

# SACO VETERANS OF THE RICE PADDY NAVY WORLD WAR II CHINA

永恆

Perpetual Skipper

THE HELLY?  
VAdm. Milton E. "Mary" Miles



SINO AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION

COVER NEWS

MAY  
HAPPINESS,  
GOOD HEALTH,  
AND GOOD LUCK  
IN EVERY WAY  
BECOME REALITY  
FOR SACO TIGERS,  
THIER FAMILIES,  
AND ALL OUR  
COMRADES OF  
THE ROC  
IN THIS CHINESE  
"YEAR OF THE OX"



(Cover is the beautiful 2009 Chinese New Year Card I received from our Legal Counsel Bill & Elizabeth Sager - Editor R. L.)

# MY ENCOUNTER WITH THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

BY JIM PANOS

When I was a boy, I remember, the school bell would ring promptly at 11 a.m. on Armistice Day. We would rise eagerly, stand at attention in the aisles by our desks, and bow our heads for a long moment. In the earliest years, we knew only that Nov. 11 was the day and 11 a.m. the hour when the war – World War I – had come to an end. Later in school, we were taught about the bloody events of the four years preceding the 11th day of November 1918, and Armistice Day grew in meaning. When we bowed our heads in silence, we knew that we were doing it in reverence for those who lost their lives in that war. We knew our silence was shared around the world – in schoolrooms like ours, in homes, in places of business.

The concept changed somewhat with the adoption of Veterans Day, which was necessitated by other wars and armistices and diluted by diminishing nationalism in an increasingly materialistic world. The new name involved the living as well as the dead, and that was to the good. Sadly, the 11 a.m. ritual is rarely observed anymore. The day is devoted, rather, to a limited pomp and ceremony of parades and displays. The moment of silence is virtually gone. There is only token recognition of men fallen in battle.

Happily, though, the ritual of placing wreaths at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington National Cemetery perseveres.

The concept of the unknown soldier has always fascinated and baffled me. Many years ago, while I was a student in Europe, I visited the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at the Arc de Triomphe in Paris. I remember being overwhelmed by the idea of one solitary soldier, killed in action, without so much as his name to identify him, representing all of his fallen comrades in arms. Despite the limits of my high-school French, I still remember the inscription: *Ici repose un soldat Francais, mort pour la Patrie*. Who was this unknown soldier that he should represent every other French soldier who had given up his life for his country? For me, the Unknown Soldier remained a vague, shadowy figure, devoid of substance.

In the summer of 1994, when the 50th anniversary of World War II was observed, television was rife with coverage of the ceremonies marking the occasion. File films of the Normandy landings filled the screen. In the scores of scenes of those landings, one came vividly to life for me through its sheer repetition. In the lower left-hand corner of that scene, repeated time and time again on all the networks, one solitary soldier, in the wave of

the invasion, rifle at the ready, rushed off his landing craft, waded clumsily toward the beach, took no more than half a dozen steps, and fell.

In replay after replay, I saw that soldier fall a dozen or more times. Each time, he would make it to the beach and fall, like something theatrical. But this was not staged. It was an American soldier falling on the field of battle.

As the scene

played over and over, I started looking for him to do his little pantomime of death, and I caught myself hoping that just this once, perhaps the bullet with his name on it would miss, and that he would make it safely through the landing. It never did.

I realized then what had happened and who he was. He was the Unknown Soldier, flesh, bones and reality.

For all I know, that soldier may have been identified later, or even saved by a medic. With all my heart I hope so. But, for me, he became the embodiment of the Unknown Soldier and has brought meaning to my Veterans Days ever since.

He will be there again at the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month this year. I will lower my head in silence and think of him and millions others who shared his fate.

*Jim Panos is a freelance writer and author.*



# SACO HISTORY

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

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

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

Note of interest: *This group probably holds the distinction of being the first American Military Group to ever serve under a foreign leader in time of war ???!!!\*\*\**

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## SACO NEWS

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

aka U. S. Navy Group China and more popularly, "The Rice Paddy Navy." The publication is funded by annual dues of the members and their donated subsidies.

The publication is sometimes referred to as "What The Hell" magazine due to the pennant shown on the cover of every issue, which is symbolic of SACO members. It was a pennant dreamed up by our skipper, which he would fly on his ships as a personal novelty to arouse curiosity in his

naval career. It actually depicted 3 question marks, 3 exclamation marks and 3 stars – a mild form of profanity such as cartoonists would use. To Admiral Miles, it was translated as meaning "What The Hell?" as frequent inquiries through the years as to the pennant would be just "What the Hell is it?" "What the Hell does it mean?" and from many encounters came many interesting stories through the years. During WW II as SACO was formed by Miles and the Chinese counterpart Tai Li, it was natural and apropos that "What The Hell" be the symbol or logo of this special group. In addition to being known as "SACO TIGERS," we might well have been "WHAT THE HELLERS!"

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

**SACO OFFICERS 2008-2009**

President: Richard Terpstra  
V. President: Jodi Petersen  
  
Treasurer: Sal Ciaccio  
Asst. Treas: Guy Purvis  
Secretary: Carolyn Inman Arnold  
Ass't Sec'y Jack Coyle  
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Midland, TX '09 Bobby Grace

Editor SACO NEWS &  
Reunion Coordinator: Richard L. Rutan

Membership Chairman: Paul Casamajor

Legal Counsel: Bill Sager

Website Founders: Jodi Petersen &  
Carolyn Inman Arnold  
"SACO Navy.com"

%%%%%%%%%

**SPECIAL RECOGNITION**

To all who have shared their stories in this issue. My library of the SACO men's stories was diminishing to a critical state and your response gives me a breather for now. In fact I've had to pull a few articles and hold for the next go-round due to the volume of material. As always, we're so thankful to have Ellen Booth and Carolyn Arnold for photos though we are short on activities until fall. I have Jack & Diane to rescue me frequently as I instigate fights with the computer. *Ed.*

**SACO ANNUAL DUES**

Payment is due **January 1** each year for **REGULAR** and **ASSOCIATE** and **AUXILIARY** members as follows:

**Regulars & Associates**

Annually: \$25.00    Treas. Sal Ciaccio  
32 Marie St  
Tewksbury, MA. 01876-3941  
(978) 851-7494

Ladies Auxiliary:    Laura Sellers  
Annually \$15.00    1291 Eastern Parkway  
Louisville, KY  
40204-2440

**Dear Tigers:**

They tell me even real tigers get old so guess we are destined. Anyway it's still fun if we keep trying and let's make sure we do! **PLEASE PAY YOUR DUES TO HELP KEEP THE GANG AFLOAT AND STAYING SHIPMATES & BUDDIES - STILL IN TOUCH - AS LONG AS POSSIBLE ???!!!!\*\* Ed.**

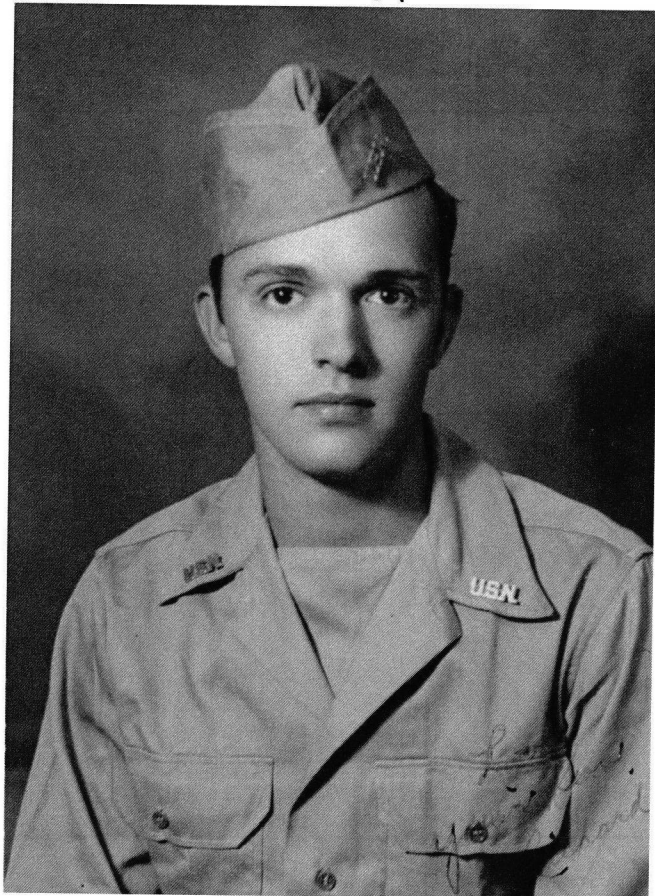
**SACO NEWS**

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

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

**Richard L. Rutan**  
1223 E. Del Mar Way  
Palm Springs, CA 92262-3329  
Phone 760 217-8327

## FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK



I have often been queried as to why I didn't make myself known in the publication (pictures, etc). I think I have in later years of reunions.

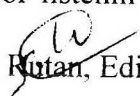
Above is the shot I sent home on my 21<sup>st</sup> birthday. Those were the days of youth and wondering "What the hell is next?" when I was in China. At least I was able to stay on my feet at that age unless I had too much vodka. (You couldn't find too much in the way of mixes – so we wrote home requesting packages of Kool-Aid – our parents never dreaming that we were boozing it up! At least I think they were happy to satisfy our thirst for soft drinks)

One night, Johnny Reising and I were finding it difficult to find a ride home after a night of heavy imbibing in Kunming – about 8 miles from our quarters. We stopped at the gate of Gen. Wedemeyer's 14<sup>th</sup> Air Force Headquarters where Johnny tried to ensure me that the general wouldn't be offended if he was awakened and asked for a ride to our quarters.

He absolutely put the fear of God in me and I don't know how, or why, but he listened to me as I listed the probable punishment we would get in those circumstances – like the brig & dishonorable discharge. After all – there was not a good relationship between the Army and SACO so we were destined for anything short of a firing squad. Thankfully, we were always able to talk things out amicably, but this situation, I'm sure, sobered me up and strummed the strings of my heart like no other. We tried thumbing and a kind driver of an antiquated truck, stopped and allowed us to jump in the bed of the vehicle and take us home. Truly a night to remember!

Perhaps it's true – youth is wasted on the young, but as I look back on all the fun life has been, we realize the early years were, for the most part, joyous and glamorous. We now accept the autumn years, although lacking what youth gave us, it's still a beautiful world and we are still privileged to be with one another, still loving each other and adding more memories to those of yesteryears.

Not to be downhearted, I've convinced myself to be happy. I'm still hanging in there and trusting, somehow, to remain on my feet and enjoy a few more years (I can dream can't I?). As some of you know, I started a little bad luck string last June when struck by a pickup and compound fracturing both bones in my lower left leg. I spent the better part of 2 months in the hospital and rehab and then recovered at home. In February, this year, I had hernia surgery and March 27, I fell in our back yard and fractured my left hip on the sidewalk. Talk about being clumsy in old age! I'm trying to learn to walk again – do pretty good with a walker, but hope I can be walking okay to go to the reunion in Texas in October. I've been pretty well incarcerated almost a year, but last Thursday, May .21, my cousin, Jack, took me on my first outing – a 2 hour drive to Santa Ana to attend memorial service for Carolyn Inman Arnold's mother who died suddenly with cancer. Jodi Petersen was there and after all had left Carolyn's mother's house, Jack and I had about two hours' visit with Carolyn and Jodi.. Thanks for listenin' – all is going well!

R. L.  Kutan, Editor

# **A DIKE JUMPER IN THE RICE PADDY NAVY**

## **BY JACQUELINE THOMPkins-WEEDE**

(The following is a chapter from a novelette by an author friend of Richard Terpstra, Sr. The author's husband, Bud, and "Terp" have been friends since college days, and Bud and his wife, Jacky, have been avidly interested in SACO and have acquired most of past issues of SACO NEWS. The following is a chapter from her story relating to Terpstra and SACO.)

### **Chapter 9 - THE SACO NEWS**

The SACO NEWS is a non-profit periodical published for the World War II veterans of the Sino-American Cooperative Organization. The high-quality magazine is published once or twice a year and is funded by donations and yearly membership dues -- \$25 for Regulars and Associates, \$15 for Ladies Auxiliary. The editor and publisher of the SACO NEWS is a SACO veteran named Richard Rutan.

The front cover of the last issue dated May 2008 features a striking colored photograph of a lighthouse and features information on the upcoming SACO Reunion in Grand Rapids, Michigan, June 18 to June 20, 2008. Dick Terpstra is the Reunion Chairman. The next issue of the SACO NEWS is scheduled to go out to readers in six months and will be full of reunion articles and pictures -- and additional SACO stories.

The SACO NEWS is the most unusual magazine I have ever read. It is a carefully crafted newsletter (40 to 80+ pages) that informs, educates, encourages, praises, comforts, and immortalizes the SACO veterans. It is a sounding board for the remaining members of SACO.

Every issue of the SACO NEWS contains the same brief history of SACO on the inside cover and a short explanation of the WHAT THE HELL pennant. Created by Commander Miles, the pennant is curiously symbolic of the SACO veterans, and I think it is their motto -- their battle cry. Editor Richard Rutan urges his readers to send him comments, newsworthy items, and stories of their experiences in SACO. He also encourages them to send clear and sharp pictures.

Although the format has changed somewhat in the forty + years of publication, the SACO NEWS contains the following sections: Mail Call, Most Recent Convention News and Pictures, SACO Medal Recipients, Nostalgia, Sick Bay, Taps and one or two motivational articles.

MAIL CALL contains short letters to the Editor that reflect what is going on in the veterans lives, health issues, death notices and messages of appreciation for the magazine the readers say is the life blood of the organization. In every issue, grateful veterans and spouses tell Richard Rutan that he is the glue that holds the organization together. The editor always has a courteous short reply or a humorous answer to the writer's question.

SICK BAY contains short letters or reports of telephone calls on the last known health status of SACO veterans and spouses,

NOSTALGIA contains short and long essays written by the SACO veterans about their experiences during World War II.

**OFFICIAL BUSINESS** contains letters to and from Taiwanese officials as well as letters to U.S. Congressmen and historians. Also included are the minutes of the SACO Board of Trustees.

**TAPS**, containing the complete obituaries of SACO Veterans and spouses from hometown newspapers, provides a meaningful glimpse into the lives of the SACO men after their return to the U.S.

In addition to being a beautifully written newsletter that keeps the SACO veterans informed, the *SACO NEWS* provides an elixir for this wonderfully different group of men. The elixir of going back to a time when they were young and vital – serving their country in a different kind of war – in a culture they could not comprehend – with Chinese comrades they could not understand. Thousands of miles separated the SACO men from their families and friends for long periods of time, and an oath of secrecy separated them from their other SACO buddies in China. It was a time of unbelievable story book adventures and terrible isolation and loneliness.

The SACO men have lived with sealed lips for sixty years in a splendid silence about a proud, but untalked-about time in their lives. The purpose of SACO was Top Secret and the daily activities of the volunteers was Classified. When their tours of duty were over, “the cocky young men who knew they were tough enough for secret and hazardous duty” left the Far East and went home to get on with their lives. They never talked. They never forgot. When the oath of secrecy was rescinded in 1975 and their exploits declassified, some of the veterans started to talk to their families about China – others did not.

Richard Rutan and the *SACO NEWS* make it possible for each veteran to tell his story (if he wants to) and in so doing, he can again honor his comrades, his country, and his beloved commander. He can finally verbalize his affection for the Chinese people and his feelings for the Chinese troops he served with. Telling his story gives him closure and release. His story provides a missing slice of history to his family and friends as well as to American and Chinese students and historians.

According to a 2007 membership report by Membership Chairman Paul Casamajor, 446 people are on the SACO mailing list including 333 SACO veterans and Slim Gilroy. The associate members number 108 and are composed of SACO widows, children, relatives and friends as well as American and Chinese historians and history buffs.

SACO is alive and well. Better than that, it is still making a difference. An article in the magazine *Generations* (Journal of the American Society on Aging) emphasizes the importance of telling and preserving personal stories – not only to the storyteller but also to the listener and the future listener. Hopefully, more of the SACO men will want to tell their stories because if it's true, and I think it is, *that writing is the last great defense against oblivion and the darkness*, the SACO Tigers and their Perpetual Skipper will live on forever.

*Editor's note: I'm sure I can speak for all SACOs in expressing our gratitude for the beautiful tribute you have written about our special Naval Group of WWII. Jacky, we have never been so honored as having your personal observation of our adventure of long ago. SACO NEWS is only what my Rice Paddy Navy Buddies make it. SACO is an inimitable wartime family who have formed a bond of lifelong brotherhood with respect and love of each other by joining in secret assignments in our unique past life of many moons ago! rlr*

# MAIL CALL



Richard

2-10-09

It makes Charles feel good to talk to you and the other SACO fellows. Hope you continue to mend and will do well with your operation.

We are having tree work done today. With high winds predicted for tonight it may be just in time. These trees are costing us several thousands and I hate to see them go. New roof in September and damage again in the last storm – ice storm. Oh well! We can't take it with us, but I can't think of a better way to spend it.

Take care and remember we love you not only on Valentine's Day but every day.

Fondly,

Laura and Charles (Sellers)

???!\*\*\*

Casamajor

7 Feb 2009

I received your letter of Jan. 16, 2009 back issues #12 Oct. '95 and #24 Aug. '02. Thank you very much. I am enclosing a check...to cover 2009 dues and back issues plus postage and \$25 donation.

The check is written by my mother who still lives in the house my father built. She is 90. Her name was on the front and sides of dad's 6x6 when his convoy was the first to cross the new Stillwell Road headed for Chungking in Jan. 1945. I found out about the SACO veterans via the internet. I don't have a computer - guess I'm behind the times! I've known my father was a SACO veteran since I was in Junior High. We were studying Geography - when I brought my book home, Dad asked me what I was studying - I said, "India." He replied that he had been there and proceeded to get out numerous photographs of far off places. He told me stories about India and China, which I still remember. I took the pictures to class and told the stories to my classmates and received an A+. I wonder if my teacher ever heard of "SACO" or the amazing things they accomplished during the war.

I also received in the last week - a copy of issue #33 from Mr. Rutan. I'm in the process of sending Mr. Rutan a letter with some SACO history about my father - plus some photographs.

I guess it must have been a coincidence, but issue #24 that you sent me had an article about Kenny Greene. Mr. Greene was with my dad when they left D. C. until the time they left China. Even their final years on earth ended similarly. They were both blessed by 2 French nuns before their work with SACO was done and the rest is history.

Thank you again.

If my father were here to read this - he wouldn't believe it.

Sincerely,

William Sheffer

???!\*\*\*

Richard

Nov 19, 2008

I am writing to wish you the best in your recovery from the accident. So sorry this



happened to you.

I did not know about it, until I received the new "What the Hell" magazine October 2008.

You have done yourself proud with this publication. I think it is the best ever. I read them from cover to cover

June and I could not make Grand Rapids reunion because of ill health. We were doing better until June got pneumonia 1st of November. I also had another TIA (slight stroke) on November 13, 2008. We are both doing better now.

I hope this finds you in good spirits and well. Best wishes from June and me for the coming holidays. Hope to see you in Texas.

Best regards to you and all the group,  
Bill and June Edwards

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

Jerome C. Levendowski, Ph.D      30 Dec. 08  
The JCL Group  
131 Arbusto Circle  
Sacramento, CA 95831-4557

Dear Mr. Levendowski:

On behalf of myself, the President, Richard Terpstra, and all the members of SACO, I want to thank you for your very generous donation of \$1,000. Your uncle Vernon and I, along with Rich Terpstra, were in Foochow together during the war.

Please consider this your receipt for your donation.

Yours truly,  
Salvatore J. Ciaccio, Saco Treasurer

SJC/lmt

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Richard

11 Mar '09

This is a collection of pictures from China taken during 1945, (*His father's album loaned me for pix I might use in the future*). I assume most were taken by my father, although some were obviously taken by another photographer – probably Roger Moore, my dad's friend and fellow Photographer's Mate. Dad and Roger enlisted together, trained together and spent their entire SACO adventure together, finally ending up in Shanghai in December 1945.. . .

. . . . . Dad often spoke of the impression it made on a 20-year-old young man to be in the presence of Generalissimo and Madame Chiang and all the dignitaries he encountered during his time in China. But the most profound impression made on him was he industriousness, friendliness, ingenuity and absolute loyalty to the Chinese people he met and lived with for the year he was in China. He always hoped to be able to travel to China, "just to see it one more time." Fortunately, we'll always have the images he preserved through the camera's lens.

Sincerely, Bobby (Grace)  
2009 SACO Reunion Chairman

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Richard

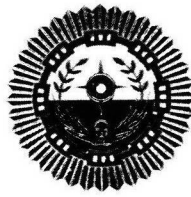
22 Nov 2008

In answer to your plea for more history of SACO, I am sending you a copy of the letters which my husband, Charley F. Gutch, wrote to me during his time in India and China.

He came late to the area and the letters cover the end of the war and the end of "Happy Valley."

Remember they are written by a 25-year-old doctor just finished with his internship. I think his powers of description were very good and hope you find them interesting

Sincerely, Betty Gutch  
Elizabeth (Betty) (Mrs. C. F.) Gutch



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

December 11, 2008

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

Dear Mr. Rutan:

Thank you for sending us SACO News No.35. It is wonderful to see in the pictures how joyful and vigorous our SACO friends were during the Reunion, which I think not only serves as an occasion for friends to get together but also represents a symbol of comaraderie.

As for the SACO history project, your positive response and support definitely give a great boost to our confidence in accomplishing the mission. We are very grateful for your assistance.

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

Sincerely yours,

*Ko Kuang-ming*

Lt. General, Ko Kuang-Ming, ROCAF  
Director

Paul Casamajor 01 December 2008

Received your letter dated 11-23-08 and will answer it now. It has been a very bad time for me. My wife (Edith) died in 2007 and I had total knee replacements and a few other surgeries to go along with it. But on the road to recovery, "I hope." Sending my dues with this letter.

Neal Hubbard

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

Richard (Phone call) 27 May 2008

Fred Prather called me and stated he was 91. He had sent \$200 donation to SACO March 18 and asked me to extend his "hello" to all!

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

Jodi Petersen 28 July 2008

My uncle, David E. Henderson, served with SACO during the war and when hostilities ended was a Lt. Cmdr stationed in September of 1945 at Kweiyang (Camp 10). I am interested in any recollections of his service or other relevant information that others may have. (I have his "What The Hell" patch and various other memorabilia.)

Thank you, Bob Whalen – Edina, MN  
Ph:973 738-3911.Email:whalen71@gmail.com

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

Richard 12 December 2008

Thank you for sending me Issue No. 35 of the SACO Newsletter. I read it from cover to cover, and thoroughly enjoyed it, especially the article on your SACO journey.

I am finally sending you the updated story of my journey, "Down in Southeastern China,"

which has more information on SACO personnel than the original.

Hopefully you are completely recovered from your serious accident in June 2008 and that you are now felling well.

Much to my disappointment I don't expect to be able to attend further SACO reunions. It has been wonderful knowing you and meeting so many other SACO veterans. I feel that I owe SACO my life.

With greatest admiration and respect,

Jim Powell- - (Jim, what a beautiful letter, and your gratitude for help from some of our SACO comrades. I am confident it was with the greatest pride that those involved were able to lead you to safe quarters. Thanks for your most grateful acknowledgement to SACO for their "rescue" of you and your crew and for keeping in touch with us these past few years. It's been our pleasure to welcome you to our group and we were privileged to learn of your escapade many years after WWII. Ed.)

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Richard 27 November 2008

It was not until I read the October 2008 issue of SACO NEWS that we were aware of the parking lot accident in which you were grievously injured. I trust by this time you are well on the mend. You have had a tough time of it recently and you deserve commendation for maintaining the SACO NEWS in a current status despite pain and inconvenience. The SACO Tigers are indebted to you.

I note on page #2 of the October SACO News your "call" for additional material from SACO Tigers since your inventory is running low. In this connection, I am enclosing several memoirs of Camp Ten.

Most sincerely, Bill (Sager) (Many thanks, Bill; I recall that at least one of your stories is in this issue. Ed) ?????!!!\*\*\*

Richard

December 2008

I keep saying that the next issue of the *SACO NEWS* can't be as good as the one before but you consistently make a liar of me. Now you have gone over the top. Great stories, pics and professionally done. Thanks so much for your efforts in this endeavor. It did ring my bell and brought back some memories that I had completely forgotten.

