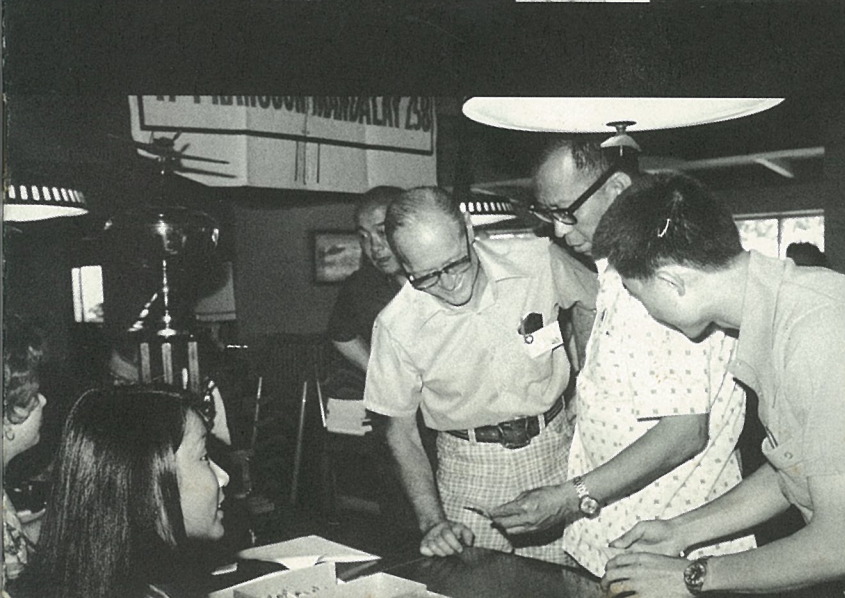
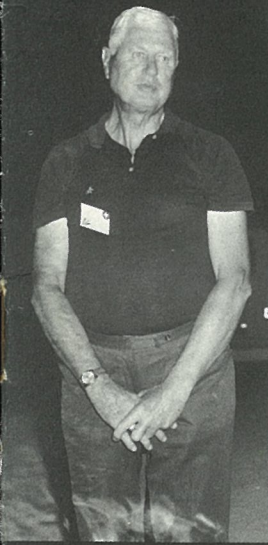
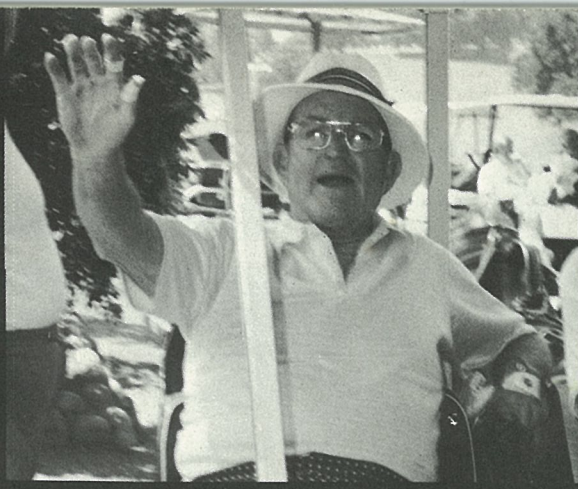


TIGER RAG

February, 1974

AVG/CNAC REUNION
Ojai, California



The Gang's All Here!

Our President Makes His Biennial Report

The meeting started officially on Thursday, July 5, but many arrived early, some starting to arrive on Monday. By Wednesday, July 4, there was a pretty good group already on hand.

Unfortunately, when the bus arrived Thursday with the big out-of-town contingents, there was no "Pappy" Quinn, to pry them loose from their cash. "Pappy" was in the hospital in White Settlement, Texas, and was forced to miss his first AVG/CNAC reunion.

Bob Smith and Lydia Rossi took over the task of collecting the registration fee and passing out the I.D. cards, programs, etc. They had a lot of help from Walt Dolan and an assist from Judy Wong, Miss Flying Tiger for 1973. They spent a lot of time at the table, and have our thanks.

We had a fine turnout, of well over two hundred, members, wives, husbands, families and guests. Most arrived by Thursday.

Bar-B-Que

The main event for Thursday was the out-door Bar-B-Que and country dancing. This was started off by a hay ride down to Tiger Glen, followed by a cocktail party hosted by Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Heckard for the Boeing Airplane Company. It was a great party.

"Doc Rich" and "Red" Hanks set the pace for the rest of the dancers. After the dancing, the hardier souls went up to the bar to carry on.

On Friday, there were more registrations, the CNAC business meeting. The women's golf tournament, and some movies shown in the lounge. By the time these things were over, it was again time for a cocktail party. Not that the bar had not been busy during this time.

The Friday evening cocktail party was hosted by McDonnell Douglas Aircraft Company, courtesy of the President Jack McGowan. They went all out.

Following the cocktail party, was the CNAC banquet with *Dr. Ralph Mortensen* as the guest speaker. New officers were introduced and the program wrapped up fairly early as people headed for the bar.

On Saturday, the men's golf tournament ran thru the day. The AVG business meeting was held in the afternoon.

AVG Banquet

In the evening, the Flying Tiger Line hosted our cocktail party, courtesy of Bob Prescott. This was followed by the AVG banquet. The Flying Tiger Pilot Trophy was awarded to Lt. Gen. Samuel Phillips. He was introduced by a former awardee, Brig. Gen. Tom Stafford.



Among our other honored guests were Maj. and Mrs. Walt Irwin (former trophy recipient), Lt. Gen. Jimmy (and Mrs. Jo) Doolittle, Lt. Gen. Szeto, Deputy Commander of the Chinese Air Force, Maj. Gen. Tzang, head of Intelligence of the Chinese Air Force, Konsin Shoh, representing Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek, Tommy Corcoran, Anna Chennault and Judy Wong as our Miss Flying Tiger.

Lt. Gen. Szeto presented us a plaque from Gen. Chen I-Fan, Commander-in-Chief of the Chinese Air Force.

Bob Prescott was master of ceremonies, and performed in his own inimitable manner. Chuck Older ran the golf tournament and gave out the prizes. The main prize was a large trophy presented by Bill Pawley.

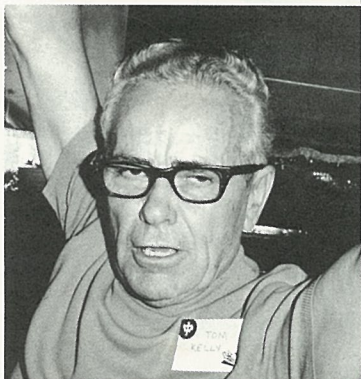
We had a nice display of pictures and stories in the lounge that was set up by John Williams, made up mostly of pictures brought up from the Museum in San Diego. A little point of interest concerning the AVG display. The P-40 was bought out from under us, and there is now a Japanese Zero in its place.



ing's All Here!



