



The Tiger Rag



1977 REUNION REPORT
OJAI, CALIFORNIA — JUNE 30th - JULY 4th

1977 AVG-CNAC Reunion

The reunion was extended an extra day this year, due to the Fourth of July falling on Monday—hence an extra cocktail party!

A good part of the group was assembled and ready for the customary Thursday night steak-fry. The cocktail party was compliments of the Boeing Commercial Airline Company, with Mr. and Mrs. Carl Munson hosting.

Emma Jane and Doc Rich are still the top couple in the square dancing department. The dancing continued till the wee hours.

Doc Rich got his gun again. This was the second reunion Doc brought his cannon to the party. It sure gets their attention. Talk about a big bang!

The golf tournament started after breakfast on Friday. The CNAC business meeting was held at 10:00 a.m. After lunch, movies of China and aviation historical events were shown in the lounge.

The Friday cocktail party, hosted by Mr. Jack Bohuslaw, with an assist from Bob and Pat Nowak, was courtesy of Pratt & Whitney. We were favored with fine weather, and the Ojai lawn was the pleasant setting for the party.

The feature of the CNAC banquet was the address by Dr. Arthur Young. Dr. Young was involved in the early history of both CNAC and the AVG. A surprise attendee was "Indian Jim" Moore, with two of his children. Wish we had taped his stories of Laos. Dancing, and visiting continued in the bar.

The final round of the golf tournament got underway Saturday morning. Incidentally, the growing number of tennis buffs insist on a tennis tournament at the next reunion. So if you're interested, bring your racquet.

The AVG business meeting was held after lunch Saturday. It was voted to hold the 1979 reunion at Ojai. Japanese fighter pilot Mr. Inoue spoke at the meeting. Meantime, some more movies were shown in the lounge.

Bob and Anne Marie Prescott hosted the Flying Tiger Line cocktail party, which was highlighted by Miss Nicole Martel, as Miss Flying Tiger and Doc Rich's cannon. Among guests were Jimmy and Jo Doolittle, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Cooper, trophy recipient, Chuck Yeager, General Y. T. Loh, CAF, two Japanese pilots, Mr. Inoue and Mr. Aoki, who served in China, visiting from Japan. Mr. Inoue served in the Hayabusa (Falcon) Air Force in China and Indo-China from 1939 to 1945, without home leave.

With the help of R. T. Smith and Tex Hill, we made it through the AVG banquet. Gen. Y. T. Loh presented War Memorial Medals to those who had not received them at the last reunion. Golf trophies were doled out by Chuck Older.

Nissen Davis made a presentation to Bob Prescott in behalf of the Wings Club, which Bob was unable to accept in person in New York. Prescott was named an Honorary Life Member of the Wings Club of New York at a luncheon last summer, the 56th recipient so

honored since the establishment of the club 35 years ago. He joined a celebrated group including such famed men of the aviation field as Jimmy Doolittle, Hank Arnold, Roscoe Turner, Clarence Chamberlain, W. A. Patterson, Eddie Rickenbacker, C. R. Smith, Carl Spaatz, Juan Trippe and Hoyt Vandenberg.

The Flying Tiger Pilot award was presented to Chuck Yeager, first man to break the sound barrier, by President Tex Hill with an assist from Miss Flying Tiger.

In appreciation of his long and loyal service to the group, Don Rodewald received a set of silver goblets, engraved with AVG insignia, with the best wishes of all his AVG buddies. He says he'll fill one for anyone who stops by to visit him.

The Japanese fighter pilots made some presentations to their new friends in the AVG association.

The gang followed the banquet with a trek to the bar and dance floor, and carried on the tall stories till there was no audience left.

Sunday was a little more relaxed. Local residents Hank and Janie McKinney had some of the gang over to their house for brunch. More movies were shown in the lounge after lunch.

The evening cocktail party, with the compliments of Johnson and Higgins, was hosted by Mr. and Mrs. Doug Strauss. By now we were wearing out the lawn around the outside bar.

The farewell dinner was buffet style, and we did not have to listen to any speeches. From there, into the bar till closing time. The last night's visiting and storytelling was ending, and we missed Ricketts' stories.

Monday morning, the last of the survivors wandered in for breakfast, bloodshot eyes and all. With their minds and bodies revived enough by the nourishment, they were able to face the next task of getting their bill. Ouch! A few could not face it, so stayed an extra day.

By the time the bus departed for Los Angeles, most of the gang had left, with plans to do it all again in a couple of years. Where were Bus and Jean Loane?

"Pappy" Paxton writes, "Thanks a million for the 'Group' letters with the 'jillion' signatures remembering old 'Pappy' at the Ojai reunion. It's a most welcome and warm feeling to know that so many of my 'buddies' were thinking about me. It struck a warm note in my heart. How I would have loved being with you all!" We would have liked that, too, Pappy!

