

MARCH 2001

SACO VETERANS

OF
THE RICE PADDY NAVY

Sino
American
Cooperative
Organization

ISSUE NO. 22

WHAT

Perpetual Skipper

THE

HELL?

VAdm. Milton E. "Mary" Miles

Commander Livingston "Swede" Swentzel
& crewman raise colors on his Chinese
junk involved in crediting SACO as fighting
& winning the last Naval battle of WWII
20 August 1945.

SACO NEWS



SACO HISTORY

SACO (*pronounced "SOCKO"*) was established during WWII by President Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. Officially known as U.S. Naval Group, China, it was placed under the joint command of General Tai Li (Head of BIS - Bureau of Investigation and Statistics, i.e., Intelligence) as Director of SACO and VAdm. Milton Edward "Mary" Miles as Deputy Director. The Chinese and American members of SACO joined in combined effort to perform intelligence and guerrilla operations. SACO TIGERS, as they were, and *are*, popularly known, served hundreds of miles behind enemy lines, establishing vital weather stations, coast watching to report on enemy shipping, intercepting Japanese code, rescuing downed allied airmen and being involved in numerous other military, medical and humanitarian endeavors. The American personnel numbering in excess of 2,500, were volunteers from all branches of service, but for the most part, Navy and Marine men. Three books: *THE RICE PADDY NAVY*, by Roy Olin Stratton, *A DIFFERENT KIND OF WAR*, by VAdm. Milton E. Miles and *THE ARMY~NAVY GAME* by Roy Stratton. One movie: *DESTINATION GOBI* was based on SACO's activities..

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

ABOUT THE COVER:

Photo reportedly taken in Shanghai sometime following the last naval battle of WWII engaging men of SACO. Two Chinese junks had been purchased by "Swede" Swentel & his men as transportation to Shanghai following orders to proceed to that city. En route, they were attacked by Japanese evidently ignorant of the fact the war had ended. (*Refer to issue #16 April 1998 p. 28 for the story of this historic battle.*)

Doc Felmly relates that he and Swentzel roomed together in Shanghai. He states he and "Swede" were mine disposal guys together and went to Yorktown Mine School together in 1942.

THE BACK COVER:

Finding a print of Desiderata years ago in Carmel, CA, my mother, Erma, read it, loved it, purchased it and stated, "This is all the religion anyone needs." Ed.

**SACO DUES ARE PAYABLE 1
JANUARY EACH YEAR FOR
REGULAR, ASSOCIATE AND
AUXILIARY MEMBERS AND
TO BE SENT TO THE
FOLLOWING TREASURERS:**

REGULAR & ASSOCIATES

\$20.00

Treasurer Herman W. Weskamp
3034 Larkwood
West Covina, CA 91791-2928
Phone: 626 332-4978

LADIES AUXILIARY

Treasurer Laura Sellers
1291 Eastern Parkway
Louisville, KY 40204-2440
Phone: 502 459-4753

Time Flies By - How Many More Reunions? How Many More Times
For Sharing Wonderful Memories* With The Rice Paddy Guys?

Why don't you set sail for and not miss

FREDERICKSBURG, TX

47th Annual SACO Reunion Tuesday 8 to Sunday 13 May 2001

(Don't forget Mother's Day)

with a party planned by Bob and Dolores Sinks. With the German heritage of the community and the new Nimitz Museum which will house a SACO plaque to be dedicated while we are present at this reunion, I'm sure it will be a welcome and different environment than some of the big city locales of the past. The establishment in which we'll be staying is new - in fact some construction was completed prior to the past holiday season.

Here are some details re: lodging: Rooms \$65.00 (Mention SACO for rate)

Our home in Fredericksburg:

201 South Washington
Fredericksburg, TX 78624
800 446-0202



Any questions: Bob Sinks, Sr., Chair
P.O. Box 1609
Fredericksburg, TX 78624-0079
(830) 997-7183

** Or perhaps regaining those you have lost????!!****

The "outback"
of the
Hospitality Bldg.





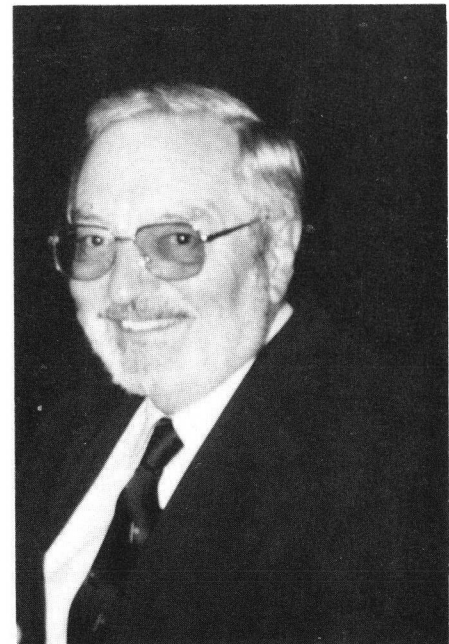
FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN

Most of us are guilty at one time or another in respect to taking things for granted or just accepting things as they are without giving a thought as to how they come to our attention. It's just a way of life and even though we have some concept as to the source of an item that comes our way, do we really know the challenge involved in pleasing us with information about our brothers in SACO?

Paul Casamajor would probably be the last person to sanction publishing accolades for his involvement in our organization, but he certainly is worthy of our praise in the performance of his position as "keeper of the records." Throughout several past years, hardly a day goes by that he isn't at the computer updating records, i.e., *changes of address (and believe it or not, at our age, many are unsettled or "on the move")*; *entering newfound members (and we yet, today, find lost SACOs)*, *clarifying the legitimacy of heretofore "unknown" SACOs by checking the payroll records of those days of service (all of which he maintains in his possession and from those records, enters into the computer the camps or locations of each man during their service)*; *removing the deceased from active rolls and transferring to the memorial section*; *recording of annual dues-payers, recipients of the China War Medal and the SACO Medal and a heavy load of correspondence responding to incoming mail, as well as providing the officers and trustees information on various situations. Periodically, he publishes an updated SACO Directory (he's currently working toward that end now) and when possible, includes first names of spouses and telephone numbers. He prints and supplies address labels as needed for various mailings.*

Then came the crisis - the year 2000 was a real "heller!" Most of you are aware of his tragic loss of days, months, and years of recorded history of SACO when his computer "upchucked" and tossed all his logged information overboard. I'm not sure how he met this catastrophe, but he did. With bits of leads here and there (some of his leftover mailing labels I had kept - those unused as they weren't eligible for issues by failure to pay dues) were of help, he said. After about 6 mailings, he again managed to get his flock back in the fold and all was well once more!



All in all, his response was excellent although a 100-plus never responded. He is thinking of one more attempt to reach the families explaining in the event their SACO member was deceased we would still like to know as Paul keeps a memorial record. Not only did his research provide much needed info, he states, "I received over \$3,000 (some had never paid dues until now) and I never asked for a penny!"

Yes, SACO is fortunate to have such a dedicated member who accepted the job with full intent to give it his all and he proves that, as stated, on almost a daily basis required to keep current. Things haven't been that easy this past year for both him and Martha. Following Martha's serious heart attack and convalescence, I don't know how he keeps up, but though the pace has slowed with other chores, he hasn't stopped. Martha, too, has added her share so much in the past years - especially those times of buying, planning and preparing the protocol for events in Taiwan.

During the war, we lost two of our own in RI men (Bob Lynch and Lyle Jansen) at which time it was expressed, "They were unexpendable." Paul Casamajor meets that criterion today.

Paul, we salute you; we are so fortunate to have you at a post no other would fill as well. A Navy "Well Done" seems somehow inadequate in application to you as you are never "done" - so, heartfelt gratitude for the past and future is surely in order and how about throwing in many, many "si si ni's" as well as a whole lot of "Ting, Ting, Ting Haos?"

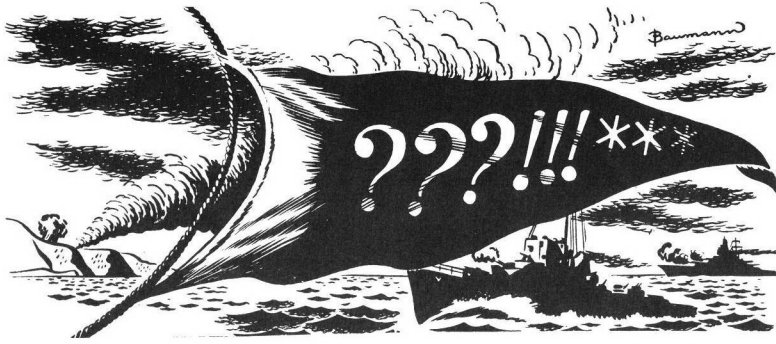
????!!***

PS: Forgot to add - it doesn't stop there - in addition, Paul does (last count) newsletters in his "spare" time for two other organizations. .

Submitted by Paul Casamajor

The Senior

- * I'm the life of the party ... even when it lasts until 8 p.m.
- * I'm very good at opening child proof caps with a hammer
- * I'm usually interested in going home before I get where I'm going
- * I'm good on a trip for at least an hour without my aspirin, beano and antacid ...
- * I'm the first one to find the bathroom wherever I go
- * I'm awake many hours before my body allows me to get up
- * I'm smiling all the time because I can't hear a word you are saying
- * I'm very good at telling stories ... over and over and over
- * I'm aware that other people's grandchildren are not as bright as mine
- * I'm so care for: long term care, eye care, private care and dental care
- * I'm not grouchy; I just don't like traffic, waiting, crowds, children and politicians
- * I'm positive I did housework correctly before my mate retired
- * I'm sure everything I can't find is in a secure place
- * I'm wrinkled, saggy and lumpy and that's just my left leg
- * I'm having trouble remembering simple words like ...
- * I'm now spending more time with my pillows than my mate
- * I'm anti-everything now: anti-fat, anti-smoking, anti-noise, anti-inflammatory ...
- * I'm a senior citizen and I think I am having the time of my life!!!



The What-the-Hell Pennant

(Yes, the career signature of our skipper has been told and printed many times, but some non-SACO readers have not known its history and there's no harm in us recalling its glorious past and present. Ed.)

It might just as well have been called the "What's Cooking?" pennant, but this is "Mary" Miles' story and he is sticking to it.

Capt. Milton Edward Miles, United States Navy, who became chief of our "land navy" over in China - a regular host of naval observers - is no stranger to the Mikado's sailor-men in those parts. In bygone days, he once threw the commander of Japan's South China Fleet into consternation.

Miles got his nickname when he was a cadet and Mary Miles Minter was the current pinup girl. It has stayed with him ever since. Perhaps just to show he didn't give a damn, he made himself a flag and carried it on every ship on which he served. Whenever one of his buddies ran up "Mary" or even a more civilized greeting from another vessel, Miles would answer them with his own pennant, illustrated above. Out in the East, the fleet got to know it as "Mary's what-the-hell flag" and it became a standard joke.

The scene shifts to Hong Kong in 1938, where Miles was No. 2 in our small South China squadron commanded by Capt. Jack Stapler. Rumors came one day that the Japanese were making a quiet snatch of the large and important island of Hainan. Captain Stapler sailed off forthwith in a destroyer to investigate, and Miles went with him.

Nearing Hoihow, the principal port, they suddenly found themselves in the midst of the sun-goddess fleet, which was pounding away at the Chinese shore batteries. At first astounded, the Japs did nothing, and the destroyer kept on its course, despite their fire. Recovering, and enraged at the "spying" on their private war with China, the Nips began running up frantic signals in the international code, "You could almost hear the hissing of teeth," said Mary.

THAT WONDERFUL PENNANT TO THE RESCUE - "Danger!" "Port Closed!" "Proceed at your own risk!" the Jap flagship signaled. But the destroyer did not stop. And finally Stapler said to Miles, "They might take a shot at us if we don't answer. Any ideas, Mary?"

"The situation," answered Mary, "is well in hand, sir." He moved off and in a few seconds the ???!!!*** waved overhead. The Jap signals stopped and the destroyer purred safely along.

"We hadn't dropped anchor," Mary told me, "before the Japanese admiral's aide was aboard, blurting out, 'The admiral requests you to leave these dangerous waters instantly!'" Miles responded, "Impossible! Didn't you read our signal?" Nonplused, the Jap retired speechless to his launch.

After studying the Japanese gunnery and then going ashore to satisfy completely their curiosity, Stapler and Miles paid a courtesy call on the admiral. "Just as we were leaving his ship," Miles told me, "he whispered to me, 'That flag, commander, what is the meaning?' I gravely replied, 'Admiral, Japanese navy very busy these days. It is very understandable then that you haven't heard the latest changes in the international code, yes?' The admiral flushed, gave a forced laugh and swung away."

A year later, Miles was summoned before the naval staff in Washington. He was shown a vast file of correspondence involving the Jap admiral, his fleet admiral, the home staff, the naval attache in Washington, the Japanese ambassador and the United States Department of State. There had been quite a stir, and now it can be told that the mystery was never explained to the Japanese, on the theory that they'd neither understand nor believe it, but just be angrier than ever.

As the war unfolded, Miles became a busy thorn working in the enemy's side up and down China's barbary coast. And there, on strange Chinese ships and even in many inland places, copies of his WHAT THE Hell pennant doubtless have bobbed up frequently to remind the Japanese of that unsettled Hoihow incident.

- Edgar Snow

CHRONOLOGY OF SACO REUNIONS

NO	YEAR	LOCATION	CHAIR
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. MCGRIL
2	1956	NEW YORK, NY	ROBERT E. GOODWIN, MD
1	1955	NORTH FALMOUTH, MA	ROY O. STRATTON

THESE CHANGIN' TIMES

REUNIONS OF THE PAST

Year: 1960
Place: Hilton
 Pittsburgh

Rooms: \$ 9.00 sgl
 \$15.00 dbl

Registration: \$35 (2)
 \$25 sgl

Year: 1961
Place: Warwick
 New York City

Rooms: "will be better
 and cheaper than your
 hometown motel."

Registration: \$25. (2)
 \$20 sgl

Year: 1963
Place: Marriott
 Wash, D.C.

Rooms: \$15 sgl
 \$17-18 dbl

Registration \$15 ea.

Note: Dues in those years
 were \$5.00.

???!!!***



MAIL

CALL

Christmas notes:

From Bill White . . . Mary and I are still hanging in there and she hasn't seemed to get any worse with her alzheimers which is a good Xmas present for me. I haven't heard from anyone except Sal Ciaccio and he and his son, Michael are planning to go to Texas. I'll go, too, if I can find a suitable companion for Mary while I'm gone. Hope to think of you two in Texas and think of you two as the best.

‰

From Kitty Sheaffer - It was a lonely year without Ken, but I'm okay - doing as much as health will allow. Hope you are doing well.

‰

From Bob & Lola Hill - As usual, you did an outstanding job again with the last

issue of SACO News. Erma, I was glad to hear you are doing so well at the June SACO meeting. You are a lovely lady. Have a happy holiday season and a healthy New Year.

‰

From Clarence & Norma Gee - Great job on latest SACO edition. I couldn't put it down 'till I read it from cover to cover. You do good work. . . .

‰

From Pauline Rice - Hope this finds you both well and happy - I am blessed with 2 great grandchildren - Ellen who is 2 and lives next door to me and Blake who is our newest "star" born 3 weeks ago.

I think of you often - with much love and all good wishes.

‰

From Dick & Marti Terpstra - . . . Time marches on, but I hope to make Texas this year. I hear from the Foochow Gang all the time and they are still kicking.

Richard, you are always so kind and do a great job for SACO - you deserve the Medal of Journalism.

From Ruth Cox - Dear Erma, First, I would like to send belated wishes for your birthday. Hope I can make it also, Ha.

Dick, want to thank you for the wonderful job you do for the SACO NEWS. It keeps us oldsters up on all news.

Hope to make Texas - I have missed so many. So many of our SACO friends are missing. Can't believe Charlie has been gone 10 yrs. Where does the time go?

Keep busy here on my Acre with John, No. 2 and my big dog

☺

From Bud & Ellen Booth - . . . SACO News looks great! Loved the comments on the pictures and that you could name all the individuals. See you in Texas.

☺

From Martha Leighton - I have just reread the SACO NEWS and realized that a donation wouldn't hurt to keep it going (check was enclosed). (And again, Martha I thank you, Ed.)

You do such a great job editing. The Williamsburg reunion seemed to be a huge success. It was a lovely place to have it.

Keep up the good work - . . .

☺

From Frank & Evelyn Buckless - Things are a little better here now, but still feeling our age. Hope all is well with you - SACO book is great - a good job again after much work . . .

☺

From John & Fran Waters - With love to you and Erma - all goes well here for the moment - we'll drive to Tex. all being well so will have transportation if needed. Enjoyed the SACO NEWS much - your desk reminds me of mine.

☺

From Bill & Sissy Miller - . . . The magazine was great - as usual; read every page - thanks for my page (Ladies Auxiliary article Ed.). Thought you might just toss it.

We are fine - keep our fingers crossed - Bill is back to most of his activities - even went hunting a couple of weekends ago with his friends.

We're having our family Christmas Eve, 18 or 19 - all four of our granddaughters. We're looking forward to it. Our family is shrinking - one niece and family just moved to New Zealand and one nephew and family live in Japan - our son, John, in Colorado - we'll miss him.

Sure hope we all make it to Texas - sounds good. . . .

‰

From Jacqueline San Pedro - I want to thank you for the trouble you took on the matter of my late ex-husband, Maxwell D. Harris. It was great of you. If the SACO NEWS was published after your letter, unfortunately, I received no correspondence from anyone who might have served with him - and the medal Mr. Barnes was referring to was never in my thoughts; I had only hoped that someone might have had memories to share with my sons.

Again, thank you for your help and may I wish you and yours the best of everything in the coming year and always.

‰

From Len & Dolores Fintak - . . . We're off to Canada to spend Christmas with out daughter, Linda, and family. Also looking forward to Texas in May.

