



THE PYRAMIDIARS

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

November 2015

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Pieces of My Mind

Greetings to All,

It is with a heavy heart that I begin to write this in the middle of October, due to loss of one of our key members. Peggy Griggs left this earth on October the 13th as the result of a bad fall at home. As many of you know, Peggy was the wife of our Vice President and longtime Reunion Advisor, Dennis Posey. Without Peggy's selfless support, Dennis could not have given us 20 years of great reunions, and we would not have been able to accomplish many of the tasks he has led. The \$25,000 contribution to the Air Force Memorial (one of two made, and the only unit-sized one) and the redesigned 98th Memorial at the Air Force Museum come readily to mind.

As you may note from the masthead, I am again honored to have been elected to serve another year as president of our association. I'm also

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Six of our Heroes surrounded the 98th's redesigned and rededicated memorial at the US Air Force Museum Memorial Park, August 28, 2015. They are (l to r) Phil Tarpley, Art Palmer, Joe Rifkin, Alex Tejeda, Warren Tessmer, and Bob Rans. *See Reunion info beginning on page 9.*

Pieces of My Mind *continued from page 1*

delighted that Susie and Dennis have agreed to serve another term, and were unanimously elected. Lura Hayes “volunteered” to continue her valuable services as the *de facto* treasurer. Herb Harper will continue as our Historian Emeritus and continues to generate large amounts of goodwill for our association. Last, but not least, Joan and Bonnie Hensel will continue as our Memorabilia Chairwomen and willing helpers for many tasks during our reunions. We are all fortunate to have such a super team to serve the association, and I extend my heartfelt thanks to all of them.

As you will note from Susie’s narrative of our reunion activities and from the photos, we had a full and fun reunion that was capped off by the dedication of redesigned 98th Memorial, and our banquet in the museum.

I would be remiss if I didn’t tell you how the “new” memorial came to be. At our 2014 reunion, I proposed that we place a memorial bench at the Air Force Museum and the membership agreed and provided funds for the project. As I had had a draft drawing of

the bench made, I accepted the task of project person. Well!! I hit a stone wall when I presented the idea to the museum. It seems that an organization can only have one memorial at the museum, and the 98th had previously dedicated a plaque in 1976. To say the least, I was disappointed and discouraged. I simply did not have the time nor energy to start over, and I passed this info to Dennis. True to his nature to never take “no” for an answer, Dennis said, “Let me see what I can do with the project.” To make a long story short, he contacted the right people at the museum and found the right guy to design and manufacture the redesigned memorial you see in the pictures. I personally was blown away when I saw the memorial—it is simply beautiful. At this point, I can only say, **job well done!**

Hopefully, you are reading this before Thanksgiving. Therefore, on behalf of your staff, we wish you a Happy Thanksgiving, and extend an early Merry Christmas and a Happy and Healthy New Year!

With Warmest Regards to All,

Bill Seals

Message from the VP/Reunion Advisor

Editor’s Note: Dennis’ message came to us soon after the Reunion and before Peggy’s passing.

Once again it was like a dream come true, seeing all the smiling faces of longtime friends seeing each other, those big hugs, laughter and in some cases a couple of tears. Beyond my wildest dreams, just the thrill of realizing that maybe I had a hand in making those smiles, hugs, laughs and tears happen year after year is incredible. I think that just about sums up the reason and the answer as to why we all do it. Thanks for making one of my dreams come true, I truly love ya’!!!

Next Summer . . .

Sure looks like the dress of the day darling, will be “Cowboy Boots and Big Hats” we already have a lot of “B/S” so it looks like we are ready for our Texas Reunion !!!

As discussed during our meeting in Dayton, when San Antonio was chosen for our 2016 Reunion, it was also decided that we would look into getting a “Reunion Event Planner” to do our Reunions !!!

Now after about three weeks and having spoken to several Event Planners, Bus Companies, Hotels and Venues, and also with our Association President Bill Seals, the breakdown is about an additional \$50.00 + per day added to each person attending. That amount will also vary depending on the number attending and if the Event Planner will need to have someone on site at the Reunion. With that added cost, we believe it will cause many of our fellow associates not to be able to attend. So with that additional cost information, for now the outside Event Planner is out !!!

continued: bottom, opposite page

Message from the Secretary

For a change I actually had my entire information ready ahead of time for the newsletter except for this message, which was my last thing to do. But when I learned of the passing of Peggy Griggs, I found it difficult to get back to this message and finish. As I said to many of you in an email last week, she was one of ‘ours’ who was the light of Dennis’ life, his support, and our friend. A gracious, funny, classy, courageous lady—we are all better for having known her.

When it came to Dennis and Peggy it was said that no two people were better made for each other. They set an example of how to live life to the fullest, support each other (*in sickness and in health*), and to never give up hope—that love really does conquer all. We love you and will always miss you, Peggy.

Thank you to all of you who included donations to the Scholarship Fund with your Reunion Registrations, which totaled a remarkable \$1,049.00! Other special donations were received from: Lu Helen Zink in memory of Paul Warrenfeltz, Mrs. Anka Nassi,

Herk Streitberger, and Lane Collins (friend of Karol Franzyshe).

While in Dayton, It was decided at a meeting of the attendees to go forward and plan a reunion for 2016 to be held in San Antonio, TX. To do so, we are exploring working with a professional reunion planning organization to lessen the demands on Dennis and Bill. We are excited to have another reunion to be looking forward to! It’s a testament to this group that we continue to meet.

