

Issue
No. 11

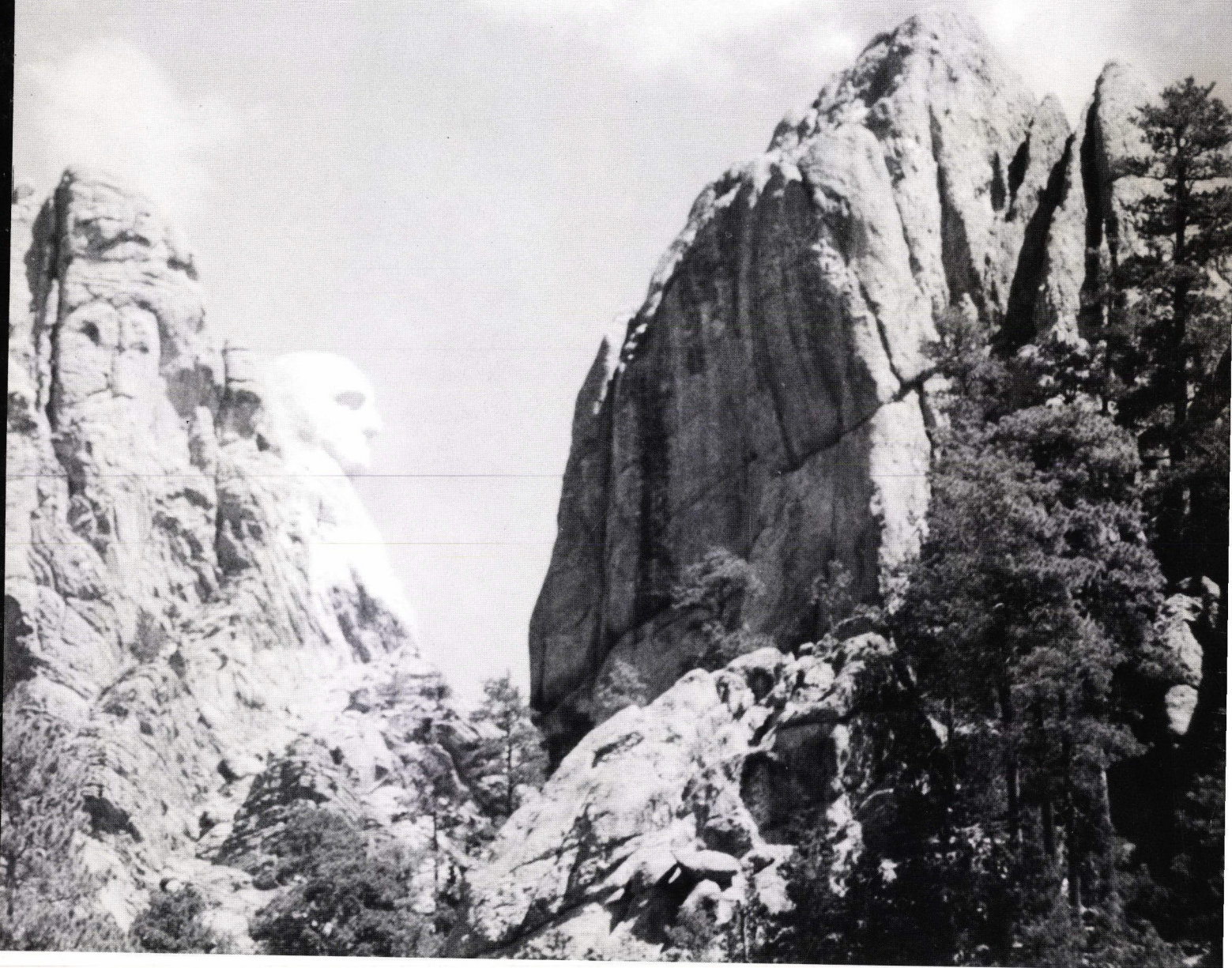
SACO VETERANS

SINO AMERICAN
COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION

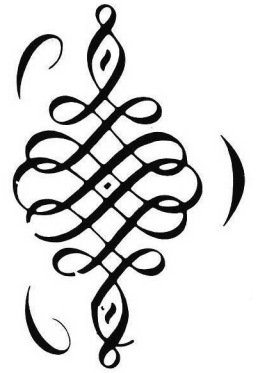
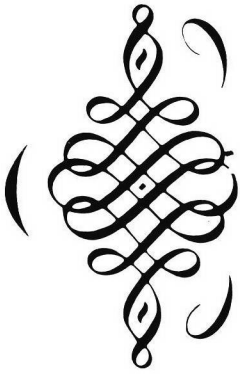
*VICE ADMIRAL MILTON E. "MARY" MILES
Rear Duke & Perpetual Skipper*

OCT
1994

WHAT THE HELL?



SACO  NEWS



**DIRECTOR OF
MIB MND
TAIWAN
ROC**



LT. GEN. HU CHA-CHI



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

25 June 1994

Mr. Richard L. Rutan
45-480 Desert Fox Dr.
La Quinta, CA 92253
U. S. A.

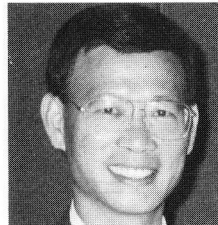
Dear Mr Rutan:

I would like to express my sincere appreciation to you for your kind hospitality during the period of my participation in the SACO Convention this year, which made my visit to South Dakota most enjoyable. I was very impressed with the hospitality room arranged by you and "Mama Erma," which provides a best place to us to get acquainted with each other, and the enthusiasm of both you and "Mama Erma" for providing services to all of us. I will always cherish this memory and friendship.

Shortly after my return from the U.S. , I reported to Lt. General Hu on the details of this year's Convention, and in particular, your response to Ms. Anna Chennault's proposed invitation for a visit to the Chinese mainland. General Hu highly values the longstanding friendship between both sides and greatly admires you for your persistent support of the ROC government. We firmly believe that the friendship between us will last forever. With this letter I enclose several photos for you to keep. You may also send other photos to other members or put them in the SACO publication.

Although it was the first time I saw you and "Mama Erma", it seems to me that "I was meeting with my old friends." I sincerely hope we will meet again either in the United States or on Taiwan, the ROC in the near future.

With my best wishes.



Sincerely,

Richard, Jeng Lee-kuo
Colonel, ROC Army
Director, Office of Director
MIB

P.S.: Enclosed please find Director Gen. Hu's photo as requested in your letter of 3 June 1993



SACO

SINO AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION

VICE ADMIRAL MILTON E. "MARY" MILES
Rear Duke & Perpetual Skipper

1994 Convention Chairman

David J. Clarke
1410 Davenport St.
Sturgis, SD 57785-1927

SACO VETERANS CONVENTION

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June 15, 1994

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West Covina, CA 91791

Lt. General Hu Cha-Chi, Director MIB
Ministry of National Defense
P.O. Box 3693
Shihlin, Taipei, Taiwan ROC

Dear General Hu,

I write to follow-up our previous correspondence regarding a letter from Anna Chennault, (Apr. 1, 1994), widow of Gen. Claire Chennault, in which she asked if SACO would be interested in sending a representative to a memorial celebration to commemorate the 50th Anniversary of the surrender of Japan. This meeting is to be held in July 1995 at Jia Joing City, in the Province of Hunan, Peoples Republic of China.

As planned, the question was placed on the agenda at the SACO '94 Reunion, and discussed in the Board Meeting as well as at the General Meeting.

The decision was unanimous that unless the Government of The Republic of China on Taiwan participates officially, SACO would not participate either. Our 50 Years of Friendship has been based on loyalty to our Chinese comrades of W.W.II, and will continue on that basis.

Kind regards.

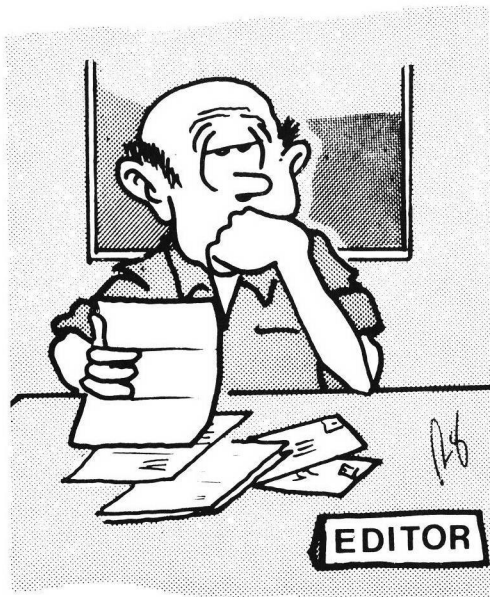
Very truly yours,


Arthur H. Wilding

1994
Rapid City, SD

1995
Seattle, WA





NO ONE EXEMPT FROM PAYING CONVENTION REGISTRATION FEES

The disbursement of registration fees at conventions is a matter of misunderstanding by some. The assumption that registration assessment is for the most part the Hospitality Room is grossly erroneous and has prompted some to be reluctant to pay registration for one who doesn't drink.

Let's try to explain this issue once again and then forever put it to rest! The registration fee is what a chairperson projects as necessary to remain solvent. The cost of providing your cocktails, beer, wine and soft drinks is a small percentage of the overall fee indeed! Hospitality Room expenses average in the neighborhood of 14% of the registration "kitty." The cost in Louisville and Nashville was considerably under due to sponsors such as Jack Daniels and Maker's Mark respectively. I believe that it's safe to estimate that each individual portion of registration runs about \$13 - \$14 for the entire convention with no limit on your intake! One night out with a friend or spouse at your local "watering hole" will cost as much!

And those who don't imbibe are encouraged to share friendly times in the Hospitality Room with soft drinks, sometimes continental breakfasts and various other snacks...and if that isn't your forte (visiting the Hospitality Room), these items can be taken to your room and often are. I don't consider \$13 - \$14 out of line even for these options.

For further discussion, are you **NOT** aware that **EACH** of us shares the expenses of our VIPs such as gifts, flowers, fruit baskets, food and hotel suites? And what about the printings and mailings promoting the reunion you are attending - the I.D. tags, the handouts at registration, the printing of programs, the floral arrangements, entertainment and cost of the banquet itself? Add the gratuities for services rendered in the Hospitality Room (and might I add that in this respect, I make sure SACO is **NOT** remembered as being a "cheap" outfit!) Sometimes I wonder how our hosts make ends meet!

So **PLEASE!!** Once and for all! There are many other expenses greater than the cost of "booze." There is no canvass to ascertain those who "do" and those who "don't" and so **"WHAT THE HELL!"** do we really care? We're still an "All for one and one for all" organization without special privileges, rates...**NOT EVEN SENIOR DISCOUNTS!**

WAIT! DON'T READ ON

until you see if your name is on this list and if not, **why not?** This publication is financed entirely by dues and we need more support if we are to continue these periodic issues. Even if you never attend a convention, yet enjoy reading SACO NEWS, won't you **sit down this very day** and send dues to Treasurer Frank Buckless? For me, it's a 'Labor of Love,' but unfortunately, that doesn't work for the printer nor Uncle Sam for delivering. As a point of interest, the dues paid by the members listed here will, for the most part, be exhausted in the expense of this issue. Can we count on you to carry on with this circulation? Thanks, Ed.

THE FOLLOWING ARE CURRENT WITH ANNUAL DUES

Alverson, D. Lee	Dabson, Evan C.	Hillman, Nelson G.	Mullen, Ralph E.	Smith, Lewis K.
Ambros, Jr. (A), Rev. B.L.	Dalrymple, Vernard F.	Hoe, Robert J.	Murphy, Bernard P.	Smith, Oliver J.
Arnold, Ernest	Dess, James H.	Holcombe, John T.	Murphy, James K.	Smith, Richard C.
Baker, Willie M.	Devlin, Col. Francis T.	Hornberger, Robert B.	Nelson, Bernard W.	Smith, W. Elsworth
Banes, George W.	Divelbiss, Carl W.	Horning, Lorne	Nelson, Norman J.	Smoley, John A.
Bannier, Richard	Dorner, Robert L. "Buck"	Howard, Cdr. Wm. D.	Nichols, Victor E.	Snyder, David
Barnes, Charles P.	Drury, Vincent B.	Howell, Jr., Bronson C.	O'Brien, Charles F.	Spigelwre, Mrs. James S.
Bartee, L.Wm. "Bill"	Dunn, James C.	Hunnicut, Glenn W.	Olander, Melba	Spirakus, Stanley F.
Bartee (A), Ted R.	Dwork, George	Huston, Eugene H.	Oliivi, DDS, Emil John	Springer, V. Aldon
Bell, Robert James	Dwyer (A), J. Barry	Inman, Willard D.	Olsen, Arthur R.	Stoddard, Walter J.
Benedict, Vern R.	Eaton, James R.	Jacobsen, Keith H.	Olson, O.J.	Stone, Norbert J.
Bisceglia, Victor R.	Ediss, Dr. Alexander T.	James, William C.	Palmer, Herbert G.	Stringfellow, Elden R.
Blackmore, Charles G.	Edwards, Wilbert W.	Jayne, Hilton	Pappas, Stephen	Tao (A), Frank
Blackwell, James E.	Elliott, William E.	Jones, John L.	Parkin, Jr., Charles M.	Tate, S. Shepherd
Blair, Willis M.	Ende III (A), Edward H.	Karas, Larry	Parrick, Carl R.	Taylor, John H.
Bohus, Arthur G.	Ende, Jr., Edward H.	Katz (A), Bernard	Peacock, William J.	Telesco, Ben J.
Bolt, William V.	Ernest, William W.	Keenan, Jr., Joseph D.	Petersen, Jack M.	Terpstra, Richard I.
Bonin, Harold	Erwin (A), Sylvia "Moe"	Keller, John J.	Petersen, Kathryn A.	Tether, Charles Ed.
Bonin, Pricilla	Estes, James C.	Kellow (A), Doris M.C.	Petosky, Sigmund J.	Thomas, Robert G.
Booth, Jr., Elwood "Bud"	Felmy, MD, Lloyd M.	Kelly, James F.	Petri, Richard L.	Tordoff, John S.
Bowman, Nelson J.	Fiduk (A), Maj. Stephen J.	Killion, William T.	Pike, John W.	Tovrea (A), Wilbert J.
Bradley, Joseph O.	Fintak, Leonard P.	Klavan, Stanley	Pisarick, Jr. (A), John V.	Tressler, Jr., Guy D.
Bradtmueller, Herman F.	Fitzgerald, Joseph F.	Klos, John N.	Pontecorvo, Mario A.	Troyer, W. Royston
Brightbill, Wade J.	Fleming, Andrew M.	Koller, W.P.	Poon, Yin	Ulaneck, Julius W.
Brown, Kenneth U.	Fletcher, Leo W.	(Komorowski)Kaye, Matthew A.	Porter, Edward E.	Vasold, Edward A.
Buckless, Frank W.	Floress, Irving A.	Kuhn, Cornelius W.	Porter, Paul	Villios, Nicholas
Burke, Leonard J.	Foust, Solomon F.	Landry, Joseph E.A.	Powell (A), James W.	Vincent, Mrs. Wm.
Cannon, Jr., Michael P.	Gabeline, Donald B.	Larson, Robert P.	Prather, Fred H.	Walintis, Peter Paul
Carrillo, Alex S.	Galantin, Adm. I.J.	Lasley, Jonathan H.	Rebert, Burnell K.	Walker, Wm. Reese
Carter, Edwin M.	Gallagher, W.F. "Joe"	Leberman, Donald G.	Reynnet, Francis D.	Warren, Jr., Robert N.
Casamajor, Paul	Gang, MD, Lawrence B.	Lee, Marvin	Reynolds, Raymond E.	Waters, John Calvin
Cashill, John W.	Gats (A), Irene L.	Lyall, Robert V.	Rhicard, Kenneth O.	Watson, Sr., Richard H.
Ceremsak (A), Richard J.	Gee, Clarence D.	Magnet, Melvin	Richardson, Jack W.	Weber, Robert F.
Chen (A), Byron	Gerosa, Alfred G.	Massey, W.H.	Robinson, Charles S.	Webster, Frederick H.
Cheng, Charles K.	Gillespie, Howard J.	McCabe, Burton W.	Rolak, Chester S.	Werwege, James T.
Chin, Patrick	Gilroy, Lillian R. "Slim"	McCaffrey, Stanley E.	Romanki, Harry	Weskamp, Herman "Wes"
Chinnis, B.R.	Glassic, Francis J.	McCarthy, Bernard D.	Rosinski, Edward R.	White, William F.
Chung, Warren Y.	Gleason, Frank A.	McClow, Wayne M.	Ross, Harold B.	Whitlock, F. James
Ciacchio, Salvatore J.	Goodson, Wayne Lee	McDonough (A), Mrs. J.R.	Rutan, Richard L.	Wiedwald (A), Dr. Wm.J.
Clarke, David J.	Gordon (A), R. Douglas	McGuff, Archie W.	Sager, William H.	Wilcox, Marlyn D.
Coats, Gerald F.	Gorelick, Ralph	McMullan, Lloyd Henry	Samuels, Howard A.	Wilding, Arthur H.
Cobb, Lloyd T.	Grayson, John R.	McNeely (A), Donald G.	Scarborough, Joseph T.	Williams, O.E.
Cofer, Robert L.	Griffin, B. Ernest	Michalick, Steve	Scheck, Don R.	Willig, John R.
Colgrove, Earl F.	Groepfer, Mortiz W.	Miles, Wilma S. "Billy"	Scurlock, Henry F.	Wills, J. Jackson
Colson, Thomas J.	Gromala, Matthew	Miles (A), Charles H.	Scurlock, Mrs. James L.	Wilson, Kenneth R. "Tug"
Conditt, L. Hamlin	Hall, Bill C.	Miles (A), Murray E.	Seidenberger, Mrs. Mary	Wogan, Anthony J.
Conway, John M.	Hankins, Ralph	Miller, Don A.	Sellers, Charles E.	Zucks, Leon J. "Duke"
Coughlin, Thomas W.	Hanson, Buren	Miller, Jack L.	Semonovich, Joseph	
Cowan, James K.	Harabin, Jr., George	Miller, R.H.	Shaver, Dr. John S.	
Cox, Mrs. Charles L.	Harvey, Jack V.	Miller, Robert G.	Sheaffer, Kenneth C.	
Cox, (A), Charles E.	Hatterman, Wayne H.	Miller, William M.	Shearer, John R.	
Coyle, Jack T.	Heagy-Collington (A), Kay	Mishler (A), Craig	Shiffler, Paul M.	
Craig, Mrs. Donald D	Healey, Vincent J.	Mitchell, Burton R.	Siegrist, Dr. Jacob L.	
Crandall, Olan F.	Herberg, Vernon E.	Morgan, Jon E.	Silva (A), Alfonso R.	
Cross, Robert J.	Hill, Robert G.	Morris, Jr., Seth I.	Simmons, William P.	



LETTERS

16 June 1994

Dear Dr. Felmly:

Thank you very much for both your letters bringing me the exciting news.

It is indeed a great honor for me to become an honorary member of the SACO which I have long admired.

I feel greatly privileged to have had the opportunity in my life to make so many good SACO friends. I'll cherish this unique friendship for good.

Please convey my highest respects & deepest appreciation to all dear SACO friends and ladies (especially Peggy).

With warmest regards,

Fan Chi-yao

Maj. Gen. Fan Chi-yao

✍

11 Apr 1994

...I love the front cover (No. 10 Mar. 1994). Can't you just hear that lovable creature saying, "What do you mean, 'What The Hell?' Let's go for a walk." As you can well imagine, I love dogs.

As usual, you have done a great job. I appreciate the editorial. By the way, that is a gorgeous photo of Mount Rushmore on the back cover.

Sincerely,

Carl
Carl W. Divalbiss

1 Apr. 1994 (To Buckless)

I'm pleased to enclose my check for \$50 my SACO dues and general support of our organization...

I was in the Kunming group and out in the field above Kweilin, target spotting for the Flying Tigers, then walked along the China Coast from just below Shanghai to just above Canton (now Changhao) - preparing the way for downed pilots flying from carriers. 100 pilots were rescued by the Chinese and returned to Kunming and then back to their ships. They were treated like heroes! I was awarded the Silver Star for the target spotting for gallantry in action & the Legion of Merit for the exceptionally meritorious service for preparing for the rescue of the 100 pilots.

My very best to you.

Stan McCaffrey
Stan McCaffrey

✍

3 August 1994

That I've never written you to commend your great work in the publication of the "SACO NEWS" is inexcusable. Whatever else, do not construe my failing as indifference. Not so! I have to confess I've allowed my slothful tendencies and my capacity for procrastination to have played too important a role in controlling my better instincts.

I can well imagine the many problems you face in preparing each and every issue of the SACO NEWS. The logistics alone can be nightmarish. Whatever else, Richard, I know all your readers appreciate all you've done to keep us apprised of the goings-on in our organization. My 'thank you' seems not near enough to acknowledge your efforts, but it's meant from the heart...

Stay nice!...

Jim Kelly

CLINTON ADMINISTRATION FAUX PAS EMBARRASSES SACO

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

TUESDAY, MAY 10, 1994

REVIEW & OUTLOOK Snubbing a Democrat

Last Wednesday, in a diplomatic gesture of considerable timorousness, the State Department did China's bidding and refused to let the president of Taiwan stay overnight on U.S. soil. President Lee Teng-hui was traveling to Costa Rica and requested to spend the night in Honolulu where his plane needed to land for refueling. But China's ambassador, ever vigilant, howled in protest, and so Mr. Lee's plane was permitted by the United States to stop for only 90 minutes before being ushered out of the country.

