



EAA 442's Chapter Newsletter

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The chapter webpage is <http://www.eaa442.com>

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**Minutes of the March 27, 2007 Chapter meeting.**

**Mike Hathaway called the meeting to order at 2:35**

**Treasurer report - \$665 on hand, 28 members**

**Secretary report - n/a**

**Young Eagles - n/a**

**New Business - Miss Evelyn Johnson was our guest speaker, and proved that not only is she a great flight instructor, but a great story teller as well. She provided us with delightful remembrances of her life in aviation.**

**Meeting adjourned at 3:45**

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## Upcoming Events

**Mountain City chapter 1136 is planning their annual yard sale May 5th**

**Fly-out - Saturday May 12 Martinsville VA (KMTV)**

**Fly-out - Saturday June 9 Rutherford Co. NC (KFQD)**

**Mountain City chapter EAA1136 is planning a Fly-In on Saturday June 16. Food, hot rods and motorcycle rally**

**Chapter meetings for EAA442 are at 2:30 the last Sunday of each month. Members encouraged to bring snacks and guests.**

*If you know about any fly-ins or events in the area, or any last-minute changes of event dates, please pass them on to me for posting, rp*

For a (hopefully) up to date list of chapter activities, go to <http://www.eaa442.com>

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## Prop Selector

<http://www.gylesaero.com/freeware/propcalc.shtml>

Courtesy Jack B. Hart

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## Fighter Ace Bruce Carr: Evading With A Dead Chicken Around His Neck

by Budd Davison

After carrying it for several days, 20-year-old Bruce Carr still hadn't decided how to cook it without the Germans catching him. But, as hungry as he was, he couldn't bring himself to eat it. In his mind, no meat was better than raw meat, so he threw it away. Resigning himself to what appeared to be his unavoidable fate, he turned in the direction of the nearest German airfield. Even POW's get to eat. Sometimes. And they aren't constantly dodging from tree to tree, ditch to culvert. And he was exhausted.

He was tired of trying to find cover where there was none. Carr hadn't realized that Czechoslovakian forests had no underbrush until, at the edge of the farm field, struggling out of his parachute he dragged it into the woods. During the times he had been screaming along at tree top level in his P-51 "Angels Playmate" the forests and fields had been nothing more than a green blur behind the Messerschmitts, Focke-Wulfs, trains and trucks he had in his sights. He never expected to find himself a pedestrian far behind enemy lines. The instant antiaircraft shrapnel ripped into the engine, he knew he was in trouble. Serious trouble.

Clouds of coolant steam hissing through jagged holes in the cowling told Carr he was about to ride the silk elevator down to a long walk back to his squadron. A very long walk. This had not been part of the mission plan.

Several years before, when 18-year-old Bruce Carr enlisted in the Army, in no way could he have imagined himself taking a walking tour of rural Czechoslovakia with Germans everywhere around him. When he enlisted, all he had just focused on flying airplanes .. fighter airplanes.

By the time he had joined the military, Carr already knew how to fly. He had been flying as a private pilot since 1939, soloing in a \$25 Piper Cub his father had bought from a disgusted pilot who had left it lodged securely in the top of a tree. His instructor had been an Auburn, NY, native by the name of Johnny Bruns. " In 1942, after I enlisted, " as Bruce Carr remembers it, "we went to meet our instructors. I was the last cadet left in the assignment room and was nervous. Then the door opened and out stepped the man who was to be my military flight instructor. It was Johnny Bruns !

We took a Stearman to an outlying field, doing aerobatics all the way; then he got out and soloed me. That was my first flight in the military."

"The guy I had in advanced training in the AT-6 had just graduated himself and didn't know a bit more than I did," Carr can't help but smile, as he remembers .. which meant neither one of us knew anything. Zilch ! After

three or four hours in the AT-6, they took me and a few others aside, told us we were going to fly P-40s and we left for Tipton, Georgia."

"We got to Tipton, and a lieutenant just back from North Africa kneeled on the P-40's wing, showed me where all the levers were, made sure I knew how everything worked, then said 'If you can get it started .. go fly it' . . . just like that! I was 19 years old and thought I knew every thing. I didn't know enough to be scared. They didn't tell us what to do. They just said 'Go fly,' so I buzzed every cow in that part of the state. Nineteen years old .. and with 1100 horsepower, what did they expect? Then we went overseas."

