



The Crow Flight

Ninth newsletter of the 47th and 48th Bomb Squadrons, 41st Bomb Group (M), 7th AF, WWII, issued June 1, 1999

REUNION COMMITTEE MEETING

It seems the best way to let you know about the meeting is to just forward my notes. Present at the meeting were from the 47th Dorothy and Don Haskell, Polly and Kem Sitterley; from the 48th, Esther and Felix Galyean and Helen and Paul Hopson; from the 396th, LaVerne and Keith Ingstad, Walt Winner, and Joyce Haddock and Curtis Oakes; and from the 820th, Skip Thrune. Murray Bywater was unable to make it because of just being home a day or two from a hip replacement operation, and Dick Monzingo of the 48th was out of town.

Murray Bywater has called in the last few days with the report that General Kross who he had contacted about speaking had a schedule conflict in that his West Point graduation class was having their reunion that week-end. He's working on getting the commanding general of the 4th Air Force, stationed at March Air Force Base, to speak about the difference between the Army Air Corps as we knew it, and the US Air Forces of today.

Also, since the meeting we have contracted with Wayland Pickard to be the primary entertainment of the evening. He's the one that is sort of a combination Victor Borga and Mark Russell, playing the piano and wisecracking... He's a bit on the expensive side... but the committee thinks we're worth it.

In the meeting everyone was asked about someone to give the invocation. The 820th's Skip Thrune suggested that the 820th's Bill Childs did an excellent job on this. Bill was asked and we have his note saying that he and Jean plan to attend, and I quote, "I would be pleased and honored to offer the invocation at your October Reunion..." ... And we're surely pleased to have him and Jean there!

The meeting notes include two pages which will show exactly how to register for the reunion. They are the last two:

1. INFORMATION AND INSTRUCTIONS ON
ATTENDING THE REUNION
and
2. REGISTRATION FOR 41ST BOMB GROUP
REUNION, ONTARIO, CALIFORNIA,
OCTOBER 8-11, 1999 (Fri. thru Mon.)

I do plan to get another newsletter out August 1, 1999, and it, too, will have all of the necessary registration, but just in

case you're interested in getting in early, you could do it now.

Many of you have friends and/or relatives in Southern California who are planning on combining a visit with them along with coming to the reunion... others are planning a trip to Hawaii, Alaska, other West Coast destination to include the reunion... come on out, we'd love to see you.

To our widows, children, and grandchildren, we extend a particularly warm welcome. Maybe some can bring a son or a daughter or a grandchild to enable them to come?

Remember, too, that everyone is welcome to our planning meetings; the next one is 10 AM, June 29, 1999... a Tuesday. Please let us know if you're coming so we can notify the hotel just exactly how many are coming..

To those of you who may not feel they can come because of physical limitations, let me remind you that the hotel has special rooms for you... and we'll help all we can... and if you want to get one of those rooms, it might be better if you make all your plans early.

PROFILE FORM!!— Getting good stuff from you lets us produce a more readable newsletter. We need particularly the following four items; 1) Photo(s) from the days of the 41st. 2) Photo(s) fairly recent...3) text on what you did in the service... and 4) text on what you have done with your lifetime career since serving with the 47st or 48th.

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THE GREATEST GENERATION

is a book by Tom Brokaw, the anchorman with NBC. He was in Europe a few years ago doing a piece on the 40th Anniversary of D-Day and got interested. Also tweaking his interest was that his own parents are of our generation, and he decided to do a book on us.

I quote from an article that Brokaw wrote in magazine, MODERN MATURITY, "...As I researched the lives of the men and women who came of age in the Great Depression, went through World War II, and built the country we know today, I was struck by how many of them went to work in their early teenage years.... They had to work because their families needed the extra income for food, for clothing, to meet that month's rent."

He brings out the primitive way of life in which many of us were raised. Particularly in the smaller towns and the farms there was no indoor plumbing; we had outside toilets and chamber pots under our beds. We pumped water at the well and carried it to the washstand, where there was a dipper in the bucket for drinking and a basin for washing. The old water was dumped into a slop bucket, and taking it out was another chore for one of the younger members of the family. We heated our water on

the old cook stove, which was also the primary source of heat for the whole house. Every Saturday night we had to take a bath whether we needed it or not; and if there were four kids in the family, someone was stuck with sloppy fourth's; you didn't take the time and effort to haul and heat a fresh batch of water for each bath. Our cows were milked by hand. We had tractors and combines, but they were surely primitive compared with the lush, air-conditioned behemoths they have in the fields today. We got tough lifting bales of hay, pitchforking feed to the pigs and cattle, shocking wheat, corn and other farm products. When we went into the service, they had guys in peak physical condition. The ladies who went to work on the assembly lines were experienced at doing tough chores. When our services needed nurses, they had a ready, willing and able group of young ladies who had worked hard and were used to coping with difficulties.

When the war was over, this same generation rushed into the job of building America. The next 50 years has seen the greatest overall improvement in the standard of living in the history of the world.... an unbelievable increase in the stock market, and on and on.

This book is a really good read. The first few pages talk in more detail of the things mentioned above. From then on it is a litany of anecdotes about different people of our generation. These stories could have been about you or me. They also bring in the stories of a few celebrities such as Daniel Inouye, Bob Dole, Art Buchwald, Andy Rooney, and Hank Greenberg. In fact some of these stories get a bit boring... you think, hell this is close to my life. This book was on the top of the best-seller list for many months, and a few weeks ago, I checked and it was still in second place. I know you'd like it.

World War II Memorial...

Bob Dole is one of the co-chairmen of this project, and they have already raised over \$38 million dollars. For more information about the memorial, the design concept, how to make a donation, who's who and what's new check the web site "wwiimemorial.com" or call 1-(800) 639-4WW2.

THREE COMMEMORATIVE STAMPS—

"World War II," "Women Support War Effort," and "GI Bill 1944," have been issued as a Part of the United States Postal Service's Celebrate the Century Series.

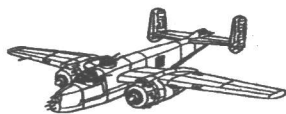


THE CROW FLIGHT is a publication of the 47th and 48th Bomb Squadrons, 41st Bomb Group, 7th Air Force, World War II. The more or less unelected folks for the 47th are: Head guy, **George Tolbert**, RR#3, Box 445, BRISTOW, OK 74010 (918) 367-5988, e-mail geosplace@aol.com -- Money guy **Urban A. "Gutts" Gutting**, 7047 Autumn Chase Dr., SAN ANTONIO, TX 78238 (210) 647-1651, e-mail urban@stic.net -- Info guy **Maurice "Smitty" Smith**, 2575 South Willow, FRESNO, CA 93725, (209) 264-7361-- Roster guy, **Donald Haskell**, 2831 Springfield Dr., ROCKLIN, CA 95765-5060, (209) 732-1553, e-mail dhaskell@softcom.net -- WEB site <http://www.softcom.net/users/dhaskell/> -- 41st WEB site <http://www.softcom.net/users/dhaskell/BombGroup41/> Nerd guy and editor, **Kem Sitterley**, 20449 Blue Mountain Dr., WALNUT, CA 91789-1001, (626) 965-2129, or (909) 595-4451 (fax possible at this number but you gotta call first so I can push a button), e-mail ksitterley@linkline.com , WEB site

<http://www.linkline.com/personal/ksitterley>



48th correspondents are **John Helmer**, 2122 S. W. Vista Av., PORTLAND, OR 97201. (503) 222-4614, and **Jess (Ray) Ramaker**, 17217 N. E. 7th Pl, BELLEVUE, WA 98008-4134 (425) 747-2306 e-mail ramajess@aol.com.



