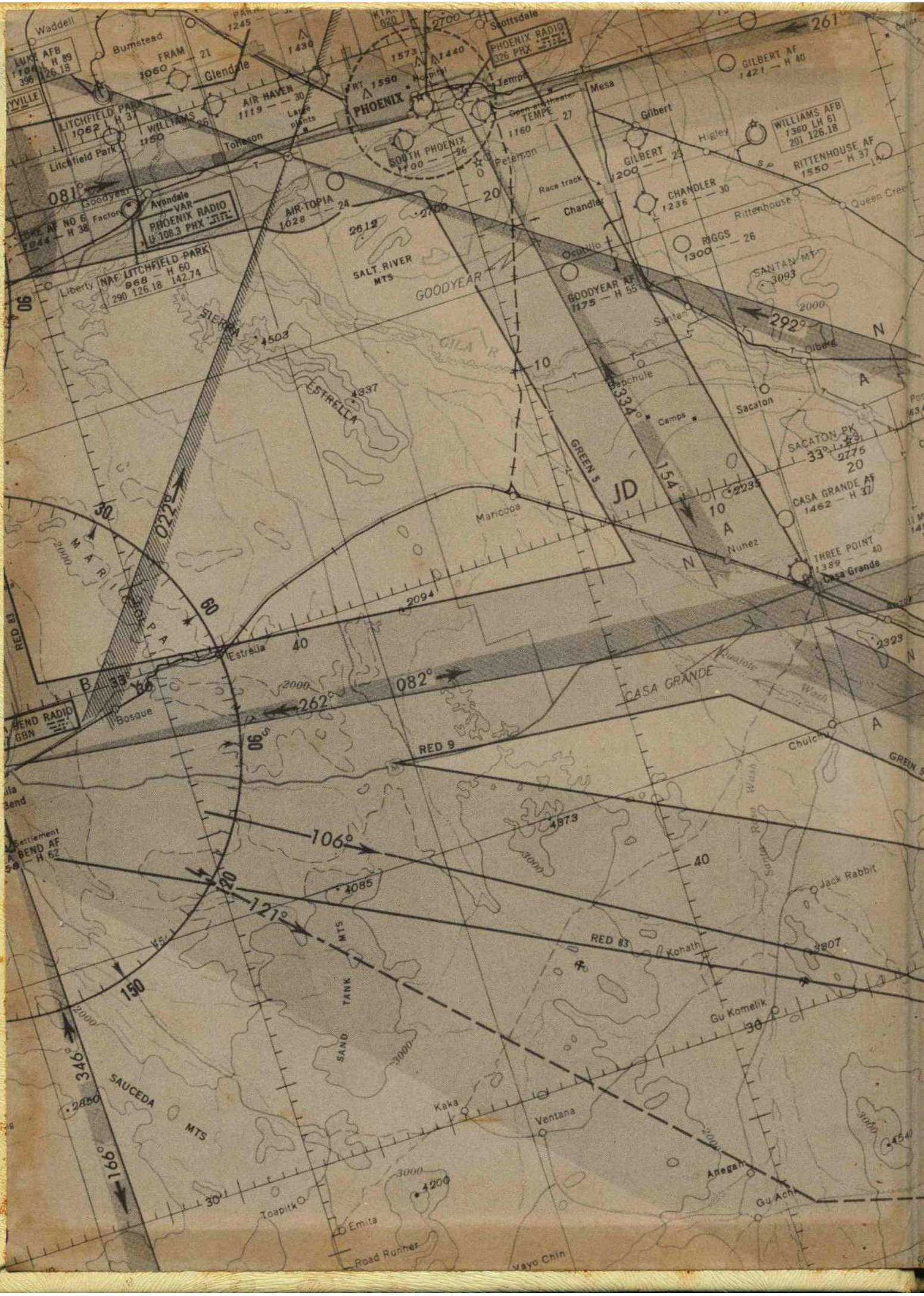
TOUCH and GO

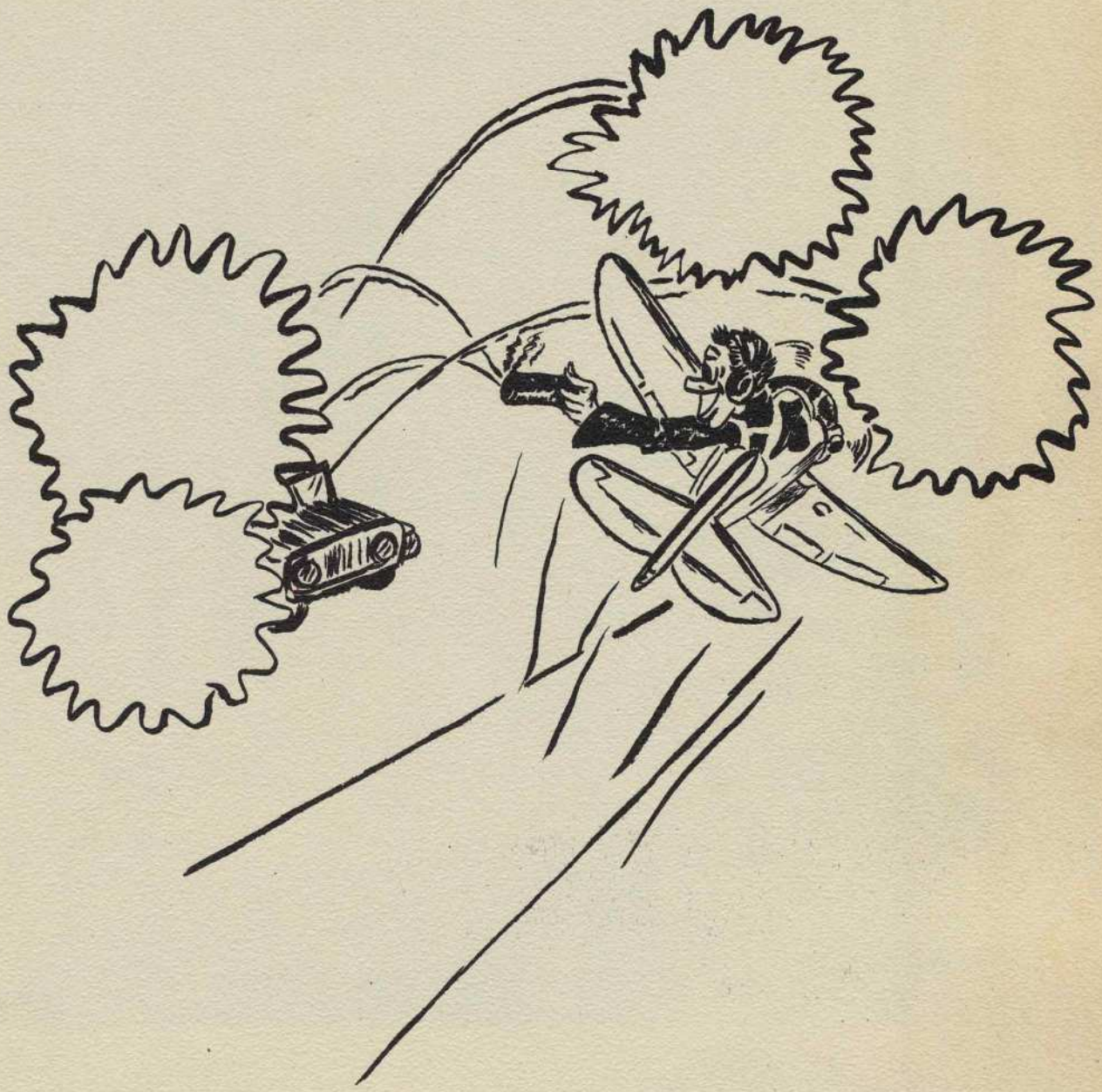
MARANA

53-G

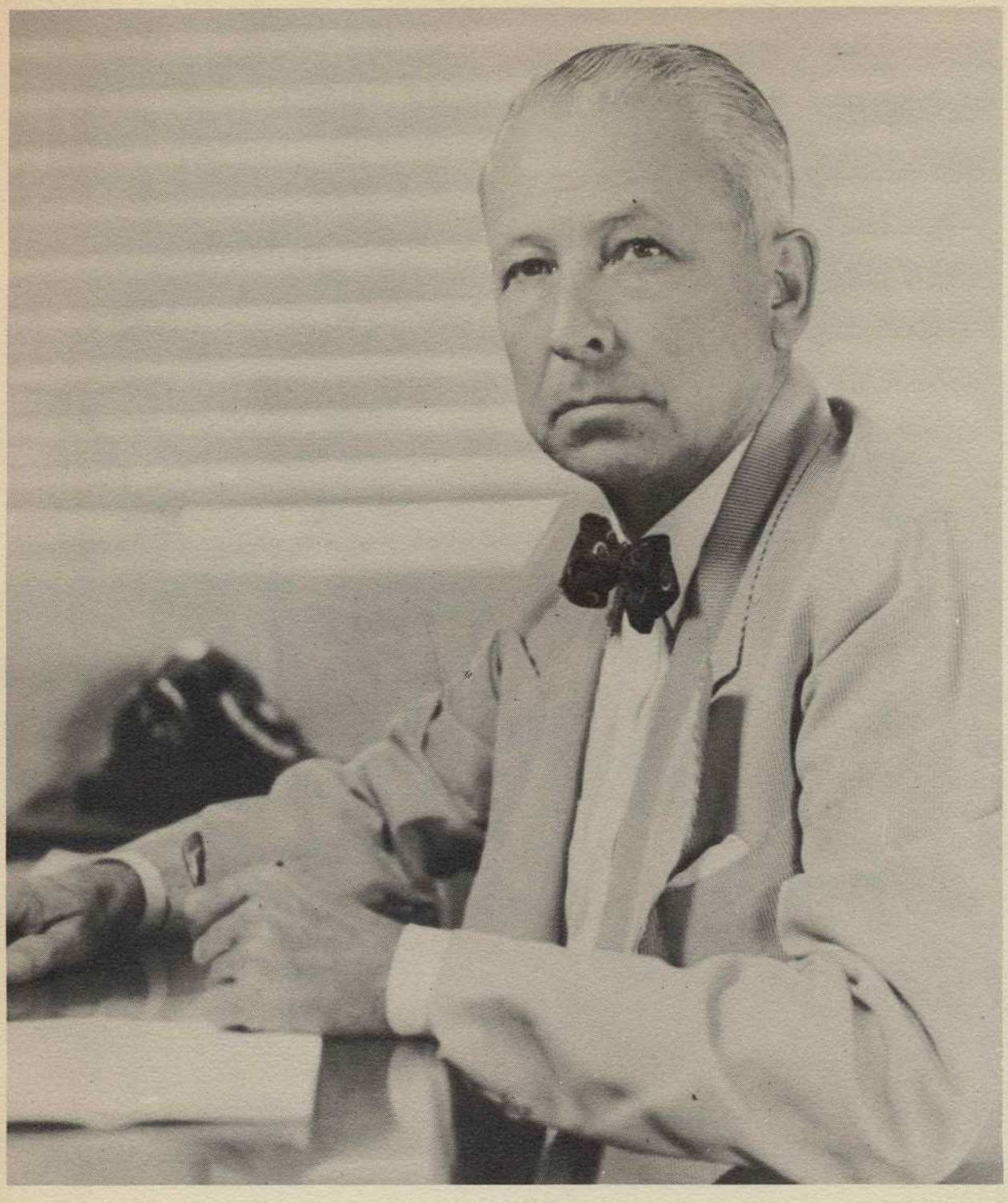

Waddell
Bumstead
FRAM
Glendale
LUKE AFB
Scottsdale
PHOENIX RADIO
326 PHX
GILBERT AF
1421 — H 40
AIR HAVEN
PHOENIX
Tempe
Mesa
LITCHFIELD PARK
WILLIAMS
Tolleson
Litchfield Park
SOUTH PHOENIX
TEMPE
Gilbert
Higley
WILLIAMS AFB
1360 LH 61
201 126.18
RITTENHOUSE AF
1550 — H 37
Peterson
Race track
Chandler
CHANDLER
1236 — 30
Rittenhouse
Queen Creek
Goodyear
Avondale
PHOENIX RADIO
AIR TOPIA
1028 — 24
SALT RIVER MTS
GOODYEAR
GOODYEAR AF
1175 — H 55
RIGGS
1300 — 26
SANTAN MT
3093
Liberty
NAF LITCHFIELD PARK
968 — H 60
290 126.18 142.74
SIERRA
ESTRELLA
GILA R
Sacaton
Camps
SACATON PK
2775
CASA GRANDE AF
1462 — H 37
GREEN 5
JD
Maricopa
Nunez
THREE POINT
1389 — 40
Casa Grande
MARICOPA
Estrella
Bosque
CASA GRANDE
Chuichu
RED 9
Settlement
BEND AF
Jack Rabbit
RED 83
Kohath
Gu Komelik
SAND TANK MTS
SAUCEDA MTS
Kaka
Ventana
Anegam
Gu Achi
Toapitk
Emita
Road Runner
Vavo Chin

SUPERIOR
2600 — 19
FLORENCE JC
1900 — 52
Florence
Gas sta
Ray
Sonora
KELVIN — 21
1875
Kelvin
Hayden
HAYDEN
1910 — 24
Winkleman
KD
Magma
Letter "F" on hill
Bldgs
Florence
FLORENCE
1500 — 45
Poston
Coolidge
COOLIDGE AIRPARK
1450 — 32
COOLIDGE FLORENCE
1587 — H 56
11 MILE CORNER
1450 — 21
Picacho Res
TOLTEC
1500 — 26
Toltec
Eloy
Picacho
Desert Pk
MARANA NO. 3
1970 — H 30
MARANA NO. 1
1680 — H 30
PICACHO PK
3376
Bedrock
14°E
297°
MARANA
1691 — H 65
Marana
Rillito
Cortaro
117°
MARANA NO. 5
2065 — H 30
MARANA NO. 2
2025 — H 30
MARANA NO. 4
2015 — H 30
Silver Bell
4190
Black Mt
Mammoth
Oracle
Gas sta
LEMMON MT
CATALINA
GILPIN — 56
2200
TUCSON
DAVIS MONTHAN AFB
2626 L H 79
DOWNTOWN
Emery Park
TUCSON
2595 LH 53
327 118.3
RYAN
2425 — H 25
San Xavier Mission
TUCSON RADIO
117.1 TUS
287°
272°
330
078°
027°
KO
Ranch
Buildings

Touch and Go



CLASS 53-G
6 October 1952 to 8 May 1953
MARANA AIR BASE
ARIZONA



President

HAL S. DARR

DARR AERO TECH

DARR AERO TECH, INC.
MARANA AIR BASE
MARANA, ARIZONA

I consider it a great privilege to have a part in the training of Air Force Pilots, and I want to congratulate your class on the excellent record you have made here at Marana and on your completion and graduation from the Primary phase of your pilot training.

Marana has had a varied and interesting history. Because of the unexcelled flying weather and climate in this area, the Base was activated early in 1942 as a training facility for pilot training. In three years it grew to be the largest basic flying school in the world and graduated over 10,000 students before inactivation in 1945.

