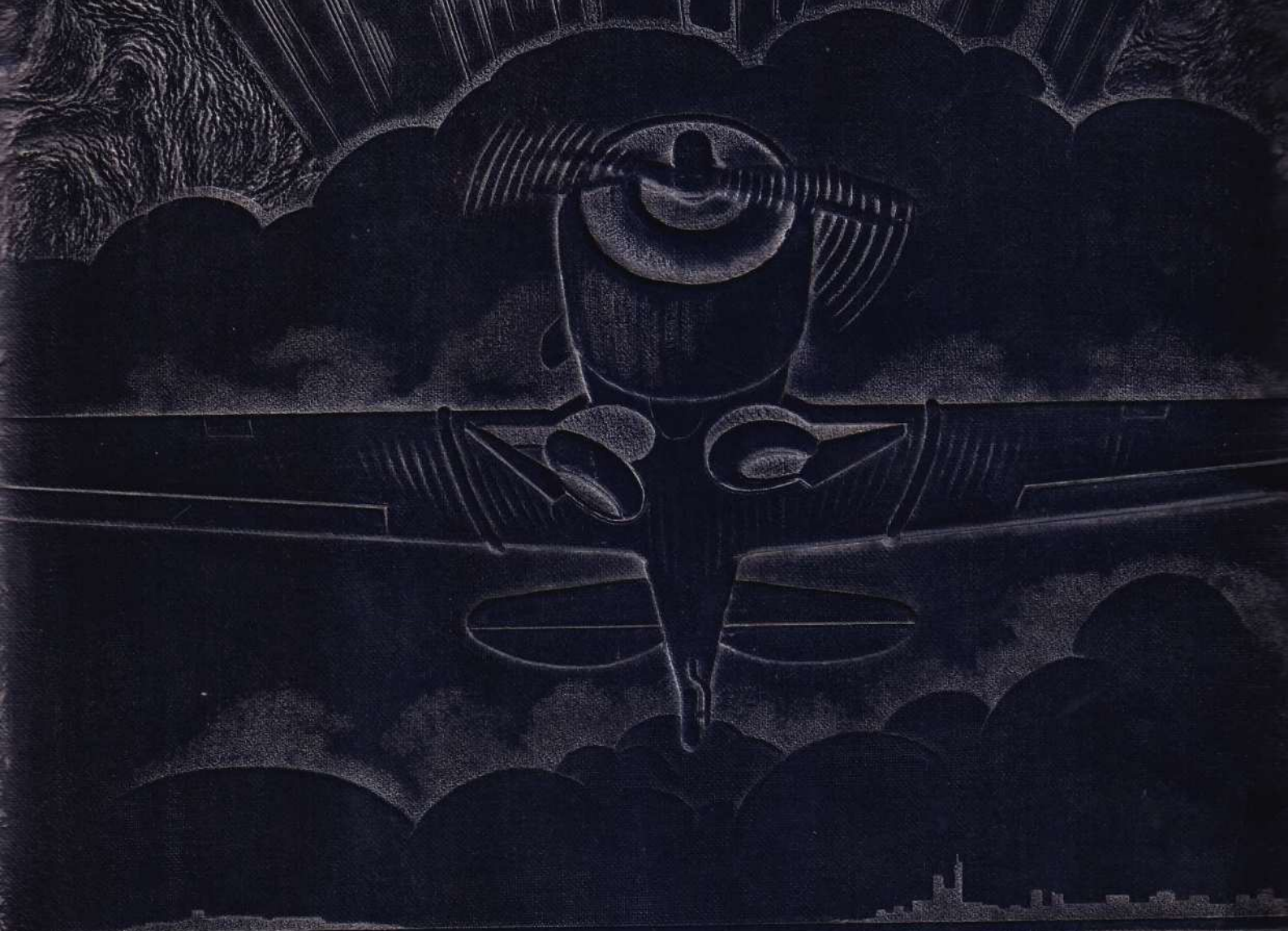


TAKE IT OFF



GREENVILLE AFB

Class 53-D



AIR FORCE
14-575



*Lt. William H. Fanning
Columbia, S. C.*







LT. COL. LOUIS H. NORLEY
Base Commander

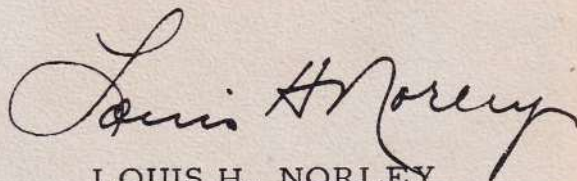
HEADQUARTERS
GREENVILLE AIR FORCE BASE
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDING OFFICER
GREENVILLE, MISSISSIPPI

I congratulate the members of Class 53-D upon the completion of the primary phase of pilot training.

You have, through sincere effort and application, now qualified yourselves for the next phase of the important training as members of the vital defense team of the United States and allied countries.

Our mission has been to inculcate in you the introductory principles of being an officer and a military pilot. If the hearty cooperation displayed at Greenville Air Force Base manifests itself in your subsequent phases of training, your objectives and the Air Force mission will be accomplished in consonance with the established standard.

I extend to each of you individually my sincere wishes for success in the future and hope that you personally have a feeling of a job well done.



LOUIS H. NORLEY
Lt. Colonel, USAF
Commanding



★
GREENVILLE AIR FORCE BASE
GREENVILLE, MISSISSIPPI

Congratulations to the members of the graduating class from
the entire staff.

We sincerely trust that in each and every one of you the pride
of your chosen profession will be the motivating force to carry
you successfully to your coveted wings and towards a brilliant
career.

Wm J. Graham
Wm. J. Graham



WILLIAM J. GRAHAM
Contractor

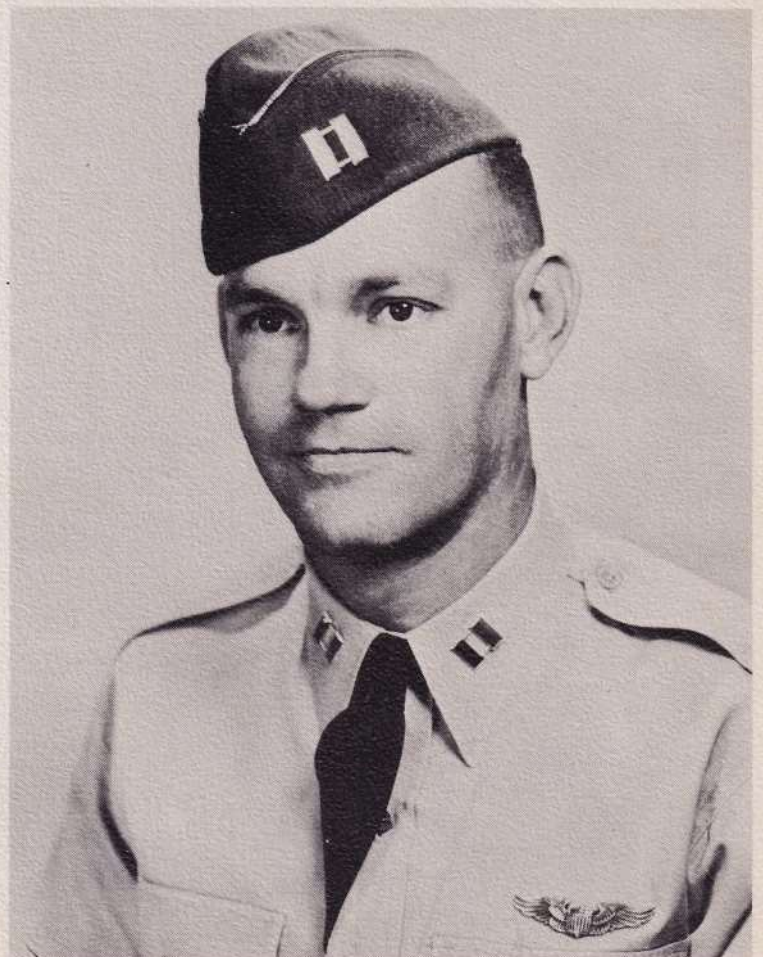


Tac section



MAJOR JAMES R. PUGH, JR.
Director of Military Training

CAPT. NEAL H. HARDIN, JR.
OIC of Pre-Flight and Student Officers
Provost Marshal





CAPT. RICHARD L. COLLIE



CAPT. JOSEPH L. SHELTON



1ST LT. FRANK H. WHITTINGTON



1ST LT. EDWIN A. NELSON



1ST LT. DONALD H. GARRISON



1ST. LT.
(DUTCH) JOHANNES TROOST

MILITARY CHECK PILOTS



MAJOR JAMES A. MARR
Military Director of Flying



CAPT. RALPH L. GRIFFITH
Senior Check Pilot



CAPT. DALTON E. ALLEY
Senior Check Pilot



1ST LT. LOUIS E. BRANCH
Check Pilot



1ST LT. JOE LYLE
Check Pilot



1ST LT. HORACE A. SCHICKRAM



THOMAS E. MYERS
Chaplain (Major)

