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SACO VETERANS

Issue No. 34

OF
THE RICE PADDY NAVY
WORLD WAR II CHINA

WHAT

Perpetual Skipper

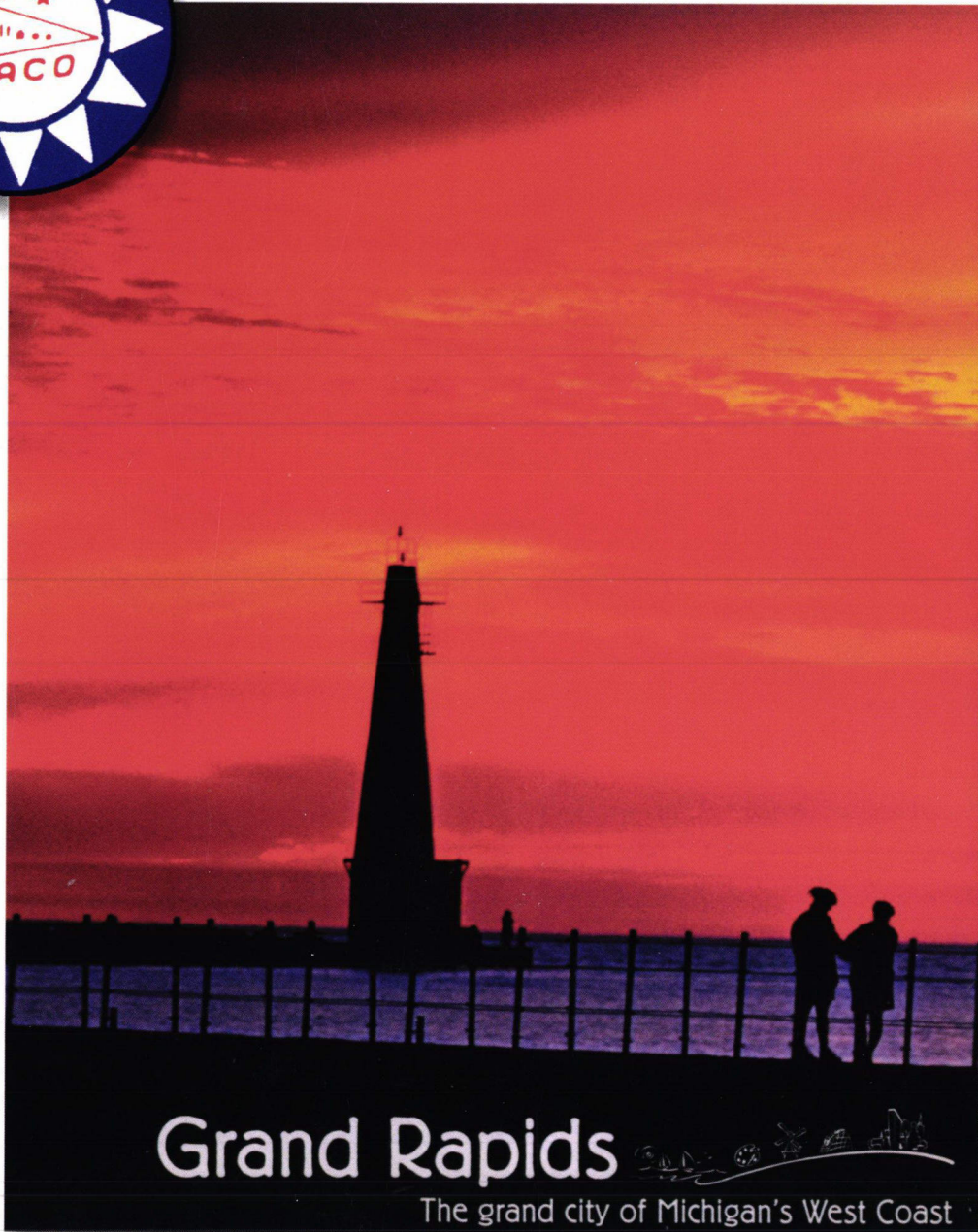
THE

HELL?

VAdm. Milton E. "Mary" Miles



Sino American Cooperative Organization



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COLLIER'S

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

FOR FEBRUARY 16, 1946



LINDBERGH IN BATTLE

**BY COLONEL CHARLES
MAC DONALD**

As a technical observer, the Lone Eagle flew P-38s in a large number of missions, strafing enemy shipping and, in at least one instance, shooting down a Jap interceptor. Here for the first time are many details of his combat adventures, related by a flying companion

CHARLES LINDBERGH SPENT SEVERAL MONTHS IN THE PACIFIC. FLYING 50 MISSIONS WITH ARMY & MARINE PILOTS

(These articles about Lindbergh's war record deal only with his adventures with airplane missions in the Pacific. They do not cover his contributions in the war effort in the laboratory and on the airline production lines.)

I'LL always remember Hollandia, Dutch New Guinea, because of a fellow I met there.

It was an afternoon in the latter part of June, 1944. The short-lived relief derived from a bath in the near-by jungle stream was beginning to wear off as I sat in our shack playing checkers with "Smitty," otherwise Lt. Col. Meryl M. Smith, deputy commander of the 475th Fighter Group.

A tall, slim fellow dressed in Army khaki, hatless and with no insignia of rank, knocked on the screening. I looked up from the game and said, "Come in."

As he entered he spoke his name but I didn't catch it, and as we were taking seats again he said he was interested in learning something of our combat operations with twin-engine P-38s. He'd been sent to us, he said, by Brig. Gen. Donald R. Hutchinson, the task force commander.

Smitty and I carefully guarded our conversation, for we were not keen to discuss our operations with the usual type of visitor fresh from the States, who asked more or less intelligent questions and then disappeared. We casually resumed our game, with our tall visitor looking on.

Cont'd p. 5

PLEASE NOTE CHANGE FOR TREASURER & ASST. TREASURER

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Editor's note: Due to insufficient decorum (due to health) in conducting Trustees Meeting for SACO business in last meeting in Des Moines, it was felt at this time of our lives, we should have a "backup" of trustees to hopefully overcome this circumstance in the future. Therefore, because of confusion in interpreting terms of office of trustees and succession as written in the bylaws, it was agreed to increase number of trustees from 5 to 7 and hopefully preclude like-conditions henceforth.

SACO ANNUAL DUES

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

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Annually: \$25.00 Treas. Sal Ciaccio
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Dear Tigers:

They tell me even real tigers get old so guess we are destined. Anyway it's still fun if we keep trying and let's make sure we do!

PLEASE PAY YOUR DUES TO HELP
KEEP THE GANG AFLOAT AND
STAYING SHIPMATES & BUDDIES -
STILL IN TOUCH - AS LONG AS
POSSIBLE ?????!!!* Ed.**

SACO NEWS

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

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

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

SACO HISTORY

SACO (pronounced "Socko") stands for Sino-American Cooperative Organization established during WWII with the approval of President Franklin D. Roosevelt and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. Highly secret, originally known as U.S. Navy Group, it was placed under joint command of General Tai Li, (*Head of BIS - Bureau of Investigation and Statistics, i.e. Intelligence*), as Director of SACO and then Commander (*later to become Vice Admiral*) Milton Edward "Mary" Miles as Deputy Director. The Chinese and American members of SACO joined in combined effort to perform intelligence and guerrilla operations. The group became known by the sobriquet "THE RICE PADDY NAVY." SACO men were and are known as "SACO TIGERS" who served hundreds of miles behind enemy lines in China, establishing vital weather stations to report to the Pacific Fleet, coast-watching to report on enemy shipping, intercepting Japanese code, rescuing downed allied airmen and being involved in numerous other military, medical and humanitarian endeavors. The American personnel numbering approximately 2,500, were volunteers from several branches of service, but for the most part, Navy and Marine men.

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

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

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SACO NEWS

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

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

The publication is sometimes referred to as "What The Hell" magazine due to the pennant shown on the cover of every issue, which is symbolic of SACO members. It was a pennant dreamed up by our skipper, which he would fly on his ships as a personal novelty to arouse curiosity in his naval career. It actually depicted 3 question marks, 3 exclamation marks and three stars – a mild form of profanity such as cartoonists would use. To Admiral Miles, it was translated as meaning "What The Hell?" as frequent inquiries through the years as to the pennant would be just "What The Hell Is It?" "What The Hell does it mean?" and from many encounters came many interesting stories through the years. During WWII as SACO was formed by Miles and the Chinese counterpart Tai Li, it was natural and apropos that "What The Hell" be the symbol or logo of this special group. In addition to being known as "SACO TIGERS," we might well have been "WHAT THE HELLERS!"

I could see that Smitty was going to take advantage of my being the senior officer present by leaving it to me to ask the questions necessary to qualify the stranger.

"What did you say your name was, and what phases of operations are you particularly interested in?"

"Lindbergh," he replied, "and I'm very much interested in comparing range, fire power and your airplane's general characteristics with those of single-engine fighters."

Oh, my gosh, I thought. He isn't wearing any kind of wings, and he wants to know about things which can only be adequately shown by flying the plane.

In between two moves, which lost me four men and practically the game, I asked, "Are you a pilot?"

The "Yes" was a surprise. I looked up sharply at the lean, tanned face and the light brown hair balding over the forehead. The blue eyes evoked a memory. "Not Charles Lindbergh?"

"That's my name," he replied simply.

It became apparent as the conversation progressed that Lindbergh was aware of an odd facet of Air Force human nature; that is, the intense and sometimes unreasonable loyalty bestowed on the particular type of aircraft with which the unit is equipped. I could see that he was taking this into consideration as we explained the merits of the P-38. This led me to say, "Of course, we can give you figures and argue about the relative merits of the different types of fighter planes, but if you really want to know what we can do, the best way to find out is to fly with us on some missions."

Lindbergh grinned. "That's just what I want to do."

"We've arranged a four-plane antiboredom flight for tomorrow to Jefman and Samate," I said. "Can you go?"

"Yes, indeed."

We told him what equipment he would need—a jungle kit, a canteen, a .45-caliber pistol and a belt. Major Thomas B. McGuire, Jr., who had entered along with a number of



other pilots for the evening bull session added, "It helps to take along a few chocolate bars. This target is six hundred miles away, and it's a mighty long trip going and coming."

In a short while Lindbergh left to return to General Hutchinson's shack on the hill. After he had gone, Smitty cried, "My God! He shouldn't go on a combat mission. When did he fly the Atlantic? Must have been in 1927 and he was about twenty-five then. That would make him at least forty-two years old, and that's a lot too old for this kind of stuff."

"Well," I replied, "he doesn't look that old. Tom, will you fly on his wing so in case anything turns up you can take care of him?"

McGuire said, "Sure thing. I'd like to see how the old boy does."

Later that evening Smitty and I bounced our jeep up the steep hill to the unpretentious shack in which General Hutchinson lived. We were overdue for a visit with "Fighter Hutch" anyway, and tonight we particularly wanted to discuss with Lindbergh more details of the mission.

As we sat around talking, mostly about the war, which lay heavy on the minds of all of us, Lindbergh explained that he was acting as a technical observer for the United Aircraft Corporation. His company produced and manufactured the F4U, the Vought-Corsair Navy single-engine fighter which had been used so effectively by the Marines in the Solomons. Because of the remarkable combat record the P-38s were making, his company wished him to explore the potentialities of twin-engine fighters in the Pacific war. Before we left, Smitty suggested that it would be more conven-



LINDBERGH AND MAJ. THOMAS B. MCGUIRE, JR. CHECKING THE WEATHER BEFORE STARTING ON A MISSION

ient for everyone if Lindbergh were to spend the night in our camp, to which he readily agreed.

What started as an overnight visit became a stay of nearly two months. During this time the man who came to observe and learn gave us from his store of experience knowledge which had a marked effect on the course of the war in the Pacific. . . .

Green-carpeted hills, plains of kunai grass and an occasional native village slid underneath as we droned through the coastal valley, across the Mambaramo River and out into Geelvink Bay. Long, thin Japen Island moved slowly past on our right. On we roared, four P-38s like avenging angels winging across the mountainous and rugged Vogelkop Peninsula.

During the long flight toward the target I watched Lindbergh closely. He flew a perfect formation, even though, as he had said the night before, he had only once flown a P-38 before his arrival at the rear area pilot training school at Nadzab, New Guinea, and I knew that he had less than eight hours of flying time in this fighter. He had flown to Hollandia from Nadzab in Captain (later Major) Richard Bong's plane.

We struck the coast just east of Sorong. In the harbor we could see three Japanese ships, one quite large, and immediately we went into weaving tactics to evade the anti-aircraft fire which had begun with our appearance. In the hope that we might catch some planes in the air, we began a diving glide toward Jefman Island, a little spot of land on which the Nips had built an airdrome. We banked across over the Samate airstrip on Salawat Island, but had no luck at either place. We weaved through the black puffs of ack-ack, most of which seemed uncomfortably close. I saw Lindbergh's plane steadily holding its position in the formation.

