



jing bao JOURNAL

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MILT MILLER, EDITOR, 270 FIRST AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10009

AUGUST-SEPTEMBER, 1993

Hao Boo Hao?

It seems like yesterday, and it was, as history measures time, that the American presence in China before and during "the Chinese War of Resistance Against Japan" was either denied, denigrated, unrecognized, or considered minimal by the Peoples Republic of China.

During the Cultural Revolution, a local tourist guide in Kweilin sneered as he referred to us as 'paper tigers'; a professor of history at Shanghai University was forced to wear a dunce cap for daring to write a paper on the American Revolution; and a history museum in Chungking featured an exhibit concerning the traitorous American fascists.

As Lu Jing of Kunming, who served as an interpreter from 1941-1945 recently wrote to me:

"[The Americans] were defamed . . . especially in the 1960s and 1970s. All writings about the Flying Tigers were prohibited. Under false propaganda, most Chinese misunderstood the Tigers. Two or three writers tried to write a scenario for a Chinese movie to express Sino-American friendship and the brilliant achievements of the Flying Tigers during World War II, but were not allowed. I do hope that soon there will be such a film, particularly so that Chinese teen-agers will have a better understanding of the Tigers."

That was yesterday.

Today, in three different locations in the Peoples Republic, Nanjing, Guilin, and Kunming, there are proud monuments heralding America's military contribution in China during World War II.

Bob Stevens'

"There I was ..."

HENGYANG, CHINA: P40s OF THE 14TH AF ARE BEING RETROFITTED WITH THESE "AWESOME" WEAPONS-



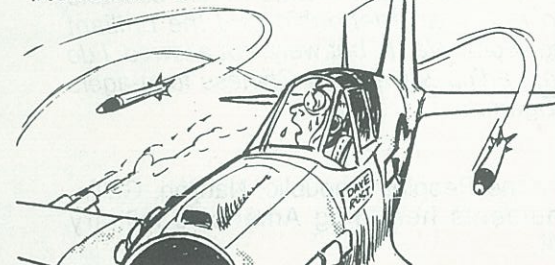
SINCE THE FINS DID NOT IMPART SPIN TO THE ROCKETS, THEY WERE UNGUIDED MISSILES-



THEN THERE WAS THE MOST IGNOMINIOUS ACT OF ALL-



...and BENT FINS COULD RESULT IN YOUR FLYING FORMATION WITH YOUR OWN ROCKET(S).



Bob Stevens

NANJING

Three years ago Gene Boyars (8th A.S.) and I stood amid markers in a hillside cemetery in Nanjing that was overgrown with weeds.

Xing Hai-Fan, president of the Beijing Aviators Association, told us that the neglected graveyard -- neglected during the Cultural Revolution -- contained the bodies of members of the Chinese Air Force who were shot down by the Japanese in aerial combat as early as 1932. One faded tombstone was for Robert Short, the first American casualty.

The cemetery, we were told, was to become a shrine to the martyrs, Chinese and other nationalities, who died in the air war against Japan. A huge stele was to be erected with the names excised of all foreigners, America, English, Russian, etc. who died over the skies of China.

On May 6, 1944, the cornerstone of the monument to the foreign aviators was dedicated.

A message from Anna Chennault was read. Distinguished guests included Major General M.B. Lee from Taiwan representing the Chinese Air Force, and Peter Fong (26th F.S.), M.S. Leong (C.N.A.C.) and Wing T. Ho (1st B.G.), from Singapore.



I understand that the Chinese have the names of 3,000 foreigners to be inscribed on the stele. I sent them a copy of *The Aluminum Trail* and the names of those men of the A.V.G. who died in combat.

The present list may or may not contain the names of some of your squadron-mates who were lost in China. May I suggest that a self-appointed honcho from each squadron write for the list and check as best he can that it is correct? For copies of the list, please contact Archie K. Lee (C.A.C.W.), 1212 Hoover Street, Menlo Park, CA 94025-4217.

Archie has generously offered to send the list for up-dating and correcting to any member of our organization.

Many of us who were on our 1991 trip to China contributed toward the Aviation Martyr Monument.

If you wish to donate, send a check to the China International Culture Exchange Foundation. Please attach a note mentioning the purpose of the donation.

The address is: Room 3107
Beijing Hotel
No. 33 Dong Chang An Avenue
Beijing, China 100004
attn.: Hua Ren Jie

GUILIN

We knew it as Kweilin, but it is now Guilin.

There was a dedication at Yang Tang Air Base on May 8th.

The contingent from Singapore was present and Anna Chennault's message was read.

Actually, two sites were dedicated.



The cave of Yang Tang that was used for headquarters and a command post is to have a permanent display of memorabilia used by Tigers such as maps, radios, binoculars, pointee-talkies, parts of uniforms, bombs, .50 cal. ammunition plus a machine gun, etc. (and you can fill in the etc.). If you would like to donate 'this' or 'that,' please write to:

Xing Haifan
1121 Grankiusio
1 Landianihang Ximen
Beijing, China 100081

The second dedication was what is now called Chennault's Rock. The legend inscribed on the rock tells it all:



KUNMING

The "Hump Flying Monument" had its dedicatory ceremony on May 11th with some 100 members and guests of the Hump Pilots Association in attendance.

Anna Chennault's message was read and the Singapore Three were there.

This monument has been a long time in coming. It honors the brave men who flew across the treacherous Himalayas as if it were a cross-town romp. This monument means that they will never be forgotten . . . at least in China.

As Americans, we are grateful to our Chinese brethren for honoring us and what we tried to do together as allies against a common enemy.



We will truly honor one another when our mutual gratitude is inscribed in our hearts as well as on granite and marble.

ED. NOTE: WE THANK ARCHIE LEE FOR HIS ACCOUNT OF THE DEDICATIONS AND FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHS.

WASHINGTON MEMORIAL WEEKEND



Bob Lee (W.A.S.C.), our weekend honcho.

Every year our Washington Memorial Weekend attendance grows in numbers and importance. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, May 27 - 29, over 325 Tiger Cousins, family and friends came from thirty-four states and Taiwan for a weekend of camaraderie and to honor our recent dead. We owe a deep bow of gratitude to Bob Lee and his co-honcho, Fred Poats (118th T.R.S.) for putting it all together.

Our first scheduled event on Thursday afternoon was attendance at a military retirement ceremony at Fort Myers, Virginia. The weather was made-to-order for our outdoor event and the pomp and color was most impressive.

When the call of 'Pass In Review' came, it was apparent that a good number of the Tigers were ready to march and show the youngsters how it should be done.



U.S. Army Band (Pershing's Own).

Back at the hotel, the Hospitality Suite was going full blast. Bonnie Frazier (75th F.S.), Marion Poats (118th T.R.S.), and Josephine Lee (W.A.S.C.) handed out registration packets and handled lunch and banquet tickets. Chuck and Kathleen Amy (1st C.C.S.) were in charge of seat assignments for the Saturday night banquet. The bar was ably run by Joe and Rita Bogart (C.A.C.W.), assisted by Carlo Medina (69th D.R.S.), who poured generous drinks and made sure that there was plenty of ice, popcorn and pretzels available. Unfortunately, they ran out of bourbon in short order and I was 'forced' to drink vodka. Drinks were paid for by a 'kitty bowl' in the center of the bar. The Country Store was tended by Bob Way and



The Old Guard.

his daughter Jennifer (322nd T.C.S.), with Fritz Minkin (373rd B.S.) on stand-by.

For peak periods of activity there was a team of pinch hitters who served where they were needed. They were Dick and Kathryn Maddox (449th F.S.), Homer Smith (373rd B.S.), Joe Lederle (guest), and Ben Minkin (373rd B.S.). With a team like that helping Bob and Fred, everything as planned went smoothly.

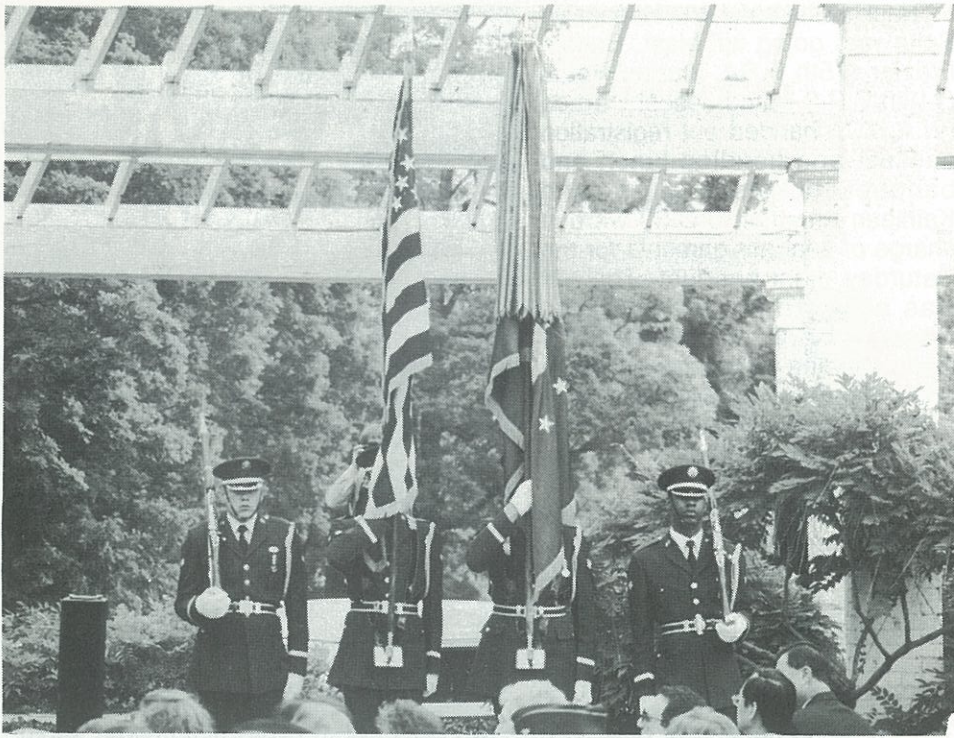
As members registered they were offered an unexpected lagniappe. Through the good offices of United States Senator Daniel K. Inouye, Bob Lee was able to arrange for 125 Tigers to tour the White House on Friday afternoon. This tour was handled on a first-come, first-served basis and in what seemed no time at all, the 125 places were spoken for.

On Friday morning, a board meeting was held and broke just as the buses pulled away for the White House tour. By the way, all bus transportation was honchoed by Bob Stedman and the Capitol Police.

On Friday, between 5 - 7 p.m., we were the guests of Ambassador Ding Mou-shih and his staff at a reception at the headquarters of the Coordination Council for North American Affairs of the Republic of China. The drinks were iced, the dim sum was warm, and the company was pleasant. If they hadn't blinked the lights at 7:00 to tell us it was time to go, we'd still be there.

For dinner we planned to join a party at a Chinese restaurant in Roslyn, Virginia. The directions were given to us by Toney Mihelic, who had been taught to speak English by his wife Rosa, so got lost after the first right turn. When we found ourselves in South Carolina, we figured that we'd never find the place, so we returned to the hotel for a hamburger.

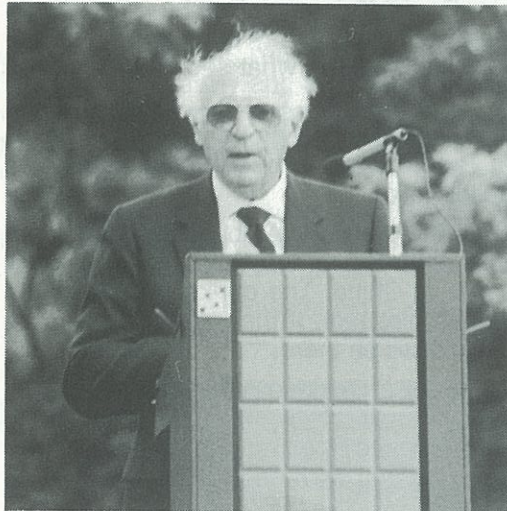
Saturday morning, we held our ceremony at Arlington Cemetery in honor of those Tigers who had died during the past year.



Color Guard at Arlington.

The next of kin of 13 of our Tigers who had died during the past year were present.

Lt. Colonel James Snyder, Chaplain, U.S. Air Force spoke; as did our president Aaron Liepe (16th F.S.)



President Aaron Liepe greets Tigers at Arlington.

Wreaths were presented by the 14th Air Force Association, The Chinese Air Force, The Flying Tigers Association and The Republic of China.

Duayne Huston (14th Hq.) spoke in memory of Lt. General Charles B. Stone III, the names of the 96 Tigers who had died during the past year were read, flowers were placed in an urn in honor of each Tiger and Anna Chennault gave a certificate to each next of kin who was present.

Taps were sounded, the color guard retreated, and the ceremony was over.

From the cemetery we were bused to the Elks Club for luncheon and then to Mount Vernon or back to the hotel as the Tiger had indicated in his or her registration.

At 6:30 we were ready for our cash bar cocktail hour, followed by our banquet.

We had indicated in the *Jing Bao Journal* that we would have Hawaiian entertainment and suggested that the dress code for the evening be either jacket and tie, as usual, or Hawaiian shirt, mu-mu or hula grass skirt. No one wore a grass skirt, but every other type of Hawaiian or Polynesian attire was dug out of the closet for the occasion. If nothing more, we sure had a colorful bunch for dinner.

A pleasant surprise at the start of the the banquet was the appearance before the microphone of Michelle Sizemore, whose grandfather was the late Gene Blum (14th Hq.); and Korwin Roskos, grandson of the late Karl Ruhe (373rd B.S.). Both Michelle and Korwin are present scholarship recipients and they told us of their college careers and future plans.

And then came the Air Force Drill Team. I'm sure you've seen them on TV or in the movies. They drill with rifle and bayonet, and watching the precision moves of tossed weapons and close-order drill with sharp, shined bayonets causes bated breath and non-blinking eyes. At the conclusion of their drill there was a sharp w-h-o-o-s-h, as over 300 diners expelled their breath.

While eating, we were entertained by a duo from the Air Force Diplomats, who softly regaled us with ballads from the '40s. There wasn't a single lyric that called for "icing cops" or "raping them while they're young." I guess the songs of our day were dull. . . .

After dinner -- no speeches -- Mahina and the Polynesians took over for soft music from strings and tympany, gay Hawaiian dances, and suggestive Polynesian hulas. I'm convinced that those hula gals have ball bearings in their hip joints.!