The SACO NEWS was great

‰

General letters follow:

Response re Terry & The Pirates

From Jack Harvey Nov. 15, 2000 to Conrad Bradshaw:

I read with interest your letter in the last issue of SACO NEWS. I doubt that I can throw any light on the subject, but I can give you my recollections.

During the war, I was a great follower of the comic strip, *Terry and The Pirates*. During the few weeks before we left for the CBI, I was stationed in Washington and lived with my aunt and uncle, who thus learned of my enthusiasm for the strip, inasmuch as it was carried daily in *The Washington Post*. So, when I left for the CBI, my wonderful aunt clipped the strip from the *Post* every day and when she had accumulated three or four weeks' worth, she would ship them off to me in India. So, I was able to follow the doings of Terry and his slightly older friend (whose name I have now forgotten - but he was a Navy Lieutenant and a pilot) throughout the war. Perhaps you remember my receiving these clippings.

Terry and friend were in China during the war, and it is certainly true that several of the episodes closely paralleled things that actually happened to various members of SACO. One, in particular that I remember, involved the Dragon Lady, a voluptuous Chinese female who commanded a band of cutthroat pirates on several riverboats in China and who carried on a vicious guerrilla war with the occupying Japanese. My recollection is that there was actually such a person (probably not as voluptuous as depicted by Milton Caniff) who ran a similar operation and was closely associated with SACO. And there were several other such episodes that recounted various guerrilla exploits that closely resembled actual SACO Unit happenings

The similarities were so striking, in fact, that the Navy Department called Caniff on the carpet in Washington and demanded to know where he was getting this classified information.

Caniff denied any Navy Connections and insisted that the episodes came right out of his head and that the whole thing was coincidence. I believe the Navy accepted his explanation. After all, he was giving the Navy some excellent publicity.

If you learn anything to the contrary, I would appreciate your letting me know. I was always a Caniff fan. As you doubtless know, he finally had to abandon Terry and the Pirates when his syndicate was sold to a competing news service, after which he started drawing Steve Canyon.

Hope all is well with you. It seems ages since I saw you in Louisville, which is the last SACO reunion I have been able to attend. My wife was suffering from chronic leukemia even then, but she fought it off for six more years and finally died in February of 1999. We were married 51 years.

The Jorhat days seem far away - as indeed they are. I no longer hear from any of my MMG's - indeed, most of them are dead. I take that back. I still get a Christmas card from Joe Pohorsky who lives with his wife in Arizona.

I am still working (at about one-third speed) and get to the office nearly every day. In fact, I am happy to have my office to go to since Fee died. I did get down to Williamsburg in June during the SACO reunion, but could stay only a few hours - just long enough for an interview with Carolyn Inman. Hence, I did not register at the convention. I did look at the list of attendees in hope of finding you there, but you were not listed.

I do hope this finds you well and happy. If you feel like dropping me a line, I would be pleased to hear from you. (Since I read your letter in the SACO NEWS, I am sending a copy of this letter to Richard Rutan).

All the best, Brad

Sincerely, Jack Harvey

(Footnote: Richard, this letter to Conrad Bradshaw was occasioned by your use of his

letter in your last issue. Brad and I were both stationed at Jorhat. All Good wishes, Jack)

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From Herbert D. Goldberg (no date) to editor:

I've just finished reading Issue #21 of the SACO NEWS. It was great.

I cannot seem to remember any of my shipmates so hopefully some of them will remember me and, if so, I would love to hear from them.

I was in the Roger @ class at Fort Pierce, FL in Jan. 1945. Shipped out of San Pedro, CA March/April 1945 to Camp Knox, Calcutta. Flew with CNAC to Chungking (Happy Valley) in July 1945. After a few months, went to Shanghai and worked at the Glen Line Building. Left for home in June 1946.

Hope to hear from somebody.

Herbert D. Goldberg, USNR SK2c
12 Candlewood Lane U2-11
Dennisport, MA 01639

%

From Secretary Bill Bartee to editor Nov. 28, 2000:

As I told you on the phone, your publishing arts are just like good wine - "They get better & better as time goes by." The last issue of the SACO NEWS was by far the best yet and you will have a real problem outdoing yourself on future issues.

Plaudits must go to our pro photographer - Ellen Booth. You can see her handiwork throughout in the pictures and her thorough know-how really comes through on the close-ups.

Again, I thank you for sharing your "Labor of Love" with those of us who are all thumbs in such endeavors . . .

Bill Bartee, Sec'y

From Al Parsons Dec 23,00 to the editor:

Just thought I'd drop you a line and let you know what's been going on on this side of the country. Outside of cold weather, we have very little to brag about. Just hope this finds you and yours in good health and ready to face 2001. It sounds like it could be a shocker from the way the bulls and bears are blowing off steam on Wall Street. I suppose it was time for the economy to slow down. As long as it's just a slow down and not a deep recession it possibly won't be too agonizing. We have several plant closings in this area and the merchants have been upset with sales thus far and have posted good discounts hoping for an upturn in sales during the Christmas season -- the biggest sales event of the entire year.

I spent this past summer getting a new set of lenses for both eyes. The cataracts are gone and the eyes are 20/25 without the glasses. I only need the glasses for reading or lower the light level during some night driving and glaring conditions during the day. It seems a bit strange that at 79 you begin to make a few physical improvements only to realize you haven't much time to enjoy the new toys. It surely did open a whole new world for me as I now see colors that I haven't seen in years. I can only thank the good Lord that things worked so well as some of these operations are not that professional and they continue to have problems.

Thanks again for your great work and accept this small token (\$50) of my appreciation for the great job you've done. I realize it's not much, but I do hope it helps some. Keep up the good work and God-willing, I may get to one of the gatherings. I just spoke to Harold (Bonin) last week and that ole tiger is in rough shape - - - using a walker or cane. He's having a bad time of it.

Your SACO friend, Al Parsons

%

From Assoc. Member John D. Griffin Nov. 9, 2000 to the editor:

As your records may reflect, I am an associate member. My father, Lewis J. Griffin, deceased 01-04-98, was at Happy Valley from approximately January 1945 and after the hostilities, was in Shanghai until his return home in January 1946. He was a communications officer.

I was somewhat surprised and pleased to see the photo on Page 87 of the latest issue of *SACO NEWS* (#21 Oct. 2000). My father is the individual seated on the horse. He and his friends were in transit to the CBI. He left the States in November 1944 and traveled as an officer/courier through North Africa and to Cairo, then on the Calcutta where he waited for approximately 30 days for a flight into Kunming.

I am not at all certain whether this photo came through my family to you upon his death, (likely so, Ed.) but I do remember it being one of his interesting experiences. While he enjoyed the tour of the pyramids, he had a sense of *deja vu* having seen them so many times in photographs. I will do my best to learn the identity of the fellow-officers on the camels. I do believe they are all SACO men. Thank you for bring this bit of nostalgia forward. As always, it is appreciated.

Sincerely, John D. Griffin, Esq.

%

From Ruth Burke, Nov. 2000 to the editor:

Thank you for the copy of *WHAT THE HELL* and letting me know I am behind in my dues. I will take care of that immediately to reinstate my membership.

My life has been on hold since Leonard died. Since his death, I have lost 5 more family members and dear friends. I have sold my home and moved into an adult community. I hope this is a new beginning. Would you be kind enough to e-mail me Helen & Julius' address?(Hope I didn't forget, Ed.). I missed

the reunions as we both looked forward to them.

Enclosed is a small donation in memory of Leonard to help with the magazine.

Hope to see you in Texas if I could lasso someone to travel with me. I am not sure if many of the old friends are still around,

Again, thank you for remembering me.

Sincerely, Ruth Burke

%

Following notes to Treasurer Weskamp:

Hope things are well with you folks! We are doing fine and today we have sunshine. Betty is making our reservation for Texas right now! It has been more difficult anymore.

And I have a bone to pick with you sunshine state people! You are raising our electrical power costs! So please shut off your porch lights and swimming pool pumps, heaters & lights. You can keep the refer on, but take cold showers!

Bob Clark

%

Am enclosing \$20 for annual dues and \$30 to help keep the SACO NEWS coming. It is a fine publication and I appreciate all the work necessary to put it together. I was planning on the May convention, but now I'm afraid my health won't permit. Hope you have a good one.

Sincerely, Phil E Whitney

%

I just received information from Paul Casamajor about joining the SACO organization. I have been meaning to join for years. I was sent to SACO early in 1945 and it was probably June before I arrived in Calcutta. From there I went to Chungking (Happy

Valley) then on to Shanghai when the war ended. I was with the Fleet Weather Central until June or July when I returned to the U.S. and was reassigned. . .

Sincerely yours, James W. Wheeler

%

My dues for 2001 also a small donation of \$5.00 - wish it could be more. I hope to see my pictures in the next issue that I enclosed sometime ago that were taken of the convoy.

Al Bricker

%

I was a member of SACO. Roy Stratton, in his book, "Rice Paddy Navy" quotes me (see attached) and like most of those who served was the subject of a Navy press release (also attached).

I can't understand why I never heard of the alumni group. My family lived at the same address as listed in the pamphlet included in Stratton's book until about 7 years ago.

I was given your name as the person to contact. Please send the membership information to me. (Weskamp complied Ed.)

Very truly yours, Ed Cramer

%

It's always good to see old friends ; builds some more good memories. We did enjoy the SACO gathering. Glad son, Dennis and wife came along - he drove and they both enjoyed getting acquainted. He got 25 years in, between Navy CB's Navy Reserve and then Nat. Guard. Twin brother Daryl started a new job and no time off. The years are passing too quickly. Enjoyed reading Billy Miles' book - fascinating lady & hubby!

The little Church of Christ minister has a 4 yr. old son & during the flu season this winter, the child was heard talking to himself, "Germs

and Jesus, all I hear around this house & you can't see either one!" This, after Dad reminding him to wash his hands due to germs. I kinda like putting the love & strength Bob gave me and the boys in the same thought.

Sincere wishes to you and yours,
Mona Miller

%

I received a letter from Robert Sinks saying the 47th SACO convention will be held in Fredericksburg, TX, May 8th thru the 12th.

I deeply regret I will be unable to attend this year's convention.

My wife, Mary Helen, died Dec. 2, 2000 which will require many adjustments in my life.

My very best wishes for a successful 47th convention. . .

Sincerely, Burnell (Rebert)

%

I hope this (letterhead Independence Missouri Mayor) did not mislead anyone in Edition #21. (Did me, but I'm gullible Ed.)

I have been off the Independence Council for some time now. Over the years I served on the council eight years.

I often pick up this memo pad by habit. As a matter of fact, I enjoyed the years.

#2 Item: I have finished my book, but am having a heck of a time getting it published. I will persevere! . .

Lee Comer

%

As your records will reflect, I am an associate member, son of Lewis J. Griffin, DOD 1-4-98. He served at Happy Valley and in Shanghai. You do a great job with the organization. Please keep it up and try to recruit more associate members. . .

John D. Griffin

Bob sinks said to "send you money" so I can remain a member of the "club" in good standing. . .Look to see you in Fredericksburg, TX come May 9th. Meanwhile, you and Kathryn enjoy a New Year!

Bill Sager

%

. . .Will be having a knee replacement job done on 26 Feb. with a week in the hospital. Then a month in another hospital for rehab followed by another month of physical therapy minimum which should bring me up to early May.

Since it could be questionable as to whether or not I can make the next reunion, I thought it best to pay the dues now - otherwise some one of my dear friends may vote me out of SACO. With kindest regards to Kathryn,

Sincerely, Hal (Bonin)

%

Thanks for my card for 2000, think I'll wait for Jan 1, 2001 to pay them next year - Charles is still in San Diego . . .Sure sorry to hear so many of our SACO group are having so many medical problems. Hope to make the Texas trip next year, 'Been awhile since I've been away from home! . .

Ruth E. Cox

%

I am enclosing a check for \$30 - \$20 dues and \$10 for the SACO NEWS.

Everything is going fine here. We plan on being at the reunion in Texas this year.. .

Leonard Fintak

%

Enclosed is a check for \$50 - \$20 for dues -\$30 to supplement the SACO NEWS.

Joyce and I enjoyed the reunion in Williamsburg. Please tell Rutan that my wife's name is Joyce not "Joya."

We are moving: our new address is as follows: 4101 Windlestran Lane
Greensboro, NC 27410
Wayne L. Goodson

%

The initial "package" of mail pertaining to the Fredericksburg get-together arrived yesterday. It and the tax forms from IRS. Is that a coincidence or do you smell some kind of conspiracy here? Thank God I'm an old man and my future suggests I not get too excited about it. . .as a matter of fact, I daren't get too excited about anything anymore. Of course, you probably know why. Enuf!

And how've you been? I trust 2000 was kind to you, that 2001 will even be more so. If your loyalty to SACO stays true, I'll be looking for you in early May. Just don't get lost in Texas - may as well settle wherever you find yourselves. Worse than Calif

Myself and mine persist in hanging around the planet Earth. Granddaughter Amanda joined the Holy Bonds of Matrimony in October - married a fellow from San Jose. They're in the throes of living happily ever after! HOORAY for them, eh?

Of course, you know the enclosed is not a belated Christmas gift. I do want to remain a SACO member in "good standing" whatever that is. So keep up your warm efforts for SACO, Wes. I know my gratitude is shared by all SACOs - your work is appreciated.

Both of you STAY NICE.

Much love, Jim Kelly

%

I am enclosing a check for dues 1999, 2000, & 2001 as an associate member in the amount of \$60.00. My husband Paul M. Shiffler passed

away Sept 5, 1999 - I overlooked the dues due to his illness.

Thank you, Eleanor R. Shiffler

%

I don't know whether or not you remember me, but I remember you well.

Besides being in Roger 2, we also shared the experience of having had an injury doing those leaping somersaults while at Fort Pierce. So, I recall it, you suffered a broken collarbone and, I think, a dislocated shoulder; I suffered only a dislocated shoulder. Also, in Calcutta, we went to a CYO meeting once or twice and, through that, met some love young ladies - you: Cecily Rosemeyer; and I - Alice Wintle. I remember you all fondly. (Talk about total recall!!! Ed) Here is my belated check for SACO dues. When I received the May 2000 SACO NEWS, I enjoyed Lee Alverson's article so much that I determined that I would write a letter about it. Unfortunately (but not really unpredictably for me)- I put the magazine aside and then couldn't find it. A week or two ago, I received Paul Casamajor's letter about dues and such and decided to look again for that SACO NEWS and send a letter and dues check.

Herman, if you can, please tell Lee Alverson that, while I enjoyed the whole of his article very much, I thought that his recounting of his getting the machine gun down the Huan River and the later fight with the Japanese patrol boats was one of the very best - it was so realistic - of the many war stories I have ever read.

Also, I would appreciate it if you would consider and pass along to those others who would decide on this suggestion of mine: That is, so that SACO pennants be made up and be offered for sale to SACO Veterans. I recommend (if my suggestion is adopted) that the pennants be of very good quality so that they can be flown at flag-flying times for the next several years. I still have, and wear

proudly, SACO memorabilia (the sew-on patches, especially, were great) that Doc Felmy sent to me while he was still living in Salem, NY.

I believe that many SACO people would like to have a SACO pennant for their final years. And, by the way, if more patches could be made available, I and I believe many others, would appreciate the opportunity to buy some. (I had bought three or four from Doc Felmy, but I've only one left, the others having gotten too discolored through wear and tear to continue wearing.

My best to you and to all SACO people,
Sincerely, Blair (Allen)

PS: Circumstances in my family prevent me from attending SACO reunions. I did a long time ago (in the early 1960's?) attend one held in New York City; however, being unable to attend current reunions makes me want, all the more, a SACO pennant and a couple more patches. (I still have the highball glasses bought at the reunion).

%

I am enclosing a check (Cash it quick - my funds are running low) for my 2000 dues and I'm sorry that I can't make it to the reunions any more - the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.

When Pearl was alive and we were able to get around, we tried to go to as many as we could and we enjoyed ourselves very much. The SACO group is a pretty darn good bunch and it always made us feel younger every time we talked to any of them.

So here's your twenty dollars - I don't want to be "defrocked."

Lorne (Horning)

P.S. - Say hello to all, the heart valve keeps beating and I keep going - who can ask for anything more.

???!***

WHAT THE HELL



Why not a SACO pennant?

I call your attention to the letter in MAIL CALL from Blair Allen.

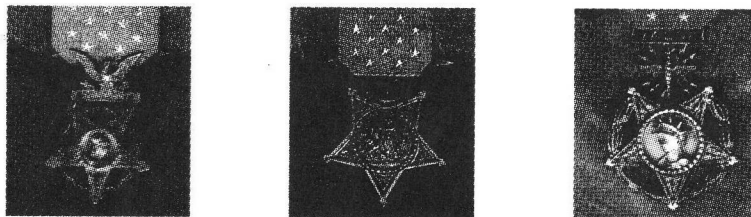
In it he strongly pleads that we should have a SACO pennant of good quality available to be purchased.

I have been an advocate of this request in years past. I expressed my thoughts that we look into getting pennants made and some were issued, as I recall in "handouts," but they were not what I had in mind and I was bitterly disappointed. What I envisioned was about a 2x4 foot size suitable for a flagpole.

When you stop and think about it, it was not only a signature banner of Admiral Miles, but when he was assigned to form Naval Group China and subsequently SACO, those of us serving under his direction became symbolic members of his organization and WHAT THE HELL became our sobriquet, so to speak. Today, we still keep memories alive immortalizing the flag that was his creation. *And you can't deny it's certainly a "conversation piece."*

Good quality flags would be rather costly, but if enough SACO Tigers are interested, (I would suggest you let your trustees or secretary Bill Bartee know your thoughts on the subject) and then we could investigate and see if the cost would be within reason. Understand, you would pay the purchase price, not SACO. So, speak up! Ed.

About the Congressional Medal of Honor



(left to right) U.S. Army, U.S. Navy and U.S. Air Force Medals of Honor.

The origin of this decoration dates back to the Civil War. Before then, medals and decorations were considered honorary, and, fighting for one's country was considered a duty. But leaders later realized that there were achievers that had gone "above and beyond," that call, and should be recognized.

