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Class News: June 2016

The Association of Graduates recently learned of the death of Col (Ret) Jerry D. **Driscoll**, CS-11 class of 1963. Jerry passed away on 20 February 2016 in Wayzata, MN after a long battle with Primary Lateral Sclerosis, a slower acting form of ALS. Visitation was held on the 29th at the David Lee Funeral Home of Wayzata. A funeral mass followed on 1 March at the Wayzata Holy Name of Jesus Catholic Church. His family requested donations in lieu of flowers may be made to the ALS Association; Gift Processing Center; PO Box 6051; Albert Lea, MN 56007 www.alsa.org or to the USAFA Endowment; Air Force Academy Fund; 3116 Academy Dr; USAF Academy, CO 80840 www.usafa.org. Condolences may be sent to the family in care of his wife, Sharon: Mrs. Sharon Gehrman-Driscoll; 101 Hunters Glen Rd; Wayzata, MN 55391-1365

Diff reports: Your Class Endowment Fund ended 2015 with \$814,220 which includes \$92K of outstanding pledges. During 2015, the Fund made gifts and incurred expenses of \$24,170 as follows: a fan for a computer in the kiosk in A-Hall--\$133, plaque near the Heritage Display in A-Hall--\$487, fees on gifts made by credit card--\$586, gift to AOG for Class Histories, as per MOU--\$1,500, a gift to CCLD--\$10,732, and a gift to Center for Oral History--\$10,732.

Diff commented, in his e-mail, he attended a retirement briefing. Not necessarily by choice says Diff but by decree. Looks like Boeing is moving his manuals function to Seal Beach. He predicts his last day to be September 23rd. My recollection has Diff coming to Boeing not too long after I did which was late 1988. Now, Sep 2016 is truly a full career at Boeing.

Mini-Reunion Oct 1: Bob Hayes reports no change in status for the mini. We're planning on gathering for the Navy game on Oct 1st. Ideal would be dinner at the Palmer Lake Villa Friday night. Tailgate Saturday morning, game at Falcon Stadium at 1:00 PM, dinner and cup turning at Ike's place (Golf Course) Saturday evening. All this of course hinges on a normal Saturday game time. Look for an e-mail from Bob once the game day/time is firmed up. If you are not on Bob's e-mail list you can reach him at bcayahes@comcast.net, or telephone **1-719-481-9693**

We had a mini-mini with Bob and Charlie Ann **Hayes** here in Tucson which included an alfresco dinner at Vivace's and a round of golf at the Golf Club at Rancho Vistoso. As is our practice a reunion photo is included. The photo turned out to be a Facebook sensation.



Best restaurant in town

Speaking of mini-reunion photos here is one taken at the 2005 mini during a very cold Army Air Force Football game which Army won 27-24.



Gordon **Bredvik**, Barney **Bartlett**, Dave **Nuss** and C4C Austin Bartlett

Note: Austin Bartlett, a Fourth Classman (Class of 2009) then is now Captain Bartlett and best I can tell stationed at Nellis. How time flies.

Fred **Lindahl** reports on another small rejoin. Hank **Snow**'s son Scott is an inventor and an entrepreneur. He developed a system to stabilize fast-moving boats in steep turns and heavy seas. The development work is done in Cambridge, MD, on the eastern shore of the Chesapeake Bay. John **Borling** and Lou **Matjasko** are assisting Scott in the business side of his venture. Lou and John invited the nearby Golden Boys to come and see Scott's work. It was also a chance to exaggerate the heroism of our early years and lie about our later

accomplishments. We were Lou and John, and also Joe **Peters**, Dean **Hess**, Art **Johnson**, Gil **Merkle**, Larry **Thompson**, and Dick **Guild**. This *rodomontade* (word of the month) was facilitated by a private dinner with Scott as the guest speaker. The main event was a demonstration of his invention on the Choptank River where it empties into the Bay. To get flyboys into the right frame of mind, Scott ran the demonstrator boat, a cigarette-style forty-footer, up to 90 mph. He slowed it to 40 and demonstrated how the mechanism allows a sharp un-banked turn, which of course preserves all-around visibility. He also showed the turbulence-damping effect of the system in one-foot waves. The improvement is even greater in heavier seas. He offered the helm to each of his Golden guests. Even compared with the inverted split-S's that we had boasted about the night before, we all considered it impressive and a great thrill. Many thanks Fred.



