Tiger Rag
February, 1974
AVG/CNAC REUNION
Ojai, California

Flying Tigers Annual Reunion
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 Rosci 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) Dodds, Lt. Gen. Szeto, Deputy Commander of the Chinese Air Force, Maj. Gen. Tszang, head of Intelligence of the Chinese Air Force, Koinin Shoh, representing Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek, Tommy Corcoran, Anna Chennault and Judy Wong as our Miss Flying Tiger.


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.
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, Tiger, the report of our world famous correspondent, the Hon. R. T. Smith, Bart, L.L.D., Ph.D., D.D.S., B.A. and B.S., graphically recounting the thrilling, exciting, blood-tighting, challenging, rau-
cous, 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 Vic-
toria Desert, Chengu, Allahabad, Fort Ver-
millon, Yakusk, and Kermanshah, report-
ing on exciting, blood-thrilling spectacles which are almost beyond description. He
concluded to join us again in 1973 with the expec-
tation of delivering one of his incom-
parable lectures on conditions as he finds them in the present world, plus a few com-
plimentsaries 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 prep-
aration and three days of lecture. We as-
sured 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 sub-
marine 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

Well, by God, the Geriatric Set did it again — spent another long week-end at the
Old Folks Home in the hills, with only minor casualties reported. And, the conce-
nus among old China Hands, AVG-CNAC
die-hard of past reunions, seemed to agree
that it was another beautiful bash, such pop-
ular contemporary expressions as "well"
"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 ain't? 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 ap-
ppear to enjoy having such a group of clean,
distinguished, righteous, upstanding citizens
disporting themselves on the hollowed
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 de-
cided to return in '75 and do 'er again, the
good Lord willing? Heck, no!
Extremely gratified once again for a special issue of our benighted Paper of Record did our good correspondent, the Hon. R. T. (Eldred) Smith of San Jose, ventures in accoutrement and literally recouthing the thrilling, god-fearing, challenging, rumbling, moving, breathtaking, electrifying, Ojai, Calif. Since we last heard of the 19 jumbo at San Smith has been roaming the absolutely unbelievable places of the world, including the Great Vic Chengtu, Allahabad, Fort Verisk, and Kermanshah, reporting thrilling, electrifying spectacles beyond description. He joins us again in 1973 with the delivery of one of his incomparable horrors and an interview with another of his uncommonly strong, more or less unique interviewees. We must congratulate our correspondent, the Hon. R. T. (Eldred) Smith, on his excellent reporting of the events at Ojai in 1972, and we are grateful to him for providing us with this insightful analysis of the Ojai event.

Now then, about that old-fashioned snafu on Thursday night which resulted in one of the minor casualties hereafter alluded to. I want to make it perfectly clear, to borrow a phrase from our esteemed President (not Rossi, you know), that the skin on my nose was not removed by a jealous husband in a fit of pique or a jealous husband at any of our little chambres, 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 ever learn?) to lead the way for that charming female guest of the Hedman's to the Jane in response to the inevitable demands of nature. (For the uninitiated, 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 unportant inasmuch as she did nothing to break my fall, and the result was a classic nose-dive into the hard ground. Luckily, this unscathed event did not happen on a well-used bridge, 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 some from my 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.

Hyperthyroidic Events
Friday found the hyper-thyroids on the tennis court, golf course, floundering around the pool, even a few astiride horses. Joe Posheko, prompted by Mary's left thumb, favored those at the pool with some of his famous Tzarzan yells; George Burgard, Billy McDonald, and many others lay about their handicaps on the first tee; Marine Hill went riding with Tex (O'Tex sure looks at home with a bride and saddle on him); and Doctor Lewis Richards, (beloved among male Senior Citizens of the Bay area for having perfected the technique for implanting golf gonads) was among the most decried of the tennis enthusiasts. It is unlikely that Doe 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 Goelagang, for that matter, even though she can beat Doe Rich. ("Red" can, I mean. Yvonne too, of course.) We can only suggest to Doe, "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 safe over the hump before the cocktail party was over, and a fine dinner was served. (Chateau-Brandi, 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.

Big Friday Night Shindig

PRESENTED TO
Chauncey H. "Dink" Laughlin
With Deepest Appreciation
For His Very Important Contributions To
ward 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
honour is accorded "Dink" by those members
sober enough to vote on the occasion of the
1973 reunion. Two such members to
qualify, 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 Tigrerag 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, such as N.Y., Chicago, L.A. or to Honolulu, it would probably be a week on Oahu, and another week on one of the other islands.

The costs run about $25.00 a couple in Guadalajara and $360.00 in Oahu. The transportation would be where you live.

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

So we would like to hear from each of 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 the whole trip or was not the place of your preference.

