

March 2003

SACO VETERANS

OF
THE RICE PADDY NAVY
CHINA

WYHAT

Perpetual Skipper

THE

WELLY?

VAdm. Milton E. "Mary" Miles



Sino American Cooperative Organization

Issue No. 25

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SACO HISTORY

SACO (pronounced "SOCKO" stands for Sino-American Cooperative Organization) and was established during WWII by President Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. Highly secret, originally 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. We soon became known by the sobriquet "*THE RICE PADDY NAVY*." "*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 *each and everyone a volunteer* from several branches of service, but for the most part, Navy and Marine men.

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

Have you paid your dues for 2003?

Payment is due January 1 each year for Regular, Associate and Auxiliary members as follows:

Regulars & Associates \$20

Treas. H. W. Weskamp

3034 Larkwood

West Covina, CA 91791-2928

Ladies Auxiliary \$15

Treas. Laura Sellers

1291 Eastern Parkway

Laouisville, KY 40204 2440

ABOUT THE COVER

Late last year, George Balsley, son of the late Lt.Cdr. Frank Henry Balsley, sent me all of his father's notes, photos, etc. relating to his tour in SACO as a loan to use what I might feel would be of interest. One item was a photo album covered with silk embroidery of a Junk which no doubt LtCdr Balsley purchased in China. Though beginning to show signs of aging, it's beauty intrigued me and I photographed it for the cover. Ed.

SACO NEWS

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

The publication is sometimes referred to as "What The Hell" magazine due to the pennant shown on the cover of every issue which is symbolic of our SACO members. It was a pennant dreamed up by our skipper which he would fly on his ships as a personal novelty to arouse curiosity in his early naval career. It actually depicted 3 question marks, 3 exclamation marks and 3 stars (???!!!***) - a mild form of profanity such as cartoonists would use. To Admiral Miles it was translated as meaning "What The Hell." as frequent inquiries through the

years as to the pennant would be just that - "What the Hell is it?" "What the Hell does it mean?" and from many encounters came many interesting stories.

During WWII as SACO was formed by Miles and the Chinese counterpart Tai Li, it was natural and apropos that "What the Hell" be the symbol or logotype, if you will, of this special group. As I write this, it just dawned on me that in addition to being known as "SACO Tigers," we might well have been "WHAT THE HELLERS!" (Looking back, I think sometimes we might have been!)

???!!!***

Richard L. Rutan
Editor of SACO News
45-480 Desert Fox Drive
La Quinta, CA 92253-4214
760 360-3800

SACO STAFF 2002-2003

OFFICERS

President.....Joe Fitzgerald
Vice President.....Norman Dike
Secretary.....Bill Bartee
Asst. Secretary.....Jim Kelly
Treasurer.....H.W. Weskamp
Asst. TreasurerWillie Baker

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Bob Hoe
Jack Miller
Bill Miller
Bob Sinks
Jack Petersen

Historian.....Harold Bonin
Legal Counsel.....Bill Sager
Membership Chairman..Paul Casamajor
Editor SACO NEWS... Richard Rutan

Attendance Roster Cocoa Beach, Florida 48th National SACO Reunion 2002

Arnold, Carolyn Inman
 Baker, Willie
 Baker, Audrey
 Bannier, Richard
 Bannier, Mathilda
 Barrett, George
 Barrett, Doris
 Bartee, Bill
 Bohus, Arthur
 Bonin, Hal
 Booth, Bud
 Booth, Ellen
 Chu, Steve
 Chu, Linda
 Ciaccio, Sal
 Ciaccio, Jim
 Clance, Sue
 Coats, Jerry
 Coats, Mary
 Coats, Penny
 Coats, Robert
 Devlin, Frank
 Dike, Norm
 Dike, Lyn
 Erwin, Sylvia
 Felmly, Doc
 Felmly, Peg
 Ferguson, Robert
 Ferguson, Mike
 Fiduk, Stephen
 Fitzgerald, Joe
 Fitzgerald, Peg
 Gats, Irene L.
 Gilroy, Slim
 Goodson, Wayne
 Goodson, Joyce
 Grace, Bob
 Grace, Betty Lou
 Griffin, John
 Griffin, Joyce
 Hall, Bill
 Hall, Bobbie
 Harrison, Alexander
 Hill, Bob
 Hill, Lola
 Hill, Randy
 Hoe, Bob
 Hoe, Helen
 Howard, William

Howell, Bronson (Tex)
 Howell, Phyllis
 Jacob, Peg
 Kelly, Jim
 Knight, Jeanine
 McDonough, Jennie
 Maurice, Richard A.
 Miles, Charles
 Miller, Jack
 Miller, Bill
 Miller, Sissy
 Moore, Rog
 Moore, Edie
 Murphy, Jackie
 Murphy, Kathi
 Nelson, James T.
 Nichols, Priscilla
 O'Brien, Charlie
 O'Brien, Mearle

 Petersen, Jack
 Petersen, Beverly
 Petersen, Jodi
 Petersen, Kayte
 Petersen, Jeff
 Reynnet, Dairus
 Reynnet, Francis
 Reynnet, Caroline
 Rutan, Richard
 Rutan, Erma
 Scurlock, Hank
 Sellers, Charles
 Sellers, Laura
 Sinks, Bob
 Stoddard, Walt

 Tanner, Allen C. Sr.
 Tanner, Mary H.
 Tao, Lilyan
 Terpstra, Dick
 Tether, Charles
 Tether, Ivaloe
 Tether, Chip
 Thomas, Bob
 Tressler, Guy
 Tressler, Rosemary
 Warner, Dean R.
 Warner, Billi

Waters, Jack
 Waters, Fran
 Weskamp, Wes
 Weskamp, Kathryn
 Wheeler, James
 Wheeler, Mary Lee
 Wheeler, Michael
 Whitlock, F.J.

Chinese Guests: 5

Major General Yang Tien-chang
 Mrs. Yang
 Colonel Ho Chin-yi
 Lt. Colonel Jason Tamg
 Major Laura Lin

Tour & Banquet Guests only: 2

Altenes, Chris N/R (Scurlock)
 Russell, Sandra N/R (Tressler)

Tour Guests only: 2

Ed (Tanner Guest) N/R
 Dorothy (Tanner Guest) N/R

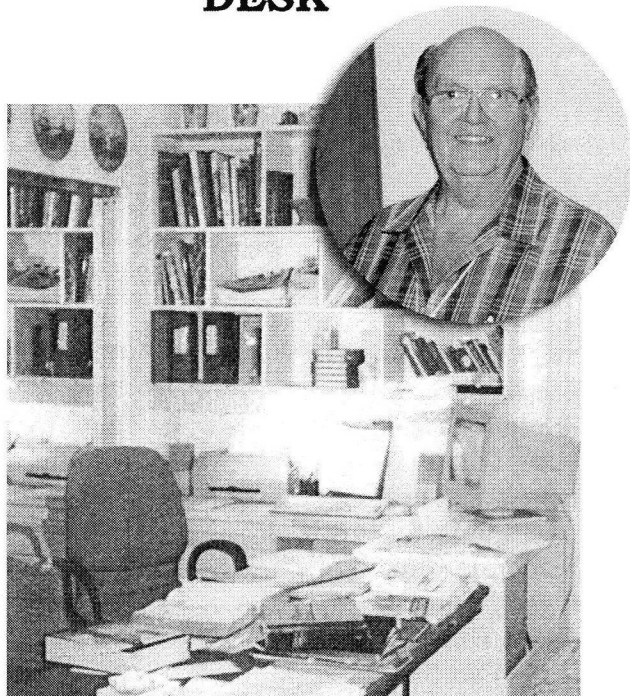
*We're all angels
 with only one wing -
 We can only fly
 by embracing
 one another.*



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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK



I want to take this time to thank all of you who sent pictures – particularly of the Cocoa Beach Reunion. I had two voluminous packages of snapshots from ever-faithful Ellen Booth and likewise, Carolyn Inman Arnold. Even Lt.Col. Jason Tarng of the MIB ROC met my request for shots he took of the birthday girls, Fran Waters and Rosemary Tressler. Among others adding to the “Family Album” were Sal Ciaccio, Bill Bartee, Charles Tether, Roger Moore, Bob Hoe, Don Leberman and whomever I may have overlooked – I should keep a running list but I guess I’m negligent. But your photography is greatly appreciated. I used to do most of it myself, but find it difficult to fulfill duties of all-day “happy Hours” and have time to mill among the tigers.

I want to acknowledge the receipt of beautiful holiday greetings that no one can equal in art form and color as those of the Chinese and sent to us by:

Gen. & Mrs. Hsueh Shin-ming
Maj.Gen. & Mrs. Yang Tien-chang
Maj.Gen. & Mrs. Kuo Rong-charng
Maj.Gen. & Mrs. Hsia Ying-ching

Thank you for thinking of us this past holiday time.

I keep hearing that there is an almost constant move on to “repair” our by-laws. Other than anything determined to be illegal I can’t imagine any drive to alter what has survived now almost 50 years. Maybe some don’t like the procedures as they stand, but at this point in life, do we care? How many more gatherings do you think we’ll survive to attend? Can we hold for 4 or 5 more?– I pray to God we may. Who can say we’ll have mental facilities to even find our way to the upcoming reunions? – and we have to find someone willing and physically able to assure we can meet in the future. My grandmother stated, “The more you stir old s - - - the worse it stinks” and I’d like to see Old SACO go out smelling like a rose. Can’t we accept the fact that our days are numbered and dwell on the subject of keeping us going as long as possible and forget about would-be talents of some to make alterations as they think they should be?

PS: I have no qualifications whatsoever in the field of law. If we fail to meet some item in this respect, no doubt we should surface and alter same. Otherwise, considering most other proposed amendments as incidental and having to meet approval of the voting members at a business meeting of a reunion – I sayFORGET IT??!!****

R. L. Rutan, Editor

Letters



To Weskamp.....12 August 2002

I am sorry we won't be able to attend the reunion this year. Perhaps another time when you get close to New York State. This is a picture of me and my wife of 56 years.



We have both had heart problems the past 2 years, which has taken its toll mostly on me.

Would like to hear from any or all of you.

My strength has come at many times from the training and stamina received at Navy Seals and the good Lord above. May God bless you all.

Sincerely, *Jonathan D. Schaffer*

Jonathan D. Schaffer
1759 Union Circle Maine Hwy
Endicott, NY 13760

???!!!***

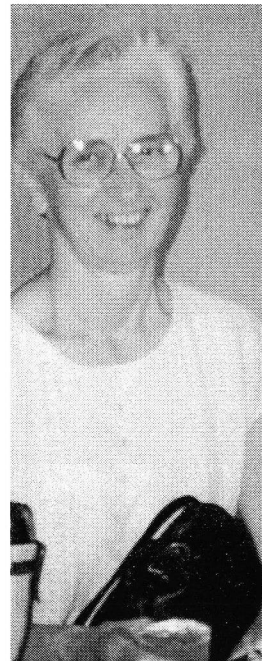
To the editor.....17 Sept 2002

The 24th issue of the SACO Newsletter arrived shortly after I had sent regrets at not being able to attend the Florida gathering. Each issue gets BETTER! I really enjoyed so many of the articles – basically, ALL OF IT IS TREMENDOUS READING!

The tribute to your father was touching, Richard. I am eternally grateful for the love and support Bob gave our 4 sons. They are all different men, but I commented once that you can know Bob, since you know his sons. Dad would always “go to pieces” over the pinched finger bit of little boys – he could handle the teen and adult problems with patience and perseverance, and discipline.

I have been a member of a good group, a service club formed in 1950; we were members of the Ohio Federation of Women's Clubs for many, many years. The article on the M.D. who originated the idea of the white lines on our highways brought chuckles. I shared this with our girls: We had pushed the idea of the reflective markers on the roads here in Ohio.

The news and history of the beautiful TWIN OAKS mansion was interesting, too.



It was such a lovely building and a focal point of the Annapolis reunion.

Also enjoyed the PIRATE story coverage. I remember the comic page entitled THE DRAGON LADY being pulled during the war, as it was too close to the truth.

There is still LOTS & LOTS of great reading in this issue, too. I've saved them all, and they bring good memories, as they're reviewed and reread.

The SACO experiences enriched our lives greatly – Bob's during his time of service – and ours, at the gatherings we were blessed to attend. His presence is greatly missed, along with so many, many of his buddies. The love and strength he gave and shared with us, keep us feeling BLESSED.

Thanks, again, for "listening" and I do enjoy hearing the news!

Mona Miller

???!!!***

To the editor.....24 October 2002

My granddaughter, Allison, had arranged a surprise 80th birthday party for me on June 30th with the help of my daughter Janice. Because she had made contact with so many of my SACO friends requesting their response to help prepare a book of memories which proved very successful..

I had intended to express my thanks and appreciation to all at our Saturday meeting in Cocoa Beach, but this completely slipped my mind. I do want all my SACO friends to know how much I have enjoyed their cards and letters which contributed to my overwhelming surprise to find three dozen people at my party.

My birth date of July 3rd was celebrated a few days early, which helped to make this a complete surprise to me. That birthday book was brought to the hospitality room and your mother, (Erma), was one who seemed to enjoy the contents put together by

Allison. At least it helped to take away boredom, which she may have endured sitting there for so many hours.

Many thanks to you and Jack Petersen for contributing to an excellent hospitality room throughout our reunion.

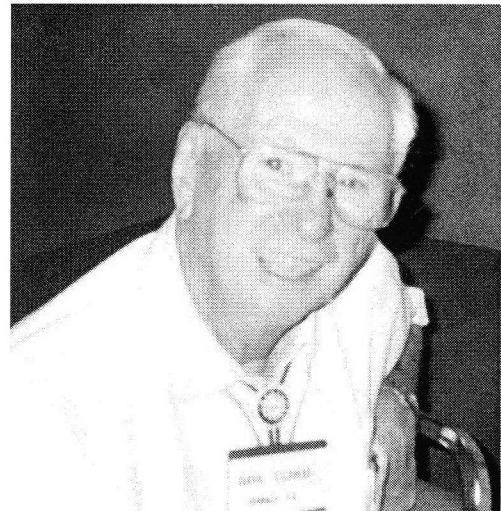
Your SACO brother,

Hal Bonin

???!!!***

To Joe & Peg Fitzgerald...12 August 2002

Your reunion reminder deserves a positive reply. Having run the 1994 reunion in the Black Hills, I know you might like to know whether Dorie and I will be with you Oct. 9-13.



Unfortunately, we have another reunion which is scheduled at the University of Montana about the same time, so, while we would enjoy meeting again with our SACO friends, we feel that two reunions so close together would be a bit much. It appears that you have scheduled two interesting and pleasant tours. I'm sorry we can't make it.

With best wishes for a carefree and uproarious reunion.

Sincerely, *Dave* (Clarke)

To the editor.....14 Oct 2002

I wish to thank you for pictures and text that you published regarding my father in the latest SACO edition. We all felt honored and are grateful for what you did.

We received numerous copies of the edition, which allowed each of us in Dad's family to have their own individual copy. It was generous and thoughtful and very much appreciated.

I hope everything is well with you.

Sincerely,



Victor Bisceglia

???!!!***

To the editor.....Summer 2002

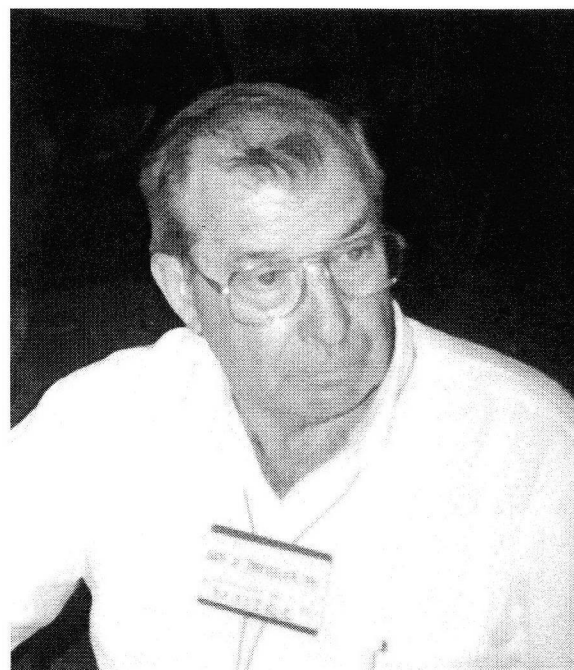
... "Duke" (Zucks) and I served in the Armed Guard. We both shipped out of Brooklyn Armed Center in 1943. Later, we received our Underwater Demolition Training and Scout and Raider training at Ft. Pierce, FL; later, volunteering for SACO. We, along with our group after arriving in China, were sent down to Foochow to take soundings of the Minn River and observe the movements of the Japs, which were guarded by a group of Imperial Japanese Marines. Later, we received orders to proceed to Shanghai where we stayed at the Shanghai American University. Zucks was made the Master of Arms over all of us and we stayed there till the war was over.

Richard, I am sending you a small donation from some of the Foochow Boys in memory of Duke. He had been going downhill ever since we came from the reunion at South Dakota – in and out of the VA Hospital in FL. I had talked with his wife, Dottie, and asked her if it would be ok with her if I did this and she thought it would be just what Duke would want.

... I will be getting more from the boys at the reunion in FL and will see that you get the donation from them. Please send a copy of the SACO NEWS to his wife so that she will have it for a keepsake for his children and grandchildren. (Several copies were sent. Ed)

The small donation will help to keep the SACO reunions to continue on. I know Duke would be happy to know that they will be going on even though he is not with us in body, but I am sure in spirit. . . .

Thank you, Richard, my friend in SACO.



Guy D. Tressler

???!!!***

To the editor.....Summer 2002

Rec'd your "Labor of Love" SACO NEWS – hated to put it down.

I am enclosing a check (\$50) keep up the good work and keep us informed.

Tiger Art (A. G. Bohus)



Arthur G. Bohus

???!!!***

To the editor.....17 September 2002

I've just received issue #24 of the SACO NEWS. I was so pleased and surprised to see you are including the full text of my father, Dr. Jean Neighbor's memoir, "Images and Memories," in the next few issues of your magazine. He would have been so proud that his writings were actually being published. Your kind inclusion of his words, as he wrote them, with all their idiosyncrasies, is a great honor. His time spent under Admiral Miles was not only historical, but also contributed, along with other incidents mentioned in the memoir, to his interest in pursuing a profession in the field of Psychiatry.

We, the surviving family of Jean Neighbor, wish to thank SACO for helping pass on and preserve the memory of our father with the printing of his memoir as well as the inclusion of letters from colleagues, such as Dr. Heimlich and other pertinent historical documents. It means a great deal to us all.

I would be more than happy to accept any comments, or answer any questions your readers might have regarding my father's recollections. I can be reached by post mail, or email.

Again, thank you for bringing Dad's words to so many.

Sincerely,

Eric H. Neighbor
99 Cleveland Rd. #11
Pleasant Hill, CA 94523

Email: ehneighbor@home.com

Another letter from Neighbor 3 days later:

After showing my brother and sisters the articles featured in the SACO NEWS about our father, Jean Neighbor, they expressed interest in having copies of the magazine for their children. They would be honored to have them in their family histories. Would it be possible to get five copies each of issues #23, 24 and the upcoming issues with Dad's memoirs. If this is doable, please let me know the expense that I might send you a check to cover it.

The inclusion of Dad's work in the SACO NEWS had made the whole family very proud of Dad and SACO's contributions to the Second World War. They, in turn, will pass this information to *their* children.

Again, thank you for honoring our father's memory in your publication.

Eric

???!!!***

To Joe Fitzgerald.....25 August 2002

Thank you for the information on the SACO 2002 reunion. My wife and I would love to attend, but it is impossible as we

have only recently returned from two months in the states visiting relatives and friends. Fares between Guam and the states are pretty costly and we try to make only one trip each year to keep up with our family and friends.

I, along with my son-in-law, really appreciated the opportunity of being at last year's reunion. It really was a very special experience. I just wish that my wife could also have been present. My trip to Texas was a special gift from my son-in-law, Joe Wayner. He is a real history buff of both the Civil War and World War II.

Seven years ago, my wife and I had the privilege of spending six weeks in China with the last five days in Kunming. It was a wonderful experience and such a different world from when we were there in World War II. I was in Kunming when the war ended and was able to go to Shanghai a few days later. The Japanese still had their guns, were still the police in the city, etc. when we arrived, but they accepted the fact that the war was over. It was an interesting situation.

Thanks, again, for the info on the reunion. I am sure that all will have a great time.

Sincerely,



Robert E. Stahlnecker

???!!!***

To the editor.....8 September 2002

I'm sorry to inform you that Mom, my sister, Nancy, and I cannot attend the upcoming SACO reunion in Florida . . because we will all be in Hong Kong starting on October 9, attending a Chinese ancestral observance/celebration on October 14 and taking care of family business matters for several days beforehand. It is an obligatory visit we had planned at the

beginning of the year. Unfortunately, our trip coincides with the reunion.

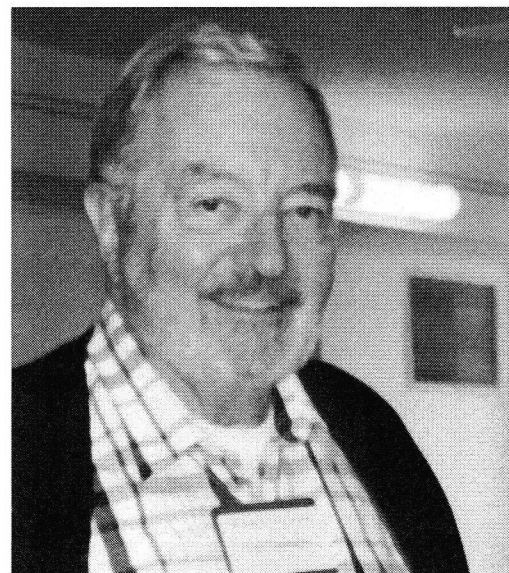
Please tell all our SACO friends that we are very sorry to miss them this round, but will definitely be at next year's reunion as we have no obligations that will prevent us from attending. Nonetheless, next month we will be there on the SACO cruise in spirit, along with my father's, because the reunions were so important and enjoyable to him, especially in his last years.

Sincerely,



???!!!***

To SACOs.9 Sept 2002



For years I've heard about Hollywood's recognition of SACO – the Richard Widmark film "Destination Gobi." I have scoured sources innumerable including the many video catalogs that come through my mail box. I have even called many of them to ask about the film. No comprende!

Recently, while browsing some doctor's office magazine, I came upon an article about a one-of-everything collection in Hollywood – with a phone number. So, I called them. "Destination Gobi? – no problem." About 2 weeks later (last week) the VHS tape was delivered to the door. No problem.

Here's how:

Eddie Brandt's Saturday Matinee
5006 Vineland Ave.

North Hollywood, CA 91601

Phone: 818 506-4242

My bill, including CA tax, was \$22.18.

The movie starts out with a Chief Bos'n Mate (Widmark) checking into a super secret Washington office entitle 'S.A.C.O.' (but not further identified). It proceeds to get him and his aerology crew to the Gobi. Shortly, the reality of Camp 4 is lost in a lot of exciting adventures. A documentary it is not.

You may want to publicize this at Cocoa Beach or in the next issue of SACO NEWS.

And, I may see about getting a volume discount (I'll bet we could easily sell 25 or 30 copies) Eddie's is closed on Sun. and Mon.

Enjoy,



Paul Casamajor

A "PS" TO MR. CASAMAJOR'S LETTER:

YOU (and you know who you are) WHO ASKED A LOAN OF MY COPY OF THE FILM "DESTINATION GOBI" AT THE FREDERICKSBURG, TEXAS REUNION...

IT WOULD BE A DAMN NICE GESTURE IF YOU WERE TO RETURN IT????!!***

Richard L. Rutan, Editor

To the editor.....5 Sept 2002

Received my bulletin (issue #24) yesterday and on page 36, lower left hand corner, a picture I thought you might need names for. I have 'em all but one. You may already have them (nope). If so, just toss 'em. Thanks again for a super job.

Luvs ya both,
Clarence (Gee)



Back row L-R:

Gee – Karas – Karl – Humiston – Butter – Ward – McKnight – Ron Shun Wah

Front L-R:

Cronin – Nichols – Hubbard – Hatterman – Lovejoy – Witt - ? – Kay Lee - Kramer

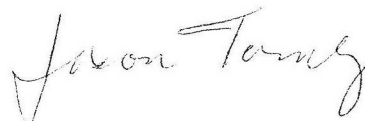
????!!***

To the editor
4 Nov 2002

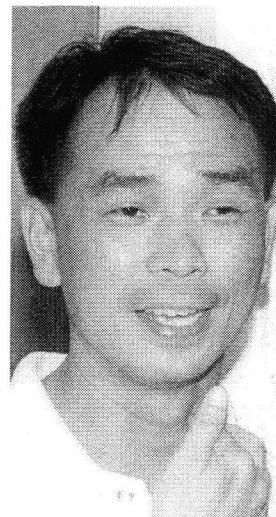
It was very nice meeting you at the reunion. You have done a fantastic job editing our SACO NEWS. I enjoyed it very much.

Enclosed find three pictures taken at our farewell dinner. Let me know if you need more copies.

Best regards,
Sincerely yours,



Jason Tarn
Lt. Colonel, ROC Army



Notes & Calls to the Fitzgeralds:

15 Sept 2002

Evelyn Wogan called to tell their doctor did not want Tony to travel. They are disappointed they are unable to make the reunion and wanted to pass on their regards to everyone.

???!!!***



7 October 2002

Bob & Betty Clark cancelled as Bob had a light stroke on 6 October.

???!!!***

Bob Stoll unable to travel to reunion to receive his SACO Medal. Being hospitalized for kidney problems; very sorry he is unable to make his first reunion. Asked that his reunion check be "returned to Rutan for his wonderful publication."

???!!!***

20 September 2002

Richard Ceremsak (A) called that he was unable to make reunion as wife, Marion, is not well enough. He would like a couple

SACO stickers for his car window (just bought a new car).

I'll see if I can drum up a couple in the near future. Ed.

???!!!***



17 September 2002

Frances Petri called – Dick is in rehab and progressing slowly, but steadily, following aortic valve replacement and 4-way bypass in early September.

???!!!***



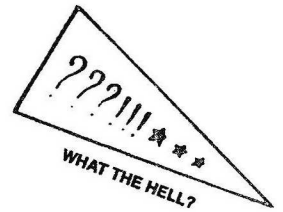
I talked with Evelyn Buckless during the holidays and she said she had to put Frank in a nursing home which is in the assisted living complex where they reside. Understand he is on ground floor below their apartment where she can visit him. *Ed.*



SACO

SINO AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION

U. S. NAVAL GROUP CHINA VETERANS



Vice Admiral Milton E. Miles
Perpetual Skipper

October 22, 2002

Mr. & Mrs. Charles O'Brien
9411 Rhonda Drive
Richmond, VA 23229

RE: 2002 SACO Reunion

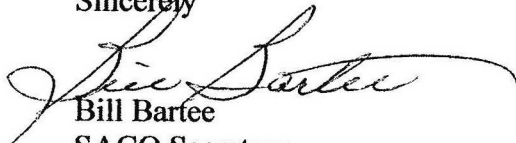
Dear Charlie and Merle,

On behalf of the SACO Officers and Trustees I would like to express our profound and sincere gratitude for the many unselfish actions taken by you during our recent Florida reunion.

Extending the use of your brand new vehicle to pick up our Chinese guests at the Orlando airport was indeed a great gesture, but you followed that by allowing the Chinese to use your automobile as if it were their own. This can only be considered as above and beyond any call of loyalty or endearment.

Please accept our most gracious thanks for insuring that SACO came through this period of uncertainty with a minimum of turmoil. You have indeed proved yourself to be a real SACO Tiger and deserve one combined "Well Done."

Sincerely


Bill Bartee
SACO Secretary

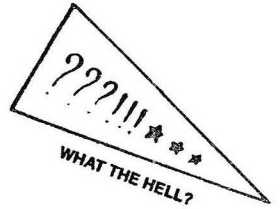
CC: SACO Officers and Trustees



SACO

SINO AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION

U. S. NAVAL GROUP CHINA VETERANS



Vice Admiral Milton E. Miles
Perpetual Skipper

October 22, 2002

Mr. Robert M. Sinks Sr.
SACO Trustee
P.O. Box 1609
Fredericksburg, TX 78623

RE: SACO Reunion 2002

Dear Bob,


On behalf of the officers and trustees, I would like to take this opportunity to express our profound gratitude for your efforts in making the Florida reunion a phenomenal success.