Work was set in motion on Dec. 21, 1861, when the chairman of the Senate Naval Committee, Sen. James W. Grimes, introduced Public Resolution 82, on urging by the Navy Secretary Gideon Wells. President Abraham Lincoln approved the bill and 200 Medals of Honor were created for bestowal "upon such petty officers, seamen, landsmen, and Marines as shall most distinguish themselves by their gallantry and other seaman-like qualities during the present war."

Jacob Parrott was the first man to actually receive the Army Medal of Honor for actions during "The Great Locomotive Chase" in April, 1862. In the U.S. Navy, John Williams is credited with the first action on June 26, 1861. The actual Air Force Medal was adopted in 1965, and was first awarded to Bernard Francis Fisher

on Jan. 19, 1967 for his action in Vietnam on March 9, 1966. In the U.S. Marine Corps, the first action and presentation is credited to John Mackie during the Civil War.

The U.S. Coast Guard has awarded one medal to Douglas Munro, who served in World War II, and one woman has received the Medal of Honor, Dr. Mary Walker, as Army Assistant Surgeon who served in the Civil War.

Three types of Medals of

ity of these high decorations.

Currently, 2,363 medals have been awarded to the Army, 745 to the Navy, 295 to Marines, 16 to the Air Force, 1 to the Coast Guard, and there are nine Unknowns. There have been 3,410 total recipients and 3,429 total Medals awarded. Of those, 19 armed forces members have received the Medal of Honor twice. As of October 13, there remain 150 living recipients of the Medal of Honor.

"I would rather have that medal than be president of the United States."

—Harry S. Truman

Honor are used today; the original star shape established in 1861, which the Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard have retained; a wreath version designed in 1904 for the Army; and an altered wreath version for the Air Force, designed in 1963 and adopted in 1965.

A total of 3,429 medals have been authorized to date, the Congressional Medal of Honor Society reports, with the U.S. Army men receiving the major-

Among the remaining living recipients, 59 served in World War II, 22 in the Korean War, and 69 in Vietnam. ■

Courtesy of the "Armed Forces Decorations and Awards," published by the American Forces Information Service, and the Congressional Medal of Honor Society.

???!* **

Supporting Tigers of the SACO Donors Club for the year 2000

Baillie (A), Frank
Bartlett, Roger F
Bash, James H
 (in memory of Warren Yip Chung)
Bisceglia, Victor R
Blackwell, James E
Blanchard, Robert B
Bohus, Arthur G
 (for "What The Hell")
Bolt, William V
Boroff, Paul
Bradt Muller, Herman F
Bricker, Alfred J
Burke, M. Ruth
 (in memory of husband Leonard)
Ching, Joseph
Chu, Stephen
 (toward computer for Richard)
Clark, Robert
Comer, Jr., E. Lee
Coughlin, Thomas W
Cox, Ruth E.
 (in memory of husband Charles)
Cross, Robert J
Davis, Samuel C
Demmer, John E
Devlin, USA (Ret), Col. Francis T
Doyle, Edward T
Duley, R. Dale
Ende, Jr. Catherine A
 (in memory of husband Edward)
Estes, James C (dec.)
Estes, Martin C
Fintak, Leonard P
Fitzgerald, Joseph F
Flournoy, Jr., Willie D
Gallagher, W. F. "Joe"
Gantz, Beverly S.
 (in memory of husband Saxe P)
Gillespie, Howard J
Glass, Wm. Prentiss
Goldstine, Jerry
Goodson, Wayne Lee
Grace, Robert M
Green, Jr., Luther J
Greif, M.D., Dr. Roger L
Griffin, B. Ernest
Griffin, (A) John D
Groepler, William M

Hall, Bill C
Hanson, Buren
Hardenbrook, Donald O
Harvey, Jack V
Hische, James J
Hoe, Robert J
Howard, USN (Ret), C dr Wm D
Howell, Bronson C "Tex"
Hunnicut, Glenn W
Inman Arnold, Carolyn
Johnston, Leslie D
Jones, Jr., James H
Katz (A), Bernard
Keenan, Jr., Joseph D
Keller, John J
Keogh, James J
Kilmer (A) Prof. Frank H
King, Weldon C
Klavan, Stanley
Klos, John N
(Komorowski) Kaye, Matthew A (Dec)
Lally, (A), Dorothy E
Larson, Robert P
Lear, Rober L
Leighton, Martha B
 (in memory of husband James G)
Malone, Edmund J
McCabe, Burton W
McDonough (A), Jennie B
 (in memory of husband James R)
McNeely (A), Donald G
Miller, Jack L
Miller (A), Mona
 (in memory of husband Robert G)
Moon, Albert Deane
Morrison, William. A
Nichols, Priscilla G
 (in memory of husband Victor)
Parsons, Alfred W
Peacock, William J
Peden, Ralph E
Petersen (A), Kathryn A
 (part of contribution toward directory)
Petosky, Signumd J
Petri, Richard L
Pisarick, John V
Pontecorvo, Mario A
Prather, Fred H
Quinlan (A) Marian S
Ray, Douglass D
Reid, Jr., James R
Richardson, Robert H
Ritter, Edwin B
Rosinski, Edward R

Rourk, Jr., LTC William S
Rubino, Edward J
Scarborough, Joseph T
Schumacher, Robert H
Sekulich, Jr., Joe
Serres, Joseph L
Shallcross (A) Kathleen L
Shearer, John H
Shragal, (A) Elsie
 (in memory of husband Joseph S)
Smith, Louis A
Smith, Richard C
Smith, W Elsworth
Spaulding, Dean H
Spirakus, Stanley F
Stewart, William H
Stoddard, Walter J.
Stone, Norbert J
Stringfellow, Elden R
Tate, S. Shepherd
Tedesco, Ben J
Thomas, Robert G
Tordoff, John S
Tressler, Jr., Guy D
Tressler, Jr., Samuel Don
Troyer, V. Royston
Tully, Richard A
Ulaneck, Julius V (Dec)
Vasold, A. Edward
Weskamp, Herman W
Whitney, Phil
Wilcox, Marlyn D
Wilding (A), Glenna W
 (in memory of husband Arthur H)
Wogan, Anthony J
Young, Jr., William D
Zucks, Jr., Leon J "Duke"

Editor's Note:

Gals & Men of SACO:

The support and love you express through your generous contributions sustains us. I'm overwhelmed that the contributions of you listed here totaled almost \$5,000! That amount, in itself, will almost cover the cost of this issue. You can readily conclude that without you, we couldn't continue the publication with dues alone.

Therefore, on behalf of the organization and from me personally, I extend heartfelt gratitude for your interest and support. We all realize we're at that time of life's pattern

where our buddies are leaving us and we grow smaller day by day and need the support of each other more and more. You know when it's all said and done, because of the secrecy enshrouding SACO we didn't get the glory that goes with recognition extended to other fighting groups, but you'll look a helluva long time to find a group that did any more and shared that close-knit relationship for our lifetime.

Love ya'll for keepin' us afloat????!!***

FROM BYRON J. CHEN

(Byron noted reference to CBI and sent the following article from Dear Abby's column in the Sacramento Bee of July 27, 2000)

Dear Abby: I read with interest the letter regarding Ralph George and his veterans' speaking program. I hope vets all over the country are doing this. I have - on my own - spoken to classes at both elementary and college levels. I also have spoken to service clubs.

I served in an area referred to as "the forgotten theater." The China-Burma-India Theater is not even mentioned in many history books. When there is a program on World War II, it is usually devoted to Europe or the Pacific. The CBI (as we call it) was a hostile, unforgiving area, with high mountains, dense jungle, rampant disease (more men fell to disease than to enemy action), foul weather and rain for half the year (200 to 300 inches). Furthermore, many of the mountain tribes were headhunters.

Many Americans are not aware that we were fighting in China and Burma almost a year before Pearl Harbor and for six months after Japan surrendered. A friend who served in Europe told me the CBI was used as a threat: "You foul up one time and you'll find yourself in the CBI!"

It's important for Americans to know we were there. Find a CBI veteran in your area and have him speak to your group. A friend of mine doesn't discuss it because he fears no one would believe him.

(Writer's name not included)

????!!***

SICK BAY



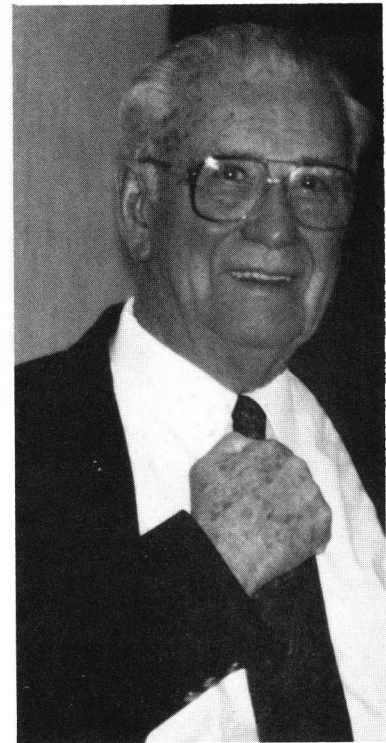
Glenna Wilding

Glenna states the main reason she hasn't been to recent reunions was due to a recurrence of cancer a year or so ago. She stated it was some time before she could get her strength back but is feeling much better and hopeful that she will be able to make Fredericksburg in May this year. Hope all continues to go well for you, Glenna, and it will be good to see you again.

???!***

Frank & Evelyn Buckless

Frank and Evelyn both have had serious illnesses. Evelyn said she lymphodemia (sp?) my phonetic spelling is clarified by the fact it entails infection of the lymph nodes. Evelyn explained that it could be any part of the body, but her infection was in the area of her cancer surgery and required hospitalization. Early last year, Frank too, was stricken with bladder infection requiring hospital for 10 days followed by 5 days in convalescent home and released home with visiting nurse for a while. Frank has also had some mini strokes but has seemed to recover although some cause blackouts and falling. Talked with him and Evelyn this date (Jan. 28). Evelyn was down with some "bug" she contracted and Frank sounded good - was going for a walk and anxious for Super Bowl & The Ravens.

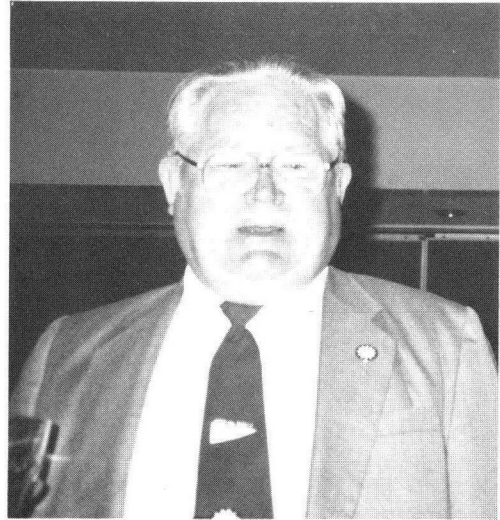


*Congratulations!
Frank & Evelyn
celebrate 58 yrs
30 January 2001*



Lorne Horning

Shocked at learning of Pearl's death from note Lorne wrote to Weskamp prompted me to call Lorne after finding his phone number in a past issue. He was in great spirit despite many health problems. He said prior to moving to Akron from Texas, he'd had a heart valve replaced and while they were at it, a double by-pass. At the time his lungs were so congested there was a long pre-op period to clear the lungs and all-in-all he was hospitalized 58 days. This was when he could no longer care for Pearl alone so they moved to Akron to be near their daughter. He has breathing problems today (was wheezing some when I spoke with him) and says he has oxygen for sleeping. He is still his vibrant self stating among other aids he has a hearing aid, store bought teeth, oxygen and a working valve that the doctor said he couldn't guarantee, but offered a lifetime warranty.



Harold Bonin

Harold has been troubled with his knees - had a fall and was unable to attend the Williamsburg reunion. Recently, he had carotid artery surgery & states he is to schedule carpal tunnel (both hands) and replacement of both knees. A few days ago, he advised after scheduling knee surgery, they found he needs open- heart surgery for valve replacement and double by-pass. He's been on a walker for some time. Sounds like a busy future securing "new parts," Hal, and hope all goes well for you.

???!***

John T. Holcombe

I am sorry I will not be able to attend the convention in Texas. this has been a bad year (1999) for medical reasons. I had a triple by-pass operation plus now I am on kidney dialysis three times a week, Enough of that. . My buddy, Art Degan, ChPhM was at Camp one, but I don't see him mentioned anywhere. I was at Camp Two starting 7/43 as ChPhM.

John

(John, I don't think Deegan has ever been "found" as he doesn't appear on our lists. Ed)

Mistaken Identity

Though the name is the same,
a pilot I'm not,
And I've enjoyed phone calls & letters
for the man they sought;
Even invited as guest of honor
to an aeronautics award dinner
But age would reveal I was an impostor,
not a past winner.
So I forwarded same
to the man it was meant,
And explained how in error
to me it was sent.

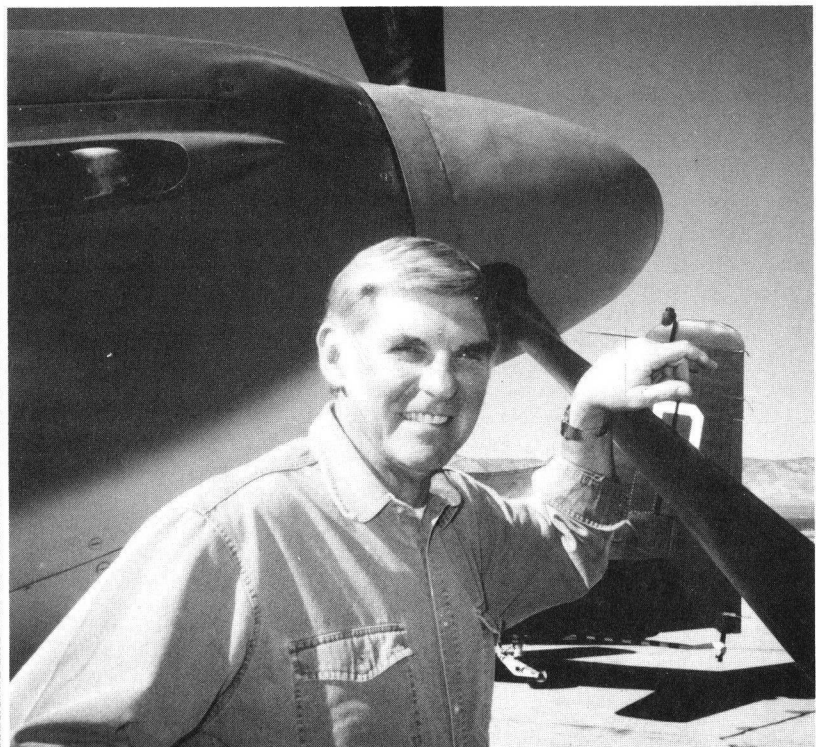
The last inquiry I recall
was a reporter for Fox TV
Seeking information
from the Rutan family
About the tragedy
on Dick's North Pole flight,
Of which I was not aware
until that night.
Thus the reporter feared
she had caused alarm
And assured me that no one
had met with harm.

Yes, though two of us
share the same name
Here is the story
of the one of fame.

Biography of Pilot Dick Rutan

Voyager Aircraft's non-stop and unrefueled flight around the world in December of 1986 placed Mojave proudly on the map and placed Dick Rutan in the history books.

In May of 2000, Dick Rutan was a last minute addition to a sightseeing airplane trek to the North Pole. The biplane, a Russian AN-2 Antonov, landed beautifully on the glasslike



Pilot Dick Rutan

ice, but within seconds, the joyride was headed for disaster. Unseasonably thin, the ice quickly began to stress and crack under the weight of the plane. A quick power-up to 'go-aground' and locate a thicker spot on the ice resulted in the aircraft suddenly dipping nose-first through the ice, sinking toward the freezing ocean, and certain death. The wings of the AN-2 suspended the aircraft so the crew could retrieve their survival equipment that was packed in the rear of the sinking plane. For more than a dozen hours, the crew was stranded at the top of the world. In the distance, they heard a faint engine and soon would see the Twin Otter from First Air that would rescue them and return them to their families.

In 1998, Dick Rutan attempted to make the first ever flight around the world in a balloon in the Global Hilton. That attempt ended three hours after takeoff. The balloon's helium cell exploded at 30,000 feet. When the crew was at

a safer 6,000 foot altitude, the crew dramatically bailed from the crippled craft. The capsule landed unmanned in Texas and burst into flames.

Within minutes of landing on terra firma, Dick pledged to try again and built a second capsule called World Quest. This, with a new constrained volume helium lifting system (super pressure style) held promise Dick would indeed succeed in balloon world flight. The World Quest Project ceased when a rival team captured the milestone in March of 1999

From April 4 to June 24 of 1997, Dick completed The Spirit of EAA Friendship World Tour, along with flight lead, Mike Melvill. This "Around the World in 80 Nights" flight was completed in two small experimental Long-EZ (pronounced Long Easy) aircraft that Dick and Mike built side-by-side almost twenty years ago.

Dick obtained his balloon pilot's license in 1995 (Commercial free air balloon; helium and hot air), and he is a frequent sight over the Antelope Valley in the early morning hours aboard his personal multicolored Raven hot air balloon.

Since Voyager's world flight, Dick has been traveling the world on the lecture circuit, telling his tale of the magnificent Voyager project and flight and of the North Pole adventure. The Voyager story is one of tremendous courage, of vision, and of adventure and is often referred to as "aviation's last first."

Dick received both his solo pilot's license and driver's license on his sixteenth birthday. At the age of nineteen, Dick joined the Air Force Aviation Cadet Program; was commissioned Lieutenant and later received a Bachelor of Science Degree at the American Technological University through the Air

Force Professional Education "Boot Strap" Program.

As a Tactical Air Command fighter pilot during most of his two decades in the Air Force, Rutan flew 325 combat missions in Vietnam, 105 of them as a member of a high-risk classified operation commonly known as the "Mistys." While on his last strike reconnaissance mission over North Vietnam in September 1968, he was hit by enemy ground fire and forced to eject from his burning F-100. Dick evaded enemy capture and was later rescued by the Air Force's "Jolly Green Giant" helicopter team. Before retiring from the Air Force in 1978, Lt. Col. Rutan had been awarded the Silver Star, five Distinguished Flying Crosses, 16 Air Medals and the Purple Heart.

