



Catalina Mountains Patriot

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Marlon Ruiz

PREAMBLE

“To promote and further patriotic education
in our nation;”



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Chaplain:

Jean Nelson, HPM



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COL Pedro Najera

Commander's Comments:

Catalina Mountains Chapter held our fifth Zoom meeting on January 9. There were nine of us attending. It is always rewarding to see people, but I will be glad when we can get together in person. The December charity request was very successful with eight charities receiving donations in the name of the chapter and the Salvation Army receiving a substantial donation from our chapter treasury. We discussed, as always, the need to get new people into our chapter. Any suggestions would be greatly appreciated. I reported that I am going to start planning our Massing of the Colors for November, 2021, sometime in March. I will require some assistance from companions in recruiting participants for the event. I may be too optimistic, but my plan is to be able to hold the commemoration in November. Pat Stolze reported that MOWW will continue to use Zoom unless headquarters decides to make changes. If things improve in the COVID department, I will look at possibly starting in person meetings in May. That all depends on the numbers and the rapidity of the vaccine. In the meantime, stay safe and healthy. The next Zoom meeting is February 6 at 1:00 PM. Please consider joining us for this meeting.

Commander Jean



Chaplain's Corner

Psalm 91:14-16

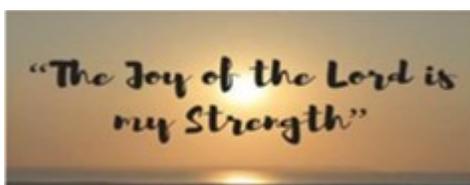
"Those who love me, I will deliver;
I will protect those who know my name.
When they call to me, I will answer them;
I will be with them in trouble,
I will rescue them and honor them.
With long life I will satisfy them,
and show them my salvation."

One of the hardest things to contend with in a stressful situation is the loss of control. We have been used to a routine or schedule that is predictable. When that is disrupted, we become anxious. Often that causes us to forget the many things for which we should be thankful.

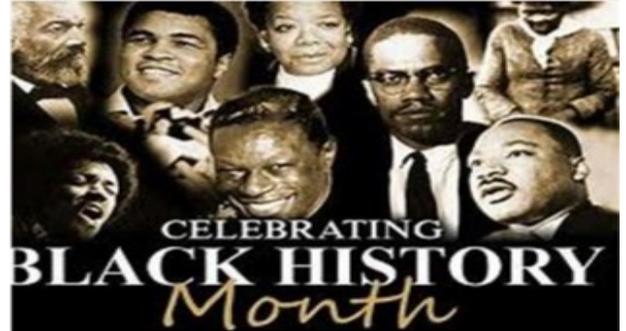
There is a ray of hope shining through--- God is in control of all things. We just need to trust that God will be with us no matter the situation.

Our responsibility in this is not to become discouraged or disheartened. Staying faithful and holding fast to God's promises will help to dispel the anxiety. God will never desert or abandon us.

Chaplain Jean



CELEBRATING BLACK HISTORY MONTH



In 1915, Dr. Carter G. Woodson and Rev. Jesse E. Moorland co-founded the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History (ASNLH). Their goal was to research and bring awareness to the largely ignored, yet crucial role black people played in American and world history. Dr. Woodson felt the importance of preserving one's heritage and, upon his urgings, the Fraternity Omega Psi Phi created Negro History and Literature Week in 1920. He selected February for the celebration as a way to honor the birth of two men whose actions drastically altered the future of black Americans. Abraham Lincoln, the U.S. President who issued the Emancipation Proclamation, was born on February 12th, and Frederick Douglass, one of the nation's leading abolitionists, was born on February 14th.

In 1976, The Association for the Study of African American Life and History extended the week to a month long observance. Black History Month is now recognized and celebrated by the entire nation to promote, preserve, and research black history and culture year round.

Commander Jean





Pilots of the 201st Fighter Squadron of the Mexican Expeditionary Air Force in the Pacific Theater during WW-II.

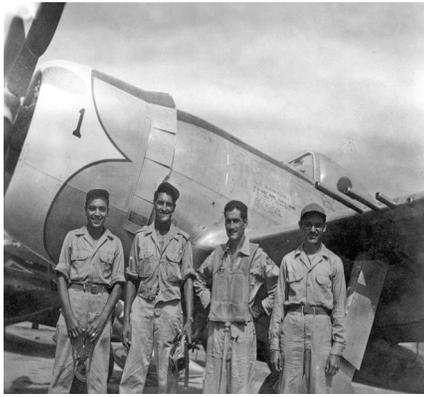
Remembering the Aztec Eagles

by Companion Joe Harris

Late in the war, the Mexican government learned that the Japanese had devised a plan to invade the US via the Sea of Cortez. President Manuel Avila Camacho, a former soldier himself, made the decision to commit the nations 201st Fighter Squadron in support of the Allied war effort. Mexico and Brazil were the only Latin American countries to fight against the Axis powers.

