

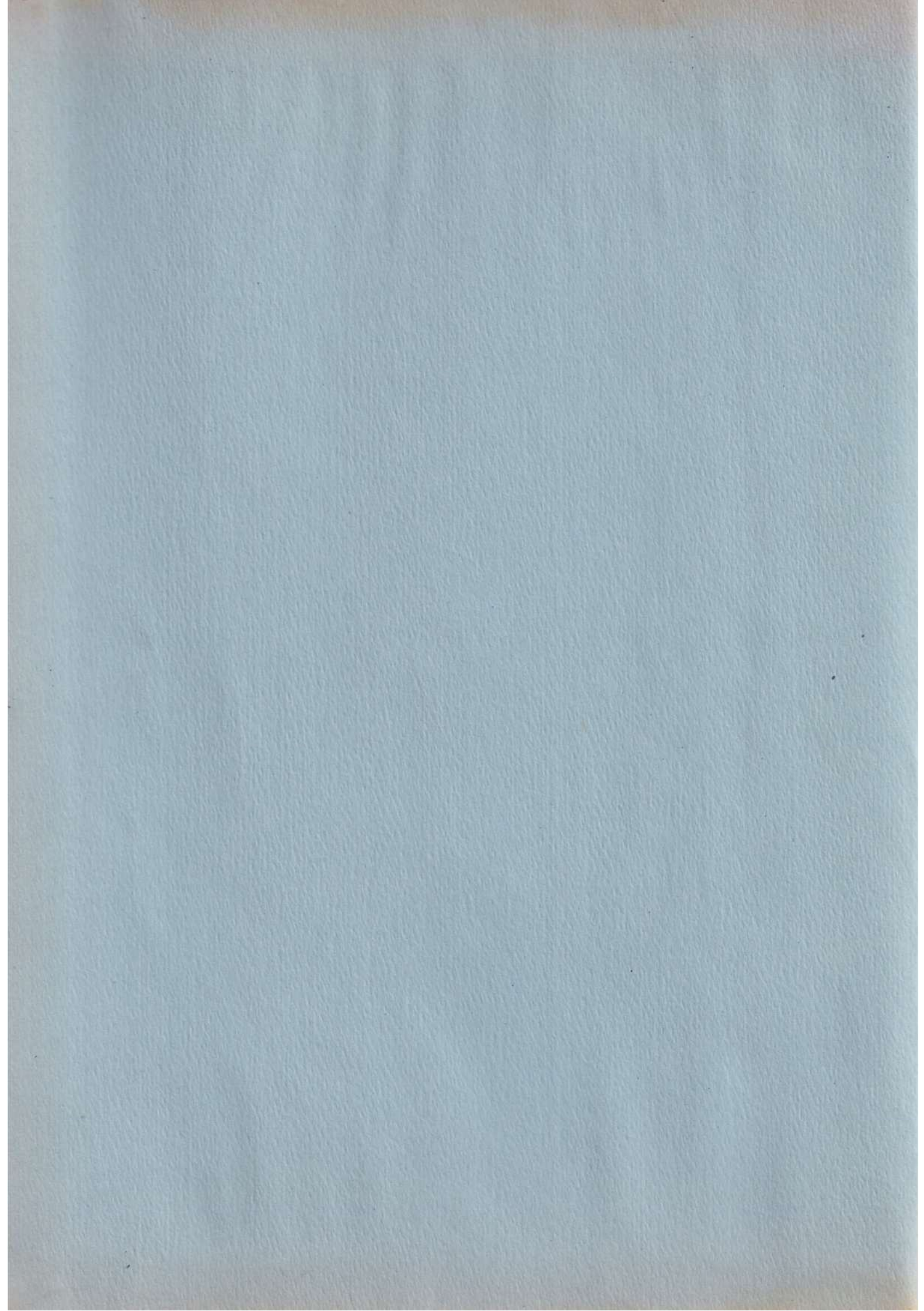
HERE'S HOW



MALDEN A. B.



