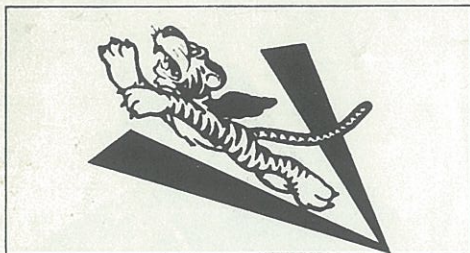
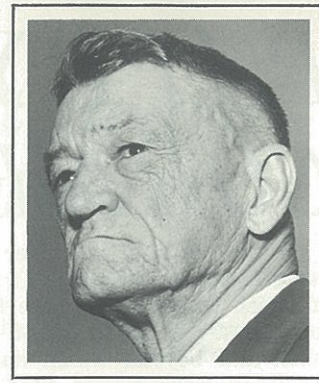


Flying Tigers



1967

The Tiger Rag



General Claire Lee Channault

THE GLORIOUS 25th...

Message From Chiang Kai-Shek

PRESIDENT DICK ROSSI
CARE OJAI VALLEY INN OJAI CALIF

"PRESIDENT ROSSI AND DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS OF AVG:

"THE AVG WAS FOUNDED PRIOR TO PACIFIC WAR WHEN CHINA WAS SINGLEHANDEDLY RESISTING THE STARK AGGRESSION THAT THREATENED THE WHOLE ASIA. THAT YOU VOLUNTARILY CAME TO CHINA, FOUGHT WITH US UNDER THE SACRED MOTIVATION OF SAFEGUARDING BASIC BELIEFS OF MANKIND HAS BEEN DEEPLY APPRECIATED AND ADMIRERD.

"THE SUBSEQUENT DISBANDMENT OF AVG SO THAT ITS FUNCTIONS COULD BE ASSUMED BY USAF ELOQUENTLY ATTESTED TO THE FACT THAT OUR JOINT EFFORTS HAD WON GENERAL RECOGNITION AND SUPPORT. IN A SENSE, YOU ARE FORERUNNERS OF FREEDOM FIGHTERS AND YOUR BRILLIANT ACHIEVEMENTS SHALL ETERNALLY GLORIFY THE HISTORY OF MAN'S STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM.

"PRESENTLY THE SABER RATTLING OF CHINESE COMMUNISTS IN ASIA BY FAR SURPASSES THREAT POSED BY OUR COMMON ENEMY QUARTER OF CENTURY AGO AND OUR STRUGGLE NOW IS INFINITELY MORE DIFFICULT. WE ARE HOWEVER CONVINCED THAT RIGHTEOUSNESS AND VIRTUE WILL PREVAIL AND THAT FINAL VICTORY BELONGS TO THOSE WHO CHOOSE JUSTICE. THIS HAS BEEN AMPLY PROVED BY THE BIRTH OF AVG AND BY ITS ACHIEVEMENTS, AND THE CONTINUOUS GLORIFICATION OF THE SPIRIT OF FLYING TIGERS IS UNDOUBTEDLY A GUARANTEE TO OUR ULTIMATE SUCCESS.

"MADAME CHIANG AND I REGRET THAT WE CANNOT JOIN YOU IN CELEBRATING 25TH ANNIVERSARY OF DISBANDMENT OF AVG, HOWEVER WE WISH TO ASSURE YOU WE SHALL ALWAYS APPRECIATE THE SINGLE CONTRIBUTION YOU ALL HAVE MADE TO US UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED LEADERSHIP OF GENERAL CHENNAULT.

"BEST REGARDS TO YOU AND YOUR FAMILIES."

CHIANG KAI-SHEK
PRESIDENT REPUBLIC OF CHINA



Centerpiece—Bob Prescott (at mike) with the three squadron leaders (standing), Olson, Neale and Hill and (seated) Charley Bond, award winners.

...A PRICELESS PARADOX!

Twenty-five years ago, the powers that then were supreme in Washington decreed that the American Volunteer Group in China be officially disbanded. It was, as far as officialdom was concerned, the final touchdown for the Flying Tigers.

Well, that decree put a stop to the pay checks. It put a stop to the P-40s. And it put a stop to a way of life that perhaps one shouldn't try to live for more than seven months or so, anyway. But it certainly didn't put a stop to the Flying Tigers.

Twenty-five years later, the American Volunteer Group was in the air again, and aboard a Flying Tiger airplane (albeit of a slightly different breed), headed for Ojai, California, with their compatriots from the China National Airways Corporation. The occasion was a dual celebration—the AVG/CNAC annual reunion and the paradoxical silver anniversary of an event that never quite came to pass.

Dispersed, perhaps; but disbanded?

The following pages, we think, more than adequately answer that one.

PAPPY'S CORNER

Every reunion is better than the time before; we have our differences within our group and between the two groups, but each time we meet we find more in common and less in conflict. After all, a lot of us are pushing the half century mark and beyond which has a mellowing effect.

When you realize that in the last three years seven CNAC'ers have passed on to Haugitaw, there are precious few of these reunions left. Those that don't take time to attend the reunions are missing a lot of fun. Each one is an event never to be repeated.

Shorty Adams, Lyn Crapuchettes, Andy Lerios, Howard Littlefield, Troy Haynie, Lyle Malone and Bernard Yang have passed on to Haugitaw since 1963. This news should "make" every CNAC'er resolve now to attend the get-together at Miami Beach next summer. For some of us, it is later than you think, so why not enjoy life a little more. We deserve it — we almost lost "the whole bag of rice" on the hump.

The Flying Tigers have money in the bank, but we have Haugitaw. This mecca of Bacchanalian fun is a great place where Mayor Bill Bartling passes out the secrets of oriental love. There are no log books there. No "hump" trips at 2 A. M. with blind takeoffs — just continuous pleasures for CNAC'ers who have stopped paying taxes.

Had a letter from Christy Hanks saying, quote: When I stood on that shaded terrace during the Friday night cocktail party and talked to Jim Maupin, memories flashed back in my mind like tracers. We flew nights on the hump simultaneously many times. To share these memories for a few minutes were wonderful. By the way, Jim's teaching school. Joe O'Dwyer plays a great game of tennis. If Bob Sherwood had been there to coach me, I might of beaten him. Unquote.

