

MAY 1999

SACO VETERANS

OF
THE RICE PADDY NAVY

WHAT THE HELL?

**Sino
American
Cooperative
Organization**

Perpetual Skipper
VAdm. Milton E. "Mary" Miles

Issue No. 18



SACOs ATTEND SAN DIEGO MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR JAMES K. MURPHY MARCH 12, 1999

Seated L-R: Audrey Baker, Erma Rutan, "Jackie" Murphy, daughter Meri Kathleen, Ruby Alverson.
Standing: Gloria Dalrymple, Willie Baker, Richard Rutan, KathrynWeskamp, "Wes" Weskamp, Verne Dalrymple, Lee Alverson

SACO



NEWS



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VICE ADMIRAL HSU CHU-SHENG,
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Ministry of National Defense
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Republic of China

It is with utmost pleasure that we introduce VAdm Hsu Chu-sheng who was appointed to head the MIB early this year. His kind, laudatory letter appears opposite page. ➡





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

March 20, 1999

Dear Mr. Richard L. Rutan:

I received your March 5 letter and thank you for your kind words on my new assignment.

What a great honor to be in association with you WWII heroes, who risked their lives to fight against Japanese aggression with MIB predecessors in China theatre. I am most touched by your unwavering support to our government and firmly believe that the friendship between SACO and MIB will only endure and enhance with time.

I am looking forward to attending the upcoming reunion provided I am not tightened up by other business at that time. Please send my regards to all our faithful friends in the States. I know that you have devoted so much time and energy to the SACO news over the years that keeps members together despite geographic distance. Please accept my deepest appreciation and respect.

Enclosed is a photo of mine that you have requested in your letter. Please also send my regards to Erma.

With all the best.

Sincerely yours,

Hsu Chu-sheng
Vice Admiral, ROC Navy
Director



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

27 October 1998

Dr. Elwood Booth
SACO President
7471 Thunderbird Road
Liverpool, NY 13088
U. S. A.

Dear Dr. Elwood Booth:

I am writing to inform you that I have assumed the head of the MIB Personnel Department in April which is responsible for liaison affairs, including contact with our respected SACO friends. I feel honored to take this position, and I hope I will have the chance to get to know you and other SACO veterans.

The honorable legend that SACO members fought shoulder by shoulder against aggressors during WWII is still a memorable part of MIB history. The longer the friendship between SACO and MIB, the more we cherish it.

My colleagues told me that the 1998 SACO Reunion in Syracuse was a great success. Please accept my late congratulation on your completion of the meaningful task. Seeing the pictures taken during those activities motivates me to attend the annual gathering personally.

Please send my regards to all my SACO friends. Best wishes.

Sincerely,

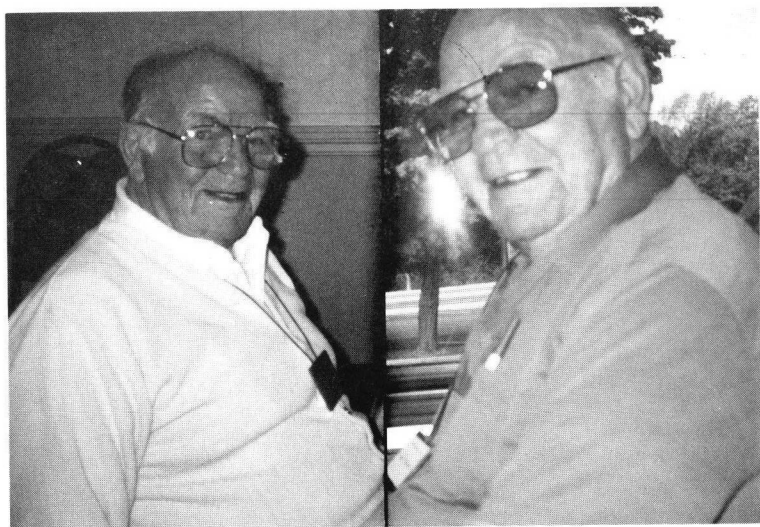
Huang Hua-chang
Huang, Hua-chang
Colonel, ROC Army
Chief, Personnel Department
MIB, MND

cc: Mr. Jack L. Miller, 1999 SACO Convention Chairman
Mr. Bill Bartee, SACO Secretary
✓ Mr. Paul Casamajor, SACO Membership Chairman

FOLLOW-UP OF ISSUE #17 (OCT. 98)

UNFORTUNATELY, FROM TIME TO TIME, OMISSIONS OCCUR AND WHEN THEY DO, IT IS USUALLY AT THE MOST INOPPORTUNE STAGE OF PUBLICATION TO BE ADDED. THERE ARE TIMES THERE SIMPLY ISN'T ROOM TO INCLUDE CERTAIN SEGMENTS, BUT IN THIS CASE WE'LL CONFESS IT WAS JUST AN EDITORIAL ERROR IN THE FOLLOWING TWO INCIDENTS.

In the last issue, we acknowledged the efforts of the late James L. "Red" McGrail in the formation of SACO Veterans and their annual conventions which we enjoy today. Thanks to "Mike" Conway and Mary McGrail, we are able to present these pictures of "Red" especially for those who may not associate a name without a picture.



JAMES L. "RED" MC GRAIL

Again, Red, many thanks for the years of pleasure and distinguished memories your initial determined research brought to all of us. Let us never forget it was you who inspired us to be what we are and always will be...a most wonderfully unique and loving family of our skipper, Admiral Miles.

Sigmund J. Petosky & The SACO EAGLE.

We must not allow the talent and generosity of one of our own to go unnoticed. At our last convention in Syracuse, NY, Sigmund donated his hand-carved eagle to be raffled and the proceeds gifted to the SACO Treasury. As I recall, the raffle generated just short of \$300 and we are most grateful to another of this great group for his support of the organization. As long as we have faithful members such as you and others to date, we will stay financially sound and able to remain status quo.



Sigmund J. Petosky when he was presented the SACO Medal by Gen. Fan in Louisville in May 1993.

WHAT'S YOUR STORY?

I think what has made our later issues most interesting are the tales of SACO Tigers. These personal accounts of the past are deeply appreciated and cannot be duplicated because they were your experiences alone. Everyone of us has more than one story - happy, sad, incredulous, whatever????!!***

IT'S GETTING LATE . . . WHY WON'T YOU SHARE YOURS?
Ed.

SACO HISTORY

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

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

CONTENTS

Mail Call.....	7
Potpourri.....	29
William D. Young Discovers New Yorker.....	34
Ben Ritter Recalls Voyage to China.....	30
Bob Clark Peruses Mementos.....	32
SACO Poet Laureate?.....	33
Clarence Gee's Diary.....	12
Navy Guerrilla.....	25
Obituaries.....	58
SACO Books.....	54
The Rice Paddy Navy.....	20
Memoirs from Bill Sager's Scrapbook.....	41
Nostalgia.....	43
Unit Thirteen.....	55
Sick Bay.....	62



SACO NEWS

SACO NEWS is a non-profit periodical published by and for World War II veterans of the SINO-AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION (SACO) aka U.S. Naval Group China as well as "THE RICE PADDY NAVY." The publication is funded by annual dues of the members and their additional donations.

SEND YOUR COMMENTS AND NEWSWORTHY CONTRIBUTIONS FOR FUTURE ISSUES TO THE EDITOR:

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PHOTOS (NO FOTO-COPIES OF SNAPSHOTS) AND YOUR STORIES ARE WELCOME. PHOTOS WILL BE RETURNED IF REQUESTED.

SACO ANNUAL DUES

PAYMENT DUE JANUARY 1 EACH YEAR FOR REGULAR, ASSOCIATE, AND AUXILIARY MEMBERS AS FOLLOWS;

Regulars and Associates: \$20.00
Send to: Treasurer Herman W. Weskamp
3034 Larkwood
West Covina, CA 91791-2928

Ladies Auxiliary \$10.00
Send to: Ellen Booth
7471 Thunderbird Rd
Liverpool, NY 13088

PSEUDO-CHINESE DICTIONARY

Dum Gai - A stupid person
Lao Zi - Not very good
Lin Ching - An illegal execution
Ne Ahn - A lighting fixture used in advertising signs
Shai Gai - A bashful person
Tai Ne Bae Be - A premature infant
Tai Ne Po Ne - A small horse
Ten Ding Ba - Serving drinks to people
Wan Bum Lung - A person with T.B.
Yu Mai Te Tan-Your vacation in Hawaii agrees with you
Wa Shing Kah - Cleaning an automobile
Wai So Dim - Are you trying to save electricity?
Wai Yu Shao Ting - No reason to raise your voice.

Submitted by Frank Baillie (A)

MAIL



I sold our 5 bedroom house near Syracuse (I worked at Syracuse University) and moved with my last 2 children to Florida twenty years ago and have since retired from a Florida College.

I love Florida - especially since I remarried in 1986 - Jerry Kennedy was a master chief in the Navy. He had a beautiful big house built for us and we enjoy every day.

Oh, I was also a chief (yeoman) Was secretary to the C.O. of Sampson Naval Training Center. Only spent the war years in the service.

... Enjoy your reunion - oh, by the way, did you know Rev. Frederick Gehring? He wrote a book re SACO - The Rice Paddy Navy. Handsome man - he lived in Orlando in his final years & came to dinner here and blessed our home - I guess that is why our life is so nice here.

Sincerely,

Elizabeth (Carnevale) Kennedy

???!!!***

27 Jan 1999 (To Rutan)

The following is from my former co-worker and friend who happened to see our last issue of SACO NEWS:

... Your SACO NEWS even had an article on an organization I belong to - U.S. NAVY CRUISER SAILORS ASSOCIATION. Good of you to publish their request and hope they can return the favor in one of their next issues. It's too bad you can't get a grant of federal money to put a copy of your magazine in every school. Not only present young people are unaware of your duty and heroics, but probably half of WWII veterans never heard of SACO...

Bob Ramos

(Bob, I'm flattered, I'm proud for our organization, we're honored by your assessment of our accomplishments... I'm just speechless... but how about THANKS! Ed.)

???!!!***

13 Jan 1999 (To Jack Miller)

My husband was looking through the Navy Times & mentioned that SACO was having a reunion.

My first husband was James R. Carnevale of Seneca Falls, NY and was in SACO. He used to talk about his experiences in China a lot. Jimmy was a PhM1/c - he wanted to enter the medical field after his discharge but never did. He owned a men's clothing store and then did a great job as an insurance agent.

Jim died of cancer 2-6-75 leaving a loving wife and seven children. What a horrible time - but through a lot of work everything worked out fine.

3 Dec 1998 (To Rutan)

Thank you for your letter of November 23rd and for sending me the copy of SACO NEWS in which you reprinted my article from the *MARINE CORPS GAZETTE*, highlighting the experiences of your member Bill Sager. Bill had called me about it earlier. I'm pleased that you like the article so much. I've heard from many Marine veterans about it, too.

The next issue of *FORTITUDE* will carry an article about the awards ceremony and should include a photo of Bill accepting the Heint Award on my behalf. Bill will undoubtedly send you a copy of it.

It was good to learn of your own organization. We mustn't forget the valor of those who risked their lives for our freedom during World War Two.

With best regards,

Bill
William H. Bartsch

7 Nov 1998 (To Rutan)

Once again It was satisfying and nice to receive the latest copy of the *What the Hell* rag and it seemed to be extra thick this year. The amount of pictures in it were surprising and the

overall sequence was really great. It must take a great deal of your time to put this thing together. Erma must give you a lot of moral support or drive to assist in getting it done.

Once more, I must ask. . . it keeps bugging me . . . that Rutan I saw on TV - some relation? He appeared to be in some space industry. (You're speaking of Dick Rutan, the pilot who, with his girl friend Jeanna Yeager, flew around the world cramped in a very small plane just a few short years ago and there's Burt Rutan, his brother who designs aircraft. I have never researched, but have no doubt that all of us are related to some degree - there aren't that many as I check phone directories. Even today, I occasionally get phone calls trying to locate the pilot. Ed.)

. . . I notice with some sadness that our friend Dr Ediss has passed away. He is one individual who we got acquainted with and formed a close friendship. We had a lot in common since I had worked for the Illinois State Dental Society for ten years and knew the trade completely. Some good and some bad since I was investigating dentists and dental technicians.

I do not remember if I had said this to you before. We are closing in on our 51st year and that is something I never thought I would reach. Also, my bride served in the Army Nurse Corps for 4 and a-half years. Two years taking care of German prisoners in Southern England. Also, had a few Polish prisoners to give a variety to the work. She was labeled for the Japan invasion with shots and equipment, but at the last minute, the bomb was dropped and that, fortunately, stopped that.

I am hoping to take off for Hawaii in January and if that does happen, I shall wave as I go by overhead. In the meanwhile. . . keep looking up - that pigeon is still looking for a target.

Sincerely,

Helen and Julius (Ulaneck)

???!***

17 Nov 1999 (To Rutan)

Elizabeth and I arrived home on the evening of November 16th after a delightful two weeks vacaion in Hawaii at the Hale Koa Hotel. (The Hale Koa is the Armed Services Recreation Center in Honolulu. Hale Koa in Hawaiian means "House of the Warrior.")

I found the two copies of the SACO NEWS when I went to the P.O. to pick up our two-weeks mail. I was most pleasantly surprised to see the reprint (Abridged) of the Marine Corps Gazette article on K. Company and the Kuma

Bn attack that was published in September 1997. The Marine Corps Heritage Foundation that does the judging awarded Bartsch a prize of \$1,000. However, the awards ceremony took place on October 23, 1998 and Bartsch was in the Fiji Islandson a United Nations mission of some sort. Bartsch asked me to accept the award for him and I did. I collected his \$1,000 check, a very beautiful plaque and was the guest at a filet mignon steak dinner! When the Heritage Foundation publishes a story on the awards ceremony (together with Bill Sager's pic accepting Bartsch's check and plaque) I will send them to you. Bartsch returned from the Fijis the next weekend (two days before we left for Hawaii) and I delivered his "goodies" to him. He lives at Reston, VA about 20 miles from Arlington.

Bartsch is now working on a story about our action on the Matanikau River at Guadalcanal that took place on October 24-25, 1942, when we stopped and destroyed eight or nine Japanese light-tanks and scattered an infantry regiment of about 3,0000 Japanese who were following the tanks for the attack across the Matanikau. I'm sure it will be a good story. Bartsch is a super writer.

. . . Elizabeth and I were riding the Honolulu city bus on our way to visit Hickam Field and who gets on the bus but Harold Bonin! He was floored to see us there on the bus. We had a good talk and one evening, he and his lady came over to the Hale Koa and had dinner with us.

As usual, our fondest wishes and love to Erma.

Thanks, Richard, for all that you've done for SACO. It is not necessary for me to write each time that every issue of the SACO NEWS is better than the one before. You know that and you know that all of us appreciate you and what you've done to hold us old guys together.

Sincerely,

Bill (Sager)

???!***

25 Sept 1999 (To Rutan)

I thought you might like this article about Frank Tao teaching Chinese at the National Lutheran Home for the Aged...(Frank is being cared for at that institution following his massive stroke a couple years ago. Ed.) My mother and father spent their last 2 years there. It is a very nice place with medical aides and swell food.

Best wishes to you and my girl-friend, Erma. Our health permitting we hope to make the next convention.

Best wishes,

Frank & Evelyn (Buckless)

Quoting from The National Lutheran Home which Frank forwarded: "The group of exercising residents has learned to count to twenty in at least four different languages. Judy counts off the exercise repetition in English, Spanish and German. Resident Frank Tao has taught the group Chinese, his native language."

????!***

25 Nov 1998 (To Rutan)

The current edition of SACO NEWS arrived a few days ago. As always, I am astonished at the superb quality of SACO NEWS. One would guess that you have a staff of a dozen or so assistants helping you, which I am sure is not the case.

Receiving SACO NEWS also served to remind me to pay 1999 dues now due on 1 Jan 1999. I have now mailed to Wes Weskamp the dues along with a separate check for \$100.00 for the 1999 donors' fund.

I have not been able to attend a SACO Reunion since the 1989 reunion in Taiwan. With luck, Frances and I may be able to go to Appleton, Wisconsin next July.

Recently, I received a letter from "Jay" Ulaneck asking if I was the Bill Peacock whom he knew in China in SACO. I responded by telling him that I am indeed the same Bill Peacock, although about 45 years older (even more I think, Bill.....Ed.). . . .

The best to you, Richard and Erma

Bill Peacock

????!***

16 Dec 1998 (To Rutan)

The lovely Christmas card from you and Erma will add to the joy of Christmas!

I am enclosing a check to the SACO Foundation. (\$100.00).

Our daughter and her family live in Alexandria, Virginia, and the next time I am there, I plan to visit the Navy Memorial in Washington and observe the SACO plaque and also, call Bill Sager.

This brings my best wishes for Christmas and New Year to you and Erma and my thanks for the fine services you are rendering to SACO.

Sincerely yours,

Shep (S. Shepherd Tate)

????!***

17 Nov 1998 (To Rutan)

On behalf of our Association, I want to thank you for printing the information about our Memorial Service at Arlington National Cemetery in the October issue of SACO NEWS. You gave us great exposure by giving a full page and one-fourth of space for our news release which was most generous of you.

We have a reunion notice page in our newsletter. Please feel free to send in your Association's reunion notice at anytime and it will be gladly printed in a future issue.

In closing, thanks again for recognizing and supporting U.S.N.C.S.A.

Anchors Aweigh,

Ronald J. Maciejowski



RONALD J. MACIEJOWSKI
Membership Chairman
USS WORCESTER CL-144

55 Donna Terrace
Taunton, MA 02780-2824

Telephone
(508) 824-0789

????!***

Christmas 1998 (To Rutans)

The Taos enjoyed reading the No.17 issue of SACO NEWS. It brings back fond memories of the friends we made and we are always interest in their well-beings. Our daughter, Peggy Consie, thanks you for your thoughtfulness in sending her one.

Frank will spend a few days home when our daughter and son-in-law, Kenneth, come for Christmas. The hard part is when he returns to the Home. I am with him 5-6 hours daily, so it's a help.

Our very best to you,
L (Lilyan Tao)

???!***

December 1998 (To Rutan)

As usual, your last publication was excellent as all the previous issues.

Thought I would relate to you an incident which took place many miles from home: On November 1st, I arrived in Hawaii - Waikiki Beach with several friends. On the 2nd, we took a bus ride and upon entering, I stood near the front in front of seated passengers. A voice sings out, "Are you a turtle?" I looked down in front of me and it was none other than Bill and Elizabeth Sager who had also arrived on the 1st.

I was taken by such surprise that I could not come up with the proper reply fast enough, so Bill gave it to me, which is, "You bet your sweet ass I am!"

I received his phone number - called him in a few days and went to his military hotel to dine with both Bill and his wife. This was a most pleasant surprise and, of course, we had great conversation reminiscing of SACO times in the past.

In the meantime, I wish you and Erma the best of health of 1999.

Sincerely,
Hal (Harold Bonin)

???!***

2 March 1999 (To Rutan)

I'm writing about the picture in back of the Issue #17 magazine I received. The picture at the back (Page 84) has my late husband, Robert E. Miller, in - he is 4th in second line of men.

I would like to know how many of his group are still alive, if any? (Camp Six)

He always wanted to go to the reunions, but lack of funds and the traveling, he could not come.

I went to Liverpool this past year (1998) the last day and met some of the wives; enjoyed it greatly. Would like to come again this year to Wisconsin, but not sure I'll make it

Thanks again for your help - the newsletters & magazines.

Sincerely,

Lois J. Miller
4281 Hermitage Rd.
Warsaw, NY 14569

Any Camp Six Guys out there?...if so, let Lois Miller hear from you Ed.

???!***

22 Jan 1999 (To Jack Miller)

Just dropping you a line re: your upcoming reunion.

