

OCTOBER 1999

# SACO VETERANS

OF  
THE RICE PADDY NAVY

Sino  
American  
Cooperative  
Organization

Issue No. 19

WHAT THE HELL?

Perpetual Skipper  
VAdm. Milton E. "Mary" Miles

SACO  
SINO  
AMERICAN  
COOPERATIVE  
ORGANIZATION



WILMA  
JERMAN  
MILES

# TAIWAN EARTHQUAKE

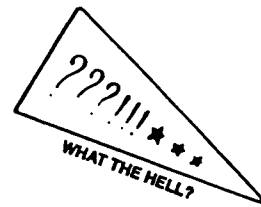


Vice Admiral Milton E. Miles  
Perpetual Skipper

## SACO

SINO AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION

U. S. NAVAL GROUP CHINA VETERANS



COPY OF SECRETARY'S LETTER  
TO MIB

September 23, 1999

Vice Admiral HSU, Chu-sheng ROC Navy  
Director M.I.B.  
P.O. Box 3693  
Taipei, Taiwan, ROC.

Re: Earthquake Disaster

Dear Admiral HSU,

It is indeed with heavy hearts and great concern members of SACO are following the story of the great devastation caused by the earthquake that recently befell your country. We are all seriously concerned about the health and safety of our many friends throughout the area.

Of special concern are our friends in the M.I.B., the occupants of the veterans home, which we have visited on several occasions and the HUA, Hsing Orphanage in which the Ladies Auxiliary unit has a special interest.

Knowing that disaster relief has already started, it would be very helpful if you would provide the names and addresses of any organization that you would recommend to receive a small token of concern from our SACO organization. It may be that your own organization has such a capability. If so please do not hesitate to inform us because that will make it easier all the way around.

Please convey our sincere condolences to all those who have been such steadfast friends throughout the years and especially those who have experienced personal loss as a result of the catastrophe.

I look forward to your reply,

Sincerely,

Bill Bartee  
Secretary

# DISASTER

## SACO NEWS ITEM

Everyone has heard of the earthquake disaster that occurred in Taiwan on the 21st of September, 1999. The trustees have wisely decided that SACO should not only express condolences in words (see letter left) but also with a donation to help out in this crisis. The SACO Treasury is unable to carry the full load of such a donation if we are to retain enough funds to publish the ever-popular SACO NEWS.

With this in mind, it has been decided to solicit donations for such a worthy cause. If you would like to join in this endeavor, please send your check to:

Bill Bartee  
4624 N. Cheyenne Trail  
Tucson, AZ 85750-9717

It is suggested you note on the memo of the check something to the effect that it is for Taiwan Disaster Relief, thus making it a tax-deductible event.

All sums collected will be combined with a small contribution from the SACO Treasury and forwarded to the designated agency in Taiwan. Since time is of the essence in this matter, checks should arrive ASAP- if you can help please hurry.

**DON'T FORGET - IT'S FOR A GOOD CAUSE ???!!!\*\*\***

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## SACO HISTORY

SACO (*pronounced "SOCKO"*) was established during WWII by President Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. Officially known as U.S. Naval Group, China, it was placed under the joint command of General Tai Li (Head of BIS - Bureau of Investigation and Statistics, i.e., Intelligence) as Director of SACO and VAdm. Milton Edward "Mary" Miles as Deputy Director. The Chinese and American members of SACO joined in combined effort to perform intelligence and guerrilla operations. SACO TIGERS, as they were, and *are*, popularly known, 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 men. Three books: *THE RICE PADDY NAVY*. by Roy Olin Stratton, *A DIFFERENT KIND OF WAR*, by VAdm. Milton E. Miles and *THE ARMY~NAVY GAME* by Roy Stratton. One movie: *DESTINATION GOBI* was based on SACO's activities..

(Another note of interest: It has been noted 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????!!!\*\*\*)

# SACO ANNUAL DUES

Payment is due January 1 each year for Regular, Associate and Auxiliary members as follows:

Regulars & Associates      \$20.00      Treasurer Herman W. Weskamp  
3034 Larkwood  
West Covina, CA 91791-2928

Ladies Auxiliary      \$15.00\*      Treasurer Ellen Booth  
7471 Thunderbird Rd.  
Liverpool, NY 13088

\*Because of diminishing funds, the membership of Ladies Auxiliary approved a five-dollar increase in annual dues.

## CORRECTION:

In the last issue (May 1999) "Doc" Felmyly was incorrectly reported having hip surgery. Evidently my source was mistaken or I misunderstood. - (CRS) - but he has advised it was *knee* surgery. Ed

## SACO NEWS

is a nonprofit periodical published by and for WWII 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 donated subsidies.

Send your comments and newsworthy items for future publication to the editor:

*Richard L. Rutan*  
45-480 Desert Fox  
La Quinta, CA 92253-4214  
(760) 360-3800

Sharp, clear photos (no photo copies please) and your stories are sought after and welcomed. Photos to be returned if requested.

## 1999-2000 SACO OFFICERS

President - Jack L. Miller  
Vice President - William M. Miller  
Secretary - Lawrence W. "Bill" Bartee  
Ass't Secretary - James Dess  
Treasurer - Herman W. "Wes" Weskamp  
Ass't Treasurer - Willie Baker  
Historian - Harold Bonin  
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Membership Chairman - Paul Casamajor  
Editor *SACO NEWS* -Richard L. Rutan

## TRUSTEES

Dr. Elwood F. Booth, Jr.  
Dr. Lloyd M. Felmyly, MD  
William M. Miller  
Jack M. Petersen  
Charles E. Sellers

ABOUT THE COVER - Pastel by VAdm. Milton E. "Mary" Miles. It appears as cover on the recently published autobiography of Billy Miles, *BILLY, NAVY WIFE*.

## CONTENTS

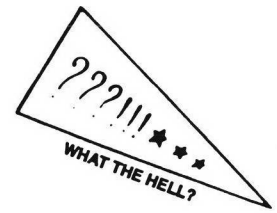
Mail Call-----	6
Alluring Appleton Appealing-----	14
Amusing Appleton Antics-----	56
SACO Medal Awards-----	25
Kudos for Jack and Ann-----	61
Al Parsons Recognized for Tortures as POW--	5
The Jap-Eating Phantom of Nimsham-----	64
Rear Adm. Richard Terpstra-----	87
Minutes of Trustees Meeting-----	47
Minutes of Membership Meeting-----	50
Obituaries-----	73
Potpourri-----	83
Earl Colgrove's Log of Convoy-----	51
SACO Documentary-----	45
Erma Rutan's Surprise Birthday Party-----	48
SACO Plaque for Nimitz Memorial-----	83
Billy Miles' Autobiography-----	85
Bartee's SACO Prayer-----	89



# SACO

SINO AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION

U. S. NAVAL GROUP CHINA VETERANS



Vice Admiral Milton E. Miles  
Perpetual Skipper

September 3, 1999

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

Re: Lifetime SACO Membership

Dear Al,

Although it has been a long time coming, it is with both pleasure and pride that I inform you of the unanimous desire of the SACO Membership for you to be issued *"Lifetime Membership"* in our SACO organization in recognition of the horrors, trials and tribulations you experienced as a Japanese prisoner of war.

We recognize that this is but a small token in light of the hardships you experienced and endured, but please be aware that our hearts and souls are with you and our esteem for you cannot be measured in terms of rewards.

Please accept this membership along with our undying thanks and appreciation. Enclosed you will find your membership card along with the latest issue of "The SACO News"

We are presently updating our SACO directory and a copy will be provided you when available.

In the interim please keep in touch with any address changes or other pertinent information, Remember, we all consider you the real *"SACO TIGER"*.

Sincerely,

Bill Bartee  
Secretary

Encl:

CC: Officers & Trustee's

This is copy of special issue to Al Parsons-  
which is black letters on bronze plate -credit  
card size to carry in wallet.



# Letters

27 August 1999 (to editor)

. . . I flew to New York with one of my daughters and her family. My son-in-law's parents live in Fairlawn, NJ (across the river from NY). Got to do some of the things I have always wanted to do - Times Square, Macy's - all the things in that area.. Seeing and touring the Statue of Liberty was a great thing to do - you sorta stand in awe. . .

Eloise (Reising . . widow of John)

???!\*\*\*

27 February 1999 (to Jack Miller)

Reading the March issue of "Old China Hands" I note that SACO will be holding its 1999 reunion in Appleton July 14/17.

Our unit supplied many of the SACO forces behind enemy lines dropping from the air and often including our landing on grass strips. We flew behind enemy lines in Southeast China to evacuate Admiral Miles after the third assassination attempt on his life.

We are, at present, assembling periods of history there concerning our squadron.

I would appreciate it if you would please check with your administration as to the possibility of my attending your reunion this summer. If approved, I would like to receive mailings there concerning. I spend a great deal of my time traveling the country researching, meeting and speaking and would like to schedule your get-together into my itinerary if it can be worked out.

Harry A. Blair, Historian  
27th Troop Carrier Squadron Foundation  
Historical Branch PO Box 582  
La Cross, WI 54602-0582

???!\*\*\*

25 January 1999 (to Jack Miller)

Thanks for your letter dated January 14, 1999. Contents are noted. It is always a pleasure to hear from the war buddies!

. . . Peter Leong, Warren Chung, Bill Chuming, Charles Chinn and I were sent from Interior Control Board, Wash., DC, to join the SACO in Chungking in 1941. Unfortunately, Peter Leong passed away more than 30 years ago, and Warren Chung passed away in 1997. Bill Chuming lives in Hawaii and Charles Chinn lives in Bremerton, Washington. I am the only one living in S.F.

I have tried to locate Jack Lamke in San Francisco and the surrounding cities and counties, but no such person lives in these areas.

When the last SACO reunion was held in S.F., I inquired about the Kunming group, but no one from this group was there and no one seemed to know about the 14th Hospitality House and Hai Lin Po in Kunming.

Jack, it has been sixty years since the SACO days. Most of the people in the SACO group are gone, I believe, and it's past history, unfortunately. The surviving members are probably in the 80's and 90's. Do you have any idea how many are still with us in this world?

I look back to the Kunming days and it seems like it was yesterday--the imagination of the "twilight zone."

Sincerely, Stanley (Toy)

???!\*\*\*

6 July 1999 (to editor)

Appreciate receiving the recommendation for associate membership and the card for this year and next. I'm sending a contribution in Bob's memory for the newsletter. The SACO NEWS is always the high point of the mail and an immediate excuse to sit down and completely read! Always a great job! My best friend and traveling companion,

Alma Cochran, is recovering from a case of facial shingles; so, it's a good thing we decidedly, regretfully, against attending the Wisconsin reunion. The gatherings always revive good, old memories and create new ones.

Bob's experience with SACO enriched our lives greatly and we saw more places in this world than ever imagined. It's good to see more interest in the SCOUTS & RAIDERS - Bob was part of Roger III, I think. Unearthed some of his old letters that pin-pointed April and May 1945, at Ft Pierce, FL for the training. The ship to India left San Diego on June 26, 1945, stopping at Perth, Australia. They were permitted a brief march thru town. Nobel Shadduck graciously loaned Bob his photo album, and we were able to copy the pictures of the CONVOY OVER LEDO - STILWELL ROAD trip, which was published in Issue 12, SACO NEWS, October 1995.

The other reason Alma and I are not planning Wisconsin - she and I are part of 6 "Golden Girls" (all widows) going on a 12-day tour to Nova Scotia in September which will be our trip for this year. We hope to attend the 2000 convention and look forward to your next issue. We are losing more each year - the Seasons of Our Lives - whether we're ready or not. I continue counting so many blessings

Best wishes, Mona (Mrs. Robert G. Miller)

PS: My love to Mom, Erma - you both are special friends.

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

1 Feb 1999 (to Jack Miller)

Thank you for writing. This is to wish all of you a wonderful convention. Have a good time, wish I could join you.

Sincerely, Anna (Chennault) Chairwoman  
Council for International Cooperation  
Chennault Bldg 1049 30th Street, NW  
Wash., D.C 20007

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

5 July 1999 (to editor)

Helen and I were very pleased with the experience which we had at the SACO convention in Appleton, WI. We had the opportunity of meeting two of our comrades whom we have not seen since the end of WWII in China - Don Robillard and Joe Keenan. Both Don and Joe were members of the Navy Team which played an All-star Army team in the Rice Bowl, which, as I remember, was played on New Year's Day, January 1, 1946. This was the first SACO convention that Don and Joe attended and they were recipients of the SACO medal from Maj. General Kou-dao Huang.

We wish to congratulate Jack Miller and Ann for the great hospitality and excellent program which we experienced in Appleton. We are looking forward to next year at Williamsburg to be hosted by Charlie & Mearle O'Brien and the following year at Fredricksburg, Texas where Bob Sinks has volunteered as host. Also, we were very pleased and touched by the party which you held for your mother, Erma. It was a fitting tribute for a great lady!

It was with sadness that we learned of the passing of Sal Ciaccio's wife, Marie. We so enjoyed her singing those great songs of the big band era at the first convention that we attended in Florida. We hope to see Sal at our next convention in Williamsburg.

Again, we wish to thank you, Richard, for the great job that you are continuing to do with the SACO NEWS. Can you print the address and e-mail address if you have it for the Chinese personnel who were in attendance at our convention in the next issue so that we can write and thank them for the wonderful gifts they gave to us?\*

I am sending a check for \$100 to Wes Weskamp to help defray some of the printing costs.

With kindest regards to you and Erma,  
Bob and Helen Hoe  
6145 Waverly Ave., La Jolla, CA 92037  
e-mail address:  
robert.hoe.lajolla,ca@worldnet.att.net

\*MajGen & Mrs. Huang Kou-dao  
Captain Ho Chin-yi (ROC Navy)  
Lt. Col. Paul Pao  
(All of above at this address:)

Military Intelligence Bureau  
Ministry of National Defense  
PO Box 3693

Shilin, Taipei, Taiwan  
Republic of China

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

21 June 1999 (to editor)

It was a most professional and evocative issue of SACO NEWS, and will provide a binder of memories among those of us who survive as our numbers dwindle and our memories fade.

You can pick out the names, and remember faces, and go back to the years of your youth and excitement, and you're doing a great thing for our group of individuals who had a common experience.

Though your enthusiasm seems to need no encouragement, the exchequer may need some help, and I congratulate you and enclose a check \* to help with the continually mounting expense of your continually improving publication.

Has anyone sent in the references to the Navy in Milton Caniff's *TERRY & THE PIRATES* comic strip from 1944? \*\*

Sincerely, "Brad" (Conrad Bradshaw)

\* \$100

\*\*Not to my recollection. Ed.

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

2 July 1999

As per our telephone conversation, please find enclosed a home video copy of the Historical Documentary on the LST 534. The ship was built here in the Evansville, Indiana Shipyards. My dad, Johnny Reising, your colleague, grandfather and great-grandfather, all worked at the shipyards. The launching pilings can still be viewed during Ohio River low flow. As a matter of fact, I catch a few fish that use the area for habitat. I was personally impressed with the film and wanted to share it with you. My thinking is that the SACO guys have a hell of a story to tell. I learned more of what my dad did in the war when you wrote his eulogy in the SACO NEWS.

After you have had the opportunity to view it, (*ONTO RUGGED SHORES: THE VOYAGE OF LST 534*) give me a call or a note.\*

You and your group hold a historical treasure, as well as the heartfelt admiration of what you did for us

"baby boomers," as well as our siblings. As Howard K. Smith ends the video, "THANKS GUYS!"

Sincerely, Rick (Richard L. Reising)

\*Rick, I'll take this opportunity of answering you:

First, an apology for delay in responding to your kind thoughtfulness in sending the video. I *did* find time to see the video before leaving home for the convention and took it with me. Unfortunately, there wasn't the time nor facilities for the showing to the group. Perhaps in Williamsburg next year. Rick, I found it extremely interesting and perhaps like me, many others are not aware of the part Evansville took during those war years. I don't even recall your dad telling me of the shipyard. Thank you very much and let's not lose touch. Also, wanted to tell you that my mother and I took an extended trip following the reunion and I've been "neck deep" in paper work ever since coming home. (rlr - Ed.)

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

5 July 1999 (to editor)

We were saddened by the news that Jim Murphy had passed away. It was not until we received the May 1999 Issue of the SACO NEWS that we learned of his passing. We were sorry to have missed the Memorial Service and if we had known, we would have certainly been there. Our heartfelt feelings go out to his family and many friends, both in the San Diego area as well as in our SACO organization.

. . . I was sorry to hear of the passing of Robert E. Miller of Warsaw, NY. Bob was a "shipmate" at Camp Six in Fukien Province in 1945 and was part of our team which saw action with the Chinese troops in South Fukien during several skirmishes with the Japanese. I am sure that Lee Alverson, who was also involved with these actions against the Japanese during the summer of 1945, will remember Bob Miller.

I will drop a line to Bob's wife, Louise, to let her know that we regret her loss. Bob, from Warsaw, NY, was one of the few persons from SACO that I saw after the war when we had occasion to meet at my home in LeRoy, NY.

Sincerely yours, Bob Hoe

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



24 June 1999 (to editor)

Once again, you have shared with us many nostalgic remnants of a bygone era. Your May '99 edition of the SACO NEWS was especially superb even to the most amusing "Problems In International Trade," inside the back cover. I always read the news from cover to cover, a most enjoyable reading. Myself, family and friends broke up in convulsive laughter...it was great!

I also noted that Joe Schuller, a former Scout and Raider, was attempting to locate other members who attended the Fort Pierce, FL school for Guerrilla & Intelligence Training. I attended the sessions in late 1944 and served in the CBI during 1945. Prior to that time, I had formerly served in the U.S. Navy Amphibious Forces in the Mediterranean Sea area, both before and during the Sicily invasion at Palermo while in my late teens. After a short respite back in the U.S., I volunteered for the Scouts & Raiders unit.

While serving in the CBI in early September 1945, at the end of hostilities, I was a Navy 6X6 driver out of our Calcutta base and working in the vast ammunition depot near the Air Force Dum Dum Airport. One day, September 7th, to be exact, after returning to the base motor pool, I was assisting another driver in backing and suddenly thrown to the ground by another truck at my back which I neither saw, nor heard, and I was crushed under that truck's rear tandem wheels. Two weeks later, after being stabilized at the 142nd Arm Hospital (no Navy hospital near Calcutta) I was evacuated via the ATC on a C54 hospital plane to the U.S. and St. Albans Naval Hospital on Long Island.

To this day, I have never known who the driver was of that 6X6, but hopefully, that person is now a SACO Veteran of U.S. Naval Group China and also a member of this great organization. I do not harbor any ill feeling toward him as it was just an unfortunate accident; however, I would want to meet him for his side of the story.

In June 1946, I was medically discharged from the Navy after many months of hospitals and rehab centers and just prior to my 21st birthday. In civilian life, after a slow start, I became a bank examiner and retired in 1982 as a Chief Bank Examiner for the state of Connecticut. Today, my wife and I have seven children and thirteen grandchildren. We now live in beautiful Durango, Colorado and the San Juan Mountains.

My wife and I would like to participate in the reunions, however, because we are of a slightly

younger age\* than most SACO folks, socializing might be a problem unless we can be accepted for what we are . . ."just old buddies."

We have enclosed a small contribution to help maintain the wonderful SACO NEWS.



Me in a 6X6 truck I drove in India

Sincerely yours in comradeship, Walter C. Hamlin

\*Walter, I thank you for one of the nicest letters I have received and thank you for your contribution to our "Blabber Sheet." But, I must take exception to your excuse for apprehension about attending our annual festivities due to age difference. Your comment of being of a "slightly" younger age, I must say is damn slight! You state being discharged in 1946 prior to your 21st birthday meaning you were soon to be 21. That year I was discharged at age 22 and there are those of us younger than me. We are of many different ages, but that has failed to be a barrier for sharing wonderful memories. You state, "unless we can be accepted for what we are "Just old buddies" . . . aren't we all? That's the prime reason we reunite - why don't you join us, please? As far as socializing, though some are restricted with medical problems, we can still raise our glasses and bend our elbows! Come on - *WHAT THE HELL* - you'll not regret it! Ed.

???!\*\*\*

4 August 1999 (to editor)

Please accept my profound thanks for the time, effort

and devotion you put forth, to keep the hospitality room running. I can hardly imagine you having any time at all, just to sit back and shoot the breeze as the rest of us did. Thanks, too, for my special ration of olives, they were the best part.

Bill Miller requested I send this poem to you to be published in the SACO News. I have about twenty requests for copies to be sent to individuals, that of course makes me feel good - knowing it was received so well - where else do you receive applause after reading a prayer? For that reason, I have changed the title to "A SACO Prayer."

The way all this happened was a little amusing. Bud Booth was reviewing the agenda for the business meeting. When he saw invocation - he noted that he had requested Bob Hill to give the invocation, but he thought it was for the banquet. I went to Hill and asked if he would give the invocation and he said he had one for the banquet, but no for this meeting. I went back and told Bud. Panic was about to set in so I told him I could read the Psalm (original title as opposed to "Prayer") He said, "Please Do."

As you noted, it always comes out differently aloud than in print.\* In any event, I read it, the membership applauded and I believe all were satisfied. Maybe we should make the print larger next time so all the old eyes don't miss it. Ha! Ha!

Again, I thank you for your hard work in both the hospitality room and the SACO NEWS. The party you put together for Erma was out of this world.

Take care and keep in touch - As ever, Bill Bartee

\*I don't know how many keep a library of SACO NEWS but if you have Issue No. 15 September 1997 I refer you to the centerfold of that publication. It is quite evident some of you hear better than you see - or are these "Senior Moments" visiting too frequently? No doubt the problem might be "CRS" and if you don't know that diagnosis, you do have a problem. I hate to think you don't read the issues at all - just throw them in the circle file????!!!\*\*\* Whatever, seriously, I'm happy to reprint Bill's beautiful work - it is certainly deserving and appears elsewhere in this issue. Ed.

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

15 May 1999 (to editor)

## DID ANYONE KNOW JOE HORNER????!!!\*\*\*

15 May 1999 (To the editor)

Re: My dad and SACO

Your name was given to me by Matt Kaye whom I "met" on the internet. He has been helping me gather some information about my late father, William Joseph (Joe) Horner. It's my understanding that he arrived in India in early 1945 and then on to China with SACO. I always thought he was UDT, but Matt writes he was probably with the Scouts & Raiders. They were on board the same ship going over, coincidentally, the USS Gen. Morton, but Matt does not remember my dad.

Matt suggested I contact you to see if you have any information. I don't even know what unit Daddy was with; he rarely spoke of his Navy life. I'm just now really learning about what was going on during all that time and would like to write a family history so his grandchildren and great-grandchildren will appreciate their freedom.

My sister remembers seeing a couple of issues of SACO NEWS amongst Daddy's things shortly after his death in 1985, although they cannot be located at this time. I just learned of it recently and with Matt Kaye's help, have come this far.

I have also corresponded with Tom Hawkins of the UDT-Seal Museum; he gave me the address of how to obtain service records. Tom seems to think Daddy was probably with Amphibious Roger based on the dates and the information from Matt Kaye. I have nothing to confirm that fact, just that he was with SACO in 1945.

Any assistance you can provide would be most appreciated. I've been stunned to find out that I didn't know my Daddy as well as I thought I did.

If you have internet access, I can currently be reached at e-mail address [jmsjts@msn.com](mailto:jmsjts@msn.com). I will probably be switching internet servers in about a month, however.

Respectfully,

Michelle Stinson  
1403 Paxton Avenue  
Arlington, TX 76013  
(817) 277-2944

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

26 July 1999 (to Erma & Richard)

What a great SACO Reunion! My first, but not my last to be sure - can't tell you how happy I am even as an associate member.

. . . Suggestions for SACO magazine - cast in the circular file if I am overstepping bounds.

1. Have you ever considered ads at the back of issues? For example: "I have "THE RICE PADDY NAVY," but would like "A DIFFERENT KIND OF WAR" and "THE ARMY-NAVY GAME" if anyone should wish to sell.

The fees generated by ads would help pay for publication.\*

2. When registering, adding e-mail addresses to other information would be helpful. Some may not wish to provide such information and it would be purely optional\*\*.

Example: I have already heard from two people I met and it's a great way to keep in touch.

Having attended my first SACO meeting makes your superb publication more meaningful! *I know these people!* No one knows better than you, the endless work that goes into SACO NEWS. Simple as it may be, may I say, "Thank you!"

Marian Quinlan

\* Being registered as non-profit organization, we are not allowed to accept paid advertising.

\*\*As you stated - it would be to each individual's inclination.

Thanks, Marian, for your comments, sounds as if you really enjoyed our fellowship; welcome aboard!! Ed.

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

9 June 1999 (to Weskamp)

I have enclosed a check to cover my 1999 dues plus a little extra to help with the outstanding high quality of the SACO NEWS.

How I would love to be with you all at the next reunion, but, unfortunately, my time must be expended on taking care of my wonderful wife, Lilly. She is in the middle stages of Alzheimer's disease and requires almost constant supervision. Know though that I will be with you in spirit if not in body.

We live in a beautiful location - right at the head of the harbor and fly both the Taiwanese flag and, of course, the "WHAT THE HELL" pennant for all to see and wonder about.

My very best to all the Tigers - keep up the spirit of brotherhood we inherited from "Mary" Miles. I am proud to be a member of this select group.

With all my best personal regards, Bill Howard

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

26 July 1999 (to editor)

. . . Sorry, but I was occupied with health problems; could not make the reunion. I hope to make next year in Williamsburg, VA. I went thru there during my Navy days. Nice Place!

Hello to anyone you may encounter - stay well, also Erma, stay healthy.

Sincerely, Julius and Helen (Ulaneck)

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

No date - 1999 (to Weskamp)

Many thanks for your telephone call! It was great to hear from a SACO vet after all these years.

A friend of mine, Ed Tamoush, A Navy LST vet, had been attending reunions of his shipmates for several years. I inquired as to how his group found each other.

To make a long story short, Ed wrote to the Dep't. of the Navy who put him in touch with "Vets Reunions." . . The letter from Vets reunions referred to Jack Miller. I telephoned Jack and that is how I got back in the loop.

Paul Casamajor's assumption, in his letter to me date June 28, 1999, is correct. I am, in fact, Richard Paul Smith, originally from Dorchester, MA and I was one of the gang who took a truck convoy, loaded with munitions, to be delivered to the Chinese Nationalist Forces in Kunming. This occurred right at the end of the war.

I am sorry I can't attend this year's convention, but Barbara and I are looking forward to the 2000 reunion in Virginia.

After Kunming, I was flown to Shanghai (NXQ) where I did the CW at the U.S. Naval radio station. Good duty! By June 1946, I had accumulated enough points for discharge. Unfortunately, I came down with a bout of malaria on the voyage home and ended up at the U.S. Naval Hospital at Treasure Island.

All the best, Dick (Richard P. Smith)



**PEARL & HOWARD MILLERIN**

18 June 1999 (to the editor)

I got your address from the October Issue of SACO News, hope you are the proper one for me to be addressing. (I'm happy and flattered that you selected me. Ed.) If not, I'll appreciate it if you will send my letter on to the proper person for response. Pearl and I are leaving on 6/27 for a trip to China. We will be taking our two sons and their families. Also, we are including my brother's daughter and husband. None of the above has ever been to China. The grandchildren are quite young to be making such a trip (twins 8, and a boy, 6, but at my age, 82, I really can't plan much further ahead than that.

Pearl and I are going to be in China when you hold the convention in July. We really had hoped to attend the convention, but the vacation time that my daughter-in-law and family are able to get will preclude our attending. As my original home was Waukegan, IL, I had hoped to stop by there and see if I still knew anyone there . . . but that, too, will have to wait for another time. I am sure that I don't know very many of the old China Hands anymore. Stratton, Reiner, and Martin are all dead, so the group I was associated with is mostly gone.

I married my wife in Shanghai in 1946 and she shared my 30 years in the Navy and 23 retired years. We had really planned to attend the convention this year, but the China trip will prevent us from doing so

Please give our greetings to any of those who still remember us. We are sorry to have missed this opportunity. I note that you accept donations for the "furtherance of the SACO cause," so we are enclosing a check\* to help expenses.

Sincerely,  
Howard Clark Millerin

\*\$500.00 ???!!!!\*\* SUCH  
GENEROUS SUPPORT - we  
are so grateful!

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

3 June 1999 (to editor)

I just finished reading the May 1999 issue and hasten to thank you for all the hard work and time you devoted to it. If it weren't for you, Paul, Bill, Wes among others, I doubt whether SACO would have survived and be the fine organization it is. The article from the New Yorker gave me a lot of chuckles. I was sorry to read that Jim Murphy passed away so suddenly and that Julius Ulaneck is having health problems.

. . . I am sending \$100 to Wes with a copy of this letter and request that it be put aside to help defray the expenses of future issues.

With very best wishes,  
Sincerely,

Dave (Clarke) (Thank you, Dave, for you ever generous support of SACO NEWS. Ed.)

28 Sept. 1999 (To editor)

Needless to say, I was overcome with emotion when I received your package yesterday. Thank you very much for your thoughtfulness and kindness. Many, many thanks for the dragon patch\*, it brought back many memories.

