

SACO VETERANS OF THE RICE PADDY NAVY CHINA

WHAT

Perpetual Skipper

THE

HELL?

VAdm. Milton E. "Mary" Miles



50
YEARS
50
YEARS

*Our "Father" in SACO who left us 50 years ago this past March.
Adm. Milton E. "Mary" Miles holds one of his little girl friends in China in WWII*



*When you get what you want
in your struggle for self
And the world makes you a
king for a day*

(from Judy Barbieri)

*Just go to the mirror and look at yourself
And see what That man has to say,
For isn't your father or mother or wife
Who judgment upon you must pass.
The fellow whose verdict counts most in your life
Is the one staring back from the glass.
Some people may think you a straight shootin' chum
And call you a wonderful guy,
But the man in the glass says you're only a bum..
If you can't look him straight in the eye,
He's the fellow to please, never mind all the rest
For he's with you clear up to the end
And you've passed the most dangerous difficult test.
If the man in the glass is your friend.
You may feel the whole world down the pathway of years
And get pats on the back as you pass,
But your final reward will be heartaches and tears
If you've cheated the man in the glass.*



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SACO HISTORY

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

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

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

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

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.

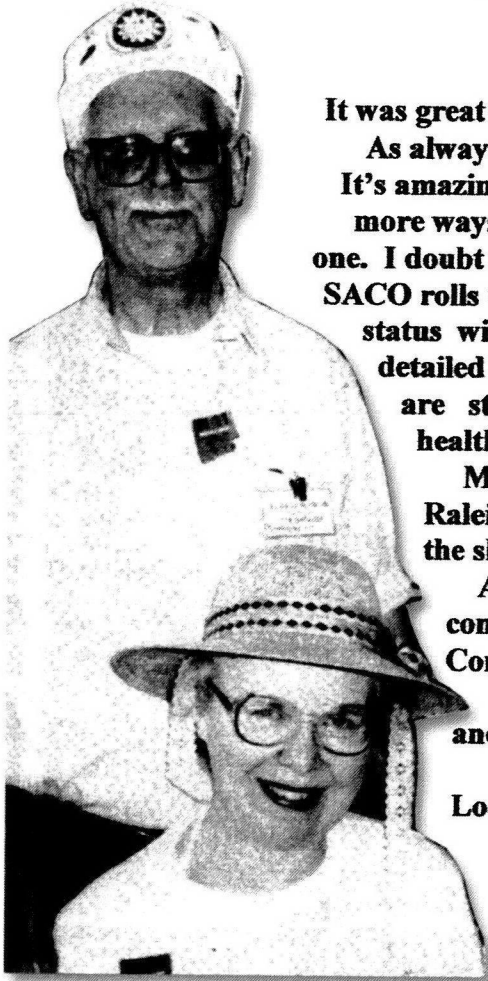
The publication is sometimes referred to as "What The Hell" magazine due to the pennant shown on the cover of every issue, which is symbolic of SACO members. It was a pennant dreamed up by our skipper, which he would fly on his ships as a personal novelty to arouse curiosity in his

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!"

???!!!***

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

March 5, 2011



It was great to find issue #39 of the *SACO NEWS* in my mail a few days ago. As always I read it cover to cover—this time Chinese style—back to front. It's amazing how you can turn out such a professional publication; slick in more ways than one. Your tribute to Paul Casamajor was a well deserved one. I doubt if any of us were aware of the untold hours he spent keeping the SACO rolls up to date. Last month I wrote him a letter asking for my dues status with no reply—causing some concern here. Thanks to your detailed account in *SACO NEWS*, am happy to learn Paul and Martha are still with us despite the onset of Father Time and the inevitable health issues.

Must admit there were very few familiar faces that attended the Raleigh convention, but thankfully, others have stepped in to keep the show on the road.

As far as I know, there are only two other survivors of the 2nd contingent that arrived in Camp 4. Besides myself, is Mike Conway and perhaps Elmer "Bud" Harmon.

My wife, June and I, are no longer up to reunions – we're 84 and 89, soon to observe 62 years of wedded bliss.

Looking forward to issue #40.

Hang in there,

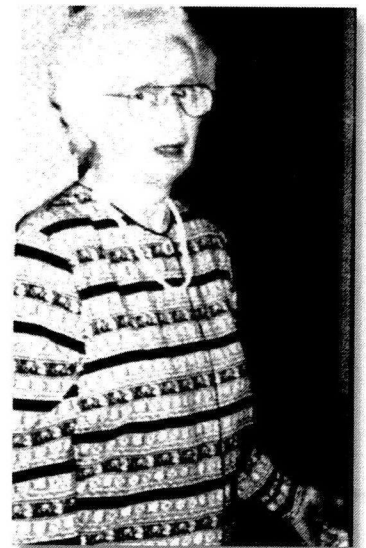
Jack & June Shear

???!!!***

Feb. 28, 2011
Frazeysburgh, Ohio
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Thank you so very much, Richard, for being so thoughtful! I do appreciate your bringing up such GREAT MEMORIES OF SACO AND THE SPECIAL FRIENDS. It was good to talk with you and in today's mail, your issue of the newsletter. You keep getting better, my friend! Also, thanks for reinstating my membership. The past months have brought unwelcome changes. Physical problems have beset you, too. Anyway, I promptly sat down and read it. Paul Casamajor's tribute was excellent – he and so many of you have kept the group together and informed. Each issue is special and with different information. Dennis (*her son*) thoroughly enjoyed golfing with Ellen Booth in VA. He retired from OWENS CORNING 2 years ago – fell 11feet off a roof onto his shoulder 15 years ago – has a space-age shoulder joint – worked hard to regain use of that arm so he could golf. Now uses Dad's workshop and tools to earn extra for that hobby. Their father left them quite a legacy – both in being a good father and abilities.

cont'd



Spring always brings good and sometimes sad memories – we were married in March and lost him in May. We had 48 years and Bob always commented, “It would have been 50 if she had said ‘yes’ first time I asked her.” Glad he put up with all my faults and still loved me.

.... It’s hard to believe Williamsburg, VA gathering was 10 years ago. Had a special time with granddaughter, Ginger. 2 years ago April – 10-day Panama Canal cruise. Further blessed as she was/is in remission



Alma Cochran and Mona Miller

from Hodgkins Cancer – chemo/red/stem cell – AMEN. We kinda did ‘our own thing’ and

the girls in my life after 4 boys are a joy. Chuckle of the trip: A Florida couple missed Texas connections for flight to Acapulco due to unusual high winds – the First stop after 2 days was at a neat, small port in Guatemala. We saw 2 very tired people trudging up the gangplank with luggage and wondered.

That afternoon I was enjoying the hot tub and the guy was in it – they flew from Texas to Guatemala City, and his wife was deadly afraid of all the armed guards everywhere and they spent the night, driving the next day to the port on a mini-bus with native driver who stopped at every road intersection and made the sign of the cross before proceeding!

Ginger climbed the rapids in OCHO RIOUS, Jamaica and took a river rafting trip – brave gal – she’s also a firefighter/paramedic/nurse near Columbus, Ohio.

Soooo, Richard, my friend, this ole gal has so much to be thankful for. Tom retired from AEP plant, too and has a small *WAS GONNA* business – picks and chooses carpentry/repair jobs, lives in Dresden, 9 miles away. C. Bob is still at Owens-Corning Fiberglass in Newark – major changes there, too, but he is in maintenance, with retirement benefits, a thing of the past as you are aware.

Daryl moved back home 3 ½ years ago after giving up the dream of teaching school – now drives a semi for a local farm distributing firm and likes it. Eats anything so it gives mom a reason to cook occasionally. These 3 keep the woodworking shop busy and as their dad did – “buying one last tool!” Alma, *my best friend and aunt, is hone now recouping from a nasty broken right arm Thanksgiving . - daughter moved in with her and she is content.

There were several familiar names in the SACO NEWS and brought great memories back.

**Alma attended several SACO reunions with Mona*

Thanks and love and prayers,

Mona

+++++

A NEW WINE FOR SENIORS

California vintners in the Napa Valley area, which primarily produces Pinot Blanc, Pinot Noir, and Pinot Grigio wines, have developed a new hybrid grape that acys as an anti-diuretic. It is expected to reduce the number of trips older people have to go to the bathroom during the night.

The new wine will be marketed as Pino More,

To Richard

1-21-11

we can't make the trip to Taiwan next year.

Thanks for the patch (SACO patch for RI men), it is very well done. I removed the original from my blue jacket, but lost it somehow thru the years. The brightness doesn't seem the same. I'm sure you designed the original as none of the rest of us had the ability. I'm sure you remember the 14 who came back together on the General Hayes.

We are both suffering with arthritis. I use a cane and a walker. Rich uses a cane. I also have COPD and have to use oxygen at times. Rich is 93 and I am 91, so I guess we have to expect health problems.

Your memory is better than mine, but just in case, I'm listing them.

Kenny Brown
Bob Erwin
Bill Hall
Bob Jerome
Jack Lamke
Jack Miller
Jim Miller

Bill Miller
John Reising
"Bud" Richards
Richard Rutan
Bob Schumacher
Charlie Sellers
O. J. Smith



Richard and Mathilda Bannier

Take care, Love, Charlie

Charlie, I must confess, I'd had to do some Research to remember all of these, but I recall and I thank you! Memory has faded somewhat, but haven't forgotten my buddies – just when, where, who, and why sometimes. rlr

We celebrated our 70th Anniversary July 29th, so I guess we should be grateful for that, which we sure are.

Hope you aren't suffering too much. You've really had one thing after another the past few years.

Take care, Richard. Hope you have a happy holiday and much luck next year.

???!!!***

To Richard

Christmas 2010

I guess by now, since Rich never called you,

Mathilda Bannier

???!!!***

STRANGE BUT TRUE

(From American Legion Post 301 Rancho Mirage, CA)

- *Leonardo Da Vinci could write with one hand and draw with the other at the same time.
- *The first product to have a bar code was Wrigley's gum.
- *The pound sign (#) on your keyboard is called an "octothorp."
- *You can shed forty pounds of skin in a lifetime.
- *Mexico City is sinking an average of 10 inches a year.
- *The average four-year-old will ask over 400 questions a day.
- *Your eyes remain the same size from birth, but noses/ears never stop growing.
- *The sentence "the quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog" uses every letter in the English alphabet.
- *The name of all the continents start and end with the same letter.

A DIKE JUMPER IN THE RICE PADDY NAVY

A Story About Friendship & About Richard Terpstra's stint in SACO

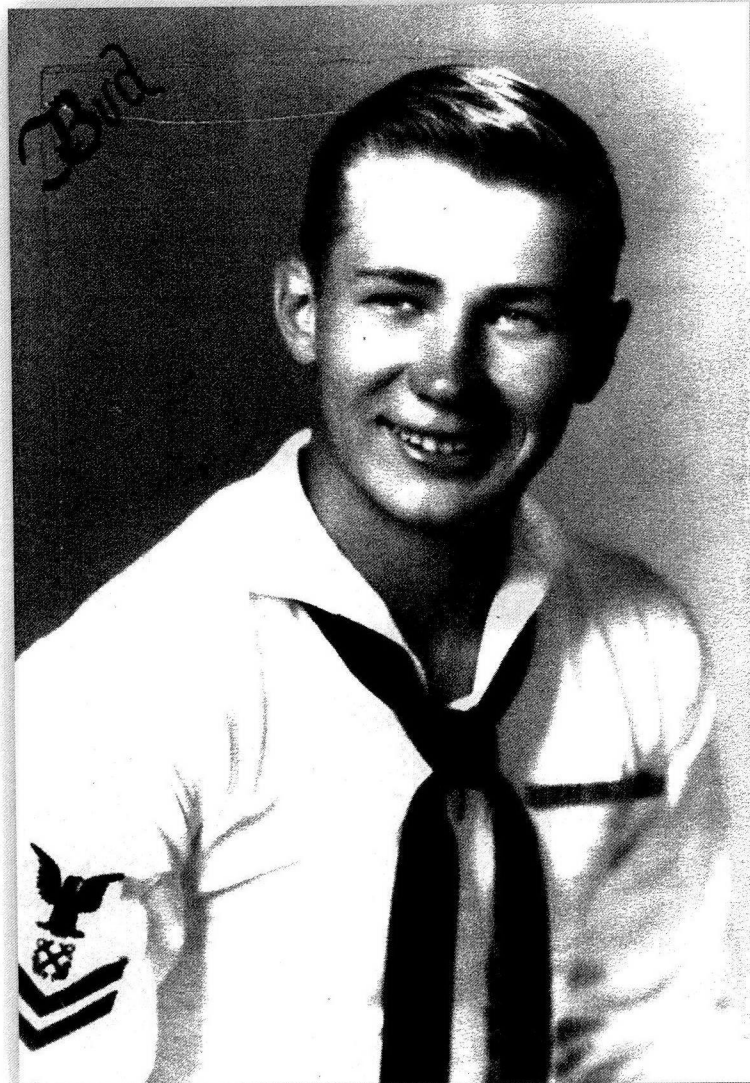
~Friendship

Throughout the ages, warriors, philosophers, poets and bards have tried to define and explain friendship, but in the final analysis, friendship defies definition – it cannot be contained or measured – and it resists being separated into its component parts.

This is the story about friendship. It is a story written for and about Richard Terpstra and about his involvement with SACO, the Sino-American Cooperative Organization based in mainland China in WWII. It is about how sixty years after the war ended, the SACO veterans and their wives entered and enriched my life through a *What the Hell* magazine called *SACO News*. Strange but true. ???!!!***

Jacqueline Tompkins-Weede
May 23, 2008

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The Two Buds

Richard Terpstra (called Dick, Bud or Terp) is a long-time friend of my husband Edward Weede (called Ed or Bud). I first heard of him at my husband's 50th Central High School Reunion in Traverse City, Michigan. Bud and I were on the Reunion Committee. John Ott, a mutual friend of both "Buds" played high school football with my husband and now played golf with Dick Terpstra in Grand Rapids where they both lived. John Ott seldom attended the high school reunions, but he did come to the 50th. When Bud and I were standing in the receiving line at the door, John Orr congratulated my husband on our recent marriage. Then he winked broadly at me, wrapped us both in a two-armed bear hug, and whispered loudly that Dick Terpstra wanted to know if ours had been a "shot-gun nuptial." Bud was sixty-eight and I was sixty-five. That was my introduction to "Terp."

Dick Terpstra and Ed Weede met at Central Michigan University in Mount Pleasant, Michigan where they were both attending college on the WWII GI Bill. They were teammates on the Central Michigan football team and stayed "good buddies" long after they hung up their cleats and started raising families. Both men stood a tad over six feet in those early days and were called "Bud" by their friends. Tall and lean in their youth, the "Buds" were self-reliant, fun-loving, and physical. It was inevitable that they would marry strong-willed, good-looking girls, who liked each other and put up with their shenanigans.

On a mild morning in late November 1948, Jeanne Woods (deceased) was making plans for Thanksgiving Dinner. Usually, the Weedes went home to family in Traverse City, but this year Bud, Jeanne, and eight-month-old Christine were staying in Mount Pleasant.

"Let's have some people over, Bud," said Jeanne. "We'll invite Dick and Marti and maybe a couple of your teammates who can't get home. What do you think?"

"Sounds good, Jeanne," answered Bud. "Now don't you worry about getting a turkey. Terp and I will take care of that."

And so they did. Terp had been telling Bud about a turkey farm he passed on his way to and from the local golf course.

"They're nice birds, Bud," said Terp. "Just ready for plucking – and one's got our name on it. Let's cop us a bird."

The next night, Bud Weede and two football teammates just out of high school piled into Dick Terpstra's Model A and chugged out to the turkey farm where hundreds of handsome birds were clucking in the barnyard.

"You guys get out here, and I'll keep driving around the block. Find us a nice bird and then get out of there fast - there's still lights on in the house. I'll be ready for a fast get away. Better take my lug wrench, Bud, but don't lose it."

So that's what they did. Three strapping Central Michigan Chippewas (Bud recently discharged from the Marines) piled out of a Model A Ford, climbed over a four-foot woven wire fence, skidded on turkey doo, and slipped into the mass of quietly clicking birds. Bud was the first to get his hands around the neck of a twenty-pound "Tom." He tunked the bird a good one on the head with Terp's wrench, and then tunked it again for good measure.

"Let's get out of here before that farmer hears us – he's probably got a loaded shotgun by the back door," said Bud grabbing the dead bird by the neck. The three men ran back to the fence, climbed out and piled into the waiting car.

"What took you guys so long?" complained Terp. "Did you get a good one? I'm running out of gas. Where's my lug wrench, Bud?"

