

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	Dick Gauldin	512-755-1927	gauldin@mail.pgrb.com
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The March meeting for EAA Chapter 889 will be held on Saturday, March 13th, beginning with burgers/social hour at Noon with the chapter meeting at 1:00 PM.

Neil Salmi will provide what will be an interesting program by telling us about the Paradise LSA.

Neil is from the Bozeman Montana area and is waiting for all that snow to melt before heading back to beautiful Montana.

Here is a good reason for living south of the snow belt in good old Texas!!!

The roofs of two airline hangars collapsed due to the snow, while the roof of a Virginia ice rink also caved in.

One of the collapses happened at Manassas Regional Airport at 10520 Wakeman Drive. There were no people or planes in the building, and no one was injured, but officials said the collapse did break a gas line, causing a significant gas leak, InsideNova.com reported.

The 24,000-square-foot hanger is owned by Dulles Aviation, Inc.

Earlier in the day, the Fairfax County Fire-Rescue cave-in team was called to the Dulles Jet Center near Dulles International Airport after the roof of the private jet hangar collapsed due to the snow, officials said.



Hanger collapse at Dulles International Airport.

The structure partially collapsed before rescue crews arrived, and the rest of it collapsed after five people were evacuated. Several private jets were damaged. The building has been condemned.

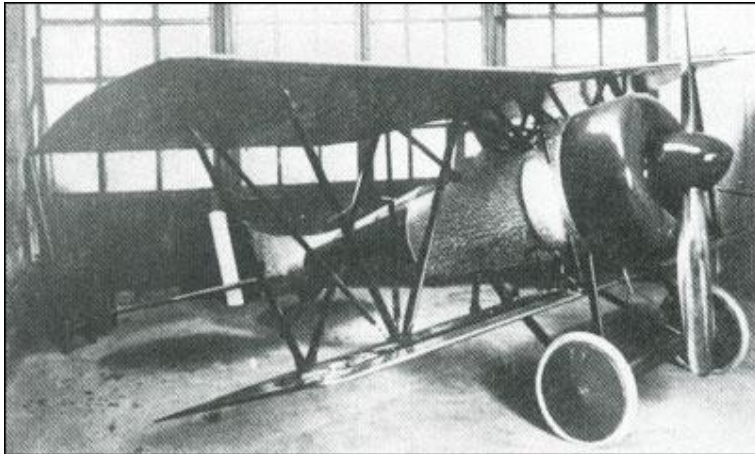
Lee Meyners sent this one. Where does he find this stuff?? Thanks Lee

Click on the link below. Mouse over any dot on the US map and get current aviation weather.

You can click on the map to enlarge any area.

<http://www.wrh.noaa.gov/zoa/mwmap3.php?map=usa>

Here is a link to the 1949 Air Races <http://www.airrace.com/1949%20NAR%20.htm>



Adamoli-Cattani 1918

Possibly the smallest and fastest fighter of the First World War, the Adamoli-Cattani was built by Farina in Turin. In 1918 it achieved 300km/h on its 160hp Le Rhone.

Here is a link to a virtual Aircraft Museum, courtesy of Lee Meyner.

<http://www.aviastar.org/index2.html>

_For aviators, this is a keeper. This is the most comprehensive collection of aircraft information you will ever find. Check out almost any airplane ever built in the World - old, new, military, civilian. As you browse this site you'll be amazed at what has been done in airplane design. The amount of info available is almost limitless. Enjoy



Subject: American Airlines ... The early years. About 20+ min. long.

The link below is a 1933 AA promo film. There is a very short segment of the 'newer' jets appended at the end, shown in the old livery.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RCnWLR28pfE&feature=channel>

This was made before political correctness was invented!!

Norm Hatcher sent us this one!

Subject: You know it's gonna' be a bad day when.....

SOUTH AFRICAN AIR FORCE PILOT ACCIDENTLY EJECTS FROM PILATUS PC-7 Mk II



It probably is best not to fiddle with switches or controls when riding in the back seat of an air force plane.

A man who failed to

obey that principle found himself hurtling out of the cockpit, smashing through the Perspex canopy and into space after grabbing the black- and yellow-striped handle between his legs. He had inadvertently pulled the eject lever and found himself blasted 100 meters into the sky on his rocket-powered seat.