It is a pleasure and privilege to have been associated with the members of Class 53-D during the primary phase of your pilot training. Your interest in and cooperation with the Chaplain's program during this period has been an inspiration to the Chaplain's Section and to your fellow cadets. Your mental alertness, resourcefulness, willingness to cooperate, admiration for honest dealing and clean thinking are attributes which insure success in life. Having worked with you and seen you successfully complete your training at this base, we now feel a thrill of hope and a tingle of expectancy, for you will continue to keep your rudder true.

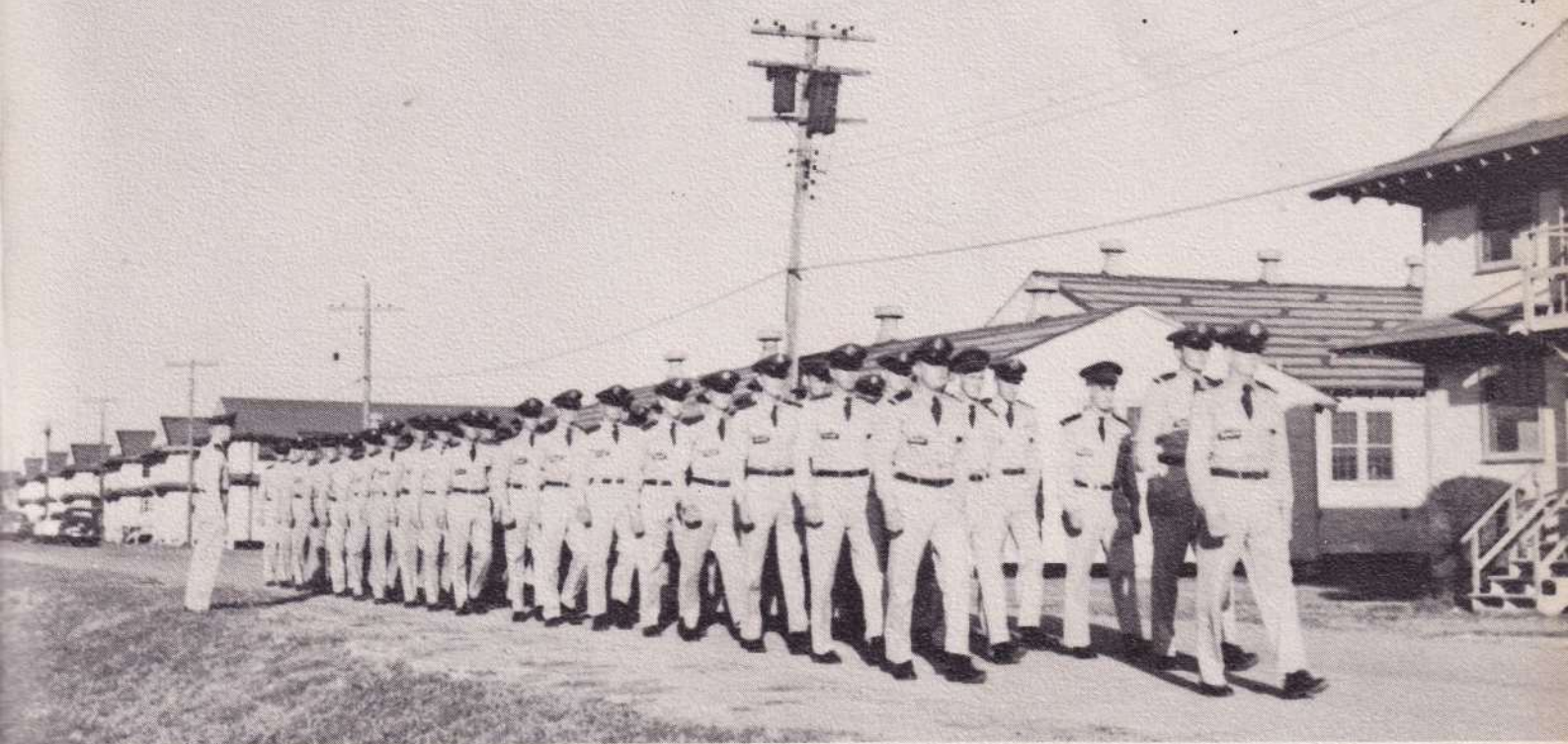
Our prayers and best wishes go with you in your future assignments.

Your Chaplain,

Thomas E. Myers

Thomas E. Myers

USAF



BASE HISTORY

Deep in the heart of the richest cotton country in the U. S. lies the Air Force's first new civilian contract basic flying school—Greenville Air Force Base, Miss., reactivated December 1, 1950 under Col. Noel T. Cumbaa.

Back in the World War II days of BT-13's, cadets took basic training at this base which had been activated August 13, 1941, under the command of Lt. Col. A. R. McConnell.

The Deep South was learning a new role in those troubled days.

The cotton fields of a pre-Civil War plantation were plowed under to make way for "Greenville Army Air Field" The muddy Mississippi River guided the new fliers homeward flat farming land of the Mississippi Delta offered an encircling fifty miles of emergency landing field and southern hospitality was transplanted from the veranda to the U. S. O.

But within two hurried months, Graham Aviation and the 3300th. Training Squadron had readied Greenville Air Force Base for training Class 52-B, which arrived March 4.

This time, training techniques antiquated the base's former operations: fusing wartime "primary" and "basic" into one rapid-fire, more complex course . . . flying "advanced" T-6 trainers in preparation for piloting the world's fastest and best aircraft . . . and training under civilian flight and academic instructors.

Today Greenville Air Force Base marks a vital point on the map of the world's largest training organization, the Air Training Command of the U. S. Air Force.

Flying Training



C. R. STORRIE
Col. (Retired)
Director of Flying



G. K. ELLIS
Squadron Commander



J. R. GREEN
Asst. Squadron Commander

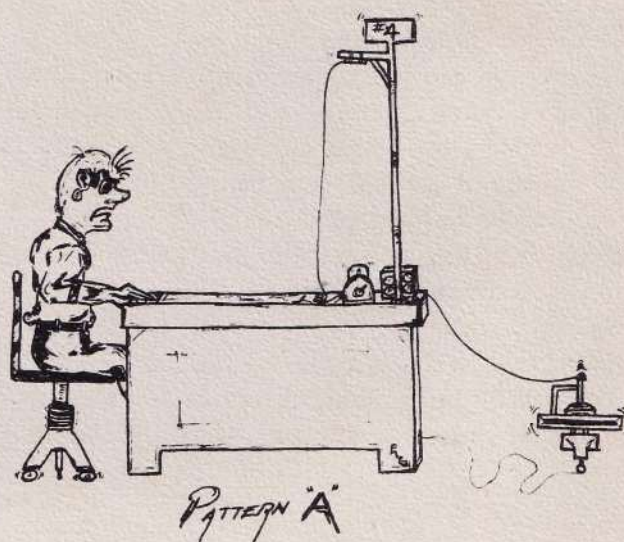


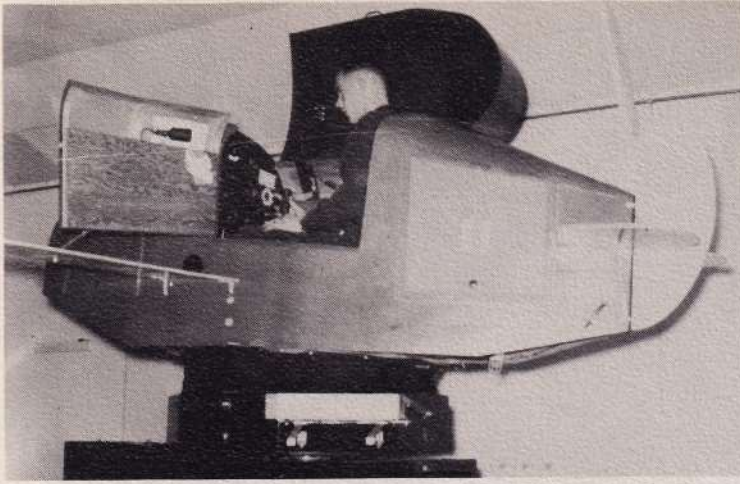
Bettye Andrews, Virginia Collier, Pat Hunt