We need members and associates, so spread the word to the people you served with, friends, family and associates! I have registration forms available in electronic form if needed. Please make sure your addresses (both physical and email) are current. If you have any doubt, please email them to me.

Looking forward—I wish you and your families a Happy and Blessed Holiday.

Susie

Guess who’s back, (yours truly) stand by your phones in case we need your help! See ya’ll in San Antonio !!!

Please Accept My Apology

Just a short time ago the 98th Veterans Association lost one of its founding members, former Vice/President and dear friend Ken Scroggins. We learned that the Scroggins family had invited the 98th Veterans Association to be Honorary Pallbearers. So to respectfully represent the association, Rosie and Roy Sells graciously volunteered and drove several hours to honor their request.

I am certain that no one at our “*Under the Wings*” Reunion Banquet noticed that I was a bit, shall we say, “tired” and maybe a little emotional. That being said, it was still no excuse for my extremely bad manners. My rightful duty of being certain their efforts were recognized on behalf of the 98th Veterans Association during the reunion banquet was not adhered to.

The 98th Veterans Association would like to thank you for taking the time and responsibility for representing us at Ken Scroggins’ funeral. Please accept my sincere apology for the oversight and dereliction of duty.

Vice Pres / Reunion Advisor,

Dennis Posey

President Harry Truman, a rare man.



Bess and Harry Truman at home — after their years in the White House.

Editor's Note: The following has no political agenda—it's simply a statement regarding the way things should be and used to be . . . the good old days of living an honorable life.

Harry Truman was a different kind of President. He probably made as many or more important decisions regarding our nation's history as any of the 32 Presidents preceding him. However, a measure of his greatness may rest on what he did after he left the White House.

The only asset he had when he died was the house he lived in, which was in Independence Missouri. His wife had inherited the house from her mother and father and other than their years in the White House, they lived their entire lives there.

When he retired from office in 1952 his income was a U.S. Army pension reported to have been \$13,507.72 a year. Congress, noting that he was paying for his own stamps and personally licking them, granted him an

“allowance” and later, a retroactive pension of \$25,000 per year.

After President Eisenhower was inaugurated, Harry and Bess drove home to Missouri by themselves. There was no Secret Service following them.

When offered corporate positions at large salaries, he declined, stating, “You don't want me. You want the office of the President, and that doesn't belong to me. It belongs to the American people and it's not for sale.” Even later, on May 6, 1971, when Congress was preparing to award him the Medal of Honor on his 87th birthday, he refused to accept it, writing, “I don't consider that I have done anything which should be the reason for any award, Congressional or otherwise.”

As president he paid for all of his own travel expenses, including food.

DECEASED

Last	First	M	Address	City	State	Zip	Mbr	AC	SQD	DOD
Griggs-Posey	Mrs. Peggy (Dennis)		1780 Chasewood Park Ln	Marietta	GA	30066	Hon	B-29	344	10/13/15
Storie	Mrs. Mary (Ralph)	H	906 Fern Rd	Syracuse	NY	13219	Hon	B-24	343	01/07/15
Warrenfeltz	Paul	M.	7841 Deboy Ave	Baltimore	MD	21222	Mbr	B-24		05/19/15
Wright	John (Jack), Jr		104 Millers Run	Garnet Valley	PA	19342	Mbr	B-24	415	10/09/15

ADDRESS CHANGES

Last Name	First	M	Address	City	State	Zip	Mbr	AC	SQD
Eddington	Horace (Maj USAF Ret)	A.	447 Gem Smith Place	Folsom	CA	95630	FE	B-29	345
Garcia	Mrs. Jane		7700 W Grant Ranch Blvd, Apt 9 F	Denver	CO	80123	Hon	B-47	A&E
Hales	Wayne	A.	48311 Silver Lake Rd	Macomb	MI	48042	Assoc	-	-

New Members

Last Name	First	M	Address	City	State	Zip	Mbr	AC	SQD
Mastin	Lewis	A.	741 E Old Plank Rd	Franklin	IN	46131	Mbr	B-29	343
Tilley	Tommy	A.	444 Mimosa Way Drive	San Antonio	TX	78240	Mbr	B-47	343
Watson	John	H.	3307 College St, Apt C1	Lacey	WA	985031	Mbr	B-24	343
Hales	Wayne	A.	48311 Silver Lake Rd	Macomb	MI	48042	Assoc	-	-

Modern politicians have found a new level of success in cashing in on the Presidency, resulting in untold wealth. Today, too many in Congress have found a way to become quite wealthy while enjoying the fruits of their offices. Political offices are now for sale (i.e. Illinois).

Good old Harry Truman was correct when he observed, “My choices in life were either to be a piano player in a whore house or a politician. And to tell the truth, there's hardly any difference!”

We ought to have cloned him!



Important Note:

For security reasons, the password to log on to our web site has changed.

The new password is:

Pawnee

Please note that Pawnee has a capital P. You will only need to log on if you wish to post an item to the site. Anyone can access the site by entering the site's name which is:

thepyramidiers.com

Target — Ploesti

By Joe Guynes

After pilot training, I crewed up at Salt Lake City, went to March Field, California for combat crew training, then to Hamilton Field where we were issued a brand new silver B-24 and told to fly it overseas. It became the first silver bird assigned to the 98th and thus was named the Silver Queen, one of the most famous planes of the Group. We were not flying the queen the day we were shot down. We were flying another silver bird, Green Apple, on its first and last mission.