Registration for 41st Bomb Group Reunion
Ontario, California, October 8-11, 1999
(Friday thru Monday)



Name (s) for name tag (s) _____

Address _____

City _____

State and zip _____

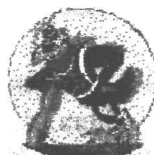
Phone number _____

How many in your party? _____

How many for golf? _____

If by air, what airport? _____

Please send this form and your check to your respective squadrons as follows: Make checks payable to the respective individuals –NOT to the squadrons--



47th make checks
payable to and mail to:

Urban A. Gutting
7047 Autumn Chase Drive
SAN ANTONIO, TX 78238
(210) 647-1651
E-MAIL: URBANG@JUNO.COM

Item	Price	No	Amount
Registration	\$70		
Banquet only	\$25		
Getty Tour, Sat.	\$20		
Getty Tour, Sun.	\$20		
Museum Tour, Sat.	\$30		
Universal Tour, Sun.	\$60		
B-25 Ride	\$150		
Extra key fob	\$5		
Total			

GOLFERS: You'll probably want to arrive on Thursday, the 7th because you need to meet Dick Monzingo at 8AM on Friday, the 8th. Golfers will settle up with Dick on Golfing Day.

If you're with the 47th, 48th or 396th, please mail to your individual squadron as shown at the right. If you're with the 41st Bomb Group or the 820th, please mail to Gutts with the 47th.



48th make checks
payable to and mail to:

John Helmer
2122 S.W. Vista Avenue
PORTLAND, OR 97201
Home phone (503) 222-4614
Business phone (503) 223-4976



396th make checks
payable to and mail to:

Walt Winner
535 Spencer Street
GLENDALE, CA 91209
(818) 242-1488

Information and Instructions on Attending the Reunion

HOTEL— Each individual must make their own arrangements with the hotel. The MARRIOTT ONTARIO AIRPORT is located at 2200 East Holt Blvd., ONTARIO, CA 91761. Their local phone number is (909) 975-5000— fax number (909) 975-5050, and the number we recommend that you use is their on-site (800) 284-8811, which is manned from 8AM to 6PM PDT. Tell the reservation agent that you are with the 41st Bomb Group and have your credit card handy to guarantee your reservation. Remember that the reunion dates are October 8-11, 1999, and our special rate of \$69 is available for three days before the reunion and/or three days after. The cut-off date is Wednesday, Sept 8, 1999; the hotel cannot guarantee a reservation or the rate after this date.

TRAVEL PLANS— Ontario International Airport has just finished a huge new construction project. Southwest has a huge presence there as well as many others. If you can get into Ontario, the MARRIOTT is only about 4 minutes away and will send a shuttle bus for you. If you have to go to LAX, I was told that the shuttle from there is \$38; it is about 1½ hr. plus ride from LAX to the MARRIOTT ONTARIO AIRPORT. Other major airports serving the area are Burbank, Long Beach, and John Wayne (the closest at about a 45 minute ride).

REGISTRATION FEE, \$70— This includes the banquet food, entertainment, organist, honor guard, favors, breakfast buffet, miscellaneous expenses.

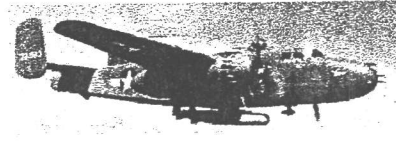
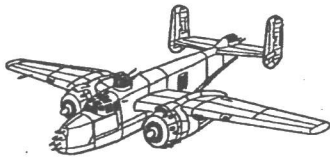
BANQUET ONLY FEE, \$25— This is primarily for those friends and relatives who want to attend the banquet but not any of the other activities of the reunion.

TOURS @ \$20, \$30, AND \$60— Remember that you can attend only two tours. The Getty is by far the most popular, so we have scheduled a bus each day for that. The Museum Tour on Saturday includes the March AFB Museum where the 41st Bomb Group Memorial is located and the Chino Planes of Fame Museum, where they have about six hangars full of stuff and where the B-25 rides are available. If you want to take in more tours or other points of interest, remember that you have a guarantee of the hotel rate for three days before and/or three days after the reunion. The Universal Studios tour will be the second tour on Sunday. You're on your own for lunch on all tours.

B-25 RIDES— These will be available Saturday afternoon. The best way to get there would be to take the Museum Tour. If you don't you're on your own to get from the hotel to Chino Airport. The price has been raised from \$130 to \$150 because of the soaring gas prices... don't be surprised if there's another adjustment.

KEY FOBS— One of these will be given to each registrant. We had to order 100 of them, so there will be some extras, on which we are giving reunion registrants priority. If they are not all gone, then they will be offered for sale through the newsletters. The key fobs are near-identical, except for the squadron logo and squadron number. The key fob has been enlarged to better show the design. The actual measurement of the cloisonne from the top of the logo to the bottom of the 7th Air Force patch is 1 1/4".





41st Bombardment Group Reunion

7th Air Force World War II



820th Bomb Sq

396th Bomb Sq.

48th Bomb Sq.

47th Bomb Sq.

Kem Sitterley, 20449 Blue Mountain Drive, WALNUT, CA 91789-1001 (626) 965-2129
fax (909) 595-4451 (call first—gotta press the right button)—e-mail ksitterley@linkline.com
cell phone (818) 383-4114— web site <http://www.linkline.com/personal/ksitterley>

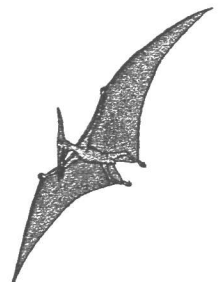
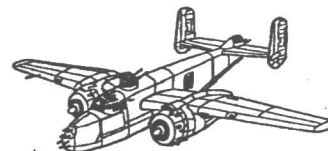
May 7, 1999 (My Goodness, my Mom's birthday...she'd be 99 today...born 1900!)

To: 820th – Skip Thrune
396th – Bill Zingery, Walt Winner, LaVerne and Keith Ingstad
48th – Beverly and John Helmer, Jerry and Jess Ramaker, Esther and Felix Galyean,
Helen and Paul Hopson, and Dick Monzingo
47th – George Tolbert, Urb Gutting, Dorothy and Don Haskell
41st – Murray Bywater
Marriott Hotel – Quentin Roberts
Custom Leisure Services Carolyn Schoenwetter

Subject: Notes from our reunion meeting of April 27, 1999... the first three pages are notes, the fourth page is a REUNION REGISTRATION, and the fifth page is REUNION INSTRUCTIONS. These last two pages are really first drafts of the ones that I plan to put into our newsletter... hopefully one in early June and another in early August... giving everyone two chances to think about it and make a decision to attend.

NEXT MEETING— Tuesday, June 29, 1999, 10 AM, Marriott Ontario (last Tuesday in June)

BANQUET RELATED EXPENSES— We budgeted a total of \$1,500 for this.. Maybe five complimentary dinners for honor guard, guests, etc... @ \$25 for \$125.... Murray has arranged for an organist to play throughout the evening for \$250.... maybe a Tony Romano-type humorist for \$250...



