



The Crow Flight

Third Newsletter of the 47th Bomb Sq., 41st Bomb Group, 7th AF, WWII issued July 9, 1997



Alley Oopers Fun Party!!!! 820th Reunion Great Success Jean and Bill Childs Honored!!

The 820th always puts on a great show, and this one was no exception. Everything went well, and there is probably simply no more historically oriented community than Williamsburg, VA. They bill themselves as the world's largest "living museum," and this is certainly easily believed. Part of the reunion was a tour which went around to many of the historical sights including Jamestown Island and Yorktown, and everyone who went thought it was great. For their thousands and thousands of hours spent over the years on the 820th reunions, history and other documentation, Jean and Bill Childs were awarded airline tickets first class round-trip to Hawaii. This accolade was a very popular one and was surely well deserved as was demonstrated by a standing ovation when announced. Present from the 48th were Jan and Johnny Davis and Mary Jo and Bill Kessler. The 47th was represented by Carolyn and Urb Gutting, Polly and Kem Sitterley and George Tolbert. A few widows and several kids and grandkids were present also.

Notes from George....

Please see page 9. George is very busy planning our next reunion and his column this time is telling us about it and asking us to give him our early plans so far as attendance is concerned. *Editor's Note--Don Rossbach with the 48th did send out a letter to about 115 on the 48th roster and about another 30 on 396th roster that he had, so we are optimistic that he will have a real good show here. Possibly the attraction of having the whole group could bring out as much as 90 from the 820th, 45 each from the 47th and 48th and 20 from the 396th making a grand total of 200! **WOULDN'T THAT BE SUMP'N?***

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CALENDAR REMINDER....

April 16-19, 1998— Joint reunion hopefully
with all four squadrons amply represented.



Air Force Fifty Bash.... So far as I know the 47th or the 41st Bomb Group was not represented officially at this party. A call to Murray Bywater a week or so before informed me that he had no knowledge of any action on our part. Smitty had planned to go, but a call to Marilyn informed me that that they could not because of an emergency of one of his clients. A note from Jim Karstein says that he planned to go, but that he was staying with the 31st Bomb. Sq. which he was with in Hawaii, Dec. 7. 1941; he was hoping to see some of the 47th personnel, particularly, Murray Bywater, who, he said he had not seen in a long, long time. A nice note from Shirley Bledsoe says that we were represented in a video which was shown on the large screen on the entertainment state in Reunion Alley. I hope to get a copy of that video for showing at our next reunion. Your editor planned to go, but a last minute health problem cancelled those plans.

Murray Bywater.... advising that there are only about a 35 copies left of the second printing....a copy of his letter is Page 5 of this newsletter..

Eldon Ford....sends us a newspaper clipping of an article that he wrote about our great 4th of July celebration in 1945 see page 6....

Our Chief Financial Officer, Urb Gutting sends us notes.... Additional good guys since the last report include Grunewald, Gordon, Julian, Zachok, Lighthall, Haskell, Kyle, Karstein, Anderson (Gus), Bonfili, Courser, Simcoe, Brown and Sweetland. The ones that have not been listed here now or in the past are still "bad guys," so make your check out to Urban A. Gutting for \$10.00 and mail to:

Urban A. Gutting
7047 Autumn Chase Drive
San Antonio, TX 78238-2118

Our last balance was \$1,749.81. Add to that

interest of \$19.97, dues of \$140.00 and subtract \$114.05 expense for Newsletter #2, and you have our current balance of \$ 1.795.73.

Internet.... We are still trying and have not given up. Part of the problem is time, and part of it is that I find it beyond my comprehension some of the time....another thing is that I am very unhappy with my present provider, AOL, and really haven't gotten around to changing yet.

Newsletter costs.... The editor asks the squadron only for his out-of-pocket costs on producing the newsletter. Curiously enough our biggest single cost is ink. On a regular page such as this one, the black ink cost, only, is 4+ cents. When you use color, the ink costs run 1+ cents per square INCH. The next biggest cost is postage. I've looked into the mass mailing costs, and you have to have over two hundred pieces, and for many other reasons, it simply isn't practical. Other costs are paper, envelopes, labels, etc. A ten-page newsletter then with a very small amount of color would run something like this....10 sides of ink @ 4.5 for \$0.45 plus 5 sheets @ 0.005 for \$.025 plus 4 sq. in. of color at 1.5 for 0.06, plus envelopes @ 1.5 plus postage @ 0.32 equals about 90 cents each times 150 letters equals \$135.00. The big first mailing with all the color and 14 pages ran well over four hundred dollars. The second letter was billed to the squadron at \$ 114.05.