Wayne Snyder's golf game indicates he better stick to flying and telling stories about what happened at No. 4 Middleton Row in Calcutta. Jeff Weiner still thinks he can beat any of us at gin rummy. Well Jef, Red Holmes will be out in 1969, and he will take you on like he did in Dinjan. The following were at their first reunion and many said they would never miss another one: Gen Genovese, Joe O'Dwyer, Ken Colthorpe, Hiram Broiles, Charlie Sullivan, Eric Shilling, Jim Hurst, Fred Pittenger, John Tucker, H. J. "Joe" Hardin, Jim Maupin, Dick Stuelke, Art Chinn and Carl Brown. It was great seeing them all.

It was a great reunion — just seeing those fellows with their lovely women standing in the shade of a live oak tree, drinking whisky out of a bottle with a label, whereas just a couple of decades ago, they drank stuff that tasted like 100 octane gas and most of them were as detached from matrimony as a clam. Their stories have cleaned up considerably. They talk about shooting under par instead of shooting from afar. Shooting practice doesn't mean stepping outside and drilling the nearest tree with a forty-five. By the way, wouldn't it be great to get "Hog-leg" Robby back for the Miami Beach reunion? (I'm afraid to call the F.B.I. to ask where he is.)

The biggest laugh of the Reunion, for CNAC'ers, was when our leader (former singer of sentimental ballads, Mississippi River-boat gambler, gin rummy champ, Acey Ducey *Chump*, Bob Prescott) received a picture that was an award by the hitch-hiking Flying Tigers and CNAC'ers for his efforts to transport passengers as third class freight.

If Bob will just use this award to graphically describe to the CAB the type of passenger transportation that he has made lengthy studies of, is familiar with, is the kind he has been experimenting with by moving people to Ojai from the East Coast for years and the kind he is ready and able to introduce to the United States public, he will undoubtedly be awarded exclusive rights between all riot areas and Atlantis.

"PAPPY" QUINN & "CHRISTY" HANKS



Quit looking and pin it! Sabrina, Miss Flying Tiger, obviously enjoys Bob Prescott's handiwork on her ribbon!

Bouquets From Rossi

Now that the reunion is all over, and we have a chance to relax and look back, it is somewhat of a surprise that so many things were accomplished — not that we did not miss a few, but —

The biggest factor in successfully staging this reunion was the work done by Len Kimball and his staff. All the work they did is more or less overlooked in the confusion that exists at the meeting, but the results are still there and the key to the final outcome.

I want to acknowledge their efforts and long hours and to thank Len and his staff and let them know they have the appreciation of the reunion committee and the entire group for their part in making this meeting a success.

So, many thanks to Len Kimball, John Gorman and Karen Keller.

We also want to thank Bill Bartling for his help. He took the job of soliciting donations, in which he was very successful. Looks like he has a permanent assignment. Through Bart's efforts we had much free booze, bus rides, hayrides, and many of the incidentals that most people do not realize come up at these meetings.

Our sincere thanks to Mr. Milton Caniff for the portrait of Chennault and the "Terry & The Pirates" strips which he donated and authorized for use.

We are grateful, too, for the help from the donors who were listed on the program.

DING HAO

JOE AND MARY POSHEFKO had a tough break and missed their first reunion after traveling all the way from Boston to Los Angeles. They got word on arrival at LAX that Joe's mother had passed away. They boarded a return flight to Boston immediately, so never got to Ojai. All of us want to express our deep sympathy to Joe and Mary. We'll be looking for you in '69.

A Word From Those Who Haven't Heard From Us—(And a Reminder to Others)

We are mailing out our most current AVG mailing list. You will notice that there are many people for whom we have no address. If anyone has an address on any of these people, or any info on them we would appreciate receiving it.

If at any time you feel you are not receiving AVG mail, please drop us a note. Remember the Secretary's address is on the back of your membership card.

Keep these mailing lists for reference. It is possible for the mailing house to lose or misplace a stencil, and your mail may not be sent. Unless we hear otherwise from you, we will assume you are receiving your mail.

The following letters are a good example of how this can happen. So don't wait three years to write!

Here are Frisco's and Gove's letters.

21, July 1967

Dear Dick,

Hope this reaches you at the airline address . . . or are you all retired? I have written Rode a couple of times but get no answer. I haven't heard one word about what goes on with the F. T. organization since you sent me some stuff about three years ago. The dues checks are being accepted but I never seem to *get on anyone's mailing list*. Or has anything been sent out?

Had dinner at the Tail O Tiger in Lauderdale last week and the owner's wife said he was in L. A. at a F. T. reunion. Did you have one? How about an invite?

Am working and living here at Dinner Key Marina in Miami. Ever get to this area? If so, stop by the boat, the living's good, the sun's hot . . . the beer's cold. Hell, at our age what else is there?

All the best.

Irving Gove
"Caravelle"
Dinner Key Marina,
Miami, Florida 33133

6083 Henderson Dr.
La Mesa, Calif. 92041
July 8, 1967

Dear Dick:

Saw enclosed clipping in the Evening Tribune tonite, a San Diego paper. Seems like a lot of us have died off or got lost somewhere. Also I believe the Flying Tigers were said to be the *scourge* and not the source of the Japanese Air Force.

Being the oldest living member of the group I want you

all to know that I am alive and kicking but believe me the years have made their inroad on me due to major surgery two years ago. Had a plastic tube put in my stomach area where the aorta started to bulge up and down. Cut me from ribs to pelvis and had the insides out for inspection and repair. Am OK and taking it easy by just fishing and visiting locally.

Locke, Williams, Mihalko, Cavanaugh and myself represented the Flying Tigers at Perry's funeral. He was known as Ed Conant when he was with us. Quite a deal but it all came out fine. The real Ed Conant was there and although he said that he was hurt at the time, there were no hard feelings between them.

Understood that Locke is somewhere in the Orient around Vietnam doing some flying for a medical group.

