

# Time for Remembrance - Veteran Events

The month of May is traditionally one of the busiest months for Wings Over Wendy's members with many events requesting Veterans to attend events to inform the public of the sacrifices they made and to honor their fallen colleagues. This year was no exception.

Our list of events and interactions with the public started on April 27<sup>th</sup> at the annual Van Nuys Aviation Career Day



Photo by Harlis Brend

Rosco Frazier, Dick Kinder, Leon Waldman, Warren Weinstein, Mike LaVere, Howard Swerdlick, Barney Leone, Paul Boghossian, Tony Cubarrubia, Art Sherman, Lee Auger, Phil Aune, Ed Reynolds, Maurice Vasquez at the booth. Don Foster, Harlis Brend, Andy Kopetzky, Anarg Frangos, Peter Helm, David Timmerman and Kurt Rademacher also attended.



Photo by Harlis Brend

Crowd around Mike, Art and Barney with Ed and Peter in the background



In addition to the WOW booth, a featured speaker at the 1,500-student event was **Phil Aune**.



Photos courtesy Valley News Group  
(Continued page 2)

# Nation's Oldest Air Traffic Controller Teaches Kids Aviation Careers

Valley News Group

1,500 area students had a unique and exciting opportunity at the beginning of May to explore careers in aviation at the 19th annual "The Sky's the Limit: Aviation Career Day" at Van Nuys Airport.

The event featured 54 exhibitors showcasing interactive exhibits, 17 static aircraft displays, high-tech video presentations and industry experts.

One of the industry speakers was west valley's Phil Aune, the longest serving air traffic controller in the Federal Aviation Administration's Air Traffic Organization.

When he retired at age 70 in 2006, Aune had been an air traffic controller at Van Nuys Airport for an unprecedented 47 years.

Aune was such a fixture at VNY that pilots would call: "Papa Alpha" instead of "Van Nuys Tower" when they heard him on the tower radio.

Less than 20-20 vision prevented him from following in the footsteps of his older brother, who flew F-86 fighter jets during the Korean War. So Aune channeled his passion into enlisting in the Navy to become an air traffic controller and embarked on his FAA career the day after his discharge from the Navy.

The students at Career Day heard from Aune, personnel from LAFD and Airport Police. Aircraft display highlights included a U.S. Navy F-18, NASA Armstrong Research Center BE-20 King, a LAFD rescue helicopter and a WWII-era Condor Squadron AT-6. The event was sponsored by Councilmember Nury Martinez, Clay Lacy Aviation, Van Nuys Airport and The Valley Economic Alliance.

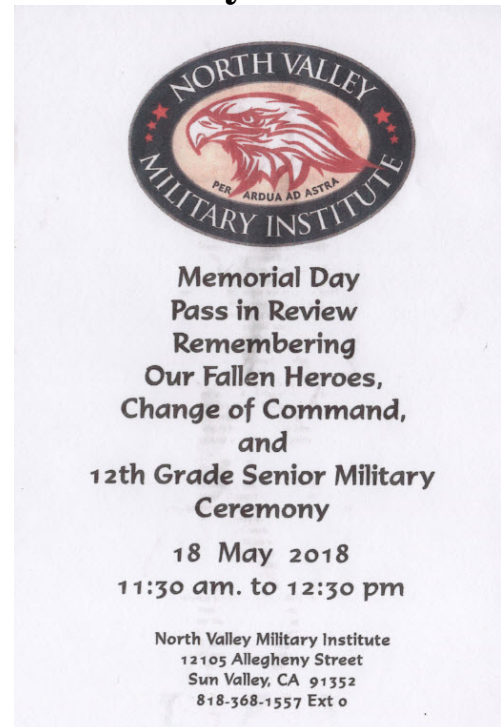
## May 17, 2018 Unveiling of Joshua Cullins Way



Photo by Ed Reynolds

On May 17, 2018, a dozen Wings Over Wendy's members attended the "Unveiling of Joshua Cullins Way" adjacent to St. Martin School. Bob Blumenfield was the Master of Ceremonies; Captain John Sherman spoke. Among those attending were: Bob Stiles, Dennis Zine, Duc Dao, Ed Reynolds, Joe Mueller, Kurt Rademacher, Lee Auger, Maurice Vasquez, Paul Boghossian and Ron Boggess. St. Martins School held a reception following the ceremony.

## May 18, 2018 North Valley Military Institute – Memorial Day Pass in Review



Attending the ceremony were Joe Mueller, Ed Reynolds, Art Sherman, Dan Stark, Paul Boghossian, Tony Cubarrubia. Kay Deitch was instrumental in the veterans' arrangements.

## May 23, 2018 St. Martin's School Veterans Memorial Chapel



(Continued Page 3)





Susan Emslie assisting a student

Eighteen Wings Over Wendy's members attended St. Martin in-the Field annual Memorial Day Chapel Service. They were honored by the students with music, skits and recitations. Vicar Ferrer; Principal Wendy Burns, Chaplain David Kitch and Gunnery Sargent Ernie "Gunny" Napper spoke. After the Chapel a flag ceremony was conducted by the President Ronald Reagan Marine Corps League Det.#597 and "Old Glory" recited by Jimmy Weldon. There was a missing-man fly-over by the Condor Squadron and then each student shook the hand of each attendee. Members of the Simi Valley "Rolling Thunder" organization were there with their motorcycles and allowed students to sit on them after the ceremony.

Gunnery Sargent Ernie "Gunny" Napper hosted a hot breakfast and Ed Reynolds and Paul Boghossian presented him with the Wings Over Wendy's framed logo.