Taiwan's Mr. Lee is a true democrat, the kind that Washington presumably would like to encourage on the mainland.



LOS ANGELES TIMES

WASHINGTON EDITION

FRIDAY, MAY 6, 1994

By JIM MANN
TIMES STAFF WRITER

WASHINGTON—He wasn't able to shop in Waikiki. No one threw a lei around his

neck. He didn't see any palm trees or walk on the beach.

Instead, when Taiwan President Li Teng-hui's plane stopped in Hawaii on Wednesday on the way to a visit to Nicaragua, he decided to stay inside his plane on the Tarmac. The reason? The Clinton Administration would not give the leader of Taiwan permission to do anything in Honolulu beyond a short refueling stop.

And, as if to compound the rebuff, there was no American welcoming party to greet Li's plane. No American diplomats or officials were present except Nat Bellocchi, head of the Washington office of the American Institute for Taiwan, the unofficial organization set up to handle non-government contacts with the island.

The Administration's icy treatment of the Taiwanese president is in line with past practice. Ever since 1979, when the United States broke off diplomatic relations with Taiwan's Nationalist government, it has discouraged Taiwan's top leaders from traveling to this country, out of fear of offending the People's Republic of China.



THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 1994

As for relations with Taiwan, we discussed here yesterday the amazing spectacle of Taiwan's Mr. Lee being refused permission by the State Department to stay overnight in Hawaii because of objections from an irate Chinese ambassador. Translation: Democracy is good, but the U.S. shouldn't associate with democrats because we might irk the dictators in Beijing.

Is it any wonder that Assistant Secretary of State for East Asia and the Pacific Winston Lord is writing worried memos to Warren Christopher about frittering away our influence in the region?

(The foregoing are excerpts from various publications)

The Washington Post

FRIDAY, JUNE 3, 1994

For the Record

From an editorial in the June 2 issue of Far Eastern Economic Review:

What do you do with a country that does everything it's supposed to do—opens up its markets, democratizes its politics and reaches out to its neighbors? Well, if that country happens to be Taiwan, you ignore it and hope it will go away.

Just ask Lee Teng-hui. During his first official state trip abroad, the Taiwanese president found himself subjected to all manner of indignities from countries he might otherwise count as friends. Mr. Lee had hoped to stop off for a private visit in the U.S. and Japan on his way to Central America and South Africa. But Japan gave him a flat "no," and the U.S. State Department—which recently found no objections to a visa for the Irish Republican Army's Gerry Adams—limited Mr. Lee's stay to a 90-minute refueling stop in Hawaii, off the mainland.

NOW - READ ON

July 7, 1994

President Clinton
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Ave.
Washington, DC 20500

Re: Taiwan Policy

Dear Mr. President,

I would like to express my grave concern, great agony and complete embarrassment caused by recent actions taken by the State Department relative to President Li Teng-Hui of Taiwan. As I'm sure you are aware these actions prevented President Li from making even a short visit to the state of Hawaii. It is my understanding that there was even some question as to whether his plane would be allowed to refuel on American soil.

As a member of the Sino-American Veterans Organization (SACO) I can assure you many of us have fought, worked with and socialized with our Chinese friends on Taiwan since 1943. This has fostered unprecedented relationships. This latest episode then can be described not only as a great insult to one of the world's most impressive democratic leaders but a personal affront to all of us, from the late Admiral Miles to myself.

A similar fiasco happened in 1980 when the Carter Administration implemented an "Ignore" policy in the Admiral Kidd Officer's Club in San Diego at which Admiral Liu Ho-Chin, now responsible for the entire Taiwan Defense Department, was the Honored Guest. Both of these fine gentlemen were educated in, and have strong ties to, the U.S.A. I mention this only because it makes the hurt go deeper.

I recognize that you are busy and some things get out of control, but I do request that you provide me with some type of reasoning behind such decisions and an indication of whether you have any intentions of rectifying such disgusting and embarrassing procedures in the future.

I eagerly await your explanation.

Sincerely,



Bill Bartee
4624 N. Cheyenne Trail
Tucson, AZ 85715-9717

cc: Senator John McCain
Senator Dennis DeConcini
Representative Jim Kolbe

BB/bjf

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

July 27, 1994

Mr. Bill Bartee
4624 North Cheyenne Trail
Tucson, Arizona 85715-9717

Dear Bill:

Thank you for your thoughtful letter. I appreciate your interest in the many complex issues facing our nation. To find solutions to all the challenges we face, I welcome the thoughts and ideas of all Americans who care about our future.

I'm glad you took the time to write, and I hope that you will stay involved.

Sincerely,

Bill Clinton



Was there ever a time the Admiral's Pennant was more apropos than in dumbfounded reaction to this empty response to Bartee's letter? (Ed.)

SACO WAS INVOLVED IN RESCUE OF FLIERS

The following is a follow-up of the story on P.58
of Issue #9 - the Golden Edition of SACO NEWS.

May 4, 1994

(To the editor)

Paydirt!!! Thanks to your article about me in the Golden Anniversary Issue of the SACO NEWS, I received a letter yesterday, May 3rd, from Thomas P. Greco, a Navy medical corpsman, PhM1/c on duty with SACO at Kienyang at the time and who was aware of the rescue. Needless to say, I was overwhelmed as I had about given up on finding anyone who was stationed at Kienyang at the time and who had any knowledge about the rescue. He said that Lt. George Morgan selected several marine and Navy personnel to accompany him when they went to pick up our crew. He also sent me an enlarged copy of a Navy photographer's shot of me sitting in one of the Jeeps which rescued our crew. What a thrill!!!! Mr. Greco doesn't know if any photos were taken of the crashed B-25 bomber, but that doesn't matter now.

In September 1993, I sent a letter to Lt. Morgan at the address which you sent me provided by Kenneth Mann. About three weeks later, I received a note from his wife Catherine, informing me that he had died ten years earlier and that she couldn't help me...

Again, please accept my gratitude for your help and thanks to all of those other SACO personnel who have answered my inquiries along the way. You men of SACO are **The Greatest!!!**

Sincerely and with best regards,

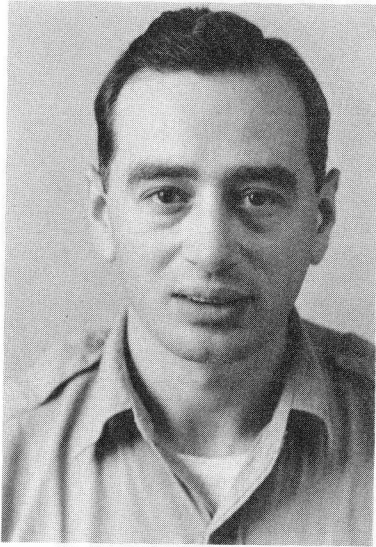
Jim
Jim Powell

BELOW: JIM POWELL SITS BEHIND DRIVER OF JEEP (Far Right)

Jim called within a few days of this letter requesting to become an associate member of SACO. He was accepted at the Rapid City Convention and he plans to be with us next year in Seattle. Ed.



After receiving Jim Powell's foregoing letter confirming SACO's involvement in the rescue of his crew on the B-25, I wrote Mr. Greco to see if he could perhaps shed more light on this episode. His response of 1 July '94 follows. Ed.



I am very happy to hear from you and I wish to congratulate and compliment you, and possibly others, for doing such a splendid job with the "Golden Issue" of the SACO NEWS bulletin.

After reading the story and the appeal of Jim Powell's B-25 bomber making a forced landing near Shao-wu, I did not respond to Jim because I did not consider what I knew of the matter was worth writing to him about. However, now I wish I had done it much sooner.

I was attached to Kienyang station January to June 1945 after being attached to Unit One for about 10 months. It was an exciting time, March 29 or 30, when we received the message that a B-25 bomber of the 5th Airforce had crash-landed near Shao-wu and the crew needed to be rescued as soon as possible. So, Lt. George Morgan picked several of our group to go to where the fliers were and bring them to our camp.

I was a corpsman PhM1/c and attached to Kienyang with some 20 or 30 marines and Navy. I was not selected to go to the rescue because I was tied up with my own duties.

I cannot recall the names of the men who accompanied Mr. Morgan. However, we were all SACO members. We had a few photographers mates in our group who took pictures of the fliers and I was fortunate to receive a few, but I saw no pictures of the plane.

Jim and his buddies stayed with us for a few days until our officers could furnish transportation for them to the nearest 14th Airforce field so they eventually could fly to their home base on Lingayan, P.I.

We were all glad to help these nice guys in their time of need. Richard, to the best of my knowledge and recollection, these statements are factual and true, and I hope that this information will meet with your expectations. It would be nice to hear from you again.

*Sincerely yours
Thomas A. Greco*

(In a personal addendum to this letter, Tom continues:)

...I am now 83 years old. I have been involved in the shoe repair and retail business since 1929 after being graduated from Lumberport High School. I have operated and owned my own business since 1935.

My wife and I have celebrated our 52nd wedding anniversary June 20. We have five children, eight grandchildren and one great-grandson.

I am proud to have served three years in the U.S. Navy, about 26 months with SACO. I had many close calls during my foreign service, but with the help of God and some luck, I was able to return home alive.



Thomas & Josephine Greco

Going Back to Camp One

By John Horton

The People's Republic of China has fashioned a lurid pseudo-history of what the Sino-American Cooperative Organization did in World War II. But when seven U. S. Navy men and Marines who served with SACO returned to China in 1986, the people's memory of the men as they were seemed alive

The People's Republic of China has taken a different approach to history than the Soviet Union has. The Soviets constantly redo their history to keep up with the latest party version of truth. The Chinese simply erased their history; it saves all that rewriting. It is convenient, too, being responsible for only what they want to remember. When seven of us who had served in China during World War II went back to China in October 1986, we wondered what the Chinese would remember about us. We might be forgotten. We might find that officially we simply did not exist.

Actually, a peculiar memory of the Sino-American Cooperative Organization (SACO), of which we were a part, is kept fresh in the official Chinese histories. Established by a 1943 agreement, SACO was a joint wartime endeavor of the Chinese Nationalist Government and the United States. The Communist Chinese have fabricated a version of SACO's story and show it in a museum at the SACO headquarters outside Chungking, the Nationalist wartime capital. The exhibit is dedicated to documenting SACO's anticommunist atrocities.

The political makeup of SACO lends plausibility to this propaganda line. The leading American figure in SACO was Captain Milton Miles (he held the rank of commodore while in the SACO post), later a vice admiral in the U. S. Navy, the commanding officer of Navy Group China, the U. S. side of SACO. Nothing sinister there. But the Chinese side of SACO was headed by General Tai Li, chief of the Bureau of Information and Statistics. Tai Li's reputation gives a specious air of authenticity to the attempt of the propagandists to tar the U. S. Navy with their broad brush. Tai was an early ally of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, the Chinese Nationalist leader. By the time Captain Miles came into the picture, Tai Li had a grisly reputation for repression with liberal elements of the Kuomintang, the ruling party of Nationalist China. American critics of the Chinese Nationalists liked to refer to Tai Li as the

Himmler of China, as though the Nationalists were some Oriental version of the Nazis. Tai Li was no more a Himmler than were the ruthless apparatchiks of the Chinese Communists' security machine. But he was no liberal, either. Tough on dissenters, General Tai was particularly hard on the Communists after their uneasy alliance with the Kuomintang fell apart. That split became civil war, a fratricidal struggle that simmered, occasionally boiling over, to simmer again, never cooling off in 20 years, sputtering on through the Japanese occupation of China, breaking out as the final convulsion that led to Communist victory in 1949 and to the Nationalist Government taking refuge on Taiwan.

Two tours in the U. S. Asiatic Fleet had given Captain Miles, Naval Academy class of 1922, a lasting sentimental interest in China, leading to his assignment there in 1942. At the start, his mission was to get weather information to U. S. sea and air forces in the Pacific, a task he performed ably. He was told also to be ready to support amphibious landings on the China coast. Those of us in the Navy Group, especially those of us near the China coast, never had the chance to show what we could have done had our forces landed. Landings on the China coast would have moved us suddenly from the end of the line to the front line itself. But the China landings, a plan the Navy cherished until late in the war, lost their strategic meaning after Iwo Jima had fallen.

For Captain Miles, getting the job done in China meant getting bogged down in Chinese politics. The Navy walked into that by signing up with Tai Li. It spoils the story to admit that none of us in the Navy Group is guilty of the crimes so colorfully described in the Chungking museum. We came to China with the sole notion of defeating the Japanese. But we soon learned that the road to victory was paved with misunderstandings. To put it crudely, the Chinese wanted the arms and equipment we could give them. On our side, we knew that we needed Chinese help if we were to work against the Japanese. Cultural differences caused daily problems, at best amusing incidents and at worst bitter disputes that hampered the effort against the Japanese. Americans start off with a brash assumption of superiority. We were brought up short in China by encountering a people with an ancient certainty of their own superiority. They thought us inferior in every way, right down to appearance and odor.

In the Navy Group we gave as little thought to what might follow Japanese defeat as did most other Americans in China. If we suspected that our sole objective of defeating Japan was a simpler goal than the Chinese could af-

ford, it rarely occurred to us to consider our own stake in their future. Chinese Nationalists and Communists alike, with a hard-eyed realism born of their long grim struggle, tacitly left it to the United States to defeat Japan. The Chinese nodded politely when we talked of operations against the Japanese occupation forces, but they looked past us, and past the Japanese, too, to stare at their Chinese rivals with justified distrust. We grew increasingly impatient with the Chinese, squabbling among themselves like that. Why couldn't they unite against the Japanese? Why couldn't they be like us?

If we were guilty of any war crime, it was our habitually naive American insistence on applying our solutions to other people's problems. We were as slow to notice our own political games as we were quick to criticize Chinese politicking. On the American side, the running quarrel between U. S. Army General Joseph W. Stilwell and U. S. Army Air Forces General Claire L. Chennault is famous; so is the contest between the impatient General Stilwell and the implacable Chiang Kai-shek. But the squabbling did not stop there. Captain Miles based his strategy—almost blindly, he was so devoted to it—on getting along with the Chinese. He insisted that everyone in the Navy Group do the same. We sometimes grumbled about this. Other Americans were inclined to scorn us as dupes of the Chinese. There was enough truth in the charge to make us cranky when outsiders accused us of being under Tai Li's autocratic control.

To make it worse, some eight different American elements gathered or thought themselves to be gathering intelligence in China. Two of these, the Navy Group and the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), were at one time combined under Captain Miles's command, a tactic the OSS used to get a foothold in China. The OSS people thought Captain Miles to be under Tai Li's thumb and did everything they could to squirm out from under it themselves. Like most Americans, the OSS thought they could outwit the Chinese, a doubtful enterprise. Anyway, the OSS soon wriggled out of the alliance with the Navy Group.

Captain Miles's strong views—much influenced by Tai Li—on how to deal with the Chinese made the Navy Group distinctive. Most educated Chinese, Kuomintang or Communist, importantly Tai Li himself, had a strong anti-foreign streak, going beyond a sense of cultural superiority to hot resentment of past imperialist insults. Tai made it clear to Captain Miles that he wanted no Old China Hands with their highfalutin' ways in the Navy Group—or in China at all, if Tai could help it. That was understandable enough, but the policy also guaranteed that few of us in the Navy Group would be experienced enough to deal with Chinese on their own ground, even to speak the language.

The ignorance of Americans coming to China for the first time was overlaid with a thick stratum of misinformation, courtesy of official American propaganda. Our own government, and such influential mass media as the *Time-Life* publications, extolled Chinese resistance to Japan in romantic hyperbole. Actually, as hard as some Chinese had fought in the past, by 1942 Nationalist Government morale was low and the people disheartened. Seeing the Nationalists up close was hard on the illusions. Many of us reacted against the Chinese Government and people, ignoring what they had undergone at the hands of the Japanese. Some Americans, unwilling to abandon their idealized picture of China, cushioned their disenchantment by

investing their emotional hopes in the Chinese Communists.

However our individual attitudes developed, Captain Miles's insistence on our close cooperation with the Chinese against the Japanese is a part of the history of those days, a part that the Chinese have wiped from their slate. "When I was in China [in the early 1970s]," a friend wrote recently, "... all sorts of vitriol was pouring out of Peking about torture chambers, sinister plots, grimy fingernail pullers from SACO working with their puppets to destroy the revolution." He went on to ask: "How did the Chinese manage your SACO connection?" That was the question in our minds when we seven from the Navy Group went back: how would the Chinese manage us?

Blessed with the persistent American illusion of invulnerability, we were not going to let the poisonous themes of the Chungking museum keep us from returning to the village of Xiung Cun. "Heroes' Village"—that's how the name translates, nothing to do with us—lies a good 700 miles east of Chungking. Next to the village, on the banks of a shallow green river flowing swiftly through its gravel bed, was Camp One, the first advanced base of the Navy Group. Parties of Navy personnel and Marines would later go out to other parts of China, founding similar bases for training Chinese troops, gathering information, picking up our downed aviators, and operating against the Japanese.

We lived a spare life at Camp One. When we went off to the mountains on operations it might be more severe. But we could hardly complain, seeing how much worse off the Chinese soldier was. We Americans were treated with the best the Chinese could offer in a meager time. Our safety was their concern, too. Tai Li's standing order to let no harm come to "the American friends" was a constant annoyance to us, eager as we were to go after the Japanese. For a time, this kept us from offensive operations. At Camp One we were able finally to get operations going in the Japanese-held area, attacking an enemy garrison or blowing up stretches of railroad. The best of these efforts were pinpricks against the Japanese, as we knew well at the time.

We were sobered when we discovered that even small victories brought Japanese reprisals against Chinese civilians. One of our parties derailed and attacked a Japanese train near a Chinese village. The head of the Kuomintang underground in that village had passed our party the information needed for the attack. Japanese reprisals were certain, he had added, but worth it: something was being done against the Japanese. We learned later of the suffering this brought down on the village. Such revelations of the burden of war on the Chinese forced us to look beyond our selfish drive for excitement and glory. Would we have done the same in his place?

Romance aside, guerrilla warfare weighs light in the scales compared to the regular military arms. Its value is more often political. Another weakness of American wartime propaganda was the yahoo delight we took in describing the skin color of our enemy as "yellow." Whatever effects this had on the Japanese, it was surely insulting to our friends. Our serving alongside the Chinese, standing with them during their grim trial, helped to counteract the damage of our own propagandistic excesses.

At Camp One, we caught glimpses also of the other face of the Communists, not the smiling one they showed the Americans in Chungking. Communist parties were stead-

ily infiltrating the nearby Japanese-occupied areas of Zhejiang Province, spreading through the mountain towns we knew. Rather than fighting the Japanese, they were eliminating the Kuomintang underground in these areas. This ruthlessness would pay off politically after the war. The Communists also planned to be on the beach when the Americans came ashore, as though it had been their real estate all along. Knowing this kept us from looking up to the Communists as the pure Chinese of our illusions.

The seven of us who started back to Camp One in 1986—five former Marines, two Navy men—were joined by camp followers: wives, friends, relatives, and an American tour leader who spoke good Chinese, to make a party of 19. The China Travel Service sent a dignified young official from Beijing to be with us on the whole tour, coordinating our activities with the local guide who took over at each stop. The Beijing guide combined a useful sense of humor with a traditional concern for our safety and comfort.

Arriving in Shanghai from San Francisco, we had to trot along the normal path for foreign tourists, visiting the obligatory day-care center, the visitor-jaded Seven/Seven People's Commune on Shanghai's outskirts, the gardens, the temples, and the ubiquitous Friendship Stores for shopping. Finally we boarded a comfortable train for the afternoon trip south to the old city of Hangzhou, capital of Zhejiang Province, on the shores of West Lake, where the Qiantang River flows into the sea. We were getting closer. We used to take sampans up the Qiantang River to sneak into the Japanese-occupied part of Zhejiang Province.

Just a hundred miles west of Hangzhou, tucked into a valley in the mountains of the adjoining province of Anhui, lay Heroes' Village. In Hangzhou, our usually amiable Chinese guide was out of sight most of the time. Rumor had it that he was on the phone with authorities up and down the line. There were hints of unsuitable accommodations for foreigners where we hoped to go. We found later there was some truth to that. At the time we feared it was an excuse to keep us from our goal. Up to the last minute, the Beijing official was politely evasive when we tried to pin him down. We were as politely confident, in return, that he would get us to Camp One. Someone somewhere was throwing obstacles in our way; to this day we do not know who or why.

Our hopes soared when, after a fine lunch in a restaurant overlooking the temple islands of West Lake, we boarded a bus that would take us west to Huizhou, the 2,000-year-old city some five miles from our camp. We drove through a broad flat valley, the bordering mountains blue in the distance. Rice was the major crop. Farmers bent low in the dry paddies to cut the brown sheaves. By the clusters of adobe brick houses the grain, already harvested and winnowed, was spread golden on woven mats in sunny courtyards. Spindly mulberry plants grew in patches next to plantings of elephant-eared taro. Soybean and sugar cane were interspersed with ponds of lotus and water chestnut.

