

A message from our president Francis X Gosselin



If you failed to attend the Biloxi, MS reunion, you missed a great one!

For the first time, we had a speaker. Brig Gen Andrew Mueller, Base Commander, Kessler AFB, MS., graciously accepted our invitation to meeting with us. Please visit our web site at www.601st-615th-acw.org/index.html to see all the pictures taken by George Biscoe at the reunion

For almost 3 hours, General Mueller kept our members in stitches telling us stories of the new Air Force and how things are working today.

Since General Mueller was stationed with the 601st Tactical Control Group in Germany, he was more than capable to relate to the members. He brought the membership current status of the force and of those units known to the membership who had been deactivated in Germany.

As you know, our reunions are our only time to enjoy the camaraderie and have fun together. During or prior to our reunions, many members have suffered pain due to loss of family and or loss of an old member friend, but at the reunion, joy was more predominant than pain and there was more sunshine than rain.

The membership must never lose interest in attending, participating and recruiting more of the younger members. Declining attendance and members not stepping up to run for office is holding the Association from moving forward to better things.

We must refine our movement of direction to show where we would like to be or expect our to be a few years down the road. Like many other military organizations, we are aging and shrinking in growth, but our spirit remains high!.

For our next reunion, please come prepared to select and elect members that will best serve the best interest of the organization. You can send me your ideas at anytime, by e-mailing me at: fgosselin@tampabay.rr.com

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A special thanks to Brigadier General Mueller, Commander, Keesler AFB, MS



Brigadier General Mueller put aside his busy schedule as Commander, Keesler AFB, MS., to meet and talk with the members of the 601st-615th Association during our Annual Reunion at Biloxi, MS.

Our heartfelt appreciation to General Mueller for his fantastic and joyful presentation. And making us feel as being part of the United States Air Force.



WE'RE GOING WHERE?

By Dick Peiffer

The cities of Charleston, SC and Charleston WV are commonly referred to by people in aviation as Charlie South and Charlie West. The two cities names have sometimes by chance been switched. Having said that: Some years ago, after I retired from the FAA, I flew full and part-time for local companies. One such company I flew for part-time had a Citation business jet based at Harrisburg, PA. One evening, I received a call from the Chief Pilot, a young fellow nicknamed "Dusty," asking if I was available for a trip to Charleston, SC the next day. It was an "out and back" departing 5: pm, and we would be back before midnight. I agreed and he said he would take care of the flight plans and see me at the hangar about 4:00 P.M.

The next afternoon we met, completed the pre-flight inspection, made sure there were refreshments in the back for our three passengers and pulled the airplane out on the ramp. We were all set when our passengers, the company owner, his wife and son arrived.

The passengers boarded, we started engines and taxied. Soon we had our enroute clearance, and departed right on time. Climbing southwest bound, our clearance took us direct Westminster, MD; Linden, VA; Charlotte, SC, and then into Charleston. A climb through multiple cloud layers and four frequencies later, we leveled at our filed altitude of flight level 350 (35,000ft).

The air was relatively smooth but, the winds aloft, out of the southwest gave us a headwind of over 100 knots. We had both checked the weather and agreed no other altitude would give us any relief from these headwinds. However, like all pilots, we'd look forward to the tailwind going home.

About an hour out, the owner came forward and asked, "How much longer?"

Dusty said, "Almost another hour." The owner's, "WHAT?" got my attention. He said, "Why so long, for crying out loud?"

Dusty said, "Well sir, we have an awful headwind, nearly 125 knots at the moment." The owner said, "Damn! Call ahead and tell them to find Mr. Harris. Offer our apologies and give him an estimated time of our arrival. We had dinner reservations for six-thirty." With that, he left the doorway. It was exactly 6: pm. With the „Flitefone in one hand and pilots telephone book in the other, I kept an eye on things as he called the FBO* at Charleston International. After a brief conversation, to me he said, "She said no one is there - has not been all day, it's 3:00 and pouring rain." (Cloud base 300 ft and 1 mile visibility) Then, "I hope we're supposed to be going to International."

"Well, don't ask me, you did the flight planning." I said with a chuckle. I reached for the binder to check what instrument approaches were into the other airport at Charleston SC, called "Executive." Just then the owner appeared back at the doorway. "Well?" he asks.

Dusty was dialing the Executive airport FBO number, he turned and said, "Sir, Mr. Harris is not meeting us at Charleston Internationale not?"

The owner said, "NO! We are going to CHARLESTON WEST, BY GOD, VIRGINIA!" I have no idea what rest of their conversation was, because I was transmitting to Atlanta ATC Center with a request.