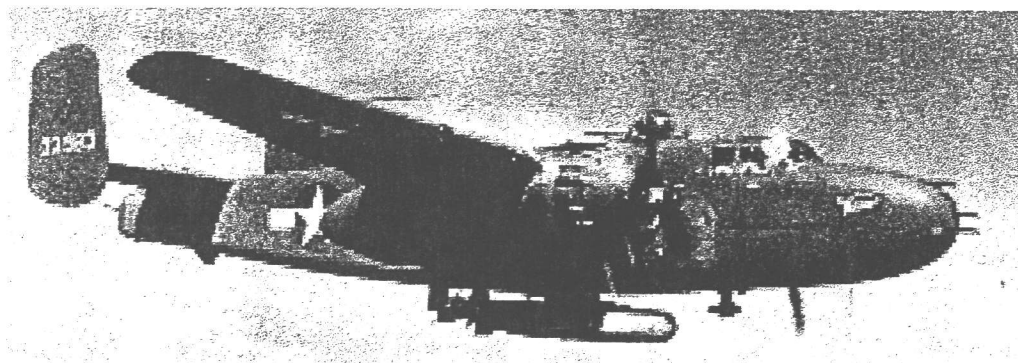
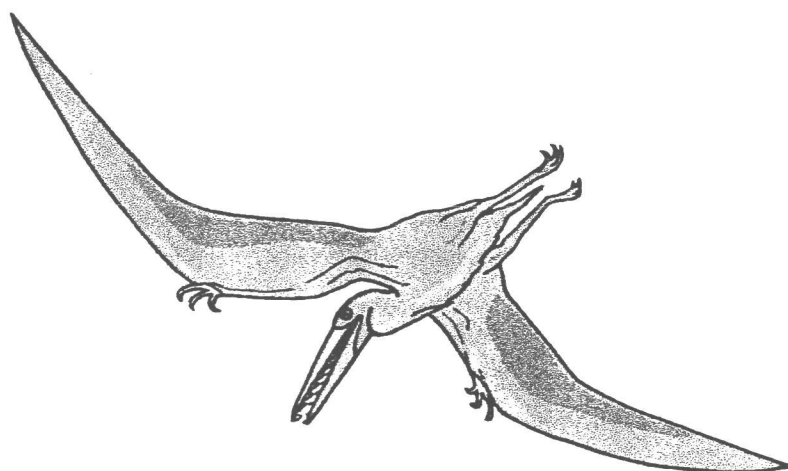
Main speaker \$750.00... and Miscellaneous for \$125... Walt Winner has a Victor Borga...Mark Russell type guy whose normal fee is \$3,000, but who has been known to come down substantially for veteran's functions... paying out any money for a general was completely rejected... One of the ladies said, "If we're going to pay out money, I want to be entertained... I don't want to listen to some old general!" (No offense, Murray!)... It was my idea, really, to have a general come and give maybe a 20 minute talk on the Army Air Corps as we knew it and the changes that have occurred.... I think maybe that this would still be considered, but only if the guy was local and the only expense might be popping for dinner...

BUDGET PER REGISTRANT— Banquet food \$25...Banquet misc. expenses \$17.50... Breakfast buffet, \$15 ... Favors, hospitality room expenses \$12.50..

B-25 RIDES— Walt Winner is handling this, and he has names of six different outfits that have flying B-25's, and the plan is to have a few lined up tentatively, in case one can't make it... no one of them seems to want to commit a date, for the reason that they don't know just when they might get a flying show or a movie gig, on which they can make more money...

POST CARD SCOREBOARD— No=37, Yes=60, Getty Tour=36, Museum Tour = 40, B-25 Ride = 4, Universal Tour = 10, Golf = 6. Approximately half of the respondents were from the 396th, and 1/4 each from the 47th and the 48th. The sad part of this report is that there were 15 death notices and several other notes of severe illness. Early post card reports in the past have been very misleading. Evidently people just don't make up their minds that earlier ... or are just disinclined to commit that early... or whatever... Our contract with the hotel is 61 rooms, and I would guess right now that the 396th will have 45, the 47th and 48th together another 45. We'll see.

INTERNET CORNER— I thought that it would be fun to hook a computer up with a TV and get onto the internet doing just whatever anyone around would want to do... such as find a long lost friend, relative... or research a medical condition... or map a route from one address to another... We tried to do it in San Antonio but were unable to make it work in the Hospitality Room, even though we could make it work in a guest room... The committee seems to very neutral on this... Any ideas?



TENTATIVE BANQUET PROGRAM

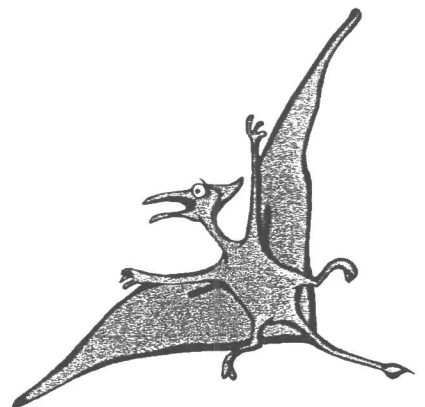
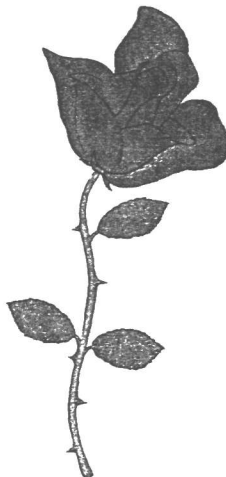
4:00 to 7:00--	Happy Hour either at the Member's Lounge or at the Hospitality Room	
7:00	Presentation of colors	Honor Guard
	Invocation	????
	Dinner	
8:00	In Memoriam (2 min.)	Kem Sitterley
	State of the Group, 41 st (2 min.)	Murray Bywater
	State of the Squadron, 47 th (2 min.)	George Tolbert
	State of the Squadron, 48 th (2 min.)	John Helmer
	State of the Squadron, 396 th (2 min.)	Bill Zingery
	State of the Squadron, 820 th (2 min.)	Skip Thrune
	State of the Air Force... maybe if Murray can find us a free or nearly free general or maybe a public relations type guy.....	
	Main Speaker... maybe an entertainment type guy..... we do have a lead thru	
	Walt Winner of a tremendous show involving about 45 minutes with a Victor	
	Borga... Mark Russell type show	
	Maybe a "Good Humor" type guy... Tony Romano (10 min.)	
	Music, dancing, good conversation to Big Band type music by the	
	organist....OLDIES BUT GOODIES??	
	Farewells for those that have to leave early in the morning and cannot make the	
	Continental Breakfasts	

Well, I've rambled enough... please come up with lots of brilliant ideas, corrections, etc....one more reminder... please mark your calendar our next meeting same ole place, last Tuesday in June, the 29th at 10 AM.

Polly and I send our love and best wishes.

Kem

(...maybe the last pterodactyl?)



***"HE'S LIKE VICTOR BORGE,
MARK RUSSELL AND LIBERACE
ALL ROLLED INTO ONE"***

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- WINNER OF CINE GOLDEN EAGLE AWARD, NATIONAL •
- SILVER MIKE AWARD & ACE CABLE AWARD NOMINEE •



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"COMEDY & MUSIC TONIGHT"

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WAYLAND PICKARD ENTERTAINMENT

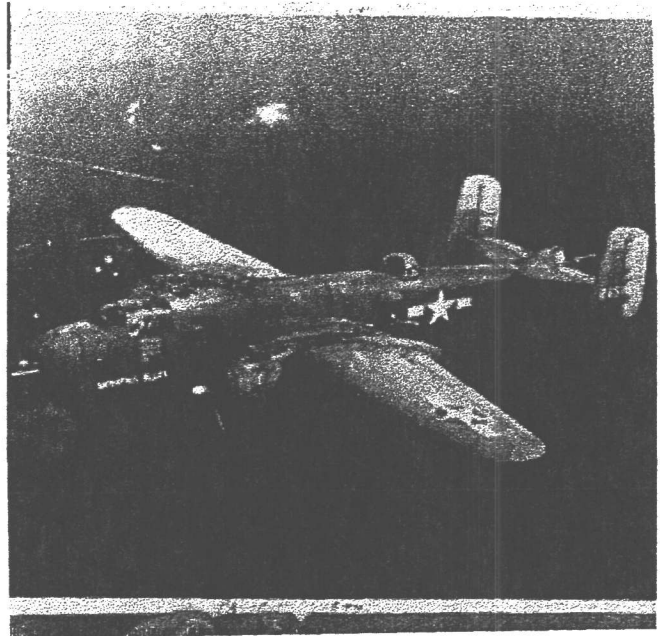
4154 Mary Ellen Avenue

Studio City, California 91604

phone 818/990-7512 • fax 818/788-9336



S/Sgt Earl J. "Red" Grunewald, Oct. 3, 1943



Earl flew 51 missions, many of them in SHRAPNEL BLUES



Earl was discharged in 1945 and followed his Dad into the paper business.

He married Lee in 1951 and shortly thereafter was called back for Reserve Duty, which lasted 18 months.

