

# SACO NEWS

SACO VETERANS  
SINO-AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION  
THE RICE PADDY NAVY  
WWII CHINA



Our Perpetual Skipper  
Vice Admiral  
Milton E. "Mary" Miles

WHAT THE KELLY?



Season's  
Greetings

To all my SACO Family

*rlr*

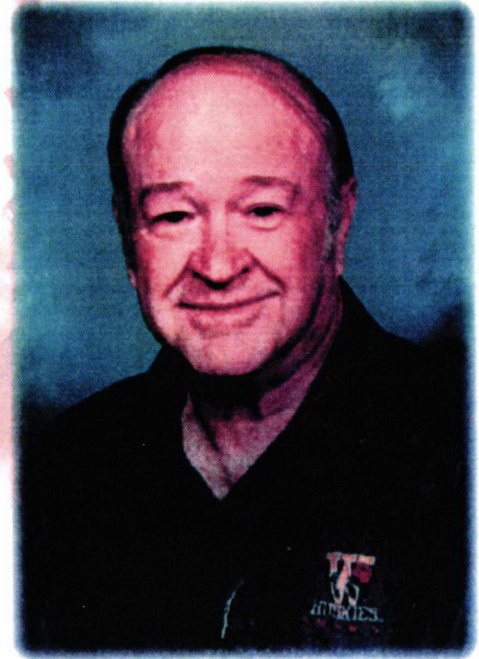


# RACE TO THE SEA

Dr. Dayton L. Alverson PH.D

## About the Author:

Dr. Alverson was born in San Diego, CA in 1924. He served in the U.S. Navy for four years during WWII. After his service he earned his bachelors degree in 1950 and later his doctorate in 1966. Dr. Alverson has worked for State and Federal conservation agencies for over 30 years before creating his own consulting company where he worked until 2000. During his career he published over 150 scientific and technical articles. When not enjoying his two children, four grandchildren and two great grandchildren with his wife Ruby of 62 years, Dr. Alverson enjoys writing, recreational fishing, traveling, swimming and sports of all kinds. Race to the Sea is Dr. Alverson's first autobiography.



For interview requests, please call 1-800-Authors Ext. 5553 or email [tom.hudock@iUniverse.com](mailto:tom.hudock@iUniverse.com)

## RACE TO THE SEA

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# SACO HISTORY

SACO (pronounced "Socko") Sino-American Cooperative Organization established during WWII with the approval of President Franklin D. Roosevelt and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. Highly secret, originally known as U. S. Navy Group, it was placed under command of General Tai Li, (Head of BIS – *Bureau of Investigation and Statistics, i.e. Intelligence*), as Director of SACO and then Commander (later to become 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 became known by the sobriquet "THE RICE PADDY NAVY." SACO men were and are known as "SACO TIGERS" who served hundreds of miles behind enemy

lines in China, establishing vital weather stations to the Pacific Fleet, coast-watching to report on enemy shipping, intercepting Japanese code, rescuing downed allied airmen and being involved in numerous other military, medical and humanitarian endeavors. The American personnel numbering approximately 2,500, were volunteers from several branches of service, but for the most part, Navy and Marine men.

Three books: "*The Rice Paddy Navy*," – "*A Different Kind of War*" and "*The Army Navy Game*," as well as one movie "*Destination Gobi*" starring Richard Widmark were the revelations of SACO.

Note of interest: *This group probably holds the 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

A non-profit periodical published by and for the WW II Veterans of the SINO-AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION (SACO), their families and friends.

aka U. S. Navy Group China and more popularly, "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 "What the Hell is it?" "What the Hell does it mean?" and from many encounters came many interesting stories through the years. During WW II 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!"

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



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Meridian, MS 39302  
601 527 4905

**LEGAL COUNSEL**

Mr. William Sager  
3827 N. Abingdon St.  
Arlington, VA 22207-4334  
703 536-6860

**SACO NEWS EDITOR &  
REUNION COORDINATOR**

Mr. Richard L. Rutan  
1223 E. Del Mar Way  
Palm Springs, CA 92262-3329  
760 217-8327  
e-mail: rlraco13@dc.rr.com

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**2010 SACO REUNION**

Mr. Keith Allen - Raleigh, NC  
7004 Twyford Pl.  
Raleigh, NC 27612  
919 847 6602

**2011 SACO REUNION**

Peter & Judith Barbieri  
244 Silver Creek  
Santa Rosa, CA 95409  
707 539-3815

**SACO ANNUAL DUES**

Payment due Jan. 1 each year for regular and associate members. Anyone delinquent more than 2 years will no longer receive SACO NEWS. If, due to personal circumstances, funds are short and you want the magazine - let us know & we'll try to help out. rlr

**LADIES AUXILIARY  
CLOSED**

The women attending SACO Reunion in Midland, TX felt it was time to disband their group due to reduced membership. Treas. Laura Sellers says they will turn their treasury balance over to the regular treasury in support of SACO NEWS.

**SACO NEWS**

Is a nonprofit periodical published by and for WWII veterans of SACO (Sino American Cooperative Organization) aka U. S. Naval Group, China as well as The Rice Paddy Navy. The publication is funded by annual dues of the members and their subsidies.

Please send your comments and newsworthy items (stories of your SACO experiences along with sharp pictures), if available, to the editor:

Richard L. Rutan  
(address @ top in middle column)





**MINUTES OF SACO GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING**  
**Midland Hilton Plaza**  
**Midland, Texas**  
**October 9, 2009**

The membership meeting was called to order at 15:45 hours October 9, 2009 by President Richard Terpstra. There were approximately 40 members, associate members and guests in attendance.

Richard Terpstra gave the invocation and then led the group in the pledge of allegiance to the flag.

**Necrology**

The names of 35 shipmates who had passed away since the 2008 reunion were read by Bill Bartee. As a moment of silence was being observed in their memory, word of a thirty-sixth fallen member was received (George A. Barrett). The Necrology report submitted by Paul Casamajor who continues to do an excellent job is enclosed. (Attachment #1)

Lilma Huntley representing the Ladies Auxiliary club informed us of the motion to disband the Auxiliary club for lack of membership. \$500 from their treasury was donated to the Reunion Host's charity of choice. An additional \$900 is to be earmarked for SACO News. A heart felt "Thank you" goes out to all of the women in the Auxiliary club for making so much possible throughout the years.

**Old Business**

**2008 Minutes**

The minutes of the 2008 membership meeting were read. A motion to accept the minutes as read by Secretary Carolyn Inman Arnold was made and motion was carried.

**Financial Report**

Assistant Treasurer Guy Purvis presented the Treasurer's report. The balance in SACO's checking account as of October 2009 was \$12,196.41. In addition, we have a 25K Certificate of Deposit. A motion approving the Treasurer's report was carried.

**Nimitz Museum**

Bill Bartee noted that SACO continues to donate annually to the Admiral Nimitz Museum of the Pacific War in Fredericksburg, TX. These donations help to qualify us as a charitable organization. Mr. Bartee made a motion that our Treasurer be authorized to donate \$500 to the museum. The motion was seconded by Francis Reynett and passed unanimously.



## **Membership Report**

### **Associates**

Chairman of the Trustees Doug Herberg opens the floor for the acceptance of new associate members. A motion was made that the list of Associate members recommended by Paul Casamajor be approved. (Attachment #2) Motion carried. Welcome aboard.

### **Other Business**

It was decided that according to SACO tradition, Bob Grace, Sr would be made President for 2009 with Richard Maurice assisting as 'Assistant Coordinator'.

### **New Business**

#### **Trustee's Report**

The secretary read the draft of the trustees meeting held earlier that morning.

### **Future Reunions**

- 1) Keith Allen has offered to host the 2010 reunion in Raleigh, North Carolina.
- 2) Peter and Judy Barbieri are on the slate for the 2011 reunion to be held in Santa Rosa, California.

A motion was made to accept Keith Allen's gracious offer. Motion passed unanimously.

### **Medal Awards**

There was little discussion in regards to medal awards as there would be no recipients present at the banquet to accept the metal.

### **Establishment of SACO Documentary Fund**

Bill Bartee made a presentation pointing out to the younger members of the group that it is time to get serious and run with the Organization or it will die. As the original members get older, it is now time to tell the story.

Mr. Bartee has a friend experienced in documentary making and indicates that it could be done for about ten thousand dollars.

That being said, a motion was made to create a fund (separate from the regular funds) that would be specifically earmarked for the making of a documentary. Motion passed unanimously.

### **Donations**

With the establishment of the Documentary Fund in place, new associate member JC Levendowski became the first to donate with an extremely generous offer of \$10,000 to be placed into the SACO Documentary Fund. (This Secretary noted that several of our members checked their hearing aids after the announcement.)

A hearty "Thank You!" goes out to Mr. Levendowski! Words can't express our gratitude.



### **Additional Donations**

Judy Maurice stood up and announced that a \$520 donation be made in honor of her father, Jack Miller. Monies should be used for the preservation of SACO. Again, thanks goes out to the Miller and Maurice family for their generosity and continued efforts in SACO

### **Election of Officers and Trustees**

Trustee - 3 year Term (to 2012)	Mel Goguey
Trustee - 3 year Term (to 2012)	Richard Terpstra, Sr.
Trustee - 1 year Term (to 2010)	Kenneth Brown
Vice President	Jodi Petersen
Secretary	Jack Coyle
Asst. Secretary	Carolyn Inman Arnold
Treasurer	Sal Ciaccio
Asst. Treasurer	Guy Purvis

It was decided that according to SACO tradition, Bob Grace, Sr would be made President for 2009 with Richard Maurice assisting as 'Assistant Coordinator'.

The group voted in favor unanimously for all nominated for trustee positions.

### **Other New Business**

Mr. Jack Coyle spoke in regards to author James Bradley's interest in covering the SACO saga. He read from a letter from Mr. Bradley and that will be included in the upcoming SACO Newsletter.

### **Adjournment**

There being no further business for the good of the order, motion made by Guy Purvis to adjourn at 16:45 hours. Motion carried.

Respectfully submitted,



Carolyn G Arnold  
Former-SACO Secretary

10/20/09 CIA/bhs



## FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK



Me @ 21 in China 1944

I finally got back with my SACO family this year in Midland, TX. Guess I'm among the handicapped, but with my cousin, Jack Parks' assistance, we did well and I'm so happy to be back with the old gang again.

The reunion was good – got to visit the site of David Grace's future oil well. He's Bobby's brother, David. He gave us an interesting story of what lies ahead in drilling. Understand all the area of oil wells – although flat land as far as you can see is at about 3,000 ft. elevation.

We had a nice barbeque lunch at a local restaurant.

We visited a beautiful museum – huge and much interest in history, past wars, racing cars, planes, etc. However, the climax of touring was the air show—a truly outstanding, thrilling and exciting

display of pilots' maneuvers – even a skilled reenactment of the Pearl Harbor attack along with planes diving followed with colorful ground explosives giving credence to the bombing attack in 1941.

Saturday night was the banquet with our honored guests: Adm. Stephen Wang – a man with a most engaging personality; Col. Conni Li, very friendly and enjoyable, Lt. Col. Phillip Mo, always pleasant with our SACOs and our ever-loving friend of many years, Lt. Col. Laura Lin.

I'm looking forward to Keith Allen's SACO reunion in Raleigh, NC in 2010. He and his wife, Sue Ann, have a big job and I feel they'll be successful.

There's a lot I'd like to say, but for now, just know that SACO was a turning point in my life – never knew the friendly ties I would attain – but what a group we were and still are—most of us not knowing what others of our group were doing, but we became lifelong friends and that's a treasure in itself. Looking for some hugs and kisses in our next reunion (and phone calls or letters in the interim), I'll leave you with:

*"Happy Holidays to all our SACO Family which I love deeply and thanks for the joy I have editing SACO NEWS. Good health and bundles of happiness in the New Year!"*

*Richard*

PS: This is my Christmas card this year – I'll be lucky to get this in the mail for the holidays.

????!\*\*\*

# MAIL CALL



Richard Rutan, Editor (Phoenix, AZ 1986)

Greetings, SACO Friend July 30, 2009

You did another excellent job on the SACO newsletter! It always arrives on a day that needs brightened a little.. Memories carry us on and we had so many, many delightful tours with a caring group of people. A few have kept the group going!. Memories of you serving me a cold beer in the hot tub in 1994, possibly Seattle, and sharing Bob's loss years later when I attended the Peoria, IL gathering . He was/is the Love of My Life!

Life continues being blessed and I do pray that you have the mending capability after so many things happening to a great guy.

Texas gathering sounds so inviting – but doubt that I'll make it. Grand-daughter Ginger asked me to go with her on a Panama Canal cruise. And she took good care of this old lady, and we had fun – 10 days Acapulco, flight from Col. and return from Ft. Lauderdale the first week in April. Delightful, Delightful !! 'We both did our thing.' Ginger loved the sun, bingo, etc., grandma the sheltered pool/hot tub, just loafing.

A chuckle, Richard – our first stop after 2 days at sea was a small port in Guatemala, a really nest visitor's center – thatched hut, friendly. Anyway, we saw 2 tired people trudging across the gangplank to board ship. Later, in the hot

tub, the man was soaking, relaxing and sharing their late arrival. The flight from Orlando was delayed due to unusual very high winds – missed the Texas flight, so stayed overnight and flew to Guatemala City. His wife was scared to death with armed guards everywhere and it didn't help matters when the mini-bus driver to the port was making the sign-of-the-cross at every intersection!

Bob's brother, Gene, was on board the NEW JERSEY when it was christened., and it was the first Battleship to traverse the Panama Canal. I had forgotten the story, but remembered Gene talking about the ship 'smoking' at times during transit.

Our voyage was another dream fulfilled. Ginger is a 3-year remission survivor of Hodgkin's cancer – 1 in her throat,– 1 stressing her heart , tumors; stem cell treatment the second year did the trick. She is also a firefighter, paramedic, & nurse at station near Columbus, OH. It's a tough challenge for a woman.



**BOB AND MONA MILLER CELEBRATE  
45th WEDDING ANNIVERSARY 1994**

cont'd



Two are now retired The New Jersey was in all the battles of the Pacific and Gene had a rough tour of duty. When we were at a Lion's Int'l Convention in Honolulu, the ship was in port and Bob was elated to go on board! Still miss the guy – he would be 85 Aug.1

Anyway, family is well. Grandson Adam just graduated from Great Lakes boot-camp and starting Machinist training and possibly duty on a Tender – ship that repairs others. Following in grandpa's footsteps , 3 of the sons were Navy , Tom, Daryl, and Dennis – all in Navy SEABEES, Tom from AEP plant – Dennis from Owens-Corning Fiberglass. .C. Bob will be 55 in Nov. and the years to retire from Owens if the work situation does not improve . They all have good mechanical ability and use Dad's woodworking tools/shop. It's always amazing to see the talent go down through generations . I hit the big 80 last year, and counting blessings continually: Good friends, good memories of 48 years with Bob – he always laughed and said, "It would have been 50 if she had married me when I first asked her." Seriously, Richard, I do pray you are on the mend – able to make the Texas gathering and just enjoy the fruits of your labor and gather more great stories of the SACO men.

*Mona*

Mona Miller  
PO Box 176 Frazeysburg, OH 43822-

PS: My sons enjoy the SACO NEWS, too.  
????!!\*\*\*

From Bill Sager:

6 July 2009

Richard, what a pleasant surprise to see our Chinese New Year card on the cover of SACO NEWS. I compliment your judgment in using it. The card shows up as an extremely attractive . cover.

I note, also, that I have two articles in that issue. I hope these articles will illustrate the life and times of the SACO Navy and Marine people in war-time Nationalist China. Most regrettably, the time is nearing when there won't be any of us around to write or talk about SACO; that is why it is extremely important that those of us who now remain should sit down and if they can't (or won't write) TALK into a recorder. TALK about anything that was experienced in SACO that comes to mind. As one of your correspondents stated (in the last issue of SACO NEWS ) we just can't afford to lose the World War II history of SACO as lived and experienced by its members A further hint: TALK into a recorder while sipping a beer (or two).

Keep on the mend, Richard, and keep up the excellent work on behalf of SACO Tigers. Every issue of SACO NEWS is super and a credit to our organization. Mary Miles would have been proud

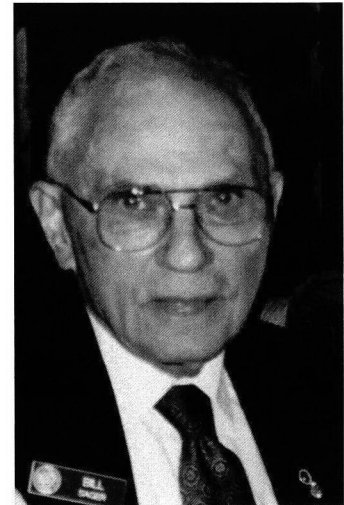
Elizabeth and I convey our sincere wishes for your continued good health .

May you be endowed with energy to continue to serve the SACO Tigers for years to come.

Sincerely,

*Bill*

Cont'd next page



**BILL SAGER**  
SACO Legal Counsel

Thank you, Bill, you're certainly an encouragement for my desire to live for something I love doing - keeping track of my SACO family. **SACO has been and will be** a proud and memorable chapter of my life that was shared with this incomparable group of men .....for as long as the time I have left,



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

From Johnny W. Reising

4-15-09

I am Johnny Wayne Reising, I am my dad, John L. Reising's 3<sup>rd</sup> son. My oldest brother, Rick, recently informed me that you had broken your hip and were convalescing and hopefully healing quickly. Rick suggested sending you a letter and letting you know how we are doing. I have enclosed a couple of articles related to a project that I have been involved with for a number of years. I work for the US Department of Energy and have been at the Fernald Ohio site for over 18 years. The site was a uranium processing and purification plant from 1951 until 1989 when production ceased. I came to the site about 1991 and helped clean up the hazardous and radiological waste that was generated during those 38 years of uranium processing. The articles (Johnny enclosed) tell a good story of the Federal Government cleaning up the Legacy of the "Cold War," Presently, I am working on a new contract to clean up a site 3 times the size of the Fernald site at an anticipated cost of \$5 to \$7 billion dollars....

I have 4 children, a daughter 37 who lives in Ventura, CA with her husband and my 2 grandchildren. I have a son that is 22 and a senior at the University of Cincinnati majoring in business and real estate. I have a daughter that is 19 and a sophomore at Ohio State University majoring in Conservation. And I have a daughter that is 18 and a senior at Fairfield, Ohio high school who will be attending the University of Cincinnati next fall.

Rick has shared articles and information related to you and Dad and the SACO group. I have shared this information with my children to help them know what their grandfather was like as he died when they were quite young. From the articles and what Rick tells us, you and dad had a very close and meaningful relationship. We are all lucky in life if we can have good friends and it sound like my dad and you were the best of friends.

I am 59 years old and plan on working for the Federal Government for a few more years - at least until my youngest is out of undergraduate.

I would be interested in hearing back from you sharing stories or information about our dad.

Hope you are well soon and an enjoy some of that beautiful California sunshine!!



Sincerely,

Johnny W. Reising

65 Bracken Pl.

Fairfield, OH 45014

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

From Blake Forslund

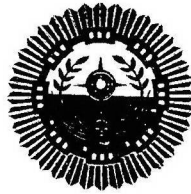
We are assoc. members thanks to our very good friend Dick Terpstra. We have shared many great times together and have cabins together on the Baldwin River in Northern Michigan. We had a great time at the SACO reunion dinner last year in Grand Rapids.

We enjoy your SACO NEWS1 Keep up the good work and God bless you and all the SACO members.



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





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

July 27, 2009

Mr. Richard Rutan  
Editor, SACO NEWS  
1223 E. Del Mar Way  
Palm Springs, CA 92262-3329  
USA

Dear Mr. Rutan:

Thank you for sending us SACO News issued in June, 2009. This issue certainly contains many precious photos and articles of historical values. After carefully and enjoyably reading these precious articles, I further reinforce my sense of duty to push our SACO history project moving forward.

It is disclosed in your Editor's Desk that you fell in your back yard and fractured your left hip on the sidewalk this year. To our great relief, you have made a gradual and smooth recovery. I sincerely hope that, as you have wished, you would be able to join the reunion in Midland, Texas in October so that I could meet you in person and ask for your consultation.

I feel sorry to hear the news of the sudden death of Ms. Inman-Arnold's mother. I will send her a letter of my deepest condolence.

Wish you good health and every success in your editing work.

Sincerely yours,

*Ko, Kuang-ming*

Lt. General, Ko Kuang-Ming, ROCAF  
Director

From James M. Caves

7-29-09

Received the latest issue of SACO NEWS and it was great. Now we have an address change to advise: James M. Caves - 377 North Broad St. Galesburg, IL 61401.

Sorry to hear of all your problems and wish you a quick recovery. You have always been such a devoted leader for SACO. Best of luck.

Thanks,

*James M. Caves*

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

From Catherine Baker

July '09

Thank you so much for copies of June SACO NEWS for relatives and friends. As I said on the phone, I think you outdid yourself with this issue. Really enjoyed every page of it.

I'm going to go through David's album that he had from pictures he took in China. Maybe something will come out of it to have included in a future issue.

Thank you again for your wonderful work for SACO.

As ever,

*Cathy Baker*

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

From John D. Griffin

20 June 09

As an associate member of the SACO Tigers and former Honorary Commander of the Pine Tree Basha, CBI vets, I am now trying to use time in retirement to make certain that "The Forgotten Theater" of WWII is not forgotten. I am collecting items and interviews for the Institute on WWII and The Human Experience. . . . I would appreciate your calling intention to this Institute in a future issue of SACO NEWS. I will gladly act as a facilitator. My e-mail address is: [chanton@aol.com](mailto:chanton@aol.com)

I am also building a collection of CBI Theater-made shoulder insignia in preparation for an article to be submitted for publication in "The Military Adviser," a glossy quarterly publication. Any members who have variations are welcome contact me. What I really need is a theater-made SACO patch. I would purchase or photograph it.

I have enclosed check to help defray magazine costs. (Forwarded to Treasurer)

Thank you for your assistance.

