

# SACO VETERANS OF THE RICE PADDY NAVY WORLD WAR II CHINA

WHAT THE HELL?

Perpetual Skipper

THE HELL?

VAdm. Milton E. "Mary" Miles



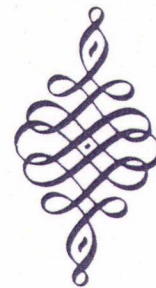
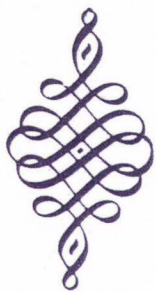
SINO AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION



GENERAL TAI LI  
PROTECTOR OF  
SACO TIGERS



OUR UNFORGETTABLE  
SKIPPER V. ADMIRAL  
MILTON E. "MARY"  
MILES



SACO NEWS

THE YEAR OF THE TIGER



## *The Only Flag That Doesn't Fly*

*(Thanks to Jack Petersen for this e-mail article)*



Between the fields where the flag is planted there are 9+ miles of flower fields that go all the way to the ocean. The flowers are grown by seed companies. It's a beautiful place close to Vandenberg AFB in California (Lompoc). Check out the dimensions of the flag. The Floral Flag is 740 feet long and 390 feet wide and maintains the proper flag dimensions as described in Executive

Order #10834.

This Flag is 6.65 acres and is the first Floral Flag to be planted with 5-pointed Stars, comprised of White Larkspur. Each Star is 24 feet in diameter, each Stripe is 30 feet wide. This Flag is estimated to contain more than 400,000 Larkspur plants with 4-5 flower stems each, for a total of more than 2 million flowers.



Aerial photo courtesy of Bill Morson

*When you receive this, please stop for a moment and say a prayer for those of our Armed Forces who now serve or have done so – May America, the land we love, always be blessed.*

???!!!\*\*\*

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919 847 6602

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707 539-3815

**SACO ANNUAL DUES**

Payment due Jan. 1 each year  
for regular and associate mem-  
bers. Anyone delinquent more  
than 2 years will no longer re-  
ceive SACO NEWS. If, due to  
personal circumstances, funds  
are short and you want the  
magazine- let us know & we'll  
try to help out. rlr

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**LADIES AUXILIARY  
CLOSED**

The women attending SACO Re-  
union in Midland, TX felt it was  
time to disband their group due  
to reduced membership. Treas.  
Laura Sellers says they will turn  
their treasury balance over to the  
regular treasury in support of  
SACO NEWS.

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**SACO NEWS**

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

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

Richard L. Rutan  
address @ top in middle column

# SACO HISTORY

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

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

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

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

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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 3 stars - a mild form of profanity such as cartoonists would use. To Admiral Miles, it was translated as meaning "What The Hell?" as frequent inquiries through the years as to the pennant would be just "What the Hell is it?" "What the Hell does it mean?" and from many encounters came many interesting stories through the years. During WW II as SACO was formed by Miles and the Chinese counterpart Tai Li, it was natural and apropos that "What The Hell" be the symbol or logo of this special group. In addition to being known as "SACO TIGERS," we might well have been "WHAT THE HELLERS!"

???!!!\*\*\*

## From the Editor's Desk



Meet my beautiful sweetheart "Callie"  
A Pomeranian

In this "The Year of The Tiger" it is only fitting that we seek blessings of the year for all veterans of "SACO Tigers" of America and comrades of China who fought together to end the invasion of China by the Japanese and remember with a prayer of gratitude for unparalleled personal protection provided during WWII under the command of General Tai Li and Vice Admiral M. E. Miles.

Our perpetual "si si ni" from all SACO Tigers for the guardianship of two special leaders of men.

"SACO Tigers" is a pseudonym adapted for SACO members in recognition of the aged realm of tigers in China.

As I sit here today trying to wrap up this issue, I wander back a 'Lifetime Ago' as we await Hollywood's greatest night of the year...the Academy Awards Presentation which is later this evening. Yes, 60 years ago tonight (1950), was a night to remember as I had the pleasure, I'll never forget...of escorting my mother, Erma, to the Awards. When I was in the Navy in Calcutta, India in 1944, I shopped for silk yardage for a gown for my mother. It was light blue silk with a pattern of silver threaded flowers. I was told to be the first customer of the day as they felt it bad luck not to make the first sale. It worked and I succeeded in being granted my price offer. Erma had it made and wore it the night of the Awards. We drove up to the theatre entrance (The Pantages") near Hollywood and Vine Streets. The attendants parked our car and we strolled up the entrance past bleachers of movie fans and even heard comments about Erma: "What a beautiful gown, who is she?" We had center lower balcony seats...a wonderful view. The only disappointment of the evening was the Oscar for best song "Baby It's Cold Outside" when I had chosen "My Foolish Heart." Can you believe tickets for the event were \$10 each! And the general public, I understand, is not allowed today. Even if they were, I don't think I'd go again without my mother - - it's a beautiful memory as it unfolded, that I have cherished for a lifetime.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, likely belonging to the author of the text.

# THE GOLDEN YEARS OF SACO

ORIGINALLY WRITTEN FOR 50<sup>TH</sup>  
ANNIVERSARY OF SACO  
JULY 4, 1993 SACO NEWS NO.9

66 YEARS... SO LONG AGO... SO FAR AWAY!!  
66 YEARS... SO MANY MEMORIES WE SHARE TODAY.  
OVER A HALF-CENTURY HAS PASSED US BY  
SINCE THE RICE PADDY NAVY BEGAN AS YOU AND I.

STRICTLY VOLUNTEERS THE OPERATION WAS TO BE;  
DESTINED TO SERVE IN UNKNOWN LANDS ACROSS THE SEA.  
INTERVIEWS AND INDOCTRINATIONS FOR EACH AND EVERYONE  
WHO VISITED ROOM 2732 IN WASHINGTON.

OUR DESTINATION, HERETOFORE SHROUDED IN SECRECY,  
BECAME APPARENT THAT CHINA OUR ASSIGNMENT WOULD BE.  
CULTURES SO DIFFERENT WERE A CHALLENGE INDEED;  
BUT, IN A BOND OF RESPECT AND FRIENDSHIP, WE DID SUCCEED.

WE RECALL WITH ADMIRATION GENERAL TAI LI AND ADMIRAL MILES  
WHOSE GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION PREVAILED AS WE ENDURED MONTHS OF TRIALS.  
THE AGREEMENT THEY REACHED THROUGH THEIR COLLABORATION  
RESULTED IN FORMING SINO-AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION.

MADE UP OF UNITS, CAMPS... WHATEVER,  
MOST NOT KNOWING THE OTHERS' CLANDESTINE ENDEAVOR.  
THE INTENT OF THE ARRANGEMENT WAS FOR THE WAR'S DURATION,  
BUT SACO LIVES TODAY WITH FRIENDSHIP BEYOND IMAGINATION.

TODAY IT CAN BE TOLD AND SACO TIGERS ANNUALLY GATHER  
TO SHARE AND RELIVE THOSE DAYS SPENT TOGETHER.  
JOINING THE YEARLY MEETINGS ARE OUR CHINESE COMRADES OF THE ROC  
PERPETUATING A FRIENDSHIP NEVER KNOWN IN THE ANNALS OF HISTORY.

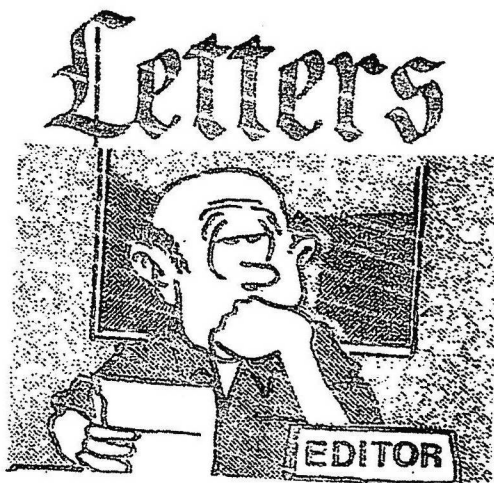
AND SO WE'LL CONTINUE TO LOOK FORWARD, GOD WILLING,  
TO EACH ANNUAL REUNION TO SHARE MOMENTS FULFILLING.  
66 YEARS... SO LONG AGO... SO FAR AWAY!  
66 YEARS... SO MANY MEMORIES WE SHARE TODAY !!

RICHARD L. RUTAN, RM1/C  
(WRITTEN JULY 1993)



1409 W Dow Rummel St, Apt 102  
 Sioux Falls, S. D. 57104  
 January 16, 2010

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



Dear Mr. Rutan:

I wish to thank you for printing Charley's letters from India and China in the SACO News. He wrote almost every day, and gave a very candid view of his time in the Navy.

I knew him from those days until his death, and always been amazed at his thoughts at 24-25 years of age in the foreign lands and different kind of life in the Navy.

In his obituary, I am sure you could see what he did with his life - in the early days of dialysis, and here in South Dakota in the formation of the South Dakota Medical School.

I tried to find any of his fellow members, without any result. If anyone writes in who recognizes Charley's name, I would appreciate knowing about them.

Gratefully yours

*Betty Gutch*

Contents

<b>Cover: Thanks again to Bill &amp; Elizabeth Sager for the beautiful Chinese New Year card = "The Year of the Tiger."</b>	<b>Tale of the Tiger.....</b> 46
<b>The Flag that Doesn't Fly.....</b> 2	<b>Photos: Days of Yester-Years From Album Of Norman Bowman.....</b> 26
<b>From The Editor's Desk.....</b> 5	<b>Photos: From Album of LtCdr George Payne .....</b> 52
<b>Golden Years of SACO.....</b> 6	<b>Doolittle Raid of Japan.....</b> 32
<b>Letters.....</b> 6B	<b>History of America's WASPs.....</b> 44
<b>Protecting Old Glory.....</b> 15	<b>Letters From Lt.jg Charley Gutch.....</b> 48
<b>Calcutta.....</b> 16	<b>Commodore Barry Father of Navy.....</b> 57
<b>History of "TAPS.".....</b> 18	<b>Obituaries.....</b> 64
<b>SACO Leaders Tai Li &amp; Miles.....</b> 20	<b>Mission Accomplished.....</b> 72
<b>Synopsis of SACO.....</b> 22	<b>Miles' Farewell Letter to Chiang Kai-shek.....</b> 70
<b>Gen. Tai Li.....</b> 43	<b>Historical SACO Document .....</b> 73
	<b>60<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary of Weskamps</b> 78

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ory of her husband,  
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*Thanks to all for  
Supporting Our  
SACO Family. . . .*

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*It sure helps to  
Keep the gang  
Hoping to  
Meet again. . . .*

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Thomas, Robert G.  
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Zucks, Dorothy (A)*

---

*Can you help Ed Socha. Cdr, USN Ret. in his Quest?*

*I note the listing in SACO deaths (pg 73) of Lt. Harold S. McKee. He was in charge of the unit that made the survey of the Yangtze River in the spring of 1945. I was a member of that team at the conclusion of which survey, I prepared the report of the venture. There is a mention of the survey in the web site of the Seal Museum at Ft. Pierce, FL. I have been trying, unsuccessfully, to obtain a copy of this report since I feel it should by this time have been declassified. My searches on the internet have not been successful. I wonder if you might be able to steer me in the right direction in this quest of mine. I am 88 and would like to pass on to the grandchildren the record of this historic event. McKee was also in command of Team 12 at Jung Fing Lake . . . .we apparently were too little, too late to be included in Stratton's Rice Paddy Navy. Many thanks in advance for any help you can offer me. With warm regards and best wishes.*

Ed Socha, Cdr.USN Ret. = 721 Plumbrook Road = Sun City Center , FL 33573-6459  
e-mail = esocha@tampabay.rr.com





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

January 28, 2010

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

Dear Mr. Rutan:

Thank you for sending us SACO News issued in December, 2009. Even though the MIB delegation for 2009 SACO reunion left for the States on the very next day after I took office as the MIB Director, I learned about the respectable "Sino-American Cooperative Organization" and the significance of every SACO reunions by reading carefully the report submitted by the delegation after they returned home. While reading attentively and thoroughly this issue of SACO News, to which you've devoted all your energies, I am so touched by these stories that I admire all the SACO veterans even more for your heroic deeds.

2010 SACO reunion is scheduled to be held in Raleigh, North Carolina on May 26 through 29 this year, and I, as always, will send a delegation to pay my utmost respect to you and other SACO heroes and members. It is a grave responsibility to organize a reunion since there are so many tasks lying ahead. Therefore, if we could assist in anyway, please feel free to let us know. I promise that we will do our best to support.

Wish you good health and every success in your editing work.

Sincerely yours,

*Chang Kan-Ping*

Lt. General, Chang Kan-Ping, ROC Army  
Director



# ADMIRAL NIMITZ FOUNDATION

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830/997-8092 Fax  
www.NimitzFoundation.org - Website  
info@NimitzFoundation.org

January 29, 2010

Mr. Sal Ciaccio, Treasurer  
Sino American Cooperative Organization  
32 Marie St.  
Tewksbury MA 01876

Dear Mr. Ciaccio:

On behalf of the Board of Directors, staff and volunteers, of the Admiral Nimitz Foundation, I want to express our deep appreciation for the grant of \$500 from the 2009 Sino American Cooperative Organization reunion. These funds will be added to SACO's previous donations to the capital campaign to build the National Museum of the Pacific War.

Your letter was addressed to Admiral Grojean, and I wanted to let you know that sadly, Admiral Grojean passed away on December 8, 2008. He was succeeded by General Michael W. Hagee, USMC (Ret), 33<sup>rd</sup> Commandant of the U.S. Marine Corps. We all miss Admiral Grojean very much, but are very proud to have General Hagee at the helm of the Admiral Nimitz Foundation.

The National Museum of the Pacific War is a world-class facility – one of which you can be proud to be a part. On December 7<sup>th</sup> we celebrated the Grand Opening of the expansion of the George H.W. Bush Gallery. The new Gallery tells an epic story: a story of magnificent accomplishments by average Americans faced with the gravest threat of the 20<sup>th</sup> century to our Nation and the world. It was created to educate and inspire; and it would not have happened without the support of our veterans support groups, such as SACO. I hope you have an opportunity to visit us some time in the future.

Sincerely,

  
Robert Esterlein  
Chief Operating Officer

The Admiral Nimitz Foundation has received a determination letter from the Internal Revenue Services stating that it is a tax exempt organization as described in 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code and is not a private foundation according to 509(a). No goods or services have been provided for this donation.

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*We inspire our youth by honoring our heroes*



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

February 22, 2010

Mr. Jack Coyle  
Secretary, SACO  
40 Tabor Bluff Ct.  
Oxford, GA 30054  
USA

Dear Mr. Coyle:

I would like to express my gratitude to you for your immense help to the MIB delegates in terms of reunion activities and interviews for oral history. Even though my assumption of the Director's office is less than four months, I have been very much impressed by learning about SACO from Rear Admiral Wang's detailed oral and written reports. While reading attentively and thoroughly the latest SACO News issued in December 2009, I admire not only all the SACO heroes, who fought together with our MIB predecessors through thick and thin, but also all the second-generation SACO members, who have completely devoted their energies to the baton passing of SACO spirit.

Thank you so much for your nice compliments to my delegates for their performance in 2009 SACO reunion. The copies of your letter already were given to Professor Chang and his direct superior. The MIB will continue to work closely with him in compiling a book on SACO oral history. We also will keep up the tradition of sending a delegation to pay our utmost respect to you and other SACO heroes and members in late May this year. It is my earnest hope that the strong friendship between our two sides will last forever from generation to generation.

Wish you good health and every success in your service to SACO.

Sincerely yours,

*Chang Kan-Ping*

Lt. General, Chang Kan-Ping, ROCA  
Director

IF YOU CAN HELP - PLEASE DO SO

## *Might anyone recall memories of my grandfather?*

Dear Sirs,

I am writing this in hopes of obtaining any information, stories or photos any of you may have about my Grandfather, Radioman 1st Class Carl E. Altevogt.

My grandfather was very humble and didn't speak of his experiences except here and there when I was very young. I know he was proud of me when I followed in his footsteps and joined the Navy myself.

With each passing year it is less likely I will have an opportunity to speak with one of my Grandpa's shipmates. If there is any info you can provide I would greatly appreciate it. Thank you all for your service to our country.

Very Respectfully,

email: [phojo72@gmail.com](mailto:phojo72@gmail.com)

Tim Altevogt     508 Dennison Court - Fort Collins, CO 80526 Tel: 801 471-5786

???!!!!\*\*\*

---

## *And How About Me?*

*I am writing to ask if anyone can help me with info about my grandfather, Albert Cleverger, GM 1/c at Camp 1. I have found info on SACO but would love to hear from someone who actually knew him. He passed in 1997 and although he knew I loved studying WW 11, he would never talk about any of his experiences. If anyone knew him, could you please contact me?*

*Gregory Hansen - 1220 Belnap St. - Mt. Pleasant, Michigan - 48858*

*Home Phone: 989 317-3005*

*Email: [wolfman.71@hotmail.com](mailto:wolfman.71@hotmail.com)*

*Fax: 989-779-0789*

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

January 14, 2010

Dear Richard,

Returning home from each reunion that I'm able to attend I reflect on the planned events, the conversations and the renewed friendships. Its kind of a bittersweet thing, I anxiously look forward to the reunion but then I'm saddened by the missing faces.

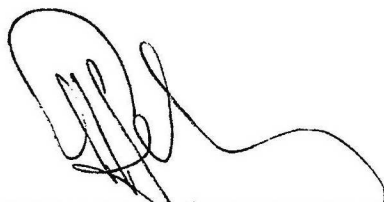
I always plan on sending a thank you letter to all involved when I return home, but by the time I get caught up with all the things that need doing around here its about all my feeble mind can handle. Then comes your SACO NEWS (I know its our publication, but your unique talent makes it something individually special) and I'm quickly reminded of the promised letter to the Editor half finished reposing in an untitled file. It truly feels like we just returned from the last reunion and now its almost time for the next. The snow came late this year giving us plenty of time to get things stored away but its been on the cold side and the snow doesn't want to leave and it looks like it will still be here in April..

Helen and I are looking forward to the Raleigh reunion, will leave the mountain around the first of May, spend a week in Texas with my brother then on to Virginia to spend some time with another relative before the reunion after which we will visit another relative in Mass. And should return home around the end of July.

Richard, you really did yourself proud this time, the pictures were outstanding. Enclosed is a small cheque to help with the next issue. See you all in Raleigh and God bless.

*\* Very generous*  
*RLW*

Mel and Helen



---

## *Did anyone Know My Grandfather?*

*I am looking for anyone who knew my grandfather, Lt. j.g. James M. Barron. I am interested in hearing about him and anything anyone knows. I Can be reached at [nebarron@comcast.net](mailto:nebarron@comcast.net) or my cell 281 221-0277.*

*Thanks in advance*

*Nick Barron*

*Please, if you have any knowledge, let's help these loving relatives of SACO.*



**TREASURER'S REPORT**  
**SACO LADIES AUXILIARY**  
**SEPT. 30, 2009 - NOV. 13, 2009**

**FINAL REPORT**

Beginning balance, Sept 30, 2009		\$1,446.57
Income:		
Dues collected at Reunion in in Midland, TX	\$45.00	
Interest	<u>.26</u>	<u>45.26</u>
		1,491.83
Expenditures:		
Contribution to SACO Men's Organization To be used for the SACO Newsletter		* <u>1491.83</u>
Account balance, Nov. 13, 2009		\$- <u>0</u> -

\* It is customary for the Auxiliary to contribute \$500.00 to the charity of the reunion host. Please honor the request if one is made by the Bob Grace family.

Respectfully submitted,

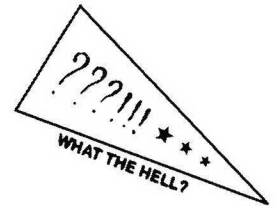


Laura B. Sellers, Treasurer

cc: Sal Ciaccio  
Ellen Booth  
Lola Hill  
✓ Paul Casamajor  
✓ Richard Rutan



**SACO**  
SINO AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION  
U.S. NAVAL GROUP CHINA VETERANS



Vice Admiral Milton E. Miles  
Perpetual Skipper

November 10, 2007

TO: Veterans of SACO

James Bradley wrote "Flags of Our Fathers", "Flyboys" and soon to be published "Imperial Cruise". He is an author specializing in historical nonfiction chronicling the Pacific theater of World War II. I have been discussing SACO and what SACO was doing in China and India with James. He is thinking about writing another book about WW-II and having the China area as the main topic and would like to interview as many veterans as possible to obtain information on their experiences. I hope the main topic of his book is about SACO.

All of James' books are about the orient and about WW-II and what contributed to the war. I have read the first two and would recommend them to everyone. The first book was about raising the American Flag during the Battle of Iwo Jima and his father was one of the Marines who raised the flag. Bradley took great care to locate and speak with family and friends who actually knew the men depicted. In doing this, he received great praise for his realistic portrayals and bringing the characters to life. The book and the film goes in depth about the men, and their war-time service.

Flyboys is about air raid that took place during the Battle of Iwo Jima, some 150 miles to the north, when U.S. warplanes bombed the small communications outpost on Chichi Jima. Nine crewmen survived after being shot down in the raid. One was picked up by the American submarine. That one man was Lieutenant George H. W. Bush. The book tells a true story about the eight other flyers and what happen to them. Again James took great care in getting the factual information from the family and even interviewed the Japanese veterans who were on the island.

If you would like to help in the book project, please call me or email me and I will make arrangements for James to call you. Many of us would like to have the history of SACO known to more people and tell everyone what SACO did during the war and I feel this would help future generations to understand what sacrifice each of you gave to your country and how it helped with ending World War II. Family members are also asked to help in the project. Anything you have to share will be helpful. From photos diaries, letters, maps. We will make sure all material is copied and sent back to you.

Sincerely,

Jack Coyle  
Secretary  
SACO

770 788-2454      jackwcoyle@bellsouth.net

Intelligence & Guerrilla Warfare 1943-1946

# Protecting Old Glory worth the effort

In its 1989 *Texas v. Johnson* decision, the U.S. Supreme Court struck down – by a 5-to-4 vote – more than 200 years of laws protecting the U.S. flag from physical desecration.

The right to protect the flag was a right that we, as a country, had possessed since the birth of our nation. In the past two centuries, the U.S. flag has come to symbolize the values of America: freedom, democracy, courage and peace through strength. To desecrate the flag is to desecrate those values.

Since the 1989 decision, Congress and the media have engaged in numerous heated debates about a proposed constitutional amendment that would return to the people their right to protect the flag. Several polls have been conducted to determine if U.S. citizens would support such an amendment. Through all the debate and research, two constants have emerged: The American Legion's unwavering support for the amendment, and the fact that about 80 percent of Americans feel that passing such an amendment is the right thing to do. Why, then, won't Congress put the vote in the hands of the people it represents? That's all the Legion asks: pass the amendment and then send it to the states for ratification. Let the people decide. But some in Congress believe they know better than their constituents, or perhaps they're just not listening.

Here's where the grass-roots power of The American Legion can make a difference. Your senators and representatives don't care what David K. Rehbein thinks about the flag amendment. I don't have a vote in their state. But they do care what you think, because you have a vote, and that vote is your most powerful tool when it comes to dealing with Congress.

That's why I'm asking you to contact your senators and representatives. Call their district offices. Write to them in Washington. Send them e-mails. Give them this simple message: "Support the flag amendment when it's introduced. Sign on as a co-sponsor. Urge your colleagues to do the same. Give the amendment a chance to go before the people."

Your lobbying at the local level empowers our lobbying at the national level. Congress will listen to me more closely when they've already heard from you. That's how The American Legion has always worked.

The language of past amendments has been simple enough: "The Congress shall have power to prohibit the physical desecration of the flag of the United States."