After the banquet, the Hospitality Suite took over and three of our Tigresses sprained their backs as they tried to slither and shake like their Hawaiian sisters.

Next morning it was the farewell continental breakfast where we bid aloha to old and new friends with "See you in St. Louis," or "Next year, here in Washington."

Here's who registered. An asterisk means an attending next-of-kin.

Richard & Kathryn Maddox, 449 FS
 Gene & Mae Boyars, 8th A.S.
 Ted & Joanne Connolly, 2nd T.C.S.
 Barry (son) & Ryan (Grandson) Bachrach
 Ben & Fritz Minkin, 373rd B.S. - 308th B.G.
 Aaron & Norma Liepe, 16th F.S.
 William & Irene Hogaboom, 11th B.S.
 Howard & June Goss, 44th F.S.
 Bonnie Frazier, Assoc. - 75th F.S.
 Joshau & Tyler Swor (Grandsons)
 Luther & Gene Wise, 10th W.S.
 Raymond & Eleanore Andruszkiewicz,
 375th B.S./308th B.G.
 Brad Bradshaw & Rachel Forbes (Guests)
 Kim Trader, Assoc., 311th F.G.

Frank & Carol Andreas 16 F.S. - 51 F.G.
 Bob Fimbel & Connie Endriunas, 491 B.S.
 David & Florence Bachrach, 491st B.S.
 Vincent & Eunice Ashmore, 12th A.S.G.
 Charles & Kathleen Amy, 1st C.C.S.
 Hal & Flo Fenton, 425th B.S. - 308th B.G.
 Seymour & Esther Lewis, 14th Hq./23rd Hq.
 Charles & Rita Tenenbaum (Guests)
 Wayne & Delores Johnson, 118th T.R.S.
 Sarah & Kimberly Rupert, Assoc. -
 54th A.S.S./68th A.S.G.
 Leonard & Virginia Logar, 19th L.S.
 Toney & Rosa Mihelic, S.O.S.
 Howard Goebel, 311th F.G.
 Robert Gillespie, 69th C.A.C.W.

Lloyd & Margaret Mowery, 10th W.X.S.
 Samuel Leventhal & Guest,
 373rd B.S./308th B.G.
 Ardit Peterson (Sister of Dallas Anthony)
 Cyril Ostapko, 69th D.R.S./301st A.D.G.
 Edwin & Aurora Len, 555th A.S.S./
 14th A.S.G.
 Dorothy Williams, Assoc., 16th F.S.
 Joseph & Mary Hart, 425th B.S./308th B.G.
 Morris & Mary Sprinkle, 317th F.C.S.
 Paul & Francis Webb, 22nd B.S./341st B.G.
 Frank & Camilla Graves, 68th C.W.
 Carlos & Ruby Medina, 69th D.R.S./
 301st A.D.G.
 Hubert & Pat Fyke, 74th F.S./23rd F.G.
 Carolyn Haddon & Julie Matthews,
 Assoc., 14th A.S.A.C.
 James & Edwina Stroble, 158th A.A.C.S./
 129th A.A.C.S.
 Thomas & Irene Gegeckas, 129th A.A.C.S.
 Richard & Julia Lynch, 322nd T.C.S.
 Joe & Ruth Lederle (Guests)
 Gregory & Virginia Fox, 22nd B.S.
 Victor & Girlie Kerr, Hq./308th B.G.
 Arthur Snyder & Viola Wurdemann,
 375th B.S./308th B.G.
 John & Barbara Apsega, 375th B.S./
 308th B.G.
 Janet Jurist, Assoc. - 10th W.X.S.
 * Doris Haynes, 308th B.G.
 Debra Haynes (Daughter) & Guest
 McKay & Lorraine Nelson, 491st B.S.
 David Murphy, 491st B.S.
 * Mildred Jenkins, 76th F.S./23rd F.G.
 Margaret Thompson (Sister-in-Law)
 William & Pauline Sklar, 14th Hq./12th
 A.S.G.
 * Mary Cammarata, 685th A.F.Band
 George & Jane (Bower) Kutsher,
 118th T.R.S.
 Carl & Sylvia Galler, 69th C.A.C.W.
 Irving & Hortensia Saginor, 16th F.S.
 Mary Swanson
 Alice Turbett, Assoc. - 491st B.S./
 341st B.G.
 Maurice & Sybel Mosheim, 570th S.A.W.B.
 Anthony & Emily Naumchik, 375th B.S.
 Dante & Helen Todoverto, 1066th Q.M.C./
 12th A.S.G./
 * Mary Kay Moraski, A.A.C.S.S.
 Jeff & Stevie (Guests)
 * Rosemary Stoaks, 16th F.S./51st F.G.
 Bill & Berte Remer, 491st B.S.
 Henry & Bernice Cohen, 74th F.S./23rd F.G.
 Max & Rhoda Silverstein, 23rd F.G./
 51st F.G.
 William & Helen Bonneaux, 5th F.G./
 C.A.C.W.
 Cecil Young, 14th A.S.G./373rd B.S.
 Ernest & Betty Kitterman, 16th F.S.
 Vincent Poljak, 76th F.S.
 Fred & Marion Poats, 118th T.R.S.

Al Love, 491st B.S.
 Richard Mays & (Son) Rick, 570th S.A.W.B.
 * Irene L. Anthony, 26th F.S.
 Irving & Helen Isgur, 358th A.S.S./315th
 A.S.G.
 Robert G. & Emma Lee, 14th A.F.E.
 Richard Potocki (Guest)
 John Foster & Guest, 425th B.S.
 Isadore & Carol Swillinger, 375th B.S.
 Don & Lonnie Dager (Guests)
 Robert & Janet Wilkinshaw, 322nd T.C.S.
 Lisa Wilkinshaw (Daughter)
 Henry & Mary Storck, 16th F.S.
 Sebie Smith & Paul Lucas (Son-in-Law),
 C.A.M.C.O.
 Clarence & Marilyn Cole, 11th B.S.
 Chester & Arlene Jones, 11th B.S.
 * Lois Fisher, 16th F.S./51st F.G.
 Gayle Rossetti (Daughter) & Tony
 (Grandson)
 Robert M. & Josephine Lee, W.A.S.C./
 308th B.G.
 Dorothy Borgfeldt, Assoc. - 322nd T.C.S.
 * Betty Gleason, 374th B.S./308th B.G.
 Gay & Margaret (Son & Daughter-in-
 Law), Dan (Son) & Daughter
 Edward & Debra Apsega, Assoc. - 375th
 B.S./308th B.G.
 Wayne & Virginia Billig, 317th F.C.S.
 C.L. & Barbara McMillin, 118th T.R.S.
 Ed & Virginia Massey, 315th A.S.G.
 Walter Papesch, 315th A.S.G.
 Carl & Grace Flinterman, 570th S.A.W.B.
 Fred & Toni Chiao, 5th F.S.-C.A.C.W.
 James & Opal Bartlett, 449th F.S.
 John Sklar, Kim Darnall, Tom MacDonough
 Michael & Doris Thieryung, 322nd T.C.S.
 Lew & Marge Ober, 426th N.F.S.
 Ron & Elsie Phillips, 75th F.S./118th T.R.S.
 * Dimple Grady & Guest, 322nd T.C.S.
 Milt & Faye Miller, 375th B.S.
 * Lois Knope, 317th F.C.S.
 Jean Hedeon, Assoc. - 425th B.S.
 * Marie Marsh, 11th B.S.
 Adolph & Mary Barthold, 317th F.C.S.
 Homer & Flora Smith, 373rd B.S./
 308th B.G.
 John & Dorothy Brindle, 60th F.S./
 33rd F.G.
 Jack & Evelyn Darnell, 449th F.S./10th
 W.X.S.
 Howard & Ruth Nutting, 375th B.S./
 308th B.G.
 Kenneth & Doris Spahr, 91st F.S.
 Max & Mary Noftsgar, 76th F.S.
 Joseph & Adeline Arsenaault, 425th B.S./
 308th B.G.
 Edwin & Genevieve Sandhop, Jr.,
 322nd T.C.S.
 * Marilyn Schmidt, 570th S.A.W.B.
 Marie & Irma Aul, Affil. - 76th F.S.
 John Slujinski, 322nd T.C.S.

Jim DeSilva (Guest)
 Norman & Joanne Wexler, 425th B.S.
 John & Doris Harootunian, 373rd B.S./
 374th B.S.
 * Elizabeth McCoy, 25th F.S./23rd F.G..
 Robert & Patrick McCoy, Guests
 Normand & Pam Collette, 118th T.R.S..
 Harold & Frieda Crawford, 375th B.S.
 Gilbert & Dorothy Meyer, 69th D.R.S./
 301st A.D.G.
 Henry & Bessie Eaton, 491st B.S.
 Yuen P. Tom & John (Son), 375th B.S./
 308th B.G.
 Duayne & Janet Huston, 14th Hq.
 Mary Margaret Blum, Assoc. - 14th Hq.
 David, Marajeon, Kerri & Cindy
 Sizemore
 Lawrence & Dorothy Vogt, Hq./51st F.G.
 Bob Way, 322nd T.C.S.
 Jennifer Way-Young, Assoc. 322nd T.C.S.
 John Alison, 75th F.S./23rd F.G.
 Anna Chennault, Assoc. - 14th Hq.
 Irving Kaufman (Guest)
 Leonard Glick, Hq./51st F.g.
 William & Yolanda Chang, 5th F.G./
 C.A.C.W.

Invited Guests:

Mr. & Mrs. John C. Metzler, Jr., *Superintendent*, Arlington National Cemetery
 LTC & Mrs. James A. Snyder, *Chaplain*, U.S. Air Force
 B/G Wallace Whaley, *Commanding General*, 14th Air Force
 Col. Paul Cooper, 14th Air Force
 Col. Al Blomgren, 14th Air Force
 Col. William Testeller, 14th Air Force
 Col. Joe McNeil, 14th Air Force
 Maj. Dana Marsh, *Executive Officer*, 14th Air Force
 CM/Sgt. Stan Van Meter, 14th Air Force
 Michelle Sizemore, Scholarship Recipient
 Korwin Roskos, Scholarship Recipient
 L/G & Mrs. K.C. Lin, *Director of Defense Procurement*, C.C.N.A.A., Republic of China
 Mr. & Mrs. Jing Weng-Yuan, DCM, C.C.N.A.A., Republic of China
 Mr. & Mrs. Feng Shih-Kuan, China Air Force, Republic of China
 LTC & Mrs. Luo Meng-Hsiung, China Air Force, Republic of China
 LTC & Mrs. Cheng Ming-Chu, China Air Force, Republic of China

ED. NOTE: WASHINGTON MEMORIAL WEEKEND PHOTOS COURTESY OF JON BRINDLE.



If you do not brave the tiger's lair,
 how can you capture the cub?

不入虎穴，焉得虎子

WARRIORS WHO RIDE THE WIND

**"Gripping. Attention-riveting narrative.
Humorous. An important contribution
to aviation history."**

-- Tex Hill

**"A story of one of the wildest, bravest,
and most remarkable endeavors in the
history of the U.S. and China.
I hope many people will read it."**

-- Anna Chennault

**"Completely engrossing.
Excellent writing with wonderful
humor. Exciting and informative."**

-- Don Lopez,

*Senior Advisor to Director,
National Air and Space Museum*

**"A splendid job of reporting our combat
missions. Covers difficult problems
Chennault had with Stilwell and High Command."**

-- General Wiltz 'Flash' Segura

I figure that between combat missions, Bob Liles, C.O. of the 16th Fighter Squadron, had his men take a course in creative writing. If that is not so, isn't it remarkable that our squadron could produce two writers such as Roy Brown -- whose Tiger Tidbits have graced these pages from time to time -- and William F.X. Band, whose book of adventures with the 16th, *Warriors Who Ride the Wind*, has just been published?

Bill Band and I were buddies in China (both our squadrons were based at Chengkung), and even in the 'olden days' I knew that Bill had at least one book in him.

After the war, Bill was too busy chasing bad guys for our government to sit still long enough to pen the tale of his Tiger experiences, but at last he slowed down long enough to start to write and re-write and discard, and start again, and write and write, and at long last: *WARRIORS WHO RIDE THE WIND*.

He sent me several chapters of his manuscript last winter, and I sent Faye off to Saks while I read chapters that Bill wrote with loving care until he had what I consider the best account of fighter combat in China yet written.

In his book, Bill touches lightly on flight training, including humorous incidents. Then on to China via Africa and India. The tale then moves swiftly into the excitement and passion of battle. The book provides, in detail, the vigor, emotion, and intensity of the combat missions against the Japanese by many of the China flyers and squadron organizations.

It is laced with excitement, humor, death and the heroism of many participants, both Chinese and American. It includes references to the personnel and activities of the following organizations: Fighter Squadrons: 16th, 74th, 75th, 76th, 25th, 26th, 118th, 449th, 5th Fighter Group - CACW. Bombers: 308th Bomb Group, 375th and 374th Squadrons - B-24s, 341st Bomb Group, 11th Bomb Squadron - B-25s.

Hey, don't take my word for it. Read the book for yourself and you'll thank me for the recommendation.

Just send a check for \$22.50 (which includes postage) to Castle Books, Inc., P.O. Box 17262, Memphis, TN 38187, and ask for William F.X. Band's *Warriors Who Ride the Wind*.

On second thought, buy two books -- one for you and one for your feather-merchant brother-in-law who sat the war out counting his cash and telling all who would listen what a cushy time **you** were having in China.

CHOP CHOP

In early 1945 Byron Winborn, 1704 Sunnybrook, Irving, Texas 75061, was in Kunming attached to the 14th Air Force, Technical Air Intelligence Unit.

Like so many of us, he had his name transliterated into Chinese, if for no other purpose than to have it carved on an ivory chop. And like so many of us, the chop was used at first to sign most letters, then a few, then sparingly, and finally it found its place among the junk so much of us accumulated in China as 'souvenirs' and of no use to anyone anymore.

Let's skip a few years to 1968. Byron was now living in Irving, Texas, and he decided that it was time to buy a GOOD Japanese camera.

He settled on:

"...an SRT 101 (whatever that is), with a normal lens, a 100mm telephoto lens, and a 28mm wide-angle lens."

His son-in-law had a brother-in-law on duty in Japan at the time who offered to get the camera and lenses for him.

Everything but the wide-angle lens arrived in short order, with a note that said, *"I can't find the wide-angle lens anywhere in Tokyo."*

Most people would have said 'thank you' and figured there was enough to play with, even without the wide-angle lens, but not Byron. He insisted that he **MUST** have it, and the more he searched, in vain, the more he became obsessed.