Photo by Peggy Jean Bassett



Elmo Maiden & "Gunny" Napper

## May 25, 2018 Northridge Academy H.S. Memorial Day Assembly

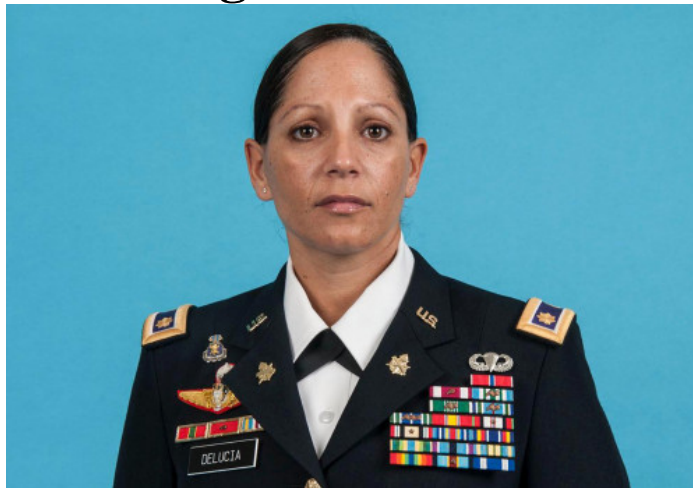


Photo by Tony Cubarrubia

Elmo Maiden, Marion Lovelace, Bob Donovan, Bob Stiles, Dick Kinder, Art Sherman, Ed Reynolds, Ron Boggess, Jim McMichael, David Alvarez

On May 25, 2018, eleven Wings Over Wendy's members were honored at the Northridge Academy High School at their Memorial Day Assembly. The assembly started with a flag ceremony in front of the school and then each veteran was awarded a large star as they sat on the auditorium to give their answer to questions asked by the students. That was followed by a school ceremony outside where each student with a relative in the military past or present, launched a balloon with the relative's name. The veterans returned to the auditorium to be interviewed individually by another class. At the end of the assembly they were treated to lunch.

## May 26, 2018 Temple Valley Beth Shalom Veterans Event Honoring Women Veterans



Army LTC Dena Delucia was keynote speaker at Valley Beth Shalom Memorial Day program honoring women veterans. (Courtesy Photo)

Over two dozen Wings Over Wendy's members attended Temple Valley Beth Shalom Veterans Event Honoring Women Veterans. Each vet was asked to provide a recap of their service in the military. (Continued Page 4)

At the service, Bob Donovan, who served two tours in Vietnam with an air rescue team, received a special pin of respect honoring his service from Stephanie Stone, chief deputy director of the LA County office of Military and Veterans Affairs.

Army LTC Dena Delucia spoke of her experience enlisting in the Army, becoming the first USA Female Paratrooper, her deployments and her current position overseeing the Military Cemeteries in Southern California.

Following the service, lunch was provided and then a seminar. Bob Donovan and Ed Reynolds were invited to participate along with the woman on the stage.



Among those attending was: Abe Rosenzweig, Art Sherman, Barry Chapman, Bob Donovan, Bob Stiles, David Greenberg, Don Foster, Dov Cohen, Easter Shifren, Ed Reynolds, Eddie Zangwill, Elmo Maiden, Ethel Margolin, Harvey Keenan, Lee Auger, Lee Levitan, Lezar Saunders, Malcom Dipperstein, Marion Lovelace, Maurice Vasquez, Nonie Lann, Paul Boghossian, Peggy Jean Bassett, Richard Burns, Richard Gross, and Warren Weinstein.

Bob Donovan recited the poem

## In Flanders Fields

John McCrae, 1872 - 1918

*In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place, and in the sky,  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.*

*We are the dead; short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.*

*Take up our quarrel with the foe!  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high!  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.*

## May 28, 2018 Memorial Day Parade



Wings Over Wendy's had a prominent participation in the 29<sup>th</sup> Annual Canoga Park Memorial Day Parade. Bill Ratner organized the military events in the parade. Elmo Maiden and Don Foster were the Grand Marshalls.



Photo by Harlis Brend

Honoring Korea War veterans was: Mort Sherman, Malcom Dipperstein, and John Helm



Photo by Harlis Brend

Wings Over Wendy's had two trucks of members in the parade. The first truck driven by Ron Boggess and Fred Kaplan.



Photo by Harlis Brend  
(Continued on Page 5)



The second truck was provided and driven by Bob Jacobi.



Photo by Harlis Brend

Ron and Diane Ross provided a "Wendy" to walk in front of the trucks with Ed Reynolds.



Photo by Harlis Brend



"Wendy", Diane & Ron, Fred Kaplan and "Uncle Sam"  
Photo by Harlis Brend

Leading the Wings Over Wendy's trucks was Ed Reynolds and Carla "Wendy" Romo.



Photo by Karen Vegtel

In addition to the Parade Grand Marshalls, the Korean War veterans, the Wings Over Wendy's trucks, members also rode in other entries for the American Legion, ANA, Reel Cowboys. All told 50 Wings Over Wendy's active and honorary members participated in the parade and many attended the BBQ at the American Legion Hall afterwards.



David Greenberg, Boyd Davis, Connie Heim and Ken Mayer with the ANA entry.



Harlis Brend rode with the Miss San Fernando Valley entry



Photo by Harlis Brend

Lazar Saunders served coffee to the members as they assemble to decorate and ride on the trucks



# **May Speakers**

**May 7, 2018**



Photos by Harlis Brend

## **Rosadel McClure**

On May 7<sup>th</sup> Rosadel McClure visited the meeting. Her husband, Chuck was a B-29 pilot that was one of the early members of Wings Over Wendy's. She spoke on how much the meetings meant to Chuck.



Photo by Harlis Brend

## **Mike LaVere**

### **Aviation Career Day Video**

Also, on May 7<sup>th</sup> Mike LaVere showed us a video he created from pictures of the Aviation Career Day event.