It was July 21, 1944, Lt. Colonel Van Sickle, the 344th Squadron Commander, and Phil Keating, the Squadron Operation Officer, called me down to operations for a meeting after evening chow. The 47th Bomb Wing would lead the mission next day, and the 98th would be the second group over the target. Van Sickle would lead our squadron, and I would fly his right wing as deputy lead. If Van Sickle aborted or was shot down, I would take over and lead the squadron to complete the mission.

The target was a minor one in Yugoslavia—I had but three missions to complete my tour and I hoped the next two would be as easy as this one was perceived.

When we went down to group briefing the next morning, the target had been changed. Instead of a small one in Yugoslavia, it was Ploesti, one of our toughest targets. I had been there four times, and I knew what it would be like.

The group began take off at 0700, formed and flew to the rendezvous with the 47th Wing. We then flew to a point west of Bucharest, turned northerly to our IP, then tuned right on our bomb run. Just after we leveled out and tucked her in tight to make a good bomb pattern, we received a direct hit from an 88 on our number one engine. We lost all power in number two, and the sudden loss of power on one side slewed us through the formation. When Pat Meehan, the Copilot, and I regained control on the other side, we found Number One engine had been torn from the wing, and a fire had started in the engine hole, which ran over the top of the wing and along the trailing edge to the tip. We

then received three near misses which rattled flak throughout the aircraft, and it began to slip into a flat left spin. It tightened up and the wing fire became more intense. Pat and I could no longer control the aircraft, so I rang the alarm and ordered bailout.

Well let me tell you—Bowes perception of our problem and mine were different! When I left my seat, the fire was becoming intense, and that baby was beginning to windup—even getting back to bomb bay was difficult because of the G-Forces.

Pat and the crew on the flight deck cleared out immediately and I stuck with it a few seconds to maintain what control I could until all of the crew could get out. When I tried to leave, I became entangled in the radio wires and oxygen hose. After an eternity, I jerked free and scrambled for the bomb bay. When I reached it, there was Maurice Bowes, our Flight Engineer, calmly sitting on the cat walk with one leg out in the slipstream and the other tucked under his chin. I thought he was afraid to jump, but there was no fear on his face. I shouted to him to get the hell out—he shouted back that he was waiting until we were lower so he could have a better chance to escape.

Well let me tell you—Bowes perception of our problem and mine were different! When I left my seat, the fire was becoming intense, and that baby was beginning to windup—even getting back to bomb bay was difficult because of the G-Forces. I wasn't sure we would get



Left-hand photo: “Guynes’ Guys,” March Field, CA, Jan-Mar 1944. T/Sgt. Maurice Bowes, Engineer/Top Turret Gunner; S/Sgt. Andrew Higginbotham, Armorer/Waist Gunner; T/Sgt. Alex Bishop, Radio/Nose Turret Gunner; S/Sgt. Sidney Brown, Ball Turret Gunner; S/Sgt. Claude Womble, Waist Gunner; S/Sgt. Peter Weber, Tail Turret Gunner. Kneeling, 1/Lt. Joseph Guynes, Pilot; 2/Lt. James Gray, Navigator; 2/Lt. Patrick Meehan, Copilot; 2/Lt. Edward Szymanski, Bombardier. Names not available for right-hand image.

any lower! Again I shouted to Bowes to jump, and he shrugged his shoulders and tumbled out into the slipstream. I followed immediately and when I looked up, the plane was spinning down on top of me. I was afraid to pull the rip cord; I thought the plane would hit me. Finally when I could delay no longer, I pulled the cord and the plane spun around behind me and hit the ground in a huge ball of fire. I oscillated a few times and hit the ground with shattering thump.

I saw a grove of trees about a half mile on the other side of a corn field, and made a run for them. When I came out of the corn field, I ran smack dab into nine Romanian Soldiers, and they were a motley crew, indeed. They were the home guard; their uniforms were old and ragged; they wore warp-around leggings and were barefooted. Those guns were real though—and all nine were bore-sighed right between my eyes!

They took me to their barracks, and there were two others there whose identity I did not learn until later. About five o'clock they came for me and took me out to the parade grounds where the unit of about 100 was assembled. They placed me in front of the formation, about 50 feet from the front row and they brought our other two—Bowes the Engineer and Jim Gray, the Navigator. They were placed about 20 feet on either side of me, and I thought we were going to face a firing squad.

Soon their officer came out and began to lecture and harangue the troops, turning from time to time to point at us. It did not look good. When he finished, he came to me and asked in perfect English, “Have you been treated well?” Bowes shouted, “No, one of them stole my watch.” I repeated this to the officer, and he took Bowes to the troops to point out the soldier. Bowes did so, and the man was brought out in front of the formation. The officer recovered the watch, and began another harangue of the men. When he finished, he hit the frightened soldier squarely in the face. He was so petrified with fear he fell backwards stiff as a board.

The next day we were interrogated by Romanians and Germans, and then taken to a prison camp in Bucharest.

I don't want to pretend that we were mistreated in those camps. Compared to the savage treatment by the North Koreans, and the utter bestial brutality of the North Vietnamese, we were in a country club. The Romanians liked the Americans. We had helped them develop their oil fields and build their refineries. There was a great deal of American influence in Romania.

We had a cot to sleep on, although the mattress was three wooden slabs. We were fed three times a day. Each meal was a slab of black bread; every other day we had a bit of egg for breakfast, the noon and evening meals were a bowl of soup—usually bean—and once a

week it had a small chunk of meat in it. Not tasty, but adequate.

