



LIGHTWEIGHT TOWER CALLING



No. 30

April 1996

'96 Reunion in Savannah



Five Original Commanders — Seldom are five original bomb group commanders able to get together, but it happened at the Scottsdale reunion. Left to right are: Ed Nett, original 828th Sqd. commander; Bill Herblin, original 485th group deputy commander; Danny Sjodin, original 831st Sqn. commander; "Pop" Arnold, original 485th group commander, and Griff Griffin, original 830th Sqn. commander. Morris (Rags) Boney, 829th, has never been to a reunion and he is out of touch with the other commanders.

Scottsdale Reunion Great

By Joe Cathcart

The reunion in Scottsdale in 1987 has been a standard to judge 485th reunions by since that event. You know "this reunion is great, almost as much fun as Scottsdale."

Well, this year a new standard has been established; Lloyd and June planned and executed a real extravaganza. A new concept was tried, that of using the resort as the base for most activities and bringing the entertainment to the group.

It worked to perfection and was a

boon to us 75-year-olds. (I realize most of you are at least a decade younger.)

I am aware that other properties in other locations will not be as adaptable to this approach but the Doubletree Paradise Valley Resort complex and the talent that the Proudloves secured made for a perfect fit.

Martha left the Doubletree one time to shop (what else?); I left only once also, to escort some of my crews' wives to the Casino while

(Continued on page 2)

For the first time ever Georgia will be the site of a 485th Bomb Group reunion.

The 1996 get-together will be held in Savannah, Ga., from September 11 to 15. Accommodations will be provided by the Savannah Marriott Riverfront. It will be the group's 32nd annual reunion.

The hotel is located on the historic Savannah Riverfront. Vessels from all over the world will pass by the hotel as they travel up and down the Savannah River.

The Marriott has 384 rooms on eight floors. It has handicap facilities, suites, rooms with king and double beds and parking for 620 cars.

It has an indoor pool, whirlpool, outdoor pool and game room. Fitness facilities are available to all guests on a complimentary basis. The waterfront breakfast cafe overlooks the Savannah River.

Shuttle buses leave the front of the hotel every half hour to various locations and various tour pick-up is available at the hotel every hour.

Savannah has been voted one of the top ten walking cities in the United States. Savannah's famous River Street features shops, taverns and restaurants, all within two blocks of the hotel.

The new Savannah International Airport is located ten miles west of the hotel and there are championship golf courses and tennis courts nearby.

The hotel will serve as the
(Continued on Page 5)

Scottsdale

(Continued from page one)

their husbands golfed and Martha helped at the registration desk. Golf courses and the Casino were all that required transportation.

The hospitality room was large with a goodly supply of "munchies," the service was great with a backbone staff of Lloyd's and June's family and friends supported by 485th volunteers. I accused Lloyd of employing cheap labor with all the family members and one of them responded "yes, they were Proudlove wetbacks."

On Friday the Ladies' Luncheon and Style Show featured beautiful young ladies modeling exquisite clothes and 485th veterans trying to peek through the doors to see the more decollete' ensembles. Again, two generations of Proudloves and friends were the ladies on the runway.

Wednesday evening we ate at an outdoor cook-out featuring grilled hamburgers, cheeseburgers, hot dogs, Polish sausage and the like on a pay as you go basis with music and entertainment by the **Hillbillies Band**. Being from the home of the Grand Ole Opry, I thought I had seen it all, but this group was unusual, played unusual instruments, and were outstanding. All this a day before the reunion was formally underway. A premier evening.

Thursday and Friday mornings our usual group of golfers hit the links. They reported that both days were very enjoyable although I sensed that my usual source for this report did not burn up the fairways. These mornings those who wished to do so were bussed to the Casino at the Casino's expense? I have a cap that says "Fort McDowell Casino Winner." What I won was the cap, what I lost I'm not telling Martha.

Thursday evening we dined at the hotel's new Tennis Pavilion and were entertained by **Igor's Cowboy Jazz Band**. This group is sensational. They feature Dixieland, a favorite of mine, cowboy songs, the kind of country I call "truckstop," gospel and novelty numbers.



Reunion Headquarters — Shown above is the Savannah Marriott Riverfront, headquarters for the 1996 reunion of the 485th Bomb Group Association.

Igor himself is a real talent playing the string bass and singing. He has a good voice, sings falsetto, basso profundo and all stops between. Also he supplied plenty of comedy. The food was great, but the entertainment was so exciting I have forgotten exactly what I ate.

Friday evening we assembled in the Grand Ball Room. We were joined by a reunion group of "A" Company, 1st Marine Battalion, 26th Marine Regiment, 5th Marine Combat Infantry Division. This division has a remarkable battle record and it was their men who were depicted in the often published combat photo and the basis for the sculpture "The Raising of the American Flag at Surabachi."

We outnumbered this group of marine vets and their ladies by more than five to one, but later when the band played the Marine Hymn their response rivaled ours for what I like to refer to as the "Air Corps Song." They were great guests and the pride that all our servicemen had for each other surfaced this evening. This was further demonstrated by a B-17 print on our program.

The dinner was excellent and the show was fantastic. It consisted of a small instrumental group, three male vocalists and three beautiful young ladies who provided a chorus line, but at times each of them sang solo selections. The show was presented in typical USO fashion (something for the boys) and they played almost every song popular in the late 30's and early

40's both pop and patriotic.

Needless to say it was an evening of cheers and some tears. The name of the show was **Art Royer's World War II USO Show**. If you ever have a chance to see it, don't pass it up. I should say the same for **Igor's Cowboy Jazz Band** which is perhaps on tour more often than Art Royers.

Just in the event that your auditors do not believe that these reunions are heavy stuff: We had squadron meetings Friday morning and a 485th Bomb Group meeting Saturday morning. The reports on the various momentous decisions reached therein will be reported elsewhere. The rest of Saturday until 4:00 p.m. was unstructured, time for Hospitality Room visits where tent mates compared waist line and hair color (if any) among other things. This also provided for more time in the Memorabilia Room, serious time swimming and lounging in the spa and yes, "tennis anyone?"

At 4:00 we got in our best "bib and tucker" (at 250 I have trouble tying my shoes much less buttoning my coat) and had our pictures taken for posterity. This seemed to go a little faster than usual (I guess we are learning). Then on to cocktails and annual banquet.

The evening was fabulous. Excellent dinner as we have come to expect at all our reunions and unbelievable entertainment. We were initially greeted by a large Shriners marching band and they played a stirring selec-

(Continued on Page 12)

Squadron Photos at Scottsdale



Squadron No. 828 (Left to Right) — Row 1: Ed Nett, Gil Bell, J.D. Morrone, Fred Freyermuth, David W. Shannon, Gregory Lahay, Sherrill Burba, Maynard Sites, Nicholas Montulli, Jess W. Akin Jr., Clemmie E. Norris. **Row 2:** James Rau, Carl Mazzoni, Lee Busroe, Tom Roemer, Pete Whitney, Leonard Kraus, Chester Ballengee, Everett McDonald, Mike H. Halls. **Row 3:** Lawrence E. Sullivan,

William C. Reidy, James K. More, Edwin Orgass, Arthur Hurley, Roger Monroe, John DiRusso, Joseph J. O'Neill. **Row 4:** Richard Mattison, Bryce Blakely, George Ick, Philip Fielder, Tom McDowell, Leo Paine, William Lancaster. **Not pictured:** Jerome Feldman, Martin Lydard, Ken Ponte, James Sampson, Leona Shoultz, Antonio Siller, Kenneth Wall.



Squadron No. 829 (Left to Right) — Row 1: Al Peschka, Ned Helms, Forrest Yeager, Gerald E. Behunin, Robert B. Skelton, Richard M. Doyle, Fred W. Sims, Henry "Hank" Dolim, Chester Kida, Wesley L. Rowland, William L. McKeever, Clinton D. Feller, Thomas G. Peyton. **Row 2:** Wythe J. Napier, Leon Best, Marvin Lindsay, Irvin Wolf, Don Roehn, Slayton McGehee, Joe Cathcart, Bill Ferrell, Thomas (Tommy) Hough, Russell Arthur (Squadron No.

830), Wayne Smith. **Row 3:** Cal W. Frye, E. J. Meyer, Charles Crane, Thomas West, Clarence W. West, Albert O'Brien, E.B. Krider, William S. Trafford, Lloyd Allan, Bob Peterson, Earl Pinnell, Billy Culver. **Row 4:** Donald R. Whiteman, Milton C. Fundling, Kenneth Robison, Kearney Weyand, Allan Carlson, Arthur J. Karns, Alvin L. Martin, Ralph Alley, James Gray, Jr. **Not pictured:** Robert Brown, Earl Bundy, George Kavanaugh, Donald Paar.



Squadron No. 830 (Left to Right) — Row 1: Clyde Corbett, Robert Towne, Richard Griffin, Chester Konkolewski, Donald Landrum, Joseph Morgan, William Devore, James Hunter, Everett Peterson, Bill Cummings. **Row 2:** Chuck Forester, Clarence Miller, Herbert Kohlhörst, John McCarthy, Herb Muehlemann, Art Housden,

Lawrence Martin, Lester DeJong, Robert P. Esarey, Arthur L. Thompson. Row 3: Robert Samuels, Bill Beggs, George E. Dyer, Warren E. Gorman, James B. Cundiff, Malcolm R. Bacon, Robert L. Baldwin. **Not pictured:** Arthur Russell, Levi Caldwell, Robert McAlpine, Robert Plaister, Lester Povlich, James Roach, Howard Sanborn.