In Issue #16, page 52, left hand column, middle photograph with ball cap, is William Connis "Irish" Kelly, my pappy. Dad died on Sept 18, 1989 of a heart attack. He was recalled to active duty during Korea and spent about 18 months on Guam. I remember him being called down to the Naval Reserve Center in Knoxville, Tenn., to listen to Sputnik in the 60's. One of the things I remember most was Dad's reticence about his service in WWII. My mother's five brothers were always talking about what they did in WWII; Dad would only say he was in the Navy in China. When the official secrets act expired in 1975, he opened up a little more.

He described the first time P-51's arrived in Chungking and the results with the Jap bombers that day. He also told me about flying down to about 90 miles north of Hanoi and copying traffic. (Have copied a little code myself as an RM2 in 1965-69). He said he hot-wired a truck to get back to US lines in the 1944 Jap offensive. Dad had two brothers, one died in the Pacific, the other was a tank driver in Patton's Third Army and their only sister worked at Oak Ridge during the war. I guess you could say the Kelly family did their bit during the war.

Again, thank you very, very much for the patch and back issues. If you have any time after your editor duties, I would appreciate you telling me anything you remember about your service with Dad in China. The photo of page 52 is one of the very few I have seen of Dad in uniform in China. This one, together, and some that H. Swolgaard sent me will become part of the family archives.

Sincerely yours, Pat Kelly

\*RI logo - the concept was mine to depict an anchor wrapped with a dragon and border it with a naval line (rope). I don't recall who did the artwork to have it embroidered.

Pat, as I recall, your dad joined us in Kunming from Chungking. I never got to Chungking and I'm sure there are others who would have had a closer association with him than I. You'll have to join us at a convention - we have a great time and I'm sure you would hear some tales about your dad. Ed.

**IS THERE ANY AMONG YOU THAT CAN RELATE ANY INFO ABOUT "IRISH" KELLY TO SON, PAT, WHOSE ADDRESS IS:**

Patrick M. Kelly  
2228 Williamsburg Rd  
Charlottesville, VA 22901-1430

## *Lest We Forget*

### **SACO Treasurer's Report July 17, 1999 Memorial Contributions**

For sometime, we have received donations in the form of, "In Memory Of," or "In Honor Of," to recognize a dear friend or relative. Up to now, we have accepted the donation and credited the donor. To give this an added value, it is recommended that we send a card in response to the sender. The following is a list we have in current file:

#### **IN MEMORY OF**

**VERNE R. "BENNY" BENEDICT  
WARREN CHUNG  
LEO W. FLETCHER  
BARRY GOLDWATER  
WILLARD B. INMAN  
ROBERT G. MILLER**

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

# ALLURING APPLETON APTLY APPEALING July 14, 15, 16, 17

America's dairyland was a delightful choice for another annual SACO Convention. Jack and Ann Miller managed to put on quite a show even though Jack endured open heart surgery just a couple months prior to the convention and managed to keep it top secret. Secrecy is not necessarily surprising for a SACO man, but how did he cope with the miseries of the convention, not to mention those physical in nature and keep on top of all that was forthcoming? It was his request that his surgery not be known until the convention was under way. Kudos are certainly due you, Jack, for "refusing to throw in the towel!" We only hope that you soon have full recovery without the strain of the reunion taking its toll. You're the epitome of SACO characteristics and we salute you for your dogged determination to see this project through.

We were extremely pleased to welcome our distinguished Chinese guests and meet for the first time, Major General and Mrs. Huang Kou-dao and Naval Captain Ho Chin-yi, and renew our friendships with Lt. Col. Paul Pao and Maj. Shawn Liu.

Jack had many activities lined up for sightseeing. On Thursday the 15th of July, there was a visit to the Experimental Aircraft Museum which has world wide recognition drawing an annual convention of thousands to Oshkosh and hundreds of those flying their own aircraft. The aircraft alone, cover hundreds of acres and in itself is a sight to behold. Don't try to book hotel/motel reservations at this time of year.

After lunch, the group enjoyed a visit to the Paine

Museum of Art and Arboretum - then on to Homestead Meadows for a genuine Wisconsin notable - A BRAT FRY!! The drive going to the farm was truly picturesque Wisconsin countryside and the Homestead Farm a typical country setting. They had remodeled the interior of the barn to make a huge dining room and served buffet style when the bratwursts were brought in from the outdoor grill. The establishment



Paul Pao, Shawn Liu, Mrs. Huang, MGen. Huang and Naval Capt. Ho



Countryside enroute to Brat Fry at Homestead Farm



Grounds at Homestead Farm

doesn't serve beer, therefore, Petersen and Rutan delivered cold beer and soft drinks in coolers from the Hospitality Room stock just as the food line started.

On Friday, off to the 500-cow dairy farm - how could you visit Wisconsin and not go to a dairy farm????!!\*\*\* Jack said, "You will not step in the Katanga, but ladies, don't wear your good shoes." There must have been that possibility as they did furnish plastic protection for your feet and ankles. Even so, some said "it" wasn't as deep as some that was spread in the Hospitality Room????!!\*\*\*

Then there was the National Railroad Museum next on the tours. Five complete trains in a barn with elevated platforms between trains top let you see into every car. Can you believe SACO even made it in a museum????!!\*\*\* On display was the mailcar in which Charlie Sellers sorted mail while riding the rails. Come to think of it - we are rather antiquated if a former workplace of one of our own is one of the relics in a museum!

Then a hobo lunch and Simon's Cheese Specialty where they saw the process of making cheese.

Saturday was a busy day with the Ladies' Auxiliary and SACO Membership business meetings. Following those meetings - the entire reunion was invited to a surprise 90th birthday for Erma Rutan. That night was our banquet - activities and pictures



MGen and Mrs. Huang at Railroad Museum

detailed in another section of this issue.

It's always a big annual event looked forward to by so many of us. As the years pass, each and every one becomes another treasured memory in the lives of such a great group of men and their ladies. We retain old, and make new, friendships that seem even more endearing in the waning years.

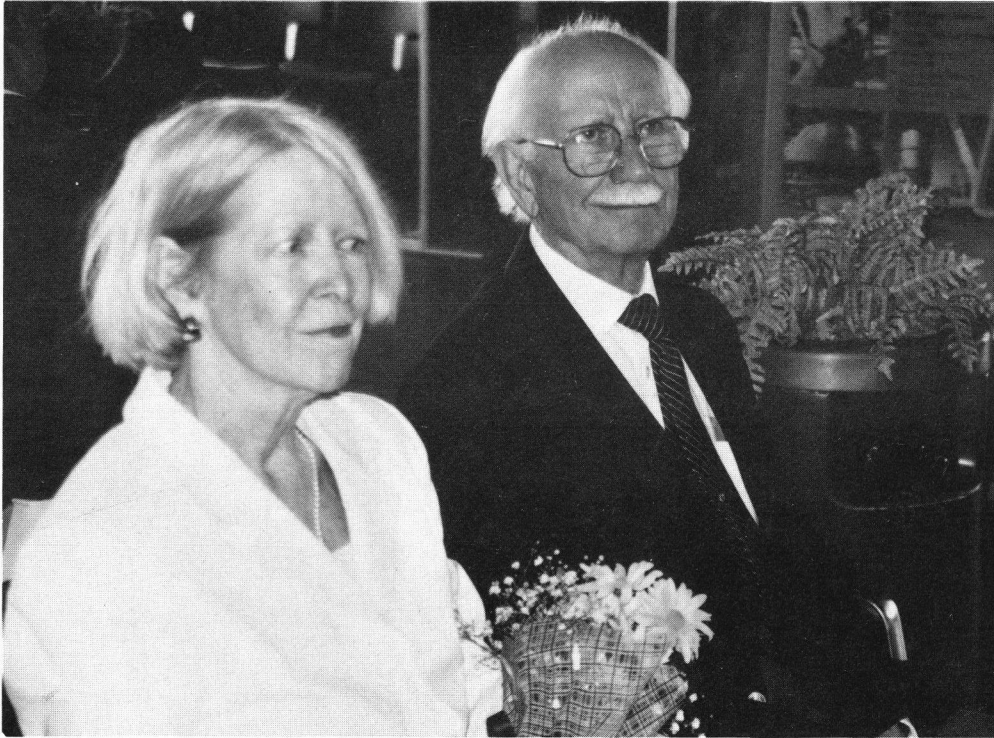
Jack and Ann Miller, thank you so much for affording all of us the opportunity to meet under such extraordinary environs which are germane to Wisconsin. The tours, the wonderful and excellent restaurants, easily accessible within walking distance, the weekly city sidewalk sale, the beautiful hotel, the Hospitality Suite and particularly, the bar constructed by you and your grandson. What a thoughtful addition. Wish we could keep it.

MANY, MANY, THANKS!!! DING, DING, DING HAO????!!!\*\*\*



Jack and Ann Miller - 1999 Convention hosts





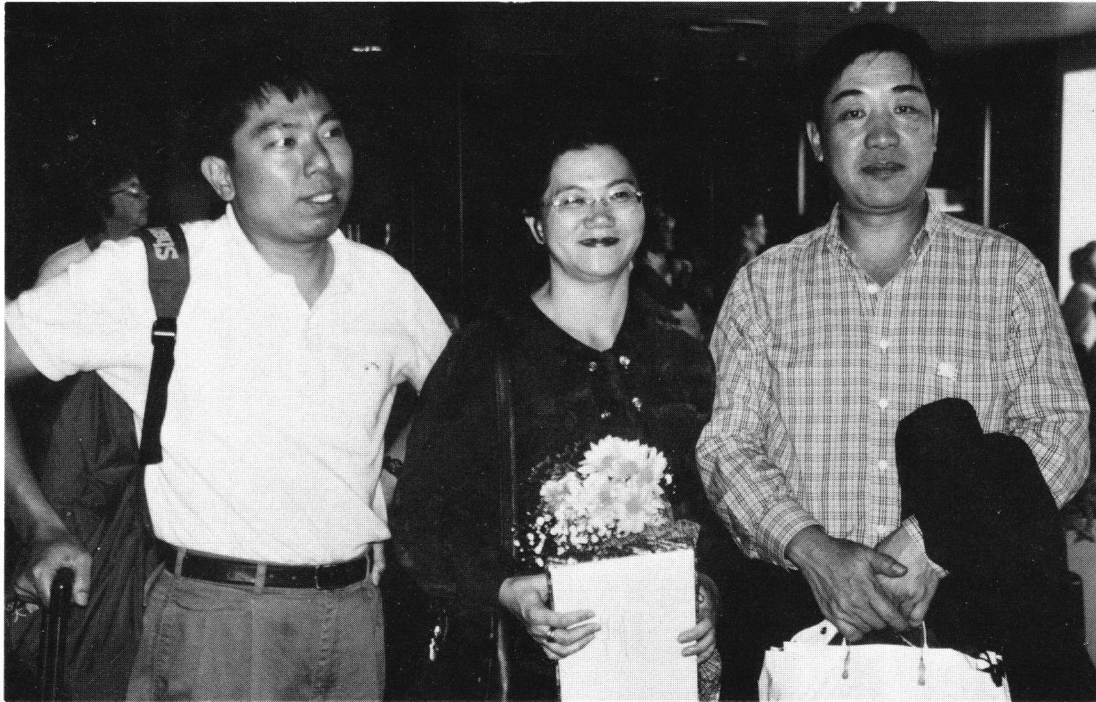
**ARRIVAL  
OF CHINESE  
VIPs AT  
APPLETON  
AIRPORT**



**Ann and Jack Miller**



**Mrs. Huang - Ann Miller - Jack Miller - Gen. Huang - Capt. Ho**



**Shawn Liu - Mrs. Huang - Gen. Huang**



**"Doc" Felmly - Paul Pao - Bud Booth - Ann Miller - Shawn Liu  
Jack Miller - Gen. Huang - Capt. Ho**

# THE BANQUET



APPLETON, WISCONSIN 17 JULY 1999



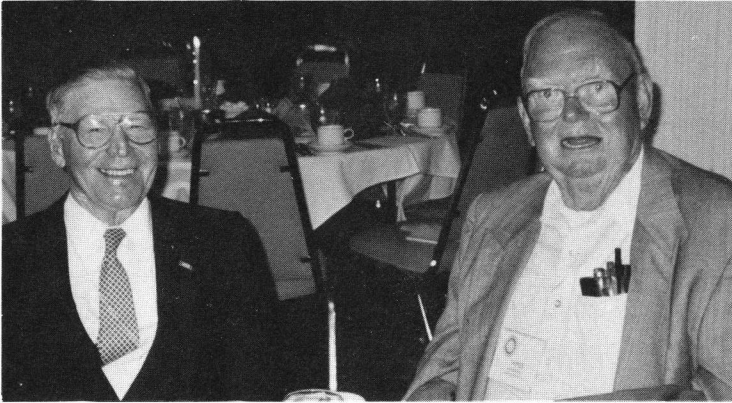
Tables are set - please take your seats



MGen Huang displays MIB emblem engraved in crystal - a gift to all in attendance.



Guest speaker Murray Miles, son of Adm. and Billy Miles.



**Art Bohus - Jim Dodson**



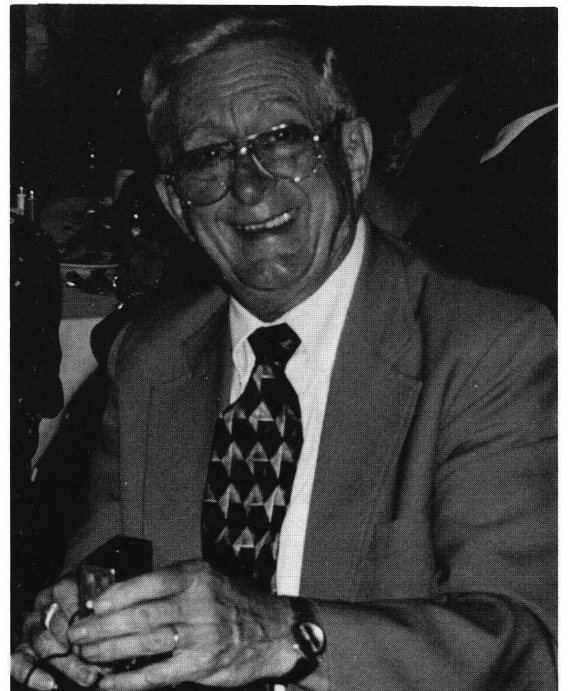
**Richard & Erma Rutan**



**Mary , Jerry, Penny and Robert Coats**



**Irene Gats - Andy Fleming**



**Norman Dike**



**Jack & Ann Miller**



**Jo & Dan Eirich**



**Irving & Lois Floress**



**Paul Pao - Mrs. Huang & Gen. Huang - Bill Bartee  
Shawn Liu - Charlie and Mearle O'Brien**



**Julia Inman**



**Jim & Marie Dess**



**Shawn Liu & Gen Huang**



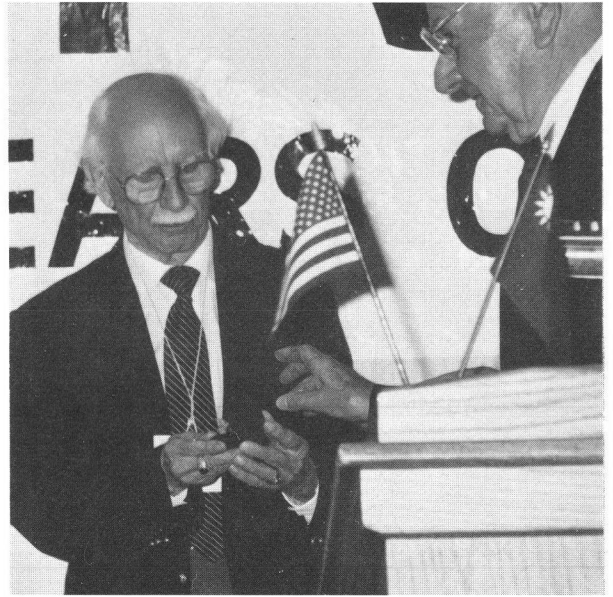
**Shawn Liu - Marti Terpstra - Gen Huang - Delores Sinks  
Mrs. Huang - Bob Sinks**



**Capt. Ho - Paul Pao - Mrs. Huang & Gen. Huang - Shawn Liu**



**Wayne & Fanny Hatterman**



**Jack Miller receives president's ring.**



**Slim Gilroy - Enid & Murray Miles - Peg Felmly - Ann Miller**

## BANQUET INVOCATION DE-- LIVERED BY BOB HILL



"Eternal Father,

"We thank you for this time we have shared together as SACO Veterans and wives. We have come together from many miles and many countries to share our memories that have become more valuable over time.

"We were brought together by events beyond our control to a place that, for most of us, was only a far-off country. We shared the rigors of war, the loneliness of isolation and the uncertainty of the future. It was your grace which protected us and formed friendships which live on to this very day.

"We thank you for your continuing care. We pray for those who could not be here and for the food that we are about to enjoy.

"As our convention draws to a close, we ask for your guidance and safekeeping. And, until we meet again, we pray the prayer of the NAVY HYMN, 'O hear us when we cry to Thee, for those in peril on the sea' or wherever our need may be.

"In your name, we pray - Amen."

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

## MAJ.GEN. HUANG'S BANQUET ADDRESS:

"On behalf of Vice Admiral Hsu, Director of the Military Intelligence Bureau, I would like to thank you for inviting MIB delegation to attend the reunion again. During my 30 years service in the MIB, I have heard a lot about SACO heroes who fought shoulder by shoulder with our predecessors against Japanese Army. It is a great honor for me to meet with those respected veterans who made enormous contributions to our country.

"The US Navy has been an important peacekeeping force in the world since WWII. As I recall, in 1996, Communist China intimidated Taiwan with missile testings. Your government sent two aircraft carriers to the Taiwan Strait and stabilized the situations there without firing a single shot. We believe the best military strategy is to defeat enemies without fighting. There would have been more conflicts and bloodshed had the US Navy not intervened over the past half a century. The Chinese people will always remember your assistance to help defend our country, again..

"This is the first time I have attended a SACO reunion. Over the past few days, my delegates and I visited some interesting tourist attractions and tasted a lot of delicious local cheese. We also experienced SACO's warm hospitality and friendship. I don't feel out of place at all here. On the contrary, I've got a feeling that you are all my long lost friends. What impressed me most are the hardworking people, vast land and abundant resources you have here. This nation is the only super power in the world and has a strong navy that preserves world peace.

"SACO men have always supported Taiwan. And Taiwan is a society of democracy and free economy, like the United States. But, people in mainland China cannot enjoy the same standard of living like we do. We hope mainland China will turn into a democracy soon and a democratic China can ensure peace and stability.

"On behalf of Admiral Hsu, I would like to present a small souvenir. On the souvenir there is a picture of mainland China which may remind you of your services there some 50 years ago.

"We appreciate your arrangement over the past four days. My delegates and I had a very unforgettable time in Appleton. We wish you good health and good luck. I hope to see you all next year. ???!!!\*\*\*



**MGEN HUANG KOU-DAO  
PRESENTS**

# SACO MEDALS

**TO 8 SACO TIGERS IN APPLETON, WI  
17 July 1999**



As in the past, this was a solemn ceremony - not without mixed emotions as conducted by our new friend in SACO, Major General Huang Kou-dao, Deputy Director of the MIB in Taiwan. MGen Huang was very patient and understanding and we appreciate his allowing our photographers time and opportunity for good photos.



**Evan C. Dabson**



**Wilbert W. Edwards**



**Vernon E. Herberg**



**James H. Jones, Jr.**



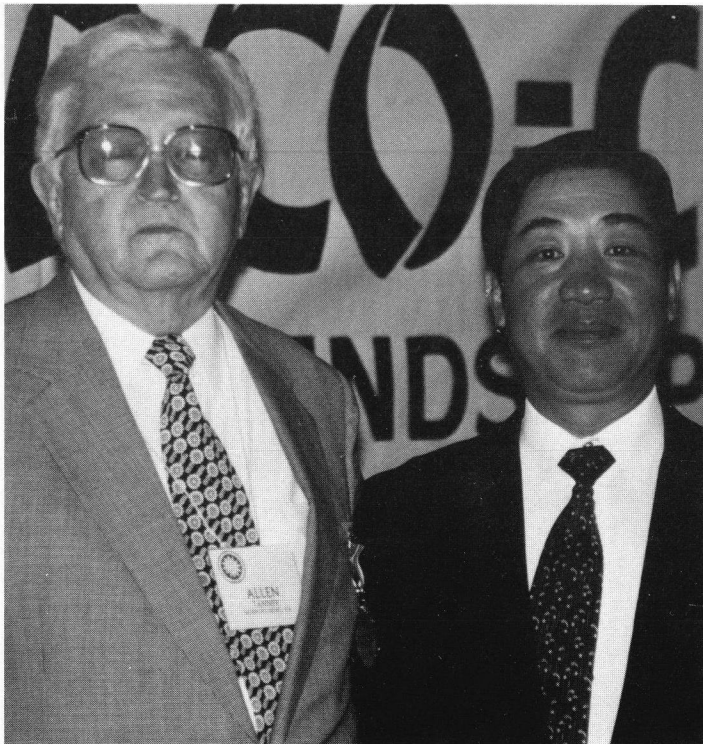
**Joseph D. Keenan, Jr.**



**Myron J. "Mike" Latimer**



**Donald L. Robillard**



**Allen C. Tanner**

**SACOs ATTENDING APPLETON '99**

- |  |                                  |
|--|----------------------------------|
| Alverson, Lee & Ruby                       | James, William                   |
| Arnold, Carolyn Inman                      | Jones, Jim & Phyllis             |
| Bannier, Richard & Mathilda                | Karas, Larry & Georgia           |
| Barrett, George & Doris                    | Keenan, Joe & Florence           |
| Bartee, Bill                               | Kelly, Jim                       |
| Bohus, Arthur                              | Kelly, Dennis (son)              |
| Bonin, Hal                                 | Latimer, Mike & Win              |
| Booth, Bud & Ellen                         | Miles, Murray & Enid             |
| Bowman, Nelson                             | Miller, Bill & Sissy             |
| Brown, Ken & Lillie                        | Miller, Jack & Ann               |
| Carr, Dorothy                              | Nelson, Hazel                    |
| Clark, Bob & Betty                         | O'Brien, Charlie & Mearle        |
| Clarke, Dave & Dorie                       | Petersen, Jack & Beverly         |
| Coats, Jerry & Mary                        | Petersen, Kayte                  |
| Coats, Penney & Robert<br>(dtr & grandson) | Petri, Richard & Frances         |
| Dabson, Evan C                             | Quinlan, Marian                  |
| Dodson, James                              | Reynnet, Francis & Caroline      |
| Dess, Jim & Marie                          | Robillard, Don & Lois            |
| Dike, Norman & Lyn                         | Rutan, Richard & Erma            |
| Dunn, James                                | Sager, Bill & Elizabeth          |
| Edwards, Bill & June                       | Sellers, Charles & Laura         |
| Eirich, Dan & Jo                           | Sinks, Robert & Delores          |
| Erwin, Sylvia                              | Smith, O. J. & Elsie             |
| Felmly, "Doc" & Peg                        | Stoddard, Walter & dtr<br>Judith |
| Fintak, Leonard & Delores                  | Tanner, Allen & Mary             |
| Fleming, Andy                              | Terpstra, Dick & Marti           |
| Floress, Irving & Lois                     | Warner, Dean & Billie            |
| Gats, Irene                                | Waters, John & Fran              |
| Gilroy, Lillian "Slim"                     | Weskamp, Wes & Kathryn           |
| Hatterman, Wayne & Fanny                   | Westphal, John & Rosie           |
| Herberg, Vern E.                           | Westphal, Doug (son)             |
| Hill, Bob & Lola                           | Whitlock, Jim                    |
| Hoe, Bob & Helen                           | Williamson, Wiley &<br>Charlotte |
| Huston, Gene & Mary                        |                                  |
| Inman, Julia                               |                                  |

**A Henry Scurllock quote:**

**Giving me Viagra is like putting a new  
flagpole on a condemned building!**



# Appleton Activities Album



**Murray Miles speaks at the banquet**



**Gen & Mrs. Huang Kou-dao**

# TIME OUT FOR GOLF SATURDAY MORNING



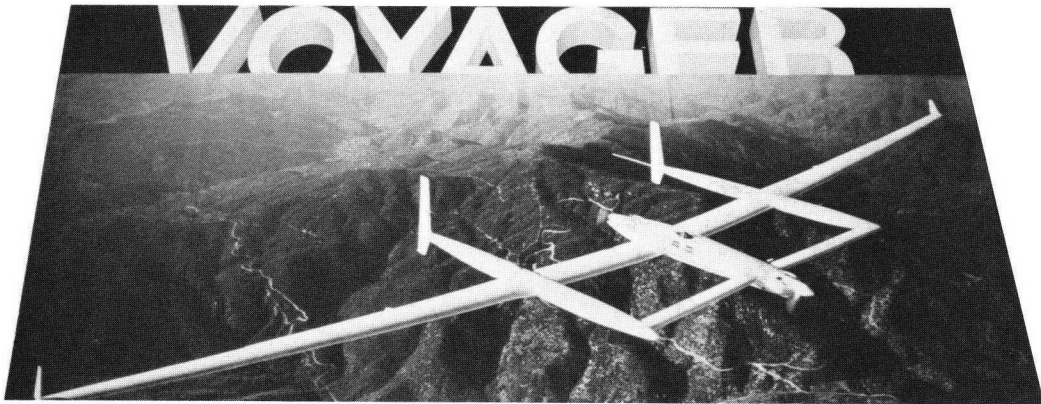
**MGen Huang**



**Charles Sellers - John Waters**



**Ellen & Bud Booth at Homestead House**



**The "Voyager" display at Experimental Aircraft Museum reminds me of the 'round the world nonstop flight of Dick Rutan (not me) and Jeanna Yeager several years ago. To this day, I still get mail and phone calls thinking they have located the pilot. Just recently, I received an invitation to sit at the head table at some aeronautical awards banquet in Boston. (I forwarded it to *the* Dick Rutan intended). Had I accepted the invitation, would imagine it to have been quite a shock as to how "I" had aged!**



**L bottom clockwise: Julia Inman - Bob Sinks - George Barrett - Bill Sager  
Doris Barrett - Marian Quinlan - Fran Waters - Georgia Karas - Ruby Alverson  
Ann Miller - Dolores Sinks**



**Clockwise extreme L: Enid Miles - Bud Booth - Beverly Petersen - Irene Gats  
- Jim Dess - Hazel Nelson - Win Latimer - Shawn Liu - Murray Miles - (center)  
Mike Latimer**





**Clockwise L: Willie Baker - Dave Clarke - Lois & Don Robillard - Dorie Clarke  
Betty Clark - Marian Quinlan - Harold Bonin - Richard and Mathilda Bannier  
(Center L-R) Bob Clark & Arthur Bohus**



**Clockwise L: Elsie Smith - John Waters - Evan Dabson - Wiley Williamson  
Vern Herberg - Francis Reynnet - Mrs. Huang - Paul Pao - O. J. Smith  
(Center three - again clockwise) Caroline Reynnet - James Dunn - Capt. Ho.**



**Lois & Don Robillard - Bob & Helen Hoe - Win & Mike Latimer**



**Rear: Bob and Delores Sinks - Bill & June Edwards - "Doc" Felmy - Bud Booth**



**Clockwise L: Bill Edwards - Dan Eirich - Jack Petersen - Hal Bonin - Jim Kelly  
Jim Whitlock - Bill Bartee (Center two) bottom - Andy Fleming upper - "Doc"  
Felmlly**



**Extreme L clockwise: Jerry Coates - Don Robillard - \_\_\_\_\_ Jim Dodson  
Bill James - Jim Dess - Larry Karas - Allen Tanner (center) - Gene Huston**