Link Department



From Left to Right: H. F. Lewis, C. G. Davis, B. L. Rosamond, C. W. Stephens, Jr., G. M. Holder, J. C. Holder, J. C. Garceau, W. W. Southward, R. L. Reynolds, J. H. Purser, A. C. Kemp, A. A. Mullens, J. J. Nicholson, J. R. Cook, J. V. Forbes, Jr., C. E. Valentine





INSTRUCTOR'S LAMENT

The Cadet is my Pilot; Him I shall not want;
 He maketh me forced landings in rough pastures;
 He leadeth me into trees and high tension wires.
 He destroys my confidence, he leadeth me into the
 paths of oncoming traffic.
 Yea, as I ride through the air in the shadow
 of death, I fear all evil; for he is with me; his stick
 and his rudder confuseth me.
 He prepareth stalls and loops in the presence of
 All planes in the air; my temper runneth over.
 And I shall be grateful all the days of my life if
 You will spare my life and let this Yo Yo graduate.

Academics



Left to Right, Back Row: J. W. Cockerhan, Melvin C. Shuler, Walter N. Permenter, Jr., William T. Bush, John M. Bridges, Dale M. Titler, Woodrow W. Wisner, Lawrence Metcalfe; *Left to Right, Front Row:* Bob D. Mocre, Kenneth C. Perkins, Norman S. Orloff, Richard D. Kelly, John G. Parks, William F. Guy, William G. Kallenberg



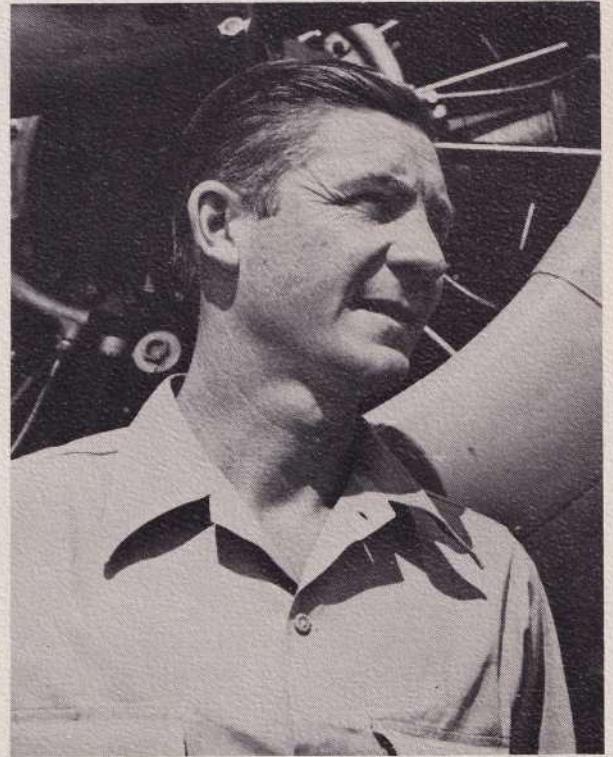
Pettibone Tower



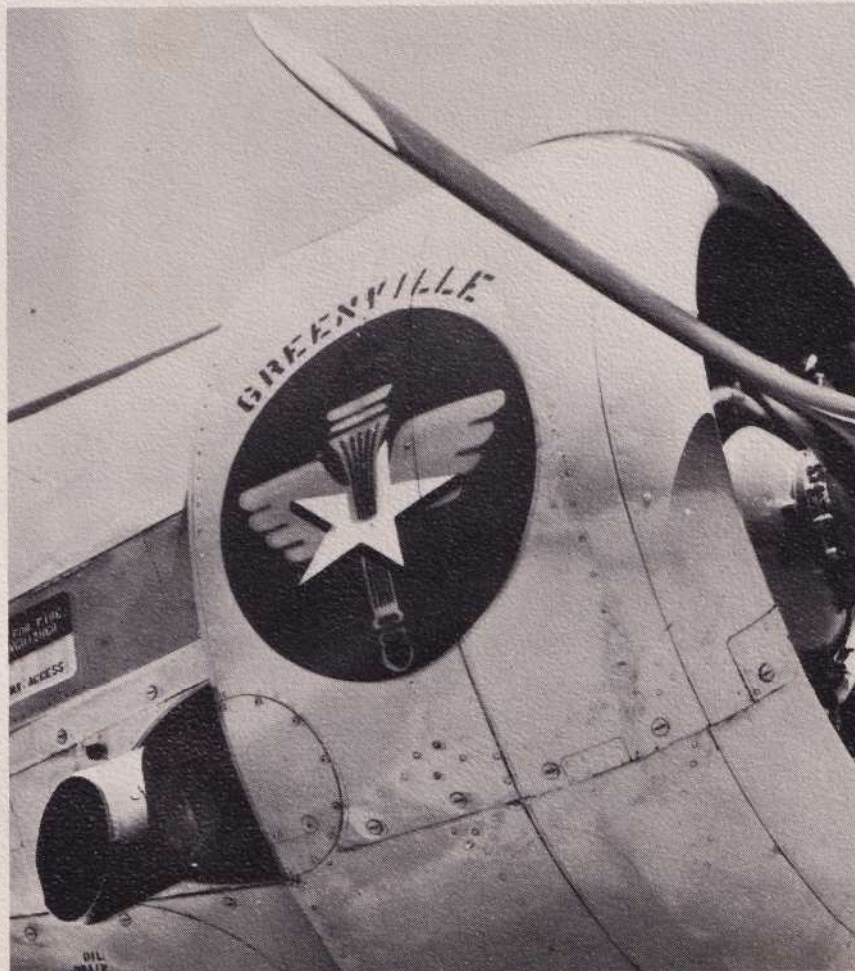
Foxtrot Flight



MARION E. SALMONS
Flight Commander



EARL D. STOCKTON
Asst. Flight Commander





EGON BACH
Denmark



JOSEPH W. FOSTER
Nashville, Tenn.



MR. CLAUDE M. REESE



PAUL E. NORRIS
Newark, Ohio



JEAN P. BOUIX
France



PETER P. MAHOLIK
Swoyerville, Pa.



EDWARD A. GOODRICH
St. Louis, Mo.



MR. GEAN W. PAYNE



DENNIS W. WINKELS
Leroy, Minn.



GEORGES BEQUET
France



DANIEL W. HUNTER
Philadelphia, Pa.



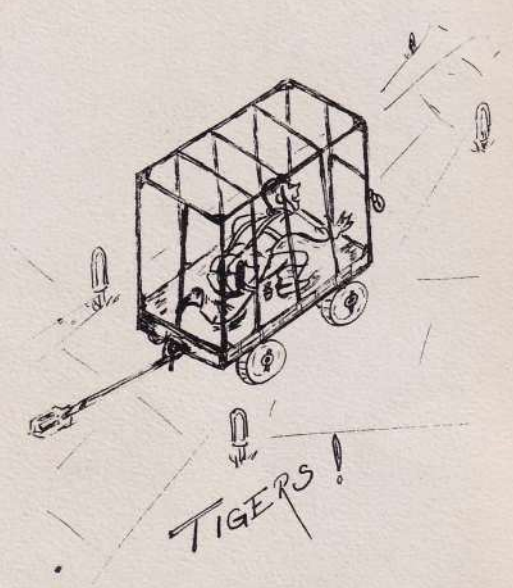
EDMUND BERTELSEN
Denmark



MR. WILLIAM J. GREEN



FRANK McALLISTER
Detroit, Mich.





HERMAN F. HOLLE
Cortland, Ind.



ROSS D. HERRON
Covington, Ky.