We should think how lucky we are to be able to make these meetings.

Our sincere gratitude and appreciation to our cocktail party sponsors.

HUGH L. WOODS

Capt. Hugh L. Woods left Pan American to come to CNAC. He was one of the pioneers of commercial aviation in China. Woodie flew the exploratory trip for The Hump route, and directed the CNAC Hump operations during World War II.

'Last-man' organizations generate a closeness and camaraderie that does not exist in groups that are perpetuated by admitting new members as time goes on. In the AVG-CNAC only alumni who were actually employed and served in the Far East prior to the expiration of the AVG contract in July 1942 or the dissolution of CNAC in 1950 can be regarded as fully qualified members. Time is taking its toll and before long it will follow the Lafayette Escadrille and Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders into the history book and survive only as a memory.

This eventuality was, of course, never openly discussed at the recent July reunion in Ojai, California, but the thought must have been in the back of the minds of those attending the meeting, particularly when they reviewed the list of those who had passed on since the last get-together. This somber attitude was nowhere evident. Far from it!

The days were filled with reminiscing and chitchat plus a retelling of time-worn stories that were just as entertaining on repetition as they were when first told. If there were any grudges or personality clashes in bygone days, they were completely forgotten and buried. A gala atmosphere prevailed. Time passed so quickly that it was impossible to spend as much time with former close friends as one would like.

The feeling of 'belonging' was obviously shared by the wives and family members. Also, it would be impossible to find a more attractive, intelligent and cosmopolitan group elsewhere, and their pleasure at just being present was most evident.

A stranger upon being introduced to the crowd would be hard pressed to visualize the naive adventure-seeking youngsters as they were when they first arrived in the Orient. The polish, sophistication and business success they have achieved is proof that they were a select group from the very beginning. Their youthful optimism for the most part subordinated any fears of the hazards involved.

The Ojai Valley Inn is without doubt a most ideal spot for such a gathering. A competent and courteous hotel staff plus other amenities made our visit there most pleasant.

Those responsible for the detail work and planning in arranging this reunion must be congratulated. Persistent notices, letters and phone calls shook many out of their lethargy and caused them to attend, and they had no regrets for having made the effort. All of us will look forward to helping make each succeeding meeting bigger and better than the one before.

Bob and Ruthie King
Link and Farrell Laughlin
Bob and Ann Marie Prescott
Dr. Lewis J. Richard
Joe and Lil Rosbert with Mr. and Mrs. Joe Rosbert, Jr.
Dick and Lydia Rossi & Tony
Eric and Ilsa Shilling with Ricky and Ingrid

AVG

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Baisden
Twisty and Roz Bent
Mr. and Mrs. George Brice
George and Helen Burgard and sons
Keith and Marge Christensen
Paul and Dorothy Clouthier
Jesse and Bernadine Crookshanks and daughter Carol
Walt Dolan
Louise Frillman
Paul Greene
Mrs. Emma Jane "Red" Hanks
Tex and Maizie Hill
Bud and Janice Hubler with sons Duane and Robin
Ed Janski
Bus and Metha Keeton
Steve and Ann Kustay
Bob and Marian Layher
Bob Layher, Jr.
Pak and Ying Lee
Bob and LeeAnne Lindstedt with son Rick
Bob and Gwyn Locke
Gale and Ruth McAllister
Willard and Julia Musgrove
Bob and Jo Neal
Chuck and Kitty Older
Preston and Lottie Paul
Paul J. Perry
Joe and Mary Poshefko
Red and Millie Probst
R. L. Richardson
Don Rodewald with Donna, Judy, Linda and Don
Bill and Eleanor Schaper
Bob M. Smith
Bob "Tadpole" Smith
Ed and Edith Stiles
Mr. and Mrs. Irv. Stolet
Tom Trumble
John and Pam Uebele
Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Vaux
Inez Wagner
Mr. and Mrs. Don Whelpley
John Williams
Harvey Wirta
Harold Wylie

CNAC

Jack Burke
Carey and Cynthia Bowles
Glen and Shirley Carroll
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Chang
Moon and Priscilla Chen
Gerry Costello

AVG/CNAC

Bill Bartling
Carl and Ann Brown with daughters Julia, Jessica and Jennifer
Cliff Groh
Duke and Mary Ann Hedman