I served in China from October 1945 until April 1946 aboard the USS Kinzer APD-91 We transported Chinese troops and equipment all along the coast from Haidong, French IndoChina to Hulatao, Manchuria. At that time, I was ship's company, but during the war, serving in the South Pacific as a Scout & Raider working with the U.S. Marine Recon Unit.

I'm trying to locate former members of the S&Rs that trained in Ft. Pierce, Florida. Later, in 1945, I believe the unit changed its name to *ROGER I* and served in China and a group called SACO. We had a gentleman by the name of Clifford Schmierer, that was in China with SACO, attend our reunion in Tucson, AR in May 1994.

If you know any of the Scouts & Raiders, I would like to hear from you as we get together every year . . .

Thanks,

Joe (Schuller) 1172 Foxtail Ln, Rockford, IL
61108-6545

LATEST SACO DONORS

ALTEVOGT, JR, CARL E (A)	\$ 10	PEACOCK, WILLIAM J	45
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COX (A), RUTH E	10	SPRINGER, V ALDON	20
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DEMME, JOHN E	30	TATE, S SHEPHERD	100
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ESTES, JAMES C	100	TERPSTRA, RICHARD I	80
ESTES, MARTIN C	30	TIBBETTS, PAUL D	10
FIDUK, (A) S J	30	TRESSLER, GUY D	10
FINTAK, LEONARD P	10	VASOLD, A EDWARD	10
FLOURNOY, JR, WILLIE D	20	VILLIOS, NICHOLAS	100
GILLESPIE, HOWARD J	20	WARREN, JR, ROBERT N	10
GLASSIC, FRANCIS J	5	WHITE, WILLIAM F	30
GOODSON, WAYNE LEE	20	WILDING, (A) GLENNA W.	50
GRAYSON, JOHN R	80	WILSON, KENNETH R "TUG"	10
GRIFFIN, B ERNEST	80	YOUNG, JR, WILLIAM D	130
HAMMER, CLYDE C	10	ZUCKS, JR, LEON J "DUKE"	10
HANSON, BUREN	10		
HARMON, LCDR ELMER L	20		
HARVEY, JACK V	30		
HOE, ROBERT J	80		
HRIVNAK, EDWARD G	5		
HUBBARD, NEAL J	30		
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JOHNSON, CECIL D	10		
JOHNSTON, L D	50		
KATZ, BERNARD (A)	3		
KEENAN, JR, JOSEPH D	30		
KELLY, JAMES F	20		
KEOGH, DR. JAMES J	30		
KLAVAN, STANLEY	30		
LARSON, ROBERT P	15		
LYALL, ROBERT V	5		
MCCABE, BURTON W	30		
MANN, LASHLEY H	10		
MCGRAIL, MRS. JAMES L.(MARY)	80		
MOON, ALBERT DEANE	10		
NICHOLS, VICTOR E	20		
O'TOOLE, EDWARD J	10		
OLSEN, ARTHUR R	10		
OLSON, O J	20		

AGAIN, TO ALL YOU GALS AND GUYS WHO CONTINUE TO SUPPORT THE ORGANIZATION AND *SACO NEWS* OUR SINCERE GRATITUDE. AS POINTED OUT BEFORE, THE DUES INCOME ALONE WOULD NOT PERMIT US TO PUT OUT THE PUBLICATION WE DO CURRENTLY. THANKS TO YOUR GENEROSITY, WE CAN KEEP AFLOAT. YOUR DONATIONS ARE ALL THE THANKS WE NEED IN KEEPING THIS MEANS OF COMMUNICATION ALIVE. Ed.

PS: Haven't been able to teach this stupid computer how to make a straight column - but bear with us - perhaps we can learn from each other????!***

CLARENCE GEE'S DIARY AS MEMBER OF CHINESE GENERAL GEE'S 3RD COLUMN GUERRILLA ARMY

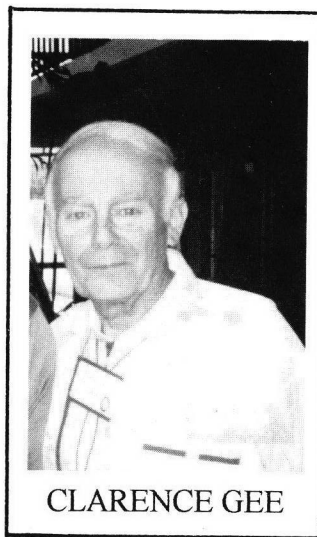
CHINA 1945

(To clarify the confusion that was mine, it was ironic that the Chinese General and one of our own shared the same name, Ed.)

July 20, 1945 - (Began keeping records)

Today ends 5 months of my 18-month tour of duty in China; 13 to go. I regret this diary was not started the day I left the States as many interesting things have happened in the past 5 months. I am now working with a Navy field unit attached to Col. Gee & the Chinese 3rd Column Guerrilla Army. Our group which consists of a 2nd class radioman Layson, one 2nd class Bos'n's Mate Karl, one 3rd class Machnist's Mate Karas, our commanding officer Lt. McLean who has spent approximately 2 years in Greece fighting Germans, our interpreter Jacob Tai, and myself, left Nanning on July 7, 1945

We are now situated in Hoppo which is a little dirty town about 20 miles north of Pakhoi from which we departed yesterday. We all hated to leave Pakhoi because it is right on the coast of the Gulf of Tonkin and the chow was wonderful, plenty of big crabs, oysters, shrimp and every kind of seafood. The girls were also very nice! Our method of transportation yesterday was



CLARENCE GEE

rickshaws which is much better than walking (for us, not the coolies pulling them). We're supposed to leave here tomorrow morning, that is if the coolies show up. Our destination now, as far as we know, is the northeast corner of the Luichow Peninsula.

The Japs are bringing their supplies and equipment up the eastern side of the peninsula. We should get there within 5 or 6 days. Been raining all day; haven't done anything but eat & sleep. And incidentally, sleeping out here isn't too comfortable. Haven't seen a bed since we've been out here. We sleep on boards, sometimes hard boards, sometimes soft boards, but always boards.

Been eating a lot of pineapples and mangoes. Plenty of fruit here on the Southern Coast. Much better than rice which I've about had my fill. The people in the majority of these little towns have seen very few white men, if any. And when we walk through a town, people and kids from miles around follow you and stare at every move you make.

The moon tonight is beautiful. Better stop for now and put the mosquito net up over my boards.

July 21, 1945

Just finished chow and ready to hit the sack. We left Hoppo this morning at 0700 and arrived here at Chaphowu at 1800 tonight. We came 50 li (about 17 miles) in rickshaws and walked the last 30 li. Have been looking at the map with Lt. McLean and he seems to have a strong desire to get to Ft. Bayard. It's located on the eastern coast of the Liuchow Peninsula and I think we will have a super time there if we make it. It's a French settlement on a large harbor. Good seafood, fishing, and maybe some pretty French girls! Ooh! La La!

July 22, 1945

Very tired tonight and have a big blister on my heel from walking. We left Chaphowu at 0300 this morning and walked 70 li. We arrived here at Paksha about 1700 tonight. Town is dirty as usual and full of mosquitoes.

July 23, 1945

Started walking this morning at 0300. We walked 70 li and are sleeping tonight at a little town named Tsingping. We stay here tomorrow and rest. Thank God!

July 24, 1945

We are spending the day today in Tsingping at the Magistrate's house which is just another filthy hole. Had a wonderful breakfast this morning. Three big bowls of rice and a bowl of fried fish tails! Ugh! Don't know what happened to rest of the fish. Cleaned my carbine and .45 this morning as they were both wet from walking in the rain yesterday. We are supposed to leave here at 0500 in the morning and walk another 70 or 80 li. We tried making some pancakes tonight with rice flour. Turned out to be a big chunk of synthetic rubber.

July 25, 1945

Started walking this morning at 0600. We walked 40 li and arrived here at Shekling at 1600 tonight. Much better town than the last 3 or 4 we've been through. Plenty of pineapples and we found some good cookies - like grandma used to make.

July 26, 1945

We are staying here at Shekling today which is only 20 li from LimKong. There's from 200 to 300 Japs in LimKong and approximately 700 puppet troops. They have 2 large artillery guns of unknown caliber. Today, we put all our unnecessary gear in a box to send back as we're leaving here at 0600 in the morning for LimKong. We're supposed to get an air drop of demolition and medical supplies as soon as we settle down and mark off a drop target. Hope we

get a few PX supplies and some mail. We may get action before this field trip ends. Karl has developed a serious case of dysentery and Lt McLean is sending him back to Nanning in the next day or so. We attended another Gam Bei Banquet at the Magistrate's home. Worst one thus far.

July 27, 1945

We are still at Shekling. Did not leave at 0500 as expected, should be leaving sometime this afternoon.

July 28, 1945

Did not leave yesterday as expected. Col. Gee received orders yesterday from Gen. Shu at Chungking which detained us. Twelve hundred puppet troops arrived here yesterday from Onpo and surrendered to us. Karl left this morning in a sedan chair for Nanning. The latest dope now is we're leaving here sometime tonight to demolish a bridge and maybe ambush some Jap convoys. Hope things go as expected. Today for the first time, I have begun to realize how close to the Japs we really are. Last night we could hear their artillery fire from Onpo and this morning they brought in 3 Chinese soldiers shot full of holes. We should be leaving tonight.

July 29, 1945

Left Shekling last night about 1200. Walked straight east and are now about 12 li from

LimKong. Their mortar fire is getting too close for comfort. It seems as though some of the things we've read and seen in movies recently may actually be about to happen to us. We are resting today at a farm outside LimKong. The latest dope we got today from Col. Gee is that we attack LimKong tonight and blow up 3 bridges. Should be a little excitement.

July 30, 1945

Today we are back at Shekling resting and happy to be here. We were not able to attack LimKong last night as the Japs had reinforced it too heavily. We left the farm and proceeded to a Japanese outpost about a mile west of LimKong. We made a very unsuccessful attempt to take the outpost. We attacked at 0230 and much to our surprise were met with heavy artillery fire. We had no way of defending ourselves against artillery without Thompsons, carbines and pistols. We were under constant fire 0230 till about 0400, then had to withdraw before daylight against their artillery. Casualties were few considering the circumstances. I changed my rate to a pharmacist mate this morning as Layson and myself administered medical aid to our wounded Chinese soldiers. As we were withdrawing from the Jap outpost, we were attacked by some Chinese Communist troops. Had very little opposition from them and arrived here at Shekling safely about 1000 this morning. Thank God! I'm none too anxious to go

back again, but I think our plans are to try again very soon.

July 31, 1945

We still are at Shekling sending back radio reports. Have been spending a lot of time lately helping Layson code and decode messages. We evidently did more good yesterday at LimKong than we thought, because Col. Gee told us this morning the Japs withdrew from the outpost after our attack. We're planning another attack on LimKong soon. An Army Capt. Fish who has a unit 8 li north of us came to see us today. He thinks we will have air support when we're ready to try and take LimKong again, which is what we need more than anything. I'm not in too big a hurry to get back out there, but I guess the sooner we do the sooner we can get this thing over with. Capt. Fish also told us of an airstrip just a few lis from here. So we have a possibility of getting an airstrip of supplies and mail soon. A marine named Jakebelski, who has been trying to catch up with us since we left, arrived today. He brought a few PX rations with him. Mostly cigarettes and tobacco. I gave mine away. He didn't have any candy. We will probably remain here at Shekling until we receive an airdrop. Then LimKong again.

August 1, 1945

Today has been a busy day. This morning, after chow, Lt. McLean sent me 8 lis outside of

town to converse with Buchanan and Capt. Fish's unit about our wounded men. They have a doctor who's been taking care of them. Another one died last night. I also got some morphine from him to take with us on our next raid. When I came back, Lt. McLean gave me the scoop. He said that Karas, Jakebelski, and himself were leaving at 1500 and going down by LimKong to do some demolition work on the road and that Layson and I are to stay here and send back radio reports until they come back or send for us - which should be about 3 or 4 days. I was a little disappointed to be left behind this time, but perhaps it was God's will.

August 2, 1945

Things very quiet here today. No one here but Layson, myself and "Stoop." Stoop is short for Stupid, our houseboy. What a character! Talks to himself all the time. Keeps us laughing constantly. If it wasn't for him, I think our morale would be pretty low.

August 3, 1945

Things still going smoothly. Has rained all day. We taught Stoop how to fry chickens a few days ago and every day at noon we have 2 big fried chickens. Farmers don't know what's happened to their chickens.

August 4, 1945

Still raining hard! No news from McLean and rest as yet.

August 5, 1945

Has been raining steady now for 3 days and nights. Things are a bit dampish. Still haven't heard from McLean and the rest. Our airdrop was supposed to arrive today or tomorrow, but unless the weather clears up, there's no telling when. We haven't even been able to mark off the field.

August 6, 1945

This is the fourth day of steady rain. Will it ever stop? The rice paddies are really full. Still haven't heard from McLean and rest. Hope they're okay. We got 6 baskets of lime this morning to mark the field for our drop. But it's been raining too hard to go out there. Have done nothing but read & sleep since McLean left. Rough duty! But we're running out of reading material.

August 7, 1945

One month ago today we left Nanning. Stopped raining at last & today was a decent day. McLean and the rest arrived today. And from the way they talked, I didn't miss a thing by staying here. Layson and I went out and marked the field for the airdrop this morning & I've been out there all day. The plane flew over,

but missed our target; so I guess I'll spend tomorrow out there too. Hope they come back.

August 8, 1945

Have done nothing all day but read and sleep. Still no plane.

August 9, 1945

Another dull day today. Two planes came over and we ran out to the field, but they weren't ours. Maybe tomorrow. We heard the good news this morning of the Russians declaring war on the Japs, and a couple days ago, we got news of our new atomic bomb. So things should start happening soon.

August 10, 1945

Got soaking wet twice this morning out at the field waiting for the plane which again did not arrive. Has been raining every day and night. We received a radio message tonight telling us our supplies have been dropped at LimKong. Even with all this confusion, it's still good duty. Hope we stay awhile.

August 12, 1945

We received news yesterday morning of Japan's unconditional surrender terms, this proceeded to celebrate with a Gam Bei party. Happiest news we've heard since it all began. Got word yesterday of our airdrop at Limkong,

so this morning Karas and Jakebelski went to pick it up. Should be back any time now. Hoping to receive some mail. Right now we're just waiting for orders as to proceeding on to Hong Kong or back to Nanning and then who knows? Maybe Stateside! Karas and Jakebelski just arrived with our mail and PX supplies. Praise the Lord!

August 13, 1945

Have done nothing all day but listen to newscasts. Should be on our way somewhere very soon.

August 15, 1945

Yesterday and today, done nothing but listen to the news. Still wondering if our orders will be to come back or proceed.

August 16, 1945

Received message from Lt. Witt yesterday saying he would fly down today or tomorrow with some money. We're all about broke. So, Karas and I waited for him at the field all day, but he didn't show up. Maybe tomorrow. We made Jakebelski Mess Sgt. & he got hold of some flour and we've been having some super hot cakes for breakfast. Japan's surrender has put us all in extra good spirits. We're wondering now if we will have to stay over here our full 18 months as occupation troops or maybe on our way home soon.

August 17, 1945

Have done nothing all day but sleep and read. We have received orders to leave here at 0700 tomorrow morning and proceed to a little town down on the coast which is about a day- and- a-half-walk from here. From there, we're going by steamer or sampan up the coast to Canton which should be interesting.

August 18, 1945

Left Shekling this morning at 0800 and walked 90 li to this little town named Lungchow which is about another day's walk from the coast. We're sleeping here tonight.

August 19, 1945

We are staying here and Lungchow all day today & leaving in the morning for Fahsien which is right on the river going out to sea.

August 20, 1945

Today ends 6 months of our stay in China. We left Lungchow at 0600 this morning and walked 90 li to Fahsien. This is a very nice town right at the fork of 2 big rivers. We met a priest called Father Cain of the Catholic mission here this afternoon and he invited us over for chow tonight.

August 21, 1945

Father Cain told us many interesting things last night pertaining to this country and her people. Chow was very good. We should be leaving here tomorrow morning. An abundance of good bananas here. Also, located some good cookies. Swimming is great. Would like to stay a few more days. We spent the evening over at the mission drinking wine with Father Cain.

August 22, 1945

We left Fahsien this morning at 0730 & traveled by sampan here to Muilik. Been swimming all day & guess what? A bad sunburn! We attended a cinema here this evening & guess who? "The Three Stooges." We're leaving here in the morning.

August 23, 1945

Left Muilik this morning at 0600 and walked 60 li to this town called Suitung. We're sleeping here tonight in a hotel; reminds me of the 10th Ave. Grill in Denver. But there's no Juke Box blasting away downstairs. We're scheduled to leave here early in the morning by sampan.

August 24, 1945

Left Suitung this morning about 1130 by sampan & have done nothing but ride all day. We're spending tonight on the sampan.

August 25, 1945

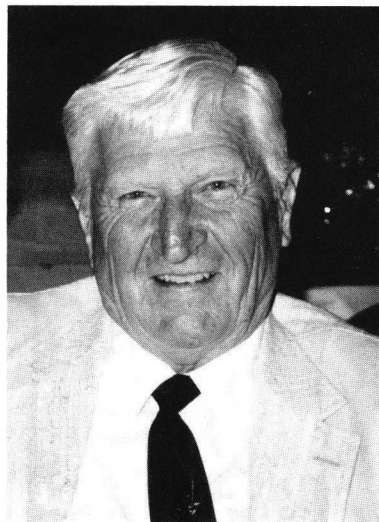
Traveled a few hours this morning on sampan and arrived here at Timpak. The local troops here thought we were bandits and almost opened fire on us when we came ashore, but everything went okay. Had to wash our underwear later!

August 26, 1945

Arrived at Yuengkong this afternoon about 1400. We are staying here at the catholic mission with Father Rexstein. These catholic missionaries have been super good to us. We're invited to another Gam Bei banquet tonight by the town's magistrate. We're leaving here tomorrow by steamer.

August 27, 1945

What a crazy night last night! After the banquet, we went to the opera. Karas and I, after partaking of a little too much wine, proceeded to go backstage and meet the performers. One thing led to another & we ended up on the stage being the performers. Before we finished, the whole house was in an uproar!



LARRY KARAS

What fools! Paying for it today! Oh my! Never again! We left Yuengkong this

morning by steamer and proceeded here to Lulung where we're spending the night. We're getting close to Canton.

August 28, 1945

Left Lulung this morning at 0800 and traveled to Yamping by sedan chairs. Spending the night here in a hotel.

August 29, 1945

Left Yamping this morning at 0800 by steamer & arrived here at Chickong about 1300. Are leaving tonight at 2000 and going by steamer to Sahping. We're spending the night on the steamer.

August 30, 1945

No sleep at all last night. Walked all day in the rain. We are sleeping here at Sahping in a very nice hotel. Have a long walk ahead of us tomorrow.

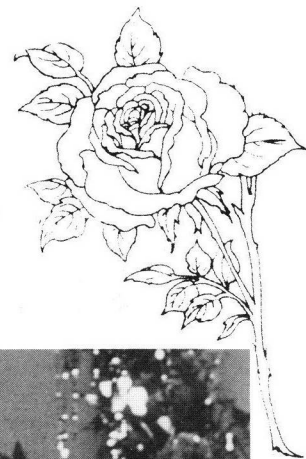
August 31, 1945

Had another big Gam Bei party this morning before we left Sahping. We are traveling by sampan here, too!

There was more, but only the Lord knows what became of it!

???!!!!**

Golden Wedding



JULIUS & HELEN ULANECK

Married 50 years Dec. 9, 1998

Julius states they had their "affair" for the anniversary Dec. 7 which was a convenient Sunday afternoon. They married at Madigan General Hospital in Ft. Lewis Washington. Julius says, "Three girls later and three grandchildren and three foster children, here we are!"

The operations of U.S. Naval Group China were some of the most bizarre and controversial naval activities of World War II.

THE RICE PADDY NAVY

By Capt. Charles Barton
USN-Ret.