Later that night, Terp and Bud plucked and cleaned the turkey on the Weede kitchen table and the next day, Jeanne and Marti fixed turkey, stuffing, mashed potatoes – green bean casserole and salad. That evening the four members of the “Turkey Patrol” sat around the table drinking beer in the Weede apartment in Vetsville while baby Chris in her highchair, kept her eyes on the turkey. In his pre-dinner prayer, Bud gave thanks for the food on the table, for their good friends, and for not getting caught. Sixty years later, the two white-haired ‘Buds’ remember the holiday meal and smile in the memory. “It was a good turkey, Terp.” “Yeah, but you lost my lug wrench, you jarhead – that was a good wrench. Lucky it’s your prints on it.”

. . . I asked Terp how he met Marti – his wife of 59 year “Met her at college,” was his reply. “But where did you meet her, Terp?”

“In a PhysEd class – yeah, it was in PE 101 – Elements of Dance, they called it. I remember there were too many guys in the class and not enough girls. The teacher put little stickers on the foreheads of some of the guys – they would have to dance with the girls’ part in the class.”

“Heck no – I was just out of the Navy. I wasn’t going to dance like a girl – I was going to dance with the prettiest girl in the class. I went up to her and told her that she was going on be my partner for the rest of the semester – and she was. I don’t think either one of us ever dated anyone else after that. Marti and me. That’s the way it was.”

My own husband, Edward Weede, quit high school in his senior year to join the Marines – after football season, of course. He already had met the requirements for graduation and like Terp, he got his diploma in absentia. Bud Weede went through boot camp, sailed through the Panama Canal, fought with the Sixth Replacement Division on Okinawa, and celebrated the end of the war on Guam. After a brief stay in Tsingtao, China, he was shipped back to the states on the hospital ship, Refuge, spent time in the Great Lakes Naval Hospital and given a medical discharge. He was nineteen when he returned to his mother’s house in Traverse City.

.....The Early Years

Richard Irving Terpstra was born on September 5, 1926 in Grand Rapids, Michigan, the only son of Ralph and Margaret Ronda Terpstra. Dick’s sister Mildred was two years his senior and sister Marilyn, two years younger. The father, Ralph Terpstra, worked hard as an upholsterer to support his family during the Great Depression and tried to provide a good example for his son. The Terpstras lived just a stone’s throw from Gramma Ronda, Margaret’s mother. Dick told me she was known as “Mooga” He thought it was the Dutch word for grandmother.

One morning when five-year-old Dickie went into the parlor to see Mooga, she was sitting quietly in her chair. Her dog Snowball was barking furiously – trying to get Dick’s attention.

“Dickie,” said Mooga, “make that dog shut up and then will you bring me my mail?”

“Sure, Mooga. Shut up, Snowball.”

Later, Dick told his mother that after he had quieted the dog, he got his grandmother’s mail and asked if she wanted him to open the envelopes.

“She didn’t answer me, Mom – Mooga wouldn’t talk to me.”

Grandma Rhonda would never talk to Dick again. Mooga had died in her chair when Dick went to get the mail.

The Terpstras were a family of Dutch ancestry living in a predominately Dutch community. They belonged to the Walker Christian Reform Church where every Sunday, Dick and his sisters went to Sunday School and to the morning and evening services with their parents. All of the children attended weekly confirmation classes for two years preparing for church membership. Reverend Peter Voss was the minister and had a booming voice and a heavy hand. The church was a white frame building with wide steps that led up to the double doors to the sanctuary and a tall steeple housed the brass bell that called the congregation to worship. The bell was a temptation to Dick.

“One of these days I’m going to pull that bell rope,” Dick told his sisters. “One of these days I’m going to ring that old bell.”

And he did. One day after confirmation class Dick yielded to temptation. Although he had to jump up to grab the rope, he yanked it hard and rang the bell – but even in those days, he didn’t know his own strength. After a few loud **GONGS** the bell flipped upside down in its wooden cradle and no matter how hard he yanked, it stayed that way. Dick got a licking right then and there from Reverend Voss and another one from his father when he got home. Ralph Terpstra had to climb a ladder to the top of the bell tower to “right” the bell. Dick’s escapade was the talk of the congregation and his mother was embarrassed and cried..

The Terpstras were a close family with Christian values – but they liked to laugh and they liked each other. Dick remembers his mother’s passion for catching bluegills. Every summer the family rented a cabin at Big Star Lake near Baldwin where they spent a week swimming and fishing. Sometimes his dad’s brothers would come up to the cabin and would take Terp rabbit hunting. They had a couple Beagle hound dogs.

When he went to Union High school in Grand Rapids, Dick played left guard on the football team and did his best to stay out of trouble and make his folks proud of him. He waited until after the football season in his senior year before he announced he was going to join the Navy. His mother cried and begged him not to go. She told him she’d give him \$25 if he would stay home and graduate from high school, but he was determined to enlist. When he said he’d run away from home if he had to. Ralph Terpstra reluctantly signed the enlistment application and his only son went off to war. He was seventeen years old.

“What was the most important thing you learned from your father, Terp?” I asked.

“That’s easy,” he replied. “Dad taught me right from wrong and the importance of keeping your word and being honest. I never forgot and I’ve always tried to do the right thing. I raised my own kids the same way and they know right from wrong, too. They’re all good kids and the grandchildren are great, too. I’m a lucky man.

SACO

I’m writing this story about Dick Terpstra because he is an interesting man and every time he sees me he asks what I’m writing about now. He liked the book I wrote about his friend, Bud Weede. I’m waiting for him to ask the writing question again – I think he’ll be surprised and I hope he’ll be pleased.

Richard Terpstra attended Union High School in Grand Rapids, Michigan and like Bud Weede, he was a long way from home when his classmates got their sheepskins. He was seventeen years old when he joined the Navy in 1944. His father got his diploma in the mail.

First, six weeks of boot training at Great Lakes near Chicago and then off to Camp Bradford, Virginia for specialized LST training. The LST training never happened, but it was at Camp Bradford that Dick and others were approached by several naval officers who asked them if they thought they were tough enough to volunteer for “secret and hazardous duty” in the Far East. It sounded good to them and they knew they were tough enough.- more than tough enough. Dick Terpstra and the other volunteers trained for three months at the Roger 1 Amphibious School at Fort Pierce, Florida. Training included the specialized elements of scouting, raiding and demolition because their assignment in occupied China would be to clear and capture ports and harbors on the coastline and to be knowledgeable of the handling of small sailing crafts called sampans and the larger ones called junks. To that end, their boat training included the use and repair of outboard motors. Then, they got into close unarmed combat training and the

construction and setting of booby traps. Finally, they learned the intricacies of air and underwater demolition, beach jumping and much, much more.

Mainland China, prior to World War II, had an archaic transportation system and its communication system was not much better. Motorized transportation, as we know it, was almost non-existent because there were no roads (paved or otherwise) to accommodate cars or trucks. Walking, often as much as thirty miles a day, was the most common way of getting from one place to another. A curious two-wheeled cart pulled by one or two men was used to transport tourists and dignitaries in the cities. It was called a rickshaw. The sampans and junks transported people and freight on China's rivers and long coastline, but humans using the yoke called a Yo-Yo stick carried most of the freight in rural areas.

After their training at Fort Pierce, the SACO volunteers were herded on passenger trains and made the long overland trip to Long Beach, California. Once there, they boarded a troop ship called the Norton for a long monotonous voyage across the Pacific Ocean with the ship stopping in Pearl Harbor so that the body of a Colonel who had died of a heart attack could be transferred for burial. Then – off to Australia. After a very brief stay in the harbor at Sydney, the ship continued on to Calcutta, India where the SACO men were billeted for three weeks in barracks at Camp Knox. Their stay in Calcutta was hot, crowded, dirty and uneventful. Camp Knox, built to house 450 men, was now bursting with nearly 1,000. Most, like Terp, were waiting for space on transport planes. They were waiting to “Fly the Hump” into mainland China. Called the most dangerous air route in the world, the planes often had to fly through the mountain passes. Harold Bonin says in Issue 16 of the **SACO News** that during a three-year period in WWII, 400 American planes crashed on that route from India to China taking the lives of 1,400 American crewmen. In any event, when the Army finally cleared them for transport, the SACO men boarded C-47's flown by General Claire Chennault's “Flying Tigers.” Finally, they were on their way to “secret and hazardous duty.”

For the next fourteen months, Richard Terpstra served as a scout and raider in SACO – the “Rice Paddy Navy.” Pronounced “Socko,” the name stands for Sino-American Cooperative Organization and was conceived by the governments of China and the United States in 1943 and approved by the two top leaders of the U.S. and China – President Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. Generalissimo Chiang appointed General Tai Li as Director of SACO and Commander Milton “Mary” Miles was appointed Deputy Director. Milton Miles would later have the rank of Rear Admiral.

Comprised of 2,500 American sailors, Marines and a few U.S. Coast Guardsmen, the SACO volunteers trained tens of thousands of Chinese guerrillas in eighteen camps and then they fought side by side with them. All of this happened hundreds of miles behind enemy lines. China had millions of young men who were ready to give their lives for their country, but they had no guns or bullets and never had been trained. They would walk hundreds of miles to show up at a SACO training camp nearly starved and with bleeding feet and once there, the SACO doctors and medics made them eat, rest and recuperate before starting their training.

The purpose of SACO was to help set the stage for a future U.S. invasion of mainland China that was currently occupied by the Japanese troops. This involved training Chinese troops in the following: care and use of firearms and booby traps; elements of guerrilla warfare; setting up weather and intelligence-gathering stations; relaying that information to U.S. warships and submarines cruising off the coast of China; pinpointing strategic targets for U.S. Air Force and Navy; providing air-ground communication against advancing enemy troops; and finally – harassing and demoralizing the Japanese occupation troops in whatever way they could.

Specialists were flown in from the United States to provide aerial an underwater demolition training in both to the Chinese guerrillas and the American SACO volunteers. The guerrillas learned to use patrol and sentry dogs to reduce troop loss from sniper fire and in addition, Chinese educators were taught selective animal husbandry and up-to-date techniques of raising crops and livestock. Many of the SACO volunteers were coast watchers, reporting on enemy shipping, intercepting Japanese code, rescuing downed American airmen and being involved in other military, medical and humanitarian endeavors.

From June 1944 to July 1945 SACO guerrillas killed 23,540 Japs, wounded 9,166 and captured 291 In addition, they destroyed 209 bridges, 84 locomotives, 141 ships and river craft and 97 depots and warehouses. It is said that the secret of SACO's success was the friendship between the American servicemen and the Chinese people and the guerrillas. In fact, "Friendship" was their code word and that friendship continues today as evidenced by yearly reunions of SACO veterans and high-ranking officers from Taiwan. The glue that holds this friendship together is a magazine called the SACO News edited by Richard Rutan.

The Foochow Bunch

When I talked to Terp about his experiences in China, he downplayed his own duty. He said that his group did soundings of the tides at the mouth of the Mi River in Foochow in preparation for future landings of American troops and equipment. He said he didn't want me to write about his China experience – "I wasn't that significant," he said. He said that the Foochow bunch blew things up and then "hightailed" it out – on the double.

He remembers the day he finally arrived in China. He said they issued the SACO guys an extra pair of socks and then took them on a twenty-seven mile hike to a target north of Foochow in occupied territory. Once they got there, they blew up whatever they were supposed to and then started the long way back to camp. Terp said it was a long hard hike over almost nonexistent foot trails. He said a few, not many, of the SACO men dropped out from exhaustion or bleeding feet, but most of them made it back all the way on their feet. Terp was one of them.

I asked him about the Yo Yo (Yatcho) sticks I had read about in the books he loaned me. He said there was quite a trick to carrying the Yo Yo sticks. Made of tough "springy" wood, the stick is balanced on the shoulder of the carrier, either as a yoke over both shoulders or as a balancing stick across one shoulder. For both positions, a rope is tied to each end of the stick. Then the rope is tied to a receptacle containing the load – for example woven baskets for stuff like vegetables and fruits, and pails, nicknamed honey pots, for the daily human waste. Old men and children carried the honey pots to the rice paddies where it was used to fertilize the rice. I've read that when the pole is well made and the loads probably balanced, a coolie could carry loads up to eighty pounds for long distances over rough terrain. Terp said the Chinese coolies murmured something like "eh ho, eh ho, eh ho" as they jogged along. The cadence of their steps in some way seemed to lighten the load and turned it into a sympathetic burden.

Dick told me about the two cobra snakes they found in their newly constructed showers one morning, and about the rats that constantly tried to get inside their sleeping quarters at camp and under their mosquito netting when they were in the field.

He smiled to himself when he told me about the jinricksha (rickshaw) races they had in Foochow when, at late night, the SACO guys would put their coolie drivers in the seat of the rickshaws and pull them for a change. He talked a little about traveling in sampans and junks and about a buddy of his who had blown up a Japanese vessel in the harbor of Amoy. He told me the names of some of his buddies in SACO – Louie Canfield, someone named Kenny, and Jack Richardson. He said the Foochow Gang included Duke Zucks, Sal Ciaccio, Guy Tressler,

W.C. Williamson, James Whitlock, and R. F. Weber. They still get together at reunions and talk to each other by phone. One of the group named Jimmie Dunn* started a successful car business in Calcutta after the war. He died recently.

"What did you eat when you were in China," I asked, "and did you eat with chopsticks, Terp?"

"Dick Terpstra scratched his head and said "What did we eat? I'll have to think about that a minute. It's been a long time."

Finally, he said, "We ate rice mostly with vegetables and whatever meat was available – duck, chicken, pork or water buffalo. The food was okay, it really was, but it wasn't American home cooking – and that's for sure."

"Didn't the cooks use seasonings? You know, spices and herbs?"

"Sure, they did, but it was seasoning we weren't used to. The Army would fly in food supplies for us and one time the boxes had bunches of green onions in them. Boy, did we enjoy those green onions."

"Was the water buffalo good? Was it tender? Did it taste like beef?"

"It was okay. It tasted like water buffalo and you know if you cook something long enough, it will be tender – even shoe leather, I suppose."

"What about chopsticks?" "Did you eat with chopsticks?"

"Yes, we did," he replied, "we ate with chopsticks whenever we had them, but most of the time we ate with our fingers and drank our tea straight out of the spout on the teapot. – that's when we were in camp, that is. I guess we were the only navy swabbies who were glad when they got their hands on army "10 in 1 rations."

He told me about eating chicken almost every day, but balking when the Chinese cooks served chicken feet, combs or waddles.

I asked him about the six-to-eight week orientation they had prior to going to China. I asked if it was part of their special training. Terp said that he didn't remember any orientation. He remembered the physical stuff. He said they would do physical stuff all day and then go to classes at night.

"I remember one guy talking to us about snakes. He had only one finger on one of his hands and had a bunch of snakes up there on the stage. Boy, I didn't like those snakes."

"What kind of snakes, Terp?"

"I don't know. What difference does it make? There are rattlesnakes, cottonmouths, cobras, I think. They told us about the coral reefs – said if we got scratched or cut by the coral reefs we had to get it taken care of right away."

I could see that Terp was tiring of all of my questions and getting restless so I put down my pen and I listened as he told Bud about the upcoming reunion.

...He told us that the 2,500 SACO volunteers who served in China during WWII had been awarded fewer medals than any other branch of service even though they were hundreds of miles behind the enemy lines and each of them had a price on their head –dead or alive.

"Why is that, Terp?" I asked.

"I guess it was because our mission was so secret and it wasn't battlefield dangerous or fighter glamorous. Only the top brass knew what we were doing. We were sent there to get information, to blow things up and to harass the enemy – we kept the Japanese troops off their guard and rattled. Even our families didn't know where we were or what we were doing. Our letters to our families were censored, you know – the censors cut out anything that might identify where we were or what we were doing. Some of those letters looked like a slice of Swiss cheese. Besides, we all had taken an oath of secrecy that wasn't lifted for years after we had been discharged – we all kept our mouths shut until the oath of secrecy had been lifted and some guys didn't talk even then."

The SACO men were the silent secret intelligence brigade of WWII - chosen for their stamina and ability to fight, pledged to secrecy, each with a \$2,500 bounty on their heads. They were constantly on the move to avoid detection or capture. According to Admiral "Mary" Miles, countless acts of heroism and valor were written up and many officers and enlisted men were recommended for citations and medals, but few were even acknowledged, much less acted upon by the brass in Washington, D.C. Now, sixty years later, the government in Taiwan continues to recognize the valor and service rendered by the SACO volunteers and sends its high-ranking army officers to attend the annual SACO reunions where they award medals and citations to the surviving SACO volunteers. The Sino-American Cooperative Organization is alive and well - and the spirit of friendship continues to flourish. The Chinese government in Taiwan continues to show appreciation and respect for what Terp and his buddies did so many years ago.