The South African air force has confirmed the incident that took place last Wednesday, when the passenger took off for a flight with an experienced pilot from South Africa's Silver Falcons air display team. Investigators are assuming that the passenger tried to steady himself while the pilot was putting the Pilatus PC-7 Mk II through its paces by grabbing the eject lever.

Henry Dainys is writing a book about his interesting career as a pilot for KLM Royal Dutch Airlines. He has kindly consented to allow us to read the first chapter of his book. You will find it most interesting. Maybe we can get him to provide more chapters in the future.

THANKS HENRY!!

The Airline Job

May, 1946

World War II was over and I was back to being a civilian. After three years flying fighters and being lucky enough to escape with only a few scars but with everything intact I was trying to get myself back to feeling normal. It was not easy as everyone who had not been in combat wanted to me to tell of all my exploits. I wanted to forget all the horror recorded in my mind.

Wanting to get away from the questions, I started to look for a flying job. So were hundreds of other pilots that were released from the military. As a result, none of the airlines was hiring and would not be for some time in the future.

One of my friends, Frank, who flew B-17 bombers had opened an instrument flight school. One of the first of it's kind that only taught instrument flying. He was also a examiner and could issue the license. He was starting to teach multi-engine flying in addition to instruments and had one employee. Though we did not fly together in the war we felt comfortable with each other as we did not talk about the war. We would have breakfast together occasionally even though we lived 40 miles apart.

At one of our breakfasts, he told me about a business man who had a twin engine airplane and flew it him self but did not have an instrument rating and wanted to fly the airplane to Mexico and was looking for an instrument pilot to accompany him. Frank suggested that I call him. I of course did not have a multi-engine rating but Frank said that did not matter as I would only be needed for instrument flying and multi or single flying was the same.

I made the call and was invited to meet with Paul the next day. He was happy to find that I would go to Mexico with him and told me that the trip would take place in three weeks. When I told him that I lacked a multi-engine rating he told me to use his airplane and gas and have Frank get me started for the rating. A very generous offer and I accepted. Not once did we discuss what I would get paid for the trip to Mexico and he did not ask about my war experience as he had talked to Frank. For that I was thankful. Now there was direction in my life. Pay or no pay the multi rating would be pay enough.

The airplane turned out to be a Cessna UC-78 also know as the Bamboo Bomber as it was wood and fabric over a steel tube frame and was used by the Army Air Corps to train future bomber pilots. This one had been upgraded with Pratt and Whitney R985 engines and constant speed propellers which were far superior to the original Jacobs engines of only 245 horse power. With the P&W engines the single engine ceiling was 3500 MSL while with the Jacobs it was 1000 MSL and that was doubtful.

After 10 hours of instruction from Frank he informed me that I was ready to take my check ride with the FAA. At the same time he would get a check ride for his multi-engine examiners approval. On the

day of the check ride, not one but two FAA examiners arrived at the airport. I sat in the left seat and Frank in the right seat with the two FAA examiners in the back seat. I flew and Frank administered the multi-engine check ride and made me run through all the procedures and even a single engine under the hood approach using the Low Frequency Range Station at Boston airport. I was not required to do the approach for the multi-rating as I held the instrument rating but Frank needed it to get his examiners rating. After the approach we returned to Hanscom field where we started. We all got out of the airplane and no one said a word. I had to go to the bathroom and left the two FAA men and Frank who went to Frank's office. As I was sitting on the pot behind a closed door I heard the voices of the two FAA men as they entered. One was saying "You can tell when Frank teaches someone to fly that they can fly the airplane". That was the first clue that I had that I had passed the check ride. I waited until they left then returned to Franks office where Frank was issued his examiners license from the FAA and I got my multi-engine license issued by Frank.

The next day I called Paul and told him that I now held the multi-engine rating. He told me to come to his office the next day.

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When I arrived at Paul's office he told me that he would fly to Mexico City on the airlines DC-3 and I would fly the Cessna to Mexico City and meet him there as he was short of time and the airlines would be faster. He gave me \$500.00 in cash to cover my expenses. That day he left on Eastern Airlines to Mexico City and I left the next day. Three days later I met up with him in Mexico City.

We spent the next two days flying to Oaxaca, Mexico where he purchased enough Black pottery to fill the Cessna leaving only room for me to return to the USA. I even had the right front seat full. Paul returned via airlines. While in Mexico Paul paid all the bills and gave me an additional \$100.00. Returning to Massachusetts and on to Paul's office, I went in and laid an accounting of my expenses on his desk along with the money I had not spent. Paul asked me "What is this money?" That is what I had left over from what you gave me. "Put that money in your pocket and don't you ever give money back once it has been given to you he told me!"

