



LIGHTWEIGHT TOWER CALLING



No. 24

February 1990

Dayton to Host '90 Reunion



AIR FORCE MUSEUM — One of the highlights of the 1990 reunion will be a tour of the United States Air Force Museum.

The dates are September 4 to 9, 1990. The place is Dayton, Ohio.

That's just about all one needs to know to be assured of a quality reunion for members of the 485th Bomb Group Association.

The 1990 reunion will be hosted by Ed and Jo Nett with headquarters at the downtown Stouffer Center Plaza Hotel, Dayton.

According to Ed, "ample rooms will be provided for hospitality, memorabilia, group and special meetings, along with a spacious dining/ballroom."

One of the highlights of the event will be time spent at the United States Air Force Museum. Tentative plans call for the 485th to receive special recognition by the museum staff and a memorial service at the site of the 485th memorial, established several years ago.

According to Nett, a "fly-by" has been requested during the 485th's time at the museum. In addition, selected B-24 movies will be shown in the museum theater.

There is a good possibility of a "real treat" in store for veterans during the reunion. A fully-restored B-24J may be scheduled to fly into Dayton, especially for 485th members to drool over.

Called "All American," this plane cost \$1.3 million and four years of time to restore. It is complete with turrets, guns, radios, oxygen equipment, 500-pound bombs, etc.

Rick De Kostic, son of Ed De
(Continued on page 2)

198 Vets at San Antonio

By Chet Konkolewski

The Graying Eagles descended upon San Antonio from all parts of the compass even as far as Kahului, Hawaii — that honor goes to Lynn Cotterman.

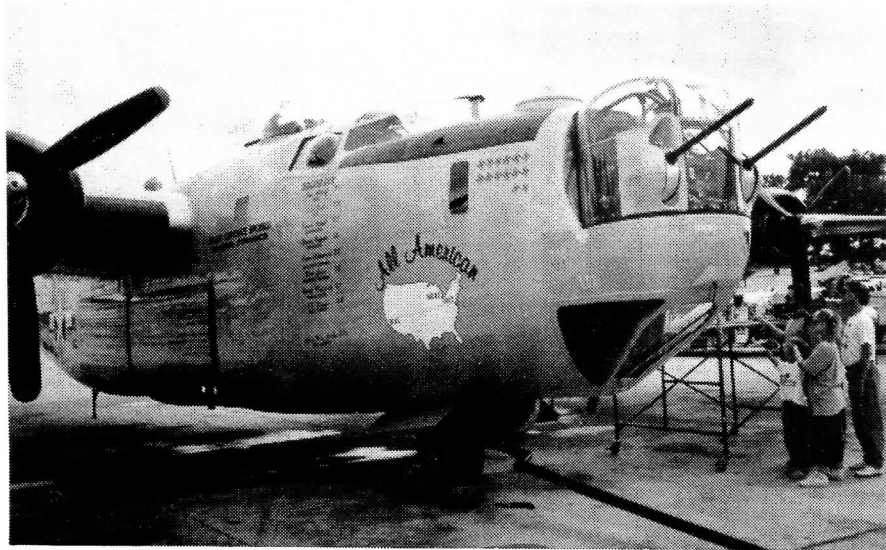
It seemed that all the vets and spouses were really hepped up for San Antonio as there were more than 45 rooms checked in by Tuesday. Thus on Wednesday it was decided to open the registration desk at 10 a.m. in lieu of 1 p.m., and the hospitality room was opened for the early arrivals. Our total population was 198 vets, with three vets

widows — just wonderful.

On Thursday early morning the golfers were able assistance of Bill Fritz, set their compass westwards for the golf links located on Lackland Air Force Base. From what I heard some of the golfers needed an overhaul after walking the hills and dales.

The memorabilia room (Travis) "Down Memory Lane" opened with an excellent display of personal prized possessions brought in by some of our buddies. A large screen TV monitor was setup where-as
(Continued on page 6)

Restored B-24 expected at 1990 Dayton reunion



Chances seem very good (at this early date) that the "All American" will make an appearance in Dayton during the 485th reunion in September.

"All American" is the world's only fully-restored flying B-24. It is the work of Tom Reilly and his crew at Bombertown USA at Kissimmee, Fla.

Bob Hanson reported to the Lightweight Tower staff that he had made two trips to Kissimmee. He said he was "very impressed" with the work on the bomber.

According to Bob, "It has the Norton bombsight, all the 50-caliber machine guns mounted in the correct places and is in mint condition." In September it started making trips to air Force reunions such as ours.

The restoration project was an extensive project, reportedly requiring over 100,000 hours of effort. Individual and corporate donations funded the massive and expensive multi-year project.

Reilly's crew at Bombertown USA, in Kissimmee, Fla., did great work on this restoration project. Bombertown concentrated on rebuilding the bomber's Davis wing, tail plane, engine mounts and nacelles, and four 1200hp Pratt & Whitney R-1830-65 Twin Wasp turbocharged radials. The fuselage

was restored in Massachusetts by Nathan Mayo's team and then shipped to Bombertown for final assembly.

This aircraft (series 44-44052) was one of 6678 'J' models to be built. It rolled off the Consolidated production line at Ft. Worth, Texas in 1944. From there the B-24 served as a coastal patrol/heavy bomber with the Royal Air Force in India. The bomber was allocated by the Indian Air Force and remained in service until 1968.

Warbirds of Great Britain purchased the Liberator and put it into storage. Bob Collings, interested in restoring a B-24, bought the bomber and had it shipped to the U.S. in 1986.

DID YOU KNOW?

It was in 1939 when the first B-24 Liberator lifted off San Diego's Linbergh field on its maiden flight, in answer to Ge. Hap Arnold's challenge to build a "plane to fly the skin off its rivals."

It was the first of more than 18,000 Liberators to be delivered to U.S. and allied armed forces from five American assembly lines.

The Liberator proved itself in every theater of war, earning a reputation as one of the great aircrafts of World War II.

1990 Reunion

(Continued from page 1)

Kostic (deceased), 828th bombardier/navigator on Carl Gigowski's crew, is involved in the restoration project.

What the Netts have termed an "enjoyable ladies program" is being planned. Among things under consideration for this special program is a style show, an historic tour, or a visit to the Dayton Air Institute.

Also tentatively scheduled is an evening dinner-theater in nearby Springfield, Ohio.

The Netts are hoping for a record attendance at the 1990 reunion and, according to them, "we look forward to seeing you all."

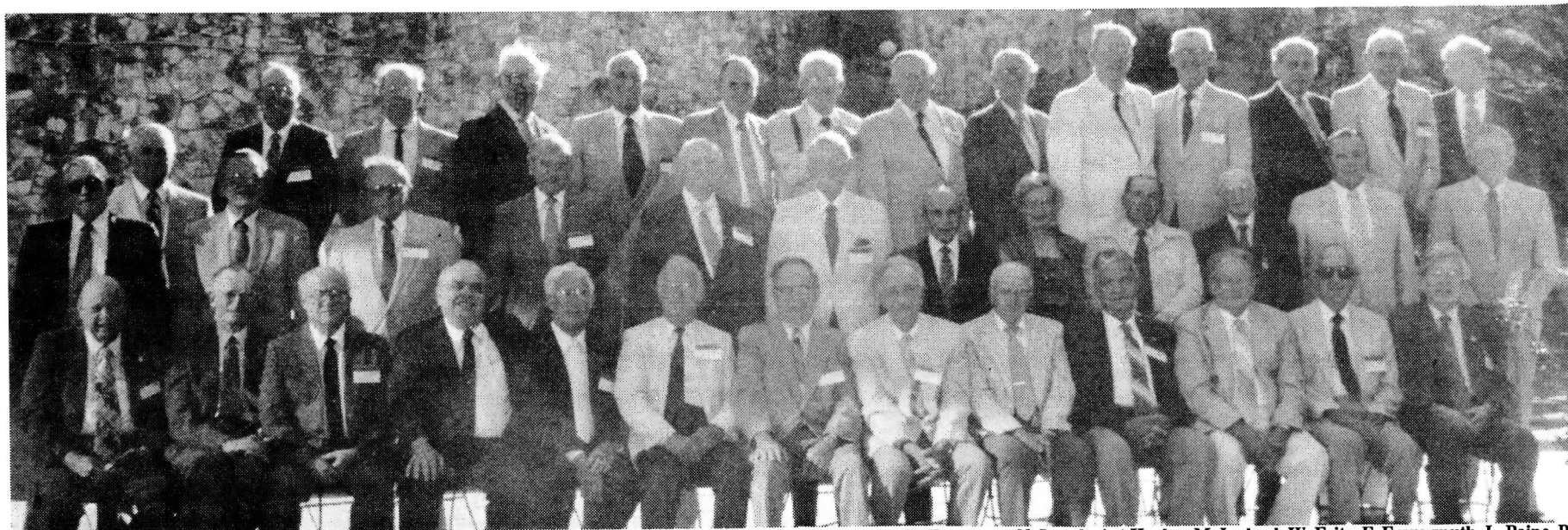
485th Living Tree Memorial



Two Lightweight Tower reporters, Bob Deeds (at left) and Woody Woodyard visited the 485th's Living Tree Memorial last summer.

