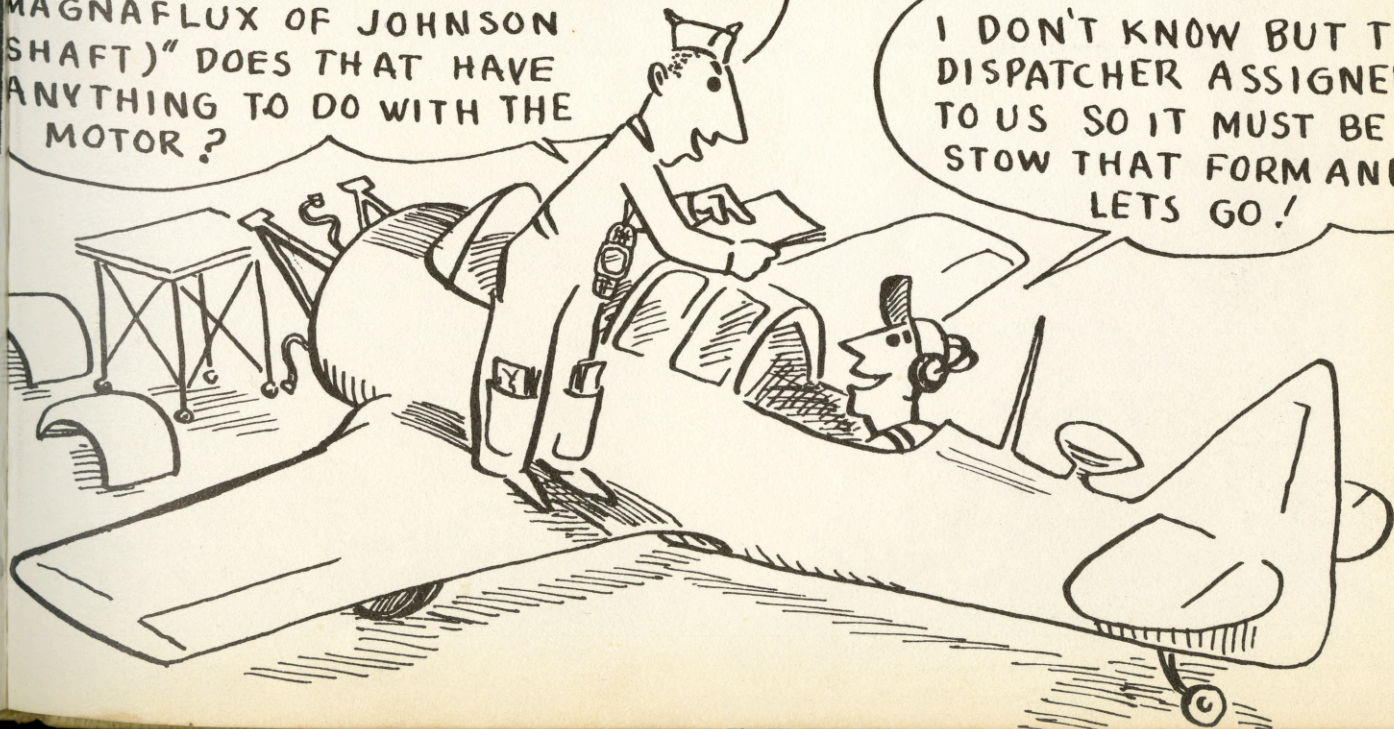
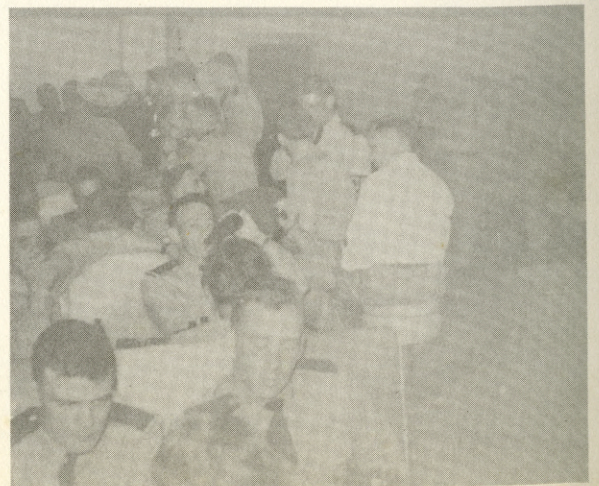


