

SPRING 2015 BANNER RECIPIENTS

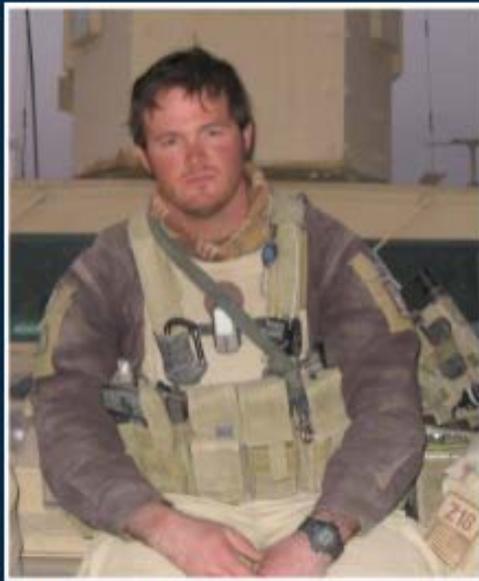
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By Toni McGowan, May 2015

NAVY



★ ★ ★ ★ ★
**SOC (SEAL) Bradley
CAVNER**

**Afghanistan
2013**

On Monday, June 23, 2014, U.S. Navy SEAL Chief Special Warfare Operator Bradley S. Cavner suffered fatal injuries in a training jump, near the desert town of El Centro, California (CA). It was just weeks after he returned from the battlefield of Afghanistan. "The training SEALs go through is inherently high-risk," said Commander Christian Dunbar, in Coronado for Naval Special Warfare Group 1, and "Bradley was a warrior who selflessly answered his nation's call to defend freedom and protect us."

Brad, a native son of Coronado, CA, was born November 23, 1983, and dreamed of being a Navy SEAL since childhood. His father, retired Coronado Police Sergeant, Steve Cavner, recalled that as a boy Brad watched the film "Top Gun" many times a week, and told his kindergarten teacher that his favorite color was camouflage. He excelled at football, first playing Pop Warner, and then for Coronado High School, where he was known as the hardest hitter on the team. "Aggressive almost to a fault," according to his dad, "He nailed people.... knocked them down and out."

After graduating from Coronado High School in 2002, he enlisted in the Navy. True to beach town culture, Brad left Coronado on February 3, 2003, in "shorts and flip-flops to attend basic-training in icy-cold Chicago." After basic-training, Brad returned home to Coronado to attend Basic Underwater Demolition/SEAL and SEAL Qualification Training. He graduated in class 247 in July 2004.

By August that same year, Brad was assigned to a West Coast-based SEAL Team. He deployed four times between 2005 and 2010. Once to the Pacific theater of operations, once in support of Operation Iraqi Freedom, and twice in support of Operation Enduring Freedom. He served as a member of the west Coast-based training detachment from May 2010 to December 2012, and then returned to a West Coast-based SEAL team. Brad's most recent deployment was to Afghanistan, from November 2013 to May 2014, in support of Operation Enduring Freedom.

Brad's own words crystallized his philosophy as a SEAL when he wrote, "In jobs like ours, it's not about the title - not about bragging about what you do...It's about the

guy next to you. It's about the Brotherhood. One guy can't do everything. But together, we can crush anything. The guy next to you should always be more important than yourself."

His fellow SEALs, who remain nameless for selflessness, and security reasons, describe Brad as an "intense" man. He "demanded the best out of those around him." His aspirations were not celebrity. Rather, he was a true soldier, "always upgrading his knowledge to be more lethal on the battlefield, to crush the enemy." He lived his life to be an example to others, "not for him, but for love for his friends, family, and teammates." This is what formed his actions. He kept his word, and he was a man of integrity. Brad had a positive influence on all the West Coast SEAL Teams, "Plain and simple, Brad made you want to be better at your job." If there was an easy way out, he didn't take it. He personified the word patriot," by never going into battle without his American flag carefully folded and slipped under his breastplate.

Brad was also a true friend: a man with a devilish sense of humor, who enjoyed playing pranks on his teammates. Because he worked, and lived in the same town he was born and raised in, his SEAL teammates nicknamed him, "The Coronado Cowboy."

His values of loyalty to brotherhood, and service, can be seen in Brad's own writing:

"To those before us...
To those amongst us...
To those we will see on the other side.
"Lord let me not prove unworthy of my Brothers."

~Bradley "Cav" Cavner

Chief Petty Officer Bradley S. Cavner, is a decorated hero. He was awarded the Bronze Star medal with "V" for valor on the battlefield, the Navy and Marine Corps Commendation Medal with Valor, Joint Service Achievement Medal, two Navy and Marine Corps Achievement Medals, two Combat Action Ribbons, Joint Meritorious Unit Commendation, Army Meritorious Unit Commendation, three Good Conduct Medals, the National Defense Ribbon, Afghanistan Campaign Medal, Iraq Campaign Medal, Global War on Terrorism Expeditionary Medal, Global War on Terrorism Service Medal, three Sea Service Deployment Ribbons, Overseas Deployment Ribbon, NATO Service Medal, and Expert Rifle and Pistol Marksmanship Medals. Brad was posthumously awarded a second Bronze Star and the Meritorious Service Medal at his burial at Arlington National Cemetery.

While he was a soldier through and through, Brad had a deep love for and bond with his family. At home he was a "colorful character who liked to wear his hair shaggy, drink beer ... and come up with creative nicknames for friends and his favorite possessions," like his Jeep, "The Dominator." He loved life and lived a "full throttle" lifestyle, enjoying ocean sports, snowboarding, and travel. Brad is survived by his father Steve, mother Beth, sister Andrea, and brothers, Colton and Carson.

*Note, Cavner's Avenue of Heroes Banner is displayed on Third Street and Palm, at the corner of the newly designated, Glenn Curtiss Park, in Coronado California, May 18, 2015.

Sources:

Email Correspondence, Andrea Cavner (Sister)
SEALs.com; and other online sources
Coronado Eagle and Journal

Theodore "Spuds" Gordon Ellyson

NAVY



**LT Theodore "Spuds"
ELLYSON**

**Naval Aviator
No. 1 1911**

States Naval Aviation.

Competitive by nature, Commander Theodore Ellyson was driven to accomplish as much as he could as fast as he could. As if he knew his days on earth would be short. The only thing he loved as much as ships and the Navy was accomplishing things before anyone else. Ordered to Coronado's North Island to train to fly with Glenn Curtiss Flying School, promoting the Safe and Sane method, by 1911, he became the Navy's first pilot, and by 1912 he made a successful catapult launch from a seaplane, also on North Island.

Theodore Gordon Ellyson was born February 27th, 1885, in Richmond, Virginia, to Henry Theodore Ellyson and Lizzie (Walker) Ellyson. When young Teddy was 14-years-old, he and his father were on a trip when a fleet of Navy ships entered the harbor of Hampton Roads, Virginia. At that very moment, he decided he wanted to join the Navy. It wasn't long after that illuminating moment when he slipped away from his parents and took a train and to try to enroll at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland. He even bought a grown up pair of pants, replacing his knickers. When he arrived, a naval officer asked why he wanted to be in the navy and he replied without hesitation, "I saw the Fleet come in." He was clearly not old enough, and was sent home. Unable to immediately enter the Naval Academy, Ellyson attended Werntz Prep School for a year.

By 1901, Ellyson finally was able to enroll in the Naval Academy and graduated in 1905, at the age of 19. Ellyson spent several years serving on battleships, armored cruisers and submarines as he advanced to lieutenant. During this time, significant strides in aviation were made. Most notable for Ellyson was 1910 when Eugene Ely, a well-known pilot with the Glenn Curtiss Exhibition Team, landed an airplane on the deck of USS Birmingham, and subsequently took off from the deck of USS Pennsylvania, in San Francisco Bay, when the concept of an aircraft carrier was born.

After Ely's successful landing and takeoff, on November 14, 1910, aviation pioneer and inventor Glenn Curtiss sent a letter to Secretary of the Navy offering to train a naval officer to fly, free of charge. By December 23rd, Ellyson was ordered to the new Curtiss Aviation School on North Island, Coronado. Ellyson began his training on January 17, 1911. This marked the birth of United

On January 15, 1912, Camp Trouble, named for all the wrecked planes, was established by the Navy for its Naval Aviation Detachment on January 15, 1912, at the northeast corner of North Island opposite the Broadway Pier. Lieutenant Theodore G. Ellyson, was appointed a commander of Camp Trouble. Ellyson's Aviation Detachment operated three aircraft while at North Island. On May 3, 1912, the Aviation Detachment departed North Island and the camp ceased to exist. (Hinds, "San Diego's Military Sites," mss, 1986, pp. 42-51.)

Training with Glenn Curtiss was a dream come true. He was the first licensed pilot in the United States. After on North Island, Lt. Theodore "Spuds" Ellyson was designated Naval Aviator No. 1 on March 4, 1913.

While the Navy established facilities in Norfolk and Anacostia, the development of Naval Aviation remained focused on North Island. Ellyson was designated Naval Aviator No. 1 on March 4, 1913. Also that March, he changed. His love of flying took a dark turn. Ellyson wrote to his wife, "I have decided to quit flying for good and all, which is never to get in a machine again for any reason. Things have come to such a pass here that I had to decide, either to go to Annapolis and take charge of the camp or quit for good. I have not told anyone yet of my decision, nor will I for the present. I cannot do the job half way."

On July, 3rd, 1911, Ellyson achieved another first, landing on water in the dark. By September, September, Ellyson proved the possibility of launching airplanes from ships and landing them on water, when he and Curtiss successfully did so. He was the first to advocate for special flight clothing in a letter dated September 16th, 1911, where he listed, "a light helmet with detachable goggles or visor, with covering for the ears and yet holes so that the engine could be heard; a leather coat lined with fur or wool; leather trousers; high rubber galoshes and gauntlets; and a life preserver." Ellyson prepared the first check-off lists for inspecting an airplane prior to each flight. The famed pilot Ely, was killed in an exhibition flight in October of that same year.

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That is when Ellyson made his first experimental catapult launch on the Navy's newly perfected air-compressed catapult system at Annapolis, where upon the first attempt, Ellyson was nearly killed when his plane went into the water. The second attempt was scheduled for November 1912.

It was just before that flight that he met his, "lucky charm" Helen, at a wedding reception and he knew instantly that she was the one, the marriage worked and so did the catapult launch.

Richard Engel

By Toni McGowan, May 2015

NAVY



★ ★ ★ ★ ★
**LCDR Richard
ENGEL**

Vietnam 1972

Dashing young pilot, Richard (Dick) Engel saw his future wife, stunning Susan Cheston, at a party in San Francisco, while he was stationed Naval Air Station (NAS) Alameda. The Viet Nam Conflict was heating up, and President John F. Kennedy was still in office. She was pursuing a dental hygiene career. He was bound for battle.

Soon after their marriage, the two were pulled apart by war. The young bride was forced to fend for herself, along with a slew of other young wives, left behind. They hated being separated. More adventurous than many women of that era, as soon as she could, Sue would hop a plane so they could be together, even for a moment or two. While separated, they wrote each other letters every single day. She joined him early in his service, at Naval Air Station, CUBI Point, for four, of his six-months deployed there. Cubi Point was a United States Navy aerial facility located at the edge of Naval Base Subic Bay and abutting the Bataan Peninsula in the Republic of the Philippines.

On occasion, Sue would join Dick for precious moments, when his ships were in port at various locations around the globe. They met while USS Roosevelt was in Majorca, Spain, and spent stolen hours in Naples, Italy, while Dick was deployed to the Mediterranean. They rendezvoused while USS Saratoga was in Hong Kong. That was 50-plus years ago. The two even managed a two-week vacation touring Europe in 1970, when Dick transferred off of USS Roosevelt from VA176 to VA42 in Virginia Beach, where he served as squadron Safety Officer.

With her husband away at war, Sue experienced the typical problems of wives with husbands deployed at sea. Her washing machine had an electrical fire, the dishwasher leaked, and the garbage disposal stopped chewing. Thankfully, the women all supported one another at home. One in particular, was a genius with tools and got the old disposal working with a broom handle she used to pry it back into operation. The wives of deployed squadron men shared coffee, rearing children, and many tears. Not one of them ever stopped worrying about their husbands, even with all the business of raising children, continuing their educations,

and even holding down full or part time jobs themselves.

Dick was inspired from a young age to pursue a military career. His pivotal moment occurred when he was just twelve-years-old. It was at the graduation ceremony of his older brother Gordon from the Naval Academy, in 1948. Right then-and-there young Dick determined to follow in his brothers' and his father's footsteps, into military service.

Born and raised in Minneapolis, Minnesota, Richard Engel moved in his youth to sunny California (CA), where he graduated in 1954 from Woodrow Wilson High School, in Long Beach. He excelled academically, and because of this he received the appointment he desired, to the US Naval Academy; Class of 1959. This was the doorway to the fulfillment of his deepest desire: to become a naval aviator like his brother Gordon.

His father died when Dick was just 14-years-old. After that, his mother lived on Tolita Avenue, in Coronado, California (CA). She then moved to 616 Ninth Street, which he remembers as "handy" during his duty in Coronado. "Great times were had at the Officers Club and the Mexican Village Happy Hour." The Mexican Village, on the 100 block of Orange Avenue, was a well-known officer's only hub for military personnel. His mother lived in Coronado until her passing at age 92.

Dick's oldest brother, Captain Wilson F. Engel, EDO (Engineering Duty Officer) USN (deceased), graduated from the Naval Academy several years before Dick, in 1946, retiring with 30-years of service.

Unfortunately, his brother, his inspiration, LCDR Gordon Engel, was killed at the pinnacle of his career, when an aircraft he was launching off of aircraft carrier USS Roosevelt near the coast of Florida, crashed when the catapult malfunctioned.

Dick's three sisters; Barbara, (Camarillo, CA), Janet (deceased), and Margaret (graduated from Coronado High School). Margaret married Ted LaRoe, a classmate, whose parents, Mary and Captain Edward T. LaRoe USN, a decorated World War II (WWII) Naval Aviator, were long time Coronado residents (Country Club and H Avenue).

LCDR Dick Engel's father was a World War I (WWI) veteran of the Army's Calvary Rainbow Division, coined by General Douglas MacArthur, when, after the United States declared war on the German Empire, troops from the best regiments of 26-states were combined into a single division. MacArthur said the division would "stretch over the entire country like a rainbow." The men wore a rainbow patch in the shape of an arc. That patch was later modified to a quarter-arc to memorialize the half of the Calvary Rainbow Division that were wounded or killed.

While at the Naval Academy, Dick earned a Bachelor of Science (BS), in Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering, and a BS in Naval Science.

The Naval Flight Training Command, in Pensacola, Florida, was Dick's first assignment, then on to Corpus Christi, Texas, for Advanced Training Command.

Dick received his Naval Aviator Wings in October of 1960, with orders to Coronado, Naval Air Station North Island (NASNI), assigned to Fixed Wing Early Warning Training Squadron (VAW-11), the "Early Elevens." These "war-birds" served as early warning forces to protect the fleet (ships) and shore warning networks, under all weather conditions.