The Reunion

I don't remember just when Terp told us he was the chairman of the 2008 SACO Reunion and that it would be held in Grand Rapids, Michigan, but Bud and I were floored when he told us he was taking on the job alone.

"Oh, I've got help," he said, "my daughter, Lynn and my daughter-in-law, Karen set up a fax machine in my home in Baldwin and they do the computer stuff. I do the legwork in Grand Rapids - selecting a good hotel with decent prices, arranging for tours, selecting the food for the banquet and getting presents for the visiting Chinese dignitaries - stuff like that."

When I started writing this story three months ago, it was just to be about the recollections of two old friends (Dick Terpstra and Bud Weede) who had played football together in college and who had always liked and respected each other. But as Dick saw our growing interest in his SACO Reunion, he shared some of his library of SACO magazines with us. The stories, pictures and letters in the magazine piqued our interest and we began to ask for more and more information. SACO News became our favorite reading material and we began to recognize names and faces of people we would never have met. In each copy of the magazine we looked for updates on their health and marveled at the cavalier attitude they had toward old age, infirmities, and even death and dying. At our last dinner meeting in Mesick he presented us with a beautiful issue of the SACO News featuring information about the annual 54th Reunion that will be held from June 18 through June 21, 2008.

This year, 2008, Dick Terpstra will be given a special honor. Sixty years ago, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek had twenty-five gold and silver rings, wondrously designed by Chinese goldsmiths, to be presented to President Franklin Delano Roosevelt and other key Army, Navy and Marine leaders who demonstrated their support to China. Throughout the years, a select number of SACO officers and enlisted men have received rings - those who exemplified the unique qualities of SACO and who have worked tirelessly to keep the spirit of friendship alive and remembered. Dick Terpstra will be awarded one of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's rings at this year's reunion in Grand Rapids, Michigan. It's hard for me to imagine what an honor it will be for him.

Going Back

I've been struggling with Terp's story. The material is so good and my writing doesn't do him justice. Finally, it dawned on me that in the four months I've been working on Terp's story, I haven't been able to find his voice. At age eight-two, he is a vigorous, opinionated man who is both gregarious but very private. He plays his cards close to his chest. He is an honest and loyal man who is accustomed to taking charge. One day I telephoned Terp to ask what his football jersey number was. He said he thought maybe it was "61" but he couldn't be sure. Then I asked him if he

could remember any of the sounds he heard in China. He was quiet on the phone. I thought he was going to hang up on me, but he was just thinking.

"Yes, I remember," he said. "The sounds I remember are the voices of the children. We would be sleeping in the field and wake up to the sound of the children as they carried those honey pots out to the rice paddies. It was just getting light and I could see those little kids carrying those pots of shit on their YoYo sticks. I can still hear them chanting 'Eh ho, eh ho, eh ho.' Isn't that funny – I still remember."

"Tell me what you saw, Terp. Tell me about China."

"Well the China I knew was different. The rivers I saw were dirty – filled with all kinds of nasty stuff. We lived on the river in Foochow, you know. We lived and worked out of a three-story house on the Mi River. It had a basement, the first story extended out over the water and our sleeping quarters were on the second floor. That was home to us, and wherever we went, we made do, we made it our home. I remember a family who lived and worked on a sampan on the Mi River. There was a girl about twelve, a boy who was a little older and his mother and father. When the girl reached the marriageable age, she and the boy would marry and they would have a sampan of their own. They lived on those little boats and made their living carrying freight. When they got to their destination downstream, they unloaded their freight and started back. That was harder, going against the current, you know. Sometimes the whole family would get out of the boat and pull – sometimes the man and boy could do it by themselves. They pulled the sampans with rope, walking along the side of the river. When they'd get back home, they'd get another load and do the same thing all over again. That was their life."

"Did you travel on sampans, Terp?"

"Oh, sure. That was how we traveled – that and walking. I remember one time a bunch of us were on the river and we saw a flock of geese going over.

"Did they sound like the geese back home?"

"I suppose they did, but what I remember was that we decided to see if we could pick off a few with our Thompson Submachine guns. Those are slow-acting weapons, Jacky, and the bullets don't travel very fast. The thing I remember, and I don't know why, is that when the sun was shining just right, I could actually see the bullets going out of the Thompsons and going up through the air – just like tracers."

"Did you hit any of the geese?"

"Sure, we did – and some Chinese family had goose for supper. One more thing. After the war ended, the Foochow Camp closed up and some of us from the SACO bunch were transferred up to Shanghai and assigned to Shore Patrol. We lived in a pretty nice hotel and ate in restaurants most of the time. The first thing we did when we got our room assignment was to order up eighteen cases of Greasy Dick Beer. Isn't that something? I still remember the Greasy Dick Beer. It was five cents a bottle. End of story, I gotta go."

... . As I work on the rewrite of Terp's story, I think about the letters to the editor from the SACO veterans and their loved ones. I think about the *SACO News* and how Richard Rutan has preserved a slice of history – and how the *SACO News* has been the vehicle that enables the SACO Vets to keep in touch and support each other. In *The Old Man & the Sea*, Ernest Hemingway said that "a man can be destroyed but not defeated," and that's what I read in the *SACO News*, time and time again. The SACO veterans' letters to the Editor are funny and upbeat even as they ruefully describe their deteriorating bodies. One man said that he thinks he has been able to survive numerous operations because of the initial conditioning and training he got through SACO. Another veteran said that while they were in China, they had to make do with what they had and that's what they're doing now. They're "making do with what they've got for as long as they can."

I have never been a part of a group of people who are as connected as the SACO vets. Their common experience in China, Burma and India forced them to fight the enemy in unusual ways. It

was a different kind of war. Not only did they set up weather stations, they provided the weather information that allowed the mounting of one of the most decisive naval battles of the war. The SACO men were the teachers to one hundred thousand Chinese troops and those troops became their guardians and protectors. While they were blowing up ships, decoding enemy messages, and demoralizing the enemy, the American and Chinese troops became comrades – and the bond of friendship forged in World War II has never lost its resilient strength. More importantly – that friendship is now recognized, respected and often revered by their children and their children's children. The Sino-American friendship was forged in the grim days of WWII and the Sino-American friendship continues. It is a priceless legacy.

Someone once said that “the Holy Grail is not in the finding, it is in the questing,” and that's what it's all about.

Memories

Can you go back? Is it really possible? Richard Rutan, in Issue 34 of the *SACO News* puts it this way. He writes, “Physical things such as landmarks or structures may change or disappear, but family and friends are forever if only in memory.” Then he goes on to say, “Reliving the precious early years is a priceless gift – as are the memories of those who share them.”

Here are a couple of gifts of memory given by two SACO veterans.

Lee Alverson remembers a little unsmiling girl who stared at him constantly during a sixteen-hour trip on her family's sampan. She wouldn't stop staring. Finally, at journey's end, when he said goodbye and fastened his collar pin on her tunic, she broke into a wide grin.

In Issue #11, dated October, 1994, Dr. Alverson goes back to China on a 10-day trip. He finds the China of his SACO days is gone. The rickshaws are gone. High-rise buildings have replaced the small shops and family run businesses – but the people seem the same, at least the older ones are. They still have a sense of humor and like to laugh. They still work very hard without complaint. He wrote about seeing an old toothless man with a Yo Yo stick across his shoulders carrying two heavy baskets, and without a break in the cadence of his trot, he looked at Lee and grinned.

The story, *Going Back to Camp On*, by John Horton, Issue 11 of the *SACO News* describes the writer's return to China with six of his SACO buddies in 1986. John Horton tries to put into words the indescribable grip that China had on all of them. He tried to explain the respect the SACO guys had for the Chinese soldier and he spoke of their pride in having been on the side of the Chinese people in that grim time. He looked for old landmarks in the village near Camp One's location. Finally, just as the bus is about to leave, he spots an old woman who has made her way to the door of the bus and although the tour guide tries to shoo her away, the old woman makes eye contact with the SACO veterans, crying and laughing at the same time. She wants them to know. She wants them to know she remembers.

The memories of what they did in China enriches and sustains the SACO veterans – and they relive some of those times at their reunions and by reading the *SACO News*. They know what they did in China was worthwhile. They made a difference – in a different kind of war.

Admiral Milton E. “Mary” Miles

Milton “Mary” Miles was a good man. He started his day with daily devotions and reading a chapter of the Gospel. He ended his day by saying his prayers before he went to bed. He had a high regard for human life and lived by the Golden Rule. He inspired the men in his SACO command and they responded by giving him all they had. Now, more than sixty years after they

served in SACO, they keep his memory and his credo alive. The SACO volunteers were rugged young men who were screened carefully for good physical and mental health before being sent into China. They needed to have the ability to adapt. All were superbly trained and conditioned which was good because the living conditions in China were very poor – so poor that SACO troops who spent most of their time in the field lost as much as thirty to forty pounds.

The mission of SACO, according to an article by Dick Camp, Jr. in the February, 2007 issue of SACO News “was to train the Chinese in guerrilla warfare, sabotage, and subversion and to establish weather and radio intercept stations.” The writer explains the partnership, “The United States provided the training experts and equipment – China furnished the manpower.”

The unusual arrangement was approved by President Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek who appointed General Tai Li to be in charge with Commander Milton E. Miles, appointed by Admiral King, Chief of Naval Operations, to be his Deputy. A writer named Colton once said that “the finest friendships have been formed by mutual adversity – just as iron is most strongly united by the fiercest flame.” This was the kind of friendship between Admiral Miles and General Tai Li during WWII and also between President Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. General Tai Li charged the Chinese troops to protect their young teachers – at any cost. They did. It was inevitable that a bond of mutual respect would follow between the SACO men and the Chinese troops they trained and fought beside. That respect grew into admiration and a different kind of friendship.

In the April Issue #20 of the SACO News, an article by Charles H. Miles, Number Three Son of Mary Miles, states that in late April, 1942, General Tai Li bestowed the name “Mei Lo-ssu” to his father, Commander Miles. “Both great honor and great expectations were part of this new identity.”

Mei Lo-ssu is the name of the national flower of China – The Winter Plum Blossom. This delicate white flower blossoms on seemingly dead branches during the hardest part of the Chinese winter. General Tai Li saw in Commander Miles the promise of the Winter Plum. Commander Miles and SACO gave hope in a time of stark adversity. General Tai Li saw hope when there had been no hope.

In a letter to Commander (now Rear Admiral) Miles, General Tai Li writes, “You and I, for a long time, have shared the same kind of sweetness and bitterness and we have the same kind of understanding.”


Today, sixty years after the war ended, the SACO veterans keep that friendship alive by having yearly reunions to which they invite high-ranking officials of the Republic of China, Taiwan. The Taiwanese government expresses its continuing appreciation for SACO’s service by awarding medals to the SACO veterans who served under Admiral Milton Miles whose memory they cherish.

Napoleon once said, “I make courtiers (yes men) – I never pretended to make fiends.” Napoleon fretted away the last years of his life on a rocky little island and alone. Not so with Admiral Milton “Mary” Miles.

The memory of Admiral Milton “Mary” Miles is still alive and well. The covers of the SACO News sport his “What the Hell pennant and proclaim him to be the “Perpetual Skipper” of SACO. His legacy of Sino American friendship continues to flourish although the numbers of the original SACO volunteers are dwindling. One SACO veteran wrote that as long as one SACO guy is alive and one Chinese guy is alive, the friendship will continue. What the hell!



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



February 4, 2011

Richard,

Thank you for your note. This is so hard for me to write. Our precious son, Al, Jr., passed away July 30, 2010. Autopsy report revealed: "Allergy to a bee sting took his life" at age 47. His dad passed away only 18 months before him. I can't even begin to tell anyone how I feel. I loved them both so much – but to bury your child – it's unthinkable! He was my rock here on earth, especially after dad died. I do wish we had all met.

Love,.



BOBBIE

AL W. PARSONS, JR.

Alfred Warner Parsons, Jr – 47 of McDonald, Tennessee, passed away Friday, July 30, 2010.

He was preceded in death by his father, Alfred Warner Parsons, Sr. He was a member of Ooltewah Baptist Church where he served as organist . He was also a member of the Ernest Hale Sunday School Class at his church. Al was an employee for Barger & Nix Organs for over 21 years. He had a great love and passion for music.

Survivors include his daughter, Audra Nicole Parsons of Ringold, GA. and his mother, Bobbie Parrish Parsons of Ooltewah, TN . .

WILDING, GLENNA WHITEAKER

81, of Louisville, KY, Passed away Saturday, August 7, 2010 at Kindred Hospital. She was born August 30, 1928 in Benham, KY to the late Curren and Currsie Stamper Whiteaker. She attended Barbourville College and Catherine Spaulding College and was a retired psychiatric nurse from Veterans Hospital. She was a former member of St. Boniface Church and a current member of St. Leonard. She was an author, an Ursuline Associate, and an associate member of SACO



Glenna Wilding

as her husband was a SACO veteran (WWII Sino-American Cooperative Organization) operating with Chinese military with headquarters in Chungking, China.

Glenna is preceded in death by her husband-Arthur H. Wilding, and her son, Michael Wilding.

She is survived by two brothers, Daniel and Harold Whiteaker, brother and sister-in-law, Carol and Charles Hebel, Jr. and 24 nieces and nephews.

Editor's note: Some of you will recall the reunion in 1993 in Louisville hosted by Arthur & Glenna and co-hosts Charlie and Laura Sellers. That was probably our largest reunion ever = 256 SACOs and guests attended the Saturday night banquet!

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JAMES F. FINAN, Jr. "Scotty"

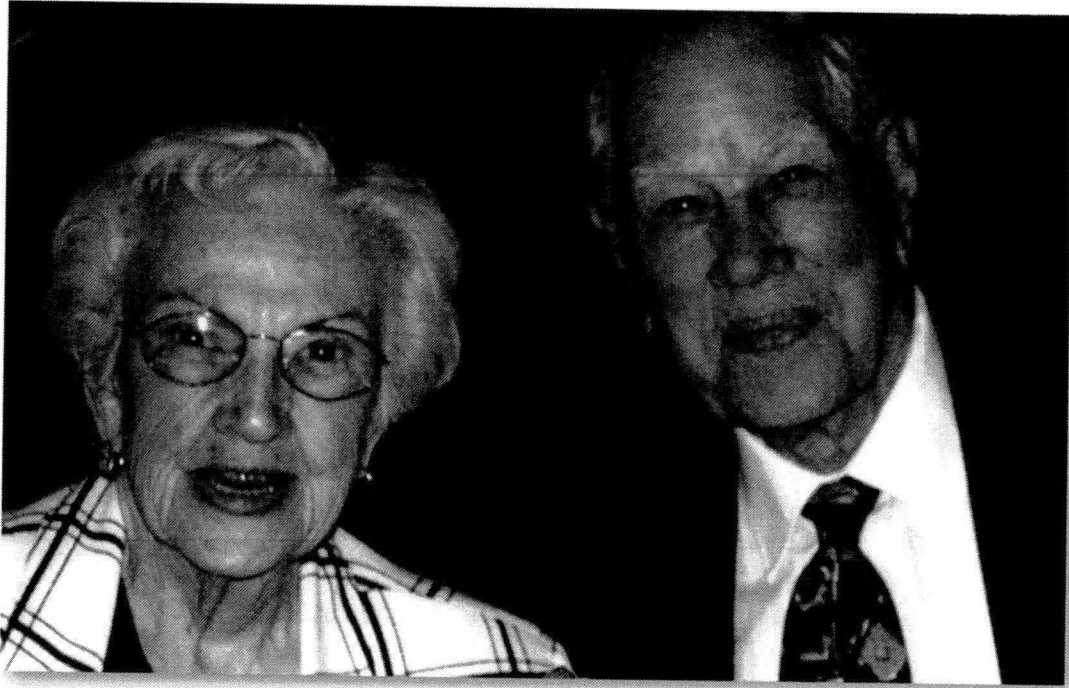
Age 87, of Hobart, Indiana, a kind, generous, honorable man passed away Saturday, August 15, 2009 at Golden Living Center in Valparaiso after a long illness. James was born in Providence, RI, had been a Hobart resident for 58 years and formerly of Gary. He was a member of St. Bridget Catholic Church and graduated from Emerson High School class of '39. Jim was a WWII Navy veteran. His unit (SACO) stationed in China trained Chinese forces in guerrilla warfare. After his military service he attended college at Bowling Green, Ohio and I.U. in Bloomington, IN. He was the owner of Hobart Hardware for 40 years and Hobart Wallpaper & Paint for 15 years. Mr. Finan was very active in community activities including Hobart Plan Commission for 20 years, Hobart BZA for 20 years, Chamber of Commerce, Hobart Rotary Club for forty years, Downtown Merchants Association, Hobart Jaycees and recipient of Paul Harris Fellow. He will be dearly missed by his loving wife of 60 years, Marilyn Jane (nee Locke) Finan, five children: Debbie Birch (Gary Housman) of Chesterton, James (Pamela) Finan of Hobart, Michael (Melissa) Finan, of Portage, Lizabeth (John) Poracky of Chesterton, Todd (Kim) Finan Auburn, IN - four grandchildren, sister Mary Hunker of Portage and nieces and nephews. He was preceded in death by his beloved grandson, Todd Birch in 2005, parents James F. Finan, Sr. and Mary (nee Ford) Finan, sister, Ethelind O'Donnel and brother, Billy Finan.

