



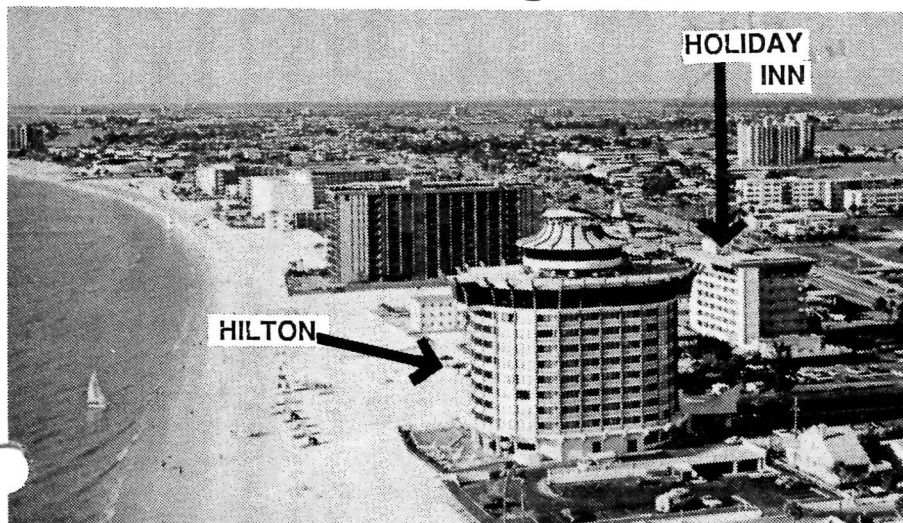
LIGHTWEIGHT TOWER CALLING



No. 22

January 1988

St. Petersburg to Host '88 Reunion



'88 Reunion Headquarters — on the beach

By Bob Hanson

St. Petersburg Beach has been chosen as host location for the 485th Bomb Group 1988 Reunion. The dates will be from Wednesday, September 28 through Sunday, October 2.

Registration and the hospitality room open on Wednesday the 28th, but to those of you wanting to come a day or so early or stay a few days after Sunday, arrangements can be made at reunion rates of \$60.00 per day.

"St. Pete" Beach, as we call it, is directly west of St. Peterburg on the Gulf of Mexico. It's a tourist community with the beautiful white sandy beaches and sunny skies calling thousands of people year after year. Your first view of the sunset over the Gulf will make you a convert!

The Hilton of St. Pete Beach has been selected as the host facility. Its location on the Gulf of Mexico and beautiful spacious rooms, all with private balconies, plus all the amenities of a beachfront hotel, will make this a truly marvelous vacation. To accommodate everyone, are a must! The Holiday Inn, next door, will handle the overflow and its also a beautiful hotel. Naturally, the rates will remain the same at \$60.00 per night, single or double.

A full schedule has been planned, but still plenty of time for beachcombing and relaxing.

For the ladies: plenty of shopping at Dolphin Village shopping center approximately three blocks from reunion headquarters and also a shuttle bus on Thursday to famous John's Pass Village and Boardwalk with

Phoenix Reunion - One of the Best Ever for 485th Veterans

By Bob Deeds

This reunion has to go into history as one of our best. We can only thank June Proudlove for letting us use Lloyd and Darlene for this event. They made us welcome in every way.

The motel was a beautiful place with a swimming pool in the center. The rooms were comfortable and very spacious.

I traveled with Howard and Marguerite Woodyard. We left Detroit, September 22, arriving in Arizona that afternoon. Many of the 485th were already there. The hellos and how are yous lasted till the late hours.

We opened registration on Wednesday at 10 a.m. It was hectic, but Marguerite Woodyard and Mar-

tha Bundy did the job. They did a great job of keeping things moving. "Thanks Gals." Earl and I took care of the PX table which included 485th Reunion Books, 485th Prayer, 485th Caps along with other miscellaneous items, with the registration closing at 5 p.m. We checked into the hospitality room, then hit the sack after a full day. Got a phone call from two of our dearest friends that they had just arrived, Leona Schoultz and Alice Turecki, then it was back to the watering hole.

Went for an early morning walk. When I got back the golfers were leaving and once again the lobby was filling up with 485th people. Open registration again Thursday, with another good turnout. Thursday

(Continued on page 2)

(Continued on page 10)

Phoenix —

(Continued from page 1)

evening at 6 the buses picked us up for a tour of Phoenix and lots of scenery on our way to Rustlers Roost for a steak dinner. This was one of the best dinners we have had.

There was entertainment with the help of our host, Lloyd Proudlove, and Ed Nett. Following dinner it was back to the watering hole.

Visited with Martha and Joe Cathart from Nashville, TN. Joe told us about visiting in Europe and seeing many of the prison of war camps, also the one he spent eleven months in.

Friday, open registration was slowing down, but the enthusiasm was building. Yours truly took care of the desk while our gals got some rest and went to a style show. Leona Schoultz was recognized for her work in early reunions. The registration was closed early so we could have our first business meeting.

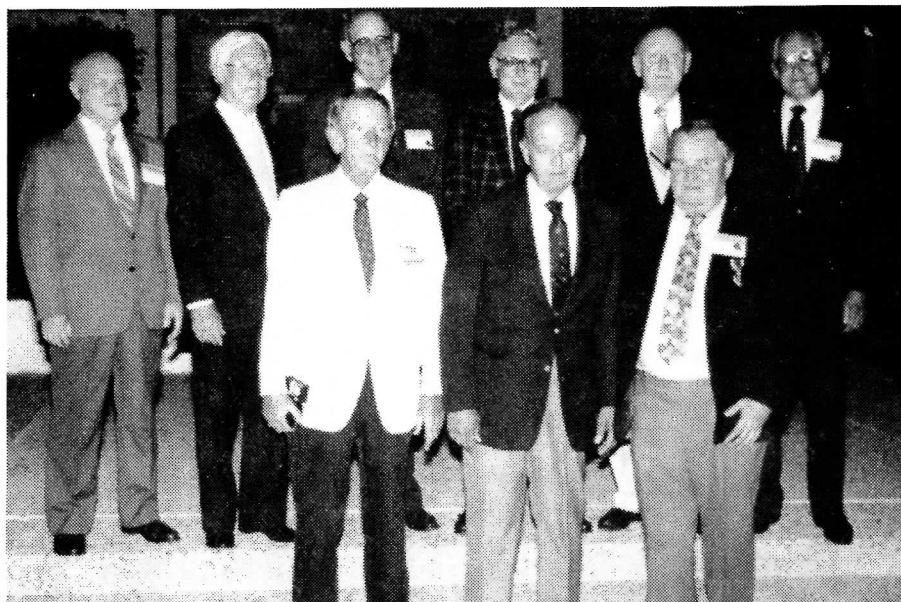
The meeting was called to order by Earl Bundy. Lloyd Proudlove welcomed us all there and prayed for Sunday to arrive. The trip to Colorado Springs was discussed. Bob Hansen had a few words about St. Petersburg, FL for 1988. Locations for future reunions were discussed.

Dan Sjodin Commander of 831st spoke about the men that were lost April 20, 1944 in the Mediterranean Sea. He said its time those men should be recognized and there names be released. They are still listed as missing in action.

Friday evening it was a perfect night. We had a Mexican dinner beside the pool, with the moon out just as Lloyd had ordered.

Saturday was a lazy day, and most had arrived, many were visiting with each other, some were in the pool, others took naps or watched football. Picture taking started around 5:30 and dinner was about seven. Sherell Burra read the 485th Prayer, pledge allegiance to the flag.

There was a shishkebab dinner with the Shinner band playing favorites from the 30's and 40's. During the intervals Ed Nett and the 828th presented the banner to the group which was well received along with complements. Lloyd introduced Dr. Pinnel the 829th flight surgeon, he told stories about a surgeons job



LARGEST CREW PRIZE — Nine members of Tom McDowell's flying crew (Crew No. 7, 828th Squadron) attended the Phoenix reunion to win the prize for the most number of crew members attending. They are: First row, left to right: Tom McDowell, Ben Clarke, Dean Davis; second row: Clemmie Norris, Rex Stanley, Leo Paine, William Lancaster, Ken Wall and Philip Fielder.



GROUP FLAG — At the Scottsdale reunion, the Group became the proud owner of a Group Flag, thanks to contributions and efforts of 828th veterans. The squadron presented the flag during the Saturday evening banquet. Roger Monroe (left, but unrecognizable) points to the 828th insignia.

and the background of many of them.

There were the Scottsdale cloggers and a visit from Mae East who helped our host make our evening. Andy Anderson and the 828th presented Leona Schoultz with gifts for her and Bill Schoultz' work in

getting the reunions started back in the 1960's.

Sunday was a short meeting. We had 154 veterans present. Bob Hanson spoke more on St. Petersburg reunion. It will be September 28th to October 2, 1988.

Memorial Service Honors 485th Heroes

By Bob Deeds

Colorado Springs was another great moment in the history of the 485th. General "Pop" Arnold did most of the ground work to make this dedication of a "485th Plaque" possible. The financing of the plaque was made possible through the men that attended the Nashville reunion. We saved a lot on mailing expenses.

We arrived in Colorado Springs on Monday, September 28. Already members were there and the stories were being rehashed. Pop Arnold had our rooms spoken for. The Raintree Inn was a nice motel with comfortable rooms. Check the watering hole, sure enough there was most of our gang. Ed Nett had put our 485th banner up in the lobby. It was impressive.

