

# Wings Over Wendy's

## Tours

### February 28, 2018 Tour



On Wednesday February 28, 2018, two dozen Wings Over Wendy's met in the Platt Village parking lot to car pool to the Lyon Air Museum, Santa Ana, CA. Those participating included Andy Kopetzky, Barney Leone, Bob Donovan, Bob Stiles, Bruce Schultz, Chip Stevens, David

Greenberg, David McAlexander, Don Eisenberg, George Rothman, Jack Norris, Kurt Rademacher, Lee Auger, Malcom Dipperstein, Marion Lovelace, Mark Ax, Marty Snyder, Peggy Jean Bassett, Richard Gross, Ron Boggess, Roscoe Frazier, Sam Schultz, Shannon Muchow, and Stanley DeCovnick.

The group saw exhibits of aircraft: (Boeing B-17 "Fuddy Duddy"; Cessna O-1E "Birdog"; Douglas A-26 "Invader"; Douglas C-47 "Skytrain"; Douglas DC-3; North American AT-6/SNJ-6; and North American B-25). Automobiles: (Hitler's 1939 Mercedes-Benz Model G4 Offener Touring Wagon and a 1940S Divco Helms Bakery Truck). Military Motorcycles: (1943 German NSU Kettenkrad HK 101 Tracked Motorcycle; 1943 Japanese Rikuo Sidecar Motorcycle and a 1945 Indian Motorcycle "Chief"). Military Vehicles (1939 German VID Tempo Gelaendewagen; 1941 Dodge 1/2 Ton Command & Reconnaissance Truck; 1942 Ford GPW Military Jeep; and a 1943 Ford GPW Military Jeep).

Following the tour of the museum the group had lunch at Durty Nelly's Irish Pub in Costa Mesa, CA before riding back to West Hills.

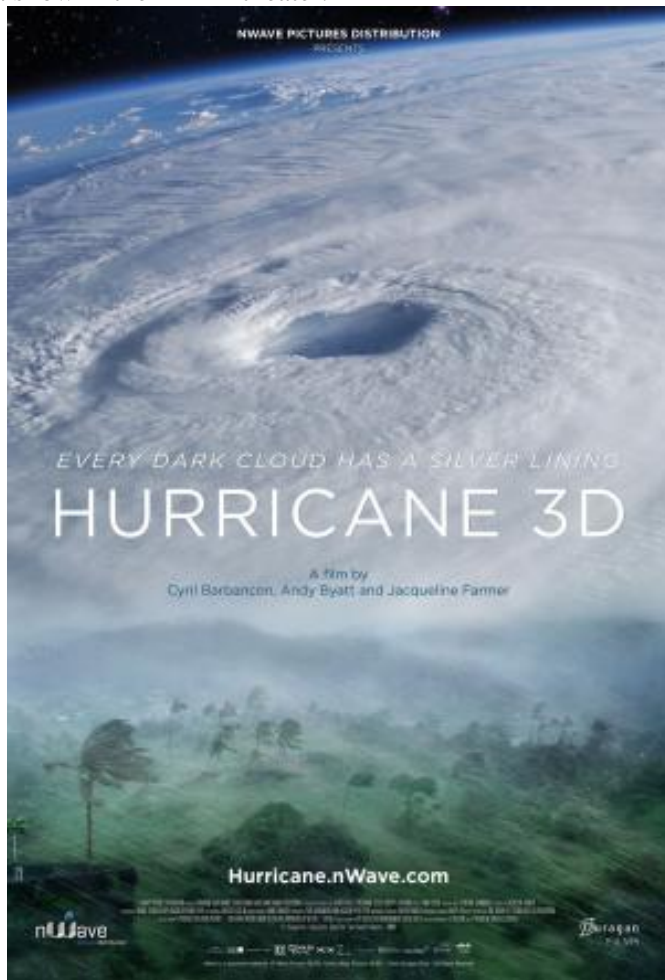


Photo by Andy Kopetzky

# March 22, 2018 Tour



On March 22, 2018, at 10am 36 members of Wings Over Wendy's boarded a bus in the Platt Village parking lot to ride to the California Science Center in the Exposition Park area of Los Angeles. At the center the group attended a show in the IMAX theater.



The show they saw was "Hurricane 3D", a true story of a 15,000-kilometer journey in the footsteps of one of the most devastating natural events on our planet: the Atlantic Hurricane.

Filmmakers teamed up with NASA to follow the footsteps of the Atlantic hurricane as it begins its journey as an ominous sandstorm in Senegal, heading west across

the Atlantic building momentum as it tosses ships on growing swells, then crashes into the jungles of the Caribbean. Ants, lizards, bats, frogs, horses, men, rivers, ocean reefs... all bend before the power of this monsoon turned magnificent. 124 mph winds, 18 cyclones, 12 countries...the hurricane is the film's main character and the supporting cast consists of the men, women, plants and animals that it encounters on its journey.

Following the show, the group entered the museum to pass through to the back of the museum to visit the Space Shuttle Endeavour in the Samuel Oschin Pavilion. Inside the pavilion they were able to see Endeavour up close and discover some of the science behind this amazing vehicle. They saw images and a video of Endeavour's past missions and the crews who flew them plus a chronological display of all of the 140 flights flown from the five test flights in 1977 to the 135 operational flights from 1981 to 2011. Each display mounted along the walls of the pavilion listed the patch, date, crew members and mission. Outside the pavilion the group was able to see the 66,000-pound ET-94 fuel tank that was transported from New Orleans to the Science Center in 2016.

At 1:30 the group boarded the bus to travel to ride through the city to the San Antonio Winery in the Chinatown area of Los Angeles to eat lunch. The lunch was cafeteria style selecting a choice from a fixed menu paid for by Councilmember Mitchell Englander.



