



# THE PYRAMIDIERS

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

November 2012

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## Pieces of My Mind



*Greetings to all,*

I've decided to give this space in our newsletter a permanent name, *Pieces of My Mind*. You may recognize the phrase as the title of a book by the late Andrew A. "Andy" Rooney who gained fame on the TV show *Sixty Minutes*. I hope Andy wouldn't have minded my stealing his words. I don't think he would have. After all he was a correspondent for *Stars and Stripes* during World War II, and surely he wouldn't begrudge their

use in a Veterans' newsletter. I also hope the publisher of the book, Essay Productions, won't mind either.

I am honored to have been elected to serve another year as president of our association, and delighted that Dennis and Susie have agreed to also serve with me. In addition to serving as vice president, Dennis is also doing the job of reunion coordinator. A huge job to say the least. We are very fortunate to have Susie continue as secretary/treasurer. I honestly doubt that we could continue to function as an organization without her expertise. Moreover, Susie's sister, Lura, has volunteered to keep track of our finances. Devon Powell has generously volunteered to continue as our historian. He is a very busy man, and we are grateful for his contribution of time and knowledge. Last, but certainly not least, Bonnie and Joan Hensel have agreed to continue as our memorabilia staff. They have added new items and our sales at the reunion were brisk. Job well done ladies.

If you were unable to attend our reunion in Colorado Springs, I have to tell you that you missed a super reunion. I've only attended eight of the forty five reunions the association has had, but of those eight, this was the best reunion hotel I've been in. The Marriott had

*continued on page 2*

## Pieces of My Mind

*continued from page 1*

recently been renovated and was a very nice facility. The staff was great. Friendly, helpful, and prompt. I got the feeling that they were glad to have us there.

Speaking of reunions, there will be a reunion next year. It will be in the southeastern United States and will be in late September. We haven't finalized the exact location and date as this newsletter goes to press, but the information will appear in the February issue.

Have you visited our web site, [www.pyramidiers.com](http://www.pyramidiers.com), recently? If so, you are aware that the site is under construction, and has been for several months. I regret this situation has existed for so long, but the people who know how to build the site are both gainfully employed and have been extremely busy earning their pay. If you or someone you know would like to help in the construction of the site, please contact me ASAP. I promise the assistance will be welcome.

In case you missed reading this space in the August newsletter and haven't looked at the masthead on page one, I'm now acting as the editor of this epistle. So please send me any suggestions you have to improve the content of the newsletter. Also, any article you send will be carefully considered for inclusion. It doesn't have to be in any particular form, it just has to be understandable. I received one printed in pencil on tablet paper which I think is great. You'll see it in an issue soon. Just remember, this isn't my newsletter, it's our newsletter.

Finally, I would like to take the opportunity to wish everyone a "Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year."

With Warmest Regards to All,

**Bill Seals**

*P.S. Don't you think the "new" title fits?*

**Your Submissions  
To Our  
Newsletter  
Are Welcomed  
And Encouraged.**



**Please email or mail your  
letters, articles, and photos to  
Bill Seals.**

**Please see Bill's contact  
information on the left-hand  
side of page one.**

## A Message from the Vice President

In case you missed Bill's comments in regards to a reunion in 2013, there will be one. I am currently evaluating three possible sites and we will pick one before the February newsletter goes to press. In all probability, the date will be the third or fourth week of September. Be sure to check the next newsletter for location and dates. We really hope you will be able to join us.

Best Regards to All,

**Dennis Posey**

## A Message from the Secretary/Treasurer

*Hello All...*

Here we are in November with another important election closing in, and another reunion that has come and gone. It is nice to see more people coming to these, and we need to remember that we need to keep adding to our membership to keep this a viable group for a long time to come.

Thanks to everyone who helped make Colorado Springs the success it was. To Dennis and Bill (the new 'dynamic duo'), Bob Schinsing for the note pads he always brings, and the Hensel 'girls' who had some great new additions to the memorabilia table for purchase, and our 'personal banker' Lura!

Apologies to this year's Scholarship recipient, Cody Culp, for misspelling his last name in the August issue. We wish him luck as he is in the beginnings of the next chapter in his life at Texas A&M.

As always, keep me informed on any address changes etc. Have wonderful, blessed holidays with your families!

**Susie**



## For the Record

### Address Changes

LAST NAME	FIRST NAME	M.I.	STREET ADDRESS	CITY	ST	ZIP	AC	SQD
Asher	John	G	200 South St	Paris	MO	65275-1165	B-24	343
Dean	Debbie	L.	162 Hamby Ln	Blue Eye	MO	65611-8166	B-24	345
Farfone	Warren	J.	32353 San Juan Creek Rd Apt 233	San Juan Capistrano	CA	92675-4240	B-24	344
Lindell	Daniel		1204 N B St, Apt D	Ellensburg	WA	98926-2457		
Migala	Martin (Gil)	G.	9235 Garr Rd	Berrien Springs	MI	49103	B-47	343
Nye, Maj. Gen Ret.	Francis	W.	10500 Academy Rd NE Apt 212	Albuquerque	NM	87111-7324	B-24	344
Schinsing	Lily		2362 22nd Ave	San Francisco	CA	99116	B-29	345
Snell	Kathleen	D.	1109 Chino St, #9	Santa Barbara	CA	93101	B-24	344
Steele	Arthur	D.	640 Sailside Dr, Apt 55	Lincoln	NE	68528-1424	B-29	345
Vanderhoof	Mrs. Merl		904 West Evergreen Ave	Effingham	IL	62401	B-24	415

### New Members

LAST NAME	FIRST	MI	ADDRESS 1	CITY	ST	ZIP	MEMBERSHIP	AC	SQ
Donnelly	Kevin	M.	285 West Paseo Celestial	Sahuarita	AZ	85629	Associate	B-24	415
Donnelly	Michael		11301-19 PI NE	Lake Stevens	WA	98258	Associate	B-24	415

### Deceased

LAST NAME	FIRST NAME	M.I.	STREET ADDRESS	CITY	ST	AIR CRAFT	SQD	DOD
Fugate	Joshua	B.	1812 Dry Run Rd	Blacksburg	VA	B-24	415	5/22/2012
Henry	Seldon	O.	201 West Place	Trenton	OH	B-29	345	7/8/2011
Garcia	Robert	M.	5729 South Lansing Way	Inglewood	CO	B-47	A&E	9/2/2012



# A Leg Is Parachuted

Wing Commander Douglas Bader was leading his Royal Air Force fighter squadrons across the English Channel at 28,000 feet so that they, not the Luftwaffe pilots, would have the height and the sun. Their job was to go after German fighter planes where and when they found them. As the formation knifed past the French coast near Le Touquet, Bader looked down on twelve Messerschmitt 109s about two thousand feet below.

