



THE PYRAMIDIERS

The Newsletter of the 98th Bomb Group/Wing Veterans Association

December 2016

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Message from the President

I was extremely honored, and very humbled to be named the new president of the 98th Bomber Group/Wing Veteran's Association during our recent reunion in San Antonio, Texas. As this is my first message to all of you via our newsletter, I thought I'd introduce myself.

I was born and raised in Los Angeles, California, and graduated from the University of California, Los Angeles (UCLA) in 1974, and joined the United States Air Force soon after graduation. I spent 23-1/2 years in the USAF, mostly as a Personnel Officer, and loved every second of it!

I served three tours in Germany, two in Texas, and others in Minnesota, Mississippi, South Carolina, and Ohio, where I retired. I was deployed to Dhahran, Saudi Arabia as part of DESERT STORM, and to Egypt as part of a Bright Star joint exercise. After my retirement from the USAF in 1998, I earned an Ohio Teaching certificate and still teach in local schools districts as a substitute teacher. I've been blessed with three wonderful children (two of them were born in Germany), and currently have four of the greatest grandchildren ever. Many of you met daughter Lindsey, son-in-law Rob and granddaughter Bess at our reunion, as they came down from their home in Dallas to attend our banquet—Bess even participated in our scholarship auction (you had to be there)! I am so blessed to be married to Phil Tarpley's youngest, Linda, and I can honestly say I married way above my pay grade! Linda spent over 33 years in civil service, with both the US Army and USAF. Like Linda's father, my dad was also a crew member of a B-24 during WWII (our spring newsletter had articles written by his pilot about their crew's WWII experiences).

Over the years, Linda and I have heard many stories and memories from past reunions by Phil and his late wife Doris, and we have been fortunate



Bill West

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Message from the President *continued from page 1*

to attend the past five with Phil. Something happened after this year's reunion I think you'll enjoy. Linda, Phil and I flew back to Milwaukee the Saturday after our reunion, and we just happened to land at the same time as an Honor Flight returned from Washington, DC—it was so cool to see these heroes being honored with bands playing patriotic music, banners and cheers as we walked to baggage claim with our hero, Phil Tarpley. Ironically, the same thing happened when Phil and I flew to Milwaukee as we returned from our reunion in Colorado Springs in 2012. I know many of our association members have been a part of Honor

Flights, either as a participant, or in a support role, and those two experiences were a perfect coda to those reunions. Our association has an honorable and historic legacy, and the fact that our annual reunions are so well attended and our fund-raising efforts are so robust is a testimony to that fact.

I am writing this a few days prior to Halloween, but know you will be reading this at Christmas time, so please allow Linda and I to wish you and your families a blessed Christmas, and best wishes for a safe and healthy 2017.

Message from the (Acting) VP/Reunion Adv.

So many Great things happened it is hard to count. The Hotel and Tours were Great. From the Great comments I received, it sounded like everyone felt the same !!!

Here is more good news; Gary Schinsing, another one of the children of a 98th Veteran has agreed to take my place as Reunion Advisor. I cannot begin to tell you what a relief that is !!!

I would like to say thank you to Gary for stepping up for his dad and the other members of the association. If not for you and other children of our 98th Veterans,

our association might be long gone. I am personally very proud of all you who have volunteered in many capacities to help keep our association going strong !!!

I look forward to assisting Gary for a long time to come, Thank you !!!

FYI – The lack of information on our next reunion will be corrected and included in the next newsletter. Gary and I are going through a home-moving time, and he also has a medical situation to deal with and I have to deal with old age, so please bear with us !!!

—Dennis Posey

Message from the Secretary/Treasurer

It's hard to believe we are now a month past our San Antonio Reunion where a good time was had by all. I know you will all appreciate reading about it in this issue and enjoy the pictures as well.

One only had to look around any room we were in this year to realize that this is still a live, viable organization and we need everyone to participate as they can, and support it by your membership and encouraging others to join.

Please check your newsletters to make sure you are paid up on dues, so that you will keep receiving these fantastic newsletters! The year you are paid thru will follow after your name on the envelope address portion.