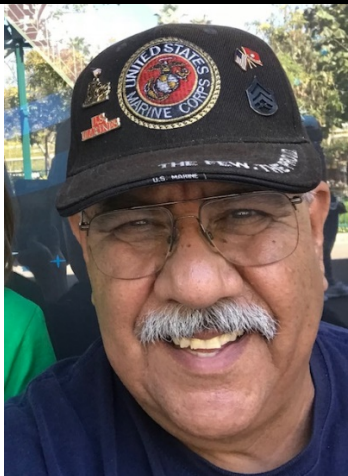
Photo by Harlis Brend

Those attending the tour were: Peter Helm, Harlis Brend, Roscoe Frazier, Neil Baliber, Nairn Baliber, Jim Sivazlian, Phil Aune, Connie Hein, Lezar Saunders, Elmo Maiden, Mark Ax, Marion Lovelace, Fred Kaplan, Barry Chapman, Jan Edwards, Barney Leone, Bob Donovan, Howard Davis, Malcom Dipperstein, Lee Levitan, Lee Auger, Marce Rankin's Daughter, Marce Rankin, Ron Boggess, Bill Wishard, Leon Waldman, Bob Stiles, Kurt Rademacher, Mike LaVere, Jack Norris, Ed Reynolds, Shannon Muchow, Paul Boghossian, Maurice Vasquez, George Rothman, and Warren Weinstein



# **March Speakers**

**March 5, 2018**



## **Daniel Zapeda Jr.**

On March 5<sup>th</sup> we were visited by Daniel Zapeda Jr., Iwo Jima Commemorative Committee treasurer. He talked to us about the committee which hosts a three-day commemorative celebration in honor of the Anniversary of the Battle of Iwo Jima.

In 1985, the Iwo Jima Commemorative Committee was founded and run only by Iwo Jima veterans, with 600 veterans out of 800 attendees. Today they only have two veterans on the committee and 26 veterans with 436 attendees. The decrease in members is a result of most of the members passing away and those who are still living today are at least 90 years of age. As a result, Iwo Jima family members have stepped in to take their place. They participate to show honor and support for all the veterans of World War II.

The culminating event of the Iwo Jima commemorative celebration was a memorial service and banquet, which included a wreath laying, 21-gun salute, and remarks from guest speakers like Maj. Gen. Vincent A. Coglianese, commander, Marine Corps Installations Command.

Daniel lives in Ontario, CA but works for DWP which has him working throughout the City so he can occasionally visit our meetings. He served 20 years in the military, initially in the Navy from 1972 to 75 on aircraft carriers as a weapons handler. In 1976 he transferred to the Marines, continuing to work in aviation with tours in Japan, the Philippines, Korea, Okinawa, Wake Island and Midway Island. Daniel also served as a recruiter, retiring as a Master Sergeant. He told us he is a historian and collects military memorabilia that he uses in his talks at schools around the area and can display at events such as air shows.

## **March 12, 2018** **Duke Dao & Karen Rayner** **LAPD**



Photos by Harlis Brend

Our LAPD SLO Duke Dao visited us on March 12<sup>th</sup> to check out the new location and introduce his Field Supervisor Karen Rayner to the group. Duke gave us an update on the Crime Statistics and talked to us about "Crime Stopper" and "Neighbor Watch". He passed out a form to enroll members in the "Neighbor Watch" program.

## **Randy Pearson**



Photo by Harlis Brend

Our featured speaker on March 12<sup>th</sup> was Randy Pearson, Pacific Field Coordinator, Wycliffe Bible Translators. Randy is a pilot for the organization JAARS

which was originally formed as Jungle Aviation and Radio Service in Peru in 1948 to support the Wycliffe mission. The organization started with a Grumman J2F Duck single-engine amphibious biplane, added a Consolidated PBY Catalina and The Noorduyt Norseman Canadian single-engine bush plane. They now operate a Pilatus PC-6 and PC-12, Quset Kodiak, and Cessna 206 and 402s. He talked to us about his assignment to support the operation in Australia, Indonesia and Papua New Guinea in a variety of aircraft.

Randy and his wife were intrigued with missionary work and in 1983 he decided that supporting the missionaries in their aircraft operation would be a good fit and they moved to Papua New Guinea and joined a group of ex-military pilots in JAARS.

He told us stories of his bush pilot type of flying operating on airstrips in the jungle, some with slopes of up to 24%. Most of the strips are one way and he told us of his experiences taking off from them.

One of his stories was about Lake Hargy in the island of New Britain. He discovered that it was named after a WWII vet that lives in Grass Valley, CA. Apparently, Hargy, was shot down in the area and evaded capture until rescued and was shipped to Australia for debriefing with details of the terrain. The cartographic map makers named the lake after him and Hargy returns to the area periodically to thank the tribe that took care of him before he was rescued.

## **March 19, 2018** **Kevin Schmiegel**



Photo by Harlis Brend

On March 19, 2018 we were visited by Kevin Schmiegel the new CEO of Operation Gratitude. Kevin is a retired Lt Colonel, USMC. He resides in the Washington DC area focusing on expanding Operation Gratitude and support for : deployed troops, first responders, veterans and military families.

After giving us a short recap of his military career, he gave a presentation on Operation Gratitude. It was started After 9/11, when founder Carolyn Blashek started volunteering at the Military lounge at Los Angeles Airport. In March 2003, a soldier came into the office and broke down at her desk. He was on leave from a war zone for his mother's funeral. His wife had left him, his only child had died as an infant, and he had no one else in his life to support him. "I'm going back over there. I know I won't make it back this time, but it really doesn't matter because no one would even care," he told her.

Right then, Carolyn realized that when bullets are flying, our nation's heroes must believe that someone at home is thinking of them. That's when Operation Gratitude was born in 2003. She started in her Encino home as in the following picture:



Among the early helpers were Wings Over Wendy's members such as Ray and Maria Rodriguez. As the operation grew it moved to the Armory and then into a 35,000-square-foot warehouse in Chatsworth at Lassen Street and Variel Avenue.



Over 2 million Care Packages have been produced by 350,000 Volunteers who have collectively given more than 25.5 million hours of volunteer service; filled Care Packages (Continued on Page 5)



with 13 million pounds of donated items, including: 8 million hand-written letters; and 80.4 million products and handmade items



Veteran Care Package Items



Warm Weather Veteran Care Package Items



Cold Weather Veteran Care Package Items



Kevin told us how to request Care Packages:



#### How To Request Care Packages

Go to [www.operationgratitude.com](http://www.operationgratitude.com). Click on "Request Care Packages"



Click on "Veterans," And fill out the form!



VETERANS  
Veterans have served our country in the past.  
REQUEST PACKAGES →



It was a very informative talk since many Wings Over Wendy's members volunteer to support the operation. We look forward to seeing Kevin at our future meetings when he is in town.

