

FLYING TIGERS

American Volunteer Group — Chinese Air Force



THE TIGER RAG

BURBANK, CALIFORNIA

December, 1964

Impressions of an Oriental Odyssey

Reunion in TAIPEI

By DON DWIGGINS ?

You take a planeload of Flying Tigers, open the bar and put the damn thing on autopilot and head West - Northwest, that is, Northwest to the Orient...and there you have the formula for a Grand Hotel yarn that nobody would believe. Along as a neutral observer, covering the Flying Tiger Reunion at Taipei, Taiwan. July 1-4, 1964, I saw and was con-



Here's where it all began - Preston Paull oversees Burma Bob Locke, Cliff Groh and Prexy Rossi putting up the where-to-go



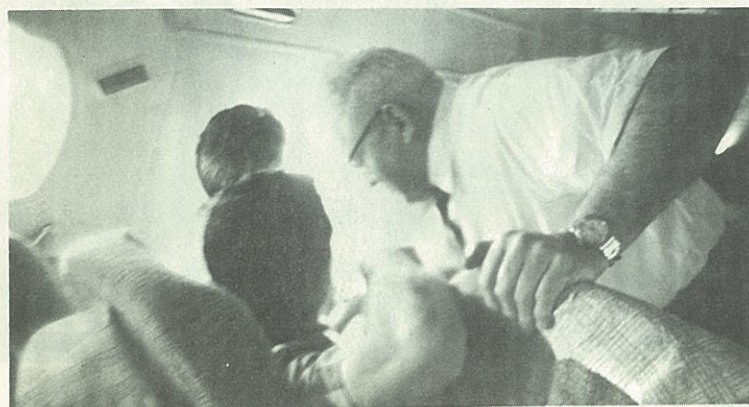
And this is the way it started - R. T. Smith Jim Bennett and Rossi carrying their "loot" aboard.



Our six house mothers. From bottom up, Marie Flesher, Ida Lono, Laura Direnzo, Judy Hatch, Ada Gardner and Colleen Carey.



The first thing we had was a drink. Don Dwiggins already in action, Rodewald and Neal conferring (on the left), and 'way in the back waiting patiently for his - Al Oldenburg.



Doc Richards was soon in action. His patient has a busted zipper, or something.

vinced that never, but never, will such a gathering of amazing eagles ever happen again.

You know the story - how Bob Prescott accepted the kind invitation of Generalissimo and Madame Kai-Shek to revisit Nationalist China (this time on the soil of old Formosa), and to bring the gang along.

Well, from wheels-up at LAX, it was easy to see why the Japs gave up in disgust a couple of decades back and handed China skies over to as improbable a bunch of aviators as ever flew AVG fighters and CNAC transports in anger.

Tiger publicist Len Kimball opened the ceremonies with a few well-chosen words: "The bar's open! Come and get it!" Catfish Raines, in charge of the steering apparatus up front, battled to trim tab as the gang rushed to the Canadair's tail, which fortunately did not swing open, as Kimball chanted, "What'll you have? Scotch...bourbon...gin...vodka..." and some nut in the rear yelled "Mix 'em all together!"

It was like that until SFO, when Catfish landed not once, not twice, but many, many times, and R. T. (Tadpole) Smith nudged young Bill Smith, heir to his father's good looks, and grinned, "That's how we damn near lost the war, son."



Somewhere across the Pacific, it looked like this - Doc Rich and Sue Shrewsbury in right foreground, with Bob Locke directly on the left.

Catfish redeemed himself at Cold Bay, Alaska - probably with the help of ice on the runway, Dick Rossi leered to Tex Hill. Tex later tried to explain to anybody who would listen just how HE would have brought her in. Abandoning the party, Raines took the next Tiger plane. East, anxious to get back to Fallon, Nevada, where his kids, Kathy, Billie Ann and Bob, raise thoroughbred Arabians.

Got to know Lem Wu, old China hand who debugged Allison engines for China Air Force, later switched to 23rd Fighter Group under Tex Hill. Along with Pappy Wu were his young charmers, Gladys, 15, Jannette, 16, and son Andy, 12.

The kids, in fact, loved the whole show, and the "Little Tigers" proved to be real Ambassadors of Good Will. Among the teen globe-trotters were Janie and Mark Watson, whose daddy Jules was a CNAC

jockey, and Don Rodewald's brood of beauties, Donna, Linda, Judy and Rosemary.

A gas-stop at Tokyo gave Burma Bob Locke a chance to catch Tex Hill with his short-snorter out, prompting Life fotog Bob Talbert to start a snorter collection of his own. Among the signers of Talbert's



...and now (Tex Hill explains), I was telling Maizie that flying the Pacific isn't so bad, after all.



Later on, it looked more and more like those on the right. Slumped 'way down is Bob Rengo; back a bit is Bob Prescott and the Rodewalds; on left, still in action, is R. T. Smith with cigarette at attention; next to him, Jim Bennett; Don McBride, left foreground.



Here we are - Taipei with welcoming banners, speeches, the whole bit!

foreign bucks were a Chinese rickshaw boy, a Tokyo bathhouse gal, a Hong Kong hustler and the President of Nationalist China.

Noon, June 30, was blustery at Taipei, but the bar at the Grand Hotel rang merrily with greetings from Jerry Costello, a CNAC vet now flying guerrilla support missions with Bird & Sons, in Vientiane.

Night, June 30, was graced by the Hugh Grundys, who turned over their magnificent home to the Tigers for a Mongolian Cook-out, which turned out to be a gourmet's delight, complete with a noodle-spinner.

The late General Claire Chennault was honored by those AVG and CNAC heroes of another war, another time, in memorial serviced at New Park, Taipei, after which came a relaxing luncheon hosted by Mayor Y. S. Kao and a dinner at the Armed Forces Officers' Club by Governor Huang Chieh.

Official ceremonies of a memorable nature included a visit to Kung Kuan Air Force Base, with a dazzling display of tight aerobatics by the Thunder Tiger F-104 jet jocks, all replayed on TV over cocktails at the Air Force shindig that night.

The press corps, which included yrs. truly, Bob Talbert of Life, Laurie Fish of Seattle, Jim Bennett and Howard Kennedy of the LA mets, and cameraman Oz Glover, managed an interview with two teams of toughened Commandos of the "Anti-Communist National Salvation Army" - an incredible group of freedom fighters who raise hell along the Red China coast with hit-and-run raids.

Anna Chennault, the amazing widow of the late General, explained the mission of the Commandos this way: "We cannot afford to allow totalitarianism - Communism - to control the people and the resources

of Asia, as Hitler did Europe. The world is not empty of hope, because we STILL have people willing to fight for freedom everywhere..." She looked each Flying Tiger veteran in the eye when she said that, and meant it.

And so on to Quemoy, that bleak intelligence outpost that stands as a symbol of hope near the Red China mainland, immobilizing 100,000 Communist troops. At a wild wild luncheon at the Officers' Club, Lt. Gen. Lei led red-faced, pop-eyed Yankee tourists in "Gombe!" toasts to a thousand Springs, Presidents Kai-Shek and LBJ, the wallpaper and the grains of sand on the beach.

Off to Hong Kong on a chartered CAT jet. Had a wonderful chat with Anne Marie Prescott, learned the secret of the Golden Door, enjoyed her warmth and personal charm. It's a breathtaking sight, Hong Kong - jewelled hills overlooking the bustling harbor, grimly neat with Saigon-bound military traffic, cluttered with the junks, sampans, ferries of its incredible commerce.

Side trip to Kowloon's Walled City and Jordan Valley, home of Red China refugees...

Sober thoughts on all this, watching the Tigers' compassion for this mass tragedy: "What in hell did they fight for? Will the job have to be done again?"



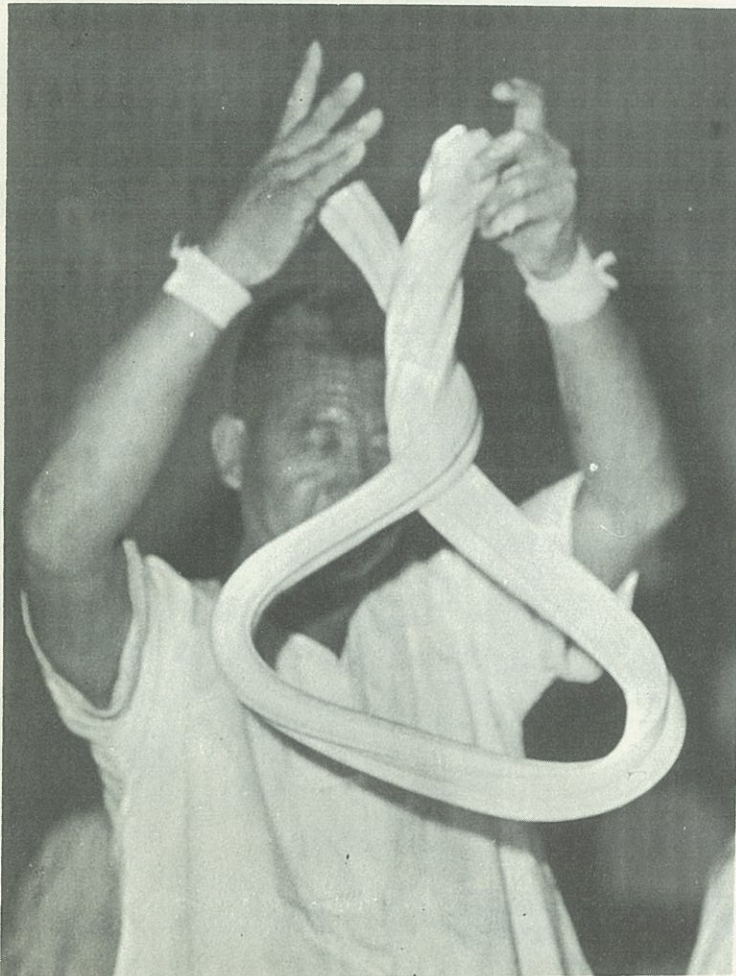
Obviously, Bob Prescott (on left) had to explain just how the CL-44 works. Audience, left to right, is Ken Jernstedt, Tom Haywood, Pete Prescott in foreground, Hank Geselbracht, Bill Schaper, R. T. Smith, and in front of him, Dick Rossi.