After retirement, Dick joined his brother, Burt, as Production Manager and Chief Test Pilot for Rutan Aircraft Factory. Dick Rutan flew the test flight development program of many military and civilian experimental aircraft and set numerous world speed and distance records in his Long-EZ, a popular designed home-built airplane. Dick was awarded the Louis Bleriot Medal by the prestigious Federation Aeronautique Internationale during a ceremony in Brussels, Belgium in recognition of these record-setting flights.

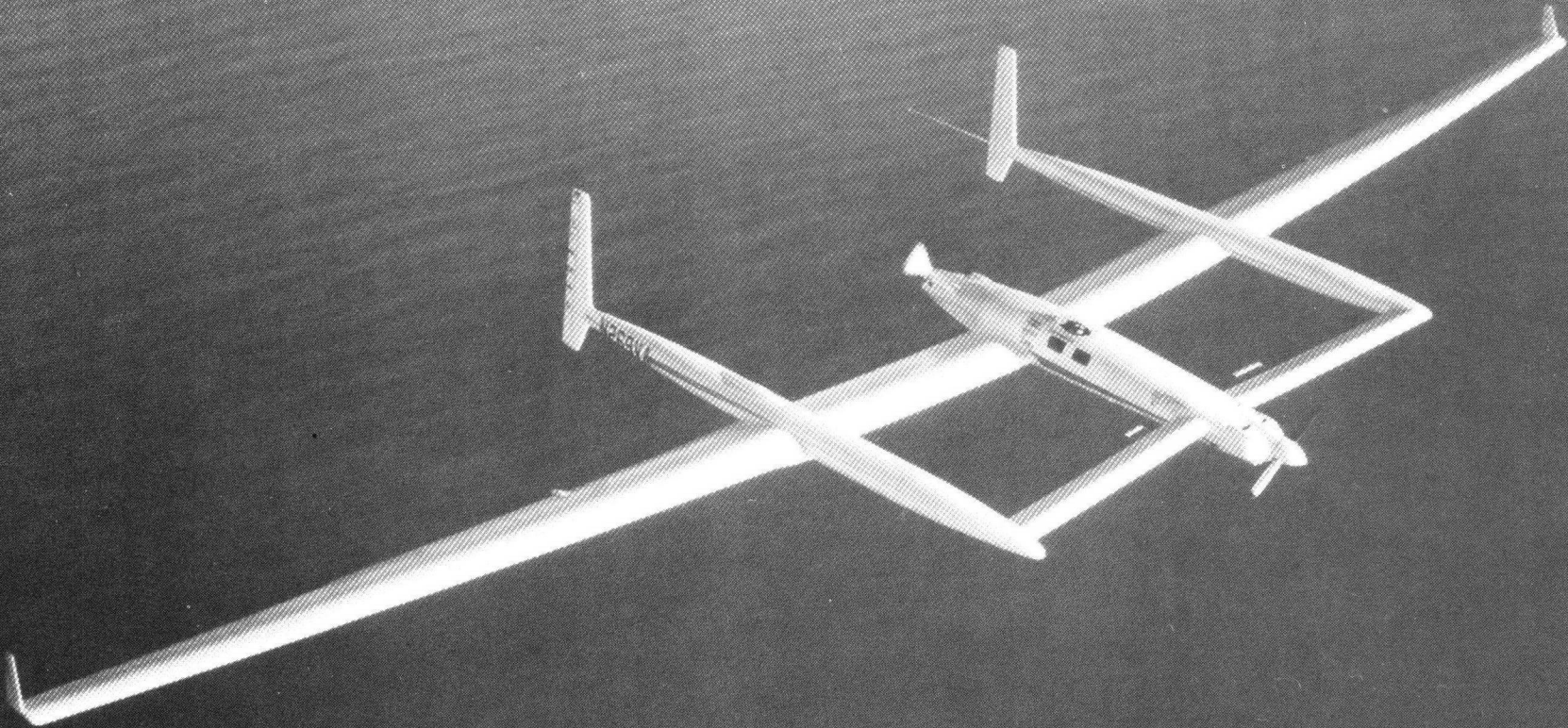
In early 1981, Dick Rutan resigned from his brother's company and founded Voyager Aircraft, Inc. and prepared to complete the first-ever around-the-world, non-stop, non-refueled flight. On the morning of December 14, 1986, a fuel laden Voyager took off on the history-making flight. Nine days, three minutes and forty-four seconds later, Dick set the storm-battered Voyager down on the dry lake-bed at Edwards Air Force Base in California, successfully completing the six-year quest. The Voyager is now proudly



VOYAGER *FIRST NON-STOP, UNREFUELED WORLD FLIGHT*

VOYAGER AND ITS LIKENESS COPYRIGHT 1981

DICK RUTAN
Voyager Pilot



suspended in the Smithsonian Air and Space Museum's "Milestones of Flight" gallery in our nation's capitol.

Four days following the historic flight of the Voyager, President Ronald Reagan awarded Dick the Presidential Citizen's Medal of Honor at a special ceremony. The medal has been presented only sixteen times in the history of the United States.

Dick now resides in Lancaster, California with his wife, Kris, who is a kindergarten teacher. She has two daughters, Shannon and Kelly. Dick also has two lovely daughters, Holly and Jill, and four granddaughters, Noelle, Haley, Jordan and Natasha.

????!!**

Editor's note: My thanks to Dick's assistant, Kelly Hall for the foregoing article and to Dick for recording the Rutan name in the annals of history. My sincere condolences in the loss of "Mom" Rutan and best wishes to "Pop" who was kind enough to share his feelings in genealogy with me. Here's wishing you continued success and happiness in your unparalleled adventurous life.

Typographical Error

The typographical error is a slippery thing and sly.

You can hunt until your dizzy, but it somehow will get by.

Till the forms are off the presses, it is strange how still it keeps.

It shrinks down into a corner and it never stirs or peeps.

That typographical error, too small for human eyes!

Till the ink is on the paper when it grows to mountain size.

The boss he stares with horror, then he grabs his hair and groans.

The copy reader drops her head upon her hands and moans.

The remainder of the issues may be clean as clean can be,

But that typographical error is the only thing you see.

Submitted by Bill Bartee

From: ALMA'S ALIBI Wash.,D.C Nov. 2000

CORRECTIONS

In the previous issue - #21 Of October 2000 p.28 - I incorrectly identified the sailor with Jim Bash as his son and it should have been grandson. My apologies to both. Jim didn't bother to call this to my attention, but in phone conversation with him recently, I realized my error.

Wayne Goodson asked Treasurer Weskamp to notify me that I had incorrectly identified his wife as "Joya" in the October 2000 Issue and his wife's name is Joyce and not "Joya." I will sincerely state I'm "sorry" for the error but in some cases such as this, apologies I question as being in order - let me elaborate. My only source of attendance was from photo copies I made of the SACO Register (your sign-in book at registration). If you've never had occasion to review the entries you have no idea of the task. Some of you with "legal" signatures that only you recognize, some with just plain illegible handwriting, etc. require the use of sunshine, magnifying glass, or what have you to decipher. As the King Of Siam states, "It's a puzzlement." Nobody hates incorrect identity as much as I. To me, it's always been the gravest of errors in publishing. Thank you, Wayne, for the correction. Ed.

Weather In The Rice Paddy Navy

The Story of the Sino-American Cooperative Organization

By Cathy L. Willis
Associate Editor

(Naval Oceanography Command
News September 1989)

Coded messages delivered by carrier pigeon. Secret alliance forged with coastal pirates. Midnight encounters with would-be assassins. The stuff of a detective novel or the plot of a spy movie? Neither. As the saying goes, truth is stranger than fiction for these were only a few of the elements comprising the colorful and controversial history of SACO - the Sino American Cooperative Organization - during World War II.

Out of a verbal contract formed in a bombed out rice paddy, emerged a 50,000-man guerrilla outfit, staffed for the most part by Nationalist China, trained by the U.S. Navy, which went on to obtain crucial weather and intelligence information for the U.S. Naval forces in the Pacific. An organization, which under direct orders from the Chief of Naval Operations, did whatever else it could to "help the Navy and heckle the Japanese including killing, wounding or capturing nearly 33,000 Japanese; destroying 209 bridges, 84 locomotives and 141 ships and rivercraft; and rescuing nearly 80 downed Allied pilots and aircrewmembers during the last year of the war.

THE CHINA THEATER

As early as 1937, Japan waged undeclared hostilities against China. Consequently, by December 1941, the enemy already controlled most coastal regions and maintained a

monopoly of information on weather systems drifting from the western to eastern Pacific. Operational planning for U.S. area forces demanded weather observers in Free and Occupied China, an extremely dangerous mission compounded by China's growing anti-Occidental sentiment. Chief of Naval Operations, Adm. Ernest King, hand-picked Capt. Milton E. Miles, USN, to form and head this independent task force, and placed him under direct CNO authority, much to the dismay of some U.S. officials in the China Theater.

In China, Miles came under the protection of General Tai Li, head of the "Blue Shirts," a government secret service organization. The information available on this mysterious cohort of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek was scant, but lurid. One source accused him of being an Asiatic Himmler whose long list of atrocities included twice arranging his mother's murder - a totally unfounded charge as Miles discovered when he met the lady, alive and well, at her home in the village of Pao An. In fact, many of the allegations proved conjecture born of his peculiar brand of public relations: total inaccessibility to foreigners. Despite the doubtful veracity of some of these rumors, the general's unsavory reputation in some quarters bestowed a stigma of illegitimacy on the operation which it never overcame.

THE SACO AGREEMENT

Shortly after Miles' arrival, he and Tai traveled through enemy-held territory to the coastal front disguised as peasants while the

Japanese dogged their heels. During an air raid, Tai offered the U.S. part interest in a rather intriguing investment.

In return for equipment and training, Tai placed his band of loyal followers at the United States' disposal for covert, mutually beneficial operations. Additionally, he offered Miles, a commission as general in the Chinese Army, a present Miles respectfully declined. Thus, the "Rice Paddy Navy," "The Cloak and Dagger Boys," "The Jap's Wasp Nest," or the "The Allied Fifth Column" as it was variously nicknamed came into being.

SACO, or the "Friendship Project" as it was called at first, operated as a gentleman's agreement for nearly a year before it was put on paper at Chiang Kai-shek's insistence. Under the terms of the official agreement, the director was Chinese, the deputy American with each having power over SACO's operations. The U.S. would provide training for guerrillas, intelligence and weather personnel and sabotage and raid squads as well as set up weather, radio and radio intercept stations using American equipment. The Chinese, in turn, would provide transportation, facilities and personnel for these efforts as well as use of their already established intelligence facilities. The agreement was signed on April 1, 1943.

Miles was soundly criticized in some quarters for taking back-seat to a Chinese general, especially one of Tai's shady character. The Army proposed bringing the American half of SACO under the control of China Theater Commander, Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell, a suggestion vetoed by the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

JCS authorized 150 tons of supplies per month to be flown to SACO over the Hump. However, Stilwell, who openly disapproved of the entire setup, deemed SACO operations low-priority in comparison to the needs of the Burma campaign, and often diverted supplies and equipment en route. The first shipment did not arrive until late September 1942, and then consisted only of useless empty oil cans and collapsible antenna poles. While on a mission to recover diverted gunnery in India, Miles was physically attacked by a Japanese-trained agent, one of many attempts on his life. As he later entitled his memoirs, this was "a different kind of war."

HAPPY VALLEY

Although short on supplies, the U.S. made good on its promise to train the Chinese. After the first contingent of Americans arrived, a training center, Happy Valley, was established about eight miles from Chungking. Here and at 10 subsidiary SACO training camps, Chinese guerrillas studied sabotage and demolition, coast watching, weather reporting, self defense and, oddly enough, decorum.

Assimilation was imperative to the Americans whose continued safety depended on the locals' loyalty and discretion. Personnel familiarized themselves with the Chinese language, traditions and customs through a series of informational bulletins. Meals were prepared and eaten Chinese style. All hands slept on floor pallets, swathed in mosquito netting. At Happy Valley, the standard uniform - khaki shirts (sans insignias), trousers, no ties. GI field shoes and an Army field jacket - eliminated visual distinctions between services and officers and enlisted. At outlying camps, where natives were often extremely clannish and suspicious of foreigners, the uniform of the day

was usually peasant "coolie" garb. Some Americans even took atabrine, an anti-malarial medicine, and acquired suntans in order to "yellow" their complexions.

Although later quite habitable, Happy Valley facilities evolved from near-primitive beginnings. Running water, piped in through bamboo poles, proved undrinkable. Coal-burning braziers burning high-slate content fuel emitted asphyxiating fumes, necessitating open windows even in the dead of winter. The compound's first photo lab, located in Miles' personal bathroom, operated with chemicals cooled in a rice paddy "refrigerator" and stirred by a trained duck named "Harvey."

WEATHER AND SACO

SACO later achieved notoriety for its intelligence and sabotage activities, but it owed its existence to an aerological mission. Its planned weather network would flank the western borders of the enemy-held territory allowing SACO observers to analyze the weather as it moved into the east.

The Navy Department authorized a complement of 36 aerology officers and 120 enlisted men to be filled by July 1945 along with enough equipment to establish 300 weather stations. SACO installed most of it at their own observation sites and allocated the remainder for the existing Chinese weather agencies which provided the core for SACO weather reports.

During its infancy, SACO's Aerology Department, consisting of only two aerographer's mates, AG1 T. G. McCawley and AG1 W. D. Flournoy, under the supervision of Lt. Ray Kotrla, coordinated information from the Chinese Meteorological Bureau, the Combined Organization of Aviation Affairs and the China National Airways Corporation and supplemented it with their own scant

information. By July 1943, SACO, assisted by its own two field stations, collected China weather and forwarded it to Gen. Claire Chennault of "Flying Tigers" fame for 14th Air Force Operations.

Cmdr. Irwin F. Beyerly, reporting on board in August 1943, devised a simple course in weather observation techniques which used light portable equipment and an easily concealed code. His traveling classroom turned out hundreds of Chinese observers who reported to two-man observation stations throughout Free and Occupied China. Wherever possible, Americans and Chinese jointly manned these stations, but in enemy-occupied areas, where Americans were too conspicuous, the Chinese worked solo.

By late 1943, it was obvious that the Chinese weather organizations' reports were far too tardy and infrequent to be beneficial. SACO needed its own weather central and communications network.

Establishment of the weather central was far from trouble-free. Transportation posed a major hitch. Antiquated trucks, running on refurbished parts and a fuel concocted of alcohol, charcoal and coal oil, spent more time broke down than running. "Brief" journeys often stretched out a month or more.

A combined Chinese/American network proved unfeasible in practice. Chinese radiomen often sent reports over makeshift radios constructed from cast-off coils and tubes, flashlight batteries and umbrella antennas. Thousands of stations transmitted simultaneously, resulting in overcrowded circuits and a melange of mixed signals.

Chinese confusion over international code and the number of days in the Western calendar week contributed to some inscrutable reports. In the enemy-infested East, stations skirted about constantly, their reports often unavailable. The Japanese captured and executed

four Chinese weathermen.

Beyerly sent the rest of his allocated equipment to the field along with American radio operators whenever possible, resulting in a much-improved communications situation.

A more comprehensive aerology training school was established at Happy Valley. For 10 weeks, seven hours daily, the Aerology staff, now numbering four officers, 14 AGs, and two Chinese professors, instructed selected Chinese radiomen with a curriculum similar to the AG observer course offered Stateside. In all, approximately 130 Chinese aerographer's mates graduated from four of these formal schools and reported to far-flung stations reaching from Manila to Singapore.

The weather central consisting of six reliable weather units and 20 observation sites, officially began functioning on Sept. 20, 1944 and daily provided one canned weather map, an area map and forecast for China and 500 miles out to sea as a supplement to its four daily fleet broadcasts. The latter consisted of synoptic weather reports, pilot balloon and radiosonde reports, analysis of the weather over continental Asia and the Western Pacific and forecasts for various areas of the Pacific. In October 1944, it met a fleet request for a special operational forecast over Formosa to help coordinate and Army-Navy strike.

Within a few months, the Eastern Coastal network operated 10 coastal stations which reported through two eastern stations to the Weather Central Headquarters. By mid-1945, weather central date, combined with reports from Russia, India and the Pacific provided four daily broadcasts. At a meteorological conference held in Malta that summer, all Far East activities present reported SACO weather products useful and helpful. In early 1945, the Aerology Department

moved into a new building at Happy Valley, distinguished by a teletype to "Main radio," a map room, a library and a research department.

CAMP FOUR AND DESTINATION GOBI

The most notorious of SACO's 10 outlying camps was located at the edge of the Gobi Desert in Inner Mongolia. A month's journey by truck, this remote locale spawned the weather systems which eventually moved between the Philippines and Japan; it also proved an excellent location for intercepting Japanese Navy messages from North China waters.

Headed by Maj. Victor R. Bisceglia, USMC, the American contingent consisted of 12 men - referred to at Headquarters as the 12 disciples - including AGI Robert A. Sizemore who trained the Mongols selected as weathermen by Feng Fu Tso-Yi, governor and war zone commander of the Suiyan Province. This desert "oasis" boasted no luxuries except for horses provided by Gen. Fu. The novelty of these "sailors on horseback" provided the premise for Edmund Love's book "Saddles for Gobi" as well as the 1950's movie "Destination Gobi."

Although greatly exaggerated on celluloid, Camp Four achieved several meritorious exploits including an assist in the decisive Battle of Suriago Strait. Many SACO-trained Mongols continued in the United States' service until the end of the war.

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

Tactics used by coastal pirates are not dissimilar to those employed by land guerrilla groups. Still, it caused a minor stir among the U.S. Naval Group when representatives from China's two largest pirate groups arrived at SACO headquarters and politely offered their organizations' services in exchange for political

immunity and a small fee to finance law-abiding lives postwar.