## March 26, 2018 Mark Stover



Photo by Harlis Brend

Our featured speaker on March 26<sup>th</sup> was Mark Stover, CSUN Dean, Oviatt Library. Mark told us about the special collection archive function of the library. It contains the oral history, letters and diaries of World War II and later military conflicts from the military personal that served. The documents are important for researchers, scholars and students to figure out what happened during those conflicts.

The real strength of the collection are the letters and diaries veterans are not sure what to do with. Not every family has the interest to preserve and keep the documents, so a veteran is not sure where they will end up.

By donating the documents to the Oviatt Library they will be put in the hands that take loving care of them. Mark described the steps the library takes for preservation.

First the documents are put in acid free folders (lamination is not a good preserver of documents). Next the documents are organized with finding aids for researchers to be able to locate entries that support specific subjects. Then the documents are stored in a controlled environment. Paper documents are the best because email and digital based documents are subject to the deterioration and changes in media over the years.

Mark told us a story of how the libraries WWII documents lead USC History Professor Steve Ross to discover that there were spies from the Jewish community in the German community in Los Angeles that foiled Nazi plots against Hollywood and America. His book "Hitler in Los Angeles" is based on the documents stored in the Oviatt Library.

Mark finished his talk by encouraging veterans to donate their documents to the library as a resource for the world to see. Unfortunately, they do not take artifacts.

# Peggy Jean's Hanger

A black and white portrait of a woman with short, wavy brown hair. She is wearing a dark, possibly black, top. She is resting her chin on her right hand, with her fingers slightly curled. The background is dark and out of focus.

# F-86 Sabre



The North American F-86 Sabre also called the Sabre jet, is a transonic jet fighter aircraft. The Sabre is best known as the United States first swept-fighter that could counter the similarly winged Soviet MiG-15 in high speed dog fights in the skies of the Korean War (1950-1953) fighting some of earliest jet to jet battles in history. The sabre was one of the best and most important fighter aircraft in that war. The F-86 is also rated in comparison with fighters of other eras.

It was developed in the 1940's and was outdated by the end of the 1950's- The Sabre proved versatile and adaptable and continued as a front –line fighter in numerous Air Forces until the last active operational examples were retired by the Bolivian Air Force in 1994. Its success led to an extended production run of more than 7,800 aircraft between 1949 and 1956 in the United States, Japan, and Italy. Variants were built in Canada and Australia. The Canadair added another 1,815 airframes and significantly redesigned the CAC-27 and had a production run of 112. The Sabre is by far the most produced western jet fighter with a total production of all variants at 9,860 units. The engine is a General Electric J-47 Turbojet. It is a single seat single engine power plant, fitted with swept back wings and tail surfaces, the monoplane wings are low-mounted onto the fuselage sides with slight dihedral to each. Wings were placed forward in the design and extended rearwards, giving the Sabre its noticeable good silhouette. The pilot was afforded good vision from his forward-located cockpit and large curved and frameless glass hinged jettisonable

canopy - only the forward canopy had framing. It has a single vertical tail fin and horizontal surfaces; the undercarriage was a traditional tricycle arrangement. "What a beauty" Researched by Plane Peggy Jean.

# Belle of the Ball the “Memphis Belle” B-17 Flying Fortress



After the war, the plane was relegated to a boneyard in Oklahoma before being rescued by the Mayor of Memphis. Then, the Air Force got a hold of the plane, and in 2005 brought it to the National Museum of the U.S. Air Force in Dayton, Ohio and began a long-term restoration project, the goal of which is to return the plane to what it looked like when it was flying bombing missions in Europe.

Museum staff and volunteers have worked meticulously for countless hours to preserve the iconic bomber, needing extensive corrosion treatment to begin, and needing an extensive amount of missing equipment and parts. Using a similar aircraft to fabricate the missing parts and going to blueprints to recreate other parts. Some of these parts were gun mounts, flooring, new sheet metal for the vertical stabilizer, left bomb bay door, wind screen, fuselage, aileron and rear vertical stabilizer and much more. The mottled camouflaged appearance was olive drab, authentic paint which was used to look as close to the original as possible using period photos and to try to get the single rivets marking where they belonged.

The colors in each photo are different from each other making the job hard to be exact, plus the photos have faded over time.

The famous tail number on the vertical stabilizer is 124485. The Air Force Museum curator, Jeff Duford, credits the 1944 William Wyler film “The Memphis Belle” as the reason so much information about the aircraft is available. There is a lot of evidence about the original markings because many of the films out-takes.

(Continued Page 7)



The exhibit opens to the public on Thursday, May 17, 2018 with events May 17 to 19. A three day celebration. including flyovers, static displays, guest speakers and “Memphis Belle” film in the Air Force Museum Theater.

# Airplane Trivia Quiz Fun

- # Tuskegee Airman's P-39 Discovery



(Continued Page 8)

"Jud, you're on fire, get out of there!"

Needless to say that startling command got my attention. As you will read in this report, this was just the beginning of my problems.

It had all started in the brilliant sunlight 20,000 feet above the Pacific Ocean as I nudged my F-8 Crusader jet into position behind the lumbering, deep-bellied refueling plane. After a moment of jockeying for position, I made the connection and matched my speed to that of the slowpoke tanker. I made the graceful task of plugging into the trailing fuel conduit, so they could pump fuel into my tanks.

This in-flight refueling process was necessary, and routine, because the F-8 could not hold enough fuel to fly from California to Hawaii. This routine mission was labeled "Trans-Pac," meaning Flying Airplanes across the Pacific. This had been going on for years.

Soon, after plugging-in to the tanker, my fuel gauges stirred, showing that all was well. In my cockpit, I was relaxed and confident. As I was looking around, I was struck for an instant by the eeriness of the scene: here I was, attached, like an unwanted child, by an umbilicus to a gargantuan mother who was fleeing across the sky at 200 knots as though from some unnamed danger. Far below us was a broken layer of clouds that filtered the sun glare over the Pacific.

In my earphones, I heard Major Van Campen, our flight leader, chatting with Major D.K. Tooker who was on a Navy destroyer down below. Major Tooker had ejected from his aircraft, the day before, in this same area, when his Crusader flamed out mysteriously during the same type of refueling exercise.

At that time no one knew why his aircraft had flamed out. We all supposed it had been some freak accident that sometimes happens with no explanation.

