

# SACO VETERANS

SINO AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION

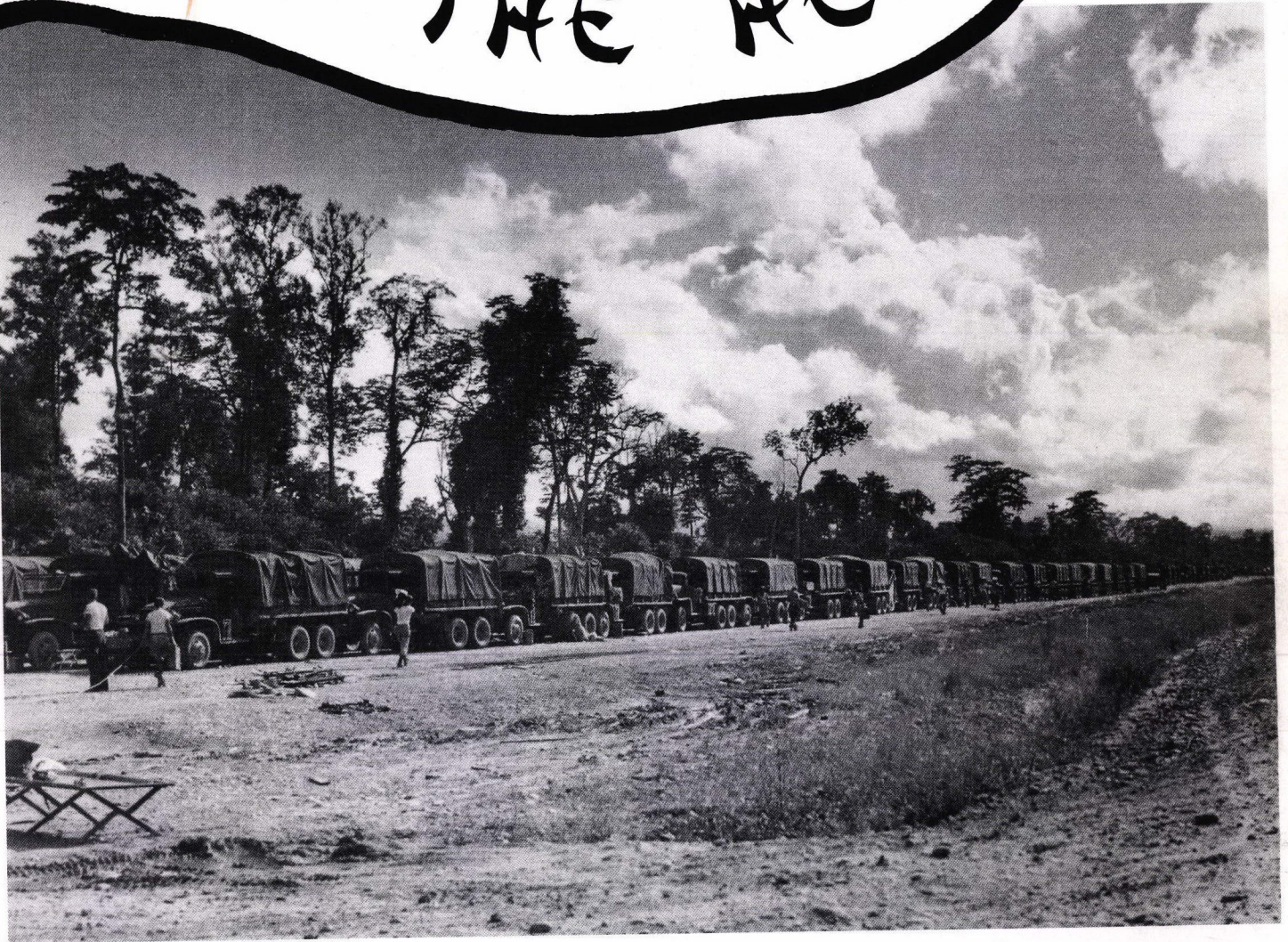
VICE ADMIRAL MILTON E. "MARY" MILES

*Rear Duke & Perpetual Skipper*

Issue No. 12

OCTOBER  
1995

WHAT THE HELL?



POST WAR CONVOY OVER LEDO  
ROAD 50 YEARS AGO

*Madame Chiang Visits Wash., D.C.*

SACO NEWS



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**1995 - 96**

**SACO MEDAL**

This is to advise the SACO MEDAL is again available thanks to a reissue order from the Military Intelligence Bureau in Taiwan.

As explained before, the medals are issued at our annual conventions. The MIB takes great pleasure in personal presentation of the medals and those of you having received yours in the past, can attest that it is a proud, solemn and emotional ceremony.

A word of advice to those of you eligible for and anticipate attending a future convention for the award; be sure that you make your plans known by sending in your reservation well in advance

of the convention date. This is necessary in order that the MIB knows "who and how many" will be present. If you wait until the last 6-8 weeks chances are you'll be disappointed.

There is no "supply on hand" in the U.S. - these medals are strictly under the auspices of the Taiwan MIB and brought to the convention by the representatives of the Bureau.

DO NOT WRITE TO THE MIB IN TAIWAN REQUESTING THIS SACO MEDAL. THEY WILL NOT ISSUE TO ANYONE WITHOUT CONFIRMATION OF ELIGIBILITY BY OUR ORGANIZATION.



# POTPOURRI



## SACO TIGERS SEEK ANSWERS

SACO MEMBERS CAN BE PROUD OF EFFORTS...In the last issue I had copies of letters our members sent the President and members of Congress expressing our concern about the treatment of our friends in the ROC particularly in respect to President Lee Teng-hui beginning with the embarrassment by our State Dept. in disallowing President Lee to disembark in Honolulu while his plane was being serviced and later the controversy regarding President Lee visiting his alma mater Cornell University.

Letters of protest by our SACO Tigers and responses thereto are so numerous that it is not practicable to reproduce them due to space and expense.

In most instances, members of congressional offices were compassionate with our views. As for our President, he has been ever unflinching in the art of sidestepping the issue with his omnipresent empty responses that so conspicuously avoid the mention of Taiwan.

Regardless of the ambivalence manifested in the President's views, never forget the "pen" still has power as you can take pride in the fact that SACO DID have influence in the decision to grant President Lee visitation to the United States.

Thanks to all of you who forwarded copies of your letters to our government officials as well as their responses. Ed.



## OPEN LETTER OF APOLOGY

Many of you will recall Jim Powell's search for the rescuers of his crew from a downed bomber in mainland China (issues 9 and 11). Ultimately, ascertaining it was indeed SACO who came to their rescue, Jim asked and was accepted to be an associate SACO member. This last convention in Seattle was attended by Jim and his wife Jean. I recognized him on his first visit to our Hospitality Room and brought to the attention of others his presence in order to make him feel welcome.

I didn't see Jim again and being involved with the Hospitality Room, I must admit, his presence momentarily escaped me. It was not until the banquet was over and I departed the room that I saw Jim and his wife seated at a table by the exit. At that moment, my heart sank...I so regret the injustice dealt Jim for not making an announcement at the banquet and introducing our new loyal supporter to our group. I have only myself to blame...even though I was not aware he was in the room, I should have investigated. Jim, I won't soon forget this embarrassment and I hope you can accept my sincerest apology. Please come again; I'll make sure everyone knows you. This is not typical SACO etiquette, but a terrible oversight by yours truly. I'm so sorry! If I hadn't "lived" his story in writing his articles, sharing correspondence and phone conversations, perhaps it would be easier to forget...but the fact is...I simply goofed! Ed.

## IDENTITIES OF CAIRO CONFERENCE

(Enlargement of this photo appeared p.51 Issue No. 11 Oct. 1994)

I previously guessed I.D. of four - got 2 right - 50% not bad, eh? Ed.

Standing L-R:

Gen. Shan Chen, Lt. Gen. Liu Wei, Gen. B.B. Somerville, Gen. Joseph Stilwell, Gen. Henry "Hap" Arnold, Field Marshall Sir John Dill, Adm. Lord Louis Mountbatten and Maj. Gen. Carlton de Wiart.

If you can't identify those seated, you're lying about your age - WHAT THE HELL!



### GENERAL GEORGE S. PATTON STATUE UNVEILED AT WWII DESERT TRAINING CENTER

CHIRIACO SUMMIT is on I-10 about a half-hour drive from where we live. It was the site of training for well over a million men in preparation of facing the war ahead of them in North Africa during WWII. General Patton was first in command of training at that location and was succeeded by others. I can't begin to imagine what a Hell Hole it must have been. On one visit, the attendant at the museum



MRS. OMAR BRADLEY

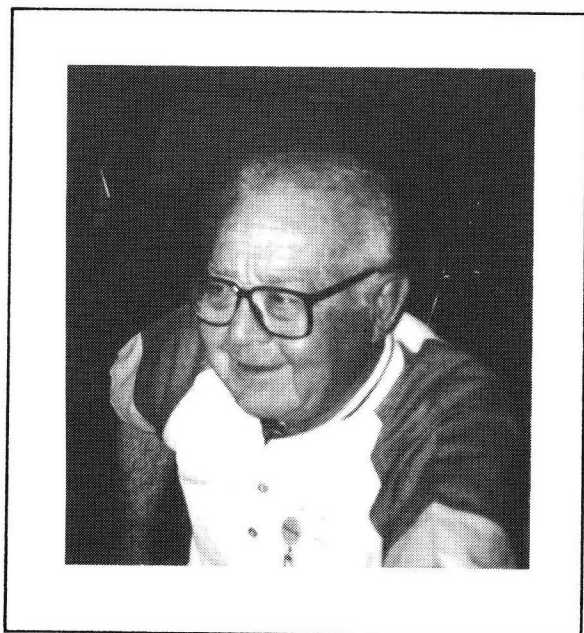
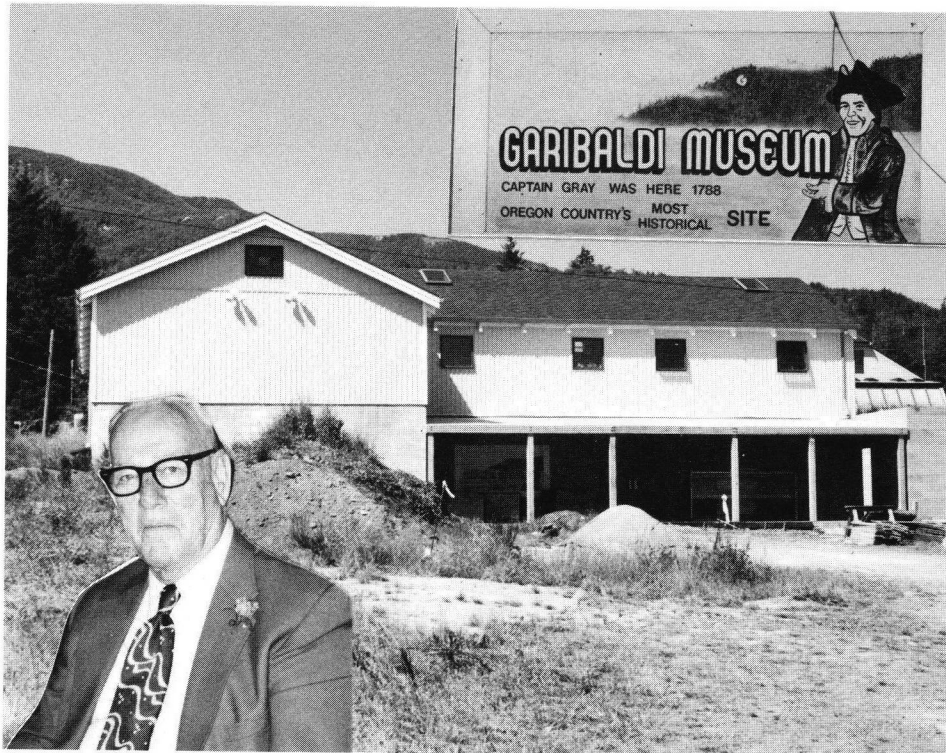
said a man had preceded our visit that had trained there. He said North Africa was a snap compared to the hell they went through in that hot desert at Chiriaco.

Last November, on his birthday, a statue of George S. Patton with his dog was unveiled in front of the museum that bears his name and Erma and I attended. "Kitty" Bradley, widow of General Omar Bradley, was guest of honor and spoke to the assemblage. Ed.

CHARLIE PARKINS' MUSEUM  
IN GARIBALDI, OREGON

On their return motor trip from Seattle last July, Paul & Martha Casamajor stopped in Garibaldi, Oregon and Paul took some shots of the museum. No doubt many of you recall Charlie Parkins talking about his venture and devoting a portion of the museum to SACO.

Paul states the building sets at the back of the lot affording plenty of room toward the front (on US 101) for parking. He also says the building appears to be finished - at least the outside - and may now be the "best building in town!"



VERNE BENEDICT EXTENDS GRATITUDE

Even though circumstances didn't permit me attending, I want to congratulate you all on another outstanding convention. From what I hear, it was one of the

best.

I especially want to thank Bill & Sissy Miller, Dick and Erma Rutan, Lee and Ruby Alverson, Jim and Jackie Murphy, Vern and Gloria Dalrymple and Guy Purvis and Kenny for coming an extra 200 miles just to stop by Bellingham for a visit, lunch and a lot of gossip. That shows you what the organization is all about, compassion and very close friendship. To all who signed cards wishing a speedy recovery - thanks and also to the Murphys for bringing the gifts from our Chinese Friends, signed card, etc.

Later...

PS: I just got home after a 2-weeks-stay in the hospital for back rehab and a few other things - WHAT THE HELL - maybe another SACO convention in the future.

Your friend,

Verne (Benny Benedict)

# LETTERS



# NOTES



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

22 November 1994

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

Dear Mr. Rutan:

Thank you so much for sending me the 11th issue of SACO NEWS. I really enjoying reading it.

This well-printed NEWS carried many wonderful articles and gorgeous photos. I am particularly interested in those old pictures taken forty or even fifty years ago, which are of great historic significance, and make an interesting comparison with the latest ones taken in the Rapid City Reunion. These photos indeed keep the sweet unforgettable memory, serving as a bridge which breaks the obstacle of time and space connecting the precious friendship among SACO members.

SACO NEWS is an important communication means for its readers--the SACO members. As the editor of this NEWS, you have devoted all your efforts and time in making this publication successful for years. Your dedication and good work deserve our respect and admiration. We look forward to receiving more great new issues.

Please convey my warm regards to "Mama Erma." I wish you good health and every success.

Sincerely,

*Hu Cha-chi*

Hu Cha-chi  
Lt. General, ROC Army  
Director



府統總國民華中

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF CHINA

June 20, 1995

Dr. Lloyd M. Felmly  
Secretary  
Sino American Cooperative  
Organization  
432 Golden Beach Blvd.  
Venice, FL 34285  
U. S. A.

Dear Dr. Felmly:

I take pleasure in writing to thank you, on behalf of President Lee Teng-hui, for your kind letter dated May 24, 1995.

President Lee very much enjoyed his recent visit to your country. On various occasions he addressed subjects of great concern to this country and others. He believes that the Clinton Administration's decision to agree to this trip represents U.S. recognition of and support for the economic prosperity and political democracy attained by the government and people of the Republic of China over the past four decades.

President Lee greatly appreciates the SACO's long-standing support for this country, and he sends you and your colleagues his best wishes for continued success in your undertakings.

Enclosed please find a copy of President Lee's Olin Lecture delivered at Cornell University on June 9.

With warmest regards,

Sincerely yours,

*Frederic*

Frederic P.N. Chang  
Deputy Director-General  
The First Bureau

Enclosure



## SACO

SINO AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION

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Rear Duke & Interpretive Skipper

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8 July 1995

Good Morning, Mr. Chang:

A "Thank you" for sending me a copy of ALWAYS IN MY HEART. It was a privilege to share the President's thoughts and memories, as well as his plans and philosophies.

Many of us in SACO have urged President Clinton, for a long time, to allow President Lee to visit the United States. You may be sure that his decision brought loud cheers from our group.

Again: thank you. My wife and I will be included in a small group of SACO veterans invited to Taipei as guests of Lt. Gen. Hu Cha-chi and the Military Intelligence Bureau, during the Double-Ten celebration this coming October. I hope, at that time, to thank you, personally, for your thoughtfulness.

Sincerely yours,

Lloyd M. Felmly, MD

1995  
Seattle, WA

1996  
Suwanee, FL



August 2, 1995

Mr. Richard L. Rutan  
SACO VETERANS CONVENTION  
45 - 480 Dessert Fox Drive  
LaQuinta, California 92253

Dear Mr. Rutan:

On behalf of the staff here at the Doubletree Hotels, Seattle, please accept our sincere thanks for your recent letter and kind remarks. It is always a pleasure and honor when we have the opportunity to host organizations that have served our country with such distinction.

Once again, Mr. Rutan, thank you for your letter and kind remarks. The entire team here in Seattle thanks you for your patronage, and we sincerely hope there will be opportunity for us to once again work together in the future.

Sincerely,

*David S. Ruchlmann*

David S. Ruchlmann  
Regional Director

DSR:ch

DOUBLETREE  
SUITES  
SEATTLE

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SEATTLE, WASHINGTON 98188  
206 575-8220  
FAX 206 575-4743



21 June 1995

...If I wasn't so damned deaf, I would enjoy joining you on the trip to Taiwan. Had my 91st birthday last Saturday, so I am still too young to lose interest in those nice little girls - have fun -

Yours,  
Nobel (Shaduck) - (His story is the feature article in this edition. Ed.)

