

53-F



BASE LEG

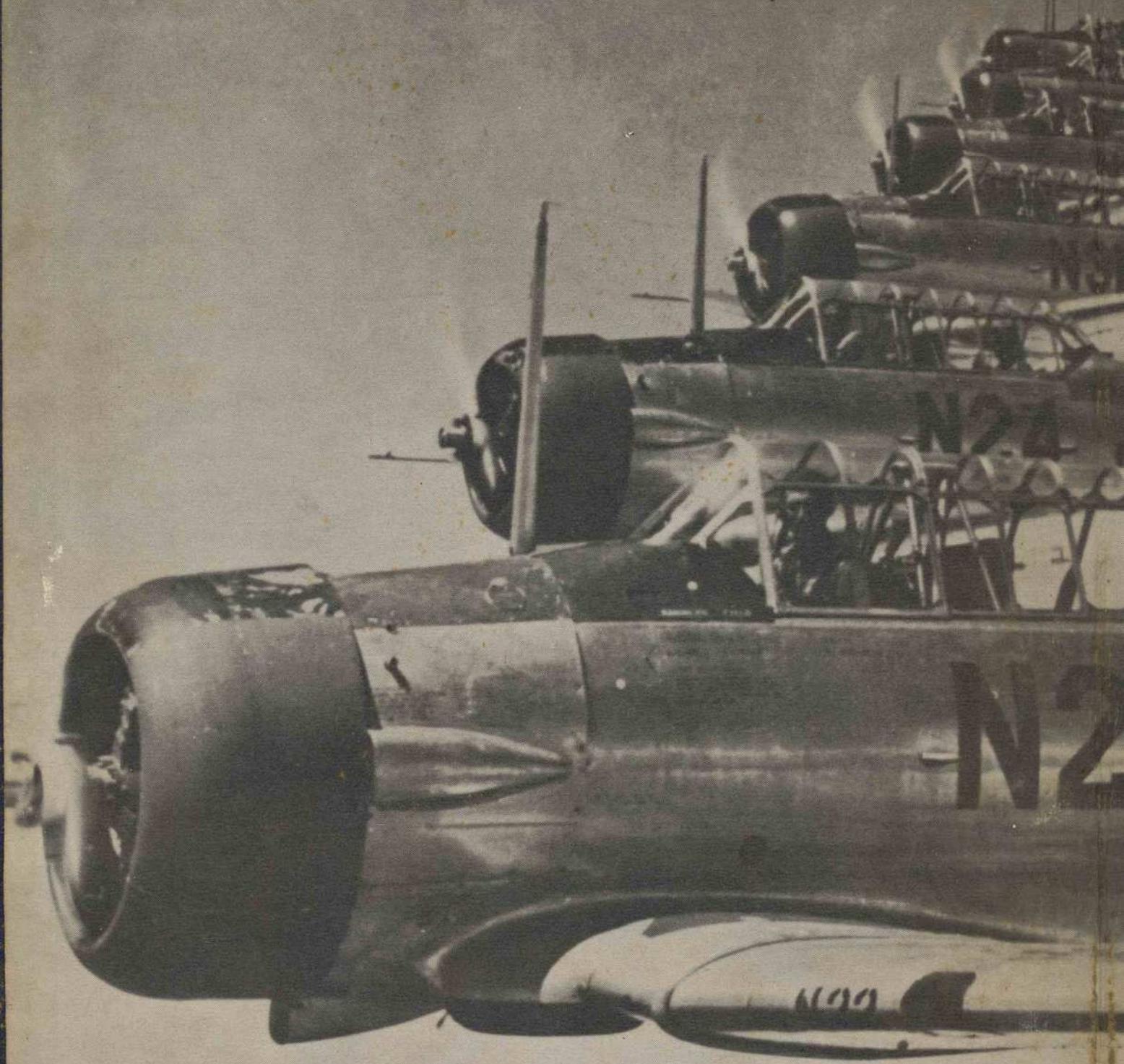
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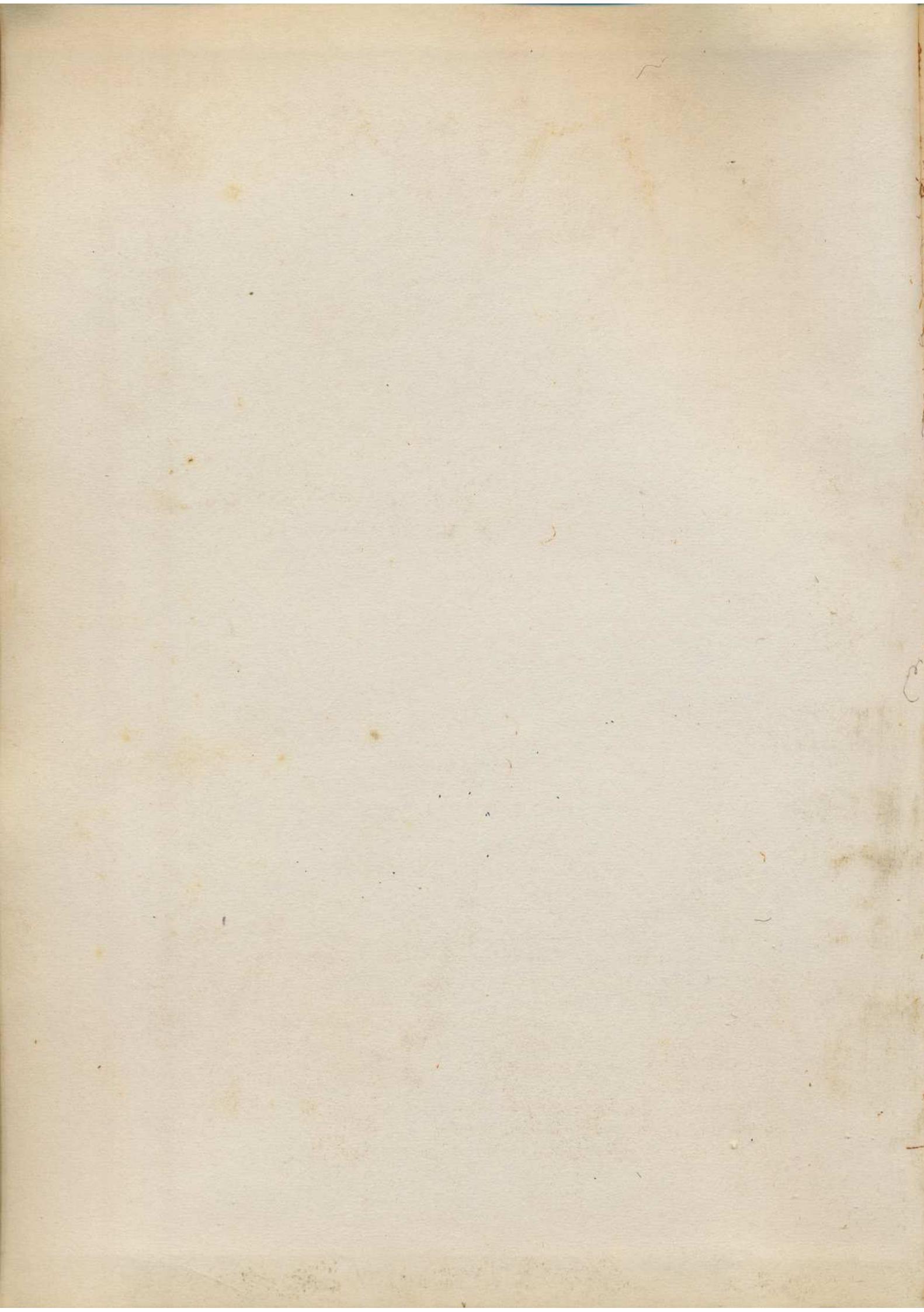


PRIMARY
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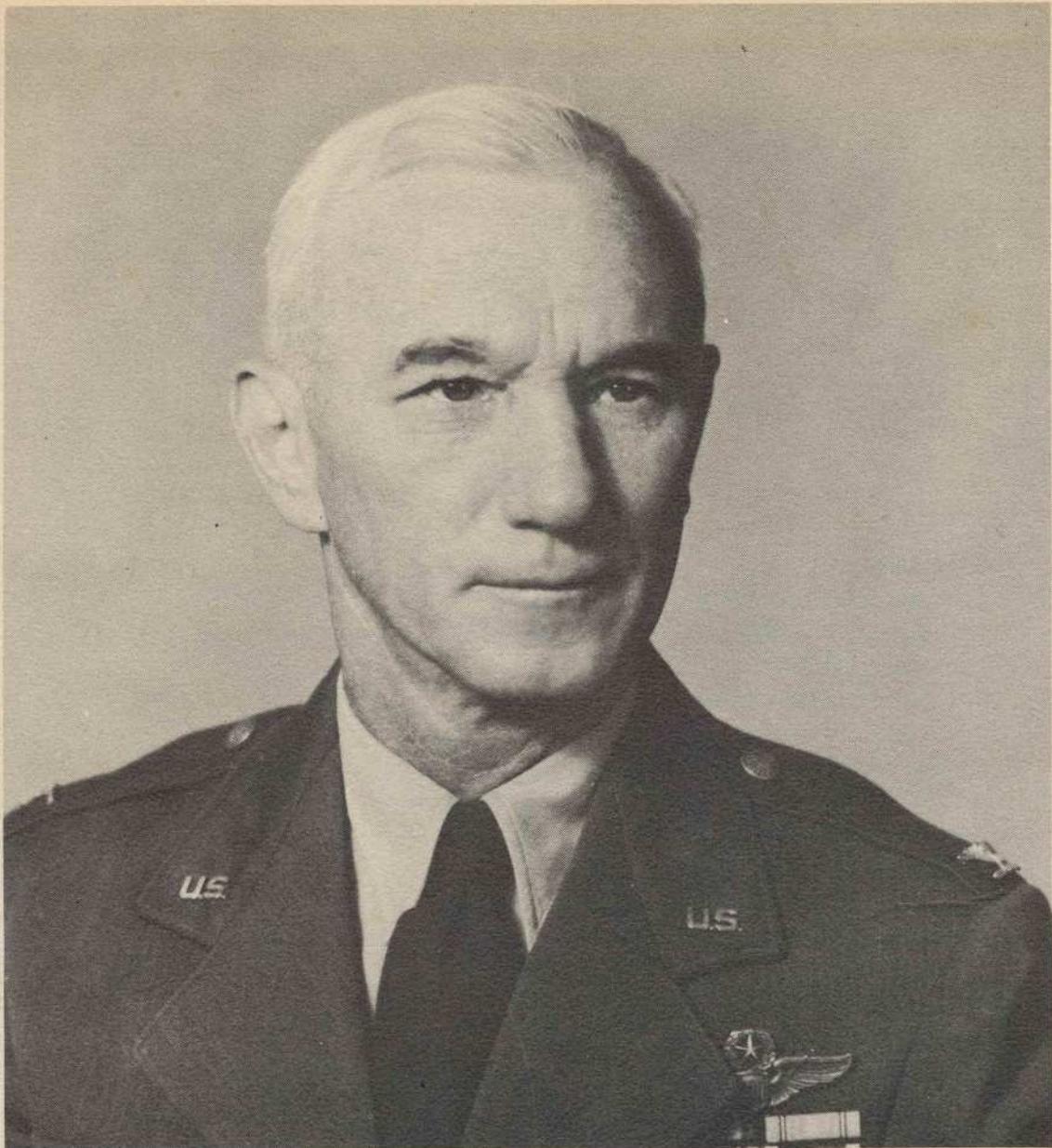