Bader, a scrappy pilot who had twenty-three “kills” and ranked fifth among RAF aces, shouted into his mask: “Dogsbody (code name for his group) attacking! Plenty for all! Take ‘em as they come!”

Bader plunged downward in his Spitfire and squirted bullets at the nearest ME 109. Bits and pieces flew off the German fighter, then it burst into flames and fell earthward.

Moments later, the wing commander felt a heavy jolt. His plane had been hit and started to go down in a spiral. “Get out! Get out!” he told himself. That would not be easy to accomplish: the thirty-year-old ace had artificial legs.

Bader tore off his helmet and mask. The plane’s hood was ripped away. He gripped both sides of the cockpit and managed to get out his top half. Then came a flash of terror. The ridged foot of his right leg was caught in the cockpit. He was stuck and plunging to a seemingly certain death.

Miraculously, Bader managed to break a leather strap that trapped his leg in the cockpit. Moments later, he was sucked out of the cockpit and pulled the ring that opened his parachute. Lady Luck had been his copilot.

Suddenly, he was aware that the earth was rushing towards him, and within seconds, he crashed into the unyielding terrain, instantly losing consciousness. An undetermined amount of time later, he opened his eyes and was aware that three German soldiers were

removing his harness. They stared at this curiosity: a fighter pilot with no legs. It was August 9, 1941.

Bader was driven for several miles to a German hospital at St. Omer, a French town twenty miles south of the English Channel coast. His mind slowly cleared and he thought: “I hope the boys saw me bail out and tell (wife) Thelma.” That night he was to have gone dancing with Thelma. No one had seen his parachute: he had simply vanished.

Douglas Robert Steuart Bader had been born in London and won a competitive exam to the Royal Air Force College where he was champion boxer. Commissioned in 1930, he had served only eighteen months when his plane crashed. He survived, but both legs had to be amputated.

Discharged from the RAF, he mastered artificial legs and went to work in London for the Asiatic (later Shell) Petroleum Company. As a civilian, he demonstrated that he could fly an airplane skillfully, but the RAF refused to take him back. When war broke out in Europe in September 1939, however, the RAF brass winked at regulations and commissioned him as a flight officer.

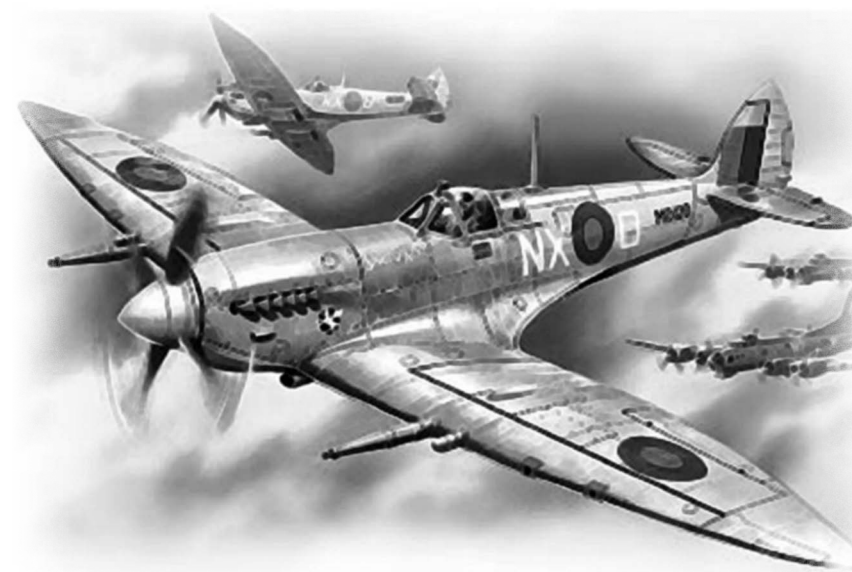
Bader rapidly removed any qualms about his fitness for combat: he shot down an ME 109 and a Henkel 111 in two missions over the English Channel. One promotion after the other followed and at the time he was shot down, he was leading three Spitfire squadrons.

Now at the St. Omer hospital, Doug Bader’s mind was awl. He must get word to Thelma that he was alive and he must get a second leg. He could not escape with just one leg. One day, a young Luftwaffe pilot called on Bader. Speaking flawless English, he identified himself as Count Whomever. The RAF ace seized on the opportunity: “Can you radio England and ask them to send me another leg?” He doubted if such an unprecedented task could be accomplished, but if it could, Thelma would know he was alive.

# To A British Ace

The German promised he would do what he could.

Later, the Luftwaffe pilot returned. “I’ve got news for you,” he said cheerfully. “With the permission of Reichsmarschall (Hermann) Goering, we have radioed England on an international waveband.” He went on to explain that one RAF plane had been given unrestricted passage to fly on a specified height, course, and to drop the leg by parachute over St. Omer.



The British Spitfire

Pugnacious Bader replied that the RAF didn’t need an unrestricted passage and that if the leg was dropped, it would come down with a cascade of bombs. The German grinned amiably. “We’ll see,” he said. “Let us hope that the next leg will not be shot down.”

In London, RAF brass mulled over the contents of the Luftwaffe radio message. After much debate, it was decided to send the leg in a Blenheim bomber. Meanwhile, Bader’s comrades hurried to tell Thelma the good news: her husband was alive.

Over St. Omer droned the Blenheim with a Spitfire escort. The bomb-bay doors opened and a canister, some six feet long and holding the spare leg, dropped out. A parachute billowed above the container and floated earthward. Around it were the angry bursts of black flak from puzzled German gunners on the ground. Inside the leg Thelma had stuffed tobacco, chocolates, and other scarce wartime goodies.

