

OLGA DISKO  
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JUNE 20TH, 1994

TO: RUSSELL A. STRONG  
SECRETARY/EDITOR  
306TH E C H O E S  
5323 CHEVAL PLACE  
CHARLOTTE, N. C. 29205

HELLO MR. STRONG,

I AM WRITING YOU THIS LETTER TO TELL YOU THAT MY HUSBAND OF 43 YEARS, SAM DISKO, WENT TO HIS ETERNAL SLEEP IN GOD'S HEAVENLY KINGDOM, ON JANUARY 20TH, IN FACT, EXACTLY FIVE MONTHS TODAY. (I MEANT TO WRITE YOU RIGHTAWAY, BUT AM HAVING A ROUGH TIME IN "PICKING-UP-MY-PIECES.)

SAM WAS A "MIRACLE" OF LOYOLA -- HAVING SURVIVED 7-1/2 YEARS WITH ONE-THIRD OF HIS HEART A TEFLON PATCH. HE EXPIRED DURING HOSPITALIZATION FOR UPPER RESPIRATORY INFECTION AT THE V. A. IN MAYWOOD, ILLINOIS.

ALTHOUGH HE KNEW HE WAS GETTING WEAKER, HE TOLD THE DOCTOR TO JUST "CHARGE UP HIS TICKER SO HE WOULD BE ABLE TO SHOOT NINE HOLES, COME SPRING; HE'D NOT TRY FOR (18)."

*New* matter.....since we got married, he had been "hounding me" to find a poem that he wrote while he was stationed in England while flying his (35) missions. It was a "PERPETUAL" SEARCH! WELL, WOULD YOU BELIEVE, IT FOUND IT AFTER HE DIED, WHILE I DID THE THING WE HAVE TO DO WHEN A LOVED ONE LEAVES HIS EARTHLY HOME AND ALL HIS BELONGINGS. I AM ENCLOSING A COPY OF IT, WRITTEN BY HIS HAND; AND I AM ENCLOSING A COPY I TYPED.

HE AND I BOTH BEING RUSSIAN ORTHODOX BELIEVE THAT THERE'S (SOMEHOW) NEITHER SICKNESS NOR SUFFERING BUT LIFE EV ERLASTING IN OUR NEW ABODE....WE BELIEVE THAT OUR DEPARTED ONE'S ARE COGNIZANT OF WHAT'S GOING-ON HERE. HOPE SO! HIS SOUL SHOULD BE REJOICING BECAUSE I NOTIFIED YOU OF HIS LEAVING AND FOUND HIS POEM AT LONG LAST.

FORGIVE THE BAD, BAD TYPING. I BORROWED THIS MACHINE FROM THE APARTMENT MANAGER'S OFFICE. \*BET I USED UP HIS CORRECTION RIBBON.\* ALSO, HAVE A GLORIOUS TIME AT THE FORTHCOMING REUNION. JUST THINK, SAM AND I COULD HAVE MADE THIS ONE....I COULD HAVE DRIVEN HIM, SINCE IT'S IN THE MIDWEST. DOCTORS DID NOT FEEL HE SHOULD TRAVEL BY AIR SINCE HIS HEART BURST.

RUSSELL A. STRONG  
SECY/EDITOR  
306TH ECHOES

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6/20/94

I DIDN'T REALIZE THAT I WAS GETTING TO THE END OF THE PAPER.....  
SO, I HAD TO GO INTO THIS SECOND SHEET TO CLOSE AND WILL JUST  
TYPE HIS POEM BELOW.

SINCERELY,



OLGA DISKO  
PHONE: 708-354-4006

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P.S. I "OWE" A CHECK TO 306TH ECHOES (AND I WILL SEND ONE A.S.A.P.)  
(HAVE ENVELOPE FOR R.N. HOUSER, TREAS.)  
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COMBAT MISSION IN EUROPE BY: SAM DISKO (367TH)

IN THE DEPTH OF NIGHT WE WOULD AWAKEN  
FULLY LADEN WITH GEAR, TO OUR PLANES WE WOULD BE TAKEN.  
AND OFF INTO THE STILL DISMAL MORNING WE WOULD CLIMB  
LEAVING OUR AIR BASES FAR BEHIND.  
AROUND AND AROUND IN THE PATTERN WE WOULD FLY  
NOT UNTIL WE WERE FORMED IN A GROUP WOULD WE SIGH.  
BECAUSE MANY AN INCIDENT HAS OCCURRED IN THE AIR!  
WHEN THE SKY WAS BLACKENED AND THE WEATHER WAS FAIR.

AFTER FLYING AWHILE IN THE DARKNESS, CAME DAWN  
BRINGING THE CRIMSON COLORS OF THE SUN,  
WHOSE BEAUTY FAR SURPASSED THAT OF A NEW BORN FAWN.

WITH EVERY WATCHFUL MOMENT, HEIGHT WE GAIN,  
UNTIL WE REACH OUR DESIRED ALTITUDE,  
AND THERE WE'RE LIKE KINGS OBSERVING HIS VAST DOMAIN.

BUT ALL IS NOT ADMIRER THAT COMES IN SIGHT  
FOR THERE ARE THINGS WE SEE THAT FILLS US WITH FRIGHT.  
LIKE THE PLANE UP AHEAD ENGULFED BY FIRE  
AND TUMBLES TO THE EARTH BELOW;  
OR THE FELLOW IN HIS PARACHUTE WHO WILL  
ALIGHT IN THE STRANGE COUNTRY RULED BY OUR FOE.

UPON REACHING OUR TARGET WE HEAR THE WORDS "BOMBS AWAY"  
WHICH TO US ALL IS A WELCOME SOUND.....  
BECAUSE IT MEANS THAT IN A MOMENT WE WILL BE HOMEWARD BOUND!

THANKFUL ARE WE, WHEN WE SAFELY RETURN  
TO THE PLACES FROM WHICH WE DEPARTED LAST NIGHT.

FOR MANY A FELLOW TODAY HAS DIED FOR WHAT HE BELIEVED WAS RIGHT.  
AND SO ANOTHER EVENTFUL DAY HAS COME TO AN ENDING, BUT, SOON, WE PRAY,  
THAT WE WILL ALL BE HOME, WHERE THE DAYS ARE NOT SO PENDING. (END)

## Combat mission in Europe.

Into the deep of night we would awaken  
Fully laden with gear, to our <sup>(PLANES)</sup> ships we were taken.  
And off into the still dismal morning we would be  
Leaving our air bases far behind.  
Around and around in the pattern we would fly  
Not until we were formed in a group would we sigh  
Because many an incident has occurred in the air  
When the sky was blackened and the weather was fair  
After flying awhile in the darkness, came dawn  
Bringing the crimson colors of the sun,  
whose beauty far surpassed that of a new burnt dawn  
With every watchful moment, height we gain.  
Until we reach our desired altitude  
and there we're like kings observing his vast domain.  
But all is not admired that comes in sight  
For there are things we see that fills us with fright  
Like the plane up ahead <sup>ingulfed</sup> by fire  
and tumbles to the earth below.  
and falling to the earth below.

On the fellow in his parachute who will  
alight in the <sup>serenge</sup> country ruled by our foe  
Upon reaching our target we hear the words  
"bombs away" which to us all is a welcome sound  
Because it means that in a moment we will be  
homeward bound.

Thankful are we, when we safely return to the  
places from which we departed last night  
For many a fellow today has died for what  
he believed was right.  
And so another eventful day has come to an ending  
But soon we pray that we will all be home  
where the days are not so pending.

By Jim Disker  
3678