Squadron No. 831 (Left to Right) — Row 1: Leonard Little, Henry Dahlberg, Lloyd Proudlove, J. Nagle, Lamont Parker, Robert Dietrich, Jack Woodward, Niran E. Kellogg, Richard D. Kingsbury, Zeke Cotton, Frank Chaffin, Lynn Cotterman, Bob Lewis. **Row 2:** Ed Wroblewski, Leo Prince, Bob Halling, Bob Edinger, Warren Meyers, Bob Hanson, Harold Richards, Herbert Sieler, Robert Swift, Louis W. Sikes, David T. Hansen, Paul Wilson. **Row 3:** Frank Nardi, George Byrd, Jess Ledbetter, Edward Siantz,

Bob Monahan, Bill Brokaw, A. A. Salazar, Ray Heskes, Louis R. Schoeneman, Arthur Dusenberry. Row 4: John J. Godfrey, Robert Rector, Richard H. Conklin, Eugene J. McCarthy, Clive K. Patterson, Lee M. Craig, James B. Johnson, Frederick Irvin, Morgan Browning, Bill Hering, Wilmot M. Gibson. **Not pictured:** Lewis Baker, Marvin Birken, Kenneth Brown, Victor Conti, Donald Evjen, Steve Mlinaz, Ned Peirano, Ernest Prantis, Don Sjodin, Cliff

Savannah

(Continued from page one)

Olympic Village in July and August 1996 for the sailing events of the Olympic Games.

Many activities are being planned for the guests of the 485th in September and veterans and their families are urged to make plans and reservations early.

The hosts for the reunion are Ding and C. W. West. C. W. was attached to the 829th Squadron.

DFC Society Seeks Members

A Distinguished Flying Cross Society is being organized and prospective members are being sought.

The only membership requirement is to have been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross.

Driving force behind the organization is Alexander D. Ciurczak, 34552 Camino Capistrano, Capistrano Beach, Calif. 92624-1232.

Said Ciurczak: "Starting this society will require a lot of preflight, but I feel it can get off the ground and be a successful organization, one that all members could be proud of.

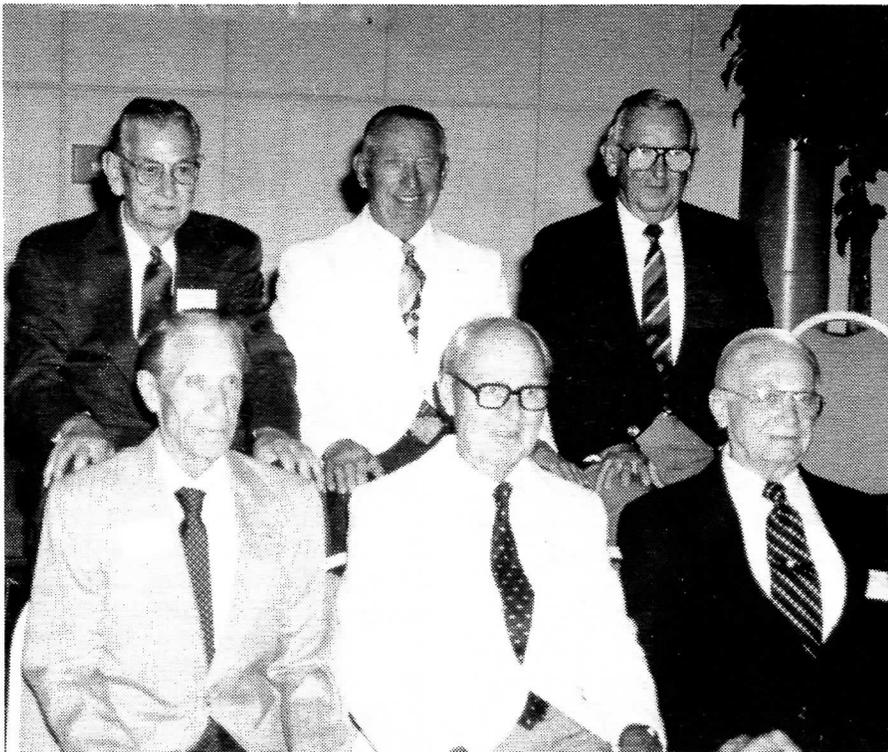
"Hopefully, this organization would eventually be recognized throughout the world. Please drop me a line if you have the qualification and wish to participate, or pass this information along to someone else who may be interested."

Fairmont Reunion Planned for June

A reunion of all units which trained at the Fairmont Air Field in Nebraska is being planned for June 15-17 of this year.

The 485th is one of the units whose members are being invited to attend, along with other units: 451, 504, 16, 98, 467 and 489.

For more information concerning the event, write to Alana Ackerman, Box 202, Fairmont, Neb. 68354. The phone number is: (402) 268-3132.



Headquarters (Left to Right) — Row 1: Loyd Towers, Douglas Cairns, William Herblin. Row 2: Howard Cherry, Warren Sortomme, Walter McKinney. Not pictured: Pop Arnold, Charles Morgan, Robert Sigg.



Missing in Action (Left to Right) — Row 1: Forrest Yeager, Billy R. Culver, Kenneth Robison, Donald Landrum. Row 2: Wilmot M. Gibson, James B. Johnson, Lewis B. Baker, Ned Helms, Thomas West, Thomas Hough.

“Javaman Project” has 485th Connection

By Roger Monroe
828th Bomb Squadron

Hardly anything has been written about the “Javaman Project” so far as I know. It was classified in 1944-45 as Top Secret by the Office of Strategic Services (now the CIA).

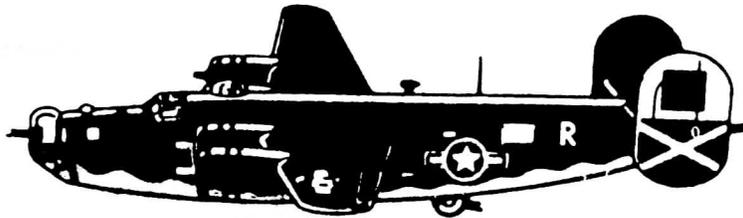
Background

When I returned from the European Theater of Operations, having completed 52 missions flying B-24's out of North Africa and Italy, like most, I was looking for a new job. Since I'd kept in touch with an old classmate who was in Flight Test at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, Russ Schlee, who was considered one of the top Test Pilots of the time, I decided to contact him.

Being assigned to a base where you could participate in the glamorous occupation of testing new airplanes was much sought after. It was very helpful (almost mandatory) to have a “sponsor” to introduce you to the “Chiefs.” Russ headed me in the right direction to meet the right people, and it worked — I was in!

After several months of flying all types of aircraft, including being checked out in the B-17, 1st Lt. Thomas Penn Leary, a pilot-engineer, and I received orders in January 1945, to spend some winter-time in Florida on the “Campbell Project;” this was a Wright Field cover name for the “Javaman Project”

The cover name for Javaman in Florida was the “Joint Army-Navy Air-Sea Rescue Base” (JANARB) on Tampa Bay, at the south end of St. Petersburg **Just how many “Covers” do you need??** We had several torpedo-boat 85 ft. size vessels docked there, Army Rescue Boats (ARB's) for the plausible purpose (another cover) of picking up the survivors of crashed B-26's and B-29's that were flying transition training at MacDill (“One a day in Tampa Bay,” was the saying). We didn't see any airplanes around and kept asking questions until we were told to stop.



We didn't know that Leary's investigation by the FBI hadn't been completed yet. As we suspected, the project had a stripped war-weary B-17F, #42-3319, at Drew Field (now Tampa International), we were to get to know intimately.

The Training: The Project

Javaman turned out to be the first air-to-sea guided missile system. The boat had a television camera in the bow and a VHF transmitter to relay a very good quality picture to a TV receiver in the nose of the B-17. Also mounted on the bow was an infrared search light; the television camera was sensitive to this, almost invisible, radiation.

In the B-17 was another VHF transmitter that could send eight different coded signals to a receiver on the boat. These were, as I recall, 1-2:Boat throttle, back and forward; 3-4:Search light left and right; 5-6:Rudder left and right; 7:Engine ignition off; 8:Blow the bottom out of the boat.

There was also two-way radio communication between the airplane and the boat. For our training missions, the boat would cast off from Tampa Base or the JANARB dock and head for the channel; it was navigated by a Navy Chief. We would take off from Drew with another Chief in the nose monitoring the TV screen. We climbed to around 20,000 ft. and took a course either directly toward or directly away from the bearing of the boat's heading; we had to stay within 15 degrees of that direction to stay within the narrow beam width of the boat's television transmitter antenna. Our effective range was about 50 miles.

There were buoys in the channel

leading to the entrance to Tampa Bay. After the Chief in the boat visually picked up the first buoys, he would turn over the complete control of the boat to the Chief in the B-17. The buoys had markers on them and our Chief could read them on the TV screen and navigate; he could also survey the boat's surroundings.

The Mission

The two southernmost large islands of Japan are Honshu and Kyushu. On Kyushu were coal and iron mines. These critical products had to be loaded onto ships at Kitakyushu and transported north across a narrow strait to Shimonoseki at the south end of Honshu. There they were unloaded for shipping to the northern island's furnaces, mills and munitions factories. This required a solution.

