



LIGHTWEIGHT TOWER CALLING



NO. 25

FEBRUARY 1992

Peabody, Mass. '92 Reunion Site

The 1992 485th Bomb Group reunion will be held from September 30 to October 4 in Peabody, Mass.

Host and hostess for the event will be Ken and Helen Wall. Below is printed their invitation to all of us to attend this great event:

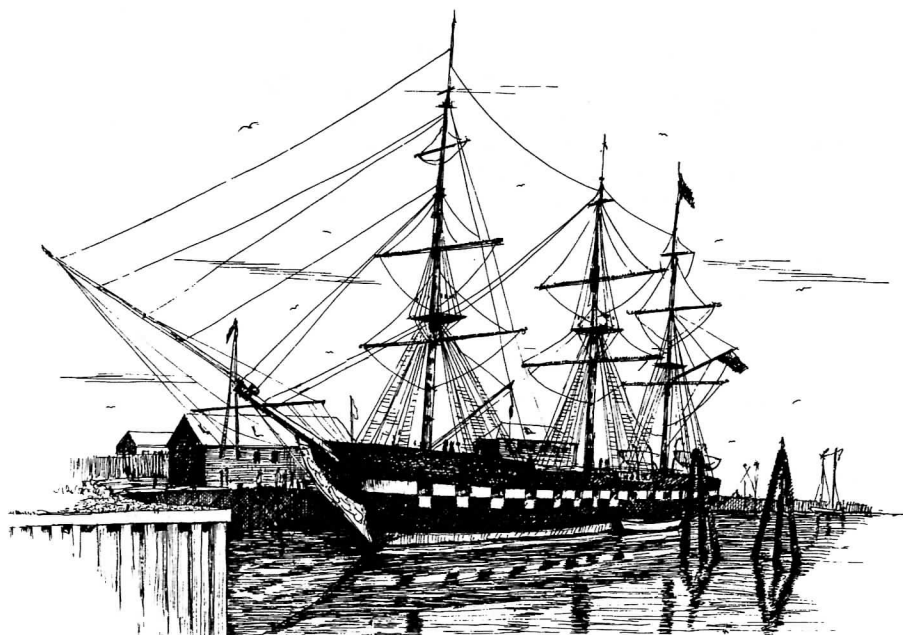
The wandering Walls are back from Little Rock, where Katie and George gave us a hard act to follow. We arrived home the first week of September, to fall in New England, all in it's glorious color. We've requested to heaven for a repeat next year.

Our hotel will be the Marriott at Peabody, Mass. It is a 20 minute ride from Boston, and about the same from Logan Airport. It is also near all the historic attractions of Salem, Lexington and Concord, Gloucester and Rockport, also within two hours you can be in the lake region of New Hampshire, the center of Vermont, or roaming through the L. L. Bean Store in Freeport, Maine; even Cape Cod and Plymouth Plantation.

We are leaving things pretty open for you, but have plans afoot for a tour of Boston, and Lexington-Concord. The most exciting is that there is a very good possibility of the ALL AMERICAN B24J being in our area at the Bedford AFB, so we can tour it.

We are within a mile of two first class shopping centers, and many fine restaurants. The motel will provide transportation for small groups within a limited radius for those who need it while staying there.

I can't emphasize enough!!!! If
(Continued on page 14)



"Old Ironsides" — U.S.S. Constitution — Boston

'91 Reunion Successful

By Bob Deeds

The sands of time are beginning to pass through the hour glass much faster. The headquarters for the year 1991 was the Camelot Hotel, Little Rock, Arkansas. It was another successful reunion.

We can thank our host and hostess, George and Kathy Dyer, for all the work they did to make us welcome. You folks that left early, Chet Kenkolewski and myself gave the Dyers a small remembrance for their fine work; George and Kathy, thanks everyone for a great job well done.

People arrived early with George and Kathy on the ball and had things

moving on Monday. Tuesday was lots of check-ins. The hospitality room was open and registration was started in the memorabilia room. Wednesday the place was being taken over by the 485th; golf practice had begun.

Thursday started our events, with men going to the Little Rock AFB.

The men had a tour of the base, with some wonderful guides, that explained the operation of the base, with a final staging area, with the C-130 large cargo planes. A show was put on for us showing how supplies and men were dropped in the

(Continued on next page)

'91 Reunion

(From preceding page)

desert war.

The ladies of the 485th boarded "The Spirit" stern-powered boat at 10:30 a.m. and at 12:30 p.m. for a cruise down the Arkansas River. The cruise was very nice and a nice luncheon was served aboard.

A very nice style show was presented by Rita Mitchell, owner of "Elle" along with her models. The clothing was of the present styles and colors of the present. It was enjoyed by all. Thursday evening we had a welcome buffet.

Friday saw more vets arriving. The ladies left early for a golf outing at Rebsamen Park, Little Rock, Arkansas.

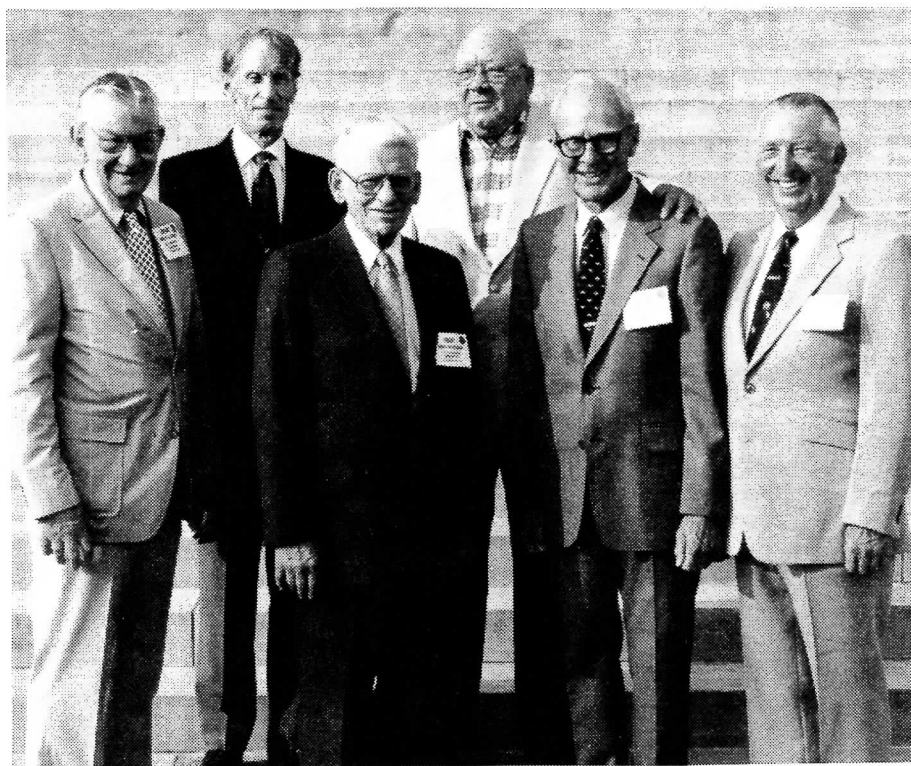
The main purpose was to have a good time so scores are secondary, everyone enjoyed the outing; following places: Elaine Baytola, 1st place; Janet Radel, 2nd place; Colleen Bell, 3rd place; Lillian Cairns, 4th place.

Later on Friday afternoon a squadron meeting was held. In the evening out to Woody's Sherwood Forest for a catfish dinner. Saturday was our business meeting, with the afternoon followed by picture taking; and a evening dinner and dancing with lots of thank you's to George and Kathy Dyer.

Sherrill Burba, as usual, was our director for the Sunday morning services. Sherrill has outdone himself again. The message from Rev. Donald Whitman was most inspiring for all who stayed to hear him. Sherrill is the guy who wrote our 485th prayer and he and many of his friends would appreciate the reunion being held in Dallas in 1995.

There was a total of 208 veterans who attended the reunion. Many came with friends and family. I do believe we had over 500 for the dinner-dance. The hotel provided bus service to restaurants and shopping malls. Some of our guests visited all over the great state of Arkansas.

Next year we will be meeting in Peabody, Massachusetts. Ken and Helen Wall to be our host and hostess. The Peabody, Marriott will be



Headquarters—1st row: H. Cherry, R. Benson, D. Cairns, W. Sortomme. 2nd row: L. Towers, Ben Cooke.

our headquarters. This will not be necessary for you to stay there; many stay with friends or in camp grounds or other motels and hotels.

I would like to invite all on Wednesday to visit the Scottish Rite, headquarters in Lexington, Mass. and the Shriners Hospital in Boston. This will be an all-day affair on Wednesday; we need a full bus to complete our plans. Please let us know as soon as possible if you would like to attend.

I want to thank all the volunteers that help make our reunion a success. This takes many hands and lots of ideas; you people made the memorabilia room come alive.

George thanked the committees for all their work and presented them with presents from the area. I got a box of rice from Stuggart, Arkansas. Next year we will honor all our past host and hostess at Peabody. Please be there for this honor, you people are the backbone of these reunions, without all of your work, time etc., the reunions could not be the success that they have been. I have worked with all these wonderful people and it

is much harder to put the reunion together today than it was in the sixty's and seventy's.