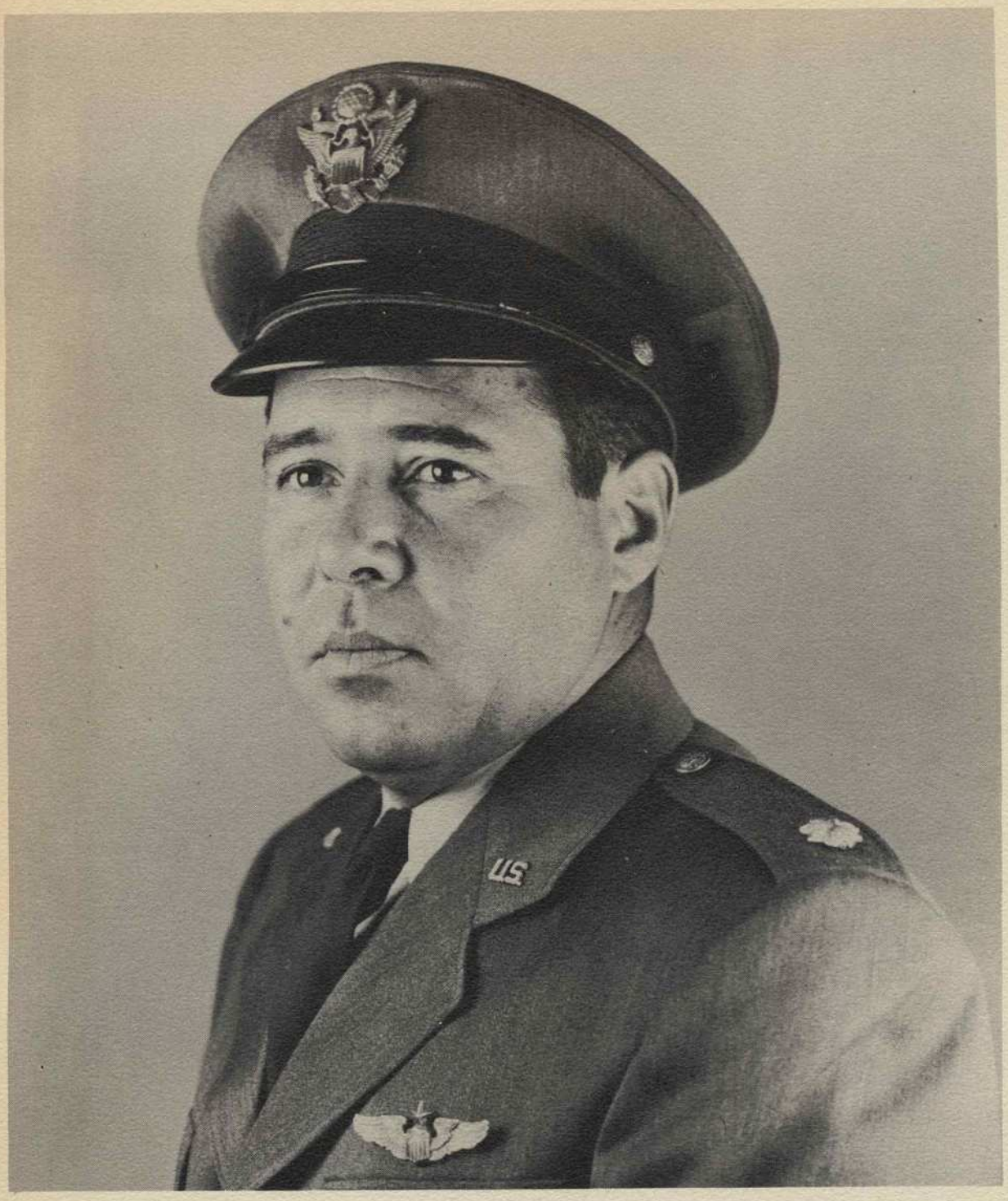
This Corporation was chosen to help in the expansion of the Air Forces in 1951 and to build and activate a Civilian Contract Pilot Training School on the old Marana site. With the exception of the runways and hangar and a very few buildings, the desert had taken over. Restoration began 1 August 1951, and the present barracks, Dining Hall, Administration and Ground School Buildings, Chapel, Theatre, Cadet Club, Base Operations and the four Flight Ready Rooms sprang into being.

On October 2, 1951, the first group of cadets returned to Marana, and we were again in the pilot training business. Your Class, 53-G, is the ninth class to complete its training here. Our flying and academic standards have been set at a high level and you all have reached this level of proficiency.

Congratulations, good luck, and best wishes for continued success in your future training and service.

H S Darr

H. S. Darr
President



CHARLES W. SAWYER
Lt. Colonel, USAF
Commanding

I appreciate the honor of having this opportunity to comgratulate you on the successful completion of your first phase of training leading to the silver wings of a United States Air Force pilot.

I am sure that during the past seven months you have experienced difficult times and times of "smooth-sailing". That you have had the ability and perseverance to surmount the difficult times is evidenced by your graduation from Marana Air Base. That you have not permitted the "smooth-sailing" times to lead you into a sense of false security is also evidenced by your graduation. You may well be proud of your accomplishment in successfully completing this course!

In conclusion, let me add that only one-half of your mission is completed. The remaining half will not be easier! Follow instructions - utilize your ability to think - put into practice what you have learned here - and I know you will make the grade! Good luck and best wishes for your continued success wherever you may be.

Charles W. Sawyer
CHARLES W. SAWYER
Lieutenant Colonel, USAF
Commanding

Military Training

GLEN E. LUNDY
Major, USAF
Commandant of Cadets

V. J. Brunelli
2d Lt., USAF
Military Training

J. D. Hoffman
2d Lt., USAF
Sqdn. A

J. R. Duffield
2d Lt., USAF
Mess Secretary

R. A. Littlewood
2d Lt., USAF
Sqdn. B

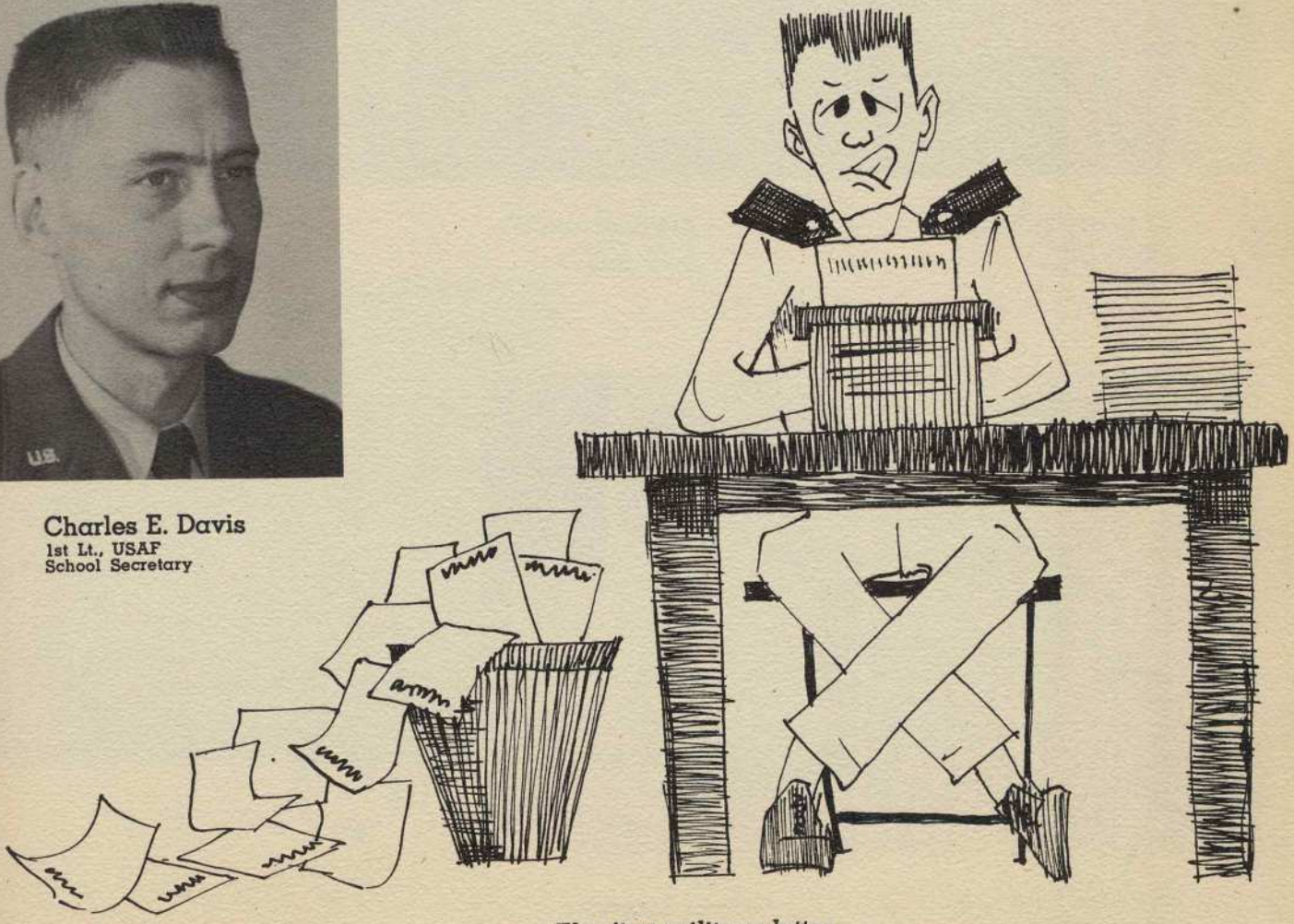
W. P. Mulvehill
2d Lt., USAF
Sqdns. C & D

Administration

Fred S. Reese
Captain, USAF
Personnel Officer

Erling H. Lovlien
Captain, USAF
Base Adjutant

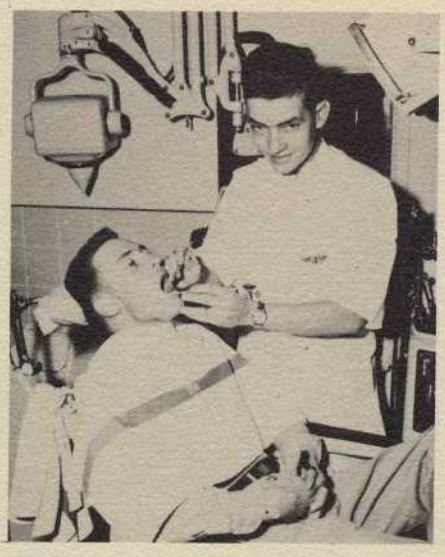
Charles E. Davis
1st Lt., USAF
School Secretary



The first military letter . . .

Medical Staff

Edward J. Shea
Major, USAF
Flight Surgeon

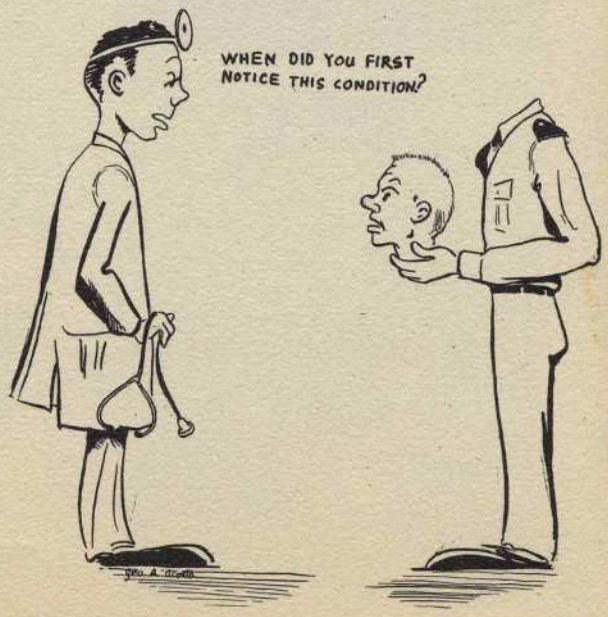


Joe Simmons
1st Lt., USAF
Dental Surgeon

Melford Gherardini
1st Lt., USAF
Medical Administrative Officer

William J. Ramsey
Captain, USAF
Medical Officer

George Puryear
Captain, USAF
Medical Officer



Mess Hall

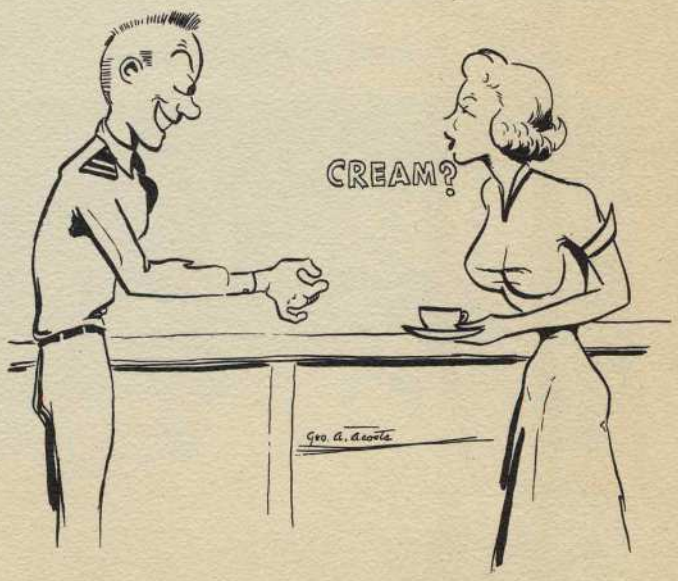
Mr. B. Simpson, Asst. Mgr.

Seated:
Mr. A. Magruder, Mgr.

Standing:
Mr. M. Bonillas, Chef

"Chow Down"

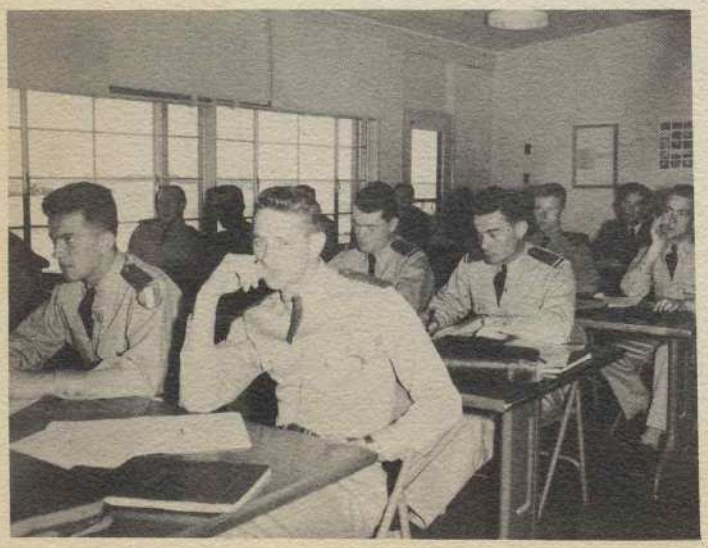
The Staff



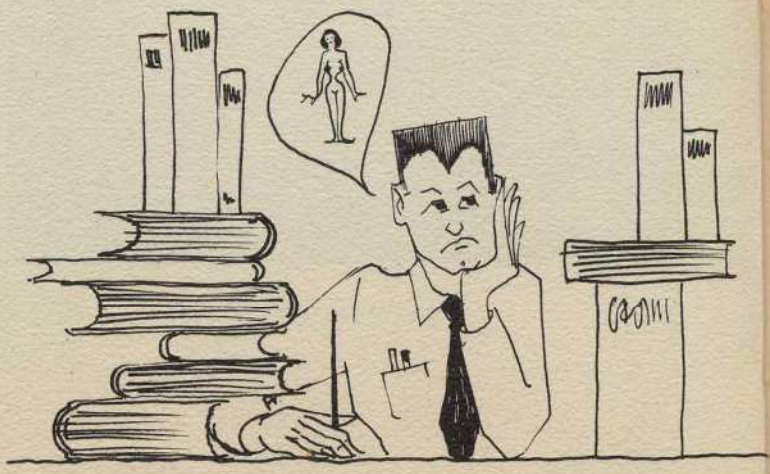
Academics

Mr. B. L. Jones
Director of Academics

"The Brain Trust"



"... Let's see .. 2x2 = 5+4 = 8. ? ? ? ? / /

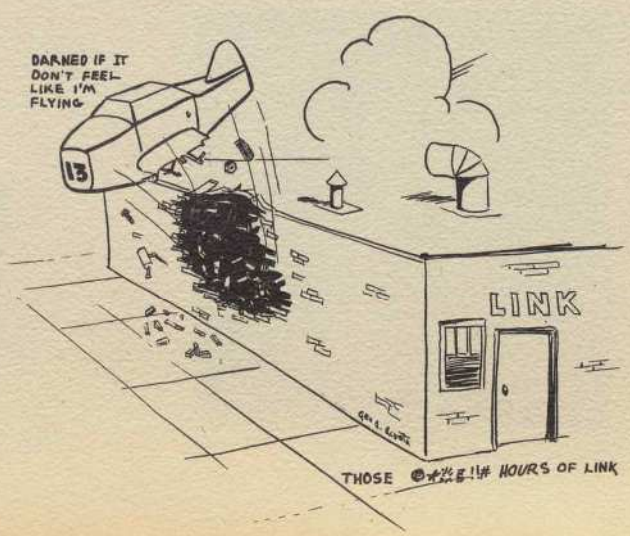


Mr. W. A. Murphy
Link Supervisor

Link Training

"This is a pattern ? ? ? ?"