**May 14, 2018**



Photo by Harlis Brend

## **Harvey Krasner**

On May 14<sup>th</sup> Harvey Krasner, a WWII Sherman Tank crewmember told us his story of a night in the Battle of the Bulge.

If you served in Europe during WWII, you would know about the German superior tanks. They were much bigger and better with more power than the US Army Sherman tanks he was a crewmember in.

He was in the Ardennes in the Battle of the Bulge and it was about the coldest winter in about 25 years, down to zero degrees at night and it got dark about 5 o'clock. In that part of Europe, they had huge barns where they kept farm animals, equipment and supplies. They were open on both ends. So, when night came they couldn't do anything and if we found one of the huge barns they would back their tank in one end with the guns facing out and try to get some rest and sleep, and so forth. One night during the Battle of the Bulge his crew didn't know where anybody was, it was so mixed up. After they backed their tank in, they had one guy on guard duty.

About an hour later they heard some tank tracks maybe 50 yards from their position backing in at the other end of the huge barn. Harvey's crew assumed it was one of their guys.

The barn roof was held up by huge poles spaced so farm equipment could drive between them. When the sun started rising their guard altered the crew that the silhouette of the other tank didn't look like a US Army tank. They realized it was a German Tiger tank which had bigger, longer guns by 2.5 feet than they had. About the time they discovered them, the other crew discovered them. Both crews started turning their gun turret to face each other, only the German gun hit an upright and could not fire at them. The weakest spot on a German tank was its rear and Harvey's crew were able to destroy the tank.

This story has been written up in many military magazines under the title "Sometimes it is smart to bring a smaller gun."

Harvey then told us another story. In April of 1945 there were some Germans in a house that didn't want to give up. His tank crew was assigned to capture the Germans. When the crew approached the house Harvey's commander told him to enter the front door while other crewmembers would enter the side and back doors.

Harvey's crew position in the tank was assigned a Thompson sub-machine gun. So, when he came to the front door he had in his left hand a grenade that he had pulled the pin and put it in his pocket and his Thompson in his right hand. He burst through the door and realized he could not shoot his Thompson because it required pulling the lever with the hand that was holding the armed grenade. Luckily the Germans didn't realize that and surrendered without a shot. He was able to put the Thompson down and reinsert the grenade pin.

## May 21, 2018



Photo by Harlis Brend

### **CDR Dan Stark & his WWII Jeep**

On May 21<sup>st</sup>, Dan Stark drove his WWII Jeep up from Malibu with his son and gave us the following history.

#### **THE JEEP**

For 4,000 years the horse provided the effective means for reconnaissance, fast action deployment, carrying men and equipment into battle.

Then steam power mobilized industry to consider motorized transport of men and materials for military purposes.

The search for a machine which was all weather and as good as a horse on and off road came slowly.

Between the wars vehicle development was split between the Ordinance Department (combat machines) and the Quartermaster Corps (general purpose vehicles). Rivalry between these two units did little to speed development. However, both units were interested in the development of an all-terrain reconnaissance vehicle. Several attempts to utilize existing trucks proved unsatisfactory.

Finally, in 1937 the Chief of Infantry laid down the specs for a light utility vehicle.

- 750-1000 lbs weight
- adaptable to amphibious operations
- off road ability
- no taller than 36 inches
- capable of mounting a 30-caliber machine gun, and carry 3000 rounds ammunition for it

Actually, Army Capt. Howie had been working on the concept since 1934. General Walter Short, then Commandant of the Infantry School at Fort Benning, Georgia put up \$500 to construct a prototype.

The first design was the "Belly Flopper", followed by the "Howie Carrier" (named for Capt Howie) essentially a platform with a 4-cylinder rear mounted engine. In 1940 General Short asked representatives from Willys Overland to observe the vehicle. They didn't like it.

Enter the Bantam Car Company of Butler, Pa. In May 1940 they asked the Army to check out their idea. Members of the Infantry and Cavalry went to the Bantam factory. The now Major Howie was a part of the group. They decided that 70 vehicles were to be contracted for and Major Howie was to stay to work with Bantam.

In July, 1940, the Army sent a request to bid on 70 "light reconnaissance and command cars or trucks" to 135 Auto manufactures, cost not to exceed \$175,000.

By July 22, 2 bids were received from Willys and Bantam. Bantam was awarded the contract. At the time Bantam had less than 20 people on the payroll and no engineering department. However, on Sept. 22, 1940, the first prototype vehicle from Bantam arrived at the military test site, just 30 minutes before the deadline for timely delivery. Ultimately Bantam was forced to share its data with Ford and Willys. Parts were interchangeable, and Bantam was left totally out of the picture.

Willys took credit for the development of the Jeep and in 1948 the Federal Trade Commission ordered Willys to cease and desist as either the creator or the developer of the Jeep.

In spite of all that, a really good vehicle was produced that many think won WW II.

## May 28, 2018



Photo by Harlis Brend

### **Art Sherman**

On May 28<sup>th</sup> while most of Wings Over Wendys members were in the Memorial Day Parade or at Cemeteries throughout the area honoring those comrades that died in the wars to protect our country, a couple of dozen members attended the Monday meeting. Shirley Andrews ran the meeting along with Howard Swerdlick.



# PROFILES



## Dick Kinder

By Dick Kinder

### Part 1

## World War II POW Experience

Dick Kinder was born in St. Luke's Hospital, Aberdeen South Dakota Feb. 21, 1922. He lived in three different homes. His Dad worked for the Milwaukee Railroad as a Boilermaker and eventually became the number one Boilermaker for the entire rail system. Aberdeen was known as the Hub City because there were five different railroads that had railheads in Aberdeen.

Dick went to Adams Grade School, Roosevelt Jr. High and Central High School where he played football

on a Junior varsity team in his Junior year and in his Senior year ran on the varsity track squad as number two half miler, finishing third in the State Track Meet. He graduated in 1940 number five in a class of about three hundred students.

