



JANUARY 1967

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

TIGERS INVADE SPAIN-¡OLÉ!



HOT DOG. Shortly after arrival in Mallorca, AVG'ers rally at a weiner roast. Left, son of one of the AVG'ers, Bob Prescott, Steve Kusak and Dick Rossi discuss the proper method of cooking the frankfurters.

By Laurie Fish

Survivors and friends of the 1964 Flying Tiger-CNAC reunion in Taiwan, Tokyo and Hong Kong came together from various corners of the earth for their 1966 annual reunion, this time on the Mediterranean island of Mallorca, off the coast of Spain.

By take-off time at Newark International Airport on July 23, 1966, some 150 Tigers, mates, cubs and buddies were scattered around the summer-hot terminal. Among the notables in the gathering was the pack of yellow-haired, blue-jeaned mops and moppets carrying their guitars to Newcastle, the family of Charley Uban.

Moose was there, looking like a clip page from *ESQUIRE* in a slick summer suit and a natty straw hat, Doc Richards was standing by with his anti-crawling crud kit, and Dick Rossi was keeping an eye on the crowd with his pretty red-headed bride, Lydia, at his side.

Bob Prescott and his Mrs. had preceded the group to Europe, so the airline president was not aboard to watch the astonishingly orderly dispensation of liquid sunshine and chow on his company's big CL-44 charter flight.

Rumor has it that only the boldest and strongest of Tiger hostesses were willing to sign on for the Mallorca flight. Fame of our junket to the Orient had spread among the ranks. That was the flight where the Happy Hour lasted from Los Angeles to Tokyo. It is said that the happy Tiger-CNAC crowd consumed enough bottled sunshine to make an interior amphibious landing.

Our hostesses seemed a little taken aback by our being such orderly charges. "Either everybody is two years older or somebody slipped a tranquilizer into the airvent," one of them commented.

A two-hour delay in take-off time put the Swingtail into Palma several hours late. After a refueling stop in the Azores, the crew Murray & Kellerman, bucked headwinds the rest of the way.



ON ARRIVAL at Palma Airport Steve Kustay and gang



INTREPID MATADORS. Roy Farrel and Dick Rossi tangle with El Toro.

TIGERS INVADE SPAIN - (cont'd.)

Prescott and the Mallorcan contingent awaiting the Tigers in Palma passed off the delay well enough for the first couple of hours, but when the big plane remained unreported, due to a slip-up in communications, they began to get really nervous.

"We kept betting drinks that the next plane landing would be the Tiger," one of them confessed later, "but when you guys didn't show, that got to be old stuff. Bob was burning up the 'phone lines to New York trying to find out what had happened to his buddies."

Spanish customs officials dispensed with entrance formalities in record time, and the arriving Tiger passengers were whisked away to their hotels, the magnificent Son Vida, tucked on a mountainside, and the Bahia Palace at the edge of the sea in the busy port of Palma.

Even before the welcoming cocktail party at the Son Vida, Ken Jernsted (one of the former Tiger Aces) and his brother had found their way into a bull fight where one of Spain's new boy wonders got flipped and gored.

If Jose Rosbert and Steve Kusak had planned the evening to welcome their guests, it couldn't have been more perfect. Twilight settled its blue mantilla on the shoulders of the hills. Far below, the lights of Palma flowered along the shore.

The Son Vida chefs had prepared some Spanish "entremesas"--goodies for nibbling with a Spanish touch: "calamares," which are deep-fried rings of squid, tasty little Spanish sausages, empenadas, which are filled meat patties.

Tommy Wong and his pretty wife who had come from Montreal to join the reunion flight were so taken with the squid they ate half a dozen before they realized they weren't onion-rings.

The liquor tray included a special treat for non-drinkers (who dey?) -- real, fresh orange juice.

Spanish life has its own mad tempo. You should leap out of bed by eight, run like mad all morning to take advantage of the shops being open, and be prepared for the iron

shutters of the city to clang shut promptly at one, when everybody goes home for dinner and a siesta. And then go like hell all night.

Tigers and CNAC'ers found the light continental breakfast was the rule, if they didn't insist on the bacon and eggs circuit. The Spaniards have a café con leche (a little coffee syrup in a giant mug of hot milk) with a couple of rolls and fruit to tide them over until their huge meal at 2:00 in the afternoon.

Spanish coffee, the first few trips through, has the kick of a mad bull. It is a wild black brew that holds its own shape when the cup is removed.