*John Griffin*

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

From John Griffin (2<sup>nd</sup> letter)

6 Aug 2009

I am pleased to enclose a couple items of possible interest. A photo of the CBI monument\* in place at the Maine Veterans Memorial Cemetery in Augusta, Maine.

Also a copy of group photo\* \*taken at HQ in Happy Valley between Jan. '45 and Sept. '45 when my late father, Lt.jg Lewis J. Griffin, a Communications Watch Officer was there. If any vets want a copy of this photo, all they have to do is write or e-mail to me and I will send a copy - no charge.

Thanks,

\*Appeared in Oct 2007 issue

\*\*Group photo appeared in Dec 2001 issue.

PS. Enclosed is a donation check.(sent to Treas.)

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

From Aleck Primos

30 July 2009

In our June '09 issue of SACO NEWS, I saw where one of my men from Camp One, Hank Arias, had passed away. I am enclosing a picture of him and some of the other guys from our days in China. I don't remember the particulars of



the picture other than Arias being the second from the right. The first one on the right may be Chief Reid..



I do remember when one of our raids we were fired on by some of the local LPA troops as we were returning to Camp One. Arias, Reid and one other were about a hundred yards on the trail behind me and Capt. Moore. USMC. The fire (a BAR\*) was mostly directed at the three men. We could not tell where the fire was coming from – acoustics on the plateau being the problem. I jumped behind a Chinese grave and the Captain took off down the trail. As I was figuring out where the “Japs” were that were shooting at us – at mainly the three men who were out in the open. I saw them laying on the ground and hoisting a white flag (a T-shirt) on a rifle barrel.

As a squad of soldiers approached them and took them under custody and moved them down the trail toward my location, I prepared for the worst. I removed the pin from my hand grenade, put my Tommy gun on auto fire and waited. Our men were surrounded by the soldiers and mostly in the rear. I figured I would holler “Hit the Deck!,” toss the grenade and open up with my machine-gun. But all of a sudden one of our men came running toward my shelter shouting that they were Japs and Reid had been hit. A

bullet had gone right across his shoulder blades; made a groove. He just didn’t quite get low enough.

That night in the village after Chief Reid had been treated, the LPA said they were going to execute the soldier that operated the BAR \*\*. We implored them to not do so – almost got into a serious confrontation with their leaders. To us it was just “friendly fire.” But you know how the Chinese were – all about “losing FACE” The next morning at dawn, the poor guy faced the firing squad.

Later, in Shanghai I was put in charge (Officer-in-Charge) of the old “Marines’ Enlisted men’s Club in which the waiters wore tails. That was before the Japs invaded he China in the 19- thirties . Arias worked for me in the club. In the article about his death, it was mentioned

by his son, Arnold, that his dad had worked in a Shanghai night club.

Arias was a good man and I remember him coming to my office to say good-bye when he got his orders to return to the States. I got my orders a couple months later in 1946.

I’m sending a copy of this letter to Arnold.

*\* & \*\* BAR – When I was young – I didn’t ask questions often for fear people would think I was short on knowledge, but that’s what is good about old age. . . . ask, because one can still learn. . . . even if there is a problem remembering!*

*Before I forget- BAR stands for Browning Automatic Rifle. (Machine gun) (As I said, I now ask – one isn’t dumb, but gaining knowledge for the assurance not to die wondering. Thank you Aleck) rlr, Editor*

*Cont’d*

*Editor's note; Aleck, this was a most interesting episode of SACO's many ventures and I sincerely extend my gratitude in sharing it with our readers and hopefully, son Arnold has realized some closure due to your story.*

Richard L. Rutan.



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

Terry Hanson

15 June 2009

Dad was an Aviation Ordinance Man 1/c. His full name is Jesse Buren Hanson, but he very seldom went by that. Sometimes J. Buren Hanson; normally he went by "Boots" Hanson.

An interesting story he always told:

He joined the Navy prior to Pearl Harbor and was stationed with the Atlantic Fleet. He noted that everyone wanted to be in the Pacific because that is where the action was. When he volunteered for SACO he was, for some reason, late on his arrival to Cecil Field, FL to report for duty. Those volunteers who had arrived on time were lining up to make a parachute jump. "They had received a little bit of training," he said. When those who were in charge learned of his arrival, they said, "Hanson is the one we want," so they took the parachute away from another fellow and gave it to my dad. He had to make a jump without any training. They told him that when he jumped to count to three and then pull the rip cord. He said that he pulled so hard that he hit himself in the chin and almost knocked himself out. The man that jumped in front of him landed on a runway and broke his leg. The man that jumped behind him also was injured. Dad landed in the grass and was fine. He got some training and made two more jumps. They did not know where they were going, but thought That they might have to jump to their destination, but when they got to China they did not have to jump.

Another quick story that he told – I thought was interesting: He helped train the Nationalist



**BUREN ("BOOTS") HANSON**  
**AOM 1/c**

Chinese in small arms fire, Tommy guns, etc. One night, a tiger attacked a man in a village. Another Chinese man grabbed a homemade gun (made with bamboo and somehow set off with black powder). This man ran up during the attack and shot the tiger in the face and saved the man being attacked. The next day they came and wanted my dad to lead a tiger hunt to try and kill the beast. So now, my dad is tiger hunting in China with his Tommy-gun. He said they were hunting down by a river that had many caves in the banks and that they knew the tiger was in one of those caves. They wanted dad to go in, but he said that he wasn't about to go into one of those caves with a tiger in there. They would send some Chinese men in to try to flush him out. They never did find the tiger, but it was a memory that he never forgot!

Dad received the Bronze Star. The letter that he received from the Secretary of the Navy was dated May 28, 1947 and reads as follows:

"For heroic conduct while serving in a thirty-man detachment of the SECOND column, Commando Army, July 6, 1945. Attacked by a numerically superior enemy force at a road



crossing in enemy-held territory, HANSON assisted in carrying out a successful counterattack to kill nine enemy personnel, destroy two vehicles and drive off the remaining hostile force. His courage and devotion to duty in the face of tremendous odds were in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service. HANSON is authorized to wear the combat "V."

He gave me his Bronze Star and a Japanese officer's Samurai Sword which are my prized possessions. When anyone would ever ask him how he came about the sword, he would always say, "I got it off a Jap that didn't need it anymore."

Thank you for all you do to remember this group of heroes. My dad has always been my hero for sure! He will be 91 years old on August 22<sup>nd</sup>. He still dreams about his action in China and even though he is not always on the same page as we are at this age, he is very proud of his service in SACO and so is his family.

Terry

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



Laura Lin (e-mail dated July 19, 2009)

Dear Richard:

I apologize for my delay in sharing my feelings on the Taiwanese-or-Chinese subject. Even worse, I felt terrible that I failed to respond right away when I learned your unfortunate incidents. I just moved two weeks ago. With a 91-year-old father-in-law and a 14-month-old to take care of, my life has been quite a mess in the past few months.

Because my dad is a "Mainlander (people who came to Taiwan from China during WWII)," I have been considering myself as Chinese for the past forty something years. However, It is unfortunately true, our current generation does prefer to be Taiwanese, especially offsprings of those earlier settlers (people who came to Taiwan centuries ago.)

We just received the latest issue of SACO NEWS. I enjoy reading it. As you know that we are now working on a book of SACO history containing both oral and written information. When we try to translate articles in the past issues of SACO NEWS, we encountered some difficulties. I would appreciate it if you could tell me what COMNAVER and COMNAVGR stand for.

I am looking forward to seeing you in this year's reunion.

Your "old" friend, Laura.

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

Conrad Bradshaw

6-22-08

Richard, we missed you. I am sorry to hear of your tangle with the automobile and your visit to the hospital. Dick Terpstra did a very good job with the reunion. I'll bet these are the first pictures\* you'll receive.

*They were and such beautiful prints which I didn't want to crop and since I had so much material in the last issue, I saved until now. Thank you for sending them to me. rlr.*

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

## LOVE—PERHAPS THE FOUNDATION OF SACO



*Bill*

Bill Miller

14 July 2009



*Sissy*

Richard:

I have been running around in circles. Moved out of Lake Stevens on June 1. Sissy is now at a memory loss compound at Silver Lake which is about half way between Everett and Seattle. The place is called "Brookdale" (also Clare Bridge) it is quite nice as far as maximum security places go. I went in with her for the first week. Now I visit her every day and take her outside into the happy world for walks around the lake and especially car rides. She loves to ride in the car. I take her down to Kent to visit her older sister – also, just random rides through some of her old stamping grounds. Mostly, I bring her back to our Shoreline house and she watches me while I work in and around the house. I now have moved into the downstairs den which you know quite well. I moved out the milling machine and the machine lathe (up to son Steve's place on Lake Stevens) and made the vacated basement area (in my home) into a bedroom (which is where I sleep. All in all, I'm with Sissy about six waking hours a day. I usually return her to (what I call) "The Club" around four o'clock in the afternoon when we have our cocktails together. She is allowed a glass of red

Vermouth each day (under doctor's regulations). Then I take her into the dining room at five o'clock where the other "residents" are gathering for dinner. Then comes the most difficult moment of the day when I must break away - only to wait for the next morning to see her again. It is difficult for both of us. But it is necessary for her to have attentive care throughout the night.

I have had many things to do. I've cleaned up and painted the entire upstairs of the house. Also, the summer brings with it so much yard-work. The grass keeps growing and so do the weeds. I regret not having been in contact with anyone for just about a month and a half. I'm also trying to work on the book that I am writing and I am involved in two different computer courses put on by a nearby senior center. Today is the first day I got back on line with my own PC and you are the first one to whom I return an Email. I have eighty nine more to go. Next I will write to my nephew, Fred, in New Jersey (who is editing my book).

So you now know, Richard, that my address is the same old 1261 N. E. 188<sup>th</sup> St., Shoreline, WA. 98155. It will remain the same until I either sell or rent the house. I'll probably rent until the house values return to some degree of normalcy. Possibly I'll just rent the upper level and I'll remain below. If I can get a good



price I'll rent it all and I'll move to a special apartment that my son has added to his remodeled Lake Stevens home. Slowly, but surely, I am moving my shop up to Steve's place. That in itself is a really big job. Through all this, I have some hopes of maybe going to the October reunion in Texas

Lastly, I now have a cell phone and that is all. The number is 206 818 8414. I think that anything that you might like to mail to Sissy could probably best be sent first to me and then I'll take it to her.

I hope you remain well. Please say hello to Diane and Jack.

Love you guys,  
Bill

*Editor's note: It's almost unbelievable that I have known "Beep" and Sissy for 66 years! We've kept in touch through the years - exchanging visits at each others homes when my parents were living. I phoned many times and had great conversations with Sissy until recently when I realized sadly, that she doesn't seem to know me anymore. But we must recall the good times of yester-years, the days of the young, the friends, the fun, and the love we all shared through these many unparalleled years of the past. rlr*

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

Frank Kilmer

28 August 09

... Sounds as if you are "on the mend" and I hope your life continues to improve day by day..

The enclosed abstract gives you an idea of what I'm doing\*. I got into this project totally by accident, but it's fascinating to me and I can work at it as I feel like it. Sometimes I will be in the field logging road trails, etc. for several days at 4-5 hours each before I get out again, if

depends. I'm very lucky to do this and thank the good Lord daily for the chance.

All the best, Frank

\* Faulting in the Oregon Coast ranges southeast of Haceta Head. Tracing the fault-line.

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

Jack Coyle

23 Aug 09

The last newsletter was the best of all. The more I read the more I learn about what SACO did during the war. I read about six books about the central and northern Pacific war and none of them indicated anything about SACO in China. In fact the last book I read, Jay Taylor's book "The Generalissimo" which was published in 2009. He indicated Colonel Carl F. Eifler was the senior OSS officer in the China-Burma-India Theater.

He worked for Adm. Miles and not Stilwell and Stilwell asked Eifler to prepare a plan to assassinate Chiang Kai-shek and Eifler was a strong supporter to Stilwell. Eifler was not a Col, but a Lt. Col. and Miles tried to get him promoted but never could. There were other items contributed to Stilwell but were actually SACO's doings.

When I e-mailed Jay Taylor if he found anything about SACO in his research, he indicated, "It seems like I have heard of SACO but that's all I recall." Jay had access to all of Chiang's diaries and it sounds he never found anything about SACO or Adm. Miles. That sounds strange, Thanks for what you do,

Jack .

*Editor's note: Thank you, Jack for your kind comments and your research. As to author Taylor having access to Chiang's diaries-that sounds strange to me but.???? Please refer to "The Deadliest Colonel" for follow-up on your findings see Pg 28*

Thank you for another fine issue of *SACO NEWS*, June 29, Issue # 35 (*should have been # 36 – my error*).

I was astonished to read the reprint of Lacey Reynolds' article from the April 1946 issue of *Shipmate*. The story on p. 28-29 about 300 guerrillas taking a town held by 6,000 Japanese closely mirrors a tale my late father, Charles L. Kush, once told. He said the Japanese finally surrendered when his group set off explosives all around the town, fooling the Japanese into believing they were surrounded. He laughed with teary eyes, "You should have seen the looks on the Japs' faces when I came down from the hills with my rag-tag bunch."

There could have been many similar incidents, but the time-frame works. My father was in China from March 1945 to January 1946, and Reynolds says it happened "last summer." That would be the summer of 1945.

The Japanese commander surrendered his sword to my father, who had it with him when he called my mother from San Francisco, but it had been stolen by the time he got home to Chicago. At first, he was despondent over it, but in later years, he considered the theft a stroke of luck. My parents had nine children and a sword would have made for a dangerous souvenir with a houseful of kids.

I wonder if there is any way I can find out if this story is about my dad.\* Perhaps I should call PBS's History Detectives!

On another matter, I am a journalist and wrote a story about Sal Ciaccio when I was a reporter for his hometown newspaper, *The Tewksbury Advocate* in 2006. I was looking for a Veteran's Day story and happened to notice his name in the SACO veterans directory you sent me. Sal and I talked for several hours at his home, and

he gave me some of the SACO gifts he received over the years at reunions.

Unfortunately, I've lost my copy of the story, but perhaps Sal has one that he could send you to publish in the newsletter.

Best Wishes,  
Linda Kush

*\*If anyone that was with your dad's unit at that time is still living, perhaps he will respond. Personally, I have no reason to doubt this was your father's true recall of this incident. Every SACO camp in China had different functions to perform in seclusion, not necessarily aware of duties of other camps. It is an isolated occurrence of your dad's group and you can rule out a comparable situation being executed in any other camp. As most of us were never cognizant of the enigmatic events at individual camps until many years later, I welcome your dad's adventure and I sincerely thank you for sharing it with us.*

rlr, editor

#### DO YOU EVER WONDER?

- If money doesn't grow on trees, why do banks have branches?
- Why do you have to "put your two cents in" but it's only a "penny for your thoughts"? Where's the extra penny going to?
- How is it that we put men on the moon before we figured out it would be a good idea to put wheels on luggage?
- Why is it that people say they slept "like a baby" when babies wake up every two hours or so?
- Why do people pay to go up in tall buildings and then put money in binoculars to look at things on the ground?
- Why do we choose from just two people for president and 50 for Miss America?

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

## CONRAD A. BRADSHAW

ADDRESS- HOME 3581 PORTER HILLS CT SE GRAND RAPIDS MI 49546-OFFICE 111 LYON ST. NW STE 900 GRAND RAPIDS MI 49503  
WINTER (JAN-APR) 655 W. SUNLIGHT LANE TUCSON AZ 85710  
TELEPHONES HOME 616 949 4427-OFC 616 752 2344 FAX HOME 616 949 4461 OFC 616 752 2500 TUSCON HOME & FAX 520 219 1111  
EMAIL - BRADSHCA@WNJ.COM AND CABRAD1@COMCAST ET

Grand Rapids, October 7, 2009  
Mr. Richard Rutan  
1225 E. Del Mar Way  
Palm Springs, CA 97262-3329



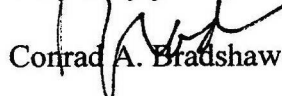
Dear Richard:

I enclose my contribution for help in the continuation of SACO NEWS. You do a great job.

I have not seen anything in our literature about a book published in 2008, entitled "The Man Who Loved China". It is the story of Joseph Needham, a Cambridge Don, subsequently Master of Balliol, one of the colleges at Cambridge, who was appointed Science Adviser to the British Ambassador to China. He travelled to Chungking in the spring of 1943, and was there for about three years. He was subsequently, by virtue of his association with the Huxleys, appointed to be the Chair of the Science division of UNESCO, and was an influential figure in British politics and the academic scientific world. He was a fellow traveler, Communist sympathizer all his life, but never an active signed up member of the communist party. He wrote, compiled or edited a seven volume history of China's scientific and technical achievements.

SACO is not mentioned in the new book about him, but the descriptions of his life and travels in China while he was there, from his arrival at the 400 steps of the Chungking airport to his travels through Szechuan, Sikiang and Turkistan, as well as the Gobi Desert must bring back to anyone who was there the truck and rail travels, delays, breakdowns experienced by SACO personnel. The situation around Foochow in 1945 is covered, and the looseness of the Japanese presence there is described. I am doubtful that any of our people ever met Needham when he was there, but his journals and diaries recorded his observations, and the author reports them. I think the people from SACO who were there would enjoy the book, though they may be repelled by the politics and private life. You should read it, and I would hope that you might be sufficiently impressed that you would get the word out.

Very truly yours,

  
Conrad A. Bradshaw

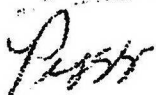


Peggy Felmly

Oct 2009

Enclosed find "obit" and check - nice to chat with you - it is so very comforting to know you are there and such a good friend - It will take me a long time to not be sad, if ever. He was the best, best friend and husband.

Love,



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

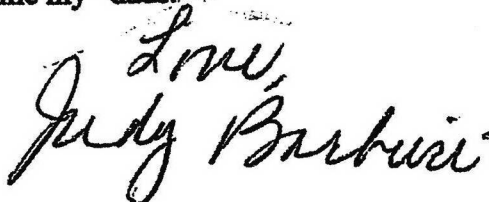
Judy Barbieri

Oct 15, 2009

It was great to talk with you the other day and know that you were home safe and sound. I realized that there are many phones and addresses that I do not have. I did talk to Paul (Casamajor) and he told me not to worry that he updates the list daily (WOW!)

Please find enclosed flyer that I picked up when Pete and I went to the museum in Fredricksburg (Nimitz Museum) just before coming to Midland for the SACO Reunion. They are planning a special opening of 24,000 new square feet in the museum on Dec. 7<sup>th</sup> this year. It was pretty much closed when we were there. I guess we will just have to go again sometime. Maybe the fellows have already done this, I don't know.\*

I was also thinking how much I love the reunions. I think it is because all the guys are a connection to my father. He was the apple of my eye and now, all of you have become my "dads."



\* Judy, in 2001 we had a SACO Reunion in Fredricksburg, TX, but we thank you for your update on how the museum has grown since we were there Ed.

Jack Harvey

2 July 2009

The June issue of SACO NEWS arrived today, and of course I spent most of the day reading it cover to cover. So, after all these years of enjoying your handiwork, I thought it must be time for me to tell you what a great job you have been doing all this time with the magazine. And of all the many fine issues you have produced, I believe the current issue is one of the best. Thanks so much for your good work.

. . . I hope you can help me with a request. I was happy to read in the current issue a letter from John H. Ripoli, who is the son of my leading petty officer, John C. Ripoli, who died some years ago. The son's letter seemed to indicate that he knew very little about his dad's service with SACO, so I would like to write him and tell him a bit more about his dad's duty with us in India. However there was no address included with his letter - possibly because it appears to have taken the form of an e-mail to him from Jodi Petersen, who must have forwarded it to you.

So, if you have it, I would appreciate sending me the address of the son.... If you do not have a mailing address for him, perhaps you have an e-mail address for him or Jodi, so I could get in touch.

My last request is a mailing address for Joe Pohorsky, who was also a member of my crew. (I sent that to him Ed.) I believe he and I are the last remaining members of the Jorhat compressed gas unit.

Thanks again for any help you can give me re the above, and again my thanks for your many years of good work with SACO NEWS.

Sincerely,



## Comment re Pg. 21 of *SACO NEWS* issue #36 (June 2009)

By Paul Casamajor

Frederick Witherby's suggestion in his first sentence that he was "the one and perhaps only USN officer" assigned to work with the 14th Air Force as a photo interpreter needs some clarification

Fred was not the first and certainly not the only P.I. SACO man. The record shows that he arrived in China one year after the first P.I. men went to work for Chennault's 14th Air Force. That would make him be the ninth Navy P.I. man to come aboard.

A brief history of SACO/14th Air Force Photo Interpretation:

June 1943: Chennault had one photo interpreter - Capt. Morgan B. O'Conner, reported ill with perforated stomach ulcers and double pneumonia.

July 1943: Listed as a member of the Hdqtrs Squadron was: Capt. O'Conner.

At just about the first of the month the following men arrived and went to work: Air Force 1st Lt. R.C. Wilson and 2nd Lt. S. Franklin and Navy Lt.(sg) C.O.Cook, Ensigns P.Casamajor, W. S. Emmons, W.R. Walker, E. Monsour and D. Welsh.

On August 1st the 18th Photo Intelligence Detachment was created and all of the above were transferred to it. (At the same time the U.S.Navy Photo Intelligence Unit No.1 was created. Enlisted men assigned to USNPIU#1 were: RM1/c S.F.Foust, SK3/c S.F. Spirakus, Y2/c F.G.Otis and Y3/c W.S. Lynch.) These men were the conduit of information generated back to SACO Headquarters.

O'Conner was detached.

On July 1st Lt. Cook was stationed in the 14th Hqtrs.- to answer immediate questions of Chennault's staff. Lt. Franklin and Ens. Casamajor became the interpreters in Kunming. 1st Lt. Wilson and Ens. Emmons, Walker, Monsour and Welsh went to Kweilin to be closer to the "front". All P.I.s were involved in "First Phase" interpretation. First Phase means: "Today's photos - Report tomorrow before 0800"

Ens. Welch was detached in August after less than two months. Reason not known.

