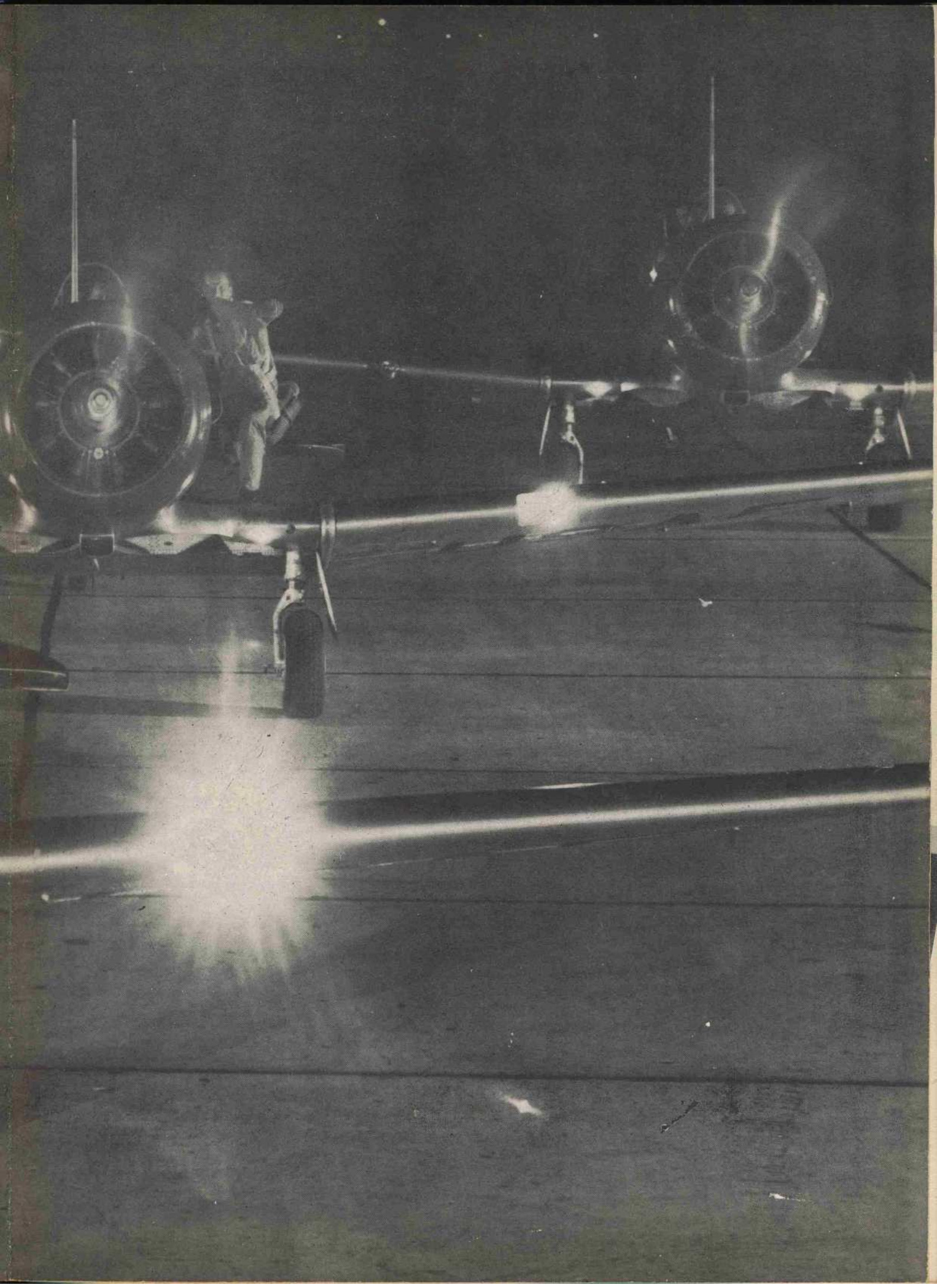
BASE LEG

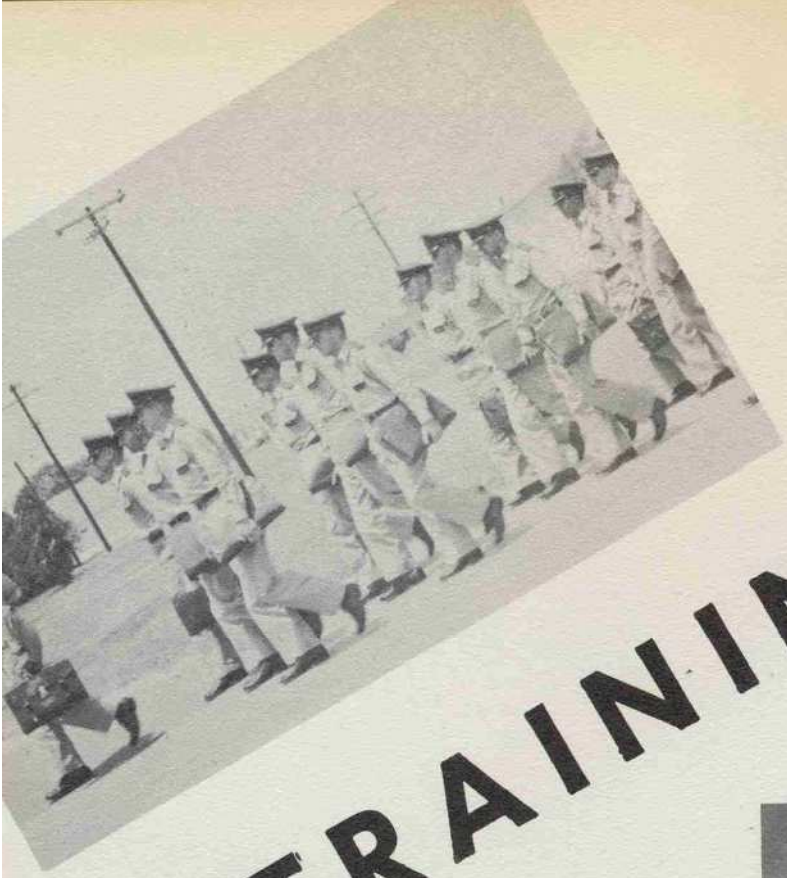
54-1

GOODFELLOW AIR FORCE BASE

PRIMARY

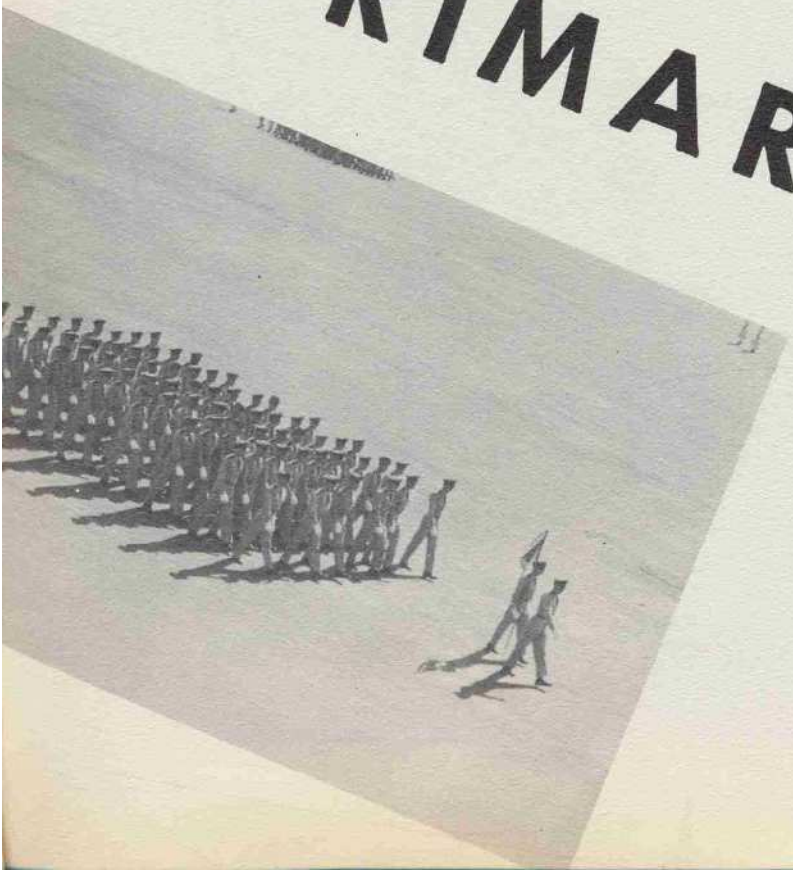
SAN ANGELO
TEXAS

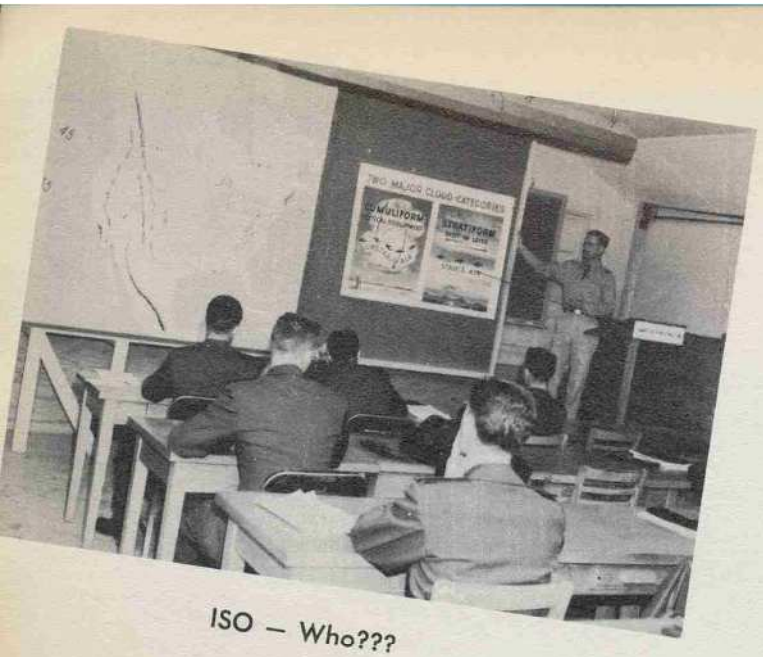




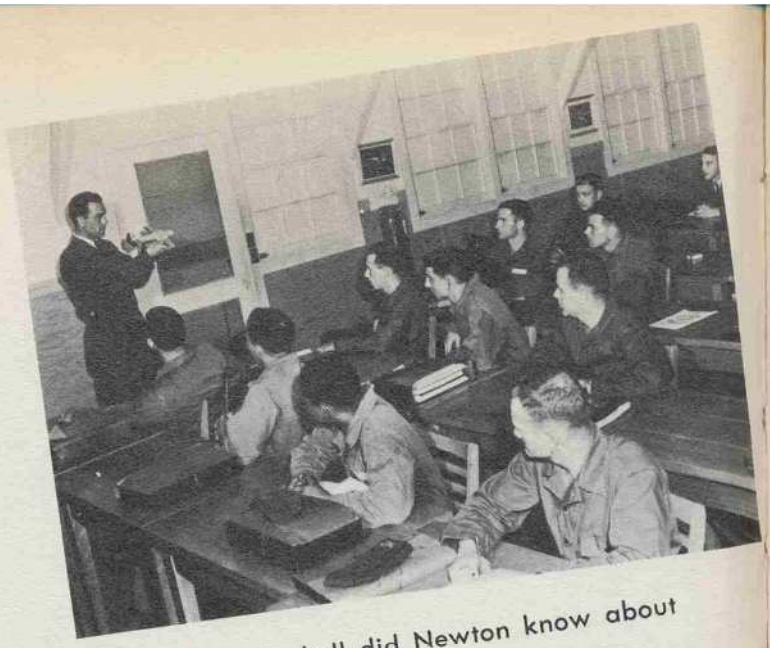
TRAINING

PRIMARY



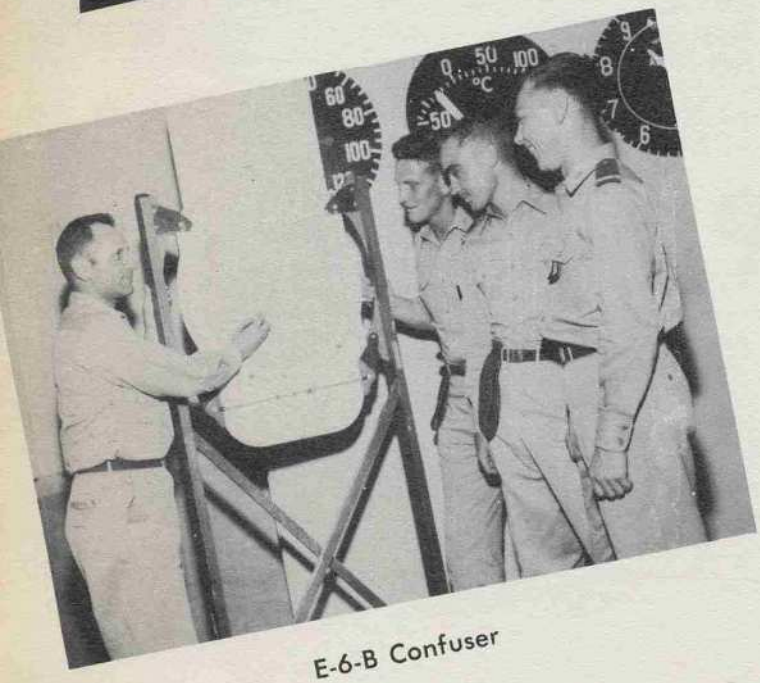


ISO – Who???