Fortunately, Spanish coffee comes last in the meal, after the stomach is well-lined with about ten courses. The magnificent fare at the Son Vida, the Bahia Palace and other of Palmas excellent restaurants, generally begin with entremesas--tidbits of olives nuts, seafood, followed by a good soup, a salad, a selection of one of Spain's wonderful fish (who was brave enough to try squid in its own ink?) and then a meat course, with vegetables, rice or potatoes, and for those stalwarts who still are in the running, the poste, usually fruit and cheese, or a "flan"--Spanish custard with burnt sugar syrup.

Everybody who had been on the Orient junket had to agree, however; that no place they ever had been in the world yet has matched the ice cream of Taiwan.

But then, on the other hand, the Chinese don't "gambei" (spelling?) in great old Spanish brandies at five cents a copita, either. We wager that if Len Kimball had dropped a fifth of Carlos Quinto brandy on his way through customs instead of that wild Chinese brew in the blue bottle, everybody would have been down on his knees to help clean up.

Dick Rossi, who was making his first visit to his house on Mallorca in many months, discovered that it had been recently broken into. Fortunately, the damage was superficial. Dick is one of the partners in the Son Vida enterprise.

The Son Vida is an old summer palace, magnificently augmented in the regal Spanish manner. The terraces, the gracious halls, the magnificent collections of Spanish pistols and sabres, conserve the feeling of gracious royalty.



SIESTA TIME. Christie and Red Hanks snooze enroute



GARBLED GARMENT BAGS. Piles of baggage awaits sorting on arrival.

TIGERS INVADE SPAIN- (cont'd.)

The Tigers had their chance to "torrear" in a little ring near the Son Vida, after a demonstration by the professionals.

The bull may have been little and inexperienced, but he was efficient. Steve Kusak wound up with a broken arm, which effectively eliminated him from the running golf tournament on the Son Vida Course.

Mallorca heats up well during the day, but the golfers hit the green regularly. The tournament cuppers this reunion were Steve Moss & Mrs. Evelyn Dillon.

Mallorca is a geologic and historic phenomenon. It has been the center of tourist activity before the Phoenicians and the Greeks were plying Mediterranean waters. Their ruins, together with those of the Romans, still are being unearthed. The Moors, of course, held Mallorca long enough to consider it their personal paradise. Many of their palaces yet stand and the story goes that when King Jaime landed on the island, many of them buried their wealth in the eight-foot thick walls, where it lies today, waiting to be discovered by zealous treasure-hunters.

Pirates also used the island for their base of operation. The millions of caves on the island, where their loot may lie hidden, lie waiting to be explored.

Tigers spent their afternoons sight seeing, visiting some of the old Mallorcan towns where inhabitants are likely not to speak even Spanish, but their own ancient dialect, Mallorquin, the magnificent caves of Drach, with their speleological lake, and the village monastery of Valldemosa, where George Sand watched over the creative genius of Chopin.

The Tigers barely had time to spend the long, lazy afternoons pursuing that favorite Spanish sport, girl watching, in a comfortable seat in a street cafe.

After the magnificent farewell banquet at the Son Vida on Saturday, July 30, everybody took off in all directions. A number of CNAC and Tigers had organized their own tours

through Europe. Several families rented cars and did the Mainland and Portugal.

The gathering point for departure, the Hotel Palace in Madrid, was a madhouse scene on take-off day. It appeared that everybody in the crowd had acquired at least one Spanish sword, and for awhile it looked as if we might all come out strung together like shishkebob.

Somehow, however, all our tons of luggage were stowed in the belly of the CL-44--including old and NEW guitars). It speaks well for the cargo planes that when the Tiger touched down in Shannon for refueling, there was yet room to accommodate another couple of tons of duty-free merchandise from the Irish.

The plane took on gasoline, the TIGER-CNAC crew tanked up on Irish coffee at the bar, and their wives and daughters rushed around buying Irish woolens, fine china and duty-free perfumes.

The airline strike was in progress when we hit New York. There was a lot of wild manipulating to get fathers and heads of families back to their jobs by Monday morning.

The trip was so great, however, that the group agreed a foreign junket should be the rule of the road every other year. Next year, Ojai, and then on to . . . well like Mallorca?



Folz, Kusak, Benito and Mrs. Folz



HAPPY TERRA FIRMA. Joe Poshijko, Ed Rector, and Mrs. and Mrs. Ken Jernstedt happy to arrive at Palma.