I continued to fly Paul and his engineers around the northeast for the next few months and was paid \$50.00 per week plus expenses. Big money at the time. I was also flying the only multi-engine corporation airplane in the area. It was great.

October, 1946

Flew Paul to New York city and we checked into the Henry Hudson Hotel. This was the hotel where all the airline crews and pilots stayed.

After getting settled into the room I went down to the bar to have a drink before meeting Paul for Supper. The man next to me noticed that I had wings on my lapel from AOPA and we started a conversation. He asked me what I flew and where and a lot of other questions which I thought were getting a little personal and was ready to cut him off when he asked if I would like to fly for an airline in Europe. He introduced himself as Bill and explained that he was the Chief Pilot for an airline that was being started up again now that the war was over and he was here to hire pilots. He explained that the cost of living in Europe was cheap and the salary would be \$225.00 a month plus per-diem and I would start out as a co-pilot but be moved up to captain in a short period of time. I was hit by the \$225.00 a month. Twenty-five dollars, more than I made now plus the lower cost of living and per-diem and a chance to fly airlines. He told me the job would start in one week. I said I would have to talk to my boss first. He gave me his room number to call if I was interested.

At supper with Paul I told him of the offer I received and what did he think. He said “Henry, if you don’t take the job I will fire you!” I called Bill, told him I would accept his offer and he asked if we could meet in the morning, which we did. He gave me the address of where to go to get my uniforms made. It struck me as fitting that the uniform company was called Delta Uniforms. Just like the Airline, Delta. Bill also gave me a list of shots I would need and where to get them and a International Shot record card and Passport.

That night I flew the Cessna UC-78 home for the last time, thanked Paul and drove home with new adventures ahead.

At home I found a letter from TWA asking that I come to Kansas City for an interview. I had, applied with them months ago and this was the first response from them. I was besides myself what to do. I had become acquainted with the Chief Pilot of Eastern Airlines in Boston and decided that I would seek his advise. His exact words were, “Henry, in the airline business seniority is all important. If you go with TWA you will be at the bottom of the list. If you go to Europe you will be at the top. I suggest you go to Europe.” I took his advise and threw the TWA letter away.

The next few days were used to get my International Shot Record and all the shots needed along with a Passport.

3

In a week I was back in New York to meet with Bill and picked up my new blue uniforms with three gold strips on the sleeve, white short sleeve shirts with epaulets with the gold bars that slid on. Back at the hotel Bill told me that in the morning we would go to Newark Airport to get a free ride to Amsterdam on a DC-3 with PanAm. We checked into the Douglas Hotel in Newark. Between Delta Uniform and now the Douglas Hotel I felt that these were omens of good to come. Bill took me to a store in Newark that sold leather flight bags and I bought one to replace the small brief case I had been using. I still have that bag today. It has been in every country in the world and although it is showing a lot of wear it is still serviceable.

November 1946

After breakfast we were on our way to Newark airport to get our ride with PanAm. Up to this time, the largest airplane I flew was the five place UC-78 and it was the largest airplane I had ever been on. Both Bill and I wore our uniforms as this was part of the requirements of the free ride. Excitement ran through every part of my body.

The PanAm DC-3 was sitting on the ramp being loaded with a spare engine, wheels and tires and other spare parts. Eight seats were installed just behind the pilots bulkhead. Besides Bill and myself two extra PamAm pilots were deadheading to London which left the other four seats available to be used for cramped sleeping.

I was invited to sit in the jump seat for the departure after Bill declined. With all aboard, engines were started at 8:00 AM. We were off the ground fifteen minutes later climbing to 9000 feet for the first leg to Gander, Newfoundland. The weather was clear and I felt as if it was being a special treat for my send off to Europe. We passed over New York City, then Long Island, Boston and up the Maine coast to Gander. I learned that this DC-3 had additional fuel tanks located in the belly so that our range was 10 hours. We made it to Gander in 8 hours with the help of a nice tail wind. The weather in Gander was clear but cold. We were fueled and off the ground in one hour and off to our

next stop in Keflavik, Iceland. The tail winds were still with us but one hour out of Gander the clouds were solid so I went to the rear and tried to sleep. The cabin heat in a DC-3 leaves a lot to be desired so I had to bundle up with three blankets. Sleep was fitful.