"Mahogany Plane Pilots"



Religious Guidance

BASE CHAPEL

Edgar H. Brimberry
Major, USAF
Base Chaplain

Wilfred Tracey
S-Sgt., USAF
Welfare Specialist

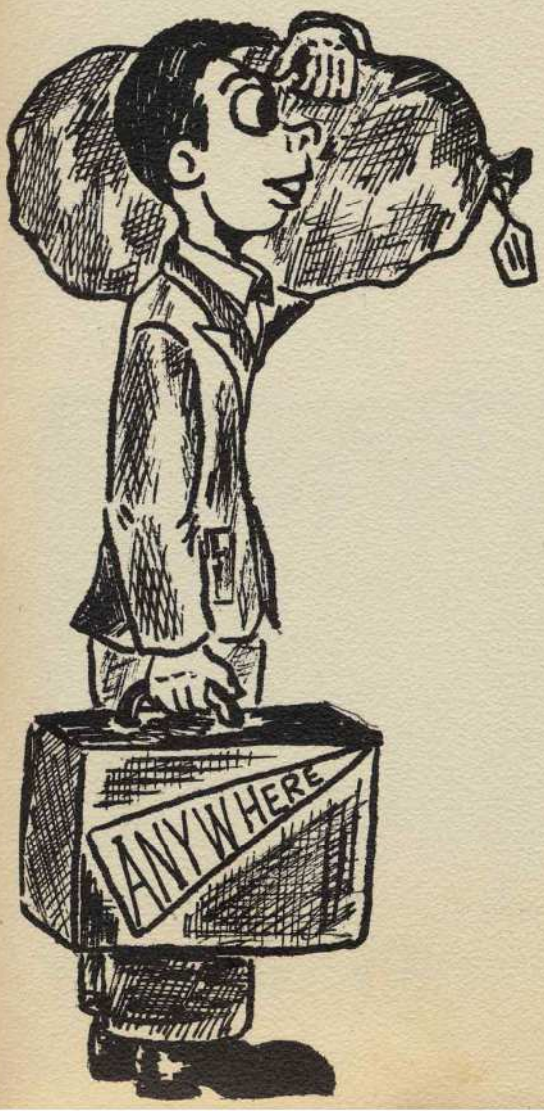
Introduction

The bus turned off the main highway, shifted into low and headed down a road leveled through the courtesy of some tractor firm. Within minutes a small gatehouse appeared; a figure waved the bus on—we were on the Base.

As we followed the road past a large heap of yellow scrap, the guy up-front (with all the stripes on his shoulders) pointed out things of interest: the hangar, the flight line and a few of the swimming pools. Things were beginning to look like the stuff on the Post Office wall. It was a cool deal.

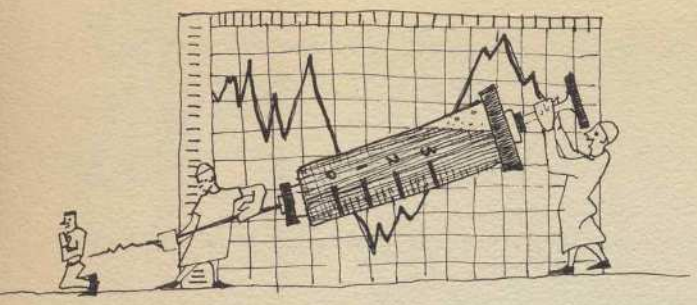
The bus pulled up in front of a group of buildings resembling a large motel; crowds of golden-tanned youths exercised their well-developed bodies on the field before us. "Just like the folder said." The guy-with-all-the-stripes beckoned us out of the bus and indicated that we were to line up with our luggage. The show was on.

The sobering sun had its effect and, by the time we finished signing-in, eating that first "meal," drawing blankets and finding our rooms, headaches were running rampage.



Nevertheless, through all the confusion we made new friends . . . guys like ourselves from all walks of life and all parts of the world. We'd had our first taste of Cadets. For a few it was a little nauseating at first but we managed to stomach it pretty well.

May the following pages be a tribute to the ulcers we nearly got, the men who nearly gave them to us, and those who amassed the patience to teach us how to fly . . . our Instructors.



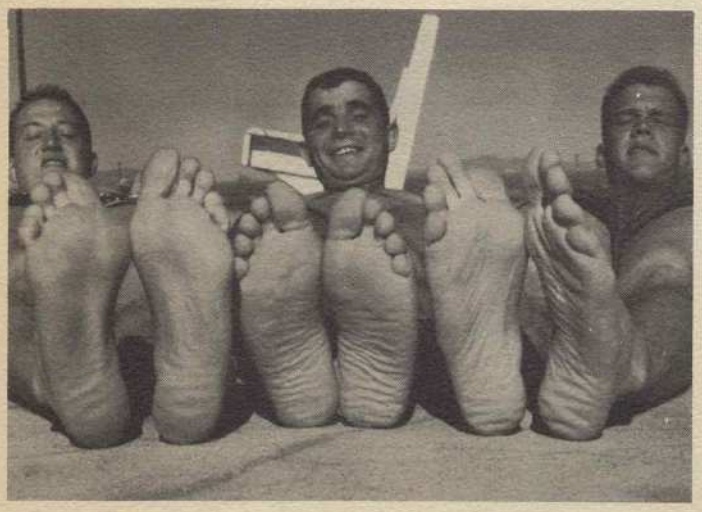
"Lil' lower, Yancey"

Pre-Flight

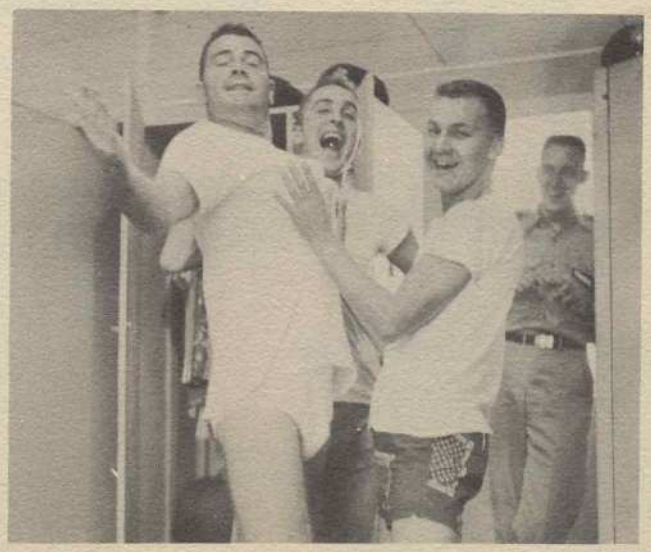
Heavy doses of P.T. mixed with grueling hours of drill in the sun blended together to aid in the development of a new nonentity . .. the Pre-flight. As complete "nothings" the mystery and fascinations of flying and an air-borne future loomed brightly before us.

Suspicion was aroused when we were lured to a large building and given brand new clothes that almost fit; in exchange we surrendered the remaining hair on our heads. Shortly after we were issued our very own mops, lectured on the after-effects of malicious social life by an enterprising sergeant and turned loose on the latrine.

Hafta cut that toe-nail!



Sunday afternoon display of blisters



After only a month . . . ?

First snort of Smitty's tequilla

We had no sooner raised our first blisters when a new species, the "homo tactus cum gold barus," came into our miserable lives. Dust seemed to appear out of nowhere, especially in those places we had just cleaned.

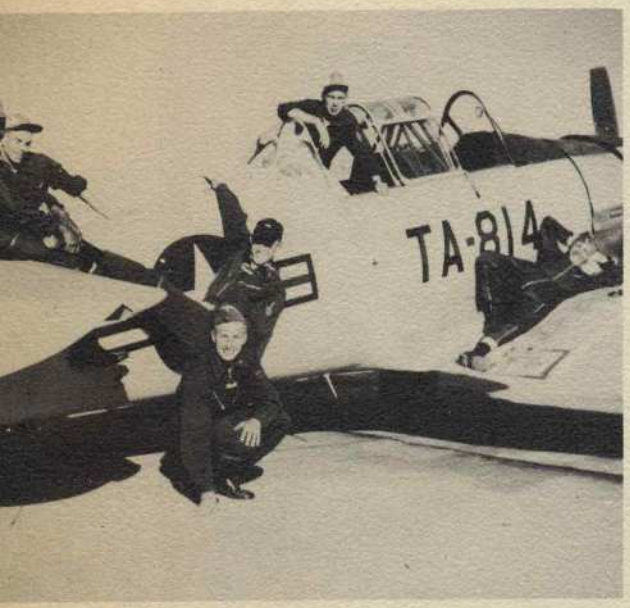
Our hours of frolicking in the sun were under the constant supervision of an overseer—the POD—who was always a pleasant sort of chap and who seemed to thrive on our publii maximi.

With the advent of the first "gig" lists we tried to petition Congress for the invocation of the Emancipation Proclamation on our behalf, but to no avail. The bodies piled on the corners at dusk took on a new meaning as we looked forward to joining the Saturday Afternoon Club on the Parade field.

Stand-by

Fourth Class...

Happens to the best . . .



Quick preflight . . . ?

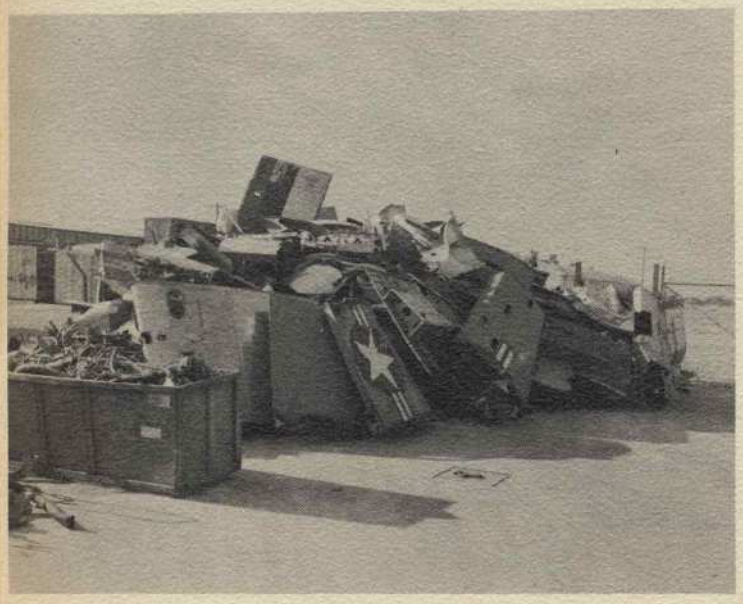
Shivering forms met their first real formation with the full moon yet halfway across the sky. Commodes spotless, shoes shined, and sun-glasses in hand, our heroes dauntlessly marched off to the line to the tune of "Off We Go . . ." As the sun began to cross the sky in its daily trek to the west, our heroes, though largely depleted in numbers, staggered back. The forms of straining men could be seen in the background still scrubbing out cockpits. Short but sweet . . . it was our first ride.

First Ride

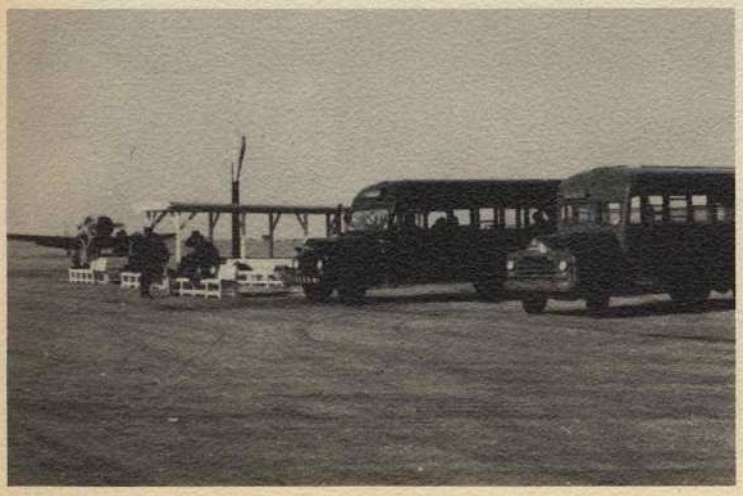
First Supervised

The First Solo was an occasion for great rejoicing; phone calls and telegrams went flying home. Our gentle superiors welcomed us with open jaws, then gently reminded us of our true vocations . . . that of a men's room attendant. But the Ides of March arrived none too soon as we dove headfirst into Ying-Yang Day. The unjust received their due rewards; release from the latrine was approaching!

No longer concerned with the welfare of cattle and ducks, we found pleasure in thoughts of revenge and higher levels of accomplishment. For the first time walking became a pleasure . . . we were free



Live dangerously . . .



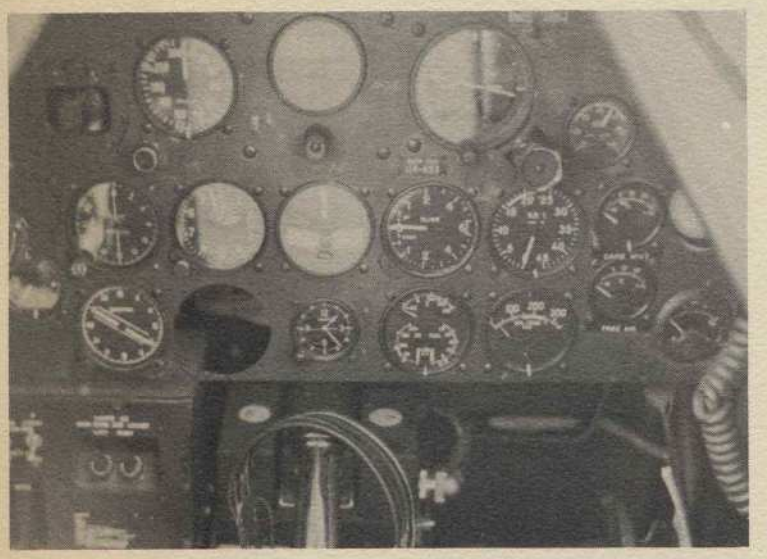
Rillito

Foul line . . . pliz

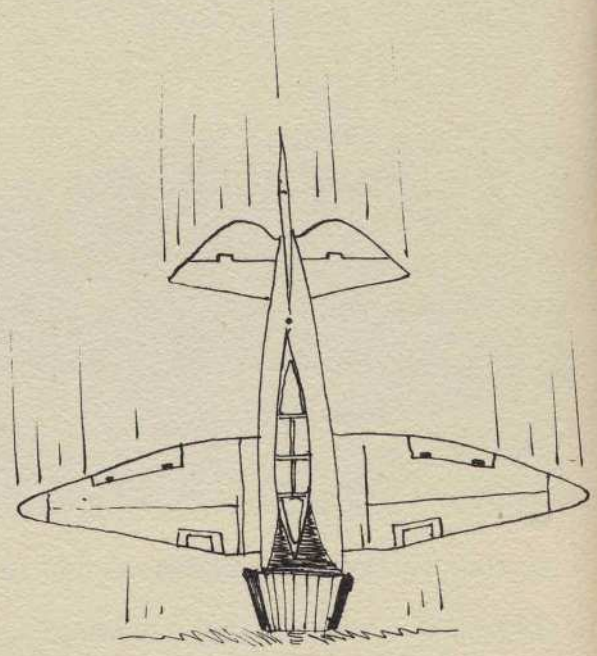
Third Class

The shock of "no new class!" left the Corps in a state of apathy nothing could dislodge. For thirty-five more days the bowls and showers had the "G" stamp of approval on them, though the luster and sparkle of previous days was fast dimming. Gigs flew thicker than ever and business picked up for the Living Dead on the Parade Field. But flying was our main concern now.