Thank You

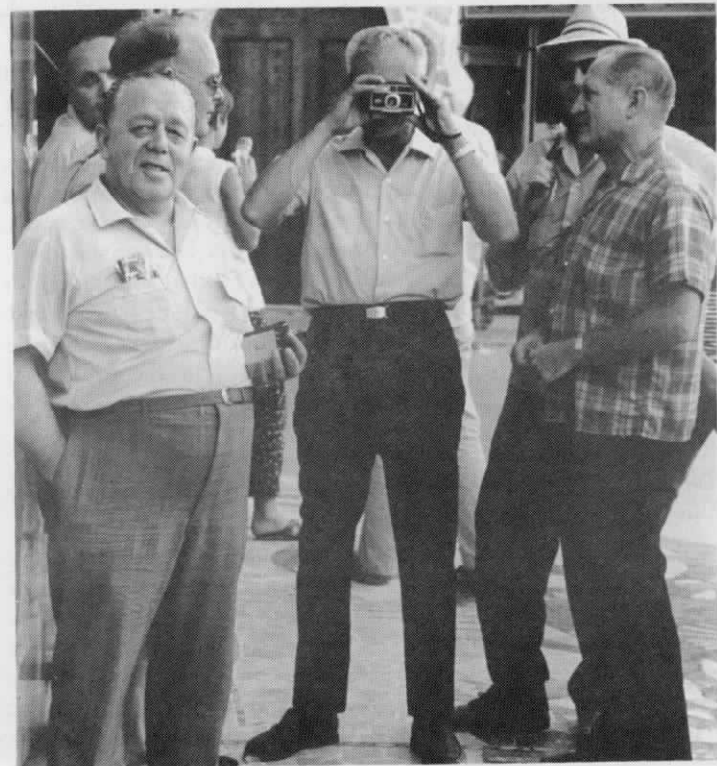


HERE'S TO EVERYBODY Joining in a toast are: Glen Carroll, Jim Dalby, Jules Watson, Robbie Roberts, Bill MacDonald and Gerry Costello.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank Steve Kusak and Joe Rosbert for all the work they did in Palma, making this last outing such a success. Olé This also includes Mrs. Kusak and Mrs. Rosbert.

We would like also to acknowledge and thank them, along with Son Vica, for the cocktail parties which they hosted. Muchas gracias.

Along with most of the "regulars," we dragged a few first timers out from under the rocks. "Doc" Laube attended his first reunion, as did Charlie Uban. Charlie attended with a vengeance. He and Emma Jo brought their five off-springs, nosing out "Moose" Moss for the largest family at the party. "Moose" ran a close second with six of his family. Big Jim Regis Also was a "first timer," as was Jim Dalby "Chuck" Older had eight of the Older clan in his party Felix Smith showed up from Taipeh . . . Roy Farrell represented Texas . . . Tommy and Maggie Wong checked in for Canada . . . Duke Hedman copped the sartorial award with his tiger skin dinner jacket . . . Young Steve Moss captured the men's golf tournament, and Evelyn Dillon won the ladies cup . . . The Uban children entertained the gang on the plane, and also at Palma. Quite a musical group!



SAY CHEESE. Taking a photo break are: Bob Rengo, Felix Smith, Pappy Quinn, De De Salvatore, Jim Dalby and Dick Rossi.



Rossi (or Billy Graham?) Announcement at Los Termes



COMMENT CA VA. Madame et Monsieur Tommy Wong de Montreal.

PLAN FOR Ojai '67

Now is the time to start planning for the joint AVG/CNAC reunion for 1967. It will be held at the Ojai Valley Inn, starting on Wednesday July 5th, and continuing thru to Sunday morning. This time we are organizing a four day clambake to help celebrate the 25th anniversary of the disbanding of the AVG.

Since the reunion will be starting on the fifth of July, it is anticipated that most of the gang will be in Los Angeles for the Fourth. So we will plan something for the group in Los Angeles on that day.

We expect this to be our biggest turnout so far so start making your plans now. Information regarding reservations, hotel and motel space in Los Angeles, etc., will be forthcoming in a later bulletin. At this time it is only necessary to make sure you have your time off in July of 1967



Folz, Kusak, Benito and Mrs. Folz

May we have your address?

As is usual each year we get a large amount of mail returned due to incorrect addresses, moving, no forwarding address left, etc. We are now trying to get the mailing lists of both the AVG and CNAC groups up to date. Also, we want the ZIP code so it will be necessary for everyone to drop a card containing the correct current address of each and every member, complete with ZIP code. You might add the telephone number, complete with area code for file purposes if you wish.

A small percentage of the group is lost each year from the mailing list, so if you know the address of anyone not now getting the mailings, please forward them along.

Send all the address information to:

Dick Rossi

10633 Kinnard Ave., Apt. 18

Los Angeles, California 90024

Please do it this year!!!



Reunion Review

By Dick Rossi

After a certain amount of schedule juggling we finally took off from Newark Airport on Saturday, June 25th, and arrived at Palma de Mallorca on Sunday morning, after a brief stop at Santa Maria on the Azores.