MUG SHOTS



Unofficial Unexpurgated Version of What Happened at Ojai, More or Less

Editor's Note:

We are extremely gratified once again far beyond any feeble response we could make to receive for this special issue of our biennial publication, Tigerag, the report of our world famous correspondent, the Hon. R. T. Smith, Bart, LL.D., Ph.D., DD.S., B.A. and B.S., graphically recounting the thrilling, exciting, blood-tingling, challenging, raucous, stirring, moving, breathtaking, electric goings-on at Ojai, Calif. Since we last heard from him, after the 1971 jambo at San Diego, Mr. Smith has been roaming the world in such absolutely unbelievable places as Botswana, Mato Grosso, the Great Victoria Desert, Chengtu, Allahabad, Fort Vermilion, Yakutsk, and Kermanshah, reporting on exciting, blood-thrilling spectacles which are almost beyond description. He consented to join us again in 1973 with the expectation of delivering one of his incomparable lectures on conditions as he finds them in the present world, plus a few complimentary at the bar. The latter he got; the former was cancelled in view of the fact that we were only together for three days and his schedule requires two days of preparation and three days of lecture. We assured him we would rectify this oversight at the 1975 reunion, providing he returns from his projected exploration trip which will take him under Greenland, starting at its northern tip, and thence non-stop under all of Africa to gather fauna and other submarine species thus far unknown to man. He says he prefers this to flying since, not being able to see where he is going, he has no worries about what may be ahead, and thus finds life full of surprises. But so much for introducing once again our distinguished oracle, whose thrilling account of Ojai in 1973 follows:

OJAI ORGY — 1973 VERSION RTS

Well, by God, the Geriatric Set did it again — spent another long weak-end at the Old Folks Home in the hills, with only minor casualties reported. And, the concensus among old China Hands, AVG-CNAC die-hards of past reunions, seemed to agree that it was another beautiful bash, such popular contemporary expressions as "swell", "dandy", and "keen" being lavishly applied. And again much of the credit must be given to the Ojai Management who are (sic) either hard up for business or sic (sick) of routine type affairs, as who aint? At any rate (which along with everything else has gone up a few bucks since our last outing at Ojai) they still seem to welcome us with open arms and cash registers. They actually appear to enjoy having such a group of clean, distinguished, righteous, upstanding citizens disporting themselves on the hallowed grounds of Ojai, even to the point of putting up with the sometimes bizarre antics of their husbands. Is it any wonder that it was decided to return in '75 and do 'er again, the good Lord willin'? Heck, no!



Big Friday Night Shindig

Now then, — about that goddam traditional snakefry on Thursday night which resulted in one of the minor casualties heretofore alluded to. I want to make it perfectly clear, to borrow a phrase from our esteemed President (not Rossi, you fools), that the skin off my nose was not removed by a jealous husband in a fit of pique, as ugly rumor had it at the time. As a matter of fact, I cannot recall ever having seen a jealous husband at any of our little clambakes, and for that matter, am not too sure what “pique” means. No, my friends, the fact is that I was merely being chivalrous, having volunteered (God, will I never learn?) to lead the way for a charming female guest of the Hedman’s to the Jane in response to the inevitable demands of nature. (For the uninitiated, the Jane is one of those portable privies for which Ojai is noted, located immediately adjacent to the John.) Well, hell, it was downhill all the way, over unfamiliar terrain, and dark as the ace of spades (no racial slur intended) and . . . well, why she chose to trip me I may never know. In any event, I considered it rather unsporting inasmuch as she did nothing to break my fall, and the result was a classic nose-dive into the hard ground. Luckily, this unscheduled event did not happen on a well-used bridle path, otherwise the results might have been too offal to contemplate. Anyway, while I was spitting the dust, gravel, and teeth from my mouth, and brushing same from nose and lip, this broad was giggling hysterically, meanwhile looking for a convenient bush to hide behind. So much for the type guests the Hedman’s bring to our little outings. At least the chow was good, as always, and everybody entered into the spirit of the square-dancing. Actually, there were more squares than dancers, but everybody had fun, and later carried on as per custom at the bar.

Hyperthyroidiac Events

Friday found the hyper-thyroids on the tennis courts, golf course, floundering around the pool, even a few astride horses. Joe Poshefko, prompted by Mary’s left thumb, favored those at the pool with some of his famous Tarzan yells; George Burgard, Billy McDonald, and many others lied about their handicaps on the first tee; Maizie Hill went riding with Tex (’olTex sure looks at home with a bridle and saddle on him); and Doctor Lewis Richards, (beloved among male Senior Citizens of the Bay area for having perfected the technique for implanting goat gonads) was among the most dessicated of the tennis enthusiasts. It is unlikely that Doc will ever be mistaken for Bobby Riggs when it comes to tennis. On the other hand, it is doubtful that Emma Jane Red Foster Petach Hanks will be mistaken for Chris Evert. Or Yvonne Goolagong, for that matter, even though she can beat Doc Rich. (“Red” can, I mean. Yvonne too, of course). We can only suggest to Doc, “Physician, heal thyself!”

As indicated by custom and precedent, Friday night was CNAC’s night to host the cocktail party and dinner, and, as usual, they did it up in fine style. Everybody was safely over the hump before the cocktail party was over, and a fine dinner was served. (Chateau-Briand, according to the menu, although I noted that my favorite pony was missing from the stable the following day.) Only one thing marred the CNAC shindig, and that, of course, was the absence of Walter “Pappy” Quinn who usually honcho’s these affairs. Only severe illness could keep Pappy away, and we all hope he’ll be with us for the next one. Following dinner, more fun and games and dancing were enjoyed in the recreation hall (bar) until the late hours.

PRESENTED TO Chauncey H. “Dink” Laughlin With Deepest Appreciation

For His Very Important Contributions Toward Making the AVG/CNAC Reunions So Successful

During The Past 20 Years By Way Of His Perfect Non-Attendance Record, And with the sincere hope that such record will remain unblemished in years to come. This honor is accorded “Dink” by those members sober enough to vote on the occasion of the 1973 reunion. Two such members so qualifying, thus constituting a Quorum, said resolution was duly passed after considerable debate.

Signed
John R. Rossi, President
R. T. Smith, Sponsor

Ojai, California
Annie Domino 1973

MEMO TO PICTURE LOVERS

We can supply black and white prints of any pictures in this issue of Tigerag for \$1.75 each; or if we have color negatives of any of these, cost would be \$3.25 for each 8 x 10 print. Let Rode know your wishes and he’ll order for you.



A Touring We Will Go...

Off Year Tour

There was discussion at the AVG business meeting, regarding an off year (no reunion) tour.

It was decided to canvas the membership for indications of interest in such a trip. Among the suggestions, was a trip to Guadalajara, Mexico or Honolulu.

According to the tourist bureau, the summer months, starting in June are very rainy so the time should be made no later than May, if going to Guadalajara. Summer months are OK in Hawaii.

Because of the various residences, it would be difficult to go to Mexico by joint or group transportation. Each person could plan their own trip and all be at the same Hotel in Guadalajara on the dates selected, probably for about one week.

To get a group rate to Honolulu, we need 25 or more from a common departure point,

Maybe

such as N.Y., Chicago, L.A. or to Honolulu, it would probably be a week on Oahu, and another week on a couple of the other islands.

The costs run about \$25.00 per couple in Guadalajara and \$30.00 in Oahu. The transportation would be where you live.

What we need is an indication of interest from a group to see if there is sufficient interest to plan a trip.

So we would like to hear from you with the following information:

1. Are you interested in a trip?
2. Which place would you prefer?
3. What date do you prefer?
4. Would you plan to make a trip if it was not the place of your present residence?

Please send all this info to the following home address, 1220 No. 5th St., San Francisco, CA 91504.



ring We Will Go...

our
as discussion at the AVG busi-
g, regarding an off year (no re-

ecided to canvas the membership
ons of interest in such a trip.
suggestions, was a trip to Guada-
lajara or Honolulu.

g to the tourist bureau, the sum-
s, starting in June are very rainy
should be made no later than
ing to Guadalajara. Summer
OK in Hawaii.

of the various residences, it
fficult to go to Mexico by joint
nsportation. Each person could
own trip and all be at the same
adajara on the dates selected,
r about one week.

group rate to Honolulu, we need
from a common departure point,

Maybe

such as N.Y., Chicago, L.A. or SFO. To go
to Honolulu, it would probably be for one
week on Oahu, and another week to visit a
couple of the other islands.

