



# jing bao JOURNAL

OFFICIAL BIMONTHLY PUBLICATION OF THE FLYING TIGERS OF THE 14TH AIR FORCE ASSOCIATION, INC.  
C.L. (MAC) MCMILLIN, EDITOR, 3320 OLD DOBBIN RD., MONTGOMERY, AL 36116

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OCTOBER-NOVEMBER 1998

## Hao, Boo Hao?

MILTON CANIFF

3 Nov.  
'64

Flying Tigers of the  
14th Air Force:

Gentlemen:

I am deeply honored and  
greatly pleased to become a Life  
Member of the American Volunteer  
Group of the China Air Task Force,  
14th Air Force.

Most sincerely,

333 E. 45 St.,  
NY NY 10017

Milton  
CANIFF

**Milt Caniff - Honorary Member**  
(story on p. 11)

## *'Tis The Soldier*

"It is the soldier, not the reporter, who has given us freedom of the press.

It is the soldier, not the poet, who has given us freedom of speech.

It is the soldier, not the campus organizer, who has given us the freedom to demonstrate.

It is the soldier, not the lawyer, who has given us the right to a fair trial.

It is the soldier, who salutes the flag, who serves under the flag, and whose coffin is draped by the flag, who allows the protester to burn the flag."

*- Anonymous*

## GENERAL CHENNAULT MEMORIAL RELOCATED

A message and photographs from **Ambassador Konsin Shah(4th BS-1st BG-CACW)**, Chinese Air Force Veterans Association, P.O. Box 9501-4, Taipei, Taiwan, R.O.C., confirms the recent restoration of the Memorial to General Chennault to a place of honor in New Life Park in Taipei. The ceremony marking the event was attended by veterans and representatives of Chinese and American Veterans organizations as well as representatives of both the U.S. and R.O.C. governments and other dignitaries. Among them, Mr. Larry Mitchell represented the American Institute in Taiwan(described by Konsin as an "unofficial American Government Office"), and General Liou Guey-Yi representing the Chinese Air Force .



Ambassador Shah addresses the assembled guests, including General Liou(C.A.F.) and Mr. Larry Mitchell(A.I.T.).



Ambassador Shah listens as Larry Mitchell speaks.

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## **DOCTOR LAUGHLIN'S** **MISSION TO CHANGSHA**

One of the most amazing stories to come out of the 14th Air Force experience in China is the story of Dr. Jones Laughlin's one of a kind mission to Changsha. Parts of this story may have appeared in other places, but never, to our knowledge, has the full story ever been told before...anywhere. Since the events described here involved members of the 75th Fighter Squadron, no one is better qualified to tell the story than Phil Loofbourrow(75th FS-23rd FG), 6827 Hyde Park Dr., Dallas, TX 75231, who was CO of the 75th at the time.

This is his story:

"In the history of any military organization in combat, there are always stories of unusual initiative or courage. They are more numerous in an elite, heavily engaged organization such as the 75th Fighter Squadron of the 23rd Fighter Group in China. Because of the nature of the operation of a fighter squadron, these stories tend to involve fighter pilots who man the gun platform which a fighter airplane is. However, I think the most courageous act I witnessed during my tour of China was performed by Captain Jones Laughlin, M.D. of Eagle Lake, Texas, flight surgeon of the 75th Fighter Squadron.

"On May 17, 1944, a mission from the 75th Fighter Squadron had been strafing ground targets in the area northeast of Tung Ting Lake in Hunan Province where the Japanese offensive that was to eventually drive us out of our bases in East China was just getting underway. We were jumped by a number of Oscar fighters, and the mission was broken up. In the ensuing melee two of the 75th pilots became separated from the rest of the squadron. One, Lieutenant Warren Smedley, was shot down and killed after we had left the area of initial contact. The other, Lieutenant Marvin Balderson, unable to find the rest of the unit, and running low on fuel, elected to attempt a landing on a street in Changsha, a city where we had an intelligence team. According to eyewitnesses, Balderson aborted his first two landing attempts because as he was about to flare for landing, dozens of Chinese ran out into the street to get a better look, and he went around to avoid killing these people. On the third landing attempt, he tried to go around again, but by this time the airplane had run out of fuel, and he was forced to put it down in the street. However, there was not enough room to get the airplane stopped before he ran into a massive concrete blockhouse like the Chinese had built in many of their cities.

"These blockhouses were sites to provide a field of fire down all streets coming into the intersections, and it was impossible to avoid them if the airplane rolled as far as the intersection. The resulting collision destroyed the airplane and seriously injured Lieutenant Balderson.

"When I landed at our base at Hengyang, I already had a message from Lieutenant Malcolm Rosholt, the intelligence officer commanding the team at Changsha, telling me that Balderson had suffered severe head injuries, and that

Chinese surgeons in the local hospital were about to perform brain surgery on him.

"I was completely ignorant of the capabilities of the Chinese surgeons on the spot or whether they possessed even the most basic equipment and supplies, but I felt that if at all possible, we should attempt to get an American doctor and medical supplies to Changsha. Because of the time factor, and because Changsha was nearly surrounded by Japanese ground troops, the only way to get someone in there was to jump him in.

"Accordingly, I called Dr. Laughlin into my office and explained the situation to him, including my desire that there be an American doctor present during surgery, the fact that the only way to get him there was to fly him there and jump him in, and that he would probably have to walk out. I then said, " Jones, I'm not asking you to do this; frankly, I think it's asking too much of anyone, and if you decide not to go, nobody will ever know we had this conversation."

"He didn't hesitate, but said, " Give me about fifteen minutes to get my stuff together, and I'll go."

"Why it was there I don't remember, and I don't even remember who the airplane belonged to, but there was a C-47 setting on the ground at Hengyang ready to go back out to Kunming. I immediately contacted the pilot about the proposed mission. The allegation that I pulled a .45 on him to convince him to go is not true. I never carried a .45 all the time I was in China, but instead carried a pocket model .380 Colt which was more comfortable under a parachute harness.

"As I remember the incident, he said something to the effect that his orders had sent him from Kunming to Hengyang and did not include a mission to Changsha. I replied, "They do now." And he agreed. I think his concern was over his authority to make a decision not covered by his operation's order, and he was not reluctant to go after I had made the decision that we were going to use his airplane.

"Of course, we were not in the business of dropping supplies or people out of airplanes, so our arrangements for the drop involved some improvisation. Sergeant Conrad Adams packed an empty belly tank with straw to cushion the cardboard cartons of blood plasma and other supplies we were delivering with Dr. Laughlin.

"This belly tank was attached to a chest-pack chute from one of the B-252s present on the base and was to be thrown out and opened by a static line. Dr. Laughlin was equipped with a standard 28 foot seat-pack chute as his primary parachute and a chest-pack for his reserve.

"After making all of the arrangements for the drop, we took off late in the afternoon for the forty minute flight to Changsha. Because of the possibility of interference by Japanese fighters out of the Hankow complex, we were escorted by a flight of P-40s from the 75th.

"On the way to the Changsha area, I stayed back in the cabin briefing Laughlin on getting clear of the airplane before he pulled his ripcord, giving the chute time to blossom before he decided to use his reserve, and how to slip it by pulling on the risers in the direction he wanted to go. He listened avidly, apparently thinking I was an old hand who had made several dozen jumps.. I saw no point in enlightening him to the fact that my "know-how" was from ground school lectures and conversations with several pilots who had used a parachute.

"As we approached Changsha, I went up to the cockpit to show the pilot where we wanted to drop. We selected a reasonably open area about half a mile south of the city. We planned to drop the supplies on the first pass over the drop zone, then swing around and drop Laughlin on the second pass. The supply drop went as planned. Adams shoved the belly tank out the door, and the static line pulled the ripcord and opened the chute. I found out later from Rosholt that the supplies were picked up by a Chinese man who recognized the package as medical supplies and immediately took them to the hospital.

"On the first pass to drop Dr. Laughlin, the pilot lined up about half a mile to the east of the location I had selected for the drop, so I told Laughlin not to jump and went back up to the cockpit to point out the place where we wanted the drop made. The next run was better, although not perfect. Because it was getting late in the afternoon, and I did not want the pilot to have to land in the dark with no runway lights, I told Laughlin he would have to jump on this one.

"I was standing beside him next to the door, and as we came up over the jump area, I said, " Now." He stepped up into the door opening, put both hands on the sides of the door and leaned forward, then stepped back. He stepped up to the door a second time and repeated his previous actions. The third time he leaned out the door, I put my foot in the middle of his seat pack and shoved him out. His chute blossomed after about a hundred foot fall. We watched him all the way to the ground, probably about forty-five seconds, and saw him slip his chute into a compound about fifty feet square. He could not have done better on his hundredth jump.

"As soon as he was on the ground, Rosholt picked him up and took him to the hospital, but unfortunately Lieutenant Balderson had died just prior to their arrival.

This action to assist one of the squadron established Dr. Laughlin solidly with the members of the unit. He had succeeded a very popular flight surgeon and had not yet really been accepted by all of the people in the outfit. Not the most diplomatic individual I ever met, he had ruffled a few feathers in his first few weeks with the squadron. When he arrived back at Hengyang a few days after his jump, he was the hero of everyone.

"I recommended that he be awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, but the Awards and Decorations Board of the 14th Air Force gave him the Soldiers' Medal instead. Although the Soldiers' Medal is a prestigious decoration, I personally thought the DFC was appropriate for the action, and I knew it was the one Dr. Laughlin would have preferred. Unfortunately, at the time the decision was made, I was back in India picking up some new airplanes and did not have a chance to argue his case before the orders were issued.