**Bud & Ellen Booth**



**O.J. Smith - Doug (son) and Johnnie Westphal**



**O.J. and Elsie Smith**



**Frances Petri - Carolyn Inman Arnold - Julia Inman**



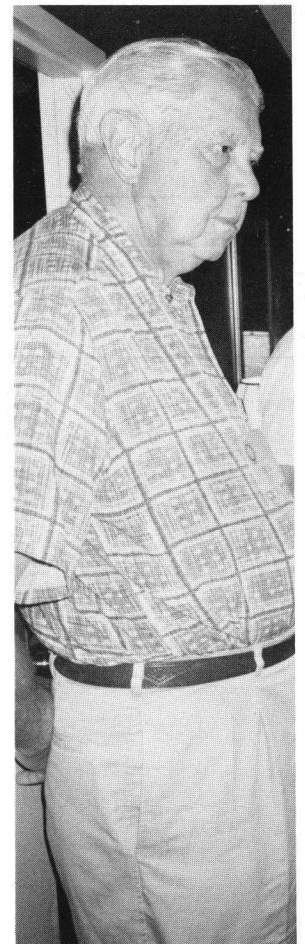
**Leonard Fintak**



**Capt. Ho - Paul Pao - Bill & Sissy Miller**



**Sylvia Erwin**



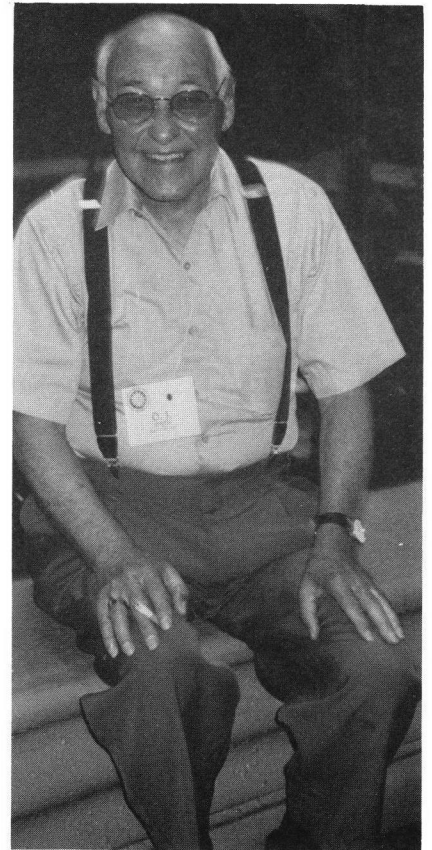
**Richard Petri**



**Charlie & Mearle O'Brien**



**Jim Kelly & son Dennis - Bud Booth**



**O. J. Smith**



**Kathryn Weskamp celebrates her birthday - Bill Sager**



**Rosie & Johnnie Westphal**





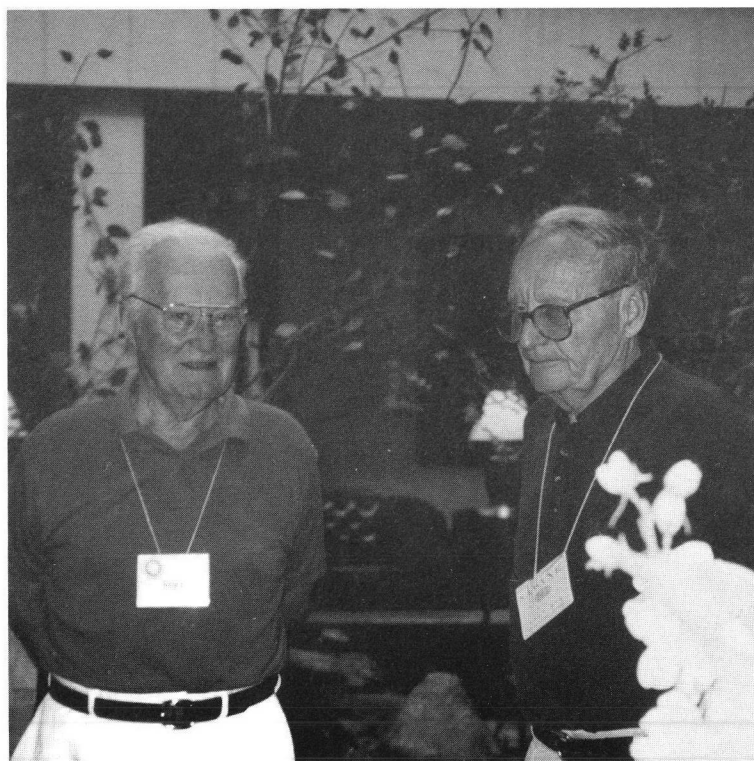
**Hal Bonin - Hazel Nelson**



**Kayte Petersen**



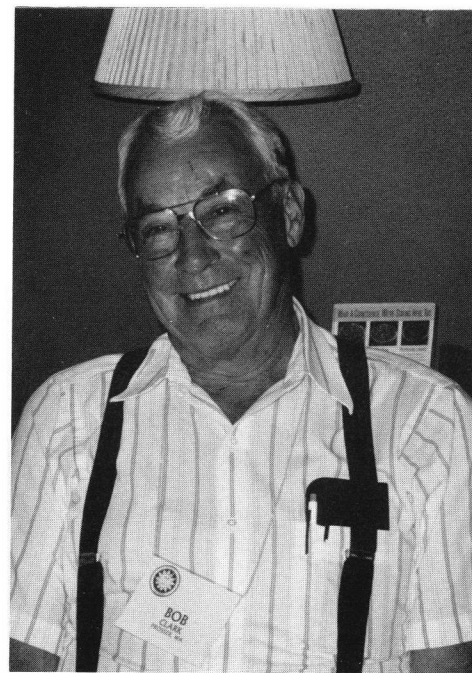
**Georgia & Larry Karas**



**Mike Latimer - Jim Jones**



**Rear: Norman & Lyn Dike  
Bill and Elizabeth Sager**



**Bob Clark**



**Mrs. Huang - Peg Felmlly - Gen. Huang**

## Insight

by Anne Simpson Suplee

*A father's gift*

**M**y dad has taught me so much. His father died when he was 6, and the oldest of four children. The family struggled, but eventually my dad finished college and law school, and until age 79 ran a solo practice dedicated to the trials of buying homes, writing wills and mending fences. He volunteered for everything from legal aid to Little League, and he and my mom were present and cheering for each important event of their four kids' lives. Though he's always been utterly devoted, he's been particularly instructive to me in the past eight months.

Quite a feat, because he died in April.

At his wake, and before his funeral the next morning,



**"At Christmas, my dad often seemed to have a faintly far-off look in his eyes..."**

ing, my family stood for four hours receiving strangers who told how my dad's quiet labors saved their homes from foreclosure, their businesses from bankruptcy, their families from ruin. Many added with a look of wonderment, "He would never send me a bill." This refrain never really registered until I began organizing his files for my mom. His gifts to charities were incessant, but his philanthropy would not have touched me so profoundly had I not seen, in another set of files, how deep he was reaching into shallow pockets. While he was refusing to charge needy clients and sending check after check to charities, he was taking the largest loans allowed against meager life insurance policies to pay bills and our college tuitions. Rather than demand payments or curtail his giving, he continued his selflessness, and paid it back with interest.

In the weeks after his death, I wondered repeatedly why I didn't fathom things – about him, about life – while he was alive. In time, though, I began to believe that this heightened understanding is simply grace, grace that has helped me appreciate his lessons, feel his presence, and believe quite avidly in eternal life.

One of many insights concerned a faintly far-off

look my dad had at Christmas. I read this wartime letter years ago, but only now do I grasp the message of this young Naval officer, living a lean, perilous life far from everything he'd ever loved:

*Dec. 28, 1944*

Dear Mother,

Christmas has come and gone and things are back to normal again. We had a couple parties – one given by us and one by the Chinese. Pretty good for China in these times.

*The really worthwhile event was our trip to a little mission nearby for Christmas morning Mass. The mission is now run by two old French priests and three French nuns. It is small and had been bombed, and evidence of the bombing was still around. But the chapel was neat and the nuns had done their utmost in decorating it. We had worked on some Christmas carols and on the same Mass we sang at Sacred Heart when we were kids. Didn't sound so bad. Also, a couple of us had gotten together with our chaplain (a nice young Irish priest) and worked up a short sermon in French. He gave it beautifully in the phonetics we had written for him. And his sermon to us in English was really inspiring. The chapel was cold – stone floors, and you could see your breath before your face.*

*The Chinese there were unbelievably poor. The children – little girls abandoned by their parents – were probably the poorest children in the world. A lot of them were crippled or blind. But I'm sure that Mass was as inspiring as that at St. Peter's. Probably as near to Bethlehem as anything.*

*After Mass, the nuns had a Communion breakfast for all of us. It taxed their facilities to the utmost, for there were a lot of us. But it was a marvelous breakfast – good hot coffee in big soup bowls, eggs and rolls. The nuns were running around like wild, and we who knew a little French had a marvelous time.*

*After breakfast it was our turn to do a little giving. For a couple of weeks we had been collecting for the kids and the mission. For the mission we must have collected about 400,000 Chinese dollars, and the night before we went around camp with baskets collecting everything we could get our hands on. We filled two clothes hampers with candy, toys, soap (worth its weight in gold out here) – everything. We gave them out to these kids, and their gratitude was something I'll never forget. And the Sisters were cer-*



The author poses with her father, W. Roger Simpson, during a family gathering in the late 1970s. In the lower left photo, Lt. Cmdr. Simpson visits his Lancaster, Pa., home during World War II.

*tainly equally grateful, for without our help I know that Christmas for those kids would have been pretty slim. As it was, I think that our Christmas was as happy as any in China could be. When we said good-bye to the Sisters, their eyes were filled with tears. Someone had the idea of singing the Marseillaise. Don't know if it was the proper song for Christmas morning, but it was the only thing in French any of us knew. The nuns joined in with tremendous enthusiasm. We left feeling at peace with the world.*

I believe now I understand my dad's reserve at Christmas. No gift could ever touch his tender heart like the delight of a discarded, impoverished child savoring her very first taste of chocolate, or feeling silky soap bubbles cling magically to her hands for the very first time.

This Yuletide, I ask for the grace to discover what I have to give, and give it, and hopefully give it as fluently as my dad . . . parted with his time, his advice, his funds, and – I'm certain – all his candy, soap and dollars in the Christmas of 1944.

???!!!!\*\*

*Mr. & Mrs. Gerald Coats  
Mark 50 Years with a Carnival  
Cruise.*



*Jerry and Mary - 1999*

# SACO

# DOCUMENTARY

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

Carolyn Inman Arnold, writing to Bill Bartee, stated , "First of all, I want to thank you for all of your encouragement, After you planted the Appleton seed of doing a SACO documentary, I spent considerable time picking my jaw up off the floor knowing the amount of work necessary to pull off such a project. I dwelled on the subject for some time, pacing and cursing silently and asked myself some cold, hard questions. I came up with the following conclusions:"

1) Why should this project be done? Why is it so important to me?

"One's children and grandchildren need to know about SACO. My father was a quiet man and he rarely spoke of the details that took place fifty years ago. Now, he is gone and so are his stories. One of the tragedies of life is that we sometimes don't ask the right questions until it is too late.

"I have been to the last three reunions and have met many of the men who have contributed to the freedom that I enjoy today. These SACO men are the true heroes and represent something that is diminishing in today's society. After seeing the photographs and hearing the tales, I am filled with pride. Pride of country, SACO and the cooperation that two nations shared."

2) Timing is everything.

". . .I work with Fox Sports. Major League Baseball and the NFL are closing in on me quite quickly. I will be immersed in this work until the end of January. My freelance status allows me the opportunity to work on the SACO project once the Super Bowl is over and I would like to focus entirely on SACO at that time. I have already warned Fox Sports that I may not be available as of February 2000. It is my intention to resume my freelance work with Fox in September. This will give me six months to focus on the making of a SACO documentary.

"There may be no other window of time in my life to do this and it may be my last opportunity to dive into such a project so thoroughly.

"It is not going to be an overnight process. Although some of the professionals that I have talked to explain a documentary can be done in less than three months, I envision this taking up to eighteen months. (I am hoping for less!) If organized, many things can take place within a short period of time. If the trustees were to approve such a project, I WOULD PLAN ON BRINGING A CAMERA AND A MATTE STAND (FOR PHOTOS) TO THE NEXT REUNION. INTERVIEWS COULD TAKE PLACE AND THE PROCESS COULD BEGIN. The East Coast location of next year's reunion would also enable me to be within fortunate proximity of other resources such as the U.S. Naval Archives. There is something else regarding time. It is something that we're all running out of and it is the one thing in life that is not negotiable. Let's face it, we aren't get any younger. Suddenly, the need to get working on this project takes on new meaning. For me, not only is it a passion, but it is a race against time."

3) Expectations and intentions:

"I'll be up front. I'm not in this for profit and, in fact, I will be accepting a decrease in income in order to push this project through. It provides me with an incredible opportunity for learning and experience. It's a labor of love and it's a way of showing my appreciation to the heroes in my life. I expect nothing from the members of SACO except interviews. I would

## SACO Documentary . . .

like to record the stories, weaving photographs and interviews in a way that can accurately tell the story of SACO. I expect no monetary funds to be provided for this project from SACO and it is my plan to keep in close contact with SACO's legal counsel, Bill Sager, at every turn. I wish to make certain that we have all legal clearances for photographs or films. I am sure that he will be able to be of great help. There is the need of certain releases, waivers and music rights that my industry insists on. Fortunately, I have people in the entertainment industry that can help guide me through the maze of legalities. I wish to make certain that SACO is protected from any liabilities.

"It is my intention to pay for professional editors, writers and whatever else it takes. This will be costly, but I am hoping to pitch this idea to the 'History Channel' or some similar channel that would help cover some of these costs. . ."

Some final thoughts. . .

"Everything is in the palm of our hands! We have all of the necessary ingredients to make this dream become a reality. It's a matter of weaving the elements together. And think of the combined experience that we all have! I see nothing but success for the project!

"For the record, I am not sitting here with a lot of fancy Hollywood producers hoping to make a buck. That's not what this is all about! This is about SACO! It's about an organization that I'm part of (and proud of it!)

"In the same spirit of cooperation that was shared so many years ago, it is my dear hope that the SACO Tigers can show them once again that the 'impossible' is possible!

I am here with the enthusiasm and willingness to help.

In SACO friendship,



Carolyn Inman Arnold

## SICK BAY



**MARY WHITE** fell shortly prior to the Appleton Convention and lost one eye. Bill White wrote me this week (Sept. 24) that she had complications from the loss but hoped in another week to be fitted with a false eye and they hoped to make Williamsburg.



**MEARLE O'BRIEN** suffered a light stroke, following the Appleton Convention, causing her to fall down a stairway. She broke her wrist, a bone in her hand, her nose and a couple ribs. Speaking to Charlie today, Sept. 25, he stated she was home and attending rehab evening hours. She had been hospitalized a couple days and several days in rehab before returning home. Charlie said she was doing better daily.

**ABBREVIATED MINUTES OF SACO  
TRUSTEES MEETING IN APPLETON  
14 JULY 1999**

**(Because of voluminous material accumulated for this edition, I have tried to edit the trustees procedures to save space as some items are covered in the Membership Meeting. I am open to criticism for my choice of omissions - doesn't mean I'll necessarily concur - we'll see. Ha! Ed)**

The annual meeting of SACO Trustees was convened at approximately 1330 in Room 1448.

**In attendance:**

Dr. Lloyd Felmly, M.D.	Trustee
Dr. Bud Booth	Trustee
William Miller	Trustee
Herman Weskamp	Treasurer
Bill Sager	Legal Counsel
Bill Bartee	Secretary

**Absent:**

Frank Buckless	Trustee
Salvatore Ciaccio	Trustee

A quorum of three being present, the meeting proceeded with:

**Membership Report**

The Membership Chairman, Paul Casamajor, was not able to attend, however he provided a comprehensive report to the trustees by letter dated 6-26-99 which pointed out the following membership changes since last year:

Deceased:	33
Changes	42
Dropped	14
New	14
Lost	3
Found	4

**Associate Membership**

Dr. Felmly read the list of persons who had applied for associate membership from the list provided by Casamajor. The list contained a total of 14 widows.

and relatives. Motion made by Felmly, seconded by Booth that all be accepted. Motion carried.

**Memorial Contributions**

The treasurer noted that he was receiving contributions dedicated to "The memory of" individuals. Bill Sager recommended that the donors names be added to the treasurer's report presented at the membership meeting. It was agreed that Weskamp would make up an appropriate card to thank those who made such donations. A list of donors is also to appear in the SACO NEWS.

**Special Awards**

The trustees addressed the idea of special awards for those in SACO who had provided exceptional service to the organization. After a thorough discussion, the trustees determined to take no further action on the suggestion.

**NEW BUSINESS**

1. Booth had received a request from The Commander Special Warfare Command to be added to the mailing list. The secretary was directed to ascertain if the organization (Applied Marine Technology Inc) was legitimate and any impact such an addition may create.

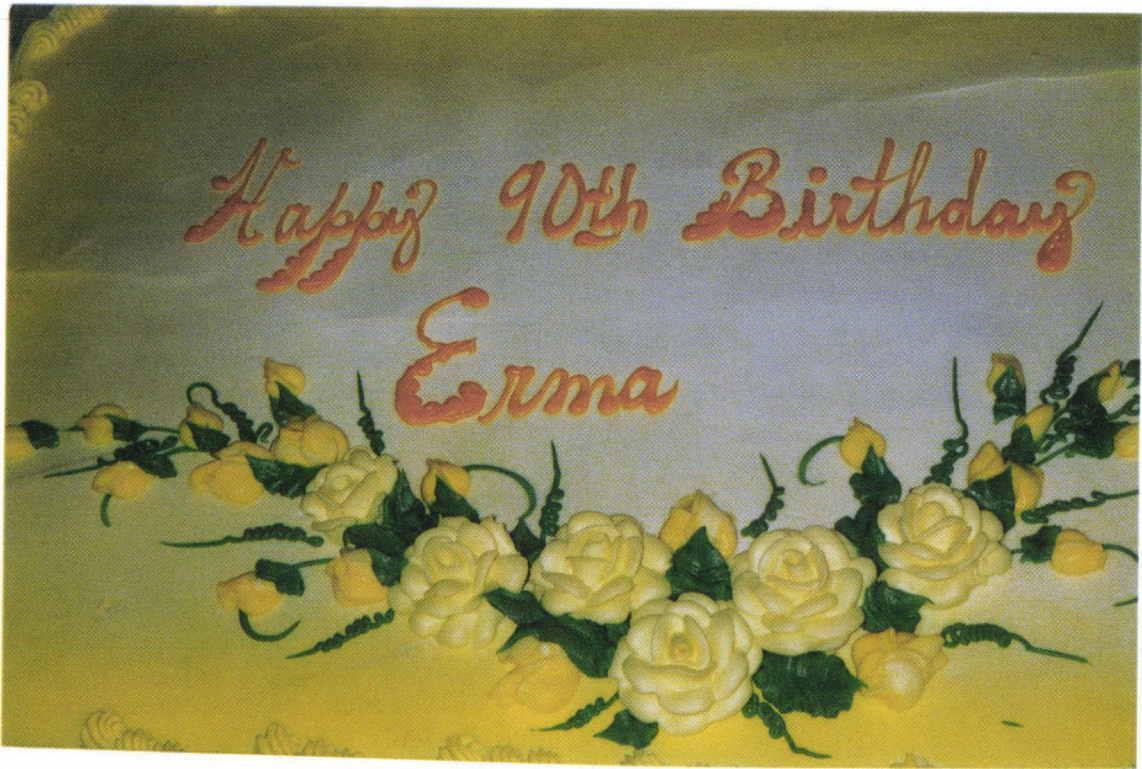
2. Bill Sager was requested to check with the WWII Memorial personnel and determine if they plan to have any special offering for individual units.

3. **Historian** - was to provide an update on the status of where and what is available on SACO History at membership meeting.

The trustees noted the attributes of holding the trustees meeting early during the reunion as opposed to the late night sessions. There being no further business to discuss, the meeting was adjourned at approximately 1545 hours 7-14-99.

Respectfully submitted,

  
Bill Bartee  
Secretary

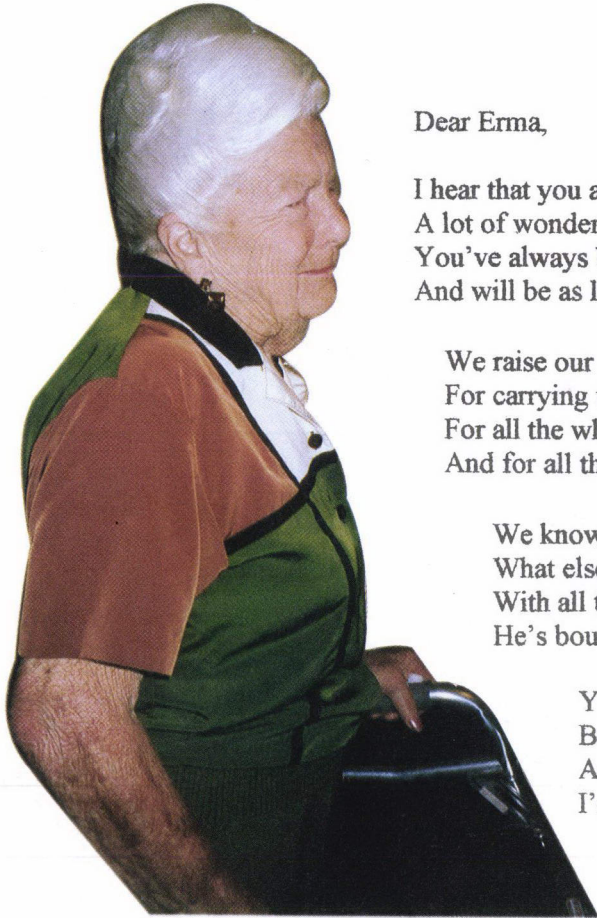


Well-wishers gather in hallway, out of sight, to greet Erma by surprise.



# ALL JOIN IN SURPRISE PARTY FOR ERMA'S 90TH BIRTHDAY

(CHICKEN, COLE SLAW, CAKE AND CHAMPAGNE)



Dear Erma,

I hear that you are 90 or so;  
A lot of wonderful years have passed.  
You've always been the Queen of SACO  
And will be as long as we last.

We raise our glasses and toast to Erma  
For carrying us through so many years;  
For all the whiskey, gin, scotch and booze,  
And for all the more timid - a thousand beers.

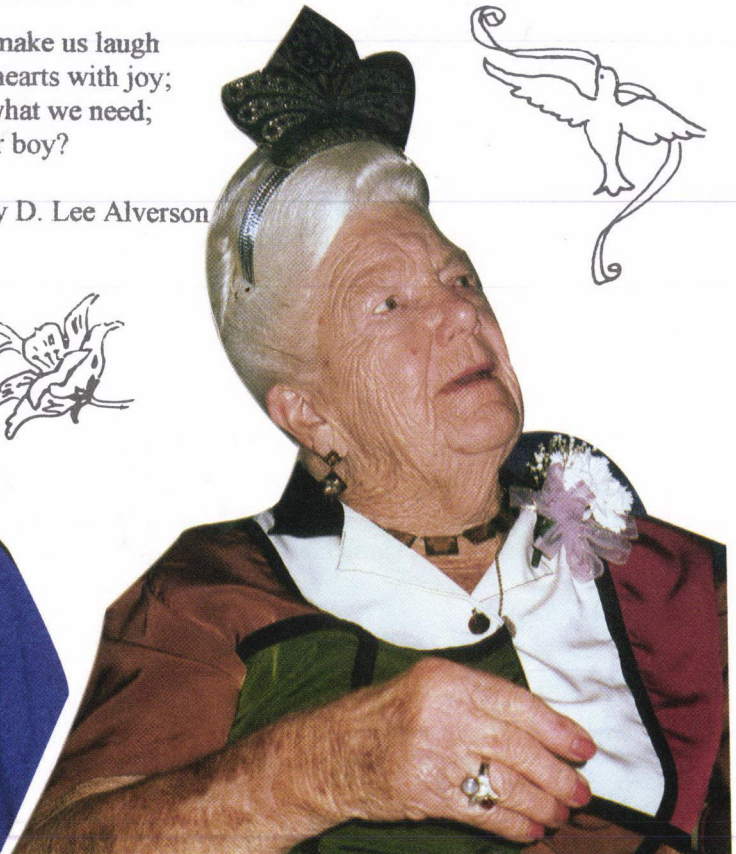
We know that God loves you,  
What else can He do?  
With all the SACO Veterans around you,  
He's bound to love you.

You're not just a Queen for Today,  
But our Queen forever!  
And there's absolutely nothing more to this poem;  
I'm simply not that clever . . .

You always make us laugh  
And fill our hearts with joy;  
You're just what we need;  
Can I be your boy?

by D. Lee Alverson

A little overcome when wheeled  
out of the HR to the hallway where  
everyone was out of sight and sud-  
denly chorused "Happy Birthday."



Ruby and Lee Alverson

Thank you, Lee, for such a loving and touching  
tribute to Erma for her surprise birthday party. Ed.

Recovered from the surprise and joined  
in with the fun.

**SUMMARY OF MEMBERSHIP MEETING  
APPLETON, WI - JULY 16, 1999**

The meeting was convened at 0900 hours after the Invocation and the Pledge of Allegiance. Dr. Felmy read the names of 12 men who have departed since Syracuse.

**OLD BUSINESS**

- + Minutes of 1998 meeting and treasurer's report accepted as read.
- + 14 new associate members approved.
- + 8 attendees approved to receive SACO Medal from Gen. Huang at the banquet.

**FUTURE REUNION SITES**

2000 Williamsburg, VA Charles O'Brien - Chairman  
Air travelers advised to use Richmond, VA as destination terminal. Room rate \$82 per day.

2001 Seattle, WA - held in abeyance.

2001 Fredericksburg, TX Bob Sinks - Chairman  
Approved by membership as 2001 site. Sinks pointed out Adm. Nimitz Foundation, San Antonio - Alamo plus other attractions and Luckenback, TX, pop.3, as points of interest that could be visited.

2002 Cocoa Beach, FL J.F. Fitzgerald - Chairman  
Reported by letter of plans to tour Kennedy Space Center, river cruise, air-boat rides, etc. Room rates vary \$90-\$190 per day.

**HISTORIAN**

The historian has one book assembled and is working on the second. These books will contain items related to SACO history. The historian presented Jack Miller with a double-faced plaque commemorating Appleton.

**NEW BUSINESS**

- + **Lifetime Membership**  
Motion made, seconded, carried that Al Parsons be given lifetime membership in recognition of hardships he endured as Japanese prisoner of war.
- + **Admiral Nimitz Foundation**

A letter from the foundation pointed out that they were (a) a repository for naval history (b) they have room available for commemorative plaques for a charge of \$ 50 or \$2500. The membership decided to raise the money for a \$2500 plaque. (Note: At the convention's end \$2520 had been pledged and \$1145 collected.)

**Trustees meeting report**

Resulted in an addition to the Convention Chairmen's Guide on budgeting procedures.

**Election Results**

President - Jack Miller  
Vice President - Bill Miller  
Secretary - Bill Bartee  
Ass't Secretary - Jim Ness  
Treasurer - Herman Weskamp  
Ass't Treasurer - Willie Baker  
Trustee (3 yrs) Bill Miller & Charles Sellers  
Trustee (1 yr.) Jack Petersen

**OTHER RELATED INFO:**

- + Murray Miles, second son of Adm. Miles, spoke to the membership. He discussed his background as a naval officer and nuclear engineer. He noted that he and his brother had published their mother's book, "BILLY, NAVY WIFE" - copies can be obtained for \$25 each.
- + Dick Banner relayed Sal Ciaccio's utmost thanks and gratitude for the sympathy expressed by the membership for the recent loss of his wife.
- + Rutan invited the membership to the hospitality suite at noon to help celebrate Erma Rutan's 90th birthday.

There being no further business, the meeting was adjourned at approximately 1100 hours.

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

*Respectfully Submitted*  
*Bill Bartee*  
SECRETARY

# Earl Colgrove's Log of Truck Convoy Kunming to Chungking, China

6 July 1943

**From:** Lieutenant Earl P. Colgrove, A-V(S),  
USNR.  
Lieutenant (jg) Robert J. Jantzen, I-V(S)  
USNR.

**TO:** The U.S. Naval Observer, Chungking,  
China

**Subject:** Truck convoy from Kunming to Chung-  
king, China - Log of.

1. The following comprised the personnel aboard the truck convoy from Kunming to Chungking, China: Lieutenant Earl F Colgrove, Lieutenant (jg) Robert J. Jantzen, Robert Clark, GM2c, USN, Samuel Davis, AerM2c, USN; Thomas Phillips, PhoM2c, USNR, Dr. Jih-Hsin Fan, M.D., Chinese citizen; Dr. Frank Yee, Chinese citizen and one Chinese mechanic.

2. The log of the truck trip from Kunming, China to Chungking, China follows:

June 22, 1943: Two battered Dodge trucks arrived at Hostel No. 1 at Kunming, China for our transportation to Chungking. Both trucks looked very bad but we were assured that they were in excellent condition and would cause us no trouble. The trucks were manned by Chinese drivers and the fuel, alcohol, was aboard.

June 23, 1943: Loaded trucks with gear and was underway at 0750. Had to check in at the Customs Section at Kunming. They tried to have us take three (3) Chinese officers as passengers to Chungking, however we convinced them that there was no available space. At 0900, we finally got underway to get only about two miles out when one of the trucks broke down. The driver supposedly repaired it, but the trucks continued to break down about the rate of one a mile. About ten miles of this, we decided we had better return to the garage and have the trucks repaired or

secure new ones. During this ten miles, we were not at all impressed with the Chinese drivers and on the return trip, Lieutenant Colgrove and Lt. Jantzen drove No. 1 truck and Phillips drove No. 2 truck we returned to the garage. On arrival there, we learned from the manager that the trucks were in excellent shape and the night before, because he had personally driven them. But he was convinced that the drivers had sabotaged the trucks. When the alcohol drums on board were checked, it was found that the Chinese drivers had sold 20,000 CN (Chinese currency) of alcohol and contemplated securing cheaper grade of alcohol along the way. Upon further checkup of the trucks, we found the drivers had bent both of the feed lines and had tinkered with the timer. In other words, they had put the trucks in such a condition that they needed a complete check over. The feed lines from the gas tank of both trucks had a hole in them and with all these defects, we could not have gotten fifty miles out before we would have had a complete breakdown. We got the mechanics to check both trucks, install windshield wipers, put new tires and new tarpaulins on both trucks because both leaked. At 1700, the trucks were apparently in running shape, equipped with new tires, 278 gallons of alcohol aboard, 2 ½ gallons oil and a few accessories. We then returned to Hostel No. 1 and contemplated leaving the first thing the next morning.