← Thanks to Charlie & Laura Sellers for Glenna's obit

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JOHN WESLEY WARNER

89. passed away Tuesday, November 9, 2010 at SunnyBrook of Adel, Iowa. His body was cremated with a private family service at Iles Funeral Home–Westover Chapel. John was born to Charles and Elizabeth Warner on Feb. 24, 1921. He was a Navy veteran of WWII, serving as a member of SACO (Sino-American Cooperative Organization) a top-secret Naval force operation fighting with the Chinese against the invasion of the Japanese. He was united in marriage with Mary Ellen Becker on April 1, 1946



Mary Ellen and John W. Warner

John is survived by his wife, Mary Ellen of Adel; sons, Mark (Jan) of Urbandale and Tom (Michelle) of Crystal Lake, IL, grandchildren, Sarah (Adam) Tillman, Allie (Aaron) Patterson, Max, Lindsey and Daniel Warner and two great-granddaughters. John was preceded in death by his parents, one sister, Gertrude, and brothers, Melvin, Charles and Bill.

We just wanted to inform you that another of your group has passed away. John was always proud to have served with all of you. He was grateful to have been able to attend the 2007 conference in Des Moines.

Mark & Jan Warner (John's son & wife)

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SUE WERWAGE

80, of Deland, FL died peacefully Sunday January 1, 2011 at Hospice of Volusia/Flagler in Orange City. She was born in Miami, FL on May 10, 1930, the daughter of Vincent and Bernice Clendenen. She attended Miami Edison High School where she was a member of the Corps of Cadets, an honor society. She maintained contact with her fellow classmates and faithfully attended class reunions. After graduation she attended Southern Ill. University and took nurse's training at Jackson Memorial Hospital in Miami. She moved to the DeLand area in the early 1950's and served the DeLand community working for Dr. Frison in his office there and traveling with the Stetson football team. A career change for Sue took her to the Barnett Bank where she worked in various departments and eventually became the Compliance Officer of the bank in DeLand. For the past 25 years, she was a volunteer at the Florida Hospital in DeLand where she worked in the gift shop. She was preceded in death by her beloved husband of 32 years, Jim, in 1977. She is survived by her brother, Michael Clendenen, of Aloha, OR.



SUE

WERWAGE

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VIOLET (LAWLOR) CARMICHAEL

We knew her as "VI" when she and her late husband at that time, William Lawlor, hosted the San Francisco Reunion in San Francisco in 1973. Violet passed away in Fairfield, CA. Oct. 6, 2010 at the age of 92. She was buried in Sacramento National Cemetery in Dixon, CA, October 13, 2010.

The message from her current husband,

E. Carmichael, was received by Bill Bartee;

"Albeit doctors had been telling me for years that Violet was in the process of dying a very slow, cruel death, I am still having a problem. She left me October 6th. She had full military honors. I put her to rest at the new Sacramento Valley Military Cemetery. It is torture for me, but I spend some time with her on the 6th and 13th of each month. She had the most brilliant/loving mind I have known in my 92 years."

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WILBUR ELSWORTH "SMITTY" SMITH

A note from Randy Smith, son of "Smitty":

"Another of 'the greatest generation' has passed. My father was a member of SACO in PACT DOC. Part of his obituary is included below, and some of his pictures and stories are shared online at: www.computersmiths.com/china1945

"Smitty" died at age 93 October 17, 2010 at Audrain Medical Center in Mexico, Missouri. For the past year, he has been a resident of the Missouri Veterans Home Mexico, in Mexico, Missouri. He was born January 28, 1917, in Reger, Missouri, the son of Walter Alva and Ada (Rogers) Smith.

He was married to Hethie Lee Oliver of Dillwyn, Virginia on June 17, 1943 at the Methodist church in Reger. Hethie died Feb. 6, 1993 just four months from their 50th anniversary. To this union were born two sons, Neil of Jefferson City, Missouri and Randy of Monterey, California.

On December 7, 1942, he joined the U.S. Navy Seabees at Camp Peary, Virginia. Two years later, he joined the Naval Intelligence group SACO (Sino-American Cooperative Organization) and served in China from 1945 to 1946 as SKD1/c attached to the unit Pact Doc. The embedded group worked with the Chinese underground near Foochow preparing for a possible invasion of the Japanese occupied country. After his transport plane ran short of fuel and was forced down on a Japanese airstrip in

China, he and twelve others were held prisoners for days two days, just two days before the war ended.

After returning to civilian life in 1946, he purchased a farm near Humphreys, Missouri. He continued farming there until 1951 when he moved to Kansas City, Missouri and became head bookkeeper for Anchor Savings and Loan. A few years later, he opened a Phillips 66 service station in Raytown, Missouri. In 1957, he moved his family to Trenton, Missouri and purchased the Hellmandollar Oil Co. and operated a Conoco service station on Mabel Street. In 1962, he built a new service station on the former Conoco bulk plant on 9th Street in Trenton and operated Smitty's Service Oil quite successfully until retiring in 1979.

His life work was varied as he mastered various occupations including arming, carpenter, bookkeeper, photographer, auto mechanic, service station owner, welder, and surveyor, in addition to being an accomplished hunter and fisherman. He was a well-respected business man and known for his hard work and fair and honest treatment of everyone. He was always willing to assist anyone in need.

He was a lifelong Methodist and faithful member of the Wesley United Church in Trenton for many years.

He was preceded in death by his parents, brother Irwin Smith, sisters Evelyn Pittaway, and Edith Collins. He is survived by sons Neil Smith and his wife Brenda and Randy Smith and wife Belle, and four grandchildren.

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LOUIS ALBERT "BUD" SCHAFER, JR.

age 86, resident of Fort Scott, died Saturday, Nov. 27, 2010 at the Guest Home Estates in Fort Scott, Kansas. He was born March 20, 1924, in Fort Scott, Kansas, the son of Louis Albert Schafer, Sr. and Corinne Maguire Schafer. He married Theresa Black on November 26, 1947, at Fort Scott. The couple celebrated their 63rd wedding anniversary on Friday. Bud was graduated from the Fort Scott High School in 1941. He later attended Fort Scott Junior College and went on to graduate from Columbia University in New

York City with a degree in mathematics. He served with the U.S. Navy during WWII. Bud was enrolled in a special operations unit which was the forerunner of the Navy Seals and joined SACO a top-secret Naval Operation in mainland China. Following his military service, Bud worked in sales and marketing for Coca-Cola. While working for Coca-Cola, Bud and his wife lived in Michigan and later in Ohio. They returned to Fort Scott in 1971 and Bud worked for Bruce Marble and Granite Works. He was a member of the Mary Queen of Angels Catholic Church, the Knights of Columbus, the Olson Frary Burkhart Post #1165 Veterans of Foreign Wars and the St. Vincent DePaul Society of Dayton, Ohio. He was also an active member for Birthline. He enjoyed hunting and gardening.



Louis A. "Bud" Schafer

Survivors include his wife, Terry, of the home, five sons: John Joseph Schafer, Dallas, TX = Bruce James Schafer, Lake View, Ohio, = Maurice Jerome Schafer, Kirkland, WA = William James Schafer and wife, Francy, Fort Scott, KS = and Louis Albert Schafer, III and wife, Joann, Farmington, NY. Also surviving are 13 grandchildren and 3 great-grandchildren. He was preceded in death by his parents, a brother, John Joseph Schafer, and two sisters, Marian Norelius and Gretchen Schafer. Also surviving are 13 grandchildren and 3 great-grandchildren. He was preceded in death by his brother, John Joseph Schafer and two sisters, Marian Norelius and Gretchen Schafer.

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SIGMUND JOHN PETOSKY

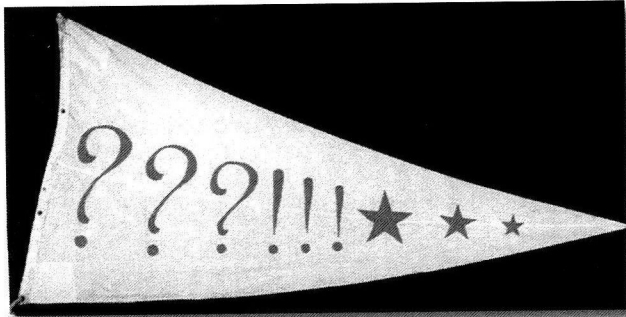
(January 16, 1918 - December 1, 2010)

The below is an autobiography by the late Sigmund J Petosky (Zygmund J PiatKowSki), as he described to his widow Dorothy Petosky. It is based on his recollection of joining the U.S. Navy and being recruited into the SACO Unit.

The Sino-American Cooperative Organization was a pre-special forces Unit established through an agreement between Franklin D. Roosevelt and General Chiang Kai-shek signed in 1943. SACO, under direct command of General Tai Li and Commander Milton E. "Mary" Miles, promoted to Vice Admiral, was to assist in counter attacking the Japanese to end their invasion of China. The unit gathered intelligence, weather information for ships, coastal watch communications, search and rescue of downed airmen, training Chinese army in use of new weapons and guerrilla warfare.

"Ziggy" was a beloved Husband, Father, Grandfather, Teacher and Friend. He had a love of the water and enjoyed fishing and hunting. You could see his love and respect for nature and wildlife from the detailed hand crafted wood burned carvings he created. He enjoyed all people and believed you could do anything in life if you put your mind to it. He will always be remembered as a kind and gentle man and is greatly, greatly missed.

This "What The Hell" pennant (referring to his own flag he preserved) flew From Calcutta , to the Gobi Desert, to the pacific Coast-line of China. It was the emblem of the SACO Unit of the U. S. Navy.



(Autobiogaphy) "I entered the world on January 16, 1918 in Delroy, MI. It was in a neighborhood in the southern part of Detroit on the Detroit River made up of Polish and Hungarian families . Many hours of my early years, spent fishing along the river, built my love of the water. "At the age of 19, in the midst of the Depression and employment a must, I lied about my age to obtain a bus driver position. The routes were to and from the middle of Downtown Detroit south to the "Down- river" suburbs including Grosse Ile.

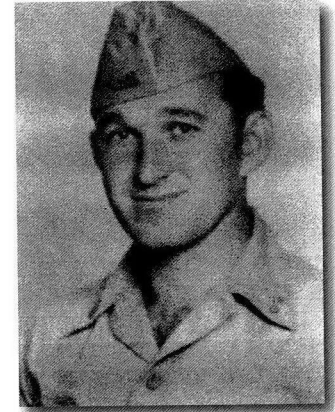
The navy had established a Reserve Air Base on Grosse Ile for weekend training and practice of reserve pilots. One day a recruiter appeared at our terminal giving us a choice of navy enlistment or Army Draft It was the Navy for me.

"We were recruited to expand the base into a Primary Air Base. The future pilots training in the Bi-wing planes were from England, Canada, Australia and New Zealand. Our advantage was living at home and not on a base. I did not have actual base training,

"After a year, I was sent to Dallas, Texas Naval Air Station as a Motor Machinist 3rd class. There I worked in the motor pool. Next was Norfolk, VA to receive a Certificate of Advanced Diesel Motor Repair Training and rate of MM2/c. After graduation was recruited again.

"I was sent to foreign duty at a land base, whereabouts unknown, then to Washington, D.C. for thorough interrogation and investigation. Only clue of assignment was being asked our opinion of Chinese people. My answer, 'They are human beings to be respected and treated accordingly.' It was the right answer!

"We were restricted to the area with classes in Chinese language, how to work with them and respect them and their culture. We were taught the use and maintenance of small arms and demolition devices



and survival off the land. All clothes, including uniforms and belongings, were sent home. There was NO communications with civilians! I was now a member of the SACO Unit of the U.S. Navy.

“We went across country again to Long Beach, CA to board the loaded transport ship USS General Hodges. Finally on the water!!! 37 days on the Pacific to Calcutta, India with a stop at Perth, Australia. Not uneventful as we spent 3 days 2nights in one of the worst typhoons to ever hit the area. I ate well but almost everyone else was too sea-sick. Not me. What a “stinky” ship it was.

“Calcutta, at that time called “Hell Hole of the World,” was where we were assigned to Camp Knox. Fifty percent of all equipment for China was processed through Camp Knox. At the motor pool, all vehicles from large troop transports to jeeps were assembled, jettied and readied for field use. They were transported by train, sampans, (barges) to the Chinese Army. If, or when, a vehicle became disabled, we were usually flown out to make the repairs and at the same time, train the Chinese men how to repair and maintain the equipment. Training was difficult due to the language barrier. Each detail had to be explained through an interpreter. Not really knowing what was passed on , it became ‘show’ more than ‘tell.’ They were quick learners. After your work was completed, it was your responsibility to find your way to an air base – by whatever means = vehicle, boat or walking, to hop a flight back to Camp Knox.

“I made these trips: One was to ‘Happy Valley’ headquarters for Tai Li and Miles. This trip was to repair equipment and train the Chinese in maintenance. I also observed the field training of the Chinese Men of the SACO Unit.

“Wanting ‘active duty’ my next trip, I was with a Squad of 16 going out to destroy a Japanese supply depot that had been located. About six miles from the SACO Camp was a ‘Rice Paddy,’ beyond which was the supply dump. Coming up to the paddy, we observed a lone man walking through the rows. Not knowing who he was and being ordered to shoot, he was hit. We were going forward when the paddy exploded. It had been ‘booby trapped.” Three of us had slight shrapnel wounds and were field treated. Naturally, that alerted the Japanese patrol. Several hours were spent under water in the paddy breathing through straws. We did go over the top of the paddy to the valley below and the dump was destroyed. Back to the SACO camp and on to Camp Knox.

“No recall as to how, but I woke up in Bethesda Hospital in Maryland with my family around me. Thanks to the newly developed penicillin, I recovered from the surgery and infection. No long rest – just back to Camp Knox.

“Vehicles were assembled and readied for the First Navy Convoy to go over the Burma Road. What an engineering masterpiece it was! Army convoys had made the trip – but the navy! About half way we were stopped. The war was over! The Japanese had surrendered! Again, back to Camp Knox.

“Water! Cold, clean, water! Aboard a Liberty ship on the way home! Drank myself sick! Into the Bay of Bengal, Red Sea, Suez Canal, Mediterranean Sea, Atlantic Ocean, New York and I had made it around the world! I was discharged shortly after at Great Lakes, IL.



Zygmund J. PaitKowSki

(Sigmund J, Petosky)

Note: Grateful acknowledgment to Michelle Mendoza, close family friend and , Dorothy, widow of Sigmund for Sigmund's autobiography.

Sigmund, of Trenton, MI, died December 1, 2010 at the age of 92. Survivors include his wife, Dorothy, daughter, Carolyn (Richard) Storm, granddaughter Lia (Eric) Anderson and grandson, Brian Storm as well as great-grandchild Cameron Anderson. He leaves several nieces and nephews.

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To whom it may concern:

Thank you for a job well done on the new sacco navy.com website! I just found it....fantastic!

My father was interred in National Cemetery No.1 (the first) in his home town of Fort Scott, KS. The local VFW provided a color guard and a rifle salute. Dad was an avid hunter who possessed amazing stalking skills which he admitted in laterlife were attributable to his China experience.

I was enamored by his Navy memories and a few pictures he had from China which unfortunately have disappeared. He gave me fins and a snorkel he was issued in Ft. Pierce and as a boy I used them with great fervor in the town swimming pool. Had I realized what I was using I would have enshrined them!

All his life Dad would say very little about his one crisp autumn morning while lying in his nursing home bed, he shared one harrowing and courageous operation with me that I will never forget, He also made some general references to efforts he participated in to disrupt the Japanese rail supply, road transport and communication lines. He was a demolition expert and I recall him saying, "I sure did like blowing things up!"