Iceland was a surprise, with temperatures at 10 degrees F and the wind blowing at 20 MPH. The walk from the airplane into the wood shack that served as a terminal was a test of ones metal. There was a good breakfast waiting for us though and the coffee was really welcome.

Again, one hour later we were off to Prestwick, Scotland where we took on fuel and then down to London and on to Amsterdam.

Arriving in Amsterdam and were met by of all people the President of KLM, driving a Mercedes Sedan. He took us to a Pension (a small, four room hotel) owned by a woman by the name of Alcamar who had converted her home to a Pension to make ends meet. The rooms were very cozy and she immediately made us tea and served it with cookies. That gave us the relaxation we needed to go to sleep for the next 10 hours. When we awoke, Mrs. Alcamar served us a Dutch breakfast. A soft boiled egg, cheese, cold ham, bread and jam topped off with coffee.

Bill and I walked to the KLM office which was located in an old mansion on a canal. The address was 338 Herengracht which when translated to English is Gentleman's Canal. It was located in the center of the city. There we met the rest of what consisted of airline headquarters. Ray another American was Chief of Operations. Elaine, a Australian who was Chief Stewardess. Hans, a Dutchman who was Chief Navigator, Nicole from Belgium was the Presidents secretary. We were all located in one huge room except for Nicole who had an office next to the President. Bill and I had desks as did Elaine and Hans. Bill gave me the job of Assistant Chief Pilot even though at this point he and I were the only pilots. We had a lot of work to do to prepare for the coming start-up of the airline.

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What a cozy nest we had. It was almost like being on vacation with the entire city of Amsterdam to explore. Fortunately, the city was spared any bombing during the war so all it's charm was there for us to enjoy. I had been eating lunch in a small sandwich shop. Nicole and Elaine told me that they were eating in the cellar of our building and invited Bill and I to join them. In the cellar was a wine shop that also served cheese of all kinds and bread. We all sat down and ordered a huge platter of mixed cheese and a bottle of wine. Cheese and wine goes well together and we were enjoying our self's and lost track of all time. Around three o'clock we were brought back to reality when the President walked in and told us to get back to the office. Under the circumstances he was very Diplomatic about the whole thing and even had a glass of wine with us but made it clear that we were not to make a habit of coming to the wine cellar.

A week went by and one day Bill advised me we had to go to the airport to look at a plane that could be used to start service. I knew from conversations that we had in the past that the entire airline fleet was confiscated by the Germans and ultimately destroyed. All the Dutch pilots were killed save a few that were still alive but unable to fly. One Dutch pilot was still able to fly but this was the husband of the Queen, Prince Bernhard who had spent the war in England flying for the RAF and he was not part of the airlines plan.

We took a taxi out to the airport and Bill led me to a building that was a museum. Inside was the airplane that we would resurrect to use in the airline startup. It was a British Dragon Rapide. Painted in the KLM colors, it had been placed in the museum in 1937. The Rapide is a twin engine bi-plane with two Gypsy Major engines with fixed wooden propellers. It carries eight passengers at the

rip roaring speed of 120 MPH. The airplane, like most English airplanes is not exactly esthetic to look at. This one however, was maintained in new condition and somehow survived the war without the Germans taking it.

The airplane was taken out of the museum which was on the airport and towed to the ramp. Neither Bill or I had any experience in this airplane but we did manage to get the engines started and checked out. With Bill in the left seat and I in the right we taxied out to the end of the runway with what seemed like half of Amsterdam watching. How people found out that we would fly the Rapide I do not know but they were there. Properly thinking that we would crash and burn. Fabric and wood airplanes did burn fast in those days due to the dope and fabric used. Fortunately the Rapide is a gentle old airplane with no bad habits except that if an engine fails you go down, down.

Bill advanced the throttles and we gained speed with lift off occurring about 70 MPH. We flew out over the fields surrounding the airport and did stalls, slow flight, etc to get a feel for the Rapide. There were no surprises so we returned and landed. Bill made three takeoffs and landings then put me in the left seat and I did the same. That was my airline check off 1946 style. No FAA no nothing. We were it.

Two days later we started our first scheduled service to Rotterdam, Eindhoven, Amsterdam. Each leg taking about an hour. There were no navigation aids so all flights were made VFR for the first two months until NDB's were installed at each airport. Before the NDB's were installed we made every scheduled flight on time thanks to the weather gods and the flat land of Holland.