The costs run about \$25.00 a day for a
couple in Guadalajara and \$36.00 a day in
Oahu. The transportation would depend on
where you live.

What we need is an indication from the
group to see if there is sufficient interest to
plan a trip.

So we would like to hear from everybody
with the following information.

1. Are you interested in a trip?
2. Which place would you prefer?
3. What date do you prefer?
4. How do you plan to make the tour if it
was not the place of your preference?

Please send all this info to Rode at his
home address, 1220 No. 5th Street, Bur-
bank, CA 91504.



AVG Hard At It



Pauls' Appalling

Saturday dawned dark and foggy in more ways than one. Those with a modicum of good sense stayed in bed, naturally. A few, of course, stumbled around the golf course, etc. Meanwhile, around the patio after late breakfast, the less athletically inclined were gathered; such stretch-knit fashion plates as Paul Clothier, Paul Perry, Paul Greene, and Preston Paull, to name a few Pauls, could be seen in their finery. Greene's platform shoes were the envy of all the guys, and his hair-do the envy of all the gals.

The AVG business meeting on Saturday afternoon was the usual solemn occasion, devoted to such critical matters as to whether or not we should file a formal complaint against the owner of a place called "The Flying Tiger Bar" in Tucson, Ariz. for unauthorized use of our revered and hallowed name. Bob Prescott was strongly opposed to any such action as proposed by P. J. Perry, a Tucson inhabitant. There were those who felt that Prescott's stand was prompted by the fear that such action might set a precedent, and that some wise guy might suggest that his airline be forced to change its name, too. However, the issue was swiftly resolved when Perry revealed that the bar owner had agreed to provide unlimited drinks on the house for any authentic Tigers who stopped in while passing through Tucson. This bonanza, naturally, caused considerable changing of plans for the return trip home on the part of those who were heading East the next day. Other business matters of lesser importance were taken up at the meeting, of course, and it was adjourned without the usual violence or fisticuffs which have marked other such meetings in the past.

The cocktail party and banquet on Saturday evening, this time hosted by the AVG gang, was held on the patio. The weather was ideal, the potables and cuisine superb, and the entertainment outstanding. Our permanent M.C., Mr. Prescott, was at his hilarious best, although there are those who may feel that Bob can't really compete with the well-known comedy team of Erlichman & Haldeman. Still it was noted that he got laughs and applause, particularly from those who had flown out courtesy of FTL.

Why We Went To China

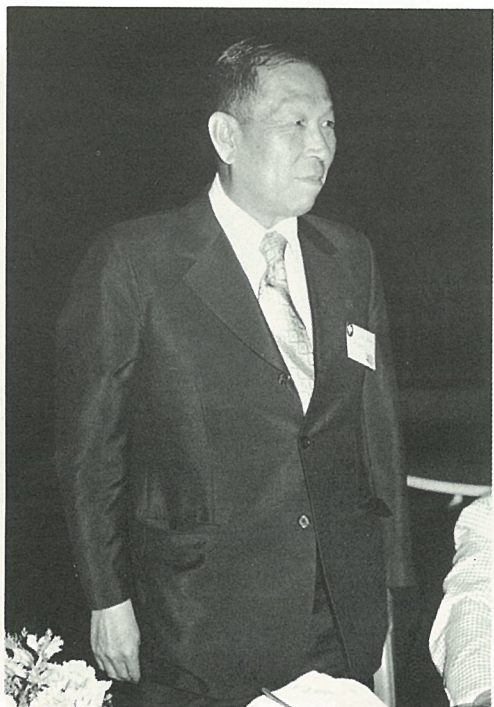
Among other highlights of the evening, Bob introduced Miss Flying Tiger of 1973, a pert and purty little ol' 2nd generation Chinese girl, name of Judy Kim Chee Wong, a perfect reminder of why we had all gone to China in the first place, right? Wong!

An excellent oil-painting likeness of the Old Man, commissioned by Joe Poshefko, was presented to Anna Chennault on behalf of the group. Anna appeared to be very pleased with it. The Flying Tiger Award and Trophy was presented to Lt. Gen. Sam Phillips, former Director of the Apollo Manned Lunar Landing program for NASA. Old Sam made a fine speech, pointing out that the entire Apollo Program, which successfully landed a half-dozen or so guys on the moon, had cost only about 40 billion dollars. At this point, Bus Keeton was heard to remark that for that kind of money you could sure as hell build a lot of ghettos, which of course is the type humor you might expect from a native of Manzanola, Colo.



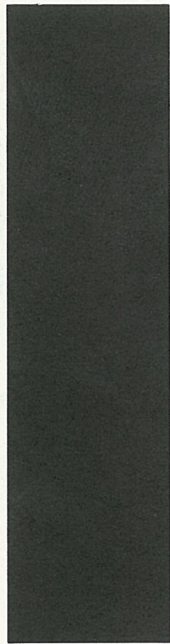
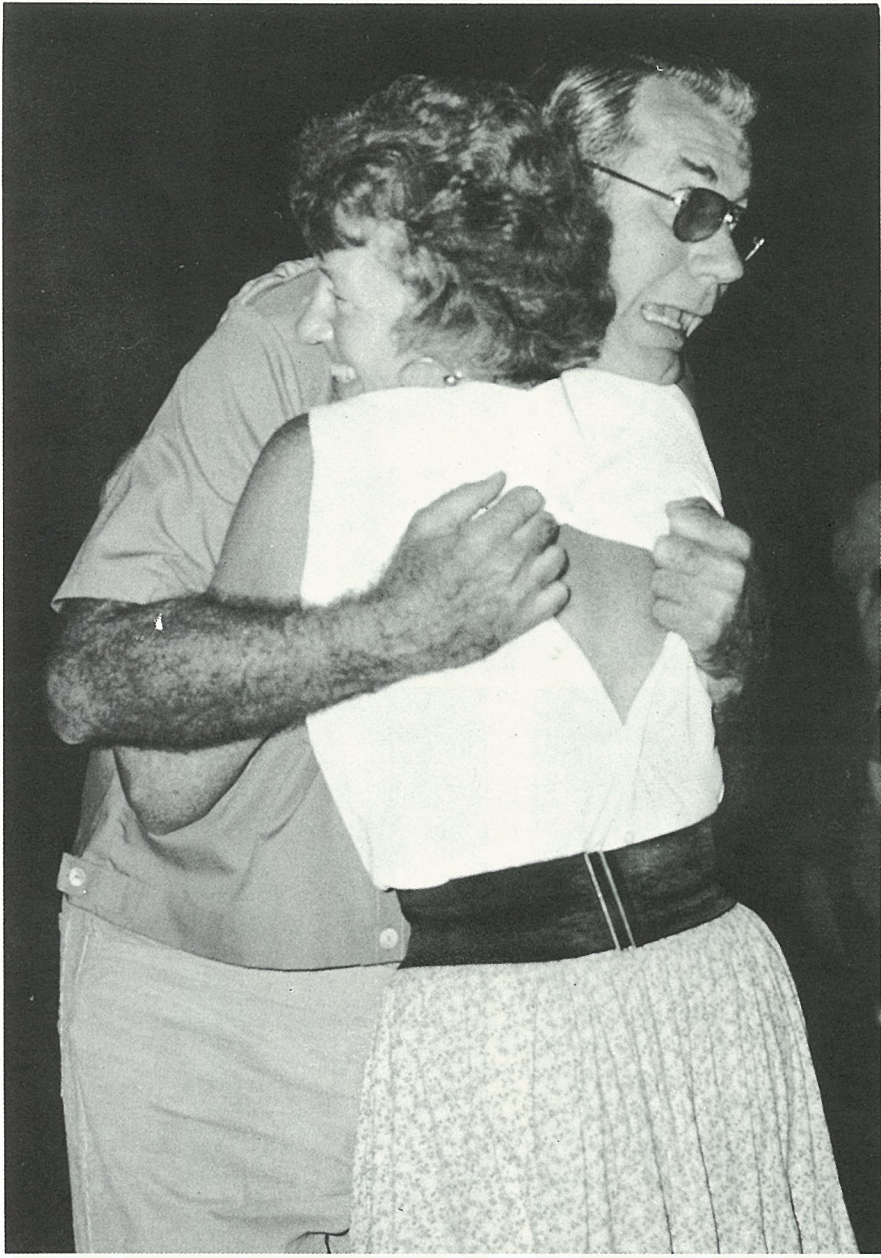
Big Saturday Night Shindig