"His Changsha jump was not the last for Dr. Laughlin. We were unable to promote him within the 23rd Fighter Group because the only medical position for a major was filled, but a few months later we were able to get him promoted by transferring him to the 308th Bombardment Group where there was a vacancy for a major. We reluctantly let him go.

"After the Japanese had succeeded in completing their mission of securing the Hankow to Canton railroad and establishing a Japanese controlled corridor all the way from Canton to Hankow, the 308th had occasions to fly from their western China bases across enemy-controlled territory to our East China base at

Suichwan where the 118th Tactical Reconnaissance Squadron of the 23rd Fighter Group was still operating. On one of these missions, Dr. Laughlin was riding in one of the B-24s. While over Japanese territory at night, the engines on one side of the airplane stopped momentarily, probably from running a fuel tank dry. Prior to his transfer to the bomb group, Laughlin had absorbed many hours of propogandizing by single engine fighter pilots, and so he knew that this airplane had three too many engines. At the first sign of trouble, therefore, he left.

"The B-24 crew got the engines restarted and went on to their destination; Laughlin, however, had to walk. He landed safely and was soon in the hands of remnants of the Chinese 10th Army. This unit had been chewed up badly in the defense of Hengyang, and these survivors were trying to rejoin their headquarters. In the course of their search, and in the process of returning Dr. Laughlin to American control, the group passed through Japanese controlled territory several times, but managed to avoid contact with Japanese forces, allowing Dr. Laughlin's eventual safe return."...None the worse for his walk in the countryside.

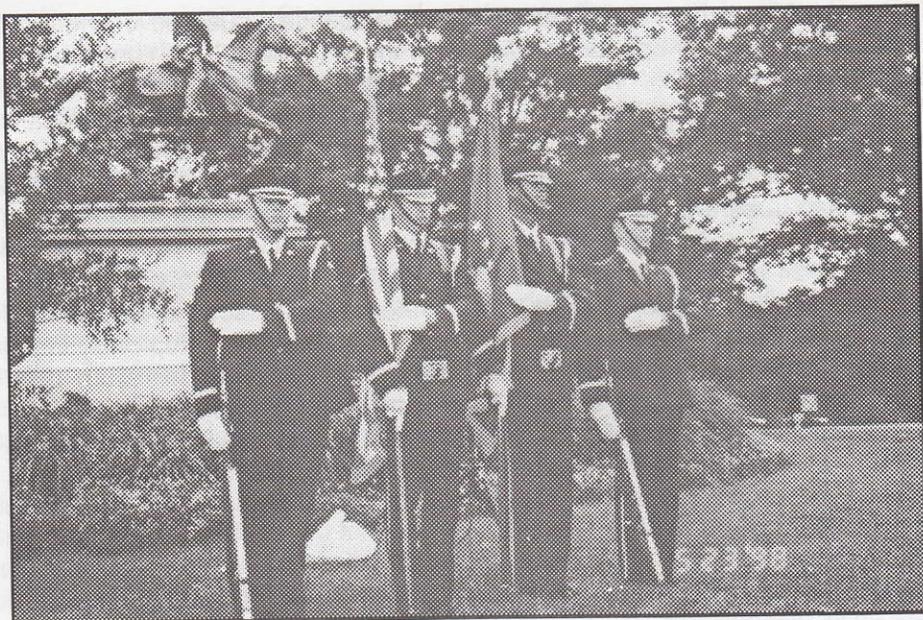
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## **MEMORIAL WEEKEND: REPRISE**

In these next few pages we will again, mostly through photographs, tell more of the story of Memorial Weekend 1998. We do so because we think the Memorial Weekend, especially the Annual Memorial Ceremony, is probably the most important of our 14th Air Force Association activities. An activity that we wish all of our members could attend and/or participate in at least once in their lifetime. Because we know that is not likely to happen, we will try again to bring the spirit of that annual event to you. And we start with the opening ceremonies at Arlington.



Arlington Cemetery Superintendent John C. Metzler, Jr., and Association President, McKay H. Nelson welcome families of the deceased, friends and other participants to this year's ceremony.



The United States Air Force Color Guard presents the colors and brings the audience to attention against a backdrop featuring a Memorial to Major General Phil Sheridan

***Memorial Ceremony at Arlington Cemetery, Continued:***



Past President John Apsaga (above left), places a wreath representing the 14th Air Force Association at this year's ceremony. Also, John (above right) assists Mrs. Pat Napier in placement of a carnation in the ceremonial vase in honor of her deceased husband Edward Napier (375th BS-308th BG), while son Robert Napier looks on.



Mrs. Kathleen Thurber, accepts a Memorial Certificate honoring her deceased husband Raymond J. Thurber (374th BS-308th BG), from Lorraine Nelson, wife of 14th AFA President McKay Nelson. Mrs. Thurber is escorted by Art Cobert (11th BS-341st BG).

**Still more about Memorial Weekend 1998...**



Ambassador Stephen Chen with Ed Len (14th ASG) and Fred Chiao (CACW) at the Republic of China's reception for 14th AFA members and guests at the Chancellery.

*Fred W. Chiao*



Mrs. Pat Napior, one of 27 widows of deceased members present for the occasion, and her family, in one of the happier moments of the weekend.

*And here are some of the crew who help each year to make the weekend a great success.....*



Charles(1st CCS-1st CCG) and Kathleen Amy in manning the registration and banquet seating desk take on the often difficult(if not impossible) task of keeping everyone happy.



Dick(449th FS) and Katherine Maddox, and Hortensia Saginor, wife of Irving(16th FS-51st FG) help to keep the hospitality room running smoothly.

**Photos in this section courtesy of Ed Len(14th ASG)...Ed.**

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## **MISSION 19 TO HAIPHONG: CONCLUSION**

In this issue we publish the third and concluding part of the story of the 308th Bomb Group's Mission 19 to Haiphong. Part two ended with surviving "Temptation" crew members prisoners of the Japanese in Kempeitai Prison in Hanoi, French Indo-China.

### **THE TRAGEDY OF MISSION 19 TO HAIPHONG: PART III**

The last to bail out of "Temptation" was her copilot, 2nd Lieutenant Don B. Smith, the oldest member of the crew. He was a military school graduate and had been a former ski instructor and an infantryman. Smith had arrived in China six months earlier and was scheduled to rotate back to the States in December. His rotation was delayed two years. Strafing had grazed Smith's right arm during his jump, but he was otherwise unhurt. As soon as he landed, he had taken refuge in a straw hut but was spotted and captured by a Vichy army patrol that had joined the search on the morning of the 16th. Instead of turning the flier over to the Japanese searchers immediately, Smith was instead hidden in the jungle all day by the French so that French intelligence would interrogate him first. That night he was moved to the provincial capital of Thai Nguyen for preliminary questioning, then escorted to Hanoi where he was interrogated in more detail by Vichy army intelligence. Only after his questioning was completed was he taken to Lanessan Hospital for treatment of his wounds. On the 17th, he was delivered to the Japanese and was thrown into the dungeon in the Hanoi Kempeitai prison.

Radio operator Staff Sergeant Stomberg's boot had come off during his jump. He fractured his right foot on landing and was unable to walk. He dragged himself to cover on a nearby knoll, where he lay hidden for three days. An Indochinese native discovered the sergeant on the 18th. The native, with the help of other natives, carried him on a makeshift stretcher to a Vichy army patrol post at Thung Sun Thoa (village of Boa Nang). After a local Indochinese doctor administered first aid, he was taken to an army base at Thai Nguyen that night, arriving at 2 a.m. on the 19th, and subjected to interrogation. Stomberg managed to write secretly a letter to his parents, telling them that he had been captured and was a prisoner of the Vichy authorities at an unknown camp. Later the same day, he was transported to Hanoi where he was interrogated first by Vichy French intelligence, then taken to Lanessan Hospital where he joined crewmen Manella and Quarant from "Mama." The sergeant's ankle was set and his leg encased in a cast from toe to hip. Nurse Burgard also smuggled out Stomberg's letter after she convinced the Japanese that he was too badly wounded to be moved with Manells and Quarant.

Vichy gendarmes turned over the sergeant to the Japanese on September 29th, and he was taken to a Japanese hospital where he rejoined Quarant who was also there. At the hospital, Lieutenant Quarant demanded that he and

Stomberg join the other members of their crew. With the upper part of his cast removed, the sergeant had nearly recovered and was able to walk without difficulty. The lieutenant was granted his wish, but the Japanese refused to let Stomberg go. Howe informed his hometown paper in 1945 that Stomberg "knew the call letters of our home base and the Japs wanted them badly. They took him away for questioning one day and we never saw him again."

The manner of Stomberg's death is still unknown. A Graves Registration team was informed that Stomberg had been "turned loose" during a transfer to Saigon, a story that the team labeled "fantastic." A 1949 board of review by 8th Army officers concluded that Stomberg had been "killed and his body disposed of in an unknown manner and place." The bodies of Sergeant Stomberg, Lieutenant Warren, Sergeant Corbin and the crew of "Daisy Mae" remain in Vietnam to this day, the first and oldest MIAs in that country.