Very few are knowledgeable of the fact, that if it hadn't been for your determined efforts, we would probably have lost our Chinese guests completely in the Orlando air terminal. Through your dogged tenacity they were located even though they arrived at a time, gate and airline that was completely different than the originally planned.

These actions along with the beautiful statement made in your capacity as President at our final banquet can only be construed as coming from one whose heart and soul seem dedicated to SACO's success. While these deeds may seem trivial to many, they were and are direct indications of your dedication to our cause.

Again we say ***"Thanks Bob for a job well done"***.

Sincerely,


Bill Bartee
SACO Secretary

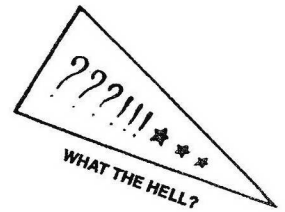
CC: All SACO Officers and Trustees.



SACO

SINO AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION

U. S. NAVAL GROUP CHINA VETERANS



Vice Admiral Milton E. Miles
Perpetual Skipper

October 22, 2002

Major General YANG. Tien-chang
Deputy Director MIB, MND
P.O. Box 3693
Taipei, Taiwan. ROC.

RE: SACO Reunion 2002

Dear Major General YANG, Tien-chang,

On behalf of the SACO Officers, Trustees and membership I would like to convey to you and your team of MIB representatives our profound feelings of appreciation and gratitude for attending our 2002 reunion.

While, I personally will never get over the embarrassment of leading you in circles upon your arrival in Orlando, I hope you understand my utter confusion.

Primarily, however we would like to thank you for the heart felt speech you presented at the banquet. The emotion could be felt throughout the audience as you described the feelings of a second generation SACO man. You may not have noticed but there were very few dry eyes in the house by the time you finished.

Then as we wrestled for control you announced the generous MIB contribution. All of this along with your presentation of the SACO medal combined to make this a most memorable occasion for all in attendance and it goes without saying that you, Major General YANG, Tien-chang were the driving force.

Again we say **THANKS** for your understanding, generosity and affability. Please feel free to visit us at any time.

Sincerely,


Bill Bartee
SACO Secretary

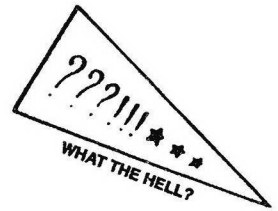
CC: All SACO Officers and Trustees
Lt. General HSUEH, Shih-ming. Director MIB.



SACO

SINO AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION

U. S. NAVAL GROUP CHINA VETERANS



Vice Admiral Milton E. Miles
Perpetual Skipper

October 22, 2002

Lt. General HSUEH, Shih-ming
Director, MIB, MND.
P.O. Box. 3693
Taipei, Taiwan ROC.

RE: SACO Reunion 2002

Dear General HSUEH, Shih-ming.

On behalf of the Officers, Trustees and membership of SACO I would like to take this opportunity to express our profound gratitude and sincere appreciation to you and those in your command for your understanding and generosity to our organization.

Although we were a bit disappointed that you could not make an appearance yourself, you can rest assured that your Deputy, Major General YANG, Tien-chang and his party not only proved to be great representatives but General YANG's speech at our final nights banquet should be preserved for future reference. He really caught us all off guard, as he explained he was a second generation SACO man and how viewing the ground Zero area in New York gave him a real sense of what our efforts were all about. I will tell you that there were very few dry eyes in the house as he finished.

Then, as if that were not enough, he announced your generous contribution to our treasury along with explaining your gift of the beautiful money clip and letter opener to all attendees.

When all of these points are combined, you can see that we had a very successful reunion thanks to great contributions of your command.

Please convey our sincere thanks and best wishes to all of our friends in your command and we shall look forward to seeing you personally next year.

Sincerely,


Bill Bartee
SACO Secretary

CC: All SACO Officers and Trustees.
Major General YANG, Tien-chang, Deputy MIB

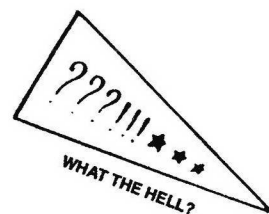


Vice Admiral Milton E. Miles
Perpetual Skipper

SACO

SINO AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION

U. S. NAVAL GROUP CHINA VETERANS



SUMMATION OF TRUSTEES MEETING COCOA BEACH, FLORIDA

The following is a summary of actions and topics discussed at the SACO Trustees Meeting held on October 12, 2002 at the Hilton Hotel in Cocoa Beach, Florida.

The SACO President, Bob Sinks, called the meeting to order at 2145 hours.

OLD BUSINESS

Minutes: The minutes of the 2001 meeting were read and approved as read.

Treasury Report: The treasurers reports was recapped as follows:

Balance as of 1-01-2001	\$24,047.76
Balance as of 12-31-2001	\$28,507.82

Bob Sinks provided each trustee with a copy of his accounting report on the 2001 reunion in Fredericksburg, TX. The account disclosed that Sinks was still owed \$830.98

Membership: Paul Casamajor as chairman of the membership committee provided the following:

New Associates presented for approval.	28
Deaths since last SACO News.	9
Medal Recipients (At reunion)	5
Medal Recipients (Unable to attend)	9

Jimmy Dunn Interment: Bob Hoe updated the status of the request to inter Jimmy Dunn at Ft. Rosecrance. He noted that approval was almost finalized when the law was changed and they had to start over. He continues to be optimistic that approval will be received.

SACO Future: An in depth discussion of the why, how and when to dissolve the SACO Corporation was held. Bill Miller made a motion that year the 2008 be considered. This motion died for a lack of a second. The trustee's then decided that because of the legal issues involved, they needed legal guidance. Legal counsel will be requested to provide pro's and con's of keeping the organization as well as any impact that would be caused by doing nothing.

Future Reunions:

Philadelphia, PA: Jim Kelly was invited to discuss the possibility of the 2003 reunion in Philadelphia, PA. He emphasized the high cost that will be experienced if the reunion hotel is located IN Philadelphia as opposed to the outskirts. Kelly agreed to give a true picture to membership at their meeting.

Appleton, WI: Jack Miller gave a presentation on Appleton, WI. for 2003. He noted that everything was in place and ready to go. Some felt that it was to soon since the last reunion in Appleton others pointed out that the presentation met all the requirements of trustees for reunion sites. Motion made and seconded that both Philadelphia and Appleton be presented to the membership as possible sites and let a vote on the memberships preference be the deciding factor.

NEW BUSINESS

Video Sales: Charles Sellers provided a detailed accounting of monies received and expended in the sale of the Nimitz Museum SACO Plaque Dedication. The sales netted SACO \$1,171.41

Admiral Nimitz Museum

Bob Sinks related several instances where the museum was working to increase the exposure of SACO in its exhibits. It was pointed out that the Nimitz Museum had shown more interest in SACO than other museums.

Official Attendee

Bill Miller posed the question "What are the requisites for declaring a SACO member to be and official ATTENDEE at a reunion". After a lengthy discussion the trustee's agreed to the following official response :


*A SACO Member shall be officially recognized as an attended to a SACO Reunion **ONLY** if both if the following criteria are met:*

- 1. He pays the normal registration fee.*
- 2. He registers as an attendee at the reunion.*

Adjourn:

There being no further business the trustee's meeting was adjourned
0030 hours October 13,2002.

Respectfully Submitted,



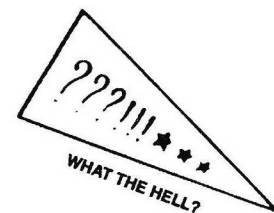
Bill Bartee
SACO Secretary



SACO

SINO AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION

U. S. NAVAL GROUP CHINA VETERANS



Vice Admiral Milton E. Miles
Perpetual Skipper

SUMMATION OF MINUTES OF MEMBERSHIP MEETING COCOA BEACH, FLORIDA

The following is a summary of the Minutes of the SACO Membership Meeting held October 12, 2002.

President Bob Sinks convened the meeting at 0900 hours. After the invocation and pledge of allegiance the names of nine shipmates were read indicating those that had passed on. These were shipmates who had not been recognized in the last two issues of the "SACO News".

OLD BUSINESS

Minutes: Minutes of the 2001 reunion were read and approved as written

Treasury: The treasurer's report is recapped as follows:

Balance as of 1-01-01	\$24,047.76
Balance as of 12-31-01	\$28,507.82

Membership: Paul Casamajors' membership report provided 28 names for acceptance as Associate Members. Membership voted to accept all by acclamation.

Dunn Family Request: Bob Hoe, SACO Trustee, gave the attendees an update on Jimmy Dunn's family request for interment in a National Cemetery. While it has yet to be approved, the final outcome appears encouraging.

SACO Future: The future of the SACO Organization was discussed briefly however because of a lack of expertise, SACO Legal Counsel (Bill Sager) was requested to prepare a decision paper for the trustees in order that they may make an informed decision and report to the membership at the next meeting.

Video Tape Sale: Charlie Sellers reported that the videotapes of the SACO Plaque dedication at the Nimitz Museum had been sold out and the SACO treasury benefited by \$1,171.41. Several queries were received on the availability of additional tapes. It was agreed that a poll would be taken through the next SACO News to determine if the demand was sufficient to justify making additional tapes.

Medal Recipients: Individuals who were to receive their medal at the banquet were identified as:

M. William Groepler	BM 2/c
Donald Huber	RM 1/c
James W. Wheeler	CaerM
Judge James T. Nelson	Lt.
Stephen Chu	Major (Chinese Army)

Nimitz Museum: The president reported on activities at the museum specifically on the work of making a larger exhibit for SACO and the C.B.I.

SACO Documentary: Carolyn Inman-Arnold reviewed her progress on the documentary as "slow but sure" and noted she was trying to get the first tape together for an upcoming Memorial Day program on a major network.

Election of Officers: Bob Hill presided over the election in his usual efficient manner with the following results:

OFFICERS

President	Joe Fitzgerald
Vice President	Norman Dike
Secretary	Bill Bartee
Assistant Secretary	Jim Kelly
Treasurer	Herman Weskamp
Assistant Treasurer	Willie Baker

TRUSTEES

Bill Miller	(Term expires 2005)
Bob Sinks	(Term expires 2005)
Jack Peterson	(Term expires 2003)

2003 Reunion: Philadelphia, PA. Jim Kelly reviewed the possibilities of a reunion in Philadelphia, PA. He noted that the downtown area would be expensive but near to many points of interest.

Appleton, WI. Jack Miller reviewed the points of interest in Appleton, WI with tentative dates set for June, July, August or September. He noted he had a commitment for a \$44 plus tax rate for rooms.

The president called for a vote on the preference of the membership with the following results:

Philadelphia	44
Appleton	10

Kelly noted that he would do his best to put a good reunion together.

New Business:

Nimitz Museum: Judge Nelson noted that support of the Nimitz Museum was indeed a favorable project and made a motion that SACO contribute at least \$500 per year to the museum. The motion carried.

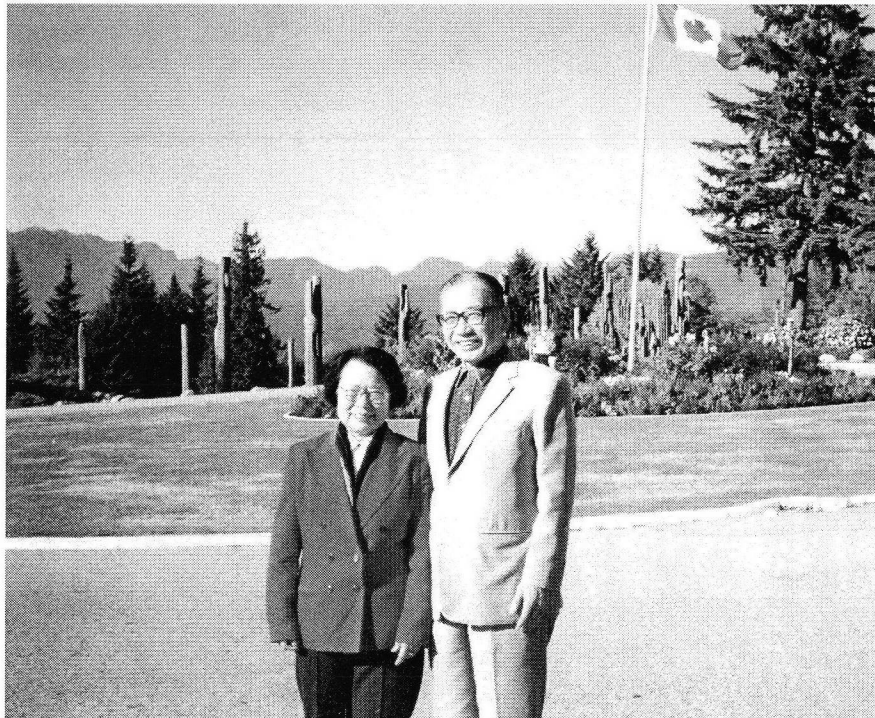
Miscellaneous: Weskamp noted that the membership should recognize both Richard Rutan and Paul Casamajor for their ardent devotion and hard work for SACO. A standing ovation was given to these two stalwarts of the SACO Organization.

Adjourn: The meeting was adjourned at 1150 hours October 12, 2002

Respectfully Submitted

Bill Bartee
Bill Bartee
SACO Secretary

GREETINGS FROM CANADA



It was great to hear from our old friends in Canada during the holidays. Pictured are Joseph T. L. Ching and wife, Maria M. Y. Ching at Barnaby Park – Vancouver, BC, Canada October 31, 2002. Many thanks to you for another donation to our publication. Joseph Ching has been retired from the MIB of ROC several years and now resides with his wife in Canada.

A VISIT WITH THE DORMERS

At the request of brother Bill, Ted Bartee made a call to the Dormer residence on Ted's return from a cow show in October last year.

Ted wrote to Bill:

"I went by and saw Buck Dormer and his wife, (Ellie) and his youngest son, Michael. Michael had taken Buck to the doctor, so I waited around about an hour and he came streaming down the passageway.

"Buck is very alert. His mind is as sharp as can be. I really enjoyed being with him. I told him that you had sent me to get pictures for the SACO folks." (Many thanks to you, Ted, for the photos. Ed.)

Bill to the editor:

"Ted talked with them for about an hour and I'll try to relate Buck's Naval History as he told it to Ted.

"Buck joined the Navy in 1931. He was on a destroyer and a tender out of Guam for several years."

1942 – Went to China with Adm. Miles as a D.F. man. (*1st volunteer to join Miles' Naval Group China later to become SACO. Ed.)*

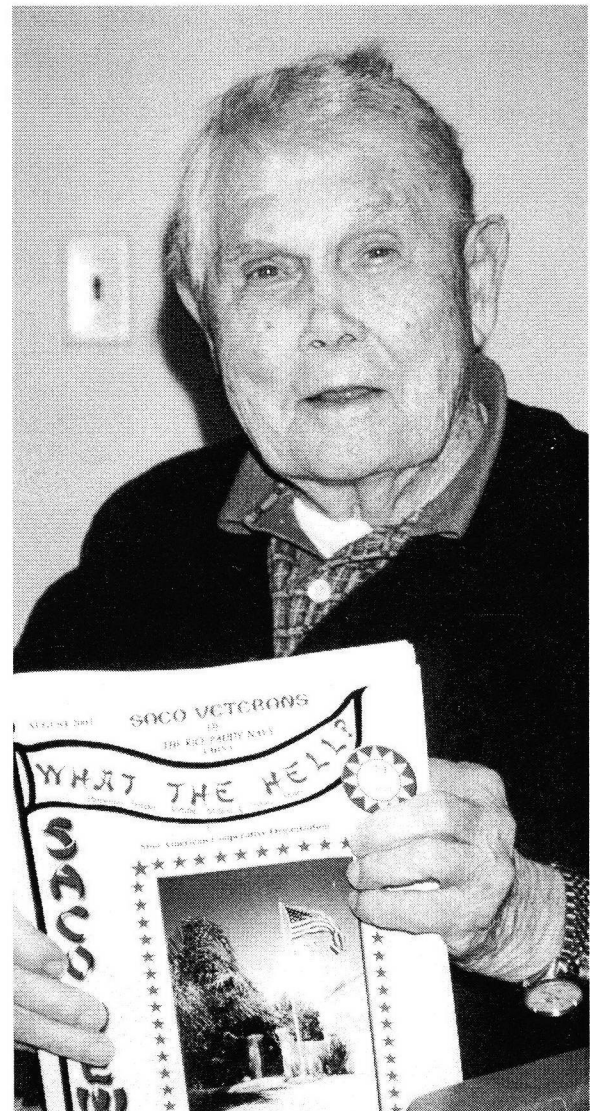
1944 – Was commissioned an ensign and returned to Naval Security Station on Wisconsin Ave. in D.C. There he met Ellie who was also an ensign.

Late 1944 – Sent back to China with SACO.

1945 – At Adm. Miles' direction he took a pile of money to Shanghai. There he worked in crypto room of radio shack we had set up

on 3rd floor of the Chief of Police's home in International Settlement. (Only 2 operators – W.E. Earle and Bill Bartee – had about 3 crypto officers).

After that, Buck stayed with the Security Group.



In taking pictures, Ted said the first thing Buck grabbed for was the *SACO NEWS*. Bill adds that Buck is a great guy whose mind is still sharp as a tack.

Ellie has suffered Parkinson's Disease these past several years. She and Buck left Florida and reside in South Carolina to be near their son.

Bill and Skeeter spent the holidays with

Ted's family and Bill, too, visited with Buck at that time.

Buck is now 88 and I'm sure would be glad to hear from shipmates.

Cdr. Robert L. Dormer (USN (Ret))
Morningside Assisted Living
15855 Wells Hwy Apt # 136
Seneca, SC 29629



The Dormers – Ellie, son Michael, and Buck

BAD FOOD

A dietitian was addressing a large audience in Chicago:

“The material we put into our stomachs is enough to have killed most of us years ago.
Red meat is awful. Soft drinks erode your stomach lining.
Chinese food is loaded with MSG.
Vegetables can be disastrous and there is long-term harm by germs in drinking water.

“There is one thing that is the most dangerous of all and we all have or will eat it.
Can anyone tell me what it is that causes the most grief and suffering for years after eating it?”

A 75-year-old man in the front row stood up and said, “Wedding Cake!”

RADIO INTELLIGENCE GUYS PART OF HISTORY

OLD MILITARY SITE TO BE BAINBRIDGE PARK

Historic parade ground preserved

From Bill Miller to the editor:

On Friday, August 8, 2002, Sissy found one of the two enclosed articles in our daily "Seattle Post Intelligencer" (written by Margo Horner). We read it over and decided to get up kinda early, next day, and to go over to (Bainbridge Island) see "What's Happenin'."

When we got over there, I was surprised to find how difficult it was to find the place. We finally happened to drive in on the lower road, the one that parallels the sound. Soon we came to a road-block – so while Sissy sat in the car, I took off on a hike. I followed that road for a good mile before I encountered something recognizable. It was the remains of the pier that jutted out into the stream. I also recognized the rock island out there that jutted out especially at low tide. I remember that we used to watch the sea lions out there. Anyway, I continued on to within, say, 100 yards of the road's end. I saw no recreation hall - no barracks – no nothing. I found absolutely no remnant of the old wood staircase that we had to climb so many times up to the major part of the station. About that time, I came upon a State Park Ranger and I started asking questions. Told him there was supposed to be some military ceremonies around there somewhere and he said that they were to be somewhere on the top level; so I took off back to our car and Sissy and I scooted on up to the top.

We had to take a shuttle bus to the old parade grounds and on arrival, we saw a sizeable bunch of people – along with a Navy band, a bunch of tent-stalls, exhibiting some of our long-held secrets, hot dog and hamburger stands and on and on. Out there on the old parade grounds (where all of the many antennae used to be) they had a bunch of chairs and a podium and a lot of local politicians standing around. Sissy and I no sooner sat down when they started the program.

Honestly, you have absolutely no idea of the grand and glorious picture they painted about us guys. Actually, even I was moved! Then came a moment when a speaker asked the audience if anyone there happened to be stationed at the Old Fort. I raised my hand and I became an instant World War II hero! There were about ten of us old bastards there, none of whom I knew. A couple of them were there back in 1940 when the fort consisted of fortifications, but had nothing to do with R.I. Others were there with the reserves after the war. It seems that I was the only one, going back to the Radio School in 1943.

It seemed to me that they were putting out a lot of blurb that wasn't entirely correct. They spoke of the "Japanese Morse Code" – never relating the fact that there were so many additional combinations of dots and dashes. They had a couple of old Underwood typewriters there (standard keyboard) and they seemed to be surprised at my description of the real thing – the old "RIP-5."

Actually, I got there late, after all of the veterans had been interviewed, and the thing that I noticed to most lacking was their limited discussion on what was copied right there on

Bainbridge. They, of course, mentioned the radio school, but they said nothing about where students eventually went, nor what they did.

Finally, while I was standing there talking to this guy, Jack Klamm, a newspaper reporter from Bremerton, came up to me with pad-in-hand and started asking questions.

Well, you know me, I'm geared for a minimum of 50 minutes – so I told him all about the “Infamous 24” (those of us in school together) who volunteered for China. I pointed to “that building over there” and said, “They sat me down on a stool – put a tray in my lap and cut out my tonsils!” I told him about the spin-off activities associated with that strategically important hub of Navy Intelligence. Unfortunately, I don't get that Bremerton paper, so I do not know what he ever wrote – if anything. I do know that on the KIRO 5:30 evening news, there came this remarkable revelation of the “Unsung Heroes, operating under a halo of mystery and secrecy – who practically won the war all by themselves.” I know, too, of the follow-up story found in The P.I. the next day.

(signed) Bill



Bill and Sissy Miller

Old military site to be Bainbridge park

**Dedication will be a
victory for those who
fought off developers**

BY MARGO HORNER
P-I reporter

BAINBRIDGE ISLAND – To most folks, it's just the old neighborhood field. But when 85-year-old Jack Klamm looks out the window, he sees a place preparing for war.

“I see the place like it used to be when I look out,” Klamm said. “I can't help it. I see us lined up for the admirals inspection . . . I see us trying to march when we had no guns.”

He's looking out the window of what used to be Fort Ward, which housed Sta-

tion S, a top-secret military station where the U.S. Navy gathered Japanese intelligence during World War II.

He remembers Station S from when he was a small child growing up on the island. “We were told not to look at this building.” Even when he eventually began working there, he went through detailed security checks before he was allowed inside.

Sarah Lee, a Seattle native, now lives in the old Station S. Since she moved there in 1989, she's collaborated with neighbors to save the parade grounds from housing developers.

“Parade grounds are the heart of every military installation,” Lee said.

She and another neighbor donated the property they owned on the field. And tomorrow, they will celebrate success.

The field will be dedicated as a new city park and Navy veterans will be honored.

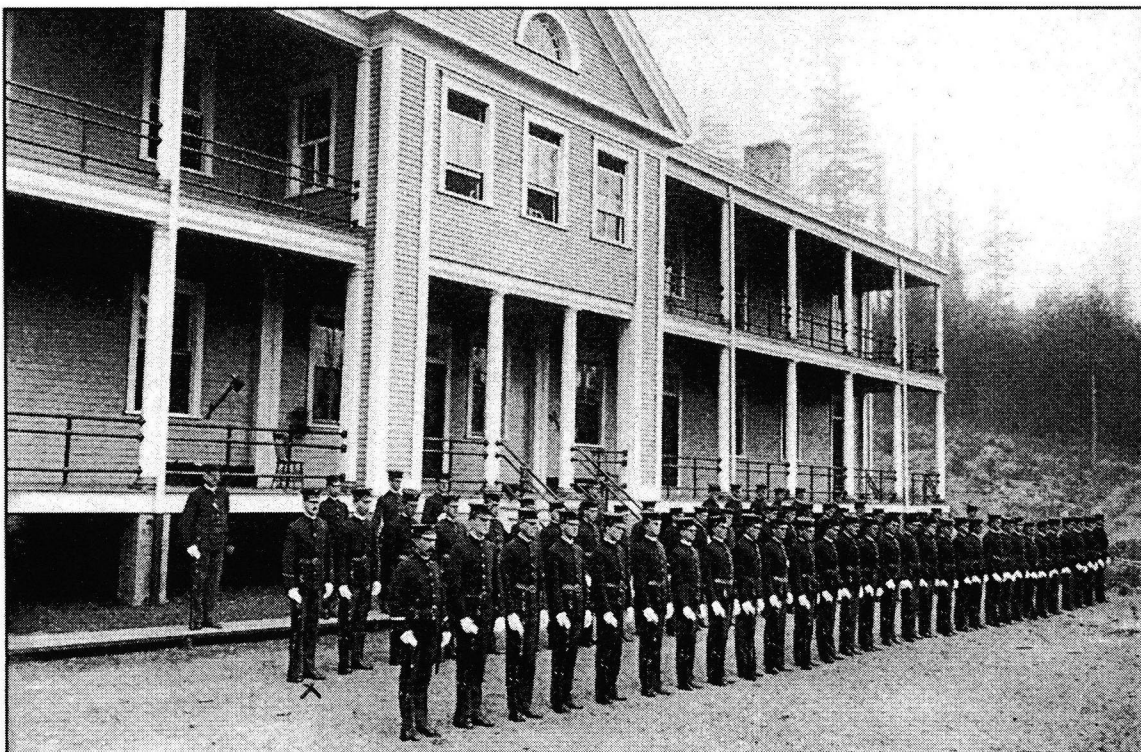
“It will be the real Fort Ward for one day,” Lee said.

The U.S. Postal Service will be there marking postage stamps with a special notation created for the event.

And there will be radios there for people to decode mock Japanese messages in Morse code. In the old days, the secret messages were nicknamed “magic.”

To some, it was magic all right.





KITSAP COUNTY HISTORICAL MUSEUM

The view from Station S, a top-secret military intelligence station, in the early 1900s. The U.S. Army Coast Artillery Corps 150th Company is doing military drills at the Fort Ward parade grounds, soon to be dedicated as a city park.

BAINBRIDGE: Old vets told 'fantastic stories'

FROM B1

Klamm remembers hearing about plans for a Japanese attack on American forces before the Pearl Harbor bombing. Klamm and his colleagues knew the Japanese were going to launch something big — they just didn't know where.

"I was told something was gonna happen a week before," Klamm said.

Klamm and his colleagues suddenly started receiving two or three messages from Japan a day. Before, they received that number in a month.

At Station S, they forwarded the messages to the White House.

And right before Pearl Harbor, Station S received notification that Tokyo was to cut off all negotiations with the United States at 1 p.m.

Today, Lee said the parade grounds may be somewhat cursed.

Since the government sold the property in 1958, five developers have made plans for the property. But some problem, like bankruptcy, always prevented any projects from completion.

So neighbors have been mowing it every once in a while. Kids play football there. And there have been annual Fort Ward Days festivals there.

Fort Ward was built in 1900 as an Army Coast Artillery Station. In 1939, the Navy took it over for uses as the Naval Radio Station until 1956.

In 1958, the government sold the property and private developers came in. Part of old Fort Ward was turned into a state park. There are still old gun stands on display there.

But in the rest of the area, houses started going up, Lee says with a touch of resentment in her voice.

In 1989, there were only 68 homes in the area.

"It was like a ghost town," Lee said. "It was awesome"

She collected some of her antiques from deserted buildings there.

The property lasted that long without development because of inadequate public sewer system. But when the sewers were repaired in the late 1980s, people started building.

Today there are 208 homes.

Neighbors were determined prevent development from encroaching on the parade grounds. They formed an association in the 1990s and started working with city and county officials.

Now, Lee has made Station S her home. When you walk in the front

door, you are greeted by an oozlefinch, the old Navy mascot.

At first, she didn't care as much about preserving the place. But when she met some of the locals, she changed her mind.

"As I was remodeling it, vets would stop by and tell these fantastic stories," Lee said. "The place would just come alive."