October 1943: Air Force 2nd Lt. P.I. officers began to arrive at the rate of one or two a week. They took the pressure off the "First Phase" activity in Kunming.

November 1943: Cdr. B. Benton arrived in Kunming and announced at the breakfast table one morning: "Do you men want to go home?" This was the first we knew that, because the art and science of P.I. was so new and changing so rapidly, it was Navy policy to rotate all P.I.s after one year assignments. (When we left Room 2732 in Washington D.C.(in December 1942) we understood our assignment to SACO was for the duration of WWII.)

January 1944: Lt.C.O. Cook and Lt(jg) P.Casamajor were detached

February 1944: Ensigns C. Kuhn and S.A. Smith arrive in China and went immediately to Kweilin.

March 1944: Lt.(jg) R. Reeves arrives in Kunming. Lt.(jg) W.S.Emmons is detached.

June 1944: Lt.(jg) F.R.H.Witherby arrives in Kunming.

September 1944: Lt. H.S. Heimonen arrived in Calcutta and went to the 20th Air Force base at Kharagpur, India and then to Chungking and Kunming in June 1945.

October 1944: Cdr. B. Benton and Lt. W.R. Walker detached. (Walker was the first P.I. man to see photos of Japan [the Sasebo/Nagasaki area] this from a single 9-hour P-38 flight in the Fall of 1943. Sadly, there was not much intell from the flight because there was about 85% cloud cover over the area that day. This was the first and only instance of photo intelligence of Japan from a base in China as envisioned by Admiral King.)

Lt. B. Tator arrived in Calcutta and went directly to Kharagpur and the 20th Air Force.

January 1945: Lt. L.I. Chappell went to Kharagpur for just 3 months before transferring with the 20th Air Force to the Pacific.

All of these men were on the SACO payroll and the information they gained was forwarded to SACO Headquarters.

Now, back to Kunming in June 1944 when Fred Witherby arrived.

In fairness to Fred's "lonesome" statement, he was the ONLY Navy P.I. man working with photo intelligence in Kunming. There is no reason or way that he could have known that Lt. E. Monsour, Lt. R. Walker, Ens. Kuhn and Ens. S. Smith were all at work in the Kweilin/Lingling (forward) area.

As you can see from the above chronology there were two other Navy P.I.s in Kunming - Cdr. B. Benton and Lt. (jg) R. Reeves. Benton had been a Manual Arts teacher in N.Y. City and was really interested in (and skilled) at

making 3-dimensional terrain models of target areas. (These were useful when briefing air crews so they became familiar with their target areas)

The 14th Air Force by this time had a big supply of photo interpreters and the "first phase" work was adequately covered. Benton and Reeves became involved in terrain models and this allowed Lt. Witherby to devote his time to "Third Phase" analysis of the strategic importance of all matters in the enemy held territory. Fred had substantial experience in this area and he was the right man for the right job in the right place and at the right time.

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

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## Two Ladies Talking in Heaven

1<sup>st</sup> lady: Hi! My name is Wanda

2<sup>nd</sup> lady: Hi! I'm Sylvia. How'd you die?

1<sup>st</sup> lady: I froze to death.

2<sup>nd</sup> lady: How horrible!

Wanda: It wasn't so bad. After I quit shaking from the cold, I began to get warm and sleepy, and finally died a peaceful death. What about you?

Sylvia: I died of a massive heart attack. I suspected my husband was cheating, so I came home early to catch him in the act. But instead, I found him all by himself in the den watching TV.

Wanda: So what happened?

Sylvia: I was so sure there was another woman there somewhere that I started running all over the house looking. I ran up into the attic and searched, and down into the basement. Then I went through every closet and checked under all the beds. I kept this up until I had looked everywhere, and finally I became so exhausted that I just keeled over with a heart attack and died.

Wanda: Too bad you didn't look in the freezer -- we'd both still be alive.

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



# **Donors in Addition to Annual Dues Since March 2009** (Jan thru Mar reported in June Issue)

Allen, Keith  
 Bannier, Richard  
 Beetel-Nicoletti, Meghan  
 Boroff, Paul  
 Brightbill, Wade  
 Carter, Annabeth  
 Ciaccio, Salvatore (omitted in Jan.)  
 Collins, Evelyn (memory of Dan)  
 Coughlin, Thomas  
 Cramer, Ed  
 Dalrymple, Vern  
 \*\*Gerosa, Alfred  
 Goodson, Wayne (omitted in Jan.)  
 Griffin, John (June)  
 Griffin, John D. (July)  
 Griffin, John D. (Aug)  
 Harper, Lynn (Ded. to W. Chung)  
 Keenan, Joseph  
 Kelly, James F.  
 Kilmer, Frank  
 \*Levandowski, Jerome C. (assoc) for  
     Vern Herberg + \$1  
 Lewis, Fred  
 Luchini, Reno G.  
 McAfee-Barbieri, Judith  
 Moore, Roger  
 Quinlan, Marian  
 Rebert, Burnell  
 Skinner, Greg  
 Stoll, Robert  
 Thomas, Robert G.  
 Tressler, Guy  
 Waters, John



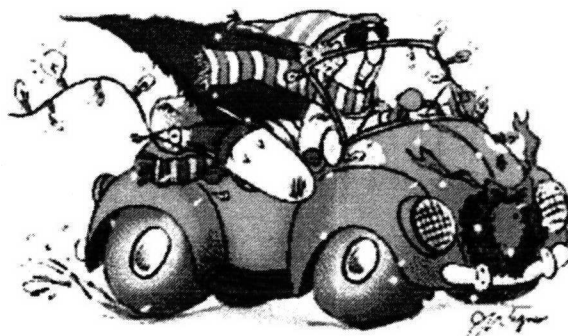
\*Associate member gets the gold star  
 this year for his magnanimous donation  
 to SACO. We are deeply honored for  
 your colossal contribution to our SACO  
 Vets Organization.

\*\* Runner-up for large gifts to SACO

Thanks for all your donations to help  
 keep us solvent as we reminisce our past  
 lives in reuniting with our family  
 annually. Ed

Total Jan thru Oct. '09 \$ 2,775.00

## **If My Body Was a Car**



If my body was a car, this is the time I  
 would be thinking about trading it in for a  
 newer model. I've got bumps and dents and  
 scratches in my finish and my paint job is  
 getting a little dull... but that's not the  
 worst of it.

My headlights are out of focus and it's  
 especially hard to see things up close.

My traction is not as graceful as it once was.  
 I slip and slide and skid and bump into  
 things even in the best of weather.

My whitewalls are stained with varicose  
 veins.



It takes me hours to reach my maximum  
 speed.

But here's the worst of it --

Almost every time I sneeze, cough  
 or laugh ....

Either my radiator leaks or my  
 exhaust backfires!





# **WORLD WAR II VETERANS**



## **THE NIMITZ MUSEUM NEEDS YOUR HELP TO PRESERVE HISTORY!**

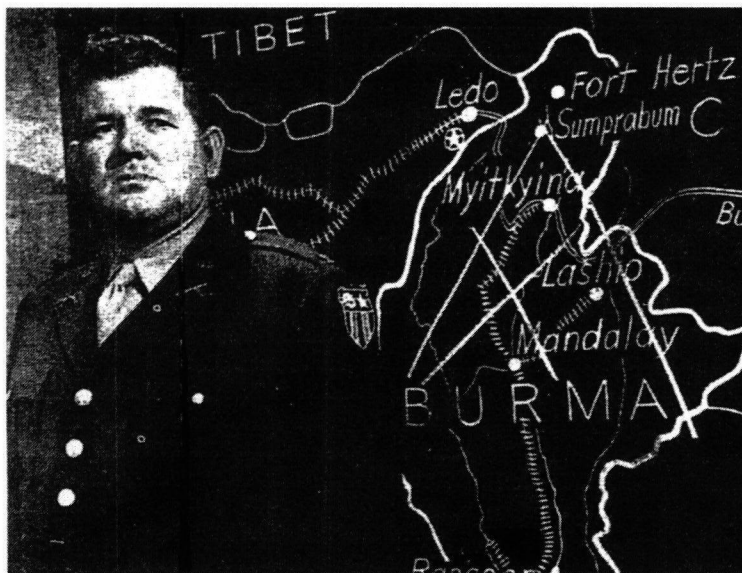
**The National Museum of the Pacific War ("Nimitz Museum") in Fredericksburg, Texas, is building a collection of audio tapes of interviews with World War II veterans. These will be held in our museum archives and made available to current and future generations (authors, students, historians) as they study what actually happened in the Pacific. So far we have interviewed over 2600 veterans, but that is only a tiny fraction of the participants in World War II. We would like to interview you, because YOU WERE THERE.**

**Each interview is an informal, one-on-one discussion held in private. These can be done by telephone if necessary. Typical length is 60-120 minutes. It is not a test of your memory for details – we also want to capture feelings, impressions, observations, and opinions. There are no strings attached, no cost, and you will get a free copy of the transcript to be completed at a later date (currently running 24+ months after interview).**

**Please contact Ed Metzler, e-mail:  
edlin@beecreek.net or  
home phone (830) 990-0749  
to discuss how to arrange for an interview.**

# The DEADLIEST COLONEL

*Thomas N. Moon  
and Carl F. Eifler*



**Colonel Carl F. Eifler**

## THE DEADLIEST COLONEL

by

Thomas N. Moon  
and Carl F. Eifler

This book is particularly aptly titled, for it is the biography of what must surely be one of the most individually devastating and apparently indestructible men who has ever lived. Colonel Eifler, a policeman and customs officer on the Mexican-American border in his younger days, was recruited into U.S. Intelligence at the beginning of World War II. He was one of the original group who eventually became known as the OSS.

During the war, Eifler served mainly in the Far East, specifically in Burma where, behind Japanese lines, he commanded the group known as DET 101. In those days he was under the command of General Stilwell, the courageous but beleaguered combat officer who was entangled by the political schemes of Chiang Kai-shek and the long-range diplomatic objectives of President Roosevelt.

To say that a man is larger than life has become something of a cliché. Yet that description fits Eifler perfectly. He was an explosive, violent, yet controlled man, totally without fear; direct, quick, and tough mentally and physically; methodical, and extraordinarily resourceful. Under orders he would do anything, at any time, in any place—and his luck has never run out.

After the war Eifler seemed to verge on defeat. He had brain damage as a result of a head injury and suffered from periodic blackouts during which he became violent. He had severe pain and disruptive amnesia. But by force of will, it seems, he crushed these obstacles and went on to attain a doctoral degree in psychology. He even converted from agnosticism to Christianity. He did not mellow. He confronted the New Testament head on and was convinced. And he survived shattering personal losses. At the end of this book, one wonders what the Colonel will do next. Nothing, it seems, is too much for him.

cont'd



## THOMAS MOON'S FOREWARD

In "THE DEADLIEST COLONEL"

..."I did not know Carl Eifler well until this story unfolded. I came under his command as a nineteen-year-old sergeant detached from the army. To say he scared the hell out of me would be an understatement – but then I had plenty of company 'Colonel Thundercloud,' as we often called him, was a legend when I arrived in India. Even at war's end I knew little more about him. Some twenty-two years later we met at an OSS 101 reunion and I asked if he had ever considered writing the story of his life. He said he had started it and worked at it sporadically for several years.

"I hope I have captured his true greatness which lies even more with his inner strength on the long road back from his serious head injuries. Even with this problem, he maintained a straight A average through 12 years of college.

"I have been inspired by Carl Eifler and am proud to have served under his DET 101 in the CBI theater. I would dedicate this book to the heroes of America who have built and maintained her nearly 200 years. I have had the privilege to know one of the great unsung ones and that was my former Colonel – my friend, Dr. Carl F. Eifler."



Thomas Moon and Carl F. Eifler

## "A DIFFERENT KIND OF WAR"

BY Admiral Milton E. Miles

Admiral Miles, wrote: "As I have said, Eifler was a good man. In practically no time after I obtained Stilwell's permission to turn him loose against the Japanese invaders of Burma, he had commandeered a tea plantation in Nazira, Assam on the edge of Naga head-hunter country, and it was there, in November 1942, that I flew to look the situation over.

"Eifler walked out to the plane to meet me – a little stiffly, I thought, and with his campaign hat pushed back on his big head. He looked a little as if he was spoiling for a fight, and presently I overheard a comment that referred to me as 'that Navy guy that's goin' t' take charge of us.' But later that evening, after Eifler and I had discussed his problems, I was relieved to overhear him again while I was taking a shower. Through the paper-thin walls of the plantation house, and above the sound of the running water, I heard him as he talked to Lieutenant Colonel 'Johnny' Coughlin, his executive officer.

'That guy Miles,' he said, 'is O.K. I can work with the s.o.b.'

"Johnny Coughlin, I saw at once, was smart, good-natured and friendly. On that first trip, I thought that his sergeants were a little too respectful for jungle work. After all, you can't kick your heels in the mud and you shouldn't try when an enemy might be waiting for you behind the next tree. But when I came back a month later you could not tell a sergeant from the boss except for the boss's extra proficiency in swearing. Eifler, I must say, had cuss words that even the saltiest sailor had never heard and when, years later I told an incredulous group of SACO men that he had written me saying that he had been ordained as a minister of the Gospel, the boys all wanted to hear him preach." (Pg 176- ADKOW)

....'The O.S.S., of course, had originally selected him and sent him out, but then they had left him dangle. Although he did a magnificent job and was thoroughly satisfactory to Stilwell, the O.S.S. gave him no backing at all. I was constantly needling them for money, men and supplies for his work. I even tried to help him through Room 2732 in Washington. In fact, I wrote Jeff Metzel urging him to see what he could do to get Eifler a promotion.

"How," I asked, "do you go about getting an army man, belonging to O.S.S., promoted when he is working for me on detached service under someone else? Would you look it up? He is a major doing a full colonel's job according to army rules, and is now the fourth senior man in his own group. It would help a lot if Eifler were senior to his exec, for instance." (Pg 177 ADKOW)

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*In early 1942, 'Eifler had found his area expanding. He was given command not only of China, but India, French Indochina, Siam, Malaya, Japan and Korea, Japan and Korea. While he knew he must have been sent for by General Stilwell, he never had the true picture for some time. Stilwell had chosen Eifler to serve under his command.'* (Pgs. 40 – 41) *'The Deadliest Colonel'.*)

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*In early October 1943, Eifler was promoted to full Colonel (Pg. 153 of 'The Deadliest Colonel').*

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*In early 1943 in an attempt to eliminate any further jurisdictional disputes from Washington officials and those of the CBI Theatre: DET 101 was relieved from OSS ties and assigned OSS to Chungking under Stilwell. . . . Eifler was told he was relieved as the Far Eastern representative of OSS and Captain Miles was so appointed.'* (Pg 111 *"The Deadliest Colonel"*).

*In late 1942, Miles approached Gen. Stilwell about using Eifler's group in Burma. Stilwell offered no objections. Eifler sought and received approval from Washington. but he questioned the clarity of the response. He consequently sent it on to Stilwell with this memo: "If you have any good lawyers in AMMISCA (American Military Mission to China), maybe they can figure this out*

*I assume they want Eifler under me, with detached duty under you. I have not sent anything to Eifler yet, and will not until you indicate your wishes. Respectfully, Miles."*

*"Back came one of my prize communications; I quote it entirely:"*

*"Ok with me. We'll say that Eifler is your man on D.S. (detached service) with me. Now if they'll just let us alone we'll go back to work. J. W. Stilwell"*

*"So 'Major I Flew' (Major Eifler as the Chinese thought they heard his name) went to Burma and I was now boss of OSS in my area." (Pg.90 – 'A Different Kind of War').*

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*Miles stated sometime after March 1944, :..."All OSS men were pulled out of those SACO camps in which they had been as part of our smoothly operating teams. . . . Almost at once they began to show the prima donna complex. They never thereafter submitted any of their plans to me for comment, and they never asked for advice. In some matters, at least, I felt confident of being able to qualify as an expert, but even I had to admit that by such standards as OSS had established, I could not expect to be accepted as a 'regular OSS officer.'"*

*"The result was that I paid no further attention to the OSS in SACO, and they went their own way." (Pg 172-173 'A Different Kind of War.'* Cont'd

Editor's note:

The foregoing five italicized notes I researched as a follow-up to Jack Coyle's letter (see Mail Call section) in his effort to get particulars on. Stilwell and Miles.. rlr

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**One of Life's Richest Treasures** is being friends with one who stood tall, not only in stature, but strength, courage, understanding, leadership, strong-willed, yet kind with all the qualities like no other man before him – and I and my parents were fortunate to be among his many friends.

As I recall, I first came in contact with Carl prior to our SACO reunion in Taiwan in 1970's and Carl, though he would liked to have gone with the group, expressed it would not be proper for him to do so and jeopardize violating the Chinese doctrine of "Losing-face." due to an assignment he was given, even though later canceled, during the war. (No further discussion at this point in time).



Col. Carl Eifler & Admiral John Ford at Ford's ranch in 1967 for Memorial Day services honoring OSS DET 101 dead. (John Ford of Oscar winning fame)

In 1975, my parents and I were invited to attend an O.S.S. reunion in San Diego at which time we got an autographed copy of "The Deadliest Colonel" by Thomas Moon & Col. Carl Eifler who were both there.

*Oct 4 - 1975*

*To Richard Ruten and  
Hollis & Emma - Three  
people that I am so happy  
to call my friends. I  
hope this book will remind  
you of our togetherness in  
China -*

*Jimmy  
Carl*

We were asked to visit Carl and his wife, Margaret, at their beautiful home in Salinas, CA. As I recall, we made a couple visits and really enjoyed being with them.

Carl's wife, Margaret was a renowned artist. Carl tried his artistry, too, and sent me his sketch interpretation of Christ which I still have - too big to fit in SACO NEWS. As I recall, Margaret made frequent trips to Chicago where I understood she was involved in fashion designing in addition to oil painting. She was a lovely lady. Their home was in a rural type area and so peaceful and charming. Dad and Carl were compatible and enjoyed their talk sessions.



At Dad's death, Carl was to come to the funeral, but became ill.



*Carl Eifler - With my respects to a field soldier  
Joseph W. Stilwell*

Carl Eifler - With my respects to a field soldier - Joseph W. Stilwell)

Eifler's wife , Lou, had been seriously ill; she had been in five hospitals.

"During one of his visits he was startled to hear her say: 'I wonder what the next Mrs. Eifler will be like.'

"He did not like that kind of talk. Impatiently he waved his hand as if to brush it aside. 'There isn't going to be any next Mrs. Eifler,' he told her.

'Well, that's insulting to me' she said. 'If I haven't made married life interesting enough for you to get married again, then that is really an insult.'

"He patted her hand and steered her away from that subject.

". . Eifler was facing some heavy exams but still wanted to spend time with her. He would take his books to her room and then study when she slept. Late on evening he put his book

down and went to her bedside. She had been sleeping for an hour. Her breathing was regular, and she appeared to be resting comfortably. A few minutes later the female doctor room, acknowledged Eifler, and went to the bedside to check her patient.

"Eifler commented: 'She is sleeping.'

"After a minute, the doctor turned to him and said calmly, 'No, she is dead,'

"And as matter of factly as that, Eifler faced yet another tragedy in his life. The woman who had been beside him through all of his violent years had now left him. A great stab of pain ripped into his heart and soul. He bore his grief inwardly and never slackened his pace. After the funeral he kept his schedule meeting exams as they came and refusing any extension of time in view of his personal tragedy. He knew she would have wanted it that way.

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As I recall, it was Shakespeare's creed:

"This above all:

To thine own-self be true

And it shall follow as night the day,

Thou canst then be false to any man"

I truly feel this is a full and descriptive evaluation of Col. Eifler. I think this following anecdote exemplifies his character:

"Dr. Aderman summed up his academic achievements: 'He attained his degree despite the utmost most adverse circumstances. A goodly portion of his brain was 'shot away' and wired up; he had constant tinnitus, neighbors as well as students and faculty members usurped a great deal of his time. Worst of all, his wife was chronically ill. We were all heart

sick when she died. There is no amount of stress that he cannot surmount. When he is in the throes of achieving an objective, there is no such thing as a knockout punch. Not bad for someone who was decreed a vegetable about seven years prior to his school venture

"After graduation he threw a small party for those who had been close to him. Another phase of his life had passed and he wanted to be with those whom he had shared it with. Now, with more free time, he went to visit Ancrums in their home. While there he was introduced to a woman named Margaret. She was destined to become the new Mrs. Eifler but not without an unusual courtship. Eifler's initial reaction was perhaps a bit brusque. He appreciated the good intentions of his friends in bringing him into contact with eligible females, but he was not in the market.

"She in turn described him as an 'old bear,' to which numerous former associates would nod understandingly. With this less than romantic beginning, the two nevertheless found one another quite interesting. Margaret, of Danish background, was an artist of considerable talent. Eifler had had little time to observe or study art and found he could learn something new from her. They parted on a friendly, but cool basis that first evening.

"Back in his apartment, Eifler took out a paper he had worked on at one time. He had prepared a checklist of the qualifications he would want in a woman if he was ever to remarry. He still did not plan on it, but the words of the first wife never left him. He found himself looking down the traits he had listed, and almost subconsciously, he checked off two of them. Then he shrugged, ran his fingers through his hair, and put the list back in the desk drawer.

"On Ash Wednesday 1963, Ancrum asked Eifler if he would like to go with him to a ranch outside Chicago. Actually, Eifler wanted to go back to California to see Dr. Todorovic, who was ill. He agreed to stay over one more day and go, however. After he accepted, he learned Margaret was also going to go. He was not overly pleased but said nothing. A heavy snowstorm prevented them from reaching their destination. They returned to Ancrum's home to wait it out. As evening fell, Eifler decided it would be best for him to go home. He felt he should take Margaret home. Then he realized that he was hungry and that she must be. He asked her for dinner and she accepted. Their discussion was not so stilted as that first night. Eifler took her home and he returned to his apartment. He found himself at his desk, checklist in hand. He added several more checks to his list, studied it for a while, and put it back. The shrug of his shoulders was a little less noticeable this time.