Before the war the Japanese had been building a tunnel between these two ports — a very large tunnel. It was completed in 1943. The upper deck carried two-way highway traffic and the lower deck supported two railroad tracks. The waters in the strait were relatively shallow, around 200 feet deep.

The plan was to ship several such boats to some island, probably Iwo Jima, Tinian or Okinawa, and follow them with seven B-17's piloted and crewed by Wright Field personnel. Each boat would be directed to a point as close as possible to the west entrance to the strait above the tunnel. One Navy rating would be aboard each boat until the mission started, with the B-17 Chief taking control. Then they would go over the side, to be picked up by a submarine.

Control of the boats would be ta-

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Javaman

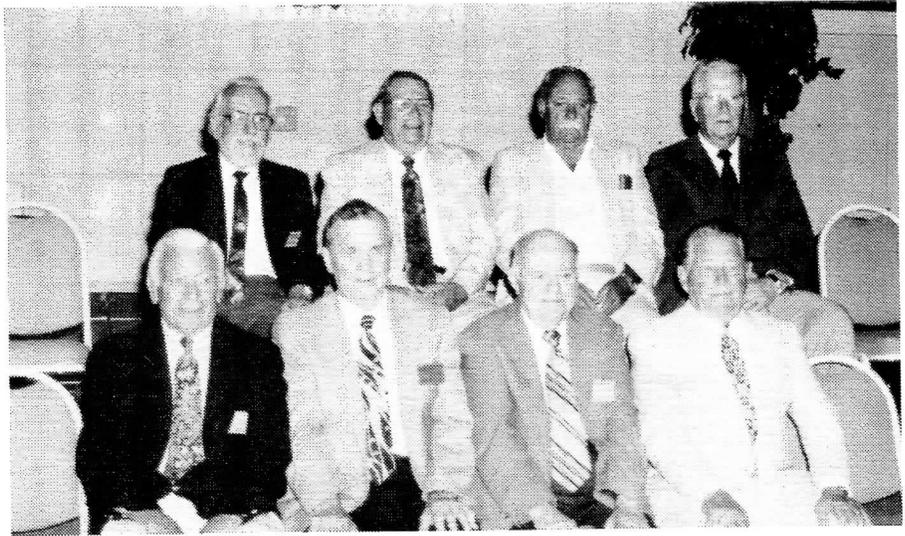
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ken over by the B-17's. They were to be unarmed and flown at 30,000 ft. behind the boats which had been disguised as Japanese fishing vessels. The channel through the strait, OSS had learned, was marked by buoys and it went right over the tunnel. When the tunnel was reached the boats would be assembled in tandem. When the buoy markings indicated on the airplane's TV screen that they were straddling the tunnel, Switch 8 would be thrown, blowing the bottom out of each one. They would sink together to the sea floor where a pressure sensitive or proximity switch would detonate the main charge and blow up the tunnel. This was enormous; I don't know how many tons of TNT were to be packed in the hold.

My form 5 shows that Penn and I put almost 400 hours on that old B-17 while running the tests. These were quite successful and we were sure the project was going to work, so far as guiding the boats, (although we seemed to lose an engine about every fifth mission). There were actual successful tests of the complete plan by controlling an ARB between Tampa Docks or JANARB and CUBA, but I was at LORAN school and wasn't along for the first one. Captains William F. Nolan and Eugene G. Mulling, test pilots who had come to St. Pete from Wright Field before us, flew this demonstration. Gen. "Wild Bill" William J. Donovan, director of OSS, came there once to evaluate our operations. We successfully completed several additional missions to Cuba, many of which I flew.

JAVAMAN was primarily an OSS project, but there was a lot of support from the Navy, Marines, Coast Guard, and Air Corps, especially from Wright Field. The weeks of testing turned into months, and still we had no orders for overseas. The rumor was that General MacArthur had a quarrel with OSS and didn't like to have them around. Later we learned the real reason for the delay.

Along in June of 1945 we got our tropical disease shots, so it seemed



First Timers (Left to Right) — Row 1: Leonard Kraus, Lee Busroe, Wilmot M. Gibson, Gregory Lahay. Row 2: Ned Helms, Paul Wilson, Bill Hering, Dick Doyle. Not pictured: William McKeever, Levi Caldwell, Victor Conti, Charles Morgan.

likely that something was going to happen. On the 15th of July 1945, a whole crowd of Wright Field test pilots arrived, enough so that we could run seven B-17's. They were Chum, Highley, Williams, Hermes, Northrop, Peterson, Vodrey, Bremhorst, H. Johnson, R. Johnson, Leavitt, Nelson, Rogers, Steiner, F. Smith, Watson and Hoener.

We're Off

Since I had been there the longest, and no-one out ranked me, I was designated the Officer-in-Charge of the Flight Operations of the program. The top brass finally decided that JAVAMAN was a "GO." So I loaded seven crews into old B-17 #AF319 and about the first of August we all flew to Long Beach, California, to the Douglas Aircraft plant.

At Douglas we were to pick up the last seven B-17's that they ever built. When they rolled them out we saw several others, almost finished, being dragged over to a pit where they were crushed to fragments. How pathetic.

But there were to be more delays. Some of the radio guidance equipment was still being installed, so those daring test pilots picked up their suitcases and registered at the Wilton (now Hilton!) Hotel for fun and games.

A few days later all were saved by "The Bomb." It was all over the

newspapers when the gang came down for breakfast on August 7. Sometime afterward we found out the

cause of the long delay.

The Japanese expected the invasion landing to be on Kyushu, the southern island, and thousands of troops were waiting there for the invasion by our GIs and Marines. At this late stage of the war, the raw materials for armament production on that island were not as important as delaying the Japanese troops from reaching Honshu where the real landing was planned.

Therefore, Douglas MacArthur, who was never sure that "The Bomb" would actually work, kept us in reserve. If it didn't we could blow the tunnel and prevent any rapid movement of the troops north when the invasion took place.

Peace

Needless to say, we never went west with JAVAMAN. Nearly fifty years later, I look back with mixed feelings, (mostly fond memories) on our big Spy Escapade, the nice per diem, and an eight-month winter vacation in Florida. We really learned to Love the Bomb!

(Editor's Note — Roger requests that we also credit the publisher of "Cadet Class 42-B History" for this report.)

485th Tail Gunner Recalls His Tour of Duty

We had no idea the road we were to travel when we left Salt Lake Air Base. Moe Black, my fellow armorer, and I made close friends on the train. We were now going to become part of a crew on a ship of unknown origin. When we reached Boise Air Base and learned we were to be in a B-24 it was with mixed feelings.

When they posted the crews we were assigned to, I did something that changed our lives. As an unknown whim, I took Moe's name from another crew and changed it to our crew. (Not believing this to be an official listing). We were both first armorers so this wasn't the way we were to be assigned. The next day when we were called to meet our crews for the first time both Moe and I ended up on George Tompkins' crew.

Well, we were on our way to the unknown as we were introduced to Mr. Liberator B-24. Flying, landings, takeoffs, and getting the feel of our ship and crew was the objective for now.

Our crew was transferred to Fairmont, Nebraska in December. The training intensified as the group was forming. We were flying formation and simulated bombing missions. As I recall, the high altitude flying was awful. We wore the old type oxygen mask which smelled like someone had thrown up in it. The outer suits were the old fleece lined coverall. My thoughts were "my God, to feel this miserable and not even be in combat."

I'll never forget we did a night mission over Omaha, Nebraska. Moe and I had to take pictures through the hatch in the bottom of the ship. We had to hold on to the one that took the pictures. Frost was all over our faces and we feared we might fall out of the ship. What must those guys feel like in combat? We later received the new heated suits with gloves and booties. "Praise the Lord."

Leaving for overseas was short at hand as we were finishing up our training. All crew members had to



Prisoner of War (Left to Right) — Row 1: Don Roehn, Lloyd Allan, Ralph Alley, Marvin Lindsay, Albert J. O'Brien, Irvin N. Wolf. Row 2: Billy R. Culver, Slayton M. McGehee, Howard N. Cherry, Warren D. Sortomme, Lloyd Proudlove, Bob Peterson, Joe Cathcart. Row 3: Robert Rector, Frank Nardi, Leonard Little, Leon Best, Frederick Irvin, Morgan Browning, Bill Hering, Dick Doyle. Not pictured: Edgar Helms, Levi Caldwell, Chester Konkolewski, Kenneth Brown, Donald Evjen, John Godfrey, Pop Arnold.

fire the guns in the upper turret at a tow target. During this someone put a few holes in the B-26 pulling the target. The pilot of the ship slipped on us and scared the beans out of us. I won't tell who I think did the dirty work.

Now the pilot of each crew had a decision to make. What gunners he wanted in each position. I wasn't crazy about his selection of his tail gunner, me. One more thing that he said nearly made all the gunners choke. We had to draw out of a hat the symbol of a bird meaning you fly or the symbol of a man swimming meaning you go by boat. We had to take our crew chief as he knew the ship. When I drew the flyer, I could hardly stand. Poor Jim Dart got the swimmer.

On March 8, 1944, we started for overseas. We stopped at Lincoln, Neb. They took the ship nearly apart for the overseas check. Soon we were on our way. We landed at West Palm Beach, Fla. Coming from the cold climate to a warm one we all got brush hair cuts. This worked out great for our escape pictures that we later carried on missions.