dedication

to the dust
as we are close to the ground
and there is a wind
it is very flat here
and there is often wind
and in the air in the mornings
settling out on the desk and little wallboard ledges at night
ingraining itself in the material in the back of the barracks bags
obscuring the polished shoe
muddying the water that g-i's the floors
circulating to the top of the wall-lockers
and coating them even on top
resting on the upper side of light bulbs
met the first thing in the morning
encountered brushed aside damned
rejoining the air currents to find a new place to settle
and not mattering in the barracks after 1200
to the dust that was quiet on a calm day
but without the water that might bond it to one
left whenever the wind blew to join the air in uncomfortable flight
dust from a kansas storm can circle the earth time after time
and again
the dust in our nostrils
turning our noses and the corners of our eyes black
filtering through our hair
tinting our skins
and when there was no wind to do it
and we went between the dry earth texas and the dry air above
clouds of dust were born from the soil again and again
and if we could see no plane
and if we could spot no landing tee and knew in no other way
the dust trails would tell us where to land
in which direction to fly to the ground
our home and its home
to the restless dust loose and free to go when the wind blew hard enough
to the dust without bonds to keep it on the ground
the waterless unrooted dust in the air at times in texas.



COLONEL JOHN R. MORGAN
Commanding Officer

TO THE GRADUATES OF CLASS 53-F:

My heartiest congratulations to you graduates of the primary phase of the U. S. Air Force pilot training program.

You have, through individual application and initiative, reached the half-way mark on the way to winning the silver wings of an Air Force pilot officer.

I feel sure that the training that you have received here, combined with your personal desires to achieve a predetermined goal, will enable each of you to successfully complete your pilot training at your basic flying school.

The personnel of Goodfellow join with me in wishing you every success for the future.

Sincerely,

John R. Morgan
JOHN R. MORGAN
Colonel, USAF
Commanding

contents

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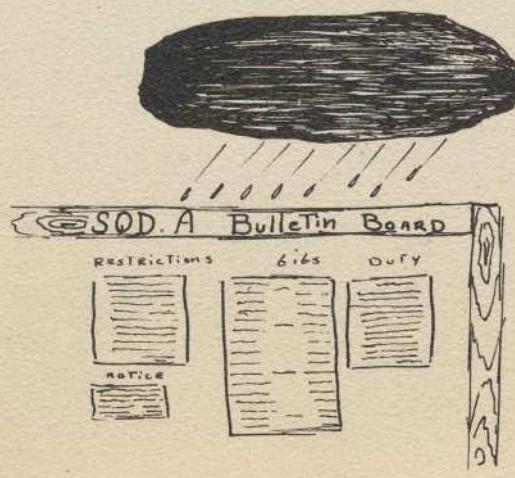
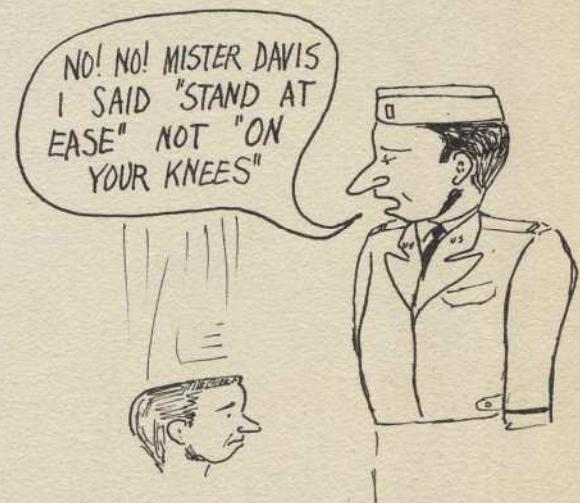
military training



Lt. K. G. Boyer, Dir. of Mil. Tng.



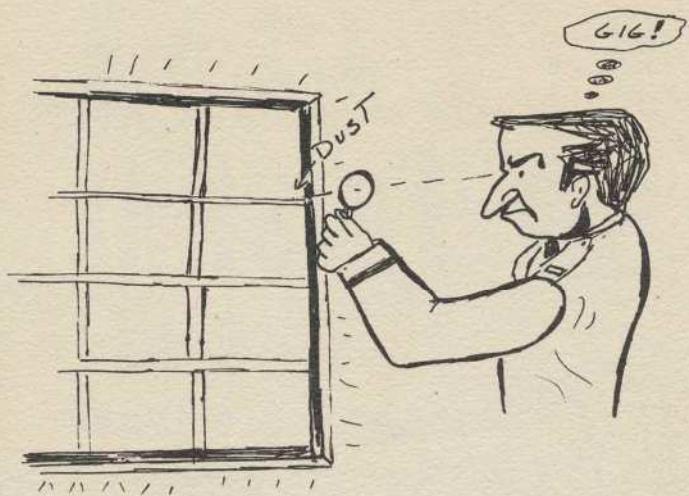
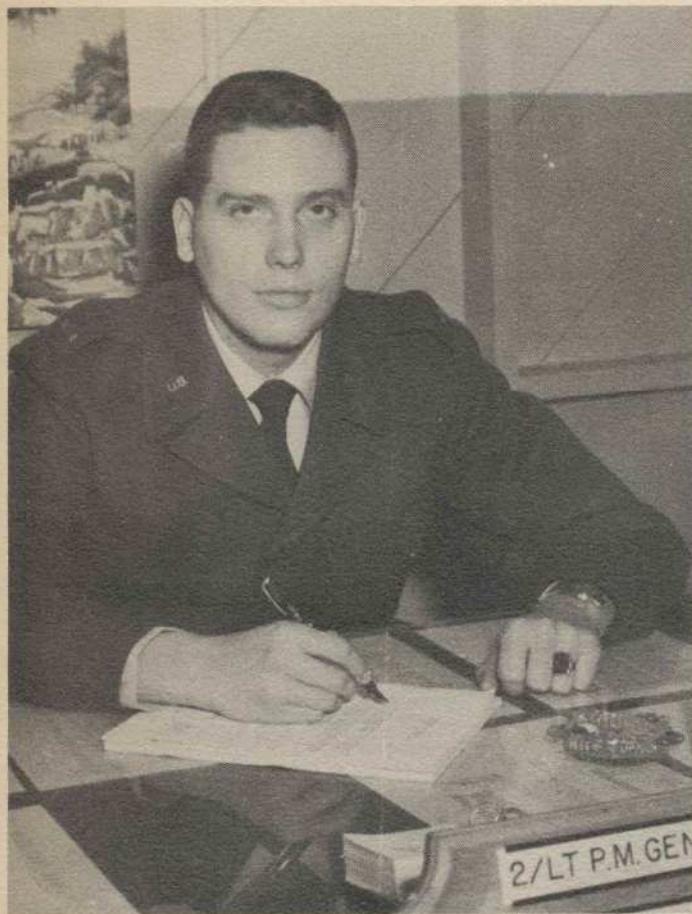
Maj. H. B. Sims, Commanding Officer



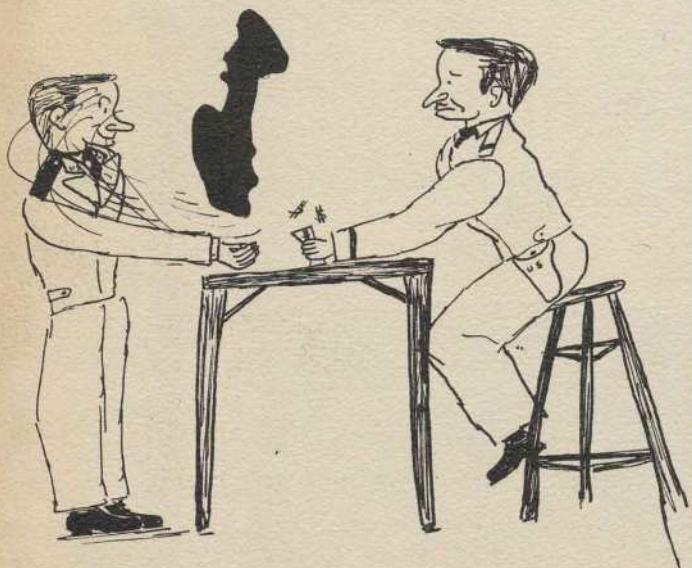
Lt. E. J. Stirman, Sen. Mil. Instr.