The tragedy of Mission 19 was not yet completed. The fourth and fifth Liberators, "Doodlebug" and "Flub Dub" fought a twenty-five minute battle with the Zeros as they headed for China and finally lost their pursuers in a cloud cover. French observers watched "Flub Dub" reach Chinese territory safely after she flew over Bac Hi. Four minutes later, "Doodlebug" was observed crossing over into China at Thuyen Quang. But as "Flub Dub" attempted to land at Kunming after radioing that she had "wounded aboard" and was damaged, she crashed short of the airfield, probably as a result of wounds she had received in combat, killing the plane's entire crew. The fifth B-24 landed safely at Yangkai. In recounting the battle, her crew claimed that they had shot down ten Zeros during the battle and possibly eighteen more. In Hanoi, the "Temptation" crew also had informed their French interrogators that they had shot down four "Zekes" before their Liberator had crashed. French records, however, indicate only two Japanese planes were downed. One crashed between Thai Binh and the Van Uc Rivers, northwest of Thai Binh. The other Zero crashed in a pond near the village of Ngan Khe, near Ben Hiep, southeast of Ninh Giang. Based on their interrogations of the captured crewmen, French intelligence concluded that the 373rd crews had had little air combat experience previously and had dispersed as soon as "Daisy Mae" went down, enabling the Japanese fighters to get between the B-24s and concentrate their attack on one plane at a time. About all the French interrogators learned from the crews, however, was that their supply of whiskey and beer in China was "insufficient and of poor quality."

The "Temptation" crew was eventually transferred to the Kempeitai prison at Cho Lon where the other crews were imprisoned along with six or more Indochinese men and women. An Indochinese nationalist, possibly a Viet Minh agent, but more likely an Indochinese editor whose newspaper had displeased the Vichy French administration, was later thrown into the same cell as the Americans. The Indochinese proved to be both "intelligent and articulate" so that using a combination of Italian, Latin, and French, he was able to communicate with Manella. The American was told that there was a Japanese prisoner of war camp nearby (the Eudel camp on the banks of the Saigon River) and was assured his organization would get them back to the States. "First we

will get rid of the Japanese," he declared. "Then get rid of the French. All we want is independence. All we want from the U.S. is support in material; we will do the fighting." The Americans never saw the man again.

Instead, they were notified that they would be taken to Tokyo, but after they were taken to the Saigon port in a driving rain, they were put on a crowded transport, Ile de France, bound for Singapore and handcuffed to bunks. Manella later joked that the rain had confused their guards, and they were put on the wrong ship! At Singapore, the crewmen were kept for three or four weeks at an Indian Nationalist camp and then transferred to the main camp at Chingi where they endured the hellish life of POWs; dysentery, malaria, beri beri, and beatings. "We were put to work building an airdrome," Hawe told his newspaper, "and were beaten for anything that did not please the Jap guards. Sometimes they hit us with their fists and sometimes with clubs and rifle butts." Just before they were liberated in September 1945, the Japanese guards had the POWs dig a U-shaped tunnel into which the Japanese planned to herd the prisoners and kill them. The sudden end of the war saved their lives.

The Japanese command had lauded the Vichy French authorities for their enthusiastic cooperation in hunting down the survivors of Mission 19. The raid had cost the lives of twenty-nine American fliers, including Stomberg, and four Indochinese civilians. Seven of the 373rd crew were made prisoners of war. Following impassioned pleas by the commander of the 308th to the 14th's high command for fighter escorts, the next 373rd mission (No. 20) to Haiphong on October 1st had fighter protection. The cement plant never functioned thereafter. By the end of 1944, the 14th Air Force's bombing and strafing campaign in Tonkin had totally disrupted Tonkin's economic infrastructure, shutting down the port of Haiphong, and completely severing the northern province from the rice-rich south.

Admiral Decoux's policy of turning fliers over to the Japanese continued for the next six months. Three more Americans and a Chinese Nationalist, all fighter pilots, were captured by the Vichy Indochinese authorities and were likewise surrendered to the Japanese. A fourth fighter pilot, shot down on a bombing and strafing mission in March 1944, was killed in a firefight with the Indochinese Guard while resisting capture. In the wake of the pilot's death, for reasons that are far too complex to be covered in this space, Admiral Decoux was forced to change his policy with regard to downed American fliers. The change in the admiral's policy promptly led to the rescue and escape of twenty-seven more air force and navy fliers downed in Indochina, including five members of the 373rd Squadron shot down in January of 1945, but that, too, is another story and just as bizarre.

— Martin L. Mickelson



For some, at least, there was a happy ending! Here, survivors of Mission 19 celebrate their release from Chingi POW Prison in Singapore. Fourth from left: Lt Robert Powers; first on right, Lt Joe Manella; third on right, Lt Walter Stiles. (Fighter Pilot Stiles, was shot down in Indochina, captured by the Vichy French and turned over to the Japanese who sent him to the Chingi Prison) Photo courtesy of Mrs. Helen Stiles, fourth on right.

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## ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP

Some time ago, one of our members, **Norman J. Brown(69th DRS-301st ADG), 517 4th Avenue, Manistee, MI 49660**, asked us to publish the requirements for Associate Membership in the Association. Although the requirements for all categories of membership are included in the annual Membership Directory, we're going to summarize the requirements for Associate Membership one more time, just in case there are others, besides Norm, who missed it earlier. Briefly stated: Associate Membership is limited to spouses, widows, widowers, or lineal descendants of Regular Members. Children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, are eligible for Associate Membership, Brothers, sisters, nieces, nephews, are not. Additional information, including Membership Application forms, may be obtained from VP Membership, Ernie Kitterman, 19830 Allisonville Ave., Noblesville, IN 46060.

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## COMPUTER TALK !

Here's another one from **Milt Miller**, who, in case there's anyone out there who doesn't know, graces the neighborhood of **270 First Avenue, New York, NY 10009**, and if you're lucky, may be reached at that address. At any rate, being among those who have had more than their share of problems with computer Customer Service Representatives, we thought we ought to share it with our customers.

### **AND YOU THOUGHT YOU HAD TROUBLE EXPLAINING HOW A COMPUTER WORKS...**

*Actual dialog of a former WordPerfect Customer Support Employee:*

- CS: "Ridge Hall, computer assistant: may I help you?"  
C: "Yes, I'm having trouble with WordPerfect."  
CS: "What sort of trouble?"  
C: "Well I was typing along, and all of a sudden the words went away."  
CS: "Went away?"  
C: "They disappeared."  
CS: "Hmm. So what does your screen look like now?"  
C: "Nothing."  
CS: "Nothing?"  
C: "It's blank; it won't accept anything when I type."  
CS: "Are you still in WordPerfect, or did you get out?"  
C: "How do I tell?"  
CS: "Can you see the C:\ prompt on the screen?"  
C: "What's a sea-prompt?"  
CS: "Never mind. Can you move the cursor around on the screen?"  
C: "There isn't any cursor: I told you it won't accept anything I type."  
CS: "Does your monitor have a power indicator?"  
C: "What's a monitor?"  
CS: "It's the thing that looks like a TV. Does it have a little light that tells you when it's on?"  
C: "I don't know."  
CS: "Well, then look on the back of the monitor and find where the power cord goes into it. Can you see that?"  
C: "Yes, I think so."  
CS: "Great! Follow the cord, and tell me if its plugged into the wall."  
C: "Yes it is."  
CS: "When you were behind the monitor, did you notice that there were two cables plugged into the back, not just one?"  
C: "No."  
CS: "Well there are. Look back there again and find the other cable".  
C: "Okay, here it is".  
CS: "Follow it for me, and tell me if it's plugged securely into the back of your computer."

C: "I can't reach it."  
CS: "Uh huh. Well can you see if it is?"  
C: "No."  
CS: "Even if you put your knee on something and lean way over?"  
C: "Oh, it's not that I don't have the right angle, it's because it's dark."  
CS: "Dark?"  
C: "Yes, the office light is off. The only light I have is coming in the window."  
CS: "Well, turn the office light on."  
C: "I can't."  
CS: "No? Why not?"  
C: "Because there's a power outage."  
CS: "A power...A power outage? ...Aha! Wev'e got it licked now! Do you still have the boxes and packing stuff your computer came in?"  
C: "Well, yes, I keep them in the closet."  
CS: "Good! Go get them. Unplug your system and pack it up just like it was when you got it, and take it back to the store it came from."  
C: "Really? Is it that bad?"  
CS: "Yes, "I'm afraid it is."  
C: "Well all right then. What do I tell them?"  
CS: "Tell them you're too stupid to own a computer."

*Lifted from the Fall-1997 B-24 Briefing...Ed.*

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## **CAN YOU TOP THIS ?**

**James G. Jay (14th ASG), 721 15th Ave., San Francisco, CA 94118,** wonders if anyone can match the record of he and Edwin Lee, 9311, 3rd Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11209. They were schoolmates at P.S. 23 in lower Manhattan, New York, and volunteered for military service on the same day, May 15, 1943, Ed in Brooklyn, and Jim in Manhattan. Both reported for active duty at Camp Upton, NY., on May 22, 1943. They had their basic military training in Springfield, Illinois, and were later assigned to the 407th Air Service Squadron. After two years and nine months, they were both discharged from the service at Fort Dix, NJ., on the same date, February 7, 1946.