Those who attended the 1990 reunion will also have an opportunity to visit this spot, dedicated to the men of the 485th Bomb Group who gave their lives for their country during World War II.

The tree and memorial plaque is located on the grounds of the Dayton Air Force Museum. The visit to the museum will be one of the highlights of the reunion.



828th SQ. DN. — 1st row: W. Bishop, G. Ick, C. Norris, S. Burba, R. Stanley, C. J. Eden, J. O'Neil, C. R. Mattison, R. Trautman, N. Lynch, Art Hurley, M. Lydard, W. Fritz, F. Freyermuth, L. Paine, P. Schmalenberger, G. Bell, C. Eckfeld, A. Borgetti, L. Alenxandr, W. Conley. 2nd row: B. Deeds, J. Fielder. Not in picture: E. J. DeVane, K. Moore, Ken Ponte, C. Sponholz, R. Dittrid, C. Watson, Alice Rau, J. Bersack, K. Wall, T. McDowell, N. Montulli, L. Schoulz, H. Laorno, K. Anderson, R. Monroe, Turecki, H. Daniles. 3rd row: D. Bassett, C. Hartman, C. Mazzoni, J. Morrone, E. McDonald, T. Roemer, W. Lancaster.

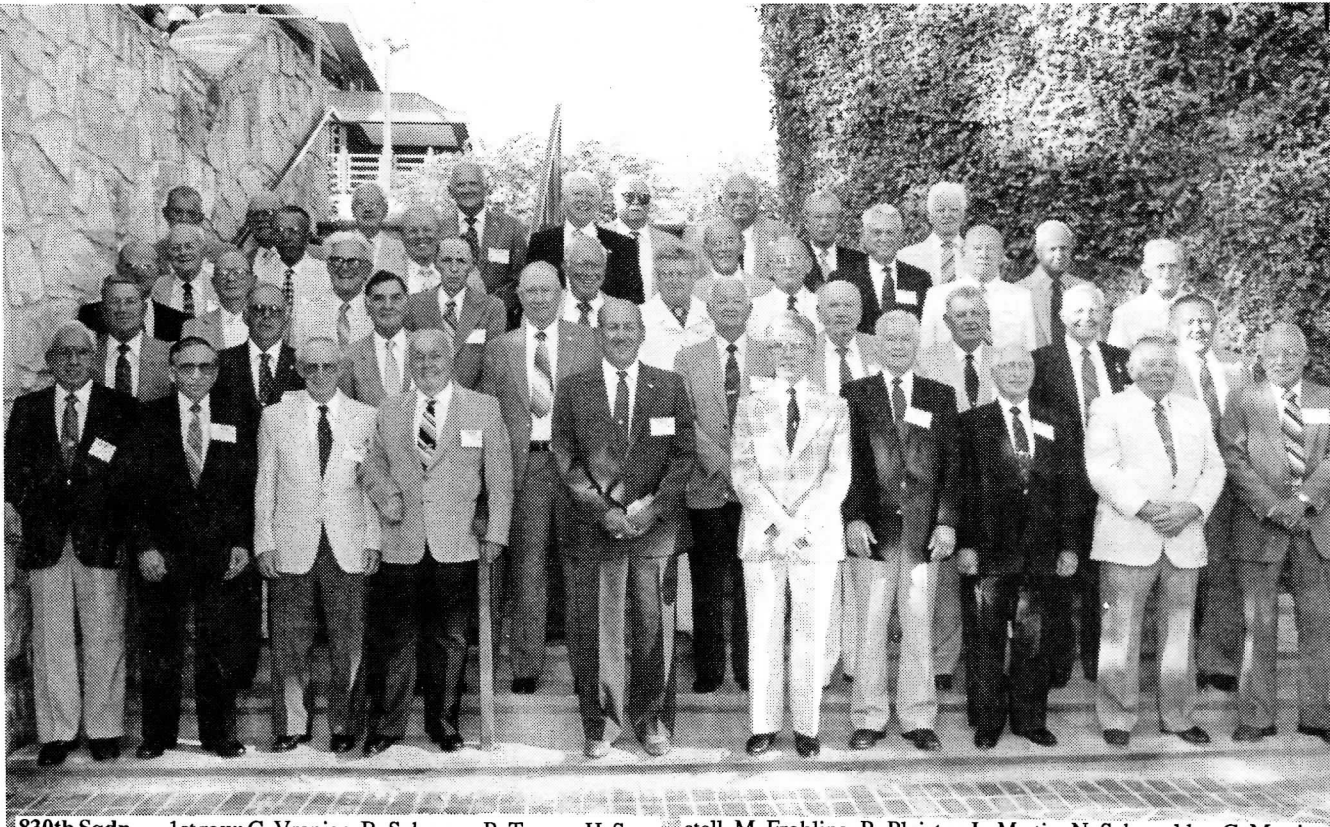


POWS — 1st row: W. Sortomme, R. Smith, S. Hancock, B. Cornett, M. Lindsay, C. Konkolewski, G. Culver, L. Little, A. Homan, J. Cathcart, R. Mehrkens, M. Shelor, R. Alley, L. Tuggle, D. Roth, A. Ridel, H. Oberholtzer, J. Hawk, L. Proudlove, F. Nardi, D. Roehm, L. Best, F. Pratt. 2nd row: B. O'Brien, J. Godfrey, J. Mulligan, I. Wolf.



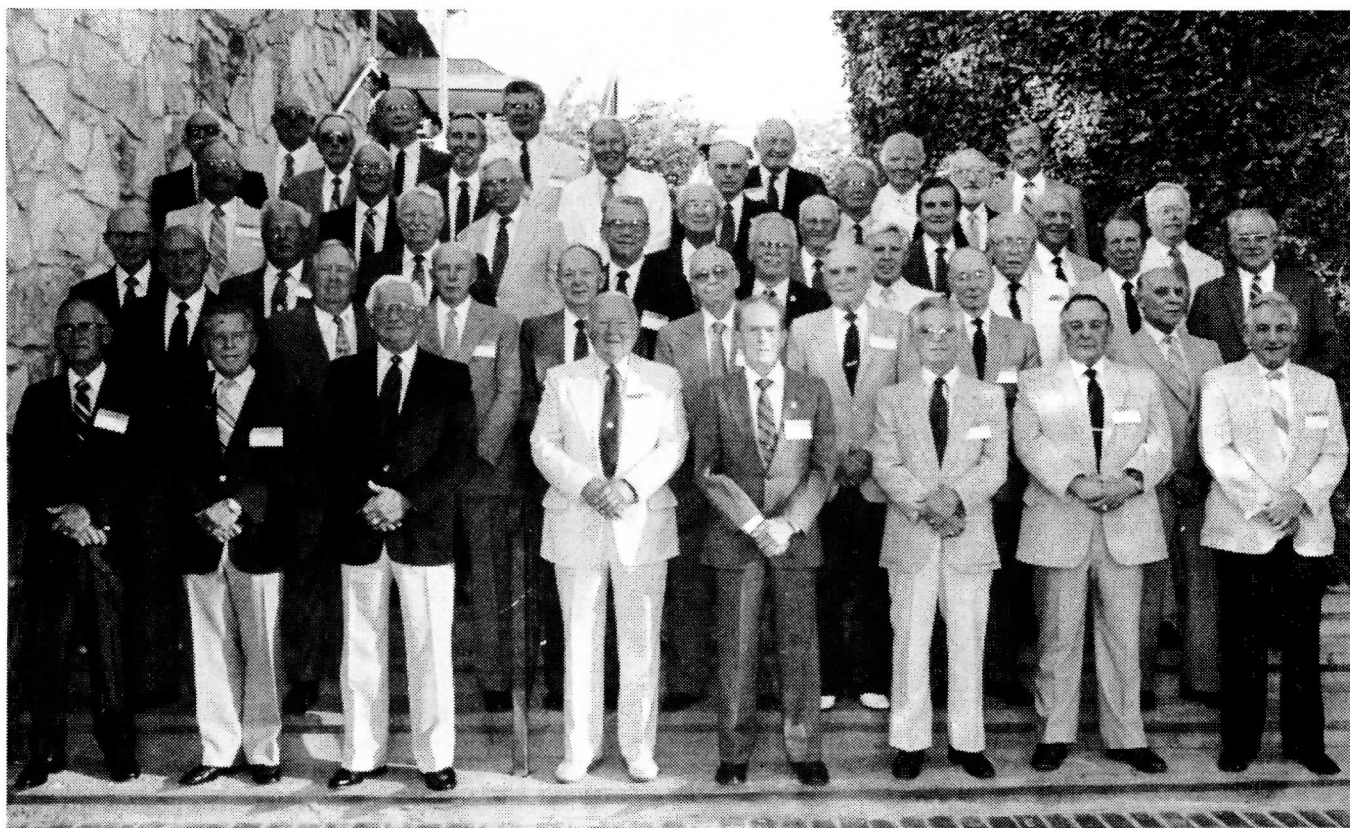
829th Sqdn. — 1st row: F. Yeager, D. Brinkman, M. Lindsay, D. Roehn, D. Roth; 2nd row: M. Fundling, B. Culver, E. Meyer, M. Kilbury, R. Mehrkens, L. Tower; 3rd row: R. Anderson, P. Colluccio, C. Frye, J. Vandendries; 4th row: L. Tuggle, I. Wolf, L. Best, F. Carr, R. Daniel, M. Burney, B. Ferrell; 5th row: A. O'Brien, J. Duntley, N. Fessler, C. Hoffman; 6th row: C. Duecker, E. Krider, Ben

Skelton, K. Weyand, A. Peschka; 7th row: J. Hawk, C. Crane, W. Napier, J. Behunin, D. Whiteman, J. C. Carlin; 8th row: K. Robison, M. Shelor, R. Alley, F. Lambrecht, J. Cathcart, E. Bundy; 9th row: R. Haugen, A. Homan, Art Smith. (Not in picture: B. Brown, D. Paar, J. Pile.