Keep us informed on any address changes and email updates, so we stay in touch.

Lastly, I wish you and your families a Blessed Holiday full of love and cheer. I hope to see you next year in Washington, D.C.

GOD BLESS AMERICA!

—Susie

2016 Reunion Attendees

These folks made it to San Antonio for our reunion, let's hope they—and more of us—make it to our next gathering!

LAST NAME	FIRST	SQ	AC	CITY	STATE
Brammer	Rob	343	B-24	Dallas	TX
Brammer	Lindsey	343	B-24	Dallas	TX
Brammer	Bess	343	B-24	Dallas	TX
Bratton	Elly	Guest		San Antonio	TX
Cailin	Joyce	343	B-29	Pocomoke City	FL
Carver	Norman	353	B-29	Victoria	TX
Carver	Carol	353	B-29	Victoria	TX
Clemons	Herbert	415	B-24	Lebanon	TN
Clemons	Tom	415	B-24	Lebanon	TN
Conley	Patricia	343	B-29	Port St Lucie	FL
Dennis	Derrol	345	B-47	Leesburg	FL
Dennis	Evelyn	345	B-47	Leesburg	FL
DiPietro	Elisa	344	B-29	Batavia	NY
DiPietro	Tony	344	B-29	N Little Rock	AR
DiPietro	Louise	344	B-29	N Little Rock	AR
Gerfen	John	343	B-29	Port St Lucie	FL
Gladding	Herbert	343	B-29	Pocomoke City	FL
Glass	Laney	PMS	KC-97	Linden	AL
Gray	Tom	OMS	B-47	Peachtree City	GA
Hayes	Lura	345	B-24	Marysville	OH
Hayes	Bill	345	B-24	Marysville	OH
Hayes	Ralph	343	B-29	Clearwater	FL
Hegedus	Jack	343	B-47	Lincoln	NE
Hegedus	Arlene	343	B-47	Lincoln	NE
Henderson	Dick	344	B-29	Portland	OR
Henderson	Elinora	344	B-29	Portland	OR
Hensel	Joan	344	B-24	York	PA
Hensel	Bonnie	344	B-24	York	PA
Johnston	Mary Kate	343	B-24	Wasilla	AK
Julian	Robin	HQ	B50/B47	Abilene	TX
Julian	Ruthie	HQ	B50/B47	Abilene	TX
Julien	Linnes	HQ	B50/B47	Abilene	TX
Julien	Robin	HQ	B50/B47	Abilene	TX
Lambertsen	Gary	Associate		Sneads Ferry	NC
Lambertsen	Rosemarie	Associate		Sneads Ferry	NC
Lieurance	David	344	B-47	Montpelier	IN
Mingle	Steve	343	B-29	Guest	

continued, see page 4

2016 Reunion Attendees

continued from previous page

LAST NAME	FIRST	SQ	AC	CITY	STATE
Mingle	Deb	343	B-29	Guest	
Mioduszewski	Susie	345	B-24	Ann Arbor	MI
Moretto	Millie	344	B-29	Batavia	NY
Moretto	Lou	344	B-29	Batavia	NY
Murray	John	345	B-29	San Antonio	TX
Newton	Glenn	343	B-47	Yuba City	CA
Newton	Millie	343	B-47	Yuba City	CA
Nuhn	Perry	344	B-47	Okatie	SC
Nuhn	Rita Marie	344	B-47	Okatie	SC
Palmer	Arthur	343	B-24	Mt Vernon	WA
Parham	Allen	344	B-29	Midland	GA
Posey	Dennis	344	B-29	Marietta	GA
Posey	Michael	344	B-29	Marietta	GA
Posey	Cheryl	344	B-29	Marietta	GA
Posey Parham	Denise	344	B-29	Midland	GA
Rawlings	Judith	344	B-24	Cynthiana	KY
Rawlings	Melinda	344	B-24	Cynthiana	KY
Schinsing	Bob	345	B-29	Newark	NY
Sells	Roy	343	B-47	Little Elm	TX
Sells	Rosie	343	B-47	Little Elm	TX
Smith	Fay	344	B-29	Marietta	GA
Staudenmeier	Winifred	345	B-24	Ashland	PA
Tarpley	Phil	343	B-24	Rio	WI
Tejeda	Alex	415	B-24	San Diego	CA
Tejeda	Barbara	415	B-24	San Diego	CA
Thoenes	Henry	344	B-47	Tucson	AZ
Thoenes	Ann	344	B-47	Tucson	AZ
Weinberger	Cyril	343	B-29	Nashville	TN
Weinberger	Betty	343	B-29	Nashville	TN
West	Linda	343	B-24	Fairborn	OH
West	Bill	343	B-24	Fairborn	OH