military training

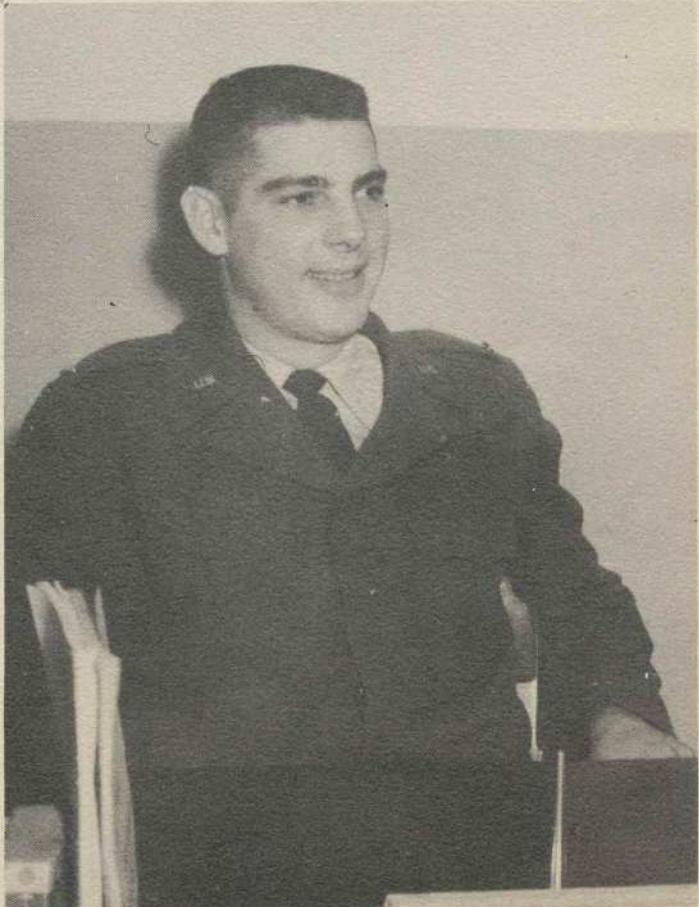
Lt. P. M. Gentzel, Mil. Instr., Sqdn. A



sometimes we wonder



payday salute



Lt. L. C. Cross, Mil. Instr., Sqdn. B

academic training

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Mr. Wayne B. Henry
Lt. Donald F. Carroll
Lt. Richard G. Armour



Maj. Leonard C. Scott
Director of Academic Training
Capt. Warren C. Albert
Ass't. Director of Academic Training

leadership

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navigation

Mr. Edward M. Rideout
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Capt. Howard D. Callahan, Jr.
Capt. Howard L. Jensen

academic training



principles of flight radio communications

Mr. Robert E. Neligh
Lt. Robert W. Mulledy
Mr. Joe C. Hoover
Lt. Anthony J. Novak

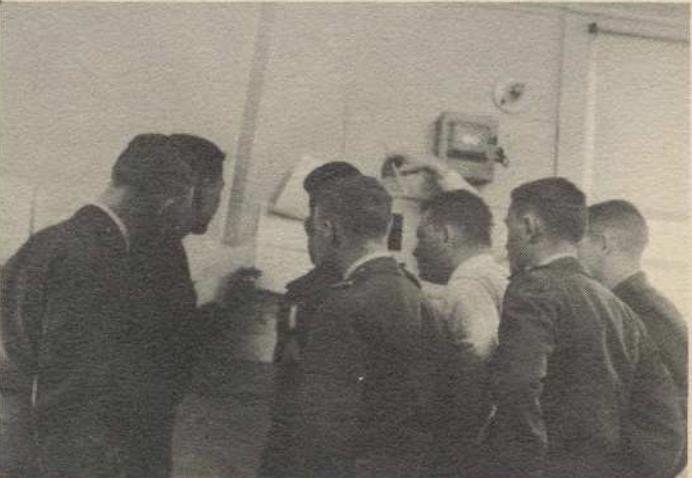


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Mr. Owen W. Blum
Capt. Dewey A. Keithley, Jr.
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the bad news



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At your next base you will further prepare yourself for a place in our Air Force. You *can* take this place if you *will*.

There are trying times ahead that will test your will, but I am confident that you will succeed and acquit yourself with honor and distinction.

HERBERT W. ROBSON
Major, United States Air Force
Section Commander

flying training

DI

Flight Commander
Capt. H. B. Fronkier
Ass't. Flt. Cmdr.
Capt. S. B. Sayles

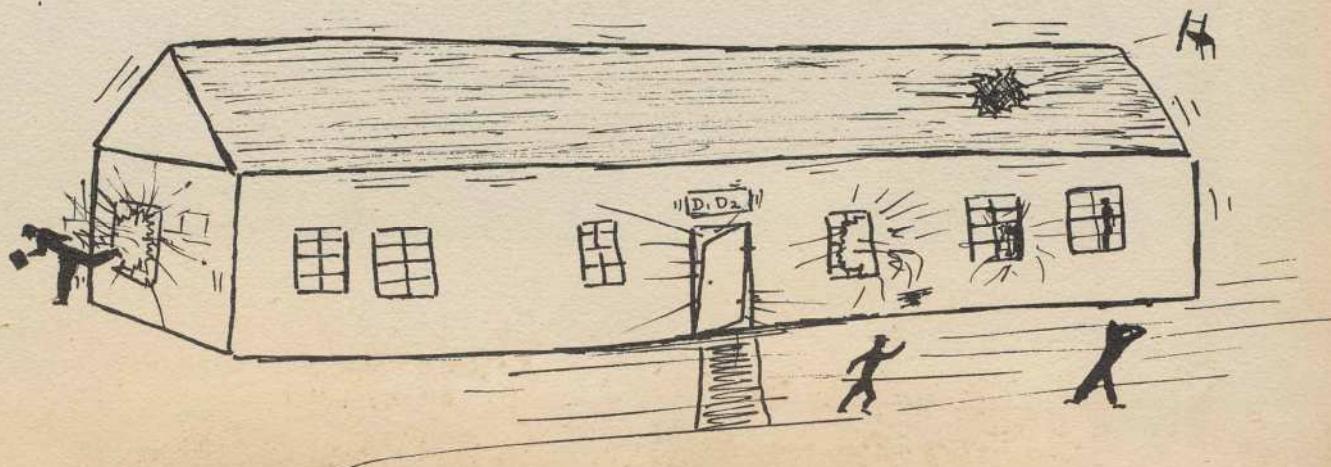


DII

Flight Commander
Capt. F. J. McAnally
Ass't. Flt. Cmdr.
Capt. R. H. Hill



"Ten - HuT"



flying training



dumbo flight

Top Row, Left to Right: Capt. H. B. Fronkier, Capt. W. R. Finefrock, Capt. L. L. Stockton, Lt. E. L. Archer, Capt. S. B. Sayles.

Bottom Row, Left to Right: Lt. R. E. Youngblood, Capt. E. B. Francis, Lt. C. A. Davidson, Lt. E. E. Johnson, Lt. E. A. Ramsdell.

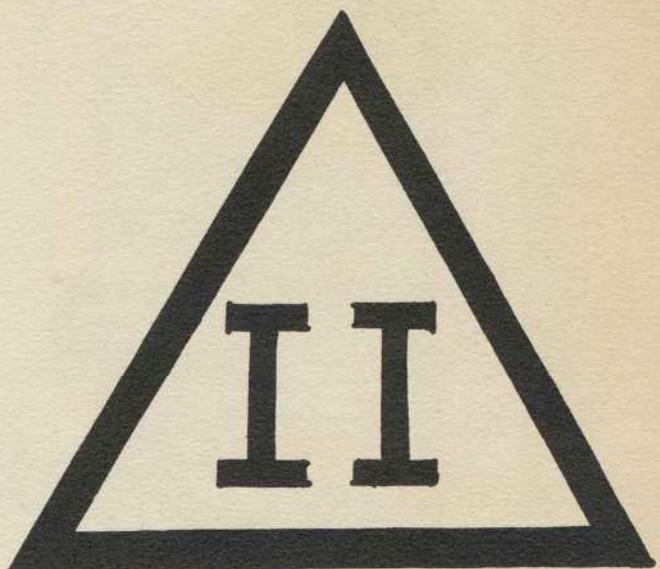


flying training

delta flight

Top Row, Left to Right: Capt. F. J. McAnally, Capt. R. A. Robinson, Lt. D. G. Kavanaugh, Lt. J. W. Szenegeto, Lt. T. R. Johnson, Capt. R. H. Hill.

Bottom Row, Left to Right: Capt. C. L. Winterberger, Lt. T. W. Erich, Lt. F. L. Clark, Capt. H. B. Stillwell, Lt. E. W. Harris, Lt. T. B. Burttschell.



