Flying Tiger 25th ANNIVERSARY REUNION

AMERICAN VOLUNTEER GROUP • CHINA NATIONAL AVIATION CORPORATION

OJAI VALLEY INN • OJAI, CALIFORNIA • JULY 5-6-7-8, 1967
General Claire Lee Chennault as he looked in China in 1941 when the American Volunteer Group began its historic defense of the Burma Road. This was one of the "ID" pictures which was required of each member of the group.
FLYING TIGERS
(AMERICAN VOLUNTEER GROUP • CHINESE AIR FORCE) INCORPORATED

PLEASE DIRECT ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO
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A brief history of the original Flying Tigers

(American Volunteer Group — Chinese Air Force)

It is the summer of 1967 and 25 years have passed since General Claire Lee Chennault and his band of 252 men and women—pilots, ground crews and staff—passed into history in war-torn China.

Behind, they left an imperishable record, which many authorities have called a conquest without parallel in the annals of air battles.

In seven months of combat, this group of 87 pilots, with a fleet of 100 airplanes, shot down, by official count, 299 enemy aircraft, destroyed another known 240 planes, and scored a total estimated kill of upwards of a thousand aircraft, many of which could not be confirmed officially or by estimate, but which pilots felt reasonably certain disappeared in the mountains or sea or were caught in strafing raids.

Their own losses totaled four pilots lost in combat, 11 more in strafing or bombing actions, 45 airplanes in combat through accidents, and 45 more by accidents, bombing or capture by enemy ground forces.

How the Flying Tigers came into being is a story as unusual as what happened to them between their first battle in December, 1941, and their disbandment in July, 1942.

In the mid-30's, an Army captain, Claire Lee Chennault, had retired from a pioneer military flying career and had written a book about his concept of aerobatics. The text came to the attention of the Chinese, then engaged in a hit-and-run war with Japan. The beleaguered Chinese asked Chennault to help them develop an air force, and in 1937, he went to China.

Four years later, with war spreading over the globe and the Chinese situation critical, Chennault was empowered by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek to seek a core of American airmen to help train the Chinese. President Roosevelt consented to allow members of the American Armed Forces to volunteer for duty with Chennault. A total of 252 men—87 pilots and 165 ground personnel—signed up for a year's service. Recruited from Army, Navy and Marine Air Corps ranks, they were shipped to Burma, where 100 P-40 fighters were sidetracked from other military assignments for their use.

Formed into three squadrons—Adam and Eve, Panda Bears and Hell's Angels—they had experienced hardly three months of training as fighting units before the annus horribilis. Japanese hit them at Christmastide of 1941 over Rangoon.

The fact that they not only survived the Japanese assault but repulsed the enemy with heavy losses electrified the Allied side of the war, which had been repeatedly defeated by the Axis powers. The American victory was once more, as at Lexington some 165 years earlier, a shot that was heard around the world, and the Tigers flew on through the Burma skies to an everlasting place in American history.

Often out-numbered as much as eight to one and fighting under primitive conditions with shortages of both food and supplies, their planes held together by the determination and resourcefulness of ground crews, this handful of less than one hundred pilots checked the Japanese invasion of China.

Chennault, recapping later the story of his group of rough and ready fighting men whose military informality recalled the stories of early American Indian fighting days, said that while the A.V.G. was blooded over China, it was their aerial exploits above Rangoon between Christmas and New Year's Eve of 1941 which put the stamp of history upon them. In the first nine days of initial combat with the enemy, the Tigers shot down officially 75 planes with a loss of only six of their own, and only two pilots.

In all the history of aerial combat, there never had been such a total air victory as this one.

History records the tributes of the war leaders—Roosevelt, who hailed their exploits as one of the great records of war—Churchill, who called the Tigers' repulse of the enemy a feat comparable to that gained in the Battle of Britain—and Chiang Kai-shek, who saluted their deeds "as one of the great military feats free men have accomplished for the cause of righteousness,"
While the Tigers flew in the skies above Burma and China fighting the aerial advances of the Japanese, another band of men were undertaking as heroic and often even a more dangerous assignment than their compatriot fighter pilots.

Little attention was paid to their accomplishments for instead of fighting the enemy in the skies, theirs was the job to see that Chennault's fighter forces got the supplies they needed to fly and fight—ammunition, fuel and food.

Members of "CNAC," they were pilots for China National Aviation Corp. Many who flew with General Chennault during the A.V.G. days later stayed on in China to fly with CNAC.