Watching Klamm tell stories, you see what Lee is talking about. He paces the hardwood floors with authority. He gets that far-off look in his eye when he talks about it.

Klamm didn't always want to join Navy intelligence. He was just a ham radio nerd, he says.

In fact, he laughs that he was only a reservist when called for duty in for the Second World War.

"I was one of these reservists who didn't know how to be real Navy men. We didn't have any guns to practice with," Klamm said.

When Klamm looks at what used to be Fort Ward, he sees it as it was almost 60 years ago, when he was a young man and the world was a very different place.

"I can see enough of it in my mind's eye to remember," he said.

P-I reporter Margo Horner can be reached at 206-448-8346 or margohorner@seattlepi.com

Historic parade ground preserved

*Bainbridge community
celebrates achievement*

BY CHRISTINE CLARRIDGE
Seattle Times staff reporter

BAINBRIDGE ISLAND — It wasn't just a parade or a reunion of World War II veterans. It wasn't just a joyful dedication of a park on the south end of the island or a ribbon-cutting ceremony.

Although it was all of those things, it was something else as well.

Yesterday's inauguration of Parade Ground Park at Fort Ward was the culmination of work on the part of neighbors, veterans groups and government officials to preserve a little-known piece of the island's history.

"This is a chance for us to say thank you and to recognize what was done here," said Sarah Lee, who now owns and lives in the building where super-secret Japanese code breakers once worked.

During World War II, Fort Ward was a school where Navy radiomen learned Morse code and where cryptographers intercepted and decoded messages sent from Tokyo to the ambassador of Japan on the East Coast.

Unauthorized Navy personnel were told not to look at the code breakers' "Station S," situated at the north end of the parade ground. The work being done there was so secret that even today, few Americans know of it.

"What they were doing was

cracking the Japanese code," said Lee, who has worked to preserve the adjacent parade ground since she bought the historic building in 1989. "They got so good at it that the information could go from a radioman's ears to the desk of the secretary of state in 15 minutes."

One of the station's most important moments occurred Dec. 6, 1941, when the massive west-facing antennas picked up a message that said all diplomatic negotiations with the United States would be broken the next day at dawn — the day Pearl Harbor was attacked.

The communications process wasn't simple.

To disguise the fact that they'd deciphered the code, workers at Station S had to re-encrypt all messages before they were sent on.

"They were listening for hours to transmissions that made no sense but were critical," Lee said.

The parade ground, the island's only National Historic Site, once was used for ceremonial occasions. Developers bought it after the military base was decommissioned in the 1960s.

Some of the land was set aside for a state park, but the rest was carved it into tiny housing plats, Lee said.

After Lee and other neighbors sought the help of city officials and the Kitsap County Consolidated Housing Authority, the fate of the parade ground changed.

The open space in the center will be preserved as a park and a memorial to the work once done at Fort Ward, and the outer perimeter, now owned by the Housing Authority, will be developed into era-appropriate housing that includes some affordable units. Lee continues to own and live in the old Station S.

"This is great," said Jim Sinnott, a former chief radioman who was trained in the first graduating class at Fort Ward. "There's a lot of history and a lot of memories here."

Christine Clarridge: 206-464-8983 or
cclarridge@seattletimes.com

URGENT REQUEST FROM OUR REGIS- TRATION DESK

LADIES

Registering as attendees at Annual Reunions

Unless you have had reason to review the registration book, you have no idea of the difficulties in deciphering names, addresses, etc. Your editor has seen the problem and can empathize completely with the sign-in hostesses.

They have come up with an idea — why don't you SACOs slip some return address labels in your wallet (or wherever you choose — it's your anatomy) and affix same in the designated area of the register book. This will avoid guessing games, misspelling and perhaps omissions due to inability to decipher your penmanship.

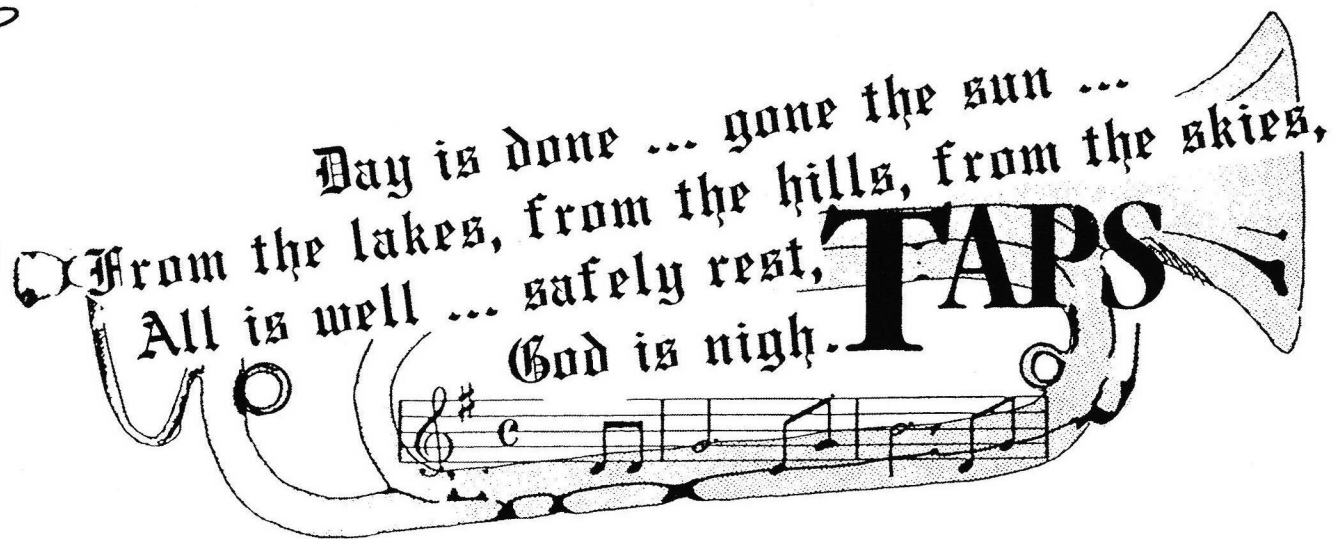
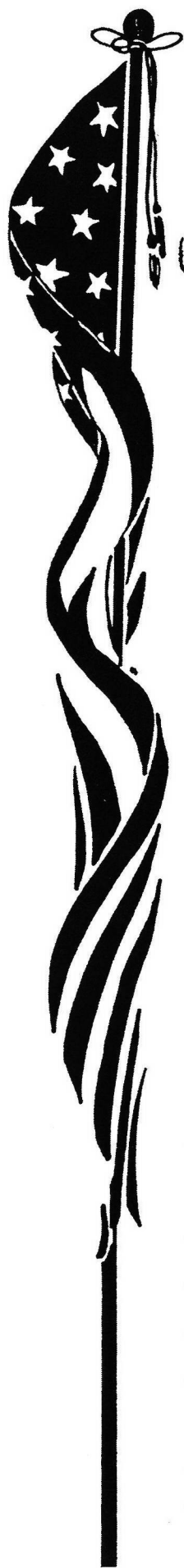
No one likes to see your name your misspelled in print or wrong address. Won't you please help by carrying some of these labels on you? Better yet, don't wait — do it now — they sometimes come in handy at other times.



Laura Sellers



Fran Waters



*I read of a man who stood to speak at the funeral of a friend;
He referred to the dates on her tombstone from the beginning to the end.
He noted the first was her date of birth and spoke the following date with tears.
But he said what mattered most of all, was the dash between those years.*

*For the dash represents all the time that she spent alive on earth . . .
And now only those who loved her know what that little line is worth.
For it matters not how much we own - the car...the house...the cash;
What matters is how we live and love and how we spend our dash.*

*So think about this long and hard...are there things you'd like to change?
For you never know how much time is left that can still be rearranged.
If we could just slow down enough to consider what's true and real
And always try to understand the way other people feel.*

*And be less quick to anger and show appreciation more
And love the people in our lives like we've never been loved before.
If we treat each other with respect and more often wear a smile...
Remembering that this special dash might only last a while.*

*So when your eulogy's being read with your life's actions to rehash,
Would you be proud of the things they say about how you spent your dash?*

(Author unknown)

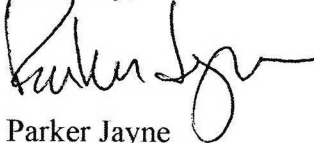
HILTON JAYNE

To the editor 16 August 2002

I regret to inform you of the death of Hilton Jayne, who passed away on August 5, 2002. I am enclosing a copy of his obituary for your use.

My Dad was proud of his Naval service during World War II and particularly of his service in China.

Sincerely,



Parker Jayne

100 12th Street, S.E.
Washington, D.C. 20003

Hilton Jayne of Annapolis, Maryland and Sedgwick, Maine, died on August 5, 2002 at the age of 91.

Mr. Jayne was born August 27, 1910 in Elmira, New York, the eldest son of Orlie and Rose (Rathbun) Jayne and attended Elmira public schools. In his youth, he was active in Boy Scouts, teaching the rank of Eagle Scout and organized a dance band that performed in the Elmira area. After attending Ohio University, he graduated from Cornell University in 1934 and joined Liberty Mutual Insurance Company assigned to the Boston Office.

In 1939, Mr. Jayne enlisted in the US Naval Reserve and was called to active duty in April 1941, serving as yeoman aboard destroyers on convoy escort duty in the North Atlantic. After Pearl Harbor, he received a commission and was assigned to intelligence duties, including a teaching assignment at the Advanced Naval Intelligence School in New York. In early 1944, Lt. Jayne was ordered to join Naval Group China where he served until the end of the war as Officer-in-Charge of a small detachment of Americans and Chinese, providing radio intelligence reports on the

movement of Japanese military units operating in the Shanghai area. He also served as liaison to the Loyal patriotic Army, a Chinese guerrilla army operating in the area. Lt. Jayne was subsequently decorated by the Nationalist Chinese government for his war service. He transferred from active duty in 1946, but remained active in the US Naval Reserve retiring as Commander, USNR in August 1970.

At the conclusion of the war, after briefly rejoining Liberty Mutual, Mr. Jayne was recruited to join the newly established Central Intelligence Agency, and was assigned to the Boston Field Office where he remained until he retired as Chief of the Boston Field Office in 1971.

In 1946, Mr. Jayne married the former Nancy Park with whom he lived in Wellesly, Massachusetts with their two children, Parker and Sarah. Following his retirement, Mr. Jayne moved to Sedgwick, Maine where he lived until Mrs. Jayne's death in 1982. He later married Harriett (Cole) Lewis, maintaining homes in Florida and Maine until her death in 1992. After moving to the Annapolis area in 1994, Mr. Jayne married Frances (Walker) Schaefer who survives him.

Mr. Jayne served on a number of civic boards in Wellesley and following his retirement, in the Sedgwick/Blue Hill area of Maine. He served on the standing committee of the Unitarian Society of Wellesley Hills, and as a director of the Blue Hill Memorial Hospital and the Island Nursing Home (Deer Isle, Maine). He enjoyed boating in the East Penobscot Bay area of Maine, and served as Commodore of the Bucks Harbor Yacht Club from 1973 to 1975. A loyal alumnus of Cornell, he served as a lifetime member of the Cornell University Council, was active with Maine Cornellians, and was a class correspondent for many years. Mr. Jayne was also an avid

golfer and gardener and active in local Republican Party activities.

Mr. Jayne is survived by his wife, Frances, of Annapolis, a son and daughter-in-law, Parker and Mary Jane, of Washington, D.C., a daughter and son-in-law, Sarah and Preston Everdell, of Centreville, Maryland, and four grandchildren. He is also survived by his brother, Weston O. Jayne of Hagerstown, Maryland.

???!!!***

GLORIA DALRYMPLE

July 10, 1926 – October 23, 2002



Gloria E. Dalrymple, 76, of Santee (CA) died Wednesday. She was born in Detroit and was a homemaker.

Survivors include her husband of 53 years, Vernard "Bud" Dalrymple; daughter, Karen Espinola of Santee; sons, Martin Dalrymple, Darvin Dalrymple and Darryl Dalrymple of Santee; six grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

(Gloria's favorite color was purple – all who attended were pinned with a purple ribbon. SACOs attending a memorial service were

Willie and Audrey Baker and Erma and Richard Rutan)

???!!!***

WAYNE M. MC CLOW

Died May 8, 1999. Mr. McCLOW was born in Ida Grove, Iowa and had resided in Jacksonville, FL since 1956 where he was a member of Ortega United Methodist Church. He was a graduate of the University of Iowa, where he was a member of the Delta Tau Delta Fraternity. Mr. McCLOW had served his country in the US Navy and was retired from State Farm Insurance Co., as a Claims Superintendent. Other memberships include Ex-FBI Agents Society, SACO "Sino-American Cooperative Organization" and the University Club. Mr. McCLOW is survived by his loving wife of 45 years, Beverly McCLOW, 2 devoted children, Mark Wayne McCLOW (Pamela) and Lynne Allyson McCLOW; 2 sisters Mavis Greene and Marilyn Mason; and 4 grandchildren

???!!!***

THOMAS J. BEETEL

A former county court judge, died Tuesday, Dec. 26, 2000 at home he was 74.

Born in Trenton (NJ), a son of Thomas and Catherine McBride Beetel, he lived in Lambertville for 25 years before moving to Raritan Township 15 years ago.

He was a graduate of Seton Hall University and Rutgers Law School. He was a Navy veteran of World War II, doing Intelligence work in China, India and Burma. He was in private practice with a Newark firm and worked for New Jersey Manufacturers Casualty Co. in Trenton before joining what became Hunt, Faherty & Beetel in Lambertville.

In that capacity, he served Municipal attorney for East Amwell, West Amwell and Kingwood Townships and was counsel to Citizens Opposed to Power Towers, a group that fought the spread of high voltage electric towers and lines across the country.



Beetel

He was an assistant county prosecutor in the 1960s and in 1968 was appointed a county judge by Gov. Richard Hughes. He served for two terms to 1978.

He then resumed his law practice with an office in Flemington and was still working.

A Democrat, he was active in county politics before and after serving on the court. He ran in 1957 for the state Assembly, but lost to Raymond Bowkley, a Republican.

He ran for freeholder in 1996, losing to Republican Frank Fuzo.

"It's time for a minority viewpoint on the board of freeholders," Mr. Beetel declared while campaigning. Republicans had held all the seats on the county's governing body for 13 years, which Mr. Beetel termed "taxation without representation" for Democrats.

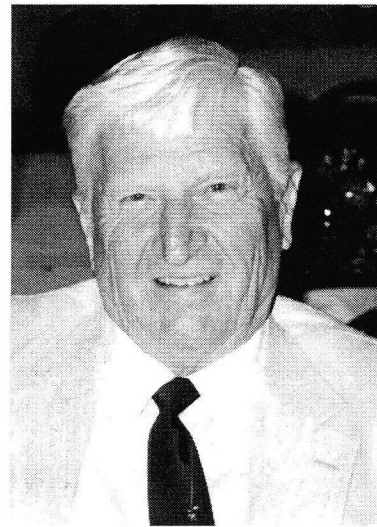
In 1998, he ran again, but lost to Republican Marcia Karrow. Always a colorful speaker, he said then that America is built upon the principle of a balanced government, yet the county has been ruled by an "oligarchy" of Republicans. "We do not feel that represents true American democracy," he said.

He was a member of the VFW and the American Legion in Flemington, the Flemington Lions Club, Flemington Elks Lodge, the Order of Hibernians of Hamilton Township and the Knights of Columbus in Flemington.

He is survived by his daughter, Meghan Nicoletti of Fort Lauderdale, Fla.; a brother, Chris Beetel of Reading, Pa.; two grandsons and his friend and companion, Cathy Berrien of Flemington.

????!!***

LARRY KARAS



Mr. Larry Karas of Fowlers Bluff died Thursday, December 5, 2002 at his home. He was 76.

Mr. Karas was born in Detroit, Michigan and moved here (Florida) from Tampa 16 years ago. He retired from Mutual Sales Company of Lakeland before moving to Chiefland. He was a Navy veteran assigned to S.A.C.O. during WWII and was also instrumental in starting the Fowlers Bluff Volunteer Fire Dept. He was a member of the Chiefland Rotary Club and was of the Methodist faith.

Survivors include: his wife, Georgia Karas of Fowlers Bluff, a son, C. S. Karas of Chattanooga; a step-son, Mike Myers of Lutz, FL; a step-daughter, Sharon Molnar of Land O'Lakes; seven grandchildren and five great grandchildren.

In lieu of flowers, the family requests that donations be made to: The Larry Karas Memorial Scholarship Fund, c/o Chiefland Rotary Club, P.O. Box 931, Chiefland, FL 32644 or Hospice of North Central Florida.

Editor's note:

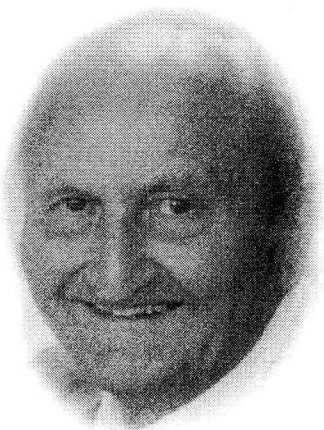
Georgia wrote, "I really don't know what to add except we had a beautiful memorial for Larry - not your typical one - friends and



family spoke and we ended it with a recording of Frank Sinatra singing "I Did It My Way;" (Larry asked for this). Also, his remains will be scattered over the Suwannee River."

???!!!!***

STEVE MICHALICEK



*loved and was loved by Doloris, his wife of 60 years,
his eleven children,
his 27 grandchildren, and his 19 great-grandchildren.*

Steve was the son of Ondrej and Meri (Chovan) Michalick, immigrants from Vazec, Slovakia. He was born on June 23, 1918 at home, which in those days was 117 Mill Street on the Bohemian Flats, Minneapolis, Minnesota. When Steve was two, the family moved to a farm in Moose Park Township, approximately eleven miles from Blackduck, Minnesota. His father told Steve that he put him to work on the farm immediately, having the two-year-old throw rocks into what became the foundation of their farmhouse. It was a work ethic Steve carried with him to his death.

At the age of 14, Steve made two major decisions, which affected the rest of his life. First, at the completion of Bible Camp during the summer, he felt that he had to commit himself to Christ, that he could not be a "fly-by-night" church member. He accepted Christ as his savior – later he would write in his autobiography that . . . "I did not make any special testimonial at this time and there was no ceremony. It was something I accepted in my heart, but it was so real at the time that nothing could possibly change my mind now."

Steve's second decision that summer was to leave home so that he could attend high school. He graduated from Grand Rapids High School in 1936.

In 1940, he joined the Naval Reserve and met the sister of one of the guys at work—that sister was Doloris Hohn. Steve and Doloris were married November 14, 1942 in San Francisco, California. Steve served in the Navy aboard the USS Sands, and in 1942 was attached to Naval Intelligence and served nearly two years of the war in Japanese occupied China.

After the war, Steve and Doloris first settled in Minneapolis and later moved to Iowa where they owned several retail businesses and began their family. Steve was always active with family, business, church and civic endeavors. (cont'd)

In 1972, Steve and Deloris moved back to Minnesota for good. They built a home on Ramsey Lake (near Maple Lake) and this home holds many cherished memories for their children and grandchildren and was the center for all major family events.

In 1986, they retired to Sauk Rapids where Steve kept busy building items in his workshop for family and friends. His children always looked forward to his shop-made Christmas gifts and they are treasured keepsakes. Steve kept busy in his shop until his final chapter of this life was written.

Steve is survived by his beloved wife, Doloris; and by daughters, sons, and their spouses: Judith and David Rose of Buffalo; Stephen and Linda Michalick of Spring, TX; Mary Beth and Earl Tuttle of Rice, Andrew and Cheryl Michalick of Phoenix, AZ; Karolyn and Larry Skudlarek of St. Cloud; Randall and Carol Michalick and Patrick Michalick of Buffalo; Michael and Judy Michalick of Cedar Falls, IA, Kathleen Michalick of Howard Lake, Ann and James Fordyce of O'Fallon, MO; Arnold and Gloria Michalick of Maple Lake; sisters Helen Nesseth of Grand Rapids and Mary Nabors of Von Ormy, TX; 27 grandchildren and 19 great-grandchildren.

Burial was at the Minnesota State Veterans Cemetery north of Little Falls with full military honors provided by the Sauk Rapids American Legion Post #254.

He was preceded in death by his parents; 2 grandsons, Christopher and Astra Michalick, and by 6 brothers and 1 sister.

(Submitted by Nelson Bowman who states, "Steve was in Camp 3 with me.")

????!!***

GIFT IN HONOR OF LARRY KARAS



To the editor

14 January 2003

We thought since it is past the time of Larry Karas's death, we would like to send a memorial in his honor to SACO's publication.

We enjoy it so much and feel that Larry and Georgia would appreciate the donation.
Hope to see you in Philly.

God bless you & Erma,

Clarence & Erma

Clarence & Norma Gee

Thank you so much for your generous contribution in memory of Larry. I endorsed your check and forwarded copy of your letter & check to Treas. Weskamp. Ed.

EARL FRANCIS COLGROVE, 93; Commander, USN retired, veteran photographer to the stars, Head of Walt Disney Still Camera Department.

Editor's note: We regret the delay in reporting Earl's obituary but it seems Earl's daughter sent her article that had been prepared for various news agencies to Casamajor at the time Martha became seriously ill. Like a lot of things due to pressure and anxiety at such times, the obituary became inadvertently "buried" and recently resurfaced and forwarded to me. Paul was extremely embarrassed, but we can all understand and feel we're doing well considering our "age group." Anyway, it's not too late to review and enjoy the rich life of one of our own – a beautiful story. Ed.



Earl Colgrove, veteran Hollywood photographer has died at age 93. He died November 16, 2001 at the Motion Picture and Television Hospital in Woodland Hills.

Colgrove began his photography career in the mid 1920's in Los Angeles working for Technicolor when it relocated from Boston to Hollywood. Here he worked on the first films to be done in color such as "Fire Brigade" with Charles Ray, and "The Black Pirate" with Douglas Fairbanks.

He went on to become an instructor of aerial photography at the Warren School of Aeronautics inspired by his acquaintance with wing walker and stunt girl Gladys Engle and he photographer husband, Harry Steiger. In the early 1930's, Colgrove went on to work in Seattle for the Post Intelligencer, Lomen Bros. In Nome, Alaska, the Los Angeles Record, Wide World Photo, and then became L.A. Bureau Chief for the New York Times where he photographed the likes of Carol Lombard, Clark

Gable, Deanna Durbin, Jimmie Durante, Will Rogers, Walt Disney, Mary Astor, Gary Cooper and Mark Pickford among others.

He accompanied Howard Hughes to photographically record a try by Hughes to set a record non-stop speed flight from Burbank to New York, and became Chief System Photographer for T.W.A. in Kansas City.

In 1937, Colgrove was asked to visit Walt Disney Studio where he renewed his old friendship with Walt, whom he had known as a news photographer, and was asked to take charge of the Still Camera Department for the studio. This began what Colgrove once called, "a career without equal in the industry" that was to last more than thirty years. Shortly after the attack on Pearl Harbor, Walt gave Colgrove leave to volunteer as a Lieutenant with the U.S. Navy to help organize Combat Photo Units, but by July 1943, Colgrove was flying over the "Hump" from Calcutta to China spending more than a year behind Japanese lines doing intelligence reconnaissance under Admiral Miles for PACT FRIENDSHIP (group later to become Sino-American Cooperative Organization or "SACO") and the Nationalist Chinese. From China, Colgrove was assigned to the USS Essex covering the second Battle of the Philippines.

When the war was ended, Colgrove, who remained in the Naval Reserve, returned to Walt Disney Studio and his job. He built up the Still Camera Department and continued to record the history of Walt Disney Productions from the early animation features of Snow White, Dumbo and Fantasia through feature movies such as PARENT TRAP, MARY POPPINS, and many others. He retired from Disney Studio in 1972.

Born in Long Beach, California, Colgrove married Ruth Katherine Gardner in 1934. He is survived by two daughters, Patsy Hoenigmann of Newport Beach, CA, and Janice Johnson of Blacksburg, Va, seven grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren. A memorial service was held



Ruthie & Earl Colgrove
Nov. 27 in the 2nd floor activities room at the Motion Picture and Television Fund Hospital, Woodland Hills.



Lt. Earl F. Colgrove
Handsome Officer and a Gentleman

Obits cont'd p. 94

Vets step up to receive medals from New Jersey

■ Pride, gratitude mix with memories of fallen

By Lynn Olanoff

Journal staff writer

KEARNY (August 2002)— As dozens of men paraded to the podium this week to receive honors for distinguished military service, two women waited patiently in the burning mid-day sun for their turn.

The women — sisters Camille Gaeta of Kearny and Celeste Gonzalez of Verona — aren't veterans like the others awarded New Jersey Distinguished Service Medals, but they were just as proud to accept a medal on behalf of their father, World War II Navy veteran and former Kearny resident Charles Gonzalez.

"Our father is in a wheelchair at Summit Ridge in West Orange, so he couldn't come. So, It's an honor to be here today," said Gaeta, who is planning a nursing home ceremony with her sister.

Charles Gonzalez was among the 1190 Hudson County residents honored Tuesday at VGW Post 1302 in Kearny; 78 of the veterans sat in the sun for an hour on the 95-degree day to receive the medals, the state's top military award, and 18 others accepted but did not attend.

"It's nice to know New Jersey is recognizing its veterans of different wars," said Harold Bonin, a World War II Navy veteran from Secaucus. "New Jersey has never given such



HAROLD BONIN of Secaucus, a World War II veteran, accepts his Distinguished Service Medal from N.J. Brig. General Thomas J. Sullivan at ceremony in Kearny.

Journal photo by Bill Bayer

recognition before. Other states gave bonuses upon return, so New Jersey has come through with medals in lieu of that."

Bonin's Distinguished Service Medal will join the six other medals he received for his service as a first-class radioman in the Sino-American Cooperative Organization, which monitored Japanese troop movements and weather for strategic planning.

Though the medal was first given in 1858 for distinguished members of the New Jersey Militia, it was awarded infrequently until former Gov.

Kean reauthorized the honor in 1988.

"It's been given to over 10,000 residents of New Jersey, said Bob Wimberly, chief of the state's Veterans Benefits Bureau who provided a brief history of the medal.

Current state residents who lived in New Jersey while in the military, were honorably discharged and served in combat while on active duty during wartime, are eligible for the award.

John Taft of Harrison served in the Army during the Vietnam War and said veterans deserve recognition in the eyes of New Jersey.

"It's just nice to get something from the state," Taft said. "If we can't get money, at least we get something."

Fellow Harrison Vietnam War veteran Victor Villalta was also honored, bringing his war medal count to 11. Villalta said he received a Bronze Star and a Purple Heart during his time in the Marine Corps

"I'm glad to see everyone get the medals," Villalta said. "It's for the guys who didn't come back as well."

Jay Sticco of North Bergen also dedicated his medal to his fallen Korean comrades.

I am getting this medal in honor of those that have fallen," the Navy veteran said. "I lost three or four good buddies."

Fellow North Bergen Korean War veteran Joe Dulanie was thinking of veterans who couldn't receive the state award as well.

"A lot of people passed away who weren't honored, and it's a

Continued on Page 51

BOB HOE GUEST SPEAKER AT SEALS GRADUATION



BOB HOE, ONE OF OUR TRUSTEES, WAS ASKED TO SPEAK AT THE GRADUATION CEREMONY OF THE SEALS BUDS/S (BASIC UNDERWATER DEMOLITION) GRADUATING CLASS 241 ON 15 NOVEMBER 2002 AT THE NAVAL SPECIAL WARFARE CENTER IN CORONADO, CA.

ON 21 JANUARY 1987, THE NAVAL SPECIAL WARFARE CENTER WAS DEDICATED TO CAPTAIN PHIL BUCKLEW (ONE OF OUR SACO TIGERS). BOB HOE STATES, "OF COURSE MY SELECTION TO GIVE THE TALK WAS BASED UPON THE FACT THAT I SERVED WITH PHIL BUCKLEW IN SACO CAMP SIX. (NOT A VERY SOUND SELECTION PROCESS!)"

HOE'S ADDRESS WAS TITLED "THREE SPHERES OF FAITH."