Called Cavanaugh after I read the item and had quite a talk with him. Being very puzzled after he told me that he has been receiving lots of info from you and I wonder how come I have been dumped from the mailing list. Rhode knows my address as he replied to a letter I wrote him two years ago, but none since. Sent him a clipping from the local newspaper that had a picture of Scott donating a Flying Tiger Banner to the Aero Museum here and the item said that he was given it by the Madame for his wonderful service as head of the Flying Tigers. Knowing how Scott has been sailing along on the Flying Tiger reputation, I just couldn't believe it. Haven't been to the museum to see if it is the banner that Gen. Chennault wrote a letter to all of us trying to locate it. Gen. said that it had been stolen. Could it have been the one that we were given just prior to our disbanding? Told Rhode I thought that if it is it should be hung at gatherings and kept by one of you up in the L. A. area. Perhaps I made a mistake but Rhode never answered me nor did he write to tell me how dues, etc., are handled and costs. Made many inquiries on this and know that I should have and could have been paying as well as others but how can a person know when he doesn't have the dope????

Anything you all have that you think that I would like about the Spain trip, mailing list, etc. etc., I sure would appreciate having it.

Best regards to those you see from

C. H. Francisco
6082 Henderson Drive
La Mesa, Calif. 92041
Frisco



Now hear this! All together on the CNAC Cannonball! Lyrics on Page 18.

Notes From Your Secretary

**DON
RODEWALD**

I had extensive communication with members prior to the reunion and will list some of the pertinent comments.

Frank Losonsky says that he is sorry he won't be able to make the reunion, but Allison has got him on the move and will let me know his next duty spot.

Skip Adair said that he hoped to make the next one, but didn't believe that he would be able to get to Ojai in '67. He said to say, "Hello to all."

Dr. Bruce was one of the earliest reservations we had; however, he cancelled in early June due to tragedy in the family. His wife passed away approximately 2 June.

Keith Christensen said that he would be unable to make it but be sure to say hello to all.

J.J. Harrington retired from the Air Force as a Lieutenant Colonel for medical reasons. He is having difficulty with his eye sight and didn't believe he would be able to make the trip at this time. By the way, he has a boy graduating from the U.S. Air Force Academy at Colorado Springs.

Kenny Jernstedt also had an early reservation but had to cancel out at the last minute because the Oregon State Legislature rang the bell for all members which includes Kenny.

Al Kaelin also had a tragedy in the family. His wife, Judy, passed away in November and he allowed as how he had a bit too much to do with his daughters at that particular time.

Dr. Joseph Lee had a stroke two years ago and didn't believe he was up to making the trip. He said to be sure and say "Hello to all."

Bob Locke fully intended to be back in this country from

Vietnam but was unable to make it at the last minute. His wife, Gwynn, joined us late in the week, however.

Gerhard Neuman "Herman the German" called me and apologized profusely because General Electric was going to need him in Europe during the time of our reunion. I thought he ran the outfit??

Joe Peeden had a pending operation so was unable to attend but said to be sure and say "Howdy."

Dick Terry was in the process of a movie between Indianapolis and Florida so we will look for a new address forthcoming from Dick.

Bill Towery said he would try to make it, but unfortunately we didn't see him.

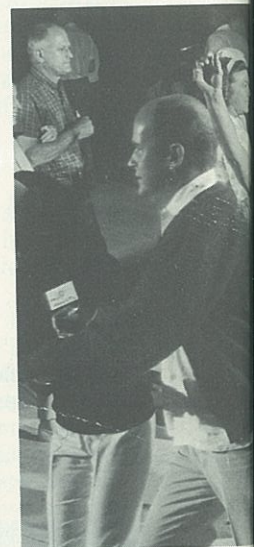
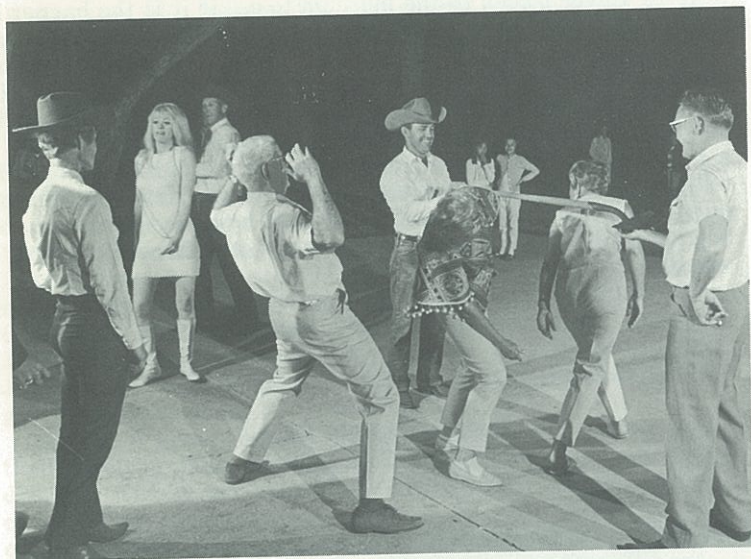
Tom Trumble said that he was going up to his "AVG Acres in Wyoming at the same time our reunion was being held. I threatened to wrestle him to make him change his mind, but he insisted. (Note: Tom, we expect one of our reunions in the future to be held at AVG acres.)

Harvey Wirta left for Vietnam. We should have a new address and company he is working for soon.

Fritz Wolf was subpoenaed to appear at the state capitol in Wisconsin and apparently didn't finish up soon enough to come out—Hope he is still out??

Mel Woodward had an early reservation but cancelled out, and word we received was that he was leaving for Europe.

George Bailey who was on our missing list finally turned up in Saraland, Alabama, but by the time I found him he was just finishing up his vacation and couldn't get additional time to come to California, said, "Hello to all."



Beer,

A SAD NOTE

22 September 1967

Carl Bugler, previously on our missing list, was found in Chester, Pennsylvania but was unable to make it. He said to say "Howdy" to everybody.

We would like to express our deep sympathy to Joe and Mary Poshefko. (His?) Mother passed away after Joe and Mary arrived in Los Angeles, so they had to return home, and did not make the trip to Ojai.

It was the first reunion that they have missed, and the gang certainly missed them. We all look forward to seeing them at the next meeting.

Note:

25th Reunion Embroidered Patches are available at \$1.00 each. Anyone desiring these patches should write Rode.

Small reproductions of the AVG pins are also available from Rode at \$5.00 each.

Dues are still \$10.00 a year and can be mailed to Rode.

Someone left a movie camera at Rode's open house after the reunion. If they will let him know the kind of camera, he will send it to them.

We invited all past recipients of the AVG trophy. Col. Bob White is in Vietnam flying F105s and Lt. Col. Walt Irwin is in Jordan training their Air Force pilots in F104s.