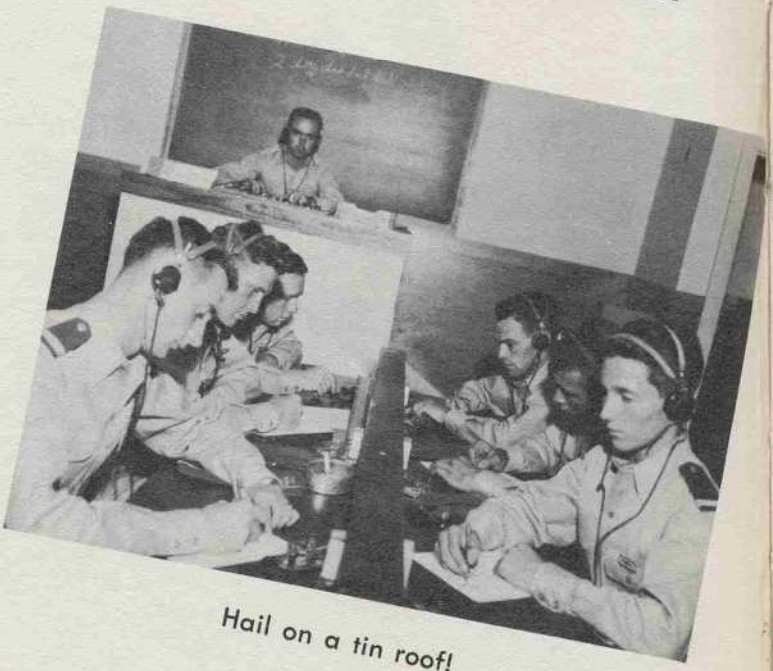


What the hell did Newton know about the T-6?

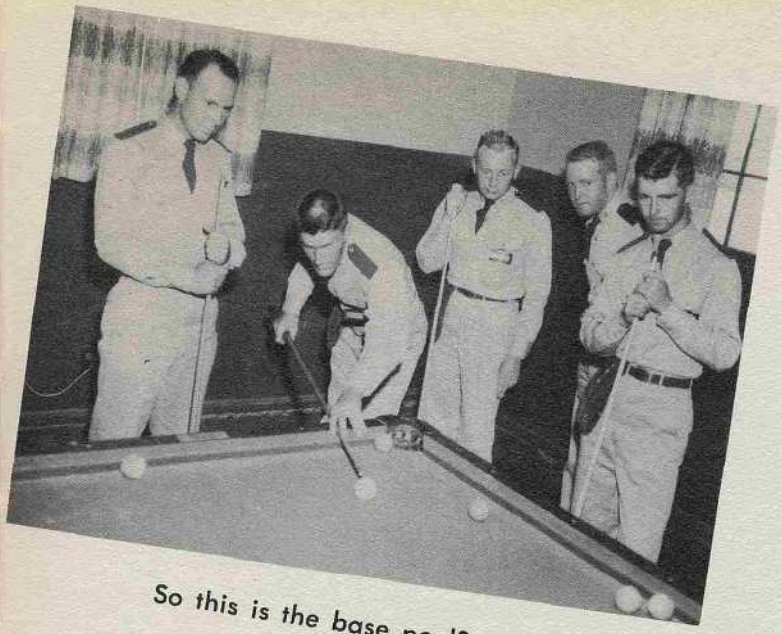
ACADEMICS



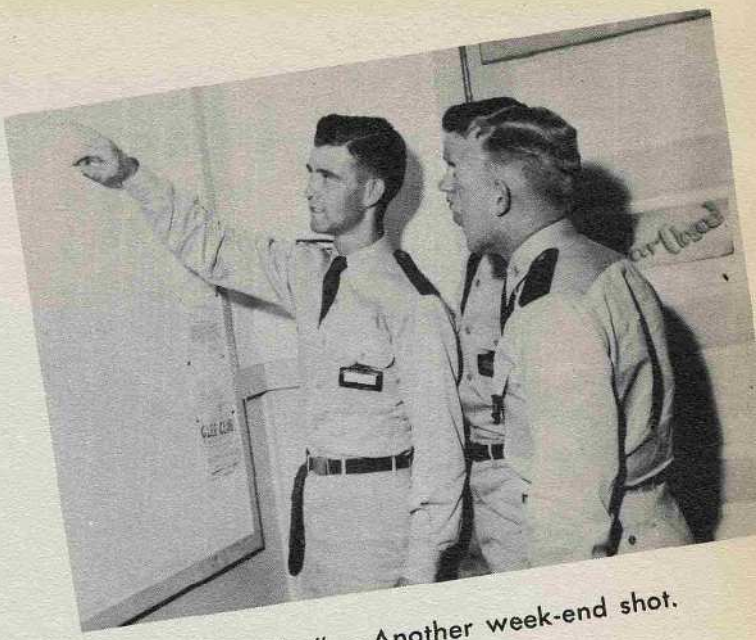
E-6-B Confuser



Hail on a tin roof!

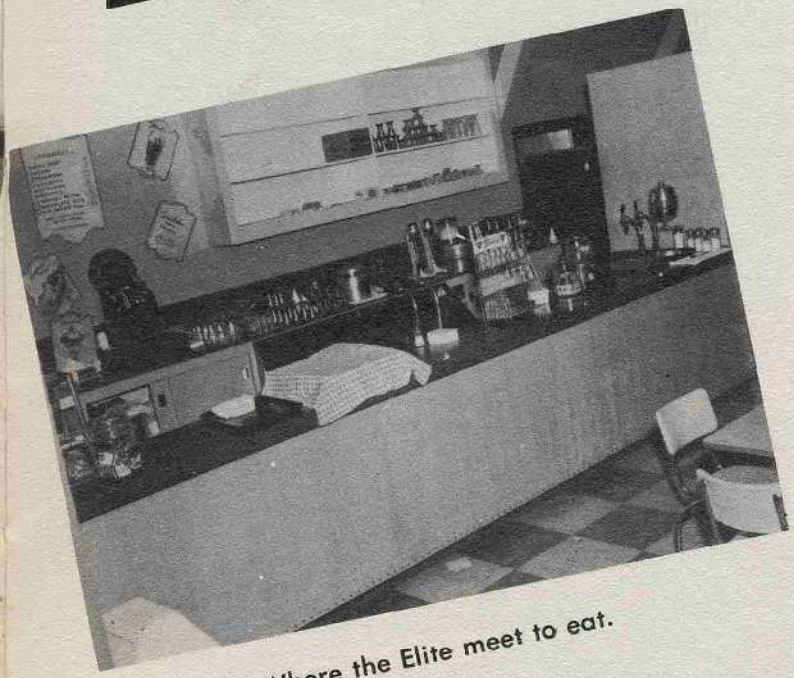


So this is the base pool?

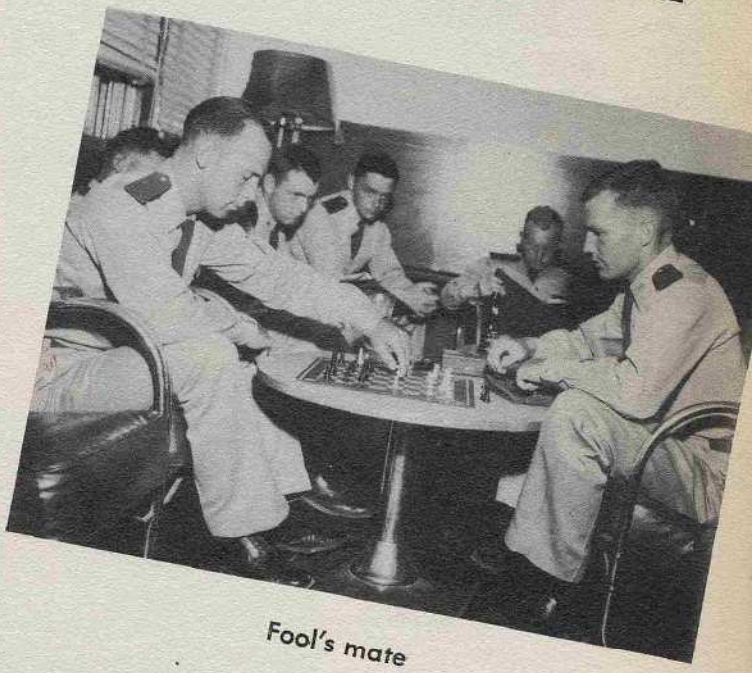


"Tour List" — Another week-end shot.