From:
THE RETIRED OFFICER
January 1989

AT DUSK on Aug. 19, 1945, four days after the Japanese had signified their willingness to surrender, Lt Livingston "Swede" Swentzel, USNR, and Marine 2Lt Stewart Pittman, with six other Americans and some two-score Sino-American Cooperative Organization Chinese, set sail from Haimen on the north bank of the broad estuary of the Yangtze, bound for Japanese-occupied Shanghai 50 miles to the south. They sailed in two Ningpo junks manned by Chinese fishermen. Each junk was armed with a .50 caliber machine gun, two short-range, .30 caliber Lewis guns and a bazooka with five rounds of ammunition.

After rounding the northwestern end of Chungming, now Chongming Island the following morning, they gradually overtook a large junk following the same general course. As they drew closer, Lt Swentzel saw a 75mm field gun firmly lashed to the forward deck and ordered the American flag run up. With that, the Japanese opened fire, carrying away Swentzel's rudder with their first shot. Army Capt Austin B. Cox took some splinters and interpreter Wang was wounded. A second shot cut down one of Lt Pittman's masts.

The Americans appeared to be out-gunned. The Japanese junk was still beyond effective range of the

Americans' weapons, and both American junks had lost steerageway with everything in disarray.

Swentzel put out sweeps to replace his lost rudder, while Pittman promptly rigged a jury mast. Working in close collaboration, Swentzel and Pittman, with sails drawing, overtook their attacker, crossed his bow and raked him fore and aft with machine-gun fire. Gunner's Mate J.D. Reid, USN, impatient for the range to close, missed with his first bazooka round, but his remaining four shots hit home.

In the second junk, Gunner's Mate F.I. Rose, USN, firing a .50 caliber



machine gun from the bow, hit the recoil mechanism of the Japanese 75 and put it out of action, while Motor Machinist's Mate D.A. Baker, USN, with the second bazooka, equaled Reid's record by scoring four hits out of five shots.

FINAL SURRENDER

As they drew alongside prepared to throw grenades, the Japanese ran up a dirty undershirt as a white flag, and the Japanese lieutenant in command formally came aboard Swentzel's junk to surrender his sword. This last U.S. Naval Battle of World War II was fought by officers and men of U.S. Naval Group China, "*THE RICE PADDY NAVY*."

Of the many and varied, far-flung naval operations of World War II, those of the U.S. Naval Group China were the most bizarre and controversial. In 1942, during the bleak days of Allied defeats following the Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor, Milton E. "Mary" Miles, a lone U.S. Navy commander, went into China with secret verbal orders to "find out what's going on in China, establish a weather reporting net, prepare the China coast in any way you can for U.S. Navy landings in three or four years, and in the meantime, do whatever you can to help the Navy and heckle the Japanese." Beyond that, Adm Ernest J. King, the lean, hard-eyed Chief of Naval Operations and Commander in Chief of the U.S. fleet had not elaborated.

Commander Miles, dubbed "Mary" in his plebe year at the Naval Academy after the then well-known silent screen star, Mary Miles Minter, had served more than 10 years in ships assigned to China Station. During those assignments, he and his wife studied Chinese language and history, spent his leave time traveling in that ancient

land and in 1939 made an overland journey on the just opened but not yet completed Burma Road from Kunming in Southwest China to Burma and India.

Miles' written orders were to report to the U.S. Ambassador in Chungking, now Chongqing, as "Naval Observer" and to carry out the verbal orders given to him. Carrying out those orders would lead to U.S. Naval Operations in Japanese-occupied China that included sailors on camelback pitted against a Japanese armored column near the Gobi Desert, the strike-and-disappear tactics of sabotage and guerrilla warfare of the Yangtze Raiders under LCol Tong Shien and U.S. Navy Lt Joseph E. Champe, the destruction of a Japanese ship in Amoy, now Xiamen, Harbor by Ens John N. Matmiller, USN, and four Chinese swimmers, operational control of a pirate group whose female deputy commander became the model for Milton Caniff's Dragon Lady in "Terry and the Pirates" and the last naval battle of World War II, the battle fought with Chinese junks.

In Chungking, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, leader of China's Kuomintang or nationalist political party, arranged for Miles to work with Gen Tai Li. The State Department and U.S. Military and Naval Intelligence considered General Tai to be the unsavory and sinister head of a Gestapo-like organization who ran his own concentration camp for political enemies and didn't like foreigners, few of whom had ever met him. Miles reserved judgment. He'd see for himself.

Miles soon saw that virtually nothing could be done in China involving guerrilla operations and the clandestine collection of intelligence without the cooperation of Tai, whose men were every -

where. Tai commanded the Loyal Patriotic Army (LPA) of guerrilla forces that was active in occupied China and had connections with pirate groups along the coast as well as with Chinese police in the Japanese-occupied areas.

During the years of Miles' close personal association with Tai, he became more and more convinced of Tai's incorruptibility and dedication to the Chinese cause. In Miles' later opinion, much of Tai's bad press stemmed from his fierce anti-communism and his determined efforts to help Chiang create a strong central government opposed to the communists.

The most important event of Miles' first trip to the Japanese-occupied China coast was Tai's proposal for a really thoroughgoing cooperative effort between his forces and the U.S. Navy. As Miles saw it, his verbal orders covered anything that would "harass the enemy," so he made a handshake agreement for mutual cooperation.

This "gentlemen's agreement" sufficed until late 1942 when the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), newly split off from the Office of War Information, more actively sought a place in China. Gen Douglas MacArthur, USA, adamantly opposed OSS operations in his theater, so Gen "Wild Bill" Donovan, USA, head of OSS, pressed hard to establish operations in China.

OSS INTERFERENCE

Tai was comfortable with his relations with Miles and the U.S. Navy. Their aims, he thought, were strictly against the Japanese. The OSS, on the other hand, was a political animal. Tai worried that OSS aims might be mixed up with those of the British, whom he deeply mistrusted.

To counter OSS maneuvers, Tai



MILES AND TAI LI SHARE LIGHTER MOMENT

and Miles, working closely together, proposed an agreement to set up what they called the Sino-American Cooperative Organization (SACO). While this proposal was being considered in Washington, D.C., Army and OSS representatives suggested placing SACO under then LGen Joseph W. Stilwell, commander of American forces, China Theater.

General Stilwell advised the War Department as follows: "After investigation, I believe that the Chinese will not accept the SACO Agreement if any agency comes between them and Miles. Tai's organization is super-secret and super-suspicious. Miles' work will be hampered if they knew he was under my command. I have enough confidence in him to recommend that, in view of the peculiar and unusual circumstances connected with this matter, he be allowed to operate as heretofore, and I believe that any conflict that arises can be adjusted between us."

So the Joint Chiefs exempted SACO from theater commander

control, and on Apr. 1, 1943, President Franklin D. Roosevelt approved the document establishing SACO. By the terms of this agreement, the United States undertook to train guerrillas, intelligence groups, saboteurs and raiding squads and to set up weather, radio and radio intercept stations utilizing American equipment, and for the most part, Chinese personnel. The Chinese would furnish the personnel, the transportation, the material facilities in China, including the bases of operation, and make available the intelligence facilities they had already established.

The director was to be Chinese, the deputy director American, each to have veto power over the operations of SACO. Later, Miles was criticized by the U.S. Army for accepting "secondary" status under a Chinese general, but Miles thought it only proper. After all, it was their country.

Miles thought most of his difficulties with OSS and the Army would disappear now that his

operations were regularized by nation-to-nation agreement signed at the highest level. Not so.

Because of Miles' special relationship with Tai, OSS men got nowhere trying to work with the Chinese on their own. To accommodate to the reality, the OSS made Miles the "Director of OSS Operations in the Far East" hoping thereby to use SACO for its own ends. It was a shotgun marriage of convenience that didn't work.

The OSS regarded itself as a separate and distinct American operation in the war against Japan and treated the SACO Agreement as something to be used, not honored. Miles

on the other hand, put his Navy mission and cooperation with what he considered to be his true role. General Donovan finally concluded that Miles was the "hair shirt" of OSS and had to go.

The American Embassy sided with the OSS against Miles. Although Miles had conscientiously reported to the embassy the activities of his own people and information on the enemy, he scrupulously avoided using his close relationship with Tai to report on the Chinese. This "withholding" of information irked Ambassador C. E. Gauss. Furthermore, some embassy and OSS officer considered SACO's police training a blatant attempt by Tai to gain American sanction for the Kuomintang internal political repression. In January 1944, State Department pressure combined with the Navy's own interests to persuade Admiral King to "disestablish" Miles from the Office of Naval Observer at the American Embassy in Chungking.

However, Donovan's aggressive

push to get his way in China was self-defeating at first. The Navy, in a strong show of support for Miles, promoted the Navy part of SACO to be a "group of the U.S. fleet" operating directly under the commander in chief and named Miles, who had been newly promoted to commodore (a one-star rank), the first commander of Naval Group China.

More critically, Donovan's belligerence and threats alienated the Chinese high command, especially Tai. The more OSS insisted on receiving the same preferential treatment the Chinese gave to Miles, the less Tai liked OSS and the more difficult and sometimes impossible it became for OSS to carry out its mission.

SACO ACCOMPLISHMENTS

What did SACO and Naval Group China accomplish during Miles three years and four months in China? According to Dr. Oscar P. Fitzgerald of the Naval Historical Center, "SACO guerrillas killed more Japanese and destroyed more Japanese material with a smaller expenditure of men and supplies than any other force in the Far East." SACO also helped rescue 30 allied pilots and 46 air crewmen. By the end of the war, SACO units controlled the 125-mile coast between Swatow, now Shantou, and Amoy and all the way to Hangchow, now Hangzhou, another 500 miles to the north.

Navy aerologist Capt Irvin F. Beyerly built up a weather net and forecasting service that supported both the fleet and Gen Claire Lee Chennault's 14th Air Force. Furthermore, beyond guerrilla operations, weather reporting and

coast watching, Naval Group China grew to encompass activities not originally envisioned. Oxygen Unit One at Jorhat Assam, on the banks of the Brahmaputra River, produced oxygen that allowed an increase in "Hump" flights (from India to China over the Himalayan Mountains). This plant was established and operated by the Navy at the insistence of the manufacturer of the equipment because of Navy experience with similar plants aboard aircraft carriers.

SACO's 14th Naval Unit, attached to General Chennault's 14th Air Force, provided photo interpretation, a new specialty developed by the Navy, target guidance and fighter direction. Navy Lt Stanley E. McCaffrey used his walkie-talkie to coach 14th Air Force fighters in direct support of Chinese front line troops resisting the Japanese advance towards the airfields.

The 14th Naval Unit also provided liaison among SACO, the fleet and the Air Corps in matters connected with aerial mining, radio intercept intelligence, technical air intelligence and the organization of pilot rescues. A separate radio intercept unit in Kunming became "Fleet Radio Unit China" (FRUCHI). These activities resulted in the successful mining of Hai-phong Harbor, Vietnam, denying its use to the enemy for many months and the passing of critical intelligence on a Japanese carrier force that threatened U.S. forces during the Philippines landings at Leyte.

The only real hospital for guerrillas in all of China was set up by Navy doctor Cdr Arthur P. Black of El Paso, Tex., in an old Buddhist temple high in the

mountains of Chekiang, now Zhejiang, Province not more than 100 miles southwest of Shanghai. Not only did this 300-bed hospital provide outstanding support for Chinese guerrillas fighting the Japanese, but it also was a collecting station for downed fliers and escaped prisoners of war brought from Shanghai and elsewhere by Tai's LPA guerrillas.

Critics accused Miles of being naive and gullible, easily taken in by Chiang and Tai, but with the exception of Chennault, no other American in China achieved half as much as he. In the SACO training programs that Miles set up, the basic idea was not of "operating" Chinese troops, but of "cooperating" with them in pushing the Japanese out of China. The SACO Americans, guided by the attitudes of their commander, metamorphosed from a group of strangers into a collection of friends who were accepted as a part of Tai's LPA. The result was a string of successes in the last years of the war.

Miles was chosen for his difficult assignment because he knew China and the Chinese and had the ability to innovate, to initiate, to select the right men and then to inspire them to do the impossible. The U.S. Naval Group China had a proud record of individual bravery and daring acts sufficient for a dozen movies. Subsequent events led Miles to feel he had failed dismally to translate the magnificent efforts of his men into lasting good for both China and the United States. But the record shows that Miles carried out King's secret orders with great success despite difficulties that would have defeated a lesser man.

(The following was an insert incorporated in Captain Barton's preceding article)

CHINESE ALLEGATIONS REFUTED

In today's China, visitors to Chungking are shown the "U.S. and Chiang Kai-shek Criminal Activities Exhibition" near the old headquarters of U.S. Naval Group China about twelve miles up the Jialing River. Every day, groups of tourists, including abashed Americans, are guided through two reconstructed prisons to view the cells, a torture chamber and an acid pool.

It is true that SACO operated an "FBI school" for training Tai's secret police agents. This unit, headed by LCdr "Charlie Johnston, USN, an FBI trained former agent of the Treasury Department, eventually grew to 50 Americans.

Miles believed this training would pay dividends in the war against Japan and was part of the *quid pro quo* in his relations with Tai. Tai's best secret agents in occupied China were the policemen he had trained before the war at the police academy in Hangchow, and Chinese graduates of the SACO school did locate enemy agents who were radioing information on movements of Chennault's 14th Air Force aircraft.

However, Tai's Bureau of Investigation and

tatistics (BIS) was a secret police service whose operations were entirely separate from those of SACO. The two organizations shared the same valley but not the same compound. The headquarters and operations of BIS were off-limits to the SACO Americans just as the U.S. Navy's communications facilities and codes were off-limits to Tai's people. Counterinsurgency was not a mission of SACO as alleged by Hugh Dean, an official of the U.S.-China Peoples' Friendship Association, writing in 1984 in the association's journal, *U.S. China Review*. Anti-Japanese guerrilla warfare was, and for this U.S. Naval Group China worked with Tai's guerrilla forces.

The implication that a massacre of political prisoners in the BIS prison compound on Nov. 27, 1949, just as communist forces approached, was a joint responsibility of SACO and the BIS is not true. *Not only did the SACO Americans have nothing to do with the operations of BIS, but also all of them had departed China nearly four years before the massacre.* Tai, himself, was killed in a plane crash in 1946. It is sad that a man like Miles, so dedicated to the Chinese cause in the war against Japan and so admiring and respectful of the Chinese people, should be so vilified.

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REMEMBERING ONE OF THE GEMS OF THE AMERICAN MILITARY MEN

OUR BELOVED "SKIPPER"

Sitting here at the keyboard of my computer writing the forthcoming issue of *SACO NEWS*, I'm suddenly reminded that this was the month we lost our commander, Admiral Milton E. Miles on 25 March 1961. This being the 24th of March, it will be 38 years tomorrow - almost unbelievable that so many years have passed and how fortunate some of us are to enjoy the good times that he should be sharing with us. Personally, I feel a great loss in that

we are deprived of his presence at our reunions - can you even begin to imagine all the events of our adventure that he could reveal - things we never before knew?

Yet, I do feel that he would be indescribably proud of how we have honored him through the years with our annual pilgrimage to renew and preserve the bond that he created - *THE GREAT SACO FAMILY*. Perhaps he knows. I never knew anyone of our organization to have anything but utter respect for this caring leader - he loved his men - that's why we loved him and if he's still watching over us - we still do!

Ed.

NAYY GUERRILLA

by Roy Stratton
Commander USN (Ret.)

*From UNITED STATES NAVAL INSTITUTE
PROCEEDINGS July 1963*

Submitted by Leslie Johnston

Today, Americans understand that a bamboo man-trap is every bit as lethal as a grenade. But a scant 20 years ago, a global war was in progress and unconventional warfare was, in the minds of many, a rather nasty - possibly unnecessary - business.

An almost indestructible Navy captain did much to dispel this misconception.

A *Million Dollars - dead or Alive.* Leaflets announcing this reward were tacked to trees in Hong Kong and Rangoon. They were dropped among the shuffling masses on the streets of Saigon and Shanghai. They were posted on the walls of mud huts in the Gobi and bamboo bashas in Burma, on the masts of junks in the China Sea from Manchuria to Malaya - any place throughout Asia where the wanted men might be.

Bribes were offered to officials, to police, and underworld characters to spread the word that these men were sworn enemies of the New Asia which would emerge when the war ended, and that it was a public duty to bring them to justice. Special agents were assigned to track them down.

The hunters were the Japanese Army and Chinese Communist forces. The hunted were Lieutenant General Tai Li, Chief of Nationalist China's Secret police, and his Yankee deputy, Navy Captain (later Vice Admiral, Retired) Milton E. Miles, the first director of the Far Eastern Branch of OSS and co-founder of SACO, the Sino-American Co-operative Organization. Between them, with a hundred thousand guerrillas, twenty-five thousand pirates, and three thousand American

technicians and instructors, the Chinese general and the American captain were giving the Japanese and Chinese Communists a rough time. Along with General Claire Chennault, they headed the list of those condemned to death by Tojo and MaoTse-tung.

The number of times Tai's enemies tried to capture or kill him is unknown. He cheated death so many times that a legend of invulnerability clung to his name.

There were five attempts to liquidate Captain Miles. One was made on a lonely, unlighted railway platform at Allahabad, India in 1942. Two deep knife gashes almost finished him, but he fought off his assailant and forced him to flee. In 1943, Miles was strafed by a Japanese aircraft. One of his legs was splattered with shrapnel. In 1944, Japanese machine gun bullets riddled his car. On another occasion the same year, a Communist agent, posing as a servant, dumped a sack of live ammunitions into a charcoal brazier in front of which he was seated. Bullets went in all directions. Shortly before World War II ended, two armed Japanese and a Communist were caught trying to enter the room in which he was sleeping.

Japanese patrols chased him along rice paddy trails, over mountains and up and down the China Coast. The Communists tried to corner him in a temple in Northwest China, in a sampan on the Yangtze River, and on a peninsula jutting into the China Sea. But Miles eluded capture for almost four years.

Captain Miles had other worries besides the Japanese and the Chinese Communists. Not all Americans saw the value of his unconventional operations; in fact, some of his countrymen belittled his efforts and tried to thwart his mission and ultimately have him and his American sailors and marines removed from the Orient. Lieutenant General "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell, commander of the Chin-Burma-Theater of operations, and his successor, Lieutenant General Albert C. Wedemeyer, were in this group. They controlled the flow of arms, ammunition, and other military supplies over the Himalayan Hump by Army aircraft.

General Stilwell told Miles bluntly: "I like you, but

not your job. I won't hinder you, but I won't help you." General Wedemeyer, despite Joint Chiefs of Staff authorization to do otherwise, restricted the much needed logistics support for Miles' and Tai's people to a pitiful, 150-ton airlift; in 1945, Wedemeyer cut off all support for six months.

Brigadier General William J. Donovan, Chief of OSS, after using Miles and his work with Tai to get a foothold in China for his super-spy organization, fired Miles as Director of the Far Eastern Branch - less than a year after his appointment - because Tai refused to implement Donovan's policies and plans. Afterwards, although still using Tai's intelligence service, his facilities, and the protection of his OSS agents, General Donovan spread distrust of Tai in Washington. This caused certain senior assistants to Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox and Chief of Naval Operations Ernest J. King to question the wisdom of the Navy's operations in China. However, two investigative groups sent to check on Miles' usefulness became ardent boosters and brought back glowing reports of his achievements.

In addition to military and OSS opposition, Miles also encountered trouble with State and Treasury Department officials in Chungking. They sent disparaging reports to their superiors in Washington, deploring the way Far Eastern naval operations were being conducted.

Miles' American critics were no less dedicated than was Miles himself. And while it is true that their actions hampered his operation, it is also evident that the thorn in their side was not Miles, but rather his association with the notorious Tai. Miles' detractors did not believe their country or its armed forces should team up with a man of such international disrepute.