After High School he worked for a few years for Socony Vacuum Oil Co. as a stock clerk and then as Supervisor of a department that counted and logged gas coupons received from the various service stations in North and South Dakota. In October 1942 he enlisted in the Army Air Corps after first trying to enlist in the Navy, but they would not let him fly because the Flight Surgeon turned out to be his personal doctor from Aberdeen and knew he had a heart murmur as a child. He was called to active duty in January, 1943 and sent to Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, Mo. Then in about sixty days to the University of Missouri at Columbus for courses in weather, flying (Piper Cub), math, military regulations, etc.

In April 1943 he was sent to the Aviation Cadet Center in San Antonio, TX. There he was tested to determine his potential for the various flight crew positions. Dick qualified in all three but wanted to go to navigation which he felt was better because of his math background. The navigation school was closed according to his advisor, so he was told to go to bombardier training and then to navigation. Dick went back to see him the next day to insist that he go directly to navigation school and his supervisor agreed if he agreed to wait for a month or two. He agreed and in less than two weeks was on his way to Pre-Flight in Houston, TX. There he had the joy of holding down an aircraft in 139 mph wind. His next Station was at San Marcos, TX. On his last mission as an Aviation cadet, a night celestial sortie, his plane ran into a thunder storm in route and was lucky enough to ride it out. Two other ships were destroyed that night and all on board were lost. Dick graduated in February, 1944 and was assigned to Rapid City Army Air Base in his home state of South Dakota.

He arrived in Rapid City and met his new B-17 crew on his 22nd birthday. Dick had them all join him at a birthday party his parents set up in one of the hotels in Rapid City. After the celebration he went to a dance at the City Auditorium. As he entered, he saw this girl and said to himself "you want to marry that girl" So he asked her to dance and they danced all night, dated for the next two months and as he left for combat in Europe he gave her miniature Navigation Wings and said; "I'll be back."

Dick was on his way to England and aerial combat over Europe. After a short period of special navigation training at Bovington, UK he joined the rest of his crew at Molesworth, England, assigned to the 303rd Bomb Group, 358th Bomb Squadron. They began flying combat on 21 June, 1944.



On their 13th mission Flying in 'Marezy Doats' their newly assigned aircraft also on its thirteenth mission, they completed their bomb run on Berlin but lost two engines to flak over the target. Two other aircraft in their flight were destroyed in that flak barrage. They turned toward England but soon decided they could not get that far and headed toward Sweden. Nearing the coast their aircraft was exposed to another flak attack and the wheels fell down. This meant they could not land safely on water and since they would probably have to land in the Baltic Sea they decided to bail out over land.



B-17G #42-107002, Mairzy Doats 358<sup>th</sup> BS, 303<sup>rd</sup> BG (H)

Dick delayed opening his chute and thus avoided immediate capture, but it happened the next day. He was sent to Frankfort to an interrogation center. After a couple of days, he was moved out to a common area awaiting transport to a Stalag where he saw all of the enlisted personnel from our crew before they were transferred to a permanent camp. He left the next day for Stalag Luft 3 at Sagan (now Zagan, Poland). As he entered the prison compound he was met by his co-pilot and bombardier. They were hoping he would arrive because someone in the prison compound already knew him and could thus identify him as a bonified American, a requirement to be accepted by fellow prisoners.

The POW diet was rather limited, with hot cereal for breakfast, soup made from weak broth and dried vegetables for lunch, a potato for dinner with an occasional serving of meat. Red Cross parcels were a life saver. They provided a lot of additional food but some non- essentials such as cigarettes and candy bars. They were visited regularly by a YMCA representative from Sweden. The POWs used their German pay (an amount equal that of a German Officer of equal rank) to make supplemental purchases in Sweden and deliver them to their camp. They had radios so were able to keep up with the real progress of the war. They also had a Military Chaplain on board and a little theatre that gave them access to some escape materials and of course they

did some tunnel digging. In November they got a new POW a Brig Gen shot down on a milk-run.

In December the Germans decided to move their encampment to another location because of the advancing Russian Army. Thus, they departed Sagan on foot and made a three-day hike in midwinter temperatures to a railhead to await transportation to another POW camp, and eventually arrived at Stalag 7A near Mooseberg, Germany.

The newly arrived POWs infiltrated all of the compounds of this camp except the Russian zone so that they would be able to control it when the war ended. They maintained head counts by sending replacements back to their compound so that the Germans would go along with their control program.

Shortly before they were liberated a German SS Troop entered the camp and demanded that the Camp Commandant supply men to help the SS fight against Patton's Troops who were on their way from Nuremberg. He refused, so they killed about two hundred of his guards before leaving to go to their fight with Patton's men. Dick was liberated about three days later by Patton's 14th Armored Division and was soon moved to a German Airfield near the camp to await transport to Camp Lucky Strike in France.

At Camp Lucky Strike they were issued new uniforms and given extra meals each day to restore them from their emaciated POW look. They also were offered milk shakes and doughnuts at a Red Cross tent; one of the POW's killed himself by eating too much of this offering. They were then restricted to one trip per day thru the food line at the Red Cross tent.

Before he left Camp Lucky Strike, Dick was able to visit with his Pilot who had been in a different POW camp and then took a seventeen-day boat trip back to the States.