We flew east along the mountainous coast at a few hundred feet altitude until we saw a barge, camouflaged with leaves and branches.

The northern coast of the Vogelkop was ideally suited to the tactics the Japanese had adopted in order to supply their front-line forces. Our air superiority had made it impossible for them to move anything in the daytime by air or water, but barges, under cover of darkness, were bringing in a steady trickle of supplies and reinforcements. The barges were for the most part flatbottomed and gasoline-powered.

Despite their length, they did not draw much water even when loaded, thus allowing them to anchor extremely close to the shore, and in this area the steep jungle-covered shore-line offered perfect protection.

During the daylight hours they would hole up in the inlets, often actually under the overhanging branches of the giant jungle trees. They went to great lengths to cut and pile branches and foliage over their craft so it took a sharp eye to spot them.

We strafed the first barge, leaving it shattered and smoking, and proceeded on the prowl. A little farther on we found two more targets, a barge and a lugger. We strafed them both many times. After one pass I looked back and saw Lindbergh coming in on a large barge, his plane skimming the water. I could see the flames from his guns as he opened fire, and as he passed over it a large column of fire exploded from his target. His bullets had hit the barge's fuel tank. We searched for more targets and found them, and in each case, left them useless.

That evening, as we sat around in the shack, Lindbergh was no longer a visitor fresh from the States, here only to ask questions. He was a fighter pilot and he talked like one. He told us that before he came to New Guinea he had flown fifteen times with Marine squadrons flying off Green Island and Emirau Island. He wasn't the novice we had thought him to be.

"I'd certainly like to see some Jap planes in the air," Lindbergh said wistfully, "but you fellows seem to have knocked the Jap air force out of the sky."

McGuire laughed. "Stick with us and you'll wear diamonds. We have slow periods, but we keep moving up into them, and we should start striking Ceram and Halmahera pretty soon. We're sure to run into the Zeros there."

A Series of Dangerous Missions

In the days that followed, Lindbergh was indefatigable. He flew more missions than was normally expected of a regular combat pilot. He dive-bombed enemy positions, sank barges and patrolled our landing forces on Numfom Island. He was shot at by almost every anti-aircraft gun the Nips had in western New Guinea. Before returning to the United States to put to work on the production line of United Aircraft Corporation his knowledge of airplane requirements in combat, he was to fly a total of fifty missions with Marine Corps and Army pilots.

It was normal procedure for our ground crews, God bless them, to check the gasoline left in each plane after a mission. I flew a few missions with Lindbergh before I realized that he always had more gas left than anyone else. He explained, in answer to our questions of how he did it, that he always used as low r.p.m. (revolutions per minute) as he could and still stay in position in the flight by using more "boost" or manifold pressure. This may be expressed in terms of power the pilot is getting from his engine by reason of the quantity of gasoline and oxygen he is feeding into the cylinders. Lindbergh was getting nearly maximum power and using it to drive the propellers, which he had pitched to bite the air deeply at the relatively low speed of 1,000 revolutions per minute. Although his power setting was high and his engine cylinders were taking big gulps of fuel and air, they were gulping less frequently than were cylinders in the other P-38 engines which were turning over at a faster rate. The result was a saving in fuel at a cruising speed. For the higher speeds of combat, it was necessary to make the propeller settings shallow and drive them at about 3,000 r.p.m.

We had all known before that this was the way to save gas, but what startled us was the extremely low r.p.m. Lindbergh was using against what was to us a very high power from his engines.

"When I want to save the most gasoline possible," he said, "I slow the propeller r.p.m. down to 1,600."

I thought to myself as he said it: It's too bad. He's really a nice fellow but I expect the way he's flying he's going to damage his engines and end up in the jungle.

None of us was convinced. When it came time for the mechanics to give Lindbergh's plane an inspection I was on hand. I expected them to find fouled-up spark plugs and scored valves; instead, they found his engine in as good if not better shape than most of the others. This convinced me, and we went to work on the rest of the pilots.

When he left Hollandia to go to Australia for a visit with General MacArthur in the early part of July, the hundred-odd pilots of "Satan's Angels" fighter group were beginning to realize that their "long-legged" P-38s hadn't really been stepping out as far as they could.

Instead of the six and a half to seven hours which we figured we could stay in the air, it was now possible to stay up for nine hours. The "longer legs" meant safety for pilots who were lost and in bad weather; it meant they could go farther, have a better chance to find a spot clear enough to land safely. Translated into distances, the extra hours meant around six hundred miles more range, and from the military standpoint it meant the bombers could hit targets three hundred miles farther out and still have their "little friends" advantage. Lindbergh had, in effect, redesigned an airplane.

It didn't take Brig. Gn. Paul B. (Squeeze) Wurtsmith, commander of the 5th Fighter Command, long to find out what was going on and to realize the complications. He kept close touch with the fighter groups, even to knowing minor details, and this certainly wasn't a minor one. In a short time Lindbergh had sowed the seeds which months later grew into the long-range strikes against Balikpapan and Mindanao and still later the strikes against China and Indo-China from the Philippine Islands.

About the middle of July, our ground forces had cleared out the burrowing Nips from the caves and captured the air-

Cont'd. . . Lindbergh..... strip on Biak Island. We had hardly set up a temporary camp at the end of Mokmer airstrip when Lindbergh returned.

The latter part of July we were all set for the first strike on the Halmahera Islands. Galela strip was to be the target for the B-25 strafers. Our squadron of fighters was detailed for close cover for the bombers. In our flight, Lt. Joe Miller was flying on my wing, Lindbergh was leading the element, and flying with him was Lt. Bill Richmond. Behind us three more flights of four made up the squadron. Above us were two squadrons comprising the medium cover, and above them were two more as top cover. We were taking plenty of power, for when striking a target for the first time we could never be sure what sort of opposition we would run into. Intelligence reports gave the Japanese strength at Halmahera as between seventy-five and a hundred single-engine fighters.

The Mountain Was a Volcano

Soon, out of the blue and hazy horizon, the indistinct mass of Halmahera rose. The B-25s swung to the right over the low hill on the coast and then along the slope of the high inland mountain. We weren't previously aware that this mountain was an active volcano, and unfortunately for us it was erupting. As we flew over the green slopes, the acrid fumes filled the cockpits of our planes. The wind was blowing the smoke over the target area, cutting our visibility to a minimum. We flew over Galela airdrome with the leading wave of the bombers, and then circled as the succeeding waves scooted by underneath.

The target boiled, as the bombers unleashed the tremendous fire power of their forward guns and the strings of white parachutes, each holding a fragmentation bomb, hit the earth.

As the third squadron went by, we covered it out to sea and got into very thick smoke. By the time we turned our squadron back toward the airdrome the unlucky Jap airplanes which attempted interception had already been shot down, and because of the poor visibility Lindbergh still hadn't seen a Jap airplane in the air.

After supper that evening, Lindbergh strapped on his .45 and began putting on his jungle boots. His insatiable curiosity kept him moving continuously on explorations of the area. Half the time when we were not flying he was out with the infantry or walking alone in the jungle.

A Man of Insatiable Curiosity

Most of us were worn down to the point where when not flying or working on official business we would hit the sack. But Lindbergh's energy never seemed to flag. You never saw a guy with so much energy and so much curiosity. This evening he persuaded Smitty and me to go with him to one of the caves in the steep coral cliff overlooking the American airfield.

We climbed up the narrow path, passing on the way spoiled and rotting Jap supplies, until we reached the mouth of the particular

cave Lindbergh was interested in. The dark, yawning opening was built up with logs which supported a Jap field piece. Tied to an upright pole at the very entrance, was the headless body of a Jap soldier. The stench was terrific. We found out later that this fellow had been killed by the other Japs when he attempted to surrender to the surrounding Americans.

We passed the cave and climbed over the hill to a deep coral pit, down the side of which hung a makeshift rope ladder. In order to prove his theory that the cave we had just passed led into the pit, Lindbergh and Smitty retraced their steps to come through the cave. I climbed down the side on the Jap ladder, using the narrow, slippery footholds which the Japs had hacked out of the hard limestone. Every few feet along the bottom were the remains of the warriors of Nippon. Most of them had been killed by flame-throwers, consequently there was little flesh left on the whitening bones.

Lindbergh was the only one with forethought enough to have brought a flashlight, so we followed him in a line as we entered

one of the caves which ran farther back into the hill. The floor was strewn with the belongings of the Jap soldiers—mess kits, papers, rice dishes, wooden shoes (which made very good shower slippers if they were not too small), and the bones of the people who had once used them. Stacked against the walls were boxes of ammunition, most of it made to fit the very small caliber army rifle. However, there were boxes of larger shells which did not seem the right size for any of the firing pieces which they had been able to bring to this last-ditch stronghold. One could see tins strategically placed to catch the water dripping from the damp, slimy roof.

It was the same sorry picture throughout the intricacies of the cave, and I was relieved when we turned back toward the pit. As we went through the entrance cave, Lindbergh and Smitty stopped to examine a small offshoot which seemed full of equipment and food. I continued through the opening and down to the jeep.

It was dark when they came down the narrow path. They climbed into the jeep and we started toward camp. We had gone about a hundred yards over the uneven ground when a hoarse cry, "Halt!" brought us to a stop. Seeing nothing, I was about to start up again when a soldier with his rifle at ready stepped from behind a leafy bush. "You're lucky I didn't shoot," he said. "Don't you know there are Japs up there?"

I could afford to smile, now. "They're all dead, believe me."

The Targets Were on Amboina

The next day we were scheduled to again cover B-25s. This time they were to bomb and strafe targets of opportunity on Amboina, a little island off the southwest coast of Ceram in the Dutch East Indies, and a busy and valuable possession of the Japanese.

The darkness of the morning of July 28, 1944, was filled with the background roar of many powerful engines, and as the horizon lightened with the coming day, this was in-

terspersed with the surging crescendo of the bombers taking off at spaced intervals. In the gray light of morning we sat in the alert tent of the 433d Fighter Squadron. We were waiting for the last bomber squadron to take off.

A terse "Okay, let's go" set things in motion. Jeeps loaded with pilots rushed down the taxi ways stopping at each plane. Tall, short, skinny and heavy American boys got out at each stop, hurriedly climbed into their fighters and in the complicated interiors began the mechanical ritual which gives them life and tremendous strength. Lindbergh was again leading the element in Red flight, this time with Lieutenant Joe Miller flying wing position.

The dust had hardly cleared from the last bomber's take-off as I sped down the runway and into the air. Then, making a wide circle to allow the rest of the fighters to assemble, I could look down at the white coral strip where the Lightnings, two by two, were hurling themselves into the air, and those backed up in the taxi ways were steadily diminishing in number.

Lindbergh had by this time demonstrated to all of us that he was an aeronautical expert. We conceded that he had a tremendous fund of knowledge concerning any aspect of an airplane. Since his arrival with this fighter group, and by following his example on power settings, we were landing from our normal missions with much more gasoline left in our tanks than we ever had before.

However, no one rested on any previous laurels with this crowd of young combat pilots, and they would go to any lengths to try to catch him up. Consequently when Lindbergh was a little slow to retract his wheels after this particular take-off I was far from surprised to hear over the radio: "Lindbergh from Doakes. Get your wheels up! You're not flying the Spirit of St. Louis."

When the last fighter was airborne we made one more circle of the field and then started on course. Low clouds gave us only brief glimpses of the ocean beneath as we flew on toward our rendezvous with the bombers; across the narrow neck of the peninsula at Amboear and out into McCluer Gulf. We passed the fetid swamp holes of Babo, Sagan and Kokas. The weather kept getting worse as we proceeded. Clouds and rain were interfering with the low-flying bombers making a rendezvous.

In a few minutes the bombers radioed that they would have to turn back because of bad weather. The fighters went on over the top of the weather at fifteen thousand feet, across the Ceram Sea, and as we approached Ceram the weather patched up until through the breaks in the clouds below we could see the oil fields at Boela.

We flew down the south coast of Ceram. At Amahai, "Captive" squadron split up into flights of four to search the area. Our flight weaved through the black puffs of ack-ack over Amahai and proceeded toward Amboina. We circled Amboina and turned north to the Japanese airfield at Kairato. Suddenly over the radio we heard that one of the flights had found some Nips in the air. Apparently there were only a few Japs airborne, and the flight which had found them

was reluctant to give us their position. They didn't need any help, and they didn't want any other planes horning in on their private show.

We searched feverishly over and under the broken and overcast clouds, trying to find the fight. In a few minutes the tone of the conversation between the members of the lucky flight which had found the Jap planes began to change.

We could hear one pilot say, "Damn! I'm out of ammunition."