The words are powerful. They would allow us to protect a symbol so sacred it's draped over the caskets of the men and women killed defending our way of life. The flags hanging on the Pentagon and at Ground Zero following the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks signaled that our resolve is unwavering. Shouldn't a symbol so significant to so many people be protected, the same as a U.S. mailbox or a dollar bill?

Twenty years ago, five court justices took away our right to protect the U.S. flag. Trying to retake that right has required a lot of time and effort. But I believe that every second has been worth it, and will continue to be, because Old Glory is worth it.

*David K. Rehbein*



National Commander  
David K. Rehbein

## REMEMBER FLAG DAY

The annual Pause For the Pledge is set for 7 p.m. local time June 14, Flag Day. At that moment, Americans will pause together to recite the Pledge of Allegiance.

In 1916, President Woodrow Wilson proclaimed Flag Day to be a national celebration. On Aug. 3, 1949, Congress approved the national observance, and President Harry Truman signed it into law.

## SACO DUES

Our family grows  
smaller day by day  
and so will our  
treasury if survivors  
fail to drop \$ 25 in the  
till each year or no  
more SACO NEWS  
and I'll have  
nothing to do –  
Yeah! I'm planning  
to hang in there. . .  
but who knows

????!!\*\*\*

rlr



*Editor's note: I just this day ran across this creased with folds, browned with age- shipboard publication requiring a strong magnifying glass to make out print that almost faded to obscurity. Even the staple attached was rusted. I have no idea how it appeared in my possessions, but interesting as I spent about 3 months there.*

## INFORMATION ON CALCUTTA

The following information has been provided through the cooperation of Lt. Col. Frank A. Hunter(?), 8<sup>th</sup> Punjab Regiment., Indian Army and the four men who knew the map on page 2 from memory and collaborated in the below listed facts.

### MONETARY SYSTEM

1 anna = 2 cents, 16 annas = 1 Rs (Rupee), 1 Rs = approximately 30 cents, Rs 3 = \$1. The 8 anna piece is silver, other anna pieces bronze; rupees are paper bills, and coins of denominations of 1, 2, 5, 10 & 100. Change money at banks. Money changers charge a fee and may short change you; same is true at some hotels.

### FOOD

FIRPO'S, PEIPING REST., RED CROSS, MERCHANT SEAMAN'S CLUB (good food-very reasonable) The average cost of a meal Rs 2 - 6 (70 cents to \$2). There are very good Chinese restaurants. ALL RESTAURANTS APPROVED BY MILITARY AUTHORITIES DISPLAY A NOTICE TO THAT EFFECT. DO NOT PATRONIZE OTHERS UNDER ANY CONDITION.

### DANCING

Grand Hotel (Casanova Room), Winter Garden or Princess Room (officers only), FIRPO'S (second floor) GREAT EASTERN HOTEL, AMERICAN RED CROSS (nightly dances). There are many good night clubs with fine orchestras. Among the more popular are 300 CLUB, SATURDAY CLUB, PUERTO RICO and ARGENTINA.

### DRINKING

HOGG'S (NEW) MARKET; WHITEAWAY-LAIDLAW; GRAND HOTEL ARC D-8; Ranken & Co; ARMY & NAVY STORE. The best native made souvenirs may be secured at Hogg's. Natives are among the finest craftsmen in the world and their filigree, gold and silver souvenirs and jewelry are very reasonable. Fine silks and other types of native craftsmanship may be bought.

### JEWELERS

HAMILTON & CO., ALEXANDERS'; MINTON & CO.

### PLACES OF INTEREST

HOGG'S (NEW) MARKET; BURNING GHATS (burning grounds of Hindu dead), Jain Temple, Fort William, Government House, special tourist trips may be arranged through the Red Cross. Be sure to take off your shoes when entering a Buddhist or Hindu Temple and only enter receiving permission from a priest.

### DON'TS

#### Don't

Touch the natives (especially their turbans)  
Touch cows on the street. They are sacred.  
Get too near to water buffalos. Dangerous.  
Buy precious stones except from European jewelers; 90% of others are imitations.

Buy parrots as most have lice and fleas.  
Take pictures at Burning Ghats. Forbidden.  
Walk down dark street by yourself. Go in groups.  
Eat fruit bought from street merchants under any circumstances.

**NO FRUIT OR FOOD OF ANY KIND MAY BE BROUGHT ABOARD SHIP AT ANY TIME.**

### DISEASES

Foot-trot, prickly heat, dhobis itch, diarrhea, malaria, dysentery, and VD are very prevalent, Bathe often, keep feet dry by changing socks and using foot powder; never go bare foot. Remember the VD Rate is very high; there are many pro stations and treatment after exposure is a MUST!

### RETURN WELFARE ITEMS

All library books in possession of passengers **MUST BE RETURNED** by 1800 tomorrow. Paper covered editions should be returned to boxes in the Library. All other equipment, such as phonographs, record albums, musical instruments, large game boards, etc. checked out through Sp. Services Office, or the Chaplain's Office, must be returned to the Chaplain's Office by 0900 Saturday.

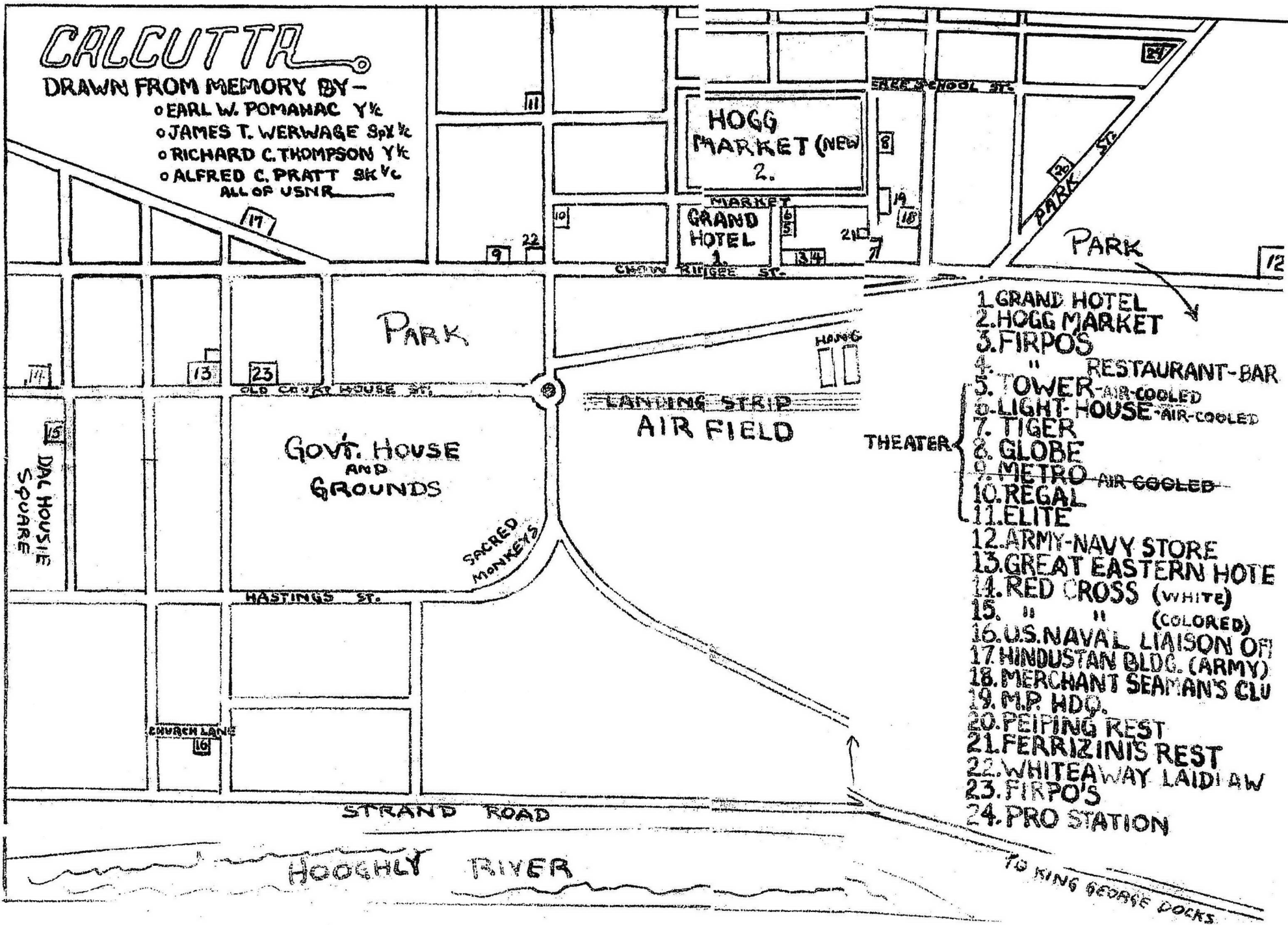
Immediate compliance of all passengers with this request will make unnecessary the searching of compartments and personal gear.

**THIS ISSUE OF THE SALT, THE ISSUE OF 15 MAY AND THE PAMPHLET MAY NOT BE MAILED.**

# CALCUTTA

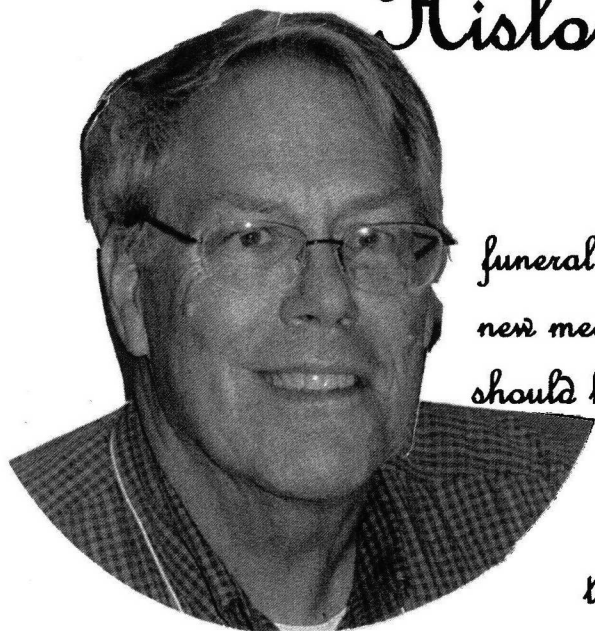
DRAWN FROM MEMORY BY-

- o EARL W. POMANAC Yk
  - o JAMES T. WERWAGE SpX 1/2
  - o RICHARD C. THOMPSON Yk
  - o ALFRED C. PRATT SK 1/2
- ALL OF USNR



1. GRAND HOTEL
2. HOGG MARKET
3. FIRPOS
4. " RESTAURANT-BAR
5. TOWER AIR-COOLED
6. LIGHT-HOUSE AIR-COOLED
7. TIGER
8. GLOBE
9. METRO AIR-COOLED
10. REGAL
11. ELITE
12. ARMY-NAVY STORE
13. GREAT EASTERN HOTE
14. RED CROSS (WHITE)
15. " " (COLORED)
16. U.S. NAVAL LIAISON OFF
17. HINDUSTAN BLDG. (ARMY)
18. MERCHANT SEAMAN'S CLU
19. M.P. HDQ.
20. PEIPING REST
21. FERRIZINIS REST
22. WHITEAWAY LAIDI AW
23. FIRPOS
24. PRO STATION

# History of "Taps"



Jack Coyle

If any of you have ever been to a military funeral in which "Taps" was played, this brings out a new meaning of it. Here is something every American should know. Until I read this, I didn't know, but I checked it out and it's true.

We in the United States have all heard the haunting song, "Taps". It's the song that gives us the lump in our throat and usually tears in our eyes. But, do you know the story behind the song? If not, I think you will be interested to find out about its humble beginnings.

Reportedly, it all began in 1862 during the Civil War, when Union Army Captain Robert Efficombe was with his men near Harrison's Landing in Virginia. The Confederate Army was on the other side of the narrow strip of land.

During the night, Captain Efficombe heard the moans of a soldier who lay severely wounded on the field. Not knowing if it was a Union or Confederate soldier, the Captain decided to risk his life and bring the stricken man back for medical attention. Crawling on his stomach through the gunfire, the Captain reached the stricken soldier and began pulling him toward his encampment.

When the Captain finally reached his own lines, he discovered it was actually a Confederate soldier, but the soldier was dead. The Captain lit a lantern and suddenly caught his breath and went numb with shock. In the dim

light, he saw the face of the soldier. It was his own son! The boy had been studying music in the South when the war broke out. Without telling his father, the boy enlisted in the Confederate Army. The following morning, heartbroken, the father asked permission of his superiors to give his son a full military burial, despite his enemy status. His request was only partially granted. The Captain had asked if he could have a group of Army band members play a funeral dirge for his son at the funeral. The request was turned down since the soldier was a Confederate.

But out of respect for the father they did say they would give him only one musician. The Captain chose a bugler to play a series of musical notes he had found on a piece of paper in the pocket of the dead youth's uniform.

The haunting melody we now know as "Taps" was born.

Here are the words:

Day is done, Gone the sun, From the lakes, From the hills, From the sky.

All is well, Safely rest, God is nigh.

Fading light, Dims the sight, And a star, Gems the sky, Gleaming bright  
From afar. Drawing nigh, Falls the night.

Thanks and praise, For our days, 'Neath the sun, 'Neath the stars, 'Neath  
the sky, As we go; This we know, God is nigh.

*Personal comments from Jack Coyle, new Secretary of SACO, who gave us the above story of "TAPS." "I, too, have felt the chills while listening to "Taps," but I have never seen all the words to the song until now. I didn't even know there was more than one verse. I also never knew the story behind the song and I didn't know if you had either, so I thought I'd pass it along. I now have deeper respect for the song than I did before. Remember those lost and harmed while serving their country. Remember those who have served and returned; and for those presently serving in the Armed Forces. Make this a prayer wheel for our soldiers... Please don't break it...I didn't."*

*Jack Coyle*

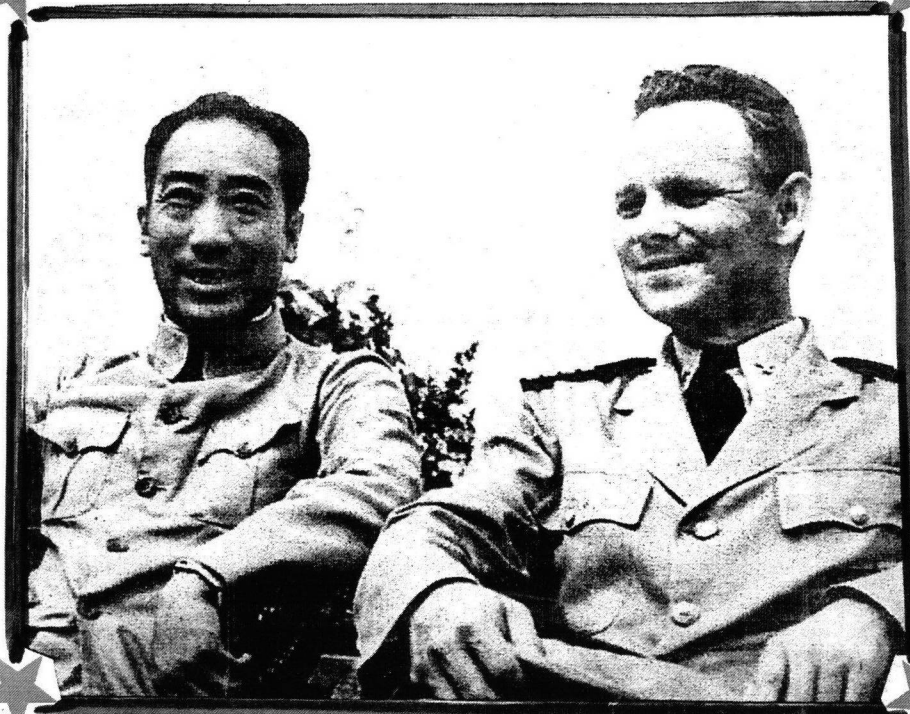
## IN MEMORY OF OUR LEADING SACO TIGERS

GEN. TAI LI (KILLED IN PLANE CRASH MARCH 17, 1946)

64 YRS AGO

ADM. M. E. MILES (DIED OF CANCER MARCH 25, 1961)

49 YRS AGO



Cooperative SACO leaders General Tai Li and Admiral M. E. Miles  
Not the ides of Caesar's time but fateful days of March for both men = 15 years apart

Adm. Miles wrote in his "*A DIFFERENT KIND OF WAR*": (concerning thoughts following news of Gen. Tai's death) = 'I am glad he had thought to set down what might be called his credo in his last letter to me:'

"The achievements of SACO and the everlasting friendship between the two of us," he had written three or more months after I had left China for home, 'not only concern the welfare of a small portion of our peoples, but will also have a great bearing on the friendly relations of the people of both our countries. China, after eight years of bloody warfare – after long suffering and much bitterness – should from now on make great strides in her work of construction, thus rejuvenating her strength. However, being backward in many ways, both technically and economically, we will continue to need the helping hand of your friendly nation. Furthermore, judging from the situation of the world at large, the destiny of these two great nations are certain, henceforth, to be deeply interwoven. *(cont'd next page)*

“You and I, for a long time, have shared the same kind of sweetness and bitterness, and we have the same kind of understanding of the present situation. I am firmly convinced that we will continue not only to value the joint successes we have shared un the past, but also that we will work for the future benefit and welfare for both of our countries.

“Difficulties and hindrances are inevitable during the initial stages of any enterprise. Nevertheless, if the aim is not merely to benefit a small minority, and if we proceed with determined perseverance, the result – whether meritorious or the opposite – will be known to the world.

“All those who have distrusted and failed to understand will eventually come to believe and comprehend.

“It is my belief that some sort of encouraging and widely comforting step is needed now. I believe also that the situation hereafter will require the continuation of our most enlightened and cooperative spirit.”

( As written by Gen. Tai Li )

???!!!\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*



A hug is  
the shortest  
distance  
between friends.  
[AUTHOR UNKNOWN]

M · I · L · K

# SYNOPSIS OF ORIGIN AND ACHIEVEMENTS OF SACO

SACO (pronounced *SOCKO*), Sino-American Cooperative Organization, was a U.S. Naval Group which operated during World War II behind Japanese lines in China. Some of the men who walked the seemingly endless berms around the flooded rice fields declared that they had joined a Rice Paddy Navy. SACO consisted of 2,964 American (Navy, Army, and Marine) servicemen, 97,000 organized Chinese guerrillas, and 20,000 "individualists" who included rival pirate groups as well as lone-wolf saboteurs.

Aided by the Chinese Government, SACO supplied the Fleet with regular weather reports from many occupied areas in the Far East by the end of 1942. The group successfully rescued 76 downed aviators. Seventy-one thousand Japanese were killed as the result of actions by and information from SACO

The American casualty rate was noteworthy, three were captured and only five were killed. Unknown to most of the Americans was that each was "protected" by a Chinese, usually unseen, who considered the loss of his charge a great dishonor to his own family and ancestors.

## SACO ORIGINS

The concept of collecting intelligence and making weather observations in Japanese-held China was discussed during informal kaffeeklatsches in Washington for at least a year before the bombing of Pearl Harbor. Persons most important initially were Captain (later Admiral) Willis A. "Ching" Lee, Major (later Colonel, Chinese Army) Hsiao Sin-ju, and Commander (later Rear Admiral) Milton E. "Mary" Miles.

The Chinese had been searching for help in defeating the Japanese in a war that began in earnest on July 7, 1937 with the bombing of the Marco Polo Bridge in Peking. In Washington DC the wife of Mary Miles, "Billy", was giving talks, with slides, about her family's trip through parts of China and westward over the unfinished Burma Road. One of these presentations was attended by the wife of a Chinese assistant military attaché; she informed her husband that the Mileses seemed to understand China. Unknown by most, even those in his own embassy, this particular attaché, Maj. Hsiao Sin-ju, was the very trusted agent of General Tai Li, who in turn was the most trusted "lieutenant" of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, the recognized leader of China. By the time that Miles departed the USA, April 5, 1942, the Chinese were convinced that he could work effectively with them.

Admiral Ernest J. King (Chief of Naval Operations) had given the newly promoted CDR Miles the following secret order: "You are to go to China, and set up some bases as soon as you can. The main idea is to prepare the China coast in any way you can for U.S. Navy landings in three or four years. In the meantime, do whatever you can to help the Navy and to heckle the Japanese." CDR Miles arrived in China on May 4, 1942 and began to explore the prospects of

establishing a joint Chinese-American project called, somewhat hopefully, Friendship .

During the second week of June, 1942, while hiding from a Japanese air raid in a rice paddy on the outskirts of Pucheng, Fukien Province, China, Gen. Tai told CDR Miles:

“The United States wants many things in China – weather reports from the north and west to guide your planes and ships at sea – information about Japanese intentions and operations – mines in our channels and harbors – ship watchers on our coast – and radio stations to send this information. I have 50,000 good men . . . if my men could be armed and trained they could not only protect your operations but work for China too.”

The General then made possibly the most unusual offer in the history of the U.S. military:

“Would your country allow you to accept a commission as general in the Chinese Army, so that we could operate these men together?”

CDR Miles replied “O.K.” and the General offered his hand in his acceptance. It should be noted that the simple act of shaking hands was a foreign concept to the Chinese in those days.

The Generalissimo, during discussions concerning the enhanced plans for Project Friendship, “suggested” the necessity for a formal agreement defining the requirements and the obligations of each country. The name for the newly conceived entity was chosen to be descriptive of the goals: Sino-American Cooperative Organization.

In addition to waging war against the Japanese, CDR Miles and Gen. Tai worked out the formal document for about four months; repeatedly translating it to English, checking it, and translating it to Chinese with a different interpreter and checking it again. The final agreement was signed by the Generalissimo and on April 15, 1943, by President Roosevelt. The document then was placed in a safe in Chungking and neither Miles nor Tai Li referred to it again.

## THE DIRECTORS OF SACO

General Tai Li became the director of SACO; CDR Miles, the deputy director. Although each had “veto power” over the other, whatever differences they encountered always were resolved by discussion and reason.

General Tai Li was the head of the Secret Service in China. He was fiercely loyal to, and completely trusted by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. U.S. intelligence summaries gave a picture of General Tai as being a man who distrusted all foreigners, was an assassin, murdered his own mother at least twice, and worse. He proved to be trustworthy, resourceful, and loyal to his men – Chinese and American – as well as to his country. General Tai Li died on March 17, 1946; his mother, in the mid 1950s. Miles regularly wrote her with “news” of Gen. Tai and she never learned of her son’s passing.

Early in 1942 Gen. Tai formulated a Chinese name – *Mei Lo-suu* – for CDR Miles. The Mei is the winter plum blossom, China’s national flower, which blooms in the dead of winter against all



adversity. This name was very meaningful and showed that Gen. Tai saw in Miles hope for China and the potential of victory during the bleak winter of Japanese occupation. Throughout the war, Miles was not only an officer in the U.S. Navy – initially a Commander he was promoted to Captain in November, 1942, then Commodore on March 22, 1944, and “spot” promoted to Rear Admiral on August 13, 1945 – but as well a Lieutenant General in the Chinese Army. Until early 1944, Miles also was a Director or Coordinator for the fledgling Office of Strategic Services (O.S.S.) in the Far East.

## SACO OPERATIONS

SACO operated extensive networks of weather stations and intelligence agents, guerrilla columns, saboteurs, and 18 training camps in China, Burma, and India. Operations extended from the northern Suiyuan Province (Inner Mongolia) in the Gobi Desert southward into Indochina and Siam, and from Tibet in the west to Shanghai in the east.