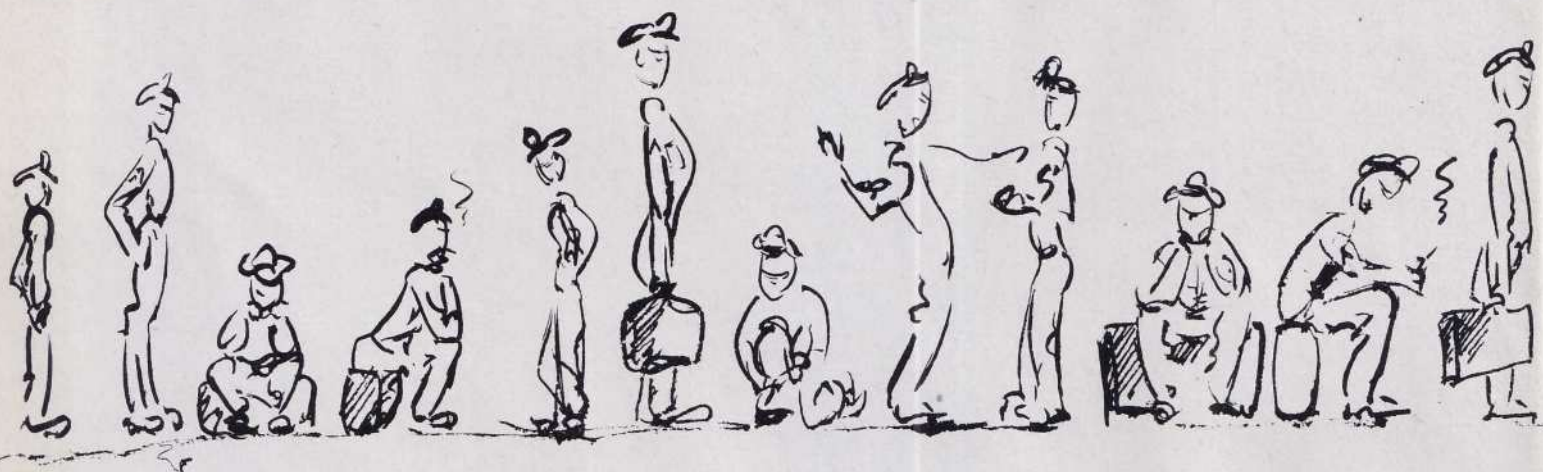


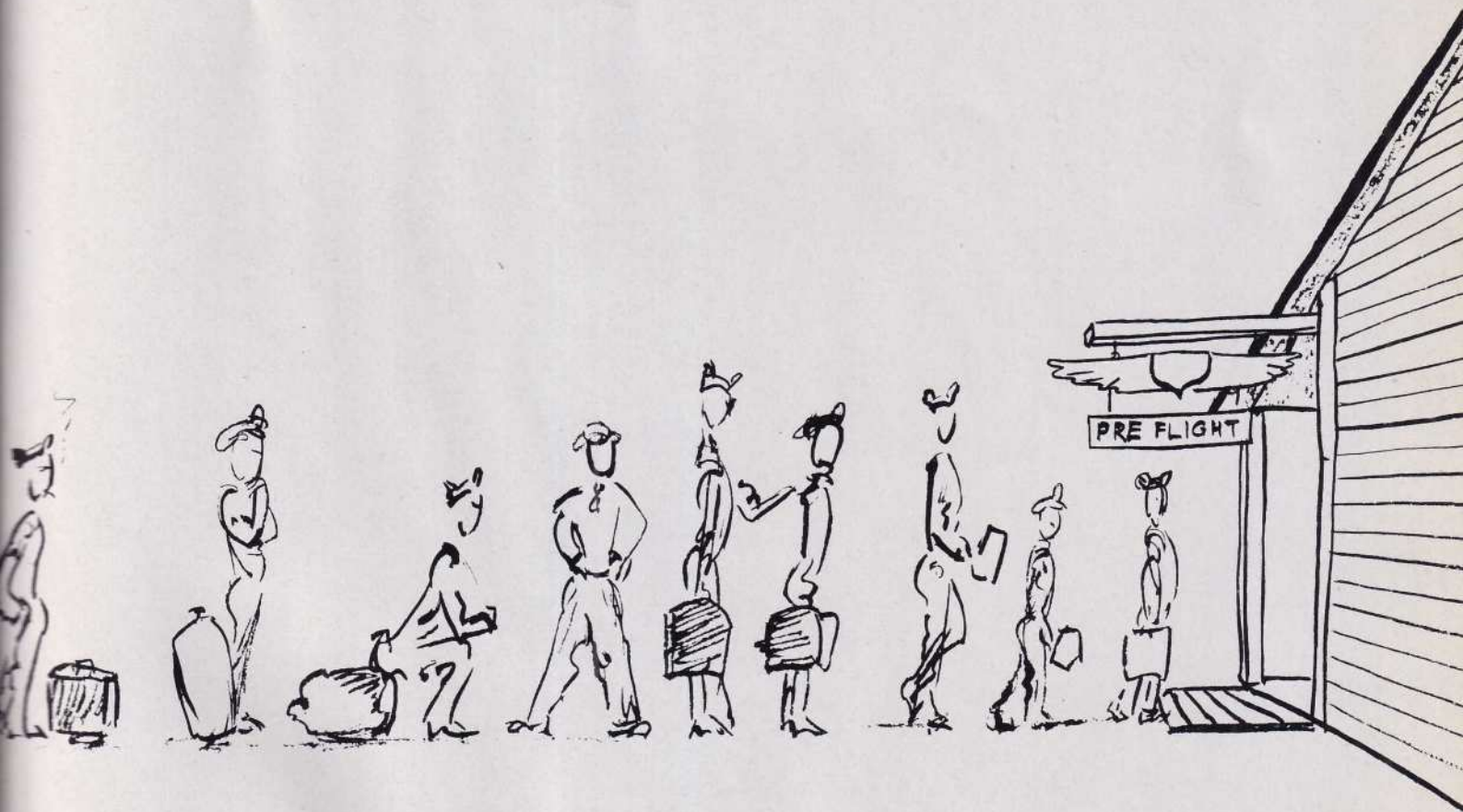


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H E R E ' S H O W

published by
the class of 52-H
Malden Air Base
Malden, Missouri





DEDICATION



We sincerely dedicate this book to our instructors, through whose unfaltering efforts scenes, such as the one pictured above, were made possible. We will remember him when all the rest is forgotten.

Lucid — you s-----!!
Come out and get
to work!!

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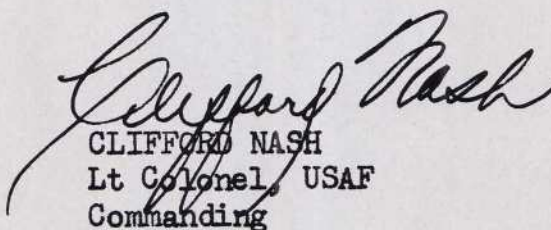
15 May 1952

TO THE MEMBERS OF CLASS 52-H

The training you have received here at Malden Air Base was calculated to equip you with the basic fundamentals of flying an airplane.

As you proceed in your training, more and more will be demanded of you as you are introduced to more complicated, faster, and more expensive equipment. I am confident that you will properly apply yourselves to the job ahead and in so doing will ably assist in our one common cause, that of defending our way of life.

I extend to each of you my sincere congratulations and best wishes.


CLIFFORD NASH
Lt Colonel, USAF
Commanding



Standing, left to right: Lt. Roy I. Fromm, Lt. Harry T. Hedges, Lt. Jack H. Williams, Capt. Sverre Knutsen, Lt. Paul Ricaud.

Sitting, left to right: Capt. William R. Cook, Maj. Clarence A. Powers, Maj. Robert D. Cox, Capt. William L. Adden.

Not Pictured: Lt. Shirrel G. Martin.

H E R E ' S H O W

To begin at the beginning is a rather difficult thing. At first glance it appears that our days as Aviation Cadets began on the relatively murky 19th day of November, 1951. True enough, as far as it goes, but there was a prelude which some might like immortalized in printer's ink as a sort of preface in their memory book of Cadet life.

Let us say then that our Cadet careers, for most of us at least, began at one of the great basic training centers conducted by the Air Force; either Lackland or Sampson. Although we cannot give any kind of pictorial review of this phase of the life it is certain that we have not seen fit to forget it. If the essence of enjoyment is anticipation, then the vast majority of 52-H was more than ready to start enjoying Cadet life at Malden on that chilly November 19th. We were a class which had, as a whole, been obliged to "sweat out" our class appointments for from five to ten months, some even longer. Stationed all over the country, usually as PFC's, without specialty or skill of any kind, the "OJT's" were finally assembled at the nethermost corner of southeast Missouri to begin the phase of training which this book, in it's inadequate length, will attempt to retrace. A final salute then, to the ex-one, two, and three stripers. Was it worth it?

Among the many luxuries offered the traveler to Malden and vicinity is the railway service. The train that approaches Malden from St. Louis is so scheduled that it inconveniences no one, with the exception of those who are, perforce, riding it. If memory serves me right, it pulls in about 1:30 A.M., as it did in the early morning of November 19th, exuding a large number of bewildered young men in blue, fully half of whom had neglected to wear the fashionably cut overcoat distributed by Air Force supply. This was the first in a series of rather serious errors, inasmuch as the mercury was squatting in the neighborhood of 89 degrees below zero. Transportation of a sort was summoned and, after a good nights sleep in well heated barracks, the show was on.

First of all there was Pre-Flight. Toned down as much as possible the pretty general comment, after the first day or so, seemed to be, "Who the hell thought of this?". The white glove inspections by teams of upperclassmen were especially scintillating. Taking place anywhere from three to five times a day, they seemed primarily concerned with issuing completely contradictory instructions which, when followed, were inevitably and enthusiastically damned by the next inspection team. There were those of us who felt the loss of what had always admittedly been the essentials; such items as beer, for which coke was substituted, and women, for which there is no substitute. It was during this period that the now famous team of Martin and Metheney received their first Group Board. Few, if any, suspected that from this small start they would achieve the lasting fame which they now indisputably possess. Finally, through the smoke and flames of the indoctrination period, Christmas managed to appear. The class barriers were temporarily lowered and arrangements were made for transportation home for a ten day Christmas leave. There was some loose talk about an "Operation Santa Claus", whereby C-47's were going to fly us home for the holidays, but it proved to be another "Operation Rathole-Sand In" instead, and the unlucky ones spent the Noel in St. Louis or thereabouts. As the somewhat dazed members of 52-H emerged from their trial by fire the only sentiment voiced, which was at all fit to print, was one of suspicious gratitude for the ten day leave. We needed it.

