

October 1998

SACO VETERANS

OF
THE RICE PADDY NAVY

Sino
American
Cooperative
Organization

Issue No. 17

WHAT THE HELL?

Perpetual Skipper
VAdm. Milton E. "Mary" Miles



*Ceremonial dedication of historic SACO plaque in Navy Memorial Wash., D.C.
25 May 1998 attended by approximately 50 SACO and family members.*

SACO



NEWS

SACO HISTORY

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

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

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SACO NEWS

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

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

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

Henry Scurlock quotes from **CONFUSION BEYOND IMAGINATION** series by William Boyd Sinclair published by Joe F. Whitley - 1414 Spokane Ave - Coeur d'Alene, ID 83814:

Vol 2 pg 262 ch 3

April 2, 1945 Lt Clyde Slocumb jumped from his airplane near Shanghai. The P-51 hit a house and an old woman was killed. The Chinese peasants told the Japanese the body was that of the pilot. The Japanese swallowed that story. Slocumb was found by a Chinese carpenter and led to a hiding place. By the time the Jap soldiers got there, Slocumb was spirited away safely; helped by a hundred plain-clothes members of the Chinese underground army, Slocumb moved on foot and bicycle to the coast. There the Chinese took him aboard a sailboat and in the end, he reached an American Naval Station, through the efforts of the Sino-American Cooperative Organization, commanded by Adm. Milton "Mary" Miles.

Vol 2 pg 264

Lt. Tom Harmon was shot down in his P-38 approximately 100 miles north of Kunming in March of 1944. He was shot at while descending in his parachute. (Of course we know he made it.)

H. F. Scurlock hscurlock@larkom.net

LETTERS FROM SACO SECRETARY

July 14, 1998

Mr. Frank Tao
8109 Kirby Rd.
Bethesda, Md 20817-6649

Dear Frank:

This letter is written on behalf of the Officers, Trustees and Membership of SACO. It's purpose is to express our gratitude and appreciation for the many efforts and deeds you have completed for our organization.

It was noted at the Syracuse membership meeting that your attendance at the SACO Memorial Plaque Dedication in Washington, D.C. was a most exciting moral and physical example of the SACO creed "CAN DO." This great virtue has been one that you have exhibited on many occasions, many times behind the scenes and with little or no acknowledgment.

With this said, we now say **THANK YOU** from the bottom of our hearts. You should know that we have missed you and Lillian and can only hope and pray that you will soon be back to your old self.

Take care, good friend, and hang in there like the tiger you are.

Sincerely,

(Signed) Bill Bartee
Secretary

cc: All Officers & Trustees

July 14, 1998

Maj. Gen Kung Hsiang-jen
Deputy Director MID, ROC
P.O.Box 3693
Taipei, Taiwan, ROC

Re: SACO Reunion, Syracuse, N.Y. June 24-27 1998

Dear Gen. Kung,

On behalf of the Officers, Trustees and membership of SACO, I would like to take this opportunity to convey to you, your wife and staff, our profound gratitude and appreciation for your attendance at our latest reunion. It is always great to meet and visit with our friends from Taiwan.

It also goes without saying that we are indeed appreciative for the sizeable donation made to our SACO treasury. As with all non-profit organizations, we are often run on a tight budget and this donation will certainly be put to good use.

Please convey our thanks to your dedicated staff, especially Col. John Lou, Lt. Col Paul Pao and of course, Maj. Michael Chang. You all have become an integral part of our SACO family and we are always happy to meet and visit with you.

Sincerely,

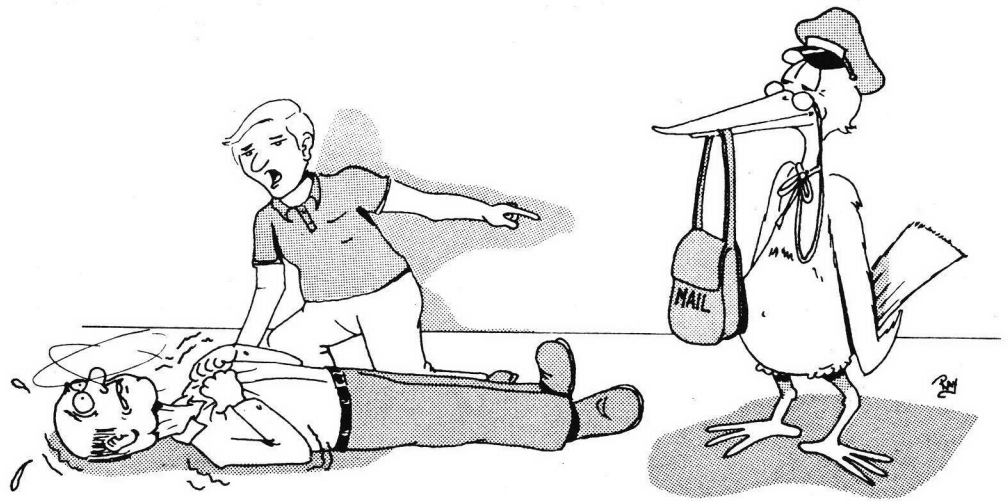
(Signed) Bill Bartee
SACO Secretary

cc: All Officers & Trustees

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

Just want you to know how much your input means - your pictures and stories - without them there would be little foundation upon which to construct a publication. Many of you have taken time to write, send photos, tell stories, etc. And it's all been due to your participation that makes for an interesting veterans' news periodical. And truly, it's an education. With every issue, I learn things I never dreamed happened. After all, back then, we were never allowed to disclose our assignments and often never knew what the other "Tigers" were doing. Today, we can share the good and the bad and that means there's lots of incidents that remain untold - some comical, some fearsome, some violent, some hunger, some anger, some lonely..... What do you recall?

MAIL CALL



"RELAX... HE'S JUST FILLING IN FOR THE MAILMAN."

14 July 1998 (To Rutans)

Sorry we missed seeing you folks and all of our SACO friends in NY in June.

Len is now doing his exercises at home each morning and is now also giving the bike a daily workout again. He said the right knee feels great, but the left one is causing him problems now....guess we're going to schedule it for the end of Aug. or early Sept. ...Looking forward to seeing everyone in '99 in Appleton. By then, Len's knees should be great.

We love you -- Len & Dolores (Fintak)

=====

16 April 1998 (To Weskamp)

...I am recovering from a heart attack - quintuple by-pass operation. I expect to go to 6-24 reunion at Liverpool, NY. (and he did...Ed)

James S. Dodson, Jr.

=====

1 July 1998 (Rutan)

...I have meant to drop a line and thank you for putting in the page on the UDT-SEAL Museum. I do not want to "look a gift horse in the mouth," but there was no mention of where the Museum is located:

3300 North State Road A1A
Fort Pierce, FL 34949-8520
Phone (561) 595-5845 Fax 561 595-5847

I would be happy to send off brochures to anyone interested in the Museum. If you visit Florida, this is a must. We have a brick Memorial Sidewalk with many of the SACO people who were S&Rs (named) in the sidewalk.

...It would be interesting to see if Larry Henry of Granger, IN ever heard from anyone on Stanley Henry, known as "OK" Henry, a Pharmacists Mate.

Keep up the great work on WHAT THE HELL. Worth sending in dues for.

Jim Barnes 3216 Yale St. N
St Petersburg, FL 33713-2738
(813) 894 2848

=====

27 May 1998 (Rutan)

...I wish I could (attend Syracuse), but I will not be able due to serious health problems and the passing of my dear wife on Feb. 27 of this year...

I think it is great that SACO is getting a plaque on the wall at the Navy Memorial in Wash., D.C.

Sincerely yours, Thomas P. Greco, Sr.

=====

15 June 1998 (Rutan)

Re: Our telecon and pg 54 of ???!!!!*** Issue No. 16 (Rutan and Sellers)- In Vol. 1 of William Boyd Sinclair's series "Confusion Beyond Imagination," pg 263-64 reads to wit: "A Navy jeep beat both Pick and Pock as the first vehicle to

get to Kunming, and it traveled the full length of the Road from Ledo. While the brass was busy with its big show of launching the 'first' convoy, Navy Lt. Conrad A. Bradshaw and sailor William F. White chugged past those proceedings and headed down the jungle highway. In so doing, Bradshaw was AWOL from his duty as second in command of the Sino-American Cooperative Organization (SACO) air cargo transshipment station at Jorhat. He wanted SACO to be first to roll the nearly 1,100 miles over the new motor highway and the Burma Road to Kunming."

"Bradshaw and White made it about four days ahead of the big Army convoy. They were hungry, dusty and weary when they got there, but they thought it was worth it for SACO to have the distinction of getting the first vehicle and men over the modern road to link China, Burma and India. SACO must have agreed. It disciplined Bradshaw for unofficial absence by having him report fully details of his trip and his opinion about the use of the Road for Navy convoys."

General Pick and General Pock were arguing over who would be the first Army convoy to use the Ledo Road.

Richard (Rutan), both these men are listed in our 1997 SACO Directory. (Yes, and I personally know both Ed.). If they received a copy of ???!!!*** Issue No. 16, they will no doubt be contacting you, also.*

Regards to both of you, Hank Scurlock
13700 Alderwood Lane #80 D
Seal Beach, CA 90740-3955

hscurlock@larkom.net as a result of printing my E-Mail address in issue 16, I have heard from John Westphal & Jack Miller.

*Haven't heard a word, but as you say, they must have some interesting facts about this escapade. Seems as if we're not going to live long enough to learn all the SACO vignettes. Ed.

=====

1998 (Rutan)

John H. Frederick, Sr.'s death was reported in Issue 15 Sept of '97. This year I quote a letter from his widow, Irene who wrote a personal recollection of John's life:

"This is not a war story, but it is a story about one of your SACO members.

"John was a sixteen-year-old young man when he graduated from Sparks High School in Sparks, MD with a perfect attendance record from grade one through grade twelve.

"He had a great baritone voice and he had the male lead for his class play. But the day the play was to open, his nineteen-year-old sister, returning home from Baltimore on the train, was in an accident - the engineer, fireman and his sister were steamed to death when the train fell from a railroad bridge.

"Following this terrible accident, this brave young man went to the high school for the play that evening knowing there were no understudies for any of the roles. He gave the finest performance anyone could be asked to do in spite of all the grief he and his family were enduring.

"His school principal and school superintendent sent him letters of appreciation along with a gift in consideration of his courage and excellent performance. We have kept the letters to this day.

"Fifty years later, he was looking forward to seeing his two leading ladies at their class reunion of 1983, but a month before the date, his leading lady passed away and one week before, the second lady died...

"Our young man has now lived a long and exciting life with all the tragedies, illnesses and two different wars. He would have been 80 Oct. 7, 1997, but passed away Mar. 5, 1997 from circulatory problems...

"His wish was good health for all."

=====

27 May 1998 (Rutan)

What can be said that hasn't already been said? Another outstanding job on our latest bulletin. Enjoyed it so much. I praise God for blessing us with a man of your talents. Skilled with bringing back so many, many memories. Give our love to Erma.

Clarence Gee

Clarence, I'm too old to become narcissistic and perhaps the diminishing gray-matter wouldn't be conducive to acquiring a swell-head. Nevertheless, I'm truly grateful for your gracious assessment of the SACO NEWS. It's always a pleasure and a sense of satisfaction is mine when I hear from those such as you. Also, let me add that I feel blessed to have been chosen to write about and for such a close-knit, exceptionally great group of men. I would venture to say few - if any - veterans organizations have sustained the "family oriented" relationship we have enjoyed throughout almost a lifetime. Ed.

=====

28 May 1998

...How high is a mountain, how much better can you make the publication? Again, you have done an excellent job. A 4.0 is not a good enough mark with which to grade your work. You seem intent on making it better each time. Keep it up.

...Your article "Down Memory Lane With R.I. Guys" was very interesting and appreciated. On pg 52 (Issue No. 16), the person sitting beside "Hank" Scurlock is Don Hammond. I remember him as a very nice soft-spoken person. I have a larger picture of him here somewhere in which he is wearing a very nice looking goatee. It would be very nice if he can be located....

With love from two friends, Bill and Bobbie (Hall)

Again, my footnote of the preceding letter certainly applies to you folks. Your letters are the catalyst that energizes my endeavor to do my best. Deeply appreciate your kind remarks. Ed.

=====

28 May 1998

Congratulations to you again, again & again. We really enjoyed reading the latest issue of SACO NEWS. I just could not believe that you would be able to gather so many stories and photos which really brought us back to the old days (good, bad, friends, enemies, laughs & tears) all over again to remind us of those WWII days. Thank you, Dick, I have read every issue of your SACO NEWS since I joined SACO VETERANS ORGANIZATION IN 1992.

...my wife and I will miss the oncoming Syracuse Convention. We are taking our two granddaughters & their parents to Beijing, China. Because only during their summer vacation will we be able to take them to our old country to show them our birth places. We will be visiting Beijing, Xian, Chungking, then take Yangtze River Cruise down stream to Wuhan, Nanking, Shanghai, Hanchow & Sochow, back to Beijing and then come home, the Good Old U.S.A. When we visit Chungking, I will try to have a short visit to Happy Valley, our wartime SACO Headquarters and also Unit 9 if those old buildings are still standing there...

As always, Linda & Steve (Chu)

I'm running out of "thank-you" words. I'm feeling pretty high at this point..the lift is good! Ed.

=====

28 May 98 (Seems a popular date for SACO letters)

It is a must for me to write something to compliment you on the recent edition of SACO NEWS that I received this week.

Reading Father Phil Shannon's eulogy for Adm. Miles, is a moving tribute which shall remain in all hearts that had the privilege of meeting and getting to know him. He was a remarkable man thrust into a very tenuous position with a great variety of men and still maintain such a profound stature and memories.

...We are enjoying and celebrating our fiftieth anniversary since May 9 and it started with a shindig then and continued into Hawaii with another at the Elks Club in Oahu in February....Never in my long life did I ever think I would achieve this landmark. In comparison, my dad passed away at 53 and mother died when I was eight months old. Most of my contemporaries are long gone and not many of the old cronies from pre-war days are around.

Sincerely, Julius (Ulaneck)

=====

1 June 1998

Received my copy of SACO WHAT THE HELL and I am re-reading it - you done an outstanding job on this one.

I'm sending a check for \$100 - \$20 for '98 dues and \$80 for work on magazine or whatever you need it for - I sent \$100 last year.

On pg 40 of the magazine (Issue 16 April '98) , Larry Henry was seeking information on his uncle Stanley Keith Henry. I was with him in Calcutta in late 1943 & early 1944. I wrote him a letter about his uncle and told him to write or call me.

On page 28 "Our Junks Won The War" - that was Camp 8 - I was the lone Pharmacist Mate there from the formation of Camp 8 until I left to come home in early June ('45) and got to Calcutta August 3. Arrived in San Pedro October 6; received my discharge Dec 7, 1945 & married in the fall of 1946. Have a son who lives in Havelock, NC and a daughter who lives in Lawrenceburg, KY. Our son and his wife have a set of twins - a boy and a girl - our only grandchildren.

I joined SACO in June 1943 from Great Lakes. There were 12 of us Pharmacist Mates in the group that went to D.C. We went to area D for close combat, gunnery and demolition school - back to D.C. & from there to Norfolk & fire-fighter school and more weapons. We were supposed to go to Paratrooper School, but class came back before we were to go - 2 of them received broken legs - after that they canceled Paratrooper School.

We went to the West Coast - the same 15 of us and were put on liberty ships - 6 on each one. We arrived in Calcutta Dec. 29, 1943 - went to Tollygunge to live - we stayed there until all the Scouts & Raiders came over in '44. We went to China with them. I was in Camp 8 - they made 2 camps out of the group (Camp 7 and Camp 8).

Harold Conner and I were friends at Great Lakes and we were friends in China until he went to 7 and I went to 8. After the war, we visited each other in Iowa and Kentucky every year until he passed away.

It was me and not John Simon in the writeup on Dr. Donnely's surgery in the book "Rice Paddy Navy."...

Thank you for your good work - keep it up.

John Semonès

May 1998 (Rutan)

Again, you put out a great issue. Lacking news and pictures from a reunion, it was filled with other memorable events. The experiences of Al Parsons was very special and appreciated.

I took most of the pictures shown on pg 49 thru 54 and still have more copies if anyone wants them (Issue No 16 April '98). Some of those fellows look like "young kids."

I think the fellow in the middle rear of the group pic on pg 52 is a "Kelley."

On the day I took the pic of you and Sellers at the Stillwell Road Opening, I crawled on top of a house for a better shot and fell thru the flimsy, tile roof on top of a man and woman in bed. (I think they were sleeping late??)

(Bottom L pg 54) the pic was taken in the "Hoosier Room;" Schumacher, Rutan, Reising & Miller - all Hoosiers. Foto in lower RH corner of room is of my future wife.

(Dragon/Anchor patch) I remember among others, Bob Ervin had an input for the design.

Si si ni, Jack (Miller)

=====

May 1998 (Rutan)

Thank you for mailing the SACO NEWS to me. Once again, you outdid yourself.

Are you aware Leonard J. Burke expired 3-31-98? (See obits this issue - notice arrived too late for April '98 issue). We just returned from a cruise on 3-1-98 - he became ill and was hospitalized for 2 1/2 weeks.

He enjoyed his SACO friends and looked forward to the reunions. Usually, we continued on in our motor home enjoying life to the fullest.

My memories of Leonard are the only thing keeping me going. He wasn't only my husband, but my best friend and he is sadly missed by all. He was a wonderful gentleman.

Ruth Burke

Early 1998 (Buckless)

...I'm very well, turned 77 in Feb. Have had two major surgeries in '85 & '86 - everything turned out very good which I'm very thankful for. I'm assuming Bill Miller and I are the last ones living from Base Camp Lanchow. The last roster did not mention any of the others. Would love to attend one of our convention meetings, but due to family matters of both wife & I, that is still on hold. If you're able to attend next scheduled meeting, would appreciate your giving my regards best wishes to Bill Glass...

Charles Browning

=====

17 April 1998 (Rutan)

Spring has sprung in Ohio, and the flowers and trees have begun to bloom. What a wonderful time of year, and so it is with a heavy heart I will bring you up to date with Pearl's and my life in Akron, Ohio.

As you know, Pearl has dementia, she has passed through the early and middle stages. Always happy and always brightened by children and her family, the disease seemed to be taking its normal course up until lately. Then she seemed to go into a serious decline, unable to remember how to walk and to feed herself. All the while, she has kept that smile everyone loves. At times, she would become very discouraged with her inability to communicate her thoughts with me and those around her. But mostly, she enjoyed her family and friends and the cards and letters she received. On March 29, Pearl suffered a stroke. the doctors at the hospital originally felt it was just another decline that dementia can take and sent her home. At this point, Pearl was unable to walk, feed herself, take care of her personal needs, or talk. I arranged for her to go to Heatherwood Hall (the assisted living section) of the complex where we live. By April 6, she was showing no improvement and was transferred to Windsong, (the nursing home) connected to our complex. At Windsong, she was check out thoroughly by our family doctor (who happens to be the doctor on call for Windsong) and was diagnosed with having had a stroke. At this point, Pearl began to show some improvement, an interest in eating, trying to communicate and an all around joy with her life. She loved listening to her music and humming along to the tunes. Easter Sunday was a good day for her and she acted excited about Angus and Marge coming on Tuesday. Monday was much like

Sunday except for the fact she slept a lot. Early Tuesday, Pearl suffered another mild stoke, sad because of this, she was unable to enjoy the visit with her brother. Wednesday presented another stroke, this one bigger. Pearl now has paralysis on her left side and some on her right side. The doctor said it was dementia induced myacardio infarction (fancy words for strokes brought on by her dementia). He is of the opinion this is the path her body has chosen to take. She is not on any sort of life support, and her pacemaker keeps her heart at a steady rate. He assures me Pearl is not suffering any pain. Please try not be be upset; Pearl would not want that. Do know that Pearl is receiving the very best care and compassion that is possible. Please keep her in your prayers and know that everyone of you is very important to her - you always have been. I will be in touch with any new news.

Lorne (Horning)

=====

29 May 1998 (Rutan)

Thank you very much for sending me the No. 16 Issue of SACO NEWS. I am definitely interested in it.

I know I have not paid my membership dues, but I would like to make a donation of one hundred dollars to your noble effort this time. I do not know where to send this check, therefore, I take the shortcut of sending it directly to you.

Once again, thank you for remembering me, and please, also give my best regards to Paul Casamajor and Harold Bonin if you happen to contact them again.

Eddie Liu (Admiral Miles' Interpreter)

=====

15 April 1998 (Rutan)

Through a mutual friend, I met Wally Walton and his wife, Loretta. Wally was a retired commander. He was Capt. Miles' aide on the Columbus. Wally and I had many great conversations regarding his relationship with Miles and was with him on a trip to China. He said he was Miles' official drinker as Miles couldn't for health reasons.

Wally passed away some 15 + years ago. In conversations with his wife, she said she had many slides Wally had taken with Miles in China. I told her I (SACO) would be very interested in them as they may have been at the time of Tai Li's funeral. She said she'd check. Later she said her son had the slides. Upon checking with him, he couldn't find them.

I can't pressure Loretta or her son too much, but I won't give up. We might get lucky - or strike out.

Anyway, I'm sure you will like the picture (Adm. Miles on facing page of "The Spy Who Wouldn't Die.")

Best regards, Jim Dess

=====

26 May 1998 (Rutan)

You've done it again. Your April 1998 issue of the SACO NEWS is superb! It is by far the best of four WWII veterans' publications which I receive.

I always enjoy every feature of the NEWS, noting the pride of SACO personnel in having served with such a unique, resourceful, risky and brotherly organization. Of particular interest to me was the PRISONER OF WAR story by former RM2c Alfred W. Parsons whom I also read about in "SACO, The Rice Paddy Navy" by Roy Olin Stratton. This story is most amazing, not only because of the most unlikely survival of Alfred Parsons, but because of his understanding of the motivations of the fiendish enemy. How can one withstand such brutality and come out alive, let alone with a sound mind? I feel it is clear that God was and has been with him.

Needless to say, I read this heart-rending story with tears in my eyes. That experience could have been mine except for SACO personnel risking their lives to rescue my crew and me after our crash-landing in China in March 1945. I am deeply indebted to the brave men of SACO and always shall be.

Also, I was entranced by the stories about Vice Admiral Milton "Mary" Miles. Here was a perfect leader - ever devout in his religion, caring, brilliant, engaging, strong, patriotic - what a man!

It was also interesting and enjoyable to learn about the various SACO activities and to see the photographs of the younger Richard Rutan.

I think of you often. Best regards to you and your mother,

Sincerely, Jim Powell

What a beautiful letter and I thank you so very much as all SACOs do- especially those involved in the rescue of your crew. We are very proud to have your support as an associate member and please, try to make another reunion so you can be formally introduced to the gang as you should have been at your first convention attendance. Ed.

=====

26 May 1998 (Rutans)

Thanks for your note. The SACO NEWS has turned into a greater publication with each issue. Thank you much for your talent and classy presentation.

...I am pretty good healthwise at 78. I had prostate cancer which was treated via Cryogenic Freezing in 1993. (My PSA has been undetectable ever since!) Shirley is well and a very talented painter - oils and watercolors. We have traveled considerably over the years, but have tapered off lately. I miss my old friends at SACO and wish we could rejoin the convention someday.

I phoned Rev. John White (refers to his letter pg. 36 Issue 16 April '98) today and suggested he read "OSS In China" by Maochun Yu (Yale University Press. Maochun Yu is asst. professor at the US Naval Academy and could be a valuable source on how to research AGAS. He (White) was please with my call.

I am involved in the Japanese war crimes matters. Representative William Lipinski has authored HR#126.* Having read "The Rape of Nanking" and having talked with the author, Iris Chang, I agree we should not let the holocaust of the Chinese by the Japanese go unnoticed. I never recall hearing about the 1937 Rape at Nanking when in China with SACO. Did I miss something? It was sickening and the Japanese military was bestial.

I have some photos which I will dig out for your consideration. What form should these be in?

...with kind regards to you both, Bill (Simmons)

*The resolution in part:
"Resolved by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring), That it is the sense of Congress that the Government of Japan should--

(1) formally issue a clear and unambiguous apology for the atrocious war crimes committed by the Japanese military during World War II; and

(2) immediately pay reparations to the victims of those crimes, including United States military and civilian prisoners of war, people of Guam who were subjected to violence and imprisonment, survivors of the 'Rape of Nanjing' from December, 1937, until February, 1938, and the women who were forced into sexual slavery and known by the Japanese military as 'comfort women'."

I'm afraid I overlooked responding to your offer, Bill, but I'm always interested in pictures. I prefer closeups of people as opposed to full length which are usually too distant and unidentifiable and of course, identification is appreciated as "unknowns" are of little interest.

Another point, your response to Rev. White's inquiry prompts me to commend all, such as you, who have been so considerate in being of help. I don't think there has been a request from those seeking help in one area or another that some SACO hasn't come through - *you guys are the greatest....aren't WE????!!*** Ed.

=====

24 May 1998 (Rutan)

I can not thank you enough for sending me the SACO NEWS, the pictures from 1972 were priceless! What a good time we had at all the SACO conventions and I do miss them. Since Marlin's passing, it is just not the same coming alone. Miss all of the friends we met through the years and you and Erma are the best, but too many memories. Guess I am just a 'softie' or something. I am very happy here living close to my daughter and family and love having company. If you ever come to Texas, please get in touch - not that far from Dallas.

The very best wishes to you all, Sincerely, Peg (Leshner)

=====

June 1998 (Rutan)

Last year, on a visit to Seattle, I met Jim Dess, an old SACO buddy. We had a great time talking about Pact Shot.

...My involvement with SACO started in July 1945 when I was transferred from Amphibious Training in Ft. Pierce FL to Wash.,D.C There I was interviewed by a LCdr and two Chinese officers. They told me I would be involved with amphibious operations with the Chinese in the Tun Tin Lakes area in China.

When I arrived in Calcutta, I was assigned to COMINDU and served as security officer for the next eleven months. Finally LCdr Schoettler arrived and told me that we were to proceed to China and scout the coastal area south of the Min River as a potential amphibious invasion.

We spent some time in Kunming and by this time, talk of an invasion had been changed. Schoettler then gave me some material to study for a hydrographic survey of the Min River from Pagoda Anchorage to the Pacific Ocean.

We flew from Kunming to Chihkiang where we refueled - then on to Kienow. Only seven planes arrived. One turned back, one got lost and the crew bailed out at night. They later joined us at Foochow. One plane flew up the coast and landed at an airport where they were surrounded by a group of Japanese. This group wanted to surrender to our men. Since this was not an option, they gave enough gasoline for the plane to fly down to Kienow the next morning.

From Kienow, Schoettler had arranged for transportation down the Min River by sampan. This was about 200 miles and took us about two days.

At Foochow, we established a field station at Pagoda Anchorage in what was formerly the British Custom House. From here, we established our triangulation net and conducted depth soundings with a special sampan that had been made for us.

After the bombing at Hiroshima, Pact Shot was sent to Shanghai where some of the newer officers were kept on patrol of shipping while I returned to the U.S.

Best regards, Mike (M.J. Latimer, LCdr USNR Ret)

2 August 1998 (Rutan)

The reunion at Syracuse was another good one. Many thanks to Bud and Ellen Booth whose talents and hard work were responsible for its being the great success it was.

I enjoyed the festivities very much, especially renewing old friendships, however, it saddened me greatly to see how many longtime friends were not there. The reasons were many and unavoidable - - illness, other demands on time, death. I missed them nonetheless, especially Paul and Martha Casamajor and Ralph and Rosemary Mullen (to illness), and Al Ediss (to death).

As you know, Tracy Chou was my guest at the event. I was pleased she could be with me and that she was welcomed by so many friends. Some of you know she and I were invited to accompany Gen. and Mrs. Kung and his staff to Niagara Falls after the reunion. Once we left Syracuse, the General was much more relaxed.

I had known for some years he has a fine singing voice, but I had no idea he was such an accomplished story teller. His anecdotes about his duty assignments in other countries were hilarious, especially one about a belly-dancer in India. Sounds very much like some I've heard you fellows tell. I guess servicemen the world over have very much in common.

Stay well, Glenna (W. Wilding)

=====

12 July 1998

Just a brief note to say that Jessie and I enjoyed meeting you and Erma at the reunion and especially to express again my thanks to you for your efforts with the SACO NEWS.

It does play a special role in our memories of SACO.

Sincerely, Bob Larson

11 June 1998 (Rutan)

For a number of years, I've subscribed to the ExCBI magazine. Although it rarely mentions the Navy, articles occasionally add to my knowledge about the CBI Theatre. Articles about the 14th Air Force and bombing raids appear. But mostly they are concerned with the army in India and Burma.

A few months ago, some information concerning CBI movies appeared in a column written by Hugh Crumpler. No listing of our movie was given. So, I thought it was time that we not be overlooked. The enclosed letter (follows this) was written. I'm not certain that it will be published. Perhaps we should have our own listing of books, articles and "Destination Gobi."

I always enjoy the SACO NEWS you generate. It brings back pleasurable memories.

Sincerely, Bob (Sizemore)

4 May 1998

Ex-CBI Roundup
Editorial, Photos & Stories Office
1200 Park Newport #321
Newport Beach, CA 92660

Dear Sir:

Omitted from the listing of CBI movies in the February and March 1998 issues and for perhaps for some of the reasons cited for them, is the 1953 MGM production "Destination Gobi." The movie, starring Richard Widmark, portrayed a Hollywood version of certain activities of Naval Group China (SACO) men stationed in the isolated Camp Four at the edge of the Gobi. Their activities are more adequately described in Book Seven "Under Wraps for Eyes Alone" of William Boyd Sinclair's CONFUSION BEYOND IMAGINATION.

Destination Gobi should be included in any listing of CBI films. The Navy, often overlooked, was there and did contribute to our victory.

(signed) Robert A. Sizemore
Meteorologist, Camp Four



U.S. NAVAL GROUP CHINA

by Rear Admiral Milton E. Miles, USN

THE STORY of SACO, (Sino-American Cooperative Organization), dates back to the first few weeks after Pearl Harbor when the Navy and the National Military Council of China, laying immediate foundations for offensive action against Japan moved to establish a weather service in Asia, where the weather for the Pacific originates. After months of inspecting, planning, negotiating, and preparation, the first United States Naval personnel arrived in China and commenced setting up the organization with the Chinese.

Once in China it became apparent that to achieve our primary mission, that of establishing weather and intelligence units whose reports would be of value to American forces in the Pacific and Asia, it would be necessary to train and equip Chinese guerrillas and to set up and maintain the many and varied establishments that such an undertaking would require. It was a long, progressive task that improved until victory was finally realized.

By the end of 1942, our Weather Central near Chungking, with the cooperation of the Chinese Government, was sending regular weather reports from many occupied areas in the Far East to the U.S. Fleet. China assigned substantial undercover forces to protect American observers. Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard personnel participated in the training and equipping of roughly 30,000 Chinese. 50,000 more were trained but due to lack of "Hump" transportation allowances, they could not be equipped. With American equipment and American participation in the raid, they became the best organized and most effective of all Chinese guerrillas.

From the administrative offices of the India Unit in Calcutta, all American personnel were flown into China. From early 1942 until the Stilwell Road was completed, everything that went into the project, books, radio equipment, jeeps, guns, mines, gasoline, and other essentials had to come into China over the "Hump" by air as part of the monthly 150-ton allocation assigned to our project.

BEHIND THE LINES

WITH these materials, SACO units set up weather, communication, and intelligence stations all the way from the border of Indo-China to the northern reaches of the Gobi Desert. Much of the concentration of activities was located along the China Coast behind the north-south Japanese lines. While it was sometimes possible to enter or depart from

some portions of Jap-held territory by air, SACO Americans became adept at Chinese disguises and, guided by SACO Chinese, they slipped safely through enemy lines whenever and wherever they chose. Through months and years, only 3 Americans from SACO were captured.

Chinese and American personnel lived, worked and fought side by side, knowing that they were the most important source of essential intelligence in China for the prowling U.S. Fleet and for our submarines just off the coast. Fleet operations in the Western Pacific made the most of SACO weather reports, especially in planning and executing hazardous carrier strikes despite the treacherous weather conditions prevailing near Formosa and The Japanese home islands

ACCOMPLISHMENTS

THE 14th Air Force at all times benefited from SACO activity. Much of its intelligence emanated from the American Navy in China. Facts concerning Japanese troop movements, supply concentrations, airfield developments, bridges, and other strategic targets reached 14th Air Force Headquarters from SACO-manned stations, and the hard-hitting Army fliers used this information to great advantage. Directed by SACO forces, aerial mining of the China Coast and vital inland water routes was effected. A principal achievement of these mining operations, combined with SACO coast watchers, was to force Jap shipping far out to sea where it fell into the ambushes of U.S. submarines.

The Chinese guerrillas trained in 12 SACO camps made a fine record in their offensive against Japanese units. Killing 3 Japs to every guerrilla lost, they are credited with wiping out more than 2,000 Japanese a month in 1945. Sabotage units developed and carried out extensive operations against Japanese establishments.

During the war, SACO, working with our own Chinese rescue agencies, rescued 76 fliers forced down in China.

The success of our mission in China is attributable to the over 2,500 volunteers of the U.S. Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard who served in SACO, and to the close relationship that existed there between U.S. Naval personnel and the Chinese.

