

Flight Line

The Official Publication of the CAF

Southern California Wing
455 Aviation Drive, Camarillo, CA 93010
(805) 482-0064

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© Photo by Dave Flood

Steve Barber with a huge grin after landing the Bearcat at CMA on August 21, 2009.



© Photo by Dave Flood

Here's our F8F-2 Bearcat returning to Camarillo with its new engine – looking and sounding really good! Steve Barber piloted her to CMA on August 21, 2009 from Burbank Airport – just in time for her appearance at the EAA “Wings Over Camarillo” Air Show on August 22/23. See more on Page 7

Wing Staff Meeting, Saturday, September 12, 2009 at 9:30 a.m. at the CAF Museum Hangar, 455 Aviation Drive, Camarillo Airport

Our CAF Mission: To Honor American Military Aviation Through Flight, Exhibition and Remembrance.

September 2009

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Museum Open 10am to 4pm Every Day Except Monday and major holidays		1 Work Day	2	3 Work Day	4	5 Work Day
6	7 Labor Day Museum Closed	8 Work Day	9	10 Work Day	11	12 Work Day Wing Staff Meeting 9:30
13	14 Museum Closed	15 Work Day	16	17 Work Day	18	19 Work Day
20	21 Museum Closed	22 Work Day	23	24 Work Day	25 Air Show Redding, CA	26 Work Day Air Show Redding, CA
27 Air Show Redding, CA	28 Museum Closed	29 Work Day	30	Museum Open 10am to 4pm Every Day Except Monday and major holidays		

STAFF AND APPOINTED POSITIONS				IN THIS ISSUE
Wing Leader	* Bob Albee	(805) 583-4872	loll@earthlink.net	Wing Calendar 2
Executive Officer	* Shirley Murphy	(805) 482-6406	sdmurphy07@verizon.net	Staff and Appointed Positions. 2
Adjutant	* Terry Cedar	(805) 570-8048	tac1966@msn.com	Subject: Burial at Sea 3
Finance Officer	* Casey de Bree	(805) 389-9185	scdebree@aol.com	Oshkosh Day 7 5
Operations Officer	* Gary Barber	(805) 659-4319	bearcat69@pacbell.net	Search for My Uncle in Italy 6
Maintenance Officer	* Joe Peppito	(805) 498-4187	jocafpeppo@msn.com	Wing Photo Page I 7
Safety Officer	* Norm Swagler	(805) 482-6994	pswagler@hotmail.com	Look, MA...No Hands! 8
Museum Director	Sarah de Bree	(805) 389-9185	scdebree@aol.com	Wing Air Show Schedule 8
Gift Shop Manager	Sarah de Bree	(805) 389-9185	scdebree@aol.com	Maintenance Officer's Report. 8
Public Info Officer	Pat Brown	(805) 479-2221	(no e-mail)	Wing Photo Page II 9
Hangar Event Mgr	Stephen E Barber	(805) 223-1077	barber.stephen@gmail.com	Join the CAF 10
Chief Docent	Ron Fleishman	(805) 384-4426	oldplanec46@aol.com	1st Annual So Cal Wing Golf Tour 11 & 12
Air Show Officer	Jason Somes	(818) 292-4646	nbnh@aol.com	Remembering the Forgotten Mechanic . . 13
Air Show Coordinator	Bill O'Neill	(805) 495-4915	scwairshow@aol.com	Wing Election Notice 14
Facility Officer	Al Kepler	(818) 352-4318	kepler53@yahoo.com	
Personnel Officer	Norm Swagler	(805) 482-6994	pswagler@hotmail.com	
Historian	Ron Fleishman	(805) 384-4426	oldplanec46@aol.com	
Training Officer	(Vacant)			
Collections Manager	Jim Tierney	(805) 522-7067	jimerniet@aol.com	
Grant Writer	Dave Flood		macantuile@yahoo.com	
Newsletter Editor	Dave Flood		macantuile@yahoo.com	
Newsletter Production	Casey de Bree	(805) 389-9185	scdebree@aol.com	
Webmaster	Ken Gottschall	(818) 439-5885	kgts@netzero.com	
HANGAR PHONE (805) 482-0064 HANGAR FAX (805) 482-0348 WEBSITE www.cafsocal.com				Submittal Deadline - 15th of the month Commemorative Air Force Southern California Wing 455 Aviation Drive Camarillo, CA 93010-9501
* Denotes Staff Position				

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Subject: Burial At Sea

by Lt. Col. George Goodson, USMC (Ret)

In my 76th year, the events of my life appear to me, from time to time, as a series of vignettes. Some were significant; most were trivial.

War is the seminal event in the life of everyone that has endured it. Though I fought in Korea and the Dominican Republic and was wounded there, Vietnam was my war. Now 37 years have passed and, thankfully, I rarely think of those days in Cambodia, Laos, and the panhandle of North Vietnam where small teams of Americans and Montangards fought much larger elements of the North Vietnamese Army. Instead I see vignettes: some exotic, some mundane:

- *The smell of Nuc Mam.
- *The heat, dust, and humidity.
- *The blue exhaust of cycles clogging the streets.
- *Elephants moving silently through the tall grass.
- *Hard eyes behind the servile smiles of the villagers.
- *Standing on a mountain in Laos and hearing a tiger roar.
- *A young girl squeezing my hand as my medic delivered her baby.
- *The flowing Ao Dais of the young women biking down Tran Hung Dao.
- *My two years as Casualty Notification Officer in North Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland.

