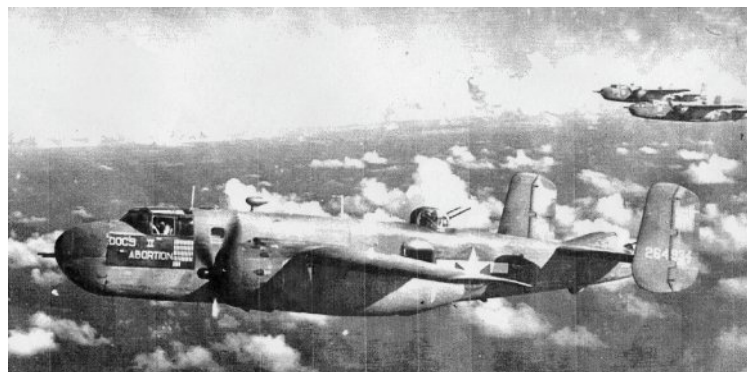




# The Crow Flight



Thirty-seventh Newsletter of the 47<sup>th</sup>, 48<sup>th</sup>, 396<sup>th</sup> & 820<sup>th</sup> Bombardment Squadrons, 41<sup>st</sup> Bombardment Group (M), 7<sup>th</sup> AF, WWII, Issued August 2006



Eng/Gnr Robert Carlisle – Nav Thomas Dominick – CP Malcolm Inman – P Warren Eyer  
Crew Chief Nick Karukas – Arm/Gnr Charles W. Weinaker – Rad/Gnr Robert L. Garrison

MAKIN Is. Aug. 1944  
CARLISLE · DOMINICK · INMAN · EYER  
KARIUKAS · WEINAKER · GARRISON

**TOP LEFT: DOC IN LOW LEVEL ATTACK ON MALOELAP IS. JAN. 23, 1944.** This photo had been widely publicized without due credit to it being Doc's plane, but that fact has been established. Doc and crew amassed 52 missions, 41 high level bombing (187 hrs.) and 11 low level cannon and strafing (61 hrs.) for a total of 248 combat hours. Tom Dominick was promoted to Group Navigator. Surviving are Crew Chief Nick Karukas, Arm/Gnr Charles Weinaker and Pilot "Doc" Eyer.

**TOP RIGHT: ON WAY TO ATTACK NAURU JULY 24, 1944.** Anti-aircraft fire was intense and accurate and "Doc's II Abortion" was badly shot up, but the crew returned safely from their 45<sup>th</sup> mission. Not so with Ed Feist's "June Bug," as his plane was shot down on this mission but the crew was recovered safely by Navy Dumbo.

**WARREN "DOC" EYER BIOGRAPHY:**

Doc and spouse Terry, as everyone should now know, live in Tucson, AZ. Doc's stepson, Robert Zeukas lives in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.



When you finish reading about Doc's adventures and accomplishments, there will not be even a trace of doubt in your mind that our upcoming 41<sup>st</sup> Group Reunion is in outstandingly capable hands with Doc and Terry.

Here is Doc's (short version) Autobiography:

I was conceived in Arizona, born in Long Beach, CA and back to Arizona two weeks later. Officially declared by order of Governor Wesley Bolin, 50 years later, as a true Native Son and not to be mistaken as a "Prune Picker."

Mother was born in Canon City, Colorado in 1899...my father in Phoenix, AZ in 1895. His father came from Toronto, Canada ending up in Tempe, AZ as a homesteader in 1875. My father, being a heavy construction contractor moved my family, including sister, Barbara, all over the state until I was five years old. We finally settled in Tucson where I attended school first grade through three years of University of Arizona. Tucson, in those days, was small (40K in '42) and a wonderful place to grow up hunting and fishing...all the pleasures that went with life on the Arizona desert and mountains.

I was eight when my grandmother took me for my first flight. It was at the old Tucson Fairgrounds with a true barnstormer, Charles Mays...in a neat Curtis Jenny. I had to sit on her lap. This, I will never forget, started "my dream" to become an aviator.



Accepted into the Air Corp Cadet Program, class of 43-C – Preflight at Santa Anna, CA (Pic L) – Primary Flight School at Visalia, CA (PT-22...loved every minute!) – Basic at Merced, CA (BT-13...what a world!) – Advanced at Roswell, N.M. (AT-9, AT-17 and the B-25...Wow! This was the greatest!) First assignment was March Field, CA doing 13 hour B-24 shore patrol flights

and Muroc Bombing Range practice; a real downer.

By luck and God's hand, a transfer was arranged to the 41<sup>st</sup> Bomb Group, 396<sup>th</sup> Sqn., Sacramento Municipal.

There, I was headquartered in an old leaky hanger with a desk in one corner. The only other occupant was a crop duster and a bunch of revetments. Got my first time in the A-29, then happily back into the B-25...every model from A to D. Buzzing was encouraged and enjoyed. Everyone lived off base, very informal. Even the Link Trainer was outside, under a big tarp. You would drive to the plane in your car, leave it in the revetment and Lo! It was filled with 100 octane on your return. Shore patrol and practice tours at Muroc...Great Times!

Then came the call to battle. After a couple of false starts with leaky fuel tanks, we set a speed record from Hamilton to Hickam that stood for some time.

Short Snorter record of Hamilton to Hickam in 10 hrs 51 minutes ground to ground on Nov. 1, '43



Next station, Bellows Field...then Tarawa, with a few Japanese night bombing raids and heavy losses on our low level missions. Then we moved to Makin...lots of swimming and skin diving off the old life boat when we could get it in the water at high tide. Shot a manta ray in the lagoon for the native food supply...at the request of the native chief. We first buzzed the lagoon to separate a pod of three. With a near-by round from the 75 mm cannon, we followed "captain's orders" by bringing down a 300 lb., 20 ft. wingspread ray, which was to feed the locals for a long time to come. I was told that the meat got better as it cured over a month or so (?). [You didn't try it?]



My first taste of St. Elmo's Fire! Three of us flew into a hellish storm...couldn't see what we were getting into. Suddenly, everything was black as night. Hit an UPDRAFT that ripped the waist guns from their mounts. First the fire was around the props, and then it crept all through the cockpit and into the instrument panel with gauges spinning and lit up like a pinball machine. Paint was peeled from the aircraft skin and in the cockpit. We were in a nose down attitude but the rate of climb was 5000 ft. per minute and airspeed indicated over 400 mph! Then we hit the DOWN-DRAFT and kicked out on the deck at 500 feet with Makin Island in sight. The other ships with Thompson and McDavid were two hours longer getting out of the storm and back to base.