"Go ahead with the request." The controller replied.

"Ah yea, Citation Four Charlie Kilo just found out we are going to Charlie West instead of Charlie South so, requesting a clearance from present position direct C-R-W." (The identifier for Charleston WV.)

The controller said, "Say again."

We were just coming up on Greensboro. I said slowly, for emphasis, "Yes sir, Four Charlie Kilo just found out our destination is Charleston West Virginia and not Charlie South, and we'd like a DIRECT if possible."

The chuckle in his voice was obvious because there were many stories of pilots who mixed up the two Charllestons. He said, "Oh, okay. Citation Four Charlie

Kilo, cleared to Yeager Airport, Charleston West, present position direct, maintain flight level three five zero."

I repeated, "Charlie West, direct and three five oh." We were already in the right turn and Dusty's fingers were flying over the input keys of the FMS**. Both of us could not help a chuckle. I looked over, "Well?"

"I may lose my job," he said.

I said, "Well, the weather might be better up there."

All I got for a reply was, "Great!"

We rolled out

on the direct

course and

the ground

speed nearly

doubled with

the tailwind.

"This should

help," I said,

motioning to

the ground

speed

readout.

Dusty was on the telephone calling the FBO in Charleston, WV. I hear, "Would you please tell a Mr. Harris, who should be there waiting for us that we will arrive at approximately thirty past the hour." A pause then, "Thank you."

To me he said, "He's there. Let's start down slowly and we'll keep the power up that will help."

Atlanta Center, gave us flight level 210 (21,000ft) in reply to my request and we started down.

I clicked on the cabin announce system and leaned around, looking back toward our passengers, "We should be on the ground at thirty after and a young lady said she will inform Mr. Harris."

Atlanta must have passed along our urgency because we received pilots' discretion descent right on down to 9,000 feet. Then leaving 12,000 just south of Charleston, we went over to Charleston Approach Control who began vectoring us for a visual approach to runway 32.

The airport in sight, we were cleared for the visual approach and deviated around a couple of good sized cumulus build-ups to keep the ride smooth for those in back.

Landing at 6:30, we taxied the short distance to the ramp and parked directly in front of the building entrance. The moment we stopped, I was out of my co-pilots seat, the cabin door open and on the ramp at the bottom of the steps. The boss was the first one down the steps checking his watch as he headed across the ramp. I could see a man waiting just inside the door.

As the last of our passengers left the airplane I reentered and said, "Well not too bad, time-wise."

Dusty said, "The son just said to me, his Dad thinks he may have told me Charlie South..."

"So, I guess you're not fired?" I replied.

With a chuckle, he said, "Well, not until we get back anyway. Let's go get something to eat."

Footnotes:

* FBO "Fixed Base Operator," is a facility at an airport that provides services for non-airline and military aircraft, crew and passengers.

** FMS "Flight Management System" is a computer navigation system that uses ground and satellite based information for navigational guidance.

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R. J. "Dick" Peiffer was in the 601st in Ops on Alpha Crew, from May 1954 to May 1957. Entered on duty with the FAA in 1958 in ATC and retired 1990. Then until 2003, he was a corporate pilot flying for a half dozen companies in a variety of business aircraft. Still an active pilot he gives required pilot flight reviews, instrument competency checks and conducts aviation safety seminars.

Look For The Silver Lining (or)

In God We Trust

Tour boats ferry people out to the USS Arizona Memorial in Hawaii every thirty minutes. We just missed a ferry and had to wait thirty minutes. I went into a small gift shop to kill time. In the gift shop, I purchased a small book entitled, "Reflections on Pearl Harbor " by Admiral Chester Nimitz.

Sunday, December 7th, 1941--Admiral Chester Nimitz was attending a concert in Washington D.C. He was paged and told there was a phone call for him. When he answered the phone, it was President Franklin Delano Roosevelt on the phone. He told Admiral Nimitz that he (Nimitz) would now be the Commander of the Pacific Fleet.

Admiral Nimitz flew to Hawaii to assume command of the Pacific Fleet. He landed at Pearl Harbor on Christmas Eve, 1941. There was such a spirit of despair, dejection and defeat -- you would have thought the Japanese had already won the war. On Christmas Day, 1941, Adm. Nimitz was given a boat tour of the destruction wrought on Pearl Harbor by the Japanese. Big sunken battleships and navy vessels cluttered the waters every where you looked. As the tour boat returned to dock, the young helmsman of the boat asked, "Well Admiral, what do you think after seeing all this destruction?"