THOSE THREE SECTIONS ON WHICH HOE ELABORATED:

1ST SPHERE OF FAITH - FAITH IN GOD AND MANKIND

2ND SPHERE OF FAITH - FAITH IN OTHERS.

3RD SPHERE OF FAITH - FAITH IN OURSELVES

HOE'S CONCLUDING MESSAGE:

SO, WE HAVE ADDRESSED THREE SPHERES OF FAITH; THE FIRST IS THE FAITH OF THE UNSEEN, THE FAITH OF OUR FOREFATHERS, THE SECOND IS THE FAITH OF OUR COMRADES, OUR FAMILY AND THOSE WITH WHOM WE HAVE DIRECT CONTACT; THE THIRD IS THE FAITH IN OURSELVES.

YOU ARE ENTERING INTO AN EXCITING CAREER IN THE NAVY SEALS WITH YOUR CONTINUING TRAINING AND BEYOND. YOU HAVE FAITH IN YOURSELVES, YOUR CLASSMATES, INSTRUCTORS AND THE NAVY SPECIAL WARFARE COMMAND: AND THEY, IN TURN, HAVE FAITH IN YOU. YOUR FAMILY AND FRIENDS, OF COURSE, BELIEVE IN YOU AND ARE PROUD OF YOUR ADVANCEMENT IN THE SEALS.

WE ALL HAVE FAITH IN THE AMERICAN WAY AND IN THE INHERENT GOOD OF MANKIND. AS YOU PROGRESS THROUGH YOUR SEALS TRAINING, YOUR CAREER IN NAVAL SPECIAL WARFARE AND THROUGHOUT LIFE, YOU WILL CONTINUE TO DEVELOP FAITH IN THOSE WITH WHOM YOU COME IN CONTACT AND FAITH IN YOURSELF AND YOUR OWN CAPABILITIES.

I WOULD OFFER THE FOLLOWING EXHORTATION FROM 1 CORINTHIANS TO YOU THE MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF BUD/S 241:

"WATCH YE, STAND FAST IN THE FAITH, QUIT YOU LIKE MEN, BE STRONG." (1 16:13)

THEN, TRULY, ONE DAY YOU WILL RECITE THE WORDS OF THE APOSTLE PAUL:

- *"I HAVE FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT, I HAVE FINISHED MY COURSE, I HAVE KEPT THE FAITH."*

???!!!***

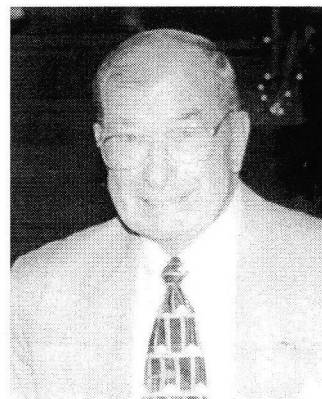
FOOCHOW PETE



Guy Tressler Recalls Foochow's Mascot . . .

A few weeks after we arrived in Foochow, having been stationed there as member of SACO during WWII, this little lad appeared. He had fled his village to get away from the advancing Japs. He had no place to go, so we adopted him and took care of him during our stay there. He became our camp "Mascot."

Ultimately, we were ordered to evacuate Foochow as the Imperial Jap Marines were moving up-river from Amoy. Together, we collected a pretty good sum of money to give little Pete that he could use to help care for himself after we had to leave him. When we flew out, how well I remember him crying on the airstrip (*and I dropped a few tears while writing this. Ed.*).



Guy Tressler

Many years later, at one of the SACO annual reunions, I learned from Guy Maddox, who had stayed behind, that he took Pete to the village where he came from, which I believe was Kienow. After little Pete fled from there, the village had been overrun by the Japs.

Editor's sequel to above:

A little background: Perhaps in late July 1944, anticipating an evacuation of Kweilin due to Japanese conquests in China, Officer-in-Charge H. P. Hoose sent me by air with a load of radio equipment to set up station in Luliang – approximately midway between Kweilin and Kunming – to test possibility of using the area for reception of Japanese code transmissions should we be forced out of Kweilin. Luliang was a new air base to be for B-29s and not yet open and understand it never was as war ended. Much to the chagrin of members of the Air Force meeting one of the first planes to land there and wearing my U.S. Navy jacket, I was met with, "What the hell is the Navy doing here?" I believe I was the only SACO man to visit that area until my counterpart, Bob Ervin, arrived from Kweilin by rail about a month later and almost immediately, we were recalled to Kweilin as replacements due to deaths of Lynch and Jansen.

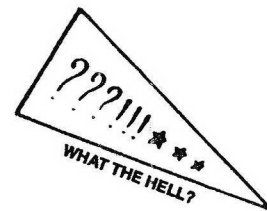
Having considerable time on my hands after setting up a station, I shared some duties with the men of the base & especially at the dispensary with the medical doctor and others. The men of the base, too, had "adopted" a little boy orphaned by the war and had the most wonderful personality. He developed a growth that the doctor felt necessitated circumcision. I forget the little guy's name, but he'd say to me, "Chiba (penis) bu hao!" The base had not received any general anesthesia and had to rely on local anesthetics not as effective as they should be. I was asked to be one to hold the little guy still and it was a cruel duty, especially hearing the little fellow cry out in pain while we realized necessity of aiding the doctor in the surgery. A few days later, he was shouting, "Chiba ding hao! Ding, ding, ding hao!" He was so happy. I wonder what ever happened to the two boys of these two stories. One of the guys on the base was hoping to adopt our mascot and take him home. There we have two cases of orphans loved by American "Big Brothers." They were so loving and grateful for attention they never before knew and we were so much richer for the honor of caring. Hope they had a happy life ???!!!***



SACO

SINO AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION

U. S. NAVAL GROUP CHINA VETERANS



Vice Admiral Milton E. Miles
Perpetual Skipper
October 22, 2002

Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Fitzgerald
SACO President
2975 S. Hwy, A1A #111
Melbourne, FL. 43845-9775

RE: SACO Reunion 2002

Dear Joe and Peggy,

The reunion is over and I'm sure you are still attempting to get things wrapped up, but on behalf of the officers and trustees I would like to take this opportunity to express our profound gratitude for structuring, operating and finalizing one of the most memorable and successful reunions to date.

The fact that you were able to do this under the constraints of unfavorable health, highlight the fact that you had laid excellent groundwork and Peg executed the plans exceptionally well. Many of the small nuances showed that she was with the program all the way, in spite of her worry and turmoil while you were in the hospital. Everyone was impressed by the precision and efficiency in which the tours and final banquet were conducted. The banquet of course was the crowning event of your production with the "Oldie" songs really relaxing all in attendance.

I could continue with words of praise for a long time but we all know that the 2002 reunion was a success solely because of both of your efforts and we appreciate those efforts beyond words.

Thanks from the bottom of our hearts for such a resounding success. Our greatest wish now is that, you Joe, take care of yourself and return to good health and enjoy the fruits of living with that wonderful lady Peg. It is now time for you to enjoy.

Sincerely,

Bill Bartee
SACO Secretary

CC: All SACO Officers and Trustees

48th NATIONAL SACO REUNION



COCOA BEACH, FLORIDA OCTOBER 9-13, 2002



Peg & Joe Fitzgerald

What a great time! What a spectacle! What a delightful location! What a beautiful view! What wonderful tours! What a fun and relaxing banquet!

What exceptional and entertaining hosts we found in Joe and Peg Fitzgerald!

Several of us arrived early and in so doing, were privileged to watch the liftoff of the shuttle on Monday the 7th of October from the hotel room. Quite a thrill for us! Bill Bartee hosted a seafood dinner for about ten of us earlybirds at a restaurant recommended by Peg and it was absolutely a tremendous treat. Food was so excellent and such generous portions. (Erma and I made a return trip to the establishment when returning our rental car about a week after the reunion and had a great seafood lunch!)

Many SACOs enjoyed the casino ships and understand at least one had great luck - Richard Bannier- who won a sizeable jackpot of several hundred dollars!



On Thursday, October 10, the gang went to the Kennedy Space Center, which is relatively nearby and involved about seven hours from hotel departure and returning. In a letter I received from Sissy Miller after returning home, I think she explained the reaction of what the group felt - . . . "the day at the Space Center was really fascinating - I could never imagine what the Space Station was like - and now I feel (as current events are shown) almost as if we were there."

On Friday, October 11, the Rice Paddy Sailors and spouses and guests boarded a Paddle Wheel Riverboat - The Cocoa Belle - for an approximate 3-hour cruise where a hot buffet lunch was served.

Saturday morning, the usual membership business meeting was held and the annual banquet started about 5:00PM with the cash bar opening at that time. Entertainment started immediately and we had the greatest pleasure of listening to and watching Bobby Kelley along with his musician wife accompanying him. It was one of the most enjoyable of banquet entertainments we have ever known. Fran Waters and Rosemary Tressler were celebrating birthdays and Bobby called them individually to the dance floor where he chatted with and serenaded them. Prior to and during dinner, several enjoyed dancing including some of our distinguished guests of the Chinese delegation. Dinner was exceptionally good and it was truly a splendid evening with five SACOs being presented the SACO Medal and SACO receiving a generous gift from the ROC Military Intelligence Bureau.

We must make note of the fact that this function was accomplished under the most dire circumstances and apparently flawless considering the handicaps involved. Joe Fitzgerald was battling bad health in the preceding months to the point where he had lost most of his energy, stating to me that a trip to the bathroom tapped most of his strength. But to "give-up" the reunion never entered their minds. Peg persevered under almost insurmountable odds to see that plans would be met and finalized at any cost. Joe's diagnosis had not been confirmed and to add to the almost impossible challenge, Joe underwent an emergency appendectomy the weekend prior to the start of the reunion. Undaunted, keeping check on Joe and pursuing last minute details, Peg held on to the reins and covered every little detail – even being the "runner" for replenishments for the Hospitality Room . Jack Petersen and I marveled at the fact that nothing appeared to test her patience and never complained during her long hours with little rest. We're sure this must have hit her hard after the "fleet" went home.

Peg and Joe, words cannot express the gratitude that prevails for the manner in which you met this accomplishment. Joe, not only suffering lack of energy, but almost immediately following surgery, managed to be among us most of the time we spent together that week.

We salute you with love for all the sacrifices you endured for our utmost pleasure and that's exactly what it was. You join the ranks as *Top Hosts* in the history of SACO Reunions. Ed.

Did you know or do you care?

Charlie Chaplin once entered a "Charlie Chaplin Look-alike" contest while visiting Monte Carlo, and did not win – he only placed third.

Bela Lugosi was buried wearing his Dracula cape.

It took Leonardo da Vinci 4 years to paint the Mona Lisa.
The Mona Lisa has no eyebrows.

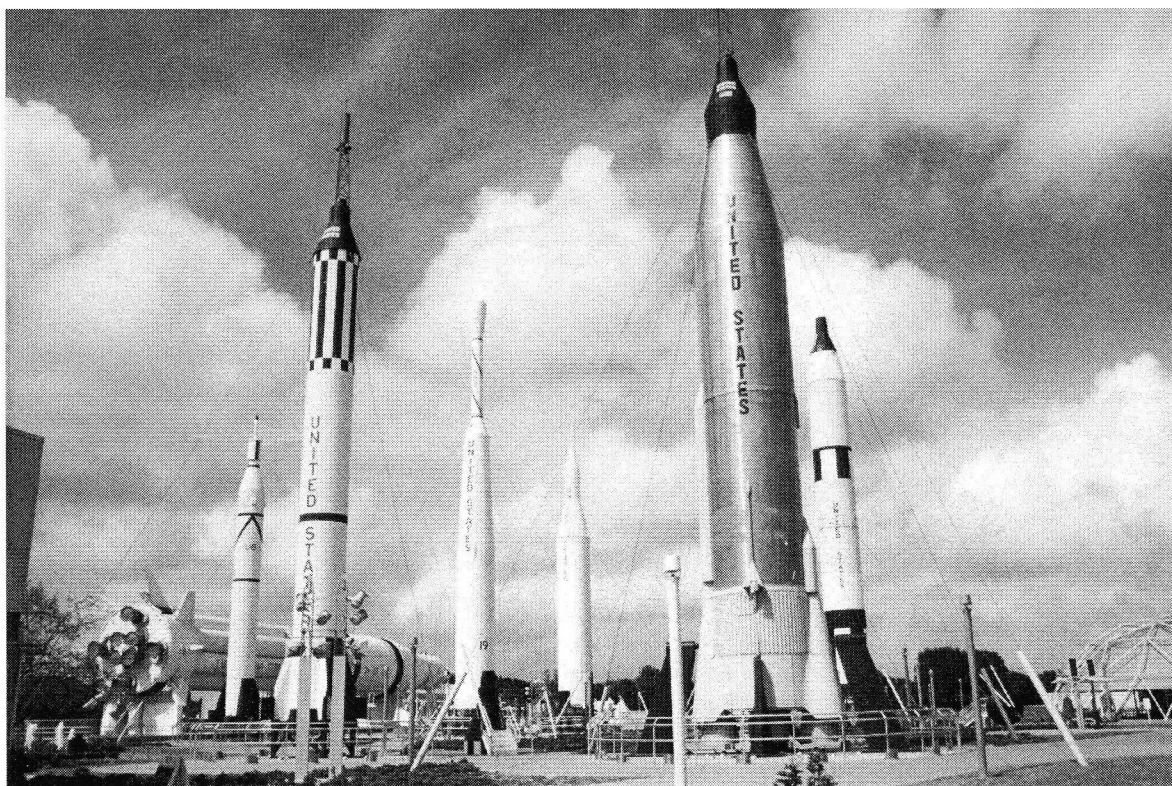
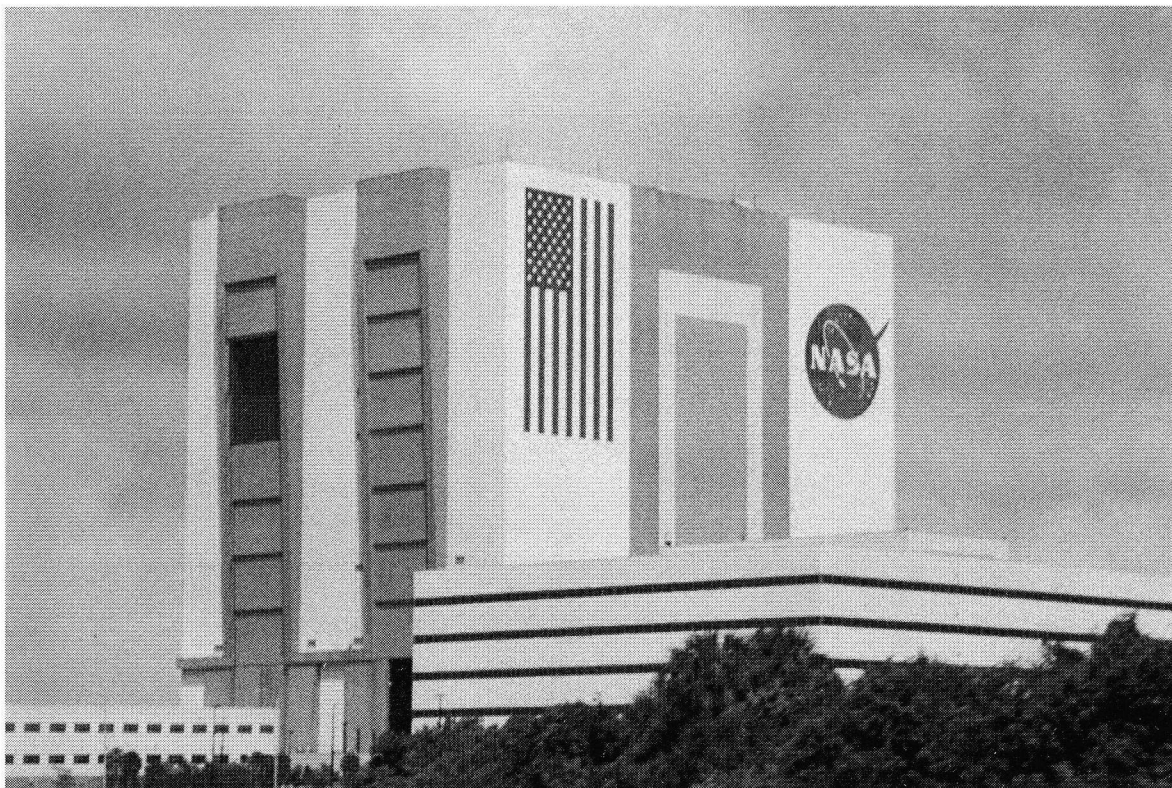
A "Funambulist" is a tightrope walker.

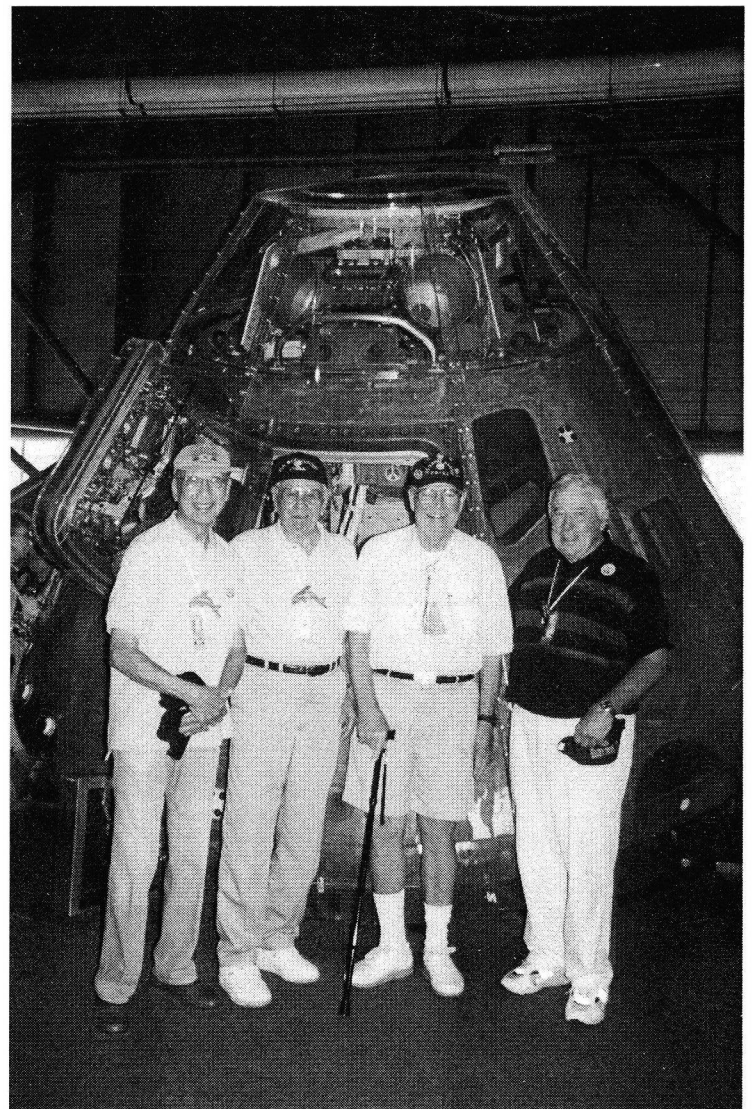
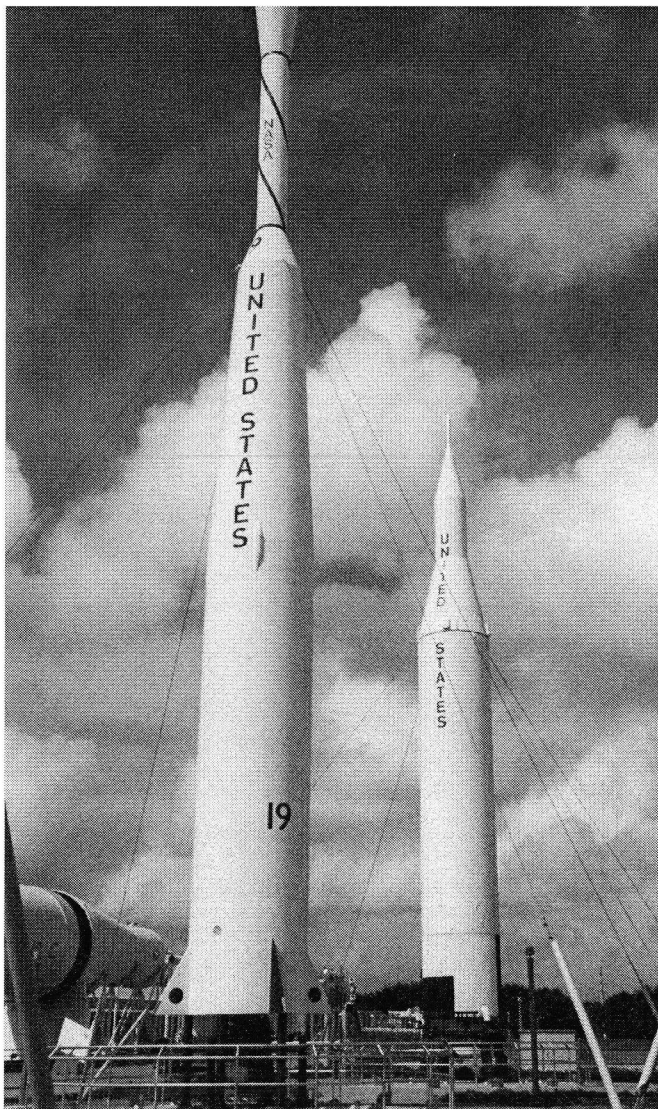
In the city of Washington, D.C., no building maybe higher than the Washington Monument.

The Great Wall of China is the largest construction project ever undertaken by man, and its stones could build an 8-foot wall around the world at the equator.

The only survivor of Custer's Last Stand was his horse, Commanche.

SACOs VISIT KENNEDY SPACE CENTER





Stephen Chu-Bud Booth-Doc Felmly-Bob Hoe

SACO MEDALS AWARDED

*By Maj. General Yang Tien-chang, Deputy Director,
Military Intelligence Bureau, Taipei, Taiwan ROC
In Cocoa Beach, Florida 12 October 2002*



Stephen Chu-James T. Nelson-James Wheeler-Donald Huber-M. William Groepler



Stephen Chu



James T. Nelson



Donald E. Huber



M. William Groepler



James W. Wheeler

New Jersey Medal cont'd:

great thing that the state is honoring its veterans," said Dulanie, who served in the Marine Corps. "It's a wonderful thing, but they should have done it years ago."

It wasn't the heat that left Kearny resident Charles Discher, a Navy veteran who served in Vietnam feeling weak.

"I feel great, but a little shaky and I have butterflies in my stomach," he said. "It's such a great honor, especially coming from the state."

