

October 2004

SACO VETERANS

OF
THE RICE PADDY NAVY
CHINA

WHAT

Perpetual Skipper

THE

WELLY?

VAdm. Milton E. "Mary" Miles



Sino American Cooperative Organization

Issue No. 29

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Site of October 26-30 2005 SACO Reunion



From the Editor's Desk

As regards our annual meetings, three words come to mind – **Friendship, Cooperation & Respect**. In his ADKOW, Admiral Miles wrote, “I had listed the qualifications that I thought would be most useful for the work I had in mind for **‘Friendship’**; the name that was temporarily used for our outfit... We want sturdy individuals,” I wrote Captain Metzler, “but all a little crazy. But they should be only slightly crazy – not as much as I am in order to preserve for the skipper the traditional RHIP (rank has its privileges). They should be able to fight the Nips in any job assigned to them, *without fighting their shipmates. No high-hat, red tape clerks allowed. Any and all Friendship characters must and will associate without worrying about whether they are commissioned, or in what service.*”

How many remember when our outfit was known by the “code” moniker **Friendship?** It was quite an apropos beginning for volunteers who molded friendships like no other military group before, and still, today, some sixty years later, are still enriched by that **respect** and love for one another.

Cooperation – that’s what it was all about – working with our Chinese friends and each other and today, striving to meet a goal of fulfilling our SACO positions in orderly fashion and as promptly as possible.

We want to keep alive the friendships that grew from **cooperation** by reuniting annually to “eat, drink and be merry and relive the days of yore!” What The Hell? Before we waste the waning years being involved with the somewhat “serious issues,” can we *not* sweat the small stuff and continue to enjoy our endowment of old (and I really mean *old*) friends of over half a century with a lot of memories and laughter?

-Ed.

???!***

SACO NEWS

Is a non-profit periodical published by World War II veterans of the SINO AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION (SACO) aka U. S. NAVAL GROUP CHINA and ultimately “THE RICE PADDY NAVY.”

We’re always searching for SACO stories and pictures (no 35mm size prints such as most of us got while in China - too small to identify).

Please send your comments and newsworthy items to the editor:

*Richard L. Rutan, Editor
45-480 Desert Fox Drive
La Quinta, CA 92253-4214*

760 360-3800

The Golf Gun

Two Mexican detectives were investigating the murder of Juan Gonzalez. “How was he killed?” asked one detective.

“With a golf gun,” the other replied.

“A golf gun! What is a golf gun?”

“I don’t know; but it sure made a hole in Juan!”

(Can’t believe I would print such corn, but was hard up for a filler. . . Ed.)

SACO HISTORY

SACO (pronounced "SOCKO") stands for Sino-American Cooperative Organization and was established during WWII by President Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. Highly secret, originally 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 Vice Admiral Milton Edward "Mary" Miles as Deputy Director. The Chinese and American members of SACO joined in combined effort to perform intelligence and guerrilla operations. The group soon became known by the sobriquet, "THE RICE PADDY NAVY." SACO men were and are popularly known as "SACO TIGERS" who served hundreds of miles behind enemy (Japanese) lines in China, 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 approximately 2,500, were volunteers from several branches of service, but for the most part, Navy and Marine men.

Three books: "THE RICE PADDY NAVY," "A DIFFERENT KIND OF WAR," and "THE ARMY-NAVY GAME," and one movie, "DESTINATION GOBI," were based on SACO's activities.

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



SACO NEWS

A non-profit periodical published by and for WWII Veterans of the SINO-AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION (SACO) aka U.S. NAVAL GROUP CHINA and more commonly, THE RICE PADDY NAVY. The publication is funded by annual dues of the members and their donated subsidies.

The publication is sometimes referred to as "What the Hell" magazine due to the pennant shown on the cover of every issue, which is symbolic of SACO members. It was a pennant dreamed up by our skipper, which he would fly on his ships as a personal novelty to arouse curiosity in his naval career. It actually depicted 3 question marks, 3 exclamation marks, and 3 stars - a mild form of profanity such as cartoonists would use. To Admiral Miles, it was translated as meaning "What The Hell," as frequent inquiries through the years as to the pennant would be just that - "What the Hell is it?" "What the Hell does it mean?" and from many encounters came many interesting stories through the years. During WWII as SACO was formed by Miles and the Chinese counterpart Tai Li, it was natural and apropos that "WHAT THE HELL" be the symbol or logo of this special group. In addition to being known as "SACO TIGERS," we might well have been "WHAT THE HELLERS!" Ed.

DUES

Regulars & Associates \$20

Treasurer H. W. Weskamp
3034 Larkwood
West Covina, CA 91791-2928

Ladies' Auxiliary \$15

Treasurer Laura Sellers
1291 Eastern Parkway
Louisville, KY 40204-2440

Highlights of Trustees' Meeting at Holiday Inn Select, Renton WA 14 July 2004

Trustees in Attendance: Bill Miller, Bob Hill, Dick Petri, Jerry Coats & Francis Reynnet (*appointed by President to fill Bob Sinks' resignation*)

Officers in Attendance: Jim Kelly, President, Herman Weskamp, Treasurer, Bill Bartee, Secretary & Willie Baker, Asst. Treasurer

Treasurer's Report: Treasurer addressed where our monies come from and noted that a memorial fund had been established for Harold Bonin, (*Family of Bonin suggested that SACO be considered to receive donations in Hal's memory*).

Letter from Charles and Laura Sellers concerning their view of the treasury was distributed. It contained the following recommendations:

1. Reconcile bank checking accounts to the bookkeeping records monthly on a timely basis.
2. Deposit receipts in the bank accounts on a timely basis (at least monthly).
3. Require written documentation of all expenditures.
4. Submit detailed reports of cash receipts and cash disbursements to Board of Trustees for approval.
5. Inquire into the possibility of merging the checking accounts into one account with a sweep provision to maximize interest income.
6. Updates of dues paid should be submitted monthly to whomever is in charge of mailing the SACO NEWS so members continue to receive the magazine timely.
7. More detail should be included on financial statements prepared for members. The yearly financial statement should be published in the SACO NEWS.
8. Initiate "surety bond" insurance coverage for all "person" or "positions" responsible for handling cash receipts or disbursements.

Nimitz Museum Report

Bartee gave an update in the reprint of "SACO The Rice Paddy Navy" noting that he was able to get 750 copies reprinted. The first copy was passed around for review. It was explained that 100 copies would be retained for delivery to contributors and the rest would be shipped to the Admiral Nimitz Museum Foundation bookstore for sale and distribution. Any monies remaining after mailing to the contributors will be forwarded to the SACO Treasury. It was noted that approximately 6 copies would be provided to the MIB Library and other VIPs.

Medals

Paul Casamajor requested that the Chinese be queried on their position of awarding medals to those not attending the reunion. (*Note: The next evening while on the ferry returning to Seattle, I explained the problem to Maj. Gen. Hsieh and requested he get an answer from the MIB when he returns to Taiwan. After some discussion with his aides, he smiled and said he thought it was a wonderful idea and not to worry about getting more medals. He would see we received what was needed.*)

SACO Reunion 2005

Richard Rutan gave the trustees a comprehensive report on Palm Springs, CA as the reunion site for 2005, room rates would be \$75 per day plus tax at the Palm Mountain Resort and Spa. Prospective dates are Oct 19 thru 23 or Oct 26 thru 30. (*The latter has been confirmed. Ed.*)

Historian

This position is now vacant due to the death of Harold Bonin. The trustees decided to leave the position open for the time being.

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Highlights of SACO General Membership Meeting Holiday Inn Select, Renton, WA 17 July 2004

Treasurer's Report

The treasurer reported on the state of the treasury and noted the funds in hand were approximately the same as remained last year. He noted that he had maintained two accounts because of the interest made on the balance.

Balance as of 1-1-2003.....\$25,740.33
Disbursements..... 23,149.40
Balance as of 12-31-2003.....\$21,084.53

A long discussion was held relative to the treasury review conducted by Charles and Laura Sellers and the recommendations provided as a result of the review. Motions were made to ignore the review, Roberts Rules of order were discussed with no resulting action. The president declared the subject tabled along with all related motions and noted the trustees' decision would stand.

Future Reunions

2005 Reunion chosen to be held in Palm Springs, CA (*see Trustees meeting report*)

2006 SACO Reunion

Jack Petersen to investigate possibility of Milwaukee, WI as site.

Dunn Interment

Bob Hoe gave a recap of his efforts to have Jimmie Dunn's remains interred in a National Cemetery; he noted that all requests so far had been turned down. Request had been submitted to the Secretary of Veterans' Affairs and through Congressional channels for attachment to ongoing bills. In Hoe's discussion with Terry Dunn, it was noted that a direct appeal to the President was the last resort. Terry Dunn will pursue this avenue.

Nimitz Museum

Bill Bartee gave the membership an update on the reprint of the "Rice Paddy Navy" noting that the printing was to be completed on July 19, 2004. It was noted that 100 copies would be retained for distribution to contributors, the MIB Museum and other honorary personnel.

Contributors will receive copies as follows:

\$750 - \$1,000.....4 copies
500 - 749.....3 copies
100 - 499.....2 copies
25 - 991 copy

Election of Officers

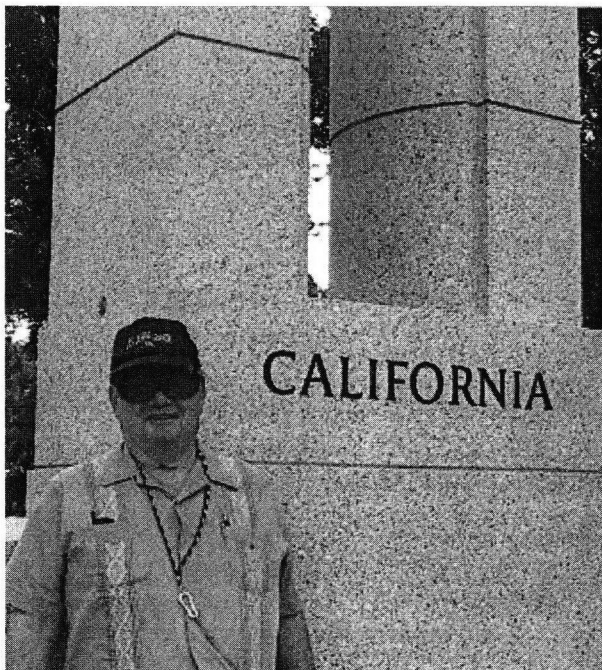
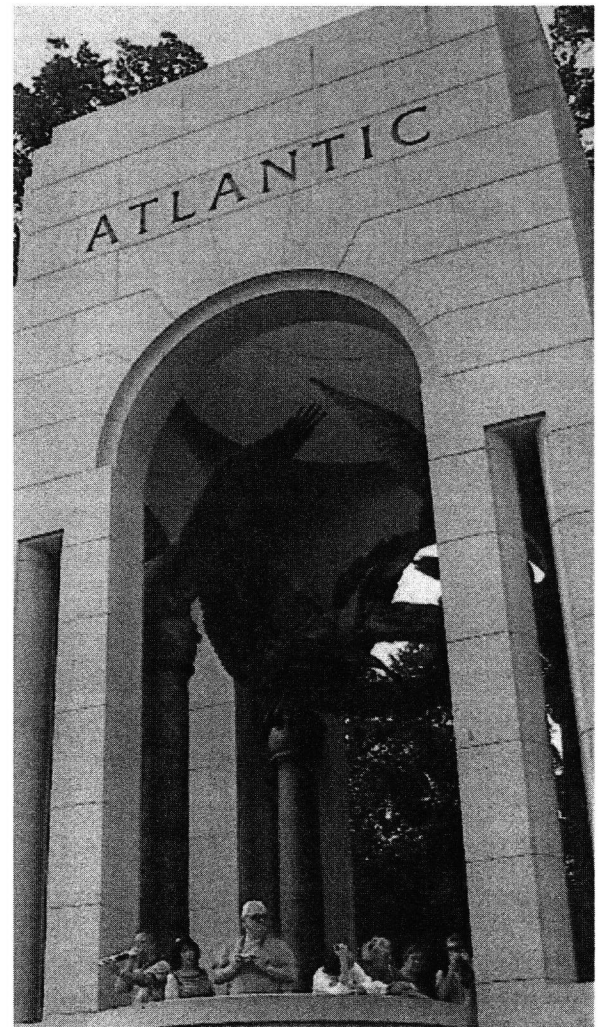
Trustee (1 yr term).....Dick Petri
President.....Bill Miller
Vice President.....George Barrett
Secretary..... Bill Bartee
Asst. Secretary..... Willie Baker
Treasurer.....Herman Weskamp
Asst Treasurer.....Bob Hornberger
The office of Historian to remain vacant for the time being.

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Dedication of WWII Memorial

Henry Scurlock and Sue Clance went to Wash.,DC for dedication of this long awaited national tribute.



Letters

To Casamajor . . .no date 2004

My wife, Betty and I want you to know how much we enjoy SACO NEWS and appreciate your efforts. . . I was a Camp #1 man and was moved to #6 and another one on my way back home.

Since Buck (Dormer) died, I doubt if I hear much about the early bunch at #1. I would like to write a story or two about our activities in China and some since. The ones I remember:

Earl Colgrove	Sgt. Pat Ryan
Doug Jones	Maj Chas. Parkin
Buck Dormer	Al Clevenger
Hundredmark	"Jungle" Flournoy
Jim Marvin	J. M. Conway
Deagan	Maj. Masters

And Earl Randolph, Radioman, who got appendicitis and was operated on by Dr. Goorchenko.

Editor's note: From Miles' ADKOW -

"Dr. Goorchenko, a White Russian refugee who had established a medical mission nearby." In September 1943, Unit One learned from the Chinese that the Japanese were reinforcing their garrisons and that a push was probable.

"A hurry call was put in for friendly Dr. Goorchenko, who came at once - on a bicycle that he rode at night over the crooked and hilly paths that led from his mission. His examination made it plain that an operation was necessary, but he had no instruments, no gloves, and no way to sterilize. 'Wait five hours,' he suggested, and pedaled off into the night again, returning some five hours later with borrowed instruments that were not as good as they might have been.

"In lieu of more usual methods of sterilization, the doctor and his American 'assistants' boiled everything in an ammunition tin. Buck Dormer was the fortunate possessor of a white shirt which when the doctor put it on backward, made a surgeon's

gown. The only available pair of rubber gloves was many sizes too large. The mess table that had been set up in the bell tower of the temple was covered with the boiled liner of a sleeping bag and so served as an operating table, and Pharmacist's Mate Dugan, who had recently arrived, served as the doctor's first assistant. John Hundredmark was chosen as anesthetist, and the mixture of ether and chloroform he used had been unknowingly supplied, for pay, by the Japanese in Shanghai. .

"The operation was not easy because the scalpel was not sharp, but Dr. Goorchenko somehow accomplished the first task. Then, having removed the appendix, he saw that the infection had gone farther. A drain was necessary and, having nothing else, a rubber tube was dipped in a basin of bei chow (wine) for quick sterilizing.

"I don't know if it heals,' he said when the incision was closed and bandaged."

"So the doctor remained to watch his patient and, to his concern, fever developed and increased. Finally, it was apparent that the wound was not draining and that it would be necessary to open it again. The situation was tense and there were some in camp who began to wonder about the doctor's training and ability. Even the doctor himself was worried, but he was ingenious.

"I have an idea,' he said. 'Do any of you know about physics? I have never used a rubber tube for a drain before, and capillary attraction does not seem to work in it. Perhaps it needs another tube to let air in, so that drainage can begin.'

"The operation procedure was repeated and the second tube was put in place. Furthermore, it worked and the fever not only went down, but the patient had also turned the corner by the time the Japanese started their drive".

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To the editor 4 July 2004

Just a short note to thank you for the picture coverage in a recent "SACO NEWS." It was excellent and I appreciated your thoughtfulness very much.

I have the original edition of Commander Stratton's book so will not send a check for another copy, but will enclose a check in answer to your suggestion for assistance for

“SACO NEWS.” You do such an outstanding job in every edition you publish. Please continue the excellent work.

Have to stop as “Parkinson’s” has taken over.

Don Leberman

(Don has been afflicted with Parkinson’s many years past, but he still manages to write to me occasionally – always good to hear from him. *Ed.*)

???!***

To the editor 20 May 2004

Thanks so much for your nice letter of 2 January 2004 in which you requested some photos for a potential story in your outstanding *SACO NEWS* publication. Enclosed are several photos for your consideration.

In my previous letter, I made a mistake, My retirement was in 1987 (instead of 1985; therefore, my aerospace career lasted 38 years.

I was a writer of sorts, assisting in writing numerous technical proposals, and writing hundreds of reports. And I have written and presented an occasional sermon at church. However, I doubt that I have the creativity to make a career of writing for general publication. . . .

Thank you very much for your gracious invitation to attend the 2004 SACO reunion in Renton, WA in July. At this time, I doubt that my wife and I can attend the reunion, although we appreciate the warm invitation. (*They made it. Ed.*)

Richard, you do a remarkable job with *SACO NEWS*, and you are an outstanding man. It has been a great pleasure to know you, and I wish you the best for the future. God be with you. (*And with you and Jeanne. Ed.*)

Sincerely,
Jim Powell

???!***

To Bill Bartee . . . 7 August 2004

Brace yourself, this may get long-winded before I’m through. Anyhow, thank you for the second printing of “*SACO, The Rice Paddy Navy.*” It was really thoughtful of you to send a copy to all the contributors.

I guess no one ever heard of Intel No. 1 that was Lt. Jayne’s outfit attached to LPA (Loyal Patriotic Army) with General Ma & composed of Huston, Morey, Waller and later on, Pease. The area was Shanghai, Nanking & Hangchow. We never made the list in Stratton’s book. We operated in the hills +30 miles west of Hangchow. As Miles said, this was a rather HOT area, but didn’t bother to tell *us* so.

Anyhow, Lt. Jayne decided after the war I should go to college and he had me signed up before we left China. In spite of the fact my old high school principal told me I wasn’t college material; I showed him and graduated in 3 years.

Intel One moved around every 2 weeks or so to keep ahead of the Japs. During the last several weeks of the war, both Miles and Tai Li were with us.

At the end of the war, Lt. Jayne talked to me in Shanghai and said the old outfit was disbanded, but he had a good job for Morey and me. – set up Adm. Miles Hdqtrs in Nanking. We got to ride in his new C47 to Nanking and were quartered in Chinese Puppet Banker’s estate including a 1942 Cadillac and Chrysler. Miles never did get to Nanking.

I heard about the point system to get discharged. I had more than enough, so fired up the radio and a yeoman (I knew him) sent back “Transfer Huston RM1/c Shanghai FFT US and discharge.” Had to figure out what FFT meant – for further transfer.

For the ride home was the AO 26 Salamone Fleet tanker.

Thus ended the reading and saying of the holy word.

Regards,
Gene H. Huston

????!!!***

To the editor 2 June 2004

OHIO GREETINGS, SACO Friend, Richard. The *SACO NEWS* arrived yesterday, and each issue keeps getting BETTER! There are always so many interesting stories to “perk” up our minds and memories. Bob always hoped someone from his unit would be at the reunions – the snapshot submitted by Bob Stoll, on pg 22, would have made him very happy! He had one of them, but don’t think the names were noted. Blessings continue in this life, along with the sadness of losing his presence, good memories keep us going! Seattle in 1984 was our first gathering. I remember you serving me a cold beer while enjoying the hot tub just outside the hospitality room. Bob’s experience in SACO and our attending the reunions, enriched our lives greatly!

Always good to hear from you, Richard, thru the *SACO NEWS*. You continue doing a GREAT JOB, along with all the crew who keep the organization going. ENJOY SEATTLE – My thoughts will be with all of you.

Mona Miller (Mrs. R. G.)

????!!!***

“SACO, The Rice Paddy Navy” Reprint

ORDERING INFORMATION

Copies of the Roy Stratton book “The Rice Paddy Navy” may be obtained from the Admiral Nimitz Museum Foundation bookstore.

Your contact there is Ms. Carol Sattler and to obtain a discount you must provide her with a copy of your current membership card.

Cost for SACO members and associates is: \$17.95 + \$4 Shipping
Others \$19.95 + \$4 Shipping
(VISA and Master Card are accepted)

By Mail:

Nimitz Enterprises
328 E. Main
Fredericksburg, TX. 78624

By Email:

sattler@nimitz-museum.org

By Phone:

1-830-997-8600

By Fax:

1-830-997-8092

Wife VS Husband

A couple drove down a country road for several miles, not saying a word. An earlier discussion had led to an argument and neither of them wanted to concede their position. As they passed a barnyard of mules, goats and pigs, the husband asked sarcastically, “Relatives of yours?” “Yep,” the wife replied, “in-laws.”

Creation

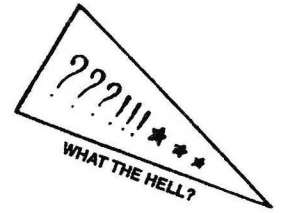
A man said to his wife one day, “I don’t know how you can be so stupid and so beautiful all at the same time.” The wife responded, “Allow me to explain. God made me beautiful so you would be attracted to me; God me stupid, so I would be attracted to you.!”



SACO

SINO AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION

U. S. NAVAL GROUP CHINA VETERANS



Vice Admiral Milton E. Miles
Perpetual Skipper

July 23, 2004

Bill & Sissy Miller
1261 N.E. 188th. Street
Seattle, WA 98155-2230

Dear Bill & Sissy,

In sending out all of these thank you notes I would be seriously remiss if I did not recognize you two, Lee and Ruby Alverson and Bob and Betty Clark as producing one of the most successful and enjoyable reunions to date.

The smooth way it went together from registration through the final banquet is testimony to your in depth planning. The trips didn't wear us out, there was time to visit and tell sea stories, the food served at the banquet was delicious and the hotel was great. Many of our members do not realize the details that need to be attended to, let alone the fielding of questions from attendees to accomplish such a task.

Therefore on behalf of the officers, trustees and membership please accept our sincere thanks and gratitude for your tireless efforts and a most successful reunion.

Perhaps you should tread lightly for the next few years because someone could make a motion that you become the permanent reunion chairman, however Roberts Rules of order would probably not allow it.

Thanks again,

Sincerely,


Bill Bartee
SACO Secretary

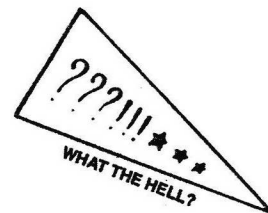
CC: Officers & Trustees
L. Alverson
R. Clark



SACO

SINO AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION

U. S. NAVAL GROUP CHINA VETERANS



Vice Admiral Milton E. Miles
Perpetual Skipper, 2004

Lt. Gen. YU Ltan-Fa
Director, M.I.B.
P.O. Box 3693
Taipei, Taiwan, R.O.C.

RE: 2004 SACO Reunion.

Dear General YU,

On behalf of the Officers, Trustees and membership of SACO we would like to congratulate you on your assignment to the M.I.B. I'm sure you will find the assignment interesting, challenging and fulfilling. If we of SACO can assist you in any way please don't hesitate to ask.


Next let me thank you profusely for sending Maj.Gen. HSIEH, Chieng-Chang, his wife Ms. LIN Lan-Sheng, Col. Paul BO, Lt. Col. Laura Lin and Maj. Phillip MO to represent you. You can rest assured that they were great MIB representatives and upheld their duties in a most professional manner. SACO members really enjoyed their short but meaningful visit.

Uppermost we must convey our deep gratitude and profound thanks for the generous contribution your organization made to SACO. As you are aware we are a dues driven organization and after 60 years our membership is dwindling. Consequently your contribution comes at a very opportune time.

We hope that next years reunion will be honored by your personal presence. At present it is scheduled for mid October 2005 in Palm Springs, CA. Details will be provided to you by the reunion chairman, Mr. Richard Rutan who is also the editor of our SACO News.

Again we thank you and look forward to seeing you. May you have the best of luck at your new command.

Sincerely,


Bill Bartee
SACO Secretary

CC: All SACO Officers
Maj. Gen. HSIEH, Chien-Chang



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

August 11, 2004

Mr. Bill Bartee
SACO Secretary
4624 N. Cheyenne Trl.
Tucson, AZ 85750-9717
U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Bartee:

I would like to express my heartfelt appreciations for your letter of congratulations on my assuming office as Director of the MIB. Despite my regret for missing the 2004 SACO Reunion, I admire very much the great achievements of SACO and the Reunion's considerable efforts at the maintenance of our friendship.

As the solid ties between SACO and this Bureau has been lasting for decades, I feel honored to make my humble contribution towards the Reunion's continuing carrying on. It is my earnest hope that all members of SACO maintain healthy and happy, and the friendship between our both sides closer and firmer.