As you are aware, I got the Jack of All Trades duty while there. I worked with and for FRUCHI\* as well as the OSS office. I think it was because my name started with B and I was near the head of the alphabet. Be that as it may, your story on Kweilin brought back the memory of trying to get there. I was told to go to Kweilin and work on some antennas. I bummed a ride in a C-47 and with my little tool kit, .45 revolver, and bedroll (which held a Hag machine and one-time pad). As we approached the strip, the Sgt air crewman came and told me to get everything ready to get off quickly because they were running behind schedule. This sounded routine to me so I assembled my stuff and when we touched down the Sgt was opening the door and motioning for me to get ready. I really couldn't understand what the rush was all about, but I did as I was told. Just before we came to a complete stop, I threw my bedroll (which had a Haglin machine and one-time pad in it) and tool kit out in order to save time. Out of the blue came this Jeep with the driver waving frantically. I thought Oh Boy! I have a ride up the mountain and they are sure nice to do that for me! About that time the Jeep driver yelled that "those Jap bastards are coming right down the airstrip!" You could hear gunfire over the roar of the plane engines. Thank God! for small favors, the pilot put the plane in Emergency GO and we took off! As we went over the end of the strip there was more gunfire but luckily the yellow bastards were very bad shots. The door of the plane was still open and we could see a battle line

moving up the strip. We saw several bloody bodies, which we surmised were Chinese coolies who worked at the strip.

That was my quick tour of Kweilin and I can honestly say I didn't exactly enjoy. Thanks to your story, it all came back to me. At least the Bastards got a bedroll and tool kit for free. I spent days and days writing reports on why I lost (???????) the Hag machine and Pad. I thought for awhile I would probably go to the brig, but it was finally settled.

Thanks again for all the time and effort you give SACO. You are the glue that holds us together. HAPPY NEW YEAR!

As ever, Bill (Bartee) t

*Thanks, Bill, for your complimentary assessment of my efforts – makes me want to stick around a little longer – I'm gonna try – maybe I'm a little tougher than I thought! rlr*

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

Sal Ciaccio

2008

Sal, here's my check for dues plus some extra to help fund the SACO cause. Thanks for all you guys do to make us feel part of the SACO family.

All the best , Meghan Beetel Nicoletti (daughter of Tom Beetel, RM deceased)

*Thank you for your support of SACO. rlr, Ed*

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Richard

12 December 2008

... Sissy and I once spent many early evenings watching U.W. winter sports. Now it's over. Sissy wants only to be warm and comfortable. She is also free of pain. The only other feature she would need to be in a state of well-being would be to be free of anxiety and this she is not. We will be moving into a place

of assisted living care within a month. I keep her close.

It was sure nice to get your card by golly, now I have Diane's and Jack's address and I'm sure that's where you are staying. Would you believe I haven't even read your latest *SACO NEWS*. I have been very busy with this house. Will try to rent it for awhile hoping all along that a good selling price will again be around the corner.

I lost touch with you when you went into the hospital for that long stretch. I have been remiss - spend time now cooking of all things.

... Love to all three of you, Bill (Miller)

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

Richard

12 February 2009

Enclosed are some SACO photos from 1945. Bob Grace and his son, Bobby, will host the reunion this year; therefore I am sending you some pictures of Bob. He and I attended the U.S. Navy Photography School at Pensacola, FL together. We volunteered for SACO together and had SACO service together - Calcutta, Kunming, Chungking and Shanghai. We keep in touch these days, too. I am looking forward to seeing Bob in Midland.

Please keep up your good work with *SACO NEWS*.

Best wishes, Roger Moore

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

Casamajor

2008

Thanks for your letter reference my snafu in not getting my dues in for '08. I enclose the \$25 for the '08 dues and include the dues for '09.

I appreciate the attention you guys do in holding SACO together. I'm sure I feel like many in being proud to have served in SACO. Thanks for the super job y'all have done and are doing..

*SACO NEWS* is a superb publication. I take pride in reading and sharing with the family and others (I'm sure many of the group do the same).. This is one of the finest publications that comes here.

Sorry you had to take the bother in calling my attention to my snafu, but I'm sure glad you did. I hope I'll be on the list as long as there's a SACO - or as long as R. L. exists.

( A personal note - I'm not a reunion guy, but it's always a joy to read of the happiness of the group).

Sincerely, Bob Lear, (RM)

*(Bob, Paul Casamajor shared your letter with me and I'm glad and deeply appreciate your kind comments. Even if I don't "exist" long - I would hope SACO will! R.L. Rutan, Ed)*

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

Jodi Petersen

11-27-08

Every child of my age asked the question, "Daddy, what did you do during the war?" Well, until today I had no idea. From your web site and from his rank designation, it appears John C. Ripoli, (MMG2/c) served at Jorhat and produced and supplied oxygen to the Navy and Army. After all these years, I thank you for this information

The naming of the headquarters as "Happy Valley" - does this have any significance to Penn State University and Happy Valley?

Today is a special Thanksgiving and thank you.

Sincerely, John H. Ripoli (son).

*John, maybe you have learned - but SACO was classified as secret and we were restricted by oath and sworn not to reveal activities of SACO until declassification in perhaps the late 1970's. My father died without knowing my role with SACO.*

*As for "Happy Valley" I think the area was so named for being germane to the geographic locale.*

To Rutan

2 Feb 2009

Received your Christmas card...been trying to get a phone number to call and thank you for the thought and card.

I thank you so very much for giving me incentive to find out how things are going in your life. I do hope his note finds you in good spirits and healthy.

Sending photo of Dad's four sons at Rusty's daughter's wedding 3 Jan 2009.

After I received your card, I sent an email copy of your eulogy to Dad to all brothers & their kids & family! Thanks so much for doing that! All the family were able to know him much better with the help of your wisdom and skillful pen!

All the family is in good shape. Dad would be proud! I think of him often.

I am 61 years old and settling down after a long bachelorhood (16 yrs). Going to get married this June and she has 2 kids . . . 15. & 6 yrs. old.



Big handful for 61 but I feel it's good for everyone.

Thanks again for the card, would hope to hear from you.\*

Johnny Reising's four sons:  
L-R: Richard ("Rick") – Dave, John & Rusty

(signed) Rick Reising

I write this note by candlelight – power is off, 20 degrees F – no heat except fireplace – 12" of ice sleet and snow! Storm hit last Tuesday (6 days ago) and many still without power.

I moved into new home I built on the home property. Used native oak for flooring, trim, doors. etc. My son built cabinets and vanities from native cherry wood from the land Big project – lasting a long time.

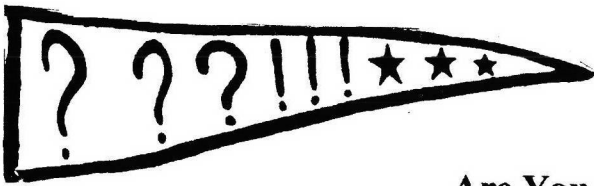
*\*I called Rick – we had a nice long conversation and vowed to keep in touch. Ed.*

## **FORGIVENESS**

**IS THE FRAGRANCE THE  
VIOLET SENDS WHEN YOU STEP  
ON IT.**

**MARK TWAIN**

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



**Are You Current with dues? Better check – if you're more than two years delinquent – we can't send the SACO NEWS. Dues info available on page 4 . Let's do our best to keep SACO alive as long as we are. rlr**

December 1, 2008

Dear Mr. Rutan,

When my Uncle Nelson Bowman passed away, I became the owner of these pictures\*. I sincerely hope they will have meaning to some of your SACO members. My husband and I have followed the story of SACO thru Uncle Nelson.

My husband and I are the very proud parents of Mark Ramsay, the young man who was able to travel to the Taiwan reunion with you. My mom and dad were the chaperones of Mark on that trip. We were so lucky that he lived that experience. You have had contact with him so I know you are aware of his Air Force military career path.

Mark shares the news magazine with us. We are so glad that your health is mending and wish you a very happy and healthy new year.

Cordially,

Ann Ramsay

3527 Level Road

Churchville MD 21028

*\* I have removed some pix from the album I hope to see in the next issues. rlr*

## OUT OF THE MINDS OF KIDS

1. This is a picture of an octopus. It has 8 testicles (Kelly, Age 6)
2. Oysters balls are called pearls. (Jerry age 6)
3. If you are surrounded by ocean, you are an island. If you don't have ocean all around you, you are incontinent. (Wayne age 7)
4. My uncle goes out in his boat with 2 other men and a woman and pots and comes back with crabs. (Michael age 6)
5. A dolphin breathes through an asshole on the top of his head. (Billy age 8)



In 1806 Zebulon Pike was awestruck by the isolated and majestic peak pictured above. His mountain probably has changed little since that "discovery". The highlight of my return trips from the East is the sighting of this western talisman, suddenly visible only when 100 miles distant.

In 1911, the beautiful Oregon beaches were added to the State highway system; they remain a joy to all. During years-end 2007, we revisited scenic US 101 and explored California 1. Below are two of the exceptional stops along our voyage.

The lighthouse at Fort Canby, now Cape Disappointment State Park, has the very best panorama of the mouth of the Columbia River; the viewing area may be as fickle as the maritime passage. Several years ago I barely retained fingernails trying to combat the gale. During this visit heavy rains both calmed the rollers that usually camouflage the channel and swamped us.

The trail to the point of Cape Lookout Oregon, near Tillamook, is 1.2 miles one way. It snakes through gorgeous trees and then bushes. There are breathtaking views of the Pacific. It was late but rather than miss this gem we hurried and were rewarded with sunset-colored vistas. Darkness fell on us in the deep woods after we had passed the precipitous overlooks.

Happy New Year 2009

Charles Miles  
P.O. Box 17863  
Boulder, CO 80308



Richard

Mar 2009

Thank you for calling. I'm enclosing a copy identical to the obituary that was in the Chattanooga Free Press. SACO was very special to Al (Parsons), but as you know, he never made it to a reunion. He also loved his country very much,

We miss him terribly.

Sincerely, Bobbie, Al, Jr. and Nicole

(see TAPS for obituary)

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

Richard

Mar 15, 2009

.....The third reunion which was in Hartford, we were there and attended all reunions from then on until Tony wasn't able to travel. Admiral Miles got the ship that Tony was on to return to Brooklyn, NY so that we could go to the reunion.

We always enjoyed the reunions and all the people that were there. In those days, they brought their children with them (they had a good time).

I'm glad that you're feeling better. I'll keep in touch.

Evelyn Wogan (see TAPS for obituary)

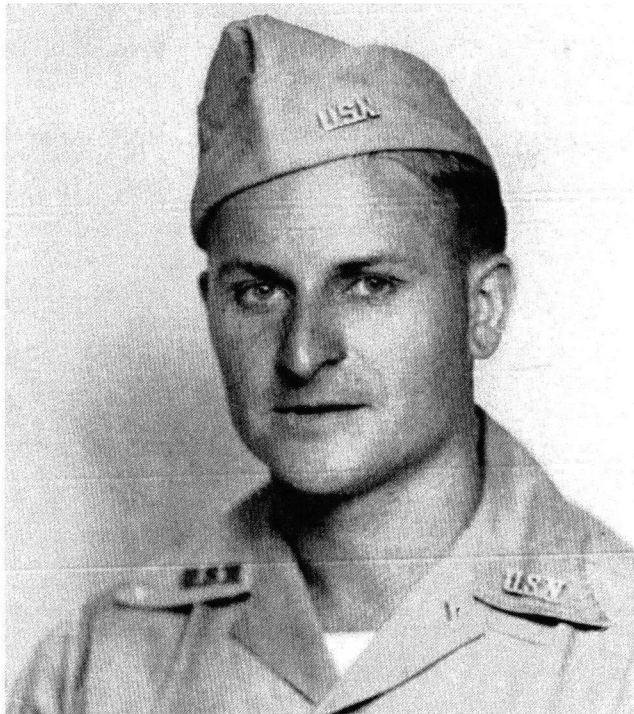
???!!!\*\*\*





3-19-09

Dear Richard,



**Irvin H. Sheffer**

I want to thank you for SACO NEWS #33 with my father's name listed as deceased SACO veteran – Irvin H. Sheffer. My father died Oct. 8, 2006 in Galion, Ohio at the age of 93 and was buried in Zanesville, Ohio with military honors with a Navy Honor Guard from Columbus, Ohio.

I'm sending you some copies of pictures my father brought home from China. I have numerous photos - some with quality issues.

Dad was a CMOMM during his time with SACO. He was an excellent mechanic, electrician, carpenter, machinist and horseman.

I still have his dress blues, Chief's hat, military items, SACO I.D. (excellent condition), mementos, and other Chinese items.

My father left Wash., D.C. by train in 1944 for San Pedro, CA where they shipped out on the APA General Anderson to Melbourne, Australia, then on to Bombay, India. From Bombay they crossed India to Calcutta, loaded their convoy of trucks and equipment on a train for Jorhat. Their trucks were carrying D8 Diesel generators, lathes and other supplies for Unit #9 in Chungking.



Third day on Burma-Ledo Road – camped for the night. This entire Motor Repair Group made trip in 11 days.

The real journey began on the Ledo-Burma. Road . They were the first Navy convoy to cross the new Stillwell Road under the command of Lt. Glen G. Bolton – Navy Motor Repair Unit (p. 49 of *SACO The Rice Paddy Navy* ).

My father's 6X6 was the last truck in the convoy – there were 15 6X6's plus the Lt. in a Jeep. When a truck broke down, my father repaired it

What transpired over the days before reaching Chungking would affect my father for the rest of his life.

After repairing some trucks, my dad returned to his truck. They were descending Pangsau Pass – Dad lost his brakes and truck on a hairpin turn, rolling over (see p. 281, Parag. 3, *Different Kind of War by Adm. Miles*).



Burma Road Pangsau Pass where my father's 6X6 lost all brakes and rolled over – they are tending him in background

Dad never told me about it, but after he passed away, I found out that he was knocked unconscious with a head wound. Somehow, he recovered and the convoy continued on to Kunming and Chungking.. They made the trip in 11 days.

While at Unit #9 Chungking (SACO Headquarters) Dad, E. Harrison or K. Greene were sent on missions to the other units. They were guided by the SACO Chinese.



Irvin Sheffer and his 6X6 with wife Edith's name on front of vehicle.

Unit #4 near the Gobi Desert was one mission. This was a long mission using sampans and following the Yellow River on pony paths.

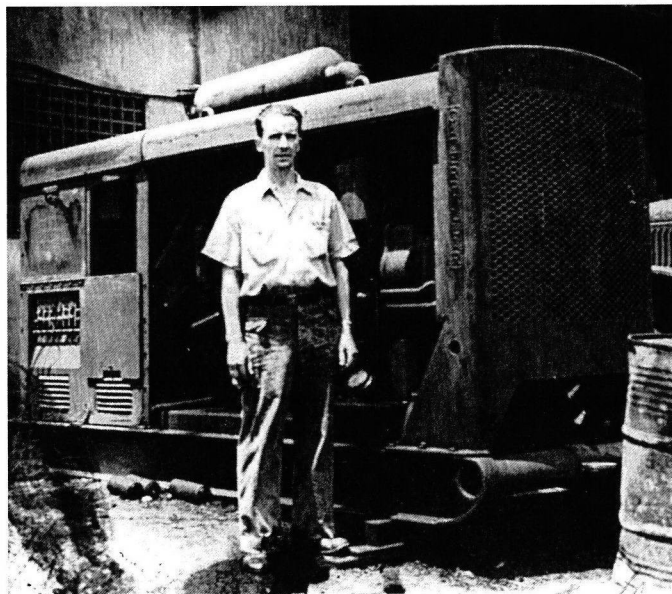
On a trip to Kweilin with some Army 6X6 trucks, a truck lost control going down a steep hill and rolled into a river killing the two Army boys.

Unit #5 in Nanning was another mission. A trip to Amoy started in Chungking on a river steamer previously sunk by the Japs when they bombed Chungking. The Chinese raised the steamer and used it during Dad's time there.

The mission to Amoy was to repair the generator – D8 Caterpillar diesel power plant. R. L. Harrison, 4 coolies to carry the crankshaft, a SACO translator and my father headed down the Yangtze River for Amoy. What other route they used is a mystery. I must say it was a long and dangerous repair mission.

Upon returning from Amoy, Dad replaced departing Csp(D) H. L. Lang who is on the motorcycle in photo. On V-J Celebration on September at Unit #9, Dad led the entire parade of men in review before Admiral Kinkaid on his motorcycle. He was proud of that moment.

I think my father was promoted to Chief after his mission to Amoy.



Kenneth G. Greene, MoMM1/c next to D8 Cat

As the war was over and most men shipped home, Dad and Kenny G. Greene were told to stay on – Dad was disappointed, but it was for a good cause. They were to install a D8 generator at an orphanage, wire the entire building for lights and then go home. I'm not sure where this was, but in *The Rice Paddy Navy P. 349* there is reference to a bombed out monastery in Shapingpa operated by two French nuns and a Chinese sister.

When their work was completed, Dad said the two nuns blessed them for all they had done. Dad never forgot this – sometimes reminiscing.

A plane was flown in to pick up Dad and Greene – they used their truck to light the runway. After landing, the pilot said he was having engine problems. Being excellent mechanics, they repaired the engine and finally left on their journey home.

Dad was transferred for discharge 11-16-45 on the USS Osage (LSV-3 in Shanghai and separated 6 Jan 1946 from the Navy

Shortly after discharge, Dad returned home. He developed serious medical problems. He was taken

to the Ohio State University Hospital in Columbus where they determined he had epilepsy. His seizures started out of nowhere – he was 33 years old. The doctors determined the epilepsy was caused by head injury. They were of the opinion that his accident on the Burma Road had slowly metastasized causing the seizures. With medicine, he was able to control the seizures, but they would occur for the rest of his life. He tried to file a claim with the VA - he was told there was no record of an accident in his records.

My father still managed to support his family and build us a home although the illness took a toll on him mentally.

My mother, my sister and myself are thankful he survived the accident and are grateful for the safe guidance of his Chinese comrades on his missions throughout China. My sister and I wouldn't be here today to tell some of his stories.

My father was proud to have been a "SACO" Veteran.

As a former Navy veteran – VA-115-A6 Attack Squadron – NAS Whidbey Island Washington – USS Midway Vietnam 1971, I'm proud of his bravery and accomplishments.

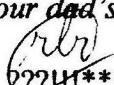
Thank you for allowing me to share with you some of his stories.

Sincerely, William I. Sheffer

*Editor's note: Thank you! for such a well written account of your dad's experiences with SACO so long ago. I marvel how you mastered recall of his episodes with our unique organization. It is doubtful that any child of a SACO veteran captured in detail what you have related about your dad, Irvin Sheffer. I was so amazed that you had so many facts of your father's life in SACO that I was compelled to call you to learn how you became so leaned about his escapades. You related that a portion was verbal – listening to your father's recall of his experiences, reading notes of his about some ventures and notations on photos he had taken.*

*In any event, I am impressed with the foregoing revelation of your dad's journeys in China and I salute you with a Navy's "Well Done" as a tribute to you for covering your dad's role in SACO.*

rlr

  
????!\*\*\*

## Donors to SACO since last issue Jan – Mar 31, 2009

Baker, Willie  
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Total Donations 1<sup>st</sup> quarter 2009 = \$1,534

Many thanks to all = people like you keep SACO  
Alive rlr ????!\*\*\*

**My mother, Erma, had many old wives  
tales = if you will = such as involves  
procrastination of events you should honor  
without delay:**

**" What you throw over your shoulder will  
someday come back and kick you in the  
ass!" What a gal! rlr**

????!\*\*\*

September 26, 2008

Dear Richard,

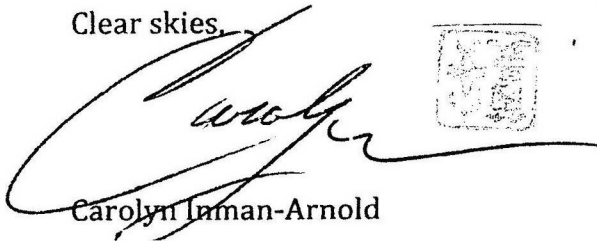
Here is something that C-Going wanted me to give to you for the magazine. It's quite interesting.

In the future, I hope to be sending other articles of interest that I come up with.

Your work on the SACO news is so remarkable. It represents the very fabric and core of the existing organization. Although it takes many shipmates to create an organization, it takes a very special person to focus the experiences of all into a cohesive unit.

With your Newsletter, you have done just that.

Clear skies,



Carolyn Inman-Arnold



Carolyn = What a generous and kind assessment you extend me relating to our *SACO NEWS* publication. It has added something to my life that I had aspired to in my youth and has given me a means to hopefully keep my mind working and hanging on. It's truly been one of my treasures in living. rlr, Ed.

---

4 May 2009

Richard:

Thanks for the note and your welcome. Glad to hear that your gaining ground on the hip mend and rehabilitation. I thought your generation always set the standard when it came to setting lofty but attainable goals and accomplishing them by whatever it took.. I have all the faith in the world that you will once again be doing the "Jitter-Bug" at the SACO annual Conference!

Now there's a goal for you!

I will never forget the way my Dad persevered when it came to getting himself back into life after his heart attack and stroke. After a month in a comma he had to relearn a lot of things, especially with the stroke damage. Relearning to see, read the written word, speak, walk, drive a car and then volunteer his extra time to help the illiterate to learn to read! Wow, Richard, you guy's never even thought of laying down until the challenge was managed. If you did we would be speaking Japanese or German a long time ago!! And by the Way – Thanks for the sacrifices you, dad and your generation gave this country so we are what we are today. Let's hope my generation Doesn't Screw it Up!

I vividly remember watching my dad lay on his back on the floor and start his rehabilitation of his stroke damaged arms by bench pressing a sawed off broom handle and working his way up to heavier weights as he persevered through rehabilitation and those tragic times.

Keep in touch. By the way, I sure liked the way the US Navy handled the Somalia Pirates, that held the US Captain hostage. Seems like life's most difficult decisions so often get protracted out, with more emphasis on the well being of the bad guy's as opposed to swift and reasonable justice.

Rick (*Rick Reising –Johnny Reising's oldest son and my namesake*)

## LT. FREDERICK WITHERBY RECALLS SACO DAYS

This is an effort to complete the record of SACO activities by the one and perhaps the only USN officer whose assignment to 14th Army Air Force (in Chennault's Flying Tigers) at Kunming, China involved the intelligence activity called "Photo Interpretation."

I volunteered into the Navy early on. I had visions of dealing with Mata Hari in her boudoir and skillfully extracting information. To one's surprise, I got orders to a Navy Photo Interpretation School and then to USS Ranger, our oldest carrier. I like to think that the information we derived from photos as to wave heights and frequency, location amounts of enemy shore defenses was of great help to our troops during amphibious landings to North Africa and elsewhere.

From there, thanks to the Ranger's great Captain Duggin, I was assigned to a sort of post-graduate course in PI in England. The British were hospitable and taught me tricks of this new trade, which took about eight weeks.

My next orders were to an AAF station in Calcutta and from there to HQ 14th Air Force – care of U. S. Naval Unit there in Kunming.

My work there picked up a lot of steam. Chennault's pilots were already flying large sorties to get weather information. With the addition of cameras, people like me in Kunming could add to that data on other military targets, such as shipbuilding and industrial and industry activity.

One significant contribution I believe I made was the identification of enemy ships, which although camouflaged, were really petroleum carriers. Through the cooperation of the Air Force, the targets were followed on their entire course. When they went to sea, bound for Japan, our great radio transmission would alert U.S. submarines patrolling the entire Pacific on its eastern edge of Japan, China, Burma and so forth. Many times, I was thankful to the British instructors who had done their best to teach me about camouflaged enemy ships.

At Kunming, some of us Naval people were isolated from most of the SACO people. My friends there were Sam Savage, Commander of U.S. Naval Unit, HQ 14 AAF, Stan McCaffrey, (a U of CA athlete there) Sam Savage, George Fisk (who survived a parachute jump over the Himalayas), probably some others.

The most dramatic point in my career in the China theatre when my enlisted man helper rushed into my office shouting, "The war with Japan is over!" He had received this over our Navy radio, which was powerful enough to reach Pearl Harbor and other USN people.

Wow! I got Sam Savage, my CO, and we walked over to tell Chennault the great news. The General was jubilant! He had an orderly break out champagne, which he had been saving for just this moment. Time passed...Chennault asked his radio people to verify...negative! More time passed – deep breaths – stiff upper lips! And then, mercifully, the Army radio reported that our navy person had transmitted wrongly – evidently he got carried away by recording on the official Navy transmission what a tired, homesick Navy radioman was longing to hear – not what was factual. About 3 days later, the truth of the Japanese surrender arrived over all radio systems. But no champagne for Sam and me; although to his credit, Claire Chennault was generous to us two erroneous Naval Officers.