June 24, 1943: Left Hostel No. 1, Kunming, China at 0645. Both trucks seemed in perfect running order. We proceeded to about two miles of the Hostel when one of the truck's clutch locked and refused to budge. We then had it towed to the Bank of China Garage where we were told that we could pick any one of the trucks from some fifteen in the yard. All of them were wrecks that had been lying there for a year without being used. One truck was in fair condition and with a few adjustments, it ran fairly smooth. We convinced the manager that we should personally drive the trucks and that he should furnish a good mechanic. He agreed to this. He was also convinced that we should have gas instead of alcohol for the trip. The garage mechanics worked the whole of this day until 1845 and repaired both trucks. We returned to Hostel No. 1 and made ready to start early next morning.

June 25, 1943: Left Hostel at 0620. Lt. Jantzen driving truck No. 1, Davis driving truck No. 2, Speedometer reading on truck No. 1 was 18,305. Proceeded to the customs station east gate, Kunming,

China. Picked up Chinese mechanic and at last was underway. Trucks were running fairly well. Only defect in trucks was leaky radiator and broken front spring on truck No. 2. Arrived in Kutsing at 1545. Speedometer reading 18, 473. All hotels in town very bad, made contact with the British group known as Friends' Ambulance Unit who put us up for the night. We received helpful information from these men for the rest of the trip and they also helped put our trucks in better running condition.

June 26, 1943: Secured necessary parts to repair front spring and carburetor on trucks and left the Friends' Ambulance Unit Group at 1045. Beautiful scenery, plenty hairpin curves and narrow roads. Stopped for lunch at Pingyi, arriving at Panhsein at 1815. Speedometer reading 18, 619. Hotels bad in this town. Doctor Fan made contact with the National Health Administration for securing permission for the group to sleep on the deck of the first floor of their building. Upon seeing the place, it was thought best to sleep in the truck. The trucks were put back to back and the men swung hammocks within them, the other two slept in the cab of the trucks. The two Chinese doctors slept in the building.

June 27, 1943: Speedometer reading is 18, 620. Clear day. Only stops were for pictures and food. Lunched at Annan. Truck No. 2 acted up, carburetor trouble and overheated due to leaky water pump. Many dangerous hairpin curves, scenery beautiful. Rolled into Kuan Ling Ch'ang at 1800. Speedometer 18,785. Hotels very bad. Dr. Fan contacted the National Health Administration, but again, we thought it advisable to sleep in the trucks. Watches were posted and men were cautioned to remain alert because this was bandit territory.

June 28, 1943: All set to shove off at 0530, but truck No. 2 failed to start. Finally unloaded all gear and towed it for some distance and it managed to start. Shove off at 0745. Roads muddy and slippery due to all night rain. Plenty of mountains and hairpin curves. At 0915, pulled into Huang Kuo Shu. Speedometer reading 18, 814. Here was one of the most beautiful waterfalls any of us had ever seen. Breakfasted and underway at 1045. Had lunch at Anchun. Rode from here to Kweiyang. Roads fairly good, level and not too bumpy. Pulled into checking station at Kweiyang at 1730. Details here took approximately an hour. Drove

into town and finally secured rooms at the China Travel Service Reception Hotel.

June 29, 1943: Went to the Bank of China with Coctor Frank Yee to get necessary gasoline to proceed to next gassing point. Here we met with much difficulty. The bank had not been notified of our arrival and would be unable to advance us necessary fuel until they received word from either Kunming or Chungking. Yee finally suggested that we contact one of General Tai Li's men. We did and in cooperation with the Bank of China, it was finally agreed to supply enough alcohol to reach next gassing point. The necessary alcohol was promised late that afternoon, but never did arrive.

June 30, 1943: Breakfasted early. Contemplated an early start if the necessary alcohol arrived. Sent Yee to try to hurry the operations. He finally arrived back at the hotel at 1730 stating that the Chief Police Inspector of the District was coming at 1800 and would give the final OK on securing the alcohol. Sixty gallons alcohol was at last secured and the remaining gas was drained into truck No. 2 while truck No. 1 was filled with alcohol.

July 1, 1943: Shoved off at 0645. Drove five miles back to the checking station and here it was two hours before we got licenses and passports in order. Dr. Yee had to sell two empty gas drums on board to help pay for the license. After the necessary stickers were placed on the windshield, we got underway. Driving by alcohol is a rather difficult task and it was a continual job of choking the trucks up the mountains. At 1145 pulled into Hsi'fing Training School for Special Service. Here, Yee secured lunch for us and we were shown about the school grounds. Shoved off at 1415. Made very good time and at 1815, pulled into Tsunyi. Here we took aboard 90 gallons of Chinese gasoline, secured lodging at the Chinese Travel Reception Service which was rather clean. On this day's journey, we drove over parts of the road which only a few days before had been washed away and where there had been a large landslide.

July 2, 1943: Shoved off at 0630. Speedometer reading 19, 117. Plenty of mountains and dangerous curves. Davis of No. 2 truck became very ill and the driving assignment taken over by Clark and Phillips.

A hammock was hung in truck no. 1 and Davis apparently rested better. Lunched at Wuu Chiang at 1800. Pulled into Dunchi about 1800. Accommodations very bad, so decided to drive to Chi Chang because of better accommodations. Arrived at Chi Chang at 2030. Hotels all very bad. The only good Hostel was filled. During the day, No. 1 truck was changed from alcohol to newly secured Chinese gasoline. It functioned very well with this new fuel. All of the group but the two Chinese doctors slept in the trucks.

June 3, 1943 Shoved off at 0545. Davis feeling better. Made very good time. Pulled into checking station at Pingshan at approximately 0730. Here passports and licenses were checked by very efficient groups which took only a few minutes. upon completion of this task, left here and arrived at Chungking at 0945. On Yee's instruction, proceeded to ferry at end of town, waited in line about one and one half hours, then found this was a passenger ferry and could not accommodate trucks. Retraced ten kilometers to the truck ferry. Here Yee purchased necessary tickets and checked licenses. Still did not know where to go, but assumed we were to cross the river. Many trucks were already ahead of us, so we had to wait in line. We met a USN truck that had come across on the ferry. Upon talking to the driver, we asked how to contact the Naval Observer but he did not know, but suggested we go to the Naval Attache's Office. Here, finally, made contact with the Naval Observer, who made arrangements to be met at the truck ferry. We were met at the ferry by Mr. Liu and followed him to our final destination. It should be noted here that Dr. Fan left the party across the river stating that he could be contacted at the National Health Administration. Dr. Yee was taken to a hotel by Mr. Liu. Yee informed group that the Naval Observer would know how to get in touch with him.

We arrived at final destination at approximately 1900.

*Submitted by Bob Clark*

R. J. Jantzen  
Lieutenant (jg) USNR

E. F. Colgrove,  
Lieutenant, AOVs, USNR

???!\*\*\*

### **BOB CLARK , WRITING FOR HIS GRAND-SON'S STORY AT SCHOOL RELATES TO THE FOREGOING CONVOY:**

The day we arrived in Kunming, we went to an American barracks to put our things down. An American soldier came in and said, "Come with me; I want to show you something!" About 200 yards from the barracks, in a field, were two Chinese who had just been shot. Why? They had been caught that morning stealing tools at the American Air Base.

We stayed in a 5-bunk room, the 5 of us in a row. Bunk 1 was Lt. Jantzen, bunk 2 - Lt. Colgrove, bunk 3 - Davis . bunk 4 - Clark and bunk 5 - Phillips. We all cleaned our .45 semiautomatics. Jantzen also had a .38 revolver.

With the .45, you remove the clip, clean the gun, snap it off - then reinsert the loaded clip. Jantzen did that, then he unloaded the .38, cleaned it, reloaded it - then snapped it off. "Ker-bang!!!" right over our heads. In about 5 seconds, 2 armed Chinese soldiers, angry and scared, were in the room. We spoke no Chinese - they spoke no English. Lt. Colgrove calmed them down and they left.

We stopped at a small place of business to eat. There was a beautiful waterfall. We spent the night right in that area because we were told it wasn't safe to travel at night because of the bandits in the area.

Next day, after we had eaten, we asked the Chinese traveling with us what to pay the owner of the place. The answer was nothing, just give him the empty food cans. About then, a foreign woman came into the place. She was a Swedish missionary nursed who helped the rural Chinese. We asked if there was anything we could give to make life easier. "Yes, toilet tissue." Well, we were carrying supplies to Chungking, so we had some and gave some to her.

We came to a city with a nice European Hotel with a suitable cook, so we had good food and clean, nice rooms. We three sailors took a walk to see the city. Of course, we attracted a large following of men, women and children. We went upstairs to a bar and the crowd gathered below. On the walk, we had gotten a roll of firecrackers. We lit one and through it down for the crowd. Immediately, two Chinese soldiers, guns and all, were at our table. Even though we spoke no Chinese, we knew that firecrackers were not allowed, and we'd better not do it again!

. . . We came to a province border and soldiers swarmed over the truck to check our papers and what was in our cargo. Jantzen got up there and looked the usual crowd over. He spotted an old white-haired man and said, "Well, there is the most distinguished person I have seen since I have been in China. The old man said, "Thank you, I used to live in Ohio!" The search quickly ended and we were on our way.

We arrived at the shore of the Yangtze across from Chungking. There was a lot of activity, trucks unloading onto sampans and the other way around. On group was moving 55-gallon barrels of gasoline using 2 yo-yo poles rigged so three men carried them. Now that is a bunch, 50 gallons times 8 lbs. per gallon=400lbs! Some (men) were big suckers. The Chinese Doc called for some help carrying his baggage. Here came two guys fighting to get the job. One hit the other in chest with his fist and knocked him flat. I asked how come they were so big, 6 ft tall and well over 200 lbs. They were from northern China where the food staple was not rice, but wheat!

A sampan took us across the Yangtze River to a long steep stairway going up to the city of Chungking. We went part way up, then on to a path that took us over to the SACO headquarters camp. It was 4-3-1943. Before dark, I was ordered to get a haircut, now! I had not had one since March.

???!!\*\*\*

### Bob Larson Recalls. . .

intact in my room.

So, there we proceeded with fitting haste to celebrate - only to discover my "whiskey" was only a bottle of boiled water with seals reattached, which I had carried from Calcutta and declared at customs!!

You may recall the hotel in Calcutta furnished boiled water. After a night of celebration of my departure, I returned to my hotel room to discover this bottle, which I thought Doc. Jones had left as a parting gift. I couldn't find him, so I saved the bottle.

Fortunately, I also had a half bottle of gin in my luggage. So we toasted the liberation of Paris with gin.

. . . Thanks to you for helping keep alive the memory of SACO and the friendships it engendered.

Sincerely, Bob Larson

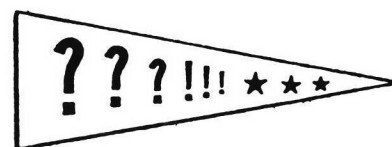
## ANDY FLEMING ATTEMPTS TO PUT THE RECORD STRAIGHT

IN AN ATTEMPT TO CLEAR UP AN ONGOING FLAP ABOUT SCOUTS AND RAIDERS, LET ME STATE A FEW FACTS.

IT HAS BEEN POINTED OUT THAT THERE IS NO MENTION OF S&Rs IN THE ADMIRAL'S BOOK - AND THERE ISN'T. THE REASON BEING THAT EVERYONE CLAIMING THE TITLE OF S&R THAT SERVED IN SACO WAS - FIRST OF ALL - A MEMBER OF A ROGER GROUP. THE FIRST OF THESE GROUPS (TRAINED AT FT. PIERCE, FLA) WAS CALLED "ROGER SPECIAL," FOLLOWING GROUPS WERE ROGER 1 THROUGH 4. ROGER 4 NEVER MADE IT OVERSEAS AS THE WAR ENDED BEFORE THEY COMPLETED TRAINING. TO BECOME A ROGER, ONE HAD TO TAKE 6 WEEKS OF S&R TRAINING, THEN TAKE 6 WEEKS OF UNDERWATER DEMOLITION TRAINING. I WAS A MEMBER OF ROGER SPECIAL. THE REASON THAT S&Rs ARE NOT MENTIONED IN THE BOOK IS BECAUSE THE NAME "ROGER" IS NOT USED BY THE MEN WHO TOOK ROGER TRAINING. ON PAGE 469 OF THE BOOK (*A DIFFERENT KIND OF WAR*) THERE IS AN APPROPRIATE MENTION OF "ROGER AMPHIBIOUS TRAINING." IT SEEMS THAT THE TITLE OF "ROGER" IS NOT NEARLY AS MACHO AS 'S&R.' THAT IS WHY YOU ARE HEARING MORE ABOUT "S&R" THAN ABOUT "ROGERS." BEAR IN MIND, AN S&R HAD TO TAKE 6 WEEKS OF UDT TO BECOME A ROGER.

I'LL PROBABLY GET SOME FLACK ABOUT THIS - BUT THAT'S THE WAY I SEE IT. . . .

ANDY (FLEMING)



## BOB LARSON RECALLS MOMENTS OF THE PAST



I have not previously responded to your requests for personal reminiscences because most of my duty with SACO was with a group, which was prevented by circumstances beyond its control, from making a significant contribution to the success of SACO - *The Meynier Group*, also known as The French Group

Those circumstances were largely the product of OSS.!!!

Nevertheless, Meynier was a great admirer of the Skipper and Americans generally, and deserves a spot in our memoirs.

. . .It was entirely by accident that my association with Meynier Group evolved. I had been ordered to duty with the U.S. Naval Observer, Chungking. As I believe, the first supply and disbursing officer in China in early 1943.

As an aside, I should report that my first payday in Chungking was highlighted by a \$10 difference which I couldn't find until I went to the Skipper's quarters and counted his pay - \$10 short!!

A few weeks later, a strange group appeared on the scene with no one who could speak English. Having been employed in a French factory near Paris when they went to war, I had some facility with their

language. Being not at all bashful, I struck an acquaintance which soon resulted in additional duty and finally, permanent detached duty with them.

After months of frustration dealing with OSS, the Gaullist French and the English, the Meynier Group was ordered back to North Africa and I was returned to the States.

Thus ended my association with the French officer who was, perhaps, the first French submariner to sink a German sub in the war and who was the only squadron commander to sail from Toulon with his submarines rather than scuttle them as ordered and also my last contact with his remarkable wife who was a member of Indo-Chinese royalty.

My last report to the skipper after reporting to Washington concluded in part: "He is the most pro-American Frenchman I have ever seen. His present difficulties are the direct result of a year of work spent with Americans in China. Mistrust of him is caused by mistrust of the Americans and I wish we could find some way of sticking by him."

My orders to accompany the Meyniers to Algiers and then return home were so unusual that it was only in 1946, after my release from active duty, that they were returned to me, authorizing payment of per-diem for the trip.

I have delayed too long providing the anecdotes which you requested and which were the main purpose of this letter.

The first involves my "sleeping with" Madame Meynier - which, in a way, I did. We were en route from Chungking to Nanning by way of Kweilin and Luichow. The commander, Madame Meynier, our Chinese liaison officer Captain Tsu and I (as I recall it) by air to Kweilin, by rail to Liuchow and by truck to Nanning.

Upon arrival in Liuchow, only two rooms were available - one for the Meyniers and one for me with none for Captain Tsu. Rather than have Captain Tsu "lose face" for lack of quarters, the Meyniers suggested I sleep in their room, which had two beds, leaving mine (room) for Captain Tsu.

So, I slept with Madame Meynier - with her husband. So much for interesting rumors!!

The other story has us in Cairo on the way home, that is to say, Algiers. While there, the liberation of Paris was announced - about noon as I recall it. Bars were prevented by curfew from serving alcohol before 6 p.m. But, I had a bottle of whiskey with seals attached

# AMUSING APPLETON ANTICS



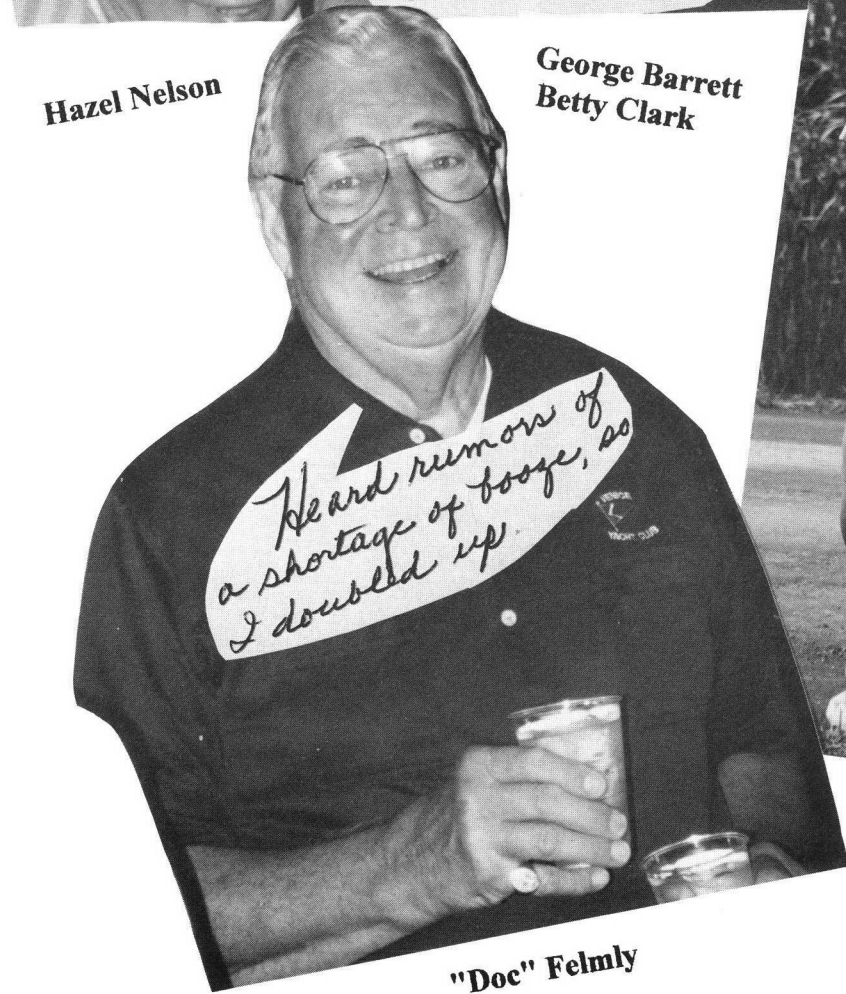
*Just thinking about  
Sepas 2001 pooped  
me out.*

**Bob Sinks**

*"Loll out  
the barrel"*

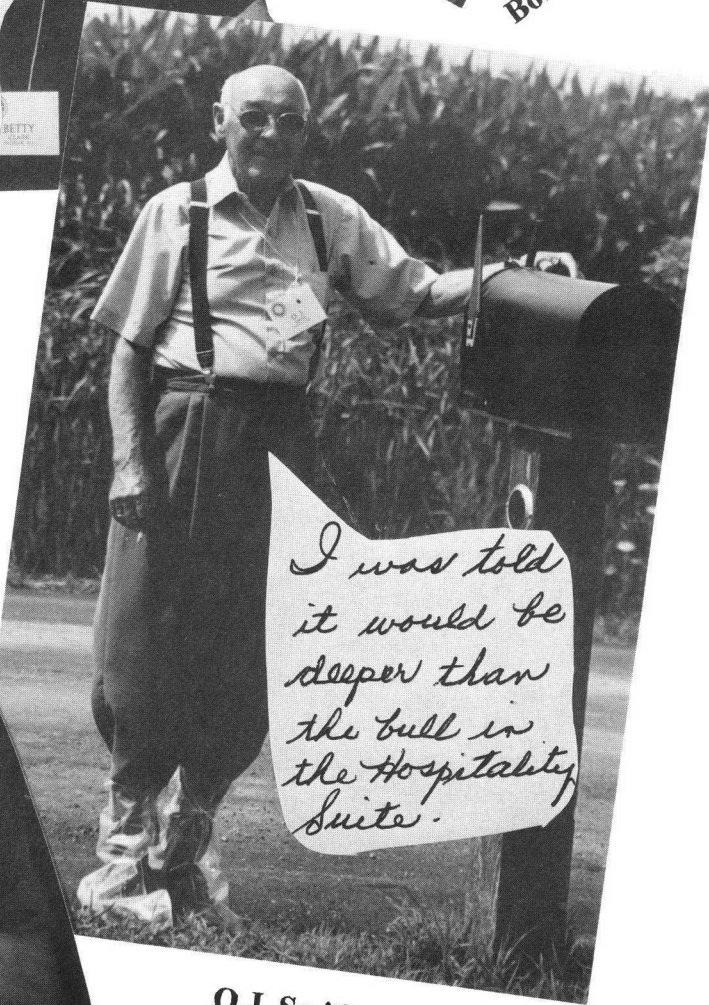
**Hazel Nelson**

**George Barrett  
Betty Clark**



*Heard rumors of  
a shortage of booze, so  
I doubled up.*

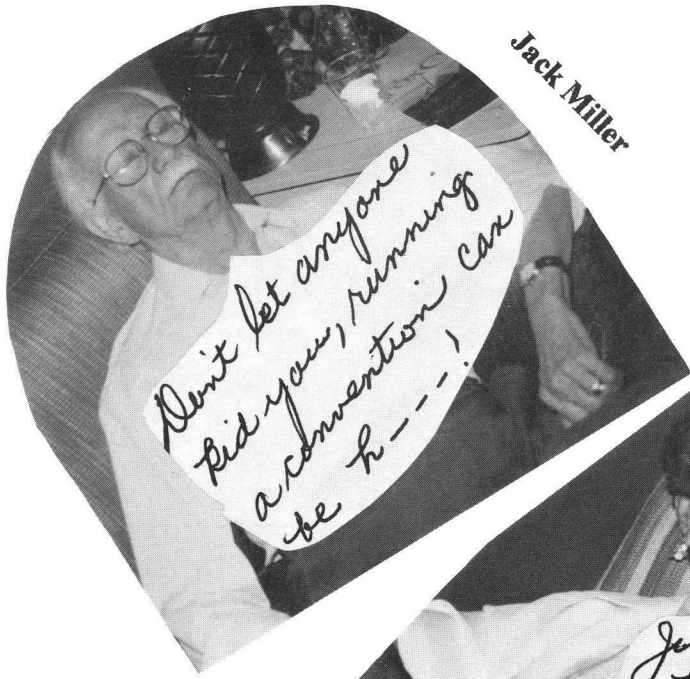
**"Doc" Felmy**



*I was told  
it would be  
deeper than  
the bull in  
the Hospitality  
Suite.*