\*\*\*\*\*

2 Dec. 1994

TO: Mike Cannon

It's been a long time--say--about 49 years since I last saw you. I enjoyed the photographs in the last SACO NEWS, particularly the one of me amongst you, Poncho, Klaven, Jack Lynch and Mulvey. The interesting thing is that my picture was not identified and I had a strange feeling that you didn't remember who I was, or, it was an editorial mistake.\*

...I've had an interesting life, thanks to the GI Bill and a lot of early help from the Atomic Energy Commission.

...I am somewhat retired in Montana...living in Bigfork at the top of Flathead Lake. My wife, Lanny, is from Montana and wanted to return to her native state; she has Parkinson's disease so life could be much better...

Drop me a line sometime; do you still carry a camera around your neck all of the time? I think the Japanese may have learned from you. Seriously, many of the nostalgic photographs I have, such as of Klaven's going home party, were from your camera.

Sincerely,  
Bob Thomas

(Picture referred to was p.49 of Issue No. 11 Oct. '94. I'd like to think the glue didn't hold, but in any event, it was an editorial error and I humbly apologize, Bob. Ed.)

\*\*\*\*\*

\_\_\_\_\_1994

I did receive your book SACO NEWS and I can't tell you how much I enjoyed it. I passed it on to our daughter, Nancy, and her family...

It will always be a very treasured gift to me and my family.

May God bless each and every one of you.

Sincerely,

Catherine Morgan (Widow of Lt. (j.g.) George Morgan who led party in rescue of James Powell and his crew from crashed B-25 bomber - Issue No. 11 Oct 1994 p.10. Ed.)

\*\*\*\*\*

Christmas 1994

...I survived an interesting year - a hearing aid (which I don't use), a heart catheterization, two skin biopsies on my nose and two cataract operations. Otherwise, I feel good!

Love,  
John K. (Klos)

\*\*\*\*\*

Christmas 1994

The old SACO days grow nearer as we grow older...

Jim & Peggy Cowan

\*\*\*\*\*

11 Nov 1994

TO: Buckless

...Enjoyed the Oct. 1994 SACO NEWS:  
...I may make it to Seattle in '95. (He didn't make it.)

I was CO at Intelligence Area III Foochow at one time.

Regards,  
Jim Nelson

Just retired from the bench and enjoying my golf game.

\*\*\*\*\*

4 Nov. 1994

My sincere thanks and appreciation for the complimentary Oct. issue of the SACO NEWS. I was astonished at the generous space you gave my query regarding SACO dog handlers and now eagerly hoping for response.

Zeke (Richard J. Zika)

\*\*\*\*\*

(A preface to the following letter: "Some time ago, Red MCGrail sent a humorous account of a "Unicorn" experience and I should contact Mike Conway for confirmation. Unfortunately, Red's original story is missing, but here's Conway's report: Ed.)

9 Aug 1994

...As to the story Red told you...it is flavored with a bit of imagination and literary license, but for the most part it is true. We were broken down in the desert and there was some kind of sheep-like animal with a horn in the middle of its head that had a bad temper. He rushed us and made us take cover under the disabled truck. This was not an aberration and I took it in stride with many other strange things that happened throughout my SACO venture.

...I would like to say that Red and I came upon each other some fifty years ago on a sidewalk in Wash., D.C. We were shipmates

and pals from that time on. Events threw us together that only copper-welded our friendship over the years, and so I say, with some authority, that Red is and always has been a good candidate for a section eight, not too unlike most of the crew at Camp 4 (with the exception of the C.O. and myself) whom I feel sure were recruited from the same type of institutions that let Red out when the country was in trouble.

I have always secretly believed that the inmates were in charge...

Sincerely,  
Mike Conway

\*\*\*\*\*

7 Nov. 1994

Two years ago, I asked a local book dealer to keep an eye out for a copy of THE RICE PADDY NAVY. (Waterville, OH).

He just responded, having located two copies. Prices quoted too steep for my budget, one at \$50, no jacket and the other at \$155. Possibly some of our members may be interested\* - please mention in the next publication! Contact Larry Leo Phone (419) 385-4793

Regards,  
Clair Emerson  
SACO Camp 10

(\*interested? I don't think so & don't think Mr. Leo should hold his breath. Might be some Tigers willing to "sell" at those prices!)

\*\*\*\*\*

14 April 1995

...before I retired in 1965, I had seen some info on a China Service Medal, but I didn't give it much thought. Several months ago, a fellow member of the Fleet Reserve Ass'n reminded me that I was eligible for the medal. This medal was available to Navy and Marine Corps personnel who served in China during two periods:



7 July 1937=7 Sept. 1939 and 2 Sept. 1945=1 April 1957. The first issuance would be for the so-called "Old China Hands," i.e., Yangtze River Patrol, 4th Marine Div. personnel, etc. The second period of eligibility would, of course, include most of us SACO people.\* I sent for mine...received it this week.

To get the medal...write:

NATIONAL PERSONNEL RECORDS CENTER  
Medal Section  
9700 Page Blvd.  
St. Louis, MO 63132

You are required to include photo copy of the NOTICE OF SEPARATION from U.S. Naval Service (form NAVPERS 553 or DD-214). I included a short statement as to when I reported to and left China.

Best regards,  
Willard Inman

\* I personally doubt "most" SACOs eligible (and Inman confirms these dates) as I was out of China in July '45 and I'm sure many preceded me. These dates sure exclude many months of China service, huh? Ed.

\*\*\*\*\*

\_\_\_\_\_ 1995

TO: Buckless

I cannot give any reason why I have not written before, but when I read the letter from Mrs. Mary McCawley, it brought back memories. I served alongside Tom MCCawley for awhile in China. I was an AERM1/C and followed a career in weather after leaving the Navy.

I am now retired and living in Richmond Hill, GA. I am enclosing a check\* for you to use in any way you see fit. I will not be able to travel to Seattle in July, but I wish the very best for SACO.

Commander (at that time) Beyerly was in charge of the weather division during '43 and '44 - the time I was with SACO.

I will not forget to send a check

each year from now on.

Samuel C. Davis

PS: I also know Tom McCawley while at Naval Air Station Anacostia, DC.

\*Sam's check was \$100...\$20 dues and \$80 contribution.

\*\*\*\*\*

15 Dec 1994

...We were in France in October with our family and enjoyed Provence. The Normandy Beaches were most interesting. We stood in the German Bunkers at Omaha and Utah Beaches and then saw the Nazi films of the slaughter at Caen Peace Museum. What a waste! I was in the American Cemetery at Normandy and came to the grave of William Simmons, 1st Lt., U.S. Army from Virginia. Most interesting and sad. Lastly, your publication is simply super...

We miss our friends,

Love,  
Bill (Simmons) and Shirley

\*\*\*\*\*

10 March 1995

TO: Buckless

...Stopped down to see George Harabin who was a radioman on my unit when I was Comm officer in Calcutta from Aug. '45 to Dec. '45, having come down from Happy Valley on 14 August '45, which you may recall, was the day they announced that the Nips had accepted the surrender terms.

George Crowley was CO in Calcutta at that time and forty years later (in the late 1980s) I discovered that George had been a very good friend of my roommate at Notre Dame in 1932! Unfortunately, Crowley and Gil Kelly (my ex) have both passed away. Another example of a small world.

Best to you and all the SACO Tigers.

Howard (Gillespie)

1995

Thank you so much for sending me the current and back issues of SACO NEWS. I have read them avidly and now feel that I will be able to appreciate better the Seattle Convention. Both my wife, Vivien, and I plan to attend. (They did.)

I feel somewhat embarrassed to say that until I ran into Joe Pohorsky at a meeting of the CBI Veterans Organization in Phoenix this last April, I did not even know of the existence of the SACO Veterans Organization. Just how I have missed hearing about it all these years, I do not know. But now that I have been educated, I expect to be an active participant...

I greatly appreciate receiving the personal notes of welcome from you and Mr. Casamajor. They do indeed make me feel welcome in the Organization...

Sincerely yours,  
Kinsell Coulson

\*\*\*\*\*

17 Feb 1995

...I wanted to tell you 90% of my house is back in shape after the earthquake (Northridge). The kitchen is still to be painted.

The only thing not back in shape is the house area outside. We left that for last.

Our neighborhood is slowly coming back to life - Lassen St. and Reseda Blvd. are being rebuilt. The college, however, is still badly damaged (Cal State University Northridge) and the students go to school in bungalows.

My health is about the same, I'm a lot slower now. In July, I was 77. It is a little over 50 years that I left China in June 1945 from Camp I.

Howard (Samuels)

\*\*\*\*\*

28 Oct 1994

TO: Casamajor

Thanks very much for the pictures that you mailed me (some of RI Guys). Please say hello to Dick Rutan, Jack Miller and any of the others that are around yet. I notice Charlie Sellers name.

I have kept in fairly close contact with Carl Altevogt of Columbus, OH

Ed Geary

(Paul Casamajor says Ed sent \$15 for the pix Paul sent. The check was forwarded to the Treasurer.)

\*\*\*\*\*

4 Nov 1994

Thanks so much for the decals and the pennant. They are exactly what I wanted. I am going to try to get one made for a jacket (real G.I.) that I have. Hope it turns out good.

I will send some money in to the Treasurer to cover the cost.

Thanks again,  
Ray Peppler

PS: I think your SACO NEWS is great.

\*\*\*\*\*

1995

Thanks for your card and thanks for sending me the SACO NEWS. I recognized a good many old friends and Stone would have recognized even more of them.

He was so proud to be a member of the SACO group and the trip to Taiwan was one of the most enjoyable ever made.

Best wishes to all of you,  
Helena (Cooper)

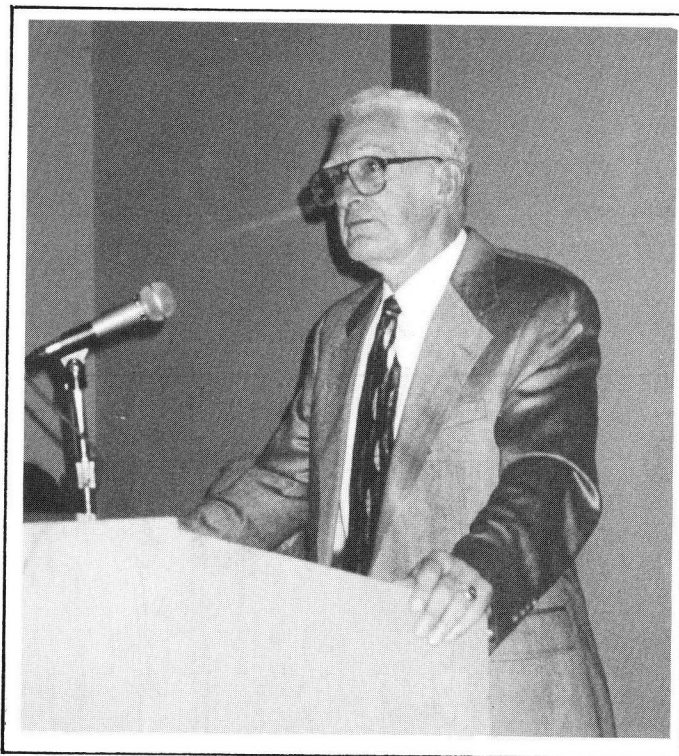




## 41ST CONVENTION HELD IN SEATTLE

The dates of July 11-16 were busy, fun-filled days for over 180 members and spouses - one of our bigger conventions. Bill and Sissy Miller, assisted by Lee and Ruby Alverson along with Ed and Jean Doyle put together a great program of sightseeing and a banquet attended by 219. Other able assistants manning the Registration Desk and other activities were Kathryn and "Wes" Weskamp, Georgia and Larry Karas, Betty and Bob Clark, Pat and Bob Bell, Marie and Jim Dess and Bill Byers of OSS. "Benny" Benedict was part of the originating committee, but ill health kept him on the sidelines. To all of you who had a hand promoting our entertainment, our heartfelt thanks for a super job. Unless you've "been there, seen that, done that," you have no idea the time and work involved. I think in most instances, it's a labor of love and fait accompli.

Erma and I enjoyed several days spent with Sissy and Bill prior to the reunion. They took us to Bellingham to see Benny. We took him to lunch and had a nice visit with this great guy.



Bill Miller - Chairman

Our quarters was the Double Tree Suites and Inn at Southcenter near SeaTac airport. The Hospitality Room opened on the 11th and stayed open as much as possible - a little time out for chow!

Festivities started Wednesday evening with a boat ride to Kiana Lodge. (Jack Miller joined the

band on the drums.) After a salmon dinner at the lodge, the group returned to the hotel about 10PM.

Thursday had two options - city tour and Boeing plant tour. Seeing the city included the waterfront, Pioneer Square/Kingdome International Dist., Lake Washington/Arboretum, Univ. Of Wash., Government Locks/Salmon Ladders, Pike Place Farmers Market and lunch at the Space Needle.

The Boeing Tour was a guided tour of the plant followed by lunch at the Everett Golf and Country Club.

Friday, 14 July - also two choices - Northwest Trek Wildlife Park and bus tour to Mt. Ranier.

Saturday - the usual business meetings and evening banquet. Ed Doyle was MC and gave us all a good "belly laugh" when he couldn't get his "tang untangled" and introduced Billy as "Millie Mills." (Sorry, Ed, just had to slip this in - we need all the laughs we can get - that's what getting together is all about)

The convention speaker was Louis K. Jones, Student of American History who shared his unparalleled knowledge of our American heritage.

Dinner was prime rib or salmon - both outstanding.

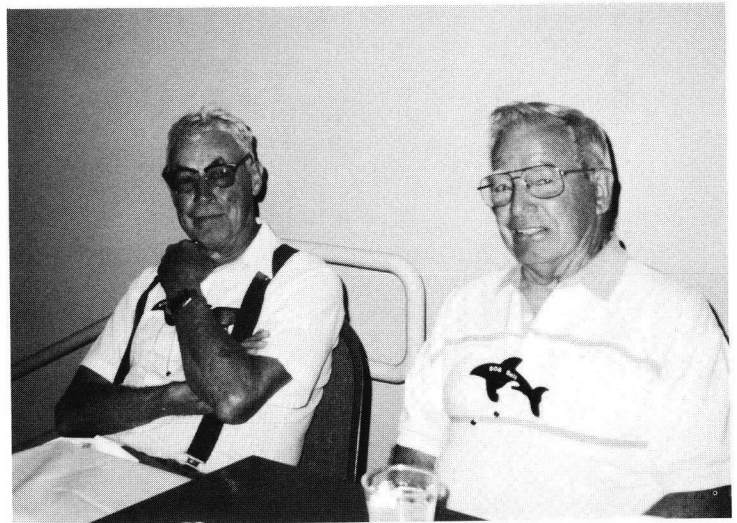
Honored guests from Taiwan were Maj. Gen. and Mrs. Kung Hsiang-jen, Deputy Director of MIB, Maj. Michael Chang and Ms. Tracy Chou. They presented gifts from Lt. Gen. Hu Cha-chi, Director of MIB - for the ladies, beautiful miniature figurines and the men, desk pen-holders.

Entertainment by the notable Northwest entertainer Stan Boreson along with his five-piece accompaniment.

Sissy and Bill, you and your crew accepted and met a challenge to fulfill our expectations and again, from all of us - the Navy's WELL DONE! Thanks for the wonderful "second time around." We love ya!