Not-so-sober thought: "Dig the lithe lines of those beauteous Indos, among the world's most beautiful women, twisting at the Hilton Roof..."

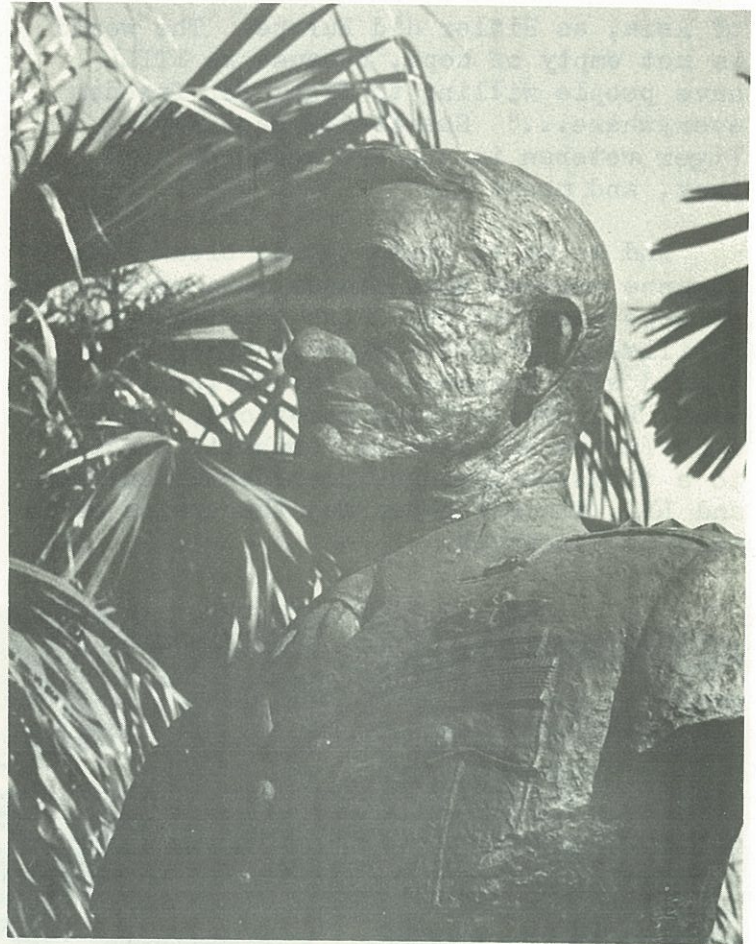
Boat trip to Aberdeen, seafood supper at the Sea Castle, returning through the tropical evening, harbor lights blinking, and all-you-can-drink at the fo'castle bar!

A shopping spree for everyone, our respects paid to Maggie Meigher, wife of LA Times bureau chief Ed Meigher, and we were off to Tokyo, where drizzling rain dampened spirits. Spirits revived at Tokyo On-Sen bathhouse (barefoot massage), and at Suki-yaki dinner, where pretty May Lin Carpenter, U. S. State Department expert and friend of Anna Chennault, demonstrated dexterity with chopsticks to doubting press table.

More shopping, and relaxation at Imper-



First event, and one of the most memorable, was the evening lawn party at the home of Hugh Grundy, president of CAT. And who will ever forget the moodle maker?



Next was the memorial service for the "Old Man" at New Park.



Anna Chennault and Rossi with Major General Hang Fu and civilian representatives at placing of memorial wreath.



We gather to read the inscription on the Chennault statue.

ial Hotel - until Dick Rossi broke out toy CL-44's and panicked the hotel lobby with formation flights across the marble floor, lights blinking.

Walter "Pappy" Quinn, reminiscing about his gourmet meals served at China hostels during the old Hump days, still handles chopsticks like crazy. Doc Richards, surgeon and pill-pusher of the AVG's yesterday, administered expertly to turista sufferers.

And so the odyssey ended, the Tigers bade farewell to the Orient, for perhaps their last mass visit, and the Canadair climbed Northeast, leaped the date line and swung down to Anchorage, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

It was quite a show.

Your PREXY'S REPORT

The meeting at Taipei was the most memorable affair we have ever had. We couldn't help but think how much it would have meant to The Old Man to have been able to attend. His spirit and memory were very much in evidence.

The hospitality extended by the Chinese,



Close-up of Rossi, Anna Chennault and Major General Hang Fu.



Rode and Neal arriving for service.

both officially and privately, was beyond all of our expectations. In addition to all that, Mr. and Mrs. Grundy and the entire CAT staff contributed greatly to make our meeting both enjoyable and memorable. Also contributing to the entertaining and hospitality were the American Ambassador and the chief of MAAG, General Sanborn.

We were welcomed at the airport by the Mayor of Taipei, and that evening by the Grundys at a Mongolian cookout. The party took place at their beautiful home, and was a unique affair. The star of the evening was the Mongolian noodle man. (We'd like to have him at the Hungry Tiger.)

Ed Rector was reunion chairman, and he had such an efficient and dedicated committee that this reunion will never be forgotten. Much thanks and appreciation are due for the amazing job done. Mrs. Cynthia Lee (Anna's sister) and Mr. Lee were the real spark plugs behind the scenes. Help from Var Green and Arnold Dibble of CAT, Major General Shih, Moon Chen, Major Kao, Eddie Zee, P. Y. Shu, Mrs. George Wu, are only a few of those directly involved. We are most grateful.

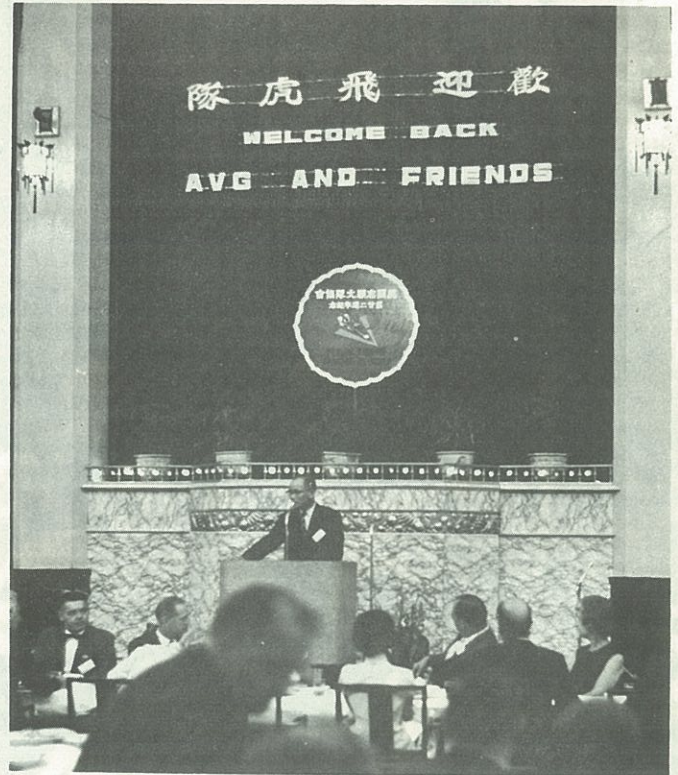
So many things took place it would be impossible to cover them fully in this report. Here's a general run-down:

The morning of our second day, we attended the Memorial Service at New Park for General Chennault. Our first official luncheon was hosted by Mayor Y. S. (Henry) Kao. We appreciated all the kind sentiments expressed; also, the many "Gombeis!"

(DRY COPY)

On the same evening (Wednesday), our host was the Governor of Taiwan, the Hon. Huang Chieh. More good food, speeches and "Gombeis." No reason to lose weight, except for all the exercise of meeting the schedule.

Thursday, as all others, was a very full day. Part of the group flew over to visit the Taroko Gorge. The plane was furnished by CAT. The rest of the group was flown out to Kinmen (Quemoy to most of you) and toured the facilities there. From one point on the island, we were about 2000 yards from the opposing Communist guns, which fire every other day. (We picked the non-firing day!) The garrison Commander at Kinmen was really a Tiger. I think we



The first official welcome is extended to us at a luncheon at City Hall given by Mayor Y. S. (Henry) Kao. At every luncheon and dinner, the rooms were decorated with huge red plaques, one of which is shown here above the Mayor, together with the message, "Welcome Back AVG and Friends." At the head table, left to right, are Rode, Rossi and Prescott; with backs to camera on right, Anne and Ed Rector, who master-minded all the myriad details of the reunion.



Dick Rossi responds to the Mayor's message of welcome.