After the war and Japanese surrender, there was a good deal of publicity, which I believe was accurate, which credited our victory in large part to the interdiction of petroleum supplies to Tokyo. With salutes to our great Navy submarine crews, I like to think that our identification of enemy targets through photo-information made us – ('a wonderful thought!') – partners with them in our great victory.

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

To: Mr. Richard L. Rutan, SACO NEWS

June 10, 2008

From: Charles H. Miles

Accompanying this memo is a copy of CHINA AGENTS, by J. Lacey Reynolds. It was published in **SHIPMATE** on March 25, 1946, in its "April" issue.

One wonders if the "Merry Miles" miscue by Reynolds might have been a comparison to Robin Hood and his "merry band . . ."; the base camp in fact was in "Happy Valley".

Oddly, the gentleman is referred to as *Ex-Amb. Hurley* in the photo credits. It is a matter of record that Ambassador Patrick J. Hurley reviewed the troops at Camp 9 on June 9, 1945. Within the "on the Beam" portion of **SHIPMATE** was mention of an April visit; this missed the mark by several months. Miles noted, concerning Hurley's inspection, *These were his first ambassadorial honors.*

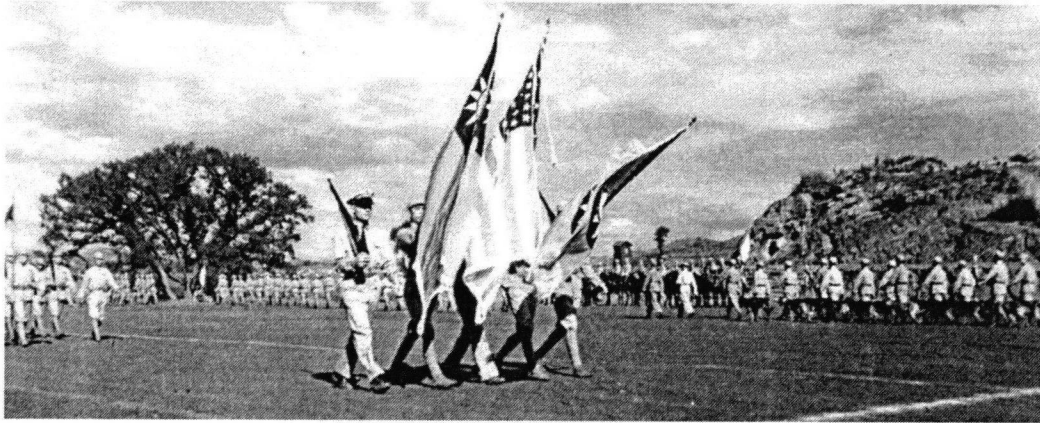


The Photograph to the right shows Miles, Robertson (assumed to be with the Ambassador), Hurley, and Tai Li before dinner where, according to Miles, *We all sang "Red River Valley" and "Old MacDonald Had a Farm" in Chinese.*

The statement, in "on the Beam", that *this is the first account of their adventures written by an officer who was actually on the spot* is not entirely correct. In fact, China's Mystery Man, by Lt. Cmdr. Charles G. Dobbins, appeared in the February, 16, 1946 issue of **Collier's**. Dobbins was a SACO member as a Lieutenant, USNR. He arrived in Calcutta on November 3, 1944; went to Chunking for one month; then to Camp 3 (from January 1<sup>st</sup> for one month); returned to Chunking; and then on to Washington. However, the Dobbins article was mostly about Lieutenant General Tai Li, Rear Admiral M. E. (Mary) Miles, and the founding of SACO.

The very first published account of SACO – other than a few newspaper articles – was in December 1945 by **ALL HANDS**, with no attributed author. The summary by Miles – U.S. NAVAL GROUP, CHINA – appeared in the July, 1946 issue of **U. S. Naval Institute Proceedings**. These two articles already have been reproduced in the SACO NEWS; both within the past several years.

The photograph which begins CHINA AGENTS is in SACO photo Album #2. One of our SACO members has written *Floyd Trickey, color guard* next to our copy. Richard, please remind the SACO veterans that the invitation continually is open for them to annotate these four albums.



## CHINA AGENTS

The duties of Naval Group China were right out of Terry-and-the-Pirates.  
Their accomplishments were spectacular.

By Lt. Comdr. J. Lacey Reynolds, USNR, Former Assistant Naval Attache,  
American Embassy, Chungking, China

IT was strange seeing the Navy uniform out there in the backwoods of China, among the mountains of Szechwan Province, one thousand miles from the sea.

It was like seeing a fish out of water.

Most of these officers and men never saw a craft larger than a Yangtze River junk. The largest body of water in the vicinity was a rice paddy. In fact, that's how they got the nickname, Rice Paddy Navy. (The official designation was Naval Group China.)

Yet, these dusty sailors wrote one of the most lurid, adventurous and dangerous chapters in the Naval history of the war.

What they did was Terry-and-the-Pirates stuff.

They played run-sheep-run with the Japs. For months at a time they operated behind Jap lines, weather reporting, coast watching, target spotting and doing air rescue on the side. They did spying and dynamiting and guerilla fighting. From the type of work they did, no insurance man would have considered them good occupational risks.

Naval Group China was one of the most hush-hush operations of the war. But now that

the story can be told, these men have a good story coming to them

The story centers around Rear Admiral M. E. "Merry" Miles, USN. It was to a large extent his imagination and guts and energy that made Naval Group China one of the thorniest thorns in the hide of Jap militarists.

As a matter of fact, Miles himself was such a thorn that the Japs placed on his head one of the highest prices of any man in the Orient. By Jap reckoning, Merry Miles was worth several million United States dollars, dead or alive – and preferably dead.

There were at least two attempts on Miles' life. One was intended to eliminate not only Miles but also his comrade-in-arms, General Tai Li, head of the Chinese secret service organization. One night on a trip into occupied China, the two were warming themselves near a charcoal brazier when a man passing as a servant entered the room pretending to fix the fire.

Instead, he dumped on the embers a handful of cartridges.

Miles' trusted cook saw what was going on and knocked his master and General Tai off

their feet. The air was filled with flying bullets, but everyone escaped harm by flattening themselves on the floor.

Naval Group China may be said to have had its inception in 1939. At that time, Miles, a commander, was attached to the Interior Control Board, which had to do with mines, among other things.

We didn't know a lot about the newest types of mines, so Miles proposed that he be sent to China to instruct the Chinese how to use mines in their struggle against the Japanese. He argued that we could learn much from the Chinese in their experimentation and use of mines.

But in 1939, we were not at war with Japan and Miles' proposal was frowned upon.

The day after Pearl Harbor, however, Miles was summoned by Admiral Ernest J. King. "You're going to China," said King.

The Navy wanted to know something about China's war-making setup, to see how it could be coordinated with fleet operations. It was particularly interested in getting weather reports from the continent. And Miles was just the man to make such a survey, having spent many pre-war years as gunboat commander in the Canton-Wuchow area and having evidenced an interest in the various possibilities for war-making there.

UPON arrival in Chungking, Miles was assigned by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek to his trusted lieutenant, General Tai Li. As director of the Bureau of Investigation and Statistics of the National Military Council, General Tai headed Chinese underground activities in occupied areas.

Though separated by the barrier of language (neither could speak the language of the other), these two men, Miles and Tai, were destined to become associates in one of the unique partnerships of the war.

Miles discovered that General Tai headed an intelligence organization "superior to any I had ever seen anywhere in the world." Prior to outbreak of the Sino-Japanese war, Tai had instructed in the Hangchow Police Training Academy and trained police officers in every major city in China.

These trainees were so efficient that when Jap tanks rolled into various coastal cities, Tai-trained policemen were on the job, directing traffic. They were so efficient that the Japs kept them on. For staying on, the Chinese policemen were smeared as "puppet traitors" by carping critics of the Chiang regime. But throughout the war, they were a major source of intelligence for the Allies, operating right under the noses of the Japs.

During his survey of the Chinese situation, Miles made another discovery, too – about the weather. Throughout the world, in general, weather flows from west to east. Miles found that in China, weather originates in the Gobi desert in the interior of Asia, and moves out across China and over the Ryukus and Japan and on into the Pacific. As weathermen say: "The weather in China today is the weather in Japan tomorrow."

This was a phenomenon of prime importance to the U. S. Fleet. To have weather reports based on weather conditions in China would give the fleet a jump on the Japs – or at least an even break, in carrying out operations.

Miles summarized his findings in a report to Admiral King. The result was signing of the Sino-American Cooperative Organization agreement (SACO agreement) on 15 April 1943. This was one of the most top-flight, super-secret agreements of the war. It was negotiated by T. V. Soong, now China's Prime Minister, and Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox, and carried the approval of President Roosevelt and Generalissimo



Chiang Kai-shek.

The general purpose of the agreement was, as Miles sums it up, "to do everything to attack and heckle the Japs and bring to bear our joint endeavors in hurrying the war to a quick conclusion."

The SACO Agreement was the framework within which Naval Group China cooperated with its Chinese opposites in conducting rice paddy warfare. General Tai became director of the Organization, and Miles deputy director.

Naval Group China ultimately engaged in a galaxy of activities. Looking back over two and a half years of operations, Admiral Miles rates these activities in the following order of importance:

(1) weather reporting, (2) intelligence, (3) coastal watching, (4) guerilla training and (5) mine laying.

With signing of the SACO Agreement, initial emphasis was placed on mine laying and aerology. Much of the rest of the program grew logically out of experience—a sort of improvisation as the work progressed. Take guerilla training, for example. The Chinese assigned undercover agents to protect American observers who were doing coastal intelligence. The Navy, using Marine Corps and Coast Guard personnel, began to train and equip these men. Soon they became efficient and effective — the most effective of all Chinese guerillas operating against the Japs.

SACO headquarters were established at a wild and rugged retreat called Happy Valley, located 15 miles from Chungking up the Chialing River in the lea of a towering mountain range. Chungking was purposely avoided because Miles "wanted everyone to keep their minds on their business." Furthermore, Chungking was honey-combed with enemy agents. But if someone blurted

out a secret in Happy Valley, it made little difference, for only the rats could hear. There was still another advantage: if enemy bombers should come over, the Valley with its scattered buildings hugging the side of a mountain range would be difficult to spot.

The Valley was one of 15 camps eventually established throughout northwest, central and south China. From these camps went out the men, by plane, by foot, or by junk, to man scores of lonely outposts where coast watching, weather reporting or guerilla activity was being conducted.

Eventually, Naval Group China was built up to a force of 2,500 officers and men. Four hundred of these were located at Valley headquarters. We are speaking only of American and not the whole SACO organization which included the Chinese. Nor do these figures include the 70,000 Chinese guerillas who were trained directly or indirectly at the Valley or in other camps.

In selecting personnel, Miles purposely stayed away from "old China hands" — that is, men who had lived previously in China. This policy was born of a conviction that men without China background were temperamentally better suited to cooperate with the Chinese. SACO was a cooperative venture, and without cooperation on equal terms, its success would be imperiled.

Though himself an "old China hand," Miles felt intently that the old hands looked at China through "treaty port eyes." From their luxurious retreats in the Shanghai or Peking Clubs in the modern coastal cities; protected by extra-territoriality and units of the fleet, the old hands did not really believe in the sovereignty of China. So Miles felt, at least. At any rate, such a state of mind was not conducive to cooperation of the type he wanted. He wanted men without preconceived ideas or lingering prejudices.

So the “new China hands” of Navy Group flew over the Hump from Calcutta and were whisked out to Happy Valley for indoctrination. They were taught a couple of dozen phrases of the Chinese language, which is sufficient to get around. And they were taught the good and the bad points of the Chinese, with emphasis on the good.

They ate in the same mess with their Chinese opposites – officers and men of both nationalities together in the same mess hall. They had to use chopsticks. They learned to get along without K rations. Since Hump tonnage was so small, cargo space could not be wasted bringing in American food. So these men lived off the food of the land, cooked Chinese fashion.

THE upshot was that these neophytes in China worked out the happiest cooperative spirit to be found between allies perhaps anywhere in the world. Oh, not that it was all sweetness and light. There was probably more justification for beefing and less beefing than could be found anywhere else where uniformed Americans foregathered and fought. To be sure, living conditions were bad what with rats and mosquitoes and mud; and without cigarettes and chocolate milks and bourbon highballs. To be sure, Americans had to adjust themselves to the absence of these luxuries whereas the Chinese were not accustomed to them. But taken all-in-all, morale was excellent. And if their Chinese opposites seemed to be difficult on occasion, there was the frank recognition that they were men of different backgrounds and culture who had their own way of doing things; and due allowance was made.

It sounds a bit naive and idealistic, but it worked: Miles believed friendship for the Chinese would make the difference between success and failure in many of Navy Group's

joint undertakings. So he drilled it into the men's heads. He even gave the operation the code name of “friendship.” The pay off is that today it is difficult to find an American who served in Naval Group China who does not treasure the friendship of several Chinese people.

If weather reporting was one of SACO's most important activities, it was perhaps, the most undramatic. Miles' outfit trained more than 1,000 Chinese aerologists. Weather stations were set up from the Indo-Chinese border to the northern reaches of the Gobi desert, with the bulk of them concentrated from Shanghai south, inside Jap lines. Usually men were transported to these weather stations by plane but the Americans soon became adept at disguising themselves like Chinese, and slipping through enemy lines by foot. Thanks to the protection of Chinese agents, no single American was ever detected.

Aerologists at these scattered stations transmitted their observations to the Valley over light but powerful radio sets. At headquarters, this data was analyzed, condensed and flashed to Pacific fleet headquarters or to listening air, surface or submarine units at sea. On the basis of such reports, many daring carrier strikes were mapped out—such as Admiral Halsey's Third Fleet thrust into the South China Sea late in 1944, playing hide and seek with covering clouds and squalls.

Because of transportation difficulties, it was soon found that mine laying was most profitable by aircraft. Mine depots were established in India and at the Kunming headquarters of General Claire Chennault's 14th Air Force. Miles' outfit collected intelligence on shipping; transmitted it to Kunming, and Chennault's flyers deposited the mines where most effective.

This sort of teamwork sometimes hit the

jackpot. In October 1943, for instance, Navy Group lookouts spotted 17 ships headed south and so reported to Happy Valley. Other intelligence indicated the convoy was heading for Haiphong in Indo-China. They would have to pass through the narrow channel separating Hainan Island and the mainland.

Chennault's planes were alerted. They deposited mines at the mouth of the narrows. When the ships headed into the narrows, the toll was terrific.

Some tried to make it back out to sea, but by this time they were giving out of fuel. About that time they were spotted by Chennault's bombers, lying west of Hainan channel, like so many sitting ducks. All were sent to the bottom.

Navy Group mines accounted for 20 sinkings in the mouth of the Yangtze. And by the judicious sowing of mines along inland waterways and in shipping lanes, ports in South China and Formosa as well as Indo-China were closed for months at a time. The Japs became frantic trying to sweep the channels clean.

The measure of the true effectiveness of Navy Group mines cannot be confined to the number of enemy ships that contacted the mines. In addition, the enemy's fear of mines contributed materially to the disruption of shipping. Fearing mines in the shallows near the coast, the Japs were forced to take to deep water. And there the submarines picked them off.

**N**AVY Group cooperation with submarines was just as spectacular as its cooperation with planes. Coast watchers may be credited up with an "assist" in the record the submarine BARB hung up in February 1945.

A coast-watching team located south of Foochow on the bulge of the China coast

flashed to Happy Valley an urgent message that a convoy of 11 ships including two destroyers and two battleships was anchored offshore.

"Will send agents aboard to determine destination," the message added.

Sure enough, agents did go aboard ostensibly to sell the Jap crews fish. They learned the convoy was to sail next morning at 6 a.m. So good was their intelligence that they reported the position of the various ships in the column and identified, by James Merchant Marine registry, the major targets in the line.

The coastwatchers were proud of their work.

"Why don't you get those guys (on the BARB) to torpedo them in daylight so we can get pictures?" they radioed the Valley.

The BARB didn't oblige, of course, but it did slip inside the 10 fathom line (which is not strictly Navy reg) and wiped out the entire convoy.

The quality of SACO intelligence steadily improved as the war progressed. The Tai Li organization had plenty of coverage. Its agents were to be found, not only in the major occupied Chinese cities, but also in Singapore, Saigon, Bangkok, Mandalay, Manila and Tokyo. They had even been in the Imperial Palace in Japan but were wiped out early in the Sino-Japanese war. Throughout the Jap occupation of the Philippines, Tai Li men sent excellent information from the walled city of Manila. And in Amoy, Tai Li men had free access to the Jap secret service!

The trouble with much of this intelligence, however, was that it was highly political. But Admiral Miles wanted military information – information on shipping, troop movements and vulnerable targets. It was therefore necessary to train the Chinese in intelligence reporting. Eventually, Naval Group China had

600 radio stations operating all over China, manned by trained agents, sending in a flood of intelligence. Some of this was not good; some was exceptional.

During the last six months of the war, the quality of intelligence rapidly improved, becoming more accurate and extremely helpful.

“If the Chinese did nothing more than give us this highly important information,” said Miles, “they did more than we can ever pay for in this war.”

In collecting this information, however, the toll was terrific among Tai Li agents. Whereas Naval Group China sustained only four casualties – one killed and three captured – in all its activities during its 21/2 year history, the Chinese agents suffered heavily.

When Miles first went to Chungking in 1942, he found only 100 children in the orphanage that General Tai maintains for dependents of his slain agents. But at the end of the war the number was swelled to more than 300 orphans, indicating the toll the enemy had taken.

Navy trained and armed guerillas were a tough, fighting lot. I have seen them in training at Happy Valley and they are as formidable a group of fighters as are to be found anywhere.

Before Navy Group came along, Chinese guerillas lost three men for every Jap killed. But with SACO training and equipment they reversed the ratio in 1945, accounting for three Japs for every casualty of their own.

SACO demolition squads, accompanied often by their American instructors, wreaked havoc, killing Japs, blowing up trains and destroying or capturing large quantities of enemy material and equipment.

“We couldn't teach the Chinese a thing about lighting a fuse,” says Miles.

They cut highways, railroads and disrupted

river traffic. Sabotage experts destroyed barracks, assembly halls, factories, storage dumps and warehouses. Raiders sunk and captured vessels.

In one of these water raids, a sabotage unit of Chinese and Americans planted delayed charges on a 1000-ton freighter docked in Amoy early last year. All personnel was blown sky high and the harbor was thrown into confusion.

MILES, who spent half his time in the field saw how effective were SACO guerillas against a Jap-held town, while on an inspection trip this past summer. He was at Pauchiang, where 6,000 Japs were esconded, with a guerilla force of 100 troops and 200 plain clothesmen. Guerilla headquarters were 15 miles or so from the town. Each morning, plainclothesmen, disguised as farmers with produce or peddlers with wares, trekked through the rice paddies into town. They may have had a tommy-gun stuck down their pants leg, but the only way Miles could distinguish them was when they bowed to him as he trudged along a trail.

One day, the plainclothesmen returned from wandering about the streets and loitering about the tea houses to report that a shipment of rice had been stored in a certain temple. Next morning, American planes demolished the building.

With their food supply gone, the Japs were forced to forage again. But the Chinese plainclothesmen had the dope on where they were going. In fact, their intelligence was accurate down to the point of naming the woman the Jap commander had slept with the night before.

The rest was easy. When the foraging party got well out of town, the guerillas ambushed. They were wiped out.

The guerilla pressure on this particular town

was so great that, after the surrender, the Jap garrison was found suffering from malnutrition.

In the closing days of the war, SACO 'guerillas in the Nanking-Shanghai area were plotting one of the most dramatic coups of their career. The puppets in that area had been promised a squadron of Jap planes, and the guerilla forces had negotiated with the puppets to come over to their side, with the planes as soon as delivered.

Of course, the planes were never delivered because the Japs simply didn't have them to spare. And the surrender ended the whole intrigue. But the episode does serve to illustrate how audacious and resourceful were these American-trained fighters.

Incidentally, the war's end forestalled another SACO plan to take from the Japs virtual control of the Nanking-Shanghai area. Admiral Miles believed he had enough guerillas concentrated there to turn the trick.

The Admiral has nothing but praise for these guerillas. They have excellent eyesight at night, which makes them particularly effective in guerilla work. Furthermore, they have stamina. They are probably the best hikers in the world – the Chinese. Miles has seen them come in from an all-day hike and warm up for a game of basketball before dark.

Their grit goes beyond the bound of human endurance, he adds. He recalls seeing a Chinese guerilla, his right shoulder almost shot away and swathed in bandages. But nonetheless he was firing away with a Tommy-gun pressed to his left shoulder. Miles asked the man about the wound:

"It's okay," he replied, "the doctor fixed it up."

"I'll take a Chinese guerilla against a comparable number of Japs any day," Miles says.

Captain I. F. Beyerly, second-in-command

to Admiral Miles during the entire 2 ½ years of Naval Group China, estimates that American-trained guerillas killed from 2,000 to 4,000 Japs a month during the final stages of the war. During this period, he estimated that they were accounting for an average of 2 ½ Japs per rifle issued. The toll would have been even greater, if more equipment could have been flown over the hump, for in no other theater were weapons put to such constant, good use.

**T**HIS is the official Scoreboard of SACO achievements from 1 June 1944 to 1 July 1945: killed, 23,540 Japs; wounded 9,166 and captured 291. SACO guerillas destroyed 209 bridges, 84 locomotives, 141 ships and river craft, and 97 depots and warehouses.

In addition, SACO aided in the rescue of 30 Allied pilots and 46 aircrewmen – all this as sort of a sideline endeavor.

One of these rescues was Don Bell, an American war correspondent. In reporting on his experience, Bell wrote:

"Imagine our gasps of amazed delight when told that there was a U. S. Naval Station just 80 li (about 27 miles) away. Here we had been shot down less than a mile from a Jap garrison, we had been shelled, we had been chased by motor boats and searched for by Jap planes less than two hours ago – and here was a man telling us we were within a few hours of safety.

"We met the Navy within 24 hours. Boatswain's Mate Howard W. Tucker, Jr., of Randall Street, West Annapolis, Md., was out looking for us. When we saw Tucker, swinging along with a Tommy-gun over one shoulder, and a bag of rations over the other – well you can talk about a sailor's welcome, but you haven't seen anything."

Naval Group China has been somewhat criticized for its tie-up with the Tai Li

organization. Tai Li is denounced, especially from the left wing, as a "Chinese Himmler," whose main concern was fighting Communists rather than the Japanese.

Admiral Miles strove constantly to stay aloof from General Tai's political activities as an officer of the Chinese government.

"The politics of China is the business of Chinese," Miles says.

He defends the tie-up, however – and defends it convincingly – on the grounds that it contributed materially to the defeat of the Japanese.

Of course, some of the methods used against the Japanese in China might not fit into America's ideas of clean warfare. But Miles wasn't sent to China to play mumble-peg. Nor was Naval Group China supposed to be a daisy-chain outfit. And who said warfare was clean in the first place?

Through long association, Admiral Miles found General Tai not a sinister figure nor a purveyor of black-cloaked mystery, but, on the contrary, a cooperative and dependable friend.

"We have lived in the same house, we have lived in the same room, we have eaten the same food and traveled together for three and a half years of the closest cooperation," he told this writer in Happy Valley. "We are men of two different standards. At first we were strangers, but relations have been perfect during the past two years. We have found that we could argue a point out. We have never allowed molehills to grow into mountains."

In appraising Naval Group China, the test is not the simon-pureness of General Tai and his organization. We would have had considerably fewer allies in this war if we had allied ourselves only with the pure in heart. Nor is the test other extraneous matters, such as the tenor of Navy Group relations with and under the Army in the China Theater. These

are at best incidental yardsticks.

Measured by the true measure of its accomplishments, it can be said that SACO was probably the greatest joint operation of its kind in history. And it was all the more remarkable because of the barrier of language, customs and attitudes that had to be surmounted to make it a success.