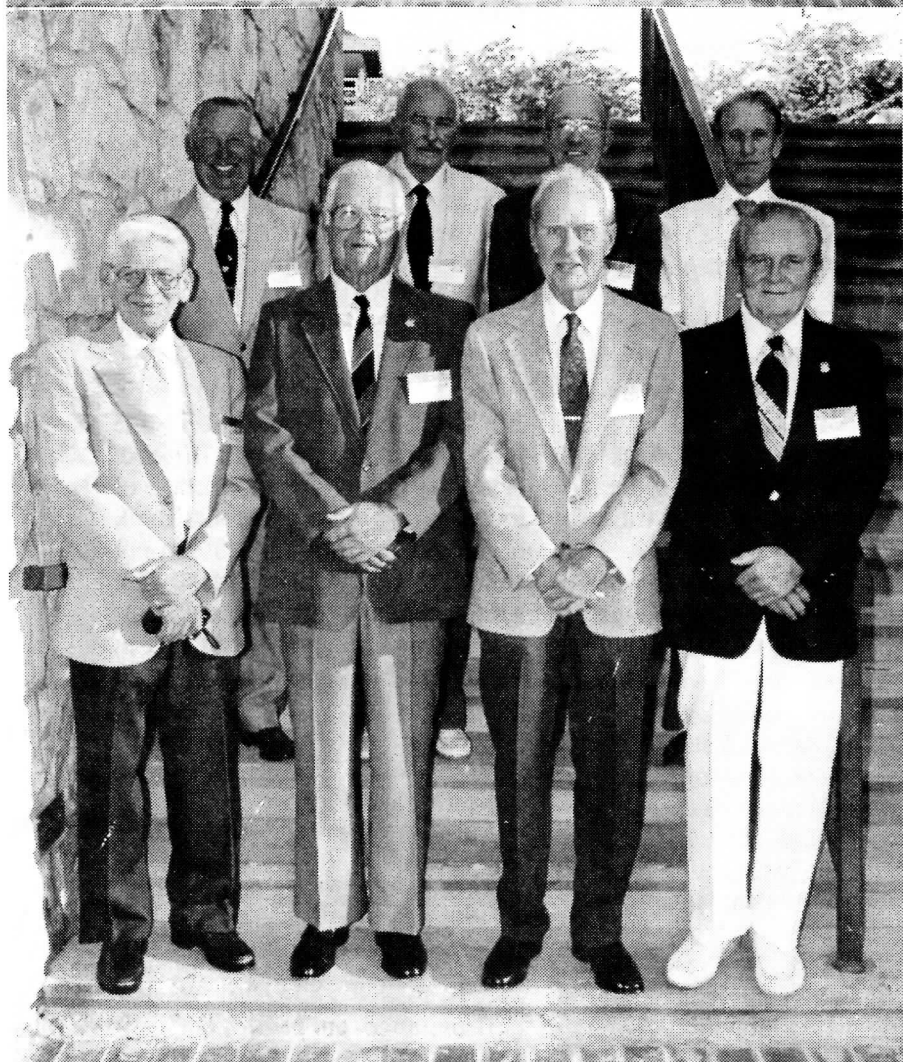


830th Sqdn. — 1st row: C. Vranian, B. Schames, R. Towne, H. Sanborn, G. Raidel, A. Housden, B. Cottingham, S. Paynic, T. Lipinski, J. Chamberlain; 2nd row: C. Branstetter, H. Muehlemann, T. Tagliarino, R. Samuels, H. Oberholtzer, G. Brown, M. Knight, D. Landrum, C. Konkolewski; 3rd row: H. Garnett, S. Barnes, F. Tun-

stall, M. Frohling, R. Plaister, L. Martin, N. Schawalter, C. Martin, R. Ritchie; 4th row: B. Foran, R. Griffin, G. Dyer, T. Robinson, W. Michalke, J. Hunter; 5th row: H. Porter, H. Boxley, F. Gallagher, B. Beggs, B. McAlpine, M. Taylor, C. Forrester; 6th row: Tom Russell, Jim Blitch.



ABOVE 831st Sqdn. — 1st row: J. South, J. Nagle, L. Proudlove, D. Sjodin, L. Baker, M. Lupoli, L. Parke, J. Jackson; 2nd row: J. Jones, B. Monahan, B. Halling, W. Meyers, V. Bone, H. Woodyard, A. Paul, A. Salazar; 3rd row: B. Brown, B. Hanna, R. Lewis, D. McGillicuddy, C. Bostrom, L. Prince, J. Williams, B. Rector, J. Mulligan; 4th row: F. Chaffin, H. Cotton, L. Cotterman, N. Kellogg, L. Little, F. Nardi, R. Hufstader, H. Richerds; 5th row: J. Godfrey, D. Evjen, B. Brokaw, B. Hedgpeth, F. Pratt, T. Jacobs; 6th row: G. McCarthy, D. Hansen, E. Wroblewski, B. Dietrich, J. Ledbetter, G. Byrd, B. Hanson. Not in picture: B. Edinger, K. Brown, L. O'Brien, Helen Iwanski.



LEFT: GROUP HEADQUARTERS — First row: Bob Benson, John "Beau" Cornett, Doug Cairns, Bill Angle; 2nd row: Warren Sortomme, Bob Smith, Shirley Hancock, Loyd Towers.

1989 Reunion

(Continued from page 1)

Sherrill Burba could show video tapes of war action of the B-24 and other series of actions during War II. He even supplied the VCR.

There were a lot of tall tales being swapped around by various vets, too many to recall. But they surely sounded like the real McCoy. Len Little brought about 25, 15x20 drawings showing two B-24's in flight. One was 'Life' in OD color, and the other was 'Flak Shak' in silver.

These were the drawings we discussed in St. Petersburg. Len sold them all and took orders for others. Want to thank all of you who participated in bringing your mementos. I believe that Down Memory Lane was as popular as the hospitality room.

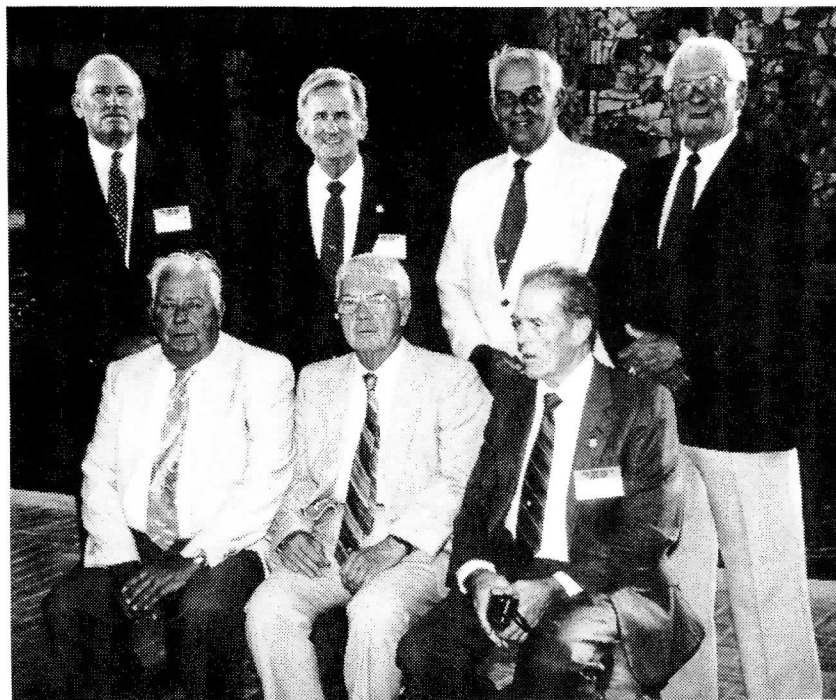
The hospitality suite was very, very popular with a wonderful layout of tidbits by Stella and, of course, there was the refreshment bar — what more could you ask for, right? The hotel gave us the choicest suite it was the katz meow if you know what I mean — just super.

