old age is having an adverse impact on many of us, preventing many from traveling. Let us hope we shall be able to schedule more reunions in the future, however. And let us hope, too, you may be able to come again.

Please accept my gratitude for your many kindnesses to us while you were here. The elegantly special gifts bestowed on the officers and trustees and the handsome key holders distributed to all at the banquet will be lifetime memories of the Philadelphia Reunion.

That I had the good fortune to be Chairman of the Philly Reunion was made evident when I met you and your most gracious wife. You both proved to be relaxed and comfortable and easily entertained. While in your company, I felt no need to be formal, realizing you hardly sought to escape my casual approach to a relationship. This can also be said of my contacts with Laura and Philip. Thank you for this happenstance...I'm certain I can consider all of you as good friends.

Seeing all of you leaving the hotel on that Sunday was less than a joyful moment. I didn't want to see you leave. Consequently, I wish, somehow or other, that we'll all meet again. In the meantime, General, know that I send you and Mrs. Kuo only the warmest of wishes.

Sincerely,

James F. Kelly, Chairman, 2003 SACO Reunion



MILITARY INTELLIGENCE BUREAU
MINISTRY OF NATIONAL DEFENSE
SHIHLIN, TAIPEI, TAIWAN
REPUBLIC OF CHINA

October 3, 2003

Mr. Bill Bartee
SACO Secretary
4624 N. Cheyenne Trl.
Tucson, AZ 85750-9717
U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Bartee:

I would like to express my deepest gratitude for your warm hospitality and cordial assistance extended to our delegation during their stay in Philadelphia.

Since I learned about the 49th SACO Convention upon taking office in late August, I thoroughly studied the history of the Organization and her close relationship with this Bureau. Even though I did try every possible way to join the grand Reunion; still, I could not find time out from my heavy schedule. Therefore, I asked General Kuo to convey my heartfelt apology. I certainly hope that I will be able to join the Reunion and meet you in person next year.

Please accept my respectful admiration for your earnest devotion to the heavy duty as SACO Secretary for many years. We will always keep in mind your hearty and consistent support to the ROC. I sincerely hope that, under our continuing efforts, the unshakable friendship between our two sides will last forever.

I wish you and your family all the best.

Editor's note: This letter was forwarded to me by Secretary Bartee. It is evident that a change of command in the Bureau transpired just prior to the start of our Philadelphia Reunion and we welcome Lt. Gen. Tai Po-te to our SACO family. We extend our congratulations, Lt. Gen. Tai, and wish you the very best in your succession to this high post in the MIB. We have enjoyed our association with your predecessor, Gen. Hseuh and wish him well in his future endeavors.

We look forward to continuing our friendship in SACO with you, LtGen Tai, and hope that conditions will allow you to join us, as you state in this letter, in 2004 in the Seattle, Washington area. It will be our Golden 50th Reunion.

Sincerely yours,

中華民國軍事情報局 戴伯特
局長 陸軍中將

Tai, Po-te

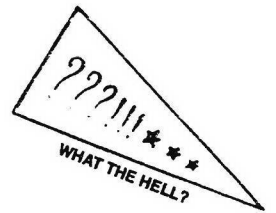
Lt. General, ROC Army
Director, MIB, MND



SACO

SINO AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION

U. S. NAVAL GROUP CHINA VETERANS



Vice Admiral Milton E. Miles
Perpetual Skipper

September 16, 2003

MEMO TO: All who pledged support for the reprint of "The Rice Paddy Navy"

RE: Reprint of Rice Paddy Navy.

At the SACO membership meeting, those persons listed on the enclosure were gracious enough to pledge various amounts toward getting "The Rice Paddy Navy" (RPN) reprinted.

At present you can see we have \$5,400 pledged toward our goal of \$8,000, the cost of the hardback version. While we are \$2,600 short I'm sure that additional commitments will be made in order to reach our ultimate goal.

It is now time to convert the pledges into real money. To insure that your contribution is recognized by the IRS as a charitable donation please make your check out as follows:

Payable to: Bill Bartee, SACO Secretary
Note in your memo: Reprint of SACO RPN.

Mail your check in the self addressed stamped envelope to me. Some may question why it is not sent to the SACO treasury. The reason is that it is simply easier and faster this way. I will keep a running log relative to receipts. In a worse case basis if we fall short and cannot successfully get this job done I will return all monies received, back to each of you donors.

To those of you who have already sent or provided cash please regard this letter as informational and I thank you for your prompt response.

I sincerely thank each and all of you for your support in this endeavor, which I consider a worthy cause for SACO and the Nimitz Foundation.

Sincerely,

Bill Bartee
SACO Secretary

ENCL:
CC: SACO Officers & Trustees.

A SACO/14th AF BEGINNING

By Paul Casamajor

On July 1, 1943, the first cooperative effort between SACO and the 14th AF began in Kunming. The 14th had aerial photos galore and no photo interpreters. SACO had photo interpreters and no aerial photos.



Lt. Dick Teel, of the 21st Photo Reconnaissance Squadron and Ens. Paul Casamajor of SACO were the first of the many cooperative efforts of these two organizations.

This arrangement very quickly led to the second cooperative effort.

There was a Jap sympathy radio transmitter somewhere in Kunming. SACO's leading direction-finding radioman, Ted Wildman, needed an up-to-date map of Kunming. Fortunately, the city lies on a gentle plain. We had no fancy map-making tools with us, but a high altitude single photo with a short focal length lens can produce a pretty effective map. We arranged for the 21st PRS to make a high altitude pass over Kunming with a 6" focal length camera. Voila! A photo image of about 95% of the city.

It was interesting. There were no arrests that we heard about. No headlines. No trials. Ted soon left town to get ready to go to Camp 4.

(Note: Dick Teel is a member of the 14th AF Association and now lives in Houston, TX. He stayed in Kunming with the 21st PRS until mid 1945 and then had a few months at Peishi, a base near Chungking. He went on to become a computer expert and keeps track of the productivity of all the oil wells in the U.S.)

Another Little SACO/14th Coop Story:

I don't know how many of you were in China for Christmas 1943. Anyhow, Gen. Stilwell's Christmas present to all American military in China was a 6-pack of stateside beer per G.I. Being in Kunming and working with the AF guys, we were at an early place in the supply line. O Boy! A 6-pack and no refrigeration. But, wait!

How many of you know that when you mix up a batch of "hypo" for "fixing" photographic development you get endothermic reaction – it gets COLD.

Well, with the beer in hand, the 21st PRS lab just happened to whip up about a 50-gallon batch of hypo and-

We had a party.

I trust you all enjoyed your Christmas present from Gen. Stilwell.

Cont'd from P. 3. . .

"We were saddened to read of your mom's passing in the July '03 Special Memorial Edition of SACO. She lived life to the fullest and will leave a huge vacuum in the SACO scene, as well as your life. In the dozen reunions I/we attended, Erma was a welcome sight especially as co-host of the Hospitality *Sweet*. She was literally the straw that stirred the drinks. The Good Lord gave her a full life and I can sense her smiling down at us at this very moment! What a blessing to the SACO group to have been touched by her presence for those many SACO reunions. May you continue to serve in her stead for many years." (With our deep sympathy, Jack and June Shearer)

"A word to express our sympathy, we will always remember Erma with pleasure." (Francis & Caroline Reynnet)

"I send my love and sympathy to you – I never met your mother, Erma, but you have shown me such kindness and generosity that I feel I know her in a small way through you. My mother died suddenly without warning – I miss her, but have a lifetime of great memories – such an amazing generation leaving us." (Jody Smith)

"What a beautiful and impressive memorial for Erma in the Special Edition of SACO NEWS. We are deeply touched by the description of Erma's life and the wonderful life the two of you enjoyed. It is a blessing that she passed away so peacefully, asleep at home in her favorite chair. All who knew and loved Erma are indebted to you for the magnificent memorial that you provided in her memory." (Elizabeth & Bill Sager)

"Erma was a great lady, full of charm, grace and dignity. We will all miss her!!" (Betty & Bob Clark)

"Sorry that we and Erma never met." (Leslie and Carmel Johnston) *Editor's note: Les, you did meet. Erma was with me, as always, in Long Boat Key, FL when you received the SACO Medal in 1996.*

"We were saddened to hear of Erma's passing. The Memorial Edition of SACO NEWS was beautiful and an apt tribute to the life of a lovely lady – your mother. It has always been apparent how much love and caring flowed between you both and how much you just plain enjoyed each other's company. Sharing your friendship and hospitality with others was just part of what she – what you both were!! – are!!" Our sympathy, prayers and love go out to you, dear friend." (Dotty and Bob Petersen) (*Family friends – Ed.*)

"T'was good to talk with you and it just reminds me we should do it more often. We shall certainly have you two in our prayer at the mass for the repose of the soul for beloved Erma. With prayer to strengthen you during this difficult loss." (With fond regards, Frank and Betty - *Col. Frank Devlin*)

"Thank you for your phone call last Monday. We were both saddened by your news because Erma was such a lovely and loveable person. We were privileged to have an acquaintance with her. I remember how proud she was of the bracelet she wore in Virginia. She said you had given it to her and they were precious gems, but she couldn't remember the name of the gems. She was also very proud of you and kind to everyone. And she wore the crown very proudly in Appleton, Wisconsin where she celebrated her 90th birthday." (Len and Dolores Fintak)

"I was so sorry to read of Erma's passing. I was unaware of it until I received the SACO Journal. That is a lovely tribute to her. She was, indeed, a lovely woman. I enjoyed many conversations and laughs with her. We shall miss her, but her spirit remains with us forever. (Love & Peace – Glenna Wilding).

Editor's note: I was deeply moved by the cover on Glenna's sympathy card which read: "She had a special way that warmed the hearts of everyone who knew her – and the qualities that made her the wonderful person she was have left us all with many beautiful memories . . ." It is evident that you, Glenna, were in search of something special and you surely found the perfect description of my wonderful mother.)

"Sorry this is a little late, but we just read about the passing of your mother in the recent SACO magazine! We enjoy the SACO NEWS so much and appreciate your efforts and dedication." (Elden & Marilyn Stringfellow)

"I have just learned from Glenna Wilding that Mama Erma passed away in May. Please accept my deep condolence on her passing. Mama Erma was very kind and thoughtful to me, and she always made sure that I was taken good care of during SACO Convention. I shall always remember her kindness and her warm smile. I always envy in my mind that Mama Erma and you kept a very close mother-son relationship and I can tell that she was also your best friend. I am sure that many other people share the same feeling. Once again, please accept my deep sympathy on your loss." (With deep condolence, Tracy S. H. Chou)

"We feel sad and sorry to hear from the recent issue of SACO NEWS that our beloved star of SACO has gone to another world of happiness. Nevertheless, Mother Erma's astounding life span -at 94 years- certainly deserves a celebration: A commemoration of achievements, personality and contributions that made her unique in the eyes of all who knew her. We plan to dedicate a mass prayer for Mother Erma at our church service this coming weekend (*following July 12, 2003*); we'll pray for her soul's lasting peace and blessing for your family." (Tzu Li & Mei Ying (*Joseph & Maria*) Ching of Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

A special card from the Wogans read: "Erma L. Rutan, as a member of the Alktare Dei Society, will share in the fruits of 100 masses to be offered at Holy Family Monastery during the next twelve months." (Requested by Anthony & Evelyn Wogan)

"Your mother was always friendly and we always looked forward to seeing her." (Dick & Frances Petri)

"Reading through your latest issue of SACO NEWS, I was again impressed by the very touching & certainly warranted memorial to Erma. She was a lovely person who we'll all miss greatly at the annual reunions." (John Waters)

"So very sad to hear of Erma's passing. She was one that we wanted to go on forever. I know all your memories with her will see you through this said time in your life. Enclosed find my annual donation in her memory," (*a most generous check which I have forwarded to Treas. Weskamp noting it was a memorial to Erma Ed.*) (Martha Leighton)

Special recognition of charitable contributions in Erma's memory:

Shriners Hospitals for Children – Junior and Dede Beard – dear personal friends.

American Red Cross – Bud & Ellen Booth

Arthritis Foundation – Roger & Connie Gallagher and Michael & Stephanie Gallagher (great-nephew & great-great nephew & wives respectively)

Hospice in Louisville – Laura & Charles Sellers (in addition to a most generous donation toward grave marker)

"Although I've never met you or Erma, the July '03 edition of "SACO Veteran" was a most outstanding issue, particularly so in the passing of your lovely mother, Erma. It did bring tears to my eyes reading and seeing the many photos. She must have been a beautiful (person to have so many wonderful friends. I'm certain she will be missed by all and may I express my belated condolences to you and your family." (Respectfully yours, Walter and Carol Hamlin)

"The moment I opened the envelope and saw Erma's picture, my heart dropped. It always seem as if she was immortal and would go on forever. I had no idea of the background of your relationship, but was always amazed at the deep love and affection the two of you shared. You were an amazing couple." (Sincerely, Ruth Burke)

"You and Mom, Erma were in my thoughts so many times the month of May, but I did not know until the LOVELY MEMORIAL ISSUE arrived last week. It was a very fitting tribute to her and your devotion." (Mona Miller)

" Thank you for the special memorial edition of the SACO magazine. It is a great tribute to your mother. Erma will never be forgotten in the hearts of all SACO members. She was a shining star and great personality at all our gatherings. May her memories comfort you during this time of griefvement." (Sincerely, Connie and Wade Brightbill).

" My thoughts and prayers are with you at this time." (Sincerely, Don Leberman)

"Received the Memorial SACO Edition and just had to write and let you know we are thinking of you & all of SACO as we all will miss Erma! Bless her heart, she hung in there for such a long time for everyone – especially you! I'll always remember the first time we met her. It was at a Laramie Motel with you and your dad. He was not too well at the time, but cheerful. Erma sat on the bed with her feet pulled up under her and we had a drink and visited for quite some time that evening." (As always in friendship, Lillie and Kenny Brown)

"I was saddened to learn of Erma's death when the SACO magazine arrived. She was such a wonderful lady, and I always looked forward to seeing her. She had a great spirit and enjoyed life. We will all miss her and I know the empty feeling in your heart, but faith in God and time does heal." (Fondly, Sylvia Erwin)

???!***

"Don't bother me now, dammit, I'm busy???!"***

Capt. Miles responds to a staff member with succinct reply . . . Edward M. Cramer wrote the following dated 9-2-'03:

I was a member of SACO. I served as an ensign stationed in Happy Valley and later in Kunming. After the hostilities were over, I went to Shanghai where I served as a communications officer as part of the regular naval unit.

I learned of the alumni organization only recently and I was surprised because I was quoted in Roy Stratton's book, "The Rice Paddy Navy." Incidentally, I paid my dues for 2002, but I don't recall whether I'm up to date. (Treas. Weskamp, will you check and advise Mr. Cramer? Ed.)

In reading the March issue of SACO NEWS, I learned of Eddie Liu's death. I had no idea that he was a colonel in the Chinese Army. It might be of interest to your readers to learn of one incident that involved him that I was personally aware of:

A message came in to headquarters, which I decoded. It came from Adm. Miles, who I believe was then a captain. I will not reveal the name of the person to whom it was addressed, but after an expletive, Captain Miles said, "Eddie (Liu) and I are surrounded by Japs and you're bothering me with chicken shit!"

I placed it in an envelope, making sure that it was sealed, and after saluting the senior officer, I handed it to him, saluted him again and left. For the balance of my stay at Happy Valley, I had difficulty facing him because he and I both know what was in the message.

???!***

Ernest J. Chyz Recalls Service in SACO

. . . I was one of the fortunate and always had some form of shelter even if it was only a tent. Our outfit was not run by the book for there was no uniform-of-the-day; one could wear whatever you felt comfortable in. The officers were the leaders of the gang, but no saluting was required – if you felt like saluting, you would; if not, you didn't and nothing was said. As matter of fact, we had to change our life-style when the war was over and get readjusted to Navy by-laws for when the fleet came into Shanghai, the fleet officers requested a salute.

I was a Scout & Raider serving in Africa, Italy and Southern France in the ETO. After the invasion of Southern France August 15, 1944, we returned to the States; got a 30-day leave with orders to report to the S&R Camp in Fort Pierce, FL. Upon returning, there was a notice posted on the bulletin board requesting volunteers for China duty. I was one of them; we were given a crash course in demolition and shipped out – went to San Pedro, CA where we went aboard the General Morton and spent New Year's at sea – destination Calcutta, India. On 1-21-45, we crossed the equator. After 42 days at sea via Pearl Harbor and Melbourne, Australia, we reached our destination. We stayed at Camp Knox in Calcutta. On 4-2-45, about 20 of us were flown over the Hump into Kunming, China – then to Sian and Camp 3 where we taught a class of Chinese soldiers the use of small arms and demolition.

On 7-15-45, Mathew Komorowski, Willard Bennett and I were sent back to Kunming to rejoin our old outfit and become part of Lt. Phil Bucklew's boys. We traveled by truck from Kunming to Shaunan. Some of the roads were nothing but ox cart trails; none had any cautious signs or barricades. We saw vehicles piled up where they got going too fast downhill and couldn't make the curve and went over the edge.

At Shaunan we were assigned sampans – Bennett and I and two Marine Corps men were assigned to the same sampan. We were the first to leave with orders not to stop until we reached Hanchow. After a couple of days we were all spread out when we ran into a hell of a storm. The skipper wanted to go ashore, but we persuaded him to keep going as we were told for we had no radio. We rode out the storm - the others went ashore. We got into Hanchow a day sooner than the others – Sept 6, 1945. The Yangtze River at Hanchow was surrounded by mountains and we were at the bottom. It was a good thing that the skipper and his wife kept a cool head and didn't get excited every time the Jap patrol boat came close. We would cover up and they would wave at them. It was also a good thing that they were dedicated Chinese for they could have turned us in to the Japs and collected \$1,000 bounty per head. In the afternoon of the following day, everything on the mountain began to move, Japs running all over the place, machine guns were being set up – the Japs spotted Bucklew and Maj. Bruggeman with their sampan fleet. When they got into the harbor they formed a circle like the old wagon trains when the Indians were about to attack. We joined the convoy and tied up with the rest of them. Lucky for us there were no glory-happy Japs on the mortars or one well-placed shot would have made mince meat out of all of us. Buck and Bruggeman wasted no time getting things organized. Buck had Grosso and I row him, the Major and an interpreter ashore. When we got to where the water was about knee-high, Buck jumped in and waded in in a charging manner straight for the head Jap – guns were drawn on us but

since this was to be a peace mission, we had none, which is probably the reason they didn't start shooting. Buck told them that the "A-bomb" was dropped August 6, 1945 and that we were in radio contact with the Air Force. Buck did a good job of selling and they allowed us to go ashore the following day. We went ashore in the morning. Maj. Bruggeman had a couple of photographers taking pictures as we began to march into Hanchow as if we were the liberators. Bennett, Grosso, Purvis, Ludwig and a few others and myself didn't think much of the march so we got into the back of a 6X truck and rode into town. We departed Hanchow Sept. 12, 1945 by rail and arrived in Shanghai in the afternoon. We were assigned to the Shanghai American School - it had a live-in campus. The first night, the Jap gunboat "Ataka" tried to escape, but was forced back into port by the USS Nashville. I was put on the second shift that relieved the first watch. The prisoners were spread out on the dock about 4 to 5 feet apart before being taken in to be interrogated. The dock was separated by a wall that ran parallel to the road. The wall was lined with observers at least four-deep waiting to see something happen. While walking between them, I spotted a nice gold watch that some Jap was wearing and it reminded me of my high school graduation gift; so, I reached down to take it but the Jap pulled his hand back. So, I gave him a good solid right uppercut and received the ovation of my life from the spectators. Sure made me feel good - you would have thought that I had just won the heavyweight title. After the punch in the face, his arm went straight up in the air, so I proceeded to take the watch.

When I got back from making my rounds, the officer-in-charge, a 2nd Lt. off the Nashville confronts me and tells me to give the watch back as it may have sentimental value to the Jap. Well, I felt different and wasn't about to lose face by giving it back. I tossed the watch to the officer and told him, "If you feel sorry for him, you give it back!" Needless to say, I was put on report for insubordination and had to go before Adm. Miles when I was relieved of duty. I reported to headquarters - Adm. Miles, Bucklew, the complaining officer and an orderly were present. Adm. Miles asked the orderly to read the complaint so he does and when he was through, Adm. Miles walks over to me, puts his arm on my shoulder and says, "Ernie, the war is over, you're going to have to readjust and begin a different life-style." I thought the officer was going to pass out- "Case dismissed," said Miles - thank you and goodbye, said I.

???!***

A BIT OF TRIVIA (Had to originate somewhere - sounds reasonable to me Ed)

Here's a bit of Naval trivia you can use to impress someone with your broad and varied range of knowledge.

In the era of sailing vessels, all warships and many merchant types carried cast iron cannons. Those cannons fired iron balls and it was necessary to keep a good supply near the cannon. But how to prevent them from rolling around the deck? The storage method devised was a square-based pyramid with one ball on top, resting on four, resting on nine, resting on sixteen. Thus a supply of 30 cannon balls could be stacked in a small area right next to the cannon. There was

only one problem - how to prevent the bottom layer from rolling from under the others. The solution was a metal plate called a "Monkey" with sixteen round indentations. But if this plate were made of iron, the iron balls would quickly rust to it. The solution to the rusting problem was to make "Brass Monkeys." Few landlubbers realize that brass contracts much more when chilled than iron. Consequently, when the temperature dropped too far, the brass indentation would shrink so much the cannon balls would slip right off the Monkey. Thus, it was literally, "Cold enough to freeze the balls off a Brass Monkey."

(author unknown - submitted by Jack Miller)

Phamous Phorephathers' Phoresight Phormed Phun Philled Philly Phor SACOs' Phacination

Jim Kelly expressed disappointment as to the number that would be coming to his Philadelphia bash. Although the turnout was a little smaller than recent reunions, SACO spirit reigned and a wonderful time was had as usual. And though we hate to admit it, the age process limits our numbers – many are leaving us and many are having a little difficulty getting up and down. You might ask, “How do you know?” Not wanting to admit that I have joined the club, I’d rather retort with, “none of your business!”

Getting back to the quarters we had while in Philly – The DoubleTree Hotel right in the heart of town was well chosen – a beautiful hotel. We could walk to many points of interest and all kinds of restaurants. We tried to get our fill of cheese steak sandwiches for which Philly is famous. Actually, one sandwich would be sufficient to share for most. The hotel provided great hospitality rooms on the fifth floor where we could look down on Broad Street. We got a kick out of watching traffic and pedestrians. Vehicles seemed to be free to make U-turns anyplace they felt like and pedestrians walked on red lights. I said I had to be alert as I’m used to the pedestrian having the right-of-way in California and I’d probably end up on someone’s hood of their car.



Downtown Philadelphia view from the DoubleTree Hotel

The weather was a little threatening the early part of the week, but it was mostly a mist that one could walk in without getting too damp. But come Thursday and the tour of the city and things changed dramatically! The group boarded the USS New Jersey and had to disembark rapidly as they got soaked from a sudden downpour. The New Jersey Aquarium was close by and the group

was entertained with a shark show being assisted by two men in the tank and Ellen Booth said the show was well done and enjoyable..