One thing we knew for sure, it was not pilot error. This accident had to be some kind of mechanical malfunction, but what? Our squadron had a perfect safety record and was very disturbed because of the loss of an airplane the day before.

"Eleven minutes to mandatory disconnect point," the tanker commander said. I checked my fuel gages again, everything appeared normal.

My thoughts were, "In a few hours I knew we'd all be having dinner at the Kaneohe Officers Club on Oahu, Hawaii. Then after a short rest, we'd continue our 6,000-mile trek to Atsugi, Japan, via Midway and Wake Island."

Our whole outfit - Marine All Weather Fighter Squadron 323 - was being transferred to the Far East for a one-year period of operations.

"Nine minutes to mandatory disconnect."

My fuel gages indicated that the tanks were almost full. I noticed that my throttle lever was sticking a little. That was unusual, because the friction lock was holding it

in place and was loose enough. It grew tighter as I tried to manipulate it gently.

Then - thud! I heard the crack of an explosion.

I could see the rpm gauge unwinding and the tailpipe temperature dropping. The aircraft had lost power - the engine had quit running - this was a flame-out!

I punched the mike button, and said, "This is Jud. I've got a flame-out!"

Unfortunately, my radio was already dead; I was neither sending nor receiving anything via my radio.

I quickly disconnected from the tanker and nosed the aircraft over, into a shallow dive, to pick up some flying speed to help re-start the engine. I needed a few seconds to think.

I yanked the handle that extended the air-driven emergency generator, called the Ram Air Turbine (RAT), into the slipstream, hoping to get ignition for an air start. The igniters clicked gamely, and the rpm indicator started to climb slowly, as did the tailpipe temperature. This was a positive indication that a re-start was beginning. For one tantalizing moment I thought everything would be all right. But the rpm indicator hung uncertainly at 30 percent of capacity and refused to go any faster. This was not nearly enough power to maintain flight.

The fire warning light (pilots call it the panic light) blinked on. This was not a good sign. And to make matters worse, jet fuel poured over the canopy like water from a bucket. At the same instant, my radio came back on, powered by the emergency generator, and a great babble of voices burst through my earphones.

"Jud, you're on fire, get out of there.!"

Fuel was pouring out of my aircraft; from the tailpipe; from the intake duct; from under the wings and igniting behind me in a great awesome trail of fire.

The suddenness of the disaster overwhelmed me, and I thought: "This can't be happening to me!" The voices in my ears kept urging me to fire the ejection seat and abandon my aircraft.

I pressed my mike button and told the flight leader, "I'm getting out!" I took my hands off the flight controls and reached above my head for the canvas curtain that would start the ejection sequence. I pulled it down hard over my face and waited for the tremendous kick in the pants, which would send me rocketing upward, free of the aircraft.

Nothing happened! The canopy, which was designed to jettison in the first part of the ejection sequence did not move. It was still in place and so was I.

My surprise lasted only a second. Then I reached down between my knees for the alternate ejection-firing handle and gave it a vigorous pull. Again, nothing happened. This was very surprising. Both, the primary, and the secondary ejection procedures had failed, and I was trapped in the cockpit of the burning aircraft. (Continued Page 9)



The plane was now in a steep 60-degree dive. For the first time, I felt panic softening the edges of my determination. I knew that I had to do something, or I was going to die in this sick airplane. There was no way out of it. With great effort, I pulled my thoughts together and tried to imagine some solution.

A voice in my earphones was shouting: "Ditch the plane! Ditch it in the ocean!"

It must have come from the tanker skipper or one of the destroyer commanders down below, because every jet pilot knows you can't ditch a jet and survive.

The plane would hit the water at a very high a speed, flip over and sink like a stone and they usually explode on impact.

I grabbed the control stick and leveled the aircraft. Then I yanked the alternate handle again in an attempt to fire the canopy and start the ejection sequence, but still nothing happened. That left me with only one imaginable way out, which was to jettison the canopy manually and try to jump from the aircraft without aid of the ejection seat.

Was such a thing possible? I was not aware of any Crusader pilot who had ever used this World War II tactic to get out of a fast flying jet. I had been told that this procedure, of bailing out of a jet, was almost impossible. Yes, the pilot may get out of the airplane, but the massive 20-foot high tail section is almost certain to strike the pilot's body and kill him before he falls free of the aircraft. My desperation was growing, and any scheme that offered a shred of success seemed better than riding that aircraft into the sea, which would surely be fatal.

I disconnected the canopy by hand, and with a great whoosh it disappeared from over my head never to be seen again. Before trying to get out of my confined quarters, I trimmed the aircraft to fly in a kind of sidelong skid: nose high and with the tail swung around slightly to the right.

Then I stood up in the seat and put both arms in front of my face. I was sucked out harshly from the airplane. I cringed as I tumbled outside the bird, expecting the tail to cut me in half, but thank goodness, that never happened!

In an instant I knew I was out of there and uninjured.

I waited . . . and waited . . . until my body, hurtling through space, with the 225 knots of momentum started to decelerate. I pulled the D-ring on my parachute, which is the manual way to open the chute if the ejection seat does not work automatically. I braced myself for the opening shock. I heard a loud pop above me, but I was still falling very fast. As I looked up I saw that the small pilot chute had deployed. (This small chute is designed to keep the pilot from tumbling until the main chute opens.) But, I also noticed a sight that made me shiver with disbelief and horror! The main, 24-foot parachute was just flapping in the breeze and was tangled in its own shroud lines. It hadn't opened! I could see the white folds neatly arranged, fluttering feebly in the air.

"This is very serious," I thought.

Frantically, I shook the risers in an attempt to balloon the chute and help it open. It didn't work. I pulled the bundle down toward me and wrestled with the shroud lines, trying my best to get the chute to open. The parachute remained closed. All the while I am falling like a rock toward the ocean.

I looked down hurriedly. There was still plenty of altitude remaining. I quickly developed a frustrating and sickening feeling. I wanted everything to halt while I collected my thoughts, but my fall seemed to accelerate. I noticed a ring of turbulence in the ocean. It looked like a big stone had been thrown in the water. It had white froth at its center; I finally realized this is where my plane had crashed in the ocean.

"Would I be next to crash?" were my thoughts!

Again, I shook the parachute risers and shroud lines, but the rushing air was holding my chute tightly in a bundle. I began to realize that I had done all I could reasonably do to open the chute and it was not going to open. I was just along for a brutal ride that may kill or severely injure me.

