

SHIRLEY WILLIAMS AERODROME (44TE) CTAF 122.9
KINGSLAND, TX N30-41.01 W98-25.02.
RUNWAY 16/34 2600", ELEVATION 880
ON THE COLORADO ARM OF LAKE LBJ

President

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The July meeting for EAA Chapter 889 will be held on Saturday, July 10th beginning with burgers/social hour at Noon with the chapter meeting at 1:00 PM.

Lee Meyners provided this. It is a promotional film for aviation in general and Eastern Airlines in particular.

HOW MANY OF US REMEMBER ARTHUR GODFREY?



A little long. Worth every minute so set aside a little time to watch it.

I can't believe those Eastern Airline guys actually wore their hat and coat in the cockpit.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=U6VfkKjlhXs>

Kim VanCleve provided the following item!

Extreme recycling: Junked jumbo jet becomes Malibu dream home

By Kathleen N. Brenzel of [Sunset](#)



Ultimate reuse in Malibu

Home of the future, extreme recycling or just plain eccentric? We can't decide. But this [house in progress](#), being built from a deconstructed 747 jumbo jet, is what we'd like to see more of in the future: Let's call it industrial-strength prefab.

Click ahead to see how it's coming together, at <http://realestate.msn.com/slideshow.aspx?cp-documentid=24534374>

The name of the pilot that supplied the following has been withheld, to protect the guilty!

Aircraft Quiz

What is the biggest advantage of rotary-wing aircraft over fixed-wing aircraft ?



sure guessed wrong on that answer.

Wasn't even close.

Chuck Deiterich Provided this interesting piece

Fighting a real war in a virtual cockpit
Drones in Houston help troops fight Iraq,
Afghanistan wars
By LINDSAY WISE HOUSTON
CHRONICLE

<http://www.chron.com/disp/story.mpl/metropolitan/7083250.html>

Here is Chapter 3 of the book Henry Dainys is writing **THANKS HENRY!!!!!!**

THE CONGO REVISITED

When I left the Congo in February 1961, I vowed never to return but, as the saying goes, “Never Say

Never” I should have known better.

My return to the Congo started with a call from my friend Bill, Chief Pilot of the Non-Scheduled Airline

with the fleet of DC-4’s based in Luxembourg that had led to my ill-fated late trip to the Congo. Bill asked

to meet me for dinner that evening at the Olympic Pavilion restaurant, located at the site of the

Olympics in Amsterdam held in the early 30’s. With no hesitation I agreed as this was a favorite restaurant

of mine. At 7 PM we both arrived at the front door at the same time. As we dined Bill told me the plan that

he would like to have me carry out. It went like this. The Congo was in a worse uproar than ever and although the major powers in the world had agreed in a UN resolution not to interfere, the CIA wanted

to tip the balance of power to the self proclaimed President of the province of Katanga, Moïse Tshombe

who did seem to have the most intelligence of all the hopefuls of the time. The part I would play, to which

I agreed, started one week later.

Along with Larry, a pilot and Bernie a flight engineer-mechanic that I had flown with before and had great

respect for both, we flew on TWA to New York and then on to Phoenix, AZ where we were met by our CIA

contact. After a nights rest, we left in a car that took us to Davis-Monthan airbase outside Tucson the famous graveyard of military aircraft. We were looking for an airplane that would fit our mission and after

a two hour search we found what we were after in a prototype of the Boeing 337 Stratocruiser. The modification basically consisted of a rear ramp and strengthened floor designed to accommodate military

equipment.

The aircraft was complete but had been in storage for 3 years. It was Bernie's job to get it ready for flight

with the help of Larry and myself. After two weeks working seven days a week and eight to ten hours a day

we made our first engine start and run-up followed by a fast taxi up to 70 MPH. having listed all the squawks we stopped work at 6PM to get a good nights sleep after dinner and some celebration drinks.

The next morning we had all the squawks taken care of along with replacing the radios which refused to come

to life. Now the moment of truth was upon us for the first flight. With Larry in the right seat and Bernie in

the engineers seat, I taxied out to the run-up pad and we went through the checklist with everything working

which was a good sign. The tower cleared us for takeoff and to 50 inches MP went the throttles. As V1 and

then V2 was reached with everything still normal we were free of mother earth with big smiles all around.