FREE PERIOD



Where the Elite meet to eat.



Fool's mate

FLYING TIME L-21

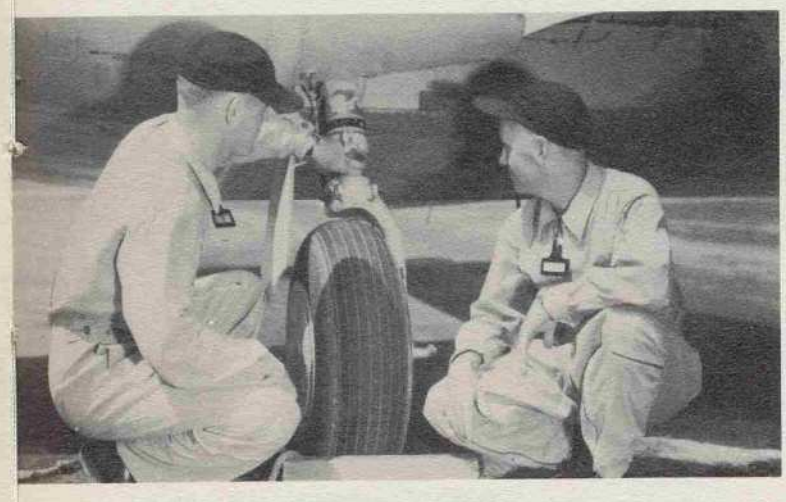
Fabric Fighter

Broken kite string — signed off.

That's an engine?

FLYING TIME T-6

That little yellow ——.



More bounces to the inch.

Stag women — baloney!

"And there I was."

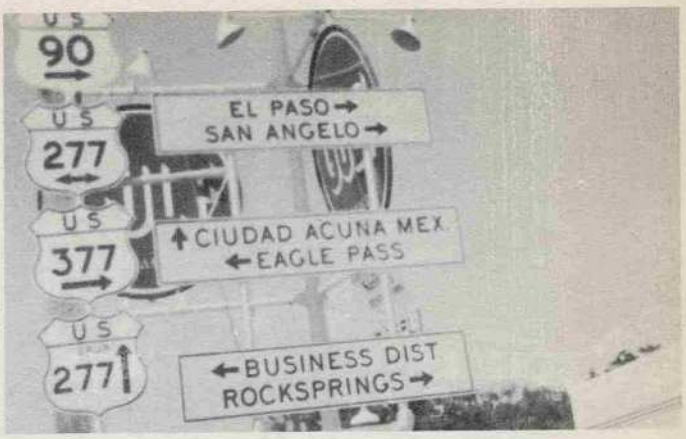
AFTER DUTY HOURS

Recommended for the family.

"I'll take two."

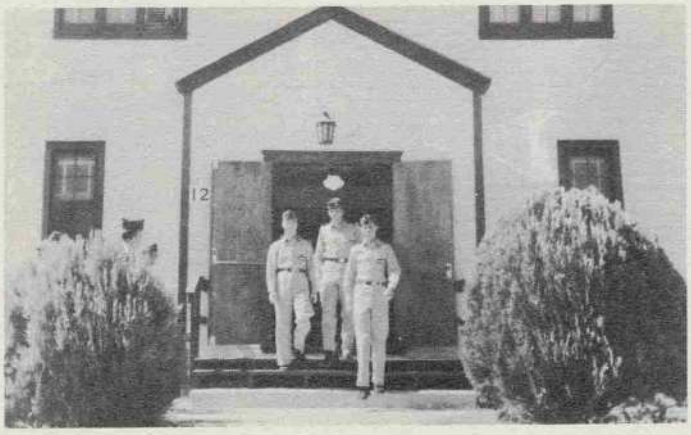
Dearest Jane?
Mary?
Sue?

Formation flying

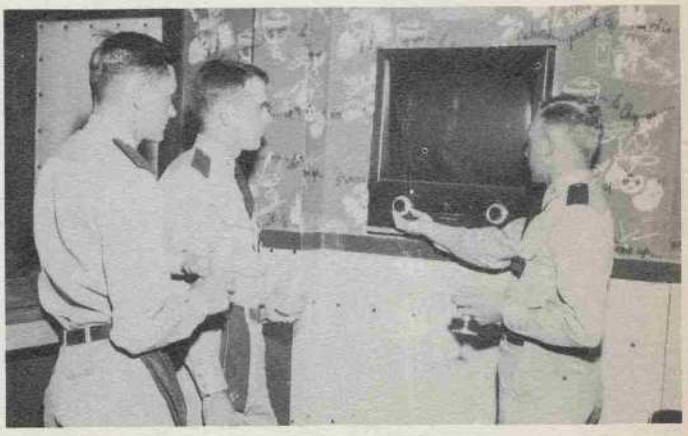


"Straight ahead"

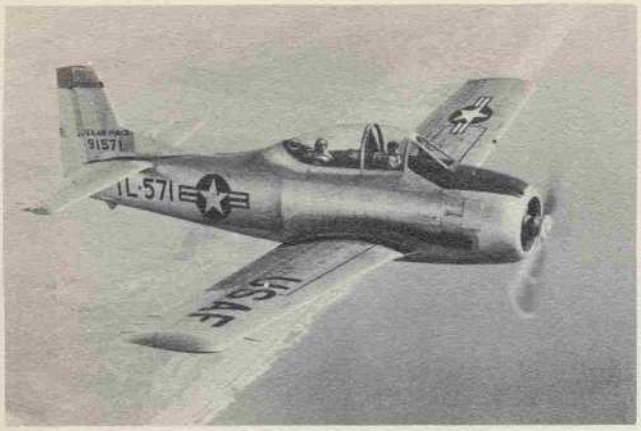
MISCELLANEOUS ACTIVITIES



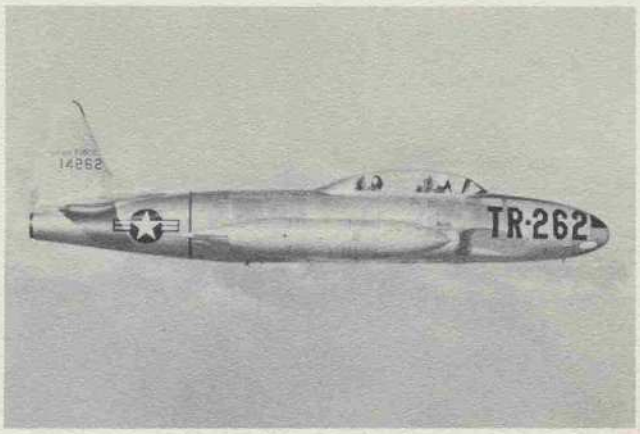
"Crying in the chapel"

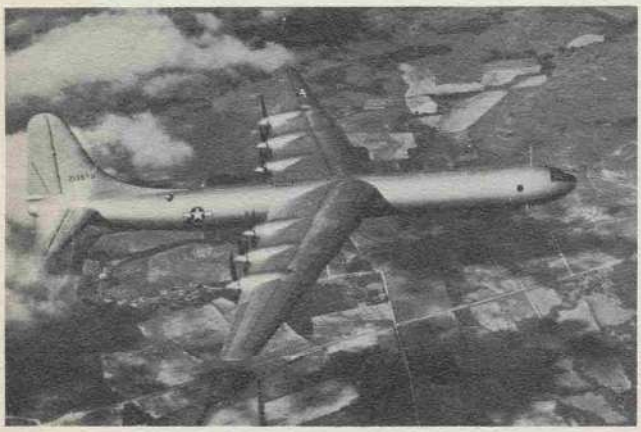


"Switches on"



YOUR GOAL





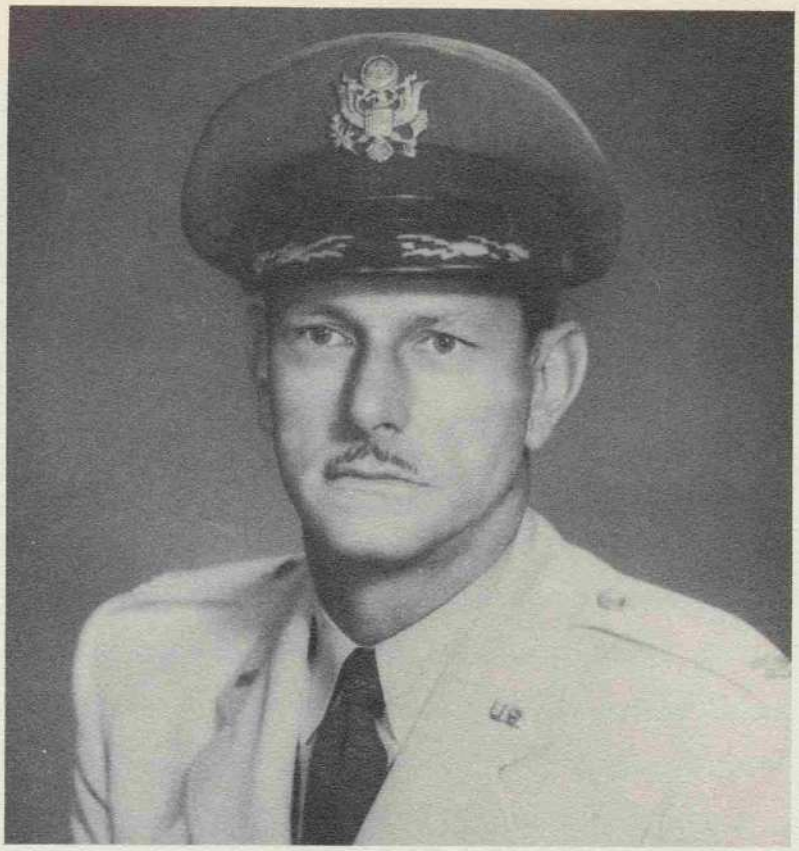
DEDICATION

Long before any of us, the class of 54-I, had dreamed of becoming Aviation Cadets, North American produced the world renowned T-6 Training Plane. Known to many as the "Terrible 6", "Texan", "Mosquito", or "Harvard", the T-6 is also famous for having been a fighter and liaison plane.