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Dalby
 Roy and Marge Farrell
 Jack and Sue Folz
 Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Glenn
 Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Hardin
 Red Holmes
 Bob and Nancy Jenkins
 Mike Kan
 Mr. and Mrs. Art Kidder
 Mr. and Mrs. Art Kininworth
 Bill and Peggy McDonald
 Ralph and Lisa Mitchell with Mark and Robert
 "Indian Jim" Moore with Mei Ling and Robert
 Potty and Mary Margaret Pottschmidt
 Bob and Marge Rengo
 Bill and Orine Richardson
 Robbie Roberts
 Rocky and Esther Roncaglione
 Gerry and Angela Shrawder
 Felix Smith
 Oakley and Pat Smith
 Lela Soldinski
 Dick and Jean Strafford
 Dick and Betty Stuelke
 Mr. and Mrs. Andy Tung
 Chas. and Emma Jo Uban
 Jules and Peggy Watson with Frank and Bob
 Jeff and Peggy Weiner
 Woodie and Maj Woods
 Arthur N. Young

AVG/CNAC Guests

Mr. Katsuhiko Abe (interpreter)
 Mr. Renzi Aoki (Japanese pilot)
 Don Berlin
 Jack Bohuslaw
 Sandy Brown
 Don and Donna Caster and son Chris
 Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Cooper
 Judge Cochran
 Bob and Martha Conrath
 Nissen and Susan Davis
 Mr. and Mrs. Stu Dew
 Jimmy and Jo Doolittle
 Colleen Ferguson
 Mark Green
 Mike Gurley
 Bill Hauser
 Frank Haven
 Minister Hu
 Masaaki Inoue
 Walt and Chris Irwin
 Mr. and Mrs. Jankoff
 Len Kimball
 Bob and Peggy Lee
 Pat and Terri Lee with Alexandria, Denise and Teddy
 Gen. Y. T. Loh
 Hank and Janie McKinney
 Miss Nicole Martel
 Carl and Cacy Munson
 Bob and Pat Nowak
 John and Mary Olson
 Jim Osborne

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Price
 Mr. and Mrs. Phil Rengo
 Sharon Rodriguez
 Mr. and Mrs. Clark Roberts
 Bert Schwab and Derrick
 Miss Sue Shrewsbury
 Phil and Sylvia Smith
 Miss Mary Smith
 Mr. and Mrs. Doug Strauss
 Mrs. Lola Styles
 Mr. and Mrs. Don Sykes
 Mrs. Julie Szeto
 Mrs. L. K. Taylor
 Mrs. Opal Williams
 Kim Yarborough
 Mr. and Mrs. Chuck Yeager



Raucy Reunion Rundown

Well, another Ojai orgy is now history, and I believe it's safe to say that a good time was had by all. The weather was perfect, and there was an exceptionally good turnout of the troops.

This year's clambake followed the pattern established over past such occasions. Like the bus arriving late from L.A., registration and getting reacquainted on Thursday p.m., and the traditional steak-fry just down the hill that evening. The Boeing company's cocktail party was a smashing success, and then we all stuffed down them there good ol' steaks and beans and stuff. Following dinner, a number of otherwise normal folk engaged in that ancient fertility-rite known as the Square Dance. This form of exercise is aptly named, as demonstrated by Doc Rich and Emma Jane "Red" Foster Petach Hanks (which may sound like a new Rock group but is actually just one person). A couple hours and several broken toes later most of the survivors managed to scramble back up the hill and carried on in the Inn's bar and lounge until closing time. By this hour, all thoughts of fertility had long since vanished.

Friday morning was hangover time. Late breakfast, golf and swimming and tennis later. Some of the wives visited beautiful downtown Ojai, shopping at such exclusive boutiques as J. C. Penney, the Akron, and Pep Boys. This latter place, it was reported, was something of a disappointment to many of the ladies when they discovered it was merely an auto supply store. Like who the hell needs another rear-view mirror, eh girls?

CNAC's dinner party on Friday night was its usual fun kind of affair, preceded by a cocktail party sponsored by Pratt & Whitney. And again, after the dinner, many adjourned to the bar-lounge area for dancing and the usual screaming conversation with old friends.

Saturday was a lot like Friday—more hangovers, late breakfast, golf, etc. The AVG business meeting was held in the afternoon, and was rather typical; nothing of consequence took place, except that Bob Prescott was elected president of the group for the forthcoming term. The AVG dinner followed the cocktail party Saturday evening—this one hosted by the Flying Tiger Line and the Prescotts. It should be pointed out that Bob's election as President earlier in the day had no connection with his sponsoring the cocktail party!

As for the dinner itself, those in charge of planning the affair had drafted me to act as M.C. in place of Prescott. I was told that he had a sore throat and found it hard to talk, hard as that is for us to imagine. Anyway, I want it understood I didn't volunteer; asking someone else to fill in for the old Master is sort of like substituting Preston Paull for Burt Reynolds at a nudist convention. Not hardly possible.

Our featured speaker of the evening, and recipient of the Flying Tiger Award/Trophy, was B/Gen Chuck Yeager, USAF. I can't think of a more deserving guy, a great fighter-pilot, test pilot, and an outstanding individual in every way. His speech was both interesting and brief, which further endeared him to all those present.