One hour latter we were back on the ground without a squawk. Miracles do happen but it was the expertise

of Bernie that did it.

It took the rest of the day to get refueled, go to Tucson for food, etc. At 6PM we left for good, destination

Gander Newfoundland. In twelve hours we went from desert to winter. After a good days rest we left at 6PM

again for our next stop, Shannon, Ireland where we stopped for fuel then flew to a French airbase near Toulouse. Normally a civilian aircraft would not be allowed to land there but through our sponsor

the CIA, arrangements were made and upon arrival were directed to a large hangar and our airplane was

towed inside while Larry, Bernie and I were escorted to the Officers Mess for lunch. We were escorted by

a French Air force Major, I suppose so we would not get in contact with someone we should not be talking

to. The lunch was very good and could have been prepared by one of the best chefs in Paris. The French

officers eat very well. Including the wine. After lunch the three of us were ready for a nice sleep. Just like the

food, the rooms were top draw. The Major told us he would get us up at 9PM to supervise the loading of our



airplane. True to his word, I was awoken after what seemed like a few minutes of sleep but really was seven

hours. One half hour later we were back at the hangar where four hugh crates were positioned next to the tail

of the airplane. With a power line connected to the airplane we were able to lower the rear loading ramp after

Bernie made a few repairs. We had not thought of trying out the ramp back in Arizona as we were more

concerned with the airworthiness of the bird. Fortunately the problems with the ramp were not serious. The

crates were loaded and secured by 2AM and the airplane moved back out of the hangar and by 3AM we were

refueled and the oil tanks replenished. Those old radial engines liked oil and we averaged using five gallons an

hour. I could not help thinking highly of this airplane that had sat unused for years and came back to life,

flew across America, the Atlantic and had did it with out a glitch and now had opened up her loading ramp

to accept four disassembled Mystre jet fighters bound for Katanga in the Congo.

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Having completed the loading and feeding of the bird we were treated to a great breakfast and were intro-

duced to our five passengers, the French mechanics, who would reassemble the jets when we reached the Congo

and a civilian pilot, Andre, current in the Mystre who spoke English.

Under cover of darkness we departed France a 5AM enroute to Tamanrasset, Algeria for fuel and oil then

on to Kamina in Katanga Province The Congo. Our entire mission was to have been top secret but by the

time we departed Tamanrasset the papers in France were on the street exposing all. This resulted in reverbera-

tions all the way around the world and to the United Nations who was trying to manage the Congo situation.

Not only did the papers in France give all the details of our mission, but had all our names and nationalities also.

The result of this was that the United States denied having anything to do with the operation and claimed that

I, Larry and Bernie had taken it upon ourselves to conduct this operation and violate the United States agreement

with the United Nations to stay out of the Congo affair. Result – the three of us had our United States

Passports invalidated. We learned all of this when we arrived in Kamina and were greeted by President

Tsombe who, declared us friends of Katanga and treated us and the five Frenchmen who were in the same boat as

us as Royal guests. We were given Katanga Passports and Larry, Andre and myself were given the rank of

Colonel in the Katanga Air Force consisting of four Mystre jet fighters and one Boeing cargo plane.

It took the French mechanics about 10 days to get the jets uncrated and reassembled and checked out while

the rest of us relaxed and watched and waited. Andre briefed Larry and I about the systems of the jets and the

general flying characteristics as far as he could without actually giving us dual instruction. The hardest thing

for me was learning all the French names for all the systems switches, etc. Andre flew each jet to insure all was

well as they were completed and then came the time for Larry and I to make our first flights. Larry had flown

military jet fighters so he was much better prepared than I was. My experience in fighters consisted of