All the best,

Louis Schafer, III

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EDWIN BENJAMIN RITTER

Born December 14, 1920, Edwin Benjamin Ritter was the ninth of ten children born to Lean-der and Junia Ritter. Although born in Atwood Oklahoma, by the time he was in high school, "Ben," as everyone called him, had moved to California. After graduating high school, he enlisted in the U. S. Navy. His service consisted of time the USS Mississippi, the Boston Navy Yard and SACO.

Two weeks after his return to California, Ben married Betty Hudson. The happy couple had two children, Jeff and Sharon. Ben was a partner with one of his two brothers for thirty years in the ceramic tile trade. He retired in January



BEN AND BETTY RITTER

of 1986 and moved to Fallbrook, CA.

Ben passed away November 29, 2010 at the age of 89. He is survived by his wife, Betty, son Jeff, and grandsons, Jeffrey, Donovan and Brandon and three great-grandchildren.

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GILBERT G. BUCK

(From John V. Foster = 2877 Rte. 89 = Seneca Falls, NY 13148 = 1-15-10)

I enjoy the news in SACO publication even though I don't remember any of the current ones mentioned.

Sorry to report that one of my Kunming pals, Gilbert G. Buck, AerM3/c passed away this past June (2009). He was from West Lafayette, Indiana. There were three of us Aerographers and Lt.jg Robert Phipps. I believe that Buck had submitted to you an article for publication concerning an "episode" at the camp. I believe there was also a Jack Coyle, RM1/c there with us, together with a gunner's mate.

At 87, I don't travel much anymore. One trip to the Far East was enough!

Regards, John W. Foster, AerM3/c

WADE J. BRIGHTBILL, RM1/c

Richard I wanted you to know that Wade passed away May 14 (this year). He would have been 86 next month. He had been suffering from poor health for some time. He certainly enjoyed reading the SACO magazines and saved many over the years. In addition, he fondly remembered the trips we took to many of the SACO reunions. As you know, Wade was passionate about his love of his country. He reenlisted in the Navy as an officer after his service with Naval Group China.

I hope you are well. Connie Brightbill



CONNIE AND WADE BRIGHTBILL

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JAMES E. BLACKWELL, CRM

Membership Chairman Jack Coyle, through returned mail, learned from the son-in-law and daughter, Bob and Kathy Hundley, that James Blackwell died Dec, 16, 2010. James' widow, Dorothy resides with her daughter and son-in-law.

James Blackwell, CRM, served in SACO in Calcutta, India, Ma Pi, Camp 2, Tung Ting Lake, Mah Chee, China from 3-44 to 8-45. Jack Coyle reports Blackwell wrote his experiences with SACO and was interviewed by Tom Brokaw and Blackwell's memoirs are at Florida University.

HOWARD LOCKWOOD, CRM

Jack Coyle got information that Mr. Lockwood died in 2005 at age 82, but was unsuccessful in locating any next of kin. Lockwood served in SACO in Calcutta, India = Kunming, Chung - king, Chenyuan, Changsha, Hengyang, and Shanghai, China from 2-45 to 11-45

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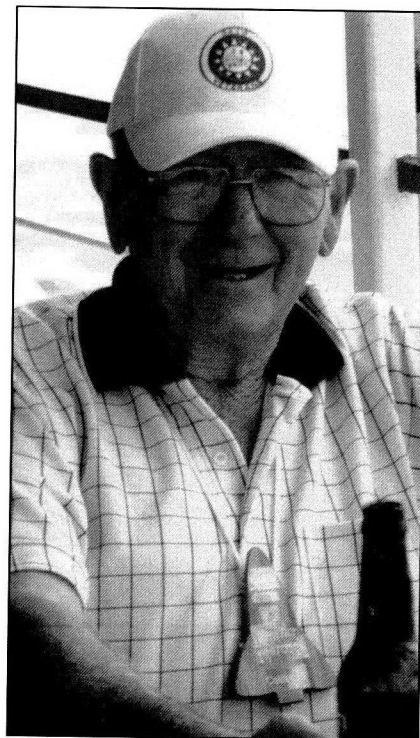
NORBERT J. STONE, Ens.

Again, Jack Coyle reports Ensign Stone died in 2009 at age 86, but got no further information.

Ensign Stone served in SACO from 2-45 to 8-45 in Calcutta, India and Kunming, China.

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FRIEND JAMES "JIM" WHITLOCK



Jim Whitlock, born January 21, 1923 in Columbia, South Dakota, son of Frank Jay and Esther Osborne Whitlock, passed away May 15, 2011 at

the age of 88 at his home in Long Beach, CA having had a full and active life. He served 22 years in the U.S. Navy retiring as a Chief Petty Officer and is a veteran of WWII and the Korean War. He was a part of the Sino-American Cooperative organization (SACO) during WWII stationed in China, gathering intelligence and performing operations against the invading Japanese. He remained in touch with many of his fellow veterans attending SACO and ship reunions across the country. Upon retirement from the Navy, he worked 25 years for the Los Angeles Public Works Dep't. He enjoyed traveling the country visiting the national parks and was an avid Notre Dame and St. Louis Cardinal fan. He is preceded in death by his wife of 53 years, Mary Catherine Coffey Whitlock. He is survived by his four children, Judi Battey (George), Mike Whitlock (Julie) of San Diego, Tom Whitlock, and Janie Oetken (Rodger) and four grandchildren along with his sister Katherine Whitlock Andrecht of San Diego and many nieces and nephews.

Jim was loved by his family, a very proud American and veteran and a friend to many. He was laid to rest at Riverside National Cemetery.

Editor's note: I had the pleasure of visiting Jim and his wife at their home in Long Beach in recent years. His wife, Mary, was a sweet lady and Jim, I found always to be a true gentleman and I never heard him speak unkindly of anyone.

rlr

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THE SHORT LIFE OF THE PONY EXPRESS

The Pony Express made its first run on April 3, 1860 and immediately captured the imagination of the nation. It had been established to provide a speedy method of delivering mail over a thousand mile route that stretched between St.

Joseph, MO and Sacramento, CA. The distance was divided into a series of relays 75 to 100 miles in length over which a lone rider would race, changing his horse every 10 to 15 miles before handing his cargo off to the next rider. He would then wait for a rider from the opposite direction to arrive, take his mail, and return to his starting point.

Speed of delivery was paramount. Any weight other than the mail the horse carried was kept to a minimum. Ads for riders called for: "Young, skinny, wiry fellows, not over 18. Must be expert riders. Willing to risk death daily. Orphans preferred." A specialized, light-weight saddle was developed that had built-in pouches to carry the mail. Hazards abound, including weather, terrain, hostile Indians, and bandits. It typically took a week for mail to reach its destination at a cost of \$5.00 per ounce.

Travelers on the trail would keep an expectant eye out for appearance of the Pony Express rider. Suddenly, a speck would appear in the distance, rapidly grow larger and a cheer would arise as the rider sped by and gave a wave of acknowledgement.

The completion of the telegraph line to California spelled the end of the Pony Express in October 1861. Its lifetime had lasted only eighteen months but the imagery of a lone rider making a perilous journey against all odds make an indelible impression on the nation's collective memory.





**BILL BARTEE WANTED TO SHARE THIS GET WELL
GIFT DURING HIS RECENT ILLNESS**



**WE, ALL YOUR FRIENDS IN TAIWAN, ARE PRAYING FOR YOU TO HAVE A COMPLETE
RECOVERY
LT. GEN. CHANG KAN-PING AND STAFF
MIB ROC**

PRESENTATION OF PLAQUE TO PAUL CASAMAJOR

22 March 2011

Hi Richard,

Yesterday, Pete and I went to see Paul and Martha Casamajor. We had a really wonderful time. We presented the plaque to Paul and took some pictures. He was very pleased and he and Pete had a long conversation. Their son, Alan, was also there. I really enjoyed Martha. In our conversation, I found out that they once lived in Redding, CA. I grew up in Redding and knew exactly where they lived and even some of the women that Martha knew. The other thing that was a lot of fun for me, was that Martha has a big collection of paperweights. I also collect paperweights and have accumulated about 60 of them over the years. I had a great time looking at Martha's and hearing the stories of where she had purchased them or who gave them to her. Martha is very spunky and she reminded me of my own mother. She told me all about how she and Paul met and about some of the different places they had lived. I spent most of my time talking with her. We told him that we were hoping to get a documentary developed. He gave us some DVD's that he has made. We are going to make copies and send them back.. They might be a great resource for the lady that is working on trying to put a documentary together.

Martha told me that you and your mother were good friends and how you traveled together.

It was a special day for Pete and I and we are happy that we had the opportunity to meet them

...

Love, Judy



Judy and Pete Barbieri



Martha and Paul Casamajor

Plaque next page



Presented to

Paul Casamajor

For his long and outstanding service to all members of SACO, as well as those seeking information on the organization. As Membership Chairman he has kept the records of all members of SACO and verified their qualifications for membership. This in itself was a time consuming effort requiring long hours and great effort. In addition he led at least two delegations to Taiwan for visits with the Minister of the Intelligence Bureau, where he was required to display his tact and diplomacy to many of the leaders of that nation including the President of Taiwan.

Further he provided in depth information on the history of SACO and made it available to all who requested it.

The Officers, Trustees and membership of SACO wish to present this plaque to a truly dedicated and outstanding individual who gives his all to SACO with graciousness and understanding. He will be sorely missed as Membership Chairman and this plaque is only a small token of our appreciation.

Presented 2010

“What the Hell”

Neil Armstrong's Secret

FROM BILL BARTEE

On July 20, 1969, as Commander of the Apollo 11 Lunar Module. Neil Armstrong was the first person to set foot on the moon. His first words after stepping on the moon. "That's one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind" were televised to earth and heard by millions

But just before he re-entered the Lander, he made the enigmatic remark, "Good luck, Mr. Gorsky,"

Many people at NASA thought it was a casual remark concerning some rival Soviet cosmonaut. However, upon checking, there was no Gorsky in either the Russian or American Space Programs.

Over the years many people questioned Armstrong as to what the "Good luck, Mr. Gorsky" statement meant, but Armstrong always just smiled.

On July 5, 1995, in Tampa Bay, Florida, while answering questions following a speech a reporter brought up the 26-year-old question to Armstrong.

This time he finally responded. Mr. Gorsky had died, so Neil Armstrong felt he could now answer the question.

In 1938, when he was a kid in a small mid-western town, he was playing baseball with a friend in the backyard. His friend hit the ball, which landed in his neighbor's yard by their bedroom window. His neighbors were Mr. and Mrs. Gorsky.

As he leaned over to pick up the ball, young Armstrong heard Mrs. Gorsky shouting at Mr. Gorsky "Sex, you want sex?!!! You'll get sex when the kid next door lands on the moon!"

(Reported as true story – thanks Bill) . . . →

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Snotty Receptionist

(Bill Bartee)

Yesterday I had an appointment to see the urologist for a prostate exam. Of course I was a bit on edge because all my friends have either gone under the knife or had those pellets implanted.....

The waiting room was filled with patients. As I approached the receptionist's desk, I noticed that the receptionist was a large unfriendly woman who looked like a sumo wrestler.

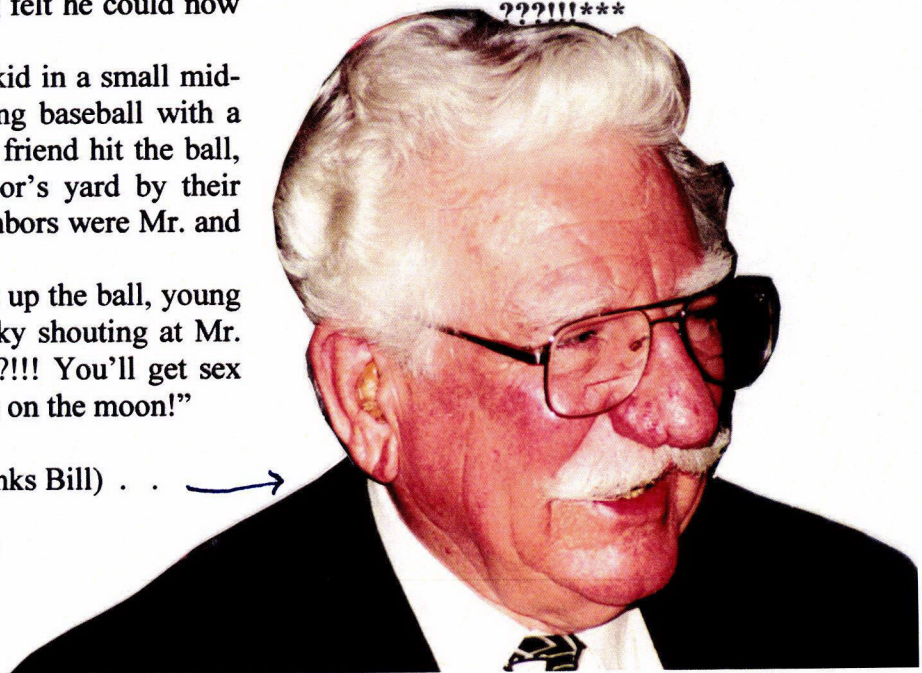
I gave her my name. In a very loud voice, the receptionist said, **"Yes, I have your name here, you want to see the doctor about impotence, right?"**

All the patients in the waiting room snapped their heads around to look at me, a now very embarrassed man.

But as usual, I recovered quickly, and in an equally loud voice replied, **"No, I've come to inquire about a sex change operation, but I don't want the same doctor that did yours!"**

(Don't mess with old retired guys!!!)

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SACO SECURITY

EVEN IN DISCHARGE, WE AGAIN FOLLOW ORDERS BY SIGNING OATH OF SECRECY WHICH STAYED IN EFFECT FOR 30 SOME YEARS FOLLOWING END OF WWII

This is copy those of us in RI (Radio Intelligence) were issued at discharge:

NOTE: *This extra page may be inserted in the U.S. Navy Rating Description Booklet by the individual to whom it is passed.*

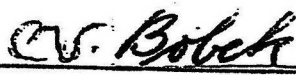
All details of this individual's Naval duties and qualifications which can be revealed are set forth herein. The individual was employed in a position of special trust and no further information regarding his duties in the Navy can be disclosed. He is under oath of secrecy, and all concerned are requested to refrain from efforts to extract more information from him.

NAME;	Rutan, Richard L.	RATE	RANK	RM1c
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Details of duties performed, and qualifications, if any, in addition to those presented elsewhere in this pamphlet (To be filled by appropriate officer at last permanent duty station prior to discharge).

Duties: Radio Operator

Qualifications: Demonstrated ability to take charge of senior radioman on board a ship or shore station; ability to send and receive Continental Morse Code at a speed of 30 words per minute ; knowledge of theory and operation of electronic equipment as used in a radio station, ability to read wiring diagrams and blue prints and interpret radio symbols, knowledge of electricity and ability to solve simple problems in alternating and direct current: qualified in touch typewriting at a speed of 30 words per minute.


for Signature
Rank
Position

R. L. VERKA, COMDR., USNR
Officer in Charge

THE EDITOR'S DESK


With love and gratitude to Author
Jacqueline Thompkins-Weede

Never in these several decades following World War II has SACO been so honorably recognized as a different kind of military group operating in China as told by the talented, gifted and accurate author as "Jackie," a true and caring friend of SACO.

There was bitter disappointment particularly by our beloved Skipper, Vice Admiral Miles, by officials in Wash, D. C. failing to honor his recommendations for medals and letters of commendation for his men. No doubt the secrecy oath, not being lifted until many years later, closed the door on publicity at that time, but definitely there was no secret of the animosity displayed by several heads of the military as to "What the Hell" is the Navy doing there? (Yes, a "war" was prevalent among our own commanders of some of the military resentful of the Navy's presence in China.)

Nevertheless, our Chinese compatriots later honored us with the SACO Medal and recently, Jackie has perpetuated our participation during a world crisis by her writing.

Jackie, many thanks and SACO loves you. rlr



IT'S STILL REALLY A WONDERFUL LIFE

When an old man died in the geriatric ward of a nursing home in North Platte, Nebraska, it was believed that he had nothing left of any value.

Later, when the nurses were going through his meager possessions, they found this poem. Its quality and content so impressed the staff that copies were made and distributed to every nurse in the hospital. One nurse took her copy to Missouri.

The old man's sole request to posterity has since appeared at the Christmas edition of the News Magazine of the St. Louis Association for Mental Health. A slide presentation has also been made based on his simple, but eloquent poem. And this little old man, with nothing left to give the world, is now the author of this 'anonymous' winking across the internet.



CRABBY OLD MAN.
(From Jack Petersen)

What do you see, nurses?.....What do you see?
What are you thinking.....when looking at me?
A crabby old man.....not very wise,
Uncertain of habit.....with faraway eyes?