By today's standards, Carr and that first contingent of pilots shipped to England were painfully short of experience. They had so little flight time that today, they would barely have their civilian pilot's license. Flight training eventually became more formal, but in those early days, their training had a hint of fatalistic Darwinism to it: if they learned fast enough to survive, they were ready to move on to the next step. Including his 40 hours in the P-40 terrorizing Georgia, Carr had less than 160 hours total flight time when he arrived in England.

His group in England was to be the pioneering group that would take the Mustang into combat, and he clearly remembers his introduction to the airplane. "I thought I was an old P-40 pilot and the -51B would be no big deal. But I was wrong! I was truly impressed with the airplane. REALLY impressed! It flew like an airplane. I FLEW a P-40, but in the P-51 -- I WAS PART OF the airplane.. and it was part of me. There was a world of difference."

When he first arrived in England, the instructions were, 'This is a P-51. Go fly it. Soon, we'll have to form a unit, so fly.' A lot of English cows were buzzed. On my first long-range mission, we just kept climbing, and I'd never had an airplane above about 10,000 feet before. Then we were at 30,000 feet and I couldn't believe it! I'd gone to church as a kid, and I knew that's where the angels were and that's when I named my airplane 'Angels Playmate.'

Then a bunch of Germans roared down through us, and my leader immediately dropped tanks and turned hard for home. But I'm not that smart. I'm 19 years old and this SOB shoots at me, and I'm not going to let him get away with it. We went round and round, and I'm really mad because he shot at me. Childish emotions, in retrospect. He couldn't shake me ... but I couldn't get on his tail to get any hits either. "Before long, we're right down in the trees. I'm shooting, but I'm not hitting. I am, however, scaring the hell out of him. I'm at least as excited as he is. Then I tell myself to c-a-l-m d-o-w-n."

"We're roaring around within a few feet of the ground, and he pulls up to go over some trees, so I just pull the trigger and keep it down. The gun barrels burned out and one bullet ... a tracer... came tumbling out ... and made a great huge arc. It came down and hit him on the left wing about where the aileron was.

He pulled up, off came the canopy, and he jumped out, but too low for the chute to open and the airplane crashed. I didn't shoot him down, I scared him to death with one bullet hole in his left wing. My first victory wasn't a kill -- it was more of a suicide."

The rest of Carr's 14 victories were much more conclusive. Being red-hot fighter pilot, however, was absolutely no use to him as he lay shivering in the Czechoslovakian forest. He knew he would die if he didn't get some food and shelter soon.

"I knew where the German field was because I'd flown over it, so I headed in that direction to surrender. I intended to walk in the main gate, but it was late afternoon and, for some reason ... I had second thoughts and decided to wait in the woods until morning."

"While I was lying there, I saw a crew working on an FW 190 right at the edge of the woods. When they were done, I assumed, just like you assume in America, that the thing was all finished. The cowling's on. The engine has been run. The fuel truck has been there. It's ready to go. Maybe a dumb assumption for a young fellow, but I assumed so."

Carr got in the airplane and spent the night all hunkered down in the cockpit.

"Before dawn, it got light and I started studying the cockpit. I can't read German, so I couldn't decipher dials and I couldn't find the normal switches like there were in American airplanes. I kept looking , and on the right side was a smooth panel. Under this was a compartment with something I would classify as circuit breakers. They didn't look like ours, but they weren't regular switches either."

"I began to think that the Germans were probably no different from the Americans ... that they would turn off all the switches when finished with the airplane. I had no earthly idea what those circuit breakers or switches did ... but I reversed every one of them. If they were off, that would turn them on. When I did that . . the gauges showed there was electricity on the airplane."

"I'd seen this metal T-handle on the right side of the cockpit that had a word on it that looked enough like 'starter' for me to think that's what it was. But when I pulled it ... nothing happened. Nothing. But if pulling doesn't work ... you push. And when I did, an inertia starter started winding up. I let it go for a while, then pulled on the handle and the engine started.

The sun had yet to make it over the far trees and the air base was just waking up, getting ready to go to war. The FW 190 was one of many dispersed throughout the woods, and at that time of the morning, the sound of the engine must have been heard by many Germans not far away on the main base. But even if they heard it, there was no reason for alarm. The last thing they expected was one of their fighters taxiing out with a weary Mustang pilot at the controls. Carr, however, wanted to take no chances.