A few minutes later we heard another pilot, "This louse is making monkeys out of us. I'm out of ammunition too."

The remarks increased in rage and disappointment as we banked around a mountainous white cloud and saw the air above Amahai strip black with anti-aircraft bursts of heavy caliber. Two P-38s were attacking a Sonia type Jap plane.

We jettisoned our drop tanks, switched on our guns, and nosed down. The Sonia pilot was using his amazing maneuverability to great advantage, successfully eluding the attacks of the two P-38s. He didn't see us as we dove down. I was almost in range when he began a violent turn to the left. I pulled through, firing. Major Danny Miller, behind me, couldn't get a good shot. By this time the Jap had completed his turn and was flying head on at Lindbergh, who was in position behind us.

This was Lindbergh's first sight of a Jap plane in the air, and there he was, closing head on, with their combined speeds close to six hundred miles per hour! As I continued my own steep bank, I could see the Jap in a slight climb and Lindbergh in a slight dive, the distance between them lessening rapidly; their guns spitting bullets so fast the muzzles resembled so many acetylene torches.

Jap Suicide Urge a Problem

Of all the attacks it is possible to make on a Japanese plane, the one liked least is the head-on pass, for here you and the enemy approach with tremendous speed, each with guns blazing. There is always a good chance for collision, even though both try to avoid it, and against a Japanese one could never be sure to what lengths his suicidal tendencies would push him.

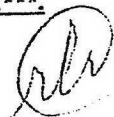
For moments which seemed like years, the antagonists came at each other. Lindbergh's cannon and machine-gun bullets jolted into the Jap. A collision seemed unavoidable. Something had to be done, and quickly. His slight advantage in height prompted him to try to go over the Jap. He pulled back the stick with all his strength. The badly hit enemy tried for a crash. As Lindbergh's plane started up, the Jap, too, pulled up violently. He was too late. Lindbergh's plane caught the shock of air as the two missed by a narrow margin. The Sonia, its mottled green camouflage contrasting with the bright red of the Rising Sun insignia, rolled over like a broken toy and began a long dive that ended in the sea.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

There was a continuity to this 1946 article in the subsequent issue of Collier's to which I am not privileged, but I think

this was a sufficient insight into this man's continuing inimitable life during WWII beyond his recognition as "The Lone Eagle" when he flew the Atlantic solo in the Spirit Of St. Louis in May 1927.

I have an unforgettable memory of that era of his historic flight (*though doubted by many*): I swear to you that having heard people speak of his impending solo flight and the fact that he would land momentarily at an airfield adjacent to Mountsville, W. VA, my home until the age of seven; . . . and due to an infinite fascination of planes and dirigibles. . . I waited with childish anticipation to hear his plane at which time I ran upstairs (to be closer to the plane). I was at the age of 3 ½ and waved at him out the window as he flew over our house (of course there's little doubt that he waved back). I don't lay claim to even bordering on being a child prodigy — BUT — believe it or not! — I remember the day I did witness a moment of history . . . that's all that matters to me????!***



R. L. Rutan

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Remember the Advertisement Panels Above the Seats on Streetcars?!

A lady about seven months pregnant got on a streetcar and sat down. She noticed a man opposite her smiling at her, so feeling humiliated, she changed her seat. This time his smile turned into a grin, so she changed seats again. The man seemed more amused than ever and she changed her seat again and immediately he burst into laughter. Feeling highly insulted, the woman complained to the conductor, who in turn, had the man arrested.

The case came up in court and the Judge asked the man if he had anything to say, whereupon he replied:

"When the lady got on the streetcar, I could not help but notice her condition — which itself did not amuse me a bit; but when she sat down, under the sign which read, 'The Gold Dist Twins Are Coming,' I had to smile. Then, when she moved and sat down under a sign which read 'Sloans Liniment Will Reduce That Swelling,' I was forced to laugh. Then when she moved and sat under a sign reading 'Williams Stick Did The Trick,' I thought that was about the limit, which made me laugh out loud and when her last move ended under a sign reading, 'Goodyear Rubber Would Have Prevented This Accident,' I just lost control of myself!"

"Case Dismissed"

**HONORARY DONORS IN SUPPORT OF SACO IN ADDITION
TO PAYMENT OF ANNUAL DUES FOR PERIOD OF JAN 1,
2007 TO APRIL 8, 2008 FOR A TOTAL OF \$3,865 ???!!!*****

(MANY THANKS TO OUR MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN, PAUL CAJAMAJOR, FOR THIS REPORT)



Allen, Keith E.	Huston, Gene & Mary
Ambos (A), Brooks	Kelly, James
Ambrose (A), Phyllis	King, Weldon C.
Anonymous, via Rutan	Leberman, Donald
Auman, George	Lough, Johnny G.
Baker, Willie	Peden, Ralph
Bannier, Richard	Petosky, Sigmund
Bartee, Bill	Pisarick, Jr. (A), John V.
Bartee (A), Ted	Purvis, Guy
Bricker, Alfred	Reams, Hugh
Brightbill, Wade J.	Redden, Robert F.
Brown, Ken & Lilly	Rosinski, Edward
Carrillo, Alex	Saxby (A), Verna
Carter, Annabeth, Memory of Edwin	Schmierer, Clifford
Chu,, Stephen	Scurlock-Hirt (A), Mary Ellen
Chung (A), Debbie	Sizemore (A), Arline
Ciaccio, Sal	Skinner (A), Greg
Conway, Mike	Smith (A), Elsie
Coughlin, Thomas	Spirakus, Stanley
Edwards, Wilbert	Stahlnecker, Robert
Gantz, Saxe , In Memory of	Stoll, Robert
Goodson, Wayne L.	Stringfellow, Elden
Greif, Dr. Roger	Tao (A), Lilyan
Griffin, B. Ernest	Tate, S. Shepherd
Griffin (A), John	Terpstra, Richard I.
Hardenbrook, Don	Terpstra (A), Eric
Harper, Lynn, Memory W. Chung	Tressler, Guy
Harvey, Jack	Tucker (A), Lubov
Herberg, Vernon	Webster, Fred
Hill, Lola, Proceeds from quilt	Westphal (A), Rose
Hoe, Robert	Wilcox, Marlyn
	Zucks (A), Dorothy



10 March 2008

Dear Richard,

It has been a long time since we have spoken to each other. A lot has happened from Dec, on to the month of March. First, I had a cold that hung on for a month. Then, Jan 2nd, I slipped on the ice, fractured my ankle, twisted my knee and bruised my shoulder. That wasn't enough – I got cellulites and an infection in my foot. Besides all this, we have had over 85 inches of snow this year.

. . . I usually go to Florida every winter to see my brother, but guess I won't be going this year. (A later call from Priscilla revealed she got to visit her brother in Florida)

As ever.

Dec 17, 2007

Richard L. Rutan
1223 East Del Mar Way
Palm Springs, CA 92262-3329

Re: SACO

My family and I appreciate the extra copies of the SACO newsletter wherein the World War II service of S. I. Morris, now deceased, was included. Our children and grandchildren are proud of his military service and are pleased to have a copy of the newsletter.

Sincerely,

Suzanne K. Morris



Priscilla Nichols

Letters cont'd next page

A Man Named John was 32 years old and still single. One day a friend asked, "Why aren't you married? Can't you find a woman who would make a good wife?"

"Actually." John replied, "I've found women I wanted to marry, but when I bring them home to meet my parents, my mother doesn't like them."

His friend thought for a moment and said, "You should find a girl who's just like your mother."

A few months later John and his friend met again and his friend asked, "Did you find the perfect girl? Did your mother like her?"

With a frown on his face, John answered, "Yes I found the perfect girl. She was just like my mother. You were right. My mother liked her very much."

"Then what's the problem?"

"My father doesn't like her."



VOYAGER FIRST NON-STOP, UNREFUELED WORLD FLIGHT

VOYAGER AND ITS LIKENESS COPYRIGHT 1981

January 14, 2007

DICK RUTAN
Voyager Pilot

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


Hi Richard!

So great you could join us for the fun in October as we celebrated the world's longest flight... How 20 years have passed, I'll never know :o)

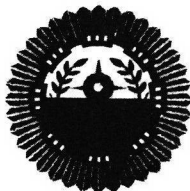
Thanks so much for the picture of you and Dick. That's a fun shot! Hope we have another party and another opportunity for pictures when the do the grand opening of the Transportation Museum.

Always great to hear from you. Thanks for being one of the best for keeping in touch!

Blue skies!



Kelly Hall
Assistant to Dick Rutan (the other one)



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

November 30, 2007

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

Dear Mr. Rutan:

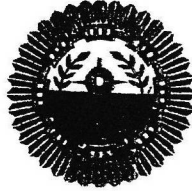
I just received the SACO NEWS Issue No. 33 edited by you. Its rich contents with interesting articles and vivid pictures demonstrate that you are a versatile and admirable editor. Your dedication to the periodical has indeed made every issue a memorable one. Although my tight schedule and piles of work prevented me from attending the 2007 Reunion, I am glad to learn that the Reunion has been very successful and feel the kinship between its members from your wonderful periodical.

Due to you and other members' efforts, SACO preserves precious historical materials of World War II and witnesses the strong friendship between the United States and Republic of China. Our Bureau is honored to be invited to attend the SACO Reunion and receive warm hospitality every year. I would like to extend my heartfelt appreciation for your kindly sending us the SACO NEWS and sincerely hope that the friendship between both sides would last forever.

Best regards.

Sincerely yours,

中華民國軍事情報局
局長陸軍中將 沈世籍
Shen, Shih-Chi
Lt. Gen. ROC Army
Director, MIB, MND



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

August 20, 2007

Mr. Richard Terpstra
741 E Kenny Dr.
Baldwin, MI 49304
USA

Dear Mr. Terpstra,

I am writing you this letter to inform you of my official retirement on this coming 1st September (2007). While I was packing my belongings, I encountered some SACO pictures, which brought back many pleasant memories of our get-togethers in the past SACO Reunions. I really miss all my SACO friends and would like to keep in close touch with you.

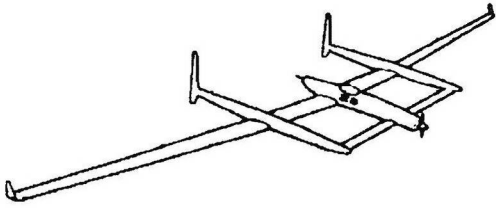
According to the members of our 2007 SACO delegation, SACO is planning to make it official in the future to welcome people from the MIB to join SACO as associate members. In spite of my retirement from this Bureau in a couple of weeks, I promise that my wife, Yung-wu and I definitely will participate the SACO Reunion every year upon receiving an invitation. It is my earnest hope that we would be able to meet the Terpstra family again in the coming Grand Rapids Reunion sometime next year. Yung-wu has been practicing English every day and has made significant progress. In addition, my younger son, who is a graduate student, will also go with us as our interpreter, so I am confident that the communication between us in the future will be very smooth. Of course, I also plan to pick up English again after my retirement, so when we meet again, I am able to show you the results of my English-studying project.

I wish you and your family all the best.

Sincerely yours,

中華民國軍事情報局 郭榮長
副局長 陸軍少將

Kuo, Rong-charng
MG ROC Army
Deputy Director, MIB, MND



**From the desk
of
Kelly Hall**

January 22, 2008

Richard Rutan
1223 East Del Mar Way
Palm Springs, CA 92262

Hi Richard!

You did indeed send me a copy of the magazine :o) The article was nice and very sweet :o) It was such a pleasure to meet you as well!

Another interesting parallel between you and Dick, is he lives on Del Mar Avenue... Can you believe it? I'll enclose his card, and mine, too.

Hope you have a fabulous year! Thanks for being so good to keep in touch and thanks for the lovely Christmas card. I always mean to get them sent out, but pretty happy that Hallmark sells New Years cards, too :o)

Dick Rutan is in Dublin, Ireland doing a lecture this week, and Burt is probably on his way to New York. Richard Branson will be unveiling the SpaceShipTwo mockup. All good news for me. Keeps me busier :o)

Have a GR8 2008!

Blue skies!

1.

Kelly

661-943-4589 phone
805-338-0363 mobile
661-943-0252 fax
kelly@hallstar.net
<http://www.hallstar.net>

Note:

This is a copy of Adm. Miles' original correspondence, which I have, yellowed from age. Ed

1200 -27 September 1945

From: Lieutenant General Tai Li, Director SACO, and
Rear Admiral Milton E. Miles, Deputy Director, SACO.

To : All members of SACO.

Subject: Commendation.

1. You, as a member of the organization known as "Sino-American Technical Cooperative Organization", short title "SACO", have accomplished the mission assigned you in a meritorious fashion and are hereby officially commended therefor by the Director and Deputy Director of that organization.