"The storm persisted delaying his California trip. Two days later, he phoned her once more for a dinner date. As they sat across the table from each other, Eifler spoke with his typical directness.

'Margaret, to tell you I love you would be an insult to your intelligence. but you have the qualifications I am looking for in a wife. Don't answer me now, but I am going to California and when I come back I am going to ask you to marry me.'

"It was not the approach you would expect in a movie from Douglas Fairbanks, but it made its point. She only recalls her mouth dropping open and her brief reply: 'Oh!' She thought, California is a long way off and he has told me he was a very poor correspondent. Not that he told her all

of his bad points.

"Several days later he left for California. His first letter broke all records for him – it was twenty-four pages. On her birthday, April 11, he called to propose. She accepted. They set a date for July. They were married on June 30. "

**Editor's note:**

*This was a man who lit up our lives, (my parents & me). although I didn't know the whole story of his military career prior to publication of this book. His life was revealed to be truly recognized in the annals of American history as earning his station in the pages of yesterday acknowledging his status as 'man among all men.' I cherish the memory of the distinct honor to have known him and Margaret as special friends.*

rlr

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

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## PRIDE

From Philip Gerhart, PhD. P.E.  
Dean, College of Engineering and  
Computer Science  
College of Evansville  
Evansville, IN

*When in England, at a fairly large conference, Colin Powell was asked by the Archbishop of Canterbury if our plans for Iraq were just an example of empire building by George Bush.*

*He answered by saying, 'Over the years, the United States has sent many of its fine young men and women into great peril to fight for freedom beyond our borders. The only amount of land we have ever asked for in return is enough to bury those that did not return.'*

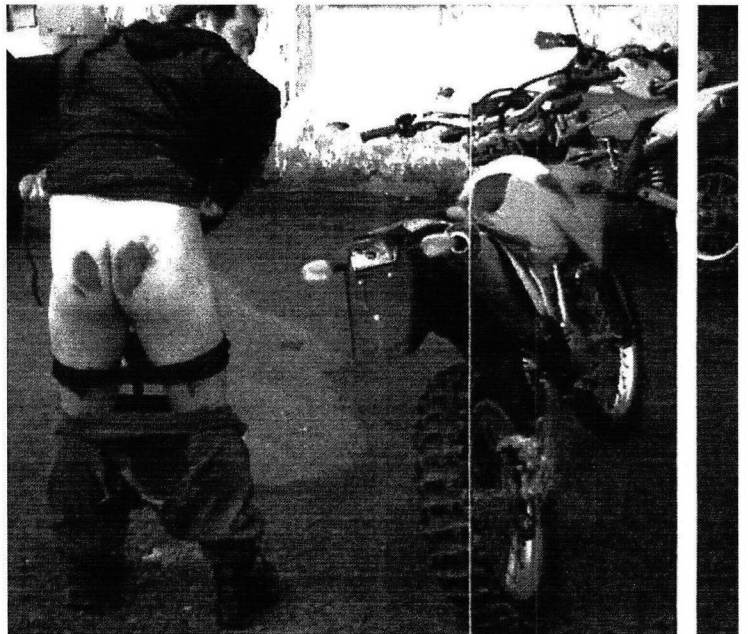
*You could have heard a pin drop..*

*There was a conference in France where a number of international engineers were taking part, including French and American. During a break, one of the French engineers came back into the room saying 'Have you heard the latest dumb stunt Bush has done? He has sent an aircraft carrier to Indonesia to help the tsunami victims. What does he intended to do, bomb them?'*

*A Boeing engineer stood up and replied quietly: 'Our carriers have three hospitals on board that can treat several hundred people; they are nuclear powered and can supply emergency electrical power to shore facilities; they have three cafeterias with the capacity to feed 3,000 people three meals a day, they can produce several thousand gallons of fresh water from sea water each day, and they carry half a dozen helicopters for use in transporting victims and injured to and from their flight deck. We have eleven such ships; how many does France have?'*

*You could have heard a pin drop.*

## True Meaning of... SKID MARKS !!



'Damn that Hurts!'



## **Lt. Livingston Swentzel, Jr. & Crew of Last Battle of WWII**



**Lt. Livingston Swartzel, Jr      James R. Reid, Jr      W. K. Barnett      David A Baker**  
**GM 3/c                                  GM 1/c                                  MoMM 2/c**  
**(F. J. Rose, GM 1/c had departed to U.S. before this photo was taken)**

*Paul Casamajor received identities from James R. Reid, Jr. 6-30-09. My plea for help in naming these men courageously fighting the last Naval Battle of WWII did not go unanswered. (Issue #22 March 2001 pg.59)      Thanks so much, James and Paul, for acknowledging my request for help.    rlr*

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## **Catholic Health Insurance**

A man suffered a serious heart attack and had open heart bypass surgery. He awakened from the surgery to find himself in the care of nuns at a Catholic Hospital. As he was recovering, a nun asked him questions regarding how he was going to pay for his treatment. She asked if he had health insurance.

He replied, in a raspy voice, "No health insurance.."

The nun asked if he had money in the bank. He replied, "No money in the bank."

The nun asked, "Do you have anyone who could help you?"

He said, "I only have a spinster sister who is a nun."

The nun became agitated and announced loudly "Nuns are not spinsters! Nuns are married to God."

The patient replied, "Send the bill to my brother-in-law."



**PRIZE PHOTOS SHOT BY CONRAD BRADSHAW IN GRAND RAPIDS  
JUNE OF 2008 (DIDN'T HAVE ROOM IN LAST ISSUE FOR COLOR)  
(THANKS, CONRAD, FOR YOUR BEAUTIFUL SHOTS)**



**L-R JANET AND SHEP TATE AND JUDITH BARBIERI**



**PETER BARBIERI**





**RICHARD MAURICE**



**JOSEPH KEENAN**





**GUY PURVIS AND PAT SANDERS**

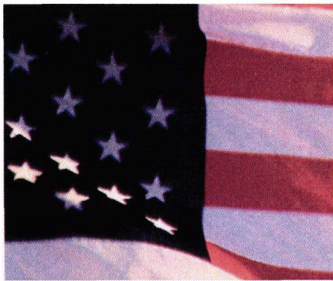


**1 REAR: JOSEPH KEENAN AND CHARLES C-GOING MILES  
CENTER RICHARD AND JUDY MAURICE- FRONT CENTER-BOB THOMAS**





**LILMA J. HUNTLEY**



## **History of the Pledge of Allegiance**

The original Pledge of Allegiance was written by Francis Bellamy. It was first given wide publicity through the official program of the National Public Schools Celebration of Columbus Day which was printed in *The Youth's Companion* of September 8, 1892, and at the same time sent out in leaflet form to schools throughout the country. School children first recited the Pledge of Allegiance this way:

"I pledge allegiance to my Flag and to the Republic for which it stands one Nation indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all."

"The flag of the United States" replaced the words "my Flag" in 1923 because some foreign-born people might have in mind the flag of the country of their birth instead of the United States flag. A year later, "of America" was added after "United States."

No form of the Pledge received official recognition by Congress until June 22, 1942, when the Pledge was formally included in the U.S. Flag Code. The official name of The Pledge of Allegiance was adopted in 1945. The last change in language came on Flag Day 1954, when Congress passed a law, which added the words "under God" after "one nation."

Originally, the pledge was said with the right hand in the so-called "Bellamy Salute," with the right hand resting first outward from the chest, then the arm extending out from the body. Once Hitler came to power in Europe, some Americans were concerned that this position of the arm and hand resembled the Nazi or Fascist salute. In 1942 Congress also established the current practice of rendering the pledge with the right hand over the heart.

The Flag Code specifies that any future changes to the pledge would have to be with the consent of the President.



**55<sup>th</sup> Annual Reunion of SACO in Midland, TX Oct. 2009**  
**Hosted By Bobby Grace**



Bill Bartee



Admiral Stephen Wang



Dick Terpstra



Banquet Color Guard



GRACE FAMILY:

Front L-R Bobby = Betty Lou = Robert, Sr.  
 Back: David = Chandler = John





Front Four L-R: Francis Reynnet = Mary Tanner = Jack Coyle= Kathryn Petersen  
 Back Three: L-R: Jerome C. Levandowski = Roger Moore = Bobby Grace





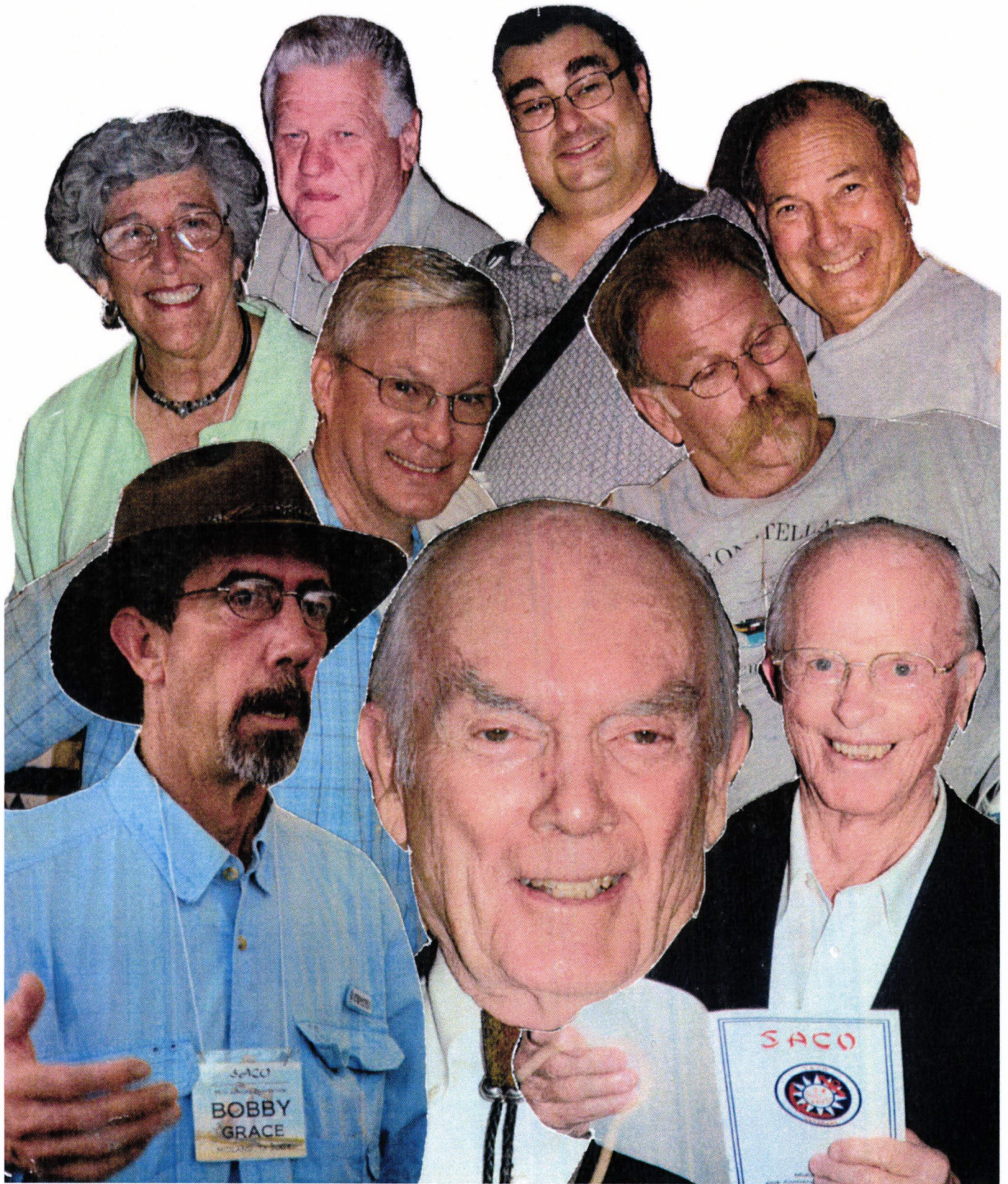
Front L-R: Lola Hill = Bob Hill = Bill Miller  
 Middle L-R: Lt. Col. Laura Lin = Col. Cindi Li  
 Rear L-R: Robert Dormer (Buck Dormer's son) = Lt. Col. Phillip Mo = Bob Thomas





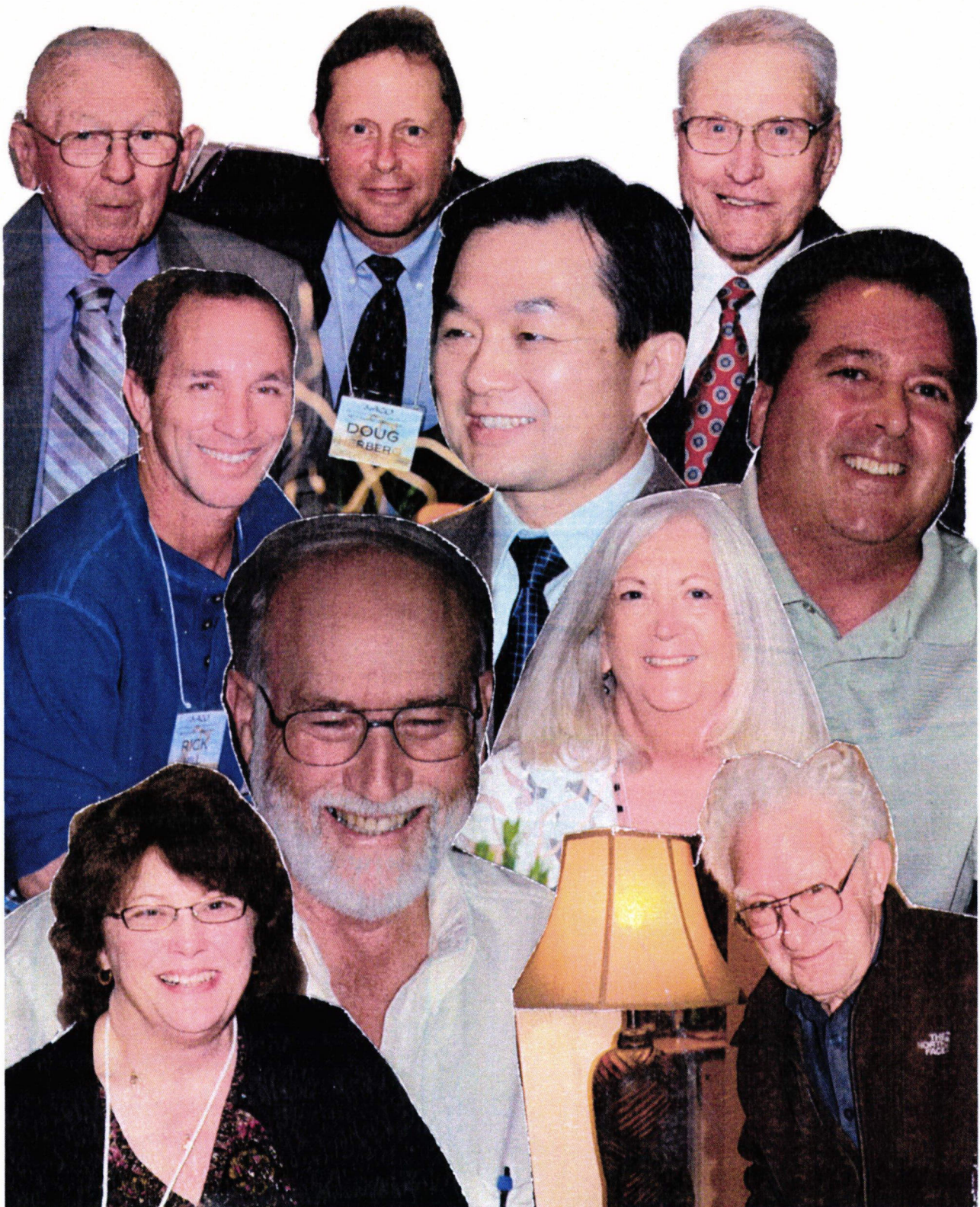
Front three L-R: Dan Miller = Jodi Petersen = Jack Petersen  
 Second two L-R: Marty Tetlow & sister Barbara Rowe (John Waters' daughters)  
 Back Section L-R: Helen Goguey = "C-Going" Miles = Mel Goguey = Carolyn I.  
 Arnold = Prof. Chang Li





Front L-R: Bobby Grace 2009 Host , = Robert Grace, Sr. = Roger Moore  
 Back six L-R: Judith and Peter Barbieri = Jack Parks = Dairus Reynnet  
 Jeff Petersen = Kenneth Reynnet





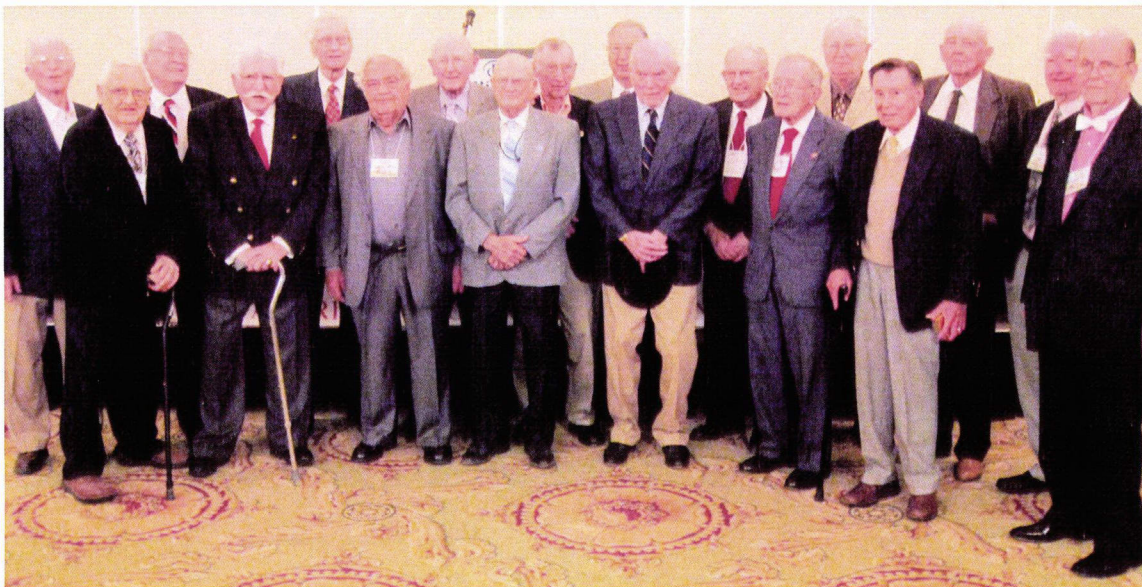
Front Four L-R: Judy and Richard Maurice = Penny Coats = Bill Miller  
 Middle Row: Rick Hill = Admiral Stephen Wang = Dan Beard (friend of Editor Rutan)  
 Top Row: Jim Whitlock = Doug Herberg = Vernon Herberg





First Row (Front) L-R Betty Lou Grace = Robert Grace, Sr.= "Skeeter" Bartee  
 2nd Row: Adm. Richard Terpstra = David Grace = John Grace  
 3<sup>rd</sup> Row: Michael Herberg = Doug Herberg = Jerome C. Levandowski  
 4<sup>th</sup> Row: Elva McHugh = Jim Kelly = Lilma Huntley

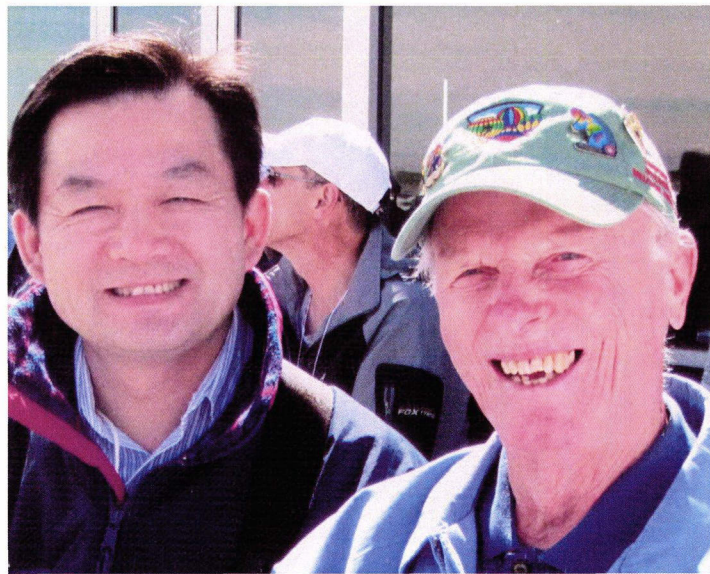




SACO Vets L-R: Roger Moore - Gerry Coats - Robert G. Thomas - Bill Bartee - Vernon Herberg - Mel Goguey - Jim Whitlock - Bob Hill - John Waters - Guy Purvis - Robert Grace, Sr - Jack Petersen - Jim Kelly - Dick Terpstra - Francis Reynnet - Kenneth Brown - Bill Miller - Richard Rutan



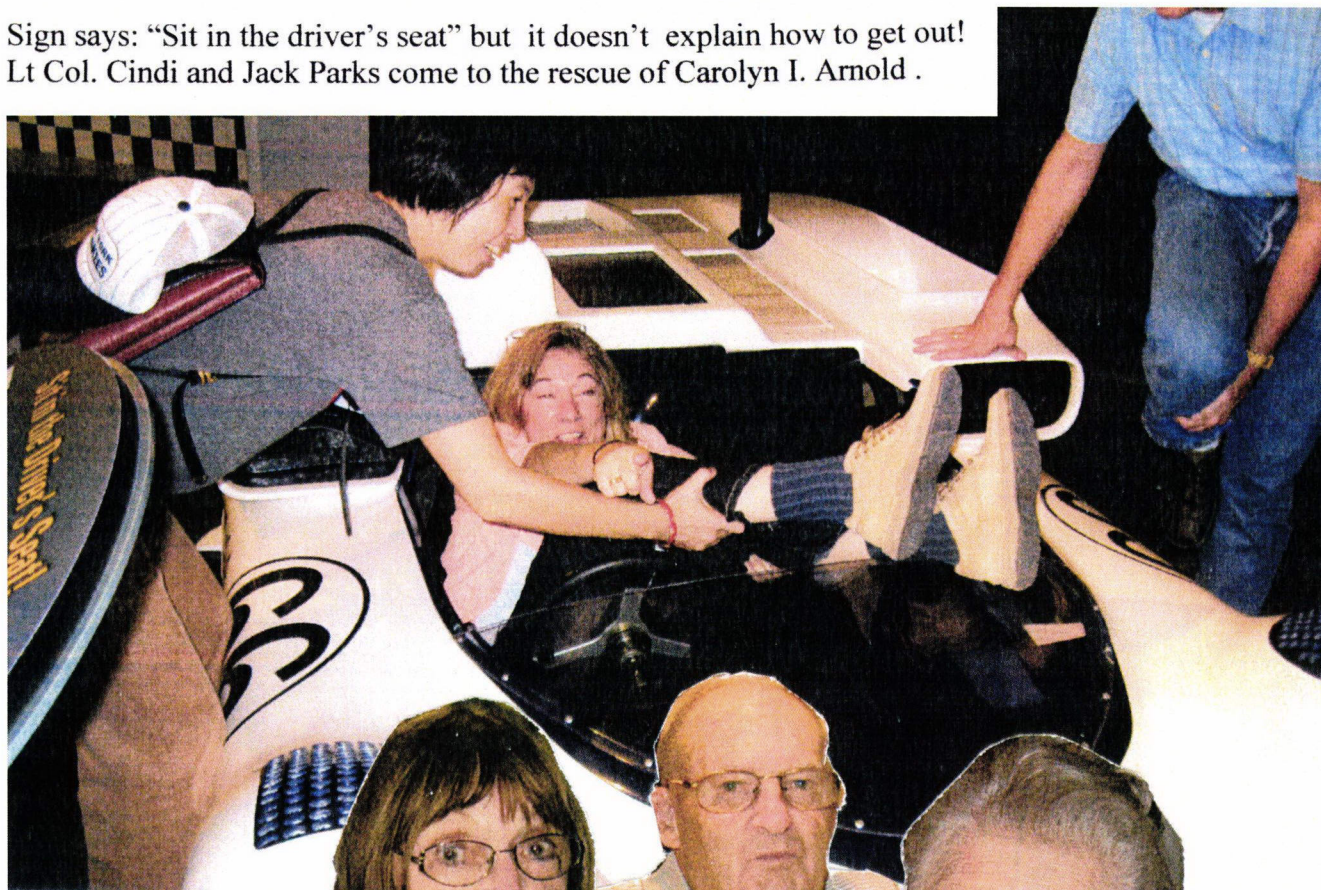
Jodi Petersen and Laura Lin



Adm. Stephen Wang and Roger Moore



Sign says: "Sit in the driver's seat" but it doesn't explain how to get out!  
Lt Col. Cindi and Jack Parks come to the rescue of Carolyn I. Arnold .