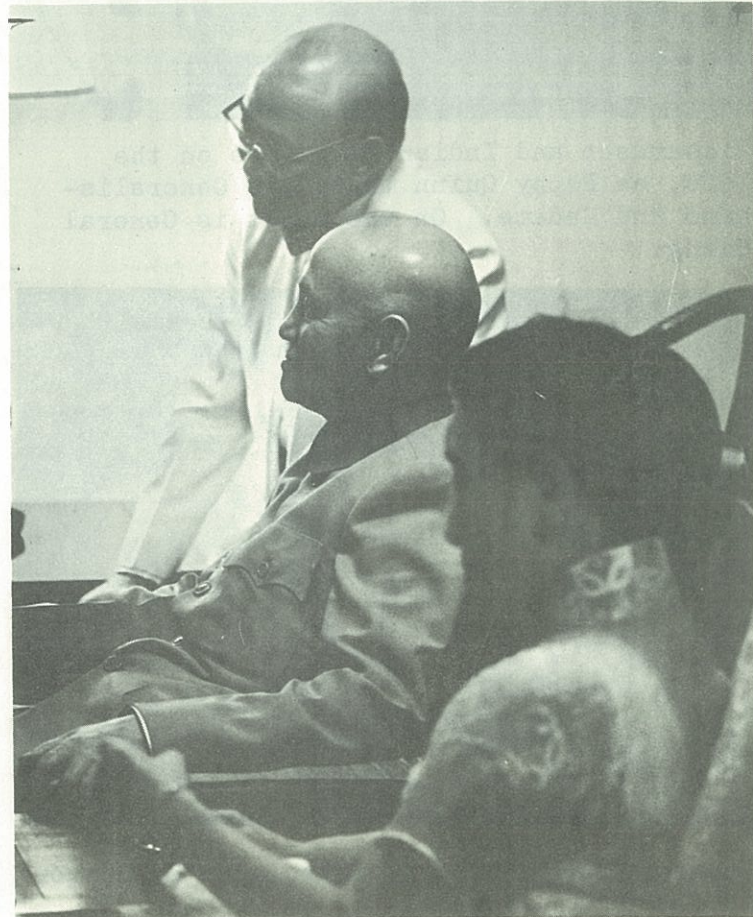


Of course, the big thing was the reception and dinner given at the Grand Hotel by General C. J. Chow, personal chief of staff to the President, with the Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-Shek there to welcome us. Photos above and below show them at the press conference which preceded the reception and dinner.

established the "Gombeï" championship here, and could easily have qualified a team for the Olympics. It was a most interesting and outstanding tour.

That evening, President and Madame Chiang had a reception for the CNAC group and a dinner for the AVG group. Madame, having been the wartime Honorary Commander of the AVG, found this to be her first time as hostess to the gang as an AVG group since war days in Kunming in 1942.

A certain amount of confusing and unfavorable publicity arose at this juncture, with some rather hairbrained statements and accusations being quoted in the press, such as "dictatorship tactics," etc. Quite simply, the President's advisors deemed it improper that he, as head of State, officially host us as a CNAC group. What most of the gang - including myself - did not know was that CNAC is still doing business in Communist China, using the same old office in Hong Kong, as the leading Communist airline. There was no discredit reflected on the work done by those of us who served in CNAC during the war, nor

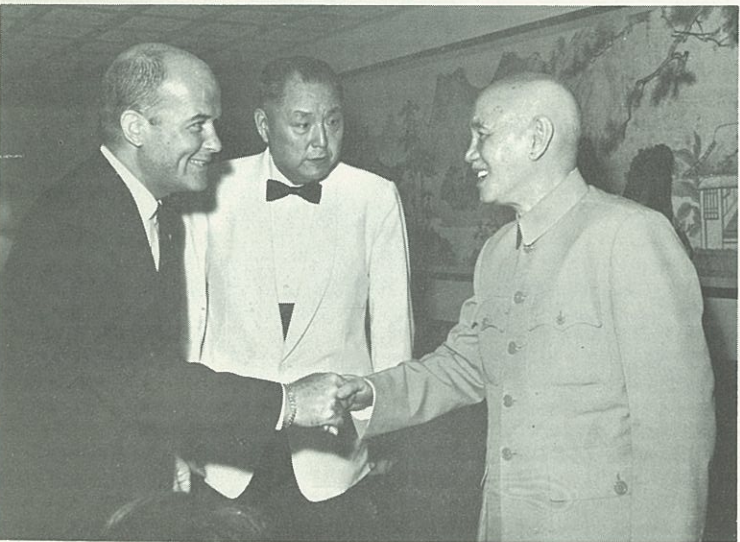




Rode and Ed Rector are greeted by the Presidential Couple as the reception line forms.



Richardson and Indian Jim Moore on the left, as Pappy Quinn meets the Generalissimo and Madame. On the right is General Huang.



General Huang (center) introduces Ed Rector to the Generalissimo.

was any intended. Have another "Gombeï."

On Friday, the CAF flew the entire gang down to visit the CAF Academy. Their museum has an AVG room which was very interesting. Quite a tribute to the Flying Tigers. After our tour of the Academy, the famed CAF Thunder Tigers put on a demonstration of precision formation and acrobatic flying that they can be extremely proud of. Doing aerobatics in a nine-plane (count 'em!) formation, changing the formation during the maneuver, is a sight worth going that far to see. The show was terrific.

For lunch we were flown over to Kung Juau Air Force Base. After lunch we toured their modern facilities and were treated to an F-104 scramble.

We were then all flown back to Taipei for a dinner and show, hosted by Gen. H. S. Hsu and maybe some others (by now, things are getting a little vague). The "Gombeï's" continued. Part of the show at this dinner was a Chinese Opera. Unfortunately I was not near an interpreter, so lost most of the story (but kept up on the "Gombeï's")

A Saturday luncheon was hosted by the AVG/CNAC group to try to thank our many hosts and hostesses. Our trophy presentation was made, and we presented our final scholarship check to Joan Claire Petach. She is now a senior and will graduate next June. We should get up a good group to attend this function. Maybe some Eastern rep like Bus Loane will organize same? Meanwhile, back at our lunch there was a certain amount of speech-making going on (in between the "Gombeï's," that is). By now, Chairman Ed Rector is nearing a physical breakdown, so we left the evening free to allow the members to adjoin to the sulphur springs baths and mend their rapidly deteriorating bodies. We may all be getting old, but when we can still put up with a schedule like we had in Taipei, there is still a lot of life left yet.

Besides these functions, there were teas by Mrs. Peng-Chi, wife of the Chief of the General Staff; by Mrs. Kenneth C. Sanborn, wife of General Sanborn, USAF; and a tea by Mrs. Wright, wife of Ambassador Wright.

One of the most touching moments of the



Bob Prescott and Anne-Marie meet the Presidential Couple.



Rossi replies to Madame's message of welcome after the dinner. On the far left in the background is Moose Moss; in front of him are Marian and Bob Layher, with Doc Rich and Claudia Geselbracht (backs to camera)

entire tour was the visit to the Hwa Hsing Orphanage. We were greeted by their band and serenaded in their auditorium. The members of the reunion group donated \$1000 to the Air Force Orphanage, raised by contributions there. Also, \$1000 was donated to the Hwa Hsing Orphanage from the AVG funds.

During this one trip, we accumulated enough memories for a lifetime. The hospitality, the parties and dinners, the sight-seeing, the artistic works of the Rembrandt of the Tyukus, the "Gombeis" and renewal of old acquaintances. All we can hope for now is a reunion in Nanking!



Here we are on one of the most memorable days, the air visit to the offshore islands, Kinmen, or known to many as Quemoy and Matsu. We head up to an underground shelter of what is one of the world's most heavily fortified military installations.



The photographers get one of (left to right) Don McBride, Chinese military guide, Moose Moss, Doc Rich and Robbie Roberts. That's Rengo in the luncheon shirt in foreground.



The "V" sign goes up as we peer across the channel at Red China from one of the outermost observation and machine gun pits. Oh-oh! somebody is not displaying the "V".

1964 REUNION — ORIENTAL STYLE 조상

BY R.T. SMITH

A couple of years ago, following our reunion at Ojai, I was asked to write a few comments about that occasion for the Tiger

Rag. For some reason, those in charge of putting out this poop-sheet have insisted that I do the same sort of thing in connection with our July reunion in Taiwan. Before starting, however, I want everyone to understand that it is difficult to properly reconstruct events several months later. Hell, it was hard enough to reconstruct events the day after they happened! Anyway, we'll give it a go.

One of the first essentials in flying a large group of people from California to the Far East is an airplane. Such a vehicle, known as a CL-44, was awaiting us at the Los Angeles International Airport on Sunday P.M. the 28th of June. This airplane is a huge



Rossi and Billy McDonald in center, with Joan Claire Petach behind them and Anne-Marie Prescott in foreground in observation pit.



Dwig lying down on his job.

turbo-prop job used by the Flying Tiger Line as a freighter, but in this case it had been converted to passenger accommodations for our group of about 150 people. Following the usual confusion of getting baggage checked and last-minute goodbyes to people seeing us off, we were airborne and headed for San Francisco, our first stop. The captain on our flight was none other than Catfish Raines who was to chaperon us as far as Cold Bay, Alaska.

Shortly after becoming airborne, refreshments were served. In fact, refreshments were constantly being served from that point until we arrived home two weeks later. In other words, there was an open bar. The flight to S.F. was uneventful, but gave everyone a chance to get reacquainted and find out who all was aboard. Many of the gang were accompanied by one or more of their offspring, with Rode and Betty winning the prize for sheer courage by taking all four of their daughters. I found that one 15-year-old son (Bill) was more than I could handle.