*The above article was published in the April, 1946 issue of Shipmate; "... published on the twenty-fifth of the month preceding the date of issue, at twenty cents a copy." It included the following explanation next to the table of contents:*



A FORMER member of the SHIPMATE staff contributed our lead story this month. He is Lieut. Comdr. Lacey Reynolds, a very handy man with a typewriter. When we first got to know him, he was a writer in the Magazine & Book Section of the Office of Public Information, Navy Department, Washington. Then, in April of 1945, Patrick J. Hurley, then Ambassador to China, took Lacey along with him as Assistant Naval Attache – which, incidentally, meant a neat spot promotion for Lacey. Consequently, Reynolds was in China during the most fateful months in that theater of war. He has a raft of interesting stories to tell, and we thought the most interesting of them all was about Naval Group China, better known as the "Rice Paddy Navy," the U. S. naval agents

who trained guerillas, made weather reports, did some plain and fancy spying, and generally harassed the Japs. So upset were the Japs, in fact, that they held forth a standing reward amounting to several million dollars for the scalp of Rear Admiral M. E. Miles, in command of Naval Group China. Naturally, all activities of the group were top secret during the war, and to the best of our knowledge this is the first account of their adventures written by an officer who was actually on the spot.

*The following biography of Admiral "Merry" Miles was included, in bold print, on the second page of the article.*

**Rear Admiral M. E. "Merry" Miles, USN, central figure in the cloak-and-dagger accomplishments of Naval Group China, was born in Jerome, Arizona, in 1900. He joined the Navy as an apprentice seaman during the first World War, serving on destroyers in Germantown.**

**After one and a half years' service, he was appointed to the Naval Academy in 1918 and was graduated in 1922. He married a Washington, D. C., girl in Hongkong in 1925, and now they make their home in Washington.**

**To the Japs, Miles was a man to "get." There were a couple of attempts on his life, the first nearly succeeding. Late in 1942, while serving as OSS director for India and the Far East, Miles was set upon by an assassin while his train had stopped at Allahabad in India.**

**The two men – one a 42-year-old Naval officer of athletic build, and the other a non-Indian Oriental in white- struggled on the station platform in the dark.**

**Miles knocked his assailant down, kicked him in the chin and off the platform. The**

**man fled.**

**The only clue that the assailant had left was the tip of his tongue. Miles, though painfully wounded, happened to notice it and stuck it in his shirt pocket.**

**It supplied the evidence that eventually led to the arrest of the assailant, and a ring of seven accomplices.**

*Also part of this article were two often-reproduced photographs from Camp 9:*



Chinese guerillas, SACO trained, are reviewed by Ex-Amb. Hurley and Rear Adm. Miles.



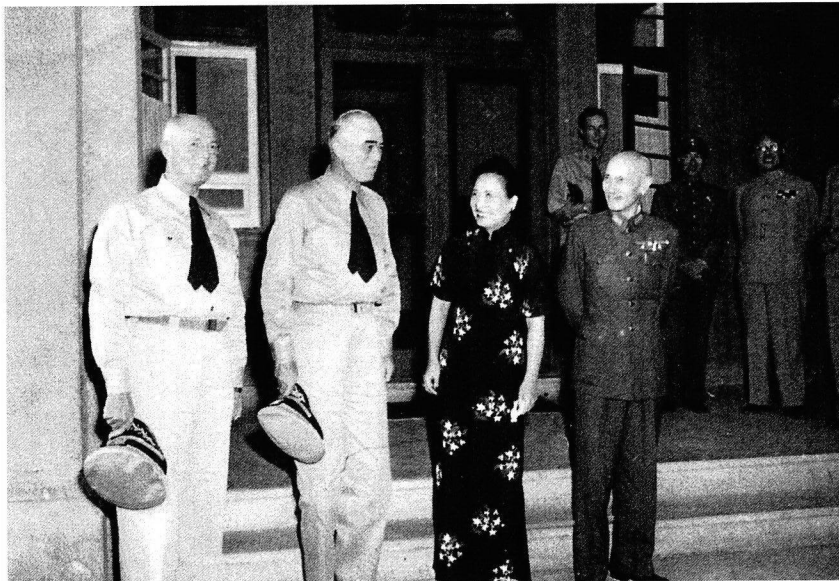
Ex-Amb. Hurley, flanked by General Tai Li (right) and Rear Adm. M. E. Miles (left).

# NOSTALGIA

(WE GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGE BOYCE JENKINS, SACO RM,  
WHO SPENT SEVERAL MONTHS AT HAPPY VALLEY FOR THE  
FOLLOWING PAGES OF PHOTOS)



GATEWAY TO SACO COMPOUND - HAPPY VALLEY -  
TO WELCOME ADM. T.-C KINKAID SEPT 26, 1945



AIDE - ADM. T.-C. KINKAID - MADAME AND  
GENERALISSIMO CHIANG KAI-SHEK SEPT 24, 1945





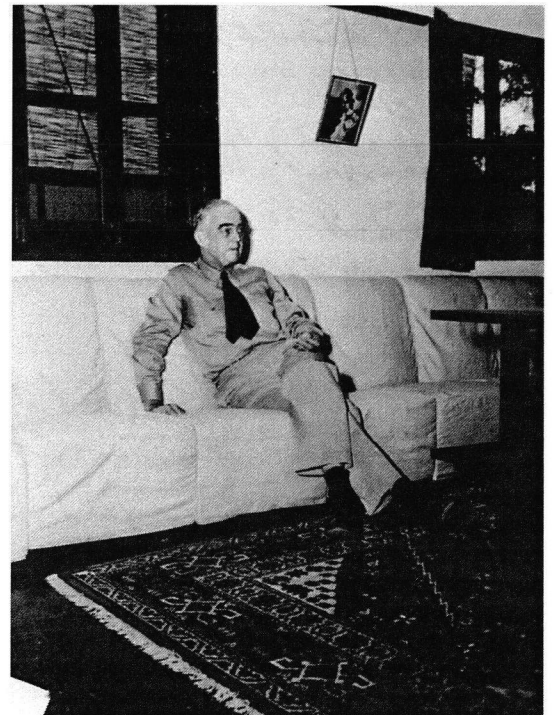
**GENERALISSIMO CHIANG KAI-SHEK  
1948**



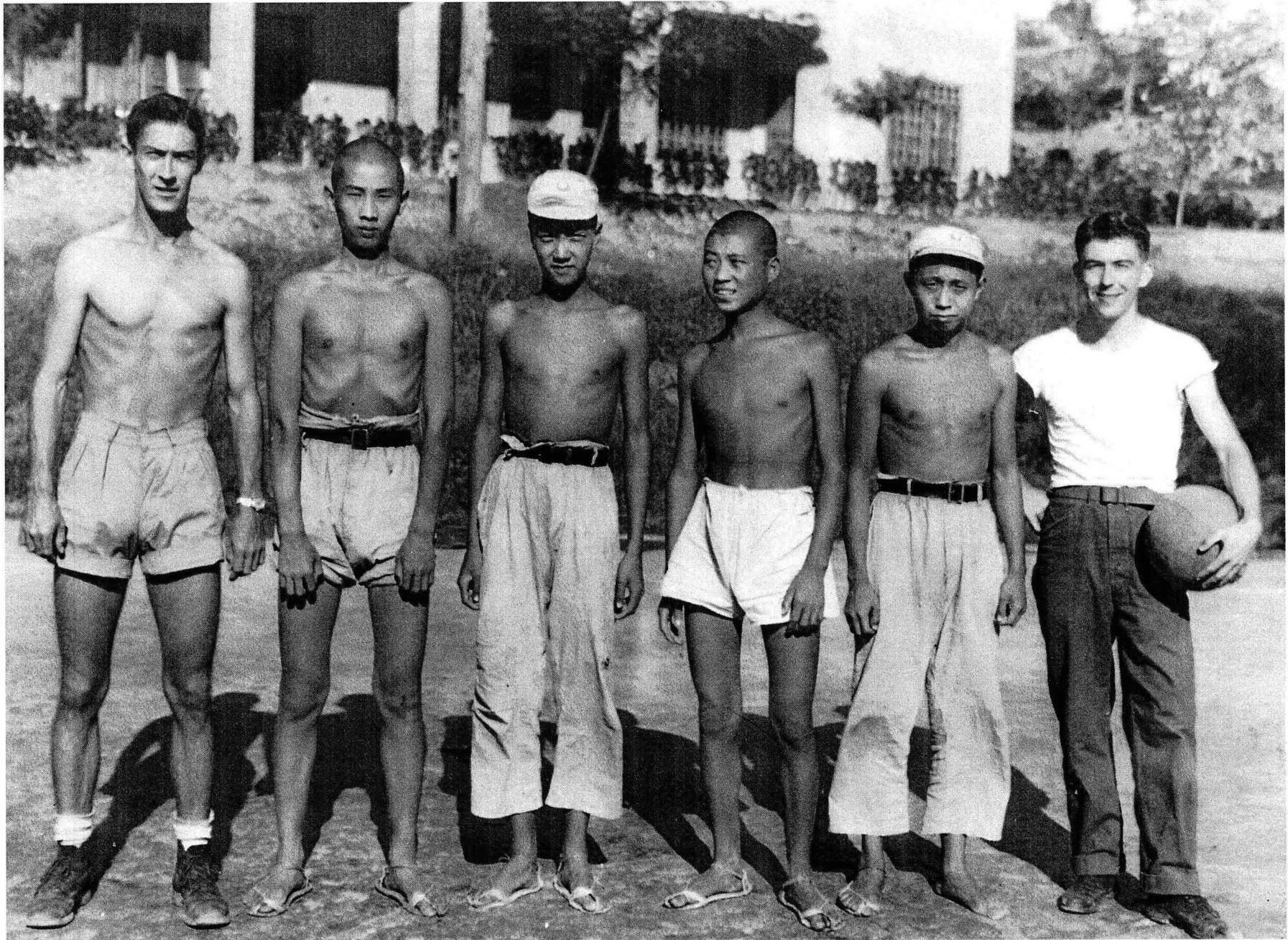
**GEN. TAI LI INSTRUCTS  
ADM. KINKAID WITH CHOPSTICKS  
SEPT. 26, 1948**



**A CHINESE GEN. - GENERALISSIMO  
CHIANG KAI-SHEK - ADM KINKAID  
& U.S. NAVAL OFFICERS**



**ADM. KINKAID RELAXES IN  
GEN. AND MRS. KAI-SHEK'S RESIDENCE**



**MY HOUSEBOYS BASKETBALL TEAM - I AM THE TALL SKINNY GUY ON THE LEFT - BOYCE JENKINS**



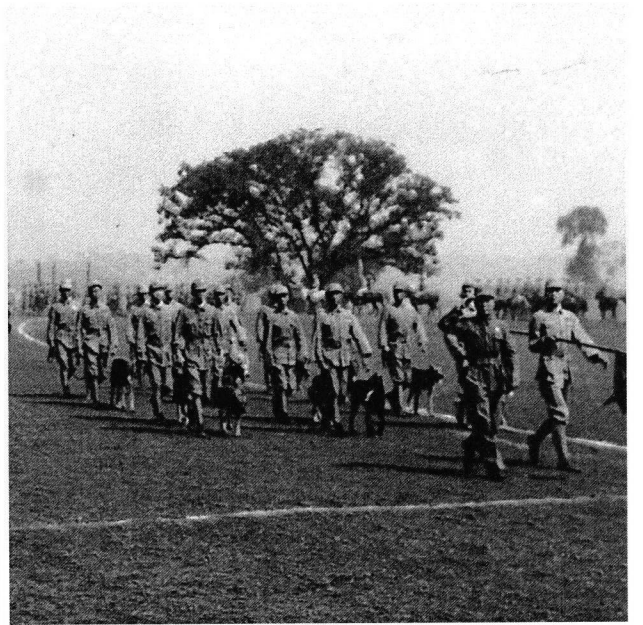
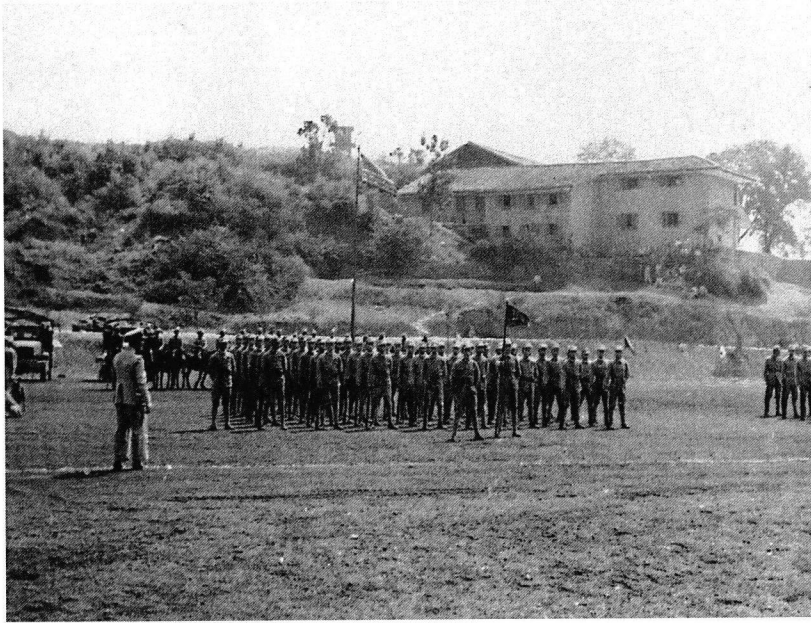
CHUNGKING HAPPY VALLEY CAMP MAIN BUILDING KNOWN AS  
HONEY POT ARMS



**SPECIAL BANQUET HONORING SACO MEN HOSTED BY  
GENERALISSIMO CHIANG KAI-SHEK AND GENERAL TAI LI  
THIS WAS A REAL GAMBELI PARTY**



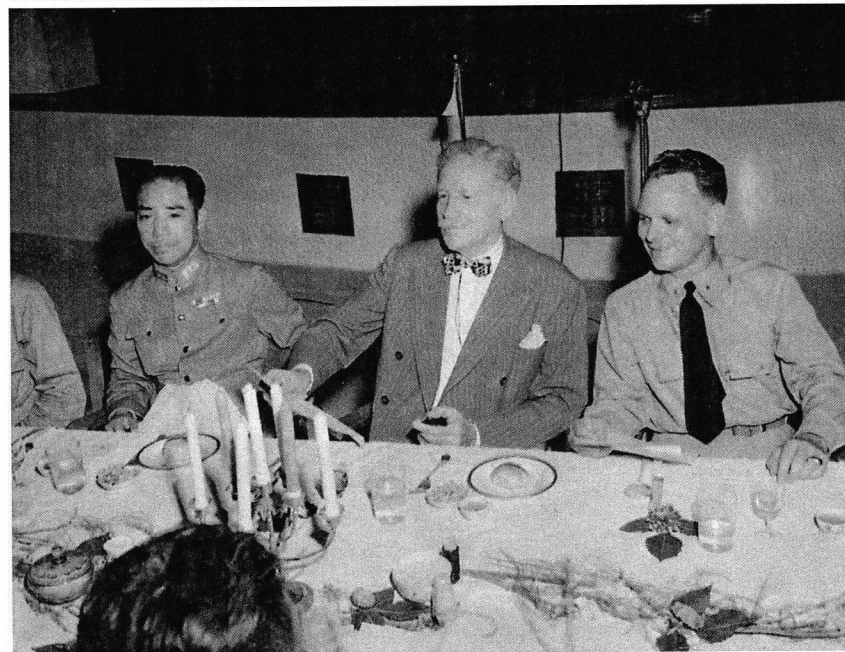
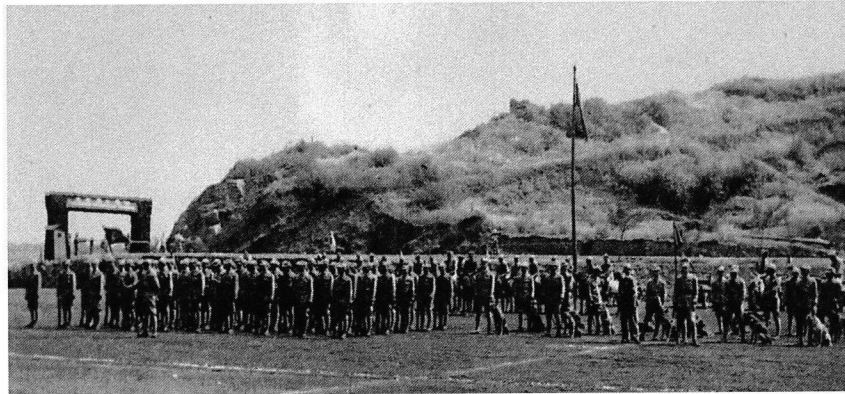
U. S. AMBASSADOR PATRICK HURLEY AND GEN. TAI LI



DIFFERENT UNITS PASS IN REVIEW FOR ADM. T.C. KINKAID SEPT. 1945

BELOW L: GEN. TAI LI -VS AMBASSADOR PATRICK HURLEY & ADM. MILES AT DINNER

BELOW R: AMBASSADOR HURLEY - MILES - TAI LI - INTERPRETER EDDIE LIV JULY 1945



END OF NOSTALGIA PHOTOS

# Amazing Women Pilots of WWII

*With grateful acknowledge to Gerry Bright, Adjutant – American Legion Post 301 of Rancho Mirage, CA for this article in a recent issue of her monthly Newsletter*

During the early months of WWII, there was a critical shortage of male pilots. America's foremost female pilot, Jacqueline Cochran, convinced the Chief of the Army Air Forces, General Hap Arnold that she could enlist a group of young women pilots and if given the same training as male aviation cadets were receiving, they would be equally capable of flying military aircraft. They could then take over some of the vital training and ferrying missions in the States, which would relieve male pilots for combat duty.

On September 14, 1942, General Arnold approved Ms. Cochran's plan for an experimental flying training program and the qualifications required for entrance. The following day, September 15, 1942, the Women's Flying Training Detachment to train qualified licensed women pilots to fly military aircraft was created and officially approved, and Jacqueline Cochran was appointed Director of Women's Flying Training. This was the beginning of WASP (Women Air-force Service Pilots). 25,000 young women applied for this experimental flight program, but only 1,830 were accepted. They quit their jobs, left the safety of their homes and families and paid their own way to Texas to learn to fly "the Army way."

The first class of 29 began training at the Municipal Airport in Houston on November 16, 1942. Three months later, the training program, which was the same as the AAF cadets were receiving, moved to Avenger Field in Sweetwater. After completing seven months of training, a total of 1,074 trainees graduated, received their silver wings, and together with 28 WAFS (Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Service) became WASP (Women Air-force Service Pilots). These were the first women in history to fly America's military aircraft. The WASP forever changed the role of women in aviation.

After graduation, the WASP were stationed at 120 Army Air Bases and Army Air Fields all over America. During some of the darkest days of WWII, they flew more than 60 million miles in every type aircraft in the AAF arsenal and on every type mission flown by the male AAF pilots except combat. Assignments included ferrying aircraft from aircraft factories to ports of embarkation and military bases, towing targets for live air-to-air gunnery practice and live anti-aircraft artillery practice, flight testing aircraft, simulated strafing and night tracking missions, weather missions, smoke laying, radio control drones, transporting cargo and personnel, instructing for instrument and flight training for male cadets and pilots, flying missions to train navigators and bombardiers and flying B-26's and the B-29 to prove to the male pilots those planes were made to fly.

On December 7, 1944, in a speech to the last graduating class, General Arnold said, "You and more than 900 of your sisters have shown you can fly wingtip to wingtip with your brothers. I salute you and all the WASP. We of the Army Air Force are proud of you. We will never forget our debt to you." Thirteen days later, the WASP were disbanded.

Thirty-eight WASPs lost their lives while serving their country, their bodies sent home in cheap pine boxes, their burial at the expense of their family or classmates. These heroic women pilots were denied any military benefits or honors – no gold star in their parents' window, not even so much as an American flag to drape their caskets.

Their military records were sealed, stamped either 'classified' or 'secret' and filed away in the Government Archives for 33 years. Consequently, their records were not available to the historians who wrote the historical accounts of WWII and history textbooks.

In November 1977, 33 years after the WASP were disbanded, Congress reluctantly voted to

give them the Veteran status they had earned, but their history is still not included in most textbooks and is unknown to millions of Americans. Despite General Arnold's pledge that the Air Force would never forget them, it did, and so did America.

*(Editor's Note: Many times in the past – as I report some of the stories, there is definitely a tugging of my heart strings. The foregoing is something that I was never aware of and certainly one of the most abominable acts in ignoring those who we should never forget for their heroic endeavors to save our freedom. It touches me deeply. I've always been proud to be an American, but situations such as this are almost unforgivable and make you wonder why our elected government officials ignored the glory of women who contributed so much to keep us free and caring citizens of America. I'm still proud that we are Americans. However, wouldn't we share more pride, living in the what has been the greatest country, if our history wasn't blemished by disregarding the heroic and dangerous missions of these women, but reflected LOVE and PRIDE to ALL who gave us theirs? rlr*

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## CORRECTIONS

SACO NEWS #35 Oct 2008

Pg 4 Vice President of SACO is Jodi Petersen

Pg 44 should be Hoe for both men not Hill

Pg. 36 top picture – young man on right is Ian Wrightman, grandson of SACO Lewis Wrightman. Ian was working on a thesis Re-SACO and enjoyed conversation with Dr. Heimlich and others. Jodi Petersen said Ian seemed to enjoy the SACO reunion

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## Thought for Today

**HANDLE EVERY STRESSFUL  
SITUATION LIKE A DOG:  
IF YOU CAN'T EAT IT OR  
PLAY WITH IT...PEE ON IT  
AND WALK AWAY!**

## LIVES OF SACO VETERANS

Another year has passed  
and we're all a little older.  
Last summer felt hotter  
and winter seems much colder.

There was a time not long ago  
when life was quite a blast.  
Now I fully understand  
about 'Living in he Past.'

We used to go to weddings,  
Football games and lunches.  
Now we go to funeral homes,  
and after funeral brunches.

We used to have hangovers,  
from parties that were gay.  
Now we suffer body aches  
and wile the night away.

We used to go out dining,  
and couldn't get our fill.  
Now we ask for doggie bags,  
come home and take a pill.

We used to often travel  
to places near and far.  
Now we get sore asses  
from riding in the car....

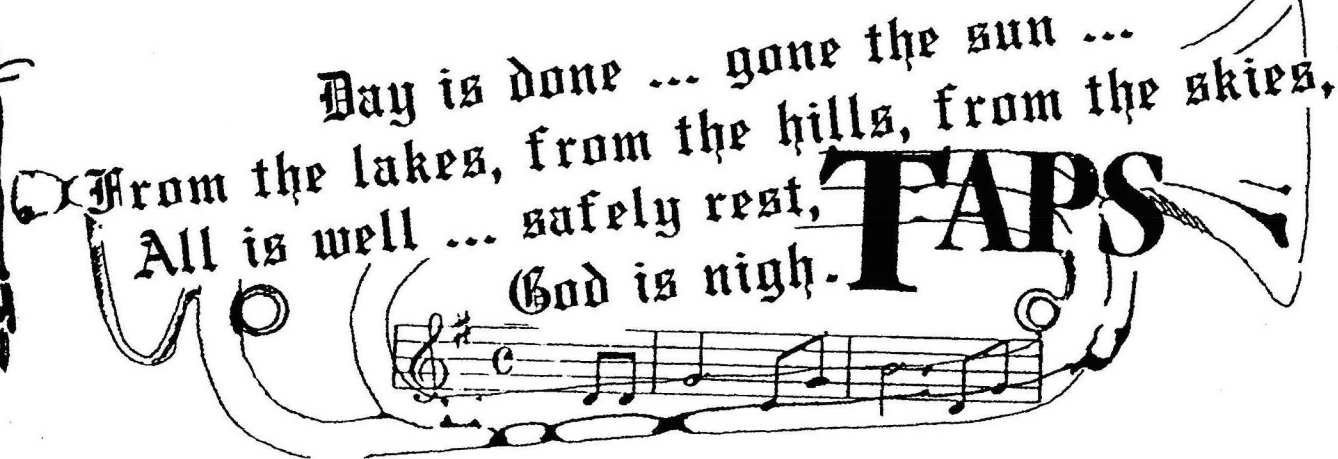
We used to go to night clubs  
and drink a little booze.  
Now we stay home at night  
and watch he evening news.

That my friends is how life is  
And now my tale is told –  
**So, enjoy each day  
before you're too damned old!**

*From Jack Petersen*







### Irvin H. Sheffer, 93

Galion, OH – Irvin H. Sheffer, 93 760 Brandt Road, Galion, died Sunday Oct. 8, 2006, at Village Care Center in Galion.

Born Aug. 13, 1913 in Tiffin, he was the son of the late Alton Sheffer and Agnes (Wittman) Sheffer.