Lunch time was spent at Will & Duffy's Philly Grill where most enjoyed the famous cheese steak sandwiches. (Couple of pix on following pages).



Aboard the battleship USS New Jersey

The rest of the afternoon was spent viewing various parts of Philadelphia from the bus – Betsy Ross' home, rows of restored duplexes that bring quite a price tag these days, art museum, etc., and then returned to the hotel.

Friday was a free day and many took advantage to revisit what had been seen from the tour bus or go to other historic sites. Jack Petersen and I thought we might be bombarded on Friday in the HR, but the weather turned beautiful and many went for walks. Nights were pretty busy though at the bar.

Saturday morning was meeting time for the general membership as well as the Ladies Auxiliary. Then the evening was the banquet with no host bar preceding the dinner and piano entertainment which unfortunately could barely be heard above the roar of the crowd. The dinner menu consisted of Field Greens Salad with Pears and Pecans. Choice of entrée: Dijon Chicken, Roast Sirloin of Beef or Vegetarian Pasta and vegetable. The dessert, Deep Dish Apple Pie with Caramel Sauce was delicious and I'm really not into desserts that much.

Our guest speak was Major General Kuo Rong-charng. He presented the SACO Treasury with \$3,000 from the MIB. There were four SACO Medals awarded followed by exchange of gifts. Bill Miller had a sign on the registration desk as incentive to wear your liberty bell I.D. tags which he had made in order to be eligible for a gift he had priced at over \$1,000. At the banquet, Wes and Kathryn Weskamp were the lucky winners of the secret prize which was a wooden jewelry chest made by Miller. He told the story behind it – locating a special log, the job of transporting it to his home and with all that, the time and work involved contributed to the final assessed value.

At the conclusion of the banquet festivities, came the surprise that Jim Kelly kept secret. Suddenly, the doors opened and we were invaded by the famous Philadelphia Mummers. What a colorful and entertaining ensemble! The SACOs were absolutely enthralled! Later, the Mummers joined us crowded with wall-to-wall bodies in the HR for cocktails and entertained us more with



The Betsy Ross Home

musical renditions. Jack and I finally got a true workout at the bar! And so, another SACO family reunion came to a close.

It's hard to put in words what might be an adequate description of the super job Jim Kelly and his "kids" accomplished. And all this happened when Jim gave up his home of many years and moved in with his daughter, Janice, in New Jersey (only about 8 miles from Philly). It had to be difficult – the pressure of planning the reunion while in the process of packing and moving to new quarters. But he did it . . . and *how he did it!* His attitude all along was, "I'm not going to worry about it, it'll all work out." And if he did worry, we'll never know because he didn't let any concern show. That's what Jim is made of – happy-go-lucky – and let the chips fall where they may.

So when all else fails in the field of adjectives, a "ding, ding, ding hao" and a genuinely sincere "si si ni" are surely in order. We are so grateful to you, Jim, and all the help your daughter, Janice and sons, Dennis and Jim, Jr. were to you and to Jack and I with supplies to the HR. You made a major impact on all the SACOs that were fortunate to share in your presentation of another reunion. We all love you as we have for many years, and we toast you in your words, Jim, "May we always 'Stay nice!'"

????!!*** Ed.

HAVE YOU PAID YOUR DUES FOR 2003?

Payment is due January 1 each year for Regular, Associate and Auxiliary members as follows:

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

Note: As our ranks shrink we need your support more & more – please stay on our mailing list.

Attendees at 2003 SACO Reunion in Philadelphia

Distinguished Guests of MIB ROC

Maj.Gen. Kuo Rong-charng
Ms. Chin, Yung-wu
Maj. Laura Lin
Maj. Philip Kuo

(Registered Attendees - \$85)

Arnold, Carolyn Inman
Baker, Willie & Audrey
Banner, Richard & Mathilda
Barbieri, Judy
Barrett, George & Doris
Bartee, Bill
Bohus, Arthur
Bonin, Harold
Booth, Bud & Ellen
Bowman, Nelson
Bradshaw, Conrad & Molly
Brittan, Fran (wife of Don Dike)
Carter, Ed & Annabeth
Ceremsak, Richard
Ciaccio, Sal
Ciaccio, Jim
Ciaccio, Steven
Clance Sue
Clarke, Dave & Mary
Coats, Jerry & Mary
Coats, Penny & Robert
Dike, Don
Dike, Norman & Lyndall
Erwin, Sylvia
Ferguson, Robert
Ferguson, Michael
Fletcher, Hans (son of late Leo
& Ruth Fletcher)
Gats, Irene
Hill, Bob & Lola
Hoe, Robert
Howard, William D
Huntley, Lilma (guest of
Bowman)
Kelly, Sr., Jim
Magann, Ed
Miles, Charles

Miller, Bill & Sissy
Miller, Daniel (son of Jack)
Miller, Jack
Millerin, Pearl & Howard
Nelson, Hazel
Nichols, Priscilla
O'Brien, Charles & Mearle
Petersen, Jack & Beverly
Petersen, Jodi
Petersen, Kayte
Petri, Richard & Frances
Rennet, Francis & Caroline
Rutan, Richard
Sager, Bill & Elizabeth
Sanders, Pat (guest of Purvis)
Scurlock, Henry
Sellers, Charles & Laura
Stoll, Robert
Tanner, Allen & Mary
Tao, Lilyan
Terpstra, Sr., Richard
Wagner, Marcel
Waters, John & Fran
Weber, Warren & Catherine-
(cousins of Bonin)
Weskamp, "Wes" & Kathryn

Banquet Only

Barbieri, Pete
Kellys (8) Jim's family
Kubisch, Stephanie
Magann, Dolly
Mervar, Delores (Fiancee of
Bob Stoll)
Pisarick, Sr., John
Pisarick, Jr. John
Terpstra, Jr., Vice Admiral
Richard & Sue
Wagner, Kathy
Wagner, Marie

PHOTO THANKS

To Ellen Booth, Carolyn
Inman Arnold & Bill
Bartee. Your diligence in
capturing as many
personalities as possible is
a great help to me. Si si ni!!

Ed.

NEXT REUNION

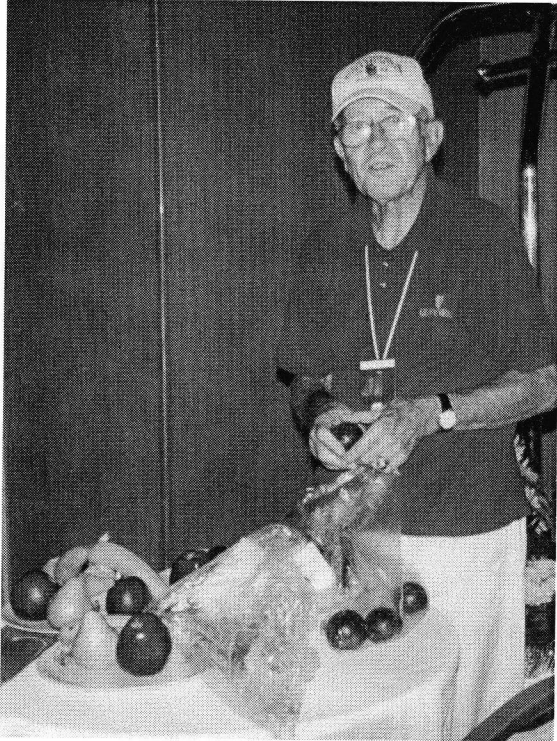
The 2004 50th Annual
SACO Reunion will
be held in the State of
Washington with Bill
& Sissy Miller as our
hosts.

There has been a
change from original site
presented at the general
meeting in Philadelphia.

Instead of the
Hawthorne suites in
Kent, WA, our hosts
have tentatively settled
for accommodations that
better suit our needs in
The Holiday Inn Select
in Renton, WA
(probably in July), which
is only a couple miles
from SeaTac Airport
and has 24-hour airport
transportation.

Further confirmation and
details as to date, etc., will
be forthcoming as soon as
arrangements are finalized
with the hotel.

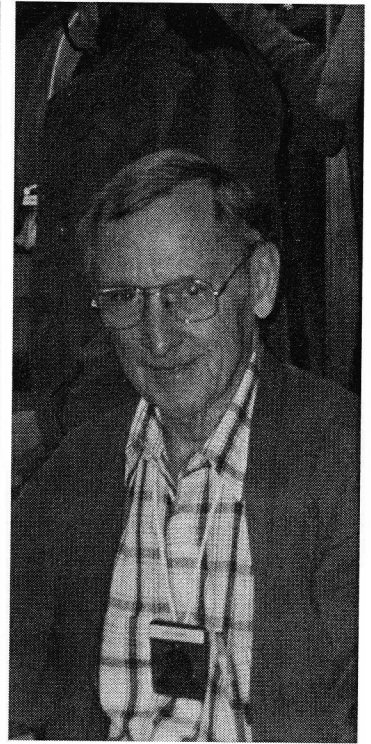
????!***



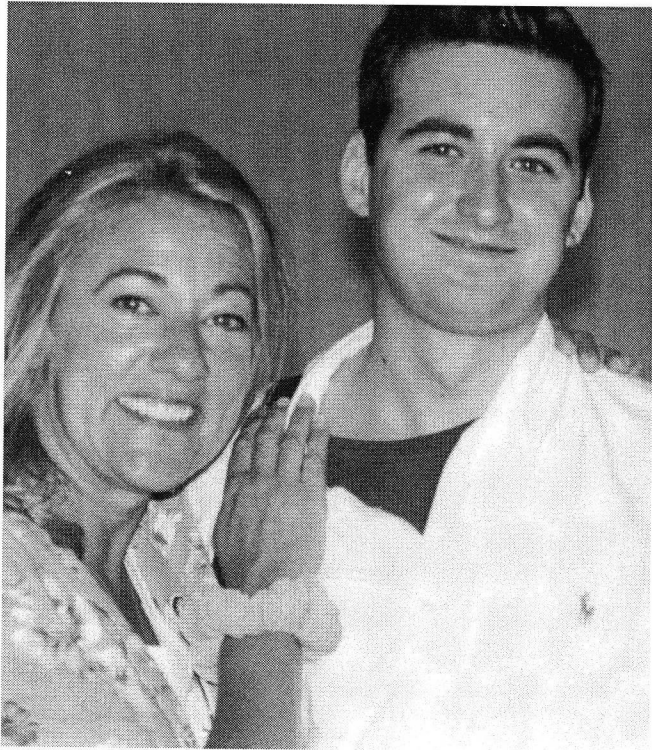
Jim Kelly tries his hand at building fruit baskets



Fran Waters



John Waters



Carolyn Inman Arnold with nephew Michael



Jim Kelly & Major Philip Mo



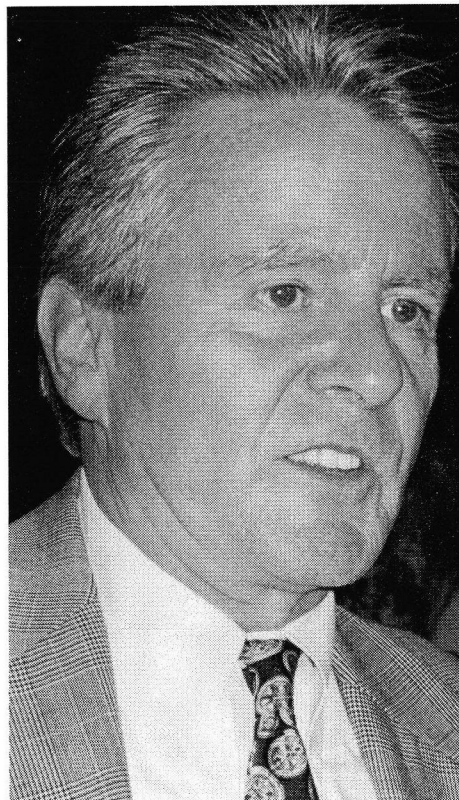
Dorie & Dave Clarke



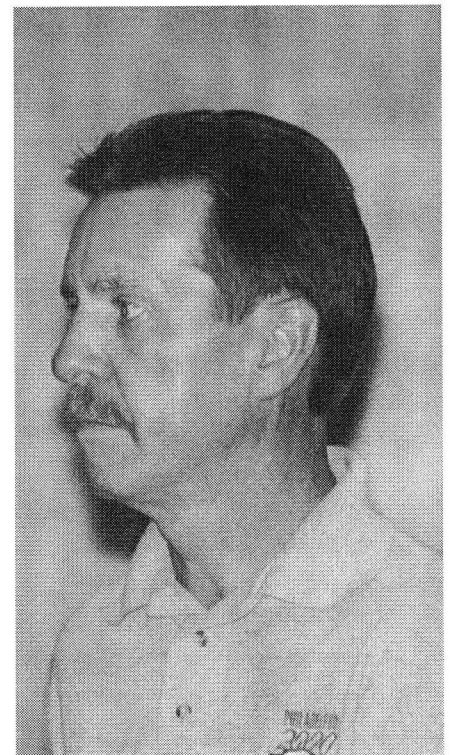
**George & Doris Barrett
braving the rain.**



Jim Kelly



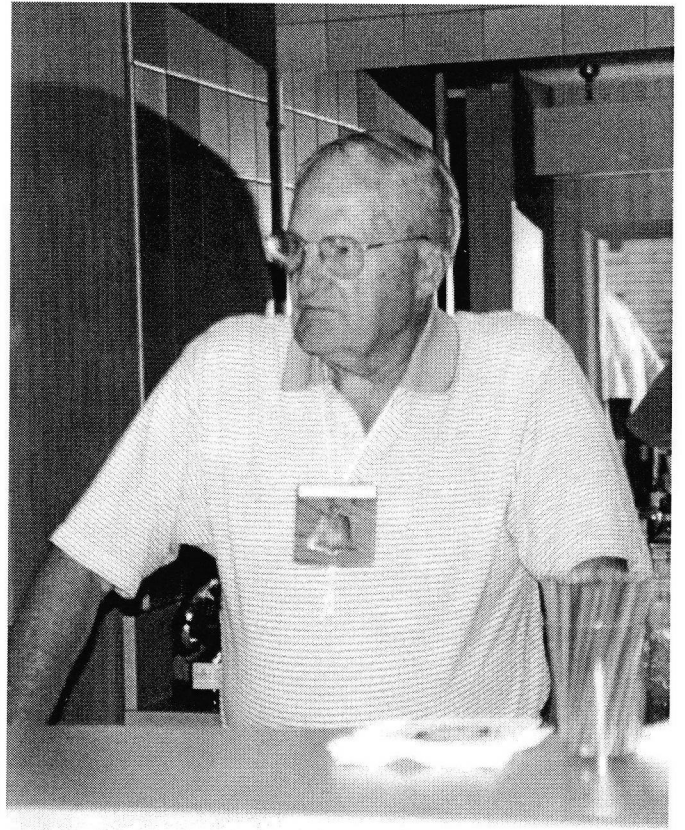
Dennis Kelly



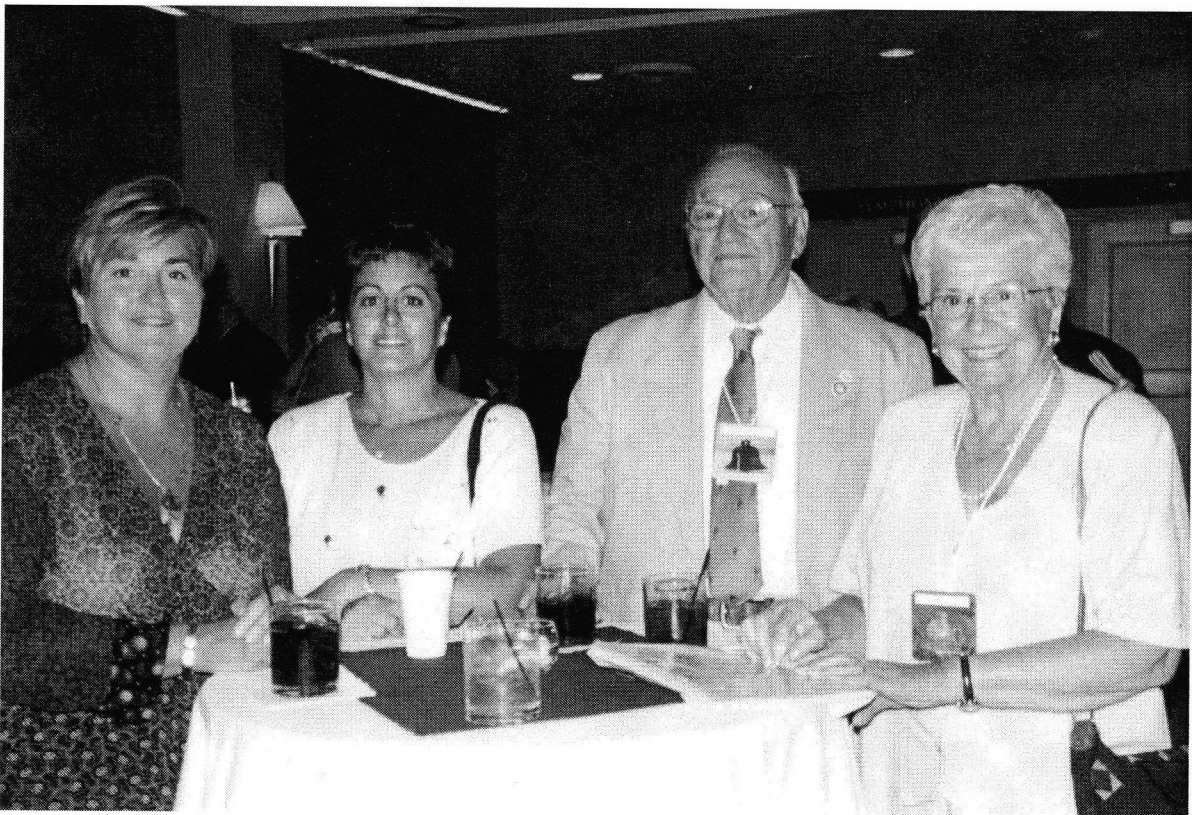
Jim Kelly



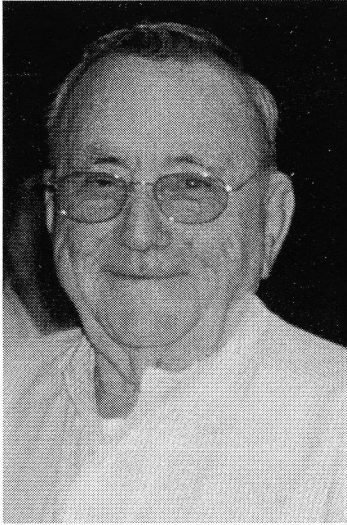
**Maj. Philip Mo, Maj. Laura Lin,
Mrs. Kuo & Maj. Gen Kuo**



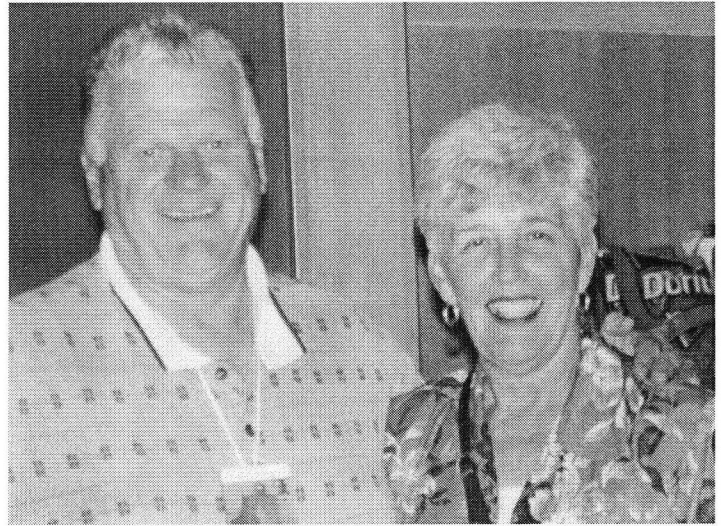
Jack Petersen



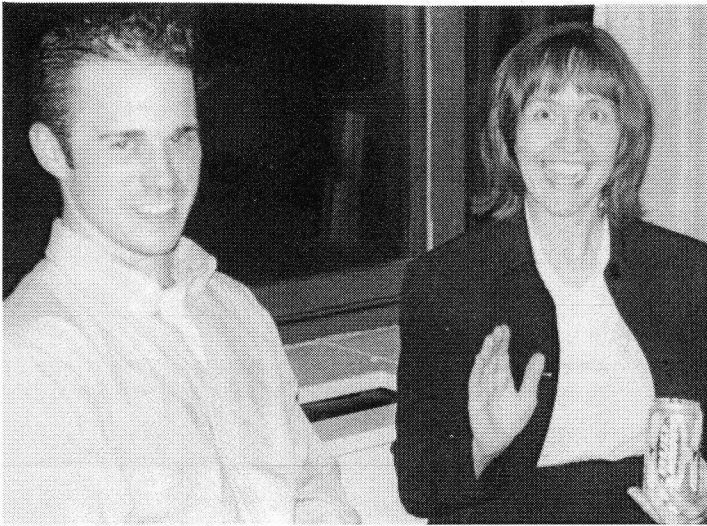
The Marcel Wagner Family



Charles & Mearle O'Brien



Pete & Judy Barbieri



Jim Kelly's dtr., Janice with young lawyer friend



**Ms. Chin Yung-wu, Maj.Gen. Kuo Rong-charng
& Maj. Philip Mo**



**Adm. Richard Terpstra, Jr.
& father Richard Terpstra, Sr.**



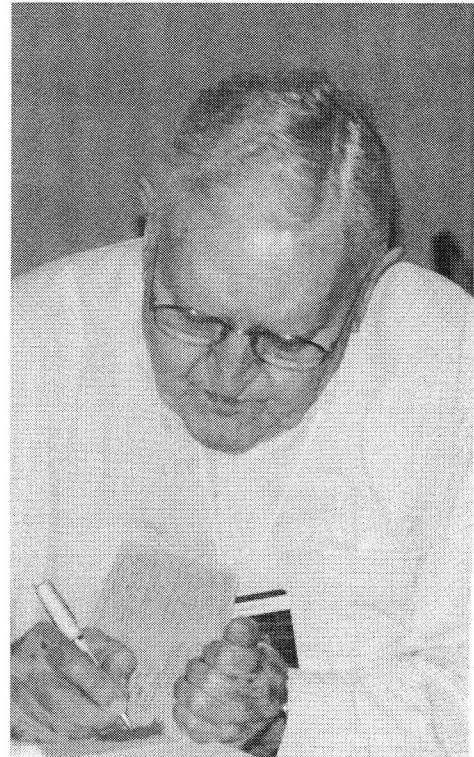
Adm. Richard & Sue Terpstra, Jr.