I descended rapidly through the low clouds. Now there was only clear sky between me and the ocean. This may be my last view of the living. I have no recollection of positioning myself properly or even bracing for the impact... In fact, I don't remember hitting the water at all. At one instant I was falling very fast toward the ocean. The next thing I remember is hearing a shrill, high-pitched whistle that hurt my ears.

Suddenly, I was very cold. In that eerie half-world of consciousness, I thought, "Am I alive?" I finally decided, and not all at once, "Yes, I think I am . . . I am alive!"

The water helped clear my senses. But as I bounced around in the water I began coughing and retching. The Mae West around my waist had inflated. I concluded that the shrill whistling sound that I had heard was the gas leaving the CO2 cylinders as it was filling the life vest. A sense of urgency gripped me, as though there were some task I ought to be performing. Then it dawned on me what it was. The parachute was tugging at me from under the water. It had finally billowed out (much too late) like some Brobdingnagian Portuguese man-of-war. I tried reaching down for my hunting knife located in the knee pocket of my flight suit. I had to cut the shroud lines of the chute before it pulled me under for good.

This is when I first discovered that I was injured severely. The pain was excruciating. Was my back broken? I tried to arch it slightly and felt the pain again. I tried moving my feet, but that too was impossible. They were immobile, and I could feel the bones in them grating against each other. There was no chance of getting that hunting knife, but I had another, smaller one in the upper torso of my flight suit. With difficulty, I extracted it and began  
(Continued Page 10)

slashing feebly at the spaghetti-like shroud line mess surrounding me. Once free of the parachute, I began a tentative search for the survival pack. It contained a one-man life raft, some canned water, food, fishing gear, and dye markers. The dye markers colored the water around the pilot to aid the rescue team in finding a down airman. All of this survival equipment should have been strapped to my hips. It was not there. It had been ripped away from my body upon impact with the water. "How long would the Mae West sustain me?" I wondered. I wasn't sure, but I knew I needed help fast. The salt water that I had swallowed felt like an enormous rock in the pit of my gut. But worst of all, here I was, completely alone, 600 miles from shore, lolling in the deep troughs and crests of the Pacific Ocean. And my Crusader aircraft, upon which had been lavished such affectionate attention, was sinking thousands of feet to the bottom of the ocean.

At that moment, I was struck by the incredible series of coincidences that had just befallen me. I knew that my misfortune had been a one-in-a-million occurrence. In review, I noted that the explosion aloft should not have happened. The ejection mechanism should have worked. The parachute should have opened. None of these incidents should have happened. I had just experienced three major catastrophes in one flight. My squadron had a perfect safety record. "Why was all of this happening?" was my thinking.

In about ten minutes I heard the drone of a propeller-driven plane. The pot-bellied, four-engine tanker came into view, flying very low. They dropped several green dye markers near me, and some smoke flares a short distance from my position. They circled overhead and dropped an inflated life raft about 50 yards from me.

I was so pleased and tried to swim toward the raft. When I took two strokes, I all most blacked out due to the intense pain in my body. The tanker circled again and dropped another raft closer to me, but there was no way for me to get to it, or in it, in my condition.

The water seemed to be getting colder, and a chill gripped me. I looked at my watch, but the so-called unbreakable crystal was shattered, and the hands torn away. I tried to relax and surrender to the Pacific Ocean swells. I could almost have enjoyed being buoyed up to the crest of one swell and gently sliding into the trough of the next, but I was in such excruciating pain. I remembered the words W.C. Fields had chosen for his epitaph: "On the whole, I'd rather be in Philadelphia."

In about an hour, a Coast Guard amphibian plane flew over and circled me as though deciding whether or not to land. But the seas were high, and I knew he couldn't make it. He came in very low and dropped another raft; this one had a 200-foot lanyard attached to it. The end of the lanyard landed barely ten feet from me. I paddled gently backward using only my arms. I caught hold of it and pulled the raft to me. Even before trying, I knew I couldn't crawl into the

raft due to my physical condition. I was able to get a good grip on its side and hold on. This gave me a little security.

The Coast Guard amphibian gained altitude and flew off. (I learned later that he headed for a squadron of minesweepers that was returning to the United States from a tour of the Western Pacific. He was unable to tune to their radio frequency for communications. But this ingenious pilot lowered a wire from his aircraft and dragged it across the bow of the minesweeper, the USS Embattle. The minesweeper captain understood the plea and veered off at top speed in my direction.)

I was fully conscious during the two and a half hours it took the ship to reach me. I spotted the minesweeper while teetering at the crest of a wave.

Soon, its great bow was pushing in toward me and I could see sailors in orange lifejackets crowding its lifelines. A bearded man in a black rubber suit jumped into the water and swam to me. "Are you hurt?" he asked. "Yes," I said. "My legs and back." I was now very cold and worried about the growing numbness in my legs. Perhaps the imminence of rescue made me light-headed, for I only vaguely remember being hoisted aboard the ship. I was laid out on the ship's deck as they cut away my flight suit.

"Don't touch my legs! Don't touch my legs!" I screamed. I don't remember it. Somebody gave me a shot of morphine and this erased part of my extreme pain.

An hour or so later a man was bending over me and asking questions. (It was a doctor who had been high-lined over from the USS Los Angeles, a cruiser that had been operating in the area.)

He said, "You have a long scar on your abdomen. How did it get there?" I told him about a serious auto accident I'd had four years earlier in Texas, and that my spleen had been removed at that time.

He grunted and asked more questions while he continued examining me. Then he said, "You and I are going to take a little trip over to the USS Los Angeles; it's steaming alongside."

Somehow, they got me into a wire stretcher, and hauled me, dangling and dipping, across the watery interval between the Embattle and the cruiser.

In the Los Angeles's sickbay, they gave me another shot of morphine, thank God, and started thrusting all sorts of hoses into my body. I could tell from all the activity, and from the intense, hushed voices, that they were very worried about my condition. My body temperature was down to 94 degrees; my intestines and kidneys were in shock. The doctors never left my side during the night. They took my blood pressure every 15 minutes. I was unable to sleep. Finally, I threw-up about a quart or more of seawater. After this my nausea was relieved a bit.