We had seen little of this rich farm country during the war. The Japanese, with a large garrison in Hangzhou itself, had held this wide valley. Guerrilla detachments have no business exposing themselves in the flat open land. When we would float down the Qiantang River toward Hangzhou, more than 40 years before, we disembarked to walk east to the safety of steep mountain slopes,

poor in farmland, rich in bamboo, pine, and rhododendron.

As our bus moved west that October afternoon, the hills began to close in and the valleys to grow narrow and bleak. Dusty sweet potato vines and scraggly tobacco grew in scrubby clay patches wedged between the abrupt hillsides and dry high-banked streambed. People were scarce. In late afternoon the bus paused to inch through a lonely arched gate in a crenellated wall atop the sharp ridge that marked the provincial boundary with Anhui.

This was more what we remembered of our austere wartime country. At dusk the bus was winding through the narrow streets of Huizhou, the seven of us peering out the windows, calling out when we saw the familiar stone bridge with the Ming pagoda at the end of it.

We walked back to the camp the next day. We crossed the bridge again and climbed past the pagoda to the flagstone trail that led to Xiung Cun. Some things had changed. The countryside looked more prosperous than in wartime. Fields fallow then, rough and overgrown, were tilled now. The farm people along the road wore the same blue or black country clothes but the material was cleaner, less tattered. Occasionally we passed a pretty girl, neat in a patterned shirtwaist. We walked through sunshine, the trail winding along slopes above the paddies. Ducks circled in a pond by a smoking brick kiln. Low brick sheds sheltered camellia plants in heavy pots. There were scattered patches of tea above the trail. A narrow road, built since our time, joined the path to lead on to the village. This day's peaceful route had laid dark at the edge of no man's land when we knew it well. Serenity made it unfamiliar.

At the side of Xiung Cun village the parade ground of beaten earth borders the gray-graveled slope down to the edge of the river where the village women still wash their clothes. We scattered, to look for familiar objects, calling out to each other. Someone pointed out where our mess hall had stood. Some of the classrooms and the quarters that had housed us and the Chinese troops were gone now. In the temple grounds one of the Marines went into the pagoda to stand and thump his stick on the floor where once he had lived and slept. Whether by coincidence or to mark our visit, workmen were replacing beams in the pagoda and repainting its faded red. We stood together at the pagoda's railing for pictures, out of the way of the ox-blood paint dripping from above.

One of the Marines had lived with the weapons in the armory. He went to rattle its door. It was locked as tightly as it had been when he had been in charge. We asked a retired schoolteacher who had been there in our time to stand with us for a picture. So did the doctor, not because he knew us from wartime, but because he was a leading citizen.

In our time a low wall of carved stone balustrades had bordered the river side of the parade ground. We used to sit on it when the day's work was over. It had survived us but we saw that sections of it were smashed now, the pieces lying about on the dusty ground. We didn't ask what had happened to it. There are questions one doesn't ask in China. If we were part of their doubtful past, there have been more recent dreadful days that the Chinese are busy forgetting.

There were a lot of people around, crowding up to us with the pushing curiosity of Chinese country folk, the

children grinning, eager to be photographed, not as bold as the blasé city children are with tourists. The village officials were distant but correct. They led us up an outside staircase to a second-floor gallery at the end of which was a long room. We sat and drank green tea.

To them we were like a strange family that had come to insist that we had lived once in their house, before their time. They were careful with us, too polite to dispute what we claimed. We spoke a little, not much, of our time there. The guides said it was time to leave. We thanked the village officials for letting us visit. The bus had driven up to the edge of the village and was waiting for us in a clump of bamboo. As we climbed aboard, an old woman stood by the door, crying and laughing at the same time, wanting us to know that she remembered. The local Huizhou guide, a dumpy young woman with thick glasses and poor English, scolded the old woman and tried to keep us away from her.

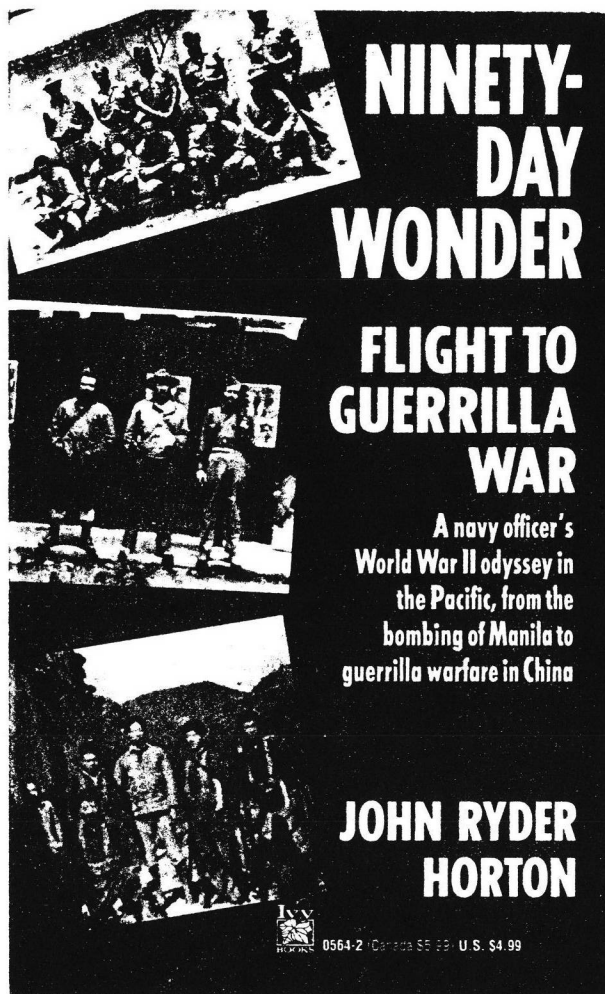
That night our group sat about in the reception room at the hotel, the guide from Beijing and the local Huizhou guide with us. Our camp doctor led us in a reluctant and ragged singing of some wartime songs. Our camp followers found this amusing, although the verses were full of private allusions lost on them and the two Chinese. Then one of the wives repeated the question she had asked before on the trip: "How did China get such a grip on you?"

We went around the room, trying to answer her. We were conscious of the two Chinese sitting quietly and listening. We did not talk long or say much. Some tried to answer the question by telling simple stories of what had happened. Our respect for the Chinese soldier came through. Our having been at the side of the Chinese in that grim time was part of the answer but difficult to bring out without sounding sentimental. Our wanting to come back to Xiung Cun and persisting until we got there was evidence of our feeling. After we broke up for bed—there was to be an early start in the morning to get back on the tourist route—we wondered where our words would go, if the guides would pass them on to some functionary up the line. Would that person record them and close them up, along with photographs of us, in a secret file? It doesn't matter to us—we remember how it was. But what is sadder than a great people being deprived of its history?

Mr. Horton's novels, *The Hotel in Tarasco* and *A Black Legend*, were published by Ballantine.

The preceding article appeared in *NAVAL HISTORY* Fall 1989 and is printed with written permission of the author, John Horton. He advises his fourth book, *NINETY-DAY WONDER*, was to be out early this year being published by Ballantine Books in paperback. This is a wartime memoir. "About half of the writing is about China covering the two years from early 1943 to the spring of 1945, when I went home. (The earlier part describes the Navy as I knew it from 1940 to early '43 when I left Australia for China.) Some of your readers may be interested

in my account of China although they should be warned that it does not pretend to be a history of the Navy Group. I spent some time in Chungking before going to Camp One in early 1944, so the view of SACO is confined to what I saw and biased by my opinions. The book will have a short shelf life, I daresay, and if anyone wants it, they'd do well to ask now that their bookstore order it for them."



NINETY DAY WONDER
Flight to Guerrilla War
by
John Ryder Horton

An Ivy Book, published by Ballantine Books in March 1994. Paperback. \$4.99

A well-written, fast-moving story about John's adventures from being in Manila on December 7, 1941, chased south, eventually to Perth, Australia from where he was assigned to SACO.

John "came aboard" SACO March 7, 1943 and served for two years in, out and around Camp #1 and was, for a time the C.O. there.

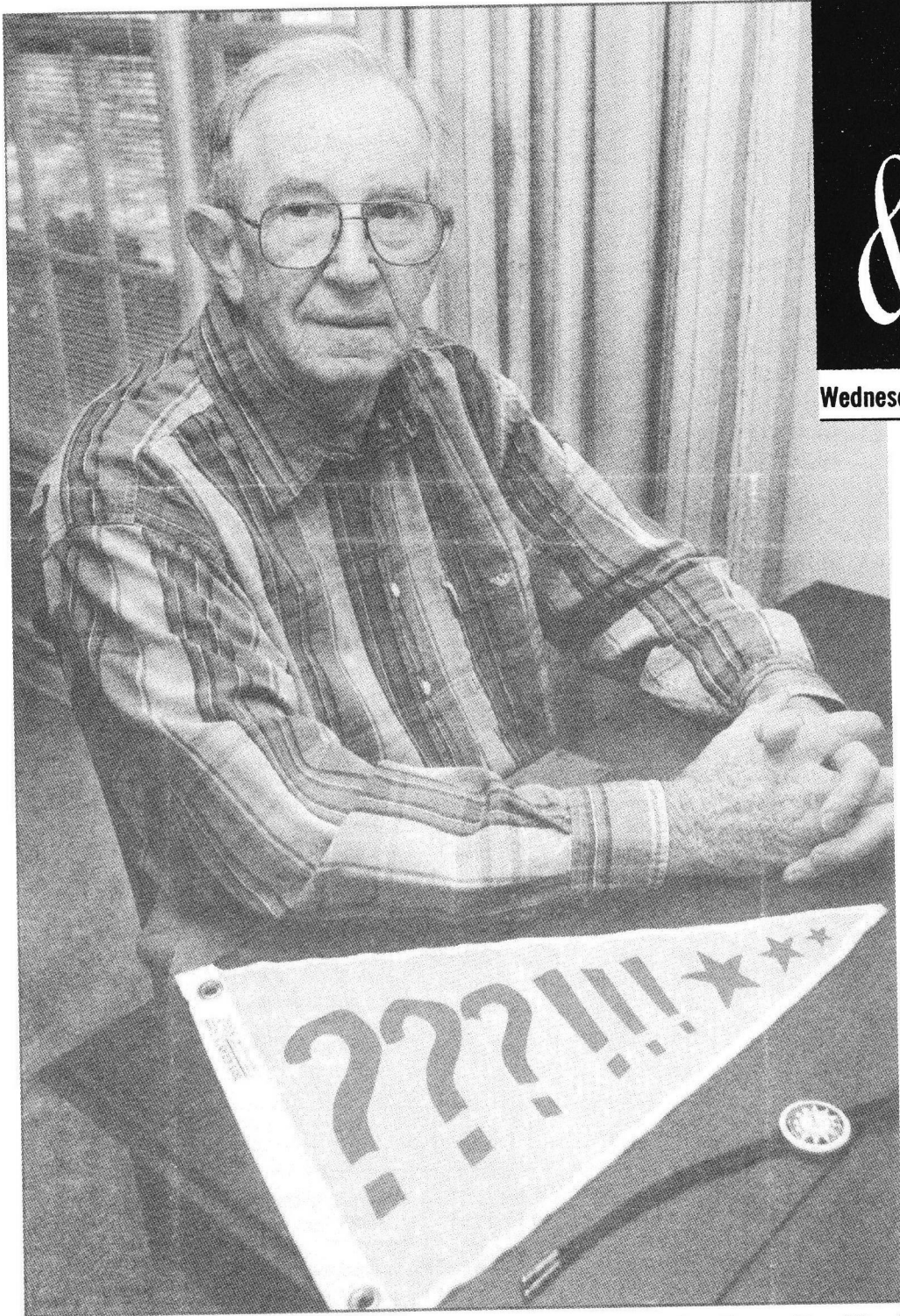
P. CASAMAJOR

Passage of time allows WWII
vet to reveal his role

NEWS &
RECORD

People & Places

Wednesday, March 30, 1993 Greensboro, N.C.



“That and the GI Bill that I used later opened the world for me, a little ridgerunner from the hills of Virginia. I hate to think what life would have been for me if I had not had these opportunities.”

● During World War II, Bill Hall knew what the Japanese were going to do before they did it.

BY JIM SCHLOSSER
Staff Writer

World War II Navy veteran Bill Hall displays a pennant similar to the one Admiral Milton E. “Mary” Miles flew as a distraction to the Japanese, allowing Miles time to get his ships and men out of danger. The pennant means “What the hell.” Hall served in what became known as America’s “Rice Paddy Navy” in China where he and a select group of officers and enlisted men monitored Japanese radio messages.

Gerry Broome/News & Record

"Are you in trouble? FBI and Naval Intelligence are here investigating you," it said.

Hall sent a return telegram: "Don't worry, all is well."

Actually, while Hall knew he wasn't in trouble, he really wasn't that sure all was well. He had volunteered for a mysterious mission, details of which the Navy had not yet supplied.

He got a hint of what was ahead when he and another sailor named Red arrived at Bainbridge Island ahead of their training class. While they waited, they were ordered to place the names of classmates on letter pigeonholes. While doing so, the two men accidentally broke a name label.

Red said he had seen a bunch of typewriters in a room down the hall. He would go type a new label.

"When he came back," Hall recalls, while seated in the living room of his Pembroke Drive home that backs up to the former Green Valley golf course, "he was as white as a sheet."

Red held up the label.

It was in Japanese.

All the typewriters printed Japanese letters only.

For the past five decades, Bill Hall has squirmed when people of his generation ask that inevitable question: "Bill, what did you do during the war?"

He would clear his throat and try to sound vague. He would remind himself of a promise he made in 1943 at Bainbridge Island. He co-signed a document sent from Washington, pledging he wouldn't ever reveal what he was about to do for his country.

The other signature belonged to President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Others who signed the same pledge

would later talk and even write books about serving in what became known as America's "Rice Paddy Navy." From a headquarters amid the rice fields of China, it snooped on the Japanese.

Hall, though, kept quiet, not even telling his father until he was on his deathbed.

In recent years, most documents about the Rice Paddy Navy have been declassified. So Hall figures FDR wouldn't mind if he chatted now about what he did in Kweilin, China from 1943-45.

He was part of a select group of officers and enlisted men sent to China to eavesdrop on the Japanese. These were big time doings for a poor boy from the South.

"That and the GI Bill that I used later opened the world for me, a little ridgerunner from the hills of Virginia," Hall says. "I hate to

think what life would have been for me if I had not had these opportunities."

From 1943 to 1945, Hall monitored radio transmissions from Japanese ships as they left port and went to sea. He didn't understand the Japanese code. He and others typed the transmissions and sent the information to codebreakers in Washington.

"For the codebreakers to operate, they had to have the raw material," Hall says. "That raw material was the messages we copied."

The codebreakers were good. Admiral Yamamoto, Japan's top Navy leader, took off on an airplane flight to inspect Japanese troops on some Pacific Islands. The Americans knew his itinerary before he even left. As a result, an American

**⊙ We were cocky
19-year-olds because we
were in on some of the
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Navy. We felt we could do
anything. And we did a
lot. ⊙**

Bill Hall

aircraft shot down the admiral's plane, killing all aboard.

Of course, the Japanese also listened in on the Americans and their allies, "but as far as we know they never broke our code," Hall said.

Still, the Japanese knew about the Rice Paddy Navy, even though Hall and his colleagues tried to be inconspicuous. They didn't wear uniforms. Officers and enlisted men didn't salute each other.

But Tokyo Rose, the famed American-born traitor, sometimes singled them out in her radio broadcasts.

"We know there are some Navy guys there," she would say of the boys in Kweilin. "We don't know what you are doing, but we know you are there."

She warned Japanese bombers would come that night and take care of them. Hall had a few close calls dodging bombs.

The Americans became so familiar with the Japanese that they could tell which telegrapher was on duty on a given ship.

"The Japanese were lousy telegraphers," he says. "They just didn't have the rhythm. Some were really good, but the majority were bad." An Army Air Force wing was based in Kweilin. Hall and his colleagues

would alert the airmen to the location of Japanese ships in the area.

Later, the rice paddy sailors would intercept Japanese messages from the targeted ships. The Japanese telegraphers would be so rushed they wouldn't bother to code the messages. They would relay information such as how many American planes had been shot down.

"We would tell the commander of the 14th Air Force and he would say, 'How do you know? They aren't even back yet.'"

By late 1944, Hall knew the war was almost over because the Japanese signals got louder and fewer. That meant the enemy was retreating to the home islands, and that not many ships were still afloat.

Before the war was over, Hall was sent back to Bainbridge Island for more training. This time the typewriters all typed Russian. He spent three years after the war at an American base in Brazil, doing maintenance work on eavesdropping equipment. He let others do the spying.

He then came home, got a degree in business administration from Virginia Tech. Later, he started a business in Greensboro, Hall Equipment Co. Inc., which sells abrasive blast equipment used for product finishing and repairs airless paint spray equipment.

Now 70, he's semi-retired and has turned the business over to his son, Bill Hall Jr.

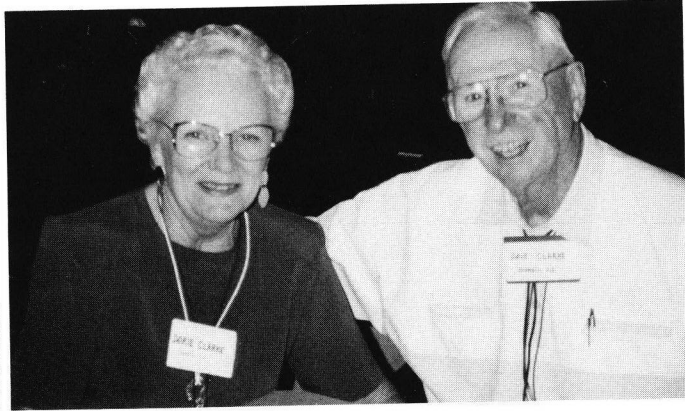
World War II were magical years for Hall. Just as the Navy promised, he saw the world and learned that not everyone had grown up poor and isolated like he had. Early in his Navy days, he went through radio training at the University of Wisconsin and was astonished when he entered the campus cafeteria. He had never seen so much food to choose from in all his life.

He was still a kid, but he and his buddies pulled off a big job: tracking the Japanese.

"We were cocky 19-year-olds because we were in on some of the top secrets of the U.S. Navy," he says. "We felt we could do anything. And we did a lot."



Black Hills a Golden Retreat For SACO



It was a beautiful time of year! The countryside was beautiful! The Holiday Inn Rushmore Plaza was outstanding with its staff of beautiful people! Yes, South Dakota was a beautiful choice and weren't we fortunate to have such beautiful hosts, Dave and Dorie Clarke?

On Wednesday, May 25, some went out for golf. Then there was an afternoon tour of the local scene. Thursday, the bus departed for Fort Meade at 9:00AM, an old cavalry post and Bear Butte State Park which was near Sturgis, (Home of our hosts). Then to the High Plains Heritage Center near Spearfish and lunch. In the afternoon, the group went to LEAD where the winter scenes in DANCES WITH WOLVES were shot. Later, at Deadwood, some tried their luck at gambling. There was a buffet dinner before returning to the hotel about 8:00PM.

Friday, May 27, was another full-day trip including Mount Rushmore and the carving site of Chief Crazy Horse. Lunch was at The Fort, a pioneer restaurant and saddle sore saloon. That afternoon was a scenic drive through the Black Hills and on to a wild game chuck-wagon dinner at the Blue Bell Lodge.

Saturday evening, we enjoyed a lovely banquet with our guests of honor Col. Richard, Jeng Lee-kuo and Capt. Michael Chang of the MIB in Taiwan. The prime-rib dinner was great! We were



UNITED STATES SENATE
WASHINGTON, D. C. 20510

LARRY PRESSLER
SOUTH DAKOTA

Statement of United States Senator Larry Pressler
Rapid City, South Dakota
May 25, 1994

I would like to welcome you all to Rapid City as you gather to pay tribute to the Sino-American Cooperative Organization (SACO). It is an honor you have chosen South Dakota as the site of your reunion.

As a veteran myself, I certainly appreciate the importance of and contributions made by those who have served their country so well. The sacrifices made by the members of SACO must not be forgotten. Their efforts to preserve democracy must remain an important part of America's proud history and heritage.

Again, welcome to Rapid City. I wish you all the very best during your reunion.