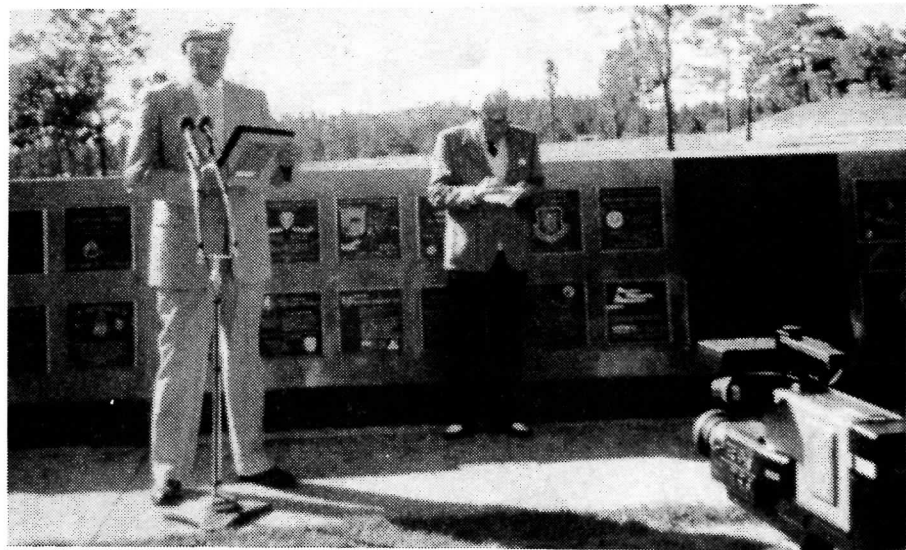
We had two new men that I know of. H. E. Daniels, of Houston, TX, and Ken Ponte, of Chicago, IL.

On Tuesday the bus was at the Raintree for the trip to the academy. On the way we had a tour of the city, a look at Pikes Peak and the mountain where Norad Command is housed.

Arriving at the academy, we met General Arnold at the ceremonial wall. General Arnold introduced his family along with many dignitaries of the academy. The dedication was short with Earl Bundy giving a brief history of the squadrons and the 485th.

The group proceeded on to Arnold Hall to view more history of the Air Force. It was lunch time at the Officers Club, then onto the chapel.

The chapel is the most beautiful building on the grounds. The Air



AT COLORADO SPRINGS — Earl Bundy, at the microphone during the memorial services. General "Pop" Arnold is in the background.

Group Seeks Former Cadets

The Aviation Cadet Alumni Association, which was created less than two years ago, will soon reach a membership of 10,000 former pilot cadets.

This non-profit, no-dues association exists to provide assistance to those seeking to contact former classmates, and judging by the many letters of appreciation received, has attained a degree of success. However, in relation to the tens of thousands who have been graduated from the Air Corps and Air Force pilot training schools, there is still a long way to go.

Force can be very proud of this structure — very impressive. Lunch time had arrived and we watched as the cadets lined up for lunch. Now has come the time when we must board the bus and go back to the motel so many of us can catch flights home. We missed many of the buildings. Every airman should visit this place.

I would like to add one last paragraph here. I believe I speak for all when I write that General "Pop" Arnold has made possible a plaque at the Air Force Academy, along with Colonel Ed Nett placing a plaque and tree at the Air Force Museum in Dayton, OH.

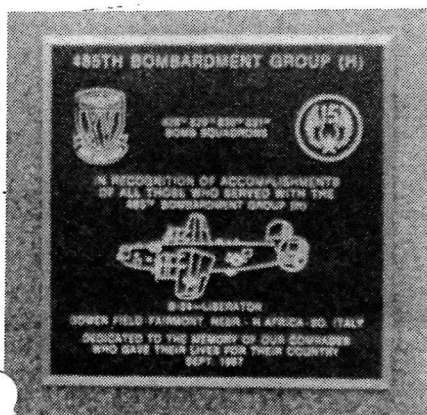
Every name that is added increases the value of this free service. All former pilots who read this and have not yet done so are urged to send their Flight Class, primary, basic and advanced school, to either Harry C. Bradshaw, RFD 1, Newmarket, NH 03857 or Bob White, 54 Seton Trail, Ormond Beach, FL 32074.

Both maintain identical information in their identical computers to protect against loss. Under no circumstances will this information be used for commercial purposes.

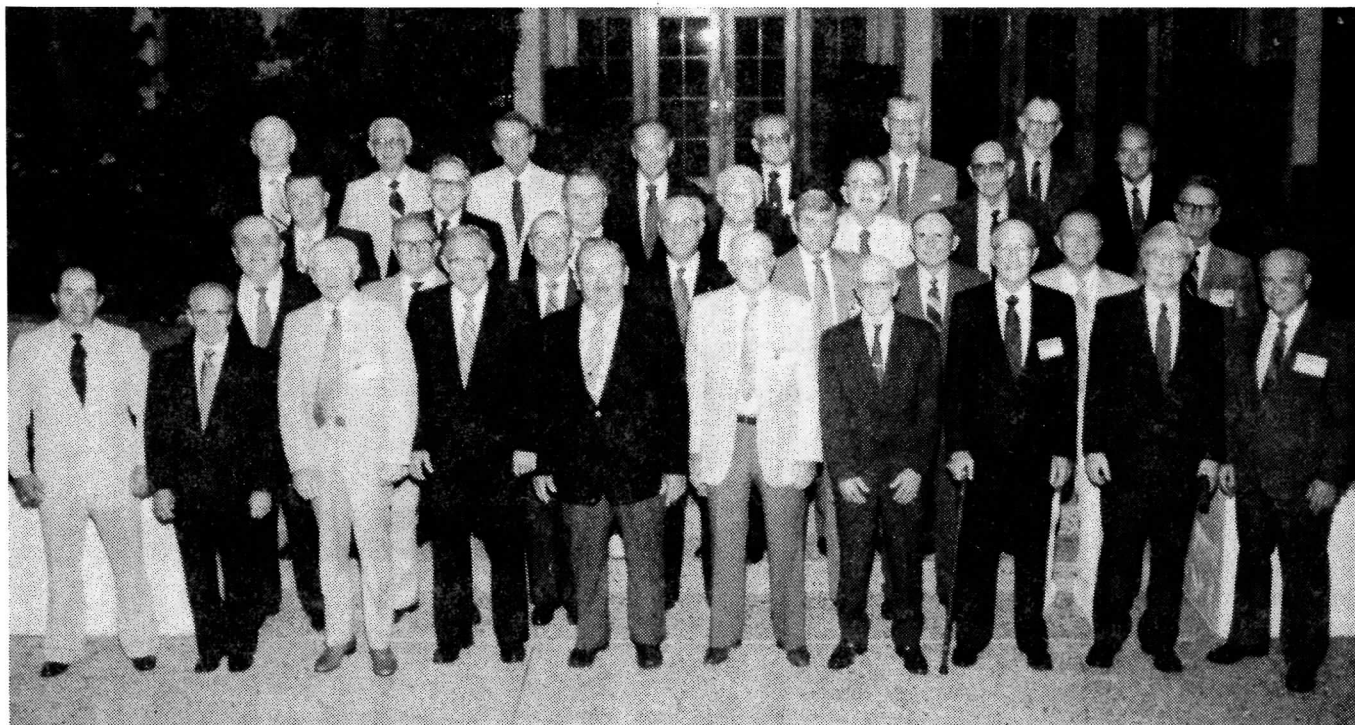
Those providing a stamped envelope will be given a listing of the names in their flight class who have so far responded and may request an update as often as they like.

The Aviation Cadet Association is financed by Bradshaw and White and occasional contributions as a tribute to our fellow birdmen. Eventually all the information gathered will be turned over to the Air University archives for inclusion in the Air Force history.

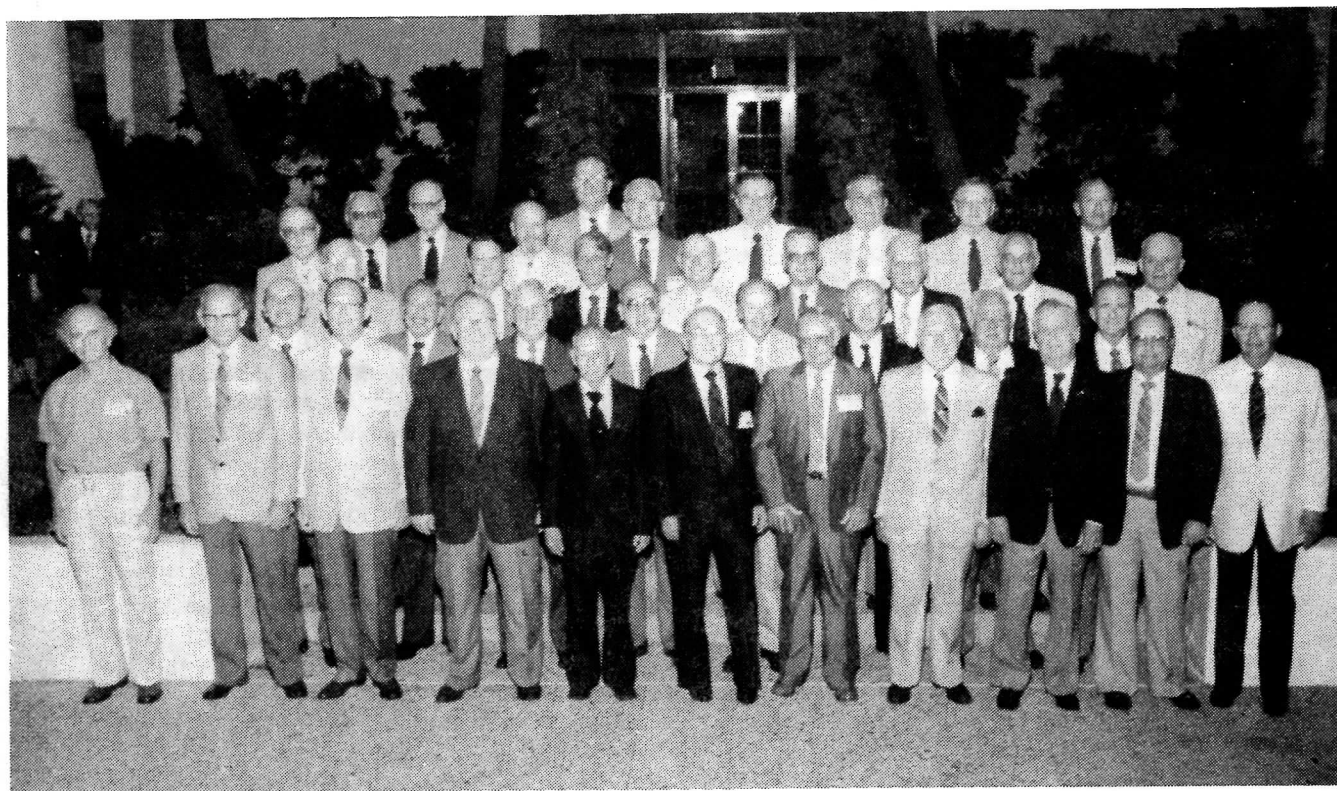
For many of us, those early flying days represent a golden period of our lives and the association provides all of us an opportunity to tap the nostalgia represented by a period that now exists only in our memories.