BILL/SISSY MILLER



BOB CLARK-BOB BELL



BOB/LOLA HILL, AL EDISS, CARL DIVELBISS



JACK MILLER ON DRUMS



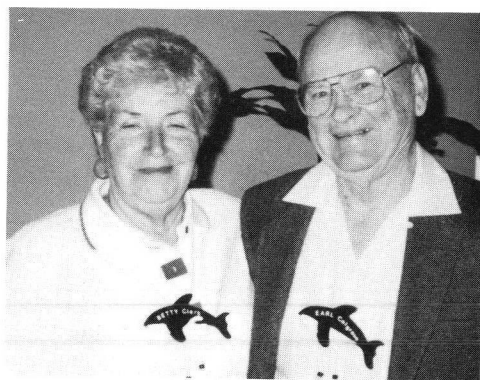
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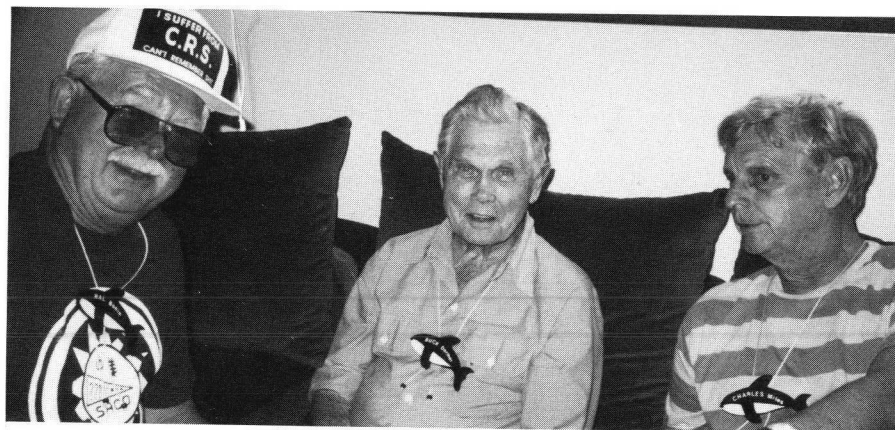
CHET & LILLIAN ROLAK



CLIFF/KATY PEASE



BETTY CLARK & EARL COLGROVE



HAL BONIN, BUCK DORMER, C-GOING MILES

Fotos courtesy Betty Clark, Al Ediss' dtr. Joan, Michael Chang, James Dunn



DAVE CLARKE-JEAN DOYLE-DORIE CLARKE  
MRS. KUNG-MAJ. GEN. KUNG HSIANG-JEN  
TRACY CHOU-MAJ. MICHAEL CHANG



MIKE CONWAY-O. J. OLSON  
-JACK SHEARER



MONA/BOB MILLER



JERRY/MARY COATS



MAJ. GEN. & MRS. KUNG HSIANG-JEN



RUBY ALVERSON-LARRY KARAS



JAMES DUNN-JIM DESS-LINDA CHU-MARIE DESS-JEAN DUNN



DORIS/GEORGE BARRETT



DOC/PEG FELMLY-MARTHA CASAMAJOR



MATHILDA/RICHARD BANNIER



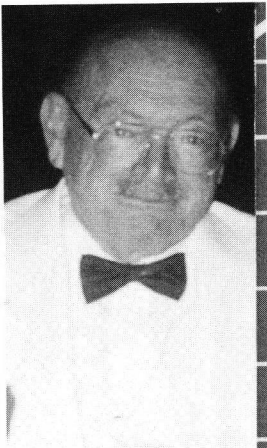
LUNCH AT SPACE NEEDLE



RUTH COX-SON CHUCK



GLENNA WILDING-MRS. KUNG-DORIE CLARKE-MAJ.GEN. KUNG-CARL DIVELBISS



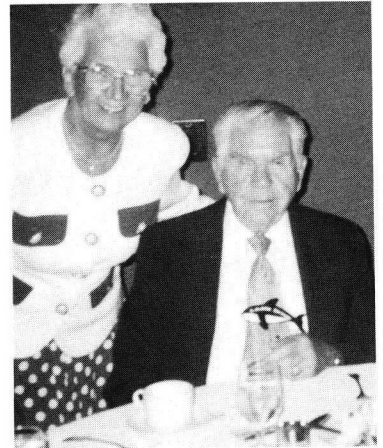
JIM MURPHY



JACKIE MURPHY



ERMA RUTAN



IRENE GATS-AL SPRINGER

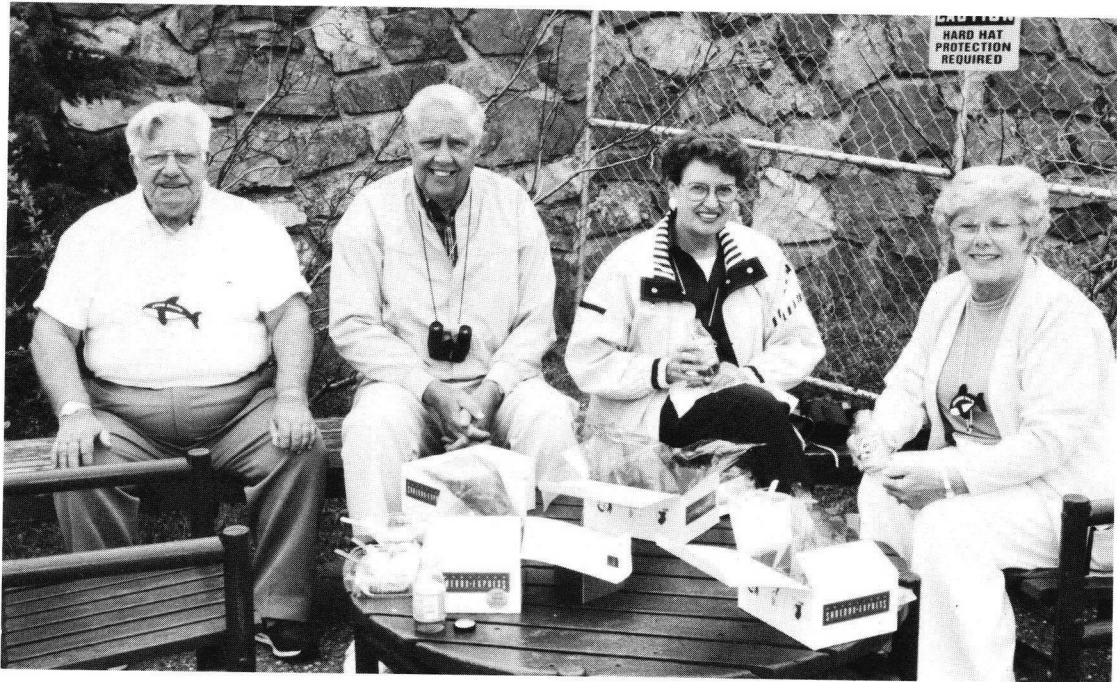


AL EDISS-JIM BASH



LOUIS/THERESA SCHAFER





JOHN SMOLEY, RICHARD/FRANCES PETRI, JEANINE SMOLEY



ANDY FLEMING



WILLIE/AUDREY BAKER, GLORIA/VERN DALRYMPLE



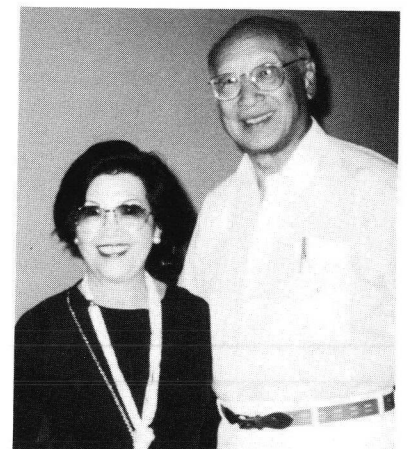
PAT BELL



KINSELL COULSON



RITA/ART OLSEN



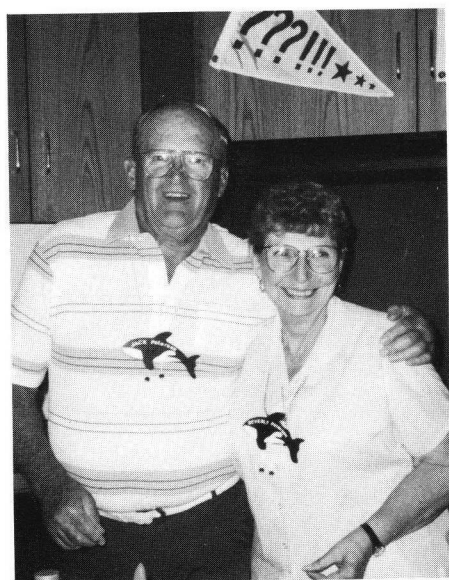
LINDA/STEPHEN CHU



MICHAEL CHANG-LINDA CHU-MAJ.GEN. KUNG  
MRS. KUNG TRACY CHOU



MEARLE/CHARLES O'BRIEN



JACK/BEV PETERSEN



JAMES DUNN-MICHAEL CHANG-JEAN DUNN



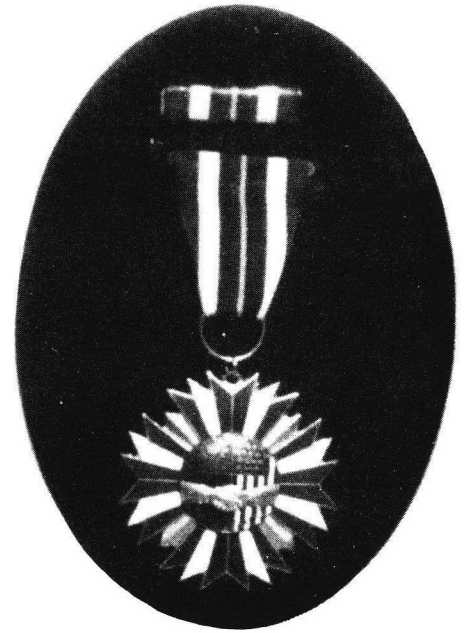
NANCY TABOR-PEG LESHER



KATHRYN/WES WESKAMP

# SACO MEDALS AWARDED SEATTLE

JULY 15, 1995



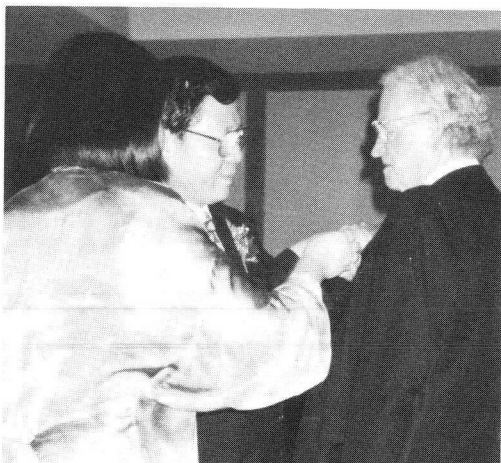
Warren Chung



Louis Schafer



James Dess



Dean Warner



Robert Hornberger



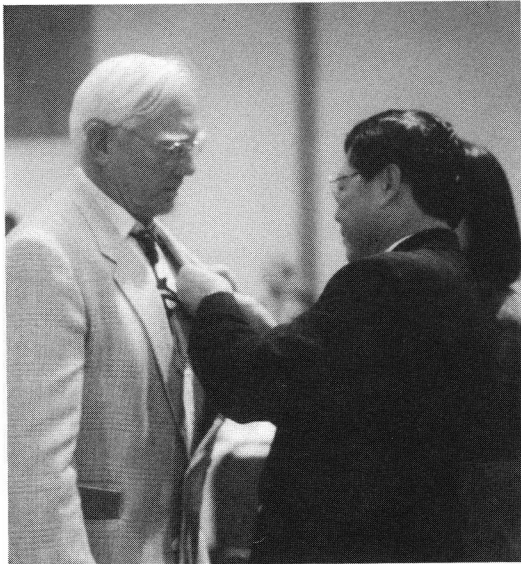
David Snyder



Charles O'Brien



Richard Petri



Charles Robinson

Photos submitted by Bill  
Bartee and Andy Fleming.



Arthur Lillig



Paul Kerns

OTHERS WE EITHER HAVE NO  
PHOTOS OR WILL RECEIVE THEIRS  
BY MAIL ARE:

BELL, ROBERT JAMES

COULSON, KINSELL

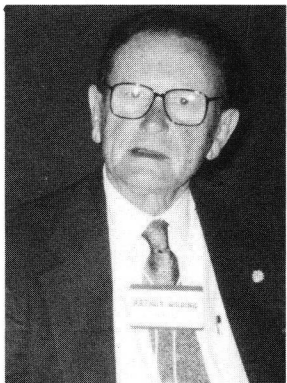
LYNCH, WILLARD S

OLSON, O. J.



# Art Wilding on 50th Anniversary Commemorative Flight Marking End Of WWII

I have no idea how I got on the list of candidates for the Defense Department's Memorial "Hump" flight, nor how I happened to be chosen to represent Naval presence in Southeast Asia during WWII. The Department of Defense simply called me up one day and asked if I would be interested in going. Later, they called and told me I had been selected to go. I am grateful to whomever is responsible.



When the Defense Department scheduled a Commemorative flight over "The Hump" recently to mark the memory of the end of World War II, I was selected to go as representative of U.S. Naval presence in China during that time.

I was one of 20 veterans who went on the 32,500 mile, ten-day excursion.

We boarded a KC-10 Extender at Andrews AFB, Washington, D.C., and flew non-stop to Honolulu, Hawaii, where we spent the first night. A memorial ceremony was held at the site of the Arizona Memorial. I was honored to be asked to lay the memorial wreath there.

Our schedule was tight and extensive. From Hawaii, we flew to Guam, then to New Delhi, Lalaikunda and Calcutta, India. At Calcutta, we transferred to a C-17 Globemaster III transport plane before flying over the Hump to Kunming, China. At Kunming we attended the dedication of a memorial to the "Hump" Pilots of WWII. After that, we went to Beijing, China, and Kadena, Japan then back to Honolulu and finally Andrews again.

The program was beyond belief.

At each stop, we attended ceremonies recognizing U.S. WWII contribution and comradeship with the peoples of China and India. Our WWII comrades and counterparts were present at each presentation, and some spoke of their experiences. I met a Chinese man who had been a pilot with Chiang Kai-shek's air force during the war. He had flown 500 round trip missions over the Hump, a truly remarkable feat.

It is difficult to express my feelings during the trip. It was a trip down memory lane for me. Meeting with the 19 men who were selected for the trip was a pleasure and many stories were told. One was an old friend Gen. Robert Scott, who was speaker at the CBI National Convention in Louisville in 1986. He is still the same fantastic person and still cruising at 90 MPH. I was the youngest member of the group, but I had a rough time keeping up with them. Ages ranged from 75 years to 89 years.

We had little time for sightseeing as such, but were able to see a good deal of the country as we were bused from airfields to hotels to meeting sites. It has changed so greatly that I'm sorry to say, I did not recognize any of the places I had been 50 years ago. While we were in Beijing, we had opportunity to visit the Great Wall of China and to walk a little way on it. It was an unexpected

fulfillment of an old dream of mine and a great pleasure. We also visited the Forbidden City and Tienenman Square.

Fantastic progress had been made over the past 50 years, but it pales in comparison with the population growth. The populations of both India and China have seen an explosion. In 1945, India had a population of 250 million. It now has 1.2 billion. At the end of WWII, China's population was 450 million. It is now 1.4 billion, even with her zero population plan. This area, including Pakistan, contains roughly 3/4 of the world's population. Poverty was everywhere. What problems I see developing in their future!

I have had a love affair with China and the Chinese people most of my adult life. Their honesty, simplicity, gentle life style, knowledge of what is important in life and tenacity to their beliefs, still seems pleasing to me. I remember these words of Confucius by which many of them lived. "The Secret of Life is to stay alive." Another axiom which has helped keep China alive these many centuries is, "It is better to bend with the wind than to break." I believe the Chinese people, wherever fortune takes them, will continue to survive with grace.

## WANTED: HOSTS

### OPEN LETTER

TO: ALL SACO MEMBERS  
FROM: THE SACO TRUSTEES  
SUBJECT: FUTURE REUNION SITES

The location of reunion sites is of vital interest to all of us. For years we have tried diligently to alternate between east and west of the Mississippi River in an effort to make the location as attractive and easy to get to as possible. We are trying to establish firm locations through the year 2000 since experience tells us that hotels

usually have to be booked at least two years in advance.

The only way we can determine future sites is for the membership to bring them to the attention of the Trustees who, in turn, present them to the membership for selection in accordance with Article XIV section 3A of our by-laws. To this end, we solicit the assistance of all the membership in recommending future reunion sites. However, please DO NOT wait until the convention to make your suggestion known. By all means, get your suggestion to one or more of the Trustees (PREFERABLY ALL) well in advance of the convention. Remember, the Trustees need time to investigate and make their recommendation to the membership.

Such recommendations should include, as a minimum, information pertaining to:

- ★ LOCATION
- ★ DATES
- ★ NAME OF PERSON who will be responsible (it is important to have a co-chairman who can take over in the event of an emergency).
- ★ ITEMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST that will make the reunion attractive.

As we grow older, we have a bit more time, if not energy, that can be given to this task; PLEASE GIVE YOUR TOWN OR CITY SOME CONSIDERATION. Determine if you are up to the task and develop a short synopsis of what you would like to do with this great bunch of people for four days. Look around the area and see who is close enough to lend a hand. Then drop a note or call any trustee.

  
Bill Bartee  
for the SACO Trustees

# Carmel veteran says A-bomb saved lives

Former teacher wishes Americans knew more about their history

By **KATHLEEN HUSTAD**  
News-Tribune staff writer

Printed in A TOPICS NEWSPAPER  
week of 2 Aug 1995:

CARMEL, IN - Half a century ago, Carmel resident George Barrett was in China.

When the United States dropped the first Atomic bomb on Hiroshima, Japan, on Aug 6, 1945, a Chinese friend told Barrett the Americans dropped a bomb the size of a golf ball that destroyed the entire city.

The bomb decimated five square miles and killed between 70,000 and 100,000 people.

Two days later, Americans dropped the A-bomb on Nagasaki, killing 40,000.

Thousands died later of radiation poisoning and injuries from the bombings.