???!!!***



Richard & Erma Rutan



Jennie McDonough
Sandra Russell



Kathryn & Wes Weskamp



Erma Rutan
Ivaloe ("Skip") Tether



Alexander Harrison
Slim Gilroy - C-Going Miles



Linda - Steve Chu



Doris Barrett-Charles Sellers-
George Barrett

COCOA BEACHCOMBERS





Sissy & Bill Miller



Peg Fitzgerald
Bill Bartee



Kathryn &
Wes Weskamp



Jack Petersen



Dean Warner



C-Going Miles



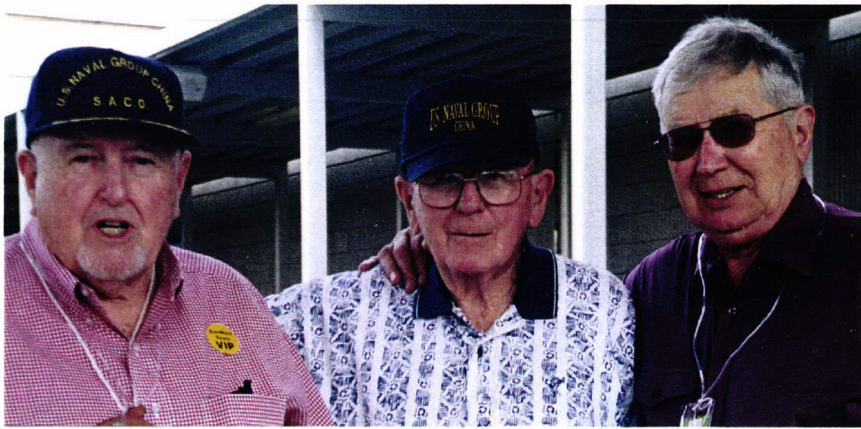
Maj. Gen. Yang



Wayne Goodson



Laura Lin



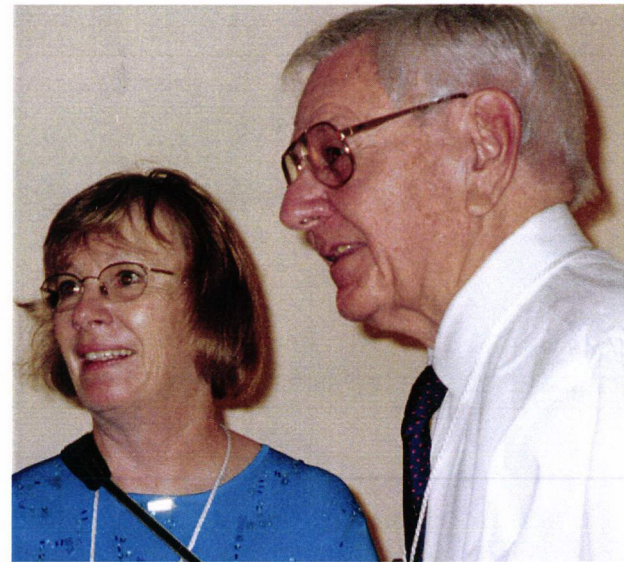
Bob Sinks-F.J. Whitlock-Dick Terpstra



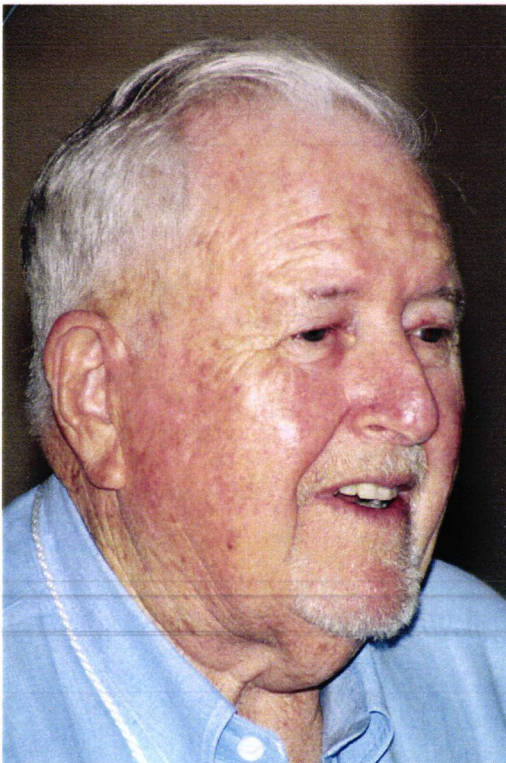
Bill
Bartee



Robert Ferguson - Mike Ferguson



Ellen - Bud Booth



Bob Sinks



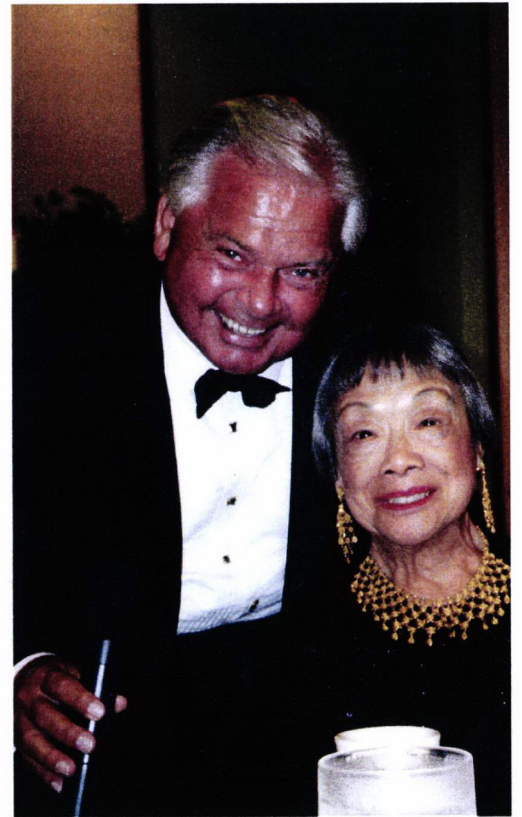
Priscilla Nichols



Erma Rutan



Bobbie &
Bill Hall



Bobby Kelley
& Lilyan Tao



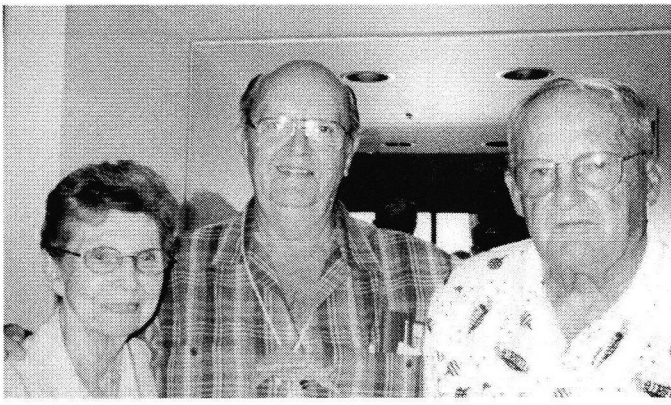
Petersen Family
Beverly - Jodi - Jack



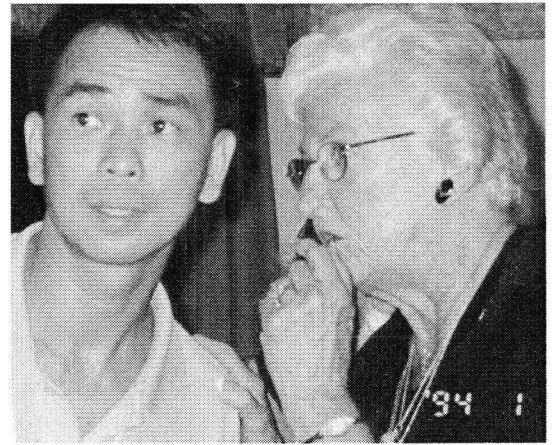
Maj. Laura Lin



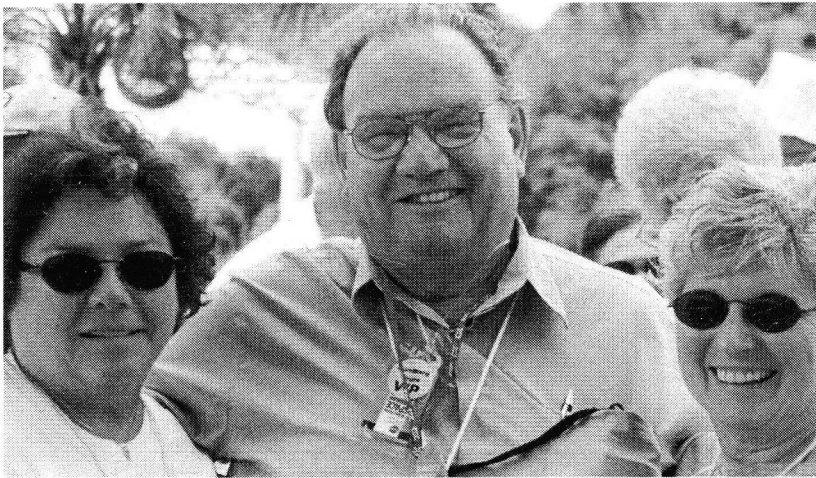
Lyndall & Norm Dike



Beverly Petersen & "Tarbenders" Rutan & Petersen



Jason Tarng-Peg Felmlly



Chris Alternes (dtr of Scurlock) - Henry Scurlock - Sue Clance



Hal Bonin - C-Going Miles



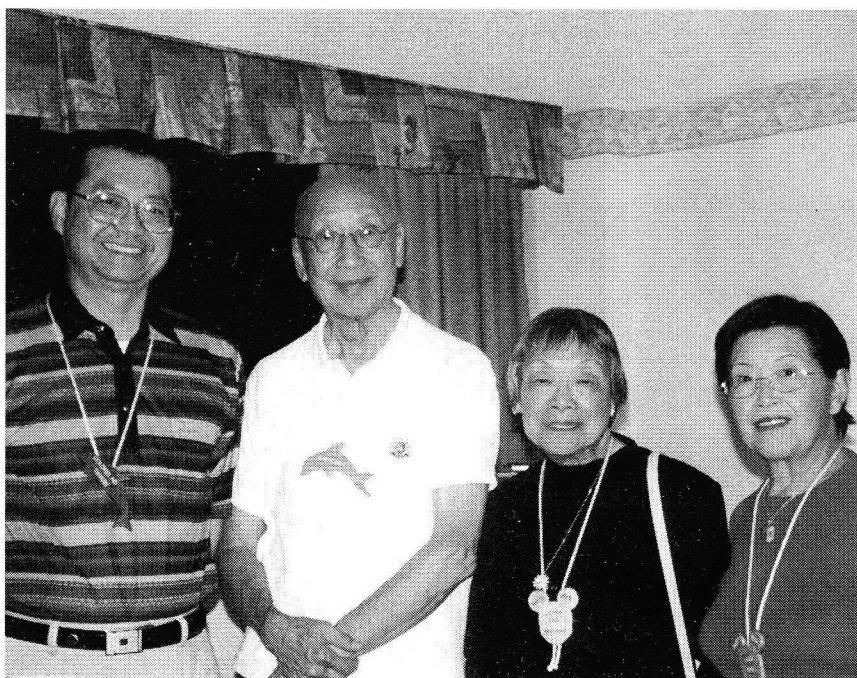
Mary & Jerry Coats



Peg Felmlly & Bill Barte



Richard & Erma Rutan
Sylvia Erwin



Col. Ho-Steve Chu-Lilyan Tao-Linda Chu



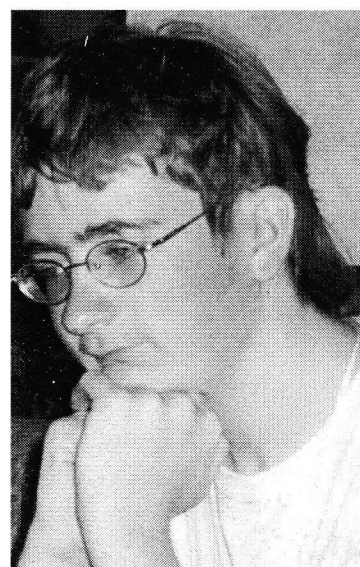
Joyce & Wayne Goodson



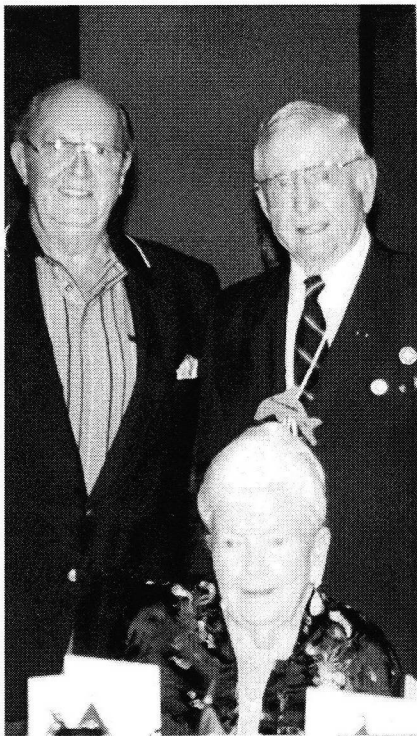
Col. Frank Devlin
54



Carolyn Inman Arnold



Robert Coats



Richard & Erma-Col. Devlin



Kathryn Weskamp



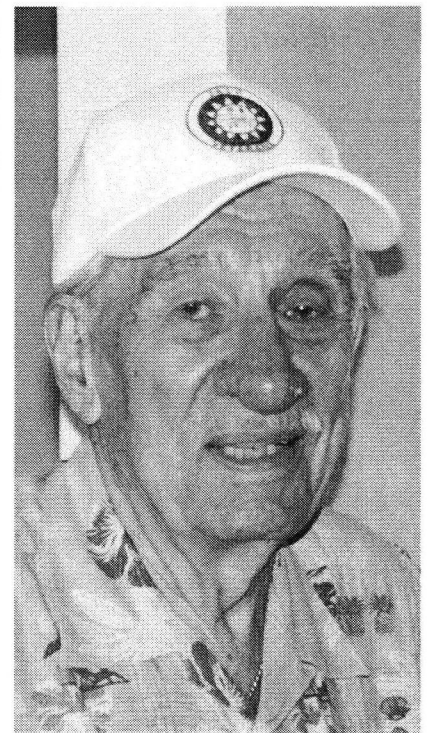
James Whitlock



Jackie Murphy
Priscilla Nichols



Jack Miller
55



Richard Bannier

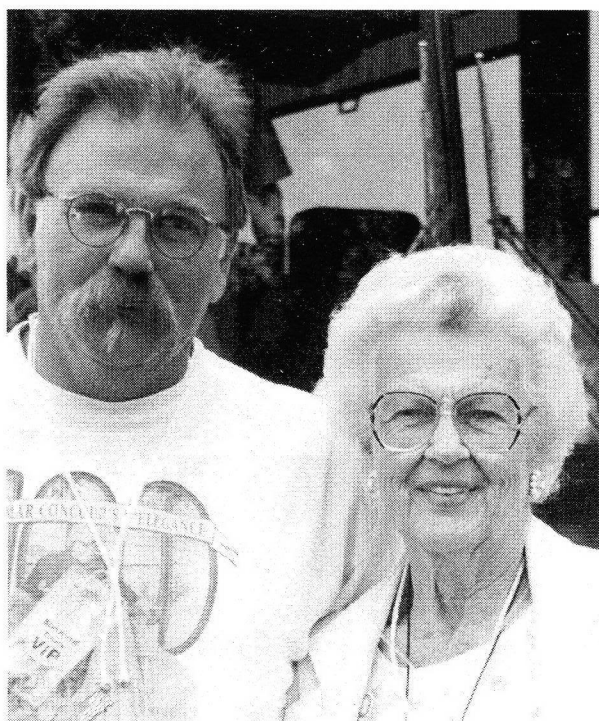
Jim Kelly
Walt Stoddard
Peg Jacob
(Stoddard's
Sister-in-law)
Bud Booth



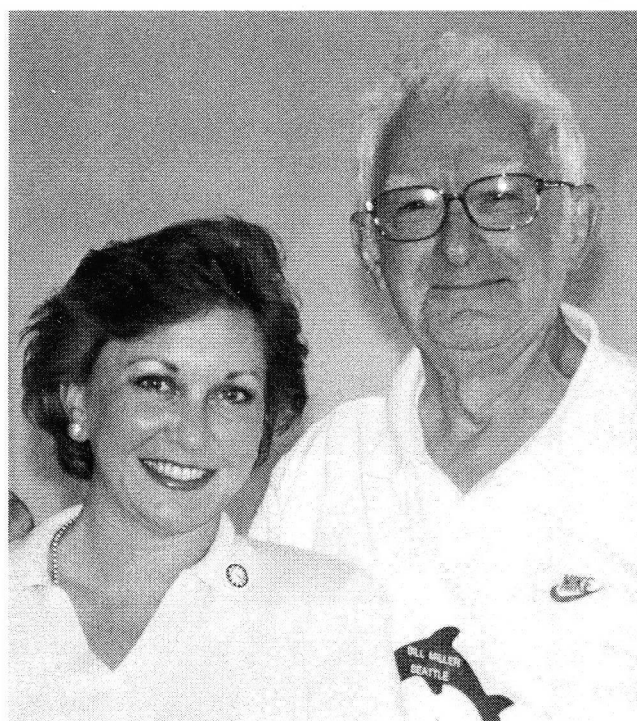
Slim Gilroy - Willie Baker



Maj. Gen & Mrs. Yang - Tien-chang



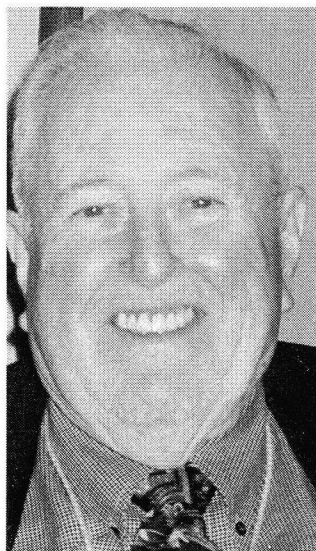
Jeff & Kayte Petersen



56 Meghen Nicolleti (dtr of Beutel (dec.) Bill Miller



Sue Clance-Henry Scurlock



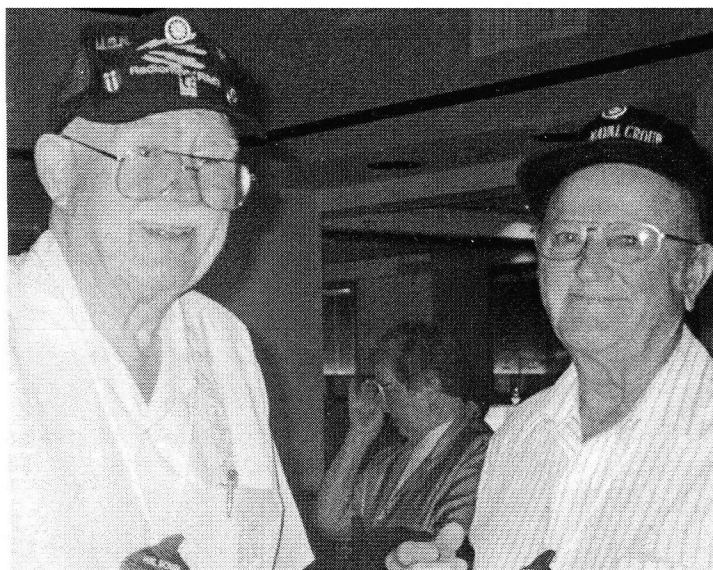
Bob Sinks



Kathi & Jackie Murphy
Kathryn Weskamp



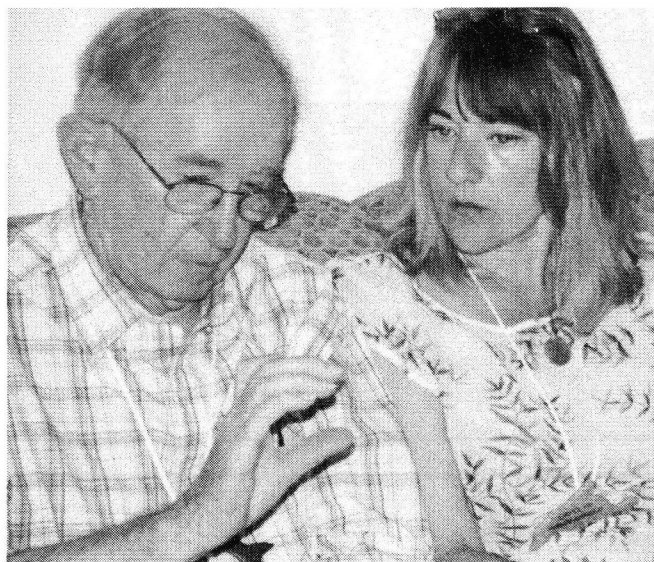
Bob Ferguson-Jim Kelly



Hal Bonin-Bob Hill



Peg & Joe Fitzgerald



Bill Hall - Carolyn Inman Arnold



Lt.Col. Jason Tarnag - Col Ho Chin-yi



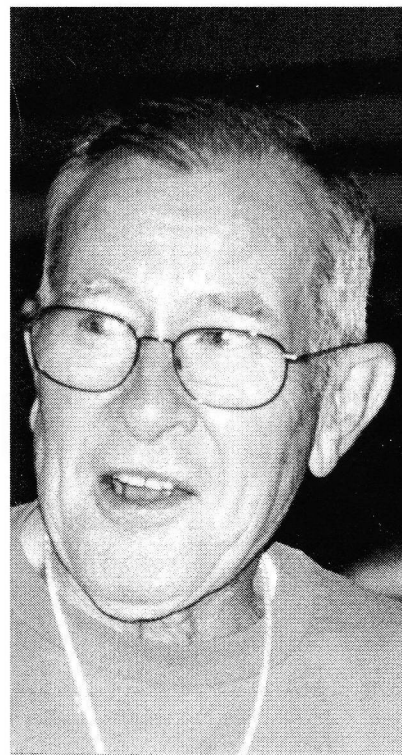
Phyllis and Bronson (Tex) Howell



Guy Tressler



Alex Harrison takes a little rest



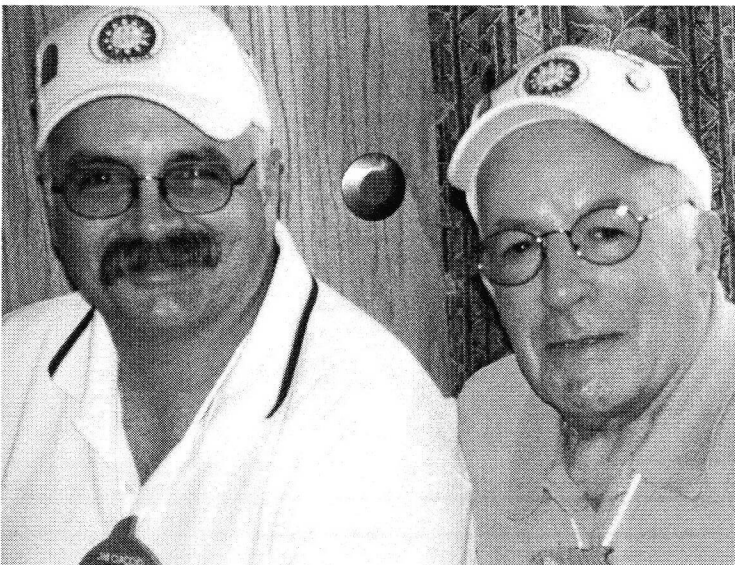
Jim Kelly



Lyn & Norm Dike



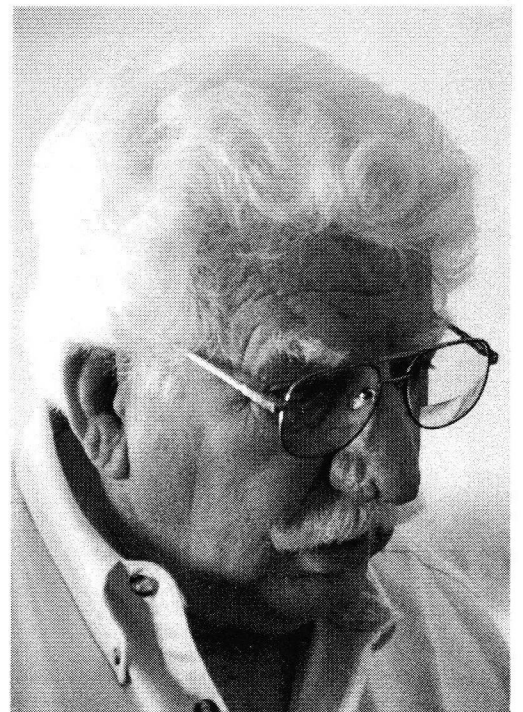
Jerry Coats-Bill & Sissy Miller



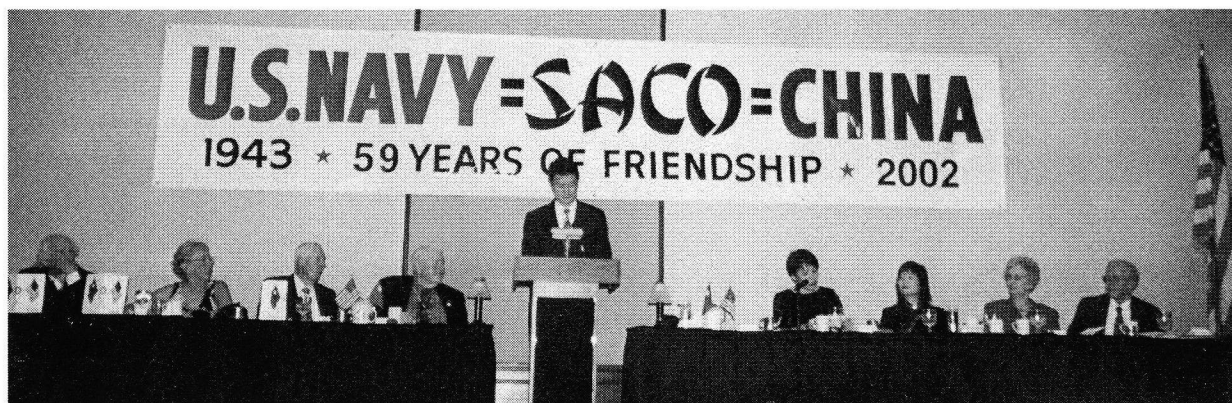
Jim & Sal Ciaccio



Peg & Doc Felmly



Bill Bartee



THE BANQUET

**Cocoa Beach Hilton, Cocoa Beach, Florida
Saturday 12 October 2002**



Bobby & Rosemary Tressler



Bobby & Fran Waters

At 1700 Saturday 12 October 2002, the doors open for the evening's event. The cocktail bar is open, the entertainment begins and the Tigers and their wives and family and friends gather for the annual formal banquet. Friends of Peg and Joe Fitzgerald, Bobby Kelley, professional entertainer, formerly of the Four Freshmen, accompanied by his wife, Jeanie filled the evening with the favorite songs of our era.

The wives of two of our faithful reunion attendees (above) were celebrating birthdays and Bobby called them to the dance floor for chit-chat and serenaded each of them. The event was well under way and the cameras recorded the gallery which follows . . . 60



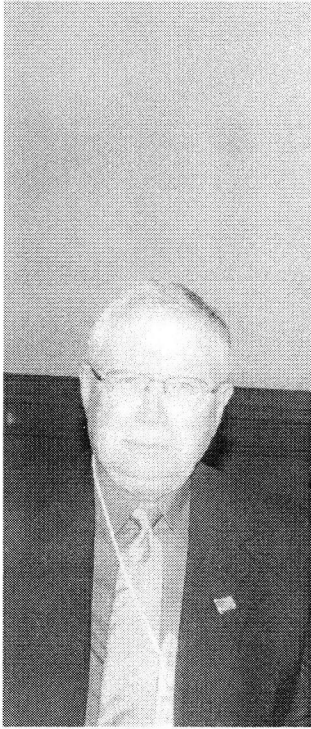
Bob Grace-Peg Jacob-Walt Stoddard-Edie
Moore & Roger Moore-Helen & Bob Hoe



Kathi & Jackie Murphy



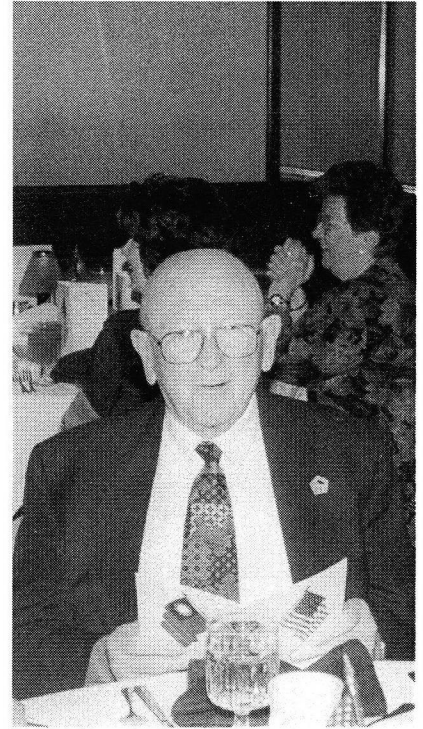
Merle & Charlie O'Brien



Dick Terpstra



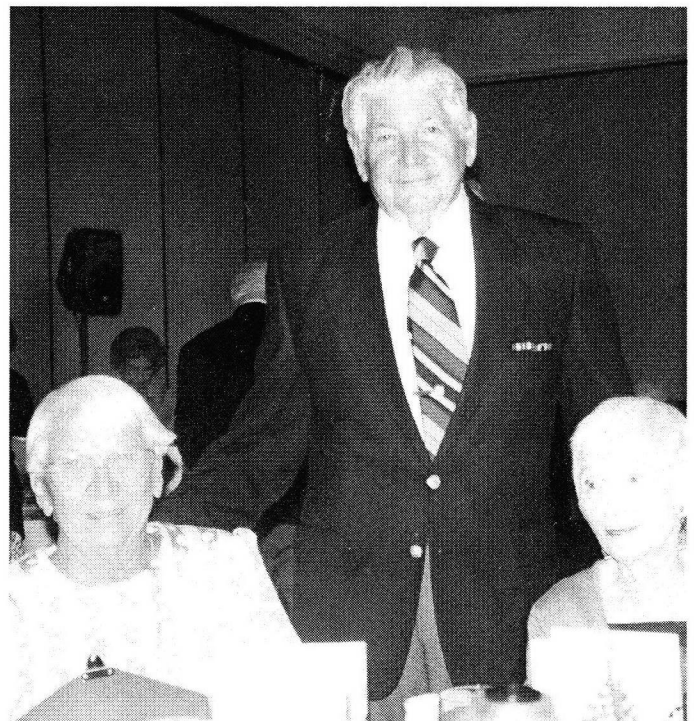
Tressler Family: - Rosemary -dtr Sandra
Russell & Guy.