2. Since SACO was a secret organization it is not widely known what it accomplished and, in order that you, who may have been in an isolated position, may be properly informed of what you have accomplished, we, the Director and Deputy Director of SACO, desire to review briefly the formation, the organization, its mission, its accomplishment and its conclusion.

3. SACO was conceived by the Governments of China and the United States in early 1942 and Commander M. E. Miles, U. S. Navy, was sent to China with a small group to cooperate with the Chinese Government. General Tai Li was designated by the Generalissimo to represent the Chinese in this cooperation. An agreement of cooperation, called the SACO AGREEMENT was signed on 15 April 1943 by the following high contracting parties in Washington, D. C. in the Office of the Secretary of the Navy: Dr. T. V. Soong, Minister of Foreign Affairs for China; Mr. Frank Knox, Secretary of the U. S. Navy; Brigadier General Wm. J. Donovan, Director of the Office of Strategic Services; Lieutenant Colonel Sin Ju Pu Hsiao, Assistant Military Attache to the Chinese Embassy at Washington; Captain Milton E. Miles, U. S. Navy, Director of OSS, Far East, and Naval Observer, Chungking. The agreement was completed on the following Fourth of July in Chungking by the official signature of General Tai Li, Director of the Bureau of Investigation and Statistics of the Chinese

Military Council. Briefly the agreement called for mutual cooperation in every means available to successfully wage war against the enemy, utilizing Chinese bases, personnel and such material as was available, supplemented by American arms, personnel and technical experience and to continue in force until the end of the war.

4. By mutual agreement of Chiang Kai-shek, General Tai Li and Rear Admiral Milton E. Miles, the agreement was deemed to have fulfilled its mission and came to a conclusion on 4 September 1945 which date was marked by the hoisting of the Flag of Rear Admiral Milton E. Miles above the offices of the new Headquarters of the U. S. Naval Forces China at 2 Peking Road, Shanghai China.

5. The accomplishments of SACO, although of not of great importance compared with the over-all war effort throughout the world, was significant in other respects. The records kept by various camp and area commanders and submitted to Headquarters and to the Chinese Military Council and Commander-in-Chief, U. S. Fleet, speak for themselves. We are certain that the high authorities are pleased with the actual results as a war mission. No attempt will be made here to summarize the amount of damage to the enemy because much of it was secret and much of it was in the form of gaining intelligence and most of the results are unknown to us and will continue to remain so. However, one significant fact that is outstanding is that there was cooperation between two great countries. This cooperation had its bumpy road. It was difficult. We are different races. We had different customs, traditions, ceremonies, mannerisms and ways of thinking. We are used to different speeds of locomotion. We got on each other's nerves. We could not see eye to eye with each other on many cases, but the over-all result was that we had our eye on a cooperative peace after the war and whatever hardships in the form of bumpy roads and rough

going we had to put up with in war time, we considered that it would be worth it for a smoother peace. The war came to a sudden conclusion with the atomic bomb and we were jarred out of war into a sudden peace. We are just now catching our breath and trying to review what happened all over the world. In general it was the most horrible war of history and we in SACO are a small representative of that great majority of world's races that wants no more disastrous wars in the future. We were therefore successful in that we have started cooperation by mutual agreement without consulting each other. We continued that cooperation over a rough sea and bumpy road and we have concluded it in the form of SACO. However, we have just started the cooperation in the real form of sincerity between two nations who are determined to prevent future wars if possible.

6. We have many expressions of sincere appreciation from the high command of the American side, including that of Admiral Kincaid, who on conclusion of inspection of SACO Headquarters in Chungking on 25 September 1945 said to General Tai Li and Rear Admiral Miles "You are to be congratulated on a cooperative job well done. You should be proud of your men".

7. On 25 September 1945 the Generalissimo expressed to General Tai Li and Rear Admiral Milton E. Miles his hearty approval of the accomplishments of SACO. He further emphasized his approval by making one of the highest awards of China to Rear Admiral Milton E. Miles. This award is considered by Rear Admiral Miles to be meritoriously earned by the Chinese and American members of SACO and he is proud to represent them and to wear it for them. The award is called the "Medal of the Pure White Cloud" and is awarded only to officers of the Army, Navy and Air Force of rank of Lieutenant General and above who have complied with Article Six of the Regulations of the National

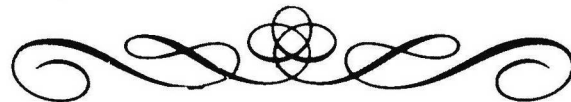
Military Council: "The recipient must have meritoriously and honorably conducted himself in actual field service against the enemy while in a position commensurate with the rank of Lieutenant General or higher and at the same time just have been on additional duty of important ambassadorial service." These two requirements were apparently met. It is also apparent that very few persons have met the required qualifications because it is Medal serial No. 90 issued in the 34th year of the Republic. You, the officers and men, Chinese and Americans of SACO, should be proud of this award.

8. Your Director and Deputy Director have decided that we will erect a monument to commemorate the organization of SACO and have decided that it shall be as follows: "on the highest hill, where it can be seen from every part of the Headquarters Valley and Naval Unit Nine Valley, there shall be erected two white flag staffs, side by side. From these flag staffs there shall be flown day and night continuously two flags, one Chinese and one American, which shall be renewed occasionally so that they may be kept spotless clean. From sunset until sunrise daily there should be a flood-light upon each flag. Each flood-light shall be backed up by an automatically operated emergency battery in order that at no time shall these symbols of mutual cooperation be in darkness

9. A copy of this official commendation is to be forwarded to the respective agencies in order to insure its being placed in the service records of every man who has served in SACO, be he Chinese or American, be he in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Air Force or civilian.

10. Special copies of this ^{letter} will be signed by the Director and

Deputy Director personally and forwarded to Mrs. Frank Knox, Dr. T. V. Soong, Major General Wm. J. Donovan and Colonel Sin Ju Fu Hsiac, signed Lieutenant General Tai Li, Director and Rear Admiral Milton E. Miles, Deputy Director of SACO.



ARE YOU A KEEPER?

Sometimes what we care about the most gets all used up and goes away, never to return before we can say "Goodbye," say "I love you." No more hugs, no more special moments to celebrate together, no more phone calls just to chat, no more "just one minute."

So while we have it, it's best we love it and care for it and fix it when it's broken . . . and heal it when it's sick. This is true for marriage, friends, and old cars, and children with bad report cards, and dogs with bad hips, and aging parents and grandparents. We keep them because *they* are worth it, because *we* are worth it. Some things we keep - - like a best friend who moved away or a classmate we grew up with. There are just some things that make us happy, no matter what. Life is important, like people we know who are special. And so, we keep them close! I received this from someone who thought I was a "keeper." Then I sent it to the people I think of in the same way. Now it's your turn to send this to all people who are "keepers" in your life, including the person who sent it if you feel that way. Suppose one morning you don't wake up, do all your friends know you love them? I was thinking . . . I could die today, tomorrow or next week, and I wondered if I had any wounds needing to be healed, friendships that need rekindling or three words needing to be said. Let everyone of your friends know you love them. Even if you think they don't love you back; you would be amazed at what those three little words and a smile can do. And just in case God calls me home . . . I LOVE YOU! ! ! I'm ssssooooo glad you're my FRIEND!

Live today to the fullest because tomorrow is not promised.

(Thanks to Jack Petersen for sending this article - Ed)

Interesting Report on Status of Known Present Day SACOs as of 2007

SACO MEMBERSHIP REPORT

April 2007

446 - Total, all persons, on mailing list.

333 - Total SACO men on the payroll records (includes Slim Gilroy).
163 of these have paid dues in 2006 or later.
170 of these have not paid dues since 2005 and many of these paid only occasionally since records began in 1986. Quite a few have never paid dues.

108 - Total Associate Members, paid up thru 2006.

- 33 - Widows of SACO men.
- 47 - Sons or daughters of SACO men.
- 4 - Brothers or sisters of SACO men.
- 13 - Friends of SACO men (includes some relatives).
- 7 - History "buffs".
- 4 - Chinese who were associated with SACO during WWII.
(Some of these were interpreters).

5 - Others, including: (Note: None of these pay dues).

- 1 - Honorary
- 1 - Director, M.I.B. R.D.C.
- 3 - Former M.I.B. officials

The Total (446) does not include seven (7) who were not able to receive Bob Hill's Reunion announcement because their mail was "not forwardable". They are now considered "Lost".

The Total (446) does include 51 who did NOT receive the latest issue of SACO NEWS from Richard because of their dues delinquency status.

I suspect many of these last two groups are now deceased.

I became Membership Chair in 1986 when Carl Divelbiss asked to be relieved of the duty. Carl had made some extraordinary efforts to track down former SACO men 40 years after our SACO service. His attitude was: "If I can find you, you're on our mail list for life if we can continue to know where you are." I continue with that policy.

This may be more than you wanted to know.

Sincerely,

Paul Casamajor,
Membership Chair

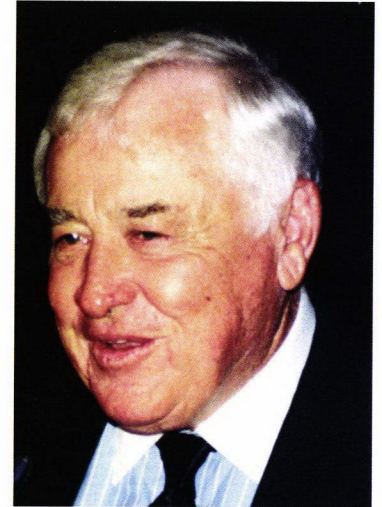
SICK BAY



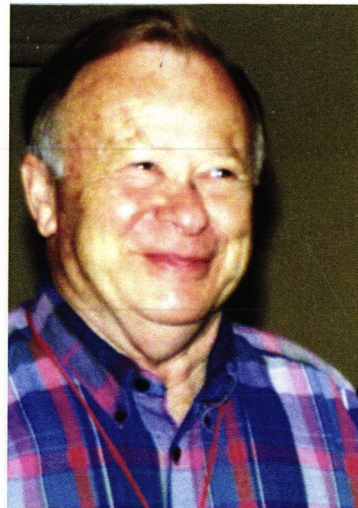
Willie Baker
Frequent hospitalization
early this year – major
abdominal surgery.



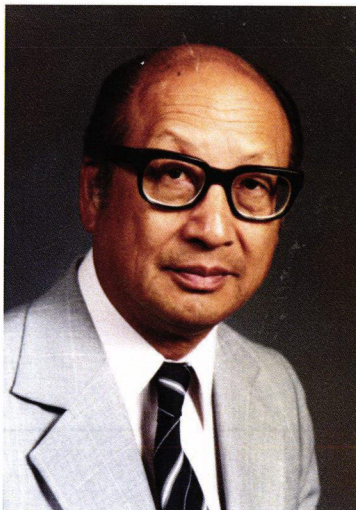
Bill Bartee
Blood condition requiring
frequent transfusions.



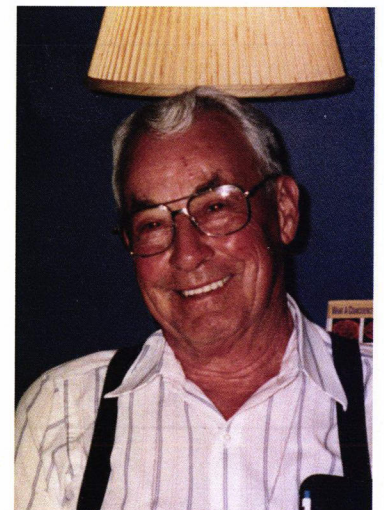
Bob Hoe
Bad fall past New Year's
Day – broken spinal
vertebra.



Charles Sellers
Difficult breathing
problems



Stephen Chu
Victim of Alzheimers for
long period



Bob Clark
General body weakness
requiring rest-home care
for past year.



REMEMBER Mark Ramsay?

He won special attention from Madame Chiang Kai-shek when presented to her with his engaging personality at the age of 12 at a Hi-tea Reception she hosted for SACO in Taiwan in 1972.

Today, he is a Brigadier General of the U.S. Air Force as of January 2007.

Below:

Extreme L is Mark at age 12 with portion of SACO group in Taiwan 1972. At far R (numbered 2 and 3) are his great uncle and aunt, Nelson and Lenora Bowman.