Mr. Dick Rossi
Flying Tiger Line
7401 World Way West,
Los Angeles, California 90009
U. S. A.

Dear Dick,

Assuming that you do not already know, I'm sorry to inform you that James "Jim" Tate passed away this summer, finally succumbing to his long illness of cancer.

Those of us who knew Jim since the "Mainland" days were all sorry to see him go. He was his usual cheerful self right up to the end.

Since Jim is no longer with us I would appreciate your arranging to have his name deleted from the mailing list of the AVG/CNAC Bulletins.

Regards
Stan Huster — CNAC

The Tigers' Stand On Viet Nam

The Flying Tigers, American Volunteer Group, has adopted the following resolution and has forwarded it to President Johnson and the Commanders of the American Forces in Vietnam:

On the occasion of the twenty-fifth reunion of the Flying Tigers, American Volunteer Group, we wish to express unambiguously our whole-hearted support of the American and Allied Forces fighting for freedom in South Vietnam.

Your actions are in the highest tradition and spirit of American fighting men and follow the ideals inspired by our commander, General Claire Lee Channault.

General Chennault firmly believed that the enemy should be hit as quickly, as hard and as often as possible until he had no further will to fight. We feel that you should have the fullest support of the American people, both in men and material, and that you should have every opportunity to achieve the goal of defeat of the enemy as quickly as possible.

We oppose, as strongly as we can say it, those who stand in your path to victory, whether in this country or abroad, and least of all do we fear that your all-out effort would enlarge the war. As men who 25 years ago fought and flew over the very ground where you are now engaged, we believe such an effort will end in victory, as did our own hard-hitting campaigns in 1941-42.

R.T.'s Rambling Reunion Reminiscences

A helluva good turnout, both AVG and CNAC, with quite a few we hadn't seen for a long time.

The Ojai Valley Inn still ideal for such an affair, and the staff actually seems to enjoy having us, bless their hearts.

The kids outnumber us!

That first night hayride-barbecue is always a blast.

Best weather yet for Ojai in July.

AVG business meeting, as always, an example of democracy at work. Did Rossi really think he could resign as our President Perpetual?

LOST AND FOUND

Found on the airplane used to transport AVG members to the reunion was a pair of men's spectacles in a leather case bearing the words, "Parsons Optical Laboratories." These may be claimed at the Public Relations Dept. of Flying Tiger Line.



Steaks and Hay!





CNAC night—Pappy strikes a nerve! With him are Robbie Roberts, Bob Prescott, Anne-Marie Prescott, and Rocky Marciano.

The Bond The Old Man Forged

By Len Kimball

The AVG/CNAC reunion at Ojai last July was one of those "things" as the people in promotion are wont to say.

Those on the outside, such as I, may get a little different view of the "thing" because we weren't part of those days in China and so we see all of you in a little different light.

As one who has attended most of your reunions since that first magnificent bash in Hollywood in 1952, certain poignant thoughts distill to the surface.

One of my most treasured memories is the time the first reunion squadron pictures were made at the old — now passed away — Hollywood Athletic Club. That was a wild night with the booze flowing freely and men rubbing shoulders and elbows with men they hadn't seen since the end of the war, or even earlier. It was loud, it was rough in spots, it was hilarious — in short, no holds were barred.

Someone, I think it was either Prescott or Rossi, told me to set up some squadron pictures with the Old Man in each one. I thought to myself how in God's name will you ever get this wild bunch of cowboys to sit still long enough for that.

And then I learned something about AVG/CNAC that I was never to forget. There was a bond, a common loyalty and respect that was beyond anything I had ever seen within any group and I have seen a few in nearly 45 years of newspapering and public relations.

The word went around as cries arose for the bastards in the First, the Second, the Third Squadrons. Not much happened until the Old Man came up and asked where he was to go for the picture. Of course, we sat him down in the center. And then it was as though a giant tranquilizer had seized the group. Of course, it wasn't all quiet but the big commotion was silenced and men scrambled over one another to get in the pictures for their specific squadron.

And while the picture-taking went on for each squadron, everything was orderly, although spiced with choice remarks. Chennault sat there with a wonderful expression on his face. I could think of nothing more than a father with his children, although some of them were pretty damn big and rough. But they sat there in an orderly way and you could read the moment — this was a particular moment with the Old Man and you respected him with a little bit of special behavior that you knew he'd expect from you.

All at once you realized how it was that these men and women worked and fought together under this man's special kind of leadership. How it was that they went through a particular kind of hell to get a job done, as few other groups in history ever had done it. How it was that today, years

after the war, they treated him with kindness and respect that was exceptional among such a hard-swinging group. His very presence lent an aura of respectability, of humility, of quiet courage, of uncommon friendliness to the surroundings and those surrounding him and all at once you realized that here was a man who really loved people and who joyed in working with them for a common goal.

I think it was this that had much to do with the success of the group — the knowledge that they were led by a man who didn't lead them for the sake of leadership but who found his own satisfaction in the job all of them could do working together on sound principles. And I thought to myself this is why they did a job unmatched in aerial combat under spartan circumstances and why today they find so much pleasure in meeting again even though the event is long past.

That thread, to me, has run through all the reunions. It is surprising, when you stop to think of it, that men who fought together under actual combat conditions for only about seven months and were together at most a year, could form a bond so strong that nothing has ever weakened it, even 25 years later.

The bond was created in the man, Chennault, and nothing in my view stands more to his memory than the men and women who, even now, 25 years after it was all over, and 10 years after he has passed along, still break their necks to be aboard when Rossi sends out the alert.

And those associated with it, such as myself, get a special kind of satisfaction out of working with you and being on the sidelines to watch.

I was not surprised that the 25th brought so many so eagerly. It would have been surprising had it not. And I am sure that somewhere, Chennault stood there watching because to him, the days in China have to be his greatest memory, his grandest experience.

You could always tell it by the way his eyes brightened at every reunion I ever saw him attend. These were his boys and no one could have loved it more.

Au revoir 25th!

It was a grand time, as the Irish say.

More R. T.'s Rambling Reunion Reminiscences

Preston Paull will never be mistaken for Rock Hudson.

Great to see Metha Keeton back, gorgeous as ever — only trouble was, she brought Buster along.