He was a graduate of Melmore High School in 1931 and a member of First United Church of Christ. He was an avid gardner and woodworker. He credits his longevity to being raised on a farm, hard work and eating fresh vegetables from his garden. He was fond of working the farm with his team of Belgian horses.

A U. S. Navy veteran of WWII, he was a Chief Petty Officer, Motor and Machinist's Mate. He drove the Hump into China and served as a member of a group of guerrillas, .intelligent agents and weather observers known as SACO (Sino-American Cooperative Organization), operating from Indo-China to the Gobi Desert, supplying intelligence to the U. S. fleet, the Army's 14th Air Force and the Chinese and American Army. That group infiltrated behind enemy lines, providing information to help the Navy to decide when to stage invasions on the Japanese islands and homeland. He was adept at Chinese disguises and slipped through enemy lines at will without ever being detected.

He worked at Dutro Ford in Zanesville where he was a master mechanic. He also

worked for Galion Chevrolet and Buick and then Galion Dodge. Prior to that, he worked for a milk company, picking up milk from farmers in Seneca County.

Sheffer is survived by his wife, Edith (Benadum) Sheffer, whom he married July 29, 1939; son William (Darlene) Sheffer of Mansfield, daughter Carole (Doug) Schreck of Crestline, a grandson, Erik (Nicole) Schreck, three sisters, Anna Deppen of Galion, Dr. Mary Zellner, of Penney Farms, FL and Dorothy (Edward) Levesque of Leesbueg, FL and a brother, Wilbur (Louise) Sheffer of Lake Wales, FL.

He was preceded in death by a granddaughter, Kellie Schreck and a brother, Edward Sheffer.

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

### Donald A Briant

To Paul Casamajor Dec. 10, 2008

It is with great sadness that I inform you my dad, Donald Briant, passed away on May 17, 2008. Dad had emphysema and unfortunately his last couple of years were quite uncomfortable for him.

I am enclosing an article found amongst his

Cont'd next page

personal items.\* Although it is not dated, it talks about SACO.



I have enclosed a picture of my mom & dad taken in front of the Enlisted Men's Club in Shanghai.

Sincerely,  
Debra Briant-Miller  
(Cont'd)

\* A newspaper release given to hometown newspapers identifying SACO members when secrecy was declassified many years after the war ended.

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## Alex S Cox III, 82

To Paul Casamajor                      Nov. 2008

My husband was very proud of his service with SACO. Please keep the check (\$50) as I'm sure he would have wanted you to. I would appreciate receiving a copy of the SACO obituary. He made his decision to enter the ministry while in China.

Sincerely, Fredda Cox

*Editor's note: Paul Casamajor states he is recognizing Mrs. Cox as an associate member to assure she gets copy of SACO NEWS obituary.*



Alex S. Cox III entered into eternal rest and joined his Lord and Savior on Friday, Nov. 14, 2008 in his home in Tucson, Ariz.

Born in Beaumont in 1926, he lived in Houston and graduated from Lamar High School in Houston. He attended Rice University until he joined the U.S. Navy in WWII, where he served in China and India as a member of Sino American Cooperative Organization (SACO). He graduated from Texas Christian and Brite Divinity Seminary, where he was ordained a minister in the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ). Mr. Cox served as a pastor in Woodville, Beaumont, Corsicana, Texas City, New Orleans, LA, Hurst, Jacksboro, Fort Worth and Cleburne.

Alex loved being a pastor and made a difference in the lives of hundreds of people through his ministry.

**SURVIVORS:** His loving wife, Fredda; children, Cathy Cram, Kent Cox, Kirk Cox, Chris Cox, Rosanne Kimmons, Roy Kimmons, Ruthie Rhode and 8 grandchildren

Private interment in Dallas-Fort Worth National Cemetery Nov.21, 2008.

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# Al Parsons



*January 21, 1921 - January 18, 2009*



**Bobbie & Al Parsons**

Alfred W. Parsons, 87, of Ooltewah, Tennessee passed away Sunday, January 18, 2009 at his home.

He was the son of the late Henry S. and Anna Elizabeth Parsons.

Al served in the U.S. Navy as a radioman. He was a veteran of WWII and a POW. He was also a member of SACO organization which was established during WWII.

After the military service, he made his career in radio and television. He retired from WTCI (Channel 5) after 17 years of service.

He was a member of Ooltewah Baptist Church where he served as a Sunday school teacher.

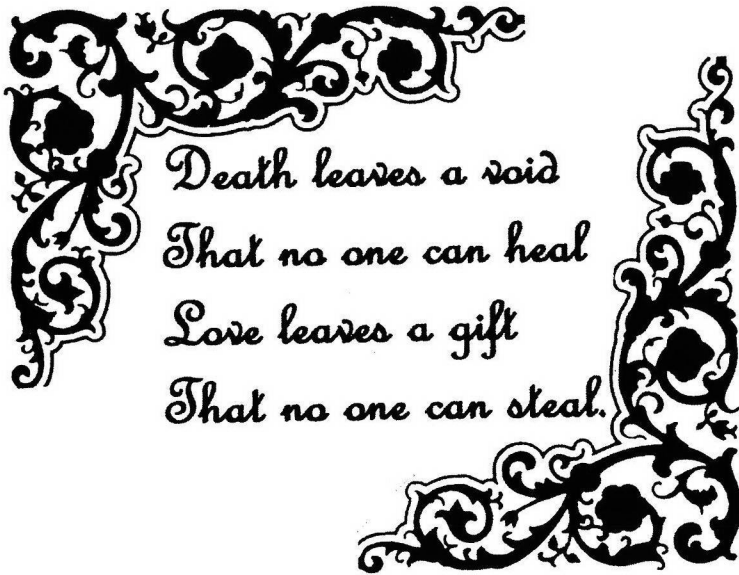
Survivors include his wife, Bobbie Parrish Parsons, son Al Parsons, Jr.. of McDonald, IN and granddaughter, Nicole Parsons.

Funeral services were held 9:00 a.m., Wednesday in the Valley View Chapel of Chattanooga Funeral Home with Rev. Tony DeYoung officiating. Members of the Ernest Hale Sunday school class served as honorary pallbearers. Burial followed in the Chattanooga National Cemetery with military rites being conducted. Memorial contributions may be made to the Disabled Veterans Salvation Army .or T.C. Thompson Children's Hospital.

*To continue sharing in the life story, please visit [www.McM.com](http://www.McM.com)*

*Editor's note: Al's personal story as Japanese prisoner of war is told in SACO NEWS #!6 in April 1998. He was captured Dec. 21, 1944 and suffered horrendous torture until the war ended. Al was buried on his 88th birthday.*

*(cont'd p.45)*



*Death leaves a void  
That no one can heal  
Love leaves a gift  
That no one can steal.*

**L. D. Biddle, GM 2/c**

Jodi Petersen

Aug 2008

Please list my father as deceased as of December 1990. Thank you.

Carmen Biddle, daughter

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

**Enrique aka Henry Arias**

Jodi Petersen

Oct. 2008

Enrique (Henry) aka Hank Arias, GM3/c was a member of SACO in Shanghai. He was honorably discharged in 2/47. Born 10-31-21, he died in Oxnard, CA 8-25-08.

Hank Arias was stationed with SACO in Camp One – less than 100 mi. inland from Hangchow on the east coast of China from Sept. 1944.

Hank's only son, Arnold Daenicheva Arias states his father met his mother, Ludmila L. Daenicheva in Shanghai. They married in Feb. 1947 either in Shanghai or on the ship headed for San Francisco. Son Arnold states his dad worked in a Shanghai night club and

that his mother (a Russian girl living with her émigré mom in Shanghai) loved to dance.

Arnold and his Aunt Vera (Hank's sister) are trying to locate a lost brother of his dad and Vera – Richard Arias – the youngest of their siblings.

Arnold states not having a social security number of his dad's, he is unaware if a will was made. Also asks that anyone who might know of Richard Arias to let him know: Arnold Arias, Box 2097, Crestline, CA 92325 909 338-6898.

Arnold says he is unaware of the cause of his father's death – a lady who took care of Hank the last few years in Oxnard, CA was to mail Arnold the final medical report, but never did.

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

**Anthony J. Wogan**

Anthony J. Wogan, 91, beloved husband of Evelyn (Nielsen) Wogan and a longtime resident of Windsor Locks community, entered into his eternal rest (on Monday January 26, 2009). Born on March 12, 1917, in Brooklyn, NY, Tony was the son of the late William and Mary (Fitzgerald) Wogan. He was a communicant of the St. Mary's Church. He was a member of many organizations including AARP, the Windsor Locks Senior Citizens Club, SACO Veterans, the Fleet Reserve Association and the VFW. Tony's son, Jim, writes the following about his father:

"After the attack on Pearl Harbor, Dad joined the Navy and volunteered for service in the Sino American Cooperative Association (SACO), a secret operation behind the enemy lines in mainland China, providing tactical and logistical support for General Tai Li's guerrilla operations against the invading Japanese Forces. A primary task of Dad's was to provide weather information to the Pacific Fleet to assist them in the island hopping campaigns against the enemy. I recall at an



**Tony & Evelyn Wogan**

early age, Dad teaching me the names of various cloud formations and to estimate wind velocity using the Beaufort Scale. When WWII was over, Dad continued to serve his country on various ships, the last of which was the USS Wilhoite, DER 397, from which he retired with the rank of GMGC. Upon retiring from the Navy, Tony was employed by Trinity College and Connecticut General. Tony spent his senior years traveling with Evelyn to various military reunions across the country and locally with the Windsor Locks Senior Citizens' Club."

Besides his wife, Tony is survived by his son, James Wogan of Windsor Locks, a sister-in-law, Florence Wogan of N.Y., a brother-in-law, Harry Kent of N.Y. and a niece, Mary Ann Ambio of Long Island. He was predeceased by his brother, William Wogan and his sisters, Frances Hewitt and Dorothy Kent.

Burial with military honors was provided by the United States Navy in Grove Cemetery.

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**Alfred Parsons cont'd.....**

Afterthoughts of one of the bravest SACO men I've known – sadly, only by phone or correspondence.

Al wrote, "Typical of the men in SACO was SM2c James H. Lively. We worked side by side at Sun Su Point – brothers in arms for a great country and a noble cause – freedom and justice as we had always known in America. James offered to take my place that fateful day in December, 1944. Let me paraphrase what Jesus said concerning such a gesture: 'No greater love hath any man than he that is willing to lay down his life for another.' That's a memory that will stay with a man for a lifetime. Harold Bonin and his mom and dad took me in soon after the cessation of hostilities when, it seemed to me, the whole world had turned its back. This is the reason I told Richard Rutan that, while I was awarded the Silver Star by the United States Navy, let's just say that in SACO we operated as such a closely knit unit, the award is *ours*. Keep in mind, as Roy Stratton said in his 'SACO – The Rice Paddy Navy' there was a price on your heads also – dead or alive.

This was a labor of mixed emotions that ran the gamut from love of God, country, and fellowman to utter contempt for leaders who promote evil and hate. It was some of the negative emotions that were about to control and ultimately ruin my life. However, I can readily attest to the fact that I met some of the Navy's finest officers and men in SACO. So please forgive me and believe me when I tell you it was my intent to completely forget the enemy and not my SACO friends."

*(Al, your performance and endurance of torture in one of the worst "Hell Holes" of WWII warrants no apology to us or anyone. On the contrary, we proudly salute you, while asking ourselves, could we have survived the physical afflictions you suffered? You were an admirable Tiger in the realm of SACO. Ed.*

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

## General Robert H. Barrow



*Membership Chairman Paul Casamajor advises Gen. Barrow made 1<sup>st</sup> Lt. in Nov. 1944 while at Camp 2 in China. SACO was his first overseas assignment. This obituary was sent to Casamajor by SACO RM Joe Hester. Ed.*

General Robert H. Barrow, 86, 27<sup>th</sup> Commandant of the Marine Corps died in his sleep on October 30, 2008, in his hometown, St. Francisville, Louisiana. In death he joins his beloved wife of 53 years, Patty, who passed away in 2005. A highly decorated veteran of three wars, General Barrow's greatest accomplishments were his many enduring reforms in the Marine Corps during his service. General Barrow was born on February 5, 1922, in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, the third son of Maud and Robert E. Barrow. He grew up in West Feliciana Parish at historic Rosale Plantation and graduated from Julius University in 1939, but left school in the fall of 1942 to enlist in the Marine Corps. He attended boot camp in San Diego, staying on after graduation as a drill instructor. He left San Diego for Officer Candidate School in March 1943 and on May 19, 1943 was commissioned second lieutenant of Marines. After a brief assignment with Marine Barracks, Naval Ammunition Depot in New Orleans, General Barrow joined the 51<sup>st</sup> Replacement Battalion at Camp Lejeune, North Carolina in February 1944 and deployed to the Far East. During the last seven months of World War II, he led an American team\* serving with Chinese guerrilla forces in Japanese-occupied central China, for which he was awarded the Bronze Star with Combat "V". After World War II, General Barrow served as Aide de Camp to the Commanding General, Fleet Marine Force, Atlantic, and completed Amphibious Warfare School.

In June 1949, he assumed company command with 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion, 2<sup>nd</sup> Marine Regiment, 2<sup>nd</sup> Marine Division. At the beginning of the Korean War, his company, his company was re-designated Company A, 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion, 1<sup>st</sup> Marine Regiment, 1<sup>st</sup> Marine Division. General Barrow led his men ashore in the vicinity of Seoul, Korea. and was awarded the Navy Cross for actions during the Chosin Reservoir Campaign in December 1950. In 1952, because of his World War II experience in

China, General Barrow served away from the Marine Corps, on a special, then-classified, mission in the Far East, on a string of islands north of Taiwan and close to the Communist China mainland.\*\* Following those duties, General Barrow served in diverse assignments, including Headquarters Marine Corps; 2d Battalion, 6<sup>th</sup> Marine Regiment; and the Landing Force Development Center. He served as Operations Officer, III Marine Expeditionary Force in Okinawa, Japan and as Operations Plans Officer at Fleet Marine Force, Pacific, in Hawaii. In 1968, General Barrow assumed command of 9<sup>th</sup> Marine Regiment, 3d Marine Division in South Vietnam. The regiment conducted a series of highly successful operations, and he received the Army Distinguished Cross for his valor during Operation Dewey Canyon in early 1969. General Barrow was promoted to brigadier general in August 1969 and was assigned as Commanding General Marine Corps Base, Camp Butler, Okinawa. Then served as Commanding General, Marine Corps Depot, Parris Island, South Carolina, here he began his efforts improve the quality of Marines. He continued those efforts when he became Deputy Chief of Staff for Manpower, Headquarters Marine Corps in 1975, emphasizing recruiting high school graduates and creating screening programs for recruiters and drill instructors. He was instrumental in the decision to dual hat the commanding generals of the recruit depots as Commanding Generals of two recruiting regions. In 1976, he became Commanding General, Fleet Marine Force Atlantic, Norfolk, Virginia, and 1978 he was named Assistant Commandant of the Marine Corps. In 1979, General Barrow was confirmed as Commandant of the Marine Corps.. He was the first Marine to serve a regular four-year tour as a full member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. He continued his leadership in personnel reform, believing that a better quality of recruit led to an increase in performance and retention in an all-volunteer service. General Barrow responded aggressively to racial tension in the Marine Corps, ended tolerance of drug abusers and problem drinkers, and gave commanders he authority to discharge Marines who created recurring problems. General Barrow was instrumental in establishing the now-proven Marine Corps program to pre-position equipment on ships near areas of potential conflict. General Barrow retired from the Marine Corps on June 30, 1983. He returned to St. Francis-

ville, Louisiana, but continued to serve his country in retirement as a member of the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board and the President's Blue Ribbon Commission on Defense Management (the Packard Commission). General Barrow's personal decorations include the Navy Cross, the Army Distinguished Service Cross, Defense Distinguished Service Medal with Oak Leaf Cluster, Navy Distinguished Service Medal, Silver Star Medal, three Legions of Merit, Bronze Star Medal, with Combat "V" and Gold Star in lieu of a second award, and the Combat Action Ribbon. General Barrow graduated from the University of Maryland and attended graduate school at Tulane University. He is a graduate of National War College. He holds honorary doctorates from Tulane University, Louisiana State University, and

the Citadel. General and Mrs. Barrow are survived by 5 children, Charles C. Pulliam of Greenville, S. C., Cathleen P. Harmon of Killeen, Texas, Barbara B. Kanegaye of Houston, Texas, Mary B. Hannigan of Oakton, Va. and Lt Col Robert H. Barrow, USMC (Ret); eleven grand children and five great grandchildren. A funeral for family and friends was held November 3, 2008 at 1:00 p.m. Pallbearers were sons Charles C. Pulliam and Lt Col Robert H. Barrow, USMC (Ret); grandsons Richard S. Bassett, Robert C. Bassett, Collin J. Hannigan, Mark J. Hannigan, Pierce T. Hannigan, S. Denham Turner III, and Scott B. Turner; and nephews Emmette E. Barrow (former USN) and Bertrand H. Barrow (former USMC). ???!!\*\*\*

\* \*\*Editor's Note: When Barrow was with SACO



## FINAL HONORS FOR GENERAL BARROW by General Jeff "Beak" Howell

We were able to meet personally with all the family the night before the funeral. It was very sad but there was a thankfulness that he had been granted a peaceful death at his home with his girls surrounding him.

The Marine Corps did a fantastic job. They sent in an advance party two days before... a young general and scads of other folks. Yesterday, six plane loads of Marines arrived. 150 young Marines from Marine Barracks 8<sup>th</sup> and I, Washington. Plus about 15 Marine Generals, one star, two stars, and three stars, each in dress blues with highly polished medals. The enlisted Marines are ceremonial Marines, those who man the entrance to the White House, etc. They are the best in the world at what they do.

The General expressed his desire many years ago to be buried in Louisiana and not Arlington so the Marine Corps said they would bring Washington and

its ceremony to St. Francisville. The visitation was from 10 to 12 at the church parish hall where the changing of the guard every 30 minutes was almost too much to bear for us as it expressed the reality of our loss so vividly. At noon the casket was moved to the front of the General's cottage, where he had died peacefully in the arms of his three daughters four days earlier.

The procession then proceeded to Grace Episcopal Church, a beautiful and historic structure. The Commandant, General Conway led the procession. Then came the Marine Corps Band, called the "President's Own" because they play frequently at the White House. En route they played with muffled drums. . .very emotional and somber. The residents and students in St. Francisville stood silently with many holding their hands over their hearts. Next came 3 platoons of young Marines from 8<sup>th</sup> & I, all in dress

blues with M 1 rifles and chrome bayonets. Then came the hearse. I was honored to be an honorary pallbearer and along with 7 others, escorted the hearse which was very emotional for me. The family and friends followed. As the procession reached the church, 8 Marines designated as "Body Bearers" moved the remains into the church. Each was about 6 feet 2 inches tall and could easily bench press a Volkswagen. The service was extremely personal with 4 of the five children recounting special memories of their father.

General Conway, the Commandant, spoke of his great contributions to our country, followed by the primary Eulogist, retired Commander Carl Mundy, who, as always, was most eloquent.

The Rector really nailed it, using one of Chaucer's poems, describing General Barrow as a Knight from Canterbury Tales, a gallant, courteous, and courageous soldier. After the Eucharist, the procession went into the beautiful cemetery where Bob was laid next to his beloved Patty. As the casket was moved into place, an artillery piece fired a nineteen gun salute. Four Marine jets made a dramatic flyover. Then came the Marine squad firing three rounds with exceptional precision.

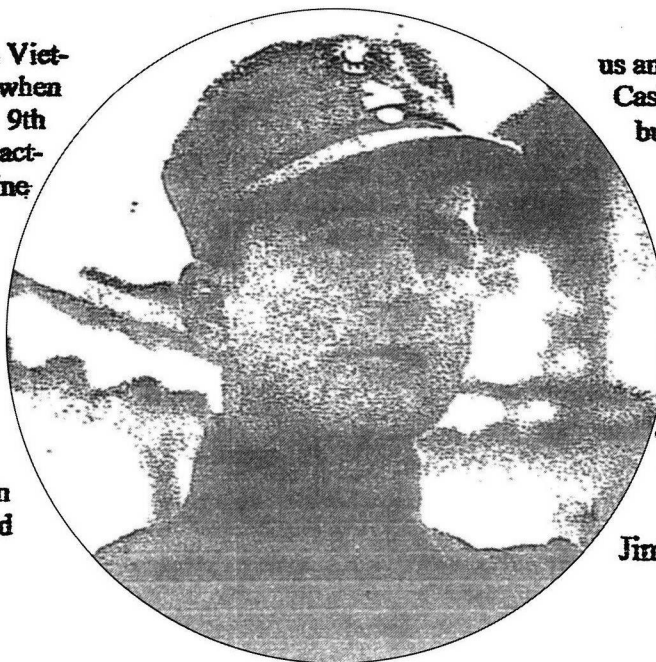
The Body Bearers folded the American flag, as only they can do. Five flags were used, one for each of the General's children with each flag being presented by the Commandant.

Lifting our spirits, a Marine jazz group played Bob's favorite Dixieland Jazz selections at graveside. We learned that the band had composed and played the medley of songs when the General assumed command of the Marine Corps in 1979.

The church was packed with standing room only, and everyone left with the impression that the General had received the well-deserved recognition of his valued service to his country as well as the unconditional love of his family. Among the attendees were Sen. Jim Webb of Virginia, Marine veteran of Vietnam; Al Gray, retired Commandant; Gen. & Mrs. Tony Studds who ran the Drill Instructors School at Parris Island for Gen. Barrow, and Medal of Honor winner Barney Barnum. The most interesting call of condolence to the family came the day before the funeral by Barack Obama. He had spoken to Bob recently and asked for an address so he could express his admiration for the General's outstanding contribution to the nation.

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

I first met General Barrow in Vietnam in the summer of 1968, when he assumed command of the 9th Marine Regiment and I was acting commander of the 4th Marine Regiment. When I retired and joined Merrill Lynch in 1969, I had him open an account with me. We stayed in close touch over the years. He was commanding the Recruit Depot at Parris Island and I was in with Merrill Lynch, living on Hilton Head and working in Savannah. Later, he encouraged



General Barrow as a young officer with SACO WWII

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

us and the Mundys) to buy a place in Cashiers. In his words, "You are not buying a house. But a life style."

When we moved here by chance we built our houses across the road from each other. I designated myself as his Aide de Camp and Nancy and I became very close to General Barrow and Patty. It was an honor to be his friend and I shall miss him to my last days. Take care and stay safe.

Jim Wilkinson

Deaths cont'd pg 50



# SACO PHOTOGRAPHER ROGER MOORE'S PHOTOS IN 1945 PROMOTE ART EXHIBIT IN CHINA TODAY

FRIDAY, March 27, 2009/20 PAGES, 2 SECTIONS • fbnewsleader.com

## China 1945, on film

RYAN SMITH  
News Leader

A Fernandina Beach resident's photographs recently became the subject of a show in China – but his story begins in the closing days of World War II.

"It really goes back to 1945. I was a Navy photographer with a group called SACO – that's the Sino-American Cooperative Organization," said Buffalo native Roger Moore. "I had volunteered for that duty in the interior of China.

"While I was in Chunking, the Japanese surrendered." Moore continued. "The U.S. command sent all available troops to the coast. I was sent to Shanghai. The Japanese were still there waiting for orders from Tokyo."

Moore said his duties often sent him to the area around the Bund – the Shanghai docks. There, he became fascinated with the working-class people he saw every day. "For the weeks that followed the surrender, I had my assignments, and I always had my personal camera along," he said. "I took pictures of the working Chinese. They were such an inspiration – their resolve and their courage. They had been oppressed by the Japanese for almost 10 years. I was really impressed by their resilience, so I made it a photography study to get pictures of these people."

Moore spent his stay in Shanghai photographing workers, children, old women – people he felt told the story of the working Chinese. More than 60 years later, he decided to dust the old photos off.



Photos courtesy of Roger Moore

Fernandina Beach resident Roger Moore took these photos of life in Shanghai, China, in 1945 as a young Navy photographer on duty. They are part of a new art exhibit in Hong Kong.

CHINA Continued next page

**CHINA** *Continued from 49*

"Somewhat recently I got my negatives out from those pictures and made prints, and thought they really told the story of these people," he said. "A friend was going to Hong Kong, and I hoped that these pictures could be shown to the Chinese people today to show them what their forbears fought.