Brigadier General Mark Ramsay





***The Mark Ramsay Family
Wife, Patty. Mark, daughters, Jennifer, Marianne and Melissa***

The lower picture on the preceding page was a section of the group picture of SACOs attending the first invitation of SACO veterans as guests of the Military Intelligence Bureau in Taiwan in 1972. Reviewing the entire photo featured in SACO NEWS edition # 16 of April 1998, I found most of the group of approximately 50 are now deceased. Among those attending in '72 that are living today are Bob and Lola Hill, Peg Leshner, Norman and Lyndall Dike, Bill Bartee, Slim Gilroy and Glenna Wilding. I'm sure they will remember Mark Ramsey and how he won the heart of Madame Chiang as we passed by in the receiving line – later to have hi-tea with Madame Chiang as her guests at a beautiful reception hall in the mountains.. Then Mark was with us again when I was on the committee hosting the SACO reunion at Disneyland in Anaheim, CA in 1974. Mark spent a lot of time with me there as “assistant” bartender as he states, and I became fond of him and the interest he showed in our group. I often wondered, through the years whatever happened to him until I learned through Nelson Bowman and “found” him again just recently.

On the following pages is a letter from Mark outlining his autobiography to date that I know you'll find of great interest and I am so grateful to hear from him and hope he can join us again at a reunion soon. *rlr*

17 September 2007

Brigadier General Mark Ramsay
15533 Grinnell Terrace
Derwood, Maryland 20855

Mr. Richard Rutan
123 East Del Mar Way
Palm Springs, CA 92262

Dear Dick,

I apologize for not writing you sooner after we talked following the death of my great uncle, Nelson Bowman, earlier this year. The summer flew by and my duties at the Pentagon keep me very busy. I travel an average of about 10 days per month.

Note that the address you used on your 13 September letter to me was slightly incorrect (you used 1533; the correct number is 15533) but it did make it to my house in Maryland. My mailing address is correct above. My home phone number is 301-762-0103, and the best time to reach me is in the evenings after 7 p.m.

In a nutshell we last saw each other, I believe, at the 1974 SACO convention in Anaheim. You and I "tended bar" when I was the ripe of old age of 14. When I met Madame Chiang in 1972, I was 12 years old! I'm not sure if it was evident in the early 1970s, but I really wanted to get involved in aviation. A great uncle on my Dad's side of the family flew for TWA from just after WW II until retirement in the early 1980s, and he got me interested in commercial aviation.

I was able to solo while in high school in Maryland which really got me going. After graduation in 1977, I attended Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University in Daytona Beach, Florida. I graduated in December 1980 and went to work flying a Beechcraft Bonanza for an antique gunsmith and salesman in Greencastle, Indiana. I intended to use this as a steppingstone to the airlines, but after a little over a year I was tired of being a pilot, chauffeur and mechanic on minimum wage. The airlines were doing extremely poorly in the early 1980s with the country in the post-Carter era recession. I started to receive letters from the Air Force in 1981 once Ronald Reagan took office, and the Reagan military buildup ultimately led me into the Air Force where I remain today.

I attended Air Force Officers' Training School in the fall of 1982, and spent all of 1983 in pilot training at Laughlin AFB in Del Rio, Texas. After graduation as number 2 out of 48 in my class, I got orders to Scott AFB to fly my first choice in assignments, the C-9A (modified DC-9 airliner) Nightingale medical evacuation aircraft. I finally got to fly an airliner-type aircraft! This was a terrific assignment with great flight crews and a very fulfilling mission. I met my wife in 1984 and we have been very happily married since 1986. We are blessed with three daughters aged 20, 18 and 15. The older two are in college studying to be nurses like their mother. Our youngest may pursue aviation like her Dad, but she's open to just about anything adventurous right now.

In 1989 we moved to Andrews AFB where I was 1 of 12 pilots that flew the C-9C aircraft, another modified DC-9. The C-9C was used exclusively to fly the Vice President,

First Lady and other very high ranking national leaders. It was a dream job for 3 years. I was selected for promotion to Major in 1991 and sent to Air Command and Staff College in 1992 at Maxwell AFB in Montgomery, Alabama. I returned to Washington in 1993 to work behind a desk at the Pentagon.

I was selected for promotion to Lieutenant Colonel in 1994. In 1995 we moved to Spokane, Washington, where I was the operations officer and then commander of the 98th Air Refueling Squadron. In the summer of 1998 we moved to Newport, Rhode Island, where I attended the Naval War College. I was selected for promotion to Colonel while in Newport. After graduation we moved to Stuttgart, Germany, where I served in US European Command. In 2001 I moved back to Andrews AFB where I commanded the Operations Group. In this job I commanded three flying squadrons with seven different aircraft, both fixed wing and helicopters, that flew our nation's leaders. Ironically three of these aircraft were the three C-9Cs that I had flown as a Captain in 1989!

In 2003 we moved to Grand Forks AFB, North Dakota, where I commanded the 319th Air Refueling Wing. I was responsible for the entire base including about 7,000 personnel and their families, plus 48 KC-135R aircraft valued at about 2.5 billion dollars. This was my third command position in my career, and was the best job I have had or will likely to have in my career! We loved North Dakota so much that our two college daughters are attending the University of North Dakota.

In 2003 I returned once again to the Pentagon where I worked financial planning for the Air Force. At one point my "checkbook" (known the Air Force "six year program") contained close to 700 billion dollars. It was an amazing job and one that added more than a few gray hairs to my late 40s head of hair. In the fall of 2005 I found out that I was selected for promotion to Brigadier General and pinned on the rank in January of this year. I also changed jobs and am now serving on the Joint Chiefs of Staff. I am involved in formulating national security plans and policy regarding Africa, Europe, Russia and the NATO alliance. I work a lot with the State Department and White House in this capacity. I also travel to these regions about once a month, and just recently returned from talks with Switzerland, Belgium, the Netherlands and Serbia.

My two SACO conventions were a great experience, and ones that I will never forget despite the fact that I was rather young. I truly believe that part of my success in life is due to the fact that I listened to the amazing experiences of people like you and great uncle Nelson, and learned early what it means to serve our nation with pride and humility just as you all did in WW II and later. I wish you continued health and continuation of the SACO newsletter. I have enclosed of couple of photos so you can see my gray hair!

Respectfully,



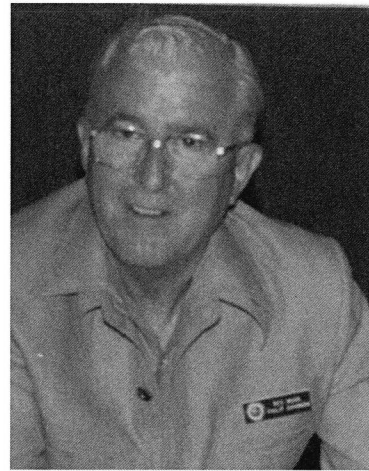
Mark Ramsay

Remembering SACO Chaplains

Submitted by Carl Edmund Altevogt, son of late Carl Eugene Altevogt, RMI/c stating article is from a NAVTRA – Naval Training correspondence course titled The History of the Chaplain Corps.



William S. La Sor



Philip P. Shannon

Two Navy chaplains, William S. La Sor, Presbyterian and Philip P. Shannon, a Catholic, were ordered in November 1944 to the interior of China to serve the American personnel of the Sino-American Cooperative organization known as SACO. This was a cooperative undertaking between the Navy, the State Department, and the Nationalist Government of China. The two chaplains were first taken to India and then flown “over the hump” to Chungking.

Chaplain La Sor spent most of his time in the deep interior of China while Chaplain Shannon confined his efforts to a stretch of the coast from Shanghai to Amoy. The chaplains met several thousand Americans who were scattered in 18 small camps, in addition to headquarters, conducting weather stations, radio stations and intelligence centers. The weather information secured was of greatest importance to the United States fleets at the time of the Philippine invasion. The Americans were also training Chinese in guerrilla warfare.

Both chaplains tell of traveling in all manner of conveyances – sampans, rafts, trucks, horse-back, and even on foot. Once Chaplain La Sor had to walk a stretch of from 500 to 600 miles. Captain La Sor had the distinction of being appointed a major in the Chinese guerrilla cavalry and, as a member of this unit, rode a horse for 700 to 800 miles. At one time, he was 250 miles within the Jap Lines.

The dispersion of the Americans through 30 or so

camps and spread over a large geographical area made it impossible to conduct regular religious services. Chaplain Shannon reported that it took him 7 months to make the rounds of his camps. Both chaplains did what they could to pick out representatives of the major faiths to conduct religious services for their respective units in the absence of the chaplains. The chaplains distributed religious literature and in other ways ministered to the spiritual needs of their men. Chaplain La Sor tells of a unique service he conducted with a convoy in the Gobi Desert where he had Mongolians and Mohammedans in his congregation. Chaplain La Sor left China in October 1945 while Chaplain Shannon remained until March 1946.

Upon the formal closing of the Naval Group China, Rear Adm. M. E. Miles who was in command of this group, wrote to the Chief of Navy Chaplains on 27 August 1946. saying “...The chaplains you sent really did a well job. The only fault I find is with me, in that I underestimated their value and ability, or I should have requested a dozen.” Rear Adm. Miles then added, “In case you have any doubt, I can assure you that in case I ever get mixed up in another expedition, even remotely like the last one, my first request for personnel will include a chaplain’s unit, along with an executive, supply, and medical units – all in the same breath.”

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Editorial

This is a copy of an article I wrote in 1980 as Editor of KEEPING TRACK – a magazine for employees of the late Southern Pacific Transportation Company. This journey into the past was a poignant recall for my mother, Erma and I as we revisited our life that was.

“CAN YOU REALLY GO HOME AGAIN?”

It was late April as relatives drove us through the Hoosier countryside enroute from the Indianapolis Airport to our former hometown, Kokomo, Indiana, when that strange feeling came over me . . . what was it . . . why did I keep looking, searching . . . wondering? In a sense, I felt dwarfed by the environment and we continued traveling several miles as my eyes surveyed the endless, level terrain . . . that was it! OF COURSE! Having lived thirty-three years in the mountainous area of Southern California, I suddenly found myself transplanted in the vast expanse of flat, open land and unfouled air which made the horizon appear forever distant.

We would be late arriving at the annual banquet of the alumni of West Middleton High. The old alma mater had served its time (1910-1953). When it could no longer meet the needs of space and modern building codes, it was replaced by a tri-township school known as Western and located further down the rural road. Ultimately, the halls and classrooms that once bustled with students scurrying about and the assembly room which afforded a place of tranquility for study (not to mention the activities of mischievous pranksters) were silenced forever when the old structure was razed after forty-three years as the center of education for the community.

Although it was strange reuniting with former schoolmates in a new building, it did not diminish the thrill of renewing old friendships and the surprising revelation that the many years had actually been kind to most. (How often have you noticed how others have aged while time apparently stood still for you?)

Recalling incidents as youngsters in school, Halloween took priority in reminiscing. I thought our “tricks” were bold, but placing carcasses of dead animals at the main entrance didn’t hold a candle to the time a preceding class (as revealed by a member of that escapade) released a live cow inside the school, and needless to say, the janitor let loose with some Sunday-school phrases when he arrived to perform his routine duties which did not normally include removal of the product that made Bandini famous!

Russiaville, a small rural town, was a popular Saturday night gathering spot for young and old, for there were free movies sponsored by local merchants during the warm summer evenings. Bing’s recording of “When The Blue Of The Night Meets The Gold Of The Day” was always the cue that the show was about to begin.

Today, Russiaville has been “face-lifted” and consequently, no longer the town I remember. For on Palm Sunday 1965, a devastating tornado left that village in utter ruin. Although stunned and heartbroken with their loss, in spite of mother nature’s wrath, the people defiantly began anew and rebuilt a modern, pretty little town . . . but, understandably, not the one I knew.

The foreboding funnel cloud continued its path of horror demolishing the old home place where I was raised and incredibly whirled its fury a few miles further to destroy the little house in the tiny hamlet of Alto where my parents first began housekeeping. Perhaps my little pet duckling, “Tagalong,” still lies buried there for such a pal deserved burial

rites and a coffin, which, as I remember, was a large “family-match” box. “Tagalong,” I fear, succumbed as a result of literally being “loved to death.”



MISSISSINEWA RIVER

Revisiting one of my favorite sites, that of the Wabash and Mississinewa Rivers’ country, was anxiously anticipated. The old country estate that was the home of the late Cole Porter overlooks the Mississinewa River and is still as magnificent as ever. It captured my reverie as I roamed the front of the property enhanced with a stately wrought-iron fence and wondered what part of Cole’s life here might have inspired this musical genius. His composition “Night And Day” in itself would have immortalized him, but he went on to such things as “Begin The Beguine,” “What Is This Thing Called Love,” “Don’t Fence Me In,” “Anything Goes,” “I’ve Got You Under My Skin,” and so many, many others.