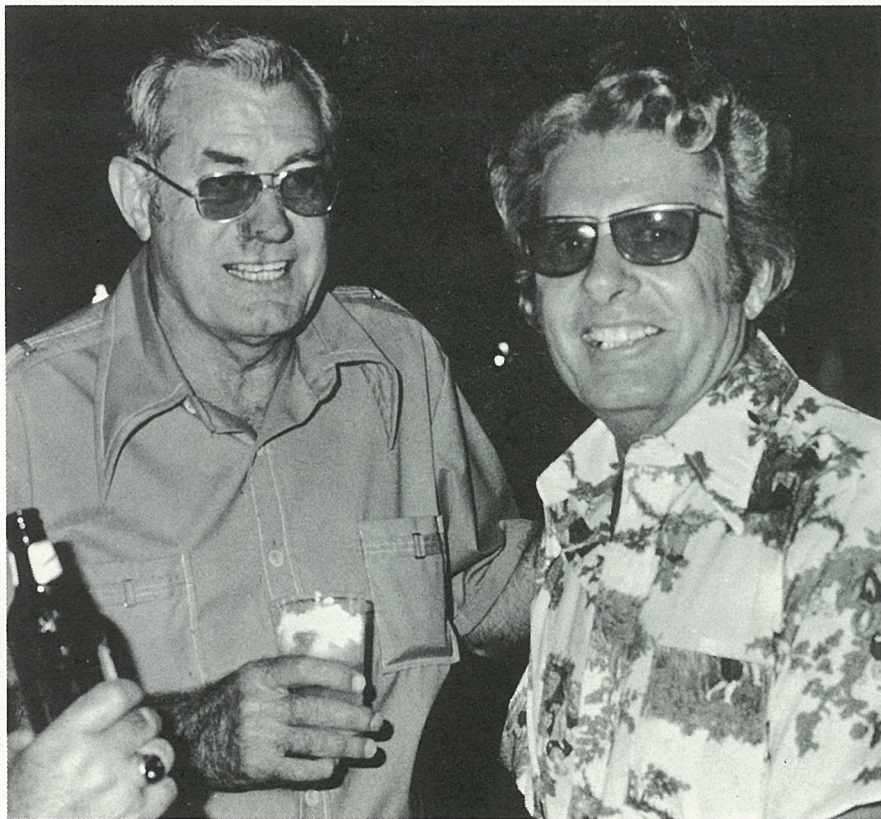


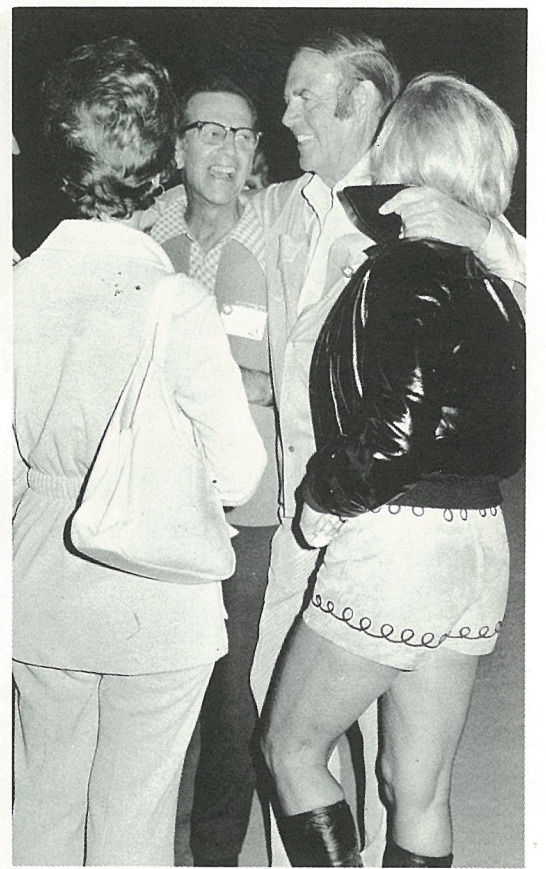
hindi



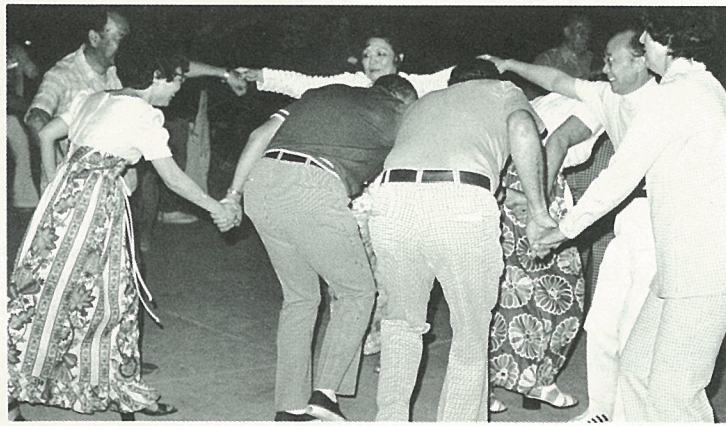


EATIN' AND DANCIN'





N' AND DANCIN'



Golf Anyone?



Tom Stafford, Apollo 10 Commander and recipient of the 1969 Tiger Award, was a guest on Saturday night. Although still just a bit hung-over from the '69 affair, Tom seems to be recovering nicely and it was good to see him again.

Following the banquet, the inevitable dancing and carrying-on went on far into the night in the recreation room (bar). Mary Ann Hedman joined the red hot three-piece band as vocalist, and wowed the crowd with her inimitable rendition of "Up Your Lazy River". Later, "Whispering Tom" Kelly conducted a contest to elect "The Girl Most Likely To". This ended in a seven-way tie, after the many ballots were counted, between Kitty Older, Pam Uebele, Marion Layher, the Betty's Haywood, Rodewald, and Cross, and Gerda Hufnagel, one of the cocktail waitresses. There was a 10-way tie for second place. Congratulations, girls!