The landing in San Francisco provided the first of many thrills for our group. We found out that the "CL" in the name of our

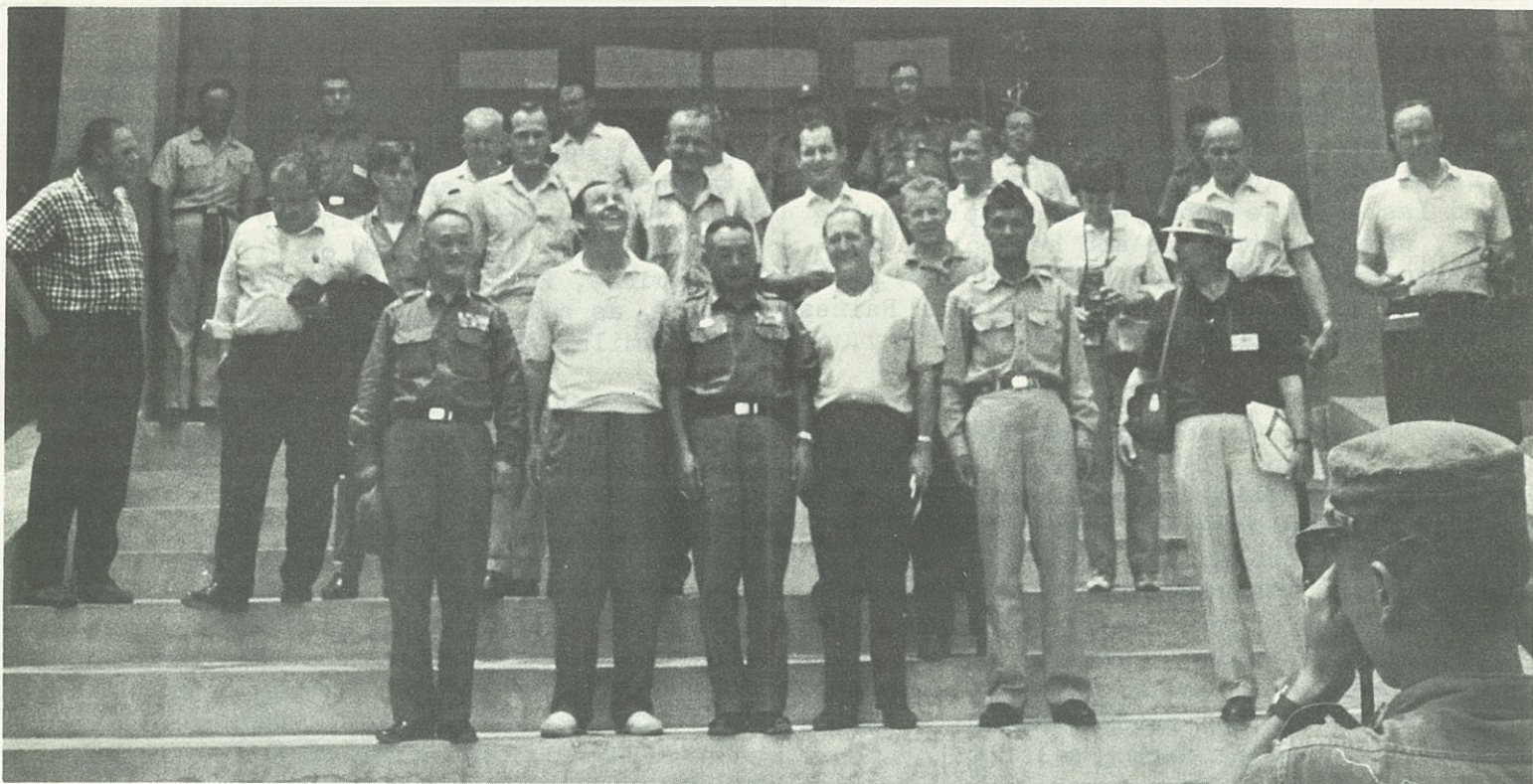
airplane was short for "Crash Landing." I've been in airplanes that bounced higher on landing, but never without having an oxygen mask on. Believe me, it was a pretty sporty course and there was much cheering when our big bird finally stuck to the runway after the fourth or fifth bounce. Of course, Raines tried to blame the co-pilot, as all captains are prone to do under similar circumstances.

After a brief stop in San Francisco where a few more of the troops got aboard, we headed on for Alaska. This may seem like a helluva way to go to get to Taiwan, but that's the Flying Tiger Line for you. It was on the trip to Cold Bay that Bob Prescott became ill. Fortunately, he had brought his own physician along and didn't have to suffer even more at the hands of Doc Rich. Bob got to feeling better by the time we got to Tokyo a day or so later, and apparently his problem was no worse than a bad cold.

A stop at Cold Bay to refuel, and on to Tokyo. Somewhere en route we crossed the International Date Line and either gained or lost a day, I'm not sure which. Either



Nobody will ever forget the luncheon given us at the Kinmen base and those toasts with white dynamite called Kinmen wine. Some around this table are the Commanding General at one o'clock position, Tom Haywood at six o'clock, then Rossi, Geselbracht and R. T. Smith's boy, Bill. The order of the day was "Gombeï," and even after six or seven, that white lightning still bit like tiger.



Group picture as we left the luncheon, with Prescott and Rossi flanking the General. Second row, we can pick out Rengo in his checkerboard shirt, skip two and that's Geselbracht, Jernstedt, Moss, Haywood, skip one and that's Poshefko and Doc Farrar. Pappy Quinn is 'way back on the right, and in front of him is Bob McCaleb.

way, it was a long flight, and we were happy to set down in Tokyo. The only problem was that we had arrived earlier than expected, and had to delay our departure for Taiwan for several hours, in order to arrive there at noon for the welcoming ceremonies.

During our enforced idleness at the Tokyo Airport, some of those interested in furthering international relations taught the Japanese bartenders how to make Bloody Marys. One of these bartenders challenged your correspondent to a bit of arm wrestling across the bar. I only outweighed this little joker about 100 pounds, but you'd be surprised how tending bar develops those Oriental muscles. Without going into the gory details, suffice to say that I hollered for Rode and he saved face for our gay little group. If there's one thing I can't stand it's a smart-alec Jap bartender who doesn't know how to make a Bloody Mary and can whip me at arm wrestling!

We flew on to Taipei and landed on schedule at noon on June 30th. A large welcoming committee, led by Anna Chennault and the Mayor of Taipei, greeted us with open

arms. We then boarded buses and headed for the Grand Hotel where most of us were to stay. After about a day and a half on that CL-44, things had begun to get a bit gamey, and hot baths were more than somewhat welcome. That same evening we were hosted by Hugh Grundy, president of Civil Air Transport (CAT), at an outdoor barbecue on the grounds of his beautiful home overlooking the city of Taipei.

The next morning we got registered and briefed on the activities which would take place during the next three days. Ed Rector had arrived several days before, and had things smartly organized. I won't attempt to recount all of the events that took place while we were in Taiwan, but the hospitality could not have been better. We were wined and dined like celebrities, which of course we were, and enjoyed every minute of it.

Certain highlights do stand out in my mind, of course, one in particular being a memorial service for the Old Man. This took place in a small but beautiful park dedicated to the memory of General Chennault. In the center of this park is a monument consisting of a large bust of the General and a plaque



Close-up with the General. Left to right are Jernstedt, then above him is Walt Dolan, and in front of him, Steve Kustay; then Moss, Rossi, Quinn, Haywood. Starting with gal in back on left - that's Emma Jane Petach, then Joan Claire, McBride and McCaleb.

which illustrates the high esteem held for him by the Nationalist Chinese people.

Luncheons and dinners were hosted by such notables as the Governor of Taiwan, the Chief of the Chinese Air Force, and Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek. Unfortunately; this latter event could not be attended by the CNAC troops due to possible political implications.

The food at all these affairs was outstanding, of course, with such delicacies as shark-fin soup, pigeon eggs, etc. To be real honest, I have long felt that shark-fin soup leaves something to be desired, but that's neither here nor there. As far as that goes, I heard Hank Geselbracht speculating one night on the possibility of steak being on the banquet menu. That dreamer!

A number of sightseeing tours were arranged, including tours via Chinese Air Force transports to some of their bases. One such stop was made at the Chinese Air Force Academy where we were shown the AVG Museum. Another tour went by air to the island of Quemoy, a stone's throw from the Communist Chinese mainland. Luckily, they threw no stones during the visit of our contingent, according to my son Bill. Not having lost anything on Quemoy, and being a devout coward, I stayed in Taipei during that expedition. Our last full day in Taipei was Saturday, the 4th of July. The kids were quick to grasp the advantage of being at

the source of supply for fireworks, and things were popping all day long. The following day we headed for the airport shortly after lunch to take off for Hong Kong via CAT jet. Our stay in Taipei had been crammed with excitement and was a most memorable occasion in every way. We were all touched at the extremely warm welcome and gracious hospitality extended to us by our Chinese friends.

We arrived in Hong Kong late Sunday afternoon after a swift flight on CAT. On arrival, our gang lit out to get checked in at either the Hong Kong Hilton or the President Hotel. The name of the game from that point on was "Relax and have fun." As usual, everyone went broke saving money on bargains, and what time wasn't spent on sightseeing was taken up with shopping. A couple of parties were thrown by the son of the former Governor of Yunnan Province, and again the hospitality was something to behold. We were scheduled to leave Hong Kong for Tokyo early Wednesday morning, but due to a sick engine on our chartered CAT jet, the flight was postponed for 24 hours. This gave everyone an extra day to spend money and do sightseeing in Hong Kong.