Best wishes.

Sincerely yours,

中華民國軍事情報局 余連發
局長 陸軍中將

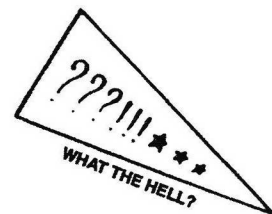
Yu, Lian-fa
Lt. General, ROC Army
Director, MIB, MND



SACO

SINO AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION

U. S. NAVAL GROUP CHINA VETERANS



Vice Admiral Milton E. Miles
Perpetual Skipper, 2004

Maj. Gen. HSIEH, Chien-Chang
Deputy Director, MIB
P.O. box 3693
Taipei, Taiwan, R.O.C.

RE: 2004 SACO Reunion, Renton, WA.

Dear Gen. HSIEH

On behalf of the Officers, Trustees and SACO Membership I would like to take this opportunity to express our most profound gratitude for the honor of your attendance at our most recent reunion. You, your wife and your staff all added a certain upbeat to the atmosphere that was really a joy to see and experience.


We want to thank you also for the memorable gifts that you distributed. They will be cherished and a cause for remembrance long after all the reunion dust has settled.

Most of all we thank you for the sizeable contribution made to SACO, with our membership rolls in a constant state of depletion, it is beyond my capability, to put into words the heartfelt thanks and appreciation we feel for such a wonderful gesture.

I sincerely hope that you were able to get to know many of us on a personal basis and that we as a group come up to your expectations.

Please relay this sincere gratitude to your most capable staff of Col. Paul Bo, Lt. Col. Laura Lin and Maj. Phillip MO. They are a real joy to be with and we really look forward to seeing them each year.

I hope that you and your wife are able to come again soon and please remember if there is anything we can do for you, don't wait a minute to let us know.

Sincerely,

Bill Bartee
SACO Secretary

CC: SACO Officers & Trustees
Lt. Gen YU Ltan-Fa



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

August 9, 2004

Mr. Richard Rutan
45-480 Desert Fox Dr.
La Quinta, CA 92253-4214
U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Rutan:

It is a great pleasure for me to meet you at the 2004 SACO Reunion.

First of all, please accept my genuine congratulations to you for being elected as Chairman of the 2005 SACO Reunion. Thank you very much for cordially inviting me to participate next year's Reunion in Palm Spring. Given such a wonderful chance, I would love to meet all my SACO friends again. I was told that you and your mother, Mama Erma, had made a great contribution to SACO by devoting yourselves to the Reunion and other related matters for decades. Even though I could not meet Mama Erma in person, I would like to take this opportunity to pay my highest respect and heartfelt appreciations to both you and your mother for your dedication. I sincerely hope that the 2005 SACO Reunion will also be a very successful one just as the one we had in Seattle. If there is anything that this Bureau could assist in preparation for the Reunion, please do let us know. I guarantee that we will do our best to help out.

I wish you all the best.

Sincerely yours,

中華民國軍事情報局 謝建章
執行長陸軍少將
Hsieh, Chien-Chang
Maj. General, ROC Army
Chief of Staff, MIB, MND



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

August 9, 2004

Mr. Bill Bartee
SACO Secretary
4624 N. Cheyenne Trl.
Tucson, AZ 85750-9717
U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Bartee:

My wife and I would like to extend to you our heartfelt appreciations for your cordial hospitality and the splendid belt buckle as well as the delicate bracelet. We cherish the precious gifts you gave us.

As I had heard quite a lot about you before my trip to the States, my excitement of meeting you in person was indeed beyond descriptions. Please accept my respect and admiration for your resolute devotion to the arduous duty as SACO Secretary for so many years. We will always keep in mind your consistent supports to the ROC. I sincerely hope that, under our continuing efforts, the unshakable friendship between our two sides will last forever.

I wish you and your family all the best.

Sincerely yours,

中華民國軍事情報局 謝建章
執行長陸軍少將
Hsieh, Chien-Chang
Maj. General, ROC Army
Chief of Staff, MIB, MND

CHINA MARINE



SCUTTLEBUTT

Vol 13, No 1

Official Publication of the China Marine Association

March 2004



William H. Sager
Maj. USMC (Ret.)

The author of this article (a veteran of the First Marines at Guadalcanal) was a Marine Captain in U. S. Naval Group, China in 1944 and 1945. In China, he was known as "COMNAVUTEN" (Commander, Naval Unit Ten). Naval Unit Ten placed three battalions of trained and equipped Chinese guerrillas in the field, each battalion consisting of approximately 500 Chinese. Locally, those units were known as Column Ten. Their mission was to operate against Japanese lines of communication along the Liuchow - Kweilin highway corridor, along which the Japanese in the late spring of 1945 began their retreat from Indo-China and southern China, in order to consolidate their positions in East Central China.

U. S. Marines in China During World War Two

Who were these Marines that fought the Japanese in Mainland China during W. W. Two? They were members of a small, elite, classified unit commanded by a U. S. Navy Commander known as the Sino-American Cooperative Organization (SACO) In the U. S. the official classified name was U. S. Naval Group, China.

by *William H. Sager,*
Major, USMCR, (Ret'd)

There are some Marines of the "old breed" who believe that Marines have been in China since the days of the Ming Dynasty, which existed from 1368 until 1644. Since those dates are well before the Corps was founded (in a formal sense) on November 10, 1775, we have to settle for the days of the Manchu Dynasty, which existed from 1644 until the founding of the Chinese Republic in 1912. There were

Marines in China as early as 1898 when they guarded legations in Peking and Tientsin and we are acquainted with the role of the U. S. Marines in Peking during the Boxer Rebellion when they assisted in defending the foreign communities. The legend of the Fourth Marines in Peking and Shanghai prior to W. W. Two is also well documented.

Subsequent to World War Two, Marines of the First and Sixth Divisions, with supporting units, occupied North China to

Please turn to **SACO**

Headquarters, US Navy Unit Ten, Hsi Feng (Kweichow Province), ROC 1944-1945. US Marines, stationed here trained the SACO Chinese in guerrilla warfare using American equipment.



SACO from page 1

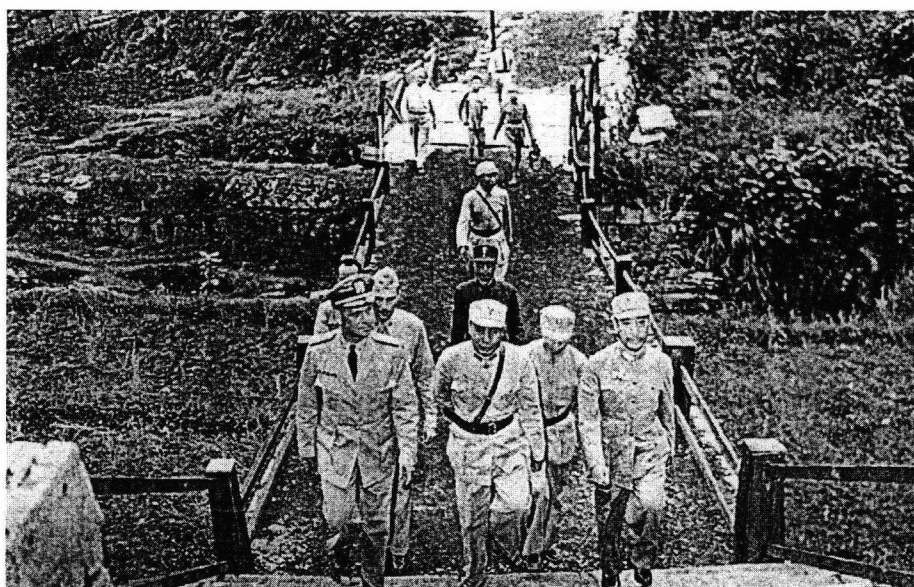
accept the surrender of Japanese armies in that area and to assist in returning Japanese soldiers to their homeland. During this period from late 1945 until 1948, there were occasional firefights with Chinese Communist forces resulting Marine casualties.

We are therefore well aware that U. S. Marines were in Mainland China before World War Two and immediately after World War Two. However, not many of us are aware that there were U. S. Marines in Mainland China DURING WORLD WAR TWO conducting combat operations against Japanese forces that occupied a substantial portion of northern and eastern China, including the China coast and all of the principal harbors.

Who were these Marines that fought the Japanese in Mainland China during W. W. Two? They were members of a small, elite, classified unit commanded by a U. S. Navy Commander (who, within three years, achieved the rank of Rear Admiral) known as the Sino-American Cooperative Organization, or better known by its acronym SACO, pronounced SOCKO. In the U. S. the official classified name was U. S. Naval Group, China.

SACO was under the command of Chinese General Tai Li, the Director of Chinese Intelligence and Secret Service, with Admiral Milton E. ("Mary") Miles as Deputy Director. SACO was one of the rare instances during W. W. Two when American personnel actively operated under the command of an allied commander rather than an American. To the Americans in SACO the distinction was of no importance.

The Chinese and American members of SACO joined in a combined effort to perform intelligence, weather and guerrilla operations. SACO personnel served hundreds of miles behind Japanese lines, establishing vital weather stations to aid the fleet in the Pacific, maintaining coast watchers to report on Japanese shipping to the U. S. 14th Army Air Force and to U. S. submarines operating off the China coast, rescuing down allied air crews, and surveying coastal beaches for a proposed allied invasion of Mainland China prior to General MacArthur's successful persuasion of the Joint Chiefs that the Japanese homeland



TOP: From left, Admiral Miles, US Navy; Marshal Teng En Bo, Chinese Nationalist Army; and LtGen Tai Li, Commander of SACO arrive to inspect guerrilla training facilities at US Naval Unit Ten. Behind Miles is Capt Sager, USMC.

BELOW: (l-r) Marshal Teng En Bo, Chinese Nationalist Army; Capt. Sager, USMC; Gen Tai Li, Commander of SACO; and Admiral Miles with CO Naval Group, China, inspect bazookas at Camp Ten Armory

should be invaded and the China beachhead strategy abandoned.

SACO American personnel never numbered more than 2,500 at any one time serving in China. Until late June of 1945 when the Ledo Road (known also as the Stillwell Road) was opened from North Burma to China, all personnel and materiel were flown from India to China over the Himalayas

mountain ranges (known as the "hump") by the Army Air Transport Command.

There has never been an accurate "head-count" of the number of Marines who served in SACO. The figure has been estimated at 250 to 300 for the entire period of the SACO operations. Each Marine who served in SACO was a volunteer. An estimated 90 percent were combat veterans of the Pacific for

whom the SACO tour of duty was their second time overseas. The enlisted ranks consisted of platoon sergeants, first sergeants and gunnery sergeants. There were no "buck" sergeants, corporals or PFCs. Officer ranks were mainly senior captains and junior majors, but there were some notable exceptions. Robert H. Barrow, who became the 27th Commandant of the Marine Corps, served in SACO as first lieutenant.

What did the Marines do in China? A few, perhaps a handful, served as coast watchers in isolated positions along the China coast, dependent upon the SACO Chinese for protection, supplies and local intelligence. The majority of the Marines were assigned to one of the thirteen training camps that spanned China from the northern Gobi desert region to the vicinity of Canton and Amoy on the Japanese occupied southern China coast. The function of the camps was to train and operate with Chinese guerrillas against Japanese lines of communications and installations in Japanese controlled China. The Chinese guerrillas were a part of General Tai Li's Loyal Patriotic Army, a force of more than 50,000 men and women.

The Marines' mission was to train the SACO Chinese in guerrilla warfare using American equipment. China furnished the manpower - - the U. S. Navy furnished the equipment. Chinese guerrillas were trained and equipped with .30 caliber carbines, the .45 caliber Thompson submachine gun, hand grenades, C-2 composition, primacord, the .38 caliber pistols, and bazookas, which was the heaviest portable weapon supplied. The Chinese built firing ranges for small arms practice that was severely limited by the scarcity of ammunition. As mentioned previously, all supplies were flown over the "hump" to China, then transported by primitive, charcoal burning trucks to a location near the training camps, then hauled to the camps by Chinese bearers.

The training was mostly in the use of U. S. arms and equipment. Very little training was given in tactics. The Chinese had been at war with the Japanese army in occupied China for more than seven years, and since the Chinese were indigenous, there was little in the way of tactics to be taught to the Chinese guerrilla. However, the Marines did discover that the Chinese guerrilla was deficient in one respect, and that was cover and concealment. Marines are trained extensively to take advantage of the terrain and to use

every bit of available cover. The Chinese guerrilla was notoriously poor in cover and concealment. With Marine emphasis, the situation improved with training.

Admiral Miles, on an inspection tour with General Tai Li, to U. S. Naval Unit Ten wrote in his book "A Different Kind of War":

"They {the Chinese guerrillas} also simulated an attack on a pillbox with me inside, and I could not see more than three at a time until, only a little distance away, 125 of them leaped up and charged."

So much for Marine emphasis on cover and concealment.

For each squad of ten Chinese guerrillas, the table of organization provided as follows:

- Four carbines
- Four Thompson submachine guns
- Two .38 caliber revolvers
- Two pounds Composition C per man
- Two pounds TNT per man
- Twenty feet of primacord
- Six blasting caps
- One hand grenade

The ammunition allowance was as follows:

- 2000 rounds for each Thompson sub-machine gun
- 1000 rounds for each carbine
- 200 rounds for each .38 caliber revolver

However, due to difficulty of transportation (not only across the "hump" but within China itself) only half of the issue was originally given in most instances and the balance as available and required.

Chinese guerrillas operating in the field against the Japanese were known as "columns". Each column consisted of approximately 500 guerrillas and was frequently referred to as a battalion. Teams of Navy and Marines operated with each battalion as advisors, observers and participants. An effort was made to rotate the American teams to make use of their first hand knowledge and experience for instruction purposes.

The usual types of guerrilla actions were ambushes of enemy patrols and raids on enemy outposts and small garrisons. Demolition operations were conducted against road objectives (bridges, etc.), railroads (where they existed in some areas) and river traffic (sampans and other small river vessels). Sabotage operations employing explosives were carried out against barracks,

factories, storage dumps, warehouses, defense installations, in some cases airfields, and targets of opportunity.

One of the Navy training units had as its mission to train Chinese in amphibious and river raiding tactics to operate in the Tung Ting Lakes area and the neighboring Hsiang River where an increase in Japanese river traffic had been noted. The so-called Yangtze River Unit (or the River Raiders as they were generally known) was commanded by a Marine captain veteran of Guadalcanal and Cape Gloucester. The official designation of the unit was U. S. Naval Unit 12.

An additional mission of the River Raiders was to inform the U. S. 14th Air Force on the effectiveness of its mining operations along the Yangtze River.

Selected SACO Chinese troops in Japanese occupied area were trained to dispatch patrols immediately to sites of plane crashes and to notify American personnel, which would send medical and other assistance to rescue downed flyers. Sixty seven Army flyers, eight Navy flyers, six Chinese aviators, and one civilian U. S. war correspondent were rescued and returned to their organizations by SACO Chinese and Americans operating on those missions.

It is reliably reported that Marine and Navy led Chinese guerrillas killed 23,500 Japanese, wounded 9,100, captured 290, destroyed 209 bridges, 84 locomotives and 141 ships and large river craft in addition to numerous depots and warehouses. (See the article "The Rice Paddy Navy" in the China Marine Scuttlebutt, September 1999).

Yes, there were Marines in China DURING World War Two. While their numbers were miniscule they accomplished their mission under hazardous and hardship conditions. Those Marines who were conditioned for combat at Guadalcanal and Cape Gloucester discovered that life in Mainland China with SACO Chinese guerrillas was primitive and demanding. The rice in China was no different from the captured Japanese rice on Guadalcanal. Both were abundant with weevils and worms.

For an additional article on Marines operations with Chinese guerrillas in Mainland China, see the article in the July 2003 issue of The Leatherneck "SACO - American and Chinese Guerrillas in World War II" by Dick Camp, Jr.

????!!***

Golden Anniversary of SACO Reunions Celebrated in Seattle 14-17 July 2004

Each year that has passed since we shared the experience as members of SACO during WWII, has endeared and enriched the friendship all of us engendered as volunteers in such a definitely "Different Kind of War." Truly enigmatic and highly secretive to the extent that little is known to the world of our ventures even today, we bonded during those days in China and have perpetuated that bond for over sixty years. Many military groups meet annually, but few share the love and friendship that our buddies have endured and continue to maintain devotedly.

And so, it was fitting that a special recognition of this historical milestone in SACO's annual gatherings be honored as we approached our 50th Reunion. I think we can say it reached Golden Fruition at the hands of Bill & Sissy Miller, their third time in hosting our family in Seattle. *(I won't reveal Sissy's comments should there be a fourth time. Ed)*

Bill *(always known as "Beep" to all RI men)* and Sissy put on a "Show of shows" with the help of Lee & Ruby Alverson and Bob & Betty Clark. And let's not forget all the help Yi Ming, friend of Beep's from the University of Washington, gave us. The entire committee did an unequalled performance to see that all ran smoothly.

We were honored to welcome VIPs from the Military Intelligence Bureau of the ROC: Chief of Staff: Major General Hsieh, Chien-chang and his wife, Ms. Lin, Lan-sheng, Section Chief Colonel Paul Pao, Interpreter Major Laura Lin and Liaison Officer, Major Philip Mo. *(Prior to their arrival, we wondered if Paul Bao was the Paul we knew - we knew him as 'Pao' not 'Bao.')* He was the Paul we knew in the past and when I asked him about the spelling, he said, "Either one is okay." In any event, it was good to see him again as well as Laura and Philip who seem like part of our family. They are always cheerful and I feel they truly enjoy being with us as much as we look forward to seeing them.

On Thursday, 15th of July, we left the hotel at 11:30 AM for an all-day bus trip across the Tacoma Narrows to Bremerton Navy Yards. We saw the aircraft carrier "Ranger" which was a thrill for Carolyn Inman Arnold as her dad, Willard Inman, served on this ship. We traveled on through beautiful countryside with dense forests of green. At one point, we stopped at an Indian Casino for about half an hour and then proceeded on to the Kiana Lodge at Poulsbo, northwest across Puget Sound from Seattle. Such salmon I have never tasted! Absolutely and outstandingly delicious. Such a picturesque setting and the weather was delightful! Following dinner, we boarded a ferry about 9:00PM and enjoyed about an hour on Puget Sound passing Bainbridge Island and seeing the lights of Seattle's skyline as we approached.

Friday was another busy day touring Seattle, Space Needle, etc. I wasn't on the tour, but it covered a lot of territory of the city getting back to the hotel in late afternoon.

Saturday afternoon, Bill Miller took a group to see his incredulous wood-work shop at his home. *(As I have told him - he and his shop should be featured in a national publication. Ed)*

The Saturday night banquet was great entertainment by singer Ed Aliverti with his rendition of "THE RAGGEDY OLD FLAG" and followed by a couple of bagpipe musicians and a drummer. They offered "Amazing Grace" in memory of Harold Bonin. Maj. General Hsieh, Chien-chang delivered the major address and gifted SACO with \$5,000 from the MIB.

As usual, the hospitality room was wall-to-wall following dinner to congregate for the last time exchanging "DZAI! JEE!ehns" prior to being homeward bound.

Bill and Sissy, it was a great time, great weather and great chitter-chatter as usual. Only thing I found wrong - - time passed too swiftly and suddenly there's a veil of sadness in the pall of silence when the last has departed and we are faced with waiting too long until the next get-together. Thank you, Si si ni and as Erma would say, "Ding, ding hao!" Let's all pray that good health prevails and God grants that we are all together once more next year! *Ed.*

GARY LOCKE
Governor



STATE OF WASHINGTON
OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR

P.O. Box 40002 • Olympia, Washington 98504-0002 • (360) 753-6780 • www.governor.wa.gov

Greetings from the Governor

July 14-18, 2004

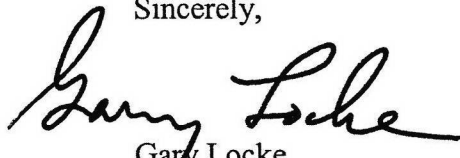
I am pleased to extend warm greetings to all of those attending the 2004 Sino American Cooperative Organization (SACO) Reunion.

During World War II, it was imperative for the Allied Forces to gain access to timely, accurate information on Japanese naval and shipping activities along the China Coast, and to obtain systemic weather forecasts and intelligence on possible landing beaches and other critical matters. To accomplish this end, President Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek collaboratively formed SACO in 1942. The effort began with a few "SACO Tigers" volunteering to serve deep behind enemy lines to train the Chinese people in ship identification, meteorology, scouting, the use of weaponry, and to establish mobile field hospitals and medical dispensaries where the need was greatest. Eventually, this endeavor grew to include nearly 3,500 U.S. military personnel and approximately 120,000 Chinese men and women. Because of the secrecy of their missions, few people outside of this select group were aware of its extraordinary contributions to the outcome of the war.

This event provides a wonderful opportunity to thank the members of SACO for the sacrifices they undertook to preserve our nation's cherished freedoms and for the immense courage they showed during this pivotal time in our history. It also is a time to celebrate the power of enduring friendships. I hope that the participants greatly enjoy meeting old acquaintances and making new friends. The gathering will likely be, in turns, profoundly moving and filled with laughter.

Please accept my best wishes for a memorable and joyful reunion.

Sincerely,



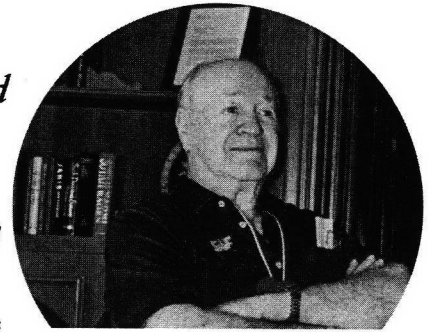
Gary Locke
Governor



Golden Banquet Invocation in Seattle

By Dr. Dayton L. Alverson

It has been almost a decade since the last SACO Meeting was held here in Seattle. At that time, I also had the honor of giving the invocation. However, although many felt it was a good presentation, a number were obviously saddened by my observation that the passage of time was reducing the size of our clan.



I have thought about that a lot in the past several years and have decided that my observation was not exactly correct. The passage of time is certain to reduce our numbers here on earth, but at the same time, it is increasing our presence in God's Kingdom. Thus, our numbers are not dwindling, but our SACO members are split into different domains. I believe that over the next decade or so, most of us will be reunited and God will sanction a glorious SACO Reunion in His Kingdom.

Remember that when Jesus was talking to Simon Peter, he noted, "In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, There ye may also be."

As I have aged, I have become increasingly fond of the well-known hymn "Amazing Grace," because it tells us that even though we are sinners, we can still enter the gate.

Quoting the first verse: "Amazing Grace how sweet the sound, that saved a wretch like me. I once was lost, but now am found, was blind, but now I see."

Now I'm not suggesting anyone be in a hurry to make his way to the pearly gates. That is not God's wish. While we remain here on earth, the Serenity Prayer provides us some good advice:

"God grant us the serenity to accept the things we cannot change, the courage to change the things we can and the wisdom to know the difference."

Lord, I ask that you provide aid and moral support to those SACO members who are sick and cannot be with us. That you Bless those who are here to partake in this event. We know that you have those SACO members who are in your Kingdom under your wing. We pray, Lord, for those soldiers who are currently fighting for this nation's freedom abroad. We thank you for the food you will set before us. And finally, Lord, we ask your special Blessing on those who have traveled across the ocean to be a part of friendship that we forged with the peoples of China, over half a century ago.

Lord, you have gathered us together in Seattle to celebrate and rekindle old friendship and it is time for this festive event to begin.

Amen.