On the following morning at RAF Fighter Command headquarters in England, Air Chief Marshall Douglas received a telephone call from Prime Minister Winston S. Churchill. The British Bulldog, as he was known, said, “I see by the newspapers that you have been fraternizing with the enemy, dropping a leg to a captured pilot.”

“Well, sir,” Douglas replied, “We (also) managed to shoot down eleven German (airplanes). I hope you might feel it was worth it.”

Churchill grunted and hung up, his curiosity satisfied.

No doubt the Germans regretted the role they had played in getting Bader his spare leg. He proved to be an incorrigible escape artist and finally had to be locked up in Colditz, a massive castle in central Germany that was deemed to be escape proof.

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# Just Stay

A nurse took the tired, anxious serviceman to the bedside.

“Your son is here,” she said to the old man.

She had to repeat the words several times before the patient’s eyes opened.

Heavily sedated because of the pain of his heart attack, he dimly saw the young uniformed Marine standing outside the oxygen tent. He reached out his hand. The Marine wrapped his toughened fingers around the old man’s limp ones, squeezing a message of love and encouragement.

The nurse brought a chair so that the Marine could sit beside the bed. All through the night the young Marine sat there in the poorly lighted ward, holding the old man’s hand and offering him words of love and strength. Occasionally, the nurse suggested that the Marine move away and rest awhile.

He refused. Whenever the nurse came into the ward, the Marine was oblivious of her and of the night nurses of the hospital—the clanking of the oxygen tank, the laughter of the night staff exchanging greetings, the cries and moans of the other patients.

Now and then she heard him say a few gentle words. The dying man said nothing, only held tightly to his son all through the night.

Along towards dawn, the old man died... The Marine released the now lifeless hand he had been holding and went to tell the nurse. While she did what she had to do, he waited.

Finally she returned. She started to offer words of sympathy, but the Marine interrupted her. “Who was that man?” he asked.

The nurse was startled, “He was your father,” she answered.

“No, he wasn’t,” the Marine replied. “I never saw him before in my life.”

“Then why didn’t you say something when I took you to him?”

“I knew right away there had been a mistake, but I also knew he needed his son, and his Son just wasn’t here. When I realized that he was too sick to tell whether or not I was his son, knowing how much he needed me, I stayed.”

“I came here tonight to find a Mr. William Grey. His son was killed in Iraq today, and I was sent to inform him. What was this gentleman’s name?”

The nurse with tears in eyes answered, “Mr. William Grey.”

The next time someone needs you... Just be there. Stay.

*Editor’s note: There have been several versions of this on the internet. This one was sent to me by Wallace Warrenburg.*

## Fallen Comrade

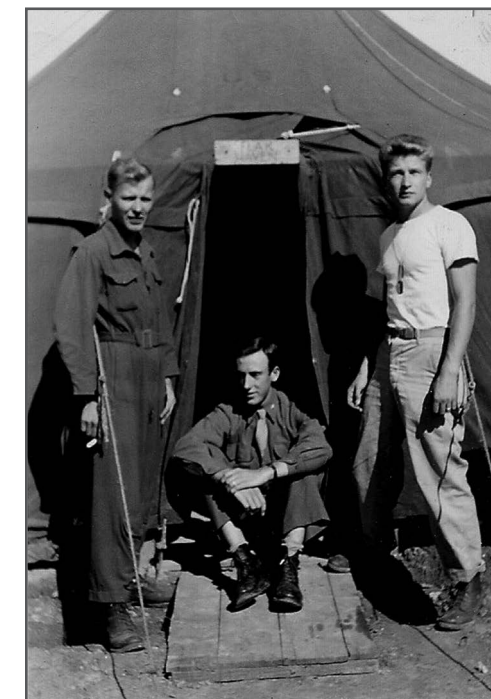
*Dennis Ruby, the son of Carroll Ruby and a member of our association, recently sent notice of the death of 98th Veteran Robin Disbrow. I found his letter touching, and I think you will also. He wrote on September 30, 2012:*

Hi Bill,

I appreciate your talking with me yesterday, and as we discussed I would like to follow up by sending some information about my very good friend, Robin Disbrow. Yesterday, I received a phone call from one of Robin’s daughters informing me that Robin has passed away early that morning. Robin and my father were members of the same B-24 crew in the 98th Bomb Group during World War II, and they stayed in touch by mail and phone until my father’s death in 1969. I didn’t find Robin until 2010, although I had been looking for him for more than twenty years. That is quite a story in itself, but I will leave it for another time.

After locating Robin, he invited my girlfriend and me to come and stay with him and his wife in Groveland, California. In June of 2011, we made the trip to meet them and stayed at their home near Yosemite. It became one of the great experiences of my life.

Since I was only fourteen when my Dad died, I knew little about his actual experiences in the war and Robin was gracious enough to invite me into his home and sat with me each evening to answer my questions as best as he could remember those war time events. Each day we went on day trips as Robin and his wife showed us some of the natural wonders of Northern California, and each evening we sat around their kitchen table and talked about everything under the sun. He flew 50 missions as the flight engineer on a B-24 Liberator in the 98th Bomb Group, 345th Bomb Squadron. He made it clear that he didn’t think he did anything special and he didn’t want anyone making a fuss about him. But, I’ll tell you he did do something special, as well as courageous, and I did make a fuss, because he and his comrades in arms are the very definition of heroes. They willingly put their lives on the line to save the world from an unimaginable evil, and I made it clear to him that in my opinion that is about as important as it gets. I believe Robin was the last member of the crew, so now they are all gone.



(Left to right) Robin Disbrow, Maurice Sanders and Ed Rathmell.

I contacted you because I wanted to see about honoring his memory in *The Pyramidiers* newsletter. Of course you agreed to help me in my efforts, because you know what these men did. Here is the information that I can share with you. Even though my Dad died 43 years ago, you might consider mentioning him as well, as he and Robin were the best of friends.