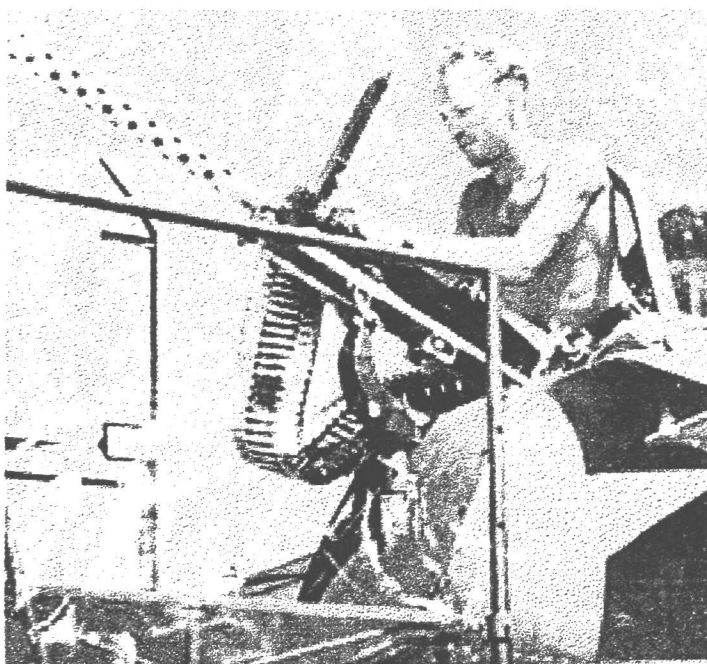
Earl with one of the 20 to 30 Yorkies he usually has around

After that he went back into the business of selling paper and envelopes, which he made a lifetime career.

Lee and Earl have two children, Lynn and Gary, and they have two grandchildren.

Their Yorkies are their lives. Lee does the showing and Earl takes care of the kennel... and I quote a note from Earl, "Raising show dogs– Yorkies- 55 champions finished so far... no time for anything else."

They live at 10117 Woodgrove Dr., Dallas, TX 75218-1024, and you can call them at (214) 348-4955.



Red's busy checking out his his gun

VOICE

A MONTHLY NEWSLETTER FOR THE WEST COVINA SENIOR CENTER

MAY 1999

VOLUME 7, NO 5

HABLAMOS ESPANOL

ACCESSIBLE TO PERSONS WITH DISABILITIES

How Do You Live Your Dash?

I read of a man who stood to speak
At the funeral of a friend.
He referred to the dates on her tombstone
From the beginning... to the end.

He noted that first came her date of birth
And spoke the following date with tears,
But he said what mattered most of all
Was the dash between those years.

For that dash represents all the time
That she spent alive on earth...
And now only those who loved her
Know what that little line is worth.

For it matters not how much we own,
The cars... the house... the cash,
What matters is how we live and love
And how we spend our dash.

So think about this long and hard...
Are there things you'd like to change?
For you never know how much time is left,
That can still be rearranged.

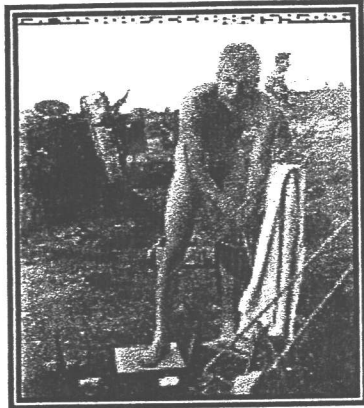
If we could just slow down enough,
To consider what's true and real,
And always try to understand
The way other people feel.

And be less quick to anger,
And show appreciation more,
And love the people in our lives
Like we've never loved before.

If we treat each other with respect,
And more often wear a smile...
Remembering that this special dash
Might only last a little while.

So, when your eulogy's being read
With your life's actions to rehash...
Would you be proud of the things they say
About how you spent your dash?

Anon



And the notation on the back of this snapshot reads, "Keeping Clean For my Honey!" T/Sgt. R. Gollnitz 32581799

BOB AND OPIE GOLLNITZ are at home at 228 N. Portage St., WESTFIELD, NY 17787-9738. They had three boys, Wade, Dean and Mark. Wade was named after Robert Wade another radio-operator with Bob in the 47th. They have 11 grand children and 11 great-grandchildren... **WOW!!!**

... and I quote from the note along with the pic.... "Retired supervisor Welch Food... foreman, general foreman, then balance of 43 years scheduling production and maintaining inventories of all supplies and ingredients for the largest Welch Foods plants. Retired in 1981, taught the wife how to play golf and we live on the golf course as long as weather permits... last contact with my crew years ago but enjoyed seeing the story on the Vicious Virgin being shot down. Flew many missions with that crew alongside.... see picture! ... facilities at the 47th weren't too good when we first arrived at the islands."

BOB MCDERMOTT sent in this pic; on the back is a note (sort of crossed out) which looks as if it were



written 50-some years ago, "This is Foster & myself. The beers are just stage props. Foster is from Cleveland & he will be around to see us after the war." Another note not crossed out probably written recently, "Foster on left taken on Makin."

Bob and Betty reside at 351 High School Rd., N. W., BAINBRIDGE, ISLAND, WA 98110 (206) 780-1301. email RMcDermo.webtv. They have three daughters, Diane, Patty, and Mary and 2 grandchildren.

and I quote from the profile form, "... Retired... just the usual... worked for Thew Shovel Co. in Ohio and then Chatt. TN....no contact with 47th personnel since Foster passed away. Frank Foster & Herman Byers & Fred Schaffer & I used to get together until Byers & Frank passed away."

...another quote from an e-mail... "I was searching the web and stumbled on to 47th page pleasantly surprised. I was a member of the unit from early 1942 thru wars end. I joined the 47th and the huge A29 bombers with the open rear gunners cockpit on North Island Naval station, then Alameda Naval Air station, Oakland Ca. Next was Portland, Or. Then on to Hawaii, Gilberts, Marshalls, & Marianas campaigns, back to Hawaii for R&R and then to Okinawa to til end of war. I was in the armament section, upper gun turret maintainence with H. Byers and Fred Schaffer. I can update the missing members list as I kept in touch with Frank Foster and Herman Byers. Both men passed away many years ago. After I returned to Ohio in 1945 I remained there until the company I was with moved to Chattanooga Tn. In 1972 we went with my job lived in Hixson Tn. Until 1992. My wife (of 52 yrs) decided to move to Washington to be near part of our family. We now live on Bainbridge Island about a 30 minute ferry ride from the Seattle waterfront. We are thinking of visiting our granddaughter at the same time as the reunion so perhaps we will be able to make it and recall the old times. She lives in Culver City, Ca. Regards, Bob McDermott."

JOHN HYDE– lives at 2116 S. Link Ave. SPRINGFIELD, MO 65804-2545 (417) 883-1385. John's wife, Joan, is deceased. John's two children are Diane Davidson and Deborah Ellis, and he has 3 grandchildren. He worked for an insurance agency for 35 years, retiring in 1982; since then, he has simply "enjoyed!" ... and I quote, "...I was ground crew Flight Chief– sorry Then Capt. Harvey Eddy is now deceased... No contact with 47th personnel until George Tolbert post card- I was in contact with a few for a few years after my discharge on Nov. 11, 1945— Then just failed to correspond. I'm recuperating from rotator cuff surgery in a big way– from wrecking my bicycle."



It's always so much fun to be at these reunions... There must be something to the old "Comrades in Arms," phrase. Even though you spent maybe just two or three years with them you feel more closeness in many ways than with people you have known much longer. I quote from Peter Bodo in *Tennis*, "There is no security quite as comfortable and undemanding as the kind you feel among old friends."

Of course, we're not what we were... my wife and I tease each other about our "Old Timer's Disease." I'm reminded of a story I read recently, wherein an older couple were enjoying a quiet evening at home:

Husband: Dear, I think I'll fix some ice cream, would you like some?

Wife: That would be nice, dear.

Husband: Would you like some chocolate sauce on it?

Wife: Yes, please, but you write it down so you won't forget.

The husband putters around in the kitchen for several minutes and then serves his wife a plate of really nice scrambled eggs and toast, and his wife reminds him quietly... "Now, I told you to write it down and here you've gone and forgot my bacon!"