He finally mentioned his problem to his company's photographer, who told him:

"No problem. There's a guy in Hong Kong named A. Sek. He'll get it, if anyone can."

"Is A. Sek reliable?" asked Byron.

"I don't have any idea," was the reply.

Byron Winborn wrote to A. Sek, who replied promptly with:

"Yes. Yes. I can get the lens for you. Send cashier's check in advance."

The price was right and Byron sent his order and the cashier's check.

Then . . . nothing.

Let Byron tell it:

"Finally I wrote, asking for the lens or my money.

A. Sek replied that the lens was difficult to find, but find it he would.

Then . . . nothing."

Figuring that Signor A. Sek might be trying to pull a fast one, Byron tried a different approach. He wrote again, saying:

"All of my photography friends in the Dallas area are curious to learn whether or not you are going to send the lens to me. Frankly, some of them are skeptical. But I have every confidence that you will furnish it as soon as possible."

Then, instead of signing his letter with his customary signature, he hunted until he found his chop and signed his letter with a mean, sharp chop. On receiving this missive, Herr A. Sek must have realized that Byron Winborn was no ordinary dumb American who was so low-born as not to sign his letters with a chop.

Byron continues:

"I figure he must have grabbed the lens, hailed a taxi, rushed out to Kai Tak Aerodrome, and got it aboard the next plane headed east. It got to me that fast."

Now Byron Windborn chops all his letters. He tried it with his mortgage check, but it didn't work. He received a plain, ordinary Texas dunning letter.

"Cut the crap and sign the check. Who do you think we are, A. Sek?"

WE'RE GOING TO THE FAR EAST!

At our Board of Governors meeting in Washington, it was unanimously voted to visit Taiwan at the invitation of the Chinese Air Force Veterans Association, immediately following next year's convention at Long Beach, California, which will start on Sept. 28, 1994 and end on October 2, 1994. Gene Boyars and I were appointed as co-chairmen.

Gene is now deep in airline schedules, hotel rates and ground trips. He is working on a mix-and-match trip, with our visit to Taiwan being the linchpin.

We spoke to many Tigers in Washington who are interested in Australia as part of our tour. That is being investigated. Also, Bali and Korea. Our standard will still include Hong Kong, Bangkok and Singapore, but we will be able to arrange many other itineraries with us all being together in Taiwan.

When Gene gets the schedules set and the numbers crunched, I get into the act and put everything together in a simple-to-understand brochure.

We will write it like ordering a meal in a Chinese restaurant. Column One may be just Singapore and Taiwan; Column Two may be Bangkok, Taiwan and Australia, and so forth. We will attempt to write it so that there are no -- or very few -- questions.

As soon as the brochure is printed, it will be sent to all Tiger Cousins, with a priority mailing to those who replied to our request for your interest in the April-May JBJ.

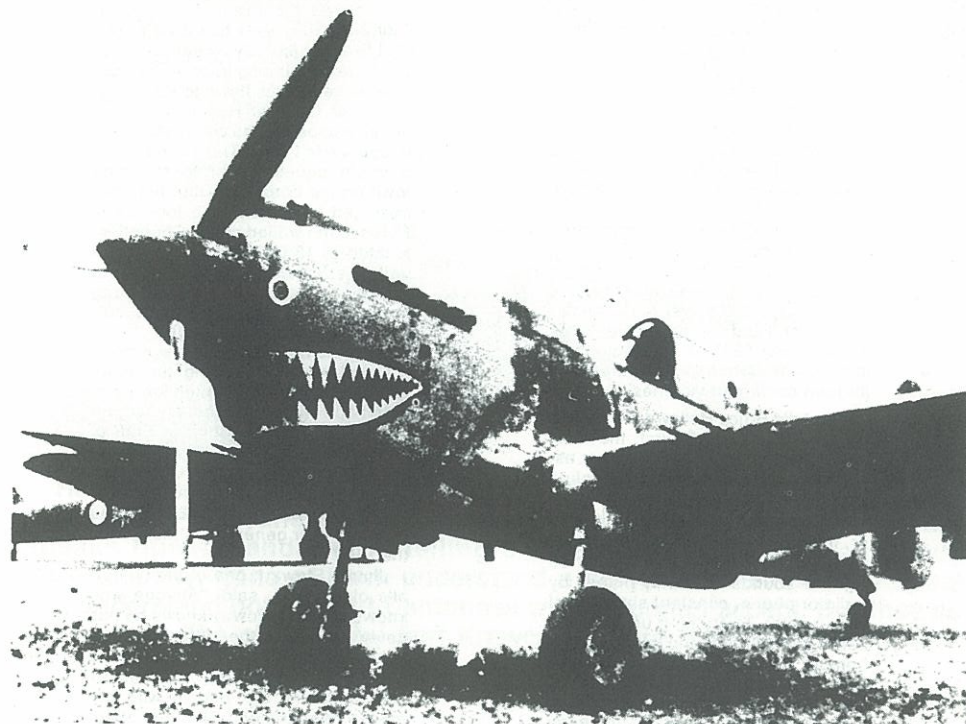
Gene and I will work as rapidly as possible and you'll know the poop as fast as we can get it to you.

LET'S SET THE RECORD STRAIGHT

Who was the first to paint shark's teeth on the nose of a P-40? To date, the score is R.A.F.-2, and A.V.G.-1. As far as I am concerned, Steve Blake (affil), 24131-K Hollyoak, Aliso Viejo, CA 92656 says it all and the victory (if that's what it is) belongs to the British.

He writes:

"The 112th Squadron of the Royal Air Force was in combat with P-40-Bs in August of 1941.



"In the book, Aces High, British writer Chris Shores tells us, 'In September, 1941, Flight Officer Westenra first painted sharks' teeth on the nose of his aircraft.'

"Bob Hotz in his book, With General Chennault, The Story of the Flying Tigers, states that the shark-tooth insignia was not original with the AVG. Also, Charles Bond in A Flying Tiger's Diary and R.T. Smith in Tale of A Tiger."

Steve Blake concludes:

"So it is almost certain that the Tomahawks of the 112th Sq., R.A.F., were the first to carry sharks' teeth on their noses, and that the A.V.G. P-40s acquired theirs a couple of months later."

★ ★ ★ ★

A TOP DING HAO TIGER

The following article is excerpted from *Air Force Magazine*, April, 1993, written by John L. Frisbee:

In May 1940, the US was not at war. China was, fighting for survival against Japanese invaders. The US agreed to let Chiang Kai-shek have 100 older P-40Bs with crews to be recruited from the Army and Navy and trained by Claire L. Chennault. One disappointed would-be volunteer was Lt. Bruce Holloway, West Point 1937. Only Reservists were eligible.

Two years later, the US was at war. Bruce Holloway was sent to Chennault's American Volunteer Group (AVG), the Flying Tigers, as an observer. On July 4 of that year, the AVG was disbanded to become the nucleus of the AAF's 23d Fighter Group, later Fourteenth Air Force. During his eighteen months in China, Holloway rose from major to colonel; he commanded first a squadron, then the 23d Fighter Group, and finally Fourteenth Air Force Advance. He became one of the first AAF aces of World War II and returned to the States in November 1943 as the leading ace in the China-Burma-India theater, with thirteen confirmed victories.

What did Bruce Holloway find when he arrived in China? First, the most colorful collection of airmen ever assembled anywhere. Next, absolute austerity: no navigation or letdown aids in a region of chronic bad weather, maintenance done in the open, a warning net of Chinese who reported sight or sounds of enemy planes by radio or phone, constant shortage of all but spirit. Everything used by the 23d Fighter Group (and later by some bomber squadrons) had to be flown over the Hump in the longest supply line of the war. It was comparable to a frontier cavalry post in the early days of the American West. There seldom were more than fifty fighters operational to cover an area as large as western Europe, but, despite all their problems, the 23d's pilots led by Holloway shot down enemy aircraft at a rate of ten to one.

Holloway was shot down once—by ground fire—while strafing a column of trucks several miles west of the Salween River in Burma. His Allison engine ran for three minutes with no oil pressure, enough to get across the river into China. Once the Chinese peasants, who knew little about the war, were convinced he was on their side, they sent him on a triumphal five-day journey by pony, horse, and charcoal-burning truck to Yunnan-yi, whence he was flown to Kunming.

One of General Holloway's most unusual experiences could only have happened in China. The Yunnan government requested help for a remote town on the border of Tibet that was besieged by bandits. He took three P-40s to the walled city of Chungtien, located at 13,000 feet in a beautiful valley surrounded by 20,000-foot peaks—a Shangri-la setting. Six frag bombs dropped on the bandits outside the wall lifted the siege.

After the war, Bruce Holloway commanded USAF's first jet fighter group. He rose to General through key command and staff assignments, and, after serving as Vice Chief of Staff of the Air Force, was named commander in chief of Strategic Air Command. He continued to be an active pilot until his retirement in 1972 and is the only four-star general to check out in the SR-71.

Jimmy Stewart, one of the General's old friends, said: "Anyone who knows Bruce Holloway knows he has never forgotten the difference between machines and people. You keep machines going with wrenches and hammers, but people with human understanding." That just about sums up this distinguished but unassuming man of great good sense, admired and respected by all who know him.

★ ★ ★ ★

POTPOURRI



Here's a small group of coffin-coolies in Kunming, 1943, pausing for a tea-break. The young Brit, who was with the British Military Mission and speaks fluent Mandarin, is telling a Tiger Tale to his rapt audience. Unfortunately, none of them understand a single word since they speak and understand nothing but Cantonese with a Yunnan accent. But they listen politely. The photo is by Bert Krawczyk (373rd B.S.), 4409 South Lake Drive, Cudahy, WI 53100.

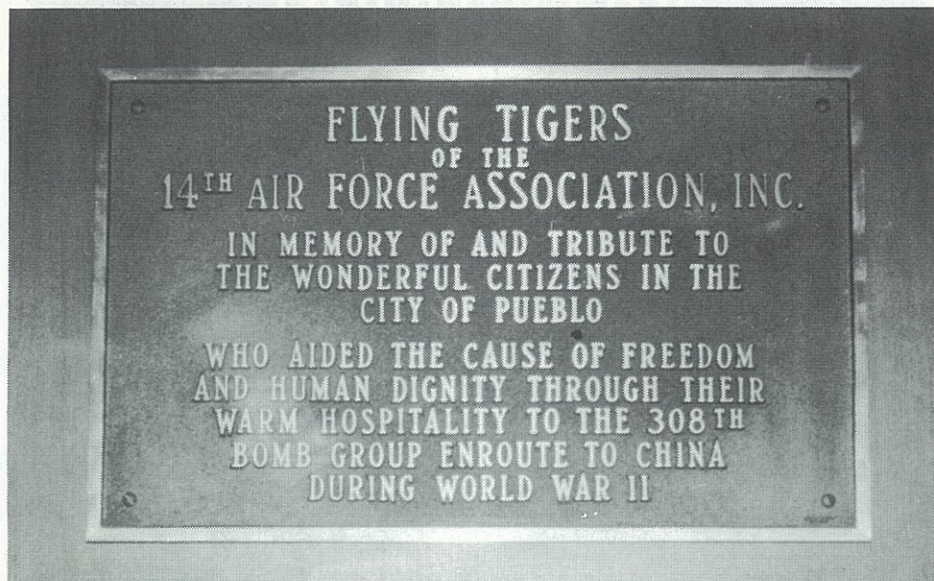
★ ★

The P-38 National Association is looking far forward. They are making plans for a P-38 Grand Reunion during the year 2000 and are looking for a committee chairman from our 449th F.S.

I suggest Rex Barber, who, to me, is the Number One P-38 pilot of WW II.

If Rex can't do it, they need a volunteer honcho. The contact is: Dick Willsie, 17187 Roundhill Drive, Huntington Beach, CA 92649.

★ ★



Ethel Doherty (Assoc. 491st B.S.), 350 Revere Beach Blvd., #5-5B, Revere, MA 02151-5206, tells us that at the Pueblo, Colorado Airport, the above plaque is prominently displayed.

★ ★

Larry Boteler (51st F.G.), 1709 James Payne Circle, McLean, VA 22101 Knows that it's never too late to '... seek and ye shall find.'

A notice in *Air Force Magazine* for information concerning Lt. Karl H. Weber, asst. S-2, 51st F.G., was seen by Weber's cousin and Larry was able to contact Karl AFTER 47 YEARS.

Now he tries again.

Does anyone know the whereabouts of John H. Carlisle, who was S-2 Clerk of the 51st?

★ ★

Belated congratulations to newlyweds George and Jane Kutsher, 15 Pine Crest Drive, Fortune, GA 95540. George served with the 118th T.R.S. and Ralph Bower, Jane's former husband who died last year, was with the 374th B.S.

To my knowledge, that makes three such weddings of Tiger Cousins.

The first was Shirley Havens, who married Bill Barnard. Bill was the bombardier on pilot Jake Havens' crew with the 375th B.S.

Then there was Richard Hasselbeck (14th Eng.), who married Bonnie Holt (26th F.S.).

And there is one marriage of children of Tigers. Bob Boyars (son of Gene and Mae, 8th A.S.) and Jane O'Hara (daughter of Bob and Phyllis [decd.], 16th F.S.).

★ ★

In a recent *JB*, I wrote that my daughter had urged me to write what I know of our family history.

I heard from Homer C. Cooper, 145 Pendleton Drive, Athens, GA 30606 who sent me some valuable geological strategy on how to dig deep into the past generations, even if you, your parents, or your grandparents came from Europe.

Drop him a line if you are interested -- in your ancestors, not mine.

★ ★

Do you recall the Tiger Tale of Melvin Cohen (375th B.S.), Route #2, Box 629, Gravois Mill, MO 65037?

To refresh your memory, it took more than 40 years for Mel to receive his promotion from corporal to sergeant, and when the official document arrived, it stated that Mel was promoted on September 17 (or whatever day -- I don't remember), 1945 and discharged from the Armed Forces the following day.

The difference in pay was 80¢ and, sure enough, the United States, which always pays its debts, sent him a check for 80 cents.

We then suggested that Mel, or one of our retired accountants, insist that the government pay Mel the interest earned on 80¢ over a period of forty-odd years.

Mel tried, but our cheapo Defense Finance and Accounting Service said "No!"

They wrote:

"The United States is not liable for interest of its obligation except when interest is stipulated for in legal and proper contracts . . . etc."

So, poor Mel is screwed out of his interest

I said it before and I'll say it again, don't count on me to enlist in the next war unless the government changes its ways.