We held the record for number of holes in a returning aircraft yet never had a Purple Heart on our crew.

[Referring to the P 1 Nauru mission:] With tail gunner Weinaker screaming over the intercom that flak was walking in, we reached 500 mph in a dive while taking evasive action. On the same mission, an aa shell penetrated his station seat just seconds after Navigator Shirley had left it. The shell was a dud.



[In a telephone conversation, Doc added that it was "Doc's II Abortion" that, manned by Pilot Frank Marvi and crew of the 396<sup>th</sup> Bomb. Sq., was fated to be the last B-25 and crew lost to enemy fire when it took a direct hit in the bomb bay while on the last 41<sup>st</sup> Bomb. Gp. raid over Japan.]

We experienced a few bombing raids by the Japs. Most were ineffective. An exception was when three crews, Feist, Turner and Eyer, were early arrivals on Eniwetok. We were quartered near our planes on the runway and were given cans of creosote to pour on fly ridden flesh. On one night raid, the Japs hit the nearby ammo dump...what a display! Spent the night in a shell hole. We tried the Marine mess once but the blow flies were so bad you couldn't keep them off your food. The Marines were suffering high casualties from bloody dysentery. Luckily, we brought our emergency rations.

Returned to States in Sept. '44 and was sent to Fort George Wright convalescent hospital (too many parties!). In Jan. 45 went to Douglas, AZ instructing in B-25s. Then to Marianna, FL where I checked out and instructed in the A-26.

September '45 I was honorably discharged from active duty to assignment in the Inactive Reserve Corps. 1947 transferred from Reserve to the newly formed Arizona National Guard where my first solo was in the wonderful AT-6; also checked out in the P-51. Barry Goldwater was my CO....wonderful guy.

Then I transferred back to the Reserve, assigned to Williams Field. As Air Installations Officer, my final assignment was as Air Force Liaison officer to the Civil Air Patrol Sqn. at Coolidge/Florence Muni, flying a T-34 and two Super Cubs...a fun time. Then came the rift by the great Congressional purge of 1963.

After separation in '45 I joined my father in his construction and materials business in Casa Grande Valley. I later merged and formed the largest materials operation in Arizona: United Materials, headquartered in Phoenix. Sold that and became president of the resulting United Metro and V.P. of The Tanner Companies with operations over Ariz., Calif. and Nevada. Retired in 1975 and was still flying until 1990.

Hobbies through the years...Cooking (still do), hunting and fishing (don't) and woodworking (still at it).

#### Activities:

President and board member - COOLIDGE LIONS CLUB

President - PINAL COUNTY UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA ALUMNI BOARD

Vice President - PINAL COUNTY SHERIFFS POSSE

Six years - KENNILWORTH SCHOOL BOARD

Board member and First V.P. - BOYS CLUB OF PHOENIX

Board member - COOLIDGE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE - COOLIDGE INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION - HOHOKAM GOLF

AND COUNTRY CLUB - UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA ALUMNI ASSOCIATION - ARIZONA FLY CASTERS ASSOC. - S.A.V.E. (Sportsmen Against Vandalism Everywhere) - UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA PHOENIX TOWNCATS ASSOCIATION

With three Flying Crosses, six Air Medals, one Battle Star on the American Campaign Ribbon and three Battle stars on the Asiatic Pacific Ribbon and the usual lesser ribbons...and after 22 years Air Force, three years Tucson High School ROTC, three years University of Arizona ROTC Horse Calvary, and Presidential Unit Citation...it's now time for a last HOO RAH...the 2006 41<sup>st</sup> BOMB GROUP REUNION!!!

#### TUCSON REUNION NOTES:

There are plenty of good reasons to attend...the tours & scenery, good food (we hope), etc., but foremost is connecting with old comrades, family and friends. Of course, the brightest stars in that category for this reunion are Doc and Terry. Those of us who personally know them will certainly look forward to visiting with them again. For those who have not had the pleasure of meeting Doc and Terry, you surely must be fascinatingly intrigued, & hopefully are recruited, after reading Doc's bio account.

Our "Room Block" for Hotel Reservations officially expires on Sept. 24, so you still have time to make your reservation. Remember, you may cancel without penalty or cost within 24 hours of your arrival date.

You ask: How are we doing? Very well! Thank you. We have 27 officially signed up at this time (22 Aug.) and 25 more who have said they will attend. We have expectation that our total attendance may be near sixty. If your name isn't among these good folks who have registered, then we are anxiously awaiting to hear from you: (In order received) George Harrison & son Timothy & Connie Castanera - Jack R. Audiss & son Jack Roger - Thom & Mary Zachok - Johnny & Mary Widener - Doc & Terry Eyer - Urb Gutting & Carolyn Colvin - John & Beverley Helmer - Rick & Marilyn Rondinelli - Louie & Corinne Beisser - Walt Winner & Joyce Haddock - Gus & Enid Anderson - Skip & Rene Thrune - Elmer & Polly Littrell - Your name should be here.

#### COMPLIMENTARY HOTEL TRANSPORTATION:

Use any airport courtesy phone (baggage pick-up area has one) and ask for Doubletree Hotel and then connection to the Courtesy Desk (Bell Hop). Or, call Doubletree local # 881-4200; you may want to put that # in your cell phone. *The hotel also provides courtesy guest transportation to and return within a 3 mile radius of the hotel. Driver gratuities are accepted. Check with the hotel for details.*

**"BIO" OF NEDRY BURRIS, 47<sup>TH</sup> BOMB. SQ:**

Ned and spouse Ginny now reside at 3440 Dogwood Dr. S, Salem OR 97302. They have two children, Molly and Allen and a grandchild, Jesse. If you knew Ned, drop him a line and do a little reminiscing; if you didn't know him drop a line and get acquainted.

Ned qualified for Aviation Cadet training in Jan. 1942. He did primary flight training at Dos Palos, CA, basic at Lemoore, CA and Marana, AZ, and advanced at Williams AB, AZ. He graduated with Class 43-D.

"I trained in the AT-17 in advanced but was sent to a P-38 Sq. in Portland, OR after graduation. It was a veteran P-38 Sq. and went overseas without me.