Here is what I can tell you about their crew: The Pilot was James Duguid who retired as a Colonel in 1969. Co-pilot G. Ktsanes was killed in action and no permanent replacement was made. The Navigator was Harold Myers and the Bombardier was Maurice Sanders. Roy Mills was the Radio Operator and Edward Rathmell was the Armorer and Gunner. Walter (Junior) Ekerman was the other Waist Gunner, and J. Kelly was the Ball Turret Gunner. Carroll Ruby, my Dad, became the Tail Gunner when the original tail gunner was severely wounded in action. My Dad’s discharge papers show he flew 38 missions. He died on May 13, 1969.

Needless to say, I am broken hearted because of the loss of my friend and by the accelerating pace of the disappearance of a generation. They were a generation who came home and went back to their civilian lives; and, as a kid I didn’t know it, but I was surrounded by people who saved the world. I know it now.

Your Friend,

**Dennis Ruby**

*Editor’s Note: Slightly edited for brevity and clarity.*



# Do The Right Thing Whatever The Cost!

Some principles are difficult to learn because the cost may be great. These principles, which need to become a part of a person's life, are sometimes learned and applied more easily if taught through the modeling of them by a person with character. I had the opportunity to learn one of these principles as a young man, and I hope this principle is one that I have demonstrated throughout my life. The principle is, *"Do the right thing whatever the cost."*

On April 9, 1951, one month after my eighteenth birthday, I enlisted in the United States Air Force. I was sent from St. Louis to Basic Training at Lackland Air Force Base in San Antonio, Texas. Until that time my travels had been restricted to Southern Illinois, Eastern Missouri, and the western tip of Kentucky. After eight weeks of Basic, I was sent to Lowery AFB in Denver, Colorado, for Technical Training. Lowery was the home of the Remote Control Turret Systems Mechanical (RCT) School which was a prerequisite to the Aerial Gunnery School.

I arrived at Lowery on July 3, 1951, for entry into the RCT School and graduated on October 26th. I, along with the other graduates of the school, entered Aerial Gunnery School in early November and graduated on January 1, 1952. The next phase of our training was Combat Crew Training at Randolph AFB east of San Antonio, Texas.

When I arrived at Randolph I was assigned to a combat crew and a position on that crew. The bomb team—which consisted of the aircraft commander, the pilot, bombardier, and radar operator—had previously been assigned. The left and right gunners (also designated as scanners), the flight engineer, and the radio operator had also been assigned to the crew. This group had been actively involved for several weeks in flying what was termed "transition." This was primarily making takeoffs and landings. The two unfilled positions on the crew when I arrived were the central fire control gunner (CFC) and the tail gunner. Another gunner, Dick Stewart, who had been in gunnery school with me, was assigned the CFC position and I was given the tail gunner slot.

We finished Combat Crew Training in mid-March and were assigned to a Fox Crew at Lake Charles AFB in Louisiana. While at Lake Charles we were assigned

temporary duty (TDY) to Forbes AFB, and then bussed to Smokey Hill AFB at Salina, Kansas to practice at an OQ gunnery range.

The OQ gunnery ranges, one at Lowery and one at Smokey Hill were so named because the drone they used was a radio controlled plane called an OQ-19D. The drone weighed 350 pounds, was of aluminum construction with an eight-foot wingspan and was powered by a McCullough 0-100-1, two cycles, air-cooled, four cylinder engine which propelled the drone at speeds up to 200 knots at sea level. Following the QC training, we were flown to Colorado Springs, Colorado, and assigned to Camp Carson for winter survival training. Upon completion of classroom training we were taken into Roosevelt National Forrest for the field exercise portion of our training.

Upon our return to Lake Charles we continued to fly missions on which we made practice bomb runs on target all over the United States. These missions continued until the end of June when we were assigned to the 98th Bomb Wing with orders to depart Travis AFB on July 16, 1952 for Yokota AFB, Japan. (*Editor's Note: The 98th had deployed to the Far East in late July, 1950, from Fairchild AFB, Washington.*)

When we arrived at Yokota we found that several of our crew members had been cut from our crew for some reason, and we assigned new crew members to replace them. We flew our first strike mission on July 28th with a crew consisting of: Captain Leonard L. Baber, Aircraft Commander (AC); Lt. Vernon E. Plass, Pilot; Lt. Edgar Root, Bombardier; Capt. James P. Keen, Navigator; Lt. Robert F. Beckman, Radar Operator; M/Sgt. Roy A. Maltby, Flight Engineer; A/IC H. Philip Little, Radio Operator; A/IC Richard E. Stewart, CFC; A/IC John M. Goodloe, Left Gunner; A/IC James V. Hansen, Right Gunner; and myself Ralph W. Hayes, Tail Gunner. This first mission was a "Leaflet Paper Mission." We made a number of runs on several targets and dropped leaflets that were designed to have a psychological effect on the North Koreans.

Our crew had flown eight missions by October 2nd when Capt. Barber's TDY orders were terminated, and we were assigned a new AC, Lt. William H. Roberts.

For the next couple of weeks the bombing team flew training missions to develop their skills as an integrated bombing team. We began flying combat with Lt. Roberts on the first of November. Lt. Roberts was an excellent pilot which was quickly evident to the crew. Bomb runs were made using shoran radar. A *TIME Magazine* article dated March 3, 1951 explained it: "A bomber equipped to use shoran carries a radio transmitter that sends out short pulses of ultra-high frequency (above 300 megacycles) waves. Two ground stations at well-separated points behind friendly lines pick up the airplane's pulses and echoes them back greatly amplified. Apparatus on the plane measures the time it took for the pulses to make round trips to each of the stations and, therefore, its position on the map. The system is accurate enough to show the position of the plane within 50 feet.

At a distance from the target area the Radar Operator would communicate with the A/C that they were coming up on "the arc." Their communication would go something like this. "A/C we are 50 miles from the target area and we are 1,500 feet outside the arc. We are now 40 miles from the target area and 500 feet outside the arc and closing nicely. We're closing quickly, slow it down. We're 30 feet inside the arc, bring it back. We're on the arc. We're 15 miles from the target area and we are on the arc." The bomb bay doors would open and the wind drag would send a vibration throughout the plane. The idea was to cross the bomb-release-point on the arc.

