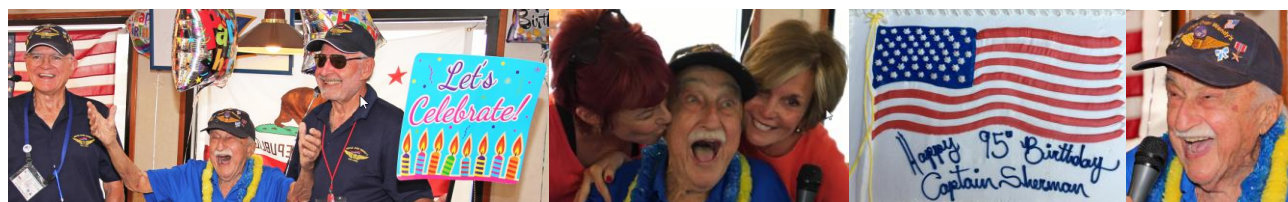


Milestone for Art Sherman and warm reception

Wings over Wendy's celebrated Art Sherman's 95th birthday a few days early at the July 25th meeting. Howard Swerdlick decorated the West Hills Wendy's Restaurant with balloons and Happy Birthday signs to honor our leader Art Sherman. Members of Art's family and many friends were guests at the celebration. Unfortunately, the restaurant's air conditioning was not working but it did not deter the crowd from wishing Art warm congratulations and wishes for another five years or more. Visitors and friends that spoke included: Raffy Astvasadoorian, Neighborhood Prosecutor; Carolyn Blashek, Operation Gratitude Founder & CEO; Harvey Keenan; Veterans Advocate, WOW members: Steve Politis, Bob Bermant, Ed Reynolds and Bob Donovan; plus Art's girlfriend Dory, daughters Linda and Judy and his niece . After singing "Happy Birthday" and blowing out the "5" & "9" candles, Howard passed the microphone around the room to enable everyone in attendance to wish Art a happy birthday



Photos by Howard Swerdlick and Harlis Brend

July 4, 2016
Roy Firestone



On July 4th we had the unique pleasure to have Roy Firestone address our group. Roy is a seven-time Emmy Award-winning and seven-time cable ACE Award-winning host, interviewer, narrator, writer, and producer. As the ground-breaking, original host of ESPN's legendary Up Close, Up Close Classic and Up Close Primetime, Firestone has interviewed more than 5,000 athletes, musicians, actors and political figures, as well as scores of writers and filmmakers.

Sports Illustrated calls Firestone "The best interviewer

in the business." The late Pulitzer Prize winning columnist Jim Murray once said, "Roy Firestone isn't just the best sports interviewer I've ever seen, he's the best interviewer period. That includes, Diane Sawyer, Barbara Walters, Mike Wallace, Morley Safer, any and all of them."

On his July 4th address to WOW he presented a recap of his interviews and friendship with the legendary Ted Williams, the great Red Sox baseball hitter. Roy told us that Ted's talking reminded him of John Wayne. The story he passed on to us was about Ted Williams's crash landing an F-9 during the Korean War.

The following is the narrative from the Official Ted Williams web site:



(Continued on page 2, column 1)

Flying with the 33rd Marine Air Group, Ted Williams was one of the 200 flyers in a huge air mission aimed at Kyomipo, fifteen miles south of the North Korea capital of Pyongyang. Coming in low over his target, a troop encampment, Ted lost sight of the plane in front of him.

He dropped down to regain visual contact, but went too low. North Korean soldiers in the encampment blasted him with small arms fire. He completed his run over the target and tried to pull up. Every warning light in the cockpit was lit and the plane was vibrating. The stick started to shake and he knew he'd sprung a leak in the hydraulic system.

The landing gear came down and the plane was hard to control. Ted got the gear up and started climbing. He knew he was in trouble and got on the radio, but the radio went dead. Another pilot pulled close and tried to signal Ted to bail out, but he didn't know his plane was on fire.

He increased altitude and turned the jet toward the nearest American base. Nearly all his instruments were out. The airspeed indicator read zero. The wing flaps were frozen and Ted was unable to lower the landing gear. Every message given by the plane told him to eject.

He continued to climb, still not knowing the plane was on fire, but took the precaution of climbing to higher elevation anyway. A companion aircraft, piloted by Lieutenant Larry Hawkins, led Ted back to the field and radioed ahead that he was in trouble.

Ted again considered bailing out but resisted the idea. He was afraid if he ejected his kneecaps would crash against the cockpit.

With the field in site, Ted turned to land when an explosion rocked the craft. A wheel door had blown off. Smoke was pouring from the brake ports. Down below, the residents of a small Korean village on the outskirts of the field scattered. His plane was a mass of fire and smoke.