★ ★

The First America Branch, Burma Star Association will hold its annual reunion at the Holiday Inn International, Orlando, Florida October 22, 23, and 24, 1993. For details, contact: Lee H. 'Tiger' Chalifour, 131 SE Colonial Street, Port Charlotte, FL 33952.

★ ★

From the Austin, Texas, Airport Coloring and Learning Book:

"In the late 1920s, the Austin, Texas, City Council decided that Austin needed an airport. The Army Corps sent a flyer over the Austin city limits to select the best site for a municipal airport. The Army sent Lt. Claire Chennault, who later became famous in World War II as GENERAL CHENNAULT OF THE FLYING TIGERS."

Sent to me by Ed Schuz, 22nd B.S., 6827 Willamette Drive, Austin, TX 78723.



Bill Miller, who was one of those unsung heroes who helped rescue our downed flyers, is struggling with the book he is writing about his China adventures.

This photo was taken by him in September, 1945, at the Catholic

Mission in Shantung while the Japanese were still in control.

The man on the left, in civilian dress, was a pilot that Bill " . . . pried loose from the local guerrillas with the help of the Japs."

Bill believes it is 1st Lt. John Thompson, a P-51 pilot who probably went down during August, 1945, north of Suichow, Kiangsu Province.

Is it Thompson? . . . Not, who? Bill Miller . . . like to know.

He can be contacted at 15A Pavilion Court, Hastings, Barbados, West Indies.

★★

In a recent issue, Joe Bettin (425th B.S.) asked for requirements for becoming a Short Snorter.

Jim Kinder (1st B.S.), 1435 Mt. Auburn Road, Cape Girardeau, MO 63701 wrote:

"During the winter of '42, I was at a fighter base in Saratoga, Florida where I was suckered into the Short Snorters:

"At the base one afternoon, I was listening to some of the tall tales -- in awe, of course -- and after carefully whetting my appetite, the Fighter Jocks sort of took me under their wing, and said that Short Snorters were a small, select group, qualified to carry a dollar bill signed by all Short Snorters, after having been across the Pacific OR Atlantic. . . . However, they were going to give ME a BIG BREAK and let me in without my having flown over any ocean. . . ."

"I eagerly agreed, and signed their dollar bills, got mine signed, and then -- and only then -- I FOUND OUT THAT THE INITIATION WAS TO BUY DRINKS ALL AROUND. . . ."

What was your experience?

I got hit graduation day at Williams AFB where I got my wings. At the officers' club, we neophyte second loeys were delighted to join the 'exclusive' Short Snorter fraternity, even if we had to stand for a round of drinks. We felt that at last, we had finally been accepted as members of the human race.

★★

In a recent issue we asked if any Tigers, particularly 322nd T.C.S., had any *hard* facts of the marriage of John Papajik and the birth of their daughter, Virginia.

We received a phone call from Al "Porky" Petrone, 1016 Anderson St., #2, Trenton, NJ 08611-1432, who informed us that both the marriage certificate and birth certificate were found, and that eases Virginia's son being able to come to the U.S. to attend Idaho State College.

★★

Former members of the 14th Air Service Group plan to publish a book with histories of the units. **Needed are pictures.** Histories of the units have been collected and edited, ready for the printer. A mailing list is also needed of all who are interested in purchasing a book of this kind. The tentative price has been set at \$20.00. Pictures will be returned, and should be sent to the name which follows. We also ask if you would be interested in sending \$20.00 in advance payment for the book. In the event insufficient money is raised, your money will be returned. Please contact Oliver Borlaug, Ex-Hq. Sq., P.O. Box 471, Washburn, ND 58577-0471. Colonel Kaepfel is one of the others interested in publishing the book, and Cecil Young, Honolulu. Please get in contact as soon as possible.

★★

It is suggested that all members check their entry in our Association Directory. If there is no spouse listed, please send name and address of next-of-kin to Ernie Kitterman, 19830 Allisonville Ave., Noblesville, IN 46060.

★★★★

NOMINATIONS

The Nominating Committee of the 14th Air Force Association, Ted Connolly, Jr. (2nd T.C.S.), chairman, will offer the following nominees for office for the next fiscal year at the Annual Meeting, to take place at the Regal Riverfront Hotel, St. Louis, Missouri, on Saturday morning, Oct. 2, 1993.

President.....John Apsega, (375th B.S.)
 Executive Vice President.....Bob Way (322nd T.C.S.)
 Vice President - JournalMilt Miller (375th B.S.)
 Vice President - Membership.....Ernest Kitterman (16th F.S.)
 Vice President - Pictorial.....Malcolm Rosholt (14th Hq.)
 Treasurer.....Eugene Boyars (8th A.S.)
 Secretary.....Bonnie Frazier (75th F.S.)
 Board.....Robert Wilkenschaw (322nd T.C.S.)
 Board.....McKay Nelson (491st B.S.)

You are aware, of course, that nominations may be made from the floor. No floor nominations, however, will be honored unless the member nominated announces his or her willingness to serve if elected.

MORE ON THE 'THREE-DAY LUXURY CRUISE'

In our April-May issue, Phil Stallard (374th B.S.) told of the 3-day "horror cruise" aboard the HMS Ragula from Bombay to Karachi. His account of the food (if that slop could be called "food") and accommodations led us to recommend a Distinguished Survival Cross for all Tigers who were passengers aboard the luxury vessel.

"I well remember those three days," writes Bob Dykstra (68th C.W.), 308 Zimmerman Blvd., Buffalo, NY 14223-1024.

"The second day out, each of us was given a loaf of bread. It was absolutely inedible. We all lined up along the ship's rail and were about to play catch with the bread and kick it overboard.

"We were stopped by Captain Ed Smith (373rd B.S./68th C.W.), who was in charge of all 308th B.G. men aboard the Ragula.

"Let's do it my way," he said, and gave us instructions.

"He then went up to the bridge, saluted sharply and showed his loaf of bread, crawling with 'live protein,' to the English captain.

"Then Captain Smith saluted again and tossed his bread overboard.

"That signalled each of us, in turn, to salute the bridge, break the loaf of bread, make a face, and toss the loaf over the rail.

"This ceremony went on and on as each man went through the same procedure.

"All during this time, the ship's captain was watching us with thin lips and stolid mien.

"Captain Smith then went to the galley, and while he may have been exceeding his authority, he ordered the British mess sergeant and his Indian staff confined to their quarters.

"He then put OUR mess staff in the galley, had it scrubbed down and fumigated. Then our cooks and bakers took over. But it didn't mean much, because we left the ship -- good riddance -- the next morning in Karachi."

Howard Hollenbeck (373rd B.S.), P.O. Box 1695, Hillsboro, OR 97133, also was an honored guest on the 3-day luxury cruise.

He writes:

"I remember the food where you held a slice of bread to the light and it looked like raisin bread, with a double amount of raisins, because it was so full of cockroaches, beetles, and worms, etc. and the rats were as big as house cats running everywhere aboard the ship.

"What I vividly remember was there were two piles on the deck, one pile of coal and the one of potatoes. When the 'honey dippers' carried their honey buckets out to dump the contents overboard, they threw the contents of the buckets over the potatoes, never over the coal, and, naturally, all the 'honey' did not reach the sea. Half fell on the potato pile.

"My diet suffered . . . no starch on the cruise after I witnessed the incident."

★ ★

ANOTHER BIRTHDAY BASH

I'm sorry that we couldn't include the Motor City Birthday Bash in our last issue. The poop reached us just as the printing presses started to roll. But we are delighted to report that the Metro-Detroit 14th Air Service Group gang, honchoed by Fearless Frank Leong, met on Tuesday, March 9 to nosh a dim sum and sing "Happy Birthday, 14th Air Force."

Leong writes:

"A total of 42 people were there, including spouses and guests. It was such a success that we plan to make it an annual affair."

Our members:

Front row (l-r): Oscar Hong (1157th Sig.), Joe Yung (987th Sig.), Bill Troy (555th A.S.S.), Tom Yee (407th A.S.S.). 2nd row: Thomas Fong (407th A.S.S.), Frank Leong (Hq. Sq.), Bill Lim (407th A.S.S.), Rich Lim (Hq. Sq.), and Chin Ming Lun (1157th Sig.).



★ ★ ★ ★

GOOD-BYE, 14TH AIR FORCE . . . ALSO, WELCOME

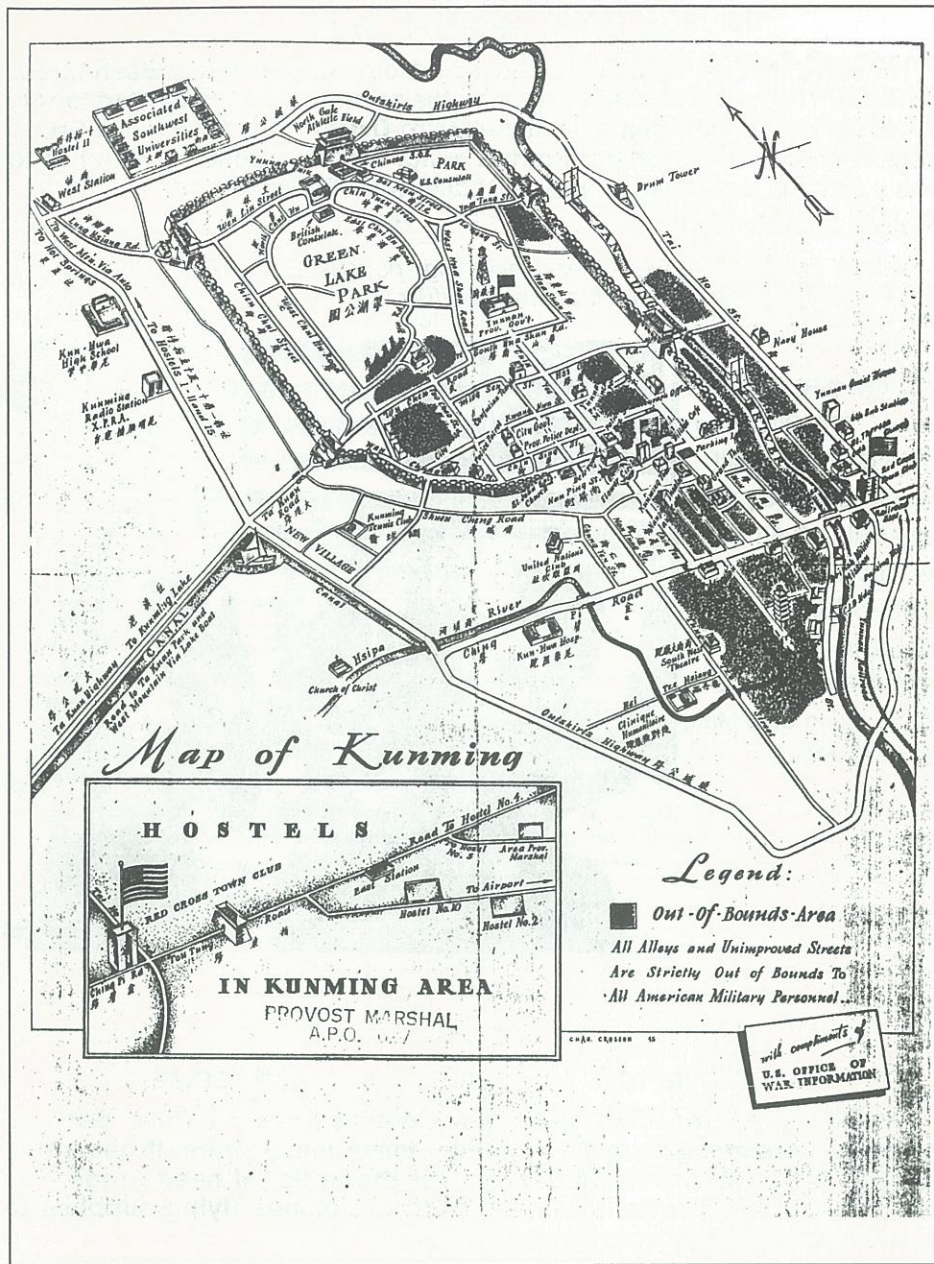
The 14th Air Force headquartered at Dobbins Air Force Base, Georgia, has been a reserve unit of the USAF I, these many years. It has stood ready to fly as an active unit whenever the national need arose. For instance, even as I write, there are 14th A.F. planes flying supplies to Bosnia and Somalia.

On July 1st, the 14th was de-activated as a reserve force.

On the same day, the *new* 14th Air Force was activated as a unit of the regular U.S. Air Force, operating worldwide as part of the Space Command. The 14th will be headquartered at Vandenberg AFB in California.

We expect representatives of the old and new 14th Air Force to join us in St. Louis.

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It has been many a year since we first printed a map of wartime Kunming in these pages. We thought it was time for another shot. This map was sent to us by Ron Cook (885th Sig. Co. Avn.), 690 Cabot St., Beverly, MA 01915.

NEW MEMBER -- MAKE PLATE

Lightning does strike twice.

Sam Leventhal (373rd B.S.) was driving in Florida last winter when there was a persistent tooting of a horn from a vehicle following him. Sam pulled over and so did the horn-tooter. He was a Tiger who saw Sam's Flying Tigers plate on the rear of his car and wanted to introduce himself. He had never heard of the Fourteenth Air Force Association.

He was Leonard Dank (8th A.S.). Sam got his name and address and sent it on to VP-Membership Ernie Kitterman, and Dank is not only a new Tiger Cousin but also attended our Washington Memorial Weekend with his family.

A week later there was another horn-tooter, and Sam got another potential Tiger.

We would like to suggest that those of you who do not have a Flying Tigers license plate, immediately order one from our Country Store and make it a point to drive 'round and 'round and 'round until you encounter a horn-tooter. Then send his name to Ernie Kitterman, 19830 Allisonville Ave., Noblesville, IN 46060-1115. Ernie will then capture him in our membership net.