Tai gained his reputation mostly from his work as head of the Bureau of Investigation and Statistics (BIS), China's secret police. He organized it in 1932 and directed it until his death. BIS planted operatives throughout Asia, both in front of and behind Japanese lines. It kept watch on foreigners as well as Chinese, Japanese, and Communists. Its eyes were flower girls, coolies, and ricksha men. It reported to Tai with invisible ink messages and built up the nucleus of an effective guerrilla army and private navy.

In 1940, Tai established two new sections to his then sprawling secret police force - one which handled smuggling and counter-smuggling, and another which procured government supplies.

His smugglers stole automobile tires, explosives, and supplies made in Japan and delivered them across enemy lines into Free China. The counter-smugglers

stopped the Japanese from getting supplies out of Free China into occupied territory. The functions of both groups were to hide valuable supplies so that the Japanese could not confiscate them, blow up Japanese trucks on the highways, their junks and sampans on the waterways, and to burn their warehouses.

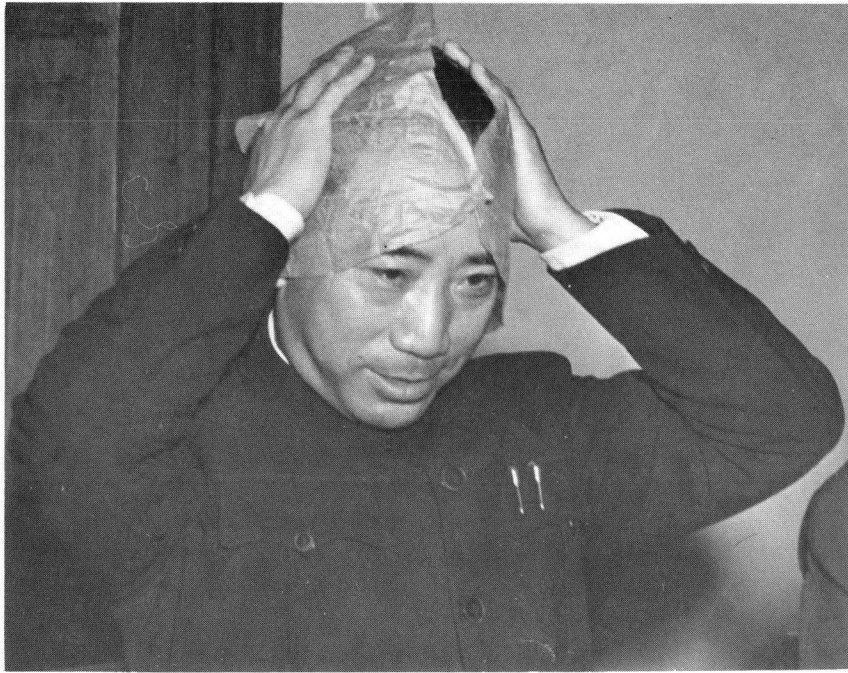
The bulk of Tai's military supplies, during 1942-45, were procured through Miles. By the SACO Agreement, signed by the United States and Nationalist China, the Navy furnished all material and supplies needed by Tai's guerrillas and pirates. In return, SACO got housing, staging areas, and the freedom to carry out its operations in Asia.

The Navy contingent within SACO had three important jobs to do. One was to lay mines and harass Japanese shipping along the China coast, on the vital inland waterways, and in the harbors of Formosa. Another was to gather intelligence on Japanese shipping, as well as to find out what defenses the enemy was setting up against American invasion. Still another - by far the most important - was the collection of weather information for the Pacific Fleet.

Meteorologists had proved that weather data could mean the difference between winning and losing a battle. Bomber flights could be timed to be hidden by cloud banks, and airplanes could be flown over routes where tail winds would give them the biggest boost. China was of particular importance to the Navy weather information, because reports from that country were the only means of offsetting the advantage to Japan of her weather stations at home, in Manchuria, in China, and for to the South. The Japanese knew what the next day's flying conditions would be. Off to the east, the Pacific Fleet was blind on weather. Any sustained, large-scale, American offensive in the Western Pacific would be difficult until a mission to China could feed weather information to the Fleet.

When Miles arrived in Chungking, Chiang Kai-shek assigned Tai, his most trusted lieutenant, to the job of implementing the Navy's plans. Tai's guerrilla army, his aides said, could protect the technicians sent to man the weather stations, harass the enemy, and sabotage his installations. His pirates could mine the harbors and rivers, make photographic reconnaissance trips along the coast, and help Miles determine where America's invasion beachhead should be. His spies could gather intelligence. His organization was tailor-made for Miles' requirements.

In May 1942, just two weeks after Miles had landed at Chungking and established his headquarters there, Tai



GEN. TAI LI IN FESTIVE MOOD
CHRISTMAS EVE 1943

took him on a trip behind Japanese lines, where Miles freely questioned the agents and guerrilla officers who came to report. He was convinced by what he saw that, contrary to what he had heard, Tai was a worthwhile teammate.

Then Miles reported the results of his investigation, the Navy began sending men and equipment by air and sea to India, thence over the dangerous Hump to China.

The organization soon began to expand. By the summer of 1943, it extended the length of China. In addition to the Chungking headquarters, a transshipping station was maintained at Kunming. In remote spots were weather stations, intelligence units, mining and sabotage teams, and two guerrilla training camps.

Miles had learned the night fighting tactics of guerrilla warfare. He had slept on wet and frozen ground, in vermin-ridden huts surrounded by squealing pigs and whimpering children. He had hiked up to 120 li - 40 miles - a day over mountainous roads or dusty plains, subsisted on a single bowl of rice topped with fried vegetables. He had been baked in the sun of Southeastern China and half frozen in the Arctic blasts of the Gobi. From all of this emerged one salient, irrefutable lesson: you had to have absolute confidence in your ally - and he in you. Your life was in his hands. It was his country. He knew it. If the chips were

down, he could leave you, fade into the countryside and become just another one of the millions who looked exactly like him.

By the Spring of 1944, seven more training camps were in effective operation. From these camps, raid were made regularly in railways, overland and inland water routes, and Japanese and Communist military installations. A cavalry unit, mounting bazookas on the back of Mongolian ponies, was functioning in the Gobi Desert. Twenty coast-watching teams kept all shipping between Manchuria and Malaya under surveillance. Seventy weather stations, stretching from the Gobi to Indochina in one direction, and from the Himalayas to the China Sea in the other, were sending in reports thrice daily. At headquarters, a tight little kingdom 11 miles north of Chungking where every entrance and cross path was guarded

by Tai's ready-fingered sentinels, these reports were analyzed. Weather forecasts, covering from the China coast to 500 miles into the Pacific, were transmitted daily to task forces and bases. Commander Submarines, Pacific, was notified of convoys and other sea-borne traffic.

In SACO, all rank insignia was abolished. Sailors and Marines, traditionally known for their spotless uniforms, rating badges, and chevrons, wore summer and winter GI field clothing, open at the neck, often covered by a quilted Chinese wind-breaker. They took atabrine to yellow their skins and perfected the ball-and-heel pace of the coolie, with yo-yo poles slung over their shoulders. When operating with the guerrillas and pirates, they dressed Chinese gowns and wore big straw coolie hats to avoid recognition. They ate their food with chopsticks. Tea and native wine replaced unobtainable coffee and beer. They grew beards to protect their faces from the subzero winds. They realized that guerrilla warfare is different and that orthodox methods and discipline will not work with it.

After a few months, a guerrilla, whether he be American or foreign, becomes a primitive, elemental man. Rats fighting for their lives in a corner do not consider anything but escape from danger. Neither do guerrillas. Democracy with a capital D has to be the watchword.

Nothing a guerrilla cannot have should be given to the military force with which the guerrilla is working.

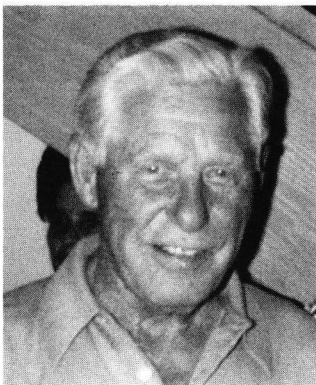
Miles' methods and his organization succeeded. The entire coast between Shanghai and Hong Kong was photographed, sounded, and charted for possible invasion landings. Thousands of Japanese were killed, wounded, or captured. Seventy-six allied fliers were rescued. Two hundred nine bridges, 75 trucks, 84 locomotives, 141 ships and rivercraft, and 97 depots and warehouses were destroyed.

Tai met every commitment to Miles and the Navy. Notable among his many kept promises was his protection of Miles' men. Out of 3,000 sailors and Marines sent to China, none suffered an enemy bullet wound and all but five returned unscathed to the United States at the end of the war.

Japan's million-dollar reward for Tai expired with the surrender of its army in 1945. The Communists canceled theirs in March 1946, when Tai was killed in an air crash. Chiang Kai-shek buried his lieutenant at Nanking, near the tomb of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, with full pomp and ceremony. The Communists destroyed the grave when they forced Chiang to flee to Formosa.

Both rewards for Miles lapsed when he was brought home on a stretcher at the end of the war. Although only 46 years old, he had been sapped by the rigorous life he led in China, and he was never a completely well man again. He died in March 1961, and was buried with full military honors at Arlington National Cemetery.

???!!!***



Roy Olin Stratton

This photo of the late Roy Stratton was taken in Cherry Hill, NJ. 1977. He was married to the late Monica Dickens, an affluent author and granddaughter of Charles Dickens.

Commander Stratton, enlisted in the Navy in 1917 and retired in 1948. During World War II, he served both the European and Pacific theaters. As a result of his experiences on the Staff of Commander, U.S. Naval Group China in 1944-45, he wrote a history of the Navy's participation in guerrilla underground warfare published in 1950. He was recalled to active duty in 1951 to conduct a study of the German and British Naval supply systems. He has written two books, several articles for service publications, and many magazine articles.

INDEED, FOOD

FOR THOUGHT

Another mystery - from whence it came I know not - but in running across this newspaper article, yellowed with age, among my files, one ponders - food for thought? You bet - how secure are we? - do we really know the preciousness of liberty? I don't have a dateline and can only assume it's the concern of a So. Calif. student (Inglewood, Calif) in which he makes one wonder where are we? where are we going? is the clock ticking? Ed.

TIMETABLE

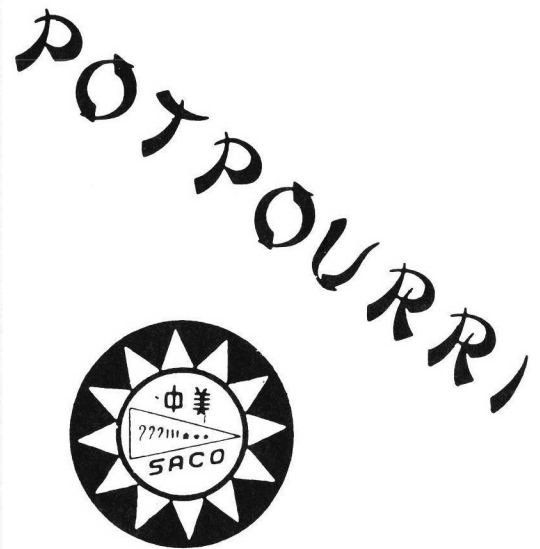
As a high school student, I would like to challenge the people to awake to the fact that America today is the greatest and most powerful nation in the world. However, we must also realize that just three short centuries ago, Spain was the most powerful nation in the world. Once England was the ruler of the seas. Rome, France, and a dozen other nations and civilizations, which come readily to mind, have tasted great glory no longer enjoyed.

What happened to these once-powerful nations? Let me quote a timetable on the rise and fall of great nations? "It goes from bondage to spiritual faith, from spiritual faith to great courage, from great courage to liberty, from liberty to abundance, from complacency to apathy, from apathy to dependency, from dependency back into bondage."

The question I ask Americans today is, "How far along this timetable has America gone?"

EARLE ALAN, JR.,
Inglewood



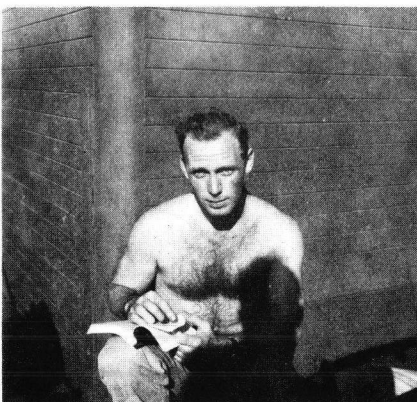
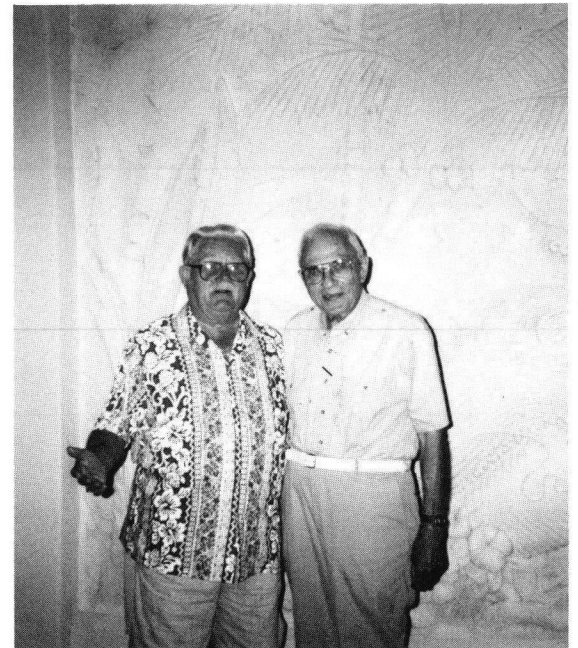


The five remaining members of SACO who served together at Intelligence Unit 4 in Changchow, China.

L-R: Harold Bonin, Jonathan Shaeffer, Bob Sinks, Bob Hill and Dean Warner (Syracuse June '98)

The article published in our recent SACO NEWS written by Al Parsons was excellent copy. Al is my oldest and best SACO buddy since we even lived together in New Jersey at my parents' home. We both had tall tales to tell of our experiences in SACO, but those of Al Parsons certainly outweighed mine. Thank you for the kindness and support rendered to Al Parsons. Such consideration will never be forgotten.

Hal Bonin



Enclosed is a picture of Henry MacLean. I don't recall him now, but he was at Camp 1, Happy Valley. Perhaps you have some other record of him. (I don't other than find him in the directory as Ltjg.. Ed.)

Dave Clarke

Hal Bonin and Bill Sager photographed their happenstance of running into each other on a city bus in Hawaii. Photo was taken at the Hale Koa, a military hotel at Waikiki where Bill and Elizabeth were staying in November '98.

BEN RITTER RECALLS VOYAGE TO CHINA



BETTY & BEN RITTER

I have been thankful for the SACO News that you have been so faithful in publishing all these years. You have asked from time to time for stories about getting into the SACO Organization..

Hank Simms and I were stationed in Boston at the Naval Radio Station. We were both trying for Radioman 1st class. The quota was full so we volunteered for we knew not what!

We left for Washington, D.C. in Aug. 1943. Spent 2 weeks at a small army post in the Virginia woods, still not knowing what was going on or where we were going until we had dinner at a Chinese restaurant in Washington, D.C.

Seventeen of us, including Radiomen, Signalmen and Weathermen - also four Marines - were put on a fancy Pullman car and shipped to San Pedro. I was living in California when I joined the Navy in 1940, so I was going home at least for a few days. I met Betty, my wife, for the first time and married her as soon as I got leave and came home from China in 1945.

We were put on a merchant marine ship - the ALBINO PEREZ - in San Pedro. The second we were at sea, the captain informed that we were loaded with 500 & 1000 lb. bombs. We couldn't travel with a convoy because of our cargo; so we zigged and zagged across the Pacific. First stop Bora Bora for refueling. Crossed the equator on Oct. 10, 1943 and sailed on to Hobart, Tasmania. The merchant marine radioman gave us watches to stand which helped pass the time.

Next stop was Colombo, Ceylon where we refueled for our lap up the Straits of Sumatra. When in Colombo, we were told that the Jap planes came in right out of the sun to bomb the harbor. The next day at sunrise someone yelled "Plane," and it was coming right out of the sun, but out of range of the gun crew. It turned and we saw the "RAF" insignia on the wing.

At the entrance to the Ganges was a natural barrier reef with an opening in which a pilot boat was anchored. I was using the blinker light for the Captain and he asked for a pilot. They told us no pilot was available and for us to anchor outside the reef. The Captain told them what our cargo was and headed for the opening. The pilot boat moved away very fast!

Just after we docked in Calcutta, the Jap bombers came over and the Navy gun crew aboard ship was given credit for turning them before they could bomb their harbor. I might add, the ship's cook broke his leg trying to get off the ship. ???!!!***

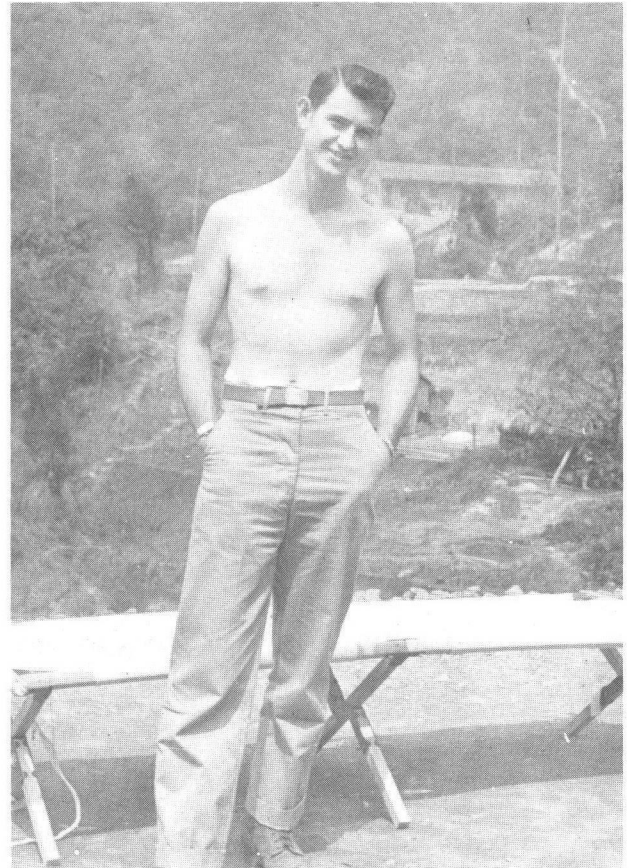
(I called Hank Simms before Xmas and his wife informed me that Hank passed away in Sept. 1997. We had plenty of good times in Boston and a lot of fun on our way to China. I was stationed at Main Camp and he went to Camp 1. We arrived in Chungking on Dec. 7, 1943 and I came home in June 1945.

We have been to Anaheim (our 1st), Colorado Springs, New Orleans, Seattle, San Diego and Nashville conventions and enjoyed every minute with you and Erma and the Hospitality Room. Can't tell you about Wisconsin yet, but hope to see you someday.) ???!!!***

FOTOS FROM BEN RITTER



L-R RM1/c Hank Simm
RM1/c George Strube



BEN RITTER - Main Camp



GENERAL WEDEMEYER
VISITS MAIN CAMP



L-R CDR. REUEL V ROBINSON
LT. jg MARSHALL G. SCHRAMM

BOB CLARK PERUSES MEMENTOS

Bob Clark recently ran across some old newspaper clippings that brought back memories. In *The Oakley Graphic* (presumably a state of Washington newspaper) dateline Thursday, April 23, 1970 had a column AULD LANG SYNE which repeated news of 50 years ago. In the column it was noted, "Mr. and Mrs. Boland Clark are the happy parents of a baby boy born April 22" (1920). As Bob noted at the side of the column, "That'sa me!" Bob said, "My grandfather had been a state senator is why there was this announcement."