Admiral Nimitz's reply shocked everyone within the sound of his voice. Admiral Nimitz said, "The Japanese made three of the biggest mistakes an attack force could ever make, or God was taking care of America . Which do you think it was?"

Shocked and surprised, the young helmsman asked, "What do mean by saying the Japanese made the three biggest mistakes an attack force ever made?"

Nimitz explained.

Mistake number one: the Japanese attacked on Sunday morning. Nine out of every ten crewmen of those ships were ashore on leave. If those same ships had been lured to sea and been sunk--we would have lost 38,000 men instead of 3,800.

Mistake number two: when the Japanese saw all those battleships lined in a row, they got so carried away sinking those battleships, they never once bombed our dry docks opposite those ships. If they had destroyed our dry docks, we would have had to tow everyone of those ships to America to be repaired. As it is now, the ships are in shallow water and can be raised. One tug can pull them over to the dry docks, and we can have them repaired and at sea by the time we could have towed



anxious to man those ships.

Mistake number three: every drop of fuel in the Pacific theater of war is in top of the ground storage tanks five miles away over that hill. One attack plane could have strafed those tanks and destroyed our fuel supply. That's why I say the Japanese made three of the biggest mistakes an attack force could make, or God was taking care of America .

I've never forgotten what I read in that little book. It is still an inspiration as I reflect upon it. In jest, I might suggest that because Admiral Nimitz was a Texan, born and raised in Fredricksburg , Texas --he was a born optimist. But anyway you look at it -- Admiral Nimitz was able to see a silver lining in a situation and circumstance where everyone else saw only despair and defeatism. President Roosevelt had chosen the right man for the right job. We desperately needed a leader that could see silver linings in the midst of the clouds of dejection, despair and defeat.

There is a reason that our national motto is **IN GOD WE TRUST.**

Visit our web site at:

www.601st-615th-acw.org/index.html

BERLIN AIRLIFT



Frankfurt airport celebrated its 75th Anniversary on Friday, July 8th, 2011. For this occasion, many pictures were displayed portraying the past of Germany's biggest airport.

Frankfurt Airport was one of the most important American air bases between 1945 through 2005 Rhein-Main Air Base together with Hamburg and Hanover provided the mainstay of the Berlin Airlift. In response to the currency reform in the three western zones, the Soviets blocked all passageways to Berlin in June 1948. During the economic boycott of Berlin by the Russians, the Allies supplied the city from the air. In more than 277,000 flights, cargo planes, which were called Rosinenbomber by the citizens, provided 2.3 million tons of coal, food and other goods. During the airlift, 31 Americans, 39 Brits and 13 Germans were killed in accidents.



The above picture shows the airlift's last cargo plane just before takeoff on September 30th, 1949. In the background of the photograph, a flight of bombers fly

to honor the Allies' achievements.

Today, a memorial at Frankfurt airport, reminds us of the achievements of the Berlin airlift.

Translation by Silvia Heise

WEB BITS @ PIECES

By

William (Willie) Hanson

601st-615th ACW

Webmaster



Some years ago, I remarked to my then wife that someday computers would be so commonplace that we all would have our own personal computer and have it with us all the time. And we could use it for communication, control household appliances remotely, and all sorts of things we could then only imagine. She scoffed at me for that (not only that). Nevertheless I (she still scoffing) bought my first computer. My first contact with a computer was somewhere around 1980 when I discovered the Commodore Vic-20. I just didn't want to be completely bypassed by the upcoming technology.

It has been a while, but I recall that it had a little less than 4 KB of memory. That is 4 kilobytes and not megabytes or gigabytes. That compares to just a few lines of text on today's computers. It consisted of only a keyboard with all parts enclosed therein. It had to be connected to a TV monitor in order to see a display. There were no peripherals such as disk drives. The only way to save anything was to hook it to a tape recorder and save to the tape. Then it was necessary to mark the place on the tape with the player's numerical display in order to find what had been saved.

Those were the days before Windows or Mac systems. The operating system was Basic. In order to create anything, you had to learn how to program in Basic. There wasn't a lot you could program within 4 KBs of memory. A few simple games could be created by the use of pixels being placed at certain places creating a simulated image.

After exploring the Vic-20 (not a lot to explore), I graduated to the Commodore 64. Now I have taken an incredible jump from 4 to 64 KB. This seemed to be the ultimate. I believe (not absolutely sure because I have had several others in progressing up the computer scale) that the 64 had graphics capabilities. I also remember a floppy (really was floppy) disk. A whole



new computer world had been opened up. Basic was still the operating system, so you had to be inventive in order to make a lot of use of it, but I wasn't being

left out of the rising field of computer use altogether.