The 485th Plaque



828th SQUADRON — 1st row, L. to R.: Herman Laorno, Nick Montulli, Willard Smith, Jim Miller, Fred Baggan, Gil Bell, Karl Anderson, Lyle Alexander, Bill Conley, Clemmie Norris; 2nd row, L. to R.: Sherrill Burba, Ambrose Borgetti, Carl Mazzone, Wm. Scott, Jack Bersack, Edgar Beeson, Roger Monroe, Jack Whatley; 3rd row: L. to R.: Zack Phillips, Wm. Lancaster, Dean Davis, Rex Stanley, Bob Deeds, Leo Paine; 4th row, L. to R.: Larry Sullivan, Ken Wall, Art Hurley, Tom McDowell, Merlin Baker, Ben Clarke, Philip Fielder, Wm. Fritz, George Ick, Ed Nett, Robert Stanley. (Not pictured: Emil Opalka, W. Martin Bishop, Leona Schoultz and Alice Turecki).



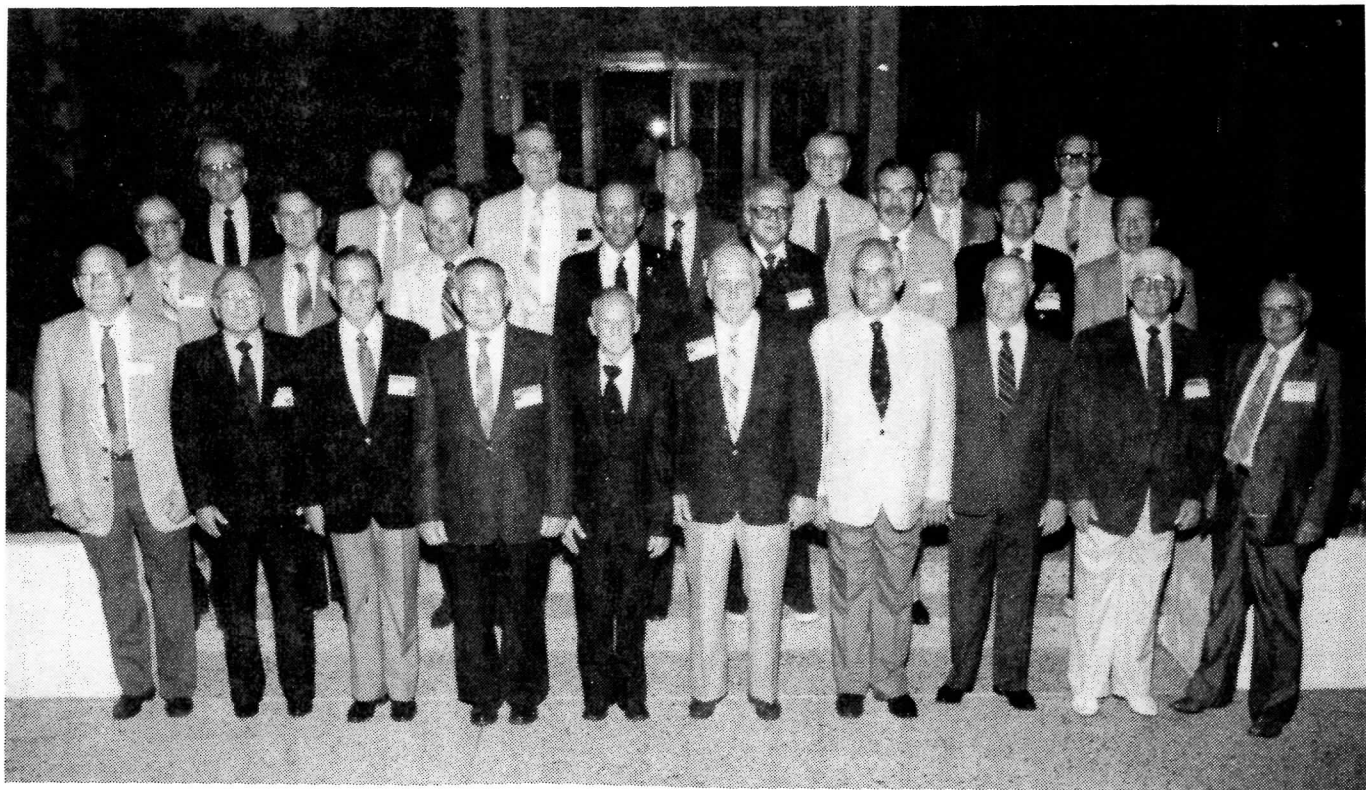
829th SQUADRON — 1st row, L. to R.: Herman Garber, Charles Crane, Charles Duecker, Al Martin, Rex Merrill, Al Homan, Marv Lindsay, Maurice Dann, Ed Welsh, Earl Isaacson, Earl Pinnell; 2nd row, L. to R.: Phil Sollucio, Kermit Feldman, Art Karns, Joseph Duffield, Charles Hoffman, Forrest Yerger, Bill Culver; 3rd row, L. to R.: Bill Gammon, Layton Tuggle, Lloyd Towers, Mike Kilbury, Bill Ferrell, Bob Pererson, Al O'Brien, Richard Hagen; 4th row, L. to R.: John Hawk, Al Carlson, William Trafford, Robert Brown, Earl Bundy, Wesley Lyons, Ben Skelton, Joe Cathcart, Marion Shelor, Ken Robison.



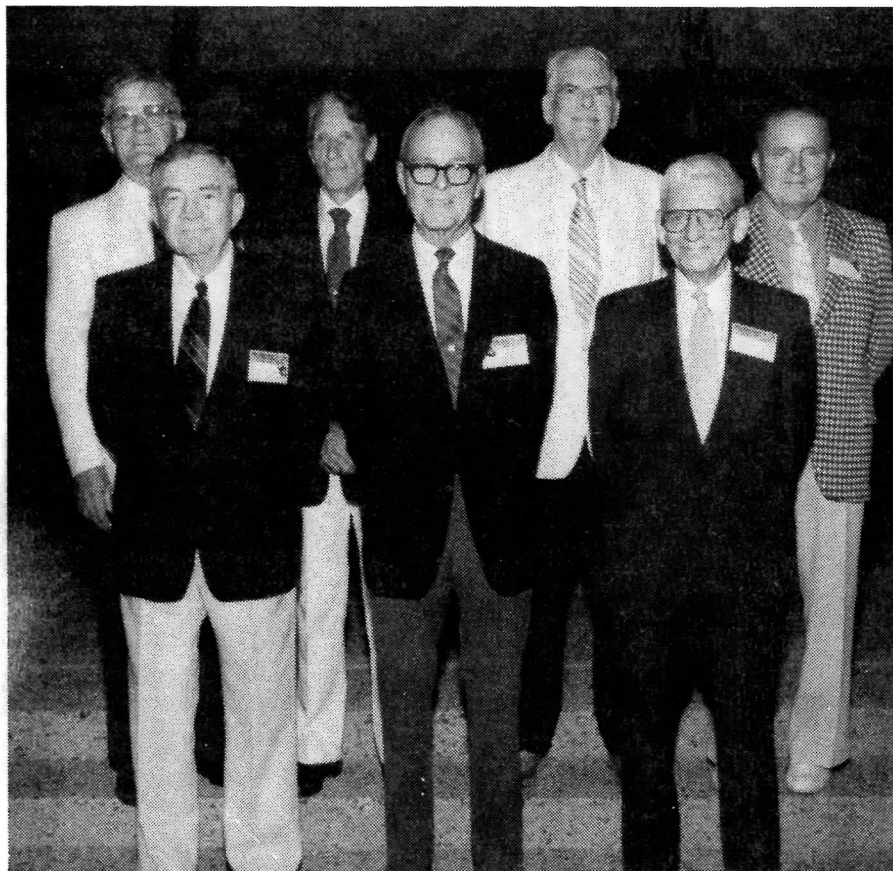
830th SQUADRON — 1st row, L. to R.: Jack Chamberlain, Leon Wilkins, Chet Konkolewski, Robert Towne, Stephen Paynic, Ted Lipinski, George MacLaren, Tom Russell, Howard Sanborn, Joe Tagliarino, L. E. Foran; 2nd row, L. to R.: Earl Schiffmacher, Rod Ritchie, Dick Griffin, John Strang, Ed Muth, Chuck Forester, Harry Oberholtzer, Robert Plaister; 3rd row, L. to R.: Everett Peterson, Jim M. Hunter, Robert Esarey, Jim Blitch, Hugh Garnett, Robert McAlpine, Bob Samuels; 4th row, L. to R.: Bill Cottingham, Mel Taylor, Jim Roach, William Beggs, George Dyer, Mike Frohling, Joe Morgan. (Not pictured: George Raidel, Chuck Heringer).



831st SQUADRON — 1st row, L. to R.: Joe South, John Jones, Lloyd Proudlove, Robert Lewis, Dan Sjodin, Andres Salazar, Russ Howard, John Nagle, Richard Kingsbury, Lewis Baker, LaMont Parker; 2nd row, L. to R.: Leo O'Brien, Joe Williams, Cliff Woodbury, Bob Monahan, Carl Bostrom, Ray Paneri, Bob Brown, Leonard Little; 3rd row, L. to R.: Victor Conti, Warren Meyers, Jesse Ledbetter, Bill Hedgepeth, Richard Conklin, Herb Sieler, Woody Woodyard, Frank Nardi, Les Sutter; 4th row, L. to R.: Robert Cecil, Steve Mlinoz, Dan McGillicuddy, Ned Peirano, Paul Linse, Ed Wroblewski, Bob Edinger, Bob Rector, Jack Godrey, Albert Paul; 5th row, L. to R.: John Jackson, C. Heringer (830th), Vern Christesen, Bob Halling, John Bremer, Bob Hanson, Gene McCarthy, Ken Brown. (Not pictured: Ralph Raines, Don Webb, Robert Hanna, Orval Bawden, Helen Iwanski)



POW'S — 1st row: Gammon, Homan, Culver, Konkolewski, Merrell, Peterson, O'Brien, Little, Proudlove, Linday; 2nd row: Hawk, Tuggle, Hagen, Raidel, Muth, O'Palka, Nardi, Rector; 3rd row: Christensen, Duffield, Cathcart, Oberholtzer, Shelor, Ken Brown, Godfrey.