Some of the noises with which fourth class was ushered in included "Clear to the Right", "Sir, I am famous for", and other equally whimsical bit, but the noise which was noted most, and was after all, the most significant, was the roar of the engine of the T-6-G. Those of us who had begun to despair of even seeing an airplane of any kind at close proximity, let alone fly in one, were shown at last the purpose of our long wait. "The Yellow Peril" appeared, as we walked suspiciously around it in our first visual check, as a squat, unmanagable, and altogether

unfriendly piece of airplane. Our indoctrination ride, and the rank despair of ever learning to fly which almost all felt at its completion, will probably stand alone in the memory department as the first of our many "what the hell am I doing here?" moments. When the jungle of "Yes Sir's" finally began to thin, when the custom program had wreaked its toll of window washers and Area Policemen and the incident of "Ottaway went thataway" had passed away it was the sign of the end of fourth class. Indisputably it was the most formative, for better or for worse, period in our training. The hard core of the graduating 52-H class was well on the way to being formed; and a charming form it was, as we will see.

Perhaps the largest gap to be breached within the class system in the Aviation Cadet program is that which exists between fourth and third class. That first formation which didn't require our presence at first call was a noticeably pleasant one. Of course certain unhappy experiences were bound to occur as a result of the release of fourth class pressures upon the newly arrived "Upperclassmen". The first meal as third classmen found us anxious to assert our independence—so anxious in fact that some of us were ill-advised enough to direct our previous third classmen how to dispose of their spare equipment—anatomically speaking. It wasn't the most diplomatic maneuver imaginable. Later of course, when it became understood that we were still quite subordinate to our two upper classes, we were able to enjoy our few privileges without unpossessed delusions of grandeur. Our ranks continued to thin as the Military, the wheel which grinds slowly but very fine, eliminated those of us unfortunate enough not to solo out within a reasonable amount of time. The remainder drifted on toward the infamous Fifty Hour Check and Second Class.

With the arrival of Second Class came a multitude of rather intangible things. Not only were we another step closer to the day which we celebrate by the issuance of this book, but there was the widening amount of experience gained to be considered as well; both flying-wise and otherwise. The signs were evident. We began to complain about ramp duty and carrying chutes. We spent less Saturday nights in Pop's and more in St. Louis and Cape Girardeau. We were less interested in giving customs and a lot more interested in getting ten minutes more sleep before reveille. We met the dread monster, the Jabberwock of all pilots, the Link Trainer. At least half the troops who were engaged when they got here in November were spectacularly *unengaged* by now. It was the period of the Great Whiskey Rebellion. Of all the inspections we ever received, and we had several, this was probably the most stupendous. By way of an aside it might be mentioned that this was the occasion of the historic publicity stunt of Martin and Metheney. Such fame as they possessed after this accomplishment needs no description on these limited pages; by those privileged to witness it, it will never be forgotten.

The fifty hour check came and faded away, taking considerably less toll than was expected. Cross countries were endured, punctuated by the sound of homing tone buttons. An extremely remarkable safety record continued to be preserved. More and more frequent Form One errors appeared. It was even suggested that the personnel in the Time Section might have something to do with it. A man would get an error on Thursday, go to the Time Section to have it adjusted, and appear with a date Saturday night. Nothing was proved of course, but the suspicion was there. Time pressed us as First Class drew near, and it developed into a race with the schedule for graduation. At this writing the race is still undecided.

What is there to say of First Class? Like a roadside marker seen from a great distance while driving, it is the goal for which we strive for a seemingly endless period, only to have it flash by when we reach it. Instrument checks, Finals, finishing up the time in a race with a schedule which has been, from the first, bogged down by weather and bad breaks, is the story of 52—How's First Class life.

And now the remarkable experience which is Aviation Cadet Basic is over, Perhaps it is fitting that from Malden Air Base, which, after all, was employed during its civilian existence as a large scale chicken farm, should have emitted so much of that commodity which, universally, has the word "chicken" as a prefix.



M I L I T A R Y

It is generally understood that there are several, indeed many, ways of obtaining a commission in the Air Force. Of course we may be somewhat biased, but we don't agree with that. As far as we are concerned there is only one way to get the coveted gold bars, and that is to go through "The Program". While we have no outstanding ax to grind with any other officer training program we feel, quite naturally, that the acquiring of the dual prize of bars and wings at the end of Aviation Cadet Training signifies a rather unique achievement. The purpose of this book is to create a permanent half-way marker in the struggle of 52-H to achieve this dual goal.

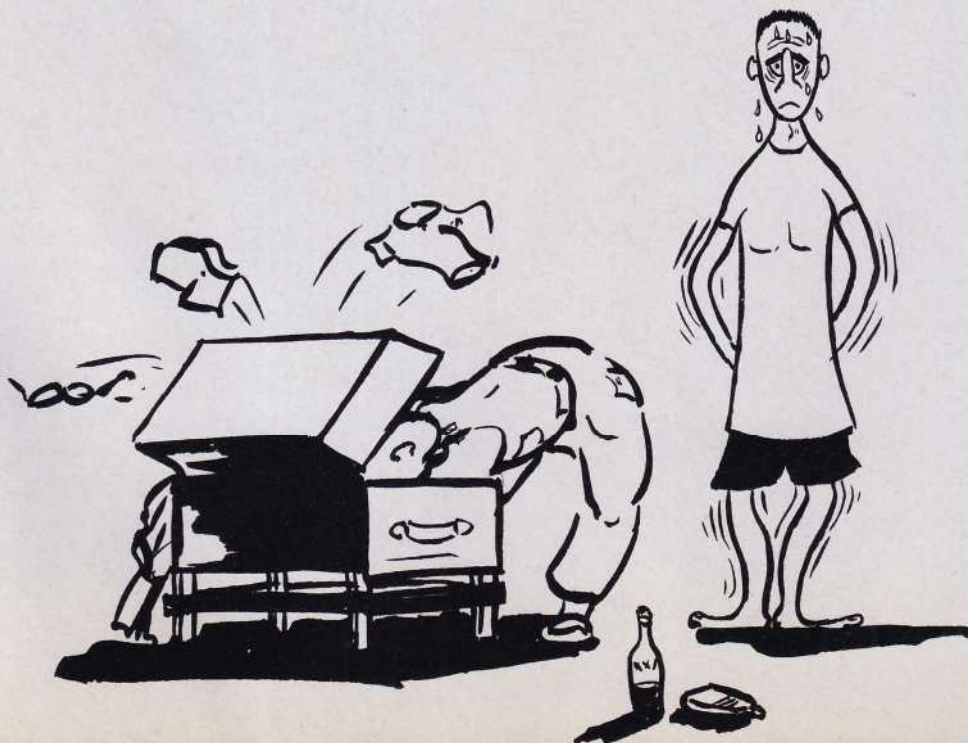
The military phase of our training is held, by our superiors, to be the prime mission of the cadet program. The facts appear to bear this out. For a full month after our initial date of arrival at Malden Air Base, the closest we got to an airplane was about 1100 feet. They sometimes flew that low over us as we drilled, marched to classes and to a rather unattractive variety of details in and around the Pre-Flight area. The Aviation Cadet Officer's Training Manual, second only to the Bible in order of unbending truthfulness in the program, contains at least one thousand itemized punishable offenses. There are others which even the fertile imagination and wide experience of the compiling staff of this book failed to touch upon. These are, of course, covered by various "catch-all" regulations within other sections of the manual. Over and above this not inconsiderable raft of military guideposts there was the period of training encompassed by Pre-Flight and Fourth Class in which we were subject to the "Cadet Custom" portion of training. "Cadet Customs", should the reader be uninformed on the subject, comprise that field of cadet mili-

tary life in which the new trainee is required to undergo the strictest of observation to determine his "sharpness", militarily speaking, and to correct any slight misconceptions he may have acquired. It is required, for example, that a 100 word definition of discipline be intoned by the fledgling at the request of any upper-classman. There are, to say the least, several such oratorical feats expected, and demanded. Failure to comply with these customs brought upon the head of the offender a Custom Demerit, which required one hour of work to erase. We received a multitude. It is into this somewhat dense forest that the uninitiated must wander if he is to begin Aviation Cadets.