**O.J. Smith**

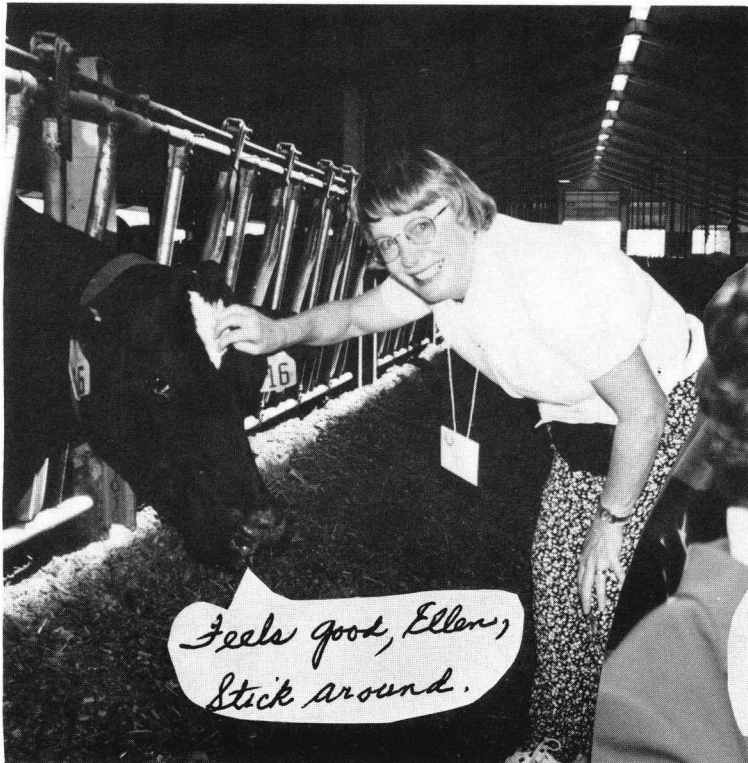




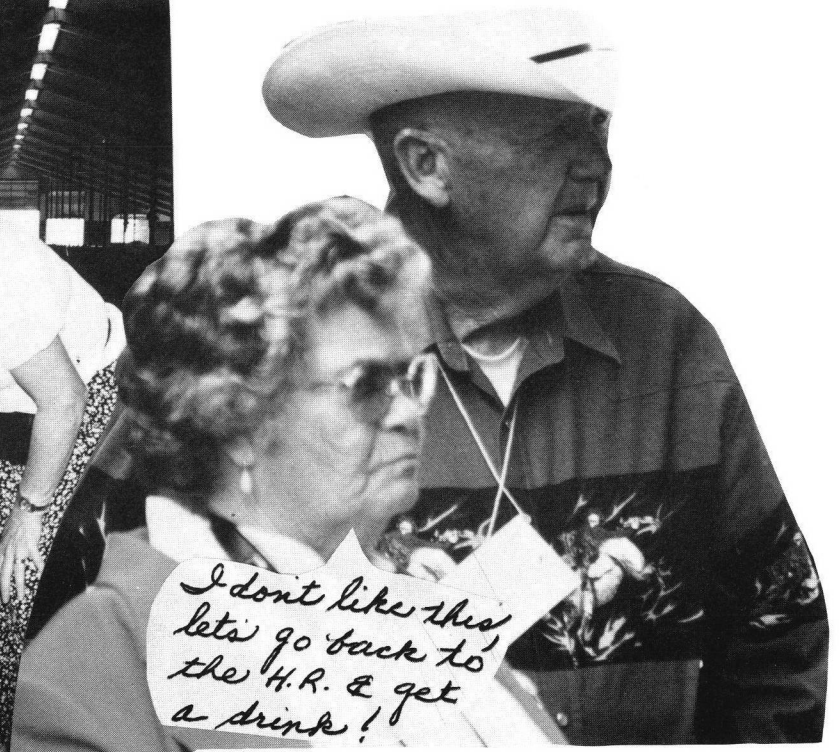
Jack Miller



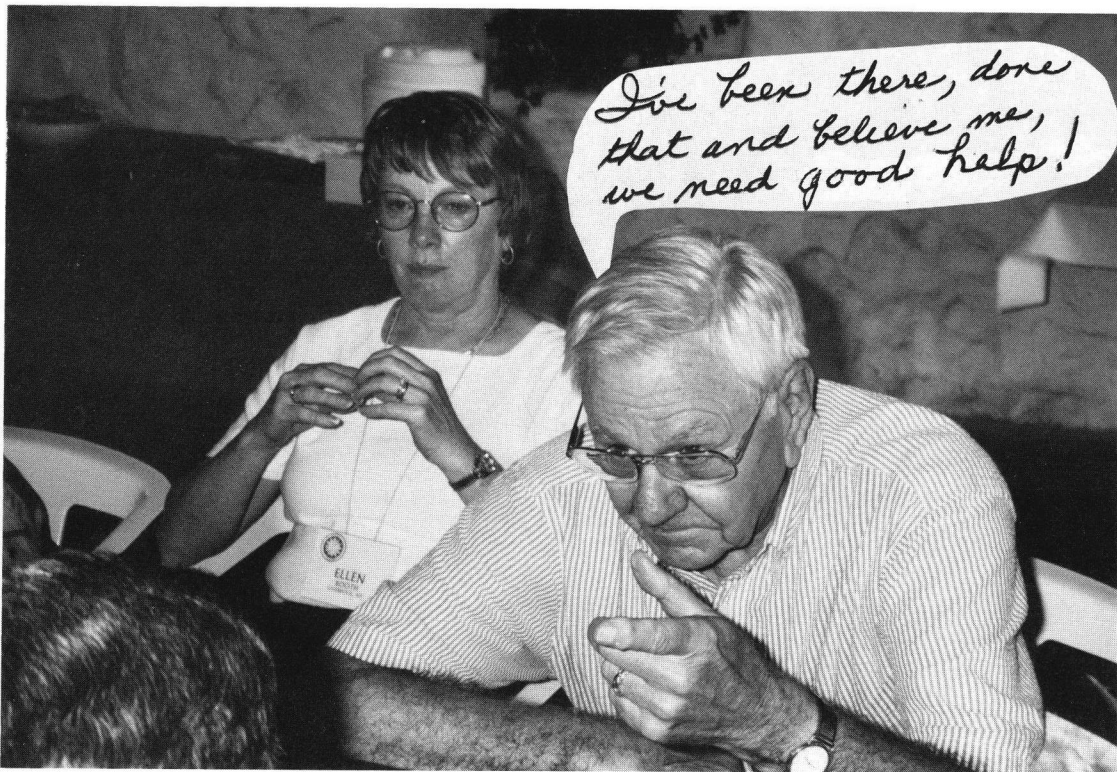
Lois Hill & Jim Kelly



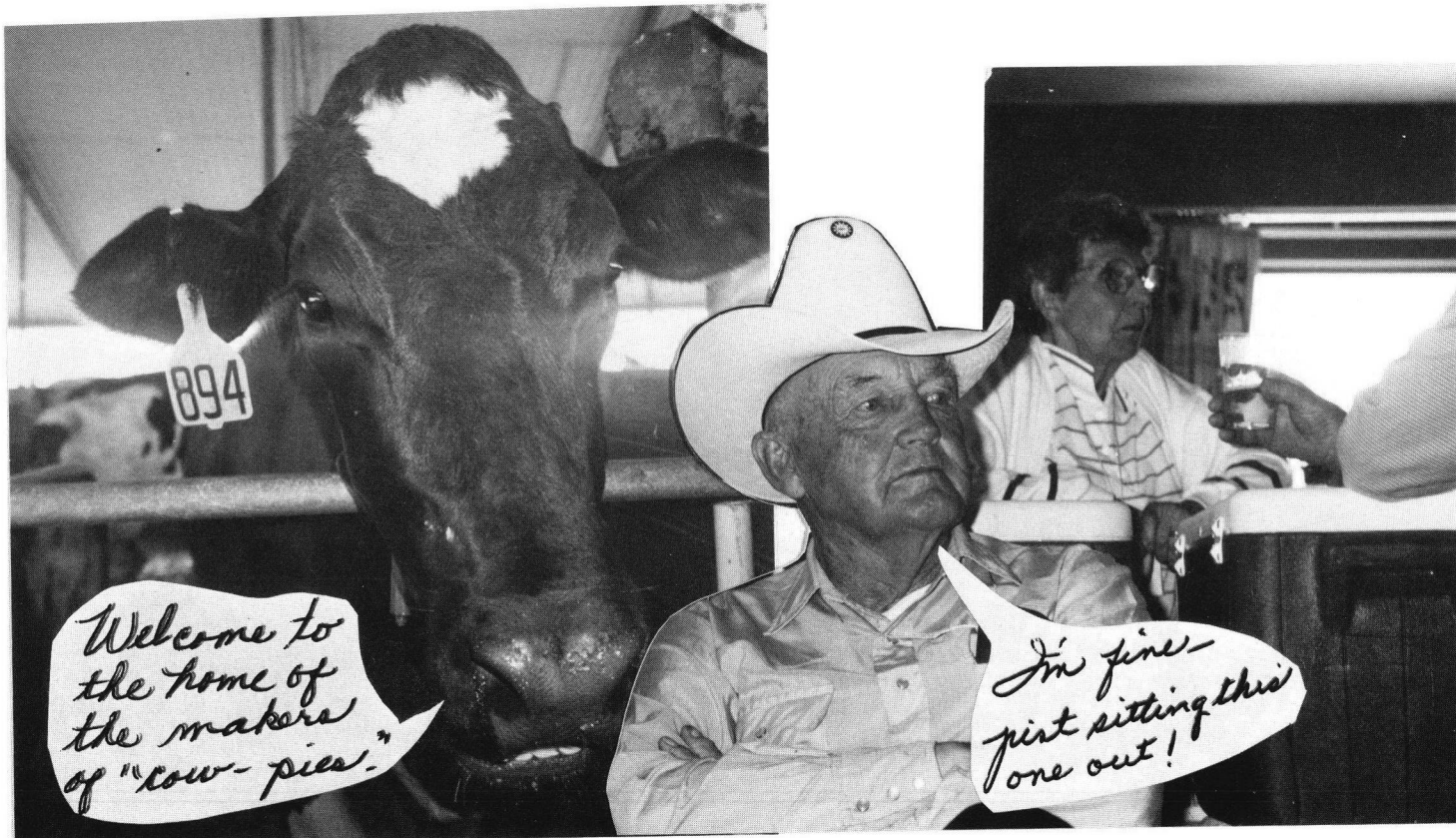
Ellen Booth



Lillie & Ken Brown

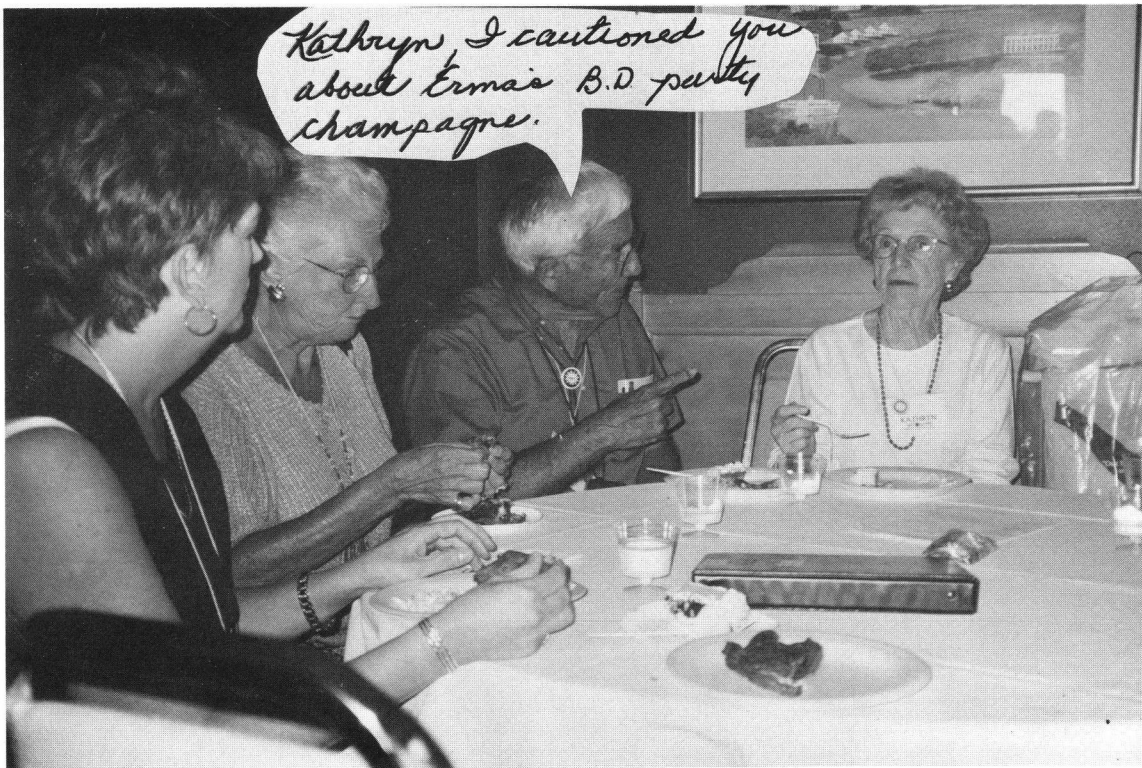


**Ellen & Bud Booth**



**"Babe"**

**Ken Brown - Beverly Petersen**



**Penny Coats, Peg Felmy, Wes & Kathryn Weskamp**



**Paul Pao - Bud Booth - Wes & Kathryn Weskamp Ellen Booth - Bill & Elizabeth Sager**



**Weskamp & Miller**

*Wes, when I get this mess figured out, I'll forward the leftovers.*



**Enid Miles**

*This is a hobo's lunch? Believe me I'll never roam!*



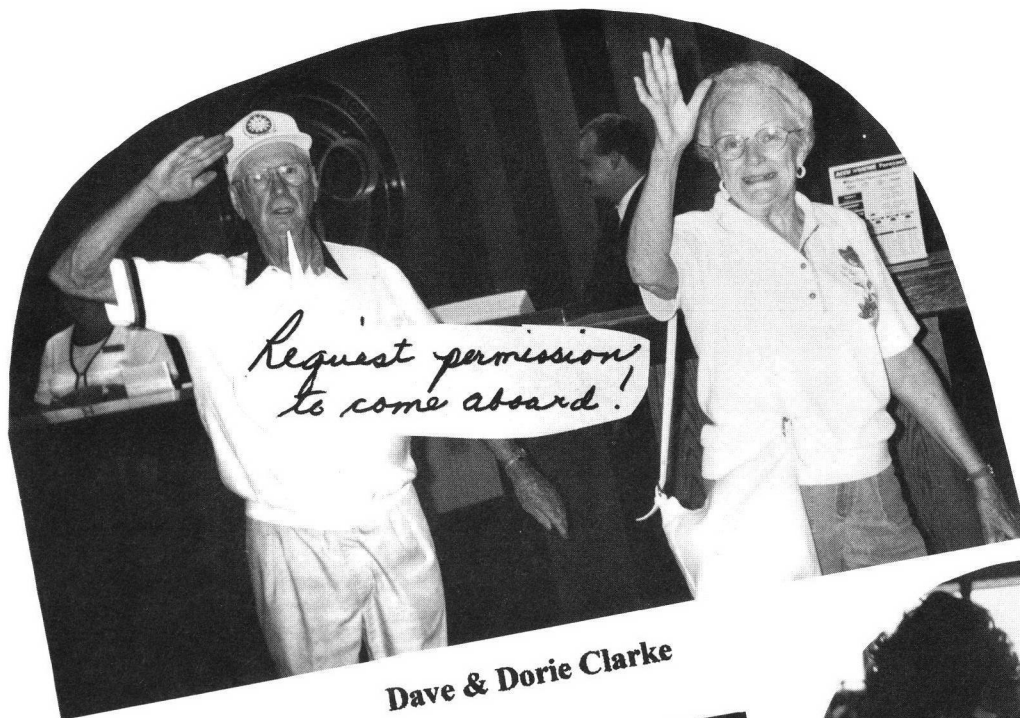
**Larry Karas  
Jim Kelly**

*Georgia! Georgia!  
Come here, quick!*

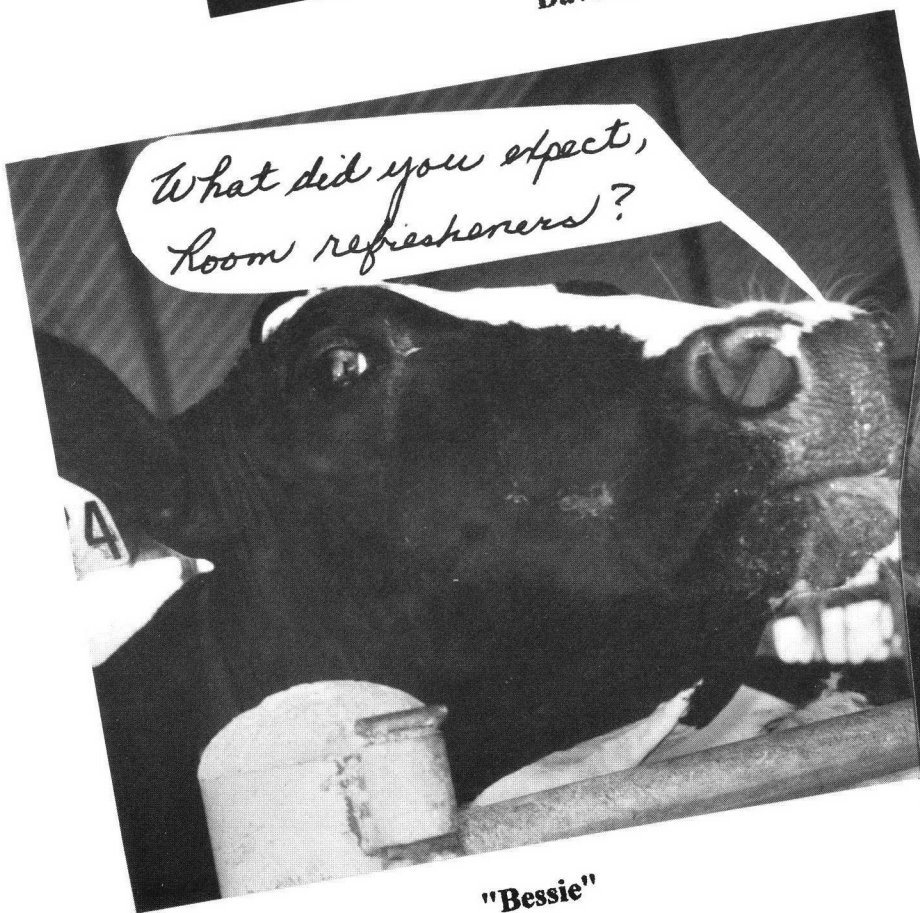


**Mary & Jerry Coats**

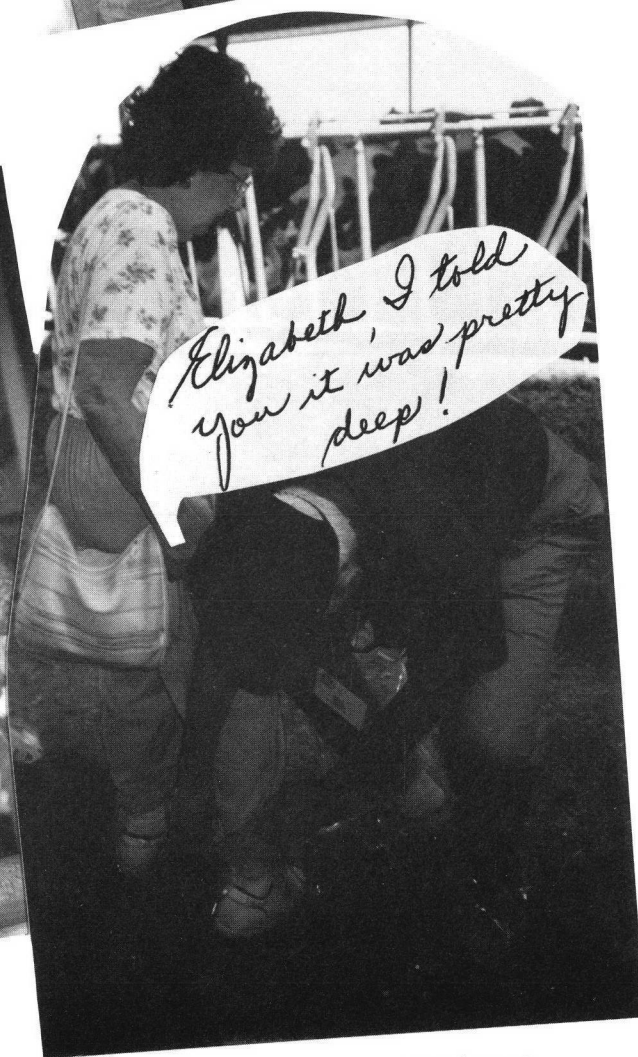
*Mary, one screwdriver  
is enough for now!*



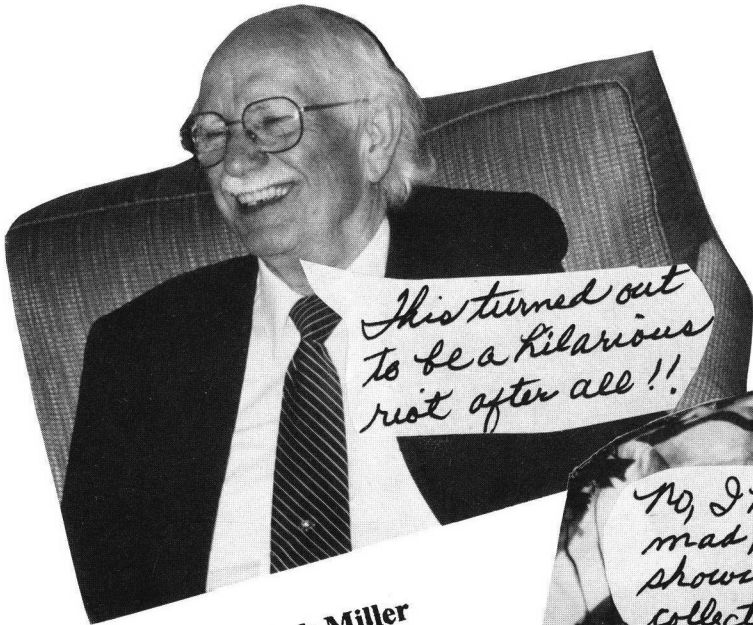
**Dave & Dorie Clarke**



**"Bessie"**

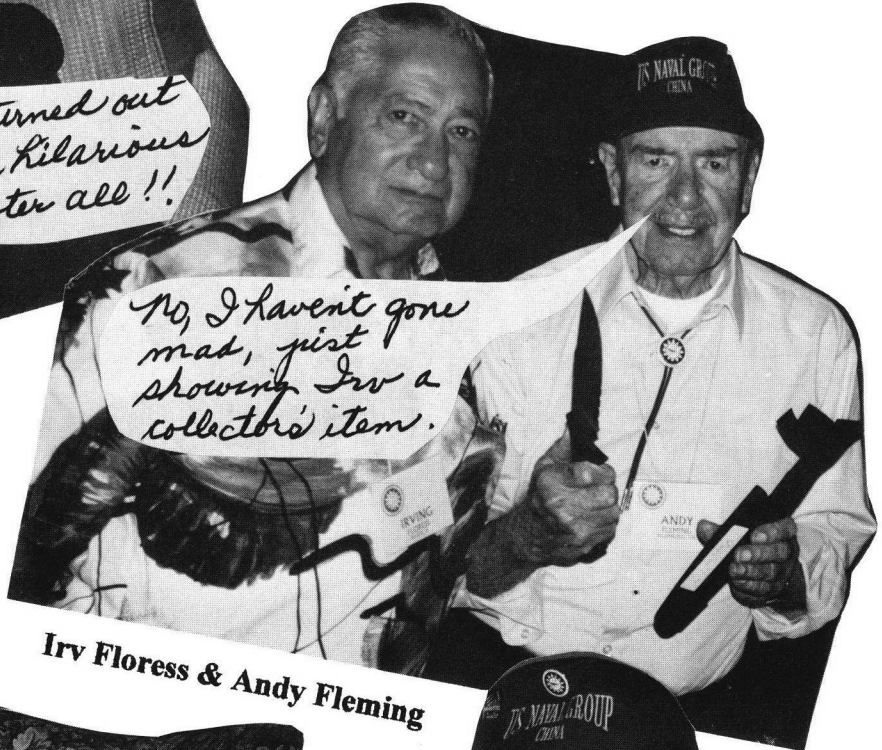


**Elizabeth and Bill Sager**



*This turned out to be a hilarious riot after all !!*

**Jack Miller**



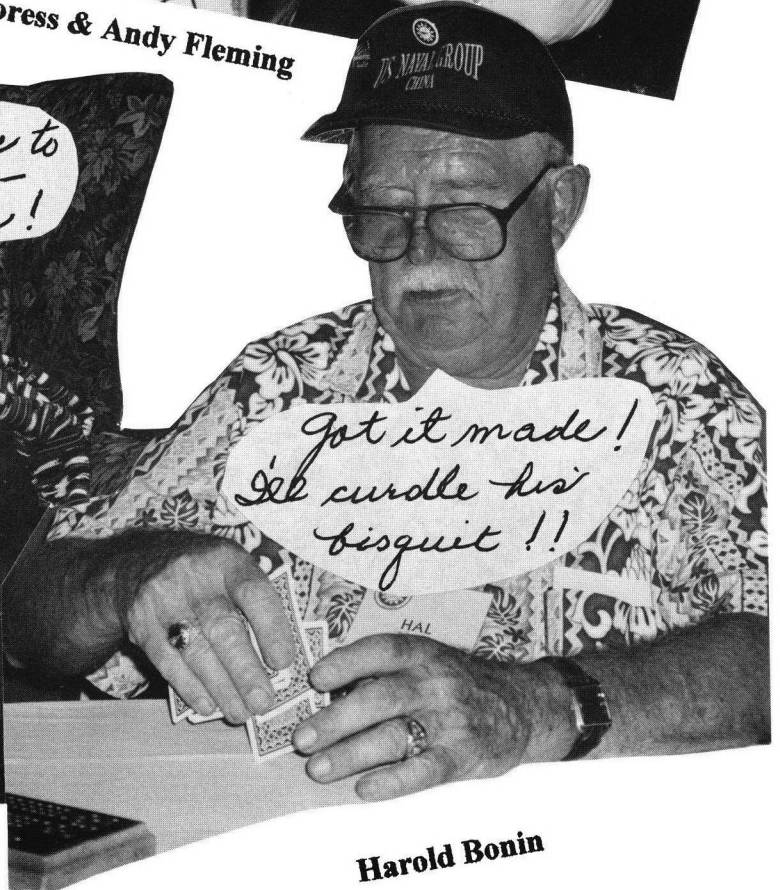
*No, I haven't gone mad, just showing Irv a collector's item.*

**Irv Floress & Andy Fleming**



*I never have to count sheep - I wear them!*

**Lois Robillard**



*Got it made!  
I'll curdle his  
bisquit !!*

**Harold Bonin**

# KUDOS TO JACK & ANN

A "Thank you" for a most pleasant week. We enjoyed being your guests. And a "Well done" for the reunion. I am sure that most everyone had a good time. . . Enjoyed Appleton and hope you two will enjoy your "vacation."  
Peg and "Doc" Felmly

A great big "Thank you" for the splendid SACO reunion 1999.  
It being my first and not knowing anyone made me determined to have a good time. It turned out to be the greatest good time I have had in years. . .  
Marian Quinlan

Bill and I want to thank you for all your work in putting on the SACO Reunion. . . The hotel was very nice and so well located. We had a great time! . . . You two were just great - thanks again for all your efforts.  
Sissy & Beep Miller

. . . Indeed a "success" was the '99 edition of SACO's annual reunions. You staged a masterful program for all to enjoy. . . Everybody seemed to enjoy the "package" you developed. And Appleton proved to be the perfect scenario. I commend you and am delighted that I went. Moreover, I'm pleased my son, Dennis, joined me to see for himself how great our reunions are and how wonderful are the SACO veterans and their wives, family and friends. . . I'll always recall it with great pleasure.

Jim Kelly

. . . You, your wife and fellow Wisconsinites are to be congratulated for your superb planning and organization and management of the 1999 SACO Reunion . . . This was our first, Phyllis asks, "Why?" - no good answer. It was great seeing men I hadn't seen for 50+ y ears, some I know by name only.  
Thank you again, Jack and Ann  
Jim & Phyllis Jones

Another great reunion thanks to your hard work and effort in making all the arrangements. We thank you for a very enjoyable time and are most grateful. . .  
Doris and George Barrett

Thank you for bringing SACO to the Paper Valley Hotel! We have enjoyed your group and would love to have you back anytime.  
Sandy Riedl  
Banquet/Sales Dept  
Paper Valley Hotel

## TO ALL SACOS:

It was indeed a privilege and an honor to host the 1999 reunion in Appleton. We were especially grateful to meet and show Wisconsin to Gen. and Mrs. Huang and their delegates and the SACO membership.

We were very pleased to be able to recruit 8 new members and have Maj.Gen. Huang present their medals.

We picked the *PAPER VALLEY HOTEL* because of the many shops within 3 blocks on each side.

The schedule did not permit us to talk one-on-one as we would have like to. Again, we hope that each one had a pleasant visit in Appleton and we *would* do it again!

Sincerely,  
Ann & Jack Miller

# THE JAP-EATING PHANTOM OF NIMSHAN



They were a bizarre  
group of ghosts creating  
havoc behind Jap  
lines. In this exclusive  
story, you'll read  
the strangest GI yarn  
of World War II.

By Carl Sherman

*Editor' note: Of all the U.S. forces which participated in World War Two none was more top secret nor saw more fantastic action than SACO, the Sino-American Cooperative Organization operating behind Jap lines in China under General Tai Li, with Commander Milton E. Miles, USN, in active command.*

*Many of the thrilling exploits of SACO have never been revealed before. Here is the most bizarre of them all . . .*

Technical Sergeant Phil Dietz frowned as he glanced at the battered little alarm clock beside the wireless transmitter.

"Almost 1900. Po Chen usually gets here before sunset. Maybe the Japs grabbed her when she started up the mountain."

Perched on an upended box at the transmitter, Sergeant Doug Chambers shifted his headset from his ears and gazed towards the entrance of the little Taoist temple. From their hideout near the summit of the 4163-foot Peak of the Heavenly Cloud, he could see the last rays of sunlight lining the darkening hills of the Kai Lung Shan.

"Relax," he said. "Po Chen's smart. She'll probably show by the time I get the evening weather report off. Air Force Intelligence will be happy to hear that tomorrow'll be a lovely day for setting half of Tokyo on fire. Wind'll be just right."

"Nuts to our Air Force and to Tokyo," said Dietz. "Right now I'm thinking about Po Chen and those Jap bastards down there in Nimshan."

He lapsed into silence. Chambers was calling 14th Air Force Intelligence.

Western Pacific weather sweeps south from the frozen Siberian steppes and forests across the Chinese deserts and mountains, then curves east, moving across Japan.

China's weather today is Japan's tomorrow - which is why secret teams of SACO weather observers like Chambers and Dietz, courageously operating behind Jap lines in China were invaluable both to the U.S. Air Force and U.S. Naval Intelligence in the Pacific during World War Two.

In addition, the SACO radio, well hidden in the ruins of the ancient little Taoist temple on the Peak of the Heavenly Cloud was in direct contact with Chiang Kai-shek's headquarters in Chungking. Strategic military information picked up by the General Tai Li's astute spies in Jap-held Hong Kong and nearby China ports was dispatched to Nimshan, former pirate rendezvous at the head of Bias Bay. From there it was brought up the mountain by Po Chen, one of Tai Li's girl couriers to be radioed to Chungking.

Chambers finished transmitting and eyed the clock. No doubt about it. Po Chen was now considerably overdue.

He debated whether or not to raise Chungking and inform Chinese Intelligence. He was still deliberating when Dietz reached decisively for his carbine.

"I'm going down the trail a bit."

Chambers nodded in understanding. He didn't blame Dietz for being concerned. Po Chen was 19 and attractive. She had high, proud



breasts, a trim figure and long, fine legs: which not even her drab, blue clothed samfoos succeeded in masking. For weeks now, after arrive late in the afternoon and delivering the report, she had spent the night with Dietz cementing Sino-American relations on a couple of army blankets.

"Don't forget Chungking expects to hear from us tonight," he called out as Dietz made for the temple entrance. "No hanky-panky in the woods lover boy. Bring her straight back." He headed briskly down the ancient trail, long overgrown with scrub and coarse chi grass. Almost indiscernible in the soft starlight, it would steeply downward for more than seven and a half miles to the port of Nimshan.

What there was of a trail was effectively concealed from aerial observation for most of its length by stands of fragrant-smelling cedars. Only for the first quarter mile did he hike through clearings of uprooted trees and shattered stumps. Here was the bomb-scars of war where an occasional Canton-based Jap bomber had flown over and clobbered the Peak of the Heavenly Cloud.

Reaching the shadowy edge of the forest, Dietz paused. Po Chen was an adroit courier and knew the mountain trail well. She had never had any difficulty in evading patrols of Col. Umida's 309th Japanese Infantry battalion camped at the base of the mountain.

Maybe she ran into a special patrol, he theorized, and dismissed the thought almost immediately. Far more likely the courier from Hong Kong had been delayed in making contact with her.

He started downward again through the cedars. A few hundred yards further on the trail began winding across the deepening shoulder of the mountain towards a windswept clearing of scrub.

Suddenly, then, above the whispering of the wind, he heard a woman scream.

High and thin, a piercing shriek of terror, it stopped him in his tracks.

"Po Chin!" he muttered, in quick alarm. "The Japs were waiting in the scrub for her!"

Another shriek reached his shocked ears, almost inhuman in its fearsome agony. Abruptly it was stilled.

With his carbine at the ready, he dashed forward, his heavy combat boots breaking dead branches underfoot, making sandpapery noises brushing through the thick chi grass.

A loud rustling in the scrub ahead brought him to a taut stop. Throwing himself prone, he raised his carbine, waiting to spot a flash of rifle fire.

For an eternity of seconds he watched the scrub, his finger ready on the trigger.

There were no shots from a Jap ambush. Snaking his big body silently towards the scrub, he found it empty.

Puzzled, he got to his feet and warily approached the clearing. The quiet was ominous as he looked about. Then he saw Po Chen. She was lying in bloodstained chi grass near the edge of the clearing. He stared at her body, incredulous with horror.

Her head had been partly ripped from her slender neck and her samfoos were in shreds. Her right leg was missing, literally torn from her body. What remained was only a stump of thigh, ragged pulpy flesh.

Dietz felt his stomach pushing upward into his throat and for the next several seconds, he fought against vomiting. He had seen the corpses of men who had died in combat, Japanese, Chinese, and several of his own American comrades.

Some had been badly mutilated by grenades, by shrapnel or by shell fire. In the course of the war, he had,

by necessity, become hardened to such grizzly sights.

But the death of Po Chen, he quickly realized, had been different and far more terrifying. She had been literally torn apart, not by a man-made explosive, but by a powerful fiend, a devil incarnate whose enormous strength transcended anything human.

He gazed at the body, wiped the cold sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand. When he moved, the joints of his knees were like rubber as he observed a line of voracious moi ants marching through the grass.

"I can't leave her here," he muttered hoarsely. "Not like this." The scrub rustled stealthily. A pair of baleful eyes were glaring at him from concealment.

He brought up his carbine and started to turn. He was a split second too late.