Front: Bill Miller

Rear: Elva McHugh – Jack Petersen – Evelyn Rowland (Lilma Huntley's aunt)



Dear Richard,

I enclose a copy of the "U.S. NAVAL GROUP, CHINA", authored by my dad and published July, 1946 in U. S. Naval Institute Proceedings, v. 72, n. 521, p 920-931. Enclosed is a CD with this paper in Microsoft Word and formatted, I hope, to fit directly into your News letter, if you care to use it. The paper is eleven pages long and the file is entitled

"USNG China, 1946.doc"

And the illustrations, two pages, are called

"photographs and explanations.doc"

This is the first piece he published about SACO. The story was quite fresh in his mind and it includes many details about the wartime operations. The last paragraph mentions the death of General Tai Li, who died March 24, 1946. By the end of that year Dad had joined his new billet as Commanding Officer of the USS COLUMBUS (CA-74).



Regards,

Charles Miles

*Charles sent this Oct. 3, 2006  
and I apologize for the delay,  
A lot of things have thrown  
me off track this last year &  
I'm catching up on a lot of  
things & forgetting a lot.  
They tell me that's part of the  
aging process, but I'm plan-  
ning to get a little older along  
with a tune-up for my thought  
source. Glad none of you are  
afflicted with this debilitation  
Being an old tiger isn't so bad!*

*rlr*





U.S. NAVAL GROUP, CHINA  
By REAR ADMIRAL MILTON E. MILES, *U. S. Navy*<sup>1</sup>

OUR Navy project in China wasn't even in the sampan stage in March, 1942, when I started to that land. A one-man force, I had verbal orders to investigate and carry on any work that might be of help to the United States Fleet in the next two or three years.

Admiral Willis A. ("Ching") Lee, later of the battleships, had told me the morning after Pearl Harbor to "get on my horse" and go to China to see what I could do about setting up intelligence and weather services there. During the first two months of 1942 when the war was going from bad to worse, we had been making tentative plans that were more nearly hopes. We had negotiated with Chinese officials, had made the necessary preliminary arrangements, and Admiral King had assigned me as U. S. Naval Observer, attached to the Embassy in Chungking.

The plans were to work hand and glove with the Chinese to establish weather and intelligence units whose reports would be of value to American Forces in the Pacific and in Asia. Weather information was essential to us. Weather was made up in Asia and moved out across the Pacific, and, therefore, might well determine the success or failure of fleet operations, particularly those involving carriers. Furthermore, with the Japanese holding the Malay Peninsula, French Indo-China, and the rich Dutch East Indies, it was clear that the volume of their war economy would depend on the security of the shipping lanes along the China Coast. Intelligence concerning those ship movements would help our submarines make those shipping lanes unhealthy. Our enemy would be in China. We would be able to set up weather and coast-watching units behind his lines only if we

could protect them effectively.

In March, 1942, there was no Army Transport Command or Naval Air Transport Service. Commercial lines with no set schedules were the only transportation. Baggage was limited, but expectations of shipments were even more so, so in my zipper bag instead of clothes I carried the elements of a specially designed and laboratory built magnetic mine unit. Flying from India toward China we expected to refuel at Myitkyina, but that was the hour the Japs took the place. We went on nonstop to Kunming, refueled and proceeded to Chungking, landing on the field in the middle of the Yangtze River. The flight of 300 steps leading up to the main highway became a symbol to me of the towering difficulties to be surmounted during the next few years.

In two fast moving weeks I met General Tai Li, Head of the Bureau of Investigation and Statistics of the National Military Council, to whom Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek had assigned the additional duty of cooperating with me. The General pried open crowded Chungking to find me an office and living quarters, selected with me a peaceful valley site 10 miles from the town and its bombings as a spot for future security and growth, and assisted me in the delivery of all my letters of introduction from the Chinese Embassy in Washington. Ordinarily it would take weeks to arrange a two-month inspection trip of the front lines in China, but the General was an efficient operator, and in just two weeks we were off for the coast.

Parts of the mine went with me to a Naval Mine Factory near Changsha commanded by Captain K. C. Tseng. Chinese Navy midshipmen were in training there near a

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<sup>1</sup> Published July, 1946 in *U. S. Naval Institute Proceedings*, v. 72, n. 521, p 920-931



large creek. Although I lectured to them, they were my teachers on the transportation and other difficulties of mine operations in China. To begin with, all mines had to be transported by hand through enemy territory, the heavier ones utilizing as many as 20 coolies. The puppet troops conveniently looked the other way, and the "enemy" generals invited the mine details to dinner. But even after they got the mines to the Yangtze River there was such a continuous and often sudden variation in water depth that, lacking automatic depth mechanisms, mines laid well today might bob on the top tomorrow, or be too deep to touch an ocean liner. So the mine crews stuck around and hand-adjusted the mooring cables day by day.

Officers and enlisted men alike at this factory were handling TNT in a most unorthodox manner. In the process of filling the mines they thoroughly covered the screw threads with thin flakes of TNT and then blandly screwed down the filler cap. They didn't know it was dangerous but my hair grayed a bit right then. The following year Commander Gilfillan, when assigned as liaison to the mine factory, reorganized completely the safety regulations.

As we traveled, General Tai's agents kept coming in everywhere along the coast from Peking, Shanghai, Formosa, Amoy, Hongkong, and Canton. They were high-ranking, well-educated, finely trained officers, who traveled by foot or junks as much as three weeks to make their reports. I was introduced, allowed to listen and to interrogate with perfect freedom. These people later became the nucleus of our intelligence network.

To villagers I was introduced by General Tai variously as a Salt Commissioner, a member of Chinese Maritime Customs, and a missionary. The Japanese, however, reported

me as a Russian Aviation Advisor. Unfortunately the Jap information on General Tai's movements was more accurate, and many of the villages at which we stopped were promptly bombed. In fighting a fire at Foocheng I had reason to regret that my traveling pants were shorts, for my legs were burned. Later a spot of shrapnel didn't increase my walking efficiency. We crossed the Jap lines, however, almost at will.

I separated from the General to walk down the coast, protected always by his network, for which I was developing real respect. A usual day's walk was 80 li but under stress I soon learned to do 120 li, and that is a full 40 miles. A fresh Jap offensive hurried us inland, but the Chinese were destroying the roads faster than we could walk. It was a week before we could catch the truck sent for us – a welcome sight to me now that my legs were very badly infected.

Returning to Chungking, I found that my first 100-ton shipment of TNT was lost somewhere in India. On a quick trip to Karachi, in August, 1942, I met the first reinforcements, Lieutenant Heagy and six men. Arrangements with U.S. Naval Liaison officers in India facilitated future supply shipments out of Assam. In this job Commander D. D. Wight, U.S. Naval Reserve, took the lead and established the nucleus of a good India-based unit. He became so useful that I later asked for his transfer to Chungking where he outstandingly served a tour as my Executive Officer.

Back in Chungking again in September, the Generalissimo was favorably impressed with our plans for what we were calling "Friendship Project." As our activities with the Chinese increased they were augmented in April, 1943, by the Sino-American Cooperative Organization, whose abbreviation in English is pronounced "SOCKO," with a significance

of powerful or sudden attack. Also, according to the Agreement, "SACO is organized for the purpose of attacking our common enemy by common effort, employing American equipment and technical training, and utilizing the Chinese war zones as bases. The objects of the common attack would be the Japanese Navy, the Japanese Merchant Marine, and the Japanese Air Forces in various territories of the Far East; the mines, factories, warehouses, depots, and other military establishments in areas under Japanese occupation." General Tai Li was named Director and I was designated Deputy Director.

From the beginning our biggest headache was supplies. Since the Japanese had severed the Burma Road, everything that went into U.S. Naval Group, China—men, supplies, and equipment—had to be flown from Calcutta over the Hump into China. Some of the personnel came only part of the way by plane, and were obliged to cover the remaining distance by truck, sampans, and on foot. From early 1942 until the Stilwell Road was completed in 1945, all our demands from marine mines to jeeps or the gasoline required for those jeeps had to come over the Hump. At first we had to beg personally for every pound that came up, and this restriction of course accentuated the importance of every American-made gun and piece of equipment as well as the supplies and weapons we captured from the Japanese. At the end of three years we were receiving a monthly allocation of 150 tons by air, but that is an infinitesimal amount to equip and supply 80,000 guerrillas and 2,500 Americans.

Over 2,500 officers and men from the Navy, Marines, and the Army, all volunteers, participated in the undertaking of U.S. Naval Group, China. They were carefully screened for physical condition and attitude toward

foreigners, and were required to have at least two skills and one useful hobby. Even the medical personnel, and we had about ninety of them, had to be photographers, weather men, paymasters, or chaplains.

China had changed so enormously after the white man's defeats in Asia that the previous Chinese meekness, amounting almost to an inferiority complex, had swung over to an attitude of 150 per cent sovereignty. Many foreigners who had spent years in the Far East were unable to adjust themselves to this change in the Chinese and thereby unconsciously prejudiced working relations. Since one false step could wreck our whole co-operative project, we were usually afraid to use "Old China Hands." All our personnel received from two to eight weeks of indoctrination in the United States before proceeding to the field, and their cooperative attitude was outstanding.

The several undertakings of SACO deserve separate treatment, for the development of operations, weather, intelligence, supply, disbursement, communications, and medical units followed different patterns. Each had its own history of development, although they were at all times highly interdependent.

The Operations Section grew out of a necessary mutual agreement. We wanted weather and special intelligence. The Chinese had no use for weather observations or enemy target observations, since they hadn't the weapons to do anything about it. What they wanted was adequate training and equipment by which the thousands of earnest guerrillas could be put to use to produce visible results. It wasn't until then that I discovered General Tai to be Commander in Chief of all organized guerrilla armies in China, having been so designated by the Generalissimo. To meet their conditions we developed an operations section and charged it with the



establishing and maintaining of camps for the training and equipping of Chinese in guerrilla warfare, and with the formulation of plans for the most effective utilization of these troops in field operations after their graduation. The course of instruction in the camps included the care and use of weapons, guerrilla tactics, amphibious tactics, scouting, patrolling, mapping, and general field work. Our students came from the columns of the Chinese Commando Army.

Although the Operations Section at Headquarters in Chungking was a joint staff of Chinese and Americans and had full charge of the training and operations in the fourteen camps, subordinate joint command offered the expediency and facility necessary for the handling of sectional operational matters. Two area commanders were functioning and two more were in process of being set up when the war ended.

Captain I. F. Beyerly, U.S. Navy, was designated COMNAVCHC (Commander, Navy China Eastern Command). His running mate, General Lee Chung Chih, was in command of all General Tai's operations on the East Coast. Together, Captain Beyerly and General Lee were in joint operational control of Camps One, Six, Seven, and Eight, with about 500 U.S. officers and men, and 50,000 guerrillas. These latter included 26,000 pirates in two groups so diverse in views we called them "Democrats" and "Republicans." The deputy commander of the 18,000 "Democrats," whose headquarters were in Shanghai, was a personable young woman (Page Terry and the Pirates). The commander of the "Republicans," with headquarters on Matsu Island, off Foochow, had a Major General of the Japanese Army on his staff. His Chief of Staff, however, was trained in our Headquarters and came ashore to all our conferences. They had 18 or 20 small

steamers working for us which, in the nature of their duties could hardly be labeled, and so were often bombed by Chennault's forces. The pirate chief was constantly incensed, but the only agreement we could work out was that his ships were promised and actually enjoyed safety when at anchor in Matsu Harbor.

The Eastern Command also included about 25,000 "organized irregulars," an important subordinate command of the Commando Army who went by the name of the "Loyal Patriotic Army." They had been formed in 1937 for the protection of Shanghai by General Tai, who was their first field commander. Their work at that time had been specially commended by the Generalissimo. After the Japanese took the city there were 60 per cent of these men working behind the Jap lines at all times. Communists in the area considerably handicapped them, since the L.P.A.'s were ordered not to fight Communists and the latter were under no such orders. The resulting retreats were detrimental to morale, since they were really a high-class fighting group.

Two U.S. naval hospitals were in this area. One Commanding Officer, Commander A. P. Black (M.C.), U.S. Navy, reported that the lights of Shanghai were visible at night from his unit. The capacity of 100 beds each was usually strained by upwards to 300 patients. Dr. Barnett computed that 70 per cent of the casualties were gunshot, shrapnel, and land mines wounds. The rest were mostly diseases directly attributable to malnutrition.

All the "coast-watchers" south of Shanghai were under the Eastern Command and were combined units including intelligence, aerology, and operations functions.

Major E. P. Dupras, U.S. Marine Corps, and General Tao Yee Shan established similar joint operational control in Central China,

from Hankow to the Indo-China border. They had about 200 Americans and 25,000 guerrillas, including six columns of Commando Army, plus Lieutenant Joe Champe, U.S. Naval Reserve, with his adventurous Yangtze River Raiders.

We had discovered that when possible it was best to send American personnel with the trained Chinese guerrillas and to allow these Americans full combat participation. Local commanders carried out more actions against the enemy when assisted by Americans in planning and operations. With our own men on the field, the gathering and communicating of intelligence was more efficient. Furthermore, the wholehearted participation of the Americans, including the Medical Units, raised the morale and heightened the fighting spirit of the Chinese soldiers.

Of the 14 established camps, one, Camp Hank Gibbins, was named after an outstanding Army officer who was in our group before he was killed in action. He was assisting Bernard Nicholas Boumann in parachuting into our Medical Unit in Burma when both were shot down. Hank Gibbins Camp was concerned entirely with the indoctrination and training of Americans who were to work with Chinese guerrillas.

The closest co-operation and co-ordination of activities existed at all times between the American and Chinese in Headquarters, after we learned to have them keep their desks in the same room and to eat together. All Chinese and American Sections attended daily staff conferences at which they discussed problems, established policies, and formulated operational plans. Usually orders, policies, plans, and operation orders that went out to units in the field were signed jointly by Tai Li and Miles, or their deputies Pan Chi Wu and Beyerly, and applied to both Americans and Chinese personnel.

The various camps were located in positions where personnel might effectively attack the Japanese. The camps were prime targets for the Japanese and were moved when necessary. Two camps moved repeatedly for one year. Tons of supplies had to be carried by hand or ox carts. The supply officers had a continuous nightmare. Lieutenant Maury Nee (S.C.), U.S. Naval Reserve, on COMCENCH Staff, moved supplies constantly from Hengyang west, ahead of the Japanese, for six months, and incidentally never lost a bullet.

Sabotage units from the camps carried out constant raids against Japanese garrisons and Japanese-held installations. Among the more daring actions was that of a Marine-led group that planted 40 pounds of plastic and a pressure device 400 yards from a Japanese garrison at Anhwa Station, southwest of Shanghai. This charge derailed and damaged a locomotive and two carriages, killed 8 and injured 20 Japanese troops.

On another occasion, a young naval officer, Ensign Mattmiller from Commander Halperin's Unit Six, learned that a Japanese freighter of about 1,000 tons had put into Amoy Harbor for repairs. With four Chinese guerrillas he commandeered a junk, got hold of a supply of explosives, and set out under cover of darkness to sink the freighter. In a secluded part of the Amoy Harbor shore line they stripped, tied the explosives charges around their necks, and swam out to the freighter. In darkness they moved around the ship, placing magnetic mines and charges of the soft "Comp C" explosive on the hull, the rudder, and the propeller. Then they swam back to the junk.

"As we crawled aboard," Mattmiller reported later, "we saw two big explosions." The next morning, aerial reconnaissance reported that the ship was lying on its side.



To further confuse our "China Navy," 200 Chinese, and Lieutenant Don Wilcox, U.S. Naval Reserve, with two other Americans, composed a cavalry bazooka detachment from Camp Four, in the Gobi Desert. Proceeding toward Peking they were attacked by a Japanese armored column including 6 tanks, 5 Bren gun carriers, and 400 cavalrymen. After a two-hour battle the message we got through Chinese special radio was "one tank, two Bren gun carriers, and 200 Japanese soldiers killed, remainder retreating." Don Wilcox later informed us that he didn't have the crank to his generator and couldn't send a message. Historically it was probably the *only naval cavalry unit* of this war and undoubtedly the only one mounting bazookas on the horses decks.

As far as the U.S. Navy was concerned, the guerrilla warfare was a side issue, but the work was interesting and the record impressive.

From June 1, 1944 to July 1, 1945, the guerrillas, at times led by U.S. Navy and Marine Corps personnel, killed 23,540 Japanese, wounded 9,166, captured 291, and destroyed 209 bridges, 84 locomotives, and 141 ships and river craft, besides many depots and warehouses.

One of our major concerns was the establishment of an efficient aerology organization which would send weather reports to American fleet units and bases in the Pacific. The Chinese preoccupation with the weather was entirely concerned with umbrellas. On the other hand the Japanese used weather as a weapon on their long-range bombing missions into Free China. That was one of the proofs offered for the necessity of weather stations.

Asia is the source of Pacific weather. Probable future weather conditions in areas of operations, together with estimates of the

enemy's strength, disposition, and psychology, must be considered and given weight in decisions of strategy. So in 1942, we were at a disadvantage because of the well-developed Japanese weather service in Asia, but it was our hope that in time we would enlist weather on our side against the Japanese. Our plan was to set up a weather net flanking the western extremities of Japanese-held territory. To accomplish this we co-ordinated our efforts with the existing Chinese weather establishments, the Central Meteorological Bureau, the combined organization of Aviation Affairs, and the Chinese National Aviation Corporation. By the end of 1942 the Pacific Fleet and the 14th Air Force were receiving daily weather reports.

We started on a small scale, mostly in Free China. When we tried to expand into occupied China we found communication facilities depleted, and highly inadequate, after several years of war. Weather reports were coming in regularly by runner several weeks late! When the Chinese were tactfully approached about wasted time they said "May You Guanchi," (never mind) "we have lots of runners!" Further research unveiled a sad lack of batteries for their radios. Tons of batteries were on order from the States, but after occupying precious tonnage over the Hump, were received completely dead, having been shipped as deck cargo on storm-washed freighters from the States. The versatile SACO Supply met the emergency by buying the complete output of the American Ever-Ready Battery Company in Calcutta.

With runners retired in the first quarter of 1943, the Navy Weather Organization began to show improvement. By July, Weather Central, located near Chungking, was collecting China weather reports, analyzing, forecasting, and forwarding the results to the

Fourteenth Air Force in Kunming. In August we were ready for expansion. With the Chinese we decided to train secret agents, radio operators, coast-watchers, saboteurs, and guerrilla fighters for making weather observations in Occupied China. The course in weather observation consisted of the modified and simplified variations of the Stateside technique adapted to use of light, compact, portable equipment, and a simplified code easily concealed on the person. In September and October approximately 850 students received instructions from American personnel in Lanchow and Hsifong. The instructors soon discovered that if they made an effort to save the face of the poorer students by not making grades public, reprimanding, correcting, or calling attention to poor work in the presence of other students, they received greater co-operation. On one occasion American instructors announced the appointment of ten students out of a large class for special advanced training. The rest of the class immediately lost all interest in their studies, and some even asked for transfer. The amazed instructors found it necessary to extend the advanced instruction to the entire class.