Who dribbles his food... ..and makes no reply
When you say in a loud voice I do wish you'd try!
Who seems not to notice... the things that you do,
and forever is losing..... a sock or shoe.

Who, resisting or not.... lets you do as you will,
With bathing and feeding ... The long day to fill?
Is that what you're thinking? Is that what you see?
Then open your eyes nurse-..you're not looking at me.

I'll tell you who I am as I sit here so still
As I do your bidding. . . . as I eat at your will.
I'm a small child of Ten... with a father and mother,
Brothers and sisterswho love one another.

A young boy of Sixteen. . . with wings on his feet,
Dreaming that soon now. . . a lover he'll meet.
A groom soon at Twenty. . . my heart gives a leap.
Remembering the vows . . that I promised to keep.

At Twenty-five now. . . . I have young of my own
Who need me to guide . . . and a secure happy home.
A man of Thirty. My young now grown fast
Bound to each otherwith ties that should last.

At Forty, my young sons. . have grown and are gone,
But my woman's beside me . . to see I don't mourn.
At Fifty, once more , babies play. . 'round my knee,
Again we know children my loved one and me.

Dark days are upon me. . . my wife is now dead.
I look at the future. shudder with dread.
For my young are all rearing . . young of their own
And I think of the years and the love that I've known.

I'm now an old man.....and nature is cruel
'Tis jest to make old age. . . .look like a fool.
The body, it crumbles. grace and vigor, depart.
There is now a stone..... where I once had a heart

But inside this old carcass,, a young guy still dwells,
And now and again my battered heart .swells.
I remember the joysI remember the pain
And I'm loving and living...life over again

I think of the years, all too few gone too fast,
And accept the stark fact. . . . that nothing can last.
So open your eyes, people. . . open and see
Not a crabby old man. . . .Look closer...see ME!!!

???!*??

MUTINY VERSUS INDIVIDUALITY
OR
CORRECT PROCEDURE TO REQUEST TRANSFER OF DUTY

While serving in Kunming, China we had a Commander Theodore W. Joyce in charge of our quarters who delighted in a dictatorial manner classifying enlisted men, (in his words) "swine." His manners as a leader disgraced his rank and the Navy. He was so disliked that during an occasion when he was attempting some type of repair, he became entangled with a live electrical line adjacent to our large lily pond. As he cried out for help, someone in our crowd shouted, "Let him die - kill him!" I don't recall who freed him; I sincerely doubt that a "thank you" was offered for his rescue. When we had liberty to go into Kunming, (about 8 mi.) we had no transportation and relied on hitching a ride by a kind person. Cdr. Joyce would pass us in a jeep and stop just ahead and pick up Chinese coolies, a clear show of disrespect he had for those who were subordinate to him.

Finally fate was kind. One of the staff officers volunteered to teach us the Chinese language. He was scorned by Joyce, "Why cast your pearls on the swine?" This derogatory assessment of his men was the weapon we longed for. Confirmation of his disparaging demeanor gave us ammunition to "request transfer." Unfortunately we collectively signed this request. Assuring us that even the staff officers were sympathetic to our plea, one of them returned the document alerting us that to sign collectively was an act of mutiny and Joyce would have us by the tail. Each man had to sign the request individually. 100% of our complement complied. Cdr. Joyce invited each or collectively for us to meet with him. Not one accepted his invitation - 6 weeks later, he was relieved by Adm. Miles and returned to Washington. *(Copy of transfer request follows)*

In issue of SACO NEWS #15 1995 there was a story about this incident. Searching through and cleaning my files just recently, I found two papers pertinent to this incident. This confirmed our admiration of our Skipper.

15 Feb., 1945

From: RUFAN, Richard L. 627-85-45 5K20 7-6 USNR
To: Assistant Director Naval Communications (OP-80-G)
Via: (1) Officer-in-Charge, Fleet Radio Unit.
(2) Commander, Naval Group, China.
Subj: Transfer, request for.
Ref: (a) Article 97, U.S. Naval Regulations, 1920.

1. It is requested that I be transferred to any ship or station in the Navy.

2. The reasons for this request are:

(a) I feel that I can no longer do my best work nor maintain my self-respect or confidence under the conditions existing which are covered in part in reference (a).

3. I reported for duty in this theatre for a fifteen (15) months tour on February 22, 1944 and reported for duty at this station on September 7, 1944.

THE ORIGIN OF THE SHOULDER PATCH AS SHOWN ON COVER OF NOVEMBER 2010 SACO NEWS #39

(Note: The following is a typewritten copy of Adm. Miles' beautifully handwritten orders in pencil almost 66 years ago and still amazingly legible, pertaining to this SACO patch among other of Adm. Miles' notes and letters which Charles Miles gave me several years back, Ed)



Headquarters
U.S. Naval Forces China
#2 Peking Road
4 September 1945

From: Commander
U. S. Naval Forces China
To: All Forces Under My Command

Subject: Shoulder Patch

1. I hereby authorize the wearing of a shoulder patch for the forces under my command and in accordance with the design so selected by Captain I. F. Beyerly, U.S. Navy, my Chief of Staff.
2. Actually it should be a Chinese star with an old-fashioned anchor placed at an angle of about 30 degrees from the vertical. It is believed that the anchor should be slightly smaller than the star's diameter to indicate that the Naval Group is inside China. Inside of the Chinese 12 pointed star should be a "What the Hell Pennant," which was designed at my request by Mrs. Miles in 1934 and first manufactured in the United States Wickes (Destroyer No. 75). The design of the "What the Hell Pennant," is the same shape as requested for any other signal pennant similar to the course pennant in the Naval Signal Book specifications. Inscribed upon the pennant should be three question marks, three exclamation points and three stars in that order from the fly toward the point. The question mark next to the fly should be the largest and the group of question marks, exclamation points and stars should decrease in size in a pleasing manner toward the small star at the point. This should not be changed since it is the original pennant I asked Mrs. Miles to design. Also, inside of the circle of the Chinese 12 pointed star should be the Chinese characters "Chung" and "Mei" (China and America). These characters "Chung" and "Mei" should be duplications of those personally written by General Tai Li with his own brush and should be placed in a pleasing manner so they will fill up the space not occupied by the "What the Hell Pennant."
3. Colors: Blue background. Chinese 12 pointed star points white. Circle dividing center from the star points: blue. Anchor: light gold with a pleasing design similar to that on the cap device of a Chief Petty Officer with shading of darker color as though the light were coming from the upper left hand side. Anchor "rope:" same color as the anchor. The lettering "United States Naval Forces China" around the top should be in white on a blue background. The lettering around the bottom "SACO" should be white on the blue background. The characters "Chung" and "Mei" in the center should be in red to indicate importance. The "What the Hell Pennant" should be outlined in red and the characters should be red..
4. I am proud of this shoulder patch. Please report to Capt. Beyerly.

M. E. Miles

QUICK THINKING COMEBACKS WHEN YOU COULD HAVE HEARD A PIN DROP

At a time when our president and other politicians tend to apologize for our country's prior actions, here's a refresher on how some of our former patriots handle negative comments about our country.

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

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

???!!!***

JFK'S Secretary of State, Dean Rusk, was in France in the early 60's when De Gaulle decided to pull out of NATO. De Gaulle said he wanted all US military out of France as soon as possible. Rusk responded, "Does that include those who are buried here?" De Gaulle did not respond.

???!!!***

There was a conference in France where a number of international engineers were taking part, including French and American. During a break, one of the French engineers came back to the room saying, Have you heard the latest dumb stunt Bush has done? He has sent an aircraft carrier to Indonesia to help the tsunami victims. What does he intend to do, bomb them? A Boeing engineer stood up and replied quietly, "Our carriers have three hospitals on board that can treat several hundred people; they are nuclear powered and can supply emergency electrical power to shore facilities; they have three cafeterias with the capacity to feed 3,000 people three meals a day, they can produce several thousand gallons of fresh water from sea water each day, and they carry half a dozen helicopters for use in transporting victims and injured to and from their flight deck. We have eleven such ships; how many does France have?"

???!!!***

A U.S. Navy Admiral was attending a naval conference that included Admirals from the U.S., English, Canadian, Australian and French Navies. At a cocktail reception, he found himself standing with a large group of officers that included personnel from most of those countries.

Everyone was chatting away in English as they sipped their drinks, but a French admiral suddenly complained that whereas Europeans learn many languages, Americans learn only English. He then asked, "Why is it that we always have to speak English in these conferences rather than French?"

Without hesitating. The American Admiral replied, "Maybe it's because the Brit's, Canadians, Aussie's and Americans arranged it so you wouldn't have to speak German.

???!!!***

Robert Whiting, an elderly gentleman of 83, arrived in Paris by plane. At French customs, he took a few minutes to locate his passport in his carryon. "You have been to France before, monsieur?" the customs officer asked sarcastically. Mr. Whiting admitted that he had been to France previously. "Then you should know enough to have your passport ready." The American said, "The last time I was here, I didn't have to show it." "Impossible, Americans always have to show their passports on arrival in France." The American senior gave the Frenchman a long hard look. Then he quietly explained, "Well, when I came ashore at Omaha Beach on D-Day in 1944 to help liberate this country, I couldn't find a single Frenchman to show a passport to."

???!!!***

YESTERDAY WHEN WE WERE YOUNG

(PHOTOS BY ROGER MOORE)



**THE BUND, SHANGHAI, CHINA NOVEMBER 1945
SACO HEADQUARTERS AT THE FAR END OF THE BUND IN THE
GLENLINE BUILDING**

LUNGHUA AIRPORT SHANGHAI, CHINA SEPT 1945



A FEW WEEKS AFTER V-J DAY. BOB GRACE ACTS LIKE A FLY-BOY. HE IS NOT. HE'S A PHOTOGRAPHER'S MATE AND A GOOD GUY.

ENROUTE TO JOIN SACOS IN CHINA APRIL 1945



OUR TROOP TRANSPORT TAKING SACO AND OTHERS TO INDIA BY WAY OF MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA. AT SEA 60 DAYS. PHOTOGRAPHER'S MATE BOB GRACE HAS HIGHEST PERCH

HOMeward BOUND

It is June 11, 1945 and tomorrow we are flying The Hump to Calcutta. There are 14 of us going home. Flying over The Hump to China didn't bother me, but now, going home, I am pretty worried – think I will request a parachute!

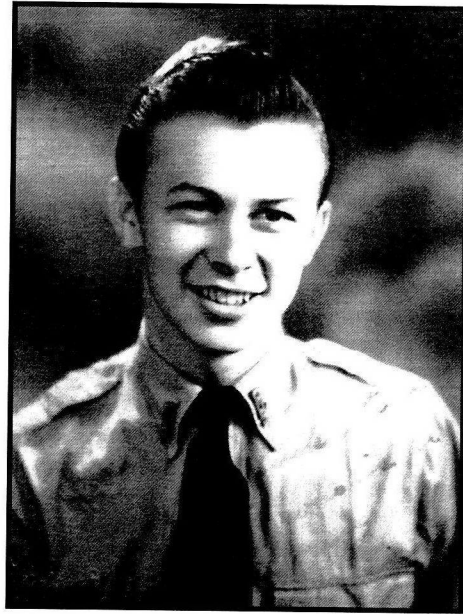
June 14 we are at Camp Knox in Calcutta (a good-sized Naval Base). This place didn't exist 18 months ago. The Navy gave each of us a case of Pabst Blue Ribbon beer yesterday and I tried to drink mine all at once. (21 bottles hot). Sure have a big head today and not interested in anymore beer for sometime. Still no information on when we are leaving or by what means.

We boarded the General Hayes Troop Transport ship today (June 20) along with about 2000 other personnel heading home. Admiral Miles or someone is looking out for us SACO boys. We are bunking and eating with ship's officers. We had bacon, eggs and milk (powdered) for the first time in many months.

We are now several days at sea and the ocean is really rough, waves coming over top deck. We had a nurse on board being returned home due to mental breakdown and she broke loose from her guards and jumped overboard. No hope of saving her due to rough water and ship not permitted to stop for anyone overboard during wartime.

A lot of people are getting seasick, but I have been lucky so far. I felt a little queasy a couple of times, but slept it off in my bunk. We mostly played cards and sat on the deck just watching water. This was not like the South Pacific where we saw lots of flying fish and porpoises. Passed through the Red Sea and the Suez Canal and anchored off shore from Port Said, Egypt. Still anchored next morning and Port Said appears to be a beautiful city from this distance – bet it isn't if we could get ashore. Natives are out to ship selling trinkets – bought some, but mainly it is junk.

Sailed through Mediterranean Sea, passed Rock of Gibraltar and entered the Atlantic Ocean today. They say we are heading for Norfolk, Virginia. The water is so smooth it looks like blue glass that one could walk on it. A few more days of perfect weather and we are in Norfolk. Someone still taking care of us. They announced over the loudspeaker that Naval Casualties would leave ship first. We were supposedly the "casualties." We were met by a Navy Commander who booked us on a riverboat up the Potomac River Washington, D.C. We arrived in Washington after spending a night on the boat. We reported to the Navy Department on July 22 and spent a few days having fun there and home with 30 days leave July 28. 1945.



Charlie Sellers

Many thanks, Charlie, for restoring memories of long ago. I remember being in charge of chow lines on Gen Hayes. As many others, I had lost much weight – down to 129 lbs. and everyone on board called me "Slim."

rlr

CONTINUATION OF THE DAYS OF DR. CHARLEY GUTCH, M.D. Lt. jg OF SACO IN LETTERS TO HIS WIFE. BETTY

You can tell Jean that I am amazed at the impurity of her mind – the very idea that I might have painted something “not nice” on that ensign’s fanny. (See letter of July 7) it was just a rather weird looking face – that was all. Of course it was rather peculiar. But after all, if she can wear those indecent shorts you described, why can’t I paint ludicrous pictures on my patients’ fannies?

August 11, 1945 – in China

I suppose you are hanging onto the news just as anxiously as I am now – waiting and hoping and wondering, too, if this is really it – that the war may be nearly over. It seems almost too good to be true, but I’m sure that everyone is praying that this is really the end. But certainly by the time this reaches you we will know, for it seems certain that the next few days will show whether the Japanese are ready to capitulate – or if the struggle must go on. Out here nearly everyone feels that this is the real stuff, and that the next day or so will see the whole thing ended. It hardly seems possible, but let us hope that it is true.

We got the word last night in the movie, about 9:45 that the surrender proposal had been submitted. The show was on, but not very many stayed for it. The part that followed was really something – I’ll bet the camp had never seen anything even resembling it before. Fire crackers and gunfire were plentiful. The skipper broke out the medicinal liquor and the corpsmen “expended” several gallons of alcohol while liquor from all over the world suddenly started up from the bags of men who had been saving their good stuff for just such an occasion. Probably everyone around from the highest to the lowest joined in the festivities. Such singing and celebrating you could hardly imagine. The Chinese were really cutting loose, too, and the “ding hows”

were fast and furious. I guess there was a terrific celebration in town – you probably read about that in the papers today. From the news reports this morning, it would appear the boys in the Pacific did a little celebrating, too. The reports said things were pretty calm in the States, and everything was waiting for the official stuff – I can well imagine it’s pretty anxious waiting. There ought to be some fancy goings on when, and if, the final word does come out.

August 12, 1945 – in China

....Several of us managed to procure a jeep this afternoon and go into town. It’s kind of a nasty, dirty trip, but was the first time I had to explore the city in the daylight. Ash was right when he said this was, if anything, more dirty and filthy than where we were in India. There is practically nothing modern at all about the place, but just row after “alley-like” row of shops. This, of course, is considerably less “tourist trade” than in India, but I expect one could find anything from soup to nuts if he knew where to look. Prices are generally pretty terrific, even after being reduced down to terms of U.S. currency. This money affair is really screwed up. The exchange rate fluctuates every day and goes up or down unpredictably. For instance, we paid \$15,000 for 8 sandwiches last night, which would be worth 50 cents to a dollar in U.S. money, depending on the exchange. Prices of goods don’t vary as rapidly as the currency so that you may get a bargain for a given price on one day, but a few days later it would take a lot more or a lot less American money to buy it. So you see, buying anything in China really gets complicated.

....The rest of the afternoon we spent riding and walking around taking in the sights. There were a lot of banners and posters out –

apparently part of the victory celebration, and American and Chinese flags were in abundance. Everywhere one goes he is deluged with “ding hao’s” and when we’d stop the jeep, kids would gather around like flies feasting on a piece of rank meat. They’d climb all over the jeep, stare at us and “ding hao” and jabber away in great delight. Oh yes – we did come across one shop that had fireworks for sale, so the officer I was with, who speaks a little Chinese, dickered with them, and we finally bought a great bunch of crackers for \$400. It’s all very friendly, with much laughing and bantering, and while the shopkeepers like to bargain, it’s not like the haggling one has in India.