The squadron was initially trained in Texas by the US Women's Airforce Service Pilots (WASPs). After the WASPs completed their training program, the Mexican fighter squadron shipped out to Idaho for advanced training. Here the squadron received the powerful Republic P-47D Thunderbolt. **The 201st put an estimated 30,000 Japanese troops out of combat. It logged over 2,000 hours of combat sorties, and dropped 1,457 bombs on Japanese targets.**

The Thunderbolt was designed as a fighter, but it also had the power to carry bombs under its wings. Armed with .50-caliber machine guns, this fighter was a flying tank capable of providing close air and bomb delivery support.



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The American counteroffensive in the Pacific began to pay dividends, though at a staggering cost of lives. US Army and Marine amphibious invasions stopped and prevented Japanese expansion and then slowly took back control of the islands extending to the Philippines.

From islands like Guam, Tinian and the Philippines, the Allies were within bombing range of the Japanese homeland. Arriving in the Philippines aboard the USS Fairisle on April 30, 1945, the 201st was assigned to the US Fifth Air Force. It soon flew into action and history.

The city of Vigan, on the west coast of Luzon Island, was a Japanese stronghold with dug-in defenses. The pilots executed dangerous dive-bombing runs close to the mountains. The 201st got the job done to the amazement of the Americans who nicknamed the Mexicans the “white noses” for the paint on their cowlings.

The 201st continued to attack Japanese positions in the Philippines day after day. The losses of the pilots mounted. The air campaign shifted northward to the Japanese territory known as Formosa, now Taiwan. The 201st flew daily runs delivering one-thousand pound bombs.

From the island of Guam, US bombers flew directly over Japan. Despite losses, the 201st never received any replacements, men or aircraft. When US fighter squadrons relocated from the Philippines to Okinawa, the 201st remained behind as it was rated nearly combat ineffective.



Members of the 201st Fighter Squadron waving a greeting upon their arrival in Los Angeles aboard the transport ship Sea Marlin.

The war in the Pacific ended by dropping the atomic bombs. Because of its contributions to the war effort, Mexico received one of the first rotating seats on the United Nations Security Council alongside the permanent members.

The Mexican military received financial aid from the US during the post war years. The CIA established its largest field office in the Western Hemisphere in Mexico City during the Cold War. As for the Aztec Eagles, the squadron flew into Latin American history by playing a role in building the bridge between our two nations.

Post Script - The 201st squadron, aka Aztec Eagles, is still active in Mexico.

Sources:

1. The New York Times Magazine, BEYOND THE WORLD WAR II WE KNOW, When the Mexican Air Force Went to War Alongside America by Richard Parker
2. Wikipedia



February is American Heart Month. Raise awareness about heart health and urge those around you to prevent heart disease.

[American Heart Month | NHLBI, NIH](#)

February 2021 Calendar: Choose Love Awareness Month!

No Comments Calendars

January 25, 2021

choose love™
movement

February is Choose Love Awareness Month! Celebrate the ways you Choose Love every day! Learn and practice the Choose Love Formula. Help us spread awareness and share the Choose Love Formula with your family and friends.