We got into Tokyo about 6 A.M. on the 9th and checked in at the Imperial Hotel. The next two days were more of the same - shop-

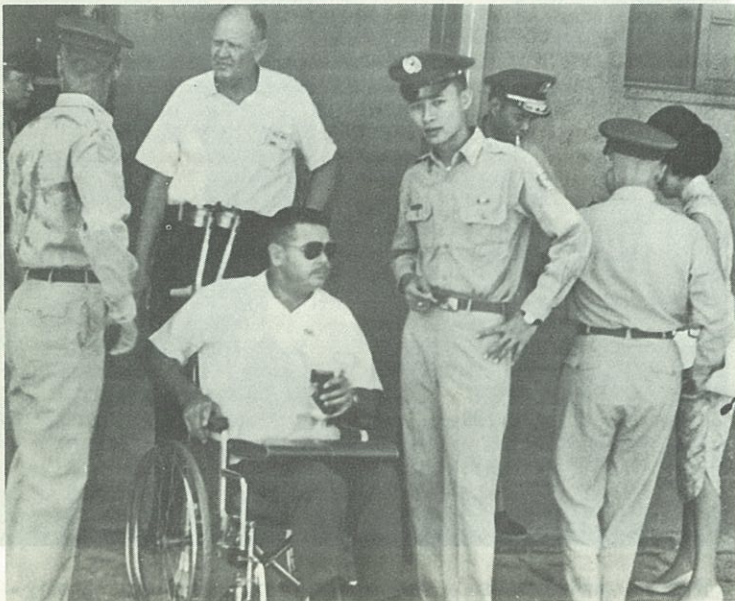


Rossi presents a memorial plaque to Governor Huang Chieh at the Armed Forces Officers Club on the occasion of the dinner given by the Governor on our second night in Taipei.

ping and sightseeing. Tokyo was frantically trying to get ready for the Olympics and all was chaos, but we had much fun. Many of us went to the big Mikado Nightclub for dinner and a wonderful floor show. Another night we enjoyed a traditional sukiyaki dinner at the famous Suehiro Restaurant. The mama-san greeted Rossi and Prescott like rich uncles.



Most spectacular event was the visit to the Air Force Academy and the Thunder Tiger demonstration of jet aerobatics, which left everyone breathless. Here Rode and Anne Chennault are greeted by General Hsu, commander-in-chief of the Chinese Air Force and two of his cadets.



Tex Hill and Rode visit with cadets. In right background is General Louie of the CAF and his wife, Pearl.

Somehow we got the idea that they had been there before. Anyway, the food and service were outstanding.

Saturday noon arrived before we knew it, and again we headed for the airport and boarded the Aluminum Overcast (the CL-44) for the long flight back to the States. We stopped at Anchorage to struggle through Customs, then down to San Francisco for a brief stop, and arrived in Los Angeles early Saturday evening. Oh yes, now I remember - we gained a day coming back across the Date Line.

It was a tired group that unloaded in L.A., but I am sure everyone who made the trip thought it was well worth the time and expense, and then some. We are all indebted to our Chinese hosts, to Bob Prescott and the Flying Tiger Line for their inexpensive charter flights, and of course to Anna, Rode, Rossi, Rector, and the many others who worked so hard to make this reunion the success it was.

Ah, so - see you in Ojai in July!



Here are the Rodewalds, left to right: Linda, Betty and Donna with Father in the foreground; between Linda and Betty is Col. Ling, commander of the Thunder Tigers.

SECTION 1 NEWARK SUNDAY NEWS, AUGUST 2, 1964

Flying Tigers Still Soaring

Newark Waiter Plans Reunions

By WILLIAM DOOLITTLE

The high-flying spirit of the Flying Tigers and the men who flew the "Hump" from India to China on the eve of World War II is still soaring, thanks in part to the effort of a Newark waiter.

Fresh from the sixth reunion of the Tigers and their families, the China National Aviation Corp. Walter (Pappy) Quinn of 365 Johnson Ave. is already planning the next reunion of the famous volunteers who captured the imagination of the world.

No strangers to flying, 187 "graduates" and their families were reunited for a week last month half-way around the world in Taipei, Taiwan,



WALTER QUINN

where they were guests of the Chinese Nationalist government.

The initials CNAC and AVG (which stands for American

Recent Gathering in Taiwan

Volunteer Group) continue to evoke strong feelings of reverence among the Chinese, whom the Americans helped defend and feed during their hit-and-run war with Japan in 1941.

The Chinese love for the Tigers was translated 23 years later this July into a red carpet reception presided over by Chiang Kai-shek and Madame Chiang.

In July of 1942 the Flying Tiger group, under the leadership of Gen. Claire Lee Chennault, was dissolved. Many of the flyers and personnel joined CNAC, a joint Chinese and American enterprise, which ran an air supply route into starving China until 1946.

Pappy Quinn, a waiter at Newark's Treat Restaurant on Broad Street, was a flight steward for Pan-American Airways in Africa in 1942, when Pan-Am loaned him to CNAC

for the war as a commissary expert.

In his four years with CNAC Quinn oversaw the food-gathering and preparation for the airline, which was the sole source of supply into China. It was during this period that the adventurous pilots plotted the "Hump" route over the Himalayas from India to China.

Each CNAC base provided a hostel for passengers and airline personnel. "We did the best we could with the food," Quinn said, "but we had to be very careful of the supplies we received locally. Generally the meals were half Chinese and half American."

Today Quinn spends a large portion of his free time preparing the CNAC-AVG reunions which are held every two years around the world. The first gathering was in Los Angeles in 1952. The 1966 reunion is tentatively scheduled for the Spanish island of Majorca where an ex-Tiger pilot operates a resort hotel.

After the war Quinn hired 16 Chinese girls and trained them to be stewardesses for the CNAC. Shortly thereafter the Chinese Communists took over China and the airline, closing the book on an heroic chapter in American military aviation history.



The Thunder Tiger pilots line up for review with Rode going down the line.

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報日



蔣總統昨日接見
菲華護師服務團
中央社訊：蔣總統昨日上午十時，在官邸接見菲華護師服務團代表團。蔣總統對該團在菲律賓抗戰期間之英勇表現，表示極大之慰勉。...

總統伉儷昨晚設宴
款待飛虎隊員
蔣夫人並勸勉該隊隊員
繼續與我合作奮鬥抗暴
中央社訊：蔣總統夫人昨晚八時，在官邸設宴款待飛虎隊隊員及其家屬。蔣夫人對該隊在抗戰期間之英勇表現，表示極大之慰勉。...

文化協定
中央社訊：美國政府與中華人民共和國政府，於本月十五日在華盛頓簽署文化協定。此項協定之簽署，標誌著兩國在文化、教育、科學等領域之合作邁出重要一步。...

院幼育興華會合聯俄抗共反女婦華中

HUA SHING CHILDREN'S HOME OF THE CHINESE WOMEN'S ANTI-AGGRESSION LEAGUE

LING-TOUR, YAN-MIN-SHAN, TAIWAN, CHINA.

我們敬愛的英雄們！

夫人將您們賜贈的壹仟元美金轉交給我們了。您們的
 關切和愛護使我們異常感動。同學們都很驕傲。夫人
 是我們敬愛的母親也是您們的名譽總司令。

七月四日諸位蒞臨本院真是給我們的殊榮。在掌聲、
 歌聲以及我們的眼淚和笑容中。諸位可以體會出我們用
 言辭不能表達的感情。您們為我們的國家和同胞所
 作的不僅將記載在歷史亦將一代一代深深地銘刻在中
 國人們的心頭和記憶中。

盼望下次我們能在南京歡迎您們。那時華典將會有
 更大的校舍更多的兒童而您們一定會更高興了。

我們多飛虎們歡呼！敬祝

安康

華典育幼院總幹事代表

譚揚敬上
 七月十日

院幼育興華會合聯俄抗共反女婦華中

HUA HSING CHILDREN'S HOME
CHINESE WOMEN'S ANTI-AGGRESSION LEAGUE
TAIWAN, CHINA.

Translation

July 10, 1964

Dear Mr. Rossi and Members of the AVG:

Madame has transmitted your gift of US\$1,000.00 to our Home. We are really touched by your warm concern, and we are very proud that Madame, our beloved mother, has been your Honorary Commander.

When you visited us on the 4th of July, all of us were very happy and honoured. Our applause, our singing, our tears, and our smiling faces must have told you what we cannot tell you by words. What you have done for our Country and our people is not only a chapter in China's history, but will never be forgotten by us Chinese people from generation to generation.