Unable to check his air speed and almost powerless to do anything about it, Ted approached the ground at 225 miles per hour, almost twice the recommended speed. He dropped the emergency wheel latch and only one wheel dropped into position. He hit the strip level, but with no way to slow the plane. Soon the plane settled on its belly, sparks, fire, and smoke trailing after it, as Ted held on, hoping it would stop.

The F-9 screamed down the field out of control for more than a mile, shedding strips of metal and on the verge on exploding. Twice the plane nearly barreled into fire trucks waiting for the inevitable blowup. Finally, at the very edge of the field, the plane groaned to a stop.

Ted popped the canopy. With the exception of the cockpit, the entire plane was aflame. He dove headfirst to the tarmac, where he was grabbed by two Marine flight crewmen and hustled away. Angry, both at himself and the close call, Ted took off his helmet and threw it on the ground. When he returned to look at the plane, it was a blackened hulk, completely destroyed. He avoided death by the narrowest margin.



July 11, 2016 Larry Powell



On July 11, Larry Powell, returned as our featured speaker. Larry told us that when he took his children on a tour of Europe he was able to show them where he crash-landed and had them meet a man who saw him crash land.

On May 20, 2015 he along with 76 other surviving flying aces were awarded the Congressional Gold Medal Congress' highest civilian award by leaders of the House and Senate in a packed Emancipation Hall on Capitol Hill. There have been more than 60,000 fighter pilots in American history, yet only 1,447 have earned the distinction of "ace," meaning a fighter pilot whose skill and valor resulted in the destruction of five or more enemy aircraft.

The ceremony at the Capitol was convened by Seattle's Museum of Flight, home to the American Fighter Aces Association.

The museum brought together more than 20 volunteer pilots and a fleet of small and mid-size jets to fly more than three dozen of the surviving aces and their families to Washington, D.C. to receive their award.

(Continued on page 3, column 1)

Larry had the medal with him and we were able to see it and hold it ourselves.



Congressional Gold Medal

July 18, 2016 Maurice Portnoy



On July 18th our own member, Maurice Portnoy, talked to us about his early life. He was born and grew up in Argentina to Russian born parents. His father had escaped Russia in 1925 after a fight and his mother followed a year. He has a sister, eleven years younger who is a doctor. His father was very successful becoming a multi-billionaire. Maurice was an activist student in college studying architecture and engineering and was thrown in jail five times.

Maurice obtain his pilot license at 18 and entered the Argentine Air Force. At one point, he was jailed because he would not take an oath to support a constitutional amendment to grant Perón Presidency for life. He was sprung from jail by an AF general who told the court that the military should not have to take political positions.

Arrested again, he told the guards he had a boil on his arm and needed to go to the restroom. The restroom had a large window and Maurice escaped, contacted a friend with a Cessna 140 and flew across the river to Paraguay. He had a friend in Caracas, Venezuela so flew up there and with his friend's sponsorship, he obtain papers and

licenses. He started with "pick and shovel" work and impressed his bosses with his engineering knowledge and smarts. He was promoted to sales, selling nylon and similar products worldwide. He impressed management and was sent to the US to attend training and eventually work at DuPont Corp. He became a Plastics and Textile Engineer and was involved in the development of the plastic dashboard on 1956 Chevrolet and seat belts.

He registered for Selective Service in 1959. He then told us about forming a Rugby team and that one of his team members was a colleague of Che Guevara and was with Che when he met the Castro brothers in Mexico.

Time ran out for the meeting and we invited Maurice to speak again about his aviation career in the United States at a future meeting.

Member Profiles

SHIRLEY ANDREWS A FIERY SPARK BEHIND THE SPEAKER

By Ray Rosenbaum



John and Shirley

Like non-military members, women are becoming increasingly important in Wings Over Wendy's, and Shirley Andrews is at the top of the list.

Active since 2006, she joined two years before her husband, John. A good friend, Steve Politis, now scheduled for his 100th birthday Jan. 11, urged her to join, knowing what a hard worker she is.

Hard work is really her passion. She is our official record keeper, keeping track of birthdays, anniversaries, special events and everything else important to a 14-year-old organization like ours. Just recently, she has turned over the birthday information to Karen Vegtal and Connie Hein, but she oversees everything else.

She takes over the Master of Ceremony's job, substituting for Art Sherman on parade days.

(Continued on page 4, column 1)

She is very fond of Art and explains, "Art has been an inspiration for me, particularly since John died in 2013."