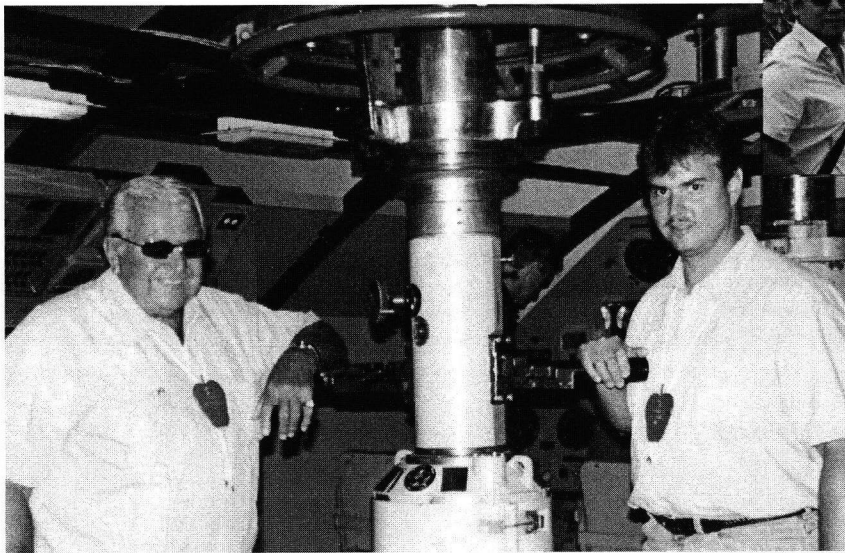
50th Anniversary Reunion Snaps in Seattle 14-18 July 2004



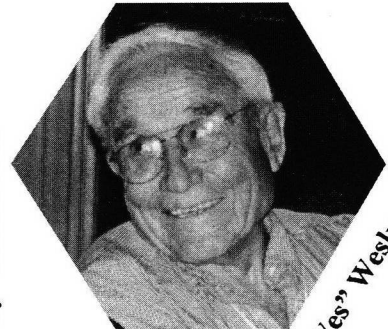
Bill White, son & dtr-in-law



Philip Mo-Paul Pao-Mrs. & Maj.Gen Hsieh
Background: Laura Lin



John, Sr., & John Pisarick, Jr.

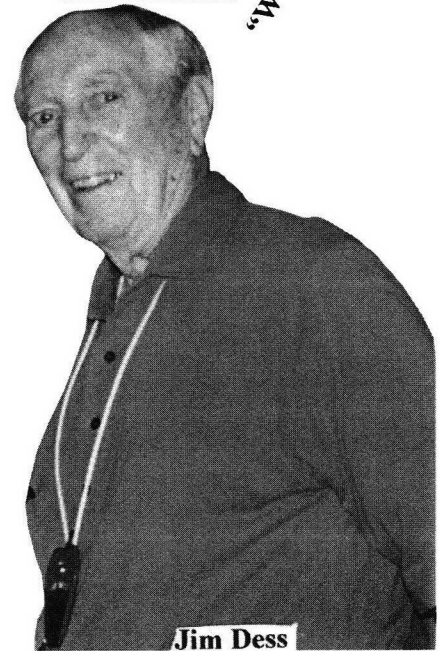


Photos by Ellen Booth

"Wes" Weskamp



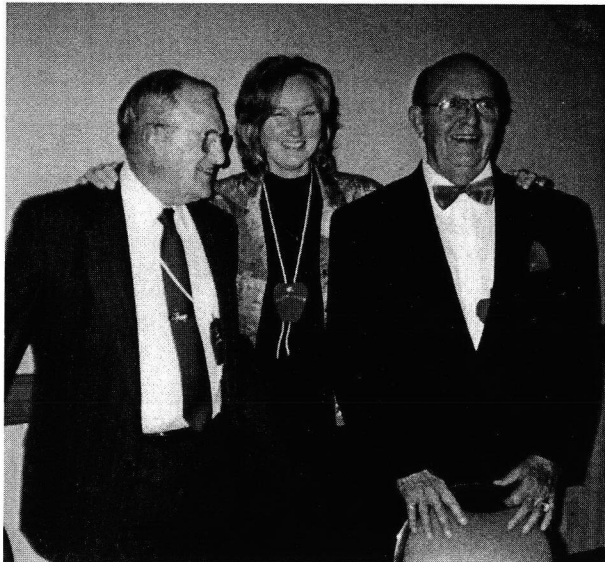
Katey Petersen-Eleanor Lampedecchio-Jim Kelly 22



Jim Dess



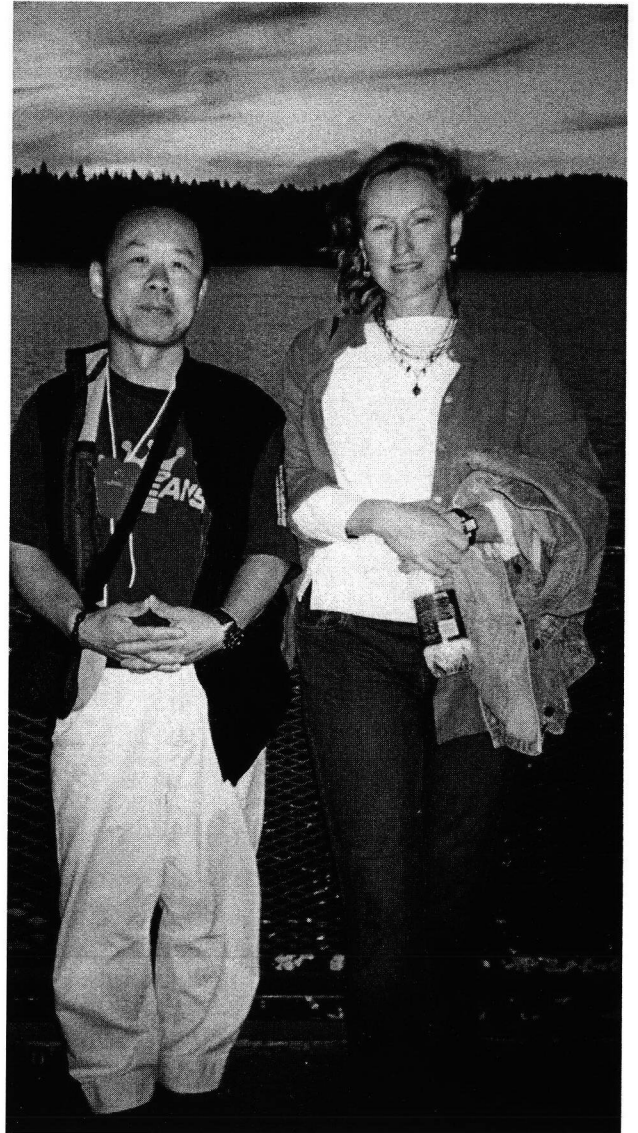
Ciaccio Family: Jim, Dad Sal, Steve



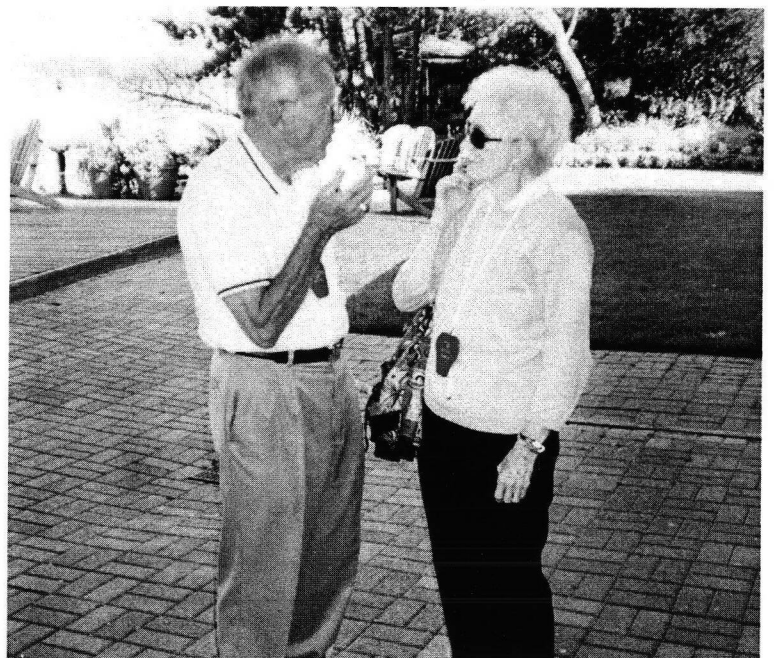
Jack Petersen, Marty Waters, Richard Rutan



Sue Clance-Henry Scurlock



Yi Ming-Marty Waters



Jim Kelly-Sylvia Erwin

Photos by John Waters

SACO's 50th Reunion Banquet

*In the centerfold of the Banquet Program
was written:*

"Oh, and by the Way"

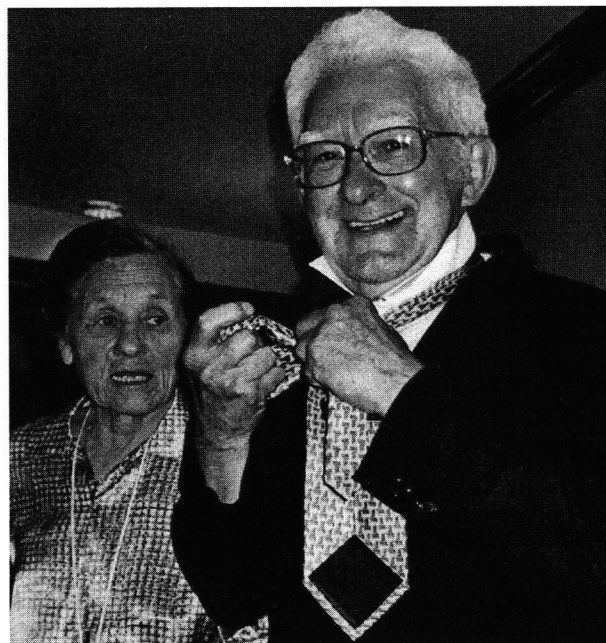
*The way of our faith is "forgive and console,"
Our family way is of "gentle control."
We've mingled with friends from our youth 'til now old
And those that remain used the same ways here told.
The way of our country commands our respect;
Our ways of responding were made to protect.*

*And so by the way--
On this very day--
Up here, out of the way--
In lavish display--
Permit us to say--
"In surviving the fray--
We Did It Our Way."*

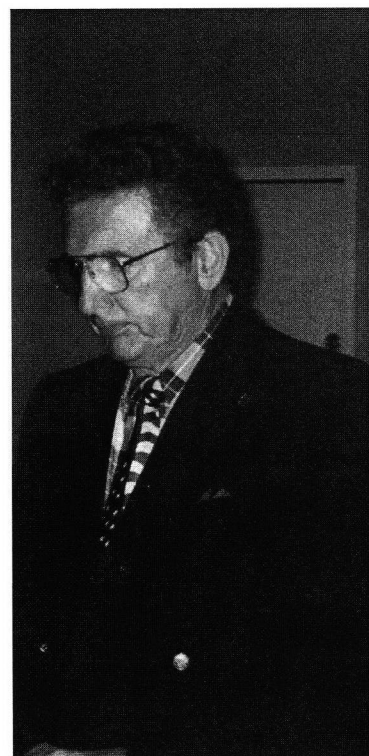
--Bill Miller



*One of the numbers by the Bagpipe players and drummer
was "Amazing Grace" in tribute to the late Hal Bonin.*



*Our hosts - Bill & Sissy Miller
(Someone came up with a tie for Bill! I can remember a few years ago I could oblige with socks but this time had no tie. I'll try duplicates next time. Ed.)*



*Ed Aliverti
Sang his thrilling and moving rendition
of "The Raggedy Old Flag"*

*Photos
by
Carolyn Arnold*

Color Guard: Civil Air Patrol Green River Squadron - Cadet Major Derek Bierman



Center: L-R = Jack Petersen - Bill Bartee - Bill Miller

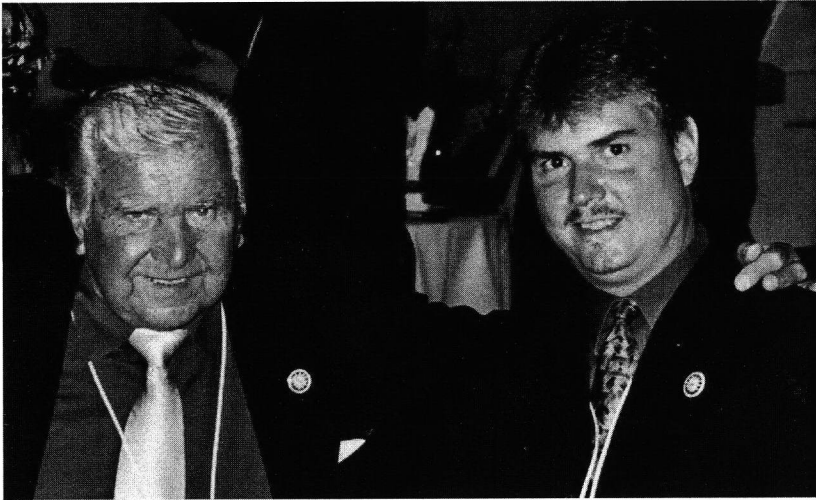
Below: Banquet Buffet - Audrey and Willie Baker

Photos by Carolyn Arnold

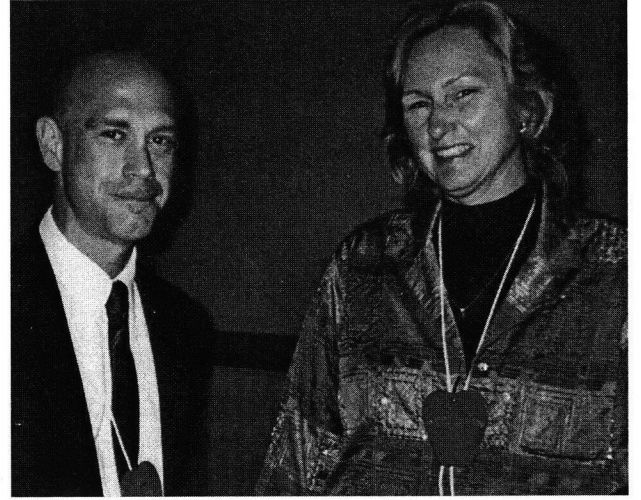
Photos by Carolyn Arnold



Bob Hill with two cadet color guards



John Pizarick, Sr. and Jr.



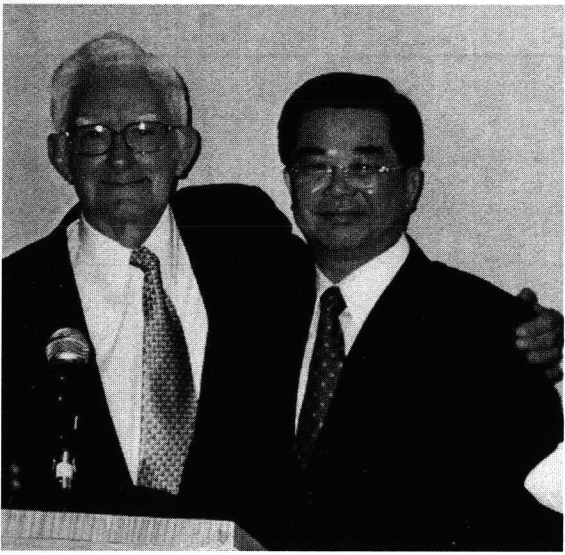
Dan Miller-Marty Waters



Jim Kelly-Lilma Huntley



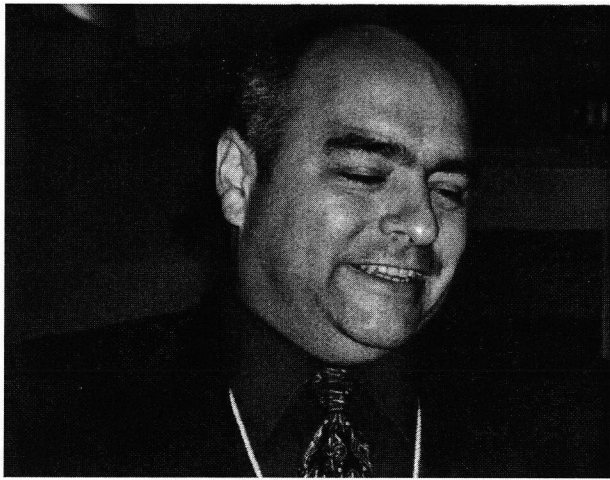
Frances & Dick Petri



Bill Miller-Maj. Gen Hsieh



Steve Miller, Mom Sissy-Steve's wife, Julia

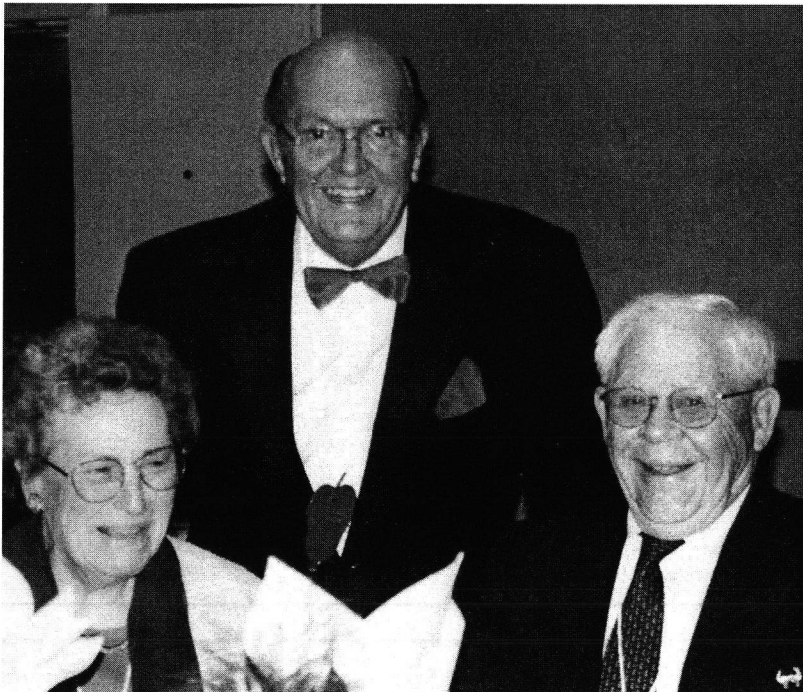


Steve Ciaccio

Photos by Carolyn Arnold



Lacey Abbey



Richard Rutan-Mary & Gordon Rathburn

SACO MEDALS

Maj. Gen. Hsieh, Chien-Chang, Chief of Staff of Military Intelligence Bureau, Ministry of National Defense, ROC awards SACO medals during 50th Reunion Banquet in Renton, WA Saturday, 17 July 2004.



Posthumous award to Dee Arnold,
widow of Ernest "Bud" Arnold



Lacey Abbey

Photos by Ellen Booth



Dr. David A. Baker

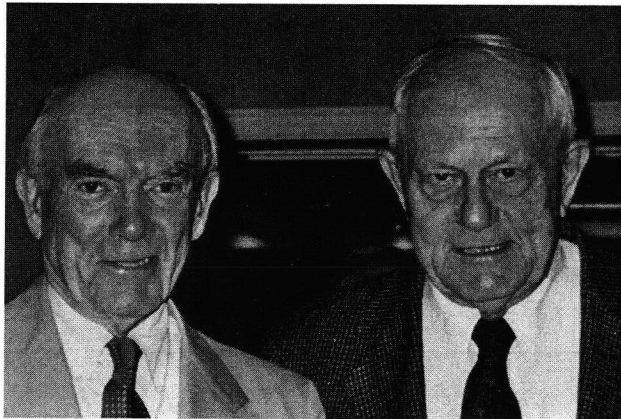


Gordon Rathburn

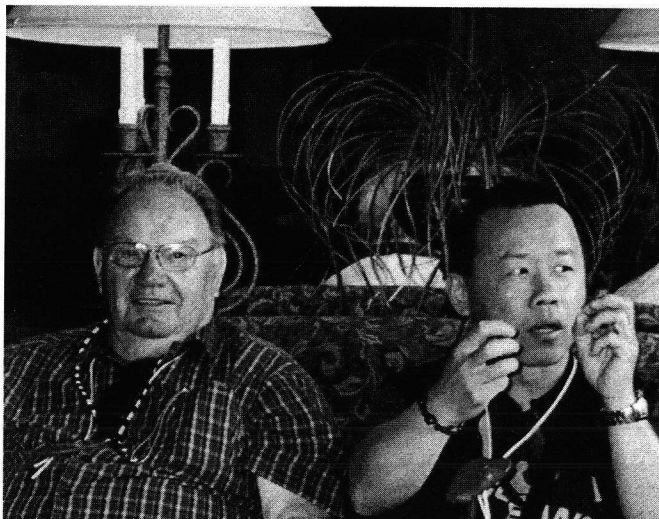


Col. Paul Pao – Maj. Laura Lin – Maj. Gen. Hsueh – Adm. Metzler – Mrs. Hsueh – Maj. Philp Mo

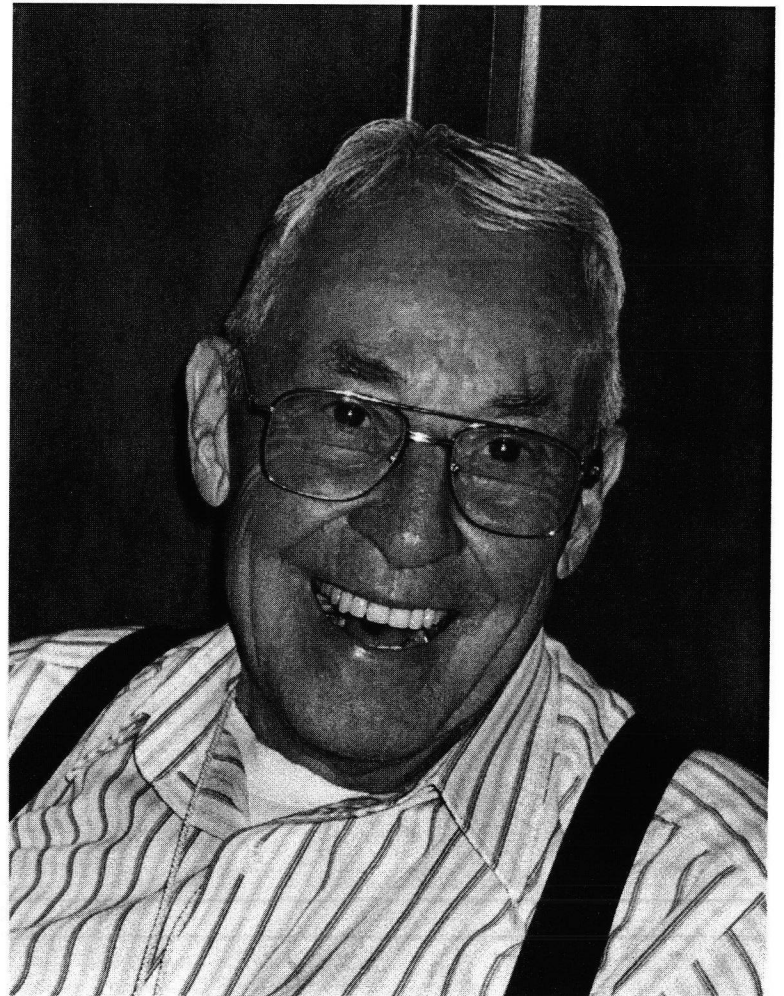
Photos by Carolyn Arnold



Bob Grace – Frank Kilmer



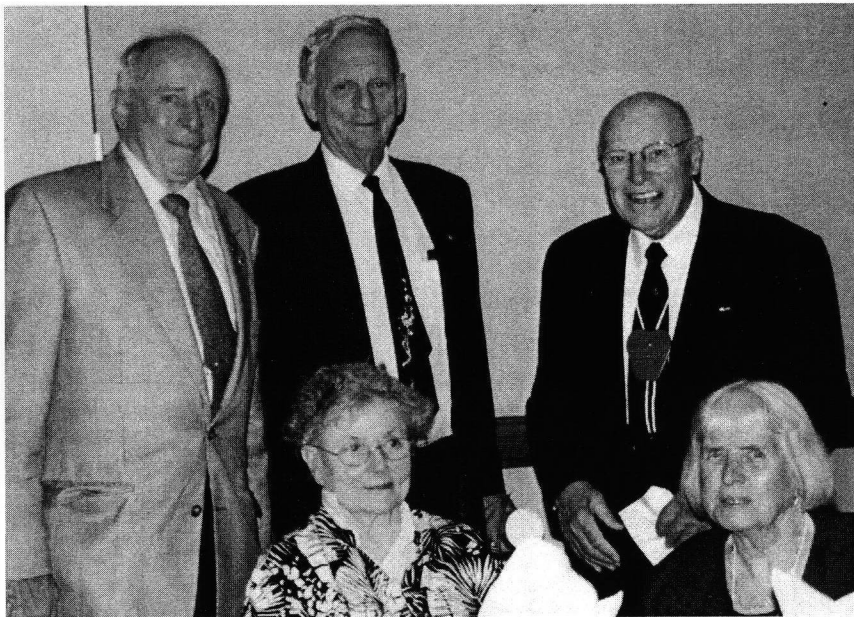
Henry Scurlock – Yi Ming



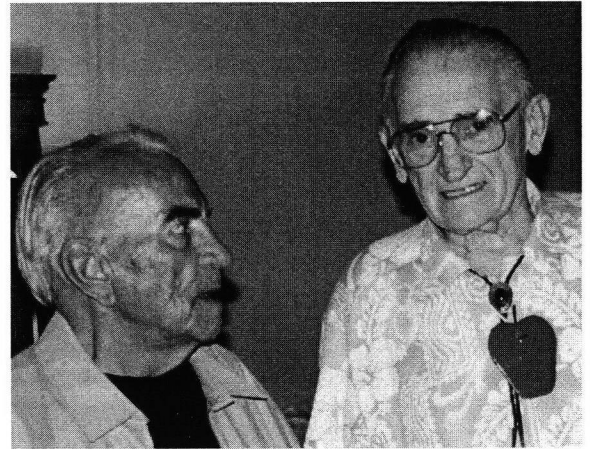
Bob Clark – What a great snapshot!