Among the notable guests in addition to Yeager: Peggy Chennault Lee and Bob; Nicole Martel, our lovely Miss Flying Tiger; Don Berlin, designer of the Pee-forty; Col. Walt Irwin, former FT Award winner; Frank Haven, managing editor of the L.A. Times; and everybody's great favorite, Gen. Jimmy Doolittle and wife Jo. Missing from the head table this year were Anna Chennault and Tom Corcoran. I never did hear how come they couldn't make it, though someone offered the theory that maybe Anna and the King of Siam had a previous engagement.

General Loh of the Chinese Air Force was with us and presented medals to a number of our group who had not previously received them. Chuck Older presented the golf trophies and prizes by the dozen; seemed like anybody who finished 18 holes won something or other. We finally got around to giving Rode a little presento in acknowledgement of his long and faithful service. And finally, this occasion saw Bob Prescott receive the coveted Wings Award, details of which will no doubt be supplied elsewhere.

Once the dinner party broke up, guess what? Right! Another big Saturday night hoedown at the old Bar and lounge. Space does not permit mentioning more than a few of the outstanding personalities (?) who were there, but they included: both P.J.'s, Greene with a lovely new hairpiece, and Perry still badly in need of one; Felix Smith, who says it's all finished with the Eskimo girl; Link Laughlin, as obnoxious in person as via the mails after twenty years; Mary Ann Hedman, who got mad at me for the third night in a row for some obscure reason; and . . . well, you get the idea.

I had to leave after a late breakfast on Sunday, but later heard that things continued on at a merry pace until finally breaking up on Monday, the 4th of July. I might've stayed on for another day except by then I'd had it with old Len Kimball. As a roommate, he leaves a lot to be desired! Anyway, it was fun—see you in '79, same time, same place!

RTS



Then & Now With the AVG Ojai Vignettes

A 35-year-old pea-forty habit got together in Ojai in July. The sincere pride in a Flying Tiger membership couldn't be limited to handshakes and backslapping. It had to include bear hugging and the squeezing of vivacious wives. The wives complained cheerfully about uncoupled ribs and ravaged make-up. A biennial hazard. The conversation was enthusiastic 100 decibel, punctuated by frequent obscene guffaws and an occasional low key sophisticated snigger. Sentiment and mutual appreciation soaked the area like a Burma monsoon.

As always, the retrospect went all the way back to '41 and '42 when the Flying Tiger foundation got laid—along with some other things—in Toungoo, Rangoon and Kunming. The hilarious and affectionate '77 meeting was as contagious as the excitement experienced 35 plus years ago during the function of a MISSION.

Back then the P-40s were snarling in a pre-dawn warm-up and the suppressed chatter was a light-hearted cover-up in the cold sweat of anticipation. The seat belts and shoulder harness were snugged in and the seat adjusted for the longies and the shorties. "What goddam physical freak has been bleeping with m' bleeping harness?"

The impatience was universal. "Let's get the bleeping mission going!" The takeoff was the usual twisting and wrestling in prop blasts for the tail end Charlies, and the formation accumulated in the normal loose clump misnomered a formation. The blue air identified the perfectionists aggravated with the slow pokes, but nothing came on the air on account of RADIO SILENCE. Very infrequently an unidentified broadcaster would mumble, ". . . n Goddamit 47, quit dragging your ass!" As soon as the border into "enemy" territory was crossed the Allison's started running like they were shelling corn. They ran like that all the way and until we got back over the line when they started running like a Singer electric.

Nobody mentioned those moments at the reunion. Those reminiscences were reserved for private confession. 'Cept for the TV interview. The moderator asked, "How'd you feel on your first engagement?" And Tex Hill responded for everybody, "Scared!"

The first, second, third and fourth cocktail parties were standard. The sessions were as happy and noisy as a chicken pen at feeding time. "R. T." Smith's obscene cackle identified the origin of defamation and slander. "P. J." Greene's jubilant guffaw meant he'd just punctured somebody's hot air balloon. "Tex" Hill stalked around like a proud rancher assessing his breeding stock. Told everybody he was "sure proud and happy they were there." His June telephone bill will look like the military budget. Called everybody on the roster and told them they were expected.

"Bob" Prescott checked in with a reserved table, Ann Marie and a private cocktail waitress—and his basting bulb. Miss Flying Tiger '77 said he hadn't

changed any. Meaning what? He is still the innovative wise-ass with the story topping one liners that make the braggers cautious.

Old "Duke" Hedman never gets old. The glad hand chuckle says you're an old buddy from China days, ". . . and le's not say anything personal about those days in Rangoon and Kunming and Calcutta, hey? Heh - heh . . ." Well, why? Well, there's Mary Ann, looking vivacious and curvy as a scenic railway in the Catskills like she was when she was frustrating the troops in the singing business.