"The taxiway came out of the woods and turned right towards where I knew the airfield was because I'd watched them land and take off while I was in the trees. On the left side of the taxiway, there was a shallow ditch and a space where there had been two hangars. The slabs were there, but the hangars were gone, and the area around them had been cleaned of all debris."

"I didn't want to go to the airfield, so I plowed down through the ditch, and when the airplane started up the other side, I shoved the throttle forward and took off right between where the two hangars had been."

At that point, Bruce Carr had no time to look around to see what effect the sight of a Focke-Wulf ERUPTING FROM THE TREES had on the Germans. Undoubtedly, they were confused, but not unduly concerned. After all, it was probably just one of their maverick pilots doing something against the rules. They didn't know it was one of our own maverick pilots doing something against the rules.

Carr had problems more immediate than a bunch of confused Germans. He had just pulled off the perfect plane-jacking; but he knew nothing about the airplane, couldn't read the placards and had 200 miles of enemy territory to cross. At home, there would be hundreds of his friends and fellow warriors, all of whom were, at that moment, preparing their guns to shoot at airplanes marked with swastikas and crosses-airplanes identical to the one Bruce Carr was at that moment flying.

But Carr wasn't thinking that far ahead. First, he had to get there. And that meant learning how to fly the German fighter.

"There were two buttons behind the throttle and three buttons behind those two. I wasn't sure what to push ... so I pushed one button and nothing happened. I pushed the other and the gear started up. As soon as I felt it coming up and I cleared the fence at the edge of the German field, then I took it down little lower and headed for home. All I wanted to do was clear the ground by about six inches. And there was only one throttle position for me >> FULL FORWARD!!"

As I headed for home, I pushed one of the other three buttons, and the flaps came part way down. I pushed the button next to it, and they came up again. So I knew how to get the flaps down. But that was all I knew.

I can't make heads or tails out of any of the instruments. None. And I can't even figure how to change the prop pitch. But I don't sweat that, because props are full forward when you shut down anyway, and it was running fine.

This time, it was German cows that were buzzed, although, as he streaked cross fields and through the trees only a few feet off the ground, that was not his intent. At something over 350 miles an hour below tree-top level, he was trying to be a difficult target. However, as he crossed the lines ... he wasn't difficult enough.

"There was no doubt when I crossed the lines because every SOB and his brother who had a .50-caliber machine gun shot at me. It was all over the place, and I had no idea which way to go. I didn't do much dodging because I was just as likely to fly into bullets as around them."

When he hopped over the last row of trees and found himself crossing his own airfield, he pulled up hard to set up for landing. His mind was on flying the airplane. "I pitched up, pulled the throttle back and punched the buttons I knew would put the gear and flaps down. I felt the flaps come down, but the gear wasn't doing anything. I came around and pitched up again, still punching the button. Nothing was happening and I was really frustrated."

He had been so intent on figuring out his airplane problems, he forgot he was putting on a very tempting show for the ground personnel. "As I started up the last time, I saw the air defense guys ripping the tarps off the quad .50s that ringed the field. I hadn't noticed the machine guns before . . . but I was sure noticing them right then."

"I roared around in as tight a pattern as I could fly and chopped the throttle. I slid to a halt on the runway and it was a nice belly job, if I say so myself."

His antics over the runway had drawn quite a crowd, and the airplane had barely stopped sliding before there were MPs up on the wings trying to drag him out of the airplane by his arms. What they didn't realize was that he was still strapped in.

I started throwing some good Anglo-Saxon swear words at them, and they let loose while I tried to get the seat belt undone, but my hands wouldn't work and I couldn't do it. Then they started pulling on me again because they still weren't convinced I was an American.

"I was yelling and hollering; then, suddenly, they let go. A face drops down into the cockpit in front of mine. It was my Group Commander, George R. Bickel. "Bickel said, 'Carr, where in the hell have you been, and what have you been doing now?'" Bruce Carr was home and entered the record books as the only pilot known to leave on a mission flying a Mustang and return flying a Focke-Wulf.