"I was then transferred to a B-25 Sq. in Portland and in Oct. '43 we picked up a new B-25G and flew 12 hours from Hamilton, CA to Hickam. Our crew was George Kinney, myself, Red Grunewald, Tony Grasso, Glen Doolin and Vassar McConnell. All except Red and I are now deceased.

"In Jan. '44 we left Kipapa, HI for Apamama via Palmyra and Canton. Our first mission was on 1-21-44 over Taroa. On our second mission (low level) over Maletop, the planes and crews of Lts. Ralph Crume and Robert Heun were lost. On 1-22-44 Lt. Cobb ditched 100 miles north of Makin and he and crew were picked up by Dumbo. On Jan. 28, '44 we hit Maloelap (Taroa Island) low level. Lt. Robert Cecil's plane and crew were lost.

"I was promoted to first pilot after 25 missions when George Kinney moved to operations. On June 27 Mark Watts was shot down over Nauru. We watched his water landing and, within 20 minutes, his crew being picked up by Dumbo. On Aug. 18<sup>th</sup> Lou Gray was shot up over Nauru and water landed 50 miles from Tarawa. They were picked up 2 hours later by Dumbo.

"Finished my 50th mission on Sept. 10, 1944 on a raid over Nauru. Then, one month at Hickam AB before returning to the U.S. I spent some time as a B-25 instructor, one month on the bond tour and was discharged in Oct. 1945.

"Shortly after being recalled to active duty with the Air Force on April 1, I graduated from Lewis & Clark Law School in June 1951.

"June '52 to June '53 flew C-119s in Japan and Korea. 1953-57 with AFROTC AT Evansville U., Indiana. '57 to '60 at Randolph AFB flying T-33s. '60-'61 Greenland flying SA16 Gruman amphibians. '61-63 Westover AFB. '63-67 Williams AFB. Retired on Aug. 31, '67. Assistant Professor at Oregon state U. '68-'85. '85 to now has been travel, golf and relaxing in Salem, OR."

[This writer:] Had a nice phone conversation with Ned, the import of which was that he and Ginny are now seriously considering making our Tucson Reunion. Hopefully, Red and Lee Grunewald also will take note of this opportunity for re-embrace of an old camaraderie. It's about half-way, guys and gals: Red from Dallas, TX and Ned from Salem, OR.

**DON HASKELL'S MEMORIAL WEBSITE:**

Cascade is the word that comes to mind in reference to the flow of information to, from and about Don's website.

First piece of outstanding news is that the webmaster, Rolf Grandstaff, has been working closely with Sean Casey, who owns the web hosting company that now hosts Don's site. Here is Sean's initial contact posting on the site:

"Mr. Haskell, My name is Sean Casey. I am the son of Vincent E. Casey. Vince flew with the 396th Squadron, 41st Bomb Group from sometime in 1942 to Sept 1944. Vince passed away in 1968.

I note that his name, and the names of some of his crewmen, are missing from the site. Here is some of the information I have: Vince had a navigator named Andrew Aloysius Doyle who is mentioned in a 1944 Saturday Evening Post article.

Another crewman I know of is one William R. Orr, navigator. I presume that all of these officers were members of the 396th Squadron, but I don't know that for sure, of course.

I have several pictures which I would be happy to share with you for the site, if you wish.

I look forward to hearing from you." Sean Casey

.....we interrupt for this late breaking news.....

This writer, as of 2313 hours, 28 July 2006, is now the proud Great-Grandfather of beautiful baby Melody Nan, daughter of US Army Master Sergeant Richard and Jessica (Granddaughter) Alba.

Rolf responded to Sean and the ensuing collaboration resulted in the perpetuity of Don's website on Sean's server.

From Sean: The model of A/C 328 151 is built to reflect the photo on the wall, which was taken (I think) during the flight from Sacramento to Hawaii (Guns are wrapped). The book in the lower right-hand corner is the WWII scrapbook my father's mother kept.



Another stroke of fortunate happenstance is that Sean lives in Tucson and he will attend the Reunion...as will Rolf, flying in from N.C. Hope Sean plans to bring that scrapbook to the Hospitality Room.

Sean and Rolf and his wife, Katrina have also collaborated on a method to make *The Crow Flight* on Don's 41<sup>st</sup> Website more easily accessible. Check it out.

**NEXT EXCITING DEVELOPMENT (FROM ROLF):**

"The Air Force Historical Research Agency at Maxwell finally came thru for me. I got 5 microfilm rolls of 41st Group history compiled with all kinds of pictures and declassified documents (Cont'd next P.)

including every mission debriefing from Tarawa to Okinawa. I feel like I just got a treasure chest of gold. Now if I can only find time to start going thru it." Rolf has purchased a used microfilm reader and has begun to explore his treasure trove of 41<sup>st</sup> combat history. Technical procedure will have to be worked out but he hopes to incorporate some of the information into the 41<sup>st</sup> Bomb Group website. Rolf and Sean Casey are also exploring possible ways to have showings at the Tucson Reunion.

**POSTING ON DON'S 41<sup>ST</sup> WEBSITE:** My dad's name is **John Bayer** and his picture is shown in one of the pictures on the 47th Bombardment Squadron web page. I was so surprised to find it. I would like to give some status about my father. He died in 1967 of a heat stroke in Afton, Ohio. He was a farmer after he returned from the war, and loved it. **I would appreciate any information about his activities or involvement in the war.** He did not talk much about it. Thanks, Frank A. Bayer, 8055 W. Hillpoint Rd., Cross Plains, Wisconsin 53528 Bayer@engr.wisc.edu 608-798-4671

Attached is the picture from the 41<sup>st</sup>

Bomb Grp. website, of him and his buddies in front of a B-25 G Bomber. My father is in the lower left corner kneeling. I assume it is in the Gilbert Islands, possibly Apamama, approximately 1943. Just a guess.

I contacted the National Personnel Records Center in St. Louis for information and his medals. They did send me his medals and told me his records were destroyed by a fire in 1973. They said the information I had sent, his dd-214 and discharge papers, were more information than they previously had and that they would be maintained on file.

[John Bayer's name is listed in The Sq. Postwar Directory of Doc LaVigne's "The Crow Flight" book; the enlistment address is R.F.D. #4, Batavia, Ohio. Apparently John didn't stray far from his roots. John's name has been moved from the 47<sup>th</sup> "Unknown" to the "Known Deceased" roster.]