It was late 1961, when Dick was transferred to NAS Alameda, where he met Sue. Then in 1964, in Monterey, CA, he attended Naval Post Graduate School, earning a degree in Aeronautical Engineering. In 1966, it was on to Beeville, Texas, Chase Field, where he served in the Advanced Naval Air Training Command. This is where he transitioned as a pilot, from propeller aircraft to jets. He was assigned as an instructor. In 1968 he was ordered to Naval Air Station Oceana, Virginia. From 1969 to 1970, Dick made two Mediterranean Sea deployments attached to Squadron VA-176 "Thunderbolts," during the "Cold-War" era, between the

US and the former Union of Soviet Socialist Republic (USSR). He served with the air-wing aboard USS Roosevelt. The same ship his brother Gordon, was earlier killed on.

During his combat service in Viet Nam, Dick was an attack pilot aboard USS Saratoga, attached to Squadron VA-75 the "Sunday Punchers." For a good view of (VA-75) Vietnam combat tour, Dick suggests a Carol Reardon book, "Launch the Intruders."

LCDR Engel never focused away from the "mission," and reported "that flying-low-level attack missions over North Vietnam at the end of that war (1972), at 600-feet, in the dark of night, was a scary mission." On one particular mission, against a power plant north of Hanoi, five-miles from the target, at an altitude of 600', his plane took a bullet in the nose landing-gear, severing a hydraulic system line. "The cockpit warning lights 'lit up' very suddenly, giving an adrenalin pumping scare."

His bombardier/navigator, LCDR Hal King USN, (now deceased), said he "felt the hit between his legs" and shouted on the intercom "What was THAT?!" Dick commanded, "We took a hit, but we are still flying, so get back on that radar scope and get rid of these bombs!" Seconds later, LCDR Dick Engel and his crew, declared a combat emergency, and returned to the ship. Two other crews from that Squadron perished.

In his nine-month combat tour in Viet Nam, LCDR Dick Engel was awarded (4) Distinguished Flying Cross Medals, (14) Air Medals, the Air Force Outstanding Unit Award, the Navy Unit Commendation, Navy Commendation Medal with two Bronze Stars, the Vietnam Gallantry Cross, the Vietnam Service Medal, the Republic of Vietnam Campaign Medal, and he held the National Defense Service Medal.

During his career, he "flew about any plane you could name of that period." From the (AD5), one of the last propeller driven aircraft (they could travel 311 mph, had a range of 1200 miles, and could carry their weight in bombs), to the (AD5Q) "Skyraider" [Q-electronic warfare], and (AD5W) [W-anti-submarine and ship identification. In 1962, when across the board re-designation of several aircraft occurred, Dick flew with the "Bobcats," VT3 advanced training squadron in Beeville, where he piloted the TF9J and AF9J "Cougar," of 1950s Korean War vintage. He also flew the A6A "Intruder" low-level, all-weather Attack Aircraft, with Squadron VA-42 "Green Pawns," the A6A "Intruder" attack aircraft, and KA6D "Intruder Tanker" aircraft while assigned to VA176 and VA 75 squadrons.

He rounded out his years of active duty on Air Force exchange duty as a navy instructor at the Air Force Institute of Technology (AFIT), at Wright Patterson Air Force base, Dayton, Ohio.

Lieutenant Commander Engel retired to San Diego after 20-years of exemplary naval service. He went on to have a successful career in management with General Dynamics, Electronics Division, here in San Diego, retiring in 1992. In 1996, he and his wife Sue, sold their home in Carlsbad, CA, and traveled the USA via motor home for seven years, settling back to San Diego in a property they owned in Mira Mesa, a suburb north of San Diego.

Currently, Dick continues his service to community and country as a volunteer aboard USS Midway Museum, where he uses his skills as a Safety Team Member, and shares military memories as a Docent. He is a volunteer police officer with San Diego Police Department's, Retired Senior Volunteer Patrol (RSVP), Traffic Division, where he was selected Volunteer of the Year for 2014.

Dick and Sue have two children, Nancy and Gordon (his brother's namesake). Both graduated from University of California at San Diego (UCSD). Nancy lives in Colorado and Gordon lives in CA. They have four grandchildren: Jonathan an engineer with Boeing Company; Karin a Pharm. D. student; Joshua, studying Computer Science and Finance; and Christopher, a Junior high school student.

Not only did LCDR Richard Engel find success in both a naval and a civilian career, but he was one of the lucky ones to find success in marriage as well.

Today, Dick and Sue enjoy active lives in San Diego, in retirement.

Sources:

"WWI." Rainbow Division Veterans Memorial Foundation Inc. N.p., n.d. Web. 13 May 2015.

Interviews with Lieutenant Commander (LCDR) Richard Engel USN

Genaeologybank.com

Richard Kenney

ARMY



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**COL Richard
KENNEY**

**POW WWII
1943**

By Joseph Dittler, with contributions from Dot Harms, and C.L. Sherman, May 2015

Colonel Richard Kenney passed peacefully in his sleep, on the morning of Dec. 11, 2014, at his home in Coronado. He was 94. Donations in lieu of flowers were suggested in his memory to the Coronado Yacht Club Junior Sailing Program. "That's where I started, and that's where I'd like it all to finish," he said.

Richard F. Kenney, (Dick) was born March 2, 1920, in Santa Cruz, California, one of five children born to Lt. Patrick John and Doris Kenney. His family received orders to Coronado when Dick was three years old. "I went through the whole (Coronado) school system," Kenney recalled. His father died when he was a teenager. His mother bought real estate in Coronado and stayed to raise her family.

Dick gained a reputation for being a big, athletic kid who liked to work and play with equal passion. Growing up in Coronado, the island, Bay and ocean were Dick's playground. He would hang out with several boys, who between work and school, would invent mischief. They purchased fireworks and blasting caps from the Coronado Drug Store, being more powerful versions than what is sold now, they could, when placed on the tracks, derail an unsuspecting trolley as it meandered up Orange Avenue.

Years before he had ever dropped into a cockpit, Kenney exhibited a need for speed. At 13 he was issued a driver's license so he could cover his North Island paper route. Within a year, he was driving a truck loaded with prize polo ponies onto the Ferry and to pastures in south Bay. He was a teenage entrepreneur and self-employed as a pony tender at the Coronado Polo grounds. He once built a wall (still standing at Third Street and J Avenue) in exchange for an old Buick, and he would do odd chores for elderly residents of the island. While washing the very proper Mrs. Scripps 20-foot long Lincoln Phaeton he would dry it by driving at top speed up and down the Silver Strand, unbeknownst to Mrs. Scripps, of course.

Dick excelled as a junior sailor throughout the late 1930s, winning numerous regattas at the Coronado Yacht Club in Star boats, scows, and the Sunbirds of the

Rainbow Fleet. A graduate of the Coronado High School class of 1938, he was, at 94, the last surviving member. He attended San Diego State University in 1940-41, University of Nevada in 1968 and Sierra College in 1972.

Kenney obtained his pilot's license in 1940 from the Clyde Corley Flying School at Lindbergh Field. In September 1941, after a brief stint on four-stacker destroyers, he joined the Army Aviation Cadets at Cal Aero in Chino, California. Upon completion of Flight school in 1942, he was commissioned an Army Air Corps second lieutenant and assigned to a squadron at Hamilton Field just north of San Francisco. On short notice that fall, the squadron boarded the Queen Mary in New York sailing for Ireland and the war. On October 2nd as land drew near, Dick got his first taste of the war. During evasive maneuvers to avoid Nazi U-Boat attacks, the converted cruise liner hit military escort cruiser HMS Curacao, slicing it in half and killing more than 300 men. "We watched helplessly as wreckage floated past our portholes," he would recall years later. The reality of war had hit home rapidly for the young pilot eager to fight for his country. He soon got to do exactly that, Flying with the 95th Fighter Squadron in Ireland and eventually deployed to fight air battles in the North Africa Campaign.

At 6'3" and 190 pounds, Lt. Kenney was a lanky twenty-three year old as he jammed himself into the tiny cockpit of the P-38 Lightning, one of the most significant aircrafts of World War II, and a veritable killing machine. The P-38 Lightning was nicknamed "The Forked Tailed Devil" by the Germans. It had a number of roles in both the Pacific and Atlantic Theaters - dive bombing, skip bombing, ground attack, aerial combat, night fighting and photo reconnaissance. Drop tanks under the wings gave them incredible range, and they could go toe-to-toe with anything the Germans or Japanese could put in the air. It carried a 20 mm cannon, four rocket launchers, and four M2 Browning machine guns, in addition to a respectable load of bombs.

On April 28, 1943, Kenney piloted his P-38 in low (15 feet) over the waters of the Mediterranean and fast (200 mph) to make a direct hit on an enemy merchant, troop transfer ship. Maneuvering himself directly over the ship when dropping his load, the explosion, and resulting shock wave flipped his P-38 past vertical. Disregarding his own safety, he kept his eyes on the ship long enough to watch his wingman's bomb also explode on the doomed ship's deck. Suddenly, the radio squawked as one of our bombers flying overhead warned Kenney of Messerschmitts dropping in on him. Kenney righted his aircraft in time for a head-on run with one of the Messerschmitts, guns blazing. Kenney won that duel as the Messerschmitt flamed and crashed into the sea.

Kenney's bombing of the Axis merchant ship and downing of the Messerschmitt ME 109 that day resulted in his receiving the Distinguished Flying Cross. An official description of his actions read like a Clark Gable movie script: "Undaunted by a solid wall of flak and machine gun fire thrown above the ship, [Kenney] attacked broadside, planted his bomb squarely amidships, and passed a few feet over the ship. The merchant vessel was left at a complete standstill belching black smoke and steam after the explosion."

On another mission Kenney attacked a flight of six Italian transport aircraft (SM-82). He took out the rear transport, and then the next. As he took a bead on the third transport, a Messerschmitt assigned to cover the transports dropped out of the ceiling and opened fire on Kenney's P-38. Kenney wheeled his plane around and shot down his attacker. That, including the two SM-82s, gave him a total of four confirmed kills. It was a big day as pilots go.

Later, while escorting a flight of B-25 bombers over Sardinia, Kenney and his wingman were under attack by several Messerschmitts. Kenney's wingman took down one of the German planes, amidst a mixed portrait of planes and hot lead. Kenney's guns jammed and his wingman had to switch gas tanks so they decided to hit the deck for home at about 400 miles an hour. The Messerschmitts had altitude in their favor, however, and weren't ready to give up the fight.

"They were dropping down on us fast, and their bullets were exploding at maximum range just outside my canopy," recalled Kenney. "We couldn't outrun them so I signaled my wingman to turn back into them. He shot at one and missed, shot at another and it went down. The second plane ran for it and I had the third one in my sights but I was toothless." Kenney's jammed guns prevented him from scoring a fifth kill that

would have given him ace status, however, and despite having no firepower of his own, Kenney saved his wingman by boldly bluffing the third enemy plane out of the air.

That action resulted in a United Press International story that hit newspapers back home. The headline read, "Coronado Flier Bluffs Enemy." Richard Kenney complained about that fifth elusive kill until his dying day. Two months after bluffing the German pilot out of the sky, Kenney was sent on a mission to fly in low and strafe a radar tower in Sicily. As acting operations officer, he intentionally put himself in the final slot. "There was never any other option," he recalled years later. "There was no way I was going to put someone else in that position." That decision took Dick Kenney out of the war for the duration. His left engine was hit by surface-to-air gunfire, engulfing the plane and him in fire. Unable to reach the Mediterranean, Kenney crashed on a Sicilian farm and, in spite suffering severe burns over much of his body, he made sure there was nothing left for the Nazi's to get from the wreckage by throwing his "Mae West," charts and maps into the flames.

He was captured by the Italians, taken to a hospital in Palermo, handed over to the Nazis and immediately transferred to Germany. Over 17 days of "interrogation," he had a gun put to his temple, was refused medical treatment, thrown into solitary confinement and nearly starved before being transferred to Stalag Luft III, a POW camp for captured aviators. Located 90 miles southeast of Berlin in what is now Poland, he was to call Stalag Luft III home for the next two years. Kenney's POW tag read "Stalag Luft III-1747". He was a "guest" of Adolf Hitler for the duration of the war.

Stalag Luft III was the inspiration for the movie "The Great Escape," throwing a light on Kenney's misfortune that gave it (and him) celebrity status in the years to come. While he was not on the list of escaping prisoners, he worked to help make that escape possible, often times carrying dirt from the tunnels in his pant legs to be spread outside when the Germans weren't looking; or standing night watch as the diggers burrowed underground towards their intended escape. Kenney later said of the movie, "The main characters are combinations of several people. The movie is mostly very accurate. All the events really happened, except for the motorcycle scene with Steve McQueen."

In January of 1945, as Russian troops closed in on Stalag Luft III, Hitler ordered all 11,000 POWs be moved to prevent their capture. He intended to use them as gambits, as his war crumbled around him. The POW's were marched out at midnight in a blinding blizzard. The now infamous death march was 60 miles, through the worst snowstorm to hit Europe in fifty years. Dick Kenney was one of those men who marched, starving through snow and ice, in sub-zero weather. "We thought the Nazis wanted to use us as human shields and hostages. We were given 30 minutes to grab some of our belongings and get ready for the march," remembered Colonel Kenney. "The date was January 28, 1945. I'll never forget that. My bunkie [bunk mate] and I were near the end of the column. It was bitter cold, and we lived off discarded food that had become too much of a burden for the emaciated Kriegies [POWs] ahead of us to carry, despite the German guards' threats that they would shoot anyone picking up discarded food."

For six days the prisoners slogged through the worst possible winter conditions. Finally the Germans packed the POW's into small boxcars – up to 70 men were forced into the filthy cattle cars that would have been crowded at half that number, "That was the worst," said Colonel Kenney. "Those boxcars were cold and they didn't even have a pee hole. There was no room to lie down, and the smell was like nothing we had ever experienced. There were cattle droppings on the floor and we couldn't see out." A modest description at best, in truth, the floor was also covered by three days of vomit and excrement. The only ventilation in the cars came from two small windows near the ceiling, at opposite ends of the boxcars. Meanwhile, the train continued on through the frozen countryside and bombed out German cities and on to an impossibly overcrowded Stalag Luft VII and months of starvation.

"On the morning of April 29, 1945, elements of the 14th Armored Division of Patton's 3rd Army attacked the SS troops guarding Stalag Luft VII. Prisoners scrambled for safety. Some hugged the ground or crawled into open concrete incinerators. Bullets flew seemingly haphazardly. Finally, the American task force broke

through, and the first tank entered, taking the barbed wire fence with it. The prisoners went wild. They climbed on the tanks in such numbers as to almost smother them. Pandemonium reigned. They were free!"

Red Cross resources had been re-appropriated or looted by the Nazis. The liberating US troops could not feed the more than 130,000 starving men. Dick Kenney was starving and just wanted to go home. He slipped out of the camp with an Army artillery unit and made his own way across Europe arriving at Camp Lucky Strike in France with no dog tags or uniform, but one step closer to home.