The expanded weather net plan entailed the establishment of as many as 300 stations, 20 of which were equipped to take raysondes, 100 to take pilot balloon soundings, 100 to take surface observations, and the remainder, using portable equipment, to take synoptic observations in occupied areas. For the prosecution of this elaborate program, the Bureau of Personnel had to authorize only a complement of 36 officers and 120 men. In September, 1944, the Weather Central was sending out one canned map a day to the Pacific Fleet. By the following January, four complete broadcasts were being sent daily. Weather reports were also supplied to the

planners of our B-29 strikes. Such is the story of how men of the United States Navy established, in the face of countless hardships, the Weather Central and turned the invaluable instruments of weather against the Japanese.

Throughout the whole development, the Americans were acutely aware of one of China's greatest problems – transportation. After years of war, China's motorized transportation system was bogged down. The trucks in China had exceeded by thousands of miles their life expectancy. Many moving parts upon wearing out were replaced by inferior, make-shift parts, which would carry the trucks perhaps another 200 miles before having to be replaced in turn. Wire replaced lost screws and paper replaced worn-out gaskets. The motor fuels generally used were charcoal, alcohol, or tung oil. Motors rust quickly on this kind of diet. Fuel pump gaskets lasted 300 miles and springs averaged 250 miles. Americans soon learned that enormous patience was essential in any operation requiring the use of Chinese transportation facilities. Where it was thought that transportation could be accomplished in a few days, months were sometimes required. For example, mail for Camp Four (in the Gobi Desert) started by plane to Sian; next by train to Pao Ki; by truck, when it worked, to Lanchow; by skin boat (empty goat skins blown up and lashed together to a form of a raft) for 100 miles; then by fast Ox Express of the Chinese Postal Service to Ningshia; and finally by camel or other convenient means to Camp Four. This gave an elapsed time of three months. Equipment naturally took longer as skin boats wouldn't do for heavy loads, so we trucked it up one side of the river in the fall and waited for ice to form to sled it across to the caravan on the other side.

Along with the development of the Weather Central came a development of the



intelligence nets. It is an axiom that no intelligence service is good enough, but the amazing thing about SACO intelligence was the great number of active agents and the widespread area they covered. Authentic reports came from the actual court of Hirohito and the secret Diet meetings. Jap headquarters in Amoy were thoroughly covered. The puppet government in Nanking was of course even easier so that none of their plans was kept secret from us.

The big weaknesses were lack of speedy communication and the difficulties in instructing Chinese agents on the type of information we wanted. It must be remembered that during a great part of the war Japanese troops controlled a corridor which split China north and south. This of course necessitated the maintenance of communication lines through the Japanese-held territory. Frequently, Americans disguised as Chinese coolies made their way literally under the noses of the Japanese. As better radio equipment arrived, the situation improved, but even at the end of the war some messages were still coming by runners. As fast as possible we recalled agents from occupied areas and gave them a course in the type of information we needed. Our primary emphasis was on intelligence directly valuable for United States Fleet Operations – a subject about which the Chinese had previously no knowledge, since they had no fleet.

Unit Nine was set up, under Commander C. S. Johnston, U. S. Naval Reserve, primarily for this instruction. We discovered that General Tai had trained, previously to the war, nearly all the policemen in China. As Nationalist Forces withdrew they left the policemen. When Japs arrived they needed police and used the trained ones. These police thereupon were an organized, legally captured

Fifth Column, and the best agents we had. Their duties included assisting Japs in guarding airfields, a convenience for many of our purposes. Since they were already trained police we gave them a couple of F.B.I. courses not only in espionage but counterespionage.

A few of the outstanding accomplishments of the Intelligence Section follow.

In the early months of 1944, U. S. naval officers operating as spotters for the Fourteenth Air Force effectively guided planes to targets on several occasions. These officers directed air support from the ground with the use of walkie-talkies.

During the critical Japanese drive on Kweilin in August, 1944, when General Chennault's planes were having difficulty in locating enemy columns advancing through rough terrain northeast of the city, Lieutenant Commander S. E. McCaffrey, U. S. Naval Reserve, a SACO officer attached to the Fourteenth Air Force, joined front-line Chinese forces, established air-ground communications, and stuck to his post only a few hundred yards from the enemy for 19 days in spite of injury from the constant mortar and artillery fire. An officer of the Fourteenth reported, "It was as if our planes were being led by the hand." McCaffrey's bravery and endurance aided the Army fliers to kill 3,000 Japanese troops and knock out eleven 75-mm. guns. Such secrecy was maintained on SACO troops that McCaffrey didn't learn till he received the Silver Star after the war that those Chinese troops protecting him were SACO's own guerrilla forces.

Air-ground liaison of SACO also functioned with planes of Navy Fleet Airwing 17 operating out of the Philippines. In May, 1945, when Japanese troops attempted to evacuate Quemoy Island, near Amoy, a

SACO intelligence officer, employing voice contact code, guided Fairwing planes to their targets. About 750 of the 3,000 evacuating enemy troops were killed as a result.

Among the more spectacular observations of SACO intelligence units was that of the Kunming branch when it sighted, promptly identified, and reported a previously undetected Japanese carrier force en route to the Philippines in October, 1944. In the Battle for Leyte Gulf, Admiral Halsey's fast carriers of the American Third Fleet intercepted the force and annihilated it on October 25-26.

With the SACO intelligence center well developed, U. S. submarines lying off the China Coast surfaced three times daily to listen to direct broadcasts from Chungking, broadcasts that told of where and when Japanese convoys were to be expected. The famed submarine U.S.S. *Barb* was guided one night to eleven of its kills by a coast-watcher unit headed by Marine Corps Tech Sergeant William M. Stewart. His first radio flash to Chungking said, "11 Japanese transports anchored 2 miles south of me, am sending pirates along to get the dope." Later, when the *Barb* sneaked in and sank the ships, Stewart radioed bitter complaints that the job was being done at night when he couldn't get pictures.

The effectiveness of our intelligence activities with the Fourteenth Air Force resulted in the organization by Lieutenant Commander R. A. Kotrla, U. S. Naval Reserve, of an operational intelligence group in Kunming.

The assignment of a field photographic interpretation unit to the Fourteenth Air Force at Kunming in early 1943 was the first Navy contribution to that Air Force. Since the Army's interpretation unit at the time was small, the Navy unit was of great value, providing Army, Navy, and Air with accurate

evaluations of enemy shipping in the South China Sea and in such important ports as Amoy, Foochow, Takao, and Hongkong. Later, under Commander C. J. Odend'hal, U. S. Navy, an Anti-Shipping Control Center was established with air force and naval intelligence personnel designed to "obtain, evaluate, and disseminate all shipping information from all sources in China and to plan and direct the air effort against Japanese shipping." This effort improved the effectiveness of the reconnaissance flights of Fourteenth Air Force Liberators by 30 per cent. Furthermore, members of SACO, complying with the request of the U. S. Army Air Force, went to various Air Force stations to give courses in recognition, ship identification, and photographic intelligence. A unit mining section advised the air forces throughout the war on mine types and minelaying technique.

At about the same time intelligence units were sent to the Chinese coast – near Foochow and Amoy where they established liaison with the local Chinese authorities and worked out means to insure that downed United States airmen would be rescued and brought to U. S. bases. The resulting organization proved very successful. In 1945 alone, it rendered aid to 67 downed U. S. air personnel. There had been widespread belief by United States Fleet units operating off the coast of China that almost the entire coast and a large section inland were completely occupied by the Japanese.

Among those rescued was Don Bell, a United States civilian war correspondent. In a report on the rescue of his party, he wrote:

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 shelled, we had been chased by motor boats and searched for by Jap planes less than two hours ago – and here was a man telling us that we were within a few hours of safety. We met the Navy within 24 hours. When we saw Tucker [Boatswain's Mate] 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.

The general belief was that Japan held all the territory on the China coast and rivers. To correct this misconception, naval officers went from China to American forces in the Pacific, and briefed air crews on the unoccupied sections of the China coast where aid might be acquired in the event of a forced landing.

The Intelligence Section also sent out to SUBSPAC many operational intelligence dispatches on enemy movements. Fourteenth Air Force Liberators, informed by SACO intelligence, were mining the inland and coastal water of China, thereby presenting Japanese shipping with great hazards. This condition, coupled with the knowledge that U. S. Navy coast-watchers were carrying out extensive observations of Japanese ship movements in the harbors and rivers and along the coast of China, forced the Japanese in the last months of the war to direct a large portion of their shipping out to sea where it became easy prey to U. S. submarines.

In December, 1944, the Intelligence Section started a daily bulletin which circulated until the end of the war. It was disseminated to the Commanding General, U. S. Forces, China Theater, COMINCH, CINCPAC ADV, CINCPAC REAR, Com7thFleet, COMAIRPAC, and ComNavU, and the 14th Air Force.

Much of the intelligence work by U. S. Navy personnel in the forward areas was carried on in close proximity to Japanese

forces, and often under dangerous conditions. As a result of constant vigilance and the protection afforded by the Chinese, there were no casualties or captures of Americans until December 21, 1944, when a SACO enlisted man named Parsons was captured on Whale Island, Fukien Province, while on regular watch of enemy shipping entering and at anchor in Amoy Harbor. A party of Japanese troops ambushed him and took him prisoner. A little later two other Americans were also captured after a stiff battle, but generally U. S. Navy personnel in Chinese costumes traveled in occupied China without being detected.

Supply problems have been briefly mentioned, but, I might add that whole new shipping and disbursing techniques had to be developed. Standard U. S. packaging was too heavy for a coolie to carry, since his maximum load is 60 lb. for 30 miles-a-day journey. Repacking was done in Calcutta and our "What the Hell" pennant was stenciled on crates and boxes for shipping designation. Disbursing too had problems in fluctuating exchanges, the actual delivery of heavy weights of paper money, and the decision on who holds the sack when the money is lost in the river from an air drop.

Our India Unit was concerned chiefly with the supply of material and personnel. But it included in Assam the largest oxygen manufacturing plant in the Far East. Its output was entirely for the U. S. Army Air Forces for use over the Hump. As new airfields were put in service in Burma this group sent out satellite units.

The medical units functioning under Captain Gordon B. Tayloe (M.C.), U. S. Navy, never numbered more than 90 men and had to take care of 2,500 Americans and 80,000 Chinese guerrillas. Although overworked, they still managed to inspire the best kind of Sino-American good will by

doing chores for local people. This included everything from epidemic control to the Caesarean operation that Comdr. Goodwin, arctic explorer, performed on the wife of the Governor of Suiyuan Province in the Gobi Desert.

When the Japanese surrendered in August, 1945, my personal intelligence system was having one of its bad weeks. During the time of the dropping of the atomic bomb and imminent surrender, 17 Chinese and I were being complimented by being chased by two columns of 6,000 Japs under a Major General. By August 21, we got the word and tried to inform the Japs, but they captured our flag of truce. Meanwhile Captain Beyerly had ordered all hands to muster at the nearest Jap-controlled centers. In complying, Lieutenant Swentzel, U. S. Naval Reserve, and his troops from Camp Eight fought a formal engagement with seagoing junks. In the tradition of John Paul Jones, and after extensive damage to his own "fleet," he crossed the enemy's T, raked the Japs fore and aft - with .30 caliber and bazookas - and received the Jap Captain's sword in surrender. This sword is being presented to the Naval Academy Museum.

To carry out his orders, Major Kramer commandeered a Jap "Betty," with crew, to proceed to Tsingtao to collect information. He became a one-man reception committee when Admiral Settle arrived with his squadron.

In Shanghai the large corps of counter-agents, acting according to previous instructions, had saved the electric plant and other utilities from 15 major attempts of Jap sabotage. On September 4 the Pootung Pirates Association, under the tutelage of Commander Webb Heagy, and Lieutenant S. I. Morris, U. S. Naval Reserve, and by authority of the Chinese Commander of Shanghai Area, commandeered at night from

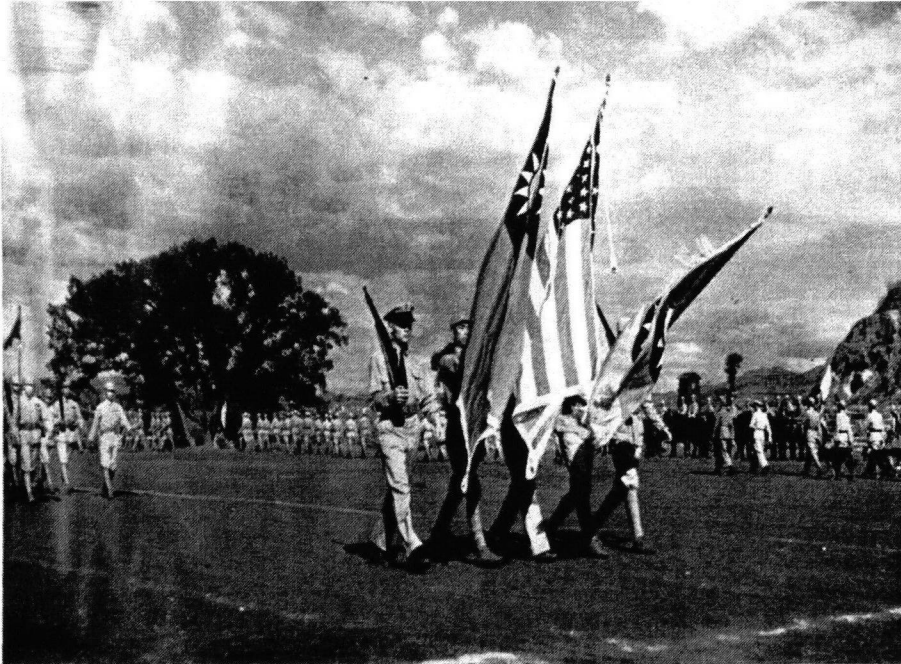
comfortable and unsuspecting Japs several water-front buildings and a headquarters. During the next two weeks the SACO land Navy, most of whom had never been to sea, learned about minesweeping, examining buoys, dangers to navigation, shore patrols, and the difficulties of assembling a Navy uniform. We had a band, seven bullet-proof cars, dope on the night spots, and some hotel rooms when Admiral Kinkaid arrived with his ships on September 19.

I have attempted to tell of some of the things we did, although our Rice Paddy Navy was aground most of the time. The crew sometimes wondered "where in hell are we at," but somehow kept it going on a straight course. Our efforts had contributed to the victory. We had furnished intelligence information to the U. S. submarines and planes that had strangled the supply lines converging in to Japan's war economy. The instrument of weather had been employed by the U. S. Pacific Fleet and the Army Air Forces, but the outstanding result of Friendship Project was an unprecedented co-operation of four years between two peoples who couldn't even speak the same language. Perhaps the mutual respect and liking developed may be of use in solving some of the world's difficult post-war problems.

As this was being written, we were struck with the news that General Tai Li was killed in a plane wreck near Nanking while on an urgent mission of running down traitors and enemy sympathizers. By the flood of telegrams and letters received by me I am again greatly impressed by the esteem with which our friend General Tai was held in the hearts of the 2,500 Americans who lived with him, who were protected by him - and who were sometimes condemned and criticized for receiving his whole-hearted, all-out support.



The following photographs and explanations were published within the original article.

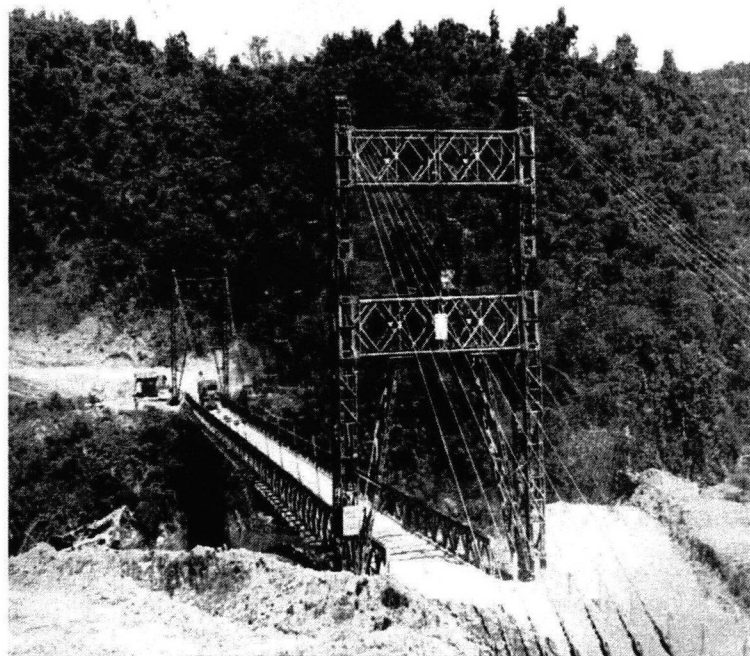


Official U. S. Navy Photograph

#### THE "SACO" FLAGS GO BY

National ensigns of China and the United States at a review in one of the SACO training camps. Note U.S. Navy trained Chinese guerrilla cavalry in background. 1

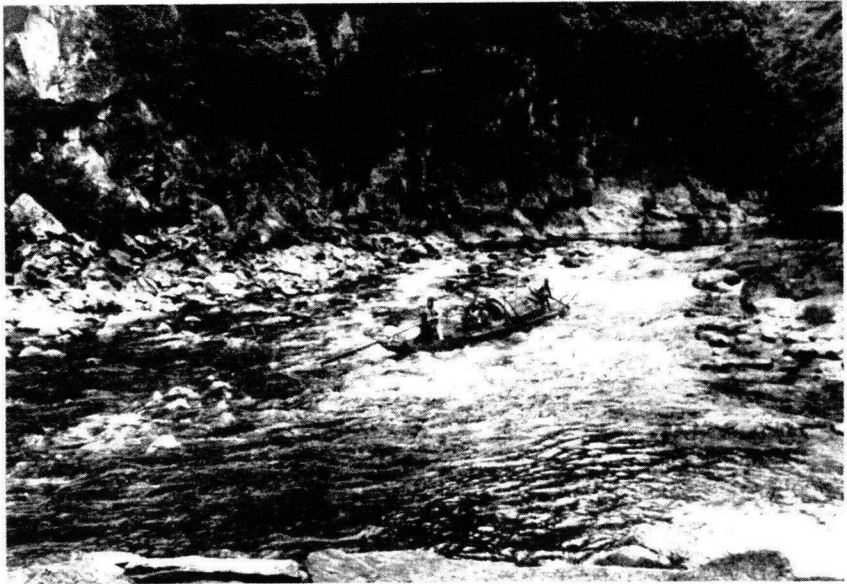
REAR ADMIRAL MILES served as an enlisted man in the Navy before graduating from the Naval Academy in 1922. He served two successive tours of duty in the Asiatic Fleet on gunboats, destroyers, and cruisers, and graduated both from the Postgraduate School and Columbia University. From May, 1942, to the end of the war he was Commander, U. S. Naval Group, China.



Official U. S. Navy Photograph

#### A SACO CONVOY CROSSING A RIVER BRIDGE IN INDIA

This bridge over the Mithoith River memorializes an officer and 25 men killed here.



Official U. S. Navy Photograph

#### ROCKS AND SHOALS

Sampans, horseback, on truck or on foot – getting there was the important thing, not the method of transportation!



Official U. S. Navy Photograph

“ALL HANDS ON DECK! THE DAM’S BUSTED!”

Rescuing equipment, comrades, and friendly Chinese from river floods was just another part of SACO’s job.



# LETTERS TO BETTY FROM HER HUSBAND CHARLEY GUTCH, Lt. J.g. WHILE IN INDIA & CHINA IN WWII

*Editor's note: Mrs. Betty Gutch typed copies of all her husband's letters and sent them to his parents and her family. She put them in book-form (over 200 pages typed) and sent me a copy. I plan to print segments of his letters in coming issues if the "man-upstairs" grants me the time and protects my thought process to write."*

*Betty wrote me, "I'm sorry to tell you that my husband died on July 11, 2009. His ashes will be buried at the Fort Lyon National Cemetery in Colorado on Sept. 14." rlr*

I was in Medical School at the University of Iowa when we heard the news from Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. The medical students had been given a choice of which service they wished to join. I chose the Navy, figuring that I would be aboard a ship of some kind with a bunk with sheets and eating in a mess with other officers. Upon finishing medical school in December 1943, I went to Columbia Hospital in Milwaukee, Wisconsin for a nine-month internship. (The last year of medical school and internships were shortened from 12 months to 9 because of the need for medical officers in all the services.)

Following internship, I reported to the Great Lakes Naval Station near Chicago. Soon I was sent to Construction Battalion 19 at Camp Parks, California. Before long, I was detached and sent to Washington, D.C. to join what was a secret unit, Naval Group China (SACO).

The following letters were written to my wife, Betty, who typed copies for my parents and her folks, so they would have some idea of what I was doing without the effort of writing three times.

Charley F. Gutch, M.D.

April 11, 1945 – First Port of Call

Land again, by golly, but much good it is doing us, we can't even get off this decrepit old scow. This reminds me somewhat of the San Francisco Bay, and from the looks of the city stretching off in the distance, it is a pretty fair sized place. How long we'll be here, I don't know not that it matters any great difference.

Of course, ship's company, or rather part of it, has gone ashore. That makes one more grievance our group has among them. We're more or less sore at the ship's officers, who seem to be a bunch of heels. Certainly there has been no effort on the part of any of them to show any hospitality to those of us in transit. Hope I get some of them into sick bay some day - they'll get a good case of Overholt - Dr. Bosshardt's variety (castor oil). And while I'm generally griping, I might say that I'm getting fed up with the Red Cross. Here we are setting and are there any entertainment or food facilities set up on the dock - no. And as for the gals we have aboard, they're getting paid more than I am, and are about as useless as the proverbial teats on a boar hog...