The command center was Happy Valley, about eight miles west of Chungking. It also acted as a training center. Two- and three-man teams not only spread throughout China to measure and report the local weather but also occupied coast watcher observation posts which were dangerously close to Japanese troops. These watchers often had to move after each use of their radio in order to avoid capture. Communication within this broad network was achieved by numerous runners, the occasional homing pigeon, and 600 hand cranked radios.

By the first week in July, 1945, Mary Miles had successfully achieved the objective of his secret orders from Adm. King “. . . to prepare the China coast . . .” SACO had surveyed 80 percent of the possible landing sites with detailed photographs of the surface and, in most cases, profiles at 100-foot intervals showing the bottom conditions and underwater defenses. And SACO not only watched and denied safe harbor to Japanese shipping along the 700 miles stretch between Swatow and Hangchow but controlled 200 miles of that Chinese coastline as well as three seaports – Changchow, major parts of Amoy Harbor, and Foochow along with its airfield.

As for the order “. . . to heckle the Japanese”, the direct actions by SACO yielded the following results:

Japanese killed – 31,345, wounded – 12,969, captured – 349  
Ships sunk – 141  
Locomotives destroyed – 84  
Bridges destroyed – 209

Two and a half Japanese were killed for every U.S. weapon placed in Navy-trained guerrilla hands; that was more enemy per gun than the U.S. Marines. All this was achieved despite being limited, for various reasons, to never more than 150 tons of supplies monthly.

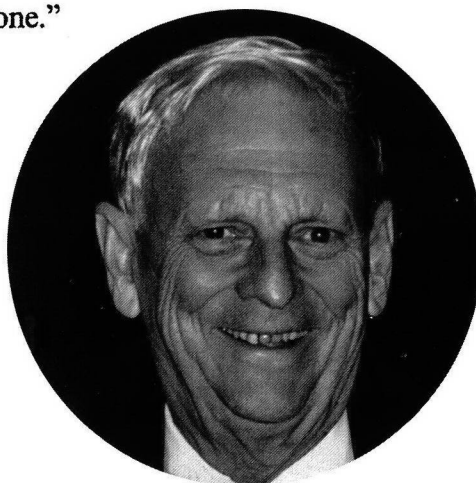
These American men lived and worked with the Chinese under cultural conditions previously unknown to each. They became dedicated brothers in arms despite limited knowledge of each other’s language. When asked what he had done in China, a SACO veteran usually has replied “nothing” but the group contributed significantly to the defeat of the Japanese invaders.

Necessarily, most of the activities of SACO had to be kept secret\* during the war. To the citizens of the United States the Asian Campaign seemed minor compared the war elsewhere; most never heard of SACO. However, these men and their deeds continue to be revered in China and studied and studied in the tenth grade history books in Taiwan.

Admiral Milton E. Miles was in essence the captain of SACO, a ship that sailed in uncharted waters. A truth within the Navy is that the success of a ship's mission depends upon the strength, hard work, and capability of the crew. Up to the day of his death – March 25, 1961 – Admiral Miles was more than satisfied with the performances and achievements of each and every one of his men, the crew of SACO. His two most often used words to describe their actions bear repeating:

“Well done.”

Number Three Son  
Dr. Charles H. Miles  
December 26, 2009



In “A DIFFERENT KIND OF WAR” Adm. Miles sadly reports: “No members of Navy Group China worked specifically for decorations, but, being human they would have appreciated recognition on a par with others for work well done – for special risks assumed – for outstanding heroism in action. But as a group, despite their great accomplishments, they had the poorest showing in ribbons and decorations of any American combat outfit of the war. It is true, of course, that they have the inner satisfaction of having done their job and – for what it is worth to them – they also have my own deeply felt ‘very well done!’” *rlr*

*\* Editor's note: As for secrecy – we were not released from the oath for many years. Even today, we get inquiries from children of deceased SACOs seeking info “about what Dad did in SACO, he never talked much about it.”*

*Charles – many thanks for your biography of a portion of your dad's illustrious SACO career during WWII. Admiral Miles was one of the most admired and unforgettable man among men of his character, which I'm sure is the opinion of all the SACO family. I regret, as I'm sure all other SACOs do, that aside a couple early reunions, we were denied the privilege of having him with us through the years as his special crew reunites annually. But, I take solace in accepting the probability that he left us with the knowledge of how much he was respected and loved by all his “Tigers” of SACO.*

*And Charles, you are certainly worthy of a “Well Done!” from all of us for this tribute to your father and SACO.* *rlr*

# THE DAYS OF YESTER-YEARS 1943-44

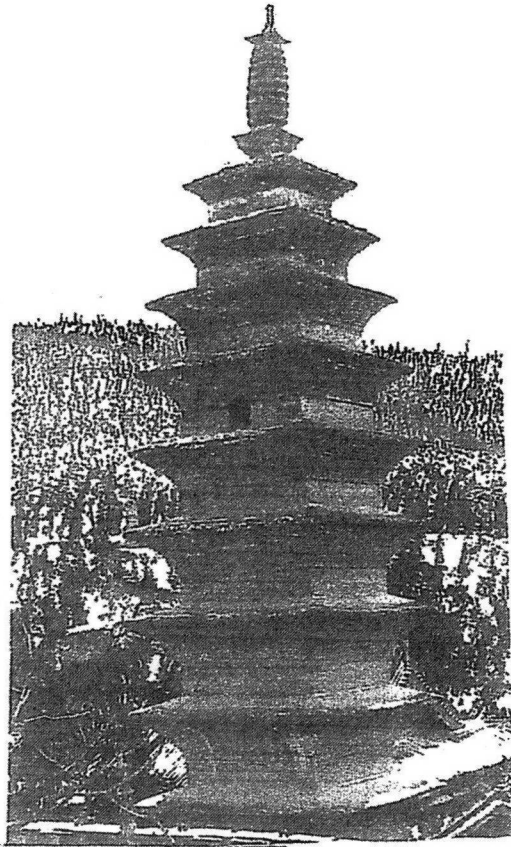
## SAGO MEN SERVING SINJU, HONAN PROVINCE, SIAN, CHUNGKING, ETC.

(Pix from the album of the late Nelson Bowman, which was left to his niece, Ann Ramsay, who sent it to me. Ann is the mother of Major General Mark Ramsay (pg. 78 of Issue # 37 Dec. 2009)

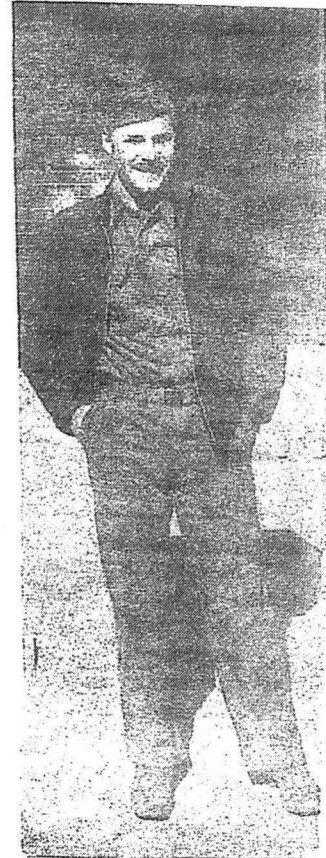
My thanks to you Ann - rlr



**James V. Clausius**  
CPhM  
Camp 3 Sinju  
Tamaqua, PA



**Pagoda in Sinju**



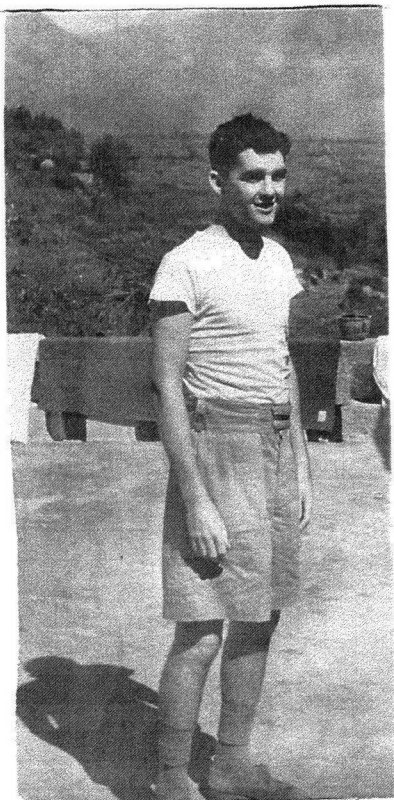
**Arthur J. Bohus**  
CRM  
Camp 3 Sinju  
Palmyra, NJ



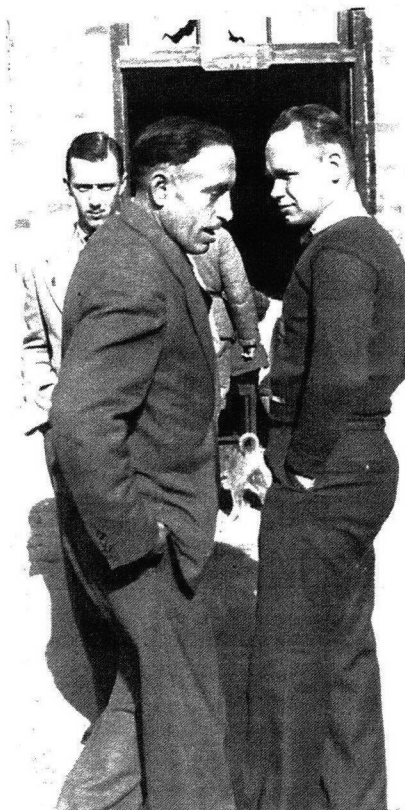
**Drying Rice at River Crossing**



**Bill T. Wiley. GM 1/c**  
Chungking '43  
St, Dora, NM



**John W. Blake, CY  
Chungking  
Arlington, VA**



**Christmas Sinju 1943  
L-R: Fred Janzen, CRM  
Bakersfield, CA  
Albert F. Crites, CQM  
Haverhill, MA  
James E. Swabb, GM1/c  
Williamsport, PA**



**Frank A. Gleason  
Capt. USA,  
Leaving Chungking  
for Sinju (Camp 3)  
Wilkes-Barre, PA**



**Edward C. Coombs, QM 1/c  
1943 off to Camp III in Sinju  
Hometown unknown**



**D. J. Helman, CPhM with baby fox  
Newberg, NY  
Bruno Paglia, M/T/Sgt USMCn  
Hometown unknown**



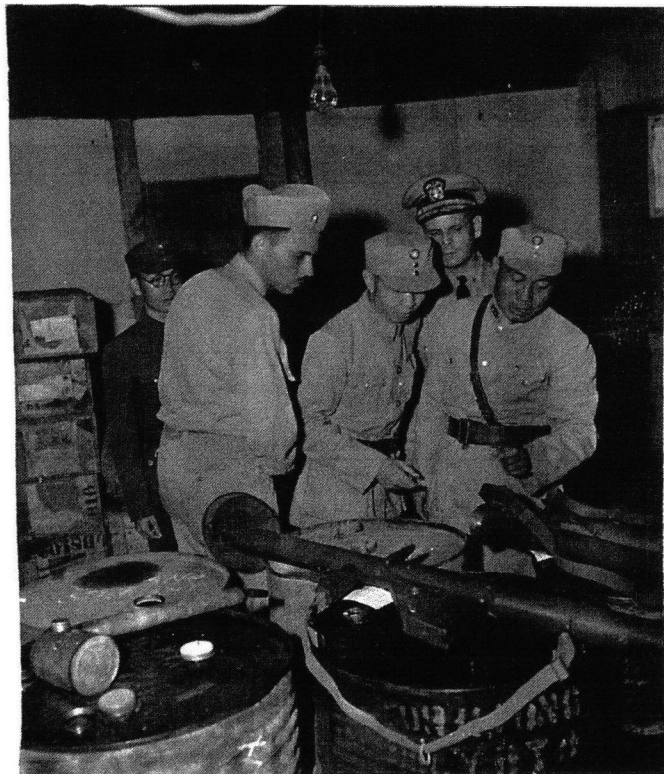
**Bandits being led out to be shot  
Sian, China  
1944**



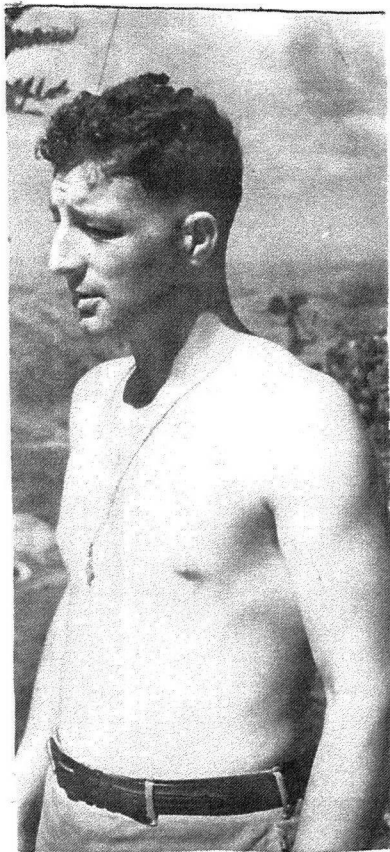
**Cdr MC. Lawrence B. Gang  
Ready to leave Sinju !944  
Huntington, WV**



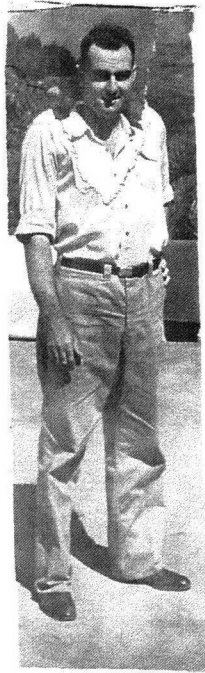
**George L. Hullibarger, Sp (P) 1/c  
Chungking 1943  
Inglewood, CA**



**L-R: William H. Sager, Capt.USMC  
Interpreter, Com. M. E. Miles  
Teng En Bo, inspecting  
bazookas at Camp 10**



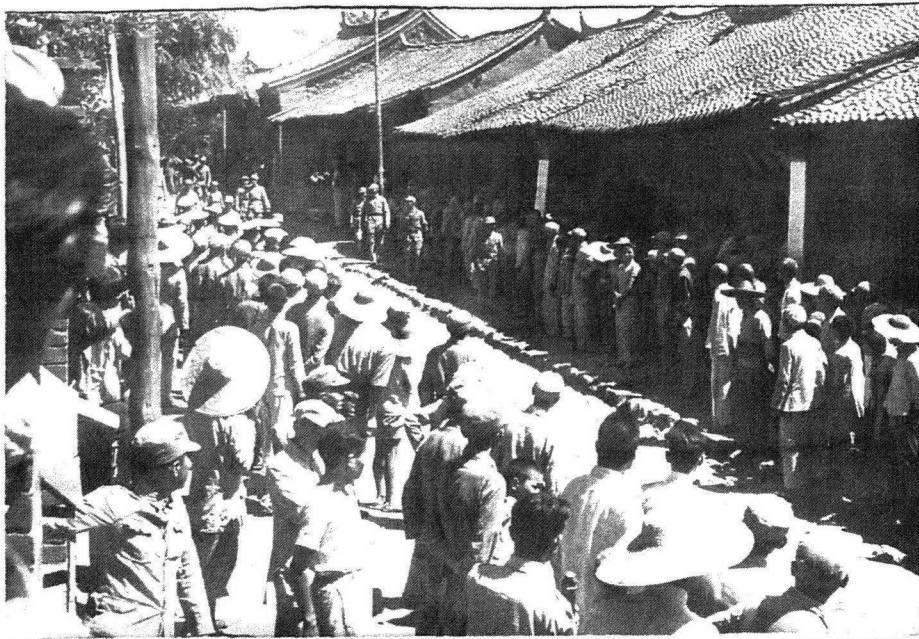
**Robert J. Lohmer, GM 1/c  
Chungking 1943  
Stillwater, MN**



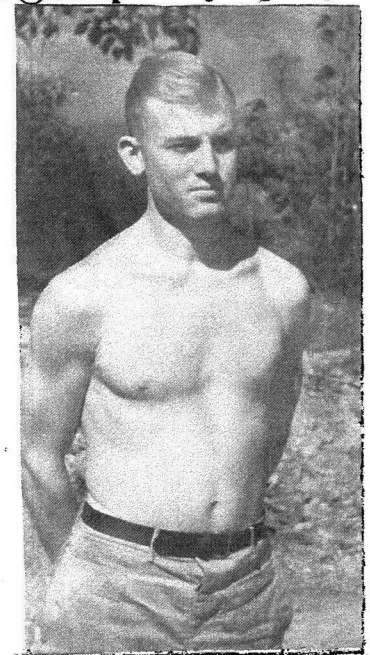
**William C. Shelly  
CSF - Chungking  
1943 Terre Haute, IN**



**Cornelius J. O'Donnell, GM 1/c  
Trenton, NJ  
Bill T. Wiley, GM 1/c  
Mt Dora, NM  
Both @Camp 3 Sinju Spring 1944**



**Detail bringing bandits out to be shot  
Near Sian, China 1944**



**Horace H. Graham, PhM 1/c  
Chungking  
Mt. Vernon, IN**



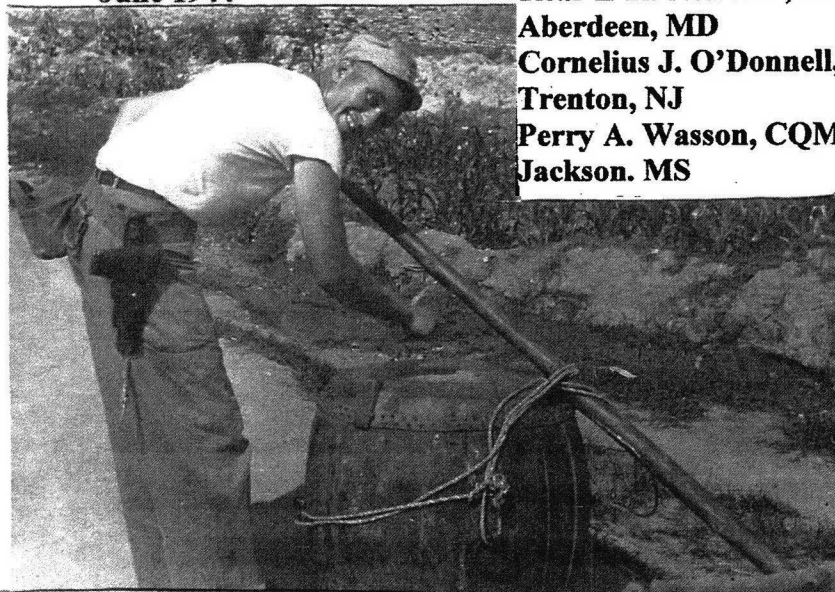
**D. J. Helman, CPhM**  
Newburg, NY  
June 1944



**Front-Todd C. Berry, GM 1/c**  
Marietta, Texas  
**Rear L-R: Nelson J, Bowman, GM 1/c**  
Aberdeen, MD  
**Cornelius J. O'Donnell, GM 1/c**  
Trenton, NJ  
**Perry A. Wasson, CQM**  
Jackson. MS



**Alfred Daniels, Lt. SC**  
Spring 1944  
North Andover, MA



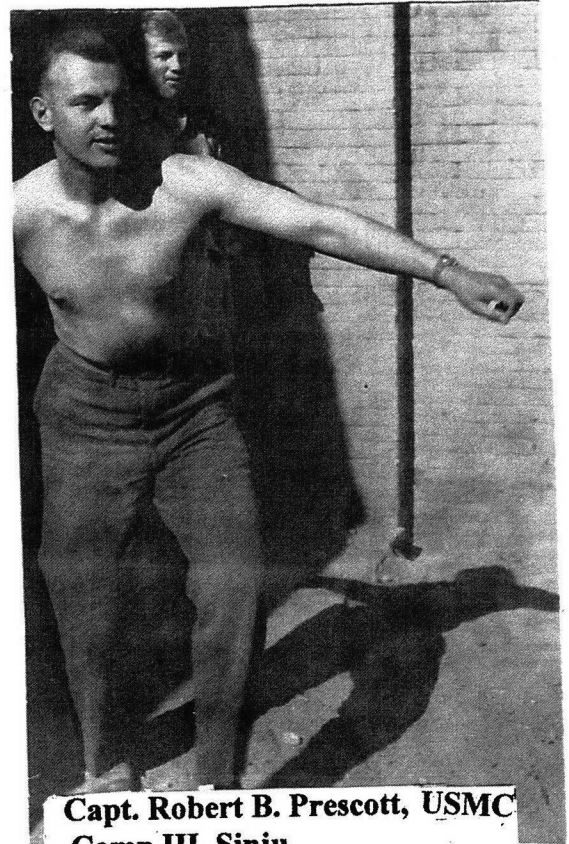
**1944**  
Near Sian, China  
**William G. Andrews, SK 1/c**  
Buffalo, NY



**Chungking 1943**  
**Edward George Valliere, CFC**  
("Frenchy")  
Lynn, MA  
**Alfred C. Williams CPh.M**  
("Pop")  
Dixon, CA



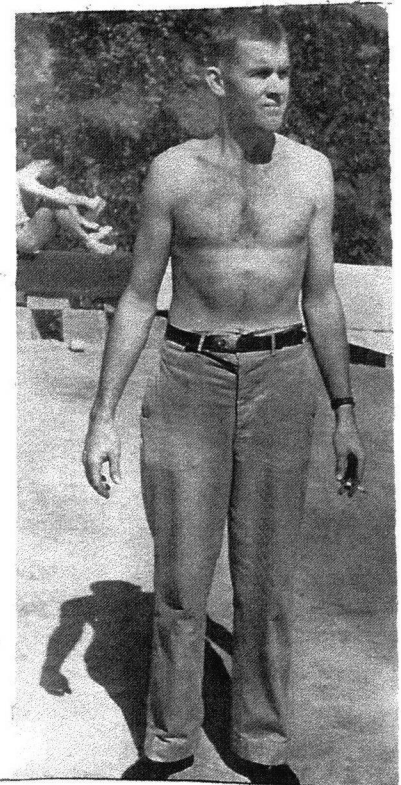
**Carrying wood near Sian 1944**



**Capt. Robert B. Prescott, USMC  
Camp III Sinju  
Portsmouth, MA**



**Unloading Barge**



**John L. Connally, CGM '1943  
Leaving Chungking for Sinju  
San Marcos, Texas**



**Pulling barge across river by hand**



**Steven Michalicek, CTM  
Spring of 1944  
Photographer for all these pix  
Black Duck, MN**



# Story of a Doolittle Raider of Japan April 1942

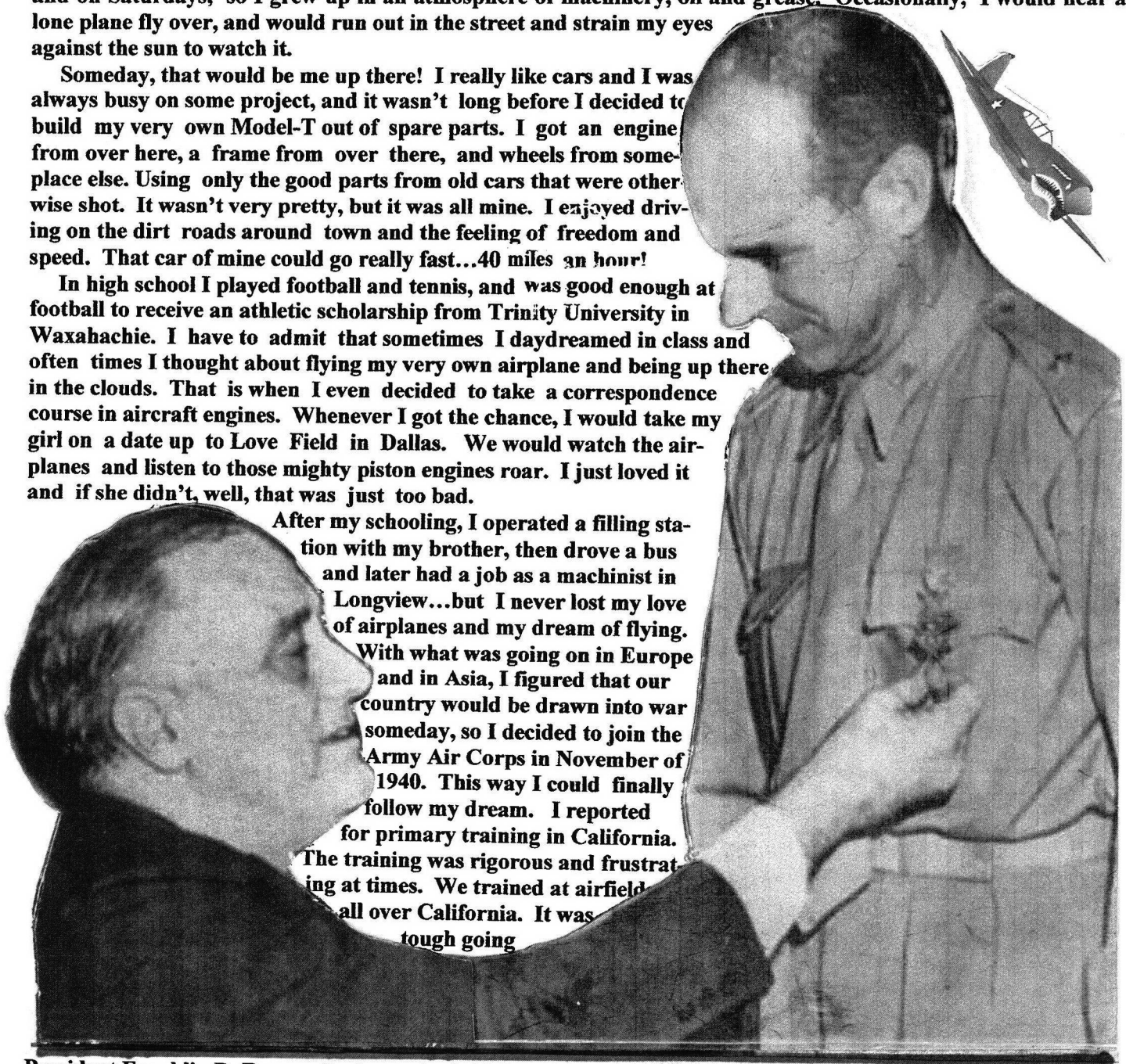
My name is Edgar McElroy. My friends call me "Mac". I was born and raised in Ennis, TX the youngest of five children of Harry and Jennie McElroy. Folks say that I was the quiet one. We lived at 609 North Dallas Street and attended the Presbyterian Church. My dad had an auto mechanic's shop downtown close to the main fire station. My family was a hard working bunch and I was expected to work at dad's garage after school and on Saturdays, so I grew up in an atmosphere of machinery, oil and grease. Occasionally, I would hear a lone plane fly over, and would run out in the street and strain my eyes against the sun to watch it.