SIR, THIS FORM SAYS  
"REMOVED FOR C/W TO. 01-077-66  
(MAGNAFLUX OF JOHNSON  
SHAFT)" DOES THAT HAVE  
ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE  
MOTOR?

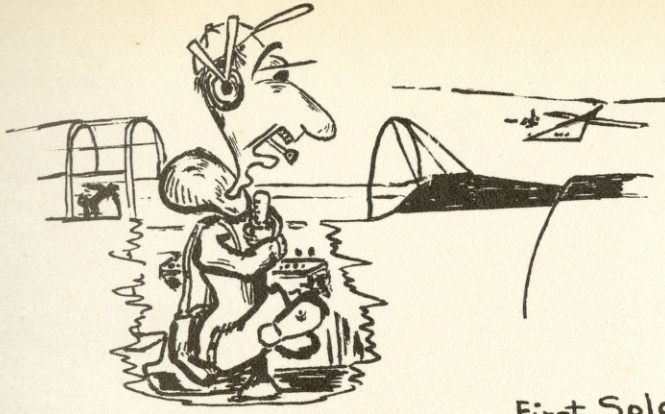
I DON'T KNOW BUT THE  
DISPATCHER ASSIGNED IT  
TO US SO IT MUST BE O.K.  
STOW THAT FORM AND  
LET'S GO!