Actually, CNAC came into being long before the Tigers reached Rangoon. Set up by Pan American World Airways to fly commercially in China, it had been in operation for several years before the start of World War II in 1939.

When the World War spread to China, CNAC began flying supplies and personnel to areas which had been isolated from land connections by the enemy. In fact, many Tigers and their supplies were flown to Chennault bases during the days of the AVG in 1941-42. Eventually, CNAC became the main source of supply for the AVG, flying into Burma and China from India.

It was during this time, early in 1942, that CNAC pioneered the establishment of the world-famed "Hump" route over the Himalayas from India to China—the last link in the world's longest military supply line.

Originally, CNAC was a small core of experienced transport pilots. To their ranks were added many Tiger pilots as well as adventure-seeking commercial pilots, some of whom had never flown anything bigger than a Cub. Most of them had never been at the controls of multi-engine equipment or done any instrument flying. But these were the men who manned CNAC's small fleet of C-47's, later reinforced with C-46's, and became China's prime contact with the outside world.

For many months, these Hump pilots, now flying night and day over the world's roughest and highest terrain in all kinds of weather, fair and foul, provided almost the entire airlift for all the U.S. forces in China.

With little or no radio aids—under constant harassment by enemy fighters and flying unarmed over inadequately charted areas on daily flight schedules in which 16 to 20 hours of work was routine, they poured on ever-increasing trickle of supplies into starving China.

It was an operation as rough as the country and many CNAC crews and their planes are still out on the Hump, a never-to-be-forgotten monument to the sacrifice that built a supply route which eventually made its all-important contribution to V-Day.

A trip and a half a day over the 500-mile Hump route was common. There were many CNAC pilots who came out of the war with 500-trip records over the Hump and some with trip totals as high as 700.

These were the men—CNAC—who plugged the dike until the great might of United States manpower and supplies could be massed to stem the enemy tide.
1967 Award Winner

Major General Charles R. Bond, Jr.

Major General Charles R. Bond, Jr., newly appointed commander of the 12th U.S. Air Force, Waco, Tex., is the second member of the American Volunteer Group to be selected for the Flying Tiger Pilot Award. The first was his wartime commander, the late Lt. Gen. Claire Lee Chennault.

General Bond’s 35-year career comprises one of the great records of both World War II and the post-war period. He was one of the top aces of the A.V.G., with a nine-plane record. Just prior to his new assignment as 12th Air Force Commander, he was deputy commander of the Seventh Air Force/Thirteenth Air Force in Thailand, with the responsibility for directing both numbered air forces for units stationed throughout Thailand in resistance to Communist aggression.

Born April 22, 1915, in Dallas, Tex., he began his military career with the Texas National Guard when he was 17 years old and three years later, he began active duty with the 15th Field Artillery at Ft. Sam Houston, Tex. He subsequently won an opportunity for training under the Aviation Cadet program in 1938 and was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Army Air Corps at Randolph Field, Texas, in 1939. In 1941, he joined the A.V.G. under General Chennault. Upon disbandment of the A.V.G., he became commander of the 81st Fighter Squadron. At the war’s end, he was named Assistant Deputy Chief of Staff, Operations, 2nd Air Force, Colorado.

Subsequently, he graduated from Texas A & M with a degree in management engineering, entered the Air War College at Maxwell AFB, Alabama, held such assignments as Chief, Current Operations Division, Headquarters Air Defense Command, Mitchell AFB, N.Y., Chief, Air Defense Plans Branch at Mitchel, Director, Air Defense, Northeast Air Command in Newfoundland, Assistant Deputy Chief of Staff, Operations, Continental Air Defense, Commander of the 25th Air Defense, McChord AFB, Washington, Commander 28th Air Division, Hamilton AFB, California, Deputy Commander, Headquarters Fifth Allied Tactical Air Force (SHAPE) In Italy, and Vice Commander, Headquarters Ninth Air Force, Shaw AFB, California.

His decorations include the Legion of Merit with one oak leaf cluster, Distinguished Flying Cross (British), Commendation Medals, American Defense Service Medal, Asiatic-Pacific Campaign Medal with one bronze service star, American Campaign Medal, European-African-Middle Eastern Campaign Medal with one bronze service star, World War II Victory Medal, National Defense Service Medal, AF Longevity Service Award with one silver oak leaf cluster, Order of the Southern Cross (Brazilian), Fifth Order of the Cloud Banner (Chinese) and Seven Star Wing Medal (Chinese).