The welcome buffet dinner was quite an extravaganza in itself, beautiful decor, with delicious food, with the mariachi music as a background which fitted in with the scheme of things.

The food was so good that it was scarfed up so quickly that the hotel had to put out another serving, for which they did not charge us. I don't think you could've asked for anything better.

On Friday, Sept. 8th all 248 boarded busses and headed westward for Lackland AFB. The weather was most kind that morning. Everyone took seats in the bleacher stands and after a few minutes the ceremonies began.

After all the years I spent in the service, this was a very impressive ceremony, watching all the basic trainees line-up, then begin to march and pass in review. As they came upon us in the bleachers, a command of eyes right was given as they passed so smartly — most



MISSING IN ACTION — L-R sitting: F. Yeager, F. Gallagher, L. Baker; 2nd row: K. Robison, Bill Culver, Al O'Brien, L. Proudlove.

impressive. (This was the last parade until next March.)

The vets and spouses then walked over to where the B-24, static display, (This A/C was a postwar creation of Wright Fld. designated as a EZB-24M-20-FO, flying out of Dayton, to investigate effects of icing on aircraft and various means of countering the weights and gains and parasatic drag it created). Everyone then mounted the bleachers next to the A/C for a photo session taken with a 1929 Panporamic camera — beautiful photo.

A short ride or walk to Arnold Hall, where a luncheon was served. Boarded the busses for return trip to the hotel.

The Travis Room was opened again. Most everyone browsed thru the mementos and to watch some video tapes on the TV monitor. While this was going on, a TV reporter from Channel 5 showed up and wanted to interview some of the vets. The 485th made the evening newscast — good coverage.

At 6 p.m. the vets and spouses were rounded up to board busses for trip to the Lonestar Brewery. Upon arriving the vets then wet their parched lips with some golden colored brew, while others browsed

through the Buck Hall of Horns and other parts of the museum.

While this was going on sounds of good ole country western music were being played by the Honey Suckle Rose Band — good stomping music. Texas style B-B-Q was then served by a catering team. The food was delicious. After this some listening, some dancing, some imbibing the golden brew.

General membership meeting was held on Saturday morning. After the meeting broke up everyone headed for the hospitality suite for refreshments and a bit of food. What a spread and what a variety of foods — anything you could think of. It was just fabulous. Stella put out what is called a breakfast taco, with a concoction of ground sausage, scrambled eggs, bits of bacon, diced potatoes, served with Jalapeno sauce — tasty and zesty.

The layout of food consisting of domestic and imported cheese's, domestic and imported salami's, cuts of ham, roast beef, pickled corn beef, lots and lots of luncheon meats, pickles, olives, sauces, dips, crackers, variety of nuts and many other goodies. A lot of this was put out of pocket. She just wanted

(Continued on page 13)

JOURNEY'S END

485th Members Deceased Since The End of WWII

HEADQUARTERS

Theodore Brown	1986	Alfred Grass		Clyde Harrell		George LaBarron	1945
Earl Devereaux	1977	Henry Hazen	1972	LeRoy J. Hanson	1980	Robert E. Leary	1987
Kenneth Gillispie	1948	Robert N. Holihan	1984	George Healy	1987	Eugene Lenfest	1981
William P. Golder	1979	Lelton Hodges	1984	Ralph P. Johnson	1966	John L. Light	1981
J. Melvin Goodson		Willard Jensen	1962	H. E. Jones	1985	John J. McCorkle	1982
Wallace Harrison	1945	Frank Kallis	1976	Ralph Kreyer	1981	Edward G. Pope	1988
Jay Jaynes	1976	William C. Keanelly	1973	Gilbert Lish	1968	Arthur H. Reyman	
Lloyd Johnson		Frank Ketcham	1968	Frank Lozier	1989	Horace Roberdeau	1972
Ralph W. Johnson		Walter A. Kixmiller	1986	Joe Lutz	1977	Oscar R. Rutsien	1988
Edward Kral	1979	Gus Lamakos		Tony Mastranglo	1982	G. W. Spicklemire	1987
Walter A. Ladner	1982	George Lemon	1985	Ed Miflin	1971	Everett H. Swann	1975
Joseph Landis	1986	Bob Marshall	1986	Ernest Mills	1977	Edgar Titon	1974
Hans Lea		Fred Livengood	1965	Charles S. Mincher	1987	George Tompkins	1976
Paul Lund	1978	Keith R. Mayhew	1986	J. Glenn Nesbit	1977	John Truss	1968
William S. Pratz		Charles McGinn		John C. Norris	1988	Ted Schuler	1966
Roy Reeve		Robert Oberle		T. D. O'Brien	1985	Charles Shackelford	1987
John Roe		Rex O'Dell	1948	Robert F. O'Rourke	1985	Dale J. Shoemaker	1987
William Tanner		David R. Meeting	1980	Henry Ostroski	1984	Bob Shoobridge	1944
Perry Updike	1986	Sam Peppard	1981	Charles Papp	1986	James Vail	1982
Lawrence Vocino	1988	Alvin J. Pepper	1987	Alan Pound	1989	George T. Williams	1980
		Roy Peck		Laron Rouch	1987	Jesse Wood	1982
		Ralph Perillo	1979	R. M. Salazar	1957		
		Buck Pickle	1973	Eugene H. Schalis	1972	831st SQDN.	
828th SQDN.		Chester Poplowski		Kenneth H. Smith	1977	George W. Balego	1989
Dr. Alfred Aborjaily	1988	Robert Prentiss		Espy A. Spencer	1989	Roy Butler	1978
Ernest M. Aderr		Joe R. Reybarczk	1981	Carroll Strait	1976	Philip Cadenhead	1981
Milton P. Anninos		Charles J. Roberts	1987	Hailey Sullivan	1960	George Cleghorn	1980
Wayne Bakke	1976	Joseph P. Ryborcky	1979	Merle Sutterby	1982	Harold B. Combs	1983
Ernie Barquist	1967	William H. Schoultz	1975	Merle Sutton	1983	John Driscoll	1986
Richard Bates	1982	Dick Selby	1985	Floyd Swanson	1982	Bill Early	1975
Robert E. Beamish	1985	Chester D. Shepard	1973	William Tanner	1971	Frank Fliss	1980
Paul Beckley	1981	Merl Shield	1984	Ben Thigpen	1983	Ed Francis	1983
Laurel L. Behnke	1967	Antonio R. Siller		Homer Thomas		George Hackney	1988
Earl Blackwell	1959	Charles R. Simpson		Robert A. Thompson	1977	Jack Hammerburg	1986
Donald E. Boettcher	1948	Edward Sollinger	1968	John N. Throne	1971	Donald E. Hasler	1972
Walter Bonus	1984	Merle Sutterby		David Underwood	1983	Walter Iwanski	1985
Henry Boyer	1964	Stan Turecki	1986	Donald Wallach	1989	S. R. Jackson	1981
Gerald A. Bradtrick	1968	Felix M. Tidwell	1982	Bernard Weinstock	1989	Malcolm James	1983
Richard Brown		Howard Welsterman	1981	Garland O. Williams	1965	Al P. Kaufman	1985
Wilbur Brown	1972	Jackson Winters	1975	William F. Wolf	1979	Art Lawler	1986
James Caudle	1976	Alfred Ziemba				Darold Lee	1984
Russel Chapman				830th SQDN.		Richard McLawhorn	1987
Ben Christ	1976			Bill Baggs	1969	Leo Michalec	1985
Horace Choate		829th SQDN.		Sam Barrett		Robert W. Miller	1982
Gale Christenson		Tom Aspinall	1989	Willie Best	1978	Mal Redington	1984
Clyde Cuybley		Raymond F. Balcerzak	1985	John A. Brabson	1985	Frank Reno	1957
Murrow Cooker	1981	John Campanella		Joe Cathey		Randolph E. Russell	1981
Russel Corey		Arthur Carlson	1877	George Crabill	1979	William Ryder	1972
C. Lester Cox	1972	Allen B. Corbin	1982	John (Bud) Degan	1966	William Spence	1973
Fred Croushore		Leigh Donache	1971	Stuart F. Gansel	1985	Ralph Stroud	1989
Ed Dekostic	1985	W. H. Donovan	1968	Darrell K. Gillespie	1979	Julius Q. Talleson	1977
Gene Diamatteo		John Driscoll	1986	Lloyd H. Greenwood		Harold V. Thompson	1971
Donald Ensminger	1950	Arthur Dunlap	1989	Leroy J. Hanson	1980	Anthony F. Treharne	1983
Jack Enthwhistle	1959	Charles W. Fields	1988	Herschel Hafenfuss	1962	George Uroszak, Jr.	1984
August Forester		James L. Gillette	1986	Len Heckert	1985	Larry Vioth	1977
Henry Freitas		George Glonek		Joseph J. Herman		Paul G. Werner	1986
Richard Gibson	1962	William E. Grubbs	1972	Glenn G. Jones Jr.	1974	Othmar L. Young	1971
Don Gilber	1982	Vinc Gullo	1987	Julian Kokenge	1977	Robert C. Young	1972

A trip to Romania — and back

By Kenneth Ponte

The tent flap flew open and in stepped a large, dark figure who announced, in a very loud voice, "Hit the deck, briefing in 30 minutes."

