February 2007

SACO VETERANS

OF

THE RICE PADDY NAVY

CHINA

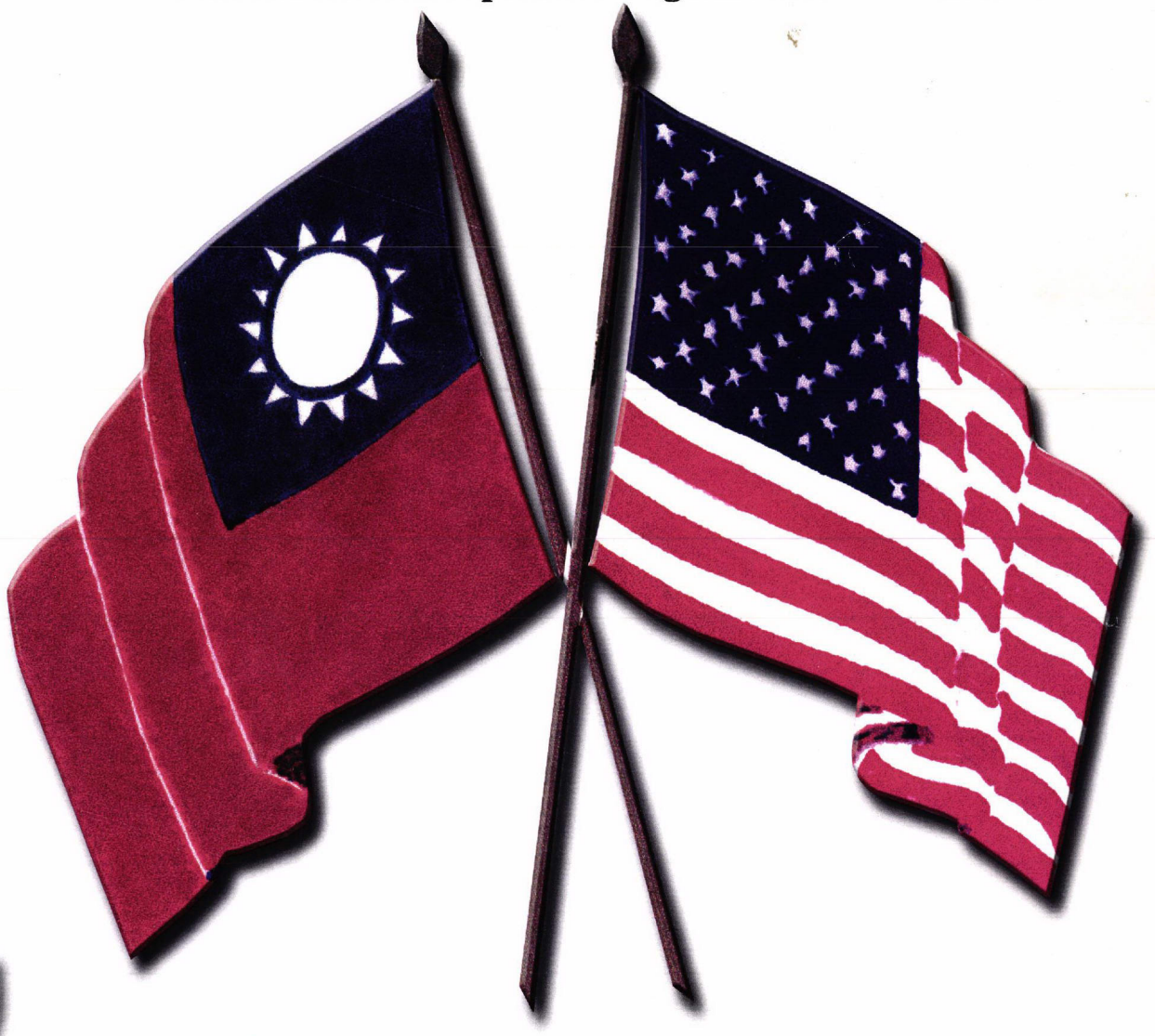
WHAT THE HELL?

Perpetual Skipper VAdm. Milton E. "Mary" Miles

SACO NEWS

Sino American Cooperative Organization

Issue No. 32



SACO

1943-2007

SACO HISTORY

SACO (pronounced "SOCKO") stands for Sino American Cooperative Organization established during WWII with approval of President Franklin D. Roosevelt and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. Highly secret, originally known as U. S. Navy Group China, it was placed under the joint command of General Tai Li, (*Head of BIS – Bureau of Investigation and Statistics, i.e. Intelligence),* as Director of SACO and 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 soon became known by the sobriquet, "THE RICE PADDY NAVY." Saco men were and are popularly known as "SACO TIGERS" who served hundreds of miles behind enemy (Japanese) lines in China, establishing vital weather stations to report 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" were based on SACO's activities.*

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

SACO NEWS

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

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Tao, Lilyan (A)
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Tressler, Jr., Samuel D.
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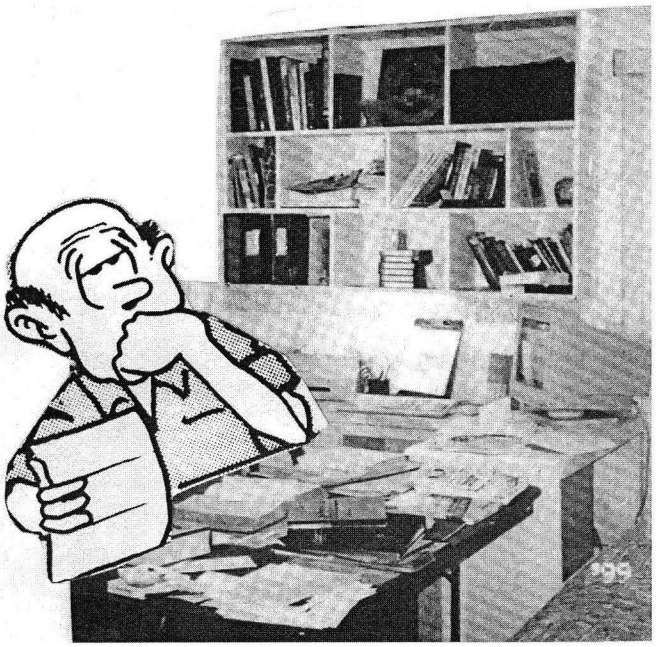
Warner, Dean R.
Waters, John
Welchel, Thomas
White, William F.
Wilcox, Marlyn D.
Wilding, Glenna
Wilson, Kenneth
Wogan, Anthony J.
Zucks, Dorothy (A)

???!!!***

MAIL CALL



June 6, 2006 To the Editor

Thanks for the SACO NEWS that arrived today; also the three additional ones for each of our children.

.....I'm adjusting to life in my new surrounding after selling the home in Waukesha. We would have been in it 50 years on June 18, but it sold in April of this year.

We met John Kloss (*recently deceased*) on our first trip to Taiwan in 1979. Also Erma, you, the Millers and many more who are not around anymore.

You're still doing a great job with SACO NEWS. Sorry I wasn't up to going to the one you hosted in Palm Springs. Guess I missed a great one. As you know, Len told you over the phone he was looking forward to it.

.....I got in the habit of calling you Richard because Erma always called you that so hope that you don't mind. She was such a nice and sweet lady; kind and friendly to everyone. She always told me that Len had such a sweet smile.

Sincerely - - - -Dolores Fintak

15 May 2006 To the Editor

I appreciate so very much your kind letter of May 9. It was good of you to write me as you did. Feel that my volunteer efforts as SACO's Historian Have been redeemed in some small part by your gracious comments.

..... The Marine Corps University Research Archives are used intensively not only by military personnel from all branches of the services, but also by noted military historians. Your fine efforts as editor of SACO NEWS has found a good home!

My very best wishes and thanks, Bill (Sager)

(Bill donated his entire library of all past issues of SACO NEWS to the Marine Corps University at Quantico. Ed.)

???!!!***

15 July 2006 To the Editor

As usual, you "outdid" yourself with the latest issue of the SACO NEWS. It sure forms a great bond for those of us unable to attend SACO Reunions due to advancing age and increasing health problems.

Am glad reunions continue to take place in spite of shrinking attendance – am always pleased to note photos of familiar faces from the past and articles of interest....speaking of which –

Is it possible that the article on pages 52-58 was submitted by two of us? It does seem unusual that the same magazine piece would be submitted to you twice within the same time frame!!?? *

Now that O.J. Olson from Camp 4 has gone to his reward, that leaves Mike Conway and yours truly as the only known survivors of the second group sent to Shenpa.

Of the original 12 disciples, Ed Valliere's phone in Salem, Mass. has been disconnected; so his whereabouts, whether earthly or heavenly, is only a matter of conjecture.

You are wished continued good health and ability to publish SACO NEWS, which keep our organization strong.

As always, best to you----------Jack & June Shearer

**Another dreaded faux pas that befalls those* in the

the business of writing. I found that there were two of the Colliers' Magazine story "China's Mystery Man" published in Issue #31 May 2006. Jack Shearer was first to send me the article along with the entire Colliers issue of Feb16, 1946. Later, after I had done the story from Jack Shearer for the next issue, Dick Terpstra, sent me a clipping of the story. Not sure how he came by it. In any event, I credit both of you for remembering me with such a wonderful story from long ago. Ed.

???!!!***

August 2006 To the Editor

. . .I will not be able to attend the SACO Reunion (Appleton), am very disappointed. It is due to conflict of interest. Have prior commitments for Sept. 21 and 22-23 here in the local area.

Nelson is back in the nursing home. The young man that cuts his grass found him on the kitchen floor July 22 – he of course went to the hospital via ambulance. The Dr. thinks that he had a slight stroke. Don't know how long he will be there and they keep moving him so the room number keeps changing.

Have sent the $25 to Willie Baker so that I can stay on the mailing list plus $15 toward printing and mailing, etc.

Hopefully, I can attend next year.

Sincerely, Lilma (Huntley).

???!!!***

31 May 06 To Jack Miller

I sent $25 to former Treasurer for SACO before I got your letter.

I haven't been to a meeting for quite awhile, but if one is in my driving range in the future, I will be there. I am 88 years old and still going and soon to be 89. I talked to "Doc" Felmly yesterday. He was with me when we had to go on a suicide mission before President Harry Truman dropped the 2nd atomic bomb on Japan. I will never forget him or Truman.

I will be as anxious to see another meeting with SACO as anyone if I can make it.

Tom Coulson

To Jack Miller 29 Aug 2006

Peter and I will not be able to attend the SACO Reunion this year. We are very disappointed as we were looking forward to seeing your part of the country. We have several commitments here at home that conflict with the dates. Best of luck with a successful reunion and we hope that next year we will be able to attend. Please give everyone our best.

Peter and Judith (McAfee) Barbieri

???!!!***

To Jack Miller 15 July 2006

Please be advised that my mom, Helen, has passed away. Also, my dad, Alex Borbely is no longer able to be involved.

Alex Borbely, Jr.

???!!!***

To Jack Miller 14 Aug 2006

Hello to all SACO Tigers who attend this year's reunion. I deeply regret that neither Al Harrison or myself will be among those present. I fell and broke a hip and Al is unable to walk because of a heel injury.

We both are sorry to have missed another reunion, but it seems to be the better decision for us..

In addition to my hip, I am now considered "legally blind" though I do have enough sight left that (with some difficulty) I'm still living alone and in my own home.

Wishing you a successful reunion, I'll be thinking of all of you.

Regards, Slim (Gilroy)

???!!!***

SPECIAL NOTICE

Do you remember my father, Charles L. Kush, Chief Shipfitter, from Chicago? He trained demolition frogmen at Ft. Pierce, Florida around 1943-1945 and was one of the first of the Ft. Pierce group to go to China. He spent most of 1945 in China at Camp Two, Chenyuan and Changsha – training Chinese guerrillas and going on missions. As he put it, "We would set off explosives and run like hell."

He spent some time in a hospital in China with dengue fever where he met an American named Rebert,* who wrote my mother.

He finished up at Shanghai building roads for a month or two. He died in 1979 at age 62.

I would be most grateful to hear from you.

Best wishes, Linda Kush
57 Brighton Ave., #9
Boston, MA 02134
(*I sent Linda Rebert's address. Ed.)

???!!!***

To Jack Miller 31 Aug.2006

I've run into some real complications re: attending the Appleton meeting and am afraid I cannot attend, much to my regret. I hope very much that I can attend next year. Will we ever be going back to the Texas Pacific Memorial Site?

All the very best and all good health to you and the SACO members.

Sincerely, Frank H. Kilmer, Assoc.

???!!!***

To Jack Miller (No date)

I am so sorry that I will not be attending the SACO Reunion this year. I have sent my dues in for this year and hope if possible, to go to the reunion next year.

Sincerely, Dee Arnold

???!!!***

To Jack Miller 18 July 2006

Let me extend belated sympathy on your loss – I still miss Bob and it's been 9 years. Great memories of his love and devotion keep me going and I know you must feel the same of your wife.

The sons and grandsons live close and continue to use Dad's shop – another of life's blessings. Woodworking skills seem to be in their "genes." Youngest son and wife love fishing! They have a place between Toledo and Sandusky. Walleye fishing has had an extremely good season – good eating!

I enjoyed the latest SACO newsletter and the news of you chairing this year's gathering. I know it will be a great success. My driving is limited and can't plan to attend. Outings are usually day-bus tours. We visited Madison, WI years ago with friends. It is lovely country.

My best to you and yours, and have a BLAST!

Mona Miller (Mrs. Robert G.)

???!!!***

To Jack Miller 19 July 2006

I will not be attending the convention. My wife recently passed away and I brought her to Abingdon, IL for burial.

I've decided to stay here. So my new address is James M. Caves
403 West South St, Apt B
Abingdon, IL 61410

Have a good reunion! Jim Caves

???!!!***

To Jack Miller 21 July 2006

Sorry I'm so late responding to your letter. Your news of Ann's dying really saddened me. I never realized she had any illness problems. Your story of how you met & "love at first sight." continued all through your marriage.

I'm glad she and I were pretty good friends. We both loved going to movies, especially "Westerns." I'm certain that if we had lived next door to each other we would have been the best of neighbors. I still cherish the pot of silk pansies she sent me. It sits on my end-table and is always a reminder of her.

I will not be going to SACO reunion. This has been a not-too-good year.. Trouble walking – back giving me quite a lot of pain. I should have written you the first letter you sent, so you would not have had to send me all the info. I do hope you have a very good response. Also it should not be as hot in Sept. as it was in July '99.

I will continue to support SACO and love to read the SACO NEWS and look forward to every issue.

Elsie (Mrs. O. J. Smith)

???!!!***

To Jack, Judy and Richard: 28 Aug 2006

Unfortunately, we have to cancel our trip to Appleton due to health reasons. We have looked forward to the reunion but we just can't make it. I have had an adverse reaction to a prescription medicine and I can hardly walk. The pain is terrible and the doctor said I must rest my legs as much as possible. Charles is having trouble also, so we will not take a chance. Please refund our $200. Fran and girls will still man the registration desk. I will send my Ladies Auxiliary annual report to you or someone.

Sorry, but I know you will have a good meeting. Thanks for all your efforts.

Love, Charles & Laura Sellers

???!!!***

To Jack Miller 3 Aug.2006

Please remove our old address from your files – 19310 Raymond St. , Maple Hts., Ohio. We moved. We are unable to participate with your programs because of medical reasons.

Thank you very much.

Sincerely, Jerry Y. Skuhrovec

PS: God bless you all.

???!!!***

SACO NEWS PHOTOGRAPHERS

We can always count on Ellen Booth and Carolyn Inman Arnold for photography and thank you both sincerely for your contributions in this issue.

CONDENSED MINUTES OF THE SACO TRUSTEES – APPLETON, - WI SEPT. 22, 2006

Meeting held in two sessions at Radisson Paper Valley Hotel to compensate tour times

Attendees at both sessions Trustees: Bob Hill – Richard Bannier – Richard Terpstra – Jerry Coats
Absent – Bob Clark
President Richard Rutan - Treasurer Willie Baker - Secretary Robert Hoe

Necrology & Associate Membership Applications:

Paul Casamajor furnished necrology list requesting he be notified of any changes or additions. He also provided a list of proposed persons for membership as Associates. List approved by voice vote. (Paul Casamajor continues to do an outstanding job as Membership Chairman and should be given a vote of "Thanks" by the membership.)

Discussion: FUTURE OF SACO

Continued discussion of past meetings regarding use of Associate Members to support SACO and the possibility of changing the by –laws to allow more participation by associates.

Reunion Coordinator:

In last year's meeting – it was recommended that a "Reunion Coordinator be appointed and suggested Richard Rutan for this assignment. This subject being raised again at this meeting, motion made and seconded that Richard Rutan be designated as Reunion Coordinator. Richard agreed to accept and motion passed.

SACO Future:

Discussion as to the future of SACO has been recurring at past meetings. There was a call for action to formulate a recommendation to present to the General Membership at our next meeting in Des Moines. President Richard Rutan assigned a project team, consisting of Carolyn Arnold, Bob Hill and Robert Hoe, to investigate the situation and present its findings at the next SACO reunion including a recommendation for action and possible alternatives.

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GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING SEPT. 23, 2006 - PRESIDENT Richard Rutan, Chairman
(AIDE Bill Bartee)

Necrology:

Secretary Bob Hoe read list of departed comrades. Two names were offered as additions to the list: Evan Dobson, 2006 and Lee Comer, 2005.

Treasurer's Report:

Willie Baker presented the report that the balance in the treasury as of September , 2006 Was $29,349.

Contribution to Nimitz Foundation:

Motion made, seconded and approved by voice vote to donate $500 to Nimitz Foundation.

SACO Patch:

Mel Goguey has offered to make embroidered SACO patches for members at no charge. This was previously approved by the trustees and noted for information only. Mel said he would have the patches at our next meeting.

Reunion 2007:

Bob Hill will host the 2007 Reunion in Des Moines, Iowa. Bob reported that dates are currently June 6-10.. Trustees had approved his recommendation based on approval by membership. Membership voted yes.

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Election of Officers:

Trustees voted to have two Vice Presidents.

President:	Jack Miller	Trustees:	Richard Terpstra
1st Vice President	George Barrett		Francis Reynnet
2nd " "	Guy Tressler		Richard Bannier
Secretary	Robert Hoe		Bob Clark
Asst. Secretary	Jim Kelly		Jerry Coats
Treasurer	Willie Baker	Legal Counsel/Historian	William Sagar
Asst. Treasurer	Sal Ciaccio	Membership Chairman	Paul Casamajor
2007 Reunion Chair	Bob Hill	Audio Visual Co-ordinator	Carolyn Inman Arnold

SACO NEWS Editor Richard L. Rutan

SACO REUNION – 2006

President Richard Rutan expressed a well-deserved "Thank You" for the outstanding Job that Jack Miller, his daughter and son-in-law, Judy and Richard Maurice accomplished in the vibrant city of Appleton.

Adjournment:

Meeting adjourned 10:40 AM (some kind of record as opposed to past meetings.)

??????*

WITH THE U.S. NAVY SCOUTS & RAIDERS

By Mathew A. (Komorowski) Kaye

The SACO Assignment (Sino-American Cooperative Organization)

*<u>Editor's note:</u> This has been in my possession these several years – how I came by it – I've long forgotten – anyone out there that can provide this claim to fame? Anyway, I kept pushing it back – it was, I felt, too lengthy to publish. Recently, I began reading, and was so fascinated that I couldn't put it down. I was able to condense it from 27 pages to 17 not omitting one word from the original. Mr. Kaye, who served SACO as a MoMM2/c, died in 1999. His talented presentation of his experiences as only a true raconteur could write, I find to be one of the most intriguing anecdotes to ever come out of SACO???!!!****

The orders to report to Fort Pierce with a delay en route are very vivid. With a new "tailor made" uniform, new stripes, new insignia and new ribbons, I was transformed into a "salty" veteran on his way home for a leave.

Frank Sinatra, Tommy Dorsey, Betty Grable, Benny Goodman, Harry James and other fine entertainers were still popular on the home front. Mother, anticipating the end of the war, bought a much larger home and took over Uncle Barney's tobacco shop. Uncle Barney was stationed in Las Vegas as an M.P. Sister Emily was a member of the WAACS stationed at the War Department in Washington. Sister Helen was engaged to a paratrooper from the 82nd Airborne. Sister Florence worked with Helen at a defense plant assembling C47s. Florence's husband, Thad, would soon be wounded in the Battle of the Bulge. Kid sister Lucille was now eye-level instead of shoulder-level. Her husband would also see action in the Battle of the Bulge. Brother Stan was with his fighter squadron in County Kent, England. The 53rd was flying bomber escort and giving the Germans hell on the roads and along the railroads. Butter, sugar, coffee, meat, gasoline, nylons, tires, cigarettes, and many other items were all rationed. No one seemed to mind too much and I heard very few complaints. People were glad that some items were available and often traded ration stamps. Most people seemed to realize that these items were needed elsewhere and complaining was not patriotic.

The streets were strangely quiet as I walked to the bus stop. Almost every window had a small banner with a blue star for a person in the service. Here and there the blue star would be replaced by a gold star, which meant that a serviceman was not ever coming back. More than once I stopped in disbelief. I knew all these people. Some were old men of 30, married with children. Many were dear friends.

On impulse, I stopped to visit "Mom and Pop," the parents of Fritz and Eddy, to ask about the boys. The two blue stars were displayed in the window. I wondered where they were sent. "Mom" led me in to what was once a house of bedlam. This time things were quiet and dim. The plot was ticking abnormally loud. "Pop" was sitting in his old overstuffed chair that I remembered so well. He did not get up to greet me. As we shook hands, his hand was limp as a towel. I learned he had just bought two gold stars to replace the blue stars now hanging in the window. I was stunned. Fritz was killed in the South Pacific and Eddy died somewhere in France. The telegrams came a couple of days apart. He stared at me for a long time. His eyes seemed to be asking, "Why are you here and not my boys?" My visit became very awkward. "Pop" hardly bothered to make conversation. When I started to leave, it was "Mom" who walked me to the door. She gave me a kiss on my cheek and asked me not to be angry with "Pop." Neither of them knew how to cope with this news. I walked on with mixed feelings of gloom, frustration and anger.

The city transit bus arrived and delivered me later that day to my girlfriend's home. While Lorry and I had no formal arrangement and the competition for her attention was fierce, I had hoped to pursue her aggressively after the war. It appeared that some G.I. from the Cavalry, no less, had moved in. Worse yet, he had told her that he loved his horse so much that he even slept with him. I did not have the heart to tell her that the Army ate its last horse about fifteen years ago. The final lance in m y heart was when she asked me to be the bartender at the wedding. I just could not cope. I did not see her again for about a dozen years. In the meantime, we had won the war, I finished my high school, I went to college, picked up a couple of

Doctor's degrees and returned to Buffalo, just in time to see her marriage break up. Lorry did not look any worse for the wear and tear. She still had that wiggle when she walked that always caught my eye. Her bosom seemed a little wider and fuller. All in all, there was a definite improvement; a gift of time and patience. We began where we left off so many years ago. Today, thirty-five years later, she just handed me a cup of coffee and I still notice the way she walks. I suspect she has forgotten about the live-in colored nanny and the daily golf game that I promised we would enjoy, although she does refer to me as 'you all,' whenever she cleans house.

Our local neighborhoods, like the rest of Buffalo, had an enormous amount of taverns. Buffalonians didn't drink that much, but the taverns served as meeting houses for friends, clubs, and societies. Instead of the twenty or thirty patrons each used to host, now they contained only four or five. These patrons were essential to the war effort, medical rejects, or past the draft age. A man in uniform on leave was always the guest of honor and could not spend any money. Sooner or later, the patrons would express regret that they were not in uniform, as if apologizing. They could not accept the fact that they were just as helpful to the war effort where they were.

I stayed home as much as possible with the remains of my family, hiding and hoarding the memories I would take back with me to the service. The radio, phonograph, and piano all got a workout. The entire family joining in to sing together was always a lot of fun and we sang together often. It only took one to start the concert. The U.S.A. discovered the tragic Billy Holiday and 'I'll Be Seeing You' was very popular and heard everywhere. It was a song for the times; melancholy, filled with want and longing, hopeful and sad, full of promises. I hear it now occasionally and I drift quickly to those yesteryears.

My delay en route ended too quickly. The recruiting officers in Buffalo had my orders in an envelope with a railroad ticket to Fort Pierce, Florida. I don't know who arranged my passage, but it was great. I was put aboard a Pullman with a porter to make by bed morning and night. There was a dining car for my use and a superb club car. Everything that I ate aboard tasted wonderful.

Fort Pierce had changed. Every conceivable space had a tent on it. No more empty fields or jungle, only thousands upon thousands of soldiers learning how to make amphibious landings. I did not know at the time that one of these GIs would marry my sister Emily and become my brother-in-law. The Scout and Raider camp was still at the far end of the island with its tents as close to they ocean as they could be placed. The camp had more tents also, and seemed to be occupied. The Scouts and Raiders must be growing. I had always believed there were only about one hundred of us. A mess hall had been built to my delight, which meant no more sand flies in my scrambled eggs or mashed potatoes. The air was filled with flying bugs with four wings. These, I was told were dragonflies imported to eat the sand flies. Eat hardy!

The Scout and Raider crews that were receiving training when I left for Europe were long gone. They were scattered all over the Pacific Theater helping to take back from the enemy one island after another. Like small packs of wolves, they would harass the herd at all times from many directions. Most, if not all, would return alive. I wondered where I would be sent, and would our European group still be kept together as a unit? The Navy with its long arm would soon place me in an undreamed of location, the very back yard of the Japanese empire, to their surprise and to my peril.

One by one, as the Scouts and Raiders returned from their leave, they were put up in any tent that had a vacancy. No more small crews of five or six. The units we now joined were called 'Special Roger,' 'Roger One,' and 'Roger Two.' They all had similar training to ours, but not nearly so intense. No one knew what they trained for. The emphasis was on work with radio and weather observation. The Scouts and Raiders were not part of this training as we were already well prepared.

Ensign Tripson and Ensign Herrick were gone, as well as Shorty Buchanon and Kaylor. Lloyd Dronnett was part of ship's company, as well as Ponds. While the Roger groups were finishing their training, we were assigned to train the 6th Ranger Battalion stationed in the camp next to ours. These troops were the elite of all elites. All were in superb physical condition and serious about learning their craft. The Scouts and Raiders trained them in knife fighting and hand-to-hand combat, and especially rubber boat handling. Thus, our days turned into nights as we paddled through swamps, crawled on our stomachs and ambushed one another. As they grew proficient, it became harder and harder to detect them. Often one had to step or trip over one to locate them. Their training did not stop after hours. One had to be continually alert, or find a knife at his throat. Later, I believe this unit made a landing and a forced march to rescue American prisoners of war that the Japanese were about to slaughter, should they be forced to retreat. They

were the best this country had, as were the Rangers that perished almost to the last man in Salerno. Dedication like this is not found in a conscript, only in a volunteer. The volunteer wants to be where he is, and be successful at what he's learning. We made many friends and respected each other.