Dick arrived in New York on June 4th and as soon as he could get to a phone he called Jean in Rapid City and said "I'm coming are you ready?" Her answer was a "Yes". He had a slight conflict of interest with his mother in Minneapolis. She brought an ex-girlfriend to meet his train in Minneapolis on its arrival from New York. He sort of told her what he thought at the time. Next day in Aberdeen, (his home town) he bought his Grandfather's car, took it out of storage, bummed some gas coupons and was on his way to Jean in Rapid City 400 miles away. He got there about noon on the 9th of June 1945 and took Jean to a jewelry store across the street from where Jean worked and bought a diamond engagement and wedding rings for each of them. They went to lunch and then back to her office. There Dick met her boss and told him; "Jean just quit and we are leaving town now." They left the next morning for her parent's farm about 25 miles from Winner, SD. They spent a week there and Dick met her family, parents, brothers and sisters-in-law. After one week, they left for his home in Aberdeen, SD. (Continued page 10)

There Jean met Dick's parents and sister. He arranged for their marriage and were married in the Congregational Church on the pastor's birthday. The pastor's party at the church was also their wedding reception. He spent the next six weeks at Bigstone Lake, MN.

Dick's first assignment back on active duty was a two-week vacation on the beach in Santa Monica, CA. While there the Pacific War ended. His first duty assignment was to Ellington AFB, Houston, TX for a refresher course in navigation and training in Air Sea Rescue. Next, he was sent to Keesler Field, Mississippi to staff an Air Sea Rescue School. The school was then closed because the need for Air Rescue Operations ceased with the end of hostilities.

He had never received an effectiveness report because he had never been anywhere long enough during his career, so he was not discharged but given an assignment as a Budget and Fiscal Officer. Their daughter was born on March 21, 1946 at Keesler Field and their son on August 5, 1949.

During that time, He managed to get a Regular Commission in the soon to be Air Force. As a result; he managed to get permission to attend the University of Minnesota, to get a degree in Science but had it cancelled because of his rating as a navigator. He did manage to go to Squadron Officers School before being reassigned to a Combat unit. Thus, a trip to Tyndall Field, FL. While in school his transfer orders came to the 19th Bomb Group on Guam. Jean and the children went back to South Dakota to stay with their families until they could join him on Guam.

Dick arrived on Guam in early January, 1950. When he met his new Commanding Officer he asked if he had been assigned as an Air Rescue instructor and when he said "yes" he asked that he teach search pattern rescue operations to the Air Rescue Squadron located at Anderson AFB as they needed some additional training. Dick spent about six weeks on that assignment and then joined an aircrew to go back to pick up a refurbished B-29 in Atlanta, GA. It took them two months to get back to Guam because they had to replace all four engines while in Omaha, NE. Upon their return to Guam, he flew in an RTU. On the last mission a practice a bomb-run on Okinawa and a night celestial home his plane ran into an unusual jet-stream winds and were blown far south of course. Dick was able to correct the problem and came in directly over Anderson AFB, however they lost two crews that night because they did not correct for the high wind and ran out of fuel over the Pacific Ocean.



B-29

The next morning as his crew was doing maintenance on their aircraft they were told "Button-up, you are going back to Okinawa and will be flying combat into Korea since the North Koreans have invaded South Korea". His crew were soon flying missions out of Kadena Airbase on Okinawa. He flew a total of 72 missions most of them as a lead navigator. A few were single ship night support missions where he had ground- controllers. In September 1950 it appeared as if the combat would soon end and they could send for our family to join us on Guam. He sent for Jean and the children and they arrived as scheduled and after a week together on Guam he got called to return to Okinawa as the Chinese had joined the conflict and his crews were back making bomb runs in Korea.

Dick completed his combat in May 1951 and returned to the States with his family. They visited their families in South Dakota, acquired a new car and then reported for duty at Roswell AFB, NM in what was to become a new B-36 Group but would fly B-29s until they got the new aircraft.

Dick was sent to Survival School in California and when he returned from school he learned that navigators from the other bomb group at Roswell would get to go to a new upgrade program. Dick went to the Division Commander and entered a protest because he felt that Korean Combat personnel should also be allowed to go to the program.

The rules were changed, and he was in the first class to leave for the program. The first school was held in Houston, TX. After six months he went to Sacramento, CA to finish the program and upon completion were sent to Orlando, FL for a course in a new aircraft, the B-47. His new assignment was to Lockbourne AFB, Ohio.

When he reported for duty he found he had another unusual assignment; he was to write the war plans aircrews were to fly in the event war was declared. He spent about a year on this assignment and then was assigned to crew duty in the 3rd Strat-Recon Squadron.

After about a year he was transferred to another crew in the 10th Squadron. During that time, he was sent to Thule, Greenland to do some Arctic photography!!!! While on one of those recon missions he found an airfield that had been on the USAF "to find list" for several years. The pictures taken got the DFC for every aircrew member in his squadron. Shortly after his return to Lockbourne he was transferred to headquarters as Chief of Navigation Training.



RB-47

(Continued page 11)



Dick was no longer on a combat crew, so he found that he could apply for college again. He did some investigations and found a program at the University of Chicago that would allow him to take a special exam, specify the program he wanted to study and they would place him in school at the level they felt he could enter and be qualified to complete. He took the 15+ hour test and sent it to the University; hoping for good results. About six weeks passed and he finally got a reply "We will give you an MBA in seven quarters".

Document in hand Dick went to Wright-Patterson to request that he be sent to college. The word was at first you can't go because you're a Major but after reviewing the certificate from Chicago they froze him to Lockbourne until he left in the fall for the University of Chicago. He returned to his Group at Lockbourne only to be told by the Commander that he was to be transferred to a new Group being formed in Kansas. Dick told him they could not transfer him because he had a school scheduled to start in the fall in Chicago, so they sent someone else to Kansas.

In the fall of 1960 Dick and his family found a rental in Park Forest, IL. They had sold our home in Columbus, Ohio before leaving for school.

Dick completed his school work in June, 1961 with an MBA majoring in Accounting and Production Management. He was expecting an assignment to Colorado, but instead was transferred to Los Angeles, CA.

He bought a home in the San Fernando Valley and reported for duty at Los Angeles Air Force Station. He found myself assigned to a newly formed organization called Space Systems Division, as Chief of Programs. He was responsible for preparing reports for the Division Commander.