Here's our latest catch of tooters:

William T. (Bill) Boman
425BS 308BG
9146 Saddlebrook
St. Louis, MO 63126
William F. Brown
425BS 308BG
7 Grandview Drive
Ithaca, NY 14850
James L. Byrd
11BS
2625 W. Robino Dr.
Wilmington, DE 19808
Andrew Force
Assoc* 12ASS
6515 Velmar Drive
Ft. Wayne, IN 46835
Alan A. Foster
Assoc* 425BS
P.O. Box 2954
Harrisburg, PA 17105
John Poe Foster
Assoc* 425BS
P.O. Box 297
Perry, ME 04667
Richard E. Gee
407ASS 14ASG
241 Rivoli Street
San Francisco, CA
94117-4229
Harris B. Gibboney
23FCS
Rt. 1, Box 23
Palestine, WV 26160

Thomas Griffin
Affil - Doolittle
5582 Raceview Ave.
Cincinnati, OH 45248
Joseph R. McFadden
35PRR
154 Everest Dr. S
Bricktown, NJ 08724
Daniel J. McKessy
60FS 33FG
1274 Thorton Ct.
Spring Hill, FL 34608
Ronald I. Moeller
92FS 81FG
724 N. 6th Street
Cottonwood, AZ
86326
Virginia A. Mueller
Assoc 69DRS
6548 Orland St.
Falls Church, VA
22043
William R. Mustill
CACW 27FS
82 Bridle Path
Orchard Park, NY
14127
John O'Young
407ASS
14610 Wyman Ave.
San Leandro, CA
94578
Edward T. Peters
425BS 308BG
15 Greening Pl
Uncasville, CT 06382

David A. Porter
1381 ENGR 68ASG
6796 Ravenwood Ave.
NW
N. Canton, OH 44720
Jean M. Reichert
Assoc 16FS
9 Green Ivy Circle
Rochester, NY 14623
Arthur J. Rieser
12ASS 68ASG
P.O. Box 893
Windsor, CO 80550
Kathleen Risa
Assoc* 12ASS
1104 Berkshire Ave.
Pittsburgh, PA 15226
Philip B. Seeherman
Assoc* 69DRS
1200 Churchill Road
Wyndmoor, PA
19118-1602
Marla Chennault Smith
Assoc* 14HQ
978 Vinton Woods Dr.
Forest Park, GA
30050
Jane Solomon
Assoc* 69DRS
6916 Bollingbrook
Cove
Germantown, TN
38138

Rose Marie Stoaks
Assoc 16FS
3404 Mayfair Drive
Sacramento, CA
95864
Jimmie A. Toy
23FCS
7501 42nd Ave.
Seattle, WA 98115
William S. (Bill) Waddell
375BS 308BG
610 NE Pinehurst
Lee's Summit, MO
64064
Karl H. Weber
51FG
245 Carolina
Meadows #24S
Chapel Hill, NC
27514-8518
Peter B. Wilharm
425BS 373BS
P.O. Box 2047
Benson, AZ 85602
Gene Wong
407ASS 14ASG
15066 Lago Dr.
Rancho Murieta, CA
95683
Adele Zwolinski
Assoc 75FS
1723 K St. N.
Lake Worth, FL 33460

O, You Flying Tiger

We heard from Wayne G. Johnson (118th T.R.S.), Norwest Bank Bldg., Silver Bay, MN 55614, who wrote:

"Enclosed is a poem in French translated to English by the granddaughter of Henri Mazurie that I thought might be of interest. Henri is a Frenchman who served with Chennault in the early days in China as a member of the A.V.G. and C.A.T.F.

This poem was dedicated to him on his 90th birthday."



Toi qui défies les cieux à tous les temps.
Toi qui te lances dans les airs comme un battant.
Toi qui deviens gracieux après avoir déployé tes ailes sveltes.

On peut apercevoir après ton décollage fulgurant :
Ton regard scruté le lointain ténébreux de tes yeux perçants.
Ta défense foudroyante, élanée de tes griffes déchirantes
Ta queue magnifique hors du commun surgissant des dents mordantes.

Suivi de notre regard lointain, tu nous laisses entendre
ton roulement terrifiant.



Mais surtout ce qui compte le plus,
s'est taute sa magnificence
son ardeur
sa richesse de vie
son cœur d'or,
en un seul mot, notre Super Papy

With affection
sincerely
Katia

O, You Flying Tiger

You who defies the heavens in all kinds of weather.
You who throws himself into the air like a hammer.
You who becomes graceful after spreading your slender wings.

One can appreciate after your thunderous take-off:
Your searching gaze into the far-off shadows with your piercing

eyes.

Your lightning defiance, springing forth from your ripping claws.

Your magnificent jaws out of the common roar of your biting teeth.

Followed by your faraway stare, you will allow us to hear your terrifying purr.

But above all what is more important,
is all your greatness

your ardor

your richness of life

your heart of gold,

in a single word, our 'Super Papy.'

Very affectionately,
Katia

THE MEASURE OF A HERO

Many, many years ago (before most of you youngsters were born), I read the definition of a hero in a squib printed in the *Readers' Digest*. As I remember it, the soldier who goes 'over the top' without realizing the danger, is a fool, not a hero. The soldier who goes 'over the top' aware of the danger, is a hero. I guess that definition will have to do until a better one comes along. Awareness of danger is the key.

We certainly had our fill of heroes in China during World War II, and if you are not one of them, at least one of your squadron buddies was.

And we acknowledged heroic conduct by presenting medals, with 'greater heroics' earning medals of higher degree.

We had, as you are aware, one recipient who received the posthumous award of the Medal of Honor. That was Major Horace Carswell of the 374th B.S., who refused to bail out of his plane and crashed with a wounded crew member aboard.

That's the Carswell story, and I certainly applaud his heroism and believe he deserved the medal. How about Joseph E. Murray? Was he any less heroic? Here's the story.

Murray was a pilot with the 27th Troop Carrier Squadron.

On March 24th of 1945, Major Carleton C. Dutton and 1st Lieutenant Everett A. Turner were ordered by 69th Composite Wing Headquarters to proceed to Poseh. Lieutenant Joseph E. Murray of the 27th T.C.S. volunteered to fly Dutton and Turner to and from Poseh.

All went well on the flight to Poseh, and with mission accomplished, the C-47 took off in the late afternoon to return to Kunming.

The crew consisted of Lt. Murray, co-pilot Martin, crew chief Hollis, and radio operator Yarbrough. In addition to Dutton and Turner, there were two additional passengers, a Sgt. Nelson and Major Feener. Feener was an army doctor who weighed about 250 pounds, much of it around his middle.

The take-off was in pea-soup fog and Murray climbed in a circling pattern, hoping to break out in the clear. He leveled off at 9,500 feet about 18 minutes after take-off. Two minutes later the left engine cut out, fuel pressure dropping to zero. Murray did a 180 to return to Poseh. He ordered everyone to put on their chutes.

Murray reported:

"We started single engine procedure . . . the right engine cut out and the co-pilot started wobbling. After two minutes the pressure dropped to five pounds. With wobble pump going, the pressure rose, then dropped, then rose, then dropped. All men were ordered to bail out."

After he was sure everyone was out, Murray was ready to go.

He wrote in his report:

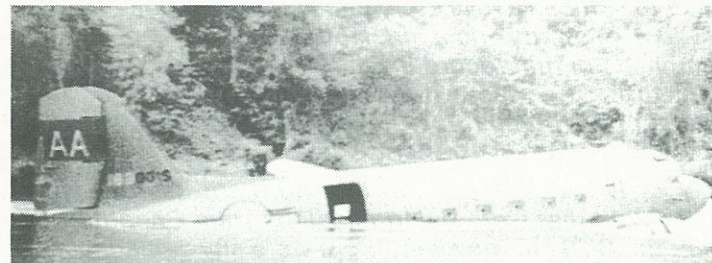
"I started out. When I got to the cabin, Major Feener was searching around the floor for a chute to fit him. Later he told me he had tried on three chutes and couldn't get one to fit him. He told me to go ahead and let him stay."

Lt. Murray refused to jump and returned to the pilot's compartment while Major Feener tried on additional chutes — there were 16 on the plane. None fit.

Lt. Murray asked Feener to work the wobble pump, gliding about 100 m.p.h. but still in the soup. They broke out about 300 feet and saw a river.

Murray kept the Major going on the pump and Murray made for the river.

They *" . . . hit the water wheels-up, no flaps, props turning. There were three very slight bounces or skips, then we stopped completely with no bad jar."*



The story of what happened to the men who bailed out is another Tiger Tale. Two of them didn't make it. But *this* account has to do with Second Lieutenant Joseph E. Murray, who refused to leave his plane, although the odds were overwhelmingly against his surviving a crash landing in the fog.

Everett Turner recently told us that Lt. Murray was recommended for a Silver Star for his heroism but that the recommendation was *turned down* by the 69th Composite Wing.

I wonder if Joseph E. Murray would have gotten his Silver Star or Medal of Honor if he had not been so stupid as to survive?

On January 26th and 27th, 1993, 47 years, 10 months and 2 days after that fateful day in China, Joseph Murray and his wife Bertha were guests at the home of Everett and Evelyn Turner (69th C.W.), 7697 Wyldwood Way, Port St. Lucie, FL 34986.

While reminiscing about the experience, Everett asked Joseph:

"Did you, for even a moment, think of leaving that plane along with the rest of us, even though we could not get a parachute on Major Feener?"

The answer was prompt and firmly stated.

"No, Everett, I did not. I thanked God for the good life He had given me because I knew there was no way I could survive this dilemma."

Turner adds in a note to me:

"Isn't it remarkable that God could lift the overcast and place a river under Joseph's plane at the right moment?"

"If anyone questions why I give Joseph Murray a 24-karat solid gold hero status in my mind for the rest of my life, I suggest you start over and reread this story."

I am sure that I write for every Tiger Cousin when I echo Everett Turner's sentiment.

A LOVE STORY

Earl Ashworth (528th F.S.), 2964 Pascal Drive, Fairborn, Ohio 45324 has a knack for penning a Tiger Tale using his heart instead of a pen. Each of his contributions to the *Jing Bao Journal* has a warmth not generally associated with a war story. So it is with this tale that Earl calls "A Love Story."

He writes:

"I choose to call this a love story because it is about a man — a helluva man who loved his country and a girl. He was big, handsome, charming and with an exemplary combat record in China. He seemed to me all the things that I wanted to be. He was a great pilot, a leader and, as I understand, popular with all of his compatriots. I had an occasion to spend an evening with him at a small base in Northern China.

"A flight of P-51s were sent to this northern base to 'sit alert,' as I recall, for the B-29s that were flying missions from Chengtu to Tokyo. We were to assist the B-29s in the event there were any damaged aircraft trying to make it back to a friendly base.

"I remember that it was just before or just after Christmas of 1944. I was homesick and stuck in this miserable little place. We were on C-Rations with no bath facilities and absolutely nothing to do but sit on the flight line all day waiting for a call from a troubled B-29 — which never came in all of my three or four weeks there.

"Late one evening when I was in my quarters reading, the door was suddenly thrown open and a tall, John Wayne-type man entered. He ambled over to the empty bunk, tossed his B-4 bag on the bed and said, 'Well, I guess you are stuck with me for the night. My name is Reed.'

"I said, 'My name is Ashworth and I'm very happy to meet you, Colonel Reed. I've heard about you. Aren't you one of the original Tigers?' 'Well,' he replied, 'I have been over here for one helluva long time. I don't know why I just don't pack my bags and get the hell out. I suppose I would if we could ever get rid of these damn Japanese.'

"We enjoyed talking about our experiences in China — at least, I did. I was so new I did not have much to talk about but for me it was seventh heaven to spend this private time with a real veteran with so much combat experience. I had brought some Scotch over with me (Vat 69) and still had some left that I was saving for a special occasion. Well, how special can an occasion get? How often does a real, live hero walk into one's life and want to talk — to a lonely 2nd Lt., no less?

"As the evening wore on and the Scotch loosened our tongues, we were telling each other all kinds of personal history. It was then that I suspected that this man was under a lot of stress with lots on his mind. After a few probing questions, he finally told me that he was trying to resolve a very serious problem. He was in love with this very wonderful and beautiful girl and he wanted to go home. However, he had this powerful urge to continue his duty in China until all the Japs were gone. He had seen the Chinese people suffer so much and had heard so many awful tales of torture that he felt an obligation to stay and do as much as possible to put an end to all that suffering.

"He was, indeed, a man in great pain. What to do? When he told me that the girl was Jinx Falkenburg, the movie star, I couldn't believe that any man alive would give it a second thought. I would be on the first boat homeward-bound, but not Col. Reed. There was no question that he was deeply in love, but Colonel Reed was a very mature person. He cared about the mission — about the war and about the Chinese. He felt a deep sense of duty and reasoned that the war would not last much longer and then there would be plenty of time to go home and pursue a career with Jinx.

"We heard rumors in Ankang that Jinx came to China because of a boyfriend. We later heard that he was a Lt. Col. and some thought his name might be Reed. I did not disclose this rumor to Col. Reed that night. I listened and tried to be a good and understanding friend. He left the next morning and I never saw him again. I was back in Hsian a few weeks later when I heard that a flight of P-40s (or were they 51s?) slammed into a mountain somewhere in China. It was late evening and the weather was bad. A few days later I heard that a Colonel Reed was leading the flight.

"What a tragedy! Reed had everything in the world to live for. He had the looks, the personality; he would have been a success at anything and everything. However, he took his role in life much more seriously than most fighter pilots that I ran across. His dedication to his country and to the Chinese people should be made known to all. I know that many Tigers made the supreme sacrifice in China, but none I believe paid the price that Colonel Reed paid on that fateful night on a desolate China hillside.

"I don't have any idea if anyone ever told Jinx the mental torture he endured while trying to decide — life with her or life for his country. He freely chose the latter and paid the price. What a guy! I wish I could have known him better."

ED. NOTE: JINX FALKENBURG DID GET MARRIED, BUT TO ANOTHER COLONEL, TEX McCREARY, WHO SERVED IN THE E.T.O. AFTER THE WAR, THEY HAD A RADIO PROGRAM, "TEX AND JINX," ONE OF THE FIRST OF THE HOUR-LONG INTERVIEW SHOWS. BACK IN 1951, BOTH WERE GUESTS AT OUR 4TH ANNUAL CONVENTION IN WASHINGTON, AND THEIR RADIO SHOW HAD ED RECTOR, LONG JOHN WILLIAMS, AND ME AS THEIR GUESTS. I STILL HAVE A 78 RPM RECORD OF THE SHOW, WHICH I SHALL SEND TO AL JOHNSON TO BE INCLUDED WITH OUR 14TH MEMORABILIA.

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SAN ANTONIO ROOSTER



Since this is the Chinese "Year of the Rooster," Carl H. Fritsche (492nd B.S.), 4715 North Shore Drive, Westerville, OH reports that he was known as the "San Antonio Rooster" back in 1943.

When Fritsche signed up as a cadet, he reported that his background was in chick hatchery work, as his parents owned a large hatchery. This data was on his records as he came into the cadet program at San Antonio.