We had a clandestine radio, probably smuggled in by our benefactor, Princess Catherina Caradja, who also brought us books. At night, a trusted few would assemble the radio in a secluded place and get the news from the BBC. Then, they would hand print a newspaper to pin on the bulletin board every morning so we could keep up with the war and the outside world. It even had a comic strip—Joe Razboi—razboi meaning war. We had two barbers, both Russian, one a common soldier and the other a Russian officer. You better believe me they would rather be barbers in the American Camp than to be prisoners in the Russian camp across town!

On the 27th of August, there was a great deal of excitement in the camp. We learned Romania had capitulated. What I did not know, but learned later was that Lt. Col. Gunn, our senior officer, had met with the Romanian officials and asked to be flown back to Italy to arrange our evacuation. The Romanians agreed and a Romanian count flew Gunn to his base in Italy in a Messerschmit 109. They removed the head plate back of the pilots head and Gunn crawled in head first into the fuselage of that small fighter plane. They bolted the head plate back on; they painted an American Flag on each side of the plane, and the count flew to Italy. They told me it was quite a surprise when he landed and taxied in—they did not recognize the Messerschmit at first. When he parked, though, he was surrounded by MPs with guns, cocked and ready. When he coolly removed the head plate and started pulling Gunn out feet first, they could not believe it! *(Editor's note: All of the accounts I've read of Colonel Gunn's flight with the Count have the colonel riding in the radio compartment just aft of the cockpit. At least one account I've seen included a picture of the colonel emerging from the compartment. As the author states, he is reporting the flight as he learned it later, and that he had no firsthand knowledge of the event.)*

About a day or so after the capitulation, we were moved to a camp outside of Bucharest—the Germans were now bombing the city. After we had been there a couple of days, we were routed out of our bunks at about four o'clock in the morning, loaded on busses

and taken to the airfield south of town. The evening before I had seen an aircraft that looked like an American C-47. It turned out that it was. It had flown an American colonel, an OSS Agent with a jeep and a small crew. He arranged that flights of B-17s would fly in, load us up and fly us back to Italy. You must remember that fighting was still going on, and now between the Germans and Romanians, and was a risky operation, indeed. I imagine the C-47 crew who flew in unarmed, without escort, were decorated quite highly for their bravery.

When all 1,100 of us reached the airfield, about five o'clock, the colonel assembled us and told us we would form in groups of twenty; the B-17s would land and taxi to our positions, not cut their engines; we would load within 30 seconds, the birds would continue to take off positions and go! I was leader of the third group, and you better believe we were in our starting blocks by seven o'clock.

About seven thirty we heard the drone of aircraft engines. They were P-51 Mustangs, which would provide top cover for the airfield and escort us to the Danube. The first four Mustangs broke off and came across the airfield in perfect fingertip formation, smoking along at about 350 to 400 knots, and 50 feet off the ground. Man, was it beautiful!

Do you remember when we were kids at the Saturday afternoon movies, where the settlers were trapped by the Indians and at the last instant when all was lost, the U.S. Calvary appeared over the horizon. The U.S. flag waving proudly and the bugle blaring as those blue-coated soldiers galloped to the rescue? We all stomped our feet on that old movie house floor and cheered loudly. That's the way it was that morning—the thrill engulfed us all—the emotion choked our throats so intensely we could hardly breathe. When those beauties roared past, we knew they had come to our rescue!

Then the B-17s appeared in flights of six, landed and taxied to our positions just as we had been briefed. When they stopped, we raced for the door. We did not need thirty seconds, we were onboard in fifteen.

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This article was extracted verbatim from, "Force For Freedom, The Legacy of the 98th," Vol. I.

98th Bomb Group/Wing Veterans Association DAYTON REUNION 2015

by Susie Mioduszewski

And before we knew it . . . here we were back in Dayton, Ohio at National Museum of The Air Force, which is somewhat a 'touchstone' for this group, as this was the fifth Reunion to be held here (1970, 1982, 1986, 2002). Also, as fate would have it, this was the Fiftieth Meeting of members of the 98th Bomb Group, which was later incorporated into the 98th Bomb Group/Wing Veterans Association! How totally awesome to think that all these years later we are still meeting and honoring their desire to keep the legacy, friendships, and memories alive of all those members of "The Greatest Generation!" Most other groups can't believe we still meet and have the number of members and attendance that we do. Something we should all be proud of! I am very sure that the group of 'buddies' who got together all those years ago in Boston would be proudest of all!

Day 1: We had a great turn out—close to 130 people at various times throughout the week! There were new faces, some we hadn't seen for awhile, and more family members attending for the first time, and as always it was a great time together. Families represented by sons, daughters, grandchildren, brothers, sisters were: Clemmons, DiPietro, Gerfen, Kiser, Laninga, Palmer, Posey, Rawlings, Seals, Schinsing, Simons, Tarpley, Tessmer, and a special guest, young Mr. Charlie Stoll!

Day 2: Was a trip to the Air Force Museum where you could spend as much time as wanted, and there is so much (as we all know) to see! The Museum is currently in the midst of a multi-phase, long-term expansion plan supported by The Air Force Museum Foundation that will expand the museum's current one million square feet of exhibit space with a fourth building that will house the Space, Presidential, Research & Development and Global Reach Galleries.

For many of us it was also an opportunity to see The Air Force Museum Foundation's Legacy Data Plate

Wall of Honor near the museum entrance where we had purchased a stainless steel plate engraved with a message of tribute to our loved ones.

Day 3: This was our day to tour Dayton, the Birthplace of Aviation, and what a day we had. Growing up in Ohio, I had no idea of the treasures that were only a short drive away in Dayton, and that at one time Dayton held the most patents of any city in the US. Here there are actually five National Historic Landmarks and a National Register Historic District located within Dayton Aviation Heritage National Historical Park. These include the Wright Cycle Company building, Hoover Block, Huffman Prairie Flying Field, 1905 Wright Flyer III, Hawthorn Hill, and the Paul Laurence Dunbar State Memorial.