MR. OWEN R. HUGHES



GEORGE E. TIMS
Wyandotte, Mich.



PIERRE BARREAU
France



PAUL E. HALONEN
Hayti, S. Dak.



2ND. LT. RUSSELL SCROGGINS
Harlingen, Tex.



MR. JOHN M. SHOFFNER



DONALD E. RASMUSSEN
Clearbrook, Minn.





JEAN P. DULUC
France



HARRY N. GAINER
St. Louis, Mo.



MR. ROBERT E. INGRAM



LT. WALDEMAR T'SAS
Netherlands





LT. ALAN ROSS
Great Britain



FRANK H. ROBINSON



MR. STANLEY J. HUDSON



ACHILLE J. T. ROUMA
Belgian



BERNARD L. ANDRE
France



PAUL E. UPSTILL
Youngstown, Ohio



ROBERT D. FRANK
Tyler, N. Dak.



MR. LAMBUTH J. BARTON



CARL W. CHRISTENSEN
Denmark



WILLIAM R. HANSON
Cambridge, Wis.



2ND. LT. LOUIS SESSIONS
Lake Village, Ark.



THOMAS H. GRIFFIN
Atascosa, Tex.



MR. CLIFTON G. MURRAY



CAI F. ANDERSON
Denmark





LEE A. MONGEON
Warwick, R. I.



GALEN M. SHAW
Newville, Pa.



MR. CYRIL E. LEAVITT



JAMES W. CLEMENT
Coeburn, Va.



FRANCIS N. G. C. M. RICHIR
Belgian



LEONARD E. LEAR
Sapolpa, Okla.



LEROY W. BERAN
Caldwell, Tex.



MR. VICTOR J. ROBINSON



ROGER P. BOCCHINI
France





WILLIAM L. MILLER
Donna, Tex.



JOHN SERCEL
Cleveland, Ohio



MR. JERRY L. GOINS



BERNARD TOUSSAINT
France



And it's supposed to fly?



JACK B. FISHER
Shubert, Neb.



GERARD A. HUFNAGEL
Pittsburgh, Pa.



MR. EDWARD A. HOLMES



JEAN LAFARGE
France



CHARLES F. AGEE



RICHARD C. WITHERS
Phoenix, Ariz.



EDWIN L. GORBET
Escondido, Calif.



MR. WOODROW W. COUTRET



LOUIS K. KANAAR
N. Muskegon, Mich.



RALPH E. SCHMITT
Fort Recovery, Ohio



LT. RICHARD D. McCLOSKEY



LT. MATTHEW L. TEMPEST
Great Britain



MR. HAYDN ROBERTS



LT. THOMAS W. WHITWORTH
Great Britain



Hold That Tiger!



Switches On!



So You're From Texas!



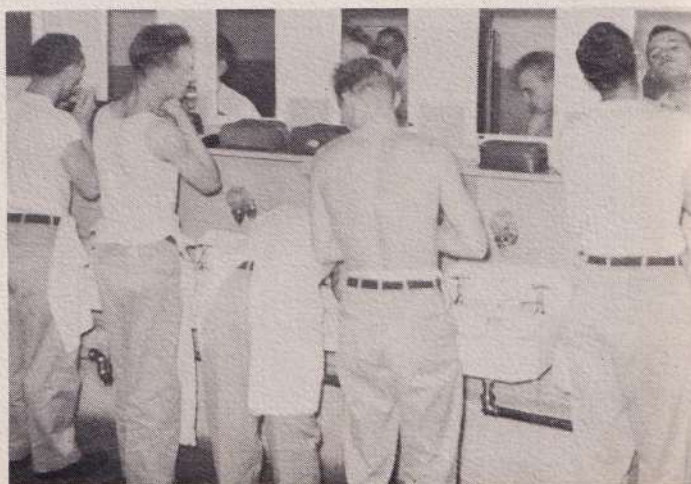
Who's got the Battleships?



And there I was at 10,000 ft.



Really "HOT" Pilot





Ah, the Life of an Officer!



Smiling Faces, Before Flight!



Who says "Fall In?"



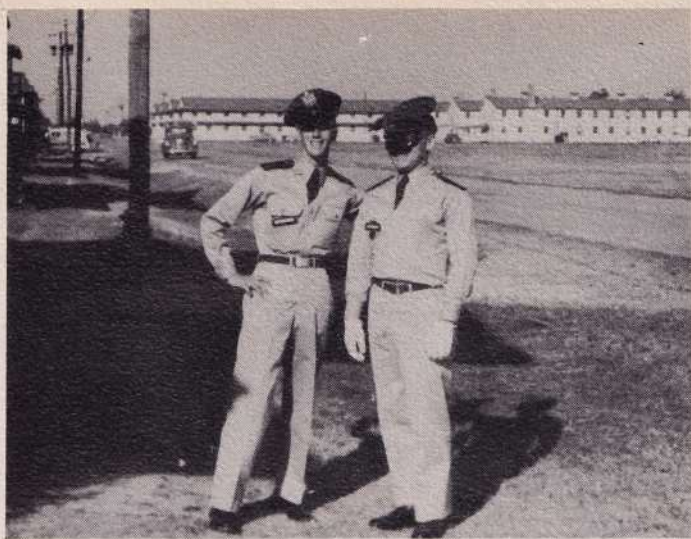
Boy, Solo in the Area.



Zippers, Sir?



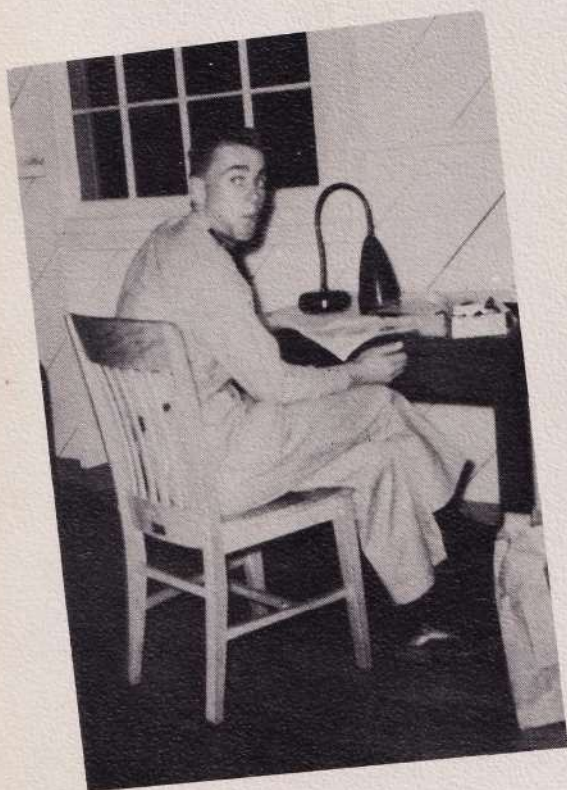
Try That Button.



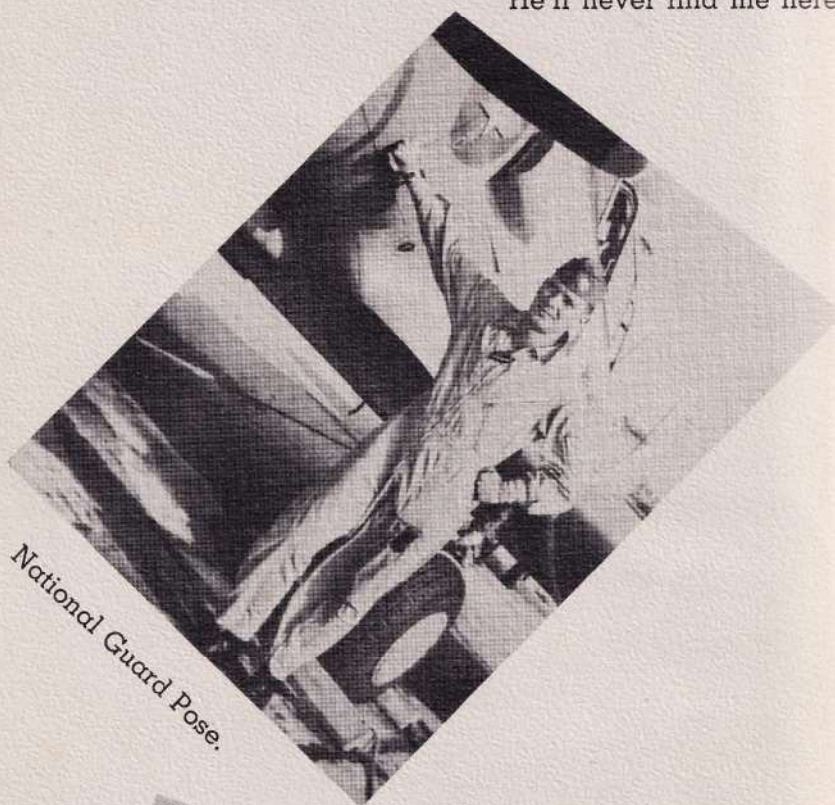
Pretty Ranchie.