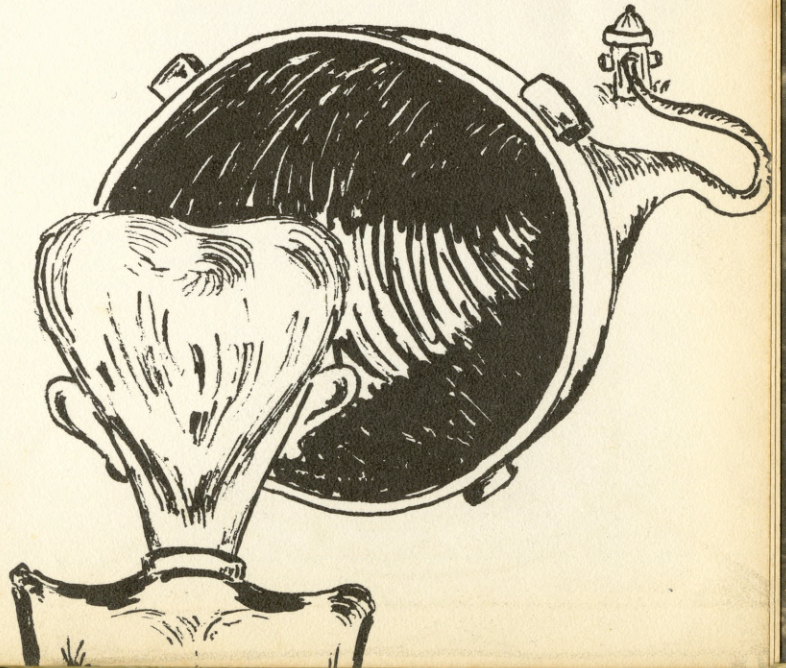




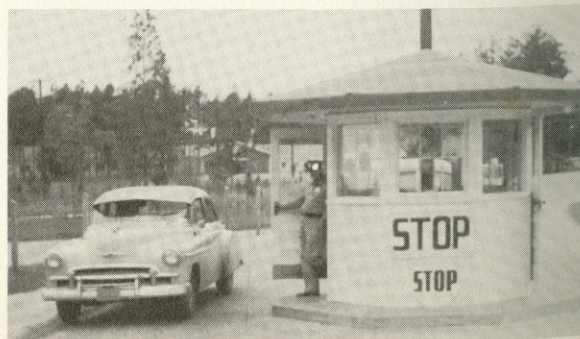
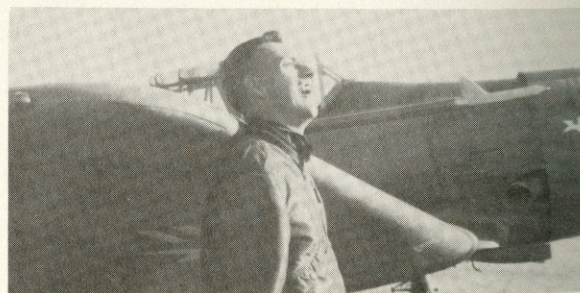
First Solo



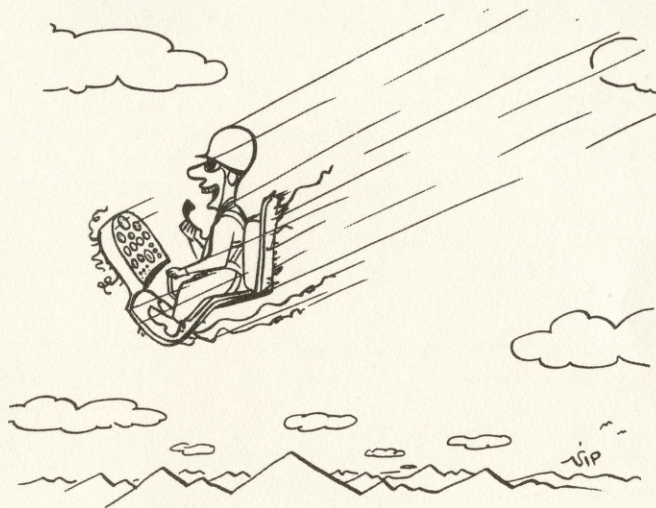
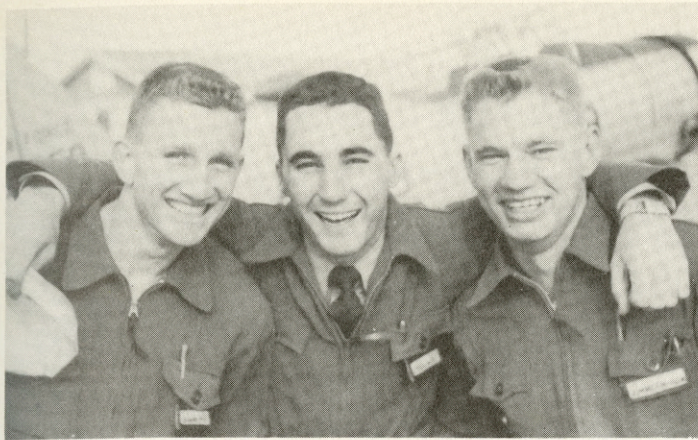
“DECATUR, 169, Solo, ON BASE”