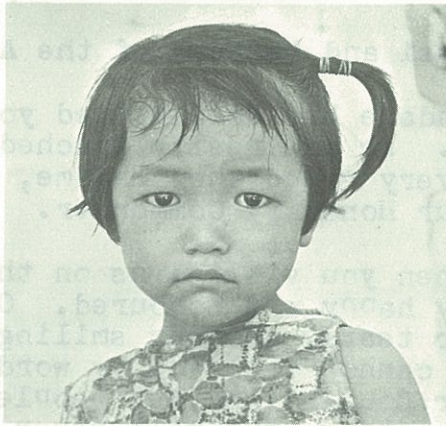
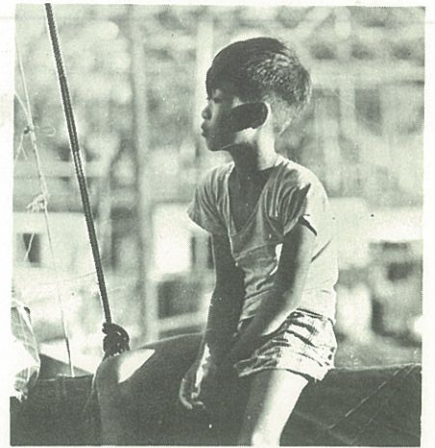
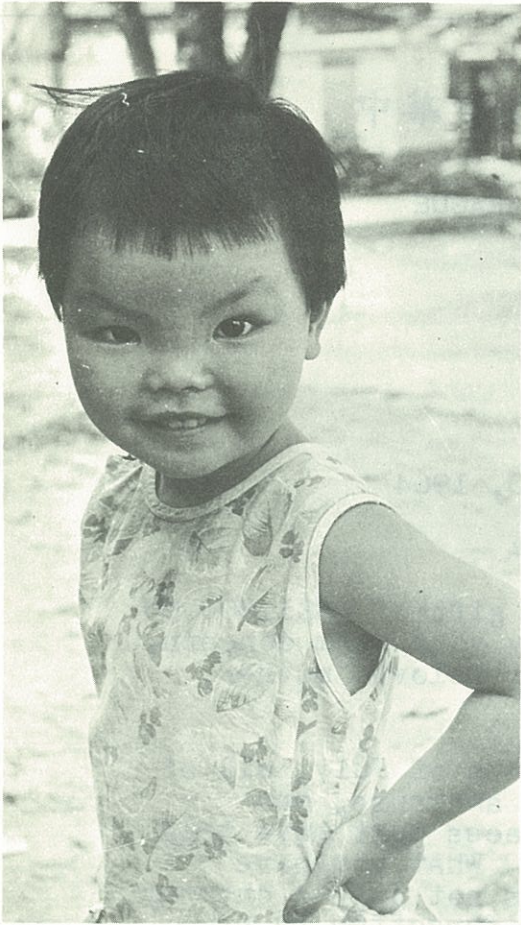
We hope next time you visit our Country, we will be able to welcome you in Nanking, and you will see a larger home with more children in it. We think you will be even happier to see us then.

Three cheers for the Flying Tigers!

Sincerely yours,

Tai Yang
A Junior III student representative

And none of us would have missed the visit to Madame Chiang Kai-Shek's Hua Hsing Children's home. We gave a thousand dollars to the home, and this letter from Tai Yang recalls one of the most sentimental journeys of the many we made. (See photos on next page.)



Reunion Recollections

by LSK

It was Sunday, June 28 - T-Day.

The sky was bright, the Los Angeles International Airport noisy, and there were obviously quite a few who had come well prepared for the takeoff of the AVG/CNAC Trip to Taipei, judging by the rosy complexions and loudly-pitched voices. Soon it would be even noisier.

Ol' Catfish Raines was up front, just as he used to be, when the Flying Tiger CL-44 broke ground at 3:30 p.m. exactly as scheduled - which also was a little unusual - and we were off once again to China for the Taipei reunion.

With the hospitable announcement, "The bar is open," the long CL-44 aisle was immediately as full of bar-destined humans as California in 1849. In fact, it was probably the biggest rush since then. By the time the flight reached San Francisco, most shipmates had passed the point of pain - and all in one hour and 24 minutes.

While the next group of reunioneers were boarding at San Francisco, the Tiger cabin attendants, alarmed at the rapid disappearance of their stock of Scotch-vodka-gin-bourbon, to say nothing of the milder ingredients put out a rush call for reinforcements; and before we took off again, at 7 p.m., we had enough to last until - well, name it!

Among the first aboard at San Francisco was Doc Richards (there were now 148 of us, 114 from Los Angeles and 34 from the Bay), and his pungent greeting of, "You're looking great, and your nose is just as big!" set the tenor for the rest of the trip.

We flew on into what should have been night, but wasn't. As Catfish steered our course for Cold Bay, Alaska, at the head of the Aleutian chain, the midnight sun began to shine; and almost until our landing in Cold Bay for fuel, both gasoline and otherwise, at 1:14 a.m., the sky still bore a rosy hue - which matched almost everybody's complexion.

But long before that, we had run through several crises.

There was the first one when the stewardesses, who obviously thought the passengers were in dire need of food - which no one was - decided to serve us. Trying to get up and down the aisle was worse than running a Marine obstacle course. Finally they gave up in desperation and let everybody retire to the bar.

Then Prescott let loose a blast of "SIT DOWN!" and it was noted that one or two did. Finally the girls, who just had to get rid of that food, pleaded their charming best, and food soon began to circulate. It disappeared in record time, and just as soon, the aisle was full again.

By this time, R. T. Smith and Dick Rossi had set up operations in the rear part of the cabin under a sign which read: "Chaplain's Office - Consultations \$1.00 (5 min.)." As far as could be observed, they were getting more advice free than anyone was paying for. Considerably, in fact.

The weaker species of the race were beginning to subside in naps either on the seats or halfway under, but the strong were still parading up and down the aisle; and it is likely that a few even got to Taipei with-



Rossi looking very formal - obviously on some big mission.



It's goodbye to Taipei and on to Hong Kong, where this welcoming banner at the airport got us off to a great three days - which left most of us busted, stocking up on the Hong Kong bargains.

out a minute's rest.

At Cold Bay it was 44 degrees, hot coffee and snacks, while the Tiger refueled and Cat-fish said goodbye as a new crew took over. After a two hour 13 minute stop, during which some of the hardier souls got in the Reeves Airways bus and toured this hamlet of 95 souls on the shore of the Bering Sea, we were off for Tokyo. We got there about 4:20 a.m. the next day, and nobody ever missed a day less on the International Date Line.

Now a new emergency: we were trapped in the tourist lounge for four hours, since we were in-transit and couldn't go sight-seeing. The Tiger had run so well that we had to layover there until 8:50 a.m. so we wouldn't hit Taipei ahead of the big welcoming ceremony, set for noon. Everything was closed in the in-transit lounge except - you guessed it - the bar.

Of course, a crisis had to arise here, too.

R. T. Smith got in an Indian wrestling match with one of the local Japanese bartenders, who apparently had an arm on him like a gorilla - and must have made millions on challengers. R. T. soon was down in defeat. Up went a shout: "Rodewald!"

Rode quickly wheeled over to see what had happened.

"Boy, we got to save face!" exclaimed R. T. "Our honor is at stake."

Rode quickly sized up the situation and laid an arm on the bar. There was a momentary struggle. Then it happened. Down went the arm - of the bartender!

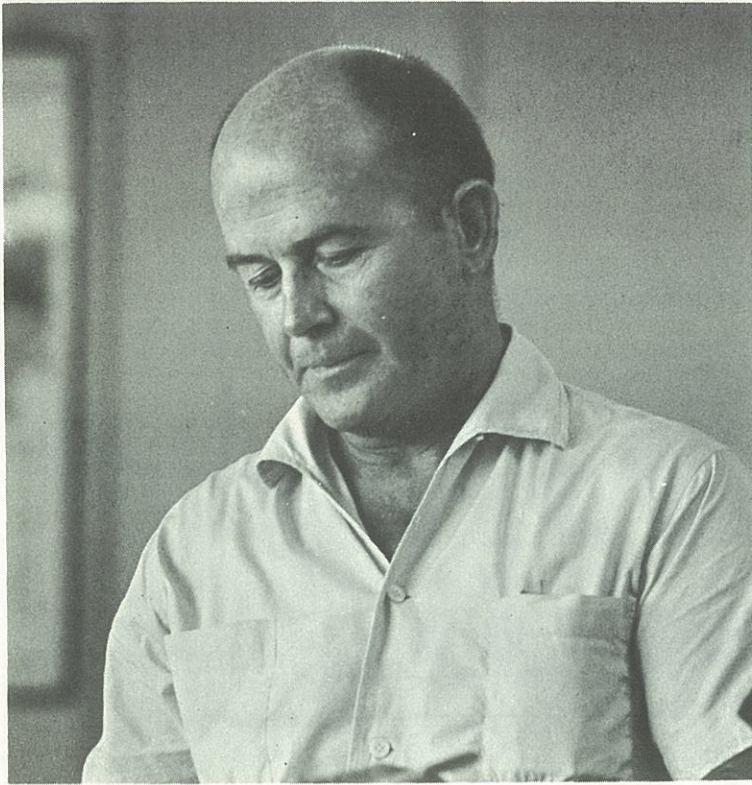
His face reflected utter disbelief. For Rode, he passed it off as just another thing; but the reunioneers gave him a cheer which surely waked any troubled soul trying to sleep it off in even the farthest corner of the lounge.

Somebody promptly sketched a sign, and somebody else pinned it to Rode's back. It read: "Far East Indian Wrestling Champion." He remained that, too, and the Tiger honor was saved.

It was a somewhat quieter crew of celeb-



We hit the Hilton lobby with Capt. Felix Smith of CAT (white shirt) showing us the way. Left to right are Rengo, Maher, Quinn, Burke, Costello, Kirkpatrick, Far-rar and Oldenburg.



Rector's rigors have just set in.

rants who struggled aboard the Tiger shortly before 9 a.m. for the last leg to Taipei. By this time, everybody was so well insulated that even the heat didn't bother too much. Right on the button, we hit Taipei at 12 noon, together with 94-degree weather.

There were banners, bands, officialdom, Anna Chennault and Ed Rector on hand to greet us (having gone ahead to make all the week's arrangements). Customs gave us the courtesy of the place; then everybody assembled in the forepart of the airport to hear speeches of welcome, and responses from a weary but happy reunion-bound package of 148 men, women and children.

We were soon off in the buses to begin what was the biggest week of entertainment ever experienced by AVG/CNAC reunioneers. As somebody remarked, "It was like a ride on a roller coaster. You knew you'd been somewhere, but damned if you could figure out just where!"

But it must have been good. Everybody voted to meet again in Ojai in 1965, rather than skip a year as in the past; and, on reflection, this may just be the way to live a long and happy life.