It was still pitch black outside except for those tents our friendly loudmouth had already visited. This interruption to our night's sleep came as no surprise as our crew was scheduled for this day's mission. I only hope that behind enemy lines some German loudmouth was interrupting the sleep of German fighter pilots and anti-aircraft gunners!

We did have a full day off since our last mission. One difference, however, was that we were short two crew members, having lost them on our last mission. Already awakened and with no choice or vote on how to run this war, we climbed out of bed and began dressing.

The uniform of the day was every man's idea of what suited him best. There was only one common idea — "dress warm!" My specialty was five pairs of gloves, always keeping in mind my brother who, in July the year before, froze his hands flying with the 8th Air Force over Germany.

After splashing water in our faces and brushing our teeth, we headed for the Mess Tent for whatever surprise awaited us — a cup of coffee and maybe some toast.

With breakfast over, we headed for the Briefing Tent and for the good or bad news as to the name of our target. After being seated, a good morning from our C.O., and a prayer from our Chaplain, the cover was removed from the target map.

There was a large groan as everyone held their breath. The line on the map went straight east, the one direction we knew led to the Ploesti Oil Fields, a target we had visited twice already.

Slowly a sigh of relief overrode the groans as we realized the target was not Ploesti, but

rather, it was Bucharest, Romania, just south of the Oil Fields. Maybe we believed the Germans would not have as great a reason to defend it. Little did we know. Anyway, a few hours would tell.

After briefing, we were loaded on trucks and driven to our waiting planes. As we disembarked from the trucks, we could make out the silver of our plane, a very large, dark monster. It stood very still in the morning darkness.

Nothing moved, but one could sense and feel the grunts and groans as it stood there, its stomach bulging from the weight of a full load of bombs.

Our crew chief greeted us; he had been up all night patching the holes from the last mission, replacing our ammo, topping our gas, checking and rechecking our engines, and only now was he proudly turning over "his baby" to the "fly boys." Certainly not enough praise was credited to the ground crews for their hard, proud work.

Now the "air crew" took over and we made a visual check of our plane. For me, that meant counting the wings (2), the engines (4), and (2) guns in my turret. Thank God again for the ground crew. We rechecked our flight gear, boarded the plane, and in a short time the pilot and co-pilot started the engines under the watchful eye of the crew chief.

Then each ship started moving to our take-off point. After waiting our turn, the "Go" signal was given, the pilots moved the throttles forward, and we could feel the power of our engines as the plane leaped forward. As more power was added, you could feel the huge props chewing into the morning air.

The plane moved faster and faster down the runway until we reached take-off speed. The pilot pulled back on the stick; the plane jumped off the ground. In a few seconds the wheels came up and we were airborne on our way to ???. Only God knew!

That was to be my 30th mission. From my newspaper days the term "30" meant "the end" of copy. In short, "the end." Little did I know that this was to be my last mission, but a negative feeling like this would never have crossed our minds.

All went well as our group went into its formation, each plane to its assigned position. This was always interesting to me as I watched from my turret. It always went so smoothly — our good training was paying off.

As we climbed to our assigned altitude, all we could do now was to wait and wait, watching the ever-changing crazy quilt pattern of the ground below, making note of all the other bomber groups heading in the same direction, and knowing the good feeling of spotting some of our fighter escort heading in our direction also. They were always a welcome sight.

Time ticked on and soon we reached enemy territory. It was time to test-fire our guns. All positions fired, then checked in with the pilot. Ten guns were ready for action. Now, a little more waiting, but not too long. On this beautiful, clear day, we could see many miles ahead, and saw the black puffs of flak telling us the enemy knew we were on our way. The puffs formed a very large polka-dot box, daring us to fly through it.

Even though the Germans were losing the war, we couldn't tell by the number of flak guns they always seemed to have waiting for us over each target! To me, flak was my nightmare.

One could always fight back with the fighter planes, but not flak; all one could do was to sit and pray that an 88 wouldn't hit your ship and blow it into small pieces.

Our time had arrived, time for the run on the target. Then, out of nowhere, in came their fighters, 109's and 110's. Just before we dropped our bombs. We were hit by both flak and fighters.

(Continued on next page)

A Trip

(Continued from page 8)

Luckily for me, most of the damage was to the rear of the plane. In my nose turret, I didn't know the extent of our problems because I was a little busy myself. I think I hit a 109 sliding under me at 10 o'clock low.

I can't say it was a kill — he did not blow up — but pieces of his ship flew off as he rolled to his right and headed for the deck. Somewhere in Germany today, an ex-German pilot is telling his grandchildren about granddad's narrow escape in WW II.

Our problems were still not over. We had made it through the flak and fighters when I heard a banging on my turret doors. My bombardier and navigator helped me dismount from the turret; they had my parachute in hand waiting for me. I couldn't hear it in the turret, but the emergency bell had rung. This was a signal that we might have to bail out.

The bombardier, navigator, and myself, with our chutes on, huddled over the nose wheel door waiting to jump through the small space as soon as the second bell rang. There were no second thoughts about jumping as it takes seeing only a few planes blowing up to recognize that bailing out of a disabled plane is a better choice than staying.

I think it would have been a funny sight to see three men coming out of the small space because we would have escaped so close together that we probably would have been on each other's shoulders, making us look like a totem pole. Had a German pilot seen us, he would have radioed his base to tell of a new American secret weapon!

After a few more minutes and no second bell, the bombardier who was our first-aid man removed his chute and went up to the flight deck to find the reason for the bell.

When he returned, he told us that our pilot had been shot in the leg and that our co-pilot had taken over control of the plane. He also said we were not to bail

out, but although we had sustained heavy damage, we were going to try to make it home.

After more time passed, I removed my chute and went to the flight deck to see if I could be of any help. After all, we were two crew members short. I noticed the front bomb bay door on the pilot's side had been torn loose and was flapping in the wind. On the flight deck, the pilot was conscious, but fighting pain.

The co-pilot had his hands full, but our flight engineer was working like a man with ten arms as we were running low on gas, one engine was giving us problems, and he was taking over the duties of our regular flight engineer whom we had lost on our last mission. Again, the good Lord was with us to have given us this person to take over these duties.

He asked me to go back to the waist section and tell the crew members that they should prepare for ditching as our navigator had just reported that we could not make it back to base, but rather, we would have to land our plane in the waters of the Adriatic.

Moving along the narrow catwalk in the bomb bay to the waist, I had a first-hand look at our damage. I'm glad we had dropped our bomb load before being hit or there would have been a good chance of the bombs blowing up. Entering the waist, I told the crew to prepare for ditching and that I would help.

This meant throwing out everything loose — guns, ammo, boxes — and keeping only the life raft. One last check and I headed back to report to the flight deck. This time I noticed that our hydraulics had been shot out. I reported this to the flight engineer, but he already knew.

I also reported that the waist was ready for ditching. Then I watched him sweating over transferring the gas we had left from one engine to the next to keep them humming and the plane in the air. He did such a great job that it wasn't too long before our navigator reported that we probably could just make landfall! Ditching was out,

so everyone could pray for one more miracle!

As we crossed the Adriatic and neared the Italian coast, I told our engineer that I would take the duty of placing the safety lock, the U lock, on our nose wheel. Though this was not one of my regular duties, I had done it several times before.

I crawled up to the nose wheel to wait for it to drop into position. As we headed to the closest airfield, the radio operator sent a May-day. I didn't know of all the problems.

First, our flaps would not come down, so we could not reduce our air speed. Also, coming in at flying speed, our main landing gear would not lower; without them, we were going to land on our belly just where I was sitting. Forty-four years later I learned that our engineer lowered the wheels by cranking them down by hand.

With the gear down, what pressure was left in the hydraulic system came forward and down came the nose wheel. I put on the U lock, saw that we were on the deck and I would have not time to return to the flight deck, so sat in a tuck position facing the rear.