Milton E. Miles

SACO VETS

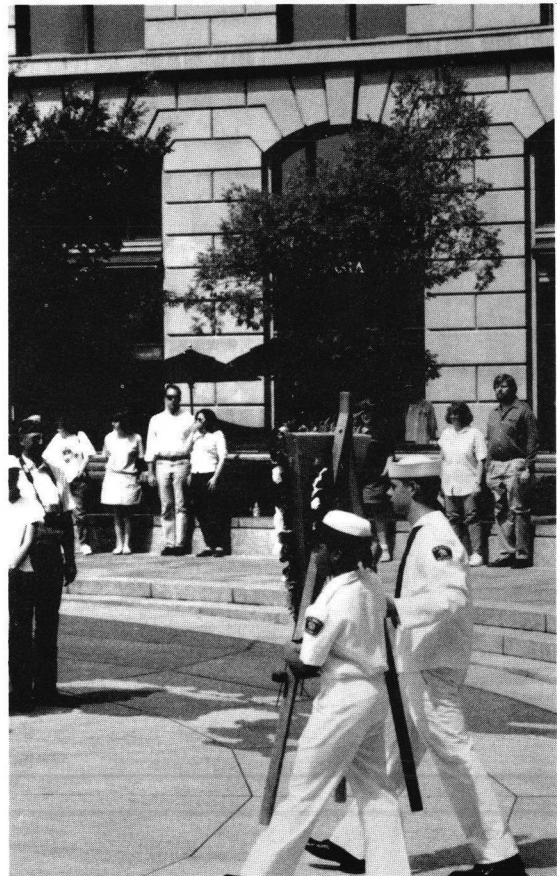
DEDICATE PLAQUE AT U.S. NAVY MEMORIAL



As reported by Bill Sager

About 50 SACO Vets accompanied by wives, daughters and other relatives attended the SACO Plaque dedication at the U.S. Memorial Foundation in Washington, D.C. on May 25, 1998 - Memorial Day. The U.S. Memorial Foundation, now in its tenth year, is a unique place to memorialize and honor reunion groups such as SACO. A major mission of the Navy Memorial is to recognize the service and sacrifice of the men and women of the Navy. SACO, U.S. Naval Group China, (The Rice Paddy Navy), now has a permanent memorial publicly displayed at the U.S. Navy Memorial.

Preceding the SACO dedication, the SACO delegation attended a Memorial Day wreath-laying ceremony at the Statue of the Lone Sailor featuring the U.S. Navy Band, and representatives of all of the U.S. Armed Forces. The U.S. Navy Honor Guard presented the colors.



Following the wreath-laying ceremony, the SACO delegation re-assembled at the



Commemorative Wall in the Memorial. Charles (C-Going) Miles opened the ceremonies with a short talk reviewing the history of SACO and the role his father, Admiral Milton E. "Mary" Miles had in establishing SACO. Ms. Carolyn Inman spoke briefly on the significance of SACO to her as the daughter of a SACO member, the late Willard Inman. Fred Webster, accompanied by five of his grandchildren, spoke about SACO mothers sending their Navy sons off to far-flung places for extra-hazardous duty. Fred also



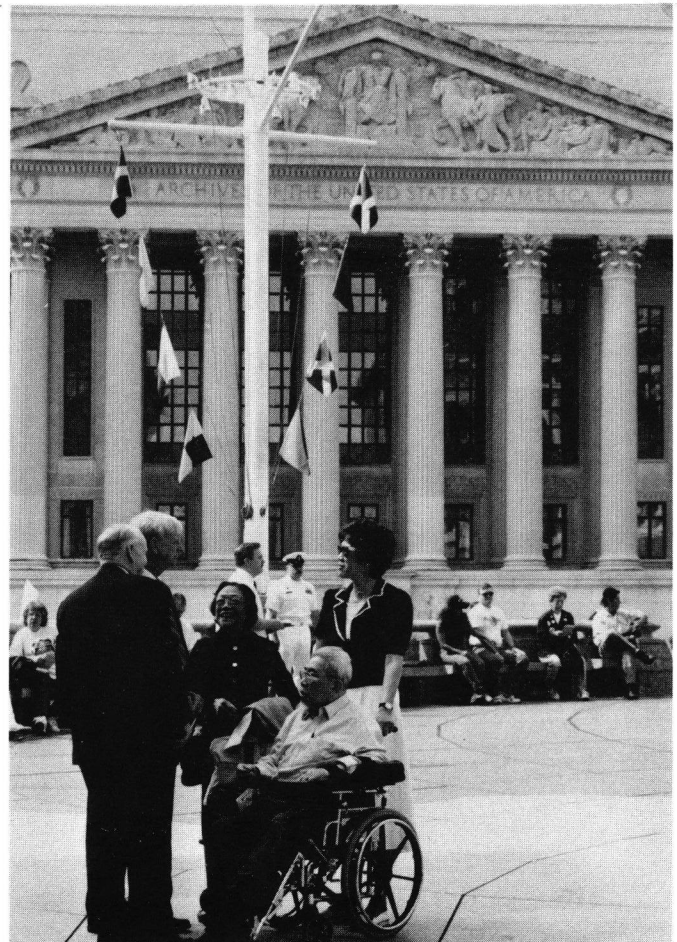


Andy Fleming - Fred Webster

entertained by putting on his cold-weather- gear hat that he brought back from Camp Four. (We couldn't tell whether the hat smelled of mothballs or of untanned Chinese fur???)

Other speakers included Guy Tressler and Hal Bonin, SACO's former Secretary and current Historian. Former President and current SACO Trustee Dr. Lloyd M. Felmly concluded the speakers' roster with remarks about the SACO Organization. When Doc Felmly finished his remarks, he and Harold Bonin removed the Navy blue bunting that veiled the SACO Plaque, exposing the plaque for the first time to the cheers and applause of the assembled audience.

Frank Tao, an associate member of SACO who served with The Coordinating Council of North American Affairs until his illness, was able to attend the dedication, thanks to wife, Lilyan, his daughter and son-in-law, who transported Frank in his wheelchair from his nursing home in Bethesda to the Navy Memorial. Many SACO members remembered Frank because, up until the time of his stroke, Frank never missed a SACO Reunion. At the conclusion of the dedication, Frank presented a silver medal with



Murray & Charles Miles - Lilyan & Frank Tao & dtr.

the likeness of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and General Tai Li to SACO for its archives.

Upon conclusion of the dedication, SACO members adjourned to the President's Room in the Navy Memorial (a large size meeting room with portraits of all the U.S. Presidents who have served in the U.S. Navy) where refreshments were served and the SACO people had the opportunity to mingle, socialize and take pictures.

SACO was honored at the dedication by the presence of Maj. Gen. Ping-Sheng Liang, Army of the Republic of China and by Capt. Cheng Shieh of the Republic of China Navy. Both of these officers are stationed with the Taipei Economic and Cultural Representative Office located in Washington, D.C. It was SACO's distinct pleasure to have them at the dedication.

The success of SACO's dedication is due a great deal to Dr. Richard Stoltz, Associate Vice President for the U.S. Navy Memorial Foundation whose planning and execution was flawless.



Doc Felmly - Harold Bonin



Leslie Johnston - Murray & Enid Miles - Charles Miles



Bill Sager - Harold Bonin - Carolyn Inman Arnold



Murray & Enid Miles - Leslie Johnston

INTERIM REPORT ON 2004 SEATTLE REUNION

Submitted by
BILL MILLER

It isn't often that a Reunion Chairman has a chance to present to the membership an interim report before the event, but with the timing of this issue of *SACO NEWS* and the consent of our editor, I am now able to do so.

During the very first couple of days of April, we mailed out 550 notices of our July 14 – 18 reunion to be held in Renton, Washington. Now we experience the “waiting period” and an unbelievable reaction of so many sorts that you might like to know about. As we might expect, there were some reports of deaths. I'll not present them here – all or most of this information has already been reported to Paul Casamajor, our Membership Chairman, and these facts will be made known at our annual meeting. There were quite a few address changes. Some, but not all, were traceable. Those that were, we have re-mailed SACO invitations.

Some of our guys are either in nursing homes or feel that they are just too old to make the rounds. Here's a letter from Louise Jakmas, 705 Foster Park Rd., Lorain, OH 44053. “I'm sorry to tell you that Rudolph has been in a nursing home this past year and will not be able to attend. Louise.”

Received a phone call from Betty Bell, Everett, Washington. Some of you may remember her because she was so very active at our 1995 Reunion registration table. Her husband is in a wheelchair. They feel that they would not be able to help with the preliminaries – but they're thinking of attending the Reunion.

Received a letter from Mark Cofer telling that his dad, Robert, is in a nursing home. His new home address is 123 Amanda's Autumn Lane, Taylors, SC. 29687 (Tel. 864 322-7047). The nursing home is Brighton Gardens in Greenville, SC (Tel 864 288-1664). I'm sure these guys would like to hear from some of us. Maybe you would like to give them a call.

Here's a letter from O. J. Olson (1111 Archwood Dr., SW, Unit 253, Olympia, WA 98502-5666). “Dear Bill, I won't be able to attend this year's SACO Reunion or, I believe, any to follow. Old age is the primary reason. I'm sure this one will be a great success, obviously well planned. I'm including a small check to help cover some of the expenses of the Reunion. Sincerely – O. J. Olson.” The check is for \$100.

Great bunch of guys!

Some other folks were so kind and thoughtful just to say, unfortunately, that they had already made plans for those dates. The very first one came only about a day after mailing and it was a phone message from Florida left in my voice box. Wiley and Charlotte Williamson (9230 35th St., Pinella Park, FL) had other plans – but they sure wanted to say hello to everybody for them. So, here I am, saying “hello” to everybody for them.

Evelyn and Tony Wogan (108 Belaire Circle, Windsor Locks, CT 06096-6750) also called to tell us they had conflicting schedules.

Robert Cross (715 N. Garden St., Apt 101, Bellingham, WA 98225) wrote to say he had prior family commitments to keep him from attending.

Sorry to say that our Legal Council will not be with us this year. Bill Sager e-mailed me. We knew that Elizabeth is convalescing. We certainly understand. We hope for their well-being.

Finally, to at least bring us up-to-date, a letter from Teresa and Cliff Schmierer (815 12th SW #22, Everett, WA 98204-5671) tells us that Cliff will be having knee surgery April 20, so he will not be able to do very much to help out.

If you have given up on me in reading all of these disappointing responses, that's OK. It's just that every one of them is important to us. I wouldn't feel right if I neglected a single one of them.

On the other hand, registrations continue to roll in. The earliest birds were Fran and John Waters. Then Ruby and Lee Alverson and Ellen and Bud Booth were a close second. We have now somewhere around 30 registrants. This is the fun part – waiting for the mailman each day. So far, we have but one candidate for the medal. He is Lacey Abbey, the very first name you'll find in our SACO Register.

Yesterday, May 1, the Alversons and we drove to Prosser, Washington to meet with Betty and Bob Clark. The six of us constitute the Reunion Committee. We made some plans and preserved some order and we're convinced we will be able to serve our registrants well. We struggle somewhat with the threat of attrition – but there is also a light that grows brighter. We are attracting more associate members; sons and daughters, friends and relatives. The younger folks care.

Regarding the banquet – somewhere along the line, the Alversons and we experienced a “tasting” of potential entrees at the caterer's kitchen. You will recall that there was not much information on this matter on the registration form. We were unanimous in selecting two plates from which you can choose. Here they are:

BEEF BOURGUIGNON

A hearty French stew consisting of braised sirloin, mushrooms, onion, garlic & red wine served over buttered bow tie pasta and surrounded with a fresh vegetable medley.

CHICKEN CORDON “NEW”

Tender parmesan and panko encrusted breast of chicken topped with honey ham and Swiss cheese oven-baked and completed with sauce mornay served with buttered orzo and fresh vegetable medley.

Dinner includes: house salad with vinaigrette, rolls and butter, chef's dessert selection, ice water on the tables and beverage station to include coffee, iced tea and decaf.

Recall – we gave you a choice of beef, chicken or fish. Sorry, but no fish for the banquet. We'll check back with each registrant on your final choice when you reach the registration table.

The fish dinner will come on Thursday night of the first tour to Kiana Lodge. Here's what to expect: steamed clam nectar (clam chowder can be substituted); troll-caught salmon (8 oz.) rosemary oven-roasted potatoes; seasonal vegetables; Kiana coleslaw, rolls/butter; raspberry scone chocolate shortcake with fresh whipping cream. Chicken or vegetarian manicotti can be substituted for the salmon.

COME ON OUT AND VISIT WITH US HERE IN THE UPPER LEFT!



14976 Sandy Hook Road NE
Poulsbo, Washington 98370
(206) 282-4633 or (360) 598-4311
Fax (206) 282-2129
e-mail: info@kianalodge.com
www.kianalodge.com

An Authentic Northwest Experience of Hospitality and Tradition

Starting with the Suquamish descendants of Chief Sealth, Kiana has been entertaining distinguished guests with traditional alder-roasted salmon dinners for over 200 years. Located on Agate Passage, just across from Bainbridge Island, Kiana's sandy beaches are still carpeted with white clam shells left by generations of Native Americans who inhabited the original Suquamish village where Chief Sealth lived, just two miles north. (Seattle was named after this famous Chief.)

In the 1930's, Seattle area residents seeking a summer escape discovered the area's sandy beaches and built a colony of summer homes on the North Kitsap Peninsula. This community built a log lodge clubhouse, known as the Edgewater Beach and Country Club, and later was known as the Sandy Hook Park Club. The lodge clubhouse was the focal point for gatherings of all ages, with food, drink, games, dancing and outdoor activities including canoe jousting in the lodge's natural salt water lagoon. It was then fashionable to escape the city to this rustic, natural setting, and many arrived by the famous "mosquito fleet" passenger steamers to the lodge's own deep-water dock. World War II interrupted this pre-war "paradise", as the members of the beach club called it, and the lodge became the housing for the 14th Coast Artillery. When the lodge was purchased in 1946 by a private party, it was given the name "Kiana" which means "Garden of the Gods" in the Native American language.

Traveling to this jewel of Puget Sound is an easy and pleasurable journey as guests arrive via chartered boats or private yachts. All day meetings, retreats, banquets, reunions, parties and picnics are catered to groups of 30 to 1,000 in either the historic, open-beam Main Lodge or in the Garden Atrium. Also, plan your next Holiday party or winter meeting at Kiana.....feel the warmth of a crackling fire in the Moose Room as you sip a glass of wine or a mug of our rich, steamy clam nectar.

Kiana's alder-roasted salmon lunches and dinners, complete with our famous raspberry scone shortcake, are well known. (Menus can also be customized and catered with beverage service by using our expertise in creating the perfect event.) Our extensive gardens and grounds display seasonal flowering plants and are especially spectacular during the spring, summer and autumn months. Pamper your guests in the serenity of this private six acre waterfront haven, stroll the beach and enjoy a bonfire or just wander amid the tall firs and fragrant cedars.

Experience Kiana, where time stands still and memories are born!

Make check payable to William M. Miller (SACO). Send check and completed form to:
 William M. Miller
 1261 N.E. 188th St.
 Shoreline, Wash. 98155

SACO 2004 REUNION REGISTRATION

MIB will present the SACO medal to those who qualify. Dates of service and time served in China, Camp or Unit # and location must be sent to Paul Casamajor, 2605 Saklan Indian Dr., #6, Walnut Creek, CA 94959-3035

I have never received the SACO medal. _____ I would like to do so at this reunion _____
DUES --- Members and Associates; send \$20 to Herman Weskamp. Use enclosed envelope.
 Ladies Auxiliary; send \$15 to Laura Sellers, 1291 Eastern Parkway, Louisville, KY 40204-2440

NAME YOU WANT ON NAMETAG – PLEASE PRINT (If more are needed, please add)

1 _____ 2 _____ 3 _____

City and State _____ Tel. No. _____ E-mail _____

REGISTRATION FEE.....	\$75.00	X	_____	= \$ _____
KIANA DINNER TOUR	\$55.00	X	_____	= \$ _____
SEATTLE CITY TOUR	\$35.00	X	_____	= \$ _____
RAFFLE TICKET	\$10.00	X	_____	= \$ _____
GUEST (NON-REGISTRANT) FOR				
BANQUET ONLY	\$35.00	X	_____	= \$ _____

TOTAL = \$ _____

BANQUET PREFERENCE (check one) (add more if necessary)

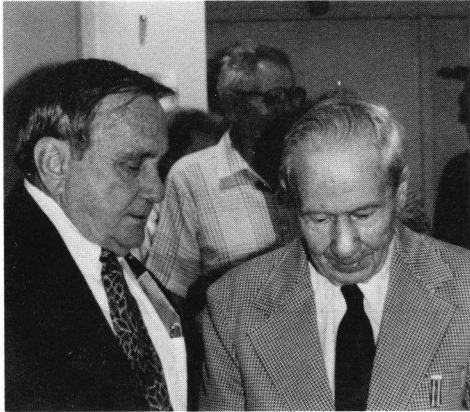
Chicken _____ Fish _____ Beef _____ Vegetarian _____ Name _____
 Chicken _____ Fish _____ Beef _____ Vegetarian _____ Name _____

KIANA DINNER PREFERENCE (check one) (add more if necessary)

Alder-roasted salmon _____ Chicken _____ Vegetarian manicotti _____ NAME _____
 Alder-roasted salmon _____ Chicken _____ Vegetarian manicotti _____ NAME _____
 Alder-roasted salmon _____ Chicken _____ Vegetarian manicotti _____ NAME _____

Note: We have not yet completely settled on our banquet menu. Will keep you informed in next SACO News.

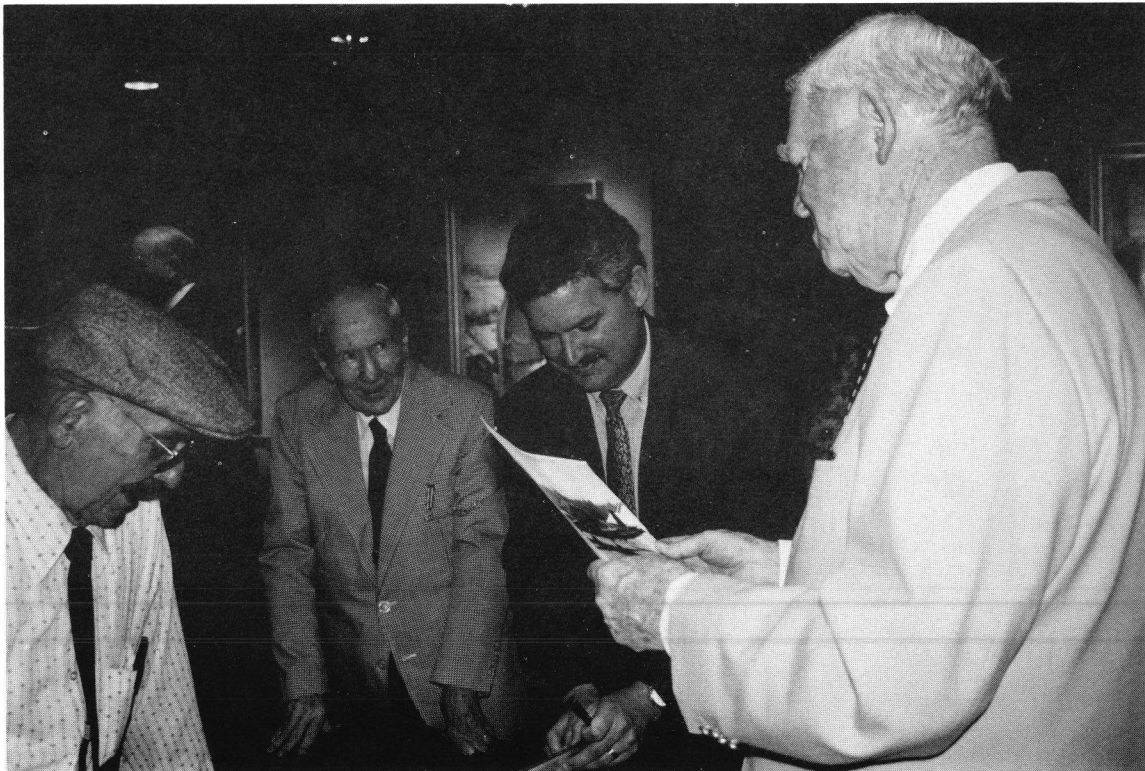
PLEASE USE THE BELOW SPACE (and other side) FOR ANYTHING YOU WANT TO TELL US.



Charles O'Brien - Leslie Johnston



Bill Sager - Bob Sinks

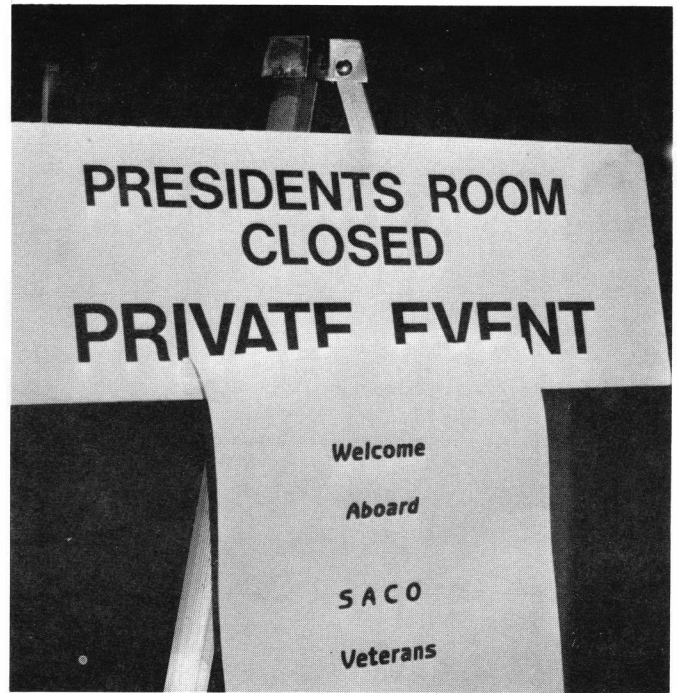


The attendance list of those at the dedication was as follows: (Bill Sager says,.. "I may have omitted one or two people from the attendance list and I apologize in advance."

- Dr. Lloyd and Peg Felmly
- Jerry & Mary Coates
- Malcolm Lovell and wife
- Charles and Mearle O'Brien
- Keith Jacobson
- Angus MacInness, children and grandchildren
- Robert Sinks and wife
- Jack Harvey
- Les Johnston and daughter Gail
- Howard and Pearl Millirin
- James Jordan (USMC) and wife
- Guy Tressler and family
- Mrs. Garvey and daughter (Mrs. Garvey is sister of Clair Emerson)
- Andrew Fleming
- Bill Peacock
- Al Chisefski
- David Shelton and family
- Murray & Enid Miles
- Charles Miles
- Ed Monsour
- Harold Bonin
- Carolyn Inman Arnold and Mrs. Willard Inman
- Fred Webster & grandchildren
- Frank and Lilyan Tao, daughter and son-in-law
- Bill and Elizabeth Sager

(My apologizes to anyone who has been inadvertently omitted. Please let the editor know that your name has been omitted so it can be corrected in the next SACO News. Also, some wives may have been excluded.....Bill S.)

Bill, it must have been an almost impossible task to capture every person in Washington on that momentous occasion with all the formal proceedings in progress. Many thanks for your attempt to be complete in your acknowledgement of all in attendance. Ed.



Guy Tressler - Fred Webster - Bill Sager

A COPY OF CHARLES "C-GOING" MILES' SPEECH AT THE FORMAL DEDICATION OF THE SACO PLAQUE AT THE NAVY MEMORIAL IN WASH., D.C. APPEARS ON PAGE 85

NAVY SCOUTS AND RAIDERS

By Don R. Scheck

It was 1944, the base was a Navy amphibious base outside Wash., D.C. It was called Solomons, Maryland. The memo at the administration building asked for volunteers for extra hazardous duty. I was 17, bored with this base and my current duties. I signed up for the one great adventure that only was and all its horrors offers the young warrior. Before the familiar refrain heard first in boot-camp, then in war zones around the world ("You'll be sorry!"), I was on the train headed for the sunny South, to a place called Fort Pierce, Florida.

We departed the train, boarded the buses for the ride across the Causeway Bridge to South Island. The bridge separated the small city of Fort Pierce from the large amphibious base. The base commander was C. Gulbranson, Captain USN, a non-nonsense regular Navy man. You wore your hat squared, conducted yourself like a fleet sailor at all times.

Things happened at a fast pace. First the strict screening physical and then we started the non-stop, 12-week training program basically consisting of scouting, raiding and demolitions, small boat handling, outboard motors, close unarmed combat, booby traps, underwater demolitions, beach jumping and classes in language--just one--Chinese.

We swam above and below water like fish, ran to the artillery range, a distance of seven miles each way, trained in all types of small arms and explosives. We took Alaskan-type kayaks into the swamps in pitch darkness to have school personnel jump down from above turning you over in snake and alligator infested waters. It was hard to believe that men fought so hard to stay, but they did. At the end of each day, different men would pack their gear heading back to the front of our base for a different assignment (washed out).

When they held the boxing instructions next to the Casino, I knocked out this lad, Spencer, in the first round. I bragged a little too loud. My next matchup was with a heavyweight named Zusick. He gave me three rounds, spent more time on my back than on my feet. It was a good lesson. I was just about 160 lbs. to his 220 lbs.

My friends made in the Scouts and Raiders became like brothers to me--Earl Overacre from Clifton Springs, NY; Danny Niver from Hartford, CT; and last but not least, Elmer Faninstill from Kansas City, MO, who volunteered with me back in Solomons, MD. He was the most

handsome of young men. When you made liberty with him, it was filled with girls, girls and more girls.

Our last mission found us deeply tanned; my hair had turned from blond to platinum blond, thus the name that would replace Don with "Whitey." This was a 24-hour forced march with full field packs, no food or water. We lived off the land for seven days, staying at North Island, training with all types of explosives. We took one-pound blocks of TNT with non-electric fuses, floated them out into the ocean. When they exploded, we swam out to the best fish catch you could imagine, but to be halfway to shore with some big fish, then have the stunned thing come to life was real fun.

Our last great test was the obstacle course with no finish. We had started three months before with perhaps over 500 enlisted and 100 officers. When that final day ended, friends and comrades laid in pure exhaustion. I recall passing Danny Niver's ex-shipmate from the Landing Ship Tank (LST). His name fails me, but his face read and swollen, his mouth full of sand, I closed my eyes as I raced past for the next rope jump or long climb. This "Hell On Earth" ended with 125 men and 20 officers, standing in rows of ten in smart dress blues in front of the ex-gambling casino at the front of our training area. To each man standing in the elite group was the pride of knowing that he was standing next to the best conditioned warrior of war.

We departed Florida, but not before we had the one great liberty of a lifetime. We started by capturing and holding prisoner all the guards on the huge Naval base. With stolen shore patrol jeeps, we drove to the Marine Air Base at Stewart, Florida, capturing and securing all military police on this base. The base commander never gave his approval, but I'm sure he gave a sigh of relief when the monsters he created departed for far-off China.

Now on the Burma Road

Our truck C-9 came down the mountain out of control, the brake pedal flat to the floorboard, the huge rear of the Navy six-by-six truck in front of me loomed in sight. If I ran into the rear it was certain death for drivers and co-drivers. The year was 1945, the place the Burma Road, 20 miles west of Poashan, China. This was the first Navy

truck convoy to travel from Calcutta, India to Kunming, China. I had volunteered for this duty at Camp Knox just a week or so after my arrival from the States.

When the olive-drab truck was within inches of our C-9, I swerved to the inside of the narrow, muddy road. As I pulled around the truck, my rear wheels locked the front wheels of the other truck. It went over the mountain as we swerved from side to side. I turned the wheel of the huge truck, rubbing the mountainside in loud crashing sounds. With the mud flying in blind paths up the sides, we careened down the mountain. I held the wheel as we bounded off the overhanging cliffs. It appeared this was a hellish one-way ride to a certain death hundreds of feet below. We finally slammed into the side of the mountain. Both Danny Niver and myself were shaken, but safe. They towed our truck to the army camp for much needed repairs to the brakes and other minor items.

Our commanding officer, Mr. Boots, absolved me of all guilt after checking the faulty brakes, but informed me Coxswain Esau was hurt and taken to the hospital in Paoshan. His co-driver, a tall sailor named Carpenter, was not injured. That night, I was warned by a friend my life was in jeopardy. This tall Carpenter said I wouldn't live to see Kunming.

This was wartime. Just a few days before, we had shot two Japanese soldiers hiding in the surrounding countryside. They had come down at night but the alert guard had caught them and shot first, then asked questions afterwards.

This was a remote part of China, near the wild Burma border. It also had many Chinese bandits roaming the countryside, robbing and holding high officials for ransom. I thought of my Scouts and Raiders training. This Carpenter had graduated in the class ahead of me. Certainly he was capable of killing me in my sleep, or shooting me with one clean shot from his carbine or .45 pistol. To me, there was no question of fear or bravery, just plain 24-hour-a-day survival. I checked my clean, oiled .45 with the first slug at the ready, then started the slow walk down the long line of trucks and jeeps.

At the fire, about five or six men were gathered. I stood in front of the campfire alone, speaking out, but holding my hand on the ready of my .45. "I'm Whitey Scheck. I ran the truck off the last mountain!" When Carpenter stood up, he towered over my six-foot frame. (I found out later he was actually too tall for Naval service. He had grown to over seven feet tall in the service.) He was like a madman as the group of men tried to hold him back.

They screamed out at me over the flames of the campfire, "Get the hell outa here, he'll break you in two! Scram fool!"

I stood my ground in front of this out-of-control giant. My months of training with the Scouts and Raiders wouldn't allow me to back down from this first great challenge in my 18-year-old life. I spoke in slow deliberate tones, my green eyes glued to the face of this huge nemesis in front of me. I spoke, "I'll fight you with fists, knives or pistols. It's your show. You decide, I'll oblige!" The night sounds became still as we stood across from each other.

He replied, "I guess it wasn't your fault, but you came around us like a wild stampede!"

I answered, "I'm sorry about your shipmate; I hope he's okay."

We reached Kunming, China a short time later, a very tired group of young sailors, but the Rice Paddy sailors had a well done from our Skipper, Mister Boots. We spent a short time in Kunming, then flew back to Calcutta. The war ended and we departed for the good old USA.

Footnote

Coxswain John J. Esau of Nebraska, in the first convoy to drive the waiting Navy trucks over the Burma Road, had his truck slip over a bank near Poashan in Western Yunan. The truck fell 500 feet and the boy got out of the cab, but the heavy vehicle rolled over him and fractured his pelvis. It was only 21 miles to the nearest hospital, but he failed to respond to treatment and died on September 8, 1945.

I didn't realize, or know, until I read Admiral Miles' book ("A Different Kind of War") that young Esau had died so long ago. It will stay with me, forever a constant reminder of young men in search of the magic sword to fight and die on earth's battlefields in honor and glory.

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COPIES OF PAST ISSUES?

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Do you have need of extra copies of current or back issues? I have a substantial supply of some back issues. On an average, postage would run approximately \$2.00 ea. or 3 to 5 issues (depending on volume of issue) could be sent Priority Mail for \$3.00. Ed.....
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BYRON CHEN

(Former SACO Houseboy)

REVISITS CHINA

When I told Mr. Casamajor that my wife and I had made several trips to China to teach English, he wrote to me and wanted me to write something about our experiences in China. I have read many interesting stories in the SACO News about how SACO men performed heroic deeds while infiltrating enemy territory during the war in China.

But before I write about our recent experiences in China, I would like to tell you how SACO men had an impact on my life and on many others who worked for them in Kienyang. That includes the cooks and other houseboys who served them. The cook was the one who did all the shopping for food and who planned the menus. Because of wartime inflation, he took a large stack of the paper money with him. He would stuff it into his back trouser pocket letting part of the bills show enough to impress people. Some warned him of the pickpockets, but he said that no one would dare to steal his money because he worked for the U.S. Navy. He was right; now I only hope he was also honest because he bought most of the goods from street vendors who could not give him receipts or an invoice, and those vendors left the market place as soon as their produce was sold. Besides, wartime inflation prices kept rising daily, so the cook could write down whatever price he liked when he got back. It was very difficult to find out whether or not he had cheated.

At night, we would go to the only opera house in town. We could go free because we worked for SACO. We all had some article of clothing given us by

generous U.S. Navy men. I had a blue Navy shirt and a belt. The cook had Navy boots - another houseboy had a yellow khaki shirt and pants, a belt and boots - a fairly complete outfit! We would wear these clothes when we went to see the Chinese operas. One night, the houseboy with the complete outfit boldly helped himself to a Navy officer's cap with the insignia on it and also his belt with canteen and pistol attached. These he used without the knowledge of the owner and went to show off at the opera house. I wonder if Mr. Leberman or Mr. Lillig would have fired him if they had found out?

Another incident also remains vividly in my memory: A Navy man had dug a large hole in the wall around our compound in order to put in a cable. A good-sized pig wandered into the yard through that hole and the cook found it. He told his helper, "Let's keep this pig here and find the owner. We'll tell him that his pig ruined the U.S. Navy cable and ask him to give us a certain amount of money to cover damages before we give him back his pig." Of course, that was a lie. Soon he found the owner and got his money for the pig. Then we all went to a restaurant and had a good feast with the money. Even now, whenever I think of that incident, I feel guilty and ashamed of what we did. But, at the time, I was only 14 years old and too young to know the significance of our actions. Now I realize that the cook had misused and abused SACO power to extort money from a poor farmer. Also, if I had been older and more responsible, I might have told Mr. Leberman and Mr. Lillig about this incident and hoped they would fire the cook.