She and her husband were married nearly 56 years, and she has two boys. Shirley was born in Oconto, Wisconsin, but moved to Chicago at the age of four. Her family traveled to the south side of the Windy City in a Model A Ford and many years later she graduated from Chicago Vocational High School.

The cold weather didn't appeal to the Andrews, so in 1978 they moved to Southern California and the family has lived here in the West Valley ever since.

Shirley has had a lot of clerical jobs and many executive positions, particularly in the insurance industry, which fortified her for her consuming duties with Wings.

Every Monday she is up front, organizing our activities, circulating "get well" and "in memoriam" cards. She visits and conducts follow-up calls to members in hospitals and convalescent care facilities. She is our "den mother" looking after member's well-beings.

When she was younger, she played baseball, roller skated and rode a bike. Now, she spends most of her time reading and tending to the infinite details of our organization.

"I love doing it," she says enthusiastically. We are blessed with her enthusiasm.

Warren Weinstein



The plane, the plane - where's the plane?

By Ed Mareno & Ed Reynolds

The Associated Press reported on May 1st of 1952 that the Pan American Boeing 377 Stratocruiser that vanished on April 29th was found in northern Brazil.

The air hunt had covered over 320,000 square miles of jungles, river basins and plateau lands. Finally the plane was found, but there was no evidence that any of the fifty people on board had survived. The ruins of the charred

Stratocruiser showed that the plane had broken into two pieces and was scattered on both sides of a 1,500-foot hill.

It was another adventure for Warren Weinstein, who was stationed at Albrook Air Force Base in the Canal Zone. He had joined the rescue mission with the medical team ready to aid any survivors but the team returned to base because there were no survivors and to reach the crash site by land would have been very difficult.

Warren had a love of flying, growing up in Long Beach, NY in the shadows of New York International Airport (what is now John F. Kennedy IAP). He earned his pilot's license at the age of 15 and flew seaplanes from a port near home. He joined the Naval Air Reserves (1947-1950) but his parents were not supportive of his desire for a career in aviation and sent him halfway across the country to peruse a liberal arts education at Washington University in St. Louis, MO.

After one year of college and college football Warren dropped out and entered the USAF Aviation Cadet Program. He took T-6 training at Goodfellow AFB, San Angelo, TX and advanced training in the T-28 and B-25 at Vance AFB, Enid, OK, earning his commission and Pilot Wings in February 1951.

He served his three years of active duty at Albrook AFB, Balboa, Panama that he traveled to by boat with stops at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba and Haiti. During his tour in Air Sea Rescue, he flew several different aircraft including the B-17, B-29, C-46 and SA-16. In addition to the fore mentioned search for the missing Pan American aircraft, he spent six months TDY to Bermuda. He was a bachelor at the time and lived off base in a large house with other bachelor officers. (Have him and Ed Reynolds tell you about bachelor officer duty in Bermuda. It is hard to believe they got paid for the duty!)

At the end of his active duty tour he returned to the States joined the USAFR and perused a career as a commercial pilot eventually landing a job in 1956 with American Airlines, where he served as a pilot for 33 years, which included flying the Convair 240, DC-6 & 7, Boeing 707, and DC-10.

His Military Schools included" Atomic, Biological, Chemical Warfare, and Personnel Management School.

During his career with American Airlines he served as the airlines West Coast Representative for Air Traffic Control matters and was West Coast Chairman of his union (Allied Pilots Association) and National Chairman for Pilot Professional Standards.

Captain Weinstein spent 45 years in the cockpits of both military and civilian aircraft, amassing 25,000 hours.

(Continued on page 5, column 1)

While with American Airlines Captain Weinstein was involved with Aircraft and Airport Security for 25 years.

During his years with American Airlines, he met his wife, a professional singer and voice-over specialist from Chicago. She eventually moved to California and after three years, they were married and had two children. Warren's son flew the KC-135 in the USAF and USAFR and now flies for a cargo line. His daughter and granddaughter live near him in Westlake Village.

After his retirement, Warren worked with North American Airline Training Group as a Simulator Instructor. In 1980, he joined the Palm Springs Police Department's Aero Squadron, and was their Background Investigator and civilian volunteer. In 1991, he founded his own aviation consulting company. He also served as an Aviation Commentator on Fox TV Channel 11.

He supports Wings Over Wendy's by arranging group tours

By the way, if you want to hear about the headhunters of the Brazilian forests or the millions in diamonds carried on the Stratocruiser, invite Warren to Wendy's for lunch. You will learn a lot.