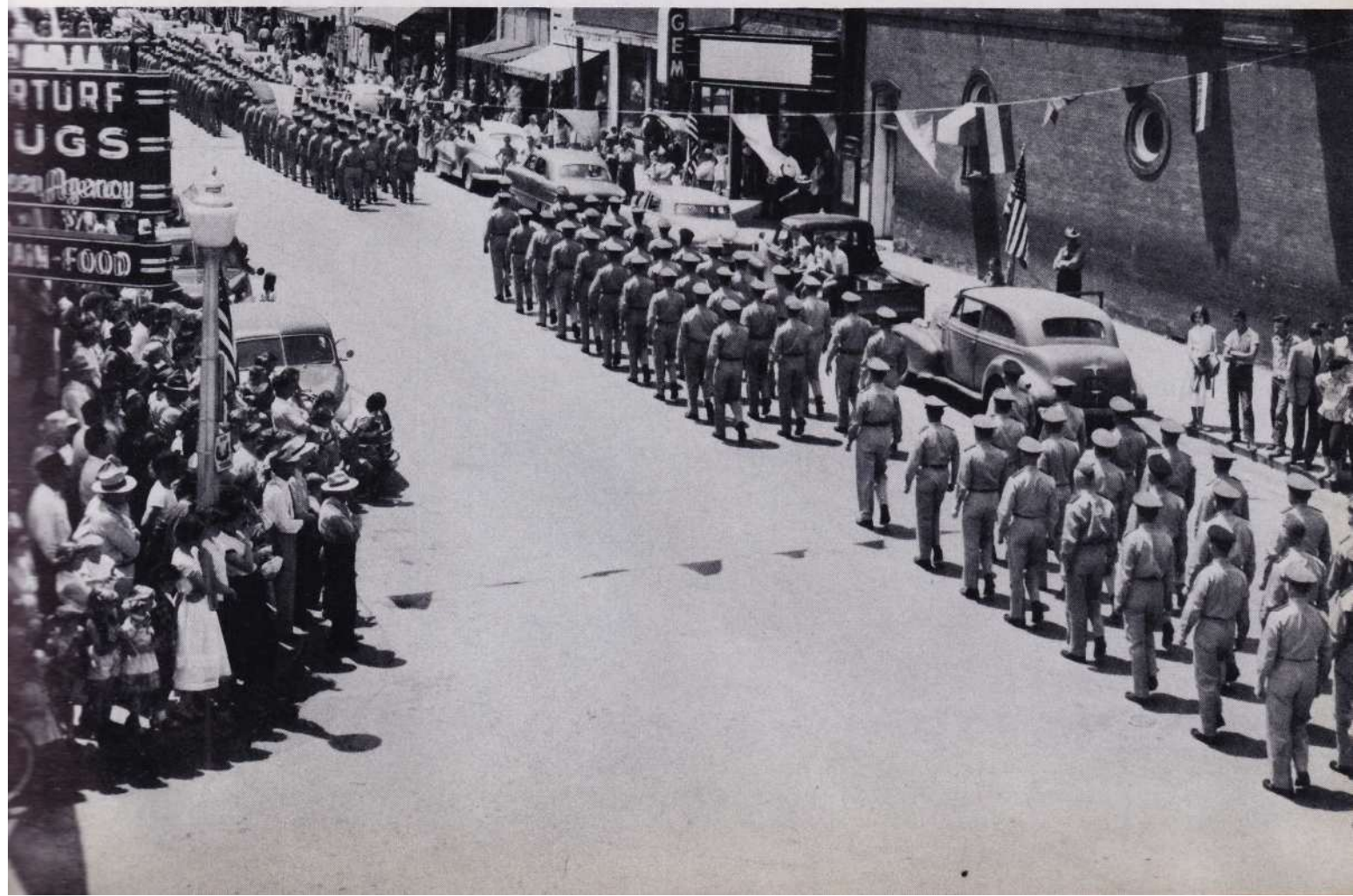
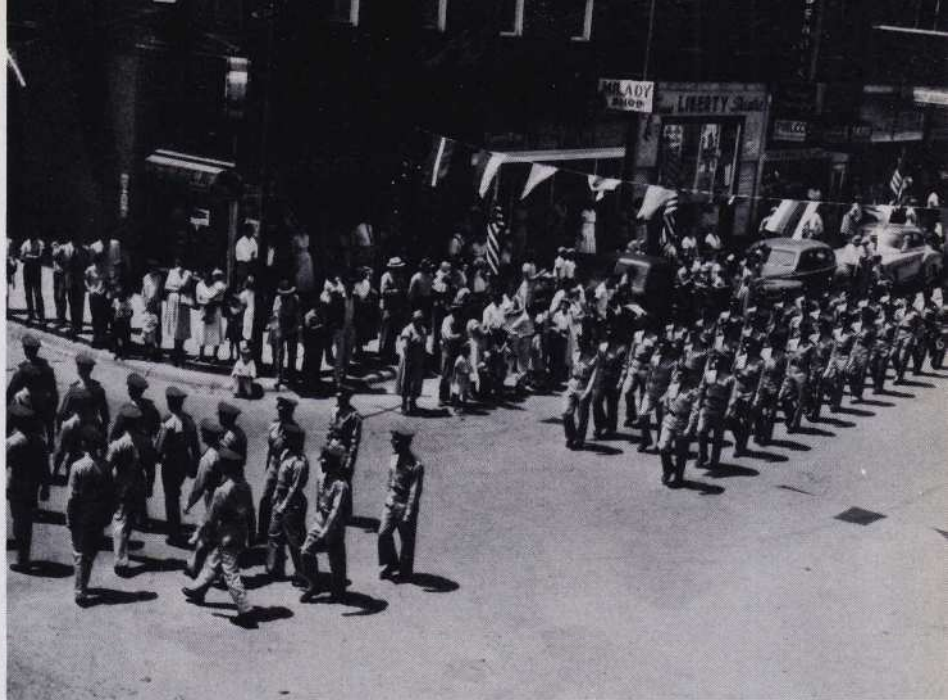
Customs, though, came and evaporated, leaving only minor casualties. There was something else. Speaking in the language of the crossword puzzle, if an Aviation Cadet were asked for a three letter word which signified embarrassment, discomfort, fright, misfortune, and dark days, he would unfailingly reply, "Gig". A man's success, or lack of it, with demerit, or "gig" system, determined in large part his military record. By this scale was judged his personal appearance, his ability to maintain living quarters in a military manner, his conduct, off and on duty hours, and, in short, his power to live within the confines of "The Manual". To receive excessive demerits, which is to say more than 18 in one month, was to become a member of the mournfully erect figures which described a more or less perfect square about the circumference of the parade ground. This circumference was known, for reasons obscure, as the "Ramp". It was walked for fifty minutes out of every hour, three hours per Saturday and Sunday. For each excessive "gig", one fifty minute tour. While this discussion of "gigs" seems, perhaps, to be bordering on

verbosity, it should be remarked that in all fairness it was this ruler which measured our military training and any discussion of that phase of our life which didn't devote itself in large part to this subject would be both inaccurate and uninformative. At the same time, this type of picture of our military training might not seem, to many, sufficiently spectacular. The fact is that this sort of thing is, of its very nature, most unspectacular. In great part it is a grind, and the ability to live within and comply with this grind constitutes the compatibility of the individual with what we call Military Training.