Somewhere along the line, probably with the next one I bought, I experienced greater memory. Now it was up to 256 KB or something like that, and a printer could be attached. It was called a dot matrix printer. It printed by placing dots in such a way as to form letters for text or to form an image. Naturally this was without color. It was called grayscale

printing. But it was fun seeing an image being formed dot by dot. The floppy disk became a 3 1/2 inch disk enclosed in a hard plastic shell. A hard drive now became an important part of the computer. Programs could now be installed and would not have to be loaded from a disk in order to use them each time. CD and DVD drives are now eclipsing the use of floppy drives.

From machines such as the Vic-20 to today's models with lots of gigabytes of memory and terabytes of hard drives...where will we be in another few years? The below link is one clue.

<http://www.yankodesign.com/2010/05/25/in-2020-we-can-wear-sony-computers-on-our-wrist/>



2011 Reunion Highlights

LoAnne Zentner

Our reunion for this year in Biloxi was a week full of good times, interesting trips and renewal of friendships. At our welcome party, the commanding general of Keesler Air Force Base joined us for snacks and drinks and spoke to the group about the base and its history. He was eager to talk to everyone personally and interested in stories about training experiences. Cliff and I are from Wisconsin so we were happy to find out he is from an area close to where we live and will be in the area this summer for a high school reunion. One of our bus trips was to the base where the general boarded our bus to welcome us and make sure we had an interesting tour. For all of you who trained there, it sure is different from your time there.

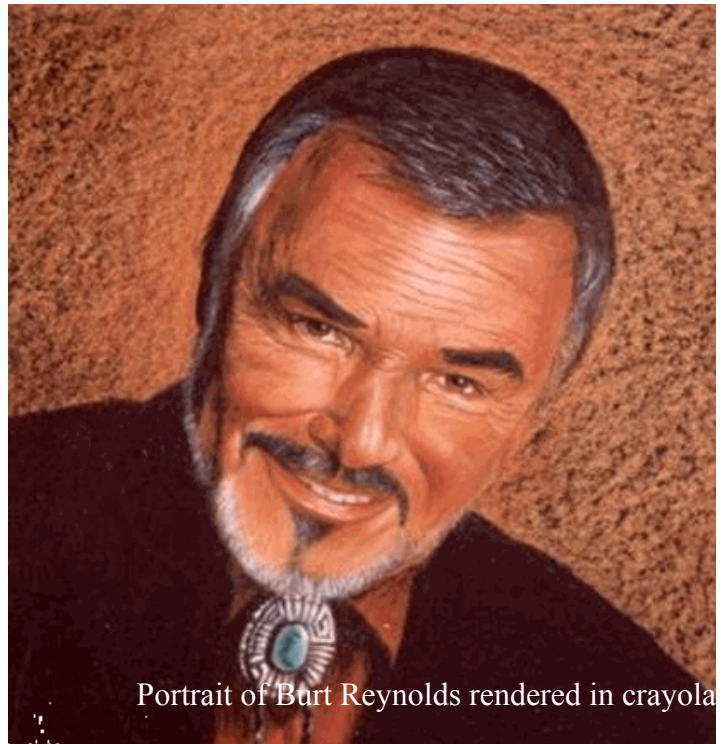
Our second bus trip was to New Orleans where we toured the World War II museum and visited the French Quarter. The museum is very interesting and the movie they show is a tribute to the people who served our country (and the world) so well. The French Quarter was not quite like we remembered it but we enjoyed the food and the sights we saw. Our local guide on the bus trips was a fun, funny, informative lady.

There was plenty of time for enjoying the beautiful beach on the gulf right across the street from our hotel, the casinos a short distance up the beach drive from our hotel and any other local attraction our members wanted to see. We found a local drug store that had an old fashioned lunch counter that specializes in beignets. Next year we meet in Nashville. We hope you will join the group for another fun time.

Mr Crayola Man: Don Marco

Don Marco was born in Northern Minnesota in the late 1920's. His interest in art was evident even before starting school. As a young adult in the Army Air Corp, he began his life's career in Air Traffic Control, which continued until his retirement from Honolulu International Airport in 1973. Much of his spare time was spent as a professional artist.