I'll bet Bill Clinton's really relieved since Viagra came out. It saves him a lot of embarrassment because it gives all the comedians another major source for their jokes.

FLAG DAY, 4TH OF JULY!!



President Woodrow Wilson said, "Old Glory, this flag which we honor and under which we serve is the emblem of our Unity, our Power, our Thoughts, and purpose as a nation. It has no other character than that which we give from generation to generation – This choice is ours. It floats in majestic silence above the hosts that execute those choices whether in peace or war. And yet, though silent it speaks to us of the past, of the men and women who went before us, and of the records wrote upon it."

MEMORIAL DAY!

SOMEWHERE

A bugle softly sounds
The message of renown,
And some inside their building wait
Until the flag comes down.
And others run to get their cars
Quite harrowed or dismayed,
Afraid they might not reach the gate
Before retreat is played.
Not thinking of the flag of those
Who fought to keep it flying.
How many would be glad to stand,
Whose bodies are now mute,
Or have no hand that they may raise
And stand in proud salute.
So accept it not as duty
But a privilege even more
And receive it as an honor
Instead of just a chore

Copy of Ltr and Report by Ken Farner

Dear George

Ever since I first heard from you a few months ago, I've been meaning to send you this paper I wrote while living in Oregon about 1952-54. Read it for what it's worth but it's as true as I recall it.

Our 47th participated in another raid which must have been the most productive we did out there in those months against the Japanese on the Marshalls. I have a copy of a book that was written by two boys from the 7th headquarters and that worked on the 7th Newspaper called "Brief."

It happened on Jan 26, 1944. In my diary I wrote "We took off (from Apemama) at eight and landed at Makin. We were approached by a sgt who asked us if we wanted fighter escort (P '40's based at Makin). After coming out of our fawns we agreed we did. They were to meet us after we left the target. We took off again for Maloelap, the Japs major league out there. 80 miles SE of Mille (MILLE) saw a Jap bomber and we supposed they would radio in we were coming. Hit target and encountered heaviest fire yet and then the Zeros from above struck, the sky was alive with them. I could see things I'd read about from the astrodome with bullets hitting all around. One hit our engine cowling, then about 10 minutes later we led them to the P40s' and Zeros below didn't know what hit them. (the P40s were not able to fly as far as Maloelap or Taroa, didn't have enough fuel so we planned the rendezvous). Losing about 12. Came home happy and safely.

I have a book "One Damned Island after Another" written by the Brief boys, Clive Howard and Joe Whitley. Prepared by HQ, AAF. AFIPR, Personal Narratives Division. Norman S Weiser, Director and published by the University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill and copyright 1946 by Army Air Force Aid Society. Printed in the United States; of America Van Rees Press, New York. Anyway, about 1950 I heard about this book and wrote the University of North Carolina Press and they sent this book. In the book which states "In 180 wild seconds the P40 shot down 10 Japs, got three probables---four Japs were shot down by the B25s themselves. It was the last time a Jap fighter plane was seen during the rest of the Marshalls campaign.

So this was our most important deal from January through August 18, 1944 when my plane returned on our 50th mission and we were told we were leaving for the states the next day. We were the first plane in our 47th Squadron to complete our 50th and go home. The story was that Gen Harmon who had taken over the 47th asked why these 25th were approaching 50 missions and no planes to send them home. They soon got a converted B24 and we all started for home.

Another source for the mission on June 26th and other activities of the 41st is the magazine article in the Saturday Evening Post on July 15, 1944 and entitled "Hale's Handful".

I've finally found a way to attend the reunion at San Antonio. My wife is not able to go but my son, Carl, who lives now in Tennessee has offered to meet me at San Antonio and "take care of me" so I'm sending my Registration and money to Urban Gutting tomorrow and calling the Raddison. So hope to see you there. Best wishes.

Ken Farner
38090 Boulder Creek Drive
Palm Desert, CA 92260

DARK FLIGHT

By Ken Farner

They woke us up on a dark 2:30 a.m. on January 20, 1944. It was sandwiches and coffee at the mess hall. Probably it was too early for the cooks to dish up the usual "salt pork" bacon and hydraulic (dehydrated) eggs breakfast. Trucks to the flight line at 3:15 and engines started at 3:30. It was a black black night with no moon and we were about to take off on our second combat mission in the central Pacific. Yesterday we had been briefed that the target would be Maleolap, deep in the Marshall Islands. These islands had been mandated to the Japanese soon after World War 1. We were up early so we could hit the target soon after dawn. Yesterday the navigators too, (I was a navigator) had gotten together with the squadron navigator and we had planned the course to the target. From our base, Apemama, southernmost island in the Gilbert Islands, 20 miles above the equator we would fly north, out past the Jap held Mili to avoid their radar, to a turning point into target, total distance 600 miles. It was an awful lot of ocean and no land check points on the way, just blue sea water.

Now it was take-off time and the Major, the squadron commander, took off first with the squadron navigator aboard. He was to wait above while the three flights, four planes to a flight, took off, formed up, and then he would lead us to the target. I flew navigator with Kelley, our A flight leader, and we got off, flew over the field several times, and soon all of the flights were formed. I noticed that the remote compass was still spinning crazily but we had been doing a lot of turning so I called out a heading of 340 degrees to Kelley and went back to my maps, charts, and work. We were maintaining strict radio silence on all radio, even interplane but Kelley finally got my attention and yelled and asked what was the matter with the compass. It was still spinning wild and I knew it couldn't be used. The B-25 Billy Mitchell bomber underneath us must have been the noisiest airplane the Air Force had. With its two huge Wright Whirlwind engines thundering away about eight feet on each side of us made communication miserable and we had to scream and yell to each other to be heard. So I was up behind Kelley's seat screaming that the big compass was out and we agreed that he would have to use the small pilot compass above the instrument panel until the Major picked us up and led us on. B-25's had

their main compass built out on the wing tip as far away from the magnetic attraction of the motors as possible and it was electrically connected to dials on the pilot's instrument panel and the navigator's compartment. The small independent compass above the panel was not nearly as accurate but could be used in emergencies.

We could see from the running lights of the other planes that most of us were there but it began to appear that everyone was following us. Where in the Hell was the Major? Another conference with Kelley and we finally agreed that everyone thought we were the Major and we would have to lead the bunch at least until it got light enough to see what was up. No way could we use the radio to find out, strict orders, no radio after take-off. They had impressed upon us very severely that there may be still enemy radios in the Gilberts to spot us and even enemy subs could surface, especially at night and radio to the Marshalls that bombers were on the way. I had tried to impress on Kelley that is difficult to rely on the small compass with so far to go but there was really nothing else to do so I went back to my table and went to work. I reworked my course first. the true course to the TP (turning point into target) was 345 degrees. Operations gave us the weather before we left and the wind was from 45(NE) at 10 knots per hour plus 2 degrees for wind drift or a true heading of 347 degrees. Then deduct a minus 9 degrees for compass variation (the difference between the actual north pole and the magnetic north pole that all compasses insist on pointing to. Somewhere up there in northeast Canada lies an enormous mother lode of iron that attracts that compass needle and this made; a magnetic heading of 339 degrees. The next step was to take care of compass deviation or error which I didn't have on the small compass. This is usually small so I still kept the same true heading of 340 degrees. Our actual ground speed was about 175 knots per hour which converts to about 200 miles regular statute miles per hour. Three and one half hours should see us close to TP.

An hour later we were about 20 miles right of Makin atoll, the northernmost island in the Gilbert group but it was too dark to see it. Another thirty minutes later it began to get light enough to take count. We could see that all three flights were intact but the Major was no where in sight. Kelley and I agreed again we would have to keep on leading. He was A flight leader and the other flight leaders had no reason not to follow him. I was concerned about the compass but now that the sun would be out soon I could use instruments to check it and get the compass deviation. I could also check the wind drift by using the drift meter on the white caps on the sea below. At about this time we had also dropped our altitude to about 50 feet off the water. We would remain there until we hit the target. The first Jap island, Mili in the Marshalls, would be coming up in another thirty minutes about 20 miles left of us and we didn't want their radar to pick us up.