To sharpen our demolition skills, the Scouts and Raiders took additional training with explosives on North Island. We learned about some newer timed fuses and were left to ourselves with a few tons of TNT, tetrytol, and Composition C2. We demolished all concrete obstacles and pillboxes until the island was cleared. Finally, we resorted to making hand grenades and fishing with them. The fuses became shorter and shorter. When one block of TNT exploded before it hit the ground, it was time to quit. We piled all the explosives we had left in one pile and cracked a window two miles away. Of course we blamed it on the underwater demolition team and maintained our pure innocent reputation.

With our baggage on trucks, we boarded buses for the Fort Pierce railroad station. Our orders were to travel by train to San Pedro, California. We would never see Fort Pierce as it was ever again. This time the trip was not pleasant. The soot from the coal-burning engine filled our compartment. For four days and nights, we traveled west toward the Pacific. We soon read everything there was to read, ate everything there was to eat, and slept until we could not sleep. We arrived exhausted and black with soot. The need for a shower was desperate. San Pedro was a very large naval base with many two-story buildings. There must have been a lot of new recruits on the base, because everything was spotless. After eating and sleeping in dirt for so long, a white sheet was luxurious. I simply stared at it for awhile.

We had ten days or so of waiting, with time allowed for a weekend pass. Bob Hope entertained us one night at the base. I still keep running into him all over the world. I don't know one person that does not consider him a treasure. He made us laugh when the world was crying.

Los Angeles and Hollywood, its suburb, were the nearest towns for the Navy to visit. I found nothing in Los Angeles to interest me, mainly because I did not know what it contained of interest. All servicemen seemed to be wandering aimlessly about Pershing Square in the downtown area. Being a weekend, most of the stores were closed. Having very little money, I avoided the stores that were open. I slept in a USO hostel that night and managed to wangle a free pass to a live show called 'Ken Murray's Blackouts.' It was held in a Hollywood theater on a Sunday afternoon. I did not understand the humor, nor could I see why people were shouting to each other across the stage. My first liberty on the West Coast and my first live show were a disappointment, and I left early for the sanctuary of the naval base.

We saluted the flag and the Officer of the Day as we boarded the transport a few days later. Our quarters, to our luck, were just off the main deck. Later, passing near and over the equator, this would prove to be a blessing. With the hatch in the open position, our own speed provided a constant breeze that kept our quarters cool. Our quarters simply meant our place to sleep. There was not room for anything else. The bunks were in stacks of six and mine was third from the bottom, but not by accident, I might add. Our past experiences taught us that this was the spot the quickest and easiest to evacuate if the need arose. Our destroyer escorts left us to ourselves within twenty-four hours. Our ship, although quite large, was fast. Our skipper still kept zigzagging in what appeared to be half-circles as we made our way west, southwest toward the continent of Australia. The days were balmy and the ship felt good. Standing on the fantail, I could feel the steady throbbing of the ship's engine like a beating heart. Perhaps that's why seamen feel their ship is alive with a soul all of its own. I know I felt a kinship.

We crossed the International Date Line and, as crossing the equator, there was much revelry initiating the Pollywogs to the membership of Neptune's Shellbacks. King Neptune was, of course, present to oversee the hazing. All in all, it was great fun and things never got out of hand. You are an 'old salt' in our Navy when you cross the equator.

The ship's company tried to put on programs to help ease the boredom for the passengers. The six of us that were chosen first demonstrated the various ways to eliminate an unsuspecting sentry. We demonstrated various techniques of hand-to-hand fighting we had mastered. Our grand finale was my attempt to strangle Ernie Chyz, who proceeded to flip me through the air with no effort. As I flew through the air for what seemed to be an eternity, I spread my arms and legs to land flat on by back. I knew I was falling correctly, but the noise of my body hitting the steel deck sounded like some gigantic gong. The entire audience gasped and stood up to view the broken body. Ernie extended his hand as was our custom, and I bounded to my feet. Ernie proved that size is irrelevant and earned the instant respect of the entire ship. Most of the men avoided or walked around us thereafter. We began to receive briefings on how to behave in the Orient with booklets given to us on the behavioral patterns of the peoples of India and China. Our voyage approached our first

port. Rounding the Southeastern tip of Australia, we picked up our pilots to ease us into Melbourne. While no one was allowed to disembark, some cargo was unloaded and a great deal was loaded aboard. The best thing was the abundance of fresh water that was available for showers and laundry. Melbourne looked fine from what we could see of it from the ship.

Our stay was short. Thirty-six hours later we were on our way. Our heading was due west along the bottom of Australia. Rounding Australia, we headed north into the South Indian Ocean, greater speed now and more evident zigzag. The blue Indian Ocean eventually faded off our stern, as our bow entered the Bay of Bengal. The water turned muddy as our pilot came aboard. His job was intricate, for we were entering the Ganges-Brahmaputra Delta fed by three large rivers and 6,500 square miles in the middle of which, on some high ground, stood the city of Calcutta in the province of Bengal. Calcutta was bordered on the West by the Hooghly River (a branch of the Ganges). It was a massive port with hundreds of ships and boats of every size and shape and design. A constant thin haze with a pungent odor hung over the waterfront. I found later that the haze was smoke from burning cow dung used for cooking fires. India was not going to be a United States, an Africa, or a Europe. It was going to be a different planet. Without sounding like a travel guide, the sights, smells, customs, dress, animals, food, fauna, climate and stars above were different from anything I could imagine. The people were of another world. A constant source of wonderment and awe.

We disembarked before noon and boarded a train that took us to a golf-course-like park; the distant suburb of Tollygunge. Our quarters were to be temporary and were referred to as Camp Schmidt. Sleeping cots were set up in five-man tents with a warning to empty our shoes before putting them on in the morning. Cobras enjoyed the smell and warmth of leather and would often curl into a snug size eleven. Our uniforms were packed away. We were issued Army khakis with no insignia, some of the men had soft goatskin boots made by the local cobbler and we began to pass ourselves for U.S. Army enlisted men . We were thus, initiated into the intriguing world of secretness. Spies in the pay of the Japanese were everywhere. We were, therefore, told very little and told not to discuss anything regarding our function. The Scouts and Raiders were now part of a new organization called the Sino American Cooperative Organization (SACO). We received our orders from Commodore Milton Miles, who received his orders from Admiral King, Chief of Naval Operations and no one else.

Our stay at Camp Schmidt was a short one, two or three weeks at the most. We taught ourselves the use of a bow and arrow and took horseback riding lessons. Our riding master turned out to be a Bengal Lancer with fierce green eyes and black beard. His red turban made him seven feet tall. A stern taskmaster, he was determined to make Lancers out of us. "Sahib," he would say, "this stupid beast is your servant. You are his master. You must treat him like a servant and he will obey you." We were shortly jumping fences and some of us went hunting for wild pigs on horseback with a lance. This was the sport of the English gentry and quite dangerous, for if there were pigs, there would be a tiger. Dozens of tiger pelts were always drying under the hot sun. Our spare time was spent in Calcutta learning the customs and enjoying the signs of far-eastern civilization. Chowringhee Road, the Grand Hotel, the bazaars and the wandering cattle will always remain with me, not to mention the thousands of crows and scavenging vultures. As unpredictable as the people were, we grew to like and communicate with them. Three years later, they would hack each other to pieces.

We were finally transferred to Camp Knox, which was 95% complete. Our stay there was unspectacular. Indian Ghurkas tightly guarded the base itself. These fierce little men with their curved knives were not truly initiated into their corps until they could sever the head of a water buffalo in one stroke. The Japanese had reason to fear them in Burma, as did the Germans in Monte Casino and North Africa. They often used their knife when a rifle would be preferable.

Our new base was built in the suburb of Barrackpore, tightly guarded, heavily fenced. It contained only two barracks, one pharmacy, one mess hall, one small office building and a motor pool of trucks and jeeps. These would be used later to supply our forces in China once the Burma Road was opened. Small groups of us began to disappear. Word would be sent to draw certain equipment and supplies, board a truck and be gone. The entire process would take an hour or so. One could have breakfast with a friend and find him absent by lunch. It seemed my time would never come. Again , that infernal waiting that steals so much time during any tour of duty! Our small office building on our base served only as a liaison with the organization of other offices, which were scattered throughout the city in private office buildings. Guy Purvis was temporarily assigned the use of a motorcycle and sidecar to deliver dispatches between our offices. Purvis must have been born on a motorcycle and he drove it like a demon. I often went along with him as additional

guard, in the sidecar. Guy had a unique talent with his voice. He would make a noise like a siren and we would have endless fun scattering the rickshaws, water buffalo, and foot traffic before us.

One day I received a summons to report to one of our office buildings. I was told that I would not leave for a mission for a few weeks. In the meantime, they had a little detail for me, if I wanted to take it. I said yes! It seems that our organization (SACO) had a hidden base in Northern Assam in the foothills of the Himalayan Mountains. On the long and high flights over the "Hump" as the flights were called, oxygen was often necessary. The shortage of this vital gas forced the Navy to build this remote base and manufacture its own oxygen for its own personnel. The base also served as an advance supply depot for our groups in China. Close to the border of Burma, near the town of Jorhat deep in the jungle, the small base, like a beehive, was the center of activity. The Japanese were only twenty miles away and often sent patrols very close. Some of these patrols never returned, thanks to the dark skinned, bearded Sikhs that appeared magically from behind a bush or tree. These were a dedicated breed with the word 'retreat' not a part of their vocabulary, as the British found a century earlier. They guarded the base as if it were their last mission on earth. They were majestic people and extremely courteous but somewhat distant and aloof.

With sidearm and rations drawn, another Roger and I were briefed. We were to escort four boxcars of material to the Jorhat base. Our orders stressed that they must not be allowed to become separated. Fifth columnists often would disconnect and reroute supplies so they would be found months later on a siding on the opposite side of the country. Often they were emptied of their contents in the black market pipeline.

The trip to Jorhat was one that I can never forget. Our speed was not great, but the scenery from the top of the train was breathtaking. We rode through narrow jungle tunnels with trees brushing us, through narrow mountain passes, over bridges, across streams, through countless villages. Our most memorable event was when we had to cross the river on a ferry. The engine switched to become a 'pusher.' The entire train was pushed over an incline one car at a time. Each car rolled down the hill freely onto a barge. The barge was pushed across the river and another engine reassembled the entire train. If we were to lose a car, it would be here. My partner and I split the railroad cars between us; each of us took two, never losing sight of each other. All went well, however.

We could never understand why the many stops would occur without any apparent reason. The abrupt halts of our journey always alerted us to the possibility of some mischief about to occur. Once, while our train was stopped in the middle of a swamp, I walked on top of the train and dropped to the ground behind the engine. As I approached the engineers, they appeared to be letting steam out of the engine through a half-inch pipe. The end of the pipe was immersed into a small bucket of water. The super heated steam escaping from the pipe heated the water in the bucket and morning or afternoon, tea was ready. The Indians had adopted the British tradition. Come hell or high water, they were going to have their tea, war or no war!

A jeep met us at the Jorhat rail yards and our mission was complete. A short tour of the base, a good night's rest and the next morning, we arrived at a small Army Airbase. We boarded a C47 (probably one that my sisters worked on) and we were back in Calcutta in a few hours. What took four days and nights of rail transportation took only a few hours by plane.

Within a few days after our return to Camp Knox, I again received orders to pack. A canvas covered truck took us, not to an airport, but to a two-story private home in the heart of an upper class neighborhood in Calcutta. The high-walled home was called Hostel #6. I learned that there were many such places throughout Calcutta, each containing ten to fifteen SACO men waiting to be slipped into China. Our days, with time on our hands, began again. Most of us wandered about Calcutta, visiting the many places of historical interest. The burning ghats was most memorable; a sloping concrete pad about a half-mile long by 100 yards wide where the Hindu burned his dead and swept the ashes into the Hooghly River which flowed into the 'Holy Ganges.' On any given day, we could see at least twenty or more pyres being burned. Everywhere, the wandering cattle were accompanied by those huge black crows. Every few blocks, there would be a rectangular pond of a brilliant green color that served as each neighborhood's washing machine and bathtub. All day long, its banks were crowded with people taking care of their personal needs. It was not unusual for people to be drinking water from taps attached to fire hydrants, squatting, brushing their teeth along the curb with short bamboo sticks while rinsing their mouths from little brass urns. Some of the most cosmopolitan appearing citizens would cause one to recoil as they smiled or spoke. Their teeth and entire mouth would be stained blood red from chewing beetle nut, an Indian delicacy used like our chewing gum. Everywhere was the smell of burning cow dung. Our household needs were taken care of for us by a

household staff, which included a dozen or more Hindu servants, each doing the work of his caste. The dishwasher could not touch the stove and the sweeper could not cast a shadow on anyone or else he would be beaten. Everybody had their own work to do and did not wander into someone else's territory.

The time to move again was drawing close. We had drawn additional uniforms, web belts, side arms, knives, new, heavy G.I. shoes and a lot of warm clothing. A day or two later, we were awakened a few hours before dawn with the familiar words, "We are moving out." As always, never time for farewells. In a half-hour, there was not a sign that we ever existed. The sun was just edging over the horizon, catching us boarding a camouflaged D.C.3. The sound of the radial engines was very comforting as we roared down the short runway and headed northeast. We began a long slow climb immediately for the long run ahead. The Himalayan Mountains, white with snow, started to appear ahead. Out came the heavy winter gear and the air became thinner and colder. Our pilot made frequent checks on our well-being as we droned on two or three thousand feet above the mountain tops. Flying this eastern route enabled us to fly without oxygen; however, we had to be on the lookout for Jap fighter planes. These mountains rose from Burma on our right and China dead ahead.

Our plane touched down at an army air base in the city of Kunming, China. While the aircraft was gassed and serviced, we managed to steal a meal from the Army, the first of many. Since we wore Army clothing, no one ever questioned us. Later we would learn our techniques were just as effective in the Officers' Mess where the food was much better, especially when I wore the stolen Army sheepskin jacket with the maple leaves on the shoulders. We left Kunming and flew northwest to the capital of China, Chungking. It was evident that Chungking was not our final destination. Three or four days passed until further transportation was arranged. In the meantime, we attended briefings on Chinese customs. One warning comes to mind concerning dead or injured bodies. Touch or try to help and you will be responsible for that person's burial or recovery. A crowd may gather and not permit one to leave until the obligation in completed. On my first wanderings in the city, I saw one corpse and a half dozen ill people. The refugees crowded into the city from as far away as Shanghai to escape the Japanese. Many became ill or simply starved to death. Children and old people were especially vulnerable.

Of the dozen or so that left Calcutta, six of us were transported to a small army airfield. The six that were left behind would soon be sent to their points of compass. This was one of the airfields of the Flying Tigers and some of the shark-nosed P40s were still around. Not a standard fighter base, but one that included P47s, P51s, B25s, B24s, and an occasional 'Black Widow,' a night fighter that gave the Japanese nightmares. The Japanese had recently switched to night bombing as daylight increased their losses. Now this 'Black Devil' appeared. The Japanese had large squadrons all over China. Their Air Force was desperately trying to protect their fleet and home islands at the same time. Our flight took us deep into Northern China to the ancient city of Sian (Sian). Ancient meant that it was built and occupied more than 4,000 years before Christ walked on earth. It was a civilized city even before the pyramids were built. Marco Polo stayed here. Kubla Khan conquered it and made a gift of it to his third son Kubla. Later, it was the home of the T'ang Emperors. Caucasians with their round eyes and faces would draw a crowd of children and the people would stop and gawk. We heard that some Germans stayed in the city, but that was in the early 30s. Captain James Hanley (USMC) met us at the airfield. He drove up in a pre-war beat up old Chevy one-ton truck that was gasping its last. Hanley was dressed in his khakis without any insignia. When asked how far the enemy happened to be, he replied that they had just advanced to only about 20 miles outside the city and that they had been stalled for a few months consolidating their losses.

We were soon out of the city driving on a dirt road towards the mountains. Around us was a wide plain, lush with wheat. Shensi Province, as it was named, was a productive farming area through which the river Wei flowed from the mountains ahead. We encountered no further settlements until we reached a walled compound at the foot of one large solitary mountain. Our residence turned out to be a Buddhist monastery from which the monks had long gone. Whether the monks left of their own accord or were forced I never did find out. There was a building outside the compound that was formerly a barn for the Monks' animals. The barn, which was now called the armory, contained our ammunition, explosives, bangalore torpedoes, and cases of small arms. The armory was as full as it could be. Its contents would soon be taking a long journey. Its size was about that of a two-story house.

Since we arrived in the Orient, our pay scale had changed. In addition to our regular rate of pay, we were paid an additional $9.75 per diem. All bookkeeping was carried on in Calcutta. The costs of meals, etc. were

to be deducted for us there automatically. I don't remember paying for anything, yet we had enough money for anything we might want. Being stationed where we were, we had to use for money and I did not receive any pay until after the war. A check was issued to me in Chungking. The official rate of exchange was 200 to 1, but anyone could get 2,500 yen to one dollar from a money trader. In one year, the official rate was jumped to 2,600 to one and on the black market, much, much more.

The ancient monastery, situated on a tree-covered knoll, was a walled compound with only one gate for an entrance. Two sentries of the Loyal Patriotic Army stood guard at the gate, another two inside the compound and two more guards were circling the side and rear of the compound. The left side of the compound contained a long one-story stucco building with many partitions with separate entrances. These contained the monks Spartan living quarters, now used as our living quarters. Most important, the first room on the left contained our only link with the outside world, our precious radio. Power came from a small generator. In the center of the courtyard, stood what was the main building or the temple. It was a simple square building with a narrow porch held up by massive round timbers. Inside, the room was divided into half, from left to right by a partition behind which Major 'Dutch' Kramer (USMC) and Captain James Hanley lived. The monastery was built among an ancient grove of trees surrounded by endless wheat fields. Tung Fah was the name of our cook and he happened to speak passable English. Where he found our food was a mystery. Our plates were always cleaned with only enough food left over to feed the houseboys. They were permitted to eat only what was left over. We were cautioned that if the table were entirely cleaned, the houseboys would go hungry. Tung Fah always made sure there was more than enough food for everybody. I suspect he toured the countryside bartering with the peasants.

We learned that the Japanese already posted a $25,000 price on my head and the heads of the SACO members, dead or alive - spies again were everywhere. The local Chinese general had some cotton Chinese peasant clothes made for us that fit perfectly. Our clothes were more like loose pajamas and very comfortable. The lack of pockets was the only draw back. Buttons were small balls of thread and drawstring for a belt. When we mingled with the peasants, the only way you could spot an American was to look for the tallest people present. General Tai's (head of Chinese Secret Service) men were always about to protect us.

Our days and evenings were full. Each morning, I would carry our portable hand generator to the top of the hill and string out antenna. Our aerographer would fill a balloon with helium from a small container and release it into the atmosphere. He would then note the type of clouds and the temperature, then plot its direction and speed. He would also get the humidity and other weather data. I would then crank the generator for the radioman and the data would be transmitted to Chungking for relay to the Commander-in-Chief Pacific (CinCPac). Of the hundreds of reports that radioed to the fleet, one report was significant in that it contained news of a severe weather front heading their way. The news was significant because behind the weather front, the Japanese Navy was creeping towards the unsuspecting U.S. Fleet in the Leyte Gulf. Our coast watchers on the Chinese coast spotted the enemy fleet. We had therefore notified the fleet that they were about to be surprised by an enemy armada hiding behind a weather front. How the Jap fleet was defeated with the loss of four aircraft carriers in the Battle of Leyte Gulf is history. Forty-five years later, while swapping stories with our local sheriff, I was surprised to be talking with the man that had received and decoded our messages. Sheriff Ed Bates was cryptographer aboard the fleet flagship. I often wondered who was answering us on the other end and was pleased that our reports were important enough to be passed on to every ship in the area, aircraft carriers and submarines included. During this time of idleness, I would take about 1,000 rounds of ammunition with a weapon and practice. I could roll a tin can with my .45 automatic, but I never got a bulls-eye with a .38. Our evenings were spent in the radio shack listening to the broadcasts from all over the world. The BBC was our favorite short wave station with the usual, "This is London calling." Tokyo Rose played our favorite music while she tried to 'needle' the Air Force. Often we would take long walks through the countryside. About four miles from base, we heard of the existence of an ancient village. As we stood on a knoll, it lay before us one evening. We might have been looking at a scene from 1.000 years ago. The little village was about the size of a medium city block, surrounded by a 20-foot – mud-wall about four feet thick. The farmers in the area did not live in farmhouses, but retreated to the safety of the village at the end of each day. The lesson of thousands of years was that 'there was strength in numbers.' The huge wooden gates were closed at dusk, the guards climbed into their towers, the strangers on the knoll turned to leave and evening oil lamps were lit. They had never seen a Caucasian.

On one walk through the country, I had been walking on a narrow dirt road when I encountered a mound of dirt in its center. The road stopped and detoured around the mound and continued in the same direction

as before. As I studied the mound, it was apparently a burial mound of some sort. The mound had four sides and their lengths were almost equal, about thirty feet on each side. The top of the mound was rounded and about ten feet high. I don't know why I was fascinated, but at the time, I wished I could excavate it. Many years later, the National Geographic magazine reported on a remarkable archeological find in what appears to be about the same spot as the mound that piqued my curiosity so long ago. It appears that an emperor, centuries ago as a monument to himself, created an entire life-size army of alabaster and buried it in that huge wheat field. Every face was different as if a copy of someone living. Each figure was buried standing in marching formation. It was uncovered in the late 1970's and as this writing, 1992, the site is still being excavated.

My main reason for being sent to Camp #3 was to help train the Chinese guerrillas for operations behind the Japanese lines. The Loyal Patriotic Army, as they liked to call themselves, was not part of the regular Nationalist Army. In this ancient and complicated land, we would be dealing with the Nationalist Army of Chiang Kai-shek, the Loyal Patriotic Army of General Tai Li (each unit with its own general), the Communist Army, the Japanese Army and lastly, the bandits, as they were called, renegades that are found everywhere where misery or lawlessness exists. My knowledge of small arms was put to use teaching the use and mechanics of the submachine gun. Our type of military operations required a lot of firepower and quickly, hence the submachine gun instead of a rifle. When I felt that each class could strip, clean and fire the weapon, they would become graduates and could keep the weapon and the small parts that went with it. A new group of twenty-five would take their place. The Thompson .45 caliber and the short .45 caliber 'grease gun,' while standard with the U.S. forces, was not available due to the weight of the ammunition. Every item had to be flown over the Himalayan Mountains. The SACO groups throughout China would be needing millions of rounds and the Army Air Force was busy supplying General Stilwell in Burma and South China. My meals at the Army Air Base told me what the Army preferred flying in by way of supply. Mostly butter and fresh eggs for themselves. The Navy contracted with a company in the United States to produce an inexpensive submachine gun for our use. It was called a Marlin that fired a 9mm cartridge. The ammunition did not have to be flown to us, as ironically, we had an ample supply from the German Army that had shipped many tons of ammunition to Manchuria as late as 1934 to help fight the Communists. The Marlin was a good weapon, simple and accurate. It was much lighter.

Problems developed from quite a different source as we lined the troops in preparation for firing their pieces. We had dug a deep trench and used the loose dirt as a backstop for the spent ammunition the guerrillas were firing, for never more than ten minutes, when a crowd of peasants would gather to one side of the dirt bank. As I blew the whistle to cease firing, the crowd would rush to retrieve the spent bullets from the mounds. They had to be forcibly ejected time after time so that we could resume firing. Finally, they became so bold as to hedge on to the range before we even stopped firing. These interruptions continued throughout all our training sessions. Metal was so scarce, people were willing to risk their lives to keep retrieving the spent ammunition. Brass, too, was as valuable as gold.

In the beginning, we had a great deal of trouble with the Marlins jamming. One day I was looking at an open box of ammunition from which the guerrillas were reloading their clips. I noticed that one round was shorter than the other. When we dumped the box and spread out the cartridges, we would find a few dozen undersized cartridges were mixed in with the regular ammunition. These were also 9mm, but made for a pistol. I asked to see the General's pistol, a 'Broomstick Mauser' and sure enough, they fit. The General and his officers who had been hoarding their seven rounds were delighted. We had no further trouble after we segregated the two different sizes. A submachine gun is only used in close quarters and a jammed weapon would probably be fatal.

Our days stretched into weeks at Camp #3 and one class was graduated after another. The General would have an occasional ten to twelve course dinner for the Americans, which we all looked forward to. Custom dictated that he who is toasted must empty his glass with each toast. A trick that we would play on him would be for each of us to individually toast him so that by the time it was his turn, he could hardly stand on his feet. The drink was vodka made from potatoes and stank to high heaven, but it had a wallop and burned very quickly when lit. No problem for a young man's liver. The Japs now only bombed Sian occasionally. With the new curfew, the fifth column that lit bonfires for the Jap bombers was effectively destroyed. The air raids were conducted only at night now and the police simply would shoo anyone they would see outdoors. The bombers would dump their bomb anywhere before they reached the heart of Sian

and go home, their duty being rendered. As each class graduated, General Wen would assign the guerrillas their mission. Quietly, they disappeared, their destination to us unknown.

Camp #3 had two columns engaging the Japanese. They were called Columns Five and Six. Both had areas of operation in Honan Province almost 1,000 miles east of us. Column #6 had just engaged the Japanese and was retreating, exhausted and almost out of ammunition when it was attacked by the treacherous Chinese Communists. Breaking their truce, they took this opportunity to attack the column and succeeded in killing the executive and commanding officers. (* The rest of the column was wiped out. The remnants joined Column #5 and thus enriched it with their bravery and courage. A compound we had built maintained outside Chungking would have to be enlarged. The compound was built to take care of the wives and orphans of the men that were killed in action. The education of their children was now assured and the wives had food and shelter. In China, in those times, the food and shelter was the difference between life and death. Our Naval Group throughout China contributed over $900,000.00. The project was maintained by General Tai and contained 150 orphans in late 1943.) Room for many more would now have to be arranged. * The facts in this paragraph were taken from 'A Different Kind of War' by Admiral Milton Miles.