FEBRUARY 2021



SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
	1 COURAGE WEEK DECORATE YOUR COURAGE CHOOSE LOVE DUCK.	2 SHOW OFF YOUR BRAVE POSE DRAW A PICTURE OF YOURSELF IN YOUR BRAVE POSE.	3 TAKE A BRAVE BREATH.	4 DO YOU KNOW A SONG OR A STORY ABOUT BRAVERY?	5 DANCE! DANCE! DANCE! DON'T BE AFRAID TO TURN OUT YOUR BEST MOVES.	6 BE TRUE TO YOURSELF.
7 IT TAKES COURAGE TO TRY. IF YOU FAIL, TRY, TRY AGAIN.	8 GRATITUDE WEEK THANK YOU FOR CHOOSING LOVE! DECORATE YOUR GRATITUDE CHOOSE LOVE DUCK.	9 TAKE A GRATITUDE BREATH.	10 APPRECIATE NATURE GO OUTSIDE FOR A MINUTE AND LOOK AT NATURE. TAKE A PICTURE OR DRAW A PICTURE WITH YOUR CHOOSE LOVE DUCK.	11 WHAT ARE 3 THINGS YOU ARE GRATEFUL FOR RIGHT NOW? MAKE A GRATITUDE CHAIN OUT OF PAPER.	12 WHO ARE YOU GRATEFUL FOR? WHY ARE THEY SPECIAL TO YOU? WRITE THEM A NOTE OR MAKE A CARD TO LET THEM KNOW.	13 LET PEOPLE IN YOUR LIFE KNOW THAT YOU APPRECIATE THEM. HELP THEM LOVE AND THEIR SUPPORT.
14 HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY! GIVE A CARD TO SOMEONE WHO WON'T EXPECT IT.	15 FORGIVENESS WEEK FORGIVENESS IS A GIFT YOU GIVE TO YOURSELF. DECORATE YOUR FORGIVENESS CHOOSE LOVE DUCK.	16 MEDITATE ABOUT FORGIVENESS. YOU CAN SAY: "I AM FORGIVING. I AM CALM. I WILL LET GO OF ANGER AND HURT."	17 DRAW A PICTURE OF YOURSELF CUTTING THE CORD TO ANGER AND HURT.	18 WRITE DOWN SOMETHING THAT MAKES YOU ANGRY. THEN TEAR IT UP AND THROW IT AWAY. IMAGINE THROWING AWAY YOUR ANGER.	19 BRAINSTORM A STORY ABOUT FORGIVENESS.	20 CHOOSE A LOVING THOUGHT OVER AN ANGRY THOUGHT.
21 ASK FOR FORGIVENESS AND FORGIVE YOURSELF.	22 COMPASSION IN ACTION WEEK IT FEELS GOOD TO CHOOSE COMPASSION IN ACTION. DECORATE YOUR COMPASSION CHOOSE LOVE DUCK.	23 MAKE A CHOOSE LOVE FORGIVE-A-SOON AND LEAVE IT IN YOUR KITCHEN OR CLASSROOM!	24 GIVE EVERYONE A SOCIALLY DISTANT OR VIRTUAL HIGH FIVE TODAY.	25 MAKE A 'CAUGEST CHOOSING LOVE' TICKET AND GIVE IT TO SOMEONE.	26 TIME FOR SELF-COMPASSION TREAT! TREAT YOURSELF LIKE ROYALTY. MAKE YOURSELF A CROWN.	27 DO A "TRY NOT TO LAUGH" CHALLENGE. ACT LIKE A GOOFY GOOBER AND MAKE SOMEONE LAUGH!
28 MAKE SOMETHING FOR SOMEONE SPECIAL. A CARD. A SPECIAL BREAKFAST.						

"CHOOSE LOVE HAS THE POSSIBILITY TO CHANGE THE WORLD FOR THE BETTER." - KELLY, 5TH GRADE, NORWALK, CT

Ted's Page

My Monocoupe's First and Only Flight



I was eleven years old, making a model airplane from tissue paper stretched tight over fragile balsa wood stringers, the frameworks of a fuselage and 16-inch-wingspan. Within the fuselage, a rubber band, also stretched tight, extended from the propeller carved out of a balsa-wood block, to an anchoring near the vertical stabilizer. I knew the plane couldn't survive much stress. Nevertheless, I added another rubber band, much stronger, that I cut out of a car tire's inner tube. I thought the reason none of my previous models would fly was that the rubber bands provided in the model kits didn't give the propeller sufficient power. Of course, the extra stress created with that stout rubber band could collapse the fuselage so I tested the tension, fully twisting the two bands. The fuselage survived the strain. The plane was ready for takeoff.

Born seven months after Lindbergh became the first to fly the Atlantic, west to east for 33 ½ hours, alone, I saw my first airplane when about three or four while on a visit from our farm to relatives living in Detroit, the city where Lindbergh's mother taught school and where he was born. Thinking about it

now, the pilot of the first airplane I saw could well have been Lindbergh, as he often flew from Henry Ford's airport, a short distance to the west. To see an airplane was exciting. I wanted to see another. When back on the farm, I roamed the fields, looking skyward so as not to miss a plane that might be flying by. None did.



Our family would move from the farm to the Arsenal of Democracy, as Detroit was then called, near the beginning, for America, of WWII. Several in our family became linked to airplanes. Three are in the photo at left. I am in the middle, then a 15-year-old eleventh-grader at Detroit's John J. Pershing High School. My favorite class: aeronautics. My brother Joe is at the left in the photo, brother Bill at the right. We were at Detroit City Airport where I had taken them to see airplanes. The hangars in background housed a unique high school.

Called “Aero Mechanics,” it provided an education in the standard subjects taught in high schools but also hands-on training in aircraft engine and airframe repair. Several years later, Bill and Joe became graduates of that school and later had distinguished careers. Joe would have Army infantry service and go on to important work in aircraft-design engineering. Bill would be an Air Force micro-wave expert and later did equally important work in the creation of the Army’s Abrams tank.