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# **SUPPORT THE ROBINS AFB MUSEUM !**

In virtually every recent issue of the Jing Bao Journal, we have included a plea for increased financial support for the Warner-Robins Museum.. We have asked our members to consider the "purchase" of personal bricks, or bricks honoring other individuals or groups of individuals, direct donations to the 14th Air Force Museum Fund, contributions to the Museum as a part of registration for the Memorial Weekend or Annual Convention, etc. And frankly, folks, the results to date have been disappointing. We realize that most of us don't have the kind of money that allows us to spend it frivolously. At the same time, I know that most of us can afford a few bucks now and then in support of a good cause. And this is a good cause, friends! The Robins Museum is not a rinky-dink affair, but is, in all respects, a first class operation, and that is why we chose it as the repository for our 14th AF and 14th AF Association memorabilia and archives. The Constitution of the 14th Air Force Association states the first objective or purpose of the Association as: To preserve the ideals and principles and to perpetuate and disseminate the history of the American Volunteer Group, the China Air Task Force, and the 14th Air Force. That, my friends, is exactly what we are attempting to do in supporting the Robins AFB Museum. If you have already contributed, continue to do so, generously. If you haven't yet given, do so, now ! To make it easy for you we enclose this coupon.

**YES ...** I want to help KEEP THE MEMORY ALIVE: Enclosed is my Donation and/or Pledge.

\$2,500.00   \$1,000.00   \$500.00   \$100.00   Other \_\_\_\_\_

I Pledge \$ \_\_\_\_\_ per year for \_\_\_\_\_ Years.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ China Unit \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Nameplate (one line) \_\_\_\_\_

Wall of Honor "Brick" (three lines) \_\_\_\_\_

**NOTE:** For contributions of any amount you get your name on the Wall of Fame nameplate. \$500.00 or more will buy you s "brick". When your total donations reach \$500.00 you will get a "brick".

**MAIL TO:** Oliver Bateman, Chairman, 14th AF Museum Committee,  
Box 869, Macon, GA 31202

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## SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND

We lead off this issue's "Seek and Ye Shall Find" department with an appealing letter from a lady, Virginia Conroy Catton, 87 Benefit St., Providence, RI, 02904 who gives every evidence of being a very interesting personality in her own right. Mrs. Catton's inquiry concerns the Cochran brothers(?), one of whom appeared in Milt Caniff's "Terry and the Pirates" as Flip Corkin (see page 7), and Charles Russhon, a friend of the Cochrans and Mrs. Catton. Her letter reads (in part) as follows:

"I am interested in any material you may have on the Cochran brothers, if that is the proper spelling. I am 87, but have a dim memory of a famous comic strip called "Terry and the Pirates", which featured the Dragon Lady and prototypes of the two Cochran brothers of the Flying Tigers. I would like to verify the correct spelling of their names, and that they were featured in that comic strip.

"I am also interested in finding out anything that has turned up about another Flying Tiger called Charles Russhon. He had worked as a camera-man in [motion]pictures which contributed to his fame as a photographer flyer who went "over the hump" a fabulous number of times...

"As what will probably be the last big project of my life, I am writing a memoir about Bette Davis, and wish to include some of this material in it. We were roommates at dramatic school in New York City [when we both were in our teens]. Charles Russhon [and Bette] knew me by my maiden and writing name, Virginia Conroy.

"Charles Russhon's parents would take me up to Peekskill Military Academy to see him most Sundays. When he returned to the U.S. [after the war], he looked up Bette to find me. After two divorces and a war, Charles and I got together for a brief whirl. However, he was holed up in a New York hotel with the Cochrans, whom I met, and others, working day and night forming [I believe] the Flying Tigers Airline. He had little time to spend with me and I bowed out. But we parted the best of friends. If you have any word of Charles, please let me know. If he is still alive, single, and still able to get up from [his] armchair, I should be glad to have a little whirl, for the third time, with him".

(signed)

Virginia Conroy Catton

**Does anyone out there know anything about the second Cochran brother, or Charles Russhon? If so, Mrs. Catton would like to hear from you...Ed.**

★ ★ ★

## WALT BEGGS EPICURE ?

A short time ago, in our June-July issue to be exact, we ran a short story about, "Walt Beggs Hophead?". It now turns out that opium was not Walt's only vice in China. As the following story reveals, Walt also discovered the allure and the hazards of Chinese dining. According to Walt:

"It was February 1945 in Kunming, and it was Chinese New Year, the Year of the Rooster. The Chinese zodiac says people born under the sign of the Rooster make good soldiers and world travelers. I guess all the members of the 14th would qualify whether they were born under the sign of the Rooster or not.

"People in Kunming were preparing for the celebration as best they could with what they had. The Chinese New Year celebration is divided into two parts. The first week is celebrated with family, and the second week is celebrated with friends.

"Mr. Chen, the manager of the Kunming Bank of Communications, invited me to a small private New Year's dinner party at his house at the beginning of the New Year. He had a new, very modern home just outside Kunming, at the opposite end of the city from our airfield.. The people there were the assistant manager, his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Chen and me.

"When we went to the table, I noticed a pair of metal nutcrackers to the right of my rice bowl. I also saw that I was the only person who had them.

"The dinner progressed, and after about four courses a large bowl of chicken soup was placed in the middle of the table. When a new course was brought to the table, it was always placed in the center of the table, and the course which had been in the center of the table was moved to one side. Eventually, the table became full of dishes as there were from five to eight courses on the table at one time I knew this new dish was chicken soup because the whole chicken was lying naked on its back in the tureen with its feet sticking out one end and its head resting on the other end.

"The Chinese style of eating is done without individual plates. Everyone eats out of each dish with chopsticks; picking up a piece of this, a piece of that, and eating each piece as they go along. The same thing is done with soup with each person dipping a spoon into the soup and eating. It took me some time to get used to this. As the meal went on, Mr. Chen motioned to my nutcrackers and said that his wife wanted me to have the pleasure of a delicacy of which she was very fond. He explained the delicacy was the brains of the chicken which was staring at me from the edge of the bowl. He said that I was to grip the head of the chicken with the nutcrackers, crack the skull open, and pick the brains out with my chopsticks. Somehow, this twenty year old from a small city in middle America, whose only experience with Chinese food had been chow mein, just could not accept what I was expected to do. I looked around the table. Everyone was watching me to see what I would do. They smiled. I smiled and told Mr. Chen, "I wouldn't think of depriving your wife of enjoying her favorite

delicacy." Then I handed the nutcrackers to Mrs. Chen. She deftly picked out the brains, dipped them in the soup and ate them. I know I gulped, and I also know I didn't eat anymore soup. This was my first experience with Chinese New Year !

"I have been asked several times how I was able to get time off from duty and be able to do some of the things I did. I was curious about China, and was fortunate enough to meet Chinese whom I liked and who liked me. I had volunteered to work on the night shift in order to leave my days free to explore, and to learn and enjoy the Chinese people and their way of life.

"I learned very early that if I were to wander all over Kunming, poke around, and learn about China, then I was going to have to speak a little Chinese. First, I learned to count. I carried a small notebook with me, and when I came across a word or phrase I needed to know, I put it in the notebook in English, leaving a couple of lines underneath it. The next time I was with a Chinese friend I would ask how to say those words in Chinese. I would have him say the word or phrase two or three times, and I would repeat them the way they sounded to me. When I had it correct, I would print it in my notebook and practice until I had memorized it. Before long, I could dicker with merchants, talk to rickshaw drivers, and talk to servants of my friends. While I wasn't fluent in Chinese, I learned a damned sight more Chinese by myself than the Spanish I had studied for a year in high school and another in college.

"After I had gone to three or four Chinese New Year parties, I finally got a friend to attend one with me. Bill Bartholomew was from California. He thought it would be fun to go so we got passes and went into Kunming. This particular party was given by Colonel Chu Li An who was with Chiang Kai Shek's field headquarters. The party was in his home at 357 Tai Ho Kai Street. Once in town, we hired a couple of rickshaws and went to the party. The servants let us in the house and led us upstairs where we were greeted by our host and ushered into the dining room.

"After introductions, we all sat down. I noticed that Bill and I were seated together across the room and facing the door. I learned that honored guests are always seated in this way to show that they are safe and as far from the door as possible.

"In the room there were three tables with nine or ten men at each one. Dinner consisted of more than thirty courses. Bill was impressed with our reception and was fond of one particular course. When he asked what it was, he was told that it was caterpillars and beef. He stopped eating that course and just picked at some of the more obvious things after that. I knew they weren't caterpillars. They were really some kind of green bean which resembles caterpillars because of their shape.

"I soon noticed that at every dinner about ten percent or more of each dish would be left on the serving platters and in the bowls. I asked about this and was told that this was customary in homes where there were servants. Some of each dish would be left so the servants could have a meal with a large variety of dishes for their New Years meal. During the dinner, toasts were in abundance. Each of the men, beginning with our host, would come over to us and offer a toast. I learned at the first party that every man wanted to toast me and

therefore, it was best to just sip a little of the drink at each toast.

"When I looked at my watch, I saw it was almost curfew so we said our goodbyes. No rickshaws were in sight so we walked back to where the military trucks were to pick us up. By the time we arrived there, it was twenty minutes past our curfew time and of course, the last truck was already gone. We started walking back to the Kunming base.

"After we had walked about twenty minutes, we heard a vehicle approaching. It was a jeep with only black lights on, and the driver stopped as he drew up ahead of us. In the darkness, all Bill and I saw were the driver and one other man who was wearing an officers cap. The officer asked about our being out after curfew, and we explained that we had missed the last truck. He asked why we were out so late, and I told him we had been at a private Chinese home attending a party. He seemed interested at that and told us to get in the back of the jeep. As we drove on, he questioned me about how I had met the Chinese, how I liked them, what the party was like, and how many Chinese I knew.