SACO people also had a great impact on all the people in Kienyang because they knew now they were safe from Japanese bombing. Some people even wished that Japanese planes would come because they knew the U.S. Navy men would surely shoot them down. Before SACO arrived, the Japanese planes had come to bomb at will. They flew their planes so low that we could even see the pilots' faces clearly and any kind of gun could have shot them down. However, the Chinese soldiers in Kienyang had very limited firearms and were afraid to shoot at the Japanese. If one plane were shot down, more would come and more people would be killed and more houses destroyed. I remember once when I went outside with a neighbor after a bombing, terrible sights met our eyes all around the area. One man had been killed as he sat in the street getting his hair cut, and dead bodies lay all around - some without heads, others without arms or legs. Others had been hit in the abdomen and lay with organs protruding. The injured who were still alive were screaming with pain. Women were holding their dead husbands or children and wailing; men were holding their dead wives and staring as if in a state of shock as they realized their families were dead as well as their houses and belongings destroyed. Many people were carrying buckets of water hoping to quench fires burning here and there and thus to save a few dwellings and belongings. My neighbor said to me, "The Japanese have committed the greatest atrocity: there could not be anything worse than this." However, two years ago, I read the book PRISONERS OF THE JAPANESE by Gavan Daws. He told a story worse than what we saw in Kienyang. Japanese troops in the Philippines, Singapore and other parts of Asia, starved, beat, tortured, shot or beheaded Americans, British and other Westerners as well as the native people who were taken prisoners. He told about electric shock, vivisection and POWs strung up over open flames or curled in barbed wire and rolled along the ground like balls. Naked women were dragged behind motorcycles; many were raped and ripped open with bayonets. Even babies were skewered on bayonets.

Now China has changed beyond recognition. When my wife and I made our first visit together to China in 1978, our plane was the only one in sight at the Shanghai airport. We saw soldiers with guns guarding the airport as we entered the building for customs. The whole city seemed bleak and gloomy with few electric lights and very few cars. Everyone - both men and women wore similar Mao coats of grey or blue cotton cloth. Women's haircuts were almost alike. Thus, I had difficulty telling my relatives apart from others since I had not seen them for over 30 years. We were required to stay in a hotel designated for foreigners, the Peace Hotel - formerly the Cathay Hotel where Mr. Leberman and Mr. Lillig stayed in 1945. Could it be the same room in which they slept? We also had to use an official guide. We were only allowed to visit certain cities open to tourists.

But by 1984, when we saw them again, we were permitted to stay at their apartment instead of at a hotel. We still had to get permits from local officials in order to travel into the country to visit my sister and her family. We saw many changes all around us then.

In 1997, we took our sixth trip to China. We saw changes in just about everything as the result of economic reform. Some things were even better than America because they were brand new - such as the Hilton Hotels and Holiday Inns. We saw skyscrapers finished and some in progress and many new freeways and restaurants. American products were everywhere, including foods, beer and medicines and markets were full of varieties of food in abundance. Both McDonald's and Kentucky Fried Chicken restaurants had at least ten outlets in Shanghai alone. We had to wait for a table when going to one of those places on Sunday, but the prices were not much different from those in the U.S.A. Women wore bright, beautiful Western-style



**L-R: Lt(jg) Frank Ruggieri, Chen (Byron Chen - houseboy)
Lt(jg) Don Leberman & Lt(jg) Art Lillig
(Taken in dining room of British Mission in Kienyang)
Photo courtesy Don Leberman**

clothing and children were well-dressed in bright colors. We saw American movies and TV shows. The latter were dubbed in Chinese language so that it looked real and yet amusing to see American actors and actresses speaking fluent Chinese. We found more Chinese studying English and preferring American accent over the British. Chinese people know that English is the language for science and for business and commerce. So we had opportunities to teach some English conversation and grammar in different places. In Fuzhou (Foochow), we had three different levels of students in a Traditional Chinese Medicine School. Then in Shanghai, we taught at the Shanghai Trade School where younger students were preparing for business or trade. In Zhejiang province, we saw a new, well-equipped high school where we gave a few lectures to large groups of students who were trying to work towards university level.

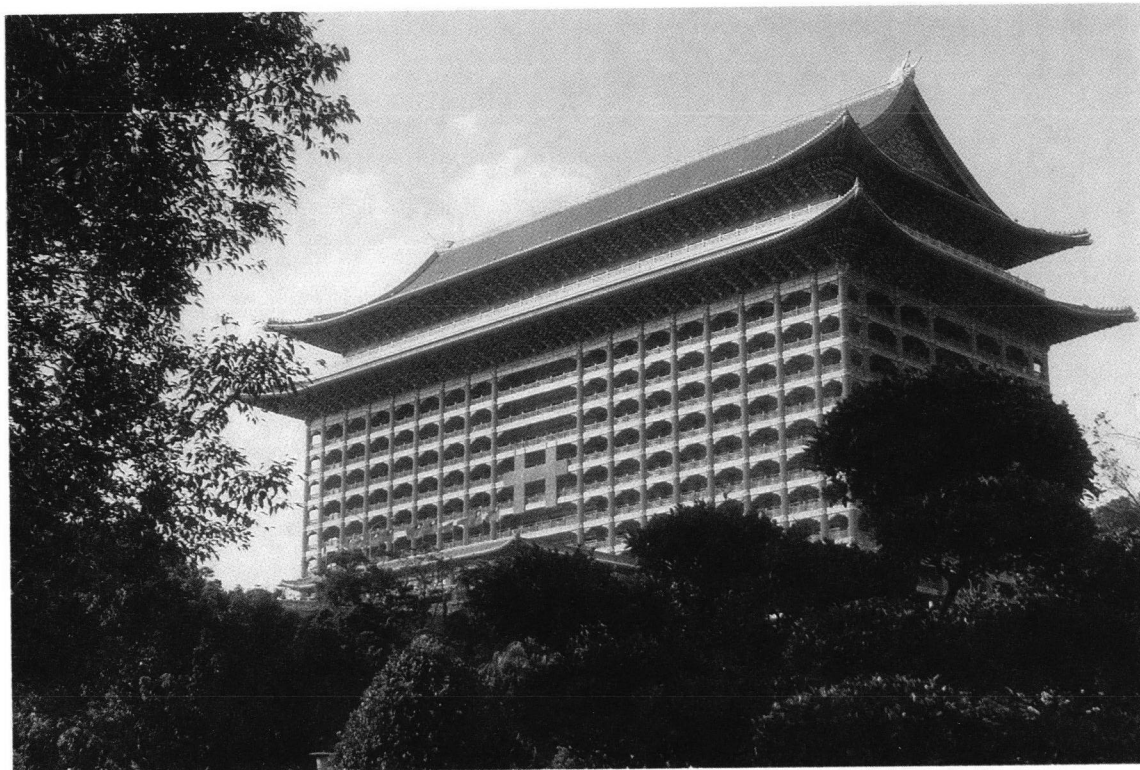
China is in name only. Everyone is out for money. Many high government officials, and even the Peoples' Liberation Army, have joint ventures for business with foreigners. We stayed in a fine new hotel run by the PLA when we visited Kienyang. There we had color TV and telephone in our room and hot tap water and flush toilet in our bathroom. Many Chinese from Taiwan have also set up business in China.

Capitalism is the way to run business. So it seems there is no way for China to return to the old form of the communist system. I feel that communism will gradually fade away. And as we look back on Chinese history, we find that not one dynasty stayed in power for long. There were always changes of dynasties and new rulers. Some were bloody and some were more peaceful than others.

I have the impression today that communism in

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"SACO PALACE" RESTORED



UNANIMOUS FAVORITE 'HOME' IN TAIWAN TO SACO
DELEGATES OVER THE YEARS.

Renovation project restores splendor of the Grand Hotel

From: THE FREE CHINA JOURNAL Vol XV No. 30 7-31-98 submitted by Paul Casamajor

By Linda Chang
Staff Writer

The Grand Hotel has been fully restored to its former splendor, with the welcome mat proudly rolled out.

A celebration was held recently to mark the completion of a major renovation project at the famous Taipei hotel, which began operations in 1952 and thrived until suffering a disastrous rooftop fire three years ago.

With its Chinese-style architecture, including the massive swallow's-tail roof, plenteous red columns and elaborately decorated eaves, the 14-story hotel was the preferred lodgings of foreign dignitaries who visited Taiwan. Also, the beautiful landmark was a must-see for tourists.

But in June 1995, an accidental fire destroyed the golden

tile roof and gutted the building's top three floors. The incident tarnished the hotel's reputation as well.

The three-year renovation project, however, has given the 550-room hotel a new lease on life. "We are ready to become a world-class guesthouse once again," said Stanley Yen, the new president of the hotel.

A formal reopening ceremony was held June 23 in the 12th-floor ballroom of the hilltop hotel which has a commanding view of the Taipei basin. To begin the festivities, ROC Vice President Lien Chan, Premier Vincent Siew and Grand Hotel Foundation Chairman Koo Chen-fu together activated a signal which illuminated the whole

facade of the stately building.

As the Grand Foundation is the owner of the facility, Koo spoke to those who attended the opening ceremony. He pledged that the Grand Hotel will constantly improve services to remain one of the finest hotels in the world.

The Grand Hotel was built under the direction of former ROC President Chiang Kai-shek. The original building had only 36 guest rooms. To better accommodate the increasing number of foreign visitors in Taiwan, several major expansion projects were conducted up until 1973.

In 1978, U.S.-based *Fortune Magazine* ranked the majestic building, which sits on Mount Yuan overlooking the Keelung River, as the world's seventh-best hotel.

But in the 1980s, the number of diplomatic visits to Taiwan began to decrease when the ROC's international relations entered turbulent waters. Also, as Taipei became more modernized, foreign hotel chains flooded into the city. This intensified the level of competition in the local hospitality industry, resulting in a steadily declining occupancy rate for the Grand Hotel.

And when the fire occurred many people felt that it had dealt a fatal blow to the hotel. Such was not the case, however.

The 46-year old hotel is back in stride under new management, the Landis Consulting Co. Headed by Yen the company took over the hotel operations earlier this year. It also oversees the Ritz Landis Hotel in Taipei.

Yen expressed enthusiasm at the opportunity to tun the historic facility. "The Grand Hotel is Taiwan's most prestigious hotel," he said.

"Our main mission," he added, "is to restore the Grand Hotel's status as a national guesthouse for foreign dignitaries."

To help achieve this goal, steps were taken to ensure that the butler service for the hotel's multichamber presidential suite is of the highest quality. Yen said an outstanding butler form Claridge's in London, where kings, queens and heads of state often stay, was brought over to provide top-notch training.

Yen also commented on the significance of the facility being owned by a foundation. "As a corporate body, this hotel must strive to contribute to the better interest of the public," he noted.

He added that one business goal of the invigorated hotel is to become a favorite spot for the holding of international conventions. "No other five-star hotel has such a splendid location sitting up on a knoll overlooking the river and the city. Guests can enjoy a tremendous view," he said.

"We will aim to make the Grand Hotel not only the best site in Taiwan for international conventions, but also the best such facility throughout all of Asia," he remarked.

Yen pointed out that the hotel offers conventioners a wide selection of meeting rooms, the elegant 12th-floor ballroom, a 400-seat auditorium and advanced audio-visual facilities.

According to the new president of operations, the reopened hotel has put a heavy emphasis on offering guests outstanding service. This has required putting the hotel's longtime employees through training programs to give them a fresh outlook on the hospitality business.

"The most difficult thing was to change the attitude of the senior service staff. These people were used to doing things the way they had for the past 30 years or so," Yen said.

Yen said the improved service at the reborn Grand Hotel will be immediately noticeable to guests. Such inconveniences as long waits while checking in or out are a thing of the past.

"It's different now," he commented. "You can sense this as soon as you enter the lobby and are warmly greeted by several staff members at once."

Design changes in the lobby enhance the feeling of leisure and friendliness. "A coffee lounge with comfortable chairs and classical music has been installed," Yen said. "Sheer curtains now cover the windows, allowing soft light to filter in."

Previously, the lobby had a preponderance of red, but the new design team felt this resulted in a heavy, oppressive feeling. The decision was made to repaint all the ornate trim work in a bright, elegant gold. Also, the massive red carpet was removed.

The entertainment has been spiced up as well. "Before, guests could do nothing but stay in their rooms and watch television all night. But now, we have opened a 'sixties bar' with performances by live bands," Yen noted.

"The Grand Hotel," he remarked, "is enjoying a renaissance."

???!!!***

PHOTO I.D.

Pg 52 Issue 16 April '98 - L center foto:

Standing 3rd from L : W. C. Kelly (dec) - kneeling is Don Hammond next to Hank Scurlock. Thanks for the info, Scurlock. (The others were I.D'd correctly - Hank informs Swolgaard also deceased)

Ed.

SACO SYRACUSE SCENES

Not participating in all the "travels about town" handicaps your reporter and when Ellen Booth volunteered to do a recap of events in Syracuse, I gratefully accepted and was surprised to get a most colorful and descriptive "tourist observation," also, from Glenna Wilding. Thank both of you ladies for your contributions. Ed.

The Sheraton Four Points Hotel in Liverpool, NY was the gathering point for 149 SACO veterans, family and guests. Among the attendees was a delegation of five from Taiwan including Major General Kung Hsiang-jen, Deputy Director of the MIB, Mrs. Kung, Col. John Lou, Lt.Col Paul Pao and our old friend Maj. Michael Chang.

The hospitality suite was, as usual, the center of attraction where friends gathered to renew old acquaintances, make new friends and share tales about experiences during WWII. A special event took place on Wednesday evening when we celebrated all those 50th Wedding Anniversaries past, present and future. Jim & Jackie Murphy represented all the couples when they cut the cake. Their anniversary was on Friday, June 26th during the convention.

Two guided tours were conducted. On Thursday, the group learned about the past and present of the Syracuse Area. They visited the Erie Canal Museum where the rich history of the canal system was portrayed through displays and video. Traveling through the downtown area, they viewed the great old stone buildings around Clinton Square where the Weeding Opera House once stood and which was to become the very first Schubert Theater. The Museum of Science and Technology in Armory Square provided an opportunity for hands-on approach to scientific challenges and to view the movie "Everest" in the stirring sound and sight of the IMAX Theater. After a delicious and plentiful Thanksgiving-style turkey dinner at the Plainville Farm Restaurant, the scene shifted to the shores of historic Onondaga Lake. The Salt Museum exhibits depicted the history of the salt industry operated there leading to Syracuse being dubbed the "Salt City." Further down the lakeshore, we saw a historically correct replica of a fortified

French Jesuit Mission that stood there in the 17th Century. This living history site named "Ste. Marie Among the Iroquois" depicts the life of French Explorers and Native Americans.

Friday found participants boarding buses for a trip to the Thousand Islands and a luncheon cruise. The cruise on the St. Lawrence River which separates the United States and Canada provided an opportunity to view the outstanding natural beauty of the region and learn about the history of the area.

Saturday morning, Gen. Kung, Ellen Booth, Sal Ciaccio and Ron Hill enjoyed a game of golf on the course at Green Lakes State Park. The weather turned out to be perfect for golfing and the General showed us that he was a pretty good golfer.

Delicious dinners with accompanying background music were served to 158 persons at the Saturday night banquet. Maj. Gen. Kung addressed the group and presented SACO a \$2,000 check from the MIB & awarded the SACO Medal to 10 recipients. SACO's gifts were presented to Gen. & Mrs. Kung and staff. They, in turn, presented gifts to all in attendance.

A large group gathered in the hospitality suite following the banquet for one last opportunity to visit with shipmates and friends and bid fond farewell for another year. Many of the attendees took advantage of their trip East to enjoy the many attractions in Eastern US and Canada. Niagara Falls, the Finger Lakes, New England States and Canadian Maritimes were among the destinations included in their visits.

A good time was had by all and the close bond of the SACO veterans was renewed.



Glenna's observations:

The tours were full of interesting things to see and very good historical information...they were some of the best I've seen.

The Syracuse area bus tour was an enlightening one, covering the industries that made Syracuse into

the thriving city it was early in its history, and which it still is. It was founded on the salt trade and supplied the entire nation with salt from 1788 until 1929. The Salt Museum showed the laborious process that recovered the salt from brine and wove the industry into the history of the city.

Syracuse grew with the times and as needs changed, so did the city. When the Erie Canal was built through the middle of the city, Syracuse became a prosperous shipping port for goods and river travel. The tour took us to the intriguing Erie Canal Museum which showed how people lived and moved on the canal boats. Don't know how anybody could sleep on an 18 inch shelf (bunk) without rolling off - even without the rolling of the boat.

Because of the wealth accumulated by its citizens, the city turned its interests toward arts and education. Some of the earliest theaters were built there, drawing the biggest names in music and drama. But, the city's greatest asset has to be its university system with its many colleges noted everywhere for their high educational standards. Many of its graduates have become celebrated for achievements in their fields of endeavor.

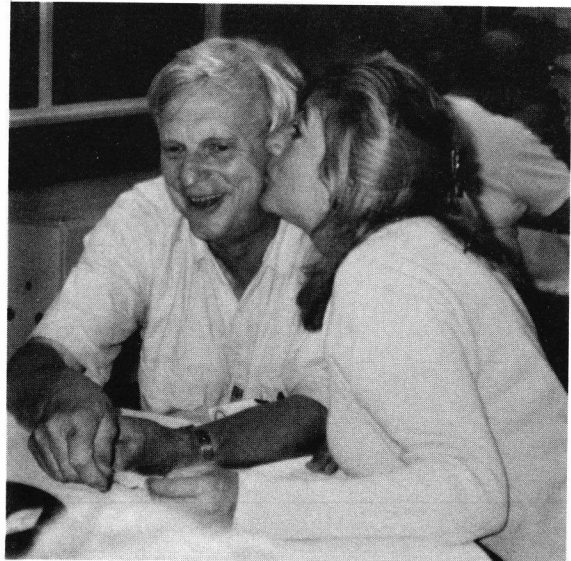
The Museum of Technology and Science was fascinating. It covered various aspects of medical advances and scientific technological progress. Many of the exhibits permitted the viewer to interact with the display from beginning to end of process. So interesting was the display, it was difficult to tear oneself away when it came time to enter the IMAX Theater. Once there, one forgot everything else. It was awesome. The viewer was, virtually, a part of the team climbing Mt. Everest, suffering the same fears as they. For those of you who have never been to an IMAX showing, you've missed something unbelievable.

The Thousand Islands Cruise was especially nice. The scenery breathtaking and the air crisp, never mind the occasional spate of raindrops. The narrator did an excellent job pointing out landmarks that figured in the history of Alexandria Bay and the St. Lawrence River. Her narrative was skillfully laced with humorous anecdotes and folklore. Did you know this is where Thousand Island salad dressing was first prepared?

The living history museum, Ste. Marie Among the Iroquois, continued to take us back to an earlier time and enhance our appreciation of what it took to get us to the place we find ourselves today - the devotion of people dedicated to an idea.

All in all, the tours were well done and interesting. Definitely worth seeing.

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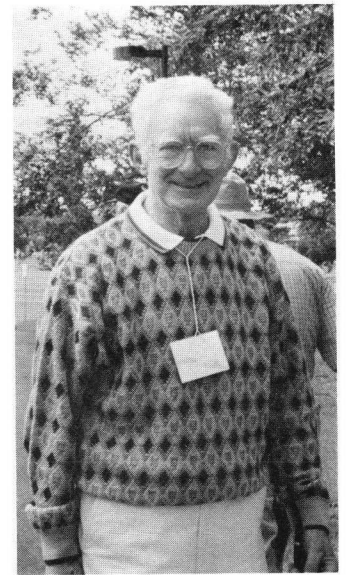
"C-Going" Miles enjoys buss from Carolyn Inman Arnold



Jack and June Shearer



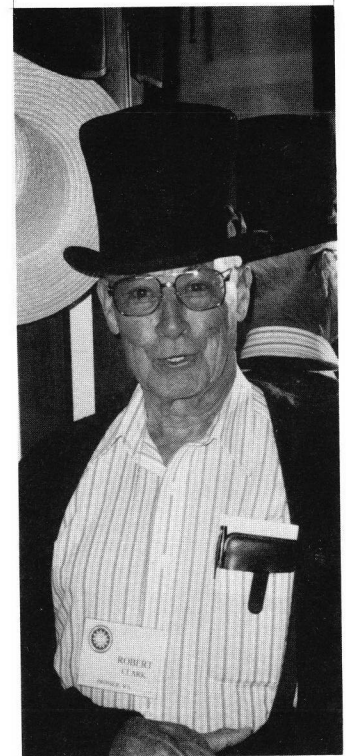
VIPs Arrive in "Chariot Style" thanks to Ellen Booth's personal engagement of transportation.



Bill Miller



Distinguished Guests from MIB Taiwan arrive:
 Col.Lou- Doc Felmly - Lt.Col. Paul Pao - MGen. Kung Hsiang-jen
 Bud Booth - Mrs. Kung - Peg Felmly & Maj. Michael Chang.



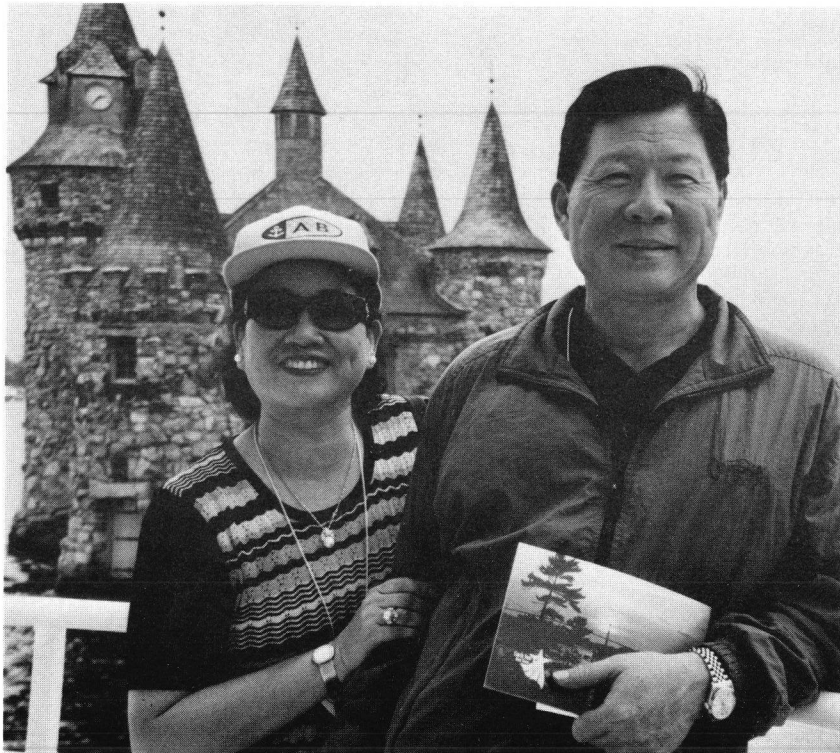
Bob Clark



Our boat which cruised among the Thousand Islands
of the vast and beautiful St. Lawrence River



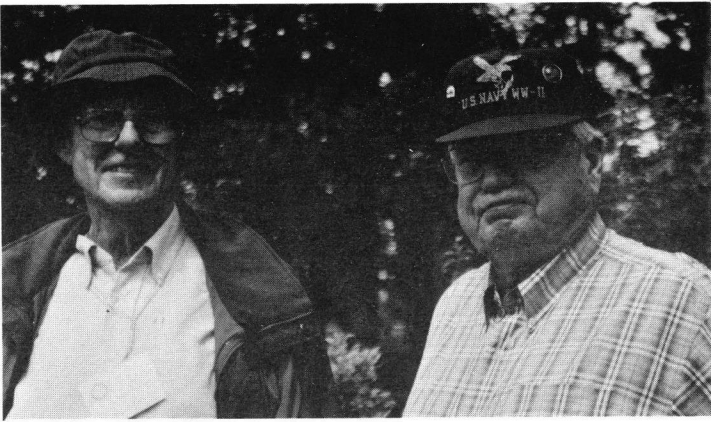
Audrey Baker



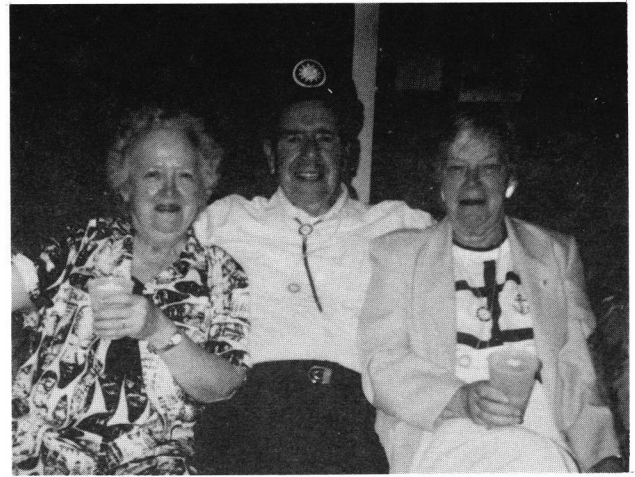
Gen. & Mrs. Kung



Col. John Lou



Jim Leighton & Gene Huston



Melba Olander - Andy Fleming - Priscilla Bonin



Billi & Dean Warner



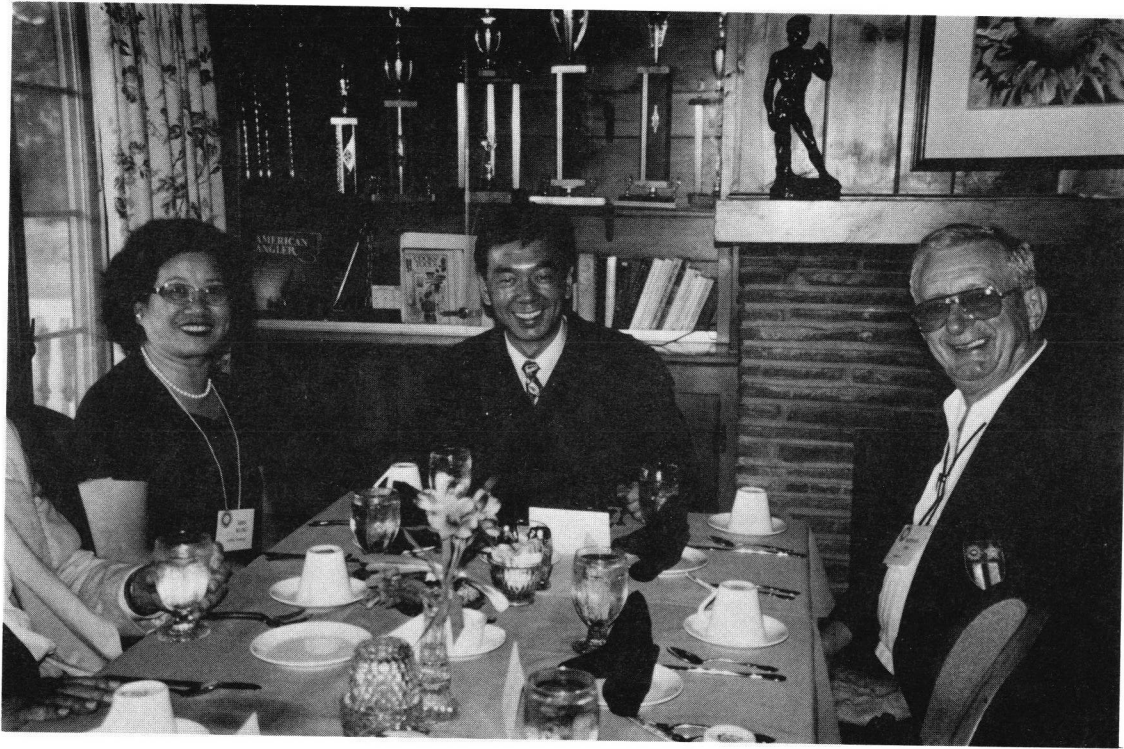
Mearle & Charlie O'Brien



Mrs. Kung & Peg Felmly



Gen. & Mrs. Kung



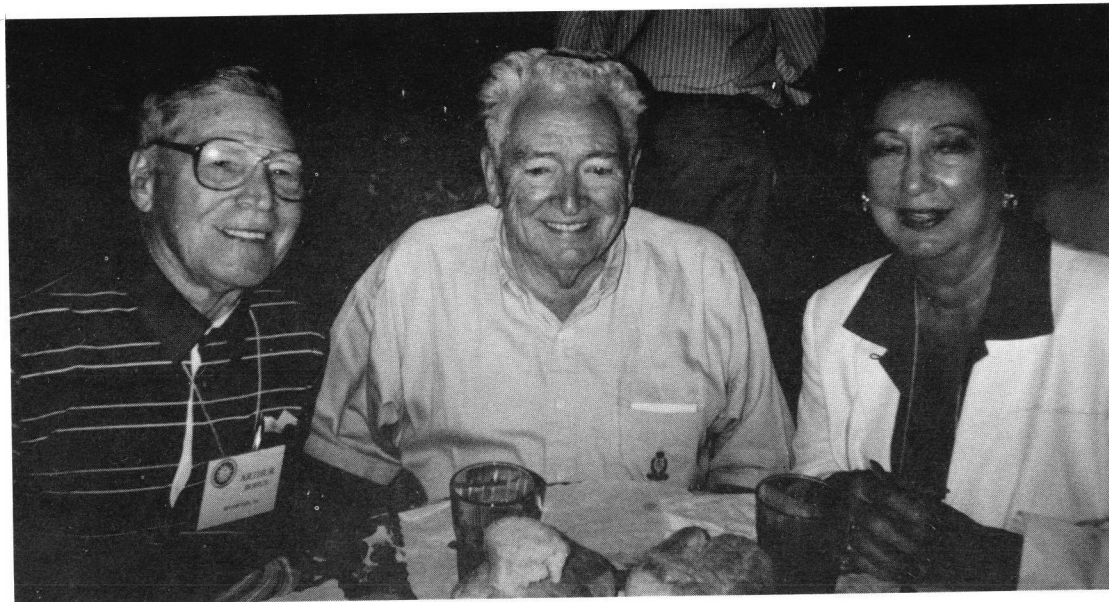
Mrs. Kung - Michael Chang - Norm Dike



I'm sorry & have to be honest that it's a guess -
I've narrowed down to two couples and I'll choose
Ola and Joseph Johnson????!!!*** Let me know, please!



