

A message from our president Francis X Gosselin



Another year has come and gone. Again, we have seen many of our members depart. Lucy Jane Vaughan, our friend and wife of John B. “JB” Vaughan passed away February 23rd, 2012. Our membership is getting smaller and smaller. It is time that we all take a time to check our address books to see if there isn’t a name or two that we haven’t seen for quite some time. If it is someone that you would like to sit down with and reminisce, let us know. You can invite them join us at our next reunion and renew their friendships.

Contents

President’s Message	Page 1
Kilroy Was Here!	Page 2
Reminiscing .. Good Ole Deutschland!	Page 3
The Cornfield Bomber	Page 4
More Computer Stuff	Page 5
The Great Escape	Page 6
Awards	Page 7
In memoriam	Page 8
The Ruins of Windsor	Page 9

We are all reaching that point in our lives when we don’t have time to attend all the reunions. When we do, it is very enjoyable being able to spend the time talking and reminiscing about those wonderful days of yesterday.

Let’s all try and contact someone from our past and see if we could spread some cheer within our ranks and welcome new visitors for our next reunion. We had over 800 names on our database 18 years ago, and we are lucky to have 60 who remain in contact with us and attend our reunions.

I am looking forward to see many of you again in Nashville. If you haven’t make your reservations yet, make sure that you do that right away!

Francis X Gosselin

KILROY WAS HERE!

For the WWII generation, this will bring back memories. For you younger folks, it's a bit of trivia that is a part of our American history. Anyone born in the teens, twenties, and mid-thirties, is familiar with Kilroy. We didn't know why, but we had lapel pins with his nose hanging over the label and the top of his face above his nose with his hands hanging over the label. No one knew why he was so well known, but we all joined in!

So who the heck was Kilroy?

In 1946 the American Transit Association, through its radio program, "Speak to America," sponsored a nationwide contest to find the real Kilroy, offering a prize of a real trolley car to the person who could prove himself to be the genuine article. Almost 40 men stepped forward to make that claim, but only James Kilroy from Halifax, Massachusetts, had evidence of his identity.

Kilroy was a 46-year old shipyard worker during the war who worked as a checker at the Fore River Shipyard in Quincy. His job was to go around and check on the number of rivets completed. Riveters were on piecework and got paid by the rivet.

He would count a block of rivets and put a check mark in semi-waxed lumber chalk, so the rivets wouldn't be counted twice.

When Kilroy went off duty, the riveters would erase the mark.

Later on, an off-shift inspector would come through and count the rivets a second time, resulting in double pay for the riveters.

One day Kilroy's boss called him into his office. The foreman was upset about all the wages being paid to riveters, and asked him to investigate. It was then he realized what had been going on. The tight spaces he had to crawl in to check the rivets didn't lend themselves to lugging around a paint can and brush, so Kilroy decided to stick with the waxy chalk. He continued to put his check mark on each job he inspected, but added KILROY WAS HERE in king-sized letters next to the check, and eventually added the sketch of the chap with the long nose peering over the fence and that became part of the Kilroy message. Once he did that, the riveters stopped trying to wipe away his marks.

Ordinarily the rivets and chalk marks would have been covered up with paint. With the war on, however, ships

were leaving the Quincy Yard so fast that there wasn't time to paint them. As a result, Kilroy's inspection "trademark" was seen by thousands of servicemen who boarded the troopships the yard produced.

His message apparently rang a bell with the servicemen, because they picked it up and spread it all over Europe and the South Pacific. Before war's end, "Kilroy" had been here, there, and everywhere on the long hauls to Berlin and Tokyo.

To the troops outbound in those ships, however, he was a complete mystery; all they knew for sure was that someone named Kilroy had "been there first." As a joke, U.S. servicemen began placing the graffiti wherever they landed, claiming it was already there when they arrived.

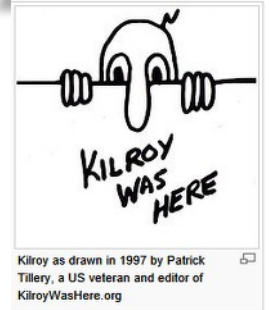
Kilroy became the U.S. super-GI who had always "already been" wherever GIs went. It became a challenge to place the logo in the most unlikely places imaginable (it is said to be atop Mt. Everest, the Statue of Liberty, the underside of l'Arc De Triomphe, and even scrawled in the dust on the moon.)

As the war went on, the legend grew. Underwater demolition teams routinely sneaked ashore on Japanese-held islands in the Pacific to map the terrain for coming invasions by U.S. troops (and thus, presumably, were the first GI's there). On one occasion, however, they reported seeing enemy troops painting over the Kilroy logo!