As we approached the gate, the guards snapped to attention, and as the passenger up front turned to salute, I realized that it was General Chennault. I almost fell out of the jeep. This was the first time the guards hadn't asked for my pass! As we pulled away from the gate, the General asked what hostel Bill and I lived in and had the driver deliver us right to our barracks. We jumped out, thanked him and saluted. He wished us well and drove away. As we went into the barracks, I reminded Bill that we just might be in hot water if the General reported us to our CO. However, nothing ever came of it. I saw General Chennault only one more time. And after that, Bill would never go to another party with me!" .

★ ★ ★

## **SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND - PART II**

**Bob Milks (74th FS-23rd FG), 7904 Netherlands Dr., Raleigh, NC 27606**, is by his own admission, a small guy, and in at least one instance being small served him very well. Here's Bob's story: "I was shot down in China in September, 1944 and was taken by the Chinese to Nancheng. A pilot from the 21st Photo picked me up in his F-5(P-38) photo ship. He took me back to Kanchow. He was small and so was I, so we put our chutes in the baggage compartment, and I got in beside him behind the control column. My legs were doubled-up against my chest and were asleep when we got to Kanchow where I had to be lifted out [of the plane]. I don't know who the pilot was, but would like to know. If the pilot sees this [or if someone out there knows his name], please write me".

★

**MSgt Gerald White(Affil-14th AF), 6014 Claiborne Dr., McLean, VA 221001**, is also seeking information. His recent letter, in part, reads: "One of the more interesting stories is that of one of our (1st CCS) squadron commanders, Major Timothy R. Johnson, who flew General Chennault's personal C-47 "Six-Bits" back to the states in the summer of 1945. In addition to Major Johnson, there were six fighter pilots whom he checked out as co-pilots on the trip home. Major Johnson (now a retired Colonel) remembers the trip, but doesn't remember (if he ever knew) the other pilots' names. Does this story ring a bell for anybody?" If anyone can shed any light on who those six fighter pilots might have been, Sgt. White wants to hear from you...

★

Attention 54th Air Service Squadron members! Does anyone remember a **1st Lt. Arthur Goedel**, a flight maintenance officer who served with the 54th in China from November 1942 to June 1944. **Bruce Carnachan(68th ASG), 1754 Hillcrest Avenue, Glendale, CA 91202**, writing on behalf of Arthur Goedel's daughter, reports that Lt. Goedel was killed in an accident shortly after returning stateside. Goedel's daughter would like to hear from anyone who knew her father. She can be reached through Hump Pilot's Association member Gordon White, 1924 Eddy Circle, MT. Shasta, CA 96067, Telephone 530-926-2342.

★ ★ ★



**Roger Molina(449th FS-118th TRS), 5803 Wood Duck Drive, Pace, FL 32571**, sends this photo and wonders if any of the 449th troops know what became of the other three people in this picture, taken on the 449th flight line at Chengkung in the Fall of 1944. *Left to right(above)*: SSgt Pete Calamari, SSgt Roger Molina, SSgt Arthur Van Reyphen, and 1st Lt. Russell E. Murphy.

★ ★ ★

★ 23 ★

## ANOTHER TIGER TIDBIT

Continuing our mini-series of recipes from our Tiger cookbook, we feature a recipe from the "Meat and Fish" section submitted by **Pam Collette**(Assoc. 118th TRS), 5 Casey St., Spencer, MA 01562.



### MY FAVORITE BAKED FISH by Pamela Collette

Use pieces of Haddock or any white fish with skin removed. Mayonnaise, flavored bread crumbs, butter or margarine. Spray baking pan with Pam. Place fish in pan, spread mayonnaise over fish (lightly). Shake bread crumbs over coated fish and dot with butter or margarine. Bake uncovered in 350 degree oven for 20 minutes or until fish is fork tender. *Note:* I have also used scallops and fillet of sole. They are also very good.

### PAMELA AND NORM COLLETTE

Here is Pam with husband, Norm (118th TRS) in a photo taken on their 50th wedding anniversary in 1992. Could Pam's cooking be the reason for their longevity?



★ ★ ★

## POTPOURRI

The Colorado Lunch Bunch is off and running in Denver! According to **Don Van Cleve(75th FS-23rd FG), 950 S. Harrison St., Denver, CO 80209**, the June 25 meeting of the Colorado Bunch was a great success with 15 of our 14th AFA members present. Don asks that we announce that the group plans to meet the last Thursday of each month at the **Windsor Gardens Inn** in Denver, and all members, former members, or potential members of the 14th Air Force in China and/or the 14th Air Force Association are welcome. Contact Don, Bob Pierce or Paul Webb, all in the Denver area, for details.



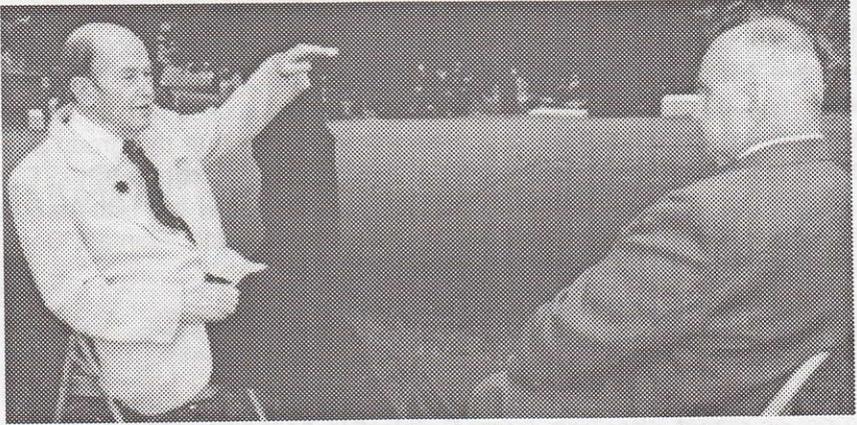
A not so recent letter from **Larry Boteler(Hq 51st FG), 1709 James Payne Circle, McLean, VA 22101-4233**, who a year or more ago had been mistakenly reported deceased, earlier this year found that a contribution had been made to the Warner Robins museum in his "memory", even though he was led to believe that the original discrepancy had been resolved. Larry is not complaining. He merely wants his friends to know that news of his demise is so far premature. Larry again assures us that he is alive and well, and(at the time of his letter) was pursuing his avocation as an actor in the Great Falls(VA) Playhouse production of Agatha Christie's drama, "Witness for the Prosecution". There he plays the role of "Dr Wyatt", the police surgeon. Larry reports that Community theater is "great fun"...it keeps him off the streets!



**Ron Moeller(92nd FS-81st FG), 2230 Via Puerta, Laguna Hills, CA 92653**, writes to note that we failed to mention in our most recent story (June-July JBJ) on Chief Sanford that Chief was in fact a "full-blooded" American Indian. (Make that Native American)! We are pleased to correct that omission, although, if memory serves us correctly, the fact of Chief's heritage was mentioned in at least one earlier story. Incidentally, Chief's given name was Joshua D. Sanford, as noted in a recent obituary notice for his widow, Rosemary D. Sanford, who died recently in Reedsburg, Wisconsin.



## **MEMORIAL WEEKEND SCENE**



**Ed Rector and Charlie Mott(both AVG)** take a break from the Memorial Weekend activities at Arlington Cemetery, while waiting to be interviewed by local, national and international media.



**Walt Beggs(21st PRS-35th PRS), 3 Edgewater Ln., Dakota Dunes, SD 57049,** demonstrates that he has not lost his taste for Chinese chow (see story on page 21) as he samples the snacks at the ROC Reception during this year's Memorial Weekend.

★ ★ ★

### **DON'T FORGET TO WRITE!**

War stories, humorous anecdotes, trivia, and tales of woe sent to us by our members are the life blood that keeps the Jing Bao Journal alive. If you've got something you think we should consider publishing, send it to: **C.L. (Mac) McMillin, 3320 Old Dobbin Rd., Montgomery, AL 36116.** Don't be shy...some of our best stuff comes from people we've never heard from before...Ed.

★ ★ ★

## WELL...HOW ABOUT THIS?

We've heard a lot of war stories but never one quite like this one sent to us by **William H. Johnson(11th BS-341st BS), Box 583, Umatilla, OR 97882**. This is his story:

"In early January, 1944, during a week when there was little flying going on because of weather, the 11th Bomb Squadron was sitting around, reading or playing cards. Around 12:00 noon, a roommate and I decided to go out and get some chow. We went out on the porch and started toward the mess hall. As we looked in that direction we could see that there were two long lines. So we decided to go see how the Chinese were doing with a well they were digging behind our barracks. They had started digging a hole and had a tripod setting across it, with a rope going down from the center so they could slide down into the well hole. When we got to the scene, the worker down in the hole had just finished drilling holes for the dynamite they were using. He was putting the sticks of dynamite in the holes when we arrived. We watched him light the fuses and when he climbed up the rope, we all scattered. We went back around the barracks to get under the porch so the rocks wouldn't rain down on us. Then we noticed the lines at the mess hall were gone so we started in that direction again. When we were about half way there the dynamite started to explode. The last dynamite went off just as we entered the vestibule. I looked in the officer side and there was not a soul there. I looked in the enlisted side, and again there wasn't a soul to be seen. I wondered where the hell everyone was. About that time, the heads began to come up from under the tables. All down the sides of the tables, heads began to show up, and all you could see was the top of their heads and their eyes. It looked like a bunch of Kilroys. Then I realized they thought there was a Jap bombing raid going on. So I told them that it was just the Chinese digging a well. Everybody got up, and a few, who had lost their appetites, left. One enlisted man exited through a window right into a tree, head on. It was one of the funniest things I ever saw in China. But only two of us enjoyed it."