Bob Kyle....he notes that they spend July, August, and September in Montana, which address is on our roster. He gives us his Arizona phone number (602) 625-6741. To my knowledge we still do not have his Arizona address.

Reta Reedy.... writes and asks us to add Robert W. Reedy to the IN MEMORIAM list. She comments that he was with the squadron from June, '41 to the summer of '46.



Myrtle Schiller... writes to inform us that her husband, Leo R. Schiller died May 22, 1996. She says that they planned to attend the reunions, but never got to. She comments that seeing the names in "The Crow Flight," brings back memories of San Diego, Portland, George Harrison and Rodney Samson.

Harold Kasten.... sends all kinds of goodies...

1. Two menus for dinner--one for Christmas and one for Thanksgiving in 1942. They show the rosters. Bywater was a major and Eddy and Wood were first lieutenants.
2. 41st Bomb Gp General Orders #7 which names enlisted men eligible for the Good Conduct Medal...dated 15 Mar 44.
3. 41st Bomb Gp. Announcement of awards for Expert, Sharpshooter and Marksman for the five entities dated 25 Nov 44.
4. 47th Bomb Sq. Order of people eligible to wear the Bronze Star on the Asiatic-Pacific theater ribbon.
5. A magazine article, "STORY OF THE 7TH AAF BOMBER COMMAND," by Louis Brechemin. This article is mostly about the command structure and the history of the B-24's. Very little is said of B-25's but they do have a few pictures. The name of this magazine is "7th AAF BRIEF," dated May 30, 1944.
6. A copy of a magazine article about the last flight of the TRICKY LIKK. Old great stories never die....they just get told over and over again....see pages 7 & 8.

Harold also informs that Milton Stephen died Oct. 27, 1985, and that his widow remarried Francis Thompson, and they now reside at 3091 Milhoon Dr., Medford, OR 9754 (541) 776-4875.

Tom Gordon....sends a card to let us know that medical problems kept him from coming to the last reunion, but that he definitely plans on coming to the one in '98.

Okinawa Medal.... the following text box is a quote from the June, 1997 issue of the magazine, MILITARY, under a column entitled "Medals to which you are entitled."

"The 50th Anniversary of the landing at Okinawa

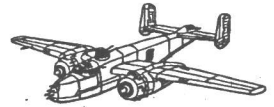
All American service personnel who participated in the landing at Okinawa are eligible for this medal.

The medals are available from George M. Shank, 1574 Arnold Ct., Huntington, WV 25705.

The cost for each regulation size medal and ribbon bar is \$18, and shipping \$4. To my knowledge, no miniatures have been made for these medals.

Editor's note: Many of the medals featured in this column may also be available from MILITARY advertisers. Check with them.

Editor's note....When we came back after our trip to Williamsburg according to my daughter and granddaughter there was a long message from someone with the 47th on our answering machine. They heard it, and I did not. They asked me about it, and when I got to the answering machine to make my notes, all messages from both lines had been erased. My apologies to whoever made that call....and please let me know so that I can return the call.....Kem Sitterley at either (818) 965-2129 or (909) 595-4451.....so sorry!



Smitty's Letter.... a really neat, newsy note from Smitty, and I quote excerpts...

"I returned from China and had a physical setback and had a hospital-convalescence-recoup period of 'out of circulation.' Marilyn had a double Gall-bladder removal and corrective surgery, etc.

"I just returned from an extensive Orient trip that I had been putting off, to find your most welcome letter.

"As to the "Crow Flight", 30 minutes ago I returned from the printer and I ordered 40 more. Last year when we ran the notice I ordered 50 and have filled up 46 requests. I have most interesting commentaries from the oddest people. My secretary handled most of the orders, etc., but kept me somewhat up on the inquiries via fax and while I was in recovery. I received 9 requests from 396th men who remembered me from before the war when I was an EM in the 396th! I've received 14 requests from 'Widows.'

"I ordered 40 Unit Citation ribbons and have only 5 left!

"I'm enclosing interesting letter from Bill Zingery (396th) you might enjoy (also "Bob Schack of 47th) I just sent 3 books to Jess Ramaker in Washington. A Col. Boyse Walters is writing a book on Okinawa and 'found out about the "Crow Flight" from Murray Bywater." etc. etc....