First we visited the Wright Brothers Cycle Shop that was home to their bicycle business from 1895 to 1897. It is the only building remaining in its original location. It was there the brothers began to manufacture their own brand of bicycles, which gave them the mechanical experience and financial resources necessary to begin



The workshop where the Wright brothers built their airplanes.

their experiments into powered human flight. Leaving there for our next stop, we passed the Hoover Block, which was near by.

Carillon Historical Park serves as Dayton History’s main campus operating as a 65-acre, open-air history museum that is open 360 days of the year. The crowning feature of the park is Deeds Carillon, the 151-foot tall limestone carillon tower with 57 bells, erected in 1942. The park is home to the Wright Brothers Aviation Center, which houses the original 1905 Wright Flyer III, the world’s first practical airplane.

The Park also consists of 30 historic structures including the Kettering family Education Center which is home to The Heritage Center of Dayton Manufacturing and Entrepreneurship, a 28,000 square foot indoor exhibit space, with the full-scale, hand-carved Carousel of Dayton Innovation, an extensive collection of NCR cash registers, a multi-sensory 4-D theater, a full scale, Ohio-made Carousel of Dayton Innovation and an animatronics theatre that highlights the nationally significant contributions of the Wright Brothers; Charles Kettering of National Cash Register (NCR); DELCO; General Motors; the computer development and World War II code breaking efforts of NCR; Dayton’s role in the Manhattan Project; and, the aerospace innovations developed at McCook Field and later Wright-Patterson Air Force Base.

Huffman Prairie Flying Field is just that—an open grass field where the Wright Brothers took their Flyer I and turned it into a practical aviation machine. Early aviation records were all set in the confines of the field. After the brothers “proof of concept” with their first flight at Kitty Hawk with their Flyer I (which flew but for a short time); they spent two years at Huffman Prairie refining their airplane design to create the first truly operational aircraft—the Flyer III. They succeeded in their work, finally were awarded a patent, and the rest is history. The field is just as it was then with a reproduction of the hangar, a reproduction of the launching catapult and rail, and a trolley platform. (The Wrights rode a trolley from their home in Dayton to the field.)

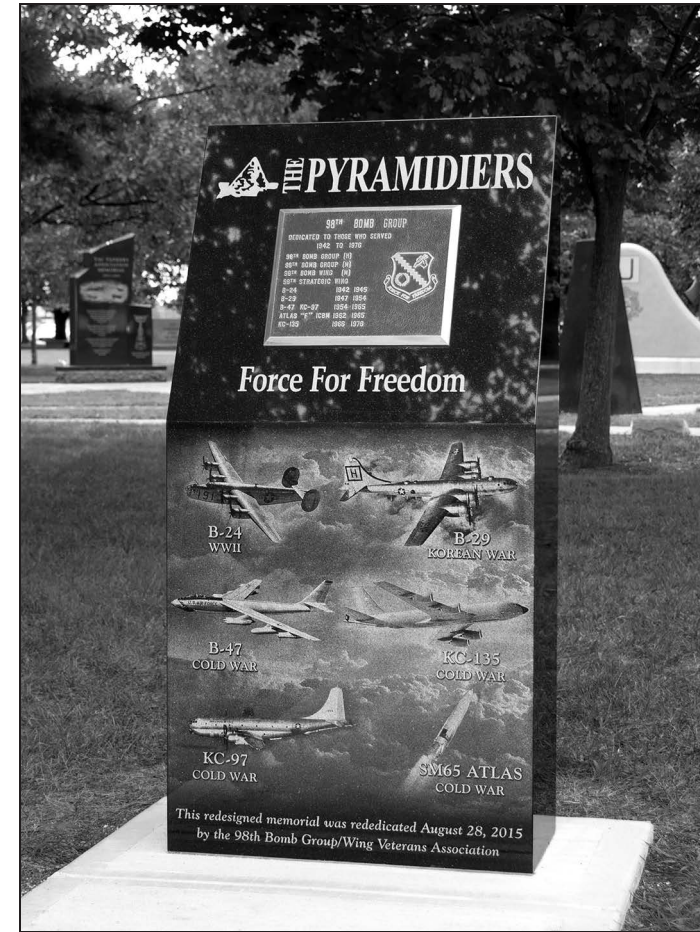
Day 4: a ‘free day’ for all to visit, shop, nap, etc., ending with a delicious dinner together at the hotel’s



Pictured above: Two views from the restaurant and hospitality room atop our hotel—a “wide skyline” and a more “zoomed in” view of one of downtown Dayton’s vintage buildings.

“View 162” Restaurant where we had a beautiful view of the sunset and the Gem City at night, while we were served wine with special commemorative labels honoring the 98th.