Also, a clipping noted that at least three Bremertonians had been SACO members. *The Bremerton Sun* in 1944 reported "They were Robert Clark, gunner's mate, first class, husband of Mrs. Betty L. Clark, 128 Arvin Ave., Ross C. McElhaney, storekeeper first class, Rt. 1, and C. L. Chinn, painter, second class, 224 2nd St." (Editor's note: Find C. L. Chinn in our directory, but not McElhaney. If alive, could it be he is another lost SACO?)

Bob also found several clippings of the passing of former SACO MM1/c Gerald W. Yeoman who died Oct. 24, 1985 in Huntington, IN. He had become a successful business man and civic leader having founded, owned and operated Yeoman Engineering which produced precision industrial molds and other sophisticated tool-and-die work. He enjoyed an excellent reputation among fellow engineers as an innovator in the field.

In another article prior to his death, "Jerry," according to one of his pinochle-playing cronies, Dave Ellet, said, "He comes on gruff, but he's really a big teddy bear when all's said and done. He puts more effort into things that he should and the community really has over worked him, in a way." Editor Mike Perkins, who wrote the article states, "In any city this size, a tiny section of people take leadership duties. They are the ones who put those ideas into motion. There are leaders and there are loyal workers. Occasionally there are people who are all these things. Jerry Yeoman is one of those people. I once joked to a gathering of people that

I looked up the word 'irascible' in the dictionary and there was Jerry Yeoman's picture. That is the face Jerry likes to show the world. But I wanted to learn more about him so I asked some of his friends to describe him. Nobody said he was 'irascible.' 'Crusty,' 'brassy,' 'gruff,' and 'blunt,' maybe, but not 'irascible.' Dr. R. M. Hafner, president of Community State Bank and long time Yeoman confidant observed, "He's a ruffian on the outside and a marshmallow on the inside. He's a doer. He's a doer when everyone else thinks the door's closed and locked - he'll tell you you can still get your toe in the door and open it up again."

Clark writes, "Jerry and I were in crew's quarters on the troop transport which took us to Bombay in 1943. Major Parkin was on that ship also; as a matter of fact, he married a nurse, who was with that army group, somewhere between Australia and India.

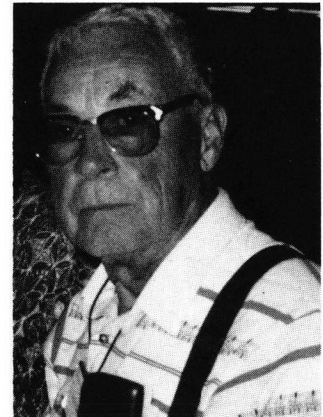
"Jerry ended up at Camp Two, but because he had difficulty coping with rules, he returned to India pretty quickly. I have a story about him when we were in a bombing session in Hengyang or Kweilin, but that is a different story time."

Bob Clark continues, "I may run across the 'Report to Miles' by Lt. Earl Colgrove, of our truck ride from Kunming to Chungking. 2 trucks, 2 officers, Colgrove and Lt. Jansen, 4 (I think) sailors, 2 Chinese Dr's, 2 Chinese truck drivers and a bunch of supplies for 'Happy Valley.' If I do, I'll send it to you.

"I have poured over the SACO Directory of 1994 and the October 1998 SACO NEWS. It was a mistake to read the news at bedtime - I relived the 'China Duty' and couldn't go to sleep."

???!!***

Bob Clark



COULD IT BE? SACO HAS A POET LAUREATE IN BILL BARTEE?

Here's Bill's latest work of art:

ODE TO A GROUP

As I lean back
 in my old chair,
My thoughts drift off
 to yesteryear;
To guys like me
 who volunteered
To go someplace,
 that place unfeared.

They came from cities,
 towns and farms.
Few, by choice,
 had e'er borne arms.
Just like snowflakes -
 no two alike -
They molded well
 to plug the dike.

And as they gathered
 to proceed,
A **BOND** was formed
 among all, indeed.
And even now,
 after all these years,
That **BOND** remains,
 through joy and tears.

They have a pennant
 with question marks;
It's quite distinct,
 the **BOND** it sparks.
And when they're asked,
 " What does it spell?"
The comeback's simple,
 just, "What the Hell?"

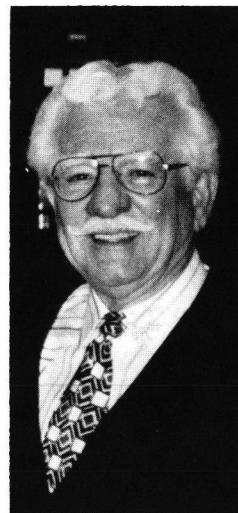
Today they're doctors,
 lawyers, too
Clergy, teaching
 some did pursue.
They're cops and farmers
 most retired,
But a SACO meeting
 gets them inspired.

They'll scrimp and save,
 so they can go
To the annual meeting
 of old SACO.
They come to lie
 and reminisce;
Hands are shook
 and some are kissed.

And so I ponder
 our coming fate,
As we line up
 at heaven's gate -
Will St. Peter
 invite us in?
Or will he ask us
 once again ...

"What is this thing
 you bring along,
The Chinese red
 without a gong?"
So wave the pennant;
 explain it well,
And tell St. Pete,
 " Just, What the Hell????!!**"

Bill -t



William D. Young Discovers New Yorker Story of 52 Years Ago

1-23-99

110

Richard L. Rutan
45-480 Desert Fox Drive
La Quinta, CA 92253-4214

Dear Richard,

Enclosed please find a check in the amount of \$150.00 in support of your good publication, plus a few things I rediscovered while going through some old stuff. The Steinberg sketches will ring bells and the New Yorker Story has much interest.

I was a Corporal in Army Weather on detached service in Camp #1 from Jan. 1945 to June and there were several Marines there whom I had met in Kunming in 1943.

In the New Yorker story, there is reference to "Red Silk" pajamas. If truth be known, I believe that I was the author of that sartorial exploit. Here we were, competing for being at the end of the supply line, with all the well known shortages and comfort lacks, when in the midst of a rare supply load, there turned up a generous package of red silk rasonde parachutes. In the States, these parachutes served the lofty purpose of separating spent rasondes from the heads of citizens. But in China, it was desired that all spent rasondes go smash, so no parachutes were used. The notion of sartorial splendor alighted in my consciousness and I provided some employment for the village tailor. Besides the red silk pajamas, several shirts, pibal theodolite shadings and the like whimsies were caused to appear.

An interesting event occurred around April, I believe it was. I was raised in Shanghai and my favorite bird was one which first appeared in spring. It sang only while on the wing, crying, it seemed, "One more bottle." The missionary kids in school were quick to tell me that the actual song was "Sing now sweetly." Camp #1 being relatively proximate to Shanghai's latitude, in the early April morning I remember I was awakened at 5:00AM by the wonderful call I had not heard since 1937. I leapt out of the sack and informed Howard Samuels of the remarkable occurrence. He did not approve of being awakened rudely, but did verify that it was "One more bottle," a sentiment supported by all.

Sincerely and all best,



William D. Young
2374 Marr Lane
San Jose, CA 95124

THAT WAS THE WAR

RIP VAN WINKLE AND FU MANCHU

(From THE NEW YORKER April 19, 1947)

by Christopher Rand

In barroom and class-reunion discussions of the war, stories of personal exploits tend to become more heroic and more gaudy as time dulls the edge of fact and the raconteur grows more assured that notbody else in the room was on the spot when his fantastic adventure took place. Sometimes, though, during these narrations, one man can be observed staring moodily and silently into his glass, while the muscles around his jaw twitch, indicating that the story of his own personal exploit is too terrible to tell. It is not impossible that this fellow did his time in Southeast China, and if he did, it is a near certainty that his attitude is an utter fraud. If pressed, he will point out that Southeast China was isolated by the Japanese for a whole year, and then suggest, with a grotesque combination of pleading and firmness, that the subject be dropped. Almost invariably the silent hero gets away with it. I am an authority on this matter because I happen to have been in Southeast China during the troubles as a field man with the Office of War Information and I have frequently pulled the dodge myself, always with most gratifying success.

Even while the war was still on, the handful of Americans who served in Southeast China area were commonly credited, both by the public and by military men in other parts of China, with being a brave and hopeless band, cut

off by the Japs and engaged with them in war on dog-eat-dog level. They were believed to be facing great hardships and risks. It is true that the area was very nearly surrounded by the Japanese, who held all the main lines of communication and all the important towns and ports on the perimeter. It is also true that the number of American personnel in the area, particularly after the fall of our few airfields there in January of 1945, was insignificant - maybe a couple of hundred or so, mostly meteorological observers, guerrilla organizers, Intelligence officers, and civilian propagandists. What is definitely not true is that life on the inside was alarmingly hazardous or, for the matter, had any onerous military character at all. Possibly a couple of the Americans who happened to come in contact with the Japanese along the perimeter of our territory were killed in skirmishes, but most of them never even saw a Jap until after the surrender. Of the few casualties I actually knew about, the most seriously injured was a Navy ensign who threw a shoulder out of joint in a basketball game. In fact, Southeast China was a war hideout comparable in comfort to Geneva or MexicoCity, and it afforded us squatters a perfect opportunity to weather the worldwide hard times pleasantly and without stigma.

Our territory was a large one. It was roughly the shape of a quarter segment of a circle, with the Canton-Hankow railway and the Yangtze River as radii and the coastline as the arc, and it took in a space somewhat greater than New York and the New England states. It was hard to get around in, for it was mostly choppy mountain ranges and almost inaccessible valleys. There were unbridged rivers everywhere. It was a country badly fitted for any standard kind of modern warfare, but in many ways, well adapted to the fringe warfare conducted by the O.S.S. and such side-dish agencies. Except for the doomed airfields it contained no military objectives of any consequence. It never became a battlefield and the chief reason the Americans were there was that it brought them into contact with itinerant natives who had backdoor access to important Japanese held centers, such as Canton, Hong Kong and Shanghai, and could pick up information about shipping and troop movements in and out of those places. Some of our men trained and armed Chinese guerrilla units for raids against Japanese communications, very few of which ever came off. Others made meteorological observations and reported them back by radio to headquarters in West China and to stations in the Pacific. Still others helped crashed American fliers back to

their bases, or fed Allied news and propaganda to the local Chinese and those in nearby occupied areas.

The Japs had the Southeast where they wanted it when, in the summer of 1944, they cut our territory off and they saw no sense in chasing around in the difficult interior just to pacify it. For all that, Southeast China came to be thought of, even by fairly knowledgeable outsiders, as a place already or soon to be under Japanese control. This flattering mistake was carefully fostered by many of us in the Southeast whenever we were able to communicate with our bases which were at Kunming and Chungking in West China. In this, our motives were generally creditable, for after all, we were field men, almost a thousand miles from those bases, and subject to the neglect that field men frequently suffer during a war. After the Japs isolated us by taking the main part of the Canton-Hankow railroad, all our supplies from outside had to come by air, and from then until the Japanese surrender, deliveries were few and very irregular. Sometimes weeks would go by without any cargo planes at all. A few things could be smuggled in from Shanghai and other occupied cities, and trading with the inhabitants of enemy-held territory came to be looked upon as practically a legitimate business. The only real problem the smugglers faced was the graft exacted by the Japanese, puppet, and Central Government control posts along the trade routes. Of course, supplies from these sources were limited in size to objects that could be carried

overland by coolies, since the roads between our region and Occupied China had been torn up. Theoretically, it was possible to have larger things brought in, but the expense was colossal; a smuggler once told a friend of mine that he could deliver an automotilbe from Shanghai, but that it would have to be broken down into coolie loads for the trip.

If we were short of supplies, we were also, more fortunately and for the same reasons, short of brass. Good brass couldn't be spared for the Southeast and bad brass didn't want to go there. It was a rare thing to see any rank as high as major. Many of the Americans in the territory were fully aware of their romantic position as hard-bitten lost souls behind the enemy lines, and, since there were no officials of consequence on hand to hold their extravagant concepts of themselves in check, a number of them developed idiosyncrasies that gradually became new personalities. One man, an Army lieutenant whose job it was to study and make reports on Japanese planes that cracked up, took on a Rip van Winkle appearance as the war progressed, letting his whiskers grow enormously and wearing patched and dirty clothes, and in time he almost lost the use of all English except profanity. Another, formerly a heavy-weight boxer and at that time a corporal with a weather outfit, affected a shaved head and Fu Manchu mustaches. A third, an Army lieutenant assigned to helping downed American pilots get back to their bases, surrounded himself with a retinue

of half a dozen Chinese servants, some of them armed, though mostly for show. A fourth, a Navy lieutenant in a similar job, took to wearing BRIGHT- RED PARACHUTE-SILK PAJAMAS as he went about his day's work. Uniforms ceased to be uniform when they were decorated with such frills as tiger-skin collars. The influence of "Terry and the Pirates" was unmistakable.

The territory in which we were stationed had no large cities, but there were a number of towns and trading centers about, on the average, a hundred miles apart. The Americans were scattered all over the area in details ranging from one or two men to a dozen or more. There was a kind of long-distance camaraderie among us that was very useful when we had to travel. There might be an Intelligence officer, for instance, stationed with an outfit a couple of hundred miles north of our supply airfield at Changting. Every few months this man would have to leave his post and run down to the field in a jeep to pick up supplies, pay, or new personnel. The chances were that he would not make this trip in a great hurry, since he would have business to do along the way, could not be sure just when his cargo would be arriving at Changting, and could count on being delayed by a few breakdowns on the road anyway. Therefore, he might split his journey into four stages, making overnight stops in three intermediate towns. In each of these places there would probably be a small group of Americans maintaining themselves in such princely

Oriental splendor as they could devise. The officer might already know one or two of them pretty well, and, if he had been around for some time, he would be known to all of them by reputation and would be taken in as an old friend. His jeep would indubitably need a good deal of servicing along the way, and he could count on his hosts to help him with it. His chief problem, of course, would be fuel. Perhaps his hosts could provide him with real gasoline, smuggled in from Shanghai or washed ashore in barrels after a sinking off the coast. More likely, though, they would have to fix him up with one of the local substitutes - alcohol, pine-root oil, tung oil, or turpentine. All of the officer's immediate requirements would be taken care of by the hosts as a matter of course, while the soup was being warmed and the wine brought out. When the traveller left, he would be given mail to carry down the line, and possibly a passenger or two. On his return from Changting, he might bring back incoming mail and perhaps some coffee, D rations, or other supplies that he had managed to beg from the people there, who, being closer to the source of supply than the rest of us, were comparatively well off. Then, after an evening of gossiping and drinking at each overnight stop, he would disappear again into the north.

The most fortunate and the most enterprising Americans in Southeast China during the war lived in missionaries' houses here and there - nice, substantial affairs, such as one might find in any upper-middle-class American suburb, and built in accordance

with the idea that missionaries should import their own material standards rather than adopt those of their flocks. The houses had good spring beds, good fireplaces, and good plumbing, which sometimes worked. Other Americans had less comfortable but more spectacular houses. As time went on, these men frequently came to be looked upon by the Chinese in their villages as rich eccentrics. One captain I knew, who was doing Liaison work with the Chinese Army, lived alone in an old, deserted temple. A couple of other officers quartered themselves in an abandoned salt warehouse, which was fine in the summer, since it was shady and fairly cool, but drafty in winter. A medic became a recluse and built himself a fancy summer retreat on the top of a hill, to which he retired to catch the cool breezes, and there was one fellow, a technical sergeant the precise nature of whose duties I never could quite figure out, who lived in a Chinese hamlet in what looked like a chicken house. This man, an individual of vast and impressive proportions, appeared to be happy in his environment and to fit well into the life of the community. Because of language difficulties, he couldn't talk to his neighbors much, but there was obvious good feeling on both sides. He paid his share of the expenses for maintaining fences and other public property and used the communal open-air latrine just like everyone else. He was in the habit of keeping fit by lifting a set of weights he had made out of stone discs and bamboo poles. Three afternoons a week he went out on the village

common and hoisted his homemade bar bells for half an hour or so, while the neighbors' children gathered around, egging him on, giving him a big hand, and laughing heartily when his face reddened with exertion. He left the weights behind when we all moved out of the Southeast after the surrender. Presumably the villagers kept them as proof that their outsize owner had really lived there and had not been dreamed up along with the other local demons.

Whenever we appealed to our bases for more supplies, we always made a great deal of the fact that we were living off the country, a phrase that was, fortunately for us, given its meaning by Daniel Boone, General Sherman, and others who did it the hard way. We found that if you intimated to someone that you were living off the country, he was inclined to assume that you were having a hell of a tough time and, out of a grudging sort of sympathy, usually did what he could to help you and inquired no further into the matter. Consequently, it was rarely mentioned that the country we were living off had almost everything necessary to set a luxurious table. Beef and dairy products were scarce in many places, but nearly all the other American staples could be had. Practically every South China family keeps pigs, ducks, and chickens, and there are plenty of fish in the rivers and in the artificial ponds outside most of the villages. There is also a good supply of vegetables all year. It is true that during the war there was not enough of this food to give everyone an adequate diet, but

the pay of Americans put them in the privileged class of Chinese generals, the higher governmental officials, and big businessmen.

It was really the Chinese cooks with the various American groups who made living off the country such a good thing. Their presence was the result of a lucky and peculiar circumstance. Though we lived in primitive country, we were at most only a few hundred miles away from such once-luxurious treaty ports as Shanghai, Foochow, and Canton. To the Occidentals who lived in these cities before the war, the kind of meals a host served had a lot to do with his social standing. The kitchens of these people were manned by Chinese cooks who were masters of an eclectic cuisine that comprised the best elements of French, Russian, American, and other foreign styles. When the Japs took over the ports, many of the cooks moved to inland towns in Southeast China, where they later went to work for the Americans and made them croquettes and ragouts the like of which few of them had ever tasted.

There was also a supply of amahs and houseboys who had gone through the same process of Occidental training. Servants like these caused us to regard plumbing and such facilities as the unnecessary fripperies of an inferior civilization. Faucets are hardly worth bothering with if you can get a basinful of hot water merely by calling for it and neither are radiators if there is a houseboy to keep throwing charcoal on the fire and pressing a fresh drink into your hand. The service some of us enjoyed

provided far more than the normal American concept of comfort. Our clothes were laid out, our bags were packed for us and our guests, and we no longer carried so much as a book from one end of a room to the other. Our laundry would come back to us in a couple of days, even in wet weather, since an amah would dry clothes under the iron rather than impair her reputation for service. Once, after a hot days's trip, I arrived at a friend's place without a change of clothes. I shaved and took a shower, and by the time I was through, my things had been washed, ironed, and laid out, dry, in my room.

Our isolation and the fact that our superiors, in West China, were not in a position to learn about our lapses from military routine led to our taking up a number of pastimes and diversions that would have seemed incredible to an ordinary, honest-to-God soldier at the front. One of these was hunting. There were plenty of pheasant, partridge, and other game birds throughout the Southeast, and at one time or another, practically every American in the area went hunting for them. Hawk shooting was also considered excellent sport, and it was not a difficult one, because the hawks had a habit of flying low over rivers, looking for fish. In making a trip of any distance you were apt to encounter a large number of hawks, since you almost always had to cross several rivers. Usually the only way to get across these streams was on a ferry poled by hand. The hawks were not bothered by the commotion that the operation of

such a ferry entails and would hang boldly overhead, offering a target that could be hit even with a pistol. The ferry polers considered the picking off of a hawk a great occasion. They would applaud and then plunge into the water after the carcass, for there is a superstition in that part of the world that eating the meat of a bird of prey gives a man some of the bird's nobler qualities, and, besides, a hawk's tail feathers can be made into fans. The crews of the ferries considered that the spectacle of the hunt, and the pleasure of diving for, and later eating, the carcass, went a long way toward repaying them for the effort expended in poling us across a river.