Sincerely,

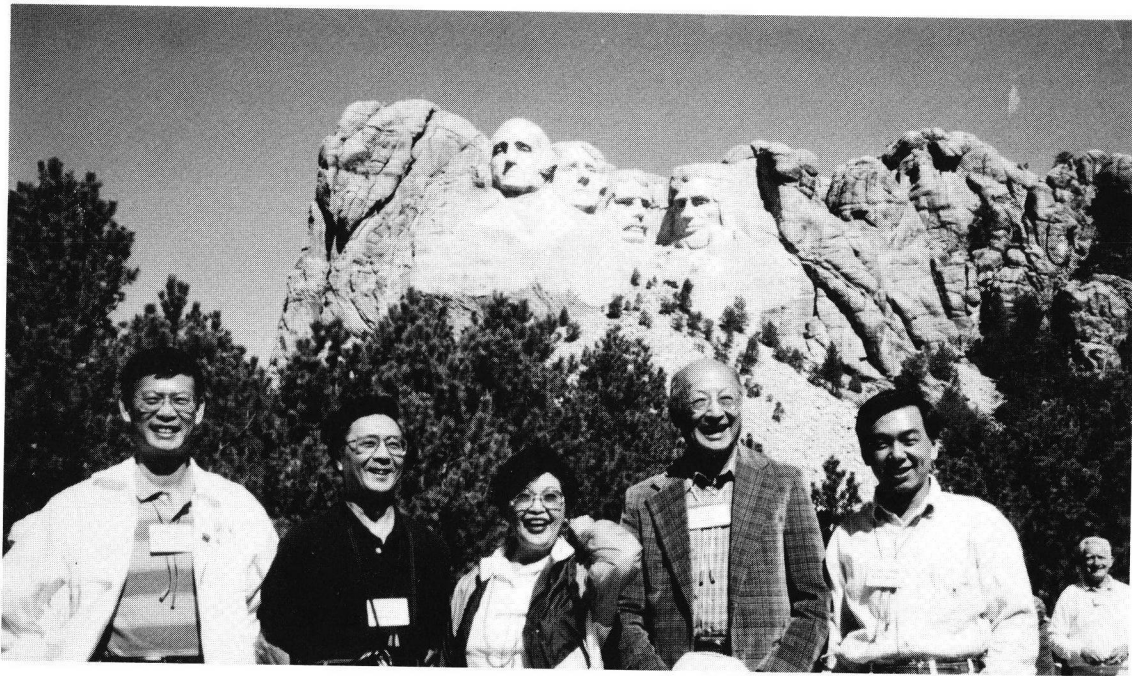
Larry Pressler
Larry Pressler
United States Senator

LP:km

entertained by the Circle B Cowboys, a singing group; David B. Miller, an impersonator and professor of South Dakota State University and guitar player and singer Gordon Pratt. It was a laid-back evening sans guest speaker and a rather welcome format.

Later, the Hospitality Room was reopened to allow people an opportunity for a last drink together and to exchange fond farewells with old shipmates.

To Bob and Lola Hill, your dedication and many hours spent at the registration along with those who helped was deeply appreciated. It's not an easy task to fulfill when you could be having fun



Col. Richard Jeng, Jimmy Dunn, Linda & Steve Chu, Capt. Michael Chang



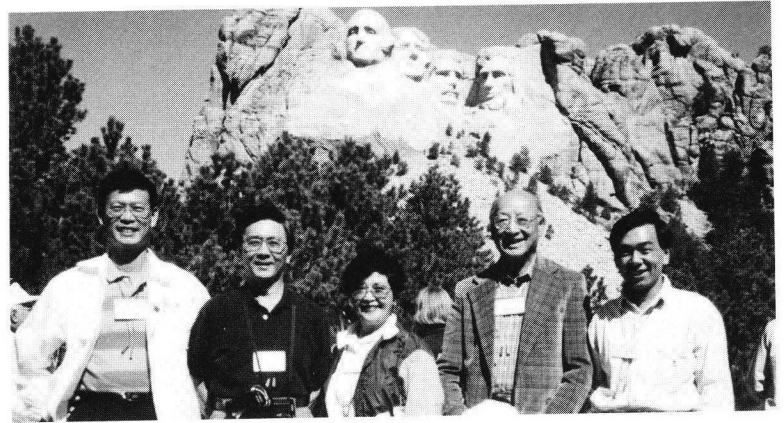
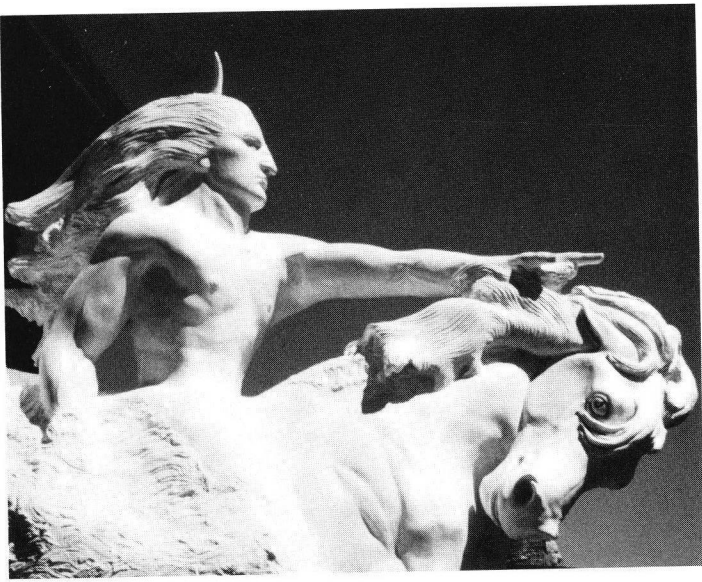
Dorie & Dave Clarke, Peg Felmly, Lola Hill, Ellen Booth

elsewhere.

And to Dave and Dorie, thanks for all your hard work. Your pleasant attitude and your seemingly placid manner of organization made all of us feel at ease and sincerely grateful to you for showing us such a wonderful time in your exciting and historic part of our great country. I'm

sure you had moments of frustration but you two never made us aware of it and you should take pride in knowing your efforts to entertain us earned you a 4.0 and a WELL DONE! We love you both; stay well and retain the happiness you shared unselfishly with all of us. May we all renew these unforgettable moments in Seattle in '95!

THE BLACK



Col. Richard, Jeng Lee-kuo, James Dunn,
Linda & Steve Chu, Capt. Michael Chang



Col. Richard, Jeng Lee-kuo, Linda
& Steve Chu, Helen & Don Tressler



Andy Fleming, Irene Gats, Ann & Kenneth Dunlavey



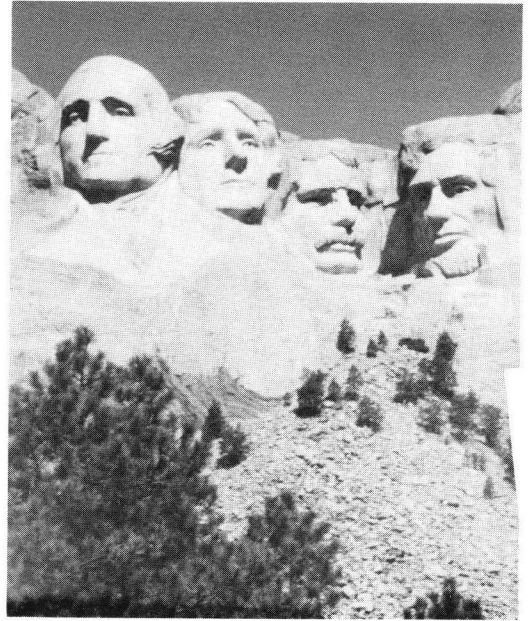
Harold Bonin



Martha Casamajor, Peg Felmly, Paul Casamajor



HILLS SACOS



"Buck" Dormer, Earl Colgrove



Ruby Alverson, "Ro" Mullen



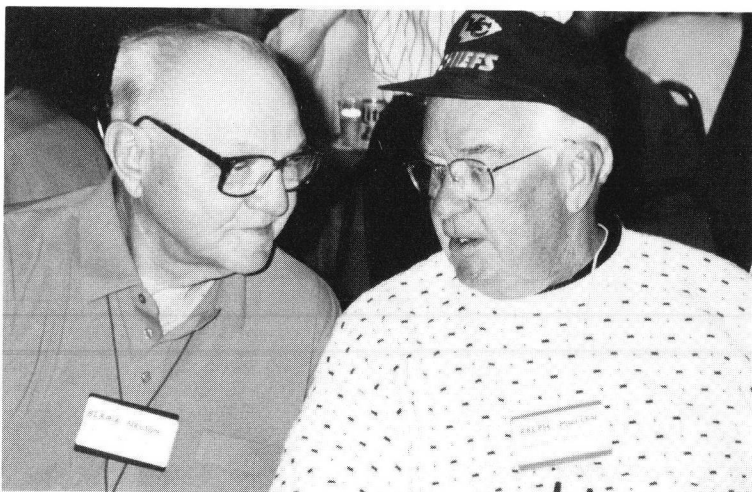
Art & Glenna Wilding



Jerry Coats



Frank & Lilyan Tao



"Bernie" Nelson, Ralph Mullen



Beverly Petersen, Richard & Erma Rutan
(The "Tarbenders")

WHAT THE KELLYS?











ATTENDEES AT RAPID CITY, S.D.
MAY 25-29, 1994

Chinese Guests:
COL. RICHARD L.K. JENG, ROC ARMY
CAPT. MICHAEL CHANG, ROC ARMY

ALVERSON, Lee and Ruby
BAKER, Willie and Audrey
BANNIER, Richard and Mathilda
BARRETT, George and Doris
BARTEE, Bill
BOHUS, Art and Marilouise
BONIN, Harold
BONIN, Pricilla
BOOTH, Bud and Ellen
BRADLEY Joseph and Harriett
BROWN, Kenneth & Lillie
BUCKLESS, Frank and Evelyn
CARRILLO, Alex and Eloise
CASAMAJOR, Paul and Martha
CIACCIO, Salvatore & Marie
CHU, Stephen and Linda

CHUNG, Warren and Grace Wong
CLARKE, David and Dorie
COATS, Gerry and Mary
COLGROVE, Earl
COX, Ruth and friends
DALRYMPLE, Vern and Gloria
DESS, Jim and Marie
DIVELBISS, Carl
DORMER, Robert "Buck"
DUNLAVEY, Kenneth and Ann
DUNN, James C.
EDISS, "Doc" and Janie FISHER
ERWIN, Sylvia "Moe"
ESTES, Jim and Doug GORDON
FLEMING, Andy
FLETCHER, Leo and Ruth
FELMLY, Lloyd "Doc" and Peg
FINTAK, Leonard and Dolores
GATS, Irene
GILROY, Lillian "Slim"
GROMALA, Matt
HANKINS, Ralph and Ann
HARABIN, George and Lorraine

HATTERMAN, Wayne and Fanny
HILL, Bob and Lola
HORNBERGER, Bob
HORNING, Lorne and Pearl
INMAN, Willard
JAMES, William C.
KARAS, Larry and Georgia
KELLY, Jim
KLOS, John N.
LYALL, Robert
McMULLAN, Lloyd H.
MILLER, Jack and wife
MILLER, Robert and Mona
MILLER, William M.
MISHLER, Audrey and Craig
MORGAN, Jon and Mary Lou
MULLEN, Ralph and Roe
MURPHY, Jim and Jackie
NELSON, Bernard and Hazel
NELSON, Norm and Jean
NICHOLS, Victor
O'BRIEN, Charlie and Mearle
OLANDER, Melba

PETERSEN, Jack and Beverly
PRATHER, Fred and Candy
REBERT, Burnell and Mary Helen
REYNNET, Francis and Carali
ROLAK, Chet and Lillian
ROBINSON, Charles "Robby"
RUTAN, Richard and Erma
SAGER, Bill and Elizabeth
SELLERS, Charlie and Laura
SMOLEY, John and Jeannine
SPIGELMIRE, Marcella
SPRINGER, V. Aldon
TAO, Frank and Lilyan
TERPSTRA, Dick and Marti
TRESSLER, Don and Helen
TRESSLER, Guy and Rosemary
ULANECK, Julius and Helen
WATERS, John C. and wife
WEBER, Robert and wife
WESKAMP, "Wes" and Kathryn
WHITLOCK, Jim
WILDING, Art and Glenna
ZUCKS, "Duke" and Dottie



CLAYTON MISCHLER'S "SAMPAN SAILOR"

Austin, Texas
July 29, 1994

Dear Mr. Rutan:

At the recent SACO convention both Mr. Casamajor and you mentioned your plan to include some publicity for Clayton's book--"Sampan Sailor"--in the next Newsletter.

At the Reunion we gave out some Order Forms sent by the Publisher for those who were unable to buy a book from our limited supply. Just recently McMillan has moved its' warehouse from New Jersey to Indianapolis. Therefore, the following address or phone should be used for ordering with a credit card:

McMillan Publishing Co.
Attention: Sales,
201 West 103rd St.
Indianapolis, IND. 46290

Phone: 1-800-428-5331

If preferred one may order the book at any B.Dalton Book Store in U.S.

For obvious reasons, I prefer not to have orders sent to me. I have already mailed out about 35 books to relatives and close friends; so do not plan to keep a supply here. The book has been selling well. You may be interested to know that the Publishers told us this week that "The Military Book Club" had ordered 700 copies! (The book had been chosen as a "Military Book Club" selection).

Thank you, and my Best Wishes to you and Erma!

Gratefully,

Clayton Mischler

SACO RECOGNIZES MORE BENEFACTORS

Stephen Chu.....\$100
Dr. Lawrence Gang..... 100
Stan McCaffrey..... 30
Bob & Mona Miller..... 100
Seth I. Morris..... 100
William Peabody..... 200
Paul Walintis..... 25

TO ALL OF YOU, your most generous consideration in behalf of our organization and SACO NEWS is deeply appreciated. We salute you & extend our most sincere THANKS!!!

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FOTO-FUNNIES



NO, RO! THIS IS MINE!
IF YOU WANT A DRINK,
GO GET YOUR OWN!

I TOLD THE BARTENDER "MAKE
MINE A GOOD ONE, OR I'LL HAVE
ERMA KICK YOUR BUTT."

WHY DID RUBY HAVE TO WAIT 'TIL I HAD
MY MOUTH FULL TO
TELL ME THIS?

D'YA MEAN I'M
THE ONLY ONE
EATING!

LORNE, TELL ME THE TRUTH:
IS THAT RELIABLE INFORMATION?

NAW! THIS IS A SR. DISCOUNT
CARD FOR McDONALD'S.. NOT
HOLIDAY INN!

OH JERRY! YOU'RE
EMBARRASSING ME!

MARY WHITE! I JUST
CANT BELIEVE
YOU TOLD THAT
STORY!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU'RE OUT
OF GIN... THEN YOU'D
BETTER GET SOME
HADNT YOU? AND
DONT FORGET THE
OLIVES!

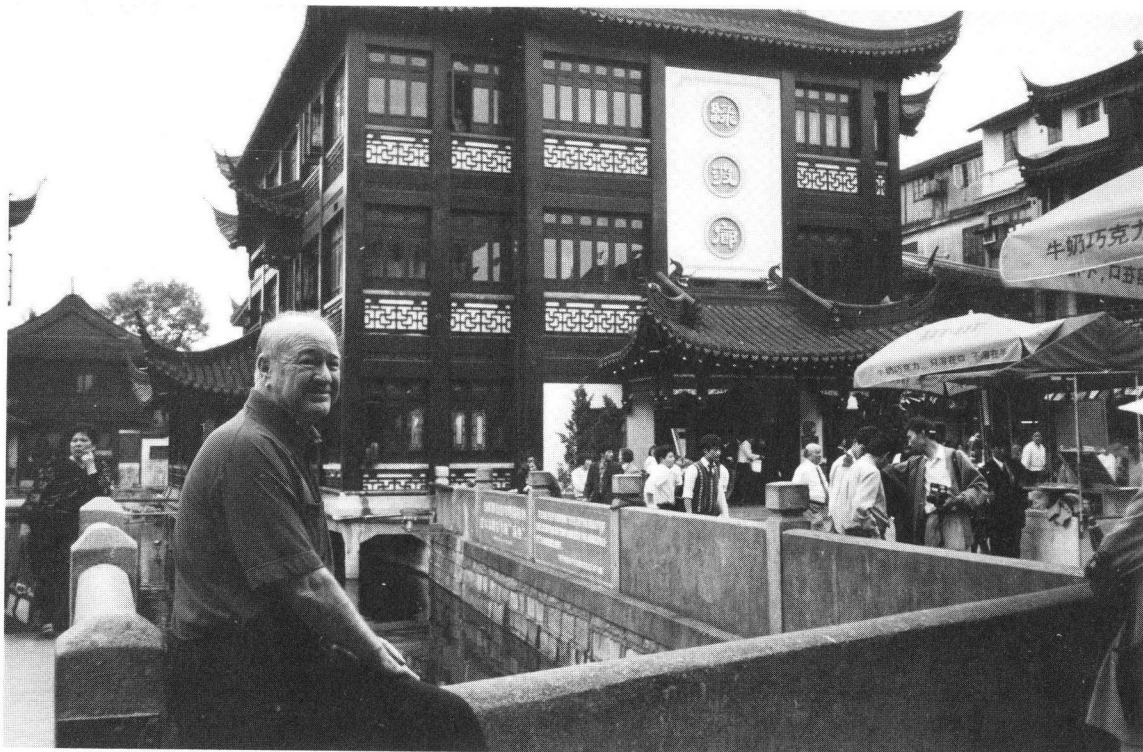
GOTTA GET
SOME Z'S!

LET'S SEE.. ONE.. TWO.. THREE
OH! WHO CARES HOW
MANY! ARE WE
HAVING FUN YET?

♪ ... where the deer
& the antelope play

HAVE YOU HAD
YOUR HUG TODAY?

LEE ALYERSON TAKES SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY



In late May of 1993, Dr. Dayton L. Alverson made a 10-day trip to China sponsored by the Bureau of Aquatic Resources of the People's Republic of China. During that time, he lectured on world fisheries and management issues at Shanghai Fisheries University and Xiamen College of Fisheries, visiting numerous marine and aquaculture

facilities and sightseeing along the South China Coast. This provided him an excellent opportunity to compare a set of 50-year-old memories with contemporary China. The following is his personal observation as taken in part from his detailed report of the trip.

(In the reduction of the original print to conserve space, any slight imperfections became magnified; thus the wavy lines in some areas of the article. For this, I apologize. Ed.)

I left Seattle on May 24 filled with a certain amount of nervous excitement and anticipation about returning to my World War II haunts of almost 50 years ago. My mental computer chip, although somewhat worn, gave me a reasonable dataset on Shanghai in the late 1940s. I could remember well sailing down the Huangpu into the Yangze River and then back to San Francisco in February 1946. At that time the Huangpu River was crowded with small sampans powered by sails or oars making their way to larger vessels anchored at the Shanghai waterfront (Bund). Downriver the stacks and masts of ships sunk during the war created an artificial deciduous forest.

1946. The city had not been badly scarred by the war, but suffered from almost a decade of Japanese control. Shops had little or no goods, many were closed, and poverty was the common property of the greater portion of the city's Chinese population. The downtown area was relatively modern for that time period, but transportation was largely via bicycle rickshas. Few cars were in the streets, although trucks and other military vehicles were common. At that point in history the Park and Palace hotels were the "in" places. The Park Hotel was taken over as a U.S. officers billet and the Palace operated as the class hotel on the Shanghai river front.

I had remained in Shanghai from just after the end of the war until February

I arrived in Shanghai the following night (May 25, 1993) and was picked up

by a government official (Cui Lifeng) who was to stay with me throughout my trip. He was a great companion. It was after dark when we landed, but enroute to the Sheraton hotel it quickly became apparent that the outskirts had blossomed into highrises, apartments, new office buildings, and hotels--all of which had no analogs in my memory bank. Nevertheless, I was anxious to get started the next morning to rediscover old hangouts.

At 9:00 a.m. my host arrived to show me around town and make final arrangements for my lectures at Shanghai University. He advised me that my hotel was a long way from the University and suggested I move in closer to the city center. By then I had fairly well scoped out the Sheraton--a beautiful hotel and great guest service--but it was "a long way from China" and five miles to the Shanghai I remembered.



PARK HOTEL - 1993

On an impulse I suggested the Park, hoping to get back to a piece of real estate I knew. The arrangement was worked out and we set off for the Park Hotel. Frankly, I was amazed at the large number of newer buildings. I should have realized that fifty years had slipped by, but nevertheless I was caught somewhat off guard. As we moved toward the Park, it became apparent that the size of the city and the number of people in Shanghai had grown exponentially. Along with the new buildings were swarms of bicyclists and pedestrians all pressing to get to their destinations.

The bicycle ricksha of the 1940s had disappeared and been replaced by taxis whose drivers should have no trouble in the "Indy 500." Although traffic had been somewhat unstructured in the mid-1940s, the 1990s was a new experience. The bicyclists and cars pay some attention to the intersection signals, but the pedestrians almost none. If they can maneuver through the

traffic at a red light, they do so. Neither pedestrians nor bicyclists pay attention to the trucks, buses, or taxis. I have concluded the repeating sounds of horns are provided only as reference signals to suggest that no sudden unexpected movements should be taken. Needless to say, vehicle movement, including taxis, is painstakingly slow. Regardless, people and cars seem to ultimately get where they're going--a product of a kind of ordered chaos.

After a frightening ride--rides which I never quite got used to--we arrived at the Park Hotel. It looked about the same, but it was apparent that they had redecorated the rooms. Almost all the guests were Chinese, and western facilities were minimal, but from my standpoint very comfortable. In the early afternoon, Lifeng, the driver, and I set off to see the other downtown

area. Although a number of new beautiful buildings had cropped up, there was enough of the old to provide an element of recognition. We headed down old Bubbling Well Road, now Nanjing Road, towards the Bund. What was different was the crowds of well-dressed people, frequently smiling and laughing, making their way along the boulevards, crowded shops, department stores filled with goods of all sorts, and hordes of largely women buyers (they must have discovered credit cards). The drab gray of Mao seems to have given way to the business suit, sportswear, numerous short skirts, and all sorts of western garb. All of the store mannequins were Anglo-Saxons--such discrimination.