New Members

We welcomed the following new members during the month of July:

Barry Chapman

Loretta Ehrig

It's Warbirds for Me

By Peggy Jean Bassett

In 1944, my father Clarence Campbell was inducted into the U.S. Navy. We lived in Detroit, Michigan. My mother, two sisters and I went to live at our grandparents' home. It was an old "gothic looking" stone house in Detroit.

Father came there for a visit, I'm guessing before he was shipping out. I was only six years old and very attached to my family.

Mother, who was a remarkable seamstress, fashioned for me a little girl's sailor suit outfit with a pleated skirt of navy blue, and a white blouse with a large collar. Topping that was a "coat of navy blue". Oh, I was so proud to wear that outfit. Daddy took me for a stroll down Lincoln Blvd. He was a tall, redheaded man, and I was a matching "carrot top".

Mother, Florence Mae, packed us a picnic lunch and Father drove us to an airfield close by to watch the planes take off and land. Daddy took my hand and we walked over to a plane that had just landed, I believed it was a "Curtiss Robin". Daddy climbed into the plane and pulled me up into his lap. Oh, my! I remember being so excited. I loved the sound of the engine, and up, up, and away we went. I remember thinking that everything below looked like toys, being only six years old, that was when my infatuation with airplanes began. (Mother took 8mm film of this event and I have since transferred it to DVD.)

My former husband, Richard "Dick" Bassett, was a veteran of the U.S. Navy. His tour was the middle to late 1950's. He was a hardhat deep-sea diver, serving in the Pacific area at the Philippines and Japan. After his service of five years, we met and married. Dick held a private pilot's single engine license. He would rent an airplane, an Aeronca or similar plane from Whiteman Airport in Pacoima.

We would fly over my parents' home in Reseda. The family would come out and Mother would wave her apron at us, flying too low, it was great fun! Then flying over the Santa Susana Pass; swooping over the (small) Santa Susana Airport; and over the Corriganville Movie Ranch, a famous tourist attraction of its time. (It was the 1950's and 60's and the home of Ray "Crash" Corrigan) There was a western town, a rodeo arena and much more, western cowboy events and being close to the airport was convenient.

Now in these later years, my stepdad and I shared airplane experiences and adventures together. He was "Keith" Murchland, a WW II pilot of "The Ruptured Duck" a B-25J (not the Doolittle B-25J.) the Billy Mitchell out of Corsica.

Keith and I flew in "The Executive Sweet", a B-25 J at the Camarillo Airshow in 2010 and 2011.

Well, I'm hooked! it's Warbirds for me ever since and then I've enjoyed flying in the B-29, FiFi, out of Van Nuys, 2015, and this year "The Aluminum Overcast" B-17G. Well, I'm signing off for now



Peggy with her father & sisters

Member Events

July 10, 2016

Cookout at the Pacific Lodge “Boy’s Home”

By Peggy Jean Bassett..



Photo by Peggy Jean Bassett..

On a very hot, sunny Sunday afternoon in Woodland Hills, our WOW folks were invited to a cookout. Fortunately, it was held in an area that was well shaded by lovely, old large trees on a thick green lawn.

Founded in 1923, Pacific Lodge Youth Services provides a supportive and therapeutic residential environment for adolescent boys (ages 13-18) in the juvenile justice systems that are experiencing psychological, emotional or behavioral problems.

The event began with a card game led by Diane Nelson. The idea was to pair up the boys with a WOW veteran to get acquainted and share stories with the boys.

Art Sherman received the invitation after the Monday meeting so it was difficult to get a large number of members to attend. The attending “Wings over Wendy’s” crew were Ed Reynolds, Patrick Daly, Ernest Dutcher, Jr., and his wife, Beatrice and Peggy Jean Bassett.

Following the “ice breaker” which enabled the boys to relax and ask the veterans many questions about military service and have the WOW members provide career advice to the boys BBQ aroma filled the air. It was time to “grab and growl”, filling our plates with a wonderful spread of assorted meats, potatoes., macaroni salads, corn on the cob, watermelon slices, lemonade, and more.

This event was sponsored and put together by the Woodland Hills Rotary Club, District 5280. The club president is Diane Nelson, and the past president was Jeffery Stern. They were graciously in charge. Jeff was “the Master Chef” with the boys helping.

We hope that next year we will receive more advance notice and have a larger turn out. The boys can really use the mature guidance WOW members can provide.