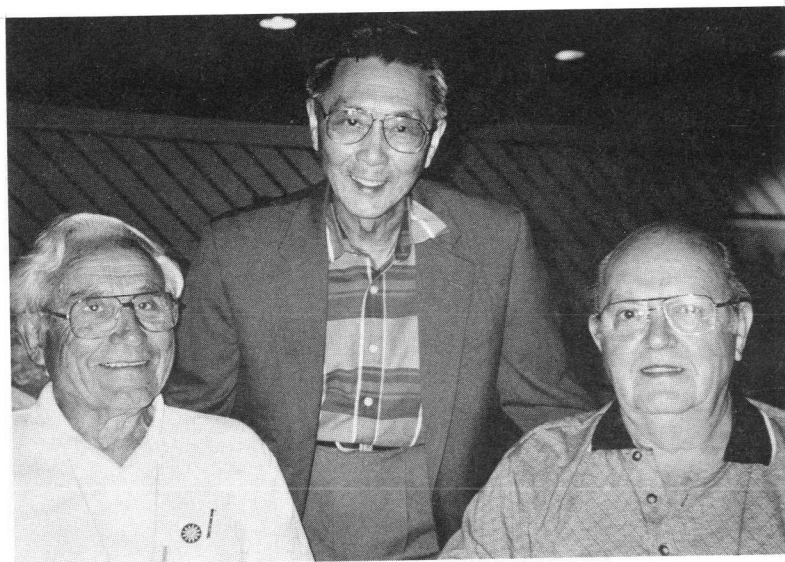
Betty Clark & Gen. Kung



Arthur Bohus - Nelson Bowman & friend Dorothy



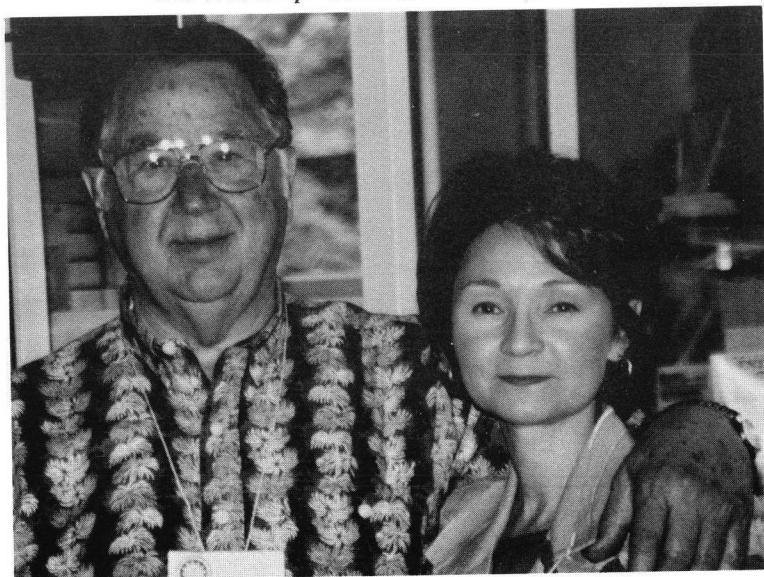
Bob & Lola Hill



Wes Weskamp - Jim Dunn - Richard Rutan



Tour Guide and Ellen Booth



Guy Purvis & Kenny McKay



Bob Thomas - Carolyn Inman Arnold Charles Tether



Lillie Brown



Julius & Helen Ulaneck



Richard & Mathilda Banner



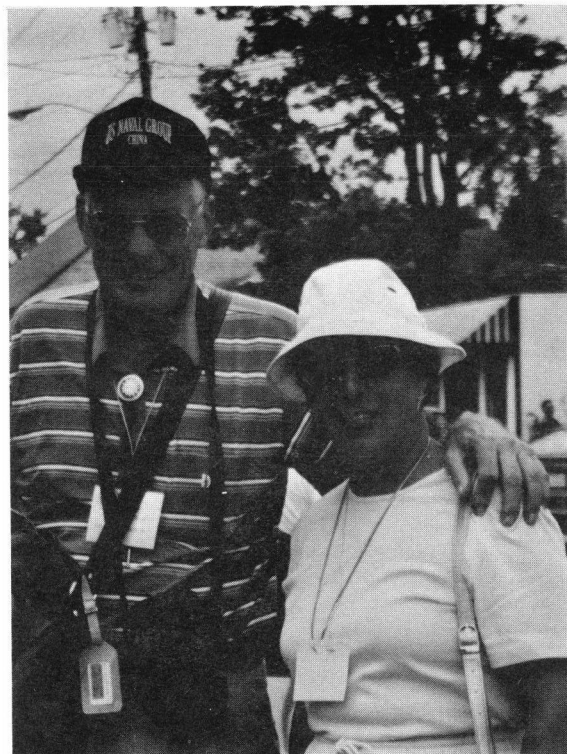
Tracy Chou Norman Dike Harold Bonin



Melba Olander



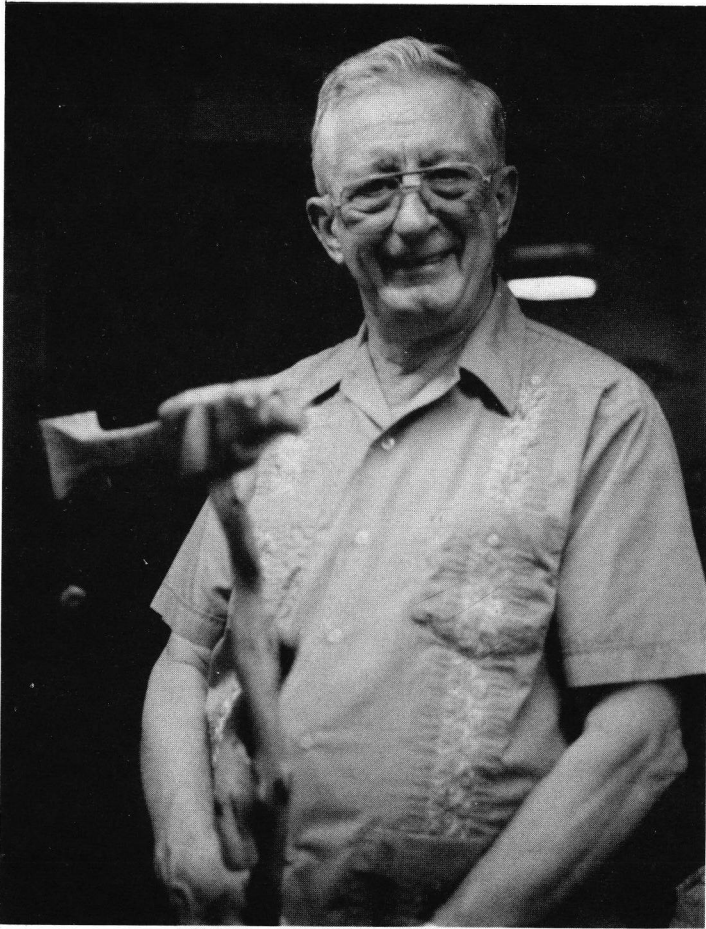
Kayte Petersen - Keith Jacobson



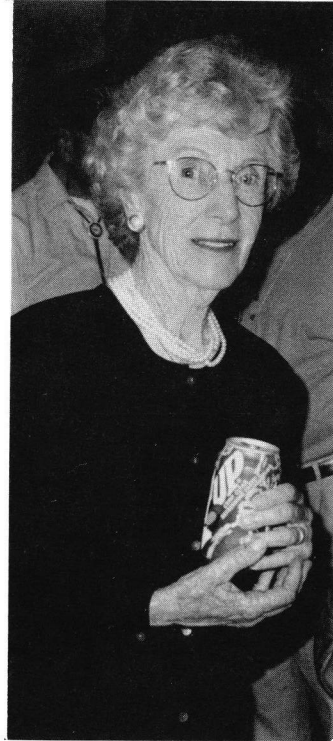
Joe & Peg Fitzgerald



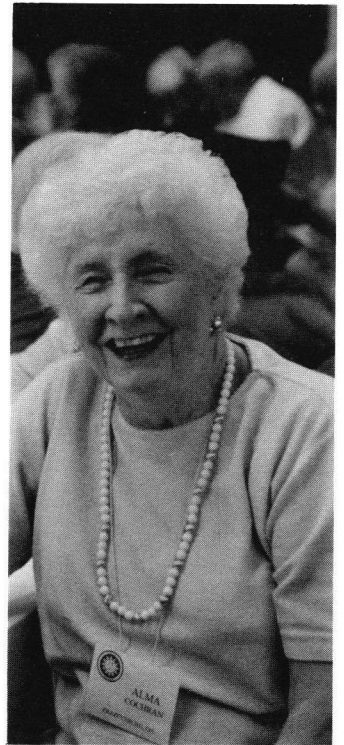
Bill & Sissy Miller



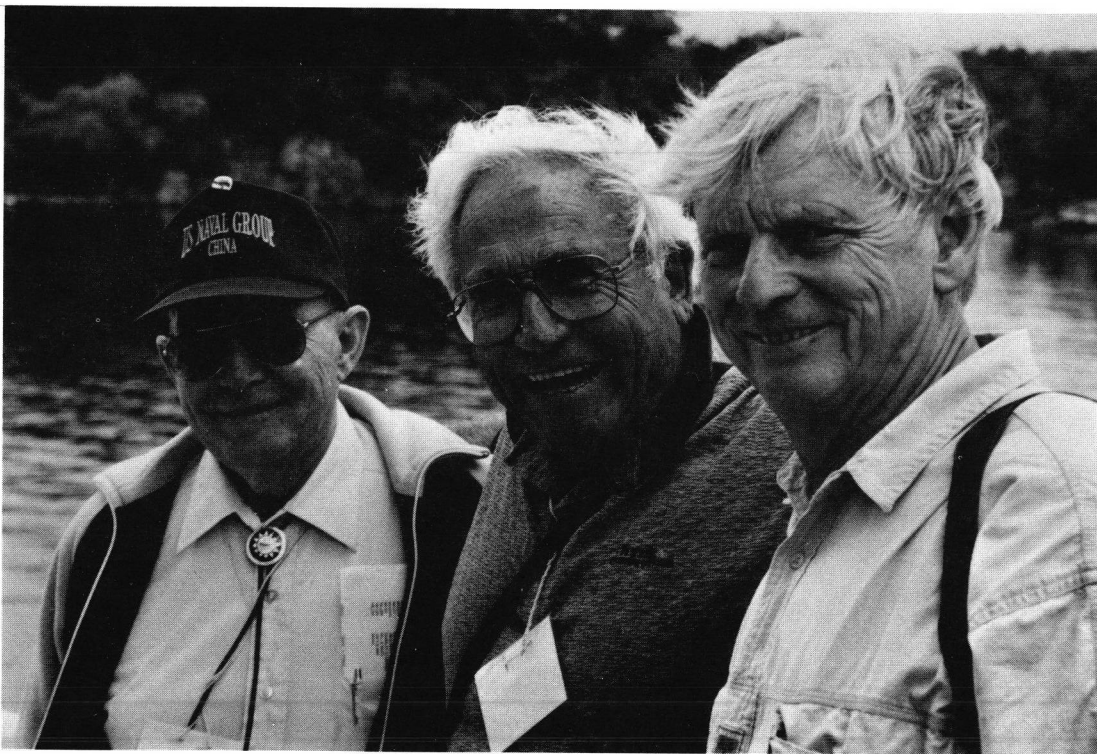
Norman Dike



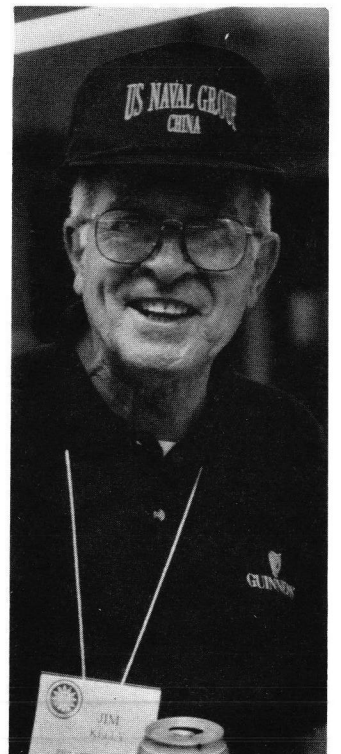
Kathryn Weskamp



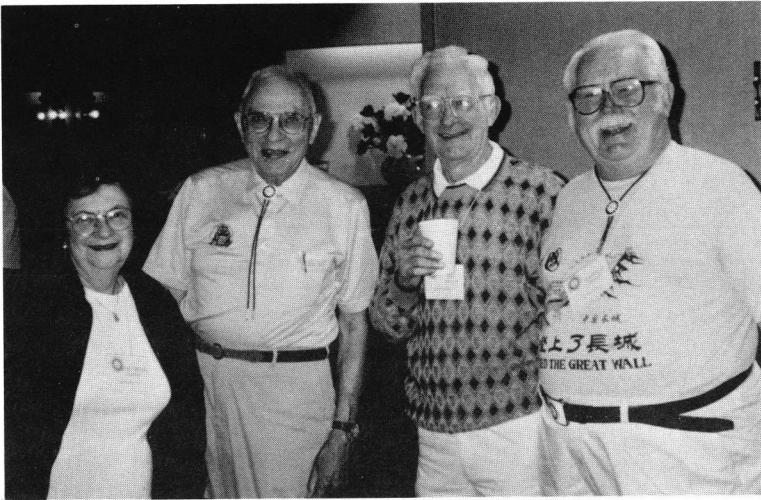
Alma Cochran



Bill James - Wes Weskamp - Charles Miles



Jim Kelly



Elizabeth & Bill Sager

Bill Miller & Harold Bonin



Priscilla Bonin & Hazel Nelson



Mona Miller & Sissy Miller



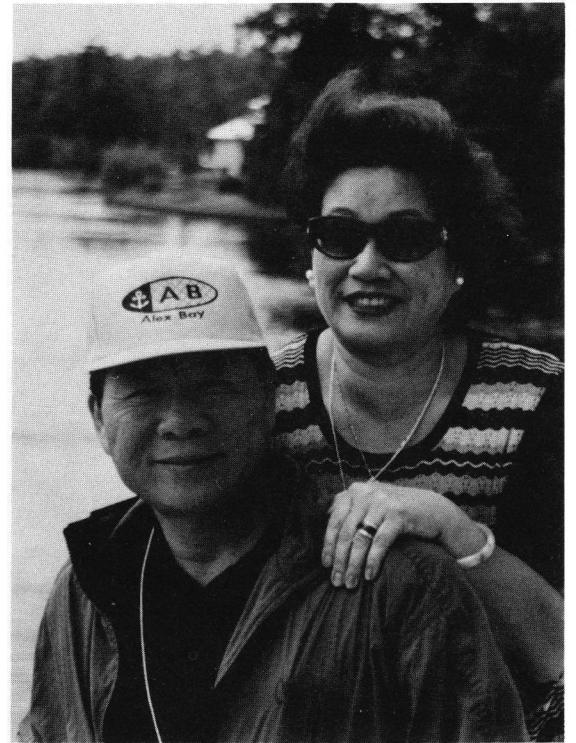
"Doc" & Peg Felmlly



Michael Chang - Mrs. & Gen Kung - Paul Pao - John Lou



"Red" & Mary McGrail - Johnnie & Rosie Westphal



Gen. & Mrs. Kung



Phyllis & "Tex" Howell



Caroline & Francis Reynnet



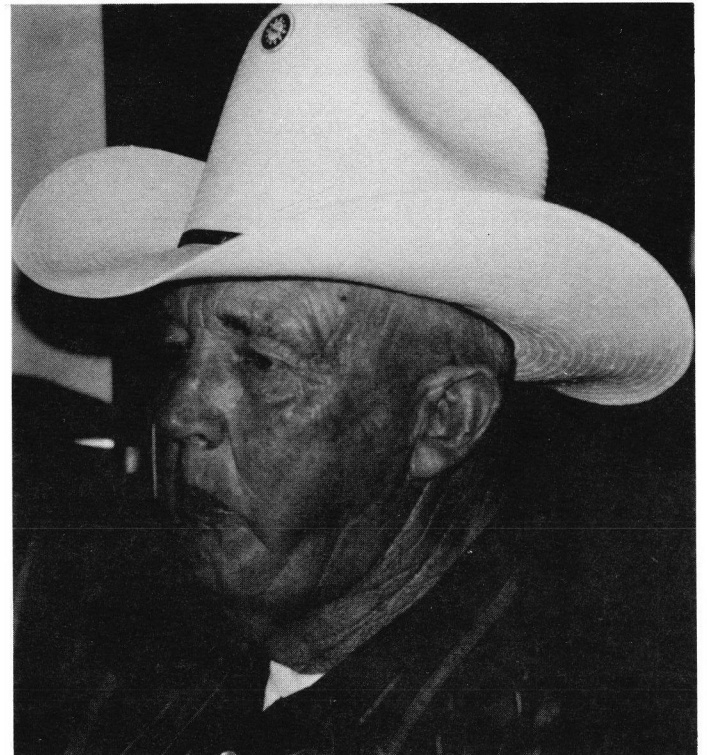
Paul Pao & Gen. Kung



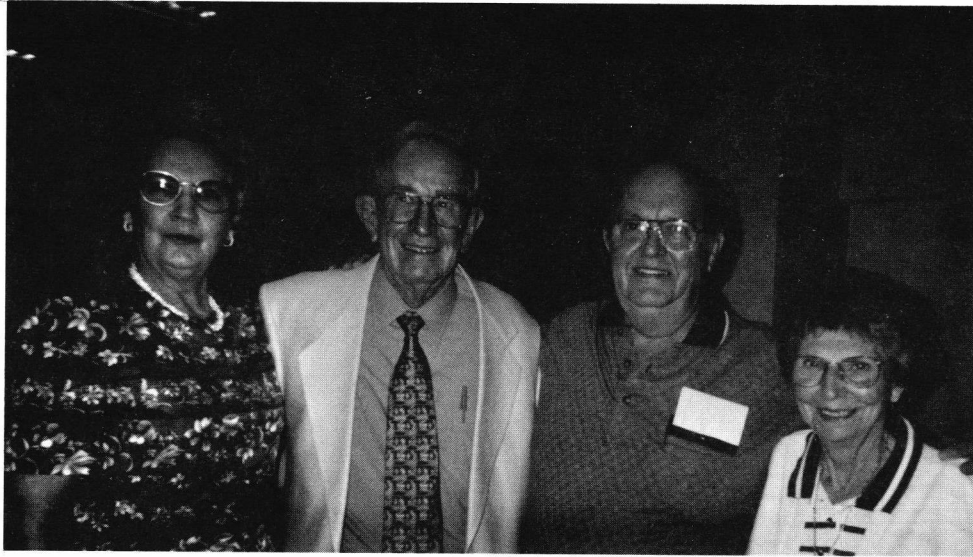
Bob & Helen Hoe



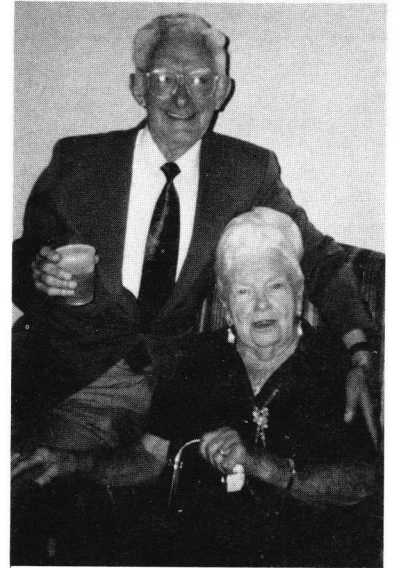
Mary & John Payne



Kenny Brown



Bobbie & Bill Hall - Richard Rutan - Beverly Petersen



Bill Miller & Erma Rutan



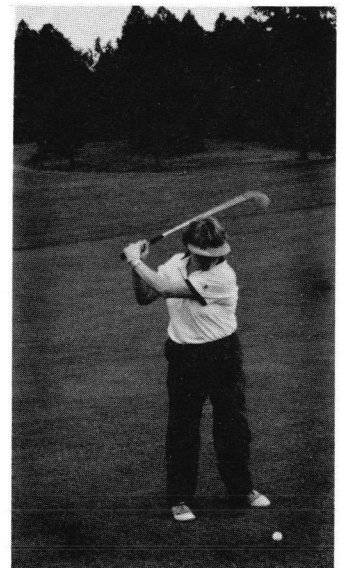
Michele & Ed Vasold



Helen & Bob Sinks



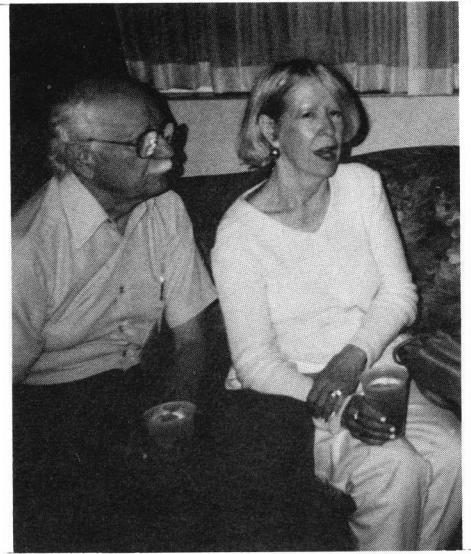
"Bud" Booth - Jim Kelly - Bill Miller - Dean Warner



Ellen Booth



Syracuse Banquet



Jack & Ann Miller



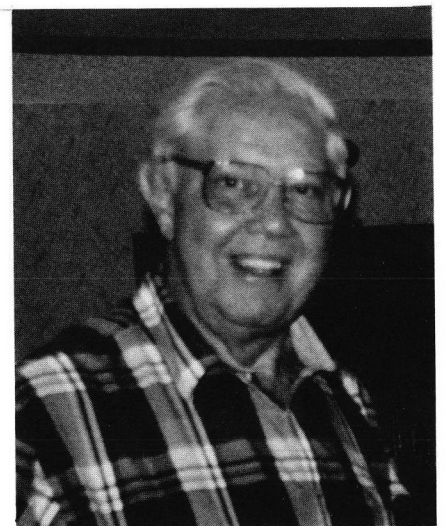
Mearle O'Brien & Erma Rutan



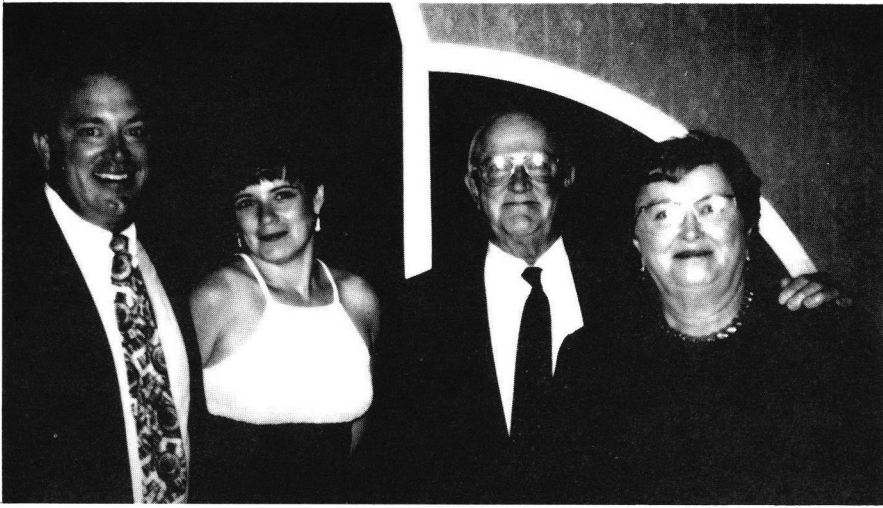
Kathryn Weskamp & Sylvia Erwin



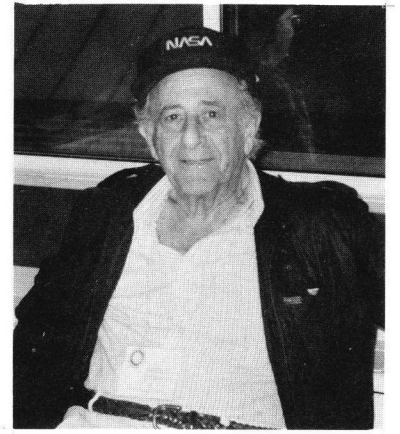
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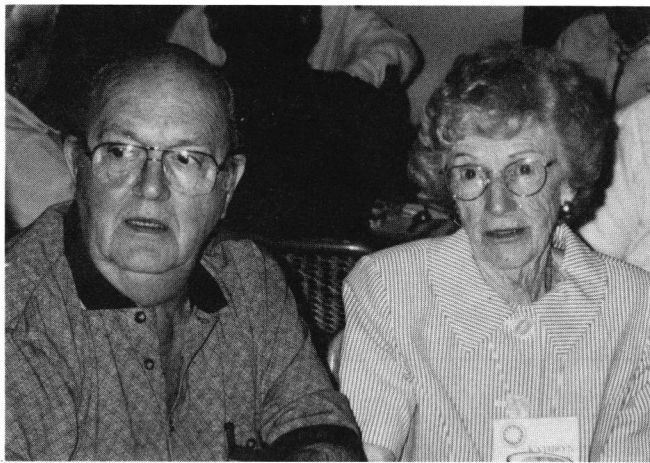
Richard Petri



Ron Hill & friend - Bob & Lola Hill



George Di Mattia



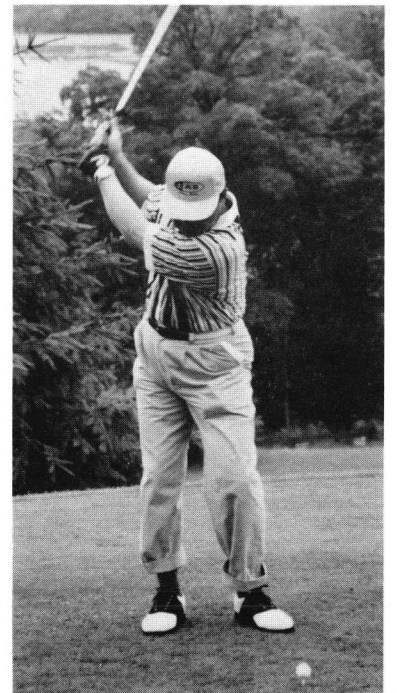
Richard Rutan & Kathryn Weskamp



Jack and Beverly Petersen



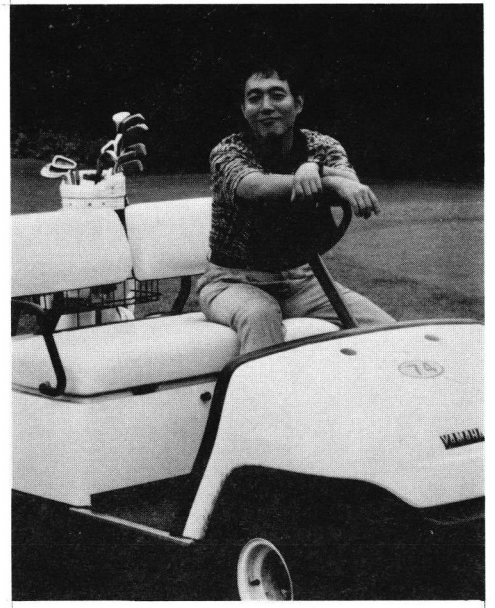
Willie Baker - Glenna Wilding - Char & Wiley Williamson



Gen. Kung



Mona Miller Bob & Betty Clark



Paul Pao



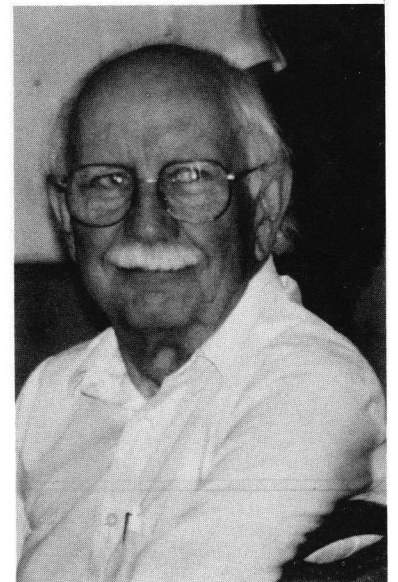
Jim Dodson & Art Bohus



John Lou & Ron Hill



Paul Pao - Gen. Kung - "Bud" Booth



Jack Miller



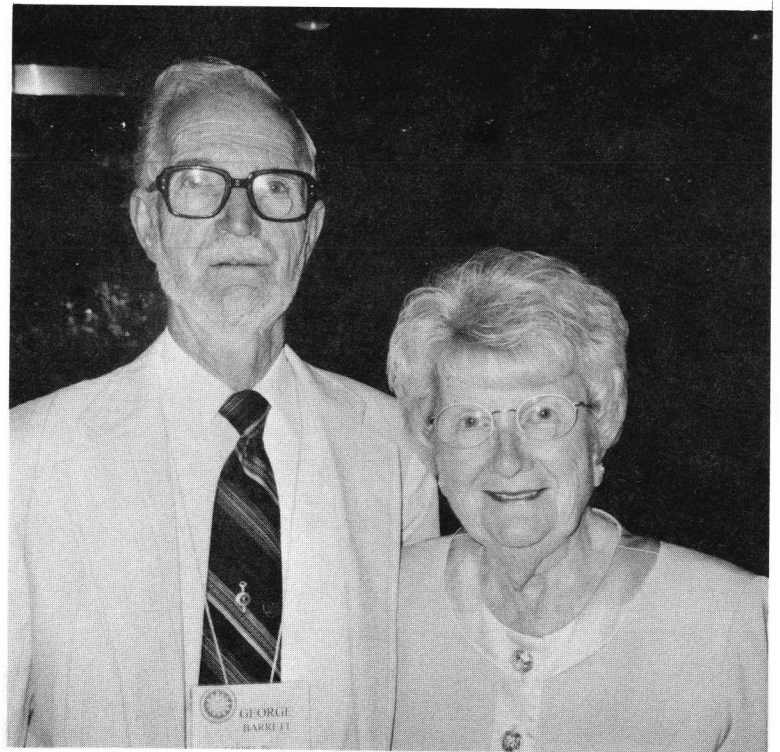
Bob Thomas



Bob Clark - Richard Banner - Andy Fleming



Lyn & Norm Dike



George & Doris Barrett

Cont'd p. 55



Photo Courtesy Jim Dess

"MARY" MILES: THE WHO WOULDN'T

By Walter Wager

Illustrated by Bob Abbott

SPY DIE

The Japanese would be the first to tell you that the only soft thing about the Navy commander with nine lives was his first name. For the spy ring Miles set up helped bring victory to the Allies.

"We'll leave at dawn before the Japanese spotter planes are up," the short Chinese with the strangely flat nose announced softly.

"If we don't freeze here first," the American replied. He was a trim, erect figure with the unmistakable air of a fighting man. There was a .45 in a canvas holster on his hip.

The chill rain beat down on the roof steadily as the two men huddled close to the glowing charcoal brazier in the middle of the room. They were cold and they were wet and they were on the run. There was a price on their heads - a big price. They weren't thinking about that when the door opened and a houseboy entered to add fuel to the small fire. They watched the thin servant reach into a canvas sack and drop two handfuls of shiny blackness into the flames.

Then he raced for the door in a frantic sprint. The men by the fire dived for the floor instinctively, and they weren't an instant too soon. Dozens of bullets exploded inches over their head, criss-crossing the room with flying steel. The houseboy had flung live cartridges instead of charcoal into the fire.

As the boy crossed the threshold, he was stopped in his tracks and staggered back by a sub-machinegun rammed into his stomach. Four bodyguards battered him to the earth floor with the butts of their heavy Thompsons.

The two men he'd tried to murder got up slowly and dusted off their clothes. The Chinese bodyguards looked

to their flat-nosed chief. He turned to the American, who shrugged silently as he sheathed his hand-gun.

"He won't talk, anyway," he said calmly, "so you'd better get him out of here."

"You're quite right, Mary," Tai Li replied and spat out one curt command in Cantonese.

The bodyguards carried the would-be-assassin outside to blow his brains out in the walled courtyard.

The United States Navy officer nicknamed "Mary" was Commodore Milton Edward Miles, an astonishing adventurer and master spy known from the Khyber Pass to the Pentagon as "The Man They Couldn't Kill." Tough, shrewd, modest and resourceful, he survived six Japanese attempts on his life to win a brilliant reputation as one of the most effective and imaginative fighting men of World War II.

His Chinese companion was General Tai-Li, cunning, hard-bitten boss of Chiang Kai-shek's far flung secret service. Those two ran the biggest, wildest and most lethal cloak-and-dagger outfit in the entire Pacific. Under constant harassment from thousands of Nipponese agents and hired killers, having to shift base frequently to avoid air attacks and ambushes, Miles and Tai-Li built the super hush-hush Sino American Cooperative Organization. This outfit, SACO, was a weird union of 2,000 U.S. Navy and Marine Corps commandos with 50,000 Chinese guerrillas and pirates.

SACO teams blew bridges, wrecked rail lines, radioed weather and target information to U.S. carriers, sabotaged Japanese ships, fought pitched battles with Nipponese cavalry, pinpointed troop concentrations for General Chennault's bombers, ambushed supply trains and set up Japanese coastal convoys for U.S. submarines to massacre. They were the eyes and the ears of both the 14th U.S. Army Air Force and Admiral "Bull" Halsey's carrier task forces.

Milton Edward Miles had come up the hard way. He'd been an ordinary seaman and he had learned about white water on the deck of a four-stack destroyer. Born in sleepy Jerome, Arizona, April 6, 1900, he had his first glimpse of ocean when his family moved to Seattle, where he attended high school.

The morning after his 17th birthday, he joined the U.S. Navy as a plain swab to fight against the Kaiser's Germany. He served on transports, cruisers and destroyers before he was picked for Annapolis at the end of World War I. "I couldn't pass the exam for seaman first class, so the Navy sent me to the Academy to educate me," he later cracked.

On graduation in 1922, he joined the Asiatic Squadron of the Pacific Fleet. He took to the Orient immediately, and people there respected him as a man who treated Asiatics with dignity. While most of his shipmates spent their time ashore in bars and "dancing academies," the younger destroyer officer spent hours in his hot cabin studying the languages and geography of the Far East. When his buddies wanted to invite Miles to join their parties, they'd run up signal flags spelling out his nickname "Mary." This was a gag based on the name of a famous silent film star, the pretty girlish Mary Miles Minter.

At the signal "M..A..R..Y," Ensign Miles would reply by running up his personal banner decorated with three question marks, three exclamation marks and three stars.. Unlisted in any official code book, it meant "What the Hell do you want?" The future SACO skipper soon won the title of "What the Hell Miles."

In 1925, his girl came out from Washington, D.C to marry him in Hong Kong and in 1927, he returned to routine Stateside duty. Miles missed the Far East, so he was delighted to rejoin the Asiatic Squadron in 1936. Within two years, he was captain of the destroyer JOHN D. EDWARDS, flagship of the South China Squadron.

Suddenly, Miles was ordered to rush down the coast to check reports of heavy fighting between the Japanese battle fleet and Chinese land batteries at the harbor of

Hoichow. He rammed his four-stacker south under full steam, raced past the Nipponese armada at top speed. The Japanese admiral ran up a flag signal saying that the port was closed. Miles hoisted his "What The Hell" banner in reply and maintained his course at full speed.

Surprised and baffled, the Japs stopped firing.

When Miles later paid a courtesy call on the C.O. of Tokyo's heavy cruiser flotilla, the indignant admiral demanded to know what the peculiar Yankee flag meant. "I guess the Japanese fleet is too busy to keep up with the latest international code changes," poker-faced Miles bluffed politely.

In 1939, he returned to Washington where he had no occasion to hoist his "What The Hell" flag for three years. Then it happened - the explosion in Asia that "Mary" Miles had been preparing for since 1922. At 2 a.m. on the panic-packed morning of December 8, 1941, Rear Admiral Willis A. Lee phoned him to hustle over to Navy headquarters for a special assignment. Most of the Pacific Fleet had been murdered at Pearl Harbor, but Lee was already planning a counterattack.

"We're going to build another fleet," he told Miles grimly, "and we're going to sink everything Japanese that floats. Our carriers - the ones we haven't got yet - will be damn important. They'll require weather and target information. That's where you come in."