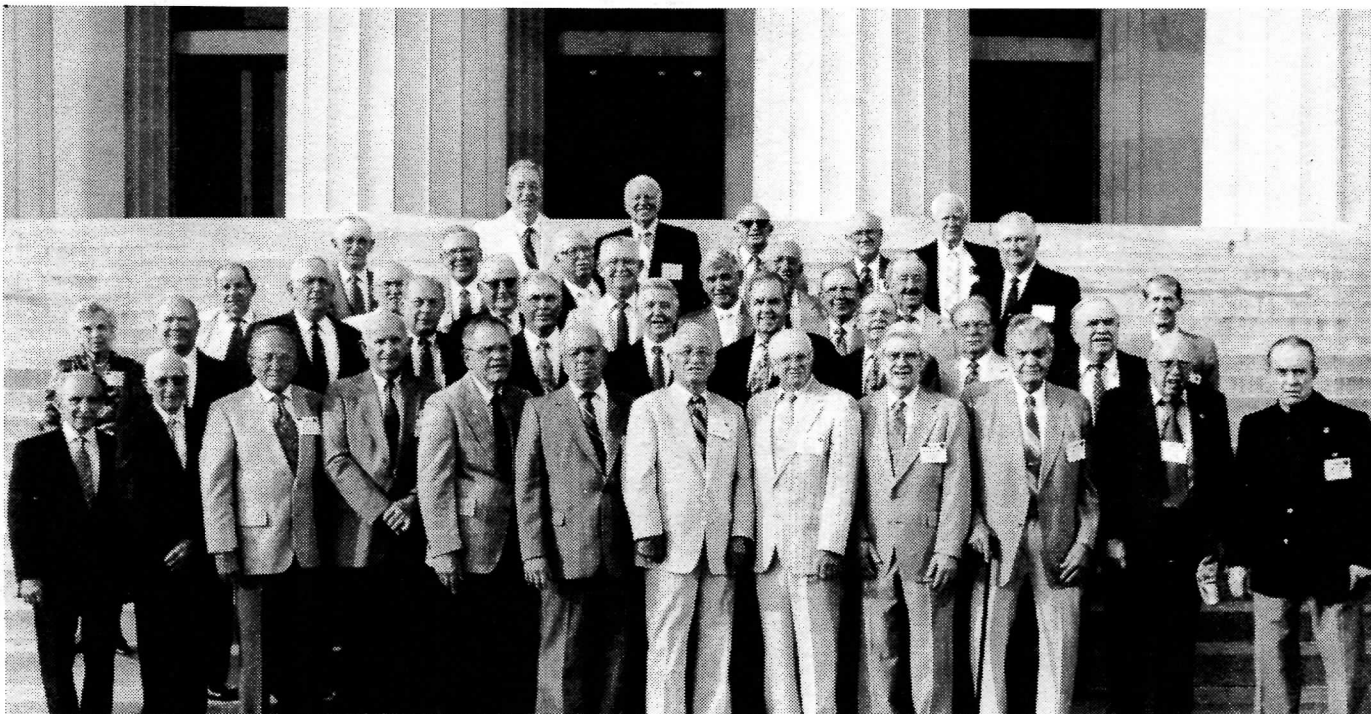
I had a picture of the 485th made from the 1943 when B-24's and B-29's then the missile wing. If any of you would like one, they are \$15.00 a piece along with a fact sheet telling what the 485th did. I can use help in locating veterans from 45-46 B-29's and the men for the missile wing.

If you would put an article in your local paper or veterans paper about our reunion in Peabody, you can send me all names and addresses.

Many of you have asked about medals, medical reports, ribbons, etc. Here is the address to write to: Dept. of the Air Force Hdqts., United States Air Force Historical Research Center, Maxwell Air Force Base, Alabama 36112-6678. To help you locate a lost buddy or friend, check with the state license bureau in which he lived or ask your local veterans service office.

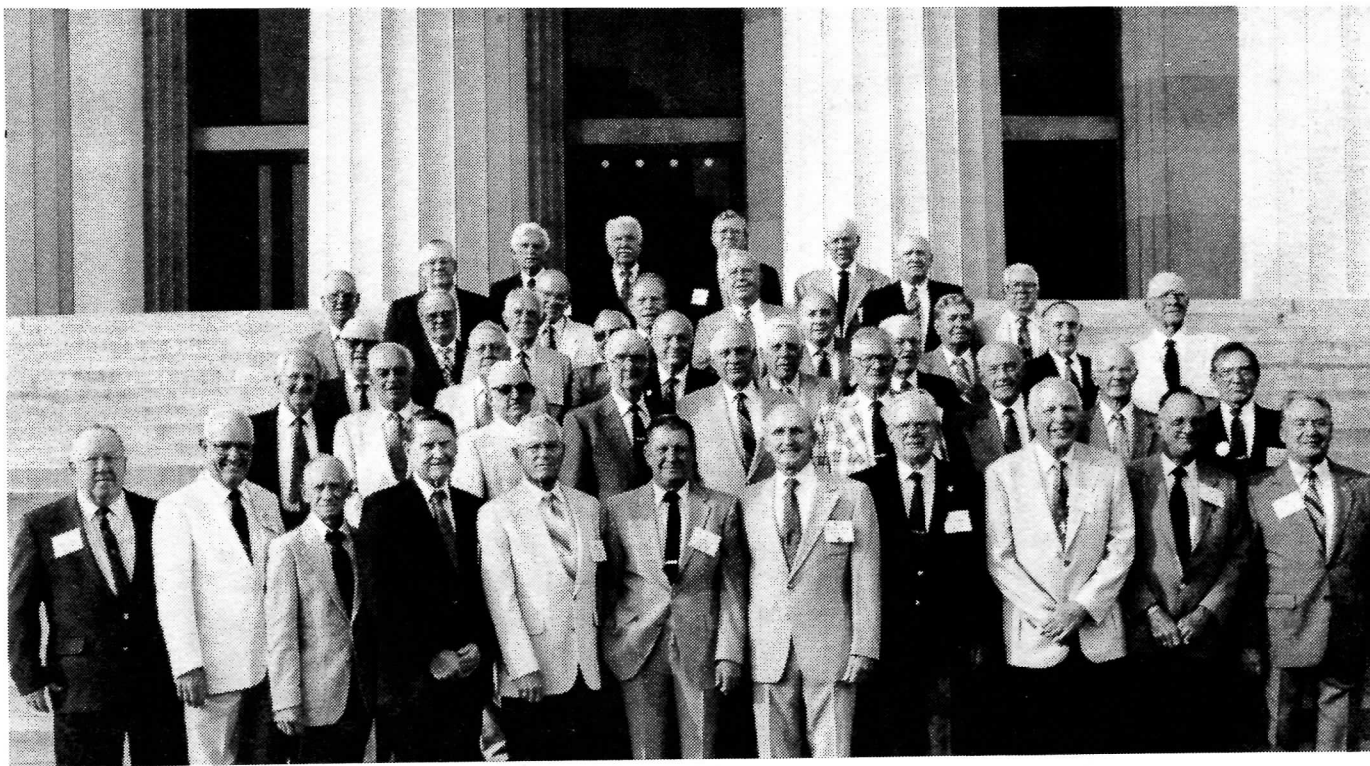
To close I must say "thank you" George and Kathy and all the other wonderful volunteers that we have had over the years.

Squadron Photos at Reunion



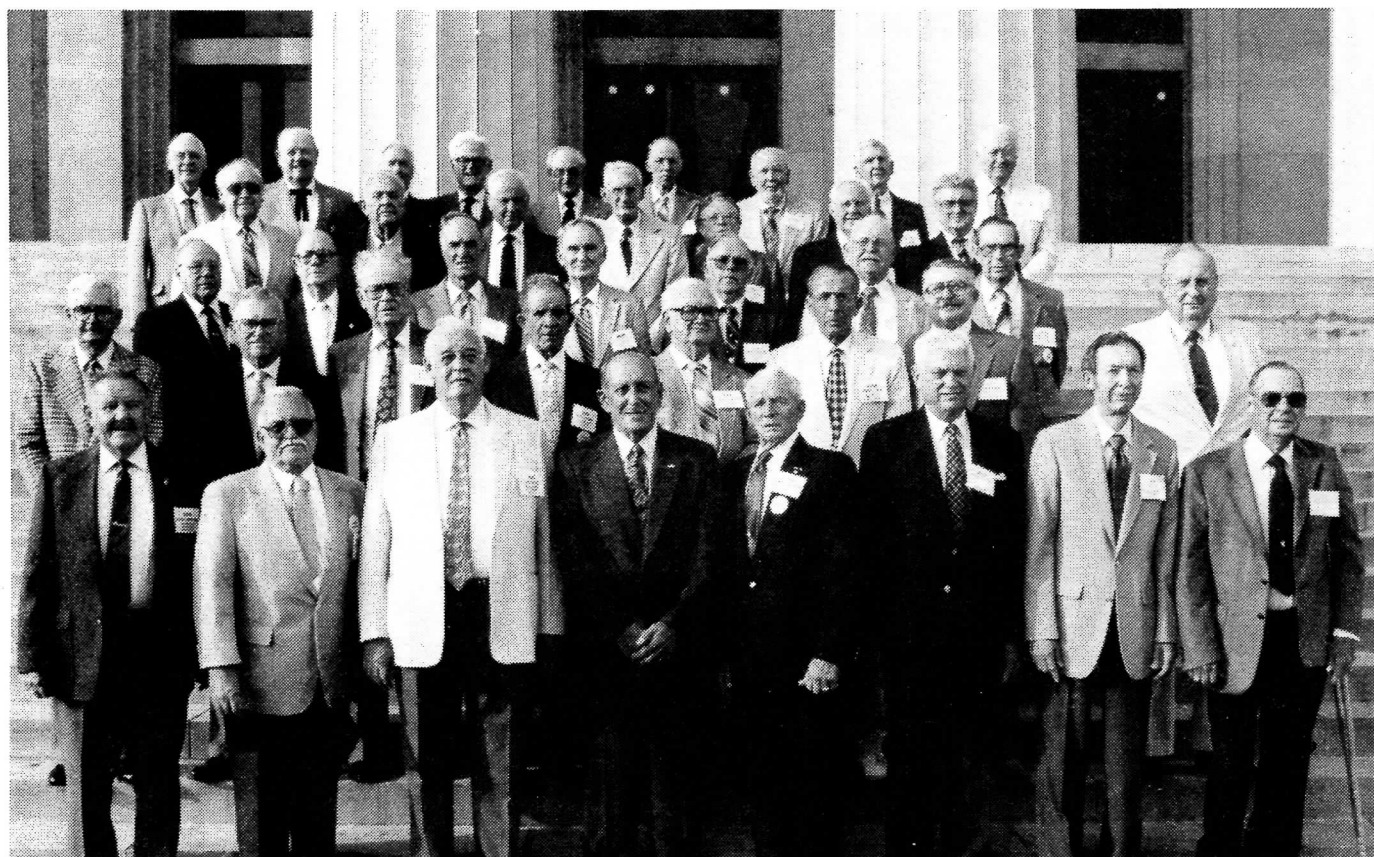
828th Squadron — 1st row: N. Montulli, K. Anderson, J. Rau, W. Whitaker, R. Deeds, J. Morron, C. J. Eden, G. Bell, W. Conley, C. J. Eden, G. Bell, W. Conley. **2nd row:** C. Eckfield, W. M. Bishop, L. Sullivan, D. Shannon, F. Freyermuth, C. Taylor, J. Cox, W. Buckley, A. Meister, A. Borgetti, S.