Sure-fire Movie Title — "Who's afraid of Marion Layher?"

Ed Rector trying to prove he's the head man by sleeping in it.

The Brockton Blockbuster Jogs a Few Memories...

...and Sings a Lullaby

"I can't sing, I can't dance and I can't tell jokes, but just to prove I'm a sport I'll take on anybody in the house."

With this facetiously belligerent opening, Rocky Marciano, greeted the American Volunteer Group-China National Airways Corporation 25th annual reunion at the Friday night dinner at the Ojai Valley Inn in early July.

The former heavyweight boxing champion of the world exuded a rough hewn charm that can only be assimilated into a personality that has seen years of experience in a risky profession.

Reflecting on his career, Marciano related fighting in the ring to fighting in the skies over China and was frank in his admission that the squared circle was far and away the preferable battleground.

An all-round athlete who now gives vent to his competitive spirit on the golf course Marciano spent his early youth around Brockton as a fullback and as a catcher.

It was during a baseball game after a crunching collision at home plate that he finally decided to take up fighting as a career.

"This great big guy came sliding into the plate and the first thing I knew we were swinging at each other . . . I licked him pretty good and decided I liked the sensation so I went into the ring."

Marciano never lost a professional fight and is the only heavyweight champion of the world to retire undefeated.

At the Ojai gathering he showed films of his fights with: Joe Louis, Ezzard Charles, Joe Walcott and others during his illustrious ring career.

A few pounds heavier, and considerably more mellow, the Brockton Blockbuster is as vehemently opposed to dissipation as he was at the height of his ring career. Completely parched after a round of golf he may relax his self-discipline for a beer, but that is about as far as he's prepared to go.



—and now about that guy, Clay—I could take him!

CNAC '68—MIAMI

At the CNAC business meeting, it was decided to have a CNAC meeting at Miami, Florida, in 1968.

Information and developments on this plan will be forthcoming, as soon as the committee has a chance to start putting them together.

All AVGers are extended an invitation to attend. The meeting will be in the summer of next year.

AVG '69—OJAI

At the AVG business meeting there was much discussion regarding location of our next meeting. Among the suggestions and ideas were an international trip to Mexico City, returning to Mallorca, or a trip to "Snuffy" Smith's lodge in Wisconsin.

After everyone had his or her say it was finally voted to have another joint AVG/CNAC reunion at Ojai in 1969. It was decided that any additional domestic or international sojourns could be worked up for the off years.

Start saving and planning for OJAI in '69.

Still More R.T.'s Rambling Reunion Reminiscences

Tex Hill really does look like Daddy Warbucks.

Roy Farrell's golf game — wish I had one like it.

Bob Prescott's golf game — glad I don't!

Felix Smith looking for a potential pen-pal.

FTL's Len Kimball still working like crazy to make these shindigs come off well. Same for Pappy Quinn.

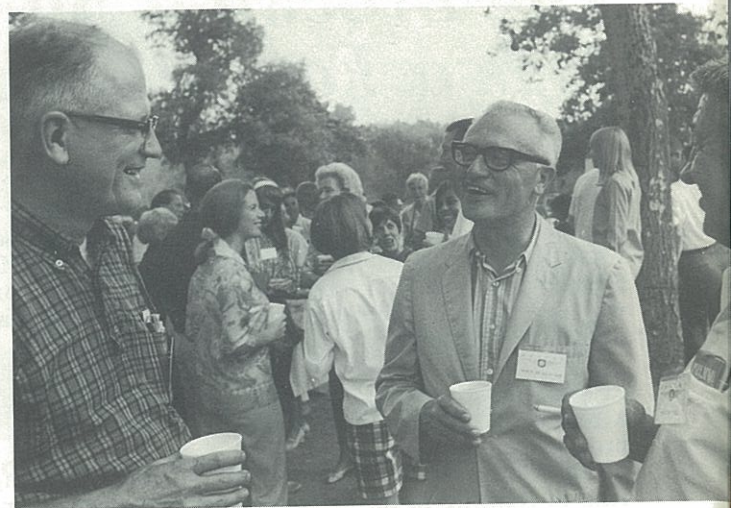


Bill Schaper's boy, just back from Vietnam, brings us up to date on an old battleground. Twenty-four years old, Rick was a Marine Sergeant and was awarded the Silver Star in Vietnam.

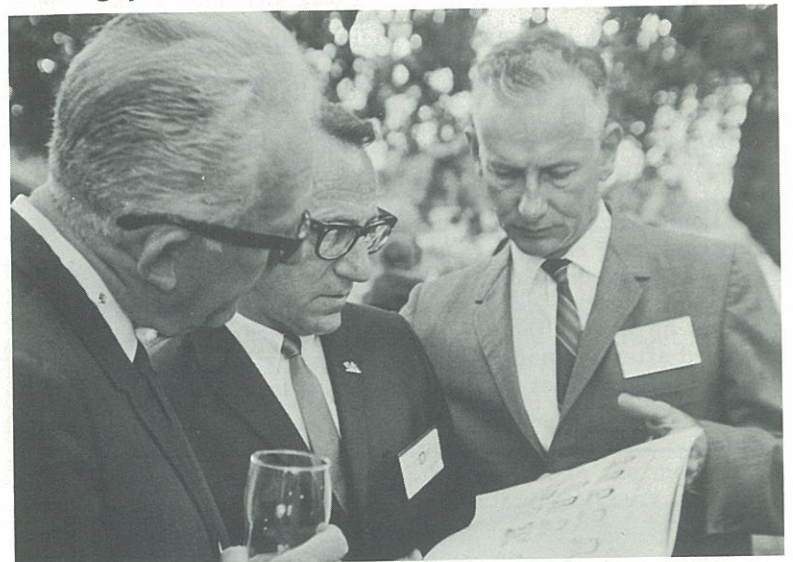
'They don't even pile it that high in Kansas!'



'Who are you kidding, buddy; I was there too'



'Poor guy! Look at him now!'



'No comment!'