Jim Whitlock



Helen and Bob Hoe



Irene Gats-Bill Howard-Sylvia Erwin



Roger Moore-Bob & Helen Hoe



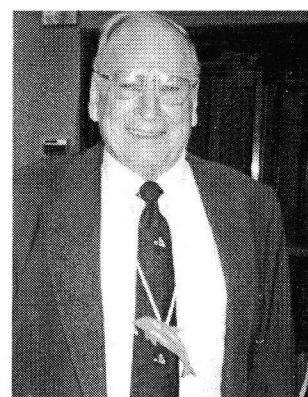
Joe Fitzgerald



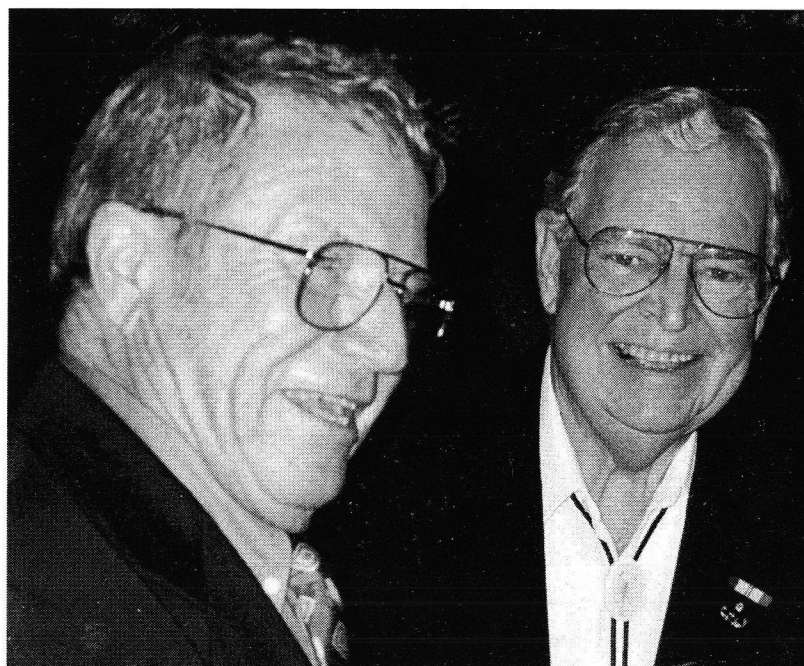
Hal Bonin & Jenine Knight



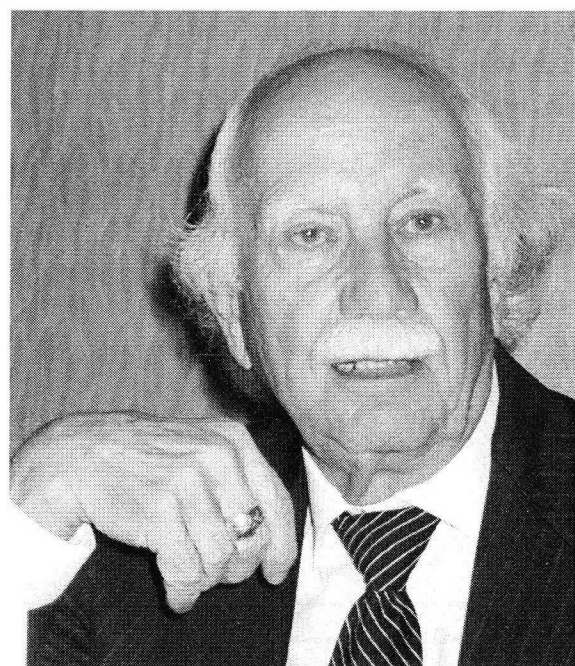
Ex-Hump Pilot
Stephen Fiduk



Bob Thomas



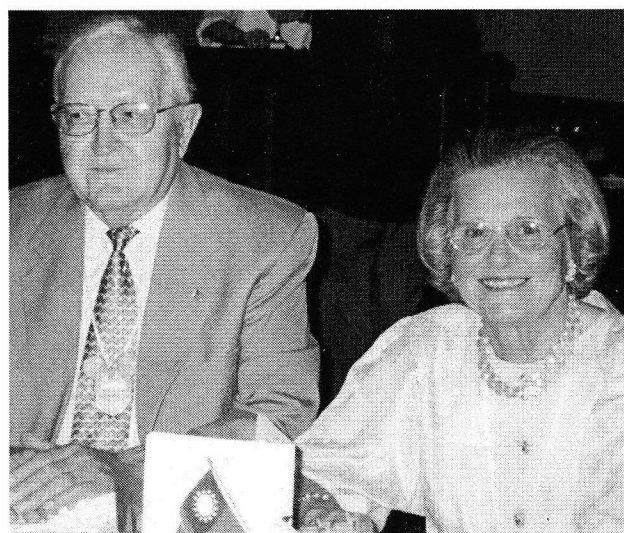
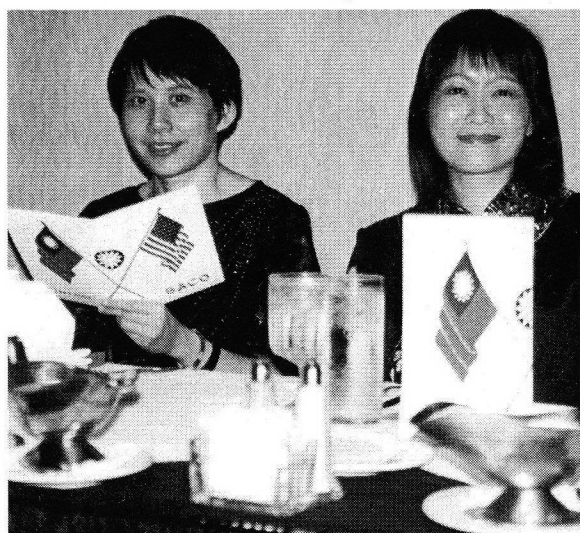
William Groepler & Doc Felmlly



Jack Miller



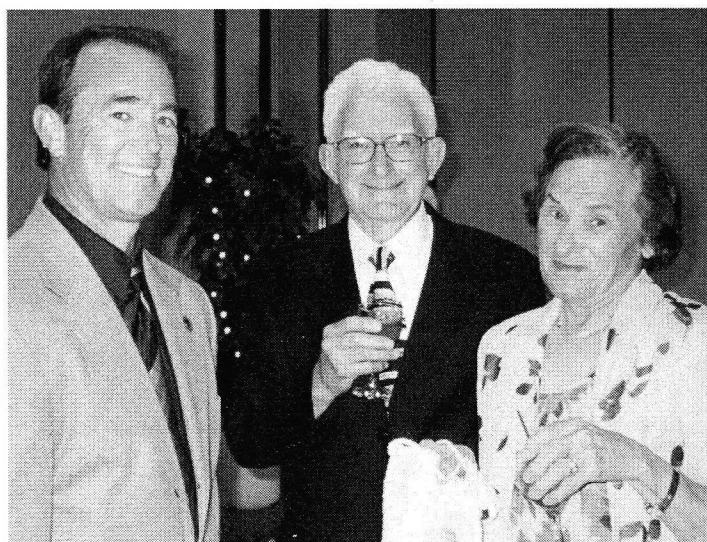
Reynnet Family: Caroline-son Dairus & Francis



Allen & Mary Tanner



James Wheeler-Peg Fitzgerald-Michael Wheeler
and Mary Wheeler



Randy Hill (son of Bob & Lola) Bill & Sissy Miller



Lola Hill-Donald Huber-Bob Hill-Mary Huber



James T. Nelson Family



John & Fran Waters and family



Jackie Murphy



Peg Fitzgerald & Col. Ho



Mr/Mrs. William Groepler

IMAGES AND MEMORIES

A 'FRIENDLY'? SUBMARINE.

(2nd of 3 installments which began with Issue No. 24).

I remember the time we were coming up the East Coast en route from the Caribbean stage of our West to East Coast convoy of the USS Nevada, and we were called to General Quarters with a flank speed run on a sounding that had suddenly appeared on sonar. We were all quite excited, as this was apparently a legitimate target somewhere beneath the surface of the sea nearby. Our depth charges were on stand-by alert and ready to be dumped at a moments notice, and we had already made several passes over a particular area when quite abruptly, almost dead ahead, slightly off our port bow, a submarine surfaced with a huge broaching maneuver that took it three-quarters of the way out of the water, tilted up toward the sky, and then splashing down with a tremendous wave of water rolling off it's hull. At the very same moment of its appearance a huge U.S. flag flew out from the conning tower, and although we were within easy range to have blasted the sub with our five-inch guns, the order to 'hold your fire' was called out over the sound system. An elaborate system was then started to establish the true identity of the sub, with radio and visual signals and then a verification through our coded messages of the day, which were supposed to identify 'friendly' craft that were in the near vicinity of our cruise bearings, particularly submarines who of course if they were German or Italian could have been stalking the Nevada as a prime target. That sub commander and his crew were lucky that they blew their tanks when they did and surfaced in an emergency fashion for we might very well have caused them a lot of concern.

The skipper was angry that we had not been properly informed of this sub's presence, and first of all, as usual, he blamed those of us on de-coding duty for probably not noting or reporting the data; then blaming the submarine for not being where it was 'supposed to be'. Then too I'm sure he was disappointed that he hadn't 'made a kill' for the glory of the Harding, and particularly it's skipper!! I never heard him say as much although he talked at the wardroom mess about the incident, and was absolutely sure we would have 'gotten the sonofabitch' in another half minute or so.

POOR OL' JOE'

As seemed to be so customary among the skippers or command staff on these ships, especially if they were Academy graduates, they never ceased to speculate on the fate, or the pros and cons of their fellow classmates in terms of the impact upon their respective careers.

An example of this attitude: on our cruise down from Casco Bay to the Brooklyn Navy Yard our course took us through the Cape Cod Canal which we were to traverse at night, as a squadron, with the Satterlee leading, the Harding following, and the Baldwin bringing up the rear, in a single file. The channel was clearly marked, and albeit narrow, our course was fairly easily defined until we reached the southern exit point of the canal where the channel widened to some degree as we re-entered the sea lanes leading to and from the canal. We followed the Satterlee at a slow speed and maintained a distance of

perhaps several hundred yards and only slightly to the starboard of the lead ship, by a few yards. The Baldwin was similarly abaft of us in line, the seas were moderate, our running lights as well as those of our companion ships were on, being in presumably safe coastal waters, navigational radar was on, and we were doing what was supposed to be a routine safe transit of a well-known waterway on the East Coast.

Ah! But never assume anything at sea, and the Skipper of the Baldwin blithely following the Harding out of the canal, ran aground!! The Satterlee didn't run aground, nor did the 'Happy' Harding, but 'good old Joe 'Blank', did, with his third in line Baldwin, and 'ain't that too damn bad!! That poor sonofabitch will lose a few points on his rating scale among the skippers in his class (which just incidentally was also the class of our Captain!), and there is never anything worse, short of sinking your ship at the pier, than running aground!!

Well, the Skipper and the Exec chortled about this for several days, shedding crocodile tears for 'poor old Joe", even though it was only by the grace of Neptune that our ship missed that sandbar that suddenly reared it's ugly banks in front of the Baldwin. Nothing ever came of the incident so far as I ever heard, for they were able to back off the bar, and no damage was done apparently to the ship, but God knows what the skippers personnel jacket showed when the inevitable board of inquiry was called at the Navy Yard once we had arrived.

TRAUMATIC PAROTITIS-BETTER THAN MUMPS

Of course it was on that same cruise, a day or so later, when we ran into a storm that I sustained the injury that was ultimately to play such a profound role in my navy career.

At that very moment, with glass pot in my right hand the ship gave a sudden rolling lurch from port to starboard, and I literally flew through the air, tightly clutching the pot, and landed head and face first against the scuttlebutt that was about mid-ships fastened to the forward bulkhead of the wardroom. Well, of course I didn't save the pot which shattered and scattered glass and boiling hot water all over me and the deck. But what was worse, the left side of my face, and mostly my left jaw struck the metal shield on the scuttlebutt with a resounding crash.

I was dazed but thought I was otherwise unhurt, with no cuts, but a very sore face. It took only a few minutes for me to realize that my left jaw and face had immediately swelled to a tremendous lump at the angle of my jaw, which seriously impaired my ability to open my mouth. At first I thought nothing of this but as the pain set in, and as the storm into which we were heading increased I began to realize that I could not open my mouth at all either to let anything enter, or what was much worse, to let anything out if by chance I became seasick, nauseous to the point of having to vomit!! I called my pharmacist mate to the wardroom and together we tried to ascertain the damage. At this point I couldn't tell if I'd broken my jaw or not. It was too painful to move or even touch. Through clenched teeth I spoke to the Exec when he came down after being told of the

accident, explaining the possibilities and the real danger if I became nauseous. To his credit he recognized the significance of my physical state and the danger involved, and apparently notified the Captain who then apparently received permission to proceed at flank speed to Norfolk, our destination, in order to get me to the hospital. I stayed in my bunk with an ice bag to my jaw, and several aspirin and codeine tabs on hand, and hoping for the best and a speedy voyage.

It was sometime the next morning that we came into our anchorage at Norfolk, and I was sent ashore in the care of the pharmacist mate, and immediately placed at complete bed rest with more ice bags after x-rays revealed that fortunately there was no fracture of any aspect of the jaw or face. The next day the Exec visited me briefly, commiserating with me over my appearance and my obvious discomfort, and saying that he was sure that I'd be back on duty in a couple of days, soon enough to continue our next mission which at that point remained a top secret item.

The medical officer in charge of me, whose name I cannot remember to this date, but to whom I would become eternally grateful, came in to see me on my third day of hospitalization to check me over, saying that the CO had requested a time of release from the hospital in that the sailing date had been moved up. My face at this point was considerably improved, with much less pain, less swelling, and the diagnosis of 'traumatic parotitis' had been established beyond doubt. As he was examining me and checking to see how wide I could open my mouth, he rather casually inquired as to how I liked my assignment to my ship. I said that my status had certainly improved with respect to the command, but that it was not known as 'the Happy Harding' simply as a euphonious description of the overall state of affairs on board, but that it was what was known in the Navy as 'hard duty'. The doctor murmured something to the effect that 'just maybe you might need more care for this condition, in that we certainly don't want to risk further trauma or seasickness or anything that might endanger your mission aboard'. He then asked if I would really mind very much if I missed returning to duty at this particular time because he would have to let the Captain know immediately so that another medical officer could be assigned to my post. I guess the look that I gave him of grateful appreciation and hopefulness was enough to convince him and he said quite directly, "nope, this jaw of yours is in no shape to go to sea at this time!!"

I was ecstatic and relieved beyond belief!! I had been able to call Elizabeth and let her know what had happened to me, but had not been able to say that I would be able to see her again very soon, for I was sure that I would be en route across the Atlantic once again in a matter of a few days. Shortly after receiving this good news from the doctor I had a hasty visit from my pharmacist mate who told me the CO was in an uproar and raising hell that I wasn't coming back, and that emergency orders were being drawn to find another medical officer for the ship. 'Tough shit, Captain', I thought to myself.

Early the next morning I had a visitor, a very young and bewildered looking j.g. who informed me he was to be my replacement on a twelve hour notice, being transferred from his post at a minor dispensary at a naval training station on Chesapeake Bay. This poor guy had never been to sea before, and acknowledged that his experience was limited

to strictly shore based medical matters, largely of a non-emergency nature. In the brief half hour he had to become oriented to destroyer life I tried to inform him, warn him, and at the same time reassure him who his friends and helpers would be. He was definitely one anxious medic when he left, and except for an indirect piece of news about him some months later, I never heard of him again.

The Harding was among those ships that were assigned to close shore bombardment at the time of the Normandy invasion in June 1944. The very duty that we had been practicing with such desultory results in Casco Bay the month prior to my injury. According to my informant, with the details admittedly sketchy, the Harding was struck on its main mast by a low flying 'buzz bomb', exploding over the ship's topside area from stem to stern and inflicting widespread injury and death to the topside crew at whatever station they happened to be manning at the time. Unfortunately this included the doctor, who was not at his assigned post at the below decks first-aid station just adjacent to the Medical compartment, but instead, as would have undoubtedly been the case with me too, was up on the quarter-deck watching the action, just outside the main hatch into the wardroom mess, and the next level down to the crew's mess and the medical compartment. He was severely injured and put out of commission, and furthermore the first class pharmacist mate who was stationed aft at an aid station near the number four five-inch turret was killed, leaving only a third class PhM below decks at the Medical Compartment. I never heard who else or what else happened at that time. The ship was not structurally damaged although I can imagine its gun control radar was seriously impaired. Nor did I ever hear again of what happened to my fellow officers or the Skipper or Exec. Much later the Harding was transferred to the Pacific where it served as an advanced security picket boat screening the much larger fleet of major ships and carriers, in one of their numerous forays into the far Pacific as one by one of the islands taken by the Japanese were being regained. There, I understand, she was again struck and heavily damaged by a Kamikaze plane, and reduced to a mere hulk that eventually was towed to the states, only to be considered unredeemable and was scrapped.

I have the impression, not as yet confirmed, that most of my closer friends were by that time transferred to other ships or other new construction. My good friend, Wes Williams, had already been transferred at his own urgent request, to another larger designed destroyer as an Executive Officer, and once again went through a devastating experience when his ship capsized during a typhoon due to topside overweight armament (and too many gun-mount medical kits?!!). Only Wes and one other officer and about twenty of the crew of nearly 300 survived after floating about in the storm for nearly twenty hours!!

Although I knew nothing of these horror stories at the time of my hospitalization at Norfolk Naval Hospital, nor did I realize that my release from the sea duty planned for my ship was to lead to other adventures that could only be related much later in life as 'my war stories', it was only a few days after my ship departed that I received what was known in those days as "R & R orders". These read, in effect, to an order that I report to Old Point Comfort Hotel, in Maryland on Chesapeake Bay, just across the bay from

Norfolk, for one month of 'rest and recreation'. Such orders as these were usually reserved for those Naval or Marine personnel who had sustained injuries or other devastating disorders or problems that really needed 'fixing up'. The place was filled with such men, plus their wives or families as could be accommodated. We were fortunate enough to be able to partake of this, Elizabeth and I, and to say the least it was most welcome. Great meals, constant USO type entertainment, even gambling and slot machines, and opportunities to take side trips or short overnight leaves to nearby historic sites, or even up to Massachusetts.

Of course, it was too good to last, and very soon I received a set of orders assigning me to the Naval Dispensary at the Amphibious Training Base at Camp Bradford, Virginia, but also with the proviso that temporary living quarters for officers and dependents were available in nearby Norfolk!!

Again, this seemed too good to be true, but we felt we had to take advantage of this break, and after our month of 'fattening up' at Old Point Comfort we found ourselves in a two room barracks type building in Norfolk, where, as we soon learned on a very intimate basis, the majority of the inhabitants were young, recently married or recently reunited couples. The walls of these newly and hastily constructed one-story apartments were built of what we had to assume was mostly thin wall-board, even cardboard?, with no insulation, poor heat, no sound barriers, and an endless opportunity to hear if not necessarily always to see, - though I think even that would have been possible, - how these young people seemed to be spending what I'm sure they thought were their 'last days' together.

We were no different than anyone else, although with the type of up-bringing we had each experienced there was a considerable amount of modesty when it came to sharing the frankly physical aspects of life with a half-hundred others in the same building. Elizabeth had been working as a part-time nurse in her home area, but at this particular time was able and willing to take the time off to be with me. When it appeared as though we might remain stationed at Camp Bradford we were able to rent a small house closer to the base and although built as many war-time housing developments were, with shoddy material, it represented to us our first real home.

The base was a hectic conglomeration of newly trained, and half trained, and ready for action crews, both officers and enlisted alike who were being prepared for what we all knew would eventually be the direct invasion of the mainland of Europe. None of us in the medical department had any inkling as to when this was likely to take place, but it was very evident that the war was far from any sense of being terminated in any other fashion than some kind of terrible and bloody direct confrontation with the Axis powers on their own recently occupied or captured territory.

During our convoy operations, most of which were conducted in mid-Atlantic waters leading to the Mediterranean, we had been aware that the huge fleets of cargo ships, the famous 'Liberty Ships' that were being built by the thousands in ship-yards all over the States, were carrying the materiel that was to supply and fuel the war not only

for our Allies, but for what would eventually support the millions of G.I.'s from the U.S. itself. The war in the South Pacific had certainly not gone well, and the Navy had sustained inestimable losses. During our convoy duties it was always a source of absolute amazement to look out over the array of ships that reached beyond the horizon, as far as the eye could see. And with our particular position often one of being on the flank or zigzagging back and forth near the stern of the convoy fleet, we sensed our value and importance to this mighty effort when it came to protecting them from attack by the ever increasing 'wolf-packs' of U-boats that had since the beginning of hostilities sunk millions of tons of shipping, and caused thousands of lives to be lost.

The flanks or sterns of any body of ships were the most vulnerable and vessels who lagged behind or strayed in any way from the closely circumscribed patterns and routines of movement, defined and determined by top-secret orders issued at the start of any such voyage, were often the first targets of torpedoes. Even when they might be missed on a first attack by reason of evasive action, only to have the torpedo pass them up and strike a fellow craft in an adjoining column, the harrowing sense of impending doom was always present in their minds. Their gun-crews, who were largely Navy trained personnel, would be at their posts on a General Quarters basis sometimes for days at a time when the on-going assault by the subs persisted day and night over a long stretch of open ocean.

Our duties called for equal alertness and constancy of readiness for action, so that at the time when I had to take one of our motorized long-boats out into the open sea to pick up my 'jumper', it was a most unusual routine, and his life was saved only because where and when he jumped was at a time when we had not had an alert for submarines in the area for several days. The same things applied to my transfer to the freighter and to the Baldwin that I have already described. The closer we came to the Mediterranean or the North Africa coast, the greater the danger became, but we then had some greater protection from friendly aircraft and patrol planes who were getting more skilled every day in spotting the presence of submarines.

Life at Camp Bradford, ATB, was comparatively calm and in some ways very routine and even boring at times. Regular watches for sick-call, for dispensary duty, or for some on-going training with pertinent refresher courses, were livened up only by the constant flow of Naval personnel who were arriving by the train load, in thousand-lots, from Naval Training Stations like Great Lakes or any one of the numerous other bases near the East Coast. When we were assigned the duty to meet and inspect the in-coming personnel who were to complete their practical training on aboard LTD's or LCM's or whatever particular landing-craft was being prepared to take on the hundreds of troops that would be landing under fire on some enemy infested beach, we soon came to realize that we could never predict when they would arrive, day or night, or in what condition. Our mission, required by Medical Corps regulation and protocol, stated that each and every man who arrived from a training station, a boot camp often, was to receive a 'medical inspection' to determine the presence or not of 'any contagious or infectious disease' that might in any way spread to others or interfere with the proper training the camp was to provide.

That this requisite inspection could be enforced in a normal transfer of men from base to base or station to station, or ship to ship, was considered an acceptable expectation during peacetime. But imagine if you can my dismay that the first time I was called to such a task in the middle of the night when my duty roster said I was to be available. Out of a sound sleep I was hurried to a huge receiving barracks, several hundred yards long, to confront a thousand sailors just arrived by train, lined up in seemingly endless rows, tired, disheveled, their ditty bags at their feet, their sailor-type blues pants unbuttoned with the flap hanging down in front, and their donges thrust out of their underpants, each ready to undergo what was euphemistically called a 'short-arm inspection'. That this represented a futile expression of military 'preventive medicine' made no difference, for the routine called for each man to grab his proud member at the base with thumb and forefinger and 'milk it' down toward the extremity end, thusly showing, it was presumed, that not only was he the proud possessor of the 'greatest' but hopefully also the 'cleanest' pecker in town!!!

Words fail to truly describe this scene that was to be repeated dozens of times at this base. By time most men have gone through the mass ignominy that induction and physical examination and the almost instant loss of an identity that occurs when hundreds of thousands are put through the routine mill of being incorporated into a military unit, one would think that the simple routine of the famous 'short-arm inspection' would have become old-hat to these men. But it was instantly recognized by those of us who were destined to be the 'inspectors' that contrary to the time-worn dictum that 'all men are created equal', that if you are one of those thousand men standing side by side, row on row, being stared at by some glinty-eyed, albeit also foggy-minded medical officer, and you are also being required to manipulate your most private of privates in a fashion heretofore only reserved for your most secret or personal of moments, and that, indeed, you are only one small 'member' (and often that 'smallness' was exaggerated by the surrounding circumstances), being subjected to just about the most personally unpleasant experience you could imagine.

As the 'inspector' under these conditions, it took me several such experiences to sufficiently dull my own sensibilities to a level that would permit me to go through the routine and not carry the visual images back to my night room and cot with the unnerving thought that what if I had to spend the rest of my naval career directed toward bringing about the ending the war in such a fashion. It was a grim thought, and in typical fashion that became almost standard operating procedure among the military, one learned to protect and defend against these inroads of the psyche by endless recounting of the variations of a theme that could be told in variable ways, depending upon the company present, in a series of bad jokes or innuendoes.

ORDERS TO HEADQUARTERS!!

Medical personnel at the base too were changing on an almost weekly basis. One of my more pleasant assignments had been to compile and edit a weekly news bulletin, which came to reflect items that pertained to the medical and associated staffs. I had always had somewhat of a bent toward journalistic trends going back to my high school

stint as editor of the School Annual. I also liked to think that I was following my mother's efforts in her contribution to the war effort when she published and edited a shipyard newsletter in my home town at the Lake Washington Shipyards which was building seaplane tenders for the Navy. My efforts in this project was short-lived however, for rumors began to circulate that some kind of 'big push' was being planned that would entail quite a shift in medical personnel, and this soon became apparent as our staff began to steadily dwindle. New friends only recently acquired were soon gone, and we became more and more apprehensive that my reprieve from the sea-going branch of Navy medicine might very well soon end.

Then one day without any advanced warning at all I was called to the base medical Command Office and told that I was being issued 'Top Secret' orders, to report to "----The Chief Of Naval Operations,---", at the Navy Department in Washington,D.C.!! My CO looked at me in a very quizzical fashion and asked very directly what in hell had I done to receive such style of orders?? In truth, I had no idea what these orders meant or signified in any way, nor did my CO. I was just paranoid enough to think that somehow or other my ex-skipper was trying to get me back to his ship, but it didn't make much sense to have it done in this manner. As the word got around, (that 'Top Secret' designation didn't seem to have much meaning to a bunch of medics lounging around the officer's mess or at the local drinking spot!), I began to get jibes about how I had been selected for the special duty of setting up 'clap treatment centers' on the beach-heads of the coming invasion of Europe because I had had such a wonderful training experience in doing the greatest number of 'short-arm' inspections known in the history of the Navy!! It was never quite clear in these fantasy projections of my colleagues why I was being directed by all of this to report to 'The Chief of Naval Operations,' Admiral Ernest King. It was truly a mystifying set of orders, never before seen by the CO or any of his staff. I was told that I could take a five day leave before reporting to my new assignment, but I was also warned that I must not tell anyone of the detailed orders that accompanied these cryptic words to go at once following my leave and report to '---Room 330, Navy Department, Washington, D.C., by 2000hrs on ---'such and such a date. The hour to report so stated meant that I was to appear at that particular office at 10:00PM at night, an unheard of time or setting for reporting for duty!!

Elizabeth and I had taken the leave offered and gone up to Lynn to be with her family. Everyone's curiosity notwithstanding, the tradition during wartime for adhering to the admonition that 'loose lips sink ships', was strong enough for me to say little or nothing or to even be able to speculate on what was in store for me, for in fact I was as unknowing as anyone could be as to what my fate was to be. We still had the small house in Norfolk but we decided to leave it as is until we knew more of what was happening, and Elizabeth was to stay at least for the time being with her family, while I proceeded to D.C. to a temporary B.O.Q for transient officers.

I shall probably never forget the almost eerie aura that pervaded my trek into the Navy Department building, late in the evening of April??, 1944. I was informed that the uniform of the day should be my dress blues. Well, I guess so, I thought!! After all, one doesn't meet with the Chief of Naval Operations and a full Admiral at that, every day,

you know! But, oh no, it must certainly be something else, for it didn't say that I was to report to a hospital, a dispensary, any kind of a medical facility, and not even to a medical personnel type. Just Room 303.

With my sheaf of orders secured in a thick heavy envelope and clutched in somewhat sweaty hands I was directed by a medal-bedecked Marine guard to proceed to the third deck of the building and to follow the signs to the Chief of Naval Operations offices down the long hall to the right of the elevators. I soon ran into another series of guards who glanced at my directions and re-directed me to another hallway that was behind a couple of guarded swinging doors, that opened immediately to a small desk with a Navy Chief Yeoman sitting there. He took my papers, looked them over, asked for my ID card, and asked me to sit down and wait in a small adjoining room where there were four chairs, two of which were occupied, one by a uniformed man with flying wings over his left pocket of his jacket and the insignia of a rank that I took to be of a Captain in the Air Force. The other chair was occupied by a Naval Officer, a Lieutenant, line officer. Other than nodding to each other, nothing else was communicated. My apprehension and curiosity was by this time at a fairly high level, and was not relieved when after a few minutes first one, then the other of my waiting room mates were called into an adjacent room by another Marine Corps sergeant. In a few more moments I too was called into a larger room where I found about six officers of various kinds sitting, in two rows, and, in front of us was a desk with a Navy Commander sitting there, alongside a Medical Corps Captain, and beside both of them a Chinese militarily dressed man of a rank I could not determine!! On the wall behind the desk was a huge map of India, and no other identification of who these various people represented. The other officers in the room were, variously, a somewhat carelessly dressed in casual khakis, lieutenant, Navy Medical; an Army Infantry Captain, the Air Force Captain, a Marine first lieutenant, two Navy supply officers, and me in my neat dress blues with my brand new extra stripe just recently acquired while I was at Camp Bradford, looking and feeling distinctly out of place, but really caught up in the whole cloak and dagger atmosphere!!

As we all sat there with various looks of ill ease, or an air of apparent nonchalance, and even, with the other Navy medic, a look of utter boredom, the Commander rustled around with some documents that appeared to be copies of our individual orders, while talking in a low voice to the Navy Medical Captain, with the Chinese officer walking in and out several times and apparently having a brief conversation with another Chinese officer that I spotted through the doorway, and then, finally, all settling down as the Commander got up and introduced himself and opening with this statement:

"Gentlemen, you have been brought here under Top Secret very special orders and you are hereby informed that whatever is said or done this evening must remain totally confidential and secret as defined under the Department of War Secrecy Acts. You are hereby informed that you are being assigned to a highly classified and specialized organization that may be located in various areas in a as yet still highly classified arena of the war. The duty will be considered extra-hazardous and you have the right at this time to decline such duty, as it is entirely voluntary, and nothing in the record will indicate your decision nor will your decision in any way be held against you." The officer then

paused for just the shortest fraction of a second before he said briskly and cheerfully, "--- I assume your silence means consent!--now then, let me proceed to give you a bit more information."