After a couple of months, he went to the Director of Operations and proposed that he could develop a standardized system designed so that the Commander of Space Systems could see what was going on in the Organization. When he presented the idea to the Commander his word was "Do it". Dick redesigned each of the existing financial management systems into a single standard system and then distributed copies of both print outs at the end of the following month. This allowed the Commander to ask some embarrassing questions at his next Program Review. The development lead to redesign of all financial management systems within Air force Systems Divisions.

After completing four years of duty at Space Systems he checked on potential assignments and the prospects looked so undesirable that he decided to retire. He went on terminal leave and began to job search and finally accepted a position with Hughes Aircraft Company in their Corporate Financial Office. His first assignment was to report on a new proposed financial system for Program Management. He wrote an eleven-page report saying it

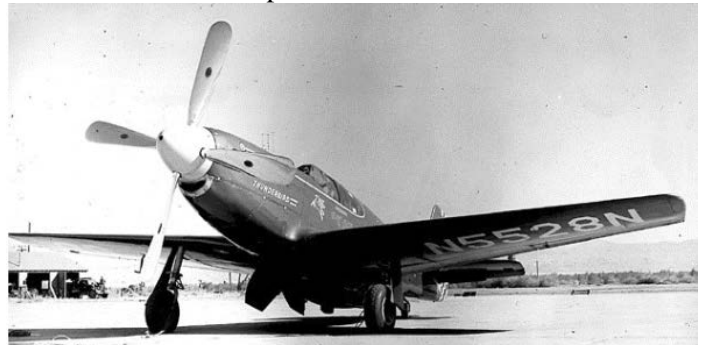
would never work and twenty years later when he retired from Hughes/General-Meters it still didn't work. A year later he transferred to the Corporate Auditors office and prepared and taught a basics course in computers to the corporate auditors. Then he joined the team of auditors and exposed some Division Managers that were hiding away funds for a rainy day or to cover program over-runs that they wanted to hide. After two years he got an opportunity to transfer to a new Division being formed at a facility in the San Fernando Valley. There he worked in the budget department for several years. After a few years he was given responsibility of managing computer systems for the Division and was involved in that activity for the remainder of his career in Hughes. He retired in 1985 after twenty years.

Dick stayed in California because of the job offer after retirement from the Air Force and also because he really enjoyed this twenty first home that he had lived in during his military career. His dear Jeannie died in 2015. They had over seventy wonderful years together!

His daughter Cheryl and her husband Steve had joined him in his home to care for him and for Steve's mother who lives in Granada Hills. The saga continues.

## The Mystery P-51 Pilot

This 1967 true story is about an experience by a young 12-year-old boy in Kingston, Ontario, Canada. It is about the vivid memory of a privately rebuilt P-51 from WWII and its famous owner/pilot.



In the morning sun, I could not believe my eyes. There, in our little airport, sat a majestic P-51. They said it had flown in during the night from some U.S. Airport, on its way to an air show. The pilot had been tired, so he just happened to choose Kingston for his stopover. It was to take to the air very soon. I marveled at the size of the plane, dwarfing the Pipers and Canucks tied down by her. It was much larger than in the movies. She glistened in the sun like a bulwark of security from days gone by.

The pilot arrived by cab, paid the driver, and then stepped into the pilot's lounge. He was an older man; his wavy hair was gray and tossed. It looked like it might have been combed, say, around the turn of the century.

(Continued page 12)

His flight jacket was checked, creased and worn - it smelled old and genuine. Old Glory was prominently sewn to its shoulders. He projected a quiet air of proficiency and pride devoid of arrogance.

He filed a quick flight plan to Montreal ("Expo-67 Air Show") then walked across the tarmac.

After taking several minutes to perform his walk-around check, the tall, lanky man returned to the flight lounge to ask if anyone would be available to stand by with fire extinguishers while he "flushed the old bird up, just to be safe." Though only 12 at the time I was allowed to stand by with an extinguisher after brief instruction on its use -- "If you see a fire, point, then pull this lever.", he said. (I later became a firefighter, but that's another story.)

The air around the exhaust manifolds shimmered like a mirror from fuel fumes as the huge prop started to rotate. One manifold, then another, and yet another barked -- I stepped back with the others. In moments the Packard-built Merlin engine came to life with a thunderous roar. Blue flames knifed from her manifolds with an arrogant snarl. I looked at the others' faces; there was no concern. I lowered the bell of my extinguisher. One of the guys signaled to walk back to the lounge. We did. Several minutes later we could hear the pilot doing his pre-flight run-up. He'd taxied to the end of runway 19, out of sight. All went quiet for several seconds. We ran to the second story deck to see if we could catch a glimpse of the P-51 as she started down the runway. We could not. There we stood, eyes fixed at a spot halfway down the runway. Then a roar ripped across the field, much louder than before. Like a furious hell spawn set loose -- something mighty this way was coming.

"Listen to that thing" said the controller.

In seconds the Mustang burst into our line of sight. Its tail was already off the runway and it was moving faster than anything I'd ever seen. Two-thirds the way down 19 the Mustang was airborne with her gear going up. The prop tips were supersonic. We clasped our ears as the Mustang climbed hellishly fast into the circuit to be eaten up by the dog-day haze. We stood for a few moments in stunned silence, trying to digest what we'd just seen.

The radio controller rushed by me to the radio. "Kingston tower calling Mustang?" He looked back to us as he waited for an acknowledgment.

The radio crackled, "Go ahead, Kingston."

"Roger, Mustang. Kingston tower would like to advise the circuit is clear for a low-level pass."

I stood in shock because the controller had just, more or less, asked the pilot to return for an impromptu air show.

The controller looked at us. "Well, What?" He asked. "I can't let that guy go without asking. I couldn't forgive myself."