This time, FTL was prepared for us, and we could not out-drink them. We landed with booze to spare. In all fairness to our group, though, we were without the services of our three star expert imbibers, Rex Hill, R. T. Smith, and Bob Prescott, and that makes a big difference.

Speaking of experts, Rossi set up a "Marriage Counselor Service" enroute.

We were met at Palma by Kusak, Rosbert and Prescott and their wives. The usual baggage and hotel mix-up was made more interesting by the language difficulties encountered. The natives did not understand "Ding hao."

After everyone had their rooms and baggage straightened out, by which time Lil Rosbert and Deirdre Sullivan were nervous wrecks, Son Vida Hotel hosted a cocktail party for the gang. This was a very pleasant affair and all those who had arrived from different directions and on other means of transportation showed up.

On Monday, while the men golfed, slept or drank, the women went shopping to see who could spend the most money. This continued for the remainder of the tour.

During the afternoon, a few drinks were passed around, an exhibition of fancy horseback riding was staged at the Son Vida minibull ring. Then the young bull was brought into the arena. After our professional rider made a few passes, the



DISTINGUISHED VISITOR. Lynda Bird Johnson visited group on fourth of July. She is escorted by Tommy Bestard, consular representative.

ring was turned over to the gang and guests. As more of the group made a few passes, the bull got smarter and smarter. When the bull finally got smarter than the people, a few of the older members of the group, bouyed up by a little booze went in to try their luck. It was billed as a "bloodless" bull fight. However, that only guaranteed the bull. Kusak ended up with his arm in a sling and Farrell and Rossi were nursing a few scratches and bruises.

The group also made a tour to the Caves of Drach on the east coast of Mallorca. It is an outstanding set of caves. There was a concert on the lake, deep inside the cave, a boat ride across the lake to leave, and back to town.

Steve and Marta Kusak hosted a cocktail party at their beautiful home overlooking the hotel. A very nice evening and slightly alcoholic. They had a full moon ordered for the occasion.

One of the most outstanding affairs of the stay in Mallorca was the dinner at the Fincas de Las Termas. This old estate has been restored to its ancient way of life, and stages a barbeque, Mallorquin style. It was more of a barbeque than the one put on at Son Vida. Any resemblance between that one, and a good old western barbeque was purely accidental. Must have been master-minded by a Republican.

Anyway, the evening at Las Termas was a swinger. Wine punch (Sangria) flowed freely, as guests cooked hors d'oeuvres over charcoal fires in the court yard. Wine also flowed freely all during the meal, entertainment and dance afterwards. A good measure of how freely the wine flowed was the "hung-over" group that showed up - and some that didn't show up - for the boat ride the next day.

Over one hundred of the "faithful" made the nautical scene, the morning after. We had a very pleasant cruise and snooze, around the southwest coast of the island. After a stop for lunch, the boat headed back for Palma but anchored in one of the bays to let the more athletically inclined take a swim. There was quite an exhibition of diving from the upper decks.

As if the gals couldn't find enough places to spend their money, they staged a fashion show at the Son Vida Hotel. The snappy models kept the men pretty interested in the proceedings.

Lil and Joe Rosbert hosted a cocktail party at their large home, next door to Kusaks. It takes quite a supply of booze to get this gang warmed up, but the Rosberts succeeded.

On Saturday night a farewell dinner was held on the terrace at the Son Vida. It was a fitting end to the Palma visit. By Sunday afternoon just about everybody had taken off for points all over Europe and the Mediterranean.

During the week in Palma a couple of U. S. Navy carriers were in port. Admiral Cobb invited the group to visit the USS United States, as his guests.

About the time the main part of the gang was checking out of the Son Vida on Sunday, Linda Bird Johnson checked in. It was part of her tour of Spain. On Monday, July Fourth, she stopped in at Marco's, a Mexican restaurant in Palma, run by Joe Rosbert and Mark Stevens. Marco's had survived a few nights of patronization by our gang the week before.

After all their touring around, the gang began assembling in Madrid for the trip home, on Friday, the 15th.

John Murray, the pilot who took us over, was apparently still in the FTL doghouse, as he was sent over to bring us back also.

On the return trip Rossi was able to give advice on bull-fighting and marriage counseling. A rather tired group arrived at New York in the midst of an airline strike, and walked home.





Jack Folz and Photographer



Oliver Glen and Charley Uban



STOP FOR REFRESHMENTS AT SANTA MARIA, ON WAY OVER.



Bill Bartling and Bill MacDonald



Snyder, Kusak, De Salvatore, Uban and Son and Daughter



Eileen Costello, Pappy Quinn, Jerry Costello



Bob Prescott - in rare form.