Burba. 3rd row: L. Schoultz, R. Trautman, L. Black, W. Fritz, J. Bersack, E. Beeson, J. Coker. **4th row:** H. Laorno, G. Ick, P. Whitney, E. McDonald, T. Roemer, F. Baggan, C. Hartman. **5th row:** M. Lydard, E. Orgass, C. Norris, J. Treble. Thirteen not in picture.



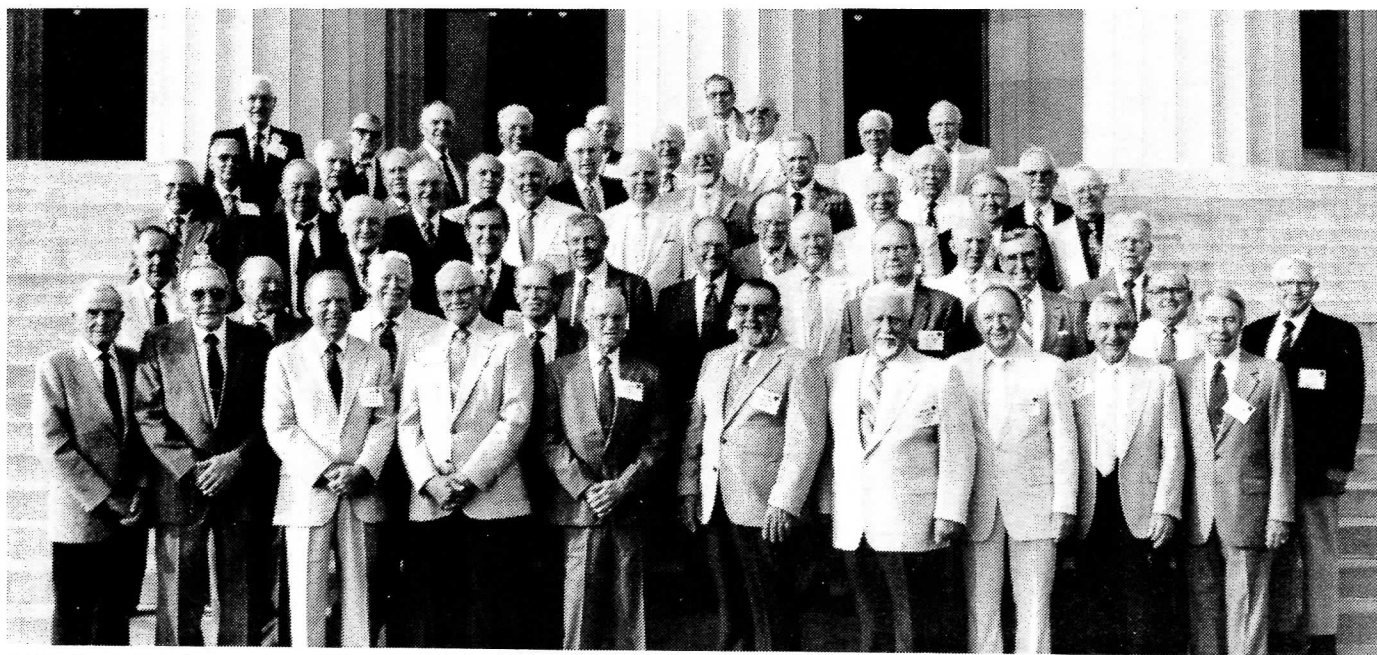
829th Sqdn. — 1st row: Al Martin, R. Scott, R. Merrell, L. Tuggle, D. Roth, E. Meyer, M. Fundling, R. Anderson, D. Whiteman, T. Hough, D. Paar. **2nd row:** B. Culver, A. O'Brien, C. Frye, B. Rempe, C. Schmalenberg, C. West, Wm. Meeks, C. Hoffman, J. Johnson. **3rd row:** K. Weyand,

K. Feldman, A. Peschke, R. Peterson, R. Hagen. **4th row:** R. Mehrkens, M. Lindsay, R. Alley, G. D. Egger, I. Wolf, J. Cathcart, K. Robison, F. Yeager. **5th row:** W. Napier, R. Camden, G. Behunin, R. Skelton, Wm. Long. Six not in picture.



830th Sqdn. — 1st row: C. Konkolewski, R. Roller, P. Lovejoy, G. Raidel, R. Haden, W. Michalke, D. Fedell, E. Tolle. **2nd row:** W. Prosser, S. Baytala, J. McCarthy, J. Artimez, H. Oberholtzer, R. Griffin, L. Povlich, Bob Lewis. **3rd row:** A. Alfieri, S. Barnes, W. DeVore, W. Boling, H. Muehle-

mann, H. Boxley, C. Porter. **4th row:** P. Peterson, M. Taylor, J. Hunter, R. Ritchie, H. Kohlhorst, D. Landrum, L. Martin. **5th row:** C. Miller, G. Dyer (host), B. Cottingham, F. Tunstall, R. Towne, M. Frohling, G. Brown, C. Corbett, K. Muse. Eight not in picture.



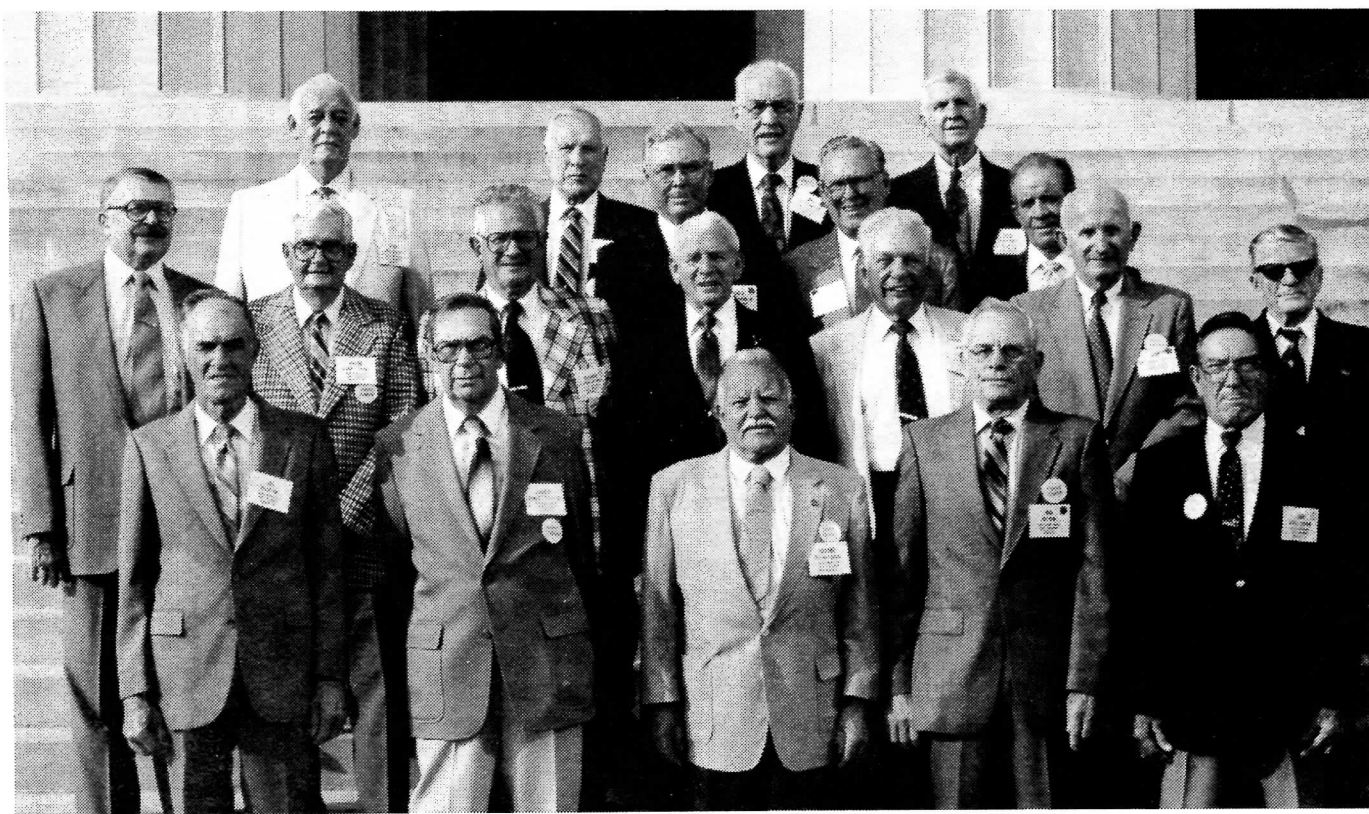
831st Sqdn. — 1st row: W. Woodyard, D. Evjen, B. Rector, J. Godfrey, L. Little, J. Bright, R. Kingsbury, W. Meyers, J. Jackson, C. Woodbury. **2nd row:** D. Sjodin, Bob Lewis, L. Baker, D. Hansen, Bob Hanson, H. Tinney, Robert Baker. **3rd row:** L. Parker, J. Ledbetter, F. Nardi, W. Allen, E. Siantz, E. Prantis, R. Halling, R. Swift. **4th row:** Wm. Cook, R. Heskes, L. Schoeneman, R. Dietrich, G. Byrd, H. Dundon,

L. Sutter, R. Monahan, H. Richards. **5th row:** G. Snyder, A. Dusenberry, R. Bulls, A. Salazar, B. Hedgepeth, B. Edinger, O. Shay, J. William, C. Bostrum. **6th row:** B. Harrington, J. Hansen, R. Hufstader, J. Woodward, T. Fry, Tom Merrell, E. McCarthy, B. VanDellon, K. Brown, W. Highby. Three not in picture.