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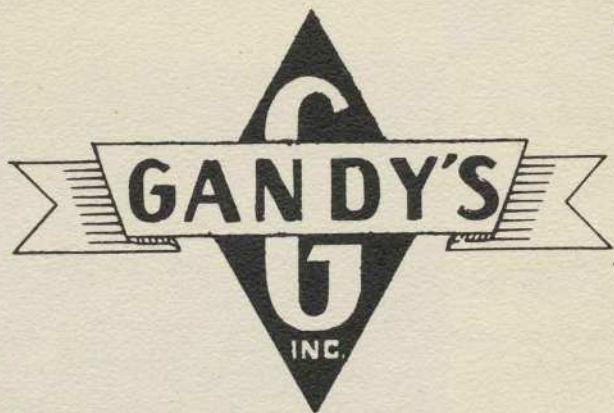
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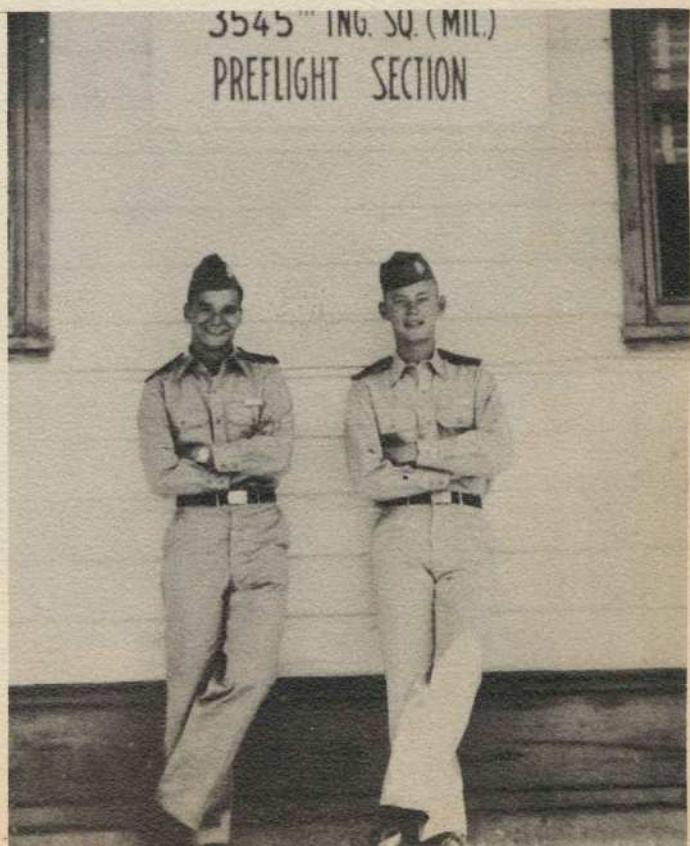


class history

In August in San Angelo, Texas, the sun is very hot and on August the sixth 1952 there was not a cloud in the sky to dim the steady heat of the sun. A room at the Golden Spur Hotel was a dollar more with an air-conditioner and it was worth it to a person just here from the north, new to the Texas heat which brought the perspiration out of our skins with the slightest exertion. We were wet when we walked to the pre-flight orderly room, perhaps in the door at the end of the building which we could not use later when we knew some more of the rules we would get to know so well. I was here at seven thirty and thought that I would be able to get breakfast here but found that breakfast was already over, I began to think that there might be some people here who got up quite early. And one of the pre-flight CCQ's asked me if I were a civilian and of course I was. He said I would have it tough, and he worried me, so I wondered what the ones that had been in for a little while knew and even now I haven't found out too much that they really did learn before that was too hard to pick up blindly and I wish that the preflight CCQ hadn't tried to worry me but that is some of their method, to worry you into thinking that something is tough. How many times did we hear, "Wait 'til you get in the area!" from one of them who thought to put fear into our souls, and it was not until halfway through third class that we did realize that it was not what it was cracked up to be and those who said don't fight it and all were right—there was nothing to fight, except for some talented few who created situations for themselves somewhat difficult. But we are still in pre-flight and that is our main concern right now, two beers shouldn't keep us from our subject, although the subject is keeping me from more beer. Perhaps turn-about would be fair play, but it would be no tale. In preflight the first thing that we did was to settle in a room and look about us to get a feeling of home and then we started filling out forms. Several times we guaranteed that we had no previous flying experience then we were assigned rooms and moved to where we would stay and looked around to get a feeling of home.

It was easy to find out which room you had because the numbers were counted from the opposite end and they were marked wrong on the front of the rooms, so we were finally

GOODFELLOW AIR FORCE BASE



class history

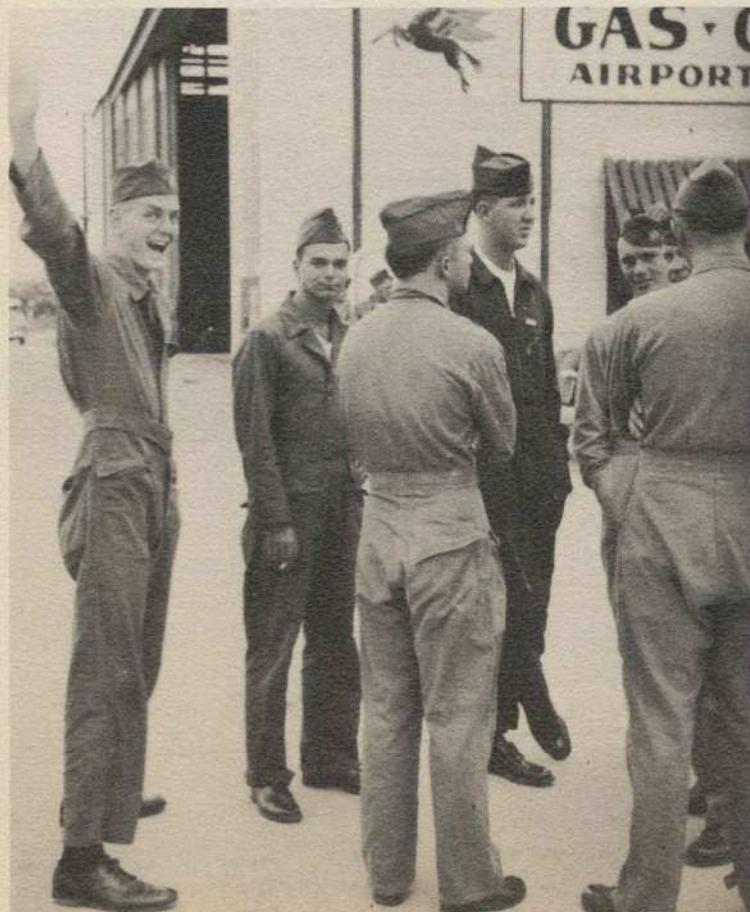


settled. Those fortunate first few days we were very flamboyant in our behavior, we would walk in pairs and talk and walk around corners just as we always did knowing no better at all. We were soon to get the word; we had many sessions of explanations and questions and we found out very little but enough to disturb us a bit. This first few days we went to have a physical and found out that they were serious about our being in tip-top shape when several men were eliminated right there from 53-F. I think that it was a little of a shock to think that it could happen to someone who came here all the way and had passed a physical before and all and then to have Captain Dewey hear a strange noise in one's chest or find that your eyes didn't look at the same thing at the same time and be sent to Randolph for more severe checks—it was sobering. To think that there were some who were being screened out so soon makes you look around and think a little.

It was remarkable to think of it but we were flying that next Monday, at least half of us were flying next Monday for we had fallen into the hands of a group of gentlemen known as the Human Resources Research Commission by virtue of a random numbers table which flattered no one and played no favorites, and still brought us here and split us in two and called us control and experimental, which meant PT and movies or flying the breezy little red and yellow Aeroncas. For me it was the Aeroncas and that time went fast. It was the time flying and thinking that I was learning something there about how to do something that made all the rather arbitrary regulation of preflight life keep its right importance. It was then that we wondered if the days still had twenty-four hours in them. The bells seemed to ring one after the other all day long and we were always finding out our schedule and knowing what time we had to do something, which we have found out how not to worry too much about now, it seems.

The whole group was divided into sections then and we were assigned rooms and moved into them and looked around us to try to get a feeling of home. We knew some names by now, and mostly where different people were from. Friendship is a large part geographical, though, and where you lived means who you knew and what you knew and that is a large part of what you are,

class history



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class history

and so we asked others where they were from. We cleaned the halls and swept and mopped the rooms and folded our mattresses up in the day time and polished our shoes and wore our fatigues to Mathis and straggled back to the day room from chow to sweat in a leather chair, play ping pong or pool, or take our first set of HRRC tests, and we had thought that we were through with tests when we had passed our entrance tests but we were only well underway, and there were as many more to come. That day room, the handball courts, the base theatre once a week on Sunday afternoon, twice one week, Saturday night too, the barracks and does anyone have anything to read. Our civilian clothes were packed away. The batteries in our cars were dying a slow death, and we were being conditioned to the nothing that would make the littlest activity later on a privilege worthy of polishing the floors for. Life became very quiet then and very orderly with no privileges. Pressure was put upon us that was not to be released but slowly over a number of months. One person named Greenwell stopped then, deciding that he did not like to fly but he was not the first. All of us probably decided that we did not like any part of it again and again and yet stuck it out and still are enjoying it as we do.

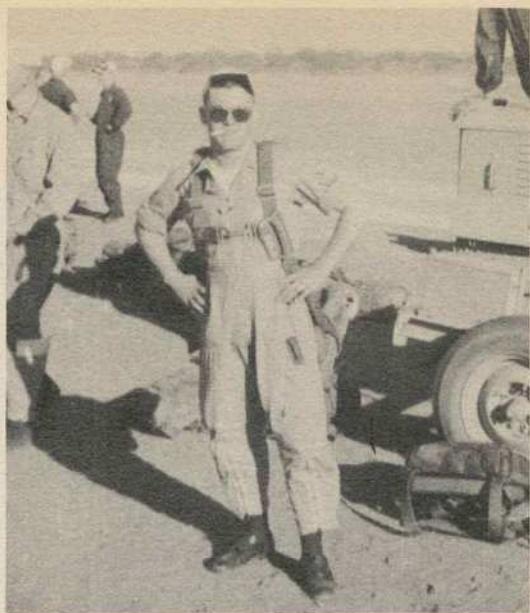
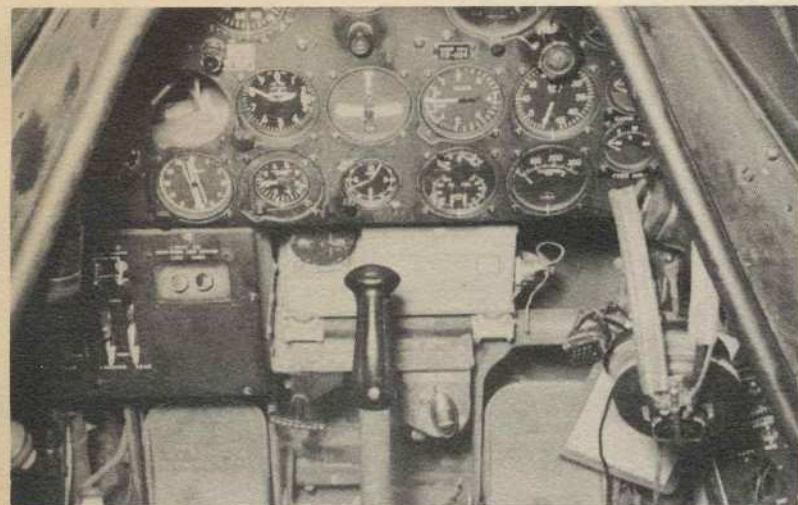
Preflight brought us Nellig and Principles of Flight, a course which told us how we stayed up in the air and enabled us to contemplate bubbles when we stalled out in the Aeroncas, and look at the ailerons and see if they really moved down on one side more than up on the other or maybe its the other way around but we looked one day. And Joe Smith said something that he found out in class about going into a turn with rudder, alone, and if he had remembered it right, he would not have had the argument he did.