Most military pilots in the world today received an invaluable phase of their training in this aircraft. It is equipped with every facility for either the beginning or advanced pilot to learn the fundamentals and techniques of flying.

A newer and faster aircraft is rapidly replacing the T-6 as a primary trainer.

The T-6 has been our friend, our foe, and unfailing teacher. To it we dedicate this book.



COL. ROBERT B. DAVENPORT
Base Commander

HEADQUARTERS
GOODFELLOW AIR FORCE BASE
Office of the Commanding Officer
San Angelo, Texas

TO THE GRADUATING CLASS

I wish to take this opportunity to extend my congratulations to you graduates of the primary phase of the United States Air Force pilot training program.

The successful completion of the initial part of your training is the foundation for the building of a future Air Force Pilot. You should be proud of this accomplishment.

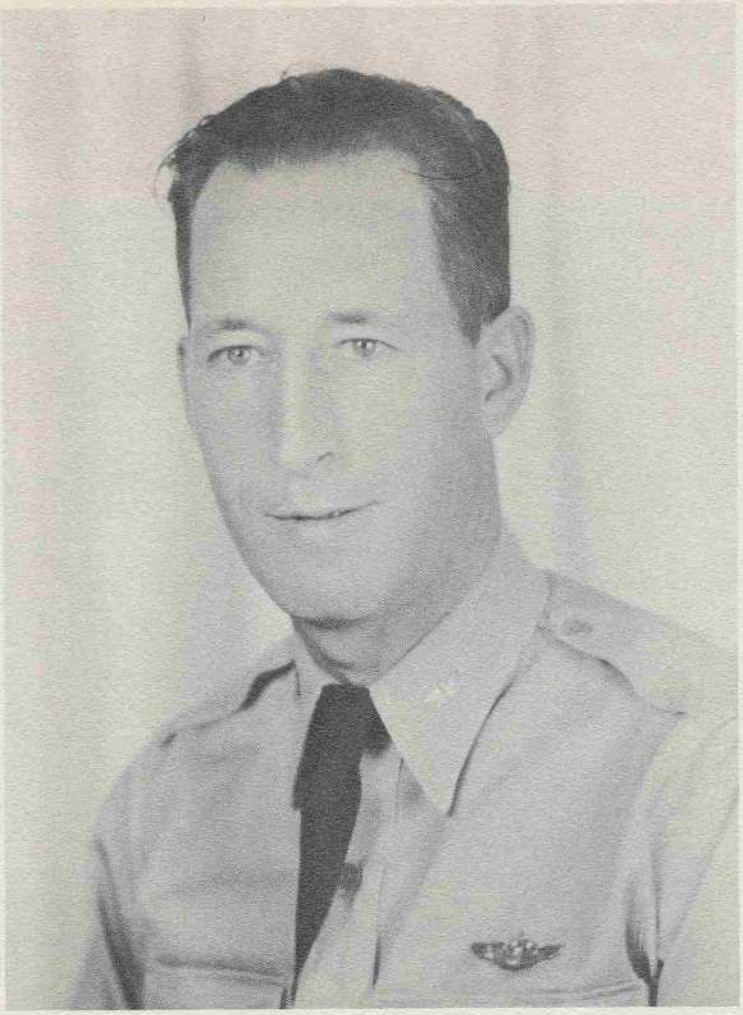
Through hard work, individual application, and initiative, you will be able to achieve your final goal--the winning of the silver wings of an Air Force pilot officer.

On behalf of the personnel at Goodfellow, I extend to you best wishes for a successful future.

Sincerely,

Robert B. Davenport

ROBERT B. DAVENPORT
Colonel, USAF
Commander



COLONEL C. C. McFARLAND
Group Commander

TO THE GRADUATING CLASS

I have watched the progress of the graduating class with pleasure and gratification. You have not only advanced in the skills of officership and flying; you have developed a spirit of pride, fraternity and aggressiveness that is the basis of a fighting air force.

My best wishes for a continuing success,

C. C. McFARLAND
Col., USAF
Group Commander

MILITARY TRAINING

MAJOR HAL B. SIMS
Squadron Commander

LT. WILLIAM R. BOWKER
Senior Military Instructor

CAPTAIN EILENBERG
Director of Military
Training

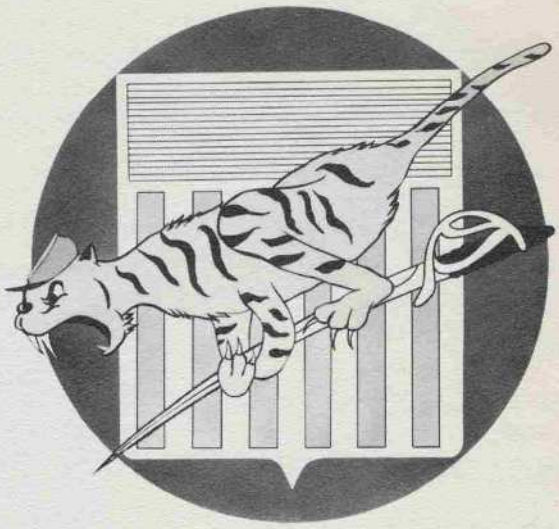
LT. GUTHRIE
Sq. I Military Instructor

The TAC Officer.....
As he appears to his
men.

LT. WILLIAM S. BUSCH
Sq. II Military Instructor

REBEL FLIGHT

All through our internment at Lackland Penitentiary (better known as our Pre-Flight phase) the only thing we had to look forward to, with the exception of Open Posts that is, was the glorious day when we would at last have the opportunity to fly. After three long months we were finally paroled for good behavior - it had to be good - and we all breathlessly awaited the news as to where we would be sent for further training. All of us were quite anxious to begin our actual flying careers in the Air Force. One of the happiest aspects of going to Primary, was the fact we would be changing bases and would stand a "fighting chance" of being shipped out of this God-for-saken Texas.



Well, to make a long story short, and in an effort to skip the gruesome details, we arrived, on a grey cloudy morning, in the green teeming metropolis (?) of San Angelo, (you guessed it) Texas. The date was May fourteenth when the "Great Conflict" began. A twofold battle pitting Rebel Flight against the "Iron Monster" on weekdays, and the city of San Angelo on the weekends.

It didn't take very long to reconfirm something we had learned so well at Lackland. Believe us, Abe Lincoln was very wrong when he said that all men were created equal. Some very good friends of ours from our "Old Lackland Days" pointed that out to us the moment we arrived. We will always remember the mingled - or is it mangled (?) - emotions when "G" class greeted us with open arms and great big smiles on their faces. How they filled us with pride when they told us how glad they were to see us - and how anxious they were for us to follow in their footsteps. In other words, we could start on the barracks details immediately. You know we must have done very well with our new responsibilities, because prior to our arrival only the lower class had this "great honor" bestowed upon them. We were the first class to retain this dubious honor until the very (day) we graduated from Primary. (Makes a person "choke up" every time he thinks about it.)

After only a couple of days here at Goodfellow, we were informed that we were going to be part of a "great experiment". They told us that our training would consist of some new methods that had been planned and perfected for the past five years by the ARDC. (Air Research and Development Command). Everything we did during our Primary Training phase would be carefully studied and surveyed, (this had nothing to do with the Kinsey Report, however) to determine whether these new methods were effective or not. The name of our carefully screened, diligently picked, meticulously selected group (All right - so they drew the names out of a hat.) was to be Rebel Flight. A name that will always be remembered and respected by the personnel on this base. A name to strike fear into the hearts of our future opponents of the air. (Particularly if they have the misfortune to be in the same night traffic pattern with us.)

At last the great day arrived when we were to start flying. It was then we were introduced to the "Jekyl and Hyde" of the Air Force, commonly known as an instructor. This individual gives every indication of being almost human while on the ground but in the air a horrible transformation takes place. There actually have been many unconfirmed reports of students being eaten alive by these monsters. Their usual practice is to start at the "bottom" and work their way up, if you know what I mean." Anyway to continue, their system of instruction during the pre-solo phase seemed to consist of, "Who can strap a T-6G to a student's back and send him up solo first." Of course we students didn't know this was their plan and most of us thought we'd never make it. Some of us didn't.

Well, to get on -- after we had learned the finer principles of the controlled crash, the rudder controlled spin, and the grasshopper approach we were well on our way. We may have been a little "hairy" at times but the point was we had soloed. Now, we were pilots at last, and we were brimming over with confidence. But the wind was again "taken out of our sails", when we were first introduced to acrobatics. You know, like the Chandelier, the Immelflop, the Crazy Eight, the Half-roll and Split S, and other such maneuvers. However, like everything else, we seemed to get these too under control.

All our flying wasn't a pleasure. Not all of it was sweet victory either. On the unpleasant side, I believe brief mention should be made of the "Iron Maidens", or more commonly referred to as the P-1 Trainer. These modern devices have recently replaced the Gas Chamber as a means of punishing wayward Aviation Cadets. As far as instruments are concerned most of the things we'd have to say about them is unprintable.

Seriously, our training here at Goodfellow has been invaluable to our flying careers. We've made a lot of friends, had many experiences, that shall become cherished memories. We salute all the personnel up and down the line, that helped lay the foundation which every Officer-Pilot must possess to carry on the traditions that make the United States Air Force the greatest in the world.

Now ---------- On to Basic!!!!!