Mary Tanner & Lilma Huntley



Bill Bartee



Allen Tanner



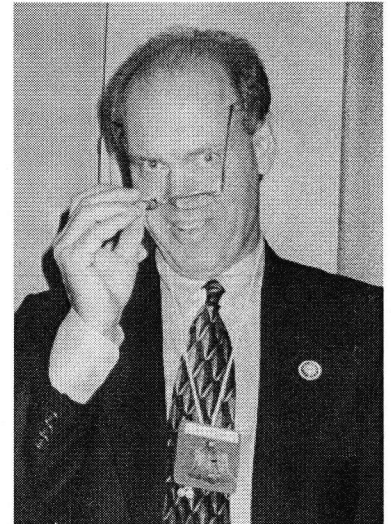
Bob Hoe, Mary Kelly, Sissy Miller, Laura Lin, Bill Miller



Robert Ferguson



Fran Brittan, Elizabeth Sager, Pearl Millerin



Michael Ferguson



Banquet night



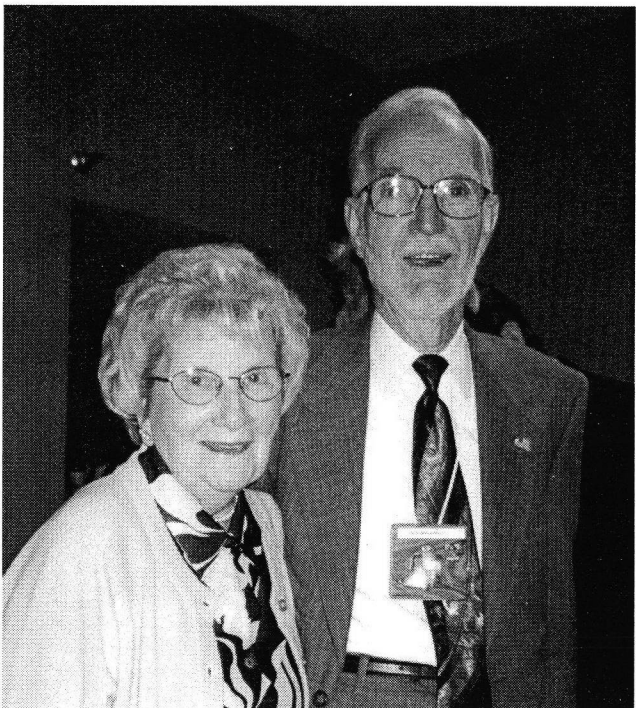
Priscilla Nichols



Charles "C-going" Miles



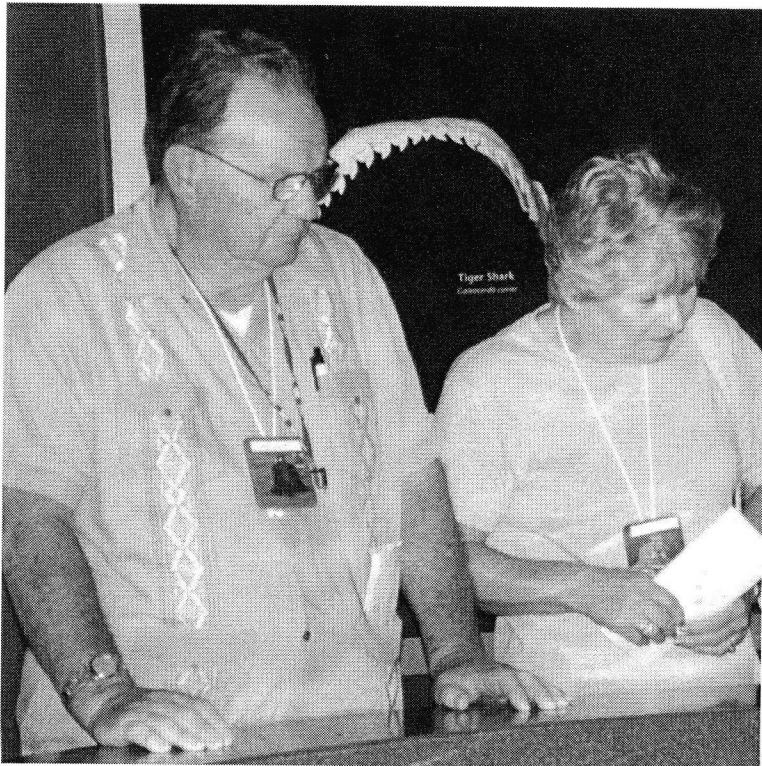
Jerry & Mary Coats



Doris & George Barrett



Wes & Kathryn Weskamp



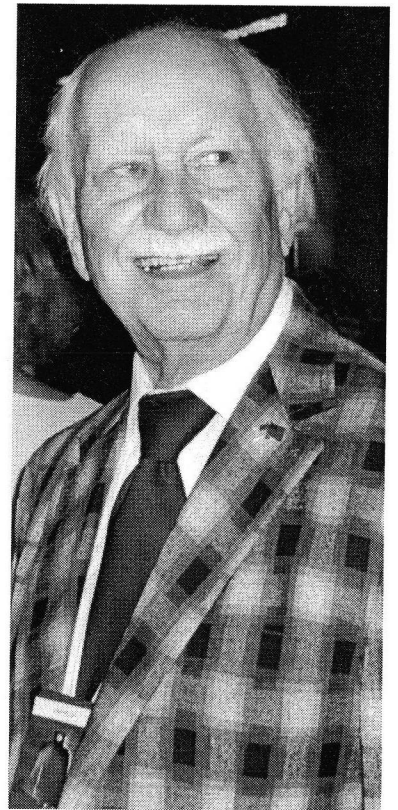
Henry Scurlock & Sue Clance



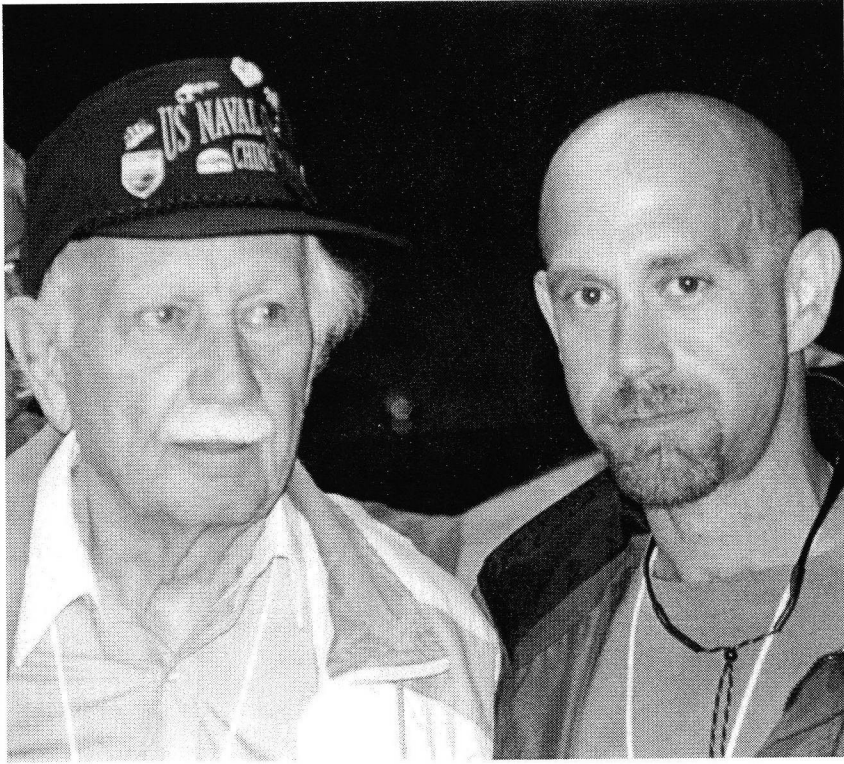
Bill Bartee & Allen Tanner



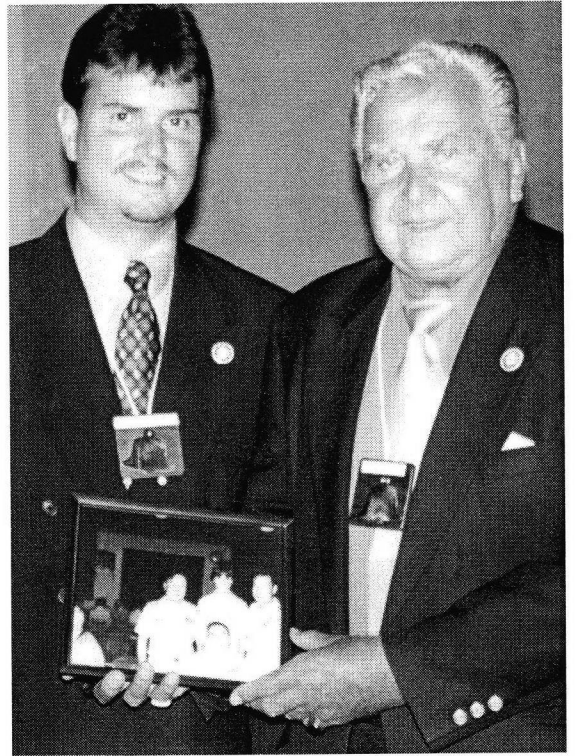
Fran Brittan, Don Dike, Pearl & Howard Millerin



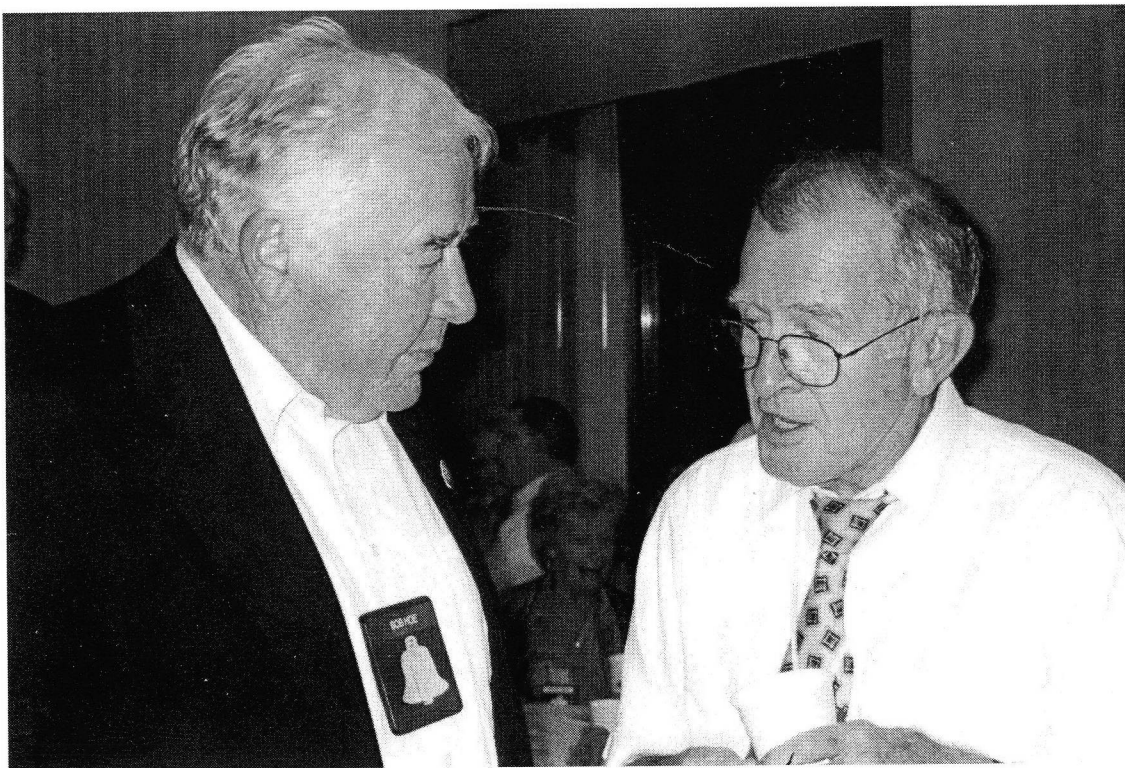
Jack Miller



Jack Miller and son, Dan



John Pisarick, Jr. & Sr.



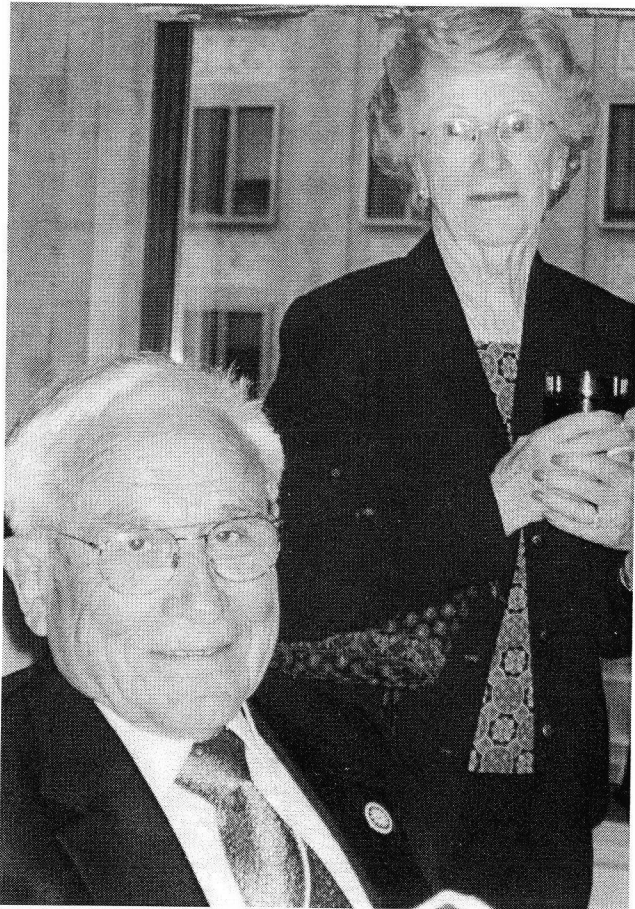
Bob Hoe & Jim Kelly



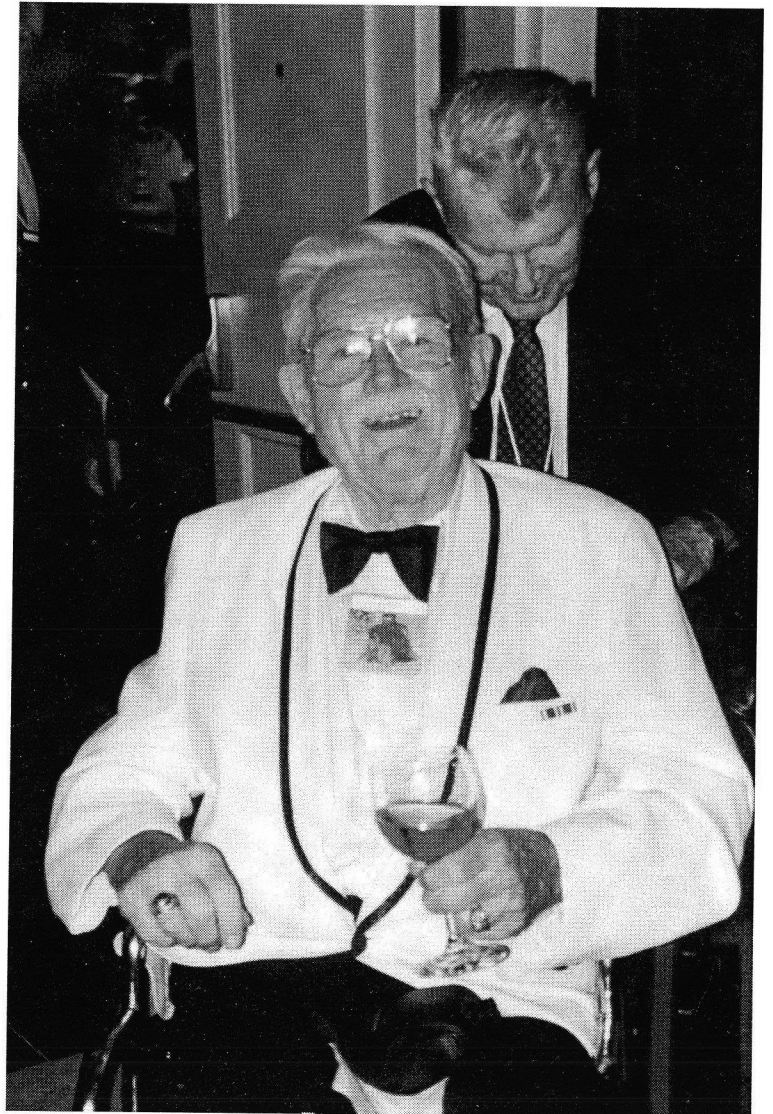
Elizabeth & Bill Sager



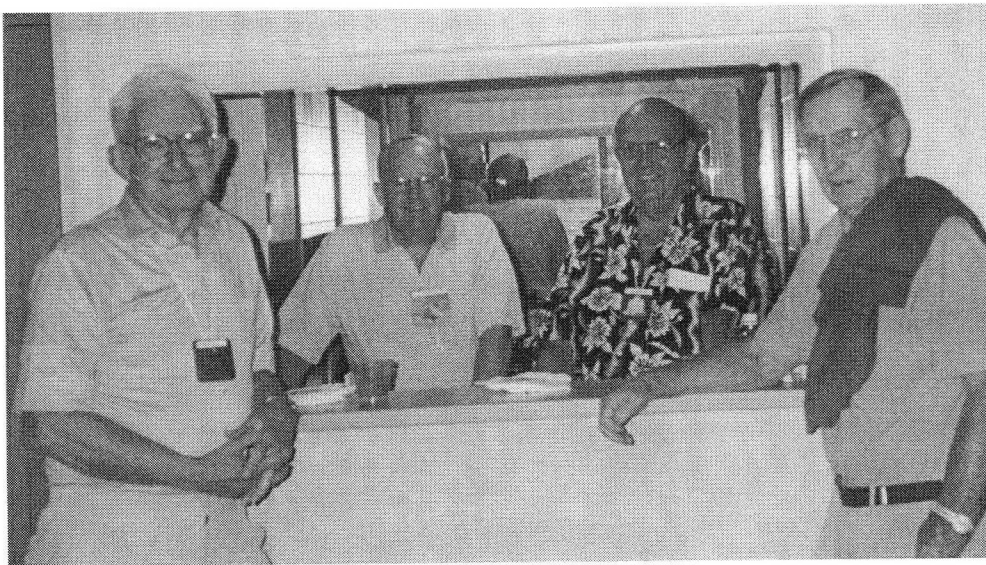
Richard & Frances Petri



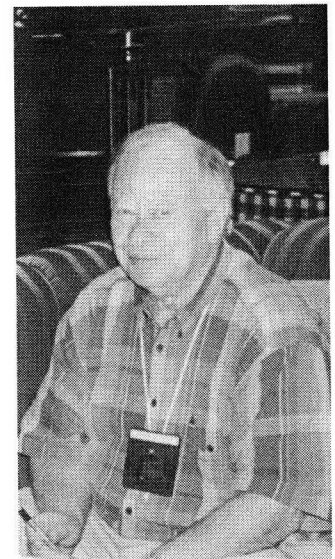
Wes & Kathryn Weskamp



Hal Bonin & Warren Weber



Bill Miller, Jack Petersen, Richard Rutan, John Waters



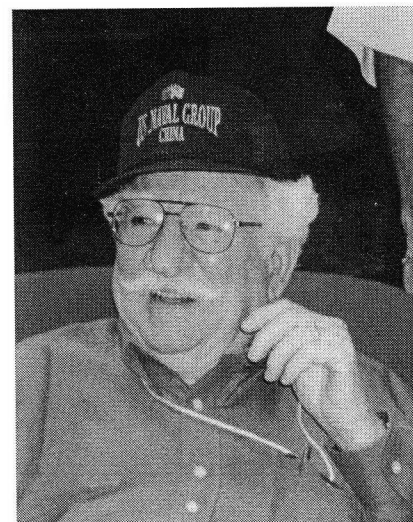
Charles Sellers



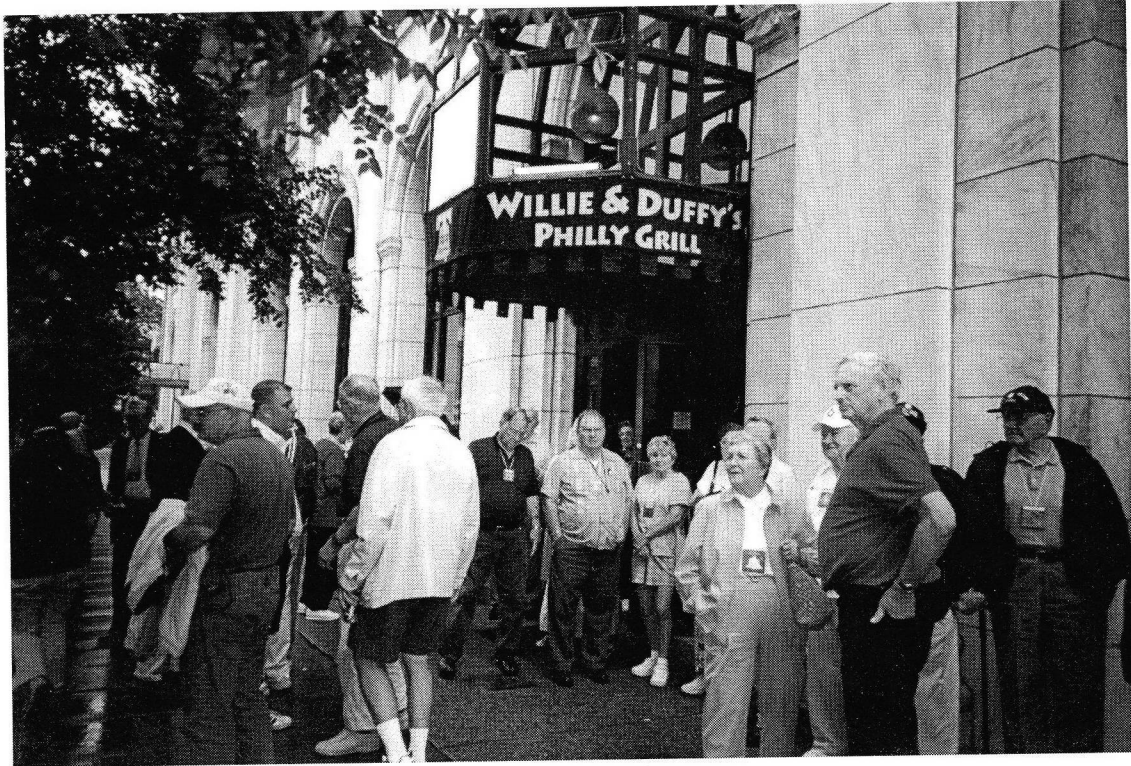
Laura Lin, Mrs. Kuo, Gen. Kuo, Philip Mo