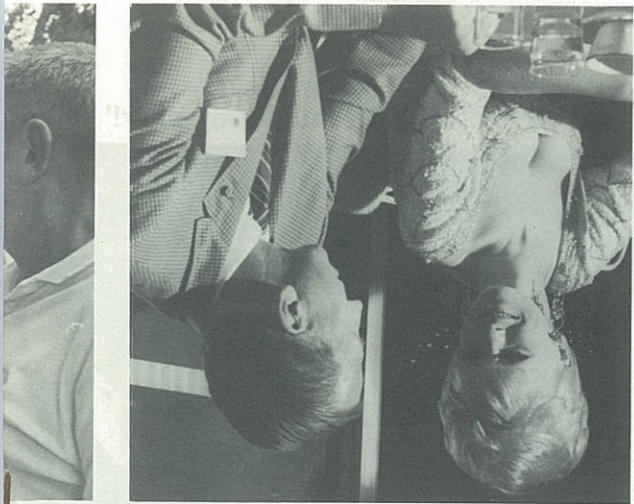


'Damn shame I should loose my teeth on that hayride!'

'Really, you've got to be ki



'Gravity defied or,
in defense of fallout!'



'What do you mean, it flow



'Sit down, chum, he didn't
really mean anything'

WHAT I G E R S AY!

'Wonder why these
stripes make my
eyes ache all of a
sudden!'



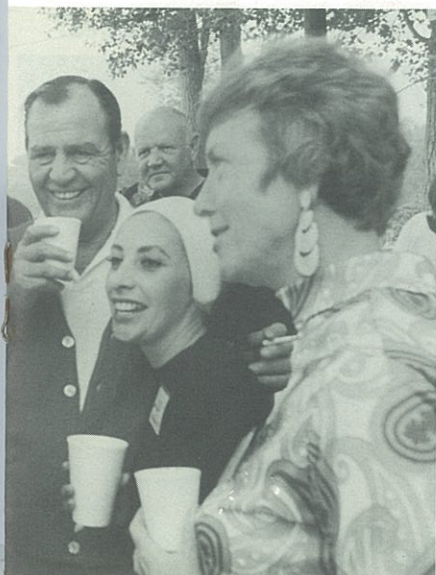
'Easy on the
soda, honey'



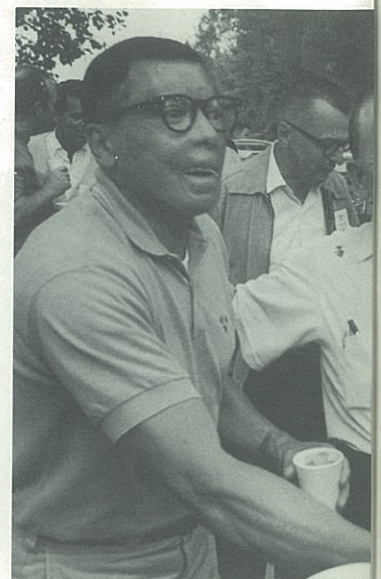
'You shoulda seen him hit that canvass'

Rocky MARCIANO ⁵

ding!



'A rose between two thorns'

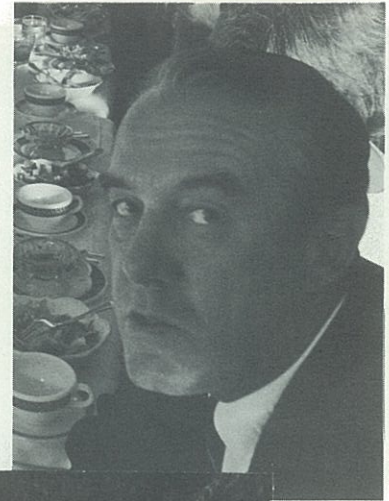


'Boy, am I glad to see you

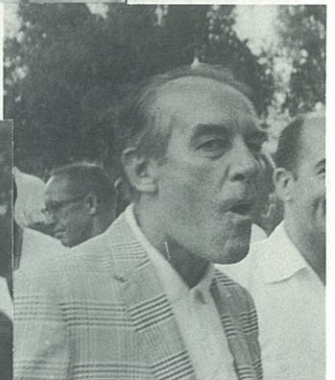
lowed like water? It was a flood!



Eye-Balls a Go Go

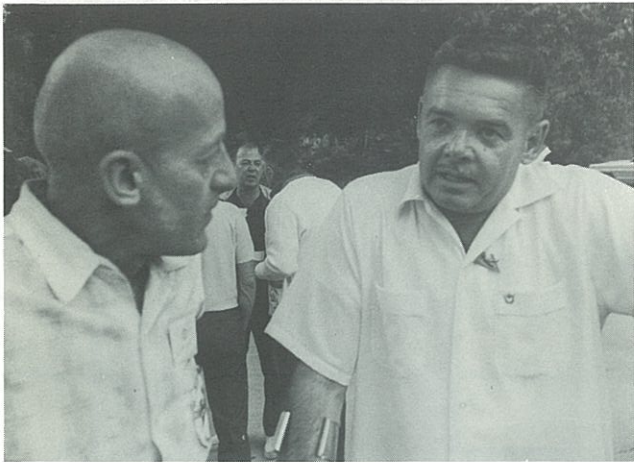


'I put it where all the boys could find it'



you! It was 100 bucks, wasn't it?'

'All you got to do is rub the stuff in good, and it grows'



'You don't have to smoke and drink to have a good time'

**W
TIG
SA**

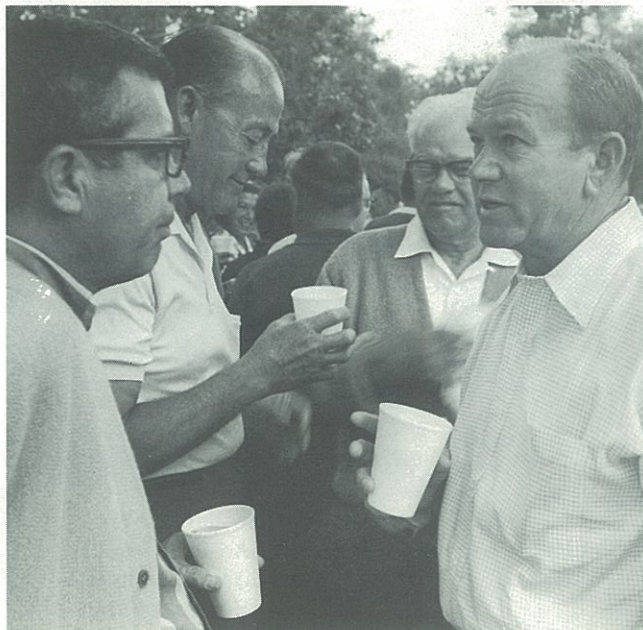
'Try standing a little closer to the ball,'



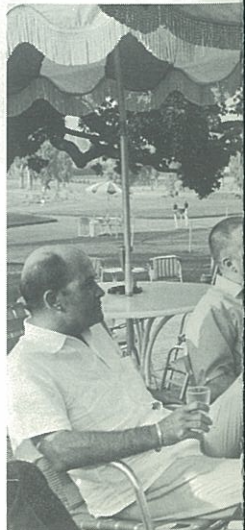
'What exactly did



'I wouldn't worry too much about it, Eric— Just take it easy for a while'



'Say something w



'I'm not sure that was part of the deal'



'Gee, that's enough to make your hair curl!'