Miles listened as the admiral paced up and down in front of the big wall map. "I need a first class man in Chungking to work with Chinese Intelligence, which won't be very easy because they don't trust anybody. The job calls for more rank than you've got, Commander," Lee told him bluntly, "but you know China and I've picked you."

"When do I start, sir?"

"It's 2:03. I'd say you could start around 2:04. Check in with the Chinese military attache, pack your bag and go. Go fast. I'm in a big fat hurry."

Mary Miles showed up at the Chinese Embassy at 9 a.m. on December 8, made friends and explained his urgent mission. It took over three months to chop all the red tape and wangle a precious berth on a military transport, and it was late March before he headed for Asia.

On May 4, he stepped out of the overloaded C-46 that had moved him over the Hump from India to face the dusty heat of the Chungking airport. A Chinese secret service agent whisked him through customs and drove him to a comfortable house on the Street of the Fairy Cave. The building and the servants were all provided by

the mysterious General Tai Li, a shadowy figure who had never accepted an American officer as a friend.

The next day, Miles and Tai Li had dinner at the heavily guarded home of the Chinese general. They got along almost immediately. It didn't take long for the chief of Chiang Kai-shek's secret service to recognize that the commander was a genuinely honest, direct, capable fighting man who wasn't out to con or use him.

Uncle Sam won an important victory that night - a victory that was to affect the whole course of the war in the Far East. Tai Li decided to take a chance on the tin-can sailor. Some 10 days later, he invited Miles to take a good close look at the Chinese espionage organization in action. The commander accepted at once, never suspecting that Nipponese counter-espionage was preparing a trap.

Since Miles wore civilian clothes most of the time, Chinese agents in the pay of Tokyo had erroneously identified the cool stranger as an important Russian general. Less than 30 hours after this was radioed to Tokyo, the Imperial Staff curtly instructed that the "Soviet aviation advisor with Tai Li must be eliminated - repeat - eliminated - immediately.

While the Japanese prepared to kill him, "Mary" Miles and Tai Li set out from Chungking with a team of 14 men for the combat area. The Chinese general was disguised as a rice merchant and the Yank carried phony papers identifying him as a missionary.

On a steaming sunny afternoon, Miles and his escorts cantered slowly into a rocky valley about 70 miles behind the Chinese lines. Miles looked around and glanced up just as the Zeros roared down out of the solar glare. Their wing machineguns sprayed a rain of bullets across the valley floor. Half a dozen slugs cut down the lead scout before he could dismount. Three more bodyguards dropped, badly wounded.

Miles and Tai Li hurled themselves flat and rolled for the cover of a nearby cluster of boulders. A Chinese lieutenant fell dead only a few feet away with a two-inch hole in his chest. The zeros pulled up, rolled over in tight circles and dived again to kill two more Chinese before roaring off.

None of the survivors spoke for a full 30 seconds. Tai Li and Miles finally climbed up to survey the carnage. Their faces were caked with dust, their clothes sticky with perspiration. The American scanned the corpses thoughtfully.

"Shall we turn back?" Tai Li asked.

"Of course not. I still have a great deal to see and learn. Let's bury these poor devils and get going."

They rode on an hour later, hoping that the Japanese

believed them all dead. But another enemy agent spotted them the next morning and notified his boss by carrier pigeon. Furious that the dangerous foreigner was still alive, Japanese headquarters assigned a special task force to find Miles and destroy him. A combat team of tanks, armored cars, self-propelled howitzers and motorized infantry was ordered to slash through the Chinese lines, plunge deep into Chiang's territory and obliterate the Miles party. Tokyo sent 160 soldiers to stop one American sailor! And they nearly succeeded.

They broke through a thinly held Chinese position, swung wide and hit the Miles group from three sides in a narrow box canyon. High velocity tank guns poured in dozens of shells while the armored cars sprayed everything that moved with machine guns and .37 mm. cannon. Five Chinese were scythed down before they could fire a single answering shot.

Miles and two of Tai Li's tough little NCOs were pinned in a small cave. They saw the Nipponese infantry climb out of their trucks and fix bayonets for the mop-up charge. Miles suddenly got so mad that he forgot that he didn't have the slightest chance to escape. He stood up, jerked out his .45 and started blasting away. A Japanese captain and two corporals fell.

Then, one of the Chinese saw a narrow path masked by big boulders and angling along the base of the steep side. The trio crawled on their bellies for six long minutes, wondering every instant when the enemy would charge. Filthy, sweating and panting, they finally emerged into a scrub-covered side gully where Tai Li greeted them.

"You're bleeding, my friend!" the Chinese general pointed out with alarm.

Miles glanced down, saw the ugly gash in his leg gouged by an enemy shell fragment. He'd been so busy that he hadn't even noticed it. He'd been so angry that he hadn't felt the pain.

"How . . . many . . . dead?" Miles gasped.

"Five - perhaps six. It was a big force for such a little patrol as ours. These lowly dog-people are plainly determined to kill you."

"Not me - must be you," the American commander muttered.

Tai Li shook his head. The Japanese hated him, but they'd never gone to this much trouble to wreck his reconnaissance missions before. It was this stubborn American they were after. They meant to stop him before he could hurt them. The Chinese General had an idea that the Nipponese didn't have very much time left.

"Mary" Miles said little on the long trek back to Happy Valley, the heavily guarded hideout near Chungking that Tai Li had prepared for the U.S. Navy units that would serve under the commander.

He drafted and coded a report on Tai Li's underground network, strongly advising Washington to send demolition experts, radio men, guerrilla warfare instructors, meteorological teams, medical technicians, weapons, ammo and equipment. He proposed a joint U.S.-Chinese commando and espionage outfit, a strong, hard-hitting outfit that would kick the Japanese right where they lived.

Within a few days after he sent off the plan for SACO, a project that would have been impossible if he hadn't won over Tai Li, Miles went into action to prepare for the future battles of his "What The Hell" army. All he had was his flamboyant personal flag, a banner that his SACO battalions made their own. He needed munitions, food, medicine. He hopped a C-54 Douglas Skymaster for India, where he went to work to establish a supply base for the Navy and Marine Corps specialists who would soon join him.

While Miles was wrangling with British colonels, cajoling equipment from the U.S. Army Air Force, fighting off scabrous Indian beggars and ignoring the shapely Eurasian wenches who smiled invitation in the lobby of his hotel, word trickled back to Japanese Military Intelligence that the bullet-proof Yank (by now they had learned who he was) had survived the armored ambush and was still very much in business. This time, Tokyo's orders to all its spies in Asia were simple.

"Find him. Kill him."

To make the task more attractive, a price of \$5,000 was put on his head. In the Japanese Military Intelligence sabotage and murder school in Central Shantung, four hand-picked assassins were trained day and night.

While the killers at the "Chinese National Language Institute" in Shantung drilled for their assignment, hundreds of German and other Japanese agents from Macao to Teheran searched for the tough little commander. In mid-July, they found him. He was a patient in a British Army hospital, a semi-delirious victim of dengue fever.

Two Indian traitors immediately left the murder school with ample supplies of poison. They were to get jobs in the medical center as orderlies and poison his food. In case they failed, a greedy Korean and a Chinese drug-addict were en route to India to finish the job.

By the time the Indians arrived and obtained posts as orderlies, the groggy but stubborn commander had left the hospital and resumed his mission. On a searing humid night in late August 1942, a tired "What The Hell" sailor stood in the dimly lit railroad station of Allalabad,

midway between Bombay and Calcutta. He was waiting wearily for the midnight train to Bombay.

He sweated profusely as he clutched the dispatch case crammed with top secret documents. Weakened by his bout of fever, Miles leaned against a pillar and felt the perspiration trickle down his back.

He paid no attention to the pock-faced Korean who dozed on the nearby bench and he tried not to listen to the wheedling of a 15-year-old tart as she described her superior skills to a gray-bearded Sikh sergeant who still probably had half a month's pay burning in his pocket.

The train arrived. At the instant its big yellow headlamp glared at the far end of the station, the Korean jumped to his feet and swiftly plunged a knife into Miles' left shoulder. He had aimed for a point directly behind the heart, but Miles had begun to turn a split-second before the four-inch blade burned into his back.

Ignoring the pain, Miles hung grimly to the dispatch case with his left hand while his right reached for the heavy automatic. Blood poured down his shirt. As Miles tugged at his .45, the enemy agent stabbed him again and again. Enraged that his victim didn't fall, the killer finally slashed at Miles' right leg.

Bleeding in four places, Miles collapsed to one knee. His leg was bleeding badly as he groggily raised his gun. Suddenly the burly Sikh sergeant stepped forward, snatched up the ugly assassin and raised him over his head. "I will call a doctor, Sahib," he explained politely, "as soon as I have attended to this pig."

Then he deliberately smashed the Korean thug down on the concrete platform with a bone-breaking crash. The sergeant looked at the five teeth scattered on the ground, carefully stepped over the unconscious assassin and headed for a phone. "What The Hell" Miles sighed in disgust, for he knew that he was on his way back to the hospital instead of the battle fields of China.

It was October before Miles was back with Tai Li in China, and the first Navy and Marine squads were arriving to form the cadres for the fabulous SACO. By early 1943, SACO was a going concern. Teams of observers were moving into position along the coast to radio reports on Nipponese shipping. By that summer, Japanese were dying by hundreds, and SACO deserved a large chunk of the credit.

Tokyo was getting madder every day as word of new SACO triumphs poured in. The price on Miles' head was raised to \$10,000, but few of the spies - not even the most avaricious - were interested in the assignment.



Ever since the unsuccessful attack in the Allalabad railroad terminal, the rugged commander in the faded sun tans was known as "The Man They Couldn't Kill." Whenever Allied intelligence officers gathered anywhere in Asia, they spoke of bullet-proof, bomb-proof, shell-resistant, knife-absorbent Milton E. Miles. This chatter seeped back to Japanese espionage organizations, and even hardened murderers began to take it seriously.

A few of them didn't, however.

One of these was a thin, rat-faced, Chinese traitor who got a job as a house boy in one of Tai Li's rest villas. He was banking on the fact that Miles and Tai Li went on frequent field missions and that sooner or later they'd reach this house. They did, on October 23, 1944. That was the evening he threw the live cartridges into the charcoal fire - and died for it.

Furious, the Nipponese raised the price for Miles to \$15,000. Two months later, a pair of ambitious Chinese turncoats made a bold effort to collect this juicy fee. Miles, who had just been promoted to the rank of captain, was in a battered sedan driving through a small city in Kweiyang on his way to a SACO commando camp. With tommyguns blasting, the assassins opened up from both sides of the street, riddling the car with over 100 slugs.

But they didn't kill Miles. They didn't even scratch him. He had flattened himself when the first shot exploded. At the same instant, a score of Chinese soldiers moved in to cut down the aspiring murderers.

By the end of 1944, Miles finally had what he always had wanted - his own private navy. Of the 50,000 guerrillas operating under his command, some 26,000 were simply pirates. These coastal raiders were organized into two groups with 18,000 belonging to a huge gang that Miles nicknamed "the Democrats" and the other 8,000 listed as "Republicans." The "Democrats" were commanded by a busty young bandit queen who made the Dragon Lady look like Shirley Temple.

Both these strange fleets ranged up and down the southern coasts, sinking Japanese vessels and reporting convoy movements. They often helped the SACO network of coast watchers who pinpointed enemy ships for U.S. submarines.

Miles also organized his own river squadrons of power-driven sampans. Armed with machineguns and

for Nipponese cargo barges and troop steamers. They sank over 80 enemy craft between September 1943 and June 1944, and added another 141 before the A-bomb hit Hiroshima.

The USAAF also owed Mary Miles a large debt. In one year, SACO units rescued 76 airmen shot down behind enemy lines. A single SACO observer guided the bombers that wiped out 3,000 Nipponese soldiers within 48 hours. In these and 100 other ways, Miles kept hurting the Japanese.

The Japanese increased the price on his head to \$25,000.

The war ended with Mary Miles and 17 Chinese saboteurs being pursued by two entire Nipponese divisions, and in mid-August, the skipper of the U.S. landlocked China fleet entered the newly liberated city of Shanghai. He believed that the shooting was over and he had no idea that a trio of disgruntled Japanese agents planned to avenge their defeat. Quartered in a large house requisitioned by Chinese Intelligence, Miles was drowsing peacefully at dawn when the three thugs came over the wall.

Tai-Li's vigilant guards spotted the intruders, but decided to handle the strangers themselves without bothering the general's sleeping guest. They delayed firing until the killers were actually jimmying the front door. Eight Chinese guards chopped the trio down in a single salvo.

Less than 20 seconds later, the front door swung open. There was Captain Milton E. Miles, U.S.N., holder of two Purple Hearts and a dozen other medals. He wasn't wearing any decorations, however. All he had on were pajama bottoms and his trusty .45 automatic. The Chinese guards grinned in delight.

Mary Miles was promoted to rear admiral and returned to the United States to command a heavy cruiser division. In 1956, the amazing old salt who ran the rock-em sock-em SACO team that killed over 46,000 Japanese, that served as the eyes of Admiral "Bull" Halsey's carriers and General Claire Chennault's 14th AAF, finally retired. "The Man They Couldn't Kill" finally went home to Arlington, Va., for his first real rest in 40 years.

???!!!***

(This article has been in my possession for several years and I forgot to make note of the sender. I never knew what publication this was from. Anyone remember submitting this fantastically interesting story? Ed.)

MISSION TO TAKAO

Paul Casamajor contributes info pertaining to mine laying article published in the April-May 1998 JING BAO JOURNAL - a bimonthly publication of the FLYING TIGERS of the 14th Air Force Association

The article reads as follows:

In our October-November issue, we published a Tiger Tale by Al Ritter (373rd BS) concerning a "long forgotten memory" of a mine laying mission to Takao Harbor, Formosa.

Al's tale brought us two letters concerning the same mission and both helped flesh out what Ritter had to tell us.

To better appreciate the two letters, here is an excerpt of what Ritter had to say:

Ritter had been to Takao on a mine laying mission in the harbor and he recalled it as earning a tough day's pay.

"To lay mines," Ritter writes, "you had to be under 400 feet when you dropped the mine or else it could be damaged and ineffective."

Ed Note: I remember laying mines in Hong Kong Harbor and if I'm not mistaken, the maximum altitude was 50 feet above the water. That would dry your saliva as you flew so low that a kid with a beebee gun could knock out your hydraulic system.

Al continues:

"We were briefed by Navy people and they had an accurate scale model of the harbor and installations and they pinpointed exactly where we were to drop our mine.

"Outside of enemy action, what made the mission dicey was that we were skimming the waves coming in and at the coastline, there was a high group of hills that seemed higher than our flight altitude.

"The low-laying fog made it difficult to ascertain the checkpoint, but at that point, some smart pilot put on his wing lights and we followed him to the harbor and a successful mission."

We heard from Paul Casamajor...Paul served with SACO which stood for Sino American Cooperative Organization which was the U.S. Navy in China during the war under the command of Vice Admiral Milton E. "Mary" Miles. Among other duties, SACO was responsible for mine laying, working closely with the 14th Air Force.

Since Al's letter had to do with a mine laying mission to Takao Harbor, Paul addressed that point.

He wrote:

"The first aerial delivery of mines to the harbor at Takao, Formosa (now Kaoshiung, Taiwan) was in January 1944.

This followed the first aerial mine delivery to Hong Kong Harbor sometime in November or December 1943. The day after that delivery, the 21st PRS brought back photos and we were able to estimate that 180,000 tons of shipping masts were sticking above the surface. The only traffic moving on the surface that day was the magnetic mine they were looking for and how to do it.

"The next best port in the South China Sea area was Takao and the Jap shipping tonnage there increased substantially and quickly. Thanks again for info brought back by the 21st PRS. (The port facilities in the Manila area were under harassment by MacArthur's efforts from the south.)

"The mechanics of the mines were handled by Lt. D.C. McCann, USN who arrived in Kunming on September 19, 1943. I never saw one of his 'toys,' but he lived in the room next to me in the Hostel and we chatted some. The mine activating device was a "black box" that replaced the tail fins of a standard aerial bomb (500# or better). It was activated by the magnetic field of a ship, but had delaying mechanism that gave the ship a little time to get well over the mine before detonation. One problem was that the mines had to be dropped from very low altitude - like 35 feet! I understood this was to prevent tearing the "black box" off the tail of the bomb.

"With the increased activity, the Takao Harbor became an attractive target. The narrow harbor entrance, guarded by two headlands a few hundred feet in height and a nearby mountain about 1500 feet in height, called for a model of the area so the mission crews could familiarize themselves with the terrain. The model was assigned to the Navy (SACO) members of the 18th PID (Photo Intelligence Detachment). Mindful of the security breach at the briefing that led to the disastrous mission of the P-38 group along the Yangtze River back in October - the one that included University of Michigan football star Tom Harmon - we made the model in our bedroom. We papered up the windows and never left the room unattended. I recall four of us spent about three days on the model which was 4 feet square. The model was then securely wrapped and taken to Kweilin.

"To my knowledge, this was the first terrain model prepared for the 14th Air Force. The reference photos made of the model credit the U.S.N.P.F.U. #1 which stands for U.S. Navy Photo Interpretation Field Unit #1. We were a part of the 18th P.I.D.

"The day after the model was completed, I was rotated back to the U.S. to Washington, D.C. and the P.I. School.

One day while there, I went to the Pentagon and checked out some photos of Takao Harbor taken in the latter part of January 1944 and there were several sets of masts protruding from the surface in and around the harbor entrance.”

The second letter was sent to Al Ritter, with, with a copy to me, by Dr. Dick A. Leabo, 5065 Vivienda Way, Sarasota, FL 34235.

Dick writes to Al:

“I was with the 375th BS on a crew of Cyril Douma, pilot, Joe DelMasso, co-pilot and Art Rooney, navigator and six fine young enlisted men. My position was bombardier.

“As I recall, our crew was to be the lead ship from the 375th; however, because of equipment malfunctions, we were the last to arrive in the harbor to lay mines. That turned out to be bad luck. When we turned on our IP, a Japanese radar-directed searchlight found us. Soon, six more lights were on our plane and you could read V-mail in the cockpit. You mentioned, ‘...that you had to be under 400 feet when you dropped the mine...’ and Milt Miller recalls, ‘...the maximum altitude was 50 feet...’ All I can recall is that we were ‘on the deck’ and almost ran directly over a Japanese destroyer in the harbor. Our pilots were outstanding in maneuvering the B-24 and after our mines were dropped, they ‘poured the coals’ to the engines; with fire spitting out of each one, we got the hell out of there!

“For the record, we had to limp home on 3 engines and could not land at Kunming. At our landing at another base (I can’t recall the name) our front tire blew out, but we finally came to a stop on one of China’s short runways. The ground crew counted over 300 anti-aircraft flack holes in our ship, including one near our #3 engine that was large enough to have a person pose with his head coming out the top of the hole! A group of B-24s was bombing the city as we were laying the mines. Our ‘intelligence officer’ said in the briefing: ‘You guys will be in and out of the harbor without the Japs knowing that you are there. Those bombing the city will be the distraction for you.’ Yeah, I hear you! Our crew did witness a direct hit on one B-24 (that was doing the bombing) that blew up right before our eyes. Ten of our buddies went down to die and to this day, I do not know which crew that was, although it is indelibly inscribed in my mind forever.

“Not only do I have the memories of that mission, but I have the safety pins from the mines. A few days later, we flew a search flight in the South China Sea with some eager Colonel (bucking for Gen.) as our first pilot. Upon our return, the Colonel said to the commanding officer: ‘Send this whole damn crew to rest camp. They are a bunch of Nervous Nellies.’ Had he been with us on that fateful night in Takao Harbor, the ‘wannabe General’ would have been another ‘Nervous Nellie.’

“Thanks for reminding me of how fortunate our crew was. I have lost contact with my former crew, although I do know that the co-pilot, Joe DelMasso died several years ago in California. I will never forget this mission nor my excellent crew of 10 young men.”

???!!!**

Golden Wedding Celebrated



*Clarence and Norma Gee observed
their 50 years of marriage May 15, 1998*





DEDICATES MEMORIAL TREE AND PLAQUE AT ARLINGTON

The following letter dated August 7, 1998 was sent to Doc Felmy:

"Recently, the United States Navy Cruiser Sailors Association dedicated a Memorial Tree and Plaque at the Arlington National Cemetery in Arlington, Virginia. I am sending you three photographs with accompanying captions which describe the ceremonial events in Arlington. Also, for your information, I have included a news release about the ceremony.

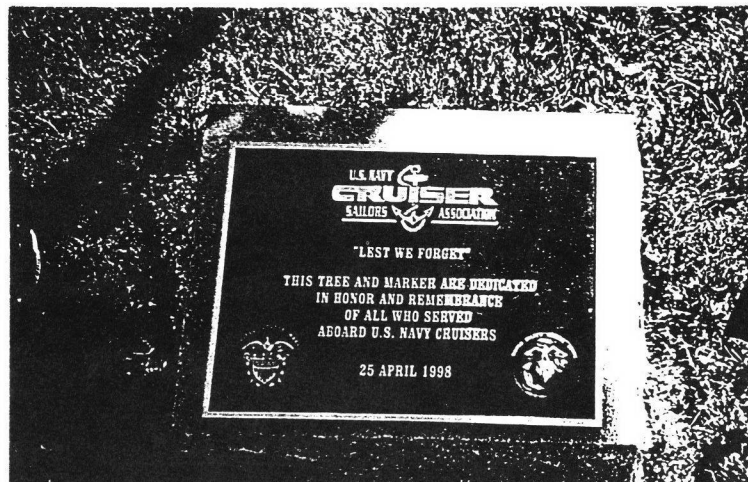
" If space permits, could you have one or perhaps all three of the photographs with their captions printed in a future issue of the Sino-American Cooperative Organization newsletter so your many members will know about our activities?*

" Thank you for your time, support and courtesy you have extended to our Association.

***(signed) Ronald J. Maciejowski "*
***Chairman, Membership Committee*
***U.S.N.C.S.A*
***55 Donna Terrace*
Taunton, MA 02780********

*Editor's note: We are happy to learn about and print the news of your dedication event. We are pleased that

you know of our publication and are honored that you make this request. However, in an effort to stay within guidelines for clarity of photos, it has been our policy not to accept photocopies only in extreme circumstances. I have chosen one which I trust will reproduce satisfactorily.



This Marker and a Living Tree ("October Glory" Maple) were dedicated in Honor and Remembrance of all who served aboard U.S.Navy Cruisers. Photo by: PH3 Laura Heinkel, USN

The NEWS release reads as follows:

Arlington National Cemetery was the site for a moving ceremony held by the United States Navy Cruiser Sailors Association. On Saturday, April 25, 1998, beneath clear, blue, sun-lit skies, over 150 Association members and guests attended the dedication of a Memorial Tree and granite marker in honor and remembrance of all who served aboard United States Navy cruisers.

The ceremony opened with the presentation of colors by a United States Navy and Marine Corps Color Guard followed by the Pledge of Allegiance led by Captain Channing M. Zucker, USN, (Ret). Opening remarks were given by Association President Chief Signalman Edward J. August, USN. (Ret), followed by the invocation by Captain Robert H. Warren, CHC. USN (Ret). Rear Admiral David P. Sargent, USN, the Navy's program officer for expeditionary warfare, brought the well wishes and greetings of the Chief of Naval Operations,

Admiral Jay L. Johnson. Rear Admiral Henry C. McKinney, USN (Ret), President and CEO of the United States Navy Memorial Foundation made remarks of the significant contributions of Navy cruisers to our Naval heritage.

Association Secretary Ronald J. Maciejowski planted the Memorial Tree. Association Maryland Representative Lawrence S. McLean sprinkled the tree with water taken from all the seven seas of the world. The planting was followed by a tribute led by Chaplain Warren to the ten cruisers and their crews lost in battle during World War II in the South Pacific. As each cruiser's name was called, a ship's bell was rung the traditional three times by a United States Navy Bandsman. Four survivors of the sunken vessels were in attendance: Otto Schwarz, USS Houston CA-30, Michael N. Kurla and Robert M. McGuiggan, USS Indianapolis CA-35, and Eli Ferguson, USS Vincennes, CA-44. In remembrance of their fallen shipmates, each placed a flower on the granite marker. The Memorial Ceremony concluded with the playing of taps by a Navy bugler and the Benediction by Chaplain Warren.

SENATE REBUFFS CLINTON ON TAIWAN

By Tom Raum

Associated Press

ORANGE COUNTY REGISTER

Saturday, July 11, 1998

Washington - The Senate underscored the U.S. commitment to Taiwan in a 92-0 vote Friday that Republicans called a "powerful signal" repudiating President Clinton's comments during his China trip.

Democrats said the resolution, repeating a U.S. pledge to help Taiwan "maintain a sufficient self-defense capability," merely reaffirms existing law.

"Our position has been the same before and after the president's trip to China," Senate Democratic leader Tom Daschle of South Dakota said in explaining why Democrats stampeded to support what had originated as a largely GOP slap at Clinton.

During his recent China tour, Clinton publicly state Washington's opposition to Taiwanese independence, a separate Taiwan government and the island nation's bid to

join the United Nations.

That brought sharp criticism from Taiwanese leaders, who fear such a public pledge could diminish Taiwan's efforts for more world recognition, and from congressional conservatives.

Clinton also talked about the peaceful "unification" of Taiwan with the Chinese mainland, using a word that does not appear in any U.S. doctrine nor is it part of the U.S. "one China" policy.

Conservatives have argued that Clinton altered the U.S. position on the relationship between the mainland and Taiwan by moving closer to China's position on unification.

The resolution, by Majority Leader Trent Lott, R-Miss., and Sen. Robert Torricelli, D-N.J., was approved without debate. Lott billed it as needed to "repair the damage that has been done" by Clinton's remarks.

"Passage of this resolution sends a powerful signal that the Senate is not accepting President Clinton's new policy," Lott said. "It's a strong statement coming so soon after his return to the United States."

At the White House, presidential spokesman, Mike McCurry disputed Lott's characterization.

"First and foremost, understand that the majority leader is wrong when he discusses a new policy," McCurry said. "There is not any new policy. There was simply a reiteration of a policy that presumably Senator Lott abides by."

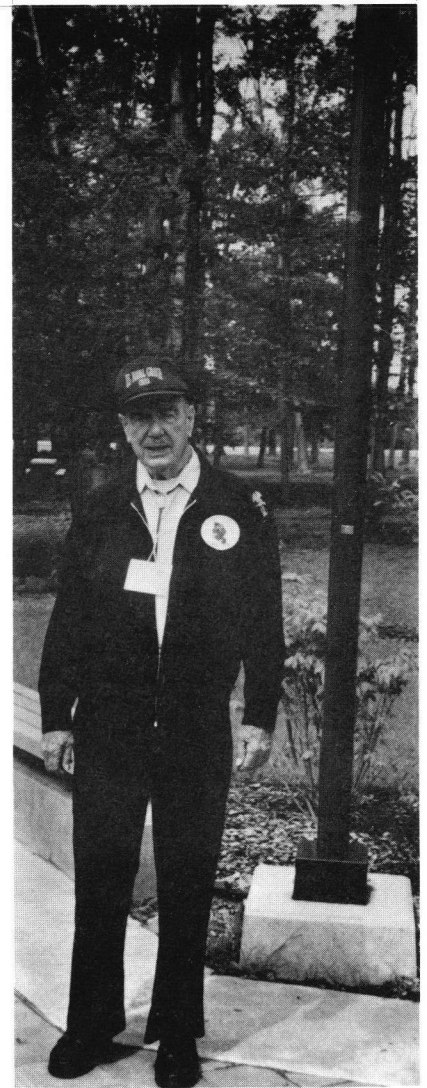


PLEASE...

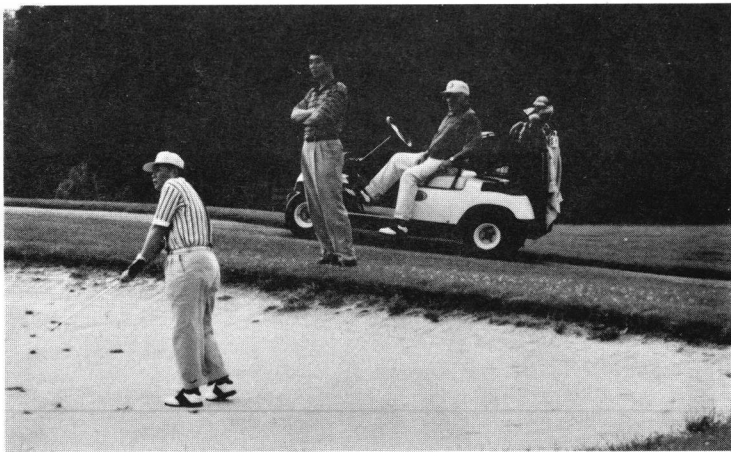
Photos - particularly historic ones - in my estimation - take priority above all else in reporting SACO NEWS and I do appreciate getting them. For the most part, however, they are useless if they lack identification, or are of such quality that they can't be identified. Closeups are best, but for some reason, most of us were of the opinion that feet had to be in the picture and the subject is so far away identification is difficult. Such is the problem especially with small prints. Perhaps they can be enlarged (as some of you have done). In any event, if you don't feel you can part, temporarily, with originals...PLEASE, PLEASE DO NOT send foto copies. Most of them you can't make out and by the time they're printed - it's even worse. There have been a couple exceptions, but it is a rarity and most all end up in the "circle" file. Ed.