Someday, that would be me up there! I really like cars and I was always busy on some project, and it wasn't long before I decided to build my very own Model-T out of spare parts. I got an engine from over here, a frame from over there, and wheels from some place else. Using only the good parts from old cars that were otherwise shot. It wasn't very pretty, but it was all mine. I enjoyed driving on the dirt roads around town and the feeling of freedom and speed. That car of mine could go really fast...40 miles an hour!

In high school I played football and tennis, and was good enough at football to receive an athletic scholarship from Trinity University in Waxahachie. I have to admit that sometimes I daydreamed in class and often times I thought about flying my very own airplane and being up there in the clouds. That is when I even decided to take a correspondence course in aircraft engines. Whenever I got the chance, I would take my girl on a date up to Love Field in Dallas. We would watch the airplanes and listen to those mighty piston engines roar. I just loved it and if she didn't, well, that was just too bad.

After my schooling, I operated a filling station with my brother, then drove a bus and later had a job as a machinist in Longview...but I never lost my love of airplanes and my dream of flying.

With what was going on in Europe and in Asia, I figured that our country would be drawn into war someday, so I decided to join the Army Air Corps in November of 1940. This way I could finally follow my dream. I reported for primary training in California. The training was rigorous and frustrating at times. We trained at airfields all over California. It was tough going



President Franklin D. Roosevelt pins nation's highest decoration *The Congressional Medal of Honor* on Jimmy Doolittle who was promoted to Brigadier General by President Roosevelt following Doolittle's bombing raid on Japan April 18<sup>th</sup> 1942

and many guys washed out.

When I finally saw that I was going to make it, I wrote to my girl back in Longview, Texas. Her name is Agnes Gill. I asked her to come out to California for my graduation...and oh yeah, also to marry me. I graduated on July 11, 1941. I was now a real, honest-to-goodness Army Air Corps pilot. Two days later, I married "Aggie" in Reno, Nevada. We were starting a new life together and were very happy. I received my orders to report to Pendleton, Oregon and join the 17<sup>th</sup> Bomb Group. Neither of us had travelled much before and the drive north through the Cascade Range of the Sierra Nevadas was interesting and beautiful. It was an exciting time for us.

My unit was the first to receive the new B-25 medium bomber. When I saw it for the first time I was in awe. It looked so huge. It was so sleek and powerful. The guys started calling it the "rocket plane", and I could hardly wait to get my hands on it. I told Aggie that it was really something! Reminded me of a big old scorpion, just ready to sting! Man, I could barely wait! We were transferred to another airfield in Washington State, where we spent a lot a time flying practice missions and attacking imaginary targets. Then, there were other assignments in Mississippi and Georgia, for more maneuvers and more practice.

We were on our way back to California on December 7th when we got word of a Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. We listened with mixed emotions to the announcements on the radio, and the next day to the declaration of war. What the President said, it just rang over and over in my head, "...With confidence in our armed forces, with the un-bounding determination of our people, we will gain the inevitable triumph. So help us God." By gosh, I felt as though he was talking straight to me! I didn't know what would happen to us, but we all knew that we would be going somewhere now.

The first weeks of the war, we were back in Oregon flying patrols at sea looking for possible Japanese submarines. We had to be up at 0330 hours to warm up the engines of our planes. There was 18 inches of snow on the ground, and it was so cold that our engine oil congealed overnight. We placed big tarps over the engines that reached down to the ground.. Inside this tent we used plumbers blow torches to thaw out the engines. I figured that my dad would be proud of me, if he could see me inside this tent with all this machinery, oil and grease... After about an hour of this, the engines were warm enough to start. We flew patrols over the coasts of Oregon and Washington from dawn until dusk. Once I thought I spotted a sub, and started my bomb run, even had my bomb doors open, but I pulled out of it when I realized that it was just a big whale. Lucky for me, I would have never heard the end of that! Actually it was lucky for us that the Japanese didn't attack the west coast, because we just didn't have a strong enough force to beat them off. Our country was in a real fix now, and overall things looked pretty bleak to most folks. In early February, we were ordered to report to Columbus, South Carolina. Man, this Air Corps sure moves a fellow around a lot! Little did I know what was coming next?

After we got settled in Columbus, my squadron commander called us all together. He told us that an awfully hazardous mission was being planned, and then he asked for volunteers. There were some of the guys that did not step forward, but I was one of the ones that did. My co-pilot was shocked. He said "You can't volunteer, Mac! You're married, and you and Aggie are expecting a baby soon. Don't do it!" I told him that "I got into the Air Force to do what I can, and Aggie understands how I feel. The war won't be easy for any of us." We that volunteered were transferred to Eglin Field near Valparaiso, Florida in late February.

When we all got together, there were about 140 of us volunteers, and we were told that we were now part of the "Special B-25 Project." We set about our training, but none of us knew what it was all about. We were ordered not to talk about it, not even to our wives. In early March, we were all called in for a briefing, and gathered together in a big building there on the base. Somebody said that the fellow who's head of this thing is coming to talk to us, and in walks Lieutenant Colonel Jimmy Doolittle.

He was already an aviation legend, and there he stood right in front of us. I was truly amazed just to meet him. Colonel Doolittle explained that this mission would be extremely dangerous, and that only volunteers could take part. He said that he could not tell us where we were going, but he could say that some of us would not be coming back. There was a silent pause; you could have heard a pin drop. Then Doolittle said that anyone of us could withdraw now, and that no one would criticize us for this decision... No one backed out! From the outset, all volunteers worked from the early morning hours until well after sunset. All excess weight was stripped from the planes and extra gas tanks were added. The lower gun turret was removed, the heavy liaison radio was removed, and then the tail guns were taken out and more gas tanks were put aboard. We extended the range of that plane from 1000 miles out to 2500 miles. Then I was assigned my crew.. There was Richard Knobloch the co-pilot, Clayton Campbell the navigator, Robert Bourgeois the bombardier, Adam Williams the flight engineer and gunner, and me, Mac McElroy the pilot. Over the coming days, I came to respect them a lot. They were a swell bunch of guys, just regular All-American boys.

We got a few ideas from the training as to what type of mission that we had signed on for. A Navy pilot had joined our group to coach us at short takeoffs and also in shipboard etiquette. We began our short takeoff practice. Taking off with first a light load, then a normal load, and finally overloaded up to 31,000 lbs. The shortest possible take-off was obtained with flaps full down, stabilizer set three-fourths, tail heavy, full power against the brakes and releasing the brakes simultaneously as the engine revved up to max power. We pulled back gradually on the stick and the airplane left the ground with the tail skid about one foot from the runway. It was a very unnatural and scary way to get airborne! I could hardly believe it myself, the first time as I took off with a full gas load and dummy bombs within just 700 feet of runway in a near stall condition. We were, for all practical purposes, a slow flying gasoline bomb! In addition to take-off practice, we refined our skills in day and night navigation, gunnery, bombing, and low level flying. We made cross country flights at tree-top level, night flights and navigational flights over the Gulf of Mexico without the use of a radio.

After we started that short-field takeoff routine, we had some pretty fancy competition between the crews. I think that one crew got it down to about 300 feet on a hot day. We were told that only the best crews would actually go on the mission, and the rest would be held in reserve. One crew did stall on takeoff, slipped back to the ground, busting up their landing gear. They were eliminated from the mission. Doolittle emphasized again and again the extreme danger of this operation, and made it clear that anyone of us who so desired could drop out with no questions asked.

No one did. On one of our cross country flights, we landed at Barksdale Field in Shreveport, and I was able to catch a bus over to Longview to see Aggie. We had a few hours together, and then we had to say our goodbyes. I told her I hoped to be back in time for the baby's birth, but I

couldn't tell her where I was going... As I walked away, I turned and walked backwards for a ways, taking one last look at my beautiful pregnant Aggie.

## Part 2

Within a few days of returning to our base in Florida, we were abruptly told to pack our things. After just three weeks of practice, we were on our way. This was it. It was time to go. It was the middle of March 1942, and I was 30 years old. Our orders were to fly to McClelland Air Base in Sacramento, California on our own, at the lowest possible level. So here we went on our way west, scraping the tree tops at 160 miles per hour, and skimming along just 50 feet above plowed fields. We crossed North Texas and then the panhandle, scaring the dickens out of livestock, buzzing farm houses and a many a barn along the way. Over the Rocky Mountains and across the Mojave Desert dodging thunderstorms, we enjoyed the flight immensely and although tempted, I didn't do too much dare-devil stuff. We didn't know it at the time, but it was good practice for what lay ahead of us. It proved to be our last fling.

Once we arrived in Sacramento, the mechanics went over our plane with a fine-toothed comb. Of the twenty-two planes that made it, only those whose pilots reported no mechanical problems were allowed to go on. The others were shunted aside. After having our plane serviced, we flew on to Alameda Naval Air Station in Oakland. As I came in for final approach, we saw it! I excitedly called the rest of the crew to take a look. There below us was a huge aircraft carrier. It was the USS Hornet, and it looked so gigantic!

Man, I had never even seen a carrier until this moment. There were already two B-25s parked on the flight deck. Now we knew! My heart was racing, and I thought about how puny my plane would look on board this mighty ship. As soon as we landed and taxied off the runway, a jeep pulled in front of me with a big "Follow Me" sign on the back. We followed it straight up to the wharf, alongside the towering Hornet. All five of us were looking up and just in awe, scarcely believing the size of this thing. As we left the plane, there was already a Navy work crew swarming around attaching cables to the lifting rings on top of the wings and the fuselage. As we walked towards our quarters, I looked back and saw them lifting my plane up into the air and swing it over the ship's deck. It looked so small and lonely.

Later that afternoon, all crews met with Colonel Doolittle and he gave last minute assignments. He told me to go to the Presidio and pick up two hundred extra "C" rations. I saluted, turned, and left, not having any idea where the Presidio was, and not exactly sure what a "C" ration was.. I commandeered a Navy staff car and told the driver to take me to the Presidio, and he did. On the way over, I realized that I had no written signed orders and that this might get a little sticky. So in I walked into the Army supply depot and made my request, trying to look poised and confident. The supply officer asked "What is your authorization for this request, sir?" I told him that I could not give him one. "And what is the destination?" he asked. I answered, "The aircraft carrier, Hornet, docked at Alameda ." He said, "Can you tell me who ordered the rations, sir?" And I replied with a smile, "No, I cannot." The supply officers huddled together, talking and glanced back over

towards me. Then he walked back over and assured me that the rations would be delivered that afternoon. Guess they figured that something big was up. They were right.

The next morning we all boarded the ship. Trying to remember my naval etiquette, I saluted the Officer of the Deck and said "Lt. McElroy, requesting permission to come aboard." The officer returned the salute and said "Permission granted." Then I turned aft and saluted the flag... I made it, without messing up. It was April 2, and in full sunlight, we left San Francisco Bay. The whole task force of ships, two cruisers, four destroyers, and a fleet oiler, moved slowly with us under the Golden Gate Bridge. Thousands of people looked on. Many stopped their cars on the bridge, and waved to us as we passed underneath.. I thought to myself, I hope there aren't any spies up there waving.

Once at sea, Doolittle called us together. "Only a few of you know our destination, and you others have guessed about various targets. Gentlemen, your target is Japan!" A sudden cheer exploded among the men. "Specifically, Yokohama, Tokyo, Nagoya, Kobe, Nagasaki and Osaka. The Navy task force will get us as close as possible and we'll launch our planes. We will hit our targets and proceed to airfields in China." After the cheering stopped, he asked again, if any of us desired to back out, no questions asked.. Not one did, not one. Then the ship's Captain then went over the intercom to the whole ship's company. The loudspeaker blared, "The destination is Tokyo!" A tremendous cheer broke out from everyone on board. I could hear metal banging together and wild screams from down below decks... It was quite a rush! I felt relieved actually. We finally knew where we were going.

I set up quarters with two Navy pilots, putting my cot between their two bunks. They couldn't get out of bed without stepping on me. It was just fairly cozy in there, yes it was. Those guys were part of the Torpedo Squadron Eight and were just swell fellows. The rest of the guys bedded down in similar fashion to me, some had to sleep on bedrolls in the Admiral's chartroom. As big as this ship was, there wasn't any extra room anywhere. Every square foot had a purpose... A few days later we discovered where they had an ice cream machine!

There were sixteen B-25s tied down on the flight deck, and I was flying number 13. All the carrier's fighter planes were stored away helplessly in the hangar deck. They couldn't move until we were gone. Our Army mechanics were all on board, as well as our munitions loaders and several back up crews, in case any of us got sick or backed out. We settled into a daily routine of checking our planes. The aircraft were grouped so closely together on deck that it wouldn't take much for them to get damaged. Knowing that my life depended on this plane, I kept a close eye on her.

Day after day, we met with the intelligence officer and studied our mission plan. Our targets were assigned, and maps and objective folders were furnished for study.. We went over approach routes and our escape route towards China. I never studied this hard back at Trinity. Every day at dawn and at dusk the ship was called to general quarters and we practiced finding the quickest way to our planes. If at any point along the way, we were discovered by the enemy fleet, we were to launch our bombers immediately so the Hornet could bring up its fighter planes. We would then

be on our own, and try to make it to the nearest land, either Hawaii or Midway Island . Dr. Thomas White, a volunteer member of plane number 15, went over our medical records and gave us inoculations for a whole bunch of diseases that hopefully I wouldn't catch.. He gave us training sessions in emergency first aid, and lectured us at length about water purification and such. Tom, a medical doctor, had learned how to be a gunner just so he could go on this mission. We put some new tail guns in place of the ones that had been taken out to save weight. Not exactly functional, they were two broom handles, painted black. The thinking was they might help scare any Jap fighter planes. Maybe, maybe not.

On Sunday, April 14, we met up with Admiral Bull Halsey's task force just out of Hawaii and joined into one big force. The carrier Enterprise was now with us, another two heavy cruisers, four more destroyers and another oiler. We were designated as Task Force 16. It was quite an impressive sight to see, and represented the bulk of what was left of the U.S. Navy after the devastation of Pearl Harbor . There were over 10,000 Navy personnel sailing into harm's way, just to deliver us sixteen Army planes to the Japs, orders of the President. As we steamed further west, tension was rising as we drew nearer and nearer to Japan. Someone thought of arming us with some old .45 pistols that they had on board. I went through that box of 1911 pistols, they were in such bad condition that I took several of them apart, using the good parts from several useless guns until I built a serviceable weapon. Several of the other pilots did the same... Admiring my "new" pistol, I held it up, and thought about my old Model-T.

Colonel Doolittle called us together on the flight deck. We all gathered round, as well as many Navy personnel. He pulled out some medals and told us how these friendship medals from the Japanese government had been given to some of our Navy officers several years back. And now the Secretary of the Navy had requested for us to return them. Doolittle wired them to a bomb while we all posed for pictures. Something to cheer up the folks back home! I began to pack my things for the flight, scheduled for the 19th. I packed some extra clothes and a little brown bag that Aggie had given me, inside were some toilet items and a few candy bars. No letters or identity cards were allowed, only our dog-tags. I went down to the wardroom to have some ice cream and settle up my mess bill. It only amounted to \$5 a day and with my per diem of \$6 per day, I came out a little ahead.

By now, my Navy pilot roommates were about ready to get rid of me, but I enjoyed my time with them. They were alright... Later on, I learned that both of them were killed at the Battle of Midway. They were good men. Yes, very good men. Colonel Doolittle let each crew pick our own target. We chose the Yokosuka Naval Base about twenty miles from Tokyo . We loaded 1450 rounds of ammo and four 500-pound bombs... A little payback, direct from Ellis County, Texas! We checked and re-checked our plane several times. Everything was now ready. I felt relaxed, yet tensed up at the same time. Day after tomorrow, we will launch when we are 400 miles out. I lay in my cot that night, and rehearsed the mission over and over in my head. It was hard to sleep as I listened to sounds of the ship.

Part 3

Early the next morning, I was enjoying a leisurely breakfast, expecting another full day on board, and I noticed that the ship was pitching and rolling quite a bit this morning, more than normal. I was reading through the April 18th day plan of the Hornet, and there was a message in it which said, "From the Hornet to the Army - Good luck, good hunting, and God bless you." I still had a large lump in my throat from reading this, when all of a sudden, the intercom blared, "General Quarters, General Quarters, All hands man your battle stations! Army pilots, man your planes!!!" There was instant reaction from everyone in the room and food trays went crashing to the floor. I ran down to my room jumping through the hatches along the way, grabbed my bag, and ran as fast as I could go to the flight deck.. I met with my crew at the plane, my heart was pounding... Someone said, "What's going on?" The word was that the Enterprise had spotted an enemy trawler. It had been sunk, but it had transmitted radio messages. We had been found out! The weather was crummy, the seas were running heavy, and the ship was pitching up and down like I had never seen before. Great waves were crashing against the bow and washing over the front of the deck... This wasn't going to be easy!

Last minute instructions were given. We were reminded to avoid non-military targets, especially the Emperor's Palace. Do not fly to Russia, but fly as far west as possible, land on the water and launch our rubber raft. This was going to be a one-way trip! We were still much too far out and we all knew that our chances of making land were somewhere between slim and none. Then at the last minute, each plane loaded an extra ten 5-gallon gas cans to give us a fighting chance of reaching China.

We all climbed aboard, started our engines and warmed them up, just feet away from the plane in front of us and the plane behind us. Knobby, Campbell , Bourgeois and me in the front, Williams, the gunner was in the back, separated from us by a big rubber gas tank. I called back to Williams on the intercom and told him to look sharp and don't take a nap! He answered dryly, "Don't worry about me, Lieutenant. If they jump us, I'll just use my little black broomsticks to keep the Japs off our tail."

The ship headed into the wind and picked up speed. There was now a near gale force wind and water spray coming straight over the deck. I looked down at my instruments as my engines revved up. My mind was racing. I went over my mental checklist, and said a prayer? God please, help us! Past the twelve planes in front of us, I strained to see the flight deck officer as he leaned into the wind and signaled with his arms for Colonel Doolittle to come to full power. I looked over at Knobby and we looked each other in the eye. He just nodded to me and we both understood. With the deck heaving up and down, the deck officer had to time this just right. Then I saw him wave Doolittle to go, and we watched breathlessly to see what happened... When his plane pulled up above the deck, Knobby just let out with, "Yes! Yes!" The second plane, piloted by Lt. Hoover, appeared to stall with its nose up and began falling toward the waves. We groaned and called out, "Up! Up! Pull it up!" Finally, he pulled out of it, staggering back up into the air, much to our relief! One by one, the planes in front of us took off. The deck pitched wildly, 60 feet or more, it looked like. One plane seemed to drop down into the drink and disappeared for a moment, then pulled back up into sight. There was sense of relief with each one that made it... We gunned our engines and started to roll forward. Off to the right, I saw the men on deck cheering and waving

their covers! We continued inching forward, careful to keep my left main wheel and my nose wheel on the white guidelines that had been painted on the deck for us. Get off a little bit too far left and we go off the edge of the deck. A little too far to the right and our wing-tip will smack the island of the ship.

With the best seat on the ship, we watched Lt. Bower take off in plane number 12, and I taxied up to the starting line, put on my the brakes and looked down to my left. My main wheel was right on the line. Applied more power to the engines, and I turned my complete attention to the deck officer on my left, who was circling his paddles. Now my adrenaline was really pumping! We went to full power, and the noise and vibration inside the plane went way up. He circled the paddles furiously while watching forward for the pitch of the deck. Then he dropped them, and I said, "Here We Go!" I released the brakes and we started rolling forward, and as I looked down the flight-deck you could see straight down into the angry churning water. As we slowly gained speed, the deck gradually began to pitch back up. I pulled up and our plane slowly strained up and away from the ship. There was a big cheer and whoops from the crew, but I just felt relieved and muttered to myself, "Boy, that was short!" We made a wide circle above our fleet to check our compass headings and get our bearings. I looked down as we passed low over one of our cruisers and could see the men on deck waving to us. I dropped down to low level, so low we could see the whitecap waves breaking.. It was just after 0900, there ~~were~~<sup>20</sup> broken clouds at 5,000 feet and visibility of about thirty miles due to haze or something. Up ahead and barely in sight, I could see Captain Greening, our flight leader, and Bower on his right wing. Flying at 170 mph, I was able to catch up to them in about 30 minutes. We were to stay in this formation until reaching landfall, and then break on our separate ways.