**Hey guys, I'm trying to help a friend at church get reunited with the 41st Bomb Group. His Name and information: Ken Ireland - Assigned to 7th Air Force, 41st Bomb Group - Squadron: Unknown. He was the co-pilot on Clinton White's B-25.**

**Nose Art: Priscilla Lane in a bathing suit was painted on the nose. I believe they crashed off the Marshal Islands. Any assistance you can give me for Ken would be greatly appreciated.**

**There was another B-25 pilot in Maine, a Walter Banton, whom I believe passed away a number of years ago.**

**If there is a reunion coming up, please provide me the information so I can try and get Ken there.**

**Thanks, Walter J Boguslawski, (Master Chief USNR), PO Box 42, Searsmont, ME 04973**

**H: 207-342-2278; C: 732-614-7487**

**W: 207-626-9107; walterandsue@fairpoint.net**

**FROM DEBI MUELLER, DAUGHTER OF GEORGE BLICKLE, 47<sup>TH</sup> BOMB SQ:** My father currently resides in a nursing home at Friendship Village South in St. Louis, MO and will not be able to attend the Reunion. Do families attend without the 47<sup>th</sup> member?

George's spouse, Margaret, still resides at the family homestead and, of course, a hearty welcome is extended to both Margaret and Debi to attend our Tucson Reunion. George and Margaret have been moved from the 47<sup>th</sup> "Unknown" to the "Active" roster and Debi to our "Kids" roster.

**FRANCIS LISAK, SR, 47TH Bomb Sq** sent an article, "My mission over Nagasaki," obtained by Francis after a personal interview with the author, Fred Olivi, CP on B-29 "Bock's Car." Excerpts: ...when we bombed Hiroshima and Nagasaki the war was shortened by months, thus saving thousands of American lives. Winston Churchill said: (if the bomb had not been used)...we should have sacrificed a million Americans and a quarter of a million British in the desperate battles and massacres of an invasion of Japan. The bomb brought peace, but man alone can keep that peace." The Japanese had defended their Pacific Islands outposts with such ferocity; there was little reason to believe they would be any easier to deal with on the beaches around Tokyo Bay.

Kokura was the primary target of the second A-bomb, but thick cloud cover spared that city and the bomb was dropped on our alternate target, Nagasaki.

Two B-29s altered the course of history. We ushered in a terrifying new era of warfare and a complete new concept of military strategy. Former President Truman spoke..."I realize the tragic significance of the atomic bomb. Its production and its use were not lightly undertaken by this government. But we knew the enemies were on the search for it. We know now how close they were to finding it. And we know the disaster which would come to this nation, and to all peaceful nations, to all civilizations, if they found it first. We won the race of discovery..."



- Fritzie Locke notified us that her beloved husband, Herbert B. Locke, 47<sup>th</sup> Bomb Sq. has passed away.

Fritzie said he was proud of his service, enjoyed *The Crow Flight* and hearing from his wartime friends. Dick Sternberg, Carolyn and I visited with Herb and Fritzie this past March.

### Herbert Bernard Locke

BARRE – Herbert Bernard Locke, 88, passed away June 8, 2006, peacefully, with his wife, Fritzie, and daughter, Susan, by his side at the Hospice by the Sea in Boca Raton, Fla.

Herb was born on Aug. 14, 1917, in Boston, Mass., to loving

parents Mendel and Katherine Locke. He was educated in the Boston

public school system where he excelled in baseball and hockey. Upon his graduation from high school,



Herb enlisted in the RAF. When the United States entered World War II, he transferred to the U.S. Army Air Corps. Following basic training, he went to flight school and trained to become a fighter pilot. During the war, Herb served in the Central Pacific and Okinawa. He flew P-51s and B-52s and attained the rank of 1st

Lieutenant. He was attached to the 47th and 41st Bombardment

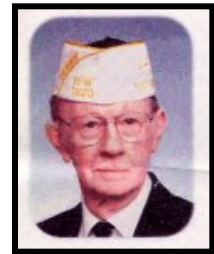
Squadrons. Herb and Fritzie always enjoyed going to squadron reunions.

Herb lived many wonderful years in Barre and was a respected businessman who owned and operated Harvard Clothes for more than two decades. In his early years in Barre, he played baseball in the Granite League. He was an avid booster of all civic events, served as a volunteer at the Central Vermont Hospital, was a charter member of the Barre Kiwanis Club, the Barre Elks Club the American Legion and the Beth Jacob Synagogue in Montpelier, and was a member of the Barre Country Club and the Del Ray Beach (Fla.) Country Club. Herb had many other interests including fishing, hunting, snowmobiling and golf. He enjoyed the family camp on Caspian Lake for many summers.

Herb is predeceased by two sisters, Bernice Weinberg of Boston and Myrel Lipman of Barre, as well as his nephew Robert Lipman of Montpelier and his niece Roberta Segal of Weston, Mass.

In addition to his wife, Fritzie, Herb is survived by his daughter, Susan Spivak and her husband, Michael, of Fort Lauderdale, Fla.; son Bruce Locke and his wife, Judy, of Scottsdale, Ariz.; grandchildren Gabrielle and Max Bernstein of New York City and Andrew Locke of Seattle, Wash.; nephew Peter Lipman and his wife, Maggie, of Burlington; and niece Sandra Lipman of Montpelier.

Those who wish may make a contribution in his memory to Hospice by the Sea, 153 West Palmetto Parkway, Boca Raton, FL 33486. ♦



Bob was born April 21, 1922 in Mason City, son of Robert W. and Trulie M. Helm Murphy. He graduated from Manley High School in 1940.

He married Victoria Kemp in 1945 and they later divorced. On December 15, 1979, he married Elnora Long.

He joined the US Army Air Corp in 1941 and retired from the US Air Force in 1964 after serving 24 years, through three wars.


He worked at Jim Cordes Ford as a mechanic and then was a driver for Hoxie Fruit and a truck driver for Kroblin's. Later, he worked at the VFW Club, for the City of Waterloo Parks Department and also managed the Brookside Apartments from 1980 -1983.

Bob was Former VFW Commander 1990-91; a Life Member of VFW Post #1623 and served on the Honor Guard; a member of American Legion Post #138; a member of the Air Force Sergeants Association; and was Past Commander of the Military Order of the Cootie. In 1992 Bob received the Governor's Award for Volunteering.

He is survived by his wife, son Michael Murphy and Cheryl Bogart of Las Vegas, Nevada, two stepdaughters: Jean and husband Pete Peterson of Denver and Ellen Boose of Evansville; three stepsons: Bill Long, Sam Long, and Marty and wife Traci Long, all of Waterloo. Bob is also survived by five grandchildren, sixteen step-grandchildren, nine great-grandchildren and twenty step-great-grandchildren. He was preceded in death by three sons: Pat, Danny and Timmy Murphy.

- Natalio R. Giardina, 820 Bomb Sq., died Feb. 25, 2005. Obituary was sent by his son, Reverend Father Robert J. Giardina.

**GIARDINA, NATALIO R.**, 85, of Greenwood St. a former truck driver, died Friday at Fatima Hospital. He was the husband of the late Josephine (Montecalvo) Giardina. Born in Providence a son of the late Matteo and Santa (Spicuzza) Giardina. He had lived in Cranston since 1955.



Mr. Giardina was a truck driver for Tilcon-Gamino for 38 years and Card's for 4 before retiring in 1985. He was a member the Teamsters

Union Local 251. He served in the Army Air Corp during WWII and was a member of the VFW and also Cranston Council, K of C.

He leaves three sons; Fr. Robert J. Giardina, Pastor of St. Charles Borromeo Church, Richard M of Cranston and Lt. Matthew T. Giardina RISP (Ret) of Wyoming. A sister Augustina Tomao of Cranston, nine grandchildren and one great granddaughter. He was father of the late Edward C. Giardina and brother of the late Joseph and Augustino Giardina and Sarah Williams.

- Elnora Murphy wrote that Tech Sgt. Robert H. Murphy USAF (Ret), 48<sup>th</sup> Bomb SQ. has died. Robert had combated cancer and other serious illnesses for a lengthy time before succumbing on Feb. 12, 2006. As Robert's second wife, they were married for 26 years. They attended a 41<sup>st</sup> Group Reunion in Las Vegas in the 1980's. Elnora asked that *The Crow Flight* be continued to be sent and we will happily oblige.

His Obituary reads: Tech. Sgt. Robert H. Murphy, 83, of Waterloo died Sunday at Cedar Valley Hospice.



**JOHN HELMER, 48<sup>TH</sup> BOMB. SQ:**

Beverly and I are looking forward to our 41<sup>st</sup> Bomb Group Reunion in Tucson. At this moment we are planning to arrive on Thu. Oct 5. I will visit our AAA office and get some visitor material plus calling the Tucson tourist information service. I heard from Gutts that he will also come in on Th. Hope others will consider an early arrival.

The tours Doc and Terry have planned for us look exciting and will be a highlight of our visit.

Seems the whole country is having a heat wave. We've experienced several days in July between 100 – 105 degrees here in Portland, which is rare for us. On the good side, we cool off to 50 – 60 degrees at night.

**EMERY TUTTLE, 820TH BOMB. SQ:**

The only ones I have heard from are: **John Crane**, Lighthouse Pt., FL...He is still taking care of his ex-wife who has had at least 3 brain operations in Houston. He takes her there and back and cares for her in FL; and, **Isadore Ronner**, Del Ray Beach, FL who sent \$10 dues.

The Tuttle's are staying active, driving 75 miles to Dallas to Writer's Meetup once a month, and still hoping to publish "And the Angels Sing" Subtitled "Never Before Told Stories of A WWII Pilot"

**DOC EYER, 396<sup>TH</sup> BOMB SQ:**

**Nate Mitchell** wrote that he won't be able to make this reunion because of some heart repairs but feeling like he's sure he'll make it in 2007.

**Bill MacMinn** says he and Bobbie plan on making the Tucson gathering and implied that it's hot here. Bill...it's some kind of "dry" heat that's "Cool, man!"...contrary to your "wet" heat in Florida.

**C.B. Williams** writes that he's experiencing the trauma of down-sizing 64 years of collecting, into what sounds like pretty sumptuous quarters.

And, finally, a big Thank You to all for the support offered for the 2006 Reunion--Lookin' Good!

**GEORGE TOLBERT, 47<sup>TH</sup> BOMB SQ:**

George said that he and Bev will, God willing, be at the Tucson gala. Later in Oct they will be on a "Square Dance" Caribbean cruise. George, a dedicated Square Dancer, has persuaded Bev, who prefers ballroom dancing, to take up the sport.

Told Geo there was a recent news article here about a youngster of age 70 something who owns a dance studio and has the ladies clamoring to dance with him. His doctors are amazed, considering his severe arthritic condition, but the gent said dancing is what lubricates his joints. Geo said he's in full agreement.

George's area in Oklahoma is seriously affected by the midwest and southwest drought conditions...as are we here in San Antonio, TX. Main individual difference is we don't have catfish ponds drying up, as does George.

**FROM FRANKIE BYWATER:**

I have been going through many of Murray's papers and his books of memories, and I found an article I am sure many of the 41<sup>st</sup> members will enjoy reading. It tells how impressed the Marines were at their first sight of the Mitchell bombers on Tinian.

Also, there was much praise for the ground crews of aircraft mechanics...a very interesting story I thought.

I hope your reunion is a terrific success. Say a hello for me. I wish I were well enough to attend but I have too many problems. After all...88 years does that to some of us. Very sincerely, Frankie

P.S. What a beautiful poem sent in by Ralph's daughter, Frances Hund, "When I must leave you." So very meaningful!

**B-25 Amazes Marines On Isle**  
Salt Laker Tells Of First Closeup View

SEVENTH AAF HEADQUARTERS, Central Pacific—Marine veterans of five campaigns found something new in weapons to admire when they had their first close-up view of Mitchell bombers, on Tinian.

When Col. Murray A. Bywater of Salt Lake, youthful senior pilot and commander of a Seventh AAF Medium Bomb Group, flew in his B-25, first to land on Tinian, the task force still was shelling the island and the ground forces still were firing on the enemy. Though the marines had seen many fighters and heavy bombers, their first close-up of the Mitchell aroused their enthusiasm.

"It's a flying arsenal," one of them exclaimed, as they crowded around the 75mm nose cannon and the bomber's formidable battery of .50-caliber machine guns.

"I'd sure hate to meet those things in the air," added another.

The Japs also hated meeting them in the air. The squadron of mediums bombed and strafed at various altitudes. The enemy could not judge their height and speed, and for the most part, their return fire was ineffectual.

Colonel Bywater was engaged in coordinated close contact with task and ground forces in action. "Those boys deserve even more credit than they get," he said. "They fight and live under conditions of climate and combat with a high morale that only a combination of intestinal fortitude and philosophy make possible."

**FLIES MITCHELL BOMBER**  
—Col. Murray A. Bywater of Salt Lake.

"Despite the extreme conditions under which they worked," said Col. Bywater, "They have been able to fulfill every mission assigned during their months of combat duty over thousands of miles of ocean operations. Mechanized failures have been surprisingly few. The crew have had fine equipment with which to work and have used it wisely. Their hearts have been in their maintenance work, evidencing a strong will to give their all towards gaining our goal."

Colonel Bywater, 28, is the son of Dr. and Mrs. Murray M. Bywater of 2471 S. 13th E. St., Salt Lake. He is a graduate of the University of Utah. His Mitchell is named for his wife, the former Frankie Lale Galloway of Riverside, Calif., and her portrait is painted on the fuselage. She now lives in Riverside.

This *The Crow Flight* issue will also be know as "The 'Doc' Eyer Issue," so it is befitting that we devote space to continuing the Diary of Thomas D. "Tommy" Thompson. Here is how Doc described their relationship in a notice sent to Bill Zingary for the 396<sup>th</sup> Newsletter #32 Silver Taps:

*I am sorry to have to pass along sad news, the death of my closest friend, Thomas Thompson. Tommy was one of the first of our squadron to arrive on Tarawa. He was an excellent pilot, a wonderful hunting & fishing companion and a dear friend, I'll miss him. Best regards Doc Eyer*



Continuing Tommy's Diary from *The Crow Flight* #36 P 8:

old rascal really flies like a bird on one engine - so no worries there. Calibrated the air speed instruments while we were there and now she's ready to go. Bill, Doc & Al returned with the usual stories. Seems nobody would speak to them the next day - glad I left when I did. Heard more news of the 820th (B-25Gs) ;the 1st Sqdn of our group to leave. Seems two planes bomb release mechanism failed over the target. Bet somebody really caught hell for that. May play some poker tonight if I can find a game.

January 8 BELLOWS FIELD

Flew a nine ship formation this morning. I lead the 3rd element on two practice attacks and everything was not too good. Seems to me that we still have a lot to learn about formation and tactics. The sad news of our foot lockers came in today. It seems that when they got to their destination (somewhere in the Gilberts) they were floated ashore and the broken into by the Seabees. I hope they enjoyed the 4 qts of Old Forrester as well as I would have. There is a chance it still might be safe. I sure hope so. Understand Moyer has been killed. He used to be in our Sqdn but didn't make the 1st team & was later sent to the 820th. Can't understand why we are being kept here so long . Won \$40.00 last night. Good month so far.

January 9 BELLOWS FIELD

Sqdn formation of 12 ships today had a practice run on the targets. One on Molokai the other on the opposite end of Oahu from Bellows. We were escorted by P 47's from across the way and were also intercepted by about 12 of their ships. We were in the last element & those pursuit boys were really coming in close. Better job then yesterday but still quite a lot to be done . Jamison is not all he could be as a flying commander (what an understatement!) Fiest made Capt, finally! Also McMillan & Ferria two navigators made 1st Lt . No letters today- oh yes- received a v-mail from my mother . Hope she gets some of the mail I've written her eventually. Tonight I'm supposed to be on pass but I just stuck around here. Played poker Dice with Bill, Doc & Watson - also drank a quart of my vino. Full moon tonight. Oh me - how lonesome.

January 10 BELLOWS FIELD

I was rudely awakened this morning at 8.00 am and told that all passes were canceled & that I was to report to operations at 9.00 o'clock. Looks like the time has finally come ! We loaded 1900 rounds of combat ammunition in old "TNT" and packed all the rest of the equipment in the rear . I don't imagine we'll be leaving for a couple of days but I am ready to go right now. Tried to get over to Harry's Sqdn to pick up my dog tags but the field was closed to all except fighters. Bought my quart for this week & I'm afraid it's the last bottle I'll see for some time. I believe we'll be based on Tarawa, but that remains to be seen, Nobody seems to know anything for sure. Hope I can let Kassy know some way that we are leaving.



**January 11 BELLOWS FIELD**

Went over to Kualoa today on a rather secret mission. I was told I couldn't land there but my dog tags were there & I wanted to see Harry once more > He was over here so I missed him. Shot a landing here to test the new trim tab adjustment & the plane seems to fly much better. We are to be briefed Thursday morning & I imagine we will leave that afternoon. Understand the plane the 820th lost over the target was hit by their own 75 mm fire from another element. Boys really got drunk last night. Somebody shot the fire extinguisher off & it went all over the hall. Sure enough tonight we had a fire (drunks again) in Taylor's room (next to ours) and it burned up their clothes. Lost \$100.00 last night - so all my profits for the month go boom in one night. Sent \$ 20.00 home to Kassy.

**January 12 BELLOWS FIELD**

Well, I guess this is the last night on the Hawaiian Islands for a while. Tomorrow we leave for Christmas Islands some 1170 miles or about eight hours flying time. Old "TNT" is loaded to the gills I hope she gets off O.K. from then on there's not much to worry about. Washed out my dirty clothes and packed all my stuff. This moving is rather an old habit by now. I won't be able to write any more letters to my beloved wife for a while. I've been warning her all along, that there would be times like these coming up. I hope she doesn't worry too much. The real adventure is just about to begin and I look forward to it with excitement. Our chance has come - I hope the old 396th does its duty.

**January 13 CHRISTMAS ISLAND 1 58' N 157 26' W**

Left Oahu at 09:40 arrived here 16:50 a distance of 1160 miles. Seventeen ships flew a loose formation and we all got here safely. Tomorrow we fly to Canton Island & we'll probably be greeted by a night of bombing from the Japs. We are going to Tarawa so we're in for plenty of action. This is a low coral atoll- the largest coral formation in the world and is owned by the British. Had a good meal tonight and our quarters are comfortable. Played poker with Shirley, Orr, Casey, Patton, Costello & Mirzoff. Won about \$ 90.00 - wish I could send it home because we have no use for it here. Had seven men with all their luggage & equipment and a big gas load. Took all the runway at Bellows to get the old baby off the ground. All blacked out - using flashlight.

**January 14 CANTON ISLAND**

Left Christmas at arrived here A distance of 954 miles. Not a tree on this barren atoll - just white coral and ocean. Met Jim Pathe from the old Navigation school at March Field. He has 200 combat hours in B24s - lots of familiar faces around here. Rex Brashear & crew were lost. I flew over half the U.S. with him on a flight from March. The 47th & 48th the other two Sqdn in the 41st Group were through here yesterday. They left for Apemama this morning. Crossed the Equator about noon and now we're really "down under". Have 900 miles left to fly tomorrow and then we are ready for our first raid. Went swimming here and had my first share in salt water. Hope they have some fresh water on Tarawa - warm cokes don't taste very good.

**January 15 TARAWA ATOLL ELLA ISLAND**

Left Canton about 10.00 arrived here at about 15.00. This is a beautiful spot. Tappan, Shirley, Castillo and I have a tent right on the beach. The ground force had already set up a nice mess hall and the food is good. The Japs sent a few planes over last night & laid some eggs but I slept peacefully through it all. The 820th was on a raid when we arrived and they came in about 18.00 having lost one plane over the target (Molaeolap) They ran into 35 zeros and really caught hell. We are not on the Island of Betio which caught all the fighting & where you can still smell the stench of dead men. It is truthfully quite nice here & a lot better than I had hoped for. We will probably pull our first raid in a couple of days. Oh Boy, that will be the real thing for sure.

January 16    TARAWA    MULLINIX FIELD

Makin got it good last night. They had 45 casualties from one bomb hit. The boys have been digging fox holes like mad around our area but they'll have to scare me good before I turn a spadeful of dirt over. Straightened out my stuff and was overjoyed to find my liquor intact. Even found my bed-roll after taking Murphy's who was killed 2 days before X-mas on a test bombing run. We have been assigned our first target which will probably be day after tomorrow. In the morning we'll start getting old TNT in shape. We carry 4-500lbs bombs which will do some damage to our little yellow enemies. Saw Frank Stevens this afternoon. He says the 820th has gotten quite a few big ships. They have been on nine raids now & are old 'veterans'.

January 17    TARAWA

Cleaned guns and got old TNT in shape for her first mission. Fixed a good mosquito bar over my bed out of palm wood. Climbed a damn coconut palm about 50ft high & brought down two nuts which were quite good but hardly worth the effort. The Japs came over about 8.30pm just as I was nicely asleep. Five big guns on the edge of our camp opened up and made a hell of a racket. I must confess I jumped out of bed and hit the dirt. Saw my first real enemy plane about 15,000 feet up caught in six searchlights. The anti-aircraft was not very accurate so he just continued on his way. Visited a native village with Keck, Shirley & Bob Tappan. We ran into some Seabees who led us to a huge refrigerator full of beer. I bought \$10.00 worth for them & we had about 7 bottles a piece. Must go back.

January 18    TARAWA    - Married 10 months

Tomorrow we raid Mille Atoll which is a Jap air base in the Marshalls.

January 19    TARAWA    MILLE RAID

Seventeen airplanes from our Sqdn (the full strength) took off at 06.00 from here. We were the fifth plane off and flew on the right flank of the 1st formation of nine planes.

On the way to the target we sighted a Jap plane which undoubtedly alerted Mille because when we got there - they were waiting. We flew all the way at 50ft and about 300ft and started our run in. Nine planes abreast in the first wave. I was on the outside and flew right down the edge of the runway over the coastal guns. There were three big flashes right under me and I drew a bead & fired - tried to fire - my forward guns. Not a round came out. Later we found that the firing switch had become disconnected on the way down. Tappan dropped 12 -# 100 general purpose bombs. 4 on the 90mm guns under us 4 on some kind of storage dump that blew up & caught afire 2 on a riveted bldg and 2 on a lookout tower. Just as we passed the target I saw Flight Officer Johnny Johnson hit the lagoon doing 250mph. Trucker had an engine shot out but brought his ship back to Makin & landed wheels up. Pat Patton went in the water 16 miles from Mille but the Navy picked him up about an hour later. Joe Callopy, his navigator, went down with the plane. Five of our planes were lost; two in the water & three so badly shot up they cannot be repaired; Seemam's, Holty's & Major McDavid's. We lost 7 killed & Holty's tail gunner badly wounded. By the grace of God old TNT came through without a scratch. The crew made me very proud.

January 20    TARAWA

Patton & crew have returned to Oahu. He & his co-pilot Mike had a slight concussion & the rest of the crew was badly cut-up. He was carrying a 7th Air Force photographer who got out O.K. We were loading bombs (4-500pounders) when we got an order to go out after three boats some 465 miles in Jap territory up between Mille & Jaliut. Doc, Al, MacDonald, Casey, Jameson and our crew went out as soon as we got ready. We got the call at 3.30pm and left here at 4.00pm. We were out 200 miles dodging very bad weather when we ran into a bad squall so had to turn back. We were all disappointed not to get a crack at them. That's one thing I really want to do - get me a ship! We landed just at dark.

Tomorrow we are to be briefed at 8.00am and we are carrying the same bomb load. My guns are going to work this time! Understand we must get 30 missions or 150 hrs of combat before getting a rest.



**January 21    TARAWA    1st   MOLEOLAP RAID**

Took off at 09.30am to attack Moleolap Atoll, one of the strongest bases in the Marshalls. We had 12 airplanes led by Col Little from Group in a B25G. After four hours of flying formation 50ft off the water we saw two atolls. The lead navigator was off 2 minutes on his turning point so we turned in on the wrong Atoll - one which was nearly uninhabited except for a few natives & some Japs which sent up small ground fire. My forward guns were working so I straffed the land I flew over but we had to jettison our bombs & return. We passed very close to Mille. If the 41 Grp would leave us alone I'm sure we would do much better ! Shirley strafed a small fishing boat (probably belonging to the natives) and so did my tail gunner Kemp. We're going to paint a rowboat on old TNT. My Gawd what a disappointment to fly 7 hrs & miss the target ! Have 15 hrs combat in 3 days.

**January 22    TARAWA**

Visited a native village about 7 miles from our camp. Keck traded with them for some grass skirts. We met the English Resident Lt. Burns who had two native boys who spoke good English show us around. They also acted as interpreters. Got back late for the Sqdn briefing - nobody had warned us. Tomorrow we attack Moleolap again. Hope we hit it this time.

**January 23    TARAWA    2nd MOLEOLAP RAID**

We hit Moleolap at 11.20. Good mission !!! When we formed our line abreast of 12 planes 20 ft off the water heading for the target the first thing I saw was a radio range with about four towers on an Island just in front of the airfield. I straffed that - got back on the water and headed for the middle of the island. Then we saw them. They were like bees coming out of a beehive swarming into the sky. 35 or more Jap Zeros painted black with orange circles on their wings, I saw black puffs of anti-aircraft bursting around Jameson & Holty who were on my left. Holty got a burst in the cockpit injuring four of the crew. He & Provost his co-pilot were hurt badly. I straffed a lot of building on the edge of the island then jumped over the trees and down. A Jap zero was parked in a revetment & I let him have it with my forward fifties. Bob dropped 4-500# on about 5 parked planes & the building area. Just as we passed the last of the target a Zero hit us putting a 20mm hole through my wing flap - shooting the turret dome off and the astral dome out. We all joined in a tight formation and the Zeros followed us about 100 miles after we left the target. Two were into the water : one hit right in front of Fiest, Turner, & Eyer all aflame. My tail gunner sent me some smoking. We got all 12 ships back. Holty crash landed at Makin washing that ship out. Holty may lose an eye. Provost's legs are badly shot up. Two more down.

**January 24    TARAWA**

Four of Holty's crew have returned to Oahu and maybe home. That make three complete crews wiped out. Some of the boys are beginning to crack already. Watson, Holty's navigator was shot in the leg by the same shell that burst in the cockpit. He says that he refuses to fly any more. Truck's radio operator, Dowd, is through. Spent the afternoon on alert hoping we didn't have to go out. Four raids in five days is enough. Shirley drank a little too much and was feeling pretty rough. Mona took a picture of Shirley & I by the flap with the 20mm shell through it. I have the radio antenna post which was shot off as a souvenir. Picked up some lagoon shells to make my beloved    A necklace. When the tide is low there are many interesting sights to see out near the reef.

(To be continued)



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7<sup>th</sup> AF, WWII

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**YOU MUST PROVIDE materials for publication. Requests for your "Bio" form should be sent to your Sq. Rep. or Urban A. Gutting, postal, tel. & e-mail addresses below.**

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**DUES NEWS:** 2006 CALENDAR YEAR DUES FOR THE 47TH & 48TH IS \$5, INCLUDING A ROSTER; 396TH DUES IS \$15 + \$3 FOR A ROSTER AND THE 820TH DUES IS \$10.

**MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE & SEND TO:** EMERY TUTTLE 820TH, WARREN EYER 396TH, JOHN HELMER 48TH & URBAN A. GUTTING 47TH. ADDRESSES ABOVE.

### \$\$ FINANCIAL REPORTS \$\$

**47TH BOMB. SQ.** Good Guys and Gals dues and gift contributors SLR (since last report) are: Lynn & Betty Sweetland – Robert & Vivienne Schack – Rod & Edith Rosebrook – Jeanette Grandstaff (Memory of John) – John Hyde & Daughters Diane Davidson & Deborah Ellis – Robert & Nancy Worsnop – Paul Kenway – John & Margaret Sacco – Marian Treacle (Memory of Charlie). The 47<sup>th</sup> bank balance as of 8-1-2006 was \$2020.30 (+\$500 Reunion Hotel Deposit)

**48TH BOMB. SQ.** – John Helmer reports dues and gifts received SLR from Paul Hopson – Fred Emmert. Our bank balance as of July 21, 2006 was \$2291.38.

**396TH BOMB. SQ.** - "Doc" Eyer reports a bank accounts balance of 1012.93 as of 7-31-'06. The following were heard from with dues: Ben Tarnauskas – Bill MacMinn – Nate Mitchell – Paul Bull.

**820TH BOMB. SQ.** - See masthead left for "dues news." Emery Tuttle asked to remind 820<sup>th</sup> folks that annual dues is \$10.

### 47TH BOMB SQ. DUES NOTES:

Better late than never! Please continue The Crow Flight to my daughters, Diane Davidson and Deborah Ellis and me. I'll try to do better. Your work is appreciated. **John Hyde**

Hey Urb – Make me a good guy---true, no easy task. Regards, **John Sacco**

Enclosed is a check for my annual dues. I lost Marion on May 16, 2006, due to stroke and other complications. **Paul [Kenway]** [Paul is one of the rare "10 Year Club" members, having contributed every year since 1996.]

Hi, Sending dues to catch me up for the 47<sup>th</sup>. Had a pace-maker recently installed so hope to be able to continue to play golf. Regards to all, **Rod Rosebrook**

8-2-'06. Hi Urb, It was nice speaking with you the other night & to know that all is well. I am enclosing a check for 2006 dues – memory of Charlie – (that's the name all the guys knew him by in WWII)

You continue to do a great job on The Crow Flight. I read it from cover to cover even though I know only those of the 47<sup>th</sup>.

Under separate cover I am sending you a copy of "Ripples of Battle" which was mentioned in the last The Crow Flight. A small token of appreciation for all you do for all of us. Sincerely, **Marian Treacle**

[In my thank you note, I told Marian that the book is doing double duty: it is fascinating, informative reading and it gets my legs up. Explanation: I need to take frequent breaks from the computer to prevent ankle swelling, so prop my feet up on my lounge chair while reading the book.]

Readers will recall it was **Frank Lisak, Jr.** who recommended that book, especially for 41<sup>st</sup> men who saw action on Okinawa. Regret not having more space, but here is a very short review of Frank's report: The author, Victor D. Hanson, recounts three battles in human history which had profound effects on subsequent cultures/behaviors. These battles were: the Greek Peloponnesian War Battle of Delium, November, 424 B.C.; the U.S. Civil War Battle of Shiloh, April, 1862; and WWII Battle of Okinawa, April – July, 45. The Japanese knew they were losing the war & could not hold Okinawa, so their military aims became simple (and unorthodox): Kill so many Americans and destroy so much equipment that that the U.S. – both its stunned military and shocked & grieving citizens – would never wish to undergo such an ordeal again and would seek a negotiated armistice. Suicide (kamikazes) became a potent...but unsuccessful component of warfare.