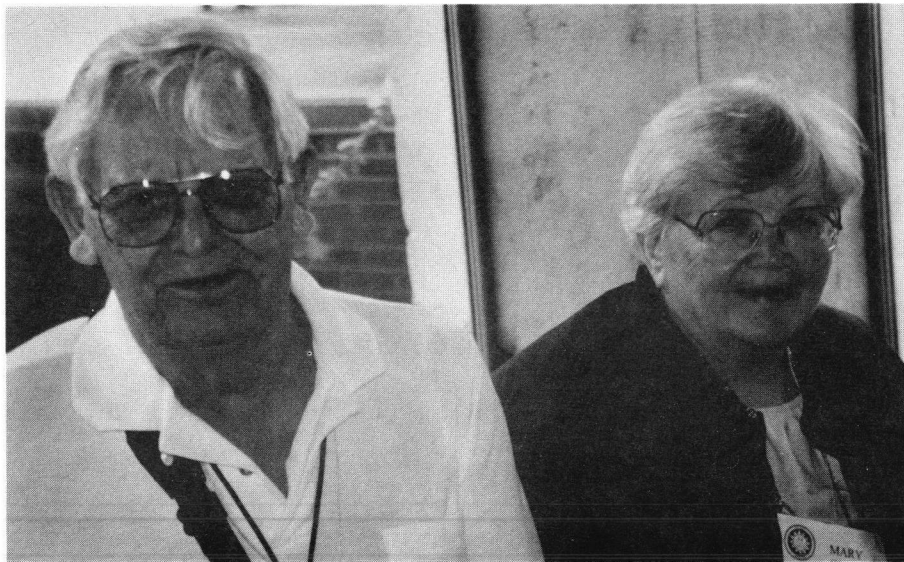
Ivaloe Tether - Julius Ulaneck



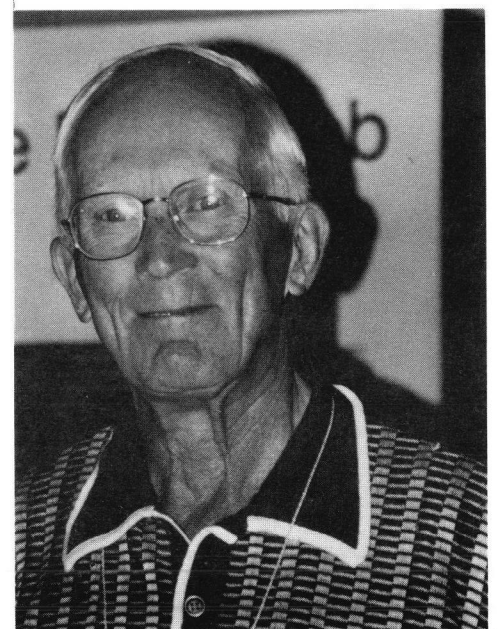
Andy Fleming



Gen. Kung - Paul Pao - Sal Ciaccio



Jerry & Mary Coates



Bob Larson



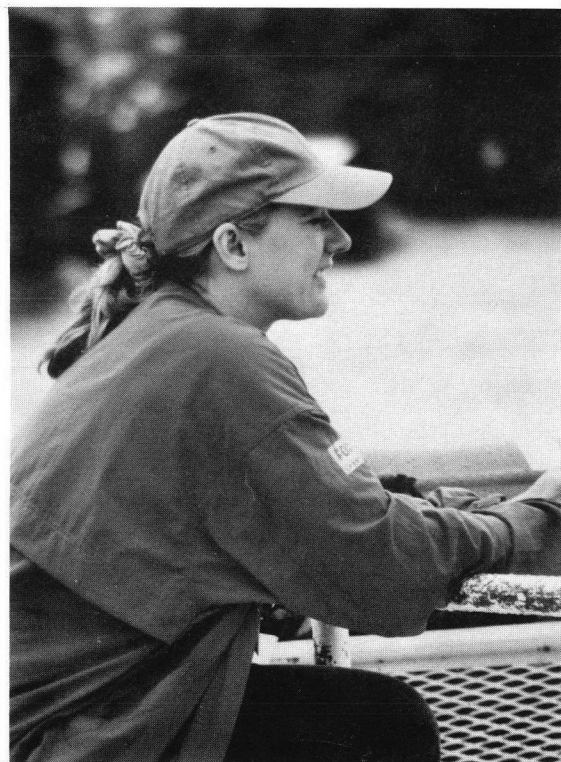
Mrs. Kung & Bill -t



Guy Purvis & Richard Banner Peruse Miles' Album



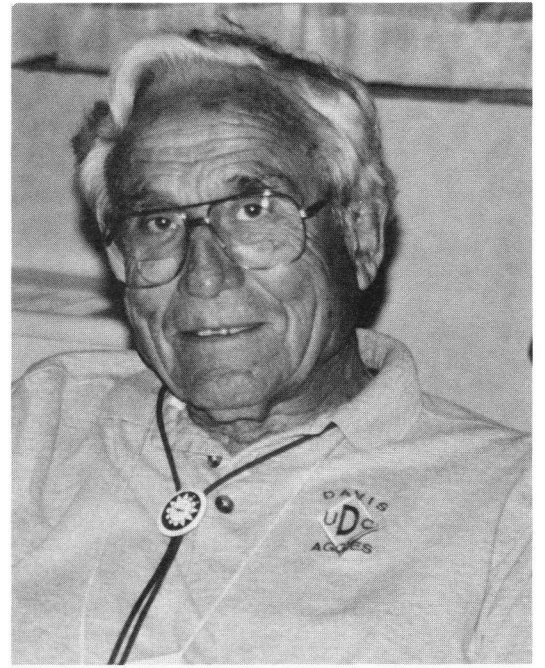
Martha & Jim Leighton



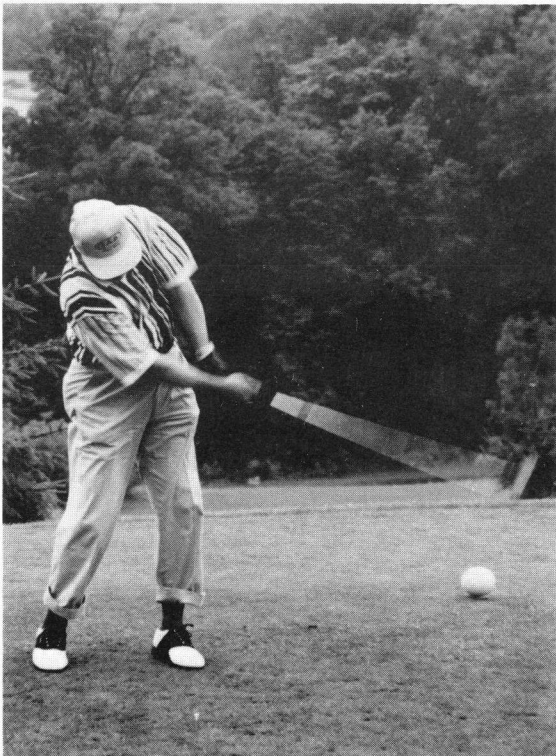
Carolyn Inman Arnold



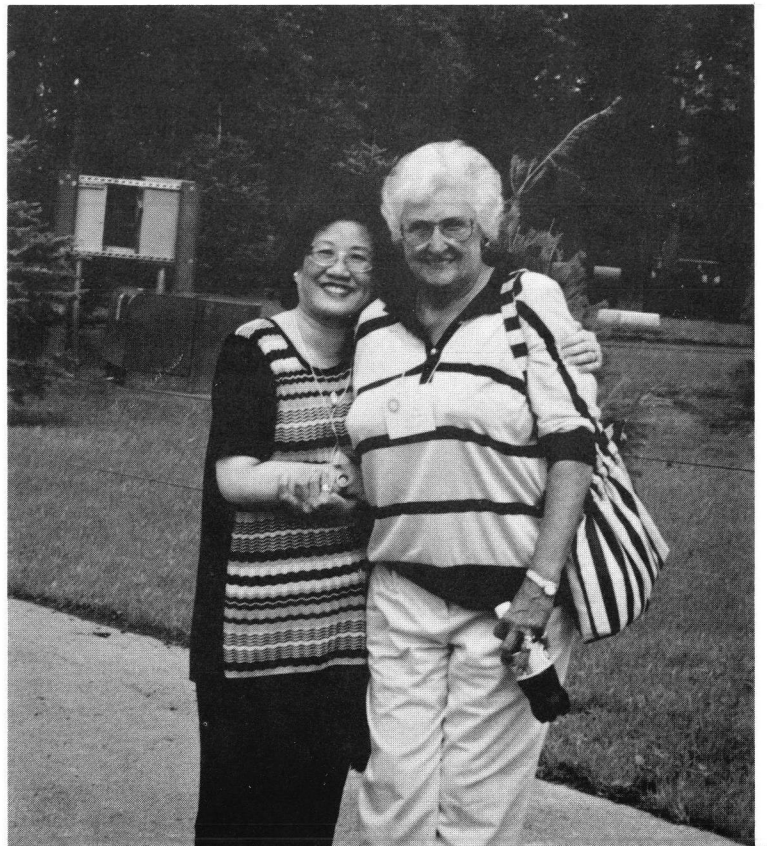
"Robbie" & Elizabeth Robinson



"Wes" Weskamp



Gen. Kung



Mrs. Kung & Peg Felmly



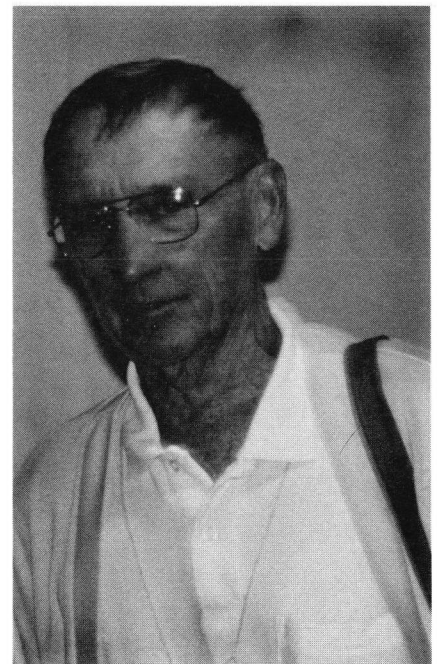
Gen. & Mrs. Kung



Frances Petri



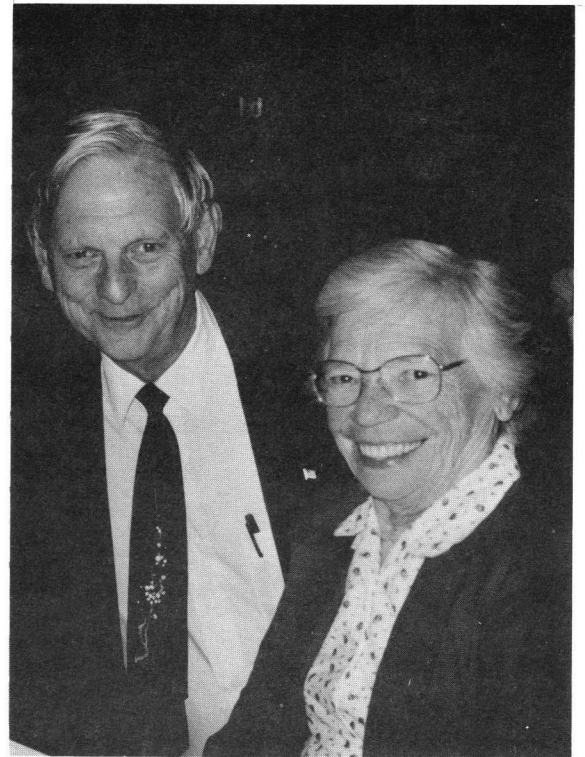
Pearl & Howard Milliren



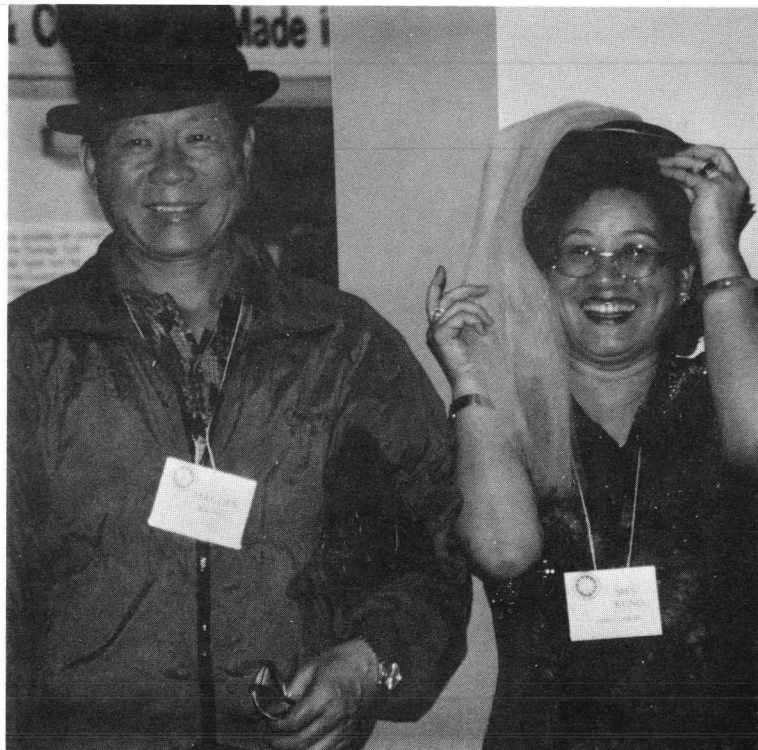
John Waters



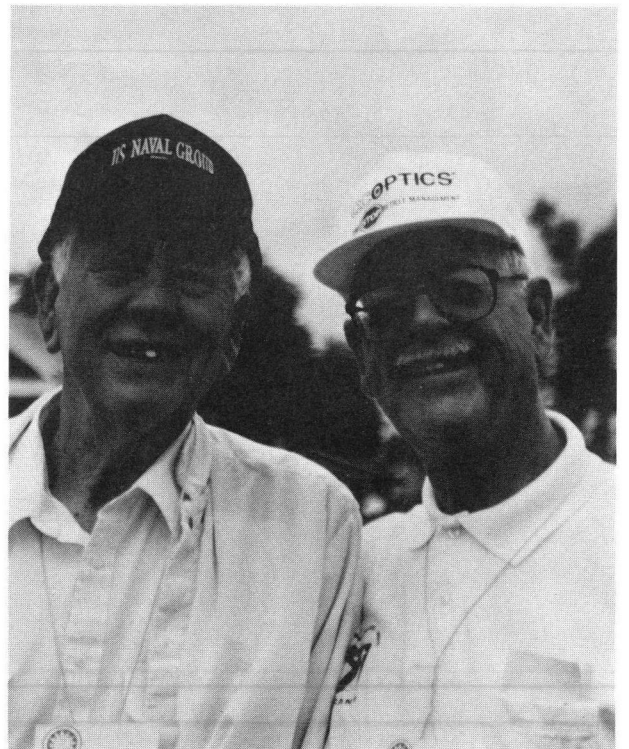
Sod Busters?? Divot Devils ??? Ball Chasers???
 Sal Ciaccio - Gen. Kung - Ellen Booth - Paul Pao
 & Ron Hill take to the greens in Syracuse.



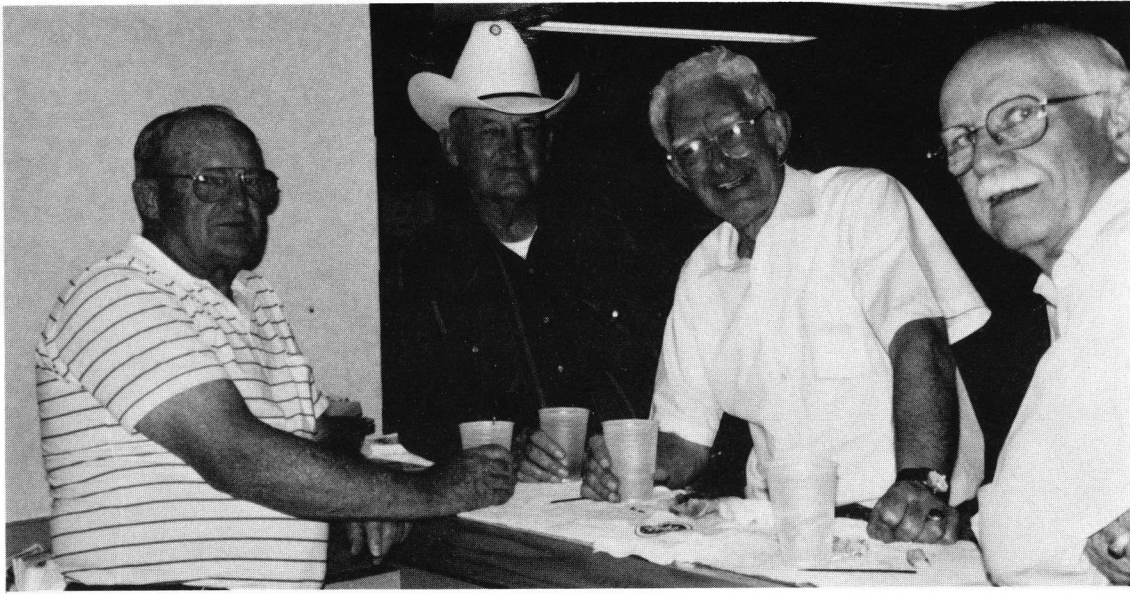
"C-Going" Miles and Elizabeth Robinson



Gen. & Mrs. Kung model chapeaus



Mike Conway & Jack Shearer



At least there's one thing they can still do some 54 years later - D R I N K !!
Jack Petersen - Ken Brown - Bill Miller - Jack Miller



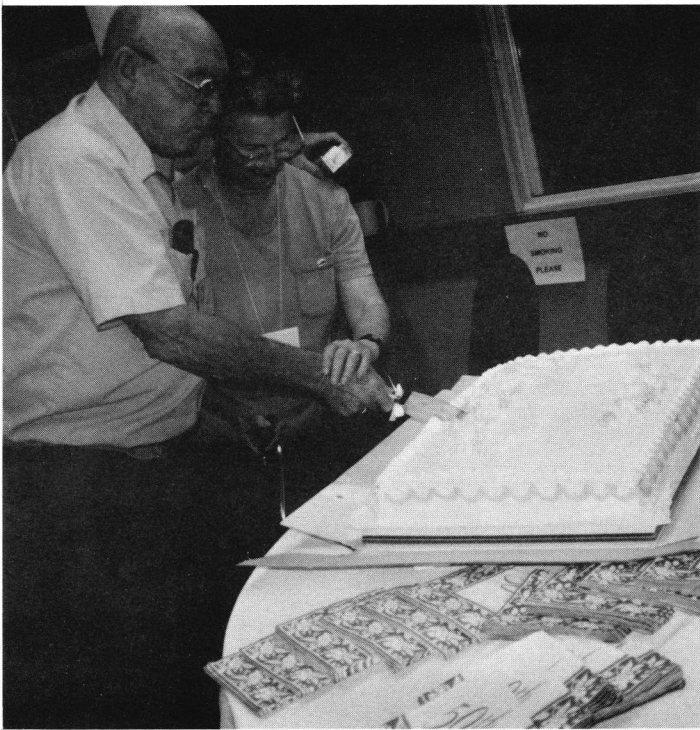
Elizabeth Robinson - Bob Clark



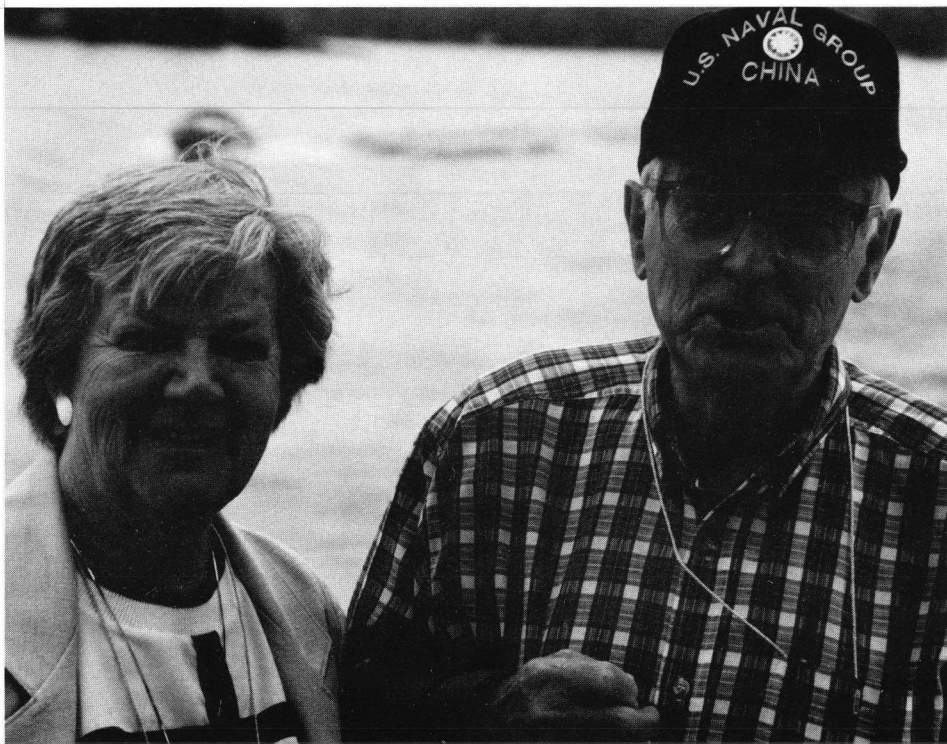
Bud Booth



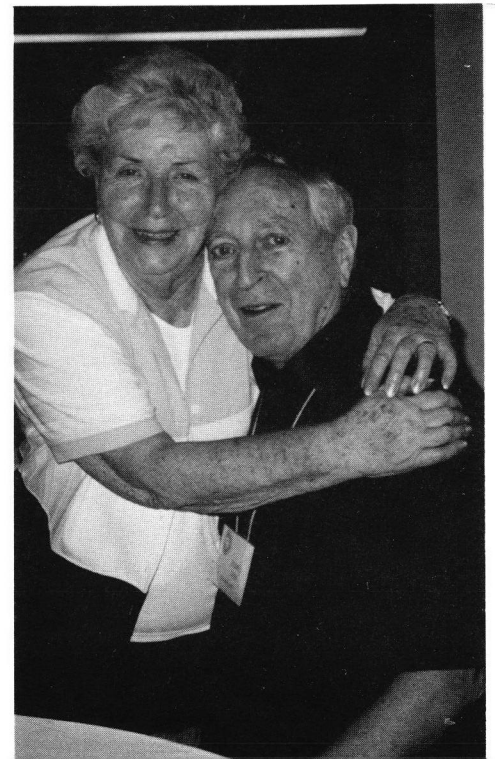
Sissy Miller - Mrs. Kung



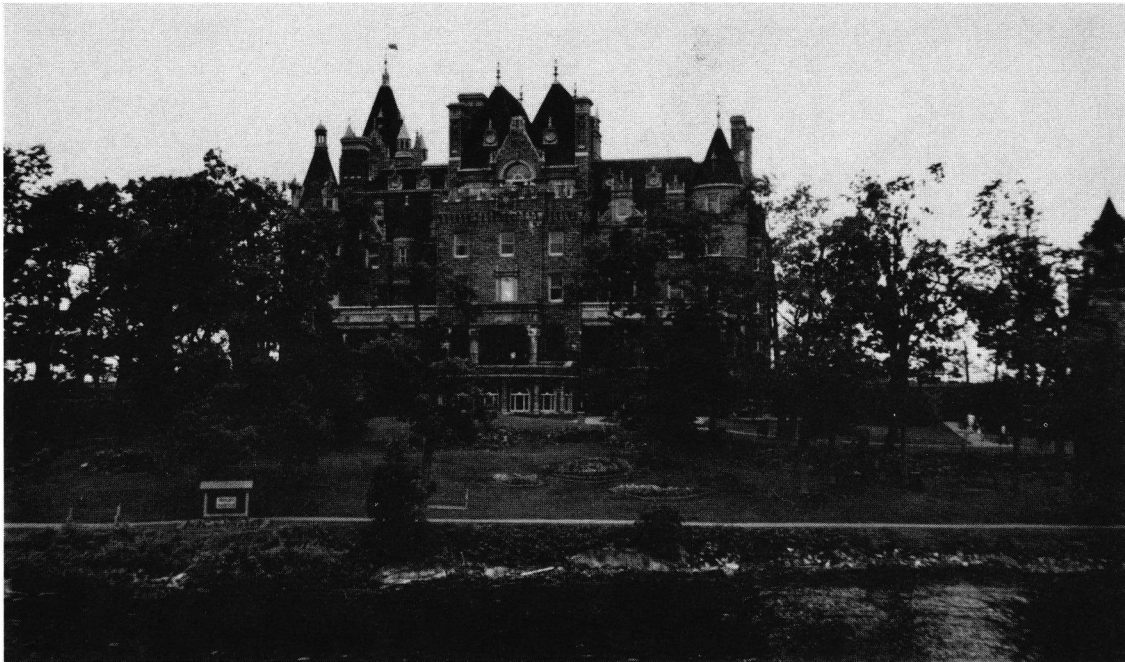
The Booths honored past, present and future Golden Wedding Anniversaries (a time in the lives of many of whom have reached that milestone) with a beautiful cake. It was only fitting that the cake be cut by Jim and Jackie Murphy who reached their "Golden" on Friday during our convention.



Priscilla Bonin - Victor Nichols



Betty Clark - Jim Dess



CASTLE IN THOUSAND ISLANDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER

NEW DIRECTOR OF MIB NAMED

We have been notified that Lt. Gen. Ting Yu-chou has been appointed Director of Military Intelligence Bureau in Taiwan as successor to Lt. Gen. Hu Cha-chi.

Gen. Ting, may all of us in SACO extend our congratulations to you as you assume the duties of this high-level and prestigious office.

We wish you good health, happiness and much success in your assignment. Furthermore, we hope circumstances are such that you might honor us with a visit to our next annual SACO convention in Appleton, Wisconsin next July where we would have the pleasure of meeting you.

In the meantime, our best wishes are with you.

SOME OF MURPHY'S LAWS OF COMBAT

(From 14th Air Force Assn.'s "Jing Bao Journal" & submitted by Paul Casamajor. (To the unfamiliar -JING BAO is an air raid) -

1. You are not Superman.
2. If it's stupid and works, it ain't stupid.
3. Don't look conspicuous; it draws extra duty.
4. Never get the enemy mad; it irritates everyone around you.
5. When in doubt, keep your mouth shut.
6. Never buddy during a Jing Bao with anyone braver than you.
7. Much of your plane was made by the lowest bidder.
8. If your mission is going well, it's an ambush.
9. The enemy diversion being ignored is the main attack.
10. Important things are very simple.
11. The simple things are very hard.
12. If you are short of everything, you are in combat in China.
13. Incoming fire has the right of way.
14. No combat ready unit has ever passed inspection.
15. No inspection ready unit has ever passed combat.
16. If the enemy is within range, so are you.
17. Anything you do can get you courtmartialed, including nothing.
18. Tracers go both ways.
19. The only thing more accurate than enemy fire is friendly fire.
20. Both sides are sure they are about to lose. They're both right.
21. Murphy served with the 14th Air Force.

1998

CONVENTION ATTENDEES

LAST NAMEFIRST NAME

ARNOLD
BAKER
BANNIER
BARRETT
BARTEE
BOHUS
BONIN
BONIN
BOOTH
BOWMAN
BROWN
CHANG
CHOU
CIACCIO
CLARK
COATS
COCHRAN
CONWAY
DE MATTIA
DESS
DIKE
DODSON
DUNN
EIRICH
EIRICH
EMERSON
ERWIN
FELMLY
FITZGERALD
FLEMING
GATS
GILROY
GORDON
HALL
HILL
HOE
HOWELL
HUSTON
JACOBSON
JAMES
JOHNSON
KELLY
KUNG
LARSON
LEIGHTON
LOU
MADDOX
McCAY
McGRAIL
MILES
MILLER

CAROLYN INMAN
WILLIE & AUDREY
RICHARD & MATHILDA
GEORGE & DORIS
BILL
ARTHUR
HAROLD
PRISCILLA G.
ELLEN & BUD
NELSON & ELNORA
KENNETH & LILLIE
MAJOR MICHAEL
TRACY
SAL & MARIE
ROBERT & BETTY
JERRY, MARY, PENNY, BOB
ALMA
MIKE & PEGGY
GEORGE
JAMES H.
NORMAN & LYN
JAMES
JIM
CHRISTINE & SAL
DANIEL & JENNIE
CLAIR & SALLY
SYLVIA
DOC & PEG
JOE & PEG
ANDREW M.
IRENE
LILLIAN (SLIM)
PHILO & GLADYS
BILL & BOBBIE
BOB & LOLA
ROBERT & HELEN
TEX" & PHYLLIS
GENE & MARY ELLEN
KEITH H.
WILLIAM C.
JOSEPH & OLA
JAMES
GEN & MRS. HSIANG-JEN
ROBERT & JESSIE
JIM & MARTHA
COLONEL JOHN
GUY & PATTY
KENNY
JIM & MARY
CHARLES (C-GOING)
BILL & SISSY

MILLER
MILLER
MILLIREN
MURPHY
NELSON
NICHOLS
O'BRIEN
OLANDER
OLSEN
PAO
PAYNE
PETERSEN
PETERSEN
PETOSKY
PETRI
PURVIS
REBERT
REYNNET
ROBINSON
RUTAN
SAGER
SCALES
SCHAFFER
SELLERS
SHEARER
SINKS
SMITH
TETHER
THOMAS
ULANECK
VASOLD
WARNER
WATERS
WESKAMP
WESTPHAL
WHITE
WILDING
WILLIAMSON
WOGAN
WUNDERLICH

JACK & ANN
MONA
HOWARD & PEARL
JIM & JACKIE
HAZEL
VICTOR
CHARLES & MEARLE
MELBA
ARTHUR & RITA
LT. COL. PAUL
JAMES & MARY
JACK & BEVERLY
KATHRYN (KAYTE)
SIGMUND & DOROTHY
RICHARD & FRANCES
GUY & WARREN
BURNELL & MARY
FRANCIS & CAROLINE
CHARLES & ELIZABETH
RICHARD & ERMA
WILLIAM & ELIZABETH
THOMAS & CAROL
JONATHAN & ETTA
CHARLES & LAURA
JOHN & JUNE
ROBERT & HELEN
RICHARD C.
CHARLES, IVALOE, CHARLES
ROBERT G.
JULIUS & HELEN
EDWARD & MICHELE
DEAN & BILLI
JOHN & FRANCES
WES & KATHRYN
JOHN & ROSIE
MARY & WILLIAM
GLENN
WILEY & CHAR
TONY & EVELYN
HOWARD & KEWPEE

THANKS FOR THE PIX FOR THIS ISSUE

BILL BARTEE JAMES DUNN
ELLEN BOOTH DOC FELMLY
LILLIE BROWN GENE HUSTON
BETTY CLARKE LES JOHNSTON*

* His daughter took most of pix at Navy
Memorial at SACO plaque dedication.

Crucial Battle Ignored

by William H. Bartsch

(From the Marine Corps Gazette - September 1997)

(The following condensed version is a story of Guadalcanal in which one of our own ...
Bill Sager... played a major role in World War II. Article submitted by Paul Casamajor)

*It has been regarded as a sideshow to the main event at
Bloody Ridge, but only a one-man-deep Marine line
blocked Kawaguchi's Kuma Battalion from reaching
Henderson Field.*

For almost 2 weeks, the Kuma Battalion of the Japanese had been cutting its way westward from Taivu Point without maps through the jungle of the north coast of Guadalcanal to reach its designated point of departure for its planned attack against the eastern perimeter of the Marines' defense.

Maj. Eiji Mizuno's battalion was an integral part of the force under MajGen Kivotake Kawaguchi ordered to recapture the Japanese-constructed airfield at Lunga - the focus of the current struggle between the Japanese and Americans on the island that commenced with the landing of Marines on 7 August 1942. Kawaguchi's offensive was the first major one ordered by Imperial Japanese Headquarters in Tokyo since the failed attempt to the so-called "Ichiki detachment" on 21 August which had cost the lives of almost all the attacking Japanese.

While the Kuma Battalion was originally comprised of two infantry companies, two rapid-fire gun companies, a regimental gun company, a heavy machinegun platoon, an engineering platoon and a supply unit totaling 940 men, shortly after its formation, Kawaguchi had hived off the regimental gun company and one of the rapid-fire gun companies plus most of the engineering platoon and the supply men for his main force - leaving Mizuno only with a total of 550 men to carry out his mission.

Each of Mizuno's two infantry companies included only two (albeit oversized) platoons instead of the standard three, and of the four platoons, only one - that of 2d Lt Kiyoshi Satou - was equipped with machineguns (three 6.5mm Nambu lights). Satou's platoon had remained behind at Ichiki's assembly area during 21 August attack and thus had escaped annihilation. A master of Japanese fencing from his university days and

highly regarded, Lt. Satou had now been put in charge of Mizuno's newly formed 1st Company, comprised of 177 men. 2d Lt Toshio Habara, one of only two officers of Ichiki's First Echelon who had escaped death in the August 21st attack, was now put in command of Mizuno's 2d Company of 169 men.

The heavy machinegun platoon, landing with the 2d Echelon and under the command of WO Kosaku Nakao, was made up of 68 men in four squads, each equipped with a Nambu 7.7mm machinegun. Following Kawaguchi's removal of the regimental gun company and one of the rapid-fire gun companies, the only large caliber weapons left to Mizuno - other than the grenade-throwing so-called "knee mortars" - were the four type 94 (1934) 37mm antitank guns assigned to the second of the rapid-fire gun companies, whose 80 men were organized in two platoons of two guns each, under the command of 1stLt Yoshio Ohkubo.

The evening of 12 September, his (Mizuno's) men had heard firing from the west-correctly assuming to be that of Kawaguchi's main force in its attack across the ridge from the south-but Mizuno himself, ignorant of his position and unable to locate the American defenses on the eastern perimeter, was unable to obey Kawaguchi's orders to attack that evening at 2100.

On late afternoon of 13 Sept. . . . Mizuno felt he was now much nearer the enemy and sent 2ndLt Nobjoo Fuji of his hdqtrs with three men to try to determine the location of the marines.

After being briefed by Fuji, Mizuno made plans for the attack that evening. They would ford the shallow Tenaru River to their west, climb up its western bank, then proceed

as silently as possible across the 500 to 600 yard plain to the point where the machinegun emplacement had been located by Fuji for a surprise bayonet attack on the unsuspecting Marines in classical Japanese night fighting tactics. After overwhelming the Marine defensive line, they would continue westward to the enemy airfield and the command post of the Marines just beyond.

That afternoon, across the grassy plain from the Japanese, Capt Robert J. Putnam's K Company, 1st Marines, was keyed up for a possible attack against its position that night. At about midnight the night before, a forward listening post manned by five men of 2dLt Bill Sager's first platoon had heard sounds like troop movement and was withdrawn as the Company was put on alert. Earlier that night, Putnam's men had been heavily shelled for over half an hour by Japanese naval guns, then later the men had heard firing to their west, just south of the ridge - the Raiders were obviously engaged with a Japanese force other than the one in front of K Company's lines. Marine patrols sent out during the previous week had detected traces of heavy Japanese presence several miles to the east, the force heading southwest towards the Marines' defensive positions.

Charged with defending the eastern perimeter of the Marines' defense, LtCol William McKelvy's 3d Battalion, 1st Marines, had extended a defensive line that spanned 3,400 yards north to south from a point 1,500 yards south of the mouth of the Ilu River, the line terminating almost due east of the ridge. Behind the 3d Battalion's line, there was heavy jungles that separated the grassy plain in front of them from Henderson Field and Fighter One Field (really just a flat strip of grass) to their rear. McKelvy had assigned L Company to defend the left flank of this line, with I Company in the center and K Company on the right flank.

Since taking up their positions on 2 September, the men of L, I, and K Companies had been busy erecting a double apron barbed-wire defense some 50 yards in front of the line. With his men stretched out over such a long distance, McKelvy could provide for a defense only one-man deep. And beyond the southern extremity of K Company's line, there was no defense at all - a yawning opening of about 300 yards through which any enemy could move westward, albeit through thick jungle, to the foothills and ridges just south of Henderson Field.

To provide additional firepower to his three rifle companies on the line, McKelvy had assigned each of the three machinegun platoons of his Weapons Company (M Company) to each rifle company, and ordered its mortar platoon to position its four 81mm mortars behind K Company's line.

Although McKelvy did not know for sure, it appeared most likely that any Japanese attack through the 3d Battalion lines would be in the sector controlled by K Company. This was because the most direct and easiest route to Henderson Field

and the 1st Marine Division's command post would be over the so-called "overland trail," which ran east to west and terminated at K Company's line.

For 11 days now, K Company's men had been living under harsh conditions in their foxholes along the line. Quinine and atabrine were not available for their malaria attacks, flies and mosquitoes harassed them, and incessant rains filled their foxholes. But it was the food situation that most aggravated them. As one Marine wrote in his diary, "We're still eating Jap food, and it's full of worms - we're almost starved," while another recorded in his diary, "I'm so damn weak I can hardly do anything."