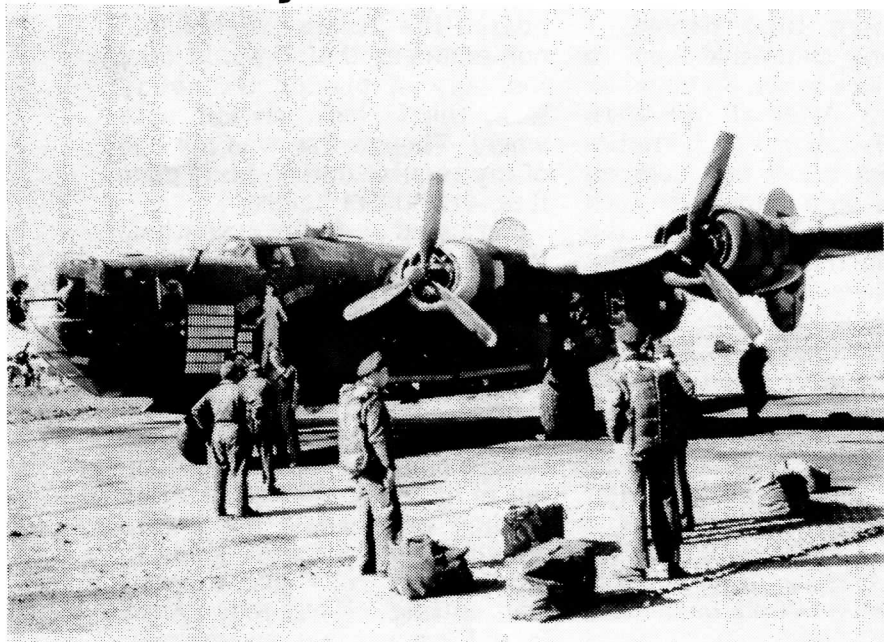
I heard and felt the wheels touching the runway. Then all went black! When I became conscious, the plane around me with nothing but a pile of scrap metal with myself trapped under it.

I passed in and out of consciousness, but remembered checking my arms and legs to see if they were ok. My left arm, hand, and leg were fine, but my right arm and leg were pinned down by wreckage and I couldn't move them.

About the time I heard someone calling my name outside the ship. I answered. Someone said, "Here he is." Then I heard the scratching and tearing sounds of my rescuers making a hole in the side of the ship. Then I noted a large opening next to me, and someone crawled in to ask me if I wanted anything.

I said I would like a drink. He passed me a canteen — not one
(Continued on next page)

'Tail Heavy' ends 100 missions



One of the few B-24 assigned to the 485th Bomb Group to complete 100 missions was one, dubbed "Tail Heavy."

It was assigned to the 831st squadron and was one of the original aircraft assigned to the 485th.

Thanks to Pilot Robert R. Baker, now of Hickory Corners, Mich., photos of the plane and its crew as it completed its 100 mission are available.

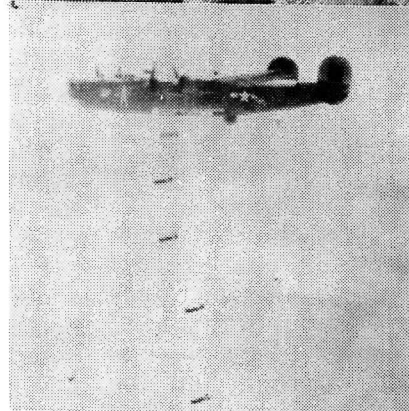
The above photo shows the crew after it had completed the plane's 100th mission. The exact date of the mission has not been determined.

In the middle left is the pilot, Robert Baker. In the middle right is the co-pilot, Jim Schieb.

Other members of the crew were Hazen Salthus, navigator; Richard McLawhorn, bombardier; Bryan Nauman, engineer; Bill Argie, ball gunner; Mill Miller, radio operator; Fred Hosier, upper gunner; John Manfriedo, nose gunner, and Wayne Whiting, tail gunner.

The photo of Tail Heavy dropping bombs was sent to Pilot Baker by Bob Placica, who was on the crew assigned to Tail Heavy in the States and who flew it to Italy.

During the year 1989 Bob Baker visited all of his living crew members in their homes. Dick McLawhorn is the only one not living. He



discovered that Lewis Baker was his co-pilot on his first mission, but that Jim Scheib was his regular co-pilot after the initial mission.

A Trip

(Continued from page 9)
of ours — (it was long and narrow, probably British), and I took a good-sized drink.

That someone turned out to be a doctor, and he told me that they were going to try and get me out. The next thing I remember felt like ten pairs of hands crawling under my back; then, on the doctor's signal, they started to raise and pull me. My right leg was stuck and it hurt a little as they pulled; then all at once the wreckage gave up its hold and I was free, hoisted outside the plane, and on to a waiting stretcher.

Then a funny thing happened to me on the way to the hospital. There I was, on a stretcher, not knowing whether I was going to live. I demanded one thing before moving.

We used a small electric cord that attached our electric flying suit to the plane's electrical system. My outfit was short of them and I was one of the few who had one. Well, I wouldn't move until they brought it to me. Someone must have, because they lifted me up and carried me to the ambulance. They put me in, hung a pint of plasma on me, closed the back doors, and started to move.

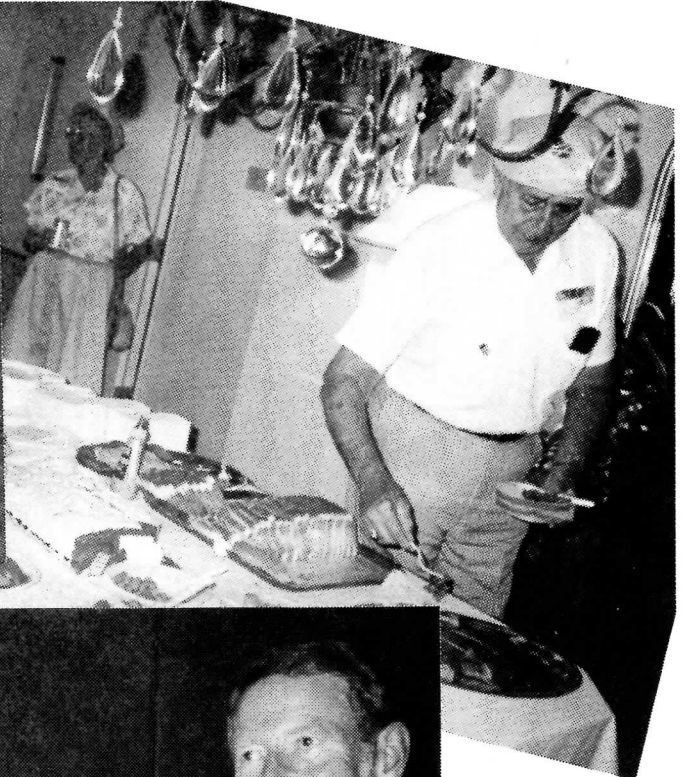
As we drove away, I could see the trees disappearing through the two small windows in the rear doors. "30" had now become a fact. My missions were over. I had come to "the end" — but began the start of 19 months in Army hospitals.

REUNION NOTICE

Those 41-F classmates of World War II flying cadets who graduated from Barksdale or Craig Army Air Corps fields, please report your whereabouts to Bill Ceely, 1103 N. Garfield Ave., Deland, Fla. 32724, or call (904) 734-2460. Our 50th reunion is in planning for 1991. We need you!



Scenes from San Antonio reunion



Scenes from San Antonio reunion



SQUIRE BOLTON



He was a friend of all the men of the 485th, and he did favors for many of us. Squire Bolton was our Red Cross representative in Italy.

Last year Squire was called upon by the Redlands Federal Savings, of Redlands, Calif., where he has been a customer for the past 28 years, to assist them in the celebration of that institution's 100th birthday. The photo shows him at the celebration.

Squire is living in Yucaipa, California, and he is now 94-years young.

We of the 485th send our best wishes to Squire and many thanks for his numerous favors.

Complete LWT Set Reading For Sale

Earl Bundy reports that he has 30 copies of the complete issues of Lightweight Tower for sale.

The issues come in an especially-made blue three-ring binder and contains all issues of the 485th Bomb Group newsletter.

Cost of the complete package is \$31.00. Information can be obtained from Earl. Write to Earl at 5773 Middlefield Dr., Columbus, Ohio 43220, or phone (614) 451-4589.

1989 Reunion

(Continued from page 6)
everyone to enjoy this reunion.

Stella and I wish to thank the 828th for the beautiful cut crystal serving dish with our names etched in gold. We thank the Mazzoni's for their gift.

Picture-taking session down by the riverwalk was conducted. Then everyone trekked up to the ballroom for dinner and banquet. What a gorgeous and beautiful decor by the hotel to compliment this. Stella, son John, daughter-in-law, placed a yellow rose w/mints for each lady, and small packet of mints for each man. In addition, silk bluebonnets were placed in a vase at each table. These roses were made by Stella which took a lot of time. The dinner consisted of Chicken Kiev Supreme Sauce, Pomme Parisienne, Carrots, Vichy, Green Beans w/Mushrooms, Chocolate Mousse Cake, etc. The food was tasty and served warm.

The music that was provided was smooth and sweet, just what everyone liked and enjoyed dancing too, just like the days of past.

The hotel was most generous to the veterans of the 485th as everyone present received one free drink. I thought this was class.