Before retirement, Don started developing a technique to create fine art, using Crayola Crayons. Shortly after retiring, he published his first print. Living in Southern California, his work was in demand, including commissions from Burt Reynolds and a one-man show at his Dinner Theater in Florida ..



Portrait of Tom Selleck rendered in crayola

Portrait of Burt Reynolds rendered in crayola

<http://www.themastercrayonartist.com/shop/aboutdon.aspx>

YOU DRIVE WHAT?

By Glen Griffiths

Most young boys of our generation admired Corvettes, mostly from afar, since they were first produced in 1953. I didn't dare dream of ever owning one. As a young man, I couldn't afford it and later, being a family man, it was very impractical and much too expensive to drive, even as a second car.

When our older son David became a self-sufficient adult, he bought a two-year-old 1980 T-top Corvette. He was single, and why not? It was yellow and a real beauty. On rare occasions, when he deemed that we had been well-behaved parents, Dave allowed us to drive it to the beach. It was a real blast to drive with all that power.

After one such drive in 2002, we decided to buy one for ourselves. After all we were retired and had no grandchildren. Why are we saving our money? After shopping around we found a 1999 Coupe, magnetic red metallic, with less than 10,000 miles.

Now, I am no ace mechanic to be sure, but I did make a few cosmetic changes. We began to enter car shows and won a few trophies. Our collection of dust magnets has grown over the years.

Then came a family tragedy. David was diagnosed with gall bladder cancer at age 47 and passed away. Our hearts were from our bodies. Life became very difficult for us without him. Although it has been 2 1/2 years, we still mourn our loss and we will never fully recover. In his will he gave his new Mazda3 to his mother and his Corvette to me.

Our younger son sold his business in Sacramento the next year and gave his company pickup to Romy. Then we were in possession of six vehicles and a 2-car garage! Something had to give! I was in the process of restoring our 1984 Chevy Silverado pickup. I had no trouble selling it, but did suffer from seller's remorse.

I turned my efforts toward upgrading Dave's yellow T-top to show condition. We spent money on some needed mechanical issues and even more as explained in the following paragraphs.

On a test drive, I began to hear a thump-thump-thump from the right rear of the car. What the heck could it be? It was unlike anything I had heard before. It only occurred under torque load acceleration. When the car reached about 1,600 rpms the thumping began and grew louder with more acceleration. While at a steady speed or deceleration the noise stopped.

I checked everything I could think of and nothing seemed obviously wrong. I went online and posted a note on the Corvette Forum. Most of the suggestions addressed

issues I had already tried. Some joker suggested I replace the "muffler bearings." A local Chevrolet dealership wanted to swap parts: differential rebuild, new side yokes, half shafts and related hardware, wheel bearings, etc at an estimated cost of over \$2K. No deal!



I took it to a highly recommended transmission mechanic, who inspected the u-joints, yokes, differential; transmission, wheel bearings and all seemed to be okay. The tail pipes were secure. I did authorize installation of new rear suspension bushings and shocks. The labor bill was growing by the hour without resolution, but I was very determined to solve the mystery. Finally, the technician thought he had fixed the problem. I drove the car home and all seemed to be OK.

On our next drive, the thumping noise returned. It was then I remembered that our son knew a mechanic whom he had trusted for about 26 years. Why didn't I think of that before spending money for unnecessary repairs? I made an appointment after carefully itemizing all the previous steps taken to resolve the problem. I delivered the car and my note to the shop owner who knew Dave's car very well. Bruce Murray is a loveable, but somewhat cantankerous fellow, said, "I don't want to read your damn note. I'll call you when I'm finished. It won't be long."

I went home very skeptical. A couple hours later, his wife called and said the car was ready, but she wouldn't tell me what Bruce had found. We drove back to the shop curious to learn how it could possibly be fixed so fast.

The explanation: The Vette has dual tail pipes and no mufflers. Whenever the engine exceeded 1,600 rpms the pipes set up a simple harmonic motion. That vibration was transferred to the spare tire tub. The tire was not fully secured and began to bounce – thump – thump - thump! He simply added a cushion and tightened the bolts. Problem solved. - It still hurts to think about it.

Two rotator cuff surgeries in 13 months delayed my restoration work, but I did what I could. We entered a car show in the summer of 2009 and were pleasantly surprised when it won first place in its class. But then, it was time to pass the car on to our younger son. He has continued the restoration project and upgraded the engine. His work, drives and adventures can be followed on the Northern California Corvette Forum.

Our '99 Corvette doesn't get much road or show time these days due to ongoing health problems, but I still enjoy driving whenever conditions permit. At age 73, I'm still waiting for my mid-life-crisis.