Continuing on down the road, we followed the Frances Slocum Trail. Frances, daughter of a Quaker, was taken captive from her home along the Susquehanna River near Wilkes Barre, Pa. at the age of five in 1778. Though her family never ceased searching, it was around 1837 when her brother located her near Peru. Now a widow, Frances had been married to an Indian chief and had two sons and two daughters. Frances had become acquainted with the greater Indian chiefs of America and some of the great Americans of her time. Having spent almost her entire life with the Indians, she refused her brothers when they begged that she return to her natural family. She had return visits from her brothers and other relatives, but they knew it was Frances’ desire to be buried with her husband and children. Recently, the construction of the Mississinewa Dam required relocating the cemetery where Frances had been laid to rest, as the resulting lake, formed as a consequence of damming the river, flooded the original site.

accessible by descending an iron ladder, was a thrill experienced more than once as a child. I used to imagine all the canoes and “zings” of the bows and arrows in the days of combat which were, according to legend, frequent in that area. Even in those days, we found arrowheads and what ideas the picturesque setting kindled in the mind of a child to plan enacting the next segment of “cowboys and Indians” in that strange enchanted land known only to children!

But alas! I found the entrance at the roof of the cave almost obscured by brush and the ladder no longer there. I felt sorely cheated — how I longed once more to descend to that rock cave and see if maybe there might be just one overlooked arrowhead or if my imagination might still envision those canoes being stealthily paddled by natives in their handsome, colorful, feathered-headaddresses.

Kokomo, the City of Firsts, provided this former inhabitant a couple of “firsts.” The Haynes’ home is now a city museum and I found it provided many things of interest about its former resident, Elwood Haynes, inventor of the first successfully run automobile. To Mr. Haynes, it was satisfaction in personal

Photo courtesy Kokomo Tribune and Elwood Haynes Museum



ELWOOD HAYNES AND GRANDDAUGHTER MARGARET

achievement for a means of transportation and he failed to imagine that everyone would want to own one when he first drove his horseless carriage on Pumpkinville Pike July 4, 1894. Among his many other discoveries were an alloy, Stellite, now used in surgical instruments and one of the most popular products of today . . . stainless steel.

Although at one time I lived within a mile, I never realized that Chief Kokomo (for whom the city was named) lay buried near Kokomo High School, so as “tourists,” we paid homage with a visit to his monument.

“Downtown” was a busy area around the courthouse square years ago, but today, like many cities, shopping has moved to malls and centers on the outskirts. The ravages of fire and progress have destroyed old landmarks such as hotels and theatres and they have been replaced by modern inns, motels, etc. As a result, downtown appears deserted by comparison with yesteryear.

There was a walk in the woods at West Middleton where I had spent many hours of solitude in my childhood watching the spring flowers, Boys’ Breeches, Jacks-in-the-pulpit, May-

mushrooms peep through the ground and develop to their full potential. Due to a late spring, I was denied once again seeing the Dogwood and Redbud trees bloom. I remembered how I used to walk along the stream, whistling and tossing rocks ahead to allow the snakes a chance to slither back into their watery habitat so I wouldn’t be startled out of my skin by suddenly confronting one of those dreaded reptiles!

A search for my favorite, the stately old Tulip tree, (Indiana’s state tree) ended in disappointment as we found it standing as a stark naked sentinel of death. Evidently, the tornado had taken its toll even in “my” woods. The woods were no longer grazed by sheep, and consequently, the underbrush made it difficult to penetrate the thicket.

Yes, it was a poignant realization that I could never really go home again. Those physical things that were a part of my life then were literally gone with the wind.

But family and friends are forever and sharing past experiences and reliving those precious early years is a priceless treasure . . . so are the memories of those who share them. That was the way it was and so it was to be.

But this is now, and as our return flight approached LAX and the sparkling jewels of the lighted Los Angeles streets glistened in nighttime splendor, I reflected on a wonderful week just ending . . . we had accomplished most of what had been planned and were grateful for the opportunity to do so . . . now, it was good to be back . . . yes . . . after all . . . we WERE back home again!

R. L. Rutan

GRETA WAS AN OLD, grandmotherly type. She was well-known for her faith and talking about it. Every morning she would go out on the front porch and shout, “Praise the Lord!” Her next-door neighbor would shout back. “There ain’t no Lord!”

Greta was very poor, so the neighbor decided to prove his point by buying a large bag of groceries and placing it at her door. The next morning, she went to the porch, and seeing the groceries, she shouted, “Praise the Lord!”

The neighbor stepped out from behind a tree in the yard and said, “I bought those groceries and there ain’t no Lord.”

Greta smiled and shouted, “Lord, you not only sent me food, but you made the devil pay for it!”

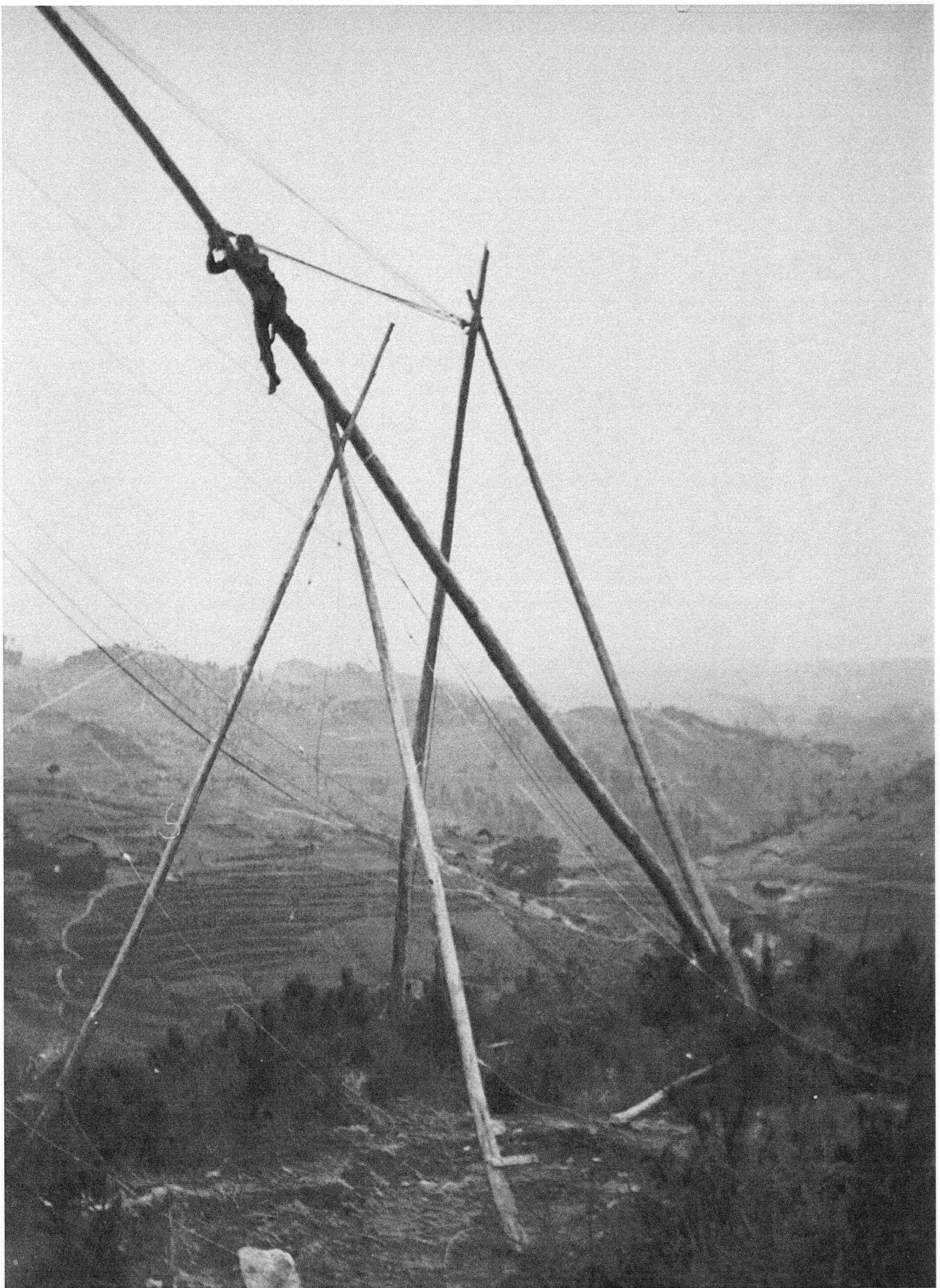


The Way It Was Then



Man-power transporting a generator up the mountain during days of SACO in China WWII. Photos by Luhr Jensen of SACO sent to Paul Casamajor, Membership Chairman. Paul's son, Allen, remarked, "That's how the pyramids were built. Today we'd just order a "big lift" helicopter and the job would be done!"





PUTTING UP ANTENNA POLE

Paul Casamajor wonders, "Is this the hazardous duty we volunteered for?" He also cautions, "Watch out for splinters on your way down!"



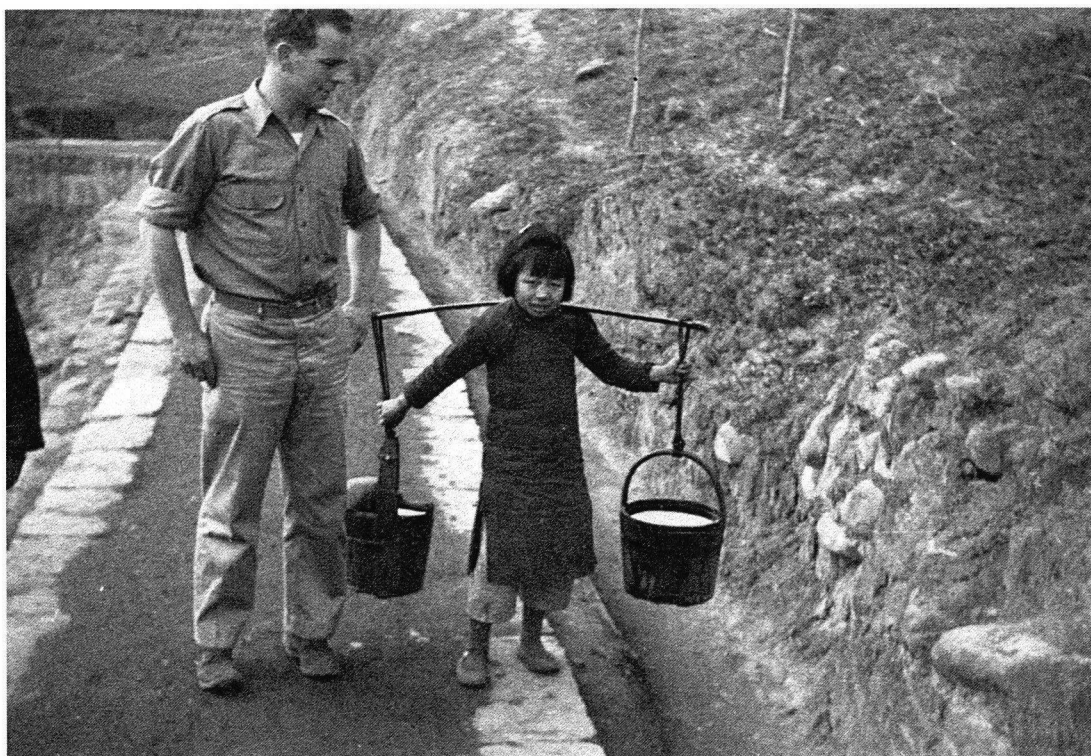
How would you like to be lead-man? Looks like one hulluva pull!



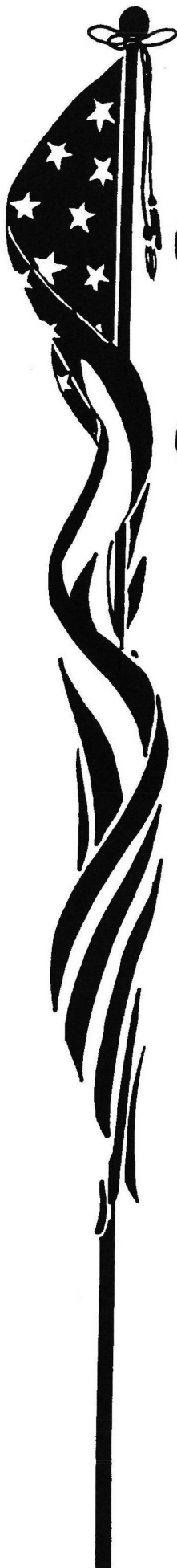
Take a little rest – then we keep going!



Luhr Jensen, CRT (died 2004) checks out local cuisine. He left an outstanding collection of his photography which we are privileged to view – grateful acknowledgement to Paul Casamajor for sharing – perhaps he has more?