I often took long walks in the country during the time after the last class graduated. One solitary but huge mountain rose from the plain. Beyond it, the range of mountains began. One early morning, I decided to climb to its top and started walking. By 1:00pm. I was no closer to it than when I had started. A lesson on the illusion of depth perception. Once in awhile I would see a group of peasants chafing wheat by tossing it into the air and letting the breeze carry away the chaff. I joined them in this work for the exercise and the good will it created. Now when I took that occasional walk to their isolated village, I would be greeted with a wave and a smile. I would often order a bowl of boiled noodles in a little outdoor restaurant of two tables. It seemed to be the town's meeting place. In reality, it was really a lean-to with a clay oven. All the animals and chickens were kept in town and appeared to be part of each family. When walking through their village, one had to walk around pigs, chickens, ducks and the ever-patient water buffalo. I even got used to being sniffed by a black pig as I sat probably eating its offspring. Most of the time, a half-dozen children would gather to watch the round faced "Megwah." I haven't had noodles and pork like that since; hot and delicious, served in a clay bowl.

There were only eight Americans left in camp. Small groups of us had been constantly leaving on missions and those remaining had to inkling of who was sent where. We knew better than to ask. Ernie had left a month earlier. I wondered how and where he was. A very brave and valuable companion, I missed him for he had watched my back and I watched his. He was also a counterweight to my impulsiveness helping to stabilize me. I became a 'loner' with separate quarters and missions.

Finally, the word came through, "Get ready to move out." Never a surprise anymore. I had learned to wait for these words since I became a Scout and Raider. I knew better than to ask where we were going, but this time Captain Hanley volunteered the information. Column #5 had not been resupplied since 1943, the column needed arms and reinforcements due to deaths, wounds and illnesses. We were to empty our armory of all its ammunition; we were to reinforce the column with an additional twenty-five or so guerrillas we had trained. The column was operating about 1,000 miles east of us, 950 miles behind the Japanese lines. A column of twenty-five guerrillas left a few weeks before us, as an advance party in case my group should run into trouble, they would at least be in the vicinity. Five ancient Chevy trucks, which dated from the early thirties, were loaded and we began our journey in an eastward direction.

Almost a week slipped by as our trucks carried us east. We crossed the enemy lines on the first day and edged ever deeper into Japanese controlled territory. While the area was under control of the enemy, they could not be everywhere. During this time, there was only one enemy column near us and they were not on the march. Like in our own west, the cavalry was in the fort so that we could move about freely.

A heavy downpour stalled our convoy as the dirt roads turned to molasses. With a drop of 300 feet on our right shoulder, we were forced to wait out the five-day storm. The Americans stayed on the sheltered porch of an isolated farm house.

Rations were very low and we were constantly hungry. As we sat huddled, shivering and wet, we could not help but observe the farmer's dog running back and forth in the rain. I began to visualize a fire under a spit. Upon a spit, a golden brown carcass was slowing turning. Everyone was silent and deep in thought. Finally, someone said aloud, "We had better wait awhile, the farmer needs that dog."

We all burst out laughing. We had been thinking the same thought. We had been very lucky. I don't ever remember seeing a farmhouse in China again. The rains had stopped and the Japanese were stirring. I'm sure that their spies kept them fully informed as our spies reported on them. It was time to continue.

Many years later, I learned that the same terrible storm that had halted our progress, had also separated Ernie's sampan from the others. Alone, he was in great danger, for the Japanese were hunting him. Nothing but torture and death was in store for him should he be discovered. A kindly old man and his wife had hidden him in plain view of the Japanese that passed less than ten feet from the pile of rags he was under.

A few hours later, I noticed steam escaping from under the hood of our truck. Shortly, we were stopping at a stream for water. The cylinder head had a large crack through which the steam was escaping. The Chinese were pounding toothpick size strips of rubber they had shaved from the tires. Within fifteen minutes, the rubber heated enough to become soft and more rubber shavings were forced into the crack. Two pin holes were constantly letting out steam, but we did not overheat.

A truck went over the embankment and smashed itself to bits. The Chinese took it apart, down to the last nut and bolt, dragged it back upon the road and reassembled it again. Bound together with ropes and wires, it was soon running as good as it had before.

We had soon reached the point where the road was no longer practical. Thousands of Japanese were camped a few miles ahead. We now had the enemy in front and behind. We would have to resort to the mountain trails to reach our destination. Our trucks were unloaded and a group of peasants with their "Yo-Yo" sticks were waiting for us.

The peasants started to tie their sticks to loops that fit around each box. Two pieces to a stick, one on each end, the stick went on the shoulder. The bearer would walk with a load I could hardly lift off the ground. For the heavier boxes, like our Bangalore torpedoes, they would use two, three or four men to carry these items, in a complicated system of sticks and ropes.

Whoever was ahead of us arranging things, certainly knew what he was doing. Every night we would reach a village and sleep on the tables of the local schoolhouse. Each morning, an entire new crew assembled to carry the supplies. Each person did what was necessary without fuss and not many words.

The bearers were very shy and kept their eyes on the ground. At times we could see them stealing a glance at us and discussing us in whispers. At this time their numbers would reach 125 to 150 daily. Our advance man was quietly arranging for fresh bearers to meet us each morning.

About five days into the march, one of the Americans developed pains in his lower abdomen. He lay on the grass with his knees drawn up and Pharmacist Mate P. J. Morris was attempting a diagnosis. I asked what he thought was wrong with the man and he replied he thought he had acute appendicitis and we would have to get him out of here.

We all had a short consultation and decided our man would die if we did not get him to a hospital. Captain Hanley decided to break radio silence and radio Chungking to see what aid was available. We used a hand generator to establish contact and awaited their reply

The reply came with instructions to move the man to a level spot and wait. A small Army plane would pick up our sick comrade and deliver him to an Air Force hospital. A set of ground signals was arranged. I asked Morris if he was going along with the sick man. After some thought, he replied that he thought he had better go with him.

With this, he handed me his Red Cross medical bag. I could not have made a greater mistake. Morris decided a little too quickly. The bag with its large Red Cross became my millstone. Every evening at the end of our march, peasants from the countryside would gather outside my quarters and wait to see the "doctor."

Many would travel thirty to fifty miles in an attempt to intercept me on our march. They brought rotten teeth, boils, abdominal pains, mysterious coughs, broken limbs months old, sick children, sick parents and sick grandparents.

Inventory of the first aid kit revealed some compression bandages, iodine, morphine, Atabrine, sulfa, aspirin, band-aids, and alcohol. Needless to say , everyone received aspirin or an Atabrine tablet to chew. That was another mistake, for it tasted bitter, it had to be good medicine. Every night, the line grew larger until I had to hide the medical bag. I also suspect someone in the advance column heard of my dilemma and called a halt to the practice.

The days passed as we continued our trudge eastward through the mountains. Our column when compacted, was almost a half-mile long. Our path was over mountains and canyons on trails 1 to 2 feet wide.

I ranged the entire column two or three times a day. I would walk two or three miles ahead, turn and wait until the end of the column passed and stay two or three miles behind.

Every day, we would be accompanied by the new bearers. At one phase of the march, we passed through an area deficient in iodine. Everyone I encountered had a large swelling at their throat. Their thyroids were enlarged from the size of a softball to larger than a football. Our bearers with the enormous swelling beneath their chins stopped frequently, whether from the altitude or their medical problem, and I noticed that they had added about twenty-five percent more carriers. Soon we passed through "goiter belt" and our new bearers appeared to be normal.

My medical supplies also contained a few small cans of powder for use against lice or ticks. So far I managed to keep reasonably clean by soaking in every stream that we crossed, sometimes 2 to 3 times per day. As mentioned above, we slept in our bedrolls on top of tables in the schoolhouses. One night, a particular table looked rather greasy. Having nothing to wipe it with, I picked up a bamboo mat from the floor and placed the mat on top of the table over which I placed my bedroll. I think I slept fifteen minutes that night.

In Naples, Italy, I saw vermin-covered people being deloused and now I know what near madness can be. Dawn found me sitting on the table scratching. I started to dust from the top of my head to the bottom of my feet and dusted all the clothes I packed. Finally, I started on my bedroll. Whatever Uncle Sam put in that particular powder, it certainly worked and I no longer had the problem. My seventeen-and-a-half million bites began to heal. The only part of my body that ever touched the floor again were my feet with my shoes on.

In spite of the mountainous terrain, we were making excellent progress. Two or three times a every day I would spot a large clay bowl on a prominent rock and wondered what it was. I found later that the people in the countryside wanted to show their appreciation to the Megwah *(Chinese for American)* giants and placed steam bowls of tea for our thirst. The peasants hid in the bushes and watched.

Every morning, as I started to walk, my right ankle would give me pain. Usually after ten or fifteen minutes, the pain would leave. I noticed that the sharp rocks were shredding my G.I. boots very rapidly. The heels were running down as well as the outside of the leather sole. As long as the pain left I was not worried. Knowing now what I know, I should have worried.

One evening, four men trod onto our schoolyard before bedtime. Between each pair of men was a stretcher with someone in it. "Oh No!" I said to myself, "more sick people." I was wrong this time. These were two of our own guerrillas. They were from Column #6 that we were joining. They had been mauling the Japanese column below that was marching parallel to us.

Both had been picked off after they had made their attack on the enemy. One was shot in the buttocks; the bullet tumbled out his left abdomen. He lay on his side with his knees drawn up. This one was sick and in agony. The other wounded man was shot in the back of the thigh. I closed my eyes and silently pleaded to God to make them go away, but they would not disappear.

I told Ray, our interpreter, to tell them that I was not a doctor, that I was just carrying the bag for someone. It seems that they understood all this, but continued to beg me to try to do something. I mixed one packet of sulfa with water and had each of them drink the mixture. I painted the wound with iodine and sprinkled it with more sulfa and told them it was all I knew how to do. They thanked me profusely and I felt very ashamed and depressed. They had a 900-mile walk ahead of them to any type of doctor. The peasants would hide them unless someone sold the information to the Japs.

Later that night, Ray had a bout with malaria. We covered him with every blanket we could find and still he shook so hard two of us had to lay on top of him to keep him from injuring himself. By dawn, his fever had broken and he had calmed down, but he was too weak to stand. Our march could not be delayed a single day, so we made a stretcher and carried him that day. The following morning he could walk with frequent rests. We had been marching now for a solid month and I wondered when it would all end.

One day, an American in G.I. clothing met us on the trail and introduced himself as one of the Navy men with Column #6. I asked him how much farther it was and he replied that headquarters was just ahead. On a hillside a couple of hundred feet ahead was a white building shaded by tall trees almost invisible from every direction.

I stepped off the trail and watched the column with its bearers make their way past. Suddenly I heard the American scream at me, "Jesus Christ, don't move, you're in the middle of a mine field!" "That SOB! " I said to myself, now he tells me. He made his way to me very slowly and led me out of danger. When I asked

him how he knew where to step, he pointed to a handful of dead grass that was sprinkled over each mine. My shirt was soaked with sweat. It was Russian roulette and you would lose eventually. The word passed on the column was not to step off the trail for any purpose. No walking to urinate!

Our bearers unloaded and disappeared. We had a small mountain of supplies that was going to be dispensed soon to the guerrillas and to the uniformed members of the Loyal Patriotic Army. General Liao, who had been four or five miles behind the column, finally arrived on his old gray horse. Throughout the entire march he had stayed at least one hour behind the column, aloof as a commander or playing it safe, I'll never know. (**The Communists would kill him the following year along with the guerrillas we had all trained and become so fond of.)*

The precious arms and ammunition were handed to the Chinese and were promptly removed from view. Our trek was a total of 900 miles and took exactly thirty days. My body weight was also thirty pounds less.

One last thing remained of this phase of our mission, and that was to demonstrate the use of the weapons, notably the "bazooka," the Bangalore torpedoes. Assembling the torpedoes and explaining their use and the limitations was easy. The pupils asked many questions and appeared to know and understand our demonstration.

I don't think Captain Hanley ever saw a bazooka. He asked if anyone had any experience firing one. When he did not get a reply, he started to read the manual. I had instruction in the use of this self-propelled weapon, but did not answer as I did not actually fire one. The Captain was finally ready and sweating profusely, remarked to the effect that he was hoping the thing was not going to blow his head off. *(From "A Different Kind of War" by Admiral Miles).*

He inserted two flashlight batteries, made sure the bulb lit when he squeezed the trigger. With the bazooka loaded now, Captain Hanley took aim at a large rock about fifty feet away. By now, a large crowd of a hundred or more were gathered about him as he fired. The hit was right on target and a roar came from the observers. The Chinese cheered and applauded the Megwah technology. I wondered if they realized that they had invented both, the rocket and the gunpowder that had exploded.

In late July 1945, the first phase of delivering weapons was complete. Now the second phase, that of engaging and harassing the enemy was about to begin. We sent scouts to watch the enemy and interrogate the peasants. Information about the enemy began to pour in daily and soon we knew where every Japanese was for a hundred miles around us.

We descended from the mountains into the valleys. The Japanese had as many spies as we did, perhaps more. We were deliberately placing ourselves in harms way in order to provoke the enemy into attacking us. We ranged throughout the valley, ever alert to what the enemy columns were doing. They would hear of our presence soon and hopefully, they would come after us.

We, in turn, would retreat until we could take advantage and get behind them or ambush them. One column of about two hundred Japanese soldiers led by an officer on a horse began to edge closer and shortly began stalking us. It was what we wanted. Our column would move and they would follow. We kept this up for six or seven days. If the column closed on us, on ground favorable to them, we would lengthen the distance. A few times, we would walk through a village. As we left on end, they would be entering through the other.

What we wanted most was for them to come after us in the cemetery at the end of every town. The Chinese buried their dead above ground, covering the remains with a four or five foot mound of dirt. With a few hundred such mounds we could have them in a half dozen cross fires.

The Jap did not fall for it. He marched his men past the cemeteries as we watched and bivouacked in a grove of trees. It became a waiting game to see who would have the advantage and who would make the mistake. One time we entered a town four times, only to leave as they marched in a half-hour behind us.

In one such town was a Catholic missionary of Italian or French descent. At least he spoke both languages. He was about seventy-five or eighty and had long ago burnt himself out ministering to his flock. Unable to return to Rome, he was just living his remaining days.

The father invited us to share a bottle of wine in the grape arbor of his little mission. He had a fine vegetable garden and lived very simply. Signals were made that the enemy was entering the town and we hurriedly left. We found out later that the Japanese destroyed the entire mission and had beaten the priest to death. The church was used for a stable. We were constantly aware of the atrocities the Japanese were committing throughout the valley. One farmer so badly beaten he did not resemble a human being, told us of the Japanese troops taking melons off his field. The farmer knew enough not to protest, but he spoke

when they smashed each melon still on the vine and thus received his beating.

This meant starvation for him that winter. We gave him enough money to buy food for his wife and children at least for that winter. We were always ready to bring out a pile of money to show we were willing to pay for everything. This always brought a smile to the face of the people. The Japanese did the opposite. They took whatever they wanted and often beat or killed people.

The Air Force knew who we were and were told if forced to, to parachute or ditch their planes; we would know of it and would contact them for their safe passage out of the enemy area. Peasants would always spot pilots for us.

Our column alone brought out at least eighteen crew members and pilots to safety. The story at all the air bases was of the downed fighter pilot walking with his parachute after crashing. He looked up and sitting on a rock was a blond-haired American smoking a cigar who said, "If you keep walking that way fly boy, you're going to be in Shanghai in about six months. Here, sit down and have a cigar.." It was one of our men. The pilot was back flying his "mustang" in two weeks and never failed to buzz the spot where he met the sailor, if he was near. The lower jaw never failed to drop when it was learned we were U.S. Navy.

The Jap column could not be tempted. One night we slipped away for greener pastures. Back in our favorite cemetery, we waited until spies brought us news of new targets. Maps of the area were just not available and we had to rely solely on the Chinese guerrillas that came from the area.

We received word of a Japanese truck convoy about to travel east towards the coast. We made a forced march through the night, the next day and one more night to get into position. My ankle was beginning to kill me and the other was beginning to pain me also.

If I could just get off my feet for a few days, I knew I would feel better. I had inherited the "bazooka." The gunnery sergeant and his corporal had charge of our machinegun. The gun was an ancient World War I Lewis with its wooden stock and round drum of fifty rounds.

I remember seeing pictures of these mounted on World War I two-seat fighter planes on the observer's cockpit. Upright, the Lewis was almost five-feet long, with its bipod and stock attached, it weighed a ton. The corporal carried the ammunition, the sergeant carried the weapon. One hundred and fifty rounds was not much to get into a scrape with, but if the "gun-hugger" was as good with the Lewis as I thought he was, he could do a lot of damage.

He almost damaged me permanently one night. Our position was a six-foot ditch running parallel to a dirt road. The sky was almost moonless. With heavy clouds obscuring the little moon we had, I had trouble at times seeing my hand in front of my face.

The sergeant took up a position on my left about two-hundred yards away. I covered the right flank with three Chinese guerrillas, but I had no interpreter. The plan was for me to let the Jap column go by me and disable the last vehicle as the sergeant would disable the first. The fifty or so guerrillas between were to begin to mop up what was left between the front and the rear of the column.

The long wait began. The minutes stretched into hours and every hour seemed like a day. Nothing to hear but the sound of crickets and I began to wonder if my group were the only ones there. Off to my right was a faint glow in the sky . I even began to wonder if this was an illusion.

Sometimes the glow would appear closer, sometimes it appeared not to change. Shortly before dawn, the night was at its darkest. I decided to scout the empty area to our right and then approach the road from a ninety degree angle. When my intentions were evident to the Chinese, they piled on me to restrain me from leaving the ditch. I did not fight them, but without an interpreter, I could not explain that scouting in the dark was precisely what I was trained for.

As a Scout and Raider, I spent more time being buried in leaves and dirt than I did on the sea. The leg of the ditch lay in the direction from which we had come and as we made our way back about fifty yards, I was soon standing on level ground.

I eased myself to a prone position when I heard a bolt being drawn and a click as it stopped in the cocked position. As if there were a shout in my ear and with pure instinct, I lowered my head and pressed my temple into the dirt. In front of my head was a small bush about two-feet high. I heard a dull boom in the distance and found out that a land mine was tripped by a bullock.

No one mentioned any land mine. I could see why the Chinese were so anxious to stop me. The language barrier was a decided drawback. The gunnery sergeant was remarking to the corporal that he would never fire a Lewis machinegun at night again, as it lit a five-foot area around him. I informed him that he had missed me by an inch and left him with his mouth open.

Why had that machinegun been pointed in the opposite direction, I'll never know. We retreated to our mountain hideout. The enemy was searching the entire valley for us.

Late one August afternoon, I was sitting on a hilltop with my field glasses overlooking the valley below. The radioman came panting up the hill, and after catching his breath, said that the war was over. I was still observing the enemy moving below so this made little sense.

"It's true," he said. "one bomb wiped out an entire city." I did not think that a "blockbuster" could ever wipe out an entire city and said so. He replied that it's a new type of bomb called an atom bomb. I was skeptical. I had heard that the Japanese lived in paper houses and perhaps the city had caught fire. I just did not believe him. Next day we were on the march again along those tiny mountain trails down to the valley floor.

Armed only lightly, I had stopped asking, "Where are we going?" Most of us were so trained, we simply would pitch in and did what was necessary. Besides, knowing too much was never considered a good idea in case of capture. As a member of a well-trained team, I knew only four or five last names out of the dozen at Camp #3 and Camp #5.

Shortly, we arrived at a small white wayside temple for travelers. Captain Hanley set up the radio and was in touch with Chungking as he had been all night long. The radio traffic was very heavy and we had to wait until we heard our signal to begin transmission. I took off my .45 automatic and hung a pair of field glasses around my neck and started that constant sweeping of the area.

I wandered a few hundred yards in every direction. Encountering some heavy brush, I pushed my way through. The last three feet I turned my back to the brush, pushing with my back and in a turning motion, broke free of the brush, facing the direction I intended to go. As I broke through, I looked to find myself facing a column of Jap soldiers, four abreast marching from my right, past me to my left.

The road was not ten feet away and the enemy not fifteen. With two inches of soft sand on the road, their soft slippers did not make a sound. My right leg started to shake and my hand slipped to the holster that was not there.

My mouth filled with sand. The enemy, with their rifles slung, were giving me curious glances, but kept right on marching past me. I folded my arms and stared at them . Short little men, mostly unshaven. They walked like little robots, torsos bobbing forward and backward, their eyes focusing on me, then looking ahead.

Their curious glances could not hide the cruelty on their faces. These were the impressions that my eyes were transmitting to my brain in those first few seconds. What a stupid position to place myself in. Again, the soft dust and the road hid the sounds.

When I turned to my right, he was almost upon me. It was the little Jap officer on his horse. I can't count the times I watched him from the hills. This was the column we had tried to entice into the cemetery. This was also the column that ruined the missionary's house and garden, not to mention the beating and murder of the priest.

The Jap officer looked like a toy on that animal. I could not help but notice the sword at his side. My brain shouted to yank him from his saddle and snap his neck if he reached or started to draw his sword. I remember pictures of Japanese executing prisoners. I was not going to die that way!

Although this memory did not enter my head at the time, I was sure it was the basis for my instant decision. I noticed the teeth on the officer first. They seemed to be driven into his mouth in almost a horizontal position. They were yellow and dirty and like his men, he was unshaven. He must have had ten or fifteen paces to observe me before I saw him, giving him time notice that I was not armed, had no insignia and only field glasses around my neck.

I guess he could not resist showing me his linguistic ability and asked, "Are you a journalist?" I simply nodded my head. His next question was "British or American?": I answered, "American." With that he nodded, turned his horse and continued the march. I was soaking wet with sweat. I don't think my feet touched the earth as I flew back to the monastery.

I burst through the door and yelled, "Get your guns, the place is crawling with Japs!" Someone answered, "Yeah, we know, they just passed by." Everyone seemed to be cool and relaxed. They had adjusted to the situation while I blundered into it.

Captain Hanley was missing. I was told that a Chinese farmer had appeared lamenting that the Japanese had taken all his food and bullock. Captain Hanley was so furious he took after the column and its officer.

The Japanese officer tried to assert his authority when berated by Captain Hanley and made the mistake of reaching for his sword. Hanley lifted him out of the saddle and shook him like a wet doll. The farmer returned with his bullock and money for the food the Japanese confiscated.

The Japanese officer and his men continued their long march back to the coast, for passage back to Japan. We hadn't killed each other. The war was really over. The thought started to sink in. But I continued to look over my shoulder for many years, sleeping without my automatic under my pillow would be tantamount to going to bed with my shoes on. I just couldn't do it.

"Move out." Again, but still not for the last time. Our orders were to march to the nearest possible road that could support truck traffic. We were to meet a small truck convoy to carry us back to our base camp north of Sian. Our destination was about one week's march directly over the mountains to a small dirt road over which a truck could be taken.

My painful ankles now took longer and longer to support me. The bones of the feet are like a jigsaw puzzle, interlocking and fit precisely. My rundown heels and paper-thin soles caused the bottom of my feet to assume the shape of the earth upon which they rested. This uneven surface forced the bones out of their tight fitting position, stretching and straining the ligaments that bound the bones together.

The resulting swelling made this condition worse. Fluid having weight and occupying space was further displacing the joints and spreading the ligaments. It was the sixth or seventh day of our march to join the trucks, when with each step, the pain became worse and simply did not leave after the usual exercise.

By 1:00pm I sat on a rock to let the entire column pass me, not unusual as I often brought up the rear. I could no longer put any weight on my feet and had decided to walk on my knees after the column was out of sight.

In theory it made sense to me. I had not crawled a dozen yards when I knew it was not going to work. Every grain of sand or the tiniest pebble felt like a thumbtack in my knee. Now what? Am I going to have to be carried? I started to despair. For the first time my twenty-one-year-old body failed me. I felt completely frustrated, for I felt no pain as long as I did not stand or walk

I tried again and again, crawling on all four and had gone about twenty yards when I heard shouting, exuberant shouting. I crawled over to look over a small rise and not fifty yards away were the trucks. I found the strength to get up, stagger to the nearest tailgate and climbed aboard. It was over!

I don't remember my ankles bothering me again. If this had happened a week sooner, I think it might have been fatal for me. The trip back to Camp #3 was uneventful. We arrived to find the monastery deserted, the guerrillas gone, dispersed throughout China to brew mischief for the Japanese as we had been doing. Before they would be able to unite, the Communists would defeat them. As well, American aid would be cut off. I would be ashamed of America.

I was surprised to learn that Ernie Chyz went further east than I went. Dressed as a Chinese boatman, he had poled a sampan down the Yangtze River to the very heart of occupied Shanghai. They lived as coolies on the waterfront and on the rooftops and performed to their credit.

Our coast watchers, too, had given our submarines a field day with the ships they had spotted. The closer the war approached to Japan, the closer their ships had to operate to the coast. One submarine after another expended its torpedoes and raced back for more.

We even manufactured and laid mines with the help of local pirates. The Navy aircraft carriers and the Army Air Force were getting their weather reports regularly and could plan their missions accordingly.

SACO had fourteen camps throughout China and more than fourteen columns operating behind enemy lines. To these could be added dozens of coast watchers and the SACO personnel working with the pirates. (**These pirates rescued downed airmen and brought priceless information on Japanese ship movements in the South China Sea. In the year-and-a-half that Camp #3 was in existence, it had trained over 4,000 guerrillas that accounted for over 5,000 Japanese casualties).* *Statistics from "A Different Kind of War" by Admiral Milton Miles.

Columns 5 and 6 alone accounted for 200 enemy soldiers. The combined total of all SACO forces accounted for over 20,458 enemy killed, and dozens of American airmen rescued in their desperation to escape from enemy territory.

Just a few days at Camp #3 and word came to go to Sian Airport to catch a flight to Chungking. Since we were not coming back, we took everything we owned with us, including the items we left behind when we went to join Column #5. The old hand crank phonograph that almost decapitated anyone attempting to

wind it was left behind along with our three-record collection – Tommy Dorsey's "Marie," Perry Como's "Our Waltz," and "Rum and Coca Cola" by the Andrews Sisters.

At the last minute, a runner with an envelope came breathlessly asking for Ruski or Ski. Since I was the only "Ski" available, I pronounced my name slowly to him and he nodded his head, "Ski." When he was satisfied, he delivered a medal that General Wen had awarded me. I never knew for what I was being decorated. At Sian, we wolfed down an American meal, our first in three months. I never knew that powdered milk could taste so good, not to mention the butter-flavored margarine. I had lost a pound each day on the long march and much more after we arrived. A C-47 taxied right up to the mess hall and the pilot waved us aboard. The wingtip was inches from the building. An aerial hotshot no less, with a cigar between his teeth, waving us to come aboard.