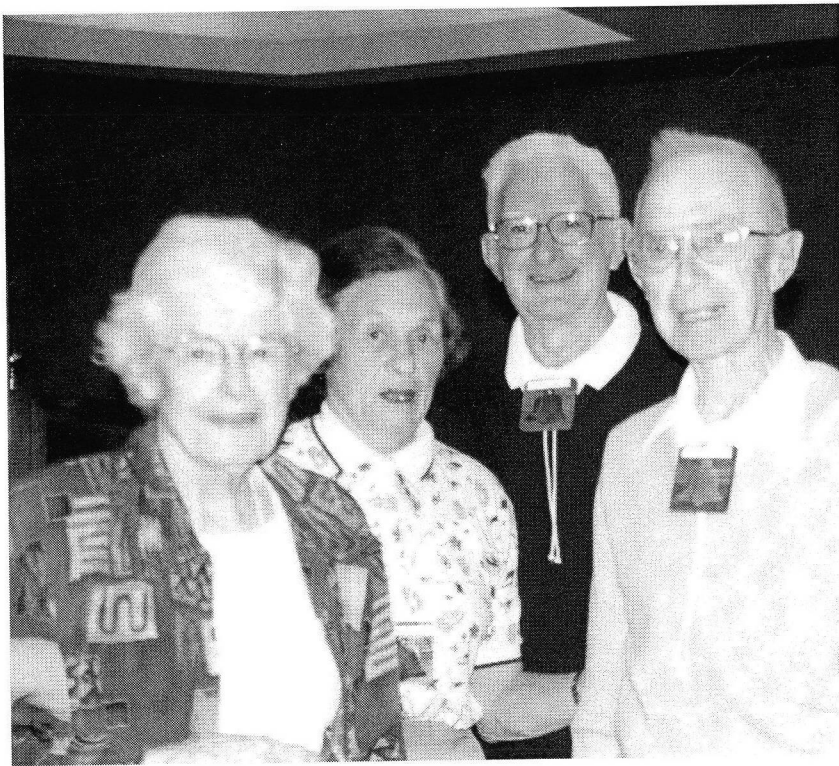
Sylvia Erwin, Lilyan Tao, Sissy Miller



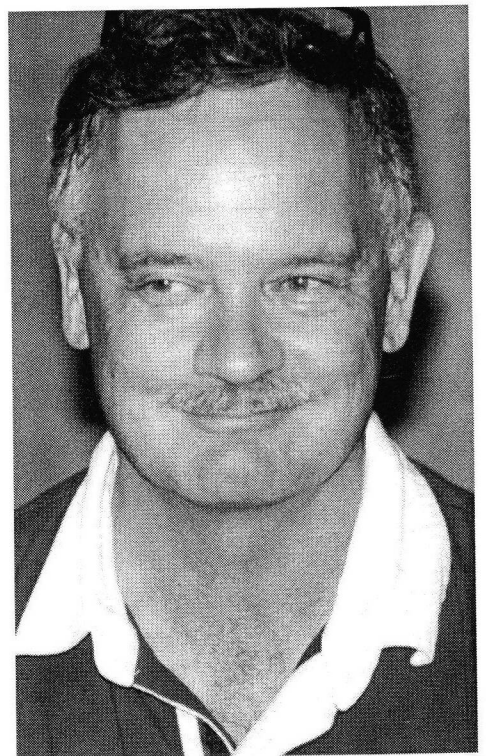
Bill Bartee



Lunch time on tour – trying famous Philly cheese steak sandwiches



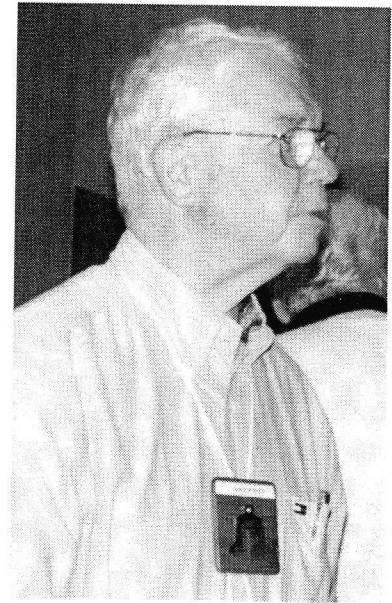
Annabeth Carter, Sissy Miller, Bill Miller Ed Carter



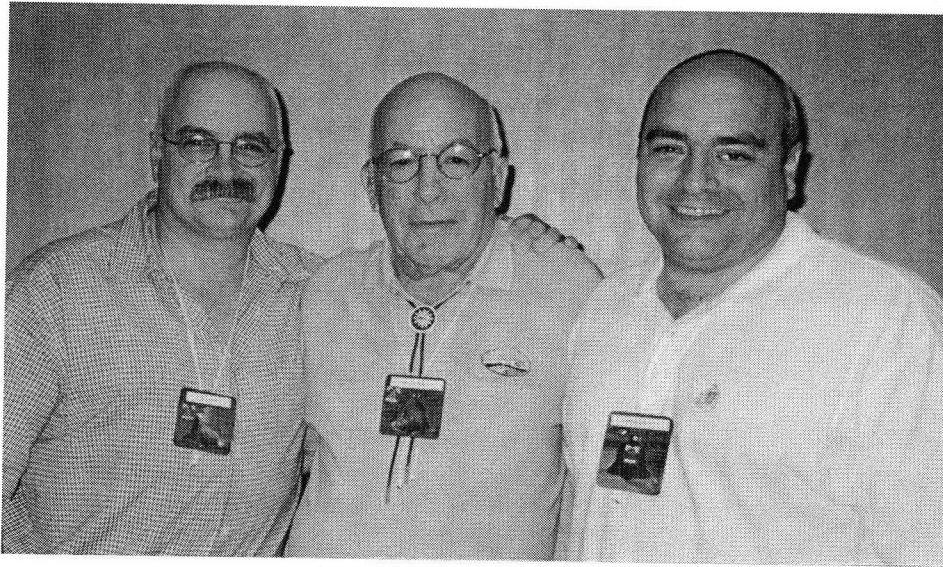
Son of Kayte Petersen



Warren & Catherine Weber



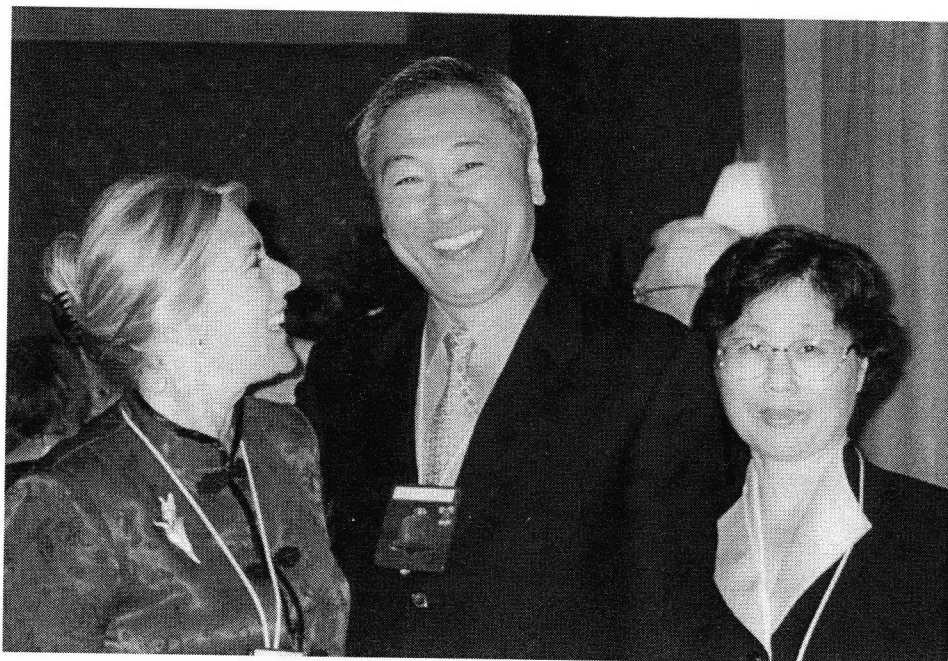
Conrad Bradshaw



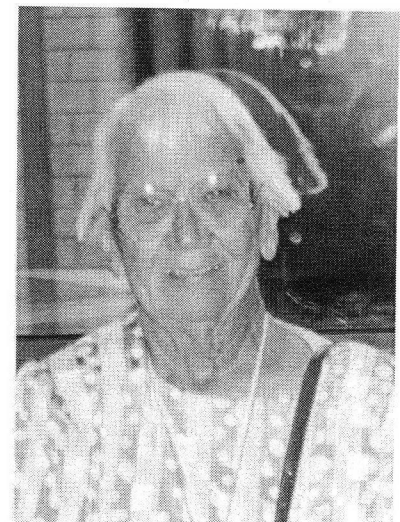
Jim, Sal & Steven Ciaccio



Molly Bradshaw



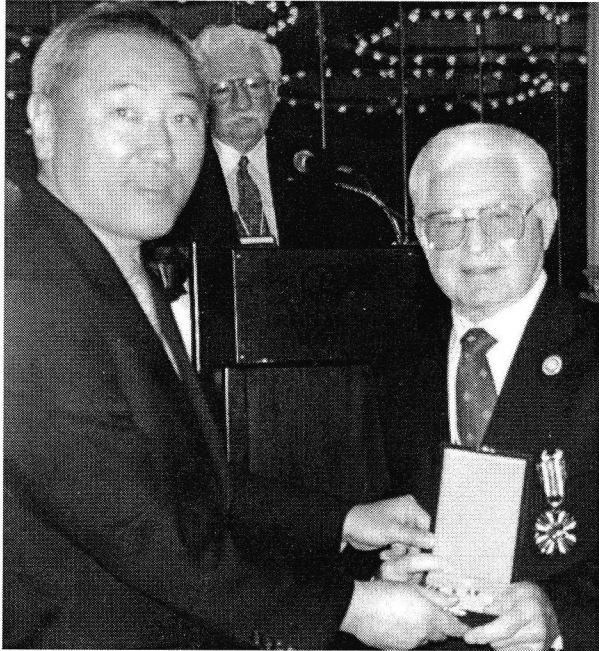
Carolyn Inman Arnold , Gen., Kuo & Mrs. Kuo



Irene Gats

SACO MEDALS

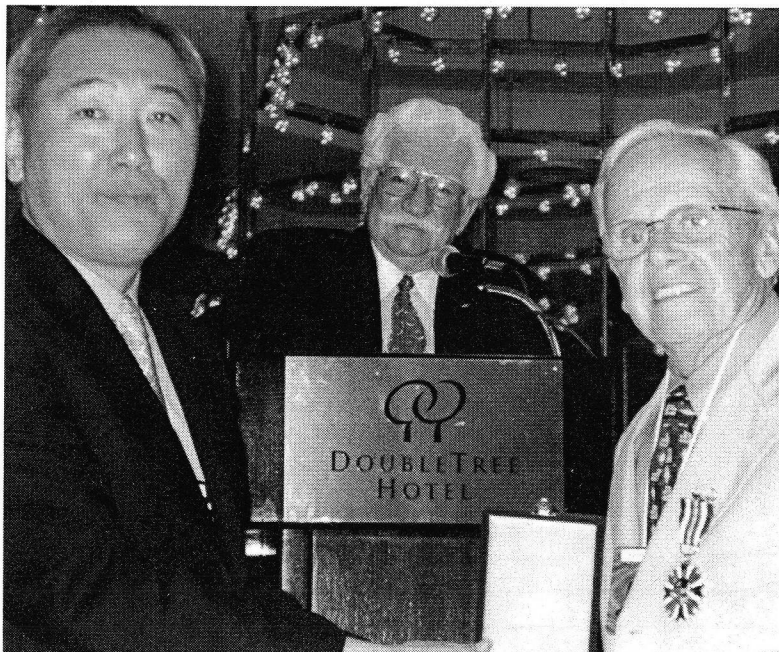
*Awarded in Philadelphia, Pa.
6 September 2003 By
Maj. Gen Kuo Rong-charng,
Deputy Director M.I.B.
Taipei, Taiwan, R.O.C.*



Robert A. Stoll



*Judy Barbieri accepting posthumously
for her late father, John McAfee*



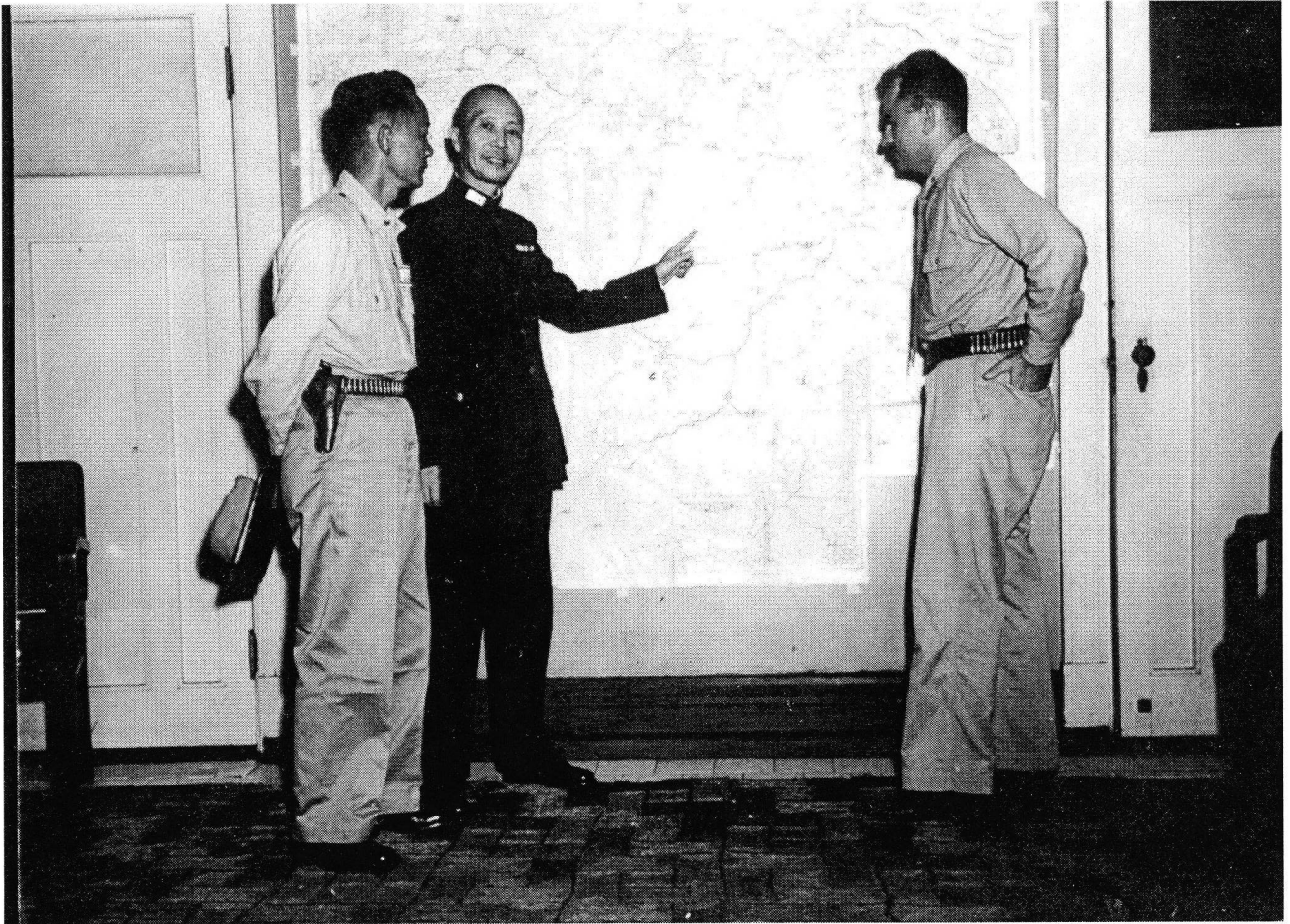
Dr. Walter Magann



Marcel Wagner

Donald G. Leberman (Cdr USNR Ret) shares some 1945

NOSTALGIA



Chinese officials who participated in the negotiations. On the left - General Lee who was overall commander for General Tai Li in ComNavChee (Commander Navy China Eastern Command.) He was a wonderful individual. When time permitted, I gave him English lessons. The middle officer was in charge and represented Chiang Kai-shek. The American is Marine Corps Major Les Bruggeman. Les was SOP, (Senior Officer Present) for SACO. Captain Beyerly was ComNavChee, but spent most of his time in Chungking assisting Admiral Miles so the SOP was always in charge. This could vary from Lt.(jg) to Major. Les was an observer in Hangchow.



Don G. Leberman, (Cdr USNR Ret)

Chief Specialist James T. Werwage

Don writes:

When we arrived in Shanghai from Kienyang, I replaced Lt. George Clifford as Personnel Officer. With Admiral Miles' departure for the States, U.S. Naval Group China became U.S. Naval Forces China with

Captain Jack Andrews as C.O. He was ordered to Shanghai by BuPers via Admiral Borby. We became U.S. Naval Shore Facilities Shanghai - then back again to U.S. Naval Forces China. Commander Jack Terhune was ordered to Shanghai - he was Naval Academy and an Old China Hand. He became head of several departments under Captain Andrews - he was also my boss. Our most important function in Personnel was determining the points for release. Sam Osborne was responsible for the points. He was a Chief, but we were able to get him selected for W.O. This picture was taken for "Stars and Stripes". The paper did a segment on separation from the Navy in Shanghai and SACO. Here, I am handing his orders to return to the States to Chief Specialist James T. Werwage. Of course - the picture is posed.

Editor's note: Don Leberman is one of my most ardent correspondents - he sent this info and some of the following over a year ago and I apologize for the delay, but often circumstances, particularly lack of space force me to make choices of what to postpone. Don has been in ill health for several years and even writing is a task, but please know, Don, your input has been deeply appreciated. I wish you well.



THIS IS THE GLEN LINE BUILDING WHICH THE NAVY TOOK OVER AS OUR HEADQUARTERS ON THE BUND, SHANGHAI.

IMPRESSIONS FROM THE PAST

LtCdr Frank H. Balsley and LtCdr Stanley E. McCaffrey worked closely on many assignments in SACO and became great buddies. Balsley died in 1987 and McCaffrey 2002. The following excerpts are from their correspondences, which were sent me by George Balsley, son of LtCdr Balsley. I selected portions of personal letters as presented here. Ed.



LtCdr Stanley E. McCaffrey



LtCdr Frank H. Balsley

May 5, 1990 from McCaffrey to George Balsley:

... although in previous letters, I believe I have answered the questions you had posed, except for one, which I will discuss in this note.

First, however, regarding our having called your dad "Bull." It was, of course, because he was somewhat like a Bull in a China Shop," as you have surmised. But it was also because of "Bull" Halsey, the most prominent Admiral in the Navy at that time and the similarity of the names Halsey and Balsley.

The main question you posed, which I have not previously answered, had to do with the purpose of Frank's walking along the China Coast for several hundred miles. We were both out along the coast at the same time for the same purpose, to prepare the way for the rescue of any American pilots which might be forced down in the coastal area. (in all, over 100 American pilots were saved). He covered the area from just below Shanghai to Fukien Province, about half way down the coast, and I covered the Southern section to

just about Canton. It was quite an experience, walking along the coast for 20 or more miles a day, not knowing where we would be spending the night and accompanied only by an interpreter and a few soldiers. Sometimes we would stay with a Catholic priest, quite a number of whom continued to live in their homes along the coast during the war, and other times, we would simply find a shed where we could unroll our sleeping bags and put mosquito netting over it with a jury-rig arrangement to hold the netting up.

We finally met at a coastal mid-way point and joined up for our return to Kunming. It was on that trip that, when I was driving our jeep, I missed a curve and our jeep plunged into a pond and I was pinned under it. Frank pulled me out and really saved my life; otherwise, I would have drowned. We had another purpose in our walking along the coast, and that was to prepare the way for a possible Allied landing. One was planned for just below Shanghai, but then plans were changed to have the landing in Japan. That became necessary with the dropping of the atomic bomb, of course . . .



+++++

30 July 1944 Balsley to his mother:

At last I have arrived at my destination and I am "somewhere in China." My trip was beautiful and very smooth. Stan (McCaffrey) was at the plane to meet me and my welcome here was a very warm one.

. . . Mac (McCaffrey) is fine and is very well liked here and doing an excellent job. He will be a father about January as I suppose you have heard. He was very nice to meet me and the night of my arrival, he organized an initiation dinner in town at a real Chinese restaurant where we ate a terrific meal and "Ganbeyed" Chinese wine. Gan- bey is "bottoms up" and the newcomer must gan-bey at everyone's suggestion and gets awful full of a very dubious liquor. It has been a real experience arriving here and seeing war-time China, blockaded and different, yet somehow strong and apparently paradoxical in many other respects. The people are a relief after the Indians as they are cheerful, industrious and honest in their way. As you pass them on the road, they always give you the "ding-hao" with a thumbs-up gesture and a broad smile. . . .

+++++

22 Sept 1944 Balsley to his mother:

. . . As you know, the situation changes rapidly around here and it appears that my situation is going to change quite soon. Stan is back here now after finishing a most remarkable piece of work. He was with the Chinese Armies fighting and is credited with a truly astounding record for the time he was there. I think he and I will go out sometime soon for different and far less hazardous type of duty and I'm so pleased I don't know

what to do. I've been terrified that I might have to stay here in this office job, but when I spoke to the boss, he was very nice and said he was pleased with what I had done and would put me where I would like the work better. Anyway, it will be some time before anything happens. Stan looks very well, but has had quite an experience and took a real pounding for a time. My admiration for him increases by leaps and bounds when I see the way he gets along out here. He is quite a guy.

Last Sunday, we took a junket over to the other side of the valley and visited some Buddhist temples on the side of the mountain. It was really a lovely view from up there of the whole valley and most interesting to see those temples. They are just little buildings with large Buddhas in them and all sorts of figures symbolic to this particular branch of the religion. They were all beautifully colored – mostly in red, gold and blue. One of the little temples was perched on a ledge with a sheer drop to the plain below of about 1500. You have to go along a little walk cut out of the side of the cliff. They all date back to the Ming Dynasty. In one of the lower temples, we were lucky enough to witness a ceremony and it was quite an experience.

Last night we went in town for Chinese chow to celebrate Mac's safe return and my getting out of this dull job. There were about ten of us and we Gan-beid each other merrily with this warm shalsheen wine and ate quantities of sweet & sour pork, eel, dry duck, rice and bamboo shoots. It was quite a party and we left there for the local night club - some in rickshaws and Stan and I dashing madly through the streets with our hats reversed, screaming and helping push the rickshaws. What a sight! . . .

+++++

The following from Balsley's diary:

Beginning July 8, 1944

Arrived Bombay, India July 5 after 44-day voyage on large troopship stopping at Panama and Perth, Australia. Officers with me are J. Nelson, Lynn, Simpson, Jayne, Fiske and Bishop and Divelbiss. We will continue by rail to Calcutta on the 16th and thence to China. Bombay is a pleasant and interesting place to stopover and we have been enjoying the novel sights and scenes and way of life. Baker, whom I knew in San Juan and Potter from the ANIS school in New York, have been looking out for us in connection with the Naval Liaison Office. We are comfortably established in Sea Green Hotel on the waterfront.

July 10 – Will remain Bombay until next Sunday. In the meantime, we are all taking the opportunity to see the city and take our relaxation, the opportunities for which are plentiful. The Cricket Club nearby affords excellent opportunity for swimming and evening entertainment. Nelson and I had the pleasure of meeting a very fine boy, Jim Williams of Grand Rapids, Michigan who is a flying officer in the RCAF and has been stationed in India for about two years and has not been home in three years. At the age of 20, he has finished two tours of duty in the RCAF and wears the DFC. He is a very likeable and natural person and we had some good times together until he reported for embarkation.