Toward the end out there we ate deluxe hamburgers and finished out our last few hours in the little planes that took forty-five minutes to climb to seven thousand feet. Those last check rides with Morris and Hamilton were just the beginning for us.

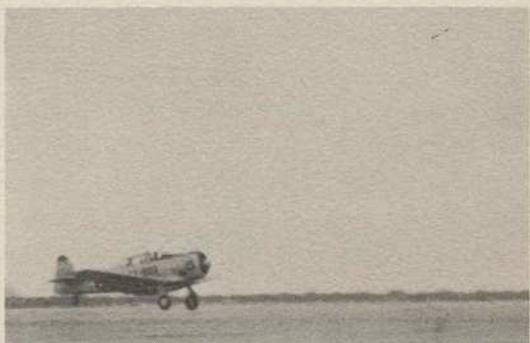
About this time the MDAP Cadets came and we were getting to think of going over to the area. People said that the names Jonker and Moore were known over in the area already and that only served to build up our most frightening expectations. Before we left preflight though, we got new room



class history



at ease, at ease, at ease



assignments to accommodate the MDAP Cadets and changed our rooms and then looked around us to try to get a feeling of home, and then our one big stand-by with Major Sims and Allred and then we were ready for the area.

We moved. We marched in the graduation parade in the dust bowl for 53-C or at least we watched when the parade went on and then we went back and got our things together and went over to the area and that evening we were at ease, the last ease we were to know for several weeks. It really was a bit easier then we thought and not much compared to the buildup it got before we got over there. The area meant eating with our faces drably bowed to our trays, walking in geometric patterns limited to the right angle and straight line, saluting stripes, cleaning the halls and latrines and pulling the thorny little grasses out in front of the barracks; I was in 40 then and our third class saw to it that we did all sorts of interesting little chores. We began to think that nobody but the fourth classmen did any work around here and it seems now to be the truth so I guess we suspected correctly. Of course that was not true for the third class when we were second class since they had no fourth class then, but it has always been true that the lowest class is the one that does all the work about the barracks. It was then we were divided into Squadron A and Squadron B and into sections D1a, D1b, D2a, D2b, and into barracks and into flights in our squadron formation, and it was a little while before I got straight just where to stand at each formation. It is a little simpler now just having the barracks make up a flight in the squadron and four barracks to a squadron and all but at first there it seemed as if we were a little over organized. I know that some of us thought that the jim jam jimmies were pure bunk and that no self respecting human male of age enough to be series about anything would do such a thing but we survived them with the rest of the conventions and inventions that the third class could subject us to. There were not many of us that actually learned the chain of command from President Truman down to ourself or who would always know the movie for tonight every night, or could ever give a satisfactory position report, but sometimes we tried and did some of it and sometimes we figured we would get through anyway and we did

class history



class history



get through one way or another. We got one of our first distinctions as a class then for we found out that we got the lowest average grade of any class they had had before in engineering. Then too, we had given the bar at the Cadet Club its biggest take for a tea dance that it had had so we were full of proud accomplishments. We were a class for setting records and we were out to set them but there was a somewhat unfavorable aspect to most of our records, whatever we did.

Fourth class brought us to the serious business of flying the T-6. We were dressed in our flying suits then and were marched over to meet Captain McAnally, Hill, Fronkier, and Sayles. You are raunchy and we will drill you until you can march over here and do an open ranks if that is all we ever do, and we will not have an accident. The class before you had one little one, a prop bent, but we will not have any at all. Now this is going to be tough, we don't expect all of you to get through, in fact if you are average and follow where the rest of the classes have set the pattern then half of you will washout and half of you will be pilots, we don't want any of you to wash out but that is the way it has been. Fourth class took us to the flight line and ended the schism between the control group and the experimental group, there was still a feeling of advantage but that went soon when our class as if in an effort to upset the most reliable figures that HRRC had recorded did solo out the control group almost before the experimentals, and strangely enough Squadron A before Squadron B almost to a man. We really caught up when later on we had a stage but this is supposed to be somewhat chronological, and that must wait, there is need you see for some logic and a simple logic of time is superficial enough to satisfy me with my two beers under the belt.

It was somewhat a relief to be third classmen. We had a new group under us then, they were the underdog then and did the work and came to attention and were the target of all shaping up from all sides and yet it was not our particular joy to be sharp. Donovan said once that it was not the real ideal of the Cadets here to be really sharp and I think that he was right, the ideal was more one who did the most that was fun to do without getting into any particular trouble for it, and that left the honor system

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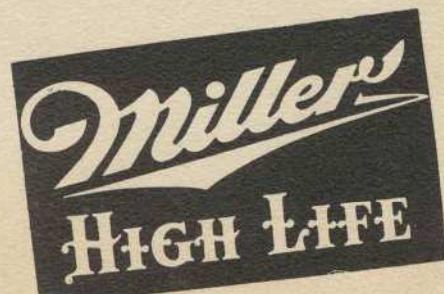
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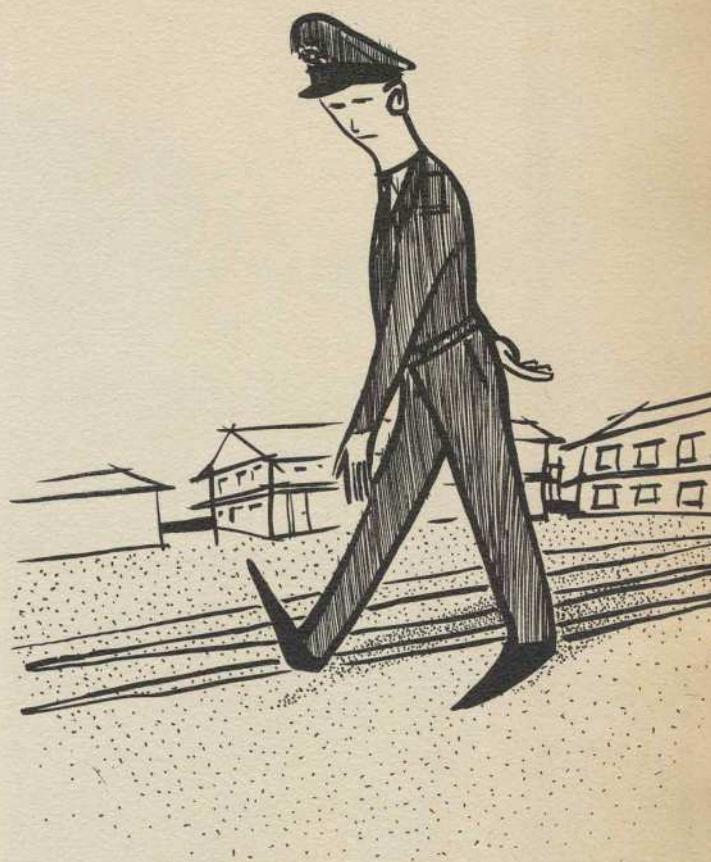
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class history



a veil of improbable behavior that we supposed hung between us and tac officers, that and the little blue Cadet Regulations that sat so squarely on the corners of our dusted desks morning after morning, and which we opened perhaps if we had to write a military letter, or some equally disagreeable thing came to mind. It was in third class that we began to relax with the program. If we had not fought it before then now we were just beginning to ignore it a little. We were hardly conscious of the many bells when before we had jumped when bells rang throughout the day. We began to know who was in charge and knew them well enough to learn about the kind of life that it was they led and it was not as we were supposed to believe and we were quick to learn. Of course we learned the wrong thing sometimes, we would learn the way to Mexico and not to keep awake when the tac officer came calling, or we might fall asleep in the wrong class and be written up for it by an unreasonable tyrant of a second lieutenant newly arrived from the officer factory. He was probably just working to hold his job as he did say that there was little enough for the newly commissioned officers to do and that some of them were not doing anything and some were pulling chocks on the line. I hope that there is no such surplus of second lieutenant pilots or we are working toward a let down. There is not according to Capt. Fronkier who promised us all a little excitement as soon as we finished training. Combat. And with that thought in mind and two more beers let us turn now to the real subject at hand, the thord clahs. I wish I knew and could describe the many little circles of friendship that grew out of our close association in our training at Goodfellow. There is Green and Tesch and Hedahl and Nellermoe and Cutrell, then there was Harris, Chisler, Donovan, Jonker and Fox; Jackson A.; Yetman, Keller and Higgins; I believe the pictures will group the people pretty much as we knew them but it would be nice to remember them as groups instead of each as a person and there were such people that you never saw alone whether it was several who flew in the same element, several French men who ate together or several who played bridge together at the Cadet Club. We were many groups together and were a class pretty much in feeling too, I do believe, although we were never what you might call sharp.