At Chungking, we were met by trucks and driven to legendary "Happy Valley." This was the hub of our entire operation. It was a valley lush and green, with clouds working their way between the sharp steeple peaks of the church, occasionally blanketing the entire small valley high in the mountains.

The Chinese government turned it over to us for our use. It had originally contained a Buddhist temple. It was a lovely retreat for the members of that gentle faith. Little by little, small buildings were added including a mess hall and showers. The buildings were spread far apart and could only be damaged by direct hits.

It also contained our orphanage with over 200 children by now. The brains of SACO were housed here with communications throughout the entire Chinese network. From Happy Valley, we were in touch with the entire fleet in the South Pacific; Midway Island, Hawaii, Calcutta, Australia and San Francisco occasionally.

From here, the messages to Admiral King, General Marshall, and the President of the United States (our patron) were sent. Everyone dressed in khakis and I did not know if I was speaking to a Marine Colonel of Navy Commander, nor could you tell which service they represented.

The entire camp of about thirty turned out to greet us, our hands being shook, good wishes and hearty welcomes being expressed amid smiles and back-slapping. It was one big family with us, the missing members returning.

They suffered with us during our trials, shared our joys in those distant valleys so far away there by candlelight around the radio. They also shared our griefs and our triumphs, as if they had been with us. These our shipmates, would do everything they could to help us and agonize when they could not.

This was also the central information gathering and dispersing center. Thousands of messages from spies and observers were radioed here, analyzed and forwarded where they could do the most good. While Happy Valley did not direct all of our moves, it did serve as an invaluable source of information and was ever-ready to arrange for any Chinese help we might need.

"Anyone who wants, can turn in his weapon to Chan here." None of us made the move and one khaki-clad shipmate collected a big bet from another; "They won't be giving them up for at least a week. It's like asking them to walk around naked." It was true. I carried one .45 on my right hip and another one in my belt at the small of my back.

That evening, after a banquet style Chinese meal, I was offered some lemonade. I was thirsty from all the salt and drank two pints from a canteen cup. In less that fifteen minutes, I was drunk and in fifteen more, fast asleep. The lemonade was laced with 200 proof pure alcohol. My first solid sleep in three months!

I wonder if it was planned. They had known about my ankles even when I thought I had kept it a secret from the rest of the column. On a wall-to-wall map, I was shown a red pin representing my column with about 50 pinpricks. Headquarters knew where I was everyday. We left by an old Army DC3 for Calcutta. Without oxygen again, our pilot had to skim over the snow covered Himalayas. Occasionally, we would see a secluded monastery, a lone solitary structure on a mountaintop. Before long, there appeared the lush jungles of Assam and finally, the haze leaden skies of Calcutta. Even at our altitude, we could feel the oppressive humidity, the pilot constantly adjusting the fuel mixture. We landed at Dum Dum Airport, the legendary origin of the deadly Dum Dum cartridge.

Back in steaming Calcutta again, that boiling cauldron of humanity, with all the wandering cows, half-starved rickshaw pullers, kids whispering that they had a ruby for sale, the smell of burning cow dung, and the gaudy billboards advertising American movies. A bottle of Carews Gin at the Grand Hotel was really a treat; tomorrow we would curse the diarrhea!

We would soon be gone and many of these people would be dead from the riots that exploded a year later as the once mighty British Empire continued to crumble. Small riots were already starting.

Back at Camp Knox we waited. Crews from all over China began to fly in and assemble for the final trip back to the United States. A shout would go up as more and more Scouts and Raiders would appear. We had been scattered in small units all over China. Like family, we were gathering together again to go home, just as we gathered to come to the Orient from Europe.

As our numbers began to swell, we began to become anxious for the ones still missing. One day a roar went up. We were all here! We all made it! We all survived. We were all alive and we celebrated that night. It took a little more than two weeks to gather us from all parts of China.

One morning we received our last "Move out!" In trucks again, this time to the docks of Calcutta to board the U.S.S. General Hodges. This ship had many more Army men aboard than our first trip and one could tell they were noncombatant by their weight and loud mouths.

The combat G.I. or Marine was always soft spoken and rested when he could, as if savoring the inactivity. But then, there were no fighting units in India at that time. Our guys bunked forward and occupied that portion of the Hodges keeping to ourselves.

One evening, after dinner, Ernie and I were standing on the bow at the rail. The sea was calm and the bow was like a sharp knife slicing through the water. Something was wrong that I just could not put my finger on. It slowly dawned on me that there were lights other than the moon and that I was smoking topside at night. This was to be the first time we did not have to observe blackout conditions.

Even the running lights on our masts were lit. I could see the entire length of the ship instead of stumbling through the dark. I mentioned to Ernie, "You know, shortly we are going to be unemployed. What will a couple of trained killers do in civilian life?" "I'm going into construction," Ernie replied, "with my brother and father. How about you?" he asked. "I don't know," I replied. "I don't even have a high school education, maybe I'll just kill some time in school until I decide."

Matthew (Komorowski) Kaye

Honorably discharged 12/7/45

Grand Hotel – Chowringhee Rd – Calcutta, India

SACO

AND THE CHINA I KNEW

(Following article written in October 2001 for "Experience" – the publication of the Senior Lawyers Division of the American Bar Association. Ed)

By
S. Shepherd Tate, Esq
c/o Martin, Tate, Morrow & Marston, P.C.
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After serving about 15 months as the U. S. Navy Operational Intelligence Officer and Board Officer under the command of All Forces Aruba-Curacao, Netherlands, West Indies, I was anxious to have a change of command and learned that the Navy was asking for volunteers to go to China. So I volunteered.

In September 1944, I received orders to proceed to the U.S. Navy Department, Washington, D.C., for further transportation to the U.S. Naval Group China at Chungking, the wartime capital of China. Little did I realize that I was to become a member of a top secret and fantastic organization, better known as SACO. When I arrived at the Navy Department, I was surprised to learn that a good friend who was then attached to the Navy Department, had sought to cancel my orders. When I confronted him, I asked, "Why?" He responded, "You don't want to join that outfit. The last group - they had to drop into China by parachutes."

This organization, often dubbed "The Rice Paddy Navy," was one in which Chinese and Americans worked together in friendly cooperation in their united effort against the Japanese.

SACO is principally the story of two unusual men: Vice Admiral Milton E. Miles, U. S. Navy and Lieutenant General Tai Li, Chief of Nationalist China's Bureau of Investigation and Statistics (BIS) China's secret police and sometimes referred to as "China's FBI."

The day after Pearl Harbor, Admiral Ernest J. King, Chief of Naval Operations, gave Miles, then a Commander, secret oral orders: "You are to go to China and set up some bases as soon as you can. The main idea is to prepare the China coast in any way you can for U.S. Navy landings in three or four years. In the meantime, to do whatever you can to help the Navy and to heckle the Japanese." Miles, a graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy, was an old China hand, having had 18 years experience in two tours of duty in China. Also, he was quite an expert in mines.

The other strong SACO personality, Tai Li, had been graduated from the Whampoa Academy at Canton. Chiang Kai-shek had been the founder and commandant of the Academy, and Tai Li had been the Generalissimo's trusted friend and protector from the very first days of Chiang's rise to supremacy. The Generalissimo had assigned Tai Li do work with Miles.

After Miles and Tai had worked for awhile on the "Friendship Project," it was agreed that more personnel were needed to train the Chinese, and more supplies were necessary. At this juncture, it was decided to prepare a formal agreement, setting out the responsibilities of the Chinese and American Governments. On April 15, 1943, an agreement, written in Chinese and English, and establishing the Sino-American Cooperative Organization, was signed by Premier T.V. Soong (then Foreign Minister)

and Tai Li, and by Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox, Brigadier General William J. Donovan, Director of O.S.S., and Miles. The agreement was approved by the Generalissimo and President Roosevelt. Under the agreement, Tai Li was Director and Miles was Deputy Director. The agreement specifically stated that the abbreviation "SACO" (the initial letters of this organization) should be pronounced similarly to the American word "SOCKO" with the significance of a powerful or sudden attack. It has been said that SACO was perhaps the first operation during the war in which a foreigner was in charge of American forces. This SACO was the amazing outfit I was to join in December 1944.

I flew across the Atlantic to North Africa, then to Calcutta, India. At that time, the Ledo Road, later named the Stilwell Road, had not been completed, so the only way to get SACO personnel into China from India was over the treacherous Himalayas, or the "Hump," as it was called.

While awaiting a flight over the Hump, I served for about a month as Officer in Charge of the U.S. Naval Group at Camp Kanchrapara, India, and later as the Transportation Officer of the U.S. Naval Group China in Calcutta, India. As Transportation Officer, I assigned myself a motorcycle, and in two instances, I barely escaped serious injuries. Then I gave myself a Jeep. One day I went to the U.S. Army PX. After I left the PX, I realized I was in the wrong Jeep. When I returned to the Army PX, I was surrounded by MPs. Mistakenly, I had taken a general's Jeep instead of my own. If I had been an Army man instead of a Navy man, I probably would have been put in the brig.

There were two ways to go by air to China from India. The U.S. Air Force planes, with oxygen, flew over the Hump and the China National Airways Corporation planes, without oxygen, flew through the Hump. The planes always left about midnight so that the Jap zeroes would not have the opportunity to see them. Finally, I received short notice that at about 10 o'clock one night, I would board a China National Airways Corporation C-47 plane in Calcutta, proceed to Dinjan, India and then through the Hump. After stopping at Kunming, which was the base of the U.S. 14th Air Force, we proceeded over the mountainous terrain of Szechwan Province to Chungking. We landed on a sandbar in the Yangtze River. After checking in at a bamboo hut, Chinese coolies took my bags, put them on a sampan, and guided the boat to the dock about 300 feet below the rocky cliffs of Chungking.

After arriving in Chungking, I was transported in a Jeep over a tortuous, bumpy road for about twelve miles to the mysterious "Happy Valley," Tai Li's tight little kingdom where the Headquarters of SACO was located and where I would remain for almost a year. It was really not a valley, but a series of rocky hills with towering mountains behind. Rice paddies were everywhere, and armed Chinese sentries guarded every path.

SACO American personnel numbered about 2500 volunteers from the Navy, Marine Corp and Coast Guard, with some Army officers and men. In fact, one of my bunk mates was a U.S. Army Captain who was the American Personnel Officer of SACO.

The initial operations of SACO were to gather weather and general intelligence. As you know, weather moves from west to east, and four times a day, SACO gave weather reports from Happy Valley to the U.S 14th Air Force at Kunming, to the U.S. 20th Bomber Command and to the U.S. Pacific Fleet. Later, the operations were expanded to training and working with Chinese guerrillas against the Jap troops, in the sinking of Japanese shipping, and in mining waterways. Also, SACO personnel rescued downed aviators, some of those being General Jimmy Doolittle flyers who bombed Japan and then landed in China. Eventually, fourteen camps were established throughout China.

I remember one day when Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and Madame Chiang visited Happy Valley to visit our headquarters and to view the SACO-trained Chinese guerrilla troops. She graciously signed one of my Chinese calling cards.

The closest liaison and cooperation were maintained at all times between the Chinese and American Departments. Joint Chinese-American orders were issued to field commanders. The same offices were used and interpreters were shared to exchange the information. My interpreter was Victor Lu. Daily staff

conferences were held in the mornings. Initially, I was in intelligence and later became the American Operations Officer working with my Chinese counterpart, General Yi Lok-sin.

I remember quite well an argument that arose at one of these conferences between Miles and Tai Li. The Americans in the field were complaining that they were training the Chinese guerrillas, but the Chinese commanders would not allow the Americans to accompany the guerrillas on their missions. Our field personnel complained that it was only through being with the trainees in combat that they could further their training, check on the use of the weapons and evaluate the training to date. The charge had been made that Tai Li was not allowing the Americans along because he was hoarding the American arms for post-war use against his bitter enemies, the Communists, and he did not want to be found out. Tai Li and his staff vigorously denied the charge and stressed that the denial of the right of the Americans to be in combat was based solely on his desire to protect the Americans. Miles insisted and thereafter, the Americans accompanied the Chinese.

As an indication of the power, extensiveness and effectiveness of Tai Li's police and guerrilla force, American personnel were able to work behind Japanese lines, to cross Japanese lines, and to operate against the Japanese, but out of the approximately 2,500 American personnel serving in China with SACO, there was not a single death by enemy action. The rumor was that if an American was killed, Tai Li would in turn, kill the Chinese who was supposed to protecting that American.

In response to Admiral King's orders to Miles, SACO personnel participated in the surveys of the China coast in preparation for the landing of the Pacific Fleet. Navy personnel who had been beach masters in North Africa, Sicily, Italy and Normandy came to China to scout the beaches for possible landing sites. At times, these tall Americans wearing Chinese clothing and carrying yo-yo-poles on their shoulders had to be hidden in hay stacks when the Japs learned that some strange Chinese were in the vicinity.

SACO was such an unusual operation that 3 books were written about it: *A Different King of War by* Miles, *SACO-The Rice Paddy Navy and the Army-Navy Game,* both by Roy A. Stratton of the SACO Supply Department, and one movie entitled *Destination Gobi* was produced. One of the scenes in this movie shows an American plane dropping by parachutes, many horseback saddles, which the American personnel gave to the Mongols in appreciation for their support of SACO operations.

The personnel at Happy Valley lived in mud thatched white-painted huts, ate heartily the Chinese food, and we learned to be experts with chopsticks. I remember quite well a party Tai Li gave us. The piece de resistance was a feast of hundred-year-old eggs, and there were many toasts with Chinese wine as we said, "Gom-bay" meaning " bottoms up." The food was good and plentiful and I did not appear to gain weight. One of my best snapshots shows me in shorts and tennis shoes, and you can count all of my ribs.!

At night we would either learn to speak and write Chinese or play cards. At first we did not have much lighting, and I remember getting a tick in my left eye. I was flown to Kunming in order to get some glasses and who should be the ophthalmologist but Major Eisenhower, a cousin of General Dwight Eisenhower. Exercise was obtained by climbing the nearby hills, playing baseball and even tennis on a tennis court that was constructed.

This whole operation was so secretive that for a long time we were not able to leave Happy Valley. People would wonder why Americans were in the interior of China.

As part of its intelligence missions, SACO , through its coast watcher system, gave reports of Japanese cargo and military shipping. Perhaps the most spectacular result of SACO intelligence related to Admiral William F. Halsey. Jr., who had asked SACO for targets in the Indo China waters. On January 1, 1945, the coastwatchers reported so many targets that Halsey's fliers managed to "cover the waterfront." His fliers that day sank 40 ships totaling 120,000 tons, including a Jap cruiser and eleven

destroyers.

In his book, Miles reports that the Chinese guerrillas, with SACO equipment and training, and at often times led by U.S. Navy and Marine Corps personnel, killed 23,540 Japanese, wounded 9,166 and captured 291. They destroyed 209 bridges, 84 locomotives and 141 ships, and 97 depots and warehouses.

I remember quite well an Army dispatch asking Miles to make a full disclosure on whether or not our units had been fighting these Communists, and also to supply information about some weapons which reputedly been captured by the Communist from SACO troops.

Our investigation revealed that our guerrillas never attacked the Communists. There was evidence, in fact, and I remember this distinctly, that the Japanese, would at times, withdraw, and the Commies came in and killed many of our SACO-trained troops and took their American weapons.

Incidentally, we never found any proof that the Communists ever fought the Japs. It was our understanding that General Albert C. Wedemeyer, Commanding General of the China Theater, reached the same conclusion.

Of course, on the question of whether or not the Chinese in Yenan Province, where we had a unit, were Communists, we at SACO knew that Russian advisers had been working with the Chinese in Yenan.

Shortly after the war, we sent out intelligence teams into all heretofore occupied areas to evaluate our intelligence and to make an estimate of the situation. One of my good friends, upon his return, told me that the Russians were taking up the railroads, the factories and everything of value in the northern areas.

Shortly after the Japanese surrender of August 14, 1945, I was sent from Happy Valley into Chungking to serve as the Naval Liaison Officer with General Wedemeyer's Headquarters. During that time, Henry Luce, Editor of the *Time, Life* and *Fortune* magazines, came and visited with us at the Naval Attache's house for almost a week.

In May 1965, when Mr. Luce was in Memphis as the guest speaker at the Memphis & Shelby County Bar Association Law Day Banquet, I spoke with him about his visit to Chungking.

I said, "Mr. Luce, at that time the word was that you were making this trip to Chungking to square away Teddy White, Annalee Jacoby, and any of your other writers who were reporting that the Communists were not real Communists but were just agrarian reformers."

He replied, "That is exactly right, and I told Teddy that I did not want anymore political reporting from him" and he went on to say, "but Teddy got the best of me. I saw a picture of General Marshall standing in front of a four-motored bomber ready to depart for China. Under his arm, he carried *Thunder Out of China* by Theodore White." This was White's and Jacoby's best-selling book telling about the Chinese Central Government versus the agrarian reformers, and urging a coalition government.

The most lasting impression that I brought back from China, where I was for over a year working with the Nationalists, is that the Nationalists were our friends; therefore, it was distressing to learn that in 1946 our government stopped a $500,000,000 **loan** to the Nationalists and later stopped its supplies of arms to them. Many efforts were made to mediate between the Nationalists and the Communists, but all these efforts did not meet with success. The Communists regrouped and pushed the Nationalists off the China mainland over to Taiwan. I am happy that our Government has protected the Chinese on Taiwan. For these acts, I would say, "Ding Hao! Si Si Ni." (Good! Thank You!)

???!!!***

President R. L. Rutan's

Welcome Address to 52nd Annual SACO Reunion in Appleton, WI

Gen. & Mrs. Kuo, Col. Jason Tarng, Maj. Jerry Yang, Maj. Mia Wu, SACO Tigers, Associate members, families & friends. Yes we did it again, we made it to our 52nd annual SACO Reunion!!! I like to think of them as "family" reunions. At this time, I want to express our sincere gratitude to Chairman Jack Miller for again inviting us back to Wisconsin and with the help of his daughter, Judy and her husband Richard Maurice, who never hesitated to take on the duties of putting on one of these shows, for certainly doing a magnificent performance. (Jack, would you, Judy and Richard please stand while we express our thanks for a great get-together?)

We SACO volunteers maintained personal pride in our unique adventure and that pride has never lessened in all these 63 years plus. With many of our group involved in dangerous and hazardous conditions, both behind as well as between Japanese lines, casualties from some 2,500 men remained remarkably minimal. I'm aware of one fatality in line of duty – a Pharmacist's Mate, who in deference to bailing out, attended a wounded officer as their plane was shot down by the enemy over Burma. Otherwise, fatalities of perhaps four others, unfortunately were accidental, including two of our best Radio Intelligence buddies, Bob Lynch and Lyle Jansen who had grown up together from kindergarten.

It is my understanding that three of our coast watchers were wounded and captured – Joseph Sexton, Peone Russomano & Alfred Parson & though horribly tortured as POWs of the Japanese, all survived.

We know what kept our casualties inconceivably low – it was due to one man, Gen. Tai Li (the founder of today's Military Intelligence in Taiwan), who had a colossal network of our Chinese comrades ever omnipresent for our safety throughout China..

It is heartwarming that though many decades have passed – (some of the current high-ranking officials of the MIB weren't even born when SACO joined the Chinese ranks to defeat the invading Japanese), a fond compact prevails. (Ye Gads!! Stop to think of it!!! HOW OLD DOES THAT MAKE US?) Yet members of the MIB never fail to join us each year as we reunite in the eternal bond of friendship. I ask, is there any time in history comparable to the covenant that our two countries have shared over half a century? I doubt that, and we cherish the friendship that has been everlasting. We are again extremely honored that you have never forgotten us, nor shall we ever forget you!

Ding Ding Hao! Si si ni....Si si ni!!!

Highlights of '06 Reunion in Appleton , WI 9-20 thru 9-23

9-20 Registration – day free
9-21 Bus to Oshkosh for EAA tour.
Lunch at Friar Tuck's Restaurant
Visit WWII Veterans' Museum
Return to hotel – evening free except for officers & trustees dining with Taiwan delegation.

9-22 Bus to Paper Institute Museum tour.
Lunch at Atlas Coffee Mill and Cafe
Return to hotel at 1330
At 1500 Rondini the magician in Salon C
At 1615 Bill Wyatt audiovisual presentation of SACO in China in Salon C
Entire group enjoys dinner with Taiwan delegation in Oaktag Parchment Room.

9-23 0900 SACO veterans have general annual meeting in Lawrence Room. Ladies Auxiliary in Oaktag Room.

Afternoon free – Hospitality Room open until 4PM

1800 Cocktail hour
1900 Banquet in Salon C
Hospitality Room open after banquet for farewells.

DUES

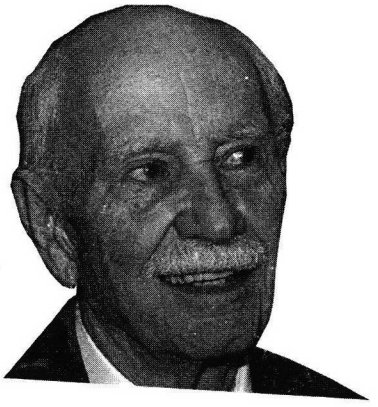
Regulars & Associates $25

Treasurer Willie Baker
2810 Highland Blvd
Spring Valley, CA 91977-3341

Ladies Auxiliary $15

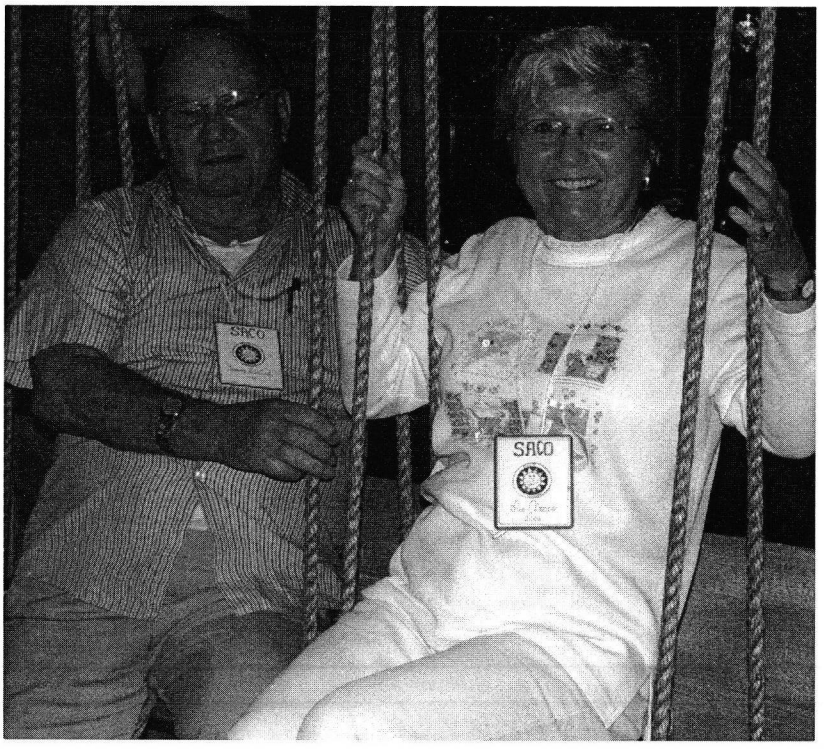
Treasurer Laura Sellers
1291 Eastern Parkway
Louisville, KY 40204-2440