We have tried to give some kind of pictorial review of this phase of our career. It would, of course, be impossible to place on vellum the feelings of the new cadet to the program, but we have once again endeavored to provide the clues from which the reminiscent ex-cadet might draw his recollections, pleasant and otherwise, of his stay here at Malden.







LIST OF DELINQUENCIES

Squadron

111111

Date

2 MAY 1952

NAME	INITIALS	OFFENSE	REPORTING OFFICER	AWARD
Massingill	Men.	Displaying improper attitude, i.e., flying 6 hours to evade link.	Johnnie (Red Label) Walker	10 hrs. of needle, ball & airspeed.
Allston	S-T	Causing unfavorable public comment, i.e., loping down streets on all fours	Lt. DARWIN	Deprived of BANANA RATION
Leonard	ho.	Harsh treatment of underclassmen, i.e., shoving into props.	Underclassmen	Barred from "Pop's" 2 wks.
Cassity	"Chasity"	Violation of AF Reg. 60-16, unsafe flying, i.e., terrify- ing natives in Olds 88.	Judge Shote	Bastille 30 days
Comer	Ce.O.	Improper uniform, i.e., tartan jacket and argyles for SMI	Capt. Putman	30 lashes
Baxter	BoF	Unauthorized Baggage in room during AMI, i.e., blonde.	A/C Roberts	Confis- cation
Duke	33 01 1	Improper uniform, i.e., failing to wear trousers to reville.	Lt. Hedges	5 & 5

LIST OF DELINQUENCIES

Squadron III

Date 2 MAY 1952

NAME	INITIALS	OFFENSE	REPORTING OFFICER	AWARD
Vick	★!m	Failure to observe proper channels in communicating with higher authority, i.e., personally wising Lt. Col. Nash "Good Morning."	A/C Whittier	21,72,&3
Hurley	HU	Improper official communication, i.e., headed "Dear Jack". Indifferent to correction, i.e., failing to kiss Tac. Officer's hand.	Lt. Williams	10 Hrs. P. T.
Millard	LARD	Gambling, i. e., waiting outside pay room with loaded dice.	Lt. Hedges	10% Cut.
Watson	WAT	Defacing gvt. property, i.e., Mr. McKelvey attacking "991" with fire ax.		Must take instrument & final check in "991".
Comer	C.O.	1st Sgt. failing to keep bulletin board up to date, i.e., failing to remove announcement of impending inspection by Commander-in-Chief, A. Lincoln.	A/C Allston	G. B.



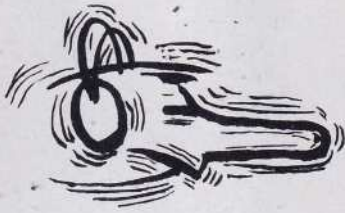
F L Y I N G



Outsiders, (i.e. anyone not a member or a graduate of the program) are largely of the opinion that Aviation Cadets enjoy rather superior health. The entrance requirements, coupled with the regular hours and meals offered in our training make the opinion a reasonable one. There is, however, a factor of which they are not aware. Being unaware they couldn't really be expected to know that every Cadet, no matter how robust in appearance, is suffering from an absolutely incurable disease. It is a disease as old as man and utterly untouchable by any number of Miracle Drugs—it is the sickness called Flying.

No more peculiar ailment ever afflicted a man. Its symptoms are definite and unstopable. It strikes the heart first—beating stops—whirring begins. X-Rays disclose, instead of the familiar Valentine shaped organ, a propellor. Then the victim is doomed. He looks at fields, not as things of natural beauty, but as potential landing spots. The illness endows the sufferer with a certain amount of hardiness which he would probably never be able to attain otherwise. Once in its clutches he is able to withstand inconceivable amounts of irritation; able to walk infinite miles of punishment tours on ramps; he finds it possible to be restricted to quarters which he does not find comfortable in the first place, for week-end after week-end, without giving vent to his feelings in the form of resigning. In short he voluntarily remains

in what is justly known as one of the most concentrated and toughest training programs in the world for at least a year, because by so doing he is able to fly. That is the primary reason, the only reason that he does so. All of the other very admirable advantages could, and have been acquired elsewhere. All but this. So if you are interested in our book and in us, read this section carefully. We fly and we're damned proud of it.



These men that you see pictured with us here are our instructors. They have the Disease of old. Associations such as

we have had with them are rare — and like so many rare things, exceedingly fine. There is little enough doubt that nowhere else in the field of military training could one find as fascinating a place as the ready room on a rainy day, provided of course they are in the reminiscent mood. The fabulous stories which they drew from their ocean of experience made the all-too-frequent unflyable days almost welcome. You name it, they've flown it. Fighters, Bombers, Airliners, Reconnaissance, Trainers or Cargo. Wheels, Skis, Pontoons, everything but roller skates for landing gear. Tales of combat, of bad weather, of high humor and deep tragedy became almost commonplace — commonplace perhaps, but never tiring. For those bearing the Flying virus in their veins, no such tales could ever be dull.

These men introduced us to our first flying love, the T-6-G. We

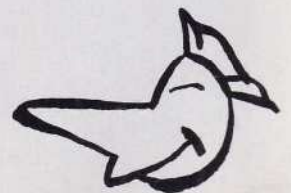
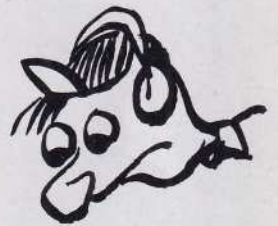
will possibly fly bigger, sleeker, faster and smoother aircraft, but there will always be plenty of room in our hearts for the snub-nosed, squat old Six. Our feelings toward her will perhaps explain to the unknowing something about this flying fever of ours. In many jobs,

when the individual is forced to virtually eat, sleep, ticular mechanism of livelihood, he develops a deep-were forced to become acquainted with the "Yellow known any other mechanism. We flew it, studied it, everything but sleep with it-and we love the fat old cause she taught us how to fly. We fought her, cursed picture of her. She may not seem like much but you may be sure that she was an extremely successful rival for the past seven months-occupying more of our thoughts than any other single thing. *Any other.*

This book is really, in very large part, each Cadet's personal story of "The T-6 and I". This section, then, will, in future years, be dwelt upon more longingly than any other. Our experiences with the Six have been the

civilian and military, and dream about his par-seated dislike for it. We Peril" as we had never talked about it, did buffalo. We love her be-her, and certainly slammed her down dozens of times on many a strip of concrete, but one day, and that day was different for each of us, we became one with her. It was a long awaited copulation, and when it was consummated it was possibly the most successful affair we had ever attempted. If you are a girl, reading your fiancée's class book, take a look at a

life's blood of our life here. They have been serious, funny, sometimes frightening, but will always hereinout be cherished. We couldn't begin to picture all of it in these few pages, but we hope we have furnished the cues to your memory which will enable you to enjoy in recollection the colorful affair with the T-6-G. She was quite a Mistress.