We were then informed that we were to report to yet another office at 1000 the next day without indicating to anyone at all where we would be going (as if we knew!), and that we were to have our gear ready for extended travel, and that it might be wise to notify our nearest and/or dearest that we would be totally unavailable for contact for at least a week. The only clues that we were given were the visual evidence of the map of India, but even more mystifyingly, the presence of two Chinese military officers who said nothing and only looked at us in the stereotypical enigmatic fashion said to be characteristic of the Oriental. We were to remain close at hand in whatever temporary quarters we were already assigned and we would be picked up for further transportation within the next forty-eight hours. The best I could do after getting back to my quarters was to call Elizabeth and in the most feigned of natural conversational blandness tell her that I was shortly to be off to parts unknown and that I would try to let her know as soon as I knew myself, or would be allowed to reveal whatever I did know as to my ultimate destination. To say the least this hardly made for a very comfortable phone call.

Shortly after, during the late next afternoon, a group of us, far exceeding the few that met in that secret Room 303, were picked up from the BOQ and taken in four-by-four Navy trucks to a railroad station, there to be assigned to a series of old, worn coaches, given some boxed lunches and assorted snack rations, and told to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. I did not see much of the six adventurers who had shared the briefing in Room 303 except for the young Marine first lieutenant who happened to be in the same coach with me among about sixty or seventy other officers and enlisted men who were all crowded into each car of this twenty-car troop train. This man stood out among us only because, of all things, he had brought along a pet dog, a small breed, short-haired terrier of some indeterminate sort. It was a cute dog, a nice dog, albeit an uncomfortable dog that took up quite a lot of the Marines time and energy in the maintenance and care that a pet requires. I understood that he kept the dog well-hidden until long after our train had left the station in the dark of night, and even after he brought it out a day or so later, and even though it was strictly against orders or military protocol to carry such added baggage, no one had the heart to order him to get rid of the dog. It soon became everyone's pet and we took turns walking it or getting water for it, or making sure it got back safely on the train after it had an opportunity for a 'duty' stroll if an when we ever stopped, however briefly it might be. That train took what must have been the most circuitous route imaginable, heading generally south and west on railroad lines that to our knowledge appeared to have not been in active used since perhaps the Civil War! We never knew where we were, we rarely got more than a passing glimpse of some town or village as we rumbled through often it seemed only in the dead of night. Supplies ran low, maintenance was practically nil, boredom was rampant, gossip and guessing were the order of the day, with the final word being assumed that we were a high-priority, rush order, super-secret detachment that were being sent to 'GodKnowsWhere,' but that come hell or high water, they were going to get us there as

fast as train travel would allow, non-stop, with the determination that was 'All-American' and was bound to 'Win The War'!!

THE GREATER PRIORITY EXPRESS

We discovered one day, (and I really cant remember which day it might have been, they all seemed to blend together as one long monotonous and continuously rattling, smelly trip), that we had gone through Arkansas among at least a dozen other southern states, and were heading due west through the great state of Texas. Now we knew that we were really out West for there seemed to be nothing in sight for miles except prairie and sage brush, a rare water-tower alongside of the tracks, intense heat with dust to match, and a non-stop chugging and puffing that went on hour after hour. But then suddenly we came to a slow stop that took our whole train off onto a siding out in the middle of nowhere. It appeared to be one of the few opportunities to get out of the coaches, so we were told by the train crew that we were going to be there for 'awhile' and we could get some exercise, but to be on the lookout for the rattlers if we walked about very much. We sat on this siding for several hours with the heat mounting, and our irritation level equally, finally being informed that another train of an even higher priority was scheduled to come through on the same track in the same direction as ours and we simply had to wait it out. Speculation ran rife as to who had a greater power and precedence over this elite group that made up our troop train, destined we were sure to great glory and the winning of the war. The President?? Super-weapons of some sort destined for the protection of the West Coast?? Or was it just that our old train was too tired to go on and we were waiting for another replacement to take us on??

Finally late in the afternoon, perhaps five hours after we had gone onto the siding, a hue and cry went up that the train that would preempt us was approaching! Off in the distance we could see the smoke from the on-coming train as it ever so slowly crept up on us. Funny! It didn't look much like a passenger train, and as it got closer and closer, we began to realize that our higher priority rival train that was now passing us by in a thundering roar of dust and importance, was a long string of gondola cars, maybe forty of them, loaded with--WATERMELONS!!!! If one could have recorded the sounds of our cursing voices and caught the image of the angry and disappointed looks on our faces as that train that took all precedence over ours went rolling by--well, the morale of the several hundred fighting men on that hot Texas afternoon could never have been lower. Defeated by Texas watermelons!!

The remainder of that trip is a blur in memory but the image of those watermelons endures. We arrived in the vicinity of San Pedro harbor in the very early morning and almost immediately de-trained into more trucks that took us down to the pierside berthing area of a very large troop transport, the General Wm. F. Butner. The Butner was the newest of a class of transport ships that had been spawned by the massive shipbuilding spree that had opened with our active involvement in the war. It was operated under the jurisdiction of the Army Military Transport Command, manned by Army-Merchant Marine personnel, and we were told that it was the latest in comfort, speed, and sea-going safety and durability, that it could out-run any submarine (Oh, Joy!) but that it carried no

armament except for a couple batteries of anti-aircraft 40mm guns. What they didn't tell us was that it was designed to carry over 3000 troops in multiple compartments below decks that had no port-holes, but not-to-worry! it was a totally air-conditioned ship!!

There were to the best of my knowledge approximately 500 officers from all branches of the military that were being assigned to large compartments that held, I would guess, 30 to 50 multi-tiered narrow bunks, in banks of five high from deck to overhead, and had a wash-room and toilet compartment across the passageway. There was a quite large wardroom-recreation-sitting area forward to these officers quarters, where there were multiple tables, chairs, lounges, and against one bulkhead, even an upright piano!! There were also two soft-drink bars that carried an assortment of canned or bottled drinks, and candy, gum, smoking materials, and a few magazines or paper-back books.

This area served also the function of being our mess hall afloat, where we could be served in a cafeteria style, and sit at tables designed for four to six. We were seated for mess in a numbered fashion but at two different sittings. Imagine our astonishment when we came up, for our first designated meal to find a half-dozen tables occupied with women!! It was unbelievable, but we were also transporting to this mysterious destination a USO troupe of about twenty women of varying ages, styles, and (we later discovered!), dispositions! They were dressed in the conventional khakis, pants, or skirts and jackets, with USO Patches or insignia easily visible, and as a group they seemed very dedicated to sticking closely together out of what I'm sure was a pact of mutual protection. They seldom talked to or related in any fashion with the others. There were two or three male members of the troupe also, although less easily identified as USO. And in addition, to all of this feminine pulchritude we had aboard we found we had aboard to our delight, fifteen Red Cross girls!! Equally decked out in their more distinctive uniforms, and carrying with them a much more affable and giving spirit, they seemed more willing to mix with the other four to five hundred officers that would daily congregate in this massive wardroom, particularly in the evening after supper.

It did not take long for us to find out that there was going to be a vigorous contest and competition to gain the interest, attention, and the time and energy of these women. They ate their meals together strictly, but were available for mixing with others during the in between hours when meals were not being served. They had their own separate and smaller compartment, that was guarded night and day by a small Marine detachment, and the area was strictly 'off-limits' to any males other than the guards.

When I found that we were to be in port for several days or more, I had received permission to call Elizabeth, and she was able to get out to San Pedro and into a hotel in short order. So we were able to spend a few 'last days' together wandering around the nearby areas that we had known in more happy times while I was interning at Los Angeles County General Hospital. Although I had no very clear idea where I might be going, we did, in a very secretive fashion, devise a series of coded words or phrases that I might be able to include in my letters to her or to my family, that would give in a general way some clue as to what part of the world I might be in at a given time. We knew

perfectly well that this was strictly forbidden, but we figured that who else would know or understand what some phrase like 'I really miss the pineapple upside down cake your mother used to make' really meant that I was In Hawaii!! As it turned out this elaborate coded system came to naught, either because I could not remember my coded phrases when I really needed them, or she couldn't remember what they meant, or it became such a broad general bit of information that all she could guess at one point was that I was 'somewhere' in India!! And by time she figured that out, I was long gone from India anyway, and then of course she didn't hear anything at all from me for nearly two months, and had almost assumed that I was gone forever, thinking or fearing the worst as so many of those at home were left to do when wartime exigencies prevented any form of adequate communication.

I had to finally inform her while we were still in San Pedro Harbor that there would be a sailing hour set within the next twelve hours, and in a typical fashion, (so much for security!!), she and a group of other wives were out on a long rock breakwater barrier that lined the channel leading from the inner harbor to the open sea, on the very morning and hour that we secured our moorings and slowly wended our way down the channel into the Pacific. Of course none of us aboard saw them or heard their cheers or tears, for we were securely battened down below decks with strict orders not to be seen anywhere topside in the very few or limited areas that were adjacent to our wardroom. There were solemn faces, and not just a few headaches and tears among us too, in that many had spent some part of their last twelve hours ashore bidding what many were sure might very well be our last good-byes. We heard via letters received much later of how they had watched us leave.

It was a long and boring trip in many ways, and although efforts were made to keep us occupied, the two weeks that it took to get to Sydney, Australia seemed endless. The Red Cross group tried valiantly to spread some kind of diversion around through entertainment, and in vain asked the USO troupe to present a show or two. They steadfastly refused much to the resentment of those of us who knew what had been going on. We didn't have any famous names among the group, but there were dancers, singers, instrumentalists, among them and they could have provided something in the way of relief, particularly for the troops who were stashed below decks like sardines. The 3000 or so enlisted men were brought topside to the open air in batches of about 500 at a time every three days for perhaps an hour, and given some freedom to exercise in an area of the ship that represented the ship's hatch-covered main deck forward of the troop and officer compartments.

Those of us who were Navy or Army medics had been asked to served as additional medical support to the ships company of medical staff and to take our turn in conducting sick call below decks in some part of the troop compartment area. There were a large enough number of us fortunately to do this assisting job without having it happen very frequently, and it was a good thing it was that way. When I first went below for my sick call duty I very nearly became a casualty myself. It was about five decks down into the bowels of the ship, into an area that literally had thousands of bunks much like ours in our quarters, except that instead of being only four or five layers, they were closer

together layer on layer from deck to overhead, at least seven or eight in number, requiring a ladder with each rack of bunks to get into the topmost layers. Gear was scattered everywhere or hanging on hooks welded to any stanchion available. The stench was intolerable, a mixture of urinary, fecal, vomit, (many of these men were constantly seasick, never having been anywhere near the ocean in their whole lifetime), and then there was the ever-present odor of cooking food, tobacco smoke, and the flatulence that three or four hundred men could manufacture and willingly pass at the slightest opportunity!!! I never felt sorrier for a group of men in my life! Their various illnesses were usually not of much consequence, and of course they each one hoped that their break in life would be to have something that would funnel them into the ship's sick bay, which I guess was adequately stacked but only had a dozen bunks at most to care for the most serious problems. We of the Navy medical group urged the military commander of the ship to permit more frequent topside opportunities for these men, and they did step up the frequency somewhat. Among these troops was a very large contingent, numbering I understood over fifteen hundred, of black troops fresh from their basic infantry training, from somewhere in the deep South, and these troops in my opinion suffered more of the physical hardships, and the indignities than did any of the others.

All of this led finally to getting the USO troupe off their collective asses when the ship announced through their little ships newsletter that we would be crossing the Equator at a certain date and time and that the tradition of sea-faring men was to celebrate this and honor King Neptune in the process. At the planning and behest of the Red Cross gals a program was finally arranged to bring the troops topside in large batches and to have several repeated shows with some added chow and beverage (non-alcoholic, but interestingly enough there were always a few among the men, and especially among the officer contingent, who managed to get a snifter or two of some kind of hard stuff into themselves, especially on such an occasion as 'crossing the line'). We were, at that date and point on the earth, where it was relatively safe from air or submarine attack, and the weather was beautiful, the seas were calm. I remember it well as a day filled with fun and tradition, and each of us received a mimeographed document noting the occasion, the date, and signed by someone from 'Davy Jones Locker'.

A TRAVELING PIANO MAN

Very early in the trip I was pleased one evening to hear the piano being played very skillfully and brightly in a combination of New Orleans jazz style, mixed with an occasional classical or popular musical comedy themes. There was a large gang gathered around singing and clapping and cheering the player on. The player was none other than my bored and 'casually attired' Navy medical officer that had been inducted into the secrets of this mission in Room 303, Ernie Coleman. He appeared the very essence of the bar-room piano player as he sat there with a cigarette hanging from one corner of his mouth, sort of slouched at the keyboard, with a highball (where'd he get it??) on the piano ledge, and banging out any song at all that was requested!! He knew them all!! Ernie served to be a constant source of entertainment for the whole trip, and was among those who played for the troops too at the time of the Equator Crossing.

There's another story that may have become somewhat apocryphal in the annals of the adventures of many in SACO, but it is worth repeating here as I see in my mind's eye old Ernie at the piano on the Butner. He had been assigned like so many of us to a 'camp' in the mountains to the west and south of Shanghai, perhaps it was even the one I had originally been intended for. In any case, it was a camp that had to move from one location to another several times in the course of its existence, due to the threat of Japanese patrols, or the loss of the always tentative protection offered by the local Chinese garrison. At one of these locations, an abandoned Catholic mission school, Ernie discovered among the ruins an almost totally wrecked upright piano. Leave it to Ernie, if there was anything that resembled a piano anywhere near at hand he would be doing something with it. He repaired that damn thing, got it in playing order, and furthermore, began having it lugged with him wherever he happened to be forced to move over a period of some months!!

The war finally drew to a conclusion after the dropping of 'the bomb', and Ernie's camp was among those that was rather quickly demobilized, and they were all ordered to Shanghai for an ultimate trip back to the States. The story has it that Ernie wanted to keep that piano and determined to do so to the extent that he had it crated up, labeled as 'personal belongings', and hauled to the pier where the ship that was to transport him was berthed. This all required having it toted over the mountains by four stalwart Chinese coolies, with their wonderful use of their yo-yo poles and strategically placed ropes, to the loading winches at dockside. The story has it that the well-hidden piano was in the process of being loaded aboard, aided and abetted I'm sure by sufficient bribe and 'kumshao', and Ernie was glorying in his achievement when, as Fate would have it, one of the lines containing the crate broke and the crate crashed to the deck, breaking into a hundred pieces, and at least 52 ivory keys, and dashed all hopes for one of the most well-traveled pianos in China to reach 'home at last'. However accurate the story, it must have broken Ernie's heart to see his favorite instrument and traveling companion end in this fashion.

THE SYDNEY PIER WALK

Sydney harbor is a magnificent body of waters bounded and protected by peninsulas and some islands, and during this wartime era was one of the busiest ports in the whole Pacific arena, serving as it did as one of the primary staging areas for the vast numbers of allied forces that were beginning their long counter-attack of the thousands of square miles of recently invaded and captured territories in the whole western Pacific Ocean. Although we had never been truly briefed as to our ultimate destination, the rumors that flew around made it seem most likely that India was to be our major destination. That we were to have a stop-over in Australia seemed only a dream and a hope, or that we might even stay there in some remote chance was also wishful thinking. But at least after the two long weeks of travel, bound as closely as we were to our restricted quarters and our companions, we looked forward to the opportunity to get some shore time during our lay-over, in a seaport that was famous for its' hospitality, its beer, and its long-legged Kangaroos (euphemism for the two-legged bed hoppers that nearly every seaman or soldier managed to find wherever they landed. So when we moved our

way up the channel through the early morning mist we tried eagerly to make out what Australia had to offer in the way of scenic attractions. The deck hatches were crowded with whoever could manage to find a space to stand or sit. Even the USO babes seemed more cheerful and accepting and gabbled excitedly among themselves and to those of us nearby about the prospects of getting ashore. As we pulled alongside a long and very wide concrete pier on our port side, we noted that there were only a very few other naval vessels of both U.S. and Aussie or British flags tied or anchored nearby. Large containers of stores of one sort or another were stacked along the pier, and a half-dozen or so of large trucks were present ready to unload refrigerated foods or other maintenance supplies for our transport. As soon as the gangplanks were deployed an ambulance appeared and we off-loaded about a dozen men who were apparently destined for some immediate medical care at a local facility. We of the medical contingent knew there had been a few medical casualties en route and somewhat envied those whose condition warranted further care on shore.

Suddenly an announcement over the general speaker system informed us that due to unforeseen difficulties, there would be no blanket shore leave of any sort given for any of the passenger troops or personnel in transit!! Instead we would be allowed off the ship in numbered batches to exercise by marching and drill procedures up and down the pier for a prescribed number of minutes under the direction and supervision of our units' commanders. We were not to break ranks or scatter in any way, and would be confined exclusively to the immediate areas of the pier adjacent to our berthing position. We then noted that at the shore end of the pier was a large heavy duty mesh-wired fence topped by coils of barbed wire and patrolled by a platoon of Aussie Marine forces fully armed!! By God!! We were prisoners of war!! We were to be treated like caged animals with only permission to stretch our legs (and our vocal chords, you can bet!), in some half-assed effort to give these five thousand men and thirty-five women a break from the enforced confinement of the voyage. The gossip and the general condemnation that this action incurred knew no bounds. And we soon found scapegoats for this whole misguided venture, for we were finally informed that just the week before us a similar troopship loaded equally to the gunnels with the same kind of mix of troops, white and black, (although it was not known if there were women aboard that ship). Shore leave had been granted, only to have these several thousands of men and officers run wild through the streets and bars of Sydney, get into hundreds of fights with the vast mixture of other military personnel from all over the world, resulting in incalculable property damage, hundreds of military arrests, injuries, and even a few deaths, not to speak of quite a few AWOLS. Well, it was a mess and we were the fall guys for the 'good time' the previous shipload had. Oh yes, it was understandable in the eyes of the Australian and U.S. Command, and from the standpoint of the civilian population who were beginning to experience this sort of behavior every time a ship and its' crew landed in Australia. C'est la guerre!! So what else was new?? So there we were, enlisted and officer alike, tramping up and down this damn concrete pier, cursing audibly and bitterly the previous ship, the command of our own forces aboard our ship, the Aussies in general, and the whole goddam war in total.

WESTWARD TO THE INDIAS

It was another two weeks of the same drab and dull routine that we were to experience, enlivened only by the fact we were circling around to the south of Australia, and into the vast reaches of the Indian Ocean, with ever more stringent precautions taken to avoid any chance encounter with enemy submarines or surface craft that were known to have lurked in these waters. Our zigzagging course was even more frantic, and the constant variations of speed kept us on the alert as to what might or might not be the rationale for avoiding known dangers. As we approached India we moved also into the semi-tropical weather zones that spawned rain squalls and stormy unpredictable weather at a moment's notice. Then finally--Bombay!! Ancient, crowded, jammed with military, a place of originally great East Indian culture and still a jewel in the Victorian crown of England, full of political unrest, torn apart by the overwhelming masses of a contradictory caste system, still struggling to merely survive on a day to day basis.

We had only a few hours ashore in Bombay, none of it 'free' by any means, as we were herded onto troop carrying buses and trucks that hauled us to the main rail terminal where we were assigned in much the same haphazard fashion as had occurred in the States, to some coach-compartment-like rail cars labeled as the Royal Indian Mail Express. It could have been an interesting trip crossing the whole continent of India if only there had been less crowding, less fatigue from having to sit up during the whole trip, and less growing anxiety about our final destination. The train crawled from station to station, stopping frequently to load or disgorge native passengers who were riding along with us, often sitting on tops of the cars, or hanging perilously to the hand-holds on the sides of the train, or jammed body to body along with the cages of chickens, ducks, or in one instance, even a small goat! , as well as all their worldly possessions rolled up in colorful blankets. Although we were supposedly assigned to our own private cars, it was just a matter of short time before we had been infiltrated by these other passengers, from all castes of Indian culture, men, women, and children of all ages, most often apparently even without tickets. Whenever we came to some sort of stop, for a small platform station, or for just the expediency of allowing a cow (sacred, of course!) to meander across or up or down the track, a large number of our native population would be unceremoniously hustled off the train because they had no tickets, and an equally large number would clamber aboard and take their fellow countrymen's places, still without tickets!!

We ate mainly from our K-rations issued as we came aboard, having been warned not to partake of any of the 'unknown' offerings made by itinerant peddlers that would also climb aboard at every stop, or try to inveigle us to buy something through the open compartment windows. These items often had an exotic appearance, or odor, and were greedily purchased by our native companions and consumed on the spot. Once in awhile some fruit, particularly oranges or some other item that could be washed or peeled, would seem safe enough for us to try, although I with my medical indoctrination about potentially contaminated foods steered clear of most of these items. Hot tea was often available, and even some bottled soft drinks were offered at a very high price. It was not long before the changes of diet and particularly water had their predictable effect and we

all began having varying degrees of 'the g.i.'s' which of course made the whole train trip even more unpleasant as the toilets filled up, the paper ran out, and the odor and the flies were magnified beyond belief.

The trip must have taken several days, although it all seemed like a blur even at the time. Heat, stench, boredom, fatigue, -all unrelieved except on those rare occasions when the train actually seemed to be speeding along a stretch of track for maybe a larger part of an hour before we'd be back to the intermittent, jerking, stops and starts.

India as a whole presented such a mosaic of cultural and natural wonders that one frequently had the thought that some particular area or scene would be selectively worth while visiting again, given the chance or opportunity in the future. Calcutta began to appear in our minds as a wonderful Mecca-like goal to finally reach. So it was something of a letdown when we finally came to the vast outer area of the city with it's almost unbelievable masses of metal-roofed huts, mud or grass, teeming with humanity to the degree that one often could not see earth itself. Then perhaps off just a few blocks in the distance the towering domes or spires or towers of some obviously much more elaborate and richly decorated building would appear and one would begin to wonder how could such a totally variegated culture ever be brought into the present century enough to be considered a part of the united effort to win a war.

Calcutta offered us some temporary BOQ housing in dormitory style that at least permitted us to shower, shave, get some clean clothes and some GI style grub. And we were informed that there would be some leave time available to prowl around the environs, see the shops or some of the 'acceptable' restaurants, and to even spend time with some of our ship-mates with whom we had made friends en-route.

There was one occasion when a group of us, longing for some stateside food, decided to go to a large and elaborate 'club' that had a name that was something like 'Tony's Chicago Club', the real name of which I have long since forgotten. It was reputed to have 'the best steaks in town', plus unlimited amounts of booze, and 'entertainment', and as we were soon to find out, also the highest prices in Calcutta! So what else did we have to do with our money which in rupees always seemed so plentiful, and which we couldn't take with us anyway wherever we might be heading? Dark, noisy with an American style dance band, crowded tables jammed so close you could easily mistake the next person's plate a table away as yours, and yes, there were 'steaks' that were usually labeled 'New York cut', but which we were certain came off of some smuggled carcass of a water-buffalo, one of the toughest and most peculiar tasting varieties of cattle seen in these parts. The drinks were so small, so weak, and so expensive that it took only a swallow or two to finish one off, with a half dozen drinks needed to even approach the desired effect of one ordinary high-ball in the States. But, what the hell, 'eat, drink, and be merry,' for tomorrow we may die, or even worse, be shipped to some godforsaken outpost where there were none of these civilized amenities!! 'Tony', the host-owner-manager would be wandering around from table to table, asking, "where yuh from, sailor" and rousting you to buy more drinks, or reward the dancing girls with U.S. dollar

bills that could be tucked into their so invitingly offered somewhat protuberant bellies' waistbands as a willing receptacle. It was a scene out of some garish movie, with a large number of the Indian upper-class in attendance also, their women in beautiful saris, draped fetchingly over the shoulders or head, Their hair was very black and shiny, combed back tightly and often with a long braided, pony-tail, their neck festooned with elaborate necklaces, and wearing multiple finger-rings, and bangles, and always with that mysterious painted red dot painted on their forehead. The men were handsome, swarthy, wearing their classical tightly buttoned jackets and narrow cuffed dark trousers, and keeping a very watchful eye on the marauding multi-national military that were giving these women a bold look. On the occasion when enough alcohol was finally consumed to embolden, one or another would approach these women and respectfully ask for a dance, only to have them respond with lowered eyes, and the men react and firmly say, "no, thank you!", usually in impeccable English.

A few of our Red Cross lassies were with us, joining in the fun, but also being jealously guarded by those of us who had presumed to be their 'dates' for the evening. Our contingent of USO entertainers had long since disappeared to their various assignments, so they were no longer available notwithstanding their usually disappointing refusal techniques they had so assiduously practiced aboard the General Butner. A few of the Red Cross people were scheduled to leave within a day or so for the interior of India, some going to such famous places as Agra, the site of the Taj Mahal. Although frequently invited to visit them wherever they might be, most of us knew perfectly well that there were not going to be many circumstances when we would be available. These were romantic scenes, and lonely as we knew we were going to be, shortly, at least, for such sights as our hungry eyes might find in a group of 'volunteer' ladies in this far away land of the Indies, their company became a very welcome interlude indeed.

For a short while I had high hopes of seeing more of India, for I was given temporary orders to report to the Naval Dispensary in Calcutta to fill in for the medical officer who was being relieved to return to the States. My work was typical out-patient routine dispensary sick-call cases that didn't require much effort, but did allow me better quarters and food for a few weeks, and an opportunity to wander around Calcutta a bit on my own. I was soon informed that this would not last, although I relished the opportunities in Calcutta including visiting the famous hotel, the Raffles, and drinking innumerable Pimm's Cups, and hob-nobbing with the elite international officer corps people who always seemed to have found time for pleasant tête-à-têtes with some very good-looking women. It was always a dash of cold water on my romantic visions of my prospective military life in Calcutta when I would finally wander back to my dispensary or my quarters, and have to pass by the dozens of lowest caste beggars that lined the streets. One memorable sight, among many, was the wasted wreck of a woman sitting cross-legged on the street with a bowl at her knees, while holding an infant who was the thinnest, scrawniest child I had ever seen, and who appeared to me to be dead!! The woman was crying piteously and thrusting the bowl out to me or other passersby for whatever could be offered. I was later informed by someone who had passed by her for several days in a row, that in fact the child was dead and that this was not an uncommon sight at all on the streets of Calcutta. It was scarcely compensated for by the sight of

typical 'fakirs' who were among the street magicians of the time, the cobra-entrancing, flute-playing, types who I fully expected would next pull the rope climbing trick of Ali Baba, but never did! Beggars of every description and kind, street food merchants hawking their gastronomically perilous wares, the 'holy men' who sat totally immobilized with fixed stares, for hours at a time, or wandered about chanting, grimacing or dancing, in an endless and seemingly hopeless effort to survive on the few small coins that some guilty passerby would offer.

When the word was finally passed that we were to be trucked to a camp some miles to the north and east of Calcutta near a large air base that served as the jumping off point for flying into China via 'The Hump', our day dreams of sitting out the war in Calcutta came to an end. Our group had by this time become decimated as planeload after planeload was flown into various hot locations in Burma or China. At this base camp in India, near Chabua as I recall it, we were issued G.I. army style field uniforms and told that we were to wear them without any insignia or designation whatever pertaining to what unit of the military we were attached, or what our rank or particular activity was to be. We also were issued a pith-type helmet of the type usually seen in the tropics. In addition, we were issued weapons and ammunition to suit, which included a .45 caliber Thompson sub-machine gun, a .45 caliber automatic, and a 30mm light rifle known as a carbine. We were also issued half-dozen packets of K-Rations, plus a canteen and a nap-sack to be slung over the shoulder. Our plane was to be a C-47 with bucket seats, carrying about thirty passengers plus our duffel gear and assorted boxes of unknown contents. Our first destination was to be Kunming in southwest China, but via a circuitous route that took us north and then east over the top of Burma and then in a southeasterly direction to Kunming. This had to be because there had been increased enemy air patrol activities over most of India, and one of their main targets of course had been Allied planes heading into China, often carrying troops or supplies, and many of which had never reached their destination because of the Japanese interdiction.

The flight itself was interesting and exciting in that we were flying over the famous Himalayan Mountains. As we steadily climbed to altitude we could see off in the distance the very rugged snow-covered peaks over which we were destined to fly. But as it turned out these Air Force transport pilots who had flown this same route many, many times before, knew that we could not get high enough to clear these thirteen to fifteen thousand foot ranges without oxygen masks, so their technique was to fly through the various valleys between the peaks, skirting the more rugged and higher elevations until we reached the 'other side' of the ranges and could gradually descend toward the high plateaus that represented the general terrain of southwest China. It was disconcerting to say the least to look out across our wing-tips and see huge rocky and icy peaks on either side of us, seemingly almost within reach as we wended our way up the valleys, over several passes, and then down again on the other side.