HEADQUARTERS — 1st row: Bob Marland, Douglas Cairns, Robert Benson; 2nd row: M. Baker, Lloyd Towers, John Hanna, William Angle.

Bombardiers' Unit Seeking Vets' Names

Attention, 485th bombardiers.

Did you know there is an active organization for former bombardiers and those have bombardiering interest?

Well, there is. And its officers are looking for you. Its executive director is E.C. "Ned" Humphreys, Jr., of Eagle Harbor, Mich.

According to Humphreys: "We've had a scarcity of contacts with ex-bombardiers of the 485th, probably the lowest of any of the groups. We have had only three names who have been identified."

Humphreys founded the organization called Bombardiers, Inc. It published a newsletter and holds reunions.

Its 1987 reunion was held March 26-29 in San Antonio, Texas with over 650 attending. A 1988 reunion will be held in Denver, Col. and the 1989 reunion is planned for Dayton, Ohio on May 11-14.

For more information, write to: Bombardiers, Inc., Star Route 1, Box 254, Eagle Harbor, MI 49951. Tel: 906/289-4440.

Scenes at the Phoenix Reunion



Lloyd Proudlove and "Mae West"



The Reunion Site



Bob Deeds and Leona Shultz



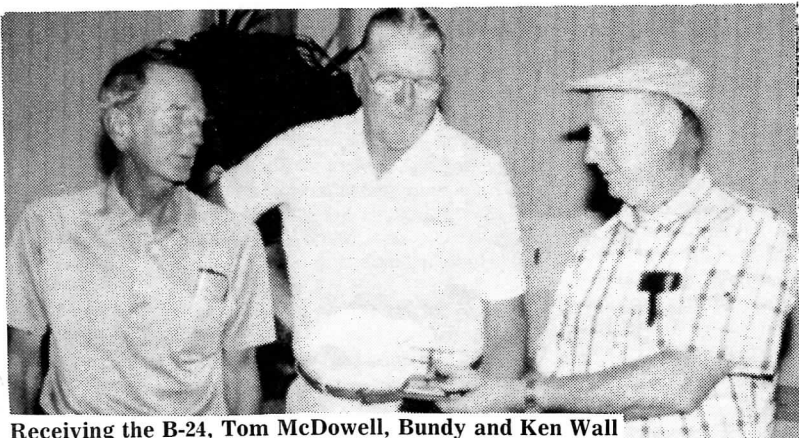
James Hunter and Earl



Entertaining at the banquet



Earl Bundy presiding



Receiving the B-24, Tom McDowell, Bundy and Ken Wall



Lloyd at the podium

Diary of a Prisoner of War

(Editor's Note — Below is reprinted the first of a two-part diary compiled by a former prisoner of war, Bill Gammon, of Portland, Oregon. An upper gunner attached to the 829th squadron, Bill was a POW for nearly a year and kept a diary for the last six months.)

Space does not permit us to reprint the entire diary in one issue. Thus, the second half will appear next year. It is such a compelling part of the 485th's history that we believe it will interest every veteran and his family.)

By Bill Gammon

LONELY JOURNEY

My original crew was one of the first formed. We started our training at Geneva, Nebraska. Our pilot was First Lieutenant Sefca. A few days before we shipped overseas, Major Bonney (squadron commander) broke up our crew, keeping part, and sending the pilot and the rest to Colorado Springs to reform the crew.

In March 1943 we flew across to Tunis, Africa (Lincoln, Nebraska to Florida; to Trinidad; to Fortelaza, Brazil; to Marrakech, Morocco; to Tunis). We took the last of our training at Tunis and started our missions the last of March, 1944.

May 29, 1944

Left home field at Vensoa, Italy, flying upper turret (twin fifties). Our target was marshalling yards (railroad) and major aircraft factory located at Wiener Neustadt, Austria. The flak was so heavy you would walk on it. In briefing, we were told over 600 heavy antiaircraft guns were being used against us. The weather was clear (scattered clouds).

We hit our targets dead center. Our losses were heavy — five to seven bombers were knocked down over the target. On our plane, both our board engines were knocked out. Number two engine had about 50 percent power. We flew on one and a half engines power until molten metal was coming out the exhaust.

By that time we had reached the coast of the Adriatic Sea. We all bailed out. My chute would not open when I pulled the rip cord, so I pulled the shroud lines out and it opened. I tried to drop to what I thought was 1,500 to 2,000 feet but, with no experience with jumping, I was not aware of the right height.

Croatian soldiers with rifles were waiting with open arms for us. We were all rounded up and turned over to German Army troops with the exception of Sgt. Jasso, who was captured about dark. We were put into a small room about 10 x 10 feet where we spent the night.

The next day we were flown in an old Junker tri-motor plane to Zagreb and then to Frankfurt, Germany, for interrogation. The Germans put me in a cell and then brought me out for questioning once every hour. If my answers didn't satisfy the German officer I got hit in the belly with a rifle butt — about a dozen times.

The first day they didn't know what type of plane we were flying. Three days later, they had the dates and locations where I went to school. They had to get that information from the German people in the States — very efficient intelligence.

After three days, they put me on a train, 24 men to a boxcar, for seven days to Stettin on the edge of the Baltic Sea. The camp number

was Luft No. 4.

When we arrived at the railroad depot, they ran us two miles to the prison camp. I was helping one of the guys who had an injured knee. One of the guards hit this GI with his rifle butt. I was stupid enough to grab the guard's rifle and got slashed in both legs above the knees. We didn't have medical supplies for these wounds, so they didn't heal properly.

Our food in the camp was:

1. Breakfast: small cereal bowl, small piece of black bread.

2. Noon: small cereal bowl of gruel.

3. Dinner: small bowl of potatoes and kohlrabi (cabbage).

DIARY WHICH NO GENTLEMAN SHOULD READ

Fri., Nov. 3, 1944

Received this book today. Handy, eh? Several letters arrived in the room today. Evans received notice of the birth of his daughter in August, which he didn't even expect. After a week of British Red Cross t'was happy today to receive a reissue of American parcels today. 1/2 parcel per man. Finished "The Discovery of Man."

Sat., Nov. 4, 1944

Started reading a prose translation of Homer's Odyssey today. Red Cross arrived again today, so have another week's supply in camp. One of these times it will fail to arrive and then hungry boys.

Sun., Nov. 5, 1944

A few new boys arrived today with the news that Budapest had fallen. Wonder how long this thing will last. Not much longer I hope. I'd gladly settle for a ticket home. Millet cereal for lunch with the usual potatoes for supper.

Tues., Nov. 7, 1944

Went this morning and sent a telegram home through Red Cross pertaining to the fact of no mail from home.

Wed., Nov. 8, 1944

Haggerty received a letter from his sis today so may get some too pretty soon.

Thurs., Nov. 9, 1944

This morning Haggerty was handed two letters. He looked at the return address on one and handed it to me, saying, "You'd better read this one first." It was from Demma. The first news from home and thru someone else — fate? Sure was good to know that everyone was OK. I was "sweating" out news about Dad. Sure was a relief. Had dehydrated cabbage, which most of the guys couldn't eat, for lunch. I wonder if the German soldier is required to eat similar food. Half rations on potatoes starting today.

Sat., Nov. 11, 1944

Armistice Day. Raining cats and dogs outside all day. Jerry starts the day out with a search of the barrack this morning at six o'clock. Didn't seem disappointed at not finding anything; routine apparently. At eleven Sunday the rooms had a two minutes' silence. Naturally everyone had a prayer in his own heart concerning the immediate ending of this thing.

Mon., Nov. 13, 1944

Last night I saw my first snow in Germany. T'was just a light one which lasted long enough

to put a light coat on the roofs of the buildings and to warn us of what we might expect later on. Boy, I bet it gets cold here during the winter. Hope I don't see too much of it. Jerry rations have been cut to where we get bread and butter in the morning, a cup of soup for lunch and 3/4 cup of potatoes for supper. If Red Cross is completely cut out, as we expect it to be, there will be some thin looking soldiers here next Spring. Hope I get some mail from home soon.

Wed., Nov. 15, 1944

Woke up this morning shaking with cold. Two blankets with my overcoat isn't sufficient for this type of weather. My sack has very little "excelsior" in it, which, if filled, would help tremendously. The water main of the mess hall was frozen so all water for such had to be carried from the pump. The hard ground resounded with Jerry heels during a parade. A very light film of snow fell during the day. Seems as though winter here is going to be hell.

Fri., Nov. 17, 1944

Red Cross finally arrived today, as to regards quantity that is unknown. Hope there's plenty though. Several loads of mail arrived, letters and personal packages. Should be some of that long awaited mail for me. Had sauerkraut for lunch and boiled carrots for supper. If it wasn't for the Red Cross packages, we sure would have a sorry time. Too much emphasis cannot be put upon their generous help here. Also the Y.M.C.A. with their sports equipment and amusement facilities.

Tues., Nov. 21, 1944

Lots of lots of Red Cross packages arrived today. There is supposed to be over 20,000. There is also a rumor that Jerry wants us to go on full rations (instead of half) because they are supposed to be able to get 8,000 per week. It sure would help the situation. We haven't walked around the limits of the compound the last few days because we have been trying to conserve what little energy we have. Sure is starvation wages. Gold and I are playing in the bridge tournament. Yesterday we were in third place. However we are novices at this game so we haven't a chance of winning. However, it's something to relieve the monotony of things. I'm still expecting a letter. Of the original 16 men, three of us haven't received one yet. Jug, Gage and I. Today I planned and finished the coat of arms inscribed in the front of this missile. Davis from room 12 drew the illustration on the flyleaf. It has been definitely decided that we will go on full rations for at least one week.

Thurs., Nov. 23, 1944

Snowing like the dickens outside, damp as yet. Hope it doesn't lay. Winter will arrive all to soon to suit me, while in this place. Yesterday was issued a U.S. blanket. Seems good to see that inscription across the middle of it. We are 250 points behind the leading team of the bridge bracket now. Made 6,550 points yesterday. Hope it holds out.