The radio crackled once again, "Kingston, do I have permission for a low-level pass, east to west, across the field?" "Roger, Mustang, the circuit is clear for an east to

west pass." "Roger, Kingston, I'm coming out of 3,000 feet, stand by." We rushed back onto the second-story deck, eyes fixed toward the eastern haze.

The sound was subtle at first, a high-pitched whine, a muffled screech, a distant scream. Moments later the P-51 burst through the haze. Her airframe straining against positive G's and gravity. Her wing tips spilling contrails of condensed air, prop-tips again supersonic. The burnished bird blasted across the eastern margin of the field shredding and tearing the air. At about 500 mph and 150 yards from where we stood she passed with the old American pilot saluting.

Imagine. A salute. I felt like laughing; like crying; she glistened; she screamed; the building shook; my heart pounded. Then the old pilot pulled her up and rolled, and rolled, and rolled out of sight into the broken clouds and indelibly into my memory.

I've never wanted to be an American more than on that day. It was a time when many nations in the world looked to America as their big brother. A steady and even-

handed beacon of security who navigated difficult political water with grace and style; not unlike the old American pilot who'd just flown into my memory. He was proud, not arrogant; humble, not a braggart; old and honest, projecting an aura of America at its best. That America will return one day. I know he will. Until that time, I'll just send off this story. Call it a loving salute to a Country, and especially to that old American pilot: the late JIMMY STEWART (1908-1997), Actor, real WWII Hero (Commander of a US Army Air Force Bomber Wing stationed in England), and a USAF Reserves Brigadier General, who wove a wonderfully fantastic memory for a young Canadian boy that's lasted a lifetime.



Jimmy Stewart's P-51C N5528N, in the "Mr. Alex" paint scheme, 1953

On 22 June 1955, North American Aviation P-51C Mustang NX5528N crashed near Scott's Bluff, Nebraska, while being flown by James Cook. Although an official cause is not available, anecdotally, one of the P-51's main landing gear failed to retract and Cook bailed out. Although an accident report was completed 13 July 1955, the Federal Aviation Administration currently has no report in its files, nor does the National Transportation Safety Board. The Mustang was deregistered 15 August 1955.





By Plane Peggy.

## A silver biplane with red and white striped wings and tail, flying against a blue sky. The aircraft features a propeller at the front, a cockpit with a canopy, and a tail section with a large red and white striped fin. The wings are also decorated with red and white stripes. The aircraft is shown from a side-on perspective, flying towards the left.

The Sevversky/Republic AT-12 Guardsman at the “Planes of Fame” Museum is the only flyable one in the world. It flies a crew of two. On June 4, 1940 the United States Government ordered an embargo on the sale of U.S. aircraft to all foreign countries except Britain. Sweden had received two aircraft of their order of AT-12s and the remaining 50 were sold to the USAAF and designated the AT-12 Guardsman. It is unlikely that any AT-12’s served as an advanced trainer, most were allocated during WWII to USAAF base commanding officers as fast transport aircraft.

The P-35 was the USAAC's all metal fighter aircraft with retractable landing gear and enclosed cockpit and saw combat action against Japan in the early years of WWII. Its arrival was a highly publicized event in America, the fighter that was to earn superiority over any foe of the time, however its performance was limited as was its machine gun armament. These limitations unveiled in the early fighting in 1939 of WWII.



Design of the P-35 was attributed to Russian Alexander P. de Seversky.

Having recovered and with the use of a prosthetic he was given command of an airplane again, becoming a high scoring ace for the Russians for their part in the conflict.

Seversky decided his fortunes would be better served as a citizen of the United States. He joined forces with General Billy Mitchell, who was working with both Army and Navy to adopt more modern air superiority.

By Peggy Jean Bassett.

June 2018 - Page 14 of 18



# In Memoriam

## **Eddie Nolan**

**April 7, 1921 to May 13, 2018**



Photos by Harlis Brend

Another World War II veteran flew west on Mother's Day 2018. Edward Thomas Nolan was born in what was then known as the "Brass City" of Waterbury, Connecticut on April 7, 1921. He grew up as an only child in an Irish family with many extended family members in his life, in a tenement house without heating. Eddie graduated from Wilby High School in 1938, and Aero Industries Technical Institute in Los Angeles, California on September 26, 1941.

Using his training in aviation, he returned to Connecticut and obtained a job in an aircraft plant, but in 1943 he enlisted in the Marines to fight in the Pacific theater. "All of my friends had gone to war and I couldn't just stay at home!" he said. He did his basic training at Cherry Point and was shipped to the Philippines where he saw combat in Leyte, Mindoro, Mindanao, and Zamboanga. He was awarded two Bronze Stars and rose to the rank of Staff Sergeant and saw heavy fire in the battle of Leyte as he worked on the runways to repair Corsair fighter planes. While most soldiers were eager to return home for the upcoming holidays, Ed Nolan was in China with the Marine Corp on a mission to give news of the end of the war and stop the fighting between the Chinese and the Russians. He saw the Great Wall and Beijing, along with many other parts of the country.

After the war he returned to Waterbury, Connecticut and married his first wife in 1947, and after her premature death married his second wife in 1957 by which he had two sons. Living in Long Island he worked for the government as an aircraft inspector, ensuring regulations on planes/helicopters built by Hughes, Vought Sikorsky, and Grumman among others before returning to California and settling in the West Hills area of Canoga Park.

His second wife was stricken with cancer and died in 1968. Ed's father moved in to help raise his two sons and ten years later he married for the third time, but it too didn't last long.