"In haste may I remain

Yours

Smitty"

Editor's note--If you want to order either the "The Crow Flight" (\$10.00) or the General Order awarding the Presidential Unit Citation to the Squadons of the 41st Group--ribbon and copy of the G.O. 50 (\$5.00), please contact Smitty at:

Maurice E. Smith
2141 Tuolumne, Suite B
P. O. Box 11951
FRESNO, CA 93776-1951
(209) 268-5331

Bill Zingery (396th)....Following are excerpts from Bill's letter to Smitty—

....really thank you for taking your time to do these things for us....I'm looking forward to San Antonio in '98....I'm trying to contact 396th people who have not yet been contacted and whose full names I have. So far I have talked to 8 and have had no luck on 7. (For example, there are 25 Charles Jesters in the U.S. and I called them all. None were our Charlie Jester). I learned that 2 others had passed away. Almost all I contacted were like me--had had no 41st contact for many years. All were interested in the 41st reunion next year. I have many more to find. Also trying the VA but no luck yet.

Signed....Bill

W. L. Zingery
Box 5930
College Station, TX 77844

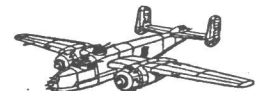
Bob Schack (47th)....Bob has this real neat note paper with the little B-25 in the lower right hand corner....this B-25 shown is not an exact copy...it's just one that happens to be on my hard disk..Bob's note to Smitty follows:

Hi Smitty: Thanks for the citation ribbon and general orders covering it--enclosed is the \$5.00 requested.

Spend the winter in Phoenix & the Reunion at San Antonio is at the right time & on the route home--should make this one.

Thanks again.

Bob



CHARLES
OVERMAN



Taxi from Amami

By S.SGT BOB PRICE

THE END of an air-sea rescue, for all practical purposes, comes when the downed airmen are hauled aboard a Dumbo and headed once again for home. That's what the crew of the Tricky Likk thought as they were pulled from their raft, wet and shivering, through the right hull hatch of the Navy PBM that had set down on rough waters off Amami O Shima.

At the time, they were still scores of miles from their base at Okinawa, normally a good hour's flight. Only Dumbo and the crew of the Tricky Likk didn't fly home—they taxied. For 20 hours through rough and battering seas they rode it out in the sea-bound Dumbo in the longest

taxi ride the Pacific has ever seen. Besides, it was night and the Dumbo captain ruthlessly enforced a strict blackout as the careening PBM smashed its way from one wave to another all the way to Ie Shima.

The men inside the bucking, erstwhile "flying" boat took a beating that night as they bounced endlessly from bulkhead to bulkhead that no flying crew ever envisaged when signing up for flight training.

It was just about dark when the drifting airmen first spotted the Dumbo flying a routine mission at about 500 feet. They put out sea marker and fired flares which caught the attention of the PBM. But the sea was too rough for a successful landing and the Dumbo smacked into the waves with a rending crash, damaging the right

stabilizer, the rudder and left flap.

The men on the raft knew as soon as the rescue plane came to a stop that she wouldn't be able to take off again, but after two hours in the cold water they didn't care. All they thought about at the time was climbing into the warmth and safety of the Dumbo just as fast as they could abandon their tiny raft.

Although the crew will always remember the mission principally for its fabulous taxi-ride ending, they will not soon forget the tropical storm, inadequately termed "violent turbulence" by the weathermen, which was the cause of their storm-tossed commuters ride.

It had been a routine bombing mission to Kyushu until four squadrons of 7th AAF

(Continued on next page)

Taxi From Amami (Cont'd)

Mitchell bombers got tangled up with a raging weather front. Tricky Likk, manned by a crew that had flown together for 17 months, was lost in the storm over Japan for an hour and a half trying to locate the rest of the flight. After finally coming through the storm safely—an experience the crew said was worse than any flak they had ever encountered—they tried to limp home through another and even heavier front that came up over the northern Ryukyus.

All during the long afternoon the pilot, Lt Rick Rondinelli, and co-pilot Lt Arnold Sayer, rode Tricky Likk through "the craziest damn weather we ever saw." By late afternoon the forward gas tanks read zero and the gas in the rear tanks was down to 15 gallons. They were forced to ditch about 30 miles off Amami, about half the way home.