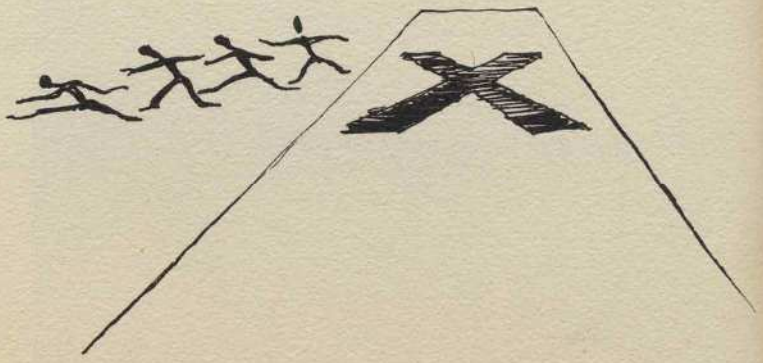
The first Stages came, only to leave us with a profound feeling of failure. Nevertheless, "straight and level" became a word of the past as the "hot pilot" was born. With the approaching "forties," tenseness was apparent to all, but was soon disspelled with cries of "no sweat . . . justa small theme to write on procedures . . ."



My Gawd!

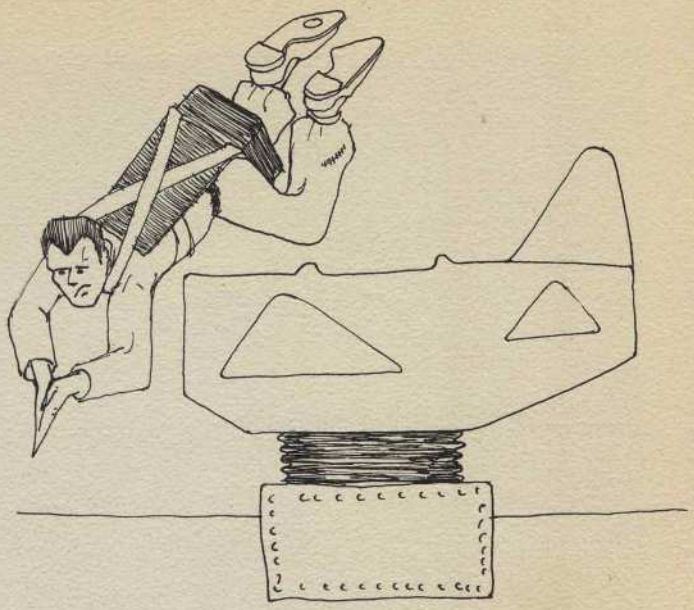


"So ya gotta folla de pernt . . ."



"Go around, dammit!"

Keeps ya warm on cold mornings

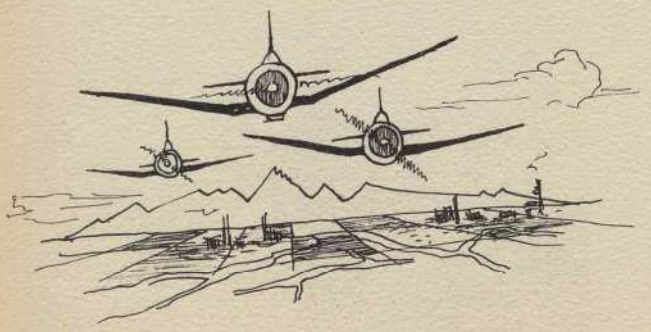


Unusual positions

"Pinkie, huh?"

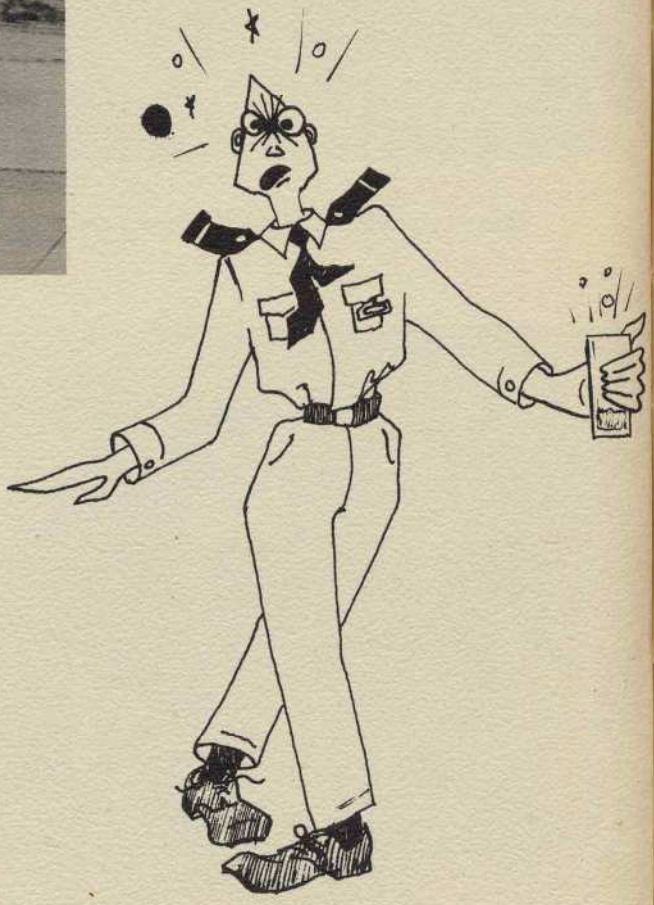
Cross-countries brought joy to our hearts; it was a chance for a guy to see the surrounding farm yards in a legal manner,. And it was on these jaunts that "Jets" became the word of tomorrow.

Even landings improved, as was evidenced by the growing pile of "tips" behind the hanger . . . of course due to low-flying cacti. Oh, well . . .



Solo cross country

Second Class...



Friday Nite Frolics

With the imprint of the "mop" still fresh on our hands, once more we sharpened our teeth in expectation of fresh meat. The chain and shackles that bound us to the pearly seats were promptly shorn, the iron doors opened, and the herd of starving Tigers released on the unsuspecting lower class . . . And the trail of Bleached Bones grew longer.

Stripes appeared one day on many of our classmates. We got rank and ranker and ranker. Responsibility hung heavy on our shoulders; Barracks Inspector, one of the more important phases of Officer Training, proved to be a stimulus to ambition. Hence, the bucking began as Apple stands appeared in the First Class's rooms.

. . . on the road

We learned a new word about here . . . vertigo, something that leads very quickly to "sterilization" rides. Gaugitis was the disease of the year . . . instructors were found knifed in dark alleys, and new principles of aerodynamics were defined by enterprising students.

Night flying brought back the law of the jungle; the mention of "4,000-foot pattern" brought fear to the hearts of the bravest. Yet the populace of Florence, Arizona will ne'er forget the designs sketched in the moonless night by many flashing red and green lights.

All these wonderful experiences were supplemented by the "mahogany monster" and the many times we successfully climbed out at 200 below Sea Level . . . but the designs drawn by that thing!

"Well, there I was . . ."

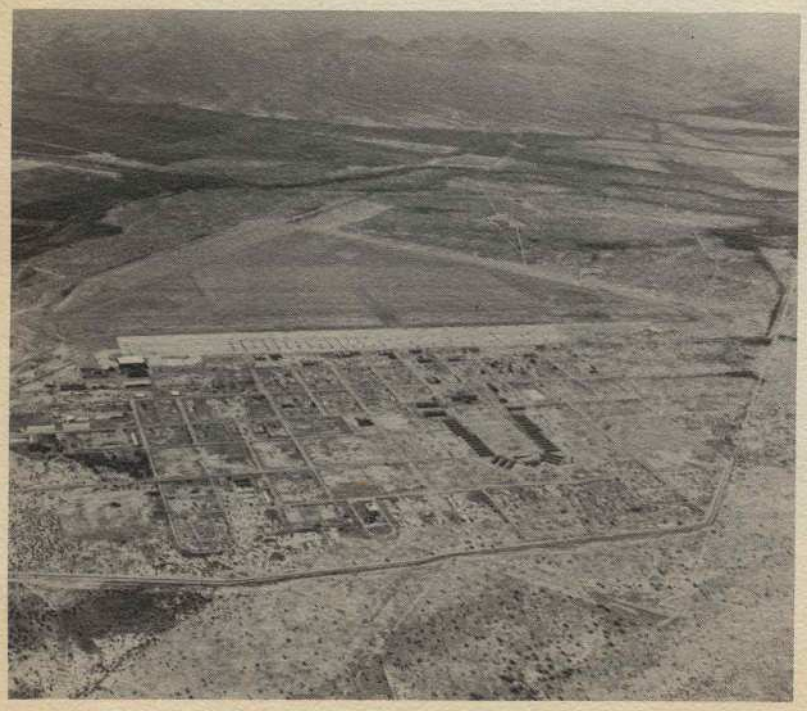
"You're clear to the 4000' pattern . . ."

Briefing ? ? ?

First Class

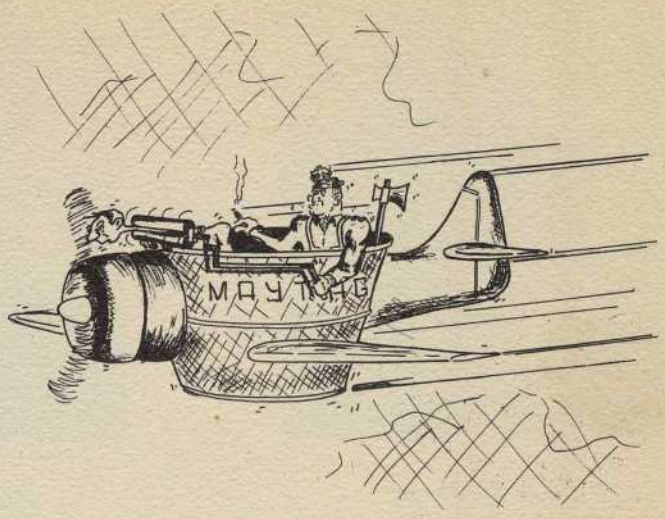
"We got the Program knocked" we declared as the lower class lit our after-dinner cigars and serenaded us with the number one song of the day, "I'm in the Pink for Link." With overnights every weekend the social life picked up . . . we even took girls out.

Strange objects began to appear on landing aircraft . . . clotheslines, old telephone lines, and haggard well-diggers. One even managed to help plow a neighboring cotton field for a little pocket money; however, as was usually the case, someone carried charity too far by herding some stray cows for a Cortaro dairy. Suspicions were aroused when a day's supply of milk turned sour.



". . . so Ah sehd to thah Kuhnul . . ."

Gettin' out at last!



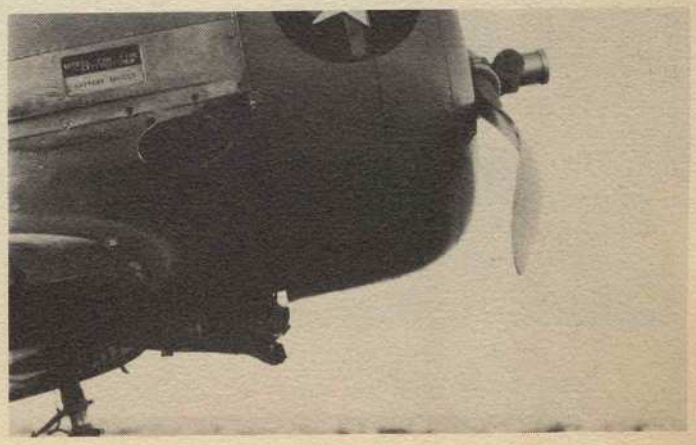
They call it, "The Machine."

Muffled sobs echoing across the emptiness of night indicated that some had been condemned to multis. Their only consolation was that they had succeeded in sneaking through Primary, much to the horror of certain Check Pilots. But with final checks over, our Heroes utilized their remaining flying time to learn new maneuvers: take-offs were the favorite followed closely by landings. Of course the few "eager ones" in the class mastered taxi technique.

"Let George Do IT" had been a cry for many months. In fact, George had nearly succeeded in doing everything at Marana worth doing. The thought of leaving the many beautiful damsels and night clubs of Marana overwhelmed many of the Troops, but they were sufficiently recovered for graduation.

And so, with many regrets, we once more became Pvts. . . .

"About time we got rid of George class, eh?"

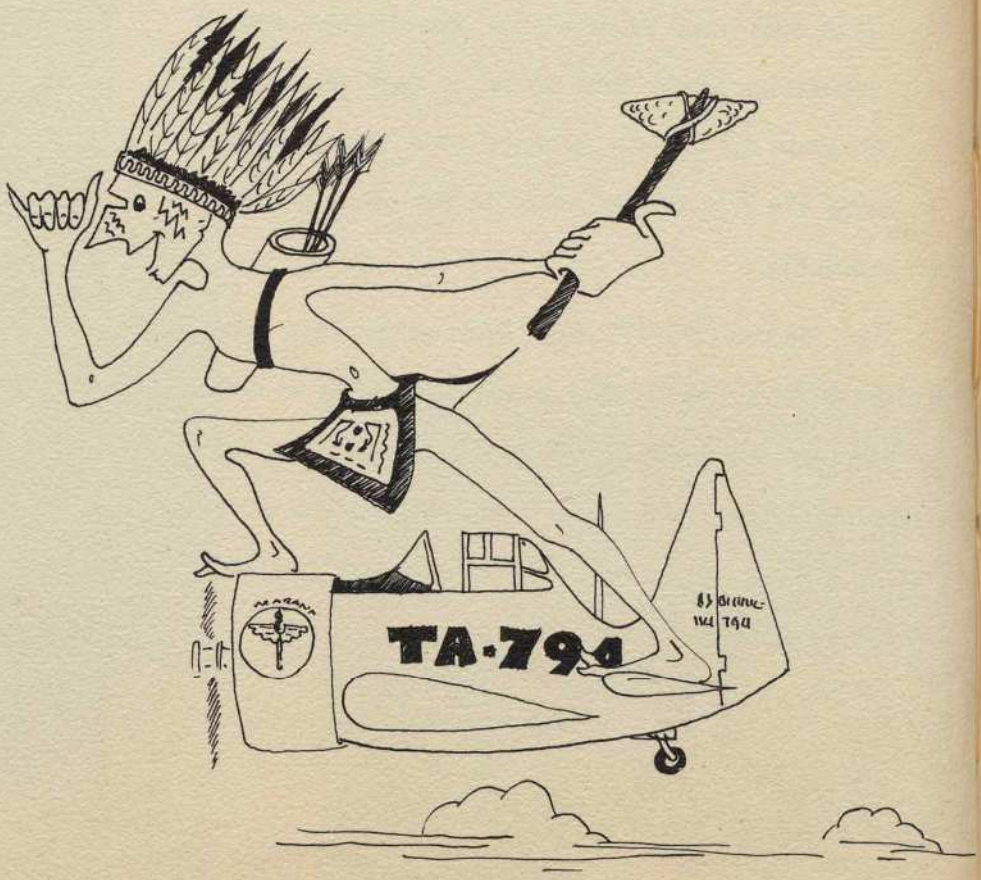


"Damn! Pinkie?"