As we passed near Mili I remembered real well

our mission there three days ago. The Colonel, our group commander, came down from Tarawa to lead us and I suppose it went as well as possible for the first one. Out from the target we lined up the planes with the Colonel in the middle and then we roared full speed to the target firing everything we had. I was too busy loading the GD cannon (more about that cannon later) to see much of anything and probably not as scared as I thought I would be. We were soon off the target and on our way home. Mili was the warm-up and the easy one. It was close enough to our Gilbert bases that our light planes, the pea-shooters (Pursuit) and the attack planes, could hit it and had been doing so for several weeks. But Mili still had two twin anti-aircraft guns firing and smaller automatic weapons.

Well our target today was not another Mili. It was pretty well untouched and virgin but it was still another hour away. We knew it still had all of its guns firing and there were still Zeros based there.

I suppose it's time now before target to tell where we came from and how we got here.

About a year before I had graduated as a bombardier at Victorville, Cal. and had been sent to Hondo, Texas as a student officer to take the full navigator's training course. Arriving there we were told that we would be trained as dual rated bombardier-navigators to fly in the new big B-29's that would be ready for us when we graduated. Since their range was so great it was decided that there should be two bombardier-navigator aboard. But graduating in May we found that the B-29's were not ready so they sent us out as navigators, mostly to B-17's and B-24's, four engine bombers, but eight or ten of us were sent to the west coast for B-25's. I finally landed at Portland, Ore., at the air base there, where I found I would be doing both jobs on the twin engine B two five. The Portland squadron was one of four squadrons with group headquarters at Fresno, Cal. Each squadron was in training was training combat crews for for an Alaskan base that was raiding the Japanese Paramashiro Island just above Japan. At Portland I was assigned to a crew in C flight where the crews learned to fly together. C flight graduated to B flight which made continuous sea patrol flights off the Pacific coast to patrol for enemy shipping. After a month or so in B flight the crews went on to A flight which prepared for combat duty in Alaska. We all flew the standard B-25's with the plexiglass bombardier noses until one day in September, 1943, (I was still in A flight) B-25H's began arriving at our field. These were something new with a 75 millimeter cannon extending from the navigator's compartment out under the pilot and cut through the front nose eliminating the front bombardier nose. Here was the most heavily armed bomber the Air Force had. Along with the cannon the plane had two forward firing 50 caliber machine guns, packaged on the front side of the plane's nose, a top turret in the middle section firing two 50 calibers, two side 50's for the radio man to operate, and a rear 50 for the tail

gunner. In addition to this the plane's bomb bay could carry 1,000 lbs. of bombs even when we later added a half bomb bay gas tank to get extra range.

I got a new crew, assigned to A flight Kelley's crew. In another week or two they had expected to be leaving for combat action in Alaska but orders were changed now. His bombardier had never been checked out for celestial navigation so I got his job. I hadn't been in the squadron long enough to know Kelley but his reputation was big and I was to later know, too, that he was one of the best, if not the best, in the 47th Bomb Squadron. He was about 20 years old, about 120 lbs. dripping wet but he knew how to fly that B two five.

We soon found ourselves flying these planes to Hawaii but had no idea where we would go from there. The guess was to the South Pacific. Our ship was the first in the squadron to land at Hickam field in Hawaii and a Major in a jeep greeted us with "Welcome to the 7th Air Force." and I wondered what is the 7th Air Force. This was in early October 1943.

No doubt the smallest of the then nine US air forces, the 7th had been based at Hickam at Pearl Harbor time and later had gotten into the battle for Midway. It looked like it was about to expand, about one thousand miles west into the Gilbert and Marshall Islands. In November came the battle for bloody Tarawa along with the taking of Makin and Apemama and the Gilberts were secured. After airfields were built and rebuilt on these three islands our B-25 medium bomb group and a B-24 heavy Group was ready to operate. Our job after arriving in the Gilberts in January 1944 was to "soften" the Marshalls and destroy their air power there.

Back on the way to the target at the time I reckoned we had reached the TP I gave Kelley a heading of almost due west and yelled to him that we should reach the target about 30 miles away in about ten minutes. I began to stack up my navigation equipment to get it out of the way of the coming action. I put on my heavy flak jacket, put on my GI trench helmet, sorted out the 75 millimeter shells and got ready to load that cannon. Since the breech opened into the navigator's compartment, which was barely big enough for one man to operate in. Anyway, the navigator inherited the cannon loading job.

The entire 20 or 30 islands in the Gilbert and Marshall chains are atolls. An atoll is a fringe of narrow islands and reefs built up around a lagoon which is 10 to 50 miles across. None of these islands rise out of the ocean over 30 or 40 feet and that includes the tops of the palm trees. Approaching in a plane at 50 feet above the sea we couldn't expect to see the target until we were within three or four miles of it so we still had several minutes to go. I kneeled up behind Kelley's and Allen's (our co-pilot) seat peering out with them looking for the target. Gad it could get hot when you're scared, in a closed metal plane with a hot sun beating down 50 feet off the ocean very near the equator wrapped in a thirty

pound steel flak jacket topped by a heavy GI steel combat helmet. Where is that damn island? The ten minute ETA passes and no island! Kelley looked back at me puzzled and I yelled, "Give it a few minutes more!" Well 5 to 10 minutes and no island and we decide something is definitely wrong. First we lose the Major, then the compass goes out, where's that damn island? I go back to the maps again. Since we were hitting or supposed to hit the southern part of the atoll any error must have dropped us south of the atoll, how far past or below I didn't know. Also I had finally noticed by the compass that we had drifted several degrees left of course in our run in to target. According to my maps south of the target and no doubt below us were two atolls, Arno and Majuro, that spread out east and west over a distance of about 50 mile with only a distance of about 10 miles between. Now that we could gain some altitude, heading south towards them we should pick them up in about 30 minutes. Kelley was yelling for a heading so I told him my idea. He agreed on turning south and asked if there were any military targets on either Arno or Majuro. I got out the PIF (Pilot Information folder) and found nothing on Majuro now but a few natives. (Three months later though, it would be the biggest US naval base in central Pacific with hundreds of ships in its lagoon). The strike maps did show a Japanese radio tower on the southeast tip of Arno. I told him about the tower, it was a military objective, and gave him a heading for it. He shouted OK and turned to that heading. The whole damn squadron were still behind and with us so finally at this time he broke radio silence and called the other planes and told them where we were going and what we hoped to hit. No objections, they seemed to be real glad to keep following and did so.

About 20 minutes later there were Majuro and Arno below and we all dropped down and prepared to strike the radio tower on Arno. Diving down to about 50 feet over target, speeding up to over 250 knots per hour, shooting 75 millimeter cannon shells all the way, disgorging at least a hundred 100 lb bombs over the target area, strafing with many machine guns all over the place, all on a tiny strip of island barely wide enough to cover a good city block. But again I was back there on my knees shoveling shells into that cannon so I didn't see much of the target. Our boys could literally fly those B two fives like they were pea shooters, tucking in those wingtips so that they were almost inches from those of their wingmen.

Coming off the target the planes pulled up to a decent altitude again and I gave Kelley a heading for Makin and we were on our way home. It was another hour and a half to Makin and I had plenty of time to worry. I had had to lead the planes to the target and had missed it. I was sure I would be blamed and in disgrace. Could they court martial a man for that? Surely there would be some punishment. And we also had another serious problem, maybe we didn't even have enough gas to get home. In Navigation school we had been taught that for

any mission you would always plan for 25 percent more gas than you would need just for any emergencies. But we didn't operate that way in combat and on this mission if flown normally we would have enough gas but nowhere near a 25 percent reserve. But we had not flown this mission normally. Flying full throttle into and over target the plane used almost half again as much as at normal cruising speed and we had done this twice, the first time 20 to 25 minutes trying to find it. We had also gotten off course making the total distance farther so we were getting mighty low on fuel. As I recall Kelley and I on our way home tried to figure fuel consumption and so on and it looked mighty close. So I had other worries now, the entire squadron ditching at sea, all my fault.