"I had given him the pictures on a CD," he added. "He showed them to an artist and the owner of a gallery in Hong Kong. They very much liked the pictures and asked if they could have a showing. The show opened Feb. 27 at the Lumenvisum Gallery, which is part of the Jockey Club Creative Arts Center. It'll be showing through April 4."

Moore and his son, Greg, traveled to Shanghai for the opening of the show, which Moore titled simply, "Shanghai, 1945."

"The owner of the gallery, Leon Suem, was our host, and he showed us a wonderful time in Hong Kong," Moore said. "We came away loving the city and the area, and the people of Hong Kong. Their hospitality and friendliness was just wonderful."

Moore said the show has been so well-received in Shanghai that it will be going on the road soon. "The show, thanks to Leon, is going to move to Shanghai for a second show," he said. "It will show in Shanghai in the Pottery Workshop Gallery from April 15 until May 5."

Moore said he was gratified by the attention his 64-year-old photographs have received. "I'm really excited that it's been this well-received, and that there's been an interest from the Chinese people," he said.

For information on "Shanghai, 1945" visit [www.rogermoorephotographer.com](http://www.rogermoorephotographer.com).

**DEATHS SINCE LAST ISSUE #35**  
*(Per Paul Casamajor, Membership Chair)*

- Enrique Arias 2009  
GM3/c -Camp 1/Camp 7/Shunan/Shanghai
- Charles Preston Barnes 2008  
CPHM -Calcutta/Shanghai
- Robert H. Barrow 2008  
1st Lieut. -Nanning/Kweilin/Camp 2/Chenyuan/Hankow/ Shanghai
- Roger F. Bartlett 2008  
RM1/c -Calcutta/Kunming/Chungking/Kunming/Shanghai
- L.D. Biddle 2008  
GM2/c -Calcutta/Kunming
- Robert B. Blanchard, Sr. 2008  
GM2/c -Camp 7/Tungfeng/Foochow/Shanghai
- Donald A. Briant 2008  
GM1/c -Calcutta/Camp 3/ Liutung/Chungking/Shanghai
- Alexander S. Cox, III 2008  
SK3/c -Calcutta
- William E. Elliott 2008  
RM1/c -Calcutta/ Kanchow/Yungtai/Foochow/Chienou/Shanghai
- David F. Field 2009  
Ens. -Calcutta/Chungking/Shanghai
- Donald McNeely 2009  
Lt. -Chengtu - 20th AF liaison officer with SACO
- Alfred Warner Parsons 2009  
RM2/c -Calcutta/Kunming/Camp 6/Changchow/Captured by Japs
- Martin J. Tynan, Jr. 2008  
RM1/c -Calcutta/Kunming/Camp 6/Changchow/Kulangsu/Huaan
- Anthony J. Wogan 2009  
GM2/c -Camp 1/Tunofeno/Hweichou/Shanghai



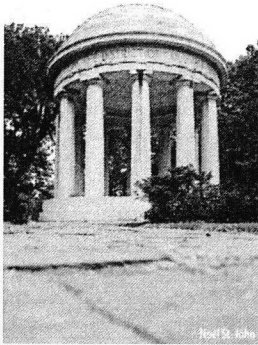
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RECEIVED AFTER PUBLICATION OF SACO NEWS #35 OF 2008  
THIS COMPLETES DONORS OF 2008.  
PER PAUL CASAMAJOR, MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN**

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**TOTAL DONATIONS SINCE  
SACO NEWS #35.....\$1,564**

# Washington's forgotten memorial



The Doric-style marble temple is surrounded by dense groves of hardwood trees that were planted into West Potomac Park's marshy soil nearly 80 years ago. Curious visitors only occasionally drift off the main pathway that leads from the Lincoln Memorial to the U.S. Capitol – the two-mile stretch of Washington known as the National Mall – and make their way to the unheralded District of Columbia War Memorial. They try to locate it, among America's most beloved memorials and monuments, on their National Park Service maps.

Strolling from the World War II Memorial Plaza toward the great Lincoln statue, they can find the bone-white monument tucked behind a set of restrooms, beyond a canopy of low branches. Dead grass rises through the gaps of its walkway stones, and the marble is cracked and veined with age and water damage.

The D.C. memorial seems out of context with the rest of the mall. Although on federal property, it is specifically dedicated to 499 local Washingtonians who lost their lives fighting in what then was known as the Great War. Other sites along the mall, such as the Korean War Memorial, the Vietnam Wall and the new World War II Memorial Plaza, are more national in scope.

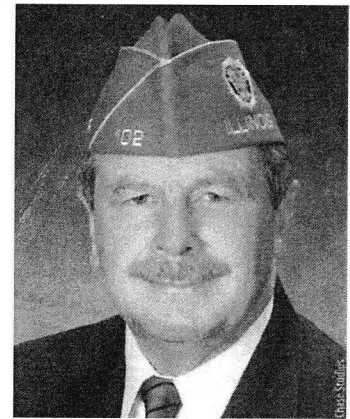
The deteriorating D.C. memorial is the mall's only nod to World War I. The last living U.S. veteran of that war, 107-year-old Legionnaire Frank Buckles, recently visited it, and took note of its condition. He and a friend, Michigan photographer David DeJonge ([www.dejongestudio.com](http://www.dejongestudio.com)), are pushing for the memorial's restoration and an expansion that may include statues of American doughboys positioned in the surrounding woods, as if on patrol.

The D.C. memorial was more than a local attraction in its day. Completed in the depths of the Depression, after Congress authorized construction in 1924 and \$200,000 in local funds were raised, it would become the first such monument to include the names of blacks and women among those of white male troops.

The memorial was designed and built to comfortably seat the Marine Band on Armistice Day 1931, when it was dedicated by President Herbert Hoover. Thousands attended. Among the speakers was Gen. John "Blackjack" Pershing. John Philip Sousa, at age 77, wore his Navy uniform as he led the Marine Band in "The Stars and Stripes Forever" during the ceremony, which was broadcast nationally on the radio.

The memorial was used for concerts and ceremonies for years after its dedication. In more recent times, it has fallen into such disrepair that the D.C. Preservation League has listed it among the "Most Endangered Places" in the district. The American Legion passed a national resolution last summer calling upon the National Park Service to elevate the memorial on its priority list, to repair and maintain it.

To allow its further decay is no way to bid farewell to this generation of veterans, now reduced to one, that founded The American Legion on the values of never forgetting freedom's costs. They are the values we honor on Memorial Day, and they are etched into the marble of a Doric-style temple in West Potomac Park.



National Commander  
Marty Conatser

## MEMORANDA

### AN INDEX OF WAR MEMORIALS

The American Legion, the Alliance Defense Fund and the Liberty Legal Institute have teamed up to build a database of war and veterans memorials across the nation. In many places, military and veterans memorials have come under attack by groups such as the American Civil Liberties Union that seek to remove religious references from public monuments and memorials, many of which are dedicated to military service and sacrifice. American Legion posts are asked to submit information and photos about war and veterans memorials in their communities.

[www.alliancedefensefund.org](http://www.alliancedefensefund.org)  
(800) TELL-ADF

# **PREFACE TO FOLLOWING ARTICLE "AIR NOTES FROM CHINA" :**

The following dramatic episode of WWII was emailed to SACO Vice President Jodi Petersen, a founder of website "saconavy.com," who forwarded it to me. I find it one of the most interesting of many rescues concerning our SACO Tigers. Our many thanks to David Deatherage, son of Paul Deatherage who was a member of the crew seeking safety, for this descriptive, dangerous flight to avoid capture by the Japs as recounted by the well-known radio commentator and war correspondent in those days, Don Bell. *rlr, Ed.*

1st email dated 16 September 2008

My dad served with Navy Patrol Bombing Squadron VPB119 during WWII. They flew PB4Y-2 patrol bombers out of Clark Field, Luzon on missions along the SE China Coast, Straits of Formosa, and as far north as Shanghai.

The squadron lost several planes during their deployment (Febr., 1945 thru the end of the war); the first plane they lost was shot down over Amoy Harbor on March 22, 1945. 6 of the 13 crew on board died in the crash but the remaining crew (and one civilian observer) were rescued by Chinese villagers near by. Eventually, they were assisted by US Navy / SACO personnel in the area and were transported across China to Kunming. After a rest and some hospital time, they were flown back to the squadron base at Clark.

I have a copy of a report that was written by the civilian observer, Don Bell - a radio commentator for Mutual Broadcasting - and became part of the official squadron history. The report mentions a boatswain's mate Tucker (possibly H.W. Tucker, Jr., boatswain's mate, 2nd class - listed in the NARA online roster) who was the first US Navy contact to find the crash survivors.

The report is 13 pages long and is in electronic format as an Adobe Acrobat \*.pdf file - the file size is approximately 5 megabytes. I'll send you a copy if you'd like, I just want to make sure that your email server will handle the large attachment.

Please advise.

Regards,

Dave Deatherage  
Son of Paul Deatherage, ART 1c, VPB119, 1944-45

2<sup>nd</sup> email dated 23 November 2008

As per my previous email, here is the 2nd email and attachments. Besides the photo of Crew #15 and the casualty report, I've also attached a couple of photos of radio commentator Don Bell, the one who wrote the report for the Air Notes article.

My dad was a member of another of the squadron's crews and told me stories about his war experiences.

When I've talked to my dad about the shoot down and rescue of Evans' crew, dad called them the "GOM BAY" crew. I asked what this meant and dad said that he had spoken to one the survivors when they returned to Clark Field and that they described how the Chinese had taken care of them.

Apparently, it is considered good hospitality in China to ply your guests with alcohol to the point that they are pretty well crocked. In the course of a meal, the host keeps everybody's cup filled and offer's up multiple toasts and finishes his salutes and compliments with the phrase "gan bei" (sounds something like 'GOM BAY').

Gan bei literally means "dry cup" and is equivalent to the English, "bottoms up". The crew described that the Chinese hospitality was so great that they were almost "Gom Bayed" to death.

I'd like to offer my respects to all the veterans from the War - if it wasn't for them, I wouldn't be writing this email.

Best Regards,

David Deatherage  
Son of Paul Deatherage, ART 1c, VPB119, 1944-1945



DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVY  
NAVAL HISTORICAL CENTER  
805 KIDDER BREESE STREET SE  
WASHINGTON NAVY YARD DC 20374-5060

IN REPLY REFER TO

5750  
Ser AR/01442  
November 21, 2005

Mr. David Deatherage  
1707 Rob Roy Lane  
San Antonio, TX 78251

Dear Mr. Deatherage:

This replies to your telephone request for duplication of the May 1945 "Air Notes From China."

As requested, I am enclosing copies of the document that is located in the World War II Command File in this Archives. If you have access to the Internet, you may want to view the website of the Naval Historical Center (<http://www.history.navy.mil>) for more information about naval history. The *Frequently Asked Questions* section may be of particular interest to you.

Your interest in naval history is appreciated and I hope that this information will prove helpful.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Kathleen M. Lloyd".

KATHLEEN M. LLOYD  
Head, Operational Archives Branch

**DECLASSIFIED**  
**AIR NOTES**  
**FROM**  
**CHINA**



**MAY 1945**

**HEADQUARTERS**  
**U.S. NAVAL GROUP, CHINA**  
**NAVY 169, F.P.O., N.Y.**

COMMAND FILE  
WORLD WAR II

PREPARED BY  
U. S. NAVAL UNIT  
HEADQUARTERS, FOURTEENTH AIR FORCE  
A.P.O. 627, POSTMASTER, NEW YORK

**F O R E W A R D**

This. The second issue of "Air Notes from China." is devoted exclusively to "Survival" in the China Theatre. In his issue are the walk-out stories of U. S. Navy crews who returned from Jap-occupied sections of French Indo-China and the China coast. From the four cases herein reviewed can be derived fairly typical examples of Escape and Evasion in this Theatre and perhaps some lessons can be learned for the benefit of future pilots who might be forced down in this area.

"Air Notes from China" is designed for Navy consumption, and is intended to present intelligence on air activities on the Asiatic continent which have a naval interest and which might be of value in future operations.

May, 1945

- i -

**Declassified**

UNCLASSIFIED

EVASION FROM AMOY AREA

PB4Y-2 Crashes in AMOY Harbor:

On 22 March 1945, a PB4Y-2 "Privateer" crashed in AMOY harbor on the China Coast. The plane, from Fleet Air Wing 17, was flying its regular patrol from LUZON and had just flown over AMOY harbor at 500 feet in quest of shipping targets when it sustained a direct A/A hit in the fuselage and was sent crashing down to the water below. A passenger in this plane was Mr. Don Bell, War Correspondent for the Mutual Broadcasting System. His story of the crash and subsequent rescue and walkout is given below and affords a good example of typical walk-outs in the China coastal area.

It might be noted that this plane crashed in one of the worst spots on the entire coast, not over a mile from the island of AMOY, the most heavily fortified Japanese stronghold between SHANGHAI and HONGKONG. The entire mainland surrounding AMOY harbor is unoccupied and is inhabited by friendly Chinese who have been briefed by American service personnel on the handling of downed American pilots. Also, there are U.S. Navy and AGAS-China stations very nearby. However, the three islands in AMOY harbor, AMOY, QUEMOY and KULANGSEU are Jap fortresses and are definitely unsafe. Similarly the harbor is considered unsafe and ditching there is certainly not advisable. A crash landing on the mainland is practicable and is entirely safe.

Don Bell:

A word about Mr. Don Bell is in order before we hear his story of this experience. Before December 8, 1941, Mr. Bell was a radio commentator in MANILA, P.I., and was well-known, both by Americans and Japanese, for his predictions of Japanese intentions in the Far East. He was captured by the Japanese when they took MANILA on December 8th, and was immediately interned with his wife and two young boys in Santo Tomas prison in Manila. There they existed until 3 February 1945 --- three long years --- when they were liberated by the spectacular action of the Second Battalion of the United States First Cavalry. After over three years' internment, subjection to Jap indignities and atrocities, and endurance of the "slow starvation" diet which the Japanese designed for these prisoners, when Bell was liberated from prison he sent his wife and two boys home and immediately set out "to learn about modern warfare." Feeling he had "a lot to catch up on in a short time," he requested assignment to the most dangerous missions possible. And so it was that he happened to be aboard Lieutenant Jim Evans' "Privateer" on that fatal day. And now -- Mr. Bell's own story:

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So, we dropped in unexpectedly for a visit in China.

When I say "unexpectedly," I mean we had about three seconds' warning and no chance to change our minds. And, when I say "dropped," I mean just that: we dropped from about 500 feet at the rate of about 160 knots - and without benefit of parachute or time for prayer.

After the excitement was all over and we were in friendly hands, I remember thinking, "This is a hell of a place for a War Correspondent to be."

### It sounded exciting:

My part in this story began down in MANILA when Lieutenant Dick Lundgren, Navy PRO Officer, casually mentioned that the patrol flights out of Luzon might make a good eye-witness story for the folks back home to listen to, if any War Correspondent felt like taking a fourteen-hour trip along the China Coast in a "Privateer." It sounded exciting. Now that I look back on it; it was.

It took about five minutes to get my "orders." A twenty-minute Jeep ride, a thirty-five-minute hop in a Piper Cub, and I presented my orders to Captain Jones, C.O. of the 17th Naval Air Wing.

"Want something hot?"

"The hotter it is, the better the story, Captain."

So, early the next morning I listened in on the "briefing," met Lieut. (jg) Jim Evans and his crew, all of whom started telling and showing me why the PB4Y-2 was the finest plane that ever did a patrol job: seven feet longer than the old PB4Y, faster, more fire power, the plane that Tokyo Rose called the "four-engine fighter" - and so on until time to check out.

### The Patrol:

My first impression of the interior of the plane was that it would be easier on War Correspondents if the gun turret were a little higher or a little smaller, or not so much in the middle of things. Later the Plane Captain, John Pearce, AMMFl/c, asked me if I'd like to climb into that same turret and have a look at the sky; Gunner Maurice Walker, ARM3/c, helped me climb in - and I began feeling a little more friendly toward that turret. But it must have resented having a rookie fooling around with it, because a couple of hours later I'm sure it kicked me in the back and knocked me out - but that's all hearsay.

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Declassified

It happened right after.....:

It happened right after we came out of AMOY. I remember hearing Pilot Evans telling Co-Pilot Ensign Kirby Lindsley how funny it was that we hadn't drawn any fire from the island, and I walked out of the cockpit, thinking all the fun was over for a few minutes, started to sit down on the little box which housed the First Aid Emergency Gear and which also acted as my "seat of honor" during the ride. Just then the Navigating Officer (Ensign Frank Greene - he went down with the ship) smiled over in my direction, indicated by sign language that they were beginning to pop at us; the radioman (James Warr) began to double up his fist - I suppose he was going to shake it at the Japs; but that gesture was never finished. Suddenly the lights went out for me.

I found out afterwards that the Pilot had started evasive maneuvering, was at the top of a 500-foot leap-frog and going down, when we were hit. It probably knocked the tail off our plane, but we kept right on gliding down at the rate of 160 knots. At about 200 feet the Pilot discovered he had lost elevator control and couldn't pull out. He did have time to straighten out the wings - and then we hit.

The bounce probably broke the plane in two at the waist (because we never saw that part of the plane again), but the bounce must have saved some of our lives.

The next time we hit, the nose dug right in and stayed down. What was left of our PB4Y-2 burst into flames immediately.

"Out" - in the water:

All this was told to me by the other survivors, of course, I knew nothing about it at all. That gun turret - at least I think it must have been the turret, because nothing else could have smacked me quite so hard on the "tail-bone" - took its revenge and I was "out" for some little time.

How I ever got to the surface through a burning plane, I'll never know. My first conscious moment was when I heard the pilot saying, "Now, just relax."

Co-Pilot Lindsley told me later that I bounced up a few feet away from the burning fuselage, Lieut. Evans yelled at me to get away from the plane (we were still carrying plenty of bombs). But it hadn't registered - I was still just bouncing there a few feet away from the plane. Then Jim Evans swam over, grabbed me by what was left of my flight coveralls, dragged me away from the plane, told me to relax.

Declassified

And then things began registering on my very clouded brain. I was still helpless, however; my life belt wouldn't inflate (wouldn't have made any difference because there was a big hole in it anyway), and I would have been content just to settle down and forget the cares of the world.

Evans returns to burning plane:

I remember Evans yelling at Lindsley to come over and take care of me for a few minutes; so I dutifully put my arm over the Co-Pilot's shoulder while the Pilot swam away - went back toward that burning plane, looking for a life-raft.

Miracles still happen. He found one under a lot of debris, dragged it out, inflated it; they got me into it somehow - and then they went looking for survivors.

Thirteen of us had started out on that patrol job. Six of them, I never saw again. In a drop of that kind, it seemed impossible that any of us could have survived. But, finally there were seven of us in that little, half-inflated life-raft; with one jungle-pack and two and a half paddles. So, we got ourselves organized as well as the circumstances permitted, and started paddling.

....and started paddling:

Where to paddle was a problem - which was soon answered for us by the Japs.

During all this rescue work, we were hidden from the Japs by what was left of the burning plane. But once we paddled out from behind the plane and got into view of the Jap's gun positions, they began firing at us. That told us which way not to go.

A few minutes before we had noted a couple of boats paddling out our way from the opposite shore. As soon as the Japs began firing, those boats beat it right back to the shore - and that told us the whole story. Those were friendly Chinese, trying to come out and rescue us; but they could never have made it in the face of that Japanese shelling. So they went back to the shore, waited, hoping that we could make it to them.

That was the toughest job seven men ever had. How we paddled for that shore. The two men who seemed in the best condition took the two whole paddles, a third man used the half paddle; the rest of us used our hands. We went around in circles for a while, finally got the raft straightened out, and put every ounce of energy into getting to that shore in the fastest possible time. We simply couldn't have moved faster.

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Then we saw three motor boats coming out toward us from the Jap side of the shoreline - and we moved faster, anyway.

Chinese Fishermen help:

By the time we got to the friendly shore, we were really "pooped." Chinese fishermen were yelling at us to hurry, waded out into the water to help us; grabbed us by the arms and almost dragged us ashore.

But we found we were not ashore at all. We were simply on a mud shoal that had been formed by the low tide. The Chinese had carried their boats across that shoal to open water - about half a mile away - and we had to make it to those boats.

If somebody tells you it's impossible to run through mud that's knee-deep, tell them they don't know what they're talking about. Because we did it. Those Jap motor boats were getting too damned close for comfort. We'd run a few steps, fall down exhausted; the Chinese would help us to our feet and we'd run a few steps more, fall face-downward into the mud, the fishermen would pick us up again.

God knows how we ever got to those boats, but we don't.

The fishermen didn't have to tell us to hide in the bottom of those sampans; we simply fell in, completely exhausted. The fishermen got us loaded in, two to a boat, piled fishing baskets over us to hide us, and they started paddling and punting like no one ever paddled or punted before.

Then a couple of Jap planes came up looking for us. So the fishermen paddled their sampans into some caves, waited until the Adams had passed over; then, one by one, the sampans took off across that lonely, exposed stretch of water.

We had to make the shore, Japs or no Japs. So we crouched under clam-baskets while our Chinese friends outdid any Harvard crew getting across that open bay.

Chinese Fishing Village:

Lindsley and I were together in one sampan. So we hit the shore together - and not a soul was in sight except ourselves - and were we a sight! My coveralls were just hanging on me by the grace of one shoulder and a zipper. Ensign Lindsley had got into some oil somewhere along the line and looked like a night-fighter - even the fishermen took time out to laugh at us. Then they hustled us along and into a little Chinese fishing village which probably appears on no map of China, but bears the name of Chan Tou Sik (at least that was as close as our

Chinese friend could come to putting it into English for us).

We went through the village to a stone house, were asked to step in. There we met the rest of our party. They had arrived first and were waiting for us.

"They knew we were friends".....:

Up to this time, not a word or a gesture had passed between any of us and the Chinese fishermen who had rescued us. They knew we were Americans. They knew we were friends and allies. They risked their lives in saving us. No questions asked, no reward wanted. But, after they knew we were safe; after tea and cakes had been served; then the whole village crowded into that room to stare at us. Eye-witnesses began broadcasting, in very loud Chinese, and with plenty of gestures, their version of how we had been shot down by Jap ack-ack, how funny we looked trying to run across that mud-flat, how we had been smothered under several layers of fishing baskets. Then the story tellers began disagreeing on the details; it must have been about the noisiest rescue party that ever happened.

Then suddenly all the noise and the talking stopped, as if by magic. We couldn't hear it, but they did. Those Jap Adams were overhead again. Somewhere, a couple of bombs were dropped, but not in our vicinity. The Adams flew away finally, and we all breathed easier again.

Then Mr. Huang appeared on the scene. He spoke enough English so that he could tell us all about it. But he never did tell us who he was. He was just a "Chinese business man." He just happened to be visiting in the village. It was very fortunate that he was there, because he knew exactly where to go and what to do.

"Rice Paddy Navy":

Imagine our gasps of amazed delight when he told us that there was a United States Naval Station just 80 li (about 27 miles) away. It would be tough going, considering our conditions, but he would take us there within less than two days.

That was the happiest news we ever heard. Here we had been shot down less than a mile from a Jap garrison, we had been shelled (and some of those shells came very close), we had been chased by motor boats and searched for by Jap planes less than two hours ago - and here was a man telling us that we were within a few hours of safety.

Huang told us we'd better be moving out of that village, however. The Japs might have spotted us and they might decide to start bombing the village. So, we'd better get ourselves ready for some forced marching.

Chinese hospitality:

The first hour was easy, but worrying. We climbed into small junks, sailed along within a mile of that Jap-held coastline, got out about an hour later, walked about four miles, were received as heroes by the town army, bedded down for the night after a swell Chinese Banquet. From somewhere a Chinese doctor appeared, dressed the wounds of Radioman Warr, who had a bad shoulder wound. We resolved then and there that if anyone ever said anything derogatory about a Chinaman within our hearing, there'd be one helluva fight then and there. Our own parents couldn't have taken better care of us, than did those Chinese people who met us, fed us, clothed us, stayed up all night so that we could have their beds. They couldn't do enough for us - and we were humble with gratitude.

An interesting note at this juncture was when the local Village Chief produced from nowhere a "Pointie-Talkie." With this little miracle to improve Sino-American conversation and mutual understanding, we succeeded very well in exchanging thoughts and planning our departure. (We later learned, upon reaching KUNMING, that these "Pointie-Talkies" had been distributed several months before by a U.S. Navy Lieutenant who had travelled through this area in the interests of arranging the escape and evasion of downed Allied pilots.)