Please send all this info to:

home address, 1220 No. 5th street, bank, CA 91504.
During We Will Go...

One discussion at the AVG busi-
ness meeting, regarding an off year (no re-
turn trips to the States for the year), was to
decide to canvas the membership for possible trips of interest in such a trip.

Two suggestions were trips to Guada-
lajara or Honolulu.

Going to the tourist bureau, the num-
erous possibilities for sightseeing in June were discussed, and it was decided that going to Guadalajara was the most suitable destination.

Summer is very rainy there, and it is expected that the weather will be OK in Hawaii.

In the meantime, the various residences, it is difficult to go to Mexico by joint
transportation. Each person could come in on a separate flight and all be at the same
place by the end of the week.

For those interested in a trip to Guadalajara on the dates selected, or for a trip 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
people in 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. Would 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.
Paul's 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 Pauli, to name a few Pauls, could be seen in their finery. Greene's platform shoes were the envy of all the gals, 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 fistfights 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 1975, a pert and pretty 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 Poshefco, 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 ghettoes, which of course is the type humor you might expect from a native of Manhattan, Colo.
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 seemed 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 Hohman 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" Kelty 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 Uebeler, Marion Layher, the Betty's Haywood, Rodelwald, and Coors, and Gerda Haffagel, 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 leaving-taking, sad farewells, etc. Of course, liberal helpings of Bloody Mary's, Screwdrivers, and Tex Hill's Ribald stories helped to dispel the gloom for many of the latecomers 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 noon-time, 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 Massey-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 Alaskan now, and it is obvious that he has been in Fine Fettle. (Miss Fettie 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 Iglo, 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 Cormoran, 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 Majoreca 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" (Dick's pet nickname for me) and also agreed to grant him Alas, for far too many Senior Ladies' Refreshers Co had to be postponed once again of suitable facilities. This, of course, as quite a disappointment to not the least of which was the respondent, who was to have fairs. Marion Layher summed succinctly when she protested damn postponements continue pretty soon it'll be a case of too late". To which I concurred somewhat feebly, that it may already, but it'll never be gigged, so help me.

Ed "Squish Sales" Rector the first time in history, and seeing the old FTD who had that he was hung up on a mission in jolly old England us the facts, hey Ed?"
People

Charley Oldier 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 Calif 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 - Ronsi, Rode, Robbies Roberts, R. M. Smith, John Williams, Len Kimball, Dick Laughlin, and of course, Gerda Hufnagel, to name a few. Thanks to all of you! And God bless.

R. T.
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, Whatsume: 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 camarade 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 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
Gables, Fla.:

Dear Mr. Laughlin: Please forgive this formal opening, but I haven’t you in so long that your nick only escapes me. I seem to recall with “link”, but aloha that inappropriate, somehow I don’t. Could it possibly be Dink?

No doubt you are worse now, prompts me to write after such a time. Well, in going through unpaid Geisha House bills of 1969, I ran across a letter you wrote me in Tokyo in September ‘71, and must have arrived shortly after the Foreign Office had invited me to the U.S. and about the time California before the State I had one of my passports. (Incidentally, the trouble in Saigon which led to these stupid chauvinistic plans were highly exaggerated — that letter of yours was all I could in running across it today a while and one that I never answered it, which was a source of confusion. Am sending you a copy of your letter to refresh your typical snide and ludicrous now. It was not exactly conclusive to me on my part. Even now I will not try to dignify them by your mention of each of your remarks, to demand some comment in a fair play.

You accused me of being grim, then went on to say “Your
Mr. C. H. Laughlin, Box 1674, Coral Gables, Fla.;
Gobles, 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 “link,” but aloha that might be inappropriate, 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 story 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 drage (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 deluged (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 these 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-bit 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 “bureaucratic 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 ars 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 amounts reached the price of a drink as the hat was passed, some misconception of 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 sport fishermen 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
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. Yasshuh? Did it again, hey?  
4. You went to the AVG/CNAC reunion. And told the fellows the same tired old, pious, tedious, soporific old whoopers you did back in 1940. (Sque 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 extravaganzas — a flagrant delirio.  
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 vitupervatory 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 heteroegeneous ex-second lieutenants with wings could be told a dozen different ways.  

HOW DID YOU KNOW? BUGHTOA boat? To look for Atlantic, dive on sunken Spanish galleons and look for adventure only to find lots of work and longperiods of extreme boredom interspersed with moments of abort 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 Cochin's reef).  

Naturally.  
When you can't fly, you buy a boat.  
According to Rossi there is a possibility of a reunion in China — sometimes — in which case I wouldn't miss it.  
Where is my plaque for non-attendance?  
Sorry about those amulets.

Best to you,  
CHL.