Well we finally made it, all of us, landing safely at Makin but it was squeaky close. One pilot swore his engines were coughing and conking out on the runway. He had to take his turn and was the last to land.

On the ground at Makin I was so shook I didn't want to be near anyone. We had to gas up here and then fly on home to Apemama, about 200 miles below. Finally, though, I did get up enough courage to join 3 or 4 other navigators and perhaps they came up to me. Anyway they weren't glaring at me and didn't seem mad and Barger said to me, "You did a good navigating job, Ken." and the others seemed to agree. I finally said I didn't know why I had missed the target and had had compass problems. Several said that they had figured the same turn that I had turned on into target and we finally agreed that drifting off course 4 or 5 degrees put us south of target and out of sight of it. We hadn't been used to flying and navigating so low over the water but we were learning. I felt some better as we finally flew home.

By the time we got back to Apemama it was dark again. We were all pretty tired and were glad when we were told that debriefing could wait until 8 o'clock tomorrow morning.

The Major was at the meeting the next morning but I know he was embarrassed and he didn't have too much to say. He did admit that he couldn't find us yesterday morning so finally came back in and landed. The intelligence officer for the squadron interrogated us about the target we finally hit and the pilots pointed it out on maps and all were quite certain that we had covered the area of the radio tower with everything we had to let go. This strike information would be forwarded on up to 7th air force through the group. We weren't kept long and nothing was said about any navigation errors.

As we filed out of the quonset Kelley said, "About everything went wrong yesterday but we finally had enough gas and we finally hit a target, they're going to count it as a mission." This was important to us as we believed then that we would be relieved and could go home after 25 missions.

It was about this time that Allen, our co-pilot, said something that really startled me. "We went over the target so fast," he said, "About all I remember is dodging the radio tower at the last minute and then seeing a

bunch of native huts just on the other side."

Suddenly I seemed to remember seeing something about a native village on the plane's strike maps but it wasn't that close to the tower, was it? I worried about this for sometime and the next time I had a chance I looked at the strike maps of Arno again and definitely, a native village, the main and only one on the atoll, was shown just a few hundred feet beyond the tower. Dropping our hundred pounders, 10 to a plane, lobbing our many cannon shells into that whole area, and strafing with our many machine guns we could not have missed pulverizing that whole native village. The population of that village must have been at least 200 people. Later I did mention this to some of the people in our squadron but no one seemed much concerned and we were kept much too busy flying missions in the days following to worry much about the past. Two days later, on January 22, our squadron did find and finally hit Maleolap. It was as rough as they said it would be. Two of our planes were shot down over the target with all men aboard lost. How does one get out of a plane that crashes from fifty feet off the water doing 250 knots per hour? An estimated 40 Zeros followed the rest from the target and worried them for 45 minutes. That was also the day that Cobb and crew ditched at sea after the Zeros left. The Zeros didn't get them, an engine had been shot out over the target and they flew on for an hour on just one engine. Yes, we learned to fight all-right and over a year and a half and many missions later our squadron would be the first B-25's back over Japan proper after Gen. Doolittle's Tokyo raid in April 1942.

At the end of the month our armed forces took Kwajalien atoll and one month later they took Eniwetok, which was the Marshall island closest to Japan. Majuro was taken over without any struggle and made into a huge naval base on the road to Tokyo. The rest of the Marshalls that had some enemy installations continued to be hit periodically until the end of the war. "Withering on the vine" it was called. But I don't recall of ever hearing about Arno Atoll again. The 7th air force headquarters must have gotten our report of the Arno strike but nothing was heard from them. There was a war to be fought and won. Someone must have landed there on Arno eventually, possibly at the time Majuro was taken over, it was so close. There couldn't have been more than a dozen Japanese there at any time. But whoever got there first must have found a totally demolished Marshallese village and many killed. All because of a wild fouled up mission flown by a bunch of B-25 crews on a day in January 1944. I can't forget it.

This great story by Ken Farner was originally sent to George Tolbert. It is reproduced here exactly as it was received from George... and we all thank Ken and George very much!... particularly us navigators!



ESTHER AND FELIX GALYEAN–



...and the note with this snapshot, "Not a hot island babe– Just a Kansas gal, Esther, 1944

have resided in Escondido, CA since 1953. Their present address is 1658 Oak Hill Dr., ESCONDIDO, CA (760) 745-7062. E-mail EmarieG.aol.com.

After Felix had piloted his 50 missions he went home and ended up at Marshall Field, Ft. Riley, Kansas, and this is where he met his "Kansas Gal," Esther.

.... and into civilian life.... they went to San Jose where Felix got into the dairy business, which ended up being a lifetime career. And Esther got into the banking business, which was also a lifetime career for her.

After five years in San Jose, they moved to Escondido, CA, where they have been ever since. Esther retiring at 60 as a bank officer with Security National Bank. Felix also retired at 60 spending the last many years with his own Dairy Products Distributorship.

And I quote from his notes... "...gone to many 48th reunions thru the years at Las Vegas. Went to 41st at San Antonio... Real Good Time. Hope both Harold Bryon and A. Rocklin make it to '99 reunion ...see everyone in Ontario."



Esther and Felix Galyean today....



"On Makin Isle– 1944 48th Bomb Sqdn... Left: Alex Waggoner Right: Bert Monk"

BERT C. MONK--Bert and his wife, Beverly, live at 3204 McElroy Dr., AUSTIN, TX 78757-1641 – (512) 452-4485. They have 3 children, 3 grand children, and 3 great-grand children. Bert was with the 48th from 1941 to 1945 as a payroll specialist.

... and I quote from Bert's notes... "Retired 1979... became a real estate appraiser and worked with Texas highway Dept. in Ft. Worth; with FHA; Corps of Engineers and finally with Federal highway Adm. Here in Austin... I was 80 years (old) 3/15/99. I've

kept in contact with Don Rossbach, Tom Carson, and Norvell McCawley before he passed on 4/99.... whatever happened to Bruce DeBrule– the 47th Squadron payroll specialist in Fresno CA?"



"Bert Monk, 1996.. Currently 80 years old and still kicking.."



On the back of the picture on the right, Bert has written, "Alexander Wagner (Ed. Note.. Different spelling above) on the left and Norvell McCawley on the left. Both now deceased (McCawley 4/99). Received this picture from McCawley Dec 23/86 in Xmas Card."

DR. SID BIRDSLEY and wife DeNae live at 1159 Alton Way, SALT LAKE CITY, UT 84108 (801) 582-9772. They had four children–Pam, Galen, Bob and Kristen– 11 grandchildren and 5 great grandchildren. Sid has been retired for 22 years after spending 25 years as a NCAA Football Referee. They plan on attending reunion in Ontario in October!



NOTE FROM JOHN HELMER.... We had a good response from the last CROW FLIGHT. We had monies from 22 people totaling \$665.00. Two checks for \$100, four for \$50 and the remaining checks ranged from \$10 to \$30.

The reponses came from Bert Monk, H. R. Amos, G. W. Knight, Howard Hoover, Brosig Harmon, Ernest Nichols, Alvin Gazda, John Moore, Felix Galyean, John Helmer, Joe Carrion, Iryne Kapustka, Art Rochlin, W. Kessler, Preston Benfield, Phil Marchese, Malcolm Segal, Jack Whitley, John Davis.

I also received a \$20 check and don't know who sent it. Please forgive me for not listing your name. I have the envelope, no return address and no city cancellation on he postage stamp.

The charge to the 48th for the last newsletter was \$180.09.

Start talking to yourself and know you will have a good time visiting old buddies and talking about our experiences in the big one. Remember it's our memories we live on; we don't have too many years in front of us.

Bring your tennis racquet....I will.

Thanks go to Kem for all his efforts and work on the reunion along with his committee. I want to also thank Esther and Felix Galyean, Helen and Paul Hopson, and Dick Monzingo for representing the 48th on the reunion plans.