••••• Pieces of My Mind •••••

Greetings to All,

Just as this newsletter was on its way to the printer, I received a phone call from Herman (Herk) Streitburger and I have to share it with you.

For those who may not know Herk, he is a WWII Veteran who was a POW of the Nazis, and he and his fellow crewmember Louis (Lou) Staudenmeier were survivors of a long brutal winter time forced march at the end of the European war. That they both survived is nothing short of a miracle. Herk is now 97 years old and as sharp as ever. He called to tell me he was sorry he was unable to attend our San Antonio reunion and to wish me a Happy Thanksgiving. Now that is not unusual in and of itself. What was most unusual was the manner in which he shared them and the thoughts he shared with me. He said he has the love and support

of his family and friends and has a wonderful life. His only regret is that he can no longer travel to our reunions. While we were talking, I could not keep from thinking how different his wonderful attitude is, and how it differs so much from other people I know who have every reason to feel the same—but don't! The phrase coined by Tom Brokaw may be a bit worn, but to me it is still very true, Herk is a member of "The Greatest Generation."

To me they deserve all of our respect and love.

Merry Christmas and a Happy Healthy New Year.

With Warmest Regards to All,

Bill Seals

For the Record

New Member

L-NAME	FIRST	MI	ADDRESS	CITY	ST	ZIP	POSITION	AC	SQD
Cherrette	Jane	M	13175 Huron House Dr	Skaneec	MI	49962	Honorary	B-24	343

Deceased

L-NAME	FIRST	ADDRESS	CITY	ST	ZIP	POSITION	AC	SQD	DOD
Thomas	Virginia	1415 Rainier Dr	Colorado Springs	CO	80910	Honorary	B-47	FMS	12/24/2015
Kurner	Virginia (Mrs. Raymond)	714 Tammy Dr	San Antonio	TX	78216	Honorary	B-24	415	02/06/2014

Address Change

L-NAME	FIRST	MI	ADDRESS	CITY	ST	ZIP	POSITION	AC	SQD
Bellizzi	Joseph (Dr)	A.	645 W Port Royale LN	Phoenix	AZ	85023	GP	B-47	HQ

The Armada

By: 1/Lt. Charles A. Dever

Navigator, DFC, US Army Air Corps
World War II

It was May 31, 1944. Six missions short of the fifty needed to complete my tour of duty! The now 15th Air Force, which also had been the 9th and the 12th, had been trying to knock out the Ploesti oil fields since at least August 1, 1943. There had been one other mission when the 9th was stationed in Palestine. Ploesti was the main source of gasoline and oil for the German war machine.

We were awakened at the usual 4 o'clock in the morning and scrambled around for some breakfast. We were briefed on the target with all the hot spots on the way and over the target. I have no idea who I flew with other than the pilot was some guy named Sal. I was taking the place of the navigator on the crew who had been wounded.

As the formation assembled over Foggia, it was the greatest show I have ever seen, and one no one will ever see again! Group after group were milling around, getting into position. I thought there were at least 1,000 planes, but learned afterwards there were about 450!

As we started on our route to the target, the sky was filled with B-24s. The route led over the former Yugoslavia and into Romania. There were so many planes in the air that the Germans didn't know who to attack. The few Germans who hung around us stayed well over 1,000 yards away from us, but at the same altitude. I didn't realize what they were doing out there then, but later I thought they must have been calling our altitude to the anti-aircraft crews. I shot at them anyhow and one plane nosed up and went down in a spiral. I didn't report it because of the distance the plane was from us. I didn't think it was possible to hit it at that distance.