Homer H. Clark
Squadron Commander

Ralph A. Hartley
Operations Officer

Squadron 1



Miss Jerry Bishop
Dispatcher

Carl G. Baily, 2d Lt.
Denver, Colorado
Colorado A&M

Donald C. Fitzgerald, 1st. Lt.
Troy, Alabama
University of Alabama

Arne Hove, 2d Lt., NAF
Selbu, Norway
Befalsskolen H.L.T.

George L. Carr, 2d Lt.
Lansing, Michigan
Michigan State

Herman D. Elliot
Instructor

Darrell L. White
Chillicothe, Missouri
Kirksville State Teachers

David W. Gustin
Buffalo, New York
De Pauw University

Frank A. Weemering
Verlengde Maanderweg
21 Ede(gld)
Netherlands

George P. White
Atlanta, Georgia
Georgia Tech

Jack Green
Instructor

Richard F. Kelsay
Oregon City, Oregon
Pacific University

Serge M. Pelletier
Montargis, France
Durzy Technical College

Roger D. Tucker
Funston, Georgia
Southern Tech. Inst.

Homer D. Villareal
Falfurrias, Texas
St. Mary's University

James C. Hawn
Instructor

Robert L. Stewart
Kansas City, Kansas
Baker University

Carlton R. Virden
Robstown, Texas
Texas A&M

Robert L. Russell, 2d Lt.
Phoenix, Arizona
Arizona State

". . . you are now reapproaching your glide path."

John Butler
Instructor

Nelson O. Pohl, Capt.
Atchison, Kansas
Sacramento State College

Joseph E. Brown, 2d Lt.
Goshen, Indiana
Indiana University

Robert L. Anderson, 2d Lt.
Stillwater, Oklahoma
Oklahoma A&M

Keith D. Morrow, 2d Lt.
Hanford, California
Fresno State College

John W. Bensley
Instructor

Robert H. Madison, 2d Lt.
Great Falls, Montana
Montana State College

Donald R. Zimmerman, 2d Lt.
Affton, Missouri
University of Missouri

William R. Seward, 2d Lt.
Sacramento, California
Stanford University

Frank B. McGuire
Stephney, Connecticut
University of Bridgeport

Roy B. Kemp
Instructor

Robert H. Van Vranken
Stockton, California
College of the Pacific

Arve G. Tangen
Trondheim, Norway
Examen at Trondheim

George M. Kawanami, 2d Lt.
Los Angeles, California
University of California

George W. Robinson, 2d Lt
Puente, California
Stanford University

Corliss W. Buchanan
Instructor

Frank Wilson, Jr.
Corpus Christi, Texas
Wiley College

Claude G. Hess, 2d Lt.
Eldorado, Kansas
Kansas State

Macchi di Cellere; Giulio
Roma, Italy
University of Rome

William M. Klesert, 2d Lt.
Tucson, Arizona
Bradley University

John D. Kim
Instructor

Charles E. Funderburg
Mont cello, Georgia
Morehouse College

Lawrence H. Thorp
Rocky Mount, North Carolina
University of North Carolina

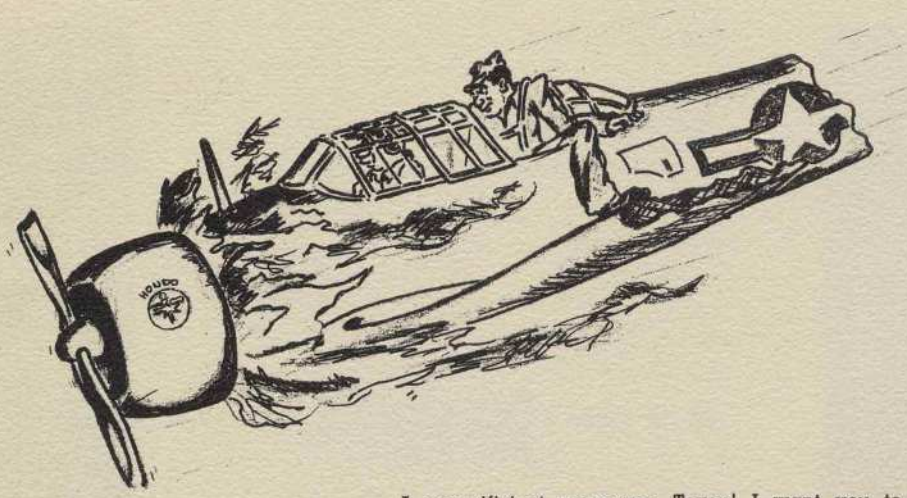
Jan A. Maas
Tilburg, Netherlands
St. Oaulphus Lyceum

Robert W. Geist
Boston, Massachusetts
Champlain College

Earl E. Medlicott
Instructor

Joseph G. Thomas
Lake Charles, Louisiana
McNeese State College

Joseph R. Toven
Mount Vernon, New York
Lehigh University



A magnificient maneuver, Toven! I want you to go practice this solo.

Donald L. McCraven
Instructor

John C. Strobel
Thomasville, Georgia
Georgia Tech

Edward E. Triggs
Oakland, California
California College of Arts & Crafts

Edward E. Westmark
Pensacola, Florida
Tulane University

Miles E. Standish
Almena, Kansas
Great Falls College

Glenn E. Reinbolt
Instructor

Gennaro W. Avolio, 2d Lt.
Portland, Oregon
Oregon State

Don K. Rauh, 2d Lt.
Salina, Kansas
University of Nebraska

Keith L. Sleater, 2d Lt.
Salt Lake City, Utah
University of Utah

Robert L. Abrams, 2d Lt.
Loveland, Colorado
Colorado A&M

Paul E. Clarke
Instructor

Jan Jansen
Oslo, Norway

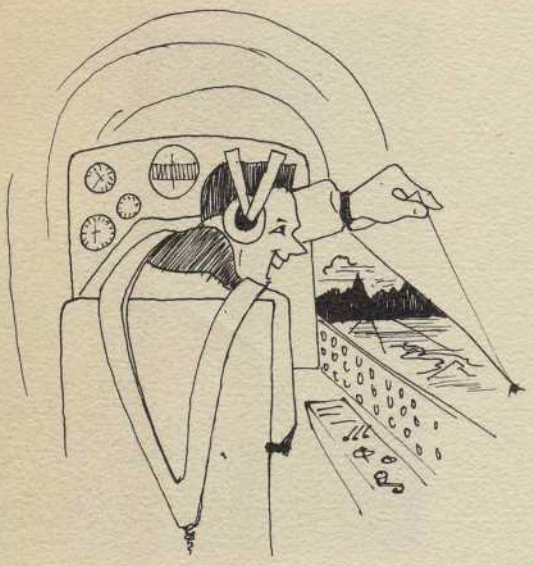
James H. Pate
Paterson, New Jersey
Paterson State

Edwin B. Gliewe
Rochester, New York
University of Rochester

Leo S. Ferre
Instructor

Paul J. Seite
Brest, France

George E. Terry
Mamaroneck, New York
Pace College

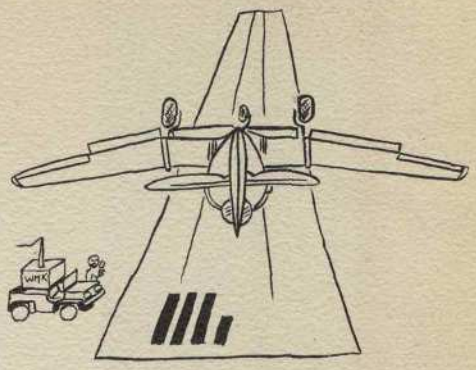


Instruments

Wayne L. Smith
Tuscola, Illinois
University of Illinois

Melburne Stigers
Instructor

Henry W. Abadie
New Orleans, Louisiana



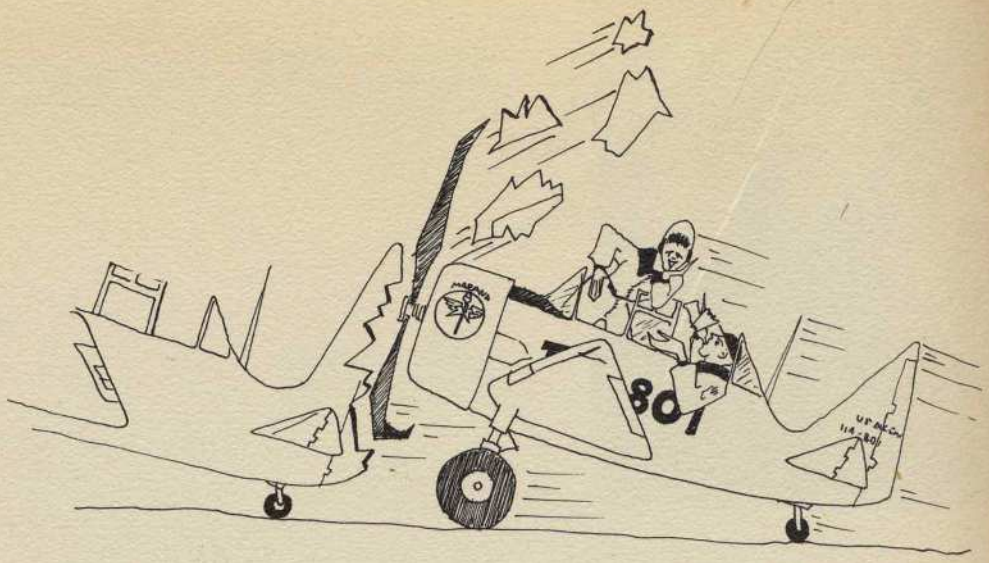
"Long final, take it around . . ."

George C. Nix
Clayton, Alabama
Troy Teachers College

Ulad A. Marsh
La Jolla, California
Stanford University

Leroy C. Bowerman
Instructor

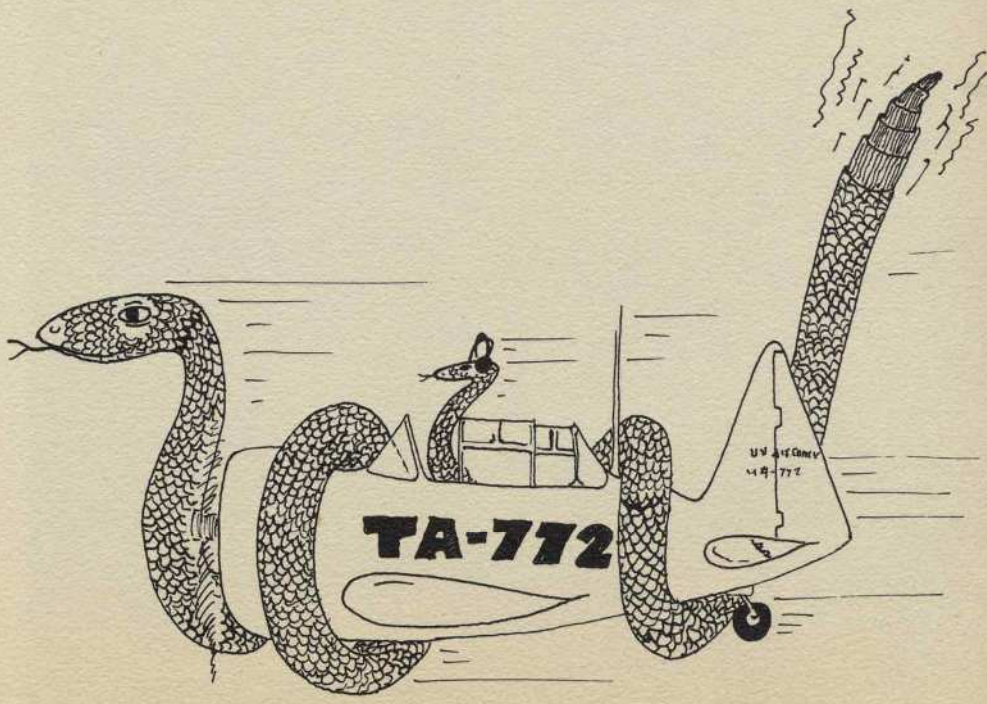
Burton D. Strandberg
Squadron Commander



"Radio seems okay to me, Sir . . ."

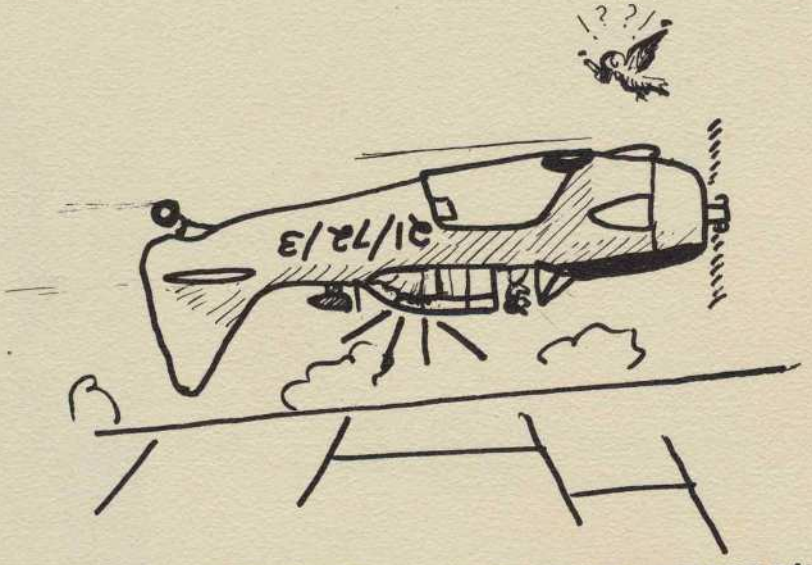
Squadron 2

Miss Ann Reitzel
Dispatcher



H. B. Winchester, 2d Lt.
Minneapolis, Minnesota
University of Missouri

LaVern G. Reilly, 2d Lt.
St. Paul, Minnesota
University of Minnesota



CROSSCHECK, DAMMIT, CROSSCHECK!

Mason J. Bushman
Instructor

Jerry E. Dahlquist
Cadillac, Michigan

Jack P. ten Winkle
Deventer, Holland

James H. Dahlquist
Cadillac, Michigan

Saul Waxman
Brooklyn, New York
Columbia University

Daniel R. Hitch
Instructor

Vance C. Stewart
Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina
Chawon College

Harvey W. Snow
Atlanta, Georgia

Robert M. Krone, 2d Lt.
Reno, Nevada
University of Southern California

Norman Poteet
Instructor

LOOK AT THAT CRAZY FOOL!

LOOK AT THAT CRAZY FOOL!

R.J.S.