One thing was readily apparent. They (the Chinese), like Americans, love their children. About every fourth shop was filled with a myriad of colorful young girls' dresses, boys' suits, and toys. A number of children on the streets

are elegantly dressed. I guess the one-child edict, although harsh from our perspective, places a great deal of value on that single element of your family. Values and the quality of life have changed over the half-century since I lived in China. Through the war years children, particularly girls, were often sold or offered up for debts or even abandoned in order to escape the onslaught of the Japanese armies.

mountain village of Huan. It was there that I expected to find a China more consistent with my memory blueprints of 50 years ago.

On Saturday, May 29, we went to the Shanghai airport--which, by the way, was built by the Japanese in 1939 and U.S. forces had used as a landing field in 1945--to board a plane to Amoy and points south. I was happy to see that



THE "BUND"

When we reached the Bund, the Huangpu River could not be seen, since a large dike, about 12 feet high, and walking path border the river. From a vantage point at the end of Nanjing Road you can see a large modern hanging bridge connecting the area to the east side of the river. Later I also drove through a new tunnel which goes under the river--somewhat different from the motor taxis and rowed sampans that moved people across the river half a century ago.

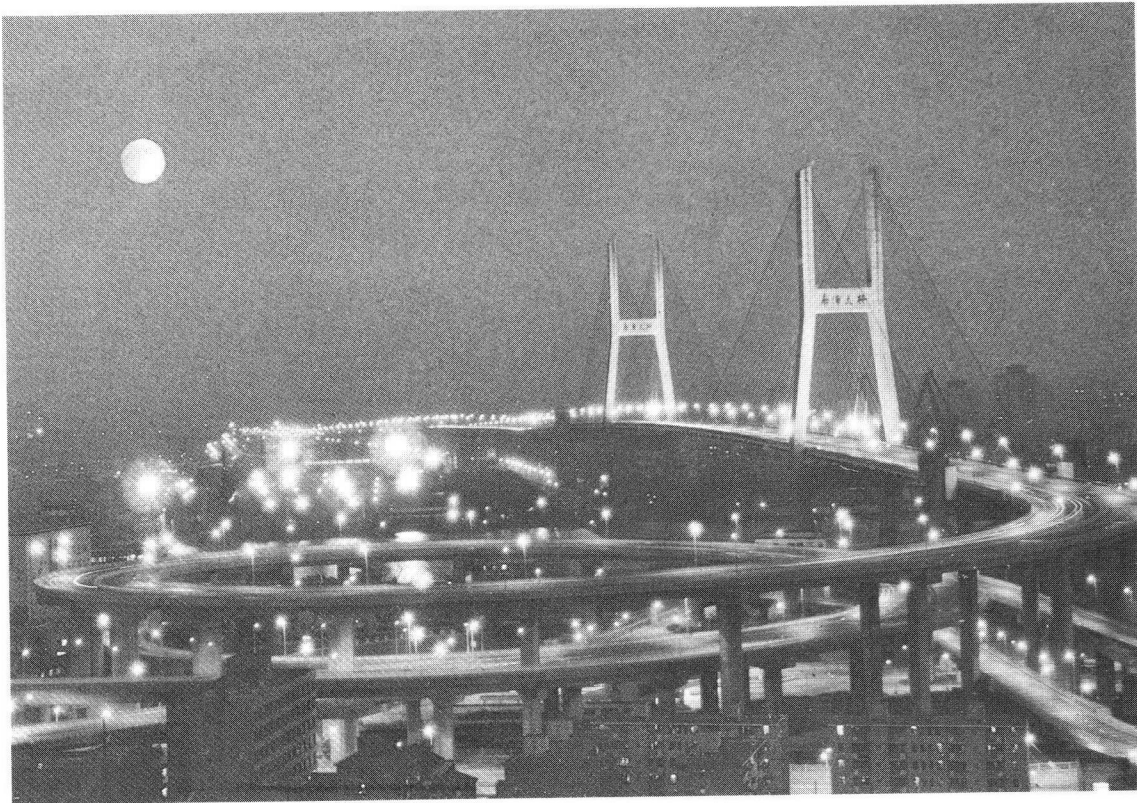
The buildings along the waterfront, including the Palace Hotel, still stand as relics of the past. They are little changed. I immediately spotted the building used as a communications center by the U.S. Navy at the end of World War II. Somehow the tradition has remained, since the building now serves as a major Shanghai radio station. The old "center" of town has been converted into a tourist shopping center loaded with vases, carvings, jewelry, silk embroidery, etc. Prices were really not that good, but I was treated to a great lunch and shouldn't complain.

Shanghai was a pleasant interlude, but my real expectations lay to the south in Amoy, Changchow, and the U.S. World War II Camp Six site in the

the in-country air line (Xiamen Air) was using a Boeing 737. However, when Lifeng and I boarded, it quickly became apparent that the seating arrangement did not favor six-foot Anglo-Saxons. Seats were crammed with very little space between them, but enough so I lived through a flight of slightly over an hour and thirty minutes. In-flight service of tea and a local snack (what I ate) were quickly served. Cost was reasonable, about US\$80 for a flight covering about 450 miles.

It wasn't long before I was searching the landscape through my window in attempts to spot old landmarks. Shortly after take-off, I could see the coastal mountain range that dominates the south China coastal area. From the air it was relatively easy to pick out the major coastal cities adjacent to large river systems, but a number of reservoirs have been constructed and a network of roads runs well back into the mountains. The major river system, whose origins are well to the west, had served for centuries as major highways between coastal and inland areas.

During my stay in the mountain village, our small World War II American unit was about 53 miles upriver from Amoy. Reaching the coastal plane took



NEW BRIDGE ACROSS THE HUANGPU RIVER

nearly 24 hours by sampan. Changchow, now called Zhangzhou, another U. S. operational base situated about 25 miles upriver from Amoy, had been served before WWII by a road system, but its access bridges across the River of Nine Dragons had all been destroyed to slow the Japanese advance. However, even at that time in history, powered crafts continued to serve Shima, the closest town of any size upriver from the Japanese fortress on Amoy, and Changchow.

We began shortly to descend into Amoy, now called Xiamen and pronounced Shaw-men. As we approached the Xiamen delta area, I could spot what had been Amoy and the surrounding islands. The entire valley across the coastal plane running up to the mountains was covered with what appeared to be new cities of apartment and business buildings interspersed with roads and farms. Nothing I saw kindled any recognition of two-story mud/clay homes and foot trails of a half century ago.

On approach to Amoy (Xiamen), it was apparent that a new city with highways and rail traffic had obliterated and erased the past. Xiamen is located in a subtropical region on a rocky and mountainous island. The landing strip, although modernized, is a relic of World War II. But that's about all of the past that could be found. Along the road from the airport to town stood numerous highrise apartments and new business buildings, and as you reach the city center you can see towering hotels, including a fancy 20-

story Holiday Inn.

As we drove to our hotel, I kept looking for something that would constitute a landmark to my memories, but nothing was familiar until we reached the old part of town. Even there it was only the two-story buildings that resembled the past. But unlike in the past, the shops were filled with colorful goods, and alas the city has been invaded by the McDonald plague. We stopped and I walked over to look inside. Yes--crowded with laughing children and their parents all seeming to enjoy their hamburgers and french fries. I tried the coffee and it was the same as in Seattle.

On Saturday afternoon we took the ferry over to the small island of Gulangyu. At the end of the war, a rag-tag group of Americans from Camp Six and Changchow entered Xiamen, along with their Chinese counterparts, to take over from the Japanese occupation forces. The Sea View Hotel on the island was used as a U.S. headquarters and living area. At that time the island name was pronounced Koo Long Su--a name which many of the oldsters still remembered. I had hopes of locating the hotel we had lived in at the end of World War II for about three weeks before going north to Shanghai. Again I was disappointed because few of the locals recalled the hotel, and changes on the island masked or hid its existence. At any rate, I couldn't find it. The island is now a major tourist area. No cars are allowed and lush green tropical foliage erupts around the homes and tourist shops. The latter appear to be flourishing.



VIEW FROM HOTEL ROOM IN XIAMEN (AMOY)

As for Xiamen, it has grown to be a beautiful city (except the old section, which remains interesting) served by air, train, and buses, with roads connecting through to Shanghai and south to Hongkong.

On Monday night we traveled to Zhangzhou, which during World War II had been a city of about 10,000 nestled in two-story mud/clay constructed buildings along the River of the Nine Dragons upriver from Amoy. We didn't take a riverboat because the city is now served by a highway and railroad which links Shima, Lungyen (now Longyan), and the mountain village of Huan. The latter was 60 miles by foot or 24 hours by sampan to the outside world a half a century ago.

Along the river to Zhangzhou we passed through well-laid-out banana plantations, field crops, and later traditional rice fields. The main road linking Amoy to Zhangzhou crosses a long causeway from Amoy to the mainland north of the river. About 15 miles upriver a bridge crosses the fork that runs inland to Huan and other river villages, such as Zhanping. New construction is everywhere along the road, with clusters of building materials, brick, stone, sand, etc.

When we reached Zhangzhou I was again caught off guard. The relatively small upriver community has surged from about 10,000 to close to 350,000 individuals. Modern roundabouts enclosing flowered areas were at many intersections. I searched in vain for the U. S. School Headquarters of World War II, but it had given way to the modernization of southeast China. Only the old footbridge went across the river, and parts of the old town near the river remained to remind me of the past. At night a thriving market about a mile long exists on what I believe to be parts of the old main road running up from the river. The shops and streets are crowded with people buying local

and imported goods. I was taken to an excellent fish restaurant for dinner.

As for Huan, the village which was near the U.S. World War II Camp Six site, it, too, has given way to progress. It is now being served by two highways--from Zhangzhou and Longyan--as well as a rail service. Camp Six has disappeared.

On Tuesday the local Chinese Department of Fisheries offered to take me to Woosu Island, an island off Amoy which our World War II group had unsuccessfully attempted to raid during the war. We ran downriver from Shima (now Longhai) in a 60-foot patrol boat. It was one of the more memorable parts of my trip because there were some elements of old China along the river bank. Here and there we passed hand-paddled sampans--although most were powered--river taxis, and older village areas.

Nevertheless, the river is now busy with powered tugs and barges, large fishing boats (140-foot trawlers), ferries, dredges, and cargo vessels.

Arriving at Woosu, I saw a large number of pair trawlers anchored off the island and others pulled onshore for repair. The island, which in WWII had housed a Japanese radio station and been the target of an ill-fated American/Chinese raid, is now a major fishing village. (Perhaps I am the only member of the Camp Six group to eventually make it to the island.)

The island constitutes somewhat of an enigma in that the greater part of the catch taken by this fleet of vessels is never landed or processed in People's Republic of China (PRC) facilities. Instead, the catch is sold over the side at sea to Republic of China (ROC) vessels who buy the fish using Republic of China currency, a valuable commodity on the mainland. This inter-province



THE NEW SHANGHAI

or inter-country traffic, take your pick, is extensive and has made the fishermen of Woosu rich. They live in homes I would be proud to own.

It is rather ironic that this cross-strait trafficking of fish products seems to work out well for both parties concerned, although the official lines of communication are much more stifled by government philosophical differences. Both sides apparently accept these goings on because of mutual benefit to the participants involved. However, one cannot help but wonder if this acceptable southeast China/trawler linkage involves more trade than just the selling of fish. It is easy to imagine that this funneling of goods might also include drugs, people, etc.--perhaps just my overactive imagination. Later the same day we visited fishing facilities on Amoy Island, very modern, with excellent cold storage buildings.

My travels through parts of southeast China--although limited--made me a believer in the tremendous scope and magnitude of China's aquaculture. When driving, making my way downriver in patrol craft and by flying, fish ponds, floating raft culture, or buoyed mussel culture were everywhere to be seen. It seemed as if every location not required for vessel movement in the bays was filled with aquaculture activity. In all probability the seven million mt production level is a reality.

In terms of my personal glimpses into southeast China, my memories of the

past were in constant conflict with my contemporary observations. The China I knew has long since faded into history and now belongs as remembrances of a well-aged population. In this sense, I had great difficulty recapturing any part of the past, but there were moments. When in Zhangzhou I got out of the car to walk along the old footbridge that crossed the river. I looked up and saw a peasant with his "yatcho stick" across his shoulder carrying two large baskets. What teeth he had left were stained and his face heavily weathered with time. He looked at me, then grinned, and for a few seconds I was transported back 50 years to my China.

What is the same about China are its people--they have a good sense of humor, like to laugh, and know how to work. Their language with its many regional dialects continues to force endless discussions for clarification. As to politics and Tienemen Square and human rights violations, perhaps time and the people's will can change that, too.

As a footnote about much of what I have said about the tremendous improvement in the condition and developments in southeast China, particularly the special economic zones: I am told that this progress has not blessed much of the western and northwestern areas of China. Nevertheless, those interested in looking for new trade and investment opportunities should not overlook what is happening in southeast China.

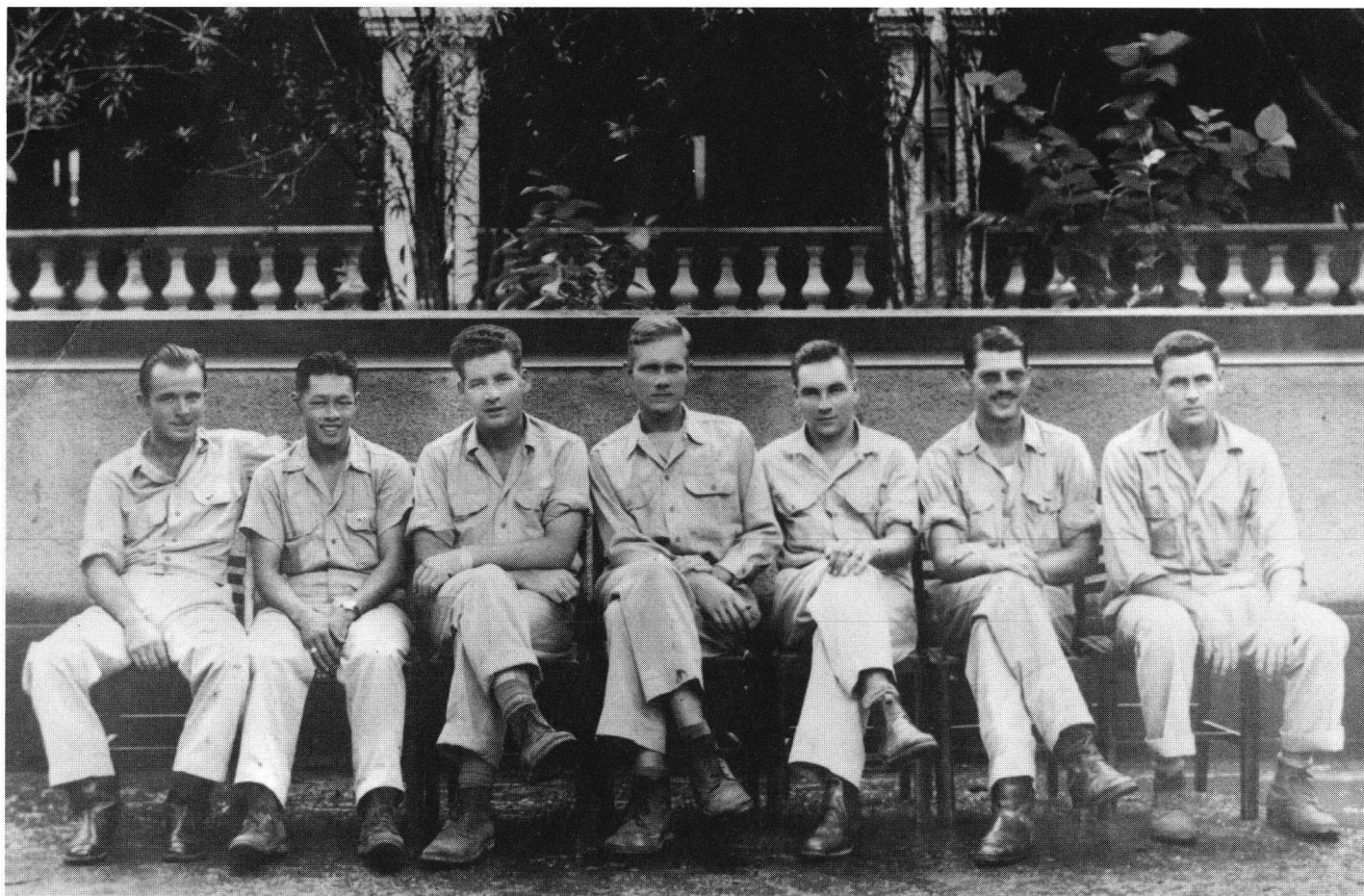
UNIT ROBBY

(To Casamajor July 19, 1994)

Enclosed is a summary of the history and activities of Unit Robby. Also enclosed are maps and some pictures of people and places associated with Unit Robby. Use what you like. It was fun putting this together after 50 years.

Robby

Charles S. Robinson



H.A.Cuttel W.A.Chung J.A.Cook C.S.Robinson Miller Cvyanovich R.V.Lyall Jack Baker
AUGUST 1945

Summary of History and Activities

"I. Upon receipt of these orders and when directed by the Commander, U.S. Naval Group, China, on or about 17 January 1945, you will proceed via the transportation which will be furnished you to Kunming, China, reporting to the Commander, U.S. Naval Unit, 14th Air Force, Kunming, China, for further transportation to Chiangkou, China. Upon arrival in Chiangkou proceed to Yangtak, China, and report to Commander, First Column Chinese Commando Army for duty [in] connection with guerrilla and sabotage operations and intelligence liaison with that command."

These orders directed to Charles S. Robinson, and signed by Commodore Milton E. Miles were the start of Unit Robby.

I left Chungking, where I had been attached to Unit 9, on January 17, 1945 and flew to Kunming. At Kunming I obtained supplies and learned how to operate a radio, then flew on to Chiangkou. At Chiangkou were seven men who were to make up Unit Robby. They were:

J.A. Cook (Bos'n Mate)
M. Cvyanovich (Gunners Mate, 2nd Class)
H.A. Cuttall (Gunners Mate, 2nd Class)
S.F. Davis (Seaman, 1st Class)
A.C. Robinson (Gunners Mate, 2nd Class)
J.C. Baker (Coxswain)
E.E. King (Pharmacist 1st Class)

SACO furnished us a truck and with our supplies we started for Lungtan. We got as far as Nanshiung, where there was an American airfield. The Chinese here told us that the Japanese were driving from the Canton-Hankow Railroad toward Nanshiung. After a couple of days of frustration and not finding any way around the Japanese, we helped the Air Force blow up the airfield and retreated to Chiangkou. Here we met Col. Hightower, the CO at Chiangkou Airbase, who informed us that we had just joined the "We missed the last transport club." He was about to blow up the airbase and suggested we retreat to Changting, where he was headed, which we did.

At Changting we helped the Airforce build a bigger runway, chase some Chinese bandits and waited for orders. Unit Robby was finally ordered to go to Camp 6. Before they could leave, Captain Beyerly showed up in Changting and I was ordered to join the Gantz party, which was to survey the Chinese coast. After about two weeks of frustration in trying to reach the coast my group, Group 3, returned to Meih sien and Changting. The Japanese countered every move we made toward the coast.

At Changting, Col. Hightower asked me to go with Captain Spring of the Corp. of Engineers to an airbase at Suichuan, which had been captured and then abandoned by the Japanese. The Colonel thought that the airbase might be booby trapped — and as a Bomb Disposal Officer that was supposed to be part of my business. It wasn't booby trapped, and after a trip of about 10 days we returned to Changting.

I then joined my men at Camp 6 and Unit Robby was ordered to Changchow to work with Lt. Dick Plank of Demolition Unit No. 1. At Changchow we helped Dick Plank make sea mines by melting TNT in a wok over an open fire and pouring it into 55 gallon drums. Plank and men from Unit Robby planted them off the harbor of Amoy. Also at Changchow we helped rescue some Navy and Air Force pilots and designed and built boats for operations on the river.

After about two months in Changchow, Unit Robby was again ordered to report to the First Column of the Loyal Patriotic Army at Lungtan. We left Pharmacist Mate King at Camp 6 and left A.C. Robinson and S.F. Davis at Changting because of illness. Robert V. Lyle, Pharmacist, joined Unit Robby at Changting. At Changting we received the following orders:

From: Chungking
To: Changting
Info: Keinyang

Japanese transportation on routes between Canton, Lhu Chiand and Kowloon are to be rendered completely inoperative x all supply and gasoline dumps motor and animal transportation, river transportation, railroads and rolling stock and highways and railroad facilities are to be destroyed from Canton westward to Kao Yao eney [enemy] movements are to be disrupted x No transportation routes are to be destroyed x Prisoners will be taken when possible and intelligence sent to COMNAVER unit will cooperate with first column for this work x Between Kao Yam and Wu Chow OSS is working x Operations

commencing under Gen Che at once x All results to COMNAVGR x Operations to be known as red bird xx On arriving at first column determine needs and arrange army air drop of supplies needed x Select suitable spot with flat terrain [terrain] and good approaches x Advise x

That dispatch pretty well covered what was to be done.