Peter Dess-Ann Vonn-Marie & Jim Dess



**Mr. & Mrs. McDonald (friends of Metzels)
C-Going Miles – Adm. Jeffrey & Jean Metzel**

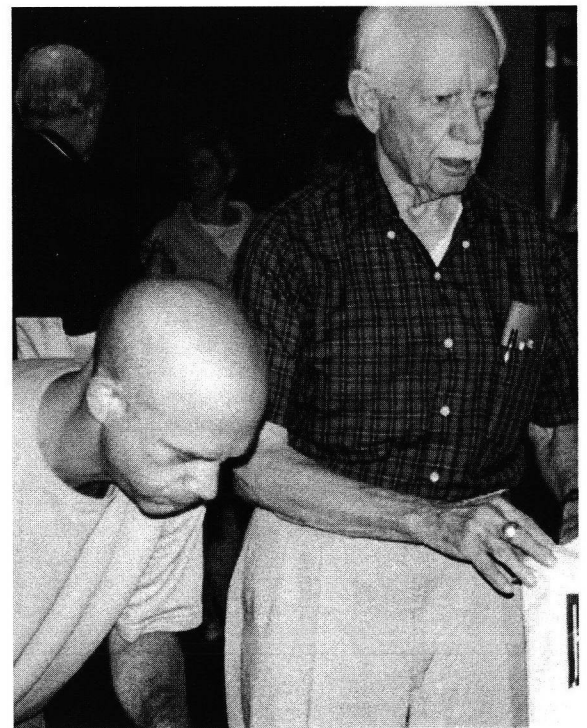


Dr. David Baker & Cliff Schmierer

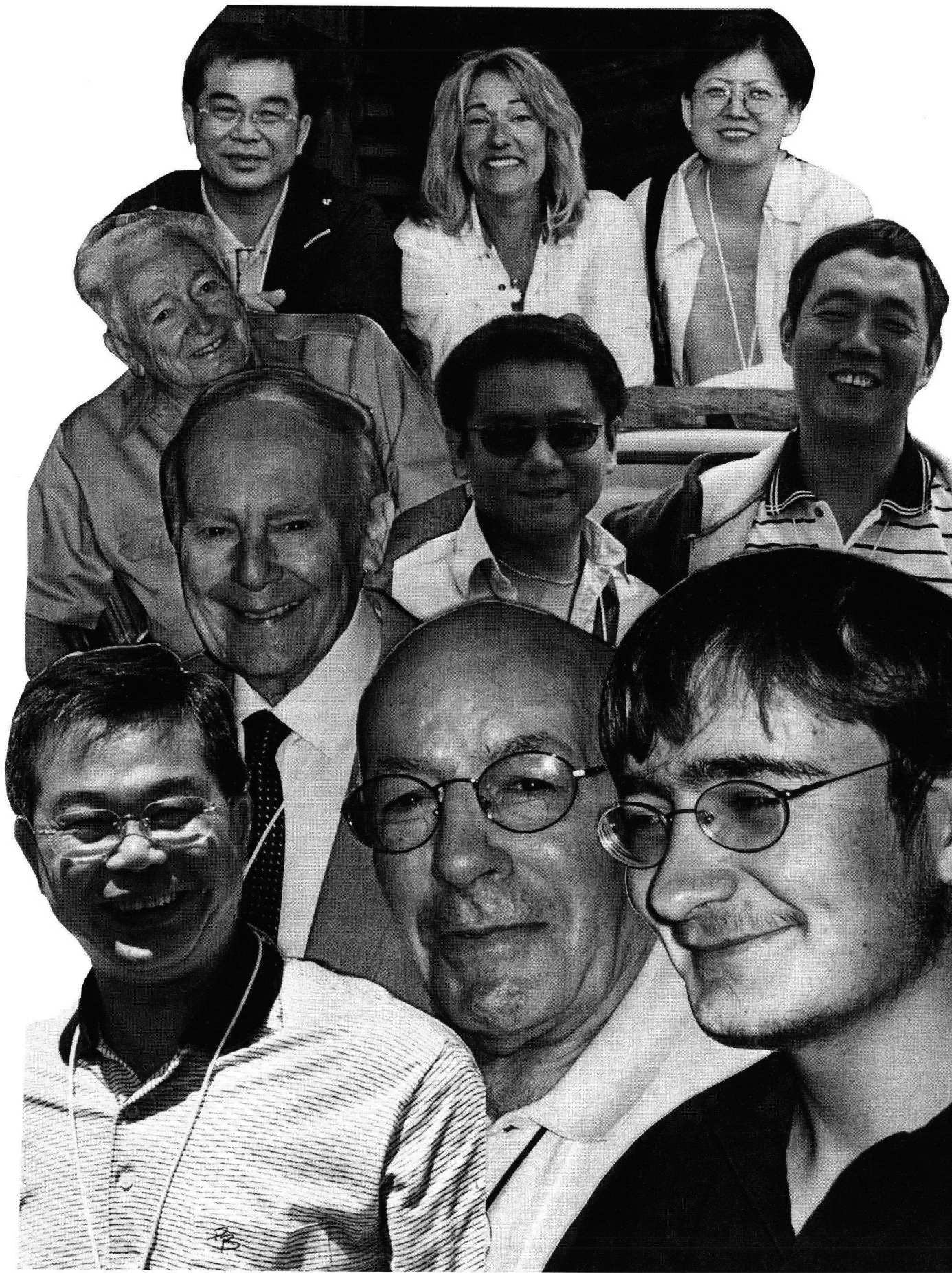


Pete, Judy & Pete Barbieri, Jr.

Photos by Ellen Booth



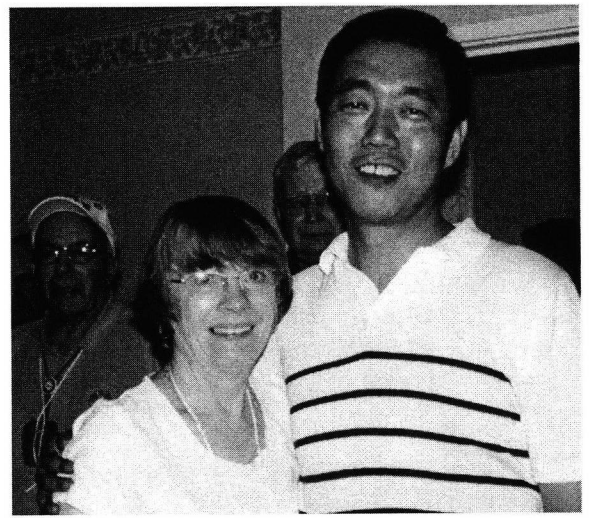
Dan and Jack Miller



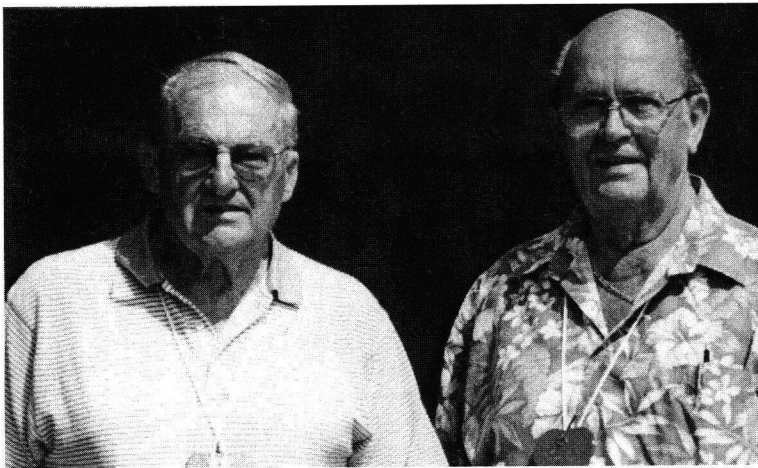
L-L Clockwise: Gen. Hsieh – Clarence Gee-Nelson Bowman-Gen. Hsieh, Carolyn Arnold, and Mrs. Hsieh-Paul Pao-Robert Coats, Sal Ciaccio & Center – Philip Mo



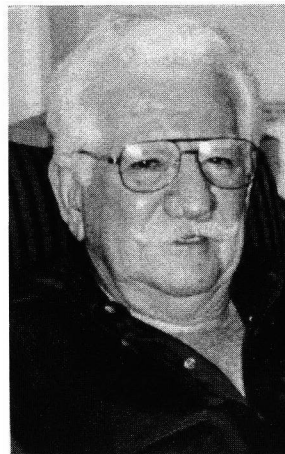
Dave Clarke celebrates 90th Birthday



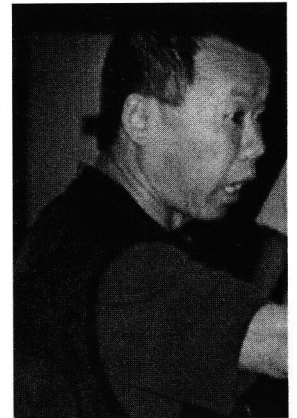
Ellen Booth & Paul Pao



"Tarbenders" Jack Petersen & Richard Rutan



Bill Bartee

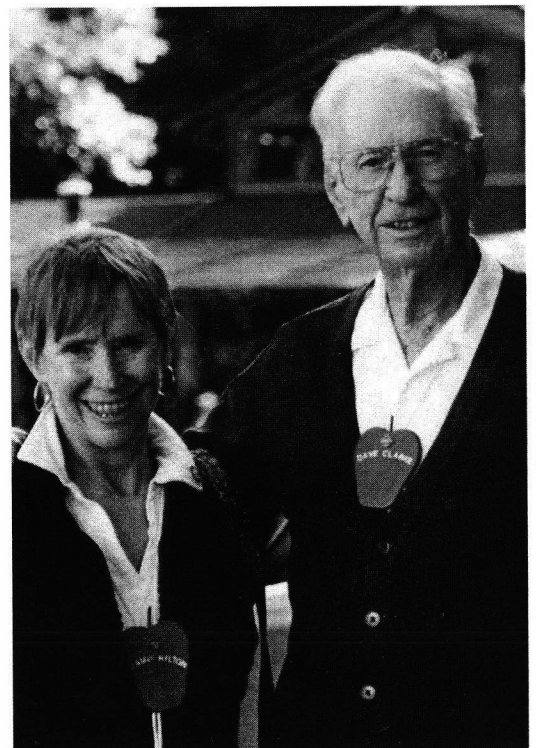


Yi Ming



Sylvia Erwin- Peggy & Lilyan Tao.

Photos by Ellen Booth



Dtr Jamie & Dave Clarke



? - Sissy Miller



Bob Hornberger



Penny Coats



Dean & Billi Warner

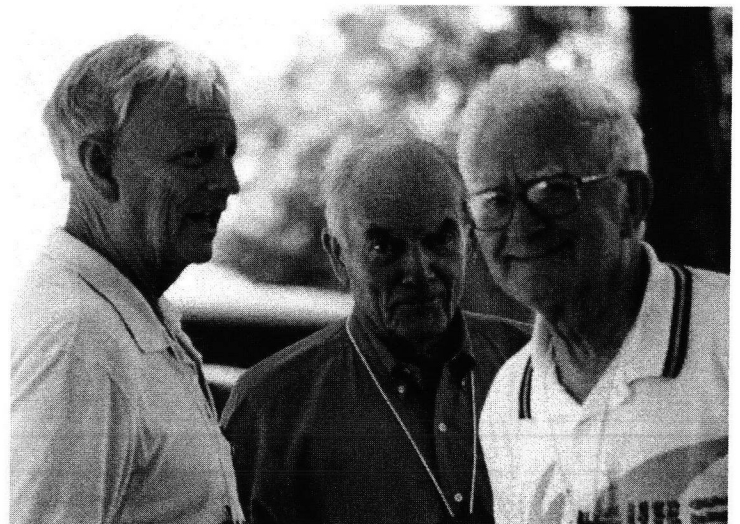
Photos by Ellen Booth



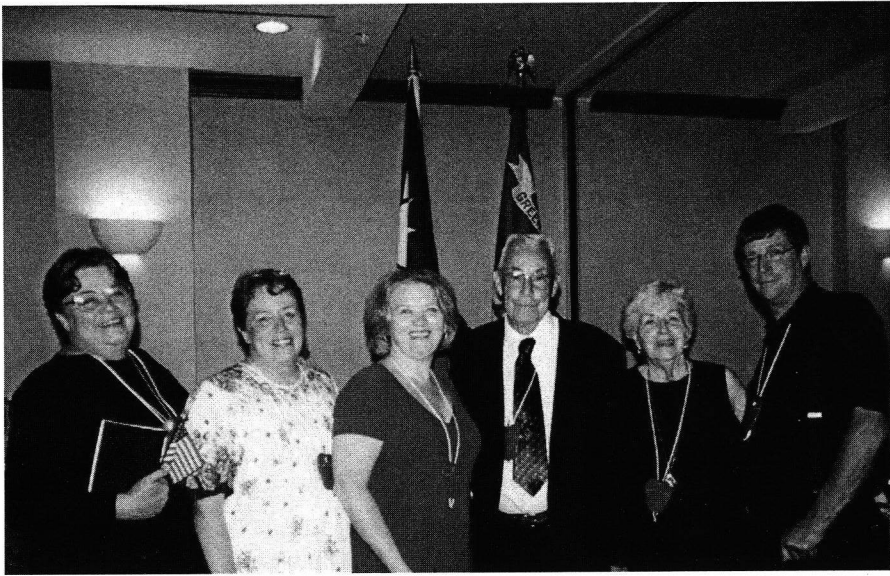
Mary and Allan Tanner



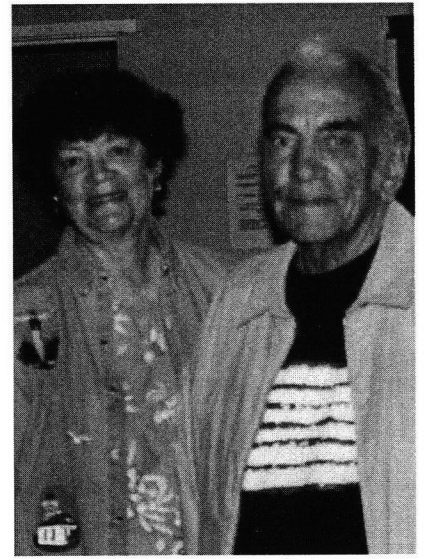
Bill White (*great picture*)



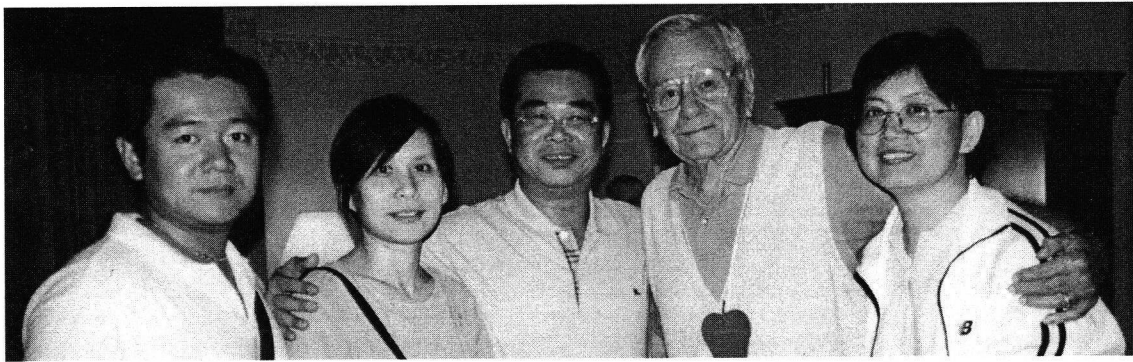
C-going - Bob Grace - Bill Miller



Bob & Betty Clark and family



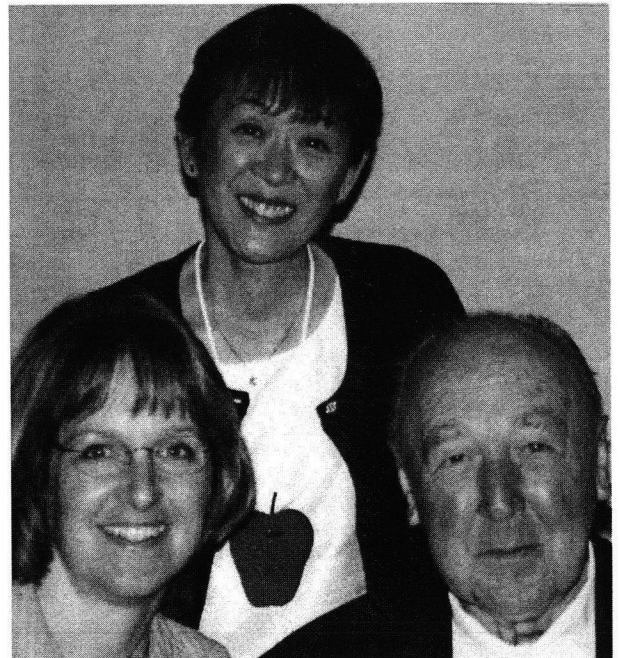
Cathy & David Baker



Maj Philip Mo- Maj. Laura Lin- Gen., Hsieh-Bud Booth-Mrs. Hsieh



Col. Paul Pao/Bao (take your choice) wins jewelry chest in drawing

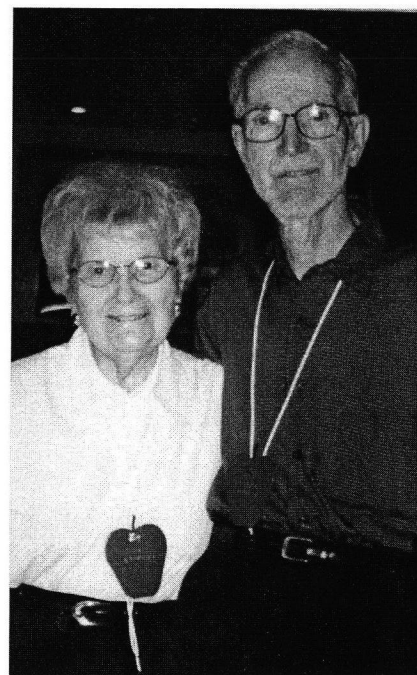


Photos by Ellen Booth

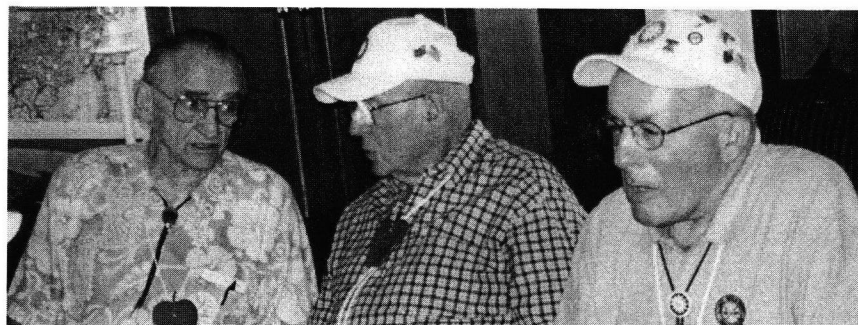
Debbie Chung in back of Bob Hornberger & dtr Jan



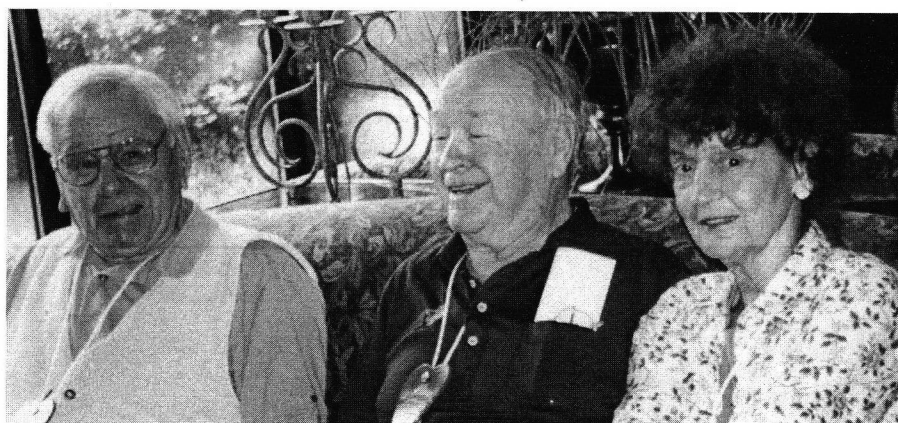
Bob & Betty Clark with daughters & Gen. & Mrs. Hsieh