Something different was added this year when door prizes were awarded. A walnut Quartz wall clock was awarded to Steve Paynic, as the first person to register (early registration); to Joyce Richards, a handmade afghan; to Al O'Brien, a ceramic German beer stein; to Loyd Towers, a Stetson travel kit; Bill

Angle, two large ceramic angels; Anne Russell, Marlboro sports bag; Lyle Alexander, a Marlboro sports bag; Eugene McCarthy, one ceramic dwarf; Joe South, two ceramic dwarfs; Lillian Cairns, two ceramic small praying children and one angel; Agnes Mehrkens, original Norman Rockwell ceramic large beer stein; Dorothy Benson, set of carving knives, and Bill Brokaw, ceramic chef with accompanying salt & pepper shakers.

The afghan and ceramic items were made by Stella Konkolewski. Hope you all enjoyed your prizes.

During a break in ceremonies I was presented a beautiful keepsake, a 11x15 wood framed plaque contained within was a 4¢ stamp, a 65¢ stamp, a 6¢ stamp, a 3¢ stamp which are collector items, photo of B24 side shot and a photo B24 top shot, this is titled 485th BG, 15th AF, 828th, 829th, 830th 831th and imposed in the middle of Presidential Unit Citation, ETO 1943-1945.

I want to thank the person or persons who had this made, and will cherish this with all my heart.

On Sunday the reunion closed with a memorial breakfast and memorial service. Sherrill Burba opened the service. Colors were presented by Douglas Cairns and his grandson. Prayer of invocation was said.

Then the 15th Air Force prayer by Sherrill; Amazing Grace and Battle Hymn of the Republic were sang and led by Francis Nardi, accompanied by Linda Hanson on the piano. Then a closing ceremony, America The Beautiful, with

farewells to all.

In summary, this reunion I would venture to say that everyone enjoyed themselves and had a good time.

From all the comments and correspondence this was one of the best yet experienced.

I want to thank all of you that attended. This reunion in San Antonio, to those that could not make it, you missed a good one. With God's wishes, may we see each other and have another enjoyable reunion in Dayton, Ohio. Cheerio.

LIGHTWEIGHT TOWER CALLING

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

Editor:

Donald L. Webb
71 Orchard Lane
Boyertown, Pa. 19512

Historian:

Carl P. Gigowski
12785 Gregware Dr., N.E.
Sand Lake, Mich. 49343

Hqtrs. Reporter:

Robert M. Benson
2421 N.W. 112 St.
Oklahoma City, Okla. 73120

828th Reporter:

Robert S. Deeds
4643 286th St.
Toledo, Ohio 43611

829th Reporter:

Earl L. Bundy
5773 Middlefield Dr.
Columbus, Ohio 43235

830th Reporter:

Chester Konkolewski
7454 Pipers Buff
San Antonio, Texas 78251

831st Reporter:

Howard P. Woodyard
3539 Butternut Dr.
Lambertville, Mich. 48144

MAIL ROOM

485TH BOMB GROUP HQ —

Bob Benson



In describing the San Antonio reunion, it can be summed up by three words: "It was great!" Our host and hostess, Chet and Stella Konkolewski, did a wonderful job. Everything was very well organized. A thank-you also goes to their family members who assisted in making the event so successful.

There were about 400 (including wives and guests) in attendance, and I venture to say that the Riverwalk Marriott has never had a more lively group. Aside from those times when a special event was going on, the lobby was always filled with 485th people. It was like one, big family reunion.

We had nine at the reunion who were from group headquarters. First-timers were Shirley Hancock (assistant engineer and nose gunner), Bob Smith (group operations officer) and Warren Sortomme (group radar officer). It was good to see the three of them again. All of them were flying with "Pop" Arnold on the mission when they were hit and went down. They were P.O.W.'s for the duration. A

diary that Hancock maintained was a favorite attraction by many of the men.

Also in attendance were Doug Cairns, Bill Angle, "Beau" Cornett, Loyd Towers, John Hannan and myself. It was good to see all of them and their wives again. Sid Manson almost made it but, after traveling all the way from Hawaii, the car he and his wife were driving broke-down somewhere in northwest Nevada, and there was no way he could make the reunion before it adjourned. (Try again next year, Sid!)

During the past year I have been able to locate three more headquarters men: Ben Cook (engineer on "Pop" Arnold's crew), Irv Rubinfeld (group chief engineering inspector) and Harry Lackey (group operations). I've now tracked down 50 of the men who were in group headquarters. It sure would be great if all 50 were to show-up at one of our reunions. What a wonderful time that would be!

Over the past year I have heard by letter or phone from 38 of you, and I have enjoyed and appreciated those contacts very much. I won't list all of your names, but I do thank you very much. Also, thanks to those of you who this year have sent a contribution toward my expenses for postage, phone, office and mailing material and printing. The costs for these items have certainly been increasing, and your help is appreciated.

In addition to being in contact with many of you men, I have also heard from Dorothy Devereaux, Fran Lund and Gerry Vocino, all of whom seem to be doing just fine.

All of us are getting older each year, and there was talk about how many more years will we be having these reunions. That's a question that no one can answer, but I think it's important for any of us who have an interest in the reunions to get to them while we are able. I look at some of the men who attend regularly with admiration, for I wonder if I would be attending if I suffered from some of their health problems.

In addition to those visits that Dorothy and I had with the headquarters people, we thoroughly enjoyed being with a lot of those from the various squadrons. They're a great group of people. As a matter of fact, as I wrote in this column last year, we're all great.

We can now look forward to the 1990 reunion at Dayton, Ohio, which I'm sure will be another wonderful experience. With Ed Nett as the host, it's bound to be another good one. I hope more of you from headquarters will be attending. Mark your calendar now and plan on being with us.

God be willing, we'll see a lot of you at Dayton in September. Hope you all have a really terrific 1990.

828TH BOMB SQDN —

Bob Deeds



My cup is running over with reunion activities. It is still a great pleasure when I see old friends come together after

so many years. Our reunions are getting bigger and better. To see and hear where all the men have made their mark in life. We have people in law, education, science, industry, different trades and politics.

San Antonio, Texas, was just great; Chet and Stella took care of our every need. They had a well-balanced program, there always was something going on. Many came early and lots stayed longer to do more visting. The 828th had 47 men attending along with 13 visitors.

Chet and Stella had us eating every day. Many enjoyed the memorabilia room and hospitality room — there were some really big stories in that room. On Saturday was our business meeting with discussion on our Dayton, Ohio reunion in 1990 along with a reunion in Little Rock, Ark. for 1991. In the evening it was picture taking time; then our dinner and dance. On Sunday was the memorial service conducted by Sherril Burba, with Colonel Carns and his grandson posting the colors. Then the good-byes.

In 1990 we will meet in Dayton, Ohio for the third time. Ted and Norma Manning had our third group reunion there; later we had our plaque dedication. Now Colonel Ed and Jo Nett will host this affair. They have been working on this for some time. We do expect a large turnout. Try to get your reservations in early as it will help with the planning.

The high point of the Dayton, Ohio reunion will be the visit to the Air Force Museum. It will take one whole day and some may want to return. Here are a few other stops you may want to visit; the birth place of aviation, two football hall of fames, one is the college hall of fame which is located just south of Dayton, the other football hall of fame is professional in Canton, Ohio; Neil Armstrong museum just north of Dayton; Greenfield Village which is in Dearborn, Michigan, the village will take the whole day to see.

You can see there are many places to go and see. If you are driving stop at the reception center when you come into the state. They have brochures of all the activities while you are here.

Last June some of the 828th fellows got together in Sea-ville, NJ with Somer Corson as our host. We had a weekend at the Wildwood Resort Motel. Had two new fellows show up, John DiRusso and Maynard Sites. We had a visit to Somers home, which in the old days was a stage coach tavern. Somers has restored it and has many stories of early life in Southern New Jersey to tell. We had made plans to meet in Massachusetts next year with Warren Mickle being our host but just a few weeks ago I got word that Warren passed away, at this time plans are on hold we will try and work something else out.

Just a reminder — we do not have any dues or obligations in our squadron. Your donations keep our mail room and other expenses going. I want to thank all of those who help with money and information with finding buddies. To the others we can use your in-put.

We will see you in Dayton, Ohio, send your reservations in **EARLY**.

Earl Bundy



We really had a treat by having the reunion in San Antonio this year. Chet had it all well organized. If you missed the lunch Stella prepared, you really missed a highlight of the reunion.

I was very happy to have so many members of the 829th attending. I'm looking forward to them bringing in more money for printing and mailing costs. A few dollars from each new member will help pay for printing of the "Lightweight Tower" and help support the old standbys who have been supporting us for many years.

We were very happy to have the son (Chas. R. Watson) of one of our Bomb Group members come by due to the fact his father was ill (Chas. Watson, Sr.). Chas., Jr. operates a printing shop in San Antonio and printed 100 copies of our group address list to be distributed Sunday morning. I can't thank Charles enough as I know it will help find some new members of the 485th.

I was very sorry to learn of the passing this year of Bernard Weinstock (bombardier on Clark Miller's crew). He had been confined to bed for several years, but his wife and family had cared for him.