With a great bound, a tawny figure flashed towards him. Long, needle-pointed fangs closed about his neck, biting deeply. His spine was snapped like match-wood. He died almost instantly.

Chambers had been waiting with increasing anxiety for Dietz to return with Po Chen. At 2300 he finally called Chungking and reported that there would be no relay of intelligence information from Hong Kong due to the failure of the courier to make contact.

He spent a sleepless night, waiting and hoping for Dietz to return.

At 0521, when the first rays of the October sun glinted upward to the summit of the Peak of the Heavenly Cloud from the rim of the South China Sea, he strapped a .45 above his lean hips, pocketed two grenades and started cautiously down the trail.

When he came to the clearing, he found what remained of the bodies of Po Chen and Technical Sergeant Philip J. Dietz. The girl had not been

moved, but Dietz had been carried half into the scrub, his entrails torn out and devoured.

Moi ants were swarming all over the bodies and Chambers shuddered. Reluctantly, he looked closer. His blue eyes widened with disbelief followed by slow acknowledgment as he saw the huge pug marks of a tiger. There were others in the soft earth in several places near the scrub.

"San Tung was right," he muttered in a taut voice.

He had heard that the big man-eating tigers of the Kai Lung Shan hills weighing up to 800 pounds had been sighted in the coastal area. Since the beginning of the war when the Japs had put an end to hunting in the interior, the tigers, crosses between Siberians and southern Asiatic, had become bolder, more and more predatory.

It seemed incredible that they should now be roaming the mountain in the immediate area of large Chinese cities. Yet, only weeks before, one or more had been sighted high on the mountain above Amoy by RM Hale, another SACO member. Hale operated the clandestine radio station which relayed strategic naval information gathered by RM 2/c A. W. Parsons and Capt. Lin Shih Fong who had established a SACO observation post on unoccupied Whale Island (Toa Seu).

In addition, a Tai Li agent, San Tung, who had made a brief visit to the Peak of the Heavenly Cloud had told him that at least one of the savage man eaters was roaming the mountain.

At that time, he had been skeptical. Neither he nor Dietz had observed any cat tracks near the summit.

"Nevertheless, Col. Umida and his soldiers have heard about this man eater," Sam Tung informed him. "The Japs are afraid of tigers, so you can be certain news of this one reached their ears. This is probably the reason why they had not sent a patrol to the top of the mountain to investigate the temple."

"Seems like the tiger's on our side," Chambers grinned. "As long as he keeps the Japs off the mountain, I'm for him."

San Tung's round face was serious. "A man eater makes no distinction as to his victims," is observed solemnly. "He hunts by night. As long as you do not venture down the trail after sunset, he will not bother you."

Chambers cursed softly. Neither he nor Dietz had given a second thought to tigers when the latter started down the mountain. It had been Japs that had been on their minds.

Chambers knew almost nothing about tigers except that he had heard somewhere that they repeatedly returned to their kills at night and that was one of the best places to stalk a man eater.

"I'll be waiting for him tonight," he vowed angrily and began walking back up the trail.

The horror of the scene in the clearing still gripped him. They had manned the radio for months, had shared both danger and laughs together since they had 'chuted down on the mountain top from a battered DC-3 belonging to the Chinese Air Force.

His wrath subsided slowly. Practical as his first intention had been, he realized now that he could not leave Dietz's mutilated body lying in the clearing for tiger bait. Nor, for that matter, the girl, either.

Back in the temple, he picked up a shovel and two blankets, then started down the trail once more.

At 1630, he finished digging two shallow graves in the clearing.

He buried the bodies in blankets and used two rocks for headstones.

Commander Milton E. Miles, USN, nicknamed "Mary" by his classmates at Annapolis for the sole and somewhat obscure reason that there was then a popular movie star named Mary Miles Minter, was square jawed, compactly built and seldom

surprised by anything. Especially after serving as Deputy Director of the secret Chinese-American military organization known as SACO (Sino-American Cooperative Organization).

It was a fascinating outfit headed by General Tai Li, China's little-seen, greatly-feared man. Second in power only to Chiang Kai-shek, he was a short man with a swarthy, oval face, a flat nose and keen eyes. His official title was Chief of Chinese Secret Police.

Operating under Tai Li's direction, Miles' assignment, by a secret agreement between the U.S. and Chinese governments signed at Chungking April 1943, was to:

"Organize and command a secret force for the purpose of attacking our common enemy - by common effort employing American equipment and technical training and utilizing the Chinese war zone as bases. The objects to be attacked are the Japanese Navy, the Japanese Merchant Marine, and the Japanese Air Forces in the various territories of the Far East; the mines, factories, warehouses, depots and other military establishments in the areas under Japanese occupation." This took in considerable scope and territory; the organization of Chinese guerrilla armies behind enemy lines, blowing up enemy ships, land installations, trains and bridges as well as gathering strategic military information and operating secret radio stations all the way from the Gobi Desert to Outer Mongolia to Burma.

It called for a picked corps of American volunteers. The majority of the, 1,800 in all, set up as independently operating SACO units, were drawn from the Navy and Army, followed by the Marines and a few, with special technical qualifications, from civilian life.

Sgts. Dietz and Chambers had been operating the radio station on the mountain behind Nimshan for more than five months when, late on an

October night, a wireless message arrived at Tai Li's Headquarters in Chungking. Decoded by Lt. Comdr. Daniel W. Heagy, Miles' communications officer, it read:

"Sgt. Dietz and courier both killed by man-eating tiger. Urgently request replacements, Chambers."

Heagy, Miles, and his other assistant Comdr. Raymond A. Kotrla weather and intelligence officer, pondered over the short, cryptic dispatch.

"A tiger?" Miles exclaimed. Down in Indo-China or up in Mongolia, perhaps. But so near the city of Nimshan? Sounds as though Sgt. Chambers might have been seeing things!"

Kotrla was busily thumbing through a message file. He found the one he had been searching for.

"Here's a report from RM Hale at our Amoy station. Remember he mentioned that he and his two Chinese assistants had also sighted a tiger prowling on their mountain?"

Miles nodded in recollection. The shadow of skepticism on his weather-furrowed face was banished by a look of decision.

"You're right! Chambers didn't see a phantom. Looks as if besides a replacement for Dietz, he could use some additional help right now."

On the following night, by the light of a sooty kerosene lamp, Chambers decoded a wireless message he had just received from SACO Headquarters, Chungking.

"Air dropping relief operator plus two men. Vital that communications be maintained Pacific command at all costs in view of forthcoming operations. New courier will establish contact. Miles."

It was gratifying news to Chambers and a boost for his morale. The little Taoist temple had seemed very lonely without Dietz.

**A** B29, flying 1200 miles almost due East from the 14th Air Force's China base at Kunming roared over

the Peak of the Heavenly Cloud, 'chuted RM Eugene Evans and Sgts. Bill Minkowsky and Steve Bailey of SACO into a clearing near the summit end, after circling above the peak, roared back again in the direction of Kunming.

This, in the considered and anguished opinion of Sgt. Doug Chambers, was not exactly bright of the 14th Air Force.

He expressed his view in detail shortly after he had assembled the three new men together with their equipment and guided them through the darkness to his well concealed hideout.

"Those dumb sonnovabitches did everything but drop in on Col. Umida down there at the foot of the mountain and leave their calling cards," he complained.

"By now, every frog-eyed Jap between here and Canton knows your B29 came straight from Kunming. So all right. Maybe your fat-brained pilot did make his approach from the West. After he 'chuted you, the least he could have done was to make a pass out over the water like he was hunting a Jap ship instead of using the peak for a pylon.

"Now the Japs know that the B29 was here on an air drop mission. They know for sure something's cooking up here on the mountain and five'll get you ten that Umida'll send up a patrol before long."

Chambers' concern was very real. Up to now, when a Jap plane had dropped a few bombs before returning to Canton, he and Dietz had taken to the woods. They had also decided to escape down the far side of the mountain in the event of an attack by a Jap patrol. Two men could not defend the temple.

But the dispatch from Miles completely changed the picture.

"Vital that communication be maintained," he had radioed and he had emphasized the importance of the order by sending Minkowsky and Bailey, two veteran guerrilla instructor-leaders to help in the defense.

RM Eugene Evans was the youngest of the trio. An expert radio operator who had cut his eyeteeth with a SACO coast watch unit to the north, he competently took over Dietz's duties.

Minkowsky, a former miner, raised in the Pennsylvania hills, was a big man with wide shoulders and steel muscles. He had trained a band of Chinese guerrillas in Indo-China, led them in action and personally killed more than a dozen Japs in hand-to-hand combat. It was he who planned the defense.

"We'll dig us a slit trench down there where the trees have been bombed out," he explained to Chambers and Bailey. "It's steep and narrow."

"I'll make us a nice handy ready-box that we'll keep in the trench filled with grenades," Bailey added.

A slow-speaking, rangy Kentuckian, he was almost as tall as Minkowsky. He was a sabotage expert, formerly the leader of a Chinese guerrilla band who had been disrupting enemy supply lines South of the Yangtze River and the Peiping-Hankow-Canton Railroad.

Together, they formed a good team. After they dug the trench, they established a 'round the clock' watch, using it as their observation post.

Tai Li's new courier arrived late in the afternoon, three days later, and the flow of strategic information from Hong Kong was reestablished. The girl, Nan Cho, was older than Po Chen. About 24, her stolid face pitted with little smallpox scars. Only her dark eyes showed animation.

Besides her intelligence report, Nam Cho had other information. She had slipped past three Jap soldiers, slowly hiking upward on the lower part of the trail.

Chambers gave Minkowsky a significant glance. The damned B29 from Kunming had been responsible as he had predicted.

"You better spend the night here," Chambers suggested. "Start back

for Nimshan in the morning."

Nam Cho nodded matter-of-factly. So she had been instructed by San Tung, General Tai Li's secret agent in Nimshan.

Minkowsky was thoughtfully scratching his whiskery chin.

"If those three Japs are heading this way on scout patrol, they'll probably camp on the trail tonight. No reason for them to come any further tomorrow, is there?"

"What do you have in mind?" Chambers asked although he could guess each enough. Minkowsky was the kind who craved action.

"Suppose we leave Bailey to mind the store while you'n me bag a few customers?"

Chambers considered. Liquidating this Jap patrol would not stop Col. Umida from sending others later. It would only confirm his suspicions that there were Americans somewhere up on the mountain unless --

A grin came to his lips as the idea hit him.

"You think we can knock off those three Japs and make it look like they were killed by a man-eating tiger?"

"You nuts or something?" Minkowsky stared at him hard. "What's the matter with the Tommy gun or grenades? Those Japs are camping maybe four or five miles down the trail. The sound won't carry to the foot of the mountain."

"You don't get the pitch. San Tung's let the word get around Nimshan that the mountain is infested with tigers. It's probably the reason why Umida hasn't sent patrols up here before this. Hell, it was a man-eater that got Dietz and the courier, Po Chen."

Nam Cho had been listening attentively.

"It is the truth," she volunteered. "There is much fear in Nimshan of ferocious tigers on the Peak of the Heavenly Cloud. Even the wood-choppers are permitted to leave their work an hour before dusk at Col. Umida's order."

A half hour later, they started down the trail with combat knives and grenades, their faces blackened with soot from the kerosene lamp.

Chambers led the way under a quarter moon which filtered light faintly through the branches of the cedars. For more than three miles, he set a fast pace. Then he slowed, cautiously.

They hiked for another mile before they spotted the Jap patrol camped for the night beside the trail. A sentry sat on a rock dozing with a rifle across his lap. A dozen yards beyond him, the two other Japs were sleeping soundly in the chi grass.

This was the sort of game that was long familiar to Minkowsky and he was adept at playing it. He gauged the situation coolly and took over.

"As soon as I knock off the sentry, move in on the one snoring there on the left. Use your knife. I'll handle the other one."

Drawing his knife, Chambers waited tensely.

For a big man, Minkowsky was both fast and cat-footed. Soundlessly skirting the rock, he edged up behind the nodding sentry.

A powerful forearm snaked around the Jap's neck. A ham of a hand went to the back of his close cropped head. With an almost inaudible grunt, Minkowsky abruptly applied pressure and broke the Jap's neck.

As he released his hold and the body slipped to the ground, Chambers dashed forward.

The Jap, a corporal, stopped snoring. Awakened by some primitive intuition of danger, perhaps, he sat up, staring with small, still sleep-filled eyes. He was reaching for his pistol when Chamber's combat knife plunged downward into his throat and he died with a bloody gurgle.

In the meantime, with swift dexterity, Minkowsky had strangled the third Jap.

"Okay," he said matter-of-factly and stared down at the bodies. "What now? How you gonna make it

look like these three clowns met up with man-eating tigers?"

Chambers was asking himself the same question.

His thoughts went back to the finding of the bodies of Dietz and Po Chen. That scene of horror was vividly pictured in his mind.

He had no compunction whatever about mutilating the bodies of the Japs if it served his purpose. Fighting behind Jap lines in China, he had seen death too often, had seen it brush by himself much too closely to feel any squeamishness about dealing with the enemy whether alive or dead.

But although Col. Umida's soldiers, upon investigation, would find no bullets or scraps of grenades in the bodies, it would be impossible to simulate the terrible mutilation inflicted by a man-eating tiger. He admitted as much to Minkowsky now.

Minkowsky scratched the stubble on his chin.

"Once, back in Pennsylvania, I saw a hunter that had been clawed up by a bear. Jeezus, what a mess! And from what I've heard, no bear can hold a candle to a tiger. I don't think any tampering we do with these corpses can fool the Japs."

"We won't tamper with them," Chambers decided. "We'll make them disappear!"

"Let's have that again, real slow." Minkowsky eyed him, puzzled.

"Suppose we tear up some pieces of their uniforms and scatter them around. When another Jap patrol is sent up to see what happened to them, they'll only find their equipment and pieces of cloth. So then maybe they'll figure these three were attacked and carried off by savage man-eaters."

"Talk about psychological warfare, buddy! I think you've come up with something new!"

They tore pieces of uniforms from the Japs, littered them around the camp and carried the bodies some two and a half miles up the mount-

tain to a cliff from which they tossed them into the scrub at the bottom of a deep ravine.

It was almost dawn before they hiked back to the summit. Bailey was still on watch in the slit trench with the Tommy gun, having taken Chamber's trick as well as his own.

"I thought you fellers were lost. What's been keeping you?"

"Business," Chambers said wearily. "Come along and I'll give you a fill in."

Bailey extended the Tommy gun with both hands.

"Who's going to take over the watch?"

"No one," said Chambers, "we've got it on pretty good authority we won't be entertaining any visitors today."

RM Eugene Evans was asleep on an army cot near the wireless set. He awakened when they came in.

"We're important," he announced in a voice edged with excitement. "COMSOPAC" was Admiral William F. "Bull" Halsey, Jr., Commander South Pacific, top brass of the Third Fleet's big carrier air force.

Chambers read the message aloud:

"2 November. Imperative navintelligence henceforth receive morning as well as nightly weather reports from S station area zero six five. Thurber, Operations Office, COMSOPAC.

"That's us all right."

Chambers carefully tore the flimsy into small pieces before making for his cot.

Days before, in Chungking, Comdr. Miles had alerted him that something was breeding in which his weather reports were a vital factor.

The radio message from COMSOPAC was the tip-off that it was both big and imminent.

The clandestine SACO radio station had to be kept operating despite all Jap attempts to find and eliminate it.

On the Peak of the Heavenly Cloud, there were exactly four

determined Americans to hold the Japs off - with the help of a phantom tiger.

For the next several days, the Japs appeared to have lost all interest in the mountains above Nimshan. Although the SACO men remained on the alert and continued a 'round the clock watch from the slit trench, life in the little Taoist temple remained normal.

With the wireless monitored either by Chambers or Evans, several Air Force and Navintelligence messages were intercepted which gave them a fair idea of what was going on in the South Pacific.

Two of these reports seemed especially significant.

On November 5th, they learned that three carrier groups of the Fast Carrier Force, part of the Third Fleet, had launched a terrific assault with Hellcats on the Clark-Mabalacat airfields of Jap held Manila and had shot down 58 planes.

On the following day, they learned, through an intercept, that Luzon had been attacked heavily by Task Force 38 planes which had sunk nine ships including a destroyer and two tankers, damaged 30 others and, even more impressively, destroyed over 400 Jap planes either on the ground or in the air.

Their twice daily weather reports which took in a sweeping curve south of Manila, they felt, had been of definite help in planning the strikes.

"There are a lot more to come," Chambers predicted. "They're depending on us, and on Hale up in Amoy, to keep them supplied with weather information right on to the day they land in Tokyo."

Two days later, when Nam Cho arrived late on the afternoon of the 8th, she brought news of more immediate interest.

Col. Umida had sent a second patrol up the mountain to search for

the first which had been missing for six days. It had returned to Nimshan with the arms and equipment belonging to the three men, together with torn pieces of their uniforms. The tracks of an enormous tiger had been found in various places along the trail, the patrol had added. In all probability, the three missing men had been seized silently, one by one, by the man-eater, carried off and devoured.

Chambers and Minkowsky exchanged glances.

"You sure that patrol saw real tiger prints?" the latter asked.

"I am certain. I, myself, have seen such tracks on many parts of the trail on my journeys here. I do not fear them for I travel only by daylight when the tiger sleeps in a remote part of the forest."

"How come you know what the Jap patrol told Umida?" Chambers asked, curious.

Simple, Nam Cho told him. One of San Tung's spies was a sweeper in the barracks. Another worked in the laundry. Between the two of them, they kept Tung well informed about Col. Umida and the activities of his battalion of the 309th Japanese Infantry.

"The Colonel believes that the three soldiers were eaten by a tiger, Nam Po said. "Besides little pieces of bloodied uniform he was shown photographs of the tiger tracks taken by his intelligence officer."

"Good!" Chambers was pleased. "Maybe that'll keep him from sending up any more patrols."

Nam shook her head.

"I have yet more news," she answered calmly. "Within three or four days, when the moonlight becomes stronger, Col. Umida will send a larger number of men up the trail.

"First they will hunt and shoot the tiger. Then they will come here to the top of the Peak of the Heavenly Cloud to search the temple for an enemy radio station."

Three of four days! The grin van-

ished from Chambers' face. He believed in the accuracy of Nam Cho's information. She was giving them warning in ample time.

He explained the situation to Evans, Minkowsky and Bailey.

"We can dismantle the station and make a temporary withdrawal down the far side of the mountain into the Kai Lung Shan," he pointed out. "They'd never find us among those hills. Maybe we can set up the meteorology and wireless gear in another location and lug it back here later, after the Japs leave."

"How long you figure the radio would be silent?" Bailey asked.

Chambers shrugged his shoulders. Maybe four or five days, maybe a week. It depended on what they ran into in the trackless Kai Lung Shan.

"I'm for staying right here," he said. "From what we've been hearing on the intercepts, our weather reports are damned important. Still, I've got you three guys to consider."

"We're staying," Minkowsky growled belligerently.

For the next few days, they made several lone reconnaissances down the mountain without sighting any Japs but on the evening of Nov. 11th when he returned to the temple, he reported that two full squads were camping on the trail about three miles above Nimshan.

"I crawled in real close to the camp. A cocky little bastard named Lieut. Wantikaka is running the show. Got double sentries posted. Ain't taking any chances of having them jumped by a tiger."

"How about us?" Bailey asked. "Think you and me and Chambers can take 'em at night by surprise?"

Minkowsky shook his head.

"These guys aren't any slobs. They're some of Umida's picked troops and we can't panic 'em by lobbing grenades into their camp. Our best bet is to wait right here for them."

With the knowledge that a visit from the Japs was imminent it proved to be a tense night for all of

them although they tried hard not to show it.

In the early evening, Bailey stood his trick on watch and Minkowsky caught up on his sleep.

Chambers transmitted the weather report with Evans sitting by.

Later, they tried to pick up what intercept messages they could, but both down in the Manila area and areas to the south were ominously quiet.

Tuning in on a Jap station, they listened to Tokyo Rose broadcasting in English. Between her propaganda panegyrics and musical nostalgia, she dispensed pieces of news which many of our men fighting in the Pacific knew was uncomfortably accurate.

". . . and you men of the Third Fleet now resting in your bunks down there at Ulithi before starting your next strike at Manila. Just how safe do you think YOU are?

"Do you know what happened only yesterday at Seeadler Harbor? Or have your officers been keeping the news from you?

"Did they tell you about our midget submarine which so easily evaded the defenses at your big 85,000 men supply base and torpedoed the loaded ammunition ship, *Mount Hood*?

"Did they tell you of the devastation, of the great flames . . ."

"God Almighty!" Evans exclaimed. "The Japs had themselves a busy day!"

"Yeah!" Chambers stretched and glanced at the clock. "Looks like we'll be having a busy one ourselves tomorrow. I'm going to get some shuteye before it's time for me to relieve Bailey."

Shortly before 8 P.M. on the following day, Lieut. Wantikaka emerged from the cedars and sweated up the trail followed by his 16 men.

Minkowsky was on watch in the trench. By the time the Japs started moving across the clearing littered with bomb-felled trees, he was reinforced by Chambers and Bailey.

Evans remained at the wireless post.

Climbing up the embankment where the clearing began to narrow, the Japs had no intimation of the slit trench above, nor of the three Americans waiting silently within it. They anticipated that any resistance likely to be encountered would be met at the small stone temple, as strongly built as a pillbox, a quarter mile above, near the summit.

The first intimation Lieut. Wantikaka had that he had committed a major and fatal strategic blunder was when Bailey opened up with his Tommy gun. The Japs were caught like sitting ducks. Four of them went down - dead in the first burst of erupting bullets. Wantikaka, himself caught a bullet in the leg.

The shouts of alarmed Japs were blotted out by two explosions. Minkowsky and Chambers had lobbed their first grenades almost simultaneously, blowing three Japs to pieces. The next grenades they tossed accounted for two more.

In less than a minute and a half, nine of Wantikaka's 16 men had been wiped out without firing a shot in return. The surprise had been complete.

Namabu pistol in hand, Wantikaka was gamely struggling to his feet, trying to rally his seven remaining men. They responded to his shouts and curses by firing raggedly upwards.

Bullets began flying above the slit trench.

"That little sonnoabitch is swearing at us in Japanese," Bailey said indignantly and triggered another burst.

Wantikaka died shouting and firing his pistol as a hail of bullets ripped through his pouter pigeon vest. Two more died with him. Seconds later, Chambers got another grenade.

Peering downward, Minkowsky scanned the four survivors.

"Looks like they're getting ready to take a powder," he announced

coolly and turned to Bailey.

"Chambers and I can hold 'em. Suppose you sneak out of the end of the trench. Make for the edge of woods and wait. We'll have 'em cut off if they try to escape."

With a quick nod of understanding, Bailey headed to the left of the trench.

Minkowsky drew his .45 and shifted position.

"Ease up on the grenades," he suggested. "We don't want 'em to bolt until Bailey reached the timber and gets set up for a turkey shoot."

Chambers was a little slow in catching on. He was, as a matter of fact, about to lob a grenade. It exploded between the legs of a Jap, blowing him into a terrible mess of bloody pulp.

This was altogether too much for the three remaining Japs. The last grenade took all the fight out of them. As if jerked by invisible strings, they turned and ran.

"Damn!" Minkowsky swore and took careful aim.

His third slug drilled into a Jap's back, bringing him down. By the time he shifted to another target, the two surviving Japs were out of effective pistol range and dashing hell-bent into the woods.

Minkowsky pointed a finger at another figure, approaching the trees at a tangent.

"Bailey isn't going to make it in time to cut them off."

"Yeah." Chambers drew a breath of chagrin. "Okay, we'll have to take them the hard way."

It was an hour later and three miles down the mountain before they overtook the Japs. They almost ran into an ambush until Chambers' keen eyes spotted them hiding in a patch of scrub.

"Keep 'em occupied. I'm going round that stand of trees to smoke them out with a grenade."

For the next few minutes Minkowsky fired his .45 methodically into the scrub, ducking the wild return fire.

He was reaching for his reserve clip when Chambers tossed a grenade. The scrub exploded, partly exposing the torn bodies of the two Japs.

"That takes care of the last of them," Chambers said and wiped the sweat from his forehead.

"Not bad," commented Minkowsky. "17 to three with us on the short end of the odds. Let's head for the showers."

As he walked towards the trail, Chamber called out.

"Wait a minute! You're forgetting the Japs."

He stopped, turned his head and stared.

"I ain't forgetting any Japs. Long as I live I'll always remember Japs. Just like I'll always remember leeches, cobras, dysentery -"

"Quit clowning!" Chambers snapped. "We've got to take 'em with us."

After a terrific fight, the danger had been dispelled. They had come through it without a scratch. Now reaction had set in.

"You mean you want us to dump 'em up there in the ravine? You're still on your tiger kick?"

"Why not?" The anger left Chamber's voice. "It gained us several days before, didn't it? So look at it this way. Instead of a three-man patrol like last time, an officer and 16 men go up the mountain and vanish. Umida's heard plenty of stories about tigers on the mountain. Even his own intelligence officer showed him photographs of tiger prints. What is he going to think?"

"I don't know," answered Minkowsky, half convinced. "You think a Jap colonel would actually fall for all this tiger crap!"

"I think he's practical. He's already lost 20 men from his battalion that he can't account for except that they were eaten by tigers. How many more men do you think he'd risk reporting for the same reason before Tokyo headquarters recalls him?"

"More likely he'll play it smart and not send up any more patrols. Instead, he'll play it smart and not send up any more patrols. Instead, he'll suggest to Canton Air Base that they send a bomber over once in a while like before and clobber the summit."

It was a realistic appraisal of the situation and Minkowsky admitted it. He approached one of the bodies, sighed and heaved it over a broad shoulder.

"Okay, let's get at it. There are 15 more of these bastards up above that'll have to be pitched into the ravine."

At 1930, on the evening of November 12th, Chambers transmitted the weather report from S station area zero six five as usual.

The Asiatic Air Mass was moving a low pressure area eastward. Forecast for Manila and Tokyo: light variable winds, cloudy, low ceiling.

"No weather for a carrier strike," Evans commented.

Chambers shrugged his shoulders. "We call 'em as we see 'em."

At 1025 they received a message from COMSOPAC:

"Navintelligence request repeat 1930 report. Thurber, Operations Officer."

"Chambers frowned and repeated the previous weather report. Reception at his end had been clear and he had received an acknowledgment from the naval operator.

There could be only one explanation. COMSOPAC was planning something big. It was double-checking on the weather.

They discovered what that "something" was on the following evening when they listened to the intercepts.

That morning, planes from the carrier force, screened by clouds penetrated the Manila Bay area heavily guarded by Jap AA batteries.

Diving out of the clouds, they leveled off under the low ceiling, dropped their bombs and left havoc behind. The light cruiser, *Kiso*, was sent to the bottom of the bay along with four destroyers, three tankers, four cargo ships, the famous Manila floating dry dock (which had been an objective on two previous missions). On shore, at least half a dozen Jap naval warehouses were blown up as well as several military installations near the waterfront.

In return for inflicting this severe damage, COMSOPAC lost 25 planes.

Considering the concentration of anti-aircraft defense at Manila Bay, the American plane loss would have been much higher except for the fact that the attack had been timed by a clandestine little station that the Japs had failed to blank out on the mountain behind Nimshan.

Three days later, when the courier, Nam Cho, made her routine trip up the mountain, she reported that Col. Umida was showing concern that Lieut. Wantikaka had failed to return from his mission.

"There is much fear among his soldiers of the tigers on the Peak of the Heavenly Cloud," she said. "Some believe that the entire mountain swarms with the tigers. Others that there is a single great man-eater. There are even some soldiers who think that the tiger has been trained to stalk and devour only Japanese."

Whatever Col. Umida's personal thoughts were concerning the matter, he sent no more patrols up the mountain.

The SACO unit knew he had made this decision one evening a week later when they heard the drone of engines approaching from the direction of Canton.

Sheltered in the slit trench, they watched a Jap bomber circle the summit, drop a few bombs at random into the forest and drone off again towards Canton.

"Looks like things are getting back to normal," Chambers said, and as it turned out, he was right.

As long as they continued to operate the radio station, they saw no more Japs.

Or - the man-eating tiger, either.

???!!!!\*\*

Editor's note: The foregoing has been in my files several years. I have no recall as to who sent it nor do I know the publication in which it appeared. (Anyone out there remember sending it to me?)

## LES JOHNSTON REVEALS THE MYSTERY OF THE RICE BOWL



When I left China in late 1945, the war was still on and I had elected to return for another hitch. All my gear had been left at Headquarters in a metal trunk awaiting my return. During my trip home, the war ended and I never returned to China.

At least a year later, I received a notice that the trunk was in Utah and was being shipped to my home in Boston.

When it was opened, among other gear, were the two bowls. Who put them there, I do not know.

Ever since I was married in 1952, the bowls have been sitting on a shelf above our bed in the three homes we have owned.

Best regards,

Les and Carmel





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

Abraham Lincoln

## MARIE E. CIACCIO



TEWKSBURY - Marie E. (DiTroia) Ciaccio, 72 a former professional singer, died unexpectedly Saturday evening May 22, at the New England Medical Center in Boston. She was the wife of Salvatore J. "Sal" Ciaccio, with whom she celebrated 51 years of marriage.