And "Doc" Richards! That hilarious cackle in the middle of a story is as infectious as gonorrhoea in a commune. He denied he was a frustrated artilleryman—just carried that cannon around for some of his potential malpractice threats. Also denied he was taking ballet lessons. Admitted most of his practice is in the field of social disorders—just like back in the old days. Said he invented the tongue depressor.

Lydia Rossi: "Have you seen Tony? The management offered him a job as lifeguard. W-e-l-l, he doesn't have his Red Cross certificate yet. I don't think he should." She walks off. "TONY!" A rhapsody in pure wiggle.

Judge "Chuck" Older: ". . . sure I sleep on the bench. It's a positive clue to attorneys of my opinion on their argument . . ."

"Bus" Keeton: ". . . and so I hollered at George (Burgard), 'let's get t'hell out of here. There's a hot air balloon gaining on us back there . . .'"

Jim Cross: Wearing a sports shirt that looked like a pre-Christmas slaughter in a poultry yard. "Whadd'ya mean, cheap? This is a Kline's basement special!"

"Dick" Rossi: ". . . and I made a deal with this guy to take care of the avocado grove. He could have the little house and all the avocados he could eat. He didn't tell me he had a wife and six kids. Oh, well, the avocado market turned out rotten anyhow . . . Oh, say! You seen Tony? Lydia said something about a lifeguard job. I got his Red Cross certificate here . . ."

Like past reunions the membership looked back on the China contract with ill-concealed pleasure. It involved 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 the community bar. There, in subdued hilarity, were reviewed the Salween River shoot-out (Tom Haywood got a '39 Buick), The Mengtze intercept, Cliff Groh's crash landing on Hu Chen Wong's mid-river rice paddy and Freeman Ricketts' unrewarded B-25 conquest.

All of these unique characters contributed to the formation of an organization that lives on generation after generation unequalled in accomplishment and unrivalled in propoganda. The pride of membership was as obvious as ticks on an old coon-dog. It was an affectionate family reunion. It was a time, if anybody grabbed the opportunity, to ask favors and pat fan-nies. It was a good time to borrow money.

By Link Laughlin

Tokyo, July 20, 1977

Dear Mr. Robert M. Smith

Thank you very much for your inviting us to your party at Ojai.

I wondered many times if I was dreaming. But it was in reality that I could see you who had been the formidable rivals to us 25 Hayabusa Forces and never make us sleep well some thirty years ago. And I was much impressed with the firm union and the sweet symphony of you. I thought you fully justify your fame as the famous Air Forces which had once boasted its tradition and being strong.

We were very much delighted and moved that you and other members shook hands with us very warmly and said, "We are glad that you have come to our party. We are not hostile you now and hope you will forget the past, too and improve our friendship more and more."

I was also very happy and appreciate your kindness to be given a chance by you that I could tell our message to admire your wonderful way of fighting in those days and to pray for those who unfortunately passed away in the war.

I hope those two buddies' club in both America and Japan which fought in the same battle field would be good friends forever.

I would like to say my thank you very much for your warm understanding and kind help.

Through your kindness I could have a precious experience which any one who had once been in Japanese Air Force had never had during the three days at Ojai.

We are going to have a party which is to be held once a year in October in 1978. We will give you our invitation next year. We are looking forward to seeing some of you at that time.

Let me say thank you again.

Hoping your happiness and being in good health!

Yours sincerely,
Masaaki Inoue

Message from Pres. Carter

WU WUD079 DLY GOVT WHITE HOUSE DC
JUNE 30

PMS DAVID LEE (TEX) HILL, PRESIDENT
THE FLYING TIGERS
REURLET, THE PRESIDENT THANKS YOU FOR
INVITING HIM TO ATTEND 25TH REUNION OF
THE FLYING TIGERS.

COMMITMENTS IN THE WASHINGTON AREA
OVER THE JULY 4TH WEEK-END WILL
PRECLUDE THE PRESIDENT JOINING YOU.
HOWEVER, HE WANTS YOU TO KNOW HE
SENDS HIS BEST WISHES AND WARM PER-
SONAL REGARDS TO ALL OF YOU WHO HAVE
GATHERED ON THIS SPECIAL OCCASION.

FRAN VOORDE, DIRECTOR OF SCHEDULING.

Tokyo, July 18, 1977

Mr. Robert W. Prescott
The Flying Tiger Line, Inc.
7401 World Way West
Los Angeles International Airport
Los Angeles, California 90009
U. S. A.

Dear Mr. Robert W. Prescott,

In Tokyo, I am remembering that excitement and deep emotion when I saw you and shook hands with you. To me it was the moment just like a dream. And just one year had passed since I wrote to you first. How eagerly I had been awaiting the day when I could see you really! I thought how happy I was to come all the way from Japan. I felt you so dear that I often thought as if you had been my good friend for many years. I will never forget the impression all my life.