FR Thompson, Merkle, Hess, Matjasko
BR Johnson, Peters, Borling, Lindahl Guild

I have to add Joe **Peters** included a story about how he ended up at the Academy and a member of the Class of 1963. Unfortunately, it is too long for the constraints on this column and yet para-phrasing would not be right. So, go to the Class Web and look up this column—the whole story will be there (at the end). Thanks much Joe. Must read! Phil **Maywald's** book, **Nail 48**, is about his adventures in SEA leading up to the action resulting in the award of his Air Force Cross. You can get it on Amazon—I downloaded to my Kindle. He says the proceeds will go to the Class Fund.

Phil writes “This is part of the preface to Nail 48.” The United States Air Force Academy (USAFA) Class of 1963's future was entwined with the Viet Nam War even though we did not know that until after our graduation. It ended the lives of eighteen of us in combat and two classmates were long term POWs; others were killed training to go to SEA. The majority of us served in SEA. The purpose of this book is to tell the reader how we came to be entwined with that war and our service to our country during that period. It is written as a first person account of memories. I consider myself an average member of the Class. I was average as a cadet and had an average career. But, there were times in my career that I had an opportunity to do extraordinary things. Many, if not all of my classmates, had like opportunities and responded in ways that make all of us proud to be graduates of USAFA and members of the Class of 63. I think by telling the story of an average member of the class the reader will come to appreciate how we came to do what we did and why we did it in our service during the war.

That's it for this time. Do me a favor and go to the Class Web site and check out the **Guest Book**—no entry since 2011. A real shame we are not using this venue to tell more of the story It is not hard to log-in. User ID

is Nino. You know the password if you know Nino's last name. As Dick Guild is want to say on occasion "Keep up a good Mach."

Joe Peter's war story: **Effort Counts**

College was not a financial option for me when I graduated from high school. For most, it was day laborer or the Armed Services. After two weeks on a garbage truck, I decided it was time to serve my country. I had wanted to be a military pilot from an early age. Reading about Chuck Yeager busting the mach had pointed me toward the USAF. Aviation Cadets was big back then. "Back then" was before they decided you had to have a college degree to be functional. I enlisted in the Air Force on 30 May, 1956(Memorial Day) to wait until I was old enough to get into the AvCad program. No college required.

My first foreign assignment was in a place called Syracuse, N.Y. Yeah, I know it is in the CONUS, but when you came from rural Oklahoma, Syracuse was a foreign country. Jim Brown was a senior that year. I became a Russian linguist(of sorts) and was assigned to a secluded installation NE of Tokyo. My official job was to ". . . monitor radio broadcasts for security violations." Never mind what I did.

After a year or so of this, I had become an expert at drawing my pay twice a month, buying enough cigarettes, toothpaste, laundry and etc. to last until the next payday, then getting a pass and going to Tokyo for a weekend of riotous living. RTB and slept in a barracks and ate in the mess hall.

After one such three day episode, Ralph Hilliard(a fellow Golden Boy for about a year) and I got back on base just in time to go to Commander's Call. I can still hear the CO saying "I want some men to apply for the AF Academy." Chunky(aka Ralph) and I looked at one another. Hung over like hell and pretty much tuckered out, we came to a momentous conclusion: If we were to go over to the orderly room and check this out, we would not have to go to work until the afternoon.

We were sent to a neighboring base for testing, physicals, and such. We were treated like royalty and even allowed to go to the NCO club. I remember winning thirty-five bucks in a bingo game. Half a month's take home pay back then. We failed the academic testing. No speakee higher mathematics.

Well, that was that. Except—a few months later. in July of 1958, I went over to Chunky's office to go on coffee break with him. While waiting for him, I fell to reading his office bulletin board. Posted thereon was a little flyer about the size of an envelope-in color, yet. The flyer told about prep school. We quickly decided to apply. Too late, they said. The application deadline would fall before we could take all the requisite tests. Well, hell, another opportunity missed.

But, wait—we had already taken all those tests when we applied for the AFA. We pooled our coins, flipped one to see which one would take a cab and go downtown to a Western Union station, and sent the big message: "You already have all that stuff." Some thirty-six hours before the deadline, we were accepted to West Point Preparatory School, at Ft. Belvoir, Virginia. Eight days later, after a couple of l-o-n-g flights in a propeller driven airplane across the Pacific and an even longer cross-country ride in a Continental bus, I arrived in Washington, D.C. and caught a ride to Ft. Belvoir. Some nine months later, I won one of the fifteen slots allocated to my category for the USAFA. Effort counts.