MALCOLM M. SEGAL... "...sorry that I can't attend any reunions—my wife, Pauline, had a stroke and travel is very difficult for us...I read in the April 5th issue the comments from Michael Haddock who was Radio Operator and gunner on the plane called "Stinky." I was pilot on this plane and picked it up at Hammer Field in Fresno, CA in 1943 and named it after a humorous name I gave to my wife at that time. 56 missions later I left the plane on Saipan and headed home. I have pictures that Michael Haddock might like to see...today, April 12 was graduation Day from La Junta, CO and also our 56th wedding anniversary!" Signed, Major Malcolm "Mack" Segal, Ret. USAF.

BILL KESSLER— in a note to John... "been attending the 820th reunions for a while since the 48th was sorta inactive and last year I discovered the 48th was in business again— after I had already checked in with the 820th.....I visited your store last year when we were visiting my son in Vancouver. You must have more hats than all of Okla." We were all impressed...plan to make the reunion and hope to see you all."

JOHN DAVIS.... "We'd like to add a name to the roster: WALTER (RUSS) CLARKE, 5806 117th Ave CTE, PURALLUP, WA 08372.... He was tail gunner on Bob Hibbler's crew. He is interested in the Ontario reunion....hope to see you both in October..." Signed, John and Jan Davis.

IRYNE KAPUSTKA.... in a note to John... "thank you so much for the package you sent... I plan to frame the place mat and hang it on Pat's Wall" along with his awards from Ducks Unlimited and other civic interests. ...still thinking about the reunion and will contact Marian Calbreath and Charlotte Wetherbee..."... Editor's question for Iryne, "Do I remember correctly that Pat had a smoking monkey on Okinawa?... some one did, 'cause I have a picture of it...and someone told me it was Pat's...spent quite a bit of time with Pat and should remember... Oldtimer's Disease is creeping up on me?"

ALVIN GAZDA.... From a note to John... "I was looking at the August 1998 Newsletter to get information about the reunion in October...I sent the card to Kem Sitterley saying that we are planning to attend the reunion in Ontario, Calif. in October."

ERNEST NICHOLS.... "Due to Health reasons I can't attend reunions any more. I attended from '81 till '97. We have DON ROSSBACK and WILLIE GIFT to thank for getting the 48th started & Gene Olsen for his getting it organized....since then a lot have gone home to their maker...I never saw Jack Flint's name on any roster...I learnt how to stay for less the last time at the D.I. it was \$85 the first nite & \$95 the next two... then the next time I stayed at the motel next door with Neal Cherry for \$27..just as good & when it was held down at Morroccos I had a Gold Club card at the Riviera and stayed for \$19 per nite... with points... I admire you fellows who are keeping it going... Take good care and God Bless..." (Editor's note— Ernest's area code has changed... his new number is (709) 820-4292).

ARTHUR W. ROCHLIN.... Rockie and wife, Annice, live at 7740 SW 138 Terrace, MIAMI FL 33158. They have 3 children and 5 grandchildren. Rockie is a retired Professor of Business Administration "Regular commission 1947, manufacturing methods project Officer AMC; flew SA-16s (rescue) Japan and Korea; Atlas missile guidance project officer; retired LT. Co., 1967... Professor of Aerospace Studies (AFROTC) U. Of Miami; professor Miami Dade Comm. College... Retired 1985.. Only contact with 48th people was a phone call from Felix Galyean in March of 1999."

HILARY AND CHELSEA.... This mother and daughter were having a chat on one of her visits home from the university... and Hilary they just discussed everything like what was her favorite course? Hardest course? Favorite Professor... etc. and on and on and then...
Hilary: And how about sex? Have you had sex yet?
Chelsea: Well... not according to Dad..



URBAN A. GUTTING, our money guy forwards the following information by e-mail:

1. Our current balance= \$ 2,169.14
2. Collected since Newsletter #8 = \$455.00
3. Collected in 1999 = \$621.00
4. Good folks since the last report are Reginald Gauthier, Eldon Ford, Raymond Kutenkuler, George Harrison, James Land, Robert Gollnitz, Herbert Locke, Raymond Tripkos, Mary McCawley, Ricardo Rondinelli, John Sacco, Lynn Sweetland, Sidney Birdsley, Robin Hitchins, Earl Grunewald, Dale Storms, Charles Treacle, Jerry Allee, Bobbie Holliday, Robert McDermott, Kem Sitterley .
5. **HEY YOU BAD GUYS OUT THERE YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE!! SEND MONEY!!!!!! ONLY \$10 PER YEAR!!**

ROBERT A. WORSNOP... and Nancy live at 11 Chocolate Drop Mountain, COLUMBUS NC 28722 (704) 894-2741. They have four children, Douglas, Gregory, Dana, and Pamela; and they have 3 grandchildren. And I quote from his note ... "After war went to Cornell ... have B. A. and MBA degrees...worked for Ford for 17 years, 10 years Auto Operations, Rockwell, Intl.... at retirement was V. P. Finance, Automotive Operations... only contact with 47th people was with George Tolbert."

HERB AND FRITZIE LOCKE– A note to Gutts... "Can't remember if I sent the card out but Fritzie and I cannot make it this year– Oct seems to be a tough month for us. Maybe the next one–make it out east or nearer to some of us Yanks. All is well with us. Just getting older, etc.-- Our best to all..." (Editor's note: Our next reunion with the three squadrons (47th, 48th, and 396th) is set for October, 2000, in Las Vegas. You might consider going to the 820th reunions; They have most of theirs on the East Coast because a preponderance of their members are there; the next 820th Reunion is in Concord in May of 2000. Remember, too, that, where we go depends on who volunteers to coordinate the reunion. Maybe you would like to volunteer for October of 2001?)

JESS W. GRUBBS– A note from Earl Grunewald advises that Jess passed away a few months ago. We extend our condolences to his family.



HOWARD "HERB" HOOVER....and wife Marian live at 5333 Roger Way, SACRAMENTO, CA 95819-1725 (916) 451-9262.... And I quote from his profile form... "48th pilot, flight leader and Ass't. Ops. From 9/42 to 9/44...four children Howdy, Phyllis, Marta, and Melinda...9 grandchildren...occupation, Civil Engineer...1945 to 1976–Caltrans...1976-FEMA Guam and Saipan..1977-1986 American Samoa Public Works.. Retired to golf, gardening and going places.. Have kept in contact with George Walker and Lefty Pfingst... slowing up at 82...going for 100..."



Harold Kasten's girl friends on Apamama, 1944! ...and I quote from a note.. "I have been pretty good... not quite as much work as last year when we moved to this trailer in the same park... Now #31 instead of #25...weather getting real nice now...sending a picture of Murray Bywater to him... What is the Getty Center?..." Editor's note...Harold the Getty Center is the richest surely and arguably the best Museum of Art in the World... both from the standpoint of its contents and it's architecture with glorious views of the ocean to the west and Wilshire Blvd. and downtown L. A. to the east.

Send us your information below for use in "The Crow Flight"

47th and 48th Alumni – 50-some years later

NAME: _____ CALLING NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____ SPOUSE: _____

CHILDREN: _____

GRANDCHILDREN:(number) _____

OCCUPATION: _____

LIFE SINCE 47TH AND 48TH. _____

OLD PHOTO.

PERHAPS IN THE UNIFORM YOU WORE
IN THE SERVICE...

PERHAPS WITH A HOT ISLAND BABE!!!

NEW PHOTO

PERHAPS WITH WIFE, KIDS AND
GRANDKIDS....

PERHAPS WITH YOUR GIRL FRIEND??

CONTACT WITH 47TH AND 48TH PEOPLE: _____

ANYTHING ELSE OF INTEREST "THE CROW FLIGHT" READERS? _____

WHAT'S NEXT? _____

USE A SEPARATED PIECE OF PAPER IF NECESSARY!

Send to: The Crow Flight, % Kem Sitterley, 20449 Blue Mountain Drive, Walnut, CA 91789