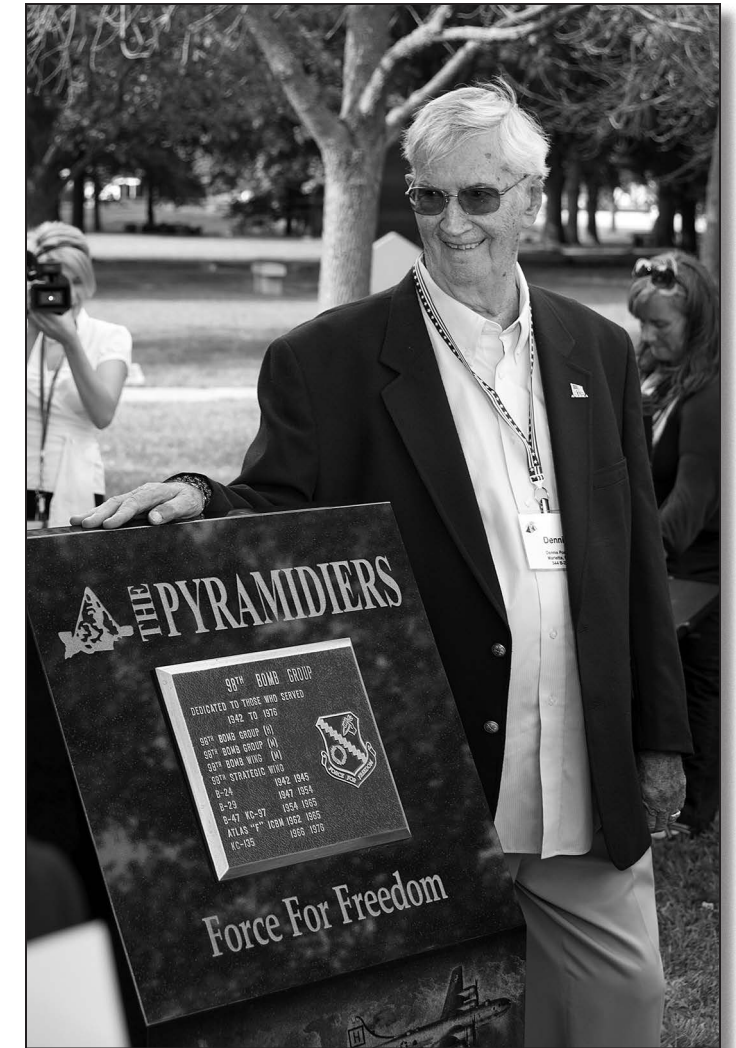
Day 5: The always much-anticipated Ladies Morning Event found us attending a very enjoyable Victorian Tea at The Patterson Homestead, home of Dayton’s influential Patterson family, who lived on the site from 1804 to 1904. A Federal style house, it was constructed in three major components between 1810 and 1850, was originally the home of Revolutionary War veteran Colonel Robert Patterson and his wife, Elizabeth Lindsay Patterson. It was Robert’s grandson, John H. Patterson who founded National Cash Register in 1844 along with his brother Francis.



In 1953 The Patterson Family donated the house, fully furnished with 18th and 19th century antiques along with several original family pieces, and its 8.5 acres to the City of Dayton for use as a meeting center and family memorial.

In the late afternoon our group headed out to the museum’s Memorial Park for the 98th Bomb Group/Wing Veterans Association Monument Re-Dedication. The Park honors Air Force-associated units and people for their courageous service and sacrifice in the cause of freedom. Memorial Park has grown significantly since the first dedication in 1972, with more than 500 memorials, including statuary memorials, plaques, trees and benches.

It was a lovely afternoon with a most meaningful ceremony conducted by our President, Bill Seals; who followed the Posting of the Colors, and Pledge of Allegiance, with a brief history of the 98th Bomb Group. Then the Wright State University Honor Guard unveiled the redesigned monument, first dedicated



Top left: the fully redesigned 98th Memorial. Directly above: Dennis Posey stands beside the redesigned memorial he created. Job well done! Below: A close-up of the refurbished bronze plaque—the original 98th memorial which was dedicated in 1976.



in July of 1976. This was followed by a moment of silence for those unable to be with us, those who have gone on before us, and those who gave their last full measure; while Taps sounded in the background and the Colors were retired.

Our group was so fortunate and honored to have among us this week the following World War II members of “The Greatest Generation”:

- **Hubert Clemmons, 415th Sqd, Lebanon, TN**
- **Art Palmer, 415th Sqd, Mount Vernon, WA**
- **Bob Rans, 345th Sqd, Sunrise, FL**
- **Joe Rifkin, 415th Sqd, Tampa, FL**
- **Phil Tarpley, 343rd Sqd, Rio, WI**
- **Alex Tejada, 415th Sqd, San Diego, CA**
- **Warren Tessmer, 343rd Sqd, Wausau, WI**

Gentlemen, we salute you for your dedication and service to our country!

After the ceremony we all retired to the Museum for a delicious dinner and conversation ‘under the wings,’ which is always an unforgettable and memorable experience—with the POW-MIA Ceremony conducted by members of the Honor Guard; made even more special this year when Dennis Posey’s daughter, Cheryl, sang the National Anthem and his daughter, Denise, offered the blessing.

Special Guests attending the dinner banquet included:

- Keith Jaworski and his daughter Jenna – Keith makes our newsletters possible and has been a loyal and invaluable supporter of our group.
- Mike Imhoff – Executive Director Air Force Memorial Foundation.
- Paula Zorc and her husband Steven – Paula takes everything we give her and makes it look professional in the newsletters we all look forward to.