"....we couldn't have got away from those Americans....":

Huang was better than his promise. He told us that we would be with the Navy within 48 hours. Actually, we met the Navy within 24 hours. Bos'n's Mate Tucker was out looking for us. The Navy station at LUNGKI had already heard about our unexpected visit, men were already out over every possible route looking for us. AGAS men were doing the same thing, combing roads and rivers - we got away from the Japs all right, but we couldn't have got away from those Americans who were out looking for us if we had tried. Not that we tried.

When we saw Tucker, swinging along with a Tommy-gun over one shoulder and a bag of iron rations over the other - well, you can talk about a sailor's welcome, but you haven't seen anything.

That night we slept in real sacks, ate American food, smoked American cigarettes, listened to American service men

swapping their experiences for ours - boy, it was heaven.

We did a lot of walking and bitching, jeep and plane riding after that before we got back to KUNMING where we could really rest, and draw a complete outfit of new GI clothes. But, now that it's all over, I think we ought to get something on the record for the benefit of the rest of you who may be dropping in on China unexpectedly.

Trust the Chinese:

And the first and most important thing we want to say is this: trust the Chinese. He's your friend and he'll take care of you. He's your ally in this war and you never had a more loyal one. He'll hide you, he'll feed you, clothe you, care for you, get you back to your own people. You may have a hard time understanding him at first - but keep your sense of humor and use the sign language and overlook his queer little ways. Remember that you're a pretty queer-looking duck to him, too.

And as a War Correspondent, who has no business at all going through an experience which can't be talked about or written about except in secret journals, I want to express my personal admiration for lots of things: for the way the survivors of Lieut. Evans' crew handled themselves in a time of real danger; the way the Navy has organized its share of a China Coast Rescue Service that makes it 99 chances out of 100 that, if you drop in on China unexpectedly, you'll be taken care of, brought back to civilization:- why, they make a drop that looks like "curtains" turn out to be one of the finest vacations you've ever had.

"Thanks, Navy.":

Personally, I owe plenty to the Navy. Jim Evans saved my life (and I hope he gets the proper citation for what may have just been a job to him but meant considerably more to me than that). Those men at LUNGKI made me able to appreciate the fact that my life was worth saving (to me, at least). And, all along the line, all the way up to KUNMING, the Navy and its men have done a job that no other outfit in the world could have done.

Yes, I owe a lot - including my life - to the Navy. And if there's any way I can repay it - well the Japs have missed me twice and I guess I'll be around for a while longer, waiting to repay favors.

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Well Done - Jim Evans:

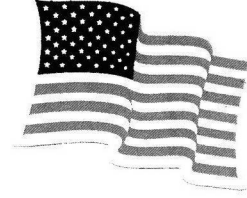
And may we -- the reporting officers from China -- add a

Cont' p. 74

## **Strange Sequences in the Annals of Historic Memories**

**Abraham Lincoln was elected to Congress in 1846  
John F. Kennedy was elected to Congress in 1946**

**Abraham Lincoln was elected President in 1860  
John F. Kennedy was elected President in 1960**



**Both were particularly concerned with civil rights  
Both wives lost their children while in the White House**

**Both Presidents were shot on a Friday  
Both Presidents were shot in the head.**

*Now it gets really weird. . . . .*

**Lincoln's secretary was named Kennedy  
Kennedy's secretary was named Lincoln**

**Both were assassinated by Southerners  
Both were succeeded by Southerners named Johnson**

**Andrew Johnson who succeeded Lincoln was born in 1808  
Lyndon Johnson who succeeded Kennedy was born in 1908**

**John Wilkes Booth, who assassinated Lincoln was born in 1839  
Lee Harvey Oswald, who assassinated Kennedy was born in 1939**

**Both assassins were known by their three names  
Both names are composed of fifteen letters**

*Now hang onto your seat. . . . .*

**Lincoln was shot at the theater named 'Ford'  
Kennedy was shot in a car called 'Lincoln' made by 'Ford'**

**Lincoln was shot at a theater and his assassin ran and hid in a warehouse  
Kennedy was shot from a warehouse and his assassin ran and hid in a theater**

**Booth and Oswald were assassinated before their trials**

*And here's the kicker. . . . .*

**A week before Lincoln was shot he was in Monroe, Maryland  
A week before Kennedy was shot, he was with Marilyn Monroe.**

*Creepy, huh? (submitted e-mail from Jack Petersen)*

# The Day the Head Blew up

by William Sager

It was an early Saturday afternoon in June, 1945, at U. S. Naval Unit Ten, located in Kweichow Province, Republic of China. The days training schedule for almost 1,000 Chinese irregular troops had been completed and the Chinese officers had taken charge of their battalions. The naval personnel and the Marines in charge of the training had returned to our hostel to clean up a bit. Some then went off to the village for shopping or sightseeing and some of the others began to log "sack time." The afternoon soon became quite hot but inside the hostel the air was cool and fresh. The only sounds about the hostel were from the radio shack where the mid-afternoon weather "sked" was being sent. Outside, a small Chinese working party under the direction of Ensign Clifford Hendrix, USNR, of Baltimore, Maryland, was making repairs to our head.

I decided to log a little sack time myself. I must have dozed off for not longer than 15 minutes when there was a violent explosion that literally rocked me out of the sack. Debris and shingles began to shower down off the hostel's roof. Picking myself off the floor in dazed condition, many thoughts raced through my befuddled brain. First of all, the cause of this violent explosion. What was the cause of it? Had our TNT shack at the rifle range (fully a half-mile away) blown up? Had the detonators stored in a nearby cave gone up? Was it sabotage by disloyal Chinese? Had a Japanese suicide patrol penetrated our camp area intent on - destruction? Was it a Japanese air raid? A hasty glance out the paper window, now blown away, disclosed several Chinese guerillas running excitedly toward our compound. I quickly put on my steel helmet, grabbed a loaded carbine off the wall, and dashed down to the first deck of the hostel. There I met Tommy, our interpreter and number one all around Chinese man.

"What is it Tommy?"

"Oh, Captain. It is not serious. But, it is very serious. Mr. Hendrix has blown up the head," said Tommy greatly excited.

"Blown up the what?"

"The head. The nice head for the Americans with all the wire screening and the concrete urinal. It is all blown away, Captain. Even the roof is gone." And Tommy, who was somewhat of an authority on field sanitation, or any fundamental type of sanitation that would afford protection to the health of the American personnel, looked like he wanted to cry. The Naval Unit Ten head was not the most modern in outdoor China, but at least it was a good head. It was a squatter type head (no seats) with six stalls (always an empty squatter at U. S. Naval Unit Ten). Each stall was enclosed with wire screening and a wire screen door, which was quite rare in wartime China. Tommy, under the direction of Unit Ten's medical officer (Lt. Roger Greif, MD, USNR) had done a good deal of work upon the head to see that it was insect proof and always kept in a clean and sanitary manner. We had even equipped it with electric lights for the convenience of night squatters who enjoyed their reading matter, but the electric lights were only on when the radio was silent. There wasn't enough power for both the radio and lights for the hostel. So, it was easy to see why Tommy was so distressed over the destruction of Unit Ten's fine head and our modern concrete urinal.

I looked at the head, or rather what remained of it, and I could understand how Tommy felt. Our modern concrete urinal was shattered into thousands of pieces. Every screen on every squatter was blown out. Half the side of the head was blown out and three quarters of the shingled roof had disappeared. Then I spied

Ensign Hendrix, the suspected cause of all this destruction.

"Nobody hurt," said Ens. Hendrix, coming up to me, for I was too surprised and stunned to move. "The working party took

cover behind the hostel when I set off the charge."

"What kind of charge did you set off?"

"Well, we were trying to put a pipe through the subsoil from the urinal to the cesspool when we ran into a layer of rock. So, I shaped a charge of C2 to get through the rock. I guess I must have over estimated and used too much C2."

"Yeah," I answered scornfully, eyeing our once beautiful six-squatter with concrete urinals, now almost completely destroyed. "I reckon you did use too much."

By this time Master Gunnery Sergeant Joe V. Lambalzer, a veteran of the "ole" Marine Corps caught up with us, wearing his steel helmet and carrying his Thompson submachine gun. As a veteran with more than 20 years service (including previous China tours of duty), Gunny had been in the Corps more years than most of the Ensigns in Unit Ten were old. Gunny eyed the destruction of the head thoughtfully, turned and said to me: "You know, Captain, I've been around this Marine Corps a long, long time and I've served attached to the Navy a lot of different times, but damn me, this is the first time I ever saw the crap actually fly!"



Bill Sager  
SACO Legal Counsel



(Submitted by John Waters)

# Julia Child: The OSS Years

BY NOËL RILEY FITCH

Julia Child a Spy!" exulted last week's headlines after the release by the National Archives of hitherto redacted names from Office of Strategic Services (OSS) personnel files.

One can only imagine the fictional narrative fantasies this declassification might inspire: *Parachuted behind the lines during the German Occupation of France, the 6-foot-2 Smith College graduate met her future husband, multilingual sophisticate Paul Child, a liaison to the Resistance in the Maquis. In the clandestine world of safe houses, the daughter of the safely Republican Pasadena McWilliams clan acquired the*

and perfect the recipes in her encyclopedic *chef-d'oeuvre*: "Mastering the Art of French Cooking" (1961, 1970), on which her immortality can be said to rest.

Julia McWilliams's "undercover" career began, one might say, in April 1942 with her declining a marriage proposal from Harrison Chandler—an L.A. (Times) Chandler, no less.

Soon after, she decided to leave Pasadena (where the 1942 Rose Bowl had been canceled as part of the war effort). She quit her Red Cross volunteer work as head of "Stenographic Services, typing, and mimeographing" (to which, after Pearl Harbor, she had already added Aircraft Warning Services).

She took the Civil Service Exam, applied to the Waves Women Accepted for Voluntary

The OSS members were disparaged as fly-by-nighters, "Oh So Social" or "Oh Such Snobs."

Julia "rose through the ranks" from senior clerk to administrative assistant, organizing a large office. She lived in the Brighton Hotel, cooked (badly) on a hot plate that splattered the wallpaper with chicken fat, she admitted.

When she heard in 1943 that the OSS wanted volunteers for service in India, she applied; bored and in search of adventure, she was "free, white, and thirty-one," ready and eager to go.

And it was in Asia, not France—especially on assignment in China and Ceylon (now Sri Lanka)—that the palate of the star of the future "French Chef" TV series would first be awakened, weaned from the golden age of canned, frozen and other processed food, the world of Pasadena home cooking.

And it was Asia that changed her life, for it was there, in May 1944, in Kandy (Ceylon) that Julia McWilliams met Paul Child, 10 years her senior, a connoisseur of wine, women and cuisine, who became her lover, mentor and initiator into those fine tastes available even in war-torn China and Ceylon.

The move to HQ in the Shangri-La setting of Kandy had a serious purpose: guerrilla warfare against the Japanese. Though Julia knew more of golf clubs than international cables and spies, she had high security clearance to file and process classified dispatches for the SEAC (South East Asia Command) under Lord Mountbatten.

While she came to hate the routine of office work, Julia thrilled at the secrets and at the proximity of danger and of her new-found colleague, Paul Child, who worked in graphics and photography designing war rooms. With Paul she came to share passion, but also a passion for the Rijstafel curry table with "as many condiments as the human imagination can devise." She brought to the table her keen sense of humor and her propensity for practical jokes.

After 10 months in Kandy, Julia flew, via Calcutta, to Kunming, China, to set up and run

the OSS Registry. It was March 1945 (Germany was to surrender in May), and Asia was now the focus of the war.

Paul designed Gen. Albert Wedemeyer's China War Room, and Julia, with a staff of 10 assistants, opened, numbered and directed all forms, devising new systems for code names and filing secret papers. The conflict between Chiang Kai-shek and Mao Zedong was already in the offing, and Americans were divided in their loyalties.

Meanwhile, Chinese cuisine beckoned: "American food in China was terrible; we thought it was cooked by grease monkeys. The Chinese food was wonderful, and we ate out as often as we could. That is when I became interested in food. I just loved Chinese food."

More than that, her sophisticated Ivy League colleagues talked so much about the food they ate. Julia, Paul would later say, was always hungry: "She's a wolf by nature."

The war against Japan ended in August 1945; Julia's career in espionage, almost as soon. For a brief two years Julia became the consummate Georgetown housewife with a newly jobless husband, Paul, to feed, depleting his OSS savings and her family inheritance. Julia studied "The Joy of Cooking." Eager to please her new husband, she struggled with recipes, relying on Paul's savvy.

A move to France, where Paul joined the U.S. Information Agency, came none too soon in October 1948.

On Nov. 3 of that year, Julia was to "master the joy of devouring French cooking," having her personal gastronomic epiphany when she sat down to a feast of oysters, sole meunière, Pouilly-Fuissé and tarte tatin at Restaurant La Couronne on the Place du Vieux-Marché in Rouen. "The whole experience was an opening up of the soul and spirit for me. I was hooked, and for life, as it turned out."

Ms. Fitch is the author of "Appetite for Life: The Biography of Julia Child" (1997).



The palate of the host of 'The French Chef' was first awakened while she was on wartime assignments in Ceylon and China, not France.

fundamentals of French cuisine.

Would that it were true. The facts are infinitely more prosaic, but fascinating nonetheless.

Though Julia Child, with characteristic Yankee modesty, was to disparage, in numerous interviews, her wartime career as "a clerk," Paul revealed otherwise. In a letter to his twin brother, he declared her "privy to all messages both incoming from the field or Washington, etc., and outgoing to our agents and operatives all over China-Burma-India."

Seen from a view of posterity, her "boring" job was to provide Julia Child with the discipline, the autonomous organizational skill, the patience to devise, test

Emergency Services) and the WAC (Women's Army Corps). She was, at 6-foot-2, however, apparently considered too tall for the service. Nonetheless, she moved to Washington, where, she told a friend, "the action" was. "The war was the change in my life," she wrote.

First as senior typist in the Office of War Information (August 1942), then as junior research assistant in the office of OSS Director "Wild" Bill Donovan, Julia joined America's novice intelligence team: the Ivy Leaguers, the Martini-drinking best and brightest, many of whose names have only recently been revealed, including Allen Dulles, later head of the CIA, and future Supreme Court Justice Arthur J. Goldberg.

# Another episode of a SACO Vet-Dr. David A. Baker

As reported in

## Allen County LINES Volume 32 September 2008

Quarterly of the Allen County Genealogical Society of Indiana

To the editor 2-19-09:

*Thought this had been sent to you after we talked in October 2008, but just found the envelope. . . David received his SACO Medal in 2004. . . he was so proud of his medal. . . David loved SACO so much.*

*Thanks, Richard, for all you do for SACO; love the Newsletter.*

*As ever, Cathy Baker – widow of Dr. David A. Baker*

### **DR. DAVID AMBROSE BAKER**

Information from Cathy Baker

Dr. David Ambrose Baker was born July 2, 1924, in Hoquiam, Washington. He died February 18, 2006, in Ocean Shores, Washington. In between those dates is quite a story.

Marlene Thomasson wrote in *The Ocean Observer* in October 2005 the following story: HONORS FOR A REAL HERO! Heroes live among us. You probably know a few... During World War II, there were countless heroes. Some were not recognized for their amazing feats because much of what they were doing was secret. Several months ago, some of these men were recognized for their extreme dedication and bravery. Ocean Shores resident and Club member David Baker was among them, honored for behind-the-lines bravery in Japanese-occupied China.

China was one of the most critical areas of the war. In 1937, Japanese troops had launched an all-out attack against China, and by 1939, had taken over most of eastern China, the richest parts of the nation, this over two years before Japan attacked Pearl Harbor. The Chinese government, fleeing the Japanese forces, set up a new capitol; the day after Pearl Harbor attack, it declared war on Germany and Italy, too. Japan, Germany and Italy were the Axis Powers, and China was central to the Allies war efforts in Asia. Since Japan ruled the waters then, aid had to come in overland or by air to aid the Chinese Nationalist army.



Dr. David Ambrose Baker  
July 18, 2004

Part of the help was 2,500 Americans, mostly from the U.S. Navy, who were sent into China to live, train and fight with Chinese Nationalists troops. This joint military effort forged between the United States and China was known as the Sino-American Cooperative Organization, or SACO (pronounced "socko"); Baker was part of SACO. SACO was organized and led by two individuals: the American was U.S. Navy Commander (later Vice Admiral) Milton E. Miles and by China's General Tai Li. In his book, *A Different Kind of War*, Miles described the difficulty of such a feat since the two men came from two countries with totally different cultures, customs, and political environments. At first, neither of them could speak the other's language.

The troops lived in camps, often times behind enemy lines. Baker's unit was assigned to Camp Eight. General Tai had personally found the area Camp Eight would make its own. It was on the coast north of Wenchow, near the mouth of the Yangtze River.

The Americans and the Chinese lived together and learned from one another. It was important to General Tai that the American soldiers train with the Chinese troops in guerrilla warfare and teach them about new weapons.

SACO troops spied on the Japanese forces and tracked weather, providing regular reports for ships and planes. Another vital mission was to rescue and retrieve airmen shot out of the sky who parachuted to the earth. Once found, they were smuggled out to safety. Even after the Japanese surrendered August 15, 1945, many Japanese soldiers were still at war, and SACO troops continued their work. They were ordered to head for Shanghai.

An interesting anecdote in Miles book was "the last sailing ship battle ever recorded." On the way to Shanghai, some of the Camp Eight people under the leadership of Lieutenant "Swede" Swentzel (Navy) and Second Lieutenant Stewart Pittman (Marines) were immersed in what was to be the last naval battle of the war. About 50 miles north of Shanghai their party took over two Ningpo junks, Chinese sailboats, manned by Chinese fishermen. Swentzel assumed command of one of the junks, and assigned Pittman to the other. They had less than forty SACO Chinese troops and four other men from Camp Eight, Motor Mechanics Mate 3/C David Baker one of them.

The junks had plenty of fishing gear, but not a single weapon. The Camp Eight personnel divided what they had between the

two junks—four .30 caliber Lewis guns, two .50-caliber machine guns, and two bazookas. Short of bazooka ammunition, each junk carried just five rounds. They set sail toward the Japanese-held Shanghai at dusk on August 19, 1945.

The next morning, they saw a large junk ahead. It looked as if she was on the same course as the Camp Eight crew. Two hours later they had gained on her and were close enough to see that this junk manned by a Japanese crew and had a 75-millimeter field piece, secured to the main deck.

Swentzel ordered the crew to run up the American flag. Miles writes that the Japanese either didn't know that the war was over, or they didn't care and began firing their 75-millimeter gun. The first shot tore off the rudder on Swentzel's junk, and two of the men were wounded. The second shot tore down one of the masts of the Pittman junk. It was clear to everyone that the SACO men were outgunned. Still they were resourceful and had brought aboard homemade swivel mounts for their .50 caliber machine guns. Swentzel quickly "put out sweeps" to replace the rudder and Pittman rigged up a temporary mast. With the sails out they succeeded coming onto and passing the machine-gun fire. The first of the bazooka shots missed, but the remaining four shots from Swentzel's junk hit the Japanese boat square. Some of the SACO Chinese fired their guns high in the air and succeeded in cutting the enemy's rigging.

The second SACO junk took the 75-millimeter gun out of commission, and Baker firing the bazooka, made four of his five shots count, but now they were out of ammunition except for a few grenades that they were prepared to hurl aboard as they ran along side the Japanese junk. The grenades weren't needed, and the Japanese ran up a dirty tee shirt, since they had no white flag to surrender. The Japanese commander formerly boarded the junk and surrendered his sword. Only four Japanese were uninjured. 39 Japanese were found dead and 39 were taken prisoners.

When Swentzel's "Dirty Eight," as they were now called, pulled ashore in Shanghai, they found themselves standing at the end of several bayonets held by Japanese soldiers. The war was over, but it didn't feel like it. They stood there for six hours until the conflict was resolved and the Japanese learned the end of the war had come to them, too.

Baker recently was awarded a SACO medal, presented by Major General Lee of the Taiwan Army; Lee came to Renton. Washington

just to present these medals to the surviving members of the SACO team. Baker wears his SACO medal proudly with his Silver Star, which was presented to him by President Harry Truman.

Yes, we who live in this country know a lot of heroes and because of them we live free today. [This ends Marlene Thomasson's story.]

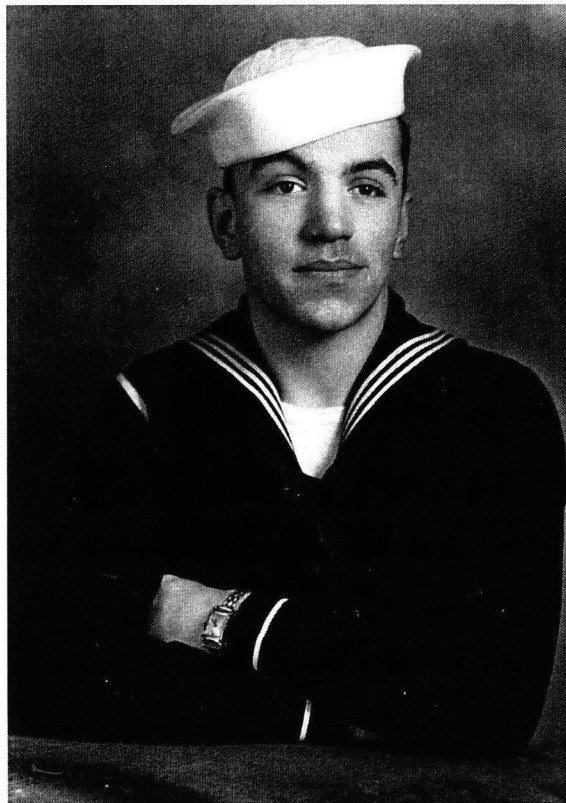
In the book, *SACO - The Rice Paddy Navy*, written in 1950 by Commander Roy Olin Stratton, Supply Corps, U.S. Navy (retired), he tells the story of SACO. He wrote, "Most important, however, is the story of how almost three thousand members of the Navy, Army, Marine Corps and Coast Guard entrusted their lives day in and day out to men with whom they, in most instances, could not even carry on the most simple conversation and how the Chinese threw about them a protective cloak so effective that all but five of them returned to their American communities."

General Tai Li, the Chinese Co-Commander was killed in an airplane wreck on March 17, 1946. Rear Admiral Milton E. Miles, U.S. Navy, said, "~~It was a sad blow to the U.S.~~ - as well as to China. General Tai was one of the most active Anti-Communists in China, and, having the power and means of doing something about crushing Communism, ... His death was a great loss. It was kept secret from his aged mother, 'Lao Tai Tai,' who thought General Tai was here in the States with me. She died just before Chinese New Years this year (Jan. 26) [1949] without knowing of her son's death."

Commander Milton Edward Miles, USN, was known as "Mary" to his Navy associates ever since his days of service as an enlisted man in World War I. With long experience in China, 1922-27 and 1936-39, and with proven ability to "kick the book out of the window" when necessary to get a tough job done quickly, Miles was a natural for the assignment of SACO.

Stratton said, "It was not easy to become a member of SACO. Officers and men did not merely receive orders to China and proceed there. They first reported to SACO's Washington office where they were thoroughly screened... One of the main features of this system was that the person under consideration for duty with SACO must never have been in China... Another was that he be physically rugged enough to walk twenty miles a day for an indefinite number of days. Still another was that he VOLUNTEER for hazard-

ous duty, take an oath of secrecy regarding the organization and its activities, as well as regarding the state of other Allied units having connection with the organization, and swear not to ask questions of his colleagues or superiors. Last, but by no means least, he had to possess at least two technical skills and one useful hobby. Even medical personnel had to be photographers, weather men, or chaplains."