You will all remember our First Sergeant Dunlap. His wife wrote that he was planning to attend this year's reunion, but he passed away just weeks before.

The location of the reunion was perfect. We all enjoyed the Riverwalk in the heart of San Antonio. The Alamo and other attractions were all within walking distance and most enjoyable. We had perfect weather, which helped make for a wonderful time.

I have had 50 more copies of the Blue "Lightweight Tower" Notebook printed. If anyone wants a copy with the 1964 through 1989 copies of Lightweight Tower, the price is \$31.00. If you have the copies and would like this special notebook to put them in, the price is \$11.00.

830TH BOMB SQDN —

Chester Konkolewski



Hello, you all. Hope Santa Claus treated you kindly. I've had a busy ending year. It was quite hectic especially after the reunion. It took Stella and I quite some time to recuperate.

It was great in seeing many of you and to get familiar with those of you who came for the first time, and sure missed seeing those that did not make it this time. I feel very badly that I could not spend some time with most of you as I had hoped to. It was good to see Bill Beggs, Neal Schawalter, Marshall Knight again and to see Pete and Pat Hollis after not seeing them the past few years. Our good comrade Bob Esarey had his bags packed and ready to come but mistakingly thought it was the following week. We'll forgive you this time Bob.

The squadron made a good showing, as we had 43 vets and spouses. That's the way to go fella's. It gives me great pleasure when I see you all. We all got to meet some new timers: Art Housden, Charlie Branstetter, Walt Michalke, Garlon Brown, Charlie Vranian and Don Landrum who met his crew mate Frank Gallagher for the first since they saw each other back in '45. Welcome aboard fellow members, and we do hope to see you in Dayton.

In attendance were Bernie Schames, Bob Toene, Howard Sanborn, my crew mates Jack Chamberlain and George Raidel, Bill Cottingham, Steve Paynic, Ted Lipinski, Herb Muehlemann, Joe Tagliarino, Bob Samuels, Harry Oberholtzer, Hugh Garnett, Si Barnes, Fran Tunstall, Mike Frohling, Bob Plaister, Bob McAlpine, Larry Martin, Rod Ritchie, Cliff Martin, Bud Foran, Richard Griffin (Sq C.O.), George Dyer, Travis Robinson, Jim Blitch, Howard Boxley, Mel Taylor, Chuck Forester and Tom Russell. Our good buddy Buzz Boling could not make it due to a health problem that had to be taken care of just before the reunion.

Hugh Garnett's "Princess Marie" Crew #53, consisting of: Robert McAlpine, Robert Plaister, Travis Robinson, James Blitch, Arthur Housden and Si Barnes received the trophy for most members present. Hugh, all you need now is to find those other guys — nice going.

Want to thank you for your letters and cards including your donations in support of the newsletter and mailing. Hal Pruitt (Sq C.O. after Griffin), Ev Banker, Aldo Grandoni, Jack Chamberlain, my crew members, Wayne Prosser, Walt Michalke, Clarence Miller, a regular correspondent, Chas. Branstetter, John Strang, Joe Morgan, Joe Tabellion, Bob Easrey. Thank you for the Christmas cards and sentiments guys — do appreciate it. A thank and appreciation to those of you who donated at the reunion: Bob McAlpine, Bob Plaister, Marshall Knight, Jim Blitch, Sandy Sanborn, Cliff and Larry Martin, Steve Paynic, Bud Foran, Jim Hunter and Garlon Brown.

Want to thank my good buddy and previous Sqdn. reporter Lyle Talbott for your thoughts and sentiments. Lyle's health has not been too good lately. We are looking forward in seeing you in Dayton.

Received nice letter from another one of our buddies, Roy (Dutch) Hetzog, who has not been able to make the last few reunions due to poor health. He tells me that he has been spending most of his time in the hospital, but is hoping to be well enough to see us all in Dayton. We sure wish you the best Roy. How about some of you guys drop a line to Lyle and Dutch.

Had received word somewhere along the line that the following members of the 830th passed away back some time ago. John McCorkle and Herschel Hasenfuss. Frank Gallagher informed that one of his crew, Oscar Rutstien, made his last flight into eternity, November 1988. May he rest in peace. Father time seems to be catching up with us.

In closing I wish you and yours the best of health, lots of luck, and may 1990 be enjoyable, and may the Good Lord watch over you. With God's will I am looking forward in seeing you all in Dayton, Ohio. Cheerio.



Another real good reunion Chet Konkolewski hosted for us in San Antonio. Like everything in Texas — BIG — so was our reunion. Seems as the reunions roll by they get bigger and better.

I have received several letters already telling me how much they enjoyed this reunion and will be seeing me in Dayton in 1990. I'm sure we are headed for another great one with Ed Nett acting as our host.

I have received so many Christmas cards, letters, phone calls, visits in the past year from members of my squadron, and also from members of the other squadrons that I cannot begin to list them all. Do keep in touch, and if I have overlooked anyone or not gotten information requested, please ask again.

The 831st had the most vets again (49 plus 1 widow). We had only two first timers — Jim Mulligan, of Binghamp, NY, and Rodney Hufstader, of Bend, Oregon. The whole group had 21 first timers. If all the "first timers" in the past four years continue to attend, just see how many we would have at the Dayton reunion and future ones.

As we have so many "new" members in our squadron, Dan Sjodin and I have talked about having a "little" meeting, maybe Wednesday, so that we could become better acquainted with the members of our own squadron. So think about making it before Wednesday regular registration time.

After the terrible earthquake in California, I talked to one of our members who live in Aptos, Calif. (very near the epicenter). So Brokaw and his wife JoAnne were O.K. but suffered broken dishes, glassware, windows, and damage to their chimney. Bob stated that most of the chimneys near them fell, but theirs could be repaired. They weren't hurt — said their "safe spot" proved to be safe. We are so happy that they came through all right! Hope that there were not others that we don't know about.

Received a note from Ralph Stroud's son telling us his Dad had passed away quietly in his sleep on June 26, 1989. I also received information from Frank Chaffin that he had been trying to locate George W. Balego. Unfortunately after quite an effort, he located his brother John who advised that George had passed away last year. We extend our heartfelt sympathies to their families. The years are rolling by very fast. A good reason to attend these reunions. They are all real fun.

My wife and I are the only ones who have attended all 25 of the 485th reunions. I doubt that we attend 25 more! Received a nice letter from Garrett Vossler with a real nice brochure on the Kalamazoo, Mich. Aviation History Museum. One unique feature of it is that they try to fly a WWII plane each day, weather permitting. If any of you are near there it might be worthwhile to visit it. Their displays are inside.

Received a letter from Ray Heskes, St. Louis, Crew #75. He attended the reunion at Edwardsville (St. Louis) 20 years ago. He says that he is longing again to see his "family" in the 831st squadron, so he is planning on coming to Dayton. Also heard from Luke Terry stating that he is having difficulty in retiring — always busy! He also is planning on attending in Dayton. He stated that his tail gunner, Jim Bright, has had a bad year healthwise but is coming along. Glad he and Luke are planning to attend. Jim's "parachute buddy" Bud Mattison is doing OK, and Gerald Grady in the VA Hospital is OK. We hope that someday he can arrange to attend a reunion.

Received a letter from Ed Stauverman advising us he has been quite ill, but enjoyed hearing about our activities, and sent his best wishes to us and all his 485th friends. Hope you are doing better, Ed. Also, Hank Dahlberg has sent his best wishes and hopes to attend a reunion soon. We miss you Hank.

Received a very interesting letter from Harry L. McGaw enclosing several articles about WWII Bombers, printed in his local paper The Press-Enterprise, of Bloomsburg, Pa. One of the articles mentions both Harry and Donald Webb, (our own editor) who used to live in Bloomsburg. Harry sent the writer of the articles a copy of our Lightweight Tower for his history records. If you would like a picture copy of this article, please let me know and I will mail it to you.

Frank Chaffin, of Virginia Beach, also sent me a copy of the Virginia Veterans Journal that had several articles in it taken from a copy of our LWT. It is nice to see articles reprinted in papers and magazines about our 485th Group.

Sorry that some of our squadron pictures did not turn out well. Happily the 831st is quite good. Please note all those who attended the reunion from the 831st are listed below the picture in another part of this paper. The group picture that was taken at Lackland AFB standing by a B24 was excellent. I have wanted a picture taken with a rotating camera for years, and this picture was great!

Lynn Cotterman sent me a note with a new 831st name, Marvin Birken, and also asked about Lt. G. Hess, who was a pilot in Italy 1944 and 1945. We have no record or address for him. Do any of you know anything about him? Please advise.

Thanks to all of you for your support through the years, and especially for the prompt response to our recent letter. I have some of the 831st leather patches for any of you who did not pick up your patch at the reunion. They are \$11.00 each and are a close copy of the original ones. Let me know and I will mail one to you if you want to purchase one.

If anyone has an article or experience that you would like to have printed in our newsletter, please send it to Don Webb or to me.

Hope to see you in Dayton!