"It was weather like you never saw before," said the navigator, Lt Nicholas F. Leibrock. "All that time we were lost from our flight we didn't know when we would meet one of them head-on in a cloud." The engineer, S.Sgt Warren F. Kimmy, agreed. "The weather was rotten," he said. "I thought all the time the wings were going to fall off. The ship was fluttering like a goddam bird."

Run for Home

From 1330, when they lost formation, they were completely on their own, bucking the storm in a medium bomber that rode like an untamed cayuse. They finally dropped their bombs on a village they saw through a hole in the clouds and decided to try the run for home.

They came out of the first storm with the radio compass gone and very little gas. S.Sgt Ray Yheaulon, radioman, tried to make some contact but could get nothing but the screech of static. The navigator thought it best to try flying down the chain of islands leading to Okinawa, but all hands even then were aware that it was going to be a tough haul making it home.

Everyone thought the first storm was bad, but the second was worse. The ceiling was from zero to 500 feet with zero to three miles visibility. There were rain squalls and most of the time Tricky Likk was flying only a few feet above the deck.

As the plane finally came out of the second storm, the men spotted a large island to the east, which they took to be Okinawa. S.Sgt Frederick E. "Dutch" von Schwerdtner, who was watching things from the back, said "We thought the island was worth a try. We came right up the goddam bay and over a naval station before it clicked that it was Amami and that we'd better get our tails out of there. We were only flying at about 1000 feet and for the life of me I'll never understand why they didn't fire at us."

"Right then and there we knew we were in for it and that we would have to ditch. We emptied our nose guns at installations along the coast and Ray Yheaulon threw the waist guns out at some characters he saw running along the beach. The guns only missed them by about 20 feet. That was our goodbye to Amami and we high-tailed it out to sea."

All the while Yheaulon had been trying to make contact by radio and just 10 minutes before ditching one of the stations he had been calling over and over all afternoon answered and he gave Tricky Likk's location.

Rondinelli says of the ditching that "it was just like the last minutes before the big game. You are scared to death and then when you get into it it isn't so bad." His last words to the men in the waist

were, "We're going to ditch in five minutes. Good luck, all."

It was about 1700 then, the sky was overcast, the waves were high and they had just passed through a light shower. The fuel gauge told them that it was now or never. "It worked by instinct," Rondinelli said. "It was like I had never heard a word about ditching. I gave the ship full flaps at 1900 RPM's and settled her own in a nose-high position. We hit the first wave at 90 miles per hour and I gave her full throttle. We landed in the trough of the second wave at 80 miles and I'm sure that that burst of power kept her from diving into the wave. Everything I did was my own idea, like slamming on the throttle, it just came natural."



In the cockpit someone made the logical suggestion, "Let's get the hell out of here." Leibrock pushed Sayers out of the window onto the wing and Rondinelli boosted Leibrock out. In the waist, Kimmy jumped out the left window and was knocked up against the tail. "Dutch" threw out the liferafts and ration boxes. The rope connecting one of the rafts to the ship broke and Kimmy went floundering after it. "Dutch" threw out the rest of the gear including the crew's two precious skin stories, "The Three Musketers" and Donnell's "The Chinese Room." Yheaulon went out the right window and Dutch the left, but the latter caught his leg in the window and fell head-first into a wave. Yheaulon saw that his buddy was in a bad way and jumped in and saved him from drowning.

"We all looked at one another as though asking 'how the hell did you get here'" Yheaulon said. "Then we watched the Tricky Likk go down. First the beautiful blonde nude on the side was submerged. It must have taken five minutes for the plane to sink. That is the longest I ever heard of a B-25 staying afloat and it just goes to show what a fine ditching job Lt Rondinelli did. After the ship went down there was nothing to do but think about our predicament and we had to laugh about that. I don't know what was so funny but we laughed."

Lt Rondinelli said of his health that "I had swallowed an awful lot of salt water. None of us had eaten since breakfast, so Dutch and I were just hanging over one

end heaving salt water and digestive juices—pretty disgusting. Something rubbed against the bottom of the raft and I saw that it was a shark. None of the other fellows had seen it and I didn't want to get them excited, so I said that their heavy shoes had just scraped the deck. All this time the wind was trying to push us toward Amami and it seemed that the raft always was half full of water."