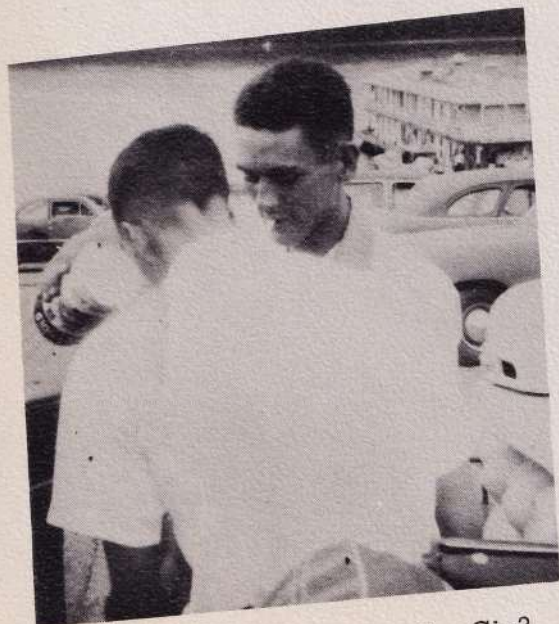
He'll never find me here.



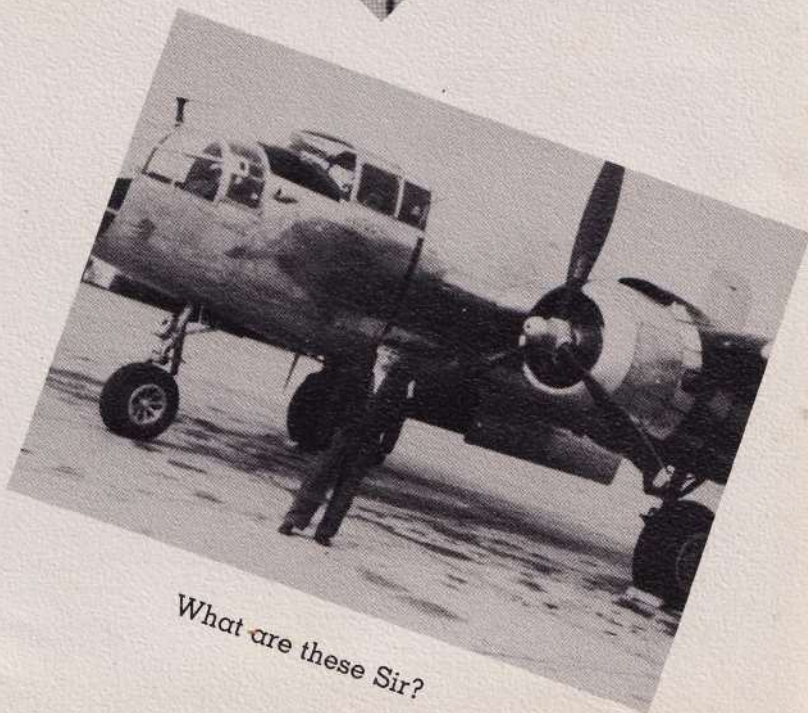
Caught.



National Guard Pose.



Who's got the Gin?



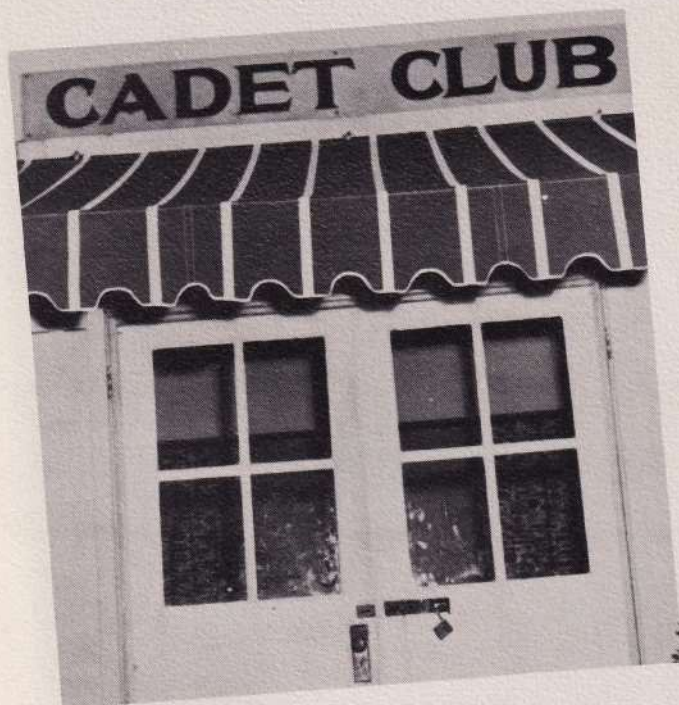
What are these Sir?



Waiting for a Cheerie ride.



My Eye Balls, Sir?



Scene of Combat



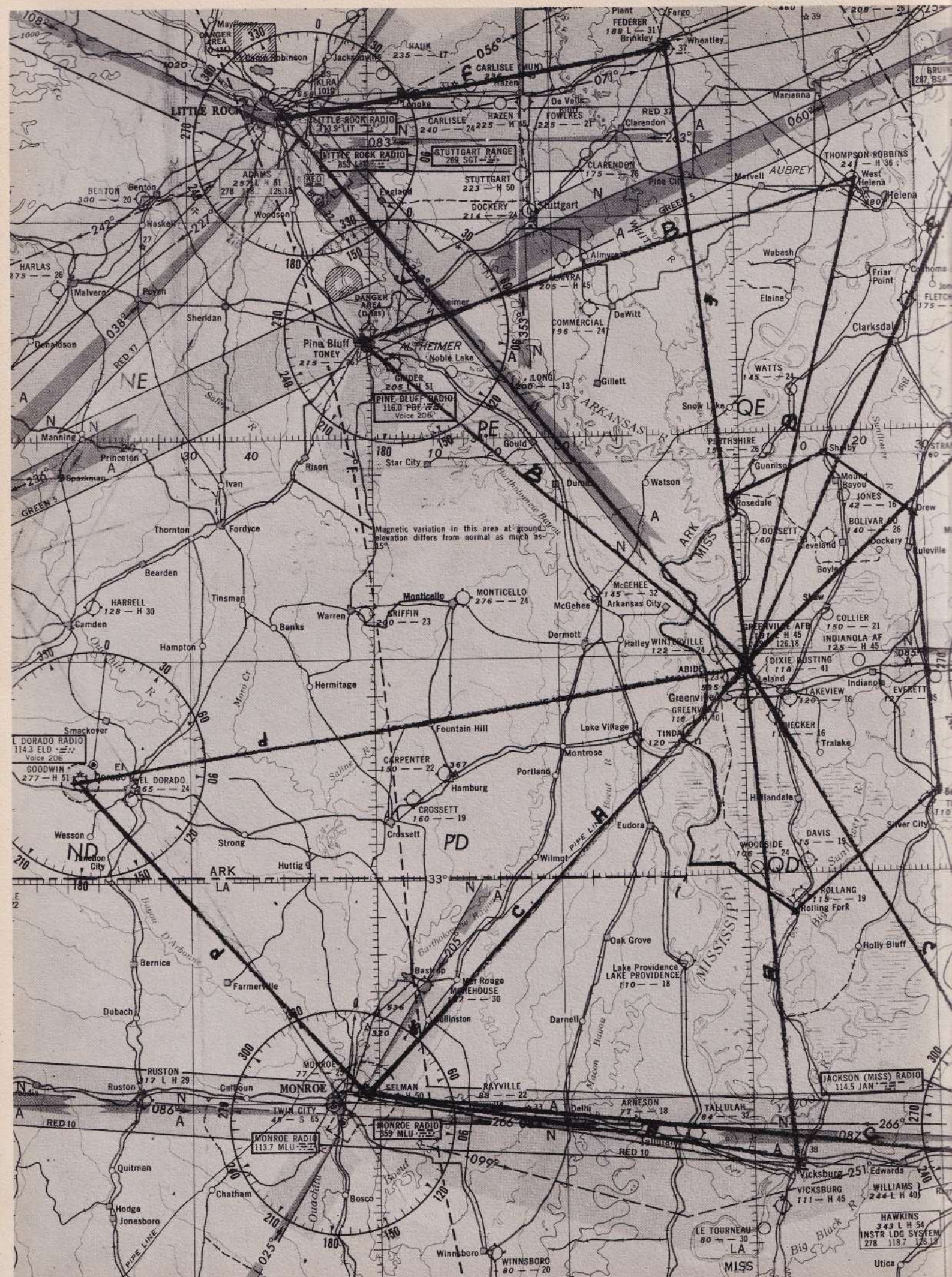
Column of files *!/xx?