After returning to the U.S., Kenney was undergoing a refresher flight-training course when he was offered the opportunity to become an instructor pilot for aviators flying P-51s. Along the way he met and flew with Colonel Robert L. Scott, the author of "God is My Co-Pilot." Since Kenney flew with Scott on several occasions, Kenney presumably was at least a minor deity among his peers and younger aviators.

Colonel Kenney trained combat crews in aerial gunnery, bombing and strafing at Nellis Air Force Base in mid-1953. In search of that elusive fifth kill to qualify him as an ace, Kenney signed up to fly in the Korean War, as the squadron commander of a Saber jet outfit. The war however was all but ended, and he missed his chance to achieve the title of "flying ace."

In Korea, he flew as the squadron commander of a Saber jet outfit, crucial in instructing Navy fliers in the transition from prop to jet propulsion, becoming one of the first Air Force flyers to get carrier qualified. Later, Dick was sent south of the border as an emissary of the United States Air Force, to aid the Mexican Air Force's transition from propellers to jets. To add to his unique collection of awards and honors, he was presented a set of third-world "wings" from the Mexican Air Force as an honorary member of that allied force.

Following the Korean War Kenney was assigned to the Pentagon and flew F-86s with the DC National Guard at Andrews Field, Maryland. Upon completion of this tour he was assigned to fly F-100s out of Foster Air Force Base in Victoria County, Texas until the base was closed in 1958. "I loved that assignment," recalled Kenney. "I worked for my former commanding officer in Korea and at Nellis, and the base was in the heart of some of the greatest hunting and fishing in Texas. As commander of a squadron it was good duty."

Stationed at Misawa, in a remote portion of Japan, his squadron stood nuclear alert in Northern Japan. Lt. Col. Kenney transitioned the squadron from obsolete, straight winged F-84s to the Super Sabre F-100s.

Kenney returned for his second tour at the Pentagon and to flying F-100s with the DC National Guard. He was then assigned as advisor to the Sioux City National Guard and promoted to full Colonel. His final military assignment was at Myrtle Beach, South Carolina as deputy commander of operations for the 354th TAC Fighter Wing flying the familiar F-100 with a NATO commitment.

Dick flew for the Army Air Corps/US Air Force for 27 years, logging 6,000 flight hours that covered two wars. "Flying was my life," he often said proudly.

Additional duty stations and positions after the War included commander, Tactical Training Squadron - Nellis AFB (F-86); commander 721st Fighter Day Squadron, Tactical Air Command, F-100; commander 451st Fighter Squadron, Tactical Air Command, F-100; commander 416 Tactical Fighter Squadron, F-84/100 - Japan. Colonel Kenney retired in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina as Department Commander of Operations for the 354th Tactical Fighter Wing.

After retiring from the military Kenney co-owned the Nordic Ski Center in Squaw Valley, California. He was a member of the North Tahoe Search and Rescue Team, president of the Lake Tahoe Ski Club, an official for the United States Ski Association, as well as a Technical Delegate of the International Skiing Federation (ISF).

Kenney was active in the ski industry until 1983 when he moved back home to Coronado where he lived out the remainder of his life. The ISF and the United States Ski Association honored Kenney in 1985 for his work and unparalleled contributions to the sport.

Colonel Richard Kenney enjoyed his final years in Coronado, riding his bicycle and working on his 36-foot Grand Banks trawler from which he fished and escaped the July Fourth crowds on Coronado.

The media loved Dick Kenney. After World War II he seemed to be forgotten. But, in his 90s, he was featured in the San Diego Union-Tribune twice, on two TV news stations, the subject of two KPBS specials, and featured in articles of local newspapers numerous times. In his interview with KPBS reporter Ken Kramer, Kenney gave his first hand recollections of New Year's Day 1937 when the gambling casino Monte Carlo wrecked on Coronado's beach. As a Hotel Del Coronado lifeguard Dick was already on the beach that morning as the news of the wreck broke around town. He and his brother, along with many others gathered on the beach to see what they could salvage. Kenney reminisced, "People were running past us the other way carrying roulette wheels, lumber, furniture, booze, and you name it. I saw a dealer's table in the surf and ran out to retrieve it. I kicked open the drawer and found it filled with silver dollars, lots of them, the old 'Morgans', which really felt like a silver dollar."

Dick Kenney wrote and sent poetry in lieu of Christmas cards. Four years ago he published his booklet, "Christmas Greetings." (Eber & Wein Publishing, in Pennsylvania. The copyright is 2011 and the ISBN number is 968-1-60880-125-1.) Many of the poems he wrote while being held captive in Germany during WWII - where his thoughts turned daily to home, family, and the holidays. "Seeing this sensitive side of such a great warrior was always a pleasant experience," said Joe Ditley, former director of CHA and a close friend to Colonel Kenney. The Colonel would always introduce Ditley as, "My publicist."

After such a varied military career, Dick Kenney also published his memoirs under the title, "Sailor, Soldier, Airman." (Also with Eber & Wein Publishing. The copyright is 2011 and the ISBN number is 978-1-60880-095-7.)

Poems:

Untitled

I am going home for Christmas
Though I am stationed far away
I can see the tree and the presents there
I can smell the pine and the turkey too
I am going home for Christmas
In a year or two
I can feel the warmth of the hearth
And see the glow of the twinkling lights
I am standing under the mistletoe
And waiting for a kiss
I am going home for Christmas
I'll make it a good one, too
I can't get home in person
But I can conjure up a vision
Of warmth and love and you
Merry Christmas
Curmudgeon that's what I am
I think Christmas is a scam
I know Xmas is a ruse
The only good thing is the booze
Next to me the Grinch is a piker

I am a whole lot tighter
Save the forest don't cut a tree
Be a grump just like me
So why am I writing this Christmas card
And struggling to be a bard?
I caught the bug in spite of me
It's the season, can't you see?
Merry Christmas

Coronado residents will hopefully always remember Colonel Dick Kenney for his patriotism, bravery under fire, generosity and kindness. Colonel Kenney heard of the Coronado Historical Association's (CHA) quest to purchase an original, 1923 Model T truck that had been part of the Hotel del Coronado's fleet of laundry trucks in the Roaring Twenties. In 2007 he funded the purchase, at great expense (\$14,000), and donated the vehicle to CHA saying, "It's time she came back home to Coronado, where she belongs, and here is where she will stay." It doesn't fall on deaf ears to hear that comment now, and realize it also applied to a war-battered young man coming home from WWII so many years ago. That same day, Colonel Kenney, caught up in the spirit of Coronado history, donated five silver dollars he had recovered as a young boy from the shipwreck Monte Carlo in 1937. They are now on display at the Coronado Museum.

Dick loved his country and his hometown, Coronado, and was loyal and generous to both. He was forever grateful to and a supporter of The American Red Cross for keeping him alive when on the brink of starvation as a POW. "Without the Red Cross packages, many of us would not have made it," he would say years later. "Towards the end, there wasn't enough food for the guards so the prisoners got next to nothing," he said. Colonel Richard Kenney is Coronado's hometown hero.

Dick received his first Purple Heart from wounds received in action while flying out of North Africa, in June of 1943. Volunteer researcher Robert Sabel unearthed evidence that Colonel Richard Kenney, USAF (Ret), was due a second Purple Heart to go along with his many other medals earned in wartime service. Colonel Kenney was weakened by starvation and exhaustion, and yet he survived the march that so many others did not. In the process he received frostbite on his hands and feet. After reading Kenney's story in the San Diego Union-Tribune, Sabel phoned Kenney saying, "I think you qualify for a second Purple Heart for injuries sustained in that march." The Colonel would have nothing to do with it and snapped back, "I already have a Purple Heart." Friends of Kenney however, pursued the project and, 68 years after the march, he proudly held that second Purple Heart in his hands – a story that was covered by numerous newspapers and television stations.

Colonel Dick Kenney is survived by nephews, Dick and Bill Dean, his niece, Dorita Mickelsen of Coronado and several great nieces and nephews. The Colonel passed peacefully in his sleep the morning of December 11, at his Coronado home. He was 94, and had outlived them all. Colonel Richard Kenney was buried in the family plot at Fort Rosecrans.

Much thanks to Joseph Ditler, writer and of course close friend of Colonel Richard Kenney who submitted his name and wrote much of this information in previous articles about Colonel Kenney's life. Thanks also to close friend Dot Harms, who assisted in the editing of this document, and was a bright light in Colonel Kenney's life until the very end.

*Note, Kenney's Avenue of Heroes Banner is displayed on Third Street and I Avenue, at the corner of the newly designated, Glenn Curtiss Park, in Coronado California, May 18, 2015.

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This brief biography is based on the detailed work of Joe Dittler.

John "Jack" R. Lewis

Co-written By Suzi Lewis Pignataro and Coronado Scribe, Mary Beth Dodson, May 2015

NAVY



Commander JACK LEWIS

Coronado Navy League 1976

Commander John "Jack" R. Lewis, active in both WW II and the Korean War, still lives in the Coronado home he built for his family in 1955.

As a boy, Jack could have belonged to Spanky and his gang. He was a rough and tumble kid, always looking for a neighborhood football skirmish or a boat to sail on the rivers and creeks of New Jersey. He loved water, and remembered with great fondness the beaches of Coronado, where, in 1926, his father moved the family for a brief period of time. Little did he know that 24 years later, the Navy would bring him back to that charming island, where he would settle his family a stone's throw away from Glorietta Bay.

Jack was born on November 25, 1919 in a two-room apartment above his Grandmother Antonia Eisenbach's hair salon on the border between Harlem and Hamilton Heights. His mother, Rose, was the only child of Prussian immigrants. His father, Henry Lewis, a veteran of the Punitive Expedition and WW I, was one of eight children born to a Welsh father and Prussian mother from Williamsbridge, New York, where the Lewis men were held in high esteem as Freemasons, builders, and deacons of the Emmanuel Baptist Church. At the time of his birth, Jack's parents were clerks. Soon after Jack's little sister Grace was born, Henry went to work for Prudential Insurance, eventually rising to Regional Manager for central and south New Jersey. The family lived for a time in Red Bank then settled on the Delaware River, outside the township of Burlington. His grandmother Antonia moved to Cliffwood Beach, where she built a corner store with a speakeasy in the back, a room upstairs for tarot and tealeaf readings and, after Prohibition, a German-style restaurant and beer garden. Jack was never academic. Sports were his life, and more than anything, he wanted to be a Physical Education teacher. Henry had higher aspirations for his only son, and in 1938 Jack enrolled as an Economics major at Rutgers University, where he balanced his studies with athletics and played quarterback on the football team. When it became apparent that the US was going to war, Jack decided to leave Rutgers and enlist as an officer, taking charge of his military career before the military had a chance to take charge of him. With his love of boats, the Navy was the logical choice. He attended

Midshipman School aboard USS Illinois in New York City, graduating in 1941.

Jack's first assignment was as Second Officer to a former Coast Guard cutter that had previously been partially submerged in the Cooper River in Camden, New Jersey. The Navy resurrected it as, in Jack's words, "they didn't have anything to start a war with." The ship was outfitted with a dysfunctional machine gun on the bow, two depth charges "we couldn't outrun," and a crew of thirteen men and two officers supplied with WW I rifles and a Tommy gun that proved worthless. The crew's job was anti-submarine warfare and survivor rescue between Atlantic City and Cape May. If they saw a German submarine, they were to report and pursue. Jack felt fortunate they never saw one, as the Coast Guard cutter was "a floating gasoline bomb."

One day in January of 1942, while driving with friends down Burlington's High Street, Jack spied a pretty blond walking arm in arm with her mother and announced to his pals, "That's the girl I'm going to marry." Two months later, Jack and Nancy Waitz eloped to Atlantic City.

From January to May 1942, Jack attended the Mine School in Yorktown, Virginia, learning the intricacies of three different types of mines. He learned magnetism and electricity from a Harvard professor named Morash and an MIT professor named Howard Aiken, later known for his pioneering work in computer sciences.

At the end of May, Jack was ordered to the Pacific from Virginia on a brand new minesweeper, the YMS 49. He served as Executive Officer, First Lieutenant, Gunnery Officer, Minesweeping Officer and eventually Commanding Officer.

It took the minesweeper three months to sail to Australia, including two weeks in dry dock after being hit by a hurricane off the South Carolina coast. The first ship of its kind commissioned for the Pacific Theatre, no one expected her to make it. But she did, and after a few repairs was put in charge of sweeping for Japanese mines from Brisbane to New Guinea.

In April of 1944, the YMS 49 was given the job of towing Patrol Torpedo (PT) boats to Thursday Island. The crew spent three months escorting landing ships from northern Australia to New Guinea.

"We experienced a lot of air attacks," Jack remarked. "While escorting six Amphibious Landing Ships, we were attacked by 57 Japanese dive bombers, torpedo bombers and fighter planes. We shot down three Japanese aircraft after they put two of the ships out of commission.

"We were an escort and navigational guide for smaller amphibious ships. We met the Japanese head on at Tarawa, took fire, and rescued the survivors of a sunken coastal ship and one beach master and his party."

The Japanese were dropping flares looking for them, so Jack had everyone down below as he stayed on the bridge for 48 hours, keeping them and the ship safe.

From August 1944 to June 1945, Jack was at Little Creek, Virginia, the last six months training crews on Amphibious Assault Ships.

There was a planned invasion of Japan slated for November of 1945. Jack trained in Houston to command a new amphibious assault ship designed to fire close range bombardment rockets. He was told that he and his ship would not survive the attack. In order to spare his young and homesick crew, he never told them what fate had in store for them. Victory over Japan (V-J Day) happened two weeks before they were due to ship out, and instead of sending his crew to their certain death Jack returned them to the safety of Norfolk, Virginia.

Jack had a brief office job at the Philadelphia naval shipyard before returning to his wife and to Rutgers University to complete his degree. Between 1947 and 1959, he and Nancy were blessed with four children: Nancy Bernice, Barbara Ann, Susan Maria and John Robert, Jr.

In September of 1950, Jack was recalled to active duty as Lieutenant Commander. He was ordered to the Naval Amphibious Base (NAB) Coronado, and was assigned to "Underway Training" to set up a program to train landing ships, high-speed transports and one submarine, with over 60 Marine Corps Recon teams. He also served as Operations Officer.

In March of 1953, Jack was sent to Korea as the Planning Control Officer of Amphibious Transport Squadron One. He and the squad sailed USS George Clymer to Hong Kong where the SEABEES were building a naval air base. They then took the US Army's 25th Division from Sendai, Japan to Busan, Korea before the Peace Treaty was signed and they wouldn't be allowed to bring any more troops. During this time, Jack was promoted to Commander.

When Jack retired from active duty in 1954, he and Nancy made Coronado their permanent home. He went to work for the Lee Mather Real Estate Company before establishing Jack Lewis Realty at 1212 Orange Avenue. As a Real Estate Broker, Jack built and owned a number of homes and apartment complexes, owned the Shoreland Motor Hotel and helped naval officers buy homes, which he then managed when the officers were transferred. In 1995, after a successful and satisfying 40 years, he retired.