David A. Baker shortly after joining the Navy

One story involving D. A. Baker and Dr. Donnelly, the medical officer of Unit Eight - Stratton wrote, "The dictionary holds too few superlatives to describe the marvelous work performed by SACO's medical officers. The dearth of proper medicines, equipment and facilities needs no elaboration. In most forward areas they were non-existent. Improvisation and speed was the watchword of the Medical Corps and its faithful assistants, the pharmacists mates. The following is a factual account of some of the difficulties so often encountered by SACO doctors:

"On the night of December 2, 1944, during a veritable banquet prepared by pharmacists mates and patients in the unit's sick bay, a dispatch was received requesting Dr. Cranstons, Unit's Seven's senior medical officer, to proceed at once to Yun Ho, Chekiang Province, to operate on an appendicitis case being

brought on from Unit Eight...At five o'clock the next morning, as soon as it was light enough to see, Dr. Cranston and LCdr W. K. Lawler, MSC, SACO's malarial control officer, boarded a sampan for the first leg of the journey. By four in the afternoon they had reached Kienyang via Chinese truck, jeep, Chinese truck again, the first two vehicles having broken down enroute...About nine p.m., 26 kilos from Pucheng, Fukien, driving up the lonely Chinese highway, they came to a bridge spanning a twelve-foot wide stream. It was too late to stop when they saw that the bridge had been removed and in another moment the jeep stopped suddenly - on the other side. No one yet knows how the jeep, loaded with five men, ever jumped the ravine. The only plausible explanation was that the ton or more of gear in the trailer catapulted them across. No one was hurt, nor was the jeep...All night long, in the bitter cold they sped along towards Yun Ho. The forms of men riding in the jeep were hardly recognizable as human, swathed in all the clothes and bedding they could find. At nine a.m., on December 4, they finally arrived in Yun Ho, tired half frozen and dead for sleep. But there was no patient.

"It wasn't until the next morning that the patient finally arrived in Yun Ho, having been carried through snow, sleet and ice for 80 miles, over several mountain ranges, traveling both day and night for three and a half days...and he turned out to be Dr. Donnelly, the medical officer of Unit Eight.

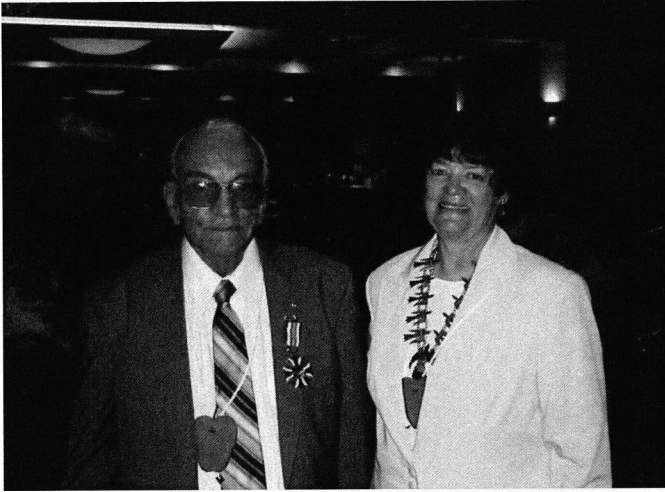
"Cranston and Lawlor were quartered in an empty rice godown just outside Yun Ho. There was no heat, windows, bathing, cooking or washing facilities. Their sleeping bags were laid on the deck to make bunks. A Chinese bed with rope springs was found for the patient. A fireplace for boiling water was built of mud on which a few charcoal pots were perched. Windows were cut through one of the rice storage bins and covered with thin paper. This was the operating room. Two narrow, rickety desks were placed end to end to form an operating table. Thus, on December 7th, Dr. Cranston, with Lawlor assisting, operated, using spinal anaesthesia. Instruments, boiled in shallow basins of muddy water, were entirely out of sight because of the turbidity. The scrub nurse, MoMM3c D. A. Baker, had to drop out four times from faintness but came back to his job every time...With such untrained assistance, Dr. Cranston could not work rapidly and before the appendix was out, the anaesthesia had worn off. Pentothal was resorted to, but was only moderately successful. An RM2c and a

GM3c were called in to hold the flashlights when the light began to fail. Several hands were necessary to hold the patient quiet on the table but finally after four and a half hours the job was done and the patient was resting comfortably in his bunk...Doctor Donnelly recovered from his complications and enjoyed a host of Chinese visitors, who brought him delicacies from their homes. One of the most faithful and gracious visitors and one who helped the medical group in many ways was Miss Molly Wong. One day she appeared with a tray of homemade State-side bread and a dish of butter. It was the first butter any of them had seen in China and they wondered how she had managed to procure it. Finally they asked. It was several days before they got the secret. She had made it...made it from pure white lard, an egg and a couple of extra egg-yolks, beaten together with salt added. It was so nearly like their recollection of American butter that none would have known the difference."

The other book cited by Marlene Thomasson in her article was *A Different Kind of War*. The little-known story of the combined guerilla forces created in China by the U.S. Navy and the Chinese during World War II by Vice Admiral Milton E. Miles, USN, as prepared by Hawthorn Daniel from the original manuscript, with foreword by Arleigh Burke. It was published in 1967.

Chapter 23 tells of the "War's End and the Fleet in Shanghai," the story that Marlene told in her article. Admiral Miles started the chapter, "The end of the war should have been the happiest day of my life. After almost four years of uninterrupted effort, the orders Admiral King had given me verbally in Washington had been carried out. Before the atomic bomb was dropped at Hiroshima, important sections of the Chinese coast were actually in our hands, much more was under our constant observation, and we had widely made friends for our country...Nobody knew when it would be possible to enter Shanghai. A typhoon had interfered with flying Chinese troops to their stations, and other difficulties had arisen. Thus it was that Lieutenant Commander Henry F. Shoemaker and Lieutenant Commander David Fairbrother, both of whom were SACO intelligence officers working for AGAS on the task of locating American prisoners of war, were the first SACO men to reach the city. They actually entered on August 19, I believe. I know that no one was prepared to receive them, that the Japanese threatened them in various ways, and that they were rescued by the Swiss consul and "interned" for a few days in the Swiss Consulate." This was when the "Camp Eight people under Lieuten-

ant "Swede" Swentzel of the Navy and Second Lieutenant Stewart Pittman of the Marines found it necessary to fight what was probably the last naval battle of the war. And if it was not actually that, at least it was the last sailing ship battle!"



David & Cathy Baker

Cathy Baker was a close friend of David Baker's first wife, Velma (Amsberry) Baker. After Velma died in 1988, David and Cathy (Gray) Yoder married on October 17, 1992, in Florence, Texas. From Dr. David A. Baker's obituary, "Dr. David A. Baker, age 81, a resident of Ocean Shores, died Saturday, Feb. 18, 2006, at his home at Ocean Shores. Dr. Baker was born July 2, 1924, in Hoquiam [Washington] to Capt. Charles David and Anne (LaBelle) Baker. He was raised in Hoquiam and graduated from Hoquiam High School in 1942.

"During World War II, he served in the U.S. Navy. After his discharge, he attended Saint Martins College, received his bachelor's degree in sociology and made criminology his field. He served as the warden of the Monroe Correctional Facility and later as the assistant warden of Walla Walla State Penitentiary. In 1967, he moved to Maryland, where he worked as a civilian penologist for the Pentagon as Director of Briggs & Prisons for the Department of the Navy. He retired in 1984, returned to Hoquiam in 1994, and moved to Ocean Shores in 1995...In addition to his wife Cathy, survivors include his son, David Matthew Baker of White Stone, Va.; stepson Thomas E. Lang Jr. of Long Beach, Calif.; stepdaughter Kathleen Ann Wahl-Rowe of Brunswick, MD..."

The Funeral Homily for Dr. David A. Baker was given by his first cousin, Rev. Stephen V. L. Sundborg, S.J., president of Seattle University. He started his homily, "You've heard of a "Baker's Dozen"...well it takes some doing to keep straight the Bakers in this family. Baker is a common name, and the family prefers common, oft-repeated first names. So you get for instance, John Henry Baker and his son John Charles Baker, and you have John Denny Baker and his son whom we always call John John Baker.

"It is even worse with David Baker. We are mourning the death and celebrating the life of David Baker, David Ambrose Baker to give him his full name, as middle names are needed! He was named for his grandfather David Benjamin Baker on whose lap he used to sit up the street at the family home at 821 "L" Street, fascinated with his grandfather's mustache. His own father—next to whom he will be buried—was Charles David Baker. And what of course did David Baker name his own son but David Matthew Baker. To make things really complicated, his sister Joanne named one of her sons David Baker Fleming.

"...David wandered far—Canada, Alaska, India, China, Washington DC, Maryland, Texas and all around the world where the navy had a brig—but he came back to Grays Harbor...When my dad wrote a family history he started the section on David with the words: 'A book could be written about your cousin David.' I think that's the only character in the family saga about whom that was said. Still young he worked as a logger, carpenter, laborer, and first mate on an Alaskan tug boat. He left St. Martin's College to join the Navy when World War II broke out and volunteered for "hazardous, distant, prolonged foreign duty"...and he got it. He was a true war hero, operating with 2,000 short, swarthy men behind enemy lines in mainland China, participating in the last battle of World War II six days after the end of the war..."

David and Cathy Baker lived in Columbia City, IN from Oct. 1999 to August 2001 in the home of Cathy's mother and step-father, Helen and Michael J. Wolf. After Cathy's mother passed away, David wanted to return to his hometown in Washington, which they did. And after David passed away in 2006, Cathy returned here to Columbia City. This is the same home Cathy is now living in, enjoying the peace and tranquility of living in the country.

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## DAYS OF ANXIETY FOR PARENTS DURING WARTIME

The following letter was sent to my parents as I was on a train to Seattle in 1943. I recently found this letter recalling the mystery of the unknown my parents suffered. My mother saved all my letters during the years I was in the Navy. (R. L. Rutan, Editor)

Sterling D. B.  
7-21-1943

Mr. Hallie Rutan  
Kokoma, Ind.

Dear Sir:

Please find enclosed bill fold, found by me while making track inspection on N.P. Ry., between Sterling D. and McKenzie, N. D. Return may same as found by me, everything is in there that was in it when I found the bill fold.

Yours Truly

George M. Lee  
Sec. 4 man Sterling

I lost my billfold in the rest room on the train en route to Seattle. Evidently it had fallen from my uniform pants. Of course, I had no thought that my parents would get this letter. In the interim, I was several days being briefed on my new assignment. Several days traveling and getting settled in new quarters on Bainbridge Island in Puget Sound off Seattle, a number of days passed before I could correspond with anyone.

I don't know who suffered most when I learned of the letter. But I could only imagine their anxiety as I didn't know the circumstances of my travel had been revealed in the section foreman's letter I could realize their grief not knowing for days if I was dead or alive and injured and I was deeply concerned that they endured such anguish about the unknown for such a long period.

But all turned out well and we had many years left to love each other.

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

## TWO PROSTITUTES

Two prostitutes were riding around town with a sign on top of their car which said:

Two Prostitutes - \$50.00.

A policeman, seeing the sign, stopped them and told them they'd either have to remove the sign or go to jail.

Just at that time, another car passed with a sign saying: 'JESUS SAVES.'

One of the girls asked the officer, 'How come you don't stop them?'

'Well, that's a little different,' the officer smiled, 'Their sign pertains to religion.'

The following day the same police officer noticed the same two hookers driving around with a large sign on their car.

He figured he had an easy arrest until he read their new sign:

Two Fallen Angels  
Seeking Peter -\$50

# ADVENTURES IN YOYANG

by William H. Sager , CO, U. S. Naval Unit Ten, Republic of China

Note: The names of the places mentioned in this anecdote are in the old Chinese dialect and not in the dialect or spelling used after the takeover by the regime of the Peoples' Republic of China after October 1, 1948.

Several days after the unconditional surrender of the Imperial Japanese forces on the deck of the battleship Missouri in Tokyo Bay on September 2, 1945, the U. S. Naval Units operating in Central China received orders from Headquarters in Chungking to make their way to Hankow, a sizeable city on the Yangtze River. At Hankow, the Navy set up an administrative unit known as U. S. Naval Group, Central China, whose function was to collect Naval personnel of the field units operating in Central and Southern China.

At Naval Unit Ten, located in Kweichow Province approximately 1,200 miles from Hankow, our motor equipment consisted of one jeep and a trailer that could be attached.

The U. S. Army maintained a supply depot at Kweiyang, the provincial capital of Kweichow Province. I sent my supply officer, Ensign Rolland J. Gabel (SC) USNR and two of his people, CSK Benjamin J. Griffin, USNR and Albert R. Bitomski, SK3c, USNR, to Kweiyang to see if they could persuade the Army to part with some sixby-sixes. Realizing that young Navy people had no experience in dealing with Army Quartermaster, I sent Master Gunnery Sergeant Joe V. Lambalzer, USMC to secure our Naval unit a half dozen six-by-sixes, with trailers, if available, another Jeep with a trailer and sufficient ten-in-on rations to supply our personnel for at least sixty days, the time we estimated it would take us to convoy the 1,200 miles to Hankow.

To refresh the readers' memory, the ten-in-one rations were so-called because each large carton contained meals sufficient for one individual for ten days or for ten indi-

viduals for one day.

The mission to the Army Quartermaster Depot was successful. Between Ensign Gabel and Gunny, we acquired the six-by-sixes, the trailers, the Jeep, and enough chow to feed the Naval I Unit Ten for approximately six months!

On Friday, September 7, 1945, U. S. Naval Unit Ten, Kweichow Province, was decommissioned. We started on our way to Hankow, the first convoy to travel Central China. Japanese troops continued to occupy the towns and villages we would travel through, and also operated the river ferries that we would encounter. American flags that we possessed were prominently displayed on my lead Jeep and the trucks.

The travel was terribly slow because of the extremely poor condition of the roads that had been bombed by the U. S. Army 14th Air Force and to hinder the Japanese advance through Central China. Depending on the condition of the roads, some days we averaged only five to seven miles per hour. As September turned to October and cooler weather, it seemed that Hankow was a million miles away, and an objective that we wouldn't reach with this convoy. One optimistic note was that the Japanese soldiers we encountered and those who ferried our convoy across numerous rivers did not show any sign of hostility. On the other hand, they didn't show any signs of friendliness either. In this regard, the feelings were mutual. While we showered the Chinese children with candies from our ten-in-one rations, we did not share our cigarettes with the Japanese troops.

On October 8, 1945, we reached the vicinity of the Tung Ting Lakes. About

1400 hours that afternoon we arrived at the larger of the lakes and we also noticed larger concentrations of Japanese troops that had not yet been disarmed by the Nationalist Chinese troops. The largest Chinese city adjacent to the Tung Ting Lakes was Yoyang, a fair size city occupied by the Japanese since about 1939. We decided to bivouac for the night at a good location besides the Tung Ting Lakes and to make a reconnaissance of Yoyang about eight or ten miles distant.

As we drove our Jeep into the town square of Yoyang, the first thing we saw (other than the Japanese soldiers patrolling the streets) was a white man wearing a well-worn blue stripe suit, dress shirt and a necktie, something we hadn't seen in wartime China since we arrived almost a year before.

He introduced himself as Reverend (or Pastor) Snyder, an American Protestant missionary who had formerly operated a large school in Yoyang but was compelled to flee to "Free China" when the Japanese took over Yoyang in 1939. Now, Rev. Snyder was back in Yoyang to assess the damage of the Japanese occupation and to reopen his mission. This seemed to be a standard procedure of American missionaries in China after V-J-Day.

As with all missionaries, regardless of faith or creed whom Naval Group China knew or met in China, Rev. Snyder had reliable intelligence that he passed on to us. First of all, there was no road between Yoyang and Hankow that our convoy could negotiate. The road simply did not exist. Therefore, it was a physical impossibility to convoy between Yoyang and Hankow. For the past seven years the Japanese depended on the narrow gauge railway that ran at night between Yoyang and Wuchang (the railroad terminal for Hankow located across the Yangtze River from Hankow) a distance of about 160 miles from Yoyang.

Reverend Snyder assured us that even though there were a few Chinese troops in Yoyang, the Japanese continued to operate the railroad to Wuchang. Accordingly, if we wanted to go to Hankow, we would have to go by Japanese operated railroad to Wuchang then cross the Yangtze by Japanese operated ferry to Hankow. The Japanese officer in charge of the railroad in Yoyang was a Captain Asa. We went down



to what passed for a railroad station to meet Captain Asa. He spoke an impeccable English. We told him that we required his railroad do transport our convoy to Wuchang so we could move to Hankow.

"How many trucks in your convey?": Captain Asa asked.

We told him six trucks with trailers and two Jeeps.

"So sorry," said Captain Asa. "The flat-cars cannot accommodate that many trucks at one time. You will have to divide your convoy into two sections. We can accommodate one section each night leaving Yoyang at 1800 hours."

We quickly agreed to Captain Asa's conditions. Half of our convoy would leave the next evening, October 9th at 1800 hours. The remainder would spend the night at Rev. Snyder's compound and follow the evening of October 10" or whenever Captain Asa had railroad facilities available. We then returned to our bivouac area on the shores of Tung Ting Lake when Tommy, our number one interpreter and all around Chinese man, had prepared a good hot meal utilizing our ten-in-one rations.

The next morning, October 9, 1945, we entered the city of Yoyang, the first American convoy or American troops to enter that occupied city, and made our way to Rev. Snyder's compound. His mission consisted of a building with classrooms and a chapel or meeting room on the first floor that held about fifty people. He occupied quarters on the second floor that was reached by a stairway from the front of the school portion of the building. The men and trucks that were to leave on the railroad that evening parked on the narrow street in front of the compound, attracting the usual large crowd of Chinese onlookers. The remainder of the trucks and men who would make the trip the following evening (hopefully) parked in Rev. Snyder's compound. The railroad distance to Wuchang was 160 miles but the trip would take almost 22 hours.

I was occupied getting the trucks squared away for our 1800 hour departure that required us to have the convoy in the freight yards about two hours earlier, pursuant to Captain Asa's instructions, so we could load "circus train" fashion when Gunny Lambalzer came up.

**On Friday, September 7, 1945, U. S. Naval Unit Ten, Kweichow Province, was decommissioned. We started on our way to Hankow, the first convoy to travel Central China. Japanese troops continued to occupy the towns and villages we would travel through, and also operated the river ferries that we would encounter. American flags that we possessed were prominently displayed on my lead Jeep and the trucks.**

It seemed that Rev. Snyder had commented that he would certainly appreciate some American coffee if we had any to spare.

"Captain, I think we ought to give Rev. Snyder a 'pounding',": Gunny said.

"A what?"

"A good ole fashion 'pounding.'"

"What's a 'pounding?'"

"A 'pounding' is when people get together and bring all sort of groceries and provisions to the pastor's house to see him through the winter months. In the old days, a pastor didn't make much more than a private in the Marine Corps (\$21. 00 per month)

. So, I'm saying that we ought to "pound" Mr. Snyder with our ten-in-one rations so he will have a good supply of American chow until the next convoy comes through."

"Wait a minute, Gunny. That chow belongs to the men. I can't order them to give up their rations."

"Captain, you look after the Ensigns and Doc Greif I'll take care of the men. We got enough ten-in-one rations to last us to Tokyo and no need to save rations for Hankow. They got good yo yo chow there." Yo yo was Gunny's reference and expression for anything Chinese.

Ten minutes later I looked up to see our men, each with a full box of ten-in-one rations under his arm, in file before Rev. Snyder's door to his mission. Gunny pounded on the door 'Rev. Snyder protested mildly when he saw the men and the boxes of rations but Gunny gently brushed him aside, and the men followed him to Rev. Snyder's quarters on the second floor where the rations were deposited in a corner of the room.

When the "pounding" concluded, Rev. Snyder came up to Gunny and me. "I don't know how to thank you good men," he said. "You are truly generous and I'm confident your generosity will be rewarded."

"Shi-," Gunny quickly corrected himself. "Shucks, Reverend, wasn't nothin."

While waiting for the time to load up on the train, Rev. Snyder entertained the men with amusing anecdotes of his missionary days in China. He could speak Chinese better than our interpreters. When the Japanese occupied Yoyang in 1939, he moved his mission and school as far west as possible to unoccupied China. After the Japanese surrender, he returned to Yoyang by sampan down the Yangtze River and the Tung Ting Lakes. Incidentally, that was the same route the Nationalist Chinese soldiers used to return to Yoyang.

About 1800 hours the first section of our convoy was completely loaded thanks to Captain Asa's efficiency and cooperation. Rev. Snyder watched the proceedings. I noticed several Chinese men in green uniforms were standing next to him. A few moments before the Japanese station master gave the equivalent of the American "highball," Rev. Snyder asked if I could accommodate the two Chinese in green uniforms and their bags.

"Who are they?" I asked

"They are Chinese postmen, and they must get to Wuchang," Rev. Snyder replied.

Pleased that we could be of assistance to the Republic of China's postal service, we extended a helping hand to the Chinese postmen, hoisted them aboard as the Japanese operated train slowly moved off to Wuchang, 160 miles and 22 hours away.

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## **QUOTES OF PRESIDENT RONALD REAGAN**

**The most terrifying words in the English language are : I'm from the government and I'm here to help you."**

**Ronald Reagan**

**Government's view of the economy could be summed up in a few short phrases; if it moves, tax it. If it keeps moving, regulate it. And if it stops moving, subsidize it."**

**Ronald Reagan**

**"I have wondered at times about what the Ten Commandments would have looked like if Moses had run them through the U. S. Congress."**

**Ronald Reagan**

**"The taxpayer: that's someone who works for the federal government but doesn't have to take the civil service examination."**

**Ronald Reagan**

**"Government is like a baby: An alimentary canal with a big appetite at one end and no sense of responsibility at the other."**

**Ronald Reagan**

**Politics is not a bad profession . if you succeed, there are many rewards; if you disgrace yourself, you can always write a book."**

**"It has been said that politics is the second oldest profession. I have learned that it bears a striking resemblance to the first."**

**Ronald Reagan**

**"No arsenal or no weapon in the world, is as formidable as the will and moral courage of free men and women."**

**Ronald Reagan**

**If we ever forget that we're one nation under God, then we will be a nation gone under."**

**Ronald Reagan**

Cont'd from pg 62.

note here. In interrogating the crew of this PB4Y-2, in talking over the details of the crash, of "coming to" in the water, and of getting safely into Chinese hands, one fact is common to all the stories. Co-pilot, crew members and Passenger Bell join in saying, in the words of one of them, "I'd like to say, Lieutenant, that our pilot, Jim Evans, was '4.0' during the whole damned thing. He 'took over' from the moment we hit the water until we met the Navy and he really took care of the lot of us. I guess you'd call his actions that day 'heroic'; whatever they were, it's darned sure that we all owe our lives pretty much to his quick-thinking and cool-headedness."

Lieut. (jg) James Evans showed himself to be all man that day in March, 1945, and his conduct was truly a credit to the United States Naval Service.

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**Pauline Rice** with one of her great-grand children – the grand- child of her daughter Jeanne and husband Rick. What a beautiful family; sorry I didn't have space to show all of her "greats" so I chose a picture that I like because Pauline looks so beautiful. She always was and age has even enhanced her. Her late husband, Will, would have been so proud of his family. There are three other daughters= Paula and Jukie = Elaine and Ralph = Janie and Jim, and as of last week (this is May 21) she now has 19 great-grandchildren! My mother, Erma & I, loved Will and Pauline. *rlr*



# SACO VETERANS 55<sup>TH</sup> REUNION

OCT. 7<sup>TH</sup> = OCT 10<sup>TH</sup> 2009  
MIDLAND HILTON PLAZA  
MIDLAND, TEXAS

BOBBY GRACE, SON OF SACO VET ROBERT AND WIFE BETTY LOU GRACE, OUR HOST FOR THIS YEAR. BOBBY'S PHONE: (432) - 238-8074  
Email= [rgrace@rgracejr.com](mailto:rgrace@rgracejr.com)



## WEDNESDAY OCT. 7

REGISTRATION - HOSPITALITY RM OPEN - NO EVENTS PLANNED. PERHAPS TOUR DOWNTOWN

## THURSDAY OCT. 8

7AM TO 9AM BREAKFAST AT HOTEL



9:15AM TO 11:30AM TOUR PARMIAN BASIN OIL FIELD ENDING AT MUSEUM FOR LUNCH - BAR BQ CATERED BY KDS BBQ

12:30PM TO 2:00PM PETROLEUM MUSEUM.

2:00PM RETURN TO HOTEL AND HOSPITALITY RM

6:30PM MEXICAN FIESTA ACROSS FROM HOTEL



## FRIDAY OCT. 9

7AM TO 9:AM BREAKFAST AT HOTEL



8AM-9AM TRUSTEES' MEETING

9:15AM BOARD BUS AND TOUR AIRPOWER HERITAGE MUSEUM AND NOSE ART GALLERY AT CAF HDQTRS.

AFTERNOON AND EVE - ON YOUR OWN

## SAT. OCT 10

7AM TO 9AM BREAKFAST AT HOTEL



9AM-10AM GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING

10:30AM BOARD BUSES FOR AIRSHO 2009 11AM-4P

6PM-6:30 NO HOST COCKTAILS

6:30PM DOUBLE TEN BANQUET-SACO MEDAL