In 1943, the class system and hazing of underclassmen was extremely strong. Upperclassmen went through Fritsche's record and discovered he knew something about chickens. Every morning at 5:00 a.m., Fritsche was escorted by two upperclassmen and marched up on the drill review platform to the microphone. As two thousand cadets stood at attention, Fritsche was made to crow like a rooster. The microphone carried the sounds all over the camp. Absolutely no one smiled or ever made a comment. That was cadet hazing. Fritsche was made to crow every morning while he was an underclassman at San Antonio. He said it was embarrassing, as was everything else done to underclassmen.

Fritsche said it didn't turn out too badly, as the cadets became officers and scattered over the world. Many a time as Fritsche walked into some obscure operations office, the guy behind the counter would look at him and remark, "Say — ain't you THE ROOSTER?" When Fritsche said he was — the operations man would say, "I'm gonna take good care of 'The Rooster,'" and sure enough, he did.

So the Chinese New Year of the Rooster has many pleasant memories for Fritsche.

MISSION TO AMOY



The above was printed in the Potpourri section of the Feb.-March *JBJ*.

Ben Minkin (373BS), 2455 Sherwood Drive, Lima, Ohio 45805-1496, flew the mission during which Casselberry, Brown and Austermul were killed.

He recalls:

"On October 3, 1944, my crew left Liuchow to bomb Amoy. I remember that we were warned to be sure of our target, since it was adjacent to a Standard Oil refinery and the Rockefellers would probably be angry if we damaged their property.

"There was a heavy cloud cover and even with radar we couldn't positively identify our target, so we headed home.

"Soon after, we were attacked by enemy fighters and badly shot up — lost all four engines. It was a fast bail-out and all of us made it except for Casselberry, Brown and Austermul.

"Local Chinese gathered us and whisked us away. We were then informed of the death of the three men. I guess the Chinese had their dog-tags, since the headstone lists each man's state and age.

"In addition to the three, the rest of the crew consisted of William Destiche, Ben Minken, Homer Smith, Grant Amdahl, Fenton Robinson and John Keller.

"Incidentally, Homer had to use a chute that had popped open. I told him to roll it up and jump. He did, and then threw the chute in the air. It opened.

"It took us seven days to walk to Kweilin and we were then flown to Luliang.

"I have written to Mr. James Lau for whatever additional information he may have."

And from Homer Smith, 3124 Ferguson Road, Huntington, W. VA 25705, who wrote:

"It was a real shocker to see the picture and article on page 34 of the February/March Journal, as this was my crew. We had a ten-man crew, including Ben Minkin, our new board member, as co-pilot. Seven of us were rescued by a Chinese Home Guard unit and returned to our base after burying the three boys in a local cemetery. I didn't remember, if I ever knew, the name of the Chinese town."

Homer sent us this photo of their crew:



Front row (L-R): S/Sgt. Walter T. Casselberry, gunner; S/Sgt. Fenton R. Robinson, radio operator; S/Sgt. John R. Keller, engineer; Cpl. Bernard C. Brown, radar operator; Sgt. George A. Austermul, gunner. Back row (L-R): Cpl. James S. Derrick, nose gunner; Lt. Homer C. Smith, bombardier; Lt. Ben L. Minkin, co-pilot; Lt. William P. Destiche, pilot; Lt. Grant R. Amdal, navigator.

"After forty-nine years, I still feel a debt of gratitude to the Chinese who helped us, but it is really wonderful after all this time, to know they erected this headstone honoring our lost crew members.

"I corresponded with Bernard Brown's mother for a time after we came home, but we lost touch after a year or so of Christmas cards and notes. If any of these boys' families returned their bodies to the States, I never knew it. Ben and I have tried to locate members of our crew for the Tigers Association, but haven't been successful. Perhaps someone will recognize one of them."

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ED. NOTE: I WAS TOO NAIVE TO KNOW THAT CERTAIN TARGETS WERE A NO-NO BECAUSE PRE-WAR AMERICAN OR BRITISH OR OTHER ALLIES' PROPERTY MIGHT BE DESTROYED. I RECALL A MISSION TO FORMOSA DURING THE EARLY WINTER OF '44. THE TARGET WAS SOCKED IN AND SO WAS THE SECONDARY TARGET. THE TERTIARY TARGET WAS SWATOW AND WE WERE ABLE TO BLAST SOME OF THEIR DOCKS AND WAREHOUSES. WHEN WE RETURNED AND IT WAS ANNOUNCED THAT WE HIT SWATOW, THERE WAS HURRYING AND SCURRYING AND URGENT PHONE CALLS TO 14TH HQ. INTELLIGENCE UNTIL IT WAS DETERMINED THAT, INDEED, SWATOW WAS NOT ON THE NO-NO LIST. ABOUT A YEAR OR TWO AFTER THE WAR, I WAS HAVING LUNCH WITH ALFRED KOHLKER, WHO HAD MANY FACTORIES AND INTERESTS IN CHINA BEFORE THE WAR. IN FACT, HE MANUFACTURED AND MARKETED HANDEKCHIEFS WHICH HAD THE TRADE NAME "KOHLKERCHIEFS." DURING OUR LUNCHEON, I MENTIONED OUR BOMBING OF SWATOW. HE ASKED FOR A REPORT OF THE DATE AND THEN SAID:
"SO YOU'RE THE SONOFABITCH THAT BLEW UP ONE OF MY LARGEST WAREHOUSES."
AS REPARATIONS, HE INSISTED THAT I PAY FOR THE LUNCH. I REFUSED, PLEADING POVERTY.

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MORE ON DEATH IN THE AIR

In our Feb.-March issue, Leonard Hancock recalled an accident during advanced training of the 308th B.G. in Pueblo, Colorado during one morning of December, 1942.

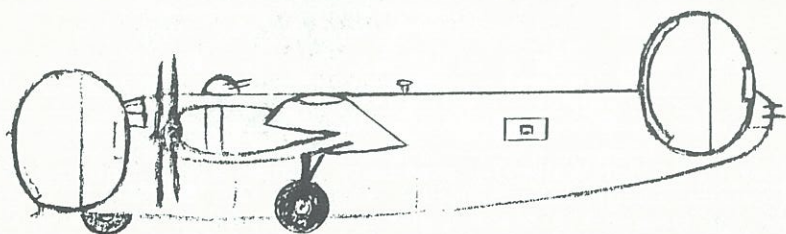
He wrote that during the mission:

"... Two planes were very close and suddenly the one on the right rose up in front of the lead plane and was hit in the tail assembly.

"... Parts of the tail assembly ... had hit the nose, injuring and trapping the bombardier and navigator.

"The crew was ordered to bail out, and all did except the bombardier and navigator who were trapped, and the pilot and engineer, who decided to remain. They managed to return to base and landed safely."

Bill Hering (375th B.S.), 707 Jefferson St., Beardstown, IL 62618 was working the 11 to 7 shift at the Pueblo control tower when about 6:50 a.m. he saw what seemed like a plane from outer space coming in to land.



"I remember that the 'plane' was coming in with full power and if I'm correct, there was a leg hanging out from the tail section that was stuck on the front of the landing plane.

I had a feeling that I might have known someone on the lost crew. That feeling was correct. One of the crew bunked just three down from me.

"Was I correct in that a leg was hanging from that front tail section?"

We also heard from L. Harold Abbott (374th B.S.), 501 E. S. 4th St., Seneca, South Carolina 29678-3505.

Harold was at Pueblo at the time of the landing and he still remembers coming out of his barracks and noticing a "new kind of B-24 landing. It had a tail on the front as well as the rear. It was only later that I heard the story of the crash."

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WILL THE REAL DULCIE MAE PLEASE STAND UP?

In our Feb.-March issue, Bill Scunzio (21st P.R.S.) recalled the evacuation of Suichwan and enclosed a photo of the last of the evacuees relaxing before destroying supplies. The photo was of 14 GIs and one Chinese lass.

Bill wrote:

"... She was our Chinese nurse. She was more than a nurse, she was a friend. ... Her name was Dulcie Mae Hall and I still have a Christmas card she sent me from Hong Kong after the war."

The Tiger Tale by Bill Scunzio struck a memory chord within Dick Maddox (449th F.S.), 3240 Norcross Lane, Dallas, TX 75229.

Dick wrote to Scunzio:

"Your picture of the 'relaxed group' and the little Chinese girl who was your nurse named Dulcie Mae Hall, began to ring bells and stir my memory. During the early part of 1945, with the 449th in Chengkung, our squadron

nurse was, as I recall, named Dulcie Mei Hoh. But Hoh or Hall, I believe the nurse was the same individual. I have looked through my photo album (such as it is) and have found a larger photo of 'our' Dulcie. Enclosed is a copy of the photo. Look it over and see if there is a resemblance.



449th Flight Nurse, Dulcie Mae Hoh

"I really couldn't tell from the picture in the [Feb.-March] JBJ, but I think it is more than just a coincidence. Dulcie took care of us during 'sick call' and kept us fit enough to remain on the line. That was a long time ago, and I hadn't thought any more about our Chinese friends and helpers until I read your letter with the pictures."

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...AND STILL MORE ON THE CHINESE COMMUNIST TROOPS

From time to time during the past year or so, we have printed letters that addressed the question: "During World War II, did Chinese Communist troops engage the Japanese in more than sporadic guerrilla action?"

Bob Dykstra said 'yes,' Tony Kao said 'no,' Al Bossieux said 'no,' and Joe Baglio, who had bailed out over North China and wound up in Communist-held Yennan, wrote a scholarly history of the formation of the Communist 8th Route Army and New 4th Army but did not say whether either fought against the Japanese.

Joe Baglio (26th F.S.), P.O. Box 275, Tracyton, WA 88393 is not happy with our story on page 39 of the Feb.-March *JB*.

In the 'interest of accuracy,' he objects to two points:

1) I referred to him as Colonel Baglio and he was a Lt. Colonel. Glad to set the record straight.

2) The last sentence in my article, ". . . but there is not a historical fact to bolster the claim that the 8th Route Army or the New 4th Army ever fired a shot at anyone but a Nationalist."

Lieutenant Colonel Baglio went on for two single-spaced pages, reiterating the existence of the two Chinese Communist armies and how they came into being. He makes the point that their very being resulted in the Japanese stationing troops to police the areas where the Communists *might* attack. Naturally, Japanese troops facing the Communists meant that had there been no Red Armies, the Japanese could have deployed their troops elsewhere. Agreed.

But the point is not in the existence of the armies. The point is, did they engage in battle against the Japanese? And I still maintain that the answer is 'no' until there is firm, historical fact that they did.

If Lieutenant Colonel Baglio, or anyone else, has either printed matter or first person knowledge that there was even ONE battle between Japanese and Chinese Communist troops, we'd like to hear about it.

* * * *

GIVE THE MAN A MEDAL

FROM THE C.B.I. *ROUNDUP* OF DECEMBER 21, 1944:

CHINA LIBERATOR SQD -- A certain lieutenant almost became the man of the hour recently at this base's first air raid in over six months. A full 10 minutes before the bombs fell the lieutenant personally blacked out at least half of the buildings in the vicinity.

The Commanding Officer was about to commend the lieutenant on what appeared to be an extraordinary display of initiative, when word leaked out that the one-man blackout was the result of an ill-fated experiment with a homemade radio transformer.

* * * *

THE SMART-ASS COLONEL

I'm sure we've all had this experience. You run into a smart-ass, know-it-all whom you briefed on something-or-other that you are sure of, but your advice is sluffed off in a supercilious manner and you can't wait to see the smart-ass get his come-uppance because he paid you no mind.

I can just see most of you nodding your heads and grinning, as one or more instances come to mind.

This is one such case that happened to Luke Kissick, Intelligence Guru of the 74th Fighter Squadron, 909 Maize Rd # 732, Wichita, KS 67212.

Late in '44, Luke was ordered by the 23rd F.G. commander, Colonel Ed Rector, to proceed ". . . from Tushan Airbase to Liuchow Airbase to prepare for the movement of the 23rd Fighter Group's three squadrons, the 74th, 75th, and 76th, to be based there together."

"Yes sir," yessired Luke and headed out with his truck and jeep gang toward Liuchow.

Luke Kissick recalls:

"A very interesting sight greeted us as we moved north into Liuchow city. I saw this tall male in tattered clothing and bare feet running toward our convoy."

We must, dear readers, pause at this point to go back in time about two weeks.

Luke Kissick was asked to brief an army colonel, Garrison Coverdale, on Japanese positions south of Tushan. Luke and his men had gone on to ground-reconnoiter the situation and position of Japanese troops and they felt that with briefings from the Chinese, they had a pretty good handle on where the Japs were, where they were headed, at what speed, and the extent of their numbers and armament. In my opinion, so far as Colonel Garrison Coverdale was concerned, he should have taken notes, kept nodding his head and thanking Luke Kissick and his Intel men for knowing their business.

But that is not how it turned out. The good colonel questioned everything Kissick told him, and in a bored manner intimated that Kissick didn't know present Jap positions from the hole in his you-know-what.

Since Luke Kissick was outranked, he could do nothing more than softly repeat what he knew to be true.

At one point, Kissick circled an area on a map and told Colonel Coverdale that that was where the Japanese were; just north of Hochin and ". . . *Just this morning our aircraft strafed them . . . there!*"

"No way," answered the colonel, as his polished his silver eagles. "They have retreated much further."

Since the colonel was going in that direction, Luke said audibly, "Yes, sir," but under his breath he murmured, "It's your ass, stupid colonel."

Back to the ranch!

Two weeks later when Luke Kissick and his convoy were on their way to Liuchow, the tall, tattered, barefoot man who waved them down was -- you guessed it -- Colonel Garrison Coverdale.

The colonel admitted to Kissick that just at the place marked DANGER during the briefing two weeks before and summarily ignored, his jeep had been ambushed. His driver, Captain Bailey, was killed and two other officers injured and captured, including Coverdale.

ED. NOTE: BY THE WAY, ISN'T THAT A GRAND NAME FOR A COLONEL – GARRISON COVERDALE?

Kissick writes:

"When I first saw Colonel Coverdale running toward our convoy he had just escaped from the Japanese the day before by hiding in the water along a river bank. We picked him up and took him around to the operations side of the airbase.