Jack was active in community service in Coronado. He sat on the school board for 12 years and was its President. He was also President of the Rotary Club and was involved in the Boy Scouts and Pop Warner football. He and Nancy supported charities throughout San Diego County, many of which helped disadvantaged or ill children. Jack gave generously to the Humane Society, the San Diego Zoo and the San Diego Natural History Museum.

Jack's work with the Navy League of the United States gained him nation-wide recognition. After serving successfully as President of the Coronado Chapter, Jack was voted to the National Board of the Navy League. He was active with a host of initiatives on a number of issues of vital interest to both the community and the military. He also actively recruited Coronado High School football players to go to Annapolis. In 1973, after receiving personal accolades from the Chief of Naval Operations, Jack was awarded a citation for Meritorious Public Service from Secretary of the Navy, John Warner.

In 1962, the family donated the Graham Memorial Presbyterian Church's steeple bell in memory of Nancy Bernice, who'd passed away the previous year at age 14. Jack and Nancy also created the Nancy Lewis Award, which is given each year to an exceptional eighth grade girl at Coronado Middle School.

Jack's wife Nancy passed away in 1988. In 1991, he married Ronnie Gray, the widow of a WW II Navy pilot.

Awards: Selective Service Medal, Navy Reserve Medal, American Defense Medal "Fleet", American Campaign Medal, Asian Pacific Campaign Medal, WWII Victory Medal, Korean Defense Medal, Korea Service Medals(2).

Campaign Ribbons: WW II Navy Reserve, WW II American Defense, WW II Campaign (2), WW II Victory, WW II National Defense, WW II Navy Combat Action, Campaign Service, Korea Service, Korean War.

Jack has been a devoted father, grandfather and husband, a fun-loving friend, a man of great conviction and determination, and a pillar of his community. An exceptional role model for his children, he advised them: "Life is not about being popular, it's about being decent and always doing right by others." Known for his generosity and fairness, he would find work for any honest soul walking into Jack Lewis Realty

looking for a job. Jack was an avid world traveler and even tried a few rounds of golf after retiring, eventually leaving it up to Ronnie to achieve greatness on the putting green.

Sources:

Interview from Rutgers University, 1997

Daughter, Suzi Lewis Pignataro

Bruce Linder, Coronado Historical Association

By Ron Pickett, May 2015

NAVY



ENS Paul
LOWTHIAN

Battle of the
Atlantic 1943

She remembers the last time she saw him, although her memories are dimmed by the intervening 70 + years, waving over his shoulder, a smile strong on his tanned face. And the flint of gold wings on his chest. He mouthed the words, "I love you," and I'll be home soon. He had his B4 bag and his flight gear and headed out on what was supposed to be an uneventful flight to return a damaged PB4Y-1 Liberator from England to the U.S. She looked around and thought to herself, "I'm alone. I'm on my own now." Her name was Lois Lowthian, and she was 20-years -old.

Ensign Paul Lowthian was born in Coronado in 1921, and graduated from Coronado High School in 1938. Lois said, "When we met I was going to Business College in San Diego and rode the ferry back and forth to school. (I graduated from San Diego High School in June 1941 even though I lived in Coronado.) I would see Paul frequently on the street-car that ran up Orange Avenue, from the ferry landing to the Hotel Del. He would be returning from his flying lessons at Gibbs Field (now Montgomery Field) in San Diego. We both got off at the Fourth Street stop. We would speak and one thing led to another, and eventually we started dating. Many people used public transit because of gas rationing."

Paul lived in the 300 block of Orange Ave. He was part of the 'between the wars' generation of Coronado kids. He was a normal, tall, blond, good looking, tanned happy teenager. "Once he told me when he was a young boy, he and a friend made a raft and sailed it with them aboard on San Diego Bay, much to the dismay of his parents. He had that spirit of adventure even then." He might have followed his father's footsteps as an engineer, he was good at math and science, but that was not to be.

Like the other young men and boys, he couldn't resist looking up in the sky whenever he heard the sound of one of the airplanes landing or taking off from the Naval Air Station. He would shelter his eyes and follow the sound and the sight of the noisy primitive planes as long as he could. Paul and his buddies could identify each type of airplane by its sound and speed, appearance, and whether it was alone or in a formation. They fantasized about what it would be like to fly one of the shiny new planes.

"He was good student and very industrious. When he wasn't in school he was working in Coronado to earn money for flying lessons. All he wanted to do was fly. That was his main purpose in life. He came from a

large family of modest means and he knew he would have to earn his own money to reach his goal. After graduation for Coronado High School, Paul went to Pasadena Jr. College, he boarded with, and earned his keep from, the Pasadena Superintendent of Schools."

They saw the pilots in town, walking the streets in small groups or sometimes alone, chatting with the older girls. They had a style, a look and a grin, that made them stand out, and the gold wings. They always wore their wings. The girls he knew all seemed to want to meet and date one of the fliers.

Paul got to the Air Station a few times and saw the fighters and bombers up close. He never got the smell of the aviation gasoline, and the castor oil, and the strange smell of the dope on the fabric of the control surfaces out of his memory.

Then the opportunity of a lifetime presented itself - he applied for and was accepted into the Naval Aviation Cadet program. "I believe he had his pilot's license when he was selected," said Lois.

The war was raging in Europe and Asia. The tempo of life was accelerating at the Naval Air Station North Island, a few blocks from his home. There were more airplanes in the air, and more sailors and pilots on the streets of his quiet, welcoming home town.

"After he was selected for the cadet program, Paul was sent to Naval Air Station (NAS) Los Alamitos, in Long Beach, CA, for a few months. He would come home weekends and occasionally, I would take the Greyhound to see him. Once I just missed the last ferry (stopped at midnight) to Coronado and had to spend the night sitting in the lobby of the U.S. Grant Hotel. I got the first ferry the next morning (started at 5 AM) to Coronado. (These are things you don't forget.)"

Paul was next assigned to Naval Air Station (NAS) Corpus Christi, Texas (TX), where he took his flight training and received his "wings." He enjoyed flight training. It was challenging, but deeply rewarding. He matured as a flier and learned to do aerobatics, to fly in-formation and the basics of aerial gunnery and bombing. "He returned home on-leave and we became engaged before he left again to join a squadron flying PBM's (Patrol Bomber Flying Boat) in Banana River, Florida (FL). I can remember him mentioning the "Banana River bounce". That was what they called taking off and landing on the Banana River in their flying boats (PBM's).

"His next assignment was to a patrol squadron at NAS Norfolk, Virginia (VA). Soon after this, he got his skipper's permission to marry me. That was a must in those days. He got leave, returned to Coronado, and we were married on June 18, 1943, in a small ceremony with family and friends at the chapel in the Administration Building at North Island, with a reception at the Officer's Club. We left immediately after the reception for a week's honeymoon in New York City before settling in Norfolk."

"During those war days, New York City was "blacked out" for security reasons as were all other cities on the East and West coasts. The City opened its arms to the military. We stayed at the Commodore Hotel in the heart of Manhattan. We went sightseeing, saw several Broadway shows and visited many of the big night clubs. 'No cover charge' for us! We had a great time."

"Paul had rented a very nice, new, furnished apartment for us before he left to be marry me, so we would have a nice place to stay when I arrived in Norfolk. Housing was hard to find in those days, but Paul managed to find a great apartment. After we settled in Norfolk, I think the days were pretty routine for Paul, except one day, when he came home and told me about his plane and crew rescuing a pilot from a Navy plane that had crash-landed in the Atlantic. Paul visited the recovering pilot in the hospital."

Everything was a wonderful maze of emotions and excitement, with the underlying dread of the war and his approaching deployment as their accompanying background music. The war was heating up now, and the tide was slowly starting to turn. The Navy was beginning to assert the power of aviation in the Pacific,

and the small carriers were becoming effective in escorting convoys of freighters across the Atlantic to keep Britain 'alive.'

Sometime in November, 1943, Paul received orders to fly to England with a crew to ferry a PB4Y-1 (Liberator) back to the USA for repairs. (The job of the Navy PB4Y-1 Liberator aircrews was to keep German U-boats from successfully operating in the Bay of Biscay and the English Channel by going out day after day, often in miserable weather conditions, on unrelenting search and destroy missions. During the war, Liberators were responsible for the sinking of five U-boats and damaging many more.)

In Lois' own words, "On Dec. 28, 1943, Paul and a flight crew took off to return to the United States, but they never made it. The Liberator crashed into the sea on takeoff. Paul was declared 'missing in action.' Apparently, the Navy did not have my address because they notified my parents in Coronado of the crash. My parents were the ones who called me to tell me the dreadful news! The Navy did get me a priority to fly home. In those days, only people necessary to the war-effort flew commercially. A friend from his squadron phoned me (after I returned to Coronado) to tell me not to hold out hopes because he had seen the bomber crash into the sea. In his kind words, he said that it was time to move on with my life." She did that. Youth has a remarkable way of holding something and at the same time letting it go.

She remarried eight years later and lived in Coronado and is a productive member of the community having raised two girls who became wonderful women. She never forgot the young Ensign who was her first love; she and thousands of others who lost their loved ones in that long and terrible war.

Was it worth it? She would have to say yes, but the cost was horrific and at times she would think why couldn't it have been someone else? Then she realized that would have been transferring her grief to another person. Now, she still looks up when she hears one of the jets arriving at North Island, and she knows that she too, made a contribution to the war, a major, and yet very personal, private contribution, like so many others.

*All of the quotes are from Mrs. Lois Land a long time resident of Coronado.

W.R. (Bill) Lunt

By Jerry Greenspan, May 2015

ARMY



First Lieutenant BILL LUNT

Budapest 1944

Former First Lieutenant (Lt), Willis (Bill) Lunt, was a member of the United States Army Air Corps. He is the personification of what Tom Brokaw, in his 1998 book, "The Greatest Generation" was describing. He is a decorated officer who saw action in the European theater in World War II. He has called Coronado home since 1989.

Born January 7, 1921, in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and raised in Ohio, as a youngster Bill brought a model GB Racer aircraft to the hotel room of Amelia Earhart for her autograph. She signed it, and needless to say, it was a very proud moment! Shortly after graduation from Cuyahoga High School, Bill was awarded a scholarship by the CAP (Civil Air Patrol) and earned a private pilot's license.

When America entered WW11, Bill joined the Army Air Corps as a volunteer, on June 12, 1942, and was initially sent to Nashville, Tennessee (TN). Bill had further training in Helena, Arkansas (AR), and Gunter Field, Alabama, before graduating and earning his 'wings' as a Second Lt., at Blytheville Airbase, AR, in August 1943.

Next came 12-weeks of training on B-24's, and Pilot in Command (PIC), at Smyrna, TN. In November of that same year, Bill was transferred to Salt Lake City, Utah, where he received advanced training on a B-24 Bomber. It was in Salt Lake City that Bill met his crew; three other officers and six sergeants. Since there was concern that lower graded military were not treated as well as officers and non-commissioned officers upon capture, no American flying crew on a warplane carried a rank under Sergeant. These nine men were his team through 51 credited missions.

Bill's team was assigned their aircraft at Mitchell Field New York, on April 1, 1944. They named their Bomber "Sleepy Time Gal." On April 7, 1944, "Sleepy Time Gal" was assigned to the 15th Army Air Corps, 456th Bomb Group, 744th Bomb Squadron, in Foggia Field, Stornara, Italy. Lt. Lunt's first combat mission occurred on April 12, 1944. It was an attack on enemy positions in Budapest, Hungary.

The group received a Presidential Unit Citation, initially named a Distinguished Unit Citation (DUC). In this case the mission was to bomb the Shell Oil Refinery, again in Budapest, Hungary. On July 2, 1944, the 456th Group pounded this previously untouched target. Three minutes after bomb release, and before the

Group could reform into a protective formation, they were attacked by no less than fifty Me-109's and, ten FW-190's, of the Lufwaffe gruppe. These were JG 302 fighters and the Hungarian Air Force 101 puma Group, in all, sixty enemy aircraft.

Of the 31 B-24 bombers involved in the attack on the refinery, Lt. Lunt's formation bore the brunt of the enemy counter offense, losing six bombers and a seventh damaged beyond repair. There had been nine bombers in the Formation. Thirty-six American airmen were killed, and 24 captured. That was largest single-day loss for Group 456 during the war. Bill and only one other bomber made it back to base without a loss of crew or craft. It was also a day in which those attacking American bombers destroyed twenty-six enemy aircraft, possibly eight more, and damaged nine others.

There was other near death missions for Lt. Lunt. One occurred when returning to base with one engine out, and running low on fuel. The #1 and #4 engines were OK, but in addition to having lost engine #3 to enemy fire, there was a mistake made in transferring fuel, resulting in engine #2 being just about out of fuel. That put more of a burden on the remaining two working engines. Approaching the small dirt runway, Sleepy Time Gal encountered another American B-24, approaching from the opposite direction. The tower fired a red flare, not knowing that Sleepy Time Gal was flying on fumes. The flash signaled Lt. Lunt to circle behind the other B-24. That cost time and precious fuel. Most of his crew had gone to the rear of the plane, in the hope of bailing out, only to realize they were too low for a chute to open. As they were completing the 180-degree turn, and closing in on the runway, on nothing but fumes, a B-17 taxiing into position just shy of the runway, sighted the distressed Sleepy Time Gal and heard the increasing noise of its engines under severe strain, and, thinking it was likely to crash into their plane, ran for their very lives. That Bill is here to tell the tale speaks of great piloting. No doubt Bill would humbly add, "He was just lucky."

Lt. Lunt had been promoted to First Lieutenant before he was transferred stateside, having completed 35 sorties (deployments) and 51 mission points. The difference between missions flown, and mission points earned, was a result of reviews, wherein his Group, the 456th Bomber Group, was deemed to have performed especially well under very difficult conditions, thereby earning a second mission point. Lt. Lunt was the third replacement pilot added to this Group, arriving two months after the 456th had started flying missions, but only the second pilot to complete his 50 missions target sheet. Amazingly, all of this was accomplished in a four-month period.

Lt. Lunt received numerous commendations, including The Distinguished Flying Cross, and the Air Medal with 4 Oak-leaf Cluster.

Bill was considered both an excellent pilot, and a lucky one. In 1990, Bill met his one-time radioman, Robert M. (Bob) Rogers. Bob had been hospitalized during their assignment together in the war, when he was a member of Bill's crew. When Bob recovered he was no longer assigned to Sleepy Time Gal. By this time, Lt. Lunt had flown his 50th mission on July 16, 1944, and he would be heading stateside. Unfortunately, Bob's second mission, not under the leadership of Lt. Lunt, with his new bomber crew, ended badly. Bob's B-24 was hit on July 17, 1944. He parachuted and was taken prisoner.

Upon greeting Bill 46-years later, Bob said, "I would fly with you anytime, anywhere." In 2015, when Bill related the incident to this author, he seemed to be quietly reflecting on his team-mate and friend, from their times together in both, 1944, and 1990, Bob Rogers.