POW's — 1st row: Ben Cook, R. Scott, J. Bright, B. Culver, R. Roller, L. Tuggle, D. Roth, R. Merrell. 2nd row: W. Sordomme, Al O'Brien, H. Oberholtzer, F. Nardi, R. Rector, E. Isaacson, P. Peterson. 3rd row: H. Cherry, D. Evjen, W.

Prosser, J. Cathcart, R. Haden, G. Raidel, W. Meeks. 4th row: P. Lovejoy, R. Mehrkens, I. Wolf, M. Lindsay, R. Alley, R. Hagen. Chet Konkolewski not in picture.



1st Timers — 1st row: W. DeVore, C. Porter, R. Roller, W. Cook, J. Johnson. 2nd row: L. Povlich, W. Prosser, C. West, R. Haden, J. Woodward, W. Whitaker, John D. Hansen. 3rd row: C. Taylor, P. Whitney, J. Artimez. 4th row: P. Lovejoy, A. Dusenberry, W. Harrington, C. Corbett.

Hugh White Relates Final Mission

(Editor's Note — The following is condensed from a story which appeared in the Alaska Bar Rag late in 1989. It tells of the last mission of Hugh B. White, now an Alaskan attorney, but a 485th pilot in 1944.)

By Hugh B. White

In the third person

It was a beautiful sunny day in Italy and the belly of Europe on the 9th day of June 1944.

After a sleepy 4:30 a.m. briefing, Hugh and his nine-man crew were flying their B-24 Liberator from their base at Venosa, Italy, in a formation of 36 bombers which were a part of a stream of bombers that stretched as far as the eye could see, and farther, both in front of their formation and behind.

It was one of those historic 1,000-plane raids. The bomber stream was headed up the center of the Adriatic Sea, across the coast of the Gulf of Venice a little east of that city of canals, over the Tyrolean Alps of Austria and on to the City of Munich where the railroad yards were to be bombed.

When they had reached their assigned altitude of 20,000 feet. Hugh turned the control of the plane over to his experienced co-pilot and, since it was going to take nearly five hours to reach the target area, he relaxed in the warm sunshine streaming through the window and took a nap.

The flight was uneventful until it was southeast of Munich. Suddenly a nerve-shattering and excited voice came over the intercom. "Bogies at two o'clock high" and, then, all hell broke loose. Hugh looked out the window beside the co-pilot and there were two Messerschmidt 109's, side by side, flying directly at their bomber with fire and fury blazing and flashing from the front of each. The gunners on the bomber were replying in kind. This was aerial combat at its thrilling best. No relaxed atmosphere now; only the exhilaration of lethal aerial warfare.

Within seconds the right outboard engine began to lose power and the

bomber could not maintain its proper place in formation. One of the crew reported over the intercom that heavy oil was streaming from that engine.

Hugh ordered the co-pilot to feather the propeller (turn the propeller so that the thin edge was facing the air flow thereby cutting down air resistance) and to shut that engine down. When the co-pilot had completed that procedure and the propeller had come to a standstill, it started to windmill. It was feathered a second time, but again began to windmill immediately. When a third attempt was made, there was no response. The oil in the engine was apparently gone and there was none to hold the propeller in the feathered position.

Control of the propeller was now lost. It sped up: faster and faster it rotated until it was screaming far beyond its maximum engineered speed. It sounded like an air raid siren. Soon the engine began to vibrate, shaking the airplane like the 1964 earthquake. As the engine seized up, Hugh thought that the horrendous vibration of the engine would wrench it right out of the wing. But, it stayed in place and the propeller came to a shuddering standstill with the flat surface of the blades facing the direction of flight causing an enormous drag on the plane.

The bomber was falling farther and farther behind and was now alone. Hugh did not know for sure that the fighters had left the area and was apprehensive that they would return and attack the bomber again.

The plane was now headed back toward Italy and was well below the bomber stream. An assessment of the situation revealed that no one on the plane was injured.

The engineer took an inventory of the remaining fuel and informed the navigator how long the bomber could remain in flight on that amount of fuel, considering that only three engines were operating and the fourth was creating an enormous drag.

The navigator forwarded the grim

news: it was impossible to return to friendly territory in Southern Italy in that time. A decision was made to fly to Switzerland.

Though the plane could not maintain its altitude with its mechanical problems, the pilots kept the loss of altitude to an absolute minimum. Also, the crew was commanded to throw overboard all unnecessary weighted objects.

Hugh turned the control of the crippled bomber over to the co-pilot and went back along the catwalk in the bomb-bay to the rear of the plane to insure that the crew had thrown every loose item overboard.

He was there when the bomber flew over what appeared to be a small community. But, it was a well fortified community. It was Innsbruck, Austria.

As Hugh was inspecting the rear compartment of the bomber, he heard an explosion and, glancing out a window, saw a puff of black smoke right beside the plane. He recognized it as an exploding anti-aircraft shell, a trial shot by the gunners on the ground. He dashed through the bomb bay, headed for his seat. Just as he arrived in the radio room, another shell made a direct hit and exploded right beside the co-pilot's seat, blowing a large hole in the side of the plane.

The co-pilot screamed and bolted out of his seat forcing Hugh back into the radio compartment. Hugh looked past the emergency co-pilot and saw a huge pool of blood in the vacated seat. As the wounded co-pilot passed him, Hugh shouted into his ear to "bail out" for, undoubtedly, his best chance for survival was to get to a German doctor on the ground. Hugh intended that only the co-pilot bail out, so he did not give the general alarm signal.

There was no one at the controls. Hugh re-entered the pilot's seat through the acrid and pungent smoke which filled the cockpit and banked the plane to the right to avoid the next

(Continued on next page)

Hugh White

(From preceding page)

expected barrage.

It came almost instantly, but it was to the left, four side-by-side puffs of black smoke, right where the plane would have been. He banked the plane to the left, right around the four puffs, for he was sure that the gunners on the ground would try again. Sure enough, the bomber would have been blasted from wingtip to wingtip with the next quadruplet of shells had that maneuver not been made. Having been assigned to the anti-aircraft artillery prior to becoming a pilot and suspecting that the anti-aircraft gunners would figure out his "S" maneuvering, he continued his turn this time. Again the four anti-aircraft gunners on the ground had placed their shells right where the plane would have been had it turned back.

Now, the turn back was made, but no more telltale smoke puffs were seen: the bomber must now have been out of range of the gunners.

Hugh had been too busy until now to realize that he, too, had a cut on his forehead from the shrapnel and the blood was streaming down into his eyes and dripping from his chin. But that was a minor matter at this point.

He looked back into the radio compartment to check on the crew and only then discovered that they had followed the co-pilot and bailed out through the opened bomb bay doors.

Hugh was alone in the front part of the plane.

There were mountains close ahead which were higher than the altitude of the plane. Since he was alone, and the bomber was severely damaged and was sure to crash soon, he chose to be a live coward rather than a dead hero.

He was wearing his parachute harness, so he reached for his chest-type parachute pack which had been placed behind his seat before takeoff (two snaps on the pack fastened to corresponding D-rings on the harness). All he retrieved was the largest white silk handkerchief that he had ever seen. His parachute was "popped" and the silk from it was wall to wall on the radio room floor.

He hurriedly exited his seat, snapped the open back to his harness, and gathered up the yards and yards of silk, just as a laundress would gather up a huge armful of dirty bed sheets, and jumped down the three-foot step onto the catwalk which ran back along the center of the bomb-bay.

But Hugh didn't realize he didn't have all the silk in his arms. Part of it was hooked on a piece of equipment back up in the radio room. Back up he went to free it. While there he looked into the cockpit to insure that the plane was still flying straight and level, but it was nosing up. So he turned the trim tab a bit to again level the bomber and jumped back down onto the catwalk with the regathered silk. As he sat down on the catwalk ready to roll out head-first, the small pilot chute, which usually pulls the rest of the silk from the pack, dropped out of the plane into the slipstream, shot up into the rear bomb bay, and snarled on a piece of equipment. Hugh could not pull it loose. He looked down and saw the ground coming closer as the plane flew into the mountains, so he rolled out hoping that his weight would jerk the chute loose. It did.

He looked up and saw that his parachute had not blossomed and that it was trailing and fluttering above him like a rag in the wind; the shrouds were tangled in a spiral. He reached up and attempted to untwist them and send a loop up the shrouds by snapping his arms far apart and back together again. Numerous unsuccessful attempts made the scenery much less attractive. Yet, it was the only alternative to keep from making a little dimple in Mother Earth. He continued his efforts with much more determination as the ground grew ever nearer and less inviting. Finally, in quick succession, the chute's folds blossomed and he hit the ground. But the ground was neither level nor bare. It was a steep mountainside covered with about two feet of snow. He went bobsledding down the mountain, through some low brush, until he came to a step as his parachute snagged on the brush.