“Hilly” Jayne and Roger Simpson flew to Calcutta to act as couriers for confidential equipment and it must have been Cupid who interposed for Jayne to bring about his early reunion with his fiancée, Ella Wade, An ARC girl from the ship.

12 July – Consistent rain has restricted our activities considerably and with the exception of a few shopping tours, we have stayed in our room at the hotel. After many months of inactivity in Charleston, Washington and on the ship, I am very anxious to get on to our destination in China and get my teeth into the job ahead of me. Apparently, our organization is highly thought of and commands a good deal of respect in this part of the world. The officers in the Liaison Office seem to be somewhat jealous of our assignment, although all agree that living conditions there are not the most pleasant.

I met Mr. Hummer from Calcutta in the National City Bank here and he told me he had received Mr. Haydn’s letter introducing me. I look forward to seeing him again in Calcutta.

It is interesting to read the local newspapers regarding the Indian political situation. There appears to be considerable anti-British and anti-white feeling and agitation for independence and with all this, much antipathy between the Congress Party and the Muslim league, the two leading political groups. At present, these parties are attempting to resolve their differences by agreements between Ghandi and Jinnah in order to present a United front for independence which has been denied them categorically by Churchill and the British Government. Both Roosevelt and Chiang Kai-shek have received rebukes from Churchill for suggesting a more liberal attitude be taken towards India. In my opinion, we cannot be dilatory in this matter and must demand that Britain give India self-government, or the principles of freedom on the basis of which we entered the war, become a travesty and Americans die combating empire only to find they have been tricked by a wily Britain and have perpetuated empire. It should be seen that, in great measure, the future of the world revolves around this issue.

July 24 - Arrived Calcutta after a forty-four-hour train ride on July 18. Nelson and Lynn came over with me and the ride was fairly comfortable and very interesting. We reported to the Pact Office where we were very efficiently taken care of and quartered at Navy Hostel #3, where life is very comfortable for us. Calcutta appears to be a larger and somewhat less European city. It extends over a good deal of the western tip of the delta of the Ganges and the Brahmaputra Rivers. We found the ARC girls here and Jim Nelson and I undertook showing Eileen and Josie three enjoyable evenings, which we did at the expense of many rupees and much energy. We went to the great Eastern Hotel, the Grand Hotel and the British-American Club and partook of the dining, dancing and drinking with much relish; doubly so, because of the impending departure of all to areas where such amenities are non-existing. Finally, we put the girls on the train for Assam where they will be stationed and they seem to have a very nice, if a little rugged billet.

Simpson, Jayne and Divelbiss have already crossed the Hump and the rest of us are awaiting our turn. It appears very likely that I will be stationed in Kunming with Stan McCaffrey and the job and surroundings there sound pleasant enough. At least there is a job to be done. I met Comdr. Odendahl here and he seemed optimistic about getting me up there along with Fiske and Lynn. I’ve had some very nice notes from Stan and he has been most helpful, so the outlook appears quite bright.

I received my first mail here and realize how important mail is when you are a long way from home. Those ties with home stretch half-way around the world and are the basis of loyalty and

give meaning and purpose to our mission out here in foreign lands among people who are foreign to us in many ways. Mother, Betty and Peggy are in Rye Beach and Pop is about to be relieved in St. Thomas and sent somewhere else. Sam is fine and has sailed "Amberjack" down from Boston to Jamestown and sent me my first picture of her. Sally is fine and although her letters date back to May, the situation is (or was) under control. . . .

Yesterday, I had the very pleasant experience of going to "tiffen" with Mr. and Mrs. Hummer, whom I met in Bombay. He is connected with the consulate here and is a National City Bank man, a friend of Mr. Haydn and Bill Pendergast.

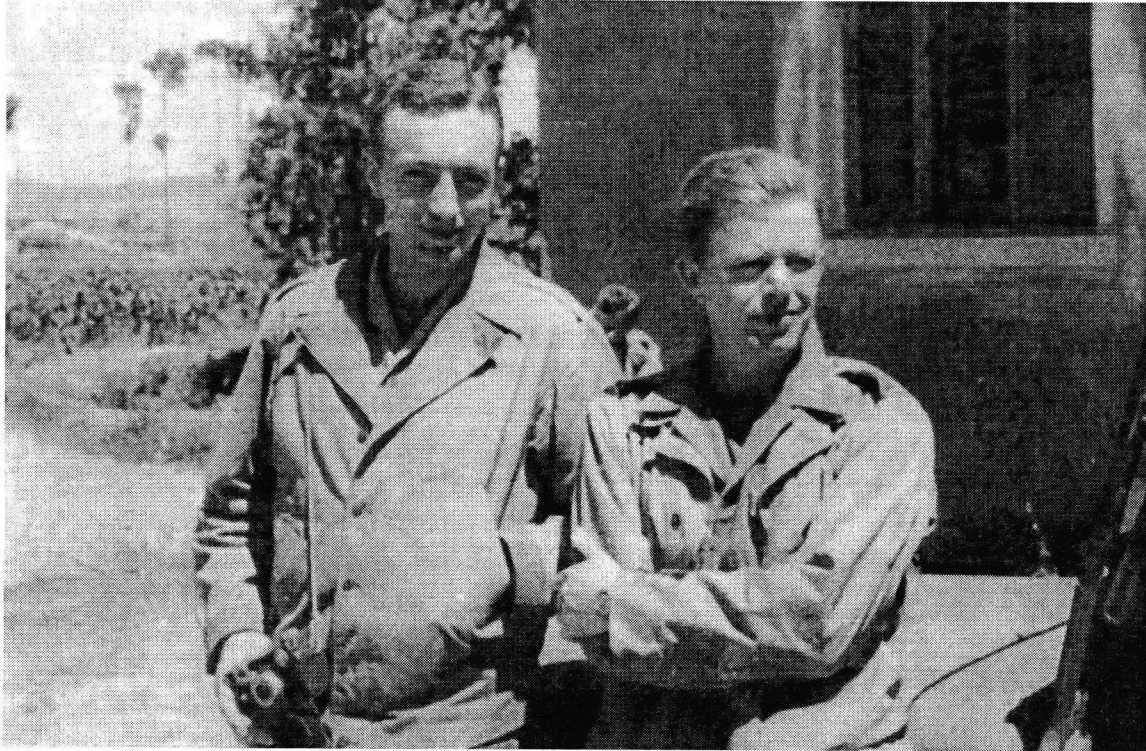
24 August – On July 28, I flew "over the Hump" and arrived in Kunming, China where I was given a very warm welcome to the Naval Unit here at the Headquarters of the Fourteenth Air Force. Stan McCaffrey was here to greet me and it was most pleasant to see him for the first time since seeing him off on April 28 at the National Airport in Washington. He was well and told me much of the organization here that was to prove useful. Shortly thereafter, he shoved off for some rather exciting duty with direct ground support squadrons down east. My first evening here we all went into town for a Gan-bei initiation dinner complete with Chinese food, chopsticks, and the celebrated "jing-bao" juice, a rather sickening warm rice wine. I met most of the officers here that evening – Humphrey, Widtherby, Price, Parker, Hutchason, Kuhn and Smith as well as Comdr. Odend'hal, the C.O. of the Unit.

I found my surroundings very comfortable, the climate cool and delightful and the food much better than expected. The hostel is a long, dirty brown building with four assigned to each room and somewhat primitive toilet arrangements. All in all, my situation was very pleasant. My job was cut out for me when I arrived and although it is strictly an office job, which I did not want, it helps keeps me busy and is very interesting work dealing principally with information regarding enemy merchant shipping. There were also administrative duties, so I took hold and did some organization and got the work pretty well underway. I fear now, however, after the first couple of weeks, that I am getting very restless and longing for work of a little more exciting nature; particularly now that Jim Nelson and Carl Divelbiss have arrived here en route to the coast for intelligence duties of a very complex and challenging character. It is hard to know that this is the work I was destined for and to have to languish here in the lap of comparative luxury doing work that is much the same as my previous work, which I escaped after long months of effort. I'm afraid that I will not be content to stick with it so long this time. Time will tell.

George Fiske came up about one week after I did and is established in similar work. He is like me, is already chafing at the bit. Jim Nelson & Carl Divelbiss are here en route to the coast and Jayne and Simpson should be coming through before long. Jim is the same cheerful guy, but looks poorly after his stay in "Happy Valley" where conditions are very bad. It has been interesting to hear of the organization and the facts are staggering and story-bookish beyond belief. The scope of this work is vast and intricate and much more closely related with the Chinese political scheme than I had imagined.

An amusing sideline to Jim's flight down from Chungking was the story he tells of his greeting here by General Chennault, his staff and several hundred G.I.'s who he later found out were gathered to welcome the actress, Ann Sheridan and her troop of girls, on an entertainment tour of this theatre. Jim was a very abashed and much reviled man as he stumbled down the ladder loaded down "like a Boy Scout" explaining hurriedly that the girls were on another plane.

It was a great feeling to get my mail and hear that the family is comfortably settled in Hingham, Mass where Pop has been sent as Commandant of the Naval Ammunition Depot. They



Frank Balsley – George Fiske

have a large comfortable house and Betty and Peggy are there so it has all worked out beautifully. Sam writes about “Amberjack” (sailboat) and the good times he is having with her at Jamestown. I’ve also had a couple of letters from Mabie Chew telling me about “Amberjack” and also about Beechie’s wedding. Sally is well and is spending the summer in Michigan.. Letters from home certainly mean everything here. The greatest luxury possible is to curl up on your bunk with a little music and read a nice stack of letters from home.

6 Sept – Several weeks have passed and much the same conditions prevail as in the last installment. George and I have dug into our shipping job and we feel that we have made a pretty good start on it after getting out our first two monthly summaries. Life has been pleasant and pretty much without incident. We eat, work, read and sleep and break the routine by a rousing game of volleyball in the evening. Several times we have taken trips into town for dinner and about a week ago, we had our first Navy dance, which turned out to be a great success with everyone feeling very merry. The ride home on the truck was a hilarious affair with Witherby pretending he was H K Vanderbilt at the helm of the “Rainbow” taking the Gold Cup away from Sopwith. This all ended when we nearly ran into a B-24 on the wrong tack while crossing the runway.

The war is going very well in Europe with the American forces now driving into Luxembourg. Belgium is almost entirely liberated and Holland is well on the way. Also, in the Pacific, our Navy is pushing the Bonins from Guam & Saipan and the Dutch East Indies around Halmahera. The B-29s are achieving moderate success in Japan. In China, however, the Japanese

drive from Hengyang toward Kweilin is becoming a menace of serious proportions. Evacuees are arriving here in large numbers and it looks very much as if Kweilin would fall to the Japs, which would mean a great curtailment of 14th Air Force activities in East China and of course, a greater threat toward Kunming.

The other night, I saw a U.S. Sergeant who had been shot in the shoulder perfectly justifiably by a Chinese sentry. It was a tragic affair and a tragic thought that our soldiers choose to malign and strike the Chinese rather than treat them with civility and courtesy, which is expected between human beings anywhere.

15 Sept – The work continues along the same lines and little change has taken place, although there may be some in the near future. Comdr. Odend'hal is in the hospital quite sick and will probably leave when he gets out now that Lt. Comdr. Benton is here to relieve him. The evacuees from Kweilin are coming in faster now as the Japs are on the outskirts of the city. Another drive from the Canton area threatens to close with the northern Hunan drive and this means we would be cut off from the coast completely and the abandonment of many of the forward bases. The Chinese are putting up only weak resistance due to exhaustion as a result of previous campaigns. This base may be subjected to air attack as a result of the state of affairs in the East and some of our personnel may leave because of the closing up of some of our sources of information. This is purely speculation and it is difficult to know what the result of all this may be. It was good news to hear that Stan McCaffrey was reported in Kweilin and probably will go to Liuchow or come back here. It's hard to tell what Jim, Carl and Hill will do if they are cut off, although they are removed from the actual area of the present offensives.

It was great news to hear that the Navy has been hitting the Philippines and the reports say about seventy ships and 500 planes have been destroyed. It looks as if an amphibious operation is in the offing in this area. The news from Europe is very encouraging and seems to presage an imminent German collapse, although the death struggles of Nazism will be long, brutal, and vindictive. American and British Empire troops are entering Germany in many places while the Germans put up desperate but frantic resistance.

23 Sept – I am much elated at the prospect of getting out of this job and into some more interesting field work. To start from the beginning, on Stan's return to Kunming, he brought back a very good plan regarding DAS work based on his experience in the field and I felt that this was the time to make my break for fear that I would miss going out on this work. I prepared my plan and took it to Comdr. Odend'hal in the hospital and he was great about it saying that he was pleased with what I had done in the Shipping Center and wanted me to be in a job where I would be happy - adding many comments about hair-brained schemes and youthful over-enthusiasm. In my mind it was simply that I thought I could do more good in the general scheme of things and have a better opportunity to participate in any action which may take place here if I was in some field job. I am greatly encouraged about the way things have developed.

Stan's return was a real shot in the arm for me, not only because I value his friendship highly and was delighted to have him back safe and sound, but also, because it gave me the wedge I needed to get out and the chance to work with him. He had some priceless experience and went through a harrowing ordeal in the field, but seems to bear no scars. He was in the field with the Chinese armies defending Kweilin in the Chaling area for about one month in DAS work and was under-fire constantly. Of his team, about 30 members of his Chinese bodyguards were killed. Mac directed air-ground report and was instrumental in destroying large numbers of the

enemy and their equipment and the failure of the particular column he was opposing. He endured many hardships and saw a great deal of war at first-hand. His comments on the Chinese armies were noteworthy saying they were "absolutely without fear" and absolutely unequipped to oppose a modern army wearing rags, poorly shod and with old type weapons and no heavy weapons. Concerning morale, it is badly undermined by the oft-heard complaint that the government has well-equipped armies sitting around in the Chungking area while they themselves are under-equipped and forgotten. The fact, i.e., low morale possibly related to the accusation that the government is pooling and saving their best strength for the internal showdown. Mac saw the fall of Kweilin and all of its tragedy and terrible waste; then went to Liuchow where it was decided to send him back here. He has done a magnificent job and has acted with a great deal of understanding and character. It is a real honor to be with him and the prospect of working with him is a pleasant one.

I am turning my work over to Bill Statler and our job will be decided when the Commander sees the Commodore on his projected visit to Chungking. We are hoping it will be a field job from NAVGRP CHINA in which we can render really useful service to the general good.

Last night we had quite a good party in town to celebrate the new turn of events and all hands partook of much wine and Chinese food followed by much merriment at the United Nations Club.

12 October—Have been very busy of late. Since transferring to ACI work, I have done two interesting reports which were valuable experience for me, one on the "walking out" of a large group of Naval Personnel from the Ichang area and one of operations of the 308th Bomb Group. Before leaving, Comdr. Odend'hal had Mac and myself transferred over to AGAS (Air Ground Aid Section), with the plan that we would put in several months in the field, then go to the fleet to carry on survival briefing for "possible operations." The scheme has gone through nicely and Stan and I are at present very busy assembling our gear for our departure on Friday the 13th. So far, we have a jeep, a trailer, gas and all manner of supplies for a 1000-mile drive to Liuchow and hope to arrive there before its fall, which is imminent as the enemy is driving south beyond Pinglo and NE from the West River (Wuchow area). The plan is then to fly us, jeep and all, over enemy territory to Kanchow, then to drive out to coastal areas where we will work. The prospect of the trip and the work is a delightful one and it should be a great experience. Mac and I are starting out in high spirits, very anxious to do a good job. We will keep a daily log which I will append to this diary on return.

The Naval Unit here has undergone quite a change since Lt. Comdr Savage took charge. He is a very likeable and apparently capable person and is doing a great deal for the organization. Humphrey and Price have gone to Chungking, Lillig has gone home and others are scheduled to leave soon, so it is a smaller unit by a great deal. The outlook is good for some excellent results here and a general improvement in our situation as regards the 14th Air Force.

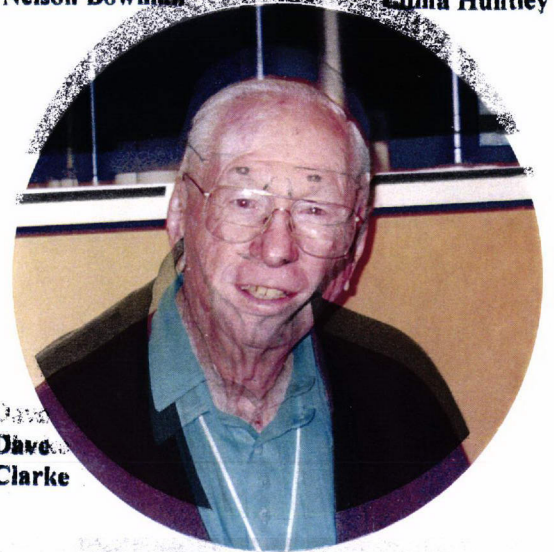
Having gotten out and around more now, I've met some interesting people and have had a chance to get a broader picture of 14th AF activities. I met Colonel Williams and found him a very congenial and friendly person. Mac enjoys an excellent reputation throughout the 14th, which he earned in the field working with them. I also met, through Mac, Ted White, who has written for LIFE and TIME wonderful material on this country. The trip east is a great opportunity to learn and observe first-hand the Chinese people and conditions throughout the country. I have learned to date, however, that one must go beyond appearances in this country to find the truth about China and its people. Appearances, and by that I mean, corrupt un-



Norman & Lyn Dike
Norman & Lyn Dike



Nelson Bowman **Lilma Huntley**
Nelson Bowman **Lilma Huntley**



Dave Clarke
Dave Clarke



Bill Sager
Bill Sager



Pat Sanders & Guy Purvis
Pat Sanders & Guy Purvis



**William
Howard**

**Laura
Lin**



**Jodi
Petersen**



Robert Coats



Hans Fletcher



Richard Terpstra, Sr.



Penny Coats



Charles "C-going" Miles



Clockwise lower left: Richard Rutan, Art Bohus, Dolly Magann, Bob Hoe, Bob Stoll, Delores Mervar, Willie Baker, Ed Magann, Nelson Bowman, Ellen & Bud Booth



The Spectacular and Renowned Philadelphia Mummers
The Spectacular and Renowned Philadelphia Mummers



The Jim Kelly Family
The Jim Kelly Family

democratic politics, graft shot throughout the entire national system, disunity and revolutionary forces everywhere, war-lords, bandits and violence. Beyond it is an ageless culture and an intricate social system and a tensile strength which give an unfailing will to resist and an ability to laugh and joke in the face of the worst adversity. All this I want to see and write about at first-hand.

Home-front news is not so cheerful. My boat (Amberjack) and my romance went on the rocks. The "Big A" hit the rocks at Fort Adams in the Hurricane and Sally decided to get married.

No comments!

(And thus ends the diary and I found no evidence of the daily log of experiences Balsley and Mac were embarking upon and planning to add as an appendage to this diary. Ed.)

???!***

REPRINT OF "THE RICE PADDY NAVY" (RPN)

An effort is underway to have Roy Stratton's book reprinted and made available to all who wish to have their own copy.

The cost of reprinting and shipping will be \$8,000 +/- for 250 copies. As a result of pledges received at the Philadelphia reunion, we have approximately \$5,600 toward our goal.

It is planned to send the reprinted editions to the Admiral Nimitz Foundation Museum in Fredericksburg, Texas for storage and disbursement. The museum has been requested to give SACO members a price break on copies sold through their bookstore.

As an incentive to contribute, free books

will be provided to those who contribute as follows:

\$750 to \$1,000 - 3 copies

\$500 to \$750 - 2 copies

\$100 to \$500 - 1 copy

If you desire to contribute to this worthy cause please make your check payable to:

Bill Bartee, SACO RPN.

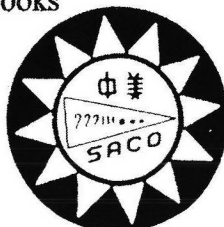
And note in the check memo that it is for:

"SACO Reprint of Rice Paddy Navy"

This will allow you to declare it as a charitable contribution on your taxes.

Send check to:

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

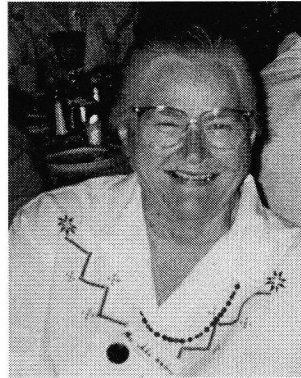


SICK BAY



Peg & Joe Fitzgerald have both been seriously ill for quite some time. Joe has leukemia and has had low energy most of the time. He's been to Houston – tried a new medication and he said the results were disappointing. He was unable to handle the preparations for the Cocoa Beach Reunion, but Peg was able to do a super job. With all the energy she had and errands she had to make for the HR, she never complained nor seemed to tire. What a shock to find out she became ill, too and to date had spent a total of 42 days in the hospital. After some length of time, she was diagnosed with cancer and underwent severe surgery affecting her pancreas, stomach, liver, gall bladder & intestines. Peg said they removed 90% of the cancer and they were awaiting word as to procedure regarding the remaining 10%. She stated she was down to 111 lbs.

???!!!***



Fran Waters made it Philadelphia and I think to her surprise, performed her duties on the registration desk as usual without any problems. Fran said the past year had not been good as she had several heart-related flare-ups.

She remains in good spirits and I think enjoyed herself at the Philly Reunion. We are fortunate to have her and Laura Sellers each year to manage registration. They work long hours and it's very tiring. We love you and thank you.

???!!!***



Bob Sinks is recovering from colon cancer. In phone conversation we had, he assures me that it was detected in time and he has a positive outlook. Since this is his 2nd recurrence, I don't doubt that he has been closely examined and therefore, fortunate in early detection. We hope all goes well for you, Bob.

???!!!***



Mary Coats has suffered a massive stroke which left her paralyzed on her right side and unable to speak. She was 12 days in the hospital and now in a nursing home. I asked Jerry if she recognized him and he said he felt sure she does from the expression in her eyes at times when he talks to her. She's able to move her left hand and leg.

???!!!***



Norman Dike was in a tragic car accident some time prior to the Philadelphia Reunion

and had serious injuries. He was able to attend the 2003 reunion but not capable of fulfilling duties as president. Joe Fitzgerald, president could not attend because of Peg's illness. This left Norman as Vice President to take over but he had to decline because of injuries he sustained. So Bill Bartee was president pro tem and assumed most of the activities of the head table.

Nov. 3, '03 e-mail from Don Dike to Bill Bartee:

"Dad had surgery in Sept. (*following Philly reunion which he attended*). He had a very hard time recovering from it. He was almost comatose for 2 wks. We then put him in a nursing home because he was having hallucinations and some bad bouts of dementia.

"I am happy to report that he is doing much better now. He has been getting both mental and physical therapy. His hallucinations have stopped and he is so much better that he is coming home on the 14th. He is better mentally now than in Philly but is much weaker. His strength is building each day. We take him out to supper a couple times a week. I visit him every day.

"I hope that this will ease your mind about your old friend."
Don Dike

???!!!***

Re: Buck Dormer Received at Press-time

To Harold Bonin Oct. 27, 2003

"Thank you very much for the good will and affection you have shown Dad. He would be (is) gratified at the warm thoughts of so many of the people who knew him.