Bill met an Army Air Corps 1st Lt., named Dorothy Marie Chadwick, at a bus stop heading off-base at Westover Field, Mass. They must have found something they liked about one another. On April 16, 2015, they celebrated their 70th anniversary. At age 94, family, friends, and this author, consider Lieutenant W.R. (Bill) Lunt, articulate, modest, and funny.

*Note, Lunt's "Avenue of Heroes" Banner is displayed on Third Street and E Avenue, the first on approach to Naval Air Station North Island (NASNI) in Coronado California, May 18, 2015.

Edward H. Martin

By Thomas Leary, May 2015

NAVY



VADM Edward MARTIN

POW Vietnam 1973

Some veterans are honored for conspicuous courage in the face of the enemy, and others for excellent performance in command of great fleets. Admiral Edward H. Martin is here recognized as a hero in both arenas.

Ed Martin continued to serve his country and the city of Coronado even in retirement. The special regard of his neighbors and friends was made visible after he died on December 22, 2014. The huge crowd of mourners at his funeral spilled out of Christ Church into the large courtyard, where the ceremony was broadcast over loudspeakers.

Sherry Martin, who had married Ed in that same Church 56 years before, was later asked to comment on the extraordinary qualities of her husband. She promptly mentioned his unfailing devotion to the United States Navy on active duty and in retirement. "His hobbies all involved the Navy, but he also never lost his great sense of humor."

Edward Martin grew up in Savannah, Georgia, and entered the Naval Academy in 1950, at the beginning of the Korean War. That conflict was over when he graduated in 1954, but the tense "Cold War" with Communist Russia and China continued throughout his 39 years of active service.

A brief biography cannot detail each of Ed's varied assignments. Sherry Martin has often said that they moved 35 times! (She can say it with a smile, because she also grew up in a military family and was used to it.)

In summary, Ed was trained as a pilot in Pensacola, Florida, and Kingsville, Texas, after he graduated from the Academy. From 1955 to 1962, his credentials as a pilot were firmly established when he was served successively in multi-engine and single-engine squadrons, and then served as an instructor both at North Island and Miramar.

During the next five years, Ed's varied assignments included service as a Flag Lieutenant for three Admirals, a cruise in the Mediterranean and graduation from the Naval War College in Newport. He was rapidly promoted.

By the May of 1967 he was a Commander, serving as Executive Officer of an Attack Squadron, VA-34, flying the single-seat A-4 "Skyhawk."

With a ground and air war raging in Vietnam, the men of VA-34 sailed from Norfolk, Va. on the carrier Intrepid. The ship crossed the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean Sea, then sailed through the Suez Canal on the way to the Tonkin Gulf off the coast of North Vietnam. After years of exposure to Cold War tensions, Commander Martin would fly in active combat.

The missions could be both dangerous and frustrating. The fliers were continuously exposed to attacks by ground-to-air missiles, but some prime targets were off-limits by restrictions imposed in Washington. Commander Martin did have one notable success on June 30, when he led an attack over the Haiphong Harbor that destroyed a large petroleum storage area. It was a mission for which he would later be awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross.

He would not get to wear the decoration for a long time, because just nine days later, his A-4 was hit by a missile in the area. He bailed out, was promptly captured on the ground, and imprisoned for almost six years.

It is not necessary to detail Ed Martin's experience as a POW. The world now knows about the brutal efforts of the Communist captors to extract "confessions" of war crimes from the prisoners, in order to fuel opposition to the war in the U.S. It is sufficient to say that he endured prolonged solitary confinement in barren cells, sleep deprivation, brutal beatings and broken bones. He later attributed his survival to "faith in God, his country and its government," and "the well organized and strong leadership in prison." (The senior POW was another Coronado resident, James Stockdale.) Ed Martin also emphasized the "strength, courage and faith" of his wife, Sherry.

After his release from prison in March, 1973, Ed Martin returned to duty and assumed ever increasing responsibilities until he retired in 1989. Sherry believes that he most enjoyed his 1978-79 tour as Captain of the carrier Saratoga, a part of the Sixth Fleet in the still-tense Mediterranean area.

A carrier's Captain has the ultimate responsibility for the welfare of a crew of 4500 on a floating airport and small city. He also serves as official host for visiting dignitaries when the ship is in various ports, an important diplomatic function in an area with so many NATO allies.

The Captain obviously has to delegate various tasks, but is always ultimately responsible if something goes wrong. He or she will fully experience what has been called "the loneliness of command" -- a burden underlined by the longstanding tradition that a Captain normally dines alone.

Ed Martin's performance must have been outstanding, because command of a carrier is often the last assignment in a successful career. He went on to wear the three stars of a Vice Admiral, with ever-increasing responsibilities that included command of the entire Sixth Fleet and service as Deputy Chief of Naval Operations for Air Warfare.

Shortly before he finally retired, Ed Martin was honored by President Reagan with two awards of the Distinguished Service Medal for his performance in "positions of great responsibility," and belated awards of the Silver Star and a Purple Heart for his bravery and wounds suffered as a prisoner of war.

During his retirement years with Sherry in their Coronado home, Ed Martin was conspicuous for his leading role was in just about every public service organization in town, including Rotary, the Roundtable, and the Midway museum across the Bay. The value of his contributions is best demonstrated by the crowds who flocked to his funeral.

Ed Martin is survived by his Sherry, his devoted and brave wife for 56 years, and two of their three children: Michelle, born in 1959, lives in California; and Peter, born in 1963, lives and works on the East Coast. The first son, Edward II, born in 1960, died before his father, and his name is among those inscribed in Christ Church's Memorial Garden.

Francis Patrick Mulcahy

By Gail Chatfield, May 2015

USMC



★ ★ ★ ★ ★
**LT GEN Francis
MULCAHY**

Okinawa 1944

Some might have called it a suicide mission that October day in 1918 on the frontlines in France, but not 24-year-old Capt. Francis Mulcahy, Flight Commander, Squadron A, First Marine Aviation Force. He was not a risk taker—that was evident from the risk assessment test he took to become an aviator--- and more importantly he had a fiancée waiting for him back home.

Capt. Mulcahy had already flown numerous bombing missions over enemy lines since he arrived in France five months earlier, but this sortie would be different. A besieged French regiment had been cut off from supplies and without food for two days. Orders came that Capt. Mulcahy, along with Capt. Robert S. Lytle and Lt. Frank Nelms, would resupply the troops by air. Loading their all-wooden two-seater DH-4 aero planes with canned goods and bread, the three pilots flew at an altitude of 100 feet to drop the cargo. Despite intense fire from German rifles, machine guns and artillery on the ground, Mulcahy, Lytle and Nelms made four resupply trips. The three pilots were awarded the Distinguished Service Medal. This would be the first of many heroic endeavors and medal recognitions for Mulcahy, a modest man who was known to say, "Everyone is a hero who can bring the plane back."

World War I ended and Mulcahy returned home to marry his sweetheart, Elinor Wolf. Sadly, his young bride and baby died in childbirth three years later. He was devastated and heartbroken. The only thing that seemed to keep his grief at bay was the structure and purpose of his beloved Marine Corps, and his love of flying.

Lt. Gen. Mulcahy was born on March 9, 1894 in Rochester, New York, and graduated the University of Notre Dame as an English major in 1914. With the drumbeat of war getting louder, Notre Dame established a program where anyone who graduated would receive a commission in the military. He tried the Army, but weighing only 135 pounds, he felt he didn't stand a chance wielding a heavy bayonet, so he made a special trip to New York City to talk with the Marines. He was impressed with what he heard and the Marines accepted him into their nascent aviation program. His flight training began in June 1917. Most surprising to him, he turned out to be a natural in the cockpit.

Building on the experiences learned during the First World War, Mulcahy became one of the Marine Corps pioneers of providing close air support to ground operations. He served with Marine aviation on many

expeditionary campaigns in Haiti, Santo Domingo, Nicaragua, Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands. It was in Haiti that he met Elizabeth Bertrand whom he married in 1934. A son, Thomas, was born while Mulcahy's career brought the family to the Naval War College in Newport, Rhode Island. A daughter, Patricia, was born while at Quantico.

In 1940, Mulcahy was stationed at North Island, beginning his family's decade-long love affair with Coronado. When the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor in December 1941, Mulcahy was in North Africa as an observer with the British Western Desert Air Force. In January, he was recalled to the U.S. to serve as Chief of Staff of the Second Marine Aircraft Wing and by August he was Commanding General of the Wing staging for deployment.

Before he left for the Pacific, he told Elizabeth to buy a house for them on Coronado but cautioned her to spend no more than \$8,000. Elizabeth found the perfect bungalow on J Avenue and bought it for \$12,000. Mulcahy didn't complain—it was small but a perfect home for their family.

While Commander of Allied Air Forces on Guadalcanal in late 1942, he sent home a photo standing in front of his tent. On the back he wrote that Elizabeth should notice he had designated his tent number as #13—her lucky number because that was the date they met.

On Guadalcanal, Brigadier General Mulcahy received his second Navy Distinguished Service Medal. His citation read in part:

"During this period of continuous battling for control of the sea lanes to Guadalcanal, Brigadier General Mulcahy planned and directed the operations of the air units with such superb professional ability and unrelenting determination as to frustrate the enemy efforts to transport desperately needed troops and supplies to the island. Although constantly subjected to severe hostile bombing attacks, the forces under his skillful and fearless command were responsible for tremendous destruction of enemy surface vessels, aircraft and shore installations. The brilliant initiative and sound tactical judgment displayed by Brigadier General Mulcahy throughout the entire campaign contributed immeasurably to the continued successful occupation of Guadalcanal by our forces and were in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service."

After his first tour of duty in the Pacific in early 1944, the Brigadier General returned to the U.S. briefly to serve as Commanding General, USMC Fleet Air, West Coast. In late 1944, he returned overseas as Commanding General of Aircraft, Fleet Marine Force, Pacific.

Preparing for the Okinawa campaign, now Major General Mulcahy was assigned as Commanding General, Tactical Air Force (TAF), 10th Army, and Commanding General, Second Marine Aircraft Wing. The Second Wing's tactical units were augmented by Army and Navy personnel and formed the core of TAF. Major General Mulcahy and his team deployed ashore early during the battle on Okinawa to the newly captured airfields at Yonton and Kadena. Working exhaustively, he coordinated the combat deployment of his joint-service aviators to neutralize the Japanese kamikaze attacks to the Navy fleet while also providing close support to the 10th Army's horrific prolonged inland campaign.

For his service before and throughout the Okinawa campaign, Major General Mulcahy was awarded the Army Distinguished Service Medal. "Through his superior military knowledge, foresight and unwavering devotion to duty, General Mulcahy made contributions in inestimable value to the prosecution of the war against the Japanese," the citation read.

In June 1945, Major General Mulcahy returned to San Diego and his family on Coronado. After hospitalization at the Naval Hospital, he was assigned to an inactive status later that year, awaiting retirement. He retired with the rank of Lieutenant General on April 1, 1946, after 29 years of service.

After retirement, Mulcahy attended Cal Western Law School in San Diego and was admitted to the California Bar in 1954. He headed the contracts department at Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation, or Convair, until his retirement in 1961. Lt. Gen. Mulcahy died December 11, 1973, and is buried in Arlington National Cemetery. His family still has the house on J Avenue in Coronado.

Joseph H. Pendleton

By Gail Chatfield, May 2015

USMC



MAJ GEN Joseph PENDLETON

Santo Domingo 1917

San Diego prominence as a military town can be traced to one determined career Marine Corps General: Major General Joseph H. Pendleton. Without his foresight, persuasive skills, and focused tenacity, San Diego would not be the Marine Corps hub it is today. Neither would Coronado.

According to those who knew him, Pendleton frequently pointed out that he and fellow Marine Charles H. Lyman could be considered discoverers of San Diego right alongside Juan Cabrillo, the original explorer of the harbor some three and a half centuries before. Pendleton's impact on the city was just as historical.

Joseph Pendleton was born in Rochester, Pennsylvania, on June 2, 1860, to a whaling-ship officer and his wife. Upon graduation from the United States Naval Academy in July 1882, he served two years as a Navy Cadet. He then transferred to the Marine Corps. He married Mary Helen Fay of Annapolis a month after graduation.

Shortly after promotion to First Lieutenant, young Pendleton took command of Marine Barracks in Sitka, Alaska where his son Edgar was born in 1892. A daughter Helen arrived three years later.

At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War in 1898, Pendleton took part in the bombardment of Santiago, Cuba, and is credited with firing the last shot in that engagement. During that battle, Pendleton suffered a detached retina in his right eye from the concussions of the big guns he commanded. In an odd footnote to history, five years later a board of officers unsuccessfully attempted to force him into early retirement because of his eyesight.

Promoted to Captain in 1899, Pendleton returned to Sitka, Alaska, for a four-year stint. While there he was adopted by the Tlingit Alaska native tribe and Mrs. Pendleton founded the first Daughters of the American Revolution post in the territory.

From 1904 to 1913, Pendleton commanded Marine expeditionary forces in the Philippines, Guam and Cuba. But it was his command of all Marine forces occupying Nicaragua in 1912 that would define the image of the toughness and preparedness of the Marine Corps

"leathernecks." Under Pendleton's command, Marines quickly crushed the revolution and restored peace to Nicaragua.

Two years later, following the Mexican seizure of an American shore party at Tampico, Mexico, relations between the United States and Mexico once again turned for the worse. Pendleton was ordered to organize and command the reactivated 4th Regiment expeditionary force. For three months, Pendleton and his regiment cruised off the West Coast of Mexico until they withdrew to Camp Howard, North Island, Coronado, in July 1914.

With its great weather, harbor, proximity to Mexico and the recently opened Panama Canal, Pendleton recognized San Diego's potential as a Marine Corps' Advance Base on the West Coast. Pendleton and his regiment took to improving facilities at Camp Howard by laying roads, digging latrines, stringing utility and telephone wires and pumping fresh water over the Spanish Bight causeway.

Pendleton also recognized that Coronado was a beautiful place for his family to call home and bought a house near the harbor.

At that time, however, the Department of the Navy had no intention of establishing a permanent Marine barracks in the city. The question of the initial expense was a serious one but the weather, harbor, and location were strong factors in its favor. Until his retirement 10 years later, Pendleton would continue to promote a major Marine Corps Installation in San Diego.

Pendleton's 4th Regiment had made a favorable impression on the community and became known as "San Diego's Own" while his organizational skills and civic-mindedness had made him well-loved by San Diego leaders.

But it was the 1915 Panama-California Exposition in Balboa Park that provided him a great opportunity to show off his Marines to visiting politicians and high-ranking dignitaries. Marching his Marines across the Cabrillo Bridge to Balboa Park during the Exposition no doubt helped win government support of a large Marine Corps base at San Diego. After the Exposition, Marine Barracks were temporarily set up in Balboa Park using some of the buildings specially erected for the event.