List of Attendees - Spain, 1966

AVG/CNAC

Bill & Cynthia Bartling & Family
Duke Hedman
Mary Anne Hedman
Bob Hedman
Mrs. Andrew Hedman
Jane Austin Moss
Margaret A. Moss
Merry Lynne Moss
Richard L. Moss
Robert Charles Moss
Steven Moss
Bob & Ann Marie Prescott & In-Laws
Lewis Jones Richards, M.D.
Joe & Lil Rosbert & Family
Dick Rossi
Lydia Rossi

AVG

George Turner Burgard
Helen Mary Burgard
Ray Travis Burgard
Donna L. Rae Cameron
Dorothy A. Clouthier
Lee Paul Clouthier
Phyllis L. Dolan
Walter J. Dolan
Thelma D. Fox
Phillip J. Gallagher
Robert Gallagher, M. D.
Robin Victoria Gallagher
Sibyl S. Gallagher
Daphne Hanks
Emma Jane Hanks
Don E. Jernstedt
Genevieve W. Jernstedt
Katherine A. Jernstedt
Kenneth A. Jernstedt
Anna Kustay
Stephen Kustay
Barbara Ella Older
Catherine D. Older
Catherine Ellen Older
Charles H. Older
Charles S. Older
Nancy Lorraine Older
Robert T. Older
Victoria D. Older
Lottie May Paull
Joe Poshefko
Mary Poshefko
Ed Rector
James E. Regis
Eleanor E. Regis
R. T. & Ronnie Smith
Joan Pamela Uebele
John James Uebele
Pamela Ann Uebele
Eloise E. Whitwer

CNAC

Ione Carr
Peer C. Carr
Philip Carr
Glen Howard Carroll
Shirley Smith Carroll
Jerry & Eileen Costello
Carl William Cummins, Jr.
Elizabeth Ruth Cummins
Ina Jane Dalby
James Morrison Dalby
Alan de Salvatore
Denise de Salvatore
Olga T. de Salvatore
Vincent de Salvatore
Roy Farrell
Jacob S. Fassett
Mary K. Fassett
John C. Folz
Susan K. Folz
Forrest Lamont Glenn
Oliver Steele Glenn
Rosemary Maud Glenn
Fletcher Hanks
Steve & Marta Kusak & Family
Lavon D. Laube
Paul J. Laube, M.D.
Sara Louise Laube
Mary Lee Maher
Patrice Leise Maher
William J. Maher
Virginia L. Maher
Margaret Spain McDonald
William Clifford McDonald
Joe & Isabela Michiels & Family
Walter Ritchie Quinn
Laura Rengo
Linda Rengo
Robert E. Rengo
Leon F. Roberts, Jr.
Lucille Roberts
Tom Lee Roberts
Craig Sherwood
Robert B. Sherwood
Jerry Shrawder
Angela Shrawder
Maria Shrawder
Felix Smith
Shirlee Hope Snyder
Wayne Powell Snyder
Carol Leavelle Stem
Leon Thayer Stem III
Chi-Pei Tung
Sophie C. Tung

CNAC (Cont'd)

Charles John Uban
Charles John Uban, III
Emma Jo Uban
Jolynn Mildred Uban
Mark Victor Uban
Mary Ann Uban
Stephen Alan Uban
Charles Laube Van Cleave
Lucille M. Van Cleave
Jules Marcus Watson
Jules Henry Watson
Marjorie Bell Watson
Tommy Wong
Margaret Wong

GUESTS

Barbara Autry
Pauline Breer
Nadine N. Cherry
Elsie H. Cunningham
Evelyn Rossi Dillon
Laurie Fish
Herbert Flatau
Gregory E. Friedkin
Kirby Gangel
Willis Van Alstyne Hause
Denise Hofman
Andre A. Hofmann
Mary Jenkins
Ralph Jura
Rita D. Jura
Dorothy Kieras
Walter Kieras
Dorothy Leinhart
Clara Thelma Ludlow
Margaret Merkel
Margaret Morgan
Emily Louise Moser
Meredith Paul Moser
Addison Julius Parry
Vera Natalie Parry
Carroll A. Potter
Mabel M. Shrewsbury
Phyllis J. Smith
Deirdre Sullivan
La Vina Pearl Steward
Joy Fidelis Taggart
Kathy Thompson
Mary Florence Veir
Russell Wade
Alice R. Waldron
Russell R. Waldron
Harold Walton
John Walton
E. V. Warren, M. D.
Jane Warren
Barbara Zucker



Dinner at Los Termes