Now we settled in for the five hour flight. Tokyo, here we come! Williams was in the back emptying the extra gas cans into the gas tank as fast as we had burned off enough fuel. He then punched holes in the tins and pushed them out the hatch against the wind. Some of the fellows ate sandwiches and other goodies that the Navy had put aboard for us... I wasn't hungry. I held onto the controls with a firm grip as we raced along westward just fifty feet above the cold rolling ocean, as low as I dared to fly. Being so close to the choppy waves gave you a true sense of speed. Occasionally our windshield was even sprayed with a little saltwater. It was an exhilarating feeling, and I felt as though the will and spirit of our whole country was pushing us along. I didn't feel too scared, just anxious. There was a lot riding on this thing, and on me. As we began to near land, we saw an occasional ship here and there. None of them close enough to be threatening, but just the same, we were feeling more edgy. Then at 1330 we sighted land, the Eastern shore of Honshu . With Williams now on his guns in the top turret and Campbell on the nose gun, we came ashore still flying low as possible, and were surprised to see people on the ground waving to us as we flew in over the farmland. It was beautiful countryside. Campbell, our navigator, said, "Mac, I think we're going to be about sixty miles too far north. I'm not positive, but pretty sure." I decided that he was absolutely right and turned left ninety degrees, went back just offshore and followed the coast line south. When I thought we had gone far enough, I climbed up to two thousand feet to find out where we were. We started getting fire from anti-aircraft guns. Then we spotted Tokyo Bay , turned west and put our nose down diving toward the water. Once over the bay, I could see our target, Yokosuka Naval Base. Off to the right there was already smoke



visible over Tokyo. Coming in low over the water, I increased speed to 200 mph and told everyone, "Get Ready!"

#### Part 4

When we were close enough, I pulled up to 1300 feet and opened the bomb doors. There were furious black bursts of anti-aircraft fire all around us, but I flew straight on through them, spotting our target, the torpedo works and the dry-docks. I saw a big ship in the dry-dock just as we flew over it. Those flak bursts were really getting close and bouncing us around, when I heard Bourgeois shouting, "Bombs Away!" I couldn't see it, but Williams had a bird's eye view from the back and he shouted jubilantly, "We got an aircraft carrier! The whole dock is burning!" I started turning to the south and strained my neck to look back and at that moment saw a large crane blow up and start falling over!... Take that! There was loud yelling and clapping each other on the back. We were all just ecstatic, and still alive! But there wasn't much time to celebrate. We had to get out of here and fast! When we were some thirty miles out to sea, we took one last look back at our target, and could still see huge billows of black smoke.

Up until now, we had been flying for Uncle Sam, but now we were flying for ourselves. We flew south over open ocean, parallel to the Japanese coast all afternoon. We saw a large submarine apparently at rest, and then in another fifteen miles, we spotted three large enemy cruisers headed for Japan. There were no more bombs, so we just let them be and kept on going. By late afternoon, Campbell calculated that it was time to turn and make for China. Across the East China Sea, the weather out ahead of us looked bad and overcast.

Up until now we had not had time to think much about our gasoline supply, but the math did not look good. We just didn't have enough fuel to make it! Each man took turns cranking the little hand radio to see if we could pick up the promised radio beacon. There was no signal... This is not good. The weather turned bad and it was getting dark, so we climbed up. I was now flying on instruments, through a dark misty rain. Just when it really looked hopeless of reaching land, we suddenly picked up a strong tailwind. It was an answer to a prayer... Maybe just maybe, we can make it! In total darkness at 2100 hours, we figured that we must be crossing the coastline, so I began a slow, slow climb to be sure of not hitting any high ground or anything... I conserved as much fuel as I could, getting real low on gas now. The guys were still cranking on the radio, but after five hours of hand cranking with aching hands and backs, there was utter silence. No radio beacon! Then the red light started blinking, indicating twenty minutes of fuel left.

We started getting ready to bail out. I turned the controls over to Knobby and crawled to the back of the plane, past the now collapsed rubber gas tank. I dumped everything out of my bag and repacked just what I really needed, my .45 pistol, ammunition, flashlight, compass, medical kit, fishing tackle, chocolate bars, peanut butter and crackers. I told Williams to come forward with me so we could all be together for this. There was no other choice. I had to get us as far west as possible, and then we had to jump. At 2230 we were up to sixty-five hundred feet. We were over land but still above the Japanese Army in China. We couldn't see the stars, so Campbell couldn't get a good fix on our position. We were flying on fumes now and I didn't want to run out of gas

before we were ready to go. Each man filled his canteen, put on his Mae West life jacket and parachute, and filled his bag with rations, those "C" rations from the Presidio. I put her on auto-pilot and we all gathered in the navigator's compartment around the hatch in the floor.

We checked each other's parachute harness. Everyone was scared, without a doubt. None of us had ever done this before! I said, "Williams first, Bourgeois second, Campbell third, Knobloch fourth, and I'll follow you guys! Go fast, two seconds apart! Then count three seconds off and pull your rip-cord!" We kicked open the hatch and gathered around the hole looking down into the blackness. It did not look very inviting! Then I looked up at Williams and gave the order, "JUMP!!!" Within seconds they were all gone. I turned and reached back for the auto-pilot, but could not reach it, so I pulled the throttles back, then turned and jumped. Counting quickly, thousand one, thousand two, thousand three, I pulled my rip-cord and jerked back up with a terrific shock. At first I thought that I was hung on the plane, but after a few agonizing seconds that seemed like hours, realized that I was free and drifting down. Being in the total dark, I was disoriented at first but figured my feet must be pointed toward the ground. I looked down through the black mist to see what was coming up. I was in a thick mist or fog, and the silence was so eerie after nearly thirteen hours inside that noisy plane. I could only hear the whoosh, whoosh sound of the wind blowing through my shroud lines, and then I heard a loud crash and explosion... my plane! Looking for my flashlight, I groped through my bag with my right hand, finally pulled it out and shined it down toward the ground, which I still could not see. Finally I picked up a glimmer of water and thought I was landing in a lake. We're too far inland for this to be ocean... I hope! I relaxed my legs a little, thinking I was about to splash into water and would have to swim out, and then bang. I jolted suddenly and crashed over onto my side. Lying there in just a few inches of water, I raised my head and put my hands down into thick mud. It was rice paddy! There was a burning pain, as if someone had stuck a knife in my stomach. I must have torn a muscle or broke something. I laid there dazed for a few minutes, and after a while struggled up to my feet. I dug a hole and buried my parachute in the mud. Then started trying to walk, holding my stomach, but every direction I moved the water got deeper. Then, I saw some lights off in the distance. I fished around for my flashlight and signaled one time. Sensing something wrong, I got out my compass and to my horror saw that those lights were off to my west. That must be a Jap patrol! How dumb could I be! Knobby had to be back to my east, so I sat still and quiet and did not move. It was a cold dark lonely night. At 0100 hours I saw a single light off to the east. I flashed my light in that direction, one time. It had to be Knobby! I waited a while, and then called out softly, "Knobby?" And a voice replied "Mac, is that you?"... Thank goodness, what a relief! Separated by a wide stream, we sat on opposite banks of the water communicating in low voices. After daybreak Knobby found a small rowboat and came across to get me.. We started walking east toward the rest of the crew and away from that Japanese patrol. Knobby had cut his hip when he went through the hatch, but it wasn't too awful bad.

We walked together toward a small village and several Chinese came out to meet us, they seemed friendly enough. I said, "Luchu hoo megwa fugi! Luchu hoo megwa fugi!" meaning, "I am an American! I am an American!" Later that morning we found the others. Williams had wrenched his knee when he landed in a tree, but he was limping along just fine. There were hugs all around. I have never been so happy to see four guys in all my life! Well, the five of us eventually

made it out of China with the help of the local Chinese people and the Catholic missions along the way. They were all very good to us, and later they were made to pay terribly for it, so we found out afterwards. For a couple of weeks we traveled across country. Strafed a couple of times by enemy planes, we kept on moving, by foot, by pony, by car, by train, and by airplane. But we finally made it to India.

I did not make it home for the baby's birth. I stayed on there flying a DC-3 "Gooney Bird" in the China-Burma-India Theatre for the next several months. I flew supplies over the Himalaya Mountains, or as we called it, over "The Hump" into China . When B-25s finally arrived in India, I flew combat missions over Burma , and then later in the war, flew a B-29 out of the Marianna Islands to bomb Japan again and again. After the war, I remained in the Air Force until 1962, when I retired from the service as a Lt. Colonel, and then came back to Texas , my beautiful Texas . First moving to Abilene and then we settled in Lubbock , where Aggie taught school at MacKenzie Junior High. I worked at the S & R Auto Supply, once again in an atmosphere of machinery, oil and grease. I lived a good life and raised two wonderful sons that I am very proud of. I feel blessed in many ways. We have a great country, better than most folks know. It is worth fighting for. Some people call me a hero, but I have never thought of myself that way, no... But I did serve in the company of heroes. What we did, will never leave me. It will always be there in my fondest memories. I will always think of the fine and brave men that I was privileged to serve with. ...Remember us, for we were soldiers once and young.

With the loss of all 16 aircraft, Doolittle believed that the raid had been a failure, and that he would be court-martialed upon returning to the states. Quite to the contrary, the raid proved to be a tremendous boost to American morale, which had plunged following the Pearl Harbor attack. It also caused serious doubts in the minds of Japanese war planners. They in turn recalled many seasoned fighter plane units back to defend the home islands, which resulted in Japan's weakened air capabilities at the upcoming Battle of Midway and other South Pacific campaigns.

*Edgar "Mac" Mc Elroy, Lt. Col., U.S.A.F. (Ret.) passed away at his residence in Lubbock, Texas early on the morning of Friday, April 4, 2003 . . . Remember.*

*(sent by Jack Coyle – just noticed "Mac's" death was 61 years after this story developed. Ed)*

Another fond memory of my mother: She worked as a waitress at the Hotel Frances in Kokomo, Indiana for many years . Perhaps about mid 1930's, she served Jimmy Doolittle who was staying at the hotel and managed to sit in his lap.....but that was Erma.....she never and I mean **NEVER** met a stranger????!!\*\*\* and the first time I saw her, she was no stranger to me! rlr, Ed.



# GENERAL TAI LI, DIRECTOR OF SACO

## CHINA

### GENERALISSIMO'S MAN

In the mountains near Nanking, amid the wreckage of a transport plane, a charred body lay. A scrap from a woolen sweater, bodyguard's pistols, the testimony of a grief-stricken aide identified the fire-eaten remains as those of General Tai Li, one of China's most mysterious, most respected, and most dreaded men. There was no official announcement of his death. But Lieut General Cheng Chieh-min, 47, was named to succeed Tai Li as head of China's secret police.

In life, as in death, Tai Li had been a partner of secrecy and violence. He was a legend - to his enemies, an Oriental Himmler, Plehve and Torquemada combined; to his friends, a ruthless, but righteous patriot. Even Tai Li's age was unknown; he was about 50. His flat brown nose, wide-set eyes and triangular ebony brows had appeared in few published photos. His birthplace was Chekiang, Chiang Kai-shek's native province. He studied at Whampoa Military Academy where Chiang was president.

Tai hitched his wagon to the Generalissimo's star, won the rising leader's trust by tireless intelligence work for Kuomintang Army. In 1923, he organized China's Bureau of Investigation & Statistics.

In time it became one of the world's biggest undercover agencies. It planted operatives from Bali to Burma, from

Singapore to Sinkiang. It specialized in espionage and Counter-espionage; it kept watch on Communists, foreigners. Behind the Japanese lines its eyes were flower girls, coolies, and rickshaw men. In the most lurid Fu Manchu tradition, it reported to Tai Li with invisible ink messages, "eliminated" those on Tai Li's blacklist, and built up the core of an effective guerrilla army.



TAI LI, SON & DAUGHTER

In World War II the U.S. Navy, seeking weather stations behind Jap lines, joined with BIS in setting up the fabulous SACO (Sino-American Cooperative Organization), with Tai Li as Director. U. S. funds and U.S. experts supported Tai Li, taught him new methods, expanded his guerrillas to 70,000 men. U. S. Armed Forces received, in return, invaluable data: maps of the South China coast, safe passage for downed airmen, tips

on Jap movements.

Tai's fabulous reputation was criss-crossed with contradictions. Though he shunned public entertainment, he liked to give lavish drinking parties. In Happy Valley, near Chungking, site of his secret headquarters, he toasted visitors with innumerable *kam-peis*. \* He could down 18 China wine cups filled with brandy in an evening's bout. He was hard and he was tender. He personally succored victims of Jap atrocities, established orphanages for Chinese waifs. For Communists and fellow travelers, he maintained concentration camps. He was an honest man, scorning the traditional "squeeze." Once he discovered a close friend's malfeasance, invited him to dinner, had police arrest him, testified against him in court, had him shot. Friend and foe said of Tai: "*sha jen pu cha yen ching* - He can kill a man without blinking an eye."

He believed in China for the Chinese, in the supremacy of the Kuomintang. He was unflinchingly loyal to Chiang. "I am," he once said, "the Generalissimo's Tai Li and nothing more." When he heard the news of his man's death, the Generalissimo wept.

\*Bottom's up!

*Editor's note: I regret not knowing the source of this article nor the publisher who printed it. rlr*

???!!!!\*\*\*

## *Unforgettable Dark Blemish in the History of USA's Women Vets as Pilots during World War II*

**Even though WASP (Women Air Force Service Pilots), formed at the suggestion of America's foremost female pilot, Jacqueline Cochran, was pledged by General Hap Arnold that the Air Force would never forget them... it did, and so did America.**

**To relate a portion of the story of the WASP as appeared in Issue No. 36 (listed as No.35 in error) pg, 41 dated June 29, 2009:**

**WASP eventually had a complement of about 1,102 women pilots during WWII. 38 of those pilots lost their lives while serving their country, their bodies sent home in cheap pine boxes, their burial at the expense of their family or classmates, being denied any military benefits or honor, not even so much as an American flag to drape their caskets.**

**Today, approximately 300 women pilots survive (they are in their eighties or nineties). Yesterday, March 10, 2010 WASP veterans were awarded the Congressional Gold Medal. An article from our local Palm Springs newspaper:**

washington, d.c.



PHOTOS PROVIDED BY YANI JOHANSON

Part-time Idyllwild resident and WWII Women Airforce Service Pilot Dot Lewis is flanked by her grandson, Yani Johanson (right) and his girlfriend, Katya Shchepets, at a Congressional Gold Medal ceremony Wednesday in Washington, D.C., held in honor of surviving WASPs.

Cont'd next page

# Nation Salutes Women Pilots for Service in WWII

## Aviators with valley ties among WASPs honored

( The Desert Sun – Palm Springs, Thursday, March 11, 2010 )

Macie Jo Wheelis, 91, has had a colorful life. A pioneering female aviator, she was one of the 1,102 Women Air Force Service Pilots in WWII.

She was an avid golfer who played with the legendary Byron Nelson, a Dallas bowling champion and, for years, a west Texas race-horse breeder and owner.

Wheelis, who's now in a wheelchair and a little hard of hearing, has lost none of her spunk. One of 300 surviving WASP's, she proudly participated in a ceremony Wednesday at the Capitol that honored the women with the Congressional Gold Medal, one of the nation's highest civilian honors.

"This tops it off," the Weatherford, Texas resident said of getting the award and the long-over-due recognition, "I wonder why it took so long."

The ceremony had to be moved from the Capitol Rotunda to the much larger Capitol Visitor Center's Emancipation Hall, because so many WASPs and their families attended.

House Speaker Nancy Pelosi, D-CA, said more than 2,000 people were in the hall at what was "one of the largest crowds ever gathered in the Capitol."

"We acknowledged that for too long the proud service of the WASPs was not recognized in word or deed," Pelosi said. "Today we honor you as the heroes you are."

Pelosi brought titters from the women when she mentioned a WASP song that said, "If you have a daughter, teach her to fly."

"We are all your daughters," Pelosi told the WASPs.

Part-time Idyllwild resident Dot Lewis, who served as a WASP during World War II was also among those honored.

"I was very impressed with the ceremony," Lewis said by phone from Maryland. "I just think it was lovely. Always fun to see the other WASPs."

"It was very moving today, very emotional," said Lewis' grandson, Yani Johanson. He flew from New Zealand to attend the ceremony.

Besides Pelosi, House Minority Leader, John Boehner, R-OH, Senate leaders Harry Reid, D-NV and Mitch McConnell, R-KY and journalist Tom Brokaw were among those on hand to celebrate the achievement of the unsung heroines of World War II.

"Tom Brokaw was pretty cute," said Lewis' son, Albert Lewis. "He said, 'If you need proof that this was the greatest generation, this is another element.'" WASP Deanie Parris accepted the Congressional Gold Medal on behalf of all the WASPs.

As Lewis and her family left the ceremony to return to their car, people who were walking toward the Capitol stopped when Johanson's grandmother, who was in uniform, walked by.

"Out of the blue, when they saw her they started applauding," he said.

"Two Air Force women hugged her and said the reason they were in the Air Force was because of her and the WASPs," Johanson said.

Lewis who started out as an instructor, eventually decided to fly airplanes bigger than the "trainers," she said.

"The last one I flew – towing targets – was the B-26 twin-engine bomber," she said. "It was called the 'widow maker' because it had short wings and it was fast. It was fun to fly."

Lewis said the women she served with didn't give a thought about

recognition for their service. to us that anybody would pay any attention or notice us," she said. "We were just doing our job."

All in their 80s or 90s now, the women formed a sea of gray and white hair during Wednesday's ceremony. Holding their heads up proudly, many wore their blue WASP uniforms and some wore the uniform berets.

They joined in when an Air Force vocalist started singing the Air Force anthem: "Off we go, into the wild blue yonder."

*Desert Sun reporter Denise Goolsby and McClatchy Newspapers contributed to this report*

???!!!\*\*\*

*Editor's note: Although it was too little too late, I admit I am somewhat pleased even though it took over half a century to attempt to right our nation's seemingly apathetic attitude in ignoring the accomplishments of these brave women – even disregarding those 38 women of WASP who gave their lives in the line of duty without even acknowledging them with military burial honors and the 70% of the original complement who have since passed on without any recognition for their defense of America. I've tried to refrain from politics in our publication – but I don't associate this as political, but gross negligence of those whom we entrust in bestowing honor on those who saved the country we all love. It's truly a sad revelation to bear in America's history. But, can't this be a lesson to all to never again forget those who fought to maintain and preserve liberty for which America is known?*

???!!!\*\*\*

# THE TALE OF THE TIGER

By Jack V. Harvey, Lt. jg USNR Ret.

Our SACO compressed gas (oxygen) unit in Jorhat, Assam, India had plenty of unusual adventures, but perhaps the most bizarre was our impromptu tiger hunt.

Our compound which included our oxygen and acetylene plants, barracks, power plant, mess hall and storage bashas (bamboo buildings) was located near the end of the runway at the Jorhat Air Transport Command air base in upper Assam. The airfield had been carved out of a tea plantation, which in turn was surrounded by jungle.

Like all SACO installations, we had to run our own mess because army supply was prohibited by orders from on high not to supply naval installations in the CBI. As a result, we all received a per diem allowance of \$5 per day (\$9\* in China) so we could "live off the land."

Our hired cook was a native Hindu from a nearby Indian village. We called him "Cookie" for obvious reasons and if I ever knew his Indian name, I have forgotten it. Cookie was a pretty good cook and did a good job of keeping us fed. His native village was perhaps 12 or 13 miles from our base located on the edge of some dense jungle. There were only a few houses and families in the village and hence was the "head man." He had a wife and at least two children, who came to work with him. He understood English fairly well, but didn't speak it; some of our younger "bearers" often had to translate for him.

One day he came to our quarters, obviously very upset and accompanied one of our bearers to help him translate. He told us that for the past several nights his village had been terrorized by a tiger who stole in from the neighboring jungle, broke into two of the village huts and carried off two villagers into the jungle where he killed and ate them. His villagers, of course, had no fire arms as these were prohibited by British law, and hence no means of protecting themselves. He pleaded with us to form a hunting party and stalk and kill the tiger.

My recollection is that Art Franson Lt. jg, Conrad Bradshaw, Lt. SC nor I was especially keen



Art Franson, Lt. jg

Jack Harvey, Lt. jg



Conrad Bradshaw, Lt. SC

on this idea. All of us, enlisted men and officers, had been issued carbines, but none of us had any training in using them. However, several of our machinist mates and storekeepers had heard Cookie's story and were anxious to put a hunting party together and kill the tiger. They said they could get additional help from some of their GI friends on the airbase. Cookie was understandably so upset over the tragedy in his village that we ultimately decided to go ahead.

It did not take long for our machinist mates to enlist the aid of a number of their GI friends and in a few days, a party of about 40 sailors and GIs, armed with carbines, .45's, automatic rifles and even several Tommy guns set out for Cookie's village in a caravan of trucks led by Cookie himself and several of our bearers.

My recollection is that they were not gone long. I remember saying some silent prayers that none of our party would shoot each other or any of the native villagers.

My prayers were evidently heard; five or six hours later the triumphant hunting party returned, bearing the huge bullet-riddled body of the man-eating tiger. He was indeed a huge one, measuring at least seven feet long from nose to hind feet when stretched out. (see accompanying photos). And the hunting party escaped unscathed.



Left:MMGG2c  
Harold Gurin  
& Lt.(jg) Art  
F ranson with  
dead tiger.

Right:  
Unknown GI



Cookie was delighted at the outcome, of course, and I would like to be able to say that as a reward he cooked an extra special meal for the successful hunting party, but I do not remember that happening.

I have always said that during my WWII navy service, I was lucky enough to have never heard a shot fired in anger and I believe most of our Jorhat contingent could say the same. . . . . But not that tiger???!\*\*\*

*Jack V. Harvey*  
Lt (jg) USNA - Ret.

*Editor's note: Received this story at the beginning of Feb this year I called Jack Harvey and thanked him for his story which truly is one of the confirmations of the origin of the sobriquet "SACO Tigers." Jack said the only SACO Reunion he attended was in Louisville, KY in May, 1993 when this picture of him and his wife, Fredricka was taken and appears P.33 of Issue #9.. Jack says he is really going to try to go to Raleigh in May.*





**CONTINUATION OF LETTERS FROM Lt.jg. CHARLEY GUTCH  
TO HIS WIFE, BETTY, (first printed in Dec. 2009 Issue 37 pg. 61)  
WHICH WERE PRINTED IN BOOK-FORM. Charley died 7-11-2009.**

**Cont'd July 19, 1945 – in India:**

Late this afternoon, Dr. Basham, Dr. Wilson and I went for a short drive and ran into a couple of interesting things. The first was a Hindu wedding procession, about which I have heard a little, but never seen before. A high caste wedding really runs into dough – from a thousand to forty thousand rupees – which definitely isn't hay. From what little I've been able to learn about the procedure – a huge assemblage gathers at both the homes of the bride and groom; the procession starts out from the groom's home, working its way slowly and ceremoniously to the bride's place, then there are festivities and the joint assemblies of people journey to the new home – taking the bride and groom with them, the bride being never supposed to return to the home of her parents. There's probably a lot more to the whole thing than that which I just don't know about, but all this parading through the streets may take a couple of days or so. This party we saw was apparently the groom's group on its way to get the bride. It was led off by 2 men beating brass gongs in a sort of rhythm to which they proceeded. Then there was a small band with drums, flutes, and an Indian version of bagpipes, giving forth what these people are pleased to call music – no wonder the snake charmers originate in India. Then there was a long procession of marching people carrying flowers – mostly red, blue and white – something like peonies. There were several floats being carried; these were decorated with palm fronds and other greenery and multi-hued flowers. Apparently, most of these floats were shrines of some sort, as the ones I could see closely had images in their pagoda-like space. These were like large dolls, perhaps 2-feet tall and brightly painted and grinning so that they looked like something Disney might have dreamed up to be a clown in a Puppet-toon.

The groom was squatting in his own pagoda – like a slightly emaciated Buddha – atop a rickety old truck (probably that is the wartime substitute for an elephant!). But it was all colorful and certainly interesting. I would have liked to follow it up.