The Southeast also had a good supply of bigger game, including deer, boar, and tigers. To hunt these, however, generally required organizing a full-fledged expedition. This was especially true of tigers. We were usually stationed in towns that were large by the standards of the area; the tigers, on the other hand, preferred to operate near remote hamlets in the mountains. Tigers move around quite a lot, at least in Southeast China, and a hunter must have up-to-date information to find one. News about them travels quickly, since they have a terrific hold on the popular imagination, but it gets distorted in transit for the same reason. In fact, all anyone needs for a story is a tiger as the central figure; he can fudge as he will on the details.

Those of us who were interested in hunting tigers usually found reports on their whereabouts hopelessly different

from the facts when we checked up. As it was impossible to canvass the villages where tigers were supposed to be - to reach any one of them and return would have required a day's walking - we had to develop our own sources of information. An O.W.I. colleague of mine, by maintaining liaison with the Chinese post office in his community, got more or less reliable reports from the runners who daily delivered the mail to the outlying villages and who knew both the geography and the gossip of the countryside. This friend of mine learned of a tiger that had been raiding a village seven or eight miles up in the mountains. He wasn't sure where the village was, so he followed a mail carrier up there one day and laid a plan that was laudable in conception but that bogged down because of the complications inherent in the tiger-hunting business. The tiger experts he consulted in the village disagreed about what was precisely the best time to hunt, but they did agree that hunting was impossible by daylight and that tigers must be baited with a live animal. My friend returned to the town in which he was stationed, bought a goat, and a few days later, with the animal in tow, he again set out for the village, following the mailman. He soon found that it was impossible to lead a goat and keep up with a Chinese mailman, so he carried the animal. It was a full-grown billy, but he managed to get there somehow. He spent a profitless night in the blind. The next day he had to return to his station. . .

One lieutenant I knew spent several days rifling a fallen B-25 wallowing in a morass of dials,

wiring, aluminum struts, and so on. It took more than a hundred coolies to carry his spoils, and he was very much envied for miles around. The lieutenant got a lot of handy pickings out of the wreck including a radio transmitter he badly needed, but some of the booty was, from his earthbound point of view, more on the ornamental side, such as a rubber life raft and three oxygen masks.

The greatest salvage opportunity of our entire stay in the Southeast came in January, 1945, when the Japanese began to move in on our Kiangsi Province air bases from their position on the western fringes of our territory. They had made a convincing pass at these bases the previous autumn, so we were all prepared for and reconciled to the eventuality. There were four or five airfields, and it was known throughout the Southeast that their equipment was of immense value. We were confident that much of it would not be lugged back to West China, and it was therefore with mixed feelings that we waited for the enemy to advance. Toward the end, men from every outlying outfit in the whole vast area began to converge on Kanchow, the Kiangsi base that had been longest in operation and consequently reputed to be the best equipped. Some drove three or four hundred miles for the divvy-up, chartering local vehicles if they had none of their own; others bummed rides. I went in a Chinese truck that a lieutenant from a nearby Army station had got hold of somewhere. The trip took two days, and we spent the intervening night in a Chinese

hotel. When we arrived at Kanchow, we found a considerable flap in progress, with more locusts coming in hourly from the surrounding territory and the Air Forces men in an understandable sweat to get the evacuation going. We visiting pan handlers set ourselves up in a large barracks that had been operated for transient personnel. The atmosphere was rather like that of an animated cartoon in which a cloud of jovial vultures is gathered for the descent upon an especially succulent carcass. The evacuation of Kanchow was the first, and the last, occasion when a good part of the scattered personnel of Southeast China was able to gather in one place. Day after day, there were endless reunions as more men pulled in from the hills. Liquor of some sort was on most of the tables in the barracks, and the cooks had been ordered to use up all the provisions they could before the evacuation.

Huddles given over to exchanging gossip and to the business of jockeying for supplies went on in the barracks day and night. It was necessary to go through a lengthy horse-trading process over every item, because each contingent had to be satisfied - or trapped into stating that it was satisfied - and all hands had to be on good terms when the conference broke up, because in our part of the world, a man couldn't afford to be at odds with his neighbors even if his neighbors lived a hundred miles away. As a matter of fact, since there was enough equipment to make very one of us far richer than we had been before, it wasn't too hard to keep the peace. The trading was

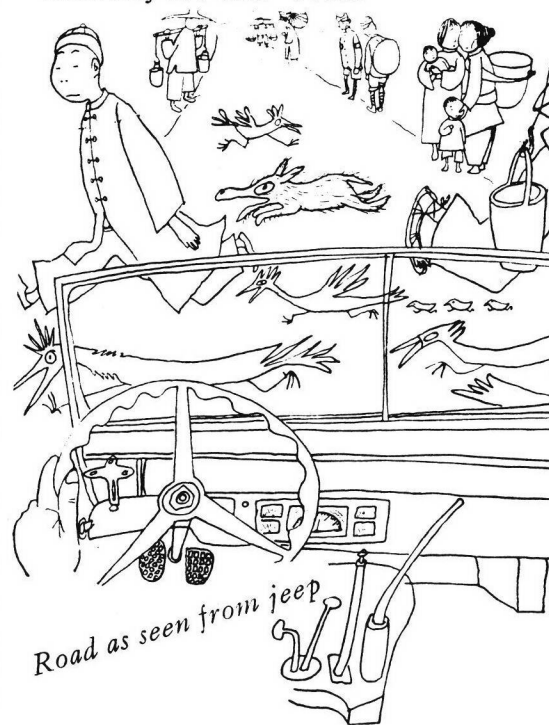
carried on decorously, if cagily, by officers representing the various groups, who talked together over drinks all day long, with a prodigious show of give and take. At night, however, the enlisted men would fan out to stockpiles that other groups had accumulated, perhaps acting on tips picked up in conference by one of their officers, and take whatever was loose enough to be removed without the use of sledgehammers or similarly noisy tools. If one of the men was caught, his commanding officer would shake his head indulgently and return the haul to its outraged owners. The more experienced enlisted men were quick at smelling out useful objects, and they had a thorough knowledge of the prevailing standard of values and a great knack for barter. Sometimes particular rarities changed hands twice in a single evening.

One Army officer, a trainer of Chinese demolition crews, came to Kanchow by himself. He was considered doubly unfortunate because he not only had no enlisted men to rustle for him, but was probably more crazed by supply hunger than any other American in the Southeast. He had been stationed for several months in a village three hundred miles from Kanchow, at the very end of the line, with no jeep of his own in which to go for supplies and no passing travelers to drop things off for him. Junk of even the mistiest worth had some value in his haggard eyes. There were a lot of things lying around Kanchow that no one was paying any attention to, such as machine guns whose barrels had been bent and tins of fresh water from wrecked planes, but they interested this fortune seeker and

he immediately fell on them, collecting enough to fill several Chinese trucks he had chartered. He was so far gone in his rat-pack fever that he took to stealing. Unhappily for him, he was, because of the months he had spent in the wilderness, unaware of the rules that Southeast public opinion had laid down for such activities, and his stealing lacked the finesse that our society demanded. It happened that on the field there was a wrecked B-24, from which the Kanchow base commander was trying desperately to remove the engines so that they could be flown back to Kunming. For this purpose, a couple of chain hoists had been mounted over the plane. These were discovered and removed by the kleptomaniac at high noon. It is hard to imagine what use he had in mind for them, but he took them just the same and was caught flat-footed. The resulting uproar reached higher circles and almost queered everybody's pitch, but because the Japs were getting closer and the base commander was getting more and more anxious, the distribution was allowed to continue.

The dispersal back to the hills from Kanchow, which ended only a few hours before the Japs arrived, was complicated by a shortage of trucks and fuel and by the fact that rains had turned the mountain roads into deep mud. I drove back in a jeep I had managed to pick up in a trade. It was overloaded and had to be kept in four-wheel drive most of the time. I found it an excellent vehicle except that the knuckles of its steering gear were worn out and had been tied together with wire which broke

from time to time. The jeep would hardly turn to the right at all and this made for slow going through the mountains where there were a lot of hairpin turns. Eight months later, after the Japanese surrender, I turned it over to the Army in Shanghai where it was speedily junked by a bunch of pampered G.I. mechanics who, accustomed to shiny vehicles just off the boat, plainly didn't know a good jeep when they saw one. ???!!!***



Road as seen from jeep



STEINBERG,
CHINA '43

Dispersal in rice paddy

Memoirs from Bill Sager's Scrapbook

Saturday Evening Post
Oct. 1945

Assassins Fail To Kill Naval Mission Chief

Shanghai, Oct. 14 -

(AP) - An attempt made by three armed assassins to kill Rear Adm. Milton E. Miles, commander of the naval group in China, at a small village 50 miles southwest of Shanghai early in August was disclosed over the week-end.

It was the fourth attempt in three-and-a-half years to have been made on the life of Miles who is now in the United States on leave.

Miles was on tour of Shanghai environs with Gen. Tai Li, with whom he successfully operated the Sino-American Cooperative Organization throughout the war, contacting underground sources to determine whether the Japanese intended to destroy utility plants in Shanghai.

On August 10, the day on which the Japanese Government announced that it was prepared to accept the Potsdam Terms, three men, two of them identified as Japanese and a Chinese communist, sneaked through the outer guards but were apprehended at the threshold of the house in which Miles was staying.

The three would-be assassins carried grenades and sidearms. All were captured and presumably executed without any ceremony.

WASHINGTON POST
OCT. 13, 1945

4th Attempt On Adm. Miles' Life Revealed

Shanghai, Oct. 12 (AP)

- An attempt by three armed assassins to kill Rear Admiral Milton E. Miles, commander of an American naval group in China, last August at a small village 50 miles from Shanghai was disclosed here today. It was the fourth attempt against his life in 3 1/2 years.

Miles, whose home is at 111 Shadow Rd., Kenwood, MD, is now in the United States on leave.

He escaped death in August when touring Chang-sha with Chinese General Tai Li, contacting Chinese underground leaders to determine whether the Japanese intended to destroy utilities in the port city.

Miles and the Chinese general on August 10 stopped overnight at a private home. During the night two Japanese and a Chinese sneaked past guards posted around the grounds. At the threshold, the three

armed men were apprehended and killed.

Last Christmas, the car in which Miles was riding in Kweiyang in central China was riddled by a Japanese agent's machine gun but Miles escaped injury. Two weeks earlier, a sack of live ammunition was dumped into his fireplace, exploding bullets in all directions.

Three years ago in India, Japanese agents attacked him at a railroad station and stabbed him in the shoulder and leg.

New York Times
March 25, 1946

Mystery Veils General Tai's Fate; China's Police Chief In Air Crash

Chungking, March 24
(AP)

Gen. Tai Li., one of the most powerful men in all China, was credibly reported today to have been killed under circumstances as mysterious as was his long life of undercover violence as chief of China's secret police.

President Chiang Kai-shek wept at the news that his ruthless but trusted assistant was killed in a plane crash between Shanghai and Nanking.

Other Chinese ill concealed their hopes that General Tai truly was dead and still others openly doubted it - averring that only the poison-cup, bullet, or knife of an assassin could strike down this powerful man.

General Tai's mildly named Bureau of Investigation and Statistics, was reported to have started disbanding recently under terms of the Chinese unity agreements, for the Communists in particular had accused the bureau of mistreating all political opponents of President Chiang and insisted that the organization must die.

The plane crash occurred on March 17 in the cloud-shrouded mountains near the Yangtze River. First the Chinese announced only that it was a "special plane" carrying officials.

The reliable newspaper Ta Kung Pao reported yesterday that General Tai was one of the twenty person killed, and today, K.C. Wu, Minister of Information, announced that the Government was investigating.

Other Chinese sources said it was positively known that some very high Government official had died in the crash and that the Government appeared to be withholding the information while preparing a formal announcement.

Ta Kung Pao said the bodies of all were burned

beyond recognition - a circumstance that caused some persons to doubt that the secret police chief was one of the victims.

President Chiang is not among the doubters, however. Associates said he burst into tears.

This form of death seemed too simple to the people who had heard so many rumors and so few facts about the violent but not simple career of General Tai.

So, purposefully shadowy was General Tai's life that not even his exact age is known, although he was believed to be in his fifties.

It is known that he had been one of President Chiang's most loyal supporters since the early days of the revolution and that he studied at Whampoa Military Academy in Canton, which General Chiang then commanded.

The very few people who knew him well say that he placed loyalty to President Chiang above all other considerations, and that was one reason the President's enemies sometimes received severe treatment from the sharp-eyed, broad-faced little police chief.

Last month in Peiping, in the course of a brief, noncommittal interview, General Tai said that he had no mercy for "any enemy of China"

With the Mukden incident in 1931, General Tai was assigned by President Chiang to create an anti-Japanese undercover group. From that day until the Japanese surrender fifteen years later, he waged war without quarter and with few rules

against both the invaders and their Chinese collaborators.

First, he fought alone, using meager Chinese resources but developing his organization into the most powerful of three secret police agencies.

Then, after Pearl Harbor, the secret Sino-American Cooperative Organization - "SACO" was formed. General Tai headed its 70,000 American-equipped Chinese saboteurs and guerrillas and the so-called "Rice Paddy Navy" of American naval and Office of Strategic Services men. Rear Admiral Milton E. Miles of Jerome, Arizona was deputy commander of this force which wrought havoc behind the enemy lines.

An official Chinese source said on March 1 that 60,000 of these guerrillas had been disbanded and that the remaining 10,000 in the Shanghai-Nanking-Hankow area would be dissolved soon. No new assignment for General Tai ever was announced.

The Communists and the third-party Democratic League, recently have accused the secret police of new acts of violence.

There were Chinese today who thought back over the rumor-embroidered accounts of General Tai's narrow escapes in the past, shook their head and muttered vaguely that General Tai had a double and that the plane crash story didn't sound just right to them. They thought he might turn up again some day.

????!!***



Bill Sager & Mr Liu, Interpreter
Camp 10 January 1945

Son Donates to SACO in Father's Memory

To the editor:
9 April '99

This is to inform you that my father, Leo W. Fletcher, died at the end of May 1998. (We had news of the death which was reported in last issue - that issue has been mailed to Hans. Ed.)

Less than a week before he died, we were speaking of my bicycle trip around the world. Having grown up hearing of China from other SACO personnel and having read all I could find on SACO, I voiced interest in visiting China. Leo agreed I should if I could. I will carry his dog tags on my travels.

If possible, I would like to receive SACO NEWS and the next list of SACO personnel (your next directory, Paul Casamajor) which would list Leo in the memorial section.

Enclosed find contribution for \$50 in memory of my father.

Sincerely,
Hans S. Fletcher
3037 Heron Place
Clearwater, FL 33762



NOSTALGIA



This photo may have been taken from cave overlooking main runway at Yang Tong air base, Kweilin. Road at right leads to hostels, mess halls and headquarters 68th Wing.—Photo courtesy Philip Zarada, 21st Photo Recon Squadron.

HOWARD SAMUELS SHARES SOME PHOTOS



Gates of Kunming 1944



Ho Ming & family (Camp interpreters) Kneeling L-R: Warren Reid, Jr. USAAF S/Sgt, myself, Howard Samuels, USAAF S/Sgt and Tony Wogan, U.S. Navy PO



View of river from Camp 1 1944-45



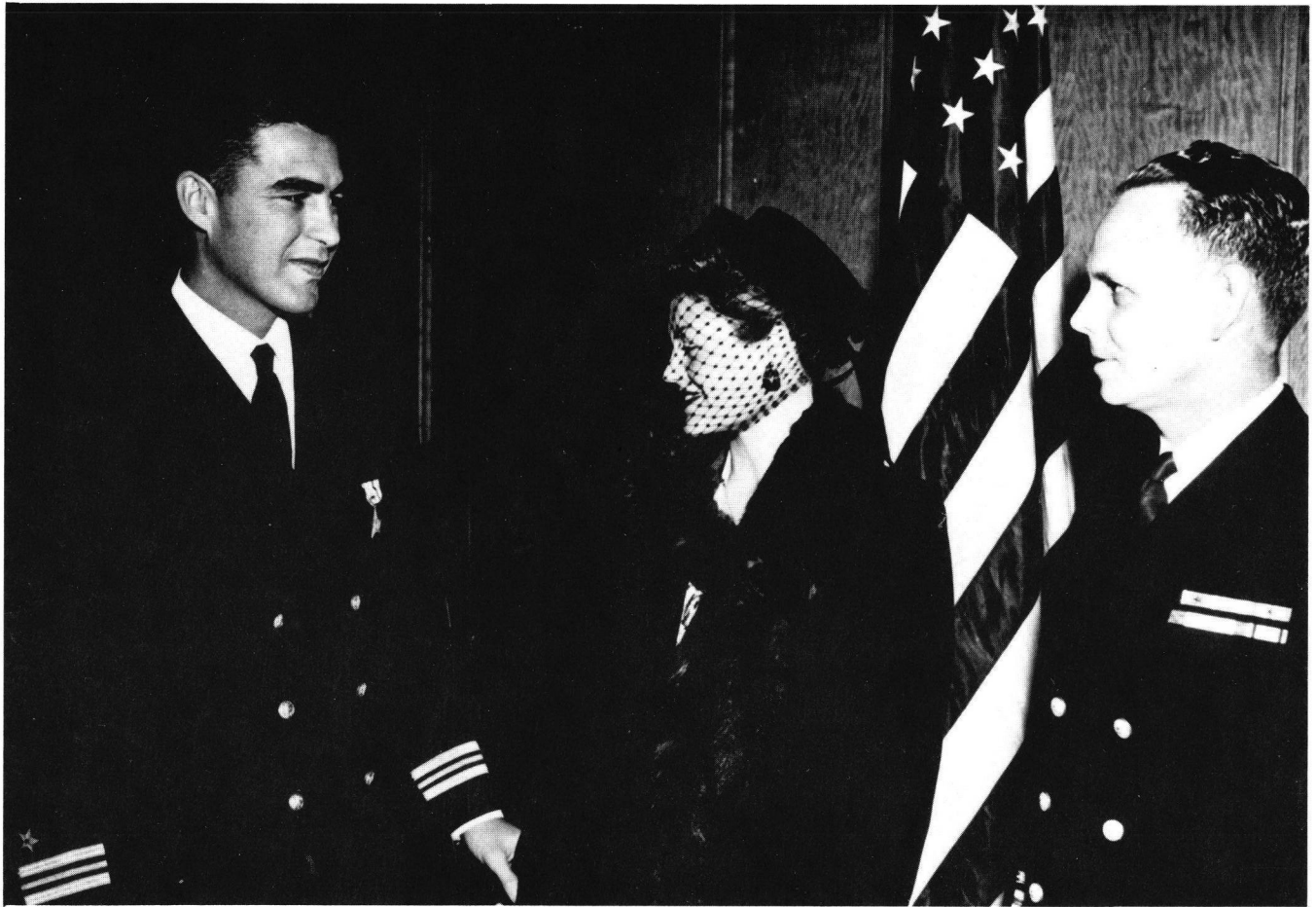
Camp 1 = Guard Shack, living quarters,
radiosonde weather bldg - notice laundry line.
6-44 - 6-45



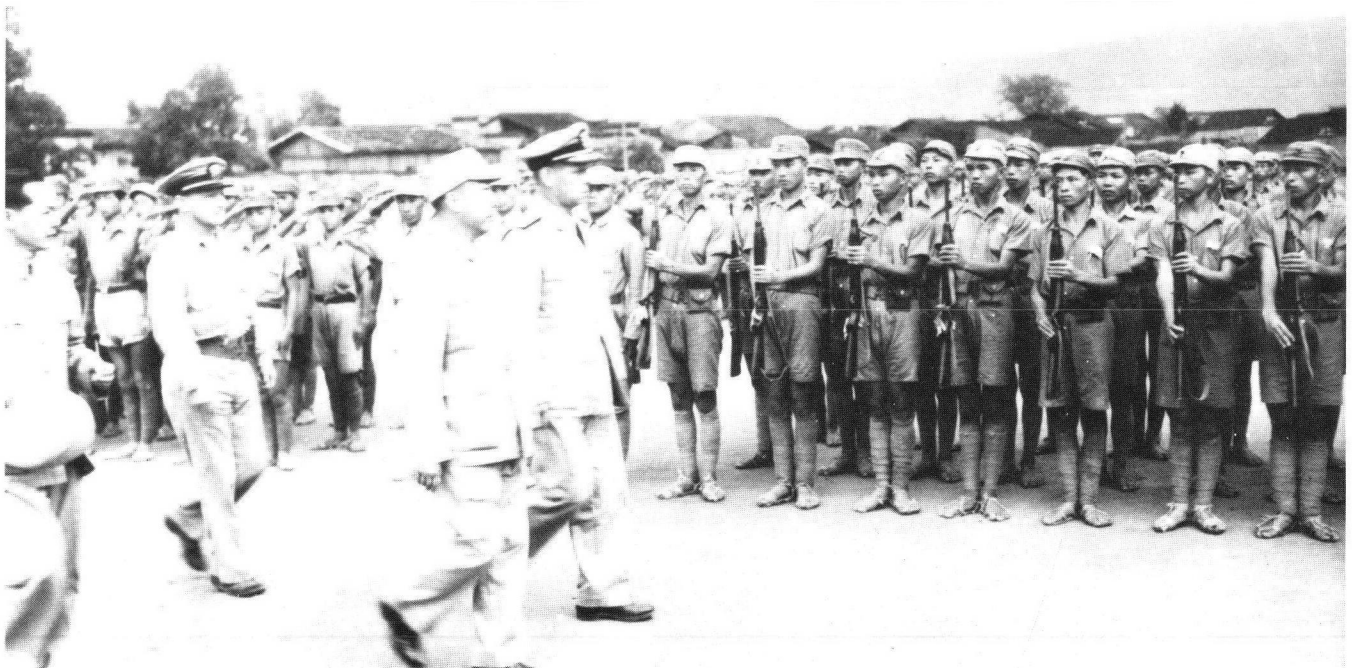
Inspection of Camp 7 Mess Hall June '45. Standing L-R: Lt. Gen. Tai Li, Commodore Miles, Eddie Liu, Lt. Felmy and Lt. Swartz



American Flag of 14 stripes - holders unidentified.