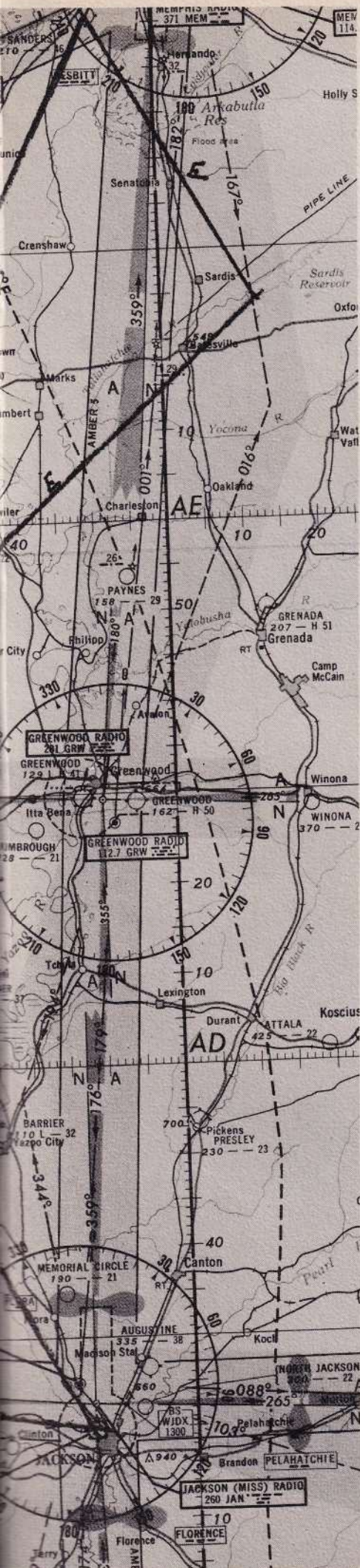


I GO POGO



The ball you say, Sir?





And then came cross country



Echo Flight



MR. FRANK LUCIE
Flight Commander



MR. DAVID WAYNE
Ass't. Flight Commander





ROBERT W. CORBIN
San Rafael, Calif.



JAMES J. BENSON
Omaha, Neb.



MR. RICHARD J. ALMO



JACQUES J. F. H. E. G. LACROIX
Belgian



GUY T. YOH
France



JOHN P. SMARIGA
Brooklyn, N. Y.



VERNON A. BALL
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio



MR. FRANK M. BARTLETT



JOHANNES HOOGENRAAD
Netherlands



JAMES R. STEVENSON
Oklahoma City, Okla.



GEORGE RAYNOVICH, JR.
Pittsburgh, Pa.



JOSEPH S. LOTHER, JR.
Birmingham, Ala.



MR. TOLIVER R. COATS



BOB VanBATTUM
Netherlands





LOTHAR A. OLMAN
Chicago, Ill.



HUGH C. HALE
Atlanta, Ga.



MR. WILLIAM E. VERNON



CHARLES A. SPINDT
Los Banos, Calif.



ALFONS DESMEDT
Belgian



BRUNO F. PITTS
Wilmington, Dela.



DOUGLAS M. MILLER
Sprott, Ala.



RIDGLEY B. MERRITT



HERMAN H. DALENOORD
Netherlands



KENNETH H. LEE
Madison, Ind.



GERARD F. PAYARD
France



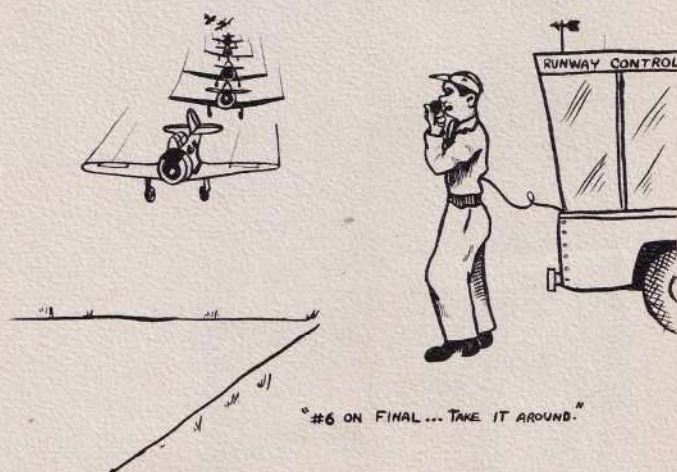
GERARD P. BUISSON
France



MR. CHARLES W. BROWN



JEAN P. BLORVILLE
France





ROBERT H. ARENT
Emerson, N. J.



STANLEY J. JONEKOS
Chicago, Ill.



MR. MARTIN F. AGNEW



ERVIN L. LOVDAHL
Crosby, N. Dak.



HENRI P. RIDACKER
France



LT. WYMAN J. SMALLEY
McMinnville, Ore.



JERALD D. MERTENS
Reinbeck, Iowa



MR. LES D. LANIER



WILLIAM J. FARABEE
Kannapolis, N. C.



LT. HILAIRE SYMAEYS
Belgian



GEORGE J. LADDS
North Troy, N. Y.



DEAN F. GRIMM
Conway Springs, Kan.



MR. CLINTON W. STEPHENS



HAROLD F. GAUER
San Bernardino, Calif.



HOWARD W. ALBRIGHT
Asponwall, Pa.



LT. JAMES R. BERGEVIN
Rochester, N. Y.



LT. ALFRED M. DIX
Los Angeles, Calif.



MR. EDWARD J. HART



LT. ARTHUR M. BAILY
Eugene, Ore.



LT. ROBERT R. RUSSELL, JR.
Columbia, S. C.



EDWARD T. YELTON
Hendersonville, N. C.



CHARLES R. S. HALSEY
Belen, N. M.



MR. CEDRIC C. BARR



ROBERT E. PETERSON
Overland Park, Kan.



DELMAR E. GARTNER
Randolph, Neb.



GEORGE B. SMALL
Kershaw, S. C.



DAVEY J. NICHOLS
Houston, Texas



JACQUES R. BOURCE
France



CHARLES T. EDMONSON
Clayton, Ind.



ROBERT G. WATKINS
Swanto, Ohio



LT. GEORGE M. SCOTT
Athens, Ga.



MR. CLIFFORD D. BAKER



ERVIN R. OSTIC
Sandusky, Mich.



BERT A. THOMPSON
Branchville, S. C.



ALBERT G. TRENSHAW
Minneapolis, Minn.