Next, on to Puerto Rico, a quiet peaceful island of tropical fruit. Our

next stops were to British Guyana, Belem, Brazil and Natal, Brazil. Impressions of the deep tropical humidity on the Amazon remained with us.

March 18th found us over the ocean flying ten hours before we saw land. Landing on a steel runway gave us a start. The first thing I saw was a seven foot soldier with a gun and bayonet nearly as long. He looked like the foreign legion. This was Dakar, Africa.

The stop at Marrakech was a real lesson in poverty. At our garbage can the men fought the children for our leftovers. Leaving there was none too soon for me. Now on to Oudna, Tunisia to join up with the group.

Wow! What a shock I got when all personnel were going around black-faced. This was a result of burning German gas to heat our tents and very little water to wash with. It was now the time to fly formations and air sea rescue to finish our training.

During this training I gained the respect of our co-pilot Hank Hillyard. It was during a turn in formation flying that one of our ships was passing over us and dropped right down on us. All I could think to do was yell "pull her down" and the co-pilot did just that.

(Continued on page 9)

Tail Gunner

(Continued from Page 8)

I'll always remember my 21st birthday as I was guarding our ship on March 24th. It gave me a chance to reflect on the past years. One event that I remember is that while flying an air-sea rescue flight, I spotted a periscope and supposedly the sub was gotten.

An officer from the Armament Division asked Moe and I if we wanted to take a ride in a jeep out in the desert to look for parts to a 50 caliber machine gun. Parts were scattered all over the place. After our collection we drove back to the road. This is where we ran into the MP who said "Hey, you guys, that was a mine field out there." Well, we turned a little pale.

Time for us to leave the cold nights and hot days behind. May 7th we flew to Venosa, Italy. It was good to see Jim Dart again. We were introduced to our new home. A tent made-to-order for six. We slept on canvas cots and I couldn't help feel that it was so much better than the poor guys in the infantry. Many times we felt comfort in our little home. Getting a shower was great, for water was scarce. Our mail was the most important thing in our lives.

About this time, we felt a great loss. Hank Hillyard, our co-pilot, was made first pilot of his own crew. His leaving was like losing a member of our family.

Food was very hard coming for we were somewhat isolated. C-rations of various foods and whatever our cook could find, was the meal of the day. When our cook was able to trade for eggs, you knew it. There was the rattle of mess kits and men running to the mess tent.

The day has arrived we are to fly our first mission of the 485th Bomb Group. Our task is to bomb Knin, Yugoslavia. May 10th 1944. We are without a replacement co-pilot. Major Stoddard our operations officer is our fill in co-pilot. Lt. Col. Tomhave will lead the group. After a breakfast of oatmeal without milk and our K-ration for our dinner in hand, we get

briefed and are on our way.

Over the target the flak is light and not accurate, however the pilot wants a second and third run. By the time we come in the last time things got hot for us and all hell broke out. Maj. Stoddard wanted George Tompkins' flak helmet. Wow! Is this the way it works? God! And this was a milk run.

The next mission and the next and the next are nothing but hell with the fighters hitting us first and the flak following up. We started losing ships and all taking hits. Sometimes we only got two days rest and up we go again.

Flying at first to targets in Italy, then Austria, France, Romania and Hungary many of our crews were lost. One of our sister ships hit, losing an engine was on fire and the heat I could feel as it passed our tail, it turned over and went down.

Close calls for me seemed often. So I got the habit of getting an extra flak suit to sit on. Having a case of claustrophobia, prompted me to remove the doors on the tail turret.

We had some bad dreams after flying over Weiner-Neustad, Atzgerdorf, Polesti, Munich, Vienna and other heavily guarded targets.

Still a regular co-pilot had not been assigned to us, so we had to use many subs. Finally Lt. Greenwood came aboard and this gave us one of our saddest days for he got hit in the eyes and blinded. Moe was hit in the leg and was very lucky for an inch more and he could have lost it all.

On one mission we had a general from wing fly as Command Pilot as we led the group. My job was to flash the red light to form on. He asked after getting formed "how does the formation look, tail gunner"? My reply was "pretty sloppy, sir." Well! When he called back I had to answer "if they get any closer we will have their wings in our ship." It pays to have rank.

More missions to the bad ones plus Budapest, Friedrichafen, Lenz and long ones to France. The first mission we flew in our new ship, a ship suited for leading, which we named "Miss Myloven" was a very sad day. The original ship we flew our missions in

was shot down. It was the new crew's first mission. (Ship # W-42-52719H).

At this point the P-51 became very important to us. We felt they were our guardian angels. As we saw them flying above us in groups of three, they gave us a feeling of protection.

After 45 missions, we got 11 days rest on the isle of Capri. It was great, but hard for us having to come back to five more missions. To make things worse, when we came back we got the news that Col. Arnold was shot down over Bleckhammer, Germany. It seemed all hope was lost. This was August 27th 1944. The mail that piled up the time we spent on the isle of Capri kept me going. On September 9th 1944 we flew our last mission to Budapest. Our ground crew welcomed us back with cheers.

"Miss Myloven" was shot down on October 7th 1944.

Tail Gunner
S/Sgt. Charles Fournier
on George Tompkins' Crew

Word from Woody



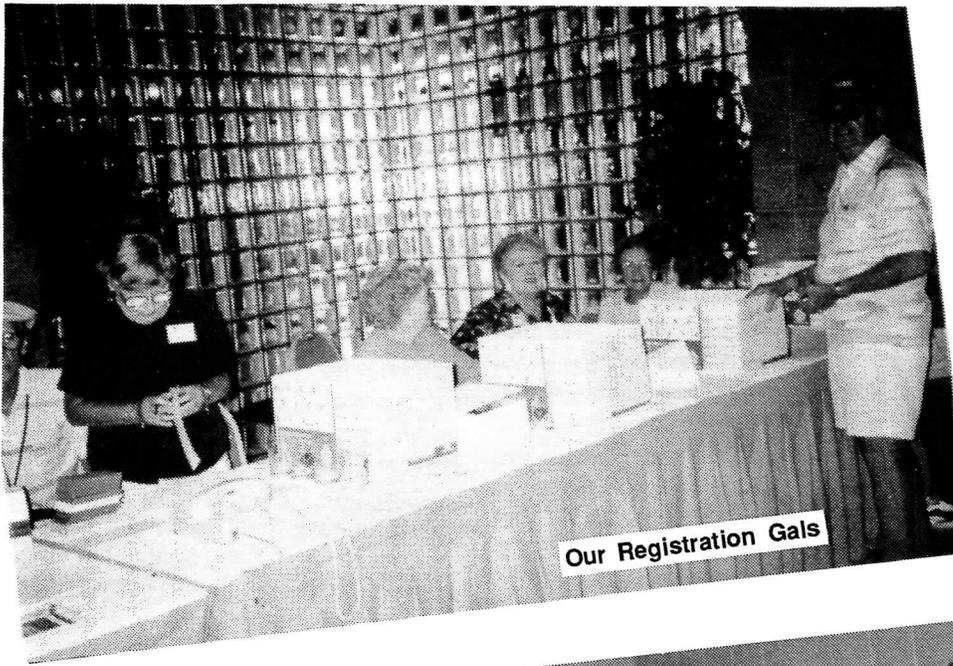
I offer a few words to all the good people of the 485th who did so much to help Marguerite with her problems before and after she fell and broke her hip, from which she never recovered.

All the letters, cards, telephone calls and prayers were very comforting to both of us.

I still receive so much sympathy and encouragement. I do miss her so much and I do appreciate your help in bringing me back to myself.

I thank one and all of you.

Sincerely
Woody



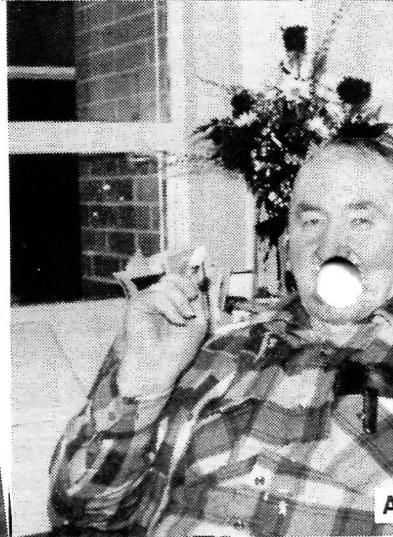
Our Registration Gals



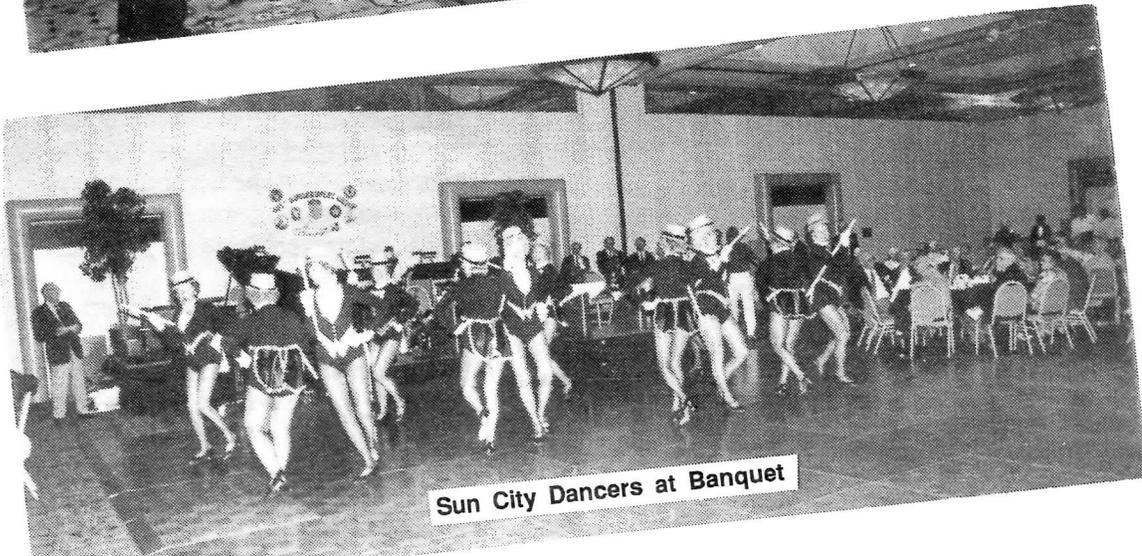
Lloyd with two USO Show entertainers



Shrine Band



A



Sun City Dancers at Banquet



Ed Nett being ente

Scottsdale

(Continued from Page 2)

tion of march and patriotic music.