Posing as Japanese sympathizers, the pirates formed a very effective spy ring and rescue service for downed Allied fliers and their manned weather junks filled much-needed gaps in meteorological information at sea north of Shanghai.

" . . . 'sailors on horseback provided the premise for . . . the 1950's movie 'Destination Gobi.' "

THE END OF SACO

After the war, Adm. King requested that SACO develop a plan for continuing weather service in China. Lt. Gen. Albert C. Wedemeyer, Gen. Stillwell's replacement as Commander of the China Theater, concurred that prolonged meteorological service was necessary; however, he was not eager to maintain an alliance with the Chinese. In a message to the War Department, he proposed terminating SACO immediately and proceeding with only the Army's weather activities. JCS' opinion was mixed, so CNO cautioned Miles to taper service gradually without disgruntling his hosts.

SACO lingered on for another year during which the Navy assisted the China Weather Network with its transition to peacetime operations. Miles was awarded the Chinese Medal No. 90 of the Order of the White Cloud and Golden Banner, and, suffering from malaria and exhaustion, was sent home almost immediately. His deputy, now Capt. Beyerly, guided SACO through its



福井別荘

final year. First, the outlying stations were turned over, while American personnel continued to train and supervise at five main data-collecting stations.

Early in 1946, meteorological gear was assembled at the new weather central headquarters in Shanghai and weather operations were turned completely over to the Chinese that June. On Sept. 30, 1946, U.S. Naval Group China was formally disestablished.

The less than commendatory post-mortem on SACO's aerological activities, prepared by Lt. Col. William Crawford, Executive Officer of the 10th Weather Squadron, stated that "service furnished after July 1944 was of no value and duplicated similar U.S. Army Service." Crawford further blasted the organization for its lack of "overall authority or plan for insuring essential supplies except a very haphazard method of packing personnel and equipment on trucks . . ." and concluded by adding ". . . the Chinese COAA could have put

out a better weather service alone without being hampered by Navy inefficiency."

This assessment of SACO's aerological program, in retrospect, seems extremely harsh. SACO was literally created out of nothing. Considering the extremely adverse conditions which attended its beginnings, its accomplishments in later years seem miraculous. In the all-important last year of the war, reports from SACO's Eastern Seacoast provided significant support to TASK FORCE 58, the first full-scaled plane attack on Japan's homeland, as well as information vital to the attacks on Iwo Jima and Okinawa. Quite a stretch on Adm. King's verbal - and rather vague - orders to "heckle" the enemy.

POSTSCRIPT

In a letter written to Miles shortly after the war, Tai expressed this optimistic wish for the future: "From now on, it is the time for peaceful

reconstruction. Since both our great nations are deeply interwoven for either prosperity or destruction. I therefore sincerely hope that we will, continuing our past cooperative spirit, work and contribute to the benefits of these two nations and the well-being of the human race of the world at large."

A few days later, on March 16, 1946, Gen. Tai Li and seven of his officers were killed in an air crash while on a mission for United States.

His dream of a "peaceful reconstruction" was not realized. The Japanese defeat and American withdrawal allowed Russian and Chinese Communists to infiltrate Nationalist China and French Indochina. The Nationalist Party, weakened by the loss of one of its key leaders, foundered.

Within a few years, the Communist takeover was supreme. By 1949, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek controlled only the formerly Japanese owned island of Formosa, which he renamed Taiwan.

???!***

JUST TOO MUCH ELEGANCE FOR NATURE'S CALL

A husband and wife were shopping in Neiman-Marcus.

Excusing himself to go to the men's room, the husband asked directions from the floorwalker.

"Proceed through the hand-carved arch on your left," explained the suave gentleman in the striped trousers. "Ascend the second level, thence through the Gallery of Art of the Italian Renaissance Period; thence through the Record Court of the Royal Persian Rugs, Draperies and Antiques, and just beyond that, you will find the accommodations you seek."

He was gone for what his wife considered a terribly long time and on his return, she demanded where he had been and why he had taken so long.

"I've been to the men's room," he explained. "I proceeded through the hand-carved arch on the left, ascended the second level, wended my way through the Gallery of the Italian Art, thence through the Period Court of Persian Rugs, Draperies and Antiques to the exquisite and luminous accommodations of the men's room.

"When I took it out, it looked so shabby, so wrinkled and so unimportant that I put it back and took it down to the Magnolia Filling Station on the corner."

California Desert City Honors Its Own

(January 5, 2001)

Memorial honors veterans' valor



JAY CALDERON, THE DESERT SUN

Honored: (from left) U.S. Army Col. Lewis Millett, Walter McIntyre, former mayor of Indian Wells, U.S. Navy Medical Corpsman Robert Bush, and U.S. Marines Col. Mitchell Paige salute the U.S. and Marine flags during the presentation of colors at the dedication of the Eisenhower Walk of Honor and Veterans Memorial in Indian Wells on Friday.

Eisenhower Walk of Honor dedicated in Indian Wells

BY KIMBERLY TRONE
THE DESERT SUN

INDIAN WELLS — Several hundred people gathered at City Hall on Friday to dedicate the Indian Wells Eisenhower Walk of Honor and pay tribute to war veterans.

Retired U.S. Army Col. Lewis Millett broke into tears as he spoke to the crowd.

"I have lost more friends and comrades in arms than are sitting here today," said Millett, who received the

Congressional Medal of Honor in 1951. "I wish like hell they could be here."

Millett was one of five local Medal of Honor recipients whose acts of wartime valor were honored. Of the five, two were remembered



JAY CALDERON, THE DESERT SUN

Visitors: Galen and Harriett Sheetz read an oval granite slab that commemorates the valor Medal of Honor recipients at the dedication of the Eisenhower Walk of Honor in Indian Wells on Friday.

posthumously.

Their granite-engraved citations surround a fountain at the center of the walk.

"These men represent the tradition of America," said Andrew Nelson, 16, of Indian Wells. "It's great they are being honored.

Dedication ceremony

Local mayors, legislators and high-ranking military officials were present. Students from Gerald Ford Elementary School sang national songs. The Navy Band played.

Brig. Gen. Joseph Weber, commander of the Marine Corps Air Ground Combat Center in Twentynine Palms said he was humbled to be among so many distinguished combat veterans.

"They would be the very last to refer to themselves as heroes," he said.

Paying homage to the nation's veterans is no longer an event reserved for special holidays, said Walter McIntyre, former mayor of Indian Wells.

"It's become part of the American culture — the remembrance of those who made it possible to be free," he said.

McIntyre spearheaded the effort to create the memorial, along with former Councilman Michael Landes and Mayor Pro Tem Conrad

Negron.

A chair on the podium remained empty for Negron, who was hospitalized.

City funding

The city funded the \$250,000 walk, which features a large bronze bust of former Indian Wells resident President Dwight Eisenhower.

A granite wall nearby is engraved with the names of

380 Indian Wells combat veterans.

"What a history lesson for our children," said La Quinta resident Kathleen Dalecio. "It was beautiful."

Role models

Dalecio attended with her 9-year-old son Joseph, who had begun corresponding with retired Marine Col. Mitchell Paige after reading last year about Paige's feats of bravery.

Paige was also honored at the event.

"I'd much rather have these gentleman as role models for my son than any sports hero," Dalecio said.

Kimberly Trone covers Indian Wells for The Desert Sun. She can be reached at 341-6211 or kimberly.trone@thedesertsun.com

COMBAT ACTION RIBBON RETROACTIVE TO WWII

Navy and Marine Corps veterans who served in combat in or after World War II are now eligible for the Combat Action Ribbon. Veterans must have participated in ground or surface combat after December 6, 1941, but before March 1, 1961, and cannot already have been recognized for the same participation. The Navy Secretary has designated two blocks of time for eligibility: **WORLD WAR II, DECEMBER 7, 1941 – APRIL 14, 1946** and **KOREA, JUNE 27, 1950 – JULY 27, 1954.** Navy Veterans who served during the designated periods may write directly to the Navy Awards Branch at: **CHIEF OF NAVAL OPERATIONS (N09B33), 2000 NAVY PENTAGON, WASHINGTON, D.C. 20350-2000.**

They should provide a standard Form 180 or cover letter containing their full name, social security number, service number, period of eligibility, unit assigned at the time and mailing address. They should also provide substantiating documentation, such as combat awards, evaluations, muster sheets, or orders showing assignments to the unit for the period requested. Person lacking required documentation are advised to submit a request for personnel record information to: **NATIONAL PERSONNEL RECORDS CENTER, MILITARY RECORDS BRANCH, ATTN: NAVY, 9700 PAGE BLVD, ST. LOUIS, MO. 63132-5000.**

Do all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can.

JOHN WESLEY

(Morrison WW2 History Series)

Submitted by Paul Casamajor

SAILORS ON CAMELS

1

“SAILORS ON HORSEBACK” is supposed to be a comic synonym for helplessness. “Sailors on camelback,” for all that the humped beasts are called ships of the desert ought to be funny to the point of sidesplitting paradox.

But sailors on camelback were a material factor in winning the war in the Pacific. There were some deep in the bleak Gobi Desert who had more to do with movements of ships than many an admiral afloat, and this is how it was.

2

The weather of the Western Pacific is born over the frozen forests of Siberia, moves south across the great deserts and mountains of China, curves east toward the Home Islands of Japan, and from there works its way out over the watery waste of the Western Ocean. This is as inescapable an aerological fact as that Europe’s weather is hatched in Greenland. And it was a fact just as inescapable that the American Fleet had to have good weather predictions in order to plan operations against Japan’s gangling empire.

With their network of weather-reporting stations that strung from Manchuria, through occupied China, and almost to the northern tip of Australia, the Japanese had the aerological draw on the Americans, just as the German Army did in Greenland. While the Japanese could easily measure the winds and temperatures over Asia, could plot the pressure areas, could tell the ships of the Imperial Fleet what kind of weather they would be operating in the following week the Americans had to operate blindly from the east, guessing and cursing. there was only one solution: to go into China behind the Japanese and set up weather stations of our own.

The man selected to do the job knew China well. He had been eight years on the China Station in his younger days. He was Commander Milton E. Miles.

People who did not know Commander Miles were often jolted to hear the brawny officer addressed by his friends as “Mary.” The singularly incongruous nickname, as in the case of most naval officers, dates back to undergraduate days at Annapolis. In those days - Miles is of the class of '22 - the glamour girl of the screen was Mary Miles Minter. It was only natural to undergraduate humor that Midshipman Miles be tagged with the feminine moniker; a fact that he accepted stoically and without rancor. It wouldn’t have done him much good had he raved, raged and rebelled.

Miles arrived alone in Chungking in May 1942. He was soon joined by two assistants, Commander Raymond A. Kotrla, an expert on weather and intelligence, and Lieutenant Commander Daniel W. Heagy, communications officer. They immediately started making plans to weave a network of weather-reporting stations across that ancient land. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek assigned to him Lieutenant General Tai Li (pronounced Dye Lee), head of the Central

SAILORS ON CAMELS

Government's secret police force known with Oriental grandiloquence as the Bureau of Investigation and Statistics of the National Military Council. Never interviewed, seldom photographed, Tai Li was one of Chiang's chief lieutenants, a mystery man of the Orient indeed. In 1932 he organized the secret police and was its chief until his death in an air crash in 1946. In 1937 he directed the brilliant three-month defense of Shanghai against the modernly equipped German-trained armies of Nippon. When, with the Japanese tide lapping at its heels, the Central Government moved its headquarters to Chungking, Tai Li went too and, from there, he continued to manipulate the strings of his intricate organization. It was a chapter out of *Fu Manchu*. Tai's net spread across the vast, wrinkled face of China, both the parts disfigured by invasion and the parts that still fought against the twin paralyses of conquest and economic chaos. The facilities of such an organization, Miles knew, would be priceless in establishing the Navy's system of observation and reports. The operation was known officially as "Friendship Project," not without any eye, or ear, rather, to the Chinese of doubtful allegiance.

3

Miles and Tai Li immediately started work. First there were discussions of intelligence in general. Miles was amazed at the extent of the Chinese network; from almost every city of occupied China, from Formosa, from Burma, from Indo-China, from the Netherlands East Indies, from the Philippines, reports poured in each day.

Miles wanted to see this fantastic system at work himself, so he and Tai Li set out for a tour of the coastal areas. Walking sometimes for as much as 30 miles a day, the two men zigzagged in and out of Japanese-occupied territory, unobtrusively surrounded by a guard of blank-faced, innocent-looking fighting men.

Once Miles, separated from Tai Li, was cut off by a fast-moving Japanese column and only escaped because his 15-man escort knew a hidden pass through which they whisked him to the far side of the mountains. If Miles ever had doubts that Tai Li's organization could conduct proper operations behind the backs of the Japanese - and it did sound a bit Hollywoodish at first hearing - he quickly changed his mind. With little equipment and a little training, wonders could be worked for the United States Navy, and the Army it was carrying ever close to Japan.

Tai Li was intensely interested in training his men in the latest techniques of sabotage. So Miles' group, with the aid of more men flown over the Hump, began instructing Chinese troops in aerology, intelligence, and guerrilla warfare. By the end of 1942, the first trickle of weather reports began to reach the Pacific Fleet.

As they inevitably will, certain administrative snarls developed; so, to iron them out, the SACO (Sino-American Cooperative Organization) agreement was drawn up in which the responsibilities of the Navy and of the Chinese government were clearly defined. What had started out to be a weather-forecasting agency now became a joint military mission. The agreement stated that SACO was organized "for the purpose of attacking our common enemy - by common effort employing American equipment and technical training and utilizing the Chinese war zone as bases." The objects to be attacked were 'the Japanese Navy, the Japanese Merchant Marine, and the Japanese Air Forces in the various territories of the Far East; the factories, warehouses, depots, and other military establishments in the area under Japanese

SAILORS ON CAMELS

occupation.” Under terms of the agreement, signed in April 1943, Tai Li was to serve as director of the organization while Miles, now a captain, was to be deputy director. Shortly afterward, the Navy side of the organization was designated United States Naval Group China. a title more embracive of Miles’s enlarged mission.

Now things began to hum. Over the Hump came more Americans - combat experts, communicators, aerologists. Equipment, too, started streaming in - radio gear, explosives, arms - even weather-computing apparatus.

4

Coming into the ageless land of China was a new and strange experience for most of the Americans. Many had never been separated from the commonplace mechanical wonders of the Western world., such as doorknobs. Inland China was different. Values were topsy-turvy. The people worked hard, from earliest light to deepest dusk, scratching a livelihood from the long-overworked earth, but they smiled. Some even seemed happy, especially the children. Enthusiastic gangs of small fry would crowd around Americans, stick their thumbs up and shout “Tin Hao,” the “ding how” which has since become current in the American vernacular as a handy phrase of optimism. Food was expensive in overcrowded Chungking, but eggs were as plentiful as you had dollars to buy them, memorable to the men who had been in England, where the ration was one egg a fortnight. Every morsel of land was under intense cultivation. It had to be, and for centuries had been, to support the dense population. The Oriental method of fertilizing the soil startled the new arrivals, who had to be extremely careful so as not to fall victim to that universal disease known as the “Yangtze Rapids” in China, the “Delhi Belly” in India, and dysentery in the medical books.

Tai Li threw the massive weight of his intricate organization behind the Navy program. As fast as they could be selected and manned, training camps were set up throughout China where Navy, Marine, and Coast Guard personnel taught Chinese troops all phases of the most modern guerrilla warfare from mapping to amphibious tactics. The art came natural to the Chinese, and the improved techniques were welcomed. Special classes were trained in aerology, ship identification, communications, and photography.

Since weather reporting and coast watching are naturally complementary and easily combined, coastal weather stations were given the added task of watching enemy ship movements. Shore-hugging shipping from Shanghai to Hong Kong was an important target both for fleet submarines and for the China-based aircraft of the Fourteenth Air Force at Kunming. Since the Japanese and their puppets, if not actually in physical control of the whole coastline, had free access to it, the job of spotting ship movements was a rather risky one. Navy Group units in Eastern China were often cut off from headquarters at Chungking for weeks by an apparently aimless foray of Japanese; communications were then maintained precariously by air or by radio.

Unit Six, located at Hwaiian, South Fukien Province, not far from Jap-occupied Amoy, was the base for a string of coast-watcher stations manned jointly by Americans and Chinese. Their reports were flashed to Unit Six, then shunted to Chungking, and finally beamed out to the fleet and the waiting submarines. One of the most daring and spectacular submarine attacks of the war, made by the BARB on a convoy near Foochow, described in the preceding chapter, was a direct result of coast-watcher reports.

SAILORS ON CAMELS

5

Four days before Christmas of 1944, Alfred W. Parsons, RM2/c, boarded a sampan with his coast-watcher partner, a Chinese captain. The trip they took was not far; just 150 yards, if fact, to Whale Island, across from Amoy, where a good view could be had of all Jap shipping in the harbor. The two had done this often before, so neither felt particularly apprehensive.

After the brief journey, they started walking across the island to their post. A slight rustle in the tall grass was the only warning as fifty Japanese sprang upon them before they could reach for side arms.

Both were taken to Amoy, where, in spite of all the efforts of Tai Li's omnipresent men, they remained firmly behind bars. Eventually, the Chinese captain was shot and Parsons taken to Japan. He was the first of three American coast watchers to be captured during the war.

Otherwise, the most serious trouble, next to dodging Japanese, was Chinese coast watchers who, through ignorance or an Asiatic desire to please, often made fantastic reports. Small patrol craft mounting a single, antiquated piece of ordnance often were reported as "warships" Once the gulls circling a scow were described as planes homing on their carrier. Such mistakes, however, are not wholly peculiar to the Chinese. One of the authors of this volume recalls that in the first days of the war an Army Air Force pilot had the full defenses of the Panama Canal Zone headquarters standing to arms with his report that a carrier task force was approaching the canal. Then a Norwegian whaler and her killer vessels steamed meekly into view.