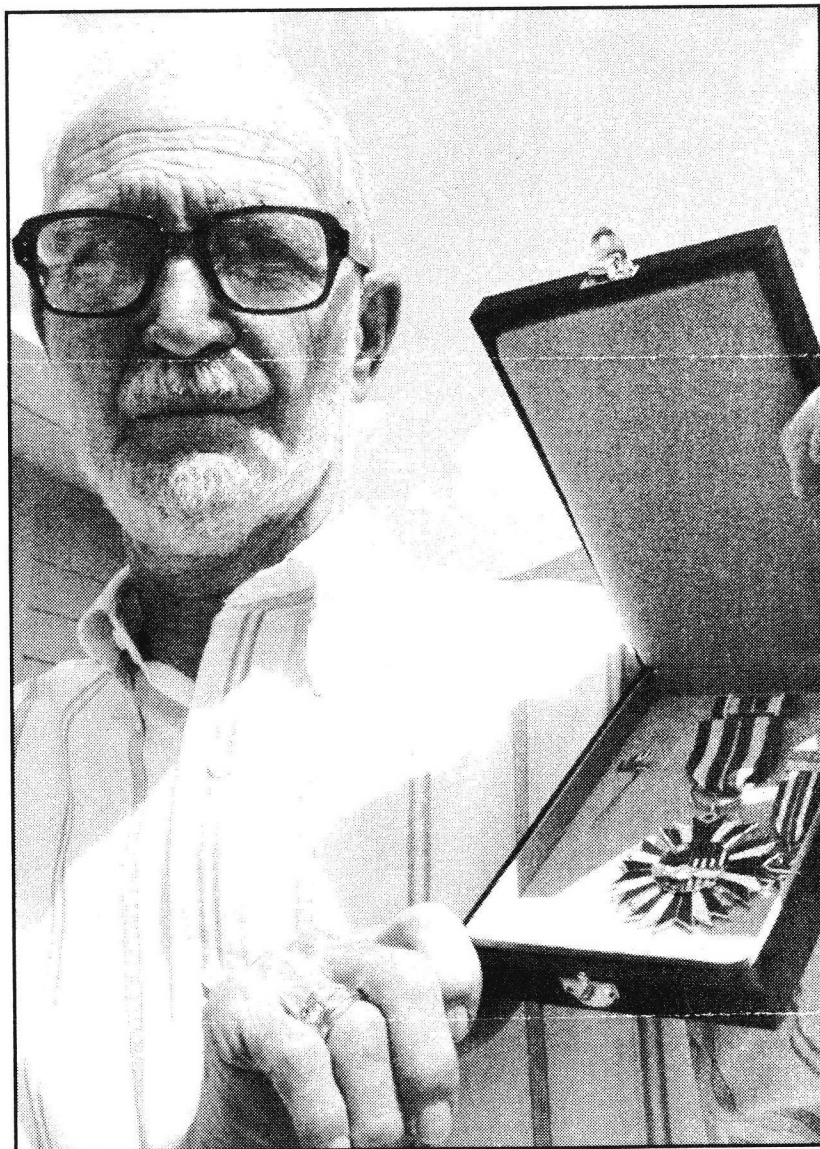
The former history teacher at Northview Middle School lived the history he taught. Barrett served 20 years in the Navy and Marines and then shared his first-hand experience with teenagers in Washington Township for 20 years.

He has lived to tell the stories, despite the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, despite a price of \$1 million Japanese generals put on his head, despite a case of malaria he came down with after touring China after World War II.

Fifty years ago, Barrett was in charge of medical supplies for Southeast China as part of an American Naval Group arranged by Chiang Kai-shek and Franklin D. Roosevelt.

His group, called Sino-American Cooperative Organization (SACO) and nicknamed The Rice Paddy Navy, penetrated Japanese occupied territory in China during the war.

SACO forces forecast weather for allied troops in the Pacific by studying weather patterns originating over the Gobi Desert. They monitored the coast for Japanese ships and trained Chinese guerrillas.



Joseph C. Garza

**George Barrett, displaying one of many awards he received while fighting behind Japanese lines in China during World War II, was in China when the US dropped atomic bombs on Japan. This week is the 50 anniversary of the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.**

Looking back, Barrett said the atomic bomb saved lives on both sides of the war.

"I feel it was very good," Barrett said. "It was anticipated that at least a million American lives would be lost in our invasion of the Japanese home islands," he said.

Death tolls from battles in the Pacific seemed heavier on the Japanese side. For example, Barrett said, after 36 days of fighting in Iwo Jima, 8,000 Americans and more than 19,000 Japanese were killed.

"How many Japanese lives do you think would have been lost?"

Barrett said three times more Chinese were killed by Japanese forces in the rape of Nanking, the north west of Shanghai, than Japanese death tolls from the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

The Japanese would have fought to the last man, he said.

"Hey man, you guys saved a hell of a lot of Japanese lives," Barrett would have told President Truman.

Barrett is periodically reminded of how things could have been.

"Every couple of years I'm reminded. Hey my life was probably saved because of that atomic bomb," he said.

The veteran receives bonus checks from National Service Life Insurance because the company charged rates with the expectation that 1 million service men would be killed when Japan was invaded.

The insurance company isn't the only one still recognizing Barrett's service.

Every year, a representative from the Republic of China's intelligence department attends the reunion for SACO.

This year Lt. General Hu-Cha-Chi Roc gave tokens of appreciation to the survivors and their wives.

He wishes more Americans, including his family, would learn about his adventures.

He said the younger generation is not interested in learning about World War II.

Barrett said the Harper's Index statistic of 35 percent of Americans not knowing Hiroshima was the site of the first atomic bombing didn't surprise him.

"It makes me feel that we are not teaching the history of the United States perhaps the way it should be taught," he said.

★★★

## CHRONOLOGY

### OF CONVENTIONS

NO	YEAR	LOCATION	CHAIR
41	1995	Seattle, WA	William M. Miller
40	1994	Rapid City, SD	Dave Clarke
39	1993	Louisville, KY	Arthur Wilding
38	1992	San Diego, CA	James K. Murphy
37	1991	Nashville, TN	Stone Cooper
36	1990	Gulf Shores, AL	Lillian R. "Slim" Gilroy
35	1989	Charleston, SC	Will H. Rice
34	1988	Des Moines, IA	Robert G. Hill
33	1987	Annapolis, MD	Charles L. Cox
32	1986	Phoenix, AZ	Carl W. Divelbiss
31	1985	Taipei, Taiwan	Paul Casamajor
30	1984	Seattle, WA	William M. Miller
29	1983	Atlanta, GA.	Stone Cooper
28	1982	Taipei, Taiwan	Paul Casamajor
27	1981	New Orleans, LA	Charles V. Menendez
26	1980	San Diego, CA	Willie Baker
25	1979	Taipei, Taiwan	William P. Simmons
24	1978	Captiva, FL	Robert L. Dormer
23	1977	Portland, OR	Ralph Cox
22	1976	Cherry Hill, NJ	Harold Bonin
21	1975	Colorado Sprgs, CO	Carl W. Divelbiss
20	1974	Anaheim, CA	William S. LaSor
19	1973	San Francisco, CA	William K. Lawlor
18	1972	Taipei, Taiwan	Ralph Briggs
17	1971	Cypress Gardens, FL	Robert J. Eastman
16	1970	Washington, D.C.	Alexander Hays, III
15	1969	Chicago, IL	Lyle H. Davis
14	1968	Philadelphia, PA	Joseph A. Meyertholen
13	1967	Miami, FL	Robert L. Dormer
12	1966	Dallas, TX	Robert M. Sinks
11	1965	Atlantic City, NJ	James M. Richardson
10	1964	New York, NY	Harold Bonin
9	1963	Washington, D.C.	Hilton T. Hendrix
8	1962	North Falmouth, MA	Roy O. Stratton
7	1961	New York, NY	James P. Googe
6	1960	Pittsburgh, PA	W. Paul Griffin
5	1959	Chicago, IL	George L. Marquardt
4	1958	New York, NY	Lester G. Bruggeman
3	1957	New York, NY	James L. McGrail
2	1956	New York, NY	Robert E. Goodwin
1	1955	North Falmouth, MA	Roy O. Stratton

## DON'T FORGET YOUR DUES

DAMN, WE HATE TO BEG, BUT WE DO KNOW IT'S EASY TO FORGET. THIS ISSUE WILL PUT A \$5,000 + DRAIN ON OUR TREASURY. SO, WHAT THE HELL????!!\*\*\* YOUR \$20 TODAY WOULD MEAN SO MUCH! THANK YOU





# SICK BAY



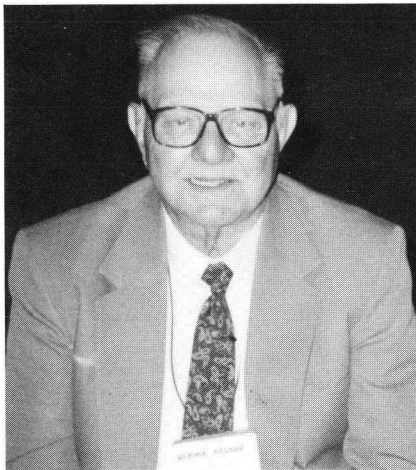
Evelyn Buckless has been taking cancer treatment for the past few months. She says she is doing quite well - was able to attend the Seattle bash and is looking good.



Leonard Fintak has had prostate cancer and complications from the treatment. However, had a recent letter from Dolores and she said he was much better.



Vince Drury has had two back surgeries and now battling cancer. He and Marge are in Michigan for treatment and hope to be going back home to Sebring, FL as soon as possible.



Bernie Nelson had a quadruple bypass surgery in late June. Although this happened so suddenly and he and Hazel had to cancel the Seattle reunion, he is making rapid progress.



Leonard Burke had serious heart trouble and was in intensive care for two months. Almost unbelievable that he and Ruth were able to make Seattle. Lots of love and care from Ruth, I'm sure, was the answer to his recovery.



Jon Morgan had a severe stroke, but in spite of his misfortune, he was determined to get to Seattle and he did! Jon walked up to me and said, "See what that last drink you poured me at the last convention did to me!" He is still his jovial self and can still keep smiling. Ed.



Will Rice has made great progress after a bout with cancer about five years ago, but suffered a stroke last August ('94) - couldn't walk, talk or swallow very well for quite a period of time. Recent phone conversation with both of them revealed he

has made great progress, now walks with a cane, talking and sounding good on the phone, but still having some difficulty swallowing. Pauline said the stroke paralyzed one of Will's vocal cords. They just returned from a cruise - their first outing since this latest illness struck him a year ago now.



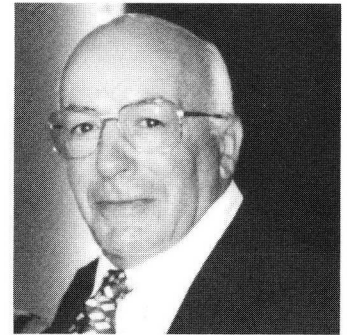
Ruth Colgrove broke her hip last year and has been hospitalized a couple times . due to complications. Ruth's health has kept her from attending the last couple conventions. Earl was able to join us in Seattle as their daughter lives nearby & looked after Ruth in Earl's absence.

John Reising was hospitalized the early part of July with congestive heart failure. I spoke with him after getting home from the reunion and he's recuperating at home.



Ralph Mullen suffered a massive stroke last year and was in critical condition for a long time. He is now in a nursing home and was visited there right after the Seattle Convention by Bill and "Skeeter" Bartee. "Ro" Mullen and the Bartees are pictured with Ralph. Bill reports his very dear friend doesn't talk much, but he was satisfied Ralph knew him - he couldn't say Bill's name, but repeated, "Arizona, Arizona, Arizona" and that was satisfaction enough. Ro works her hospital job plus part time in the nursing home where both Ralph and his mother are.

Understand Ralph enjoys cards; someone reads to him...why not drop him a line? Home ads: PO Box 3616 Shawnee, KS 66203-0616



"Sal" Ciaccio had an apparent heart attack, but understand he had a blocked artery and medication has prevented him from needing surgery.



George Harabin has had a bout with cancer but seems to be recovering well. He and Lorraine were able to make the Seattle reunion.

To Buckless: (31 Oct. '94)



What The Hell!!!  
I'm still here,  
so I might as  
well pay up and  
'get back in the  
good graces of  
SACO. No doubt  
You all thought  
I had escaped  
once that I had  
hit it big at  
Churchill Downs.

This past year  
has been a doozy  
for me, but I  
know you all  
have your own  
aches & pains to  
keep your atten-  
tion, so I won't  
penalize you

with the gory detail of my recent  
experiences in the illness depart-  
ment.

My advice at this time for my  
shipmates would be to be sure  
and get at least one son,  
grandson, daughter or granddaughter  
trained as a paramedic. They  
sure do come in handy from time  
to time. In my case, everybody  
was passing off my internal  
bleeding as a female problem that  
women were accustomed to all their  
lives, and that it would go away  
in time. My son, the paramedic,  
took one look at me and had me  
hauled off to the hospital where  
I received fourteen pints of blood.

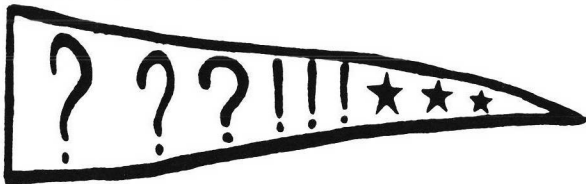
It's a lousy excuse I know,  
for not paying my last year's  
dues, but ...Here's my check..\*

My wife claims that when it  
comes to sex, I'm very religious.  
It appears to her that I'm praying  
for it all the time.

C.U.N Seattle (he didn't make  
it).

Jim "Red" McGrail

\*\$100 "last & next years' dues  
and a little bit for the kitty."  
Thank you, Red!



# DOC FELMLY GETS UPDATE ON RIBBON

104TH CONGRESS  
1ST SESSION

## H. R. 895

To provide for retroactive award of the Navy Combat Action Ribbon based upon participation in ground or surface combat as a member of the Navy or Marine Corps during the period between July 4, 1943, and March 1, 1961.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

FEBRUARY 10, 1995

MR. McNULTY (for himself, Mr. UNDERWOOD, Mr. ACKERMAN, Mr. SERRANO, Mr. KING, Mr. PASTOR, Ms. EDDIE BERNICE JOHNSON of Texas, Mr. PALLONE, Mr. BURTON of Indiana, Mrs. CHENOWETH, Mr. STEARNS, Mr. RANGEL, Mr. EVANS, Mrs. SEASTRAND, Mr. MONTGOMERY, Ms. RIVERS, and Mr. ROYCE) introduced the following bill, which was referred to the Committee on National Security

### A BILL

To provide for retroactive award of the Navy Combat Action Ribbon based upon participation in ground or surface combat as a member of the Navy or Marine Corps during the period between July 4, 1943, and March 1, 1961.

- 1 *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representa-*
- 2 *tives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,*
- 3 That the Secretary of the Navy shall provide for retro-
- 4 active award of the Navy Combat Action Ribbon (estab-
- 5 lished by Secretary of the Navy Notice 1650, dated Feb-
- 6 ruary 17, 1969) with respect to participation in ground

2

- 1 or surface combat during any period after July 4, 1943,
- 2 and before March 1, 1961 (the date of the otherwise appli-
- 3 cable limitation on retroactivity).

○



U.S. House of Representatives  
Washington, D.C. 20515

MICHAEL R. McNULTY  
21st District, N.Y.

March 28, 1995

Enclosed is the material you requested. If I can be  
of further service, please call upon me.

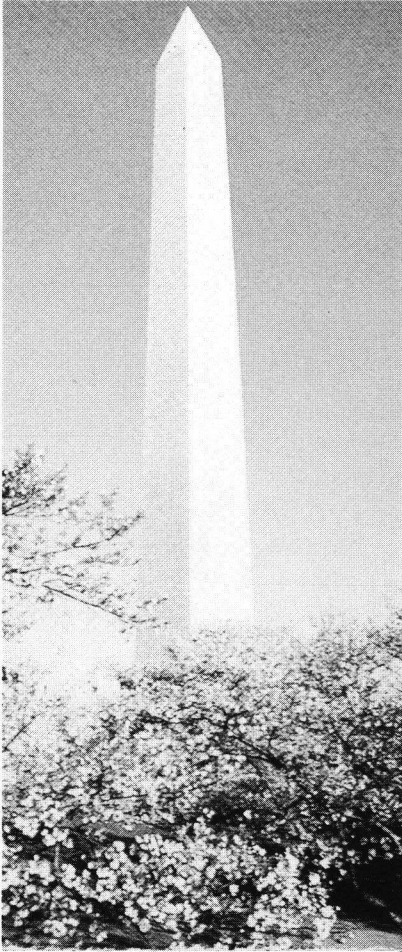
*Cordially,*  
*Michael R. McNulty*



# MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK

## CAPITOL HILL

### commemorating 50th anniversary



Accepting the invitation of Senators Bob Dole (R) and Paul Simon (D), Madame Chiang was honored at a reception on Capitol Hill 26 July 1995. She addressed the gathering of Members of Congress and others with the following message:

"Senator Dole, Senator Simon, Ladies and Gentlemen:

"First I would like to say that I am happy that you remember an old friend from China who was your wartime ally.

"On February 18, 1943, at the invitation of the United States Congress, I addressed both the Senate and the House. At the time, I said that I came here as a child, spent my formative years here and stayed through college. Therefore, I will always think of America as my second home and it is good to be back home today.

"Allow me to refresh your memory about the years from 1937 to 1945. On July 7, 1937, Japan launched an all-out war on China. During the first four and half years of total aggression, China defended herself unaided and alone. Not until Japan attacked Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941 and the 77th U.S. Congress declared war against Japan did the U.S. and China become allies. The combined effort of our two countries thus laid the solid foundation

for winning the final victory of World War II in 1945.

"As I join you on this great historical occasion to commemorate the 50th Anniversary of the ending of World War II, I cannot help but reflect upon the tragedy of that war and those years of blood and tears, neither can I forget the moral courage evinced by both the peoples of the United States and China fighting shoulder to shoulder. Today, I would also like to take this opportunity to express my heartfelt gratitude to the people of the United States for their moral and material support extended to my country, the Republic of China.

"In conclusion, let me wish each and every one of you, health, happiness and success!

"God bless you all!"

# IS GUEST OF HONOR ON & TWIN OAKS of the ending of WWII.

THE FOLLOWING IS A CHINESE PRESS RELEASE OF MADAME CHIANG'S TWIN OAKS VISIT FOLLOWING THE RECEPTION ON CAPITOL HILL:

MADAME CHIANG CLAIMS TRIUMPH OF THREE PRINCIPLES OF THE PEOPLE

Washington, July 26 (CNA) After four decades of testing of ideologies across the Taiwan Strait, the philosophy behind the Three Principles of the People has proven itself superior to the philosophy behind communism. Madame Chiang said Wednesday during a tea party in her honor at Twin Oaks, the former ROC embassy in the United States.