For some reason, Sunday morning was considerably less hilarious than had been the case only the night before. In fact, it was a rather grim crowd that collected for a late breakfast, faced with imminent packing and leavetaking, sad farewells, etc. Of course, liberal helpings of Bloody Mary's, Screwdrivers, and Tex Hill's ridiculous stories helped to dispel the gloom for many of the lategoers who hung around after breakfast. Tex has this funny one about the two guys riding on a camel, and they... but there isn't room to tell it here, and anyway it's gotta be ten times as funny when Tex tells it.

Old Folks Home

Anyway, by noontime, most of the gang had dispersed and the Old Folks Home was practically deserted and strangely quiet.

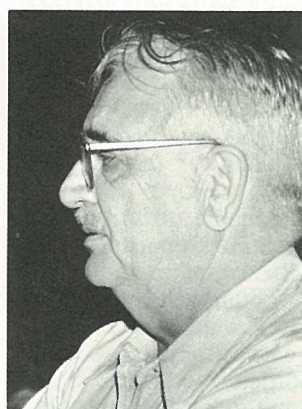
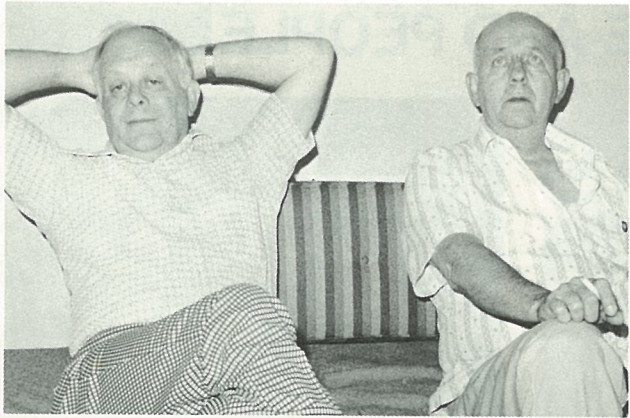
At that point, one could only reflect on some of the more interesting facts and facets that came to light. Like the fact that Bob Layher's new Messy-Ferguson tractor has both air-conditioning and a TV set, and he expects to have the bar installed before it's time to plant winter wheat. Interesting?

And, like, it was good to see Felix Smith make it again this year. He is living in Alaska now, and it is obvious that he has been in Fine Fettle. (Miss Fettle is an Eskimo lass of 49 years who was crowned "Miss Walrus" of 1972 at the annual Blubber Ball, where Felix first met her.) Felix reports that she can really heat up his old Igloo, although judging from the photos he was showing around she appeared just a bit on the plump side to some of us. That Felix! I've seen better looking Walruses!

As previously mentioned, Anna of Watergate fame (that is, she lives there), and Tommy Corcoran, as always contributed to the glamour, prestige, and decorum of still another reunion.

For the 8th consecutive re-union (including the one on the island of Majorca in '65) Rossi was elected President of the AVG group. While there were those who protested that one Dick as President was more than enough, the issue was settled in the end by unanimous approval of our own Dick, and he agreed to serve another two-year term so long as loyal Lydia, his first Lady (First Lady, that is), continues to grant him Executive Privilege. Fortunately, "Butch"





People

(Dick's pet nickname for Lydia) agreed, and also agreed to grant him immunity, too.

Alas, for far too many re-unions now, the Senior Ladies' Refresher Course & Seminar had to be postponed once again due to lack of suitable facilities. This, of course, came as quite a disappointment to all concerned, not the least of which was felt by your correspondent, who was to have conducted affairs. Marion Layher summed it up rather succinctly when she protested that "if these damn postponements continue much longer, pretty soon it'll be a case of 'too little and too late'." To which I could only reply, somewhat feebly, that it may be too little already, but it'll never be too late! She giggled, so help me.

Ed "Soapy Sales" Rector was AWOL for the first time in history, and we all missed seeing the old FTD who had earlier reported that he was hung up on a fact-finding (?) mission in jolly old England. So okay, give us the facts, hey Ed?

Charley Older got through another one without being charged with drunk and disorderly, or illegal possession of hashish. Congratulations, Chuck!

To those who couldn't make this get-together due to illness, all of us wish speedy recoveries and the sincere hope that you'll join us in '75. To those who were absent without good reason, some living right here in Southern Cal for Chrissake, we can only hope you will get with it next time around . . . God knows these things can't go on forever, and already it's too late for a lot of guys who can only join us in spirit.

And finally, as always, we are all indebted to the few who put in so much time and effort to make things enjoyable for the rest — Rossi, Rode, Robbie Roberts, R. M. Smith, John Williams, Len Kimball, Dink Laughlin, and of course, Gerda Hufnagel, to name a few. Thanks to all of you! And God bless.

RTS

BULLETIN

Don Rodewald is retiring from his long-time association with Lockheed to join an enterprise, Barter Associates, with four other partners. They will be engaged in international trade — trading of products made in the United States for those manufactured or grown in other countries. One deal already in the works is an exchange of teakwood from Thailand for U.S. aircraft. Lockheed threw a surprise party for Rode with many of the AVG from Southern California on hand to wish him well.

LAST MINUTE NOTES

We have two of our group seriously ill. Mary Anne Hedman, wife of Duke, is in the hospital. The Hedman's address is 4852 Santa Barbara St., Las Vegas, Nevada 89121.

Earl F. "Hook" Wagner is seriously ill with cancer in Florida. The Wagners' address is 5655 No. Ninth Ave., Apt. A-2, Pensacola, Fla., 32504.

Latest in the Smith-Laughlin Series of Bombast and Insults

Editor's Note:

Messrs. R. T. Smith and C. H. Laughlin are at it again. Once busy, they recently have had nothing to do and in rebellion against sheer boredom, they have taken to exchanging compliments and other miscellaneous observations about life, theirs in particular. They decided to try out the following as a test for possible future publication in the Saturday Evening Post.

R. T. Smith, Esq.
6 - 1, 2-chome
Kita-Aoyama, Minato-Ku
Tokyo, Japan

Dear Smythe, Whatsurname:

The United States State Department has asked me to prevail on you to remain in Japan until they can obtain an allotment to buy a few hundred square miles of a Northern Chinese province near Lanjou just South of the Mongolian border.

There may be some delay in evacuating the natives.

But please, not California. What has this country, Governor Reagan, President Nixon and the natives done to deserve you.

Would you accept Cuba. Or Colby County North Dakota.

And stay there.

The natives are getting restless — California natives being what they are — they can't help it — it might become a blighted area — and subject us taxpayers to an additional assessment for disaster aid—and we can't afford another national calamity.

For your country — you were noble in '41 and '42. I submit another plea.

You and I review WWII with ill concealed pleasure. It involved flying, high adventure, remorseless conflict and the making of history. It involved savage and frequent collisions of man and machine, and in the aftermath of these sorties a camaraderie of men of violent purpose in the peace and quiet of bars and pubs. Ideas and stories and events were exchanged, lies told and retold, and men grew up tall and thoughtful.

But nobody could afford to be selfish.

So you grew up — 6'3" but you didn't grow thoughtful — or become unselfish.