Despite such conditions, K Company on the afternoon of 13 September was as well prepared for a Japanese assault as it could be under the circumstances. Putnam had positioned LtPhil Wilheit's 2d Platoon on his left flank, Lt Herman Abady's 3d platoon in the center, and Lt Bill Sager's 1st Platoon on his right flank. Straddling the entrance to the overland trail where it split Abady's platoon, two squads on each side, two Browning .30 caliber air-cooled light machineguns from K Company's Weapons Platoon had been emplaced - one on each side of the entrance. (It was these emplacements that Lt Fuji had spotted that afternoon.) On the extreme left and right flanks of K Company's line, pairs of .30 caliber water-cooled machineguns from M Company were dug in, each pair providing interlocking bands of fire covering the whole area in front of K Company. About 100 yards back of the center of K Company's line, the two 60mm mortars of the Company's Weapons Platoon were zeroed in on the whole area of the grassy field, while further back, some 600-800 yards from the line, two 81mm mortar sections of M Company, with two mortars each, were similarly set up to fire on the same area.

On the morning of 13 September, Lt Joe Terzi, CO of K Company's Weapons Platoon and a former All American football player, had proposed to set up a combat listening post all the way across the grass plain. "Captain," Terzi urged Putnam, "let me take some men out there tonight and if there are any Japs, we'll blast (the) hell out of them!"

Late that afternoon, five volunteers from K Company led by Terzi crossed through the "hedgehog" opening in the barbed wire at the entrance to the overland trail and headed for the chosen location. Except for Terzi, who retained his .45 Colt pistol, all were armed with Thompson submachineguns, some borrowed from their buddies, prepared to wreak the maximum havoc among any Japanese approaching their position.

That evening, Maj Mizuno made final plans for his attack - the first combat experience of his life. He and his headquarters would lead off, along with the squad of engineers Kawaguchi had left to him who would move ahead to cut the barbed wire of the Marines' defense. Immediately, behind Mizuno, the 1st Infantry Company of Lt Satou would

follow, then the 2d Infantry Company of Lt Habara. WO Nakao's Heavy Machinegun Platoon and 1stLt Ohkubo's Rapid-Fire Gun Company would not participate in the assault but rather were to position themselves in the grass on the west bank of the Tenaru River, just beyond the eastern edge of the plain.

Marching silently in single file through the jungle, Mizuno's headquarters and the 1st Platoon of the 1st Company soon reached the east bank of the Tenaru River. But where was the 2d Platoon of the 1st Company and the whole 2d Company? Impatient with the slow forward progress of these units, Mizuno now decided not to wait for them to join him, but rather to go forward with his headquarters and 1st Platoon only, totaling some 100 men - contrary to his own instructions for his infantry to attack as a unified force.

Mizuno's spearhead group now waded across the shallow water of the Tenaru and climbed up the west bank of the river to face the expanse of the grassy plain. Pausing momentarily, then turning to the right, the Japanese proceeded in the pitch darkness. Then just moments later, at about 2140, the men of the lead headquarters guard company pierced the stillness of the night with screams as submachinegun fire suddenly opened up on them. Recovering, they began lobbing hand grenades into the area from which the fire was emanating. Then, on Mizuno's orders, the 1st Platoon, bayonets fixed, charged the area as the Marines ran headlong in the darkness for the Tenaru River 15 yards in front of them. Shouting wildly as they moved up and down the west bank of the river, the Japanese fired blindly into the water where Terzi and three of his men had succeeded in hiding themselves under the overhanging cliff of the west bank.

Mizuno's decision to chase the few Marines was upsetting and confusing to Lt Yamamoto who was at his commander's side. Mizuno's action was contrary to standard procedure in a night attack and only served to divert him from his objective of attacking the main force of the Marines across the plain. To Yamamoto, it was yet another example of Mizuno's impatient nature.

Back at K Company's line, the men had heard the machinegun fire, exploding grenades, and screaming in the area of the listening post. Then at about 2300, Cpt Charles Laurence came running across the field, shouting hysterically, "They're all dead! They're all dead!" Despite his wounds from the grenade attack at the listening post, Laurence had managed to escape the bayonet attack of the Japanese and had fled back to K Company lines instead of heading for the river as the others had done.

Putnam now decided to call in artillery fire on the Japanese across the field, as previously arranged with the 11th Marines. He himself would direct the fire, since no artillery observer had been assigned to his company.

About a half hour later, at 5 minutes past midnight, the center of K Company's line heard what sounded like wirecutters biting into the double apron wire 50 yards in front of them. Putnam now ordered the machineguns to commence firing. PFCs Walter "Ski" Szalanski on the left of the overland trail and Hugh Harwood on the right began cutting the high grass in front of their positions with the .30 caliber fire of their machineguns. Moments later, they were joined by the pairs of machineguns of M Company on each flank of K Company as well as the .30 caliber machineguns of I Company to their left. But after pumping out some 1,000 rounds each, Szalanski and Harwood were ordered to cease fire. The Marines were not getting any return fire, and they could not afford to waste ammunition. Unknown to the Marines, the Japanese at the wire were not combat troops, but men of the small engineering squad of Sgt. Masakichi Wada.

Then, on Putnam's orders, the night sky in front of them was illuminated with flares shot up by his executive officer, Lt Mike Scelsi. Under the eerie light, Harwood and Szalanski could make out Japanese moving on the field toward them and began firing again, joined by the riflemen of Abady's platoon. Fire from the 60 and 81mm mortars now began hitting the field too, while the shells of the 75mm pack howitzers of the 11th Marines, guided by Putnam, were beginning to fall on the far edge of the grassy plain, moving in from the jungle where the initial firing had been concentrated.

When the machinegun fire had quit abruptly, PFC Emil Macek, caught out on the grassy plain on his mission to bring Terzi's outpost back in after it had been hit, decided to make a run back to the line. Just short of Terzi's position, he had dropped on his belly when he'd heard machineguns firing and looking back, saw tracers traversing the plain toward him. Now running as fast as he could, screaming his name and password at the top of his lungs, he reached the defensive line and headed to the right to his platoon area helped by the light cast by the flares.

"Oh my God, Emil, is it really you?", Lt Phil Wilheit cried out as Macek ran up to him. "I thought they had killed you!" he exclaimed, hugging his prize runner and scout.

As Mizuno was moving forward with his small contingent, machinegun fire from the left, center, and right suddenly opened up on them. In the pitch darkness, the tracers cut bright lines all the way across the field as Mizuno and the others dropped to the ground. Then about 5 minutes later, the machinegun fire ceased as suddenly as it had commenced, though mortar fire continued to fall nearby. But Mizuno had taken a hit through his helmet, killing him instantly. Wounded, WO Shigekichi Katou, commanding officer of the 1st Platoon, killed himself with his own pistol. Lt Fuji was also killed. But 1stLt Yoshiaki Sakakibara, Mizuno's adjutant, fled the scene. Mizuno's headquarters men began to scatter.

Ignorant of the death of his commander, Lt Yamamoto had crawled back to the Tenaru under severe machinegun fire, then crossed the river to the far bank where he found WO Kiroku Matsuo, leader of the 2d Platoon of the 1st Company, and a few of his men. Matsuo told Yamamoto he was waiting for the rest of his men to cross over from the jungle. But when Yamamoto, anxious about the situation of Mizuno and Satou, exhorted Matsuo's men to hurry up and move forward to join Mizuno, Matsuo became angry and yelled to his men. "Who is your leader, Yamamoto or me?"

Failing to budge Matsuo and with Habara's men only slowly following behind Matsuo's platoon - evidently behind schedule due to the artillery fire that had fallen in the jungle among them - Yamamoto decided to return to Mizuno's position and urge that the advance be halted until all the men of the two companies were assembled. But after crawling back under the renewed Marine fire, he could find no trace of Mizuno or any of his headquarters.

In the meantime, Lt Satou had taken direct control over Katou's 1st Platoon and was crawling with the men of the platoon toward the northwest through the high grass. One of Satou's Nambu machineguns was firing into the machinegun emplacements of Harwood and Szalanski, but was silenced by Harwood after further exchanges of fire.

At about 0400, a period of deathly silence set in over the field, when the birds, insects, and animals ceased their night noises and no shots were exchanged - an unnerving situation for the Marines on the line. Unsure if his eyes were deceiving him, Harwood now began making out shapes around the barbed wire in front of him. Then suddenly, a rifleman in Abady's platoon yelled "Japs!" and ran toward the wire, joined by others rising out of their foxholes. Free-swinging his machinegun, Harwood continuously poured fire into the charging Japanese as his assistant gunner PFC Jack LaBerge threw grenades at them.

To Harwood's left, on the other side of the intersection of the overland trail with K Company's line, PFC Don Gohl, at 21 years the oldest man in Cpl Charlie Schmidt's squad, had trouble at first making out the forms at the barbed wire, too. But as the Japanese struggled to get over the wire, they came into good view. Gohl and the rest of the squad fired their Springfield 03s so fast the old rifles began heating up. When some of the Japanese got through the wire, they began lobbing hand grenades to stop their advance to the defensive line.

All of a sudden what he believed was mortar and artillery fire began falling around Gohl. Shaken by the explosions, Gohl looked towards Pvt Harold Enias on his right and saw that he had been hit by the shell fire. Schmidt's squad now fixed their bayonets as the Japanese, screaming and shouting obscenities at the Marines, kept coming towards the line.

To the left of Gohl's position, mortar fire was also falling on Sgt Haynie Bryant's squad. In a foxhole to the left of a big

tree behind which Lt Abady was stationed. Bryant was firing his Browning Automatic Rifle (BAR) directly in front of his squad to protect his men from the approaching Japanese when round after round of mortar fire ringing his foxhole, each one closer than the previous one. He suspected his BAR fire had attracted the attention of a Japanese spotter. Ironically, as a squad leader, he was not supposed to have a BAR, but had received permission from Capt Putnam to carry one. Just as he figured the BAR would now cause his demise, the explosions stopped, the last one 3 feet from his foxhole, dug just deep enough for the blast effect to pass over his head.

In the vicious, terrifying, hand-to-hand combat that ensued with the Japanese who had gotten through the wire and into the line - their bayonets fixed but not firing their rifles - screams and curses could be heard as they punctuated the night air. A Japanese officer (who must have been Lt Satou), sword in hand and shouting "Cease fire! Cease Fire!" in English, was about to behead Putnam when 19-year-old Pvt Marion Peregrine, who had just finished reloading his BAR, shot the Japanese dead. Also near Putnam, Cpl Cloyd Hines had bayoneted another Japanese to death, then fallen himself, wounded in the temple by a grenade.

Behind and to the south of Satou's men, 2dLt Habara's company, finally having joined the attack, was trying to move forward across the field toward Lt Sager's section of the line - as ordered earlier by Mizuno. However, Habara's men were pinned down by the intense mortar and artillery fire, as well as the intermittent machinegun fire.

Just before dawn, the stones in the ration cans attached to the barbed wire in front of Sager's men began to rattle. A group of Habara's filemen who had succeeded in getting across the plain was now trying to get through the wire. As the Japanese now charged the Marines while throwing grenades, Sager's men fired their Springfield 03s and BARs at them as fast as they could. Pvt Howard Hayes fired his BAR so fast and so long that the barrel warped and jammed from the heat. Stopped short by the rifle fire, none of the Japanese reached the foxholes. The assault on Sager's sector proved to be the last of the night for the Japanese. None had managed to penetrate K Company's line.

That morning, Putnam's exhausted men crawled out of their foxholes and walked up and down their line. Ringing the foxholes, they counted the corpses of some 30 Japanese who had gotten through the wire but were cut down at the line mainly in Abady's sector which had taken the brunt of the assault. But they also found the bodies of two men of Abady's platoon, Pvs Harold Enias and Bertram Hanscom, both from Charles Schmidt's squad. The death of Enias hit the men particularly hard. Only 17 years old, the happy-go-lucky kid had his feet blown off, his legs left like rags, his body filled with the shrapnel of the shell that had torn him to pieces. Two of Abady's four squad leaders and two other of his men

were wounded, all from grenades. A private from Sager's platoon had also been wounded by a grenade.

Inspecting the wire, Putnam's men found the bodies of some 27 Japanese hung up on the wire. One was still alive. Putnam, with some effort, restrained himself from dispatching him with a shot from his .45 pistol - taking him prisoner instead.

Later that morning, a report of some Japanese lying doggo in the tall grass of the field resulted in the decision to send light tanks from the 1st Tank Battalion to sweep the area. At 0945, a platoon of five Stuart tanks of B Company, led by the company commander, Capt Francis "Red" Cooper in a sixth tank, clanked down the extension of the overland trail to the west and entered the grass plain. Weaving back and forth through the grass, the tankers found no Japanese.

But after the tanks returned, the presence of Japanese was reported anew. Joe Terzi and PFC Leo McDermott from the listening post had run back to K Company's line after a hair-raising experience escaping the Japanese. Terzi reported that a Japanese machinegun was set up in a native hut at the far end of the field (evidently from WO Nakao's platoon of heavy machineguns). The six tanks were now ordered to sortie again and wipe out the machinegun emplacement. Retracing their earlier movements, the tankers were approaching the eastern end of the field when suddenly the four 37mm antitank guns of Lt Ohkubo's company, which had been hauled across the Tenaru and positioned in the grass at the edge of the field, opened up on them.

One shell scored a bull's-eye on the star painted on the turret of the tank of the platoon commander, Lt Francis Finan, instantly killing him and his radio man and setting the tank afire. Another shell immobilized the tank of Sgt Leon Schwartz with a hit in the track, and when Schwartz opened the turret to escape, he was incinerated by a Japanese with a flamethrower. The Stuart commanded by platoon sergeant Harry Brownson, having just destroyed the machinegun emplacement in the hut, overshot and fell upside down into the Tenaru behind the shack. Trapped inside the tank, Brownson and his crew drowned.

Angry over the loss of half the tanks he'd sent out, LtCol McKelvy ordered mortar and artillery fire on the area of the antitank guns. Despite the intense fire rained down on them, Ohkubo and his men suffered the loss of only one of their four guns. That afternoon, they withdrew across the Tenaru to their assembly point.

Although none of the men of the Kuma Battalion succeeded in breaching K Company's sector of the line, some did manage to get behind the sector of 1 Company to the left of K Company. Lt Yamamoto with 10 of Katou's men of the 1st Platoon, 1st Company, had found themselves behind the line at a communications dugout (evidently of 3d Battalion headquarters in 1 Company's sector), where they spent the rest of the night before withdrawing across the field in the

morning. That afternoon, a group of Japanese (evidently from Lt Satou's platoon) with a light machinegun was causing havoc when they fired on the Marines on the line from behind them, however, the group was wiped out by the returning tankers.

That evening, at about 1000, the survivors of the Kuma Battalion, now under the command of 1stLt Ohkubo - the most senior surviving officer - mounted another assault on the line in Lt Sager's sector on the right flank, but it was a weak attack, mostly in the form of grenade fire from knee mortars. Five Japanese were killed at the wire.

Unknown to Ohkubo, Kawaguchi had issued an order for his defeated force to withdraw but, out of contact with Kawaguchi, he was ignorant of the order. That evening, Ohkubo's men again fired at K Company's line with knee mortars, but no assault on the line materialized.

Finally, late on the afternoon of 16 September, Ohkubo received the order from Kawaguchi to withdraw. For the next 9 days, his men who had not eaten since consuming their rations on the evening of 13 September, struggled along their route to the south of Mt. Austen without any food at all and did not join Kawaguchi's bedraggled main force survivors for another 5 days.

* * *

There are no reliable records of how many of Mizuno's force of 550 men lost their lives during its failed assault on K Company's line. The official Japanese war history indicates that total casualties were about 100, including 4 officers and 46 men killed. However, the Marines counted 62 dead on the wire and around their foxholes alone. Uncounted others were killed on the grassy plain, victims of the intense machinegun, mortar and artillery fire. And how many of Mizuno's guard were killed by the Marines at the listening post?

For K Company, losses were few, albeit painful to an outfit blooded for the first time. Of those at the listening post, only PFC Tom Pilleri was killed, the other four, excluding Cpl Laurence - Lt Terzi, PFC McDermott, Pvt Orland Mixter, and Cpl Steve Jabo - ended up reporting in to K Company the next day or a few days later - all having sustained wounds. Two men were killed on the line. But the disastrous tank engagement had cost the lives of one officer and seven men from the 1st Tank Battalion.

By holding their thin line, K Company's men had prevented a potentially disastrous break-through by the Japanese to Henderson Field and on to the Marines command post on the island. They deserve recognition along with Col Merritt Edson's 1st Marine Raiders and the 1st Parachute Battalion, both of which had blocked the main force of Kawaguchi's attack from the south.

But the failure of the Kuma Battalion must also be partly attributed to the poor leadership of the Japanese. If Maj Mizuno had adhered to Japanese Army strategy and attacked across the grassy plain with the full force of his two infantry companies instead of rushing forward with just 100 men, he might have broken through. Even at the outset, his plan for a surprise attack had been thwarted by the aggressive action of the Marines at the listening post, which triggered off such a racket that the men on K Company's line were alerted for an imminent attack.

The foolhardy strategy of Japanese Army leadership in night attacks to rely primarily on a surprise bayonet assault rather than on the firepower of artillery, mortars, and machineguns lay at the core of the battalion's defeat. Nevertheless, this strategy would be repeated by the Japanese in their next failed attempt to seize Henderson Field in mid-October.

A final consideration: what if Kawaguchi had concentrated his main force against the 3d Battalion's line in a major assault from the east instead of opting to attack from the south against the more heavily-defended Bloody Ridge? The history of the Guadalcanal might have ended then and there.

???!!!!**

Bibliographic Note/Acknowledgments

This previously untold, and where described in the literature, erroneously reported, story is based on three official 1st Marine Division reports and September 1942 muster rolls for K Company, 1st Marines, and B Company, 1st Bank Battalion, on the Marines' side and from three published Japanese-language sources on the Japanese side. None of these sources have ever previously been tapped in American accounts of the Kuma Battalion attack. However, particularly on the American side, the account mainly draws from the experiences of participants as described in their correspondence with the author, their diaries and memoirs.

The author wishes to acknowledge the unstinting support of Col Robert J Putnam, USMC (Ret) who spared no effort over 3 years to ensure that an accurate account of this engagement finally saw the light of day after the error-ridden references to K Company's operation in the published literature on the Guadalcanal campaign to date. His "Guadalcanal Memories," written in November 1942, was an invaluable source material. K Company's surviving officers - Michael Scelsci, LtCoil Herman Abady, USMC (Ret), and **Maj William Sager, USMC (Ret)** weighed in with significant contributions based on their recollections of events. So did Hugh Harwood, Don Gohl, Haynie Bryant, Marion Peregrine, Lee Willman (diary), Billy Guise (diary) Leo McDermott (diary and correspondence), Emil Macek, Paul Sovik, Charles Linthicum, Cloyd Hines, Bob O'Brien, Chester Duckworth, John Testa, Stan Cootey, and Joe Benek among the NCOs and enlisted men.

The late Maj Tom Barry, USMC(Ret) and Al Worrick helped with I Company experience, as did Col Frank Simpson, USMC(Ret), Fred Guarino, Paul Loftus, Larry Klotz, and John Quinn for M Company. The account of B Company, First Tank Battalion in its ill-fated attempt to wipe out the survivors of the Kuma Battalion owes much to the

recollections of William Long, Leroy Martin, John Marinko, and Francis Sullivan of the company. The two muster rolls, as well as "History of the 3d Battalion, 1st Marines" (written by W. H. Whyte, battalion intelligence officer), "History and Unit Reports of the 1st Regiment of the 1st Marine Division; Guadalcanal Action of K-3-1 during 14 September 1942." and "First Marine Regiment Awards and Decorations," all located at the Marine Corps Historical Center, provided information on the broader aspects of the battle.

On the Japanese side, Hajimi Yamamoto's CHINKON GADARUKANARU ("Guadalcanal Requiem") (Tokyo: Yaetake, n.d.) was the most useful and detailed source of Kuma Battalion's operations. Also providing important information were Hiroshi Kamei's GADARUKANARU SENKI ("Record of the Guadalcanal Campaign") (Tokyo: Kojinsha, 1987) and Susumu Sugawara's ICHIKI SITAI ZENNMETU("Annihilation of the Ichiki Detachment") (Muran: Narita Printing Company 1979). I am indebted to Hajime Yamamoto for responding to my many questions and requests for clarification of the events described in his book and in particular about his own experiences.

However, my greataest debt is to the late Akio Tani, the "Pistol Pete" of the Guadalcanal campaign, who put me in contact with Lt. Yamamoto and identified for me and translated all the relevant sections of the three books utilized in this research of the Japanese side. These efforts are examples of the lengths to which he went between 1989 and his death in 1994 to respond as fully as humanly possible to my insatiable requests for accounts of the experiences of Japanese units and of individual Japanese on the "island of death."

>>Mr. Bartsch is a military historian(as well as a development economist) specializing on the first year of the Pacific War, with particular interest in the Philippines, Dutch East Indies, and Guadalcanal campaigns. Texas A&M University Press published his account of the experiences of the Army Air Forces' 24th Pursuit Group in the Philippines, 1941-42, "DOOMED AT THE START," in 1992.

The foregoing article is from **MARINE CORPS GAZETTE** September 1997



WILLIAM H. SAGER (About 1944?)

MGEN KUNG HSIANG-JEN

PRESENTS

SACO MEDALS

**TO TEN SACO TIGERS IN SYRACUSE, NY
27 JUNE 1998**

We were extremely pleased and honored to again welcome MGen. Kung, Deputy Director of MIB Taiwan, to our annual SACO Reunion. I know the men depicted here were deeply touched and honored by your presentation of the distinguished SACO Medal.



Robert P. Larson
Lt. SC Yarmouthport, MA



Philo L. Gordon
BMI/c Guy Mills, PA



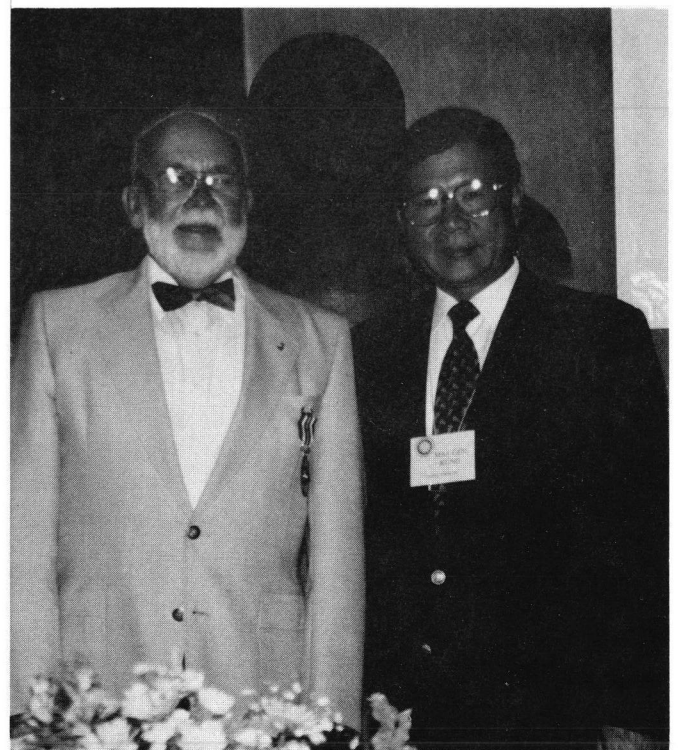
Richard C. Smith
GM3/c Pittsford, NY



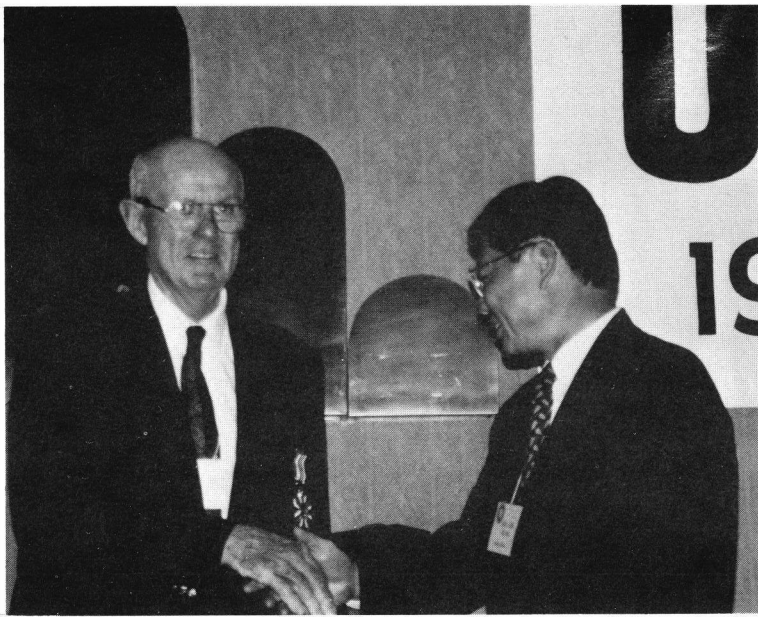
Howard C. Milliren
Capt. Arlington, VA



Thomas N. Scales
CPhM Greenwood SC



James A. Payne
Cdr East Greenwich, RI



James G. Leighton
Lt. Cdr. Needham, MA



Daniel W. Eirich, Sr.
Cox Delran, NJ



A. Edward Vasold
CAerM Baltimore, MD



Eugene H. Huston
RM1/c Adamstown, PA

DOWN IN SOUTHEASTERN CHINA

THIS IS MY STORY ABOUT MY AIRCREW'S CRASH-LANDING IN CHINA ON 29 MARCH 1945. I FEEL THAT IT IS IMPORTANT TO DESCRIBE THE KEY ROLE WHICH SACO PLAYED IN THE RESCUE OF OUR CREW, A SELFLESS ACT OF DEDICATION AND BRAVERY WHICH I WILL NEVER FORGET.

Jim Powell

I was an engineer-gunner (top turret) on a B-25J bomber with the 71st Squadron, 38th Bomb Group, 5th Air Force stationed at Lingayen, Luzon, PI in March 1945.

On my 4th mission, March 29, 1945, while on a minimum altitude bombing mission against an alcohol refinery at Byoritsu, Formosa, our plane (No. 44-29306) was hit by anti-aircraft fire and collided with the lead plane (No. 43-28125) at the start of the target run. Our plane, piloted by 2nd Lt. W.G. Nash and 2nd Lt. J.W. Luddeke, veered down and to the left under the lead aircraft which appeared to pass within a foot over my turret and sheared about one foot from the top of the left rudder/stabilizer and raked the right one over sideways.

The lead plane, with bomb bay doors open, pulled up sharply to avoid ours. The copilot of the lead aircraft, 2nd Lt. Toivo Johnson, had instinctively raised the lead plane to avoid a catastrophe which would have claimed the lives of both air crews. Even so, their aircraft sustained damage to the right wing, the tail, and radio antennae, but they resumed and completed the bomb run. After looking unsuccessfully for our aircraft for 20 minutes, the lead plane returned to Lingayen.

The pilots struggled to maintain control over our damaged aircraft and headed westward through a deep valley for the South China Sea. Throughout the trip through the valley, anti-aircraft fire came from both sides. As we passed over the northwestern Formosa Coastline, almost at wave-peak level, the pilot requested that the crew prepare to ditch. But the sea was too rough and the danger of capture and execution by the Japanese was too high. In addition to tail damage, there seemed to be a malfunction of one of the engines, making return to Lingayen impossible. Therefore, the navigator, 2nd Lt. Floyd King, gave the pilots a heading for Southeastern China to find an emergency landing field in unoccupied territory. Somehow, the pilots were able to nurse the plane to a higher altitude. However, as we circled through the mountainous Chinese territory, we missed the landing strip and ran low on fuel. We passed over several Japanese military truck convoys and headed away from the main roads. Not finding any place to land normally, and with only one engine fully operational, the pilots skillfully crash-landed the aircraft, wheels up, down the side of a mountain, skimmed across a rice paddy, plowed through a narrow, shallow river (Fut'un Ch'i), and nosed into the eastern river bank. This was near the village of Qin Tian close to Shao-wu in northwest Fukien (now Fujian) Province. Everyone was shaken; no one was seriously hurt. Fortunately, we had landed in an area

which hadn't been occupied yet either by the Japanese or by the Chinese Communists who also were known to take Allied airmen prisoner.

The crew members each carried small American and Nationalist Chinese flags with instructions about turning us over to friendly authorities. We were picked up by Chinese Security Forces who were very young and whose rifles seemed almost as long as they were tall. Then, shortly thereafter, we were greeted cautiously by local villagers who took us to a farm building where we were fed sweetened hard-boiled eggs. After we showed them our flags with their appeal to help friendly forces, they contacted Chinese government officials in Shao-wu, informing them of our situation.

Within an hour, Mr. Yuan Guo-Qin, the Mayor of Shao-wu, brought Mr. Cao Cheng Zhou, an English Language interpreter, Mr. Yun Hong and Mr. Lin Jing-run, the President of the Fukien Christian University (also known as the American University) to greet us. He brought additional Security Forces to guard the plane also.

Our crew was taken first to a Catholic Church compound which consisted of the church, the priests' residence and a medical clinic. Two missionaries from New York City greeted us and accompanied us to the home of the university president who had invited us to clean up and have refreshments. As we were preparing to clean up, there came a loud banging at the entrance, accompanied by shouts of "Open up!" A well-armed contingent of U.S. Navy and Marine personnel hustled us to their waiting jeeps as local informants could reveal our whereabouts to the Japanese.

The rescue party consisted of Navy and Marine volunteers led by Navy Lt.(jg) Morgan who was accompanied by another Naval officer, Lt (jg) Shortlidge. They were from the Sino American Cooperative Organization (SACO), part of the Naval Group, China. SACO worked closely with Chinese Intelligence, training Chinese guerrillas and spotting and directing the destruction of Japanese coastal installations and naval forces. They also provided allied air and naval forces with weather data. SACO also worked closely with the Air Ground Aid Service (AGAS) to return downed Allied airmen to safety.

The SACO rescue party drove us about fifty miles east of Shao-wu to their Kienyang (or Chien-yang) headquarters which was within another Catholic Church compound, arriving at dusk. SACO provided us with heavy jackets as the weather was cool there in the evenings. We stayed in Kienyang for two nights in the

catholic priests' residence.

On March 30th, we spent all day in Kienyang awaiting transfer to the AGAS which was also known as the "Underground Railway" in China. While there, we were photographed on both sides of the jeep we were riding in. The left-hand side of the jeep was photographed by an unidentified Navy photographer while the right-hand side photograph was taken almost simultaneously by Navy Lt (jg) Arthur Lillig. Lt. Lillig was SACO's Intelligence Officer and Director of their Coastwatcher School. We departed Kienyang at 0900 on March 31st by jeep for Nan-ping where we met a Lt. Bolger (AGAS) and remained there for the night.

In the company of Lt. Bolger and a Chinese driver-mechanic in a weapons carrier, we left Nan-ping for Yung-an on April 1st. At Yun-an, we met John A. McClellan and rested. We left Yung-an at 0830 on April 2nd, again in a weapons carrier and arrived at Changting about 1630 the same day. Shortly thereafter, about 1815, we boarded a C-47 aircraft for Chihkiang, arriving at 2130. After spending the night at Chihkiang, we left at 1400 April 3rd by C-47 for Kunming, arriving there at 1715 the same day.

During our southwesterly road journey, Japanese bombers, traveling from right to left, crossed our path slightly ahead. At one of the stops for food and shelter along the way, we learned that the Japanese were following us. Thus, it was with great urgency that we traveled to Changting. Fortunately, the AGAS had established a series of places where rescued airmen could eat and rest, and were relatively safe from detection.

Changting was situated between Japanese occupied areas to the east and to the west and was the only Allied airfield in Southeastern China not yet occupied by the Japanese. The flight from Changting west to Chihkiang was over Japanese held territory. Chihkiang was on the western fringe of the Japanese occupation.

During our ground travel, our Chinese driver had to replace the fuel pump diaphragm periodically because the Pine-gas (smelled like turpentine) was very corrosive to rubber. The pine-gas was carried in a 55 gallon drum in the rear of the weapons carrier along with a can of gasoline used for starting the engine. The dirt and gravel roads were very narrow, sometimes one-way along sheer cliffs with no guard rails. The driver, in his haste to stay ahead of the pursuing Japanese, scattered many a chicken and pot-bellied pig while racing through some of the small villages.

At 14th Air Force Headquarters, the officers of the crew were interrogated about our unfortunate incident. While in Kunming, the crew had a souvenir photograph taken.

from Kunming, the pilot, copilot and myself were flown by B-24 bomber to Tacloban, Leyte where the pilot and copilot were again interrogated. Afterwards, we were returned to combat duty at Lingayen. The navigator, 2nd Lt. Floyd King, radio operator, Cpl Bob Beck and tail gunner, Cpl Bob Juillerat, were routed to Tacloban and then to Lingayen by a more circuitous route.

After our crew's rescue in China, the 71st Squadron reemphasized Escape and Evasion tactics through special briefings of squadron crews.