class history



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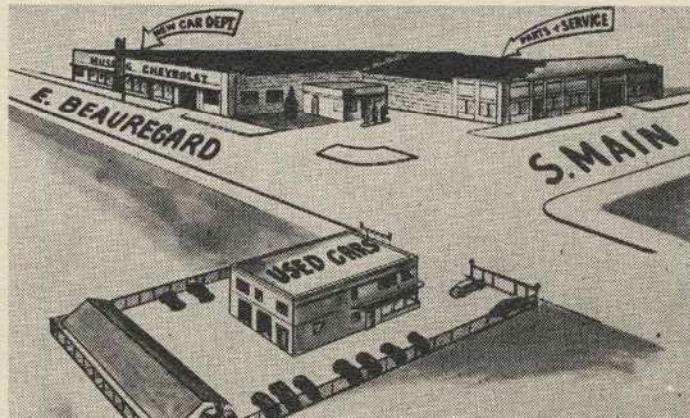
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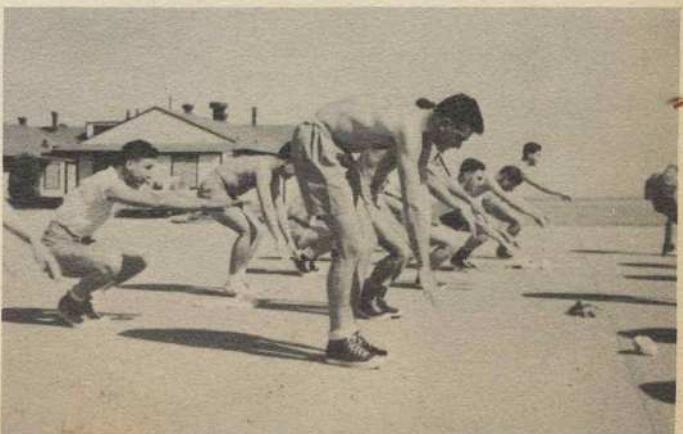
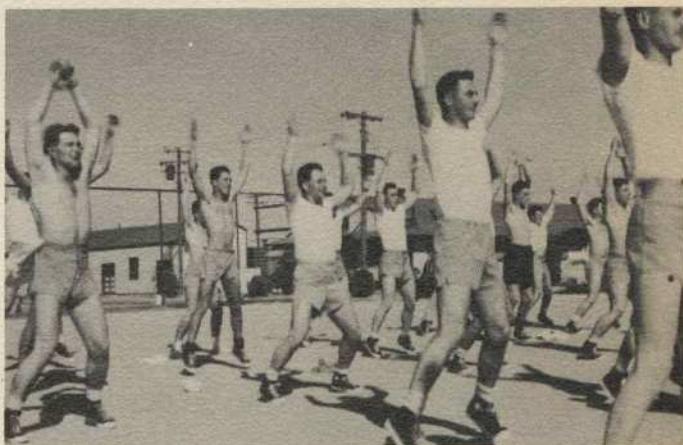
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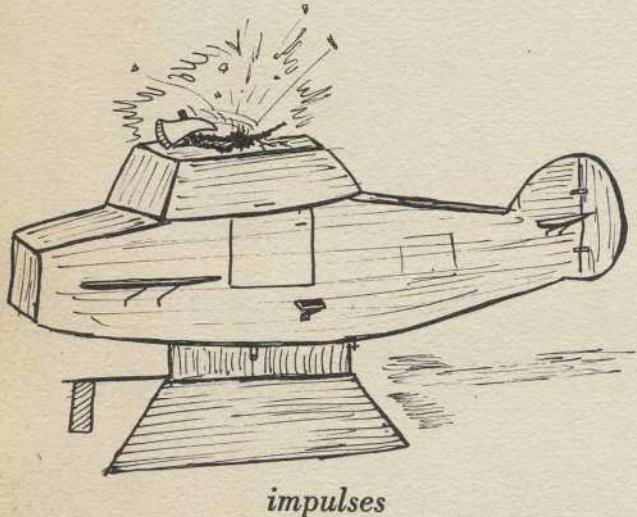
class history

By the time we were in third class we had soloed out quite a few and for some it was becoming a little difficult—for those who had not become masters of the yellow ground looping monster, and it was this time that we found we were to lose some of us to the trials of flying, and we have lost in all to one thing or another about twenty so far, and this is something that we were told to expect but it is a sort of complicated sad reaction thing to have happen. It is nice to think of everybody you know here being good enough and interested enough to do it all easily, and it is good to think this because you know that he decided to do it and then didn't do it all and must go back to doing what he did before which he must have wanted to get away from to have joined this, and yet it is nice to see someone else get the boot if they are determined to boot someone because that lessens your chance which is somewhat of a relief. Worst of all you get used to seeing certain people and then they are not there and it must be a little like combat to have people you know not there and you go on just as before without any real difference except the section is a little smaller, time has passed, and there are fewer people in your element.

Second class is not so easy to define as the preceding two. It was not really very different from third class except that we stopped worrying about the halls being cleaned and polished which third class seemed to be resigned to do even though it was a dirty deal and all that they should be in fourth class in some ways for a while longer—that's the way the ball bounces, you know, that's the breaks. I suppose the first and most important thing that happened to us was in the very beginning of second class when we went home for Christmas. Most of us went home that is, I guess Elliott found his way all the way up to Detroit and Fox did soon come back down south to Fort Worth, but most of us did find our ways home and stay there for a while if only to sleep there at night. It was a real fine thing though it didn't make the fifty-hour checks any easier to go home at forty-five hours, but it would have made them pretty bad if we didn't go home. And the Danish cadets went to California, Albert got written up in a paper for visiting a person who came from the same part of France, we went our ways and saw again the many places that we said we were from. It was for me a two-sided



class history



impulses



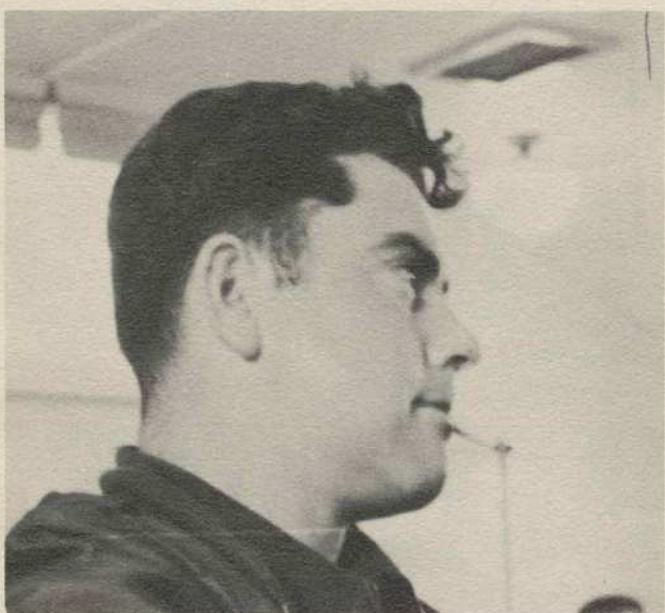
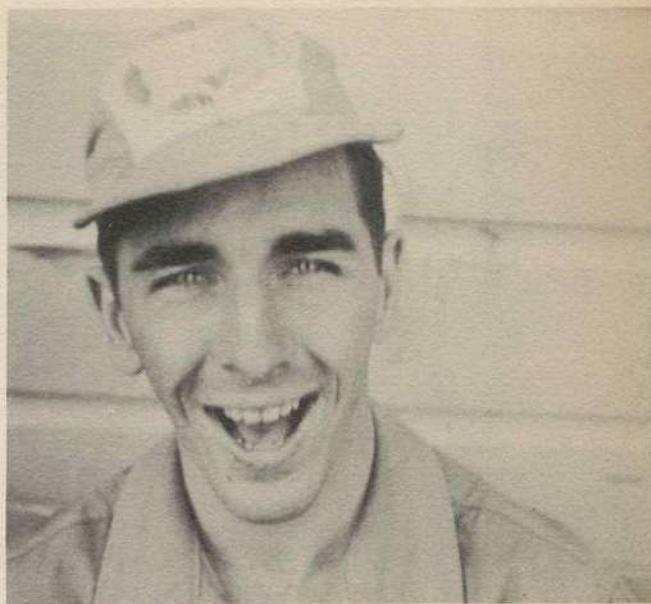
return, I was happy how natural the T-6 felt after a couple of weeks vacation but I was reminded of what I had left behind and it made me tired of this for a little while 'til I got up a little enthusiasm again for the program.

We knew the dullness of black flag days, we knew the relief they would be at first and then the dullness that they could be when they were several in a row, it is one thing to go to the flight line for five hours and fly one and another to go to the flight line five hours and sit for five hours, though we did get several lecturers from Tiger and did drink some fair coffee under the map of the battle of Texas and beside the strange coffin-like structure built as a combination feature for war rooms, a magazine rack display case with a book holder on one end. That and the folding chairs were the only thing that looked like furniture but we were thinking all the time about furniture and fancy cups and still there were no such things and Tiger said where had all our spirit gone and it didn't seem to be there.

We had become familiar by now with the link trainer, and had begun to wonder if it had been tested by HRRC as thoroughly as it should have been because it seemed too complete a torture to be anything but a premeditated murder of any sensitivity to control pressures or attempt at coordination. The instructors repeated that it was only valuable to teach us to cross check and it would not help us learn how to fly the plane except in making the proper interpretation of the instruments but why should the damn thing be so much trouble.