P51's and Messersmith 109's and my jet experience was with Comets and DC-8's so I had to put all of that

together to make this work.. Larry went for his ride first and after an hour of showing off over the airport

he landed and told me it was all a piece of cake. He spent 15 or 20 minutes with me showing me what not to

do and what to do. Now it was time to play or fold so Larry watched as I fired up and went through the pre-taxi

check including setting the radio so that Larry could coach me from another jet. The hatch closed with a solid

clunk that made me think my fate was sealed and out to the runway I taxied and into position. No controllers

here just Larry on the other end of the radio. Thrust lever forward and I was pushed into the seat so there

was no getting out now. At 100 Knots, thank god the airspeed was in Knots not Kilometers, lift off occurred

and 1500 Meters per minute showed on the Rate of Climb right up to 4000 Meters, about 12000 Feet where

I leveled off and reduced thrust to maintain 300 Knots as I felt out the response to the controls then some slow

flight at 120Knots with the gear down and then up then with and without flaps. After an hour and only minimal coaching from Larry I was on final for my first landing which was so smooth I had to congratulate

myself. I found out later that every landing was like that all due to the great design of this airplane not my skill

just like a Bonanza. I think you have to work to do a bad landing in either airplane. Not many like that.

After lunch it was back in the air for another hour then a break and up again to try out the guns. The Mystre was equipped with six machine guns. We used an old abandoned mining shack as a target, which

had been painted white for our benefit. After using up all the ammo on that shack it was 90 percent holes.

Larry and I had done a good job on it and I helped.

The next day we were asked to use our talent to wipe out an enemy encampment just outside Goma, this

was the area where I had been held prisoner just two months ago and most likely by the very same people so

there was no hesitation on my part. Taking off just an hour before lunch we expected to hit the enemy at lunch time when the maximum amount of troops would be in the encampment. Finding the encampment was

not hard as smoke from the cook fires drifted up through the thick green canopy. Without the smoke to guide

us it would have been difficult to locate the objective as the jungle canopy made it hard to find the clearings.

The smoke agreed with the coordinates given to us prior to our departure so we knew we had the right place

but to be sure, I told Larry that I would fly over the target and visually identify it while he stayed at 10000 feet.

There was no doubt we had found the right place as when I made my second pass at 500 feet tracers followed

me but they were off target as the gunners did not know enough to lead a target that was doing 200 Knots. My

third pass at 500 feet was followed by another by Larry and in all we each made three passes before our ammo was gone.

My final pass followed by Larry at 150 Knots and 200 feet confirmed that we had done a very thorough job.

When we returned to our base the Katangan General in charge of the operation already had received word

by radio that we were successful. Evidently he had a lookout keeping an eye on the enemy who reported back.

For the next three weeks we hit several more targets but with the thickness of the jungle there was not much we

could do with jets except fly low over the tree tops where we thought there were troops and scare hell out of

them with sonic booms. Having convinced the General that we were not doing much good for the cost of fuel

used he agreed and the Katangan Air Force was that in name only.

A few days later Larry, Bernie and I boarded a DC-4 with Air Katanga on its side but in reality the airplane belonged to Bill's airline in Luxembourg and leased to Katanga. As we left Katanga, leaving behind

the four fighters and the Boeing that brought them there we were taking with us some good memories and

gold that we were paid for our services but the three of us only had Katanga Passports and no idea it we would

ever get our United States Passports revalidated. We all still had our Passports but they were invalid which

meant we could not go back to the United States and we had no idea of how long the Katana Passports would

be good because if Tsombe fell they would be worth ziltch. When we arrived in Brussels Larry, Bernie and

I said our good byes. I returned to Amsterdam and back to flying all over the world but not to the United States

or any of it's possessions. About six months later, Bill, thought his contacts with the CIA did manage to

get our passports reinstated. As for Larry, he ended up flying for the Israel Air Force in the 1967 war and

retired in Florida. Bernie was killed when a DC-6 fell off its jacks during an inspection and crushed him.

Tsombe was defeated and Katanga came under the control of Mobutu Seco Seko.

When you think back to what the Congo was when it was a colony of Belgium and what it is today after 40

years of independence, the country is much worse off and the people have less even when the country is rich

in gold, coal, copper, tin, diamonds and many other natural resources. This seems to be the case with all the

African countries, it is sad.

John Downing has his RV9A for sale



\$62,000.00

John can be reached at 512-234-1241

830-613-5578.