Doris & George Barrett



Cliff Schmierer-Jim Whitlock-Sal Ciaccio



Bud Booth-Lee & Ruby Alverson

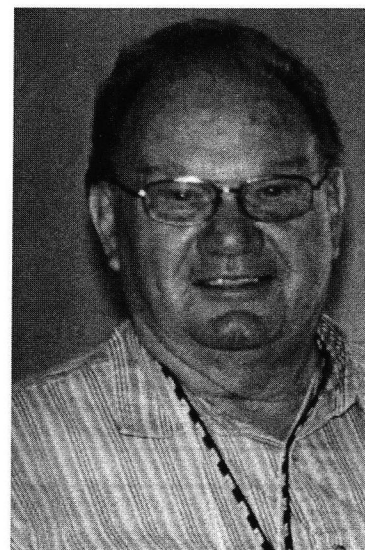


Gen. & Mrs. Hsieh & Laura Lin

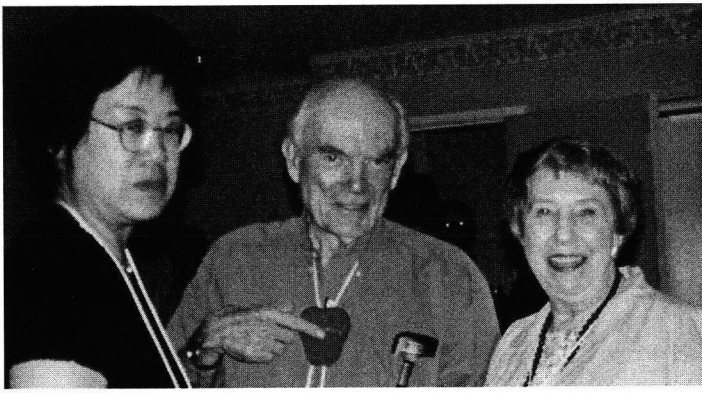


Sue Clance

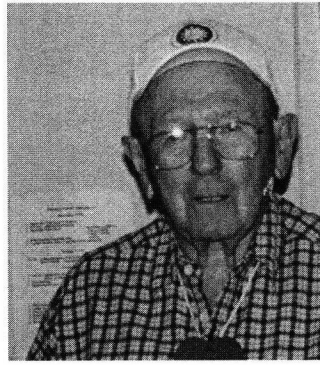
Photos by Ellen Booth



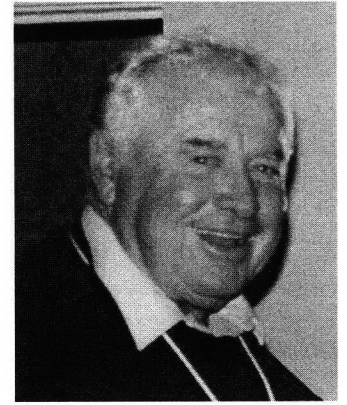
Henry Scurlock



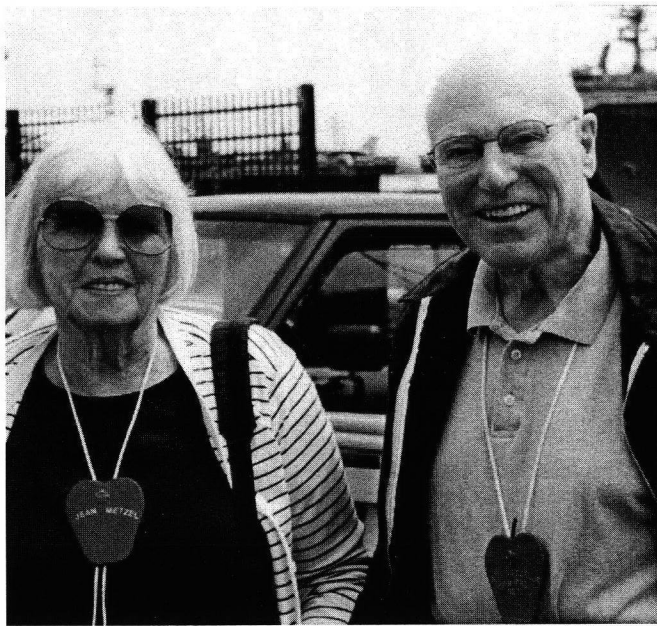
Peggy Tao-Bob & Mary Lou?? Grace



Jim Whitlock

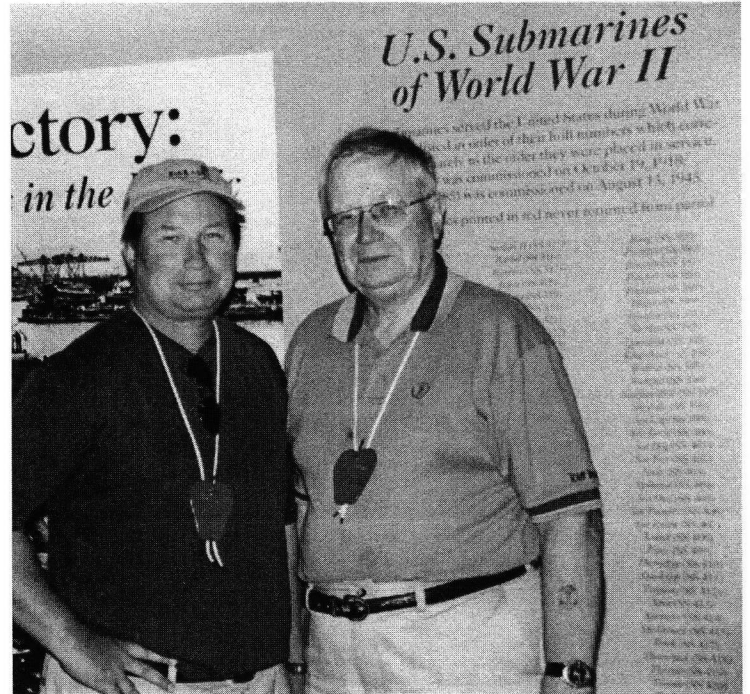


Bob Hoe

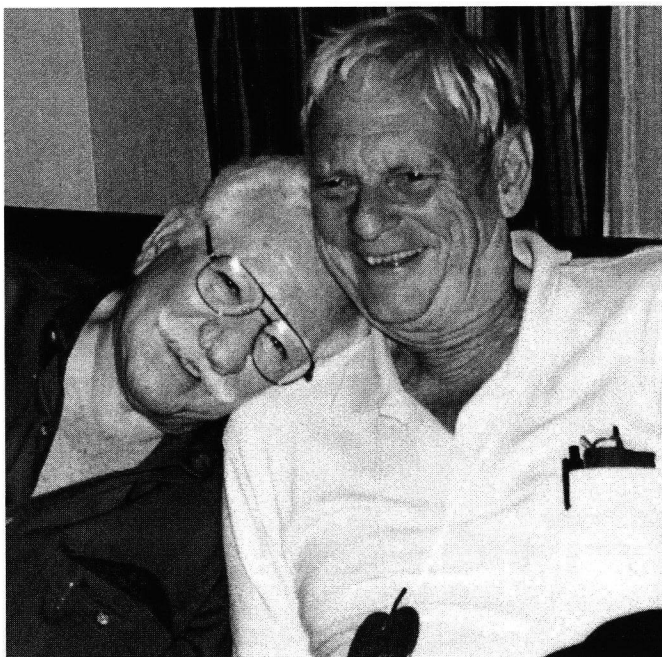


Jean & Adm. Metzel

Photos by Ellen Booth



Adm. Richard & Dad Richard Terpstra



Bill Bartee & "C-going" Miles share a laugh



**Standing Caroline & Francis Reynnet
& newlyweds Mr. & Mrs. Darius Reynnet**



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“Calling All Shipmates of the SINO AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION

Now that your ship's commemorative plaque will be displayed on the Memorial Wall in Washington, DC, we invite you to archive your personal U.S. Navy service history in our U.S. Navy Log! The Navy Log is the permanent register of Navy men and women who have been enrolled into the Log by themselves, by their friends or honored by their families. Add your name, or a loved one's name and service history to the USNMF Navy Log archive.

Names in the Log are displayed electronically on video screens located in the Log room of the Naval Heritage Center, Washington, DC. Visitors are invited to search for individual records which are instantly displayed, showing name, branch of service, rate or rank, dates of service, place of birth, duty stations and personal awards. The Navy Log can also be accessed and searched over the internet. Visit The Navy Log at www.lonesailor.org.

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Check here if you **do not want** your log on the USNMF Internet Website.

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Service Corp/Speciality _____

Address (leave blank if deceased) _____

City, State & Zip _____

Date of Birth _____ Birthplace _____

Rank/Rate _____

Branch of Service (check appropriate box)

Navy Marine Corps Coast Guard Merchant Marine

USNR USMCR USCGR

Dates of Service (mm/yy)

From _____ To _____

From _____ To _____

Duty Stations:

Provide up to 5 of your most recent or significant duty stations on a separate sheet or a copy of your Discharge Form DD 214.

Awards:

Provide up to 5 of your highest or most significant awards on a separate sheet or a copy of your Discharge Form DD 214.

Enclosed is a photo

Place taken _____

Date _____

GEORGE HERBERT WALKER BUSH



WOLD-CHAMBERLAIN FIELD,
MN 1943



Rate / Rank
LTJG

Service Branch
USNR

Service Dates
8/1942 - 9/1945

Born
6/12/1924
MILTON, MA



SIGNIFICANT DUTY STATIONS

- CARRIER AIRCRAFT SERVICE UNIT 21
- TORPEDO SQUADRON 51 (NAVAL AVIATOR)
- NAS NORFOLK, VA (U.S. ATLANTIC FLEET)
- TORPEDO SQUADRON 97
- TORPEDO SQUADRON 153 (NAVAL AVIATOR)

SIGNIFICANT AWARDS

- DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS
- AIR MEDAL W/2 GOLD STARS
- PRESIDENTIAL UNIT CITATION AWARDED USS SAN JACINTO (CVL-30)
- ASIATIC PACIFIC CAMPAIGN MEDAL W/3 STARS
- WORLD WAR II VICTORY & AMERICAN CAMPAIGN MEDALS

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Account No. _____

Expiration date _____ Phone _____

Signature _____



Photos by Ellen Booth





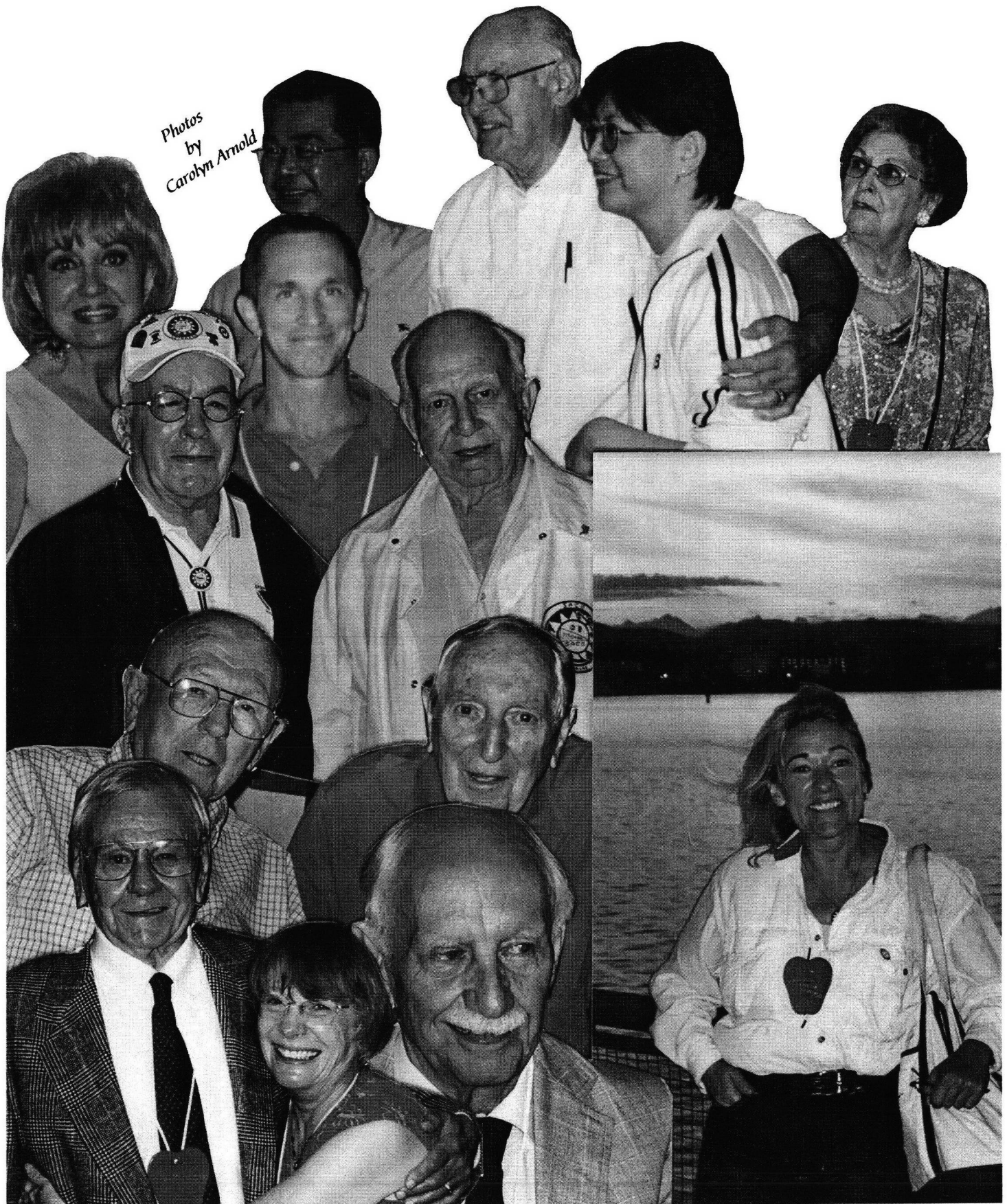
L-L Clockwise: Billi Warner-Jim Dess-Laura Lin-Richard Rutan-Paul Pao & Philip Mo
 Debbie Chung & Laura Lin- Gen. & Mrs. Hsieh-Norma Gee-Charles "C-going" Miles



**L-L Clockwise: Jerry Coats, Betty Clark, Judy Barbieri, Pete Barbieri, Jr.
Jim & Jeanne Powell-Bud & Ellen Booth-Mary Tanner-“Wes” Weskamp**



**L-L Clockwise: Betty Clark - Carolyn Arnold - Dave Clarke - to his R - Sylvia Erwin
Ruby & Lee Alverson - Ed Doyle - Sissy Miller - Willie Baker & Audrey (L), Lacey Abbey
Richard & Mathilda Bannier - Bud Booth - Clarence Gee**

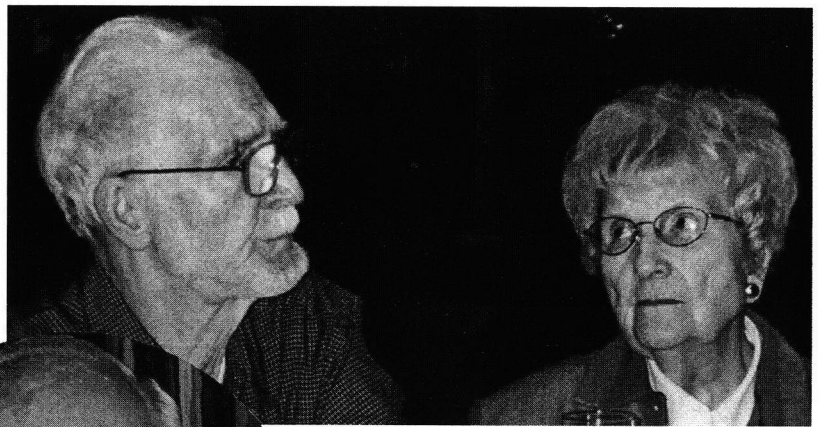


L-R Bottom & up: Bud & Ellen Booth – Jack Miller – Carolyn Arnold – Jim Whitlock – Jim Dess – Sal Ciaccio – Bill White – Dee Arnold – Rick Hill – Gen Hsieh – Jim Powell – Mrs. Hsieh & Marie Dess

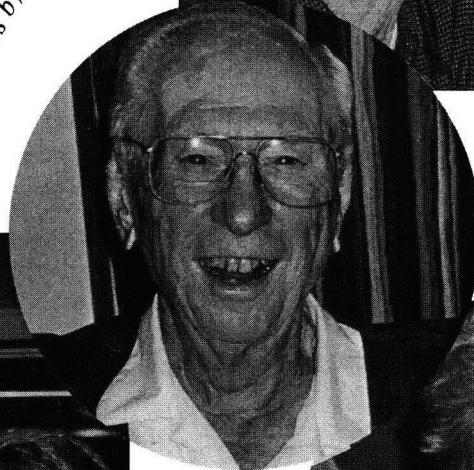


Allan Tanner – Nelson Bowman

Photos by Carolyn Arnold



George & Doris Barrett



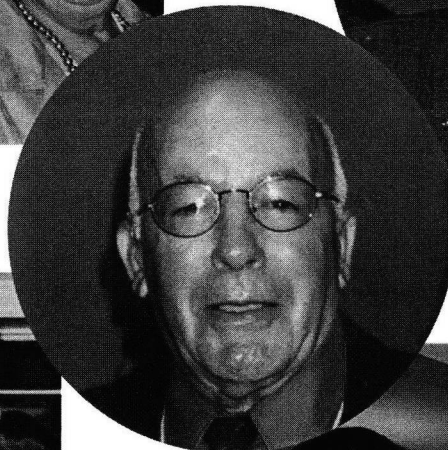
**Dave
Clarke**



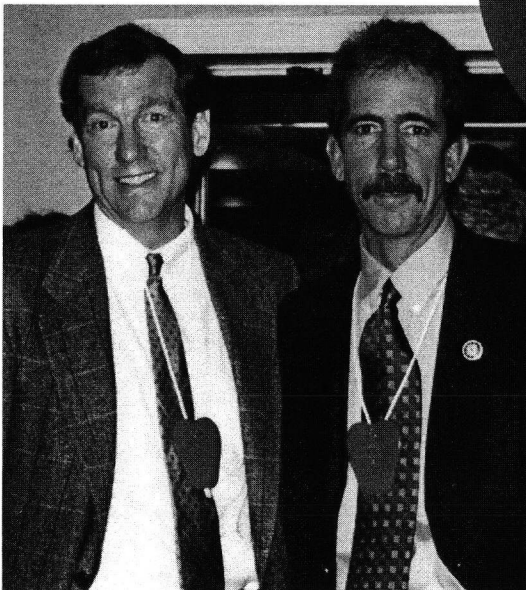
Bob Hoe – Betty Grace



**Mary Ellen O'Brien
(Sister of Gertrude Abbey)**



**Sal
Ciaccio**



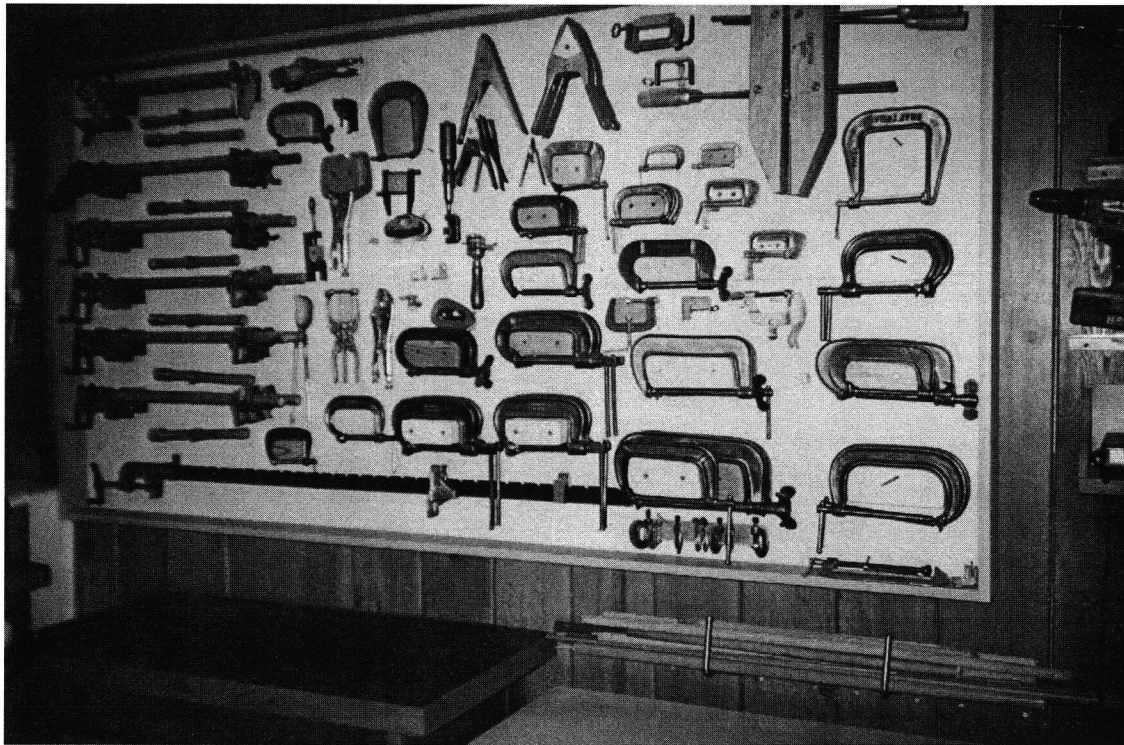
Del Quentin Leu – Robert Grace, Jr.



Paul Pao - "Wes" Weskamp – Philip Mo

Bill Miller's Meticulously Designed Shop

Beneath his and Sissy's Living Quarters



Wall cases, drawers. . .a place for everything & everything in its place!



Photos by John Waters



**Sitting on front steps of Bill & Sissy's home:
Maj.Gen. & Mrs. Hsieh & Bill Miller**

Photos by John Waters



**L-R: Henry Scurlock, Sue Clance, Sal Ciaccio. Maj. Laura Lin, Bill Miller,
Mrs. Hsieh, Maj. Gen. Hsieh, Colonel Paul Pao, Marty (dtr of John Waters)
"Front & Center" Yi Ming**

TRIBUTE TO SACO

by Jim Powell

The following letter to the editor from Jim Powell dated 20 July 2004:

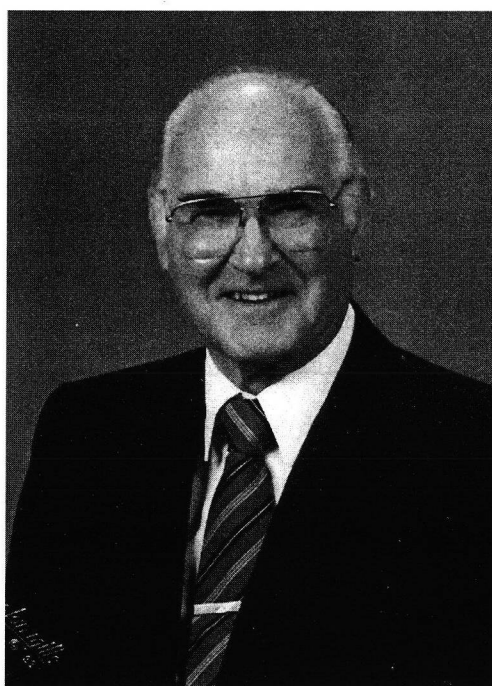
Thank you so much for providing me the opportunity during the 50th SACO reunion to pay tribute to SACO for the rescue of our B-25 bomber crew in 1945 by "saying a few words." It was my privilege and pleasure to do so at long last.

Although we didn't know any of them, my wife and I enjoyed talking to SACO members, their wives and other relatives during the Thursday trip and the Saturday evening banquet. We also were introduced to General Hsieh and his lovely wife, Lin. It was also great meeting you again!

Enclosed is a copy of my "TRIBUTE TO SACO." Would it be fitting to publish it in the next SACO NEWS so that those who didn't attend the banquet could also receive my thanks? I owe so much to SACO! *Nothing could be more fitting and here it is as you delivered Saturday 17 July 2004.*



Jim Powell in 1945



Recent photo

This is a great moment for me. I owe a heartfelt debt of gratitude to the brave men of SACO who rescued our six-man B-25 bomber crew from potential capture and execution by the Japanese enemy on March 29, 1945 at Shao-wu in Fukien Province, China

The well-armed rescue team of volunteer Navy and Marine personnel was led by Lt. (jg) George E. Morgan (USN), and supported by Lt. (jg) J. T. Shortlidge (USNR). The rescue team drove us in their Jeeps about 50 miles east of Shao-wu to their Kienyang headquarters. We stayed for two nights at a Catholic priests' residence until arrangements could be made to turn us over to the Air Ground Service (AGAS).

On March 31st, we departed Kienyang for Nanping, about 60 miles south of Kienyang, where we were turned over by SACO to the AGAS for transport by weapons carrier and aircraft to Kunming, about 800 miles southwest, arriving about April 4th.

In 1991, I started searching for detailed information, which could be used for a story in a book being written by historian Larry Hickey about the 38th Bomb Group in the Pacific Theater of operations.

At that time, I was under the impression that our crew had been rescued by the Marines. Therefore, I started my search by contacting the Marine Corps Historical Center in Washington, D.C. There were no records there, nor in the National Archives. I also wrote to civilian authorities in China without the desired results.

In 1992, I learned of Floyd M. (Doc) Felmy who was with SACO during WWII. He couldn't help me directly, but he referred me to two out-of-print books, "SACO The Rice Paddy Navy," and "A Different Kind of War." From "SACO, The Rice Paddy Navy," I obtained a list of SACO personnel who were stationed at Kienyang in 1945. I learned about the AGAS operations in the second book by Admiral Milton E. (Mary) Miles.

Later, learning about the SACO NEWS, I wrote to Richard Rutan asking him if he could publish an appeal for further information which appeared in the July 1993 issue of the SACO NEWS.

Paydirt! I received a letter, dated April 29, 1994, from Thomas P. Greco, who was a Navy Corpsman (PhM i/c) with SACO. He said that many of the SACO men at Kienyang were Marines. Also he verified that it was Lt. George Morgan who led the rescue team. He enclosed a personal photo, and one of our crew in a Jeep, which was taken at Kienyang by an unknown Navy photographer.

I was overwhelmed with emotion. That letter brought tears to my eyes, and my heart skipped a beat or two.

So I wrote my story, which was published in the October 1998 issue of the SACO NEWS, and updated in the April 2004 issue. That was a pivotal point in my life, since, without the heroic efforts of the SACO rescue team, I may not have survived to be with you today.

Key to my quest for information is Richard Rutan who provided me with known addresses of many SACO personnel to whom I sent inquiries. I couldn't have solved the puzzle without him. Thank you, Richard.

May God Bless you all!

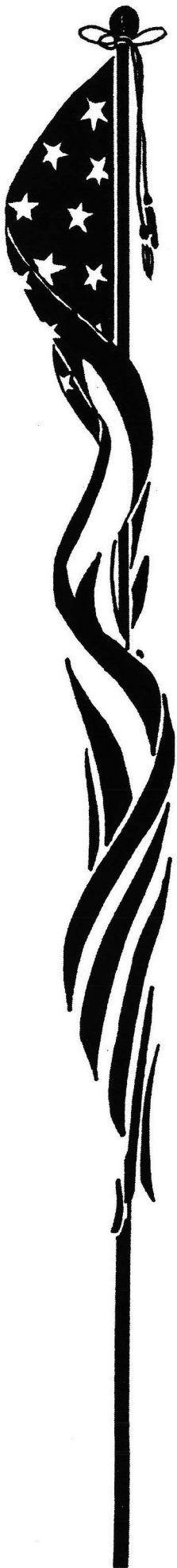


Jim Powell is seated behind Navy driver of Jeep.

March 30, 1945

Jim advises photo taken by Navy Lt. Arthur Lillig (deceased) from Intelligence Coastwatcher School.

???!***



Taps

HAROLD BONIN



Of Secaucus, New Jersey, died July 8, 2004 at Meadowlands Hospital Medical center, Secaucus. Born in North Bergen, Bonin lived in Secaucus since 1946.

He worked at Graham Stationery Co., New York City, a family-owned business which he took over as proprietor in 1964. He retired in 1988.