Thank you very much for inviting us to the party at Ojai this time. And thank you very very much for the words from you and Mr. Hill and other members that we will forget the past and will build our future on our friendship. We were deeply impressed again with that warm sympathetic words.

To me the life of the three days with you who had once been the braves of the air was a very delightful and precious one which any one who had been in Japanese Air Force would perhaps never experienced.

I am going to tell to the members of our club what I saw and heard at Ojai. All the members will thank you very much for your very kind friendship.

I am awfully anxious about your health. Please take good care of yourself and I hope you will be in good health again very much sooner.

I put a picture in this envelope. This picture is a treasure of my family and will be cherished forever in my album. Let me say thank you again for you and all the members of your club.

Please remember me to Mrs. Prescott.

Yours sincerely,
Masaaki Inoue

P.S. I have just heard from Mukaidani in Onomichi City who is also one of our members that he got a letter from you. I will tell you that he was very much delighted.



Elections — AVG

Robert W. Prescott was elected president of the AVG Group, replacing David L. Hill, with the other officers being re-elected.

Elections — CNAC

The CNAC Association elected the following officers:

Jules Watson — President
Joe Michiels — Vice President
Felix Smith — Vice President
R. S. "Red" Holmes — Secretary
Robert Rengo — Treasurer

plus the election of a new Historical Committee, with Jim Dalby as Chairman and three additional members, Reg Farrar, Joe Rosbert and Felix Smith.

Museum Note

The following from John Williams:

Dear Dick:

In the event you should have room to put a blurb in the Tiger Rag about those who would like to put something in the AVG Flying Tiger Archives relating to their story, pictures or what ever. Would you please mention that in order to be presented it must have name, date, place or occasion, same with artifacts or memorabilia.

I hope to wind up the fifteen volume story of the Tigers this year so dust off those boxes and footlockers in the garage or attic and put on view for some 600,000 viewers annually who pass through the Aero-Space Museum in San Diego, or, perhaps some higher education chap who will browse thru the archives and get material for his or her thesis as a Ph.D.

Enclosed is my card showing address. Any thing mailed please mark attention AVG-Flying Tiger Historian.

As ever,

John

(Ed. Note: Here is the address — John M. Williams, San Diego Aero-Space Museum, 1649 El Prado, Balboa Park, San Diego, CA 92101.)



Marlin Raymond Hubler

We regret to have to report the loss of one of our reunion regulars, Bud Hubler. Bud had a heart attack at the dance following the CNAC banquet on Friday night, July 1. Despite efforts by Dr. Richards and Chris Irwin (wife of former Trophy recipient, Walt Irwin) and the intensive care unit at The Ojai Hospital, Bud could not be revived.

Our deepest sympathy to Janice and the family, Duane and Robin.

A large AVG contingent attended services for Bud at the Todd Memorial Chapel in Pomona, California on July 5.

Freeman I. Ricketts

We wish to express our heartfelt sympathy to the Ricketts family on the death of their husband and father, Freeman Ricketts on August 31st. We will miss "Rick" and his storytelling at our reunions.

Rick fought a long, valiant battle with cancer, which was unable to repress his spirit and sense of humor as long as he had a breath of life, altho' he experienced much suffering from this terrible disease.

Dear AVGers,

Want to express my deep gratitude and grateful appreciation to the Flying Tiger Family. Words cannot express my feelings having you all so near. It meant so very much to the children and me.

He left us just the way he wanted to—without any suffering or pain. It is some consolation; however small it is to me now.

It's still very hard for me to believe that he's really gone, but as each day passes I realize it more and more. It's very hard for me to understand why he was taken so young—only 57 years of age. It was somehow in God's plan. I have some deep soul searching to do to find the answer as to why.

Everyone was so very kind offering their heartfelt sympathy and deep compassion for the children and me.

The flowers the AVG sent to his service were so very beautiful. We received so many beautiful cards, letters, flowers and monetary donations.

Wish to thank each and every one of you for being the special people you are. I am so very proud to be a small part of it.

A special thanks to "Doc" Richards for being with Bud till the time of his passing. I know everything possible was done.

Hopefully in two years I will feel I can join you.