It was late 1967. I had just returned after 18 months in Vietnam, casualties were increasing. I moved my family from Indianapolis to Norfolk, rented a house, enrolled my children in their fifth or sixth new school, and bought a second car. A week later, I put on my uniform and drove 10 miles to Little Creek, Virginia. I hesitated before entering my new office. Appearance is important to career Marines. I was no longer, if ever, a poster Marine. I had returned from my third tour in Vietnam only 30 days before. At 5'9", I now weighed 128 pounds - 37 pounds below my normal weight. My uniforms fit ludicrously, my skin was yellow from malaria medication, and I think I had a twitch or two. I straightened my shoulders, walked into the office, looked at the nameplate on a Staff Sergeant's desk and said, "Sergeant Jolly, I'm Lieutenant Colonel Goodson. Here are my orders and my Qualification Jacket." Sergeant Jolly stood, looked carefully at me, took my orders, stuck out his hand; we shook and he asked, "How long were you there, Colonel?" I replied "18 months this time." Jolly breathed, "Jesus, you must be a slow learner Colonel." I smiled.

Jolly said, "Colonel, I'll show you to your office and bring in the Sergeant Major. I said, "No, let's just go straight to his office." Jolly nodded, hesitated, and lowered his voice, "Colonel, the Sergeant Major. He's been in this G*dd@mn job two years. He's packed pretty tight. I'm worried about him." I nodded.

Jolly escorted me into the Sergeant Major's office.

"Sergeant Major, this is Colonel Goodson, the new Commanding Officer. The Sergeant Major stood, extended his hand and said, "Good to see you again, Colonel." I responded, "Hello Walt, how are you?" Jolly looked at me, raised an eyebrow, walked out, and closed the door.

I sat down with the Sergeant Major. We had the obligatory cup of coffee and talked about mutual acquaintances. Walt's stress was palpable. Finally, I said, "Walt, what's the h-ll's wrong?" He turned his chair, looked out the window and said, "George, you're going to wish you were back in Nam before you leave here. I've been in the Marine Corps since 1939. I was in the Pacific 36 months, Korea for 14 months, and Vietnam for 12 months. Now I come here to bury these kids. I'm putting my letter in. I can't take it anymore." I said, "OK Walt. If that's what you want, I'll endorse your request for retirement and do what I can to push it through Headquarters Marine Corps." Sergeant Major Walt retired 12 weeks later. He had been a good Marine for 28 years, but he had seen too much death and too much suffering. He was used up.

Over the next 16 months, I made 28 death notifications, conducted 28 military funerals, and made 30 notifications to the families of Marines that were severely wounded or missing in action. Most of the details of those casualty notifications have now, thankfully, faded from memory. Four, however, remain.

MY FIRST NOTIFICATION

My third or fourth day in Norfolk, I was notified of the death of a 19 year old Marine. This notification came by telephone from Headquarters Marine Corps. The information detailed:

- *Name, rank, and serial number.
- *Name, address, and phone number of next of kin.
- *Date of and limited details about the Marine's death.
- *Approximate date the body would arrive at the Norfolk Naval Air Station.
- *A strong recommendation on whether the casket should be opened or closed.

The boy's family lived over the border in North Carolina, about 60 miles away. I drove there in a Marine Corps staff car. Crossing the state line into North Carolina, I stopped at a small country store / service station / Post Office. I went in to ask directions. Three people were in the store. A man and woman approached the small Post Office window. The man held a package. The storeowner walked up and addressed them by name, "Hello John. Good morning Mrs. Cooper." I was stunned. My casualty's next-of-kin's name was John Cooper! I hesitated, then stepped forward and said, "I beg your pardon. Are you Mr. and Mrs. John Copper of (address.)"

The father looked at me (I was in uniform) and then, shaking, bent at the waist, he vomited. His wife looked horrified at him and then at me. Understanding came into her eyes and she collapsed in slow motion. I think I

caught her before she hit the floor. The owner took a bottle of whiskey out of a drawer and handed it to Mr. Cooper who drank. I answered their questions for a few minutes. Then I drove them home in my staff car. The storeowner locked the store and followed in their truck. We stayed an hour or so until the family began arriving. I returned the storeowner to his business. He thanked me and said, "Mister, I wouldn't have your job for a million dollars." I shook his hand and said; "Neither would I." I vaguely remember the drive back to Norfolk. Violating about five Marine Corps regulations, I drove the staff car straight to my house. I sat with my family while they ate dinner, went into the den, closed the door, and sat there all night, alone.

My Marines steered clear of me for days. I had made my first death notification.