Madame Chiang said that because of the superiority of the Three Principles, Chinese should choose democracy as their future course rather than totalitarianism.

She said she believed that Chinese people, who fought shoulder to shoulder with people of the United

States during World War II, would remain friends of America when they take up the responsibilities of maintaining world peace and safeguarding human rights into the 21st century.

Madame Chiang, 96, received a hearty welcome from hundreds of Chinese at Twin Oaks after making a speech on Capitol Hill in a reception marking the 50th anniversary of the end of World War II.



Madame CHIANG Kai-shek (Mayling Soong Chiang) visits Twin Oaks in Washington, D.C. after she attended a Capitol Hill reception honoring her 50 years after World War II (on July 26, 1995) for her contributions. She is the only WWII leader alive.

With her is grandson Eddie Hsiao-yung Chiang.

This photo & Chinese press release submitted by James Dunn.

The Capitol Hill reception, initiated by Senate Majority Leader Bob Dole (R-Kan.) and Sen. Paul Simon, (D-Ill.), was held to recognize Madame Chiang's contributions to the Allied effort during the war and her role in the formation of the United Nations in 1945.

Taipei's representative in Washington, Benjamin Lu, who hosted the tea party at Twin Oaks, said the US lawmakers' decision to pay tribute to Madame Chiang not only signified their respect for her contributions to cementing the US-ROC friendship, but also underlined their confirmation of the bravery and determination the ROC people showed during the war.

The former ROC First Lady made a number of tours across the United States between 1933 and 1966, calling the world's attention to the hardships the Chinese people faced combating aggression and injustice. Many Americans still vividly remember Madame Chiang for the charm and charisma she showed on the speaking tours, especially when she spoke in front of the US Congress, asking that the US intervene in stopping Japanese aggression.

Some 600 representatives from Taiwan and friends from Chinese and American communities in the United States came to Twin Oaks to greet Madame Chiang at the tea party. Among them were former ROC Premier Hau Pei-tsun, Natalie Bellochi, chairwoman of the American Institute in Taiwan, former ROC Representative in the US Konsin Shah, and Tien Ling-ling, wife of ROC Foreign Affairs Minister Fredrick Chien.  
(By N.K. Han & Debbie Kuo)



TWIN OAKS - WASHINGTON, D.C.

(Those of you who attended the Annapolis Convention in 1987 chaired by the late Charlie "Mo" Cox surely can never forget the elegant, luscious and incomparable tables of food SACO enjoyed at the reception at TWIN OAKS.)

## SACO NEWS BENEFACTORS

<u>DONOR</u>	<u>AMOUNT</u>
ATHEY, William T. (2nd time)	\$100
BASH, James	50
BRADSHAW, Conrad	100
DAVIS, Samuel C.	80
HALL, Bill	50
KEENAN, Joseph	50
LESHER, Peg	50
MCGRAIL, James	100
MORRIS, Seth	50
PURVIS, Guy	100
SIEGRIST, Dr. Jacob (2nd time)	50
SONNENSTEIN, Philip	100
TATE, S. Shepherd (4th time)	100
TORDHOFF, John	50

WOW! What supportive group you fellows are! On behalf of all SACO Tigers, your generosity overwhelms us ...bless you one and all!  
Ed.

# NOSTALGIA



Leaving Camp 3 near Sian (Xian) with four '36 Dodge stake trucks going over the mountain to the Guerrilla base behind the Jap lines, we encountered heavy rains. One of the trucks went off the road which had been washed out. The guerrillas scouted the countryside for coolies and farmers who, by hand, with claw hammers, dug out the road and by hand, put the truck back on the road and on its way.



The Japanese cavalry which we had ambushed only a few weeks earlier, invited us to a Norwegian Mission where they gave us the swords after the war ended.

We were part of the 5 column from Camp 3 operating out of the guerrilla camp.

Pictures and article submitted by Jack Demmer

**RETIRED ADM. ELMO R. ZUMWALT,**  
*married to Mouza Zumwalt for 49 years*

"It was September 1945. I was a young lieutenant in China. In Shanghai, Adm. Miles had come in from the west, where he'd been supporting Chiang Kai-shek, and he instructed us to work with his staff on disarming the Japanese. One of his officers was invited to a dinner party [given] by a Russian singer he'd met, and this officer recruited me to go along.

"It turned out that the dinner party was given by the aunt and uncle of Mouza Coutelais-du-Roché, . When Mouza walked into the room, my heart stood still. She was beautiful and had great dignity. I knew when she walked in that room that she was the one I wanted to marry, and I just never looked back. I maneuvered myself to sit next to her at dinner. I was 24, and she was 22.

"Her father was French, her mother Russian. They had escaped from Siberia during the revolution and settled in Harbin, Manchuria, where Mouza was born. At the age of 10 she'd watched the Japanese march in to occupy Manchuria. In 1939, she'd brought her mother to Peking, where the mother was diagnosed with terminal cancer. Then they went to Shanghai, where her aunt and uncle lived. After her mother died, the Japanese wouldn't let her leave Shanghai.

"Her native tongue was Russian, and she spoke broken English. I persuaded her to teach me Russian and showed up every morning for seven days whereupon, on the seventh, I proposed."



Adding to this story which appeared in the news Valentine's Day 1995, Charles Miles says:

"...did you get the rest of the story? The Navy was invited to the 'aunt and uncle' dinner party by Olga who was interested in Joe Champe whom she later married. As mentioned 'One of his officers...' most probably was Joe Champe. Your SACO Historian (Billy) agrees."

(signed) #3 son  
 Charles (Sea-Going)  
 Miles.



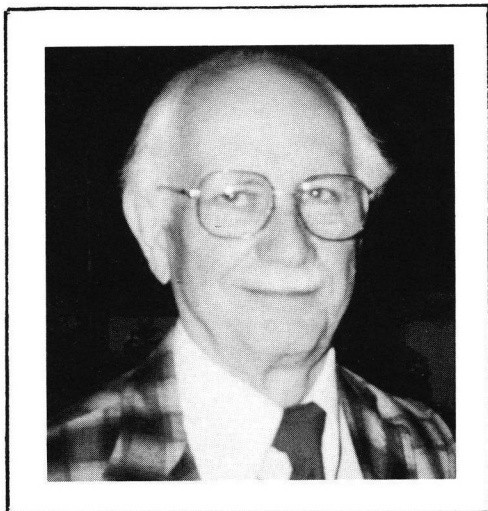
MCCLEARY, UNKNOWN, WEITMAN, MULVEY, LYNCH,, PRAGLE AND INMAN  
 (All radiomen) on the tower of the Glen Line Bldg. in Shanghai

Photo from Mike Cannon



(From the JING BAO JOURNAL)

### THE RICE PADDY NAVY



Jack Miller (SACO) 410 Van #24, Neenah, Wisconsin 54956 tells us about one of the most unusual outfits ever to serve in China.

He writes:

"The U.S. NAVAL GROUP CHINA, later to be known as SACO (Sino-American Cooperative Organization) was diversified as guerrillas, intelligence agents, weather observers, etc. All members were volunteers in the commonly known "Rice Paddy Navy" and served under China's first Director of Intelligence, Gen. Tai Li and U.S. (then Capt.) M. E. Miles, Director and Deputy Director respectively. This made our organization unique as possibly the only American military to serve under a foreign leader in time of war.

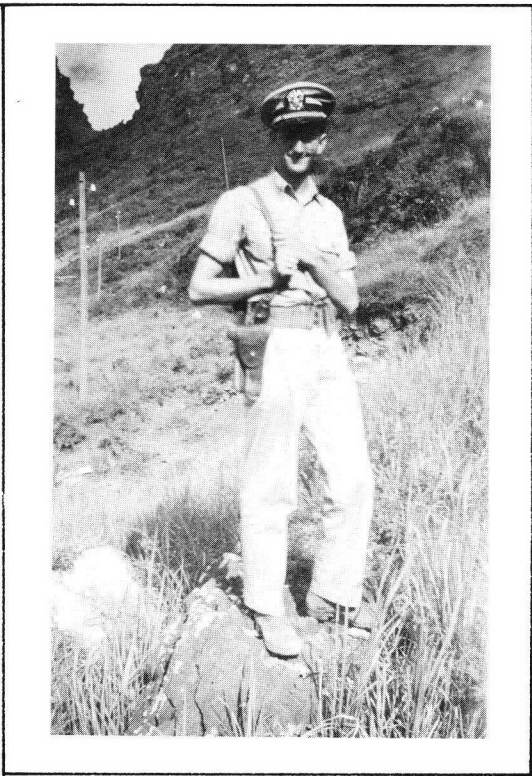
"Our personnel assigned to Kweilin were under U.S. Naval Communications Intelligence Organization. Though scattered throughout China, a few of those in RI (Radio Intelligence) were assigned to the 14th Army Air Force's 68th Composite Wing in Kweilin. At that location, these men intercepted Japanese coded messages, ascertained location of ships transmitting same and notified the Air Force which responded by sending planes to



bomb or strafe the enemy targets. Our Officer-In-Charge, the late Harned P. Hoose, worked very closely with Colonel C. D. "Casey" Vincent, later to become Brigadier General (at age 29). Toward the end of the war, Gen. Vincent recommended the Naval Radio Unit of the 68th Composite Wing for a Unit Citation 'because of its outstanding performance of duty directing support combat operations May 3-Sept. 24, 1944 in supplying intelligence in advance of that from other sources and signifying the close cooperation which existed between the two great branches of our Armed Forces.'"



JACK MILLER  
SITS  
AMONG THE  
GODS  
FIFTY YEARS  
AGO

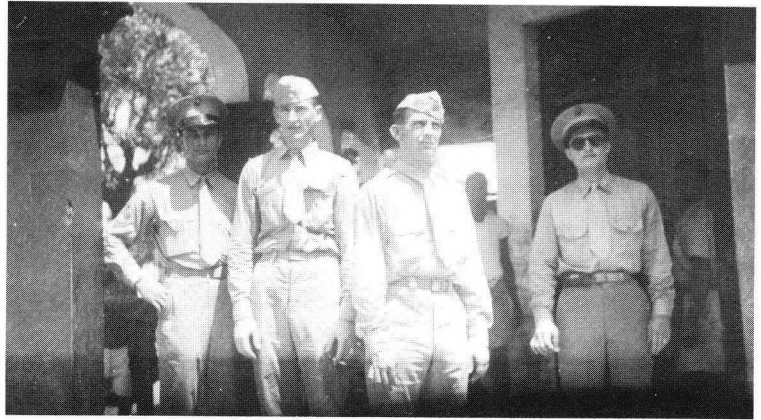


HARNED PETTUS HOOSE

When greeted with the usual, "How are you?" Lt. Hoose always responded smiling in his own inimitable style and pleasant voice with a trademark that was his alone, "Damn fine! Good as Hell!" He earned the respect of everyone privileged to know him and enhanced that quality by his respect of us in return. He made his mark as one of the most unforgettable of our time. Ed.



This is a photo of the first group of volunteers to join Project Friendship (later SACO) taken on their trip to China. The photo was taken in Accra, Ghana (British Gold Coast) November 1, 1942. I remember the date on which the USAAF took over the PanAm route..



L-R: Way Holland, Gy/Sgt USMC, W. D. Flournoy, AerogM/3C USN; Thomas G. McCawley, AerogM/3C USNR and John H. Masters, Major USMC. (Photo taken by Pat Ryan, Pl/Sgt USMC)

Tom McCawley was definitely the first Aerologist in SACO since he was commissioned while in SACO. But it was on my recommendation to Ray Kotrla, LCdr USN that he was chosen as the second Aerographer's Mate for SACO.

Four of the five men went on to establish Camp One in Anhwei (Chuen Shuen). Masters, Holland, Ryan and Flournoy were joined in Chungking by Buck Dormer, CRM USN and John H. Hundredmark PhM/3C. The six of us departed Happy Valley on 1 Feb 1943 headed for points east.

Pat Ryan and I are the only two surviving of this first group. Pat, Buck and I are the only surviving members of the six who established Camp One.

W. D. Flournoy

CORRECTION

One of the cardinal sins an editor hopes to avoid is the misspelling of a name. Such was not the case for yours truly as in the last issue (No. 11 Oct. '94) when I headlined Sam Zitter's Happy Valley Visit. I will offer no excuse, but extend my sincere apology for omitting the last two letters of his name. Ed.

# CALCUTTA TO KUNMING

SEPT. — OCT.

1945

## Convoy over Ledo–Stilwell Road

**Nobel Shadduck**

Author of this candid, most graphic “mini” novel takes the reader right along as he recalls his journey on this world-famous road.

Nobel Shadduck and I have been in touch quite frequently these past months since he first spoke to me about this story. I told him I was most interested and he advised it would be quite lengthy. My response was I had editor's privilege to shorten same and not to worry. However, as I read and reread, I found little to edit as I found each paragraph holding interest. Not discussing much of his life after service, I find by his letterhead he has been attorney at-law (I presume retired as he informed me he reached 91 last June 17, but as spirited as he is, I'm not sure!) Nobel says, "I'd love to attend the conventions, but I can't hear a damn thing!" He does well on the phone, however. If you find this descriptive account of his as interesting as I, perhaps you might drop him a note:

Nobel Shadduck

Box 160

Annandale, MN 55302

Tel: (612) 274 5277

I'm sure he would be pleased. Ed.



Here's his story of 50 years ago:

WHEN I HAVE NOTHING TO DO,  
I KEEP A DIARY...

September 14

It is two o'clock in the afternoon. The loudspeaker is blaring out names. I lie naked and half asleep in the upper bunk. Some say it is hot as hell; others say it is HOTTER than hell! We all agree it is hot. I try to sleep. I

am disgusted. My name is never on the list to go anywhere. A fly buzzes in the mosquito net suspended above my bunk. I swat at him and knocked the net down on top of myself. Then what is that? Yes it is right. "Shadduck, Nobel Aerographers's Mate 3rd Class," says the loudspeaker and starts in on the Smiths. My feet hit the cement deck. I pull on a pair of shorts, put on my Army tropical helmet, slip my feet into a pair of slippers (the heels need fixing). I go to the front of the quonset hut which the Navy insists on calling the "bridge." Others are there before me. We are to assemble in the recreation hall at 7:00AM tomorrow. The scuttlebutt (Navy word for rumor) is that we will leave on convoy tomorrow. Convoy means driving a 6X6 truck over the Ledo or Stilwell Road to Kunming, China. Many didn't want to go. We have been waiting around for several weeks in Calcutta. The war folded up and the secret details we had come over to perform had also folded. Most of us want to go back to the States.

Someone says forty of the one-hundred twenty-five who left on convoy August 12th were flown back to the hospital last night with kidney trouble, blood in their urine, etc. A pilot flying the hump reports dust two miles high. Someone else says that only seventeen of the convoy of Army trucks got through; the rest went over the grade; I wonder to myself is it a good deal? Calcutta I do not like, but maybe this will be the worse. Undoubtedly, it is the worst road in the world, but can it be this bad?

SEPTEMBER 15

At 7:00AM the next morning, 126 enlisted men assemble in the recreation hall. A big red-headed officer with the two bars of a full Lieutenant walks up. He looks good to me. He say, "Right now, fellows, the dope is that we leave tomorrow afternoon. A truck will be outside after we get through here and all those who have not drawn full China

gear will go downtown and do so. All those who can't drive trucks please raise their hands."

Eight raise their hands. "Is there a Gunner's Mate here?" he asks. "Move over there," he says, indicating a place behind the non-drivers.

Then starts the reading of the sections by the yeoman on duty. My name is not on any list read. There seems to be four sections and some surplus. I am surplus.

We draw our gear. It is regulation Army GI equipment. The North Pole of the Amazon would be duck soup as far as clothing is concerned. I survey it and think of the outdoors back in Minn. It must be 90 degrees Fahrenheit inside of the quonset hut. I try on my furled jacket. It is the best that I have ever seen. Besides, I have a field jacket, two suits of Army fatigues, two suits of olive drab wool, heavy underwear, socks, a .45 Colt automatic, helmet, blankets and dozens of other items. I feel like a little boy with a new red wagon. I struggle and sweat to load what must be a hundred pounds into a weapons carrier (built by Dodge and bigger than a Jeep and smaller than a truck). It seems like I have no strength in this hot climate.

We work every other night, and so in the afternoon at four o'clock, I report to downtown headquarters to start my shift until nine the next morning. Simeon Hooper ("Hoop"), Aerographer's Mate 1st Class from Frankfort, KY, is more or less in charge of our watch. Airplanes arrive with Navy personnel at all hours at several airports near Calcutta, and it is our job to pick them up and bring them to headquarters and then arrange billets for them. Hoop has not had chow and so I start for Camp Knox with four passengers. We bounce along with our Weapons Carrier. It is hot and muggy and we are covered with dust. Natives by the thousands fill the streets, crowded, poverty stricken, disease ridden and



#### IN CALCUTTA THERE WERE SOME BEAUTIFUL TEMPLES

seemingly in a hopeless fight for existence. They lackadaisically move aside as the horn sounds. They act as if they would willingly rush in to the presence of their great God "Buddha" with our vehicle as the motivating factor. We come to a short stop as the sacred cow and calf meander down the street in front of us. We talk about the fact that in 1943 a million cattle roamed the streets of Calcutta and a million natives starved to death for the want of rice. We think we would have eaten the cows first and used the rice for pudding. The ways of the East and the West are different.