Bonin was a Navy veteran of World War II, serving from 1942 to 1946. He was a volunteer member of SACO (Sino-American Cooperative Organization) - a highly secretive group of Chinese soldiers and mostly American Navy & Marine personnel - involved in intelligence and guerrilla warfare - often working behind Japanese lines on mainland China.

He was a member of VFW Memorial Post 3776, Secaucus, Secaucus Masonic Temple and the Stationers Association of Greater New York. He was also a member of the Secaucus Fire Department at Chicora Park. Devoted father of Allan R. Bonin, Janice Deutsch & the late Ronald

A. Bonin. Loving father-in-law of Karen Bonin and Herb Deutsch. Beloved grandfather of Allison, Steven, Allan & Catherine. Great-grandfather of Abby, Lauren & Emily. Loving companion of Jeanine Knight.

In lieu of flowers, the family requested donations to the Masonic Charity Foundation of NJ, Development Office 902 Jacksonville Road, Burlington, NJ 08016 in memory of Harold or donations in his memory to SACO, which he truly loved.

Editor's note: Although the late "Red" McGrail is accredited with founding SACO reunions shortly after the war, Harold followed what McGrail had started by dedicating much time and effort to keep the ball rolling. Harold saw the annual gatherings grow as the years passed. We recognize his past accomplishments and will miss his raucous laughter and his threats to "curdle someone's biscuits" if he felt someone was out of line. Thanks, Harold, for your contributions to SACO memories.

*????!!!****



Richard "Dick" Husted

Cdr Husted was born Feb. 17th 1921 in Valley Junction, a suburb of Des Moines, IA. He enlisted in the Navy in June 1940. After Boot Camp at Great Lakes, IL. Dick Husted, Seaman 2/c, reported aboard BB-37, USS Oklahoma & was assigned to the Deck Force, which assigned him, at first, as "Captain of the Head." Dick was ashore on a weekend liberty when he heard of the Japanese attack & returned to Pearl Harbor to find a sinking Oklahoma & general havoc. He was then assigned to the USS Dewey. Sometime later, Dick was based at Argentia, Newfoundland where he met WW2 pal, Mike Cannon. (Editor's note - Mike Cannon has corresponded with me these past years and sent pictures for SACO NEWS). The two men were ordered to England to various stations there.

Dick and Mike parted company when Dick rotated "stateside" in the summer of 1944. Unbeknownst to one another, both Dick & Mike volunteered for "prolonged hazardous duty behind enemy lines." They reported to Happy Valley and SACO. Various assignments included duty at Aerological Unit 5 in Canton, Mongolia, and Shanghai. Dick remained in Shanghai at

Fleet Weather Central until June 1946 when he headed home for discharge.

After three months, homesick for the Navy, Dick "re-upped" in September 1946 & was assigned to NAS Corpus Christi, TX where he met a pretty young WAVE in the weather office named Mary Ellen Anderson & they married 12 March 1947. Mary Ellen was discharged a few months later. In 1951, Dick did a tour aboard the training carrier, USS Monterey based at Pensacola, FL. The Husteds were blessed with sons Gregory & James while in Pensacola. A young Airman, Dick Gilmore, worked for him briefly on the Monterey & the men would meet several more times as Navy men & then as retired Naval Officers. Dick was promoted to LT. After duty at the Navy Missile Test Center, P. Mugu, CA he moved to NavSta Adak, Alaska where his former "striker," Dick Gilmore, turned up as an LDO Ensign & a fellow flight forecaster.

The Husteds & Gilmores both had young sons in common & the couples became good friends at Cub Scout functions, fishing, rock hounding & other outdoor activities. Having served in many parts of the world, too many to mention, Dick was promoted to CDR in 1969 & was discharged October 1970 with just over 30 years Naval Service.

Dick & Mary Ellen settled on Whidbey Island where Dick took a job as school bus driver. LCDR Dick Gilmore & family arrived on Whidbey Island in 1975 where Dick was OinC on NAS Whidbey Island. The couples renewed friendship. The Husteds became active in the Island County Pearl Harbor Survivors Ass'n & made friends with Homer and "Fran" Price. The Gilmores returned to Whidbey Island on his retirement in 1980. When Mary Ellen's health deteriorated, Fran Price became her nurse as well as a family friend until Mary Ellen's death.

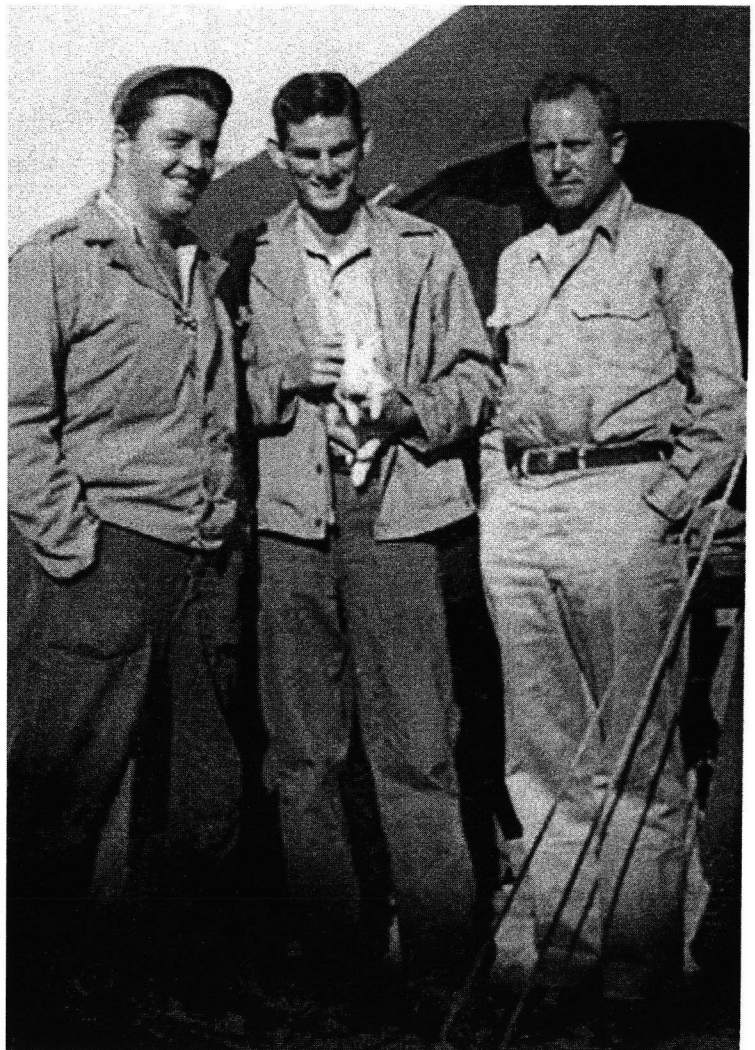


After several difficult years, Dick learned that his friend Homer Price had passed away & in consoling the widowed "Fran," he found a new soul mate. The couple married in 1990 & they bought a condo in the USAA complex of San Antonio, TX. Still active with the Pearl Harbor Survivor's Association, Dick became a docent at the Arizona Memorial in Pearl Harbor.

Richard Husted, CDR USN (Ret) of San Antonio, passed away on 13 June 2004. At his request, he was cremated & his remains will be interred at a later date in the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific, commonly called the "Punch Bowl" on the island of Oahu. He leaves his loving wife, Frances, his sons Gregory & James Husted & his stepchildren, Jay & Larry Price and Patricia Ays.

*????!!!!****

Editor's note: The foregoing biography followed by the obituary was furnished by SACO Associate Frank Baillie. He wrote me on 4 July' 04:



. . . I knew him (Husted) only briefly & I'm working from a listing of those dates he served on a variety of ships & stations To my knowledge he never joined your group (reunions); it's possible he didn't know it existed. ..Another SACO man, George Case, was stationed with us ("Dick" & I) as instructors at Aerographers Mate A School in Lakehurst, NJ. Many years later, I learned that George was a SACO man when I saw his picture taking a pilot balloon sounding in Book 7 of William Boyd Sinclair's "Confusion Beyond Imagination" (CNI) set. George passed away on 29 Nov. 1961 of a heart attack while in the process of checking out for his

discharge at NAS Lakehurst. A sad story. I only learned that Dick was in China in recent months when I first contacted his wartime pal & SACO member, Mike Cannon of Spokane, WA. Cannon sent the above picture - Dick is at left in the group of three.

???!!!***

James A. Payne



of East Greenwich, RI, 86 a retired Navy Commander and history professor, died Friday at the Department of Veterans Affairs Medical Center, Providence

(No dates available other than 2004)

He was the husband of the late Mary J. (Zidar) Payne. Born in Carthage, Mo., a son of the late Chester Hubbard Payne and Laura (Holm) Payne, he had lived in East Greenwich for 41 years.

During 30 years with the Navy, he served in both World War II and the Korean War. His World War II service included a tour in mainland China as a member of the Sino-American Cooperative Organization (SACO), which was engaged in the intelligence activities under the command of Nationalist Chinese military authorities.

He also participated in two series of Pacific nuclear test in 1954 and 1956.

Mr. Payne was a graduate of the Naval Postgraduate School and the Naval War College, and was given two destroyer commands.

After retiring from the military in 1967, he joined the teaching staff of the Community College of Rhode Island (then Rhode Island Junior College in Warwick). He retired in 1984.

Mr. Payne served on the East Greenwich Planning Board. He was a volunteer reader for

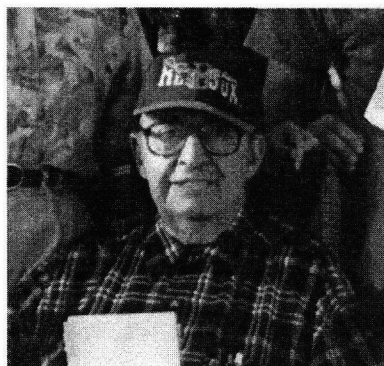
In-Sight Radio for the Blind, and volunteered as a visitor's guide for the Rhode Island Preservation Society in its historic homes in Providence.

He was a member of the Retired Officers Association, and the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, and an associate member of Kentish Guards.

He leaves three sons, Richard E. Payne of Sterling, VA, Robert A. Payne of Ridgefield, Conn., and Dr. John C. Payne of Jackson, WY; a daughter, Elizabeth C. Adams of Bridgewater, NJ and 13 grandchildren.

???!!!***

Kenneth G. Greene



Kenneth
Greene
on his
90th Birthday

Kenneth G. Greene, 94, formerly long-time resident of 9 Range Road, Franklin (New Hampshire), died Thursday, May 6, 2004 at Mountain Ridge Genesis Eldercare in Franklin.

He was born in Canaan on September 7, 1909, the son of Leon E. Greene and Mary Elizabeth (Nason) Greene. He grew up in Canaan and during school vacations, he was employed by the former C. A. Smith in Bristol. He was a graduate of Canaan High School Class of 1927. He moved to Franklin on April 28, 1935 and went to work as an automobile mechanic for the former Piper Motors in Franklin and Laconia where he was employed for over 50 years. Before his retirement, he was also

stationed in Chungking, China and he was in the first Naval convoy to go over the Ledo-Burma Road in a truck named "Mary" after his daughter.

Mr. Green received three medals for his Naval service, the most recent from the Republic of China. He was a member of the VFW Post #1698 and the American Legion Post #49 of Tilton.

He was predeceased by his wife, Eva A. (Wescott) Greene and a step-daughter, Ellen H. Warburton.

He is survived by two daughters: Mary E. Dufault of Springfield, Vermont and Abby Marie Greene of Laconia; a son, Vincent W. Green of Belmont, 11 grandchildren and several great-grandchildren, nieces and nephews.

Ken was a member of SACO (Sino American Cooperative Organization of the U.S. Naval Group China Veterans. The SACO medal was presented by the Military Intelligence Bureau of the Republic of China. In addition, he received the American Campaign Medal, Asiatic-Pacific Theater and the WWII Victory Medal.

???!!!***

Stanley Ming Toy

died unexpectedly in San Francisco, June 10, 2004 with his loving family by his side; beloved husband of the late Virginia T. Toy; a loving and Devoted father of Lana Toy, Dr. Stanley and (Sherri) Toy, Jr., Lillian (Francis)



Chin, Lorraine Quan and Lorretta Toy; cherished and doting grandfather of Candace and Gregory Chin, Jacqueline, Jamie Jessica and Lidia Toy; also survived by many loving family and friends and will be greatly missed by all.

A veteran of WWII serving honorably and loyally with the "SACO" (Sino American Cooperative Organization) an intelligence and guerrilla warfare

group of U.S. Navy volunteers in China. They were known as "SACO, The Rice Paddy Navy."

Mr. Toy was a pioneer tap dancer with the famed Forbidden City; a proactive participant in fund raising programs and activities for the San Francisco Chinatown Community.

???!!!***

Kitty Shaeffer



Thought I should send something out to those friends of Kitty Shaeffer's from afar. Mother died on July 25th at Manor Care Kingston, PA. Her life was full....travel with Dad & friends, active in her community & church, etc. In these last years, she and her long-time friend, Dottie Mirtz, came down to my

house twice a year to sit on the porch, enjoy their view of the ocean and reflect.

Sandy Thompson (dtr)

Editor's note: Kitty's husband, Kenneth died in 1999. (SACO NEWS Issue #20 March 2000 pg. 45) Kitty and I had the same birthday. I can still remember a beautiful hotel in Hong Kong where Kitty, Ken, my mother and I had Bloody Marys before departure for home and hated to leave. The hotel had a huge atrium - each floor had an open walkway and you could look down many floors below and hear a beautiful pianist playing on the main floor. Sandy said her mother was 90, had been suffering cancer and fell and broke her hip.

???!!!***

(Please note: Obituaries continue on next page as well as page 67.)

FAMOUS SAÇO CHEF DIES IN WASH.

Restaurateur Sih-Chuen Liu, Father of Five Expressed Himself in Cooking

(From *The Washington Post* Sunday July 11, 2004)
by Matt Schudel, *Washington Post* Staff writer)

By Chinese custom, the first question asked of a visitor is, "Have you eaten?" Whether it was in Shanghai or Taiwan, on the high seas or at his own restaurant in suburban Maryland, no one ever went away from Sih-Chuen Liu's door hungry. Mr. Liu was a skilled chef of Chinese cuisine whose career spanned half a century and a world of turmoil. He came of culinary age in Shanghai in the 1930s, worked for the family of *Madame Chiang Kai-shek*, cooked for American troops in World War II and on merchant vessels before jumping ship – literally – to find a better life in Taiwan and, later, America.

Yet for all the adventure and toil of his early years, Mr. Liu spent more than half his life in the Washington area, living quietly in Silver Spring until his death from congestive heart failure June 1 at age 89.

Although he had little schooling, he put all five of his children through the University of Maryland, just down the road from the restaurant he owned from 1970 to 1983, the Lang Lin.

The food was simple and cheap – In 1980, the most expensive item on the menu was \$7 – and Mr. Liu was happiest when he was in the kitchen, preparing the spicy Szechuan and Hunan dishes of his native northern China. He cooked entirely from memory, never using a recipe.

"The pancake for mu-shu pork," said his eldest daughter, Fong-Ying Liu. "My father made the best."

"My dad made the best curry pastries," said Tai-Yin Landis, the youngest daughter of three daughters. "Nobody," concluded Hung-His Liu, the younger of two sons, "cooks better than my dad."

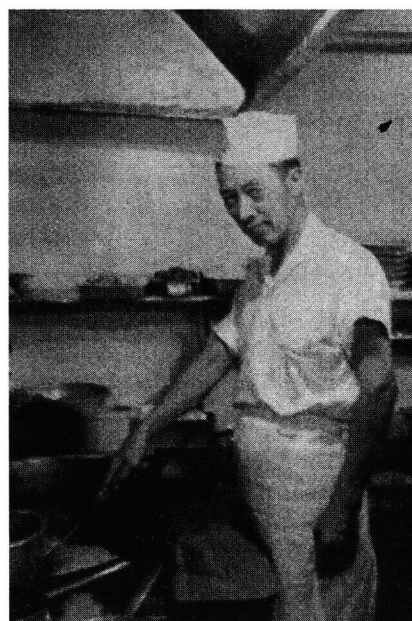
True to his culture and his age, Mr. Liu never complained of the hardships he faced in life, not even when he was separated from his family for years at a time, and never spoke openly of love. Instead, he showed it in ways that reached beyond mere words.

"Have you seen the movie 'Eat Drink Man Woman'?" Landis asked. "All you see are the man's hands, preparing food. That was what my father was like. The way he expressed his feeling was through cooking."

Mr. Liu, who was born in rural Jiangsu, China, was one of 12 children. He was tall for his time, about 6 feet, and had gray eyes and wavy hair, which prompted his relatives to kid him about being "American," not knowing the future that lay ahead of him.

After moving to Shanghai, then a capital of high life, sophistication and vice, his first job, surprisingly enough, was as a pastry chef in a French restaurant. He worked in the city's nightclubs and hotels and hooked up with the wealthy *Soong family*, one of whose members was *Madame Chiang Kai-shek*.

As a member of the Chinese Army during World War II, he was assigned to the staff of *Adm. Milton E. Miles* of the U.S. Navy. Before he could make breakfast for American troops, Mr. Liu drove a truck through the countryside each morning to buy 600 eggs from Chinese farmers.





Ai-Chen & Sih-Chuen Liu

After the war, he cooked aboard merchant vessels, deserting his ship in Hong Kong in 1949 when he learned of Mao Tse-tung's takeover of China. He fled to Taiwan and worked in restaurants and hotels, waiting two years for his wife and three children to be smuggled out of Shanghai.

Two more children were born in Taiwan before Mr. Liu came to Washington in 1954, working initially as the private chef for *Madame Chiang's nephew*. He planned to stay only two years, but immigration problems kept him here, and it took nine years before his wife and children could join him in Washington.

"When we were growing up in Taiwan and our dad was in America," said Hung-His Liu, a dentist, "we were told there was gold in the streets." When we came here, we found it was a little different."

Mr. Liu was a cook at the Peking Restaurant on Connecticut Avenue for seven years, until he was able to buy Lang Lin in 1970. All of his children worked in the restaurant, and to this day they instantly recall its address: 1313 University Blvd, in Langley Park. When they weren't serving food or cleaning up, they were doing their homework. All five live in the Washington area and have successful careers.

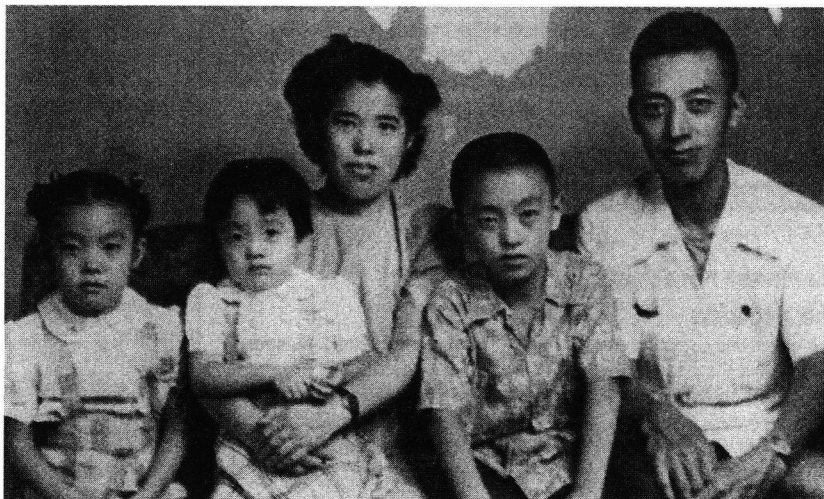
In 1983, when he was 68, Mr. Liu sold the restaurant and retired. He often went fishing, with nets he had woven himself. Several times a year, he made chicken, fish and duck dishes for elaborate dinners in honor of his family's ancestors.

"Last Christmas we were all here, making dumplings," said his daughter Wei-Ying Liu. "He was in the kitchen, directing."

He believed strongly in the Confucian values of harmony, simplicity and respect for one's elders that he had learned as a boy in China. Watching television, he would simply say, "I don't understand."

"Sometimes I felt so sorry for him," said his elder son, Hung-Kai Liu, "because he was a 19th century man living in the 21st century."

Mr. Liu had an arranged marriage in China and, despite long separations, he and his wife, Ai-Chen, remained steadfast for 62 years. After she died in 1998, their youngest child, Hung-His Liu, visited his father every Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Liu would cook lunch and talk of food, family and life.



Sih-Chuen Liu is pictured with his wife, Ai-Chen and three of their five children In Taiwan about 1951

Cont'd

Survivors include two sons, Hung-Kai Liu of Potomoc and Hung-Hsi Liu of Gaithersburg; three daughters, Fong-Ying King of Gaithersburg, Wei-Ying Lock of Rockville and Tai-Yin Landis of Columbia; and eight grandchildren.

Editor's note: Forwarding of obituaries of Mr. Liu by Bill Sager and Charles "C-Going" Miles is gratefully acknowledged.

"C-Going" states there is much more to the story of the man than was in the newspaper and herewith is his addendum:

Mrs. Miles once said that Mr. Liu had cooked several years for a higher-echelon functionary in the Chinese Government. A cook's skill used to be recognized by the importance of his employer; the French would have used a term of *chef* for a man with the skills of Mr. Liu.

During the war, each SACO American was assigned to a Chinese who was responsible for the survivor of the foreigner. It was a charge performed with the utmost diligence, equal to one's protection of his ancestors. For some Americans, the duty was transferred to another when he changed theaters; most of the men never realized this occurred at all. Liu Sih-Chuen was hand picked by General Tai Li to watch over "Mr. Miles" for the duration.

Milton E. Miles suffered with a deadly allergy – fowl. As a plebe at the Naval Academy, he refused to eat chicken and cited his allergy. The Upper Classmen despised "dislikes," which were considered a character flaw. Several days later, someone buried a piece of chicken in the beef stew. Before Miles finished his plate, he went into extreme shock and narrowly escaped death.

Mr. Liu was responsible for all foods that Miles consumed; this sometimes created surreal situations. One time, Generalissimo hosted a dinner for important dignitaries that included Miles. The day of the party, all the normal food preparers and servers were replaced by Mr. Liu and staff. The end of the meal was marked by a very uncharacteristic exchange. The "host," Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek boasted, "An exceptional meal" and one of the guests, General Miles, demurred that it could have been much better.

And then there was the late night that the Miles compound was breached by a would-be assassin. While the camp slept, Mr. Liu shot the intruder.

The last year of Miles' life was spent mostly bedridden. Mr. Liu worked long, hard hours to support his family. But quite often, he would drop by with a few morsels made especially to fortify "Mr. Miles;" almost always there were included the Miles' favorite, joudzas, which were ready to be steamed. Mr. Liu ignored the reality that his friend was no longer a three-bowl man and Mother turned each batch of delicacies into three or four "parties" that brightened the days of the dying man.

After Miles' passing in 1961, the Liu children would come to the house. The minor detail was their receiving help with homework. Most importantly, the Liu family provided considerable support for the grieving widow.

In the early 60s, Mr. Liu came to the house with a request for personal help. By scrimping, he had saved \$1,000, which he held in hand as proof. One daughter had a very large birthmark on her cheek and it, he was afraid, might hold back her development. "Do you think this money is enough to fix that?" He knew nothing about the high costs of plastic surgery, but as a father, he was pledging all to help his family. A shirt-tail relative surgeon in New York took up the task and bullied hospital and staff to the point that the \$1,000 and three operations yielded spectacular results. Only the smallest scar, hidden in a smile line of the cheek, is witness to the ordeal.

Sih-Chuen Liu was dedicated to family and loyal to friends and Country.

Charles H. Miles
15 June 2004

???!!!!**

NOSTALGIA



The above picture, along with a letter dated 7 July 2003, was sent to Paul Casamajor by Gregory Skinner, son of E. R. Skinner, MoMM1/c (deceased 1978). Gregory states the above people had a reunion at a Chicago night spot shortly after the war. L-R are his father, E. R. Skinner, Arthur Wilding, Michael Cussak and Erhardt Reiss. According to Gregory, there seems to be a little controversy over the i.d. of the third from left. Gregory states his mother had identified this person in an album in their archives as E. E. Prohaska. Not knowing which to be correct, Gregory was inclined to take Wilding's word for it.

Editor's note: I was unable to find a Michael Cussak in the post war list of U. S. Naval Group China, but there is an E. E. Prohaska, MoMM2/c. (Perhaps mother was right? Can anyone recognize and identify this man in question?)

Memories of Merle Erickson

To the editor.....25 July 2004

I want to thank you for your letter to me of June 19. I am very happy I shared my circumstances with you regarding our inability to share the reunions and membership fees and my experience with everyone.