Hugh stood up and took stock of himself. He was unhurt other than the cut on his forehead, and the fingers of both hands were hurting because they had become entwined in the shrouds when the chute opened, forcing the blood out through his finger tips.

Now he must plan an escape out of the country. From a map that was in the escape kit (it was fastened inside the parachute pack) he found that he was on the west side of a valley leading south to Brenner Pass. It was now about midday.

Walking down the mountain at timberline, Hugh heard a click behind him. He turned and found himself looking down the barrel of a rifle, "%&##\$%\$&##*" and he observed that it had a nicely polished bore. The Hitler Youth Corps boys had been taught, evidently, to keep their rifles polished and clean.

Hugh had been forcefully invited, with nary a request for a R.S.V.P., and was now an involuntary guest of the Third Reich where he remained for the worst part of the next year. Such were the experiences of this future lawyer on the 15th day of the 7th month of his 24th year.

Widows Urged

An effort is underway to urge widows of 485th veterans to attend the 1992 reunion in Peabody, Mass.

Mrs. Leona Schoultz, widow of Bill Schoultz, a 828th veteran, is asking all other widows to "please consider attending this year's reunion." She said, if widows respond, she would like to arrange some special event for them during the reunion.

Leona has asked any widows who have questions to contact her at 532 Park Ave., Newton Falls, Ohio 44444. Her telephone number is (216) 872-1017.

Leona and her husband are credited with originating the idea of reunions, having held a reunion of seven members of the 828th squadron in 1960.

In 1964 the reunion was expanded to embrace the entire 845th Bomb Group.

Leona's husband, Bill, died in 1975.

485th Chapel

One of the important buildings for members of the 485th Bomb Group, headquartered in Venosa, Italy during World War II, was the group chapel.

The chapel was the headquarters for Chaplain William P. Golder, whose task it was to look over the spiritual needs of the young men stationed there.

For flying personnel, it was Chaplain Golder who offered a prayer for the safe return of the crews at the end of every flight briefing.

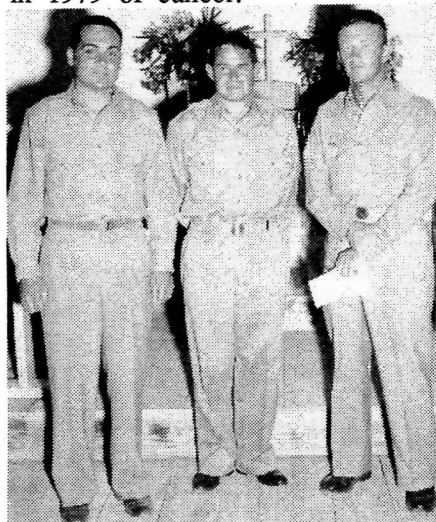
The chapel was dedicated on July 16, 1944 during a service with a packed house in the sanctuary.

Chaplain Golder held Protestant, Catholic and Jewish services in the chapel every week. He was a friend to everyone.

What happened to him after the war? Bob Benson, our headquarters reporters, tells us that William Golder was discharged in early 1946, but he remained in the active reserves with a unit stationed at O'Hara Airport, Chicago.

He became pastor of the Ravenswood Baptist Church in Chicago until the Korean conflict began when his reserve unit was called to active duty.

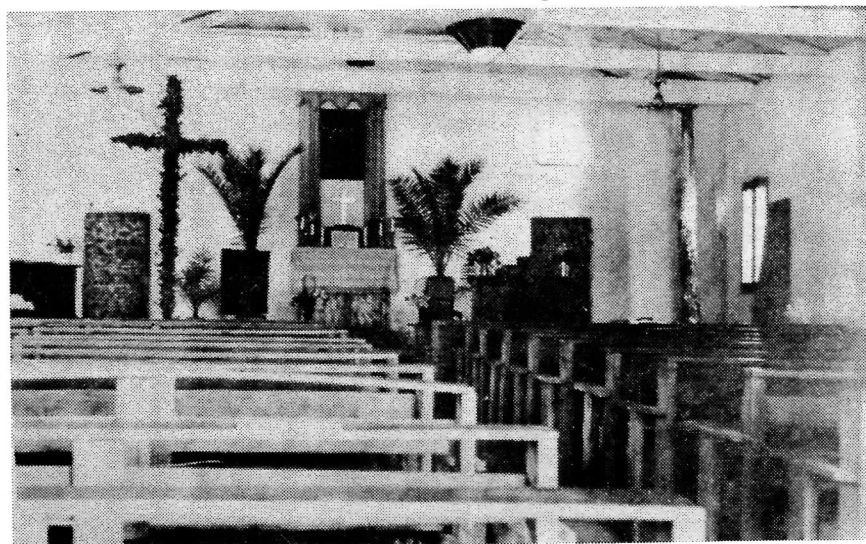
He became a full colonel and died in 1979 of cancer.



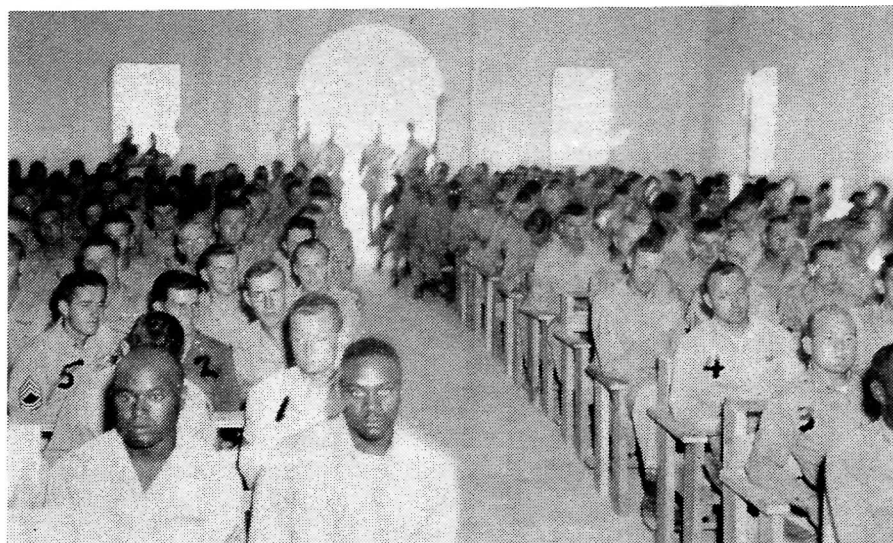
Pictured on the chapel's dedication day were, left to right: Chaplain William P. Golder; Col. Arnold, group commander, and the wing chaplain.



The 485th Bomb Group Chapel



Inside the group chapel on Easter Sunday, 1945

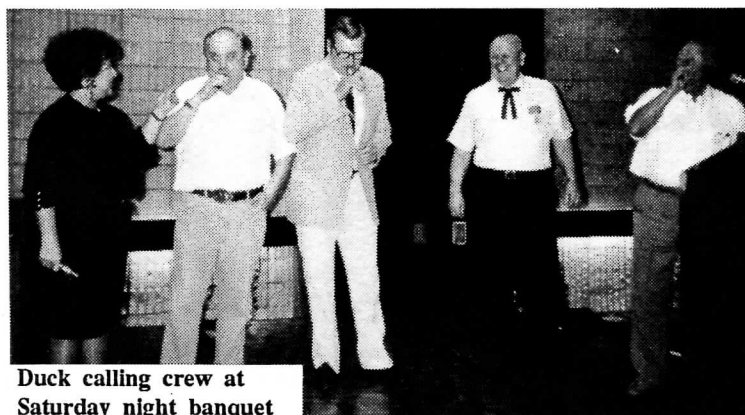


The chapel's dedication day on July 16, 1944. Identified in the congregation that day were: 1. Guy Painter; 2. Bob Meyer; 3. Major Sjodin; 4. Captain Davis, and 5. Bill Anderson.

Photos from 1991 Little Rock Reunion



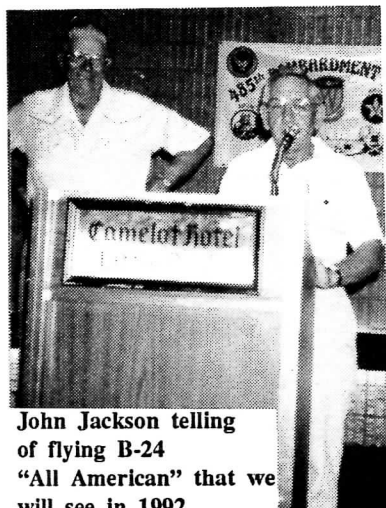
Katy and
George Dyer



Duck calling crew at
Saturday night banquet



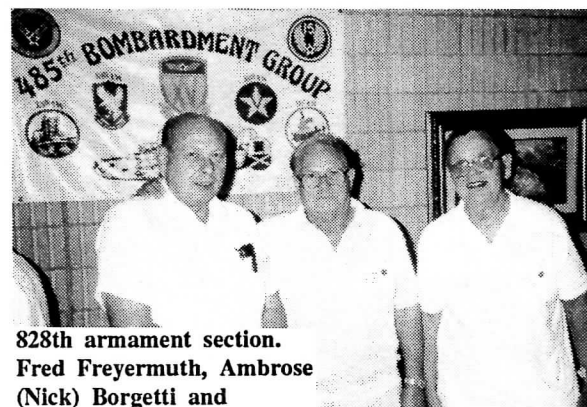
Rev. Donald Whiteman
giving Sunday
morning message



John Jackson telling
of flying B-24
"All American" that we
will see in 1992



485th men with George
Dyer and captain



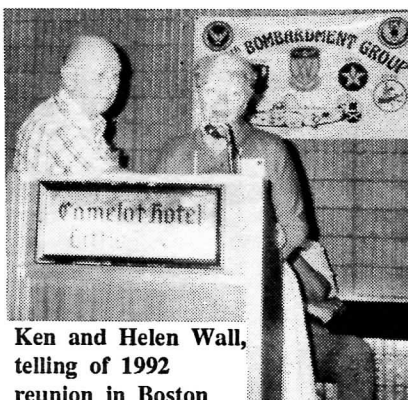
828th armament section.
Fred Freyermuth, Ambrose
(Nick) Borgetti and
Bob Deeds



Bill Ferrell accepting
B-24 for travelling
farthest — from Tacoma, Wa.