When we arrive at Camp Knox, the officer on duty to whom we report has stepped out. "Lt. Getchell,

report to the bridge," is blasted out twice over the loudspeaker. We wait and "sweat." I ask, "Are any of you guys from Minnesota?" "Who's from Minnesota?" asks James C. Calhoun, Yeoman 1st Class. We shake hands and he says he is from Rochester where he used to sell insulating material for National Gypsum Company.

We compare notes and discover that both know Earl E. Woodhouse, who runs a sheetmetal shop. That calls for some sort of celebration, so the five of us start off to the Mittner Brothers concession operated by Indians for Navy personnel. Stateside beer is being sold in our armory and I go over with my beer card and get a dozen bottles.

As I walked out, the Master-at-Arms yells at me, "You can't take that out!" but I walk on and he does not follow.

SEPTEMBER 16

Off duty at 9:00AM, we go to the Red Cross "60" Club for breakfast. We have three fried eggs apiece because that is the regular breakfast. Hoop and \_\_\_\_\_ Oddo, Aerographer's Mate 2nd Class from upstate New York, ordered two breakfasts and complained that they must have crossed a bantam rooster with a pigeon to get eggs so small! From there, we catch an Army truck back to Camp Knox. Calhoun is anxious to go downtown and finish up his arrangements for this trip back home and so the two of us go to downtown headquarters. We line up at the pay window and get our pay and then go down to the motor pool and present a sad story to the attendant in charge. He weakens and gives us a Weapons Carrier and we go to the Hindustani Building where the Army has a large Post Exchange. We have been told that if we see a certain Army Captain we can get a case of fruit juice to take along on the convoy. A long line of soldiers waiting for ration cards with which they purchase cigarettes while on leave jam the passageway to the Captain's Office. A pleasant Anglo (part white and part Indian) informs me that she will see the Captain for me. In a few minutes she is back and reports that the Captain says they have a hard time getting enough fruit juice for the Army and so there is none to spare. Downstairs, I go over and look longingly at the fruit juice. It tastes especially good because we cannot eat vegetables except those that have been boiled for a long time to avoid amoebic dysentery. A line of soldiers stand in front of the fruit juice counter, however, and so I get in line and think up the best argument I can for getting some fruit juice without a ration card and she gives me three cans. I go back and report to Calhoun, who is looking at some ivory elephants, of my good fortune

and so we both join the line again; me with my hat off to make a different appearance. Fortune smiles on us and I get bolder. I stand behind the post and proposition two soldiers to join the line. They readily agree when I tell them I am starting over the Ledo Road. In a moment I have fifteen cans; seven of which are half-gallons of mixed orange and grapefruit juice.



We hitch a ride back to Camp Knox and I arranged my gear. The barracks is a bedlam of noise and talk with every kind of rumor as to the trip bantered back and forth. Equipment of every kind is strung up and down the barracks and everybody is packing and unpacking as some are going home. At seven o'clock, I turn in.

SEPTEMBER 17

There is much excitement. Richard C. Husted, Aerographer's Mate 1st Class, Charles City, Iowa, who is one of those on the same watch I have (alternate nights) says that all Aerographer's Mates are going to fly to China. In a few moments his statement is confirmed when the loudspeaker blares out the names of a dozen, but I do not hear my name. In a few minutes, a comparison of notes reveals that Arthur N. Thomas, Chf. Aerographer's Mate of Wash., D.C. and Sandor Podmaninsky, Aerographer's Mate 2nd Class, are in the same boat as I. We wonder why we aren't flying to China also.



The fellows who left the convoy of August 12th are back. They report that out of the 125 vehicles, they lost four trucks and three Jeeps. \_\_\_\_\_ was killed when his truck went over a grade and Ensign \_\_\_\_\_ badly injured in a collision. One fellow was shot through the leg by one of his tentmates who was cleaning his .45 and four came down with nmalaria and were still hospitalized in China. Most of them said they were glad they had made the trip, but would not want to do it again.

I walk up to the end of our barracks and find Ed Fulke, Photographer's Mate 1st Class, sitting on his bunk. He says, "You know, Shaddock, what I found out last night? Calcutta is the biggest city in the world. It says so in a book just published by the Curator of \_\_\_\_\_. I showed it to the Commander and the flat statement is made that there are now eleven million people in Calcutta." Right then I decided that I want to go on the convoy very badly. There are too many people for me.

With a compilation of some of the weather men from the convoy, a new list is added from the few unassigned personnel at Camp Knox....

SEPTEMBER 18

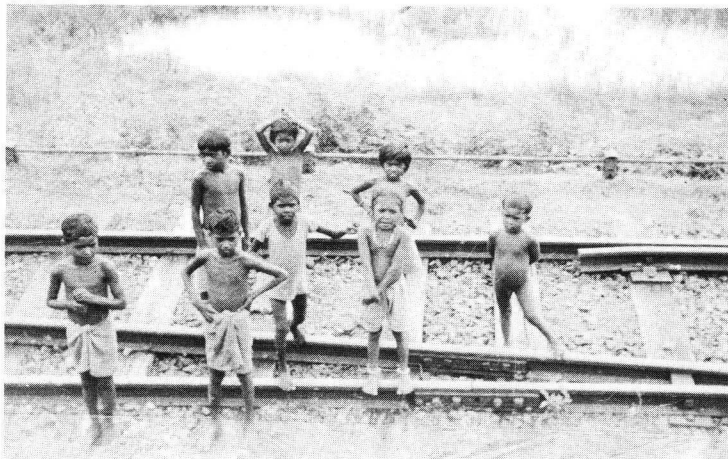
Well, we are on the way to somewhere. The train left the station at 1420... We are riding in a twenty-foot section of a third class native

passenger car. It has seats down each side and backs toward the windows and a double seat running the length of the car in the middle.

The "representative of the business world" at the next station is shining black. He offers three diamonds for 15 rupees, a ruby for twenty and some native agates. Joe Williams, Radioman 2nd Class of Salt Lake City and Louis A. Smith close a deal with him for five rupees for the ruby. I show an interest in an agate. He brightens up and says the price is fifteen rupees. As the train starts up, I hold out a one-rupee note. He grasps it and the deal is closed. The loss of face involved does not fit well with conversation. We both understand and let it pass. Now comes the testing of our purchases. We scratch the ruby on the train window and sure enough there is a scratch! We are elated; the man becomes our friend. A poor but honest Indian with real domestic gems! Unbelieving, we put it on the floor and step on it. It crunches beneath a G.I. heel and the hardwood of the floor. It is not gem but merely a piece of red glass filched from an American taillight. My agate now appears to be a crudely polished chunk of marble made for some schoolboy back home. Joe becomes a salesman at the next station trying to sell the damaged ruby to another peddler for one anna.

We stop for a minute at a small station which seems to have missed the dignity of having a name. I turn away as I see a horribly deformed cripple walking on all fours. Beggar, fanatic or fake, I know not which, but pitiful he is to say the least. He is the third I have seen today that walks like a dog, but with fingers knuckled under as no beast ever trod the earth. When I look back, a little pot-bellied, naked girl with long black hair made stringy with coconut oil raises her small cupped hand and cried, "Bakhsheesh!" About the size of a four-year-old, possibly

she is eight, and has not learned the trade as well as her older brothers of nine or ten.



And then I have a thrill as we pass over a bridge. I see a native in a twenty-foot dugout sharp pointed at the ends like a sculling shell and thinned down to a little more than the thickness of plywood. Great water people these Indians. If one had time and opportunity, we might learn much. They handle a paddle with one foot by tying the center of the paddle to the gunwale with a short piece of jute rope, leaving both hands free to manage a huge net.

We pull out of Baupur at 4:45. I see a patch of what I think is okra. It grows so dense and about twelve feet high and I make a wild guess that there is thirty or forty tons to the acre.

In the endless right-of-way pools I see a member of the snipe family with shining white breast and about twice the size of a killdeer. Four huge red-headed buzzards pick at the carcass of some reincarnation of a disciple of the Great God Buddha.

Edmund T. Malone, RadioTechnician 3rd Class, watching from the other side of the car, calls my attention to a two-foot turtle that he sees but I do not get across the car in time.

Next comes a scene not likely to

be forgotten. Two yoked and unattended water buffalo stand knee deep in a rice paddy. On the broad backbone of the second sit two native crows; their heads crossed as if they were modeling for an artist as a pair of billing and cooing doves.

Tired at staring out the window, we sit back when we stop at the next station. Thomas says, "Say you guys, here is a virgin," and this being a new angle, we all look to see what he has discovered. There, finger in mouth, is a naked girl probably about a year and a half old!

By this time, we are tired of the constant begging and when some optimist appears with a bucket to receive our non-existent offering of coins, we in turn cry, "Bakhsheesh, bakhsheesh!" That has them stumped and they turn away with the querulous expression of one caught in an inexplicable situation. However, a forty-pound ten-year-old rummages through the rags in which he is clad and comes out with a well-worn and crumpled Camel cigarette. We desist because he has turned the tables on us. Further on, Malone comes out with a variation: "Bakhsheesh, you big Indian rajah, me just poor American coolie.!" Incredulously, they steer clear of us except a few who have had a touch of G.I. humor in the past who stand off and smile with the knowing look of one thief as he sees another attempt to get the swag.

I see a new bird. It seems to be like our male blackbird, but has a long forked tail which it flicks like a phoebe.

At 1445 the train stops at a station called Ichapur. Dozens of kids stand on the platform and yell, "Bakhsheesh!" (native demand for a gift) and keep repeating it.

At 1900 we arrive at Santhar. Here we are to change trains to narrow gauge. A hundred half-naked



bearers storm into our cars, each trying to claim the right to move our gear. We let them take it off and collect every spare piece of Indian coins and some several rupee notes to pay them. A few minutes later, the other train accommodations are ready and we have to hire another bunch of porters to put it back on board. We try and limit the group we hire, but we have close to 40 in the payoff lineup. I pay nearly 8 rupees to them and look at the whole filthy bunch in contemptible disgust. With no ethics, no morals, what can one expect from the British in their treatment of these people?

Morton Schlesinger, Lt.(j.g.) hands us our first atabrine tablets. Me with my insatiable curiosity chew mine up to see what it is like. It tastes very, very bad you can be sure and the taste stays with me! I say nothing because no one would understand.

Finally, at 2030 the train is ready to depart and then over a loudspeaker comes the crisp, precise voice of an Englishman. He tells us we must close all windows tight because thieves will swarm over the train and take everything they can get their hands on. Sort of the direct opposite of a travel bureau description, I think, when he tells us all water is infected and we are going through bad malaria country.

We pull out and go slapping along down the narrow gauge; the car weaving and wobbling along, but even better than we expected. We leave the windows open despite the admonitions and all get some sleep.

At daylight we are still in the same rice paddy country. We break out our rations. Each one has a box about the size of a half-pound box of candy. Mine has:

- 2 pkgs biscuits (energy crackers)
- 1 can ham & eggs
- 1 envelope soluble coffee
- 1 fruit bar

- 4 lumps sugar
- 1 pkg 4 cigarettes
- 1 pkg chewing gum

We unpack our little one-burner gas stove and I am thrilled when I see it is made by the American Gas Machine Company of Albert Lea, MN. I know many people there and it makes me feel as if I was close to home.

In a little while we are in what is the first extensive jungle I have seen. The jungle has won over the Hindu Mountains four or five thousand feet high which can be seen in the distance and there are many rock outcroppings nearby.

Earl M. Seagrave, Jr. R.T.2/C, Parisburg, VA, Edmond J. Malove, R.T. 3/C, Madison, NE and Chf Thomas (heretofore mentioned) find a box of games among our duffel. In it are several plastic American Bandmaster Alto C Ocarinas. They proceed to practice "Shortnin' Bread" and "Old Black Joe." By 11:30, when it is time to disembark from the train, they have the first line down so the sound is better than two pieces of a tin can rubbing together.

We are at Amingoon where we learn we are to ferry the Bramaputra River. We have porter troubles again. Many swarm into our payline who carried nothing and others paid at one end of the line try to sneak off and get to the other end of the line. When we have paid everyone at least twice, two remain yelling that they have not been paid. A big U.S. Army Sergeant with a China Burma India shoulder patch yells for them to get out and when they don't, kicks one in the rear hard enough so that the native leaves the ground and runs off shrieking.

The boat is crowded with American and British soldiers and it takes 15 minutes to cross the muddy jungle fringed river which is perhaps a half mile wide. On the other side is Pandu. A nurse is set up for military personnel of British, Indian

and American Army in a bamboo mess hall. We take our mess kits and hiked uphill from the waiting point along the railroad where our gear has been deposited.

Three very dirty looking Indians are dishing out coffee and a sticky mess which can, on close examination, be recognized as rice and some mixture of meat and vegetables. The rest take coffee and leave, but I will try it all. We are late and only a few linger in the mess hall. I sit down with Fusilier Edgely Colin Chestertown, Stoke on Trent England and Pvt. Robert Thompson, Manchester, England. They have been here for 42 months and they have had no malaria or dysentery, so I feel better. Edgely was wounded but came through alright. They hope to get out soon. They had ten days leave and have been up in the hills 75 miles from here. They say the hills-people are very high class compared to the inhabitants of the railroad towns and places we have been. Shillong is in the state of Assam where England gets its Lions and Brookside tea.

Late in the afternoon, we get underway again. Several new birds may be seen. One is apparently our American bobolink. Another is a huge pelican-like fellow with a two-foot yellow bill and has a body as big as an ostrich. There are also many cormorants.

We go through a patch of jungle and I see a tree with red blossoms which grow on six-inch spikes. Rearing up from the jungle are some red buttes which look like the rough foothills of Wyoming.

A native fisher is in a rice paddy. He has what to me is a novel method. His net is 15 feet square; it is weighted in the middle and the four corners are attached to slender pieces of bamboo which are crossed in the center. This net is attached by equal length cords to a 40-foot bamboo pole which is hinged in the middle to a stake set in the bank. The idea is to lower the net to

the bottom of the little 50-foot pond and then watch for fish. When they swim over, the net jerks the part of the pole set on shore and hoists the net out of the water and swings the contents around to shore.

Everywhere in the rice paddies, the natives were working, taking advantage of the short period of moderate temperature in the morning. On the south side of the track was a most interesting scene. Two natives were emptying a pool of water. They stood some twenty feet apart across the pool from one another and had a three-cornered bucket suspended on two ropes between them. Like all natives, they work to a certain rhythm and with a chant. The bucket would swing down and then seem to miraculously fly up and empty itself all in one motion. It was evidently a little skill they had worked out all themselves. I had never seen or heard of such a water dipping device nor had some others I talked to about it.

At 10:15 we pulled into Chaketing. This seemed to be about the first place where tea furnished part of the income for the townspeople. There were several American built left-hand-drive Ford pickup trucks parked near the station. Certainly on the tea plantations, there would be a real market for many American products if governmental interference was eliminated.

There is not a breath of breeze and we look at the engine taking on water and wish we could get under the drippings, but there is not sufficient time. Sweat just rolls off and you can feel it trickle down your back. I have a little piece of plastic which I try to keep under my hand while I make notes and it is lost again. The paper I give up and return to the train window.

The tea plantations are beautiful. The tea bushes are pruned square on top and planted in rows so that they look like an ornamental row

of arbor vitae back home. Of course, they are close together and so almost look like a 4-foot-thick green carpet if one looks at them at an angle to the row. Another thing that makes the plantation a thing of beauty is the fact that all of the tea bushes are shaded by evenly spaced trees, 50 to 60 feet high, which resemble olive trees. The native women with their children hanging on their backs in a sort of brassiere in reverse, work everywhere along the row of bushes. Both mother and child are shaded by a hat which must be at least three feet in diameter.

The natives have appeared to me to be a bigger, healthier, stronger lot than those in the Calcutta region.

I must have gone to sleep. We are in Nepal, a new country. Then Kissim and next Butan. Countries here are about the same as counties back home. I keep going to sleep. If you haven't had any sleep for a week or so, it's funny how nature takes over and you are sleeping whether or not you know it.

The order from the states was to give the war surplus supplies to Chiang Kai-shek, but the first and also the last thing you learn in the military is that it's a lot easier to give orders than to have them obeyed.

Sitting in the Pentagon, it would be very plain that supplies on ships or in the South Pacific could just be taken to Kunming since it was only about three hundred miles from the Indian Ocean and a road had been built along the recently constructed pipeline to Kunming. We were just obeying orders when we got to a place not shown on any maps and I think it might have been spelled Chabua. There were our trucks - all of them 6X6's. First thing we did was get our trucks.