PREVIOUS TROPHY WINNERS

1952 – Capt. Russell J. Brown
First American pilot to down a MIG – Korea

1954 – William B. Bridgeman
Pioneer pilot on the X3

1956 – George F. Smith
First pilot to survive supersonic bailout

1957 – A. M. “Tex” Johnston
First pilot to fly the 707

1958 – Lt. General Claire Lee Chennault

1959 – Maj. Walter W. Irwin
World speed record in F-104 – 1404 MPH

First pilot to qualify as an astronaut in an airplane – X-15

1964 – Col. Lee, Chinese Air Force
For distinguished classified mission

Pilots of the YF-12A to new world speed and altitude records
1967 Program

WEDNESDAY, JULY 5TH

10:00 A.M.
TRANSPORT LEAVES
LOS ANGELES FOR OJAI

12:00 NOON
BUFFET LUNCHEON

AFTERNOON
ON YOUR OWN AT BAR,
POOL, GOLF COURSE OR
TEennis COURTS

6:30 P.M.
HAYRIDE TO TIGER GLEN

7:00 P.M.
COCKTAIL PARTY

8:00 P.M.
OUTDOOR WESTERN STEAK FRY
Informal - Blue Jeans - Western Dress - Casual

THURSDAY, JULY 6TH

MORNING
BREAKFAST AT
YOUR CONVENIENCE

11:00 A.M.
CNAC BUSINESS MEETING

12 - 2:30 P.M.
BUFFET LUNCHEON

AFTERNOON
FREE

6:30 P.M.
COCKTAIL PARTY

8:00 P.M.
DINNER
(Chicken or Lamb)
FOLLOWED BY
AVG & CNAC FILMS

FRIDAY, JULY 7TH

MORNING
BREAKFAST, IF YOU CAN MAKE IT

11:00 A.M.
AVG BUSINESS MEETING

12 - 2:30 P.M.
BUFFET LUNCHEON

AFTERNOON
USE OF OJAI FACILITIES AND BAR

6:30 P.M.
COCKTAIL PARTY

8:00 P.M.
CNAC DINNER
(Roast Beef or Lobster)

SATURDAY, JULY 8TH

MORNING
BREAKFAST, AGAIN
FOLLOWED BY LUNCH

DURING THE DAY
Golf TOURNAMENT

6:30 P.M.
COCKTAIL PARTY

8:00 P.M.
AVG DINNER
TROPHY PRESENTATION
Thomas G. Corcoran, Speaker

PLEASE REGISTER AS SOON AS POSSIBLE AFTER ARRIVAL
Mr. Dick Rossi, Pres.
Flying Tigers
7401 World Way West
Los Angeles, Calif. 90009

Dear Mr. Rossi:

Thank you so much for the considerate invitation to be with your Flying Tigers group in July.

I am very sorry I can't accept, but at that time I will be in Georgia making "The Green Berets".

I would certainly enjoy being a part of your reunion. Please express my regrets to all.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

John Wayne

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Mr. Dick Rossi
President
Flying Tigers
International Airport
Los Angeles, California 90009

Dear Mr. Rossi:

Many thanks for your good letter of April 5, 1967.

It is with sincere regret that I must decline your gracious invitation to your banquet to be held on July 3, 1967. Unfortunately a previous commitment will necessarily preclude my attendance.

My disappointment in not being able to be with you is heightened by my long standing admiration for the Flying Tigers. The place this American Volunteer Group occupies in history is beyond unique. Before does a select organization like yours have such an opportunity to change the tide of history. I feel the heroism and accomplishments of this American Volunteer Group is one of our most treasured and I want to take this opportunity to salute the Flying Tigers.

With every good wish,

[Signature]

George Murphy
FLYING TIGERS
American Volunteer Group
Chinese Air Force
Ojai Valley Inn
Ojai, California

Gentlemen...

For a good many years
you have been kind enough to treat me
as a sort of honorary member of your
distinguished group and I am, indeed,
grateful.

I used to hear the troops
refer to the China side as the forgotten
theatre, but I am convinced by now that,
due largely to the interest of Genl.
Chennault and all of you people, the
effort of the AVG will stand up along-
side any of the loudly heralded actions
in Europe or anywhere else.

The twenty years are
nothing...You people will always be
Springtime to me...

Milton Caniff

360 East 72nd Street
New York, N. Y. 10021

United States Senate
COMMITTEE ON APPROPRIATIONS
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20510

June 1, 1967

Mr. Nick Ross:
President, Flying Tigers
Stony Shifting Sands Trail
Palm Springs, California

Dear Mr. Ross:

Among the essays of notable deeds
vital to ultimate victory in World War II,
the dastardless feats of the Flying Tigers
are indelibly recorded in history.