APPEARANCES IN APPLETON, 52ND ANNUAL SACO NATIONAL REUNION 2006

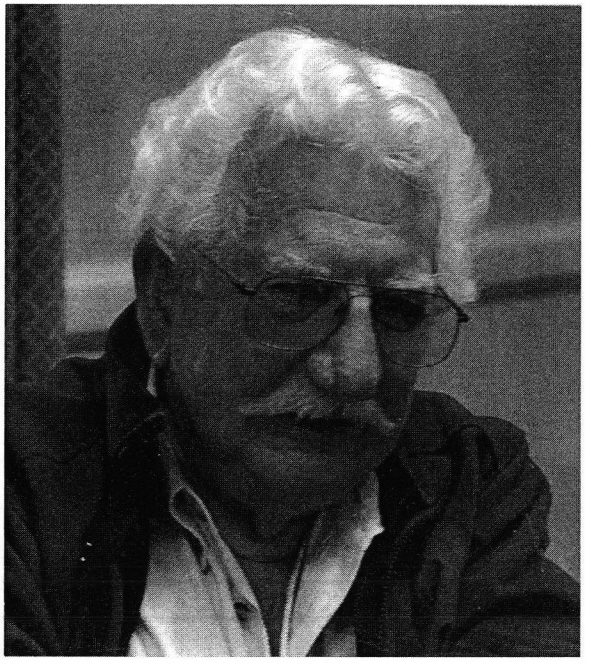


Appleton, WI 2006
Reunion Chairman
Jack Miller

Maj. Gen. & Mrs. Kuo - Maj. Jerry Yang – Maj. Mia Wu – Col. Jason Tarng

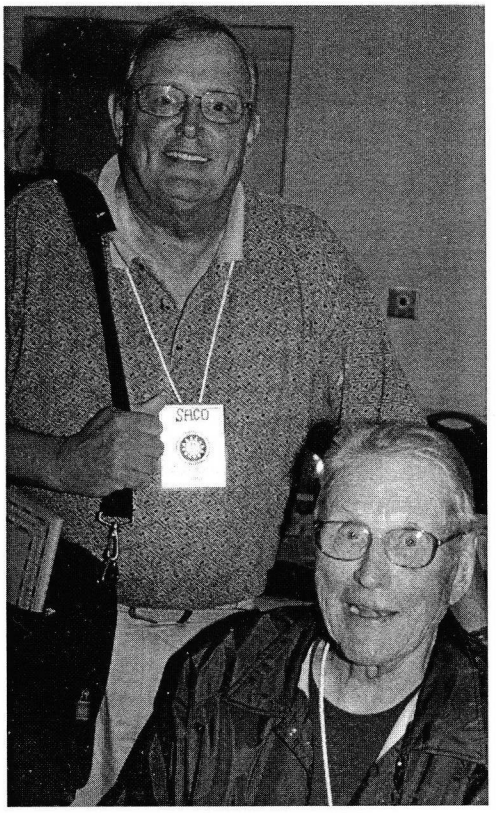


Henry Scurlock – Sue Clance

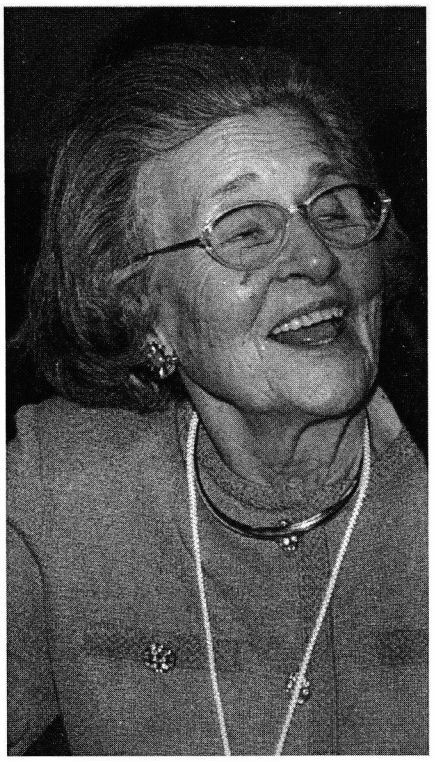


Bill Bartee

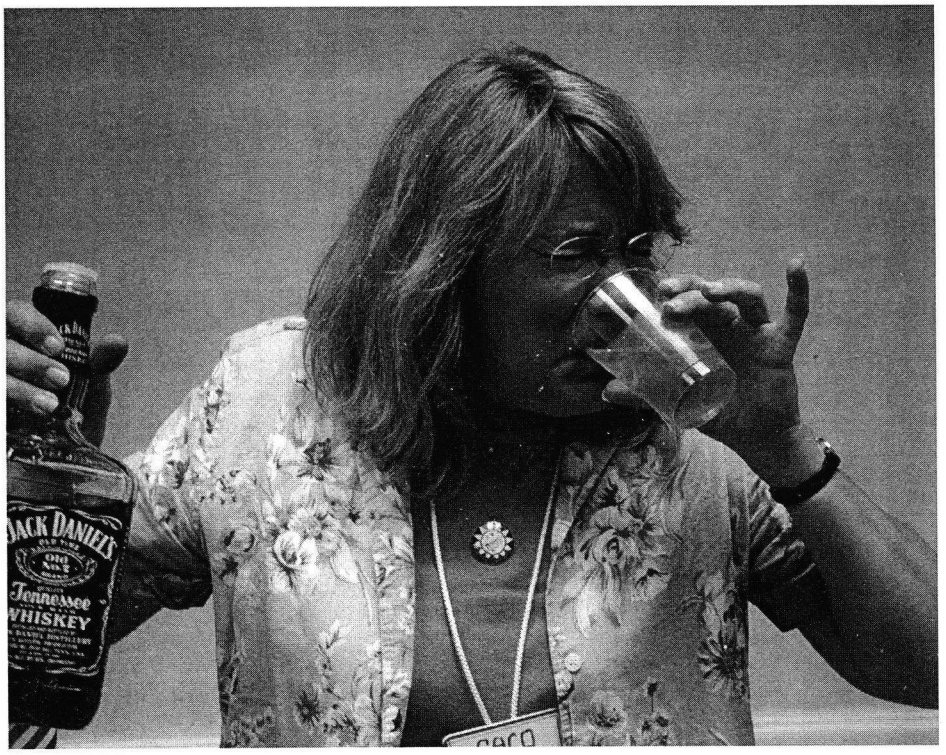
Marian Quinlan



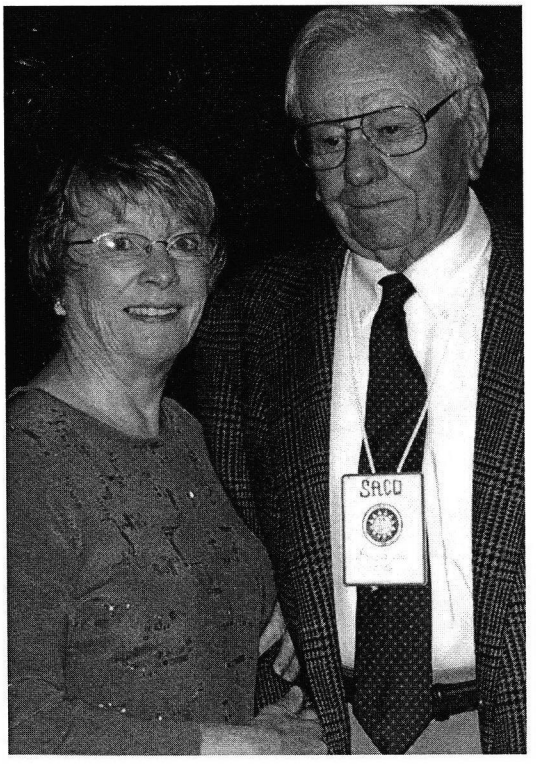
Roger and Verne Herberg



Mary Tanner



Carolyn Inman Arnold (*taste test to confirm she doesn't like it)*



Ellen & Bud Booth

Penny Coats – Mary Tanner

Ellen Booth

Charles "C-Going" Miles

Jack Petersen

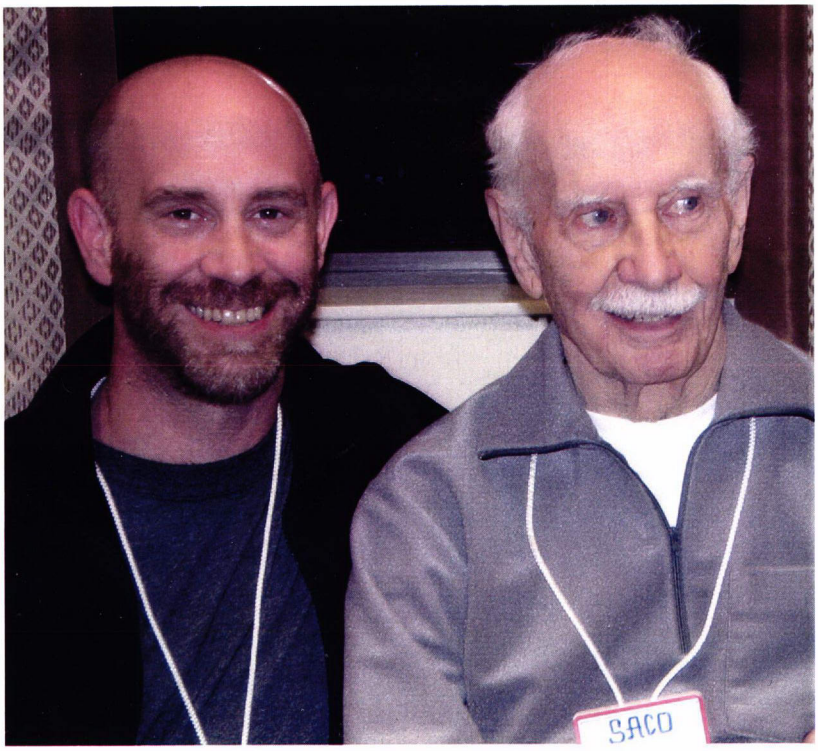
Beverly Petersen

Bob Hornberger

Richard Bannier

Mathilda Bannier

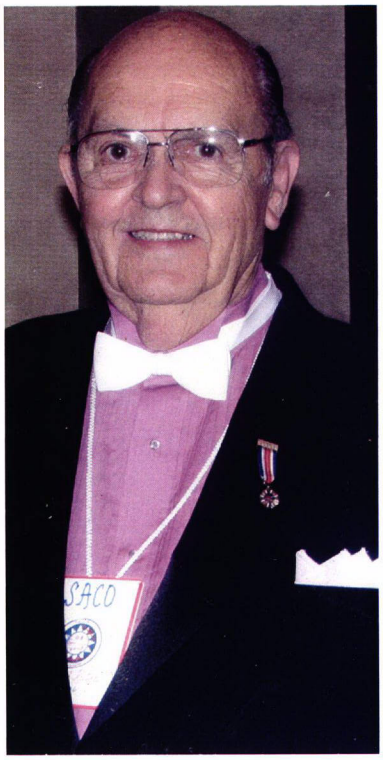
Allen Tanner



Dan & father Jack Miller

Graeme Jack & Debbie Chung

Two royals at the ball – Mollie Bradshaw and Carolyn Inman Arnold



President Richard L. Rutan


These fingers Belong to Sal Ciaccio
Judy Maurice
Richard Maurice
Sal Ciaccio
Richard Terpstra
Allen Tanner
Jack Miller
Bob Grace
Jack Petersen
George Barrett
Caroline Reynnet
Bill Edwards

Bob Grace, Jr.

Bob Grace, Sr.

Marty Tetlow – Barbara Rowe

Richard Rutan – Willie Baker

Virginia Anderegg & grandson, Casey Anderegg

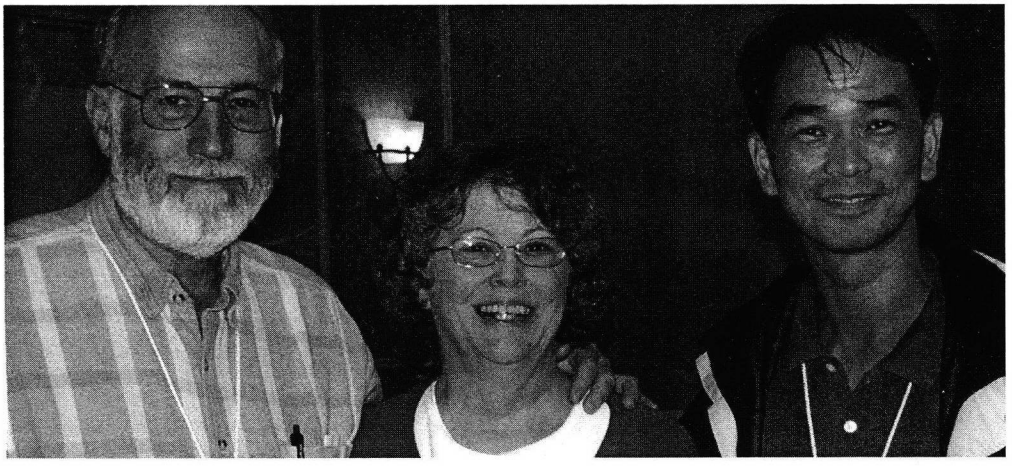
Major Mia Wu – Carolyn Inman Arnold

John Waters Family

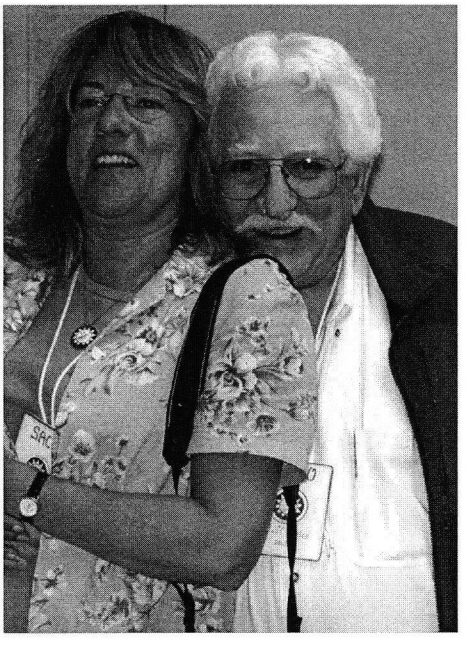
L-R: Barbara, Fran John & Marty

Ali – friend of Christine Altenes, dtr of Scurlock – Sue Clance & Henry Scurlock

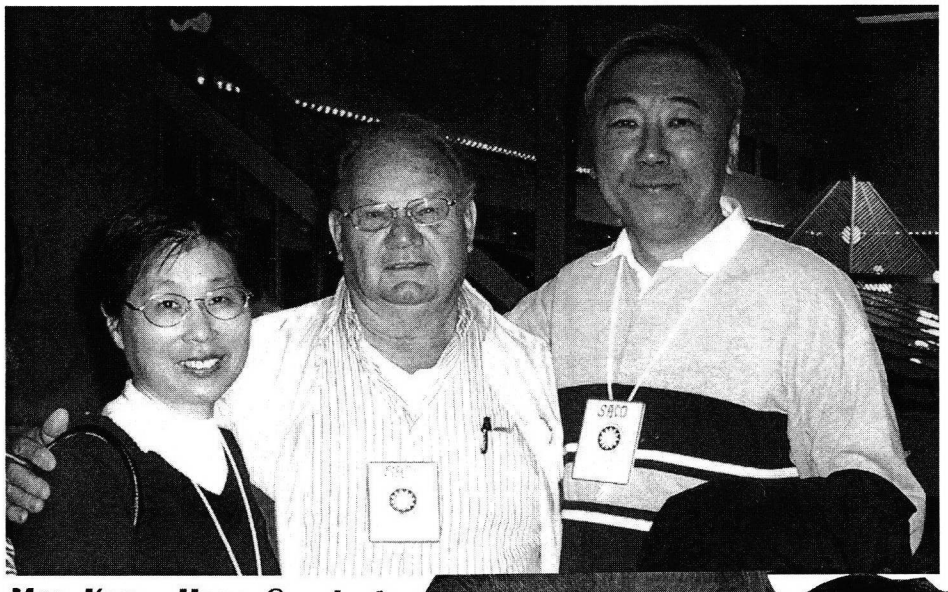
Francis & Caroline Reynnet, son, Darius & wife, Angela Reynnet



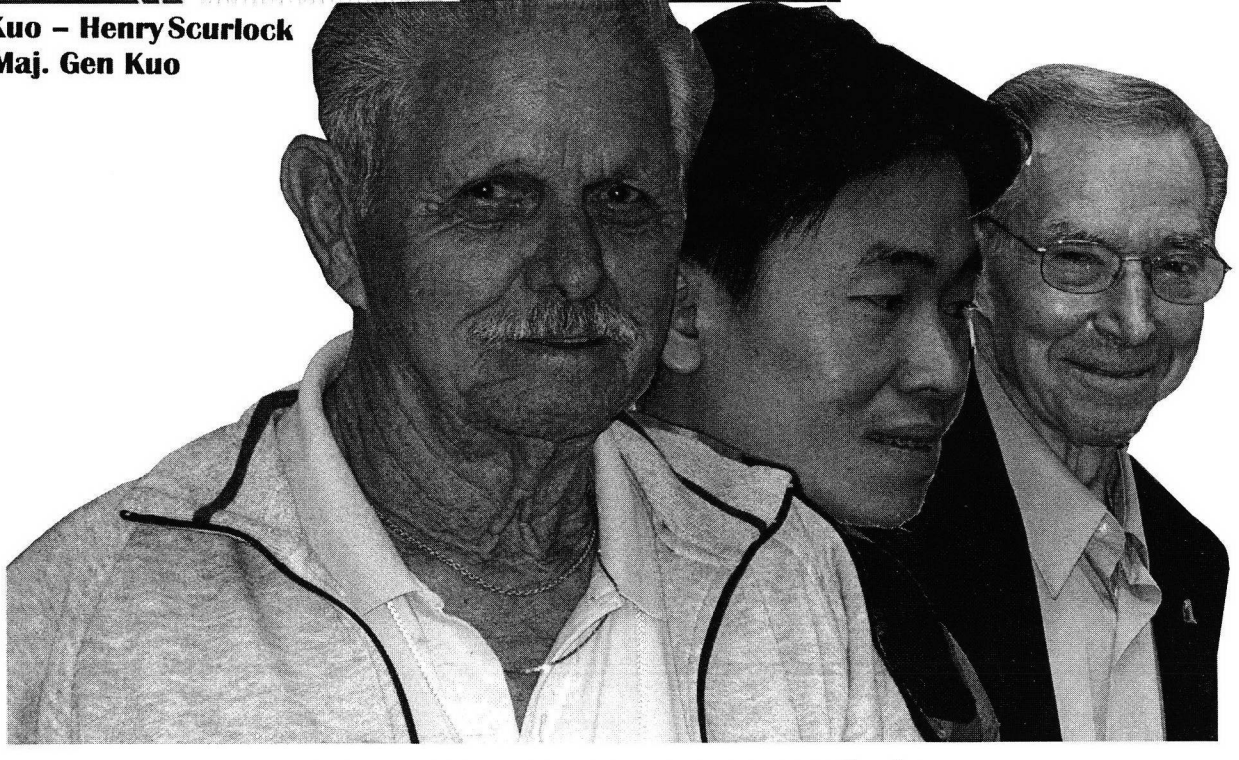
Richard & Judy Maurice – Col. Jason Tarng



Carolyn Inman Arnold – Bill Bartee



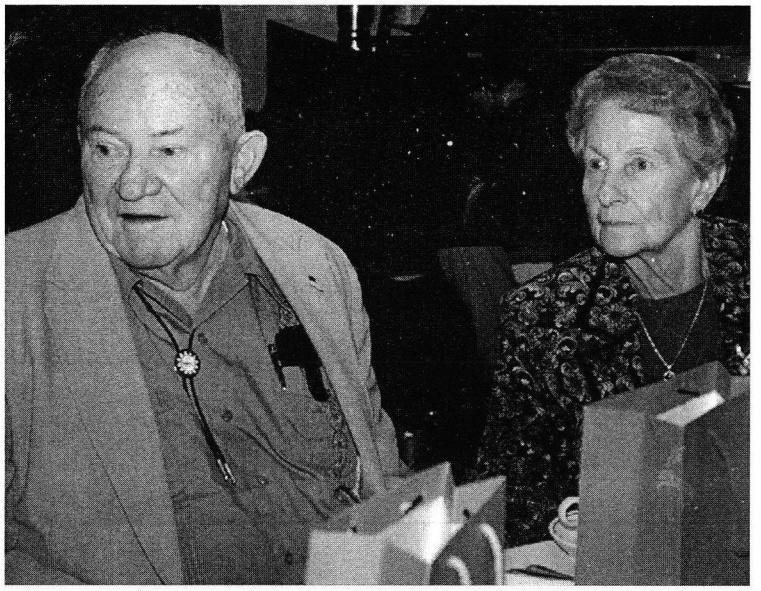
Mrs. Kuo – Henry Scurlock
Maj. Gen Kuo



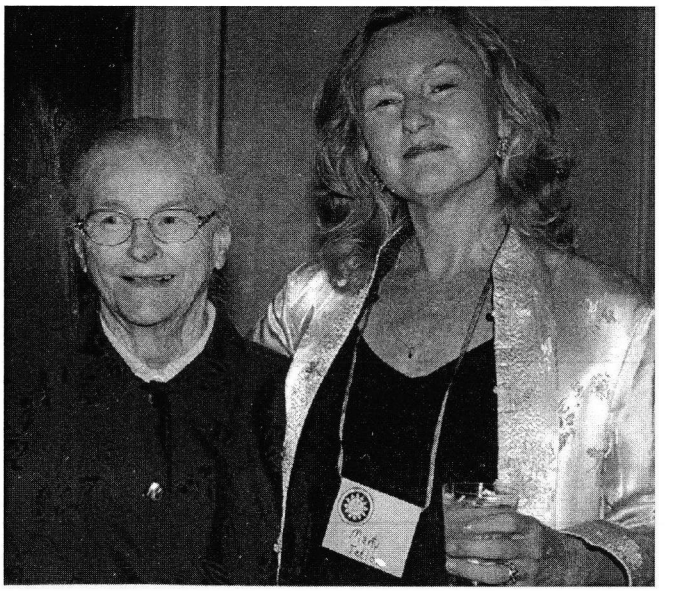
Verne Dalrymple – Jerry Yang – Joe Cusic

Son Randy – Lola – and Bob Hill

Maj. Gen.
Kuo, Rong-charng

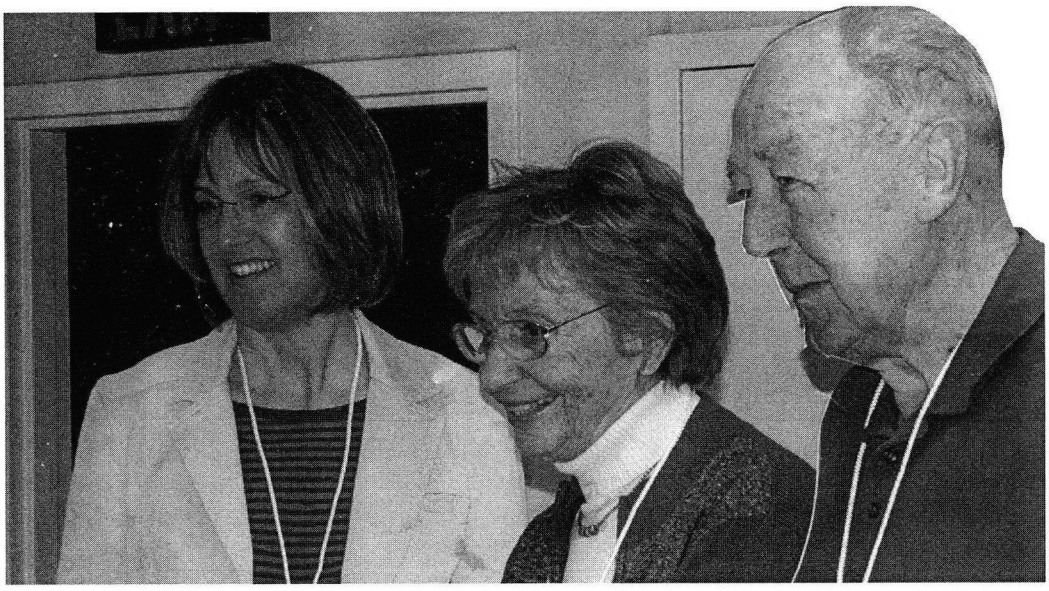


Treasurer Willie and Audrey Baker



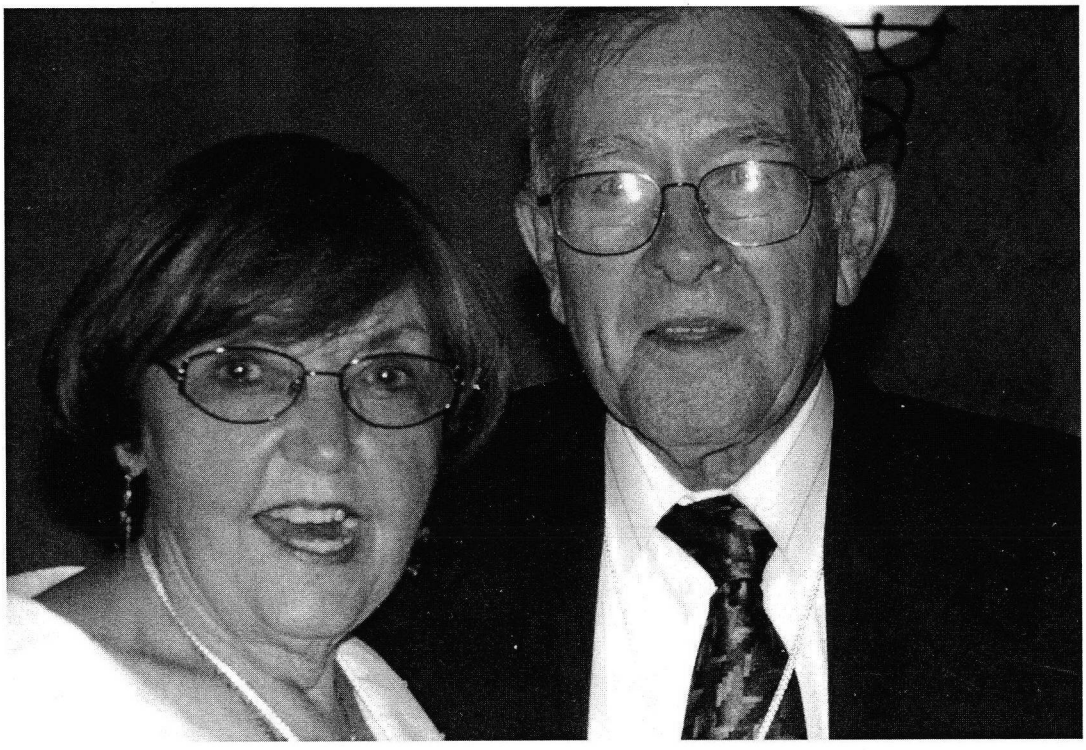
Fran Waters & dtr Mary Tetlow

Steve Ciaccio - Jim Kelly – Jim Ciaccio
Elva McHugh

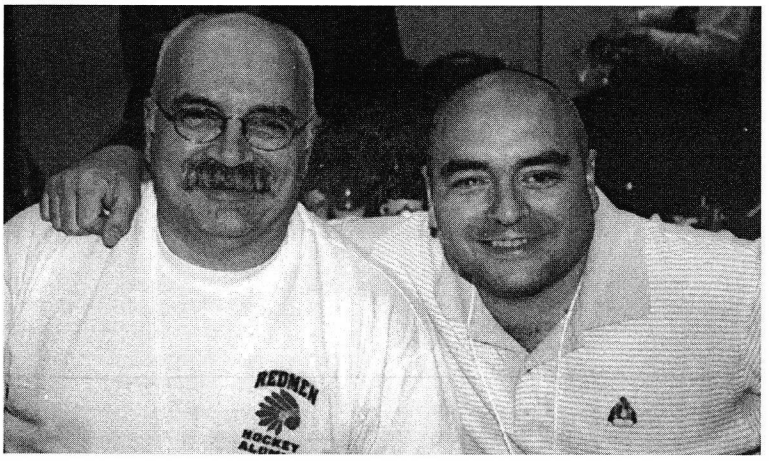


Dtr. Jan McElroy, Mary & Robert Hornberger

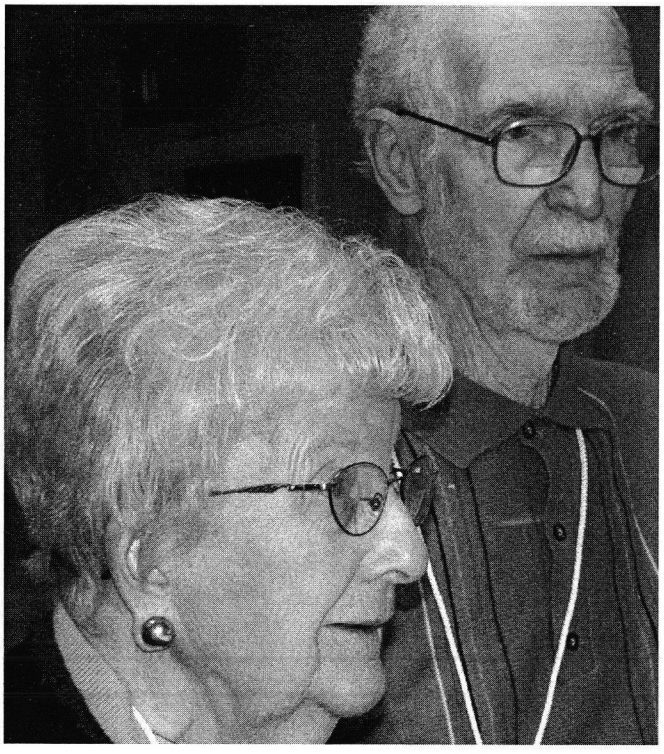
Conrad Bradshaw – Richard Rutan – Mollie Bradshaw