We ended with our annual raffle which this year netted \$1,020.00 for the Scholarship Fund; thanks to the generosity of all who attended, and those who donated items—beautiful quilts from Evelyn Dennis, Sue Schinsing, Lura Hayes, the most sought after plane bird feeder made by Bob Schinsing, and a beautiful red, white and blue afghan that I am ashamed to admit that I cannot remember who gave it to us! Next year

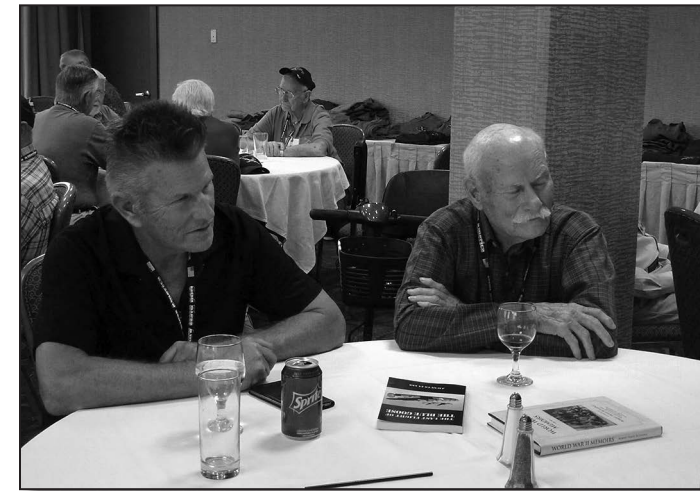


Pictured top: The honor guard prepares to unveil the memorial. Middle: Amy Seals pins a rose on Bob Rans’ lapel, and Aubrey Tessmer pins one on Warren Tessmer. Bottom: The banquet setting at the museum.

I need to take more notes! Taking leave, we said our farewells grateful for our shared time, with a promise to see each other again next year...

98th Bomb Group/Wing Veterans Association DAYTON REUNION 2015

We hope you enjoy perusing the photos on the following pages, providing glimpses of our Reunion . . . in no particular order.



Pictured this page, clockwise, beginning above:

Greg Palmer and his Dad, Art, in the hospitality room. Bill Seals pointing to a “100 mission patch” like he has for his missions.

Wright brothers’ bicycle from 1901.

The Wright brothers’ hangar at Huffman Prairie.

The Wright brothers used this apparatus to launch their airplanes at Huffman Prairie.

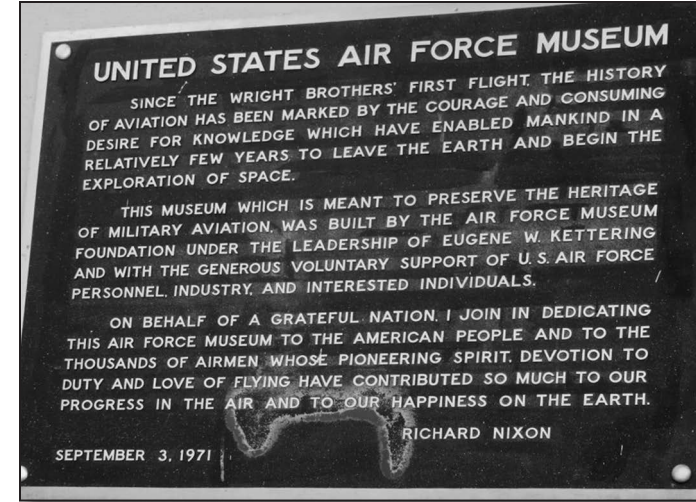




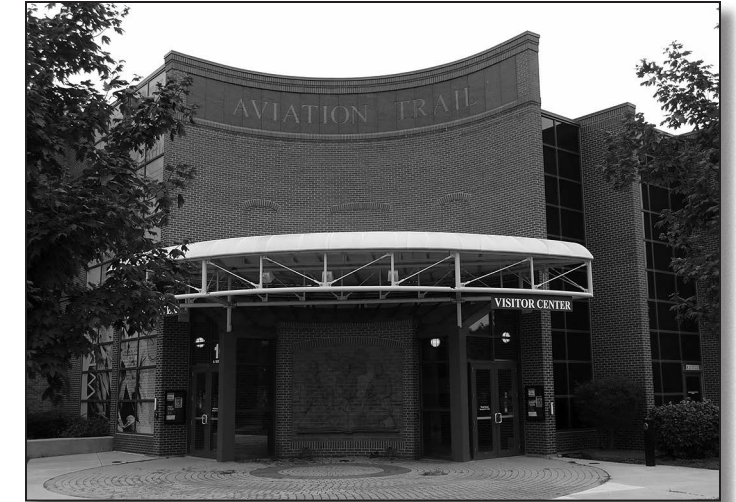
Bob Schinsing and Joan Hensel look at pictures from the Rapid City reunion.



Just "hanging out" and telling war stories.



Dedication plaque for the Air Force Museum.



One of the stops on our tour of Dayton.



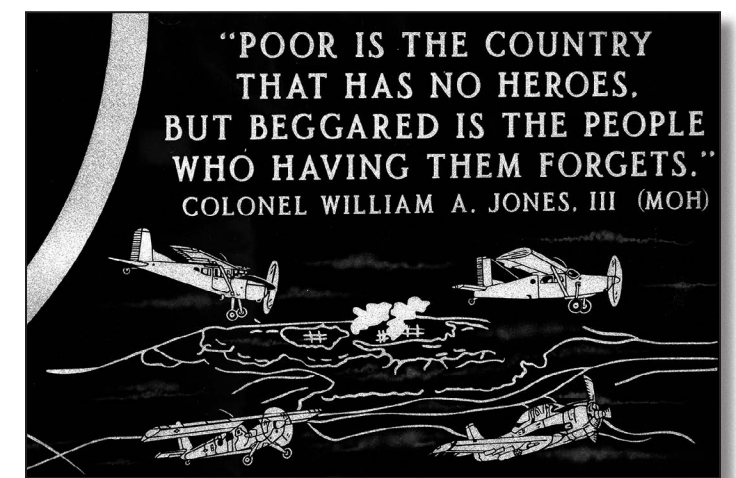
Lou and Millie Newton always bring Elisa DiPietro to keep themselves out of trouble.