The Dragon Rapide served in this roll for 6 months and then was returned to the museum.

While we were using the Rapide the Dutch government managed to buy two DC-3 aircraft from the US Army Air force that were declared surplus. The maintenance crew at the airport which consisted of only four people spent three months converting the DC-3's from military configuration to 18 passenger civilian use. Stripped and repainted in the KLM colors the airplanes looked like new inside and out. The Dutch are very meticulous so everything was done properly.

5

Bill who had DC-3 and DC-4 ratings checked me out in the airplane and I was promoted to Captain. A fourth gold stripe was sewn on to my uniform sleeve and four new bars went on the shoulders and best of all the brim of my hat now had gold clouds and lightning bolts to reflect my new status.

In the meantime four more Captains were hired along with four Co-pilots. All American, except for two British Captains. We now started service adding Brussels, Frankfurt, Rome, Athens and London to our schedule.

May 1947

I was surprised when Bill told me he would no longer be flying the line on a regular basis as there were now 10 captains and 10 co-pilots in the company. This meant that I was seniority number one. As a result I and three of the other captains were going to Long Beach California to get checked out in the Douglas DC-4 and to take delivery of two DC-4's and bring back two new hire co-pilots. We were to leave on a PanAm Stratoliner the next day. KLM did all the handling of PanAm in Holland and this made for a close relationship. I had seen the weekly PanAm Stratoliner which was called the Flying Cloud by PanAm. It was the first pressurized airliner and had a ceiling of 23,300 feet.

Production had been only 100 airplanes and only PanAm and TWA bought them. The talk when it was introduced said that it would “Fly over all the weather”. That statement was used a few times more in the future but the only thing to “Fly over all the weather” as far as I am concerned is the Space Shuttle.

Flying back to the USA with the 36 passenger Boeing Stratoliner still required that we stop in Scotland, Iceland, Newfoundland and Bangor, Maine. It still took 28 hours of flying time and we were still in the clouds and icing and our altitude ranged from 12,000 feet to 8,000 feet. Going westbound into the prevailing headwinds kept us at the low altitudes so the pressurization did little good. This fact and that the passenger load was only 36 and its slow speed made the airplane less than desirable from a profit stand point.

At Long Beach I had my first look at the two DC-4's parked on the ramp all decked out in new paint with loading steps in place. I had never been so close to such a big airplane and unlike the DC-3 and even the Stratoliner this one had a nose wheel. I walked up the steps and went on board and was stopped in my tracks by what I saw. I had never seen an airplane so big inside. There were 89 seats with two seats to the left and three to the right. The galley and toilets were to the right of the door. As I walked up to the front of the airplane it seemed that I would never get there. When I did reach the cockpit another shock hit me. Knobs and dials were everywhere and one thing totally new to me, an Autopilot. The thought that ran through my head was that I would never be able to learn to fly this thing.

Our indoctrination to the DC-4 started out with 2 days of classroom study on the systems and flying qualities of the airplane. I learned for the first time of V1 and V2 speeds, which I had not heard of before. Up until now the theory was that the airplane would fly when it was ready. We then spent one day with the airplane on the ground going over everything inside and out. Two hours were spent sitting in the cockpit learning where everything was and what it did. After two days of flying 6 hours each day we were deemed to be DC-4 pilots and co-pilots.

Our crew for each airplane going back to Amsterdam consisted of two captains and one co-pilot plus a navigator that we would pick up in Newark. In addition we had three mechanics for each airplane who had been taking courses on maintenance at Long Beach.

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The flight to Newark was made non-stop in 15 hours. Our DC-4's were equipped with eight fuel tanks that held 3600 gallons. There also was a 50 gallon spare oil tank that could be fed to any engine. From Newark we flew to Gander then non-stop to Amsterdam. The DC-4 was the first commercial airliner that could fly from California to Hawaii and land on a runway. It was probably one of the biggest steps for airline travel since the DC-3. For me it was the biggest transition in airplanes. Going from tail wheel to power steering nose wheel, from two engines to four. Even the transition into jets was not as traumatic. As a result that is why the DC-4 holds a special place in my life. No jet can equal the thrill to watching and hearing those big radial engines coming to life with a display of smoke and fire. ‘The beast is ALIVE!