With unrest in the Dominican Republic in 1916, Pendleton and his 4th Regiment left San Diego where he took command of all American Naval forces ashore in Santa Domingo. As he prepared to move inland, he issued his widely known order to all officers of the U.S. Forces Operating Ashore on their proper conduct as members of an occupying force. He stressed that they were not invaders but were in the country to restore peace and order, protect life and property and support the constituted government.

During this campaign, Pendleton received the Navy Cross and the Distinguished Service Medal. He was designated military governor of Santo Domingo for the next two years, showing great skill as a military diplomat. He emphasized respectful working relationships with local officials and put his Spanish speaking skills to good use.

Brigadier General Pendleton returned to the U.S. in 1918 and commanded the Marine Barracks at Parris Island, South Carolina, finally returning to San Diego to join the Second Advanced Base Force as its Commanding General.

The Marine Barracks were still located in Balboa Park and frustratingly the Marines were not placed under Pendleton's command until the end of 1921 when they moved into the new base established in Dutch Flats, the area now known as Marine Corps Recruit Depot San Diego.

"Uncle Joe" as he was affectionately known remained in San Diego upon retirement in 1924 as Major General. He continued his support of veterans' fraternal organizations and was Commander of the Coronado Camp of the United Spanish War Veterans. He was also Commander of San Diego Post Six of the American Legion, and joined the Sons of the American Revolution while there. After retirement he served on the

Coronado School Board for 14 years. He also spent several years on the City Council, and was mayor of Coronado from 1928 to 1930.

Pendleton died on February 4, 1942 at his home in Coronado at the age of 81. Within two months of his death, the Marine Corps began construction of a large base on the former Rancho Santa Margarita y Las Flores, former land grant of Pio Pico north of Oceanside, as was Coronado. When it came time to name the base, the obvious choice was Pendleton who had long advocated for a major Marine Corps installation on the West Coast.

On September 25, 1942, President Franklin D. Roosevelt arrived at the Camp for the official dedication of Camp Joseph H. Pendleton. Mary Pendleton, his wife, took an active interest in the base. She died in Coronado on June 26, 1952, at the age of 88.

James G. Prout III

By Toni McGowan, May 2015

NAVY



★ ★ ★ ★ ★
**Rear Admiral
JAY PROUT**

**Battle Group
Commander 1995**

On May 17, 1995, two F/A-18 Hornet supersonic combat jets left Miramar Naval Air Station for St. Louis, MO, to meet with McDonnell Douglas, the plane manufacturer. Seated in a back seat of one of those jets, was the Rear Admiral (RADM) James G. Prout III, USN. The admiral was on duty combining official business with required training.

In remote New Mexico the two planes flew at low altitude expecting to scale up the mountains to level off at 12,000 feet. One of the planes, piloted by Commander (CDR) Joseph G. Kleefisch, USN, disappeared from radar with no communication. It was RADM Prout's plane. Tragically, the pilot experienced vertigo and had not reset the altimeter. Since the instrument remained at a low altitude setting, the alarm did not sound. It all happened in an instant.

To complicate the tragedy, bad weather delayed search and rescue efforts for 24-hours. The wreckage was located in the remote mountains north of Taos. Rear Admiral Prout was the first Navy flag officer to lose his life in the line of duty since 1972. (A flag officer is highly ranked and entitled to fly a flag to mark the position of their command). The admiral was the commander of Cruiser Destroyer Group 3 with USS Carl Vinson, at the time of his ultimate sacrifice.

A New Englander, the Admiral had a fine education, graduating from high school in 1962 from the prestigious Phillips Exeter Academy in New Hampshire, and then the US Naval Academy in Annapolis, Maryland; distinguished as the First Flag Officer from the Class of '66. He later earned a Master's degree in International Relations from the Harvard University, Kennedy School of Government.

The Viet Nam Conflict was in full fury when Prout began his military career in 1967. He served in Viet Nam alongside Navy SEALs. While engaged in "Operation Game-warden" on the Nha Tran River, he was wounded by rocket propelled grenade (RPG) shrapnel, receiving the Purple Heart and Bronze Star with "V" for Valor.

In the book, "Never Fight Fair: Inside the Legendary SEALs, Their Own True Stories," it was surmised by one author that Prout would "be an admiral one day." He

wrote of Prout's injuries. "He was the boat officer, in charge of the boat support unit. He was hit in the throat. Just barely missed his trachea and the big arteries there. Of course the boat had a couple of dozen

holes blown into it. We limped to a South Vietnamese outpost." He carried pieces of that shrapnel in his body for the rest of his life, along with the memories of his fallen comrades, of whom he often spoke.

Once recovered, he went to Destroyer School in Newport, then to USS Steinaker as chief engineer, as well as USS La Moure County, before his Minesweeper service. Prout was re-deployed to Command USS Fearless as a Lieutenant. The Navy assigned him as part of an experiment, sending their best and brightest to what would usually be a CDR command.

These young leaders became known as the "Kiddie Fleet." Prout also served as Executive Officer of USS Oldendorf; Commanding Officer of USS O'Brien; Chief of Staff to the Commander-in-Chief, US Pacific Fleet; and Commander of the Cruiser Destroyer Groups 7. He also served three tours of duty in the Pentagon, the last as the Military Assistant to the Deputy Secretary of Defense. From 1989 to 1991, he was Commanding Officer of the 32nd Street Naval Station, San Diego, followed by Command of DESRON 7.

He advanced to Rear Admiral in 1993 and served as the Deputy Chief of Staff Resources and Logistics for the Commander of the Pacific Fleet in Hawaii. According to his son, Prout's final command of Cruiser Destroyer Group 3 Carl Vinson Battle Group "was his dream job." Admiral Prout had been selected for his second star but did not live to receive it. President Clinton posthumously awarded the Admiral his second star, which was presented to his widow at his funeral.

Admiral Prout was heavily decorated and received many awards during his 29-year career. Among those were the Purple Heart, Bronze Star with V, several Meritorious Service citations and the Distinguished Service Citation.

Admiral Prout was also a family man. In Coronado, he was known for his "Jack Kennedy" accent. He met his wife, Kathy, while she was attending college at Salve Regina University, in her hometown of Newport, Rhode Island. Jay, as she calls him, was a naval officer attending Surface Warfare School. They married in 1971. Kathy earned a double major in sociology and special education.

Jay and Kathy, have three children, son Brendan, married to Susie, with two children, named James and Annika. Their daughter, Heather, married Chris Patino, and they have one child, Cynn timer and a baby boy Rockwell, born during this writing. Heather and Greg are Coronado High School graduates.

Both Kathy and Jay enjoy service to others. Kathy continues to live in Coronado, where she works in support of military surviving spouses as a volunteer advocate, spending much time walking the Halls of Congress. She served on the Board of Directors of the Coronado Schools Foundation, and in many capacities with the Military Officer's Association of America (MOAA). She is the current chair of the Surviving Spouses Advisory Committee, the representative for the California Council and Coronado (Silver Strand) Chapter of MOAA, as well as Gold Star Wives of America, Inc. on the government relations committee. Kathy is a peer mentor for the military support initiative Tragedy Assistance Program for Survivors (TAPS).

She works tirelessly to persuade Congress to remedy injustices in survivor benefits for active duty and service caused military deaths. One particular fight is regarding an offset of Veteran's Administration payments to the Survivor Benefit Plan from the Department of Defense (DOD). This offset forces most widows/widowers of the fallen to live close to the national poverty level. This would not be the case if they received both benefits.

Even in his passing, the Admiral still serves his community. Started by friends in his honor, the Rear Admiral Jay Prout Memorial Golf Tournament has continued for 20-years, awarding eligible San Diego youth \$5000 for college. In 2004, that scholarship was awarded to his own son, James Prout IV, who was only a third grader at Coronado Village Elementary School when he lost his father.

In 1996, the Rear Admiral James G. Prout III USN Field House was dedicated at Naval Station San Diego. (There is a Facebook devoted to the Admiral Prout Field House - Gym and Track in National City, complete with pool, basketball court, and outdoor track.) The San Diego Surface Navy Association (SNA) commissioned one of the stained glass windows in the chapel at the Coronado Naval Amphibious Base (NAB) in his honor. His Commodore in Vietnam, Captain Frank Kaine, USN RET, now deceased, also from Coronado, has a building named in his honor at NAB as well.

A classmate from Jay's youth at Phillips Exeter Academy endowed a "full scholarship" at the prestigious school in Prout's name. The criteria are first to be from Massachusetts, and then it is open to any Navy or military dependent, and then to a deserving applicant.

On a personal note, in a tribute to his father, his son Brendan wrote, although he "didn't operate long with the SEALs ... he never gave up the physical exercise regimen and personal discipline of being a "teams" guy. The night before he was killed, he ran five miles, and worked out as well. At 51 the man was still a rock, still tougher than nails, and able to humble anyone who stood up to him. He always inspired me to do my best by his example and he was by far my biggest supporter and encourager; he wasn't perfect, but he was a helluva dad, a passionate leader, and the most impressive naval officer I've yet to meet, future career of certain current SEALs, notwithstanding. He loved the Navy, loved his country, loved his family, and loved to serve. It's due to his example that I'm planning to commission in the United States Navy upon commencement from my Master's degree program. He taught me the meaning of self-discipline, service, responsibility, honor, duty, and integrity – and he taught me how to be a dad to my own children, who will unfortunately never have the chance to know their granddad like I knew him...."

To those who knew him, the Admiral was extremely caring, putting the Navy and his sailors before himself. His wonderful sense of humor, loud laugh and huge smile, are remembered fondly by family and many friends.

The final resting place of Admiral James G. Prout III is at Ft. Rosecrans National Cemetery, overlooking his Coronado, and Kathy. It is certain that he watches ships sail in and out of the bay, wishing them, as his son hailed to him, "Hoo-yah, Slainte to you and all who serve on sea, air, and land." Fair Winds and Following Seas!

Sources:

Conversations with Mrs. Prout

Newspaper articles

Online memorial pages

James D. "Jig Dog" Ramage

By John Lepore, May 2015

NAVY



RADM James RAMAGE

Battle of Philippine Sea 1944

James David Ramage was born in Waterloo, Iowa, on July 19, 1916. His father was a machinist by trade but worked as a farmer, banker, and salesman, during the Great Depression. James Ramage was educated in Waterloo, graduating from East Waterloo High. In 1934, he entered what is now called the University of Northern Iowa. Later, he was nominated and appointed to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland.

At the Academy, he acquired the nickname "Jig Dog" from the phonetic alphabet of his initials. He graduated and was commissioned an Ensign on June 1, 1939, and was posted to the aircraft carrier USS Enterprise, based in Hawaii. There, he met and married Emeleen Tyler in September 1941, before leaving for flight training at Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida.

The United States entered WW II while Ramage was in training at Pensacola learning to fly several aircraft. On graduation in May, 1942, he was assigned to a scouting squadron and promoted to lieutenant (junior grade). Later the same year, Ramage was promoted to lieutenant and returned to Hawaii on USS Enterprise. While in Hawaii, his air group qualified for night operations, preparing him for his first combat in the Battle of Kwajalein and Truk, in early 1944.

Kwajalein Atoll is located in the Marshall Islands. Truk held a heavily fortified base serving as the forward anchorage for the Japanese Imperial Fleet. It is now known as one of the largest ship graveyards.

Ramage became commander of a bomb diving squadron in March of the same year. On the evening of June 20, 1944, during the Battle of the Philippine Sea (liberation of the Philippines campaign by General MacArthur), Ramage led 12 Hellcats and 5 Avenger torpedo bombers from USS Enterprise against the Japanese fleet. He later recalled: "Our strike group was picked up by Japanese air control just as we located their fleet. Despite black anti-aircraft fire-puffs surrounding us, I took our squadron to the closest carrier. As I rolled in, I concentrated my fire directly into the ship's forward elevator, then, dropped my bombs directly on the carrier. I found out later, our squadron sank the Japanese carrier Hiyo, and the Ryuho was disabled, never to see combat again."

For his part in this Battle of the Philippine Sea, Ramage was awarded the Navy's second highest honor, the Navy Cross. His citation read in part: "...for extraordinary heroism in operations against the enemy while

serving as Flight Leader in Bombing Squadron Ten, attached to the USS Enterprise from June 12 to 20, 1944. An aggressive combat pilot, Lieutenant Commander Ramage led his squadron with consistent skill and daring on numerous bombing missions, striking defended military objectives and inflicting great damage upon the enemy. By his expert airmanship and exceptional courageous initiative, Lieutenant Commander contributed to the success of our operations in this strategic area, and his great personal valor in the face of grave peril was in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service."

After the war, Ramage attended the first post war class at the Naval War College where he wrote a thesis on nuclear weapons and carrier aviation. This, as well as his studies at the National War College led to Ramage becoming a major factor in eventually putting nuclear-capable aircraft aboard aircraft carriers. Ramage later served in the Pentagon as the Navy built up its nuclear strike capability. He retired from the Navy in 1975.

In retirement, RADM Ramage was a major force in support of Naval Aviation through his active participation in the Golden Eagles, the Tailhook Association, and the Naval Aviation Museum Foundation in Pensacola, Florida. In recognition of his strong support for many years of the Tailhook Association, a group devoted to ensuring the appropriate role of the aircraft carrier and carrier aviation in the nation's defense system, it established the annual "Jig Dog Ramage Award" to the airwing-aircraft carrier team with the best performance in Carrier operations.

Admiral Ramage took his civic duties very seriously as well. He led a campaign to rename a civic center in his hometown of Waterloo, Iowa to "THE FIVE SULLIVAN BROTHERS". These brothers were all lost at sea when the USS Juneau was sunk in WW II, leading to restrictions regarding family members being assigned together.

Ramage spent most of his retirement in Coronado, California. Here, he busied himself in several community projects and organizations, such as driving handicapped people to their doctors, and volunteering his services to the Red Cross. Almost daily, he would meet with friends at a coffee house in Coronado on San Diego Bay to solve difficult crossword puzzles. One undertaking was a major fundraising for the Air Museum at Balboa Park. In gratitude, the Park found an aircraft that Ramage flew in WW II, and hung it in the museum with his name printed under the canopy of the fighter plane.

Some of the many awards Admiral Ramage received were: the Navy Cross, Distinguished Service Medal, Legion of Merit (four), Distinguished Flying Cross (two), Air Medals (seven), Joint Service Commendation Medal, Presidential Unit Citation, Vietnam Gallantry Cross, Vietnam Service Medal, WW II Victory Medal, United Nations Service Medal, China Service Medal, Asiatic-Pacific Campaign Medal, Korean Presidential Unit Citation, and Philippine Liberation Ribbon.

This naval warrior, RADM James D. Ramage was a dynamic and charismatic leader who left us a legacy of commitment and devotion to duty we should all admire, and try to imitate.

James D. Ramage is survived by his two daughters, Jaleen Edwards and Jamie Franzman, along with stepdaughter Karen Cordes, four grandchildren and four great grandchildren.