James N. Portis
Covington, Tennessee
University of Tennessee

Michel F. Veck
Gironde, France
College Moderne de St. Foy-la-Grande

Charles E. Robinson
Summum, Illinois
Park College, Missouri

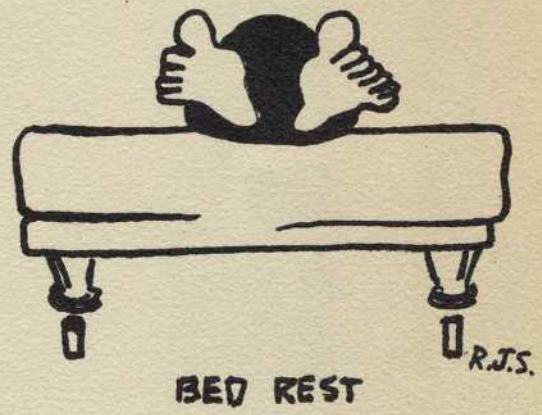
AND THEN THERE WAS THAT DATE IN TOWN?

Donald E. Dresselhaus
Instructor

Harold E. Talmadge
Ysleta, Texas
Texas Western

William K. Thornton
Blanchard, Oklahoma
University of Oklahoma

Clarence L. White
Highland Park, Michigan
Wayne University

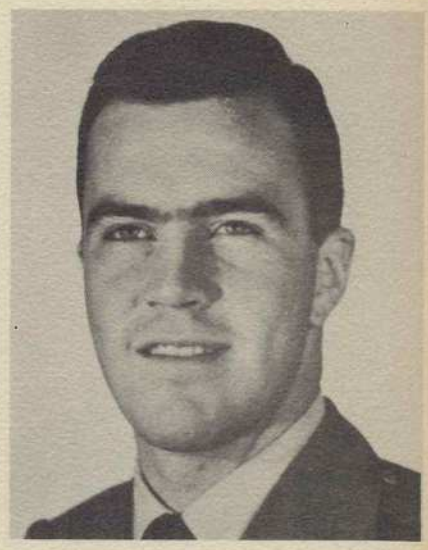


Robert G. Christopherson
Instructor

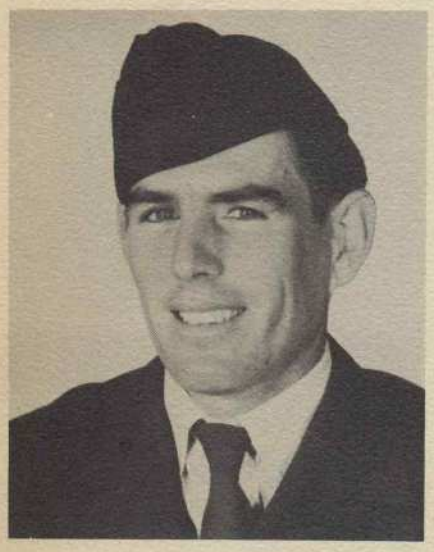
Hoyle B. Kye
Winston Salem, North Carolina
Brevard College

Wendell E. Cosner, 2d Lt.
Laramie, Wyoming
U. S. Naval Academy

G. A. Breeze, Jr.
Boise, Idaho
Boise Junior College



Thomas B. Healy, Jr., 2d Lt.
Buffalo, New York
Williams College



P. C. Roberts
Instructor

D. E. Lockstrom, 2d Lt.
Salina, Kansas
Kansas State

John H. Peretti, 2d Lt.
Great Falls, Montana
Montana State

Vernon M. Roudebush, 2d Lt.
Worthington, Indiana
Indiana University

Alferd Zierler, Capt.
Bronx, New York
U. C. L. A.

Donald A. Frost
Instructor

Robert C. Autry, Jr.
Bessemer, Alabama
Athens College

Gerald R. Whitcomb, 2d Lt.
Cedar Point, Kansas
Kansas State

Paul M. Kunichika, 2d Lt.
Honolulu, Hawaii
University of Hawaii

Arnold R. Wake
Instructor

Philip C. Gast, 2d Lt.
Philadelphia, Mississippi
University of Mississippi

John F. Wylam, 2d Lt.
Warren, Ohio
Ohio University

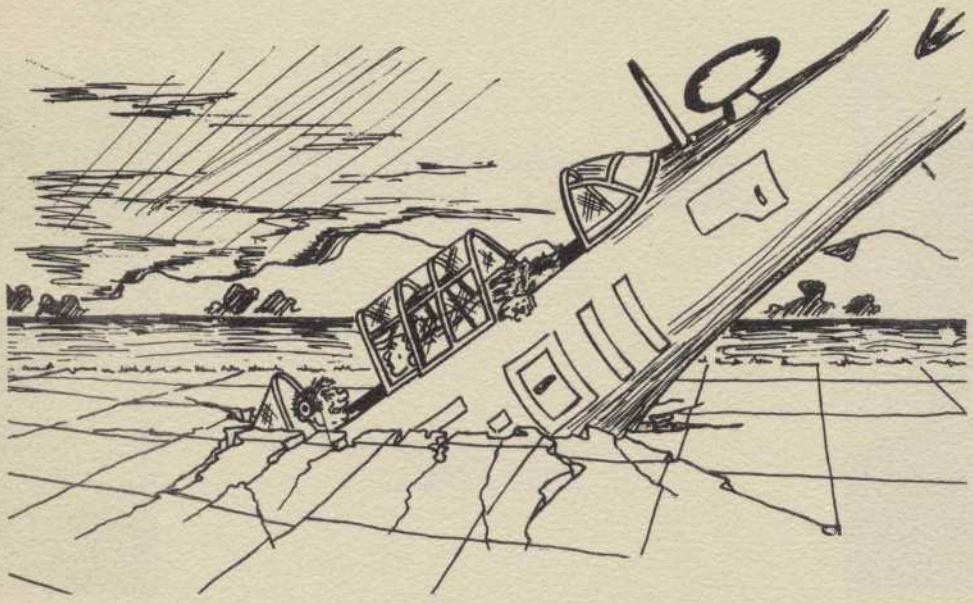
John D. Underwood, 2d Lt.
Herrin, Illinois
University of Illinois

Oren W. Hays, Jr., 2d Lt.
Portland, Oregon
University of Oregon

Paul T. Wilkerson
Instructor

Remi A. Nicolas
Lunel-Herault, France
College de Clermont, Ferrand

Garland G. Fritts, 2d Lt.
Oak Park, Illinois
University of Illinois



A magnificent maneuver, Pate! I want you to go practice this solo.

Roy C. Schumann
Instructor

David D. Ballard
Circleville, Ohio
University of Cincinnati

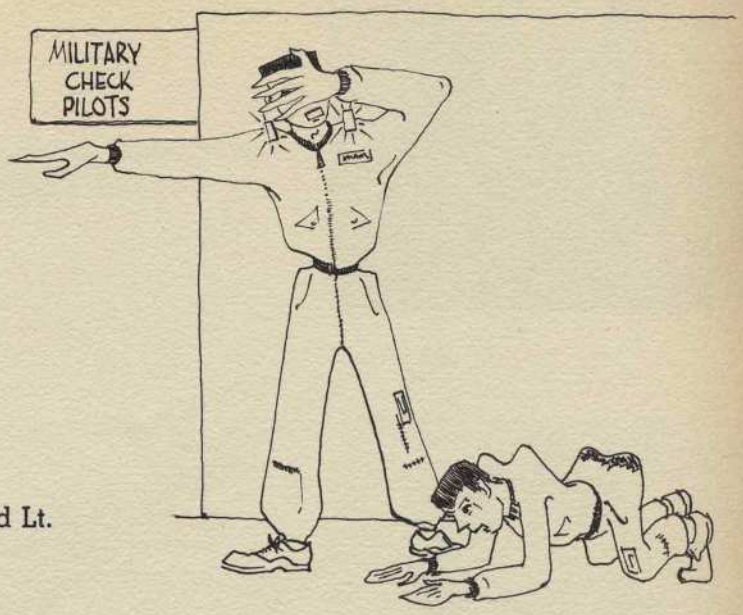
Gerald A. H. Deerenberg
Schoonhoven, Holland
William De Zwygerschool

Earl L. Creasy
Jonesboro, Tennessee

Russel A. Fleming
Englewood, California
Los Angeles City College

John J. O'Connor
Instructor

Lloyd E. Lewis, 2d Lt.
Fresno, California
Fresno State College



Herbert K. L. Lee, 2d Lt.
Pahala, Hawaii
University of Hawaii

Ernest M. Lamb
Instructor

Frank H. Geitlinger
Kenmore, New York
Syracuse University

Charles L. Gravat, Jr.
Knobel, Arkansas

Oliver C. Gill
Bellvue, Texas
Texas A&M

Salvatore V. Di Pisa
Milano, Italy
University of Medicine

Howard G. Cornia
Instructor

James R. Griffin
Columbus, Ohio
Ohio State

Stanley J. Downs
Manasquan, New Jersey
Maryville College

Robert W. Hacker
Dallas, Texas
Texas Tech

Rene A. Preville
Seine, France
Lycee Paul Langeirin

Wallace M. Abbot
Instructor

Richard L. Brown
Port Arthur, Texas
Lamar Tech

Thomas R. Blackshear
Atlanta, Georgia
Morehouse College

Howard S. Carroll
Aldan, Pennsylvania
Penn State

Sam G. Flowers
Zebulon, North Carolina
Wake Forest College

John S. Coleman
Instructor

Donald D. Tolladay
Madera, California
Fresno State

William D. Tillotson
Mt. Vernon, Missouri
Southwest Mississippi State

Does this mean....a pink slip, sir?

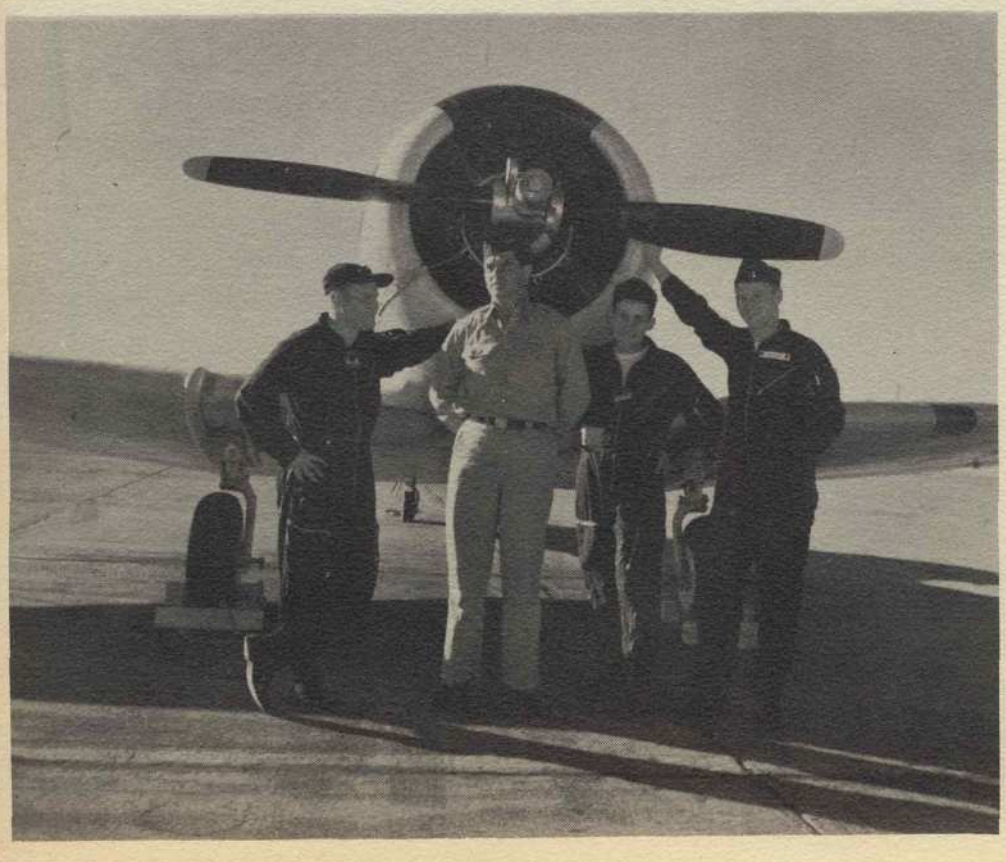
Chauncey P. Logan
Instructor

Lloyd E. Hitchens
Temple City, Califonia
Los Angeles State College

Jean Ridet
Bretigny, France
C. C. Genevieve des Bois

"Shoulder harness doesn't lock"

Benjiman A. Quam, 2d Lt.
Lakota, North Dakota
University of North Dakota



James M. Johnson
Instructor

Stanley D. Jensen
Santa Rosa, California
Santa Rosa Junior College

William D. Widdows, 2d Lt.
Wichita, Kansas
Kansas State

Sebastien Tiseire
Escautpont-Nord, France
College de Clermont-Ferrand

Robert G. Ward
Ossining, New York

George W. Hover
Instructor

FTAF Form No. 51-15
17 Jan 52

FLYING TRAINING AIR FORCE
GRADE SLIP
(Basic)

Student: WASHOUT, WILL E.

Rank: VERY ANY TRI-DELT.

Organization: DAMN LITTLE

Mission: SUICIDE LMT.

Date: DOWNHILL

Grade

1. Visual Inspection	FILLED LIGHTER WITH GAS	20. Chandelles	STALLED OUT
2. Cockpit Procedures	ON TAKE OFF ROLL	21. Lazy Eights	MUCH TOO LAZY
3. Taxiing	GOT WING TIP	22. Slow Rolls	FOUND 7 PENCILS
4. Take-Off	LOOK MA, NO HANDS!	23. Barrell Rolls	EGG SHAPED
5. Climbs and Climbing Turns	OFF COURSE	24. Half Roll and Reverse	NO REVERSE
6. Straight and Level	YOU'RE JESTING	25. Loop	HAMMERHEAD STALL-INVERTED SPIN
7. Trimming	ONLY ON OPEN POST	26. Immelman	SPLIT S, LOST 8,000'
8. Medium Turns	ACCIDENTAL SPIN	27. Formation	SHM..... DON'T TELL
9. Steep Turns	360° IN 11 SEC.	28. Navigation	LOST OVER "NOGO"
10. Stalls — Power On	SURE DOES	29. Traffic	HEAD UP AND LOCKED
11. Stalls — Power Off	SAVED FOR FINAL	30. Landings	REPEAT AFTER ME: "OUR
12. Spins	Turns LOST COUNT	31. FATHER, WHO ART IN.....	
13. Coordination Exercises	RIDICULOUS!	32. GO AROUNDS	PLENTY
14. Forced Landings No?	YES!	33. WHIP STALL	HAIRY
15. Glides and Gliding Turns	BLACKED OUT	34. VERTICAL REVERSE	DIZZY
16. "S" Along Road	5 AUTO AERIALS	35. JUDGMENT	GUILTY
17. Rectangular Courses	OVER NEZHONG	36. PROGRESS	RETARDED
18. Elementary Eights	QUIT AT 7	37. TECHNIQUE	QUITE UNIQUE
19. Max Perf Climbing Turns	LOST 1000'	38. ATTITUDE	SUPERBLY INDIFFERENT

WORD PICTURE OF FLIGHT ..... A FLIGHT??

After 1 min. visual inspection, student turned on enough switches to get engine started. After jumping chocks and running down 4 big guards, took off downwind with full flaps. Acrobatics showed extreme originality. Despite horn blowing in ears, student made successful wheels up landing amidst the glare of red flares at Home Field. Recommend he be sent to Helicoptopters

Instructor Signature: M. A. Uneck

Supervisors Initials: W.O.W.

Replaces ATRC Form No. 51-15 which may be used.