THE FUNERALS

Weeks passed with more notifications and more funerals. I borrowed Marines from the local Marine Corps Reserve and taught them to conduct a military funeral: how to carry a casket, how to fire the volleys and how to fold the flag. When I presented the flag to the mother, wife, or father, I always said, "All Marines share in your grief." I had been instructed to say, "On behalf of a grateful nation." I didn't think the nation was grateful, so I didn't say that. Sometimes, my emotions got the best of me and I couldn't speak. When that happened, I just handed them the flag and touched a shoulder. They would look at me and nod. Once a mother said to me, "I'm so sorry you have this terrible job." My eyes filled with tears and I leaned over and kissed her.

ANOTHER NOTIFICATION

Six weeks after my first notification, I had another. This was a young PFC. I drove to his mother's house. As always, I was in uniform and driving a Marine Corps staff car. I parked in front of the house, took a deep breath, and walked towards the house. Suddenly their door flew open, and a middle-aged woman rushed out. She looked at me and ran across the yard, screaming "NO! NO! NO! NO!" I hesitated. Neighbors came out. I ran to her, grabbed her, and whispered stupid things to reassure her. She collapsed. I picked her up and carried her into the house. Eight or nine neighbors followed. Ten or fifteen minutes later, the father came in followed by ambulance personnel. I have no recollection of leaving. The funeral took place about two weeks later. We went through the drill. The mother never looked at me. The father looked at me once and shook his head sadly.

ANOTHER NOTIFICATION

One morning, as I walked in the office, the phone was ringing. Sergeant Jolly held the phone up and said, "You've got another one, Colonel." I nodded, walked into my office, picked up the phone, took notes, thanked the officer making the call, I have no idea why, and hung up. Jolly, who had listened, came in with a special Telephone Directory that translates telephone numbers into the person's address and place of employment. The father of

this casualty was a longshoreman. He lived a mile from my office. I called the Longshoreman's Union office and asked for the Business Manager. He answered the phone. I told him who I was, and asked for the father's schedule. The Business Manager asked, "Is it his son?" I said nothing. After a moment, he said, in a low voice, "Tom is at home today." I said, "Don't call him. I'll take care of that." The Business Manager said, "Aye, Aye Sir," and then explained, "Tom and I were Marines in WWII." I got in my staff car and drove to the house. I was in uniform. I knocked and a woman in her early forties answered the door. I saw instantly that she was clueless. I asked, "Is Mr. Smith home?" She smiled pleasantly and responded, "Yes, but he's eating breakfast now. Can you come back later?" I said, "I'm sorry. It's important, I need to see him now." She nodded, stepped back into the beach house and said, "Tom, it's for you." A moment later, a ruddy man in his late forties, appeared at the door. He looked at me, turned absolutely pale, steadied himself, and said, "Jesus Christ man, he's only been there three weeks!"

Months passed. More notifications and more funerals. Then one day while I was running, Sergeant Jolly stepped outside the building and gave a loud whistle, two fingers in his mouth...I never could do that... and held an imaginary phone to his ear. Another call from Headquarters Marine Corps. I took notes, said, "Got it." and hung up. I had stopped saying "Thank You" long ago. Jolly, "Where?" Me, "Eastern Shore of Maryland. The father is a retired Chief Petty Officer. His brother will accompany the body back from Vietnam." Jolly shook his head slowly, straightened, and then said, "This time of day, it'll take three hours to get there and back. I'll call the Naval Air Station and borrow a helicopter. And I'll have Captain Tolliver get one of his men to meet you and drive you to the Chief's home." He did, and 40 minutes later, I was knocking on the father's door. He opened the door, looked at me, then looked at the Marine standing at parade rest beside the car, and asked, "Which one of my boys was it, Colonel?" I stayed a couple of hours, gave him all the information, my office and home phone number and told him to call me, anytime. He called me that evening about 2300 (11:00PM). "I've gone through my boy's papers and found his will. He asked to be buried at sea. Can you make that happen?" I said, "Yes I can, Chief. I can and I will." My wife who had been listening said, "Can you do that?" I told her, "I have no idea. But I'm going to break my ass trying."

I called Lieutenant General Alpha Bowser, Commanding General, Fleet Marine Force Atlantic, at home about 2330, explained the situation, and asked, "General, can you get me a quick appointment with the Admiral at Atlantic Fleet Headquarters?" General Bowser said, "George, you be there tomorrow at 0900. He will see you." I was and the Admiral did. He said coldly, "How can the Navy help the Marine Corps, Colonel." I told him the story. He turned to his Chief of Staff and said, "Which is the sharpest destroyer in port?" The Chief of Staff responded with a name. The Admiral called the ship, "Captain, you're going