The other thing we saw in another part of town was a street carnival. The crowd at that would put any American fair to utter shame. We couldn't see much for the crowd – it was out-of-bounds anyway – but could see stalls, etc., erected from palm fronds. There were large banners evidently proclaiming fortune tellers, freak shows (a two-headed boy on the sign), the "miracle doctor" telling, for a fee, how to be a sexual success. There was a Ferris wheel and merry-go-round, very crude wooden affairs, looking like the versions that are sometimes advertised to be erected in your own backyard for the kids to use. I think they were hand-powered. I would have liked to have really been able to look the place over thoroughly.

**July 21, 1945 – In India**

You probably wonder why I'm writing so early in the afternoon, One of the other officers asked my roommate and I to go on an overnight hunting trip tonight. Naturally, I said I'd be delighted to go. I think it should be a great deal of fun – and will be a change certainly. I'm not very apt at shooting heavy weapons, but expect I can learn. So perhaps I'll have something more in the way of news to tell you next letter.

**July 23, 1945**

Darling, I hardly know where to begin on this, there is so much to tell you.

But perhaps I should begin with the largest item first. To wit – my days here are very closely numbered. The time for adventure into new fields is near at hand. So don't be surprised if my letters suddenly drop off – it may take somewhat longer for them to get out than is now the case. I hadn't expected the processes involved to move quite so rapidly, but things are. Anyway, as Ashley wrote, it will be a change, and then, too, it seems likely that something is going to occur in the not so awfully far distant future up that way. But you, having the papers to read, are probably able to see the handwriting on the wall perhaps better than I.

The second thing that has occurred – the ambulance that I've been agitating for so long was finally delivered to us today. It is brand new, not even broken in, and I'm quite proud of it, even though I won't be able to enjoy it for long. Of course there has been a certain amount of work to getting a plan for its use set up, Had to dream up some regulations for its use and arrange passes for those who will drive it. Next comes the problem of a suitable garage. I had planned to have the name "Bloody Betty" stenciled across the front, but won't now. The next M.O may have a wife whose name isn't Betty, so you'll just have to know that I had good intentions anyway!

The third big event is, of course, our weekend trip. I really had a wonderful time – probably even got 5 hours sleep in 48 hours! We traveled on the Grand Trunk Road; remember Kipling's famous poem on the subject? for about a 180 mile jaunt. I really got a thrill out of just going over the road, it is something.

The road is pretty good, for India, at times 2 cars can pass on it! It is lined by huge trees, a kind of oak, I think, and there were hundreds of acres of rice paddies along the way. We shot at quite a number of jackals along the way and finally fell in behind an army mail truck, which led us about 60 miles to their camp where we could get fuel. It was about 3 in the morning when we got there and the gas pump was locked up, so they took us to their galley and fed us on stateside style sweet rolls and coffee. Then we went back to the fuel station, spread out ponchos, and

sacked out for awhile. Started out again about 7 after fueling up. We got to Asanol, which you may be able to find on the map. There the Indian friend of the officer who organized the trip remembered he had a very good friend. That is a huge iron and coal area and there is a very large plant there as well as many mines. This man was a big wig in the mill and lived in a bungalow in an area very much like parts of San Leandro, or Hayward; very similar architecture and buildings, and very nice. They invited us in, let us wash up, fixed some coffee and told us where to go hunt.

Then the fun began. We got lost on a side road. Our friend, who speaks 5 of dozens of languages and dialects, asked perhaps 20 people where we were and how to get back to the G. T. road: "Ney mallun," (don't understand). Finally, we found a bus - he at least could tell us where we were; then we found that he talked Senegali and our friend was ecstatic – then the blow – the bus driver was lost, too; he didn't know where in the hell he was! So we kept on, and finally came to what looked like the hunting place.

By that time, we were gaining a little altitude and the countryside was extremely interesting. I can't really describe it to you. Apparently, we were on a kind of plateau in the very first beginnings of the foothills of the Himalayas. A good bit of the country is covered with a kind of scrub oak, perhaps 6-8 feet high, but yet, there are many, many rice paddies interspersed in this. No farms, only little native villages of mud huts every few miles. There was an occasional stream, and several acres of glacial rock, like one sees in Wisconsin. In one place there was a large, eroded flat plain covering several miles which must have been a kind of red clay – it looked like red asphalt, actually, and nothing grew on it. Cactus was fairly common, as well as date palms and pineapple in some places.

The hills were most peculiar, being fairly large, but solitary and rising abruptly out of the plain. They were green and perhaps 2,000 to 5,000 feet high, but very lonely in this vast open space, as though one of the hills about

Camp Parks had suddenly been plunked out in the midst of the Dakota prairie. Besides that, there were several scattered, towering, needle-like rocks, like those of Utah or Nevada, but much less frequent and adding a further weird touch. We finally pulled off the road (naturally there are no fences) and go fairly near the base of one of the hills. Then we stopped and brewed some coffee, beans, and beef. Then we tried to find out from the local villagers if there were any game on this hill. It was pretty difficult to make them catch on, and our friend wasn't sure what they had to say. But apparently there was "bog" (tiger) in the jungle covering the hill, so after long dickering we got about 15 beaters to go with us and started out. it was like a booming safari in the movies! We had some pretty good artillery and plenty of ammunition so it really looked good.

There was some fairly dense jungle and on the way to the base of the hill we ran into the ruins of an ancient city. Apparently it had been pretty large, for although most of it was in decay, being only a mound of brick and rubble covered with undergrowth, there were quite a number of temples still standing and a large section of a wall perhaps 4 blocks long and 15-20 feet high. The temples had peculiar spires, being round in the horizontal lane and coming to a sort of blunted Gothic peak in the vertical section, sort of like a semi-blunt bullet. Our Indian friend said it was a pre-Mongol style of architecture (he, incidentally, is a British and German trained architect). So dated back to before the Mongols – I'm not sharp enough on my history to remember what dates that would cover. He then explained how it differed from the Mongol type of building, which he said is very similar, but is best expressed by the Taj Mahal. The peculiar domes and long cylindrical spire of the latter area are of special religious significance – the shape of the domes indicated the ideal of the form of a perfect female breast, the spires representing the phallus or penis of the male. These buildings or ruins we saw, he stated, were of an earlier period, when the trend was just beginning to develop. Boy – the Indians have certainly always had a good regard for sex – of course, after being out of the states this

long, I'm beginning to feel that it is a pretty nice thing, after all.

But we finally began climbing the hill. It was steep, rocky, and covered with dense brush so that we had to follow the little ravines. Finally, the beaters set out on their job and we were spaced in trees along what we were told was the trail the tiger might follow. The timing was a little bad, though and the beaters were working vigorously before my guide found me a suitable spot. I was – to be quite honest – plain damned scared for awhile, going up this narrow rocky little ravine where I couldn't see 10 feet ahead and 2 feet to the side. If a tiger had come down that trail, I'd probably have been too shaky to hit him and right then my knife seemed mighty futile.

But I finally got situated in a @#%\$&\*\* thorn tree, Ergo - no tiger. So we moved on around the hill and higher up, and started another beating. By then, I felt better and even hoped there would be a tiger. which I definitely didn't previously! But there wasn't, so by then it was beginning to get dark and we had to leave.

On the way down, the view was excellent. You could look out over the plain, I'd guess a hundred to hundred-fifty miles on a kind of endless plain, broken only by the lonesome appearing hills and needle-peaks.

We drove back to Asanol then, and had dinner with our friend's friend and his wife. They were most interesting. Both were very well educated. Cambridge graduates and had traveled a great deal in Europe. Their home would pass for that of a well-to-do, though not wealthy, California family. He is, besides being an official of the steel mills, a journalist of considerable note, I gathered. When I mentioned having graduated from the University of Iowa, he was very interested as it seems Prof. Bose is a very close friend of theirs. He showed us several paintings he has in a collection – all very valuable and historical material. Our friend later said is one of India's best historians, too.

The 3 officers of us were in credibly filthy, having 3 days beard, and being wet, coated with mud and brambles and reeking of sweat.

We were very much ashamed of our appearance, but these people said it was absolutely all right and we couldn't have done otherwise and had any hunting. Of course they somewhat disillusioned us as to the likelihood that of there actually being any tiger where we had been, in fact, the man said he doubted if there were two jackals on that particular hill. But we had enjoyed ourselves an awful lot – even if the local yokes did take us in. It was worth my 8 rupees just to get the view from the hill and see the river.

However, they then insisted that we have dinner with them, so we did. It was doubly interesting because most of the stuff they had raised or produced in their own lot (they even have some chickens and a couple of cows) because they don't trust Indian sanitation either. We had a tomato cocktail, then creamed fish affair, which had been chilled so that it was like a meaty gelatin or cold pudding, the pork roast, deep fried potatoes, chopped green beans and fresh peas, then spiced (cloves and nutmeg) rice with chicken curry, then some hot spiced meat patties about the size of marbles and a pastry resembling a thin, extremely tough pancake, and finally, refrigerator-made ice cream and pears. So you see, we really ate.

We left about 11 and got back here about 5:30 this morning after an uneventful trip, except for my hitting an owl when I was driving and a terrific rainstorm when we were near the station, but one of the others was driving. We were a tired and sad looking lot, I can tell you. I had a shower and was asleep before I got the mosquito net tucked in. It was 10 o'clock before I even rolled over, I swear, and then I had to get up. But it was a very worthwhile trip and was really something in the way of change and relaxation.

July 24, 1945 in India

...there were a few more things about our trip I wanted to tell you. One of the things that impressed me most was the isolated aspect of the people in small villages. When we had lost our way, it was utterly amazing to see these people with whom even our friend,

Singh, couldn't converse. And those few with whom he could talk couldn't tell us how to reach the Grand Trunk Road, which you'd expect everyone to know vaguely at least. And most of them couldn't give u a name for the village or settlement or area where we were.

The little villages were quite interesting. There would be several huts or buildings, about 10 x 12 feet, grouped around a little court. Some of them would be connected. The walls were a kind of mortar and mud, yet very smoothly finished. The roofs, of course, were thatched and there were no windows. Apparently people, cows, dogs, chickens, etc., all live in these same buildings.

Most of the rural people were pretty wary of white people. The women would cover up their faces if we got too near (50 feet or so) and sometimes turn their backs. In a few places the women and children would run away when we approached.

Most of the rice paddies were just now being plowed and planted (actually the plants are transplanted). Singh told us that this year the monsoon has been unusually light and the season is therefore not very good for the prospective rice crop. But the paddies looked pretty wet and mushy to me; I wouldn't want to be a rice farmer!

*To be cont'd in future issue  
????!!\*\*\**



**Falling in love is EASY  
But STAYING in love  
Is something very special.**

THE FOLLOWING SNAPSHOTS ARE FROM THE ALBUM OF LT.CDR. PG GEORGE W. PAYNE WHO SERVED IN CHUNGKING, CAMP 1 AND CALCUTTA. UNDERSTAND HIS WIFE, MURIEL, GAVE THE ALBUM TO BILL BARTEE AND IT WAS PASSED ON TO ME SOMETIME AGO. I AM GRATEFUL TO MURIEL PAYNE FOR HER THOUGHTFUL GIFT TO SAGO.

LT.CDR. PAYNE DIED 1985. RLR





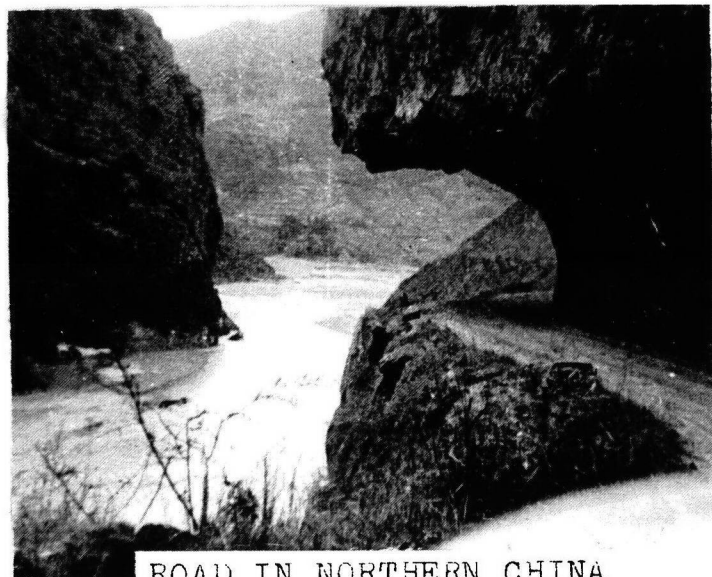
OLD TEMPLE - INDIA



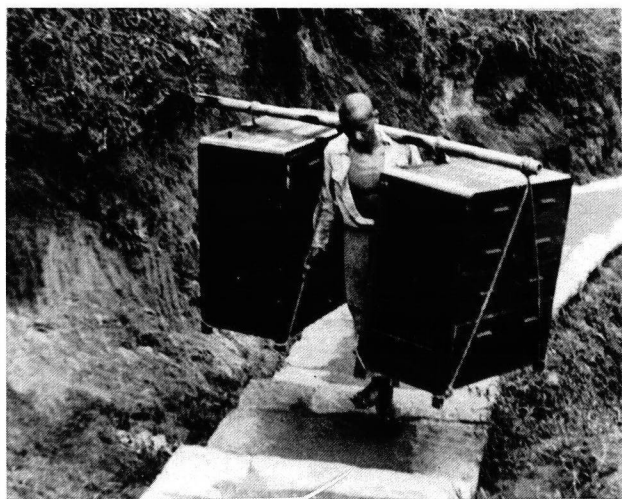
THIS OLD LADY SAT FOR HOURS TO CATCH A FEW DROPS OF OIL.



TEMPLE GARDEN - INDIA



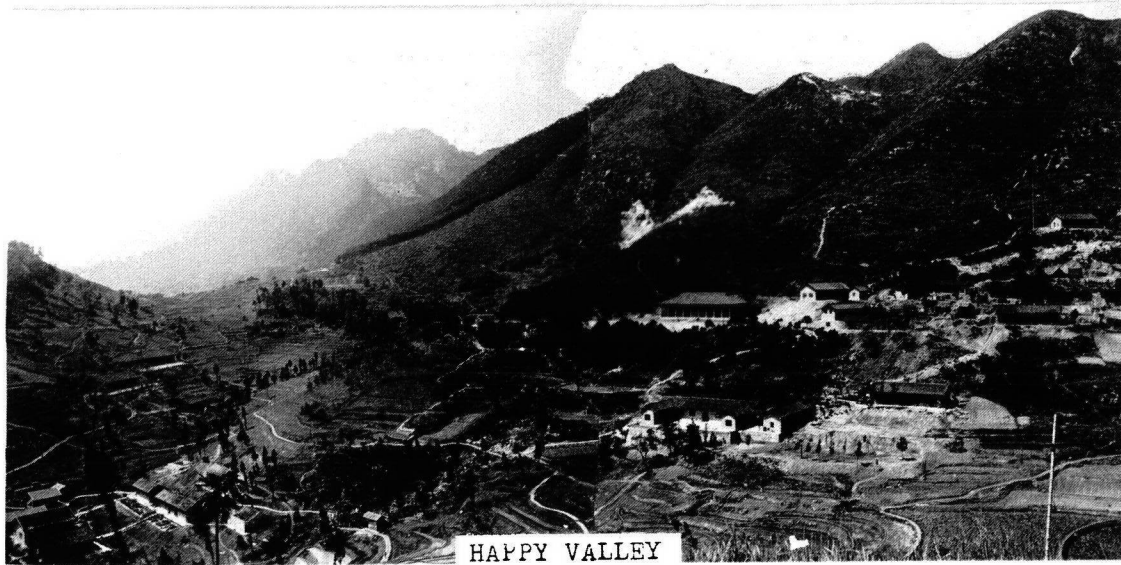
ROAD IN NORTHERN CHINA



MOST WORK IS DONE BY MANPOWER

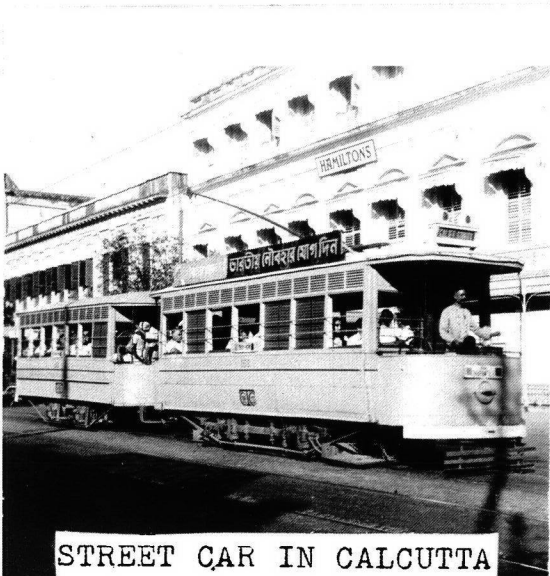


CHUNGKING TAXI

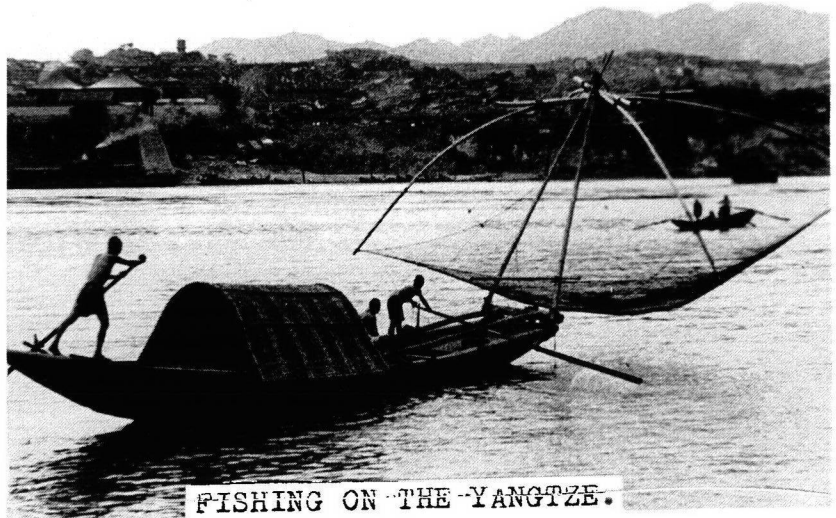


HAPPY VALLEY

HEADQUARTERS OF SACO ABOUT 10 MILES FROM CHUNGKING



STREET CAR IN CALCUTTA



FISHING ON THE YANGTZE.



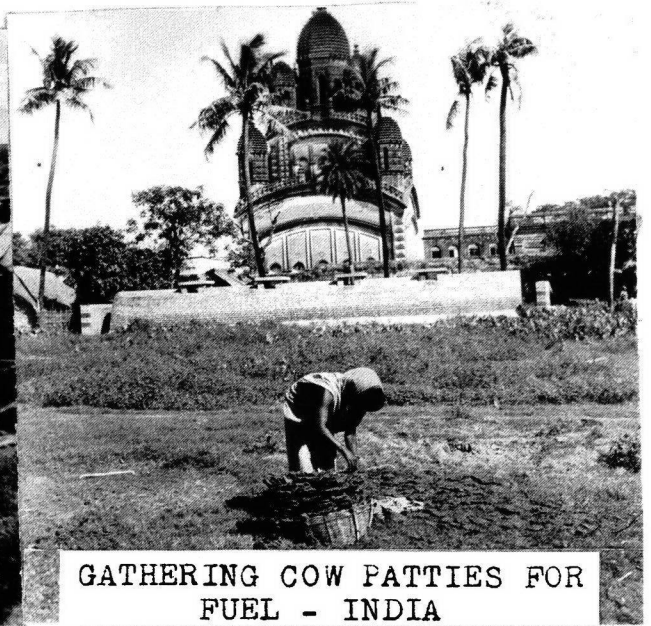
THE ICE MAN



MEAT MARKET



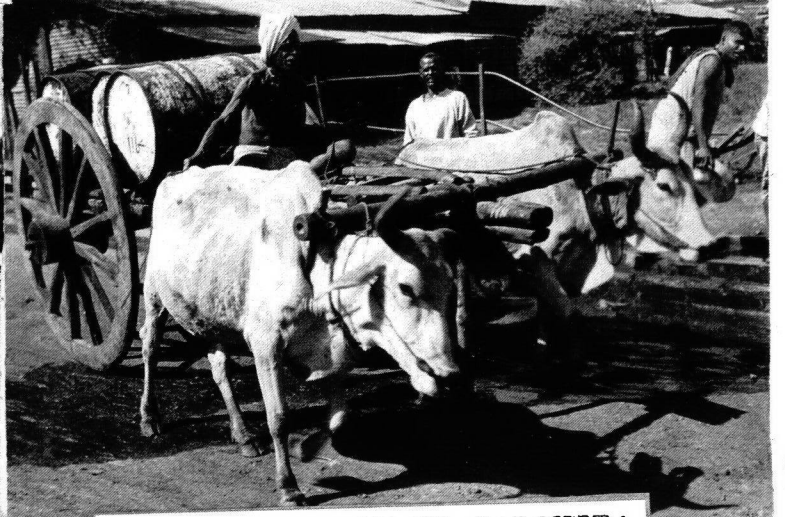
SAMPANS ON THE YANGTZE



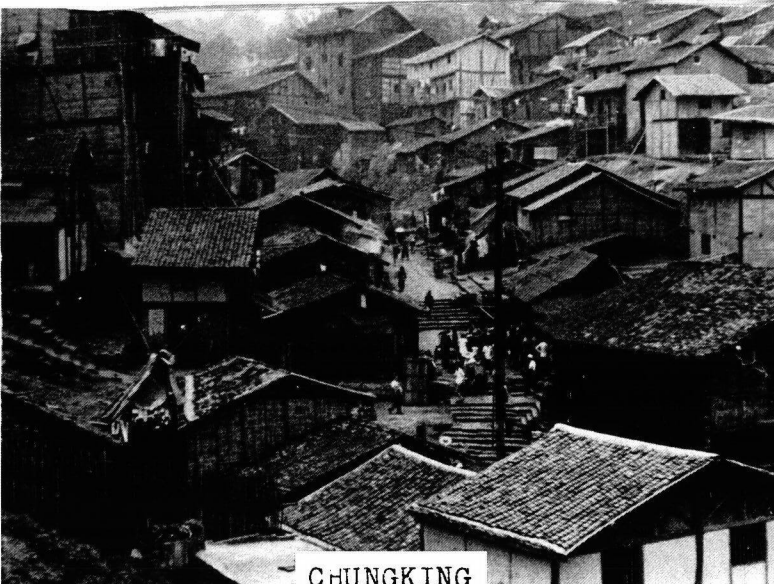
GATHERING COW PATTIES FOR FUEL - INDIA



JACKASS WITH LAUNDRY-INDIA



TRANSPORTATION IN CALCUTTA



CHUNGKING



LOADS OF BAMBOO

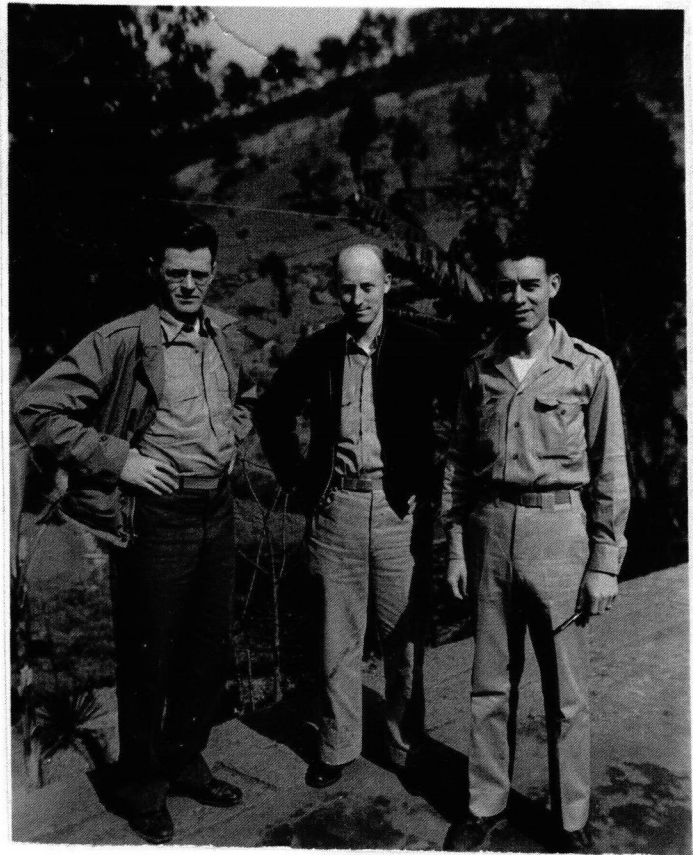




PARTY-TIME = STANDING ADM..  
 MILES = ON HIS RIGHT = GEN.TAI LI ;  
 ON ADMIRAL'S LEFT ???!!\*\* (Anyone??)