"I was in remote Alaska when Dad suffered his stroke. I believe he held on until I was able to get back via bush planes and airliner. I had the blessing of being able to spend his last day, October 11, 2003 with him.

"Dad's ashes will be buried at Arlington National Cemetery on January 6, 2004.

"Again, thanks for all of your positive thoughts."

Sincerely, Bob Dormer

*Harold Bonin: "I lost a very dear friend."
Similar notes from Bob Dormer received by others including Bill Bartee and Paul Casamajor to name some. Ed.*

???!!!***



POTPOURRI



Highly Recommended Reading for SACO Members.

"The OSS in China" by MAOCHUN YU

(Gives great insight into the barriers faced by Admiral Miles-25% about SACO)

A Must Read

"I Was There" by Rear Admiral Edwin T. Layton

(Dedicated to R.I. Guys and gives the *REAL* story of the intelligence community including proof that F.D.R. had no prior knowledge of the attack on Pearl Harbor.)

A Must Read

"From Troy to Entebbe" By John Arquilla

(Gives history of special operations warfare, used today as text in Navy Graduate School at Monterey, CA.)

Gives great kudos to SACO

"Days of Infamy" by John Costello

(Strives to prove that F.D.R. and others knew Pearl Harbor was coming great credit to R.I.) Should be read before "I Was There", reviewed by Admiral Grojean of the Admiral Nimitz Museum.

"Day of Deceit" by Robert B. Stinnett

Another book dedicated to proving that F.D.R. was aware that Pearl Harbor was coming.

Gives credit to R.I.

Bill Bartee

Secretary

CONFUSION BEYOND IMAGINATION

By William Boyd Sinclair

Volume #7 covering SACO is available in limited copies:

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3729 Canyon Drive

Coeur d'Alene, Idaho 83815

Price: Please send check in amount of \$23.50 .

(Per Associate Member Frank Baillie)

ABOUT THINGS

(The following presentation was made at the 49th SACO banquet in Philadelphia 6 September 2003)

A strange thing happened in May 1942 in Chungking at the top of the steps from the airfield in the river bed below. Two men, General Tai Li and Commander Miles, shook hands and immediately began the organization which became SACO. The operation was based on respect. It sounds like a small thing and people have tended to take it for granted or even to forget it: Respect. And it remains.

The almost universal remembrance of you men is a thing – more specifically “anything.” When asked what you did during the war, the most common answer has been, “I really did not do anything.” And it all added up to a job well done. Ultimately, almost 120,000 Chinese and 3,500 U.S. personnel worked together. You accomplished much. My father summarized one phase as follows:

“As a result of the operation, the count of dead enemy noses, according to U.S. figures, totals 71,000. The total cost to the U.S. Taxpayer was 18 million dollars.”

About 20,000 of the Chinese were non-military and their acts of intelligence and sabotage were funded with coins of silver – this noble metal kept its value regardless of who might win the war. No longer is there a record of how much silver was dispersed; only a handful remained at war’s end and ever since, it rested in obscurity.

Here are seven of those old coins. They are Chinese silver dollars and there is one for each letter in the word “respect.” During their time of service, they were handled by both of the SACO Generals, Tai Li and Miles.

Major General Kuo, would you please, as a favor to Admiral Miles, escort these silver soldiers back to the MIB museum in Taipei and place them among the numerous articles important to the memories of SACO. They, too, served with honor and respect.

To: Major General Kuo Rong-Charng
Vice Director of MIB

From: Number Three Son

Dr. Charles H. Miles

6 September 2003



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FROM: *History of U.S. Naval Operations
in World War II*

By Adm. Samuel Eliot Morrison

Vol. XIII Chapter XXIV

(Article submitted by Paul Casamajor)

The U.S. Naval Group, China

1. The "Rice Paddy Navy"

Of ALL the far-flung operations of the United States Navy in World War II, the most bizarre was that of the United States Naval Group, China, popularly known as the "Rice Paddy Navy." Starting with one commander USN, and one Chinese general, it expanded by the end of the war to 2500 American volunteers drawn from the Navy, Army, Marine Corps and Coast Guard, in close collaboration with some fifty thousand Chinese sailors, fishermen and pirates, and many times that number of guerrillas. This group engaged in a variety of cloak-and-dagger activities in the interior of China, and the only members who even saw the ocean were the coast watchers.

Even before Pearl Harbor, planners in Washington counted on more than military assistance from China in the event of a war with Japan. Weather reports were the first desideratum for the Pacific Fleet, since Western Pacific weather is formed over Asia. Reports on Japanese naval and shipping activities along the China Coast would be of great value, as well as detailed intelligence on possible landing beaches along the China Coast. The Navy (as we have seen), until out-argued by General MacArthur, looked forward to establishing a big beachhead in China as springboard for the final assault on Japan.

Rear Admiral Willis A. Lee, one of the Navy's top planners in Washington, chose for this unusual assignment Commander Milton E. Miles, universally known by his World War I nickname of "Mary." On the day after Pearl Harbor, Miles was routed out of bed by Admiral Lee and told to get ready to go to China and lay the Navy's Problems before Chiang Kai-shek. As it took time

it was May 1942 before Commander Miles managed to reach Chungking.

Admiral Lee knew his man. As a young officer fresh out of the Naval Academy, Miles had spent five years in the Asiatic Fleet. On his shore leaves and liberties, it was his habit to travel inland, off the beaten paths, and observe native customs. At the close of this tour of duty, with his wife and three small sons, he crossed Asia by what was later known as the Burma Road, and continued across India to Afghanistan and across Persia. He picked up a working knowledge of a few Chinese dialects and, even more important, acquired respect for and understanding of the Chinese people.

Upon his arrival in Chungking, Miles was taken in charge by Lieutenant General Tai Li, Chief of the Bureau of Investigation and Statistics of the National Military Council, which was compared with the American F.B.I. by his friends and with Hitler's Gestapo by his enemies. Miles and Tai formed a warm friendship, and Miles came to regard Chiang Kai-shek as one of the world's greatest men. He loved to quote one of the Generalissimo's sayings, "The more you sweat in peace, the less you will bleed in war." Tai Li, whose organization had infiltrated everywhere in Japanese-held China, undertook to collect weather and other information that the United States Navy wanted. But the Japanese tracked down every new weather radio station and destroyed it.

By the end of 1942, Miles realized that the weather-reporting network would have to be turned into a secret army to be really useful. Tai Li needed more guerrillas to protect the weather man, and more Americans to train the Chinese. On Commander Miles's recommendation, an agreement was signed 15 April 1943, establishing the Sino-American Cooperative Organization (SACO), commanded by Tai Li, with Miles as his deputy. Volunteers were carefully screened by the SACO office in Washington and put through a special training course before being sent out to China. No "old China hands" with preconceived ideas were wanted. The young Americans recruited were completely integrated into Chinese formations; their orders were drafted in Chinese and English and signed jointly by Tai Li and

Miles. At a headquarters called "Happy Valley," about ten miles from Chungking, the men received their final training before going into the field.

Unit One, first to take the field, consisted of Major John H. Masters USMC and five men, later increased to twenty. They went overland by truck to a small mountain village in Anwei Province, deep behind Japanese lines, but less than two hundred miles from Shanghai and Nanking, arriving 1 April 1943. Their duty was to train Tai Li's guerrillas in the use of small arms and submachine guns and in sabotage and intelligence work. Scouting, patrolling, and aircraft and ship identification were later added to the curriculum. Seven more guerrilla-training units were established within the next year and placed in the field in key spots, ranging from Shensi Province in the north to Kweichow Province on the Chinese mainland opposite Formosa.

A medical department of SACO was next set up; doctors and Navy corpsmen were recruited and given special training. SACO eventually had twenty-four medical dispensaries and three mobile field hospitals in China, operating mostly behind the Japanese lines. The first, set up in Western Hunan in November 1943, trained Chinese doctors and hospital attendants. Few Chinese with the necessary background could be found, but a small class of doctors and medical assistants were graduated before the summer of 1944, when the school had to be evacuated because of the Japanese advance along the Hankow-Canton railway. The unit then moved by truck overland to a site about forty miles west of Hangchow. Truck travel in China, a high adventure at any time, was doubly so in wartime. The usual fuel was charcoal, alcohol and tung oil. Baling wire and Chinese paper money served for bolts and gaskets. One of Tai Li's groups specialized in stealing tires from the Japanese and smuggling them through the lines.

This hospital unit was pursued and attacked by the Japanese as it moved eastward, but the guerrillas successfully covered and protected it to the destination in a pocket of the mountains. There, an old Buddhist temple served as hospital, and training courses were a nearby hilltop. It was not uncommon for an American or British prisoner, who had escaped from the

prisons and concentration camps near Shanghai, to be brought into "Pact Doc," as this unit was called by guerrillas. Here they were kept until strong enough to push on to freedom.

Systematic weather information and weather reports were one of the principal purposes of the Naval Group in China. The Navy Department authorized an aerological complement of thirty-six officers and one hundred and twenty men, and equipment, to establish three hundred weather stations; a weather central was set up near Chungking, and in August 1943, Commander Irwin F. Beyerly arrived to take charge. He and an assistant moved inland to train Chinese students - over seven hundred of them - at a local radio school in weather reporting and ship and aircraft identification. By November, when it became evident that many reports from Chinese agencies were sent in irregularly and received too late to be useful, it was decided to create a weather service within SACO. Aerological units were attached to each of the guerrilla training teams in the field and at other SACO installations behind the lines and Commander Beyerly's unit was absorbed. By October 1944, comprehensive weather maps were being broadcast daily to the Pacific Fleet.

The Intelligence group, formed early in 1943, was headed by Commander David D. Wight. This became the most widespread activity of the U.S. Naval Group, China. It had liaison officers and photo interpretation units with General Chennault's XIV A.A.F. and acted as that force's Intelligence agency. It planted watchers along the China Coast from Shanghai to Hong Kong and worked hand-in-glove with Tai Li's far-flung network.

The biggest trouble for SACO was not the enemy but the problem of supply. It had a unit in Washington to look after procurement and shipment of supplies to Bombay, where Captain Miles maintained an office to receive and forward all that came in, and to procure what he could locally. The Joint Chiefs of Staff allocated 150 tons a month to SACO in the airlift over the "Hump." That allowance was so pitifully small that it had to be used for highest priority equipment and supplies. General Joseph W. Stilwell USA, who took a dim view of an independent command in his bailiwick, once held up all SACO's air shipments for six months.

No sooner had the supply problem been partially solved than another rose to harass Naval Group, China. Major General William Donovan's Office of Strategic Services attempted to do much the same thing that SACO was already accomplishing. After a preliminary wrangle, "Wild Bill" Donovan named "Mary" Miles director of O.S.S. in China; but some of Donovan's orders were so displeasing to Tai Li, the real boss of SACO, that this arrangement had to be given up.

By June of 1944, SACO was a going concern with good communications and active units feeding a wealth of information to Chungking. This, in turn, was being relayed regularly to the Pacific and Seventh Fleets, to the Army Air Forces, and to other interested commands. So important did Pacific Fleet submarines consider SACO report of Japanese ship movements along the China Coast that they kept a liaison officer in Chungking to make certain of getting the word promptly.

2. The Pony-back Navy

Captain Miles wished to set up a weather station in Suiyuan Province, near the border of Inner Mongolia. Major Victor R. Bisceglia USMC commanded the unit of twelve men, most of them sailors. They left Happy Valley on 18 November 1943 in twelve charcoal-burning trucks driven by Chinese drivers, guarded by a detachment of eighty guerrillas. The convoy was held up at a crossing of the Yellow River in Kansu Province, about seventy-five miles west of Lanchow, until 8 January 1944 when the ice was strong enough to cross. There followed a ninety-mile trek across desert country and two more crossings of the Yellow River in sub-zero weather. The party would have been in serious want of food, fuel and clothing had not General Ma Hung Kwei, Governor of Ningshia Province, given the men all they needed, including an outfit of padded clothing and goatskin coats and caps, so that they were difficult to distinguish from nomadic Mongols.

Major Bisceglia's unit reached its destination in Suiyuan 18 January and the trucks returned to Chungking. Now the men were isolated; their only means of escape in the event of imminent capture was by horseback. So each man was giv-



Rear Admiral Milton E. Miles

en a Mongolian pony by the Governor of Suiyuan. The unit set up headquarters in a former Catholic mission about forty miles north of the Yellow River. In addition to collecting weather information, Bisceglia's men trained nearly six hundred Chinese soldiers in a course similar to that given United States Marines. Columns of these guerrillas operated against Japanese outposts in the direction of Peiping. They destroyed railroad equipment, attacked small towns occupied by Japanese troops, and persuaded several thousand Chinese puppet troops to change sides.

The high point of these operations occurred in March 1945 when Lieutenant Donald M. Wilcox, with an aerographer and a hospital corpsman, mounted on ponies, set out with two hundred Chinese guerrillas toward Peiping. On 15 May, they were attacked by a Japanese armored column of six tanks, five armored Bren gun carriers and about four hundred cavalry. After a spirited two-hour battle, the surviving Japanese retreated.

3. The Yangtze Raiders

Hankow, the metropolis of Central China, lies at the head of deep-water navigation six hundred miles up the Yangtze River and is also the terminus of the Peiping-Hankow-Canton Railway. The Japanese used Hankow as their principal base and distributing point in support of military operations in Southwest China.

In the spring of 1944, it was decided to establish a SACO unit here to train guerrillas and saboteurs to work against the railroads and shipping. Designated Unit 13, it was generally known as the Yangtze Raiders. Originally consisting of Lieutenant Joseph E. Champe USNR and five men, this team set up headquarters at a town in the mountains about 50 miles south of the Yangtze in July 1944. First a group of Chinese were trained in sabotage; next a school was opened to teach American methods to 500 guerrilla soldiers. Supplies and equipment had to be brought over 130 miles of mountain trails on the backs of 450 coolies. Headquarters were established in a former temple, which Yankee ingenuity and sense of humor managed to provide with something resembling modern secretarial and sanitary facilities.

The first combat unit of 250 guerrillas, with two Americans, moved out in bitter winter weather in early December 1944. Most of their traveling was done at night. In mid-February, when the group had reached a lake near the Yangtze, it was almost surrounded by about 2000 Japanese and 8000 puppet troops who had moved across the river especially to get them. The Chinese guerrilla commander, using Stonewall Jackson strategy, sent a squad to create a disturbance north of his main body. They drew off enough Japanese to create a gap

out of which the guerrillas slipped. The unit then resumed its foray, blew up bridges, cut telephone and telegraph lines and generally raised the devil almost under the eyes of the Japanese.

In March 1945, a second Yangtze Raider unit succeeded in overcoming the Japanese guards in a town near Wuning and destroyed their supply warehouses. Presently three raider units were in the field harassing the Japanese in Central China. The Chinese saboteurs, as distinguished from the guerrillas, operated in small groups of three men each and took tremendous risks. The Canton-Hankow Railway was heavily protected, some of it by an electric fence, as well as by guards and big dogs. Yet, on 20 April 1945, a short distance from Wuchang (across the river from Hankow), a sabotage team blew up an ammunition train by placing a 50-pound TNT charge on the tracks between the time the reconnaissance train passed and the ammunition train arrived. A locomotive and seven cars were blown over a cliff. Another team, operating around Kiukiang, sank two steamers with a device invented by Lieutenant Champe. Charges were suspended from bamboo floats about two feet under water, these floats were joined by a long line and pulled out in the river by sampans.

One float was released inshore of the anchored target ship and the other on the offshore side. The current carried the line across the vessel's bow when the charges trailed downstream and were exploded when they hit the ship. Two members of the team worked as stevedores on a Japanese ammunition ship at Kiukiang to learn about her cargo before sinking it by this method.

These patterns of guerrilla and sabotage activity were followed until the end of hostilities. Two or three Americans accompanied each of the guerrilla field units but no one was even wounded in the many brushes that occurred.

4. The Coast Watchers

Obtaining information on Japanese shipping along the China Coast was also one of the main objectives of the U.S. Naval Group, China. In the early stages of SACO, this was entrusted to Chinese coast watchers who were willing and eager, but had difficulty in identifying ships accurately.

When the Japanese split China by their drive

southward from Hankow in the summer of 1944 and drove XIV Army Air Force from their advanced bases, it became obvious that the only way to get at Japanese coastal shipping was from the air or by submarine. The one method was unusually risky because of the long distance of the China Coast from air bases in the Philippines or Western China, and submarines were troubled by the shoal water off the coast. Thus, accurate intelligence of ship movement was doubly necessary and this could be had only from well-trained coast watchers. After a reconnaissance in July 1944, Commodore Miles selected Changchow, a town twenty-five miles inland from Japanese occupied Amoy, as headquarters for an Intelligence unit concerned primarily with keeping track of Japanese shipping. Americans were trained for this duty and manned the coast watching stations in the fall.

In January 1945, a United States submarine wolf pack consisting of *Queenfish*, *Picuda* and *Barb*, commanded by Commander C. E. Loughlin and known as "Loughlin's Loopers," was operating in Formosa Strait. On 8 January, it broke up a convoy off Takao, but no more targets could be found. Naval Group China informed the submarines on 20 January that Japanese traffic was holing up at night and running by day close inshore, in less than ten fathoms of water. *Barb*, Commander E. B. ("Gene") Fluckey, had penetrated a junk flotilla inside the ten-fathom curve a few days earlier in search of targets and found none, but observed that no navigational lights were burning along the coast. He reasoned that since most of the ships reported by SACO were using Lam Yir Bay, about 80 miles northeast of Amoy, yet not rounding Turnabout Light, they must be using some inner passage. The only one he could find on his chart was a very shallow one called Hai Tan Strait. SACO, asked to investigate next day, reported that Hai Tan was being used by large ships. This convinced Fluckey that shipping was moving only in daylight in water too shallow for him to attack. But a northbound convoy, which Naval Group, China was reporting regularly, should anchor in Foochow that night. He planned to tag along with the junk fleet north of Hai Tan to try to locate it.

Shortly after dark 22 January *Barb* passed through the junks and took a position north of Hai Tan Strait in nine fathoms of water. In the meantime, Sergeant William M. Stewart USMC, a coast watcher at Nam Kwan Bay, reported to Chanchow, "Eleven Jap transports anchored two miles south of me. Am sending pirates aboard to get the dope." This was relayed promptly from Changchow to Chungking and to the submarines off the coast. *Barb* is reported to have intercepted Stewart's message and sent him a message, "Save prize for me." *Barb* then moved toward Nam Kwan Bay, working into a position through suspected minefields to a point only 6000 yards from the anchored convoy and six miles inside the ten-fathom line. At 0404 January 23 she fired a spread of ten torpedoes at what the skipper reported to be "the most beautiful target of the war." The ships were anchored in three columns, which from *Barb's* viewpoint, overlapped, providing a continuous target over two miles long. At least eight hits were heard and observed, with two ships exploding and fires observed on others; but according to the generally accurate postwar Japanese compilations, all that the *Barb* sank was the 5244-ton freighter *Taikyo Maru*.

After firing her spread, *Barb* highballed out to sea to get more depth for diving. As he headed out, Commander Fluckey radioed to Sergeant Stewart, "Next time I'll put wheels on my keel!"

By 1 March 1945, the coast watcher network was in full operation. Each post was manned by two American sailors, a Chinese interpreter, a Chinese weather man and six or more guerrillas. On 20 March, twelve B-25s, from newly acquired fields on Luzon, raided Amoy. This raid was observed by a coast watcher team covering the harbor of Amoy. The watchers were instrumental in saving the entire crew of one B-25, forced down in Japanese-held territory. Two days later, the Amoy coast watchers reported that the tail of a PB4Y-2 had been shot off by anti-aircraft fire from Amoy and been splashed. Boatswain's Mate H. W. Tucker, walking along a road on the North Shore of Amoy Harbor, saw it happen. He changed route to investigate, and at sundown saw seven white men and several Chinese approaching. Tucker greeted them with, "Hi ya fellows, who are you?" The astonish-

ed aviators replied, "We're from the U.S. Navy. Who are you?" "I'm Navy too," said Tucker. "Come on!" – and led the party safely back to Changchow. Don Bell, a radio-news correspondent who was one of the rescued party, reported: "Imagine our gasps of amazed delight when told that there was a U.S. Naval Station just 80 li (about 27 miles) away. Here we had been shot down less than a mile from a Jap garrison, we had been chased by motor boats and searched for by Jap planes less than two hours before, and here was a man telling us we were within a few hours of safety . . . When we saw Tucker swinging along with a Tommy gun over one shoulder and a bag of iron rations over the other – well, you can talk about a sailor's welcome but you haven't seen anything!"

This rescue paid off two months later when a Privateer buzzed the Changchow SACO unit and dropped a note saying there would be a package drop on the next pass. Down came a box loaded with ship's service items that had only been a dream until then. A note explained that the contents were a gift of the Squadron to which the PB4Y-2 belonged, and of the Red Cross.

By July 1945, guerrilla operations were reaching to the coast and the Japanese began to stir around to break them up. Preparations were made to evacuate Changchow if necessary but the enemy never came near it. SACO forces received support from the air and helped the fliers locate targets by means of long, white panel arrows on the ground. They continued to cooperate with aviators and to receive supplies after the Japanese surrendered and until the bases were closed down for return to the United States.

5. The Final Naval Battle of World War II

Immediately after the armistice on 15 August 1945, all SACO units in the field received orders to close down and make their way to Hankow, Shanghai or Chungking, whichever was the nearest. But even the folding up of activities provided some strange doings in the most irregular naval organization.

Unit 8, with headquarters at Tsingtien in Chekiang Province, had the unusual experience of fighting the last naval battle of the war, in a manner reminiscent of the War of 1812.

Following President Truman's announcement of Japan's surrender, Unit 8 was ordered to break camp and proceed to Shanghai. Lieutenant Livingston ("Swede") Swentzel with a party of eight then left for Wenchow on the coast. There he commandeered two sailing junks and shoved off for Shanghai, with Chinese fishermen crews and a battery consisting of one bazooka rocket-launcher. On the morning of 20 August, they sighted a large black junk armed with a 75-mm howitzer standing out from a nearby island, and it acted so suspiciously that Swentzel gave chase. As he approached, the black junk presented her broadside, opened fire with her 75-mm gun and scored a direct hit on Swentzel's "flagship," killing two Chinese, wounding two others and damaging her rudder so that she drifted off to leeward. The second SACO junk, commanded by Lieutenant Stuart L. Pittman USMCR, then opened fire on the enemy with machine and Tommy guns. The Japanese replied in kind, but Pittman managed to maneuver his junk by sail within 100 yards of them, a good bazooka range. A young seaman manned the bazooka and managed to shoot three rockets into the black junk. The third exploded in her hold, knocking out her 3-inch gun and taking all the fight out of the Japanese, who begged for quarter by displaying a dirty white undershirt on a bayonet. As some of them continued to fire with rifles, Pittman decided to board, and commanded the boarding party himself. The Japanese skipper, who, though badly wounded, was still able to handle a revolver, attempted to take a pot shot at Pittman when he entered the hold, but was thwarted by the quick action of an American sailor who pumped several rifle shots into him. Before the skipper died, Pittman was able to hear his version of the affair – he had mistaken the Americans for Chinese pirates. The carnage wrought in this wooden ship by the bazooka rocket was terrific – 48 of the crew killed, and all but four of the surviving 39 wounded; but the junk was still able to sail, so Swentzel placed a prize crew on board and returned to Haimen to dispose of his prisoners. All three junks arrived at Shanghai on 24 August.