May 2, 1945 – in India

This afternoon Ashley and I and some of the others took a Red Cross tour of the city. Visited a museum (rather small after what you and I had seen in Washington), and the statuary and painting reminded me very much of the Maya stuff we saw. Then we visited a 'Jains' Temple. It was rather beautiful (we had to take our shoes off to enter), with much fancy cut glass ornaments, inlaid deck and white woodwork. Of course, over all the beauty was a tone of shabbiness and decay, with the perpetual smell of dust, cow dung, crows, flies, and stinking natives.

Finally we went to the "Burning Ghats" down by the river. This was a masonry, one-story, roofless building, about 60x30 feet. Along the further side, which opened up to the river, there was a shallow trench. In this, or rather over it, there were about four pyres. Three were about burned out, but the fourth was just begun as we arrived. The natives seem to like to have visitors there. The deceased was a very elderly woman, and the family apparently a poor one, for someone said they were employing the cheapest wood available. After a pile of wood was made over the trench, the body was placed on it, more wood piled over it, and a fire started with a bunch of the eldest son. There was much loud praying, but no visible grief. And the damned crows sat on the walls while a bunch of dogs hung around outside. Those not actually participating seemed to consider it a great picnic. There was even one fellow running

around - a moron I swear - with a dozen or so more or less clean skulls hanging from cords over his shoulder or carried on bamboo poles. Apparently, they were for sale. I felt almost sacrilegious - there was something about the whole setup that got me. I never thought that way about a post, but those damned crows seemed to be just waiting and no one seemed to care.

May 3, 1945

. . . . I have been reading a little about some of the people here, and their beliefs. Most of them are Hindus, with a goodly minority of Muslims. The Muslims wear the fez, which may be any color - I have seen red and black mainly. They bury their dead in special cemeteries. The Hindus apparently have a pretty confused trinity - a creator, preserver (Kali), and destroyer (Shiva). Kali apparently was the most popular. Oh, yes, the creator is "Brahma," Hence the various sects of Hindus, depending on who was particularly worshiped. The Jain Temple I told you about visiting is dedicated to Shiva. The Jains are a minority group, and are strict vegetarians. Most of them are very wealthy and they are very benevolent to their poorer Jains. All of the Hindus burn their dead and believe in transmigration of the soul. Certain people wear a black dot on the center of their forehead; these are the followers of Brahma. Those with a red dot worship Kali and are called Shaktua. They eat meat and apparently form some of the lower castes. Some



worshippers of Shiva wear a thick horizontal ash mark on their forehead.

The Sikhs are another minority group, separate from the variety of Hindus. They are generally tall and wear the large turbans. This was so they could keep their hair up and be ready to fight at any time. (*No wonder they looked so damned mean! Ed.*)

There is yet another small, wealthy group known as the Parsees. These are supposed to be an off-shoot of the followers of Zoraster, who are not far removed from Christianity. They dispose of their dead by placing them on high "towers of silence" for the vultures to dispose of.

Buddhism, as I get it, sprang up from Hinduism as the interpretation of one man after "discovering the truth.." It flourished and practically replaced the original religion, but later was replaced by the original plan of things,. and has practically died out in India now.

May 25, 1945 – In India

. . .In answer to questions about the people of India:

As for India, I think we have pretty close contact with the natives; at times too close, particularly when I see the way they prepare our food in the galley. As far as the philosophy is concerned, you don't get it from mingling with the vast majority of people you see. For most of them are far more concerned with the current problem of eking out a living than anything else, more so even than our people. That there is a great deal of

good thought and knowledge in the country I have no doubt, but it's actual sphere of dissemination is relatively small, and the masses have little conception of sociology or psychology, only the urge for food.

I have seen some of the out-of-bound areas, and my impression has been that you had the same chance of getting a true conception of the people's philosophy there as you have in the slum districts of Milwaukee or Washington. I do hope to gradually learn a little bit of what's going on behind the scenes. There is much that is beautiful, where, as at home, man hasn't messed it up.

May 31, 1945

Last night I made a deal with the S.P.'s and M.P.'s to go with them on their brothel patrol and didn't get back to bed until nearly 2 o'clock and was I tired. It was quite an experience. I went with 3 M.P.'s in a jeep and we kept touring round and round. Business was fair. But some of those places. . .wow! It's practically indescribable. If you can imagine about the worst looking pig sty you ever saw made into a 2 and 3 deck affair, throwing in a lot of rags, burlap curtains, and discarded and filthy mattresses, and then add a dozen or so people who have been living in those places, you'll have an idea of what it's like. We covered a lot of out-of-bounds territory, but there was certainly nothing there that I want to come in contact with, philosophically or otherwise. I even came to the

conclusion that most of the areas I've seen previously are pretty well-to-do spots by comparison.

We did see several gatherings of people for some sort of religious rite. They would have an image – Shiva perhaps, from the glimpse I got – setup in one of these little shop cubicles. The people would be jammed around out in the alley, with this horrible moaning and groaning they call singing going on, and with much clanging and groaning they call singing going on, and with much clanging of gongs and flute playing. Frankly, there may be things of beauty in this country, but I don't think you get much of it from seeing the people.

June 3, 1945 – In India

About 4:30, five of us got a jeep for an hour and went for a short tour of the country. It was quite interesting. In places the road was practically hemmed by coconut palms. Saw quite a few banana trees, and some date palms – the green dates hanging in large clusters way up at the top and are a bright orange color. There was some young bamboo down by some of the water holes; it looks very much like young willow sprouts. One water hole was covered with lotus, very much like large water lilies, but with larger leaves and huge blue or pink blossoms. Also saw several varieties of orchid vines – they look very much like any other climbing vine, poison ivy, etc., but one variety had leaves like an amaryllis. Apparently, their blooming season is over.

We saw several rather ramshackle temples which it would be nice to explore. All in all, we had very good little trip and I hope we can make some more – the country has a wild and intriguing appearance

June 7, 1945 – In India

Oh, yes, one other thing we did this morning: We dragged all of the native food handlers and mess attendants over to sick bay and checked them over. We threw out five for various and sundry reasons – a couple had some lesions looking very much like lues. It was most amazing, though, and I've noticed it before, these Hindu men are extremely modest about exposing their genitalia before anyone else. We took them in one by one and even then and with the aid of our Indian #1 boy, practically had to threaten some of them before they would remove that g-string. And yet the little kids run around naked.

Incidentally, since I mentioned the #1 boy, I seem to have forgotten to tell you about him before. He is a pretty nice little Indian boy of about 10. who must come from a fairly decent family, at least he is usually clean, etc. His name is Chico. He cleans out the Sick Bay for us. And is man-of-all-work. He isn't too good on being an interpreter, but he is learning quite a bit of English. For instance, last week on one hot afternoon, he burst out with "It's God-damned hot" – now I don't know where he might have heard that! And he hates to have cigarette ashes on his clean deck, so he usually provides me with an ashtray but fast. He has



caught on to a lot of things, and has a pretty good idea of who rates what: he won't let the coolies come into the Sick Bay unless it's something really bad (they are usually pretty dirty!), but makes them stop outside the door until someone sees them. Recently he has progressed to the point where he will give them a big line of chatter, and he either hunts up the A.P.C. capsules and gives them 3 or 4, or, if they have a cut or scratch, he sprays it with Merthiolate and chases them off without bothering the corpsman or me. You know what they say about medical practice in the Navy- "If you see it, put some Merthiolate on it, if you can't, give them A.P.C." So Chico is doing all right. We have taken him down town in the jeep a couple of times, and he really goes for that in a big way. I would guess that if anyone so much as looked at that jeep while we were out of it, Chico would really run amok. The past day or so, he has been after me, "Lorry, Doctor?" which is his way of asking if we are going to take the jeep out.

July 7, 1945 - In India

Guess I'll tell you about the chow first - since that is the freshest in my mind - and my tummy is still pleasantly aware of it. Mr. Carroll discovered this place, one of the few which are in bounds, and he and some others were down there a couple nights ago, bringing back very enthusiastic reports. So Boots and I and a couple others made a reservation for tonight, borrowed a jeep and got there a little after 7:00. We had a table in a little


screened-off booth, very private, like you've seen in the movies. The set-up and food was very similar to that we had with the cousins in Washington: soup, fried rice and vegetables, chicken curry, fried shrimp (damned if it wasn't delicious) and pork chunks in a luscious hot sauce, and tea. Of course we ate with chopsticks, but all managed to get very much stuffed. The bill came to 17 rupees for the four of us, which wasn't too bad being something less than a dollar and a half each.

Some amusing incident happened during the course of last evening. Yesterday afternoon one of my roommates - the ensign - came over to Sick Bay for some ringworm on his fanny. So, feeling somewhat artistic, I painted him up very fancy with two-tone job in Merthiolate and gentian violet. He was mildly irritated when Mr. Carroll and some of the others, coming in about 1:30 from the club, stopped to talk to me. He was asleep at the time, but I asked if they had seen the paint job; so they woke him up, but he wouldn't take off his skivvies, so they found a knife and cut them off. Man - he was really burned up about it today - and not particularly happy because of my therapy.

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*Editor's note: Letters from Dr. Gutch will be continued in future issues. rlr*

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



## JACK L. MILLER



**JACK MILLER**

Jack La Marr Miller, 87, (formerly of South Bend Centre Township – IN) was taken to his home in Heaven June 24, 2009. He was born February 3, 1922 in Lakeville, IN, the son of the late Alma A. Hardy) and Cassius L. Miller. Jack was a WWII Navy veteran serving in mainland China with SACO, the Sino American Cooperative Organization. SACO was a highly classified arm of Naval Intelligence with multiple assignment including service to the Pacific fleet and the Flying Tigers (14<sup>th</sup> Air Force). He was a long time member of Trinity Evangelical Free Church of South Bend and an avid drummer and Chicago Bears fan. His family was important to him and after retirement, he and his wife moved to Wisconsin to be near their daughters.

He was preceded in death by his wife, Ann L. Miller and a brother, Richard Miller.

He is survived by his daughters, Judith A. (Richard) Maurice of Neenah; Marilyn J. (Bruce) Westphal of Thorp; a son, Dan C. Miller of Indianapolis, IN; a brother Cleo D. (Jean)

Miller, of Osceola, IN. Jack had five grand children: Rebecca (Roger) Mode Jonathan Maurice, Aaron (Holly) Maurice, Suzanne Tubbs, Spc. Joseph Westphal (now serving in Iraq) and two great-grandchildren: Aleyha and Peyton.

*Editor's note: In writing Jack's obituary, it just dawned on me that I am the lone survivor of four Hoosiers who roomed together in Kunming – Johnny Reising of Evansville, Bob Schumacher, Hammond, Jack Miller of South Bend and here am I left alone from Kokomo. We shared a lot and I miss you all. Truly, I feel a little lonely, hope to see you later and do a few gom beis!! Luvya, rlr*





**Doc and Peggy**

## **Dr. Lloyd M. McPherson Felmly**

**Carrollton, GA**

Dr. Lloyd McPherson Felmly passed away Thursday, Sept. 3, 2009 in Carrollton, GA., at the age of 89. He was born July 30, 1920 in Newark, NJ to Anna Tallman and Lloyd McPherson Felmly. He graduated Glen Ridge High School in Glen Ridge, NJ in 1939. He then continued on to Lafayette College in Easton, PA where he received his undergraduate degree in biology in 1941. Following, he attended medical school at Yale University. However, while attending medical school he enlisted in the U.S. Navy on Jan. 2, 1942.

During his many years in the U.S. Navy, he received multiple recognitions including graduating from Mining Recognition School and becoming a certified Deep Sea Diver. He served 3 years behind enemy lines with the Sino-American Cooperative Organization (SACO) operating in mainland China. For this he received the China War

Medal, the SACO Medal, the Naval Reserve Medal and the Combat Action Ribbon upon Japan's acknowledgement of defeat, Commander Felmly accepted the surrender sword from the Japanese on behalf of General McArthur. In June 2000, he presented the surrender to his grandson, Stephen Dandridge Maddox in honor of his graduation from the U.S. Air Force Academy.

Following WWII, he returned to Yale Medical School and graduated in May 1950. During this time he was married to Margaret (Peggy) Rogers on Sept.13, 1949. He completed his residency at the Margaret Hauge Hospital. He practiced for a short period in East Orange, NJ before moving upstate New York where he practiced for 30 years. After initially retiring to Venice, FL, he was currently living in Carrollton, GA with his wife of 60 years. He was a lifetime member of the American Legion, China Burma India, SACO and the Naval Institute.

Dr. Felmly was preceded in death by his mother and father. He is survived by his wife, his sister, Janice Felmly Wurfel, his five children; Michael Felmly, Anna Lawton, Margaret Maddox, Alice Menard and William Felmly; his 12 grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

Dr. Felmly's family received friends from 4 to 7 p.m. on Thursday, Sept. 17, 2009 at the McClellan Funeral Home, 19 E. Salem. NY. Funeral services with military honors were held at 1:00 p.m. on Friday, Sept.18, 2009 at the Gerald B. H. Solomon Saratoga National Cemetery (which is on the site of the Battle of Saratoga during the Revolutionary War – *per Peggy Felmly*) 200 Duell Road, Schuylerville. NY with Fr. Liam Condon, pastor of Holy Cross Church in Salem, NY officiating.

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## DONALD Mc NEELY



Donald McNeely died March 9, 2009 in Pebble Beach, CA, a place he had been drawn to since discovering it as a young man about to ship off to the Pacific Theater of WWII. He was 94 years old and his long life was filled with adventures and successes, unflagging faith and courage, and boundless acts of kindness. Up to the end, he was as sharp as the day he graduated from Yale in 1937. A student of history, keen on current events, and always eager to know more about the world, his enthusiasm for life was evident in his booming voice and ready cheerfulness. Don was born July 10, 1914, in St. Paul, MN and went to St. Paul Academy where sports became one of his grand delights. He won the state squash championship in 1955-57, threw the ball around with his friend, Hank Greenberg, in wartime baseball games, played tennis until he was 90. In 1962, he became co-owner of the Minnesota Vikings and helped bring the Washington Senators to Minnesota as the Minnesota Twins. He enjoyed the company of others and that translated into club memberships around the country, many involving golf and tennis, like Cypress Point Club in Pebble Beach, Los Angeles Country club, and the Old Capital Club in Monterey, C A. Sportsmanship influenced how he lived his life. Fair and honorable (his son, Kevin said he never made a joke at someone else's expense), he supported causes important to him and paid tribute to those who helped him along the way. He memorialized his beloved aunt and uncle with the Lee and Rose Warner Coliseum at the Minnesota State

Fair and the Warner Palestra sports center at St. John's University in Collegeville, MN (where he also funded the Donald McNeely Spectrum, the campus field house) and helped establish the Rose Warner Writing Center and the soon-to-be the Rose Warner Science Lab at the college of St. Scholastica in Duluth, MN. He was dedicated to environmental education which resulted over forty years ago in the creation of the Lee and Rose Warner Nature Center, which partners with the Science Museum of Minnesota. He raised five children with his wife and great love, Marjorie, and founded in her name the Marjorie McNeely Fund for the Blind or Illiterate in Monterey County, CA. A savvy entrepreneur and forward thinker, he joined his father's business- The St. Paul Terminal Warehouse Company – after the war and turned it into a national company called Space Center, Inc. He was co-founder of Control Data Corporation and his past directorships include Buckbee-Mears, Conwed Corporation, North Star Research & Development Institute, North Star Steel, Northwest Airlines, Wells Fargo (Norwest Bank) and Red Owl stores. To give young men and women the skills to succeed in business, he established the Donald McNeely Center for Entrepreneurship at St. John's University in Collegeville, MN. From his home on Manitou Island, White Bear Lake, MN, Don reached out to the community and beyond to help guide religious, civic, arts, and educational organizations like the Catholic Charities, Como Friends, Guthrie Theater, The McNeely Foundation, YMCA and Yale University where he founded scholarships. He was a generous man, not only with his resources and his time, but also with his heart. His daughter, Nora, wrote of her father last year that his rich and meaningful life had created a character that was "deep, genuine, complicated, and



beautiful.” Those who knew him are lucky souls indeed. His wife, Marjorie (nee Reeds) died in 1998. His children, Nora McNeely (Michael) Hurley, Robin Brooks Tost, Greg McNeely, Kevin (Rosemary) McNeely, and Peter (Incy) Brooks survive him, as do his five grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

*Paul Casamajor wrote a note along with the obituary: “What a guy this McNeely was!! Always a faithful Associate (only because he was never on the SACO payroll). He was on 20<sup>th</sup> Air Force pay. His SACO story is on pages 324 and 325 in Adm. Miles’ book ADKW.” which follow:*

“The 20<sup>th</sup> bomber Command brought in its own naval liaison – Lt. Don McNeely, who was attached to SACSEA. He was an enthusiastic submariner and his tales of the 120 rescues of airmen downed in the Pacific in the preceding five months were naturally of interest to the 10<sup>th</sup>.

“When I met General Saunders, who commanded the 20<sup>th</sup>, he assured me that he was pleased with our weather coverage, and he asked to have our aerologists tie it all up for his men. He also wanted any water rescue service we could provide. Fortunately, Admiral Charles A. Lockwood, who was in command of our submarines in the Pacific, had been definite in his talks with me so I could promise special patrol service if three or four days’ notice could be given.

“In exchange, the general assured me that the 20<sup>th</sup> Bomber Command would send us, more promptly than before, any data they obtained about Japanese shipping. But they could not use our return collaborated reports on shipping targets because, he told me, their targets were all assigned from Washington!

“General Saunders was soon relieved by General Curtis LeMay, and General Chennault suggested that I offer him the same SACO aid to clearing spies from around the airfield that had been so effective at Kunming and elsewhere. But LeMay didn’t care for any. He told Lt. McNeely very emphatically that he certainly wasn’t going to invite any Chinese to mosey around his field – that he’d take care of his own security. And he felt the same way about the weather. McNeely caused a rumbling explosion when he tried to educate the general to use the Fleet-type weather forecast which gave the whole weather picture to the target, as well as the courses that would provide the best wind and weather on the way. And when McNeely could not resist an outraged “We told you” after some planes were lost by straight-line flying through bad weather, he was almost thrown out.”

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## JULIA IRENE INMAN



**Julia Irene Inman**  
**Carolyn Inman Arnold's Mother**

Died at age of 79 on May 13, 2009 at her home in Orange, CA. Julia was born November 11, 1929 in Osborne, Kansas to Richard Haynes Wykoff and Grace Irene Hudson. She was graduated as Salutatorian from Woodman High School. She was a teletype operator when she met and married Willard D. Inman on Sept. 13, 1949, a career Navy man, who preceded her in death in 1997. She enjoyed the outdoors, rafts, piano, writing, horses, bowling, bridge, and crochet.

She is survived by her daughters, Julie A. Inman, Carolyn G. Arnold, sister, Mildred L. Burch, brother Gary H. Wykoff; grandson, Justin Michael Inman, multiple nephews and nieces, and multiple grand nephews and grand nieces and a great grand- niece.

A memorial service was held at 10:00 a.m. May 21 at Fairhaven Memorial Park in Santa Ana, CA. (*My cousin Jack and I attended those services. Ed.*)

In late July, Carolyn drove to Kansas and had her mother interred there as she had requested.

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## Jesse Buren (Boots) Hanson

Age 90, died Wednesday Aug. 19, 2009 at his son's home in Foley, AL.

The Foley resident was born Aug. 22, 1918 in Goldville,, (Tallapoosa Co.) AL.

He retired in 1979 after serving 25 years as postmaster in Foley. Prior to his postal service career, he served as a teacher at Foley High School and as teacher and principal in several other Alabama schools.

Hanson graduated from Lineville High School and was awarded two bachelor degrees from Jacksonville State Teachers College (now Jacksonville State University). He earned his master's degree in education from George Peabody College

for teachers (now part of Vanderbilt University) in Nashville, TN.

A WWII U.S. Navy veteran, Hanson served aboard the naval carriers USS Yorktown, USS Wasp and USS Ranger. He volunteered for prolonged and hazardous duty and became a member of the highly secret Sino-American Cooperative Organization (SACO) serving in mainland China with the Chinese Nationalist Army. Hanson was awarded the bronze star for valor.

He was preceded in death by his wife of 60 years, Kathryn Yates Hanson.

Survivors include his daughter, Nan Hanson, sons Dana Hanson (Rena) and Terry Hanson (Cheryl) all of Foley, brothers Kermit Hanson of Wedowee, AL; Gene Hanson of Dothan, AL; his sister Adele New of Lineville, AL; four grandchildren, six great-grandchildren and three step-great-grandchildren.

*Editor's note: Son Terry Hanson's letter and his father's picture appear in Mail Call section written prior to his father's death*

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## Charley F. Gutch, M.D.

Charley Franklin Gutch, age 89, died July 11 2009 following a lengthy illness. born February 17 1920 at Albia, Iowa. The only child of Charle Shelton Gutch and Ruth Elizabeth (Warner) Gutch was born Feb. 17, 1920. He attended the Albi schools, graduating from high school and junio college there. Charley received his B.A. and M.D from University of Iowa graduating in Decembe 1943. After his internship at Columbia Hospital Milwaukee, WI, he was ordered to active duty i 1944. He served in India and China with SACO, classified weather data and Intelligenc organization of U. S. Navy Group China with th Chinese Nationalist Army.

Charley married Elizabeth (Betty) Riggs in June 1943. After Charley's military service, they live in Pierre, SD where he practiced at the Pierr



### *Charley Gutch Cont'd*

Clinic. Later, to Lincoln, NE for a residency in Internal Medicine at the VA Hospital. During the Korean conflict, he was recalled briefly to duty at the Naval Hospital, Santa Margarita Ranch, CA. Upon return to Lincoln, Charley became interested in kidney failure and the new artificial kidney. Lincoln became the first VA Hospital to have a hemodialysis unit. In 1967, Charley became director of home dialysis training at the University of Colorado Medical Center. Later he went to the University of Utah to work with W. J. Kolff, inventor of the artificial kidney. Charley then became director of dialysis program at the University of Arizona Medical Center

Charley was involved with works as co-editor, author or co-author of over sixty scientific papers, a member of the editorial board for Clinical Nephrology for ten years and many other positions too numerous to be acknowledged here.