Fri., Nov. 24, 1944

The snow didn't lay and today it's raining the typical Oregon weather. Wrote a card home to Betty Lou (Don's girl) today. No mail yet.

(Continued on page 9)

trump doubled and redoubled and vulnerable and made. The fleas here are getting to enormous size. They use us for playgrounds at night. I wouldn't mind them having a bite now and then, if they would only make up their mind as to which spot they want to chew on. Jerry has been promising us a delousing for two months so far — — — . Lice are also in evidence here but so far I have escaped that scourge. Maybe this war won't last too long and then we can get rid of them. I sure can sympathize with a dog who has fleas now.

Thanksgiving, Nov. 30, 1944

The commandant condescended enough to give us an extra ration of potatoes for today. So yesterday evening five men from each room went out on rush notice to get them peeled. We had a Thanksgiving church service with Padie Morgan officiating. A very beautiful service. He spoke on primitive man and the many changes which have evolved which man of today have to be thankful for. Read a quotation from Wadsworth's "Daffodils." In the evening we had a "jam session." Two new boys sang. Jimmy Rogers was very good at "String of Pearls."

Tues., Dec. 5, 1944

Have, through the desire to get some sketches enclosed, loaned my book to Parker. Has been raining here almost continually the past month. Reminds one of Oregon weather except it is somewhat colder. Today Gold and I finished the bridge tournament in second place. Jerry cut down our parcels this week to half rations again. However, there is a rumor that we go on full rations again next week. Jerry is using oxen for most of the hauling here now. About 30 new boys came in today. Just kids. Some haven't even finished high school. The news they bring is surely encouraging.

Thurs., Dec. 7, 1944

The anniversary of Pearl Harbor. Three years of war now and starting the fourth. Sure hope this one is never filled. Last night Gold and I came out as record in the bridge tournament. The teams were in two divisions, 16 men per division. The two winning teams played for the prizes of either eight packages of "cigs" or four. The two second teams played for either four or two. Gold and I beat our opponents to the tune of 4,500 to 650. Came in the room and divided one package among the room. Brought in salmon today which had been open for three days. What isn't spoiled, the mess hall is going to try to cook somehow. Jerry is so afraid we will try to escape, that every can must be opened before it enters the lagers. "Cig's" too.

Sat., Dec. 9, 1944

Hot rumors are circulating around the lager now. An infantry interpreter is here. Chapman says he came to take Kahl's place while he goes on furlough to be married. Of course, few believe that one. It's the general conclusion that the infantry will soon take over here. We'll find out in the future. Nice to speculate on though. A jam session now. The "Krazy Kats" are really sweet now. Our drummer used to play for Phil Harris. Might go places when we get to the States again.

Wed., Dec. 13, 1944

Last night received my first mail. Letter from Demma. Sure was nice. I wonder about Woodie. However, he is old enough to know what he wants. Had trouble last night with the old ailment. Wonder how serious it really is. I guess I'll find out when we get to the States again. May be drastic, but I think I can face it. Velma and Mary both in college. The former is quite

trying on the mind, could be very sweet if she tried. Hope I get a package soon.

Thurs., Dec. 14, 1944

Last night I came to the inevitable conclusion that my strength has ebbed with the comparative lack of food. For the past two months the only exercise we have taken is walking to roll call and such menial tasks as are absolutely necessary. Last night Goff and I started wrestling and I found I was so weak that I actually couldn't lift him from the floor. The lack of food isn't too apparent from the looks of the men because most of us had the foresight to conserve what little energy we have. The commandant is supposed to have ok'd our Christmas package, so that day we will really eat. The rumor about the infantry taking over is confirmed now. Boy, the fleas here are sure thriving. You can clean out your bed and two days later there's twice as many again. Where do they come from? Looking forward to more snow. Had two inches Tuesday but it's practically all melted away now. I wonder about the ed program put on in the States. I've been out of school quite some time now. Maybe I could. Sure intend talking Bob into going.

Fri., Dec. 15, 1944

Boy, was it cold last night! I curled up in my blankets and pulled my overcoat over me, too. Still the wind seems to penetrate the flimsy walls of this barrack. We have no thermometer, but it must easily be 10 to 15 degrees above. Ice everywhere you look. Christmas carols are being sung now. The old familiar songs are sure inspiring here. I wonder how long it will be before peace really comes. Of course, war is to be expected to be continually found as long as there are men left on the face of the earth, but it all seems so futile. I hope no one of my immediate family suffers the natural consequences of the fatal scourge.

Sun., Dec. 17, 1944

It's a small world. Last evening a group of about 30 new boys arrived. Fisher came running into the room for me, saying for me to go to the Red Cross before lock-up. There was Houlihan. He had come down from my old outfit. Gave me news of the old group from primary. Livingood, Kohan, Nelson, etc. Quite a surprising incident, but it goes to prove a Kriegre (%) camp can be useful as a rendezvous for your friends of more or less degree.

Thurs., Dec. 21, 1944

First day of winter. It is surely winter outside, has been for several days, too. Sure keeps one inside. Few, however, have the inclination to stay outside long. It has been definitely decided that we splurge on food this week. Jerry with flattering generosity has granted us a number two Christmas parcel, one half of a No. 10 regular parcel, plus one quarter of a British parcel. Another boy arrived today who bailed out of his plane unscathed, but upon landing was shot by an excited German civilian. As a result, he had been in a hospital since August. Sure some queer stories here. There are so many interesting plots for novels enacted in this theater. Who knows, some day even I may make use of them. I wish there was some way of determining my life's work — — fate.

Christmas, Dec. 25, 1944

We have very much to be thankful which I will not try to enumerate here. It's a bleak day outside, looks like more snow. Last evening we had a very lovely Christmas service here. Jerry put us on parole for two days. Of course, we don't get out of the barb wire, but we don't have

roll call and lock-up isn't until one a.m. Doesn't mean a whole lot but still — — . We got a Christmas parcel from the Red Cross full of lots of delicious "goodies." Boy I really stuffed myself. Sure is a good feeling to be full to the gills on food.

Wed., Dec. 27, 1944

Last night was epic making. A Jerry guard lost his pass in our lager Christmas night. Jerry suspected some Americans of snitching it. Why we would want it I can't imagine. No one but an utter fool would venture out through the cold which surrounds this territory at the present stage of the war. Nevertheless after attempting to bluff someone into turning it in to the office, Jerry made a pretended search of our barrack last night but which was really to give vent to the antagonism toward us. They literally tore our barrack apart. Looked like a cyclone had laid waste the rooms. Our man of confidence protested to the commandant. Sure hope it doesn't occur again for it's senseless for Jerry to destroy his own property as well as ours. Received three letters from home today.

Wed., Jan. 3, 1945

First entry this year. Neglecting, aren't I! Nothing much to relate, however. It has been snowing almost continually. Now it is melting outside and considerably warmer, consequently the snow is melting and once outside one wades through the water and melting snow.

Tues., Jan. 9, 1945

Started taking music lessons this past Friday. Hope my interest holds out. I certainly would like to learn to read it although with my voice I never will be able to sing it. Dreamed last night of being home. Dad was going somewhere and I couldn't persuade him from going. I wonder if something has happened at home. I am going to start boxing lessons this week. Something to occupy my time. A kid here, two weeks ago, went stir crazy. I don't think there's any danger of my being involved that way, but it seems such a pity that kids here don't have something to keep their minds off of things. The educational program is progressing however.

Wed., Jan. 10, 1945

Jug and I started taking elementary dancing today — — to learn the fundamentals of the art. Last night the room honored me with the position of room leader. Sure a thankless job. Yesterday a list was put on the bulletin board of men receiving medal of merit. Mine was there for the Air Medal. I am getting along quite well in music now. Getting where I can read the stuff. If I can only learn to sing it, too.

Thurs., Jan. 18, 1945

Had my "Log" out with the intention of getting some cartoons drawn by Davis. Somehow he never got time to work so, it's still as bare as ever. No mail for quite some time. There is really very little mail coming in. One of these days, a whole shipload will arrive and then all these expected letters will be enjoyed.

Fri., Jan. 26, 1945

Wrote home last night. All the guys who are cripple in any way, preventing them from enduring a long forced march, are to be moved on deeper into Germany, where Allah alone knows. Seems as though Jerry is preparing for quite a large Russian advance. It has been suggested that we may have to hike a hundred or more kilometers. I can't see the advantage to Jerry. That hike will sure be drastic in the Arctic

(Continued on next page)

St. Petersburg —

(Continued from page 1)

over 90 shops and restaurants to browse through.

Friday morning will be the general business meeting and we hope to have videos of the 485th Bomb Group plaque dedication in Colorado Springs in September 1987.

Friday night we'll cruise on the Capt. Anderson dinner boat, a luxury vessel that will sail the smooth inland waters and bays, have a full sitdown dinner with open cash bar, and live band for dancing and entertainment. Buses will take us from the hotel to dock and return. The boat will depart, at 7 p.m. and return at 10 p.m. This will truly be a night to remember and one you won't want to miss.

Saturday has been deemed "Busch Garden Day" and it's something again you don't want to miss! Words alone cannot describe this day's adventure. An elevated tram lets you view animals from the dark continent it's about an hour's ride from the hotel to Busch Gardens so we'll all leave by motor-coaches at about 9:30 a.m., take in all the sights and attractions at Busch Gardens and on your own for lunch in the Gardens. There are two large restaurants plus approximately eight ethnic food stands located through the park.

They have over 3500 wild animals with about 350 different species, plus two new pandas which have received nationwide publicity.

The bird gardens are a sight to behold along with the floral and botanical exhibits. The coaches will bring us back to the hotel arriving approximately 4:30. Picture taking, cocktails and dinner dance this year may be a bit different — more later on this!

Dress code will be ultra casual. September is usually warm in Florida, so bring light clothes, swimming suits, shorts and be comfortable. Don't forget a lightweight sweater or jacket for cooler evenings.