Arriving at the I.P. (initial point of the bomb run) the Germans had put up five shells in a circle in the colors of red, white and blue. So they knew where the bomb run started. Over the target there was so much smoke from bombs exploding and the smoke pots on the ground that it was like flying through a cloud. We went through the usual turbulence and were peppered by exploding shells. Except for the fear factor we came out OK.

On the way back across Romania, I looked down and there was plane near the ground with parachutes visible as guys jumped out. I think that was the plane that some of the men were afraid to jump and the pilot rode the plane into the ground. He got the Congressional Medal of Honor. Previous to this, as we came off the target, I saw way off to the left a crew bailing out. I saw five chutes.

We were tail end Charlie in a formation of seven planes. We had let down to about 10,000 feet over Yugoslavia when the anti-aircraft crews spotted us and began firing. Being tail end Charlie, we caught most of the exploding shells. They hit #3 engine, which I reported to the pilot. Black smoke was pouring out of the engine and I said to the pilot, "Let's get out of here," which he did. We dove down to blow out the fire.

The fire blew out and we arrived at the field. The pilot was new to the three engine landing, but we knew you had to come in high. At first, he came in so high he couldn't get the plane down, but eventually, we made it. **Five to go!!**



Epilog

The May 31, 1944, mission was the seventh of nineteen USAAF missions flown during the 1944 campaign to destroy the Ploesti refineries. There were 481 effective sorties on the mission and they dropped 1,112 tons of bombs. The target for the 47th Bomb Wing, which included the 98th BG, was the Romana American refinery. Sixteen B-24s were lost on the mission, four of which were from the 47th Wing. Luckily, none were from the 98th.

The bomber Lt. Dever saw crash was not Lt. Donald Puckett's crew. Lt. Puckett was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for a mission to Ploesti on July 9, 1944. When his aircraft was heavily damaged over the target, Lt. Puckett ordered the crew to bail out and several crewmembers did exit the plane. When three of his crewmen were either unable or afraid to bail out, Lt. Puckett heroically stayed with the wounded bomber in an attempt to save the crewmen. All four men perished in the ensuing crash.

The destruction of the Ploesti refineries was finally accomplished on August 19, 1944, and Ploesti was occupied by the Russian Army a few days later.

Beneficial Background Information

Companion Article for *The Armada*

Lt. Dever's note of a raid on Ploesti by the 9th Air Force refers to a raid made by some of the aircraft of the Halverson Project (HALPRO). General "Hap" Harold ordered Colonel Harry A. "Hurry Up" Halverson to take a force of B-24s to bases in China to conduct raids on Japan.

Col. Halverson using his *carte blanc* authority robbed the 98th Bomb Group of most of its aircraft and crews he needed for the mission. The 98th was in the final phases of its training in preparation for its movement overseas, and would have been the first heavy bomber group in the Mediterranean theater without the HALPRO mission. As it turned out, the 376th Bomb Group was activated with what remained of the HALPRO unit just days before the 98th reached Palestine.

The "stolen" 98th forces, plus other selected personnel, completed their training in the spring of 1942. On May 15th, 23 aircrews and additional staff departed Florida for Africa enroute to China. By the time the force reached Khartoum in present day Sudan, the Chinese bases they were to use had been over-run by the Japanese. Following a short delay in Sudan, the HALPRO forces proceeded to the Royal Air Force base at Fayid, Egypt, near the Suez Canal.

In early June, General Arnold ordered the Halverson group to bomb the Ploesti refineries at the earliest possible date. Despite the lack of needed materials

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Five Minutes to Target

By: 1/Lt. Charles A. Dever

Navigator, DFC, US Army Air Corps
World War II

The Sirocco Khamsia winds that carried the pink dust storms from the Sahara to our base at Bengasi (now spelled Benghazi) and camouflaged our pink planes on the ground, also carried the pink haze to our base at Lecce, Italy. Ironically, the 98th Bomb Group while based in North Africa had bombed the Lecce Airdrome on July 3, 1943 and destroyed most of the buildings, but one of the damaged buildings was now our headquarters. It had a long hall down the center and at the end it just dropped off without any warning. However, the American flag flew over the building and it was a sight to see, especially since we were so far from home.