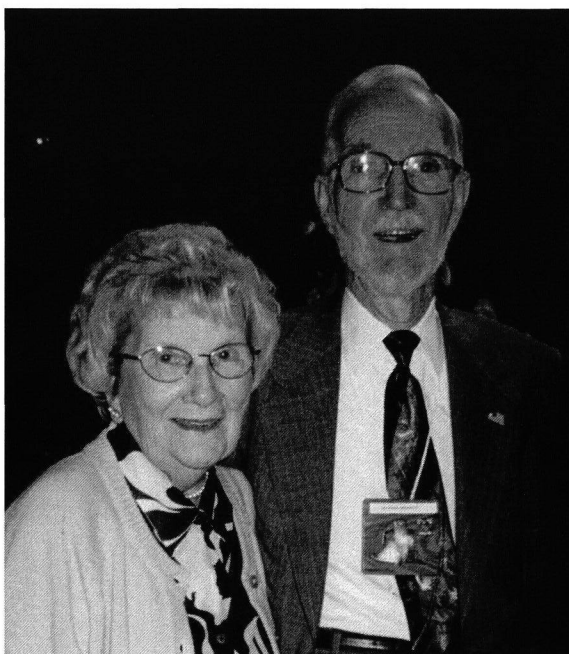
Charley is survived by his wife, Betty, his son John and his wife, Joanna of Reno, NV; two granddaughters, five great-grandsons; sister-in-law, Jean M. Fulton of La Junta, CO and many nieces and nephews.

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### **George A. Barrett** (*Pearl Harbor survivor*)

Of Carmel (Indianapolis) Indiana passed away October 9, 2009 at the age of 87. He was born January 1, 1922 in Pittsburgh, PA to the late George A. and Katherine (Thompson) Barrett. Mr. Barrett proudly served our country with a long career as a medic in the U. S. Navy. He was stationed on the USS MacDonough during the attack on Pearl Harbor and later with the SACO unit (Sino-American Cooperative Organization) a top-secret group of volunteers in China during WWII.

In 1958, he served as supervisor of the Battalion Aid Station for the Second Marines during the Lebanon Campaign

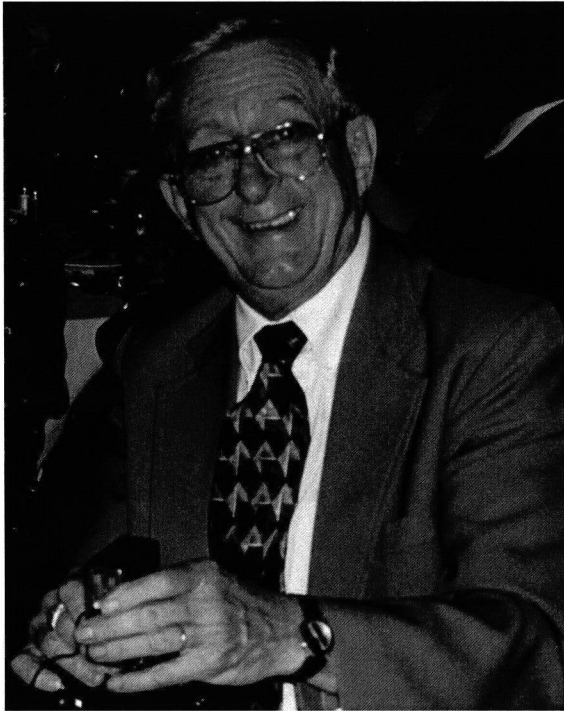


Doris and George Barrett

and was recognized for running highly efficient medical unit. Upon his discharge, his rank was Chief Hospital Corpsman. He attended Butler University where he earned his Bachelor's and Master's degrees in education. He later became a middle school teacher and assistant principal for the Washington Township School Corporation. Mr. Barrett was a member of Second Presbyterian Church, the Lions Club, Indianapolis Maennerchor singing group for 25 years and was a Mason. His first wife, Dorothy (Overstreet) Barrett preceded him in death. Surviving him include his loving wife of 18 years, Doris Huesing Barrett, his son, Allen (Joan) Barrett of Syracuse, Indiana; two grandchildren Alex Barrett and Elizabeth Lerch; step-daughter, Nancy (Dennis) Lawton of Indianapolis; two step-grandchildren Ben Lawton and Alison Behr and his brother, Lawrence Barrett.

The family would like to give a special thank you to Maria Wilson, M.D. and the staff at Harcourt Internal Medicine for the excellent care and compassion given.

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## Norman Wayne Dike

At age 85, Norman of 1 Memory Lane, El Paso, IL died at 2:25 pm on Saturday, February 14, 2009 at Heritage Manor Nursing Home in El Paso.

He was born on April 18, 1923 in Atlanta, IL to Aaron David and Anna Myrtle Martin Dike. He married Lyndall Louise Follis on Feb. 9, 1945 in Bainbridge Island, WA. She survives.

Other survivors include two sons, Donald (Fran) Dike of Dunlap; Richard (Debbie) Dike of Louisville, KY; two daughters; Martina (Frank) Goldin of Hayden, IN; Lyndall Aileen (Patrick) of El Paso, 13 grandchildren; 20 great-grandchildren, two brothers, Donald Dike of Las Vegas, NV; Aaron Dale Dike of Castroville, TX.

He was preceded in death by parents, one daughter, Meredith Dike and one brother, Martin Delbert Dike.

Norman worked at Caterpillar Research in electronic instrument repair retiring in 1986.

He was a member of SACO (Sino American Cooperative Cooperation) in China (CBI – China Burma, India theatre of WWII), National Rifle Association and Kickapoo Archery where he was Past President, State Champion & Midwest Champion. He was also a member of Jiu-Jitsu Ireland.

Norman was a Navy Veteran serving his country during WWII. He was a Japanese code interceptor in China.

He was a member of Hudson Christian Church, former elder of Bartonville Christian Church.

Funeral services were held at 10:00 am Wednesday, Feb. 18, 2009 at Hudson Christian Church with Rev. Bill Vandervoort officiating. Graveside services were held at 2:00 pm at Elkhart Cemetery, Elkhart IL with military rites accorded.

*Note: Norman and wife, Lyn, hosted the 1997 Reunion in Peoria, IL*

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**Other SACO Deaths Reported  
Since Last  
SACO NEWS June 2009**

Addis, Irving, Lt Calcutta, Kunming, Chungking Shanghai	2007
Applebee, Riley .E., MoMM 2/c Calcutta	2008
Arceneaux, C. Lawrence, F2/c Kunming, Shanghai	2002
Bartlett, Roger F., RM1/c Calcutta, Kunming, Chungking, Kunming, Shanghai	2008
Collins, Dan G., S1/c. Calcutta, Kunming	2008
Greene, Charles W. GM2/c Calcutta	2006
Gutch, Charles F. Lt. Calcutta, Chungking, Shanghai	2009
Herriman, Curt W., BM1/c Camp 8, Shanghai	1964
Higgins, Gerald C., RM1/c Calcutta, Camp 6, Huaan	2001
Jones, Ralph I., Cox. Kunming	2008
May, Dana Warren, RM1/c Calcutta, Kunming, Camp 6, Huaan, Kulangsu	2008
McKee, Harold S, Lt. Calcutta, Tung Ting Lake, Nanning	1969
Moore, Junior Ray, S1/c Calcutta, Jorhat	2009

Sandman, John J. , RM1/c 2007  
Calcutta, Kunming, Kienyang, Shunan,  
Shanghai

Scarborough, Sr., Joseph T., ARM1/c 2006  
Chungking, Camp 1, Kienyang,  
Foochow, Yungtai, Kunming

Vaughn Louis M., GM3/c 1998.  
Calcutta, Camp 2, Chenyuan,  
Changsha

**A KIND LITTLE OLD LADY**

A tour bus driver is driving with a busload of seniors down a highway when he is tapped on the shoulder by a little old lady.

She offered him a handful of peanuts, which he gratefully munches up. After about fifteen minutes, she tapped him on the shoulder again and she hands him another handful of peanuts.

She repeats this gesture about five more times. When she is about to hand him another batch again, he asks the little old lady, "Why don't you eat the peanuts yourself?"

"We can't chew them because we have no teeth," she replied.

The puzzled diver asks, "Why do you buy them then?"

The little old lady replied, "We just love the chocolate around them!"

*(Thanks to Jack Shearer for some great humor. Ed.)*

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

# MEMORIES OF NAVAL SERVICE AS RESERVE OFFICER

BY CECIL DAVID JOHNSON

## CAMPAIGN RIBBONS AND MEDALS:

Victory Ribbon, World War II  
American Area Campaign Ribbon  
Asiatic Ribbon (1 battlestar)  
SACO China Service Medal and Ribbon

## Stations Served On:

TemDu OF5 CNO Washington D.C.  
Naval Group China  
Naval Facilities China  
Naval Port Facilities, Shanghai, China

## Service Schools Completed:

Naval Officer Communications School on Harvard University Campus  
Midshipman School on Columbia Univ. Campus  
Naval V-12 unit at Nebraska State Teachers College (Peru)

## Getting to China and Serving in the Sino-American Co-operative Organization (SACO)

I was born in south western Missouri, but moved to Auburn, Nebraska the summer before entering the ninth grade. My father had bought a Western Auto Associate store in the small county seat town of Auburn, less than 10 miles from Peru where the Peru State Teachers College was located. During each winter, I started a fire in the store furnace and worked in the family store on weekends and during the summer. Auburn was the center of a very productive farming area and most of our customers were farmers and many of my fellow high school students lived on farms.

When I was in the 11<sup>th</sup> grade my parents moved to Washington D.C. where my father commenced working as a civil servant employed by the Navy department. I remained in Auburn on my own to finish high school. My older sister attended college in Peru, Nebraska, and also stayed in our Auburn home on weekends.

During the Spring following "Pearl Harbor" I graduated from high school and almost all of my fellow graduates and I expected to either join the National Guard, Navy or Army Reserves, or be drafted within a few weeks of our graduation. I talked to recruiters for the Navy, Marines and the Army and was talked into joining the Navy V-1 reserves.



The fact that I was several months away from my 18<sup>th</sup> birthday, had high test scores and had just enrolled as a student at Peru college, and was physically quite small influenced the recruiter's recommendation.

As a V-1 reservist I was required to take more physical education hours than were available in the times I had open, so I was allowed to enroll in "Girls Advanced Swimming" to meet this requirement.<sup>1</sup> I was accepted into the Naval V-12 program and Peru happened to be one of the two colleges in Nebraska that were selected by the Navy to offer such a program. I reported for active duty as a sailor in the V-12 program on 1 July 1943. During the 52 weeks that I was in the V-12 program, I was offered a transfer to a regular Navy pre-midshipman program on the basis of high test scores. I declined because taking this offer would have delayed an overseas assignment.

After graduating early in 1944 from a 12 week course in the Navy Officer Communications School on the Harvard University campus (while living in Harvard's Wiggleworth Hall) I was at first offered intensive training in the Russian language in preparation for being changed over to the regular Navy as an intelligence officer. When I declined this initial offer, I was assigned TemDu in Washington D.C. (OF5, CNO). I was offered an Assignment to SACO in China after being interviewed and accepted by the Chinese Ambassador. This was necessary because all personnel assigned to SACO had to first receive Chinese government approval.<sup>2</sup>

To get to the Rear Echelon headquarters of SACO in Calcutta, I obtained a passport and served as a courier responsible for two or three bags of classified, mostly top secret, documents while traveling by air from New York to Calcutta in several stages. I stopped briefly (overnight) in the Azores, Morocco, Tripoli, Cairo, and Abadan in Iran. At each stop I left classified documents and was given additional classified material to leave off at a later stop.

During my few weeks in Calcutta I frequently served as "Officer of the Day". My duties included inspecting, once a day, our guard posts manned by Gurkha guards. For several days I was assigned to a "Roger" group (predecessors of "Navy Seals"). We were planning the setting up of a radio station in Japanese held territory near the China coast in preparation for a major Marine landing. This landing was shortly called off as not being needed because other plans (involving the forthcoming atom bomb) made such a landing unnecessary. We, of course, did not know of the existence of the atom bomb at that time - before it was dropped.

<sup>1</sup> *During my time as a V-12 reservist, I captained a water polo team and we were almost always the winning team playing against other V-12 reservists who used brute force against our more sophisticated strategies... those I had learned during my girls swimming class!*

<sup>2</sup> *Admiral Milton Miles was second in command over SACO and the commander of Naval Group China. SACO held the distinction of being the first American military group to serve under a foreign leader (General Tai Li) in time of war.*

I was next assigned to head up a communication team to accompany a large convoy of heavy trucks that was scheduled to travel to China over the Ledo-Burma Road.<sup>3</sup> Before the convoy departed, I was detached and flown over the hump to Chungking where I was met and taken to Happy Valley.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *A second ensign and I were ordered to pick up two heavy trucks from the motor pool and drive them to a naval dock where we were to each pick up a dozen sailors who had volunteered to drive a truck over the Ledo-Burma road to China. I had never driven a truck (at least never one that required double clutching to change gears, etc.), and the other ensign said he had never even driven an automobile. When we informed the officer of these circumstances, he replied "Did I ask you any questions?" and to get with it and to get it done.*

*I asked a fellow junior officer who had served as "officer of the deck" on several occasions when I was his immediate supervisor as "the officer of the day" for five minutes of instruction on "double clutching" and "down shifting". He had driven a truck at least once in his life. After driving "my" truck for ten minutes around the motor pool I spent twenty minutes teaching my buddy how to drive a vehicle and, in particular, a heavy truck like those that were to be driven over the Ledo-Burma road. He then checked out his truck, and we both strapped on our pistols, which were required for driving a truck in Calcutta. We were required to be prepared in case a truck hit a sacred cow (any cow that wandered the streets). Hitting a cow would be certain to arouse an indignant mob of Hindus who would be likely to kill an unarmed driver. Drivers were told that if they hit a person they were to stop and render aid, but if they hit a cow it might be necessary to shoot their way clear.*

*As soon as we had picked up the sailors who had volunteered for the task of driving the Ledo-Burma road, we selected two sailors who convinced us, in response to our questions, that they were the most experienced drivers of the group. We used these two sailors as drivers of our two trucks for the remainder of the exercise, which included driving to a more rural area where we could evaluate the driving skills of each volunteer.*

<sup>4</sup> *Several of us traveled over the hump on a cargo plane whose pilot notified us that he had received a message that a Japanese fighter plane was hovering in the mountain pass that constituted the usual route to Kunming. We had all been looking at the mountain scenery... but for a while were focused on the sky looking for "Zeros". The pilot said he would have to fly further north and go over the hump at a much higher altitude. Since the passengers did not have oxygen masks as did the pilot and co-pilot, we passengers would all pass out for a short while but could expect to shortly wake up relatively unharmed. I am certain that we passengers passed out but were none the worse for wear.*

The SACO headquarters was in Happy Valley where the director of SACO, General



Tai Li, lived and worked. General Tai Li was second in authority only to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and his duties included the command of the Chinese nationalist forces stationed behind the Japanese lines. I encountered General Chiang Kai-shek twice during the early days of my stay in Happy Valley.<sup>5</sup>

While in Happy Valley I slept in a dormitory for junior navy officers. House boys saw to our needs, fixing mosquito netting, bringing "tea" (snacks), etc.<sup>6</sup> I served as a communication watch officer and made a few trips on official business to Chungking.

I was in Happy Valley when the first atom bomb was dropped on Japan, and the next day enjoyed being treated like an American hero on the streets of Chungking. Naval Group China headquarters was quickly moved to Shanghai, to the old German embassy just off the Bund, and all but two Navy line officers were transferred from Happy Valley to Shanghai. I was one of the two line officers who remained in Happy Valley for several more weeks.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *During one evening at a ceremony in the Happy Valley dining hall, I left the hall through one door and found myself alone face to face with the Generalissimo who had left through a different door. While I was still staring at him in surprise, he threw me a salute which I tried to beat with a very fast salute. He appeared to be amused at my haste.*

<sup>6</sup> *The Asiatic brown rat frequented the streets and buildings in both Chungking and Happy Valley. One would sometimes come into the dining hall while we were eating. On one such occasion, we formed a line and tried to corner the rat. The rat ran directly at a sailor who stepped out of the way to the derision of his fellows. They were big and mean looking, and I think few of us would have really stood our ground. When we tried to catch them in spring type rat traps they would depart with the trap.*

*A fellow officer in an adjacent room was sleeping in an upper bunk when a rat fell off of a post into his mosquito netting. Everyone had a 45 caliber pistol at the head of his bed so it was easy for him to shoot the rat flopping around overhead in his netting. This both blew a hole in the clay tile roof and splattered him with rat gore while causing all the occupants of the neighboring rooms to jump out of bed entangled in their mosquito netting.*

<sup>7</sup> *While there were several supply officers remaining on duty in Happy Valley who outranked both of us, they were not eligible for assuming a U.S. naval command (i.e., Happy Valley) because they were not line officers. My buddy and I took turns being the commanding officer for one day while the other served as the communications watch officer. Neither one of us had been designated as the commander, but there were messages addressed to the post commander and there was also other paperwork that could not be ignored, including signing papers generated by the supply officers that needed a signature of the "commander".*

I was flown to Shanghai after a few more weeks in Happy Valley, leaving my fellow

ensign to do both of our jobs in Happy Valley. While in Shanghai, I first stayed at the Palace Hotel and later at the Park Hotel where General Claire Chennault (of flying tiger fame) and his wife Anna were also staying. Whenever my fellow officers and I had dinner at the Park Hotel dining room we would almost always see General and Mrs. Chennault eating at a nearby table. For the first time since reporting to SACO, I was required to be in uniform, complete with insignia, both on and off duty. While in Happy Valley no one wore insignia indicating rank since the reward offered by the Japanese for killing a SACO officer increased with rank.

During my last few weeks in Shanghai, my fellow communication officers and I were very busy training our replacements who were almost entirely regular navy officers who had had neither training nor experience in the duties of a communication officer. We were eager to brag on their expertise to our senior officers since our replacements had to be capable of performing our duties before we could depart for the United States.

I returned to the continental USA in a troop ship that was carrying over 10,000 marines. After disembarking at a California port, I traveled the rest of the way to Washington D.C. by rail. On arrival, I had completed a trip around the world, traveling Eastward. I was detached from active duty on 1 July 1946, thus becoming a Naval Reserve ensign on inactive duty. I was later promoted in the Naval Reserve to lieutenant (jg) with a "Relative Precedence from 1 January 1947".

## Congratulations Mark Ramsay On Promotion To Major General



*Lieutenant General Raymond E. Johns, Jr.*

*DCS, Strategic Plans and Programs,*

*requests the pleasure of your company*

*at a ceremony*

*in honor of*

*Brigadier General Mark F. Ramsay*

*upon the occasion of his promotion to*



*Major General*

*Thursday, the twenty-fourth of September, two thousand nine*

*at eleven o'clock in the morning*

*Annapolis Room ~ The Club at Andrews*

*Andrews Air Force Base, Maryland*

*Reception immediately following*



## Navy Log of the Navy Memorial In Washington D.C.

Dear Fellow SACOs:

Next to the Navy Memorial in Washington, D.C. is the Navy Heritage Center. Inside there is a "log room" described as "the permanent national registry" of those who served in the Navy, who are encouraged to place their "names, duty stations awards, and service memories" in the log and may look up those they served with ...and may even attempt to contact those old friends

I would like to encourage SACO members to list themselves on the Navy Heritage Center log for the benefit of their descendants and to ensure the presence of SACO on these rolls. The Navy Memorial, Navy Heritage Center and even the "log room" can be visited on the internet by putting: <http://www.lonesailor.org/>\*\*\* into the computer address bar then clicking on the correct label on the gray bar along the top or on the picture and descriptive paragraph to the left.

There are instructions for submitting an entry on-line (the method preferred by the processors), email addresses for help, and if you have or know anyone with a digital camera or scanner, then a current or former photo can be sent on-line to the log as well. Entries take an average of six weeks to appear.

If preferred, submissions can be sent by U.S. mail to:

U.S. Navy Log

701 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W.

Suite 123

Washington, D. C. 20004-2608

Include your full name, gender, date and place of birth, dates of service, phone number, email address, street address, zip and country, and if you are retired; rank, service branch and dates beginning and ending, ship/duty station (up to five), medals/campaign medals/campaign ribbons in order of precedence by service branch, and a photo (with the date and place taken). If a photo is included, please also include a self-addressed and stamped envelope large enough for the photo so it can be returned to you..

Sincerely,

Cecil D. Johnson

\*\*\* This did not work for me, but my cousin Jack found this does (at least today): <http://www.navymemorial.org/> When picture of memorial appears, on the upper right click "Community." rlr

*Editor's note: Should you have any questions please contact Cecil D. Johnson – his e-mail: [cecildj@verizon.net](mailto:cecildj@verizon.net) or mailing ads: 9203 Christopher St., Fairfax, VA 22031-3080. I have no info other than this sent by Cecil. rlr*



**56<sup>TH</sup> ANNUAL SACO REUNION IN RALEIGH, NC**  
**Wednesday May 26 thru Saturday 29, 2010**



**RALEIGH SKYLINE**

**MARRIOTT RALEIGH CRABTREE VALLEY**  
**4500 MARRIOTT DRIVE**  
**RALEIGH, NC, 27612**

**SACO RESERVATIONS: 1 (800) 228-9290 or (919) 781-7000**  
**Room Rates \$99 + Tax**

**CUT-OFF DATE:** Reservations by attendees must be received before Thursday May 7, 2010 (the Cut - Off Date). At the Cut-Off date, Hotel will review the reservation pickup for the Event, release the unreserved rooms for general sale, and determine whether or not it can accept reservations based on a space-and rate- available basis at the SACO Reunion group rate after this date.



**SACO Veteran KEITH ALLEN, Chairman for our 2010 Reunion is busy planning our next party. The daily events, registration fee, banquet, etc. will be forthcoming from Keith when he has the program arranged - hopefully in January as there's a lot to be done in the next 5 months. For now the hotel and dates are confirmed.**