We reached Lungtan and met Col. Chai who was the commanding officer of the First Division of the First Column of the Loyal Patriotic Army, and he put us to work immediately. In the subsequent weeks we destroyed two trains, the Canton to Hong Kong Railroad, and the Canton to Hankow Railroad. We helped train and equip the soldiers of the Loyal Patriotic Army, and they did an outstanding job. At the time of the Armistices there was no transportation in or out of Canton except by boat, numerous warehouses had been destroyed, and



Party, except for Col. Chai, that attacked Hong Kong/Canton Railroad
First row: Capt. Li Wu Chang Col. Chai Capt. Lee Kuan Chung
Second row: J. A. Cook C. S. Robinson Jack Baker Interpreter

many Japanese patrols ambushed and destroyed. The Japanese were afraid to leave their forts except in large numbers. During this time Warren Y. Chung joined Unit Robby as radioman.

With the Armistices, Unit Robby with the Loyal Patriotic Army were ordered to take over Canton. We were the first Allied troops into Canton and the reception was tremendous. At first we were kept busy being sure the Japanese hadn't booby trapped the airfield, and getting released and taking care of American prisoners that had been held by the Japanese. At the first of September Camp 5, under the command of Lt. James C. Witt arrived in Canton and Unit Robby merged with them.

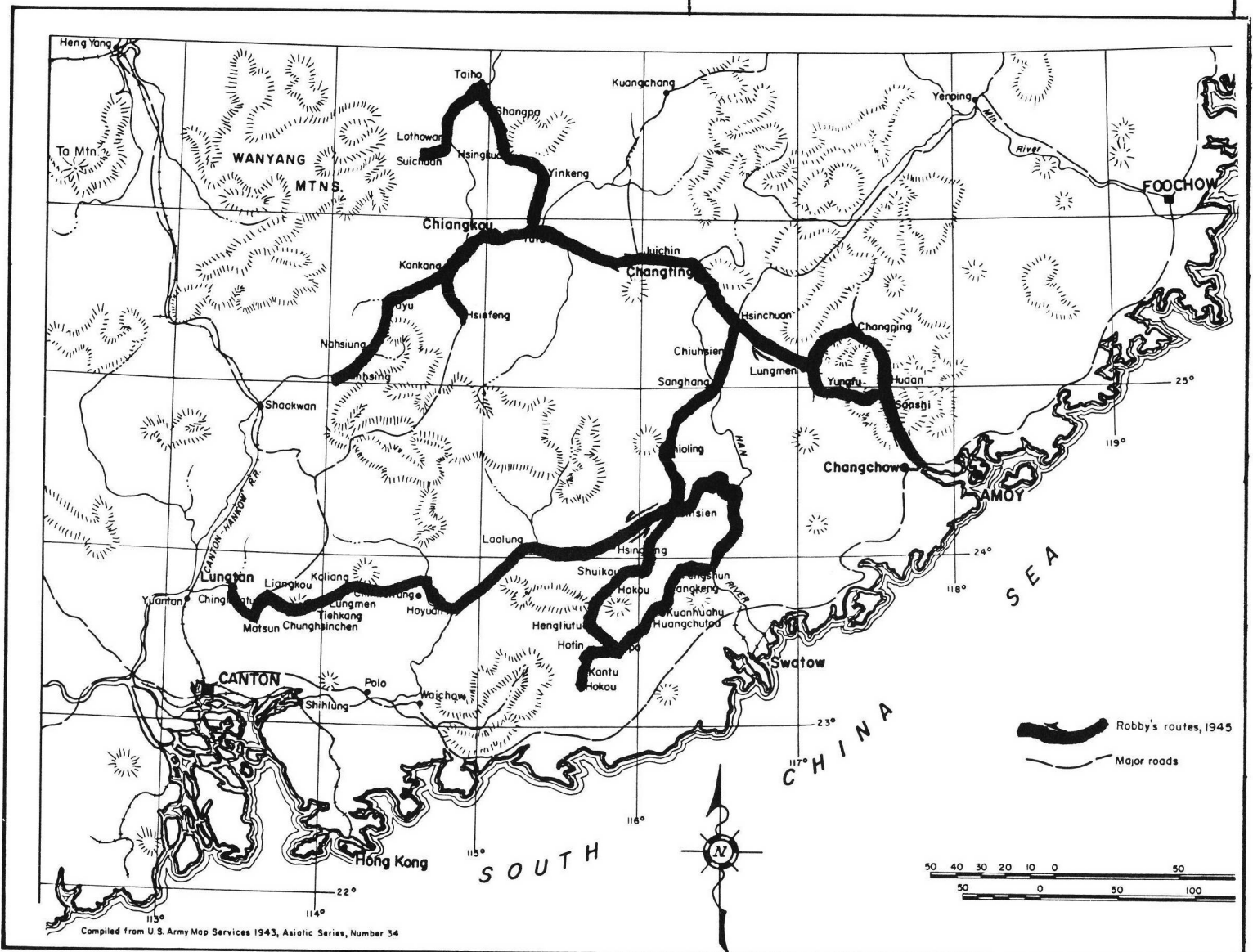
Of note, Lt. Witt and Lt(jg) Robinson were ordered to attend the surrender of the Japanese in the Canton-Hongkong-Honan Island area and sign the surrender on behalf of the Allied Naval Forces.

At the end of September, Robby returned to the states via Shanghai after twenty three months in the CBI. And so ended Unit Robby.

THANKS FOR THE PIX

(If I overlooked anyone, let me have it!!)

- Bill Barte
- Ellen Booth
- Steve & Linda Chu
- Sal Ciaccio
- Jerry Coats
- Lorne Horning
- Col. Richard, Jeng Lee-kuo
- Jean Nelson
- Art Wilding



TRAVELS OF ROBBY IN CHINA IN THE SPRING OF 1945



SAM ZITT REVISITS HAPPY VALLEY

I haven't been to a SACO reunion for about 35 years and this was the year when I made my first return visit to mainland China since I left Shanghai in 1946. My three-week tour coincided with your North Dakota reunion.

The main purpose of this letter is to advise you of the shock I experienced in Chonqing. First, the city map identified ShaPingBa as the "Sightseeing Spot" for "The Exhibition Hall of the Concentration Camp of SACO." Naturally, I hired a guide and car to go there while the tour group went elsewhere.

ShaPingBa has grown from the hundred or so buildings I remember to a modern city of 1½ million. The Exhibition Hall turned out to be a) memorial to the Tai Li prison camp and torture chambers which Happy Valley was pictured as; b) memorial to the Red Chinese 'martyrs' who died there in 1949 dislodging the Kuomingtang.

Inside the Hall, I found Commodore Miles' picture linked directly with the atrocities of the prison camp. He was also shown in photos with Chiang Kai-shek and Tai Li. On display were clothes and equipment left behind by our SACO Navy people--all linked to the worst practices of the Kuomingtang. In other words, we Americans went to China then for the sole purpose of propping up Chiang Kai-shek.

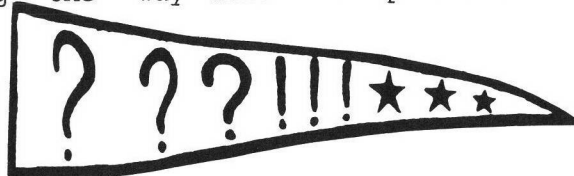
When I climbed up Golushan Mountain, nothing looked familiar even though I had spent most of 1943-46 at our Headquarters Camp. I passed buildings, but none which looked like our mess hall or offices. The rocky path and steps wound almost to the top, past prison camp buildings and none of the Chinese tourists along the way were unfriendly.

Thinking I was on the wrong side of the mountain, we drove around and saw another surprise: the home of Mary Miles, which has been preserved like a shrine, open to Chinese tourists now. Nothing else looked familiar after fifty years. Even driving into Szeszekuo at the foot of Goloshan Mountain, which I remember as a tiny fishing village, was a strange experience.

It's all recorded on my video tape, and I'm enclosing a copy for you folks at SACO. (It will be at Seattle Reunion. Ed.)

I'm in touch with Warren Higby, A SACO Happy Valley man who pointed out that a 1985 National Geographic article also mentioned this SACO Concentration Camp." Higby also cited Gordon Seagrave's book, "The Soong Dynasty," as saying that Miles and Tai Li "set up a joint operation code-named SACO. As a consequence, Miles ended up doing little against the Japanese but a lot for Tai Li and Tai Li nothing whatsoever for the U.S."

I believe this can easily be refuted by SACO veterans who served in our ten camps around China as well as by others. Our Pacific Fleet needed those weather station reports we supplied. Our coast-watchers must have done some good--two were captured. There was our top secret Radio Intercept unit in Happy Valley. I personally know of downed U.S. flyers we picked up (with the help of Tai Li contacts) and sent back to fly again. And I served on Gantz and Painter Expeditions to East China to collect secret data (topographic, bridges, beaches, etc.) which we sent to the Joint Chiefs of Staff in preparation for the expected invasion of Japan via China...



Estes Recalls First U.S. Navy Pilot Rescued By SACO

12 July 1994



Best Wishes,

Jim

James C. Estes

... This was the first reunion for Bob Hornberger to attend (Rapid City) and it was terrific to see him again after fifty years. I told Bob I would send him a picture - I sent two. He was able to assist a bit on identifying, but some names are still missing.

I thought you might be interested in the picture which includes Lt. Ernest Winter, first U.S. Navy pilot rescued by SACO after being shot down by the Japanese along the coast of China; headed for the ocean, as on land, it would be a fate worse than death.

He was pleasantly surprised when our coast watchers rescued him, put him in coolie clothes and slipped him through the lines. I have never seen a happier man than when he reached Headquarters Camp!!! He was briefed with info to take back to Pacific Fleet Headquarters.

Eleven years later, I was President of the Optimist Club in Tyler, Texas. I attended an Optimist Club Convention in Oklahoma. There I was reunited with Ernest Winter, then a dentist and President of his Oklahoma Optimist Club. I had a nice visit with him, his wife and children in their home. Sadly, I had a telephone call one year later that he had been killed in an automobile accident by a reckless driver as he was enroute to his office.



BOB HORNBERGER

L-R: Lt. Vincent Healey, ? Wald ? , _____, ? Lt. Letchworth?, Bob Hornberger, Lt. Ernest Winter (rescued Navy Pilot), _____, David Wong (interpreter) and Jim Estes.

Reflections Of A Past Love

(Written immediately following Tom's death in June 1993, Mary McCawley sent this recollection of the war years of the '40's stating, "You may print it, edit it, or toss it...you won't hurt my feelings, as in any event, it has been a catharsis for me." I'm sure it has been; she has paid tribute to Tom and the memory of their earlier years, and in so doing, has found strength and inner peace to endure. We thank you, Mary, for sharing your story. Ed.)

Tom was one of the first fifteen members of Naval Group China, having arrived in Chungking at 1310 Nov. 17, 1942. Everything about those 20 months' service became an integral part of his civilian life.

For 28 months, I also was on duty with the Naval Reserve (W-V(s), and also had an official association with SACO.

On 7 Dec. 1941, Tom and I were making plans for a simple wedding in late January. We heard the news over the radio of the attack on Pearl Harbor and that ended our plans for a January wedding. Tom wanted to join the Navy and knew he had to sign up fast or be drafted. He joined the Navy 2 Jan. 1942. Four weeks later (1 Feb.), he was an AerM3/c at Anacostia Naval Air Station.

I found a room in Philadelphia and a job with Baldwin Locomotive in Chester, PA. Philly is close enough to D.C. that Tom could get there on weekend leaves.

On 20 June '42, Tom was transferred from Anacostia to U.S. Naval Weather Center, D.C. He phoned me a few days later to tell me about the transfer and to give me the address and phone number of the rooming house where he was living. He said he thought he'd be in D.C. "about a year" and wanted me to quit my job and move to D.C. where we could get married and live until his next transfer. But I had already begun working on a very important defense job and felt I couldn't jump ship at that point. So Tom and I decided to be married in early October.

He phoned a few times -- said he was very busy with his duties -- then stopped phoning. I called his rooming house almost weekly in late Aug. and early Sept. Women answered the phone and I could hear Tom saying, "Tell her I'm not here."

I was hurt and upset. Friends in the drafting room would ask about my upcoming wedding and soon realized something had gone very wrong. In mid-Sept., the supervisor cornered me and said, "I have to go to Washington next week. You're



getting to be a pain-in-the-neck around here! You better come with me and find out what's gone wrong between you and your young man." So I called a friend in D.C. and asked if I could stay two nights with her. Then I called Tom's rooming house and asked that he be told when and where I would be in D.C. and PLEASE call me!

He called me the evening I arrived and gave me a specific street corner, and time, where I could meet him the next day. When I reached the corner, he was pacing back and forth and I wasn't sure it was he -- he was wearing civvies! We sat on a park bench and talked. He told me we couldn't get married; that he wasn't supposed to tell me, but he had secret orders and would be gone soon; that the Navy would send me instructions for writing him.

In October, I joined the recently organized W.A.V.E.S. I thought that any little thing I could do might help bring Tom safely home. If not Tom, maybe it would help to bring some other man home to his family. I finished the nine weeks of training, was commissioned an Ensign, and in Apr. '43, was assigned to BuAer, Wash. D.C. as a top-secret messenger.

All top-secret messages, from the Atlantic or Pacific theaters, with information about (or affecting Navy aircraft came to BuAer. There were very few messages from the Atlantic and a great many from the Pacific -- including those from Naval Group China. The messages were delivered to (then) Lt. Cdr. Leggett who determined who received them next. Lt. Cdr. Leggett was business-like, but friendly, and put junior officers at ease. One day he asked me why I had

joined the W.A.V.E.S. I told him my "twice-betrothed" Aerographers Mate was on secret duty, etc. The Lt.Cdr. asked his name, then said, "He's on duty with the group in China!" I was thrilled to know where he was and that he was relatively safe. After that, each time I wrote to him c/o F.P.O., I had a smug feeling. I knew where he was and he didn't know that I knew.

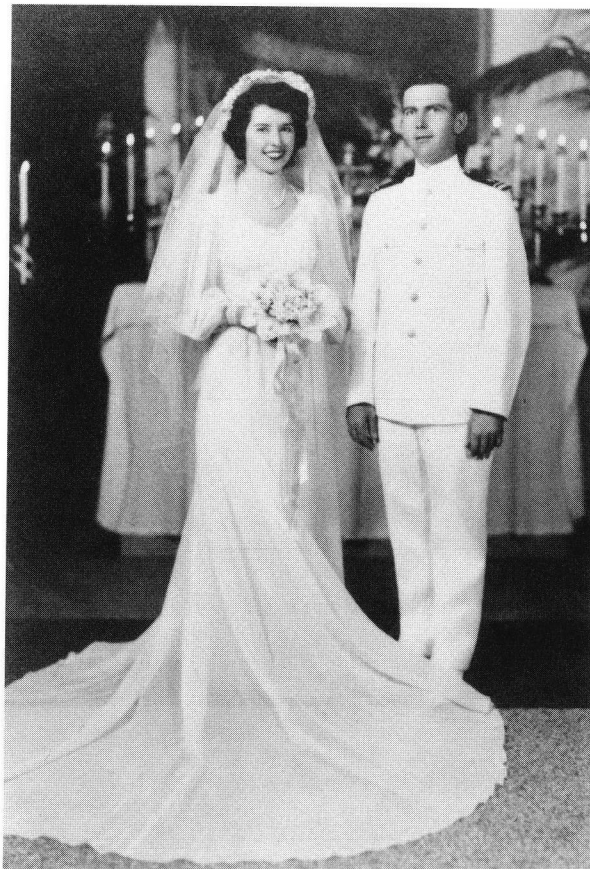
In Sept. '43, I received a new and challenging assignment as O.I.C. of 35 enlisted and civilian employees. Five of the civilian typists were the first "colored" women in D.C. ever allowed to work in an office with white personnel. And, neither the enlisted men, nor the long-established civilian women, wanted to be working for a female officer. That duty kept me on my toes and, more or less, confined to the office. I didn't see as much of Lt.Cdr. Leggett as previously.

In June '44, I became a (jg) and was assigned to the Division of Military Requirement, BuAer as office manager. Of course Military Requirements received many reports from the Pacific of our aircraft performance and I frequently saw Lt.Cdr. Leggett. In mid-June he said, "I thought you'd like to know McCawley will be back in D.C. in July. He doesn't know it yet. He thinks it will be Oct. before he can be rotated home."

Tom arrived in D.C. on 14 July, assigned to Navy barracks 21 July '44 followed by 10 days leave. He was very surprised that I was expecting him. There were many things he had to do the rest of that day and the next day. Before he left, he insisted we decide what day we would be married. We chose 22 July. It was only a week away and I had no wedding gown and no time to buy or be fitted for one. I decided we would be married in our uniforms by a Chaplain. Then I called my parents, hoping they would be able to make train reservations to get from Paducah, KY to D.C. within the week. (If you recall, military personnel had priority on all transportation. Civilians took what was left.) My father was unable to leave his job, but my mother did arrive in time for the wedding.

Tom returned two days later with his missions accomplished. He had made all our wedding arrangements. We would be married in St. Matthew's Cathedral by a priest. A life-long friend of Tom from St. Louis was living in Alexandria and would be his best man. So I asked one of my friends to be matron of honor. She insisted I wear her wedding dress to keep enlisted man Tom from being embarrassed by my officer's uniform. As she and I entered the church, we saw Tom and the best man standing next to the priest waiting for us. Tom was resplendent in the dress whites of a Lt.(jg). Lt.Cdr. Leggett thought it would be a nice surprise for me and didn't tell me Tom had been commissioned. I learned later Tom was appointed (jg) 11 July, but his

date of rank was made retroactive to 19 May. I've always said Lt.Cdr. Leggett



looked up my date of rank (1 June) and changed Tom's so he would be my commanding officer!

Tom was not granted the request for continued duty with SACO. He was immediately ordered stateside for fleet training. He was assigned to USS Bebas (DE 10) as Anti-Sub Warfare Officer. Two months later, he became Ass't Gunnery Officer, and Officer of the Deck.

He didn't really like fleet duty. "Hawkeye Pierce" (Alan Alda) made a statement in "M.A.S.H." to the effect that his duty "consisted of long periods of boredom, punctuated by moments of sheer terror." Tom agreed with Hawkeye. The divisions of our ships zig-zagged boringly over the western Pacific sounding the waters for enemy subs to bomb. At the same time, they continually watched for clear skies so the carriers they escorted could launch their planes. As they neared Japan, they sought cloud-cover for protection from kamikazes.

Tom told me -- only once -- of his division being near Okinawa when the clouds blew away and the sky became infinitely clear. Two kamikazes; each dove at a ship. One ship was hit and sunk. The second target was the Bebas which, obviously, was not hit. Tom said all the men on the deck were praying and he never prayed so hard in all his life

or hated an S.O.B. so much!

The Bebas had a good crew, but there wasn't the friendship between enlisted men and officers that existed in SACO. There wasn't even the time, or opportunity, for officers on the ship to become friends.

The importance of the varied groups in SACO and the dedicated work being done by SACO members, coupled with their mutual respect and friendship, was always in Tom's mind. Duty with Naval Group China had not been boring. He missed SACO and Happy Valley.

The first symptoms of (Tom's) illness appeared when he began to have trouble speaking in Sept. '92. He had many medical exams and sophisticated tests, but no diagnosis could be made. By Christmas, he could no longer speak or write legibly. He continued to attend his weekly Kiwanis meetings. He drove his car well and did the weekly grocery shopping. In March '93 he had a bad fall at the grocery store and gave us the car keys when he returned home. Subsequent x-rays and tests showed that he had ALS ("Lou Gehrig's" disease).

Shortly after the Louisville reunion, Art and Glenna Wilding sent him one of the caps with the SACO logo and a note saying he had been missed and thanking him for the 1942 Christmas menu and the photos.

By then, Tom was confined to his easy chair and had difficulty using his arms and hands. He kept the cap on a little stool by his chair and the first thing he did each day, when he was put in his chair, was to reach down for the cap and put it on. He wore it day after day, all day long. The last time he wore it was four days before he died and during those days, we kept it on the bed beside him. SACO and WHAT THE HELL? brought him comradeship and strength and peace.

I thank Glenna and Art and each of you in SACO,

Mary McCawley

(I recently has a phone conversation with Mary. She has suffered M.S. many years, cancer and numerous breaks to both legs and as she put it, "I always heal!" Would that we all were so spirited; she's truly a survivor! Ed.)

(Tom, SACO's first meteorologist, travelled with the SACO group to Taiwan in 1991. To do that he had to make special arrangements for Mary's care while he was gone. He was a good traveler and enjoyed the trip. Paul Casamajor)



A place for your papers

Navy Memorial Foundation Collection established at East Carolina University

Now accepting documentary materials from Navy Memorial Plankowners and Shipmates

(From The Lone Sailor a U.S. Navy Memorial publication submitted by Bill Bartee)

Thanks to East Carolina University, the nation's only university engaged in formal, advanced naval and maritime studies,, former naval personnel or their heirs can place in the U.S. Navy Memorial Foundation Collection such materials as letters, diaries, photographs, logs, ships' newsletters, reports, citations and other documentary materials that are "contemporaneous with the Navy service of the individual." Medals, flags or other non-paper artifacts are not accepted. Normally photocopies of current newspaper or magazine accounts of past events are not suitable; individual service records—chock full of travel vouchers, orders, leave chits and such—are not desired, although there could be exceptions.

Each group of personal papers will retain its individual identity in the Collection and will be accessible as that person's papers. All materials so donated will become the property of the university and will be preserved as a permanent part of the holdings of the ECU Manuscript Collection.