On a particular night which I still remember vividly after all these years, the flak was very heavy. For some reason or other, the bomb run did not go well and we were not on the arc as we approached the release point. It was obvious from the tone of the A/C's voice that he was upset. Just before we reached the target area he said, "Bombardier, hold the bombs we are going around! Now let's get this right! We are not going to fly deep into North Korea and drop bombs that are not on the target."

As a nineteen year old tail gunner seeing all the bright flashes of flak around me this decision was upsetting, to say the least. I remember saying to myself, "Oh come on, and we made the run! Get this thing out of here while we are all in one piece."

We went around and somewhere out there, at perhaps 50 miles from the target area, we picked up the arc again. This time we did it right and dropped the bombs on the target area. The flak was still intense as we made the second bomb run. After bomb release, the bomb bay doors were closed and the CFC jumped down from his seat and looked into the aft bomb bay to be sure no bombs were hung up. The radio operator checked the forward bomb bay to ensure there were no bombs hung up there. At this point the radio operator looked up through astrodome, and reported that he could see flak below us through the bomb bay and above us through the astrodome. Because there were windows on three sides of the tail gunner's compartment, I could see flak on both sides of us and behind us.

After bomb release we had to continue on a straight course until the bombs had fallen five or six miles to the target. One of the bombs was a photoflash bomb that lit the whole sky to permit the camera on our plane to get pictures showing our bombing effectiveness. After the pictures were taken, the A/C dropped the nose of our plane which was named, "THE LONESOME POLECAT II" and banked the plane as he began evasive action to try to get us home.

I have thought of this mission many times through the past fifty-seven years, and I know I learned a valuable lesson that night. Lt. Roberts was a man of character and he taught me and the rest of the crew what was the right thing to do. I came home that night with the determination to try to always do the right thing whatever the cost.

I have tried to locate Lt. Roberts through the years. He came from southern Illinois, an area known as "Little Egypt." He told us on our first meeting that his home was Harrisburg, Illinois. I would love to find him if he is still alive to tell him the impact he had on a young man when he demonstrated the principle of, *"Do the right thing whatever the cost."*

***Submitted by Bill Horney. Date unknown. Slightly edited for clarity.***



## 98th Bomb Group

# Colorado

The 2012 Colorado Springs Reunion has come and gone, and it most certainly was memorable and successful thanks to Dennis Posey and Bill Seals. With an absolutely fantastic view of the mountains, the Colorado Springs Marriott was one of the best hotels we have stayed at and their staff was more than accommodating to our group. We had a great turn out, and our days were packed with great adventures and lots of catching up with many old friends while at the same time making new ones.

The **Royal Gorge Railroad** gave us a leisurely two-hour journey through the spectacular Royal Gorge. Since 1879, those tracks have followed the winding, tumbling Arkansas River over 1,000 feet below the rocky granite cliffs of the famed Royal Gorge. Riding the rails in restored vintage railroad cars, the scenery was breathtaking, giving us a glimpse into the history of the region.

On a cold and damp day we visited to the **Air Force Academy** where we were given a tour of the awe-inspiring cadet chapel with its row of seventeen spires resembling fighter jets soaring up to the sky. It was truly a touchstone for this group and was a time to remember those who were not with us. After a lunch there we drove by the plaque dedicated to the 98th by our group in 1976.

On the **Cog Train** we watched in wonder while climbing to 14,115 feet above sea level to the top of Pikes Peak. The incredible trip took us from lush high plains to fragile alpine tundra, past cascading streams while winding up through a steep canyon of gigantic boulders and tall pines towards our summit destination high above tree line.

Following a very pleasant lunch on a rustic patio, the group boarded buses for a tour of the **Garden of the Gods Park**. The afternoon was gorgeous with clear skies, cool temperatures, and

amazing scenery. The rock formations in the park are very unique and it is easy to understand why native Americans considered them to be holy. With frequent stops to take in the views and to take photos, the afternoon passed in a most enjoyable manner.

The ladies brunch was held in the elegant 'Tea room' at **Glen Eyrie**, a 67-room English Tudor-style castle built by General William Jackson Palmer, the founder of Colorado Springs and the Denver Rio Grande



I told you it would be cold on the mountain.