WHAT ERS AY!



'And that, you see, is how I got the Congressional Medal of Honor'

'Turn your head and cough, my dear!'



'What do you have in mind?'



'Wonder why they brought us along?'



'What do you mean, we can't take her to Tokyo?'

'...with a lisp'



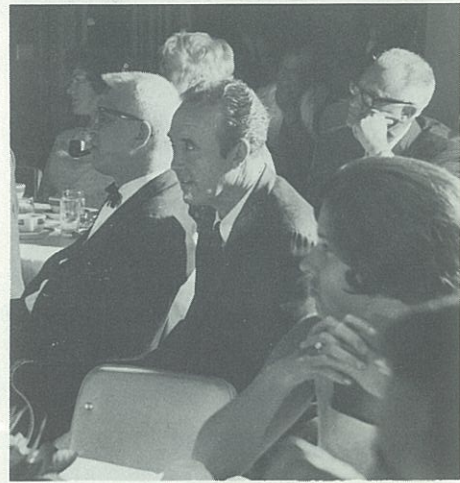
'Trouble is I won't be able to print half of it in Pappy's Corner'

'What's this about not paying your dues?'





BANQUET '67
STYLE





'groups



A.V.G.

C.N.A.C.





and guests...'



Bill Bartling, Peggy Watson, Bob Prescott and Anna Chennault



Bob Rengo, Dick Stuelke, and Rocky Roncaglione



Jerry Schrawder, Lydia Rossi, Duke Hedman, and Dick Stuelke

Squeezing in More R.T.'s Ram-

Doc Rich — wonder what that shy silver fox would look like without hair.

Bus Loane — vice versa.

Reassuring to know that our one-man golf committee won the tournament again. Atta way — Charlie!

Oh, my aching adenoids! These all night seminars have gotta stop!



Vince De Salvatore, Isabel Michiels, Christy Hanks, and Emma 'Red' Hanks

-bling Reunion Reminiscences

Good grief, Charlie Bond — still looks great, and most worthy of our big trophy!

Both Bob Neales with us this time, fortunately.

Forget it, Ronni baby, I was not staring at that Miss Flying Tiger — and what the hell do you mean, "grotesque"?



John Williams, Jim Howard, Eric Shilling and Mrs. R. T. Smith



Walt Dolan, Steve Kustay and Preston Paull

... and more guests



Ed Rector holds forth

OJAI '67



AVG and CNAC—OJAI 1967

Bill, Cynthia, Bill and Bob Bartling
Doc. Carl and Anne Brown
Duke and Mary Anne Hedman
Bus, Jean, Dave and Steve Loane
Bob and Ann Marie Prescott
Doc Richards
Dick and Lydia Rossi
Eric and Ilsa Shilling

AVG MEMBERS—OJAI 1967

Chuck and Willa Baisden
Twisty and Roz Bent
Charley Bond
George, Helen, Roy and Tim Bur-
gard
Anna Chennault
Raul, Dorothy, Lee, Michelle,
Joel and Firth Clouthier
"Colly" Colquette
Jack Cornelius
Jim and Betty Cross
Walt, Phyllis, Louren and Kevin
Dolan
Carl Dorris
Doc, Sibyl, Robin and
Phil Gallagher
Joe Gasdick
Hank and Claudia Geselbracht
Emma Jane Hanks
Tom and Betty Haywood
Tex and Maizie Hill and family
Jim Howard
Bue and Janice Hubler
Ed Janski
Bus and Metha Keeton
Steve and Ann Kustay
Bob and Marian Layher and Family
Mrs. Gwyn Locke
Charley Mott
Bob Neal
Bob Neale
Chuch and Kitty Older
Arvin and Kirsta Olson
Ed and Carol Overend and Family
Preston and Lottie Paull
Paul Perry
Joe and Mary Poshefko
Ed Rector
Doreen Reynolds
Freeman and Barbara Ricketts

Don, Betty, Donna, Rosemary
Linda and Judy Rodewald
Chuck Sawyer
Bill and Eleanor Schaper and
M/Sgt. Schaper
Bob M. Smith
Tadpole and Ronnie Smith and Sons
Ed, Edith and Eddie Stiles
George Tyrell
John and Pam Uebele
Don Whelpley
Eloise Whitwer
John, Mary and Sandy Williams

CNAC MEMBERS—OJAI 1967

Hiram and Elaine Broiles
Jack, Margaret, Kathleen and
Margaret Burke
Peer, Ione and Phil Carr
Glenn and Shirley Carroll
T.Y., Margaret, Peter and
Raymond Chiang
Art, Vivian and Mathew Chinn
Katty, Morgan and Gladys Chu
Ken, Corinne and Chris Colthorpe
Jim and Ina Dalby
Vince, Olga, Denise and
Allan DeSalvatore
Reg and Caroline Farrar
Roy Farrell
Jack and Sue Folz
Gen Genovese
Ronnie Wei Gin
Oliver and Rosemary Glenn
Joe Hall
Christy and Daphne Hanks
Joe, Ann and Betsy Hardin
Bob and Lee Heilig
James and Hedy Holt
Jim and Mrs. James Hurst
Art and Cissie Kinninmouth and
Family
Olga Littlefield
Bill, Mary Lee, Peggy and Patrice
Maher
Jim Maupin
Bill McDonald
Joe and Isabel Michiels
Frank and Ann Micka
Cliff and Margaret Neff and Son
Joe and Marianne O'Dwyer
Byron and Mary Lou O'Hara
Al Oldenburg