Eventually, before going back to the Station, we went to a mission service center, which is a rather nice little place, with a reading room, lounging space, etc. and cold water (the main asset!). we had some tea and cookies, which were mighty good, too.

August 14, 1945 – in China

This has been another day of scuttlebutt and rumors – there were at least 4 so-called “official” reports of the war’s end, and as many denials – in the same number of hours this afternoon. It is getting so everyone with a new report gets only ugly stares for his efforts. But it does seem apparent that it is going to be over shortly, though the Lord only knows what sort of funny business the Japs are trying to pull off by all this fooling around.

August 15, 1945 – in China

This is the day that so many people have prayed and hoped for so long. It has seemed like a very ordinary day here – as least as far as I could tell. It was hot, but a thunderstorm this afternoon brought some relief from the heat. Work went on and rumors were perhaps a little less prolific than in the previous days. Only the Chinese seemed to be grinning more widely than ever. There hasn’t been any loud celebrating – the firecrackers and excess

ammunition were used up a few days ago. There hasn’t been, and doesn’t seem to be tonight, any very heavy drinking, for everyone has worn that out, too, in the past few days. No – I’d say that Happy Valley is pretty quiet and calm tonight, but relieved above all else.

The bull sessions now resolve around the subjects of what is to become of our outfit, when will we get out of China, when will we get back to the States, and when will we be out of the Navy? Nobody knows, of course. So now it will be just a matter of waiting it out, seeing what comes next, where will we go, and when. To me, it seems like everything in the service – unpredictable. One merely waits and accepts what comes. I don’t expect to be back soon – not this year, but would like to hope that I will see you before the allotted span of time is up. (18 months from the time of leaving the states).

August 16, 1945 – in China

There has been much talk today regarding the new Navy point-discharge system. Of course it’s all rather hollow to me, to us, because in the first place medics aren’t included under it, and in the second place, I could only scare up 31 of the necessary 48 points. So all I hope for is an early return to the States for duty, or even a station where officers’ families can be transported. That, of course, will be a matter of time – considerable time, I expect.

A few things have happened around here – and now find myself back in the job of having charge of the sick bay at the station here. It helps a little, just having a job of sorts, but it is too close to the skipper for much independency, and I would prefer to be somewhere else. There are several spots now which might be more interesting, and where one might feel he was doing more good.

One good thing has happened in the last few days – one of the offices in our room shoved off and a warrant radio-electrician took over his bunk. That has proved quite a boom – First, he fixed up the fan I managed to steal

from sick bay. Next, he took our radio up to fix it. There are, I gather, several things he wants to fix, but already, he has gotten it to working considerably better. Tonight he has had short wave programs from Saipan and from San Francisco. It's really good to hear stateside broadcasts again. You'd be surprised, I'd even like to hear a few good commercials now.

August 17, 1945 – in China

I guess I forgot to tell you about the washing I did yesterday. My sheets and pillow cases were getting pretty dirty, and since I don't like the stench that everything seems to have after coming back from the Chinese laundry – the smell of the paddy water that they use for washing – I decided to wash them myself. It was quite a job doing it in a wash basin, but I got 'em reasonably clean and did they ever smell magnificent – enough so that I went around making people take a sniff.

Civilians aren't the only ones short of soap, toilet paper and other articles though those are the same things we can't get here. It hasn't bothered me much though – I have soap and T.P. too if the situation gets too bad. (This is my recital of how exciting it is to go shopping and stand in 6 different lines to get 6 different scarce items.)

August 19, 1945 – in China

Today being Sunday, decided to sleep in 'til 10:30. This afternoon, after chow, a couple fellows and I walked to a village about 3 miles away....We went to a Catholic mission, interesting, but not exactly up to "The Keys to the Kingdom." Three sisters run it and they have about 50 orphans under their care. The sisters were very interesting, one French, one Alsatian, and one Belgian. Only one could speak any English, the others knowing French, and Chinese – so it was quite a polyglot conversation we carried on, using half-remembered French, a touch of Chinese and filling in with English! The eldest sister has been in China 33 years, the youngest 10. The other fellows had some embroidered jackets – similar to yours (gotten in India), only silk. It seems that the children do the work and then sell it – that being the main source of income at the present. They only do work on order and it takes several months to complete. The sisters were somewhat worried because they have several

months' work already lined up and they are afraid the Americans, who are their chief customers, may leave before they can finish it. I hope they're right! So they aren't taking anymore orders now. The work is very nice, though not chap. I did get a little silk handkerchief for you and the little shoulder patch I'm enclosing. That is the unofficial insignia of our group. The pennant in the center is a replica of a signal flag they originated and means, "What The Hell?" The idea being, of course, that everyone and everything was snafu and that typified the attitude of most of the personnel.** I have been wondering if the Sisters knew the significance of what they were embroidering – or if they figured as long as it did the mission a little good they could ignore this sinful attitude of the Navy. But I thought you would like to have one of the patches for your scrap book. I enjoyed this afternoon. The Sisters served us some tea and cookies, which helped. But it was fine just to talk, even though the conversation was pretty confused with white people who seemed to be actually doing something out here. Somehow, it seemed like we had done less to gripe about after seeing what those people have done, having been here so long and having so little to work with.

***We're all entitled to our feeling, but if I may take exception, that emblem was designed by our Skipper and his wife early in his naval career as a Camouflage, if you will, to arouse curiosity as to its symbolic meaning. When SACO was born in WWII. the unique personal flag of our beloved Adm. Miles became the perennial pennant symbolizing an incomparable Naval Officer and the privilege that was ours to serve for such an unforgettable and caring leader.*

August 26, 1945 – in China

This afternoon the dental officer, another medic who is due to go back to the States, and I went into town via jeep. The Chinese are building a number of victory arches – at least that's what I think they are – on several streets. They are of a bamboo framework, and covered with evergreen branches so they look like a Christmas decoration. There are also a great many banners and streamers out and many posters ... I did see one small parade, perhaps a dozen or so people, playing kind of a flute, a drum and cymbals and carrying some sort...cont'd

of a decorated float about 4 feet square on a sedan chair. The float looked like a miniature pagoda and I don't think it was any victory celebration— more likely a funeral. Incidentally, the Chinese bury their dead, but in very shallow graves (probably a matter of practicality because of the rocky soil) and heap boulders over them. The hills around here are studded with graveyards - a pretty good testimony to the density of population.

Anyway, we rode around awhile and finally found a club where there were quite a number of people of all nationalities. After we had been there an hour or so, we found it was out of bounds! It was a relatively nice place, far out here, with a dance floor and a small orchestra. I was most interested in its decorations consisting of large, brightly colored paper-mache dragons curling around the pillars. They were perhaps 6 or 8 feet long, and very colorful — strictly the oriental atmosphere. The orchestra played western music, but with a definite Chinese flavor that leaves much to be desired. I noticed the Chinese patrons seemed to go for “You Are My Sunshine” in a big way.

We had chow at the church service center - I told you about once before.- consisting of eggs, toast and tea. Finally started home and got in not so very long ago. I was so doggone dusty and dirty after the trip that I went in and stood under the shower, anti-malaria regulations or no. It really wears one out to ride over these roads , too; you have never seen anything like them — tortuous as a snake's path, rough with rocks, boulders, and chuck holes, with the in-between spaces filled with perpetual dust.

August 31, 1945 — in China

. Didn't you find a definition of “honey- pot” in the dictionary? I thought you knew, though. Well, my dear, the honey pot is distinctive, unique and germane to the country. It may consist of a pit a few feet deep, like a fox hole, or a mortar lined small cistern-like affair and these pits are scattered everywhere there are people in China — which is everywhere. In these pits, the local populace deposit their products of defecation, allowing said products to accumulate and liquefy. Then this very rich (and odor producing) liquid is dipped out and spread over the paddies and fields. That is why we have to boil our water — because of the drainage off the rice paddies.

September 2, 1945 — in China

Apparently. This is the official end of it all — the official V-J Day. I heard the broadcast of the surrender proceedings from the U.S.S. Missouri and the president's talk at about 9:30 this morning. It is certainly good to have the whole situation settled finally.

September 3, 1945 — in China

We had business as usual (V-J Day), but after lunch, sort of unofficially decided to declare a holiday. So the medical officer, the malarialogist, and I went for a walk down to see the river which is currently on a rampage. It was really quite a sight and we were all quite surprised. The water level must be somewhere over 100 feet above normal — according to the others who know something about the distance down to various boat landings and what-not, which are all submerged. A goodly portion of a couple small villages were completely under water with others inundated to a greater or lesser extent. It was sort of incongruous to see sampans tied up in little necks of water which we recalled as being little gullies, all filled up with Chinese dwellings. Another sight was a river ferry tied up in the main street of one village — on a level with the pavement where normally one would have to climb down a lot of steps to reach the landing.

The Chinese were, of course, camped everywhere in best evacuee style, but were amazed to hear from them continually greeting us with their eternal “ding hao” (everything is 4 plus OK!). They didn't seem dejected at all, but would point at the water and say “boo hao” (no good), then grin at us and “ding hao” some more.

Another interesting thing we ran into, while side-tracking through some side streets to get around the water, and that was a huge old Buddhist temple. It was a huge barn-like affair, perhaps 40 x 40 feet and in the center of one side was a carved, painted statue of Buddha, perhaps 15 feet high. Then along the adjoining walls on either side were other painted wood figures, more typically Chinese in appearance, and about 10 feet high. I have no idea what they were supposed to represent, whether spirits, gods, or devils — I don't know. There were also several large tablets inscribed with characters about the room, and the posts which supported the ceiling were entwined with huge carved and

painted dragons. And - this you'll love - in one corner by the door as a huge gong, perhaps six feet across - just the sort of thing you see you see in the movies! Of course, I might add as a kind of an aftermath that the place seems to be used for a combination carpenter shop and dormitory now. Sort of an incongruous touch - with shavings all over the deck and the Chinese sleeping among them.

. Apparently our group goes on - though for how long, I have no idea. The most of it will be moving to more accessible cities, probably in the next few months, but as it looks now, I'll be left behind to hold down the sick bay here. That won't be too bad, I'd about as soon be here as anywhere as long as I have to be outside the States.

September 4, 1945 - in China

Oh yes, there were a few things about our little trip down to see the river yesterday that I forgot to tell you when I wrote you last night. After we had gotten through our exploring and were about to start back, we met a couple other officers who had come on a similar mission. Only they had driven a command car down. So we proceeded back to where they had left the car, shooed out a couple dozen Chinese (they always climb in and all over any parked vehicle) and climbed in ourselves.

In a short time we had an audience of 2 or 3 hundred Chinese who stared, laughed, climbed all over the car, and us, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves when we ejected them from our laps. (This, incidentally, is more or less standard practice whenever Americans stop a car, and there are any Chinese - which there are everywhere). The other fellows were quite awhile coming back, so we amused ourselves in numerous ways. Since everyone was staring at us, we should single out an individual and stare at him - that usually sent him scurrying for the outskirts of the crowd after a couple minutes, to the great joy of everyone else. Then a couple kids tried yelling "Boo" at us and making faces - we soon put them to

shame! Then I stood on the hood (no sweetheart - I hadn't been drinking) and recited part of "Gunga Din" - much applause, such an ovation - the crowd doubled!! Finally, the four of us joined in a bit of barber shop harmony and sang most of the bawdy and risqué songs we knew. They really went for that - and if they didn't clap and cheer in the right places, we gave them the word and applauded ourselves; then they would catch on. We finally snared a couple of Chinese soldiers and a couple of our boys had gotten going on the Chinese national anthem with them when the rest of the party returned. When we left, the crowd followed us for about half a mile - they probably hadn't had so much fun since the day before.

Somewhere, further down the road on the way back, we passed by a Chinese army barracks where they had the whole court decorated with banners, etc., in honor of V.J. Day. So we stopped there to look around. They had all sorts of airplanes made of bamboo and paper from 6 to 8 feet long, model bombs, and an effigy of Hirohito and a big poster showing Chiang, Truman, Atles and Stalin. It was all very colorful, and had taken a lot of work and they got a big bang out of our interest in it. That I guess, just about covers all of our little trip yesterday.

(To be cont'd in a later edition Ed.)

???!!!***

EMBARRASSING MEDICAL EXAMS

One day I had to be the bearer of bad news when I told a wife that her husband had died of a massive myocardial infarct.

Not more than five minutes later, I heard her reporting to the rest of the family that he died of a "massive internal fart."

Submitted by Dr. Susan Steinberg

While acquainting myself with a new elderly patient, I asked, "How long have you been bedridden?"

After a look of complete confusion she answered "Why, not for about 20 years - when my husband was alive."

Submitted by Dr. Steven Swanson
Corvallis, OR

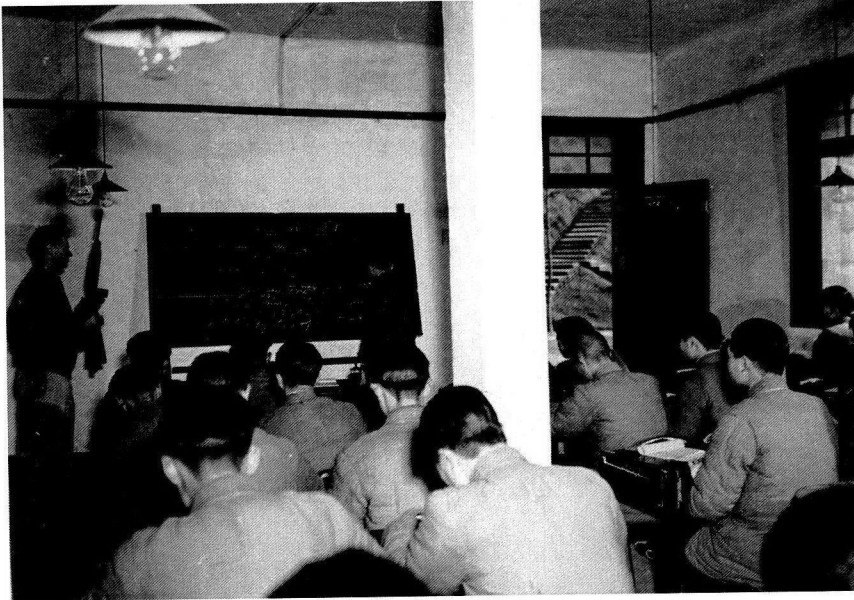
???!!!***

LONG AGO AND FAR AWAY

*THE FOLLOWING PHOTOS (DISPLAYING 3 TO A PAGE)
WERE TAKEN BY THE LATE LT. CDR. GEORGE PAYNE*

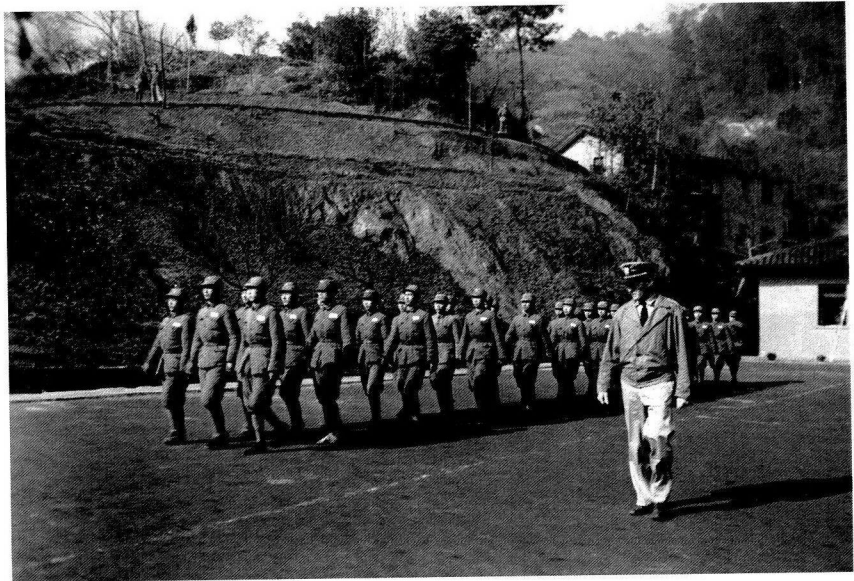
**Possibly at this moment in time he was Commodore Milton E. Miles (ctr) & Gen.
Tai Li (R) sitting among orphans at a Christmas Party**