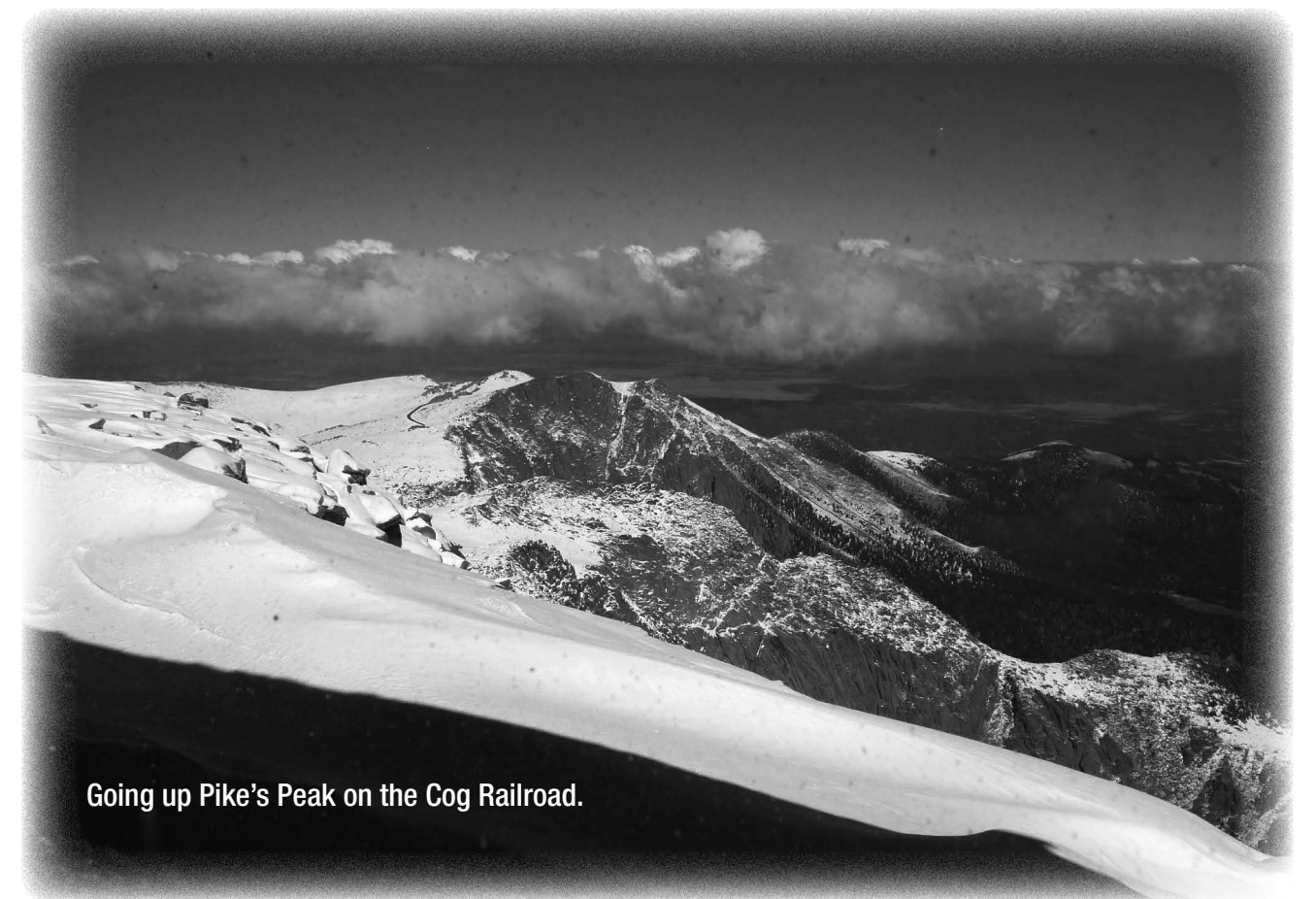
# Springs Reunion



Railroad. This was his dream home near Colorado Springs in the foothills near the Garden of the Gods rock formations, and was made to resemble a stone castle, reminiscent of those native to the England from which his wife, Mary (Queen) Mellen was from. We were ourselves treated like 'queens' with a delightful brunch and personal visit from the chief!

As, always our week together came to an end far too quickly, as we shared our banquet dinner, reminisced about an exciting week and then said our goodbyes. And now we all will begin to look forward to Reunion 2013 and the chance to be together once again!

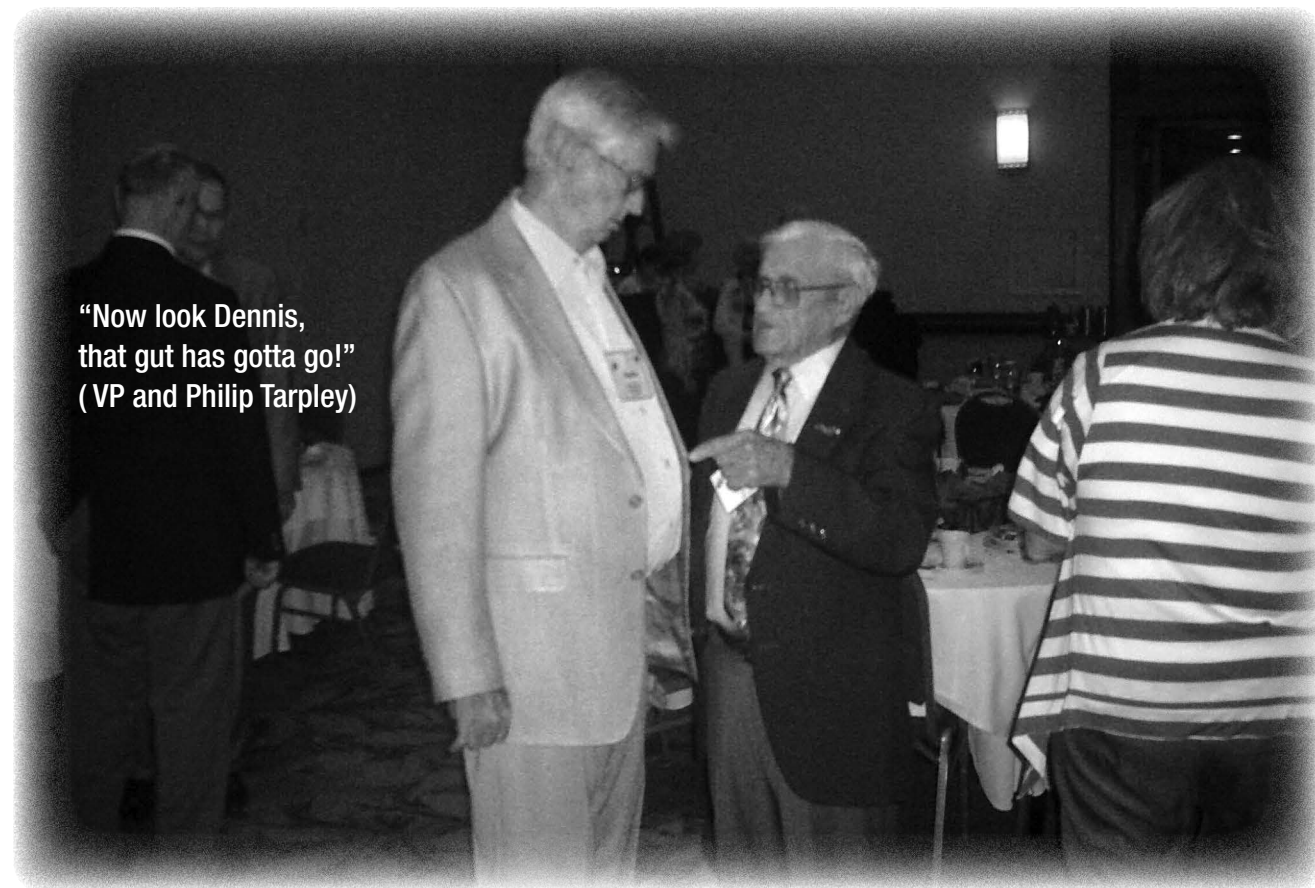
Pictured left: 98th Bomb Group plaque in the Memorial Gardens at the Academy.



Going up Pike's Peak on the Cog Railroad.