Back when we were still on the farm in that era before television, and before we had a radio, news frequently came from face-to-face meetings with neighbors. Aviation and Lindbergh was often the subject. So much so that one of my elementary-school textbooks, then called a “reading book,” meaning there were stories in it that the teacher required you to read, aloud, had a story about Lindbergh, “The Lone Eagle.” I liked reading it, heady stuff for a first-grader.

Across the country, this was the great era of racing planes. The American penchant for invention brought out mechanics who, in their garages, basements, or small airport shops, worked up dreams of the world’s next best flying machine with the hope of racing, flying circles close to but not too close to pylons. It is often overlooked that Jimmy Doolittle, who led a flight of B-25s from precarious takeoff on an aircraft carrier for a first WWII bomb run on Tokyo, had honed flying skill in racing planes (Doolittle: *I could Never be so Lucky Again*).

Among other family members captured by flight were two brothers-in-law, Keith Martin and Bob Nordstrom, both WWII AAF mechanics. Returning to civilian life after the war, Keith would be recalled to active duty during the Korean War serving as an engine mechanic while I was an Air Force weather forecaster, at Selfridge Air Force Base, Michigan. Bob was third in the family to be an Aero Mechanics graduate. In the photo (at right), Bob, then in the Army of Occupation, stands in front of a C-54 at Haneda Airbase, Japan. He was not sure of this, but the C-54 pictured likely was General MacArthur’s C-54 named “Bataan.” After leaving the service, on his days off Bob roamed the country, looking for airplanes – in large and small airports, in farmers’ crop-dusting fields – to take photos.



One day, back when I was eleven (in 1939), I used money intended to be spent attending a cowboy movie at the town’s movie theater and bought a model kit of the aircraft called “Monocoupe,” a plane made with racing in mind, the model described in the opening paragraph. Instead of requiring one to make a propeller, this kit contained a ready-made one of a thin yet strong composite material. Unlike the ones you crafted out of balsa wood, it had perfect contours. When I finished building it, I placed it on the concrete stoop of our farmhouse’s front door, a nice flat area for launching, wound up its prop, and let it go.

Our farmhouse was quite tall, a full two stories. On its roof, at the ridgeline, Dad had anchored angle-iron legs of a 10-foot-tall device called a “Windcharger” (power lines had not yet been extended to our farm). Producing electricity by wind is not new. The Windcharger’s propeller, as efficient as that nicely curved Monocoupe propeller, powered a generator that injected DC current into a car-type battery (6-volt as most then were) housed and hidden from view within a console radio in our living room. We were proud of the technology, but wind was unreliable. The battery often ran down just when Bob Hope had his weekly broadcast.

To my complete amazement, as if powered by a miniature rocket the Monocoupe shot (raced?) up to the top of the Windcharger where its rubber-band power-plant wound down. It narrowly missed crashing into the Windcharger’s legs. Then, losing height, began circling gracefully and slowly as if wanting me to enjoy to the fullest its amazing feat. After several circlings, it dropped in for a landing, a perfect three-point, two wheels and tail skid, perched directly in front of the stoop, facing me, much as a pet dog upon returning from a playful romp.

I ran into the house. I couldn’t describe it to my two brothers of that time, a baby and a toddler, so I raved about the Monocoupe’s spectacular achievement to my sisters. They did listen but I could see they thought a Monocoupe’s flight didn’t quite measure up to a notable event. Sadly, while I tried to make them see how great it was, a towering cumulus dropped rain on the Monocoupe. When I returned to it, moisture had so weakened its balsa wood framework that the rubber-band power plant, still under great tension, pulled the front of the plane back to its rear, telescoping its fragile body, damaging it beyond repair.



I was proud of the Monocoupe and have lately looked through brother-in-law Bob’s photos for a picture of the real thing. He didn’t have one but he had taken a photo of a Howard (the red plane in photo above) which was built to be quite similar to a Monocoupe (Wikipedia).

The fascination with planes continued to a third brother, Larry. He has built more models than I could count. Recently, I asked him to build a model of an AT-11 in which, about a year after enlistment in the Army Air Corps/Air Force, I had my first and almost most interesting flight, a story, perhaps, for a future article.

NEXT CHAPTER MEETING

YOU CAN EITHER CALL IN BY PHONE OR LOGIN USING YOUR COMPUTER BY JUST PLACING YOUR COMPUTER MOUSE POINTER OVER THE BLUE LINK PROVIDED BELOW AND “LEFT CLICK” ONCE

Jean Nelson is inviting you to a scheduled Zoom meeting.

Topic: MOWW Feb 2021 Meeting

Time: Feb 6, 2021 01:00 PM Arizona

Join Zoom Meeting

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/85946091068?pwd=UFp2V3VPKzINVkdreWdKR1hWK2Zz09>

Meeting ID: 859 4609 1068

Passcode: 969604

One tap mobile

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Meeting ID: 859 4609 1068

Passcode: 969604

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