to do a burial at sea. You'll report to a Marine Lieutenant Colonel Goodson until this mission is completed." He hung up, looked at me, and said, "The next time you need a ship, Colonel, call me. You don't have to sic Al Bowser on my ass." I responded, "Aye Aye, Sir" and got the h-ll out of his office. I went to the ship and met with the Captain, Executive Officer, and the Senior Chief. Sergeant Jolly and I trained the ship's crew for four days. Then Jolly raised a question none of us had thought of. He said, "These government caskets are air tight. How do we keep it from floating?" All the high priced help including me sat there looking dumb. Then the Senior Chief stood and said, "Come on Jolly. I know a bar where the retired guys from World War II hang out." They returned a couple of hours later, slightly the worst for wear, and said, "It's simple; we cut four 12" holes in the outer shell of the casket on each side and insert 300 lbs of lead in the foot end of the casket. We can handle that, no sweat." The day arrived. The ship and the sailors looked razor sharp. General Bowser, the Admiral, a US Senator, and a Navy Band were on board. The sealed casket was brought aboard and taken below for modification. The ship got underway to the 12-fathom depth. The sun was hot. The ocean flat. The casket was brought aft and placed on a catafalque. The Chaplain spoke. The volleys were fired. The flag was removed, folded, and I gave it to the father. The band played "Eternal Father Strong to Save." The casket was raised slightly at the head and it slid into the sea. The heavy casket plunged straight down about six feet. The incoming water collided with the air pockets in the outer shell. The casket stopped abruptly, rose straight out of the water about three feet, stopped, and slowly slipped back into the sea. The air bubbles rising from the sinking casket sparkled in the in the sunlight as the casket disappeared from sight forever.

The next morning I called a personal friend, Lieutenant General Oscar Peatross, at Headquarters Marine Corps and said, "General, get me the f**ck out of here. I can't take this sh*t anymore." I was transferred two weeks later. I was a good Marine but, after 17 years, I had seen too much death and too much suffering. I was used up.

Vacating the house, my family and I drove to the office in a two-car convoy. I said my goodbyes. Sergeant Jolly walked out with me. He waved at my family, looked at me with tears in his eyes, came to attention, saluted, and said, "Well Done, Colonel. Well Done." I felt as if I had received the Medal of Honor!

GOD BLESS ALL OUR MILITARY HEROES.
THANK YOU.
SEMPER FIDELIS.

Editor's Note: This article was printed courtesy of the © "Marine Corps Gazette."

Our Wing offers condolences to Al and Lois Watts, both Museum Docents, and their family, on the recent death of Al's mother.

CAF DAILY UPDATES FROM OSHKOSH

Photo by Col Kim Pardon

**By Stephan Brown, President & CEO
Commemorative Air Force**

Day 7 Saturday

This is the final report from EAA AirVenture Oshkosh, but we have lots of exciting news!

First, let's talk about the air show and specifically the warbird portion. For the second day in a row, the CAF had a very strong performance, with six airplanes in the air.

The Southern California Wing made heroic efforts to get our Hellcat here for Oshkosh, flying all the way to NY state to perform prior to the event and then on to Milwaukee for a show, finishing in Oshkosh. Jason Somes flew Saturday and looked spectacular, as the only Hellcat amongst a group of Mustangs "strafing" the field. Nice job!

After the Mustangs and Hellcat recovered, it was time for our "Big Dogs" to hit the air, which was evident when the B-25 *Devil Dog* growled its way skyward, joined by the lightning fast A-26 *Lady Liberty*. Black looks good on cars and A-26's - and *Lady Liberty* was smokin' hot as she conducted bombing runs with Devil Dog. Kudos to Col's Greg Vallero, Beth Jenkins and David Huffman.

Flying high cover was a historic sight as the three P-51's over head were none other than the CAF's: *Red-Nose*, *Gunfighter* and *Tuskegee Airmen*. Stan Musick, Larry Lumpkin and Doug Rozendaal performed brilliantly as a team "protecting" our bombers as they ultimately lit off the 1000 foot wall of fire.

Air show announcer Danny Clisham did an outstanding job describing all of our airplanes, the history behind each and crediting the Commemorative Air Force.

The big finale for the warbird show came when all three of our CAF Mustangs flew over the field to the playing of Taps - in a missing man formation - it gave us all goosebumps! This is the first time in many years that our three Mustangs have flown formation together...and they looked GREAT!



So. CA Wing's F6F Hellcat performing at Oshkosh

Search For My Uncle In Italy by John B. Mier

My uncle, Roman (Ray) Mierzejewski, was a fighter pilot during World War II. He spent most of 1942 in flight training, being in Class 42-K. About early March, 1943, he was sent to Casablanca as a replacement pilot. After additional "theater" training, and flying night patrols, he was assigned to the 317th Fighter Squadron, 325th Fighter Group, flying P-40s out of Tunisia.

The mission on June 28, 1943 was to escort B-26s of the 17th Bomber Group over Sardinia. Tragically, Ray did not return. According to his Missing Air Crew Report, no one saw what happened to him. He was listed as "Missing In Action." About a year later, Allied troops located his grave, where the Italian Air Force buried him the morning after he was killed.

Ray was declared "Killed In Action," and his family was informed of this and his grave's location. Still, according to the Army Air Force, no one knew what had happened to Ray.