Next there was a group of youngsters who put on a demonstration of clog dancing which could not have been better on "Rocky Top." In addition a fantastic precision dance team of beautiful ladies from Sun City, many of them old enough to have been around when the 485th was active. Then for entertainment and dancing a full big band playing "our kind of music," you know, tunes you can whistle. (Do you ever hear your grandchildren whistling a heavy metal tune?)

Just as in '87 an unexpected female guest appeared on the scene and took over the show with a ribald comedy routine. Ed Nett received the brunt of routine, but other brass including "Pop" Arnold did not escape completely. My lawyer advised me not to repeat what was said, but I will report that those who were "set up" took it in good humor, but with some red faces.

Many of our vets still can cut a mean rug but every year I notice more and more that "Star Dust" brings more couples to the floor than "Wood Choppers Ball."

The Sunday morning memorial breakfast was outstanding. A trencherman breakfast, a patriotic motif and an inspirational message by Don Whiteman and others predicated primarily on our majority Christian beliefs, but I don't think offensive to our many Jewish comrades who join us in memorializing the ones with whom they served.

Remembering those who are no longer with us is always a fitting way to end these reunions. There are still good-byes to be said and many of us stayed over in order to have more time in the resort.

June Proudlove was ill during the reunion and was in and out of the hospital emergency and confined to her bed throughout. I trust this is all behind her now and sincerely hope that the superior effort she expended getting ready for us was not the total

cause. And yes, June, Lloyd did good, but we all missed you.

This was a bittersweet reunion. I have saved to the last my allusion to the sobering aspects which affected us all. We arrived knowing that Bob Deeds would not be with us in Scottsdale or at any more of the reunions. We learned that Woody Woodyard would not be present due to the serious illness of Marguerite. Then the traumatic announcement from the podium that Marguerite, the face that was always the first to greet us at the registration desk, has passed away and would no longer grace our reunions. I am sure that with the leadership now affiliated with the Celestial Corps, on occasion there must be a convening of the 485th and our loss will be that groups gain.

I am sure that I have left much untold. Next year Savannah, history and seafood. Everyone should make a special effort to attend. If you had not already reached this conclusion, events of the past year should make it obvious that it is very doubtful that we have 31 more reunions.

Gunner Recalls 'Sick' Mission

By Clarence "Deacon" Miller
830th Squadron

Saturday 8 July '44, Mission #32. Man, I was sick yesterday with the GI's (diarrhea) all day yesterday and still this morning. I had reported to Flight Surgeon Dermott. He gave me some white liquid in a shot glass. I had felt lousy all day yesterday. Other fellows were sick with similar symptoms and they were going both ways.

We were warned not to eat any foods grown on the ground because Europeans use human fertilizer on their fields. We do buy nuts, cherries, oranges, lemons and olives from the Italians.

All night long I was traveling back and forth to the slit trench. The slit trench is a good 100 yards from our tent. Some poor fellows couldn't quite make it and had accidents along the route. You had to be careful where you walked in the dark. Thank goodness for the flashlight. I was the only one on our crew affected.

When we reported for briefing the crew said I didn't look too good. I said I'd be alright. I figured once we were airborne and I put my oxygen mask on I would feel much better. After all, if it helps to clear heads of fellows who had too much to drink, then it should help me was my theory.

Man, was I every wrong. I had never confided to the crew that I still had the diarrhea problem.

Our target today was the Florisdorf Oil Refinery Complex, Vienna, Austria. Gads, I thought to myself of all days. That's a rough target, but worth "2" missions.

I took along extra empty bomb arming wire cans. These have lids with them. If my bowels acted up during the flight I would have something to use.

We took off at 0630 hours and, after assembly over Altamura, we rendezvoused with the 460 BG over Gravina and then rendezvoused with the 464 and 465 BG's over Spinazola. While flying out over the Adriatic Sea Mother Nature called and



The Fashion Show Gals

quickly vacated my turret. Thank goodness we were not over enemy territory or Alman would have to take my position.

Twenty five P-51's joined us and escorted us. The breathing of oxygen wasn't doing me any good. I tried breathing pure oxygen for a little while. This also didn't do any good. I also noticed my vision was affected. Things weren't exactly in focus.

Damn, I feel outright miserable I said to myself. I prayed to God to give me the strength to perform my job. I rested my head against the gun sight. This made me feel better. Someone announced we were entering enemy territory, I sat up, but my vision was still blurry. I prayed by bowels would hold out.

My thought: If Glen knew how sick I was he sure would give me a bawling out. I deserve it. I shouldn't have flown today. Someone called out 30 Me-109's and 10 FW-190's are in the area. I could barely focus on them. We are giving them plenty of fire. Someone reports a FW-190 going out of control. The bandits break away as we enter the target zone.

The flak is intense accurate and heavy. Before we can pull away from the target area three of our aircraft go down.

To me this was the longest mission I ever flew even though it lasted only six hours and 30 minutes compared to the missions we flew to France which were ten hours.

Finally we are out over the Adriatic Sea once again and safely out of enemy territory. I lay my head against the gun sight and fell asleep. The doors to my turret open and Alman taps me on the shoulder which wakes me up. He tells me we soon will be landing. Climbing out of the turret I go to the rear of our ship and lay down.

After we are dismissed from debriefing I report to flight surgeon and told him I felt lousy. I was given more white medicine in a shot glass.

Proper Address

One of the increasing costs of publishing the Lightweight Tower is the postal service charges for publications being misssent.

Veterans are asked to make sure their particular squadron reporter is aware of your proper address at the time the Lightweight Tower is to be mailed.

Fewer wrong addresses will mean less expense and we urge everyone to assist us in this undertaking.

Minutes of 485th Scottsdale Meeting

Minutes of 485th Bomb Group meeting — Scottsdale, Arizona — September 16, 1995, 10 A.M. — Double Tree Resort

Earl Bundy called meeting to order. He asked for a moment of silent prayer for our departed comrades.

Minutes were read from 1994 reunion in Memphis, Tennessee. Minutes were approved.

Howard "Woody" Woodyard had sent his financial report to Earl Bundy, as he could not attend reunion due to Marguerite's illness. he reported:

\$6,209.00 in Certificates of Deposit

\$2,565.00 in checking account

Contributions have been made, in memory of deceased members, to various groups, such as cancer, kidney and heart associations.

Lloyd Proudlove, our host, thanked all for coming and that problems with change of ownership of hotel had been overcome. He also thanked all of the women and men who had helped at the reunion. Also his family for all of their help.

There were 192 veterans attending the reunion, representing 45 of the 50 states.

Headquarters	9
828th Squadron	42
829th Squadron	47
830th Squadron	36
831st Squadron	58

There are 10 first timers attending.

Flight crews were counted. Joe Cathcart and Tom McDowall tied with 6 present. Joe relinquished the trophy to Tom.

POW's numbered 28 and MIA's totaled 9.

There were also 3 widows attending the reunion.

Dan Sjodin asked all men who had completed 50 missions/35 sorties to stand. There were over 60 in attendance.

John DeRusso thanked those who had given his poem, "Please remember me" to various veteran's groups for publication.



Lloyd Proudlove with two USO Show entertainers



Host Lloyd Proudlove and Gen. Arnold

Earl Bundy told of a reunion to be held in June, 1996, at Fairmont, Nebraska where 7 groups had trained, including the 15th and 20th Air Force.

Earl announced that flowers had been sent to June Proudlove, our host's wife, who was ill and could not attend the reunion.

Clarence West, our host for 1996 reunion in Savannah, Georgia, spoke to tell us that dates would be September 11th to 15th. He has sold ads to local businesses, for program, at \$100.00 per page. The 829th squadron had given \$500.00. He has forms for anybody interested in
(Continued on next page)

Minutes

(Continued from preceding page) contributing.

Sherill Burba of Dallas, Texas offered to host 1997 reunion. After a show of hands, his offer was unanimously accepted.

It was reported that the book of the 485th Bomb Group history, "This is How it was" was being printed and we could expect completion in October.

The artist of the picture on the cover of book is Mavin Aiken, wife of Jess Aiken of the 829th Squadron. Prints of this picture are available in memorabilia room.