CAPT. EUGENE J. TIMONY
Section Commander

CAPT. WILLIAM O. WALLACE
Flight Commander

R

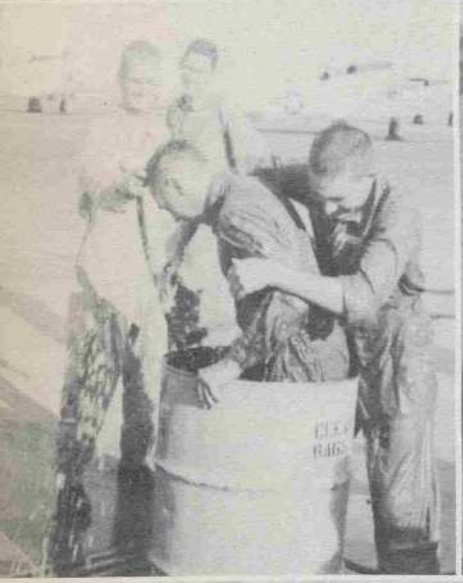
RALPH E. FLEXMAN
R & D Group

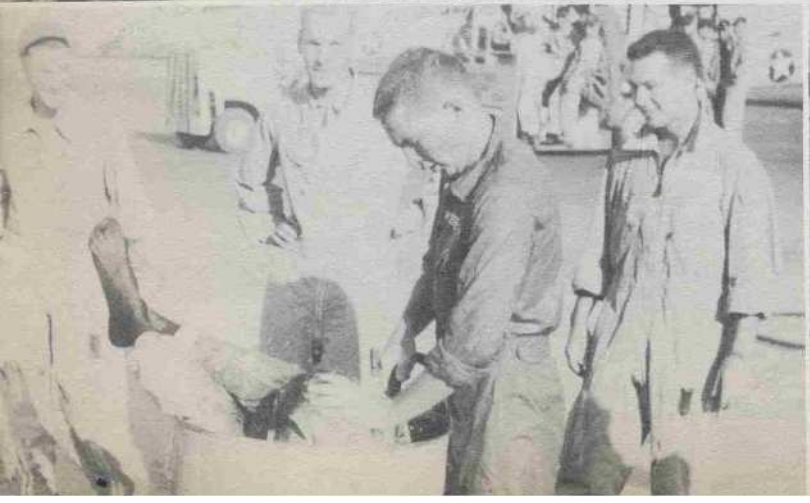
2

CAPT. RAYMOND T. PARRINGTON
Asst. Flight Commander

A/2C CARL OLTMAN
Dispatcher

SOLO SNAPS





RICHARD F. JUHNKE

FRED C. DARKOW

WILLIAM H. McNAIR

1/LT. HENRY L. PIERGE
Instructor

1/LT. WILLIAM D. HABLUTZEL
Instructor

RODNEY G. WATERMAN

ROBERT E. BOOTH

EDWARD O. GAFFNEY

"WAR STORIES"

I felt like a little formation flying, so I closed in on this other T-6.....

Then when I saw it was dual, I really got out of there in a hurry.....

Now Booth says he's got a better one to tell.....

THE "ACES" IN REBEL FLIGHT

Twinkle, Twinkle little star,
How I wonder where I are,
Way up here in the sky so black,
"D/F Homer", bring me back.

DONALD J. ROWLEY

RICHARD K. RAMSEY

MARK R. RICHARDS

CAPT. GANBRELL T. GRANTHAM
Instructor

1/LT. GEORGE E. ELY
Instructor

EDWARD T. MOORE

FREDRICK J. SABBS

G. MILTON BENSON III

DONALD W. CLAYTON

JACOB K. SHIRER

RUSSELL H. NEUMANN

CAPT. RAYMOND T. PARRINGTON
Instructor

1/LT. WILLIAM R. COSGROVE
Instructor

TED R. KEITH

DONALD H. BATIPPS

ALAN D. BUCK

JOHN B. WILSON

BARRY J. MUSSER

JAMES L. TAYLOR

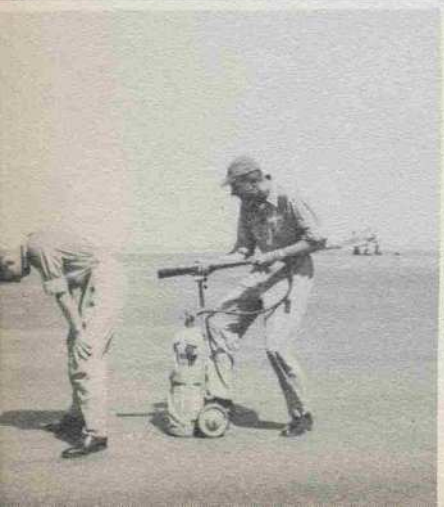
1/LT. HENRY E. KOMODOWSKI
Instructor

1/LT. LEIGHTON R. PALMERTON
Instructor

JOHN K. SLATER

JERRY R. JOHNSON

G. WESTRAY BUNN III



You're getting better on these ITO's, Maas !!
TA-069

ROBERT J. SAUTER

JAMES R. SIMMONS

JOHN A. KOERSCHNER

CAPT. JAMES E. BOIES
Instructor

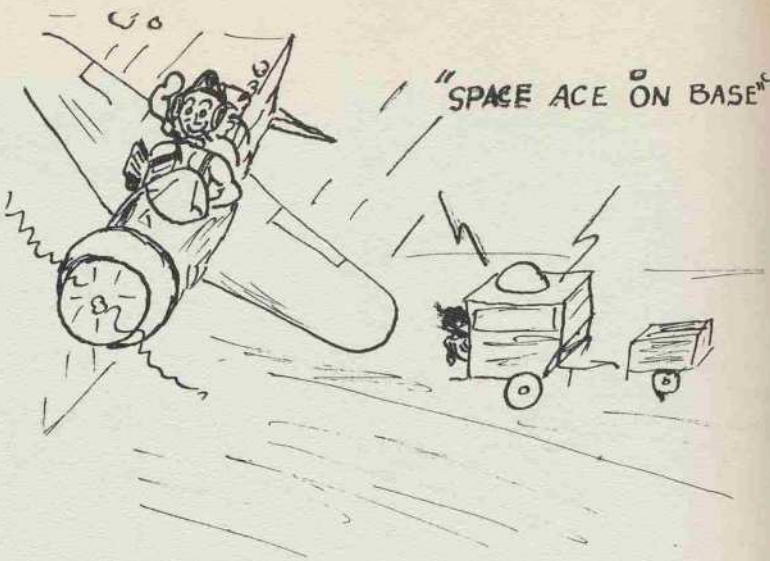
1/LT. LEE E. DORTSCH
Instructor

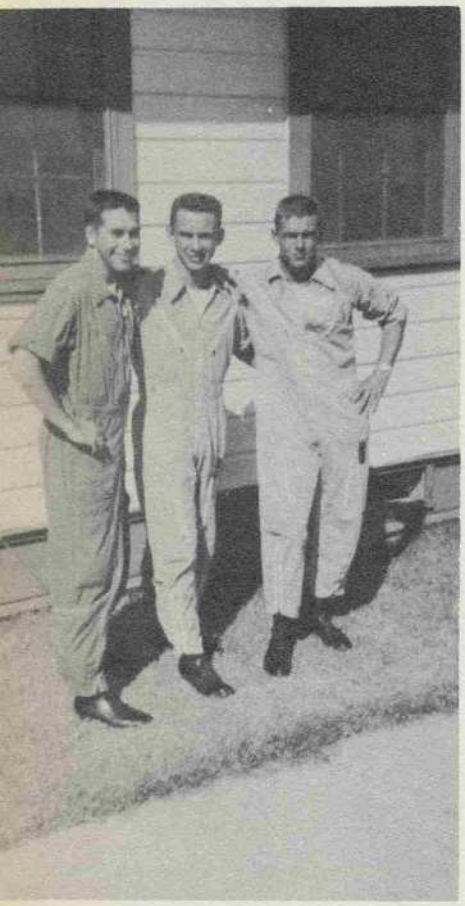
DONALD J. GESTWICKI

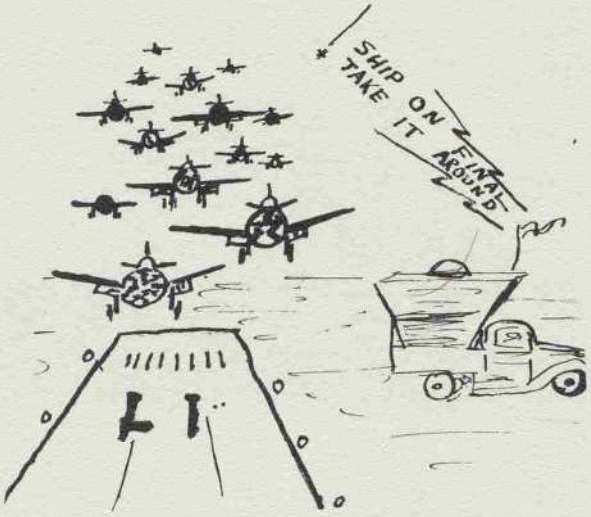
EDMUND W. FISCHBECK

EDWARD F. HOLCOMBE

?!!??
TAKE IT AROUND! AWK! AWK! EVERYBODY TAKE IT AROUND! AWK! AWK! AWK!
USAF


"SPACE ACE ON BASE"




SHIP ON FINAL
TAKE IT AROUND

GILBERT A. THOMPSON

CLETUS V. MAAS

LEONARD J. JOHNSON

1/LT. WILLIAM D. LONG
Instructor

1/LT. DUDLEY G. KAVANAUGH
Instructor

ROBERT L. ROSS

JOHN H. BOWERS

RICHARD L. KRULIK

REBELS

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Media, Pennsylvania

G. MILTON BENSON III
135 Langley Road
Newton Centre 39,

ROBERT E. BOOTH
7 Whittier Avenue
Peekskill, New York

JOHN H. BOWERS
R.F.D. #3
Cameron, West Virginia

ALAN D. BUCK
155 Washington Avenue
Albany, New York

G. WESTRAY BUNN III

Spring Hope, N.C.

DONALD W. CLAYTON
R.F.D. #4
Independence, Iowa

FRED C. DARKOW, JR.
R.F.D. #1
Canal Fulton, Ohio

EDMUND W. FISCHBECK
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Rutherford, New Jersey

EDWARD O. GAFFNEY
145-08 Arlington Terrace
Jamaica, New York

DONALD J. GESTWICKI
89 Colonial Avenue
Kenmore 17, New York

EDWARD F. HOLCOMBE
3342 Newton North
Minneapolis, Minnesota

JERRY R. JOHNSON
R.F.D. #4
Washington, Iowa

LEONARD J. JOHNSON
4110 57th Street
Sacramento, California

RICHARD F. JUHNKE

Emery, South Dakota

TED R. KEITH
340 Grove St., Apt. #201
San Francisco, California

JOHN A. KOERSCHNER
1716 Maple Lane
South Milwaukee, Wis.

RICHARD L. KRULIK

Cuba, Missouri

CLETUS V. MAAS
203 South Walnut Ave.
New Hampton, Iowa

WILLIAM H. McNAIR

Smyrna, Georgia

EDWARD T. MOORE
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El Paso, Texas

BARRY J. MUSSER
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Fairmont, Minnesota

RUSSELL H. NEUMANN
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Tacoma, Washington

RICHARD K. RAMSEY

Arlington, Iowa

MARK R. RICHARDS
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ROBERT L. ROSS
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Poplar Bluff, Missouri

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Ponca City, Oklahoma

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Norfolk, Virginia

JOHN K. SLATER
R.F.D. #2
Bosworth, Missouri

JAMES L. TAYLOR
209 W. Ninth St.
Grand Island, Nebraska

GILBERT A. THOMPSON
245 Washington Court
Richmond, California

RODNEY G. WATERMAN
103-5 W. 120th St.
New York 27, New York

JOHN B. WILSON
R.F.D. #1
Monette, Arkansas

ANGEL FLIGHT

May 13, 1953, was a day of mixed emotions for those of us who were to be Angel Flight. For the most it was a feeling of anticipation, and for all of us some anxiety, for even then we knew that there were some of us who would not make it. Little did we realize how many.