About 55 years after my uncle Ray's death, I started to do some in-depth research to find out what happened on June 28, 1943. This search proved to be challenging, since his records were destroyed in an arson fire at the Military Records Center in St. Louis in 1973. However, the advent of the Personal Computer and the Internet made a big contribution to my search. Old fashioned good luck also played a big role.

One of the things I would do (and continue to do) is to sign guest books and leave messages on different aviation web sites. One of these messages was left on a site about the Italian Air Force in WWII. I was asking for information about the Italian Air Force chaplain who performed the funeral service for Ray.

A few weeks later, I received an e-mail from Alessandro Ragatzu, saying he could tell me what had happened to my uncle on June 28, 1943. His father, who was thirteen at the time, saw the actual air battle in which the Italian fighter shot down my uncle. Now, after over 55 years, our family knows what happened to Ray on that fateful day.

In October, 2002, my wife Joanie and I traveled to Italy. We were able to visit Ray's new grave at the American Cemetery in Nettuno, a small fishing village south of Rome, next to Anzio. I felt it was fitting for Ray to be in Nettuno, since he was born in the seaport of New Bedford, Massachusetts.

A few days later we traveled to Sardinia. We met with Alessandro, his father Francesco, and many others. We gathered at the center of the town of Elmas. Francesco told the story of the battle he had witnessed. Alessandro read from the Italian pilot's report. Others added what they remembered. One other translated everything into English for us.

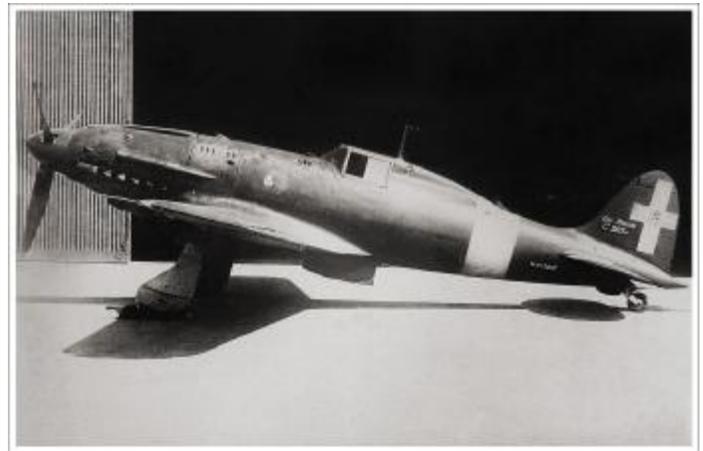
The battle was a tough one, pitting a new MC 205 (an excellent aircraft that gave the latest Spitfire a rough time) against Ray in an older P-40L (fitted with a Rolls Royce Merlin engine instead of the usual Allison). The battle was one-on-one, since Ray's wingman had left the area. The Italian pilot said that it was a rough battle, but his newer plane gave him the advantage. From the Italian pilot's report, it sounded like Ray tried to break contact and rejoin his group. The Italian pilot got in one last long-range shot, and Ray's P-40 started to burn. His plane on fire, Ray was able to bail out, but he was too low for his 'chute to open.

After the stories were told, we walked down a street about 75 feet to the very spot my uncle died. We also went to the open field, about 100 yards away, where his P-40 crashed. One of the more vivid memories for Francesco was when he walked up to my uncle's body. He saw the long Polish name Mierzejewski on his jacket, and thought to himself, "why is the Polish Air Force down here fighting us?"

To say the least, our trip to Italy was very emotional and satisfying at the same time. It is also comforting to know that my uncle did not suffer, and was given a Catholic funeral with military honors, and a proper burial by the Italian Air Force the morning after he died.

I recently received an e-mail from a gentleman who was in flight training with Ray. He went to China and flew a P-40 in the 14th Air Force (formerly the *Flying Tigers*). He is putting together some information for me. He said he had heard of Ray's death within a few weeks of it.

Note: Corsicana, Texas (where Ray Mierzejewski trained) is having the dedication of a memorial to all the aviation cadets who trained there during WWII. It will be on October 10, 2009. For info, contact: canifly@wifi45.com



Italian Macchi MC 205 "Veltro" fighter plane.

Powered by a Fiat-built Daimler Benz engine. Armament consisted of two 12.7 mm Breda machine guns in the engine cowling, and two 20 mm Mauser cannons in the wings. Excellent performing aircraft between 7,000 and 11,000 ft. altitude. Maximum speed of about 400 mph. Delivered to active units in June, 1943 (shortly before the dogfight with Ray M.).

Wing Photo Page I



© Photo by Alan Nicholson

And away we go !!! Steve Barber retracting the gear on #N6411D after a successful takeoff on Aug. 25. After six years of sweat, blood, tears, and many cuss words, Joe Peppito's crews' pride is as high as their plane!



© Photo by Dave Flood

Here's Gavin, Ron Fleishman's grandson, using the new safety chain installed on the C-46 portable stairs. Thanks to Lloyd McAfee for the "toddlers' handrail."



© Photo by Dave Flood

Another "Red-Letter Day" for our Wing! On August 27, 2009, the Spitfire crew successfully mounted the Rolls Royce Griffon engine onto the fuselage! Kudos to all!