To order or pay balance due for book, write to:

Southern Heritage Press
P.O. Box 10937

St. Petersburg, Florida 33733

Price: \$39.95 plus \$3.95 for S&H
— Total \$43.90.

Note: Florida residents ONLY must pay 7% sales tax

Joe Cathcart announced that he would be the new squadron leader for the 829th replacing Earl Bundy.

Carl Mazzoni has taken Bob Deeds place for the 828th squadron.

The other squadron leaders will remain — Bob Benson for Headquar-

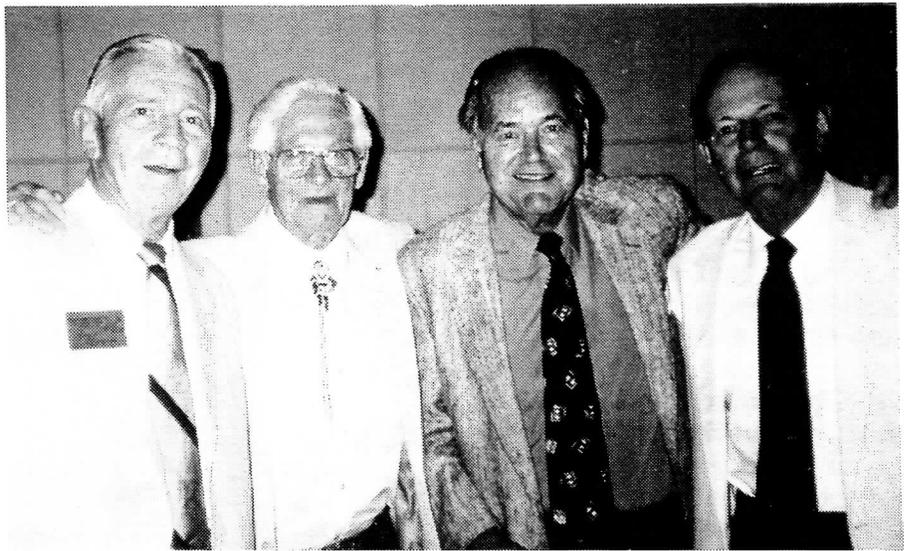
Ex-Gunners Being Sought

Ex-gunners are eligible for membership in the Air Force Gunners Association.

Formed in 1986, the association membership is open to any veteran who flew on any type of bomber aircraft as a gunner, including radio operators and flight engineers.

The group has biennial reunions, alternating from east, central and western sections of the country. The fifth reunion was held in San Antonio, Texas in May of 1995. The next reunion is scheduled for Seattle, Wash., in 1997.

Annual dues is \$15. Address for the association is 453 Plaza Circle, Bossier City, LA 71111-4811.



Four Hobos — Left to right: Monroe, Proudlove, Neet, Doc. Pinnell.

ters. Lyynn Cotterman for the 831st and Chester Konkolewski for the 830th.

There being no further business, the meeting was concluded with Bob Hanson's reading of "The Fighting Men of the 485th"

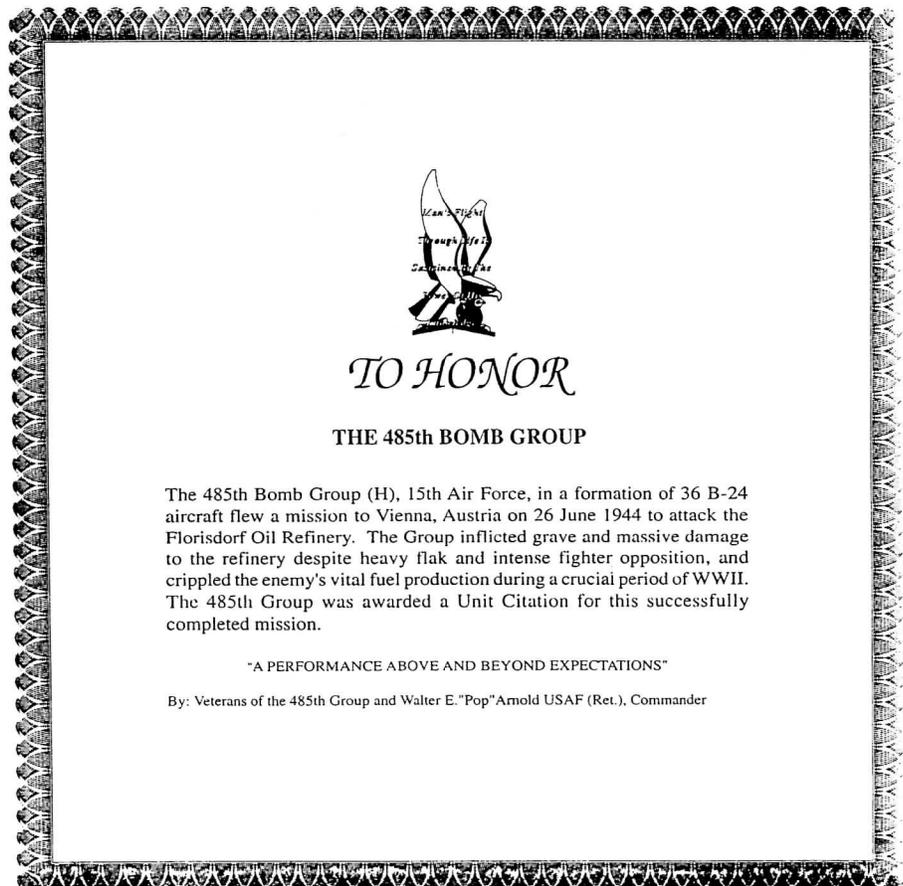
Respectfully submitted

Lynda Hanson — Secretary
485th Bomb Group

485th Plaque

Below is a copy of the plaque appearing in the Air Force Museum on the grounds of the Air Force Academy, Colorado Springs, Col.

Through the efforts of Walter E. "Pop" Arnold, the plaque was hung to honor the memory of the veterans of the 485th Bomb Group.



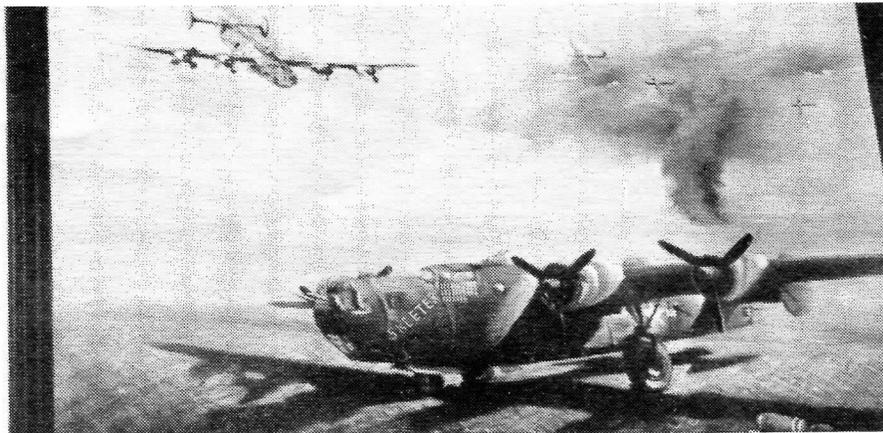
Ploesti Book To Be Re-issued

A book on the bombing of Ploesti by the 15th Air Force is to be re-issued in October, according to the author, Leroy W. Newby.

Newby, of Venice, Fla., is the author of the book, "Target Ploesti: View from a Bombsight." The re-issue of the book is to be one of a series.

Doubleday's Military Book Club is preparing a series of books called Battle Classics, honoring the major United States battles of the 20th century. Newby's book was chosen. It will be re-issued with a new cover in October.

Anyone interested should contact Newby at 346 Pineview Drive, Venice, Fla. 34294.



Mavis Akin, the artist who produced the cover for the 485th History book, has approximately 100 numbered and signed prints of the artwork.

Each is completed in beautiful colors.

If anyone is interested in purchasing one or more of these, you may send a check for \$10 to Mrs. Mavis Akin, Rt. 5, 4508FM, 390E., Brenham, TX 77833-9208.

Postage and handling is included in the \$10 charge.

JOURNEY'S END

Ed Beechem (829th)	Mar. 2, 1995
David Cahill (829th)	Jan. 6, 1995
Ray Carpenter (829th)	April 1995
Bob Cecil (829th)	
Donald Cogswell (829th)	
Wes Colmer (829th)	
Clark Colton (829th)	1994
Bob Deeds (828th)	1995
Floren Gurge	1993
Fred Heaton	Nov. 30, 1995
William Hedgpeth (831st)	March 1995
Jim F. Keenan	July 25, 1995
Herb Little (829th)	Feb. 1995
Bill Long (829th)	April 25, 1995
Sid Mansen (829th)	1993
E. E. Matney (830th)	July 12, 1954
Joseph P. Maull (831st)	June 14, 1995
Kenneth MacMahon (829th)	Feb. 25, 1995
Wm. O. McCullough (830th)	1993
Harry L. McGaw (831st)	Jan. 23, 1996
Wm. H. Meyer (830th)	Feb. 12, 1995
R. F. O'Rourke (829th)	1985
Hal Roth (831st)	June 23, 1995
Walter Schlichter (830th)	Oct. 1995
F. J. Simona (829th)	1995
Earl Gilbert Smith (831st)	Feb. 1995
Kirby A. Stephens (831st)	May 10, 1995
Walter Stevens (831st)	April 1990
John Szabo, Sr. (831st)	Feb. 1996
John Turkis (829th)	Mar. 18, 1995
Otis Vincent (829th)	1993
Joe Wachter (831st)	Oct. 1994
Ralph J. Wakefield (Hqts.)	Apr. 6, 1995



Hopi Village — Tony Siller, of the 828th, donated the beautiful piece of original artwork for the raggle to raise money for the 485th. It depicts an authentic Hopi Indian village.