Editor's note: Col. John Kane had led twenty-five B-24s on the raid on Lecce, and most of the crews who flew with him then were also on the Low Level Ploesti Raid less than a month later. Sadly, many of those crews were lost during the latter raid.

We had moved from hovels, which were just holes in the ground, in Bengasi to tents in Tunisia. From there we moved to Brendisi, Italy, to Manduria and then to Lecce. At the final stop the living quarters were fair, and the best we'd had so far.

In late February 1944, we were awakened at four in the morning to get ready for a six o'clock briefing. We scrounged around trying to find some breakfast, which was a piece of bread and a cup of coffee.

The briefing gave the target, plus any hot spots to avoid, what to expect in the way of anti-aircraft fire and fighters and necessary navigation information. We were given aids such as compass heading to the target, airspeed, temperature and a time check. Escape packets were handed out. They had money, a compass

and I think some food. The target was Regensburg, Germany, about 4-1/2 flying hours each way.

The formations assembled, probably 75 B-24s, over Lecce and in about an hour they started up the middle of the Adriatic Sea.

With an escort of P-38s, we climbed for altitude over the sea and got to 20,000 feet to get over the Alps. By the time we cleared the Alps we were at our bombing altitude of 25,000 feet which put us on oxygen. Our Bombardier, Clifford White, was in the nose with me and Col. Marshall Gray was the pilot. I don't remember who the co-pilot was.

Soon the P-38s left us as they were at the limit of their range. There were solid clouds way below us for our whole route.

As we flew along, I looked down and saw about six German fighters break through the clouds. They were way down below us, so it took quite some time for them to get up to where we were. They did not reach us on the approach to the target.

We were undisturbed as we flew toward the target. There was flak up ahead so we knew where the target was. They were shooting through the clouds rather than aiming at us.

At five minutes to bombs away, I told Whitey, "Five Minutes to Target." He opened the bomb bay doors and the rest of the formation opened theirs on our signal. As Whitey could not see the target, we dropped our bombs on my ETA (estimated time of arrival), and according to a P-38 pilot who flew over our target the next day, we hit the target.

We turned around the flak and headed for home. By now, the German fighters were getting near our altitude. They were probably Ju-88s. They attacked the lead of the formation, which was normal, but then one came on our right. Whitey fired and hit it and they dropped something and took off. A formation of four or so came up on our left, about a 1,000 yards out. This was unusual so I fired at them for quite a while, but they were just out of range. During this time, one fighter fired a rocket at us. We were in a pink aircraft so they knew we were from Bengasi. The German formation came right over the top of us, but that didn't last for long, as the P-38s came along to escort us home.

The flight back down the Adriatic was uneventful and we were back on the ground about nine hours after we took off.



Background

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to properly plan the mission (maps from National Geographic magazines were used), with the help of the British, plans were drawn up and preparations made to accomplish the mission. At 2330 hours (11:30 pm) on June 11th, 13 bombers took off on the mission. One aircraft turned back with mechanical problems and the bombers became separated enroute to the target.

Eventually, the 12 remaining aircraft dropped their bombs somewhere in Romania without the loss of any bombers. Unfortunately, the major effect of the mission was to alert the Nazis to the fact that American bombers were now able to reach the refineries. The Ploesti refineries supplied approximately forty percent of the petroleum products the Nazis required for their aircraft and mechanized forces. Accordingly, they undertook a massive effort to fortify the Ploesti area against air attack. The end result, was that by the time of the August 1, 1943 low level raid they were able to inflict tremendous losses against the attack force. The 98th Bomb Group alone lost 16 of the 40 aircraft that reached the target area and lost four more on the return route. Even more costly were the losses in crewmembers. Overall, 310 were killed in action, 131 became POWS, and 75 were interned in Turkey.