Jack Miller Family



Jim & Steve Ciaccio



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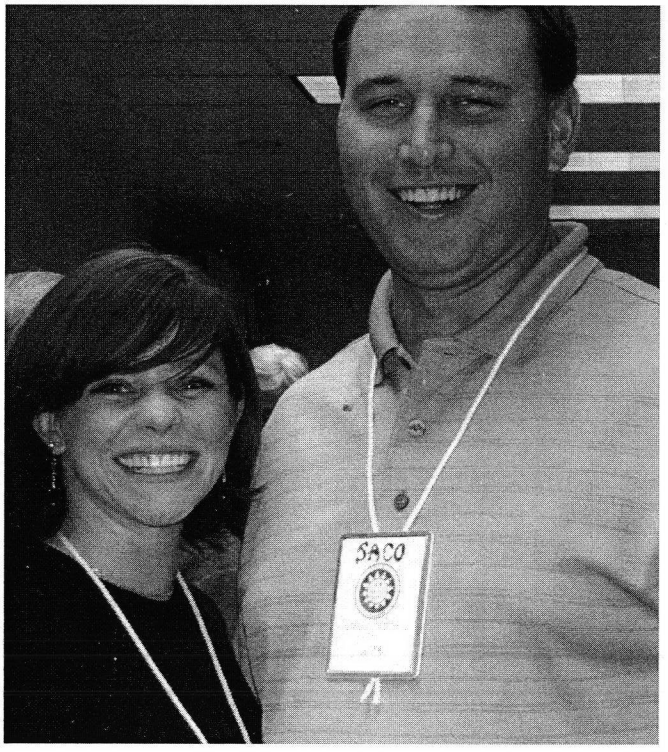


Maggie Jahn & Casey Anderegg

Mel Goguey

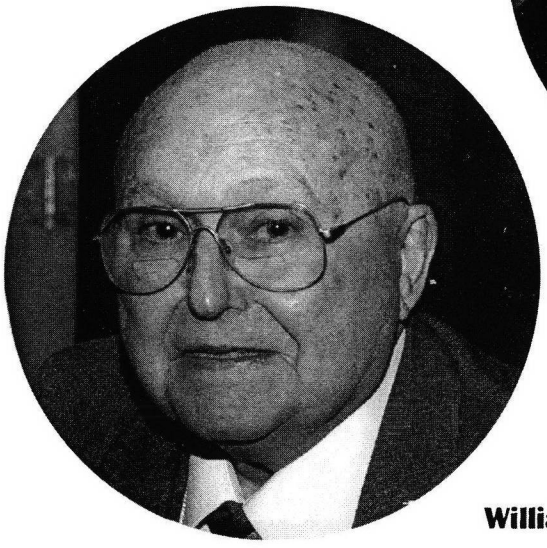
Rebecca Mode, daughter
Of Richard & Judy Maurice

Maj. Mia Wu

Judy Maurice

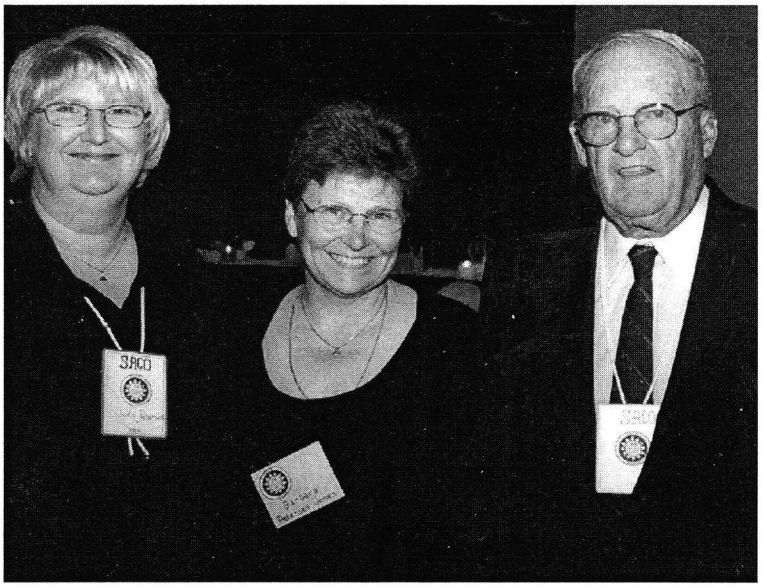
Debbie Chung

Maj. Gen.
Kuo, Rong-charng



William Wyatt

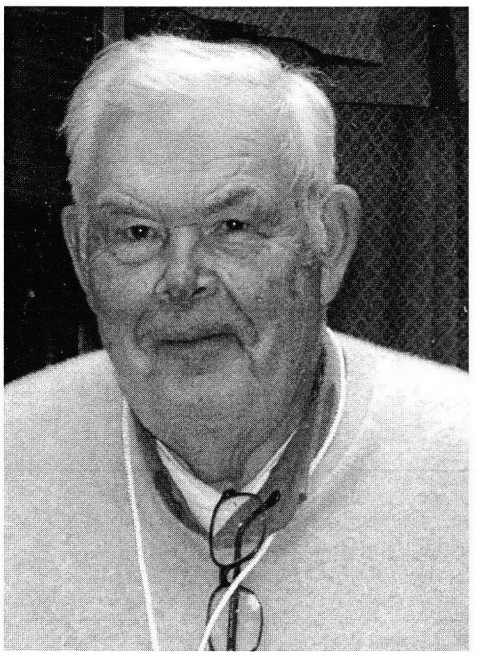
Mrs. Kuo



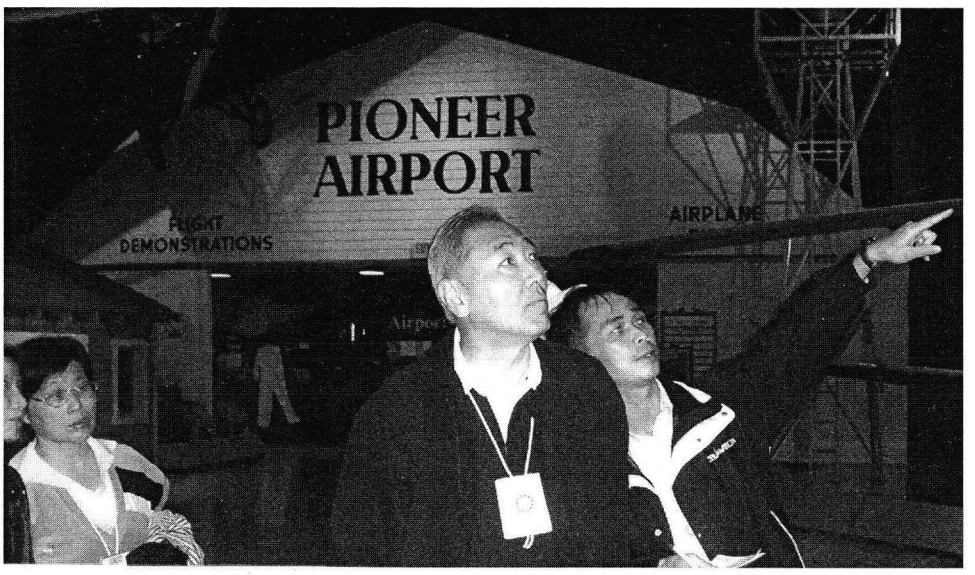
Jodi Petersen, Barbara Jones & father Jack Petersen

Stephen Ciaccio, Penny Coats, Jodi Petersen, Jim Ciaccio & Carolyn Inman Arnold

Mrs. and Maj. Gen. Kuo – Rear Adm. Dick Terpstra (Ret)



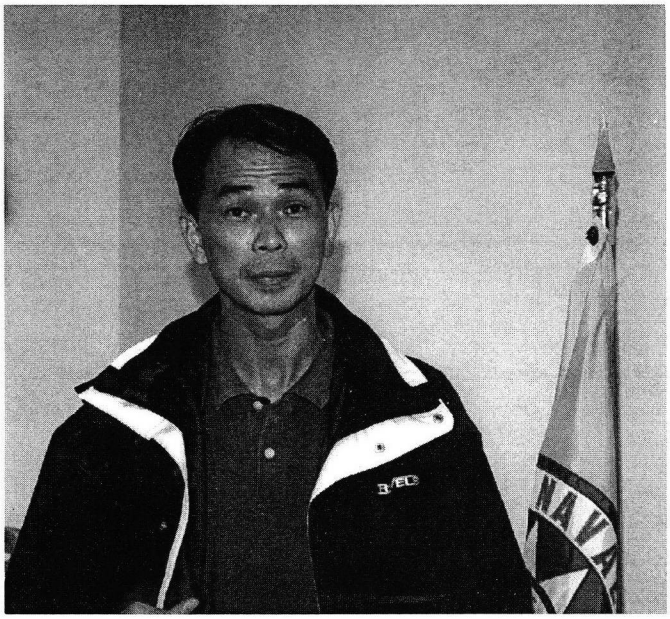
Joseph Keenan



Maj. Mia Wu, Mrs. Kuo,

Maj. Gen. Kuo,

Col. Jason Tarng



Col. Jason Tarng

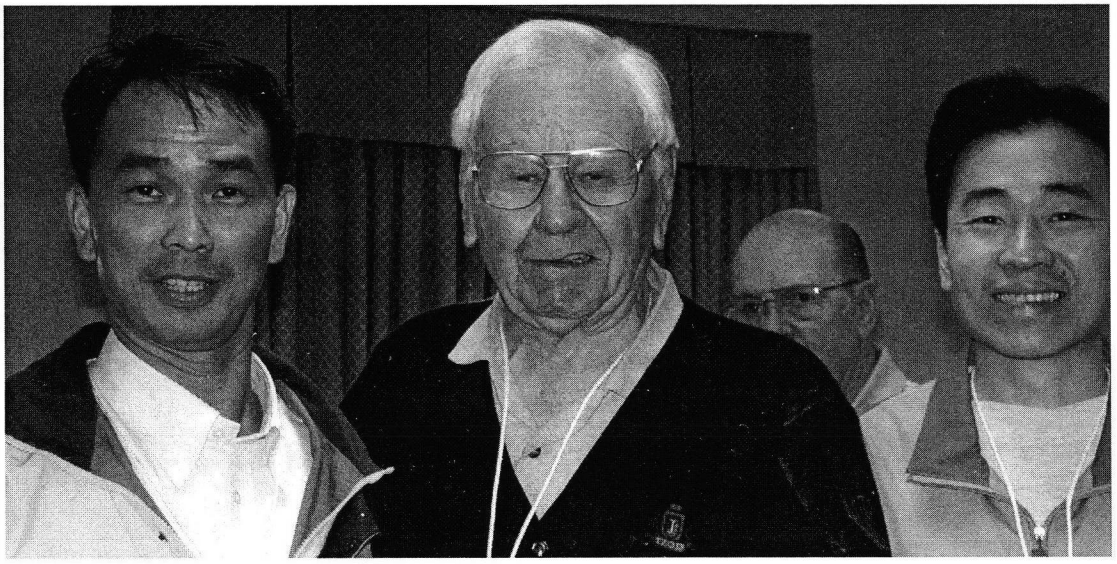
June & Bill Edwards

Maj. Mia Wu,

Mrs. & Maj. Gen Kuo,

Col. Jason Tarng

Maj. Jerry Yang



Col. Jason Tarng – Bud Booth - Richard Rutan - Maj. Jerry Yang

2006 SACO REUNION GUESTS

Taiwan MIB Delegation

Major. General and Mrs. Kuo, Rong-charng
Colonel Jason Tarng, Aide
Major Jerry Yang, Aide
Major Mia Wu, Liaison Officer

Registered SACO Members and Guests

Anderegg, Casey
Anderegg, Virginia
Arnold, Carolyn Inman
Baker, Audrey
Baker, Willie
Bannier, Mathilda
Bannier, Richard
Barrett, Doris
Barrett, George
Bartee, Bill
Booth, Bud
Booth, Ellen
Bradshaw, Conrad
Bradshaw, Molly
Chung, Debbie
Ciaccio, Jim
Ciaccio, Sal
Ciaccio, Stephen
Clance, Sue
Coats, Jerry
Coats, Penny
Cusic, Joe
Dalrymple Vern
Dike, Lyn
Dike, Norman
Edwards, Bill
Edwards, June
Goguey, Mel
Grace, Bob
Grace, Jr., Bob
Herberg, Roger
Herberg, Verne
Hill, Bob
Hill, Lola
Hill, Randy
Hoe, Robert
Hornberger, Mary
Hornberger, Robert
Jack, Graeme
Jahn, Maggie
Keenan, Joseph
Kelly, Jim
Maurice, Richard
Maurice, Judy
McElroy, Jan
McHugh, Elva
Miles, Charles
Miller, Bill
Miller, Dan
Miller, Jack
Petersen, Beverly
Petersen, Jack
Petersen, Jodi
Pomahac, Cecilia
Quinlan, Marian
Reynnet, Caroline
Reynnet, Francis
Reynnet, Dairus
Rutan, Richard
Scurlock, Henry
Tanner, Allen
Tanner, Mary
Terpstra, Dick
Waters, Fran
Waters, John
Wyatt, William

Banquet Only Guests

Altenes, Christine
Dike, Don
Hemmeke, Clyde
Hemmeke, Helen
Jones, Barbara Petersen
Maurice, Aaron
Maurice, Holly
Maurice, Jon
Mode, Rebecca
Mode, Roger
Pomahac, Bruce
Pomahac, Christine
Pomahac, Linda
Reynnet, Angela
Rowe, Barbara
Roppel, Ann
Shreve, Allison
Terpstra, Dick
Terpstra, Adm. Richard
Terpstra, Sue
Tetlow, Marty
Tubbs, Suzanne
Westphal, Bruce
Westphal, Marilyn
Westphal, Joe,
Wyatt, Mary

???!!!***

From the Editor's Desk

I can't tell you when I've been so overwhelmed as I am at this writing. I just finished listing all the 2006 donors. You people sure came through with support for our organization ???!!!*** far beyond any expectation!

On the list of donors. I purposely marked (A) to identify our associates – so many responded that I wanted everyone to know how they favored us. Thanks to all of you. I think our treasury will be solvent for longer than I anticipated. It is evident that we are losing a lot of our SACO Tigers as time marches on. It's a good feeling to know that the interest is still there and I have no doubt that it will ever subside as long as there is only one of us left.

God willing and "the creek don't rise," looks like SACO *NEWS* survives for the time being. you good people gave a total of $5,730! Can you imagine? No matter how small, it all adds up as this total definitely confirms.

My heartfelt gratitude to all of you and thank yourselves for helping each other – it keeps us going and going together.

R. L. Rutan

U.S. Family Struggles to Cope in China

Larsens Don't Care for Food, Local Opera or Stares; Ford Provides Lots of Perks

A Closet Full of Hormel Cans

By James T. Areddy

CHONGQING, China—As one of Ford Motor Co.'s managers in China, 30-year-old John Larsen is exposing his family to a culture they couldn't imagine back home in a Michigan suburb.

But when his wife and kids—ages 2, 4 and 6—moved here last September, they preferred to stay inside a 19th-floor Hilton hotel suite, where the family lived for nine months. The rarity of fair-complexioned, American children on the sidewalks of the gritty industrial city of Chongqing makes the Larsen family a crowd-stopping spectacle.

"It's not very fun and my kids hate it," says their mother, Laurel, 31. Over a bowl of her homemade vegetarian chili in the five-star Hilton, the Cincinnati-born woman added, "When we go home and close the door, we feel like we are back in America."

John Larsen

As corporate ambitions bore deeper into China, foreign companies are sending families to less-developed cities like Chongqing. Such places offer huge, untapped markets for companies. They also provide accelerated career opportunities to young executives eager to punch their ticket on the way to upper management. But the postings can feel like a detour into isolation and culture shock for some families.

Chongqing is a city of 32 million people, but Westerners are still rare here. The city is nearly 900 miles west of Shanghai, and about a decade behind it in terms of economic prosperity. So-called bang-bang men hang out on the streets, hungry to earn a few cents lugging stones, machinery or even garbage on their bamboo poles. Residents walk on sidewalks covered in cooking oil and spittle. Even the weather isn't a selling point: Fog trapped in by the surrounding mountains creates generally soupy skies, made worse by pollution.

American companies are drawn to cities like Chongqing because they are cheap; the average annual wage here is $1,500, about half of what it is in Shanghai. Merchandisers see markets for all kinds of products. In Chongqing, for example, car ownership is just 1.3 per 100 people, a fifth of the rate in Beijing.

A tall, confident man with wispy brown hair, Mr. Larsen sees many benefits to the move. He likes his job, developing marketing strategy for Ford. He's glad his children are seeing a different way of life. The private school that the older two kids attend provides an excellent education, he and his wife agree.

Laurel Larsen

Still, the adjustment has been more challenging than they expected. "We thought we would be eating a lot of Chinese food and the kids would be learning Chinese quickly because they'd be immersed," says Mr. Larsen. So far, that hasn't happened.

A marble lobby dominated by a waterfall and piano bar makes the Hilton the swankiest address in this part of China. English is the first language and a concierge takes care of smoothing over any rough spots. A blue-lettered "WELCOME" mat marked the entrance to the Larsen's three-bedroom suite, converted from six guest rooms. It cost $4,300 a month, paid mostly by Ford. When the family needed to step outside, their driver, Jojo, waited in a black Ford Mondeo sedan, provided by the company.

Ford picks up most of the rent for its expatriate employees and encourages them to live in hotels because the conveniences help workers "remain focused on running the business," says Ron Tyack, a senior Ford executive in China.

Expat perks are being scaled back in cities such as Beijing, Shanghai, Guangzhou and especially Hong Kong, parts of China where rapid development has made it easier for foreigners to adjust. But perks remain a must to lure Americans and their families to cities like Chongqing.

Shanghai and Beijing each have a dozen international schools, many with hundreds of students. Chongqing has one international school, in a converted house, with 40 pupils ages 2 to 17. Ten hospitals in Beijing offer foreign-grade medical care. Chongqing has a single Western-style clinic, located in the Hilton, that rotates a different doctor through every few months. Even breathing is easier in Shanghai. Chongqing has 88 fewer days of good-quality air than Shanghai during the average year, according to Chinese government statistics.

Perhaps most shocking: The Starbucks chain, which boasts nearly 100 coffee shops between Beijing and Shanghai, doesn't have one in Chongqing.

In recent years, "the demographics of the expats have changed," says Joseph Verga, a 45-year-old financial controller for Ford, who lives in Chongqing. When he moved here two years ago, "there wasn't a baby" among his U.S. co-workers, he says.

Shortly after Mr. Verga and his 42-year-old wife Marybeth were dispatched to China, they trekked through Tibet. She filled their apartment with paintings from Vietnam and a clay warrior statue from Xian in western China. But after Ms. Verga became pregnant, she decided she didn't want to go to a Chinese hospital. So this spring, two months before her due date, she flew home to Detroit to give birth to her son in a U.S. hospital. "There's not one thing that's the same," about Chongqing and the U.S., she says.

Courtesy of the Larsen Family

Laurel and John Larsen and their children, James, 4 years old, Emma, 6, (standing) and Eliza, 2, held by her father, wear Chinese-style clothes made by a local tailor.

Before Ford started making cars here in 2003, the city—familiar overseas as "Chungking"—hadn't seen so much foreign attention since serving as an allied supply post in World War II. Decaying hillside mansions are a reminder that Chongqing was a capital for the Nationalist government before the civil war that brought communists to power in 1949. Today Chongqing is the main jumping-off point for tourist cruises on the Yangtze River

toward the famed Three Gorges Dam.

The government is eager to boost interest in places like Chongqing, which gets just 5% of the $8 billion of foreign direct investment that Shanghai takes in annually.

The first time either of the Larsens saw China was when Ford flew them to Chongqing last summer for a visit after his job offer. The couple, who have been married eight years, realized they would be in for a big change. But there was never really much debate whether he would take the job. Ms. Larsen jokes that she knew that in accepting his marriage proposal she was also agreeing to someday follow him to China.

Her husband caught the China bug after being assigned by the Mormon Church to do missionary work in Taiwan at age 19. While there, he learned to speak and read Chinese. Today he speaks Mandarin Chinese well enough to conduct business meetings. Before moving to China, Ms. Larsen's international experience consisted of living in London for 18 months and a vacation to Cancún, Mexico.

Like many foreigners in town, Ms. Larsen says she won't touch Chongqing's signature cuisine: "huoguo," or hot pot—a fondue-like dish so loaded with fiery chilies that its aroma seems permanently suspended in Chongqing's air, along with diesel fumes. Supermarkets feature chicken feet jutting out of crushed ice and slabs of pork dangling from sharp hooks.

Neatly dressed in slacks, a black argyle V-neck and bright white blouse, Ms. Larsen shows off her solution to the food challenge: A closet full of cans, stacked to the ceiling, with labels like Green Giant, Crisco and Hormel—items lugged to Chongqing in suitcases or mailed from overseas. Her birthday present in February was a silver, side-by-side U.S.-sized refrigerator-freezer.

Food is a bargain in Chongqing. Ms. Larsen spends only $50 to $100 a week on groceries, compared with $200 to $300 in Michigan. With the help of her small network of expat wives, she has found one store that has Oreo cookies and another that stocks Fruit Loops cereal and canned refried beans. The children see little in the markets that resembles the food they remember back home. Ms. Larsen says they don't give her much sass when she tells them: "here's what you're eating."

Recently, the Larsens faced an important new food complication. Four-year-old James was diagnosed with celiac disease during the family's summer visit back to the U.S. The boy now needs a diet free of gluten, which is found in wheat. In the U.S., Ms. Larsen prepared two cartons of special wheat-free foods to take back to Chongqing.

Entertainment in Chongqing is hard to find, the Larsens say. At a drive-through "safari park," the children looked through car windows and watched tigers devour live chickens tossed from a ranger's jeep. Enthusiasm about visiting pandas was marred, Ms. Larsen says, by seeing the zoo's grubby bathrooms. The Larsens attended a Chinese opera, featuring two actors with painted faces, one in a horse costume. Tickets cost only $2, but the family, unimpressed, left at intermission.

One pastime Ms. Larsen has designed for 2-year-old Eliza is spotting dogs near the Hilton hotel. A look down an alley found no animals one Tuesday. After an hour, the little girl had glimpsed two mutts. "He's going to his house," Eliza said as a scruffy brown dog jostled along a sidewalk crowded with scaffolding equipment.

Chinese men and women made way for the tot to amble down on the sidewalk. Nearly everyone reacted to the rare sight of a foreign child, pointing, giggling, staring and sometimes touching her. "Eliza's kind of like the monkey on show," her mother said.

Ms. Larsen and her daughter took a route back to the Hilton over a pedestrian bridge, where merchants sell sunglasses, combs and belts. One woman's habit is to thrust a mirror into the little girl's hand each time they pass, Ms. Larsen says. She says she feels obligated to buy it, even though she is tiring of the routine. At first, the woman asked only one yuan for a mirror, Ms. Larsen says, but now she charges eight yuan, about 99 cents, for each one.

As Ms. Larsen settled up, a middle-aged man bent down for a closer look at Eliza, while a bang-bang man leaned on his bamboo stick and watched. An elderly passerby gave Eliza's cheek a quick pinch. Everyone tried to be friendly, but Eliza, unsmiling, said nothing. She kept her head down, eyes fixed on the new mirror.

Foreigners are such a rarity in Chongqing that even Ms. Larsen gawks at times: "There's a Westerner we don't know," she says, on one drive through town. Only about 25 of Ford's 2,500 employees in Chongqing are foreigners. The Larsens say they know literally every expat family living here.

Ms. Larsen says she hasn't learned enough Chinese in her two hours of weekly lessons to make even basic points to the family baby sitter. She often calls her husband on the cellphone to seek translation help. Looking over the skyscrapers outside the hotel window, she says, "Real life is happening out there, and I'm not connected." Even so, she adds, "What would I do out there?"

Her offer to volunteer at an orphanage was turned down, she says. Her major diversion is teaching two Pilates-style exercise classes each week for expat women, plus dance classes for little girls. Instead of paying her, a few dollars are collected per class for a local school for the blind.

A centerpiece of expat social life is a Wednesday "ladies' lunch," where funds are raised for the blind school and news is swapped about which store had taco shells or sour cream. The women make visits to the fabric market, using calculators to bargain, then use gestures to show a tailor what they want made. While she hasn't made friends with the locals, Ms. Larsen says she values her new expat friends. They are people who simply wouldn't be in her orbit back home, she says, including a woman from Cuba and a woman closer to her mother's age.

From the Hilton, every morning a white van picked up the older two children, Emma and James, for the 20-minute drive to the place in China they enjoy most: school. Ms. Larsen prizes the 7-to-1 student-teacher ratio at the Yew Chung International School, which Ford covers at an annual cost of $13,000 per child.

National flags wrap along the ceiling of Yew Chung School. Children from a dozen countries sit shoulder-to-shoulder at little desks. Emma's class groups 5-, 6- and 7-year-olds. She studies Chinese each day and practices with her father at night. She is reading English above her U.S. grade level.

"I think I'm going to be a snob when I go home and walk into the public school," Ms. Larsen says. "They go a lot faster [here]."

With two years still to go on their assignment, the Larsens recently decided to move out of the Hilton and into a five-bedroom house in a new gated community designed for expatriates. Ford pays almost all of the rent. The couple say they want their kids to have a more "American" experience, in particular a yard to play in and the responsibility to clean it up. There's also a local pool and a playground in the area.

Mr. Larsen has recently needed to spend part of each week at Ford's new plant in Nanjing, several hours away by plane, near China's east coast. Ms. Larsen says his absences sharpen the isolation she feels in the new house, away from the helpful, English-speaking Hilton staff. But she says she accepts that her husband's new assignment is a sign of his value to Ford.

The Larsens credit life in Chongqing with deepening their family ties. "We have to be friends with each other," Mr. Larsen says. They have taken trips to Thailand and South Korea, and made plans to visit Bali and Hong Kong's new Disneyland. Ms. Larsen says she is also trying to get out of urban Chongqing more on weekends, going to places such as parks around the mountainous region.