In 1945, an outhouse was built for the exclusive use of Roosevelt, Stalin, and Churchill at the Potsdam conference. Its' first occupant was Stalin, who emerged and asked his aide (in Russian), "Who is Kilroy?"

To help prove his authenticity in 1946, James Kilroy brought along officials from the shipyard and some of the riveters. He won the trolley car, which he gave to his nine children as a Christmas gift and set it up as a playhouse in the Kilroy front yard in Halifax, Massachusetts.

So, now you know!



**Suggested from an e-mail from Midge Douglas,
Dallas, Texas.**

..... Reminiscing.....Good Ole Deutschland!

By Glen "Griff" Griffiths

Here is a sample of my collection of photos from the Wasserkuppe radar operations Charlie Crew. As anyone can tell, we were young, a bit irresponsible and not taking life too seriously.



Bumgardner/Burnsie/Beetle/Lena/Woody

Most of the men of Charlie Crew were formerly stationed at Rothwesten. We missed the good times we enjoyed in Kassel and felt isolated on the mountain top - a form of culture shock. So, we traveled back to Kassel during our 3 day breaks after paydays to visit friends and places we had grown to know there. The Berliner Bruke was a gasthaus we often frequented. We were acquainted with some



of the local girls who enjoyed dancing to American jukebox music of the 50s. Our favorite Hercules brand "bier" cost 35 pfenning per glass- about a 8¢. Being civic minded, we felt it was our duty to contribute to the local economy.



These photos were taken in 1958 at the Berliner Burke gasthaus in Kassel.

The lady in the first picture is Lena, the proprietor's daughter. The guys are Wayne Baumgartner, Robert Burns, Perry Bailey, and Bob Woodworth.

In the second photo is Bob Driscoll (pointing), the man in the tan sport coat is John McDonald, then Marion O. Aime, and closest to the camera is Miquel "Poncho"

Domenech-Vila. The names of the young ladies have been lost to time.



After Wil Rodriguez, the editor of this newsletter, saw the pictures I sent him, his comments were "Miguel "Poncho" Domenech-Vila was Wil's best man on his wedding and after leaving the USAF, he went back to the University of Puerto Rico and later on became the Director, Puerto Rico Tourism Agency! He is now a big-time politician!

Small world indeed!



The Cornfield Bomber

By Dick Peiffer

This is a remarkable story about a USAF fighter interceptor, the F-106 Delta Dart a legend in its day. The Air Force asked for a fighter that could do 1.9 mach and continuous flight at 57,000 ft. It did both. Built by Convair, the “Six” as the pilots called it, first flew in 1956. It saw duty with the USAF and the Air National Guard until retirement in 1988. It was an advanced version of the F-102 with various modifications and a more powerful J-75 engine. In December 1959, it set a world speed record of 1,525.96 mph, about 2.3 mach at 40,500 ft. The pilot said it was not accurate because he was still accelerating.



resumed a slow descent heading off on its own. As Lt. Foust hanging in the chute watched his plane fly off, it was said Major Lowe yelled into his headset, “Gary, you better get back in it”.

Lt. Foust landed in a mountainous area of Montana and locals on snowmobiles found and brought him out.

As the fighter neared the ground, it stayed level and made a perfect belly landing in an empty snowy cornfield. After skidding across the snow, it finally stopped about 400 yards from a paved road.

A local law enforcement officer called Malmstrom AFB to report that he had come upon a fighter that was on the ground, pilotless, and still running. When he asked how to turn it off, he said someone on the base told him;

‘just let it run out of gas.’ The engine continued to run for one hour and 45



minutes and occasionally it would inch forward.

The landing put a gash in the belly of the fuselage, but otherwise the aircraft was fine. A team of mechanics arrived, disassembled the Six, and shipped it to California where it was repaired and returned to active service.

The Six, tail number 58-0787, completed its operational service life years later, and is now on permanent display at the USAF Museum at Wright Patterson AFB, in Dayton, Ohio where its story is told in the exhibit.

Exactly what caused 58-0787 to resume normal flight is unknown - loss of the canopy, the pilot’s weight, no one knows for sure. Maybe it just did not want to end its life by crashing into the frozen mountains of Montana. I can appreciate that. →

Our story takes place on February 2, 1970. A flight of three departed Malmstrom AFB, in Montana on a training mission. Soon, they were dog fighting when; during a vertical climb about 38,000 ft, Lt Gary Foust, lost control. His attempts to regain control failed, and the Six went into a flat spin. As the Six fell belly first, spinning on its horizontal plane, Foust worked feverishly to regain control. He yanked and banked and tried various trim, power and flap settings. Nothing happened.