Two reunion regulars —
Howard and Mary Sanborn



Ken and Helen Wall,
telling of 1992
reunion in Boston



Group of 829th at Sherwood Forest
Barbeque and fish fry Friday night

First B-24s to Near 100 Combat Missions

(Note — Recently I completed printing the 485th historical records from 16mm microfilm. Included in the records were copies of the Group's weekly publication "Bombs Away". In the issue dated March 25, 1945. I found the following article which gives an insight on the dedication of the ground crews in caring for their Liberators and combat crews.
— Carl Gigowski)

SIX 830TH SHIPS: "LIFE," "PRINCESS MARIE," "BUZZ JOB," "RING DANG DOO," and "THE NAMELESS ONES," COMPETE WITH "TAILHEAVY," and "THE CHARACTER" OF THE 831ST IN CLOSE CONTEST FOR COVETED GOAL!"

One year ago last month, 72 ships were brought to Fairmont, Nebraska for the 485th Bomb Group. Today, of those original 72, only eight remain, six in the 830th, and two in the 831st. That's why, this week, BOMBS AWAY would like to tip its hat to these eight ships and to those men on the ground who, for nearly a year, have adhered to that time worn by always meaningful phrase, "Keep 'Em Flying!"

LIFE (WF 42-52728h)

Leading the pack with 84 sorties (as we go to press) is LIFE, symbol ship of the 830th with MSgt. "Chet" Davis as her crew chief. LIFE has had a colorful and famous career, and adorned the pages of SORTIE, STARS AND STRIPES and LIFE magazine. "I'm crossing my fingers as I say this," smiled Chet, "but so far, no one on the ship has ever been scratched, even though one of the tail gunners, TSgt Stewart Gansell, did shoot down an ME 109."

"On one mission," said Cpl. Willard Rose, who has shared the spotlight with Chet since Fairmont days, "a small piece of flak landed in the fuselage right above the nose wheel



and cut 82 wires and one of the accumulator brackets. On another mission, a piece of flak went thru the copilot's window and knocked FO John Christen's oxygen mask off and never touched him."

"We attribute our good luck to two things," exclaimed Cpl. Nicholas Aita, who completes the trio. "First, there is a tiny baby shoe, belonging to Rose's little daughter, hanging in the tail turret. And in the nose turret is a picture of Christ, placed there by SSgt. Clarence "Deacon" Miller, the first to occupy the spot. Clarence is

stationed at Corpus Christi, Texas and wrote that the picture is to remain there until the ship finishes its combat time."

The first pilot of LIFE was Capt. Glenn Jones, who is now at Tyndall Field, Fla. Next was Lt. Simon Baytale, who went home last week. Right now the crew is sweating out a new pilot.

TAILHEAVY (BC 41-28834H)

Edging LIFE for top honors is TAILHEAVY of the 831st. Crew chief on TAILHEAVY is TSgt.

(Continued on next page)

First B-24s

(From preceding page)

James Houlihan, who along with Sgt. George Abele, has looked after her since she arrived in the Group. Sgt. John Vavrek completed the trip until he went home on TD after her 54th sortie last January and was replaced by Sgt. Frank Johnson.

“We’re quite proud of the fact that she flew the Group’s first 13 missions without a let-up and has gone as many as 20 missions without an early return or mishap,” stated Jim. “Two of the original engines, #3 and #4, lasted 447 hours. On one mission two engines failed. Lt. Homer Disharoon, who was flying her at the time, brought her in despite a terrific crosswind. He was less than 50 yards behind another plane much of the time. The two nearly crashed but luck must have been with them, because he was able to get her in okay.”

On her 19th mission TAIL-HEAVY came back with the right aileron shot away by a direct hit from a 20mm flak gun. Her crew figures that today she has at least 450 flak holes in her side. However, she has given as much as she has taken, for on her 25th mission, the tail gunner SSgt. Bruno Plocica, shot down two ME 109s as they drove on the formation. Sitting at TAILHEAVY's controls has been Lt. Kenneth Craighead, Lt. Disharoon, Lt. Sam Mackle, and now Lt. Robert Baker.

BUZZ JOB (WH 42-52724H)

"You can bet we're proud," stated MSgt. James Mechan, 830th crew chief on BUZZ JOB, "Of the fact that our ship was the first in the 485th to drop its bombs on an enemy target. It was last May 10th when the Group had gone to Knin, Yugoslavia. Col. Richard Griffin, our CO at the time, was flying deputy lead in the ship. When Col. Walter Arnold's ship developed trouble, Col. Griffin took over the lead." Sharing the responsibility for BUZZ JOB's success are Sgt. Alvin D. Reynolds and Cpls.



Frank Wieckowski and Jim Hewitt, who joined the others several months ago.

BUZZ JOB received her name from her first pilot, Capt. William Boling, whose middle name was Buzz, and who also got a terrific bang out of buzzing the field constantly. On one of the buzz jobs, Sgt. Reynolds, known as "Slim", who is six feet, six inches tall, was in the nose turret (don't ask how he ever managed to squeeze into the turret). When the ship started flying so low over hay stacks that she was cutting grass with the prop tips, Slim decided that he'd just about had enough and refused to go up again until Capt. Boling promised to reform.

"And she's been shot up a lot,"

joined in Frank. "Over Vienna, so many holes were pumped into her, she looked like a sieve. Her hydraulic and electrical systems were shot out. Number 2 engines was hit by flak and feathered. Capt. Boling kept #4 engine running by using the feathering button to keep the prop from running away. For his work on this mission, he received the DFC."

“She has been to practically every country in Europe where the 15th AF flies,” added Jim, “Having gone to Vienna 13 times and Ploesti 6 times; took part in the fight for Rome and has left her mark in France, Austria (Weiner Neustadt and Lintz) and Budapest. One time she had to go to a service squadron for repairs because

(Continued on next page)

First B-24s

(From preceding page)

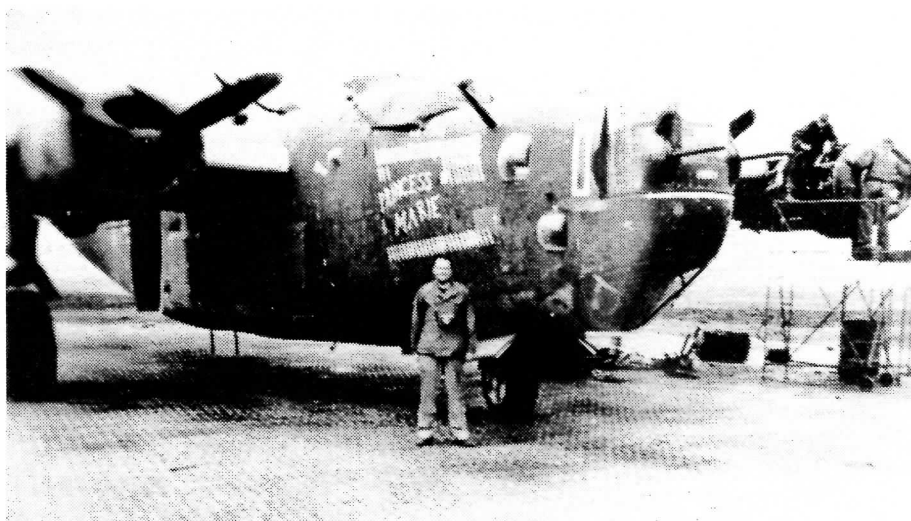
three main wing spars were practically cut in half, causing a hole a foot and a half in diameter."

THE CHARACTER (BM 42-52727H)

If you do not believe prayers helps, you might take a look at the crew of THE CHARACTER, the 831st second entry in the long run sweepstakes. Every morning just before take-off, the ground and combat crews of the ship gather for a brief reading from the Scriptures, with crew chief MSgt. Lester York conducting the service. "We never miss a mission," states Les, "And it seems to help the men a lot."

With 73 sorties to her credit, THE CHARACTER is looked after by a crew of three, with Sgt. Henry Pickett and Cpl. Shufford Hall assisting Kentucky-born Les. In her year of combat, she's experienced just about every kind of trouble and hard luck possible. On her 15th mission, over Vienna, she was shot-up badly. Lt. James Ledbetter, her pilot at the time, was forced to fly her to Vis on two engines. She was on Vis for 30 days, for four engine and fuel cell changes and was out another month after returning. On October 1, she had a taxi accident. The nose section was damaged, forcing her out of commission for another two weeks. Then in a raid over northern Italy in late November she was shot-up again. The complete tail assembly had to be changed and all the wheels.