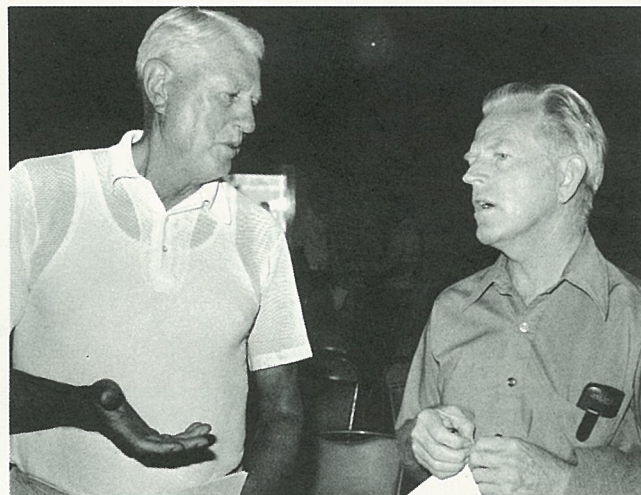
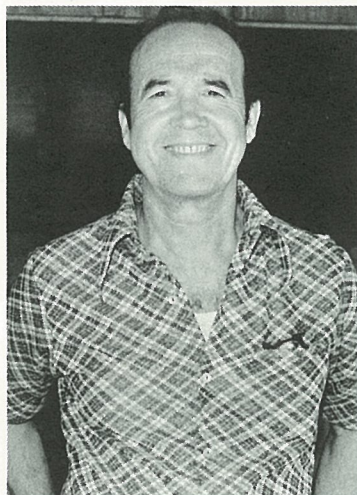
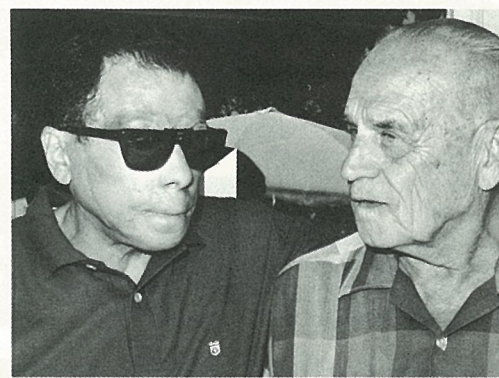
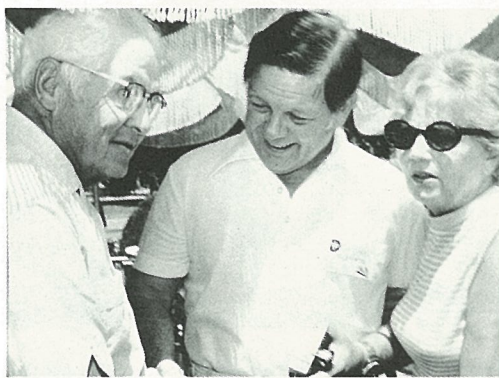
You became R. T. Your friends remember you with a quiet pride. Your old wing man who hung in there like a snake bite amulet when you were lancing down from 22,000 feet to strike down the forbears of your present neighbors remembers you with quiet pride.

Quiet pride — try it.

Now you are in your burgeoning 50s wherein statistics indicate a positive leaning to coronaries and bladder trouble. Your neighbors will be happy to see you go.

Is California prepared?

Box 1674, Coral Gables, Fla., 33134
C. Laughlin



Mr. C. H. Laughlin, Box 1674, Coral Gables, Fla.:
Gobbles, Fla.:

Dear Mr. Laughlin: Please forgive the formal opening, but I haven't thought about you in so long that your nickname completely escapes me. I seem to recall that it rhymes with "fink", but altho that might be appropriate, somehow I don't think that's it. Could it possibly be Dink?

No doubt you are wondering what prompts me to write after such a lapse of time. Well, in going through a stack of old unpaid Geisha House bills dating back to 1969, I ran across a letter you had sent to me in Tokyo in September of that year. It must have arrived shortly after the Japanese Foreign Office had invited me to return to the U.S. and about the time I slipped into California before the State Department revoked my passport. (Incidentally, the stories about the trouble in Saigon and Manila which led to those stupid charges in Hong Kong were highly exaggerated). But I digress — that letter of yours was re-addressed and finally reached me in Los Angeles, and in running across it today it occurred to me that I never answered it, what with all the confusion. Am sending you a zerox copy of your letter to refresh your memory re the typical snide and ludicrous remarks which were not exactly conducive to a speedy reply on my part. Even now I will not deign (look it up) to dignify them by offering to comment on each of your remarks, but a couple demand some comment in the interests of fair play.

You accused me of being selfish, Dink, then went on to say "Your old wing man

who hung in there like a snake-bite amulet when you were lancing down from 22,000 feet to strike down etc. etc. remembers you with quiet pride." Well, at long last I know at least partially what caused your erratic flying on those occasions when I deigned (look it up again) to allow you to fly on my wing. Usually, as I recall, you were one mountain range away, and no wonder! If I'd known you'd been nipping all those amulets before those flights I could have understood! What I cannot understand, though, is your *own* selfishness — you knew, even then, that I like a dram of snake-bite medicine as well as the next guy, but did you share yours with your leader? Hell no, not you!

You were also unkind enough to remind me that I am now in my "burgeoning 50's wherein statistics indicate a positive leaning to coronaries and bladder trouble". For your information, I have thus far been fortunate to avoid the old ticker problem. As for the other, pee on you, Dink!! And if you still think I'm selfish, you can keep your old amulets and kiss my asp to boot!

For the record, I have just returned from the latest AVG-CNAC reunion up at Ojai. Since you did not attend, we again have you to thank for its being a smashing and enjoyable occasion. It was suggested at the business meeting that a collection be taken up in order to send you a plaque indicating our sincere appreciation. Unfortunately, when the amount reached the price of a drink as the hat was passed, some sonofabitch lit out for the bar, hat and all, and was not seen again. Thus, it was decided simply to mail you a written commendation for your non-attendance record, along with the fervent hope that it remains unblemished through

the coming years. So far as the three or four people up there who asked about you, it turned out they were all out-of-state process servers, one of whom was awarded the Flying Tiger trophy and made a fine speech at the banquet before his game was exposed.

Master Baiter

I trust this finds you reasonably miserable, and that you are still comfortably ensconced in the Post Office. Are you still playing with boats? As I recall, the last I heard you were becoming skilled at baiting hooks for the misguided sportfisherman who visit that forsaken part of the country. Are you still a Master Baiter, or have you received your Mate's papers by now? I got mine some months ago, calling for the customary community property settlement, etc.

As for myself, I've been busy at a number of highly unconstructive things, mostly writing. Am working on a book, and may devote a chapter to you, Dink — a biographical treatment devoted to your talents and accomplishments. The fact that it cannot possibly fill up an entire page, thus becoming the shortest chapter in publishing history, presents an irresistible challenge.

I'm sure you know that I will be pleased to hear from you again, as the flattering words of the adoring pupil toward his mentor are always warmly welcomed. (I believe it was John Mitchell who recently said that.) Just think, Dink, if you had only had more time to work with me, you just might have become the second-greatest fighter pilot in the entire world!

Piece! A little never hurt anybody, right?
Yours, R. T. Smith



Robert T. Smith, 4722 North Sepulveda Blvd., Sherman Oaks, California 91403. Mr. Smith, Esq.:

Everybody is busting out with letterheads. Ho-hum!

Note is made of your recent disheveled enigma of a communication — which I assume it is.

Spelling is a requisite — and grammar — and imagination. Please revise your 1910 pattern of steroid inspiration.

The “news” which your purported communication seems to convey appears to be:

1. “... State Department revoked your passport...” Indeed? Think you were a Japanese agent?

2. “... Stupid charges in Hong Kong... trouble in Saigon and Manila...” Have to remind you again that your Master Charge is no good in those East side whorehouses. Got to be cash.