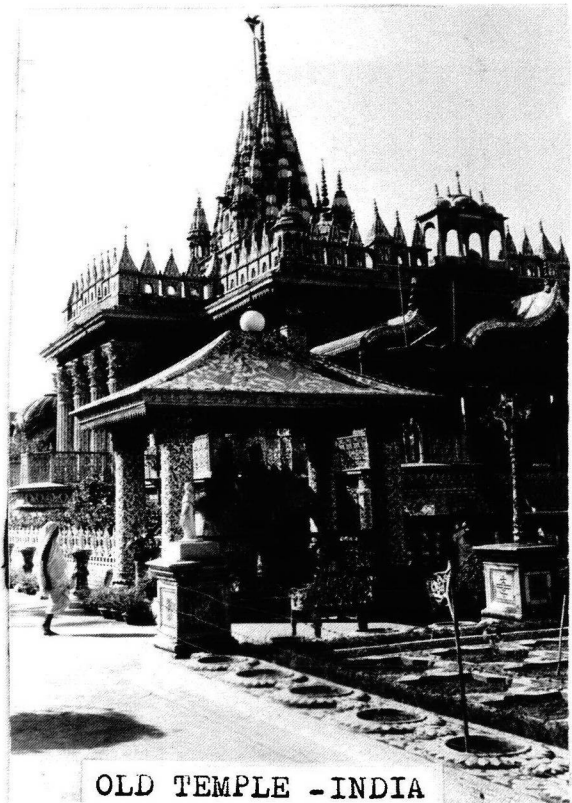
Lt. Herbert G. Palmer = Lt. George H. Parker



Lt. Cdr George W, Payne = Lt jg Stanley Wolford  
 And Lt. Seth "SI" Morris.



A STREET IN BOMBAY



OLD TEMPLE - INDIA

# **Commodore Barry, 1745-1804 "Father of the American Navy"**

*(With grateful acknowledgement to Gerry Bright, Adjutant of American Legion Post 301 – Rancho Mirage, CA for this most interesting story in her March 2009 Newsletter)*

Few Americans are well-acquainted with the gallantry and heroic exploits of Philadelphia's Irish-born naval commander, Commodore John Barry. Obscured by his contemporary, naval commander John Paul Jones, Barry remains to this day an unsung hero of the American Republic. As most naval historians note, Barry can be classed on a par with Jones for nautical skill and daring, but he exceeds him in the length of service (17 years) to his adopted country and his fidelity to the nurturing of a permanent American navy. Indeed, Barry deserves the proud epithet, "Father of the American Navy," a title bestowed on him not by current generations of admirers, but by his contemporaries, who were in the best position to judge.

In the space of 58 years, this son of a poor Irish farmer rose from humble cabin boy to senior commander of the entire United States fleet. Intrepid in battle, he was humane to his men as well as adversaries and prisoners. Barry's war contributions are unparalleled. He was the first to capture a British war vessel on the high seas; he captured two British

ships after being severely wounded in a ferocious sea battle; he quelled three mutinies; he fought on land at the Battles of Trenton and Princeton; he captured over 20 ships including an armed British schooner in the lower Delaware; he authored a Signal Book which established a lot of signals used for effective communication between ships, and he fought the last naval battle of the American Revolution aboard the frigate *Alliance* in 1783.

## **EARLY YEARS**

John Barry was born in a modest thatched cottage in 1745 at Ballysampson on Our Lady's Island, which is a part of Tecumshin Parish in County Wexford, at the southeastern-most part of Ireland has always had a strong maritime tradition. Yet Barry's father was a poor tenant farmer who was evicted by his British landlord. The family was forced to relocate to the village of Rossiare. An imposing man, Barry stood close to 6' 4", according to Admiral Preble who examined his Federal Navy uniform from the 1780's.

At Rossiere, the youth's uncle, Nicholas Barry, was captain of a fishing skiff, and the young man determined at an early age to follow his uncle to sea. Barry started out as a ship's cabin boy, and graduated from seaman to able seaman and ultimately a muscular, well-respected seaman. A salient event which occurred in Barry's youth led to a lifelong enmity of oppression and the British. At a young age, Barry learned of the massacre of some 3,000 Wexfordians under an invading force led by Oliver Cromwell in 1649.

## **HIS FIRST COMMAND**

Barry's first command came in 1766 aboard the schooner, *Barbadoes* sailing out of Philadelphia, which Barry adopted as his home port. Barry had good reason to make Philadelphia his new home. William Penn's legacy of religious freedom allowed Roman Catholics, which Barry was, greater latitude of worship than most anywhere else in the colonies. Further, the city was emerging as a great maritime trade center. Its growing population, which exceeded 30,000 by the start of the Revolution, hungered for imported goods brought in by ships by captains such as Barry. Plying back and forth between Philadelphia and the West Indies. Barry gained his early skills of command at the helm of several merchant ships.

In the West Indies trade, Barry honed his nautical skills making at least nine round trips without a single mishap. Philadelphians came to like "Big John" Barry due to his reliability, personable nature and his success in the merchant shipping business. His next command, the *Patty and Polly* was a small brigantine which he took on but a single voyage. Shortly after Barry took com-

mand of the *Industry*, a 45-ton vessel which he described as a "good schooner."

By 1772, Barry's abilities as a shipmaster had come to the attention of one of Philadelphia's premier mercantile houses, Meredith and Clymer. Reese Meredith recognized Barry's ability by assigning him command of the vessel *Peg*, quite a plum for a young captain.

About the time colonial difficulties with the mother country necessitated the convening of the First Continental Congress in 1774, Barry began the lifelong friendship and collaboration with the Revolutionary financier, Robert Morris. Barry's last pre-revolutionary sailing experience came in the service of Morris, who was a partner in Philadelphia's top shipping firm, Willig, Morris and Cadwalader. Barry was assigned to their sleek 200-ton ship, *Black Prince*. It was aboard *Black Prince* on a return voyage from England that Barry made the amazing and unparalleled record of traveling 237 miles by dead reckoning in a 24-hour period - the fastest day of sailing recorded in the 18<sup>th</sup> century.

Cont'd next pg.

## WAR

When Barry arrived back in Philadelphia on the *Black Prince* he was greeted with the word that the Colonies and Great Britain were at war. At the outset of the Revolution, Barry was given the singularly important task of outfitting the first Continental Navy ships which were put to sea from Philadelphia. His assignment included overseeing rigging, piercing gun ports, strengthening bulwarks procuring powder and canvas for the new warships and loading provisions. Upon completion of his work, Barry was rewarded with what he most desired from the Marine Committee a Captain's commission in the Continental Navy, dated March 14, 1776, and signed by the President of Congress, John Hancock. Along with this commission went command of Barry's first warship, the brig *Lexington*.

In his first contest at sea, John Barry's cruiser *Lexington*, had a successful one-hour battle with the British tender, *Edward*, Barry's own report to Congress of his fight conveys the atmosphere of excitement and exultation.

## THE EYEDDEE OF BEING A TREATER"

( Assume "traitor" spelling in those days, Ed/

Late in 1776, Barry was given command of the 32-gun *Effingham*, one of three frigates then under construction in Philadelphia. During the building of *Effingham*, Barry was approached by an acquaintance, perhaps his Tory brother-in-law William Austin or a member of the Cadwalader family that sympathized with the British, and offered a bribe of 15,000

guineas in gold or 20,000 pounds British sterling, plus a commission in the Royal Navy if he would turn *Effingham* over to the British. Barry was promised his own ship under Royal authority but he indignantly refused in his own words, he "spurned the eyeddee of being a treater"

Horses are the backbone of a cavalry and needed hay to live. The problem of getting enough hay for their horses proved problematic to the British throughout the war.

With the 1777 British assault on Philadelphia imminent, Barry was forced to scuttle his command, *Effingham*. Having to make do to commanding only small craft, Barry carried out the boldest adventure of his career. His mission included the destruction of all British hay forage in the region, capture of enemy shipping in the Lower Delaware, and fighting off whatever came his way.

## THE SAILOR BECOMES A SOLDIER

While the *Effingham* was under construction, Barry volunteered his service to the Continental Army. He served with a company of Marines under the command of Philadelphia militia commander General John Cadwalader. Cadwalader was part-owner of the merchant shipping company that Barry had worked for before the war. His old employer selected Barry as his aide-de-camp. Thus the seaman became a soldier and participated in the Battle of Trenton and led a spirited defense during the Battle of Princeton. General Washington chose Barry as his courier in conveying wounded prisoners through British lines.

### BACK TO THE SEA

On March 9, 1778, Barry attacked a British fleet with a tiny squadron of tubs – a plan made to order for the daring Irish commander. Barry took his mix of seven small craft, including rowboats, barges and longboats, and surprised two armed sloops as well as a fortified schooner capturing all three.

Barry also succeeded in destroying three ships, holding off a frigate and a ship-of-the-line and garnering vital British intelligence and valuable Engineers' entrenching tools. Washington sent Barry a letter commending him, stating "may a suitable recompense always attend your bravery."

### A RALEIGH BAD SHOW

The year 1778 saw Barry assigned to the 32-gun frigate *Raleigh*. Unfortunately, shortly after getting out of port in late September of that year, the *Raleigh* was sighted by the superior British forces which included the frigate, *Unicorn* and the ship-of-the-line, *Experiment*. A 48-hour northward chase ensued with Barry fighting the *Unicorn* steadily until the *Raleigh's* foretopmast cracked and he arrived in Maine's Penobscot Bay—unfamiliar waters where Barry had no knowledge of a safe harbor amongst the rocky shoals. Cornered on Wooden Ball Island in the rocky Maine inlets, Barry determined to save his crew and fire his ship rather than let the British take possession.

Barry saved two-thirds of his crew. But the perfidy of a traitorous American midshipman of English ancestry prevented the blowing up of the *Raleigh* and the complete escape of all hands. (Barry did not want the ship

to fall in the hand of the British.) Nevertheless, Barry successfully guided 88 of his men to safety in rowboats to Boston. The entire episode reflected on Barry's concern for the welfare of his crew and his stubborn refusal to surrender.

### THE BRAUNY BARRY

Obviously, Barry was a commanding figure. He appeared on deck a burly 6'4", well-built, ruddy-complexioned man of dignified carriage who spoke in a commanding tone. His handsome, Irish features were accentuated by a small mole located at the upper bridge of a Grecian nose and unusually inverted eye brows. Hazel eyes glinted brightly and his determination was evidenced by a square Irish chin. Barry was owner of a wry sense of humor and had to control a sudden Irish temper on occasion. His sheer physical size was an imposing sight in an era when most men stood about 5'5" His great strength was well known in naval circles especially after he single-handedly suppressed three ship mutinies and threw the mutinous ringleaders in the hold. As a disciplinarian, he was firm though fair. Barry was still able to raise crews, despite the mass exoduses to the pirating business. Barry was a firm believer in Divine Providence and regularly opened his ship day with a Bible reading to his crew

### A FEROCIOUS FIGHT

Barry's most renowned naval encounter occurred off the coast of Newfoundland on May 28, 1781. Barry's ship, the 36-gun frigate *Alliance*, took on two British ships, the sloops *Atlanta* and *Trespassy*.

Barry's guns spoke first in the form of a well-directed broadside. Unfortunately, however, the *Alliance* soon lay becalmed in the water due to a lack of wind. The two smaller British boats were able to employ sweeps and maneuver close to the prow and stern of the *Alliance*. They thus were able to rake the *Alliance* from either end. Both ships inflicted considerable damage to the *Alliance's* rigs, spars, masts, and sails due to her inability to make steerageway. Barry conducted a relentless defense from the quarterdeck until a hurtling projectile of canister shot (broken nails, metal fragments and minnieballs) struck him in the left shoulder. He remained on deck bleeding from many wounds for twenty minutes, until, losing consciousness from loss of blood, he was escorted below deck to the cockpit for medical care by the ship's surgeon Kendall.

As the struggle increased intensely, the *Alliance's* colors (flag) were shot away. Barry's second in command Lieutenant Hoysted Hacker, appeared before him as his wounds were dressed and he said, "I have to report the ship in frightful condition, Sir. The rigging is much cut, damage everywhere great, many men killed and wounded and we labor under great disadvantage for want of wind. Have I permission to strike our colors?" Barry angrily replied, "No, Sir, the thunder! If this ship cannot be fought without me, I will be brought on deck, to your duty, Sir." A new flag was raised using the mizzenbrail for a halyard, and the fight continued. Just as Hacker reached the deck, filled with renewed resolve, a bit of luck arrived in the presence of a gust of wind filling the *Alliance's* sails. Replying to her helm, the battered *Alliance* swung about. The whole

starboard battery was employed with decisive effect. Fourteen 12-pound cannons were brought into the fray. After two successful broadsides, both the *Atlanta* and the *Trespassy* struck their colors. The grueling battle had lasted nearly four hours and had cost the British two ships, 11 dead, including one of the two captains, and 25 wounded.

The surviving British commander, Captain Edwards, appeared on the deck of the *Alliance* for the customary surrender ceremony. He was led to Barry's cabin where the American commander's wounds had just been dressed. Edwards presented his sword. Barry received it, then turned it with the message, "I return it to you, Sir. You have merited it and your King ought to give you a better ship. Here is my cabin, at your service. Use it as your own."

Barry prepared an official report of his double victory for the Board of Admiralty, which rejoiced in the success achieved. Barry's agent, John Brown, referred to the Board's reaction when he said, "Amidst their rejoicing it gives them pain to think that so Gallant and diligent an Officer should by a wound be prevented even for a Short time from rendering those services which he hath always shown such an inclination and Ability to perform."

### THE FINAL FIGHT

Barry's final battle of the Revolution was also the last battle of the Continental Navy. On March 10, 1783 Barry was returning from Havana aboard the *Alliance* escorting the *Doc de Lauzon*, a transport carrying a shipment of 72,000 Spanish silver dollars destined for the Continental Congress off the coast of Cape Canaveral, Florida, the

*Alliance fell in with the British frigate, the Sybil in order to protect his escort, and its precious bullion, Barry engaged the Sybil. A 45-minute exchange of gunfire ensued, with Barry directing his gun crews to superb results. The British vessel sheared off after experiencing severe punishment from the American crews who shattered her rigging, masts and hull,*

#### **AFTER THE WAR**

*After the war for Independence and the dissolution of the Continental Navy, Barry reentered the maritime trade. Between the years 1787-88, Barry helped to open commerce with China and the Orient while captaining the merchant ship, Asia. Patrick Hayes, his second wife, Sally's nephew, accompanied Barry on his eventful journeys to the Orient where porcelain and ivory treasures were brought back and sold to Philadelphians hungering for luxurious items.*

*In the 1790s, under Washington's guidance, the Navy was revived as a permanent entity. Barbary Pirate depredations on American merchantmen had strained relations with America's old ally France and brought about this revival. On June 5, 1794, Secretary of War Henry Knox wrote Barry to inform him that on the day earlier, Barry had been selected senior Captain of the Federal Navy by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate.*

#### **THE FATHER OF THE NAVY**

*On February 22, 1797, President Washington called Barry to the President's mansion at 190 High (Market) Street to receive Commission Number One in the Navy which was dated June 4, 1794, the date of his original selection. The formal ceremony*

*took place on Washington's birthday. Barry outfitted and supervised the construction of the first frigates built under the Naval Act of March 27, 1794 including his own forty-four gun frigate, the USS (United States), which was to serve as his flagship. The United States slid into the water on May 10, 1797, under Barry's helm.*

#### **COMMODORE BARRY**

*Barry held the courtesy title of Commodore from this period since he served as squadron commander of the fleet which assembled in the West India Sea. He commanded all American ships during the undeclared naval war with France (1798-1800) and personally captured several French merchantmen. Barry finished his active career as head squadron commander of the United States Naval Station in the West Indies at Guadalupe (1798-1801). Perhaps most significantly, he trained future sea heroes who won fresh laurels in the War of 1812. John Barry was so well regarded during his lifetime that when President Jefferson retrenched the military establishment, Barry's services were retained.*

*Despite being so engaged with naval matters, Barry was active socially while on land. He was a member of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, the Hibernian Fire Company, and the Order of the Cincinnati - the military brotherhood of officers of the Continental Army, Navy and Marines that General Henry Knox organized in 1783.*

*He also showed a philanthropic side early in his career as a young ship master; he joined the Charitable Captains of Ships Club, organized for the relief of widows and orphans of sailing men.*

## CHAMPION OF THE NASCENT NAVY

Barry's contributions to the nascent navy were singular. He authorized a Signal Book in 1780, which established a set of signals to be used for effective communication between ships voyaging in squadron formation. Barry also suggested the creation of a Department of the Navy with separate status from the Secretary of War. This was finally realized with the formation of the United States Department of the Navy in 1798. Barry's suggestions about establishing government operated navy yards were also realized. So many heroes of the War of 1812 were trained under Barry's tutelage that he earned the sobriquet, "Father of the Navy." The esteem in which Barry was held by his contemporaries can best be summarized by the words of his close friend and eulogist, Signer of the Declaration, Doctor Benjamin Rush, who wrote: "He fought often and once bled in the cause of freedom, but his habits of War did not lessen in him the peaceful virtues

which adorn private life." In placing Barry at the head of the Navy, George Washington stated he had special trust and confidence "in (Commodore Barry's) patriotism, valor, fidelity, and abilities." Neither Washington, Barry's old friend, nor the Nation ever had reason to regret the selection of Barry as head of the Navy. Barry played a vital role in establishing the earliest traditions of the Navy, faithful devotion to duty, honoring the flag, and vigilant protection of the rights of the sovereign United States.

Barry's last day of active duty came on March 8, 1801 when he brought the USS *United States* into port. He remained head of the Navy until his death on September 12, 1803, from the complications of asthma. On September 14, 1803, John Barry received the country's salute in a full military burial in Philadelphia's Old St. Mary's Churchyard. Such was the man, John Barry, a gallant mariner who served his nation well and stood tall in the annals of American naval history.....

???!!!\*\*\*



## Have You Forgiven Your Enemies?

A minister asked his congregation to raise their hands if they have forgiven their enemies? 80% held up their hands.

The minister repeated his question. All responded this time except one small elderly lady.

"Mrs. Neely, are you not willing to forgive your enemies?"

"I don't have any," she replied, smiling sweetly.

"Mrs. Neely, that is very unusual. How old are you?"

"Ninety-eight," she replied. The congregation stood up and clapped their hands.

"Oh! Mrs. Neely, would you please come down in front and tell us all how a person can live ninety-eight years and not have an enemy in the world?"

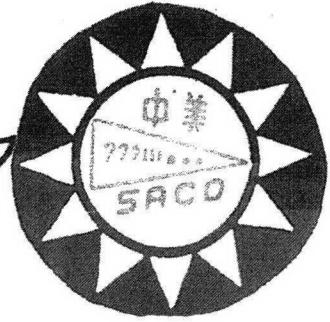
The little sweetheart of a lady tottered down the aisle, faced the congregation and said, "I outlived the bitches!"

???!!!\*\*\*



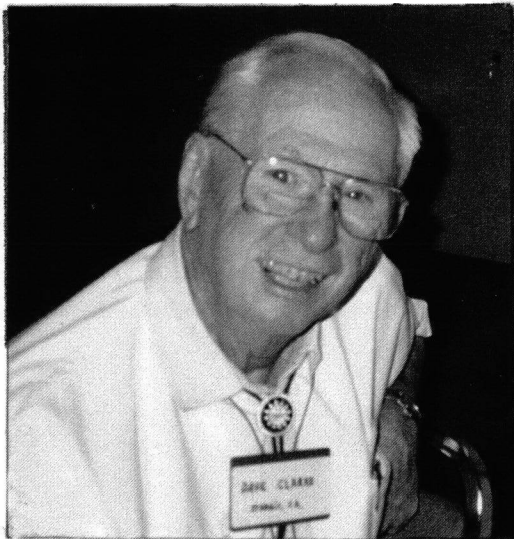
# IN MEMORIAM

??? !!! ★★



*In this sad world of ours, sorrow comes to all. It comes with bitterest agony. Perfect relief is not possible except with time. You cannot now realize that you will feel better....And yet this is a mistake. You are sure to be happy again. To know this, which is certainly true, will make you some less miserable now. I have had experience enough to know what I say. Abraham Lincoln*

## DAVID JOHNSON CLARKE



**"Dave" Clarke**  
Died at age 95



**Dorie Clarke**  
Dave's wife survives in nursing facility with advanced Alzheimer's past several years

David Johnson ("Dave") Clarke died November 9, 2009 of congestive heart failure and was interred four days later at Fort Logan National Cemetery following a Veteran's funeral with military honors.

He was born August 26, 1914 at Helena, Montana, the son of Adeline Johnson and China Ray Clarke. His great grandfather, Albert Gallatin Clarke, was a hardware merchant who made oxen load trips from Missouri to the Colorado and Montana gold fields in the early 1860s, later opening a dry-goods store in Helena in 1867. The Johnsons were also a Montana pioneer family.

After graduating from Helena High School, he was the Montana Junior Golf Champion in 1933. Helping pay his way through the University of Montana Law School by playing the piano in various small and "big" bands, he graduated in 1938. His first employment as a lawyer was with the Antitrust Division of the U. S. Department of Justice from 1938 to 1948, except for the four years from December 1941 to December 1945 when he served as a naval intelligence officer in the U. S. and later with the U. S. Naval Group, China, commonly known as the "Rice Paddy Navy". Its mission was to train, equip, and lead guerilla troops in operations against the Japanese occupation forces. A Lieutenant while on active duty, he held the rank of Lieutenant Commander when he later retired from the U.S. Naval Reserve.

From 1948 to 1951 he was an attorney with the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission at Los Alamos, New Mexico and from 1951 to 1953 he was an attorney with the Wage Stabilization Board in Denver. He engaged in the private practice of law in Denver from 1953 to 1978 becoming a specialist in business bankruptcy law. In 1954 he was elected to the Colorado House of Representatives where the press voted him the outstanding freshman member. In 1956 he was elected to the Colorado Senate where he served through 1960. He sponsored a revision of the Colorado Corporation Code and led adoption of the Uniform Commercial Code in Colorado. These measures were signed into law by then-governor Stephen L. R. McNichols, who had been an usher at Mr. Clarke's 1941 Park Hill wedding. After retiring from politics, Mr. Clarke became active in the Colorado Bar Association and served in the 1960s on its Board of Governors. In 1965 he received the Award of Merit from the Colorado Bar Association and an Honorary Phi Beta Kappa degree from the Law School of the University of Colorado. This led to his serving as President of the Denver Bar Association from 1971 to 1972. In 1970 he visited the South Pole as a guest of the Commander, U. S. Naval Support Force, Antarctica.