RV's may be parked at the Hilton, but cannot be occupied. If you desire to stay in your R.V., there are 2 R.V. parks. The closest is Fort DeSoto Park, about 15 minutes from the Hilton. Sorry—no Pets allowed. If you want to stay there, please contact Bob

Hanson, as personal reservations ONLY are accepted. Its a fully equipped county owned park on the bay. \$12.00 per day plus tax are '87 rates.

The KOA campgrounds accepts pets and is about 25 minutes from the Hilton. You may make your own reservations at KOA — their address is: 5400 95th St. North, St. Petersburg, Fla. 33708, Phone number (813)392-2232. These are both clean and well run parks.

With an abundance of golf courses nearby, arrangements may be made at Isla Del Sol Golf club, which is the closest to the Hilton and a short 10 minutes away. At this time of year, advance reservations should not be necessary.

For the more daring, Para sailing will be available over the Gulf in front of the hotel. We'll watch! Also deep sea fishing is closeby with party fishing boats readily available for anglers.

Arrangements to supply limousine service from Tampa International Airport (TIA) are available at each airline baggage section. T.I.A. is considered one of the most modern airports in the world and by checking with information offices by baggage pickup section, you'll be on your way to St. Petersburg Beach Hilton in short order.

If you fly in privately, plan to land at Albert Whitted airport, which is downtown St. Petersburg Beach Hilton hotel.

Although we have a fairly full schedule of activities, there should be plenty of time for beach combing, relaxed leafing, sipping the cool ones and enjoying each others company.

Sunday morning will be somewhat different. As our regular business meeting will be on Friday morning, we'll have a Sunday morning brunch, mini-meeting starting at 8:30 with a memorial service following to honor our fallen comrades. My thanks to Sherrill Burba for suggesting this idea.

These are some of the highlights of your visit to the "Sunshine State" for the reunion. For those wanting to go to Disney World, Epcot, Sea World, Boardwalk and Baseball, Cypress Gardens and Kennedy Space Center, about a three-hour drive will get to each one of these attractions.

There are numerous local attrac-

Diary —

(Continued from page 9)

Mon., Nov. 27, 1944

The Hank situation happened today. Way behind in bridge now. Bid a small slam in no weather we are having now.

Jan. 29, 1945

Boy, are we on starvation rations now. I didn't think they could make it much less. We are getting a loaf of bread to 15 men and one cup of vegetable at night. At noon a cup of soup, which is supposed to be broccoli. Everybody are getting their fingers crossed. The Russians are supposed to be on a drive to Stettin. If they succeed we should be free men in a few days. I wonder if God is so merciful.

Jan. 31, 1945

Yesterday the wounded and lame kids were shipped deeper into Germany. Today the first group (1,500) of the able ones left from Lager B. We have been warned that we may move at any time. It is rumored that the Russians are only 65 miles southeast of us. If that is true, I am keeping my fingers crossed that Jerry won't have time to get us out. I truly can't understand why they continue fighting. A blind man can see they have no chance now. We haven't received any Red Cross the past two days. Jerry isn't supposed to have enough guards left to escort the guys to the supply depot. It all adds up to an early trip home, I hope. Time will tell.

Feb. 3, 1945

Well, we took our second hot shower this morning. It sure feels good to be thoroughly clean again. Jerry finally finished the building and we hope to get a bath once a week now. Yesterday over 2,000 French prisoners arrived escorted by their Jerry guards. They marched all the way from Poland and sure were petered out. Even the guards acted as though the next step would be their last. Poor devils had hell on that trip. The guard around here has been doubled. Whether Jerry expects a break or the Russians are that close is something we are speculating on. However, we prefer to think the latter. Joe is now 70 kilos from Berlin in the south and 100 in the east so it looks like this thing won't last long now. The civilians are really suffering now. One can easily picture the sufferings of five million people moving in front of the Russian horde in the dead of winter. Snow has been on the ground for two weeks with the temperature at 16 degrees above. Yesterday rain came and today all of the snow is gone except a layer of ice which won't be here long if the weather stays warm. You can tell the German people are breaking from the attitude of the guards. They don't seem to care what happens now. I hope they are kept under control for one of them posted in a tower could sure raise havoc with a machine gun while we are in formation. I hope our country never has to undergo the hardships the German people are now.

(The story will be concluded in next year's issue, beginning with what the author calls the "Black March.")

tions in the St. Pete area including the Dali Museum, Sunken Gardens, London Wax Museum, Ybor City in Tampa and Ringling Museum in Sarasota.

It's not too late

By Col. Dan Sjodin
1st C.O., 831st Squadron

Their names have never been published in any of our 485th newsletters, or any other service organization magazine that I am aware of.

They were World War II heroes just as much as those who were shot out of the sky over Germany or the South Pacific. Yet, we have not honored them except to refer to them as the War Dead. It is not too late to properly honor them.

I am referring to the men and officers of the 831st Bomb Squadron who were killed in early 1944 when the ship, Paul Hamilton, on which they were being transported, was blown up in the Mediterranean Sea off the coast of North Africa. A German dive bomber had launched a torpedo which caused the total destruction.

Who were these military personnel? Some place there must be a list or manifest showing the entire group, listed by name, rank and serial number.

I have never seen such a list, nor do I know of anyone who has. I remember a few of them — Major Louis Farnsworth, my exec. officer (he was married just six months before going overseas); Lt. Anderle, squadron adjutant, and Capt. Rau (he had worked for Walt Disney in California and was instrumental in getting Walt Disney to make up our squadron insignia). How can we find the names of the others?

Someone, someplace must have access to such a list. We must search out through military channels to obtain that list and properly honor those war heroes.

It is not too late!



GOLF AT SCOTTSDALE — Yes, the golfers were out at the Scottsdale reunion. Shown above, left to right, are Merlin Baker, Roger Monroe, Lloyd Proudlove and Ed Vett. Other golfers included Dan Sjodin, Bob Brown, Tom McDowell, Art Hurley, Earl Isaacson, Marvin Lindsay and Joe Opalka. None will admit to winning anything, but they all had fun (they say).

Verona, Italy Mission Recalled

(Editor's Note — The following "first person" account was written by Charles Panagos, of Chicago, Ill. He served as a gunner in the 428th bomb squadron.)

By Charles Panagos

It all seemed so long ago. It was as though I was reminding myself that on this five-and-ten-cent store notebook was scribbled the most traumatic experience of my life.

It was December 29, 1944, mission No. 21. The target was the Verona, Italy marshalling yards.

Just dropped bombs from B 24. Almost at the instant, all hell broke loose.

The ship lurched crazily earthward from 26,000 feet altitude; bomb-bay doors jammed open because of direct hit from flak; intercom stacatoed a dissonant chorus of barking human voices: Secure your chutes"! "Prepare to jump on command"! "Co-pilot Lynch's arm torn to shreds"! "Seargent Panagos, deliver morphine kit to flight deck"!

Who, me? Now my heart really did an Italian presto subito tarantella.

Had I had time to think about it, I would probably have turned down the offer.

I obeyed, and in retrospect, what chance would I have of surviving against the odds of walking an 8-inch-wide cat-walk for about 20 feet; no chute because the vertical bomb-racks allow just enough room for a man to walk sideways; would have to disconnect my electrically-heated suit (60 degrees below zero).

If I were fortunate enough to hold on with one hand, as I carried the kit with the other, could I survive the lack of oxygen?

As it were, someone had failed to supply the flight deck with a first aid kit and I, fortunately or otherwise, had one at the rear of the ship where I was stationed at a 50-calibre machine gun.

I fell to my knees exhausted just as I reached the flight deck. The ship was miraculously righted.

I suffered light frost bite, and I always use the little boys' pat answer to his fear of the dark — "Who, me?"

A Short History of the 485th

Following is the 485th Bomb Group history, presented by E. L. Bundy, on September 29, 1987 at the Army Air Force Academy Dedication Ceremony at Colorado Springs, when 485th veterans dedicated a bronze plaque to members of the 485th Bomb Group who gave their lives during World War II.

★ ★ ★

The 485th Bomb Group Heavy was constituted on the 14th of September 1943. The Group was activated on the 20th of Sept. 1943 at Fairmont Army Air Fld., Geneva, Nebr. Personnel for the Group were drawn from the 29th Bomb Group, stationed at Gowen Fld., Boise, Idaho.

Activation of the 829th Bomb Sqdn. was accomplished on the 28th of Sept. 1943 with a nucleus of personnel drawn from the 43rd Bomb Sqdn. stationed at Gowen Field.

The 11th anti-submarine Sqdn. was redesignated the 831st Bomb Sqdn. and assigned to the 485th Bomb Group on the 20th Sept. 1943. The 828th and 830th Bomb Sqdn., with a nucleus of personnel from the 11th anti-submarine, were also activated and assigned to the 485th Bomb Group on the 20th of Sept. 1943.

The 15th Bombardment Operational Training Wing Replacement pool, at Gowen Field was the main source of Combat Crews received, with the additional crews transferred to the Group from the Army Air Field at Pocatello, Idaho.

Lt. Col. Walter E. Arnold Jr. became the first group commander. Major William J. Herblin, deputy group commander; Capt. Edward H. Nett, 828th Sqdn.; Col. Maurice W. Boney, 829th Sqdn. C.O.; Capt. Richard V. Griffin, 830th Sqdn. C.O., and Capt. Daniel L. Sjodin, 831st Sqdn. C.O.

Departing Gowen Fld. for Orlando, Fla. on the 28, Sept. 1943, the Basic Air Echelon trained for 30 days in an endeavor to meet future combat conditions. Returning to Fairmount we continued training of Air Crews and Ground Echelon 24 hrs. per day, until completion March 11, 1944.

The combat crews proceeded to Lincoln, Neb. for final procession

prior to overseas deployment on March 14th to Morrison Fld., Fla. Leaving Morrison Fld. individually, the bombers crossed the Atlantic via the Southern route arriving in Oudna, Tunisia on March 18th.

For the next month the combat crews engaged in tactical combat exercises. All of the Bombers and crews arrived at Venosa Air Fld. by the 22nd of April.

The Ground Echelon departed Fairmont, Neb. on the 11th of March, for Hampton Roads Port of embarkation. The Ground Echelon began their voyage to Italy on the 2nd of April. The crossing of the Atlantic was uneventful until the 20th of April as the convoy approached Cape Bengut near Algiers where they were attacked by the Luftwaffe. They sunk the D. E. Lansdale and two merchant vessels. On board one of the merchant vessels, the USS Paul Hamilton, were personnel of the 831 sq. Bomb Sqdn. We lost almost all of the ground personnel in the 831st.