On our third day we made our first trip, or should we say journey, up the line to our cozy little flight shack. You would think they'd have issued us field equipment for such a trek.

It did not take us long to realize that the eyes peering out from the windows along the line were not friendly. They belonged to watchful individuals who called our Flight Commander and informed him that his "boys" were goofing off in formation. This usually resulted in a rather severe scolding, to say the least. We, of course, realized that it hurt our instructors very deeply when they had to reprimand us, so we soon shaped up.

Twelve days we waited, and then on May 25, we were finally introduced to the "Tiger Machine" - that sleek, powerful fabric fighter - the L-21. The Fabric Fighter, Angel's answer to Rebel's Panther I, was to be our close companion for our first 25 hours of flying. With due respect to the "P-I", we must admit that it may be quite difficult to fly, but our little fabric gem had it's advantages. It would even soar into the air without the aid of strings. In fact, it is rumored that some of the Angel's engaged in wild, hairy dog-fights over the enemy town of Christoval. Of course, this is security information, and it may be years before the true facts can be divulged to the public, especially our instructors.

Meanwhile back at the area, our activities were under the close supervision of that maladjusted, misguided group of young people who were formally known as "G Class". They were Mother, Father, Brother, and Sister to us. Quite often, about six times daily we would hear the musical strains of a G-classman's voice "Sound that section off, Mister!" And then there were the MDAP's, "Geeve me a gig slip, Meester." But Sir! What a jolly group! A Marine Topkick could take good notes on our supervisors.

After a few weeks it became evident that in our short stay it would be impossible to see all of the scenic and cultural places of this garden spot of Texas. We did the next things; we looked for a place which really condensed the fine points into one, easily digested unit. For most, the Dixie Club seemed to be the most logical answer.

And now back to the trial's and tribulations of the Flight Line. The greatest single event for any one of us was the first solo flight in the "Terrible T-6". When the student returned to the dust grit of Auxiliary #5 there was a standard question, "How did it go?"; and a standard answer, "No sweat." Of course, we will never believe that all the perspiration was due to the heat.

Although the aircraft and the location had changed, there was much similarity between Auxiliaries 2 and 5. The dust and heat were still very much in evidence, along with the flare pistol, that fiendish little gadget which was incorporated into what we knew as a "go-around." In fact, Auxiliary #5 could have been mistaken for a 4th of July fireworks display.

Many hours, much chewing, and innumerable stalls later came what is known as the "50-hour Check." Whether or not we passed our checks, or whether our instructors were afraid that they would wash themselves out of a job we will never know. In any event, we all passed. To quote our jovial Flight Commander, "Christmas came early this year."

But the worst was yet to come. Instruments. We had been thoroughly convinced up to this phase of our training that we knew nothing about flying the T-6, and now they expected us to maneuver this monster from the confines of a puptent. Strangely enough, we did it. Christmas holidays were not yet over.

Intermingled with our other small problems came Aerobatics and night flying. And then there were navigation missions, both day and night. Much to Rebel's dismay we did not have to use their overworked Godsend, Goodfellow D/F Homer. But then, who ever heard of an Angel getting lost?

The only consoling factor in our departing Primary was advancement to Basic. It was a very memorable six months, and none of us will ever forget.

CAPTAIN HENRY B. FRONKIER
Asst. Section Commander

MAJOR HERBERT W. ROBSON
Section Commander

CAPTAIN LOYD L. CAPPS
Asst. Section Commander

A

1

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Flight Commander

CAPT. ALLEN H. NELSON, JR.
Asst. Flight Commander

CAPT. MONTA J. DAVIS
Asst. Flight Commander

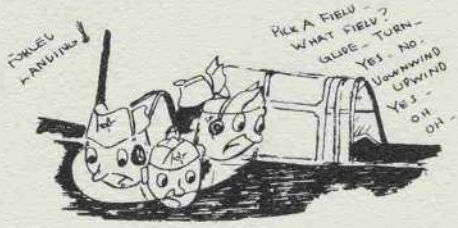
W.E. "PAP" DeLONG
Dispatcher

DWIGHT G. McQUADE

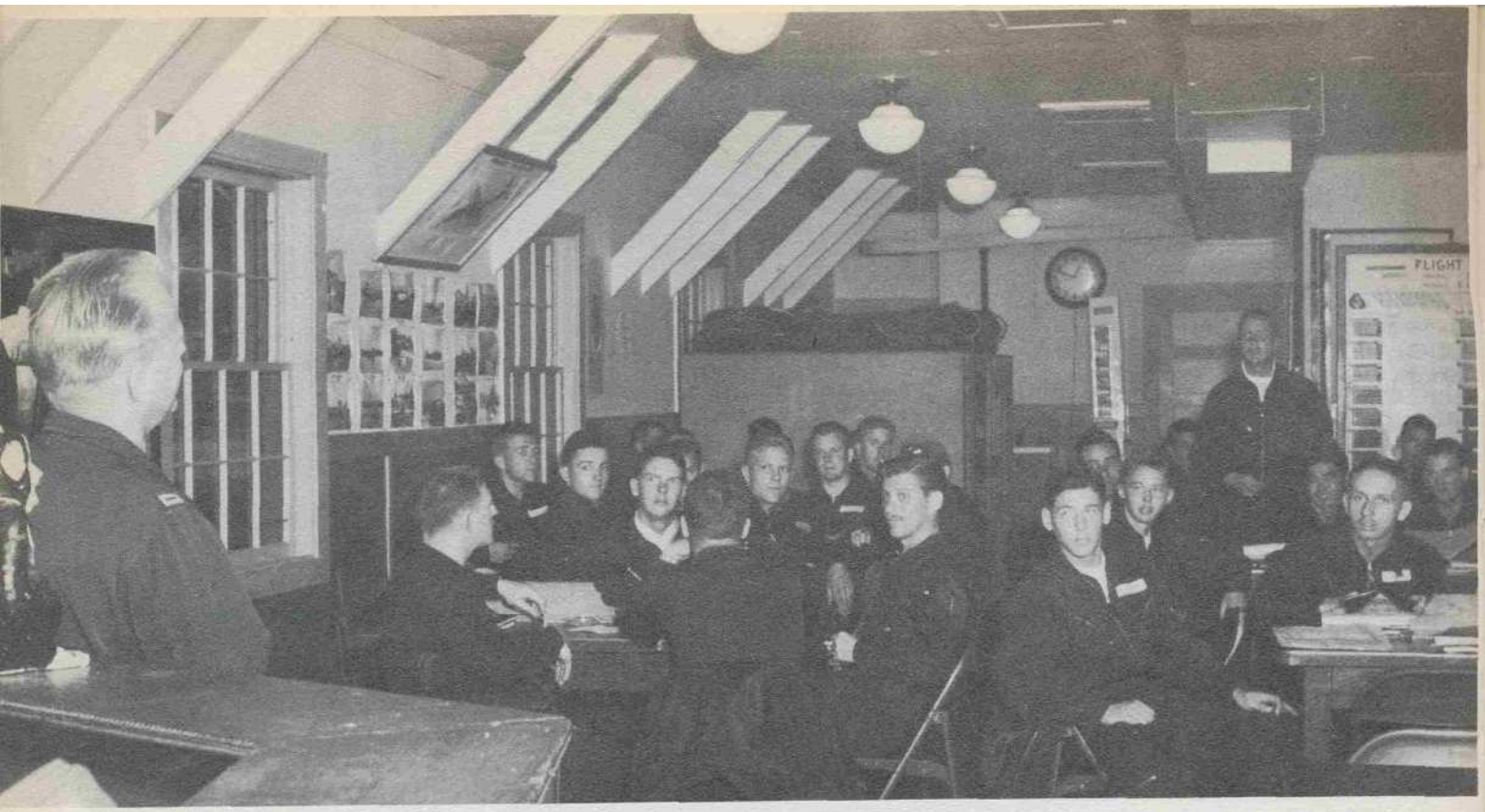
CAPT. GEORGE H. BYRAM
Instructor

EMMANUEL CARISSIMO

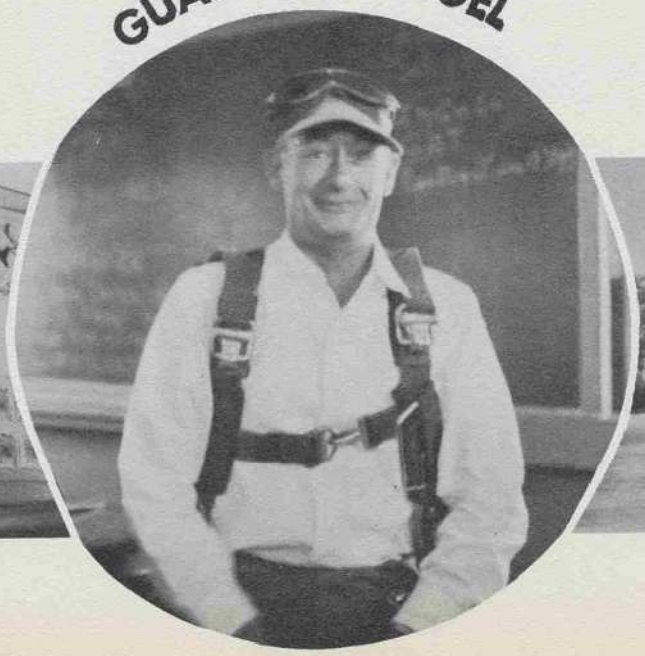
JEAN SEVESTRE



ROGER L. EVANS



GUARDIAN ANGEL



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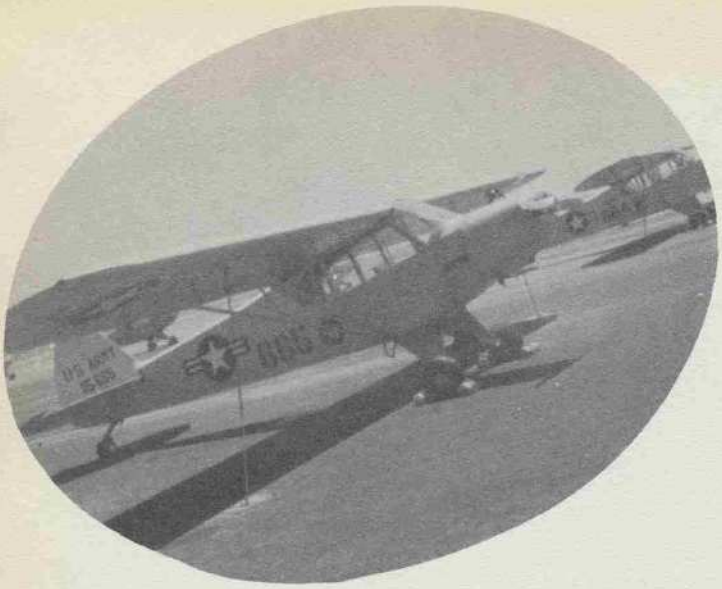
LT. RICHARD HORNBECK
Instructor