2016 Reunion Recap

By Susie Mioduszewski

Holiday Inn River Walk

What great accommodations we had this year in this newly remodeled hotel that was certainly the premier choice for our stay in San Antonio! We were a short stroll from the River Walk with its great attractions, unmatched hospitality, lively entertainment, rich history and scenic views. Dennis did his very best for us once again!! The staff went out of its way to take very good care of our group.

We had a nice turnout and it was great to be together once again. Every year we pick up more and more 'kids,' which are the future of this organization. We were honored to have among us five World War II members!

Our days in San Antonio were spent enjoying lively entertainment, rich history and scenic views. San Antonio was named for Saint Anthony of Padua, by a 1691 Spanish expedition in the area. The city contains five 18th-



Top photo this page: along The River Walk; bottom: The Alamo.

Celebrating in San Antonio, TX

century Spanish frontier missions, including The Alamo and San Antonio Missions National Historical Park. The day we were at the Alamo we were lucky enough to be able to witness a re-enlistment ceremony for a few of our Nation's finest. Talk about history—it was not lost on any of us what had gone on here as William Travis, Jim Bowie and Davy Crockett with their comrades fought for their freedom long ago in 1836. Now we watched as young men and women took the oath to defend their country and our freedom.

Fredericksburg, Texas

We traveled sixty-five miles north of San Antonio to the city of Fredericksburg. With a population of 10,000, Fredericksburg was founded in 1846 and named after Prince Frederick of Prussia. Old-time German residents often referred to it as Fritztown, a nickname that is still used in some businesses. The town is also notable as the home of Texas German, a dialect spoken by the first generations of German settlers who initially refused to learn English. In 1970 the Fredericksburg Historic District with its quaint shops and Biergartens was added to the National Register of Historic Places in Texas. Needless to say we all managed to check out those same places during our visit!



The National Museum of the Pacific War is located in Fredericksburg, Texas, the boyhood home of Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, who served as Commander in Chief, United States Pacific Fleet during World War II. The site includes the Admiral Nimitz Museum, which is housed in the old Nimitz Hotel and tells the story of Fleet Admiral Nimitz beginning with his



Top photo this page: Fredericksburg, TX; bottom (both photos): The National Museum of the Pacific War.

life as a young boy through his naval career as well as the evolution of the old hotel. In 2000 the complex was renamed Admiral Nimitz State Historic Site—National Museum of the Pacific War and is dedicated exclusively to the Pacific Theater battles of World War II. The conning tower of USS Pintado is at the main museum entrance.

The outdoor Plaza of the Presidents was dedicated on September 2, 1995, the 50th anniversary of Fleet Admiral Nimitz' acceptance of the Japanese Instrument of Surrender aboard the USS Missouri. The plaza is a tribute to the ten United States Presidents who served during World War II: Franklin D. Roosevelt (Commander in Chief), Harry S Truman (Commander in Chief), General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower (Army), John F. Kennedy (Navy), Lyndon B. Johnson (Navy), Richard Nixon (Navy), Gerald Ford (Navy), Jimmy Carter (Navy), Ronald Reagan (Army) and George H. W. Bush (Navy).



We finished our week in San Antonio with the much anticipated Ladies Brunch! As is every year, not one of the ladies knew our destination as we left the hotel until we pulled up outside the Rustic Grape Wine Cellars where we had one of the nicest brunches ever, and all raised a Mimosa toast in our souvenir glass to our missing comrade, Peggy Griggs, who will forever be missed.

We finished the evening in grand style with our annual Banquet where we raised over \$500 for the Scholarship Fund. We also took the opportunity to show our appreciation to Dennis for all his work as Reunion Coordinator over the years with a 'priceless' gift and a round of applause! We love you, Dennis. With all his 'kids' in tow this year it was next to impossible for him to get into trouble.

Top photo this page: the Plaza of Presidents.
Bottom photo: Ladies Brunch venue, the Rustic Grape Wine Cellars.



Peruse The Pics

We hope you enjoy “thumbing through” the following pages and see some familiar faces. The photos are grouped in **no** particular order. Photos courtesy of Joan and Bonnie Hensel — THANK YOU!



Banquet at the Lackland AFB club.