RECTOR'S SUITE  
OVER 21 A GREATER SAGA  

LITTLE DID YOU KNOW...
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.

"Rod" 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 in 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 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, 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 Rod:

"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 Ann hub as we ran the registration desk at every reunion. I think the AVG days were perhaps some of the happiest and most stimulating days of his life. I'll always remember. Thank you all for your support and help. I don't wonder that Gil was so fond of all his Flying Tiger buddies."

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

Dear Mr. Laughlin:

I am in receipt of your rather illiterate reply to my recent communiqué. 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 "soporific, virtuivtive, and insenatse", to name a few. Look 'em up!

I must say that I appreciate your encouraging 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 Prentiss and Greene if they had any objections to my relating that rather sensitive story. They each replied "it's no skin off my nose", or words to that effect, which I thought was something of a understatement. As to "The Karish (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's-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 Posheko, and some of the other troops whose follies need stimulation. I can well imagine your stark terror upon being dipped 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 Feking if you will promise to go. The rest of us will be at Opa. 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 checkerboard 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 “Moone” Mos
Bob and Ann-Marie Prescott
Dick and Lydia Ronis
Eric and Ilie Shilling and Rickey and Inger
AVG
Twisty and Roz Bent
Charlie Bond
George Burgard
Mr. and Mrs. Leo 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
Sybil Gallagher
Emma Jane “Red” Hanks (See CNAC)
Tom and Betty Haywood
Tex and Maizie Hill
Ed Jamski
Ken and Jen Jersestodt
Al and Corky Kaclin
Bus and Metta Keeton
Tom and Mrs. Kelly
Steve and Ann Kastay
Bob and Marian Layher
“Durmie Bob” and Gracey Locke
Vance and Pauline Locke
Charlie Mott
Gillard and Julia Musgrove
Bob and Jo Neal
Chuck and Kitty Older
“G. L.” and Lottie Paull
Paul Perry and son Bill
Joe and Mary Posheko
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 Foltz
Ronnie Wei Gin
Joe Hall
Christy Hanks (See AVG)
H. J. and Anne Hardin
Don and Emily Hasig
Charles and Laura Histed
R. S. “Red” Holmes
Jim and Maggy Hurst
Art Kiniminth
Bill and Mary Lee Maher
Dave Majors
Bill and Peggy McDonald
Joe and Isabel Michielis
Marylou O’Hara
Al Oldenburg
Potty and Mary Margaret Potshmidt
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 Soldinsky
Dick Suellke
Andy and Sophie Ting
George and Lucille Van Cleve
John Vivian
Jules and Peggy Watson
Jeff and Peggy Weiner
GUESTS
Dr. and Mrs. Acotta
Pete and Helen Baxter
Bob and Diana Bent
Olga Bowes
Al Bretschler
Dr. and Cheric Chao
Ken and Man-Ming Chen
Bob and Martha Conrath
Tommy Cocoros
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 Maricich
Dr. Mortenson
Tony Paul
Gen. Sam and Mrs. Phillips
Pan Purvis
Nat Quinn
Sue Shrewsbury
Gen. Tom Stafford
Lt. Gen. Seeto
Starr and Magee Thompson
Maj. Gen. Tsang
Russ and Pinky Waldron
Capt. Wu

Mr. Dick Ronis
Flying Tigers Lane
7401 Waskiewicz Way
Los Angeles International
Los Angeles, California
U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Ronis:

I would like to express my gratitude for the hospitality extended to me during
my visit to the United States.

At the banquet, on his experiences and the move to the United States, I was
hope you will give me
My best wishes.

happiness.

p.s. Mr. Ronis

28 July 1973

Mr. Dick Rosni
Flying Tigers Line
168 Wardsway West
Los Angeles International Airport
Los Angeles, California 90068

U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Rosni:

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 AFA's 50th Anniversary Banquet. Through your thoughtful arrangements, my visit was really delightful. I was pleased to attend the banquet and enjoy playing golf with you and taking a hayride. I shall long remember this happy occasion.

At the banquet, I remember, Dr. Mortensen 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. Rosni for continued success and happiness.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

Dr. Wen Hsiang-Lai
Director, CAP
Chinese Air Force

28 June 1973

Mr. Dick Rosni
Flying Tigers Line
168 Wardsway West
Los Angeles, California 90068

Dear Dick:

Thank you very much for your letter of 30th May, 1973 and for sending me the newspaper clipping.

I certainly would like to go to the reunion, however I have been committed to a very busy schedule for the coming months. So, in fact, I am very sorry to be unable to come. I will try hard to make it next year. I hope to write you in the near future about this matter.

Best wishes for your successful campaign and I look forward to hearing from you soon.

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]