The brilliant achievements of this
intrepid group are a testimonial to perse-
verance, courage, and readiness to sacrifice
for ideals and a cause which americans
eternally hold most precious. The contribu-
tions during dark hours when aggressor forces
threatened liberties never can be forgotten.

On the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of
the dissolution of those colorful and courageous
volunteers, those who cherish freedom and in-
dependence acknowledge ever-lasting gratitude
for these selfless Americans whose memorable
role was so effective in assuring continued
utility of the Burma Road and in realizing a
heartless foe.

With good wishes to the remaining
members, I am,

Sincerely,

THOMAS H. KENNEDY
United States Senator
"We should always examine the optimums and forget about feasibility. It will compromise us soon enough. Let’s look at what might be and be invigorated by it."
WANTED
These persons are dangerous!

INTREPID HEROES

Capt. Abdul Mohammed: "Let me at them!"

Capt. Moss: "It was nothing, absolutely nothing!"

Identify the owner and win the grand prize

HIGHLY DANGEROUS!

Honest to God, I didn't do it!

I seen 'em coming, General, so I let 'em have it!

Even More Dangerous!

Where da hell are dem Japs?

Anyone for a ride?
Auld Lang Syne

The 25th anniversary reunion is officially recorded in two publications this year, this anniversary program and the supplementary booklet telling of the history of the A.V.G. as recorded from General Chennault, together with the memorable pictures of some of the days in China.

But it would not be complete, if it could be complete at all, without some recollections of reunion days, which in the past were recorded pictorially. Because we have an ample supply of pictures in these two issues, we'll limit the reunion word piece to these odds and bits of mementos.

We tried to get R. T. Smith to do this because the piece he did in one of the bulletins one year was hilarious but getting R. T. down to a writing job is tougher than downsing some of those Oriental food delicacies.

The first reunion was, as you all recall, in 1952 in Hollywood and was done up in style. Several made the can, which was par for the course, the Old Man rode around in an Oriental arm chair and none who heard it will ever forget his wonderfully poignant recollections of the Saturday night banquet of his days in China with "you fellows."

Nor can you forget his remark when asked about the next reunion:

"You tell me when it is and where and I'll be there."

He never missed one as long as he lived—and it wasn't long enough.

Nor can the bystander forget that scene at the Hollywood Athletic Club when the call went out for pictures of squadron groups—how the Old Man sat in the center of each group and how the squadron members climbed over one another to get in the shot. It was the only time during the whole raucous evening that there was a semblance of quiet and order. Chennault had a wonderfully magnetic effect on a bunch of guys upon whom nothing short of a drink, a laugh or a fight had much if any effect.

And since we started by speaking of R. T. and his reluctant approach to writing, maybe because he felt he couldn't control it, there was the Sunday morning at Ojai when he burst into the breakfast room about 11 a.m., golf hat askew, after a very long evening, and awakened not only the dining room but most of the hill residents with a resounding blast:

"Hello-o-o-o-o Wiley Post!!"

Up to that moment, we didn't know the A.V.G. went back that far.

And none will forget another incident in the Tokyo airport immigration room, when, enroute to Taipei, R. T. lost the Indian wrestling championship to a Jap bartender. The thing about the A.V.G. is that, if beaten, they know where to look for somebody who could bail them out. This time, it was "Rode" Rodewald. When "Rode" wheeled up to the bar at R. T.'s plea to save face, put up his arm and put that bartender's arm down, there was no more greatly surprised Jap in all Japan and most of the A.V.G., who had been doing a pretty good bar job up to then, promptly celebrated beyond all reason in behalf of the Indian Wrestling Champion of the Far East, and maybe all elsewhere so far as we know. There is no record that "Rode" has ever been defeated.

Appropos that trip, none will forget the unknown author of that order to the stewardesses shortly after take-off from Los Angeles. The stewardesses, with the wheels hardly off the ground, sweetly announced to 158 A.V.G./C.N.A.C.'ers that they had bourbon, vodka, gin and Scotch aboard and were all ready to take orders. A voice boomed out:

"Miss, I'll take a little bit of each."

And each one must have because, on a flight that had to go all the way to Taipei, a new reserve of liquor had to be hauled aboard at the passenger pickup stop at San Francisco, only an hour after take-off from Los Angeles.

There was the occasion another time at Ojai when Jayne Mansfield was Miss Flying Tiger and Chennault, before all the boys lined up in formation, was destined to pin a Miss Flying Tiger ribbon across that magnificent expanse of bosom. Watching, Anna Chennault inquired:

"Daddy, do you need any help."