# Scenes from the Reunion



“Now look Dennis,  
that gut has gotta go!”  
(VP and Philip Tarpley)

Seated below (L-R): John Bynum, Ken Laningia, Bill Hayes & Walter Laute.



Pictured left:  
Three generations  
keeping the legacy  
alive, (L-R. Bob,  
Lily, Simone & Gary  
Schinsing)

Pictured below:  
Lunch at the  
Falcon Club  
at the Academy.





# More from the Reunion



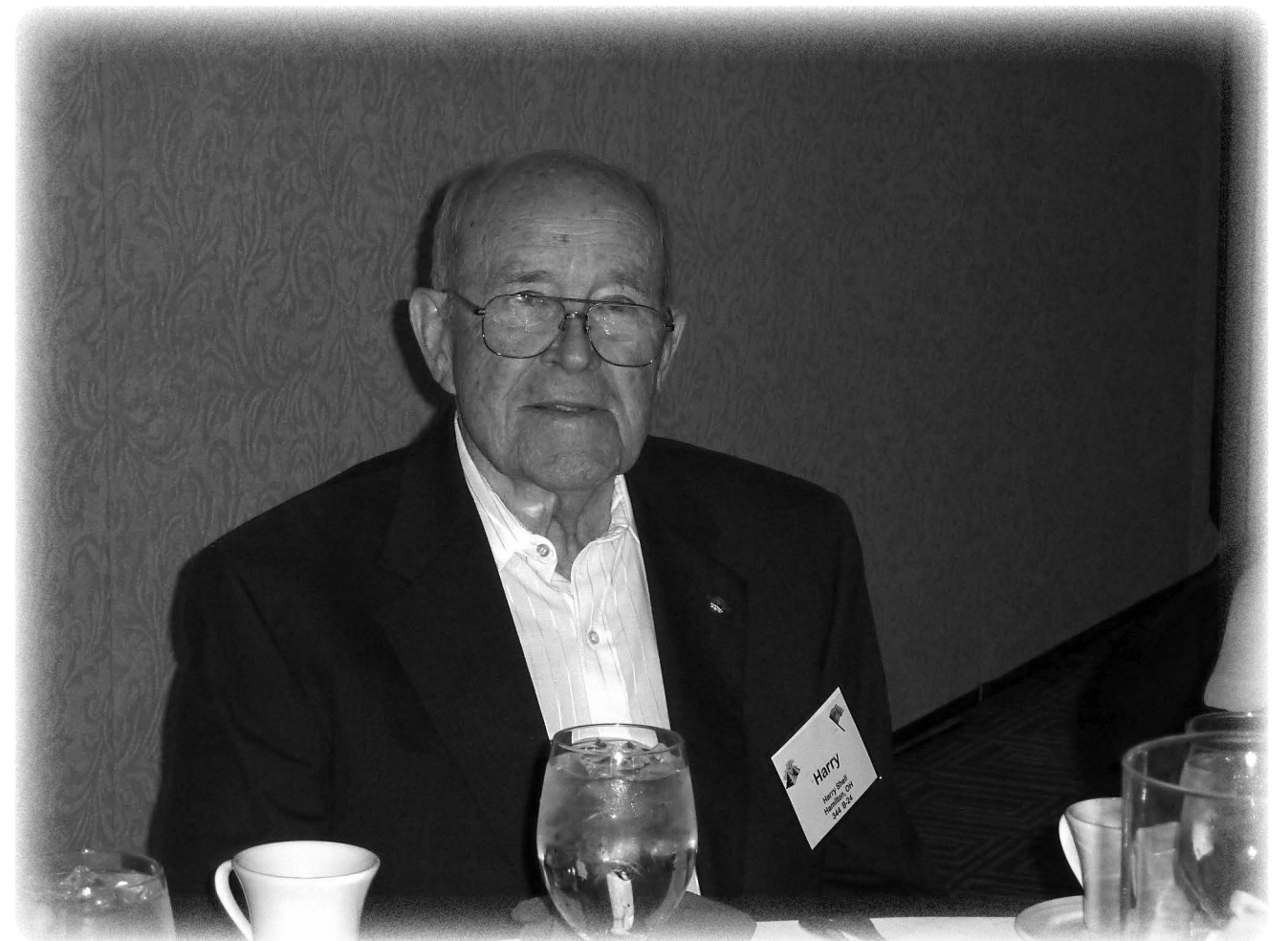
The ladies brunch at Glen Eyrie Castle.

(L-R) Joan and Bonnie ('I'm not going up that Darn mountain') Hensel.



Just hanging out in the hospitality room.

Harry Shell, one of the Ploesti Raiders at the banquet.