By listening to the medical team, who was working on me, I was able to piece together the nature of my injuries. This is what I heard them saying. (Continued Page 11)



My left ankle was broken in five places. My right ankle was broken in three places. A tendon in my left foot was cut. My right pelvis was fractured. My number 7 vertebra was fractured. My left lung had partially collapsed. There were many cuts and bruises all over my face and body, and, my intestines and kidneys had been shaken into complete inactivity.

The next morning Dr. Valentine Rhodes told me that the Los Angeles was steaming at flank speed to a rendezvous with helicopter 100 miles from Long Beach, California. At 3:30 that afternoon, I was hoisted into the belly of a Marine helicopter from the USS Los Angeles's fantail, and we whirled off to a hospital ship, the USS Haven, docked in Long Beach, CA. Once aboard the Haven, doctors came at me from all sides with more needles, tubes, and X-ray machines. Their reaction to my condition was so much more optimistic than I had expected. I finally broke down and let go a few tears of relief, exhaustion, and thanks to all hands and God.

Within a few months I was all systems go again. My ankles were put back in place with the help of steel pins. The partially collapsed left lung re-inflated and my kidneys and intestines were working again without the need of prodding.

The Marine Corps discovered the cause of my flame-out, and that of Major Tooker, the day before, was the failure of an automatic cut-off switch in the refueling system. The aircraft's main fuel tank was made of heavy reinforced rubber. When the cut-off switch failed, this allowed the tank to overfill and it burst like a balloon. This then caused the fire and flameout. We will never know why the ejection seat failed to work since it is in the bottom of the ocean. The parachute failure is a mystery also. Like they say, "Some days you are the dog and others you are the fire-plug."

Do I feel lucky? That word doesn't even begin to describe my feelings. To survive a 15,000-foot fall with an unopened chute is a fair enough feat. My mind keeps running back to something Dr. Rhodes told me in the sickbay of the Los Angeles during those grim and desperate hours. He said that if I had had a spleen, it almost certainly would have ruptured when I hit the water, and I would have bled to death. Of the 25 pilots in our squadron, I am the only one without a spleen. It gives me something to think about. Maybe it does you as well.

Cliff Judkins

[Author's Note: Amazingly, Cliff Judkins not only survived this ordeal but he also returned to flight status. He was flying the F-8 Crusader again within six months after the accident. After leaving the Marine Corps he was hired as a pilot with Delta Air Lines and retired as a Captain from that position]

Submitted by Maurice Portnoy

## Man, and a Bucket of Shrimp

You will be glad that you read it, and I hope you will pass it on. It happened every Friday evening, almost without fail, when the sun resembled a giant orange and was starting to dip into the blue ocean.

Old Ed came strolling along the beach to his favorite pier.

Clutched in his bony hand was a bucket of shrimp. Ed walks out to the end of the pier, where it seems he almost has the world to himself. The glow of the sun is a golden bronze now.

Everybody's gone, except for a few joggers on the beach. Standing out on the end of the pier, Ed is alone with his thoughts...and his bucket of shrimp.

Before long, however, he is no longer alone. Up in the sky a thousand white dots come screeching and squawking, winging their way toward that lanky frame standing there on the end of the pier.

Before long, dozens of seagulls have enveloped him, their wings fluttering and flapping wildly. Ed stands there tossing shrimp to the hungry birds. As he does, if you listen closely, you can hear him say with a smile, 'Thank you. Thank you.'

In a few short minutes the bucket is empty. But Ed doesn't leave. He stands there lost in thought, as though transported to another time and place.

When he finally turns around and begins to walk back toward the beach, a few of the birds hop along the pier with him until he gets to the stairs, and then they, too, fly away. And old Ed quietly makes his way down to the end of the beach and on home.

If you were sitting there on the pier with your fishing line in the water, Ed might seem like "a funny old duck," as my dad used to say. Or, to onlookers, he's just another old codger, lost in his own weird world, feeding the seagulls with a bucket full of shrimp.

To the onlooker, rituals can look either very strange or very empty. They can seem altogether unimportant ...maybe even a lot of nonsense. Old folks often do strange things, at least in the eyes of Boomers and Busters.

Most of them would probably write Old Ed off ... That's too bad. They'd do well to know him better.

His full name: Eddie Rickenbacker. He was a famous hero in World War I, and then he was in WWII. On one of his flying missions across the Pacific, he and his seven-member crew went down. Miraculously, all of the men survived, crawled out of their plane, and climbed into a life raft.

Captain Rickenbacker and his crew floated for days on the rough waters of the Pacific. They fought the sun. They fought sharks. Most of all, they fought hunger and thirst. By the eighth day their rations ran out. No food. No water.

(Continued Page 12)

They were hundreds of miles from land and no one knew where they were or even if they were alive. Every day across America millions wondered and prayed that Eddie Rickenbacker might somehow be found alive.

The men adrift needed a miracle. That afternoon they had a simple devotional service and prayed for a miracle. They tried to nap. Eddie leaned back and pulled his military cap over his nose. Time dragged on. All he could hear was the slap of the waves against the raft...suddenly Eddie felt something land on the top of his cap. It was a seagull!

Old Ed would later describe how he sat perfectly still, planning his next move. With a flash of his hand and a squawk from the gull, he managed to grab it and wring its neck. He tore the feathers off, and he and his starving crew made a meal of it - a very slight meal for eight men. Then they used the intestines for bait. With it, they caught fish, which gave them food and more bait....and the cycle continued. With that simple survival technique, they were able to endure the rigors of the sea until they were found and rescued after 24 days at sea.

Eddie Rickenbacker lived many years beyond that ordeal, but he never forgot the sacrifice of that first life-saving seagull... And he never stopped saying, 'Thank you.' That's why almost every Friday night he would walk to the end of the pier with a bucket full of shrimp and a heart full of gratitude.

Reference: (Max Lucado, "In The Eye of the Storm", pp...221, 225-226)



PS: Eddie Rickenbacker was the founder of Eastern Airlines. Before WWI he was race car driver. In WWI he was a pilot and became America's first ace. In WWII he was an instructor and military adviser, and he flew missions with the combat pilots. Eddie Rickenbacker is a true American hero. And now you know another story about the trials and sacrifices that brave men have endured for your freedom.