Eddie traveled much of the world in his time in the service and in leisure, Mexico, Mallorca, Spain, Germany, Belgium, France, Malta, China. He saw far more than many and learned much. He retired from government work in 1980 and volunteered his time as an usher at St. Bernadine's, St. Mel, and Our Lady of the Valley. In his late 70's he began volunteering in the library at St. Mel up to three times a week for almost 18 years. He would always offer up his home to the down and out, much to the chagrin of his sons who feared that he would be taken advantage of. But that was who he was, generous and giving to a fault, always seeing the good in others and trying to lend a helping hand. He bowled with special needs children for many years with the Leichmann Alley Cats at the Canoga Bowl and had many trophies to show for it. He gave to his church and donated to many veteran causes.

He spent a great deal of time at his beloved McDonalds with his group of senior friends he dubbed "the guys". He would visit friends at the old Kmart and Target at the Fallbrook mall, and then head over to the McDonalds on Platt, and in later years, over to the Wings Over Wendys crew.

Services were conducted on Friday, May 25, 2018

## 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:

**Ellie Harrison, Mort Green, David Plumb, Alice Stone, Bill Tapp, Ed Moreno, Ted Davis**

## 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'.

**Publisher:** Ed Reynolds  
**Editor:** Judy Reynolds  
**Reporters:** Peggy Jean Bassett,  
Ed Moreno,  
Chuck McNary  
Franky Ortega  
**Photographers:** Harlis Brend,  
Ed Reynolds  
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The following is a list of WOW members who have contributed \$10 to fund the publication of the *Wings News* for 12 months.

[illegible]

<b>Morton Sherman</b>	<b>June 4, 1937</b>
<b>Bill Wentz</b>	<b>June 4, 1947</b>
<b>Ellie Harrison</b>	<b>June 7, 1957</b>
<b>Ira Mandel</b>	<b>June 10, 1937</b>
<b>Kay Deitch</b>	<b>June 12, 1961</b>
<b>Hugh McDonald</b>	<b>June 12, 1936</b>
<b>Timothy Velarde</b>	<b>June 14, 1992</b>
<b>Marcus Richter</b>	<b>June 16, 1930</b>
<b>David Recht</b>	<b>June 18, 1920</b>
<b>Jan Edwards</b>	<b>June 19, 1931</b>
<b>Stephen Klausner</b>	<b>June 20, 1938</b>
<b>James Taylor</b>	<b>June 21, 1937</b>
<b>Bill Ratner</b>	<b>June 22, 1948</b>
<b>Karen Velarde</b>	<b>June 23, 1958</b>
<b>Warren Weinstein</b>	<b>June 23, 1929</b>
<b>Alan Archer</b>	<b>June 24, 1934</b>
<b>Maurice Portnoy</b>	<b>June 25, 1928</b>
<b>Diane Salita</b>	<b>June 25, 1940</b>
<b>Bill Wishard</b>	<b>June 26, 1941</b>
<b>Francis Tully</b>	<b>June 27, 1936</b>
<b>Shannon Muchow</b>	<b>June 28, 1972</b>
<b>Anarg Frangos</b>	<b>June 30, 1927</b>

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

**Jeffery Burum**      **William Bloom**

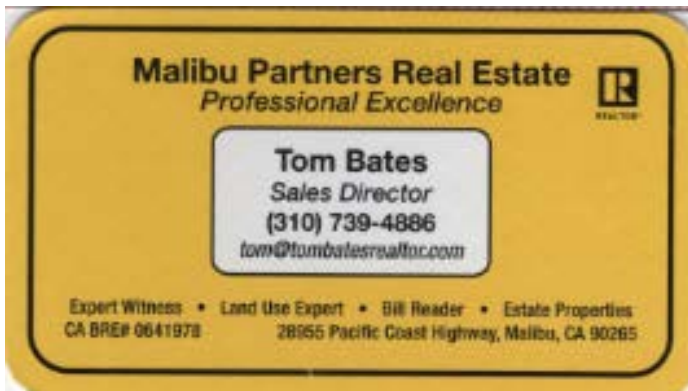
# WOW's monthly food drive is Monday, June 4th



## 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!**



View: [www.wingsoverwendys.com](http://www.wingsoverwendys.com)

To see the:

- Newsletters
- Roster
- Calendar of events

## June Event

### Boeing Satellite Systems Tour

Through an invitation arranged by Steve Klausner, Warren Weinstein has scheduled a tour of the Boeing Satellite Systems, El Segundo, facility on **Wednesday, June 27th**. Meet in Platt Village Parking lot at **08:45**.

**Participants need to provide their Driver's License number to Warren in advance for clearance to the facility.**

## USS Arizona Memorial at Pearl Harbor Closed Indefinitely



The USS Arizona Memorial in Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. Officials have said damage to the memorial is worse than expected and it will remain closed indefinitely. (AP Photo/Caleb Jones)

The Associated Press 27 May 2018

HONOLULU -- Damage to the USS Arizona Memorial at Pearl Harbor in Honolulu was worse than expected and it will remain closed indefinitely, officials said.

Boat transportation to the attraction was suspended May 6 after one of the vessel operators noticed a crack on the outside of the memorial, Hawaii News Now reported.

Tourists were allowed to disembark at the memorial after crews completed interim repairs. But the cracks reappeared hours later, indicating a more serious issue.

"There is a brow or an edge where the visitor ramp meets the memorial, and at that point, there's been some fissures located on the exterior," said Jay Blount, a spokesman for the World War II Valor in the Pacific National Monument. "After further investigation on the interior, it was determined that the structure is not supporting the loading ramp the way that we need."

Engineers are working to figure out possible long-term solutions.

"The amount of time needed to implement the repairs is unknown, but the (National Park Service) will continue to provide information to the public as our team of specialists works together to restore access as soon as possible," memorial staff said Friday in a news release.

Other areas of the Pearl Harbor Visitor Center remain open.

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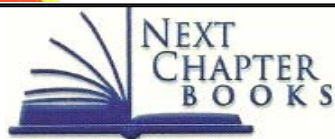
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