The crew chief had oxygen available for emergency use, but although we recognized that we were a bit short of breath at times, it fortunately did not last long enough to produce any problems. We could gaze out the cabin windows with their small port-holes through which we could fire our weapons, should the occasion arise with an

attack by enemy aircraft. It also permitted very cold air, thin as it was, to pour into the cabin, at a temperature that at higher altitudes made it very cold indeed. The flight was a bit longer than usual in that the proscribed flight plan required us to fly further north than usual in view of the most recent attacks by enemy planes.

We were flying over the famous Burma Road that was ultimately to become the main supply route into Nationalist-Chinese-held territory. At this point in time the road was under constant attack and siege by the Japanese. We could see little of this terrain as we flew over 'The Hump' but were made constantly aware of the dangers that lay below us at all times by reason of the zigzagging pattern the plane would take as it followed its' flight path. At this stage of the flight they were in constant radio communication with either the base at Chabua or the one in Kunming. The unique but primitive way of determining when the Japanese flights took off from their advance fighter bases would be relayed to us in the plane and warn us that certain areas were to be avoided. It became a routine for us while in Nationalist Chinese territory to watch the crude bamboo towers that flew what were known as 'red-ball alerts' from a high cross-arm, that signaled the state of alert for potential enemy warplanes. 'One Ball' meant that the enemy planes were taking off from their bases, whichever one happened to be closest to us. 'Two Ball' meant that the flight was in the air and possibly heading in our direction. 'Three Ball' meant an attack was imminent. It was always a mystery how this information got to the signal handlers at any given base, for they had little or nothing in the way of radio equipment out in the field that could be relied upon for correct information. But it was a system that worked, even in the most remote of areas in various parts of Nationalist territory.

Coming into the air base at Kunming we flew over a very large body of water, a lake surrounded by several small ranges of peaked foothills that arose abruptly and dramatically from the wide plateau surrounding the lake. The base itself was a very large one, occupied by the 14th Air Force as well as Nationalist units. This base was one of the largest and busiest in China being the main air-entry point from India through which came, at this stage of the war, almost 100% of the men and material for the U.S. forces in China. The Burma segment of the 'Burma Road' had originally been the main route for the transport of these supplies and personnel into China and into Kunming, but due to the steady incursion of the enemy through the jungles of north-west Burma that route had to be abandoned for a long period of the war. The amount of tonnage flown in those days over 'The Hump' was astronomical, and although our planeload represented only one very tiny portion of that airlift effort, it was for those of us aboard that plane a very exciting adventure.

We were bundled into trucks that took us into the town itself to a group of buildings one of which was a transient officers quarters, apparently fairly newly built, but already showing signs of wear and tear. The style of building had developed over the centuries into a method of providing housing and cover for the native population, but with the advent of the military effort, there had been a building boom that expanded the city tremendously. Everywhere you looked there were rickety bamboo scaffoldings and piles of reddish clay bricks, with hundreds of coolie-type Chinese workers lugging shallow baskets of mortar up and down long shaky ladders to the bricklayers perched on

the edges of sometimes only a single narrow plank. The buildings looked more like they were put together with mud, as was true for ninety percent of the smaller and more modest dwellings of the people. And although the buildings seldom rose higher than perhaps three or four stories, they would eventually be 'dressed-up' with narrow wooden trim, covered with a kalsomine type of paint, and the fancier ones, or the more official type buildings might have a red tile type of roofing, as well as brick colored floor tiles. Such was the style of our temporary quarters to which we were being trucked. The downtown area surrounding us was alive with crowded streets filled with traffic, -trucks, jeeps, bicycles, rickshaws, and thousands of pedestrians of all sorts, both civilian and military, with a cacophony of sounds from horns constantly warning the pedestrians out of the way. It was a fascinating and strange sight to our Western eyes, one, which in the course of the many months ahead we would soon accept as quite routine and commonplace.

In a briefing session soon after our arrival we were given the first real intimation of where some of us were to be sent, and what the conditions might be under which we were going to be traveling. We were again warned that we were not to acknowledge our service branch other than 'U.S. Military', that we were to not wear any insignia or designation of any sort, that we were to be responsible for our own weapons and keep them at hand at all times, and that the particular base to which we were being sent would be told to us at plane side. The plane would be carrying other supplies as well, among them some indeterminate medical supplies that were to supplement what was already on hand at the base. By this time, and since we were to take off for this unknown forward base the next morning, we had lost contact with most of our fellow-medics and others of the officer group that had come into India with us. It all was happening very fast and without very much at all in the way of concrete information as to what was going on.

A list of names finally was posted that indicated where we were to meet the next AM, and I found myself in a group headed by a line ensign, Spivey, by name, plus ten enlisted men of varying ratings, and me as Lt.(jg)(MC)USN, all to be at the loading deck in the courtyard at 0530 the next day. Our gear had already been limited to whatever we could carry in an army style duffel bag, our shoulder sack, our K-rations, our three weapons and an extra dollop of .45 caliber ammunition for good measure.

The next morning's ride to the airbase was not much different than our arrival trip into town, with the usual noise, clatter, dust, and crowds of curious faces peering into our truck to see what these foreign devils looked like. At the base we were trucked directly to our plane, a C-47, very similar to the plane from India, except that it was unmarked except for some small black printed numbers on the fuselage just below the pilots side window. An officer, Navy presumably, was at the plane with a sheaf of papers in hand taking role-call as we arrived, and as our baggage was being stowed between the two rows of bucket seat benches, he gathered us around him to announce quietly that we were destined for Camp 6 out near Shanghai about seventy some miles into the nearby hills. We were of course quite aware that Shanghai was a fully occupied bastion of the Japanese, but that there was an airstrip at our destination upon which we would land and de-bark and then would be spirited into the hills nearby. Our flight was to take us via

Kweilin where we would have a fuel stop and then go on. As we filed aboard, with obviously mixed feelings, not the least of which was a high level of anxiety, we were not necessarily reassured by the sight on each of the bucket seats of a parachute!! The pilot, a Captain, and the copilot, a second Lieutenant, plus a crew chief three-stripe sergeant who also served as radioman comprised our Air Force crew. They greeted us off-handedly, urging us into our bench seats, the crew chief saying jokingly, "I'll help you all into your, 'chutes should we have need for them, but let's just try them on for size now, and cinch up the necessary straps to fit. You don't have to wear them on the flight." By time we had nervously gotten ourselves properly fitted, and belted into our seats, we were taxiing out on the tarmac. Other transport planes were constantly landing or taking off as we waited our turn. Our relatively small group had become for us our entire military world for the moment. It was a moment of quiet and very lonely thoughts each of us seemed to be having as we rolled down the field and were very soon in the air, circling about Kunming and heading east.

Over 'The Hump'

In our brief stay at the camp in Northeast India, (later Bangladesh), a staging area for most of the Navy personnel that were to be transshipped into China, we were housed in temporary tent-platform quarters. They were hot, humid, uncomfortable, and we were warned that there would be no use in unpacking much of our gear for we should be ready to ship out again on a moments' notice.

Here we were issued army-style khakis, pants, shirts, jackets, and heavier style walking boots, pith helmets, and armament. This latter element came as a surprise and a shock, especially for those of us who were part of the medical component. "International Conventions of Warfare" (a euphemism for 'civilized warfare??) stated that medical personnel were not to be armed and were to be plainly and visibly labeled with a red-cross marking of some sort that clearly distinguished them from the 'battle' trained people. We were informed at this point that we were to have no labels or insignia of *any* sort that would designate us in either rank or service branch,- only as being U.S. military personnel, and that further all we needed to do if interrogated was to state our name and serial number, omitting (if possible!) any reference to our service branch or mission.

As to our armament, the quartermaster rating who was issuing the gear commented somewhat sarcastically that the Japanese were noted for quite deliberately focusing upon medical personnel and 'taking them out' with dispatch, and we 'might as well be prepared to take as many of them out with you as possible, if the need arose.' I who had never fired anything more than my boyhood B.B. gun, and, during ROTC in college had dismantled, cleaned and *pointed* a 30.06 WWI Winchester rifle, but never fired it, found little solace in being informed that we would be 'trained' in these issued weapons-a .30 caliber carbine, a Thompson sub- machine-gun, and a Colt .45 pistol. It sure wasn't much-a few rounds at some distant targets, and desultory instructions in how to load and keep locked in the 'off' position.

All of us who had been together from that fateful meeting late at night in the Navy Department building in D.C. through the romantic interludes in India, were now to be shipped like so many cattle, 'over The Hump, and into a Navy no-man's land in China. We posed for pictures, Dr. Coleman, the piano-man, Dr. Hargraves, somewhat stout and out of shape, and me, fresh from Amphibious Training Base among others, in front of our tents, with our multiple weapons slung over various parts of our bodies, our pith helmets set at a jaunty angle. I never saw any of these guys again after we landed in Kunming!

'The Hump' was a dramatic, spectacular experience, flown on a daily basis by Air Force personnel, who informed us that we were in for a 'special' tour of the Himalayas in that the routine course of the flight had been extended to a further North and West course, for the Japanese had interdicted several of these flights during the preceding week, and shot down a couple of loaded planes!! So we flew a pattern that seemed to barely skim very jagged, snow-covered peaks on either side of our course, which wended through valleys and passes at altitudes that permitted one to see occasional mountain streams or rugged terrain below. A sniff of oxygen from available masks was suggested when we were forced to climb above ten or twelve thousand feet.

Finally however, we began the slow, but safer, descent to the broad, high plateau around Kunming where the major American Air Force Base of southwest China was located. A rattling, bumpy, dusty trip in the back of a truck took us to some 'transient' quarters in town where we were to bunk down overnight.

DO NOT LAND!!-WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!!

Our air transport was a C-47 of the same vintage that brought us over the Hump. We had bucket seats, the usual window ports through which we were presumably going to be able to fire our carbines at approaching enemy aircraft. To my knowledge they had never been used for such a purpose, but they did let in plenty of often very cold air. We had been instructed to wear our army-issue khakis, no insignia, and we each had one duffel bag in which we were to store our personal belongings, extra clothes, a pith helmet, and I had included my dress blues, complete with my newly acquired full second stripe, now a Full Lieutenant (MC) USN. To look at me though, I appeared as did all the group, as GI's of undetermined rank or designation. The plane's crew was in regulation Air Force uniforms, our pilot, a Captain, our copilot, a 2nd Lieutenant, a master sergeant crew chief, who doubled as a radioman. We had several large heavy cardboard boxes, tied to the cabin floor amidships, plus all of our duffel bags, and our eleven enlisted personnel, with the young Ensign and myself representing the ranking Navy officers aboard. We each carried an over-the-shoulder rucksack with some spare underwear, a windbreaker jacket, socks, and several boxes of K-rations, (I also had my personal camera and some film), and several extra clips of .45 caliber ammunition that would fit our .45 pistols and our Thompson sub-machine gun, plus ammunition for our .30 caliber carbine. We were loaded for bear, believe me, despite, as far as I was concerned as a medical officer, that I was breaking the standard war-time restriction by being 'armed', according to the 'rules of warfare'. We had been issued these weapons at our base camp

in India, and were even given a very brief instruction time for handling the guns and some target practice. I never in my life had so much as fired anything other than my B-B gun as a kid, and although I had a rifle of WWI vintage that I carried during my ROTC training at the University of Washington, I don't believe we ever did anything with that gun other than learn how to dismantle and clean it, and to simulate firing by pointing at paper targets and pulling the trigger. My 'pacifist' leanings had made me abhor the whole concept of the military, and here I was about to be involved in what had become the most horrible warfare in history!

The parachutes were stashed at each bucket seat, and the crew chief made a point of fitting each of us into our respective 'chutes' to insure that they were properly fitted, should there be an unexpected use for them.

The immediate scene around Kunming was rather beautiful with the large lake evident to the west of the city, and the frequent brush covered peaks that rose sharply from the surrounding rolling hills, with their terraced rice fields, now in a state of dormancy with the rice having been harvested some weeks before. Somehow we had gotten the word, I guess from the Navy chief who had met us at the plane to tick off names on a roll list, that we would be flying about two and a half hours toward Kweilin where there was an Air Force base and refueling facilities. A brief stop there for that purpose and then onward to rendezvous at a coast-watching base about seventy miles south and west of Shanghai, said to be 'in the mountains'. It wasn't made very clear how we were to land or where, in view of the stated geography and terrain, but we were led to believe that this was not the first such trip our intrepid airmen had made to these distant parts.

The flight had settled into a rather dull, droning and monotonous routine with each of us having to settle ourselves as comfortably as was possible on metal bucket seat benches. I couldn't help but wonder what was in store for all of us, and in view of the suddenness of our departure from India and our one overnight in Kunming, I regretted that there had not been the time nor opportunity to send off letters to Elizabeth or my parents.

There had been an ironic twist of circumstances in Kunming. We were berthed overnight in a two level dormitory building made of the usual mud and bamboo, 'slap -it -together- and hope -it -sticks -together- and- stays -upright' mode of quick wartime construction in the area. We were put into a fairly large bunk room filled with makeshift wooden bed frames and rope webbing with straw filled mattresses about two inches thick. I was preparing my bunk for the night, and somewhat tiredly decided that I might make the lumpy mattress more comfortable by turning it over. As I did so I found underneath it a weathered, folded newspaper that piqued my curiosity enough to look it over. To my utter amazement it turned out to be a copy of The Lynn Gazette dated several months before. It was filled with the usual wartime news and headlines as well as the local news and columns of an editorial or gossipy nature. I had a very eerie feeling reading this newspaper in this particular situation at this most remote location, a full half of the world away, from where my wife currently was living with her parents, and working in the local

hospital. I was filled with a mixture of awe and not a little concern as to how such a coincidence could have occurred. But there was little time to do more than ruminate to myself about it before my fatigue from the flight over the Hump overcame my thoughts and I drifted off to sleep. I did keep portions of the paper which some months later I was able to mail to Elizabeth.

A CHANGE OF FLIGHT PLAN

Some hours after our take-off from the Kunming field my flight of thought and dozing was interrupted by the sudden upsurge of engine whine and a definite tilt and turning of the plane to our portside, a clear and urgent change of direction. Our crew chief had disappeared into the forward pilots cabin, and after some anxious minutes finally appeared and rather hurriedly announced that we were making a change of flight plans, that Kweilin was currently under attack by Japanese bombers and fighters, and that we were ordered to 'get the hell outa there'. We seemed at this point to be heading in a more northerly direction over what appeared to be largely unsettled semi-mountainous territory, with only scattered farmed areas visible. We appeared to be changing direction several times, and also were flying at different altitudes from time to time. We had no further word from the crew chief who was back at his radio post apparently. It was only much later that we were filled in on what had transpired as we neared Kweilin. We had radioed in for flight instructions for landing only to be frantically warned "Do not land- we are under attack!! Take evasive action." Our pilot instantly changed course without much ado, knowing that we could run into Japanese aircraft at any time. There was nowhere to go other than our intended destination which at this point was vaguely, and, in the confusion of the constantly changing maneuvers, lay still further to the east of our course. Our radioman tried to raise the operator at Kweilin and only intermittently would get a return response, usually reiterating the urgent avoidance instructions. In the hope that we could get a better idea of where we actually were, since we had deviated from the flight plan to Camp Six, he asked for the radio-direction finder at Kweilin to give us a bearing as to where we were with respect to the base and where we should be heading. Our maneuvering however was so erratic and unpredictable that apparently in the confusion of the on-going attack, and the lack of clarity as to where we might be, the radio-direction operator quite inadvertently gave us the *reciprocal* of the bearing we should have been taking to go to our presumed target and accordingly the pilot, unknowingly, headed in the *opposite direction*.

At this point all we in the cabin could do was peer anxiously out the small windows as we moved steadily north and west, when we *should* have been going south and east. It must have been close to an hour later that the crew chief came back and ordered us to don our parachutes, saying at this point that, "...we don't know where the hell we are and we're getting low on fuel and we just may have to jump!!" As it turned out in later conversations with the crew chief, the pilot had no choice at this point but to try to find either friendly territory or a spot where we could jump in relative safety, which in the sergeant's opinion was not much of a choice.

We were getting down to a much lower altitude than our usual cruising one, and we were able to see the terrain and the ground features much more distinctly even though we were probably about 2000 feet in the air. We were going much slower also, presumably to save fuel. The crew chief had told us to line up at the back of the plane in a single file, with our parachutes on and at the ready, and he was trying to instruct us as to how we should follow his orders if we were required to jump. We were to leave all our gear, even weapons, and wait by the main hatchway exiting the plane. He said to us, "When I tell you to jump, you better jump or I'll push you out!! Count to five slowly then pull the ring." He then stood by the hatch ready to open it upon a moment's notice. We stood there openly nervous hanging onto the straps that hung down from the overhead. I cannot remember what the frantic thoughts might have been at the time. I only know that I was saying those famous cliché words to myself, "I guess this is *it*!!".

Quite suddenly there was a shout from the forward cabin and the copilot yelled back to us, "There's a field, -- a strip, a strip!!" We rushed to look out the portholes and sure enough as the plane slowly turned we could see off in the distance a long, single, concrete or macadamized surface, nestled in among some low rolling hills. "Wow!" What a welcome sight! We cheered and excitedly exchanged looks of relief and a sense of having escaped a dreadful experience. The pilot circled around so that we were approaching the strip from one end of the field, and as we came down lower we could see more distinctly that it was simply a long, narrow, concrete strip, obviously designed for planes, with only a few visible low bamboo, grass topped, buildings near the approach end of field, but with no other apparent signs of habitation or identification to be seen. As we came in I noted that the plane was still several hundred feet in the air, and far from low enough to land, so that we had a good look at the bare field, the few buildings and the surrounding rice fields. We ran the full length of the field, gradually climbed again several hundreds of feet and circled around once again. The pilot told us at a later time that he never landed upon *any* field, even his home base, without circling and running the length of the field twice, without actually landing, before making his final touch-down.

On the second time around at about the same altitude we who were gazing so fondly at this heaven-sent piece of concrete suddenly became aware of red streaks flying by our plane just barely beyond the wing tips.

"My God!! We're being fired on!!", several of us shouted. I recognized the streaks as similar to those that had come from the 20mm machine guns on the destroyer.

We threw ourselves on the deck of the cabin, curling up and covering our heads, and listening to the occasional thumps and concussions of the shots that had reached their target--our plane. The pilot had no recourse at this point but to run the full length of the field with the enemy peppering us with whatever they had at hand, fortunately not of a large caliber, and without inflicting any apparent damage or injury. He had gunned the engines to the maximum, and was trying to climb at a steep angle to get out of their line of fire, and as far from the field as possible. The crew chief then ran back to us shouting to take off our chutes and 'prepare for a crash landing'!!

To be continued – final installment next issue.

EDDIE LIU

SACO's #1 Interpreter

Oct. 17, 1914 – Jan. 31, 2003

Lt. Col. Liu Chen-feng (Eddie Liu) of Mountain View, California, died at the age of 88 of throat cancer. Due to surgery for this illness, he hadn't been able to talk for his last two years. He is survived by his wife, Lucy, daughters, Janie, who lives in Shanghai, Amy, Helen and son, Gary, all of whom reside locally in California and 7 grandchildren.

Eddie Liu was born in Hubei (then Hupei) Province, China. Daughter, Helen, states as she recalls, he and the family immigrated to the United States in 1972-73 and her dad became a U.S. Citizen.

Lt. Col. Eddie Liu had a mission school name of Eddie and then Captain Miles chose to refer to him always as Eddie Liu. In his book, ADKOW, Admiral Miles states, "Eddie Liu, incidentally, had been originally introduced to me as 'Mr. Liu' and I had not been conscious of the fact that when we met he held the rank of colonel in the Chinese Army – a rank that was one grade superior to my own. As my interpreter, however, he would necessarily occupy a position inferior to mine and, as the Chinese saw it, that problem could be solved only by reducing his rank – a solution that Eddie willingly and loyally accepted. Later, when I was promoted, Eddie's rank was restored but throughout the years we spent together, the matter of rank had no effect whatever on our close and friendly relations."

Eddie Liu was the bridge that spanned between two great leaders, Miles and Tai Li, neither of whom spoke the other's language. Eddie, in addition to English, spoke Mandarin and several dialects and was a man of special trust, one who earned the utmost confidence and dependability of both Tai Li and Miles. Eddie traveled with Miles throughout China penetrating Japanese lines.

Admiral Miles states in ADKOW, "Eddie Liu was rarely beyond my reach." So dedicated was Eddie that Miles recalled, "I often caught Eddie sleeping at his desk so as to save the time of going to bed. Eddie daily



Eddie Liu & Adm. Milton E. "Mary" Miles

added to his English vocabulary; problems (*in communication*) often arose, naturally, but they even had a certain humor as Eddie's rapidly increasing understanding of the peculiarities of English sometimes demonstrated: 'Why is it, Commander,' he asked one day, 'that when a tree is down, you cut it up, but when the tree is up, you cut it down?'"

Another anecdote by Miles, "Visiting Gen. Tai Li at his home, Eddie Liu and I arose early to see the view from the mountain residence and, as the sun rose above the mountain back of us, Eddie Liu thoughtfully watched the light as it increased. 'The sun,' he said presently, 'has a much easier time of it than the moon.' How's that? I asked. Eddie wrinkled his brow . . . 'Because,' he replied, 'at night when the moon comes over the mountain, it has to make its climb in the

dark.”

Paul Casamajor states: “I first met Eddie on January 19, 1943 when I arrived in Chungking to work under then Capt. Miles. My duties in Chungking brought me into almost daily contact with Eddie until I left Happy Valley to go to Kunming.

“The next time I saw Eddie was in 1982 when he joined our delegation to go to Taiwan.

“Eddie was always professional and pleasant in his duties bridging the language gulf in our work. I like to think of him as ‘Mr. SACO’ because he knew more about SACO than any other person since he was the principal interpreter between the two heads of SACO who did not speak each other’s language. He was a fine loyal and trusted man.”

A few years ago, I (*the editor*) wrote to Eddie Liu – hoping to entice him to share some of his memoirs with Miles and Tai Li. He wrote me a very nice letter, explaining his memory had failed and was sorry he couldn’t comply.

I chose to wonder then, as I do now, was it truly his memory or reluctance to tell his story for many reasons? . . . I’ll lean toward the latter.

Being an aide in a highly secret organization, Eddie was privy to the tactics, the thinking, the planning, the opinions and personalities of two extraordinary military men of diverse cultural backgrounds.

Perhaps due to his clandestine duties of WWII, his role in SACO winning the confidence, faith and trustworthiness of his superiors, he chose not to compromise those qualities even in private life and thus let the past be the past. And in so doing, he maintained the veil of secrecy throughout his future life in America in respect to himself and the two giants he served.

Helen, Eddie’s daughter said, “He never, never talked to us about what he did. Now that I’ve talked to you (*the editor by phone*) I think maybe I understand a little more.”

Outliving Miles and Tai Li in excess of 40 years, Eddie Liu, the “bridge” prevailed long after the two stalwart “towers” had gone. After the passing of our leaders, the secret dialogue that flowed ever constant in SACO Headquarters in Happy Valley lived on only in Eddie Liu. Now that Eddie has left us, it would appear that was the way he wanted it and that stream of conversation in the SACO years flowed no more but ebbed with the death of Eddie.

One can’t help but wonder about all the memories that were exclusively Eddie’s and the stories we could have enjoyed. But evidently, Eddie chose to live his life as he did, alone with a military career that won the confidence of men of two nations which he respected and maintained the rest of his life.

Eddie’s daughter sent me a picture of Eddie Liu and then Captain Miles that her mother had located and on the picture was this autograph:

“For Eddie Liu
My Comrade – and Teacher
Milton E. “Mary” Miles”

While writing this, Charles “C-going” Miles phoned me and learning of the death of Eddie Liu, said, “He was always part of our family. On several occasions of post-war trips to Wash., D.C., Eddie always stayed with us. He and my father remained very close friends.”

Yes, the bridge, too, has fallen and Eddie, the last of the diplomatic triumvirate has rejoined SACO Headquarters as part of the Big Three that charted our courses as SACO volunteers.


Editor

Deaths Reported Since Last Issue

Athey, Sr., William Thomas
Y1/c- Calcutta/Kunming/Chungking

Bouma, Dr. John H. 2003
CPHM- Tung An/Camp 1/PactDoc/Wash DC

Dupree, Henry N. 2001
RM1/c- Kunming/Chungking/Camp 10/Kweilin

Fee II, William Thomas 2002
Ens.- Chungking/Shanghai

Fitzpatrick, Leland D. 2002
RM1/c- Chungking

Karas, D. Larry 2002
MORM3/c- Calcutta/Camp 5/Canton

Leu, Donald J. 2002
Ens.- Kunming/Chungking

Liu, Eddie C. 2003
#1 Interpreter- China

Michalick, Steve 2003
CTM- Sian

Plake, Frank Marvin 2001
LtCdr- Kunming/Wash.DC/Chungking/Shanghai

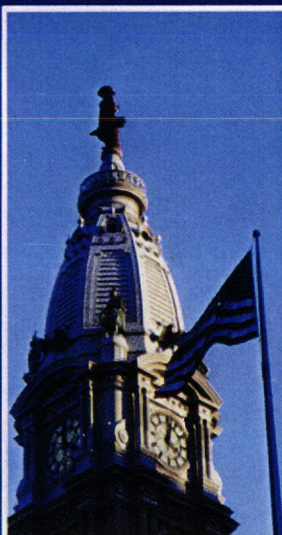
Editor’s note: Because of late arriving important news, it was necessary to edit by pulling articles and holding same for next issue. We hope to have our list of SACO donors in the next magazine.

49th NATIONAL SACO REUNION

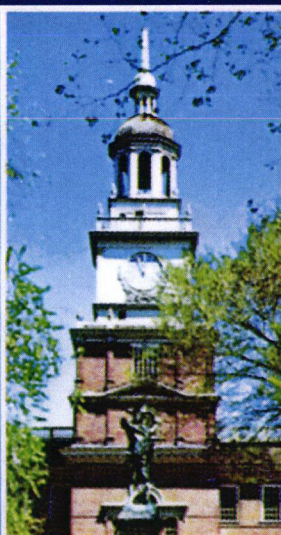
DOUBLETREE HOTEL - DOWNTOWN PHILADELPHIA
WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 3 THROUGH 6, 2003

Philadelphia

THE BIRTHPLACE OF LIBERTY



City Hall



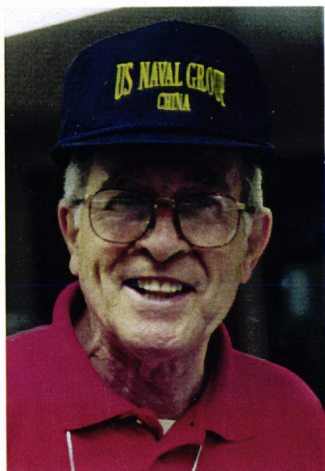
Independence Hall



Liberty Bell



Betsy Ross House



In typical Irish spirit
JIM KELLY

Host of 2003 Reunion
wins the love of all with
his ever-cheerful, happy-
go-lucky presence and is
SACO's favorite story-
teller.

Jim Kelly is in the process of packing and moving in the midst of all the planning for the upcoming reunion this year. He's not too sure he would be undertaking this responsibility of the 2003 reunion had he known of present circumstances, but refuses to let it get the best of him and is confident that all will come about favorably. At the time this issue is going to press, Jim is in the process of having the hotel contract perused and pending approval of same by legal members of his family and our counsel, Bill Sager, THIS AD IS TENTATIVE. Jim states he was really pleased to get a rate of \$85 per day – far less than he had anticipated.

When all is finalized, Jim will outline the program in his letter to all members confirming his findings along with addresses, phone numbers, etc. (In the interim, there is no phone installed at his new address.) If you should have occasion to contact Jim ahead of his forthcoming announcement, he requests you write him at his new quarters:

109 E. Homestead Ave.
Collingswood, NJ 08105