★ ★ ★

## I DIDN'T KNOW THAT

The famous Air Force(Army Air Corps) song, "Off We Go Into The Wild Blue Yonder", was written by Robert W. Crawford, a voice teacher at Princeton University. He won a \$1000 prize in a 1939 *Liberty* magazine contest.

Sent to us by **Bob Waters(529th FS-311th FG) 16300 Ledgemont Lane, Apt 2005, Dallas TX 75248**, who wonders how "Off We Go Into The Wild Blue Yonder" got to be an "Air Force" song.

★ ★ ★

★ 27 ★

## **THE WORLD'S EASIEST QUIZ ?**

This one comes to us from **Ole Bob Pierce (12th A.S.S.- 68th A.S.G.), Box 150061, Lakewood, CO 80215**. Do well on this one and we will have more for you.

- 1) How long did the Hundred Year War last?
- 2) Which country makes Panama hats?
- 3) From which animal do we get catgut?
- 4) In which month do Russians celebrate the October Revolution?
- 5) What is a camel's hair brush made of?
- 6) The Canary Islands are named after what animal?
- 7) What was King George VI's first name?
- 8) What color is the purple finch?
- 9) Where are Chinese gooseberries from?
- 10) How long did the Thirty Year War last?

*Answers on page 30.*

★ ★ ★

## **CONVERSATION PIECES...**

Why do Kamikaze pilots wear helmets?

If man evolved from the apes, why do we still have apes?

If a man stands in the middle of a forest speaking, and there is no woman around to hear him...Is he still wrong?

Is there another word for synonym?

Isn't it scary that doctors call what they do "practice"?

And whose cruel idea was it to put an "S" in the word "lisp"?

What should you do if you see an endangered animal eating an endangered plant?

MROA Newsletter

★ ★ ★

★ 28 ★

## **BUT HE LOOKS SO YOUNG !**

Howard Goss(449th FS), 11242 Lynrose St, Arcadia,CA 91006, sends us this photo of a very youthful looking Major General Gerald F. Perryman, Commander of the new 14th Air Force at Vandenburg AFB, California. The photo shows General Perryman about to present an award to one of the winners in the Air Force Space Command's annual Guardian Challenge Competition in May of this year.



**Guardian Challenge** is a lineal descendant of the Strategic Air Command's Missile Combat Competition, dating back to 1967. It brings together Space Command units from around the world for competition in such disciplines as space operations, missile operations, missile maintenance, and space and missile communications. It is one of the Space Command and 14th Air Force's most important annual events.

As the 14th Air Force Association's liaison with the 14th Air Force, Howard, and wife June are invited to many 14th AF social and ceremonial events, including Guardian Challenge. Howard keeps us very well informed about such happenings, especially the super VIP treatment given to 14th Air Force Association members who are lucky enough to be invited to attend.

★ ★ ★

## **CAUTION...LAWYERS AT WORK!**

**Ted Connolly (2nd CCS-1sr CCG) 17505 SW 84th Ave., Miami, FL 33157**, recently sent us a few samples of lawyers at work. We especially enjoyed this one which involves questions asked of a doctor about an autopsy he had performed. They are reportedly exact transcripts of questions asked and answers given:

- Q: Doctor, before you performed the autopsy, did you check for a pulse?  
A: No.  
Q: Did you check for blood pressure?  
A: No.  
Q: Did you check for breathing?  
A: No.  
Q: So it is possible that the patient was alive when you began the autopsy?  
A: No.  
Q: How can you be so sure, Doctor?  
A: Because his brain was setting on my desk in a jar.  
Q: But could the patient have been alive nevertheless?  
A. It is possible that he could have been alive and practicing law somewhere...

★ ★ ★

### **ANSWERS TO THE WORLD'S EASIEST QUIZ**

*(continued from page 30)*

- 1) 116 years, from 1337 to 1453.
- 2) Ecuador.
- 3) From sheep and horses.
- 4) November. Their calendar was 13 days behind ours.
- 5) Squirrel fur.
- 6) Dogs. The Latin name was Insularia Canaria. The Island of the Dogs.
- 7) Albert. When he came to the throne in 1936, he respected the wish of Queen Victoria that no future king should ever be called Albert.
- 8) Distinctively crimson.
- 9) New Zealand (They are also known as Kiwi fruit).
- 10) Thirty years, of course. From 1618 to 1648.

★ ★ ★

# SHOP BY MAIL AT THE COUNTRY STORE

Order from: Bob Way, 4487 Drumcliff Dr. NW., Canton, OH 44708

Stock No. & Description	Unit Cost	No. Wanted	Total Cost
1. Lapel Pin - 1" Dia., 14th AF Tiger Logo, 5 color enamel. Specify pin back or clutch back	\$3.50	_____	_____
2. Charm - same as #1 but with loop for charm or necklace or use two to make earrings.	\$3.50	_____	_____
4. Key Chain - same as #1 mounted on key chain	\$4.00	_____	_____
5. Airplane Pins - 1 3/4", 3-D, pewter. Wear as tie tack, lapel pin or on cap. Check choice: <input type="checkbox"/> P-38 <input type="checkbox"/> P-40 <input type="checkbox"/> P-47 <input type="checkbox"/> P-51 <input type="checkbox"/> B-24 <input type="checkbox"/> B-25 <input type="checkbox"/> C-46 <input type="checkbox"/> C-47	\$6.00	_____	_____
6. Air Force Wings - 1 1/2", pewter, tie tack or pin as #5. Check one: <input type="checkbox"/> Command Pilot <input type="checkbox"/> Senior Pilot <input type="checkbox"/> Pilot <input type="checkbox"/> Bombardier <input type="checkbox"/> Navigator <input type="checkbox"/> Radar Observer <input type="checkbox"/> Flight Engineer <input type="checkbox"/> Air Crew Member <input type="checkbox"/> Aerial Gunner	\$6.00	_____	_____
7. Decals - 3 1/2" x 4 1/2"; apply to windows, suitcases, etc. Pkg \$1.00 (3 per pkg.)	\$1.00	_____	_____
8. Flying Tiger Shoulder Patch - 3" dia.	\$4.00	_____	_____
9. Association Patch - 4" x 5", 5 color, for jackets, sweaters, etc.	\$5.25	_____	_____
10. Association Patch - 2" x 3", same as #9	\$3.50	_____	_____
11. Caps - 14th AFA, baseball type with logo one size fits all. Check one: <input type="checkbox"/> Blue cloth (with foam interior) <input type="checkbox"/> Blue mesh (cooler for summer) <input type="checkbox"/> White & white mesh <input type="checkbox"/> Blue & white mesh	\$9.00 \$8.75 \$8.75 \$8.75	_____	_____
12. Scrambled Eggs - for bill of cap. Check one: <input type="checkbox"/> Gold <input type="checkbox"/> Silver	\$4.25	_____	_____
13. Name Badges - round, metal. Check one: Pin on snap on (SPECIAL)	\$1.00	_____	_____
14. Lifetime Member Pins - Ass'n logo, 5-color	\$5.00	_____	_____
15. Heat Transfer - Ass'n logo, 5-color, iron-on for jackets, shirts. 8" x 10" Instructions incld.	\$7.00	_____	_____
16. Heat Transfer - Blood chit, 4-color, 8 1/2" x 11" patterned after Gen. Chennault's	\$4.25	_____	_____
17. Blood Chit Patches - 3" x 4", sew-on, same as #16	\$4.00	_____	_____
18. Blood Chit Pin - 1" x 1 1/2", clutch back	\$3.50	_____	_____
19. American Flag - 2" x 3 1/2", sew on	\$3.50	_____	_____
20. Car Tag - fits licensed plate brackets. Ass'n logo with "Flying Tigers" in red	\$5.25	_____	_____
21. Association Crest - bullion, clutch fasteners for jackets or blazers (NEW ITEM)	\$18.00	_____	_____
22. Sino-American Crossed Flag Pins	\$3.50	_____	_____
23. Flying Tiger Scarf - top quality (NEW ITEM)	\$25.00	_____	_____
26. Bolo Ties - logo on slide. Black drawstring	\$8.00	_____	_____
27. Leather Belt - Leather buckle with logo. "Flying Tigers" die cut in leather, 1 1/2" wide. Send belt size; allow 2-3 weeks delivery	\$40.00	_____	_____
28. Leather Buckle - buckle only, for 1 1/2" belt	\$12.50	_____	_____
30. CBI Pin - 1" x 3/4"	\$3.50	_____	_____
30A CBI Patch - shoulder patch	\$3.50	_____	_____
31. Bumper Sticker - 3" x 11 1/2". Same as car tag	\$1.25	_____	_____