Lt. Cdr. Stanley E. McCaffrey, Mrs. McCaffrey, and Rear Admiral M. E. Miles on the occasion of the presentation of the Silver Star Medal to McCaffrey at the U.S. Naval Hospital, Bethesda, MD Nov. 17, 1945



Tai Li and Miles review troops of Camp 3 - other Navy officer unidentified.



Captured Jap prisoners Col 4 - Navy man center unidentified.



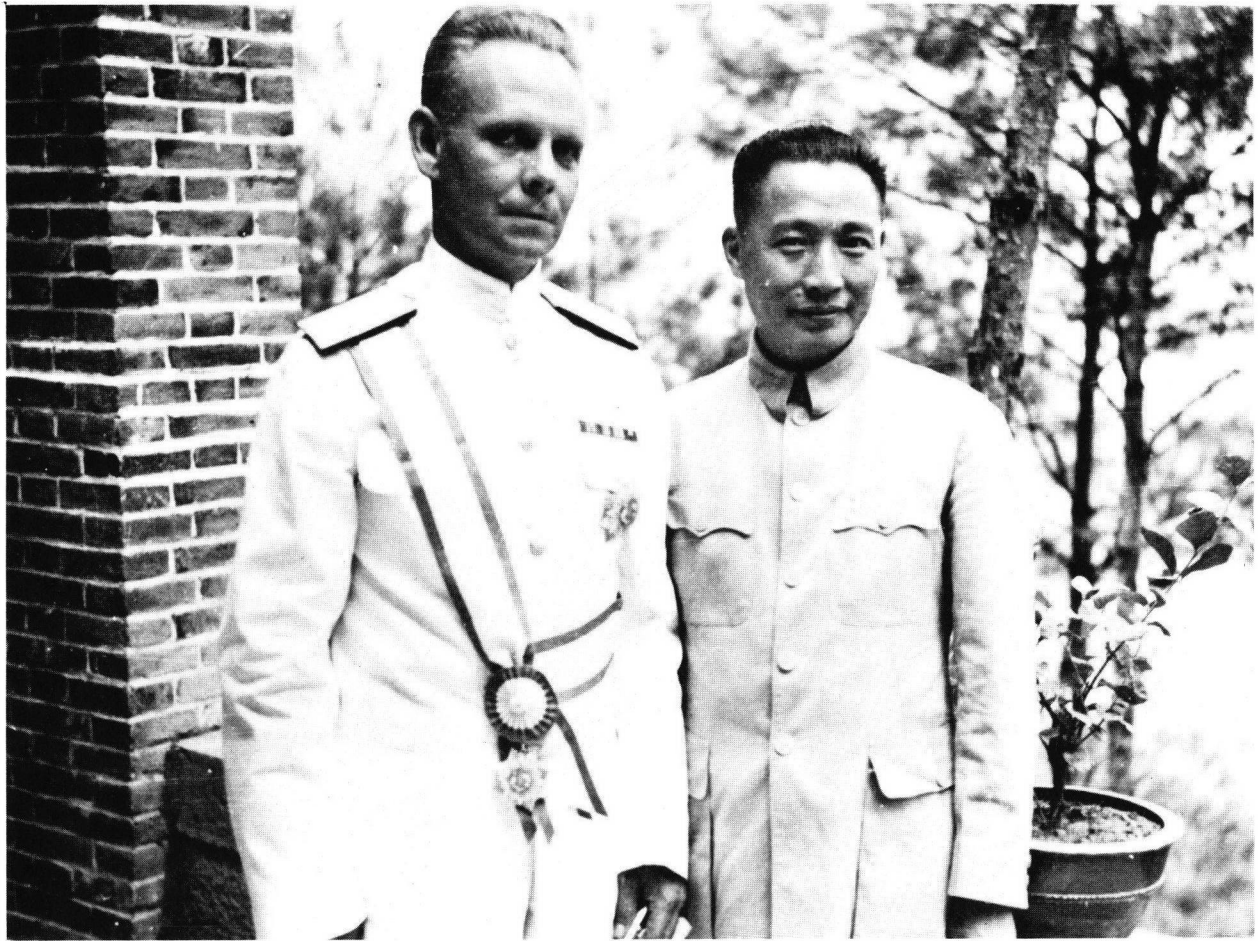
Unit 7 Tai Li - Miles and Swartz July 1945



Robert H. Barrow, 1st Lt. USMC at age 23 in China. Barrow spent six months with SACO and in later years, advanced to the highest rank of his branch of service - Commandant of the USMC.

SPECIAL NOTE OF APPRECIATION:

SACO NEWS is honored to extend special gratitude to one of our faithful members for his time, his perseverance and successful efforts in perusing the Navy photographic files in Wash.,DC and producing these historic photos for all of us to either recall or see for the first time. BILL SAGER has made more than one trip into Washington in search of SACO History and I, for one, am indebted to him for contributing to that Nostalgic Section of SACO yesteryear that makes each issue more special. Thanks, Bill . . .thanks ever so much! Ed.



VAdm Miles receives China's highest award - *THE ORDER OF THE WHITE CLOUD AND GOLDEN BANNER*. Although no positive ID - this is perhaps Gen. Pan?

Quoting from Miles' *A DIFFERENT KIND OF WAR*, the events leading to this formal presentation of China's highest award were . . .

General Wedemeyher, Ambassador Hurley, and a considerable party arrived in Shanghai on the same busy day that also saw the official arrival of Admiral Kinkaid and the ships of his impressive fleet. As can be imagined, the day was so filled with official calls, scheduled appearances, and the necessary briefings for the admiral, that I did not have a minute to myself. Because of

this, it was late that night before I could fulfill the general's request to see him in private. In fact, I did not reach him until he was going to bed.

I remember very little of what was said. I was proud of what our boys had done along the coast and I thought they should have some recognition. I made that point, but I must have recounted SACO's exploits at very great length for I remember the general commenting crossly that I sounded as if I had won the whole war singlehandedly!

The general certainly had ample

reason to believe that I was talking far too much. Still, I *did* think - that except for Chennault, we of SACO had accomplished practically all that was done for China during the war. We had started very soon after Pearl Harbor. We had stumbled upon the guerrillas and, working with them, had discovered a method of warfare that not only suited the Chinese, but also was possible for us to develop with the trifling quantities of supplies that the Army - and the situation - permitted us to have. Furthermore, these efforts of ours definitely strengthened and

built up the Chinese themselves.

General Wedemeyer had said from the beginning that he welcomed forthright and constructive criticism, so I made a whole slew of pertinent remarks about handling intelligence and guerrilla warfare, including liberty for individual commanders to go ahead with what they were able to accomplish without any needling on details from various staff specialists who had never done the work and didn't know how, but who still expected to sit back and give orders.

I have no doubt that I made these comments with less tact than the situation called for. The fact is that I was thinking of some of the colonels I knew, and quite forgot for the moment that what I was saying also amounted to a below-the-belt blow for the general himself. It may have been at this very point that the general spoke up.

"Miles," he said, "I don't have to take that from you."
And of course, he didn't.

I closed our conversation by saying that I liked the general personally, but that I certainly never wanted to serve under him again. This was so unnecessary and blunt that I wonder now why he didn't suspect combat fatigue and call a doctor.

I was still as roiled as a ship's wake when I went back to my quarters and awakened both Beyerly and Heagy. Then I

paced the floor and in much repetitive detail, I told them everything I could recall of the whole interview.

With the Fleet in, we began to learn that in many people's eyes, we of SACO had been on duty in China and had "missed the war." I remember being inconspicuously present in the lobby of the Cathay Hotel when an officer - a commander - from the Fleet came in and asked for a room. The hotel manager, aided by a young SACO man behind the desk, indicated that there were no rooms except for officially assigned persons.

The commander was incensed.

"I'm going back aboard," he said, "and put on my medals and then come and ask you landlubber sailors about the proper attention to be paid officers of the Fleet."

From his serious look, I thought he might do just that, so I sent for Phil Buckley, our billeting officer, and had him dress in all his medals. He was a big man and he did us proud.

When the aggrieved commander returned, Phil stuck his chest over the desk, exhibiting a couple of Navy Crosses, Silver Stars, and other trimmings.

"Commander," he said smoothly, "I'm told that you want a room ashore. Admiral Miles here" - he pointed to my corner - "says that nothing is too good for the men of the Fighting

Fleet, and he has offered you his personal suite."

Admiral Kinkaid planned a trip to Chungking to call on the generalissimo, and I hurried ahead to arrange the hospitality, set up the calls, and prepare for a review at Happy Valley. I flew with Ambassador Hurley on September 21, but I hardly needed the wings. I had passed the stage of being tired, of needing sleep, or even of taking care.

All I actually needed was a little more patience to guide SACO into a fair harbor. If someone could have muzzled me just then, we might very well have weathered the storm. However, my headquarters was made up only of junior officers and a young doctor who didn't have age enough to tell me to "Shut up!" Even my senior medical officer in Shanghai was new and didn't know me well enough to see that I was all wound up. Nothing, I suppose, would have stopped me.

It was September 22 and, in planning for Admiral Kinkaid's visit, I called on the generalissimo. Then, on the way back to Happy Valley, I stopped at the Press Hostel for lunch. I suppose that I was already a little off my rocker, though I had no notion of it at the time. At any rate, I began thinking about all the messages I had seen about putting me under the 7th Fleet, and especially about the "Expedite and Proceed" that I

had read with so much pleasure and relief. It was that, I suppose, that made me reach the conclusion that I was overflowing with news that needed to be imparted. And that notion had no sooner popped into my mind than I stood up in the hostel dining room and invited all the correspondents to a press conference next morning at my Happy Valley Pine Tree House. I promised to crack their whole theater wide open and I even asked an Army public relations lad who was present to arrange for a sound track and a camera so that my words might be recorded along with my sincere expression. I even assured them all that I was no longer under the command of the Army but was back in the Navy.

I do not remember much of this. Except to myself, I was recognizably off the track. However, when I got back to Happy Valley, I regained enough control of myself to cancel the press conference. The fact is that I looked up that message from Admiral King - the one with the happy words - and found that it was entirely tentative - that I still needed the Joint Chiefs' order before I could consider myself back in the Navy.

That evening after dinner, I decided to have another one of my "from-time-to-time" chats with the men. I was off on a new tack now, and my notion was that they should be told about the atom bomb. So I discussed what made it go off - how a

small piece of uranium could destroy a battleship - and then I talked about the necessity for postwar regulation of the use of such power. I remember saying how upset I was because the first use of the bomb had been against civilians and a city. I know just how it should have been used, instead. I even knew of an island within easy reach of Tokyo that could have been used for a demonstration.

My rambling talk naturally reminded the boys of the comparably aimless talk Tai Li had given in April. They couldn't stop me even by turning off the lights. Finally, however, I agreed to go to bed.

It was then that a couple of Army colonels arrived - one a doctor. The young Army public relations officer had reported to General Stratemeyer, the acting theater commander during Wedemeyer's absence. And Stratemeyer was now sending me a memo asking that he be shown the word that would transfer me from his command or, lacking that, that I cancel the press conference.

The colonel who had come to see me reported the whole affair, including the fact that I had already called off the press conference of my own volition. Still, I can imagine Jeff Metzel's difficulties in Washington when a report of this new trouble reached him from Chungking.

Fortunately, Ed Berger reached Washington at just about this

moment, bringing with him a detailed account of General Wedemeyer's outspoken hostility to NavGroupChina in front of the congressional visitors. Perhaps even more important, he was also able to give an explanation of my misused message of September 12 as well as a report that Ambassador Hurley did not believe Wedemeyer's conference statement that he had suggested me as head of his proposed joint mission. In fact, the ambassador had told Berger that the general was violently opposed to any such thing - that at a meeting with the generalissimo, he had objected to me in such outspoken terms that Madame Chiang Kai-shek, who was acting as interpreter, refused to interpret his remarks, saying that if she "did so, the result would be that the generalissimo might lose confidence in General Wedemeyer himself!"

Admiral Cooke now prepared another long paper including Berger's reports and reviewing the whole situation of SACO and the background for a mission. He sent it with the following statement, which was again more sympathetic than I would have expected: "Attached memo was drafted before receipt of the two messages about Miles' press conference. It may still be valid, as I think Miles probably jumped the rails under temporary exhaustion and false information of some kind." Admiral Cooke also report that "The Army has four main objections to Miles

and SACO (a) their affiliation with General Tai Li; (b) the integration of American and Chinese organizations below the level of Theater GHQ; (c) the exchange of materials and service 'gratis' on the basis of friendship; (d) guerrilla activities are not Navy business."

At Happy Valley the colonels had left and I had gone to bed, but I could imagine some of the things that were going on in Washington and I was a long way from relaxing. So I got up again and started from my room, only to find a guard outside my door who told me I was not to leave.

This was a surprise for it had not been explained to me. And next, the doctor arrived and took away my razor, doubtless according to regulations though I thought it funny for the seams of my trousers held several switchblades that I had sewn in.

Si Morris came in to be with me, and Ward Smith arrived to take down all my conversation - a difficult job for I was talking constantly. My staff had heard Army mention the word "insubordination" and wished to protect me from possible investigations. Si Morris told me later that my chief worry was money. I had promised to pay several different sums for SACO work, and I realized that because I was confined these debts might go unrecorded. I also had millions of dollars to account for now that the war was ended. But Ward said that most of my talk

was about electronics, and the language was often so technical that he had a hard time getting it down.

It was the nextday that Admiral Kinkaid arrived for his call on the generalissimo and for the review at Happy Valley. I heard the bugle - knew I should be there - slipped out the window and tried to walk down.

The review was all over. The party had left.

Admiral Kinkaid held a press conference on September 27 and, "off the record," said that I was not making sense. He had recognized the signs of "war shock" when he had seen me in Shanghai and had thought to send me home for a rest - had asked, in fact, to have me sent with Ambassador Hurley, but he had left town before the message arrived.

"Looking back on it," Si Morris said in a letter to my wife many years later, "I'm convinced that Mary's physical condition was only one of complete exhaustion. He went from conference to conference - discussion to discussion - exhilaration - we had won - all his friends were at hand - Admiral Kinkaid - and he himself was an Admiral - no sleep - insistence of Tai Li - worry about Communists. All this was too much."

General Stratemeyer had boarded Kinkaid's plane halfway to Chungking and had assured

the admiral that the Army was taking pains to protect me. Kinkaid's schedule was too full for him to see me, but he offered to ask for a Navy plane from Okinawa to take me home. Not necessary, said the general. Army would provide for me. I would have liked to ride the new "Flag Plane" the Navy had sent me, but the general wanted that to stay in the theater. I had also asked to fly home commercially, but the Army said they had things well in hand.

Neither General Tai Li nor any other Chinese was allowed to see me. Tai Li was worried, and so was the generalissimo, who had seen me and thought that I was tired but not crazy. The word reached them that no one could see me because I was "restrained." They thought that meant a straitjacket.

In a unprecedented burst of speed, the Chinese paid me the very great honor of presenting me with Medal No. 90 of the Order of the White Cloud and Golden Banner, in the grade of lieutenant general. It is China's highest award and must be earned by action in the field with Chinese troops. They figured this was the one way some of them could get in to see me. General Tai Li knew that he was the cause of some of my troubles and he would not prejudice the issue by trying to come himself. Instead, the generalissimo sent General Mao Jen-feng with our own Mr. Pan. At that, they were stopped at the foot of the path to Pine Tree house and had to

Cont'd p57

SACO BOOKS UPDATE

A BOOK REPORT

If you read Roy Stratton's book, "The Army-Navy Game" you got to know some of the details of Mary Miles difficulties in getting along in the military bureaucracy that was so active around our operations in China during WWII.

Now, another highly documented book (more than 960 citations) has been published that reveals the sheer magnitude of Miles' problems in dealing with his OSS superior, Gen. William "Wild Bill" Donovan. The book:

OSS IN CHINA
Prelude to Cold War
by
Maochun Yu
Published by Yale University Press
ISBN 0-300-06698-8
Price: #37.50

Dr. Yu is now a Professor of Far East History at the USNA in Annapolis.
- Paul Casamajor

"SACO - THE RICE PADDY NAVY"
by
Roy Stratton

One of our new Associate members, Mr. Frank Baillie, says he's located a source of copies of Stratton's book now long out of print.

The source:
Lodowick Adams - Bookseller
2021 - 8th St.
Tuscaloosa, AL 35401
Phone: 1-800-476-2155
Attention: Bill Dobbs, Manager

If you really want a copy to keep, you might try them or maybe even advertise your wants here in SACO NEWS.

Copies of the book may be borrowed for a month from:
Paul Casamajor, Membership Chairman
2605 Saklan Indian Dr. #6
Walnut Creek, CA 94595-3035

SACO BOOKS

As noted in the last several issues of SACO NEWS, we have a small lending library of SACO related books. Specifically:

SACO - THE RICE PADDY NAVY
and
THE ARMY-NAVY GAME
both by
Roy Olin Stratton
A DIFFERENT KIND OF WAR
by
Vice Adm. M.E.Miles, USN
THE EXPENDABLES
by
Ted Wildman

Each of these may be borrowed (for about a month) for the cost of postage. Send your requests to:
Paul Casamajor, Membership Chairman
2605 Saklan Indian Dr. #6
Walnut Creek, CA 94595-3035

Wildman's THE EXPENDABLES is also available for purchase for \$10. (\$7. goes to Ted's widow). This is available from Casamajor (see address above).

WANTED

We have two requests (one each) to purchase copies of Stratton's books which are long out of print. If anyone is willing to sell their copy of SACO - THE RICE PADDY NAVY or THE ARMY-NAVY GAME, please contact "Loan Librarian" Casamajor who will tell you who the buyers are and you can negotiate your own deal.



More from the pseudo-Chinese dictionary. . .