# More from the Reunion



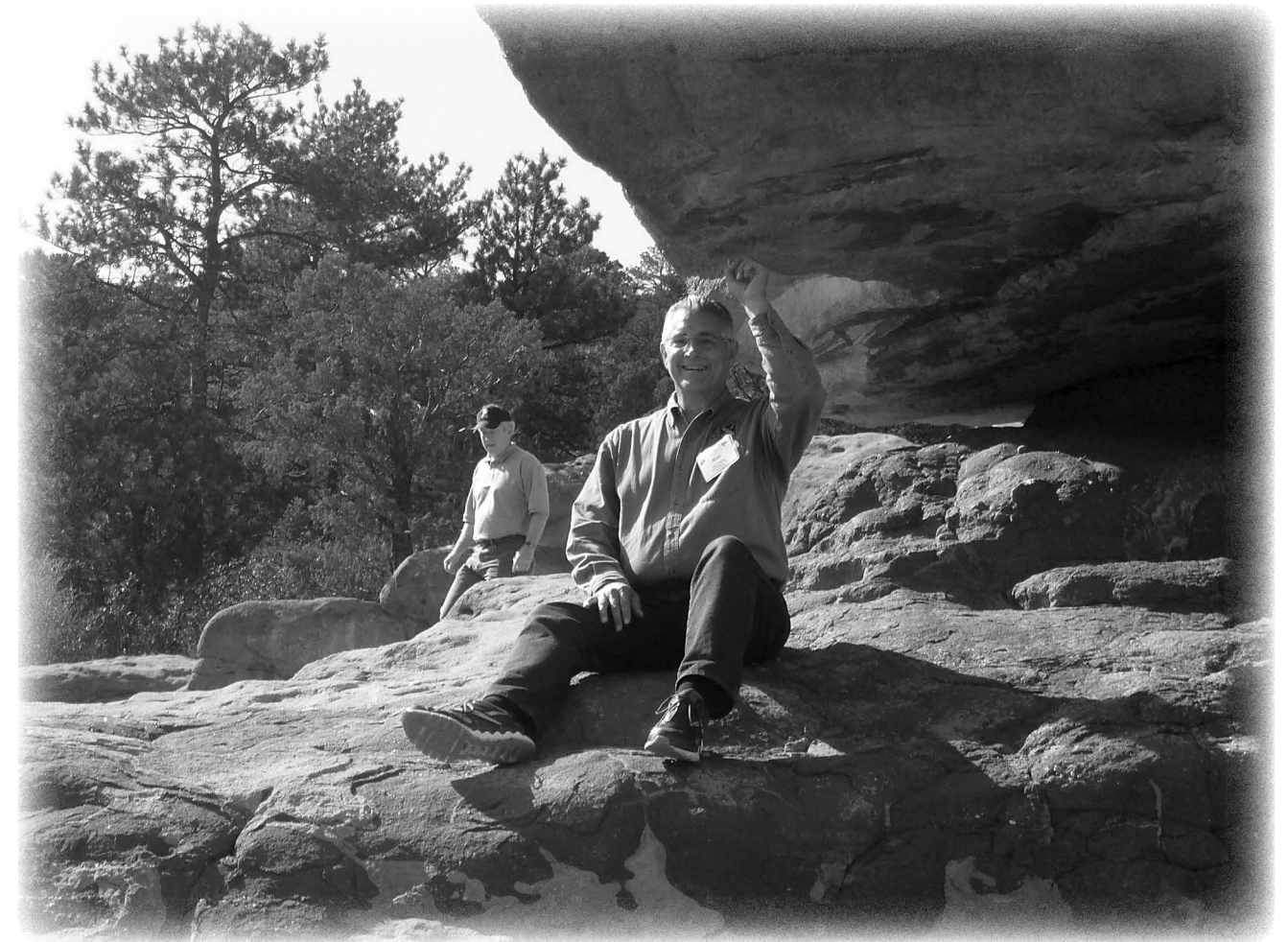
Note to self: Remember to bring an umbrella next time.

Note to self: Bring a larger umbrella next time.



Sitting in the rain at the Air Force Academy.

Ken Laninga, Jr. helping balance the rock in the Garden of the Gods Park.









# Colorado Springs Reunion Attendees

Hope to see you again at our next Reunion!

<b>Last Name</b>	<b>First</b>	<b>City</b>	<b>ST</b>	<b>Last Name</b>	<b>First</b>	<b>City</b>	<b>ST</b>
Abbondondelo	Joe	Wantagh	NY	Laniga Jr	Ken	Cheboygan	MI
Alexander	Eric	Highlands Ranch	CO	Laute	Walter	St Louis	MO
Alexander	Kris	Highlands Ranch	CO	Lieurance	David	Montpelier	IN
Alexander	Samantha	Highlands Ranch	CO	Lyman	Joan	Roslyn Heights	NY
Alexander	Jordan	Highlands Ranch	CO	Mioduszewski	Suzanne	Ann Arbor	MI
Bartlett	Les & Pat	Chandler	AZ	Moretto	Lou & Millie	Batavia	NY
Bynum	John	Tuscon	AZ	Neal	Bob	Englewood	CO
Carver	Norman & Carol	Victoria	TX	Newton	Bud	Yuba City	CA
Christmas	Pam	Denver	CO	Newton	Millie	Yuba City	CA
Christmas	John	Denver	CO	Posey	Dennis	Marietta	GA
Clemmons	Hubert	Lebanon	TN	Rifkin	Joe	Sunrise	FL
Clemmons	Tom	Lebanon	TN	Schinsing	Bob	Newark	NY
Conley	Patricia	Port St Lucie	FL	Schinsing	Gary	Oceano	CA
Custer	Darlene	Colorado Springs	CO	Schinsing	Lily	San Francisco	CA
Dennis	Derroll & Evelyn	Leesburg	FL	Schinsing	Simone	Ridgecrest	CA
DiPietro	Elisa	Batavia	NY	Scholten	Vic	Sheldon	IA
DiPietro	Tony & Louise	North Little Rock	TN	Scholten Jr	Vic	Rockford	IL
Donnelly	Ralph	Grass Valley	CA	Schwartz	Jerry & Donna	Hamilton	OH
Donnelly	Tim	Santa Cruz	CA	Seals	Bill & Connie	Katy	TX
Donnelly	Michael	Lake Stevens	WA	Sells	Roy & Rosie	Little Elm	TX
Driscoll	Wynne & Jerry	Perry	FL	Shell	Harry	Hamlton	OH
Gerfen	John	Port St Lucie	FL	Siberski	Stanley & Regi	Newtown Square	PA
Gray	Tom	Peachtree City	GA	Siberski	Doug	Newtown Square	PA
Griggs	Peggy	Marietta	GA	Smith	Fay	Marietta	GA
Hampton	Hal & Barbara	Austin	TX	Somogyi	Linda	McLean	VA
Hayes	Lura & Bill	Marysville	OH	Spiegel	Sarah	Tamarac	FL
Henderson	Dick & Elinora	Portland	OR	Streitberger	Herk	Bedford	NH
Hensel	Joan	York	PA	Strickland	Merilyn & Jerry	Fort Meade	FL
Hensel	Bonnie	York	PA	Tarpley	Phil	Rio	WI
Houle	Lou	Phoenix	AZ	Tejeda	Alex & Barbara	San Diego	CA
Kearsley	Patricia	San Antonio	TX	Testy	Earl	Jacksonville	FL
Kearsley	Eric	Silver Spring	MD	Weinberger	Cyril	Nashville	TN
Keeney	Roger	Sandy Valley	NV	Wells	Bill & Ann	Orange	CA
Keeney	Barbara	Sandy Valley	NV	West	William & Linda	Fairborn	OH
Laniga	Ken	Holland	MI				