I really appreciate you adding me to the permanent list to receive future issues of SACO NEWS as long as you are publishing. I realize how we have all aged and time is running out. Thanks to everyone involved in this decision for me.

Audrey & Merle Erickson

Editor's note: The pleasure is all ours and if any of our SACO group have similar hardships or know of someone who does and unable to pay dues- let us know - we'll see that they get SACO NEWS.

Merle continues with his autobiography:

I enlisted in the Navy in Detroit December 1942 and did my Boot Camp at Great Lakes, IL. After weeks there, went to Radio School at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio for 16 weeks. After that, we were sent to Navy Armory in Los Angeles for Blinker Light and Flag Signal training for 6 weeks. Then back to New York to the Armed Guard Center in Brooklyn for assignment to board Liberty Ships at Newport News, VA and had many convoys to Oran, Africa, Naples, Italy and to Anzio Beachhead.

After the war was over in that area, we disembarked from these "Tubs" at the Armed Guard Center to await further orders.

Then the "Hazardous Duty" bulleting came out. We had been in Brooklyn so long waiting to get a ship out, that many of us jumped at the chance to sign up and get out of New York. We went to Wash, D.C. for supposed training, but just told to send all Navy clothes home and were issued army suntans and USN pins for our shirt collars and await further orders.

Finally, we were sent to San Pedro, CA to board a Troop Transport (Gen. Butner or Butler - can't recall for sure) for transportation to India. We stopped in Melbourne, Australia only one hour to pick up mail. We arrived in Bombay and crossed India by "1st class"

(WOW!) train to Calcutta. This was quite an experience. Flew out of Chabua, India to Kunming, China on C46 or 47 (another great experience) with parachute training for emergency.

Then from Kunming, to Chungking in 6x6 Army trucks over mountain roads (or trails?). We became truck drivers very quickly. Was stationed in "Happy Valley" for the entire time.

After the "bomb" was dropped in Japan, with surrender we flew to Shanghai to the radio station on the "Bund." We lived in Shanghai American College while there. In Jan. 1946, headed back to the states on an "old rust pot" (can't recall the name) to Treasure Island off San Francisco. Was there for several days and headed back to Great Lakes for discharge with RM1/c rating. Several of us were offered Chief rating without examination if we would ship over and remain in Shanghai for awhile. Nobody was gullible for that at that time, which was probably a big mistake, but we all wanted to get out and home.

Got Victory medal, American Area, Atlantic-Mediterranean area, Asiatic-Pacific 1 star, and Good Conduct.

You are probably tired of hearing all this many times before, but it is just memories of the years passed in our earlier days, which we all will never forget. I see in the memorials a few names I knew and worked with in those days. Probably a lot more back in earlier publications.

Again, thank you for all your hard work over the years and many condolences on the loss of your mother. I am sure it wasn't anything easy to forget after such a full life to the end. Our deepest sympathy to you,

Audrey & Merle Erickson

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CORRECTION

**Issue #26 of July 2003 - Pages 14 & 15 should read
Schmeirer not Shreiber**

**This is one I can lay the blame on the author of the
story - I copied as written.**

Ed.

Retired Aircraft Carrier "Ranger"
Bremerton, WA Naval Shipyard
15 July 2004



Bob Clark and George Barrett

SACO PEARL HARBOR SURVIVORS

From Tri-City Herald of Washington

By Sandra S. Freepons

(1991)

It was just one day in a life spanning 71 years, but memories of that day, 50 years ago, still have the power and poignancy to bring a tear to Robert Clark's eye.

This month, he will join others in commemorating a day that changed all of their lives, as it changed the course of nations, when they gather at the Pearl Harbor Memorial in Hawaii to mark the 50th anniversary of the day the Japanese bombed the United States port.

Bob Clark was a gunner's mate aboard the battleship USS Tennessee stationed at Pearl Harbor. Age 21, he was one member of a 2,000-man complement aboard the battleship.

Breakfast had been finished earlier that Sunday morning, Dec. 7, 1941, and with no work to do, Clark had retired to the #1 gun turret to read a book. In his position as a gunner's mate, he helped to operate the 14-inch guns of the

battleship.

A short time earlier, the men aboard the USS Tennessee had completed a very rigorous gunnery exercise with excellent results and they had been complimented on their performance by a base officer. "I hope you do as well when you fire against the Japanese," he told the gathered sailors, but it was the only inkling the enlisted men had that something was afoot, recalls Clark.

When the attack began, Clark had no doubt as to what was happening. "As soon as it started, I knew what it was," he states now. The alarm for general quarters sounded and Clark went to his assigned stations, beginning a day filled with tragic circumstances.

The young sailor discovered how ill-prepared his ship and the fleet were to face the sudden strike. Clark still remembers the absurdities of that morning with a wry, regretful half-smile.

To begin with, the huge guns he helped to operate could not be fired until large dummy weights, used to

simulate the ammunition during gunnery exercises, were pulled from their barrels.

On Battleship Row, wide fabric awnings had been stretched from barrel to barrel on broadside guns, creating shade for sailors on deck, but also making perfect targets for the Japanese fighters. Before many guns could be fired, the awnings had to be cut down, some already flaming.

The Tennessee was tied up next to the West Virginia, which had taken several hits and was on fire. Clark and another sailor were ordered to help quench the flames. The two raced for the fire hose, hauling it back across the deck with fierce determination and opened the nozzle, but nothing happened. Running back along the length of the hose, Clark discovered that, somehow, it had been severed from the pump.

The West Virginia was crippled, taking on water and settling to the bottom of the harbor. As it settled, it began to pull the Tennessee over with it. Sailors, Clark among them, scrambled to release the steel cables joining the two ships. Feverishly working at his task, he glanced up one moment to find himself alone. Japanese fighters were heading in to strafe the deck with machinegun fire and the sailors had been ordered to cover, but Clark hadn't heard the call. He reached cover just in time.

The explosions, gunfire, flames and smoke placed the sailors on the decks of the battleships into the midst of a kind of hell. Death and destruction surrounded those on the Tennessee. The USS Arizona blew up behind it, the West Virginia sank beside it and the Oklahoma rolled over in front of it. The three ships created a barricade that trapped the Tennessee in its berth, but also protected it from torpedoes. The maelstrom of fire aboard the Arizona was so close that the heat burned off paint on the inside bulkheads of the officers' quarters of the Tennessee, Clark relates. Miraculously, the Tennessee lost only three men that day. None was Clark's close friends, but a man from his hometown was killed in the attack on the Oklahoma.

One good friend, a coxswain, had been off the ship with his motor launch during the attack and spent the entire time picking sailors out of the water, transporting them to safety in the small boat, remembers Clark.

Clark reflects on the most vivid moment of the day, among many haunting memories, "There was this old boatswain who came up and said, 'I just saw the turret off the Arizona'..." Clark recalls and then gestures to show the turret blowing up to the sky, adding a low whistle, like a missile in flight.

When the Japanese ceased their attack, Battleship Row was a smoking, fiery tangle of twisted metal, with thousands of dead and dying sailors and soldiers, and once proud ships of war burning hulks in the water. The Tennessee took a bomb hit on one turret and the center gun was badly damaged. It took a week to blast a channel with dynamite before the Tennessee could sail free. The ship was sent immediately to Bremerton for repairs. When it returned to the South Pacific, it and Clark took part in the Battle of the Coral Sea and patrolled the Aleutian Islands during the Battle of Midway. In the fall of 1942, Clark and his ship were again in Bremerton, where he met his wife, Betty. She worked at a Sears Roebuck and the couple met at a USO dance. Just months after meeting, they married on November 11, 1942. On Dec. 31, 1942, Clark left his ship for the last time, volunteering for "dangerous and hazardous duty" along with a group of sailors in China under the command of an admiral. For three years, he and his fellow sailors taught the Chinese how to use American weapons. During this period, the newlyweds communicated only through highly censored letters.

*Clark left the Navy in 1946 and the couple had their first child soon after. The former gunner's mate became a nuclear power engineer and the couple, now married 49 years (*soon to be 63...Ed*), have four children and seven grandchildren.*

Thirty years after that fateful Sunday morning, the Clarks returned to Pearl Harbor for the first time.

"I wasn't particularly eager to go myself, but wanted to take Betty there," remembers Clark.

The Pearl Harbor Memorial set over the tomb of the Arizona was very impressive to the Clarks and still makes Betty cry each time she sees it. A member of the Pearl Harbor Survivors Organization, Clark is returning to the site for the fifth time this week. He will see some of his old shipmates and relive with friends the realities of that day in history.

The horror, death and destruction of Dec. 7, 1941 and the days that followed have served to strengthen Clark's belief that war is to be avoided at all cost and that the possibility of war is not worth even talking about. "My philosophy is anti-war," he states. The former sailor has lived many years in the Orient and lists several Japanese as close friends. He feels that tolerance is a necessity for peaceful coexistence and hopes that nightmares like Pearl Harbor will be relived only in memory, never in actuality.

PEARL HARBOR SURVIVORS

An interview with George Barrett
From "Butler University Quarterly Magazine"
Spring 2004 edition.

Life-Changing Moments

By Chris Carlson (Class of '70)

The destroyer USS MacDonough was anchored in Pearl Harbor for a routine checkup. The ship's own electricity brought ammunition up from storage when needed and pumped water for cooling the 50-caliber machine-guns when in use. But with the engine room torn down for maintenance, the ship had no power of its own. In the early morning hours, an alarm shattered the quiet, men sprang to action and every second counted. They used bucket brigades to haul ammo, and someone changed machine-gun barrels by hand when they got too hot. The men had to hand-load and manually fire at Japanese war planes. Amid nerve-racking barrages of enemy fire, a harbor full of sinking ships, explosions and smoke, it took teamwork, ingenuity, nerves of steel and grit. It was December 1941, and George Barrett was 19 years old.

When he enlisted as a medic with the Navy just a year before, young Barrett could not foresee that he would survive a terrible attack and go on to serve his country in two more wars during 20 years of active service with the U.S. Navy and Marines. He was still aboard the MacDonough when it participated in other battles in the Southwest Pacific and assisted in landing Marines on Guadalcanal and Tulagi.

The Pearl Harbor attack brought into focus the plight of China, also under attack by the Japanese, which controlled most of coastal China, including many islands. George's last tour of WWII duty was to provide assistance to Chinese guerrillas. His group, originally known as the U.S. Naval Group China, was highly secret and worked with the Military Intelligence Bureau of the Chinese Army. Chinese and American members of SACO (Sino-American Cooperative Organization) joined in a combined effort to perform intelligence and guerilla operations, serving hundred of miles behind enemy lines, establishing vital weather stations, coast-watching to report enemy ship movements, intercepting Japanese code, rescuing downed allied airmen and being involved in numerous other military, medical and humanitarian endeavors. Along with about 10 corpsmen and four or five medical officers, he helped operate a small hospital (PACDOC2) and a medical supply depot for Southeast China. "I knew all kinds of stuff from my crash course in medic training," George quips. SACO helped train Chinese Guerrilla forces, providing them with weapons and uniforms.

Over the span of a few years, American SACO personnel numbered in excess of 2,500, all volunteers from several branches of service, but mostly the Navy and Marines. Of that group, today, we are in touch with approximately 500 SACO veterans. They stay in close touch with each other and have annual reunions. Says George, "There were not many who served in SACO, and they were scattered from the Gobi Desert to the Chinese Coast. I just met someone new last year."

After the war, he re-enlisted and was assigned to the Marine Corps twice, one in 1952 and again in 1958 when he served at the request of the president with peacekeeping forces in Beirut, Lebanon. George retired from the Armed Forces in 1959.

While in the fleet reserves in the early 1960s, George enrolled at Butler, earning his bachelor's degree in history and political science in 1965 and a master in history in 1972. "I got along great with fellow students half my age,

he chuckles. His second career, teaching social studies at Northview Junior High School, spanned more than 20 years. George attributes his successes to his liberal arts Butler University education.

George and his wife, Doris Griffith Huesing Barrett, also Butler alumna, are very involved with Butler activities. "We truly love the university and feel it's important to give back to Butler." Very active in the cultural life of central Indiana, they are pleased to see that Butler's Performing Arts Complex is helping to strengthen many other Indianapolis area arts groups while building the university's presence in the community. The couple recently made a generous gift to the Complex.

Their busy schedule includes a variety of other activities. George sings with the Indianapolis Maennerchor, of which he is a past president. He is also past president of the Nora Lions Club. Doris is past president of the Sunnyside Guild and a founder of their Town Hall Series, hosted by Butler's Clowes Memorial Hall. She also gets together monthly with her Butler Pi Beta Phi sisters.

Married in 1992 (after both their first spouses passed away), they have four grandchildren between them, two of whom are Butler alumni: Doris' grandson, Ben Lawton, class of 1995 and George's granddaughter, Elizabeth Barrett, class of 1998. Elizabeth is Program Coordinator for Change and Tradition at Butler.

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Christmas Spirit – bad and then good!

By Bill Elliott

Editor's note: This story was written to Paul Casamajor 4 October 2000 and got buried on his desk until recently when he forwarded to me. It's comforting to know that others misplace things, too!

Though I've never attended a reunion, I did follow, with interest, your activities and the "comings and goings" of certain shipmates I knew in China and India. It was a shock to me to learn of the death of my closest buddy, Vince Drury, who died a couple of years ago. We used to chat by phone on Christmas Eve because that was the anniversary of our being booted out of Kienyang Headquarters.

Vince and I flew over the Hump to Kunming, then by B-24 (a gas-carrier) to Suichuan, then to Kanchow by truck. We then got our orders to proceed to Kienyang for further orders. Well, as I remember that trip, (our second try to keep the damn Jeep running) we broke down again outside the village of Ytu. Vince stayed with the Jeep, and I hiked back to the village to get help. I managed to get in touch with a missionary priest who advised me that the only transportation available that night would be the Government Mail-truck, but it didn't stop in the village. When I asked him how I could get it to stop, he said "I'm sure you'll find a way to do that, son," and off he went back to his residence.

So I waited for the truck. It came and I stood in the middle of the road and pointed my carbine at him. Over his protests, I made him detour to our Jeep and push us until we got started again. Now the details of the rest of the trip are a little fuzzy except for our arrival at Kienyang. They were getting ready for a big Christmas party, so we were delighted to be there just in time. However, when we gave our names to the O.D. (*officer of the day*), he yelled at us "You are getting the Hell out of here, right now! We've had enough trouble about that damned Mail-truck." We were immediately provided transportation out of there and dropped off at some God-forsaken place to spend the night.

For lunch on Christmas Day, we were having bamboo shoot and chicken soup when we were greeted by a Naval Officer who invited the two of us to an old-fashioned Christmas dinner, with plum pudding and all the fixings! Naturally, we did not mention what brought us to that village on Christmas Day!

I miss my old buddy. . . we used to talk about that incident a lot. Now I'm the only one who knows the story. Now you know, too!

Perhaps we may meet some day, Paul. After all, we're both young yet!!

(Bill Elliott was a RMI/c)

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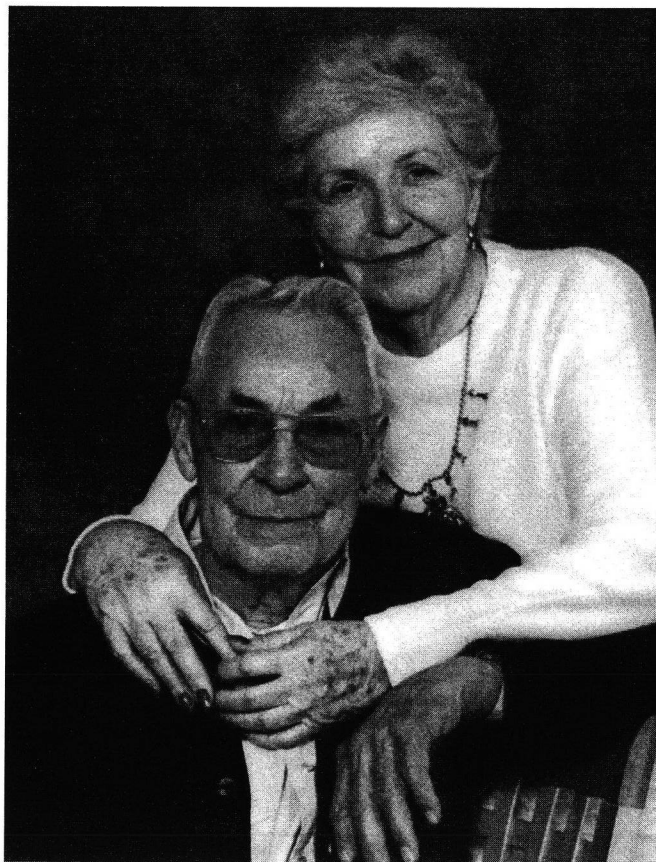
POTPOURRI



Bob and Betty Clark Soon To Recognize 62nd Wedding Anniversary



November 11, 1942



November 11, 2003

SICK BAY

Charles Sellers was hospitalized for emergency surgery in Louisville in early August this year for a perforated colon. He contracted pneumonia following surgery, but recovered and was released a week later.

Laura Sellers, the day following Charles hospitalization, wasn't feeling up to par and had a checkup. Her heartbeat registered over 200 per minute and she was in the same hospital on monitors for four days.

John Klos – Bill Bartee sent me a note that he had called John on 16 August and that he didn't sound too perky and could hardly understand him. Jim Kelly said he was being treated for colon cancer. Bill thinks he would enjoy a card from SACO guys.

3952 Columbia Ave
Columbia, PA 17512
Phone 717 285-1456

ROAD TO CHUNGKING

By Bill Wyatt

My road to Chungking started in a cornfield in central Illinois. My great grandfather came from England to New York and purchased a soldier's land grant and traveled to central Illinois and homesteaded in 1844.

I was the eldest of five children and when I heard the news report of the bombing of Pearl Harbor, I knew I was going to be involved in this war. When I received my draft notice, my father told me that he was going to have me deferred to get the crops out in the fall. I went to the nearest Navy Recruiting Office and set-up a delayed enlistment. I joined the Navy on December 10, 1942.

I went through Boot Training at Great Lakes, IL; then on to Radio School at Evanston, IL. We were all dressed up with our ditty bags in formation – ready to be dismissed to go on leave. An officer came out and read off 22 names, which included mine. He dismissed everyone else and told us to report to his office. There was a two-hour delay – an officer came out and said the Commander would explain the delay. They had received a request for 24 radiomen who met qualifications – one being you had to be American born as well as your parents; *(As I recall, it was specified you had to be third generation born in America – which your foregoing history put you in that category. Ed.)* thus the delay in checking records for qualified men. Also, the duty for those qualified was for prolonged and hazardous duty and we were not to be considered other than to volunteer. This was all that could be told at that time and we were asked to raise our right hand if we volunteered. Twenty two hands went up in unison. The Commander then dropped the other shoe as he said, "Your leaves have been cut to seventy-two hours!"

I had a 250-mile train trip to get home. By the time I arrived home, I had decided this was not a good time to tie a woman down in a marriage. We had all the plans for our wedding and the two-week leave. I discussed this with my mother and after some thought, she said, "You and Mary have this all planned and everything always comes out all right and you should go ahead."

I wasn't getting anywhere with my mother, so I jumped in the car and went to the home of my bride-to-be. She and her mother were told my thinking on the matter. Mary's mother thought about this for a few moments and echoed my mother's words. I thought my mother had called her! I cannot recall Mary saying one word. But, it was the right decision as we will be married 61 years in July 2004.

I reported back to Radio School with eleven others of the original 22. I don't know what happened to the other eleven. We received individual orders to report to Room 2732 in the Navy Department in Washington, D.C. We did and there was an old Captain and an old Chief waiting for us. It did not take long to figure out their job was to scare us into changing our minds if we had any doubt. About two hours passed as they told us about dangerous acts such as jumping out of airplanes, et cetera and the Captain said, "I can't tell you anymore at this time." We were told to find a place to stay and think it over. The fact that we had volunteered back at the Radio School was not binding and if we wanted to change our minds, we could do so by reporting to the officer who would be on duty all night and report back to your status upon graduating from Radio School. I did not give much thought to changing my mind as it had become very interesting to this farm boy.

I reported the next morning with seven others. We went through the next months into China. In thinking back, to put this all together, this metamorphosis of the farm boy to a "SACO Tiger" in one year must have been a "Helluva year."

I will skip to December 25th, 1943 when I had Christmas dinner in Chabua, Upper Assam waiting for passage to China. We flew for one hour and ten minutes in a parachute ready to jump. I finally made it to Kunming. The Japanese were making a drive on Kweilin that was located on the eastern route to Chungking. We, therefore took the western route.

We left Kunming and stayed at Kutsing. We were passengers on a truck with a Chinese driver, a mechanic and a guard. We rode in the back of the truck on top of a load of 50-gallon barrels filled with gasoline with all our gear. En route, we stopped at a roadside restaurant. We had been advised regarding risk when eating at places such as this. We ordered fried rice and eggs, aware that we were to eat with chopsticks and the weather was cold. It wasn't long until we had an audience of about 50 Chinese congregating in front of the restaurant. A large dog came into the restaurant and was under our table. This irritated Harold Ross (the Chinese were laughing at our inexperience with chopsticks and may have contributed to Ross's irritation) because when the dog headed back outside through the observers, Ross swung his Thompson like he was going to shoot the dog. His action opened a very wide path through the Chinese, but he did not shoot the dog.

January 18, 1944, we left Kutsing and stayed at Suahwei. This was a walled city and they closed the gates at night. We stayed in a hostel. When we turned in, the houseboy left an oil lamp burning. It was an oil lamp with wicks hanging over the edge of the bowl. Someone said they could not sleep with the lamp burning and put it out. I had some peanut brittle in my shirt pocket. A rat helped himself to my peanut brittle and was sitting on my chest eating when I became very wide awake! I lighted the lamp and determined the Chinese had left the lamp on to keep the rats on the floor. I couldn't go back to sleep, so I sat on my bed and tried to pin rats to the floor with my dirk. I was not very successful.

January 19, 1944, we left Suahwei and stayed at Weining. We stopped at a missionary, Reverend Stone's School Home. We slept on the floor. The Reverend had pie, cake and coffee for us. They were Methodist Missionaries from England. He had a crossbow mounted over his fireplace. He said it took two Chinese to cock the bow and they could kill a wild boar with it at a hundred yards.

On January 20, 1944, we left Weining and stayed at Pichieh. They told us we were at the highest elevation on this day. There was one place we climbed to about 10,000 feet. There was light snow. The Chinese coolies pulling carts in a little town were wearing straw sandals. Some Chinese had a dead hog on a table; it appeared to be bloated; possibly dead for some time. They were scraping hair off. While I was in Chungking, Dr. Black came to visit Chungking from his hospital that was set up for the Loyal Patriotic Army and SACO personnel. I had not seen Dr. Black since our days at Quantico. I told him about the hog I had seen. He explained that it had appeared bloated because the Chinese used reeds to blow air under the hide to separate the hide from the flesh so they could skin the hog.

After we reached the higher altitude, we seemed to be on a plateau. I think it was in this area that they cautioned us about bandits. There were several Chinese riding shaggy ponies. They had firearms - one had a long rifle. I was concerned when I saw the long rifle. We had Thompson machineguns and Colt revolvers which were very good for close encounters, but not so good against long rifles. The guard had a .30 caliber carbine that would have improved our odds. The Chinese on the shaggy ponies must have not liked what they saw on our truck, for they only watched for a short time and disappeared back into the mountains.

I think it was on this leg of the journey that we were going down a mountain along a stream and we observed several trucks that had left the road and rolled down the mountain to the stream. It was rather disconcerting to be observing these wrecked trucks from our high perch on the truck. There was a bit of humor to relieve our stress. We were meeting a truck that was coming up the mountain. The other truck was on the inside against a rock wall. As the trucks met, the sides rubbed together. When the trucks parted, our truck pulled the tailgate of the other truck open. The tailgate fell to the roadbed.

The other driver jumped out of his truck and was waving his fists in the air as our driver went gleefully on down the road.

We drove until dark and stopped at a hospital operated by Catholic sisters from Germany. Sister Margaret was in charge. She told us they had been there for 40 years. They were in an area where there was war between the warlords over the turf. She told us that in one day, she had a complete change of patients in 24 hours. One warlord would capture the hospital and put his followers in the beds and then another would capture the hospital and put the other patients out in the street and put their wounded in beds.

We had the best food we had since leaving Kunming. They baked us a special cake and we slept on clean sheets on cots.

We left Pichein and stayed at Chihshui on January 21, 1944. We drove along a pretty stream and stayed in a hostel.

January 22, 1944, we left Chihshui and stayed at Suyyuhc. We stayed in China Travel Service; a nice place.