©Photo by Steve Barber, Jr.

The "Three Amigos" – Jason Somes, Steve Barber, and Ken Gottschall, posing in front of the Bearcat after Steve had flown her back to CMA.

They, along with others, were responsible for putting untold hours of hard work and expertise into replacing the old Bearcat engine with the new one at Burbank Airport – and doing it relatively quickly. Judging by the superb performance of the Bearcat at the EAA "Wings Over Camarillo" air show, they did an exemplary job!

The Bearcat Engine Replacement Crew:

Steve Barber, Sr.	Steve Barber, Jr.
Gary Barber	Ken Gottschall
Shari Heitkotter	Ken Kramer
Lloyd McAfee	Gene O'Neal
Mike Perrenoud	Jason Somes
Don & Randy of <i>Disney</i>	Joe Peppito

Plus: A great friend of the CAF who wishes to remain anonymous.

All of us at the Southern California Wing of the CAF owe these members and friends a huge debt of gratitude! Kudos for a wonderful job – well done!



Mike Perrenoud, one of the team, takes the cake!

Look, Ma...No Hands! by Richard Sugden, M.D.

I had one of the flights of my life with Jessica Cox in our T-2. As you may have heard, she was born with no arms, and has managed to do virtually everything a 'normal' person can do, including getting her pilot's license ... and she was at AirVenture in Oshkosh, WI with her family.

I offered to fly her in the T-2, and it was one of my more memorable flights, to say the least. She had no trouble getting into the cockpit with just a ladder .. and was able to fasten and un-fasten the Koch fittings on the torso harness (which many cannot do with their fingers .. and she did it with her feet/toes!!). We did a formation flight with Paul Wood in his T-2, and Jessica flew the plane with aplomb ... even doing rolls in both directions, which she'd never done Incredible experience for both of us!!

If you ever want a great speaker for an event, you should invite her great gal!!

She flies an Aircoupe, which frees her feet to work the controls ... We're designing a new LSA with a few 'innovative' features ... and I'm going to see if we can configure one with foot controls ... why not??

Note my hands are off the controls in the photo!!

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=b2lqpPSF9-U>



(Photo by Xavier Meal in Tim Brutsche's L-39 - many thanks to both for their help!!)

Look, Ma – no hands! In this case, it's Dr. Sugden with hands off the controls. Awe-inspiring woman pilot !

Wing Air Show Schedule – 2009

Sept 25-27	Redding, CA	F6F, Zero
Oct 6,7	Tucumcari, NM	F6F, F8F, Zero
Oct 8-11	Midland, TX Airsho 2009	F6F, F8F, Zero
Oct 16-18	Edwards AFB, CA	SNJ-5, PT-19, F6F, F8F, Zero.

Note: The above information is subject to change. Please check with us at 805-482-0064 for latest information.

Maintenance Officer's Report by Joe Peppito

It may seem like nothing is happening or moving in the West (Maintenance) Hangar, but if you look carefully, you will see some improvements.

The SNJ-4 (Blue Lightning) is about ready to fly. All we are waiting for is a Certificate of Insurance from Headquarters. Wayne and Crew have done a tremendous job of finishing up all the last minute problems and goof ups. Jim "Woody" Woodford, Director of Maintenance came up from Headquarters to perform the final inspection of the airplane before we fly it. He found a few glitches that we took care of after he left. All of the necessary paper work has been sent down to him to clear with the FAA. OK, now lets fly! **

Barry Roberts has fixed up the old crane so that we can use it to hang the engine on the Spitfire. He installed all new cables on the crane and then checked it out by lifting the small fork lift. I think it will work. Les is getting new engine attack bolts to install the engine. It seems like the original bolts got lost between here and the overhaul shop.

The PBJ/B-25 crew has been busy installing all the tail feathers - elevators and rudders on the airplane. The biggest problem is trying to find the right attaching hardware, but they are persistent. Still - a lot of sheet metal work going on.

We all heaved a big sigh of relief when Steve Barber flew the Bearcat back to CMA on August 21, the day before the EAA Air Show. . The engine worked perfectly, and the F8F looked beautiful as she did numerous fly-bys at the air show. Ken Gottschall and Mike Perrenoud have been working overtime to get this airplane back in the air. A great job guys - you will find a little gift in your next paycheck.

Between Jason Somes and Chris Rushing - they managed to fly the F6F-5 Hellcat all the way to Geneseo, New York and Oshkosh, Wisconsin and back to California without a single problem. That Hellcat is a great airplane. Also - a great job done by the pilots, Jason and Chris.

The SNJ-5 and the PT-19 are still being kept in the air - flying passenger rides during the week ends. We haven't had any problems with these airplanes," Thank God", and hope and pray that we continue to have good luck with them. We are still hoping to get some flying jobs for the C-46 now that it is back on flying status. We could sure use some good movie work or TV commercials.

The F-24 is still looking for a Fuselage envelope that will fit the fuselage. Either that, or we will have to put it on a diet to get it into a smaller fuselage envelope.