Another shark came by for a look a little later and this time the other men saw it. "That's the first time I was really scared," Kimmy said. "The damn thing looked 20 feet long. It was funny about being in the raft. We all felt bad about losing the skin stories. That seemed to be about the biggest loss at the moment. The Chinese Room was a damn fine book as far as I read. It's a story about a bank president who goes to visit his secretary every Monday night and they have some merry old times together. I was only to the second Monday night. The whole crew was sweating out that book."

Then came the Dumbo, circling and dropping smoke bombs before it made the crash landing that grounded it for the rest of the trip. But the Dumbo skipper didn't seem to think there was anything strange about starting to taxi all the way home. He simply remarked, "Well, there's no use hanging around here," and started the plane off on its now famous taxi trip south.

There were 14 men aboard. Lt Rondinelli and von Schwerdtner latched onto two of the four bunks. Dumbo was short on food and for most of the ride the men were out of cigarets.

Crazy Ride

"It was so rough you couldn't stand up, so you laid down," Sayer said. "I spent most of my time up in the pilots' compartment. They told me how once they had both engines conked out and they had been forced to ditch up by Iwo. We made 30 rescues those guys had picked up. I swear that crazy ride back gave me a worse beating up than I had taken all day."

More than once the men thought the flying boat would fall apart. "Everytime it went over a swell I thought it would break open," said Leibrock. "It would go 'pong' just like the tin crickets you used to get in Cracker Jack boxes. What a racket. They had to keep pumping out the bilge and this meant a window had to be left open. Every wave that hit would flood the inside."

During the ride back the spirits of the Dumbo crew soared to a new high. "We were sitting around up front, too tired to sleep and just smoking butts out of the ash trays when word came over the radio that the relief for the Dumbo crew had come in. That meant that the guys could go back to the States. Those guys were really on the ball."

After the lonely night-long ride through the darkness and the heavy seas, the dawn brought a bright sun and smoother seas allowing the Dumbo to increase speed. She bumped along past a steady line of innocent looking islands all the way down the line. At about 1000 Dumbo finally pulled up at Ie Shima and stopped to refuel, but there was still no food. It wasn't until 1400 when they chugged into the seaplane base at Kerama Retto that they were finally given a shot of whiskey and a square meal.

The men remember that meal and speak lovingly of it: "Fried eggs, bacon, hot coffee, iced tea, toast, fresh butter, jam, and steak that night for supper." The Navy gave them new shoes and what clothing they needed. That night they slept so hard between clean sheets that they didn't ever dream of the cold ocean and the too-long taxi-ride.

Memories of a spectacular July 4 on Okinawa

It was July 4, 1945, and I was a 21-year-old radio operator and waist gunner on a B-25 air crew assigned to the 47th Bombardment Squadron of the 41st Bombardment Group stationed at Kadena airfield on Okinawa.

"Bed-check Charlie," a Japanese plane that arrived each night about 9 to keep us from sleeping, was brightly illuminated by many searchlights while all the anti-aircraft guns in the area fired at him.

We never learned if "Bed-check Charlie" just got lucky with a bomb or if it was an unexploded anti-aircraft

shell that fell into the huge Kadena bomb storage area containing several shiploads of all types of bombs, rockets and ammunition.

In any case, that bomb dump started to "go." It quickly developed into a spectacular "fireworks" display.

Our B-25s were able to take off, by turning sharply away from the blast site, at 5 the next morning for our mission to Kyushu, Japan.

When our squadron returned six hours later, the magnitude of the explosions and the smoke was so great that we had to divert and land at Yontan airfield along

with all the other bombers and fighters that normally used Kadena airfield. That resulted in a real traffic jam, both in the air and on the ground.

I have remembered that July 4th every year since.

— ELDON RAY FORD,
Torrance

■ Tell us about your World War II experiences, whether on the battle front or the home front. Send your letters to: World War II Remembered, c/o The Daily Breeze, 5215 Torrance Blvd., Torrance, CA 90509.

*I thought that if you
ever had any space left
over in your newsletter
you could use this.*

*I'm sure it will remind
the fellows of one
fine "fireworks" display!*

Eldon Ford



Brig. Gen. Murray A. Bywater, USAF (Ret.)
11390 Coleman Street
Moreno Valley, California 92557

15 April 1997

Greetings Kem -

... and thank you for your call. If I hear of a reunion of any kind I'll let you know immediately.

I thought you might like to pass on the information in your next news letter that I only have about 35 books left of the second printing. I'm saving most of them for any of the Group who might want them. The last 100 have gone quite fast.