MR. McKELVEY
Flight Commander
MR. O'ROURKE
Assistant Flight Commander
MR. DIXON
Class Commander



MR. SPEIDEL
Assistant Flight Commander
MR. AVERETT
Assistant Flight Commander



MR. HEYER

Instructor

2d LT. RAASCH, R.F.
Chicago, Ill.

A/C CHANEY, R.E.
Wichita, Kan.

2d LT. DICKEY, W.W.
Brookville, Pa.

A/C CUTRIGHT, P.
Wooster, Ohio



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Manila, Philippine Is.

2d LT. CROMPTON, R.
Portsmouth, N.H.

A/C ROBERTS, V.W.
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2d LT. SCHMITT, R.E.
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2d LT. CASEY, J.
Everton, Mo.

A/C WHITTIER, L.
Marblehead, Mass.



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A/C PAUL, G.F.
Spokane, Wash.

A/C McRAY, C.E.
Holdenville, Okla.

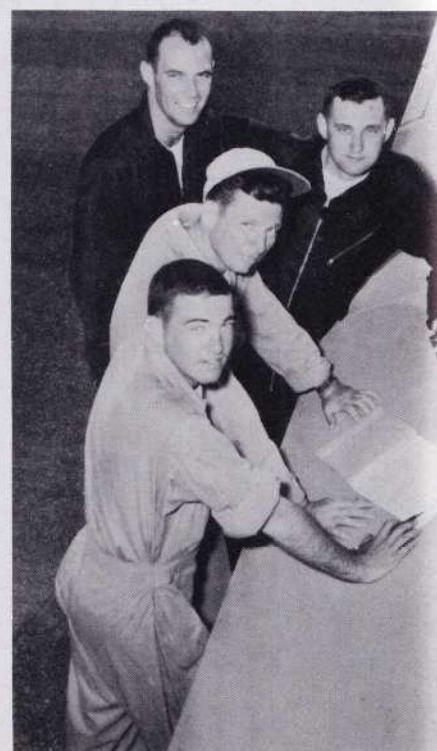
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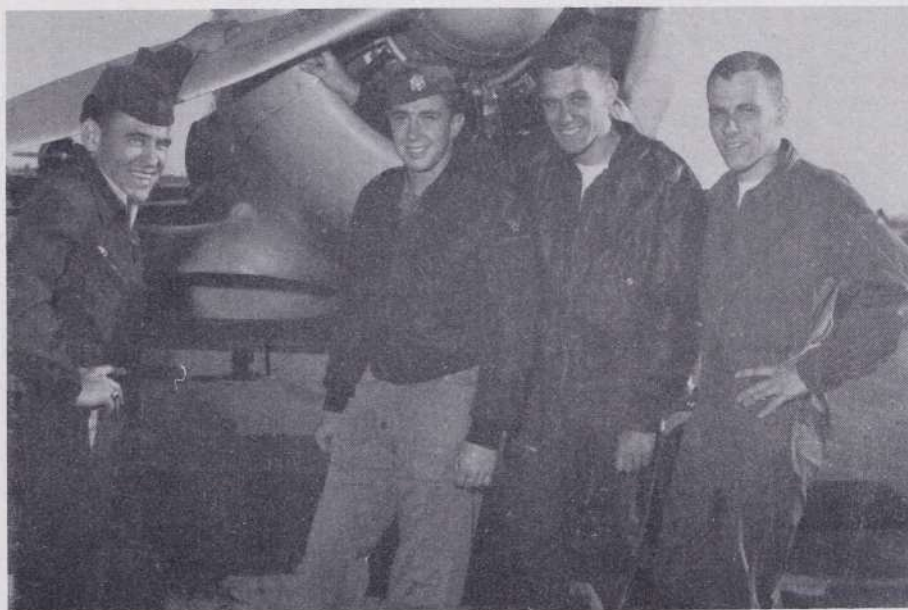
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A/C WILLIAMS, R.D.
Minneapolis, Minn.
A/C WATSON, NORMAN F.
Weslaco, Texas
A/C WILLIFORD, G.B.
Port Neches, Texas



MR. LITTLETON,
Instructor
A/C DAWE, ERNEST L.
Roseburg, Oregon
A/C DENNIS, GUY L.
Paris, France
A/C KIBORT, BERNARD
Chicago, Ill.



MR. BAKER,
Instructor
A/C BACIGALUPI, A.
San Francisco, Cal.
A/C ALLSTON, JAMES H.
Ilion, N.Y.
LT. BAUMAN, MELVIN M., JR.
Orange, Texas
A/C BEAUBEIN, ROBERT L.
Birmingham, Mich.



MR. ROGERS,
Instructor
CAPT. HARVEY, J.C.
Sacramento, Calif.
A/C SHONKA, RONALD M.
Burwell, Nebraska
LT. PETERSON, FRED A.
Superior, Wisconsin
A/C HURLEY, JOHN J.
Silver Spring, Md.

MR. FARINGTON, FRED E.
 A/C MASSINGGILL, JOHN L.
 Many, La.
 A/C FISHER, WARREN P.
 San Francisco, Calif.
 A/C DOUGHERTY, ANDREW J.
 Dowlingtown, Penn.
 A/C DUKE, RAMON
 Brooklyn, N.Y.



MR. BRASE,
 Instructor
 LT. BOSTON, ROBERT C.
 Pontiac, Mich.
 A/C BOWERSOCH, DAVE E.
 Newton, Kansas
 LT. WETHINGTON, JERRY D.
 Delta, Colorado
 A/C BLOESCH, WILLIAM R.
 Helena, Ark.