Bob Ladislaw and Herb Harper with their coins.



Bill Seals, Bonnie Hensel and Susie Mioduszewski with Doug from the museum staff discussing the Wall of Honor.



Colonel Jones was awarded the Medal of Honor for his leadership of a rescue force during the Vietnam War.



Above: Dinner at the top of our hotel. Pictured at right: Wynn Strudenmeier, Joan & Bonnie Hensel and Lura Hayes at the museum.



On the far left: two 98th Veterans who had long careers, Derrol Dennis and Bob Ladislaw.

Immediate left: our private label, white wine.



Faithful attendees. Louise, Tony and Elisa DiPietro.



The Patterson Homestead was the host for the ladies event on Friday morning.



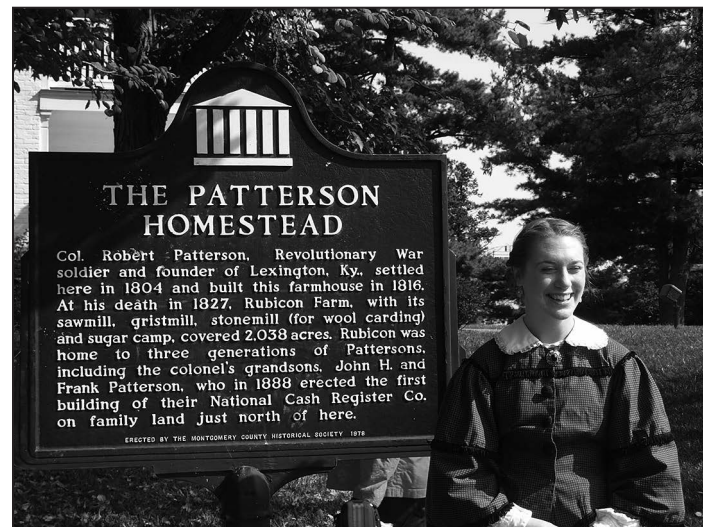
Three longtime supporters of our association, Phil Jaworski, Lura Hayes and Ken Laninga.



Inside the Patterson Homestead.



This picture is on the outer wall of the visitors center in the Carillon History Park.



Historical Marker at the Patterson Homestead.



The Wall of Honor at the National Air Force Museum.



Memorial plate above: Lura Hayes and Susie Mioduszewski's father.



Memorial plate above: Gary, Joan and Bonnie Hensel's father.



This picture, signed by several veterans of the Ploesti low level raid, hung in the WPAFB "O' Club" for years. It was "liberated" by a few 98th Veterans while at the club.



Setting up for the banquet "under the wings" at the museum.



Pictured this page, clockwise, beginning above:

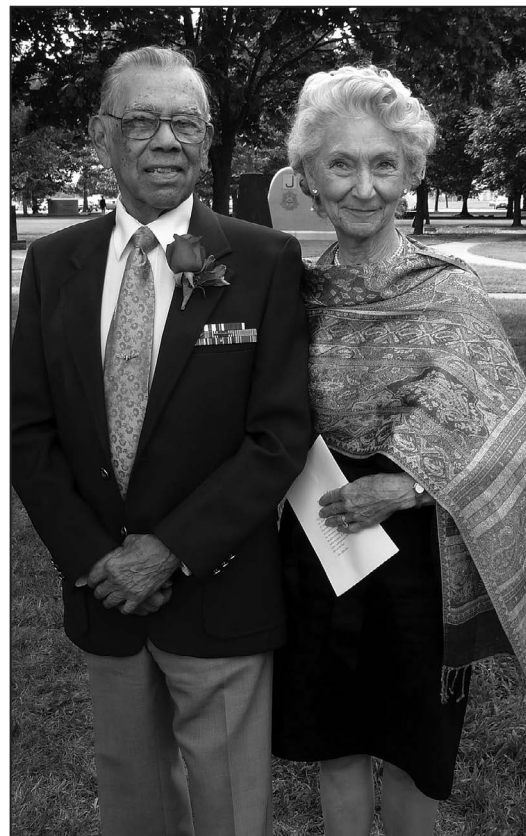
Joan Hensel trying to get a peek at the "Top Secret" memorial, without success.

David and Warren Tessmer with Bill Seals after the dedication.

Sign marking the entrance to the Memorial Park.

Alex and Barbara Tejada in the Memorial Gardens.

Ken Laninga with his sons and a grandson. Ken Jr., Randy, Dave, Steve and Gerrit.



The Program from Our Re-Dedication Ceremony

**98th Bomb Group/Wing Veterans Association
Monument Re-Dedication**

August 28, 2015

National Museum of the United States Air Force
Wright Patterson Air Force Base, Ohio



"To you who fly on forever, I send that part of me which cannot be separated and is bound to you for all time. I send to you those of our hopes and dreams that never quite came true, the laughter and showery tears of our boyhood, the marvelous mysteries of our adolescence, the glorious strength and tragic illusions of our young manhood, all these that were and perhaps, would have been. I leave in your care, out there in the Blue."

— John Riley Kane

The Order of the Program

- ▲ Welcome: Bill Seals, President, 98th Bomb Group/Wing Veterans Association
- ▲ Posting of the Colors
- ▲ Pledge of Allegiance
- ▲ History of the 98th
- ▲ Re-Dedication and Unveiling of Memorial
- ▲ Retire the Colors
- ▲ Conclusion



San Antonio 2016

Watch for details in our
February 2016 newsletter.