"The next day or two, I sent a hand-cranked message to Hqs. 14th A.F. to send an airplane to fly out Colonel Coverdale, who was not well physically. I recall General "Russ" Randall, a classmate of Colonel Coverdale's at West Point was in a B-25 that landed on the taxi strip to take out Col. Coverdale. I thought that would be the end of seeing Colonel Coverdale. It was not! I was assigned to Post Field, Ft. Still, Oklahoma to assist the Army's Light Aviation Division. Guess what -- Colonel Garrison Coverdale was the G-4 at the Artillery School located there. He could hardly look me in the face. To make the situation worse, Coverdale and I were assigned at the Pentagon together and we would run into each other frequently."

Luke Kissick was too much the gentleman to tell Coverdale what he really thought of him or to ask the good colonel if he felt in any manner responsible for the death of Captain Bailey. But Kissick did not have to say a single word to the colonel. The colonel knew.

'WE'RE NOT GOING TO MAKE IT!'

From time to time over the forty some-odd years that this publication has been in existence, we have printed Tiger Tales by pilots and crew members telling us of their bail-out experiences. I don't recall, however, having a first-person narrative by one who was in a serious crash landing. Let this, then, be a first for the *Jing Bao Journal*.

Back in the August-September, 1991 issue, we printed a story headlined "Double Crack-Up at Chengkung." It detailed an oddball but horrible accident and was written by Carl Evans (374th B.S.).

He wrote:

"It was to be some sort of hush-hush mission and the 374th B.S. and the 375th B.S. were to alternate take-offs.

"It was a pitch-black night, yet the pilots were ordered not to turn on landing lights for take-off and the runway lights were also off."

The first plane to attempt to take-off was Esky II of the 374th B.S. It never became airborne and crashed at the end of the runway. All members of the crew were killed instantly.

Evans wrote that most crews were still in the briefing room when Colonel Powell informed them of the crash.

The mission was scrubbed and the second plane to take off taxied to the opposite end of the runway. It would be a down-wind takeoff.

Evans continued:

". . . a 375th plane, painted black, came barreling down the runway.

"Although there were flame dampeners on the exhausts, sparks were flying out and we could see the plane well even though it was dark.

"The plane became airborne opposite where we were standing and within second, out of sight, we heard it crash."

That was the end of the mission.

The 375th plane that crashed was The Rose of Juarez. The crew consisted of:

Lt. Troy McCubbin, pilot

Lt. James Rutledge, co-pilot

Lt. Albert Ades, navigator

Lt. Tom Cannon, bombardier

T/Sgt. Don Sellhorst, engineer

S/Sgt. Roland Sering, gunner

S/Sgt. Bob "Tex" Kuntz, armorer

T/Sgt. Joseph "Leo" Melanson, radio operator

Joe Melanson, 721 Washington St., Haverhill, MA 01832, with an assist from Tex Kuntz, has penned the anatomy-of-a-crash and there is little that I, as editor, can add to Melanson's lucid Tiger Tale.

He recalls:

"With the weight of the bombs and a full load of gas there was apparent apprehension on board as the pilot prepared to take off down-wind. We were just getting airborne when we ran out of runway.

"I was standing behind the pilot and my buddy, Tex, was just behind me. The engineer was between the pilot and co-pilot. The navigator was at my radio table.

"I heard the pilot shout, 'We're not going to make it!' He hit the landing lights and I could see that we were going to hit the side of a small hill.

"Instinctively, I dropped behind the pilot's seat, back to the armor plate, hands clasped behind my neck and knees tucked into my chest. Tex dropped in front of me, his back against my knees.

"There was a loud roar and I could see steel twisting and crumbling around us. I remember a wall of dirt and dust coming at me from the bomb bay area. Then I passed out.

"I have no idea how long I was unconscious. When I came to, I was on the ground, enveloped in flames. I tried to sit up and felt blood dripping onto my hands. It was from my face, which was badly burned and laid open. My right ear was hanging by a piece of skin.

"I finally made it to my knees and then stood erect and slowly started to move away from the fierce heat.

"I heard Tex call my name but my sight was blurred and I couldn't see him. I almost tripped over him. He was on his back and in sad shape -- he was badly burned and I could see one leg was broken above the knee.

"I tried to pull him away from the flames, and he said, 'Tom Cannon (bombardier) is sitting there in a daze and there are bombs all over and some may be live.'

"Tex pointed to a ditch and said that he would be all right but for me to get Tom to the ditch before bombs started to explode. (Lt. Tom Cannon had a severe concussion and never remembered a thing that happened that night.)

"After seeing that Lt. Cannon was set, I went back to Tex and tried to help him. By this time I had lost a lot of blood and had a hard time breathing. I tried to drag Tex away from the burning wreckage, but no luck. My hands were burnt too much to be of any use, my foot was broken, and one shoulder was broken in three places.

"Tex said, 'Get out of here while you can. The bombs are ready to blow.'

"I was too weak to stand and lay down next to Tex. 'Let's crawl out of here together,' I said. 'I'm not leaving without you.'

"Then a bomb exploded. Lucky we were both flat on the ground. The concussion rattled every bone in my body. We were showered with burning gas and debris. Tex's pants caught fire. He couldn't do anything, but I finally put out the fire..

"We finally crawled to the ditch where Lt. Cannon was. We were lucky to be away from the plane, which was burning with flames about 200' in the air. Our ammunition was going off and it sounded like an old-fashioned 4th of July.

"At Tex's suggestion, we both prayed. The n I passed out.

"The pilot, Lt. McCubbin; co-pilot, Lt. Rutledge; navigator, Lt. Ades; and engineer, T/Sgt. Sellhorst; died in the crash. They found S/Sgt. Roland Sering, gunner, a couple of hundred yards away. He was probably thrown out when the plane broke apart. He also suffered severe burns and broken bones.

"One last note -- a twist of fate, you might say. On all flights, I always sit at my radio table during take-offs. On this night, the navigator, Lt. Ades, took my spot and you don't tell an officer to move, so I stood behind the pilot.

"On impact, the top turret broke loose, falling on top of the navigator, instantly killing him."

A PLEASANT DREAM

Howard Goebel (311th F.G.), 502 Walker Street, Janesville, WI 53545, doesn't really believe that you get "nervous in the service." I figure that he had a ball in China and he misses the "good old days."

He tells us:

"Shortly after war's end, Capt. Donald Brown, 311th Operations Officer, myself and a few others flew from Sian to Lungwha Airfield (south side of Shanghai) to set up an operation for receiving subsequent aircraft arrivals from interior China. There was a seaplane ramp to the Huang Pu, sometimes called the Whangpoo River, which bounded the east side of the field.

"Some time passed, of course, before much of any equipment arrived, but eventually there was an assortment of 51s, C-47s, etc. and in time, more vehicles in a motor pool. As the days passed, Naval vessels reached Shanghai and, lo and behold, among the provisions was American beer.

"Remember the olive drab cans?"

"Well, this same spot that served Pan American Airways Clipper flights prior to the war served us well one day when a couple of fellows from the motor pool and other 311th boys secured the use of a 'duck.' The accompanying photo shows us on the Huang Pu, where you can see evidence of the previously mentioned beer on board.



"We did not dock anywhere, merely cruised until, I suppose, the beer was gone. Not having kept a diary, dates are a blank to me, but this likely was early November, 1945, as we now wore OD uniforms. Needless to say, it was a pleasant diversion."

50TH ANNIVERSARY OF WORLD WAR II

During our board meeting in Washington, a presentation was made by Department of Defense representatives concerning a community program commemorating the 50th Anniversary of World War II. Led by a general, the group showed us commercials starring Charlton Heston, told us about a 5-part TV series on WW II, and asked our participation either nationally or locally. A well-stuffed kit of information was distributed.

Duayne Huston (14th Hq.), 3445 Sunset Park Circle, Dubuque, IA 52001 was chosen as the 14th AFA representative.

On returning home, I went through all the material in the kit as put out by our Department of Defense and you'd have to look deep and hard to even find ANY MENTION of the American presence in China. In fact, there was a book marker for 'INDIA-BURMA THEATRE 1942-1945,' and during the presentation, when I

questioned what happened to China, I was informed that China was being handled as a separate theatre-of-war. They were right: it was so separate it was damned well missing.

I did, however, find a paragraph on China in a fact sheet insert labeled "U.S. Army Air Forces." It was double-sided and the sub-heads were HISTORY, ARMY AIR FORCES IN WORLD WAR II, and NATIONAL SECURITY ACT, 1947.

The following is what was printed concerning our efforts in China.

India was home to the 10th Air Force which was responsible for operating in China, Burma and India. Formed in Ohio before moving in March of 1942, the 10th became the parent of a small group of American mercenary pilots headed by Brig. Gen. Claire Channault. Channault led the American volunteer group, better known as the "Flying Tigers" on guerilla-style air raids against the Japanese. As part of the China Air Task Force, the Tigers continued to fly missions over the Himalayas known as "the hump" from India to China. In 1942 the CATF was designated the 14th Air Force. Dramatically outnumbered in aircraft, the 14th Air Force disrupted the flow daily of Japanese supplies to China recording a kill ratio of eight-to-one.

With all due respect, I'd like to suggest that the D.O.D. could do better. Let's analyze the paragraph:

1. The 10th Air Force had nothing to do with the 'small group of mercenary pilots headed by Brig. Gen. Claire Chennault.' The American Volunteer Group vets will not take kindly to being referred to as 'mercenaries' and were recently given credit for service time in the U.S. Armed Forces while they were with the A.V.G. Doesn't the D.O.D. know that?
In case the Commemoration Committee should decide to reprint the fact sheet, may we suggest that it is General C-H-E-N-N-A-U-L-T, not C-H-A-N-N-A-U-L-T. And he was not made a Brig. Gen. until July 4, 1942.
2. The A.V.G. is the American Volunteer Group, not the American volunteer group. And the spelling is 'guerilla-style,' not 'guerilla-style' (who does your proofreading at the D.O.D.?)
3. We usually refer to the Himalayas as the 'Hump,' not the 'hump.'
4. In 1942, the C.A.T.F. was NOT designated as the 14th Air Force. If the D.O.D. wants to know when that happened, I'm sure the correct date is on file somewhere in Washington. I'm not telling.

Just so we will not think that the Commemoration Committee writes their history out of the blue sky, they list their sources.

Here they are:

Sources

Air Force Magazine, May 1992, Published by the Air Force Association
Images of Air War 1939-1945, Chaz Bowyer, Published by B.T. Batford, 1983
History of the U.S. Air Force, Bill Yenne. Published by Brompton Publishers, Greenwich, Conn., 1984

ED. NOTE; IF THE PRECEDING ARTICLE READS AS IF I AM TEED OFF, THAT WAS WHAT I INTENDED.

VAN CLEVE THE RESTORER

I have been told that during China days, Don Van Cleve (75th F.S.), 2408 Lincoln Court, Irving, TX 75061, was one of the best crew chiefs in the U.S. Air Corps. Then, after the war and until the unfortunate demise of the company, Don was non-pareil as a super-mechanic for Braniff Airlines. I know that he rides a horse better than Tom Mix or Roy Rogers during their heyday, and there is not a single Tiger Cousin who comes close to capturing members for the 14th A.F.A.

All of the above, however, pales when held up to his new talent, as restorer par-excellence of Chinese Loving Cups.

Here's the poop. Don wrote:

"Each year when I go to my horse trek in California, I stop off to visit Florentine Rodriguez, who was my replacement in the 75th F.S. during the fall of 1944.

"Last year when we were together at his home in Santa Barbara, he showed me a mess of pieces that had once been a cup presented to him by Lem F. Wu, who served with the A.V.G. and subsequently the 75th Fighter Squadron.

"According to Florentine, the cup had shattered. And while he still had a warm memory of Lem Wu, who passed on about 20 years ago, it was time that the pieces be consigned to the trash bin.

"I asked Rodriguez if I could have the pieces and, wonder of wonders, I put them together and the cup is once more whole."

Don tells us that the cup is 13" tall by 5" in diameter. It is hammered brass with peacocks and dragons and has a teakwood base. He remarks that when he got it, the base, dirty and grey, was in pieces. He molded and hammered and polished and glued and lacquered. Now he has a piece of art.

"What do I do with it now?" asks Don.

I suggested in a note to him that the cup belongs in a museum and should be part of the 14th memorabilia being collected by Committee Chairman Al Johnson for proper display in a proper setting.

Don, how about bringing the cup to our convention in St. Louis so we may all see and admire it?

A TRIBUTE BY THE CHINESE

Many of us who bailed out over China were feted by local Chinese on the way back to our home base. I remember one fighter pilot with the 75th F.S. telling me that he gained at least 15 pounds on his way back from a crash landing.

"Once more like that," he told me, "and they'll have to ground me, since I will be too fat to get into the cockpit."

The Chinese still haven't forgotten, and time and again during our trip to the mainland in 1991, we heard from old-timers who still consider us as friends who came to fight the enemy of the Chinese.

In early February of 1944, the 74th Fighter Squadron escorted thirteen B-25s on a mission to Hong Kong. They met heavy opposition and Lieutenant George Lee and Lieutenant Oren Bates, 173 Highland Street, Clinton, MA 01510, were shot down.

Bates landed okay, but Lee took a .30 calibre bullet in one leg. Both men immediately were taken in tow by friendly Chinese, and on Feb. 13, 1944, at Waichow, Kwantang Province, they were honored at a banquet with a tribute by Major General Yip Man Yu, commanding the Waichow/Tamshui garrison.

His words were fairly standard and in one form or another, heard by many an honoree who either bailed out or crash landed. Please understand; while the words may have been standard, they were sincere and said with warmth and affection.

Oren "Shakespeare" Bates has a translation of the tribute by General Yu and he shares the words with us:

"Lieut. GEORGE LEE and Lieut. O.R. BATES, two heroic and brace friends-at-arms, our dear comrades:

"Two days ago, your air force launched an attack on the enemy. You were unfortunate enough being wounded in action and landed in this area. The military and civilian population of this area wishes to extend their deepest sympathy and admiration. I, the General Officer Commanding, feel extremely glad to be able to represent the population in welcoming our brave Allied friends.

"For seven years, the Japanese bandits have been aggressing on our country during which we suffered overwhelming losses in territory, human lives, and properties. But in spite of these losses, we have an able leader, President CHIANG KAI-SHEK, who commands the forces and people of the entire country prolonging the hard and difficult struggle, leading the enemy's war-effort nearer day by day to its collapse as the war goes on, and who has laid the foundation of Victory. We deeply believe that not long from now, we'll be able to crash the Japanese bandits to the dust, to regain our territory and to take retaliatory measures for the losses we sustained.