She was born in Boston on Dec. 20, 1926, a daughter of the late Peter and Mary (DiBello) DiTroia. She was educated in East Boston schools. She was a resident of Tewksbury since 1953 and a communicant of Saint Williams Parish.

Mrs. Ciaccio sang professionally in the 1960s under the stage name of Marie Michaels. She performed at such venues as the Merrimack Valley Motor Inn in North Andover and the Marblehead Yacht Club in Marblehead, Mass.

She was a member of the Tewksbury Golden Age Club and Senior Drop-In Center, the Longmeadow Golf Club and the Billerica Country Club Women's Golf League. Mrs. Ciaccio was a frequent traveler and recently visited Italy and Taiwan.

Besides her husband, she is survived by two sons, James A. Ciaccio and his wife Carol A. (Francis) of Lowell, and Stephen M. Ciaccio and his wife Karen A. (Fitzsimmons) of Londonderry, N.H.; a daughter, Linda M. Lawrie and her husband Donald C. of Tewksbury; a brother, Franklin D. DiTroia of Center Harbor, N.H.; five sisters, Anna Deflumeri and her husband Angelo, Norma Flener, Elizabeth Piercy, Mildred and her husband Gerard Corrado, all of Medford, and Judith DeBileo and her husband John of Salem, Mass; six grandchildren, Kimberly A. Lawrie of Thurmont, MD, Meredith E. and her husband Anthony N. Gertz of Lowell, Stacey L. and Jonathan D. Lawrie, both of Tewksbury, Gina and Anthony J. Ciaccio, both of Lowell; a great-grandson, Jacob D. Hawkins of Thurmont, MD, and many nieces and nephews.



*Sal and Marie  
San Diego Harbor Cruise  
June 1992 SACO Convention*



## WILL RICE

August 12, 1999 (to editor)

I wanted you and our other SACO friends to know about Will's death on July 8, 1999. Since February, he wasn't well. He was having problems swallowing. After being checked here, we decided to go to Johns Hopkins In Baltimore on June 6th. They found he had a cancerous tumor in his esophagus. They removed his voice box and his esophagus; two major operations at one time. That was his only option. The surgery went well. He was in the hospital four weeks. It was a terribly painful recuperation, but he never complained. He was courageous, like you tough navy men are, and he overcame huge hurdles such as pneumonia and others. Our four daughters were with us for two

weeks. We were making preparations to return home in about 10 days. He suddenly died of a pulmonary embolus.

Will kept his smile and optimistic attitude during his recuperation. He was an inspiration to the staff there at Johns Hopkins ; they were so fond of him.

Will and I have been so close for 53 years, it is difficult without him. Our daughters and I are trusting in God's love and tender care to provide us with strength to bear our loss. We are also blessed with wonderful memories and gifts of love we shall always cherish.

I made a copy of some articles that were in the paper - which I thought would be of interest to you.

Give Erma my love - hope she is doing well -

Fondly,

Pauline J. Rice



Pauline and Will Rice.

## *Rice Mills founder dies*

BELTON (SC) - Rice Mills founder Will Rice died on Thursday at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, MD.

Rice founded the plant back in 1947, the he same year he married his wife, Pauline. He helped celebrate the plant's 50th year in 1997.

His family called him a "devoted husband, daddy and 'Poppie' who loved everyone...and was the epitome of a Christian man, putting God first, then his wife and family."

His outlook on life, said his family, was optimistic and courageous and he had an ever-present smile they called "contagious."

His life was built on Christianity and love for his family, they added. "He was admired by his family. He inspired each of them. His grandchildren expressed their desire to be more like their 'poppie'."

Rice Mills was built on honesty, Rice himself said in a story published in the *News-Chronicle* in 1997.

The plant burned eight years later, in July of 1955, but was rebuilt.

He began the business first as a wholesale textile supplier to small stores throughout S.C and Georgia.

"We were the first robe house to specialized in the terry cloth robe, one style only, which soon began being used year round," Rice explained in 1997.

The mill was known for its quality and honesty, words coined through the actions of the Rices and those involved in forming the company.

Rice officially retired from the company after a bout with cancer.

Today, Rice Mills Inc. is a privately owned manufacturer and importer of men's and ladies' robes, wraps, beach cover ups, children's jackets and other items.

A lifelong Beltonian, Rice left behind his wife, four daughters, one great-granddaughter, two brothers and a sister, among other relatives and many friends.

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Belton - Rice Mills founder and World War II veteran William Haynie "Will" Rice, 74, of 111 Rice Circle died July 8, 1999 at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, Md.

Born in Belton, he was the son of the late Max and Janie Rice and was educated in the Belton schools. As a young man, he attained the rank of Eagle Scout while in the Boy Scouts.

He attended Furman University from 1941 until 1942 when World War II interrupted his education. He continued his education at the University of South Carolina and Notre Dame where he graduated from Midshipman's School, receiving their Commission of Ensign.

He served four years in the Navy, trained as a

frogman with an underwater demolition team and served in China with SACO (Sino-American Cooperative Organization) which combined American Military Intelligence with that of the Chinese working behind Japanese lines during World War II. He was awarded the SACO Medal for his bravery and served four years after the war in the Naval Intelligence Reserve. (SACO was a wartime agreement signed by Franklin D. Roosevelt and Chiang Kai-shek as a combined effort to fight their common enemy, the Japanese.

In 1947, he married Pauline Thomson, formerly of Greenville. The same year, he founded his own company, Rice Mills Inc. and was president until his retirement.

He served in many capacities as a member of the First Baptist Church of Belton including as a Sunday school teacher and superintendent of Sunday schools. He was also an elected deacon who served as chairman several times.

Mr. Rice was a member and past president of the Lions Club and voted Outstanding Man of the Year. He served on the board of directors of the Haven of Rest; was on the board of trustees of the Anderson Memorial Hospital for 25 years, and was chairman in 1971-1972. He was a Furman University trustee for 15 years during which time he was on the athletic, the finance, and executive committees.

He was on the board of directors of Southern National Bank (now BB&T) for 29 years.

He is survived by his wife, Pauline Thomson Rice; four daughters, Paula R, Blake and Jeanne R. Henderson of Belton, Janie R, Curtis of Anderson, and Elaine R. Norman of Rock Hill; five grandsons, seven granddaughters, and one great granddaughter, two brothers, J.T. Rice of Belton, and Max M. Rice of Greenville; and a sister, Eunice R. Horton of Greenville.

## **WILL RICE RECALLED :**

**WILL RICE, and his grandson  
by Dr. William HUNTER**

William Haynie Rice was a fine example of America's greatest generation. He came out of Belton through the depression and into World War II where he contributed mightily to our victory over Japan as a naval officer.

Following the war, he founded his own successful company in Belton, Rice Mills Inc., and in his own way, won the peace after the war.

Will Rice died July 8, 1999 and he will be sorely missed by his large family, his former employees and everyone who knew him. His life and many activities in Anderson County were in the finest tradition of service to his fellow man.

The day Will's obituary appeared in the Anderson Independent Mail, Leonard King, my grandson, Patrick,

who has autism, and I were taking our usual Saturday drive. Knowing that Leonard's mother was related to the Haynies, I asked him if he was related to Will. He answered, "Well if Will's middle name means he was related to the Haynies, we may be, they were both from Belton. Of course, Will may have gotten his name from Dr. Haynie, who delivered hundreds of babies back in the 1920's."

Leonard went on, "I knew Will Rice fairly well for I was the safety engineer for the company that insured his plant and workers. I would go by for my occasional inspection; you know, and talk to the workers and management. Let me tell you, those folks who worked for Will Rice considered themselves fortunate. He was really good to his employees."

As you would expect of such a man, he was very active in his church and held a multitude of positions over the years. (*This portion omitted as it was covered in the obituary preceding this article Ed*) . . .

As I looked at Will Rice's picture above his obit in Saturday's paper. I thought, "My goodness, he surely marked his grandson, Warren Norman. As long as Warren is alive, you'll only have to look at him to know that Will Rice's genes and chromosomes exist today."

I've known Warren for some years. He was among the first college students we trained in Lovass therapy to help our Patrick to overcome his disability with autism.

Warren Norman is one of the finest young men I've ever known. His work with Patrick is nothing less than phenomenal. In fact, Warren's work with Patrick caused Warren to change his major in college.

On occasion, Warren would take Patrick home with him which was a great adventure for Patrick. He particularly liked Warren's three beautiful sisters and would quietly ask from time to time, "Go to Rock Hill." That's where the Normans live. One of the best things any child with a disability is to be able to go to Clemson University's Camp Hope. It appeared there might be a problem in getting Patrick into Camp Hope this year. What was necessary was an able counselor to go one-on-one with Patrick. Well, how many recent college graduates, as Warren was, do you think would volunteer to help a 14 year-old child with autism by going to camp with him for a week?

*The good this camping experience has done for Patrick will be with him for his entire life.*

Well, all I've got to say is, all the Rices, and their generations I know from around Belton, have outstanding genes and chromosomes; Will Rice and his grandson, Warren, who was very close to his grandfather, are good examples.

*William H. Hunter is a Clemson family practice physician.*

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## Matthew A. (Komorowski) Kaye

Mathew A. Kaye, born June 19, 1925 in Buffalo, NY, passed away May 23, 1999 in Madera, California.. (The only info available to me was a program of his memorial service conducted May 28 in Madera, Ed.)

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## LCdr Thomas N. Scales, USN

Just a note to let you know that my husband, Lcdr Thomas N. Scales, USN-R, passed away on January 4th of this year. Although we were unable to attend any SACO reunions until June 1998, Tom was always proud of the time and experiences he had as member of the medical team behind the lines in China during World War II. It was wonderful, indeed, that he was finally able to receive the SACO Medal and it is the centerpiece of a display of medals he earned in his 23-year Naval career.

Tom had survived two serious cardiac by-pass surgeries, twelve years apart. His health had become a burden to his indomitable spirit. He died tinkering in the garage, just the way he would have wanted it.

Information from and about SACO will always rekindle warm memories, not only of the Syracuse Reunion, but of Tom's stories.

Sincerely,  
Carol J. Scales

Editor's note: Carol, I'm not sure of your current status, but your last paragraph indicates your continued interest in SACO affairs. If you haven't already done so and wish to continue as an associate member, you might contact Membership Chairman Paul Casamajor, 2605 Saklan Indian Drive #6, Walnut Creek, CA 94595-3035 who can arrange same and keep you on the mailing list.

Note: Tom received the SACO Medal in Syracuse-see P.71 Issue No. 17 October 1998.

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May 13, 1999

## Saul Steinberg

NEW YORK — Saul Steinberg, the metaphysically minded artist and cartoonist and brooding doodler whose drawings appeared in the New Yorker for more than half a century, died yesterday at his home in Manhattan. He was 84.

Mr. Steinberg was compared with Picasso, Klee, Miro, Duchamp, Daumier, Beckett, Pirandello, Ionesco, Chaplin and Joyce. Art critic Harold Rosenberg called Mr. Steinberg “a writer of pictures, an architect of speech and sounds, a draftsman of philosophical reflections.”

But Steinberg was known to most people, as he lamented late in life, as “the man who did that poster.” That poster, one of the most famous American drawings, portrays a New Yorker’s short-sighted view of the rest of the world, in which everything in the landscape recedes according to its cultural distance from Manhattan. The drawing, which first appeared on the New Yorker cover of March 29, 1976, was subsequently copied in knockoffs made for London, Paris, Rome, Venice, Kansas City, Durango, wherever.

“I could have retired on this painting” if royalties had been paid, he once mused. But they weren’t, and he didn’t.

Mr. Steinberg was not, at least in spirit, an inhabitant of that provincial metropolis he drew. Born in Romania, a country he called pure Dada, and educated in Italy, the home of surrealism and fascism, he lived most of his life in the United States. He was enthralled and appalled by America. The Chrysler Building, Uncle Sam, the Easter Bunny, Lady Liberty, Mickey Mouse, crocodiles crawling the city streets, police cars and post offices kept creeping into his drawings.

Saul Steinberg was born on June 15, 1914, near Bucharest, the son of a businessman. As a young man, he moved to Italy and received a doctoral degree in architecture from the Regio Politecnico in Milan in 1940. He began his artistic career while still in architecture school, and never designed a single building.

In 1941, he fled fascist Italy for the United States, but he was deported to Santo Domingo because the tiny quota for Romanians was already filled. From there he sent the New Yorker some cartoons, hoping the magazine would support his entry into the United States. Eventually that happened. But his art preceded him.

His first New Yorker drawing appeared on Oct. 25, 1941: an artist’s playful rendition of a reverse centaur, one with a man’s rear end and a horse’s head. Mr. Steinberg himself arrived in 1942.

On the same day in 1943 that he became a U.S. citizen, he was given an ensign’s commission in the Navy. Mr. Steinberg was sent to North Africa and Italy by the the Office of Strategic Services to draw cartoons that would inspire anti-Nazi resistance within Germany.

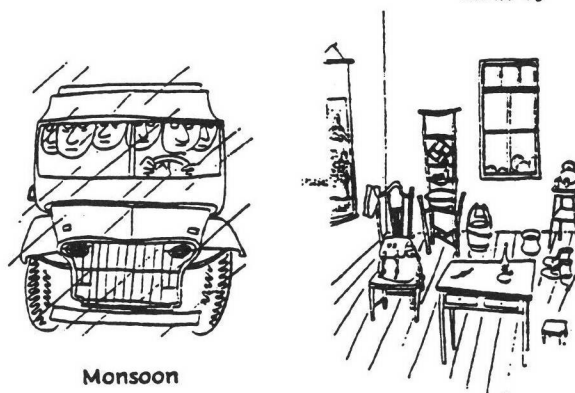
During the war, the New Yorker published his visual reports from Asia, North Africa and Europe and satiric drawings of Nazis, and pictures of GIs bewildered by Europe and waiting for mail from home.

In 1946, the year Mr. Steinberg was discharged from the Navy, he received his first major recognition as an artist when his work was included in a show at the Museum of Modern Art.

After the war, his style changed, becoming more abstract, philosophical and symbolic. In the 1950s, he devised a whole roster of characters: cats, sphinxes and empty-looking men and women, then crocodiles (his emblem for primitive political society), horses and knights. Women in his drawings also appeared as heroic medieval knights: with spiked heels, makeup that resembled war paint and handbags and umbrellas that looked like weapons.

By the 1960s, Mr. Steinberg’s work was filled with geometrical forms, baroque comic-strip balloons, letters of the alphabet, numbers, punctuation marks, false passports, stamps, legal documents and government regulations on matters like dragons and monologues.

In the late 1960s and ’70s, Mr. Steinberg branched out. He did architectural fantasies, watercolor landscapes and vicious pictures of New York street life that indicated a pessimism about urban life: Mickey Mouse as a terrorist, doormen as saluting soldiers, building facades as frightening mazes.



Monsoon

Officer's billet

Foregoing submitted by Paul Casamajor who adds personal observations:

“Steinberg arrived in SACO June 16, 1943 and evidently went early to Happy Valley (I guess Miles was impressed with him because he got substantial footage on the video tapes).

“He came to Kunming about August and was quartered in the room next to mine.

“One afternoon, when I was off duty, I watched over his shoulder while he drew in his ‘never-take-the-pen-off-the-paper-style’ . . . ladies on horseback, skinny ladies on fat horses and fat ladies on skinny horses and everything in between. It took him about 2 minutes to finish each sketch.

“After the war, the New Yorker published a coffee table-sized book entitled ‘All in Line.’ I used to have a copy, but in my last house move 26 years ago, I gave it to my son . . .

“Steinberg’s last pay in China was 11-30-43. He stayed on the SACO/OSS payroll for several more months, but he was in the Mediterranean by that time.”

????!\*\*\*

## DORIS KIRBY GABELINE

Doris Kirby Gabeline, 79, Mt. Pleasant Iowa, died Wednesday, April 21, 1999 at Henry County Health Center. She was buried with full military honors in Trinity Cemetery south of Mt. Union.

Mrs. Gabeline was born Feb. 15, 1920 in Richmond, VA., the daughter of Eugene H. and Alice Pollard Kirby. She married Donald B. Gabeline on June 22, 1946, in Washington, D.C. She graduated from Richmond, Va. High School in 1937 and began studying nursing. With funds short in supply, she took her husband's position at the National Cash Register Co. in New York when he was called to active duty during World War II. She enlisted in the U.S. Navy Hospital Corps in 1943 and was stationed at U.S. Naval Hospital in St. Albans, N.Y. She attended medical courses at Hunter College in Lido, N.Y. One of her commanding officers was Dr. Benjamin Spock for whom she typed sections of his "Baby and Child Care" book in her off time. She transferred to U.S. Naval Hospital, Bethesda, Md. where she was discharged in 1946. Moving to Iowa in 1949 with her husband, Mrs. Gabeline helped on the farm. In 1972, she opened Gabe's Restaurant in Mt. Union in her home. Closing the restaurant in 1984, she worked at Wal-Mart until retiring in 1993. A long time member of the Eastern Star, she was past worthy matron and was secretary of New Long OES for many years before retiring. She was a member of First Baptist Church in Mt. Pleasant.

Survivors include her husband; one daughter, Donna J. Carroll of Montreal, Canada; two sons, George K. of Rapid City, S.D., and Ward E. of Burlington; seven grandchildren; and one great-granddaughter.

## DON GABELINE TO WESKAMP:

. . .The newspaper clipping of my wife's death . . . prompted me to send a picture of "Mary" and his wife (Billy) at our wedding. They added so much to the wedding that it is hard to believe that it was so long ago. When Doris passed away, I lost my best friend of 53 years.

When reading the SACO NEWS, I often think of the many men that came thru Rm 2732 where another yeoman and I typed their order to PACT 98 where they would report for further duty.

Speaking of duty, while I was in Kunming, a motorcycle with side car was provided for me to meet some personnel when they came over the Hump to Kunming. One morning, about 7:00 a.m., "Mary" was walking along the road with his pants rolled up and mud half way up his leg. I picked him up and we both laughed about it because it was quite a distance to the Officers'

Barracks. Of all the he had been, we laughed about it at our wedding.

. . .Doris and I made it to several of the reunions. Good luck to everyone.

Don Gabeline

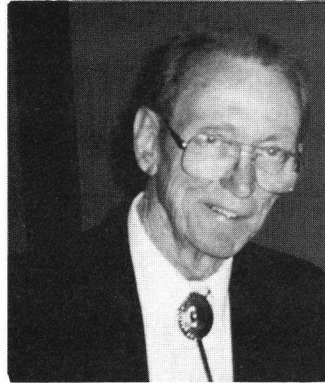
A note to Bill Bartee. As a poet - congratulations!

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



*Doris' home June 22, 1946*

**KATHLYN PEASE**



With knowledge that Kathlyn had a change of address from Redondo Beach CA., Paul Casamajor pursued the matter and learned from her son (as I recall) that she had died over a year ago. He offered regrets that in the turmoil of that time, they had failed to notify SACO. Her husband, Cliff, (pictured above), preceded her in death in February 1997 (Issue #15 Sept. 1997).

Editor's note: I recall how, after Cliff had retired at conventions, Katie would enjoy joining us after HR closing to relax with some wine and exchange scuttlebutt with the "bartenders." I can still hear her hearty, guttural laughter.

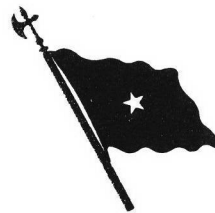
**ADDITIONAL DEATHS REPORTED  
SINCE LAST ISSUE IN MAY 1999**

- D. I. HAZEL**
- WILLIAM JOSEPH HORNER**
- WENDELL NELSON MOSS**
- HERBERT G. PALMER**
- JAMES D. REID, JR.**
- LOUIS K. SMITH**

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

**ABOUT THE CONVENTION IN 2000**

**Williamsburg is a wonderful selection to celebrate our reunion in the new millenium considering that it is one of the most historical of sites for this event. Charlie O'Brien has a commitment with the Fort Magruder Inn for rooms at \$82.00 and that's not bad for that area and its popular attractions. "What the Hell?" Let's get together one more time. SEE Y'ALL!**



*Commander Submarine Group TEN  
requests the pleasure of your company at the  
Change of Command Ceremony at which  
Rear Admiral Joseph G. Henry, United States Navy  
will be relieved by  
Rear Admiral (Select) Richard P. Terpstra, United States Navy  
on Friday, the tenth of September  
at ten o'clock  
Explosive Handling Wharf, Naval Submarine Base  
Kings Bay, Georgia*

*R.S.V.P.  
Card Enclosed*

*Military: Summer White  
Civilian: Appropriate Attire*

**Rear Admiral Terpstra is the son of Richard & Marti Terpstra of Dutton, Michigan. Congratulations to you, Admiral Terpstra and certainly, to the proud parents, members of our SACO family.**

**Good Luck & Clear Sailing to the entire family.**

**(Extremely sorry that circumstances prevented our attendance at such an historic ceremony. The thoughtfulness in inviting us was deeply appreciated. Ed.)**



# *Saga Of A War Bride*

*World War Two*

1939-1951

by

*Elizabeth Mopsik Sager*

(The following is Chapter VIII of Elizabeth's novel)

## **Preface**

I prepared this story of my wartime (World War II) and postwar marriage years for our ten grandchildren. I want them to know that at another time in these United States people lived who were honorable, ethical, of high moral character, and who loved and shared their love. Such characteristics were not then considered "old fashioned" and individuals who possessed them were not considered unusual or extraordinary. On the contrary, an individual's ability to be honest with oneself, to maintain a high moral character, to love and be loved, showed that he/she possessed the tough fibre that is needed to survive as a nation, a people and a religion.

Elizabeth Mopsik Sager  
October 1998

## **CHAPTER VIII**

Bill reported in to the Navy Department at its temporary building on Constitution Avenue. One of his friends had an efficiency apartment on 25th Street, about three blocks from the Navy Department. Bill bunked with him. He came to Charlottesville frequently, on the Southern train, sometimes just for overnight. He told me that he was being briefed on his assignment, taking shots, reading some materials, and otherwise not doing much of anything until the orders came through to proceed overseas. Bill gave me the name and telephone number of one of the officers in the Navy Office where he was assigned and said that when the baby arrived, my obstetrician was to write this officer and give him the news of our baby's arrival. He would then notify Bill by radio.

Each time that Bill came home, I didn't know whether he would return the next time. I got accustomed to the fact that he was going overseas and would not be in the U.S. for the birth of our first child.

One evening, I received a call from Bill. He was at the Patuxent Naval Air Station about 90 miles from Washington.

He was scheduled to leave by plane for North Africa, then across Africa and Asia to Ceylon. I didn't feel very good that night nor for a couple of nights to follow.

I had a Fleet Post Office address for Bill and the mail service was not too bad. He wrote that he received my letters in about 10 days. I received letters from him in 12 to 14 days.

On Sunday evening March 11th, I began to get labor pains. My father took me to the University of Virginia Hospital. Our first daughter, Rebecca, was born about 2:30 a.m. on Monday, March 12. My doctor wrote to the Navy Department address that Bill had given me. The following Saturday, March 17, Bill received a radio message: "Baby girl born March 12 both doing fine stork club congratulations." The message that Rebecca was born was also sent by my father via the Red Cross. Bill received it about six weeks later. Rebecca was my parents first grandchild.

Bill never wrote much about his work on (I assumed) Ceylon. He had some photos taken and mailed back to us. I also sent him numerous pictures of his new daughter. He wrote that he was taking trips with his jeep, and some trips on the rivers by small boat. He never wrote anything about the Japanese and strangely (now that I look back) he never wrote anything about the British either to whom he was supposed to be some sort of liaison. Before Bill left the States, I subscribed to several "pony" editions of magazines for him. A wartime "pony" edition was a small print, small sized magazine without any *advertisements* and printed on very thin paper. I subscribed to *Time*, *Newsweek*, and *The New Yorker* and he received them all on a regular basis. I thought the mail service to Ceylon was quite good!

The Japanese Emperor's rescript to his army and navy to lay down their arms and cease combat was issued on August 14, 1945. On September 2nd the Japanese surrender took place on the deck of the battleship Missouri in Tokyo Bay. About the third week of September, I received a call from a reporter for the *Richmond Times Dispatch*. He asked if I were Elizabeth Sager, the wife of Marine Captain William Sager. I said I was. He said he had received an Associated Press wire from the Navy Department in Washington, stating that Captain William H. Sager, of Charlottesville, a University of Virginia graduate, was revealed to be a member of one of the most dramatic units playing a part in the war against Japan. The Navy Department had just released information that Marine Captain Sager was a member of a super-secret group known as SACO - the Sino American Cooperative Organization, who acted as guerrilla troops, intelligence agents and weather observers behind the Japanese lines in occupied China. The reporter continued to say that the wire release from the Navy Department described SACO as a dangerous fighting outfit, killing Japanese troops, blowing up trains and Japanese ships in the Chinese ports, and their operations extended from Indo-China to the Gobi Desert. He said the SACO Americans

became adept at Chinese disguises and guided by SACO Chinese, slipped through the Japanese lines when they chose.

I told the reporter that I didn't believe my husband was involved with that group. There must be another William Sager. When Will was at the University of Virginia in 1940-41, there was another William Sager from Danville. Obviously, there was some mistake.

"Didn't your husband ever discuss his duty with you?"  
the reporter inquired.

"No."

"Didn't he tell you where he was?"

"He said he was in Ceylon. Or, maybe it was India."

I could hear the reporter smile.

On September 25, 1945, an article appeared in the *Richmond Times Dispatch*. It described the work of SACO in occupied China. It said that Bill was a veteran of Guadalcanal, a graduate of the University of Virginia, and was attached to SACO "stationed in India."

Regardless of the *Richmond Times Dispatch*, the Navy news releases and the AP wire services, I felt down deep in my heart that Bill would not deliberately mislead me. He was in Ceylon - or may it was India.

Several weeks after the news reporter incident, I received a small package in the mail. It was a bolt of pure white silk and a note from a Chinese General named Tai Li. (He didn't write the note. I found out later that Tai Li could not write a word of English). The note thanked me for the exceptional services that Marine Captain Sager, my husband, had given to the Republic of China. Since I had a new daughter that Captain Sager had never seen (Tai Li knew everything) the bolt of silk was to make my daughter a wedding dress. I knew then that my good husband had been "lying" to me since October 1944 when he told me that he was being selected to be liaison to the British S.E. Asia Naval Command in Ceylon.

However, I can't blame him too much. There were two reasons for his deception. First, he didn't want me to worry. I was five months pregnant at the time. Second, SACO was truly a bizarre cloak and dagger operation. It was truly super-secret. Bill even confessed to me that he really did not know that he was going to China until he was briefed at the Navy Department. He truly thought that he (and the other four Marine Officers who were selected at the same time as Bill) were going to Burma where Merrill's Marauders were just beginning their fight to recapture Burma. Many of the troops in Merrill's Marauders were Army veterans of Guadalcanal.

Bill arrived back in Charlottesville on December 25, 1945. I had Rebecca dressed in a silk baby dress that Bill had mailed from Shanghai. When Bill arrived to see his daughter for the first time (she was almost 11 months old) she screamed her head off. Bill was a strange man in the house

and Rebecca wanted no part of him. She screamed for a week whenever she saw Bill. Finally, she became more accustomed to him and he would take her out in her stroller.

After a week at home, Bill reported to the Marine Corps Barracks at 8th and I Streets in Washington to be relieved from active duty. He had accumulated leave to last him until the end of April. He weighed 162 pounds and all of his civilian clothes were much too large. He went to the Law School to renew his admission (he had been admitted in 1941, but had never attended) and then we set about to see if we could find a place to live other than my parents home. Unfortunately, there was no Marine wives network in Charlottesville as there had been in Kinston. ???!!\*\*\*



Bill and Elizabeth Sager

## MY JOB

**It's not my place to run the boat, the fog horn I can't blow;**

**It's not my place to say just where the boat's allowed to go;**

**It's not my right to dock the boat, or even clang the bell - - -**

**But let the damn thing start to sink  
and SEE WHO CATCHES HELL????!!\*\*\***



# POTPOURRI



## SECRETARY BARTEE REPORTS ON PROGRESS OF SACO PLAQUE FOR NIMITZ MEMORIAL

25 August 1999

Memo To: Contributors to the SACO Plaque  
Officers & Trustees

I am happy to report that all pledges for subject plaque have been received and a check for \$2520 has been forwarded to the Nimitz Foundation. Although the requirement was \$2500, a total of \$2520 was pledged at our Appleton Reunion and I forwarded that amount.

The next step is to confirm the words and music to be included on the plaque. Mrs. Kaperli provided me with actual size examples of recently installed plaques and even though the 20"x20" is much larger than the 4"x7" we put in the Navy Memorial, it appears that the simpler it is, the more it stands out. Coordinating and getting a consensus from the contributors would be a time consuming, postage-eating endeavor; consequently, I propose to work and build on the Navy Memorial plaque and then submit it to the trustees for their approval. In the event that any of you strongly disagree with this approach, please let me know immediately.

Personally, I want to thank each of you for your prompt and generous contributions. Attached is a list of those who participated in this endeavor. I will provide a copy of this to Richard Rutan for publication in the SACO NEWS.

In short, "What a Great Bunch of Guys."