Letter from Historian

The following letter was to have been read at the Scottsdale Reunion.

To say the least, it's with deep regret that I can not attend our Group Reunion due to physical problems, however, by now, you all must be wondering if the book and history is completed.

Well happily it is. The pressure to complete the manuscript in a six month period deadline, was at times I felt more than I could handle; but as days went by, I saw the jig saw puzzle fit in place.

Once you see it, I feel you will enjoy with pride what I put together; and for all to know that the 485th Bomb Group did its share in WW II with honor and distinction.

Some of you may not agree but I'm awarding myself a "pat on the back" for my mission completed in six months. Frankly, I wish I had more time. Proofreading set us back somewhat but the finished product should be ready by September end or early October for distribution.

I must acknowledge with thanks to Clarence "Deacon" Miller and his wife, Ruth, for the help and encouragement given me during the course of my writing.

Looking to the future, I have initiated 187 Missions which was with Carl Gigowski's memorabilia to Southern Heritage Press. These missions are in full narration from a third of a page to two pages, which would be put into a spiral form notebook for sale with your approval. I used these missions in the history but because of time, was not able to include every narrative to completion.

Next, if you approve, a sequel to "This Is How It Was" stories could be in order. Since being historian, I have received numerous stories from our 485th personnel, sufficient material to make another book.

In fact I have in my possession now, a book (soft covered) of 79 pages written by Robert Baker, pilot of a 831st replacement crew that took over Tail Heavy (100 mission plane). His book explains his life from civilian status to cadet life, winning his wings to all his missions in tail heavy. Another book 39 pages (soft covered) by Steve Paynic, nose gunner of the 830th Squadron (replacement crew) of his experiences from civilian life to becoming a gunner. His missions were mainly aboard Buzz Job (100 mission plane).

Also mission stories by Jesse Ledbetter (831st pilot), J. Ryan Scott (nose gunner — 829th); George V. Winter (navigator 831st) on loan to Plane Hells Angel, Crew 62 and shot down on mission to Oswiecim, Poland, in a replacement plane ser # 42-51139H. Four of eleven survived. They were invited by the Polish Embassy in Washington to a formal dinner and presentation of a medal.

There are many other diaries which might be of interest as well. Short stories by Charles Fournier, (830th tail gunner) and Deacon Miller (830th nose gunner).

Some of these may be included in the next LTC Newsletter. Now that the history and book are completed, I hope to send some of these stories to magazines for possi-

ble acceptance.

A short time ago, I sent two stories to Operation TNT cable TV and received acceptance of two stories with a letter of thanks and a certificate of appreciation. According to the letter, it's possible a special segment on Operation TNT may include those stories. They are the first two stories in the book. How a mission begins and the first "This Is How It Was" story with Salvatore LoBello, radio operator, and what he observed on his mission when Col. Tomhave and Capt. Stockdale's ships collided etc.

On receipt of the first letter, I immediately sent in the story by Luke Terry, Crew 68 "Two Men — One Chute," and "Keenan Recalls 1945 Mission," both stories in the book.

Aside from the above, I have discussed a subject with a number of squadron reporters pertaining to getting a complete list of those who made Journey's End. No doubt this subject will be brought up at the Executive Committee's meeting by Chet Konkolewski. It's most important as some widows have called it to our attention that their husband's name has not been listed in the last three LTC Newsletters.

Finally, before I finish, I'd like to say a special thanks to our publisher, Byron Kennedy, and his son, Byron, Jr., of Southern Heritage Press, for their patience, full cooperation and their continued encouragement.

And so as I sometime say, I'll get off my Hyde Park "Soap Box" and wish you one and all a fun filled happy reunion.

Sam Schneider
Historian

LIGHTWEIGHT TOWER CALLING

Published annually by and for the veterans of the 485th Bomb Group (H).

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6425 Dorado Beach, NE
Albuquerque, NM 87111

MAIL ROOM

485TH BOMB GROUP HQ —

Bob Benson



Unfortunately, Dorothy and I were unable to attend the Scottsdale reunion. Fortunately, it was not due to any health problem. Instead, we just had too many things come up at one time that prevented our being there.

From the various comments we have received, we missed a very good time. However, we are looking forward to being in Savannah next September.

My thanks go to Warren Sortomme and Howard Cherry for their support in the memorabilia room, at the committee meetings, and for their help in furnishing me with enough information to write this article.

Also, thank you to Loyd and Evelyn Towers, Joyce Sortomme, Lynda Hanson, Jane O'Brien and Mrs. Leonard Kraus for all their help at the registration desk. It was a big job that they had and their efforts are appreciated.

In attendance from Group Headquarters were "Pop" Arnold, Doug Cairns, Howard Cherry, Bill Herblin, Charles Morgan, Walter McKinney, Bob Sigg, Loyd Towers and Warren Sortomme. There were 188 veterans at the reunion and, including wives and guests, more than 350 were there having a great time.

Our next reunion will be in Savannah, GA, September 11-15, 1996, with C. W. West as our host, and that should be another great event. More information is included in this publication.

It is with regret that I inform you of another loss from Group Headquarters. Ralph J. Wakefield passed on on April 6, 1995. Our deepest sympathy is extended to his widow, Carolyn. Ralph was group radar officer.

I have received many, many glowing reports on the Scottsdale reunion, and thanks go to the host Lloyd Proudlove and his family. Instead of having to board buses to go to various places, all activities were confined to and around the hotel. This was enjoyed by many with whom I have talked.

Thanks very much to those of you who have been supportive by sending a donation toward my expenses. Your help is really appreciated. My expenses (postage, phone calls, printing, mailing supplies, etc.) keep going up, so I thank you for your help.

828TH BOMB SQDN —

Carl Mazzoni



Seven years ago I attended the reunion in Scottsdale, AZ and, at that time, it was so fabulous I thought to myself "What could top this?"

Seven years later the Proudloves did it with a tremendous input of hard work, time and tender loving care, not

just by Lloyd and his lovely wife, June, but by the entire family and friends. All the arrangements made our stay comfortable and enjoyable. A sincere thank-you from the 828th men and their wives.

The meeting convened around 9 a.m. with more than 23 people present. I opened the meeting with an explanation to the men that Bob Deeds had passed away suddenly (and too soon). It had been decided to leave me as the reporter of the 828th. I accepted the position with the provision I get a lot of help from all of you and because Bob Deeds asked me to help him. (Bob, I'm trying; you help me now.)

I thought I knew Bob, but not until I went to his memorial service and met his friends and fellow church members did I realize the true scope of his service to his church, Masonic lodge and union. We will all miss him.

Ed Nett, Col. 828th, spoke of the sadness of Bob's death and asked for a moment of silence. He told us how fortunate we are to have been able to stay together all these years and to be able to look forward to next year in Savannah, Georgia.

Roger Monroe, Col. 828th, said the 828th should be proud of the many firsts that it has accomplished: the first squadron to have reunions, inaugurated by Bob Deeds and Bill Schoultz and their wives, later to become the 485th Bomb Group reunions; Sherrill Burba's 15 AF prayer; John DiRusso's poem, "Please Remember Me," read into the Congressional Record; the placing of a plaque at the Air Force museum in Dayton, Ohio; the placing of a plaque at the Air Force Academy, and, I believe, the first to donate the pennant with the four squadrons represented by their insignias, and, lest we forget among the "firsts," Roger Monroe going to Alaska for salmon for the earlier reunions. (Was that catch by "Silver Hook" or live bait?)

The first timers were introduced at this time. Len Kraus, navigator on Crew I, would like to hear from his crew members. He also served in Korea and Vietnam. Lee Busroe from Louisville, KY., and Jim Sampson, from Crew 17 were also introduced.

Monore passed the hat for mailing money and we all donated \$155. Thank you all for your caring. We will carry on.

I'm working on the latest roster and will send it out soon.

This was a great reunion and a great 828th Squadron meeting with everybody contributing to making it a lively and interesting meeting. Men, don't leave me dry — send me your thoughts, ideas and wishes. I'll do my best to let your buddies know of your thoughts.

Special mention must be accorded to Tony Siller (828th) for donating for raffle to raise money for the 485th Bomb Group a beautiful piece of original art work of an authentic Hopi Indian village. Also, Roger Monroe's stint with the CIA and the Navy. Far Out!

Congratulations to Sherril Burba, host of the 1997 Reunion in Dallas, Texas. Big "D" here we come! See you in Savannah.

829th BOMB SQDN. —

Earl Bundy



I want to send Lloyd Proudlove praise and a promotion for all the work he and his daughter, Dawn, did for his second and best reunion which he provided in Scottsdale, AZ. Who would have ever thought we would have 43 of the 50 states represented at our reunion. It was grand.

I heard from many members of the 829th during the year. I was especially happy to hear from Chester Rabert, one of our original pilots who passed out while flying overseas. They landed the plane in British Guiana and he was hospitalized. The crew left the next day with another pilot. He was sent back to Lincoln, Neb. Then he was sent to Pueblo and he flew as a test pilot for a year before being grounded and he spent more time in the States.