Those precious papers from your years in the Navy may now have a place in history instead of your attic. At the request of the Navy Memorial Foundation, East Carolina University, Greenville, NC, has established the U.S. Navy Memorial Foundation Collection at the university's Joyner Library.

Rather than cleaning out your trunk full of memories and shipping the contents off to ECU, please write or call the Manuscript Collection to learn whether what you have could be useful to ECU. Write to: Donald R. Lennon, ECU Manuscript Collection, East Carolina Univ., Greenville, NC 27858-4353. Mr. Lennon may reached by telephone, (919) 757-6671. If and when you do ship materials, please be sure to specify that the papers are to be part of the U.S. Navy Memorial Foundation Collection. Include the name of the individual associated with the papers to be entered in the university's records.

The Navy Memorial Foundation's interest in this project is in keeping with a strategic plan places heavy emphasis on educating Americans about their rich naval and maritime heritage.

Navy Memorial supporters from time to time offer the Navy Memorial Foundation their papers and other historical records, and we have had to turn them down: there is neither room or staffing here to handle such material. And, already awash in official historical records, the historians of the U.S. Navy decline, accept in rare cases, to accept personal papers.

What to do? Pass them on to your heirs and one day risk those papers finding their way to the local landfill? Or, put them in the hands of researchers, who may glean from them facts and corroborations which contribute to historical scholarship?

Dog Days in the CBI

By Richard J. Zika

China-Burma-India of WW II had to be the least known and misunderstood Theater of Operations in the course of the war. And, of all the outfits that sweated, cursed, and fought in this area, I have no hesitation in nominating my own unit, War Dog Det-CBI, as the least known and misunderstood of the lot.

Our group was formed late October, 1943, at the War Dog Reception and Training Center, San Carlos, California. Consisting of 100 E.M. and dogs, plus two officers, we were at that time designated the Casual Dog Det. Made up of smaller units from all four major training camps across the country, San Carlos, Fort Robinson, Cat Island, and Front Royale, our training had been oriented to attack-sentry and scout and now, at San Carlos, intensified preliminary to being assigned overseas. It was also at San Carlos that a disastrous wind/brush fire ripped through the camp costing the lives of seven dogs and numerous burns and injuries to ourselves as well as camp cadre.

On 1-24-44, we boarded the Liberty ship, BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER at Wilmington, L.A. and discover we were to share the trip with a casual company of Remount, also consisting of 100 men and two officers, plus four casual officers being shipped over. None of us knew our destination but we did know that 208 men, their sleeping quarters, their galley, and their dining area all crammed into the number three hold did not hold promise of a luxury cruise. Our dogs (108 of them including our "spares") were quartered in their crates in the protection of two large sleds on the port and starboard sides of the ship just aft of the 'mid-ship house and, when it came to housing, had much the better part of the deal. But neither they, nor we, had the faintest idea of what our future held much less that this overloaded freighter would be our home for the next 72 long days and even longer nights.

Completely without escort of any kind we zig-zagged our way across the Pacific and South Pacific. The food, abominable to start, went downhill from there until finally we were subsisting on canned salmon that tasted spoiled, soda crackers,

and black, unsweetened coffee. On the other hand our officers, dining with the ship's officers, ate very well indeed and the growing resentment led to a miniature mutiny food riot with "Swill o' the Day" being thrown every which way. It brought the desired attention but the only result was we were promised fresh provisions would be stocked at our first port of call (which turned out to be Fremantle, Australia). While it sounded good it's pretty hard to make a sandwich out of a promise between two imaginary slices of bread and feelings still ran high.

It was in the South Pacific that we had our first glimpse of the war. Sailing through debris that could only have come from a sunken ship we finally came to an overturned, bullet riddled, wooden life boat bearing the identity of the Dutch freighter that had left Wilmington just 24 hours prior to us. No survivors. It was a sobering experience that had many of us wondering what the odds were on seeing another sunrise.

But, it was the Tasman Sea that showed us the power of nature. There we ran into a typhoon that had us scared to death not only of our dogs sheds being swept overboard but of the ship breaking up as well. Three days of storm shoved us back (we were later told) five days worth of travel time and, remembering the size of those waves and the damage done the ship, there certainly were no disbelievers among those aboard. And, don't let anyone tell you dogs can't get sea-sick as well as humans. Whew! What a mess!

At 10:30 A.M. of March 4th we docked at shed B, Fremantle, for our two-day refueling and provisioning stopover and, most important for us, two days of gorging our long deprived bellies. The first few hours of our leave was spent in only that and only after the point of glut had been reached were we able to enjoy the hospitality and other delights of Fremantle, Perth, and those wonderful Australians. But, on returning to the ship on the evening of the second day almost all were carrying large bags of fruit or any other edibles that could be garnered. While we had been promised improved rations, Army promises do not always coin-

cide with Army realities and a little commissary of one's own was just common prudence. But, surprisingly, our food larders had been restocked and while nothing to get excited about, anything was an improvement over the swill we had suffered on earlier. Now, we wondered what was in store for us as we headed north by west into the Indian Ocean.

This ocean, as it turned out, was a bit of a bitch for extreme heat and humidity combined, forced us to eat the fresh fruit we had brought aboard in a hurry or lose it to rot: no way of rationing it out. Worse, the decks became veritable frying pans, blistering the pads of our dogs' feet opening the way for infection. We tried fashioning canvas booties for them but this did not work out so the best we could do was keep the decks flushed with the fire hoses and the salt water used created problems of its own. The only thing left was to keep our charges under shelter as much as possible and check closely for oncoming problems but, even so, we lost two dogs to heat related causes. It was also in the Indian Ocean that the ship's Captain, D. J. Caughlin, informed us that this would be the most dangerous leg of the trip and doubled the lookouts. Eagerly aided and abetted by a couple hundred pairs of eyes searching for God knows what. But this prediction was true as we passed through wreckage of other ships including machine gunned life rafts and — again, no survivors. Our worst worries came when we had a power breakdown of about a half hour's duration just at sunset on a dead calm sea making us all feel we were sitting ducks.

In the morning of March 21st, we dropped anchor in the Bay of Colombo, Ceylon, and this time there was no shore leave. For four days we swung at anchor in the sweltering heat. We were concerned over the effects of this floating oven on our dogs, the gun crews constantly hosing down the ammunition lockers in a vain effort to hold down the temperature. Each to our own worry.

It was a relief to leave Colombo on the 24th and this time in a convoy of 17 ships, with an escort of three corvettes and an occasional land based scout plane for the last

leg of our journey, up the Bay of Bengal and the Hooghly River to Calcutta. An older, small, freighter had to drop out of the convoy with engine problems and try to limp to shore and we heard (but it was never confirmed) that it had been torpedoed by a sub trailing behind the convoy looking for just such stragglers. Actually, after having traveled all those miles and weeks completely alone, we felt foolishly secure at having so much company.

Our trip came to a close at King George Docks, Calcutta, on 4-4-44 and we were immediately trucked to Kanchrapara where we began several weeks of frustration. After two weeks of inactivity a dozen man/dog teams were flown to Myitkyina to join Merrill's Marauders on a sort of experimental basis and on the first night one of our dogs there was killed by a leopard — an inauspicious start. Meanwhile, the rest of us were held at Kanchrapara giving demonstration after demonstration of both sentry and scout work to Calcutta Command Officers but — no assignment. It was little wonder that we began to think of ourselves as a U.S.O. show unit for the (expetive deleted) brass.

Next, several teams were assigned to the main Calcutta supply dump and were so successful at helping cut down the enormous theft problem that people began paying attention. At the same time, word began filtering back of the exploits of our teams in Burma.

One of the Jap sniper's favorite tricks was to tie themselves in a tall tree, allow a patrol to pass by, and then attempt to pick off the rear men in a column. They soon learned that when a dog, trained to sniff out hidden decoys, led a patrol this gambit was hazardous to their health. By the same token, no patrol led by a dog was allowed to walk blindly into an ambush.

But, it was also a time of learning for ourselves. Our dogs had been trained by two methods. One was the agitation method in which the dog was trained to find, alert, and then attack. The other road was the praise system whereby the dog alerted, found the decoy, and was rewarded with much praise and possibly a tidbit. In actual practice the praise trained dogs were the best for scouting for when they made a find they would merely alert and point out the direction to their handler. However, the attack dogs were inclined to charge and one of them made the cardinal error of barking thus giving posi-

tion away and in the ensuing fire fight two people were wounded. While this resulted in some harsh criticism cooler heads pointed out that it was far better for just two men to be wounded than for the entire patrol to blunder into an ambush which would not be sprung until the enemy was ready for an attempt at a "wipeout." In the end, it was the praise trained dogs that were preferred for I & R and the attack trained that proved their value in the night infiltration menace.

Another problem was the country itself. No matter how well the dog had been trained in the states, there was nothing that could prepare it for the alien scent, say of a herd of wild elephants or a large cat nearby. This did result in false alerts early on until the handlers could sort it all out.

Regardless of problems, the successes were enough so that the call went out for more dogs and we suddenly found ourselves a hot property. Forty-three of our number were sent to Ramgarh, detached to the 475th Infantry and 124th Cavalry in training for the next push into Burma. The rest were shipped to Assam for sentry and interior guard work at the many air strips, ammo dumps, and Signal Corps outposts in the province. It was at this time that the entire scattered unit was designated the War Dog Detachment-CBI.

Our people served with Merrill's Marauders, Mars Task Force, Air Force, Ammo Ordnance, Signal Corps, M.P., and OSS Det. 101 in both Burma and China. One of our number, Don Pascoe, was killed while serving with the 124th Cavalry (he was not using a dog at the time) and the rest had their fair share of wounds, malaria, typhus, dengue, and all the other fringe benefits of service in the CBI.

We were usually dispatched to new assignments in small units and the first question on our arrival (without fail) was, "Who the hell are, you guys?" followed by, "Whatta y' do with the dogs?" Each time we had to explain who we were, what we were and what we were trained for. Not too much of this was needed before we began referring to ourselves as orphans and bastards and the phrase, "Nay Momma, nay Poppa," became our personal slogan. Nevertheless, if used for the purpose we and our dogs were trained for, we could turn in credible jobs and become accepted members of our temporary military family even if it

was only on a step-child basis. If misused, and what in CBI wasn't many times misused, things could become, as our British friends might say, "A bit of a sticky wicket."

Eleven months after our arrival, another six K-9 men arrived and with them twelve dogs as replacements for those who had succumbed to the ravages of disease and climate, bringing to 120 the total number of dogs used by our unit during our CBI service.

The end of the war found the detachment pretty well scattered over the theater resulting in our being sent home in dribbles and dabs rather than as a unit. Possibly this was the cause of the erroneous story that our dogs were destroyed rather than being returned stateside. A story completely false for two very good reasons. First of all, the Army procured its dogs through "Dogs for Defense," a civilian agency who in turn obtained them from patriotic citizens donating their pets for war work. The explicit agreement was that any surviving dogs would be returned to their original owners after the war if so desired. Secondly, our men had a deep commitment to their dogs and had a policy of euthanasia been proposed the hell that would have been raised could not have been hidden. While it is possible that this thought could have crossed the minds of some transportation people, to the best of my knowledge it never went further than a thought.

While actual figures are not available, the consensus of opinion among War Dog Det. survivors is that 85 of the 120 dogs survived and were returned stateside. Given the disease factor, the climate and combat conditions these dogs endured, it is a tribute of the highest order to the expertise and dedication of Captain George Miller, our veterinarian officer and Captain Ryland Croshaw, the veterinarian officer who was the final CO of our unit and "turned off the lights" for us in CBI. These men were outstanding.

An interesting situation developed at the close of the war. The dogs had been promised back to their original owners, yet most handlers had such a deep attachment they wanted to keep the animals themselves. To resolve this dilemma, the Army supplied the name and address of the original owner and it was up to the handler to write these people requesting them to waive their rights. While

WRITER SEEKS INFO ON SACO K-9 UNIT

(To the editor dated 8 May 1994)

During WWII, I served with the War Dog Det-CBI (brief unit history enclosed). For many years, we felt we were the only K-9 unit in CBI, but in "Confusion Beyond Imagination" Boyd Sinclair mentioned the SACO K-9 unit.

Contacted Boyd before his demise, but he had no firm data he could relay to me. Following this, I sent query letter to EX-CBI ROUNDUP and others. While I had several nice responses from SACO people, could find no information on the dogs. At recent basha meeting (Central Michigan Basha), I met Sigmund and Dorothy Petosky who had brought two issues of SACO NEWS with them and one of them had the picture of "Chance" at Camp 9.

Am completing a history of my unit and would like to include the information on SACO K-9 to set the record straight. Would it be possible for you to put out a query in your publication asking for any of your members with information to step forward?



Your dog handlers might be interested in learning there is a K-9 Memorial that will be dedicated this coming June (94) in Lincoln, Nebraska. Am enclosing picture of stone that will be put in place.

Sincerely,

Richard J. Mika
Richard J. Mika
12493 W. Outer Drive
Detroit, Michigan
48223
(313) 538-0565

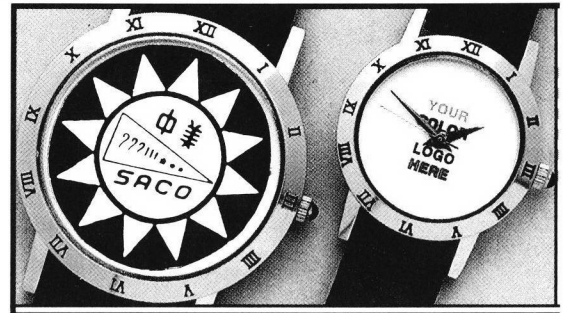
SACO WATCHES

Many have wanted info about SACO watches. Bill Sager ordered the initial watch sending the SACO logo which is now on file with this company. Shown here is a sample model which seems to be popular. However, many other styles are offered in both men's and ladies' models.

Call toll free number to ask for catalog sheet & there are no shipping charges or taxes outside CA with advance payment in full.

Give this File# when ordering:

SACO 9310-043-924



Model 103 (WATER-RESISTANT)

Battery powered quartz movement with conventional hands to indicate time. 18K Gold plated water-resistant case, stainless steel case back, black water-resistant genuine leather band.
(Regular retail value \$50.00)

Order Quantity (per dial design)	10-15 working day delivery price per unit (plus freight)
1 - 11	\$29.50
12 - 49	\$24.50
50 - 99	\$22.50
100 - 299	\$20.50
300 & Over	\$18.50

IMAGE WATCHES, INC.

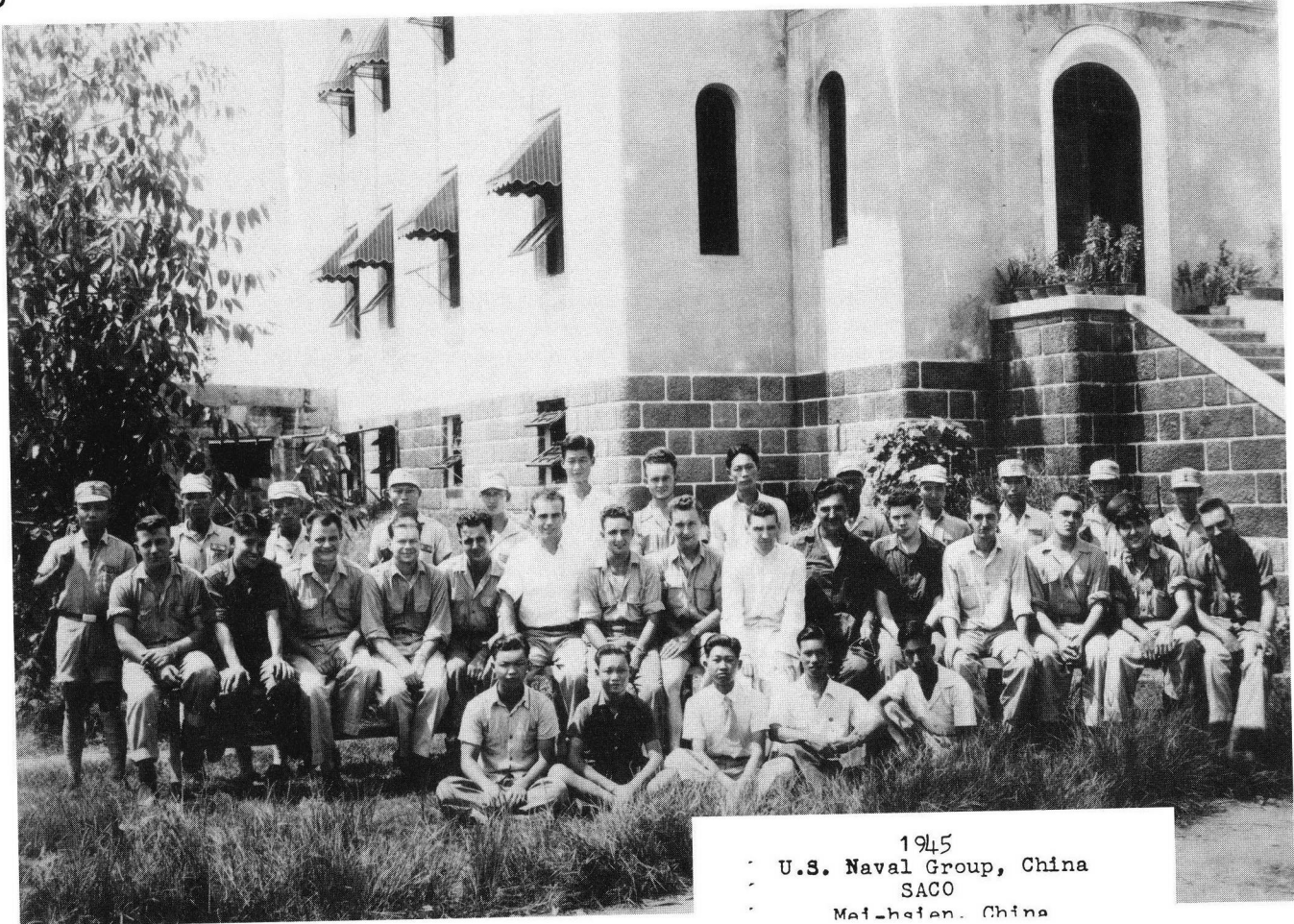
9095 Telstar Avenue, El Monte, California 91731

(818) 312-2828

(800) 344-8050

9 AM-5 PM Mon. - Fri. Pacific Coast Time

NOSTALGIA



1945
 U.S. Naval Group, China
 SACO
 Mei-hsien, China

CATHOLIC MISSION (MARYKNOLL ORDER)
 U.S. NAVAL GROUP CHINA - KAYING (MEI-HSIEN), CHINA - KWANGTUNG PROVINCE

Standing rear L-R: Five Chinese soldiers, church member, SACO member, Chinese Interpreter, five more Chinese soldiers.

Seated center: 3rd person Al Miller, Meteorologist, 6th Chief Jensen, Radio Technician, 8th Lt. Price, 9th Father Donovan, 11th Tom Delaney and 12th John Willig, both radiomen.

Foreground: First three - Chinese houseboys, Chinese Meteorologist, Chen Ching Chang

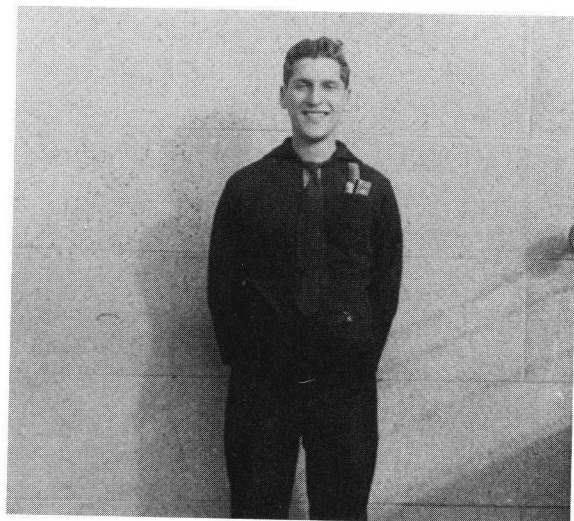
Submitted by John Willig and identified to the best of his recollection.



CAMP HANK GIBBONS - Kunming



Fotos submitted by Mike Cannon



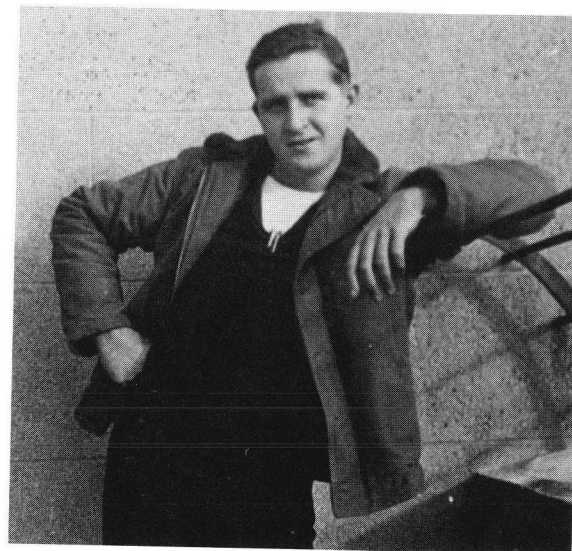
Stan Klaven of Wash., D.C. practices wearing tie so that he will be ready for civilian life.