Keep up the good work! The News Letter is one of the best I've seen.

Cordially,

FUNERAL NOTICES



JOHN MARVIN ENDERLI

John Marvin Enderli, 79, of Baytown died Monday, May 12, 1997, in a Houston hospital. He was born Feb. 17, 1918, in Goose Creek and lived in Baytown all his life. He married Ollie H. Fayle March 9, 1946. He retired from Exxon after 41 years of service.

He was a member of Cedar Bayou Methodist Church. He also served in the Army Air Corp during World War II.

He was a member of several groups and organizations including, Cedar Bayou Masonic Lodge 1946, Scottish Rite Houston No. 10762400 in 1947, Valley of Houston in 1947, Arabia Temple No. 09747 April 26, 1947, Baytown Shrine Club in 1947 then president in 1984, Baytown Shrine Patrol Club in 1948, Cedar Bayou Chapter No. 11 O.E.S. Sept. 4, 1948, Cedar Bayou Chapter No. 11 O.E.S. Worthy Patron 1984-85 (Hattie Brockelman), Cedar Bayou Chapter No. O.E.S. Worthy Patron 1987-88 (Ollie Enderli, Worthy Matron), York Rite No. 082631 in 1984, Baytown Scottish Rite Club in 1984 then president in 1988, Arabia Temple Patrol Unit No. 37 from 1989 to

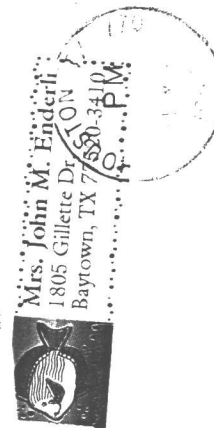
Mary Louise Graham of Willis, Shirley Moon of Huntsville, Dorothy Rhodes of Kingsland, Evelyn Gunn of Baytown; and several nieces and nephews.

Visitation will be from 6 to 8 p.m. Tuesday, May 13 at Navarre Funeral Home.

Funeral services will be held at 10 a.m. Wednesday at Cedar Bayou United Methodist Church with the Rev. Dan Miller officiating.

Pallbearers will be Kelly Pittman, Stephen Linscott, Don Arnold, Scott McCarty, Jack Gunn, Lynn Enderli, Algean Fayle and Joe Fayle. Charlie Rae

Arrangements are under the direction of Navarre Funeral Home.



The Grow Flight
47th Bomb Squadron (M)
20449 Blue Mountain Dr.
Walnut, CA 91789

Sorry to have to write this letter, but John M. Enderli, passed away May 12th with open heart surgery. He almost had it made but 9 days was the extent of his life. He had his first and last heart attack. He did appreciate his the men and time of 4 years. They were very close and made such great friends for life.

Enclosed a copy of the funeral notice, and he really wanted to join the group this year, but God has other plans for him.

Thanks for the letters and concern for John. with love,

Mrs. Ollie, Enderli

Kem

I apologize for not furnishing my proposed information for the Newsletter. I seem to have difficulty in energizing the old brain and seems everything is a chore these days. Anyway, the following is my contribution:

Oops, time flies when we're having fun or growing old, but it's high time to start planning and preparing a program for our 47th Bmb Sqdn Reunion '98.

40 rooms have been reserved for the Sqdn at the Holiday Inn Northwest in San Antonio for 16 - 19 April '98, the same location as in '96. However, in order to insure that adequate space for various functions, hospitality room, banquet room, and to arrange tours and other entertainment, I need to know the approximate number of people that are planning to attend. If you are planning to attend, please cut out, complete and mail the form provided below to me as soon as possible.

At least one other Sqdn, the 820th, will have their reunion at the same time and at the same hotel. Certain activities, tours and possibly a joint banquet, can be combined and be beneficial to all. I hope to meet with representatives of the other Sqdns soon to discuss functions that can be combined.

As before, all former members of the 41st Bmb Gp are cordially invited to attend our Reunion. However, We need to know those that plan to attend as soon as possible.

More information will be furnished in the next Newsletter. Looking forward to a bigger and merrier reunion than '96. Hoping to see all of you that attended again and also those that missed a good time. See you in San Antonio soon. George

Mail to:

George Tolbert
Rt 3, Box 445
Bristow, OK 74010

Name _____ Orgn if not 47th _____

Address & Telephone No. _____

I plan to attend the 47th Bmb Sqdn Reunion and will have _____ people with me.

Comments: _____