I heard from Jim Terhorst, who learned from a golfing buddy that they were both in the 15th Air Force. His friend told him about our reunion so he called me from Boca Raton, Fla.

Clarence Wolinski wrote from Bittendorf, IA and sent the sad news of Jim Keenan passing away on June 25, 1995. Jim was a pilot and flew 32 missions. He was awarded the Air Medal three times.

I had a long letter from August Radek, our cook, who has kept in close contact with Ruth Black at Fairmont, NB. She is AAF Museum curator there. Ruth was instrumental in establishing the museum. August recalled our case of dysentery on Thanksgiving Day in 1944. Later he learned the fault was not at the 485th as the whole 55th wing had the same problem.

Wythe Napier sent a nice letter with a picture of Andrew (Robbie) Robinson, who is in a Veterans' Care Center in Columbia, S.C. While there I got by J. Ryan Scott's home and enjoyed a chat with Scottie and his wife.

I was happy to hear from Homer Hale as he has missed several reunions. He had just located Charles Sandall's grave in Belgium for Charles' son, who was going to Europe.

I had a nice letter of thanks from Betty Long for the memorial I sent for the B.G. to the hospice in Charlotte, NC. Bill Long passed away April 25, 1995.

I just received a line from Bart Brown in Albuquerque, NM (our host in 1993) that his wife, Betty, passed away October 27, 1995.

It was a welcome surprise to hear from Tony Siller, of the 828th, who was anxious to donate the "Adobe Village" he had made as a prize for our lottery. He makes them as a hobby and gets \$300 plus for them.

I appreciate all the thanks for our "Lightweight Tower" and pleased to receive the checks for our mailing costs.

Joe Cathcart has consented to become your 829th reporter starting now, so I'll be helping him instead of him helping me.

830TH BOMB SQDN —

Chester Konkolewski



Hello Y'all,

Our 31st annual reunion in Scottsdale, Ariz. was a wonderful and well put together event by one great guy, Lloyd, and his wife June and their daughters. I don't think you could beat this combination. Congratulations Y'all

We never had to leave the hotel except to sightsee and to get some vittles. There was always something going; like the USO Showtime as we experienced years back. There were other shows which were just as great. The banquet night was just wunnerful (as Lawrence Welk used to say) with the excellent Shriner Band playing melodies we grew up with, OH so nice. I even danced to a few tunes.

A great turnout by all our buddies, wives and some relatives. I enjoyed the reunion because I saw many old friends after missing a few years. It is a nice warm feeling when you get together, that's what it is all about, to see and greet each other. We, our 485th, are most fortunate to be able to meet over such a lengthy time frame. Many groups are fading away because attendance is dwindling. We seem to be hanging in there. You have my admiration, especially some of us who are barely making it. Thank you. We had a total of 36 Veterans attending.

I have had a terrible last half of 1995. You may not believe this, but I misplaced my notes from the Reunion and finally found a portion of those in February, and what I write is mainly from my memory and those few notes.

Present were: Herb and Elizabeth Muehleman, Jim and Violet Hunter, Bill and Betty Cummings, William K. Devore, Joe and Fay Morgan, our CO Richard and Marilyn Griffin, Bob and Donna Samuels, Larry and Lila Beth Martin, Bob and Lucy Esarey, Don and Caroline Landrum, Les and Wilma Poulich, Art and Harriet Thompson, Bob and Joan Towne, Ev(Pete) and Florence Peterson, George and Katy Dyer, Clarence and Ruth Miller, Les DeJong and friend, Chuck Forester, John and Anne McCarthy, J. B. Cundiff and son, Dan, Warren and Evelyn Gorman, Jim and Pat Roach, Robert McAlpine, Robert Plaister, Mrs. Margaret McCabe, Fitton and husband, and John Iaquinto. I may have missed a few, sorry.

I personally wish to thank John Iaquinto (son of Sam) for the outstanding job he did behind the bar. He spent one whole day and a part of another there. Thanks, John.

The hat was passed around during the squadron meeting and a sum of \$131.00 was collected, thank you fellow friends. Additional funds were received after the reunion from the following people; Charles (Chuck) Heringer, Richard and Marilyn Griffin, Thomas H. Cashin, Mrs. Dorothy Branstetter, Phil White, Steve Paynic, Dick Fedell, R. W. Hodge, Leroy Daniels, V. James Barison

Jr., Carl Sterba, Simon Baytala, Tom Russell, and Charles Porter. Your donations are sincerely appreciated and graciously accepted. All are "A Number One" in my book and am proud to be a friend of yours. Irregardless what you all may think, I consider that we were heros in that conflict. Thanks guys, all of you.

To those of you who could not make it to Scottsdale for health related problems or whatever, I hope you are feeling better and maybe we will see you in Savannah. From what C. W. West tells me, it should be a good one. He's got things well in hand, cross your fingers and wish for the best. If you have never been to Savannah, that is one wonderful city; with houses dating back to the 1700's and they are doing a good job of rehabing these oldsters. The present International Airport sits right where Chatham Air Base was during WW2. Our crew Banker and Manuels crew took their oversea's training there, plus many other replacement crews within our group.

By this time I guess many of you received the published book "That's the way it Was." I do know that there are errors here and there, and some of your names were not listed etc. etc. In fact our crew #109 Newton-Banker was missing and that Schill-Cook crew likewise is missing, however, our names are listed under the photo. Don't blame Sam Schneider. He did his job. He was given such a short deadline by the publisher, therefore he could not do his job in the proper manner. I personally blame the publisher because he failed to proof read as he was supposed to before releasing it to the printers.

In closing, I wish to report the following veterans made their last flight down memories runway: E. E. Matney 12 July 94, William O. McCullough 1993, William H. Meyer 12 Feb. 95. Mrs. Gene Green Oct. 1995, Walter Schlichter Oct. 1995 and I was given information on Leo McCabe who passed away in 1968.

831ST BOMB SQDN —

Lynn Cotterman



Since my article is last, the reunion probably has been adequately covered by the other reporters. However, as representative of our squadron, I thank Lloyd Proudlove and his family for a class act. It was a nice change having the entertainment brought to the hotel. The only optional bus ride was to the Casino on the Indian Reservation. I'm from New Mexico and it has been my experience that the Indians eventually separate you and your money.

Again we had the most veterans attending the reunion and now the 831st has hosted the most reunions. We had four first timers, Victor Conti and Bill Hering, who have been on the roster and new members, Wilmot Gibson and Paul Wilson.

Five new members have been added to our roster. It always amazes me that we find veterans every year that have never heard of the reunion. One new member, Paul Wilson, found "Woody's" name in a 1987 issue the LWT

and wrote to him who forwarded the letter to me. Paul was a flight engineer on Peter Kassak's crew. The names of the rest of the crew are: John Yarbrough, Robert Jennings, Elmer Hotovy, Lewis Buchanan, Bud Oehrli, Jack Kingery and Robert Whitney. If any of you have knowledge of these men, please write to me and I will add them to the roster.

The other four new members, John Coughlin, Chic Dahlgren, Richard Erhardt and Wilmot "Gibbie" Gibson, are members of the same crew. "Gibbie" writes that he was not with the crew August 7, 1944 when they were shot down over Hungary. However, on December 26, 1944 he was assigned to fly with Harry (?) Blood's crew to Bleckhammer. On the way back they ran out of fuel over Yugoslavia and bailed out. They were captured by Tito's forces and returned to Italy. Also on this mission was our flight surgeon, Dr. James Johnson. Jim said the "higher ups" suggested that flight surgeons fly a couple of missions to better understand the effects on crew members. This suited Jim just fine because he loved to fly. He flew eight combat missions before being forced to bail out over Yugoslavia. This policy was canceled after they lost a flight surgeon.

Maybe some of you can help us locate the rest of Blood's "pick up" crew: Lewis Baker, George E. Benedict, Eugene D. Cogburn, Dick (?) Sherer, Michael Yaworsky, Robert F. Kolvet, LaFrance and Tommy Tamray. Also we are trying to find S/Sgt. William R. Schellhorn, who returned with the 831st squadron to Sioux Falls, SD in 1945.

Seven of our members reached "Journey's End." I received a letter from Walter Steven's daughter who wrote that Walter passed away in 1990. Joe Wachter died in 1994. The wives of Joseph Maull and Kirby Stephens wrote that their husbands passed away last spring. I talked with Bill Brokow at the reunion who said Bill Hedgpeth had died. John Woodward (another "Woody") reported the death of Earl "Smitty" Smith who was a member of his crew, "Hitler's Egg Men." Earl attended his first reunion in Memphis. Also, I just received word that "Hal" Roth passed away last June in Denver.

We will miss Marguerite who, among other things, registered the 831st members at every reunion. We could always count on her being the first friendly face we saw each year. She helped me when I took over "Woody's" job. She always gave me good advice whenever I called her for help. We became good friends in a short time.

I received a letter from Jimmie Brown's brother, Alec. Jimmie was on the Liberty Ship that was sunk off Algiers April 20, 1944. Just before he was shipped out, he sent his mother a dozen snapshots of himself and several other squadron members. The only one identified besides Jimmie is Anthony Arcaro. If any of you are interested write me, I have photo copies of these pictures.

I was talking with Clarence and Ping West and they already have some good stuff lined up for our next reunion in Savannah. I'm looking forward to seeing many of you there.