**Classroom
Instructions
On carbine
Lt. Cdr. George Payne
Interpreter Liu Ming**

**Supply School
Feb. – Apr. 1944
Lt. Cdr. Payne &
Class**



**Group working out
Practical problem in
Demolition**



Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek



**A portion of the
Great Wall of
China**

**Harrowing with
Water Buffalo**



**Bamboo
for
Building
Material**



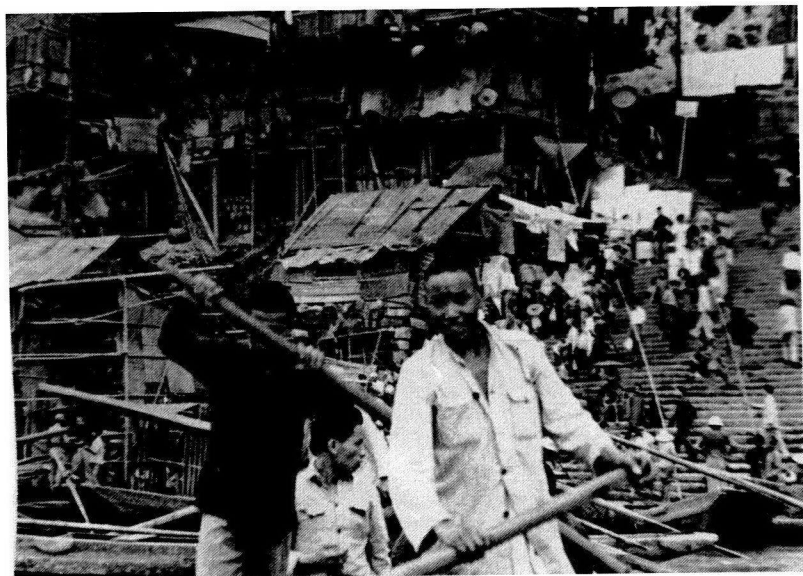
B-25Bs aboard USS Hornet en route to attack Japan, April 1942

**Group Leaders
In Demolition Class
On use and care of
Explosives**



**Coolies carrying a
Barrel of cement**

**The waterfront
In Chungking**





General Tai Li addresses his troops

**The waterfront
In Chungking**



**Another scene along
Chungking waterfront**

Downtown Chungking



PLANE CREW RESCUED BY SACO

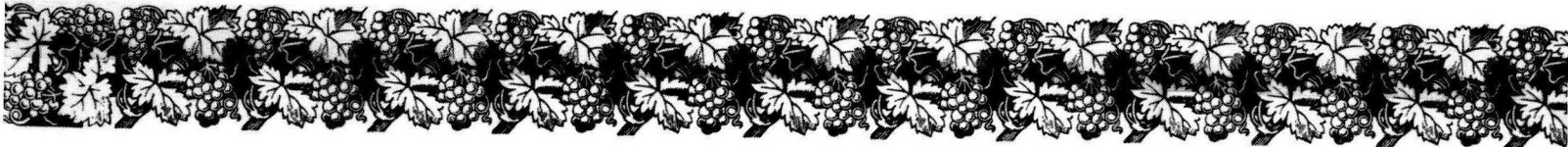


L-R Rear: W.G.Nash, 2nd Lt. (P); Floyd King, 2nd Lt. (N); J.W.Lueddke, 2nd Lt. (CP)

Front: R.L. Juillerat, Cpl. (TG); R.O.Beck, Cpl. (RO/G); J.W. Powell, Cpl. (EG)

Rescued 71st Squadron crew which crash-landed in China 29 March, 1945

Photographed in Kunming, China April 1945



Editor's note:

You may recall Jim Powell's personal story of SACO's rescue of him and his crew. Jim is the one pictured in the lower right above. He and his crew's fate was in about three issues as I recall. One of my greatest regrets, where my mind was I'll never know, but he and his wife ,Jeanne, were in attendance at my reunion in Palm Springs and I forgot to make their presence known at the banquet. What an honor it was to have them with us and I'm so sorry for one of my most unforgettable faux pas. I wish they could join us again – they are loveable people.

Richard

CHRONOLOGY OF SACO REUNIONS

NO.	YEAR	LOCATION	CHAIR
58	2012	INDIANAPOLIS, IN	DAN MILLER & RICHARD & JUDITH MAURICE
57	2011	SANTA ROSA, CA	PETER & JUDITH BARBIERI
56	2010	RALEIGH, NC	KEITH ALLEN
55	2009	MIDLAND, TX	ROBERT GRACE, JR.
54	2008	GRAND RAPIDS, MI	RICHARD TERPSTRA
53	2007	DES MOINES, IA	BOB & LOLA HILL
52	2006	APPLETON, WI	JACK MILLER
51	2005	PALM SPRINGS, CA	RICHARD RUTAN
50	2004	SEATTLE, WA	BILL & SISSY MILLER
49	2003	PHILADELPHIA, PA	JIM KELLY
48	2002	COCOA BEACH, FL	JOE & PEG FITZGERALD
47	2001	FREDERICKSBURG, TX	ROBERT M. SINKS, JR
46	2000	WILLIAMSBURG, VA	CHARLES O'BRIEN
45	1999	APPLETON, WI	JACK L. MILLER
44	1998	SYRACUSE, NY	ELWOOD F. BOOTH, JR
43	1997	PEORIA, IL	NORMAN W. DIKE
42	1996	LONGBOAT KEY, FL	LLOYD M. "DOC" FELMLY, MD
41	1995	SEATTLE, WA	WILLIAM M. MILLER
40	1994	RAPID CITY, SD	DAVID J. CLARKE
39	1993	LOUISVILLE, KY	ARTHUR H. WILDING
38	1992	SAN DIEGO, CA	JAMES K. MURPHY
37	1991	NASHVILLE, TN	STONE H. COOPER
36	1990	GULF SHORES, AL	LILLIAN R. "SLIM" GILROY
35	1989	CHARLESTON, SC	WILL H. RICE
34	1988	DES MOINES, IA	ROBERT G. HILL
33	1987	ANNAPOLIS, MD	CHARLES L. COX
32	1986	PHOENIX, AZ	CARL W. DIVELBISS
31	1985	TAIPEI, TAIWAN	PAUL CASAMAJOR
30	1984	SEATTLE, WA	WILLIAM M. MILLER
29	1983	ATLANTA, GA	STONE H. COOPER
28	1982	TAIPEI, TAIWAN	PAUL CASAMAJOR
27	1981	NEW ORLEANS, LA	CHARLES V. MENENDEZ
26	1980	SAN DIEGO, CA	WILLIE BAKER
25	1979	TAIPEI, TAIWAN	WILLIAM P. SIMMONS
24	1978	CAPTIVA, FL	ROBERT L. DORMER
23	1977	PORTLAND, OR	RALPH COX
22	1976	CHERRY HILL, NJ	HAROLD BONIN
21	1975	COLORADO SPRINGS, CO	CARL DIVELBISS
20	1974	ANAHEIM, CA	WILLIAM S. LA SOR
19	1973	SAN FRANCISCO, CA	WILLIAM K. LAWLOR
18	1972	TAIPEI, TAIWAN	RALPH BRIGGS
17	1971	CYPRESS GARDENS, FL	ROBERT J. EASTMAN
16	1970	WASHINGTON, D.C.	ALEXANDER HAYS III
15	1969	CHICAGO, IL	LYLE H. DAVIS
14	1968	PHILADELPHIA, PA	JOSEPH A. MEYERTHOLEN
13	1967	MIAMI, FL	ROBERT L. DORMER
12	1966	DALLAS, TX	ROBERT M. SINKS
11	1965	ATLANTIC CITY, NJ	JAMES M. RICHARDSON
10	1964	NEW YORK, NY	HAROLD BONIN
9	1963	WASHINGTON, D.C.	HILTON T. HENDRIX
8	1962	NORTH FALMOUTH, MA	ROY O. STRATTON
7	1961	NEW YORK, NY	JAMES P. GOOGE
6	1960	PITTSBURGH, PA	W. PAUL GRIFFIN
5	1959	CHICAGO, IL	GEORGE L. MARQUARDT
4	1958	NEW YORK, NY	LESTER G. BRUGGEMAN
3	1957	NEW YORK, NY	JAMES L. MCGRAIL
2	1956	NEW YORK, NY	ROBERT E. GOODWIN, MD
1	1955	NORTH FALMOUTH, MA	ROY O. STRATTON

A LOVE STORY BORN IN WWII DURING HITLER'S HORRENDOUS JEWISH MASSACRE

(Allegedly a true story sent me which I fail to find from whom or whence it came)

The sky was gloomy that morning as we waited anxiously. All of the men, women and children of Piotrkow's Jewish ghetto had been herded into a square. Word had gotten around that we were being moved. My father had only recently died from typhus, which had run rampant through the crowded ghetto. My greatest fear was that our family would be separated. "Whatever you do," Isodore, my eldest bother, whispered to me, "don't tell them your age. Say you're sixteen." I was tall for a boy of 11, so I could pull it off. That way I might be deemed valuable as a worker.

An SS man approached me, boots clicking against the cobblestones. He looked at me up and down and then asked my age. "Sixteen," I said. He directed me to the left where my three brothers and other healthy young men already stood. My mother was motioned to the right with the other women, children, sick and elderly people. I whispered to Isadore, "Why?" He didn't answer. I ran to my momma's side and said I wanted to stay with her. "No," she said sternly. "Get away. Don't be a nuisance. Go with your brothers." She had never spoken so harshly before, but I understood. She was protecting me. She loved me so much that just this once, she pretended not to. It was the last time I ever saw her.

My brothers and I were transported in a cattle car to Germany. We arrived at the Buchenwald concentration camp one night later and were led into a crowded barrack. The next day we were issued uniforms and identification numbers. "Don't call me Herman anymore," I said to my brothers, "Call me 94983." I was put to work in the camp's crematorium, loading the dead into a hand-cranked elevator. I, too, felt dead. Hardened, I had become a number.

Soon, my brothers and I were sent to Schlieben, one of Buchenwald's sub-camps near Berlin. One morning I thought I heard my mother's voice. "Son," she said softly but clearly. "I am going to send you an angel." Then I woke up. Just a dream. A beautiful dream. But in this place, there could be no angels. There was only work and hunger and fear.

A couple of days later, I was walking around the camp, around the barracks near the barbed-wire fence where the guards could easily see. On the other side of the fence, I spotted someone, a little girl with light, almost luminous curls. She was half-hidden behind a birch tree. I glanced around to make sure no one saw me. I called to her softly in German, "Do you have something to eat?" She didn't understand. I inched a little closer to the fence and repeated the question in Polish. She stepped forward. I was thin and gaunt, with rags wrapped around my feet, but the girl looked unafraid. In her eyes I saw life. She pulled an apple from her woolen jacket and threw it over the fence. I grabbed the fruit and as I started to run away, I heard her say faintly, "I'll see you tomorrow."

I returned to the same spot by the fence at the same time every day. She was always there with something for me to eat. – a hunk of bread or better yet, an apple. We didn't dare speak or linger. To be caught would mean death for us both. I didn't know anything about her, just a kind farm girl, except she understood Polish. What was her name? Why was she risking her life for me? Hope was in such short supply and the girl on the other side of the fence gave me some, as in nourishing in its way as the bread and apples.

Nearly seven months later, my brothers and I were crammed into a coal car and shipped to Theresienstadt camp in Czechoslovakia. "Don't return," I told the girl that day. "We're leaving." I turned toward the barracks and didn't look back; didn't even say good-bye to the little girl whose name I'd never learned, the girl with the apples. We were in Theresienstadt for three months. The war was winding down and Allied forces were closing in, yet my fate seemed sealed.

On May 10, 1945, I was scheduled to die in the gas chamber at 10:00AM. In the quiet of dawn, I tried to prepare myself. So many times death seemed ready to claim me, but somehow, I'd survived. I thought of my parents. At least we would be reunited.

But at 8AM there was a commotion. I heard shouts and saw people running every which way through camp. I caught up with my brothers. Russian Troops had liberated the camp! The gates swung open. Everyone was running, so I did, too. Amazingly, all of my brothers had survived. I'm not sure how, but I knew that the girl with the apples had been the key to my survival. In a place where evil seemed triumphant, one person's goodness had saved my life, had given me hope in a place where there was none. My mother had promised to send an angel and the angel had come.

Eventually, I made my way to England where I was sponsored by a Jewish charity, put up in a hostel with other boys who had survived the Holocaust and trained in electronics. Then I came to America, where my brother, Sam, had already moved. I served in the U.S Army during the Korean War and returned to New York City after two years.

By August 1957, I'd opened my own electronics repair shop. I was starting to settle in. One day my friend, Sid, who I knew from England, called me. I've got a date. She's got a Polish friend. Let's double date. A blind date? Nah, that wasn't for me. But Sid kept pestering me and a few days later we headed up to the Bronx to pick up his date and her friend, Roma.

I had to admit, for a blind date his wasn't so bad. Roma was a nurse at a Bronx hospital. She was kind and smart. Beautiful, too, with swirling brown curls and green, almond shaped eyes that sparkled with life. The four of us drove out to Coney Island. Roma was easy to talk to, easy to be with. Turned out she was wary of blind dates too! We were both doing our friends a favor. We took a stroll on the boardwalk, enjoying the salty Atlantic breeze and then had dinner by the shore. I couldn't remember a better time. We piled back into Sid's car, Roma and I sharing the back seat.

As European Jews who had survived the war, we were aware that much had been left unsaid between us. She broached the subject, "Where were you," she asked softly, "during the war?" "The camps," I said, the terrible memories still vivid, the irreparable loss...I had tried to forget. But you can never forget. She nodded, "My family was hiding on a farm in

Germany, not far from Berlin," she told me. "My father knew a priest and he got us Aryan papers." I imagined she must have suffered too, fear, a constant companion. And here we were, both survivors in a new world.

"There was a camp next to the farm," Roma continued. "I saw a boy there and I would throw him apples every day." What an amazing coincidence that she had helped some other boy. "What did he look like?" I asked. "He was tall, skinny and hungry. I must have fed him every day for six months." My heart was racing. I couldn't believe it. This couldn't be. "Did he tell you one day not to come back because he was going to Schlieben?" Roma looked at me in amazement. "Yes!" "That was me!"

I was ready to burst with joy and awe, flooded with emotions. I couldn't believe it! My angel! "I'm not letting you go," I said to Roma. And in the back of that car on that blind date, I proposed to her. I didn't want to wait. "You're crazy," she said. But she invited me to meet her parents for Shabbat dinner the following week.

There was so much I looked forward to learning about Roma, but the most important things I always knew, her steadfastness, her goodness. For many months in the worst of circumstances, she had come to the fence and given me hope. Now that I'd found her again, I could never let her go. That day, she said yes. And I kept my word. After nearly 50 years of marriage, two children and three grandchildren, I have never let her go.

(signed) Herman Rosenblat of
Miami Beach, Florida

(Followed with: This story is being made into a movie called "THE FENCE")

RLR



Did You Know.....

Most folks know that the thirteen stripes on our Flag represent the thirteen original colonies. But did you know that Old Glory once had 15 stripes? It's true.

January 13, 1794, recognizing the admission of Vermont and Kentucky to the Union, Congress added a stripe and a star for each state.

The fifteen stripe flag existed until 1818 when Congress restored the flag to thirteen stripes, designating that they represent the original colonies, and that a star be added to the blue canton for each state after its admission to the Union.

(Source: Smithsonian Institution via American Legion Post 301 of Rancho Mirage, CA)

57th Annual SACO Reunion

Wed. August 3 thru Sat. August 6, 2011

Double Tree Hotel, Sonoma Wine Country

One Double Tree Drive

Rohnert Park, California 94928

800-HILTON or direct 707-584-5466

(Request SACO Reunion)

Hosts: Peter & Judith Barbieri

244 Silver Creek Circle

Santa Rosa, CA 95409

707-539-3815

E-mail: judy.barbieri@yahoo.com

Judy writes: "It is with greatest pleasure that we will be hosting the 2011 Saco Reunion in our area of Santa Rosa, Sonoma County, in beautiful Northern California. As Associate Members, and in memory of my father. John McAfee, this is a wonderful honor,"

The Double Tree Hotel rate is \$101+tax - (rate good until July 7, 2011)

Day 1 - Wed. August 3 - Arrival and hotel check-in. Hospitality Room will be set up and ready for you. The hotel has a nice restaurant for meals.

Day 2 - Thurs. August 4 - Breakfast on your own. Leave the hotel at 10:30 for a tour by bus Coastline, Redwoods, Lunch, Korbel Champagne Cellars.

Day 3 - Fri. August 5 - Another tour beginning at 9:30 = Nat'l Hdqtrs of Canine Companions - Charles Schultz Museum and other sights.

Day 4 - Saturday. August 6 - General Meeting 10:00am. Afternoon free - No host bar 6 to 7pm. Banquet - 7:00pm - then last call to Hosp. Rm for farewells 'til next

????!!***