"To date, we've had five pilots," affirmed Les, and it seems to be bad luck for one of them to leave the ship. First was Lt. James McNulty, who, on his 12th mission, flew a different ship in a different squadron, went down. Next was Lt. Ledbetter, who stayed with the ship and completed his 35 missions by the end of September. When Lt. David Blood flew a different ship the middle of January, he went down over Yugoslavia. He



returned and is now home. Capt. Robert Brown has been transferred to headquarters and presently Lt. Homer Mason is at the controls." **RING DANG DOO**
(WQ 41-29536H)

As rugged as her name is, RING DANG DOO, has been under the tutelage of SSgt. Howard Megaffee every since "the good old days". Working with Howard since last September have been Cpl. Ralph Schrock and Pfc. Carl Heimer. "RING DANG DOO has 75 sorties," stated Howard, "and she's gone thru plenty, having

been forced to land once at Gioja, once at Bari, and once at Vis. She's the kind of ship that has prompted the guys in the squadron to say that nowadays, they don't brief the crews, they brief the planes and the planes take the crews to the target without another word."

Lt. Col. William Herblin, first Deputy Group Commander, use to fly RING DANG DOO as the lead ship. Others who climbed into that all important cockpit were Lt. Col. Richard Griffin, Major John Stoddard and

(Continued on next page)

First B-24s

(From preceding page)

Capt. Herman Davis. Incidentally, Capt. Davis' crew shot down two ME 109s. Presently, RDD is out of commission because of fuel cell leaks. "You can bet," says Howie, "That she'll be back flying again just as soon as the changes are made."

PRINCESS MARIE

(WI 42-52694H)

The crew on PRINCESS MARIE have more than one reason for wanting their ship to score the 19 missions which will give her the 100 record. Just before leaving for home, Capt. Hugh Garnett promised the crew that he would send them a case of whiskey on that memorable day. You can bet that MSgt. Joe Herman, SSgt. George Rookard, Sgt. Steve Michetek and Sgt. Grant Loy, aren't passing up a golden opportunity such as this.

"Only one man has ever been hurt in the ship," vowed Joe, just turned 43, who claims to be the oldest man in the group (anyone older, please contradict), "he was SSgt. Arthur Housden, tail gunner on Capt. Garnett's crew. The ship has never been shot-up much and has less than 50 holes in her sides. She has flown 804 hours and undergone 10 engine changes."

"In fact, the only accident to befall the ship," said Steve, "came about one morning when, just after taxiing down the runway, prior to take-off, the nose wheel collapsed. They wanted to salvage the ship, but luck was with us, and they changed their minds in time, and it was fixed up once more, much to our relief."

While he was pilot, Capt. Garnett used to have a tiny wooden man which he kept as a good luck piece and rubbed fervently before each mission. He courted MARIE on his first 49 missions. The day he completed his 50th mission, MARIE was under going an engine change. After Capt. Garnett left, he was replaced by Lt. Joseph Cathy. Lt. Donald Adams

is the pilot assigned to her at the moment.

504 (no name) WN 41-29504H)

One for the books occurred after the Regensburg raid last month when Sgt. Albert Hathy, one the crew on 504 found a piece of flak lodged in the #3 engine and fuel cell bearing the identical number "504" on it. Hathy immediately pocketed it as a good luck charm.

"So far," declared her crew chief MSgt. Chuck Vranian, "she's flown 483 hours and we're counting on her to double that score before she finishes. On her 37th sortie over Bucharest she suffered a 20mm direct hit in the nose; and on the last Regensburg raid, a 20mm cannon blast from enemy aircraft hit #3 engine and fuel cell, narrowly missing the pilots deck."

"So far," joined in Sgt. Bernard Smith, who, like Vranian and Hathy, has been with the ship since she joined the group, "she had made no crash landings, but when an engine went out on one flight, she was forced to land at a fighter group field in Madna, remaining there from December 19 until January 18.

"Major Francis Tunstall flew her across the ocean," added Pfc. Henry Thomas, who's been a member of the crew since last October; "and got his first 25 in it. Capt. George Talsma followed him, and then came Capt. Hugh Garnett and Lt. Donald Gambrill, who's piloting her at the moment."

Since her crew has given her no name in all these months, one might refer to 504 as "The Illegitimate Child," or some such thing. She's more than held her own with the best on the field. And as we write this, she has rolled up a total of 79 sorties.

498 (no name) (WB 41-29498H)

Believing that it's bad luck to name a ship after she's once begun her tour of combat, the crew of 498 has never attached a label to her but merely refer to her as "The Ship". Keeping her flying month in and

month out are MSgt. Darrell "Stub" Gillespie, of Indiana; Sgt. Grant Loy, of Pennsylvania; and Cpls. James Hewett, hailing from way down there in Texas, and Henry Cannon, North Carolina born, suh!

"She has 60 sorties behind her," declared Stub, "and right now is in Bari for repairs. We're only hoping she'll be back soon, as we hate to see all the other OD ships pulling away from us. Right now, we don't know anything definite."

Capt. Verne Bryson flew her over. Shortly after that, he brought her back with 24 large holes in her sides. And on July 22 Lt. Henry Hullyard landed her at Pantanella field with almost everything torn out of her. One engine was out and to lighten the load, the crew had to toss overboard practically everything possible. Right now Lt. Michael Juday is the pilot of "Nameless".

Well, there you are. Eight ships and behind them lies more drama, color and adventure than Hollywood ever crowded into a dozen scripts. That's why we say once again to all those guys who smooth them out on the ground and sweat them out in the air, "You're doing a great job, we're all for you!"

(Note — The eight original assigned Liberators survived the war. According to information received from John R. Beitling, B-24 Historian and Archivist, 16 of the original Libs survived the war. Of these two returned to the States while the rest were salvaged during July and August of 1945. It is likely a number of these were transferred out of the 485th before the war ended. Records indicate our bomber strength on 1st April 1945 was 65 combat ready bombers and three war wearies. I would be most grateful to hear from crews of the original Libs in helping to determine how many of the original Libs were assigned to the Group when we completed our combat flying on 25 April 1945. — Carl Gigowski)

Dyers Express Appreciation

By Kathy Dyer

George and I wish to express our thanks and appreciation for the beautiful engraved, handmade glass serving plate.

What a special memento of the 27th annual reunion! This will be a reminder, for a lifetime, of this special event for us.

And to the 830th squadron, what a pleasant surprise you gave me in presenting to me the dozen beautiful red roses! As I was lost for words the morning you presented them, I still don't have the words to express my appreciation and joy.

So, again, I will say, "thank you, thank you, thank you." You made this little humble girl feel like a "Queen for a Day."

Also George wants to thank those who used Delta Air Lines to and from Little Rock as there were enough of you for him to earn a round-trip flight free to any point in the U.S.A. that Delta flies within a period of one year from the date of our reunion.

'91 Reunion

(Continued from page 1)

you plan to attend, please make your reservations early!!!!

Or, if you plan to roam about the New England states, either before or after the reunion, check ahead for reservations there also, as most places are booked way ahead.

Our room rate has been set at \$75.00 per night, with an extension period before and after. Transportation to and from Logan can be arranged in advance by you with an 800 number which will be included in the reservation mailer, and the fee is nominal.

Rental cars and vans are available at many agencies at Logan, and also

at the motel.

Our final plans will be ready after the first of the year, and we'll get them out to you as quickly as possible.

The dates are September 30 through October 4, 1992.

LIGHTWEIGHT TOWER CALLING

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JOURNEY'S END

Joe Hasulak, 831st	May 14, 1991
Don Celania, 831st	July 10, 1991
Shuford Hall, 831st	Sept. 20, 1989
Raymond B. Root, 831st	Aug. 1988
Norman Hoyer, 831st	Jan. 20, 1987
Jesse E. Minter, Jr., 831st	
Howard Krantz, 830th	Mar. 18, 1991
Irving Parker, 828th	Oct. 1991
Robert Marland, 828th	Oct. 1991
Fred Freenburg, 830th	
Roy Hertzog, 820th	
Clifford A. Martin, 830th	
Charles (Red) Moore, 830th	

MAIL ROOM

485TH BOMB GROUP HQ —

Bob Benson



The 27th annual reunion of the 485th Bomb Group was another big success and, from my observation, everyone had a wonderful time. There were approximately 400 vets, wives and guests in attendance, and of the vets there were 40 first-timers. George and Katy Dyer did an excellent job in all of their arrangements, and we thank them very much for everything.

We had only six headquarters men at this reunion: Howard Cherry, Ben Cook, Doug and Lil Cairns, Warren and Joyce Sortomme, Loyd and Evelyn Towers and Dorothy and I. Bob Marland, Bill Angle, "Pop" Arnold, John Hannan, Pete Venson and Sherman Peters - they each either wrote to me or phoned to say that they wouldn't be able to make the reunion due to either health problems or other commitments. I'm sorry they were unable to be with us, but I hope they will be able to make it next year.

The memorabilia room was a very active place. One

could easily spend hours looking over all the items and material that were brought by the various men. One item that was of particular interest was a number of photos that were taken on several 485th combat missions. These photos are outstanding, and there is an interesting story about them and how they were discovered in a building in New Jersey that was about to be demolished about a year ago. When I returned home I had 131 prints made for men who wanted them for their collection.

Across from the memorabilia room was a very comfortable lounge that the hotel provided for those who wanted to relax and visit over a cup of coffee or glass of iced tea. I'm sure there must have been 20 to 30 different conversations going on at any given time.

The Saturday night dinner-dance is always the highlight of the reunions, and the Little Rock one was no exception. The food was good, the service was excellent and the music was great. The entertainment that was provided was most enjoyable.

While the dinner-dance is always the highlight, the memorial-breakfast is, without a doubt, the most impressive. It always produces some wet eyes and a lump in the throat. It was a beautiful climax to the reunion.

Following the memorial-breakfast, most everyone begins their trip back home and one regrets to see the reunion come to an end. Saying goodbye to everyone sometimes becomes rather difficult, but everyone is still in a good mood and looking forward to the next get-together.