For several reasons, the chief one being linguistic, it was decided to stiffen the whole coast-watching system with trained Americans. In January 1945, the first units were ready, each man a skilled combination of recognition specialist, weather observer and radioman. Five main units, each under an intelligence officer, were set up along the coast and from each central base fanned echelons of trained enlisted men.

6

Nurtured by necessity, Navy Group China rapidly grew beyond its intended size and purpose. Weather tracking, always the prime function, remained but one of many. By the end of the war, NavGroup had trained 25,000 guerrillas and had sent many of her men into the field with the Chinese. In coolie garb, complete with large straw hat, these Americans fought a quick, stealthy war far behind the fluid Japanese lines. There was Lieutenant Joe Champe, who led the Yangtze River Raiders and often severed Nip supply lines in Central China. An appropriately named Marine Corps captain, Theodore R. Cathey, wrote a handbook for Chinese guerrillas. Marine Captain Milton A. Hull, much too big for his coolie disguise, blew up trains in North China, near Shanghai, practically in the shadow of Jap gun positions. Ensign John H. N. Matmiller, revenged the capture of Parsons when he and four Chinese swimmers blew up a Jap ship alongside the dock at Amoy. Lieutenant Stanley E. McCaffrey took his walkie-talkie into front line with the Chinese troops who were resisting the Japanese drive down the Hangchow-Canton Railroad and coached fighter-bombers of the Fourteenth Air force in on direct support missions.

Intelligence reports funneled into NavGroup's Chungking headquarters from thousands of sprawling sources; from Tai Li's agents and guerrillas, from prisoners of war, from photographs taken by the Fourteenth Air Force, and from the Navy's own scattered units. Each day, these

SAILORS ON CAMELS

reports were radioed around the globe - to Admiral King in Washington, to Admiral Nimitz on Guam, to General MacArthur in the Philippines, to the 20th Bomber Command.

Early in 1945, a field photographic interpretation unit was attached to headquarters of the Fourteenth Air Force at Kunming. The unit was small, consisting of one officer and one enlisted man, but it provided valuable and accurate information on the state of enemy shipping in the South China Sea in such important ports as Amoy, Fuchow, Takao, and Hong Kong.

By May of 1944, this naval liaison unit with the Fourteenth Air Force had expanded to include in its functions the exchange and consolidation of intelligence information, especially as related to Japanese shipping along the China coast. Mining experts advised the Army and Navy Air Forces on mine type and mine-laying techniques. As a result of Fourteenth Air Force coastal mining, Japanese coast-hugging shipping was forced out to sea to become targets for American submarines.

When air strikes against the China coast were scheduled, the organization set up special facilities to rescue the inevitable percentage of aviators forced down. First, Army and Navy fliers were briefed extensively on survival methods and given the equipment for it, and identification patches to wear conspicuously. Village headmen were taught how to recognize American airmen, and instructed how to smuggle them back to safe hands.

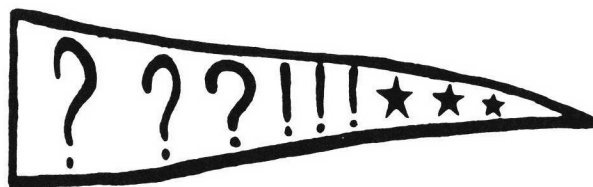
By these precautions, more than 90 fliers were rescued, 90 per cent of those who crashed or bailed out over Jap-held territory.

Naval parties surveyed the 1,000 miles of China coast from Shanghai to Hong Kong, reporting on possible bases and fleet anchorages, resources and defense of the area, beach conditions, and the possibility of advance into the interior of China. The Navy ashore in China was auxiliary eyes and ears for the Army and Army Air Force as well as for its own commerce-destroying submarines which were starving Japan's industries at home and her troops afield.

But the main job, the unspectacular drudgery, was weather reporting from the Gobi Desert to Indo-China. As the American pressed the Japanese farther and farther westward, Fleet Weather Central at Chungking became one of the major factors in planning the liquidation of the empire.

By the end of the war, "Mary" Miles, who had arrived in China as a commander with two men, was a rear admiral and his organization numbered 1,800. The Sino-American Cooperative Organization had developed into one of the most closely integrated Allied organizations that ever surmounted a language barrier.

???!***



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

TAPS



Julius W. Ulaneck
Investigator for Illinois Dental Society

By Jeremy Manier
Tribune Staff Writer

Julius W. Ulaneck honed his talents as an investigator with the Chicago Police Department, but some of his biggest cases broke after he left the force to probe wayward dentists for the Illinois Dental Society.



Helen Ulaneck

Mr. Ulaneck, 86, a lifelong Chicago resident, died Wednesday, Dec. 20, in Lutheran General Hospital.

As a sleuth for the dental society, Mr. Ulaneck brought to justice many unethical dentists - and some impostors who never earned the title.

In one 1975 case reported by the Tribune, Mr. Ulaneck and another investigator for the state discovered an office where at least six people were having their teeth worked on, although not one of the workers was a licensed dentist. The man who appeared to be in charge of the office described himself as an airplane mechanic.

It was one memorable episode in an adventurous life, said Dr. Robert Unger, a dentist and friend of Mr. Ulaneck's for more than 50 years.

"He enjoyed life at all times," Unger said. Known as "Jay" to his friends, Mr. Ulaneck was from the Northwest Side and graduated

from Lane Technical High School. He volunteered for the U.S. Navy soon after the outbreak of World II.

A wide-ranging tour of duty took Mr. Ulaneck to Brazil, Africa and Britain where he met his future wife, Helen, a nurse from Wisconsin. He also served in the theater that included China, Burma and India where his unit (SACO - Sino American Cooperative Organization) helped recruit Chinese guerrillas to fight the Japanese.

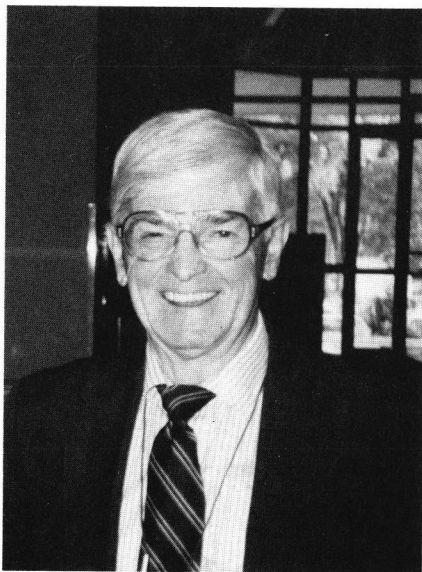
After the war, Mr. Ulaneck was married to Helen, who retired as a captain from the Army Nurse Corps. Mr. Ulaneck joined the Chicago Police Department as a motorcycle patrolman. One of his duties was to escort prominent politicians, including then-Vice President Richard Nixon.

Mr. Ulaneck was later promoted to investigator for the department's Internal Affairs Division. He retired from the force in 1971 and worked for 10 years as investigator for the dental society.

"He was a very strong man," said his daughter, Julie Anne Ulaneck-Newton.

In addition to his wife and daughter, Mr. Ulaneck is survived by two other daughters, Ticia and Mary Beth Starsiak and seven grandchildren.

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VICTOR E. NICHOLS

South Hampton (NH) - Victor E. Nichols, 77, of 115 Hilldale Ave., died Friday evening (Nov. 3) at home with his family. He was the husband of Priscilla (Guild) Nichols and the late Barbara (MacDougall) Nichols, who died in 1994.

Born in Amesbury, Jan 11, 1923, he graduated from Sacred Heart School and attended Amesbury High School.

He served in the Navy 42 months during World War II, including 24 months in the Pacific.

He had worked for the Courier Citizen previous to his years at Wang Laboratories of Lowell, where he retired as a senior product planner. He also designed checkerboards for the Telephone Pioneers of America.

Mr. Nichols played drums for many bands, including the Shriners' Band. He was also an accomplished carpenter.

In addition to his wife, Priscilla, he is survived by two sons, David N. Nichols and wife Sharon of Manchester, N.H., and Richard A. Nichols and wife Ellen of Leominster; two brothers, Romeo of Seabrook and Paul of Amesbury; two sisters, Juliette of Amesbury and Pauline of New Hampshire and 8 grandchildren.

From Priscilla to the editor 10 Nov 2000:

. . . life has been quite complicated since Rene passed away and I married Harold. Well, I finally met Victor whom I have known for years and we finally married, enjoyed each other in music - playing in the Shriners' and Pioneers of America Bands. We had such a beautiful relationship and we were such great friends. He knew both Rene and Harold in SACO and in service - But, so sad, my greatest friend passed away Nov. 3rd. What a strong guy. He suffered from cancer and I took care of him at home.

*I've enclosed . . . a picture of Victor playing the drums in Shanghai. * Wish I could relate the story of how he happened to play there. Maybe someone in SACO knows. . .*

Sincerely, Priscilla

**See next page - Ed.*



Vic Nichols on drums in Shanghai 1945



James E. Estes

Archie W. McGuff

Archie W. McGuff, 89, of Bradenton, (FL) died Sunday March 26, 2000, in Blake Medical Center.

Born in Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, March 30, 1910, he came to Manatee County from New York City in 1973. He was a division manager at Clarke Rental Equipment, New York City. He was a U.S. Navy veteran of World War II serving with SACO (Sino-American Cooperative Organization) in China. He was a member of Poke-A-Dots Club for the Blind and Elks Lodge No. 924 in Montpelier, VT.

He is survived by his goddaughter, Jane Poeton of Barre, VT (who was kind enough to send us this info), two sisters, Mary Hay of Grants Pass, OR and Cecelia Jakel of Los Angeles; two brothers, Bruce of Surrey, British Columbia, Canada and Garnet of San Diego.

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I regret to inform you that James (Jim) C. Estes passed away on November 19, 2000, from respiratory arrest, secondary to congestive heart failure. Jim had a massive heart attack in March 2000 and actually never recovered. He was able to spend three weeks at home this summer, but after two admissions to the hospital he spent the remainder of the time in an extended care facility.

Jim truly enjoyed the SACO Conventions, as I did. I was always pleased to be able to take time off just so he could attend. The two trips to Taiwan were special to him and he spoke of the trips often. He only hoped that he might be able to make a third trip, but I knew his health would not allow it.

I am grateful that your professional organization allowed me membership. I met many nice people and enjoy the fellowship and the wonderful times that we had together.

God bless, Doug (R. Douglas Gordon)

Thanks, Doug, for letting us know. As I told you, I always found Jim to be a gentleman and he was so thoughtful to call my mother on one of her past birthdays. We hope you will join us again - you're one of our associates and always welcome. Ed

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JAMES "JIMMY" CHIEH-MING DUNN.

James, 76, of Del Mar (CA), passed away on Tuesday November 14, 2000 after a 9-month bout with lymphoma. He was born on February 14, 1924 in Harbin, China and educated in Beijing, where he cultivated high eloquence in Mandarin and classical written Chinese. He served illustriously during WWII in the Nationalist Chinese Army, working with the U.S. Navy's Sino-American Cooperative Organization (SACO). He rose to rank of Major and was the youngest Adjutant-General in the Chinese Army, serving as interpreter for the 1947 peace negotiations between Nationalist and Communist forces with U.S. Generals Marshall and Wedemeyer. James married Jean Hsu in Hong Kong in 1950 and immigrated to L.A. in 1960, where James worked full-time and earned an M.B.A. from UCLA. He worked in the computer industry in the 60's and 70's before joining Cooper's &



Lybrand as a management consultant, after which he founded his own company, Pacific Nutek in 1990.

A war hero, loving husband, devoted father, loyal friend, and consummate gentleman, Jim's unflinching kindness, indefatigable optimism, modesty, and good cheer touched all who knew him. A scholar, avid traveler and sports fan, he was often found quoting philosophers, flying overseas and treating friends to Dodger and Laker games.

He is survived by his beloved wife, Jean in Del Mar, son Terry, daughter, Nancy, and a niece, Diane in Los Angeles.

Cont'd next page

*Letter from Terry Dunn (son) to the editor
Nov. 29, 2000 . . .*

I am writing to inform you of the passing of my father, James Chieh-Ming Dunn, who served with many of your colleagues in Chungking in 1944-45. I know that you printed an update on his condition in the October issue of the SACO NEWS. Dad passed on November 13 at Scripps Memorial Hospital in La Jolla as a result of complications arising from surgery on ulcers caused by his chemotherapy and radiation treatments. His deterioration was tragically rapid and unexpected, for we had gotten a most recent (and grave) prognosis that he had at least 3 to 9 months to live. Our entire family was at his bedside during his final twelve hours and he was able to make all his wishes known to us and we were able to make our peace with him and to comfort him with prayer.

Per his wishes, Dad's remains were cremated on Thursday the 16th. We then held a memorial service for Dad the following Saturday, November 18, at the Sorrento Valley Chapel in San Diego. The attendance was overwhelming, especially given the short notice. Friends and family came from all across the country and from Taiwan and Hong Kong.

As if guided by the hand of God, the service was beautiful, inspired and befitting a very humble soldier and a devoted and all-sacrificing family man. The reverend officiating the service just happened to be a retired Navy chaplain and after only a short phone conversation and a few words with me prior to the service, Chaplain Richard Huls took it upon himself to present my mother with a folded American flag, prefaced with the same words of appreciation and consolation that he had offered so many times before at soldiers' funerals. I know in that moment, my father's spirit was further elevated with the final tribute to his service during WWII (and the cold war) that he had quietly cherished and was so proud of all his life. As the service concluded with the flag presentation, Charlotte Church's rendition of "I Vow to Thee My Country" wafted through the chapel. . . .

The following is an excerpt from the eulogy written by son, Terry:

. . . It was his strong Confucian values, his scholarly view of life, his love of learning, his dedication to duty, his reverence towards a goodly ancestral heritage, his pride in his military accomplishments, and love of his wife and children that helped him overcome every obstacle he encountered and provide for his family and friends so well.

. . . My father was born in 1924 to Frank and Elizabeth Teng. His father was a physician educated at Johns Hopkins University and his mother studied first at Cornell where she got her B.A. and then also at Johns Hopkins where she got her Masters degree in Nursing. After meeting at Hopkins, Dad's parents were wed. After completing their medical education, Grandfather and Grandmother moved back to China and worked in the Peking Union Medical Center, founded by the Rockefellers. Grandfather was one of China's first Western-trained physicians and Grandmother trained more than half of China's nurses during the 20's. With family money and their medical salaries, they were able to send my father to a private boarding school in Beijing.

At age 16, when war broke out in Manchuria, Dad was called home to Hong Kong by his parents. But he didn't stay home for long. He took money from his grandmother's stash of cash and then walked hundreds of miles from Hong Kong to Guilin (Kweilin) and then to Chungking to join the Nationalist Army. During the WWII, Dad along with a cadre of China's "best and the brightest" worked in military intelligence as code-breakers.

One story that Dad never told me, but which I had overheard at a party at Dr. Paul Teng's house in the 1970's, had to do with Dad's success as a code-breaker and the unfortunate handling of his good work. Dad's small cadre of code-breakers in 1942 had broken a Japanese naval code and deciphered a "hot" message. He warned his American and British colleagues that the Japanese, as part of their massive offensive across Southeast Asia, were going to bomb Hong Kong, Singapore, sweep through Indochina, and attack two ships in the South-China Sea, the *HMS Repulse* and the *Prince of Wales*. At grave risk were the British ships, but unfortunately, Dad's British handlers - in their colonial thinking so common in those days - responded, "Ha, you Chinese. What do you know!" The very next day, several flights of Japanese land-based bombers sank both ships with a loss of more than 800 men. And with the loss of those two capital ships, so went all remaining hope of supporting or evacuating Singapore, which fell shortly afterwards. Well, someone had to cover their behinds on that one, so Dad's intelligence cadre got packed up and shipped off to Rangoon, Burma, where they worked in palatial splendor with ample equipment until Rangoon also became threatened and they had to evacuate.

Knowing of this story to this day gives me the courage to stand by my convictions when I know I'm right - no matter what the opposition or detractors throw up against you. My father's story also taught me that I had to be better. Being Asian-American, we all know that to succeed and prosper as a minority, no matter how perfect

the English, impressive resume, or Americanized the fashion and grooming, you just have to be better. Not just one time, but constantly better. Dad knew that from early-on and he never relented in his quest for excellence in every area of his life

In 1944 and '45, Dad served in Chungking and worked as an interpreter and liaison between the Navy's SACO personnel and the Chinese Nationalist forces. SACO stands for the Sino American Cooperative Organization, the U.S. Navy's secret organization that directed underground, behind-the-lines operations in China during WWII against the Japanese. Nicknamed "The Rice Paddy Navy," SACO involved more than 3,000 American soldiers - mostly Navy, and some Marine personnel - who led and fought alongside Chinese guerrillas and who in 1944 and 1945, exacted a fearsome toll against the Japanese: 23,500 killed, 200 bridges destroyed, 80 locomotives destroyed, 141 ships destroyed and more than 50 downed Allied flyers rescued. SACO was the Navy's unheralded counterpart to the Army's O.S.S., which had far-ranging operations in China during WWII.



After WWII ended, China's troubles were just beginning. The communists under Mao Tse Tung were battling the Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist Army. Dad had risen in rank and by 1946 was a major and the youngest Adjutant General in the Nationalist Army. From 1946 through 1948, he served as an interpreter during Marshall and Wedemeyer's various missions to China trying to negotiate a peace between the two warring factions. Dad's photos during that time show him cutting quite a dashing figure alongside these shapers of China's fate.

Dad left the army in 1949 and returned to Hong Kong. There he was introduced by his old war buddy Steve

Chu, our "Uncle Steve," to a really cute girl from the town of Zenzhiang. Her name was Jean Hsu and in 1950, after Dad smuggled her out of China, she and my dad were wed. They started life together in Hong Kong, but then Dad got recruited to do more military work on Okinawa. Of this I can't say too much, other than the fact that I was born on Okinawa in 1954, at Mercy Army Hospital. Once his commitments were fulfilled, Dad and Mom left Okinawa with me in tow and returned to Hong Kong. There, Dad prospered in the insurance business. Life was good - a flat in Kowloon - my grandparents' farm in the New Territories. Dad was President of the Hong Kong Chamber of Commerce and had occasion to host Fred Astaire for a week. He and Mom were a beautiful couple in all the photos we have of that time. The "Cha-cha" was the rage and they danced almost every weekend.