August Birthdays

Bob Donovan	August 1, 1948
Robert Lee	August 2, 1944
Ed Reynolds	August 5, 1935
Marty Cohen	August 11, 1948
Jim Gillum	August 14, 1942
Leon Waldman	August 16, 1924
Richard M. Gross	August 16, 1926
Boots LaVere	August 17, 1920
Ray Rosenbaum	August 17, 1930
Stan Stater	August 18, 1937
Ed Phillips	August 21, 1926
Richard Hernandez	August 21, 1953
Harlis Brend	August 22, 1941
Neil Baliber	August 22, 1941
Harold Arkoff	August 25, 1925
Marc Orfanos	August 25
Reed King	August 26, 1924
Gerald Lief	August 29, 1933
Dick Edwards	August 31, 1930

Wings News Staff

Publishers:	Ed and Judy Reynolds
Assistant Publisher:	Neil Baliber
Editor:	Fred Kaplan
Reporters:	Ray Rosenbaum Ed Moreno Peggy Jean Bassett
Photographers:	Harlis Brend Mike LaVere Howard Swerdlick Ed Reynolds
Birthday List:	Connie Hein
New Members:	Marion Lovelace Shirley Andrews
Reminders:	Connie Hein

Wings News Patrons

The following is a list of WOW members who have contributed \$10 to fund the publication of the Wings News for 12 months.

Al Lewis	Art Sherman
Bill Blair	Bob Bermant
Bob Donovan	Bob Stiles
Chip Stevens	Dave Steinbacher
David Loppnow	Dick Edwards
Dick Guyer	Don Foster "Judge"
Doug Rankin	Ed Moreno
Ed Reynolds	Eli Baker
Elmo Maiden	Ethel Margolin
George Musser	George Stone
Howard Swerdlick	Jack Taube
John Helm	Judy Reynolds
Karen Vegtel	Leon Waldman
Lezar Saunders	Malcolm Dipperstein
Mike LaVere	Boots LaVere
Morris Litwak	Patrick Daly
Paul Boghossian	Peggy Jean Bassett "PJ"
Peter Helm	Phil Aune
Ray Rosenbaum	Richard Gross
Richard Hernandez	Richard Jeffress
Richard Ruby	Roscoe Frazier
Shirley Andrews	Sid Maiten
Steve Politis	Ted Davis
Tom Villanueva	Toni Mattlock
Tony Velarde	

REMINDER

**WOW's monthly food drive is Monday
August 1st**

About the Santa Susana Airport

By Peggy Jean Bassett

Out of a tomato field, a dusty one-lane strip, became an airfield. Byron (Pop) Dwelle was a resident of the Santa Susana Knoll, and owned several airplanes, so he bought the property in 1938. He wanted a place close to home that he could use for his planes.

During World War II, Pop Dwelle joined the US Air Corp Ferry Command. In 1944 Pop was ferrying a Lockheed P-38 to North Carolina when he crashed and was killed. His wife, Gladys, then sold the airfield. It was bought by Chester "Chet" Foster and was converted into the Santa Susana Airport, in the middle 1940's.

The county took it over, on Jan. 1, 1969 and paved the runway. It had a 1,900 foot runway, a parallel taxiway, and a few small buildings.

At an airshow in 1972, well known Clay Lacey was there flying his P-51 "Snoopy". As the featured act, Clay Screamed down the runway, passing the crowd and got the Mustang up, just barely over the fence, using almost all the runway. Just minutes after he was going so fast when he flew by, for a split second, you did not hear the airplane. It was actually ahead of the sound pressure wave that came blasting behind him in a short time. (Wish I was there.)

Since it was one of the shortest runways in the state, it was a challenge to land on and many planes landed long. One took out the chain-link fence and landed in the El Gallito Mexican restaurant across the street. Sadly, that was the demise of the Santa Susana Airport. Now the only clue that it existed is a sign "Runway Street", near Los Angeles Avenue and Tapo Street.



(Researched, written and photo by Peggy Bassett)

We all want raffle prizes!



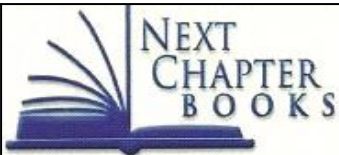
Please search your closets and garages and bring your items to the next "Wings Over Wendy's" meeting!

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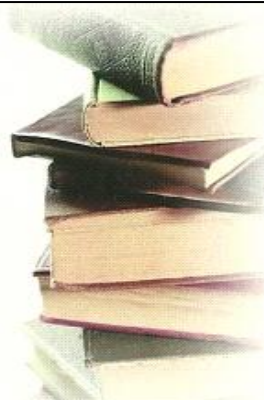
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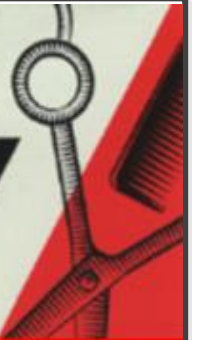
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