WWII Veteran Art Palmer and Wynn Staudenmeier who is the widow of a fellow WWII Veteran.



A group listening to the tour guide on the city tour.



Dennis Posey flirting with the ladies, Bonnie and Joan Hensel with Wynn Staudenmeier.



Louise DiPietro hitting on the guys—again!



Barbara and Alex Tejada visit with Phil Tarpley and his daughter, Linda West.



Bill Hayes with a "short" beer. Ruthie Julian doubts he can drink it all.



Having fun at the banquet.



Faithful reunion attendees Dick and Elinora Henderson.



Our new president, Bill West, looking a bit pensive, perhaps about the job. Bill, you'll do fine.



Bob Schinsing, bird feeder builder extraordinaire with key lime pie.



Elisa DiPietro, this lady is ageless.



Grace Kurner and Dennis Posey raising money for the scholarship fund



War story time in the hospitality room.



Art Palmer with Joan and Bonnie Hensel and Susie Mioduszewski (Simons), our secretary/treasurer.



The ladies event at the Wine Room. They are toasting with OJ.



Tour boat on the San Antonio River



Herbert Clemmons, a WWII Veteran and one of the nicest men you'll ever meet.



Cocktail time at the banquet.



Are you old enough to remember these?



There's a whole bank of them in The Historic Menger Hotel, and they still work.



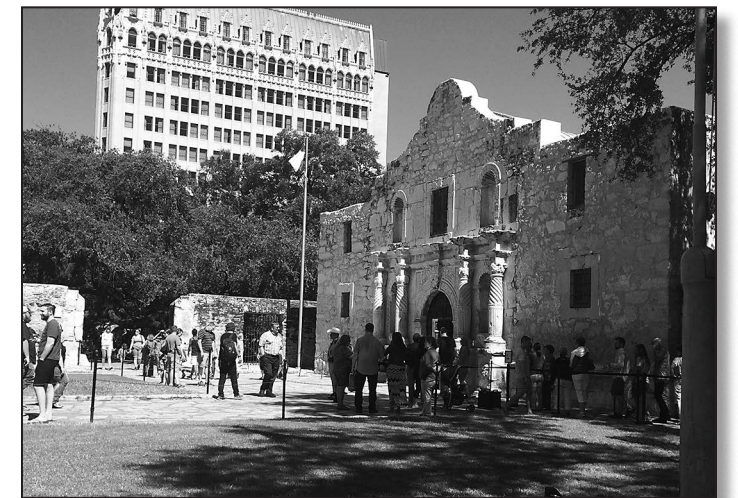
The Gladdings relax with a bit of vino.



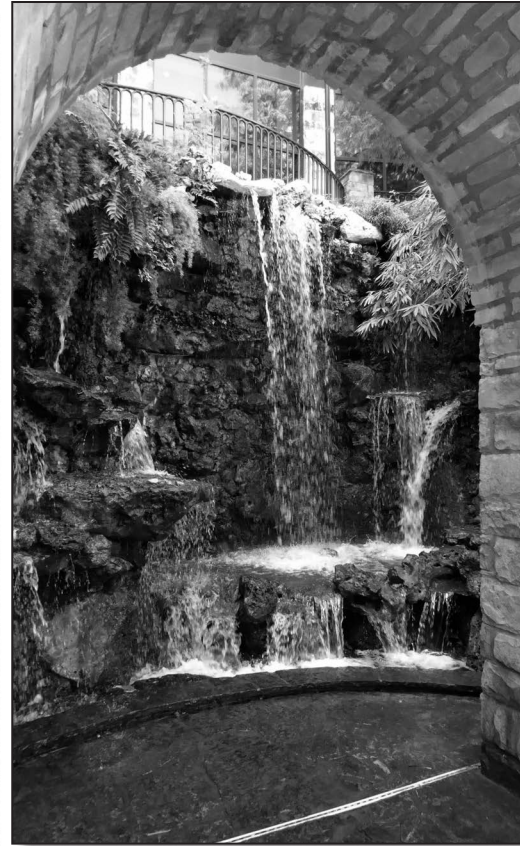
Mexican lunch at the old market.