All in all, we are moving along very well, considering that our Wing is in the middle of a financial crunch!

**** Special Note: the SNJ-4's initial flight was August 25 with Steve Barber at the controls. The bird has flown !**

Wing Photo Page II



© Photo by Steve Barber, Jr.

Gary Barber, Operations Officer, doing an oil level check on the Bearcat at Burbank, while brother Steve sits in the pilot's seat. If you haven't been able to donate to the new engine yet, you can still do so with a check to: CAF, SoCAWing, 455 Aviation Dr., Camarillo, CA 93010 Attn: Casey de Bree, Thanks!



©Photo by Dave Flood

Just how many CAF pilots does it take to change a spark plug? Count 'em.



© Photo by Dan Newcomb

Katelyn Russell, one of our new young pilots !



© Photo by Dave Flood

The Ventura County Fair – 2009 booth co-sponsored by the EAA Chapter 723 and the CAF – So CA Wing. Marion McNiff of the 99s and Don Howald of EAA are doing the honors during the very popular fair.



© Photo by Dan Newcomb

Bill Main (with cake in front) celebrating his 39th birthday (again!) with friends in our "O Club."



© Photo by Dave Flood

Jay, a recent visitor to our WWII Aviation Museum, came with his aunt. He particularly enjoyed touring inside the C-46 *China Doll*, a living history lesson about the contribution of American military aviation to our country's preservation of freedom over the years. Our museum is open daily (except Monday) from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Contact Steve Barber, Jr. at 805-223-1077 to arrange group tours.



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**Commemorative Air Force
Southern California Wing
455 Aviation Drive, Camarillo, CA 93010
(805) 482-0064**

Our CAF Mission: To Honor American Military Aviation Through Flight, Exhibition and Remembrance



1st Annual CAF So. Cal Wing Golf Tournament

Date: Monday, November 16th, 2009

Place: Las Posas Country Club
955 Fairway Drive
Camarillo, CA 93010

Time: 10:00 am Golf
3:00 pm Cocktails & Raffle
4:00 pm Dinner & Auction

Golf Entry Donation: \$195.00 Per Golfer - \$780.00 Per Foursome
includes: round of golf, lunch, dinner & raffle ticket.
Banquet dinner open to additional 120 guests at \$50.00 each

For more information please contact:
Steve Barber Jr. (805) 223-1077 or email www.barber.stephen@gmail.com
Vern Olsen (805)200-8627 or email www.iflypt@gmail.com

Please mail entry forms to: CAF So. CAL Wing (Golf Tournament)
455 Aviation Dr.
Camarillo, CA 93010

Sponsorships are available at three levels:
Silver \$1,000.00 Gold \$2,000.00 Platinum \$5,000.00

{The Commemorative Air Force is a nonprofit 501(c)(3) educational, and historical preservation organization that restores and flies vintage military aircraft}



Monday, November 16th, 2009

Las Posas Country Club
 955 Fairway Drive
 Camarillo, Ca. 93010

Contact: *Steve Barber 1.805.223.1077
 *Vern Olson 1.805.200.8627

Golf and Dinner \$195.00 limited to the first 120 golfers.

Additional guest: Adults \$50.00 ea. Maximum 120 guests.

Make checks payable to the CAF So. Cal. Wing – Golf Tournament.

The CAF is a non-profit, 501(c)(3) historical and educational organization. Donations are tax deductible to the extent of the law.

Mail Checks and Entry Forms to:

455 Aviation Drive

Camarillo, CA 93010

List names and address for each golfer and include Polo shirt size S-XXL for each golfer.

Golfer # 1

Name: _____
 Address: _____

 E-mail: _____
 Phone #: _____

Polo Shirt Size: S M L XI XXL

Extra Dinners @ \$50.00 ea. _____

Golfer # 3

Name: _____
 Address: _____

 E-mail: _____
 Phone #: _____

Polo Shirt Size: S M L XI XXL

Extra Dinners @ \$50.00 ea. _____

Golfer # 2

Name: _____
 Address: _____

 E-mail: _____
 Phone #: _____

Polo Shirt Size: S M L XI XXL

Extra Dinners @ \$50.00 ea. _____

Golfer # 4

Name: _____
 Address: _____

 E-mail: _____
 Phone #: _____

Polo Shirt Size: S M L XI XXL

Extra Dinners @ \$50.00 ea. _____

Remembering the Forgotten Mechanic

*Through the history of world aviation
many names have come to the fore....
Great deeds of the past in our memory will last,
as they're joined by more and more....*

*When man first started his labor in his quest to
conquer the sky
he was designer, mechanic and pilot,
and he built a machine that would fly....
But somehow the order got twisted,
and then in the public's eye
the only man that could be seen
was the man who knew how to fly....*

*The pilot was everyone's hero,
he was brave, he was bold, he was grand,
as he stood by his battered old biplane
with his goggles and helmet in hand....
To be sure, these pilots all earned it,
to fly you have to have guts....
And they blazed their names in the hall of fame
on wings with bailing wire struts....*