"Seven years ago, the ruthless and treacherous Japanese bandits directed their aggressive actions towards our country. Just over two years ago, they did the same to our British and American Allied nations. On the outbreak of the Pacific War, because of their mutual relations and because of the acts of the enemy bandits, the anti-aggression nations of the entire world united into one body.

The peace-loving people of the whole earth, under the four great Allied leaders -- President ROOSEVELT, Prime Minister CHURCHILL, Premier STALIN and President CHIANG KAI-SHEK, have thus staged mutually the war of resistance. The languages we speak, the colour of our skin may be different, but at the fighting front we are one. Our combination is one and only one which is vital for the victory over the enemy.

"The victory is near, and is approaching closer daily. The deciding fronts for the defeat of the Japanese will no doubt be at sea in the Pacific and on land in China; thus it will further be necessary for the Allied Air Forces to continue to give the Japanese vital and relentless attacks. With the morale of the heroic and brave Allied Air Forces as example, we are determined to offer the blood and strength of the entire nation's population to fight to the collapse of the Japanese. We wish to let the entire nation's blood be a pillar for the Allied Air Forces.

"Let us wish for the early recovery of our heroic Allied friends so that they may present themselves at the front and to give again to the Japanese heavier and hard blows!

"Let us wish for the closer and firmer cooperation in the Sino-American and Sino-British International relations!

"Long live the heroic and brave Allied Air Forces! Long live the Allied Victory!"

ED. NOTE: GEORGE LEE SHOT DOWN TWO ZEROS ON THIS MISSION. HIS P-40 WAS ON FIRE WHEN HE SHOT DOWN THE SECOND ONE. HE WAS LATER KILLED IN ACTION FLYING A P-51. OUR 'SHAKESPEARE' BATES WAS SHOT DOWN A SECOND TIME WHILE STRAFING NORTHWEST OF CHANGSHA. HE RETURNED SAFELY AND IS STILL WITH US.

'SIGHTED OUTHOUSE -- SCRUBBED SAME'

Ken Daniels (1st B.S.) - C.A.C.W.), 3196 Howard Drive, Redding, CA 96001-6113, is in the midst of writing a book about China days. When I find a Tiger Cousin who has the literary itch, I generally butter him up a bit and suggest that he sharpen his writing skills by penning a Tiger Tale for the JBJ. It doesn't work with all, but Ken Daniels, who wields a mean pen, was delighted to contribute to these pages and we're delighted to print his tales.

He sets the scene for his outhouse story by telling us that at Ehr Tong Airbase, Kweilin, the Chinese, on being informed of an impending enemy air attack at night, banged mightily on pots and pans to warn the "megwa being" of approaching Japanese aircraft. It might have been something deep-rooted in their complicated superstitions, but they never lit the red Jing Bao lanterns used during daylight raids; or it least it was that way when Ken was stationed there.

He recalls:

"On a moonlit night at Ehr Tong Field, Kweilin on April 7, 1944, I woke to the clamorous banging of pots, pans, and kettles. Three-ball alert! I thought, why not, there's a full moon. When I attempted to wake the others, everyone in our room was gone except Corporal Wooldrige, who always refused to go to the air raid shelter, a cave cut into one of the limestone sugar-loaf hills, located across the ravine from the enlisted men's hostel. No point in trying to rouse him; I had to get my butt over there. Why the hell didn't someone wake me, I wondered.

"I jumped barefooted into my fleece-lined flying boots and made a beeline for the door. The pots and pans went silent. I saw a flare and heard the infamous sound of a 'Maytag Bomber.' It was getting louder. After three months at Kweilin, I had become familiar with the washing-machine throb of Jap engines out of sync.

"As I ran across the field between our hostel and the cave, I looked up to see one bomber silhouetted against the moonlit sky and it seemed to be coming right at me. Run, legs, run! I could hear the whistling sound a Jap bomber makes on a low-level approach.

"It must have been a Betty or a Dinah, but I wasn't hanging around to find out. The cave suddenly seemed miles away, and I seemed to be running two steps forward and one back in those sloppy fitting boots.

"I looked up again. A tiny light glowed in the bombay. My God, the doors were open! I gaped up at it too long and stumbled on something that sent me ass-over-teakettle. I scrambled to my feet and ran twenty more yards before I realized that I'd lost a boot.

"I heard the first bomb explode and I hit the deck. The ground shook like an earthquake with each successive blast. I was still hugging the good earth (pardon me, Pearl Buck) when the engine noise of that 'Maytag Bomber' faded."

Ken Daniels agrees that as an air raid, this one scarcely merited mention as a footnote. Although every enemy bomb hit the ground, the only casualty seemed to be Ken's missing boot.

But not so!

One building received a direct hit and was a total loss. It was one of "the most popular places in town," the outhouse behind the Operations Shack.

The destruction of the outhouse received official mention in the account of the raid as detailed by First Lieutenant Allen H. Sweeney, Action Historian of the First Bomb Group.

He wrote:

"One bomber made a run . . . dropped both incendiary and demolition bombs . . . near miss of the Operations Building. To the rear of this building is a small building that was entirely destroyed by fire.

"The building was affectionately known by those who work in Operations and Intelligence as the Rose Room because its 'sweet,' lingering odor was as far from attar of roses as could be.

"It had no military value but was a necessity for officer and enlisted man alike. When one hadda go, rank had no privilege.

"There was nothing outstanding by way of furniture in the building, except a series of thrones with holes cut in the seats. It was every man an emperor when he sat on his throne.

"Tokyo Rose reported that the destruction of the building destroyed much that had military value.

"There is no doubt that what was of 'military value' in the building could be replaced easily, and was probably being replaced elsewhere while the raid was in progress."

OUR ST. LOUIS CONVENTION

Nothing new on the convention to be held in St. Louis on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday morning Sept. 29 - October 3. We know from experience that X number of Tigers who intend to be with us have misplaced their June-July *JB*, which contained the hotel and convention reservation forms. Not to worry . . . they are repeated in the last pages of this issue. We suggest, however, that you fill out the forms and send them in TODAY. Then you can relax.

In Washington, several Tigers who are driving to St. Louis asked about sights-to-see within driving distance that are not on our itinerary. Here are a few:

During the weekend prior to our convention will be the St. Louis County Art Fair, which is held annually at the Spirit of St. Louis Airport, about a 45-minute drive from downtown St. Louis. This has become a big and successful air show in the Midwest. As of this printing, the following were scheduled to appear: the Black Hawk Jet Team, Holiday Inn/Coca-Cola Pitts Team, F-86 Mig duel jets, gliders, the Don Johnson Air Show and the Bud Light Air Force. Admission is \$10.00 per carload of people. Events are scheduled Fri. - Sun., September 23 - 25.

The annual Octoberfest will be going on in Herman, MO, a charming German wine-making community with the rather respectable Stone Hill Winery. At one time, Stone Hill was the third largest winery in the world until Prohibition killed the wine industry in Missouri. After nearly half a century of hibernation, Stone Hill Winery was reopened in the mid-'60s and has once again started to win medals in wine competitions. Complete with German bands, dancing, and wine-tasting, this is a FUN place to be. (1 1/2 hour drive from downtown St. Louis).

About one hour west of St. Louis is Meramac Caverns, the famous caves that were used by Jesse James to hide out in during the late 1860s. Here you can enjoy guided tours of this historical and scenic attraction from 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. daily.

Hannibal, MO is as charming today as it was in the days of Samuel Clemens, alias Mark Twain. In the historical district, you can visit Twain's boyhood home, the Mark Twain Museum, Becky Thatcher's home, Grant's Drug Store, the Tom Sawyer Dioramas Museum, and numerous antique shops.

For gardening enthusiasts, take a drive to the magnificent Missouri Botanical Gardens, one of the most beautiful and unique botanical gardens in the U.S. Featuring a "climatron" (domed greenhouse), a tropical rain forest, woodland and scented gardens, traditional Japanese Garden, and narrated tram ride, it also has a new section aimed toward solving problems in your own gardens. Open daily from 9:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.

Jefferson Barracks Historical Park combines military history and recreation, featuring two museums and numerous athletic field and picnic areas. In 1826, this site was named to honor President Thomas Jefferson. Robert E. Lee and Ulysses S. Grant were among those whose military careers included service at Jefferson Barracks.

If you are bringing any family members, a particular favorite is Six Flags over Mid-America, about 30 miles southwest of St. Louis. With wild rides, a water park, theaters with special shows and big-name entertainers, this 200-acre theme park has much to offer for a flat, daily fee. Open weekends only in October.

Convention honcho Charles McMillin has asked me to remind you to choose your table-mates (squadron or group) when filling out your convention registration form. If you have not done so, please check with the registration desk at arrival for a table.

We committed a boo-boo in the convention registration form in the last issue. The table choice is ONLY for the Saturday night banquet and does not apply to our Riverboat Party on Thursday.

Also, the St. Charles Tour on Saturday is \$13.50, not \$12.00.

See you in St. Louis!



And So, As It Must To All, Death Came To...

James C. Averill

(HQ 308 BG); wife, Florence; 1398 NW 4th CT., Boca Raton, FL 33432

- * -

John S. Bancho

(69 DRS 301 ADG); wife, Beatrice; 20102 Mission Blvd., Hayward, CA 94541

- * -

Martha Byrd

(author of Chennault biography, Chennault: Giving Wings To The Tiger) husband, Jerry Roberts; 225 Crescent Dr., Davidson, NC 28036

- * -

Laurence G. Cummings

(96 Sig Bn CCC); wife, Helen; 203 16th Ave. E., Superior, WI 54880

- * -

George D. Foltz

(322 TCS); no kin listed; 5236 King Ave., Baltimore, MD 21233

- * -

Alphonse A. Golebiewski

(23 FCS); wife, Violet; 70696 Crescent Rd., St. Clairsville, OH 43950-9348

- * -

James S. Hale

(491 BS 341 BG); wife, Delores; 907 W. Ridgeview Dr., Appleton, WI 54914-1467

- * -

Mary S. Lech

(CACW 3 FG); wife of Joseph; 941 Bucknell Circle., Anaheim, CA 92807

- * -

Harold M. Thomas

(425 BS 308 BG); wife, Norma; 210 Morris Drive, Montpelier, OH 43543

- * -

Louis Turner

(396 ASS 12 ASG); wife, Selma; 21253-99 Yontz Rd., Brooksville, FL 34601

- * -

Tom P. Wong

(555 ASS 14 ASG); wife, Ethel; 1492 Sheffield Dr. NE, Atlanta, GA 30329

- * -

Joe F. Zwolinski

(75 FS 23 FG); wife, Adele; 1723 K St. N., Lake Worth, FL 33460

To paraphrase the old adage, we are not only growing older but getting better. Our accomplishments during the past couple of years have been, to say the least, extraordinary. Our politicking for many years until we attained the Chennault stamp was a unique achievement, and our 20-foot monument at the Air Force Museum Memorial Park will stand high long after all of us are gone. The Norfolk Convention last October now is the reunion that all others must measure against. Our Washington Memorial Weekend was the best-attended ever, and our thirteen 14th Air Force birthday parties in March was a record in local affairs.

O.K., fellows -- what's next?

Tsai Chien

CONVENTION REGISTRATION FORM

Member's Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Telephone _____ China Squadron _____

FAMILY & GUESTS ATTENDING

1993 - 1994 DUES @ \$15.00 \$ _____

REGISTRATION FEE @ \$28.00 per person \$ _____

Airport/Hotel TRANSFERS @ \$13.00 roundtrip per person . \$ _____

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30

(If the following applies, please check)

I am a FIRST-TIMER and wish to attend the breakfast _____

My spouse will attend the breakfast with me _____

ST. LOUIS CITY TOUR @ \$12.00 per person \$ _____

MARK TWAIN RIVERBOAT PARTY @ \$29.00 per person ... \$ _____

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1

MORNING BUSCH BREWERY @ \$12.00 per person \$ _____

MORNING GRANT'S FARM @ \$12.00 per person \$ _____

AFTERNOON BUSCH BREWERY @ \$12.00 per person ... \$ _____

AFTERNOON FOREST PARK @ \$12.00 per person \$ _____

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2

AFTERNOON BUSCH BREWERY @ \$12.00 per person ... \$ _____

AFTERNOON ST. CHARLES TOUR @ \$13.50 per person .. \$ _____

RECEPTION & BANQUET - BEEF @ \$29.00 per person \$ _____

- CHICKEN @ \$27.00 per person \$ _____

If possible, I would like to be seated with _____ (squadron/group)

**TOTAL AMOUNT ATTACHED
FOR CONVENTION REGISTRATION \$ _____**

Make checks payable to: FLYING TIGERS / 14TH AIR FORCE ASSOCIATION
Mail to: ETC/Flying Tigers, 125 N. Airport Road, #1, Naples, FL 33942

HOUSING RESERVATION FORM

HOTEL:
**REGAL
RIVERFRONT HOTEL**

Please enter
quantity of rooms

Regal
Riverfront
Hotel

Single	Double	Triple	Quad
65.00	65.00	75.00	75.00
_____	_____	_____	_____

Accommodation preferences:

_____ Smoking _____ Non-Smoking

_____ 2 double beds _____ 1 queen bed

Name: _____ Arrival Date: _____

Address: _____ Arrival Time: _____

City: _____ Departure Dates: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____ Number of Nights: _____

CHECK-IN TIME IS 3:00 P.M. • CHECK-OUT TIME IS 12:00 NOON

One night's check deposit or a guarantee by credit card number (MasterCard, Visa, American Express, Diner's Club, Carte Blanche) must accompany this form or the reservation will not be confirmed. 48 hours advance notice is required for refund of deposit.

Enclosed is my check in the amount of \$ _____

OR:

Guarantee to my _____ MasterCard _____ Visa

_____ American Express _____ Diners Club _____ Carte Blanche

Card Number: _____ Expiration date: _____

Name (as it appears on card): _____

Signature: _____

THERE IS LIMITED SPACE IN THE HOTEL, SO IN ORDER TO SECURE A ROOM, MAIL TODAY! **FINAL DEADLINE: August 29, 1993.** Reservation requests received after that time will be subject to availability.

Mail to: REGAL RIVERFRONT

Attn: Reservation Office
200 South 4th Street
St. Louis, MO 63102

Or Call:
1-800-325-7353
toll free

A confirmation form will be sent to you from the hotel. Please read it carefully to be sure that all is in order. Thank you!

ADDRESS CORRECTION TO:
ERNIE R. KITTERMANN
19830 ALLISONVILLE AVENUE
NOBLESVILLE, IN 46060

**ANNUAL DUES \$15
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