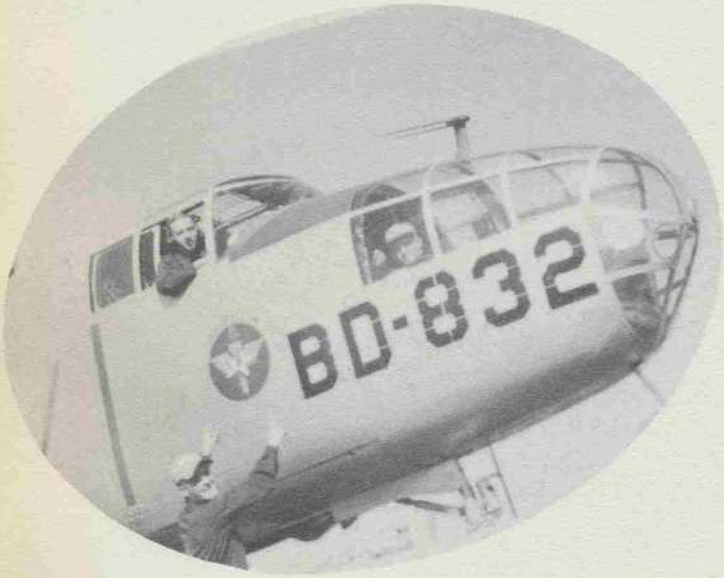
DONALD G. DICKINSON

ROBERT D. REAR

WHY YES . . . I FLY . . .

KENNETH W. MURRAY

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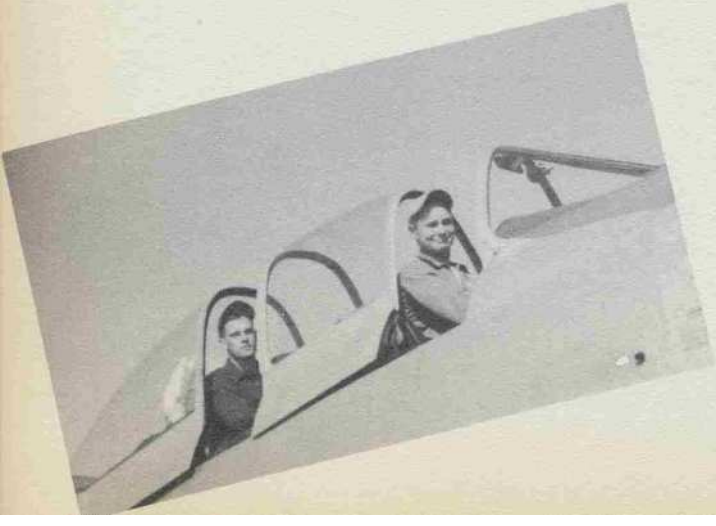

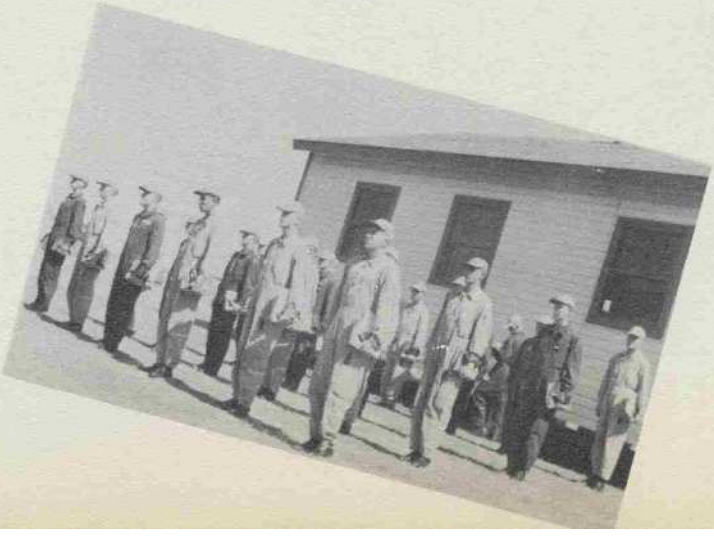

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NORMAN S. SIMPSON

MICHEL GALLET

OIVIND H. AMUNDSEN

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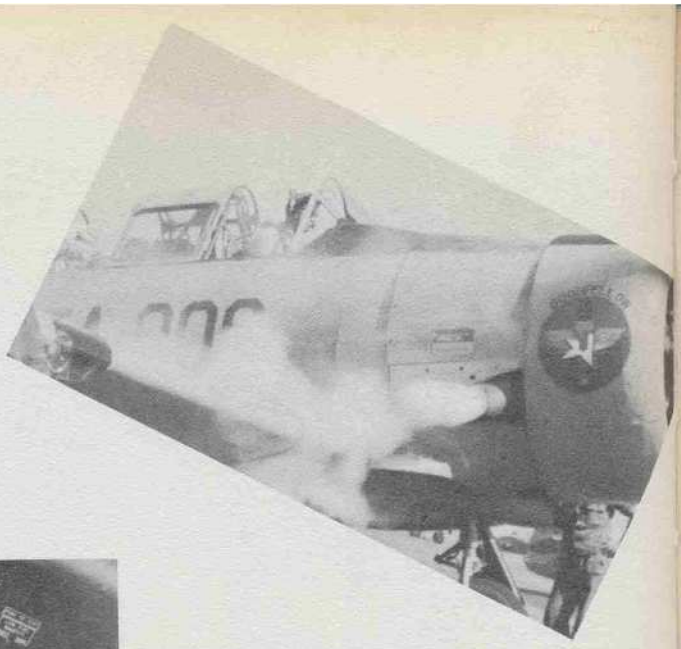

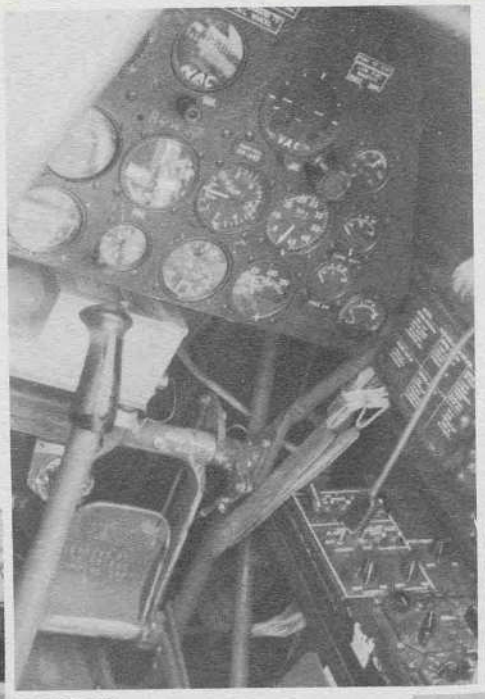

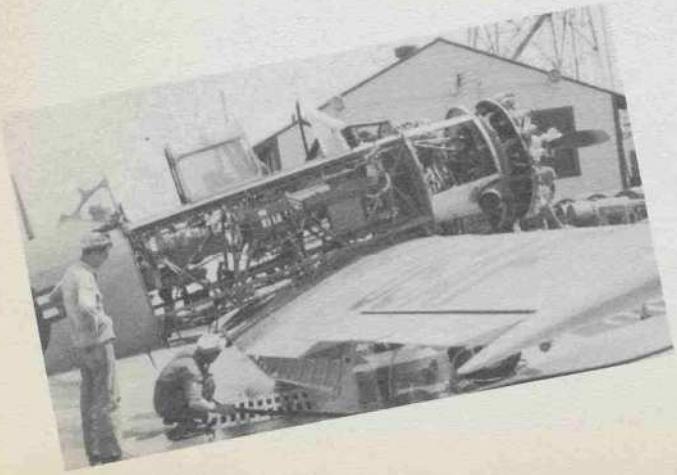

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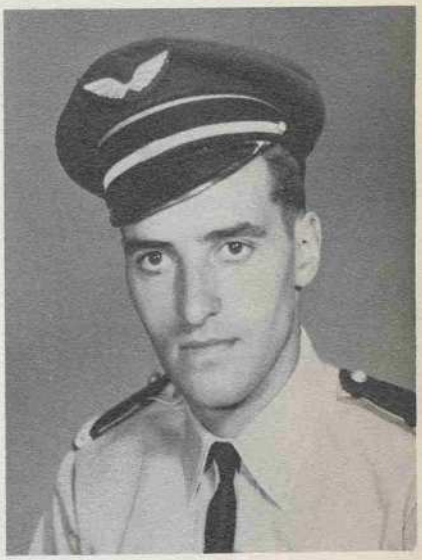

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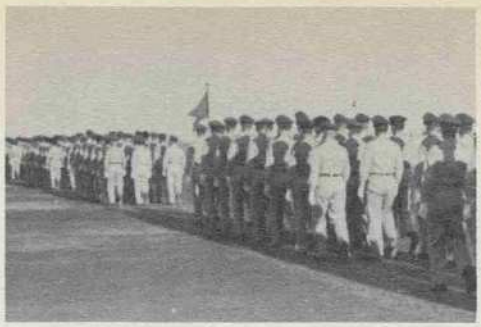
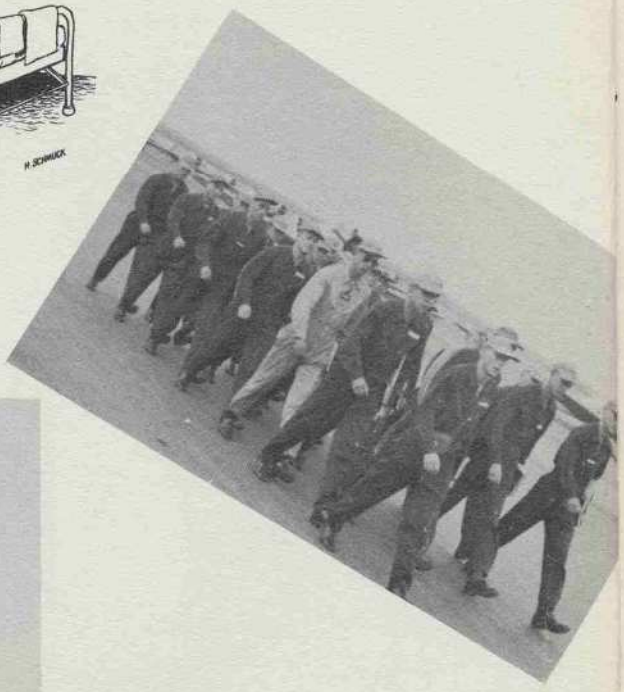


"Socks, Tench HUP!"