**Never too young in the Orient to learn the balance of toting with the yo-yo pole!
– I don't do well, at my age, to balance myself and stay on my feet! *Ed.***



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



Naval Chief Petty Officer – Art with late wife, Marilouise

Arthur G. Bohus

Arthur died March 3, 2008, at Care One Center in Moorestown. Born in Philadelphia, Art was 91 years old. He was a resident of Cinnaminson for 59 years. He proudly served his country in the US Navy during WWII serving with SACO – a top secret organization in mainland China. He was in the Navy Reserves for over 40 years. Art was employed as an electronics' tester for RCA in Camden for 43 years. He was a member of Bethany Lutheran Church in Palmyra. Beloved husband of the late Marilouise (nee Carhardt), Father of Arthur R. of Palmyra, Charles E. (Suzanne) of Cherry Hill and Steven M. (Rita) of Cherry Hill, Grandfather of Elise, Gregory and Jeffrey, Brother of Emil Bohus and Ethel Ludwig.

Donald G. Leberman, CDR USNR



Donald G. Leberman, 87, of 702 Gasteiger Road, Meadville, PA, passed away Saturday, Sept. 15, 2007 at Meadville Medical Center.

Mr. Leberman was born in Meadville April 27, 1920, the son of the late Edgar H. and Frances Spitler Leberman. On Aug. 23, 1947, Donald married Ruth Elizabeth O'Brien; she preceded him in death Dec. 4, 1974.

Donald was a member of St. Paul's United Church of Christ, where he served as a church Elder, a director of accounts and finance from 1966 to 1968, and former president, and a member of the church consistory, where he was a former president.

In 1978, Donald retired from Crawford Central School District, where he was employed as a teacher in the Meadville schools and served as the district's chairman. Following his graduation from Meadville High School in 1938, Donald was graduated from Allegheny College in 1943, where he received his master's degree in 1950.

A U.S. Navy World War II veteran, Donald was attached to Chief of Naval Operations as well as the top-secret Sino American Cooperative Organization in China for two years, where he served in Intelligence Operations. During the Korean conflict, Donald served his country as Assistant

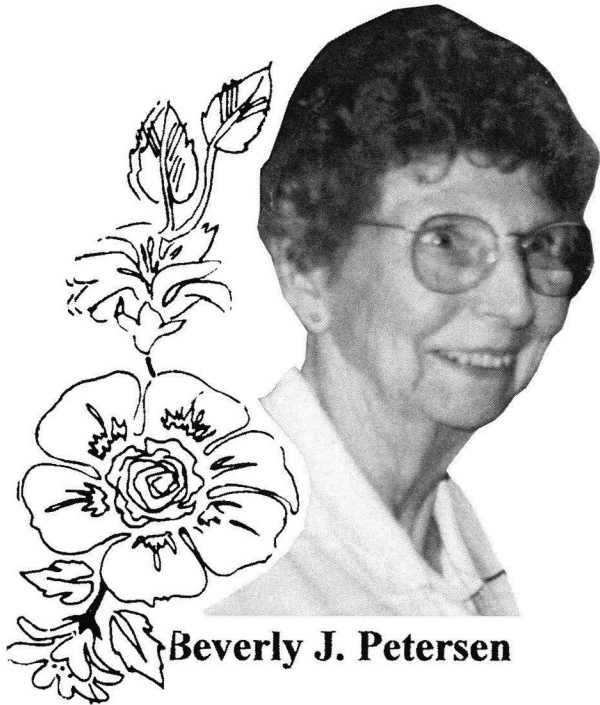
Commanding Officer in the U.S. Navy Recruiting Office in Pittsburgh and during peace time, served as Chief of Staff, U.S. Naval Reserve in Erie. In 1968, Donald, graduated from the Naval War College and was a Naval Information Officer of Northwestern Pennsylvania.

Donald was a former member of the Meadville Housing Authority, the Meadville Memorial Day Committee, the Meadville Beautification Committee, the Salvation Army Advisory Board, having served as chairman, the Meadville Sesquicentennial and Bicentennial committees, a director of Greendale Cemetery Association, past president and member of Meadville Public Library, president of the Crawford County Federated Library System, member and past executive director of the Meadville Round Table, member of the Meadville Lions Club where he served as secretary for 12 years, the board of incorporators of Spencer Hospital as well as the board of trustees. Donald was also a member of the Naval Reserve Association, the Naval League of the United States, the American Legion, the Country Club in Meadville, Meadville Elks Lodge 219, Taylor Hose, Co., Vernon Grange, John Brown Heritage Society, the National Counsel for Social Studies, the American Institute of Economics, and an associate member of the U.S. Naval Alumni Association.

Donald is survived by five nieces and nephews and the Robert K. Marsteller family of Meadville.

In addition to his wife, Ruth Elizabeth, he was preceded in death by a sister, Harriette Williams and a brother, Edgar H. (Bud) Leberman, Jr.

Editor's note: Though we never met in person Don and I were frequent correspondents these past years and I truly feel the loss of a dear friend. He was a generous donor to our group on many occasions and always kept in touch though a victim of Parkinson's disease made it an arduous task to write me. I'm honored and grateful that he shared his life with me. rlr



Beverly J. Petersen

Beverly J. Petersen, 82, of Oshkosh, WI, died Friday November 23, 2007 at Aurora Medical Center. She was born October 4, 1925 in Oshkosh, the daughter of Harvey and Elsie Bruehmuller Breaker. On June 29, 1946, she married Jack Petersen in Oshkosh.

She was a member of St .Paul's Church of Christ where she was active in the Ladies Guild. Her greatest joy in life was her two daughters.

Beverly is survived by her husband Jack, two daughters, Barbara (John) Jones of Omro, Jodi Petersen of Neenah, two grandchildren, Christopher Roy of Milwaukee, Elizabeth Shaw of Wausau, two great-grandchildren, Alex Koppa and Nate Roy - one brother-in-law, Larry (Carol) Petersen, one sister-in-law Florence Petersen and nieces and nephews.

She was preceded in death by her parents, one brother and sister-in-law, Donald "Duke" (Audrey) Breaker, brother-in-law, Billy Petersen, one grandson, Joey Albee, mother-in-law, Esther Petersen Friedrich and father-in-law, Melvin Petersen.

Note: John Waters and I attended Jack & Bev's wedding. After the ceremony, I danced with

the bride ("Lindy-Hop" as I recall) Unfortunately, in my exhibition antics, I stepped on the bride's gown inflicting pretty rough damage. Needless to say, I felt my apology was lacking in utmost regret - I was so heart-sick, but Bev assured me, even at the time and through the enduring years of recall, she had forgiven me. Ed.

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Richard Haley Watson

April 10, 1917 - November 22, 2007

Richard was born at home in Chicago and delivered by his grandfather who was a doctor. He was graduated from Central High School where he was a tackle on the football team. He started college at Purdue. Then attended Indiana University Extension. There he met his future wife, Lois Bercaw. They married Dec. 28, 1940.

In 1943, he joined the Navy Seabees - later joining SACO - sent to India & China where he monitored the weather in preparation of the bombing of Japan

In 1946, he completed a degree in history at DePaul, (Chgo) then studied accounting. After moving to Wisconsin, he worked at a tannery and then Arthur Andersen in Milwaukee.

In 1953, he moved his family to California. He had a variety of financial management positions with Marman, Dart Industries, Pacific Ocean Park, 3M, Times Mirror Whittaker, and Petersen Publishing.

He was President of the LA Tennis Association, The Holy Name Society at St. Joan of Arc and their 50+ Club, and the Mahood Senior Club. He was a long-time member of the Financial Executive's Institute.

Richard was preceded in death by his wife, Lois in 2001 and survived by his six children and six grandchildren as well as a sister, Alice and brother, William.

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Phillip W. Seldomridge

Jan. 13, 1910 - Nov.22, 2006

Phillip W. Seldomridge was born at Fort Edwards, New York. As a young child, he moved to Colorado Springs, Colorado where he grew up. In 1924-25 he attended the New Mexico Military Institute in Roswell, New Mexico. He joined the U.S. Navy in 1927 and after radio school, was assigned to the USS Arizona and became the ship's bugler.

In 1930, he fell in love and married Phillis Axelson on Sept. 16, 1930. They had two children, Charles, born in 1934 and Donna born in 1938. Phil and Phillis were married 49 years when she passed away in 1979

Phillip lived a long and interesting life, being active in community services wherever he lived – all of his adult life was dedicated to public services. In Colorado, during the 1930's, he took on a variety of roles, including Deputy Game Warden, Deputy Sheriff in El Paso County, Instructor of First Aid for the National Guard and Scout Master, with four assistants, for a troop of eighty boys.

In 1938, he moved to Everson, Washington, where he became Shop Foreman at the Ford Motor Agency. During WWII, he went back in the Navy joining the underwater team as a Scout & Raider.. He joined SACO in 2-21-45 as a CSF at age 35 and served in Calcutta, India.

After the war, Phil continued his Naval career stationed aboard the USS Grady at the Naval Training Center in Bellingham. WA. He instructed reservists in Naval Reserve Program; also became Chief Photographer for 13th Naval District and instructed in photography. In 1947, he started volunteering with the Whitcom Sheriff's Dep't, which became a part-time job, then full-time as Deputy Sheriff for Whitcom County.

As full-time Deputy, he served as; Deputy Coroner, Civil Defense Coordinator, Pursuit

Driving Instructor; Special Officer for Bureau of Indian Affairs and many other services.

Probably, his favorite duty was to coordinate and lead mountain rescue activities for the Sheriff's Dep't., which he continued after retirement in 1973. Also, he enjoyed working with the Boy Scouts as Scoutmaster, and in 1973, becoming Vice Chairman of the Boy Scouts' Council.

Phillip was very proud to be a 32nd degree Mason, a member of the Northwest Shrine Club, U.S. Naval Group China (SACO), VFW, American Legion and many other organizations.

Surviving are his son, Charles and daughter, Donna . Donna and Donald Oehler have 3 children, Jeffrey, Leanne and Sandra. Charles remarried Arline and his four children are Shawn, Arin, Kevin and Tonya.

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Paul D. Tibbetts

Paul D Tibbetts of Darien, CT who served on the Representative Town meeting, Board of Education, and a long career with Manufacturers Hanover Trust, died Oct. 11, 2006. He was the husband of Judith Pittman Tibbetts.

He fulfilled a life of gentleness, perseverance and consciousness, loved by his family and friends.

A graduate of Harvard, he often referred to his focus there as having 'majored" in the Glee Club. For years before and after graduation, he soloed with the club in major productions including several with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

He started soloing in churches when he went to Cambridge at 16 and continued for many years here in Connecticut where he sang at the Noroton Presbyterian Church, St. Luke's Church, the Congregational Church in New Canaan, Temple Sinai in Stamford and most recently at Christian Science Church in

Darien. Mr. Tibbett's love for music was also evidenced in his interest long ago in the Darien Community Concerts, his participation in the Greenwich Choral Society with his two sons, and more recently, as president of the Waverly Chamber Music Society of New Canaan.

He married Judy Pittman at the Harvard Chapel.

During WWII, Mr. Tibbetts served as a member of a special secret unit, U. S. Naval Group China (SACO) where he was a communications officer under the command of Chinese Gen. Tai Li and Adm. Milton E. Miles.

After moving to Darien, he became a member of the Representative Town Meeting, followed by service on the Board of Education, having the highest number of votes in that election of anyone on the ticket. He served for four years as first reader in the Darien Christian Science Church, having been one of its founding members.

In business, he had a long career with Manufacturers Hanover Trust (now J.P. Morgan Trust), first in the trust department's pension division. He then moved to the banking department where he opened several branches and subsequently became vice president in charge of the energy group with special emphasis on the principal account with Exxon. On retiring from the bank, he became manager of the New Canaan Branch of Tibbetts Real Estate, where he served until the branch was consolidated into the main office in Darien. He was a member of the Harvard Club and Tokeneke Club of Darien.

Beside his wife, Mr. Tibbetts is survived by two sons, Alfred Pittman Tibbetts and John Rogers Tibbetts, both of Darien, and five grandchildren, Laura and Parker Tibbetts and India, Austen and Isabel Tibbetts.

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Ernest A. Landry, Sr.

9-21-22 - 1-21-08



According to records of SACO maintained by Paul Casamajor, SACO Membership Chair, he was able to furnish a brief background of Landry's affiliation with SACO as follows:

Ernest A. Landry, Sr. arrived in Calcutta on Nov. 5, 1944 and by the middle of January 1945 was in Jorhat and there until May. He returned to Calcutta briefly before being stationed in Myitkyina. His last pay there was 9-28-45. His rating was MMG2/c. Jorhat was where the oxygen facility for SACO was located.

Mr. Landry's youngest son furnished the following:

Survivors are: Wife, Cora of 57 years, sons, Ernest A. Landry, Jr., Charles A. Landry, and Gary F. Landry.

There are 9 grandchildren: Tammy, Mandy, Ernie, III.* Gary, Jr.* Jason, Cristen, Joshua, Felicia, and Charles.

5 great-grandchildren: Gary, III*, Noah, Hailey, Abigail and Ava.