It was possible to see at times the ways that people have aside from the expected things that they are to do because they are doing a certain job but the little ways that round out the people as people that you can know. The afternoon when Captain Fronkier showed us films in the engineering classroom then you could see him working with that projector that he was unfamiliar with and having the light on again and juggling the thing a bit eventually getting it right and it made him seem more human. It is something to be quiet and thorough like Capt. Sayles and do a job and be very good at teaching, and it is something to be cocky and almost all the time expert and light spirited if gruff like Hill, and something to

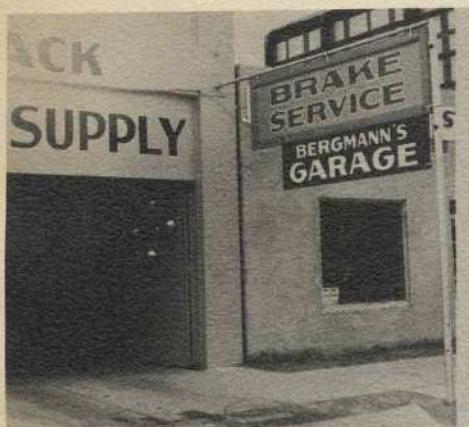
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class history

be as serious as Captain McAnally usually seemed, but it is nice to have been with these people long enough to know a little about them and know them as people and not just as jobs because they really were.

If second class has not been defined yet it will be remembered as the time when we started weather and had just finished navigation and engineering, and in second class too we most of us survived a small ringing in our ears dignified by the appellation code class. We did improve by some brute learning process from confusion to desperation though mental at least and not tiring, unless you were discomforted by the presence of a contemplative brain and then that noise in your ears probably bothered you a bit. The old sergeant was very kind though and passed almost everyone maybe just to get rid of them. He said that one Frenchman had six words all right, though the first five were erased and written over again and the sixth was not too clear and must have been written at great speed, but that is the price of teaching a class whose honor is at their own disposal, one which lives under the honor system, a theoretical system which would be almost perfect if it were not replaced by popular demand by the convenience system, under which we do what best suits us at the time and then say as little about it as we need to impress whoever we want to without letting the persons in charge know what has been going on. It is a system far superior to the strict adherence to rules because it gives the individual some leeway in his own personal conduct, if he has a conscience then he can follow it but if he does not he can do what he can to enjoy himself. It is not true that the honor system did not work here then, it worked to make everyone much happier than they would have been where the system depended upon someone checking and everyone conforming.

About conforming it might be remembered that it was in second class very near the end when Nellermoe had already sounded his first few group's and Howell was inspecting the barracks with Lieutenant Cross that the toughen up policy came through from Waco from General Dissoway to Colonel Morgan to Major Yaryan to Major Robson to the captains Fronkier, Sayles, McAnally and Hill and thus to us, and we found out to our surprise that we had not been living up to an old and honored custom in

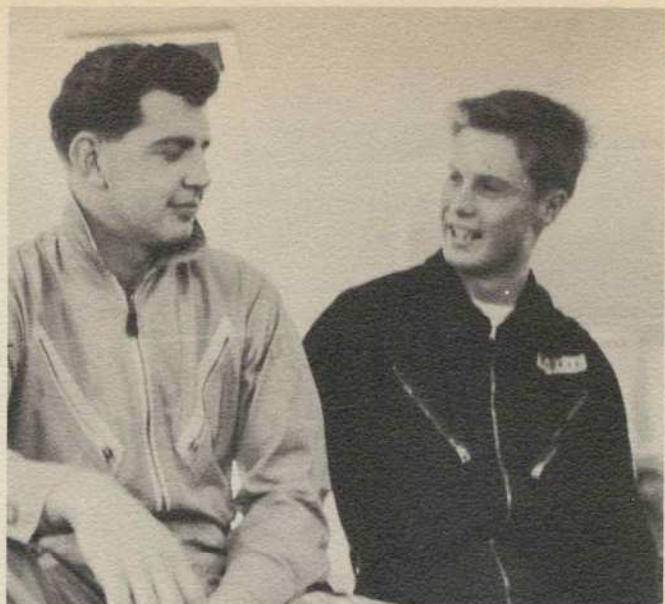


cross-country



first solo

class history

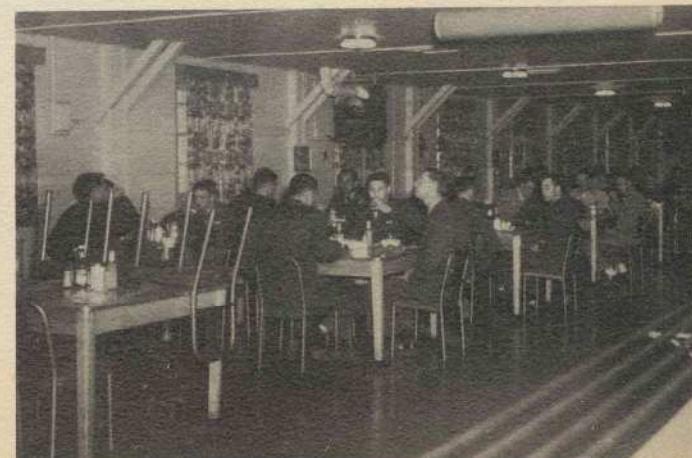


class history

the Air Force, that of wing-walking, which we were soon taught and soon at ease doing. We have been taxiing at the speed that a person walks for so long now that it is a little interesting to see just how fast a person does walk and let me tell you it is not very fast. No, it is not fast at all. We have done this very well though, we seem to almost enjoy it and it is not very hard, it just seems funny that that should be the first thing that should help our discipline in the air.

It was in third class that we had Nelson for Navigation and yet I do not think that I thought of it when I was putting something down about the third class and he was something to remember. Whatever made him teach anything is somewhat of a mystery to me, he had such a faculty for confusing Harris and even Chisler at times, if he didn't happen to have his reaching outline with him he could confuse the whole class and not excluding himself, although, I am not sure whether he was the first or the last to succumb. The time he told us how to find our pin-pointed position by radio fixes from one station. He did about as well as anyone could to make a class room into something like a brawl. Of course, it was a quiet gentle confusing mental brawl but it was a brawl just the same. Perhaps the pilot he mentioned so often as knowing better than he where they were had something to do with his becoming a teacher of the stuff instead of a practitioner of it I hope he never gets as lost following a map as he got us at times, but of course, always in a very amusing way.

First class came as a somewhat two-sided blessing. At the same time that we realized that we were no longer under any cadet control and could get away with even more than we were accustomed which is no small amount, we realized that we were to run the works too and that brought out the general store clerk in many a fox classman. Of course, I had been made a corporal and so I had leaped from the rank of private in one fortunate move without ever being a private first class. Howell surprised Keen about as much as Cookson surprises Howell when he became the leader of Squadron B, Nellermoe became the zebra symbol to the incoming fourth classmen, and McLain took up the whip for Squadron A, at a time when with Harris and Tesch together with Boettcher



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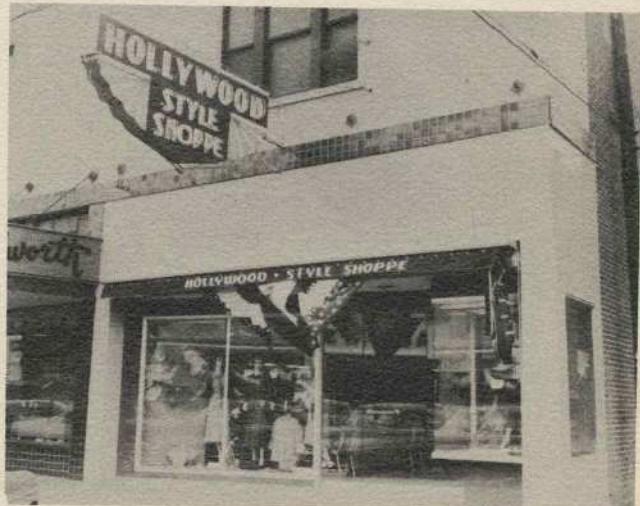
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class history

leaving wastebaskets in the hall for stand-by inspection, they needed no whip. Greene, Braad and Eckes filled out the Majors staff, and I believe that Eckes had some work to do, he was always very competent, and we all trusted him, and he did not drink or smoke and maybe we trusted him because of that, but more truthfully he didn't drink or smoke because he was such a straight person and we trusted him because he was such a person. Everybody trusted Nellermoe too, but not the same way. Nellermoe always seemed goodnatured while Eckes was more seriously good. In first class we became a tighter little group, we had become eliminated to the tune of about 25 percent and could possibly expect more but seemed to feel that we had eliminated and now could be a class and everyone could get through OK if they had any real will to though we also got into instruments then and that took its toll of men, and as this is written at the beginning of first class it is not yet a fact what effect instruments or spring might have on this class. It would be nice to consider the class as a whole and not just a person here or there and to think of changes that have taken place in us since we have come here. It would be nice to consider what has become new in us and what is the same in us since we came here and whether the people who left us did because they wanted to or had to. Cudigan, Redd, Brewer, Niquette, Fassett, they all had reasons, troubles fears, desires, but why did the ones that stayed stay and what did they get out of the training? Have we become tigers and have we become pilots? Have we got our heads out yet or still up and locked? Lt. Burttschell told us that our foundation was laid now in instrument flying and that if we were on to it now we would learn it better and better but if we took a dislike to it now that we would avoid it later and perhaps never learn it well, and that now was making the difference, and now we would maybe be making the difference for many of us in many ways and it is because we were in the class of 53-Fox and what that class is and what we have made it will make this difference to us later and will help to determine what we will be when we turn up in the future sometime to do a job that is assigned to us.