Dung On Mai Shu - I stepped in excrement
Ai Bang Mai Ne - I bumped into the coffee table
Chin Tu Fat- You need a facelift
Ar U Wun Tu - A gay liberation greeting
Gun Pao Der - An ancient Chinese invention

Hu Yu Hai Ding - We have reason to believe you are harboring a fugitive.
Hu Flung Dung - Which one of you fertilized the field?
Jan Ne Ka Sun - A former late night talk-show host
Kum Hia - Approach me

E. Lee Comer, Jr.

UNIT THIRTEEN

I was impressed with the latest SACO magazine. It contained a huge amount of information. I am in the process of sharing it with my veteran friends who lived here in our Condo Complex. We do have bragging rights and the need to spread our story around.

My purpose though, in this letter is to provide you with information for your history of SACO.

I left Washington, D.C. for China in early October 1943. There were twenty four of us. It took until February 1, 1944 before we arrived at Chungking. Some time ago, I sent a picture to someone of the members in our group. I noted on the snapshot all the names I could recall. (I think I enclosed with my dues check)

HERE IS OUR STORY;

I was chosen, along with Bill Shearer, to go out into the field. (I hope I have remembered his name) Editor's note: In my directories dating back to war's end, I find only a John Robert Shearer, RM1/c . . . perhaps it is he?) He had arrived one day before me so had first choice. He chose the Gobi camp. I was ordered to Camp Two at Nanyo.

While there, I was in Hengyang one day with someone to see if there was mail. There we were ordered to help with freeing pilots from a disaster day when many were just able to get down. Three or four of us ran to a downed p-51. The Greenhouse* had been shot up, the pilot was sitting on an unexploded shell and blood was everywhere.

One of the men alongside of me was an Air Force Captain. The pilot was shouting, "Where is Green?" "Where is Green?" ** We got him out and he was carted away. We learned later he was okay.

SO, A BELIEVE IT OR NOT STORY: Years later, I was in my doctor's office. He asked where I had served during the war. I told him China. He looked at

me and smiled, "I served in China. I was Head of communications at Hengyang Air Base." I told him about my day at "his airport." He just sat and looked at me with sort of a funny smile. "You heard your story, I guess. The world is small, but not that small," so I told him about the "Where is Green?"

He sat for a long time without a word. Then he said, "I was the guy on the other side of the plane. I remember the 'Where is Green?'"

Dr. Kenneth Mangels and I became fast friends. He had come home and gone to Med School in St. Louis and then migrated to Independence. He was quite young when he died. Together, we were involved in a true story I would not believe if someone told it to me. . . It was a true and wonderful happening.

I was in Nanyo four or five days. Chief Radioman James took me into Hengyang one day, put me on a train with two Chinese soldiers and I was off to the wars.

Late at night, I arrived at a spot on the river (Sheng River, I think). There was a Lt. Lloyd and about four to six sailors. They were mounting outboard motors on sampans and machine guns.

I, along with my two companions, was ordered to proceed to Changsha. We were rowed across the river. I had no idea where I was or where I was going. We had not traveled far when we met headlong with hundreds of refugees headed south. There seemed to be a path along the river and we were literally swimming up-stream.

Suddenly, there was some sort of alarm and everyone was shouting and taking places along the river bank. The alarm was justified. Suddenly, we were being strafed by Japanese planes. It did not last long, and given the darkness, I did not think anyone had been hurt.

Somewhere in our journey, we must have crossed the river again. Our destination was the Standard Oil Complex on an island across from the city of Changsha.

Again we crossed the river and landed at a large fenced-in area. We yelled and pounded, but did not rouse a soul. The gate was a very high iron arrangement opening from the middle. We made enough noise that we caught the attention of the soldiers on the other side who started firing and bouncing bullets off the iron gates. We left at once - glad to still be mobile.

The rest of the night and until about midmorning was spent in returning to Lt. Lloyd. His radio operator asked me to help him decode a message using a one-time pad. I sat down with him and he read off the first letter. That was the end for me. One letter and I woke up twenty four hours later in someone's bunk.

That afternoon, we said good-bye and headed back to Changsha. We found our goal and became a part of Lt. Champe's outfit along with CPhM C. E. "Bill" Richardson and CEM Charles W. "Robby" Roberts. During the siege of Changsha, there were four of us SACO men there and stayed until we were ordered to leave. The other two Americans were sent there by my friend, Dr. Mangels. One was a Sgt. Radioman. The other was a 1st Lt. who was to select targets for the Air Force. Their planes came over often.

The Commanding General was a Chiang (no relation to the President). He assigned an interpreter to us named James Preston Wong. He was a Boston College grad.

Our first job was to round up, and send down river, all the missionaries we could. I was sent to look for a Catholic Priest who was French. When we located him and told him we wanted to evacuate him, he asked if there would be any others. When I said, "Yes," he said, "Wonderful, will there be enough for Bridge?"

When we were in Washington at the Navy Dep't, I, along with others went to Dam Neck, VA and qualified as a twenty millimeter Anti Aircraft Gunner. Lt. Champe thought there was twenty MMs at Nanyo. James Wong and I left that afternoon down river to see if we could find them.

Early the next morning, I was making my way aft for bathroom purposes.. As I walked by the middle of the boat, the fireman tossed a large shovel of red hot coals out. I had not tied my shoe and the coals went right in. The burns were terrible and painful.

We decided to try to proceed. We finally arrived at a point in the river we judged to be between ten and fifteen miles from Nanyo. Lt. Champe had given James Preston a forty-five pistol he kept wrapped in a black silk cloth. He became angry and after a heated debate with rickshaw drivers, unwrapping his weapon (it only took about ten minutes) he convinced them to take us to Nanyo since I could not walk

When we arrived at Nanyo, there was a Naval Officer there. He told us the unit was disbanded and the guns had been sent away. Also, the Air Force had abandoned Hengyang.

We arrived late that evening at Changsha and were taken at once to Gen. Chiang. He called for a doctor and within minutes, a young man showed up. I was encouraged when he began to sterilize his instruments over an alcohol lamp. Thankfully, I cannot remember what happened next, but I awoke to a clean bandage. Then we went at once to the Mei Fu Complex (my spelling?)

When we left Changsha for good, we ran into Pac Doc somewhere south of Lt. Lloyd's base, Jim Toner was there and he had about half a a bottle of Merthiolate which he poured directly on my burns. It had a certain, but unwanted . . . shall I say, "tingle." The foot finally healed in late autumn. The event had happened in the spring.

The things we accomplished at Changsha can be documented in an article in the Kansas City Star published in October 1945. It was an interview of Lt. Champe furnished to the paper by AP.

On the day we left, we blew up the Army Radio Station and the Sgt. walked out. Dr. Mangels told me later the Sgt. had received a Silver Star. The Air Force Lt. left with us on a small skiff about fifteen feet long. When we arrived at Hengyang, our thoughts were that we would return to Chungking. That was okay with me for that was where my friends were.

We were staying at the YMCA in Hengyang when I took a message for Lt. Champe. He was told to stand by. Two more men would arrive and we were ordered to North Kiangsi Province where Unit Thirteen (The Yangtze Raiders) would become a reality. So, from our original four, we became six with Joe Schragel and T. J. Petrosky. Joe was a Motor Machinist and Pete was a Marine Sgt. It was not until November when we received another six or seven men. Robby, by now, was almost blind from Trachoma and was sent home.

You can find most of our names if you still have your copy of "The Rice Paddy Navy." I do not have time or space to tell you all of our adventures and exploits. We did bring out six downed airmen and were recommended for six citations. All were turned down by some "board" or other; I know because I took the messages. We had been told we were "too small."

I am trying to finish a book for my grandchildren and great-great grandchildren. There will be a complete covering of my experiences in China along with other biographical escapades I hope they will find interesting.

Something personal of which I am so proud: My son-in-law is a retired Navy Captain who was one of Admiral Rickover's "boys." I am the eldest son, and my brother next is a retired Navy Captain with twenty three years in the Medical Service. Number three brother was in the Navy during the Korean War and served on a destroyer in that arena. Our "baby brother" served in the Vietnam War. He was a Lt. Commander in the Medical Corps, now deceased.

I can say I had some affect in their service. They all declared that my service had inspired theirs. SACO will always be a part of me and enters my thoughts almost every day.

So, I wish all of you calm water and pleasant winds.

Yours truly,

Lee Comer

*Sobriquet given P-51s due to green glass that encompassed the pilot.

** Green was the name of the wing pilot - an accompanying plane. **????!!!*****

Cont'd from p53 - China's Highest Award:

present the order of the generalissimo to get by the guards.

General Mao read aloud the heartwarming words of the commendation, and slipped over my head the red and white sash with its two handsome, plate-sized medals. We had photographs taken - which both the generalissimo and Tai Li had asked for, for they wanted to see if I looked ill. Actually, according to Si, I was rested within three days and back to normal even before that.

On September 29, Captain Beyerly, who was still in Shanghai where he was trying loyally to protect me, sent a message to Washington:

"Generalissimo is most sympathetic and understanding of success of RADM Miles" this read, "and his praise of Miles and his work surpasses that ever accorded to any other foreigner. The presentation of China's highest award and the rapidity with which it was done set a precedent in the history of China." **????!!!*****

CAN'T BEAT THE PRICE

Before going to Europe on business, a man drove his Rolls-Royce to a downtown New York City bank and went in to ask for an immediate loan of \$5,000.

The loan officer, taken aback, requested collateral and so the man said, "Well then, here are the keys to my Rolls-Royce."

The loan officer promptly had the car driven into the bank's underground parking for safe keeping and gave him \$5,000.

Two weeks later, the man walked through the bank's doors and asked to settle up his loan and get his car back. "That will be \$5,000 in principal and \$15.40 in interest," the loan officer said. The man wrote out a check and started to walk away.

"Wait, sir," the loan officer said, "while you were gone, I found out you are a millionaire. Why in the world would you need to borrow \$5,000?"

The man smiled - "Where else could I park my Rolls-Royce in Manhattan for two weeks and pay only \$15.40?"

Submitted by Jack Petersen



James K. Murphy
1924 - 1999

Jim Murphy died suddenly 7 March 1999 suffering an aneurysm while on duty with the San Diego Police. Jim was one of the founders and original member of the San Diego *RETIREED SENIOR VOLUNTEER PATROL (RSVP)* and served in this capacity several of his retirement years. It was Jim's wish to be cremated and Jackie arranged a memorial service in Imperial Beach on 12 March. His popularity and respect for his services was evident



Jackie Murphy

in the attendance of other volunteers and so many of the officers of the regular San Diego Police Force, not to mention an enormous turnout of friends & neighbors. Your editor was stunned to note all the San Diego Police milling around outside the chapel as we parked our car. Not having a funeral procession, I was puzzled until the services got under way and revealed Jim's praiseworthy dedication.

Jim had completed a course at the Police Academy to prepare him for his volunteer work. Two of the officers of the San Diego Police Force eulogized Jim. His son, "Mickey," spoke of his dad recalling, "Dad was always there for my sister and me - we could always depend on his support." One of the young officers, in an emotional delivery, stated, "Jim was like a father to me." (Quite a tribute, I thought, from a regular to a volunteer.) One of the officers recalled that Jim just delighted in issuing tickets to those illegally parked in handicapped zones. He explained, "Not that Jim was happy to collect \$430 for the city, but it so irritated him that anyone would have no respect for those in need."

One of Jim's friends from childhood spoke of their lifelong relationship.



TWO RSVP AND TWO SAN DIEGO POLICE OFFICERS PRESENT JIM'S FRAMED BADGE TO JACKIE (HELD BY DTR MERI KATHLEEN) STAT-HIS NUMBER WAS RETIRED NEVER TO BE HELD BY ANYONE ELSE.

Lee Alverson (he and Ruby flew in from Seattle) recalled a friendship that began in the Navy and endured over 55 years. Lee delivered a very touching tribute to his dear friend citing Jim's ever-

constant infectious smile and read the following poem he composed at the news of his buddy's death:

*I first met Jim at Imperial Beach
more than a half a century ago;
There we manned the local RDF;
together we put on quite a show.*

*We traveled together to Washington, D.C.
to be briefed about our China trek.
We learned all about the Gen. Tai Li,
Adm. Miles and Gen. Chiang Kai-shek.*

*We were taught a few key Chinese phrases
and how to eat elegantly with wooden sticks -
How to survive behind the Japanese lines
and how to back out water borne ticks.*

*We departed together on the Gen. Anderson
on our way to China via Bombay -
Transited through the Panama Canal
into the Pacific and sailed on our way.*

*We took on supplies in Melbourne, Australia,
it just wasn't our day, not a bit of luck -
We off-loaded all of the ship's stinky garbage
and loaded it into a nearby waiting truck.*

*In the Indian Ocean, they took my appendix
and they tossed it into the deep blue sea.
When they woke me from the operation,
there was Jim standing next to me.*

*We were split up during our China venture;
that was but a pause in time, not forever.
Jim was there when I was married to Ruby -
fifty years we traveled life's road together.*

*What can I say about this man James,
who has taken the great voyage home.
He has been reunited with his father,
who will ensure that he is never alone.*

*But I will miss his smile and laughter
and I must say his wonderful grin;
I wish God had waited a little longer
before sending his messenger for Jim.*



Following the services, everyone was invited to a reception in the recreation building in the complex where Jackie lives. There was a huge turnout of friends and neighbors who filled a tremendous table of delightful food. Absolutely spectacular were their culinary delights.

Jim was a native Californian, born in Los Angeles July 3, 1924. Following his service in the Navy as a member of the SACO group in China during WWII, he became a general contractor involved in many structures throughout the Los Angeles area.

He is survived by his wife, Jackie, daughter, Meri Kathleen, son, Michael James and one grandson.

????!***



JACKIE SHOWS PLAQUE TO HER DAUGHTER AND SISTER



Jim Clowns a Pose at Our Compound near Kunming - 1944

ARTHUR C. LILLIG

Arthur C. Lillig, 85, retired foreign service officer, died Sept. 12, 1998. He was born in Spokane (WA), graduated U.W. 1937, member of Sand Point Country Club.

His career included service in the U.S. Navy (Lt. jg as member of SACO in China WWII). Diplomatic assignments took him to Poland, Germany, Malaysia, Scotland, Nigeria, Turkey, New Zealand and Korea.

He is survived by his wife, Renata; three daughters, Diana, Pamela and Anita; grandson, Owen Prigel and a sister, Jean Lance.

Notes to editor from Mrs. Lillig:

I am sorry to have to send you the notice of Art's death and that you may now remove his name from your mailing list. He was proud of his service in the U.S. Navy and his long since service as a foreign service officer.

Later note:

I am sorry that I was slow in responding to your kind letter. I spent my time in Germany in December occupied by my mother's death on 12-15 with whom I had hoped to spend Christmas. Here finally is a photo of Art which you may keep.



Sincerely,

Renata Lillig

ARTHUR C. LILLIG
Spring 1997

SON RESEARCHES FATHER'S PAST (CAN YOUR HELP?)

09-29-98 (To the editor)

My name is Bobby Lowe. I am doing some research on my deceased father (Landon Robert Lowe's) Navy service. I am writing to you with no first hand experience of having spoken to him about this matter. He never talked about it.

This is what I know as of this letter. Enlisted April 1942, served in the Armed Guards until early part of 1944. Was in Little Creek, VA as a gunnery instructor until Feb. of 1945. Reported to Ft. Pierce, FL for Amphibious Roger. Left there to San Pedro, CA and reported aboard Naval Group China on Aug. 1, 1945. I am still looking into some of the Armed Guard duty, even though I think I have most of the information concerning that.

Amphibious Roger, on the other hand, has yet to be solved. I have been in touch with a fellow by the name of Matt Kaye who has led me to you. He said there is a SACO organization and they have good records. Can you lead me to that organization? I have personnel records I can make copies of and send along.

I inquired to the SEAL MUSEUM in Ft. Pierce, but it seems their records are incomplete as far as Amphibious Roger and the men that trained.

Anything you can help me with will be very gratefully appreciated.

Bobby Lowe

- PO Box 2
- Grovetown, GA 30813 Phone 706 863-1806 Email blowe@groupz.net

SICK BAY



JULIUS ULANECK

Julius Ulaneck was hospitalized soon after he and Helen arrived in Honolulu to their annual vacation retreat in early January of this year. Experiencing breathing difficulties, examination disclosed fluid on the lungs, hole in his heart and blockage. It was assumed he had a silent coronary as he had no regular symptoms relating to a heart attack. They performed a double bypass and he remained hospitalized at the time Helen called me from Honolulu - approximately three weeks following surgery. This date (8 April) I called Helen in Chicago to find Julius has never made it home and is still hospitalized in Chicago. She said they flew him home from Hawaii 17 March first class passage with oxygen and a nurse accompanying him. An awaiting ambulance in Chicago took him to St. Francis Hospital there. Helen states he is still in ICU - the heart problem seems to be improved, but in addition, there was a duodenal ulcer and poor leg circulation. He had been in rehab in Chicago, but internal bleeding necessitated returning to the hospital for transfusions. A bypass has been done on his legs in the form of a tube.



HELEN

Like many of our group, these two have been faithful attendees at our reunions, and I'm sure they'd like to hear from you. Ed.

Julius Ulaneck
6075 No. Newburg Ave.
Chicago, IL 60631



LLOYD M. "DOC" FELMLY

"Doc" Felmly has been recuperating following another hip replacement this spring. Sure hope this proves successful and lets him get around much more at ease.

PROBLEMS IN INTERNATIONAL TRADE

Background:

A firm in Germany ordered coffee from a firm in the United States. While the coffee was enroute, two of the bags broke and rats nested in the coffee. The shipping company discovered and repaired the damage and sent the shipment on its way. Upon receiving the coffee in this condition, the German firm cabled as follows:

138 Wilhemstrasse
Hamburg, Germany
American Zone

Schentlemens:

Der lazt two peckatches ve got from you off koffe vas midt rattschidt mixed. Der koffe may be goot enoff, but der ratt durds schpoils der trade. Ve did not zee der rattschidt in der zambles you zendt us for examinachun.

Idt take zo much time to bick der ratt durds from der koffe. Ve order der kleen koffe and you zent schidt mix midt der koffe in vun zack and der rattschidt in der odder zack. Den ve mix to zoot kostumer.

Ve vant to right dis madder und ve don't like dis rattschidten biznez. Vord it plis if ve schould kip der schidt and schipp der koffe back, or schipp der koffe back, or schipp der schidt back and kip der koffe, or schipp der whold schidten vorks back.

Midt much respektts,

Franz Schickelgrummenheimerschmidt

FS:rlr

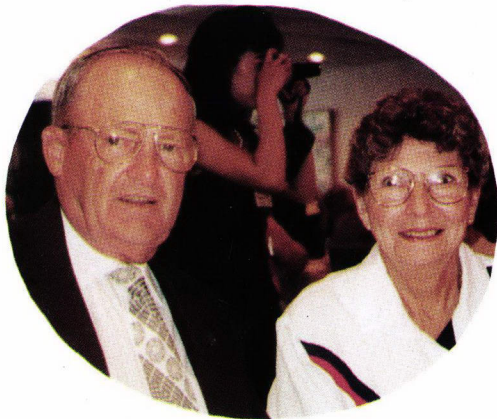
*We, as well as all other Wisconsinites,
welcome you to our beautiful state &
hope you will be able to join us at the
Paper Valley Hotel in Appleton, WI
for the 45th Annual SACO Convention
14 thru 17 July 1999.*



*Your Hosts:
Jack & Ann Miller*

607 Adams #10
Neenah, WI 54956
Phone (920) 751 3820

(Call & tell us you'll be here!)



Jack & Beverly Petersen

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CURRENT ANNUAL DUES REQUIRED TO REGISTER \$20
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YOU'LL NOT BE DISAPPOINTED - JOIN THE TIGERS!**



Hazel Nelson

SACO NEWS

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Leonard & Dolores Fintak