Major Jim Lowe, another instructor pilot followed him down. About 15,000 ft Lowe recommended, “Eject your drag chute.” Lt Foust did, but the chute caught on the plane’s tail. By now, he had tried everything. He throttled back to an approach power setting. At 12,000 feet, it was time to eject. Foust ejected. Suddenly the fighter recovered from the spin, wings level at about 175 kts, in a nice glide and

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.

...more computer stuff!

By
William Hanson

Many of us today are becoming more and more reliant on the computer. To some degree it has replaced the postal service and news media. Communications can now be measured in seconds or minutes rather than days or weeks. Email, chat programs, Facebook and all the rest are now playing a role in our lives. For some the internet is their main window to the outside world. But when the day comes (and it always does) the computer becomes nothing more than a mass of cold metal, panic can set in. That is the day it will not work. Not only can we not communicate with anyone, we cannot access all the pictures, documents, etc. that we have saved.

Basically there are two aspects of the computer that make it vulnerable to failure:

1. As an automobile, it is subject to mechanical failure. If you drive either one long enough it is going to let you down.
2. A computer operates on software. When it becomes corrupted, it can let you down.

I have learned (the hard way) to take steps to *hopefully* avoid the problems that failure brings. First of all, it is well worth \$40 or \$60 a year to have a reputable anti-virus program installed on the computer. I have tried a couple of the free ones. They work, but I have found that they are not completely reliable. A good program will catch a virus before it is able to infect the computer, rather than just find it

during a computer scan done at some preset time. It can guard against hackers, against malware that can cause those pesky pop-ups and other advertisements that appear out of nowhere.

And I have learned to take steps to preserve all my data for when the dreaded day comes. I bought an external hard drive that has a good backup program. This one happens to be a Seagate FreeAgent GoFlex. It can fit in a shirt pocket. So far I am happy with it. After setting it up, it operates in the background and saves all new data and edits changes in old data. I can select the type of data I want it to save, as well as which areas of the computer I want to back up. When the day comes that the computer crashes, I will have all the data on the drive to install on a new or a repaired computer. I can look at it now and see or recover anything that I may have inadvertently deleted, including Email.



A picture of Seagate FreeAgent GoFlex. It can be obtained from your favorite electronic store or the web.

MEMBERSHIP DUES

Your membership dues are still \$20.00. Please renew your membership as soon as possible and/or before December 31st of each year. Make your check payable to Howard Dickey, 27382 450th St., Leonard, MN 56652 . Howard is the Association Treasurer. Thanks.

The Great Escape!

e

As suggested by an email from Carl Kitchens

Unearthed for for almost seven decades, the tunnel used in the Great Escape has finally been unearthed.

The 111-yard passage nicknamed Harry by Allied



Unearthed: The entrance to the tunnel, which lay untouched for almost seven decades

prisoners was sealed by the Germans after the audacious break-out from the POW camp Stalag Luft III in western Poland .



Tunnel vision: A tunnel reconstruction showing the trolley system, tried out, below, by Frank,

Despite huge interest in the subject, encouraged by the film starring Steve Mc Queen, the tunnel remained undisturbed over the decades because it was behind the Iron Curtain and the Soviet authorities had no interest in its significance.

But at last British archaeologists have excavated it, and discovered its remarkable secrets.

Many of the bed boards which had been joined together to stop it collapsing were still in position. And the ventilation shaft, ingeniously crafted from used powdered milk containers known as Klim Tins, remained in working order. Scattered throughout the tunnel, which is 30 ft below ground, were bits of old metal buckets, hammers and crowbars which were used to hollow out the route.

A total of 600 prisoners worked on three tunnels at the same time. They were nicknamed Tom, Dick and Harry and were just two ft square for most of their length.

It was on the night of March 24 and 25, 1944, that 76

Allied airmen escaped through Harry. Barely a third of the 200 prisoners many in fake German uniforms and civilian outfits and carrying false identity papers who were meant to slip away managed to leave before the alarm was raised when escapee number 77 was spotted.

Only three made it back to Britain . Another 50 were executed by firing squad on the orders of Adolf Hitler, who was furious after learning of the breach of security. In all, 90 boards from bunk beds, 62 tables, 34 chairs and 76 benches, as well as thousands of items including knives, spoons, forks, towels and blankets, were squirreled away by the Allied prisoners to aid the escape plan under the noses of their captors.

Although the Hollywood movie suggested otherwise, no Americans were involved in the operation. Most were British, and the others were from Canada , (all the



Bitter-sweet memories: Gordie King, 91, made an emotional return to Stalag Luft III.

tunelers were Canadian mining personnel) Poland , New Zealand , Australia , and South Africa , (as was Big X, the leader).