"Peace is that brief, glorious moment in history, when everybody stands around reloading." ~ Thomas Jefferson

# Common Phrases that Originated in the Military

## Heard Through the Grapevine

**MEANING:** To learn something, informally and unofficially, from unsubstantiated sources.

**EXAMPLE:** Tammy heard it through the grapevine that John's wife is pregnant.

**MILITARY ORIGIN:** The first telegraph lines looked like the twisting tendrils of grapevines. Civil War soldiers and slaves alike used the phrase when sharing news-or gossip that had not been received through official channels. Another theory suggests the phrase is linked to the Old Grapevine Tavern, a popular watering hole for Union officers and Confederate spies, who might have collected information through eavesdropping.

## Whole Nine Yards

**MEANING:** All of it.

**EXAMPLE:** The car Josh bought had, power steering, tinted glass, and heated seats - the whole nine yards.

**MILITARY ORIGIN:** Tail gunners during World War II had ammunition belts 27 feet (or 9 yards) long. When the gunner ran out of ammo, he would announce he had fired the "whole nine yards."

## Face the Music

**MEANING:** To be confronted with the unpleasant consequences of one's actions

**EXAMPLE:** When Michael broke the vase, he knew he would have to face the music when his mother got home.

**MILITARY ORIGIN:** A British Royal Service soldier being court-martialed was required to face the drummers as his sentence was announced.

## Three Sheets to the Wind

**MEANING:** Intoxicated

**EXAMPLE:** The groom was three sheets to the wind at his bachelor party.

**MILITARY ORIGIN:** On old wooden Navy ships, three ropes - or sheets, in nautical terms - were needed to secure the sails. If the sheets were loose, the sail would move wildly and out of control, like an inebriated person.

## Cup of Joe

**MEANING:** Cup of coffee

**EXAMPLE:** Trish ordered a muffin and a cup of joe for - breakfast.

**MILITARY ORIGIN:** Among his many reforms, Josephus "Joe" Daniels, secretary of the Navy in the early 1900s, banned alcohol on Navy ships, rendering the strongest drink aboard a cup of coffee.



# In Memoriam

## **Ira Kanarek**

**Feb 28, 1919 to Feb 24, 2018**



Ira Nathan Kanarek, age 98, of Woodland Hills, California, passed away on Saturday, February 24, 2018. Ira was born February 28, 1919 in New York, New York, to David and Jennie (née Wang) Kanarek.

He is survived by his beloved wife of 62 years, Annette Kanarek; and his sons, David Kanarek and Jonathan Kanarek.

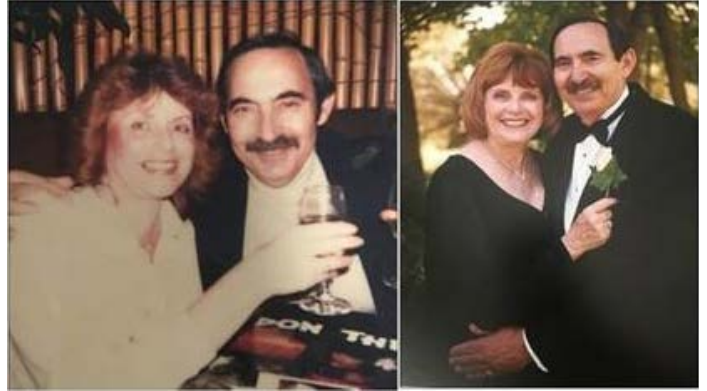
Funeral services for Ira were held Sunday, March 4, 2018, from 11:00 AM to 12:00 PM, at Groman Eden Mortuary, in the Groman Eden Chapel. Burial followed in Eden Memorial Park. The United States Navy Presented Colors; Mr. Kanarek is an Honorably Discharged Veteran of the United States Navy, WWII; and a Free Mason.



Photos by Harlis Brend

## **Gabe Fine**

**January 4, 1933 to March 5, 2018**



Gabriel "Gabe" Fine, age 85, of West Hills, California, passed away on Monday, March 5, 2018 (18 Adar 5778). Gabe was born January 4, 1933 in New York, New York, to Paul and Ettie (née Feldman) Fine.

Gabe is survived by his beloved wife, Shirley Fine; his children, David (Allison) Fine, Stephen (Alicia) Fine, and Stephanie Fine; and his grandchildren, Hannah Fine, Emilee Fine, Morgan Fine, Matthew Dickenson, and Zachary Fine.

Funeral services for Gabe were held Thursday, March 8, 2018 at 11:00 AM, Graveside, in Eden Memorial Park, in Mission Hills. The United States Army Honor Guard Presented Colors. Gabe was an Honorably Discharged Veteran of the United States Army. He received the Good Conduct Medal, Occupation Medal-Germany, and the National Service Medal.

## **Bob Callahan**

**April 20, 1926 to March 11, 2018**



Robert "Bob" Callahan- beloved husband, father, and grandfather- passed away at home at age 91.

Bob was born in Hartford, Connecticut, one of twelve children. He left high school early to join his older brothers who were already overseas seeing heavy combat. At age seventeen, he joined the Armed Forces to defend our country in World War II. Bob's dad picked up his son's high school diploma while he served three years in World War II as a tail gunner on a B-24 bomber with the "Mighty Eighth" Air Force. (Continued Page 14)

He was stationed in East Anglia, England. Bob flew sixteen missions as a B-24 Liberator gunner and became a sergeant before the war's end.

Growing up in Connecticut led Bob to hate the cold, so he decided to move west upon returning home from the war. Bob loved sports, and he was particularly skilled at baseball, so he was chosen to play in the Minor League Baseball Farm System. During his time as a pitcher for the Tucson Cowboys, Bob met Marge, the love of his life. The war years had robbed Bob of any chance to pitch in the majors, but he never complained. His country needed him up in that B-24, not on the baseball field. He had no regrets.

A year after meeting Bob and Marge married in 1950 and moved to the San Fernando Valley, where Marge began her career as a schoolteacher and Bob got a job in the optical field, while also pitching batting practice for the Hollywood Stars in the old Pacific Coast League.

Bob's passion for flying, which stemmed from his time in the Army Air Force, led him to obtain his pilot's license and buy two planes. Bob worked in the ophthalmology field and enjoyed both driving and flying on work trips and bringing his family along.

Bob was always happiest when spending time with his family- especially on his favorite day, St. Patrick's Day. Because he loved his Irish heritage and celebrating that with his family, St. Patrick's Day is the best day to honor Bob's life.