Jim Pellegrin
Fred, Louise, Nancy and Brian
Pittenger
Bert and Gail Pollock
Bob and Mary Margaret Pottschmidt
Walter "Pappy" Quinn
Bob, Linda and Phil Rengo
Robbie, Lucille and Tom Roberts
Rocky and Esther Roncaglione
Gerry, Angela and Maria Shrawder
Felix Smith
Wayne and Shirley Snyder
Dick and Betty Stuelke
Charlie Sullivan
John and Mrs. Tucker
Jules, Peggy and Frank Watson
Jeff and Peggy Weiner
Margaret, Elizabeth and Patsy Yang

GUESTS—OJAI 1967

Dr. and Mildred Acosta
General and Mrs. Johnny Allison
Debbie Barnes
Col. and Mrs. Jack Chennault
General and Mrs. Merian Cooper
Chinese Consul General and
Mrs. Tuong-hua Chou
Bob and Martha Conrath
Tommy Corcoran
Elsie Cunningham
Jack and Evelyn Dillon
Jack Elliott
Bill Hauser
Charles and Laura Ilka
Ralph and Rita Jura
Len Kimball, Jack and Mrs. Kruzelock
Bob and Peggy Chennault Lee
Dorothy Leinart
Mike Lipton
Rocky Marciano
Jack McGowan
Barbara and Wendy McLeod
Bob and Barbara Older
A.J. and Vera Parry
Don and Mrs. Rinker
Clete Roberts
Dave and Alice Rossi
Sue Shrewsbury
Ed Specht
Col. and Mrs. R. Stevens and Family
General Chuck, Ama and Pamela
Stone

The Headlines Then, The Memories Now

By Bill Kennedy, Los Angeles Herald-Examiner

THE TIME IS from Christmas of 1941 to the spring of 1942, and a world ripped by war and a great part of it terrified by the conquests of the invading German and Japanese air and land forces suddenly was aware of some headlines that seemed incredible.

RANGOON, Burma (AP) — American and British fighter pilots knocked down 21 of 60 Japanese raiders over the Rangoon area today, putting a crimp in Japanese aspirations to strike a crippling blow from the rear in support of their south Burma panhandle . . .

LONDON (UP) — American "Flying Tiger" volunteers and British airmen were reported today to have shot down upward of 100 Japanese planes in the last two days as the aerial battle for Burma reached a new peak of intensity over Thailand and burned-out Rangoon.

AVG HEADQUARTERS SOMEWHERE IN CENTRAL BURMA (AP) — To the amazing record of the AVG in Burma add these exploits:

Two Americans who went out on a "mild dawn" observation flight destroyed 15 Japanese planes and set 10 others afire.

Six of these airmen who are called the "Flying Tigers" did battle with more than 100 Japanese bombers who raided their airdrome in three waves. At one time a single one of the AVG men was harassing 27 Japanese bombers, turning away to tackle eight Japanese fighter planes.

(This was the lead of a dramatic story written by Dan DeLuce, one-time AP copy boy in the then Herald-Express building.)

RANGOON, Burma (UP) — American volunteer pilots, outnumbered at least 3 to 1, put to rout 37 enemy planes today, shooting down at least seven of them in a new encounter four miles above the green Burma jungle.

TURN NOW TO the summer of 1967 — a quarter of a century later — in the rolling mountain-rimmed Ojai Valley, in many ways reminiscent of some of the vast interior of China, the survivors of one of the most gallant outfits in modern warfare, the American Volunteer Group, better known as the Flying Tigers, are reliving their dramatic past at their annual reunion.

Some 75 of the original group of 252 who flew with the great Gen. Claire Lee Channault, plus another 30 members of a lesser known but no less heroic band, CNAC or the Hump pilots who flew supplies from India to China to supply Chennault's beleaguered forces, were at the Valley Inn last weekend with their families.

The stories flew thick and fast, and old memories of the great and grim days when the few defeated the many grew bright once more as old faces, now seldom seen, lit up in recollection of deeds that wrote an inpersihable record in history.

HERE IN THIS quiet Ojai Valley, the band whom President Roosevelt praised for "outstanding gallantry, conspicuous daring and unbelievable efficiency," gathered for their 25th annual encampment.

But you might not believe it to see them now, at least at first glance. The lean, hard stomachs now are not so lean, the hair is thinning, and glasses go with many eyes.

Still there is a cut to the jaws, and a glint in the eyes which makes you realize that these were men of deeds — men who shot down more than 500 enemy planes with a loss of only 45 of their own and only four pilots lost in combat. An incredible record.

"HELL BOY, WE HAD to get 'em or they'd got us!" smiled big and balding "Tex" Hill, one of the six squadron leaders. That they did. The group won every one of more than 50 air battles, and an unbelievable 32 of the 87 pilots became aces — five or more enemy planes.

Bob Neale, the top ace, knocked down 16. Many others each got more than 10.

"What do you think of it now as you look back?" some-

one asked Arvid Olson, another squadron leader. "To tell the truth," he grimly replied, "it still scares the hell out of me."

And Charley Older, one of the top aces of the war with 18 planes (he returned to China for a second tour with 14th Air Force and again flew combat in Korea) recalled it this way. "Well, I'll tell you, I got awful sick eating cauliflower and thin soup!"

The talk quieted down and the boys turned back to private memories. For them, the war of the 1940's was far away and yet it wasn't. Where American boys fight today in Vietnam is just about where the Tigers hit the Japanese and put them out of commission a quarter century ago.

'Do You Remember...'

"The CNAC Cannonball"

Hear the mighty engines roar
The lonely Captain called
We're headed back to Dinjan
On the CNAC Cannonball

"The mighty mountains are rough, Son"
The Army boys do say
So the Army gets the medals
And CNAC gets the pay

And when you get to China
You'll find a moldy ditch
And back in dear old Dinjan
A dull needle from Doc Rich

The Captain says, "we're gonna crash, Boy"
The copilot sings "Ding How"
We're headed for perdition
And we're going there right now

(Alt.) I've got a gal in Dibrugarh
She's long and she's tall
She's not much to look at
But she's all there is, that's all.

'Well, One More For The Road...'



'and a fitting last word from R.T.S.'

Two years from now — same time, same place? A Deal!
R.T.S.