By 30th of April all personnel and aircraft were at Venosa Airfield. On May 10th the group flew its first mission to Knin, Yugoslavia, and completed 16 missions during the month with a loss of three aircraft. The peak number of encounters with enemy aircraft was reached in June when 481 attacked our formations.

There was a slight decline in July and a pronounced decline in August. November marked the beginning of the winter season and mud. The weather continued to deteriorate during the following months restricting the number of missions.

On the 8th of February, 1945, the group was awarded the Distinguished Unit Citation for a highly successful mission to the Florisdorf Oil Refinery in Vienna, Austria on the 26th of June, 1944.

A total of 187 combat missions were flown for the period of the 10th of May 1944 to the 25th of April, 1945, dropping 10,550 tons of bombs on enemy installations.

During the month of May 1945 the group returned to the United States and was deactivated on the 4th of August 1946.

During its combat tour the group

participated in the following campaigns; Air Combat, E.A.M.E. Theatre, Air France, North Apennines, Rhinland, Central Europe and Po Valley.

Ploesti Litho Names Sought

One of our Texan veterans is in trouble, and he's asking for your assistance.

It seems that Jack Whatley took money and orders for two Ploesti lithos at the Phoenix reunion and he has lost the names and addresses.

He says he believes one was from Florida and one from Arkansas. In any event, he is asking that the two 485th veterans who gave him money for the lithos and have not yet received them to contact him and he will see that the lithos are sent.

You are asked to write to: J. D. whatley, 1400 Whitewing, McAllen, Texas 78501.

LIGHTWEIGHT TOWER CALLING

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

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Memories of a Trip Overseas

By Sam Schneider

April 2, 1944 — To some of the 485th, April 2 brings back many memories.

For me, there were lots of memories surrounding the events that led up to the bombing of our convoy that left Camp Patrick Henry, Norfolk, Va. that day, April 2.

Of the 120 ships leaving on that eventful day, we know of two Liberty ships. First, the bombed "Paul Hamilton," carrying part of the 831st Bomb Squadron staff, group operations, ordinance, gunner, merchant marine and Navy personnel.

Second, the "James Hoban" with most of the 828th ground and air personnel.

Voyage was successful to destination, Brindisi, Italy with stopovers at Augusta and Bari.

It would be interesting if we knew of all the ships that made sail that April 2 as part of our memorabilia. You may recall that our convoy was one of the largest to have left the States.

For one, I would like to know. Did some of the 829th and 830th squadrons, headquarters medical group perhaps sail that day on other ships? Or were they part of the group on the Hamilton and Hoban?

If someone knows the answer, I'm sure all the 485th would like to know.

Coincidentally, I happen to know of two other Liberty ships that were part of our convoy. I'd like to share this with you.

It came about by meeting my boyhood pay, Ed Fleury, of Woodhaven, N.Y., at Camp Patrick Henry just prior to shipping out.

He was a lieutenant at the time with the 69th General Hospital. Ed found a brief history of the 69th in his "archives" which he sent to me.

The 69th was part of the convoy heading for the China-Burma-India theater. It landed at Oran, Algeria on April 19 as its first leg of a long journey.

The following day, April 20, was the fateful day for those aboard the ill-fated "Paul Hamilton."



AT 828th MINI-REUNION — Top photo, Mrs. Bob Kuns, Mrs. Karl Anderson, Leona Schoultz, Mrs. Carl Mazzoni, Mrs. Howard Woodyard and Mrs. Ted Manning. Bottom photo, Mr. and Mrs. Art Kearns (of the 829th) and Lyle Talbot (right), of the 830th.

Mini-reunion Held in Toledo

By Leona Schoultz

A mini-reunion was held by some former members of the 828th Squadron of the 485th in early July in Toledo, Ohio.

The afternoon was spent just "shooting the breeze" and looking at photographs. Those attending were: Mr. and Mrs. Karl Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Ted Manning, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Kuns, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Mazzoni, Lyle Talbot, Leona Schoultz and Bob Deeds.

Dinner was held with 16 attending. Others who came for the meal included Mr. and Mrs. Art Kearns, Mrs. and Mrs. Howard Woodyard and Jim Rau.

After a delicious dinner, pictures were taken of all attending. The rest of the evening was spent in conversation.

I think everyone really enjoyed themselves and gave thanks to Bob Deeds for a nice get together.

B-24 club plans '89 reunion

A B-24 Liberator 50th Anniversary reunion will be held in Fort Worth, Texas on May 19-21, 1989.

According to information received by Earl Bundy, the meeting is being billed as "Reunion '89." It is "a gathering of the Liberators — U.S. and allied units and groups, veterans and families."

It is being sponsored by the International B-24 Liberator Club with program assistance by the Community and Military Activities, Fort Worth Area and General Dynamics (formerly Consolidated Aircraft), Fort Worth Division.

For more information, veterans are asked to contact the reunion project office: Bob Vickers, chairman, 6424 Torreon Dr. NE, Albuquerque, N.M. 87109. Phone: (505)821-4484.

MAIL ROOM

485TH BOMB GROUP HQ —

Carl Gigowski



Once again, we are adding another chapter to the continuing saga of the 485th veterans which appears to have no end as the ranks continues to grow. The dedication and support of the members is most outstanding and places the 485th Bomb Group amongst the tops in contributions to the US Air Force history.

It has been another busy year for me and with a big change. Lear-Seigler, the company I work for, does not exist any more. The company was caught in a leverage take-over and we are now part of Smith Industries of London, England. After 50 years the name Lear will no longer appear in the aviation industry. I am sure you all read about the LADY BE GOOD, the B-24 which disappeared in the African desert on the return flight of a mission to Italy. The actuator which operated and engine cowl flaps was made by our company. One of the actuators was returned and it was found to be still working.

The newsletter proved to be another winner as indicated by the correspondence I received. Dr. Maurice Priver, Col. William G. Bradley, Col. Douglas Cairns and Major John Hannan expressed their enjoyment of the letter. Wesley Lyons sent a note and General 'Pop' Arnold corresponded with me as he made preparations for the 485th memorial at the Air Force Academy. The Veterans are most grateful to 'Pop' for completing this project. Would you believe that 'Pop' is a cow pike and punches cattle during the summer in Wyoming. Well Gol-le, Get along lil doggies!

George Flach and Don Colmer sent their thanks for the newsletter. Don noted that he is now retired. And it was good to hear from Larry Vocino again. You may recall Larry's story of visiting the Venosa Air Field several years before our return trip to Venosa.

Thanks to Bob Benson for obtaining addresses of more Group Hq. veterans. They are Merlin W. Baker, New Mexico; Leo Czachorowski, New Jersey; Dean Davis, Colorado; Norman Harelick, Florida; William Herblin, Maryland; Robert Marland, Florida; Les Natho, Texas; Sherman Peters, California; Robert B. Rainey, Minnesota; Paul Robinson, Pennsylvania; Robert G. Schroeder, Indiana; W. D. Sortomme, California and Lloyd F. Towers, W. Virginia. If you have addresses, old or new, please send to me or Robert Benson, 2421 NW 112th St., Oklahoma, OK 73120.

We are planning to attend the reunion in Florida for it was at Lakeland that I took Primary Flying in the famous trainer, the PT-17. My best wishes and thanks to all and take care.

828TH BOMB SQDN —

Bob Deeds



I'm getting myself better organized. I want to thank all of you for your letters and cards.

This past year we lost four men that I know about. The 828th has a active list of 192 men and five women. I still have lots of names I cannot put an address to or a hometown.

I got mail from just about everyone. Thanks to you fellows with the mailing and collection for the banner we gave the 485th. You guys can be proud. It will be a nice backdrop for future reunions. Thank to Colonel Ed Nett and Roger Monroe for the extra work they put into the banner.

The 828th had 35 men at picture taking time, two were missing. We had eight new men, Martin Bishop from Maitland, FL; Ben Clark, Chicago, IL; Dean Davis, Aurora, CA; Philip Fieder, San Jose, Ca; Leo Paine, Bakersfield, CA; Zack Phillips, Ogden, Ut; Bill Scott, Stocton, CA; and Herman E. Laorno, Phoenix, AZ.

Tom McDowell of Crew seven won the traveling trophy for the most crew members. He had nine there. They lost Keith Mayhew just before the Nashville reunion. Tom thanked Helen and Ken Wall for getting the crew together.

There is a good possibility that the 1990 reunion will be in Dayton, OH. Colonel Ed Nett along with other hard working people will make this one something special.

829th BOMB SQDN. —

Earl Bundy



I have had a very busy year since the Nashville reunion in 1986. The 56 first-timers increased the correspondence for each of us. It's so good to see so many new faces. We received many new stories for the Lightweight Tower.

I made up 50 new books with the 20 past issues of Lightweight Tower. I mailed out all the orders I had before the reunion. Since selling more at Scottsdale, I still have 11 copies remaining.

I had my first letter from Ted Honaski in the past 40 years this spring. It was such a pleasure to learn his history since 1945. He has retired now and is enjoying life much more. I also heard from Herman Garber and he made the reunion at Scottsdale, his first ever.

I had worked with Lloyd Proudlove on plans for the reunion and Pop Arnold on plans for the 485th Plaque dedication ceremony at the Air Force Academy.

I received correspondence from over 20 new members before the reunion.

In September, Martha and I attended our Scottsdale reunion and had a wonderful time. Lloyd Proudlove, of the 831st squadron, had been working very hard for months. He put us all on Cloud Nine for four days and we hated to come down as the Sunburst Resort was fabulous. I want to thank Lloyd, his wife and son for all their extra effort to make our reunion a success.

I am very thankful that members of the 829th have been sending in money all year for my mailing costs. The costs have really gone up in the past two years. If you haven't sent a few dollars, I will be happy to hear from you.

Major General "Pop" Arnold had surgery three weeks before the reunion and dedication ceremony. The surgery was successful and he got an "all clear" report.

He had organized the dedication ceremony perfectly and came out of the hospital strong.