There must be ten acres of sheds and warehouses where everything that anyone ever heard of as useful

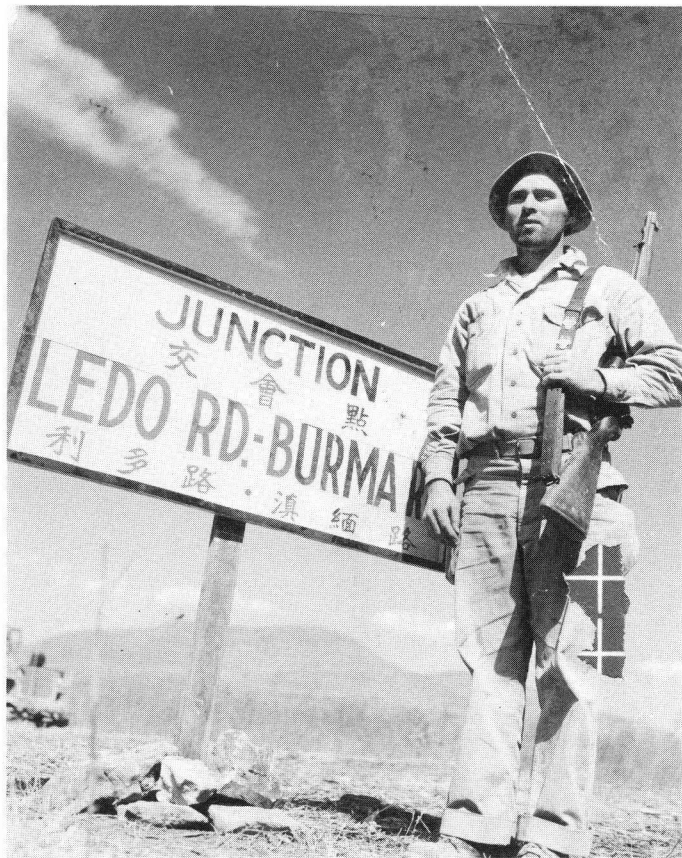
in murdering others of our kind are thrown together. I decided to take rockets in my truck and load up. Just what Chiang is going to do with rockets is none of my business. Someone next to me is loading up with two Hudson sedans. I wonder where they have been since all automobile factories have been closed for several years. There just isn't anything which might be of any personal value, except food, so we all steal some - such as it is.

I noticed in one warehouse, several trucks and boxes with Rev. W. C. Austin, Kunming, China painted on them. How they got to where they were was a mystery, but they weren't doing any good at this location so I dragged them out, hoisted them up and put them on top of my rockets in the back of my truck. However, there is a complication. It appears that there are many more trucks than there are drivers. But that problem is quickly solved. There are several hundred Chinese Army personnel who got chased out of Burma along with Stilwell and they all want to get back to China. We are allotted 20 Chinese apiece and have 5 days to teach them to drive a 6X6. This presents a few problems because the Chinese had never been exposed to anything as complicated as a jackknife.

Lt. Robert Jantzen, our skipper, always the optimist, gave me a Leica camera and told me I was to be the photographer for the trip. The lack of film was easily solved. 35MM Army movie film worked quite well in a Navy camera when transferred to spools fitting the Leica. You had to do this after dark inside a black duffel bag.

The fact that the film was just temporarily borrowed from the Army when they were not looking did not make any difference because they had more than they needed. This was the biggest break I had in my military career. I didn't have any responsibility and most of the

time could borrow a jeep and go look for something that needed to have its picture taken.



We got organized to start out, but not without some trouble - the Military Police really shook down the Chinese and it took a lot of talk to keep from an open mutiny!

The army had a road block. Their orders: No non-military personnel could wear any part of a USA uniform or have any US property and cross the border into Burma. So our poor Chinese would have to go naked from there on. This stripping and searching took some time because they had all been with the Army for more than a year and had nothing but clothes given to them by the Army. As soon as we got our naked Chinese past the road block, we gave them some of our surplus and things were OK. The Chinese had new clothes better than before.

Dara Singh, a Sikh Indian and the Oldsmobile dealer in Singapore, took an early interest in the Japanese invasion of China and joined the Chinese Army and soon was a General. He was an indispensable

addition to our crew because he spoke Chinese as well as English and the Chinese who out-numbered us were about ready for open rebellion.

But then the Skipper asked if anyone wanted to go back, but we didn't and we all felt a little better. When we got underway again, we found the dust was well settled.

We got to Myitkyina and camped on the air strip. It was obvious that a storm was coming our way. My



meteorological background indicated I should measure the rainfall and prompted me to put a straight-sided can out on the runway. This was not an ordinary cloudburst. It came down so fast that the flat runway surface looked like a lake fit for water skiing. In an hour, when the rain stopped, there was 5½" of water in my can. And then it rained like hell and we had to get up in the middle of the night and dry out the next day.

We crossed the Irawaddy River, but it had rained 5" in one hour and we got into MUD, MUD and more MUD! The Skipper got stuck and the Motor mechs came to the rescue.

But on roads like this, there was always trouble. The Chinese drivers had continuous steering wheel trouble and about every five miles one of them would drive off the road.



If it was a steep hillside, they usually rolled over a few dozen times and were out of sight so caused no rescue problems. The rule was that if they went off the road, they had to hoof it to their homeland. So, after the first hundred miles, their steering abilities improved.

At Bhamo, we stayed a day and the Chinese were still worried about their lost goods.

When Stilwell had been chased out of this area a year before, a lot of military equipment was abandoned and it fell into the hands of local tribesmen. For those who had done their hunting with bows and arrows and spears, this opened up a whole new way of life. There were some that had Tommy Guns and with ammunition lying around in some of the abandoned camps, it was not long before they figured out how to use them. Naturally, a loaded truck filled with all kinds of good things was a prize animal which, if they could catch one, would elevate them to a high position in their tribe. Their method was to hide in the vegetation and pull the trigger when one of the monsters appeared. This happened several times with numerous bullet holes in the trucks, but luckily, no one

was killed. It didn't improve the morale of the truck drivers and the skipper had to take some action.

He was greatly concerned because we were already short of food to feed our crew of about 50. Besides, there was possibly twice that many Chinese. I told him not to worry and I took a half dozen of my buddies and went through the trucks. I had underestimated the ability for survival that our crew demonstrated.

After several hours of searching, we had a pile of grub bigger than a truck. One individual had six five-gallon cans of gooseberry jam. There were several sacks of some kind of breakfast food, or possibly dog food, and a dozen cases of some kind of deviled ham or sausage. There were hundreds of K-rations and 10-in-one rations....

With the food business solved, the skipper started trying to raise the authorities in Kunming and the radios were full of mold and wouldn't work. It was sometime in the next day when he got word through and they promised to send some reinforcements to help us hunt down the natives with the Tommy Guns.



But that all resulted in what, for me, was my most interesting week in the Navy. We set up camp in

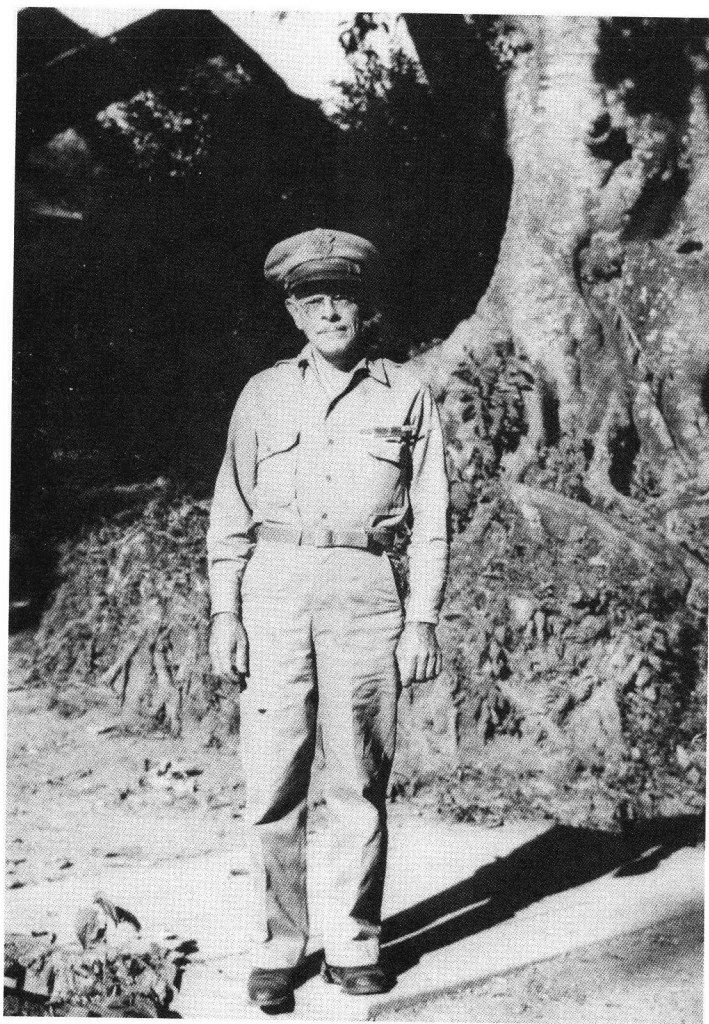
an abandoned Army base which I think was called Mong Yu. It was at Maj. Gordon Seagraves's big hospital which had been destroyed by the Japs, but was rebuilt with a lot of native help.

Since I was the only member of the cooks and waiters union on board, it was only natural that I be the cook. We didn't have any eating or cooking utensils, but this problem was easily solved. Everyone could whittle out a fork and spoon from a stick and a piece of board 10 inches long made a good plate. We had Pasco, one of the world's best mechanics, with us who solved our cooking problem. He tipped over a barrel of gasoline and ran a copper pipe out about thirty feet. He beat the end of the copper pipe tight and sealed it. Then he drilled six or eight needle-sized holes in the pipe near the end and sealed it. When you opened the valve at the barrel and lit a match to the other end, you had a nice little explosion. And it kept on exploding. We put several rocks and a couple pieces of scrap iron on top of the rocks and had a nice place to set two garbage cans filled with water. Into this we threw some of the wheat-oats dog food and with a little of the sausage thrown in and boiled and stirred, a sort of mush developed that, when mixed with a spoonful of gooseberry jam, wasn't nearly as bad as it sounds.

We stayed there eight days. A Navy ensign named Adams, from Kansas or Nebraska, liked to hunt and we rigged up two Jeeps with searchlights and started tiger hunting at night. Adams and I were the gunners and we each had a driver and searchlight operator. In and around some rice paddies there were animals about the size of a skinny coyote that had big eyes which shine like mirrors in the dark. When the Jeep halted, we had some fast shooting as they took off. We got several. The natives called them civets. They looked more like members of the cat family than they did like dogs.

I never did see a tiger, but Adams came up real close to one of the big striped beasts. The driver stopped and Adams gave it a good burst with the Tommy Gun. The animal made such a blood-curdling scream that Adams said (a direct quote), "The Jeep shook so bad I couldn't shoot anymore!" Although we looked, we didn't find a dead tiger.

The real joy of this camp came from meeting Maj. Gordon S. Seagrave. As soon as we stopped, he came over to see if he could help us. That's what his life was all about - helping others. His ancestors had been



Major Gordon S. Seagrave

missionaries for three generations and, in my estimation, he was one of the world's greatest individuals. He should have a place along with Ghandi, Mandela and Mother Teresa in a listing of people who have tried to do good in our world.



Time out for laundry and bathing.  
(If you recognize yourself, we'll never tell!)

He had lived in the Midwest and attended a college in Ohio before he studied medicine at John Hopkins and he seemed to enjoy reminiscing about our somewhat similar school days.

One day he brought me a nice loaf of white bread. It was far and away the best loaf of bread that has ever been baked so far as I am concerned.

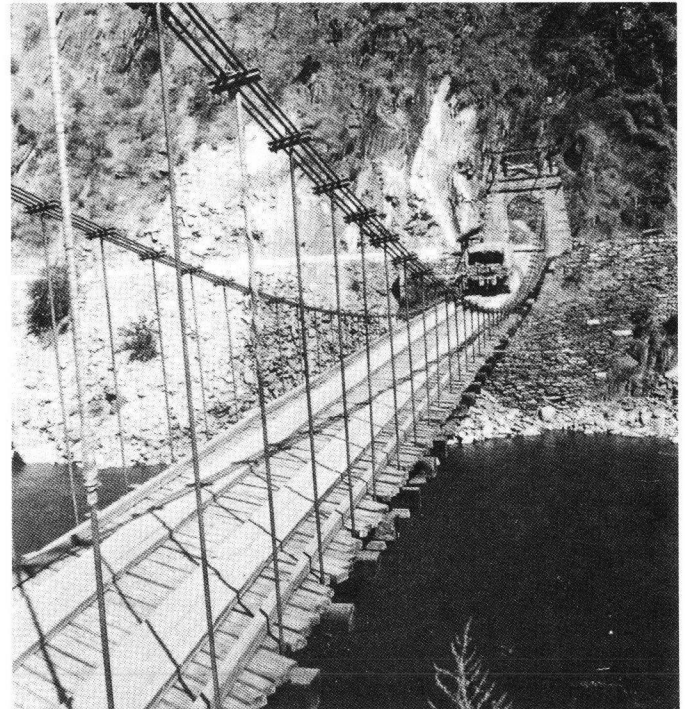
He had, over the fifteen years he had been at or near this location, treated thousands of natives as well as more thousands of war casualties when the Japs starting bombing and drove them west to Assam.

After 8 days at this nice camp, a truckload of Chinese soldiers showed up and the next morning we started for China and crossed the border in less than an hour.

The boys who built the pipeline to China had a very rough deal. They were promised that they would be through with their contribution to the war effort when the pipeline was completed and the only thing they would be required to do was to set up camp and maintain the pipeline. Since the pipeline was

all welded together, the maintenance job didn't take much time. There was a sign on a nearby back road that pointed to one of the camps. I thought I would investigate and started up the trail. I had gone only a few feet and I met an Army Chaplain recognizable by the insignia on his collar. He didn't seem to be sociable and kept shaking

his head in a curious fashion. I went on and came to the camp shortly. They had a giant circus tent. I flipped up the mosquito netting and walked inside. A half-dozen naked or half-naked young girls rushed up. They looked to be about 12 to 15 years old. I have never seen a happier acting bunch. There must have been 25 or 30 in the big tent. They had one thing in common - great big protruding bellies indicating they

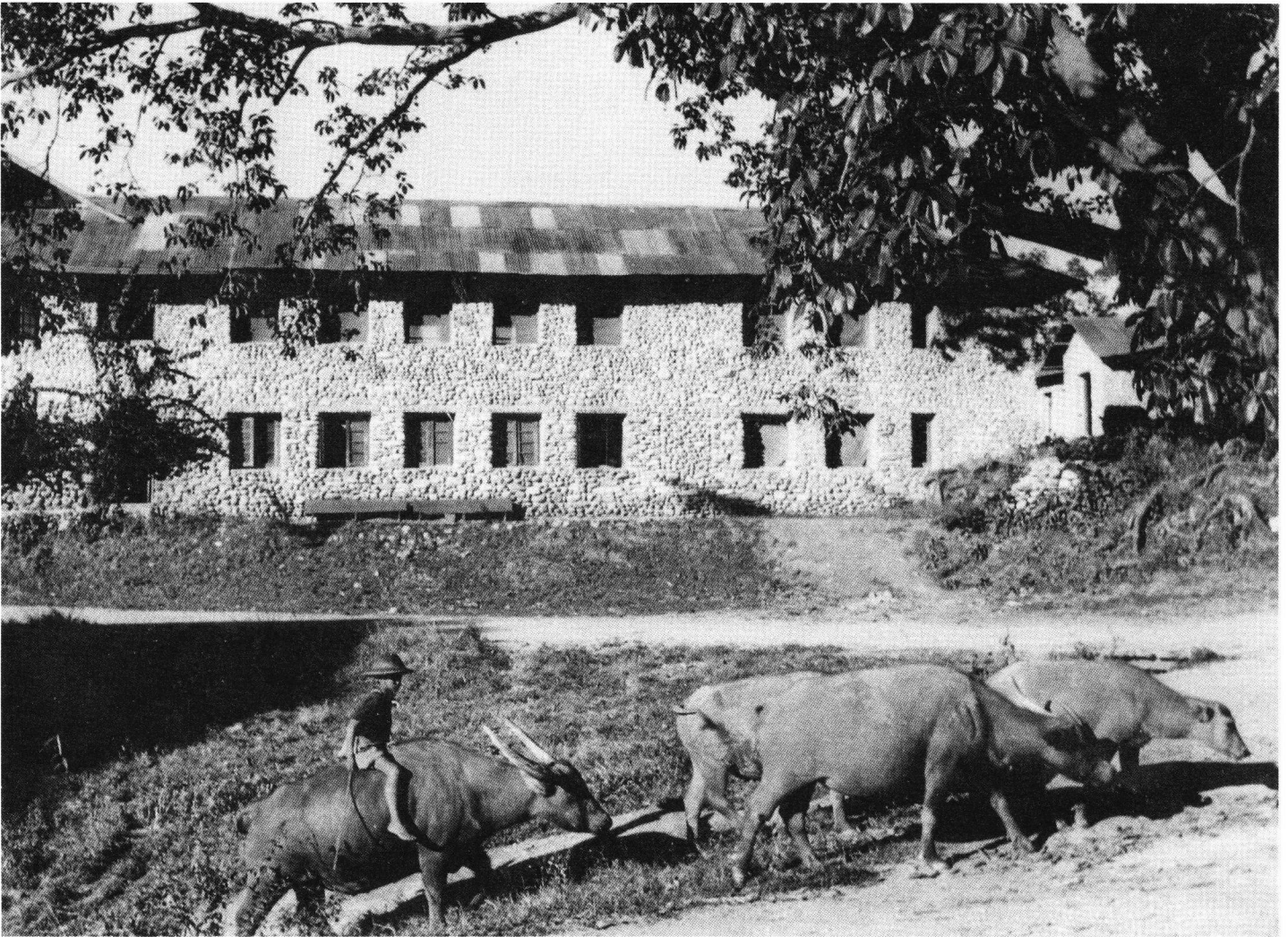


THEN WE CAME TO THAT MARVEL OF ENGINEERING, THE SALWEEN RIVER BRIDGE.

were soon to be mothers. I learned later that this was the residence of seven of the pipeline "maintenance" crew and they had decided that each could have five "wives" and evidently had taken on the job of spreading around their sperm cells very seriously and with good success. I figured out later that they had raped the army chaplain and were celebrating their conquest when I arrived.