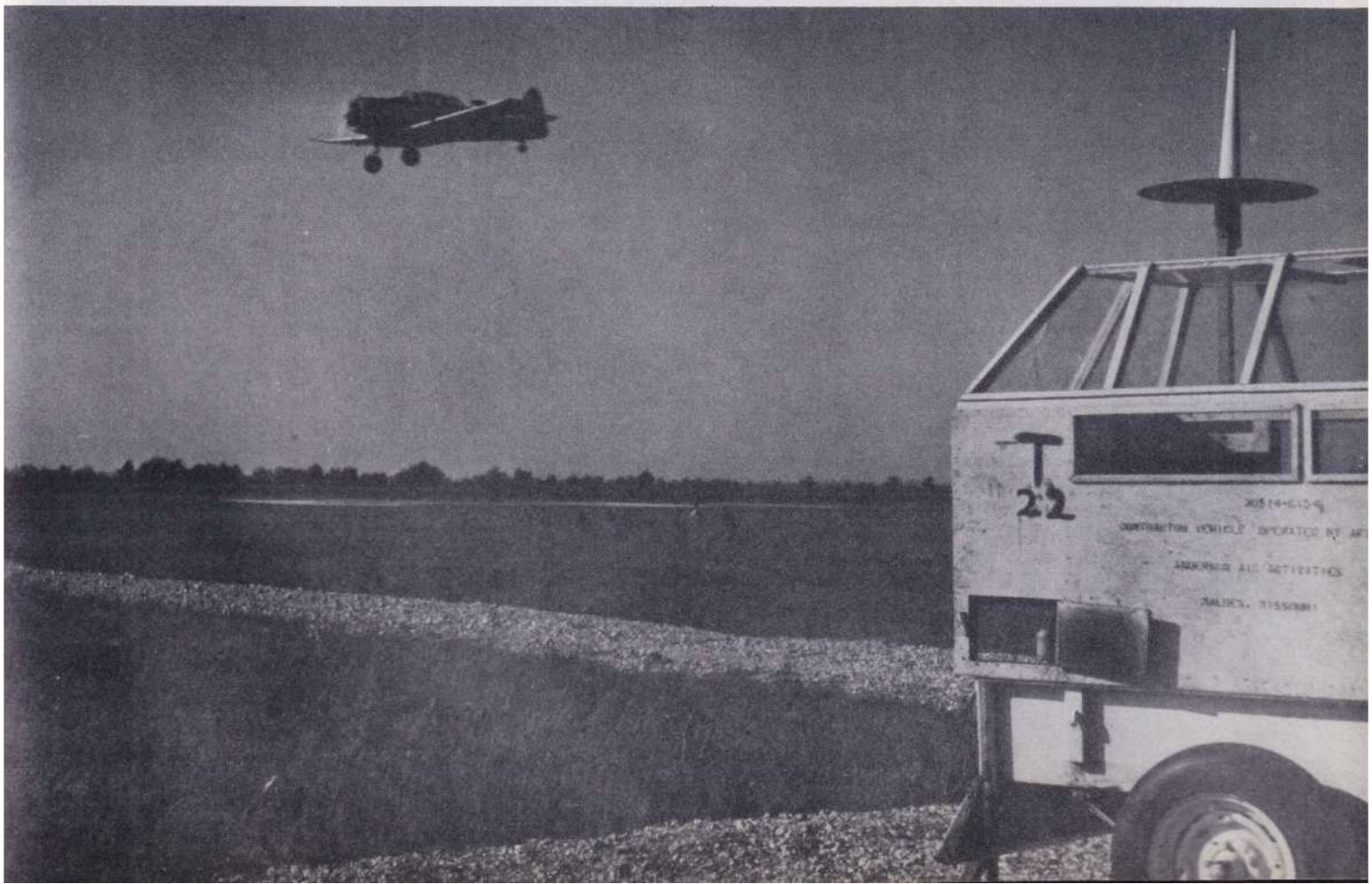


MR. YOUNG,
 Instructor
 A/C MILLARD, D.G.
 Ukiah, Calif.
 LT. RYAN, B.W.
 Stephenville, Texas
 A/C LEONARD, CHARLES F.
 New Rochelle, N.Y.





AHHH!! I think I've made
another form I error.













A C A D E M I C S

"There are all kinds of schools." The origin of this statement is unknown to us, but somebody must have said it. It certainly applies to the institution located to the immediate rear of the barracks area in whose ivyless walls we pursued the goddess of truth of aeronautics and related subjects. Hypoxia, sleeping pills, concerts, and Scotch whiskey all have their place in rendering the pilot unconscious—but many of us feel that the Academics Department at Malden Air Base made them all seem like child's play.

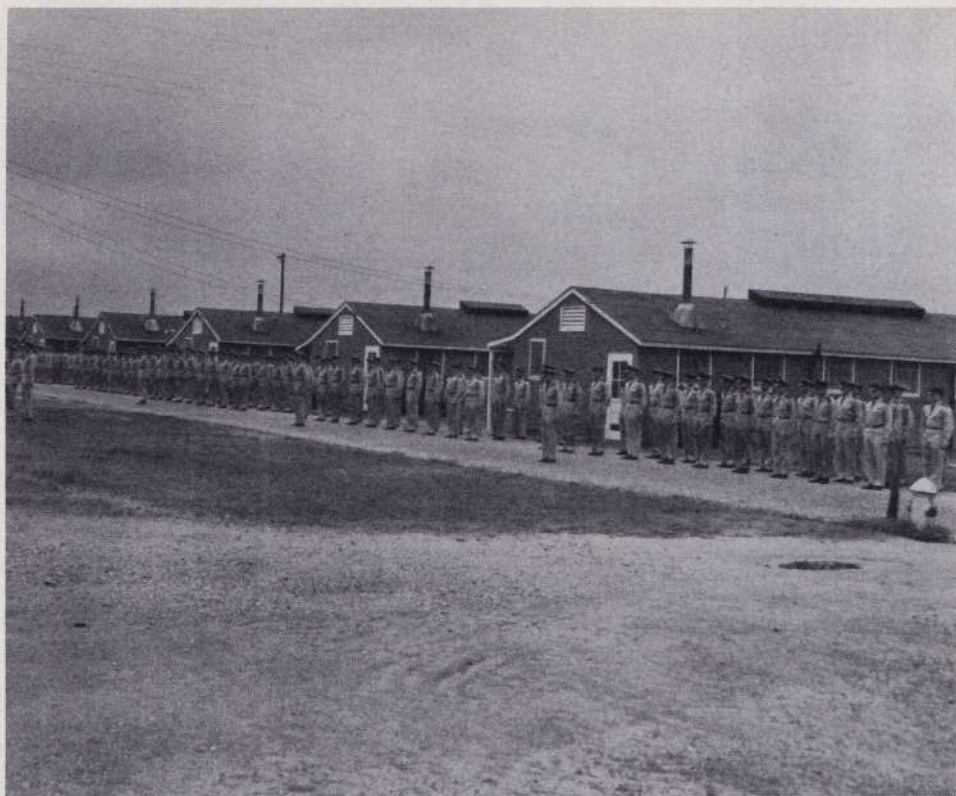
It would be pleasant, at least dignified, to approach this section with the seriousness and sobriety with which we viewed the military aspect of our training. Unfortunately, or fortunately, depending upon one's point of view, this is next to impossible. Endless hours spent in classrooms which were alternately either too hot or too cold have, perhaps, jaded our view of the situation. We became acquainted with Aircraft Engineering, Principles of Flight, Navigation, Radio, Code, Weather, and Instruments. Of course, some of these were merely nodding acquaintances, but they were acquaintances all the same. Yard upon yard of training film was dutifully unwound before our gaze. The intricacies of the E-6-B "Confuser" were painstakingly explained. We became convinced, if of nothing else, of the fact that the "Confuser" is the biggest, and most effective short cut since the Panama Canal. We became intimate with that boon to modern education, the multiple-choice examination. Undoubtedly it is more work to figure out a way to beat one than it is to simply study the material and mark down the correct answers. Nevertheless, with the exception of the aforementioned bits of information, it is generally accepted that the sum total of the knowledge gained did not begin to compensate for the lack of sleep necessarily accrued in gaining it.