JC2-37/Waco, Tex/10 June 52/250M

Civilian Flight Line

Maj. E. E. Staugaard
Director of Training

Lewis E. Boxleiter
Director of Flying

Charles E. Jenkins
Section II Commander

William R. Randall
Air Field Operations

Elgin R. Newell
Ass't. Director of Flying

Graham A. Edwards
Section I Commander

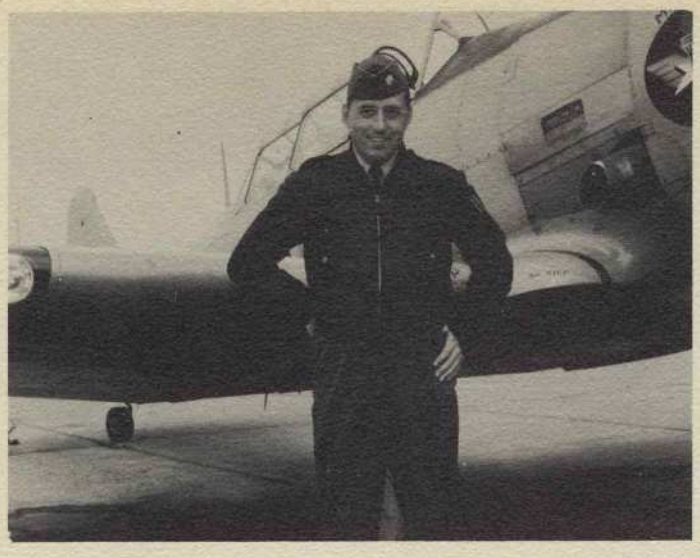
John R. Taylor
Flying Safety

J. L. Champion
Maintenance

Robert K. Davis
Flying Safety

"Tex" Bruenger
Parachute

Military Check Pilots



Major Robert M. Terry
Operations Officer

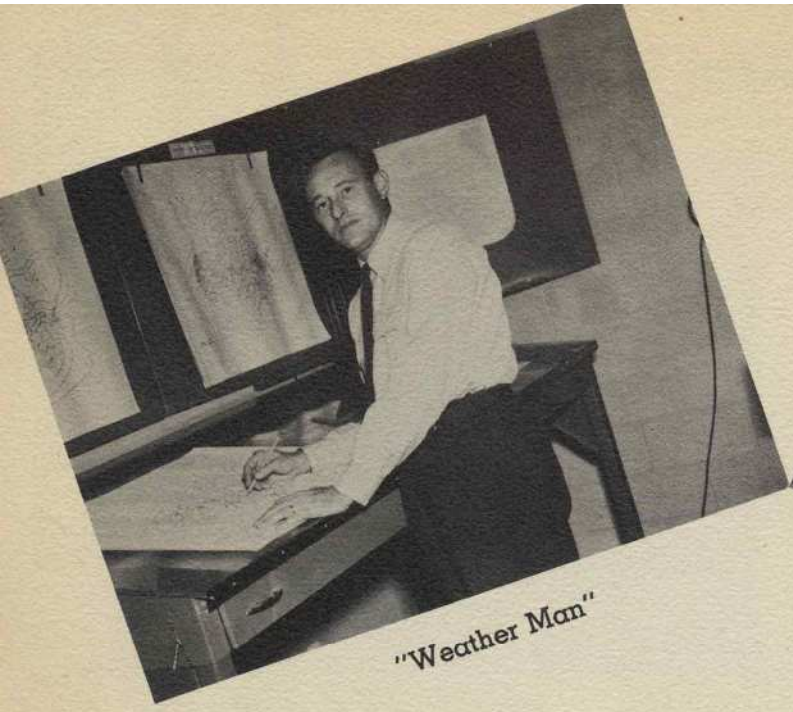
Captain Samuel A. Wareham
Assistant Operations Officer

1st Lieutenant Leon W. McCrarey
Check Pilot

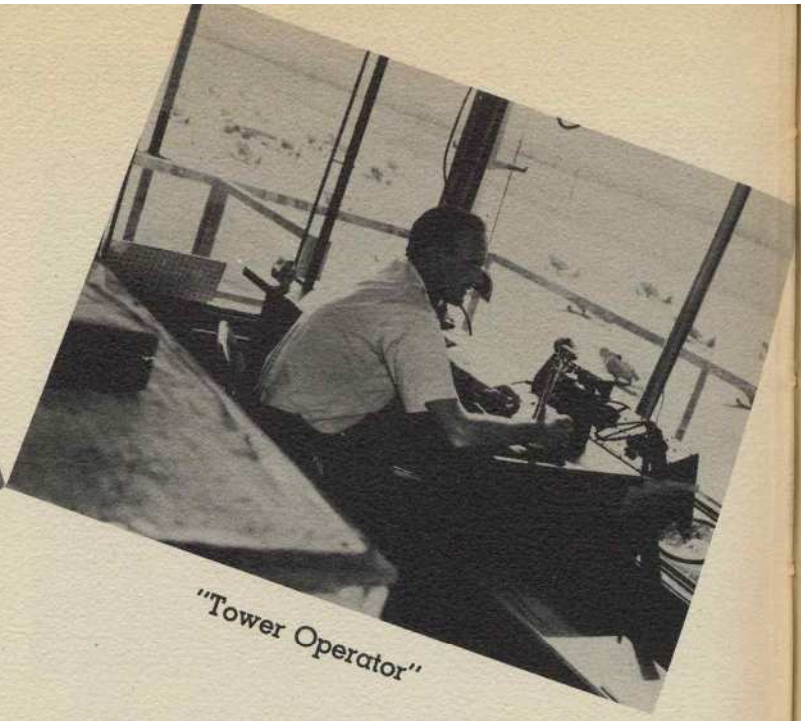
1st Lieutenant Troy C. Rhodes
Check Pilot

1st Lieutenant Howard H. Wandel
Check Pilot

1st Lieutenant Norman E. Huxman
Check Pilot



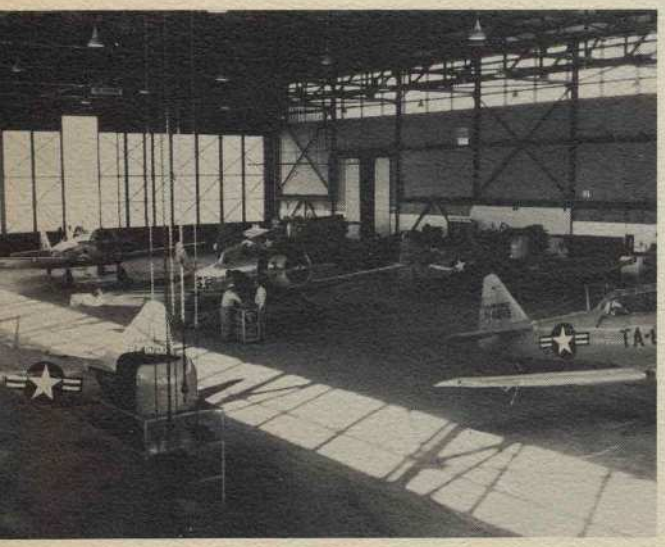
"Weather Man"



"Tower Operator"

"Our thanks to those without whose help we wouldn't have flown."

"Line Crews"

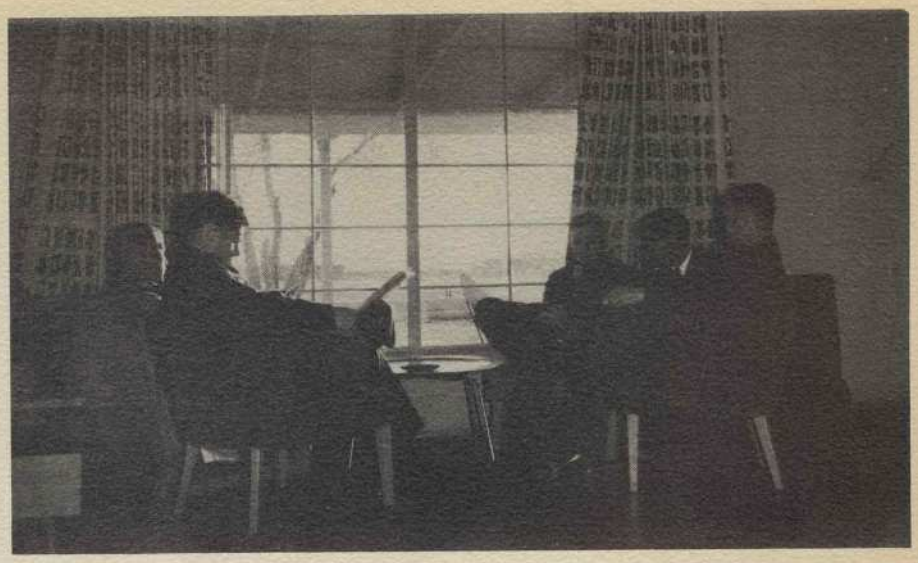


"Maintenance Crews"

"Parachute Riggers"

Cadet Club

"Smitty"



A thought that will long be synonymous with Marana is that of "Smitty" and the Club. It must be admitted that George's Tigers spent many, many, MANY hours of Off Duty (Restriction) here. And it was always the understanding Smitty that led the boys over the last few difficult days of each month.

For those of us who can remember that first night out of Pre-flight, we must admire the great finesse with which our weaker brothers were handled. Since that night we were able to take for granted the presence of someone to hand us that revitalizing morning coffee, or that welcome Friday-night drink, complete with date.

To our "pied-a-terre" we bid fond farewell . . . with love and kisses to a bunch of swell girls and a pretty great guy.

A Squadron

Standish, Stewart, Kelsay, Abadie, Geist. (Standing) Smith, Tucker, Funderburg

B Squadron

Toven, White, Thomas, Strobel, White. (Standing) McGuire, Gustin, Marsh

Group Staff

Nix, Waxman, Autry, Triggs. (Standing) Kelsay, Thomas, Geitlinger, Flowers

C Squadron

Griffin, Kye, Geitlinger, Tolladay, Snow. (Standing) Thornton, Hacker, Stewart

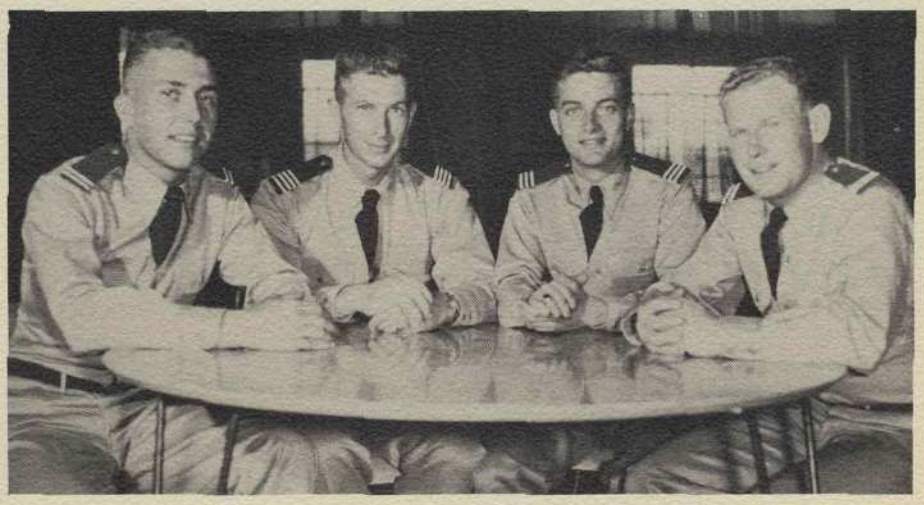
D Squadron

Dahlquist, Talmadge, Flowers, White, Portis. (Standing) Creasy, Robinson, Fleming

Honor Council

Board Of Governors

Yearbook Staff



Thorp, Triggs, Toven, Hitchens

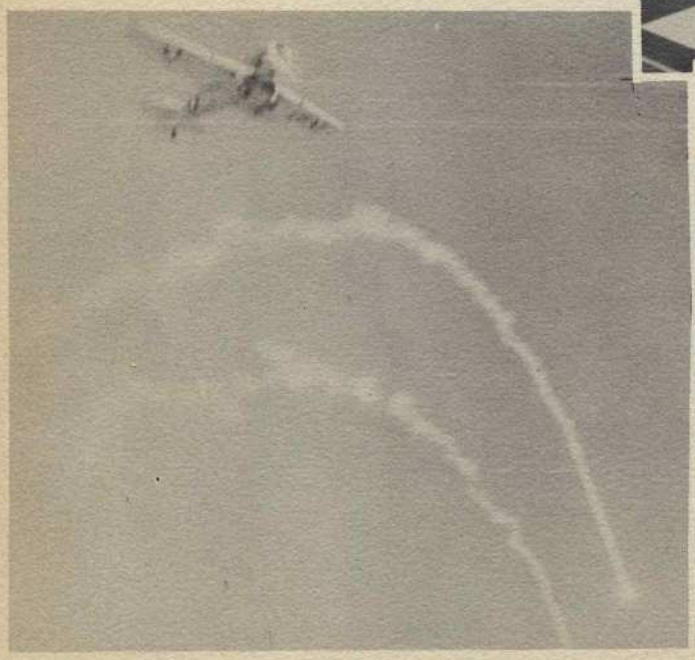
We are deeply indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Roy B. Kemp *and the members of Class 53-G,* whose help and cooperation was paramount in the compiling of these memories of Marana.

Absolute Ceiling

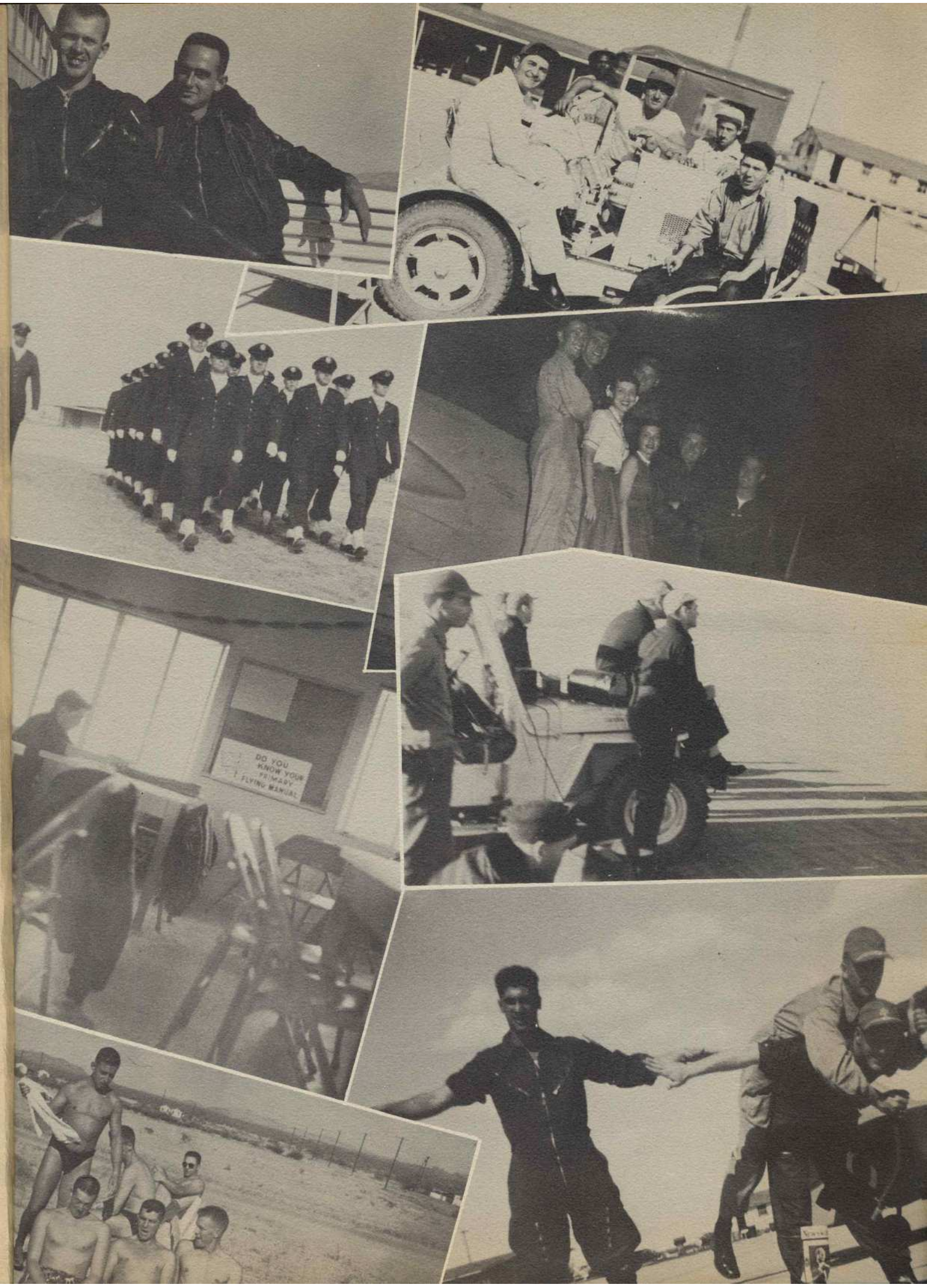
"Who can't fly?"