JEAN C. VILLAUME
France



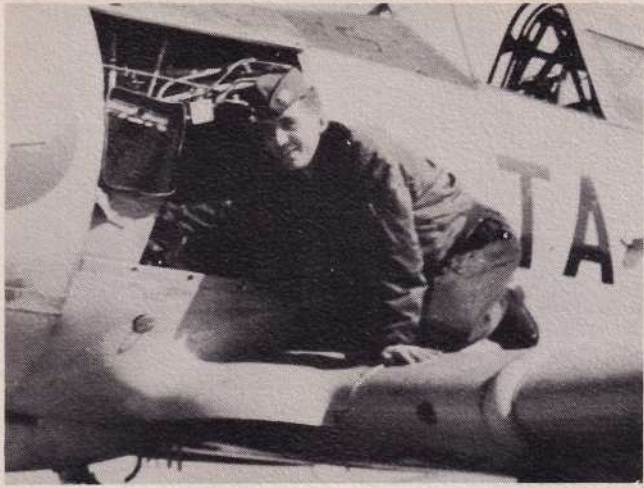
MR. GARY F. TODD



ARLAND L. PHILSON
Harlan, Iowa



GEORGE S. ROBBINS
Norman, Ind.



Wrench hunting.



French wine



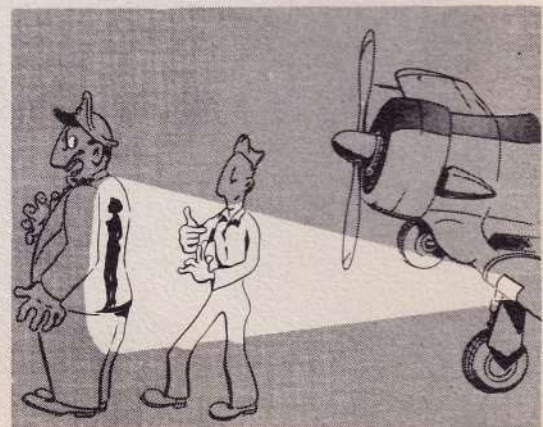
After hours stuff.



Power-On Stall



H.P.s.





No excuse, Sir.



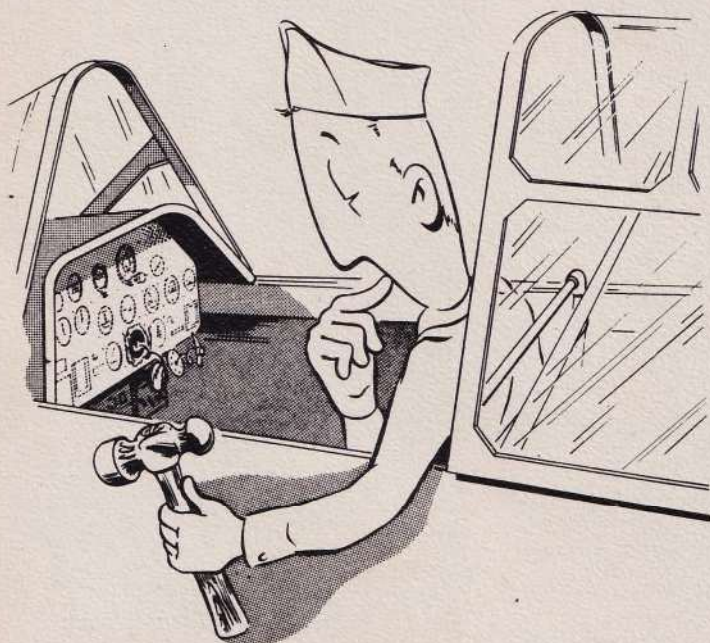
There goes preflight.



Our Express



What'll you have?



Spadaat V. McCerdi



THIS!!!



RICHARD BRUDER
Houston, Tex.

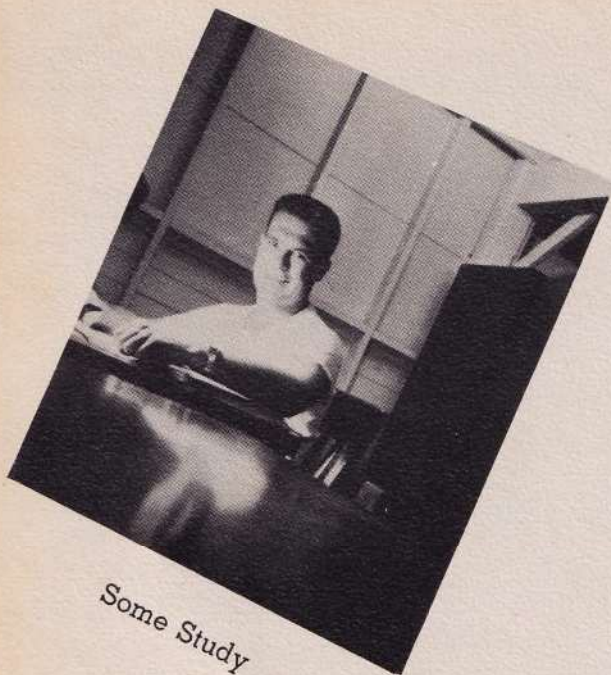


LT. LOUIS C. SMEULDERS
Belgian



MR. TOM C. MANNING





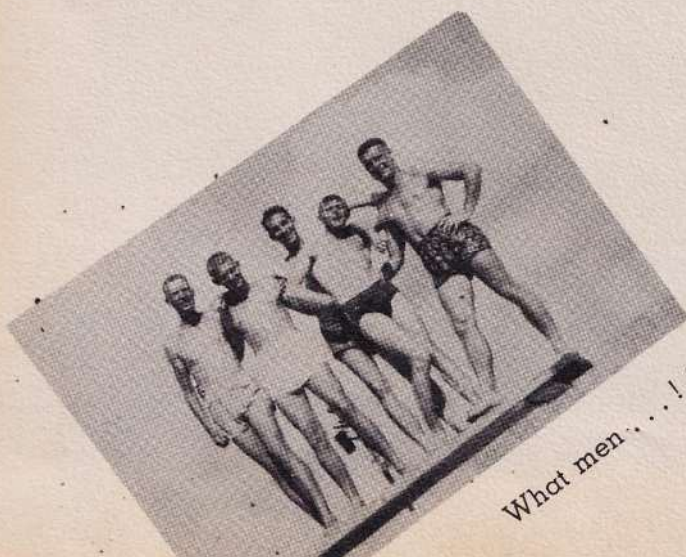
Some Study



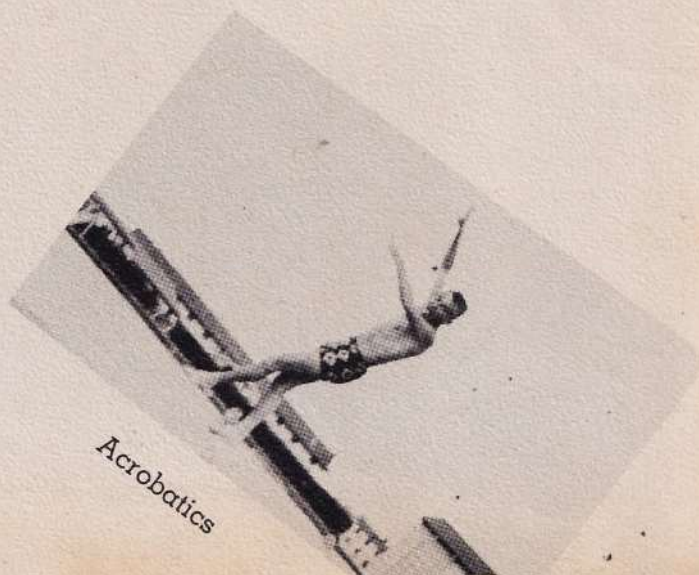
We're marching to the flight-line . . .



Temporarily, geographically, displaced.



What men . . . ! (?)



Acrobatics

A REPORT TO HIS FEMALE FROM A 4TH CLASSMAN:

Dear Perthaily,

When we first arrived here, we were not greeted with smiles and tender handshakes. NO ONE was nice to us then nor have conditions improved appreciably in the last 9 weeks. I'll skip the first four weeks as that was Preflight and entirely different from 4th class which is our present position in life.

Our first day in 4th class was preceded by a parade during which we marched into our new squadrons. We passed in review and marched off the field, not knowing what was to happen next. The upperclassmen fell out to the order of "Go get 'em" and that they did.

Several upperclassmen approached me and gave off with, "Where are you from, Mister?" "Missouri, Sir,"—"Let me hear you sound off three times; I hate Missouri." So you yell at the top of your voice and he replies with "Why are whispering?" You yell again until you and your voice are no longer friends. "Let me hear you yell 'I hate Texas!'" You sound off again and he says, "Do you know where I'm from?" "No Sir," you answer. "I'm from Texas," says he. "And just what is it you don't like about Texas?"—"Nothing Sir."—"Then why did you yell that you hated Texas?"—"I don't hate it, Sir." "Are you making excuses, Mister?" and so on for hours.