By Shoshana Jones, May 2015

ARMY



Sergeant
THOMAS RICE

Normandy
1944

In the early hours of D-Day, June 6, 1944, 22-year-old Staff Sergeant Thomas Rice jumped into Normandy as part of Operation Overlord, the largest and most complex military campaign ever undertaken. Rice remembered the hours before parachuting into France:

On the night of June 5, 1944, as we boarded the planes that would take us into battle, I'm not sure we realized the full extent of the dangers and difficulties we faced, or if we thought about the hundreds of thousands of other men who faced similar or even worse ordeals, but if we had known all this, it would have made no difference to us. We were ready and almost eager to go into action and get the whole bloody thing over with.

Shortly after midnight, in dreadful weather, Rice and thousands of other "Screaming Eagles" of the 101st Airborne division parachuted into the night sky and down upon the Germans. As his plane took heavy anti-aircraft fire, the pilot maneuvered to evade fire and, flying too fast and low for jumping, and caused Rice to get hung up in the plane's doorway. Rice ultimately landed near Utah Beach – close to heavily armed Germans and miles from his intended drop zone. He joined about 50 other Americans, and they battled in Normandy for over a month, sheltering in foxholes, living on scant supplies, and capturing hundreds of German soldiers.

Coronado native Thomas M. Rice was born on August 15, 1921, to a naval aviation family, Marcus and Katherine Rice. The 600 square-foot home his father built on H Avenue still stands. During Rice's youth, his father was killed during a military air crash in the Panama Canal Zone in 1934. Rice graduated from Coronado High School in 1940 and was attending San Diego State when he enlisted in the U.S. Army at Fort Rosecrans, California on November 17, 1942. He entered basic training at Camp Toccoa, Georgia, and completed paratrooper jump school at Fort Benning, Georgia, in 1943. After training for a total of eighteen months, he became a member of the newly formed 501st Infantry Regiment, 101st Airborne Division. While serving with the 101st Airborne Division, Rice led a squad of twelve soldiers and acted as platoon sergeant for six months.

During the Normandy campaign, a pivotal event in the liberation of Europe, Rice was wounded by shrapnel and by a sniper's bullet that struck his left knee. He credits the success in Normandy to a "complex blend of physical and mental combat teamwork." Rice also made a combat jump into Holland during Operation

Market Garden (September 1944) and the Battle of the Bulge (December 1944 to January 1945). He was severely wounded at Bastogne during the Battle of the Bulge when a bullet blasted his left leg above the knee and other bullets tore a four-inch piece from the radial just below his right elbow. His final World War II combat experience occurred in Birtchengarten, Austria.

Rice's military honors include a Bronze Star with cluster, Purple Heart with two Oak Leaf Clusters, Presidential Unit Citation with Oak Leaf Clusters, Combat Infantry Badge and Parachutist Badge, EAME Campaign Medal with 5 battle stars, French Fourragères, Belgian Lanyard, and Good Conduct Medal. In April 2015, the French government honored Rice and thirteen other veterans by appointing them Legion of Honor Chevaliers (knights) for their heroic service in liberating France during World War II. The award is the highest honor France bestows on its citizens and foreign nationals.

Rice's citation for the Bronze Star Metal reads in part:

He displayed his ability and courage in the Normandy campaign on 6 June 1944, the airborne assault on Holland on 17 September 1944 and during the defense of the key city of Bastogne, Belgium from 19 December 1944 to 27 December 1944. Through the three campaigns, Sergeant Rice demonstrated his devotion to duty and outstanding service to his regiment. His actions were in accordance with the highest standards of the military service.

After Rice's honorable discharge at Fort MacArthur, California on December 21, 1945, he returned to his studies at San Diego State. He taught social studies and history in the San Diego area for nearly 44 years. Rice is married with five children. His memoirs *Trial by Combat: A Paratrooper of the 101st Airborne Division Remembers the 1944 Battle of Normandy* (Author House 2004) recounts his preparation, training for and participation in Operation Overlord.

In June 2014, at age 92, Rice made his third parachute jump in three years on the anniversary of D-Day to honor fallen soldiers. In December 2014, he traveled to Belgium with other surviving members of the 501st Parachute Infantry Regiment to mark the anniversary of the Battle of the Bulge. He stated that coming back provides closure: "The scars are there, the wounds are healed, but we're closing it."

Theodore H. Runyon

By Thomas Leary, May 2015

ARMY



**Colonel
TED RUNYON**

**WWII POW
1945**

Throughout his life, Theodore H. ("Ted") Runyon lived by the values which shape our heroes: love of country, pride in her service, and a zest for adventure. He inherited them from his father, Theodore W. Runyon, who had enlisted in the Navy as a young man, earned a commission from the ranks, sailed around the world with the "White Fleet" in 1907-1909, and served in WWII before he retired as a Lieutenant Commander. The elder Runyon and his wife Martha, like most Navy couples, raised their five children in many cities around the U.S. and abroad.

The younger Ted Runyon, whom we now honor, was born in Newark, New Jersey in 1919. He chose to follow in his father's footsteps, and enlisted in the Navy promptly after his 1939 graduation from the Brown (now "Army Navy") Academy in Carlsbad. He wanted to fly, and took advantage of an opportunity to train as a pilot in the Army Air Corps. By 1941, he was a commissioned officer and qualified to fly what were then called "pursuit" aircraft – the equivalent of a "fighter pilot" today.

The U.S. went to war with Germany, Italy and Japan in December, 1941. In July, 1942, Ted was an Air Corps Captain, in charge of a P-38 unit that operated from various bases in Libya. The P-38 was the famous Lockheed "Lightning" with unique twin fuselages and engines. It was called "The Forked Tail Devil" by the German enemy.

By mid-January of 1943, Ted had flown over 50 missions from a base in Tripoli, with three credited victories in combat with pilots of German Messerschmitts. (Two other victories that he reported had not been witnessed by another pilot, so he was not officially credited with the five needed for recognition as an Air Force "Ace.")

On January 14, 1943, Ted Runyon was shot down by German ground fire while on a low level strafing mission. He bailed out from an altitude of 700-800 feet, and landed with serious fractures and open shrapnel wounds in one leg. He was first confined in an Italian Field Hospital, and later moved several times to various camps in North Africa and Italy, as the Allied forces swept the enemy from Africa and battled their way North on the Italian mainland. When Italy surrendered

in September 1943, Ted became a prisoner of the Germans.

He was a prisoner of war for 26 months and 6 days, in continual pain from his still-damaged leg and shrunk to 130 pounds from a once-sturdy 180. In March of 1945, he was rescued by forces under the command of General Patton. The German guards had all left the camp on the day before, and Ted retained joyful memories of the General's entry through the high gates of the camp, armed with his ever-present pistols.

When Ted, then a Major, returned to the United States early in 1945. He was sent to San Antonio, Texas, for further medical treatment and the reorientation needed before prisoners of war could return to active duty. It was there that he met Carol Kyle, a First Lieutenant in the Army Nurse Corps. Ted and Carol were married in 1946, and she still lives today in the Coronado house on Glorietta Blvd. that they had built in that year. Ted and Carol raised their four children in the house and in the various bases around the world where Ted was stationed.

The remaining years of Ted's service were not marked by the same personal drama, conflict and pain, for which he was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and a Purple Heart, among other campaign decorations. He did not see combat in either the Korean or the Vietnam conflicts. However, in retrospect, his later contributions may have been the most significant, because he was actively engaged in the effort to ensure that the so-called "Cold War" with the Soviet Union did not explode into a conflict that could kill a substantial portion of the world population overnight.

The nuclear stalemate depended on the presence of what was then known as "mutually assured destruction," and that balance depended on the development of ever-improved rockets and missiles. Ted's postwar education had made him an expert in that field. After completion of his rehabilitation in Fort Worth, the Air Force had sent him to college in Berkeley, California, and he graduated in 1949 with a degree in "Aeronautical Engineering."

The full details of his later assignments are likely to be still classified, but the sequence is suggestive:

-- He was involved, as a Lieutenant Colonel, in early missile programs at the Elgin Air Force base in Florida, from 1950 – 53, and at bases in France and Germany from 1953-58

-- He served as a full Colonel from 1958-63 in the Pentagon, under the Air Force Chief of Staff. He was present there at the time of the Cuban Missile crisis.

-- Perhaps most significant, was his command of a Titan II Intercontinental Ballistic Missile squadron at the Davis Monthan Base near Tucson, Arizona, from 1963-1966.

After a tour in Europe coordinating the sale of military equipment to allied countries in NATO and command of the Wright Patterson Air Force base in Ohio, Ted retired in 1970. He and his family returned to their home in Coronado.

In retirement, Ted enjoyed a second career as a Real Estate broker for over 30 years, taught at Southwestern Junior College, and was an active member of Coronado's Men's Golf Club, Rotary, and Yacht Club. He was particularly proud of the fact that he, an Air Force veteran, was also President of the Retired Office Association in what was considered a Navy town.

Ted, otherwise best known as "The Col.," died in 2005 at the age of 85. Survivors who still live in Coronado include Carol, his wife for 59 years, their daughter Susan Seaton, and sons Ted II and Dan (with his wife Susie). Another son Bill (with wife Bev) lives in Carlsbad.

*Note, Runyon's "Avenue of Heroes" Banner is displayed on Third Street and H Avenue, standing watch on approach to Naval Air Station North Island, (NASNI), in Coronado California, May 18, 2015.

Raymond Spruance

By Bruce Linder, May 2015

NAVY



★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Admiral Raymond SPRUANCE

Battle of Midway 1942

During World War II, Admiral Raymond Spruance (July 3, 1886 – December 13, 1969) commanded US naval forces during two of the most significant naval battles that took place in the Pacific theater, the Battle of Midway and the Battle of the Philippine Sea. The Battle of Midway was the first major victory for the United States over Japan and is seen by many as the turning point of the Pacific campaign of the war. The Navy's official historian said of the Battle of Midway "...Spruance's performance was superb...(he) emerged from this battle one of the greatest admirals in American naval history."

A 1906 graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy, Spruance's naval experience was primarily in destroyers and battleships. In the early 1920s, he commanded destroyers Osborne (DD-295) and Aaron Ward (DD-132) that were based in San Diego, and occasionally tied up at the piers in Coronado. Spruance and his wife lived in Coronado during this time.

Aboard ship, Spruance ran a quiet bridge, without chitchat; he demanded that orders be given concisely and clearly. In one incident a distraught officer rushed to report, "Captain, we've just dropped a depth charge over the stern!" "Well, pick it up and put it back," was Spruance's measured response.

In the first months of World War II in the Pacific, Spruance commanded four heavy cruisers and support ships of Cruiser Division Five from his flagship, Northampton. He then replaced Admiral Bull Halsey as commander of American forces sailing for Midway when Halsey was unexpectedly hospitalized. The Battle of Midway ranks as one of the most famous fleet engagements in all of maritime history. The forces under Spruance sank all four Japanese carriers they opposed during the battle while losing one of its own, Yorktown. For his actions at the Battle of Midway, Rear Admiral Spruance was awarded the Navy Distinguished Service Medal and was cited: "For exceptionally meritorious service... as Task Force Commander, United States Pacific Fleet. During the Midway engagement which resulted in the defeat of and heavy losses to the enemy fleet, his seamanship, endurance, and tenacity in handling his task force were of the highest quality."

For the rest of World War II, Spruance commanded the Fifth Fleet in actions in the Marshall Islands, Marianas, Truk, Iwo Jima, and Okinawa. While screening the American invasion of Saipan in June 1944, Spruance defeated the Japanese fleet in the Battle of the

Philippine Sea. Spruance received the Navy Cross for his actions at Iwo Jima and Okinawa.

Spruance succeeded Fleet Admiral Chester Nimitz as Commander in Chief, US Pacific Fleet and Pacific Ocean Areas in November 1945.

After the war, Spruance was appointed President of the Naval War College. He was appointed as Ambassador to the Philippines by President Harry Truman, and served there from 1952 to 1955.

Raymond Spruance died in Pebble Beach, California, on December 13, 1969. He was buried with full military honors alongside his wife, Margaret Dean, Fleet Admiral Chester Nimitz, his longtime friend Admiral Richmond K. Turner, and Admiral Charles A. Lockwood, an arrangement made by all of them while living. Two naval destroyers have been named Spruance.

Awards: Navy Cross, Distinguished Service Medal with two gold stars, Navy Commendation Medal, Presidential Unit Citation, Order of the Bath (United Kingdom).

James Stockdale

NAVY



VADM James STOCKDALE

Medal of Honor 1976

Vice Admiral (VADM) James Bond Stockdale was one of the most highly decorated officers in the history of the United States Navy. He was one of only 15 Medal of Honor recipients for the entire Vietnam War, and the only VADM to wear both aviator wings and the Medal of Honor. Stockdale was the highest ranking Prisoner of War (POW) in Vietnam.

His family hailed from Mt. Pleasant, the "Athens of Iowa," a leader in women's rights and education. James was born in Abingdon, Illinois on December 23, 1923, the only child of Mabel Edith (née Bond), a master's level school teacher, and Vernon Beard Stockdale, a company executive. Vernon enlisted in the Navy after his boss Jim promised to hold his job; James was named after him.

Mabel's influence meant education had a high priority, and Vernon hoped Jim would attend Annapolis. He was so careful about ensuring admission that he gave Jim carrot juice because the eye exams were "very stiff."

Jim Stockdale spent many days of his childhood listening to Vernon's Navy stories. In grammar school and high school, he excelled in academics, music and athletics. After a year at Monmouth College, close to home at his mother's request, he was appointed to the US Naval Academy, Class of 1947.

Just before graduation, Jim met smart and sassy Sybil Bailey on an Easter weekend blind date. Soon after, Jim asked her if she wanted to look at "miniatures." A tradition for Academy Graduates was to give miniatures of class rings for engagement. Jim and Syb' married June 28, 1947.

She would later be recognized for her own heroic efforts to make the public aware of the sufferings of POWs in Vietnam and their families at home.

Ensign James Stockdale received his diploma with a handshake from Admiral Nimitz, while Vernon beamed as the photographer he hired took pictures of his only child. Also in his graduating class were future United States President Jimmy Carter, and Commander Everett Alvarez, the first American shot down and captured in Vietnam. Alvarez recalled, "In hindsight, it was as if Stockdale was meant to be there...as if God had a plan for him." Jim's Naval Academy yearbook, the 'Lucky Bag,' included a herald for each graduate. Jim's said "it

would be a lucky man who found himself deployed with Stock." That prophesy proved true.

The newlyweds moved to the then southernmost house (literally) in America, on Key West, Florida, where Sybil credited her reading of *The Navy Wife* with preparing her for naval life. Their four boys, James Jr., Sidney, Stanford, and Taylor, came along in the many duty stations where the family resided.

Jim's early appointments were as an officer aboard minesweepers and destroyers before he was trained as a Navy fighter pilot in Pensacola, Florida, in 1954. Jim was selected for Test Pilot School with 17 others, including John Glenn, the first man to orbit the earth.

In between assignments flying the F8 Crusader, Jim earned a master's degree at Stanford University in 1962. Sybil earned hers there as well. He later credited those stoic philosophy studies with giving him "inner strength" to survive torture and imprisonment.