For several days after the ordeal, he had trouble eating and sleeping, but when things again fell into place, he took some of the other pilots out to show them the airplane and how it worked. One of them pointed out a small handle under the glare shield that he hadn't noticed before. When he pulled it, the landing gear unlocked and fell out. The handle was a separate, mechanical uplock. At least, he had figured out the really important things.

Carr finished the war with 14 aerial victories after flying 172 missions, which included three bailouts because of ground fire. He stayed in the service, eventually flying 51 missions in Korea in F-86s and 286 in Vietnam, flying F-100s. That's an amazing 509 combat missions and doesn't include many others during Viet Nam in other aircraft types.

Bruce Carr continued to actively fly and routinely showed up at air shows in a P-51D painted up exactly like 'Angel's Playmate'. The original 'Angel's Playmate' was put on display in a museum in Paris, France, right after the war.

There is no such thing as an ex-fighter pilot. They never cease being what they once were, whether they are in the cockpit or not. There is a profile into which almost every one of the breed fits, and it is the charter within that profile that makes the pilot a fighter pilot-not the other way around.

And make no mistake about it, Col. Bruce Carr was definitely a fighter pilot.

Thanks to Beauford Teuton

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Lakeland 2007







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## VIETNAM LIMA SITE 85

By Lawrence E. Pence – Colonel, USAF (Ret)

For most servicemen who served in Vietnam, the Freedom Bird was that civil airliner which took them back to the land of the big PX at the end of their tour. Mine was a bit different sort of Freedom Bird.

In mid-1967, as a junior Air Force Captain, I was detailed to 7th AF Hq in Saigon as an Air Technical Intelligence Liaison Officer, short name: ATLO (the "I" gets left out, as people look strangely at anyone who calls himself an ATILO, thinking he is somehow related to Atilla the Hun). My job was to provide 7AF and the air war the best technical intelligence support that the Foreign Technology Division of AF Systems Command (my parent organization) could provide, in whatever area or discipline needed. Also I was to collect such technical intelligence as became available. This was a tall order for a young Captain, and this assignment provided much excitement, including the Tet Offensive.

At that time, Operation Rolling Thunder was underway, the bombing of military targets in North Vietnam. The weather in NVN was often lousy, making it difficult to find and accurately strike the assigned targets, so a radar control system was set up to direct the strike force to their targets. This system was installed in a remote, sheer-sided karst mountain just inside Laos on the northern Laos/NVN border. The site could be accessed only by helicopter or a tortuous trail winding up the near-vertical mountainside, so it was judged to be easily defensible. The mountaintop was relatively flat and about 30 acres in size.

On it was a tiny Hmong village called Phu Pha Ti, a small garrison of Thai and Meo mercenaries for defense, a helicopter pad and ops shack for the CIA-owned Air America Airline, and the radar site, which was manned by "sheep-dipped" US Air Force enlisted men in civilian clothes. Both the US and NVN paid lip service to the fiction that Laos was a neutral country, and no foreign military were stationed there, when in reality we had a couple of hundred people spread over several sites, and NVN had thousands on the Ho Chi Minh trail in eastern Laos. This particular site was called Lima (L for Laos) Site 85. The fighter-bomber crews called it Channel 97 (the radar frequency), and all aircrews called it North Station, since it was the furthest north facility in "friendly" territory. Anywhere north of North Station was bad guy land.

The Channel 97 radar system was an old SAC precision bomb scoring radar which could locate an aircraft to within a few meters at a hundred miles. In this application, the strike force would fly out from Lima Site 85 a given distance on a given radial, and the site operators would tell the strike leader precisely when to release his bomb load. It was surprisingly accurate, and allowed the strikes to be run at night or in bad weather. This capability was badly hurting the North Vietnamese war effort, so they decided to take out Lima Site 85.

Because of the difficulty of mounting a ground assault on Lima Site 85, and its remote location, an air strike was planned. Believe it or not, the NVNAF chose biplanes as their "strike bombers!" This has to be the only combat use of biplanes since the 1930's. The aircraft used were Antonov designed AN-2 general purpose 'workhorse' biplanes with a single 1000hp radial piston engine and about one ton payload. Actually, once you get past the obvious "Snoopy and the Red Baron" image, the AN-2 was not a bad choice for this mission. Its biggest disadvantage is, like all biplanes, it is slow. The Russians use the AN-2 for a multitude of things, such as medevac, parachute training, flying school bus, crop dusting, and so on. An AN-2 just recently flew over the North Pole. In fact, if you measure success of an aircraft design by the criteria of number produced and length of time in series production, you could say that the AN-2 is the most successful aircraft design in the history of aviation!