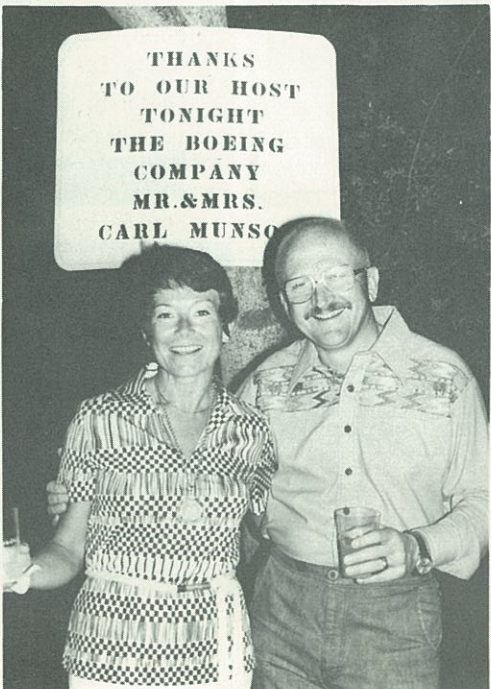
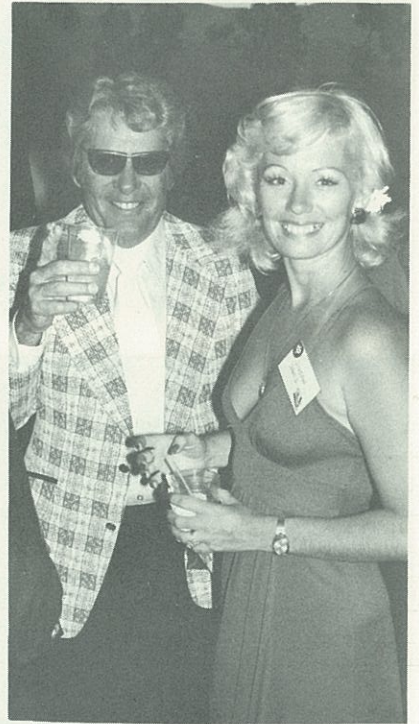
Much love and affection,
Janice E. Hubler and children



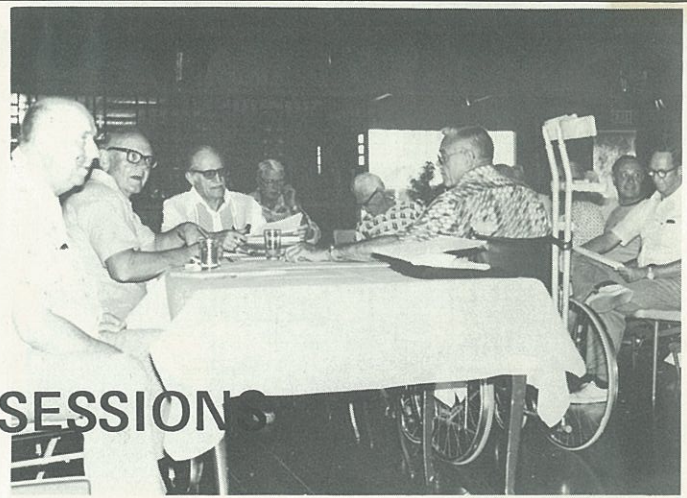
Agnes Rossi



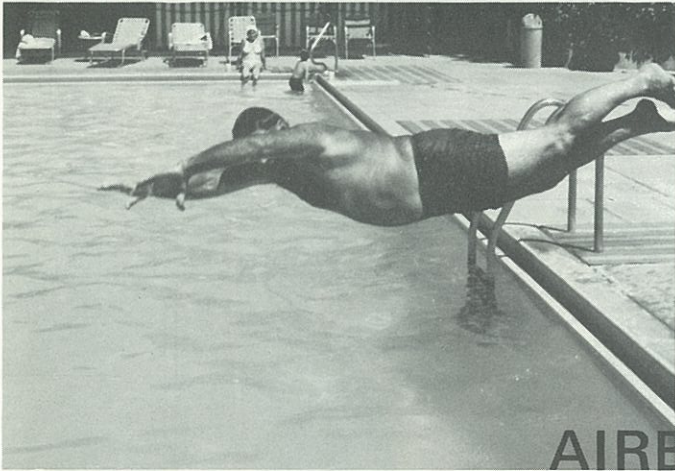
OJAI '77!