3. “... received papers some months ago calling for the customary community property settlement...” That calls for the customary celebration — a night on the town — and a run in the pasture with the fillies. Yassuh! Did it again, hey?

4. You went to the AVG/CNAC reunion. And told the fellows the same tired old, pious, tedious, soporific old whoppers you did back in 1940. Usque ad nauseam.

5. “... the typical snide and ludicrous remarks which were not exactly conducive to a speedy reply on my part.” I replied in kind and it took you a long time to think up a reply. My letter was dated 9/69!

A book? I commend your action in the construction of a book. 100,000 words? It should be revealing because an author in an initial effort tells a lot about himself which I suspect you have successfully concealed from your friends — so far. And obviously it has to do with an action in the Far East. So, it will evolve from the barroom, fed on Chinese rice wine which will propel your mental faculties into utopian romanticism, a frenzy of vulgar extravaganza — a flagrante delicto.

In which case leave me out of it.

But, reserve one copy for me. I got to find out what happened. And more about you. Are you the Harold Robbins type? The vituperative Mailer? The complete Michener? The ever popular Irving Wallace? The obscene Miller? The imaginative Hailey? Or old R. T. Smith, the seeker, with a book bottled up inside.

Let it all hang out!
Dig?

The retelling of some of those wild, obscene, silly, logical, hairbrain, insenate,

flighty, delirious actions of a group of heterogeneous ex-second lieutenants with wings could be told a dozen different ways.

And, in case you want a chapter or two, I have got a couple of items that will get the book banned in Boston and you and the publisher sued for defamation. You could head the chapters, “The Circumcision Twins,” “The Karaya Road Incident”, “The Pubic Bonfire”, “The Latent Hard-On”, and “The Chinese Chigger”.

HOWDIDYOUKNOWBOUGHTA boat? To look for Atlantis, dive on sunken Spanish galleons and look for adventure only to find lots of work and long periods of extreme boredom interspersed with moments of abject depression (when the engine wouldn't start in the middle of the Atlantic) and seconds of stark terror (when a six ounce snapper nipped me in the leg on a dark night on Cochinos reef).

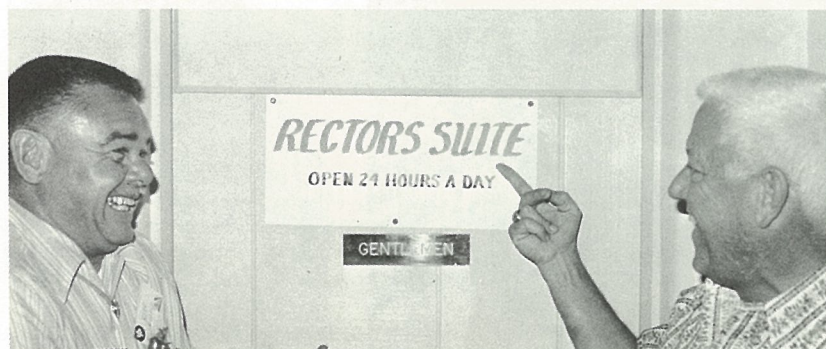
Naturally.

When you can't fly, you buy a boat.

According to Rossi there is a possibility of a reunion in China — sometime — in which case I wouldn't miss it

Where is my plaque for non-attendance? Sorry about those amulets.

Best to you,
CHL



AU REVOIR

We lost three of the gang in '73 — Pappy Quinn, Gil Bright and Frank Lawlor.

Pappy almost made the reunion and up to the last moment, he'd planned to be there but the cancer moved too quickly and he passed on at the home of his brother and sister-in-law, Hal and Judy Quinn near Fort Worth, Texas, shortly after the reunion was over. It was the first one he'd ever missed. No more dedicated member had served us all. Between reunions, he kept up the phone calls and correspondence and was the information hub for CNAC. He ran the registration desk at every reunion, fixed up the name badges, kept up the mail lists and passed along the news about each of us as it came to him. He'd been with Pan American in China before the war and continued on with CNAC through the war, serving in the commissary. After it was all over, he came home to New Jersey, where he was in the restaurant business until the illness hit him early in '73 and he moved to his brother's Texas home. The gang got together on a long distance call and sent him their best along with an autographed photo. Pappy is gone but his memory is bright with everyone who gathered at the reunions.

"Rode" got word of Frank Lawlor's death late in '73. He passed away on the east coast. Frank was in the Second Squadron with Tex Hill and Gil Bright. He flew as a wingman and as Tex recalled — "Frank was a damn fine pilot." After the war, he returned to service in the Navy.

Gil Bright died in July, shortly after our last reunion. Ed Rector told about a last visit to him and remarked how paradoxical it was to see him laid low by illness after his hairbreadth experiences in wartime aviation. Tex Hill put it briefly when he said that "Gil spent more time in a parachute than anybody I ever knew." He escaped from half a dozen or more midair mishaps that included collisions, combat and structural failure. He was a prisoner-of-war and escaped and was the first American fighter pilot to shoot down Japanese, Italian and German aircraft in one war. A member of the class of 1941 at Princeton University, he joined the Navy and then the AVG. Between his service with the AVG, the 14th Air Force and later in North Africa, he had a 12-plane record, receiving two awards of the D.F.C. plus the Silver Star. After the war, he entered the investment business in New York. He was 54.

A donation was made by the AVG to the American Cancer Society. His sister, Louisa Bright Peace, wrote Rode:

"It was most kind and thoughtful of the AVG for your gift. I was rereading Gil's letters about the AVG which were published in the Atlantic Monthly as you may remember. I think the AVG days were perhaps some of the happiest and most stimulating days of his life — certainly the most exciting. Thank you all for your support and help. I don't wonder that Gil was so fond of all his Flying Tiger buddies."



(See page 4 for copy on plaque)

Inscribing the "Dink"

C. H. Laughlin
Box 1674
Coral Gables, Fla.

Dear Mr. Laughlin:

I am in receipt of your rather illiterate reply to my recent communique. Glad to see you finally have a letterhead, altho it is somewhat confusing. What does "Freelance Manuscripts" mean? I have long felt that you were born for Porn, and must assume that you are at last cashing in on that lucrative market. As to your statement that "spelling is a requisite", I would hope that your manuscripts reflect that philosophy better than is evidenced in your recent letter to me. I invite your attention to such misspelled words as "soporofic, virturpitive, and insenate", to name a few. Look 'em up!

I must say that I appreciate your encouragement re the book, and your suggestions for certain chapters. In that connection, I had already planned a chapter concerning the "Circumcision Twins", and had occasion to ask Prescott and Greene if they had any objections to my relating that rather sensitive story. They each replied "it's no skin offa my nose", or words to that effect, which I thought was something of an understatement. As to "The Kariah (look it up, you mis-spelled it) Road Incident", just *which* incident were you referring to? You also mis-spelled Public, leaving out the "I",

in your suggested chapter on "The Public Bonfire". As to the suggestion which follows that, what, pray tell, is a "Hard-on"? Is that the name of a new "Rock" group? If so, believe it should be plural, i.e., "Hards-on". Right?

Your brief account of life on the high seas was hair-raising — I suggest you write at some length to Tex Hill, Joe Poshefko, and some of the other troops whose follicles need stimulation. I can well imagine your stark terror upon being nipped in the leg on a dark night by a six-ounce snapper. I have never encountered that big a one myself, but then, you were always a bit peculiar in your choice of female companions. Vive La Difference as some wag once put it!