## Prayers

Unfortunately, several of our most active members were hospitalized or are either in Nursing Homes or at home recuperating from their injuries or illnesses. Our prayers are for a speedy recovery and a return to our meetings:

<b>Ellie Harrison</b>	<b>Mort Green</b>
<b>Richard Myers</b>	<b>Kent Kellegrew</b>
<b>David Plumb</b>	

## Flower Donations



Lori Brainard of Pierce Flowers, 10621 Victory Blvd., North Hollywood, CA 91606; (818) 761-4280; has offered to donate an arrangement as shown above to the services for any Wings Over Wendy's member that 'flies west'.

## Wings News Staff

**Publisher:** Ed Reynolds

**Editor:** Judy Reynolds

**Reporters:** Ed Moreno, Peggy Jean Bassett

**Photographers:** Harlis Brend, Ed Reynolds

Mike LaVere & Howard Swerdlick

**New Members:** Marion Lovelace & Shirley Andrews

**Reminders:** Connie Hein

**Speakers:** Barney Leone

**Tours:** Warren Weinstein

**Treasurer:** Barry Chapman

**Store:** Bob Bermant

## April Birthdays

<b>Larry Albucher</b>	<b>April 2, 1939</b>
<b>Marilyn Brooks</b>	<b>April 4, 1930</b>
<b>Harris Davis</b>	<b>April 4, 1932</b>
<b>Thomas Maiden</b>	<b>April 4, 1949</b>
<b>Mark Ax</b>	<b>April 7, 1949</b>
<b>Nonie Lann</b>	<b>April 7, 1929</b>
<b>Jim McMichael</b>	<b>April 9, 1955</b>
<b>Richard Burns</b>	<b>April 11, 1927</b>
<b>Jack Pathman</b>	<b>April 12, 2022</b>
<b>Steve Holohan</b>	<b>April 14, 1944</b>
<b>Bob King</b>	<b>April 15, 2023</b>
<b>Steve Radford</b>	<b>April 15, 1949</b>
<b>Vincent Cicone</b>	<b>April 16, 1941</b>
<b>Marion Lovelace</b>	<b>April 16, 1927</b>
<b>Marty Fentress</b>	<b>April 17, 1952</b>
<b>Bob Johnston</b>	<b>April 19, 1928</b>
<b>Erwin Rhodes</b>	<b>April 20, 1943</b>
<b>Tom Bates</b>	<b>April 21, 1940</b>
<b>Reuben Garcia</b>	<b>April 24, 1924</b>
<b>Connie Hein</b>	<b>April 24, 1947</b>
<b>Morris Litwack</b>	<b>April 24, 1941</b>
<b>Andy Kopetzky</b>	<b>April 25, 1951</b>
<b>Joseph Mueller</b>	<b>April 26, 1949</b>
<b>Susan Phillips</b>	<b>April 26, 1957</b>
<b>Rich Poppenberg</b>	<b>April 29, 1945</b>
<b>Tom Blatz</b>	<b>April 30, 1945</b>
<b>Clyde Latimer</b>	<b>April 30, 1946</b>
<b>Peter Marshall</b>	<b>April 30, 1940</b>

## New Members

We welcomed the following new members during the month of March 2018.

**Saul Bass**

**Dwight Herr**

**Howard Lewis**

**Joe Weber**

**Bill Carter**

**Abe Hoffman**

**Patricia McGinley**

**Daniel Zepeda**



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

David Alvarez  
Lee Auger  
Peggy Jean Bassett  
Bob Bermant  
Paul Boghossian  
Bob Callahan  
Barry Chapman  
Howard Davis  
Skip DeYoung  
Bob Donovan  
Dick Edwards  
Don Eisenberg  
Anarg Frangos  
Midge Gisell  
David Greenberg  
Dick Guyer  
John Helm  
Richard Hernandez  
Kent Kellegrew  
Louis Kridelbaugh  
Nonie Lann  
Morris Litwack  
Ginger Lyon  
Ethel Margolin  
Chuck McNary  
Ed Phillips  
Marce Rankin  
Cleo Reynolds  
Judy Reynolds  
Ray Rodriguez  
Bob Rose  
Abe Rosenzweig  
Lezar Saunders  
Sam Schultz  
Art Sherman  
Bob Stiles  
Howard Swerdlick  
Jack Taube  
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Warren Weinstein  
SFV Historical Society  
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Shirley Andrews  
Phil Aune  
Tom Bates  
Ron Boggess  
Richard Burns  
Juan Camacho  
Patrick Daly  
Gerald Detamore  
Malcolm Dipperstein  
Ernest Dutcher  
Jan Edwards  
Don Foster  
Roscoe Frazier  
Anita Green  
Richard Gross  
Connie Hein  
Peter Helm  
Fred Kaplan  
Andy Kopetzky  
Larry Kushner  
Al Lewis  
David Loppnow  
Elmo Maiden  
Claude Maugein  
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Maurice Portnoy  
Richard Raskoff  
Ed Reynolds  
Maria Rodriguez  
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Avery Willis

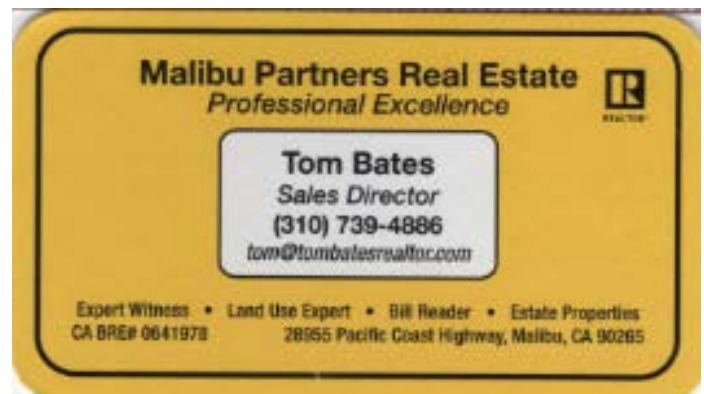
**WOW's monthly food drive is Monday, April 2<sup>nd</sup>**



# We all want raffle prizes!

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

**Suggested Items: Military books, magazines, DVD's, tools, etc. Thank you!**



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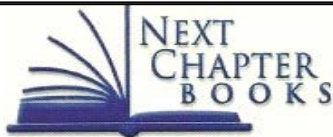
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