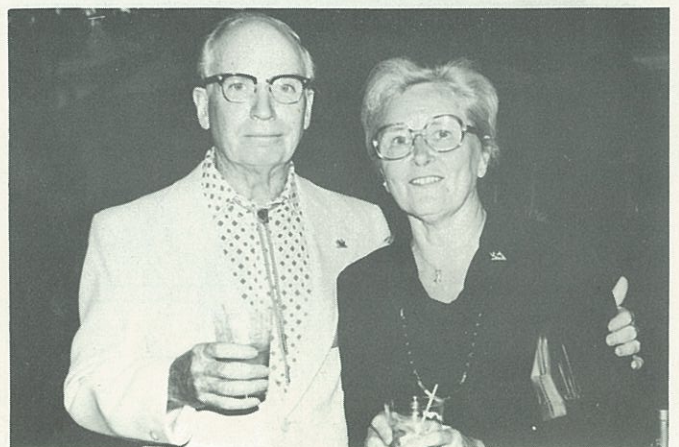
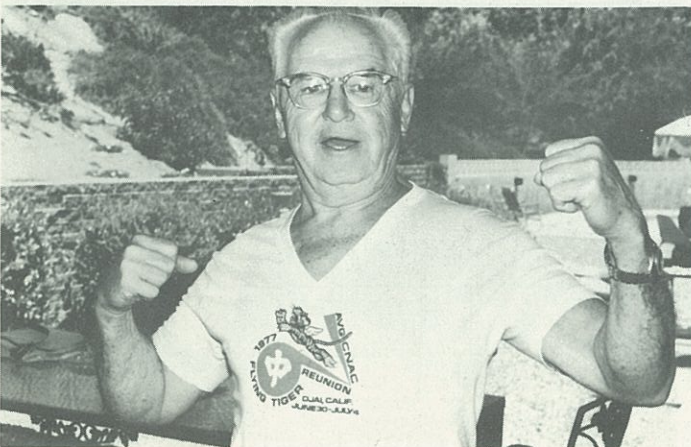


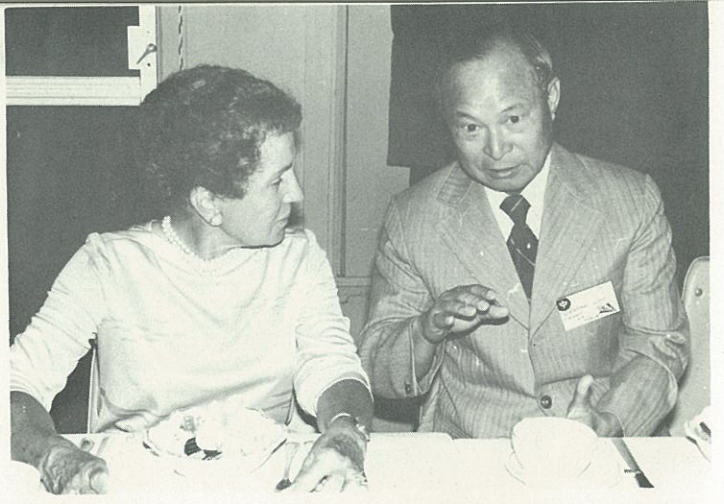


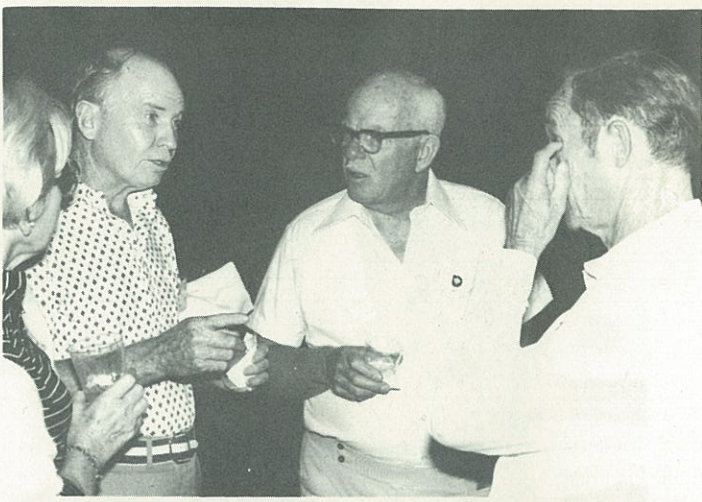
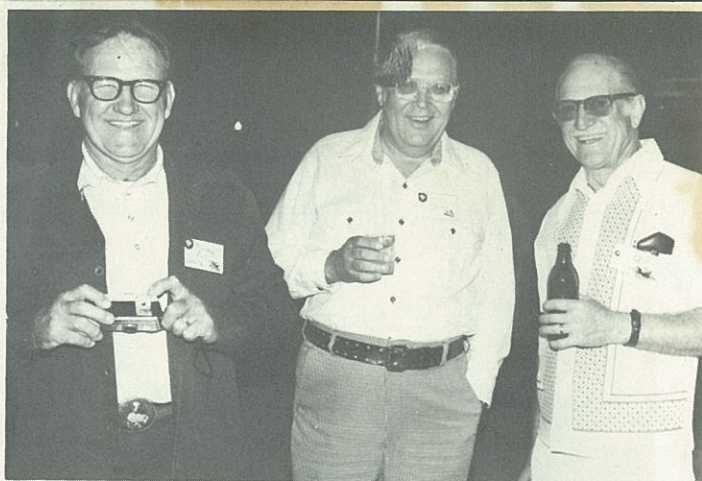
BUSINESS SESSIONS



AIRBORNE









Anna Rossi