It is ironic that this fight of 20 August 1943, the final naval battle of a war in which aircraft, carriers, and a galaxy of new weapons were employed, should have been fought by sailing

ships, and concluded by the classic tactics of boarding. Perhaps there is a subtle lesson in this incident to a world of ever-expanding wonders. After a war of annihilation, the sailing frigate, the cutlass and the boarding pike may stage a comeback. Sailors, never forget how to sail!

At the time of Japan's surrender, SACO held three seaports and about two hundred miles of the China Coast. Elements of the Rice Paddy Navy had some trying and delicate moments in moving into Japanese-occupied cities before the formal surrender document was signed on 2 September and communicated to the Japanese troops in China. "Swede" Swentzel's unit was the first to arrive in Shanghai. The Lieutenant himself entered the city in search of further orders, and the remainder of the unit were quartered with Chinese troops in Pootung. On 2 September the group tried to enter the city but were prevented by surly Japanese. An English-speaking Japanese officer, declaring that the Emperor's surrender did not apply to Shanghai, placed Swentzel's party under arrest and bundled it off to a compound, but the prisoners were soon released. SACO's disbursing officer flew with Tai Li and several other Chinese officers from Chungking to Shanghai on 9 September, carrying a half a billion Chinese dollars and \$1,000,000 U. S. currency to set up a pay office for SACO and Seventh Fleet. By the time Admiral Kinkaid arrived on 19 September, he found the nucleus of a naval organization functioning in Shanghai.

Unit 7 broke camp on 25 August with orders to proceed to Hangchow, where its C.O., Lieutenant Lloyd M. Felmy USNR, had some difficulty in convincing the Japanese commander that the war was over. The Yangtze Raiders assembled at Hankow and had no trouble. Others of Naval Group, China, made their way to major cities, on foot or by sampan, whence they were moved to evacuation centers by more modern means of transportation. Some of the officers and men remained in China until 1946, but most off the men shipped home, and the Rice Paddy Navy gradually disintegrated. They had helped the common cause far more than their slender numbers would indicate. They carried away a feeling of great friendliness for the Chinese, and gratitude for the efforts of poor

farmers and fishermen to help them. This sound basis for future friendship between two great countries was shattered within a few years, alas, by the Communist propaganda of Mao's government.

???!!!**



Rear Admiral Forrest P. Sherman, Deputy Chief of Staff to Admiral Nimitz. Sherman approved Miles' plan to procure material from the Philippines to the China Coast via Navy ships. (*Different Kind of War* p.497)



Quite often we ask ourselves hard to answer questions, like, What is a sonofabitch?

And we wax philosophic with metaphysical postulations, incomplete aphorisms and inconsistent sophism that make one more and more sure that the only true thing is that a picture is worth a thousand words.

In the photo above, the guy on the right is a member of a bomb squad in midst of a deactivation. The guy behind him? Well, . . . he's a sonofabitch!

(Contributed by Jack & Diane Parks - cousins)

An Interview with Shep Tate

*Bar Association Work
Serves the Public*



Shep Tate with wife, Janet.



*Tate at ABA Annual Meeting in Dallas, 1979.
Photo by Uldis Saule.*

**(From the Fall 2002 publication
“EXPERIENCE” – Senior Lawyers
Division – American Bar Association)**

**Tell us about how you became a
lawyer and your early years of
practice.**

My grandfather S.J. Shepherd, who was a lawyer, had in mind I was going to be a lawyer - I never had a choice about it. I lived with him when the Depression

came and my family moved from Memphis to our farm in Mississippi. He had me take shorthand and typing because he said when I started practicing law, I wouldn't have any money and I needed to be a court reporter or secretary. And then he insisted that every Saturday and every summer I work in banks. And so I worked on Saturdays, and I worked every summer, and that gave me a wonderful experience in handling trusts and

estates. When I worked on Saturday, about 12:30 or 1:00, my supervisor, Betty Watts, would take me into the vault and open up a cigar box. She would take out a 50-cent piece to give me. One Saturday, she said, “You really didn't earn it today.”

At the end of World War II, when I completed my duties with the U.S. Navy in China, I took a position as a law clerk for Judge John D. Martin who was a member of the U.S. Court of

Appeals, 6th Judicial Circuit. His son, John D. Martin, Jr., was a lawyer and he asked me to join him. So the two of us shared an office with another lawyer, Bertram Cohn, a Harvard law graduate.

It wasn't easy starting out, I had just married. I had \$1,500 and a red Chevrolet. I was always worried about our finances. My wife and I rented this little garage apartment, 20' by 20', that had just been built. I truly believe we had more space then than we have in our big home today. But anyway, I would talk to my wife about our finances, and she'd kind of console me. I said to her one night, "Honey, if we should lose everything we have, would you still love me?" And she said, "Yes, but I'll miss you." My wife disclaims this incident and suggests that I must have heard this line somewhere else.

What kind of practice have you had over the years?

Our firm did a large amount of corporate and real estate practice; and, having worked in the trust departments of two banks and being familiar with wills, trusts and estates, I did a lot of estate planning. Now I spend most of my time in estate planning, wills and trusts.

How did you get started with your more than 40 years of activity in bar association service?

My involvement began in the Memphis and Shelby County Bar in the early '50s. Someone nominated me for the board of directors. I went through the chairs and became president of the Memphis Bar. And then my mentor, Charles C. Morgan, who had been president of the Memphis Bar and later the Tennessee Bar Association, suggested that I should get active in the Tennessee Bar. So, after years of involvement with various committees, I became president of the Tennessee Bar.

How did your involvement in bar activities branch out from there?

When I was secretary of the Memphis and Shelby County Bar Association. This good friend suggested I go to the meetings of the National Association of Bar Secretaries. When I was president of the Tennessee Bar, Charles G. Morgan and B. B. Gullett of Nashville, who also had been president of the Tennessee Bar Association, urged me to attend the meetings of the National Conference of Bar Presidents and get ideas of what the state bar associations were doing throughout the country. And so I became active in the National Conference of Bar Presidents. After working in that organization for some years, I eventually was elected its president.

So because of your Tennessee Bar status, you then became very active at the ABA level.

That's correct.

When you eventually became the ABA President in '78-'79, had you held other positions in the ABA?

I have a good friend named Chesterfield Smith and when my term as President of the National Conference of Bar President, Chesterfield, who was President of the ABA, said I ought to become active in the ABA. He called me and said, "I want you to chair a new committee called the ABA Standing Committee on Professional Discipline." When I talked to my senior partner, he said, "You should not take it on. Every lawyer throughout the country will be mad with you if you do that." Well, I accepted the appointment as chairman of that committee, and lo and behold, almost immediately there was Watergate, which involved some lawyers throughout the country. Our committee developed standards for professional discipline and we sponsored a series of regional disciplinary conferences. Also, I was chairman of a task force on lawyer advertising.

After I finished those assignments, Chesterfield, B.B. Gullett, and some others said that I ought to run for

president of the American Bar Association. I checked it out with my firm, but it didn't seem likely because we were very small, and we didn't have a lot of money for me to travel throughout the country and meet with lawyers. I remember one time when I had a party in Philadelphia and was running against another fine lawyer, the media said, "If you see what sort of parties are being given by Shep Tate and his opposition, it's pretty clear that Shep won't win. He's serving hot dogs and hamburgers, and the other fellow has caviar and shrimp." But fortunately, I won that race. It was just a wonderful experience, and it was great having my wife, Jan, with me. I remember talking with Justice Joe Henry of the Tennessee Supreme Court who was in the ABA House of Delegates. I asked, "Joe, should I run for ABA president?" He said, "Yes, you'll win, but not because of your ability." I said, "What do you mean?" He replied, "You'll win because of your wife."

Were there particular undertakings while you were an officer of the ABA that you can identify as important to your year as president?

We initiated or completed projects that addressed such issues as law office efficiency, lawyer discipline, representation of victims accused of crime, the problems of the elderly, the need for better public understanding about the law and lawyer competence. Our efforts contributed to increased funding for the Legal Service Corporation.

Any idea how many speeches you may have given during that year as president?

Good gracious, I have no idea. But it just seemed to be constant, one after another and you couldn't give the same speech every time.

Are there any other things during your year as president that particularly stand out in your memory?

What's in a Name?

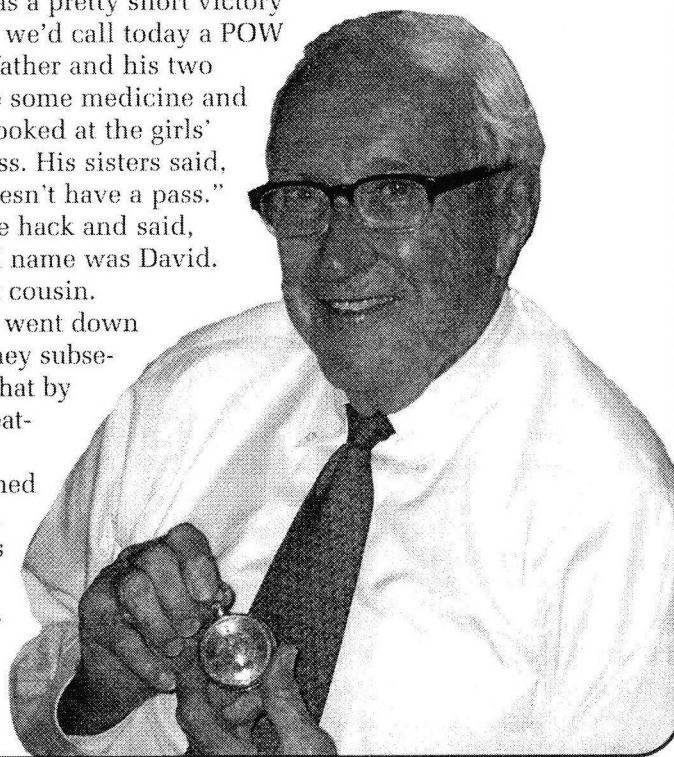
I understand your name is S. Shepherd Tate, the "S" standing for "Stonewall," and I understand that Stonewall goes back many generations in your family. Can you tell us a little bit about its origins and how it became a family name?

During the Civil War, or the War Between the States, or the War of Unhappy Remembrance (as South Carolinians call it), or the War of Northern Aggression, which is probably its proper title, there was a naval battle on June 6, 1862, in Memphis. And it was a pretty short victory for the Federals. They put the Confederates in what we'd call today a POW camp right outside of Memphis. One day my grandfather and his two older sisters, Annie and Aunt Sam, went out to take some medicine and some food to the Confederate POWs. The Yankees looked at the girls' passes, and then they asked for my grandfather's pass. His sisters said, "Well, he's just a kid; he's just four years old. He doesn't have a pass." The Yankees asked his name, and he stood up in the hack and said, "My name is Stonewall Jackson Shepherd." His real name was David. His name has been passed along to me and to a first cousin.

To continue the story, a day or two later, his father went down one night to the apothecary to get some medicine. They subsequently found him dead on the street with a Yankee hat by his head. The next day a pawnbroker came to my great-grandmother, Mrs. Shepherd, and said, "Here is Mr. Shepherd's gold watch, which a Yankee soldier pawned today. I thought you'd want it." The pawnbroker had recognized it from an inscription that said that it was presented to him by his employer in October 1840. I have that watch; it's running; and it keeps great time.

So the Stonewall name has been used by generations of your family?

That's right.



Mainly, just working with the lawyers. Harrison Tweed once said, "I have a high opinion of lawyers. With all their faults, they stack up well against those in any other occupation or profession. They are better to work with, or to play with, or to fight with, or to drink with than almost any other variety of mankind." And I agree with him. It was a wonderful experience working on various projects and meeting the lawyers.

Also, it was exciting to observe our membership growth. Every time Past President Jerome Shestak introduces me, he says, "When Shep was president, over half of the lawyers in America were members of the American Bar Association." We were pushing membership pretty hard.

I have enjoyed activities following my year as president. As past president, they asked me to head up a committee

deciding whether or not to move the ABA Headquarters from the University of Chicago in South Chicago. We came to the conclusion that it was advantageous to move. So then they asked me to head up a committee to decide where to move. Northwestern University came to us and told us it would work out a deal with us about coming there and said they would be interested in our erecting an American Bar Center on their property on Lake Shore Drive in Chicago.

Wally Riley was President of the ABA at the new building's opening and dedication. On behalf of the ABA, I made some remarks about the building, and John Paul Stevens, who was a graduate of Northwestern and a justice on the Supreme Court, made some remarks for Northwestern. Wally Riley had this great big pair of scissors – plywood with two razor blades – that he

used to cut the ribbon. I remember he threw the thing to me afterward, and it slit my finger. And then he said, "Mr. Chief Justice Burger, will you be the first one to enter this new ABA Center?" The chief justice went to open the door but it was locked – he couldn't get in!

Soon after that, they wanted to create a standing committee on lawyer competence, so they asked me to head that up. I chaired that for six years. And we met with deans throughout the country and with bar presidents and bar associations, just trying to increase lawyer competence.

Then I thought I was through with my bar activities until Jack Deacon told me that because I was over 55 I ought to get into the Senior Lawyers Division. He wanted to make me chair of the Committee on Professionalism and I said, "Well, everyone has been working

on professionalism and has a code or some guides. I'd rather do something on mentoring." And I was able to start a mentoring program. With a group; of very able deans and lawyers, we produced the *Mentor Program Resource Guide*. That guide has been given to every one of the state and local bars throughout the country and to the deans of the law schools affiliated with the ABA. We've had various seminars to help people use that guide, either to start or improve programs of their law schools or their bar associations.

After having spent more than 40 years in organized bar activities, how do you feel the lawyer participating in them contributes to the profession and society? How do you feel bar work enhances or improves the profession?

Every lawyer should participate in the bar. I think lawyers owe a duty to render services to our country through bar associations. Many of us work on committees and work in bar associations, because we feel there's a public benefit that may sometimes be hard to see, but that is there collectively in terms of our efforts. It's a kind of psychic income we get. Professional interaction with other lawyers devoted to a common cause has always recharged me. I think you can't beat working with other lawyers. You go somewhere where you never have even seen this person, and you have a meeting and so forth, and suddenly you're on a level playing field and everybody's trying to get together to work something out. The personal relationships are so valuable and it's invigorating when you have a project you're working on and everybody gets together and says, "We're going to do it." Nobody's asking for a halo and everyone gets together to bring it about.

And then on top of that, you're improving the society in which we live through various ways, improving laws and making legal services available. It's clear to me that lawyers who are active in the bar are working to produce a standard of life and ethical existence for

the public. As lawyers, we see that improvements are being made and we think, well, maybe I did a little bit to help in that matter and something good came out of it-

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SACO LADIES' AUXILIARY MAKES CHARITABLE DONATION

During the banquet at Philadelphia in Sept. 2003, the Ladies Auxiliary presented a check to Chairman Jim Kelly in amount of \$500 to be presented to a favorite local charity – *SACRED HEART HOME FOR INCURABLE CANCER*.

It is a Home established by the Dominican Sisters of Hawthorne for needy, incurable cancer patients without discrimination as to race, creed or national origin. It is a Home for those who need care because of the progression of their disease and whose situation is such that they or their families are no longer able to provide or pay for that care. No remuneration is accepted from the patients or their families. Nor are funds accepted from state and federal programs or health insurance. It is a work supported entirely by the generosity of a sympathetic public. Voluntary contributions, large and small, from groups and individuals, have provided the necessary fund from the very beginning. The Sisters have always put their trust in the loving Providence of God and that trust has never failed.



Jim Kelly presents check to Sister Carol Marie as his son, Jim, takes the picture.

Taps

When Tomorrow Starts Without Me



*When tomorrow starts without me
And I'm not there to see,
If the sun should rise and find your eyes
All filled with tears for me,*

*I wish so much you wouldn't cry
The way you did today.
While thinking of the many things
We didn't get to say.*

*I know how much you love me,
As much as I love you,
And each time that you think of me,
I know you'll miss me, too.*

*But when tomorrow starts without me,
Please try to understand
That an angel came and called my name
And took me by the hand*

*And said my place was ready
In Heaven far above,
And that I'd have to leave behind
All those I dearly love.*

*But when I walked through heaven's gates,
I felt so much at home
When God looked down and smiled at me
From His great golden throne.*

*He said, "This is eternity
And all I've promised you.
Today your life on Earth is past.
But here life starts anew.*

*"You have been so faithful,
So trusting and so true.
Though there were times you did some things
You knew you shouldn't do.*

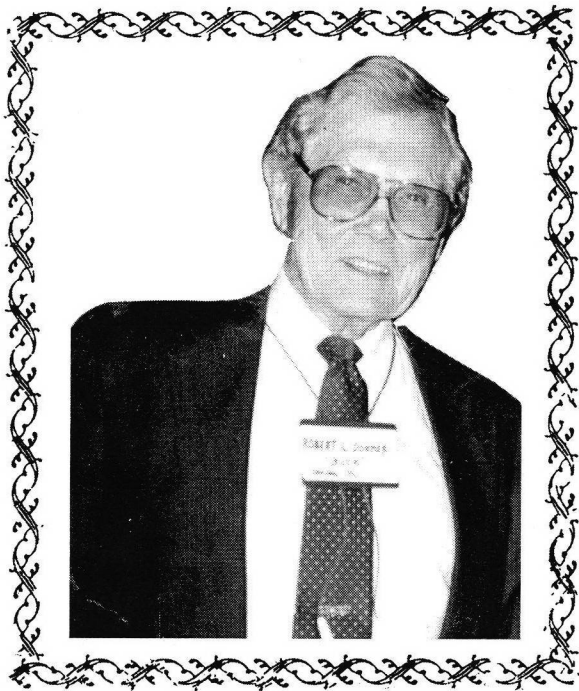
*"But you have been forgiven
And now at last you're free
So won't you come and take my hand
And share my life with me."*

*So when tomorrow starts without me,
Don't think we're far apart
For every time you think of me
I'm right here in your heart.*

*(Author unknown, but sincerest thanks to Elsie Smith - O. J.'s widow - for sharing
with us - it is so fitting - made me cry a little more - yet it is so comforting. Ed.)*

The Rice Paddy Navy's First Volunteer

Robert L. "Buck" Dormer



Commander Robert Leo (Buck) Dormer., USN, Ret., formerly of Sanibel Island, FL and Glenville, NC, passed away in Greenwood Village, CO on October 12, 2003 after a brief illness.

Robert was born on July 28, 1914 in Yonkers, NY to John and Hilda Dormer from Ibstock, England. He joined the U.S. Navy in 1930 and quickly advanced in rank, serving on several ships, and as Chief Radioman of the USS Dale, a destroyer-class vessel.

During WWII, Dormer was the first volunteer to Admiral Milton E. Miles' U.S. Naval Group China, later to be known as SACO - (Sino-American Cooperative Organization). There, he performed crypto-logic and radio intelligence operations behind Japanese lines. He was soon elevated to commissioned officer (Ensign) in the field by recognition of (then), Capt. Miles Later in his career, Cdr. Dormer worked as a specialist in radio and radar intelligence in Turkey and Japan with the National Security Agency, Pacific (NSAPAC).

In 1962, Cdr Dormer retired with his family to Sanibel Island, FL where he owned his own real estate brokerage firm, San Carlos Realty. He was an active member of St. Isabel Catholic

Church, Sanibel, FL. In 2001 Bob was honored as a lifetime member of the Sanibel-Captiva Lions Club.

Cdr. Dormer was preceded in death by his wife, former Naval Intelligence Officer Ensign Ruth Elinore (Ellie) Mayer Dormer, who passed in January, 2003. He is survived by three sons: Robert R. Dormer, Attorney at Law, Greenwood Village, CO, J. Michael Dormer, Realtor and Masonic Worshipful Master (Glenville Lodge), Cashiers NC and Patrick R. Dormer of Gulf Coast Center, Ft. Myers, FL. He also leaves four grandchildren, Nadia, Ft. Collins, CO, Sarah Grace, Sean and Ross, Greenwood Village, CO.

A memorial service and burial with full military honors is scheduled at Arlington National Cemetery on January 6, 2004 at 9:00 A.M. In lieu of flowers, the family is requesting donations be made to the Dormers' favorite charity, the Lee County Association of Retarded Citizens (LARC), 2570 Hanson Street, Ft. Myers, FL 33901. Please specify this is for the Robert L. Dormer Memorial Fund.

Editor's note: In 1972 as guests of the Military Intelligence Bureau of the ROC (Republic of China), "Buck" and I were roommates as I recall in the Central Hotel in Taipei. He and I were fortunate to have been chosen with 11 others for a side-trip to the island of Kinmen (formerly Quemoy during WWII). In addition to many sights we visited, we entered a huge cave and found ourselves on the stage where a movie was being shown to hundreds of the military forces. Suddenly, after a brief announcement of our background, the movie was temporarily suspended, the house lights brightly illuminated the underground theatre and we received a standing ovation from the vast uniformed young audience. We were all absolutely overwhelmed and chills ran up and down my spine. It was one of the touching and emotional moments of one's lifetime. I never knew the name of the movie, but I'll never forget the background music which recalls that moment every time I hear it, "If A Picture Paints A Thousand Words, Then Why Can't I Paint You?" And in the same vein, I can't "paint" the thrill of the moment and I'm glad Buck and I could share it with the other 11 in our party on that stage.

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John C. Westphal



John C. Westphal of Alton, (IL), and a former area resident, died Saturday July 12, 2003 in Alton.

Mr. Westphal owned and operated jewelry stores in Hersher, Paxton, Hoopston and Bradley. He retired from the jewelry industry in 1980.

He was born March 25, 1923, in Michigan City, Ind., the son of John Carl and Mildred King Westphal.

His first wife, Blanche E. Westphal is deceased.

Surviving are his wife, Rose Marie Abner, whom he married Oct 13, 1995 in Alton; three sons and two daughters-in-law, Richard and Shari Westphal of Hutchinson, Kan., Douglas and Kary Westphal of Clifton, William Searle of Greeley CO; four daughters and sons-in-law, Nancy and Paul Viktorin of Smithville, Texas, Linda and Glenn Leckrone of Carmel, Ind.; Christine and Jim Fry of Kyle, TX, Lori Searle Colclasure and Ray Colclasure of Custer Park; 16 grandchildren and 4 great grand-children; former wife, Lillian Marie Searle Westphal; and one stepdaughter and step-son-in-law, Dianne and Ed Mortimer of Alton.

One sister, Wanda Henry; and one daughter; Susan Searle Hudson, are deceased.

He was a graduate of the Gemological Institute of America and a member of the Gemological Association of Great Britain.

Mr. Westphal joined the U.S. Navy in December 1942 and attended radio school at the University of Wisconsin and the Japanese radio school in Puget Sound specializing in Japanese and Russian Codes.

He was a tutor in the PSJA School System of McAllen, Texas for children of Hispanic migrant workers and a member of St. Ambrose Catholic Church in Alton.

Mr. Westphal was buried by his first wife, Blanche, in St. Joseph Cemetery, Cabery, IL.