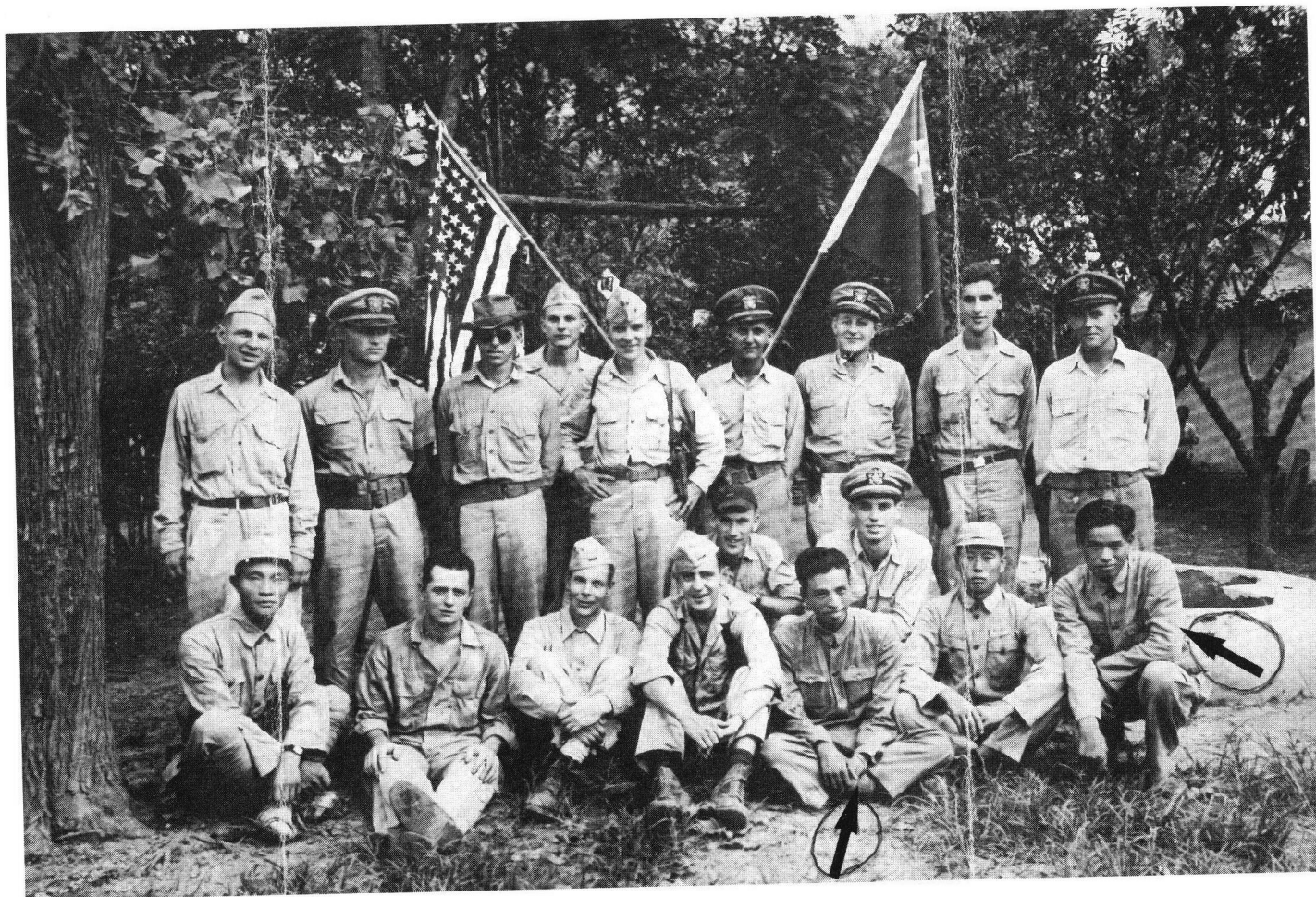
Mike Cannon and Pontecorvo on the Bund in Shanghai; nobody could quite figure out just who these two SACO guys were - Navy, Marines or Salvation Army.



Don't remember fellow on L, center is "Poncho" Pontecorvo, on his L, Bob Mulvey taken outside Manhattan Bar and Grill in Shanghai. We were on per diem and ate here most of the time.



Jim Lynch, RM1/c, from Mass.



1945
 HANKOW, CHINA - WAR JUST OVER

Submitted by Richard A. Tully, 3rd from L (Top Row) a PLT. SGT. USMC. "At one time I knew the names of all these guys, but unfortunately, did not put them in writing and now can't remember them. Our C.O. was a captain in the USMC (5th from L standing). Guy at far L had smallpox - believe he was a corpsman from Tennessee. We were flown from Calcutta, India to Kunming, China and proceeded to a place about 200 miles south of Hankow. When the war ended, we were ordered to Hankow."
 (Arrows point to our two interpreters).



January 1944
 Cdr. D. D. Wight, Commodore M. E. Miles, Col. Shieh

DOG DAYS ... (Cont'd)

there were, of course, some turn-down many people saw the love and logic behind the request and resulted in many of our men returning to civilian life side by side with the four-footed buddy they had been through so much with.

In closing, it might be well to note that at gatherings of detachment survivors the dogs, long since gone, are remembered with every bit as much love and respect as others of our comrades who have fallen by the way. A true example of "till death do us part." + + +

CAIRO CONFERENCE
NOVEMBER 1943



Photo submitted by B. E. Griffin of Jacksonville Beach, FL

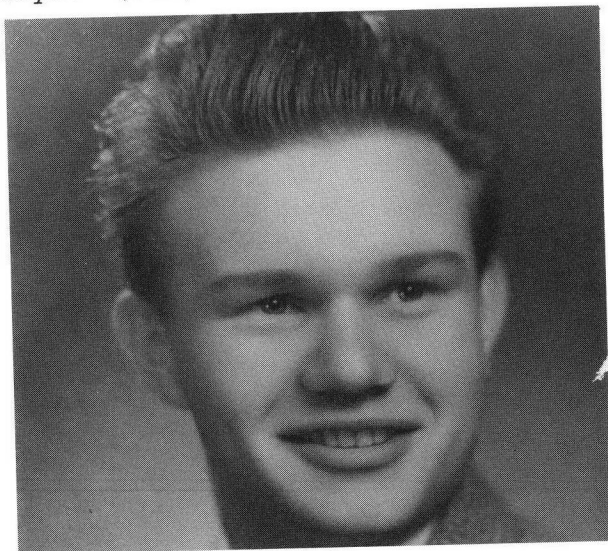
Seated L-R: Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, President Franklin D. Roosevelt, Sir Winston Churchill and Madame Chiang Kai-shek. Anyone care to identify those standing? Do I see Bradley, Stillwell - maybe Gen. Wedemeyer and Admiral Mountbatten?

According to a note from B. E. Griffin, this photo was taken by Adm. Miles' photographer the late Bob Eastman who gave same to B. E. Griffin. In conversation with Billy Miles regarding the photo, she stated Adm. Miles never had a personal photographer. In any event, I'm curious as to why one of our own would be at that conference. Can anyone corroborate? Irrespective of facts as to origin of the photo, it is a predominant pictorial moment in the pages of world history. Ernest Griffin, many, many thanks for sending this photo. Ed.

Fête-a-Fête with Jinx



Recall the days of Jinx Falkenburg and Pat O'Brien - two of the few who ventured to China to entertain? Early this past spring, Hank Scurlock called me regarding Jinx having an engagement to speak at Eisenhower Medical Center (Betty Ford Clinic) here in Rancho Mirage, CA. We discussed going, but circumstances prevented me from doing so. However, later I was pleased to learn Hank was able to attend and here's the picture to prove it. Hank said Jinx was very cordial and they enjoyed a few moments reminiscing those China days. (Ed.)



Henry F. "Bud" Scurlock July/August 1943 just before leaving Wash., D.C. for China.

FOOCHOW GROUP TRIBUTE

TO: RICHARD AND ERMA RUTAN
FROM: DICK TERPSTRA
SUBJECT: **A BIG THANK YOU FROM THE FOOCHOW GROUP**
DATE: 14 JULY 1994

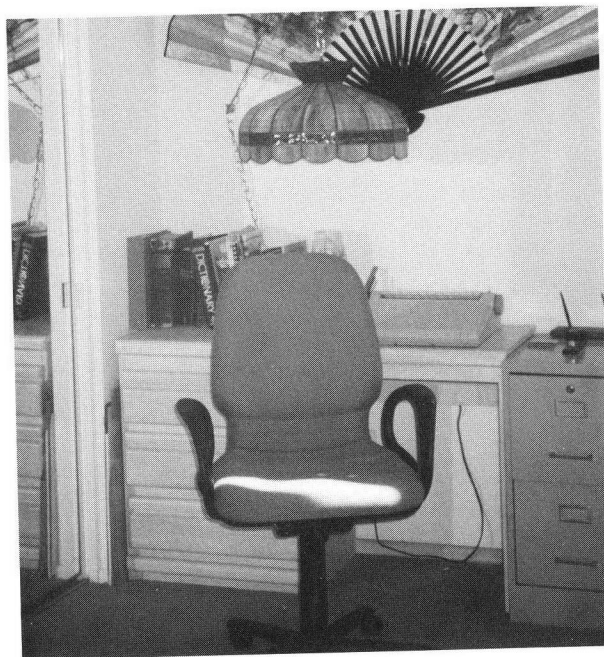
...We want to thank you for the time that you and Erma put in - not only on the WHAT THE HELL publication, but also in the great hospitality suite.

For your enjoyment as well as to help keep you rested in-between reunions, we have made arrangements with Steelcase, the world's largest manufacturer of office furniture, to give you a Sensor chair.

We all appreciate everything that you both have done for us and we sincerely hope that you enjoy your new chair.

Best regards,

Sal Ciaccio - Lloyd Cobb - Dick Terpstra - Guy Tressler - Robert Weber - Jim Whitlock - Leon Zucks



Needless to say, this unprecedented gesture left us speechless. What a most generous, thoughtful and useful gift! You of the Foochow Group have outdone yourselves - your kind remarks and magnanimous gift will never be forgotten. Thank you from the bottom of our hearts!!

Erma
Erma and Richard

Deaths Reported Since Last Issue

- Rudolph R. Caputo LtCdr 1991
Chungking
- Thomas L. Chvala SP1/c 1991
Chungking
- Thomas E. Clendening ChPh 1994
Camp #1
- Donald D. Craig BM2/c 1994
Camp7/Shanghai
- David M. Eby BM1/c 1994
Camp2/Kunming
- Webb Gaskill Cox
Camp 7
- John A. MacLellan Lt. 1989
Luliang/East China
- James R. McDonough RM1/c 1994
Chungking/Ansi/Suchow/Shanghai
- Clyde A. McEwan CP-CG 1994
Chungking
- James G. Merritt GM2/c 1994
Calcutta/Camp 2/Shanghai
- Paul Porter SKD2/c 1994
Calcutta/Shanghai
- James L. Scurlock RT1/c 1994
Chungking/Shunan/Kienow
- Garland S. Tinsley Lt. 1992
Chungking/Calcutta/Bombay
- William J. Vincent RM2/c 1994
Kunming/FRUCHI
- Paul Williams BM2/c 1984
Camp 7
- Dolph Zapfel CSP 1992
Chungking
- Belden R. Zeisler PRTR 2/c 1994
Camp 7

SACO



DIRECTORY with MEMORIALS and BY-LAWS

JULY 1994

Published in late July, the latest issue of the SACO DIRECTORY, a 52-page, 5½" X 8½" book, has been sent to all **paid-up** SACO members.

DO YOU HAVE YOUR COPY?

SACO's fiscal year runs from July to June. To get you copy, send dues to Treas. Frank Buckless - he will forward your new directory.

ADDRESS CHANGES SINCE 1994 DIRECTORY

Irvine, Mr. Richard R.
R.R. #1
Fergus Falls, MN 56537-9801

Young, Jr., Mr. Wm. W.
9428 Hidden Acres Rd.
Pass Christian, MS 39571

DECEASED REPORTED SINCE 1994 DIRECTORY

Caputo, Rudolph R.
1559 73rd St.
Brooklyn, NY 11228

Porter, Paul
508 Howe St.
Manchester, NH 03103

Vincent, William J.
347 S. Elm, # 128
Boise, ID 83712

SIZEMORE

26 Jan '94 (To Ken & Helen Rhicard)

...On Dec 7th, I developed a terrific pain in my right shoulder, but since I had injured it a number of years ago...I thought it was the injury until the pain went into my jaw and became unbearable.

...in the hospital...apparently the cardiologist wanted an immediate by-pass...eventually I did get the triple by-pass...21 days in intensive care particularly including Christmas were enough.

...So now, after additional testing last week, I'll be back in the hospital for additional surgery (prostate) on the 11th of Feb. For several years, I've been doing all the shopping and errand running. Now Arline has taken the role...I'm certainly glad that she recovered so quickly from her by-pass last June...

Sincerely,

Bob (Sizemore)



DELANEY

7 Apr '94

Several weeks ago, Paul Casamajor sent me a copy of the June 1992 SACO Directory as revised. It was then that I realized I had goofed when I identified Thomas J. Delaney in those two pictures that I had sent to you.

It was through the directory that I was able to locate Tom and speak to him on the phone after 49 years. Unfortunately, Tom has been plagued with Parkinson's Disease for a number of years, but in spite of this, it was a great experience to renew the fellowship.

Sorry, Tom, about the confusion regarding your first name.

Sincerely,

John Willig

SICK
BAX

BURKE - HANKINS

18 July '94

...wanted to tell you that Leonard Burke is home from a 3-month stay in intensive care at the University of Pennsylvania Hospital (by-pass surgery). We visited him and he looks great and so does Ruth.

...My knee is fully recovered (bursitis). The hotel Holiday Inn (Rapid City Convention) was very helpful in finding me a clinic.

Best wishes,

Ralph Hankins



CRANDALL

10 Apr '94 (To Buckless)

Time for those dues again and I sure do enjoy the SACO NEWS. My wife, Shirley, passed away a couple years ago and I have had eight operations in the last two years. One was a six-way by-pass and two for cancer. I am doing better now, but won't be to this year's meeting; will try for next year...

I like the pictures of FRUCHI, the camp in Kunming. I was there almost all of 1945 with 3 I can remember - C.G. Blackmore of Missouri, Elden Stringfellow of Utah and Mastrogiovani of New York?

Sincerely,

Olen Crandall

TETHER

7 Apr '94 (To Buckless)

Had planned to be in Rapid City this May, but my husband had a stroke Feb. 20th and will be unable to travel that far as yet. He is improving rapidly though, so have hopes for next year in Seattle.

Sincerely,



Ivaloe Tether (wife of Charles)



DRURY (Editor's note):

Have talked to Vince and Marge Drury several times lately. Vince had his second back surgery and at this writing is at home in Sebring, FL recuperating. He has had excruciating pain over a long period of time and is hopeful this second round will bring him relief.



ULANECK

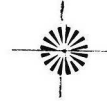
Frank Buckless states he heard from Helen Ulaneck that Julius had suffered another light stroke on his right side.



JONES

Buckless had heard from Sara Jones that Mayhew was now using a walker. Sunday, 21 Aug., Erma and I called Sara and had a nice long conversation with her. She said Mayhew had arthritis in his shoulders and knees requiring him to use a walker. She said, "I just told him arthritis and old-age is just catching up with you!" (He's 93). Sara said she was 94 and, "don't take medicine of any kind!" I asked how long they had been married and she replied, "68 years!" and hesitantly, "to the same one!" What an inspirational chat with a lovely Southern Lady! She explained it was hard for Mayhew to hear on the phone, but it was evident she had no problem in that respect. Sara added, "You have no idea what your call means to me!" She has no idea what it did for Erma

and me! What beautiful people! Cheers to a loving couple and may they enjoy many more anniversaries as they extend their longevity!



WESTPHAL

4 August 1944

...4 weeks ago, I experienced Death twice in the same day---survived both events and I assure you I am WISER if not healthier for the experiences. I learned the hard way that I am TOTALLY dependant on my Pacemaker...The coax cable which tethered the PM to my heart actually broke in two... The second loss of life I experienced was in the ambulance at the entrance to the hospital where the paramedics were doing crazy things in a futile effort to get my heart pumping once again. The back door of the ambulance was open for they were within a moment of moving me inside the hospital--- a car stopped---a man from the car approached the ambulance and at once recognized the problem when informed that I was a Pacemaker patient, and he reached into his Magic Bag and withdrew a life saving External Pacemaker. One quick slit with a scalpel ...and in moments he had a pacemaker on-line and I was again amongst the living!

...You might be interested in learning that this doctor who appeared out of nowhere...was from Calcutta!

Johnnie

**I like my new bifocals,
My dentures fit just fine,
My hearing aid is perfect,
But Lord, I miss my mind.**

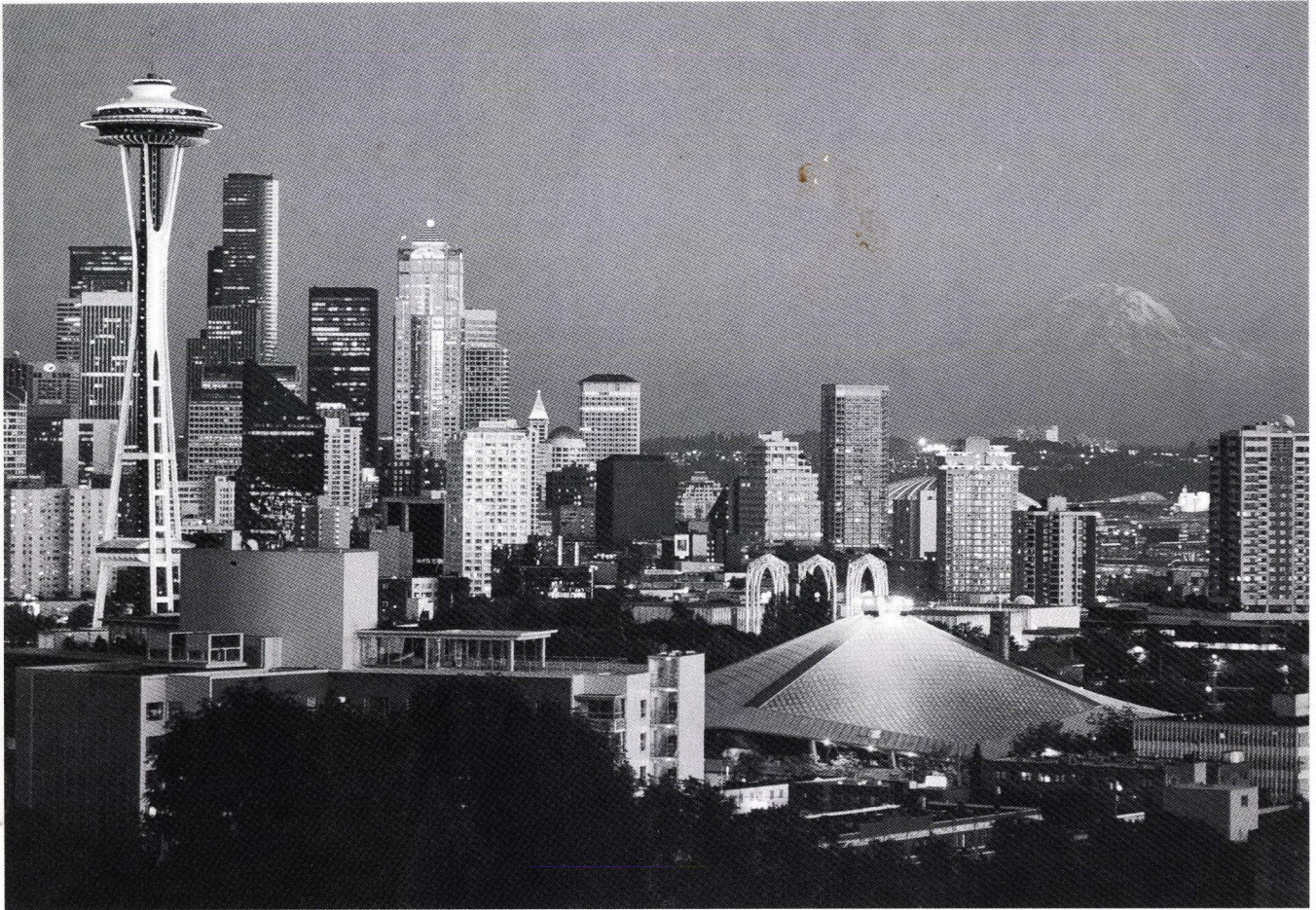
CORRECTION:

P.16 of Issue 10 (March 1994): #2 Edward Delaney, Radioman should have been Thomas J. Delaney. John Willig who sent the photo apologizes for this error.

SACO SELECTS SEATTLE SITE FOR 41ST CONVENTION

JULY
12-16
1995

HOSH
B-LL
M-LL
ER



SACO NEWS

RICHARD L. RUTAN, EDITOR
45-480 Desert Fox Drive
La Quinta, CA 92253-4214
Phone: (619) 360-3800

SACO NEWS is published by WWII veterans of SINO-AMERICAN CO-OPERATIVE ORGANIZATION (SACO) aka U. S. NAVAL GROUP CHINA.

Send your comments & newsworthy contributions for future issues to the Editor. Photos & stories are welcome.

TYPESETTING
By
PAUL CASAMAJOR



FIRST CLASS
ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

Mr. Kenneth U. Brown
2674 W. Nelson St.
Laramie, WY 82070-6659