But in 1960, Dad and Mom decided to leave the security and fun life in Hong Kong and move to America. Adventure was in their blood and they wanted a better life for me. And, so started a new life in America which seemed absolutely charmed and magical to a six-year-old growing up through adolescence.

In 1993, I got to witness part of Dad's spiritual nature for the first time. I had the edifying pleasure to accompany Dad to visit the graves of his parents in Pinshan, in the New Territories of Hong Kong. In placing flowers, burning incense, bowing three times before their headstones, and then later visiting the ancestral hall, I realized and began to appreciate how much reverence Dad held for his parents and our ancestors. None of it was empty ritual. His actions were thoroughly enthused by spirit. For a while afterwards, I wondered why Dad waited until I was 39 years old before showing me the ancestral hall and the Chinese custom of honoring one's deceased parents at graveside. I think there was some practical lesson humility built into his timing. Dad was the 27th generation of his side of the family and I'm the 28th and it probably would have gone to my head in some weird way had Dad told me when I was much younger. Last Monday evening, I made a promise to him that, God willing, there will be a 29th generation of Dunns through me.

. . . It was Bertrand Russell who wrote this saying, which I think befits my father and many of you here today who schooled with him, went to war with him, raised families in peace with him and loved him: - That there is nothing more civilized than a civilized Chinese.

. . . Your sense of duty and silent sacrifice was called to protect the China of your youth during WWII and the cold war. I wish I had had time to document everything you did during WWII and everything you did for Mom, yourself and your friends to escape the communists in 1949 and 1950. Looking for a better life for all of us, you crossed the great water and came to America. You



Introduced by Jimmy's friend (& one of our own of SACO), Stephen Chu, and after Jimmy successfully smuggled Jean out of China, they married in Hong Kong in December 1950

and Mom were strangers in a strange land and quickly made yourselves well-loved members of every community that you entered.

You overcame every obstacle that life set in your path and gave your children and your charges, your niece, the best of everything this country had to offer that you could afford. Shelter, nourishment, education, recreation, and high culture.

You took the barbs, the slings and arrows that life threw your way stoically, without even wincing and with quiet courage, fortitude and equanimity. You were always slow to anger. Yet, you never acted out of your anger - even in situations when push came to shove from the forces of greed, ignorance, indolence - even when the insult would have been intolerable to most men. You just took it on the cheek and kept right on going. If there was anyone who turned the other cheek, it was you.

. . . You never complained or even cried for yourself but once. You suffered in silence even up to your very final seconds.

. . . We will never forget you, and we will all try to live up to you at your best.

The following few words from daughter Nancy -

. . . He was, is, and always will be my hero - a champion of so many virtues: commitment, sacrifice, conviction, diligence, perseverance, humility, warmth, strength, service to others, and just sheer joy. Dad was a truly amazing man.

. . . Perhaps Dad's greatest gift to me was the eloquent, generous, yet quiet way in which he gave and loved. His entire life was a lesson in generosity of spirit and unconditional love. For almost 50 years, he shared in a marriage to Mom that was inspirational. For 50 years, until only about a few months ago when he was too weak to drive, Mom never filled her own gas tank or took the car to the car-wash.

. . . Mom told me just yesterday that every morning during the last 8 months, Daddy would make sure that she kissed him before she left the bedroom. I am grateful for his lessons in love, for as Jeff and I embark upon our recent marriage, we have the most beautiful role models in Mom and Dad. . .

For half a century, Mom and Dad lived a life worthy of an epic Spielberg move, weaving together a most magnificent fabric of life - with golden threads of human struggle, triumph, optimism and joy. Smuggling Mom out before the doors to China closed, fighting for his

country and his freedom against the Communists, moving to America for more opportunity and a better life for his family, at age 36 - sleeping on Uncle Steve and Auntie Linda's (my Keh-Yeh and Key-Ma's) floor for the first few weeks of their life in America, getting his MBA at UCLA while working full time and supporting the family, postponing the start of his own business to send Terry to Yale when Stanford offered a full scholarship, sponsoring, supporting and fathering as if his own - my two cousins from China, Diane and Jiang-Ming, and the smaller daily and weekly cheerful sacrifices they made together toward this greater vision of a life more prosperous - governed always be doing the right thing. Mom and Dad always taught us to do the right thing, by showing us with their own acts and decisions.

. . . The time spent with him in the hospital during his last days and hours represent his final display of valor and strength. He fought and fought and hung on much

longer than - the doctors said - a man any age might have, given the extreme physical duress. With the entire family by his side, Dad hung on long enough to give each of us the opportunity to say everything we needed to say to feel complete. Dad departed in peace from this earthly life a perfect hero. And that hero lives on in my heart forever.

Editor's note: In Terry's letter to me he stated, "You must know, as we do, how important SACO was to Dad. He so looked forward each year to going to the SACO reunion. I am glad that I was able to attend the Seattle reunion with him a few years back. Now that Dad has passed on, my mother, sister and I will make our best effort to accompany Dad's spirit to future SACO reunions." They plan to be in Fredericksburg in May.

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Watching a video produced by Terry Dunn and his sister, Nancy as a memorial to their father, I was excited to see someone I knew, (the man on the right), but could not recall his name. Never having been in Chungking during my tour, I scanned a copy - sent it to Jack Petersen - and got "full" results.

L-R: W. F. "Joe" Gallagher, James C. "Jimmy" Dunn and Thomas L. Chvala. Understand Joe and Tom worked closely with Jimmy. Joe, I never really knew until these last years; Tom was on the same ship with me, HMS Shah en route to China. I note they are wearing the RI Dragon Anchor Patch which was designed from my suggestion for an unofficial insignia. Ed.
(I hope we continue to refresh each others' memories - we've just been away too long)



Pearl Horning

What a pleasure it was to have you call me to see if all was right with me - I really appreciate your concern.

I believe it is my fault for not keeping you informed of conditions at my end of the line - but guess I'm either getting forgetful or neglectful - I apologize.

To bring you up to date - a lot of things have happened. As you know, Pearl had Dementia and I was able to care for her while we lived in Texas - she had no pains, but would get lost if left by herself, so I just looked after her and we both enjoyed life. Then in January of 1996, I had a problem. It seemed that my heart wasn't beating the way it should - instead of going Beat, Beat, it was going Beat-Slush, Beat-Slush and not putting enough oxygen into my blood and lungs and my lungs began filling up with fluid. What a mess - I couldn't walk any distance or exercise as I would run out of air.

So the doctors checked me over and decided that the main valve in my heart should be replaced - which was ok - but they had to get the fluid out of my lungs first and get my lungs working before they could work on my heart. This took a little while. I spent fifty-eight days in the hospital in McAllen, Texas (Hospital Corporation of America made a fortune off of me). While I was in the hospital, they decided that they would do a double by-pass operation on me as long as they had a little 'money-maker' on the table, so I ended up with the

"full enchilada" - a pig valve in my heart and a double by-pass.

Knowing that I wouldn't be able to care for Pearl and that I would be operating at slow speed for quite some time - my daughters began making plans where they could be near us and help us when we needed it. Just goes to show you, we raised a pretty smart three daughters. They finally decided on a place here in Akron - it is a retirement community of approximately a hundred and eighty apartments and it is a nice, comfortable place. . .

After we moved here, Pearl went slowly down hill and she had a series of small strokes and in March of 1998, she had a major one and never came out of it and passed away on April 23, 1998. We had been married fifty-six years and they were all good ones.

Our one daughter lives about six miles from here, so she visits quite often and I visit at their place quite often. There are also three grandchildren who live close by so I am well taken care of. They all look in at Grandpa now and then.

I try to keep active as I can - though I never did get into exercising much - I figured if God had wanted me to touch my toes, he would have put them up a little higher to make it easier to do.

The residents have a group here that is called "The Resident Council" - that plans activities and outings - we go out to dinners, plays, trips and all kinds of things. They elect officers and I don't know whether I won or I lost, but I ended up being the President of the group. It is an interesting job and an experience, working with a group of "Plus 80" individuals who have never been anyplace or done anything and who are pretty set in their ways and experts on any subject - I just listen to them, nod my head and say, "That's an idea" and they go away happy.

I appreciate the SACO NEWS - you do one damn good job and I know it takes almost all of your time - THANKS.

Give Erma a big hug for me and I'll have a cold beer for both of you.

Lorne

P.S. I'm still making candy for Christmas and handing it out.



Oliver J. Smith

Oliver J. ("O. J."- "Smitty")Smith died January 14, 2001 in Dayton, Ohio. He was 77; born in Freeport, Illinois November 30, 1923 to Russell and Lois Smith. He retired from Insurance Services Office of Ohio after 35 years of service. He was in Naval Intelligence during WWII serving in SACO (Sino-American Cooperative Organization) in China. He was a member of Grace UMC. He is survived by his wife, Elsie Mary, a daughter, Teresa Ann Smith and son, Brian Douglas Smith all of Dayton, a brother, Dr. Ronald D. Smith of Fresno, CA, granddaughter, Amy Fortunato, and brother-in-law., Louis Speray. Interment was in Dayton National Cemetery.



Elsie and Smitty

Following is a personal addition from his wife, Elsie, to the editor.)

Here's a little fill-in on Smitty's obit.

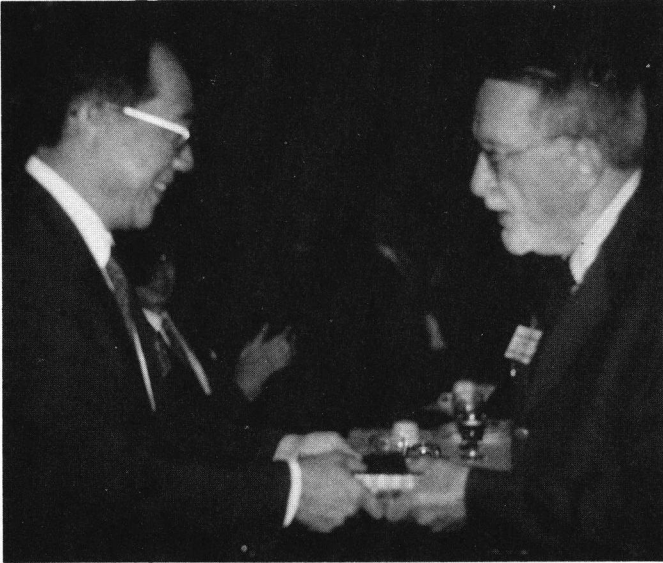
I assume you know all the Naval history about him. After his Navy discharge, he attended Tri State College of Engineering in Angola, Indiana in 1946; majored in Chemistry Engineering; minored in Business Administration - was member of Beta Epsilon TKE Fraternity - graduated March 1949 - employed by Insurance Service Office of Ohio March 1949 - married Elsie Speray May 1949. Retired Feb. '84 - member of ISO's 25 yr. club - part time work with Beaver Travel Agency 1987-2000 - never knew of SACO till 1993; his first get-together with his Navy buddies. We then attended Seattle, Peoria & Appleton reunions. After that, he stated he was not going anymore.

He grew very quiet, but did not seem unhappy - we went out to dinner twice a week. Sometimes with other couples - the children - mostly just the two of us.

Smitty was very easy to live with - we had a good relationship for 51 years; we still loved each other - even with my excessive complaints of his smoking. Then he would smile and light up another cigarette.

He suffered two aneurysms - one stomach, the 2nd, the brain which caused his death. I am still in denial. He thought a lot of all of you and I would like to stay in touch.

Love, Elsie



Keith H. Jacobson

Dear friends,

I am sorry to tell you that Keith H. Jacobson has passed away. He died in November of 1999 after enjoying a full and long life. His health was good until a few weeks before his death. He enriched the lives of his many friends and the families of his two sisters and all will miss him.

With warm wishes for health and happiness from his nephew,

Keith McKenney

(Above, Jacobson is presented the SACO Medal by Gen Fan Chi-yao (Ret) of the Military Intelligence Bureau, Taiwan during the Louisville Reunion in May 1993 Ed.)

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THE FOLLOWING LIST OF DEATHS IS REPORTED BY PAUL CASAMAJOR, MEMBERSHIP CHAIR and he requested that I preface this report stating there is no undue cause for alarm thinking this is entirely recent tolls on our membership. On the contrary, his research, in preparation for the next directory, has revealed one death as far back as the 1960s. These are the deaths he learned from his inquiries:

Thomas H. Baker
Ens -Calcutta/Kunming/Camp 5/Canton

George M. Banes 1998
CAerM -Kunming/Chungking

Edward F. Blome
BM2/c -Kunming

Edwin L. Brandon
MoMM3/c -Chungking

Charles E. Brecht
EM3/c -Calcutta

Edwin Harold Calder 1993
Lt. -Calcutta/Wash DC

Leon Cavasso, Jr.
CSK -Kunming/Hong Kong

James J. Clarke
BM2/c -Calcutta/Camp 7/Camp 8/Shanghai

Houston Collins
Elect. -Chungking/Shanghai

L. Hamlin Conditt
SK1/c -Calcutta/Kunming/Shanghai

Kinsell Coulson 1999
Lt(jg) -Chungking/Chengtu/Nanking

Luther J. Coward, Jr.
S1/c -Calcutta

Olan F. Crandall 2000
RM1/c -Kunming

Dr. Patrick J. Devers
LtCdr -Tung An/Camp 1/PactDoc Hotien

Harry M. Diroll 1987
SK3/c -Calcutta

Robert J. Dougherty 1998
MoMM2/c -Shanghai

Wellington Downing 1996
CRM -Chungking/Kunming/FRUCHI

James C. Dunn 2000
Chinese Interpr -White House-Chingking

William B. Durant, Jr. 2000
LtCdr -Calcutta/Washington,DC

James C. Estes 2000
Y1/c -Chungking/Shanghai

J.W. Finlayson
MoMM1/c -Calcutta/Foochow

Saxe P. Gantz
LtCdr -Kunming/Camp 8/Meisien/Calcutta

Alfred R. Goggin
SK2/c -Calcutta

William B. Hahn 1997
CY -Chungking

William F. Hazelbaker
S1/c -Calcutta

James F. Heeg 1998
MoMM2/c -Calcutta/Chungking/Liutung/Sian

Henry Eugene Howard 1974
GM1/c -Camp 7/Shanghai

Keith Jacobsen 1999
Lt(jg) -Calcutta/Chungking/Nanning/Shanghai

Leopold J. Karwaski
1stLt AUS -Camp 2

Clinton E. Kennedy 1994
MoMM1/c -Calcutta

Joseph L. Kichinko 1976
BM2/c -Calcutta/Jorhat/Kunming

William T. Killion 1999
RM1/c -Chungking/Changchow

Walter J. Kirch
MMG2/c -Jorhat

Ferdinand J. Landt 1970
MoMM2/c -Camp 6/Changchow

Mike J. Latimer 1999
Lt. -Calcutta/Foochow

Harry A. Lewis 1993
GM2/c -Camp 7/Yungtai/Foochow

Emmett A. Lindsay 1994
Lt(jg) -Calcutta/Chungking/Shanghai

Roy B. Link
BM1/c -Camp 7/Kienyang/Shanghai

Rudolph F. Lucas
CPHM -Kunming

Angus A. MacInnes, Jr. 2000
Lt.(jg) -Chungking/Ningshia/Lanchow

Burton W. McCabe 1997
BM1/c -Camp 7/Foochow

Bernard Y. McDewell 1998
Y1/c -Camp2/Chungking/Wash.DC

James W. McDewell 1999
CRM -Calcutta/Chungking/Shanghai

Archie W. McGuff 2000
MoMM2/c -Calcutta/Kunming

Jacob Alvas Meyer 1997
BM1/c -Camp 7/Foochow/Shanghai

Edward A. Milem 1998
SF2/c -Calcutta/Kunming

Burton J. Mitchell
MoMM2/c -Calcutta

Walter Nelson, Jr. 2000
MoMM3/c -Camp 8/Haiman

Norman C. Nichols
RM1/c -Calcutta/Kunming/Changting/Canton

Victor E. Nichols 2000
GM2/c -Camp 7/Yungtai/Foochow/Shanghai

Travis J. Parker 2000
Lt(jg) -Kunming/Kweilin/Calcutta

Edmund U. Penn 1998
ChMoMM -Camp 7/Shanghai

Earl W. Pomahac 2000
Y1/c -Chungking

Robert B. Prescott 2000
Capt USMC -Camp 3

Gerald G. Renn 1995
GM2/c -Camp 7/Changchow/Kulangen/Shanghai

Clifford H. Rice
Cox -Chungking/Shanghai

Tom N. Scales 1999
CPHM -Calcutta/Chungking/Shanghai

Willie H. Schrier 1997
SP2/c CG -Chungking

James H. Schroeder 1994
MoMM1/c -Calcutta/Shuman/Shanghai

Vincent Shekalus
MoMM3/c -Calcutta/Shanpa/Liutung/Sian

Paul M. Shiffler
MoMM3/c -Calcutta/Camp 3/Sian

Wm. Robert Shiger 1999
Ens. -Camp4/Shanghai

Louis A. Smith 2000
RM1/c -Calcutta/Kunming/Shanghai

Oliver J. Smith 2001
RM2/c -Calcutta/Chungking/Kunming/14thAF/FR

John A. Smoley 1999
PhM2/c -Kunming/Shanghai

Arthur H. Spangler 1995
Lt -Kunming/Shanghai

Howard R. Spery 1998
Y1/c -Kunming/FRUCHI/Shanghai

Elmer Stanley, Jr. 1999
S1/c -Calcutta/Kunming

Charles J. Tobin 1962
Lt(jg) -Kunming/Kharagpur/Chengtu/Chungking/

Julius Ulaneck 2001
SK3/c -Kunming/Shanghai

Nicholas Villios 1998
AerM1/c -Calcutta/Chungking

Wm. Reese Walker 2000
Lt.(jg) -Kweilin

J.Edwin Wilcox 1997
Cox -Camp 8/Shanghai/Wenchow

Samuel K. Zarfoss 1985
SclK -Chungking/Calcutta



POTPOURRI

THE PRESIDENT
of the
REPUBLIC OF CHINA

MESSAGE OF GREETING TO THE 10TH ANNUAL
SACO VETERANS CONVENTION

On the occasion of the 10th Annual SACO Veterans Convention in New York City, I take pleasure in sending you my cordial greetings.