The NVNAF fitted out their AN-2 "attack bombers with a 12 shot 57mm folding fin aerial rocket pod under each lower wing, and 20 250mm mortar rounds with aerial bomb fuses set in vertical tubes let into the floor of the aircraft cargo bay. These were dropped through holes cut in the cargo bay floor. Simple hinged bomb-bay doors closed these holes in flight. The pilot could salvo his bomb load by opening these doors. This was a pretty good munitions load to take out a soft, undefended target like a radar site. Altogether, the mission was well planned and equipped and should have been successful, but Murphy's Law prevailed.

A three plane strike force was mounted, with two attack aircraft and one standing off as command and radio relay. They knew the radar site was on the mountaintop, but they did not have good intelligence as to its precise location, It was well camouflaged, and could not be seen readily from the air. They also did not realize that we had "anti-aircraft artillery" and "air defense interceptor" forces at the site. Neither did we realize this.

The AN-2 strike force rolled in on the target, mistook the Air America ops shack for the radar site, and proceeded to ventilate it. The aforementioned "anti-aircraft artillery" force – one little Thai mercenary about five feet tall - heard the commotion, ran out on the helicopter pad, stood in the path of the attacking aircraft spraying rockets and bombs everywhere, and emptied a 27-round clip from his AK-47 into the AN-2, which then crashed and burned. At this juncture, the second attack aircraft broke off and turned north towards home.

The "air defense interceptor" force was an unarmed Air America Huey helicopter which was by happenstance on the pad at the time, the pilot and flight mechanic having a Coke in the ops shack. When holes started appearing in the roof, they ran to their Huey and got airborne, not quite believing the sight of two biplanes fleeing north. Then the Huey pilot realized that his Huey was faster than the biplanes! So he did the only thing a real pilot could do – attack!

The Huey overtook the AN-2's a few miles inside North Vietnam, unknown to the AN-2's as their rearward visibility is nil. The Huey flew over the rearmost AN-2 and the helicopter's down-wash stalled out the upper wing of the AN-2. Suddenly the hapless AN-2 pilot found himself sinking like a stone! So he pulled the yoke back in his lap and further reduced his forward speed. Meanwhile, the Huey flight mechanic, not to be outdone in the macho contest, crawled out on the Huey's skid and, one-handed, emptied his AK-47 into the cockpit area of the AN-2, killing or wounding the pilot and copilot. At this point, the AN-2 went into a flat spin and crashed into a mountainside, but did not burn.

It should come as no surprise that the Air America pilot and flight mechanic found themselves in a heap of trouble with the State Department. In spite of the striped-pants cookie-pushers' discomfort at (horrors!) an international incident (or perhaps, partly because of it) these guys were heroes to everybody in the theatre who didn't wear puce panties and talk with a lisp. They accomplished a couple of firsts: (1) The first and only combat shutdown of a biplane by a helicopter, and (2) The first known CIA air-to-air victory.

Thanks to Beauford Teuton

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Thoughts from the Editor

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Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or danger, or sword?

As it is written, "For your sake we are being killed all the day long; we are regarded as sheep to be slaughtered."

No, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him who loved us.

For I am sure that neither death nor life, nor angels nor rulers, nor things present nor things to come, nor powers,

nor height nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.

From the apostle Paul's letter to the church at Rome, chapter 8, vv 35-39

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You are invited to come worship and learn of Jesus Christ with us at Blountville Community Chapel.

Sunday School starts at 10 AM, Worship at 11, usually done by around 12:15.

Located just west of Blountville. For a map of how to get there, click on this link:

<http://www.bcchapel.org/resource/Map/location.html>

The preacher is the same guy that does these newsletters, just so's you'll know...

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Copies of the weekly sermon are now being sent out by e-mail every week.

If you would like your name added to the list of people receiving it, just notify [richard@bcchapel.org](mailto:richard@bcchapel.org)

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Next Chapter 442 Meeting Sunday April 29, 2007 at Hawkins County Airport at 2:30 PM.

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The End



All pictures by the editor

All initial Propwash mail outs are Blind Carbon Copy to help reduce spam & protect the privacy of our members