Sincerely,

Bill Bartee  
Secretary

## PLAQUE FOR NIMITZ MUSEUM

THE FOLLOWING NAMED INDIVIDUALS  
PLEGGED THE FOLLOWING FOR THE  
NIMITZ MUSEUM

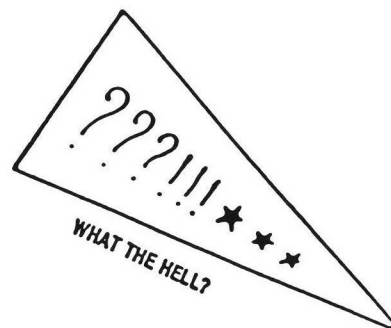
Richard Banner	\$50
Francis Reynnet	\$50
Ken Brown	\$100
Bill Edwards	\$50
Jimmy Dunn	\$30
Dayton L. Alverson	\$50
Joseph D. Keenan	\$100
Dr. Lloyd Felmly	\$100
Willie Baker	\$200
Dick Terpstra	\$100
Art Bohus	\$50
Jim Whitlock	\$50
Bob Hoe	\$100
Bill James	\$50
Carolyn Inman	\$100
Andy Fleming	\$50
Gene Houston	\$20
George Barrett	\$100
Bob Clark	\$20
Bud Booth	\$100
Bill Sager	\$100
Jim Kelly	\$50
Dean Warner	\$25
Dick Petri	\$50
Bob Sinks	\$250
Marian Quinlan	\$125
Charlie O'Brien	\$250
Jerry Coats	\$100
Bill Bartee	\$100





Proposed design of Plaque for Nimitz Museum  
Note: Installed plaque to be 20" X 20"

**SACO**



**SINO-AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION**

**AKA**

**U.S. NAVAL GROUP CHINA**

**"THE RICE PADDY NAVY"**

**VICE ADMIRAL MILTON E. MILES U.S.N.**

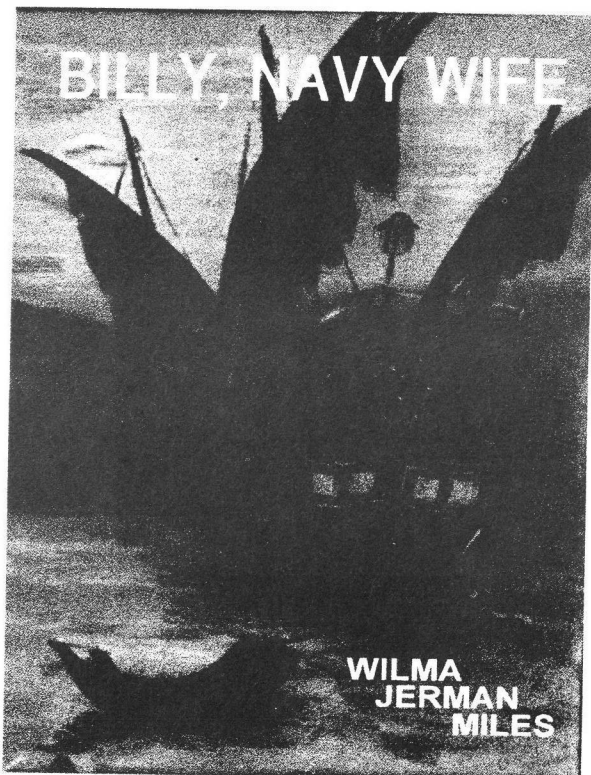
**PERPETUAL SKIPPER**

**DEDICATED TO THOSE WHO VOLUNTEERED**

**INTELLIGENCE AND GUERRILLA WARFARE**

**1943 - 1946**

**ANNOUNCING THE  
PUBLICATION OF  
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF  
WILMA "BILLY" MILES**



“Like an astonishing number of women of her astonishing generation – Eleanor Roosevelt, Amelia Earhart, Martha Gelhorn and Margaret Bourke-White, to name a few – Billy Miles . . . was too busy blazing trails to complain about the lack of them.”

Ken Ringle  
*The Washington Post*, July 3, 1996

“Billy has done more for the U.S. Navy than any 100 Admirals.”

Admiral Arleigh A. Burke  
Chief of Naval Operations

Vice Admiral J. Metcalf, III wrote, in the forward to this book,

“*Billy, Navy Wife* forms a matched set with *A Different Kind of War*, the chronicle of the World War II service of Wilma Miles’

husband, Vice Admiral Milton (Mary) E. Miles. These two books are more than the sum of their parts. You can not appreciate Billy without Mary and the other way around.”

...  
“Sprinkled within this volume are numerous examples of extraordinary military leadership on the part of Mary. I personally am grateful that Billy documented these and believe that many could benefit from their reading these as case studies – especially that of Mary overcoming obstacles on the road to becoming a flag officer.”



WILMA SINTON (JERMAN) MILES, 1972



The Miles family of five left China in 1939 with two passports, the photographs (above) for which they took themselves.

These prints, as all their pre-war photos, were processed with a "complete" lab they carried in one steamer trunk.

Thirty years later, Wilma assembled many of her notes and wrote the story of her life from birth (1904) in Washington, D.C. What resulted is a remarkable account of humanity and history in many countries, some of which were rarely visited. This book belies the expression "you can't go back" from two points of view. First, those who were never even there will feel like they returned. And second, many will be transported back into places and times with a flood of "memories."

The two remaining members of this family, Murray (right) and Charles (in front of him) have published her manuscript, with editing (as well as incorporation of her speeches and other writings) by the latter.

*Billy, Navy Wife* will be sent anywhere within the continental U.S. through 1999 for a contribution of \$25 to help defray the cost of publishing. The book is 620 pages long with 33 photographs and 36 drawings.

Charles H. Miles  
P.O. Box 17863  
Boulder, CO 80308-0863  
(303) 682-5413

## MANY THANKS FOR PIX FROM:

Mathilda Bannier  
Bill Bartee  
Betty Clark  
James Dunn  
"Doc" Felmlly  
Andy Fleming  
Hazel Nelson  
Kayte Petersen

And a big SACO hug to  
ELLEN BOOTH & CAROLYN  
INMAN ARNOLD who together  
must have sent me 200 snaps! Ed.

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

## CONTRIBUTORS TO SACO SINCE LAST ISSUE

JAMES BASH \$30	RICHARD KWAPISZEWSKI \$10
ROBERT BLANCHARD \$10	DONALD MCNEELY \$100
NELSON BOWMAN \$10	HOWARD MILLIREN \$500
CONRAD BRADSHAW \$100	BURTON MITCHELL \$60
BERYL BREITSTEIN \$5	WILLIAM MORRISON \$20
DAVID CLARKE \$100	JACKIE MURPHY \$20
LEE COMER, JR \$5	ALECK PRIMOS \$30
ROBERT CROSS \$10	MARIAN QUINLAN \$5
ROBERT DORMER \$40	CHARLES ROBINSON \$30
SYLVIA ERWIN \$25	JOHN SHEARER \$10
HANS FLETCHER \$50	SAMUEL D TRESSLER, JR \$50
DONALD GABELINE \$40	JULIUS ULANECK \$100
WALTER HAMLIN \$5	WILLIAM F WHITE \$100
CDR. WM. HOWARD \$80	PHIL WHITNEY \$20
GENE HUSTON \$20	ANTHONY WOGAN \$10
WELDON KING \$80	

*Dear Lord,*

*So far today, God, I've  
done alright.*

*I haven't gossiped, lost my temper,  
been nasty, greedy, grumpy, selfish  
or over indulgent.*

*But in a few minutes, God,  
I'm going to get out of bed and  
from then on, I'm probably going  
to need a lot more help.*

*Amen*

*Anonymous  
From Flying Tigers' Publication "Jingbao Journal"  
Sent by: Lloyd Mace (26th FS 51st FG)*

## **Son of Richard & Marti Terpstra assumes new command of Submarine Group**

### **Submarine Group 10 Holds Change of Command**

#### **By Naval Submarine Base Public Affairs**

Rear Adm. Joseph G. Henry, commander of Submarine Group 10, with headquarters at Submarine Base Kings Bay, will relinquish command Sept. 10 to Rear Adm. Richard P. Terpstra.

Rear Adm. Henry has been commander of Submarine Group 10 since November 1997. His next assignment will be to the staff of the Chief of Naval Operations in Washington, D.C., planning and managing Navy manpower and information resources.

. . .Rear Adm. Terpstra arrived at Kings Bay from assignment as a Chief of Naval Operations Fellow at the Strategic Studies Group in Newport, R.I. Originally from Western Michigan, Terpstra is a 1974 graduate of the United States Naval Academy.

After graduating from the Naval Academy, he entered the submarine officer training program, then reported to his first ship, USS Von Steuben (SSBN 632), in December 1975.

His subsequent sea duty assignments included USS Sturgeon (SSN 637), USS Pogy (SSN 647); and he was commanding officer of USS Dallas (SSN 700) from 1990 to 1993.

While he commanded Dallas, the crew was recognized as 1990 Atlantic submarine force nominee for the Arleigh Burke Fleet Trophy for the most significant improvement in battle readiness. USS Dallas was the Battle "E" winner from Submarine Squadron 2 for 1991 and 1992. The crew also received the 1991 Atlantic Fleet Commander in Chief Golden Anchor Award and

the 1992 Silver Anchor Award for excellence in personnel, retention and quality of life. Dallas was awarded the Meritorious Unit Commendation for operations during Desert Shield and Desert Storm.

From April 1996 to April 1998, Terpstra commanded attack Submarine Squadron 6 in Norfolk, Va., where he prepared and trained his ships for battle group, combined, independent and special warfare operations in every theater.

Terpstra is a graduate of the Naval War College and has served tours at the Submarine Training Center, Charleston, S.C., on the staff of the Commander in Chief, U.S. Pacific Fleet, as deputy commander Submarine Development Squadron 12 in Groton., Conn., and in the plans and programs directorate at headquarters of the Commander in Chief, U.S. Strategic Command in Omaha, Neb.

Rear Adm. Terpstra's decorations include the Defense Superior Service Medal, two awards of the Legion of Merit, Meritorious Service Medal, four awards of the Navy and Marine Corps Commendation Medal and three Navy and Marine Corps Achievement Medals.

Terpstra is married to the former Susan Ann Nestor of Grand Rapids, Mich. They have two teenagers, Eric and Margaret.



**Rear Adm. Richard P. Terpstra**  
*Incoming Commander*

# Veterans

With Greg Andruskevich

## Derry Vet Credits VA With Opportunity To Receive Award

By LESLIE JOHNSTON

**W**E ARE ALL AWARE of the slim chance that any given detailed circumstance will ever work out accordingly to plan. As a Scottish writer once penned the lines, "The best laid plans of mice and men ..."

Yet, in this case, fate seemed to favor the odds of winning.

As a World War II veteran, I had entered the Manchester VA Medical Center last year for a minor surgical procedure, but, in the course of pre-operation review, their medical team discovered lung cancer that no one had been aware of.

The priority was immediately switched to the more serious and potential life threatening situation, the operation performed, and apparently halted the cancerous growth.

At the same time plans were being formulated by my World War II group, the Sino-American Cooperative Organization, (SACO), officially known as the U.S. Naval Group, China to have their annual reunion in Sarasota, Fla.

A medal had been struck by the Taiwanese government to be presented to this all volunteer band of American naval personnel for their secret counter-intelligence work behind the Japanese lines.

The organization had been created at the request of Generalissimo Chang Kai Shek and approved by President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The outfit was commanded by Rear Admiral Milton E. Miles who was well acquainted with the Chinese people and their country.

When the request came for me to attend the convention last September in Florida, I questioned Dr. Madeline Ger-



LESLIE JOHNSTON

ken about the possibility of making the trip. She was hesitant to approve not only of the trip, but also of being alone in the hotel. Since my wife was not able to accompany me, our daughter volunteered to take time off from work and go.

My sister and brother-in-law have lived in a retirement house in Sarasota for many years and were delighted to offer their home for our stay.

With Dr. Gerken's approval available, my next door neighbor agreed to be at my house at 4 a.m. on the day of departure to drive me to the bus depot for the trip to Logan Airport and my sister and brother-in-law were at the curbside of the terminal in Sarasota, Fla.

What I was not aware of until later at the convention was that the Deputy Director General Weng Yen-ching of the Military Intelligence Bureau of Taiwan, with his daughter and a retinue of intel-

ligence agents, all in civilian clothing, were also on the plane from New York.

It was General Weng Yen-Ching who awarded me the medal.

After returning to New Hampshire, I brought the medal into the VA Medical Center to share the honor with the medical staff that had kept me alive.

Recently I returned to the VA Medical Center to undergo the original operation that had been sidetracked by the lung cancer and I again brought the medal to share with the surgeons. Dr. Mimi Smith had returned to the Boston hospital where she was stationed, but Dr. Boyd was available.

On the way out, I stopped at the desk of Sarah F. Bresnick, a volunteer for 54 years and, after seeing the medal and hearing the story behind it, requested that I see her boss, Mr. Paul A. Lamberti, director of Volunteer Service and Public Affairs.

He was most cordial and interested in the part of World War II history that most Americans know nothing about.

It is my sincere belief that none of this saga would have taken place without the skill and devotion of the VA's medical team and that they too should share in this honor for an award that I possibly would never have seen.

Johnston had been hand picked from his station at the Charlestown Navy Yard, along with a group of others by Navy officials who asked the group to volunteer for prolonged hazardous duty. After secret training, the group made its way to China. They stopped in Tasmania and Calcutta before flying through the Himalayas — with no pressurized cabins above 10,000 feet — before reaching their destination.

Cont'd next page



# BY POPULAR REQUEST, WE AGAIN PUBLISH THE POEM BY BILL BARTEE

## A SACO PRAYER

(Originally titled "A SACO PSALM" appearing in Issue No. 15 of September 1997) As delivered by him at the Appleton Business Meeting, Saturday, 17 July 1999;

Hello, God  
It's us again,  
The boisterous ones  
called SACO men  
We're here today  
to laugh and play -  
To remember you  
aren't far away.

We're older now  
with a bit more sense  
Than years ago,  
when without recompense,  
We all stepped forward,  
yelled out, "Here!"  
In response to the call  
for volunteers.

You made us part  
of Miles' Navy;  
Home port China -  
big boss, Tai Li.  
You protected us,  
then brought us home;  
Turned us loose  
and let us roam.

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

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

And if there ever  
comes a time  
The world goes nuts  
and your're in a bind,  
Just remember  
that here below,  
SACO Tigers  
volunteer to go.

And so this prayer  
we will now end,  
But prior to  
our big Amen,  
To you, Oh! God.  
we salute and bow;  
To you from SACO,

A BIG "TING HAO!"

Bill -t  
Thanksgiving 11/96



## Andy Fleming Reports Another Plaque Sched- uled For Ft. Pierce Museum

25 August 1999

My good friend, Jim Barnes, has indicated that he would like to add another plaque at the Ft. Pierce Museum. I would like to point out that every one of the SACO men who took Roger training there is entitled to have his name on the plaque. If any of the members wish to have their name on the plaque, they can contact me at Sacovet@aol.com on line, or drop me a line at 3908 Teakwood Ave, Richmond, VA 23227.

I plan to attend the Muster at Ft. Pt. Pierce held on Veterans Day in Nov. and would like to have as many names as possible to take with me.

...In SACO friendship,  
Andy (Andrew Fleming)

Derry Vet.... cont'd from p 88

Johnston's duty was to work with the Chinese intelligence agents and the Flying Tigers unit in identifying and destroying Japanese cargo ships off the coast of China. No one would acknowledge their existence, and it was because of this that these men were later honored by the Taiwanese government.

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

**CHINESE EMBASSY  
WASHINGTON**

The President of the Republic of China takes pleasure in presenting THE ROSSETTE WHITE OF THE ORDER OF "YUN HWEI"(CLOUD AND BANNER) WITH BORDER OF YELLOW AND RED, NUMBER 252 to

LIEUTENANT HILTON JAYNE  
UNITED STATES NAVAL RESERVE

for service as set forth in the following

CITATION:

"During his tour of duty in China ending with the War, Lieutenant Jayne was in charge of a very important intelligence net headquarters in Eastern China, southwest of Shanghai. During a portion of the time Lieutenant Jayne and his group of Americans were operating behind the Japanese lines and were surrounded and nearly caught by the enemy on many occasions. During these hazards Lieutenant Jayne so successfully developed his intelligence nets and directed the Chinese in his units, that he was instrumental in obtaining a great deal of important information which was of extreme value to both the Chinese and American Forces. His assistance to the Far Eastern War Zone commanders in coordination of the many intelligence efforts in the area and of keeping them informed of the various operations of the Japanese about which he was informed was of great value to the Chinese Regular and the Chinese Commando Armies. The wholehearted spirit with which Lieutenant Jayne operated was a source of great inspiration to all those who were fortunate enough to work with him. His courage in the face of many serious hazards that confronted him due to the enemy action, is in keeping with the highest traditions of the military service of the Republic of China."

For the President

  
Ambassador

March 23, 1946

# Reunion sparks war memories

## Top-secret mission sent Neenah man to China during second World War

By Steve Wideman  
Post-Crescent staff writer

NEENAH - Jack Miller's memories of his work in a top-secret intelligence mission in China during World War II are fading.

Heavily censored letters he wrote to his sweetheart Ann, now his wife, don't help much.

"I got a lot of letters with holes in them. I often wondered what he wrote," she said.

Both Millers hope to relive those war years this summer when the Neenah couple chair the 45th annual reunion of what is known as the "Rice Paddy Navy" to be held at the Park Plaza Paper Valley Hotel in Appleton July 14-17.

Members of the Rice Paddy Navy, also known for its more popular name, the Sino-American Cooperative Organization or SACO, served alongside the Nationalist Chinese military during World War II in the fight against Japan.

Republic of China Navy Vice Admiral Hsu Chu-cheng, Director of the Military Intelligence Bureau of the Ministry of National Defense, will be the guest speaker of honor at the Appleton reunion.

SACO operations were top secret and involved the gathering of military intelligence and attacks against specific Japanese targets on the Chinese mainland.

From 1944 to 1945, Miller served as a radioman, listening to Japanese military radio broadcasts.

"We would search for Japanese stations for messages

sent directly to military units," Miller said.

He said radiomen would listen, in particular for messages indicating Japanese military units had sighted Allied units. "We honed in on those," he said.

President Franklin Roosevelt and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek established SACO which was originally known as U.S. Naval Group China.

SACO Tigers, as the personnel were called, served hundreds of miles behind enemy lines with a mission to attack the Japanese Navy, Merchant Marine and air forces in the Far East and to attack mines, factories, warehouses, depots and other military facilities under Japanese occupation.

There were 2,500 Americans, most Navy and Marine personnel, fighting alongside 100,000 National Chinese guerrillas.

SACO was based in Chungking, now Chongqing.

According to SACO historical records, the last Naval battle of World War II was fought between two Chinese junks with SACO crewmen and a Japanese junk on the Yangtze River near Japan-occupied Shanghai.

Although the Japanese boat outgunned the SACO craft, the Japanese crew surrendered to members of the Rice Paddy Navy.

A battle between SACO sailors riding camels and a Japanese armored column led to a later movie, "Destination Gobi."

SACO also had operational control of a pirate group whose deputy commander became the model of Milton Caniff's Dragon Lady in "Terry and the Pirates."

SACO radio intercept units passed on information on a Japanese Naval carrier force

critical to U.S. landings at Leyte in the Philippines.

Under terms of the SACO agreement, U.S. personnel would provide training for mostly Chinese troops in guerrilla warfare, set up groups of raiders and saboteurs to harass the Japanese, and establish radio intercept and weather stations using American equipment.

SACO operations lasted for three years and four months. During that time, SACO personnel helped rescue 30 allied pilots and 46 air crewmen.

Miller's involvement with SACO began when he enlisted in the Navy with the idea of being a quartermaster.

"But I put down that I was a farm boy and knew Morse code from my 14 years as a Boy Scout," he said.

## tapping in on Japanese communications

The Navy sent Miller, a native of South Bend, Ind., to radio school at the University of Wisconsin - Madison.

"They put up a notice on a bulletin board saying the Navy needed volunteers for a secret project," Miller said.

Miller volunteered and was sent to a school in Washington State to learn the equivalent of Japanese Morse Code.

They only have five more characters than we do," he said.

The volunteers had to learn to use a Japanese typewriter and to write in Japanese.

Miller was among a group of eight Navy personnel eventually flown to India where they waited two months before

getting their assignment to fly to China.

The flight took them on the famous trip over the "Hump," which refers to flying between India and China over the Himalayan Mountains. Miller wound up at a Chinese air force base that also served as home for the famous "Flying Tigers."

"I got scared a few times when I was there and the Japanese bombed the airfield," he said.

Miller said the Chinese version of an air raid siren consisted of pounding on pots and pans to create noise.

Radiomen worked shifts from eight to 12 hours, although the radios were manned 24 hours a day.

"If we had maru boats, which were Japanese merchant ships, we kept the Navy informed of their movements until the Navy guns could take care of them," Miller said.

Miller recalls the comments of a Japanese prisoner of war in the summer of 1944.

"He told us, 'You people will win this war. It's just a matter of time,'" Miller said.

He said the Chinese people he worked with welcomed the Americans' presence.

They were beautiful, extremely friendly. They knew why we were there," Miller said.

Miller said 250 aircraft crashed attempting to fly over the "Hump," killing 824 military personnel.

"I was amazed that if 250 aircraft went down, why did mine stay up?" he asked.

????!\*\*\*

*Jack said in an attached note to me, "The columnist must have done some great research as he said more than I did!" Ed.*

THE JAPS NEVER  
DID LEARN OF OUR  
REAL SECRET  
WEAPON IN  
WORLD WAR  
II ...

.. BUT WE NOW KNOW  
IT WAS THE GI'S  
WITH THE BLACK  
SHOES IN THE  
C.B.I. !!



with all good  
wishes to the SACO  
members of the  
"WHAT THE HELL  
CLUB" — during  
their Reunion at  
the Statler Hotel  
in Hartford, Sept. 15  
1956

From  
STEVE CANYON  
and  

MILTON
CANIFF

## WHAT'S IN THE BAG? WHAT'S ON THE BAG?

**James Dunn Answers Inquiries of Many at Appleton Banquet as He Promised in this issue.**

During the Saturday night banquet in Appleton, WI, Gen. Huang of the MIB presented everyone with a nice souvenir. It came with a very smart-looking brown carrying bag. At that moment every recipient had two questions in his/her mind: **What's in the bag? What's on the bag?**



Minutes later, most people had the opportunity to reach into the bag, got the small package out, and opened it. It's the emblem of the MIB, made of some crystal-like material, mounted on a wooden stand. It is indeed a beautiful piece of artwork!

When people tried to put it back into the carrying bag, they noticed that there were some funny looking Chinese characters on both sides of the bag. So, again, people wondered: **What's on the bag?**

On one side of the bag, there are four Chinese characters. From left to right, individually, they mean: CLEAN - WHITE - FAMILY - TRADITION. Collectively, it is one of the things Gen. Tai Li had asked every member of the BIS\* to accomplish during WWII: **[To uphold] Our Family Tradition of Being Incorruptible.**

On the other side of the bag, there are eight Chinese characters, in four vertical pairs, which represent the motto of the MIB: **Loyalty - Incorruptibility - Courage - Wisdom.**

By James Dunn / 9-25-1999

\*BIS - Bureau of Investigation & Statistics..Ed.

## *Self Analysis*

*I'm asked to run,  
The nomination is mine;  
Would I accept  
Or would I decline.*

*Accept I did,  
Elected I was;  
Now what do I do  
To Justify this cause?*

*To serve my buddies  
Is indeed an honor;  
Do I fulfill my duties  
By helping one another?*

*When I am queried  
By members of my staff  
Do I respond promptly,  
Or just give 'em the shaft?*

*If procrastinator I am  
And I don't answer the bell,  
Then why am I in office?  
I should ask, "What The Hell????!!!"\*\*"*

*Ed.*

# RESCUED AIRMAN JIM POWELL RUNS ACROSS OLD CHINESE CURRENCY

27 July 1999

I always marvel at the high quality, outstanding articles of interest in the SACO NEWS. Recently, I found a real treasure - three long-lost pieces of WWII Nationalist currency with signatures on them of SACO officer, enlisted men, and Chinese stationed at Kienyang in March 1943. The signatures include those of G.E. Morgan, Lt. USN and J.T. Shortlidge, Lt. USNR, who led the rescue team which picked up our B-25 air-crew near Shao-wu, some 50 miles west of Kienyang on March 29, 1945. Between them, the bills also included signatures of our air crew - except mine -, and miscellaneous personnel who were on hand. Attached is a list of those signatures which I could make out. Also, attached are Xerox copies of the bills, front and back. *(Due to the volume of this edition, it was my decision not to include these copies of said bills, but list of names deciphered thereon will appear following this letter. Ed.)*

Perhaps the list will jog a few memories of SACO personnel who were there, but forgot about it long ago. I'd enjoy hearing from anyone who remembers anything about the rescue and our being at Kienyang.

... Sincerely, Jim (Powell) (Assoc. Member of  
26230 Rainbow Glen Dr. SACO)  
Newhall, CA 91321

## List of names of SACO Personnel in Kienyang, Fukien Province, China March/April 1945:

R. K. Bittner, Phm 2/c  
Edward C. Bolger, Lt. USN  
H.H. Fink, \* GM 3/c  
H. Freeman, \* Lt (jg) USNR  
W.J. Harbal\*, NoNM\* 3/c  
Luhr Jensen, Unkn rank USN  
J.G. MacLellan, Lt USNR  
G.E. Morgan, Lt USN  
George A. Murray\* SK 3/c  
Art Oringderff, Rank Unkn  
J. C. Peirall\*, SK 1/c  
C.E. Schmieser, Ens USNR

J.T. Shortlidge, Lt USNR  
Roy (Ray)\* W. Squires, Lt USNR

## OTHERS AT KIENYANG:

Edward E Jones, Capt AUS  
Paul W. Neilman (Heilman)\*, Capt--  
Nlla\* Rouse  
William B. Watson, 1st Lt AC (AUS)  
W. (Unable to decipher surname), Capt OSS  
Scarlet Chan  
Wang Chow Chang  
Wa Chu  
Art Haw (Mount Vernon)  
Francis Y.E. Liu\*  
Ging J. Wong (Boston)

## 38TH BOMB GROUP, 71ST SQUADRON, B-25J, FROM LINGAYEN, LUZON, PI

W.G. Nash, 2nd Lt, Pilot  
F.V. King, 2nd Lt, Navigator  
Jon W. Luddeke, 2nd Lt, Co-Pilot  
R.D. Beck, Cpl Radio Operator  
Robert J. Juillerat, Cpl, Tail Gunner

Note \*Signifies uncertainty about spelling. I'd appreciate any corrections.

## Kayte Offers Help to Locate Lost SACOs

Not knowing whom to contact, I shall send this to you.

As a Navy widow, I receive the Navy Retired Personnel magazine, "SHIFT COLORS," which has a listing of all Navy reunions, date, place, etc.

I have never seen the notice of SACO reunions and I was thinking it would be a good idea to submit the information about them when it is available. We might get one or two other SACOs to show up.

For what it's worth.  
SHIFT COLORS  
Department of The Navy  
5720 Integrity Drive  
Millington, Tennessee 38055-0500

Yours, Kayte Petersen

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

AND YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT PROBLEMS!

*Gentlemen:*

*I have just received your super-heated letter in regard to the bill I owe you. You said you thought it should have been paid a long time ago and could not understand why it wasn't. Well, I shall enlighten you.*

*In 1951, I bought a sawmill on credit. In 1954, an ox-team and a timber-cart, two ponies, a breech loading shotgun, a wine taster and a \$25 Colt revolver, also two fine razor back hogs, all on that damned installment plan.*

*In 1955, the sawmill burned down, one of my ponies died and I loaned the other to an SOB who starved it to death and joined the church. A salesman knocked up my daughter and I had to pay \$900 to a doctor to deliver the little bastard.*

*In 1957, my wife eloped with a drunk and left me a pair of twins for souvenirs. I married the hired girl to cut expenses, but had trouble giving her satisfaction. The doctor advised me to create some excitement as she neared her climax. That night, I took the shotgun to bed and when she was about ready, I stuck the gun out the window and fired. My wife had a stroke and I ruptured myself beside killing the best cow I ever had.*

*In 1958, I got burned out and took to drinking. I didn't stop until I had nothing but a dollar watch left. I got kidney trouble and for sometime all I did was wind the watch and run to the john.*

*The next year, I tried it again. I bought a manure spreader, a binder and threshing machine - all on credit. Then came a cyclone and blew everything into the next county. My wife caught a social disease from the census taker, my boy used a corn cob with rat poison on it and some so-and-so castrated by best bull.*

*At present, if it cost a nickle to go the the men's room I'd have to vomit. Yet you say you can cause me trouble: Trying to get money from me would be like trying to poke butter up a wildcat's rear with a red-hot awl. But, gentlemen, you sure are welcome to try.*

*Yours for more credit,*

*Amos Phinnegan*

# Fort Magruder Inn - Williamsburg, VA. Site of 46th



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

Ladies Auxiliary: \$15.00

TREAS: Ellen Booth  
7471 Thunderbird Rd  
Liverpool, NY 13088

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