Nine Things That Could Disappear In Our Lifetime

Whether these changes are good or bad depends in part on how we adapt to them. But, ready or not, here they come

1. The Post Office. Get ready to imagine a world without the post office. They are so deeply in financial trouble that there is probably no way to sustain it long term. e-mail, Fed Ex, and UPS have just about wiped out the minimum revenue needed to keep the post office alive. Most of your mail every day is junk mail and bills.

2. The Check. Britain is already laying the groundwork to do away with checks by 2018. It costs the financial system billions of dollars a year to process checks. Plastic cards and online transactions will lead to the eventual demise of the check. This plays right into the death of the post office. If you never paid your bills by mail and never received them by mail, the post office would absolutely go out of business.

3. The Newspaper. The younger generation simply doesn't read the newspaper.. They certainly don't subscribe to a daily delivered print edition. That may go the way of the milkman and the laundry man. As for reading the paper online, get ready to pay for it. The rise in mobile Internet devices and e-readers has caused all the newspaper and magazine publishers to form an alliance. They have met with Apple, Amazon, and the major cell phone companies to develop a model for paid subscription services.

4. The Book. You say you will never give up the physical book that you hold in your hand and turn the literal pages. I said the same thing about downloading music from iTunes. I wanted my hard copy CD. But I quickly changed my mind when I discovered that I could get albums for half the price without ever leaving home to get the latest music. The same thing will happen with books. You can browse a bookstore online and even read a preview chapter before you buy. And the price is less than half that of a real book. And think of the convenience! Once you start flicking your fingers on the screen instead of the book, you find that you are lost in the story, can't wait to see what happens next, and you forget that you're holding a gadget instead of a book.

5. The Land Line Telephone. Unless you have a large family and make a lot of local calls, you don't need it anymore. Most people keep it simply because they've always had it. But you are paying double charges for that extra service. All the cell phone companies will let you call customers using the same cell provider for no charge against your minutes

6. Music. This is one of the saddest parts of the change story. The music industry is dying a slow death. Not just because of illegal downloading. It's the lack of innovative new music being given a chance to get to the people who would like to hear it. Greed and corruption is the problem.

The record labels and the radio conglomerates are simply self-destructing. Over 40% of the music purchased today is "catalog items," meaning traditional music that the public is familiar with. Older established artists. This is also true on the live concert circuit. To explore this fascinating and disturbing topic further, check out the book, "Appetite for Self-Destruction" by Steve Knopper, and the video documentary, "Before the Music Dies."

7. Television. Revenues to the networks are down dramatically. Not just because of the economy. People are watching TV and movies streamed from their computers. And they're playing games and doing lots of other things that take up the time that used to be spent watching TV. Prime time shows have degenerated down to lower than the lowest common denominator. Cable rates are skyrocketing and commercials run about every 4 minutes and 30 seconds.. I say good riddance to most of it. It's time for the cable companies to be put out of our misery. Let the people choose what they want to watch online and through Netflix.

8. "Things" That You Own. Many of the very possessions that we used to own are still in our lives, but we may not actually own them in the future.. They may simply reside in "the cloud." Today your computer has a hard drive and you store your pictures, music, movies, and documents. Your software is on a CD or DVD, and you can always re-install it if need be. But all of that is changing. Apple, Microsoft, and Google are all finishing up their latest "cloud services." That means that when you turn on a computer, the Internet will be built into the operating system. So, Windows, Google, and the Mac OS will be tied straight into the Internet. If you click an icon, it will open something in the Internet cloud.. If you save something, it will be saved to the cloud. And you may pay a monthly subscription fee to the cloud provider. In this virtual world, you can access your music or your books, or your whatever from any laptop or handheld device. That's the good news. But, will you actually own any of this "stuff" or will it all be able to disappear at any moment in a big "Poof?" Will most of the things in our lives be disposable and whimsical? It makes you want to run to the closet and pull out that photo album, grab a book from the shelf, or open up a CD case and pull out the insert.

9. Privacy. If there ever was a concept that we can look back on nostalgically, it would be privacy. That's gone. It's been gone for a long time anyway. There are cameras on the street, in most of the buildings, and even built into your computer and cell phone. But you can be sure that 24/7, "They" know who you are and where you are, right down to the GPS coordinates, and the Google Street View. If you buy something, your habit is put into a zillion profiles, and your ads will change to reflect those habits... And "They" will try to get you to buy something else. Again and again.

All we will have that can't be changed are Memories.