He resumed his role as a government attorney in the Office of the Executive Legal Director for the Nuclear Regulatory Commission in Washington DC in 1978. After 48 years of lawyering, he retired in June 1986 and returned to Colorado in 1989.

Mr. Clarke married Jean Goudie at St. Thomas Episcopal Church in Denver in 1941. She was given in marriage by her uncle W. Gordon Jamieson, a prominent Denver architect and Park Hill resident. His first wife passed away in 1988. He married Doris Sparks McKenna in 1989 and moved from Englewood, Colorado to her hometown of Sturgis, South Dakota. A lifelong golfer, he was still playing courses in South Dakota and Arizona at age 92, frequently "shooting his age" before being sidelined by back and balance problems.

Mr. Clarke is survived by his wife Doris, his son Jon B. W. Clarke (and Jon's wife, Elizabeth, their children Christina and Brian) and his daughter Jean Hilton (and Jean's children Scott, Daniel and Amanda). Mr. Clarke's son is also a business bankruptcy lawyer with offices in the Denver Tech Center. His daughter is retired from teaching in the Cherry Creek system. His son and daughter each reside in Douglas County Colorado. His five grandchildren and two great-grandchildren reside in California, Colorado and Maine.

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## SAMUEL S. STALLWORTH



Age 87 of Tampa and former resident of Manchester, NH passed away Dec.29, 2009. He was a Chief Radioman in the U.S. Navy and played a role in one of the most romantic and dangerous episodes in WWII against

Japan as a member of a naval group of guerrillas, intelligence agents and weather observers behind the Japanese lines with the group known as "SACO" – Sino American Cooperative Organization that began shortly after Pearl Harbor. Sam was a 55-year member of First Congregation Church of Manchester, NH. He is survived by his devoted wife, Beverly and loving family including daughter-in-law, Shelly Stallworth, three grand children and five great-grandchildren. He was preceded in death by his son, Samuel, Jr.

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## ALBERT P. CLOSE, SR.. Harford Circuit Judge



Judge Albert Patterson Close, Sr., a retired Harford County Circuit judge, died in December 2000 (date not shown) of an aneurysm at Good Samaritan Hospital at age 82. At the time of his death, he was living at Oak Crest Retirement Village in Parkville, MD) where he had resided since

last year. For many years, he lived on a 117 acre farm near Churchville.

Mr. Close was born in 1918 on a farm nnear Bel Air. He was a 1935 graduate of St James School near Hagerstown. He received a bachelor's degree from St. John's College in Annapolis and a law degree from the University of Maryland School of Law.

During WWII, he served as a Marine Captain in SACO (Sino-American Cooperative Organization) a Naval group working with the Chinese against invasion by Japan.. At time of discharge he was a Major. He returned to Bel Air and began practicing law with Cameron, Close, Reed and Blair, of which he later was a partner.

He represented the town of Bel Air and later served for eight years as People's court judge. A Republican, he was chief trial magistrate of Harford County when Gov. Spiro Agnew appointed him to the Circuit Court bench in 1967. He won election in 1968 and 1984.

In 1974, he became administration judge for the court and oversaw the expansion and restoration of the courthouse in Bel Air, which dates to Colonial days. His professional memberships included the Harford County, Maryland and U.S. bar associations and was active in the Susquehanna Law Club.

He was an avid outdoorsman who enjoyed duck and goose hunting and fishing.

His wife of 57 years, Mary Lucile Robinson, died in 2005 and is survived by five sons, three daughters two sisters and six grandchildren.

## THE ALBERT P. CLOSE FOUNDATION

During his long and distinguished career, he remained vitally interested in young people. The foundation was created to provide support and funding for various programs including Juvenile Drug Court & Harford County Department of Juvenile Services. The purpose of the Close Foundation is to raise money from various sources to supplement the efforts of the Juvenile Services in any way possible.

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# EULOGY TO JESSE BUREN HANSON

BY: Dr. Gene Hanson

August 22, 2009

My name is GENE HANSON. I am the baby brother of JESSE BUREN HANSON. My home is in Dothan, AL and I am 15 years younger than "Boots." Our parents were Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus D. Hanson- better known as DADDY DOC and MAMA HANCIE – Names coined by their grandchildren – ED, BOOTS, ADELE KERMIT and GENE. We were all born in Clay County, Alabama, the home of our present Governor.

Ed and Boots were approximately fifteen months apart in age and both graduated from Lineville High School in the late 1930's (1937-38). The South was suffering lingering effects of the Great Depression and my brothers had very few options to pursue economically. President Roosevelt's "New Deal" programs offered federal funded work programs like the CCC (Civilian Conservation Corps) with very little pay and no fringe benefits. Ed joined the Army and later Boots joined the Navy. Luckily for Boots, he was serving aboard the aircraft carrier U. S. Ranger in the Atlantic when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor.

Boots volunteered for a highly secret mission that gave materiel and training to the Chinese guerrilla armies in the vast interior of China who were refusing to surrender to the Japanese invaders. After extensive training, Boots and his compatriots were quietly smuggled through the Japanese Army lines where they spent the wartime years working with the Chinese Guerrilla Armies.

Daddy Doc and Mama Hancie seldom heard from Boots due to a lack of communication techniques and wartime secrecy. They knew almost nothing about where he was and what he was doing. Once no word came for over a year. Most letters sent never arrived. After the war was over it was over a year before Boots and his cohorts arrived back home.

When Boots did get back home in 1946, he was paid for his years in China in one lump sum...plus Congress added per diem for every day they were gone. Financially, my brother was a fairly well-off young man, so the first thing that he did was AWESOME!!! He purchased his Mom and Dad a very large and beautiful home. They had always been renters. I was a 13-year-old boy living at home – so – thanks to my caring and generous brother, I spent my teenage years enjoying living in

a very nice home. THIS SPEAKS VOLUMES ABOUT THE KIND OF MAN THAT BUREN HANSON WAS.

As a young kid growing up at home with my mother and father while my three older brothers were overseas facing daily combat in three different areas of the world ...Ed, as a P-38 Lightning fighter pilot in North Africa, Sicily, and Italy....Boots in China with the Guerrillas....and 17-year-old Kermit flying combat missions as the gunner aboard a Navy torpedo bomber in the South Pacific My dad listened to war news broadcasts all day, every day with me and my mom also listening. You better believe that my HEROES were not movie stars nor colorful athletes.....My heroes were my brothers and they still are!!!

In my concluding comments I will list three Characteristics that I think describe JESSE BUREN HANSON.:

1. MILD IN MANNER; Boots was quiet and a man of few words. I never heard him raise his voice in anger to anyone. He could stay calm while others lost their composure.

2. SCHOLARLY: Math and science came easy to him. Boots earned a BS degree from Jacksonville State University in two-and-one-half years. He then earned a Masters Degree from Vanderbilt in one year. Boots then went back home as Principal of the local High School.

3. COMPASSIONATE; Boots was a warm and caring gentleman. His personality always showed compassion. This was never more evident than during the last two or three years of his wife, Katherine's life. He flatly refused to allow her to be left out of the conversation....Boots would stop, make eye contact and carefully explain to her, making sure she understood the dialog. He was a very, very caring man, (My wife, Mary, made sure I included this).

NOW, BIG BROTHER, today is your 91<sup>st</sup> birthday and what a day you are having – sitting at the feet of Jesus – looking up into the face of God – and we know that your face is shining like the face of Moses when he was in the presence of God. WHAT A CELEBRATION!!!

Mary and I have this birthday card which we will leave for you. GOD BLESS YOU. WE LOVE YOU. HAPPY BIRTHDAY, BUREN. WE WILL SEE YOU AGAIN SOMEDAY !!! ???!@!!\*\*\*

## JESSE BUREN (BOOTS) HANSON

By Terry M. Hanson

I thank my nephew, John Jones, for honoring my Dad by wearing his Marine Dress Blues today. John served a tour of duty in Iraq and recently returned from a tour of duty aboard the USS Boxer and was on board when the snipers negotiated with the pirates off the coast of Somalia. I would like to recognize Mr. Gordon Pierce and Mr. Newton Delchamps who were both on board the USS Yorktown when it went down at the Battle of Midway in 1942. They wore their uniforms today in honor of my dad who also served on the Yorktown prior to its sinking. Thank you gentlemen, we are honored by your attendance today and thank you for your service to our country!

Dad joined the Navy in 1940 to see the world. He got to see it alright! Before America entered WWII, he served on three naval carriers in the Atlantic: (The USS Yorktown, USS Wasp, and USS Ranger). He was an Aviation Ordnance-man. His job was to make sure that the guns on the planes were synchronized to fire through the propellers without hitting them.

After Pearl Harbor, he said that most of the sailors wanted to be transferred to the Pacific, because they is where they felt like most of the action would be.

Dad volunteered for prolonged and hazardous duty, along with about 2,500 other Navy and Marine personnel for SACO ("SOCKO") = Sino-American Cooperative Organization which was a highly secret war effort between the United States and the Chinese Nationalists. These were the Chinese who were forced over to the Island of Taiwan (formerly Formosa) after the war when the Communists took over mainland China. SACO was the forerunner of our CIA. It's main objective was to provide weather information and intelligence to our Naval Fleet. Dad's job as to help train the Chinese in small arms weapons such as Tommy-guns, etc. He was on the run, fighting guerrilla style warfare (with the Chinese) against the Japanese as Japan invaded China. Even though he was an enlisted man, he became a "Simulated Major in the Chinese Army. He would wear the Chinese army garb, because he said, "You did not want to stand out and be captured by the

Japanese." He was in China for 39 months and behind enemy lines for 2 years. During much of the time there was basically no communication with home.

When Dad reported for duty with SACO at Cecil Field in Jacksonville, FL for some reason he was late arriving. The other members of the group were lining up to make a parachute jump. They already had their chutes on and had had some training. Instead of chewing Dad out, the CO looked at one of the guys and told him to give his chute as Hanson because he is dependable and will do what we ask of him. Dad immediately went up and made the first of three jumps with ABSOLUTELY NO TRAINING. They told him to jump and count to three and ull the rip cord. He said that he pulled it so hard tat he hit himself in the chin and almost knocked himself out. He was fortunate enough to land in some grass, but the guy in front of him landed on a concrete runway and broke his leg and the guy behind him was also injured. (DAD WAS BRAVE AND HE WAS FEARLESS - God was always with him!)

At the end of the war, Dad had to walk over 1,000 miles in 30 days from inland China to get back to the coast to catch a ship home. They were referred to as THE RICE PADDY NAVY.

Dad had saved a good and almost brand new pair of combat boots. He actually gave them to a buddy whose feet were in terrible shape due to frostbite. Dad later really needed those boots on that 1,000 mile walk out of China. AFTER ALL. THEY DID CALL HIM "BOOTS."

Dad has also always been my hero! I have always been so proud of him and proud to be a part of this family.

Dad was descended from a long line of American Patriots. The Hansons came to America in the 1600s and have had soldiers serve in just about every war a;ll the way back to the American Revolutionary War.

Dad named after one of his great-grandfathers, JESSE HANSON. Jesse Hanson, along with 3 other of Dad's great-grandfathers were Confederate soldiers. One died in combat at the age of 35 in Tennessee, another died at age 22 from disease in Virginia, as well as another who died at

age 35 of disease, also in Virginia after being released from a union military prison. Jesse Hanson fought and survived through the Civil War, but it is said that the war took its toll on him and he died at age 48.

Dad was a **GODLY** man and he was a **GOOD** man! He was brave and fearless. I could go on and on talking about the exceptional character that **JESSE BUREN (BOOTS) HANSON** had.

In his younger days, he was as Uncle Gene mentioned, sort of a dare-devil and apparently **LIVED ON THE EDGE** – so to speak.

He got his nickname “Boots” at a very early age because he had a pair of old boots that he never wanted to take off.

My dad was a **HOBO** – at about 16 years of age, he and a friend jumped on a train. They were going to Florida. His older brother, my Uncle Eck, ran home and told their father. My daddy Doc and a friend hopped in his old car and rushed over o LaGrange, GA to meet the train and bring them home.

He didn't make it to Florida, but a few years later, he and several friends (**HOBOD**) from Alabama through Texas along the Mexican Border and then hitch-hiked all the way to the 1939 World's Fair in San Francisco.

Dad rode Indian motorcycles and Harleys before it was the cool thing to do. After the war, he earned his Pilot's License – as he always wanted to

fly.

There are many more stories about dad; such as him leading a **TIGER HUNT** in China with a Tommy gun and buzzing the Taj Mahal in an airplane and taking a dare to let a King Cobra kiss him on the cheek in Calcutta, India. As my cousin, Gerald New once said, “His experiences would top any movie about WWII that you could ever see.”

After the war, ne bought a house for his parents who had never been able to afford their own home.

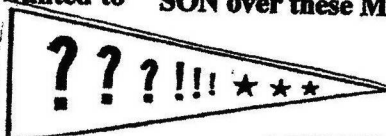
He was proud of his grand-kids and was always helping them out with their expenses as they made their way through college. He was a **GENEROUS MAN** and a **CARING MAN**.

Dad was a teacher and a principal and he served as a **POSTMASTER** in Foley for 25 years. He had a good and long retirement of 30 years and lived a **GOOD** and **HAPPY** life with my mom (Kathryn Yates Hanson) for 60 years!

The **ONE THING** that I admire most about my dad was the **CHOICE** that he made to “put his life on hold” when baby Nan arrived. He made a wonderful home for all of us and was always there for us. He and Nan have had an “absolutely special relationship” for the last 48 years.

**DAD – WE ALL SALUTE YOU GOODBYE TO THIS WORLD** and we **HOPE** to see you again someday!

I feel **VERY FORTUNATE** to have been **YOUR SON** over these **MANY YEARS**.



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*Editor's note: Foregoing articles re: “BOOTS” Hanson = In SACO NEWS #37 pg. 15, there is a picture of him along with a letter regarding his service with SACO and his forthcoming 91<sup>st</sup> birthday. Sadly, he was buried on his 91<sup>st</sup> birthday Aug 22, 2009, and the eulogies were delivered at that time. rlr*

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#### DEATHS REPORTED AT CLOSING OF THIS ISSUE:

**GILBERT C. BUCK 2009**

AerM 3/c Calcutta – Kuinming – Shanghai

**JAMES R. REID 2010**

GM 3/c – Kanchiow – Yu Ou - Camp 8 - Shanghai

## Admiral Miles' Departure Letter to Generalissimo Chiang Kai Shek

6 September 1945

The Honorable President of China  
Generalissimo Chiang Kai Shek  
Chungking, China

My dear friend:

I take the liberty of addressing you so because you indicated your friendship by your smile and the mist in your eyes when I said goodbye at our last interview. Much praise should be rendered to you for the great cooperation spirit by your General Tai Li and I, between his officers and mine, between his men and mine, by your farmers, your fishermen, and your compatriots all over China which you made possible. In the last three and one-half years, I have traveled in every province except four in the northwest and I have found nothing but whole-hearted cooperation and greatness from the high down and from the low up. It is true that some places General Tai and I did not have much to eat, but we had the best rice the poor farmers planted. I saw the suffering in your country; was out in it most of the time. I was in trouble most of the time, some of it because the Japs who were chasing me or for other countless reasons which are now of no matter, but in all that time, I saw China.

Today was the happiest day of my life. I, as you now know, was in your house which was built for you and lying in your bed recuperating. Three great men paid me a visit, C. F. Chen, Consulate General of Calcutta, General Mao Jen Feng of the Bureau of Investigation and Statistics for General Tai, his most trusted officer and Mr. Pan Chi Wu, who has been acting as our Chief of Staff of SACO, who has carried on under all kinds of fire from friends and enemies alike. They called on me as an ill man and to present me with a medal\*. The medal is worth writing volumes about not on just its intrinsic value and beauty, but for what it stands for. I immediately knew what it stood for and I am not a bit ashamed for crying, - - for joy. You can see that the little bit that we did in the Sino-American Cooperative organization between General Tai Li and me, his officers and mine, his men and mine, have really started things going on the sure road to peace. I have not words enough to thank you for thinking so highly of (me); I enjoyed visiting you and the last time especially and I enjoyed visiting the late great President Lin Sen's tomb near you after I left you. I think it is a great tribute to him that you live in his house so that all the people say visit both you and General Lin Sen. I am sorry I have never had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Chiang although Mrs. Miles has and told me about her. In a few days

*(Page 2 of letter to Generalissimo Chiang*

I shall go home and be with Mrs. Miles.

I hope someday we can come back to China and have the pleasure of meeting with you both, you and Madame Chiang at that time.

In the meantime, since we have accomplished cooperation a little bit in the SACO organization, General Tai and I have agreed to keep the China and American flags two-blocked where you reviewed the troops at Unit Nine in the Valley and we are going to keep the flood lights installed so that even in the dark they may be visible by artificial means from all around. We are headed for peace and the dove with an olive branch in its beak in America is our symbol of peace. General Tai and I have, with your cooperation and of President Truman are going to keep the flags flying, we are going to forget the war and look forward to the peace.

Again, I thank you for the beautiful medal and treatment. Thank you,

On my way back home I expect to visit Shanghai to call on my very close friends. General Lee Chung Chee and General Tong En Po one of your ablest Generals and to visit and talk with the multitude of very close friends General Tai Li and I have and I expect to spend one or two days and then start home, but I must see them in addition to Tong En Po; I must see Chen Shaw Kwan with whom I have had insufficient opportunity to work closely. I also wish to go by Nanking and call upon General Hoa Yin Chin who conducted himself with dignity and graciousness at the surrender. I wish to pay my respects to him together with my friends accompanying me to join General Chin and journey to the tomb of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, your George Washington.

I know you will authorize these requests as are possible; I appreciate it.

I again repeat, I am a sick man and must close this letter to you.

Most sincerely,

M. E. Miles  
Rear Admiral, U. S. Navy

\* "Medal of the Pure White Cloud" (awarded only to officers of the Army, Navy and Air Force of rank of Lt. 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 services 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.)



# **MISSION ACCOMPLISHED-SACO CLOSES BOOK OF SECRECY**

1410 (2:10p.m.) – 24 September 1945

**Memo: For all hands:**

**You are cordially invited to attend the closing ceremonies of SACO (Sino-American Cooperation Organization) to be held at the drill field of Unit 9, Naval Headquarters in the afternoon of 24 September 1945.**

**The ceremonies will consist of a brief view of the troops, which has always been kept in secret until now, followed by a farewell short address by General Tai, if he cares to give one, followed by a ten-minute talk by me and then the final colors.**

**As you know, SACO was intended as an instrument to defeat the enemy and bring the war to a successful conclusion in order to regain peace. We have had a very small part in that mission, but feel we were successful and we are proud of it.**

**I hoisted my flag for the first time as Rear Admiral in the U. S. Naval Headquarters Building, 2 Peking Road, Shanghai, China on 4 September 1945, and on that date SACO was terminated. This is in accordance with the common consent of the Generalissimo, General Tai Li and myself.**

**I again cordially invite you to attend. I ask you to close up all your offices and come out and see me. We have stopped the war, let us get to peace. This is the first step for our team of SACO.**



**M. E. Miles  
Rear Admiral U. S. Navy  
Commander, U. S. Naval Forces, China**

# HISTORICAL SACO DOCUMENT

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 spotlessly 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

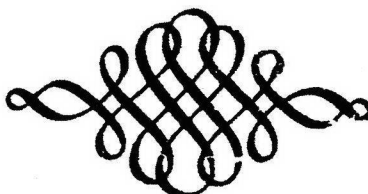
9. A copy of this official commendation is to be forwarded to the respective agencies in order to insure its being placed in the service records of every man who has served in SACO, be he Chinese or American, be he in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Air Force or civilian.

10. Special copies of this <sup>letter</sup> 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 Pa Kaisao, signed Lieutenant General Tai Li, Director and Rear Admiral Milton E. Miles, Deputy Director of SACO.

**NOTE: The foregoing was among personal documents belonging to Adm. M. E. Miles and forwarded to me by son Charles Miles for my review and use as I might choose. This is copy of original document which is age discolored as shown even in this copy, but more legible than original. My thanks to "C-Going" for sharing. rlr**

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## ***SHOULD HAVE MADE THE NEWS***

(From Bob Hoe 6 Aug 2008)

**"This story made the news 'BIG' here in San Diego; San Diego treats the military well! Of course, we are especially proud of the SEALS.**

**"PO2 Mike Monsoor , a Navy Technician, was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for jumping on a grenade in Iraq, giving his life to save his fellow SEALS.**

**"During Mike Monsoor's funeral in San Diego, as his coffin was being moved from the hearse to the grave site at Ft. Rosecrans National Cemetery, SEALS were lined up on both sides of the pallbearers route forming a column of two's, with the column moving up the center. As Mike's coffin passed, each SEAL removed his gold Trident from his uniform, slapped it down embedding the Trident in the wooden coffin. The slaps were audible from across the cemetery; by the time the coffin arrived graveside, it looked though it had a gold inlay from all the Tridents pinned to it. This was a fitting send-off for a warrior hero.**

**"This should be front-page news instead of the 'crap' we see everyday. Since the media won't make this news, I choose to make it news by forwarding it onto you guys. I am deeply proud of our military. If you are proud too, please pass this on then rest assured that these fine men and women of our military will continue to serve and protect!"**

???!!!\*\*\*

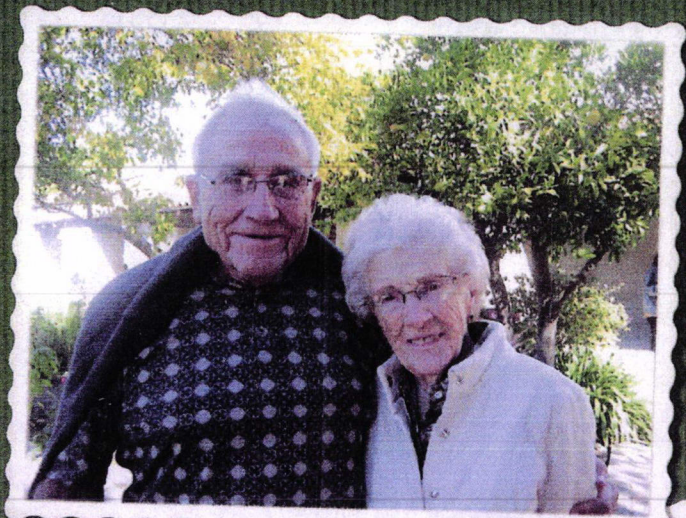
*Congratulations From SACO Family to Wes and  
Kathryn Weskamp for 60 Years of Loving Memories*



We are blessed this holiday  
season to have shared  
60 years together.

We thank our family & friends  
for filling our life with joy!

Love and Prayers  
Wes and Kathryn  
2009



*Hope Health Allows all to get Together Again in  
Raleigh, NC May 26 thru May 29*



# **36<sup>TH</sup> ANNUAL SACO REUNION**

**WED. MAY 26 = SAT. MAY 29, 2010 RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA**

**MARRIOTT RALEIGH CRABTREE VALLEY**

**4500 MARRIOTT DRIVE**

**SACO RESERVATIONS: 1 (800) 1228-9290 OR (919) 781-7000**

**ROOM RATES \$99 + TAX**



**Time is getting closer for our SACO Reunion and I am excited about your visit to our beautiful city of Raleigh.**

**We are the state capital of North Carolina and there is much to see and do. Here are some ideas for enjoying your free time:**

- \* **Downtown Museums:**  
**History and Science Museums. The History Museum has a very nice World War II exhibit**
- \* **The Civil War Capital complex.**
- \* **Historic Oakwood Cemetery, noting back to the Civil War.**
- \* **Sarah P. Duke gardens and Duke University Chapel is a short distance from Raleigh.**
- \* **The Planetarium in Chapel Hill, home of the University Of NC.**
- \* **Ladies, don't forget the largest mall in North Carolina is just across the street from the hotel.**