Night flying?

"Strobel . . . an 'A' Pattern?"



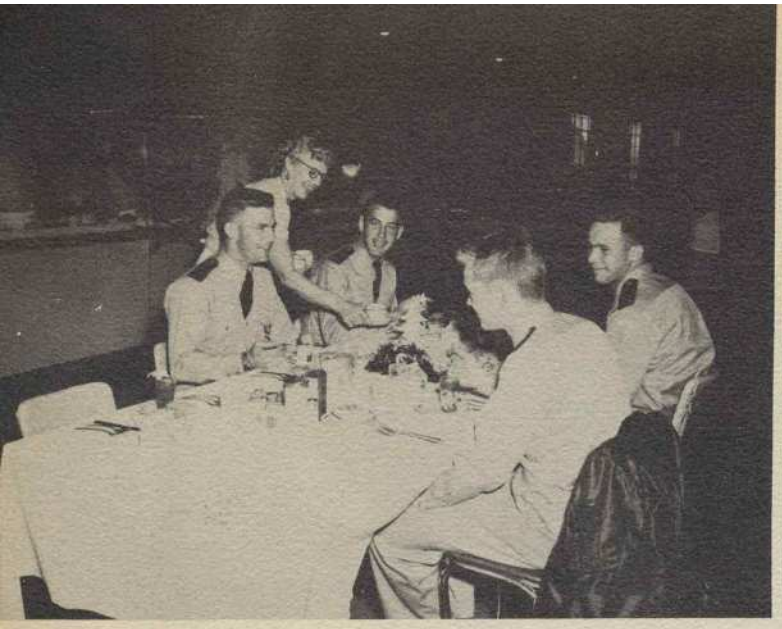
"Long, hell . . ."


DO YOU
KNOW YOUR
PRIMARY
FLYING MANUAL

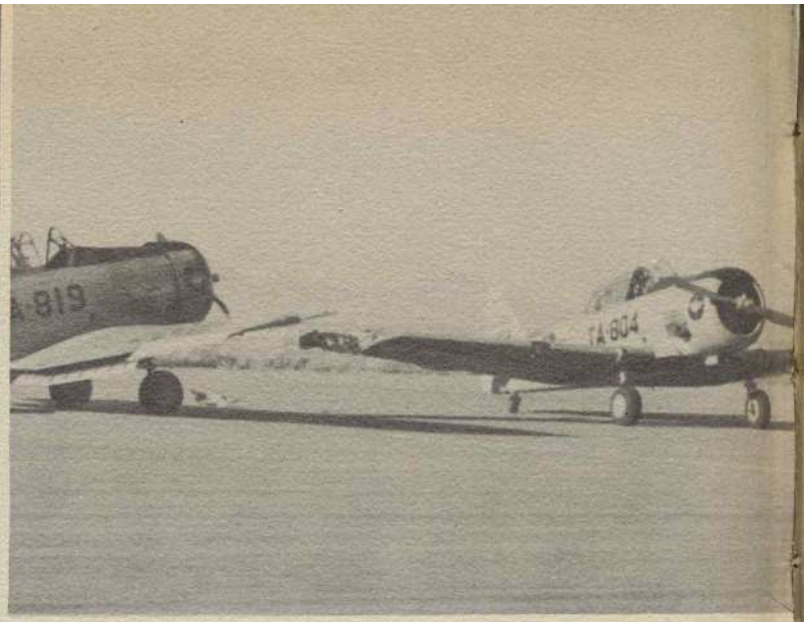
TA-30

AERO TECH INC.

TA-791
CLEA
RAG
TA-81
606-71



"Solo Dinner"



"Ye'r crowdin' me, boy!"

"Half a dollar's worth, please."

"Halt, who goes there?"

"Lil' Abners'"

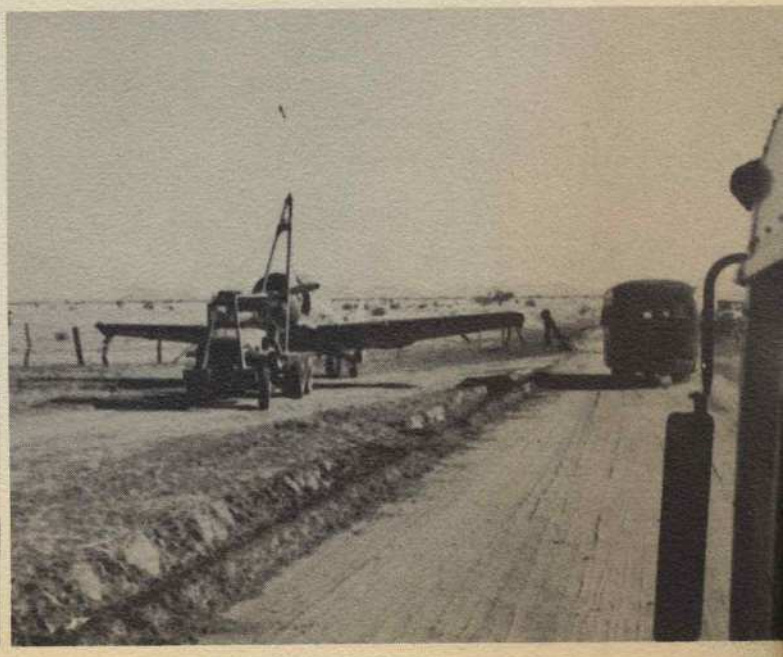
"For the tigers"

"Mahogany Monsters"

T-1-? ? ?

Coffee time

Chow Hall



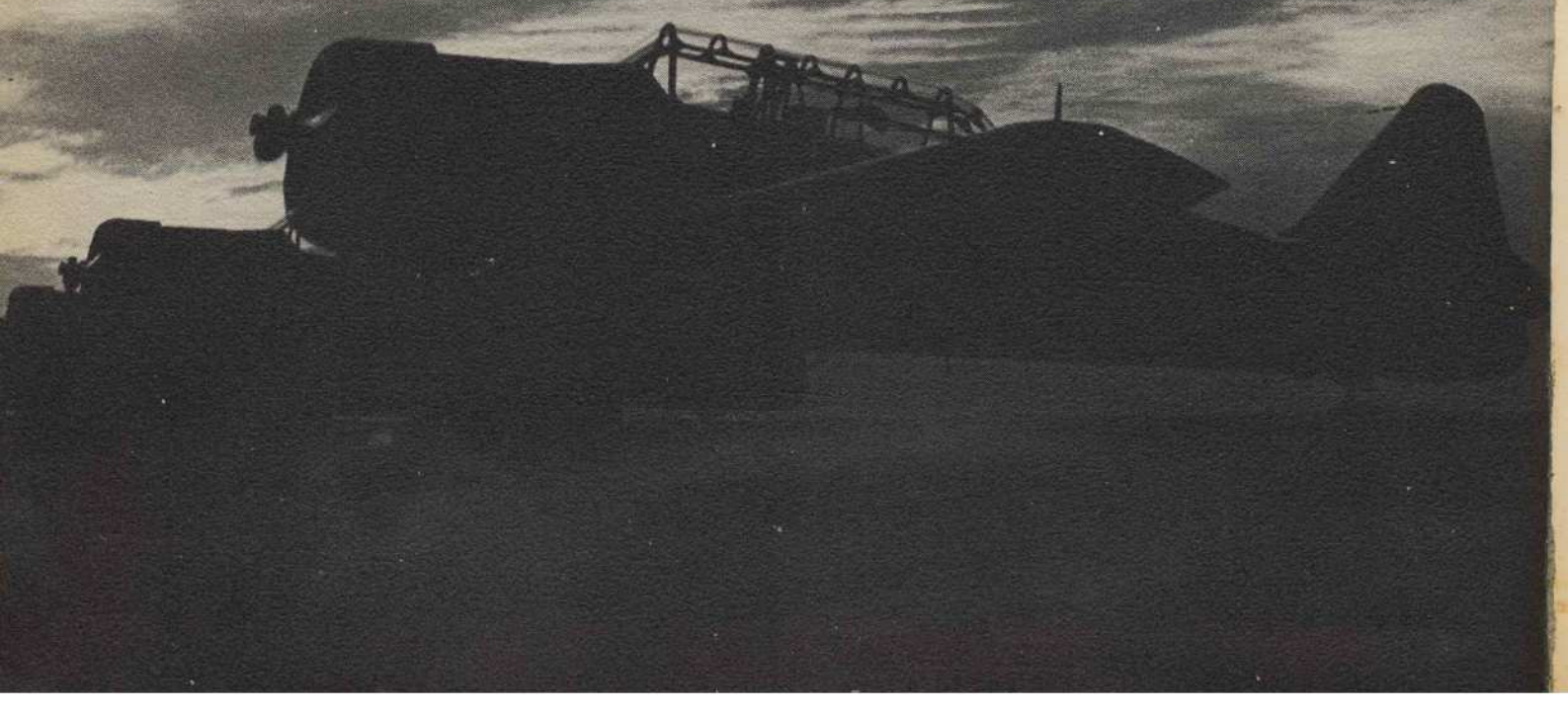
The End

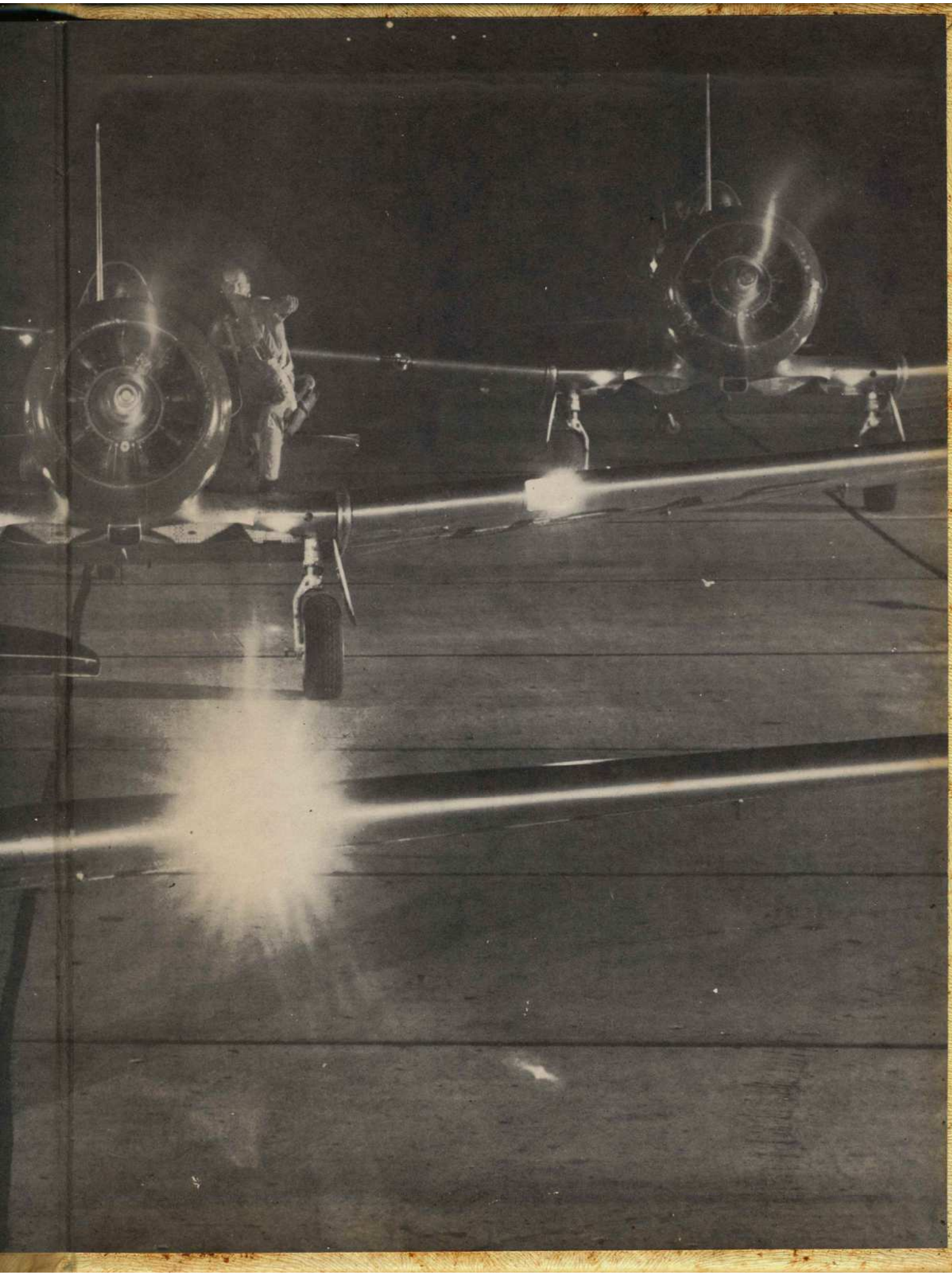
Finis

" 'Twas not for every Gawain to gaze upon the Grail!", wrote Robert Browning. In our quest for the coveted silver wings there, too, are those who have been left behind, making us realize all the more the potential strength that we possess. In the months to come our early training will prove itself. For many of us we have learned the use of a new medium of thought and action—the air. And the use we make of this new medium will determine our future. We have chosen it as our place of business.

In the years to come nostalgic thoughts will crowd our minds: Callaway's "martini trail," the rush to land to catch the coffee wagon, "Jolly" Jasper, check rides, "Smitty" and the girls, "hairy" patterns, Space Cadets, "K-1 to K-2, where . . .", the gauges, weather, "da-di-da," ". . . and besides being against AF Regs., at this stage of your training . . .", First SOLO, "Clear to the left . . .", bed rest, ". . . reports to Col. Temprite . . .", Uncle Homer Clarke's patient preaching, Stages, "Bruno," Dr. Ramsey's cure-all, U of A, Sabino Canyon, stand-by's, ". . . ja, sure but . . ." VFW, "no compris," tours in the sun, CCQ, the last Parade . . . all these and many more are now part of us.

Scramble, Tigers . . . may God fly with you!





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