These are really bad hombres.



The Alamo.



Above, left to right: Statue of Admiral Chester Nimitz at the Museum of the Pacific War. Dennis on his throne at The Historic Menger Hotel. A water fall along the River Walk. Below: Opulent interior at The Menger.



Lunch at the hotel. Are those *Bloody Marys*? Tsk, tsk!



David Lieurance (left) and Tom Gray wearing non-regulation caps.



Linda West with daughter, Lindsey, and granddaughter, Bess.



Louise and Tony DiPietro share the story of how they meet.



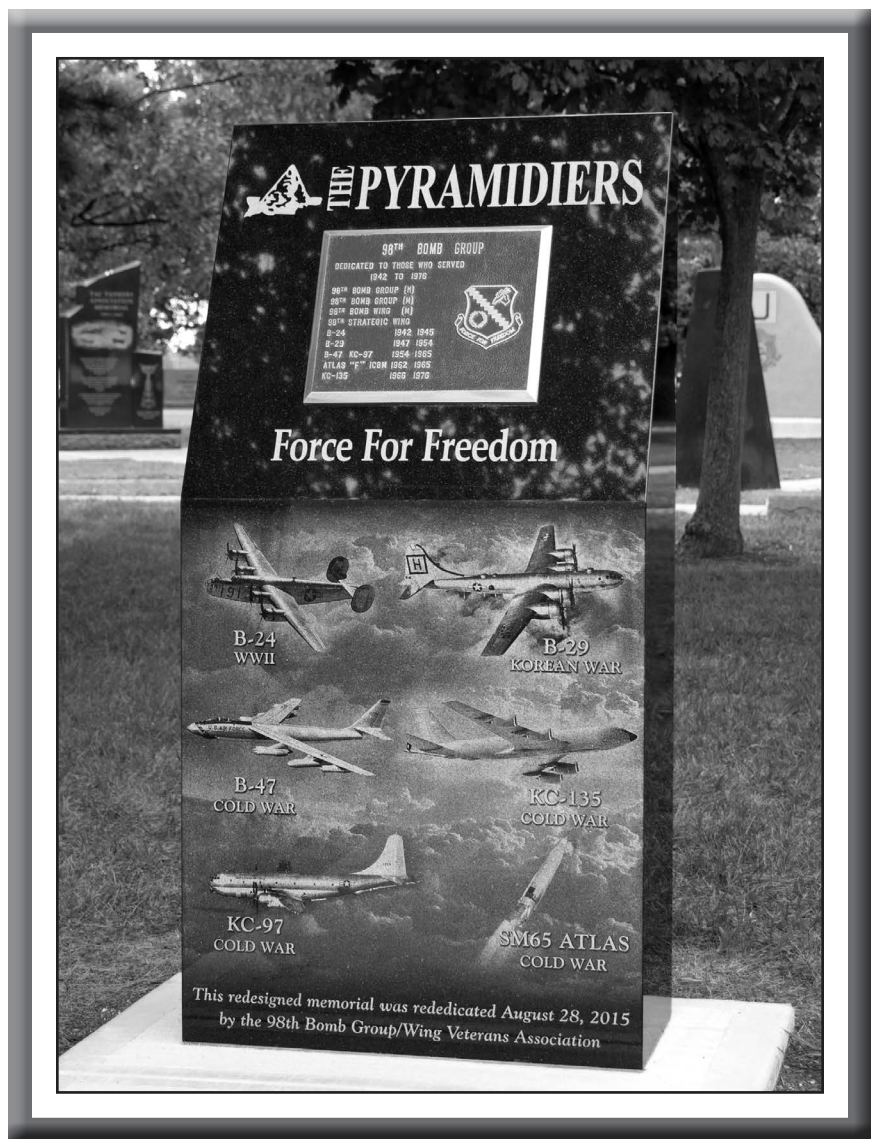
The Old Spanish Market area.



Golden altar at the San Fernando Cathedral.



THE PYRAMIDIERS



FORCE FOR FREEDOM

BILL SEALS, EDITOR

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