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Marion J. Levy, Jr. Scholar of modernization



Marion J. Levy, Jr., the Musgrave Professor of Sociology and International Affairs, emeritus, died Sunday, May 26 (2002) of complications from which he had suffered for several years. He was 83.

A larger-than-life figure on the Princeton campus, Levy was known for his scholarly contributions, his passionate involvement in academic issues and some unusual non-academic activities. He often was seen in the company of the Komondor dogs he loved and bred, and a self-published book, "Levy's Laws of the Disillusionment of the True Liberal," became a classic often quoted far beyond Princeton.

"Whether drawing a trail of onlookers when he was walking about with his dog or standing to raise an objection at a faculty meeting, he left a memorable impression," said Princeton sociologist Gilbert Rozman, a colleague who also had been Levy's student. As a scholar, Rozman noted, Levy was a strong advocate for the three departments in which he served: the sociology department, the Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs and the East Asian studies department, in which he served as chairman.

Born in Galveston, Texas, a community to which he maintained lifelong ties, Levy had an outspoken personality, a quick and pointed wit, and an attitude that invited others to speak up as well. Although he came to Princeton in 1947 and never left, he considered himself a Texan, said his daughter, Dore J. Levy, a professor at Brown University.

Levy earned his bachelor's degree in economics from Harvard University and his master's degree in economics from the University of Texas. He switched to sociology after his adviser told him his structural analysis was "interesting, but not economics," his daughter recalled. "He preferred a field where nobody could tell him what it wasn't."

He received his master's and Ph.D. degrees in sociology from Harvard, working with renowned sociologist Talcott Parsons. Levy became a leading advocate of structural-functionalism and a critic of Parsons' methodology, including misplaced dichotomies.

Levy was a U.S. Navy officer during WWII, reaching the rank of lieutenant, senior grade, and serving as Japanese language officer. While serving in China, he did field work on the Chinese family, which informed his work as a comparative sociologist throughout his career. In his doctoral dissertation on the Chinese family and in later writings on China and Japan, Levy was fascinated with how historic patterns change. He produced a far-reaching analysis of China's traditional family structure and pioneering investigations of why Japan, instead of China, led the way to modernization in Asia. Later, he would extend his interest in family patterns to generalize about the role of mothers in diverse societies.

In the 1950s, he became a central figure in efforts to make sociology scientific, emphasizing what all societies have in common. His emphasis

on rigorous thinking is exemplified by this 1951 book, "The Structure of Societies."

During the 1960s, Levy was best known for his writing on modernization theory. His two-volume study "Modernization and the Structure of Societies" remains as the most systematic statement of that theory classifying all societies into two types (relatively modernized and relatively non-modernized), and analyzing the differences between the two and how the transition occurs. He later contributed to volumes on modernization in various East Asian societies. His last book, "Our Mother-Tempers," was published in 1989; it was later republished as "Maternal Influence: The Search for Social Universals." In total, Levy wrote or contributed to 15 books and published more than 100 articles and reviews.

From 1976 through 1983, Levy served as director of the National Resource Center for East Asian Studies in the U. S. Department of Education. Among his honors, he received grants from the Ford Foundation and the National Science Foundation.

To some, Levy was best known for his collections of laws of human behavior, which in different editions grew from 6 to 11 short, telling sayings. "To know thyself is the ultimate form of aggression," Levy wrote as the seventh law. "No amount of genius can overcome a preoccupation with detail," is number 8. And number 11: "Nothing is so suspect as altruism."

Throughout his career at Princeton, and especially during the tumultuous 1960s and 1970s, he engaged in often-vehement discussions about the role of the University and higher education. "Marion Levy was very concerned about the integrity of educational processes, so that Princeton itself would be preserved in good order whatever the political sympathies might have been," recalled emeritus professor Stanley Kelley, Jr., a close friend. "He was an unusual combination of someone who was both highly analytical and highly passionate. He was passionate about scholarship." Levy became an emeritus professor in 1989.

Levy is survived by his wife, Joy C. Levy; three children, daughter Dore J. Levy of Providence, R.I. and sons, Noah R. Levy of Atlanta, GA and Amos M. Levy of New York City, one sister

Ruth Levy Kempner of Galveston, Texas; and five grandchildren.

Kelley, his friend, recalled that Levy once described a fantasy about how his death might be recognized by the University faculty, which traditionally rises as one body at faculty meetings to accept memorial resolutions honoring colleagues who have died. In the fantasy, Kelly was to line up conspirators among the faculty who would remain seated. Then Kelley was to rise and say to the puzzled university president, "Aren't you going to call for the nays?"

"You can see how everyone just rising at once would violate his (Levy's) idea that things should be handled by discussion," Kelly said. "So this was a little fantasy which shows his sense of humor about himself, as well as his idealism and the conception he had about the sort of place a university ought to be."

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Richard Dale Duley



(To Jim Kelly) Just wanted to let you know that my dad, Richard Dale Duley, passed away on Feb. 8, 2003. He had been ill for sometime. I feel that we fought a war and lost. Our family is still mourning our loss. He was a kind and gentle man that is greatly missed by all who knew him. He was a very patriotic man and we try to keep an American flag on his gravesite all the time.

He, my mom, and I were able to make the Virginia reunion (Williamsburg June 2000). I was so happy he was able to attend. He was so proud of the medal that was awarded him at that time. We talked about attending others, but never seemed like we could work it out

(Signed) Donna Duley

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Ralph Gorelick

Ralph Gorelick died in Arlington Heights Hospital (IL) on May 10, 2003 at age 82. Ralph was a resident of Buffalo Grove, IL. His wife, Bea, stated he had a knee replacement in September of 2002 which resulted in a blood infection which spread throughout his body. His heart valve was affected and prior to scheduled surgery, he passed out and was in rehab for a period of time. Prior to that, Bea, attempting to aid her husband with his walker, fell getting out of the car and broke her hip and leg. For a time, they shared a hospital room and when Ralph died, she was still hospitalized. She attended his funeral with help from the rehab people, but didn't get home until the end of July - 9 weeks in a wheel chair and 6 weeks on a walker.

Mr. Gorelick served in the U.S. Navy as PhM2/c during WWII and ultimately joined SACO - Sino-American Cooperative Organization; arriving in Calcutta in Mar. 1945, later to Unit 5 near Canton and to Shanghai. He later became a traveling salesman in the field of men's wear. He is survived by wife, Bea Pachter Gorelick, sons, Allen Edward (Jackie) Pollack, Steven Joel (Judy) Pollack and Rick Lee Pollack; grandchildren - Marcy (Luis) Machado, Shari (Greg Hahn) Pollack, Jennifer (Christopher) Poppe, Michael (Susan) Demas, Brad (Cherl) Pollack Melonie (Phil) Cole and Stephen Harris; brother Idel Gorelick; a late sister, Lillian Gorelick and a late brother, Joseph and nieces, Arlene (Jerry Lapidus) Gorelick and Marsha (Stephen) Kamen., as well as many great grandchildren.

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Willie Duke Flournoy, Jr.

I'm sorry that I haven't notified you of my husband's death. I thought that one of his veteran friends had done this...(Norma Flournoy, wife).

Willie D. "Bill" Flournoy, Jr., age 81, of Laurel Hill, Fla., passed away Thursday, Aug. 8, 2001, at North Okaloosa Medical Center in Crestview, Fla.

Bill was born in Columbus, Ga., on Feb. 22, 1920, to Willie D., Sr. and Etha Martin Flournoy and was a resident of the Northwest Florida area since 1953. He was a beloved husband, brother, uncle and friend with an outgoing personality.

Bill served as a deacon Sunday school teacher and all areas in Magnolia Baptist Church of Laurel Hill for over 50 years. He was presently serving in the Woodlawn Baptist Church in Crestview and was serving as moderator of the Okaloosa Baptist Association, as he had done many times before. He was also a veteran of the U.S. Navy serving with SACO (Sino American Cooperative Organization) in China during WWII, then Korea and received many medals. He was retired from civil service as an electronic technician. Bill was also a member of Gideon's Society and the NRA.

Survivors include his loving wife of 53 years, Norma Harrison Flournoy of Laurel Hill; brothers and sisters-in-law, Harry and Martha Flournoy of Abbeville, Ala., Marvin and Evelyn Flournoy of Virginia, Beach, VA., and Felton and Ramona Flournoy of Athens, Ga.; sisters, Helen Baker of Hendersonville, Tenn., and Betty Bryan of Abbeville; and sister-in-law, Alice Flournoy of Tallahassee, Ala.

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Frank W. Buckless



Frank Buckless died Oct. 27, 2003 in Towson, Md. He and Evelyn had sold their home in Baltimore and moved into a retirement home in Towson, Md. because of their health. Soon after, Frank was admitted to the nursing facility which was located downstairs in the same building where they lived and Evelyn was able to easily visit with him.

Frank was born Feb. 8, 1916 in Baltimore. He and Evelyn had their 60th wedding anniversary last January.

He served in the Navy in China during WWII with SACO. Within a few years after SACO broke up, veterans of that organization began annual reunions. Frank served as treasurer of that group for many years until he resigned a few years ago due to his health.

He is survived by his wife Evelyn Anderson Buckless, daughters, Jo Page and her husband David, Fran Buckless; sons, Dennis Buckless and wife Peggy, Bill Buckless and wife Roberta; Grandchildren, Melanie, Diana, Shonna, Brandie, Jessica, Christina, Michael, and great-grandchildren Kristina, Katrie, Vanessa and Alexa.

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Edmund J. Geary



of Redford, MI, died Oct. 25, 2003, age 81. He is survived by his wife, Helene, daughter, Karen, (John) Thomas; grandchildren, Michael

(Tamara) Zinn and great-grandchildren William and Jonathan. Ed was preceded in death by his brother, Neil.

Ed was truly a gentleman and well liked by his buddies in the Navy. He served with Sino-American Cooperative Organization (SACO) as a member of Radio Intelligence in China during WWII.

OTHER DEATHS REPORTED SINCE LAST ISSUE

Howard J Gillespie 2003
Lt(jg)-Calcutta/Chungking

Willard S. Lynch 2003
Y1/c-Kunming

Eugene R. Noltkamper 1999
PhM1/c-Calcutta

Robert V. Parker 2003
CY-Kunming'FRUCHI/Shanghai/Peiping

Philip Sonnenstein 2003
ChAerM-Chungking

Editor's Note:

Please notify family members to, at time of your death, send obit to the editor that we may have access to more than just a name of a SACO veteran.

CAN WE ANTE UP?

Right now, we're in good shape to meet current expenses, but the inevitable is facing us. Our ranks are diminishing. We just happen to be in the waning years and it's to be expected that our group will get smaller and smaller. Thus, we have to look at the near future as to how we'll continue to "fly" as we have in the financial field. Perhaps we'll soon not have enough dues-payers to keep us solvent especially in regard to our publication. It's not meant to push the panic button at this time, but we might consider in the near future (if no hardship is involved) to add even 5/10/15 dollars or whatever to your annual dues and please note that which is a contribution. Please, if this would be a hardship, we don't want or expect you to consider. *Ed.*

Thank You SACO

To All SACO Members: September 2003

My husband and I recently had the pleasure of attending your 49th Reunion in Philadelphia. What a wonderful experience! My father had talked about the SACO group and that when he retired, he wanted to attend a reunion. Unfortunately, in 1977 he passed away. He was 57 years old

My father, John McAfee, was a CB in May of 1944. In September 1944, he was sent to Ft. Pierce, Fl. and trained with the Scouts and Raiders. Through the help of Mr. Phil Whitney and Mr. Paul Casamajor, I learned that he arrived in Calcutta in Feb. of 1945 with 280 other Scouts and Raiders. Dad was a StoreKeeper. In March of 1945, he was sent "Over the Hump" to Kunming until April. He was in Chungking in May - in Sept. & Oct. in Chihkiang and finally in November, to Shanghai.

Mr. Casamajor helped us make contact with the right people so we could join and attend the reunion (I even called him to find out what to wear!!!)

At the reunion, I was graciously presented by father's medal, posthumously. I can't begin to tell you how honored I was and how proud my father would have been, had he lived, to receive the medal himself.

At the meeting, they discussed an effort to get the book "The Rice Paddy Navy" reprinted. I hope all of you, that can, will support this effort. You all made a very unique mark in history and the future generations need to know about you.

Thank you, to all of you that attended the reunion for making my husband and I feel so welcome. We enjoyed meeting all of you gentlemen and your ladies and hearing your stories. It was a special treat for me to meet Mr. Harold Bonin, who knew my father. Mr. Casamajor told me that you were the friendliest group of people that he knew and he was certainly right. You all made my husband and I very proud to be Americans.

Sincerely, Pete and Judy (McAfee) Barbieri.

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MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK, 105, DIES IN N.Y.

BY SETH FAISON
NEW YORK TIMES NEWS SERVICE

Madame Chiang Kai-shek, a pivotal player in one of the 20th century's great epics — the struggle for control of post-imperial China waged between the Nationalists and the Communists during the Japanese invasion and the violent aftermath of World War II — died Thursday in New York City, the Foreign Ministry of Taiwan reported early today. She was 105 years old.

Madame Chiang, a dazzling and imperious politician, wielded immense influence in Nationalist China, but she and her husband were eventually forced by the Communist victory into exile in Taiwan, where she presided as the grand dame of Nationalist politics for many years. After Chiang Kai-shek died in 1975, Madame Chiang retreated to New York City, where she lived out her last quarter-century.

Madame Chiang was the most famous member of one of modern China's most remarkable families, the Soongs, who dominated Chinese politics and finance in the first half of the century. Yet in China it was her American background and lifestyle that distinguished Soong Mei-ling, her maiden name (which is sometimes spelled May-ling).

For many Americans, Madame Chiang's finest moment came in 1943, when she barnstormed the United States in search of support for the Nationalist cause against Japan, winning donations from countless Americans who were mesmerized by her passion, determination and striking good looks. Her address to a joint meeting of Congress electrified Washington, winning billions of dollars in aid.

Madame Chiang helped craft American policy toward China during the war years, running the Nationalist government's propaganda operation and emerging as its most important diplomat. Yet she was also deeply involved in the endless maneuvering of her husband, who served uneasily at the helm of several shifting alliances with Chinese warlords vying for control of what was then a badly fractured nation.

A devout Christian, Madame Chiang spoke fluent English tint-

ed with the Southern accent she acquired as a school girl in Georgia, and presented a civilized and humane image of a courageous China battling a Japanese invasion and Communist subversion. Yet historians have documented the murderous path that Chiang Kai-shek led in his efforts to win, then keep, and ultimately lose power. It also became clear in later years that the Chiang family had pocketed hundreds of millions of dollars of U.S. aid intended for the war.

Madame Chiang had a notoriously tempestuous relationship with her husband, and then with his son by a previous marriage, Chiang Ching-kuo, who became Taiwan's leader after Chiang Kai-shek's death. Madame Chiang had no children.

Her skill as a politician, alternately charming and vicious, made her a formidable presence. She made a play for Taiwan's leadership after Chiang Ching-kuo died in 1988, even though she was 90 and living in New York at the time.

Although she suffered numerous ailments, including breast cancer, Madame Chiang eventually outlived all her contemporary rivals. She was said to credit her religious faith for her good health.

Soong Mei-ling's rise to power began when she married Chiang Kai-shek in an opulent ceremony in Shanghai in 1927, bringing together China's star military man with one of the nation's most illustrious families.

Although Madame Chiang developed a stellar image with the American public, President Franklin D. Roosevelt and other leaders became disillusioned with her and her husband's despotic and corrupt practices. "She can talk beautifully about democracy," Roosevelt said later. "But she does not know how to live democracy."

By the end of the war, the loyalty of Nationalist officials melted away as the government grew corrupt and fiscally traitorous. During the 1950s, Madame Chiang and her husband blamed the United States for the Nationalist loss of China, and continued to campaign for help from Washington to retake the mainland.

For Nowhere-But Nowhere Does Freedom Come Cheap

(An address delivered by Madame Chiang Kai-shek at a luncheon given by members of the U.S. Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Washington, D.C. September 22, 1965 — Forthwith is an excerpt from that speech)

"... Last Monday morning, when laying a wreath on the tomb of the 'Unknown Soldier' at Arlington, the strangely haunting notes of taps pervading the quiet vastness below, brought to mind the inscription on a memorial in Kohim, Burma, erected to an ungainly, lonely, unprepossessing youth, Lance-Corporal John Harmon, who won posthumously the Victoria Cross in World War II. And these were the words:

*'When you go home tell them of us and say
For your tomorrow we gave our today.'*

"... The other day whilst reading a newspaper, I came across a drawing done in charcoal showing a primitive grave with a rifle stuck into the mound by the bayonet mounted onto the barrel of the gun. And on top of the butt of the rifle was a G.I.'s steel helmet tilted and slightly askew with the chin straps dangling loosely down ward and flapping somewhat in the desolate wind, as if saying with silent eloquence, 'Well, I have given my best, my all, my ultimate to this worthy cause.' It took but a trice for anyone looking at the picture to know what the sketch was meant to convey. Yet should there be any hesitation as to its meaning, the caption: 'Nowhere Does Freedom Come Cheap' dissipated any doubt once and for all.

"Not having at all times a lazy mind, the little wheels in my head began to spin, and my memory raced back to the moments in history and events, seeking to pick out one just *one* instance where I could find an exception to those words in the caption 'Nowhere Does Freedom Come Cheap.'

"Could an exception be found in some of the many epitaphs of struggles of yesteryear for freedom? Or perhaps in the tears and blood spilt during the French Revolution? Or in the strivings for representation and justifiable national identity in the American Revolution? And how about our own revolution in China with its attendant miseries, heartbreaks, and sacrifices leagued with undaunted grandeur of spirit? — to cite but a few instances. My mind refused to yield one single exception where freedom had been obtained cheaply; and I should be much obliged if someone — anyone — could give me one — just one exception — to this inexorable and frightening truth.

"For some unexplainable reason, this truth, this thought which is nothing new, often regarded by the blasé, the cynical, the deliberately biased and purposed as being trite and shopworn, has passed through my mind on innumerable occasions. Yet it never fails to leave a certain sadness upon my being. The stark reality is that neither wanting to wish it away, nor resorting to escapism, nor casuistry, nor groveling cowardice, can buy freedom cheaply.

"How poignantly sad, but true, are these words: 'For nowhere, but nowhere does freedom come cheap!'"

A Flower Made of Steel

MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK, 1898-2003

By PICO IYER



HER TEMPERAMENT AND THE TIMES WERE well matched. It was early 1943, and the Republic of China was struggling to resist the invading forces of imperial Japan. Soong Mei-ling, then 45 and the wife of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, happened to be in the U.S. for medical reasons. Seizing the opportunity to champion her country's cause, she summoned all her energy and flashing-eyed eloquence to the task of urging the U.S. to side with her embattled land. For five months Madame Chiang Kai-shek seemed to be everywhere: speaking at Madison Square Garden; traveling to San Francisco; talking on the radio. In an address to Congress, she was what one commentator called "the personification of free China." Slim and graceful, clad in a black cheongsam, she wooed, wowed and chastised her spellbound listeners with a blend of compliments, barbs and pungent assertions. "We in China are convinced that it is the better half of wisdom not to accept failure ignominiously, but to risk it gloriously," she said. After she sat down, a Congressman confessed, "I never saw anything like it. Madame Chiang had me on the verge of bursting into tears." At the age of 105, Madame Chiang died last week in her Manhattan apartment.

A charmed, glamorous destiny seemed to await Mei-ling from the moment she was born into a remarkable family. (Her sister Soong Ching-ling would marry Sun Yat-sen, modern China's founder.) Their father, C.J. (Charlie) Soong, who had been virtually adopted by a group of Methodist evangelists in North Carolina, returned to China intending to be a missionary but became an entrepreneur instead. Mei-ling attended high school in Macon, Ga. She eventually returned home armed with a degree in English literature from Wellesley, the vestiges of a Southern drawl and so little Chinese that she had to be re-educated in her native tongue by a tutor ("The only thing Oriental about me," she reportedly said, "is my face"). She was in her mid-20s and the flower of Shanghai's intellectual community when she first caught the eye of Chiang Kai-shek, then chairman of the Supreme

National Defense Council. Neither minded that he already had a bride and a son tucked away in the provinces. In 1927 Soong and Chiang were married, and in the years that followed, Madame Chiang became her husband's interpreter, confidant and chief propagandist. Not only did she try to save his soul (by converting him from paganism to Christianity), she also helped save his life. In 1936, on an inspection tour in Xi'an, Chiang was detained by troops of disaffected warlord Zhang Xueliang. Madame Chiang flew to the rescue and challenged Zhang so eloquently that he released his captive and agreed to return to Nanking as a prisoner of the Chiangs. Madame Chiang then devoted her energies to tidying up her disheveled country. In 1934 she joined her husband in launching the New Life movement, which directed the Chinese to be dutiful, disciplined, loyal and clean.

The campaign drew praise in the foreign press, with one of the couple's biggest fans being Time Inc.'s Henry Luce, who was born in China to American missionary parents. Luce put them on the cover of TIME, separately or together, 11 times, most famously in 1938, when the magazine named them Man and Wife of the Year. But Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt, among others, were more wary. On Madame Chiang's 1943 tour of the U.S., she stayed with the President and his wife at the White House for a week. One night at dinner F.D.R. asked in passing how she would deal with a troublesome labor leader like John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers. She drew her hand



POWERFUL PARTNERS: Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and Madame Chiang share a meal in Chungking in 1941

across her throat. Eleanor later said, "Those delicate, little petal-like fingers—you could see some poor wretch's neck being wrung."

At home Madame Chiang preserved the same balance, sometimes scrambling over the ruins of heavily bombed Chungking to tend the wounded, sometimes burnishing Chiang's image with her social poise. She remained a central figure in his government even after the Nationalists were driven to Taiwan when the communists triumphed in 1949. Upon the death of her husband in 1975, she returned to the U.S. for medical treatment. Since then, she split her time between her Manhattan apartment and the family mansion on Long Island, N.Y., and twice served as Taiwan's unofficial spokeswoman in rebuffing China's reunification overtures. It seemed only right that she died in the land where she had enjoyed her greatest moments and won her most fervent admirers. ■

Submitted by Harold Bonin



Madame Chiang Kai-shek, shown in this undated photo with Eleanor Roosevelt, persuaded the U.S. Congress to help China fight the Japanese in World War II. Fluent in English, she was her husband's diplomat.

Associated Press-

TAIPEI, Taiwan

She was born into one of modern China's most remarkable families, married one of China's most powerful men and – at his side – helped rule China and later Taiwan during decades of war, upheaval and Cold War tension.

Madame Chiang Kai-shek, the glamorous, U.S.-educated “eternal first lady” of Taiwan, has died at her New York City

home. She was 105. After battling cancer and other illnesses for years, she caught a cold Wednesday and died Thursday (Oct. 23, 2003), her relative Chiang Fang Chih-yi told reporters Friday in Taipei.

Madame and President Chiang Kai-shek were once one of the world's most famous couples – a dashing general married to a beautiful woman in a tight Chinese silk dress. *Time* magazine publisher Henry Luce named them the “Man And Woman of the Year” in 1938.

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