We came into this class as individuals and are now in the first class, individuals that know each other. We have not yet be-

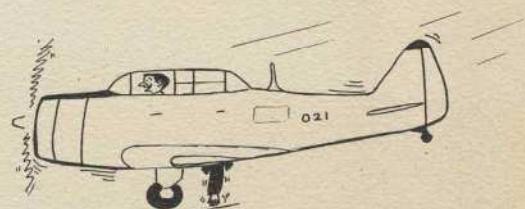


class history



class history

come a team and we are not really tigers by a long ways. We are not the stumbling bunch that fell apart in pre-flight when a right oblique was given to try to get us over to the dining hall, we can perform many simple operations together but our individual interests still occupy us more than any single mission purpose links us all together. Whether we came into this training for an advance in rank and pay, or to get away from the rut we were in, like Porter and Greene when they were in Food Service, or to avoid the infantry, or on the spur of the moment with no particular decision, we have not in our training found any compelling common purpose. We are not driven on by a desire to free the world, we are not paid so much that we fight to be best that we may not lose our profitable life, it is not so hard that there is any real honor connected with getting through, in fact, it is believed by many that the folks at home think that we are in a sure thing and all of us will be or are now flying jets like aces, but it is a certain amount of work, a great deal of care and work to be top-flight, really good, but none of us seem to feel it worth while to try hard enough to be top, to be best. McLain suggested having a party this week end and all getting together and he found meager support and little group enthusiasm, though there were people who were going like Olson to Dallas and have a ball, and we did agree that there would be some of us at the Dixie Club if some others wanted to come, and no one wanted to meet at the Cadet Club. We do not feel that we ourselves can be everything that is necessary for a real time and we have to go some place, and though we are just through primary, it is hard to see if the development of a fighting outfit has progressed as far as it might be hoped by the patient taxpayers. The tiger program is a strange thing too. We are told that we are killers and that we will get in there and fight. But in the slow black flag peppered progress of training, we might have rallied more to the cry that we were learning something that will be of value to us in civilian life since this is in a way peace-time training, and there does not seem to be enough material around here to get our anger up day after day, if for even one day. Instead of the tiger program, unless, we could smell a little more blood, perhaps, we should just continue being educational and then put



sir, you sure have the feel of these landings



class history



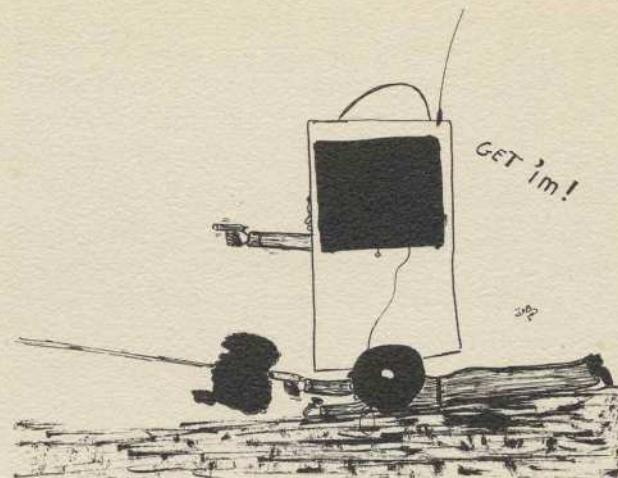
parking the plane



instructor



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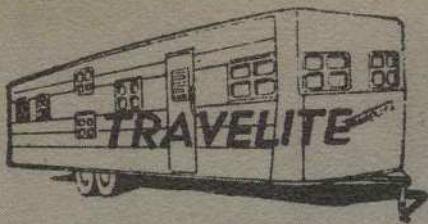
bill humphrey, owner



us into fighting and let us by our own resourcefulness save our skins as ever we can, being expert pilots as far as knowledge of the plane goes, but just newly maddened. It is very hard to keep mad for a long time, and we are not even fed much real propaganda. I hope that I have hit enough of the actual positive characteristics of the class to suggest some of its true nature; it is a funny class and it seems impossible that there could have been too many like it and yet I feel that they might be all alike, and that is why there is a tiger program and HRC and all to make us more like what we are told that we are like, and what we are nominally to every outsider, but this is a description for us alone to help us know what we were like when we were at Goodfellow and we should be able to be ourselves to ourselves. We have come together to become pilots, to learn to fight together, to become as they say, officers and gentlemen, and we have become friends, and we have become a tighter group and we were becoming pilots there are capable of precision work though our numbers may drop even more before we are finally sharp pilots. With primary training over we have a great deal more to accomplish, if we take account of ourselves we are a group with potential that is very great, and with a realization that should not leave us complacent.

class history





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s. a. braad, liaison off.



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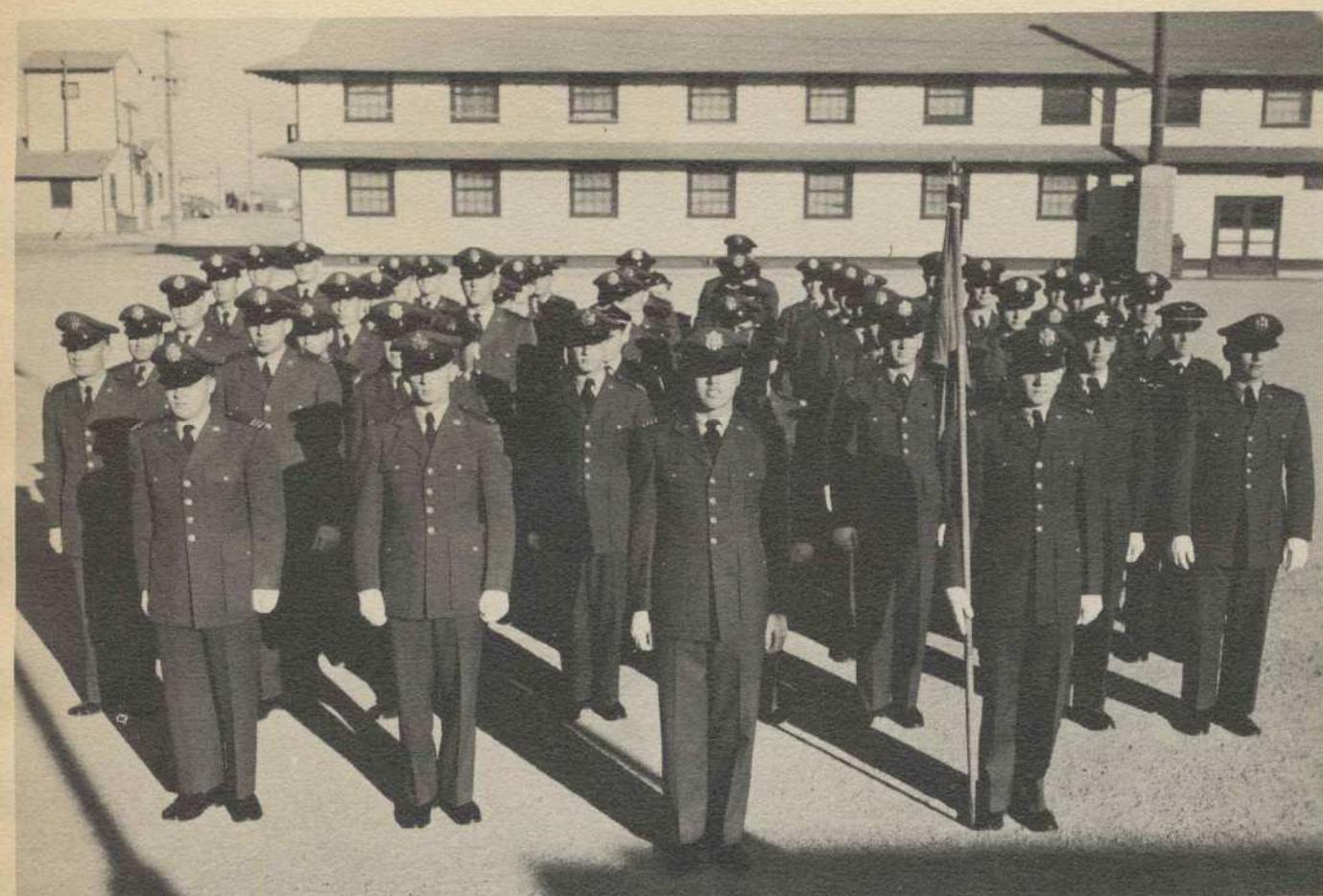
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a. f. sebek
n. h. howell
r. f. schenz

the whole in two



a



b

cadet commanders

group



Kenneth D. Sellmoe

squadron

a



Larry D. McClain

b



Nicholas H. Howell

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Jacques L. Albert Raymond T. Andrus K. Ruilman



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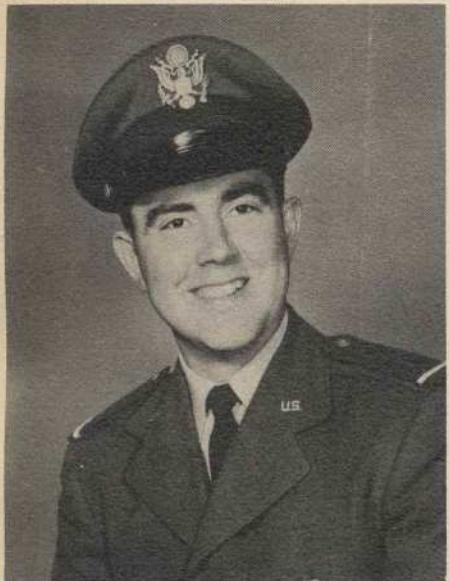
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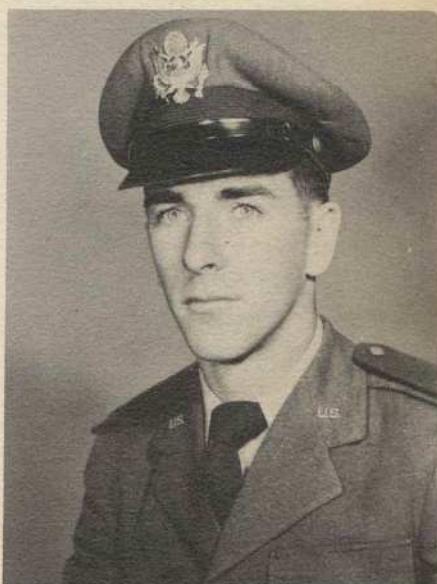
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to fly

*to see what I could do
I chose what may be hardest
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to be a bird unborn
to live as I may die
to see what may become of me
to see where my future may lie
to fly.*

*my calling may be wrong
the calling of the sky
but why should I not believe
when all I want is
to fly.*

h. e. moore