After a time of this, we were released to start moving in with our new squadrons. We got indoctrinated into giving way to upperclassmen, i.e. when observing an upperclassman in the vicinity, you come to attention and hit the wall with a resounding bam. We also have "checks" to say everytime we go up or downstairs or leave the barracks.

This is only the beginning. The middle of Monday night I was awakened by strange noises only to have some one yell in my ear to get up. The poor lad's out of his head. I just won't pay any attention to him and maybe he'll go away or fall in a hole. But no, he persists and eventually I get the idea through my fogged brain that 4th classmen are expected to rise at this ungodly hour to perform their morning toilet. Since that day I have perfected a method for shaving with my eyes closed and mentally in bed.

Right after this we must have our rooms in "inspection order" and be on the road, standing at attention when reveille sounds. Usually it's so dark they can't see us so they count knocking knees.

After reveille and chow we return to our abode to do our details. That means cleaning, mopping, dusting, shining, sweeping, polishing, and preparing every square inch of barracks for the possibility that some one might feel up to inspecting. Our time for all this cleanliness is usually about twenty minutes.

Next comes Physical Training. We don sweat suits, fall out, answer any foolish questions put to us by upperclassmen, and then run a mile to the PT field. Having exhausted ourselves with volleyball and touch football we run back to the barracks, change into uniforms, do our details (upperclassmen have dirtied them), and take off for class.

Following class and chow, we change into flight suits which resemble sacks with fifteen zippers. We then hike to our flight rooms on the flight line, singing as if we were happy—HaHa!

But flying is the only thing that keeps us here. We are all crazy about the "Terrible T-6." It may be that we're just crazy. We carry a bundlesome, complicated mess of straps and cushions out to the plane. Then we survey the plane for something we know nothing about, plus dents and bends the previous Kadet might have put into it. If we found something wrong we wouldn't have any idea what to do.

After our inspection, several false starts, our intelligent, cheerful, hard-working, industrious, perfect physical specimen, the Cream of American Youth, THE AVIATION CADET, manages to line his infernal machine up with the end of the runway. He shoves the throttle to

it, knocks out two runway lights and is into the blue. His instructor takes his trembling hands from his eyes only to see our Hero pull the nose up and stall at thirty feet above the ground.

In the air it is really nice! The air is so sweet, (Burnt oil and dripping gasoline), free, (No one nearer than twenty feet), and quiet, (Soft purring noise of a six-hundred horsepower engine blasting your eardrums and the nasal croak of your instructor over the interphone) . . . "Get your nose up, watch your airspeed, what's your altitude supposed to be, how much bank do you have, watch that other plane, he may be solo, too much rudder, your foot's much too heavy, now just what the *★¢%//(\$*#" do you call that ? ? ? ? ?" Yes, we love flying!

Later in the afternoon, usually near or after dark, we return to our barracks, our day nearly finished? Ah no, after chowing down again what should we have for a reward for our labor but more inspections! In the upperclassmen come again with fists full of gig slips. We call our rooms to attention loud enough for the people in the next county to hear while our room is gone over with a fine toothed comb, a needle and a handkerchief, looking for dust. Anything the slightest bit out of place is immediately seen. "Ah, your bed is exactly 1/4 of an inch out of line." You can't help laughing at something so ridiculous. Then of course he hops up and down and yells, "Are you laughing, mister?" Any fool can see you are but he has to ask you. "Yes sir, I am." "Wipe that smile off your face. Throw it on the floor. Now stamp on it but don't kill it. Now call that smile to attention and march it down to the latrine." All this you do in a most military manner all the time thinking what a fool this upperclassman must be. Once downstairs the poor smile is given a most serious ceremony and finally committed to the deep much to your relief.

Following the inspections we are free for an hour and a half; our only free time during the whole day. As long as our brass is shined, shoes polished and lessons studied we may go to the movies. At 2125 (9:25 P.M.) Taps is sounded and we trot off to bed.

The foregoing is just a normal day, believe it or not. Sometimes we are rushed and things are not so easy, but what the hell, it only lasts eleven more months and we too will be upperclassmen someday.

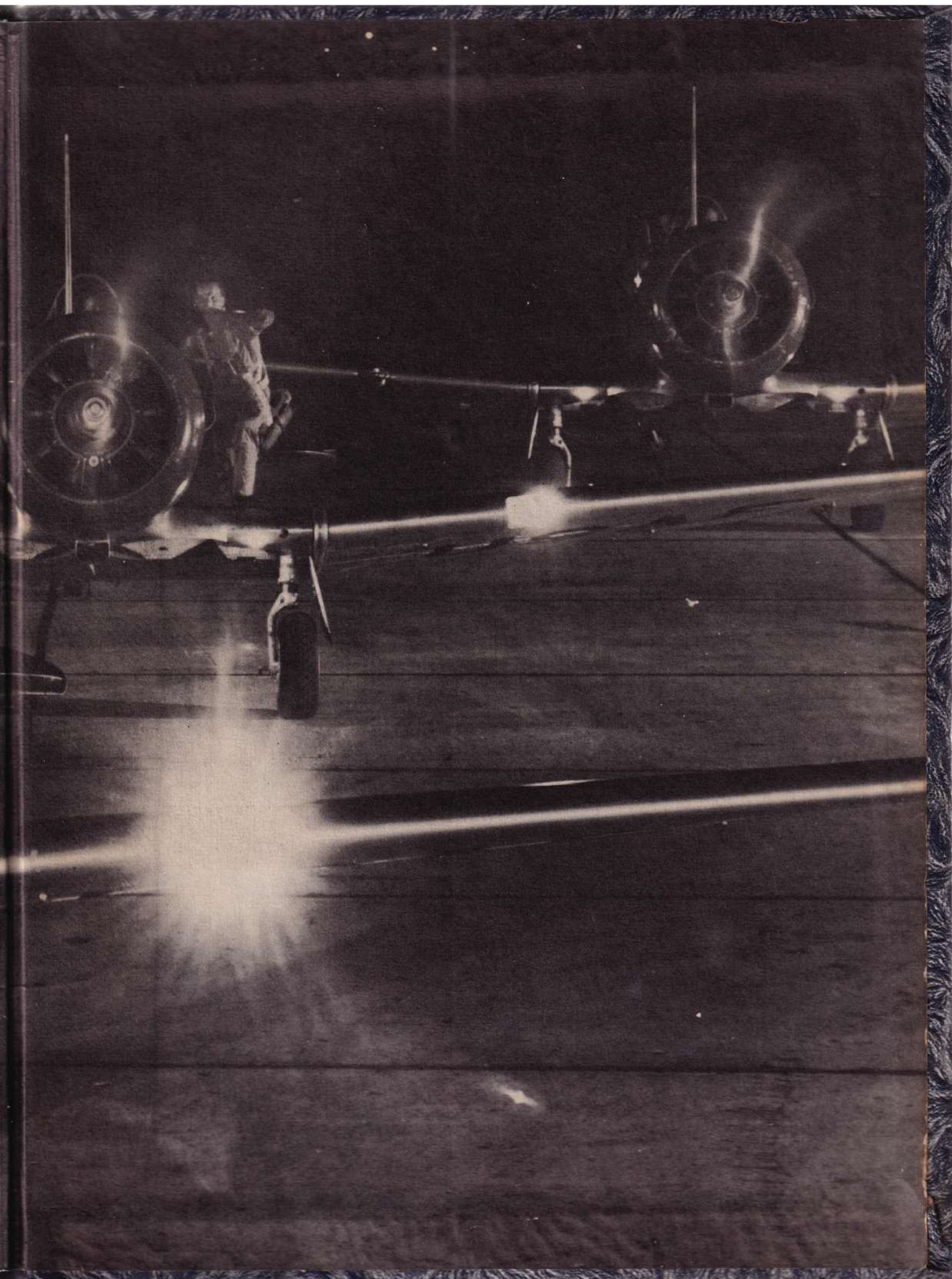
Your everloving Kadet,

Edgar



"DID YOU DUST OFF THOSE SHOULDER BOARDS MISTER?"







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PUBLISHING CO.
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS