



The Crow Flight



Thirteenth newsletter of the 47th and 48th Bomb Squadrons, 41st Bomb Group (M), 7th AF, WWII, issued June 30, 2000

NEXT REUNION, LAS VEGAS SEPT 24TH – 27TH, 2000

Page 7 of this newsletter is a registration form for the reunion. If there are any further questions, please call Keith Ingstad of the 396th. Keith is doing a lot of traveling. From now to about August 1 he will be in North Dakota at (701) 252-4239. On the way home from there you can probably catch him at his son's house in Las Vegas (702) 459-5372. After that he can be reached at his home in Palm Springs (760) 322-4782.

There were a few tours scheduled, but they were so high-priced that they were just sort of vetoed by everyone concerned. There will be tours, however, but they will be set up upon your arrival in Las Vegas.

One of the more popular tours is the **HOOVER DAM AND LAKE MEAD PADDLEWHEEL CRUISE**. You will enjoy a visit of the inside of this modern civil engineering wonder, learn its history and appreciate its splendor..... and then you will glide over the largest national manmade lake aboard a Mississippi style paddlewheel boat on Lake Mead, giving you the opportunity to view all the wonders from the water. You'll cruise through the Boulder Islands to view the colorful Arizona Paint Pots, Castle Reef, and Sentinel Island. Sometimes lunch is included while you are viewing the desert wonders.

Another possible tour in the **WELCOME TO LAS VEGAS NIGHT-LIGHTS TOUR**. All the major hotels and casinos will be pointed out and your tour guide may describe the transformation of Las Vegas from a dusty railroad watering stop at the beginning of the century, to the "Entertainment Capital of the World." Some of these tours stop in at the Ethel M Chocolate Factory, which includes one of the world's largest cacti and succulent gardens.

Another possible tour is the **BALLY'S BACKSTAGE SHOWBIZ TOUR**. You will have the unique opportunity to take a sneak peek behind the scenes at "Jubilee!" in the Ziegfield Theater at Bally's. There is a backstage visit including the largest stage in Vegas, the light and sound booth with a bird's eye view, dressing room with thousands of costumes, some created by the famous designer Bob Mackie... and then from three stories below the stage, you'll learn how 5000 gallons of water cascade through the set of the gigantic Titanic. Following the backstage tour, you will join your guide in the showroom for an exciting stage make-up demonstration.

There are many other attractions to choose from, of course, including going to any of the dozens of shows on your own.

396TH DECLINES, HOPEFULLY TEMPORARILY, TO COME UP WITH THEIR SHARE OF DEPOSIT FOR REUNION IN 2001!

Much to the dismay of those in 47th and 48th Bill Zingery, keeper of the monies for the 396th says that this is a matter of by-laws and that, "it is up to the board." Evidently, he will not remit except under a direct order from the board.

Those in the 47th and the 48th don't rightly understand this, thinking that the vote of the membership, in a group meeting with all three squadrons participating and being presided over by a 396th person, Keith Ingstad, should preclude any other consideration. That at least, is the way they have understood it and acted on it.

REUNION CALENDAR

47th, 48th, 396th, Las Vegas, NV Sept. 24-27, 2000
820th, Hot Springs, AR Spring, 2001
47th, 48th, 396th (?), Portsmouth, NH 27-30 (?), 2001

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e-mail received 4/16/00

...excerpts from a speech by Charlton Heston at Georgetown University, given March 29, 2000:

It occurred to me a while ago that fame... or notoriety... is a rather fickle human phenomenon. Only a few years ago I would have been welcomed here as Moses.. at least.... Tonight, however, due to some of my more controversial agenda, I'm here in a more controversial persona... That's what happens when you exchange a set of stone tablets for a shotgun.

I remember my son, when he was five, explaining to his kindergarten class what his father did for a living. "My Daddy," he said, "pretends to be people." Fortunately, there have been quite a few of them... prophets from the Old and New Testaments, a couple of Christian saints, generals of various nationalities and different centuries, several kings, three American presidents, a French cardinal and a couple of geniuses, including Michelangelo.

It's been my good fortune to explore great men... men who have made a difference, who've risen above the ordinary to change the course of human events. I know there are great women, too But I don't get to play any of them.

So as I pondered our visit tonight it struck me... If my Creator gave me the gift to connect you with the hearts and minds of

these great men, then I should use that same gift to re-connect you with something even more important – YOUR OWN SENSE OF INDIVIDUAL PURPOSE!

When he dedicated the memorial at Gettysburg, Abraham Lincoln said this about those troubled times: "We are now engaged in a great Civil War, testing whether this nation or any nation so conceived and dedicated can long endure." In many ways those words ring true again. I believe that today; right here and now, we are again engaged in a great war. And this campus is one of the battlegrounds.

This war is cultural, not military, but there's still something very vital at stake. Today the battle is for your hearts and minds, for the freedom to think the way you choose to think, to follow that moral compass that points to what's right. Let me offer you an example.

A couple of years ago I accepted the office of president of the National Rifle Association. I believe strongly in the Bill of Rights, and the Second amendment provision to keep and bear arms is one of those rights. I felt I could make a difference... that it was the right thing to do. And that's when the bombshells of the cultural war blew up all around me. To some I went straight from Moses to the devil. To some, I fell from celluloid saint to cultural sinner, just because I felt obligated to defend an individual freedom our Constitution protects.

At first I thought the issue was just about guns. Should law-abiding citizens be able to own them, or should a Big Brother government say no? Seems simple enough, right? Well, since then I've learned that the gun debate is a lot more complicated. What I confronted when I became president of the NRA is an overwhelming Orwellian tyranny sweeping this country, a fanatic fervor of politically correct thought and language. ZEALOTRY IS NOT A PRETTY SIGHT!

It's ugly in the streets of Tel Aviv, where misguided young men strap bombs to their bodies and shatter not only mortar and steel, but also the lives of the innocent. Once we thought we were above all that.... Then a federal building Oklahoma City exploded, and we realized that the very same ugliness could smolder among us.

More and more we are fueled by anger, a fury fed by those who profit from it.. Democrats and Republicans hate each other... the same with gays and straights.... Women and men... liberals and conservatives.... vegetarians and meat-eaters.... gun banners hate gun owners.... and on and on.

Politicians, the media, even the entertainment industry is keenly aware that heated controversy wins votes, snares ratings and keeps the box office humming. They are experts at dangling the bait, and Americans are eager to rise to it.



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Our culture has traded in the bloody arena fights of ancient Rome for stage fights on Sally, Ricki, Jerry, Maury, Jenny and Rosie. The fear of ideas creates division. As a result, we've become increasingly fragmented as a people. Our one nation, under God, with liberty and justice for all now seems more like the fractured streets of Beirut, echoing with anger.

Back in the midst of another troubled era, as a very young actor, I did something that was not at all fashionable in Hollywood. I marched for civil rights with Dr. Martin Luther King in 1963. It could have cost me my career.

That was a time when a black American couldn't even get a job as a union stagehand. Those of us in the Civil Rights movement battled the studios over this blatant discrimination, and we won. Now black actors and directors are among the best in our business. I'm proud that I helped open those doors.

Two years later, as President of the Screen Actors Guild, I led the arts contingent in Dr. King's march on Washington.

Now fast-forward thirty-five years. I recently told an audience that I felt that white pride is just as valid as black pride or red pride or whatever color of pride you refer. For those words, I was called a racist.

I've worked with brilliantly talented homosexuals all my life. But when I told another audience that gay rights should be given no greater consideration than your rights or my rights, I was called a homophobe.

I served in 'World War II. If you saw "Saving Private Ryan" you have some insight into what a savage conflict it was... but when I told an audience that I thought law-abiding gun owners were being singled out for cultural stereotyping much like Jews under the Axis powers, I was branded an anti-Semite.

I love this country with all my heart. But when I challenged an audience to resist cultural persecution, I was compared to Timothy McVeigh!

After a couple of years with the culturally correct crosshairs trained on my chest, I must admit it was a whole lot easier just being Moses.... but I can say this; "Get involved with a politically unpopular cause and you'll quickly find out who your friends are. I've been blasted from Time Magazine to the Washington Post to the Today Show to the guy down the street. They say, "That's enough, Chuck! It may be your opinion, but it's not language authorized for public consumption." Well, if we'd been enamored with political correctness we'd still be King George's boys. 1776 wasn't all that long ago, and we've got plenty of good genes left to fire our passion for freedom. In his book, "The End of Sanity," Martin Gross writes that "blatantly irrational behavior is rapidly being established as the norm in almost every area of human endeavor. There seem to be new customs, new rules,

new anti-intellectual theories regularly foisted on us from every direction.... Underneath, the nation is roiling. Americans know something without a name is undermining the nation, turning the mind mushy when it comes to separating truth from falsehood and right from wrong... and they don't like it."

Let's stroll around your own campus just for a minute, and see if we can find a few examples. Recent acts of vandalism and the homophobic and racist graffiti mar this beautiful university... something is slipping out of balance here... it's time to reset your moral compass through a stronger sense of community.

But I must ask you this – will you point that compass towards what is culturally and politically correct, or what you know is morally right? The former is nothing more than social fashion, fickle and fleeting. The latter requires the courage to weigh, examine, agonize. It's a whole lot tougher. But you'll come out of the process a whole lot better.....

During the last eight years, President Clinton has fought hard for every kind of firearm restriction imaginable. Yet at the same time he has, as a matter policy, refused to enforce federal gun laws already on the books. There are 22,000 of them.

So in closing, let me challenge those fine young minds of yours. Dare to consider both sides of any issue. Find the courage to question authority.. don't trust any of us --not a Michael Jordan, a Dennis miller, not even a Charlton Heston..

...Georgetown remains a fertile cradle of American academia and each of you are the best hope we have for a productive, livable, spiritual future...But I submit that you, and your counterparts in colleges from coast to coast, now appear to be the most socially conformed and politically silenced generation since Concord Bridge.... and as long as you shrug your shoulders and abide it, then by the standards of your grandfathers, you are cultural cowards.

If you talk about race, it doesn't make you a racist. If you see distinctions between the genders, it doesn't make you a sexist. If you think critically about a certain denomination, it doesn't make you anti-religion. If you accept homosexuality but don't celebrate it, it doesn't make you a homophobe... Don't let America's universities serve as incubators for a rampant epidemic of this new brand of McCarthyism.

Stand up, speak out, follow your heart, even if it goes against the conventional grain. Take heart in the fact that others have walked that same path...Jesus, Joan of Arc, Gandhi, Jefferson, Lincoln, Susan B. Anthony, Martin Luther King...I think that the germ of disobedience is in our DNA....who here doesn't feel a certain kinship with the rebellious spirit that tossed that tea into Boston Harbor?...that sent Thoreau to jail that made Rosa Parks refuse to sit in the back of the bus?



And then, just as I was compelled to stand with Dr. King, you'll find yourself compelled to act, too.

When a fatherless kid in a crackhouse finds a stolen gun and shoots a schoolmate, stand up and say giving drug dealers trigger locks isn't the best solution.

When a mugger sues his elderly victim for defending herself, you'll jam the switchboard at the district attorney's office and raise the roof with your outrage.

Or when your university is pressured to lower standards until 80% of the students graduate with honors, you'll choke the halls of the board of regents in a unified show of disgruntled force.

When an 8-year-old boy pecks a girl's cheek on a playground and gets hauled into court for sexual harassment, you'll descend on that school like avenging angels...until someone in charge exercises common sense.

And when someone you've elected is seduced by the power of the office and betrays you, muster the collective will to banish them from public life.

Because unless you do these things, freedom as we have known it cannot endure.

So I challenge you to take up the torch that freed exiles, founded religions, defeated tyrants and provoked an armed and roused rabble to break out of bondage and build this country.

There is still some of them in all of us. So don't give up just yet. We're not quite done with their revolution.

It has been said that the creation of the United States is the greatest political achievement in history. I believe that... blessed by God with a vast spread of some of the most beautiful and fertile land on earth.

Our British masters called out rebel groups, "a rabble in arms," but under George Washington, they defeated the finest army in the world.

Then a few great men... Those wise old dead white guys who invented this country, gave us the first and most lasting democracy since The Roman Republic. Now, two centuries later, we can thank them and follow their example.

As Abraham Lincoln so wisely put it, "with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in." Thank you, and God bless the United States.

Latest report from our money guy, Urban A. Gutting – Bank balance as of 6-23-00 is \$ 1,396.81. Reunion deposits of \$1765.42 raise the kitty to \$2,162.23. Below are dues payers not yet acknowledged in the newsletter: John Waters, Herbert Locke, George Harrison, Eldon Ford, Wilmer Deitrick, John Hyde, Earl Gruenwald, Gus Anderson, Marvin Watts, Robert Schack, Maurice Smith, and Charles Treacle.

Charles J. Damisch – and I quote from a note received from Elsie V. Damisch, "I am sorry that I am so late. I am writing to inform you that my husband, Charles J. Damisch, passed away May 28, 1999. He was a Sgt. In the Air Force. He is survived by his wife, Elsie, and six children – two sons and four daughters; 22 grandchildren and 9 great grandchildren. One son, Charles J. Jr. passed away in 1991 Dec...."

A note from Ken Farner – "...this is to notify you of my new address. From 3090 Boulder Creek Dr., Palm Desert, CA 92260 to – 7969 Rapidan Lane, Boise Idaho 83703. I was surprised to see my old pal, Vince Barger, in your latest newsletter. When we went down from Hawaiian Islands Vince took a lot of pictures and film equipment to develop pictures. I believe everybody in the 47th had him develop pictures for them and I often helped him. Thanks a lot."

Robert Kaufman – and I quote from a note, "I'm writing to tell you again that my husband died Feb. 21st 1998 – I hope you won't send any more notices to him – He's in heaven –." Signed, Mrs. Robert Kaufman.

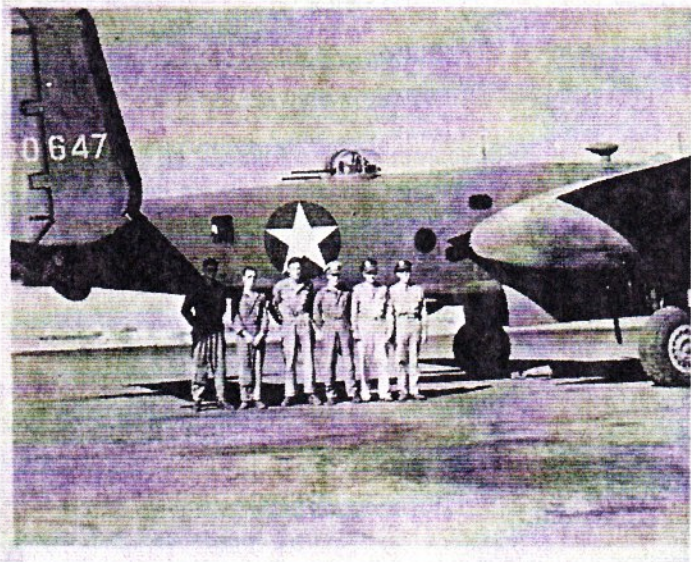
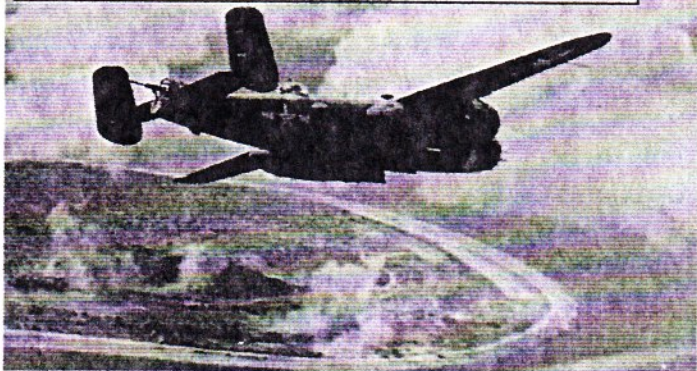
Jack McDonough – A quote from a note from Doris M. McDonough, "I am sorry to inform you that my husband, Jack McDonough, died on March 6, 1997, and I apologize for not getting this message to you sooner."

DON'T BLAME THE ELDERLY FOR THE FAILING OF SOCIETY – We are probably the only members of society in the history of mankind for which the younger generation has so little respect and has demonstrated such a shameful lack of regard for its older citizens. Senior citizens are constantly being criticized, belittled and sniped at for every conceivable deficiency of the modern world, real and imaginary. Upon reflection, I would like to point out that it wasn't the senior citizens who took the melody out of music, the beauty out of art, the pride out of appearance, the romance out of love, the commitment out of marriage, the responsibility out of parenthood, togetherness out of family, learning out of education, loyalty out of Americanism, service out of patriotism, the hearth out of home, civility out of behavior, refinement out of language, dedication out of employment, prudence out of spending or ambition out of achievement. We certainly are not the ones who eliminated patience and tolerance from relationships.

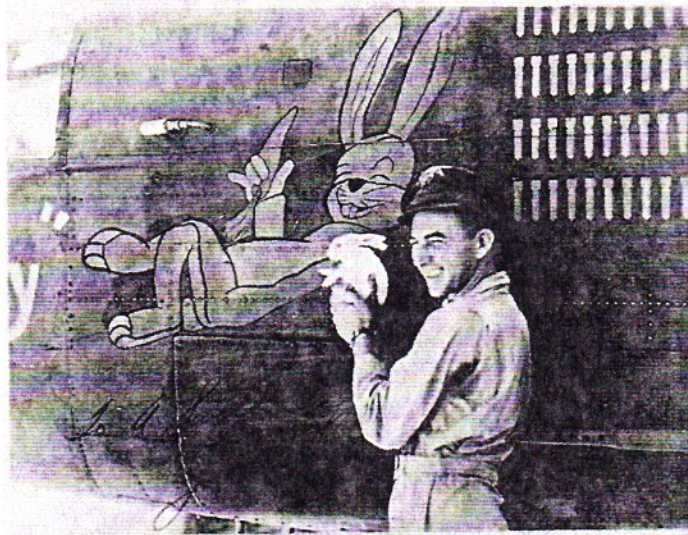
From: Kings Cliffe; Summer of 1999, Volume 17, Number 1; Page 1 Author Unknown.



My plane – starting bomb run on Nauru Island – was shot down here on subsequent mission



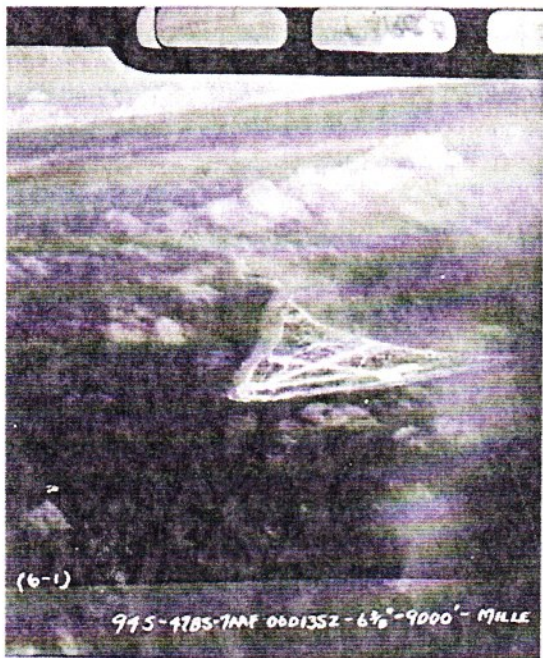
L to R, S/Sgt Sullivan, Unknown, S/Sgt. Richman, , Lt. Boerngen, Lt. Hamilton, Lt. Gray



Lt. Joe Roop, Paint Lick, KY



Lt. Crume (front row center) and crew... shot down by Jap fighters near Maloelap, Marshall Islands



S/Sgt Jack Sullivan, Sherman, Texas



S/Sgt James Richman



What a blow it was to learn that the 396th Bomb Squadron was, at least for the time being, refusing to come up with their 1/3 share of the deposit for the reunion in 2001 in New Hampshire. I surely felt that the vote in the group meeting at the Ontario reunion was a firm commitment for all three squadrons.

.... back to the next reunion at Las Vegas, I know we are looking forward to our Las Vegas Reunion on September 24th, 25th, and 26th. Be sure to get you reservation in for the hotel space.

We have received money from the following people since our last newsletter:

- Warren Noe
- Felix Galyean
- Mary McCawley
- George Knight
- Homer Sleasman
- Francis Hanley
- Wallace Johnson
- Arthur Rochlin

Thank you very much. I must report that our dues of \$15.00 per year are coming in at a slow pace for the year 2000. Sit down now and get a check off today to John Helmer, 2122 S. W. Vista Ave., Portland, Oregon 97201.

The cost on our last newsletter for the 48th Sq. was \$273.64, Newsletter # 12.

Our balance in our savings account is \$844.70, May 9, 2000.

Beverly and I are leaving for Sweden May 24th, returning June 15th. We will be attending a family reunion that is held every 5 years. This will be a first time event for us.

I still have 48th key chains available at \$6.00 each, a great gift for grandchildren.

See you in Las Vegas,
John Helmer



Wallace B. Johnson on right, J. J. Hogan, Left

Wallace B. Johnson and wife, Ellalee, live at 4702 Travis Country Cir., Austin, TX 78725. They have a son, Clay, and a daughter, Holly, and 4 grandchildren..

He spent his life as a petroleum engineer, retiring as a District Engineer with Atlantic Richfield in Dallas. He has maintained contact with Chauncey Kershaw and David Crane of the 48th. He was the Navigator-Bombardier on J. E. T. O'Halla's crew and also flew 2 times with Kershaw and Craue and once with Nickles

and his crew. David Craue was tentmate at Machinato, Okinawa and Kershaw cared for their pet monkey.

...and I quote excerpts from Wallace's notes, "...I have made

an effort to locate John E. T. O'Halla to no avail. His last address in 1960 was Chicago, Ill. I believe he was working for Brach's Candy Co.... Lowell E. Traweck was our co-pilot, whereabouts unknown. I think he was in the Los Angeles area right after the war. I received Christmas cards every year from Baron De Hirsh Meyer (48th Exc. - Major) until his death.



Wallace and Ellalee at their 50th Wedding Anniversary, 10-11-93

I started out as

Navigator/Bombardier with "Moose" H. P. Moody (Pilot) and J C. Rowe (Co-Pilot) in the 820th. Dick Rarey our radio operator is still alive and I see him once a year at the 820th reunion. Later, at Wheeler, I was on J. E. T. O'Halla's crew and as of now I do not know where he or Traweck are. Our other crewmen are deceased.

When the war ended I was put in the 47th as Ass't Op. Officer. Later, I was moved to 5th AF HQ in Tokyo.

O'halla was, in my estimation, a very good, skillful pilot - for example, on take-off from Saipan (100' elevation) our left engine quit, and then within seconds the right one also quit. He set it back on the runway very smoothly - also was good formation flyer. Kershaw was very adroit also... flew from Kadena to Shanghai with him which was most interesting. I understand that Kershaw is in Lefty's book as the squadron acrobatic ace.

ENOUGH!"

Makin Recreation

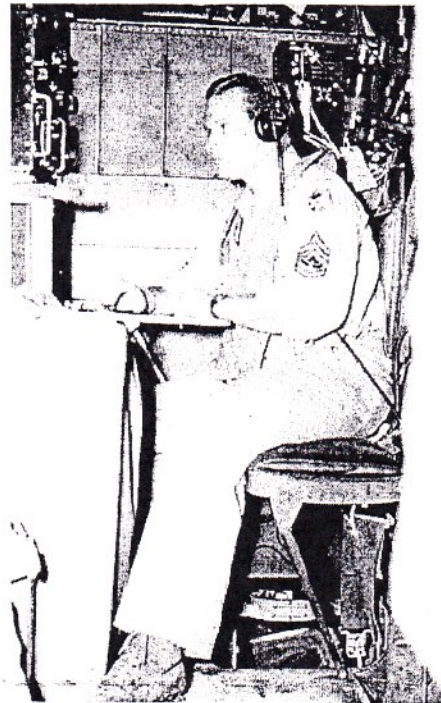
I REMEMBER

The Makin lagoon, fish traps, natives, 6-inch lizards and mosquitoes

by Eldon Ray Ford

We received a letter from Eldon Ray Ford , with comments on the 396th newsletter, as follows.....

I well remember the lagoon at Makin. I waded it from one end to the other collecting many beautiful shells. I remember the natives grabbing the fish in the "fish traps". They would bite the head of a fish to kill it then drop it to grab another.....they would then gather the dead fish. Sometimes they would leave one or two laying on my mosquito net for a present.....Our "Tent boy" was named PEDEBO. He brought small 6-inch lizards to put on the underside of our tent each evening to eat the mosquitoes.

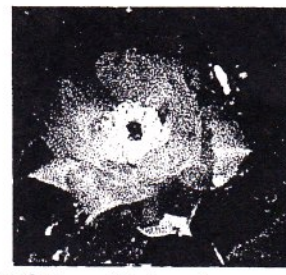
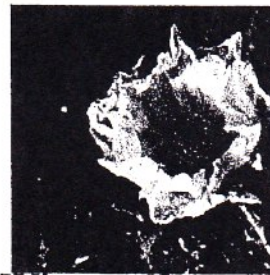


Eldon Ray

Eldon Ray Ford from Long Beach, CA & Torrance, CA

(Editor's note: Eldon Ray was 47th Sqdn and has been on our roster for all newsletters. Photo from Eldon Ray Ford)

47th Editor's note... This remembrance is by a 47th man and was submitted to the 396th newsletter. Eldon has sent us stories in the past including a two-page profile in our Dec. 10, 1998 newsletter. The editor's note above was written by the 396th newsletter editor. If you'll remember, he was the guy with the pictures of deep sea fishing. We thank both Eldon and the 396th newsletter.



Gus Anderson 1171 North Main @ Winters Texas 79567 – Telephone (915) 754 4122

BEE WEAR - that's right BEWARE!!

Behind my residence is a utility building where I keep my tools, paints, etc. and make my repairs and maintenance on the premises. I call it my shop. When I acquired this domain about six years ago I discovered that bees were getting into a northwest wall of the shop building. Putting on protective bee gear my wife and I removed a section of wall on the outside of the shop. Having previously kept bees we still had the necessary protection at hand. Only a few bees expressed hostility to this activity which revealed a large quantity of comb honey and dead and dying bees. This indicated poison still lingered which had been applied by one of the previous owners. With the help of Ellis Ueckert, the local bee-keeper, we disposed of the dead bees and the contaminated comb and honey. The siding was reapplied to the building.

Once in a while a few bees will attempt to regain entry. I have discovered that carburetor cleaner, which makes a reluctant lawn mower start easy, will make bees hastily restart an exit out the building too when squirted by the tiny "straw" through the inside wall.

One day I found it was time to mow the lawn again. I proceeded and came to the area where the bees had been cleaned out about four years before. I am always leery about that area, Every now then I would get stung just getting close. I don't need the din of a lawn mower to get stung. I learned not to go there unless it was absolutely necessary. Now it was! Cowardly I donned my protective bee wear – I do hate those sting welts. And wearing wading – boots I approached the far side of the yard and then approached the former bee area riding my noisy lawn tractor. All of a sudden there was an *explosion* of angry bees. I was in the midst of thousands of highly agitated bees - thousands of them. The bees had been on the ground apparently waiting for the scout bees to make an opening in the building. So, here I am bewilderedly sitting on my tractor-mower trying to figure what kind of move to make next while the relentless buzz of the bees competed with the noise of the lawn mower. I wasn't getting stung but I couldn't just stay there. These bees were relentless. It sounded like big rain drops as they dove at my hard hat which supported and shaped the bee veil. Attempting to enter my home I would bring bees there. Then I remembered that I have a 5 horse power shop vacuum cleaner in the shop. Followed by my tenacious entourage of bees I hastily left the rear of the shop, still on my riding mower and headed for the front steps and entered there in, and to my surprise, only about two dozen bees came in as I closed the door. Losing their interest in me they now began beating their heads against the glass panes of the windows. Outside again with the vacuum cleaner, I was once more, enveloped in the cloud of thoroughly agitated bees. I began thinking how lucky I was, not to have been stung yet because sooner or later a wrinkle might develop and allow bees to enter therein and apply their stingers.

Seated comfortably on the steps and now with the vacuum cleaner operating I raised the nozzle in front of my face and let the vacuum cleaner inhale the bees. Zip – Zip in they went. In the first few minutes about 3 bees per second went through that convoluted hose. After about five minutes of this the rate of bees dwindled to one per second. After 25 minutes it became one per minute. As the intensity of the attack dwindled I was surprised to find out that the bees were not coming from the rear of the shop anymore but instead of the west side they were coming from the easterly direction. They seemed to materialize in a glint of sunlight about a hundred feet, or so, from that direction. The attackers dwindled down to about one every two minutes. That's when I opened the door to my shop, dashed inside and removed my sweltering bee suit.

Editor's note... This fun story was submitted by Gus Anderson, 820th ... So if you want to visit about bees .. Or flowers... or roadrunners... frogs... photography.. Give Gus a ring at his number (915) 754-4122. Gus is also the guy whose original idea led to the place mats given away as a favor at the last San Antonio reunion..... thanks Gus for sharing this adventure.



Registration for 41st Bomb Group Reunion Las Vegas, Nevada, September 24-27, 2000 (Sunday thru Wednesday)



Name (s) for name tag (s) _____

Address _____

City _____

State and zip _____

Phone number _____

How many in your party? _____

How many for golf? _____

How many steak? ___ Chicken? ___ Salmon? _____

Item per person	Price Each	How Many	Amount
Registration	\$72		
Banquet only	\$40		
Total			

The registration fee also includes the Tuesday Continental Breakfast from 8 to 9 AM.

The tours at this time have not been definitely determined. There will probably be tours, but they may be handled, scheduled and paid for at the time of arrival, or perhaps another questionnaire will be sent to those who have indicated they are definitely attending.

GOLFERS: All of the golf was so expensive that it was decided not to schedule it at this time. We tried to get into Nellis Air Force Base, but they wouldn't let us in, ostensibly because we weren't retired military. We're hoping that one of our career retired officers can take care of this.

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 Group Headquarters or the 820th, please mail to Gutts with the 47th.

Please make your hotel reservations at our special rate of \$59.00, ASAP. Call the Golden Nugget at 1-800-634-3454, and don't forget to tell them that you are with the 41st Bomb Group. The special rate is good for the nights of the 24th, 25th, and 26th, only.

Please send this form and your check to your respective squadrons as follows: Make checks payable to the respective individuals –NOT to the squadrons, because of the legal hassel, fictitious names etc.



47th/ 820th/

Group Hdqtrs

make checks payable to
and mail to:

Urban A. Gutting
7047 Autumn Chase Drive
SAN ANTONIO, TX 78238-2118
(210) 647-1651
E-MAIL: urban@stic.net



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:

Bill Zingery
P. O. Box 5930
COLLEGE STATION, TEXAS 77844
(409) 694-9584
E-MAIL b25mitch@myriad.net

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