Rossi assures me that we will be happy to arrange a special reunion two years from now in Peking if you will promise to go. The rest of us will be at Ojai. Your plaque has been ordered but so far Cartier has not delivered same. Rest assured it will be forwarded in the near future.

May I suggest, Mr. Laughlin, as you advance into the crepuscular days of your checkered career, that instead of Chapstick you try a liberal application of Preparation H in the forlorn hope that it might solve your problem of running off at the mouth.

Best to you, too!

RT

Who, Whom, and What

AVG/CNAC

Bill Bartling and son Bob
Dr. Carl and Anne Brown and Julia
Duke and Maryann Hedman
Buzz and Jean Loane
Robert "Moose" Moss
Bob and Ann-Marie Prescott
Dick and Lydia Rossi
Eric and Ilse Shilling and Rickey and Inger

AVG

Twisty and Roz Bent
Charlie Bond
George Burgard
Mr. and Mrs. Lee Burgard and Gary
Ace, Karan, Francis Callan
Anna Chennault
Keith and Marge Christenson
Paul and Dorothy Clouthier and
Jesse and Bernadine Crookshanks and Carol
Jim and Betty Cross and Patty, Barbie,
Herb, Bryant
Walt and Phyllis Dolan
Sybl Gallagher
Emma Jane "Red" Hanks (See CNAC)
Tom and Betty Haywood
Tex and Maizie Hill
Ed Janski
Ken and Jen Jernstedt
Al and Corky Kaelin
Bus and Metha Keeton
Tom and Mrs. Kelly
Steve and Ann Kustay
Bob and Marian Layher
"Burma Bob" and Gwyn Locke
Vance and Pauline Locke
Charlie Mott
Willard and Julia Musgrove
Bob and Jo Neal
Chuck and Kitty Older
"G. I." and Lottie Paull
Paul Perry and son Bill
Joe and Mary Poshefko
Doreen Reynolds and (Husband and kids
— Names?)

L. J. "Doc" Richards
"Rich", Dorothy and Shelley Richardson
Don, Betty and Judy Rodewald
Robert M. Smith
R. T. "Tadpole" Smith
E, Edith and Eddie Stiles
Bill Towery
John and Pam Uebele
John and Mary Williams

CNAC

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Allison
Russ and Edna Armstrong
John and Dorothy Burke
Glen and Shirley Carroll
Art and Vivian Chin
Harold Chinn
Jim and Ina Dalby
Vince de Salvatore
Reg and Mary Farrar
Roy and Margie Farrell
Jack and Sue Folz
Ronnie Wei Gin
Joe Hall
Christy Hanks (See AVG)
H. J. and Anne Hardin
Don and Emily Hassig
Charles and Laura Histed
R. S. "Red" Holmes
Jim and Maggy Hurst
Art Kininmonth
Bill and Mary Lee Maher
Dave Majors
Bill and Peggy McDonald
Joe and Isabel Michiels
Marylou O'Hara
Al Oldenburg
Potty and Mary Margaret Pottshmidt
Bob, Marge and Phil Rengo
Robbie and Lucille Roberts
Rocky and Esther Roncaglione
Bob and Audrene Sherwood
Gerry, Angela and Maria Shrawder
"Felix the Cat" Smith

Sol and Lela Soldinski
Dick Stuelke
Andy and Sophie Tung
George and Lucille Van Cleve
John Vivian
Jules and Peggy Watson
Jeff and Peggy Weiner

GUESTS

Dr. and Mrs. Acosta
Pete and Helen Baxter
Bob and Diana Best
Olga Bowes
Al Bretscher
Dr. and Cherie Chao
Ken and Man-Ming Chen
Bob and Martha Conrath
Tommy Corcoran
Elsie Cunningham
George and Alma Cussen
Harry and Marian Day
Jack and Evelyn Dillon
Marsha Eubank
Morrie and Nadine Frankel
Bill Hauser
Cliff and Mrs. Heckard
Kitty Hawks
Walt and Mrs. Irwin
Victor and Jan Koff
Len and Deirdre Kimball
Bob and Peggy Lee
Trudy Marichal
Dr. Mortenson
Tony Paul
Gen. Sam and Mrs. Phillips
Pan Purvis
Nat Quinn
Sue Shrewsbury
Gen. Tom Stafford
Lt. Gen. Szeto
Starr and Magee Thompson
Maj. Gen. Tsang
Russ and Pinky Waldron
Capt. Wu

CHINESE AIR FORCE
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF
TAIPEI, TAIWAN, CHINA

28 July 1973

Mr. Dick Rossi
Flying Tigers Line
7401 Worldway West
Los Angeles International Airport
Los Angeles, California 90009
U. S. A.

Dear Mr. Rossi:

I would like to express my sincere thanks to you for the courtesies and hospitality extended to me and members of my party during my recent visit to the United States to attend the annual convention of the American Fighter Aces Association.

It gave me great pleasure to meet you and to be invited to attend the AVG's 31st Anniversary Reunion. Through your thoughtful arrangements, my visit was really delightful. I was pleased to attend the banquet and enjoyed playing golf with you and taking a hayride. I shall long remember this happy occasion.

At the banquet, I remember, Dr. Mortenson gave an address on his experience and impression about the China mainland after living there for about twenty years. Since I wish to correspond with him, I hope you will give me his home address.

My best wishes to you and Mrs. Rossi for continued success and happiness.

Sincerely,

Szeto Fu



SZETO FU
Lt. General, CAF
Deputy Commander-in-Chief
Chinese Air Force

J. H. DOOLITTLE
702 MUTUAL OF OMAHA BLDG.
5225 WILSHIRE BLVD.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90036
(213) 936-8109

9 July 1973

Mr. John R. Rossi
President
Flying Tigers
1220 North Fifth Street
Burbank, California 91504

Dear John:

Joe and I want again to thank you for including us at the AVG Reunion this past weekend. We had fun.

It was a great party and we very much appreciate the many kindnesses extended to us by the gang.

She joins me in best wishes to all of you.

As ever,

J. H. Doolittle

西醫 溫祥來
DR. WEN HSIANG-LAI

303, TAKSHING HOUSE,
20, DES VOEUX ROAD, C.
HONG KONG
OFFICE H-235811
TEL. RES. H-92852

醫務所：香港德輔道中二十號
德成大廈三〇三室
電話：H二三五八一—
住宅電話：H九二八五二

9th June, 1973

Mr. John Richard Rossi
1324 E. Hillcrest Lane
Fallbrook, CA. 92028

Dear Dick:

Thank you very much for your letter of 26th May, 1973 and for sending me the newspaper clippings.

I certainly would love to go to the reunion, however I have been committed to two conferences and few lectures. As a matter of fact I am leaving Hong Kong on the 16th this month for Belgrade to give a lecture on the International Council of drug addiction and right after that will be going to Lausanne for the Biological Medicine conference. After that, Patrick, my eldest son will join me in Geneva then we head for Paris where I will be giving a lecture. Grace and the two young ones will join me in London on the second of July, I will give a lecture there, then head for New York on the 10th. I may have to give one in Florida later. Because of all these commitments which I had arranged previously, I don't think I can make it for the reunion, this year. I hope I will be able to make it next year. It is very kind of you to arrange for transportation for us, I certainly would try hard to make it next year. Wish you all have a wonderful time.

When are you coming back to see us again. We certainly enjoyed seeing you and Mrs. Rossi again. Hope you can stay longer on your next trip.

Thank you again for everything. With best regards,

Yours sincerely,

Wen Hsiang-Lai