*But for each of these flying hero's
there were thousands of little reknown,
and these were the men who worked on the planes
but kept their feet on the ground....
We all know the name of Lindbergh,
and we've read of his flight to fame....
But think, if you can, of his maintenance man,
can you remember his name?*

*And think of our wartime heros, Gabreski,
Jabara, and Scott....
Can you tell me the names of their crew chiefs?
A thousand to one you cannot....*

*Now pilots are highly trained people,
and wings are not easily won....
But without the work of the maintenance man
our pilots would march with a gun....
So when you see mighty aircraft
as they mark their way through the air,
the grease stained man with the wrench in his hand
is the man who put them there....*

Anonymous

Wing Election Notice

by Dave Flood

Wing Leader Robert E. Albee has appointed Bill O'Neill, Russell Drosendahl and Dave Flood to be the nominating committee for the 2010/2011 election term. They will be putting together a slate of candidates to run for the four positions that will be opening as of January 1, 2010.

The four posts on the Wing Staff for which members will be voting are: Operations Officer, Finance Officer, Adjutant, and Executive Officer. The terms will be for two years – 2010/2011.

Incumbents in these positions currently are: Gary Barber – Operations Officer; Casey de Bree – Finance Officer; Terry Cedar – Adjutant, and Shirley Murphy – Executive Officer.

The Time Line for the Wing Elections is:

- (1) August Issue of *Flight Line* – Wing Elections Notice;
- (2) September issue of *Flight Line* – Wing Election Notice;
- (3) October issue of *Flight Line* – List of candidates announced, with procedures outlined for the election. Election Committee announced.
- (4) November issue of *Flight Line* – Ballot included in newsletter for members to cast their votes. Procedures for voting outlined. Notice of Nov. 15 deadline for ballots to be received.
- (5) January issue of *Flight Line* – Announcement of new Staff Officers for the 2010/2011 year term. Actual announcement of winners to be made at the 2009 Wing Christmas Party.

If you are considering running for one of the Wing Staff positions, please get in touch with: Bill O'Neill (805-495-4915); Russ Drosendahl (818-333-6757) or Dave Flood (805-204-7660). Before contacting a member of the Nominating Committee, please read over the requirements of the positions as outlined below to make sure you can qualify.

Wing Staff Position Requirements and Duties:

(As outlined in the *CAF Unit Manual*, Section 2, January, 2009)

Adjutant

Shall record and maintain the permanent minutes of all Unit Staff meetings. He/she shall maintain suitable correspondence files concerning the business and activities of the Unit, and assure that all required unit reports are submitted to HQ in a timely fashion. Further, he/she shall assist the Unit in the timely preparation and dissemination of such correspondence of a general nature. In coordination with the Finance Officer, he/she shall maintain the Unit personnel records. He/she shall advise the Headquarter's Membership Department of any changes of the Unit membership, and, on a semi-annual basis, provide a roster of Unit members for verification and updating.

Finance Officer

Shall have charge of all Unit funds collected; keep accurate records of such funds; and shall be responsible for Unit compliance with all CAF regulations, policies and directives that relate to financial matters. He/she shall submit to CAF Headquarters, in a timely manner, all required reports. This officer insures that all monies and property donated shall become the property of the Commemorative Air Force, Inc., and used in accordance with General Staff policies.

Specific duties include: coordination of membership files with collection of dues, and payment of approved Unit debts. He/she shall determine voting eligibility of members prior to unit elections. He/she oversees finances of all Unit projects and submits Unit records for audit on an annual basis and communicates with CAF Headquarters through the Secretary Treasurer. His signature, plus that of one more authorized unit staff officer, will appear on all Unit checks. [See the Unit Finance Guide for detailed information.]

Operations Officer

Minimum requirements, per CAF policy, include all those listed for Unit Leader (at least two (2) years as a CAF member in good standing; background in military or business management; ability for good public appearance; adeptness at public speaking; a positive demeanor and, preferably, a background in aviation).

If the Unit has a CAF-assigned aircraft, it is recommended that he/she be a Commemorative Air Force-rated pilot, with a basic knowledge of CAF flight operations, including air shows and static displays, and of safety requirements and special considerations of each. He/she should also be well versed in the Aircraft Sponsorship Program.

Specific duties include: authorizing all flights of Unit assigned aircraft; operation of ground equipment; verification of pilot and crew member currency in FAA and CAF ratings and status; serving as Chairman of the Unit Flight Evaluation Board; and assignment of pilot and crew members for Unit aircraft missions. He shall maintain communications with Headquarters through the Vice President of Safety/Maintenance/Operations.

Executive Officer

Assistant to the Unit Leader and will act in his place during his absence. Specific duties include current knowledge of CAF rules and regulations, meeting facilities, Unit socials, and other duties as may be assigned by the Unit Leader. This office may be appointed on an annual basis by the Unit leader and serves as a voting member of the Unit Staff. However, if the Unit Leader chooses to appoint the Executive Officer, the Unit Leader sacrifices his regular voting privilege and can vote only in the case of a tie. If the Executive Officer is duly elected, the Unit Leader retains his usual voting privileges.