Brother Bobby Landry as well as three daughters-in-law: Faith, Nancy and Yvette and two loyal friends, Lou Lou and Annabelle.

**Editor's note: You may be as confused as I was. The deceased's 1st son, Ernest became Ernest, Jr so his son became Ernie, III. 3rd son, Gary, became Sr. at birth of Gary, Jr followed by grandson, Gary III. Still can't follow?- Don't sweat it – imagine the families' problems as to who's who?*



**Family survivors of the late Ernest A. Landry, Sr., MMG2c
Member of Sino American Cooperative Organization 1944-45**

Sylvia Erwin

Jan 5, 1918 – Apr 1, 2008



Sylvia, widow of Mason O. Erwin, SACO Lt(jg), died at her home in Bethesda, MD on

April 1, 2008 at the age of 90 following brief period of illness.

As she desired, she maintained her home alone receiving hospice care at home in her later days.

Sylvia is survived by her daughter, Lou (husband Gary) Dougenbaugh and two grandchildren and son, Troy (wife Tina) and three grandchildren .

Sylvia is to be buried in Arlington National Cemetery alongside her late husband. on April 29.

Editor's note: Tina Erwin notified Weskamps who called me and I was able to get a little info from Sylvia's daughter-in-law, Tina. I called Sylvia on her 90th birthday last Jan. We kept in touch by phone in late years.

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Frances Waters

Oct. 12, 1922 – Feb. 21, 2008



“Fran” Waters died February 21, 2008 following several years of ill health. Her husband, John, wrote, “Her last several weeks were made fairly comfortable by the excellent care of ‘Hospice of the Comforter.’ The nurse assigned to Fran suggested a small dose of morphine (orally) every four hours. This made

Fran comfortable. It was a wise treatment and Fran thanked the nurse several times when she was able to.”

John further writes, “We will have a family gathering for burial of her ashes on the property where Marty (their daughter) and husband live. It’s a few acres where my mother and father lived their retirement years and are buried their. Fran was always very fond of both my parents and helped care for them during their final years.

“Her association with SACO was one of her real pleasures - knowing you, Pete (Petersen) and Charlie (Sellers) and all the rest. She always looked forward to and planned ahead for attending the reunion. She liked to wear one of Erma’s watches you’d given her.

“Barb and Marty are taking good care of me. Without their support I doubt I could function.

“Barb and Marty and I plan to be in Grand Rapids. Hope to see you there.”

Fran is survived by her husband, John, daughters, Barbara (Bill) Lowe, Martha (Phil) Tetlow and seven grandchildren.

SACO will miss Fran as she worked alongside Laura Sellers at the registration desk at reunions for many years.

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Frederick Trump

Feb. 6, 1922 – July 30, 2007

Born in Batavia, NY to Frederick and Marie Kember Trump, he married Rosemary Schwan in Middleport, NY on Oct. 4, 1947.

Mr. Trump is survived by his wife, Rosemary, his son Frederick (Susan) Trump of Tinley Park, IL, one daughter, Kathleen Kellogg of Carrollton, Texas and three grandchildren, Aimee, Lisa and Michael.

Mr. Trump worked in sales at Behm & Hagermann. He was a WWII Navy Veteran having served in SACO (secret group known as Sino American Cooperative Organization, operating in China)..

He was a member of United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation in Shanghai, China and Shanghai Lodge Scottish Rite 32 Mohammed Shrine.

(Last paragraph in foregoing is quoted from obituary column from Peoria Journal Star).

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Allen C. Tanner



Mary & Allen Tanner

Allen Clarence Tanner, Sr of Newport News, Va., passed away on Wednesday, March 26, 2008, after a valiant struggle with cancer. He is survived by his devoted wife of almost 60 years, Mary Harrell Tanner; two sons, Allen Clarence Tanner Jr. and his wife, Deborah Griffin Tanner, Benjamin Harrell Tanner and his wife, Mary Jane Tanner; a daughter, Elizabeth Tanner Burrus and her husband, Peter Michael Burrus, of Glen Cove, N.Y.; and six grandchildren, Courtney Patricia Tanner, Allen Clarence Tanner III, Benjamin Cullen Tanner, Michael Harrell Tanner, Elizabeth Preston Burrus and Peter Michael Burrus Jr.; as well as loyal brothers and sisters-in-law, cousins, nieces and nephews. Al, as he is known by his family, was born in Victoria, Va., on Aug. 24, 1924, to Annie Elizabeth Brown and William Fisher Tanner. He graduated from The College of William and Mary and was inducted into the Phi Beta Kappa Society. Following college, he attended the Marshall Wythe School of Law. During World War II, he served as an intelligence officer in the United States Navy and is a distinguished member of the Sino-American Cooperative Organization for Americans who fought in China. He received the Medal of

Honor from this organization for his service during the war. He began his professional career as a certified public accountant and tax attorney, in Newport News, and founded the accounting firm known as Tanner, Eggleston and Smith, which operated from 1956 until 1973.

During his career, he was active not only in the professional community, but also in civic and religious activities. He was a director of the Bank of Virginia, Chairman of the Peninsula United Fund and Chairman of the Board of Governors for Peninsula Cerebral Palsy. He was President of the Virginia Society of Certified Public Accountants and was a founding member of the Peninsula Chapter. He was also active with the Newport News Bar Association, Virginia Bar Association and the American Institute of CPAs. He served as President of both the Hampton Roads Junior Chamber of Commerce and the Newport News Kiwanis Club. He taught adult education classes as an adjunct professor for Christopher Newport University and George Washington University. He was also a member of the James River Country Club and the Hampton Roads Assembly. Al devoted much time to his beloved college and was instrumental in the formation of the Order of the White Jacket at the College of William and Mary. He was named Director Emeritus of the OWJ in October 2007 in recognition of loyal and faithful service as a Charter Member, Lifetime Member, Board Member and officer. In addition to the OWJ, he was active with the William and Mary Alumni Association and received the Alumni Service Award. He was a devout member of Hilton Baptist Church for over 50 years where he served as Trustee, lifetime deacon and Sunday school teacher.

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Additional Deaths Reported
on following page...



**SACO BROTHERS WE HAVE LOST SINCE
REPORT IN OCT 2007 ISSUE OF SACO NEWS**



Arthur G. Bohus 2008
CRM -Chungking/Camp 3/Paoki/Hankow

Herman F. Bradtmaeller 2008
EM1/c -Chungking

John W. Brunner 2006
Ens -Calcutta

Lyle Wilbur Carter 2007
Ens. -Calcutta/Kunming/Chungking/Camp 3/Liutung/Shanghai

Thomas S. Dennison
AERN1/c -Chungking/Lanchow

Col. Frank T. Devlin, USA 2007
Major -Chungking

Richard A. Ford 2007
SM3/c -Kunming/Shanghai

Gilbert W. Harris 2007
RM1/c -Chungking/Shanghai

James J. Hische 2005
AerN2/c -Calcutta/Chungking/Kunming

John T. Holcombe, Sr. 2006
CPhM -Chungking/Camps 2, 1, 8/Calcutta

Cdr. William D. Howard 2007
Ens. -Chungking

Joseph E. A. Landry 2008
MMS2/c -Jorhat/Calcutta/Myitkyina

Cdr. Donald G. Leberman 2007
Lt(jg) -Camp 7/Kienyang/Hangchow/Shanghai

Capt. Howard C. Milliren, SC USN 2008
Lt. -Chungking/Kunming/Shanghai

George W. O'Connor 2007
GM1/c -Camp 7/Tungfeng/Foochow/Shanghai

Arthur R. Olsen 2007
MoMM2/c -Kienyang/Camp 7/Tungfeng/Shanghai

Samuel M. Osborne 2003
CY -Karachi/Calcutta/Chungking/Shanghai

Richard S. Reeves 2005
Lt. -Kunming

Donald F. Robillard 2007
Lt(jg) -Changting/Kienyang/Camp 6/Changchow/Shanghai

Hobart R. Roedell 2008
BM2/c -Camp 7/Tungfeng/Shanghai

Phillip W. Seldowridge 2006
CSF -Calcutta

Paul D. Tibbetts 2007
Ens. -Calcutta

W. Royston Troyer 2007
EM2/c -Calcutta/Chungking/Shanghai

Fred R. Trump, Jr. 2007
CSP -Chungking/Shanghai

Robert H. Warren, Jr. 2008
CEM -Chungking

Arthur H. Wesselink 2005
PhM1/c -Camp 1/Pact Doc/Kharagpur/Kweichow/Kienyang

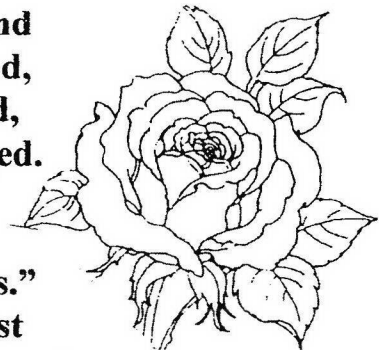


FROM BILL BARTEE'S "A SACO PSALM"

(Sept 1997 p. 42)

... But, at that time, you waved your wand
And among us all, was forged a bond,
That half a century has not changed,
Even though our lives were rearranged.

So, at this time, we feel we must
Say, "Thank you, God, for picking us."
And thank You, too, for standing fast
To receive our Mates whose time has passed. . . .



Richard L. Rutan
1223 E. Del Mar Way
Palm Springs, Ca. 92262-3329

Alfred W. Parsons
5648 Tucker Road
Ooltewah, Tn. 37363-8122

3-29-'08

Dear Richard,

I feel certain that you are very impressed with the manner in which I keep my word. I believe I promised you a photo of my wife and myself. If my memory serves me correctly (don't bank on it) that was about six months past. It simply proves that you cannot depend on anything I say; the memory, along with other problems, have become overwhelming and I don't suppose this comes as any revelation for anyone 87 years of age.

I found a photo of 20 or 30 years back and found out that I could not get a copy since Olan Mills is well covered by a copyright on all of these photographs; even Walmart refused to allow me to copy their photos (speaking of Olan Mills) as they were already in litigation over some ridiculous infringement. Well wouldn't you know that about the time I checked a few places and been refused, the entire medical roof seemed to cave in on ole Al. We have been running the roads ever since and again to be perfectly honest between the wife and myself we have been worn, tattered and torn (in shreds so to speak). Both of us have had enough tests to evaluate any condition and I honestly believe have just about worn out a set of tires. In lieu of any diagnoses I think a fair evaluation of our situation would be to say that we both are falling apart.

A friend of mine recently agreed to use his equipment, even though his printer wasn't turning out the best work; I thought it would be a good idea to pass this along in the slim hope that you may be able to use it at a later time and if not please forgive me as even though I claimed my word to be my bond, you may never know exactly what that was intended to mean.

From what little I can understand it certainly seems that the entire SACO group is getting in the same shape. All I can do is wish the entire group the very best considering whatever time we have left.

Sincerely,

Al Parsons

Al Parsons

PS---Believe it or not, but the time we spend here on planet earth is ultimately in God's hands.

**An Update on Al Parsons – SACO Man Imprisoned by Japanese
from 21 December 1944 until WWII ended.**



ALFRED & BOBBIE PARSONS



On this date, 4 April '08, as I am working on this issue, this recent photo of Al and his wife, Bobbie, arrived from Al.

You may recall, Al's own story of capture and unmerciful torture appeared in SACO NEWS issue No. 16 of April 1998.

I am amazed at this picture to see Al looking so well at age 87 after all the Hell he suffered at the hands of his captors.

And I have unparalleled admiration for him in sharing his thoughts for others in receiving the Silver Star from the U.S. Navy as I quote Al from his story in 1998 – “while I was awarded the Silver Star...let's just say that in SACO we operated as such a closely knit unit, the award is 'ours.' Keep in mind, as Roy Stratton related, 'there was a price on your heads also, dead or alive!' This was a labor of mixed emotions that ran the gamut from love of God, country and fellowman to utter contempt for leaders who promote evil and hate. It was some of the negative emotions that were about to control and ultimately destroy my life. However, I can readily attest to the fact that I met some of the Navy's finest officers and men in SACO. So, please forgive me and believe me when I tell you it was my intent to completely forget the enemy and *not* my SACO friends!”

The preceding page is the letter from Al which accompanied this recent picture of him and Bobbie. . .

***Grand Group of Guys & Gals Gather in
Grand Rapids for 54th Gala
Crowne Plaza Hotel - Phone (616) 942-3177
SACO Rates \$82 + tax***



***Tours: Thurs. June 19 - Van Andel Public Museum, Lunch
President Gerald Ford Museum - \$22 (includes transportation &
lunch.)***

***Friday June 20 - Frederik Meijer Gardens & Sculpture
Park - Lunch & tram ride through grounds \$19 + tax includes
transportation and lunch.***

Saturday June 21- Meetings & Banquet