Discoveries: The site of the tunnel, recently excavated by British archaeologists

The latest dig, over three weeks in August, located the entrance to Harry, which was originally concealed under a stove in Hut 104. The team also found another tunnel, called George, whose exact position had not been charted. It was never used as the 2,000 prisoners were forced to march to other camps as the Red Army approached in January 1945. Watching the excavation was Gordie King, 91, an RAF radio operator, who was 140th in line to use Harry and therefore missed out. This brings back such bitter-sweet memories, he said as he wiped away tears. "I'm amazed by what they've found."

Awards

By William

Hanson

A while back I came across this site: <http://www.archives.gov/veterans/military-service-records/index.html>. While reading, I came to realize that I had not received the awards that are listed on my DD 214, so I decided to follow the



links on the site. It asked for my name, Air Force Serial Number, dates, etc., and I was able to download a completed form to deliver to them. I received an address and a Fax number. I faxed the form and after a time I received the awards, although not all were available and I was told to check back with them at a later date. I expected only the ribbons, but it turned out they are both ribbons and full sized medals. They were shipped to me free of charge.



Afterwards I decided to take another look at the site and filled out another form (online), downloaded it and sent to them. This one was a request for all my military records. Exactly what this will turn out to be, time will tell.

HELP!

Please help us keep the membership database current. If you changed your address, telephone numbers, e-mail address or made any changes to your profile, please notify us by going to our web site, www.601st-615th-acw.org/index.html, and leaving us a message. This action will ensure that you receive all our correspondence as well as our newsletters.



In Memoriam...

LUCY JANE SNELL VAUGHAN MERKEL, TEXAS

1938 - 2012



Lucy and JB Vaughan at the 2011
Reunion Biloxi, MS

Lucy Jane went to be with her Lord and Savior on February 23, 2012 after a five-year battle with Ovarian Cancer.

She was born on May 1st, 1938 in Mabton, Washington to Paul E. And Anne (Simpson) Snell who both preceded her in death. She is survived by her loving husband of 43-½ years, John Benjamin, “JB” Vaughan. She is also survived by three daughters from her first marriage to W. A. Young, Linda Sue Young Fletcher and husband Bradley of Rowlett; Carol Dawn Young Brady and husband Blake of Huntsville; Anne Young Vaughan Jendrzej and husband Randy of Corpus Christi. She is survived by her children, Lucy Marie Vaughan Devillier and husband Robert of

Conroe and John McCaslin Vaughan of Abilene; two brothers, Phillip Snell of Independence, MO and Ted Snell of Trimble, MO; five grandchildren, Joseph Tristan Yoders, Elizabeth Anne Jendrzej, Rachel Renee Jendrzej, Kara Danielle Vaughan and Alexandra McCaslin Vaughan; and several nieces and nephews.

Lucy had a strong faith in her Lord that she shared throughout her life, in service to her church family wherever she lived: Independence, MO, and the Houston area, and in Merkel, TX. She obtained her private pilot’s license in 1976 and spent many hours flying with J.B., Traveling all over the United States. In 1995, she retired from the Southwestern Bell Telephone Co (now AT&T) after more than 25 years of employment. After retirement, she and J.B. spent much of their time together traveling by RV throughout the 48 contiguous states, the Canadian provinces, and three trips to spend summers in Alaska. They also made a 15-day trip to Australia in 2002. She was an active member of the OE County Quilters in Eula, and completed over 60 quilts during and between her travels after retirement. She was also a member of the Merkel First Baptist Church.

Lucy and J.B have been loyal supporters of our Association and attended all our reunions. We always miss Lucy and J.B. at our future reunions.

The members of the Association extend their deepest sympathy to Lucy’s husband and to her family.

The Ruins of Windsor

*Photos and Text By
Irene Moore*

The **Ruins of Windsor** was built in 1860, west of Port Gibson, MS., by Smith C. Daniell, II. The successful cotton planter completed construction in 1861. Ironically, he died in April of 1861 only weeks after completion. The **Windsor Ruins** are located in Claiborne County in the U.S. state of



Mississippi, about 10 miles southwest of Port Gibson near Alcorn State University.

It was Feb., 17, 1890 the main structure was destroyed by fire, leaving only stately columns as mute evidence of a glorious, historic past. It is listed on the National Register of Historic Places. The Windsor Mansion had 23 rooms, two floors and an attic. This mansion survived the Civil War.



Irene Matherne Moore is the Web Editor of the United States Constabulary Army of Occupation Germany and Austria 1946 - 1952. She can be reached at irmoore@eatel.net