Stock No. & Description	Unit Cost	No. Wanted	Total Cost
32. T-shirt, blue - Large logo on front. Check one: <input type="checkbox"/> Sm <input type="checkbox"/> Med <input type="checkbox"/> Lg <input type="checkbox"/> XL <input type="checkbox"/> XXL	\$15.00	_____	_____
33. Jackets - royal blue, lined, elastic knit collar, cuffs & waistband. Snap front, logo on back. (tend to run small; if in doubt, get bigger size) Check one: <input type="checkbox"/> Sm <input type="checkbox"/> Med <input type="checkbox"/> Lg <input type="checkbox"/> XL <input type="checkbox"/> XXL	\$45.00	_____	_____
34. Wrist Watch - logo on face. Check one: <input type="checkbox"/> Man <input type="checkbox"/> Woman	\$27.50	_____	_____
35. Cookbook - Tiger Tidbits, recipes from members (SPECIAL)	\$2.00	_____	_____
36. Plastic License Plate Frame - with logo and "VJ Day 1995"	\$1.50	_____	_____
39. 14th AFA Rubber Stamp - wood handle; for mailing	\$5.25	_____	_____
40. Golf Shirts - white with collar and pocket; logo on right side. Check one: <input type="checkbox"/> Sm <input type="checkbox"/> Med <input type="checkbox"/> Lg <input type="checkbox"/> XL <input type="checkbox"/> XXL	\$16.00	_____	_____
41. Adult Sweat Shirts - blue or white, logo on front Check one: <input type="checkbox"/> Sm <input type="checkbox"/> Med <input type="checkbox"/> Lg <input type="checkbox"/> XL <input type="checkbox"/> XXL	\$20.00	_____	_____
43. Metal Belt Buckle - handmade, with logo	\$20.00	_____	_____
44. Tiger Shirts - for ladies or men, large, black or white with Bengal tiger on front. Check one: <input type="checkbox"/> Sm <input type="checkbox"/> Med <input type="checkbox"/> Lg <input type="checkbox"/> XL <input type="checkbox"/> XXL <input type="checkbox"/> Black <input type="checkbox"/> White	\$15.00	_____	_____
45. Dayton Memorial Commemorative Coins - Bronze \$6.00 or 3 for \$15.00; Silver \$20.00 or 3 for \$50.00 Coin Bezel (for attaching to necklace)	\$10.00	_____	_____
45A Dayton Memorial Pins - memorial replicas	\$2.50	_____	_____
47. Flying Tiger Tote Bag (NEW ITEM)	\$12.00	_____	_____

TOTAL \_\_\_\_\_ \$ \_\_\_\_\_

\*Postage & Handling:

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Orders Less than \$10.00, enter \$1.50

& HAND.

\$ \_\_\_\_\_

Orders \$10.00 to \$20.00, enter \$3.00

Orders over \$20.00, enter \$5.00

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MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO "14TH AFA"

Send to Bob WAY, 4847 Drumcliff Dr., NW, Canton, Ohio 44708-2007

The 14th AFA "Country Store" is the only place to buy! All profits go to the Association.

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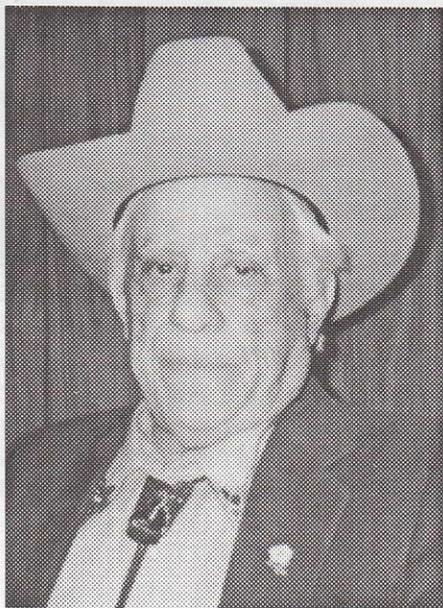
## LIKE THE ENERGIZER BUNNY... THEY JUST KEEP GOING AND GOING



**Ironman, Leo T. Cox(11th BS-341st BG), 614 Amelia St., Gretna, LA 70053, age 77,** reports that earlier this year he participated in the Harahan Senior and Greater New Orleans Senior Olympic Games, and won nine Gold Medals in the process. In the two series of Games he won a total of 14 Gold, Silver, and Bronze medals, and sends a photo (right) to prove it.

**Old Sarge, Al Sorrentino(16th FS-51st FG), Belleville Ave., Las Vegas, NV 89121, (left) age 80 and counting,** reports that he still plays Poker five or six days a week, but never on Sunday, and as a child of the "great depression", learned to not "take any crap from anyone". .. I would guess that he still doesn't...Ed.

**Note: This is the third JBJ appearance for both of these birds. The way they're going, we may run out of gas before they do!...Ed.**



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## JOSEPH STILWELL, AMERICAN HERO ?

Several of our members have written to express their concern about the favorable treatment given to the opening of "China's Shrine to an American Hero" in more than a few of this country's newspapers. Although the accounts of the opening of the Stilwell Museum in Chungking that we have seen are generally favorable, there are (depending on your point of view) some that are something less than enthusiastic. As the caption on the photo from the Philadelphia Inquirer (below) suggests, much of the admiration displayed by the Peoples Republic is based on Stilwell's disdain for Chiang Kai-shek and his government.



*Fan Wang is director of the Stilwell Museum, which occupies the former headquarters of Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell, whose disdain for Chiang Kai-shek endeared him to the Communists.*

As is well known, the disdain was not entirely one-sided. And as his most enthusiastic supporters would probably admit, "Vinegar Joe" was not the easiest person in the world to get along with. General Chennault certainly had problems with him. In fact, most Americans in China at the time, especially those serving in the 14th Air Force, considered General Stilwell anything but a hero.

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## **STILL MORE SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND**

Looking for B-24 photos! **C.A. "Neil" Shepherd, (374th BS-308th BG), 1909 Southridge Dr., Vestavia Hills, Al 35216**, has a model of a B-24 that he would like to have painted in 374th Bomb Squadron colors and authentic 374th markings. Anyone having photos or other information that might be useful to Neil, please contact him at the above address.

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**Jack Hild(35th PRS), 3395 Boca Ciega Dr., Naples FL 34112**, has forwarded a request from the Patten Academy Alumni Association, P.O. Box 591, Patten Maine 04765, seeking information about one of their alumni, Ruth Smith Box, a nurse with the 14th Air Force.in China.. If anyone has any information about Mrs.Box, the Patten Academy would appreciate hearing from you.

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## **JUST ONE MORE TIGER TIDBIT**

This one came to us from **Charles Bronson(375th BS-308th BG), 16822 Excalibur Way, Sandy Springs, MD 20866**. It is one of our favorites.

### ELEPHANT STEW

#### Ingredients:

1 medium size elephant  
2 rabbits(optional)  
Salt and pepper

Cut the elephant into small bite size pieces. Add enough brown gravy to cover. Cook over kerosene fire for about 4 weeks at 465 degrees. This will serve 3800 people. If more are expected, 2 rabbits may be added. But, do this only in a real emergency as most people do not like hare in their stew.