He was our emcee at the ceremony as if nothing had happened. It was a perfect job and so impressive on the mountain side where the plaque was mounted in marble. There were 84 there at the Air Force Academy for the dedication.

I was very proud to receive the B-24 again for the 829th for having the most members of the ground crew present.

To new member, I want to remind you to not hesitate to send in stories from World War 2 days that will be of interest to us all.

830TH BOMB SQDN —
Chester Konkolewski



It was a fairly good year for me. As to my better half, she did not fair too well as she had surgery for removal of a tumor within the inner upper left gum area. After treatments, etc., she is on the road to recovery. Its been a very trying period.

The mail box was full this year, and it was a pleasure to hear from so many of you. Thank you for the letters and Christmas cards. When we share these bits of words may they be just a few lines or a page or so, it is an expression of what we feel and what we shared with each other many years ago.

To Leroy Daniels, in letting me share your wealth of photos of our group; Tom Russell, a few words of support; Jim Kelly, for the first time, who believes his crew No. 668 was the last crew to arrive at Venosa; Glen Begley, Travis Robinson, Fred Schneider, a word of support (orderly room clerk); Rocco Famiglietti, Jack Chamberlain, very interesting letters; Chuck Heringer, first time, crew member "Outcast;" Bob Plaister, nice letters of support.

Jim Roach, advising change of address, etc.; Leon Wilkins, Aldo Grandoni; most interesting letters; crew members whom I located; John Strang, interesting letters with a hand-drawn layout of Venosa base; Bob Samuels, just great; Jack Snipes, Bob Esarey, Joe Richmond, Frank Gallagher, who relocated to New Hampshire and triple by-pass surgery in 85; Art Cook, interesting story, after graduation at Luke Field, then performing a victory roll which he felt that shuttled him from fighters to flying the B24; John Forst, not aware of 485th activity except thru Steve Paynic, from whom I received some nice letters.

Fran Tunstall, telling me due to granddaughters wedding and family reunion will not make the reunion; Ted Lipinski's, Ev Banker, my co-pilot, staying busy on the farm; Joe Tabellion, sends best wishes; Jim Blicht, needs info on reunion; Leroy Sanders, Bob McAlpine, Lloyd Brinkman, Charles Bartram, Jim Hunter, changes of address, etc.; George MacLaren, looking forward to his first reunion.

Inter-office communications with Earl Bundy, Bob Deeds, Woody Woodyard; Roger Monroe, wishing me well; Clarence Miller, a few words of support, and a phone call from Chuck Forester, wishing us well; Henry H. Hillyard (Hank?), co-pilot crew #46. Wife Eileen

writes and says that Hank has had a four by-pass operation two years ago and has not been up to par, plus having leg problems as well as loss of balance. To those of you that know him and those who knew him back then, how about dropping Hank a word of good cheer. Address: Rt. 1, Box 346-A, Springsville, TN 38256.

Your friendly reporter thanks you and appreciates your contributions to the newsletter fund. Without your support I would not be able to accomplish my job, thanks again.

The success of a reunion is borne by the host, and this year's hosts, Lloyd Proudlove and his wonderful wife, did an outstanding job and a most enjoyable reunion. When these reunions are planned they are centered around you veterans and the wives and are arranged for your pleasure and enjoyment. I enjoyed socializing with you all, making my friends irregardless of unit. I believe this was one of the most friendly and sociable reunions I have attended. From the correspondence I've received the feeling was mutual; you are a wonderful bunch of guys.

First timers in attendance: Hugh Garnett-Pilot Crew #53, "Princess Marie," Jack Chamberlain, Leon Wilkins, crew members of mine; George MacLaren, crew #47, (Jake Disston); Mel Taylor, Everett E. Peterson, (Buzz Boling); Joe Morgan, Charles (Chuck) Heringer, crew #57 - "Outcast;" Pasquale (Pat) Russo, crew #59, (Bill Slaters); Earl Shiffmacher, member of L.E. (Bud) Foran's crew; John Strang, (Rocco Famiglietti's crew.) Welcome aboard and it sure warms the cockles of my heart to have met you, as well as my crew which I have not seen since early March 45.

The 830th I am happy to report had 36 veterans present which I believe broke an attendance record. Congratulations. Veterans who have been attending were not present: Dale Grospitz, Larry Martin, Ralph Skinner, Hollis Porter, Neal Schwalder, Roy Hertzog, Joe Tabellion, Herb Muehlman, Bob McLaughlin, Lyle Talbott, Vito Sakall, Howard Boxley, Fran Tunstall, Leroy Sanders, Les DeJong, and Buzz Boling. We missed you.

The band that played on banquet nite was a pleasure to listen too and also to dance, too; band with a Glenn Miller flair, neat and sweet. A letter I recently received sums it up most appropriately; "This was the first reunion of any kind we have ever attended and we chose a good one. None of the crew made it, nor did anyone I knew well in '44. It didn't seem to matter because it seemed that I had known all those present for years." (My sentiment also.). As conversation was easy and natural, because we had shared a unique event 43 years ago. That is beautiful, thank you J&M, you're just great. This is what it is all about, so if you have never attended give it try you may enjoy it as we all do.

Our buddy, Bill Beggs, of Vern Brysons crew #44, introduced his guest Nann Bennett, at the banquet, after whom their B-24 "Our Baby" was named. She was the crews sweetheart, a former Powers Model. Thanks, Bill.

I had the pleasure in meeting Alice Turecki, widow of Stanley (crew #10), and Leona Schoultz, widow of (Bill), ground crew. For those of you that don't know, Bill and Leona were the forerunners and the impetus behind our annual reunions going back to 1964. At the next reunion if they are present, I would like for you to meet these lovely ladies. They are nice people.

At this time I regret to report that Robert (Bob) Shoobridge - crew #59, and his bride were asphyxiated while on honeymoon in a Motel in (1944) this info was given me at the reunion. Dale J. Shoemaker - crew #46, passed away in Houston (July 1987). George W. Spicklemire; pilot, crew #668, passed away October 26, 1987. The families have our sympathies, we the friends of these veterans will miss them.

I wish each of you and your families a most joyous and a Happy New Year, good luck in 1988. The best of health, best wishes, good cheer, and may the good Lord watch over you. Looking forward in seeing you all in St. Petersburg, Florida, cheerio.

**831ST BOMB SQDN —
Woody Woodyard**



We appreciate all the many letters, notes, Christmas cards from so many of you! Also many from the other squadrons. Welcome to the many new names we have added to our mailing list. We are constantly growing.

The Scottsdale reunion was a great success! Thanks to Lloyd and June Proudlove for putting it all together. (He said he would do it again.)

The Colorado Springs Memorial Service was most impressive. "Pop" Arnold did a great job! We were certainly very happy that he was able to take care of the service. "Pop," hope you are continuing well after your surgery.

We have a number of names of vets that our members are trying to locate. Do any of you know anything about the following? Robert E. Lynn, St. Louis; Charles R. Buel, Chicago; John Gigliotti, Boston; Ed Wright, San Diego; Paul Doukas, Washington, D.C.; James Barrett, Saginaw; Robert R. Baker, Detroit; John Manfrieda, New Rochelle, N.Y. Also, Lt. Thomas S. Baker, who flew the "Black Derby" and was shot down in August, 1944. His sister is looking for information about him and possibly two crew members who might have survived - co-pilot W. H. Pope and W. L. Huebner.

We hope that all of you who have been ill, or had operations are recovering well. Unfortunately there are more of us each year.

The names of the 831st who attended Scottsdale reunion were: 1st timers — Orval Bawden, Victor Conti, Bob Edinger, Russ Howard, Richard Kingsbury, Dan McGillicuddy, Ray Paneri and Herbert Sieler. Also those who have attended before: Lewis Baker, Carl Bostrom, John Bremer, Kenneth Brown, Robert L. Brown, Vern Christensen, Dick Conklin, John Godfrey, Bob Halling, Robert Hanna, Bob Hanson, William Hedgpeth, John Jackson, John Jones, Jesse Ledbetter, Bob Lewis, Paul Linse, Leonard Little, Gene McCarthy, Warren Meyers, Steve Mlinoz, Bob Monahan, Frank Nardi, Jack Nagle, Leo O'Brien, Lamont Parker, Albert Paul, Ned Peirano, Lloyd Proudlove, Ralph Raines, Bob Rector, Andre Salazar, Dan Sjodin, Joe South, Les Sutter, Don Webb, Joe Williams, Woody Woodyard, Cliff Woodbury and Ed wroblewski.

We wish to extend our sincere sympathy to the families of Dick and Betty McLawhorn. Dick McLawhorn, of

Ayden, N.C., passed away on June 19, 1987. We were aware that Dick's illness was terminal, but were so shocked at the death of his wife, Betty. She collapsed at the viewing of Dick, went into a coma, and passed away on June 27. They were both quite regular attendants at our reunions, and they will both be sadly missed. Also, I have just been advised by Harold Dundon that his wife, Margaret, passed away on December 13. We will miss her, as he attended most of our reunions.

We were very happy to have Helen Iwanski attend the reunion. There were also two widow from the 828th, Leona Schoult and Alice Turecki. It is nice having them, and hope that perhaps there will be more attending in the future.

Looking forward to seeing many of you at St. Petersburg next September.

JOURNEY'S END

(Editor's Note — It is our intention to publish a complete list of 485th veterans who have died since the end of the year in next year's Lightweight Tower. In the 1978 issue a list was published. That list will be updated from subsequent issues, but your editor is seeking names and dates (year, month and year, or exact date) of others who may have been inadvertently missed.

If you have names which you may think might have been missed, please send the information to the editor before November 1, 1988.)

Raymond F. Balcerzak	829th	1985
W. H. Donovan	829th	January 1968
Vince Gullo	829th	July 1987
Keith Mayhew	828th	July 1986
Richard McLawhorn	831st	June 19, 1987
Henry Ostroski	829th	February 1984
Charles Papp	829th	August 1986
Laron Rouch	829th	July 1987
R. M. Salazar	829th	November 1957
Dale J. Shoemaker	830th	July 1987
Robert Shoobridge	830th	1944
Geo. W. Spicklemire	830th	October 26, 1987
George Uroszek, Jr.	831st	December 28, 1984