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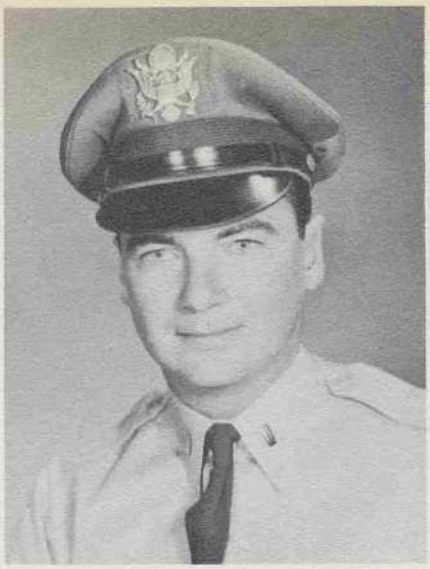

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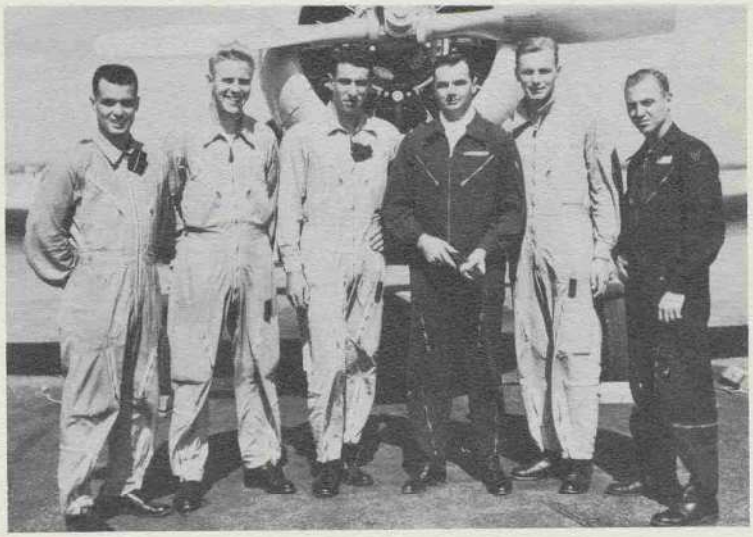

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PRIMARY LOG

L-21: Dual_____ Solo _____ Lndgs. _____

T-6: Contact Dual _____ Solo_____

Instruments _____ "I.T.O.'s" _____

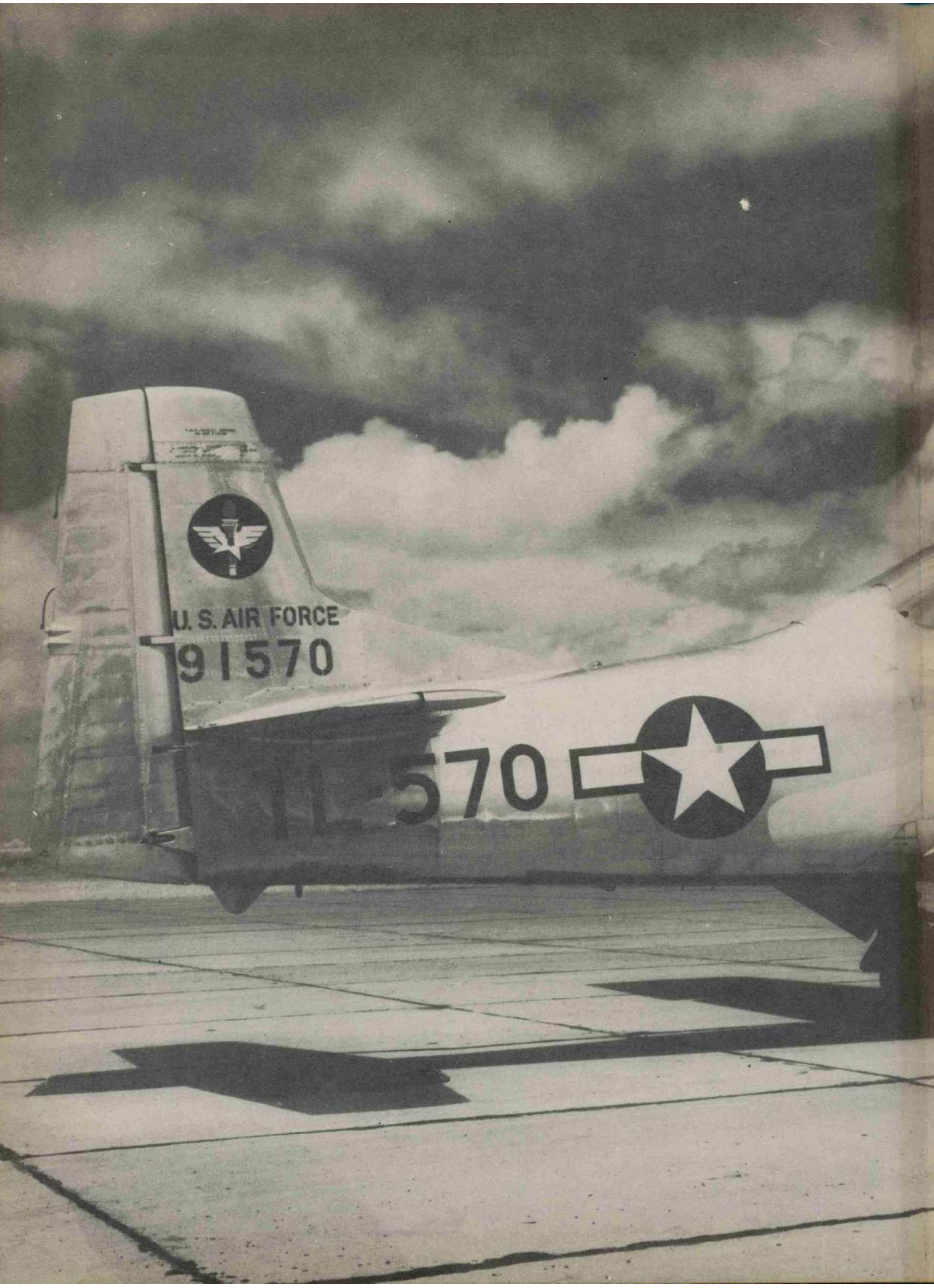
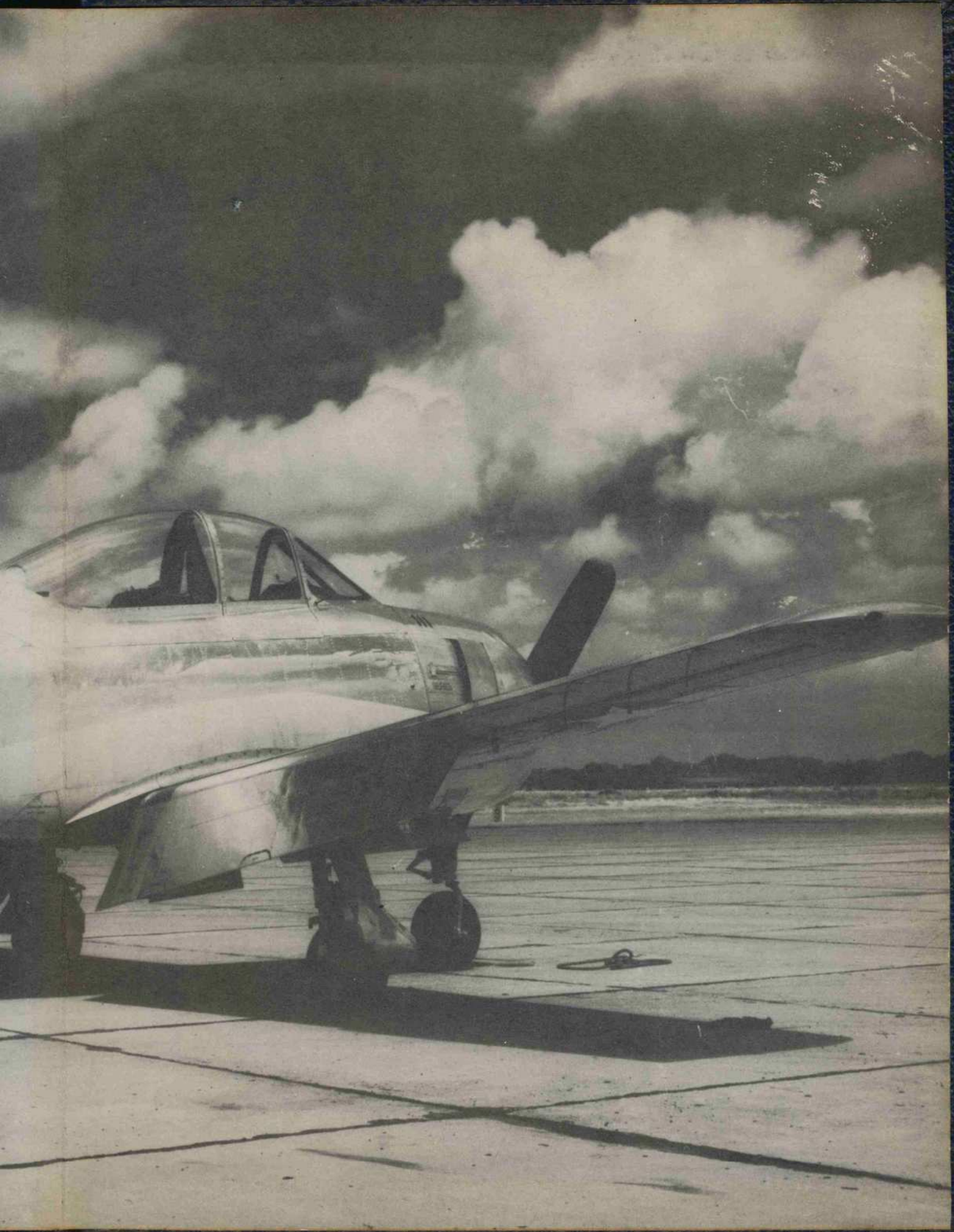
Day Navigation _____ Night Navigation _____

Night Local _____ Acrobatics: Dual _____

Total Landings _____ Solo _____

Total Hours T-6: _____

Total Hours L-21: _____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