Let us not be accused of being too harsh, however. Doubtless, great feats of mental and physical discipline were accomplished during those long hours. Picture, for example, the young cadet, fresh from the long hours of sleep he wisely piled up over a weekend, enter-



ing the classroom on a Monday morning. His step firm, his hand steady, he strides into the classroom and settles himself among his many notes. The instructor enters the room, it is called to attention, and the cadet leaps to his feet, casting the notes onto the floor. Resuming his seat he tilts the chair back, hooks his arm onto something to steady his balance, and fixes his eyes on a spot on the wall behind and to the left of the instructor. As the lecture begins, a sort of curtain begins to slip over the mind of the young man with the blue shoulder boards. Here is where the mental discipline enters the picture. In civilian life this young man would almost certainly fall, at once, into a sound sleep. Does he do so now? He does not! Instead he continues to fix his vision on the spot on the wall, and allows his mind to run over events of the previous weekend. If this was happening on a Friday instead of a Monday there would be only one change in this process. He would allow his mind to run over the plans for the forthcoming weekend instead. Through such a situation many good things are accomplished. First, the instructor is not offended because he probably thinks the student is listening to him; second, and equally important, the cadet is able to improve his weekend, past or present, by deep thought concerning its events, past or anticipated. Many grave errors can thus be avoided. Indeed, much good was accomplished in our Academics Department.

Like our other phases of training there is much to be recalled and enjoyed in our classroom time. For each of us the humor and variety of those recollections differ. Few of us will easily forget our scintillating course in Flight Instruments, but some possibly feel that other of our courses were even more informative. At any rate, it is with a heavy heart that we bid farewell to our hours of "Book Larnin' ". We'll probably never see anything like it again.





Your room will become like home to you.



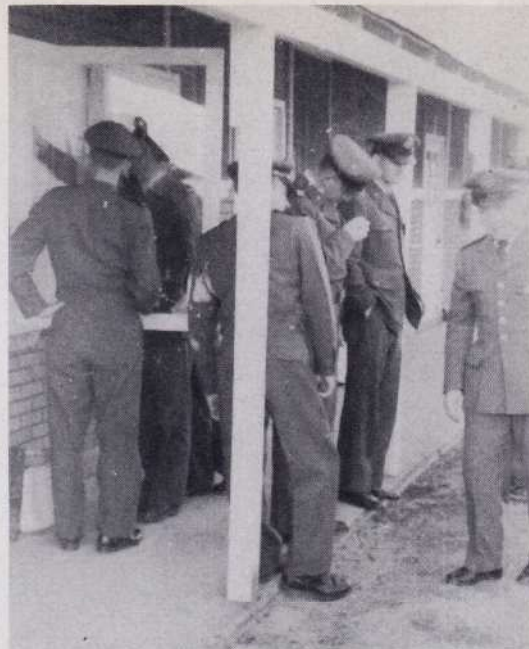
Sometimes the program will seem like too much for you.



How intent!



S. O. P.



Win a few, lose a few.



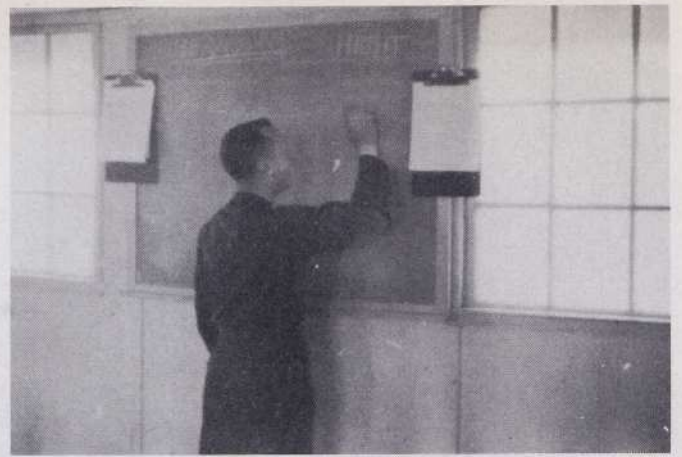
Second supervised solo.



Non-union labor



Always room for one more.



I've been a bad boy,—500 times!



No news is good news.



Off to the pool for a quick dip.



And I won't be back!!



A typical Malden Air Base winter.



A/C's relaxing in their room.



Impartial observers.



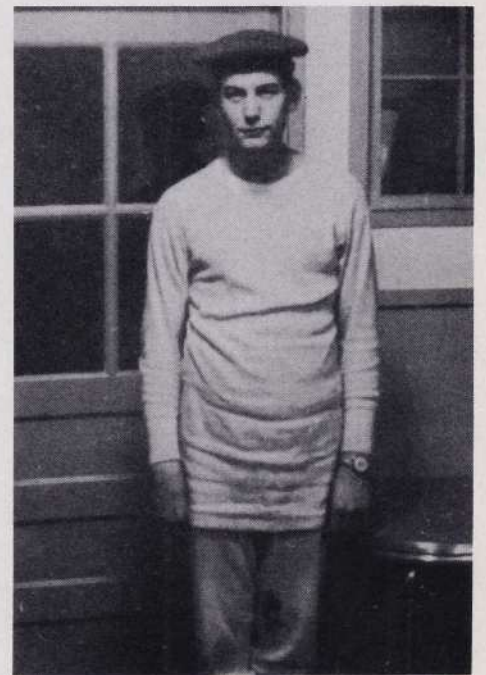
Fireman! Save my child.



"Our father, who art in Heaven..."



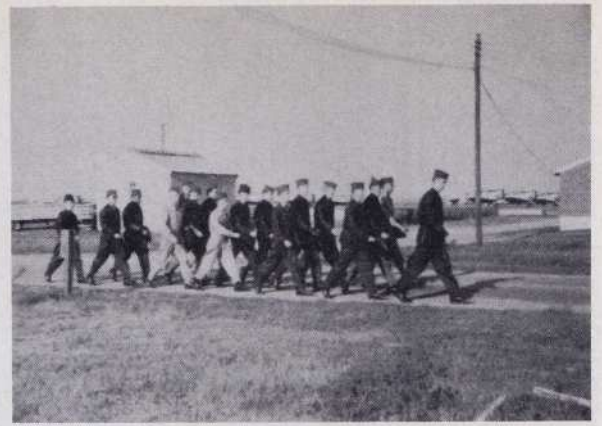
Cross countries require extensive preparation.



There's a job for you
In Air Force blue.



30th combat mission.



The Kadet Infantry.



Culture hour.



What? LINK again!



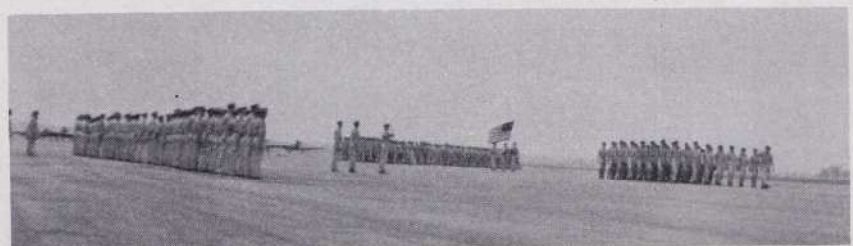
O'toole with accessories.



What's this Cadet program coming to?



All refuse disposed in suitable containers.



Pass in review.



Family portrait.



And here I was, at 3000 feet—



Cadet Club.



Say now, fellows.



Welcome home Leif Erickson.