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## NEW MEMBERS

AVERY, BRENDA, ASSOC\* 375BS  
6509-B PARK PLACE DR  
FT WORTH, TX 76118

BATES, HARPER, ASSOC 375BS 308BG  
1131 PARK CENTER ST  
FT WORTH, TX 76126

BRAGINSKY, MAURICE, 322TCS  
423 E BEXLEY CT  
HIGHLANDS RANCH, CO 80126

DJURIC, MAJ TERESA, AFFIL 14AF  
606 LAUREL ST  
VANDENBURG AFB, CA 93437

DUMAS, JIM SR, AVG 76FS 23FG  
373 CIRCLE DR  
CHOWCHILLA, CA 93610

GONZO, ERNEST B, 10ABCD  
4365 EASTWOOD LN  
SARASOTA, FL 34232

GRUBIC, THOMAS A (ANDY), 375BS 308BG  
5139 VIA PORTOLA  
OCEANSIDE, CA 92057

JEANES, RAYMOND G, 491BS 341BG  
15131 STARS PRIDE CT  
CARMEL, IN 46032

KAISER, BRADLEY, ASSOC\* 425BS  
P O BOX 447  
DELAWARE WATER GAP, PA 18327

KEIL, RICHARD D, (V) ASSOC\* 396ASS  
1223 NASH RD  
N TONAWANDA, NY 14120-2958

LONG, SHIRLEY, ASSOC 25FS 51FG  
1833 PAGE PL  
MALVERN, PA 19355-9718

MEECE, MARJORIE, ASSOC 10WXS  
306 COLLEGE ST  
SOMERSET, KY 42501-1312

O'BRIEN, AUDREY, ASSOC 75FS  
4100 QUAKER HILL DR  
CININNATI, OH 45211-1710

REID, JENNIFER, ASSOC\* 375BS  
RT 1 BOX 86  
PETERBURG, TX 79250

ROOT, PATRICIA V, ASSOC 68CW  
5508 OLD MILL RD  
ALEXANDRIA, VA 22309

STONEHAM, JANE LOU, ASSOC 76FS  
1510 SCHUMACHER  
NAVASOTA, TX 77868

TUCKER, RALPH A III, (V), ASSOC\* 1369MP  
5325 KESTERBROOKE BLVD  
KNOXVILLE, TN 37918

WAYNE, RUTH G, ASSOC CATF 16FS  
5919 3RD ST S  
ST PETERSBURG, FL 33705

WEEDN, HENRY J III, ASSOC\* 12ASS  
P O BOX 169  
SUMMERLAND, CA 93067

WEEDN, ROBERT A, ASSOC\* 12ASS  
2516 TOPAZ DR  
NOVATO, CA 94945

WELSHORES, NORA E  
ASSOC\* 12ASS  
2295 WHITMAN ST  
SAN DIEGO, CA 92103-1155

WEST, LEE T, 598ENG SQ 382ASG  
1910 N OAK ST  
TULARE, CA 93274

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## **BLACK BORDER**

- Ray D. Adams**, (159 AACS); wife, Helen, 162 Chandler Dr., West Chesterr, PA 19380
- Fred S. Barkalow**,(27 TCS); no kin listed, 628 Terrill Rd., Plainfield, NJ 07062-2106
- George D. Barton**, (51 FG); wife, Bernette, 525 The High Road, Waynesville, NC 28786-9801
- Jack P. Britton**, (425 BS 308 BG); wife, June, 31 Westvale Ct., Buffalo, NY 14225
- Marian Brown**, (16 FS 51 FG); wife of: Roy, 2201 Cape Ann St., Rockport, TX 78382-3610
- Edward Cabelka**, (12 ASG CASC); daughter, Michele Uttech, 6201 W Cavalier Dr., Glendale, AZ 85301-5007
- Schumann Cherry**, (396 ASS 12 ASG); wife, Joan, 28751 Bradley Rd., Sun City, CA 92586
- Joe M. Daugherty**, (11 BS 341 BG); wife, Charlene, 607 N Main Ave., Big Lake, TX 76932-3915
- Robert M. Dial**, (8 ERS); wife, Helen, 5175 Wing Lake Rd., Bloomfield Hills, MI 48302-2762
- Victor W. Dilgard**, (26 FS 51 FG); wife, Carol, 959 Croyden Dr., Dayton, OH 45420-1769
- Twila M. Haines**, (HQ 25 FS 51 FG); wife of: Robert, 1720 13th Ave., Belle Fouche, SD 57717
- Glenn R. Harrington**, (26/16 FS 51 FG); wife, Effie, 3619 W Monte Vista Rd., Phoenix, AZ 85009
- Ralph L. Hicks**, (529 FS 311 FG); wife, Marian, 7031 Olcott Ave., Hammond, IN 46323-2041
- Carroll Huber**, (449 FS 51 FG); wife, Virginia, 2716 Placid Ave., Baltimore, MD 21234-1158
- Albert H. Keil**, (396 ASS 12 ASG); brother, Richard, 1223 Nash Rd., N Tonawanda, NY 14120
- Wilbur P.(Bill) Leonard**, (317 FCS); no kin listed, 1780 Central Ave.#3A, Dubuque, IA 52001-3674
- Kenneth N. Martindale**, (11 BS 341 BG); wife, Janet, 2142 Astotta St., Port Charlotte, FL 33948-3302
- O'Leary M. Meece**, (10 WXS); wife, Marjorie, 306 College St., Somerset, KY 42501-1312
- Ralph Miller**, (ATC); wife, Bertha, 1525 E Admiral, Tulsa, OK 74120
- James B. Phillips**, (54 ASS 68 ASG); no kin listed, 7791 County Rd.43, Willows, CA 95988-9622
- Margaret Rosholt**, (14 HQ OSS AGFRTS); wife of: Malcolm, 406 River Dr., Rosholt, WI 54473-9557
- Rosemary Sanford**, (ASSOC 75 FS); Josh(Dec), 401 N Pine St., Reedsburg, WI 53959-1253
- Robert M. Smith**, (AVG 159 AACS); no kin listed, 401 Mt. Washington Dr., Los Angeles, CA 90065
- Robert D. Spencer**, (26 FS 51 FG); daughter, Paula Spencer Brooks, 7013 Duncraig Ct., McClean, VA 22101
- Ralph A. Tucker Jr.**, (1369 MP); wife, Sally, 5709 Stoneleigh Rd., Knoxville, TN 37912-4646
- Heath H. Wayne**, (16 FS CATF); wife, Ruth, 5919 3rd St S., St Petersburg, FL 33705
- Hai-Fan Xing**, (CACW 3 FG); wife, Li Zhi, No.11 Bldg.,Ganiusuo,#1 Landianchang Ximen, Beijing, PR China 100081



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## SHARING LORE AND REMEMBRANCE

The 30th Bombardment Group, 7th Air Force, United States Army Air Corps, is having its "final" reunion in Dayton, Ohio, this month.

That has a sad ring to it.

I was a guest at their last reunion and I felt I had eavesdropped on history. It was in Riverside, Calif., and nostalgia was as thick as the fog as members of the five squadrons making up the group — pilots, copilots, navigators, bombardiers, administrative officers, groundcrew members — met to renew friendships forged more than half a century ago in the chaos of war in the Aleutian Islands and the Pacific.

My husband, Bill, and I attended as guests of his brother, who, in 1943, was Maj. Kenneth M. Brown of Salt Lake City. In photos on display, he is a fresh-faced youth of 25, a B-24 pilot in charge of 3,000 men as commanding officer of the 392nd Squadron, operating from bases in Canton, Kwajalein and Saipan.

In other photographs, dim with age, young men pose casually in front of planes with names like Kickapoo Kid, Come Closer, Miss B Haven, Nipponese Clipper and Pistol Packin' Mama.

Men greeted each other good-naturedly by rank. They had come from as far away as Africa and Costa Rica to share scrapbooks, memorabilia and war stories.

Looking at the photos, I was struck by the youthful faces staring back. Looking around the room, I was struck by the sense that a big chunk of history was about to pass from the scene. There were a few wheel-

### PAT CAPSON BROWN



chairs, numerous hearing aids, assorted medical devices — the detritus of age. Women, young brides in the scrapbooks, now soft in face and body, shared in the camaraderie.

Paul, wearing a colorful B-24 T-shirt over his ample belly, said, "You won't find my picture. They didn't think the ground crew was important."

Program notes indicate otherwise: "The pilot got all the credit; the navigator found the way back; the gunners made sure we could get back, and the ground personnel did all the work."

A lively woman named Addie was a reminder that women played an important role in the Air Corps during the Second World War, often ferrying planes from coast to coast. Addie herself "flew them all": B-17s, B-24s, B-25s and B-26s.

She told the group of taxiing up to the flight line in a B-24. "When the ground crew saw a woman in the pilot's seat, they nearly fainted," she remembered, laughing.

It was open-mike time at a Saturday breakfast meeting, and remarks were brief and poignant.

One woman told of finding her father's diary in an attic after many years and many moves. She never had known her father;

he was killed in the war. She talked of the emotional impact of seeing his handwriting and reading his words. She playfully warned his comrades in the audience that she knew more about them than they might wish.

A former bomber pilot in the Aleutians told of returning to the islands with other members of the 30th to salvage a B-24 that crashed more than five decades earlier. They put the plane aboard a C5 in two parts and flew it to Hill Air Force Base near Ogden, where it was reassembled.

Another speaker, near tears, recalled a bloody battle for a Pacific island where American officers were taken prisoner and enlisted men were tied to trees so they would be bombed by their own people. He added, "The cruelty we see in Bosnia isn't new."

A number of men of the 30 brought sons and daughters for whom the reunion was an oral history lesson. I suspect most were hearing things they had never heard before. I had a terrible desire to say to those aged men, so comfortable reliving past with their buddies, "Tell your children, and your grandchildren, before the chance is lost."

I'm hoping when the group meets in Dayton, the member will change their mind about this being the "final" reunion I'm hoping they'll meet until there's only one man (or woman) left standing. Then they can let the war recede into the history books.

*Pat Capson Brown is a freelance writer in Salt Lake City*

This piece from the Salt Lake City Citizen came to us from President McKay Nelson(491st BS-341st BG), Cedar City, Utah. Although it focuses on the 30th Bomb Group of the Seventh Air Force, the sentiments involved could easily be applied to any Squadron or Group in the Fourteenth as well...Ed.

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## WHAT WE DON'T PRINT

**From time to time we should let you know what it is that we don't print and why your gem of prose' or Unique Tiger Tale', doesn't make these pages.**

First of all, we don't print negative stories. There was one Tiger who was so vehemently anti-officer that each of his letters dripped with venom. They found their way to the 'circular file'.

We keep away from political opinion. Most political writers who tell us what they are against, seldom tell us what they are for.

We occasionally get stories that are so blatantly untrue that it is hard to believe the writer was ever with us in China.

Some writers--it may be inadvertent--insert a word or phrase or sentence that might be resented by some of our members because of an ethnic, national or regional slur. We are not looking to make enemies of any of our Tiger Cousins.

Some Tiger Tales have no story content and would be of interest to few except the writer and his immediate family. We don't do autobiographies.

We could go on and on but I guess you get the idea. As an editor, my job is to exercise judgement. Of course I will make mistakes, but I have no personal ax to grind and my sole interest is to write, edit and publish the best World War II Veterans publication [possible].

**Note: This is basically a reprint of a reminder published by Milt Miller a couple of years ago. We have no reason to disagree with what Milt has written and will continue to abide by his wisdom...Ed.**

★ ★ ★

## LATE BREAKING NEWS !

We literally stopped the presses to add this bit of bad news. For those who haven't heard: Faye Miller, wife of Milt Miller, Vice President and Editor Emeritus of the Jing Bao Journal, suffered a broken hip while changing planes in Chicago enroute to the recent convention in San Antonio. At last report, Faye is recovering well from hip surgery, and the Millers are now safely back in New York. Their absence from the meeting in San Antonio left a huge gap in the festivities. We know they were greatly disappointed at being forced to miss what turned out to be a great convention. Get well soon, Faye. You too, Milt!

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## T'SAI CHIEN

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