The subject of how many more years will we be able to have our reunions was discussed one afternoon between several of us who were gathered in the lounge. We're all getting older each year, and we must realize that they can't go on forever. For those who are interested in these gatherings, it's important to attend the affairs so long as one's health will permit. To those of you who have yet to attend one of our reunions, I say you are missing a wonderful experience. I wish you would plan now to be with us in Boston in October '92.

To those of you from whom I've received letters and/or phone calls over the past year, I thank you very much. I always enjoy hearing from you. And, thank you for your financial support, which is greatly appreciated.

Our next reunion will be in Peabody, Massachusetts, which is about 15 miles north of Boston, September 30 to October 5, 1992. It will be an ideal time of the year to be in that area of the country and, God be willing, I hope to see many of you there.

My sincere wishes for a wonderful 1992 to each of you.

828TH BOMB SQDN —

Bob Deeds



As all know that attended the reunion, I was back at my old job. Carl Gigowski, my partner in these affairs, had an anemia condition. For medical reasons Carl could not be in Arkansas. He is finishing up on the history of the 485th.

I received a thank you letter from Cape May Historical Society for a picture of Life B-24 that I gave them. I also gave a picture of the B-24 to the Dayton museum. We received a thank you from Lansing Veterans Memorial. Thanks to the many donations from our squadron and the work of Carl Mazzoni.

On a sad note we lost Joe Nett, Ed's wife. We sent donations to the Coronary Care Unit in Dayton. We lost a friend, Howard Krantz, from the 830th. We made a donation to Hospice Fund.

I visited with Ken and Helen Wall in Massachusetts last year helping plan the reunion for 1992. We will be headquartered at the Peabody Marriott. They can use any local advertising you can help with throughout your local papers or veterans magazines. I can help if you need assistance with a fact sheet.

My tent buddy, Somers Corson, is looking for the plaque that was on the church in Venosa, Italy. Somers is curator in a museum and it will be put alongside of our 485th picture. Someone in our group has it.

We had 38 men and 17 wives attending our squadron meeting. We had introductions from all the men and some remarks. I won't write about, and some picture taking, mine were not so good. Ed Nett spoke to our squadron. Cal

Fife went to Woody's cook out, a catfish dinner with all the trimmings.

I want to thank all that help with our financial fund for the mailing. Last count we have 240 veterans we send mail out to three times a year. I want to thank all you fellows that help out in the many ways. It is the volunteers and the donations that keep us going.

Our newsletter will be mailed by Don Webb. He will be mailing them out by zip code. It will be a savings for us.

If any of you move, let someone know or if there is a wrong number, spelling, etc., of if you have more than one address, phone number. We want to correct them as soon as possible.

Guys, I enjoy seeing you fellows every year. We try to have the reunion in different parts of the country. This will give all a chance to come. This will be our first time in the northeast; it will be in the fall of 1992, so come to Peabody. This will be a time to enjoy meeting your friends from WWII days and our squadron has people from every walk of life.

Leona Schultz was back helping me this time. Leona is the gal who got us to have the first 828th reunion in Newton Falls, Ohio in 1960. Leona would like to see more widow ladies come to the reunion. You will have a great time and meet the best people in the world. You can write Leona at 532 Park Avenue, Newton Falls, Oh 44444.

829th BOMB SQDN. —

Earl Bundy



We had a good representation of flying personnel as well as ground personnel and first timers at the reunion. Bill Ferrell received the B-24 for traveling the furthest — from Tacoma, Wash.

George Dyer and "Cotton Plant" Katy, his wife, worked very hard to plan and provide an excellent 1991 reunion and it was profitable, too.

I am feeling real good now, in addition to seeing very well with both eyes since the completion of cataract removal. It was such a pleasure to be back to the reunion and I thank all of you for your support during the past two years. All of the 829th in attendance gave generously to support my mailing costs.

I was very pleased to get a call a week before the reunion from Tom Peyton (829th pilot) and he had addresses of seven members of his crew and none had ever heard of our reunions, so we will meet some of them for sure next year. Tom's was one of the late crews to arrive so he didn't get in but a few missions before the end of war.

Everyone was very pleased with Sherrill Burba's Sunday morning memorial program. Rev. Don Whiteman (829th pilot) gave a short sermon which was excellent and very meaningful for all of us.

We missed Don Webb and his wife, Helen, but Don tells me she is steadily improving and we look forward to having them back next year.

830TH BOMB SQDN —
Chester Konkolewski



Once again the veterans of the 485th gathered in Little Rock, a wee bit grayer, some with canes, but-with a lot of enthusiasm, to share memories, to laugh and just have a good time then pack-up and head for home with fondest memories.

A great deal of thanks are in order to George and Kathy Dyer for a well-planned reunion. The schedule of events was just great, with enough time in between to do and go wherever you wanted. Congratulations from one and all.

The memorabilia room was just great with all the albums, and other photos of interest and personnel items we enjoyed looking at. Someone mentioned I sure would love to have copies of some of those photos. A word of thanks goes out to all those of you who brought these items. If anyone of you have some items from way back, bring them with you to the next reunion and share it with us all.

There were a total of 19 first timers, of this total, we had nine present — Joseph A. Artimez, Clyde E. Corbett, William K. DeVore, Raymond R. Haden, V. Paul Lovejoy, Charles Porter, Jr., Lester J. Povlich, Wayne E. Prosser, Rolland Roller and Eugene Tolle.

In addition those attending were: Tony and Claire Alfieri, Joe and Emily Artimez, Si and Mary-Ellen Barnes, James B. Barrett, Simon and Elaine Baytala, William (Buzz) and Evelyn Boling, Jr., Howard and Shirley Boxley, Garlon Brown, Clyde and Virginia Corbett, Bill and Reinette Cottingham, George and Katy Dyer, Dick Fedell, Mike and Bernice Frohling, Richard and Marilyn Griffin, Raymond and Opal Haden, Frank and Patricia Hammett, Art and Marie Housden, James and Violet Hunter, Don and Carline Landrum, Robert E. Lewis, Paul and Jean Lovejoy, Lawrence and Beth Martin, Walter Michalke, Clarence and Ruth Miller, Herb and Elizabeth Muehlmann, Kinnard (Ken) Muse, Bob McAlpine, John and Anne McCarthy, Harry (Obie) and Jane Oberholtzer, Steve and Jean Paynic, Pete and Florence Peterson, Bob Plaister, Charles Porter, Lester and Wilma Povlich, Wayne Prosser, George and Janet Raidel, Rod Ritchie, Rolland and Patricia Roller, Howard and Mary Sanborn, Melvin and Jean Taylor, Robert and Joan Towne, Fran and Mary Tunstall, Herbert and Donna Kohlhorst and Eugene Tolle.

What a pleasure it was for me to see V. Paul Lovejoy, Rolland Roller, Raymond Haden for the first time since we last saw each other at Stalag VIIA in 1945. A great deal of credit goes to George Raidel in locating these guys. We all got together with the wives and went out to dinner to get acquainted again and share some of the memories, a good time was had.

As time goes by and we get to this point when our Maker beckons us that our mission on earth is ended, with a sad heart I wish to report that the following buddies flew their

last mission — Fred Greenburg, Roy Hertzog, Howard Krantz, Clifford Martin and Charles (Red) Moore. May they rest in peace.

The squadron mail box was fairly busy this year with letters, cards and donations towards the Newsletter Fund and other sundry items. I sincerely wish to thank those of you for your generosity that mailed in or donated at Little Rock: C. J. Schawalter, Betty Spicklemire, Leo Moore, J. E. Strang, Chuck Heringer, Herb Kohlhorst, Walt Michalke, Richard Bizzero, Ralph B. Helm, C. J. Kozak, Frank Hammett, James Kelley, Joe Tabellion, Dorothy Branstetter, Joe Tagliarino, Paul A. Dykes, Elliott Seagraves, Herb Muehlmann, Steve Paynic, Bob McAlpine, Buzz Boling, Bill Devore, Bill Cottingham, Wayne Prosser, Larry Martin, Howard Sanborn, Chas. Porter, Ray Haden, Rollie Roller, George Dyer, Mel Taylor, Richard Griffin, Pete Peterson, Bob Towne, Obie Oberholtzer, Clyde Corbett, Rod Ritchie, Bob Lewis, Jim Hunter, Fran Tunstall, Robert Esarey, Bob Plaister, Paul Lovejoy, Lloyd Rich, Clarence Miller, Tom Russell, George Raidel, Tony Alfieri, LeRoy Sanders and Marie Hertzog. Thanks fellas.

This issue of the Lightweight Tower will be mailed out by our editor, Don Webb, under a bulk mailing permit which will save on mailing costs. The squadron reporters will mail all other information on the forthcoming reunion, in Peabody, Mass.

While on this subject, I can say that Ken and Helen Wall, who are the sponsors, are working energetically in setting up a reunion that you will be able to enjoy. This will be the first reunion being held in the North area of the USA. Peabody is located approximately 14 miles north by northeast from Boston near Salem, Mass.

831ST BOMB SQDN —
Woody Woodyard



Well — congratulations to George and Katy Dyer for a most successful reunion in Little Rock! It was a great success in planning and financially also.

The 831st squadron had the most vets attending — 57 men and one widow and one sister of deceased members. There were five men there from the 831st for the first time: Wade Allen, William Cook, John D. Hansen, Bill Harrington and Jack Woodward. You will find all the names of those attending under our squadron picture, except for Luke Terry, Tom Straight and Ned Peirano, who are not in the picture.

We regret that several cancelled their reservations due to illness. We wish you all the best. We are also very sorry to report the passing of Joe Hasulak on May 14, 1991, Don Celania on July 10, 1991, and were advised of the passing of Shuford Hall on September 20, 1989. We extend our heartfelt sympathies to their families.

I appreciate all the mail I receive from so many of you and your usual financial support toward mailing costs.

We hope to see many of you in 1992!