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(You may recall stories in past issues of Jim Powell's quest to find the true identity of his crew's rescuers and the subsequent revelation that they were, as other airmen, aided by SACO members.. By Jim's request, he has been an associate member of our organization these past couple years or so and we're proud to have him aboard and so appreciate his support. Many thanks, Jim, for your vivid account of those terrifying moments of that fateful 29 March 1945. Ed)

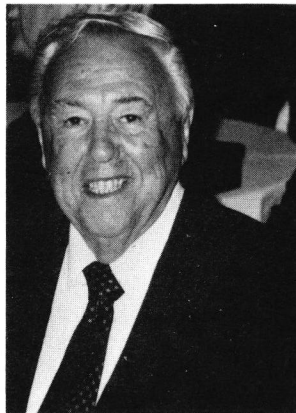
SUMMER WEATHER 1998

**El Nino, that bad boy,
thinks the weather is his toy
And when he plays,
he's cruel and bold.
First it's hot, then it's cold.
Next it's wet, then it's dry.
Is that a black cloud in the sky?**

**Crops lay dead
on sun baked ground,
or die when rains
come flooding down.
Tornados ravish what we create.
Wildfires blacken half a state.**

**Still, we go on each day,
thankful for the things that stay
the way we want them in our lives.
Somehow we will contrive
to endure what nature sends,
until the elements again are friends.**

by
Glenna Whiteaker Wilding



“Doc” and Princess Missy Together Again

A Chapter of Russian History closes with the passing of Dr. Alexander Theodore Ediss on July 12, 1998 at his home in Mission Viejo, California as he was surrounded by family and friends. He was 77 years old. He was preceded in death by his wife, “Missy,” October 1993.

Alexander was born to Baroness Alexandra Von der Lounitz and Col. Theodore N. Ediss on September 30, 1920 in Sevastopol, Russia. Following the Russian Revolution, the family emigrated to the United States in 1923. Dr. Ediss married Princess Marie Poutiatine in 1943 prior to joining the United States Navy. He served with the American Cooperative Organization unit (SACO), a special guerrilla and intelligence unit attached to the Navy during World War II.

After the war, they moved to Southern California where he attended the University of Southern California Dental School. Dr. Ediss practiced dentistry for 43 years in Bellflower, CA. Dr. Ediss and his wife, Missy, built their home in Tustin, CA in 1958 where they raised their seven children. He and his wife of 50 years were instrumental in founding St. Lukes Orthodox Church in Garden Grove, CA. St. Lukes is now one of the largest multi-ethnic English speaking Orthodox Churches in North America.

“Doc” had many hobbies. Most people will remember him for his passion for gardening, antique collecting (especially all those clocks in his house), fly fishing, telling stories and reuniting with all his friends from around the world involved with SACO.

He is survived by his sister Mrs. Eugenie Fisher of Newport Beach, CA., brother Dr. Theodore Ediss of Menifee, CA, his sons, Dr. Alexander Ediss of Palm Springs, CA, Gregory Ediss of Las Vegas, NV, Theodore Ediss of Norco, CA, Dr. John Ediss of Genoa, NV, Thomas Ediss of Carson City, NV, Dr. Stephan Ediss of Douglas, WY, and his only daughter, Mrs. Joan Ediss-Loos of Mission Viejo, CA, and numerous grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

The vigil at St Lukes the evening before burial was attended by Kathryn and Wes Weskamp and graveside service by Henry Scurlock. SACO made a donation to the church fund for a living memorial for "Al." Thanks to those who provided obit and info ...Ed.

The Family of Alexander T. Ediss
27104 Pinario
Mission Viejo, CA 92692-3204

On behalf of the Officers, Trustees and membership of SACO, I would like to express our utmost sympathy and offer our profound condolences for your recent loss of Doctor Al.

He was indeed a true gentleman who garnered the respect of his China Shipmates. Though your loss is surely a great one, I'm certain that you can find some solace in the fact that he is now together again with his beautiful wife of so many years.

As a token of our esteem for Doctor Al, we are making a small contribution to the St.Lukes Orthodox Church for such use as you may direct.

As *you* will, Alexander, Joan, Gregory, Theodore, John, Thomas and Steven, we, too, will miss him.

As a personal note, Al and I were roommates at several SACO functions, consequently, I, too, have lost a close friend and compatriot. Our prayers are with you.

Sincerely,

(signed) Bill Bartee
Secretary



JULIA STODDARD

Bill Bartee called to advise that Julia Stoddard, wife of Walter, died July 26, 1998. They made their home in Tucson, AZ which is also Bill's home territory.

Julia and Walt are pictured dancing at one of our past conventions.

Original "Cast" Member Dies

James L. "Red" McGrail, one of the *Real* "players" of the *Reel* version of SACO activities titled

DESTINATION GOBI

died August 9, 1998

(Mary McGrail writes: "It is with great sadness that I send this copy of my husband's obituary. We had a very enjoyable time meeting with old friends in Syracuse, New York. However, when we returned home, Jim took ill and was rushed to the hospital and emergency surgery, only to find there was no hope of recovery. Since I will be unable to contact all his SACO buddies, I would appreciate it if you would make mention of his passing in your SACO NEWS.")

James L. McGrail of Tamarac, FL was born in Brookline, Mass in 1920. He served in WWII in the U.S. Navy. He and eleven comrades set up a weather station in the Gobi Desert, China in 1943 and rescued a downed flyer behind enemy lines. Their experiences were chronicled in the movie "DESTINATION GOBI" based on the book, "SACO, THE RICE PADDY NAVY." After leaving the service, Mr. McGrail was general sales manager for Pyrotector, Quincy, Mass., a company formed by Al Vasil, inventor of the ionization Smoke Detector. Mr. McGrail has been a resident of Ft. Lauderdale for 28 years and has been an active licensed real estate broker for the past 40 years. He is survived by his wife Mary of Tamarac, 2 sons, Michael of Boston and Myles of Deerfield Beach, 2 daughters, Mary Anne Gatos of Charlotte, Vermont and Trish Parrott of Lauderdale. He leaves 6 grandchildren, Dan, USMC, Gaelan of Boston, Kayla

and Harrison of Charlotte, Vermont and Jimmy and Will of Ft. Lauderdale.

(Mike Conway, close buddy of Red, called to let me know of Red's death and Bob Sizemore wrote the following....Ed:)

August 11, 1998..."An indefatigable proponent of SACO, James L. McGrail, died last week in Tamarac, Florida.

"SACO members should know that Red fathered the first annual meeting of the group. After attending a mini-meeting on Cape Cod sponsored by Roy Stratton, Red, recovering from knee surgery, made up a letter listing officers, program and the Statler Hilton Hotel in Hartford for the 'Second,' not the 'First' annual meeting of SACO in 1956. Calling it the 'Second' 'gave continuity to the activity,' said Red.

"When we Camp Four members found each other in latter 1990 and began to meet and correspond, we regularly received calls from Red reminding us of the annual meetings and when and where the Gobi Veterans would assemble.

"Red had many stories of adventures both in and after China. Who, but Red, would be married with Admiral Miles, other China hands and the men of the USS Worcester participating - or hobnob in Chungking Embassy parties with the military and political elite - or name a daughter, Pat, a son, Mike (he always wanted a 'Pat and Mike') and another son, Myles.

"He'll be remembered by us as someone we would always want to share our lives with, another of the special people in SACO..."

Editor's note...it seems in order at this time to recall the following excerpts from Red's own story about the formation of SACO reunions as he reported in Issue #4 May 1990:

"...My pride in being a member of this illustrious and selective group has not diminished in forty-five years,

even though I have been remiss in my convention attendance and other obligations like dues.

"In 1949, I was wedded to a lifelong partner who thought she had caught the big 'butter-and-egg' man when all the 'scrambled eggs' showed up for the wedding. Vice Adm. Miles and Mrs. Miles, Commander Doc and Mrs. Goodwin, Commander Roy and Mrs. Stratton, Bob and Betty Perry, Ken Rhicard and John Michael Conway. It was a most unusual day being piped aboard the USS Worcester, our beloved skipper's flagship. The truth of the matter was, the bride and groom didn't want to start on their honeymoon for fear of breaking up an excellent party. But it was there on the poop deck that a lively conversation took place in regard to getting the gang together again. No doubt the same sentiments were being expressed many times when any two men of SACO got together and lifted one or two to the skipper and the men of SACO.

"In 1955, Commander Stratton sponsored a 'mini-meeting' at the Treadway Inn on Cape Cod. This meeting fired up our desire to organize. However, it wasn't until several years later, when my knees gave out and I wound up in the VA hospital, that a scheme was hatched to get as many of the gang together as was humanly possible.

"...I was soon released from the VA hospital with all my doodles and notepads. I was to convalesce at home. It then dawned on me that I had a list of all the SACO warriors and their addresses. Nightingales' Print Shop was only a block away and postage stamps were about four cents. 'What the Hell,' I thought; 'I'd make a mailing and see what happens.'

"It was like standing in a tunnel and looking around the corner to see if the train was coming. It was!

"The roof fell in; the responses were fantastic even though half of them were mad as hell at me. Most, if not all, had enclosed checks for their reservations or to have a drink on them if they couldn't make it. The letters came from the world over and from ships at sea. The half that were mad were upset because they

were not invited to the FIRST national reunion. There just *wasn't* a 'first,' but I couldn't admit that.

"Now the picture, if you will, a stiff-legged, embarrassed nut (later known as 'The Entrepreneur') barreling down the highways to Hartford, Conn. in search of the function director of the Hilton Hotel. Thank God, he was an ex-marine who had heard about SACO. I was off the hook; he came through with flying colors; gave me dates and bent over backwards to insure a good time was had by all. Which reminds me, Vice Admiral and Billy Miles attended and he did present the colors by flying the 'WHAT THE HELL' pennant from the hotel flagpole.

"All the dreamed-up office holders of the SACO REUNION COMMITTEE showed up and most, if not all of whom I thought were the most popular in their camps, made an appearance during the three-day event.

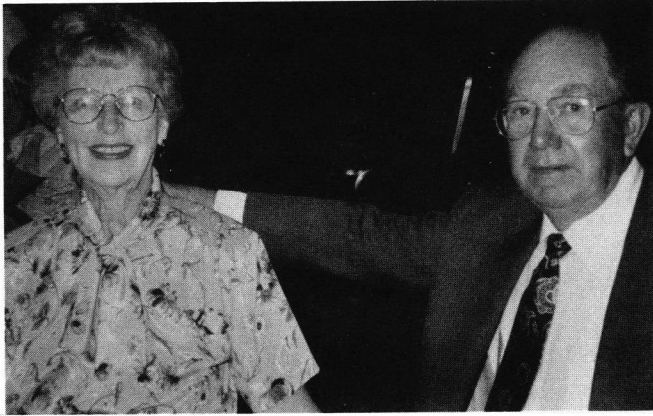
"The upshot of it all was that Doc Goodwin, Roy Stratton and Gus Bruggeman sandbagged me into being President the following year in New York. **It was the most enjoyable experience of my young immature life. It was like I chased them until they caught me!**

"So you see, starting something like this was the result of our collective wishes. However, it took more than a pipedream and wishful thinking to perpetuate the successful annual meetings. It took more than a fluke. It took plain unadulterated b...(guts), perserverance, time, effort and a financial commitment.

"Trusting that these recollections and observations will be of some interest to the men of SACO, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
Jim "Red" McGrail

Remain you will, departed Tiger, always and forever in our hearts for fathering the annual reunions of a special group of the U.S. Navy. Ed.



LEONARD J. BURKE

Leonard, a retired truck driver, died March 31, 1998 in at Phoenixville, (PA) after an illness of several weeks. He was 75.

Mr. Burke, who lived on Highland Road in Limerick, worked for the former Unocal Corp. in Conshohocken for more than 30 years, retiring in 1984.

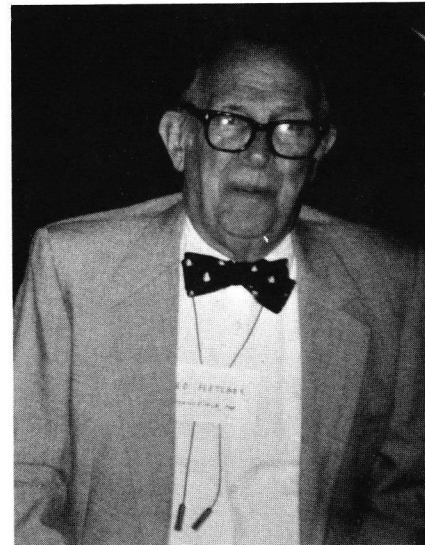
He was a member of the New Hanover United Methodist Church in Gilbertsville, the Sino-American Cooperative Organization, China (SACO), the Royersford Masonic Lodge, the LeHigh Consistory in Allentown, and the Nur Shrine in Wilmington, Delaware.

He was a veteran of World War II, serving in the US Navy as a boatswain's mate, second class. He worked in intelligence and guerrilla warfare in the Far East.

Born Sept. 24, 1922 in Snowflake, VA, he was a son of the late Leonard G. and Ada (Maddox) Burke.

Surviving with his wife, M. Ruth (Carter) VanHorn Burke, are two sons, James E. of Atlanta, GA and William J. of Knoxville, Tenn; four daughters, Linda Gallino of Pottstown, Mary Ann Scolnick of Port Jervis, NY, Janes Coxe of Allentown and Nancy Rose of Sacramento, Schuylkill County, 12 grandchildren and a sister, Betty Ann Pierce of Milford, Del.

He was preceded in death by his first wife, Nancy K (Godsey) Burke, who died in 1973.



LEO FLETCHER

Leo Fletcher's daughter, Brenda Fletcher, called to inform me that her father had died May 24, 1998. You will recall it was just the last issue that we reported the death of his wife, Ruth.

**OTHER DEATHS REPORTED
SINCE LAST ISSUE.....**

**Henry W. Noel, LT.
Calcutta/Changting/Shanghai**

**James D. Reid, Jr., GM1/c 1997
Camp 1/Shanghai**

**Albert Winkler, GM2/c 1998
Calcutta/Kunming/Shanghai**



NEAL J. HUBBARD SHARES NOTES WRITTEN IN CANTON, CHINA ABOUT OCTOBER 1945.

He states he went through Scout and Raider training at Fort Pierce, Florida, thence eventually to Poseh, China (Camp 5) and went from there into the field.



Edith & Neil Hubbard

“This is my story from what I had written about 53 years ago:”

January 11, 1945 we left San Pedro on the APA Morton. A Lt. Col. died so we stopped at Pearl Harbor Jan 17. The island was very beautiful; we saw Waikiki and the ocean color was beautiful. We never had a chance to go ashore. We stayed at Pearl Harbor 5 hours and continued our journey.

At night, we could not smoke or have any lights because of submarine activity. We crossed the equator Jan. 21 and boy! oh boy! was it hot! Also crossed the dateline about that time.

Feb. 1, I awoke and went down for chow to find we were docked at Melbourne, Australia. I didn't see much of Australia the two days we were docked because we weren't allowed off the ship. We could see girls with our ship's company sailors and we were about ready to jump ship. Some Australian men came down to the ship and traded their money for ours.

We finally left Australia with an escort ship because there were Japs within 100 miles of our route.

Arriving India, we sighted some object in the water near the coast so our ship started firing only to find it was a wooden periscope. We had 2 English “tin cans” leading us to port. It took us two days to go up river reaching Calcutta Feb 20. There, we left the ship and went by train to an Army camp - Camp Kanchapara. We layed around there for about 3 weeks and then moved to Camp Knox right next to Calcutta. Calcutta was very dirty, but later, after I saw villages in China, it wasn't so bad. We had lots of fun in Calcutta; there were several movie theatres and we spent time at the

Winter Garden (Grand Hotel) and the American Red Cross. Natives of Calcutta worked for 12 annas a day (about 20 cents U.S.). Their complexion was very dark, but their features were European - their clothes looked as though they were dressed in white bed sheets. We spent much of our time on Chowringhee Road, the main thoroughfare in the city.

During our stay at Camp Knox, I had guard duty at Hostel 2 - 4 hours on and 20 hours off. Finally, drawing our gear for China - clothing being army standards and a .45 Colt automatic, we left Calcutta April 16 by C47 and flew to Chabua Assam. The following day we boarded a C46 and flew over the Hump; the Himalayas were gigantic and the altitude we flew required oxygen masks.

Reaching Kunming, China, we found it to be very dirty. Apr. 22, we left by plane for Poseh. It was a very little village with a small airfield and a few Flying Tiger planes. When we got to our quarters, there were 3 radiomen, a PH1c and a Marine Lt. in charge along with a Navy Ensign. Our group consisted of 5 officers and 8 enlisted men. At the base of a mountain were two buildings and our gang was housed in the lower one. Once a day, I was to drive down to the river and get our water; the houseboys put the water in a huge jug. Our chow was of course Chinese food - I lost my appetite the first day and never got it back. For recreation, we had parties down by the sampans and at Simons restaurant where we saw Eva Wong from Hong Kong. She spoke English very well and we talked about our homes.

The Japs were about 100 miles from us at Nanning. We had to be on guard as there were Jap spies in

Poseh. Our first day in Poseh, we heard a lot of noise and we went out on the road to investigate and found there were two men with chains around their necks. They were in a kneeling position and a soldier with an old beat-up gun shot the one man two times, then the other they shot threw the mouth and he started to crawl around on the ground. They shot him in the stomach and surviving that shot as well, a Chinese captain shot him in the head. That was my first experience at witnessing someone die and it made us all sick.

We left Poseh May 22 for the field. Marine Lt. Dent, a radioman and I went out in the field together. Karl (not identified in this article - perhaps Bsn's Mate Karl??? Ed.) and our radioman and a few others were down the river waiting for us. One night, the Lt., an interpreter, ten soldiers and I went down river by sampan to get near a small village where our soldiers were waiting.

While at this village, I was walking back to our sampan when a couple bullets buzzed by me. I drew my .45 and looked around to see a dead man on the ground next to me armed with a gun. He apparently was going to shoot me, I don't know, and my body guard had shot him.

We finally got to the village where Karl and 3 others were waiting for our arrival. Soon our CO, "Doc," Strom and I and the others received orders that divided us in 3 separate groups. Allegedly the biggest operation in China at the time, direct from Admiral Miles, our goal was to blow up the one road leading out of French Indochina and stop all the Japs coming out. It looked pretty grim then. We started training our troops in demolition - hand grenades and bazooka rockets. We walked for over a month, with scouts in front and back because of Japs and bandits. We had about 100 Chinese soldiers and coolies carrying our C2 and other baskets. We took a back trail and went over mountains and rough terrain in the rain and hot sun. All we ate was rice and chicken with chopsticks of course.

I spent my 19th birthday on that trip. We rode horseback some of the way, but even that got pretty rough. We went into villages the Japs had deserted and were in places that had never seen a white man.

There was one place way back in the hills that was so beautiful - made of stone centuries old; I filed the delightful scene permanently in my mind.

Our doctor always rode a mule and he was so comical - overweight when we departed, but by the time we arrived Nanning, he was trimmed down somewhat. Having learned by radio that the Japs were burning Nanning and leaving, we hit the road a day later. We captured a few spies and stragglers along the road and saw many dead and headless Chinese.

We received word that our original mission was called off, so we walked and got there (Nanning I assume...Ed.) June 21 and was that ever great!

Later on, different field units went out and had accounts with the Japs. Strom, Kay Lee, four soldiers and I went down the road from Ningming to survery the road. It was about 150 miles and near Indochina. Walking very fast, it took us from July 8 to July 18 to go there and back.

I just layed around Nanning 'til the war was over; I was very sick and lost a lot of weight. We finally got orders to occupy and help disarm the Japs in Canton. We called in our field units and made our way to Wochow and then into Canton, arriving there Sept 2.

Seeing all those Japs all armed was a bit intimidating to say the least - it was two completely different fighting forces brought together by the cessation of hostilities.

???!!!***

WOULD YOU???

The teacher took her 1st graders to the zoo. When they arrived at the quarters for the monkeys, there was none to be seen. She said to the zookeeper, "Where are all the monkeys?"

He stated, "It's mating season and they're all inside their shelter."

"Do you suppose if I threw them some peanuts, they'd come out?" she asked.

"I don't know lady, would you?" he replied.

(Personal observation: I question "mating season" and never knew them to need privacy. But, cute story anyway. Ed.)

SACO SON SEEKS INFO REGARDING HIS DAD'S NAVAL ACTIVITIES

I would like to inquire as to whether or not I could get the following request published in the SACO NEWS. Regrettably, I did not take the time that I should have, while my dad was still alive, to find out more about his days with SACO. That is a story, that I am sure, is said by many sons and relatives.

I know that my dad was extremely proud of his service to our country and so am I. I am very interested in getting as much information about my dad as I can and would appreciate other members' help in accomplishing that goal.

You do a great job on the flyer. I know that it is a labor of love and takes a lot of hard work and dedication. Keep up the good work.

Dear SACO Members,

My name is Carl Edmund Altevogt. I am the son of RM1c Carl Eugene Altevogt (deceased) a member of SACO. My middle name Edmund comes from another SACO buddy of my dad's, Edmund Geary. I am extremely interested in obtaining as much information on my dad's activities while serving in China as I can.

I would greatly appreciate anything to include stories, photos or related paperwork. I have already obtained his file from the Navy which contained the paper trail of his naval service, but I would love to hear from some of his comrades-in-arms.

Do any of you have information that you would share with me? I would be happy to pay for any reproduction of photos or paperwork containing information about him.

I have also heard of another medal that he may have received other than the SACO medal and the NUC that I already know about. Does anyone have any info on this additional medal? I would like to add it to his shadow box.

Thank you, Carl Altevogt
ABH1(AW) US Naval Reserve
24333 Bent Feather Road
Conifer, CO 80433
altevogt@idcomm.com

78 Medal of Honor recipients gather

Saratoga Springs, N.Y. - They wore baseball caps and golf shirts and, some of them, hearing aids. Only the pointed gold medals dangling from their necks hinted that this was a convention of old heroes.

Arriving from every corner of the country, the 78 men who gathered here this weekend represented almost half of the 169 living recipients of the Medal of Honor, the nation's highest military award for bravery. They had chosen Saratoga Springs for their convention because of the town's history, and on Friday (June 5, 1998) they paraded to the cheers of more than 30,000 people.

*Why will you take by force
what you may obtain by
love? We are unarmed and
willing to give you what you
ask if you come in a
friendly manner. Take away
your guns and swords. . . or
you may die in the same
manner.*

Powhatan, 1609



25 July 1945 - Mayor of San-ho and officials with Americans & Chinese of 3rd battalion - 10th Column at Camp 10 - SACO men L-R Rear: Lesnowicz, E.J. BMI/c - Fingel, R.M. BMI/c - Rudd, K.W.GMI/c - Mershon, W R.F.ins. - Chinese Interpreter



CAMP SIX - Lt. Cmdr. Robert Halperin, C.O.

**FOLLOWING ADDRESS DELIVERED BY
CHARLES MILES AT SACO PLAQUE
DEDICATION - WASH, D.C. MAY 25, 1998;**

SACO Veterans, other distinguished visitors, ladies and gentlemen. I have been asked, down through the chain of command, to add a few words during the dedication of the SACO Memorial plaque. In good Navy tradition, duty often falls to third-class rating, or lower if possible. And I am the number-three son of the skipper.

In his official biography, dated May 1956, Admiral Milton Edward Miles wrote:

"Friendship Project," as it was called first, began in the first few weeks after the attack on Pearl Harbor, Territory of Hawaii, December 7, 1941, when the U.S. Navy and the National Military Council of China, laying immediate foundations for offensive action against Japan, moved to establish a weather service in the Japanese-held areas, out of which the weather comes across China and Japan into the Pacific. The Sino-American Cooperative Organization - SACO - worked to integrate the common interest of the Chinese Central Government and the U.S. Navy in the war against Japan. General Tai Li was appointed Director and Rear Admiral Miles was appointed Deputy Director.

"Under this agreement, China and the United States operated what is probably the most closely integrated allied organization that ever surmounted a language barrier. Chinese and American personnel lived, worked and fought side by side, knowing that they were the only source of essential intelligence in China for the prowling U.S. Fleet and for Allied submarines just off the coast.

". . . Aided by the Chinese Government, the Fleet was getting regular weather reports from many occupied areas in the Far East by the end of 1942."

Although the SACO agreement was not formally approved until April 15, 1943, your skipper served from May 4, 1942 until September 1945. He reported with the rank of Commander, U.S.N and left with the permanent rank of Commodore and temporary rank of Rear Admiral. Much of that time, he concurrently held the rank of Lieutenant General in the Chinese Army.

In July of 1949, the Academy Class of '22 requested an update of the graduate's activities for the past decade. Then-Captain Miles summarized the deeds of SACO as follows:

"With a total of 3,500 officers and men spread from Washington to the Far East, we operated a rather extensive network of Intelligence agents, weather prophets, saboteurs and guerilla columns. Our logistics groups did beautiful work in India, Burma and China in support of our front line activities in Japanese and Puppet territory. We trained troops and agents in many parts of free China as well as in Enemy Occupied Territory, using 18 training camps that I

had established. The operations extended from the Northern Sui Yuan Province in the Gobi Desert southward into Indochina and Siam, and from Tibet in the west to Shanghai in the east. Under our operational command were 97,000 organized Chinese guerrillas and about 20,000 'individualists' or just plain 'lone-wolf' saboteurs. From my way of thinking, they turned in an excellent performance, although there are others who disagree. As a result of the operation, the count of dead enemy noses, according to U.S. Navy figures, totals 71,000. The total cost to the U.S. Taxpayer was 18 million dollars."

Shortly after the death of Admiral Miles in 1961, his wife, who continued until her death to be the SACO Historian, wrote:

"Mary learned the hard way the successful rules for guerrilla fighting: The guy that lives there has the final say; never pay a guerrilla fighter (feed him, educate his children, but no money); use the man who lives nearest; train on the job; it takes two plainclothesmen to bring in enough information for one guerrilla to use; ETC."

That "ETC." included whatever it took to cultivate independence and individualism. For instance, the canvas bandoleer across the chest of the fighter, which seemed to be the mark of the Vietnamese Communist, was designed by SACO. That simple tube contained enough cooked rice for one week and provided the guerrilla self-sufficiency. Wilma Miles continued:

"Although limited for various reasons to never more than 150 tons of supplies monthly, they killed more enemy per gun than the U.S. Marines. (Mother did not mention the curious statistic that "two and a half Japanese were killed for every U.S. weapon placed in Navy-trained guerrilla hands.") They assisted in sabotage, anti-sabotage, location of spies and rescue of pilots. They had sailors on horseback, Navy dogs and pigeons and even a few boats. At war's end, they had reached the objective of Miles's first orders and controlled two hundred miles of important coastline."

Each of you probably could add to the list of accomplishments of SACO. Yes, there is the last Naval Battle of WWII - possibly the last battle of any sort and definitely the only U.S. Naval engagement of junks. But my favorite (I am younger and see things differently than some) was supplied by Don Wilson of Camp Four. The Japanese attacked one night and SACO encountered by a charge of camels, each of which was mounted with two bazookas. A galloping camel is a fright, but one breathing fire would be a terror of mythic proportions. There was no operating manual for most of the things you did. You used ingenuity, imagination, ability and teamwork to perform the tasks.

SACO and "the man named Mary" are entrenched in the chronicles of Free China; you are studied in 10th grade history books in Taiwan. Those members who have returned,

at the invitation of the Chinese government, almost continually encountered recognition and respect for the heroes they are. I shall never forget the impromptu and joyful celebration displayed by the convalescing Chinese veterans at their hospital. They wanted to touch you, and thank you, and impress upon you their gratitude for your help during those dark war-years. Some were too young to remember, but had heard from their parents; and even after more than 40 years, they had not forgotten.

Though many of us in the United States have not forgotten, it appears that most never even knew about your operations. There was a great deal of publicity in the comic strip *Terry and the Pirates*, by Milton Caniff. Unfortunately, the episodes closely resembled the true ones - especially the Lady Pirate - and Jeff Metzel had to ask that the topic be soft-pedaled for a while. SACO continues to be one of the best-kept secrets of the war.

With a display of his humorous side, your skipper referred to his part in the China Campaign - again, from the class update in 1949 - as follows:

“ . . . With the family parked in Washington, I existed in China for the duration. My nightmares sometimes remind me that I spent most of those war years in walking and walking and walking and without much to eat. . . Decorations: Distinguished Service Medal, Legion of Merits (3), Purple Hearts (3) the Chinese Order of the Virtuous and Pure (he placed question marks after each of the words ‘virtuous’ and ‘pure’), White Cloud and Golden Banner 1st, 2nd, and 4th classes (that is the Order of Yun Hui and is given only to a General commanding Chinese Troops in battle), and the Order of the Tripod (a combat medal from the Chinese government). But as for me, a professional Naval Officer, I never saw a single Naval ship nor witnessed the firing of any Naval gun during the whole war. The Bureau of Personal Detail Officer put it more bluntly when I asked him for a job in 1946. He said, ‘You missed the whole war!’”

Sometimes it has been hard to decide whether to laugh or cry.

It would be realistic that your recollections of our war, fifty-some years ago, has changed - even though you lived it. I have been impressed, during the past decade, that most members of the U.S. Naval Group China understate the value of their efforts. We citizens owe you veterans dearly for our right to be free.

Thank you.

????!!**

'98 DONORS SINCE APRIL ISSUE

Andrews, William G.....	\$ 10	Groepler, Mortiz W.....	10
Arnold, Carolyn Inman.....	300	Hall, Bill C.....	30
Baker, Willie M (Folex Co)...	150	Hubbard, Neal J.....	30
Barrett, George A.....	30	Johnson, Cecil D.....	30
Bash, James H.....	30	Keenan, Jr., Joseph D.....	5
Bohus, Arthur G.....	10	King, Weldon C.....	80
Breitstein, Beryl L.....	5	Kwapiszewski, Richard J.....	10
Browning, Rev. Charles H.....	80	Leighton, James G.....	5
Carter, Edwin M.....	5	Liu, Eddie C. (Miles Interpretor)	100
Colson, Thomas J.....	20	Military Intelligence Bureau..	2,000
Comer, E. Lee.....	10	Miller, Don A.....	20
Cross, Robert J.....	10	O'Toole, Edward J.....	30
Davis, Samuel C.....	50	Richardson, Jack W.....	30
Demmer, John E.....	15	Richardson, Robert H.....	30
Dormer, Robert L.....	10	Rosinski, Edward R.....	30
Eaton, James R.....	20	Rubino, Edward J.....	20
Ende, Edward H.(dec).....	10	Seidenberger, Mrs. Mary.....	20
Estes, Martin C.....	30	Spirakus, Stanley F.....	15
Feliz, Billi.....	50	Stone, Norbert J.....	30
Frederick, Mrs. John H, Sr.....	10	Suplee, Anne Simpson.....	15
Gallagher, W. F.....	10	Thomas, Robert G.....	50
Gee, Clarence D.....	100	Tressler, Jr., Guy D.....	5
Glass, Wm. Prentiss.....	5	Ulaneck, Julius W.....	100
Green, Luther J.....	100	Warner, Dean R.....	50
Greif, M.D., Dr. Roger L.....	30		

Letter from Mary McGrail arrives at press time - dated 9-9-98...to the editor...

Your letter finally reached me . . . I had a hard time dealing with Jim's passing so I came to Charlotte, VT to one of my daughters' home to get my head back on straight.

The Lord was kind to our family in that he gave us two weeks with Jim, knowing he was terminal, before he was called home. The four children were all here and we enjoyed many laughs over what was in the past.

Our 49th Wedding Anniversary was on Aug. 6th and Jim was very much aware of it. But the next day he was slipping away and he died in his sleep the morning of Aug. 9, 1998. He had been my whole world for so many years and now that we were both retired, he was also my best friend.

I am quite certain that when he got to heaven, there was a large group of friends and relatives waiting for him.

I did not know Jim until January 1949 when he was the Best Man for his friend's wedding to my best friend for whom I was her Bridesmaid. We married several months later.

Since I did not know Jim during his time in China and the Navy, I have no stories to tell about that time in his life.

Please send me a copy of your SACO NEWS, I would like to show my children.

Thanks, Sincerely, Mary McGrail



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THE GIFT

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A young man wanted to purchase a Christmas gift for his new sweetheart and as they had not been dating for very long, after careful consideration, he decided a pair of gloves would strike just the right note: *but not too personal.*

Accompanied by his sweetheart's younger sister, he went to Nordstrom's and bought a pair of white gloves. The sister purchased a pair of panties for herself.

During the wrapping, the clerk mixed up the items. The sister got the gloves and the sweetheart got the panties. Without checking the contents, the young man sealed the package and sent it to his sweetheart along with this note:

"I chose these because I noticed that you are not in the habit of wearing any when we go out in the evening. If it had not been for your sister, I would have chosen the long ones with the buttons, but she wears the short ones that are easier to remove. These are a delicate shade, but the lady I bought them from showed me a pair she had been wearing for the past three weeks and they were hardly soiled. I had her try yours on for me and she looked really smart. I wish I was there to put them on for you the first time, as no doubt other hands will come in contact with them before I have a chance to see you again. When you take them off, remember to blow in them before putting them away as they will naturally be a little damp from wearing. Just think how many times I will kiss them during the coming year. I hope you will wear them for me on Friday night.

All my love,

P.S. The latest style is to wear them folded down with a little fur showing."

????!***



**Lobby of Paper Valley Hotel - Appleton, Wisconsin - site of 45th Annual
SACO Convention - July 14-17, 1999 Your Hosts: Jack & Ann Miller**
(Jack states more detailed info should be in the mail to everyone hopefully in January 1999)

SACO ANNUAL DUES

**ARE NOW DUE JANUARY 1ST
EACH YEAR FOR REGULAR,
ASSOCIATE AND AUXILIARY
MEMBERS AND PAYABLE AS
FOLLOWS:**

Regulars and Associates: \$20.00

TREAS: Herman W. Weskamp
3034 Larkwood
West Covina, CA 91791-2928

Ladies Auxiliary: \$10.00

TREAS: Ellen Booth
7471 Thunderbird Rd
Liverpool, NY 13088

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