But they are always aware how far they are from home. Mr. and Ms. Larsen returned from dinner one evening to a find a poem from their 6-year-old daughter Emma, complete with a child's misspellings, taped to their bed-stand. It read:

Amarica is my place!
I love Amarica.
It was fun.
It was so fun.
I miss it.
I miss my frieds.
I love Amarica.

Amarica was my place and it still is my place.

???!!!***

SACO—

American and Chinese Guerrillas in World War II

Story by Dick Camp Jr. • Photos courtesy of the author

Marine Technical Sergeant William Tawater carefully worked his way along the railroad embankment toward a clump of bushes that would conceal him from the two Japanese pillboxes. Even though it was cold, he was sweating, the result of exertion and a healthy dollop of adrenaline-induced edginess. After all, even though it was dark, the Japanese emplacements were within small-arms range and the occasional patrol they sent to check the rail lines.

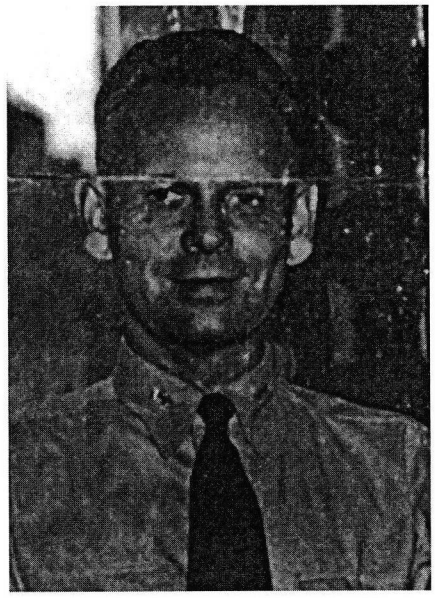
He quietly signaled his compatriots, guerrillas of the Chinese Loyal Patriotic Army, to unload the plastic explosives and help him plant them under the steel rails. With practiced efficiency, the American-trained guerrillas completed wiring the demolitions just as the steam engine of a troop train rumbled out of the darkness, streaming sparks from its smokestack. As it ran over the explosives, they detonated, sending the big engine and five cars into the ditch in a squeal of tortured metal and escaping steam. Flames immediately shot up from the wreckage, lighting up the surrounding darkness—a funeral pyre for 13 Japanese soldiers.

TSgt Tawater belonged to a small, unique group of American sailors, Marines and Coast Guard volunteers who trained and supplied Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's Commando Army. This innocuously titled unit was known as SACO (pronounced "socko"), Sino-American Cooperative Organization, and was the brainchild of Captain Milton E. "Mary" Miles, USN (later Vice Admiral) and Lieutenant General Tai Li, head of the Chinese Bureau of Investigation and Statistics—China's dreaded Secret Service—who controlled more than 300,000 agents.

Created in April 1943, SACO's mission was to train Chinese in guerrilla warfare, sabotage and subversion and to establish weather and radio intercept stations. The United States provided the training experts and equipment, while China furnished the manpower.

Headquartered in a small valley near the Nationalist wartime capital of Chungking, SACO spread its net of 14 naval and mine units, raiding groups and coastal lookouts throughout the length and breadth of Japanese-controlled China. By the end of World War II, 2,500 American Navy and Marine personnel were involved in training 100,000 Chinese guerrillas and 25,000 pirates—buccaneers who sailed armed junks along the narrow coastal waters, even penetrating inland several hundred miles up the Yangtze River.

When war broke out, Miles was a relatively junior Navy commander stationed in Washington, D.C. His previous service with the Asiatic Squadron in China and his knowledge of the Chinese people came to the attention of Admiral Ernest J. King, Chief of Naval Operations, who



U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

All hail the conquering hero: On 17 Sept. 1945, then-Rear Admiral Milton E. Miles participated in a press conference in Shanghai's glittering Cathay Hotel, where he answered some questions about SACO.

issued secret orders to Miles "to find out what is going on out there." The admiral's rather vague instructions were translated into written orders assigning Miles to report to the U.S. ambassador as a naval observer, operating under secret verbal directives. In addition, Army Major General William "Wild Bill" Donovan, head of the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), appointed him Chief of the United States Strategic Services in the Far East.

After a perilous, three-week roundabout itinerary that took Miles from South America to Africa to India, he arrived in Chungking. There he met LtGen Tai Li, a man described by Marine Lieutenant Colonel James McHugh, the naval attaché, as "a very unsavory character." A State Department report was a little more blunt, portraying him as an assassin, head of a Gestapolike organization that ran concentration camps and committed crimes that ranged from torture to mayhem. It even suggested that he might have executed his own mother "twice!"

Miles didn't have much choice, as Tai Li had been assigned personally by Chiang Kai-shek to shepherd him around China. Within days of his arrival, Miles and Tai Li, accompanied by interpreters, guides and four soldiers—12 in all—set off on a 2,000-mile trip to the coast, hundreds of miles of it through Japanese territory.

Several weeks into the journey, Tai Li surprisingly offered Miles 50,000 guerrillas to arm and train. In addition, he offered "joint operational control," a totally unexpected concession on the part of China's most inaccessible general. Miles, remembering ADM King's injunction to "do whatever you can to help the Navy and to heckle the Japanese," immediately accepted the offer, although with some trepidation. After all, he was a junior naval officer taking it upon himself to commit the United States to support a foreign government.

Intramural Firefight

The ink had not dried on the SACO agreement before Miles found himself embroiled in controversy. He was criticized severely for agreeing to be the second in command, in essence "submitting" to a Chinese general. Not only were the diplomats upset with Miles, but he also ran afoul of his part-time boss MG Donovan.

Wild Bill got his dander up because he couldn't operate freely in China without Miles' cooperation—and the deputy director of SACO wasn't about to antagonize Tai Li, who made it known that he didn't trust the OSS. During a Far East inspection trip, Donovan confronted Miles: "I'm going to have the OSS here run the way I want it," he shouted, "with no interference from you or anybody

else!" Miles retorted, "I don't agree; I quit." Donovan's temper flared again, "You can't quit; you're fired!"

The Donovan-Miles exchange created a flap in Washington with supporters from both sides weighing in. The resulting high-stakes political fight soon saw SACO and OSS parting company and going their separate ways, often at odds even though both shared a common enemy. In the end, the Navy vindicated Miles, promoting him to commodore and appointing him to serve as Commander, Navy Group China (ComNavGrpChina), while continuing as SACO Deputy.

SACO/Navy Group China Volunteers

Miles wanted volunteers who were savvy, inventive, loyal and dependable. He wanted them to live with the Chinese, sharing what little food, clothing and shelter they had. Lieutenant Milton A. "Peanut" Hull, USMCR, a SACO veteran, reported, "The type of American for this duty must be a combination of Marine Raider and quartermaster. He must be able to live off the land in winter and summer, to use the facilities and equipment at hand. His attention to duty must be unquestioned, and he must be willing to take chances. He must have and can place complete confidence in the Chinese guerrilla."

Volunteers were screened carefully for physical condition and attitude toward foreigners and were required to have at least two skills and one useful hobby. Applicants were to possess "good health and rugged constitutions, particularly a good heart and digestive system." Living conditions were tough.

Marine First Lieutenant Ted Gwai Tai "Liberal Heart" Cathey, a field detachment commander, reported, "Living conditions are of the poorest. Americans live off the land, having two meals each day, which is adequate when accustomed to it." The trick was to get used to the diet of rice with a few vegetables mixed in—no meat—eaten with chopsticks. The average American in the field lost 30 to 40 pounds and many inches off his waistline. Miles forbade drinking anything that was not hot because of the threat of amoebic dysentery. The men often drank tea from individual pots to avoid unclean cups.

The volunteers received two to eight weeks of indoctrination in the United States before going overseas. Many trained at the OSS camp at Quantico, Va. "I thought they were going to kill me," a naval officer bemoaned. "We ran through the woods all day. You'd have to grab a rope and swing across a ravine. Then somebody would set off a quarter-pound block of TNT when you were in mid-air, to see if they could make you drop off, then climb up a tree and slide down a rope."

Even combat veterans in good shape found the primitive conditions difficult to master. A Guadalcanal veteran, Marine Major Ed Dupras, rashly informed Miles, "I'm fresh from the field, no trouble at all" when Miles suggested he toughen his feet. Three months later the Marine unit commander remarked, "Marines don't know the first thing about walking until they come to China."

For example, over a four-day period 140 men of the Fourth Column, Chinese Commando Army, which included 1stLt Robert H. Barrow, later the 27th Commandant of the Marine Corps, and several other Americans, hiked roughly 125 miles through Japanese territory during a heavy snowstorm that all but made the roads impassable. More than 100 enemy soldiers were killed, including all the staff officers of the Japanese garrison, and three bridges and a barracks were destroyed during the march.

Operators and Operations

In April 1943, Marine Maj John H. "Bud" Masters, later a lieutenant general, and five men set up the first guerrilla training camp deep in Japanese-occupied China, less than a hundred miles from the coastal city of Hangchow. Short of everything but ingenuity and enthusiasm, the team began a vigorous training program for Tai Li's Loyal Patriotic Army despite the fact that Japanese surrounded them almost completely. Their first priority was to teach the Chinese to use barometers, thermometers and basic radio transmitters and how to report their observations. Masters thought it was a "hell of a way to fight a war," but the information was vital for Pacific Fleet operations.

In any event, his team went on to set up a three-month guerrilla-training course in small arms, tactics and intelligence gathering, graduating more than 7,000 Chinese by war's end. The success of their program was used as a model for other training camps, incorporating tactics that fit the Commando Army. Ted Cathey noted, "When the enemy advances, keep in touch with advance units, withdrawing when capture is imminent, trying to delay as much as possible and then, in civilian clothes, escape to a new position. Hit and run, ambush and fade back into the countryside."

The guerrillas lived among the villagers and were intimately familiar with the territory, while the enemy was not. They had complete cooperation of the population, who hated the Japanese. Peanut Hull reported, "I would like to stress that 90 percent of the intelligence and information received was obtained from Chinese civilians questioned in their homes or in passing them on the trails."

Hull told how the mayor of a small village gave him information about a Japanese troop train, which was to be blown up. "Yes," the man unhesitatingly replied, "I will tell you when the train is coming. I will be killed tomorrow for doing it, but after I am dead the new mayor will also help you."

Marine LtCol Bankston T. "Banks" Holcomb arrived in early May 1943 to set up an intercept station for monitoring Japanese radio traffic, adding a new dimension to SACO. His six-man team was positioned in a heavily guarded location in occupied China on the Yangtze River, far above Shanghai. From that location his team was able to "eavesdrop" on enemy shipping in the river and then forward the information to Washington via Chungking. The team also pinpointed the location of Chinese collaborators who used radios to broadcast American air strikes to the Japanese.

(In an interesting footnote, six years later in Korea while serving as the First Marine Division intelligence officer, Holcomb was interrogating several Chinese prisoners. Suddenly one stood up and saluted, calling Holcomb by his Chinese name. The prisoner had been one of the guards at the radio intercept station and remembered the Marine officer.)

Two other early Marine arrivals were seasoned Japanese experts. LtCol Gregon A. Williams and Warrant Officer Boyd J. Jackson* had been captured and interned by the Japanese when the war started. At the time, Williams had been the naval attaché in Shanghai, Gunner Jackson his assistant. They managed to elude the Japanese for some time before surrendering to avoid being labeled as "spies." Jackson was thrown into the infamous Bridgehouse, the Japanese secret police (*Kempei Tai*) interrogation and torture center, before being evacuated aboard SS *Gripsholm*. Both men hated the Japanese and put their hearts and souls into preparing the Chinese for combat.

Perhaps the most bizarre episode in SACO's war record occurred after the Japanese surrender—in the last naval battle of the war. A SACO fleet—two junks—spotted a suspiciously large black junk, armed with a 75 mm howitzer. Almost immediately one of the SACO junks was put out of action, while the other, commanded by Marine Second Lieuten-

VADM Thomas C. Kinkaid (seated at table), the Commander of U.S. Seventh Fleet, flanked by RADM Miles, fielded questions from war correspondents on SACO operations in China.

ant Stuart L. Pittman, took the enemy vessel under fire with small arms and a bazooka. After knocking out the howitzer, he maneuvered his junk alongside the other and led an armed boarding party onto its deck--shades of a Barbary pirate, cutlass and boarding pike days.

Winning the War, Losing the Battle

Despite SACO's success, interservice rivalries and political expediency doomed the organization. Army LTG Albert C. Wedemeyer, the Theater commander and Miles' boss, made no bones that he wanted SACO out of China, the quicker the better. Within a month and a half after the Japanese surrender in Tokyo Bay, Miles was precipitously removed from command, Tai Li vilified and SACO dismantled, its officers and men marginalized, receiving little if any credit for taking the war to the enemy.

Dr. Oscar P. Fitzgerald of the Naval History Division wrote, "SACO killed more Japanese and destroyed more enemy material with a smaller expenditure of men and supplies than any other force in the Far East." In a little more than a year of combat, SACO guerrillas reported more than 1,000 engagements in which nearly 27,000 enemy soldiers were killed, 11,000 wounded and 500 captured. Not one American was lost due to direct enemy action.

Author's note: VADM Miles was reverted to his permanent rank of captain after the war, but quickly regained his former rank, retiring as a vice admiral in 1958. Tai Li died in a mysterious plane crash, which one author suggested may have been the result of an OSS assassination plot. Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalists, including remnants of the Commando Army, were forced out of China to Taiwan—and the rest is history.

This article submitted by Paul Casamajor. Paul states; I went through OSS training with Williams & Jackson before leaving the U.S. They were one day ahead of me out of Miami. Jackson was my roommate the 6 months I was in Happy Valley. Two interesting guys.

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Remembering our Beloved Skipper

Perusing and purging my files recently, I ran across the 1961 flyer regarding the upcoming SACO reunion in N.Y. in August of that year.Our revered Adm. Miles had died March 25, 1961 prior to Jim Googe's letter announcing the plans for the forthcoming reunion. In his newsletter, Jim preceded the outlay of his N.Y. reunion plans with the following message:

REAR ADMIRAL MILTON E. MILES, U. S. NAVY

Admiral Miles –

We are grieved at the loss of our most beloved leader. Our heartfelt sympathy is with his family. After a long illness, Vice Admiral M. E. "Mary" Miles passed to his heavenly reward on March 25th. His earthly remains were interred in Arlington Cemetery Tuesday, March 28th.

We regret that there was no practical way to notify every one immediately and individually. No attempt is made to list all present at the services, but conspicuous there was Admiral Miles' classmate, Admiral Arleigh A. Burke. Among the SACO members present were Rear Admiral I. A. "Pete" Gallantine, who commanded the Honor Guard, Bob Barrow, Swede Swentzel, Moe Erwin, Fred Johannsen, Ted Johnson, Jim Mullikin, Bob Dreeson, Paul Griffith, James "Red" McGrail, Dutch Kramer, General Bud Masters, Harry J. Baudu, Y.Y. Wong, Jim Wilkinson, Ed Dupras, A. B. Leggett, Jim Richardson, Curly Hendrix, Webb Heagy, Joe Champe, Charlie Dobbins, Hal Williams, Ed Martin, Siu Chuen Liu, Don Wilcox, Leo Trask, John Smith, *Bob Hooper, and Jim Googe. This is not a complete list by any means. These are just some your* reporter was able to record.

In addition, Al Fusari ,who was our Admiral's Aide when he was in New York, was present. Bill Hsiao was there. ***(End of Jim Googe's report).***

*???!!!****

In his Eulogy from "Sunday Star-Ledger" Newark, NJ, April 16, 1961 Capt. Joshua L. Goldberg writes:

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

During his tour of duty as Commandant of the Third Naval District in New York, we assembled weekly in his quarters for Bible study. His child-like faith was infectious... And then the fatal illness struck! His life hung in the balance. When I visited him on the third day after major surgery, I found him praying on his knees...He improved but he had to leave the Navy.

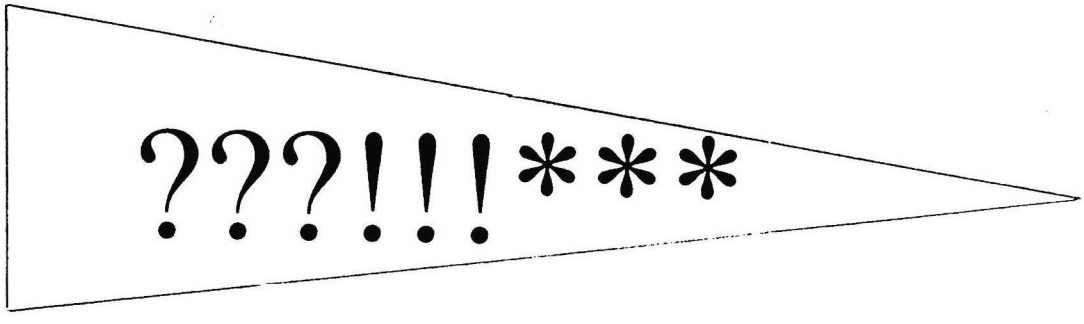
HE WAS SPARED for another three years thereafter. His magnetic smile ever gracing his lips, his courage undimmed, his faith undiminished! He remained as sensitive as ever to other people's trials and tribulations.

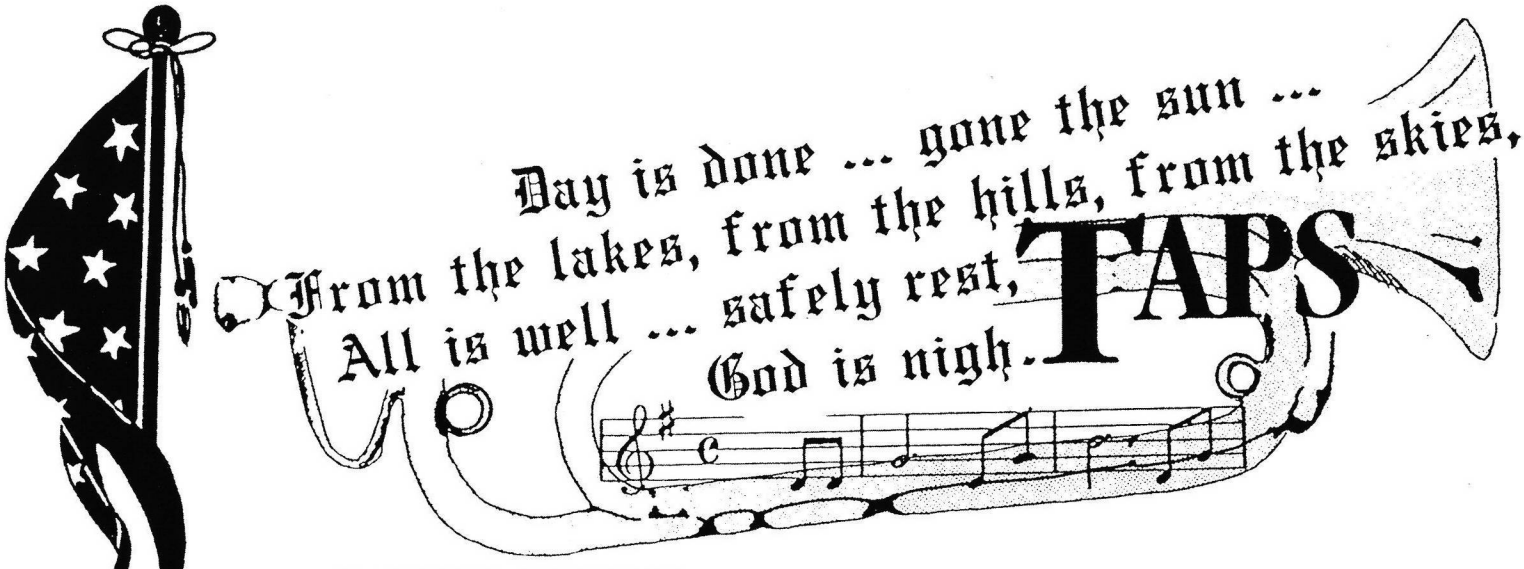
He revisited Taiwan where over 5,000 former associated hailed their "Honored General" at the airport. He also revisisted Tampico, where the school children lined the streets to wave a welcome to their American rescuer and friend.

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

(Both of the foregoing articles was in Jim Googe's 5-page newsletter announcing the upcoming August 1961 SACO Reunion at the Warwick Hotel in New York) Ed.

*???!!!****





RALPH E. MULLEN

Ralph as we last knew him

Ralph E. Mullen, 83, of Shawnee, Kansas, passed away Tuesday, June 6, 2006 in Shawnee. Ralph had been in a nursing home almost 10 years.

He was born October 7, 1922, in Shawnee, Kansas and was a lifelong resident. He was a graduate of Shawnee Rural High School and was a U.S. Navy veteran, serving as a radioman in China during WWII. While in the Navy, he volunteered for duty as part of an elite group – SACO Sino-American Cooperative Organization made up of Chinese Nationalists and U.S. Navy, including Marines, Coast Guard and a few other branches of service. It was a cooperative effort to fight the Japanese who had invaded China. Much of the operation continues to be classified information yet today.

Ralph was a long time member of Lake Qulvira Country Club. He enjoyed his family, travel, golf and his many friendships. He was the owner-operator of Mullen Superior Coach Company in Merriam, Kansas since 1956, which was a vehicle provider to the funeral industry. Through his business, one of his proudest moments was being requested by the U.S. Army to provide funeral vehicles for the funeral service of President Dwight D. Eisenhower along with being the driver of the hearse, which transported his casket.

He leaves children: Michael, Daniel, Kathleen, John, David and Robert; fifteen grandchildren and his loving sister Dorothy Geary of Shawnee.

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OSCAR JOSEPH OLSON

Oscar J. Olson passed away on May 16, 2006 at Capital Medical Center, Olympia, Washington. He was born on May 6, 1920 in Browning, Montana to Frances Clark Olson and Ross Olson. The family moved to Spokane and later to Seattle. He was graduated from Highline High School and the University of Washington with a B.S. degree in Civil Engineering.

In 1942, he entered the U. S. Navy and served in the Asiatic-Pacific area. He was a Chief Radio Technician joining SACO in China , a top secret organization of Chinese and Americans working together to defeat the invading Japanese. He made friendships with fellow personnel that lasted a lifetime. He had many interesting experiences during his service at the edge of the Gobi

Desert in hina China, which lived in his memory all his life. He was employed by the Lovell Construction Company from 1936 to 1949 and the Federal Aviation Administration, the Boeing Company and King County Assessor's Office during the years of 1951 to 1981.

In 1972, he and Mavis Bliss were married in Seattle, Washington. They moved to Olympia in 1979.

Besides his wife, he is survived by his sister, Mrs. Ellsworth Lovell of Winchester, California, his son, Jeffrey D. Olson of Brookdale, California, and two adopted sons, Richard A. Olson, and Lee J. Olson of California. There are three step-children, Dr. Steven Bliss, Gordon A. Bliss and Catherine Bliss, and families of Anchorage, Alaska and Medford, Oregon. There are also eight step-grandchildren and three step great-grandchildren.

Oscar was a very intelligent, caring person and will be missed greatly.

(Submitted by Jack Shearer who stated "O.J. was a great help to me at Camp 4 - my radio tech, keeping me on the air."

???!!!***

James Monroe Norman

James Norman of Sandy Springs, GA died June 2, 2006. He was born in Atlanta February 2, 1926, but spent most of his childhood years on St. Simons Island. He was a graduate of Georgia Tech; served in World War II in China as member of the Sino-American Cooperative Organization, a Naval Intelligence organization known as SACO. He was a design engineer for Lockheed, and a longtime member of Wieuca Road Baptist Church. He is survived by his wife, Coleen Cogdell Norman; daughter and son-in-law Barbara and Spence Simpson; son and daughter-in-law, Randy and Renee Norman; brother Barry Norman of Louisiana; 5 grandchildren, a niece; and 2 nephews.

(In a note to Jack Miller notifying of her husband's death, she wrote, "He felt honored to have served in SACO and was happy to receive any and all information concerning what did and was happening . I loved it, too. Thank you, Coleen)

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GEORGE F. AMBROSE

George Franklin Ambrose, 83, a resident of Harlow Hill Road, Turner, died suddenly Sunday, Sept. 11, 2005 at Central Maine Medical Center in Lewiston (Maine).

He was born in Old Town on Aug. 31, 1922, the son of Richard F. and Olive (Ellis) Ambrose. He was educated in Orono and was a graduate of Orono High School in the class of 1940.

He worked at the International paper Co. in Orono and the shipyard at South Portland prior to entering the U.S. Navy in 1942. He served as GM2/c in the Battle of the Atlantic. He then volunteered for hazardous duty as a member of a Naval group of guerrillas, intelligence agents and weather observers behind the Japanese lines in Asia; this group was known as the Sino-American Cooperative Organization (SACO). He served with this group until the end of the war. He also served in North Africa and the European Theater.

After the war, he worked as a fireman on the Maine Central Railroad. In June 1947, he married the former Phyllis Smith of Monmouth and they moved to Livermore Falls, where he was once again employed by International Paper Co.

In 1950, he and Mrs. Ambrose bought a rundown farm on Mud Street in North Turner. He continued to work for International Paper Co. until 1953, while he was self-employed on his dairy/beef farm, retiring in 1986.

He enjoyed all aspects of nature, wildlife, flowers and birds. He was very fond of the Kokadjo area of Moosehead Lake. He was a member of the John A. Long Post 58 of the American Legion of Buckfield

He is survived by his wife, Phyllis Smith Ambrose; two brothers, Edwin Ambrose of Orono and Carl Ambrose of Veazie; and several nieces and nephews.

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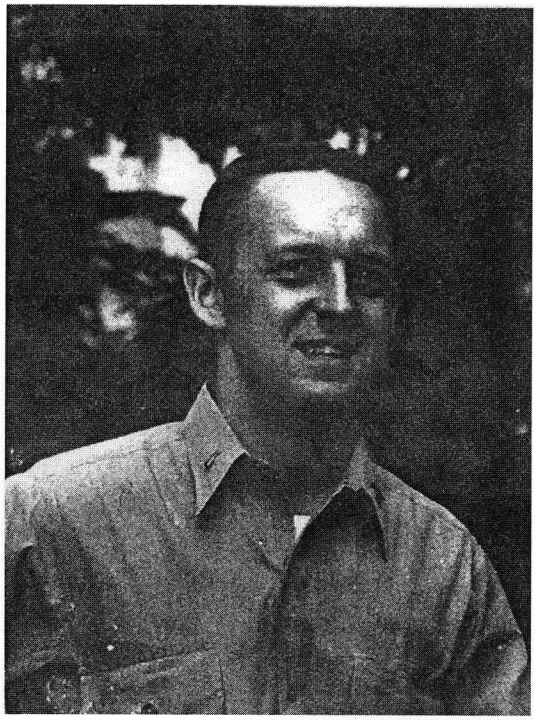
(George's wife states he requested no funeral or visiting hours and that his ashes be scattered on the farm he so loved.)