January 23, 1944, we left Suyyuch and on to Luhsien. This was the last leg of our trip. We stayed at a good China Travel Service where W. O. Peterson, U.S. Army was in charge. He gave us some C-Rations. We told him it was the best chow we'd had for a while. He did not agree with our opinion of his chow. We were at the Yangtze River.

When we were traveling by truck for any length of time, our mechanic would jump out with some tools and lift the hood and take out the carburetor, put it down on the dirt road and take it apart and put it back together again and put it on the engine. This was rather disconcerting for us, but it seemed to work. We were never bothered with mechanical trouble.

January 27, 1944, we boarded a riverboat and proceeded down the river. We arrived Chungking January 30, 1944, and looked at all those steps we had to climb to get up to the street. Fortunately, there were coolies to carry our sea-bags. We were in good physical condition, but the coolies were up to the street well ahead of us. When we were on the river, there were many ducks. There were small sampans along the edge of the river going upstream. Our boat was leaving a two-foot wake that caused the sampans to start to take a little water over the bow. As this occurred, the Chinese would let go of their oars and run to the bow and the sampan would swamp. I lost count, but we swamped lots of the sampans.

We had an opportunity to see the small airstrip on an island in the Yangtze River as our boat tied up right across from the island. After I had been at Happy Valley for some time, they built an airstrip at Chengtu for the B29s. They would fly over Happy Valley. One day, I stepped out of the Mess Hall as a flight of B29s were returning from a raid when one of the B29s peeled off and dropped down into the valley toward the airstrip at Chungking. I went back to the radio shack to tell everyone what I had seen. The comment in the shack was "Wyatt, you're always seeing things!" This comment was probably prompted by my reporting that I had seen a Black Widow flying over. I was vindicated when we received the next issue of "Stars and Stripes" wherein they reported we had two Black Widows in China. I was also vindicated when the mailman got back to camp all excited. He had seen a B29 on that little strip on the island airport. The next morning, I saw the B29 come up out of the valley standing on its tail. It was reported that they had taken everything but the pilot off the plane and only enough fuel to fly to Chengtu. The pilot had volunteered to fly it out and coolies had worked at night to extend the airstrip out to the water's edge.

William H. Wyatt, RM1/c

Editor's note: My source does not list any of the foregoing villages/towns to confirm spelling - I rely on the writer.

????!!***

A lawful life

By Holly H. Fava
March 2004 Issue
"The Best Times"

(The following is an excerpt from Fava's article)

Shep Tate: Can't escape the law

Stonewall Shepherd "Shep" Tate, 86, has the frustrating tendency to answer a question with a question.

Take, for instance, this one: "Why don't you retire?"

His answer, inevitably: "Why would I want to?"

That's a lawyer for you.

Fresh from a four-day meeting of the American Bar Association, of which he is a former president, Tate, a principal in Martin, Tate, Morrow & Marston, PC, doesn't have time to retire, thank you.

"I've got too much going on," he said. "And I don't want every day to feel like Saturday. One friend who's retired says it takes him until noon to decide what he's going to do that day."

Tate, a native Memphian now 63 years in practice, couldn't escape the law. His grandfather, a lawyer and gentleman, insisted that Shep follow in his footsteps.

"This was a man who, at age four, stood up in front of Yankee soldiers and told them his name was Stonewall Jackson Shepherd," Tate said. "His real name was David, but,

without the advice of counsel, he renamed himself on the spot. (The name has subsequently been passed to several generations in the family.) He was riding in a hack with his older sisters to take food and medicine to Confederate POWs

in a camp right outside of Memphis. Many, many years later, he told me I was going to be a lawyer. I didn't argue!"

Tate graduated from Central High School, what is now Rhodes College and earned the juris doctor from the University of Virginia School of Law, his grandfather's alma mater, in 1942. While in school, he worked Saturdays and summers in bank trust departments for 50 cents a day.

"In a recurring nightmare, my supervisor, Betty Watts, opens the cigar box to give me

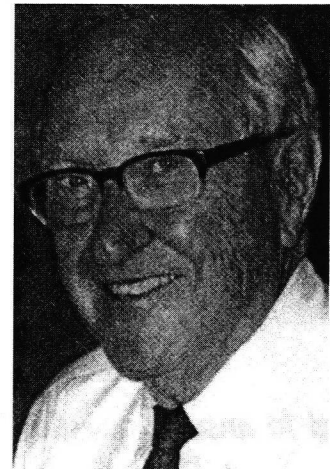
my 50-cent piece but then says to me, 'You didn't really earn it today,'" Tate said with a burst of laughter.

After law school, he enlisted as an intelligence officer with the U.S. Navy.

The call to arms eventually took him in mid-1944 to China as a volunteer with the Sino-American Cooperative Organization (SACO), an elite, top-secret coalition of American and Chinese soldiers who worked to combat the Japanese.

"I know it sounds strange, but I had no idea what I was a part of until sometime later," he said. "And I knew almost nothing about China. China was that place you might reach if you take a spade and dig – that's the extent of what I knew."

Secreted deep in the Chinese countryside, Tate and other American officers cooperated with the Chinese guerillas to gather intelligence, rescue downed Allied aviators and sabotage Japanese military shipping expeditions. The unit was under the command of Lieutenant General Tai Li; chief of China's secret police.



Janet & S. Shepherd Tate

"SACO was perhaps the first war operation in which a foreigner was in charge of American forces," Tate said.

The men lived in bamboo huts, learned to speak and write Chinese and adapted to the local diet of fish, rice and vegetables.

"We got to be experts with chopsticks and drank a whole lot of tea," he said. "At a party Tai Li threw for us, we were treated to a feast of 100-year-old eggs and rice wine – very potent stuff."

"In a picture taken there, I have no shirt on and you can count every one of my ribs," Tate added with a chuckle. "That's never happened since!"

Stateside after the war, Tate clerked for Judge John D. Martin of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Sixth Judicial Circuit in Cincinnati. There he met Janet Graf, his wife of 58 years. He co-founded the Memphis firm that bears his name in 1947.

Over the years, Tate, whose specialties are trusts and estates and corporate law, has carved out a stellar career. He has served as president of the Memphis Bar Association, the Tennessee Bar Association and the American Bar Association, where he helped develop standards for professional discipline and headed task forces on attorney competence and legal advertising. He is a member

*"If I do one thing to improve
a person's life, then I've done
my job. I have been a credit
to my profession."*

Shep Tate

of numerous legal and civic organizations, which he prizes for the "psychic income" they generate, and is particularly proud of his involvement with the Boy Scouts of America (he still sports his Eagle Scout ring) and the Memphis Rotary Club.

As a volunteer for the latter, Tate reads twice a month to preschoolers at A.B. Hill Elementary School and performs magic tricks for his spellbound audience.

"I have some coin and ball tricks, and I can do things like pull my thumb off," he said, obliging with a demonstration. "Those kids are so cute and funny."

His is a full schedule and he wouldn't have it any other way. "I literally live by this," he said, patting his computer. "And this." He produces a Palm Pilot from his jacket pocket. "I bought one for Janet, too."

There's nothing Tate likes better than relaxation (a former recreational pilot, he keeps a boat docked at the Memphis Yacht Club and another at his vacation home on Lake Michigan), but it wouldn't be as enjoyable if he did it everyday.

"I like leaving the office after a difficult estate case, putting on my tennis shoes and going down to fix something on the boat. It's my therapy," he said. "But being an attorney is a real service."

"I like working to correct a problem or resolve a conflict," he continued. "If I do one thing to improve a person's life, then I've done my job. I have been a credit to my profession."

He has, over the course of his career, enjoyed tremendously the company of other attorneys both at home and abroad during legal exchanges with Russia, Asia and Europe.

"Attorneys are a friendly group, regardless of where they're from," he said. "I like the quote from the late Harrison Tweed of the New York City bar: 'They (lawyers) are better to work with or play with or fight with or drink with, than most other varieties of mankind.'"

That may explain the mystery of how a lawyer can spar, often unpleasantly, with another in court and then meet him or her afterward for a friendly cocktail.

"A lot of people have trouble understanding that dynamic, but it's just work!" he said. "You put on the boxing gloves, do business and then take them off"

Editor's note:

Shep Tate has been one of our ardent and most generous donors these past years in support of SACO. Thanks to him and others, we manage to stay "afloat."

CLARK AND CAPTAIN'S MAST

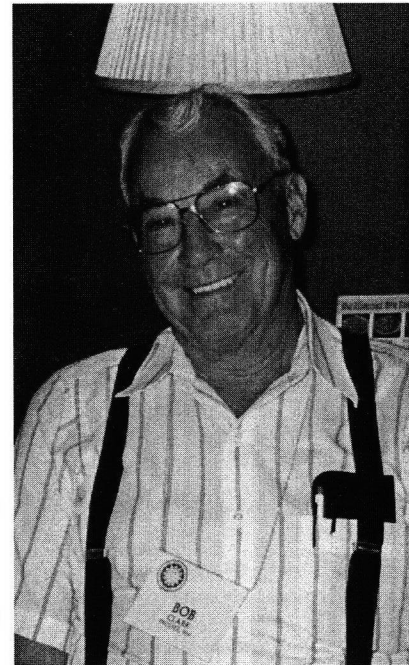
I have a story that happened in mid or late 1944. There was a large group of Marines came in for assignment, both officers and men. To get ready for them, the Chinese built a mess hall large enough to hold quite a bunch of men. When we got settled into groups, we found there was a foursome of Marines who were singers—a good quartet! I cannot remember where the new men were put for sleeping quarters, but there new buildings put up for the officers.

We all ate in the same mess hall. One day, there was a radio message that some Ltjg had become the father of a new baby! The quartet sang a little ditty about a new father and his duties. The "jg" did not see the humor, although everyone else did and laughed and clapped. When the jg did not acknowledge the humor, the Marines sang another little ditty, not quite as nice as the first. The officer got mad and showed it! Still, everyone else laughed. At the table next to the officers was Gunnery Sgt. Pat Ryan. The ranking officer told the sergeants to remove the quartet from the mess hall. I happened to be sitting with the singers, so when they got up and left the hall, I got up and left with them.

When the story got to Maj. Masters, he came unglued and threatened to give us all general court-martials. Sgt Holland talked him out of that and he settled for Captain's Mast. We each got 5 days bread-and-water in solitary confinement. In order to put us in solitary, 5 officers were removed from their quarters and we were each put into a room alone.

We could have the Bible and the Blue Jacket's manual to read; that was all and no visitors. The Chinese lady who had been our cook as long as I had been there thought that was no good, so she sent me a plate of the evening meal by the houseboy. She thought I should not have to go hungry — 'I was too nice a guy!'

Shortly after that, I was sent to Camp 6 where I got malaria! (I have not looked at the Blue Jacket's manual since!)



Bob Clark

????!***

Obits cont'd from page 51

Deaths reported since last Issue

Harold Bonin 2004

RM2/c – Calcutta/Camp 6/Chang-
chow/Kulangue

Conway Willard Bennett 1971

BM2/c – Calcutta/Camp 3/Shanghai

Edward P. Dupras, Jr. 2004

Maj. USMC – Camp2/Chungking
Chenyuan/Hankow/Shanghai

Robert G. Ferguson 2004

AerM1/c – Chungking/Camp 2
Kweiyang

Kenneth G. Greene 2004

MoMM1/c – Calcutta/Jorhat
Kunming/Chungking

Luhr Jensen, Jr. 2004

CRT – Chungking/Kunming
Kanchow/Camps 7, 8, 1
Swatow

V. Alden Springer 2003

GM1/c – Camp 7/Foochow/Shanghai

Stanley Ming Toy 2004

STM2/c – Kunming

????!!***

Editor's note: Please send obituaries to the editor of SACO NEWS. Without hearing from some family member, we are limited to just listing names. Thanks to our Membership Chairman, Paul Casamajor, who maintains pay records of all SACO men, we are able to at least list their stations in China and India.

A GOOD MARINE

I always knew the marines were bad. . .

As the crowded airliner is about to take off, the peace is shattered by a five-year-old boy who picks that moment to throw a temper tantrum. No matter what his frustrated, embarrassed mother does to try to calm him down, the boy continues to scream furiously and kick the seats around him.

Suddenly, from the rear of the plane, a man in a U. S. Marine Corps uniform is seen slowly walking forward up the aisle.

Stopping the flustered mother with an upraised hand, the courtly, soft-spoken Marine leans down and, motioning toward his chest, whispers something into the boy's ear.

Instantly, the boy calms down, gently takes his mother's hand, and quietly fastens his seat belt. All the other passengers burst into spontaneous applause.

As the Marine slowly makes his way back to his seat, one of the cabin attendants touches his sleeve. "Excuse me, sir," she asked quietly, "but could I ask you what magic words you used on that little boy?"

The Marine smiles serenely and gently confides, "I showed him my pilot's wings, service stars, and battle ribbons, and explained that they entitle me to throw one passenger out the plane door, on any flight I choose, and that I was just about to make my selection for this flight."

(An e-mail gem from Karen G. Held, a friend of my cousin, Jack Parks. Ed.)

????!!***

Welcome To Palm Springs, California in October 2005

Sending out these publications affords me the opportunity to share with you some preliminary information and thereby possibly answer some questions you may have much in advance of our reunion date. There's no action to be taken on your part at this time, just a review of generalities of what to expect.

Date: 26-30 October 2005

Where: Palm Springs, CA

Hotel: Palm Mountain Resort & Spa (Newly renovated this past spring) – absolutely in the very heart of the village of Palm Springs. Only one-half block off Palm Canyon Drive (the main street) with all kinds of shops and eateries in easy walking distance. The hotel is only three blocks from the new SPA CASINO.

Rooms: King or Double/Double accommodations (handicapped facilities) – complimentary in-room coffee & tea brewers, refrigerator, microwave oven, iron & ironing board, AM/FM Radio/Alarm clock, voice mail, data port and remote control color TV. All rooms are non-smoking.

Rates: \$75 + \$7 "Resort Fee" for amenities. Desert Resorts' Fees range \$5-\$25. Room tax is 13.5% excluding Resort Fee. 3rd or 4th person in room, add \$10 each. Rate is effective 3 days prior and following event if you wish to extend your stay.

Cut-off Date Rooms must be reserved 30 days prior to arrival. Otherwise, rooms will be released back into the inventory for sale at the regular rack rate schedules.

Parking Free for those who may be driving.

Airport Shuttle 7AM to 10PM

Food: Buckett's Sports Bar & Restaurant.
Hotel offers Continental breakfast buffet.

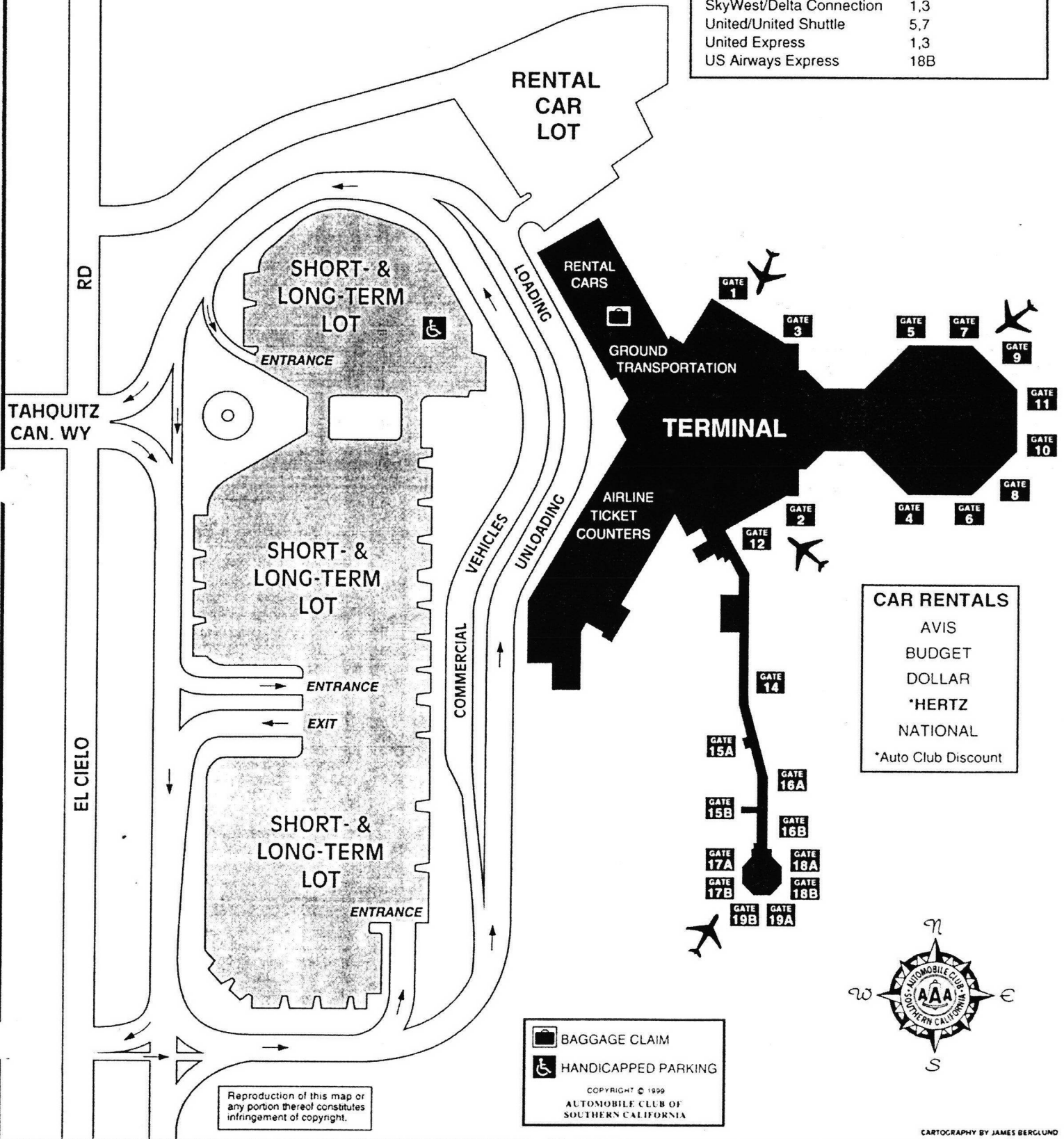
Weather: Average for October 92 degrees high – 59 low. That's one of two reasons for choosing October- the other being November thru May is high season and extremely high resort rates.

I will update probably in the spring edition of SACO NEWS followed by issuing a letter with final details to all on our mailing list about May 2005. Ed.

PALM SPRINGS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

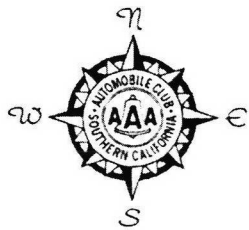
GATE LOCATIONS

AIRLINE	GATE(S)
Alaska	9,10,11
America West Express	19A,19B
American	4,6,8
American Eagle	2
Continental	7
Northwest	9
SkyWest/Delta Connection	1,3
United/United Shuttle	5,7
United Express	1,3
US Airways Express	18B



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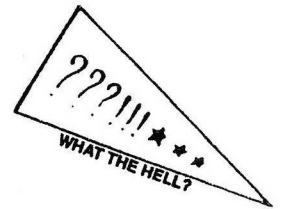




SACO

SINO AMERICAN COOPERATIVE ORGANIZATION

U. S. NAVAL GROUP CHINA VETERANS



Vice Admiral Milton E. Miles
Perpetual Skipper

August 25, 2004

FINAL ACCOUNTING OF RPN REPRINT FUND

INCOME:

Contributions:		\$7,900.00
Hornberger to RPN payable direct to Treasurer		<u>25.00</u>
Total:		\$7,925.00

DISBURSEMENTS:

Ck #101 U.S. Press (Start Printing)	\$3,600.00
Ck #102 U.S. Press (1 st delivery)	\$3,440.59
Ck #103 U.S. Post Office (Mailing to Contributors)	139.66
Ck #104 U.S. Press (Final delivery)	209.08
Ck #105 Wanita Bartee (Mailing Envelopes)	<u>20.24</u>

Total:	\$7,409.57
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Ck #106 SACO Treasury	490.43
Hornberger Check	<u>25.00</u>

Total: to SACO Treasury	<u>\$515.43</u>
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Totals:	\$7,925.00	\$7,925.00
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Respectfully Submitted,

Bill Bartee
Bill Bartee
SACO Secretary

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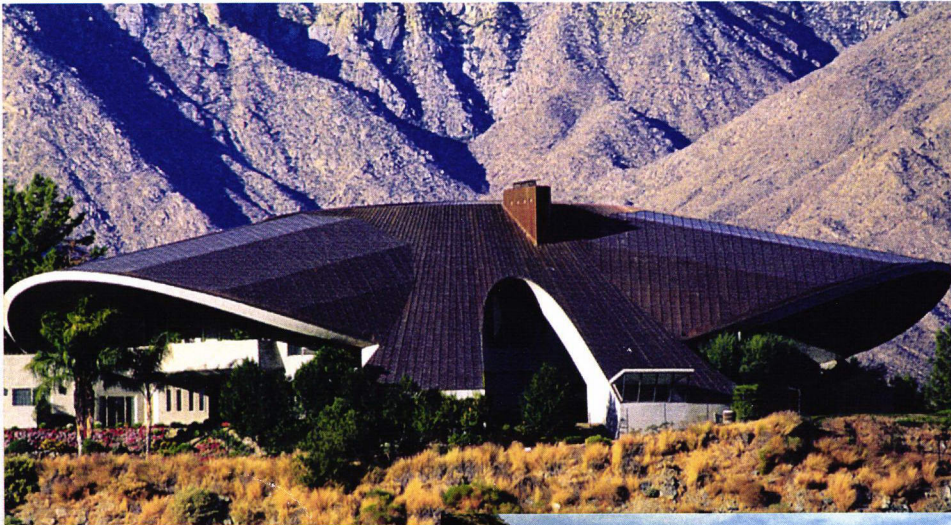
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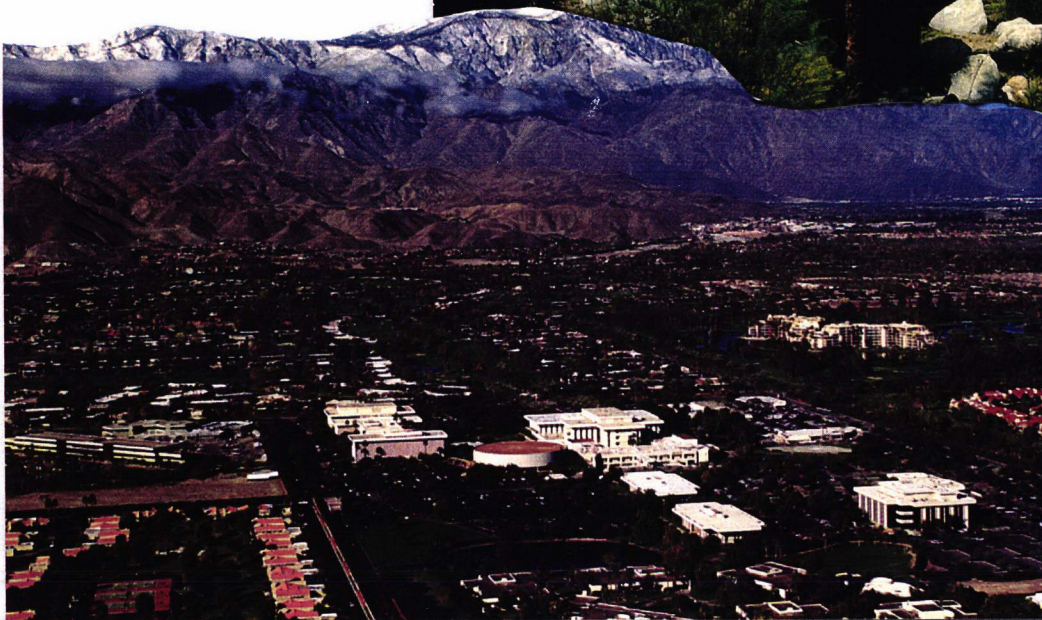
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Destination Palm Springs, CA October 2005



Bob Hope's multi-million dollar home is located on a high ridge just southeast of Palm Springs proper. It provides a majestic view of the whole area.

The Indian Canyons consist of Murray, Andreas, and Palm Canyons. The Agua Caliente Band of Cahuilla Indians welcome visitors to the area the year-round. The canyons are a favorite of visitors as well as locals for hiking, picnicking and relaxation.



This aerial view of Palm Springs and the Desert Resorts shows the communities of Palm Desert Rancho Mirage, Cathedral City and Palm Springs. In the foreground is the Eisenhower Medical Center. Mt. San Jacinto rises some 10,831 feet in the background.