NOTES from Your SECRETARY

It was one hell of a trip, and I'm sorry that some of you missed it. We were so busy in Taipei that we didn't have time to blow our noses, but I guess that is probably the only complaint we would be able to register.

When I got home, I put my wheel chair in IRAN at the factory to correct a few broken pieces and a cracked frame. In a few days it came out as good as new, but I'm afraid Rodewald didn't have as good a reaction. His frame took a little longer to overhaul. Incidentally, I believe the cracked frame on my wheel chair happened in Hong Kong when Bob Locke and I were shopping for a good tailor. We stopped once during the morning to pick up Betty, but she soon gave up the pace we were setting.

One credit that should be given is for the terrific job the stewardesses did on the Flying Tiger trip. With the number of people on board that monster, the seating was pretty cozy. Of course, everybody wanted to talk to everyone else, so there was plenty of movement in the airplane, which didn't help the stewardesses serve drinks. They attempted to get everybody to sit down so they could serve meals, and found that this was like talking to a stone wall. One sure thing - nobody did much sleeping on the airplane!

When we landed at Cold Bay, people were treated to a stop which was very similar to ATC stops we all experienced during World War II. As I wandered into this building on my crutches, my daughter handed me a cup of some food with toast, and said, "I don't know whether you want this, Dad," and I almost blurted out the words for SOS which many of us have eaten in GI messes for years and years. One of my daughters also pointed out that there were no partitions in the ladies' room, and I assured her that war-time facilities were also without partitions.

On our Tokyo stop, R. T. tried to get me in trouble. You've already read the gory details.



The AVG Beatle gets his first glimpse of Taipe-ei-ei-ei!



Some of the other write-ups cover our stop at Taipei pretty well except for the trip to the air academy. I would like to give credit to the Chinese Air Force for the Thunder Tiger Show. This demonstration team is in the same league with the USAF Thunderbirds and the USN Blue Angels. The only difference is that they use a nine-ship formation and probably should be given more credit as a result. The Chinese Air Force was very generous in transporting us around the island, and put on a terrific party for us. The only part some people had reservations about was the Chinese opera, which I thought was excellent; but my youngest daughters were unimpressed.

One trip that wasn't mentioned in any other part of this write-up was the trip to Taroko Gorge. This trip coincided with the one to the off-shore islands, and I decided to go to Taroko Gorge because all the women were going. (Ol' Rode's always thinking.) We boarded a CAT DC-4 and flew down the East coast a little over 800 miles. A Chinese retired Army Colonel met us at that point with two buses, and we made the trip under his guidance.

The Gorge is most scenic, with very

rugged terrain. We traveled through some 30 tunnels cut out of the side of the Gorge in about 30 miles of traveling. We had lunch at the hostel at the upper end of the trip, then returned to the airplane late in the afternoon. We saw Aborigine schools and villages and drove through the city of Walin. My wife didn't appreciate the ride on the bus too much, as the road was very narrow, and many times the nose of the bus appeared to hang over the edge on turns. I mentioned to General Louie of the Chinese Air Force that he missed a couple of potential fighter pilots, and he asked, "What do you mean?" Then I told him about the bus drivers in the Taroko Gorge.

Travel, again thanks to Hugh Grundy of CAT, was very comfortable on their DC-4. That's the airline to travel on in the Far East!

The only other item that I might add about this trip is that the size of my family became very popular as we approached Anchorage, where we went through customs. It helps to have four extra exemptions!

Now, for new business. I would like to

remind everyone about the reunion next July 15-16-17. Put your reservation in early with your boss for vacation - and put in your reservation for Ojai Valley Inn, Ojai, Calif. The Inn will give us the same rates as in 1961: \$37 (plus tax) per day per couple (twin beds), on full American plan; \$24 (plus tax) per day for singles. (American means meals but not whisky.)

If you're bringing the kids, these rates apply when children occupy the same room with parents: up to 4 years, \$2 per day; 4 to 7, \$6; 8 and over, \$11. Rates include meals. If you want to come solo and will share a twin, you can get the twin rate.

All rooms at the Inn have air conditioning now. We've tentatively reserved the whole Inn, so don't be bashful - let's have a big turnout next July.

-- Rode



CHINA HANDS . . . Among CNAC personnel attending Taipei reunion are, left to right, standing: Jake Fassett, Reg Farrar, Bob Helig, Al Oldenburg, Jules Watson, Don McBride, E. C. Kirkpatrick, John Shoemaker, Bill Maher, Bob Sherwood, Bob McCaleb, Jerry Costello, Christie Hanks, Bob Rengo, Felix Smith, Hank Merrifield, Jack Burke, Father Joe Cosgrove and Jim Moore. Seated, center, is Walter "Pappy" Quinn, flanked by wives of members.

Return to The Orient

CNAC Veterans Attend Taipei Reunion

FRIENDSHIPS which span a quarter century of Chinese-American relations were renewed in Taipei, Formosa last month when more than 300 participants attended a very special reunion.

Present were former personnel of China National Aviation Corporation, a Pan Am subsidiary for over a decade, and former members of the American Volunteer Group, General Claire Chennault's famed "Flying Tigers."

For four days, as guests of the Chinese Air Force and other government officials, the former CNAC men who had come from the U. S. and dozens of points throughout the Far East and Pacific, participated in a varied program. They viewed Chinese Nationalist jet displays, visited the Republic's Air Academy and attended dinners, luncheons and receptions.

A number of present Pan Am employees who served with CNAC in the 1930's and during the perilous days of World War II when the unique airline maintained the lifeline to Free China open over the Hump came from the U. S., Hong Kong, Bangkok and Japan. Of the total present, some 50 had served with CNAC.

It was termed "the best and most successful" reunion members of the two participating groups had ever held. Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek hosted a reception for those attending, a special theatrical program was produced and the Mayor of Taipei spoke at a luncheon which he held.

PAGE SIX



Acknowledgment

We would like to express our appreciation for all the letters and cards commenting on the reunion. It was gratifying to receive so many, and we apologize for not answering them all individually. We take this opportunity to thank everyone, and again commend the Taipei committee on their job.

-- Rode

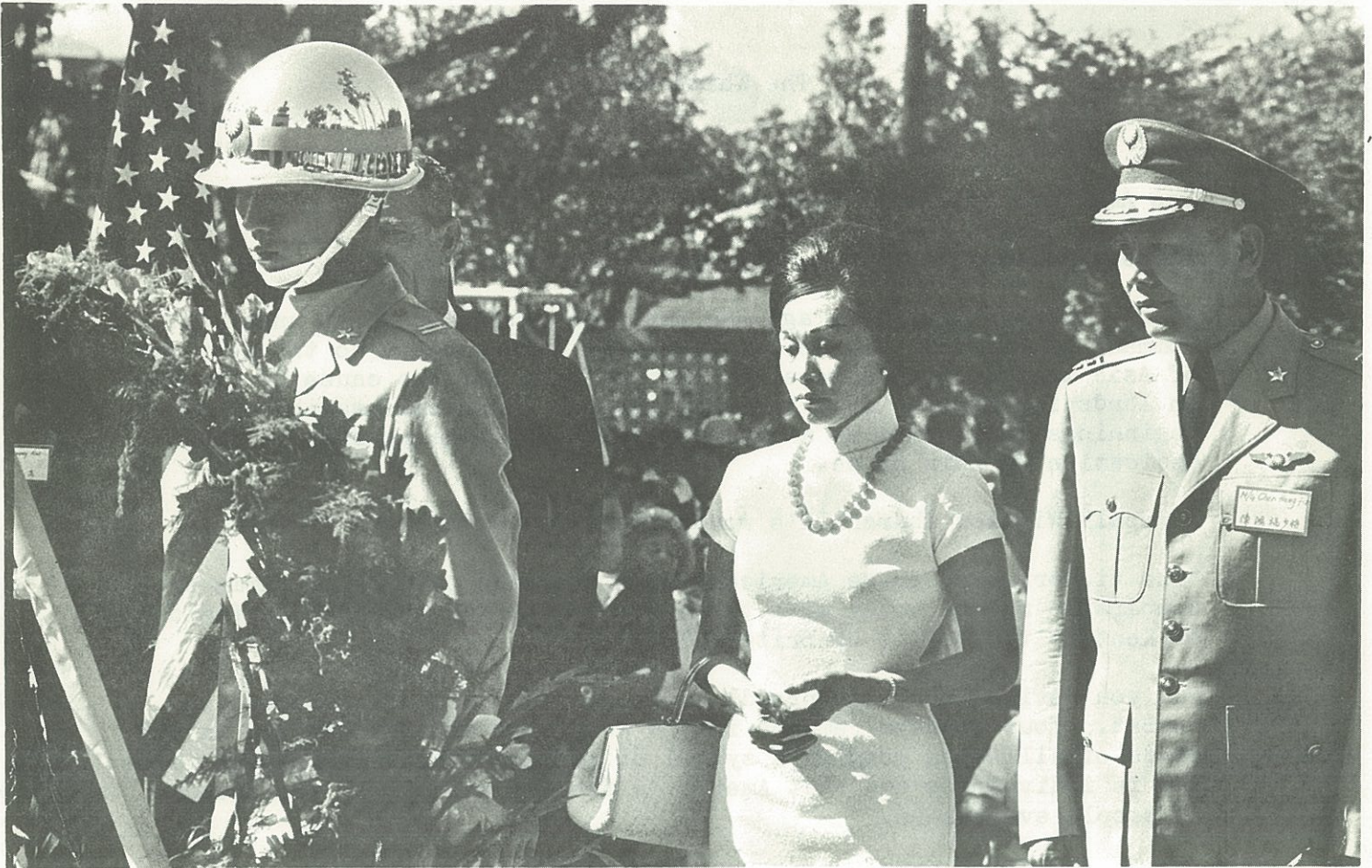
For complete list of
Taipei Reunion
Attendees —

See next page...