Stock then returned to sea. He flew almost every aircraft in the Navy's inventory, accumulating over a thousand hours in the top fighter, the F-8U Crusader. By the mid-1960s, he was commanding a fighter squadron aboard USS Oriskany in the Tonkin Gulf when the controversial "attack" on the Destroyer Maddox plunged the US into war. This action on the part of the US was a challenge Stockdale describes in he and Sybil's book, "In Love and War."

On September 9, 1965, Commander James Stockdale was shot down after he "launched his A-4E Skyhawk off the flight deck of USS Oriskany...approaching his target, his plane riddled with anti-aircraft fire that set his engine aflame within seconds. With no way to maneuver, Stockdale had no choice but to punch out from the aircraft, and he watched as his plane slammed into a rice paddy and exploded in a ball of fire." Jim's father Vernon died earlier that year.

Stockdale would endure extensive solitary confinement and periodic torture for nearly 8-years at the infamous Hoa Lo Prison, or "Hanoi Hilton" and other prisons in Hanoi. Jim was among those who spent two years in solitary confinement for their resistance. The "Alcatraz 11" were held in a separate facility where they were shackled every night in 3x9 foot cells with bright lights 24/7. It was there that he earned the reputation as an exemplary leader by many POWs, including another 2015 banner recipient on the Avenue of Heroes, Vice Admiral Ed Martin.

Sybil and their sons lived in Coronado during his imprisonment in the home they purchased just one year before.

Stockdale took his role as highest ranking prisoner seriously. He organized resistance among fellow prisoners, established a code of conduct, and developed a secret communication system to talk with other POWs. He passed information to Navy Intelligence through coded letters to Sybil, confirming that there was torture.

While he fought his battle in the French Colonial dungeon of Vietnam's communist prisoner of war camp, Sybil fought the battle on American soil for POW recognition. She, like other wives obeyed the "keep quiet" policy until one televised prisoner blinked torture in Morse code. In response, Sybil and members of her POW/MIA support-group formed the National League of Families of American Prisoners Missing in Southeast Asia. She became a powerful spokesperson. Before long she met key leaders in Washington DC and organized the National League of Families, for better treatment of POW families.

While her efforts made headlines at home, Commander Stockdale's conduct would earn him the nation's highest award, the Medal of Honor. He shared that story in an interview shortly before his death.

"One day, sometime in 1969, the camp Commander said to me: "You will meet some of your countrymen tomorrow. I knew that he intended to show me off to another 'peace delegation' as a humbled 'war criminal,' and I wanted no part of it. I used a large piece of wood as a club to beat my face, then smashed the glass in a small window and used sharp shards to cut open the mess. The injuries were horrible, but

similar to others our captors had repeatedly inflicted on us. Obviously, I was not shown off. In an odd way, however, our captors were somehow impressed by my gesture. For the final years of captivity, we were not treated quite as brutally. I understand that this episode and its aftermath, was one reason I earned the Medal of Honor."

That year was pivotal.

Sybil's work brought pressure on Hanoi. The Viet Kong wanted a positive image to encourage the wave of US anti-war activism and celebrity endorsements. Then, Ho Chi Minh, who lived less than a mile from the prison, died. Treatment of POWs improved.

Just over four years later, on February 12, 1973 the North Vietnamese released nearly 600 POWs. Jim rejoined Sybil, and his nearly grown children in Coronado. He continued in the military as president of Rhode Island's Naval War College until retiring in 1979.

In civilian life Stockdale was president of the Citadel Military Academy and a senior research fellow at Stanford University's Hoover Institution, a prominent think tank. He became Ross Perot's running mate in their 1992 third-party run for the Presidency. Perot had worked alongside Sybil for Operation Homecoming that resulted in POW release.

VADM Stockdale continues to be an inspiration through the places, projects, and scholarships that bear his name - in Coronado and across the country. The roadway into Naval Air Station North Island (NASNI) is named for him, as is the VADM James B. Stockdale Building. The University of San Diego's hosts the annual James Bond Stockdale Leadership and Ethics Symposium. VADM Stockdale was inducted into the Navy's Carrier Hall of Fame, and on April 18, 2009, USS Stockdale (DD106) was commissioned in his honor. There is a plaque in front of the Coronado Public Library dedicated to both Jim and Sybil.

The Stockdale family spent many happy years fully engaged in all aspects of the community of Coronado. As members of the Hotel Del Beach and Tennis Club, Jim and Sybil could often be seen swimming at the pool and walking up and down their beloved A Avenue. Their sons attended Coronado schools, and all went on to have careers in education, something both Jim and Sybil were extremely proud of.

In that same interview where the retired Vice Admiral shared his Medal of Honor story, he was asked what he still wanted to do after he had accomplished so much. He replied, "I just want to take care of Sybil; nothing more."

VADM James Bond Stockdale passed away in July of 2005 and was laid to rest at the Naval Academy Cemetery. His Naval Academy classmate, best friend, and former Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff (Deceased) ADM William Crowe delivered the eulogy and Chief of Naval Operations ADM Mike Mullen (Retired) closed with a final tribute.

Sybil continues to reside in Coronado. She and son Taylor and daughter-in-law Anne Stockdale were present at the Avenue of Heroes dedication ceremony in 2014.

Jeff "JT" Taylor

By Mike Lavin, May 2015

NAVY



HMI (SEAL) JEFF TAYLOR

Afghanistan 2005

The erudite and prescient final letter to his wife of only three months, Erin, speaks so well to defining who Jeffrey Taylor was, as a husband, an American, and a Navy SEAL, where he wrote, "Here I am, living my dream which extends out as the farthest-reaching arm to smash those who wish harm on my loved ones and our way of life. Sometimes the great pride is replaced with anger, followed by sadness at the loss of friends that couldn't be here with me to fight as they also dreamed to do. As far away as I am, I feel at home here, and know this is what I'm meant to do. Not sure if this will give me the closure to move on or solidifies my place in life, only time will tell. The one thing I know without a doubt, is that I look forward to coming home to you, being the best husband I can and loving you for the rest of my life."

HM1 (SEAL) Jeffrey S. Taylor died soon after writing that letter, on June 28, 2005, while conducting combat operations in Afghanistan. He lost his life when the MH-47 Chinook helicopter he, and fellow special forces were aboard, crashed into the rugged mountains of eastern Afghanistan, after being shot down by enemy forces, during an attempt to provide ground support for stranded Navy Seals in what was coined, Operation Red Wing. Jeffrey had deployed to Afghanistan just three months earlier, in April 2005.

Jeffrey spent his first 18-years in Beckley, West Virginia (WV), the son of Gail and John Bowman. He graduated from Independence High School in Coal City, WV, where he excelled in sports. (2) "Jeff was an expert outdoorsman who loved sky diving, BASE jumping, rock climbing, adventure sports, hunting, and shooting and his family."

Jeffrey enlisted in the Navy, June 20, 1994, and completed basic training in Great Lakes, Ill., in August 1994. He went on to graduate Field Medical Service School in Camp Lejeune, N.C. He served as a medic on a SEAL quick-response team, a Basic Airborne, and was a Military Freefall Parachute school graduate. In addition to SEAL Team Ten, Jeff's previous duty stations include the Navy Medical Center, Portsmouth, the 2nd Marine Division, Camp Lejeune, SEAL Team Eight, and USS Theodore Roosevelt (CVN 71). He re-enlisted for three years, and had hoped to go into an officer-training program.

It was when Jeff came to Coronado, California, where he completed Underwater Demolition/SEAL Training, that he met his wife, Erin, a Coronado High School graduate.

Taylor was part of a dedicated Naval Special Warfare team fighting the Taliban, a fundamentalist regime that a U.S. led coalition knocked from power in Afghanistan in 2001. However, the Taliban continued to conduct guerilla operations, particularly along the Pakistan border. Taylor worked to help ensure al Qaeda terrorists could not train in, nor launch strikes from, Afghanistan, since their lethal attack on the World Trade Center on September 11, 2001.

He was assigned to SEAL Team Ten, Virginia Beach, when he, and "seven other SEALs, and eight Army "Nightstalker" Commandos, died in their heroic attempt to rescue SEALs, LT Michael Murphy, Matthew Axelson, and Danny Dietz, who fought on the ground courageously, providing protective fire for a fourth squad member to escape, before being killed in the fierce firefight by overwhelming Taliban forces."

HM1 Taylor's duty assignments included Recruit Training Center, Great Lakes, Illinois; NSHS San Diego, California Naval Medical Center, Portsmouth, Virginia; Field Medical Service School, Camp Lejeune, N.C.; Basic Underwater Demolition/SEAL training, Naval Special Warfare Center, Coronado, California; SEAL Team EIGHT, Little Creek, Virginia; USS Theodore Roosevelt (CVN 71), Norfolk, Virginia; John F. Kennedy Special Warfare Center, Fort Bragg, North Carolina; and SEAL Team TEN, Little Creek, Virginia.

For his heroic efforts answering the call of his country, Taylor was decorated with the Purple Heart, Bronze Star for Combat 'V' for Valor, Navy Commendation and Combat Action Medal posthumously. Other awards included the Presidential Unit Citation, Navy "E" Ribbon, Navy Fleet Marine Force Medal Navy and Marine Corps Commendation Medal (combat). Also, the Navy Battle "E" Ribbon, Good Conduct Medal (4 awards), Navy Fleet Marine Force Medal, Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal, National Defense Service Medal (2 awards), Afghanistan Campaign Medal, Global War on Terrorism Expeditionary Medal, Global War on Terrorism Service Medal, Sea Service Deployment Ribbon (3 awards), Expert Rifle Medal and Expert Pistol Medal.

Jeff's family includes his mother, Gail Bowman and brother Brandon Eston Cox, his father John Taylor, and stepmother Cheryl Gwinn Taylor, and half-brothers, Justin Alex Taylor and Josh David Taylor, all who reside in West Virginia (WV).

Jeffrey's home state newspaper reported that, "hundreds of family, friends, and fellow SEALs, filled Cornerstone Freewill Baptist Church...to share their fondest memories of Jeff. The day saw tears and laughter from many as speakers told stories about the man they had known." Gov. Joe Manchin made an appearance at the service to offer prayers and condolences. Taylor's SEAL teammates remember him as "an extremely strong leader who knew how to get the job done. He was known as a serious, yet lighthearted person." (1)

Erin spoke of her husband as "honest, compassionate, and giving to a fault." She said, "He knew his place was fighting side by side with his best friends to bring peace and avoid future attacks on American soil. Jeff knew his calling."

*Note, Taylor's "Avenue of Heroes" Banner is displayed on Third Street and F Avenue, standing watch over the approach to Naval Air Station North Island (NASNI), in Coronado, California, May 18, 2015. It would have been his 40th Birthday.

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Correspondences with Erin Taylor

Ray A. Volpi

By John Lepore, May 2015

NAVY

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

**Captain
RAY VOLPI**

**WWII
Korea 1952**

The Navy gave Captain Ray Volpi the rare distinction of seeing action in World War II, Korea, and Vietnam. Apart from those Navy years, Volpi spent all of his 93 years, in California

Ray Volpi was born in Antioch, California, August 31, 1921. He graduated Tracy High School, as a true scholar-athlete, excelling in varsity football, basketball, and academics. He went on to attend the College of the Pacific, until the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, and the United States declared war on both, Japan, and Germany.

Ray heard the call of his country, and immediately left college to join the Navy, following the example of his brother. He entered flight training after he was commissioned an Ensign, receiving his 'gold wings' on April 10, 1943. Then, Volpi was assigned to fly missions off carriers in the Pacific theater for the duration of WW II.

Early in his career, Volpi flew missions off 'jeep' (small) carriers. In one engagement with Japanese fighters, he shot down three of their planes. His squadron was active in the Marshalls, Palau, Marianas, and Leyte, helping to drive the Japanese forces from those islands.

Entering the Korean War, Commander Volpi led Fighter Squadron 24 off the carrier USS Boxer. Leading a strike over Hamhung, North Korea, the 24th repeatedly attacked a key railroad bridge until it was destroyed. Once the bridge collapsed, Volpi, and his fellow pilots, sought out and fired upon a large detachment of troops and supplies with their 20-mm cannons. After he ran out of ammunition, Volpi continued to make dummy runs over the enemy, pointing out targets to the other planes in the squadron, in spite of his air-craft having been hit by anti-craft fire. In receiving an award for his bravery in this action, the Navy commented "It was probably one of the most outstanding displays of heroism since the start of the Korean War."

Because of Volpi's experience in Grumman-Hellcat and Wildcat-fighter planes, he was called back from Korea to be a Navy test-pilot at an air station near St. Louis, Missouri. Here, he flew the latest aircraft coming off the McDonnell-Douglas line.

Later Volpi became Assistant Air-Officer on USS Shangri-La. His renown as a fighter pilot gave him command of yet another Squadron, VF-52, on the carrier, USS Ticonderoga.

In 1961, Volpi was assigned to duty with the Seventh Fleet, based in Yokosuka, Japan, although most of his time in Asia was spent instructing Air Force fighter pilots at Naha, Okinawa.

In 1963, Ray became the executive officer of USS Constellation, remaining on board until February, 1964. USS Constellation was a Kitty Hawk-class Super-carrier. She was the third ship of the United States Navy to be named in honor of the "new constellation of stars" on the United States flag, and the only vessel ever authorized to display red, white, and blue designation numbers. She was one of the fastest ships in the Navy, which was proven by her victory during a battlegroup race held in 1985, when she was nicknamed "Connie" by her crew and was officially distinguished as "America's Flagship". "Connie" was decommissioned in 2003, shortly after she participated in Operation Iraqi Freedom. For all of the 42 years, North Island was the carrier's homeport,

Volpi then did a stint with the Chief of Naval Operations, until his departure to the Naval War College in Newport, RI. Here he received his certificate from the War College, as well as his Bachelor of Arts degree from George Washington University.

When the Vietnam War broke out, Volpi left the East coast for the West to assume command of the attack transport, USS Lanawee, a ship that ferried troops and supplies along the coast of Vietnam. In 1968, Volpi left the Lanawee for duty at the Naval Air Station North Island (NASNI) in Coronado, CA, where he was safety officer for the whole Pacific Naval Air Force.

As the Vietnam War wound down, after a 30-year career, Captain Ray Volpi retired from the Navy. The military awards he garnered during his service were the following: two Distinguished Flying Crosses; eight Air Medals; three Navy commendation Medals; Presidential Unit Citation; Philippine Unit Citation; Asiatic Pacific Service Medal; Korean Service Medal; National Defense Medal; Vietnam Service Medal; Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal.

Volpi spent the next 40 years living in Coronado CA; 25 of those years he spent in property and casualty insurance. He always focused on home, family, and he enjoyed golf. He was a long and loyal member of the Coronado Men's Golf Club. One member of the Golf Club remembered him fondly as, "One of the most concerned persons in the Club. When anyone had a difficulty on the course, or in his life, Ray Volpi made himself available to him."

Volpi's wife, Maria, preceded him in death in 2002. He joined her February 20, 2015. They are both interred at Fort Rosecrans National Cemetery, in San Diego.

Sources:

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