HENRY E. DILLON

Former Mayor and Developer of Elkin, NC, died June 12, 2006 at is home at the age of 90.

Think of most any commercial, residential or civic development in Elkin during the last 50 years and Henry Dillon probably had something to do with it.



Lieutenant Dillon in India about 1944

Mr. Dillon was born in LaGrange, NC. June 22, 1915 to Van W. and Eliza Kennedy Dillon. He was educated in Winston-Salem and Elkin Schools and graduated from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill with a degree in Pharmacy.

After graduation, he served as a Lieutenant in the U.S. Navy during World War II in India with SACO (Sino-American Cooperative Organization) also known as The Rice Paddy Navy. SACO was made up of 2,500 volunteers whose activities were top-secret even many years after the war.

Following WWII, he returned to Elkin as one of the owners of Royall Drug Company. He was a principal in Click and Company, which developed Brookwood and Valleybrook subdivisions. He formed Dillon and Norman, Inc., which was responsible for Starmount Plaza in Jonesville and another partnership which built Elkin Village Shopping Center. He was a director of North Elkin Realty Co. and Yadkin Valley Realty Co. He served on the Board of Elkin Furniture Co. which merged with Vaughan-Bassett of Galax, VA. and served for twenty eight years on that Board.

Mr. Dillon was active in church and civic affairs. As a member of Elkin Presbyterian Church, he served as teacher, Deacon and Elder. He was active with the Boy Scouts, Elkin Jaycees, the American Legion, the VFW and the Elkin Kiwanis Club. He served on the Boards of Hugh Chatham Memorial Hospital as Chairman, The Elkin Municipal Library, The United Way and the YMCA. He served on the Elkin Town Board as Commissioner for six years and Mayor for four years. During his tenure with the board, he aided in the development of Elkin Municipal Airport, the new Water Treatment Plant and an addition to Hollywood Cemetery.

Mr. Dillon was preceded in death by his wife, Nancy Click Dillon in 1999, two brothers; Van W. Dillon, Jr. and Alonzo K. Dillon. Surviving are : four children, Robert G. Dillon of Atlanta, GA; Wynne C. Dillon of Elkin; Sarah (Sally) D. Atwood of Greensboro, NC and Henry E. (Ned) Dillon of Raleigh, NC; one sister, Edna D. Neaves of Asheville, NC along with five grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

Business partner Norman said "He had a tennis court in this backyard. He was active until the last year of his life."

Rebel Good, The Tribune's publisher, played in many of those matches. "Henry, well into his 70's, could hang with the best players in the area in a doubles match," he said. "He and John Wesley Mathis, Starmount High's tennis coach, would bring some of the team over and thrash them."

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ROBERT COFER

Robert Lee Cofer of Chattanooga, TN, went home to be with the Lord On Monday, Jan. 9, 2006, in the Brighton Gardens Nursing Home in Greensville, SC after a long battle with Parkinson's disease.

Born on May 9, 1937, in Rockwood, TN, he was the third son of the late Ed and Nadine Swafford Cofer. He served in the U. S. Navy in WWII in the Scouts and Raiders, which later became known as the Navy Seals. He volunteered to join SACO (Sino-American Cooperative Organization) a top-secret group serving in China and later known as The Rice Paddy Navy. He fought behind enemy lines giving weather reports and was stationed near Shanghai, China.

After the war, he settled in Chattanooga. He worked at DuPont and attended night school at McKenzie College where he graduated with a law degree. Always a charming and tremendous salesman, he began selling clothes to his co-workers and built a successful clothing business from which he later owned and operated two men's clothing stores in Chattanooga. The first store being Highlands Men's Shop at 1100 Ashland Terrace and later, C&D Clothing at 1260 Market St. downtown Chattanooga. With the success of his stores, he was able to enjoy his later years living on Lake Possum Creek in Soddy, TN.

He is survived by his first wife and the mother of his children, Denise Cofer, of Houston, Texas; three sons, Steve F. Cofer and his wife, Laurel, of Houston; Mark H. Cofer and his wife, Pamela, of Greenville, SC and Andrew L. Cofer, of Houston; and two grandchildren, Ashley and Matthew Cofer of Greenville, SC.

From son Mark H, Cofer written to Jack Miller – 2006 Chairman:

My father died this year on January 9, 2006. He always spoke well of his friends and colleagues from the SACO organization. He really missed not getting a chance to see all of you in the past 5 years. As a boy, Dad took me to one of the reunions at Cypress Gardens, Florida. It was a lot of fun. My father had a very successful life. He was a strong leader and loving father. We miss him very much. Please let everyone know that he is at rest at Hamilton Memorial Gardens, Chattanooga, Tennessee. He was buried with a military honors funeral. Feel free to give out my information below to any of Dad's SACO friends if anyone wants to contact me. Thank you for all that you are doing for our veterans.

Sincerely, Mark H. Cofer – 7/20/06
123 Amanda's Lane – Taylors, SC 29687
864-987-1526 wk...864-322-9818 hm...
864-505-9616 cell

Mark, I'm editor of SACO NEWS. We have quite a few associate members, especially children of SACO vets. Dues are $25 yearly – entitles you to all issues of SACO NEWS and all other mailings. Please know that I am not soliciting business; some are not aware of associate SACOs.
Richard Rutan

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LEONARD A. GOLD

My husband Leonard Abram Gold passed away March 6, 2006.

He was so proud to be a part of SACO and appreciated all the articles and mail received from you.

It is with a very heavy heart to give you this information. After nearly 64 years of marriage, it is a very difficult time in my life.

Thank you, Selma Gold

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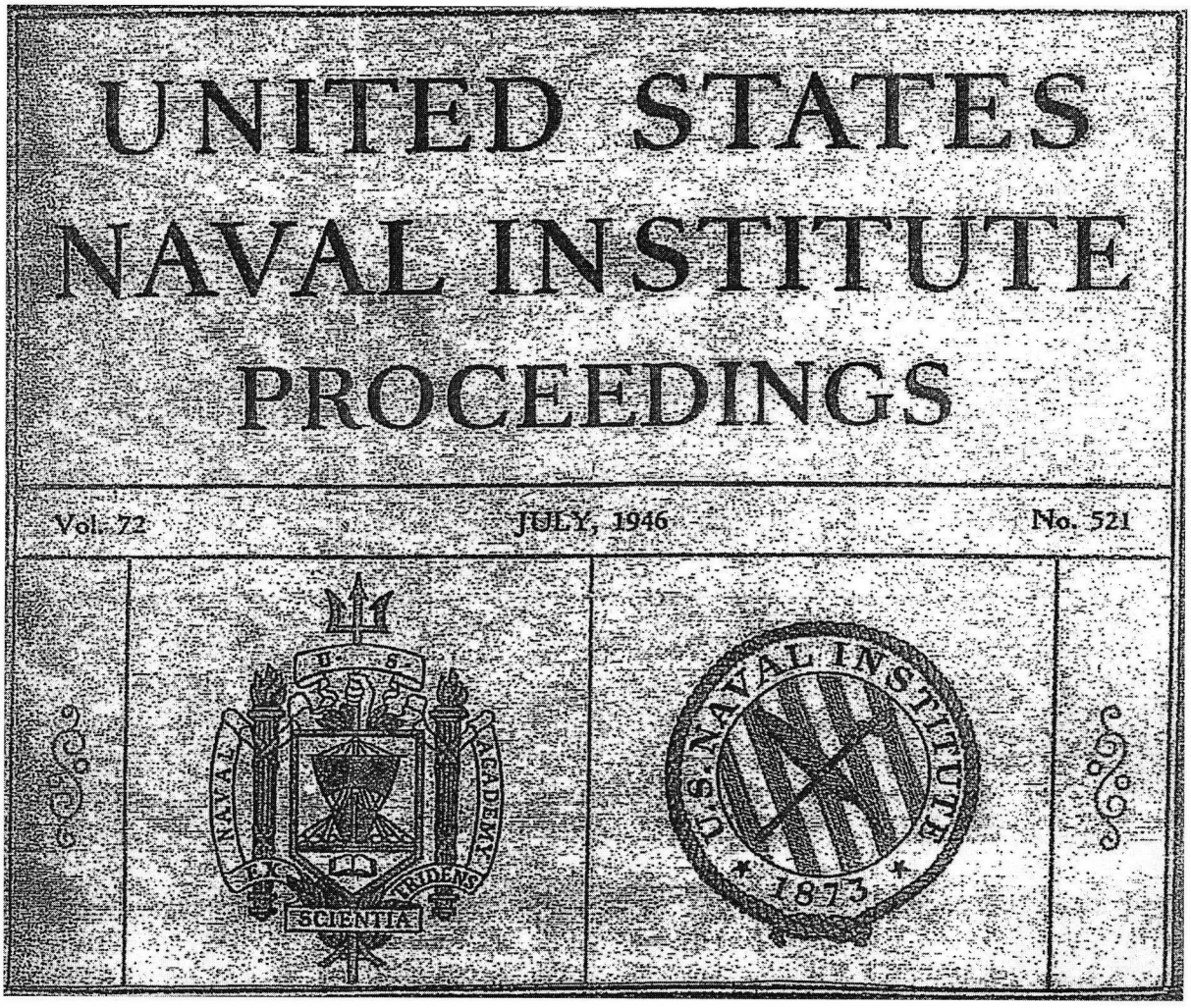
RALPH T. HANKINS

of Mt. Laurel, NJ died Sept 29, 2006 at the age of 86. Beloved husband of the late Anna (nee Gross) Hankins. Dear father of the late Elaine Lovell. Survivors include a son-in-law Rev. Allen Lovell; brother William J. Hankins of Somerdale, NJ and sister Elizabeth J. Osborn of Millville, NJ. Ralph was an uncle to many nieces and nephews. He was a retired manager for Woolworth's in Cherry Hill, NJ and had worked for Woolworth's for 46 years. He served in the Navy in SACO (Sino American Cooperative Organization) in China in WWII.

U.S. NAVAL GROUP, CHINA

By Rear Admiral Milton E. Miles, *U. S. Navy*

(By all indication, in consideration of the date, this was Admiral Miles' first story of the saga which he commanded in WWII and wrote for the following publication....Ed)



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 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 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 deliver 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 in a Naval Mine Factory near Changhsa commanded by Captain K. C. Tseng. Chinese Navy midshipmen were in training there near a large creek. Although I lectur-

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

ed 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 of 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 plan 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 attacks 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 in 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

GENERAL TAI LI AND ADMIRAL M. E. MILES

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 inter-dependent.

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 u p when the war ended.

Captain I. F. Beyerly, U.S. Navy, was designated COMNAVCHEC (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 for 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 regulars," 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 Li 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 Communist 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 units. The capacity of 100 beds each was usually strained upwards to 300 patients. Dr. Barnettt 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 Yantze 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 Gibbons, was named after an outstanding Army officer who was in our group before he was killed in action. He was assisting Bernard Nicholas Baumann in parachuting into our Medical Unit in Burma when both were shot down. Hank Gibbons Camp was concerned entirely with the indoctrination and training of Americans who were to work with Chinese guerrillas.

The closest cooperation and coordination of activities existed at all times between the Americans 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 (*Commander Central China*) Staff, moved supplied 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 activities 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 shoreline 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' necks.

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 coordinated our efforts with the existing Chinese weather establishment, 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 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 in 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 attentions to poor work in the presence of other students, they received greater cooperation. 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.

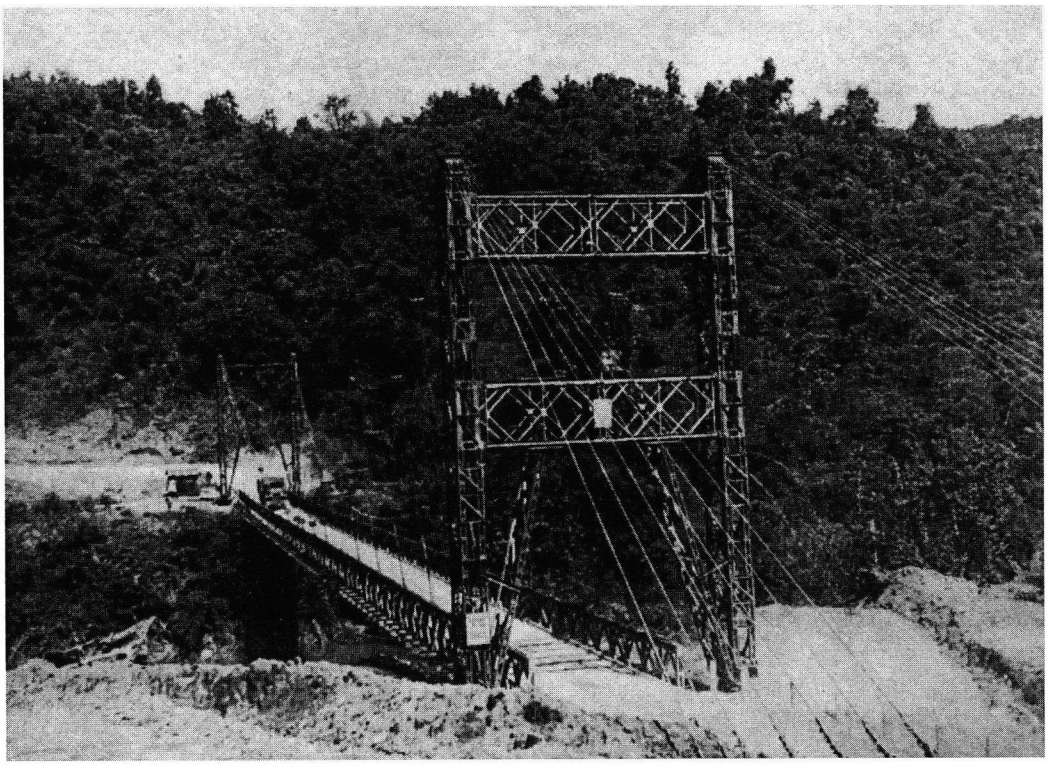
Throughout the whole development, the Americans were acutely aware of one of China's greatest problems – transportation. After years of war, China's motorized transportation system was bogged down. The trucks in China had exceeded by thousands of mile their life expectancy. Many moving parts upon wearing 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 Hiroshito 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 communications 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 em-

phasis 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 General Tai Li 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.



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.

A few of the outstanding accomplishment 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 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 office 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 75mm guns. Such secrecy was maintained on SACO troops that McCaffrey didn't learn till he received the 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 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 23-26.

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 Kotrla, U.S. Naval Reserve, of an operational 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. 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. Odendhal, 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 type and mine-laying 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 motorboats and searched for by Jap planes less than two hours ago – and here was a man telling us that we were within a few days 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 part 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 mention, 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 then 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, artic 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 before and after with .30 caliber and bazookas - and received the Jap Captain's sword in surrender. His 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 the hell are we," 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 cooperation 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 – and who were sometimes condemned and criticized for receiving his whole-hearted, all-out support.

Editor's Note:

My thinking is for those of you who haven't read Adm. Miles' "***A Different Kind of War,***" you might be interested in the following:

SACO was an ongoing target of what I would like to term a military professional jealousy. What The Hell? was a slogan that belonged to Adm. Miles and his crew, but leaders of some other branches of the military raised this question as to why and what the Navy was doing there. Why wasn't this the duty of the OSS, the Army, etc.?

Among several not champions of SACO, Adm. Miles and Gen. Tai Li was General George Marshall, probably the least aficionado of all those perturbed by the workings of The Rice Paddy Navy. Adm. Miles writes: "*It was on the twentieth of March 1946 that I was given the tragic news, (death of Gen. Tai), and Admiral Nimitz, who had become Chief of Naval Operations, called me to say that a letter was being prepared by the Secretary of the Navy for me to carry to the funeral. The plane of the Chief of Naval Operations would be ready for me in the morning.*

" I asked about the Legion of Merit which I knew had been award (by the U.S. Navy)."

"It's here," the admiral told me. "We'll have it ready also, for you to present to Tai Li's son."

General Marshall, adamantly opposed to Miles attending the funeral of his dear friend, Gen . Tai Li, persuaded his superiors to deny Miles attendance because "it would prejudice his delicate negotiations, the delicate negotiations he was promoting between the Communists and the Nationalists because Tai Li was known to be the foremost Chinese anti-Communist."

About a year after Tai Li's death, Miles was in command of a cruiser – the U.S. S. Columbus – which was to be spending a year along the China coast. A few days later, a message from the generalissimo was sent to Miles concerning a burial date for Tai Li. Miles informed Admiral Cooke, commandant in that region, regarding the message. Cooke, too, had been denied attending funeral rites. Still irate about his denial, he offered to send a message back to the Navy Department – they in turn asked the Secretary of State – now General Marshall himself. The answer was "No."

Cooke sent Miles a private message stating that *"..if I were to ask for leave to visit Nanking-unofficially and in civilian clothes – he would grant it." Miles asked for the leave.*

"At the station in Shanghai railroad guards formed a guard of honor to pass us through the crowd. Eight cars of the ten-car train were filled with men who were to attend Tai Li's burial. I was given generous space to a private compartment which, during much of the journey, was packed with friends. In Nanking the following morning, a company of troops rendered honors to me – a company made up of men from the last class trained at Camp Seven.

"But now my good friend, Captain Bill Kenney, our naval attaché in Nanking, found me and told me he had a problem. He had the Legion of Merit medal he said, that had been awarded Gen. Tai Li –

also had orders not to present it officially. What, he asked, should he do with it?

"That's your business," I told him, for the truth is that I didn't know how to answer his question. But then I went on. "If the Navy prefers to be guided by Communists via Secretary of State Marshall, you are stuck with the medal. For I shall certainly recommend to Tai Li's son that he either receive the medal officially or that he refuse to receive it at all.

"The citation that accompanied the medal, incidentally, referred to Tai Li's 'notable spirit of loyalty and unswerving cooperation and devotion to the needs of the U.S. Navy.' But did the Navy back up these words? No. It backed down. It not only neglected to express its gratitude to Tai Li as it should have done, but it also put my friend, Bill Kenney, in a most degrading position.

"On the day of Tai Li's burial, a typical procession went through the city of Nanking bearing floats with a flower-wreathed picture of General Tai Li and tablets in his praise. Ancient Chinese horns – the great, deep-noted ones that are so long they have to be carried by two men – made the traditional discordant sounds.

"Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and I were the two chief mourners and I went first, representing the Chinese and Americans of SACO. I was followed by several hundred of Tai Li's officers, and a major general, serving as master of ceremonies, gave the directions: 'Funeral music.' – 'Off hats.' – 'Bow three times: once, second, third.' – 'On hats.' – 'Three minutes' meditation.' – 'Stop meditation.' 'Present incense.' – Present flowers – 'Present coins – Present wine.'

"The presentations were made by four young ladies who brought the articles to me, whereupon I raised them to eye level and then handed them to another girl who placed them on the altar. Then, after a pause, the master of ceremonies spoke again, finishing with 'Bow to the son.' – 'Go look at the coffin if you wish.'

"I walked in the garden while we awaited the arrival of the generalissimo, and my gift to the tomb were two Mei Hau trees – Mei of my Chinese name that General Tai had picked for me (Mei Lo-ssu) which means 'Winter plum blossom, enjoy this place'. These winter plum trees, I felt, would continue to bloom even when times are bleak.

Following the arrival of the generalissimo, he had an official eulogy read, after which he conducted a ceremony similar to the one in which I had taken part. Then the leafy front of the coffin room was broken and the principal mourners accompanied the coffin along the winding road to its subterranean concrete vault.

General Tai Li's last letter to Admiral Miles in which Miles felt could be called his credo, he wrote:

"The achievements of SACO and the everlasting friendship between the two of us," he had written three of four months after I had left China for home, "not only concern the welfare of a small portion of our peoples, but will also have a great bearing on the friendly relations of the people of both our countries. China, after eight years of bloody warfare – after long suffering and much bitterness – should from now on make great strides in her work of construction, thus rejuvenating her strength. However, being backward in many ways, both technically and economically, we will continue to need the helping hand of your friendly nation. Furthermore, judging from the situation of the world at large, the destiny of these two great nations are certain, henceforth, to be deeply interwoven.

"You and I, for a long time have shared the same kind of sweetness and bitterness, and we have the same kind of understanding of the present situation. I am firmly convinced that we will continue not only to value the joint successes we have shared in the past, but also that we will work for the future benefit and welfare of our two countries.

"Difficulties and hindrances are inevitable during the initial stages of almost any enterprise. Nevertheless, if the aim is not merely to benefit a small minority, and if we proceed with determined perseverance - the result – whether meritorious or the opposite – will be known to all the world. All those who have distrusted and failed to understand will eventually come to believe and comprehend.

"It is my belief that some sort of encouraging and widely comforting step is needed now. I believe also that the situation hereafter will require the continuation of our enlightened and cooperative spirit."

???!!!***

Billie Miles' acknowledgement of husband, "Mary" Miles ("A Different Kind of War")

He had spent his entire adult life serving his country, so when "Mary" Miles, my husband, was given a medical retirement in 1958, he had no doubt about his next project. It was more of the same, for he was convinced that the United sates would be forced into "little wars" with guerrilla tactics, and he was sure that he had learned a lot of the answers that would save us lives and time. He knew he hadn't yet reached the right people, though he had made a lot of speeches and done a lot of talking about the lessons he learned training and operating a tremendous guerrilla force in another country. He had tried often to write it – but had only discovered what a mammoth job that would be. Now he would have a little time.

It was impossibly moving to watch the two-star flag, of which he was so proud, hauled down in New York. Trying to say farewell, he was embarrassed by his own tears. But the very next day, he was in he Naval Historical section in Washington, where his papers were still locked, untouched since the months in early 1946 when he had put them in order.

It had been difficult enough getting something written down when he had two secretaries, an aide and a staff, but now he was overwhelmed. What he missed most of his old life, he said ruefully, was a secretary and a good shoeshine. I didn't attempt the shoes – it takes special talents to get the quality of shine he wanted – but I could type, after a fashion. Soon I found that with a typist's chair and pots of coffee I could type all day and some of the night. He developed the system. In any given mountain of papers he put innumerable markers with notes as to chapter and story in which he wanted the material, Gathering a pile of papers together, he'd pace the floor and talk. I'd type and read back; then he'd cut that in strips and stick it together with more that belonged to it. When pages elongated like christening robes we'd subdivide to a, b, etc. We used coils of Scotch tape tying changes to changes. Retyped, we'd let it sit and come back later with more that had turned up. It got very involved, but it was accurate. He found once or twice that his memory had simply not served him precisely, so he checked everything. We even went to Taiwan to pick up more information. Going over the Washington office files, he found explanations for many things he hadn't even known. It was harrowing but in a way therapeutic to relive the last tormented days of the war, for though he still felt he had had failed dismally to translate the magnificent efforts of his men into lasting good for both China and the United States, at least the size of the problem had emerged.

At one point I commented that there were an awful lot of pages for a "minor operation." I must have been tired and shouldn't have said it, for he knew it hadn't been minor in his efforts on the war, and he believed it even more important for the future. "We can always cut," he said, "but what we miss now we can never recover." He was very right, for in the third year, 1961, cancer killed him.

Publishers said the manuscript was marvelous, etc., but needed reorganizing and cutting. Each of two writers I tried took a year, but couldn't find the time to get at it. Meanwhile, all the mistakes from which he had hoped to save our country were being made magnified. I was just facing another closed avenue when a letter came from Doubleday saying that "Hawthorne Daniel, an old friend and valued author" had told them I had a manuscript memoir written by my husband describing an operation as "colorful as that of Lawrence af Arabia" and they would like to see it. In the next few days the explanation appeared. Mr. Daniel had been asked to speak at a dinner in Newport, where Admiral Henry Eccles, a classmate of my husband's, had buttonholed him with a tale of "a fascinating story as yet untold."

I knew Mr. Daniel must be the writer to put the incredibly complex story in comprehensible form. For one thing, he had already demonstrated faith in its value, and his enthusiasm had been contagious. When later I learned of his long experience, it was almost too much to find that he had always been interested in the Navy, that he had actually attended the Naval Academy (from which a knee injury had forced him to resign), and besides that, he had even been in Chungking as a correspondent for a time during the war.

When Hawthorne started writing, I was more and more sure Mary would be pleased. It is indeed tricky to rearrange a man's words when he can no longer approve. But Hawthorne steeped himself in the book, in books of pictures, talks with me and with men who had known and worked with Mary. He originally planned to cut the material, but he began to feel, as my husband had felt, that the experience so dearly bought should be available – and he used it all. Each week a rewritten chapter arrived with questions of meaning and extra facts to be checked. I was amazed that it seemed so little changed – that it, until I compared it to the original. The first chapter was added, for it hadn't occurred to my husband that anyone would want to know much about him or how he happened to find himself being bombed in a rice paddy in China. I know that Hawthorne Daniel worked hard for almost a year for sequence and clarity - but it still sounds to me like my "Mary" pacing and talking, and it says what he wanted to say. ???!!!***

HOPE TO SEE YOU IN DES MOINES, IOWA

June 6 thru June 9, 2007 ⌙ (Departure June 10)

AIRPORT HOLIDAY INN @ $79 + TAX

24-Hour transportation from airport to hotel.

Planned bus tours with minimal walking.

Pig Roast – set for late afternoon Friday, June 8.

Hosts Bob & Lola Hill will notify you of details by letter in near future.

Host Bob Hill

TELL ME THIS WON'T HAPPEN TO US ???!!!***

LOST IN THE DARNDEST PLACES

An elderly Floridian called 911 on her cell phone to report that her car has been broken into. She is hysterical as she explains her situation to the dispatcher: "They've stolen the stereo, the steering wheel, the brake pedal and even the accelerator!" she cried.

The dispatcher said, "Stay calm – an officer is on the way."

A few minutes later, the officer radios in, "Disregard," he says. "She got in the back seat by mistake."

" I CAN HEAR JUST FINE!"

Three retirees, each with a hearing loss, were playing golf one fine March day. One remarked to the other, "Windy, isn't it?"

"No," the second man replied, "it's Thursday."

And the third man chimed in, "So am I. Let's have a beer."