Gordon Seagrave, in his book BURMA SURGEON, tells of one pregnant teenager who had had seven "husbands" and was considered far above another pregnant girl of the same age who had only three "husbands." So, it all depends on your point of view.

We made it to Kunming with only the usual tipped over trucks and bent fenders. I can't say enough good things for the folks back home who manufactured those Dodge, Ford, Studebaker and GMC trucks. There were no "motor" troubles on the 140 or more trucks that I recall. But they all had one trouble in common. The battery was under the hood in a little metal cage approximately in front of the steering wheel. After we hit a few dozen bumps, these contraptions began to break apart or fall off. Usually, the battery landed on the engine and the liquid spilled out, but the battery connections held and the trucks kept on running. But Pasco, the world's best mechanic and the hero



WE SAW THE HOSPITAL, DESTROYED IN WARFARE AND NOW REBUILT WITH THE GRATEFUL NATIVES HELP.



of making a workable stove, heretofore mentioned, rigged up some solution to the problem and worked at least twenty hours a day keeping the trucks moving. By the time we left Mong Yu, he had almost all the truck battery cages fixed.

world goods and left them to be shipped out and gone on ahead. The war came on and they assumed all their possessions were lost. To get their boxes and trunks after a delay of four to five years was a true miracle to them and I became



Rev. & Mrs. W. C. Austin

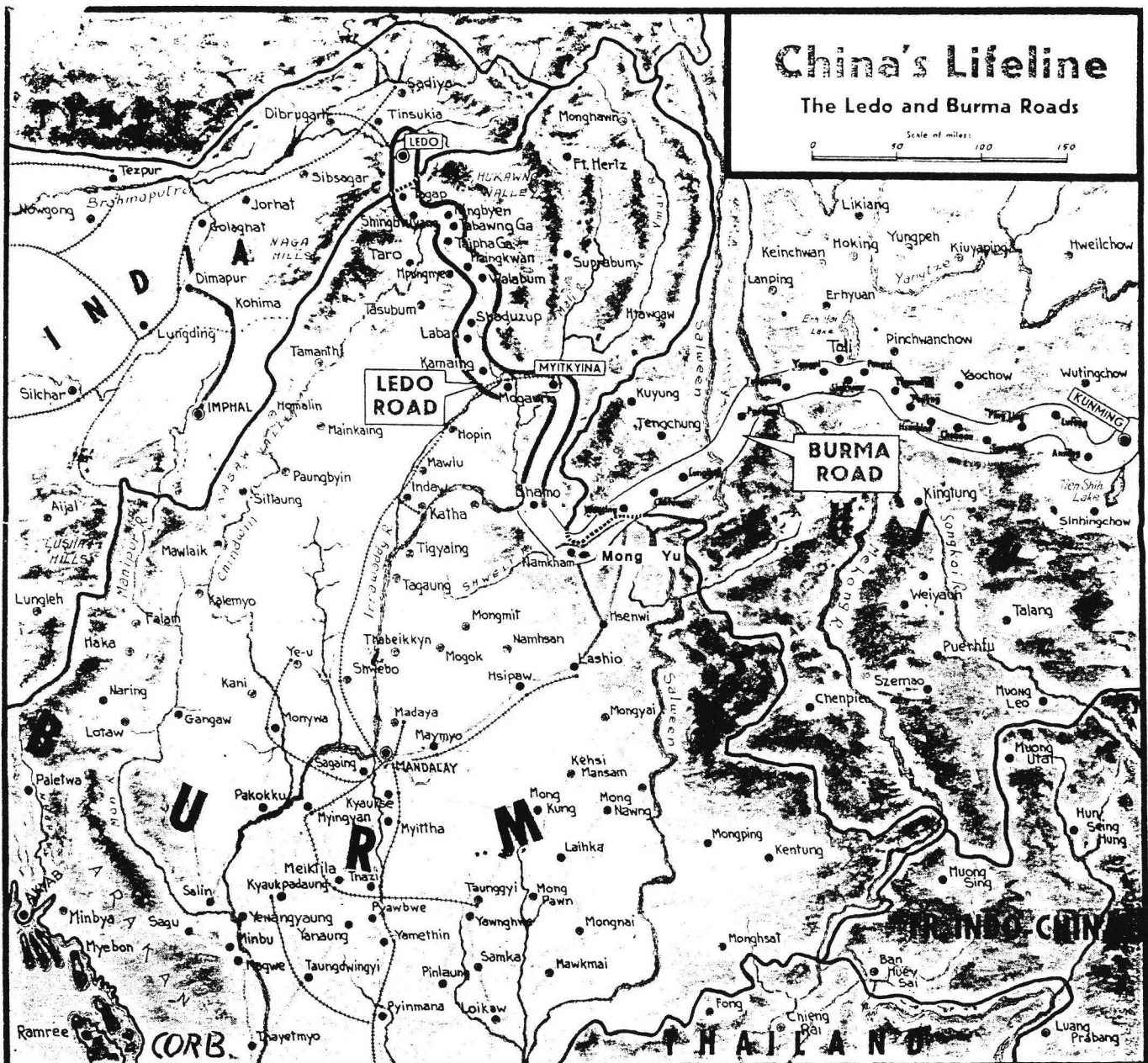


## The Chinese Army was everywhere

When we got to Kunming, I asked a member of the big group greeting us, who had a cross hung on a chain around his neck, if he ever heard of a Rev. W. C. Austin and discovered he was his good friend. They were both with the CHINESE INLAND MISSION. This was a missionary group composed of all Christian Churches. Within a short time, Rev. Austin showed up. Before the war started, he and his wife had packed up all their

their hero. They took me to their headquarters and couldn't think of enough nice things to do for me. I soon discovered they were on a starvation diet. I went back to the trucks and found a case of Vienna sausage in little cans. When I brought this to them, some actually cried - they hadn't had a taste of meat for many years they said.





# BOOKS



## ROYAL BLOOD: FIFTY YEARS OF CLASSIC THOROUGHBREDS

BY Richard Stone Reeves

SACO MEMBER RENOWNED ARTIST

Richard Stone Reeves, acknowledged as the greatest living master of equine portraiture, announces his sixth book, ROYAL BLOOD: FIFTY YEARS OF CLASSIC THOROUGHBREDS (released last November). 288 pages with four-color images approved by the artist, to assure accurate reproduction includes 50 portraits of famous Thoroughbreds.

Artistic Talent is no stranger to the Reeves family. Richard Stone Reeves was born in 1919, a direct descendant of the celebrated 19th century American portraitist Thomas Sully. Mr. Reeves was graduated from Syracuse University in 1941 with a degree in Fine Arts., enlisted in the U. S. Navy, served in China (SACO) and began a career painting Standardbred horses after World War II. In 1946, he painted his first Thoroughbred, Gallorette. But it was his painting of 1947 Horse of the Year, ARMED, reproduced in LIFE magazine, that drew international attention to Mr. Reeves.

In the ensuing five decades, Mr. Reeves has painted more international racing champions than any other artist in history. The names of his subjects are legendary. His patrons include European royalty and some of the most influential families in the world.

ROYAL BLOOD is available at \$75 with limited edition of 500 leather-bound, signed and numbered by the artist at \$350.

Publisher: The Blood Horse  
PO Box 40388  
Lexington, KY 40544-9982

(The foregoing was brought to my attention by F. Marvin Plake who served with the 14th Air Force, Kunming states, "We never quite fit in with SACO, primarily because many of our officers never served in Washington, DC where the SACO indoctrination took place...Mary Miles admitted that sometimes these characters seemed to sneak in, but we had never heard of SACO and were usually as confused as the Admiral. But, in due course, all succeeded." Mr. Plake further states "He (Reeves) was off like a shot and in about six months after the end of WWII, his first full color page appeared in LIFE. From here on, everything opened up North America and about all of Europe. A real success story!")

Editor's note: Whether or not there be interest in the book, I think it is fascinating to learn the vocation of members of SACO.

## WINGS OVER BURMA AND THE HIMALAYAS

BY John W. Gordon

Hard hitting, fast reading, compelling action and detail, Jack Gordon's historical novel

tells it like it really was for the WWII American airmen of the 27th Troop Carrier Squadron who flew their C-47's to drop ammo, rations and supplies under cover of darkness to Wingate's Chindits behind the Japanese lines in the Burmese jungles.

Portrayed as fiction in order to capture the experience of more than one man, WINGS could only have been written by one who was there.

\$15.95 in hard cover.

Mail direct: John W. Gordon  
RD 2 Box 270 G  
Middleburgh, NY  
12122

(Submitted by Dave Clarke)

FROM CHINA BURMA INDIA TO THE  
KWAI

by W. A. Henderson

Lt. Col. William A. (Bill) Henderson, USAF Ret. earned his gunner's wings in B-17's at Kingman, Ariz in 1943 and bombardier's wings at Deming, NM in 1944. A 2nd Lt. at age 19, he trained in B-24's at Tonopah, NV and went to the CBI theater in Sept. 1944. Prior to his 21st birthday, his crew destroyed the BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER KWAI, was badly mauled at the target and crashed on a Burma beach. 16 pages of photos - some rare ones of the wooden "Bridge Over the River Kwai" under construction and after completion. True stories of atrocities by the Japanese that were committed against Allied POW's that have never before been printed. The escape of the Bingham party and their attempt to get to China is incredible.

\$21 including S/H (Hard-bound)

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Audrey (Mishler)

SUBMARINE ADMIRAL (FROM BATTLE-  
WAGONS TO BALLISTIC MISSILES)

The following note to Buckless:

...Perhaps of interest, in my second book, being published by the University of Illinois Press in June ('95), I devote one chapter to SACO...

Best regards,  
Pete Galantin  
(Adm. I. J. Galantin, USN (Ret))

This is all the info given to me. (Ed)

HAROLD BONIN EXTENDS SPECIAL RECOG-  
NITION TO THE MILLER HOUSEHOLD.

...The primary reason for contacting you is to express my thanks and appreciation on behalf of all SACO members to our new President and Past Chairman of the Seattle Convention for an outstanding job, a.k.a. "Well Done."

Bill Miller had worked diligently at preparing the bolo in form of a whale for each and every attendee. His wife, Sissy, had also participated in this project and together they make an excellent team.

My personal thanks are extended to Bill and Sissy for a most unique and outstanding "name tag."

Cordially,



# IN MEMORIAM



KENNETH RHICARD

The death of Ken Rhicard on July 7th leaves a void among Camp 4 veterans. Ken was the catalyst for meetings and sharing information.

A few months after my wife and I met Ken and Dr. Robert Goodwin in Massachusetts in 1987, for the first time since 1945, Ken suggested we see how many of Camp 4 were alive and willing to meet.

In November 1989, Vic Bisceglia, Jim McGrail, Jack Shearer, Fred Webster, Ken and I met in West Springfield, Massachusetts. Again, the following year, Mike Conway from Chicago; George Dunleavy, New Jersey, Bud Harmon, Baltimore; Charles Keil, North Carolina; Bill Lutnick, California; O. J. Olson, Olympia, Washington; joined Bisceglia, McGrail, Shearer, Ken and me in Hartford, Connecticut. Since then, a number of us have met in Florida and at the national conventions.

Only four of the twelve who travelled in 1943 from Chungking to the edge of the Mongolian Gobi to establish Camp 4 remain: Bisceglia, Lutnick, E. G. Valliere and me. Also, two of our interpreters: Peter Yin Poon and Johnnie Nieh Tsung, both living in California, frequently correspond with us. Six of the eight who joined us in June 1944: Conway, Harmon, McGrail, Olson, Robert Perry and Shearer also are alive.

We long-term members of Camp 4 mission represent one of the most unusual Naval activities of World War II, if not in military duties, then most certainly in location.

Ken was quite a person and everytime someone leaves us, we feel our own vulnerability, particularly in his death.

Bob Sizemore



JOHN S. SHAVER

With sad news, I must write that John left for a better world August 21 ('94) at the National Naval Hospital Bethesda. He is at rest in Arlington National Cemetery, Court #3 Columbarium.

John enjoyed his Navy tour for 23 years. He was Captain in the Medical Corp - a pathologist. He was the last of doctors who were on duty at Hospital Point the day Japan hit Pearl Harbor.

Mrs. John S. Shaver



LILLIAN ROLAK

Lillian, wife of Chester Rolak, died of a heart attack July 25, 1995. Lillian had gone to a beauty shop and was under a hair dryer when she passed away. It's quite a shock to all of us who were with her at the Seattle convention just a few days earlier. Chet and Lillian and Charles and Laura Sellers had become close friends and it was Charles that let me know of the sad news. Our hearts go out to Chet. Ed.



THOMAS HOWARD CARPENTER

My father died Jan. 16, 1980 and my mother in May of this year. My dad was in the Navy and was part of a group manufacturing liquid oxygen for flying the "Hunp."

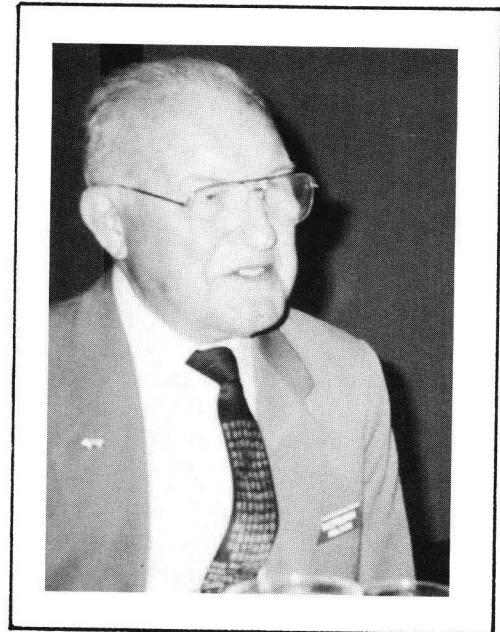
He was very proud of his involvement in that group and also in SACO.

Please discontinue your magazine to them.

I wish you and your group God's speed. Also, many thanks for all of you that served your country so well those many years ago.

Ron Carpenter

Ed. Note: I can only assume Mrs. Carpenter enjoyed the NEWS and upon her death, we were notified of Carpenter's death in 1980.



NORMAN J. NELSON

How does one start a letter announcing the death of one's dear husband? He passed away on 12 December 1994 after two short weeks in the critical care unit of our local hospital.

It was a sudden recurrence of his illness in Feb, but this time the doctors were unable to help him.

We are eternally grateful that our family (and my sister from England) was all together in Winchester, MA in October last year.

Norman was so fond of you two and I thought you might like to know. (As we were of both of you. Norman was truly a gentleman's gentleman - ever so kind and thoughtful. Ed.)

Jean Nelson





STONE COOPER

Stone Cooper died since our last publication last fall. He had been ill several years. He was Chairman of the Nashville reunion in 1991, but due to illness, had to be hospitalized and Helena carried the ball. Several at the convention visited with Stone at the hospital. Some time after the Nashville Convention, Helena got him home where she cared for him over a couple of years, as I recall.

Stone also chaired the Atlanta, GA Convention in 1983.

## Other Deaths Reported Since Last Issue

BANYAS, JOHN  
GM2C - Calcutta/Jorhat

HUGHES, JOHN S  
Ens. - Calcutta

JONES, JOHN L.  
AerM1/C - Camp 1

MORGAN, GEORGE E.  
Lt. SC - Shaokwan/Kienyang  
(died in "80s)

SKINNER, ELBERT R.  
MoMM/1/C - Calcutta  
(died in 1978)

SMITH, HENRY LADD  
LtCdr. - Kunming/Shanghai

SMITH, NICOL  
LtCol. - OSS - Kunming/Shanghai

TADLOCK, HOWARD R. JR.  
Sk1/C Kunming/Liuchow/Chungking

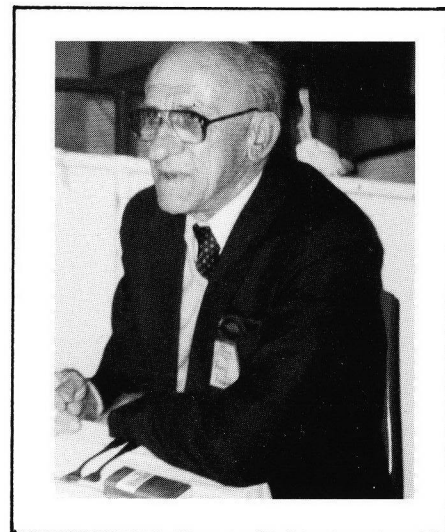


HARRY ROMANKI

Just before going to press, Frank Buckless called to let me know Harry died last Sunday, 20 August '95. Sophie, Harry's sister, called Ben Tedesco stating it was Harry's request that Ben and John Klos be notified.

Buckless was notified by John Klos and arrangement was made to send flowers from SACO.

In spite of his handicap, Harry was always pleasant and never complaining. Many of us recall this gallant trouper on a visit to Taiwan and his fortitude to keep up with the gang on most



activities. Erma said this morning when we got the news, "He was a very nice man." No one can argue that. He was quite a TIGER! All our best to Sophie.

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Peg & Doc  
Felmly*

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Auxiliary:  
\$10.00

Send dues to:

Ellen Booth  
7471 Thunderbird Rd.  
Liverpool, NY 13088

#### SACO NEWS

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the SINO - AMERICAN COOPER-  
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aka U.S. NAVAL GROUP CHINA

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

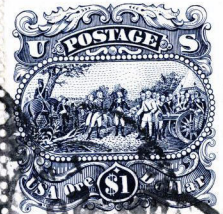
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#### ★ SACO NEWS ★

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