Reunion in TAIPEI

LIST OF ATTENDEES

Guest	Armstrong, Eleanor	AVG	Jernstedt, Mr. & Mrs. Ken & two daughters
AVG/CNAC	Bartling, Bill & Cynthia & two sons	Guest	Jura, Mr. & Mrs. R.
Guest(P)*	Bennett, Jim	Guest(P)	Kennedy, H.
Guest	Bidelspach, Mr. & Mrs. K.	Guest	Kimball, Mr. & Mrs. Len
Guest	Birge, Mrs. R.	CNAC	King, C. N.
AVG	Burgard, Mr. & Mrs. George	CNAC	Kirkpatrick, E. C.
CNAC	Burke, Jack	AVG	Kustay, Steve & Ann
CNAC	Bussart, Mrs. Irene & two children	AVG	Layher, Bob & Marian
CNAC	Byrne, Jim	Guest	Lee, Dr. & Cynthia
Guest	Cameron, Donna	CNAC	Lee, James
Guest	Caplan, Hal	CNAC	Leong, Lawrence & Ronnie
Guest	Carpenter, May Lin	CNAC	Lerios, Andy
CNAC	Carr, Mr. & Mrs. Peter & two sons	CNAC	Lin, Robert
CNAC	Chang, Mr. & Mrs. Robert	AVG	Lock, Bob & Gwyn & three children
CNAC	Chen, H. Moon	Guest	Mabeus, Dr. & Mrs. D.
AVG	Chennault, Mrs. Anna	CNAC	Maher, W. J.
CNAC	Chin, Moon	Guest	Mazzolini, Ulisse
CNAC	Chu, Morgan & Kathy	CNAC	McBride, Don & Theresa
AVG	Clouther, Paul & Dorothy	CNAC	McCaleb, Bob & Thelma
CNAC	Costello, Jerry & Eileen	CNAC	McDonald, Bill & Peggy & two children
CNAC	Cummings, Carl & Bette	CNAC	Mei, P. K.
Guest	Cunningham, Mrs. Elsie	CNAC	Merrifield, Hank & Madlyn & daughter
AVG	Dolan, Walt & Phyllis	Guest	Merritt, Mr. & Mrs. C. H.
CNAC	DeSalvatore, V.	CNAC	Moore, "Indian Jim" & Mrs.
Guest(P)	Dwiggins, Don	Guest(P)	Morrill, J. A.
CNAC	Farrar, Dr. Reg. & Miss Caroline	AVG/CNAC	Moss, Bob (Moose) & Janie & three children
CNAC	Fassett, Jake & Mary	AVG	Neal, Bob & Mig
Guest(P)	Fish, Mrs. Laurie	Guest	Newhart, Dr. & Mrs.
AVG	Gallagher, Dr. & Mrs. Robt. & two children	Guest	Nolin, Mr. & Mrs. J. H.
AFG	Geselbracht, Hank & Claudia & son Ray	CNAC	Oldenburg, Al
CNAC	Gibson, Gibby & Jackie	AVG	Older, Chuck & Kitty
CNAC	Gillette, Mrs. Ruby & son	AVG	Paull, Mrs. Lottie
Guest(P)	Glover, W. D. (Ozzie)	AVG	Petach, Emma Jane & Joan
CNAC	Gluskin, Dave	CNAC	Phillips, Mr. & Mrs. Ray
CNAC	Grundy, Mr. & Mrs. Hugh	AVG	Poshefko, Joe & Mary
CNAC	Hanks, Fletcher "Christy" & son	AVG/CNAC	Prescott, Bob & Ann-Marie & Peter
CNAC	Hardin, Mr. & Mrs. Guy & daughter	CNAC	Quinn, Walter (Pappy)
AVG	Haywood, Tom & Betty	AVG	Rector, Ed
Guest	Hearn, Dr. & Mrs. Tom	AVG	Regis, Mr. & Mrs. S.
CNAC	Heilig, Robert & Lee & two daughters	CNAC	Rengo, Bob
AVG	Hill, Tex & Maizie	Guest	Rhea, David
CNAC	Holdridge, Mr. & Mrs. J. K.	AVG/CNAC	Richards, Dr. L. J.
AVG	Hubler, Marlin & Janice	CNAC	Richardson, Mr. & Mrs. R. S.
Guest	Ilka, Mr. & Mrs. Charles	AVG	Ricks, Wayne
AVG	Janski, Ed	CNAC	Roberts, Robbie & Lucille
		AVG	Rodewald, Don & Betty & daughters Donna, Rosemary, Linda & Judy



A poignant moment after Anna Chennault and Rossi placed the memorial wreath at the foot of the General's statue in New Park, with Major General Hang Fu accompanying them.

List of Attendees (cont.)

AVG/CNAC	Rossi, Dick
AVG	Schaper, Mr. & Mrs. Bill
Guest	Sedosky, M.
CNAC	Shaddy, Jim
CNAC	Sherwood, Robert & Margaret & Miss Marilyn
CNAC	Shoemaker, John & Audrey
Guest	Shrewsbury, Sue
CNAC	Smith, Felix
AVG	Smith, R. T. & son Bill
Guest(P)	Talbert, R.
CNAC	Vivian, John & Sara
AVG	Whitwer, Eloise
CNAC	Watson, Jules & Peggy & two children
AVG	Wu, Lem & Frances & three children
Guest	Young, John
CNAC	Yang, Margaret

*(P) Press and/or Photographer

OJAI DATES

Dates for the Ojai reunion in 1965 have been set. We have reserved the 15th, 16th and 17th of July - better start now planning on the trip. The same set-up and conditions of previous meetings are in effect. First come, first served.

We want to thank Lem Wu for his \$100 contribution to the Membership Fund. It is appreciated, and will help at the "Happy Hour" at Ojai next year.

On the subject of the Membership Fund - it would be greatly appreciated if members would send in their \$10 annual dues now, without waiting for invoices. This would save a lot of correspondence and mailing problems connected with the billing. Just send the dough to Rode, as before, and your account will be credited.

The White House

July 4, 1964

The American Volunteer Group
C/o Mrs. Claire Lee Chennault
Taipei, Taiwan

Nearly twenty-five years ago the American Volunteer Group under the command of Lt. Gen. Claire Lee Chennault demonstrated to the peoples of Asia that Americans were willing to fight for the cause of freedom in lands far removed from American shores. Your celebration of your beginnings will serve as a reminder that Americans persist in their dedication to this cause.

I recall Winston Churchill's words about you -

"The victories of these Americans over the rice paddies of Burma are comparable in character with those won by the RAF over the hopfields of Kent in the battle of Britain."

But you revive more than proud memory of your unequalled record in combat. Your courage remains in the hearts of all Chinese and in the minds of all Asian peoples a symbol of America's conviction that freedom is indivisible and that America's freedom depends on the freedom of people everywhere.

Lyndon B. Johnson



Last stop was Tokyo and a great Sukiyaki dinner at Suehiro's. Prescott quickly made friends with one of the dancers. Anne-Marie doesn't seem worried, but R. T. Smith on the left has a few doubts.



Some more of the floor crowd.

Mrs. Claire Lee Chennault
4201 Cathedral Avenue, N. W.
Washington 16, D. C.

August 24, 1964

Mr. Dick Rossi
737 Bethany Road
Burbank, California

Dear Dick:

This is an open letter to all members of CNAC, and I will appreciate your making sure that it will appear in the next issue of the Bulletin.

It was a great relief to me that our AVG-CNAC Reunion in Free China turned out to be a big success. As you well know, it is not easy to take care of over 150 people and to have them all invited to parties given by the top government officials. Only you and Bob Prescott know that I had been working on this project since last year. In the summer of 1963 when I returned to Free China for a visit, I talked to President and Madame Chiang Kai-shek; the Secretary-General Chang Chung; Governor of Taiwan, General Hwang; Chief of Staff, General Peng; Commander-in-Chief of Chinese Air Force, General Hsu; Chief of MAAG as well as my very good friend, General Sanborn; and a score of others, asking for their approval and assistance to make this reunion possible. And my sister, Mrs. Richard Lee, a registered member of the AVG, with the help of Chief of Protocol Colonel Shah, worked for many months to insure the success of this reunion. After my return to the States, I continued to correspond with many government official friends in Taiwan, helping them to work out a satisfactory program.

I am not here to claim credit, but I cannot help feeling hurt and disappointed when I read in the news release in the Los Angeles Times and Washington Post regarding the President's dinner. Anyone who knows anything about protocol will realize that the President's dinner guest list was prepared by HIS office, and no one else. I was not consulted but only informed afterwards of the names on the list. On July 1st, I worked until 2 a.m. with those concerned in order to have everyone included in the reception. And I may say that, had it not been my effort, there would not have been a special reception. Walter Quinn, Billy McDonald and many others know the story and I am disturbed that some of the members have been misinformed.

As you all know how closely I feel toward these two groups. This is the reason I would like to clear up this small misunderstanding. I have not told you before about the many long distance calls I made to Washington from Taipei in order to obtain the message from President Johnson. And I was glad that it finally arrived in time. A copy of that message had been sent to you in my previous letter and I am sure that we will all agree that it was a wonderful message.

I send my warmest regards to all members and hope to see all of you at our next reunion.

Sincerely,

Anna

Anna Chennault