And Chennault, without missing a pin or a glance, calmly replied:

"No, Mamma, I know how to do this! . . . and proceeded to put the ribbon on upside down!"

There was the girl at Taipei who will never know how close she came to being knocked out of her incense parlor when she offered Doc Richards her banana—and you'll have to hunt up the Doc for the explanation. It's risky enough even to print this much.

Which is probably a pretty good place to stop both because of space and because too much memory may be a very dangerous thing.
Miss Flying Tiger—we hope!

This luscious, charming, aw—what the hell's the use of words!—young lady was to be and maybe we hope will be with us as Miss Flying Tiger, but a few days before program publication time, she had to leave for Mexico for a film assignment.

She hoped to be back in time to be at Ojai—and Lord, we hope she is! Anyway, she left us some pictures. We couldn't decide which to print, so here are all three. Oh, yes!—her name is Sabrina, which, as you can understand, we almost forgot.
Mr. Dick Rossi  
President  
Flying Tigers - American Volunteer Group -  
Chinese Air Force  
15633 Kimball Avenue Apt. 10  
Los Angeles, California 90024  

Dear Mr. Rossi:

President Johnson has asked that I reply to your recent letter requesting a personal message in connection with the 25th anniversary reunion of the American Volunteer Group, popularly known as the Flying Tigers.

The President is most appreciative of the fine expression of patriotism and support on the part of your organization. He has asked the Department of Defense to provide a message for this occasion and I am delighted to do so.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

Enclosure  
[Signature]

JUN 3 1967  

25th Anniversary Reunion, Flying Tigers  

On behalf of the President and speaking for the Department of Defense, I am pleased to extend our sincere gratitude to the American Volunteer Group, known as the Flying Tigers, for your splendid contribution to the cause of freedom. Your patriotic efforts are deeply appreciated by the Department of Defense and by loyal Americans everywhere.

Please accept our sincere best wishes for a most enjoyable and memorable 25th anniversary reunion.

[Signature]

We are indebted to these companies for their generous interest in the 25th Anniversary Reunion:

- American Oil Co.
- Atlantic Richfield
- Boeing Co.
- Canadair Ltd.
- Cities Service
- Cole, Fischer, Rogow Inc.
- Continental Oil Co.
- Flying Tiger Line
- Forgie
- General Electric
- Humble Oil & Refining
- Lockheed-California
- Lockheed-Georgia
- McDonnell Douglas
- Pratt & Whitney Aircraft
- Shell Oil Co.
- Sinclair Refining
- Standard Oil of Ohio
Who the Hell Are These?
Who in the Hell Are These, Also?
Autographs
GOOD! THE APPARENTLY INNOCENT TRANSPORT WILL FERRY GASOLINE TO THE DRY LAKE BED WE KNOW TO BE HELD BY THE CHINESE...THAT'S THE HALF-WAY POINT...

THE SHORT-RANGE FIGHTERS WILL PROCEED TO THE LAKE BED AND REFUEL...THE TRANSPORT WILL THEN FLY NEAR THE SUSPECTED VILLAGE— AND THE FIGHTERS WILL CARRY OUT THEIR ASSIGNMENTS!

GOOD LUCK, GENTLEMEN....

LATER.... POST 12 REPORTING...ONE YANKEE TRANSPORT—NO ESCORT—LOW—MOVING WEST—200 MILES PER HOUR.

THE JAPS ARE ROLLING BACK THE BUILDINGS TO FORM THE RUNWAY...MUST BE A TRANSPORT COMING.... AND I THOUGHT OUR SHIPS MIGHT HAVE SPOTTED MY 'SOS' ON THE ROOF!

HERE THEY COME, GANG! LET EM HAVE IT!

OH, DADDY, I HOPE THE ROLES WE KNOCKED IN THIS CRATE DON'T CRUMPLE HER UP LIKE A TIRED MARATHON DANCER!

THE TRANSPORT CARRIES GUNS!—AND YANKEE FIGHTERS COME OUT OF THE SUN...BACK TO THE BASE! WE ARE TO ATTACK ONLY UNARMED AIRCRAFT!

THE STUPID YANKEES DID NOT ATTEMPT TO FOLLOW...WE WILL FIND EASIER GAME ANOTHER DAY!

BUT, FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION, THE REMAINING AMERICAN FIGHTERS MOVE TOWARD THE VILLAGE SUSPECTED OF CONCEALING THE JAP BASE....