SACO was the most effective Sino-American intelligence set-up during the war against the Japanese militarists under the outstanding leadership of the late Rear Admiral Milton E. Miles and due to the fine quality and spirit of dedication displayed by its members, the organization not only contributed immensely to our war of resistance, but also helped to further cement the sincere and abiding friendship between our two peoples and governments. While my thoughts go back to the late Admiral, I wish also to take this occasion to convey my regards and appreciation to all those who had rendered active service to China and who are present here today.

As is well known to those at this meeting, the Chinese Communists had begun to make preparations for insurrection long before the conclusion of World War II. That was why they were able to occupy the mainland so shortly after V-J Day and to subject hundreds of millions of my people to Communist slavery. In our relentless struggle against Communist aggression and totalitarianism, it is my fervent hope that members of the Sino-American Cooperative Organization who had proved their friendship for the Republic of China will continue to extend to us the same sympathy and support that they did during the war against Japan.

Madame Chiang and I deeply regret our inability to be with you today. I have, however, instructed Ambassador T. F. Tsiang to attend the function on our behalf. I have also instructed Lt. Gen. H. C. Yeh, Director of the Bureau of Intelligence, to bring this message to you and to convey to all SACO veterans our best wishes for their good health and continued success.

CHIANG KAI-SHEK

The above letter was read by General Yeh at the 1964 Reunion.

A dvice to Andrew Jackson by his Mother

In 1781, Andrew Jackson, then 14 years of age, enlisted in the American army; was captured and thrown into prison where he had smallpox. His mother, Elizabeth Hutchinson Jackson, through exchange arranged for his release and nursed him back to health. Responding to an urgent appeal, she left him to go to Charleston to nurse some sick neighbors who were confined there on a British hospital ship. This errand of mercy cost her life. She caught yellow fever and died.

Almost her last words to her young son were:

"Andrew, if I should not see you again, I wish you to remember and treasure up some things I have already said to you; in this world you will have to make your own way. To do that you must have friends. You can make friends by being honest and you can keep them by being steadfast. You must keep in mind that friends worth having will in the long run expect as much from you as they give to you. To forget an obligation or to be ungrateful for a kindness in a base crime - not merely a fault or a sin but an actual crime. Men guilty of it sooner or later must suffer the penalty. In personal conduct be always polite but never obsequious. None will respect you more than you respect yourself. Avoid quarrels as long as you can without yielding to imposition. But sustain your manhood always. Never bring a suit in law for assault and battery or for defamation. The law affords no remedy for such outrages that can satisfy the feelings of a true man. Never wound the feelings of others. Never brook wanton outrage upon your own feelings. If ever you have to vindicate your feelings or defend your honor, do it calmly. If angry at first, wait till your wrath cools before you proceed."

These words were repeated by General Jackson on his birthday March 15th, 1815 at New Orleans to three members of his military family, Major John H. Eston, Major Wm. Lewis and Captain W. O. Butler. "Gentlemen," said General Jackson, "I wish she could have lived to see this day. There never was a woman like her. She was gentle as a dove and brave as a lioness. Her last words have been the law of my life."

Holiday Reunion in Glendale, Arizona



Henry Scurlock spent the Christmas holidays with his daughters and grandchildren in Arizona and was successful in contacting Jim "Jake" Cowan and enjoyed a reunion of two SACOs who hadn't met in about 56 years at a local Mexican restaurant. L-R: Henry F. "Hank" Scurlock, his friend, Sue Clance, Peggy and Jim Cowan. *(Hope Hank has convinced Jake to join us - come on, you don't know what you're missing and we're missing you.)*

JACK MILLER SENT COPY OF ORDERS FOR OUR "ORIGINAL 24" DATED 16 OCTOBER 1943:

RESTRICTED

From: Chief of Naval Personnel

To : CO, Naval Radio Activities, Bainbridge Island, Washington

Subj : Enlisted Personnel - Transfer of.

1. On or about 23 October 1943, please transfer the below named men from Supplementary School, U.S. NavRadSta, Bain bridge Island, Port Blakely, Washington, to the following activities for duty as indicated:

a. To NavBaks, Wash., D.C. , to report to the CNO for temporary duty (DNC), and for further transfer:

Acker, Lloyd LeRoy	615 72 33 RM3c	V-6 USNR	Miller, William Mackay	710 23 11 RM3c	V-6 USNR
Brown, Kenneth Ulysses	553 11 29 S2c	V-6 USNR	Parris, Edward George *	657 59 63 RM3c	V-6 USNR
Edwards, Wilbert William	306 06 61 S2c	V-6 USNR	Petersen, Jack Melvin	306 18 79 S2c	V-6 USNR
Ervin, Robert Dean	757 57 33 RM3c	V-6 USNR	Reising, John Loren, Jr. *	627 78 99 S2c	V-6 USNR
Hall, Billie Clayton	258 57 02 RM3c	USN	Richards, Byron Ralph	285 05 29 RM3c	V-6 USNR
Jansen, Lyle Joseph *	757 50 00 S2c	V-6 USNR	Rutan, Richard Lee	627 85 45 RM3c	V-6 USNR
Jerome, Bob (n)	564 74 08 RM3c	V-6 USNR	Schumacher, Robert Henry	726 40 95 RM3c	V-6 USNR
Lindstrom, Dale William	621 68 80 RM3c	V-6 USNR	Sellers, Charles Edgar	635 09 66 RM3c	V-6 USNR
Lynch, Robert James *	639 99 88 S1c	V-6 USNR	Skiles, Roland Delmar *	386 47 57 S2c	V-6 USNR
Lamke, Jack Merlin	378 05 02 S2c	V-6 USNR	Smith, Oliver Junior *	726 39 35 S2c	V-6 USNR
Miller, Jack Lamarr	725 95 66 RM3c	V-6 USNR	Waters, John Calvin	306 12 95 S2c	V-6 USNR
Miller, James Edgar	629 60 49 RM3c	V-6 USNR	Westphal, John Carl	726 35 82 S2c	V-6 USNR

* Deceased

EVER WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE 56 MEN WHO SIGNED THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE?

*(From Ann Landers' column in THE DESERT SUN serving the Coachella Valley July 4, 2000
author unknown)*

Five signers were captured by the British as traitors and tortured before they died. Twelve had their homes ransacked and burned. Two lost their sons who served in the Revolutionary Army. Another had two sons captured. Nine of the 56 fought and died from wounds or hardships of the Revolutionary War.

They pledged their lives their fortunes and their sacred honor.

What kind of men were they? Twenty-four were lawyers and jurists. Eleven mere merchants. Nine were farmers and plantation owners. All were men of means and well-educated, but they signed the Declaration of Independence knowing that the penalty would be death if they were captured.

Carter Braxton of Virginia, a wealthy planter and trader, saw his ships swept from the seas by the British Navy. He sold his home and properties to pay his debts and died in rags.

Thomas McKean was so hounded by the British that he was forced to move his family

constantly. He served in the Congress without pay and his family was kept in hiding. His possessions were taken and poverty was his reward.

Vandals or soldiers looted the properties of Ellery, Hall, Clymer, Walton, Gwinner, Heyward, Rutledge and Middleton.

At the battle of Yorktown, Thomas Nelson, Jr., noted that the British Gen. Cornwallis had taken over the Nelson home for his headquarters. He quietly urged Gen. Washington to open fire. The home was destroyed and Nelson died bankrupt.

The home of Francis Lewis was destroyed. The enemy jailed his wife and she died within a few months.

John Hart was driven from the bedside of his dying wife. Their 13 children fled for their lives. His fields and gristmill were laid to waste. For more than a year, he lived in forests and caves, returning home to find his wife dead and his children gone. He died shortly thereafter, heartbroken. Morris and Livingston suffered similar fates.

Such were the stories and

sacrifices of the American Revolution.. These were not wild-eyed, rabble-rousing ruffians. They were soft spoken men of means and education. They had security, but they valued liberty more.

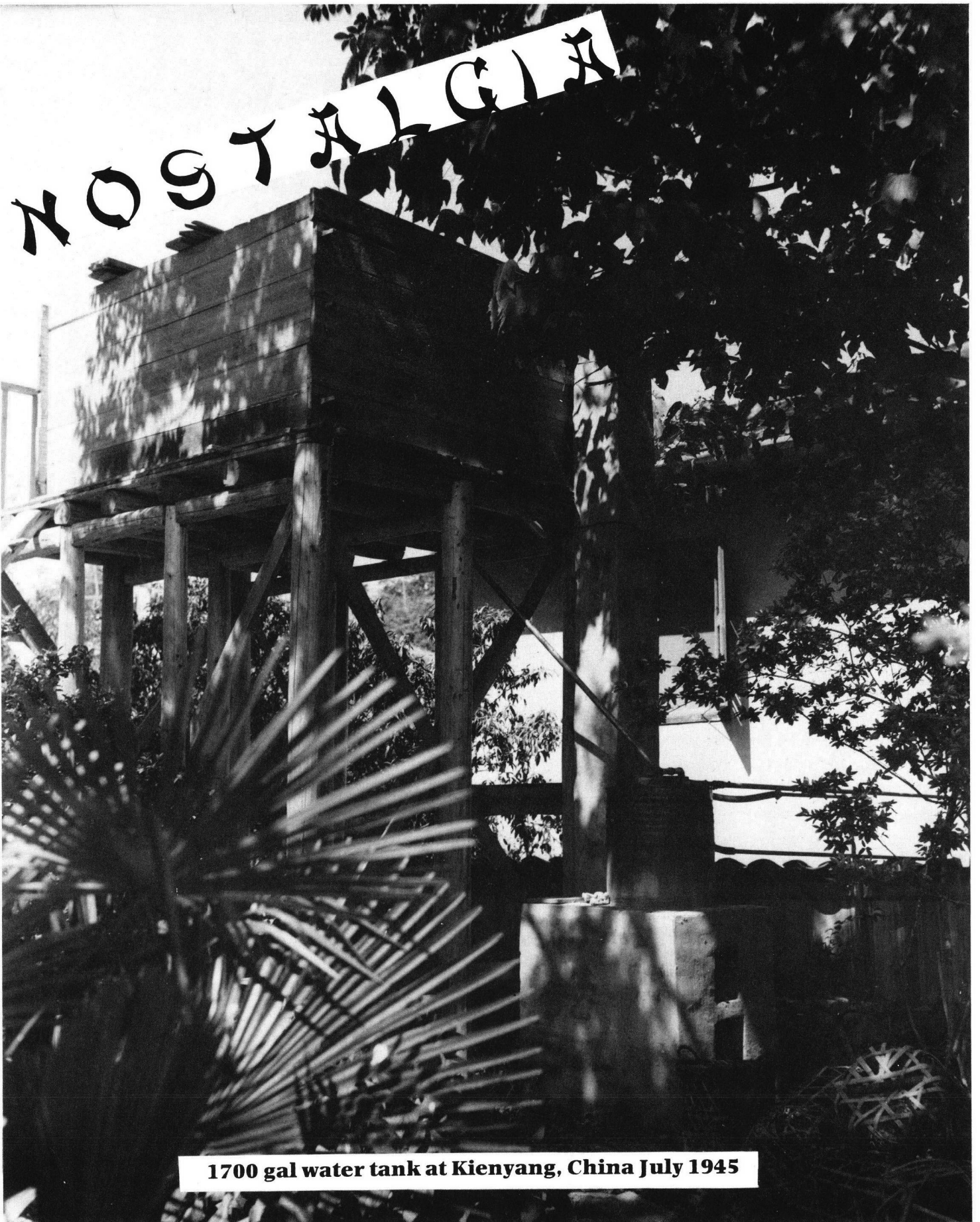
Standing tall, straight and unwavering, they pledged "for the support of this Declaration, with a firm Reliance on the Protection of the divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes and our sacred Honor."

They gave us a free and independent America. The history books never tell us much of what happened in the Revolutionary War. We were British subjects at that time and we fought against our own government. Too often, we now take these liberties for granted.

So - while you are enjoying the festivities of the July 4th holiday, take a few minutes and silently thank these patriots for their heroic contributions.

It is not too much to ask for the price they paid. Freedom is never free.

????!***



1700 gal water tank at Kienyang, China July 1945



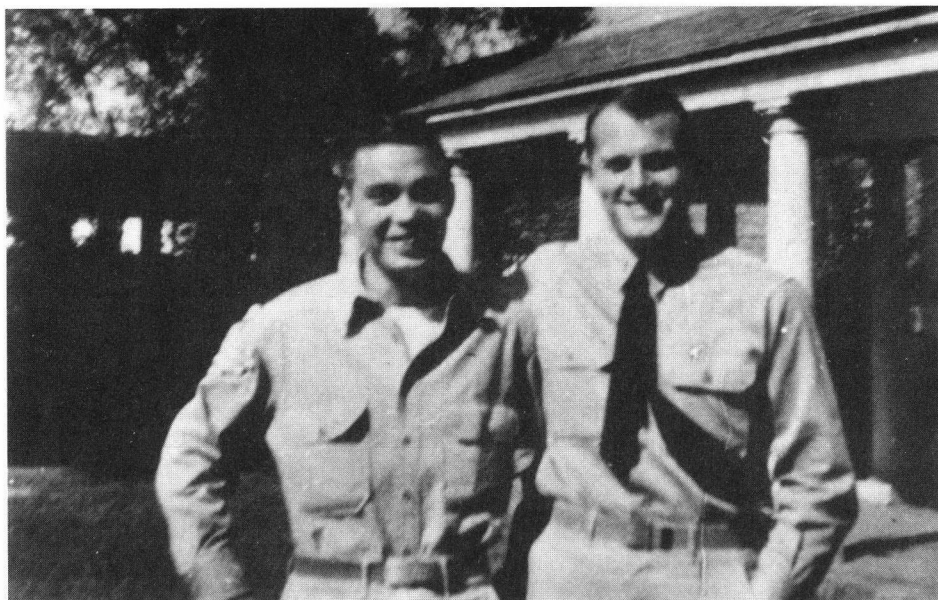
Howard Samuels in front of Weather Shack at top of hill overlooking Camp 1 1944-45



Howard Samuels Hot Springs, Arkansas 1942



Dock on the Bund in Shanghai Picture from Jack Demmer who states "My final duty at the Enlisted Mens' Club."



**Photos courtesy
Jack Demmer**

L-R: Ensign Lyle Carter
and Ltjg Jack Demmer

Restaurant in Chen Ping
The entire works in balance
on the stick. Everything
from noodles to pork (maybe)

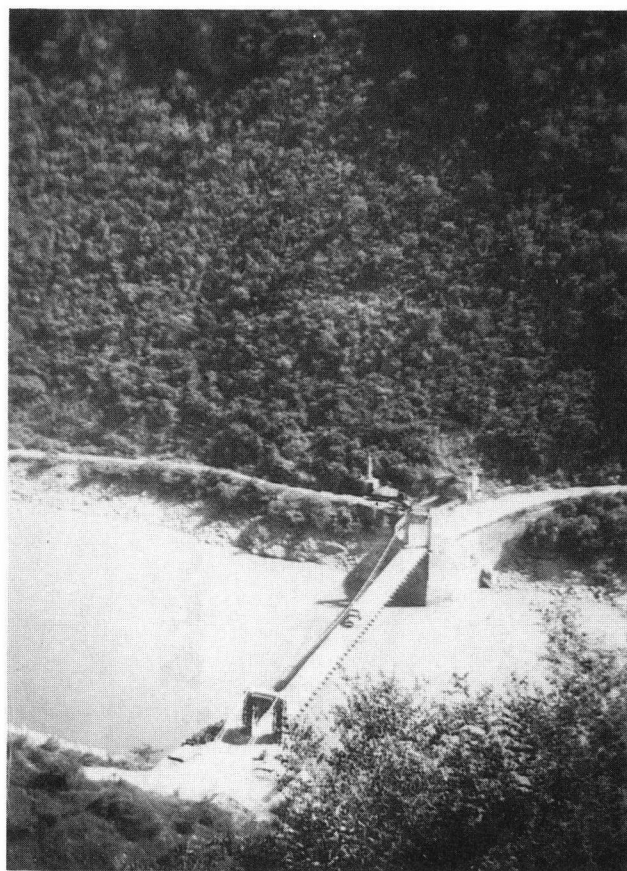


Jack Demmer
in "Our Jeep."

Alfred J. Bricker - Member of Convoy #2 over Burma Road

sends these photos taken in Mong Yu, Burma which he states was 12 miles from the China border.(1945?)

1. Counter clockwise is Johnson (no other ID but perhaps H.M?) and Al Bricker on right.
2. Convoy #2
3. Al Bricker -
4. Cable bridge over Salween River





Ltjg. Harry J Baudu & Commodore Miles (probably Camp 9 auditorium)



"Swede" Swentzel (L) & crew of the last Naval Battle of WWII. Can anyone I.D. others?

DESIDERATA

GO PLACIDLY AMID THE NOISE & HASTE & REMEMBER WHAT PEACE THERE MAY BE IN SILENCE. AS FAR AS POSSIBLE WITHOUT surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly & clearly; and listen to others, even the dull & ignorant; they too have their story. ❧ Avoid loud & aggressive persons, they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain & bitter; for always there will be greater & lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. ❧ Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs; for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals; and everywhere life is full of heroism. ❧ Be yourself. Especially, do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity & disenchantment it is perennial as the grass. ❧ Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue & loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. ❧ You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees & the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe in unfolding as it should. ❧ Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labors & aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul. ❧ With all its sham, drudgery & broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy. ❧❧

(Found in old St. Paul's Church Baltimore: Dated 1692)