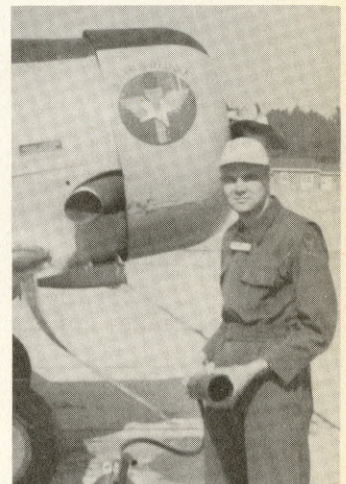




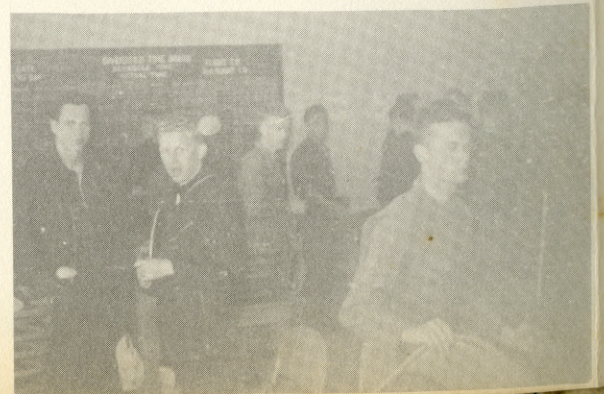
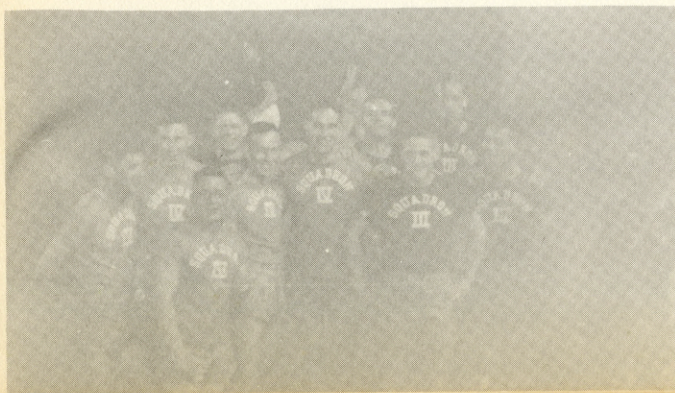
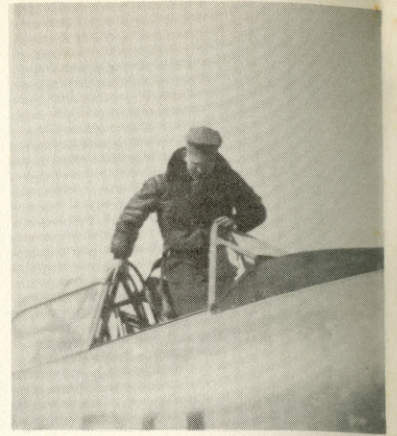




"Well, right now I'm flying on instruments only, but . . ."









## CLASS HISTORY

We hope that these pages, in recalling a few of the incidents of our primary training, will bring back many, many memories...of cadets from every corner of the United States and Europe...of friendships of lasting tenure...of "To the East Gate" and "What are you gonna do in a T-6?" ...of lectures, heat, movies, heat, rain, and more heat...excitement of the issuing of flight suits and the acceptance parade.

All of us will remember the one important day of our training...6th of October, 1953...when you had to be at Bainbridge Air Base, Bainbridge, Ga., and not later than 1600 hours...it was a short day and also a long one...it went by, then another, etc., until we finished pre-flight training...we moved, and every six weeks it was move.

First came fourth class customs...delightful meals at attention, and "instruction" at 0530 in the morn — just the way to start a day...trying to sneak around corners to avoid upperclass tigers...details, custom violations, gigs, and verbal reprimands. By then we had started flying and taken our "Five-dollar ride." Those first stalls, spins, and landings were something to remember! By this time we had had our first open post...if you were lucky, and had any breaks...then came back to the barracks 2000 hours Sunday night for another week of fun...by this time they had new check list and you could destroy the old ones again...the first break was to get off of fourth class customs...and have the right to go to the Cadet Club, show and several other places without getting stopped.

Second came the great day when we were entitled to have the privileges of a third classman...although we were still the lowest class at Bainbridge...did all the details...and as flying goes, everyone was ready to solo...this brought back some to the lost fun...a little later new check list...the "safety lectures" and about that time come the jet-salesman and everyone was in.

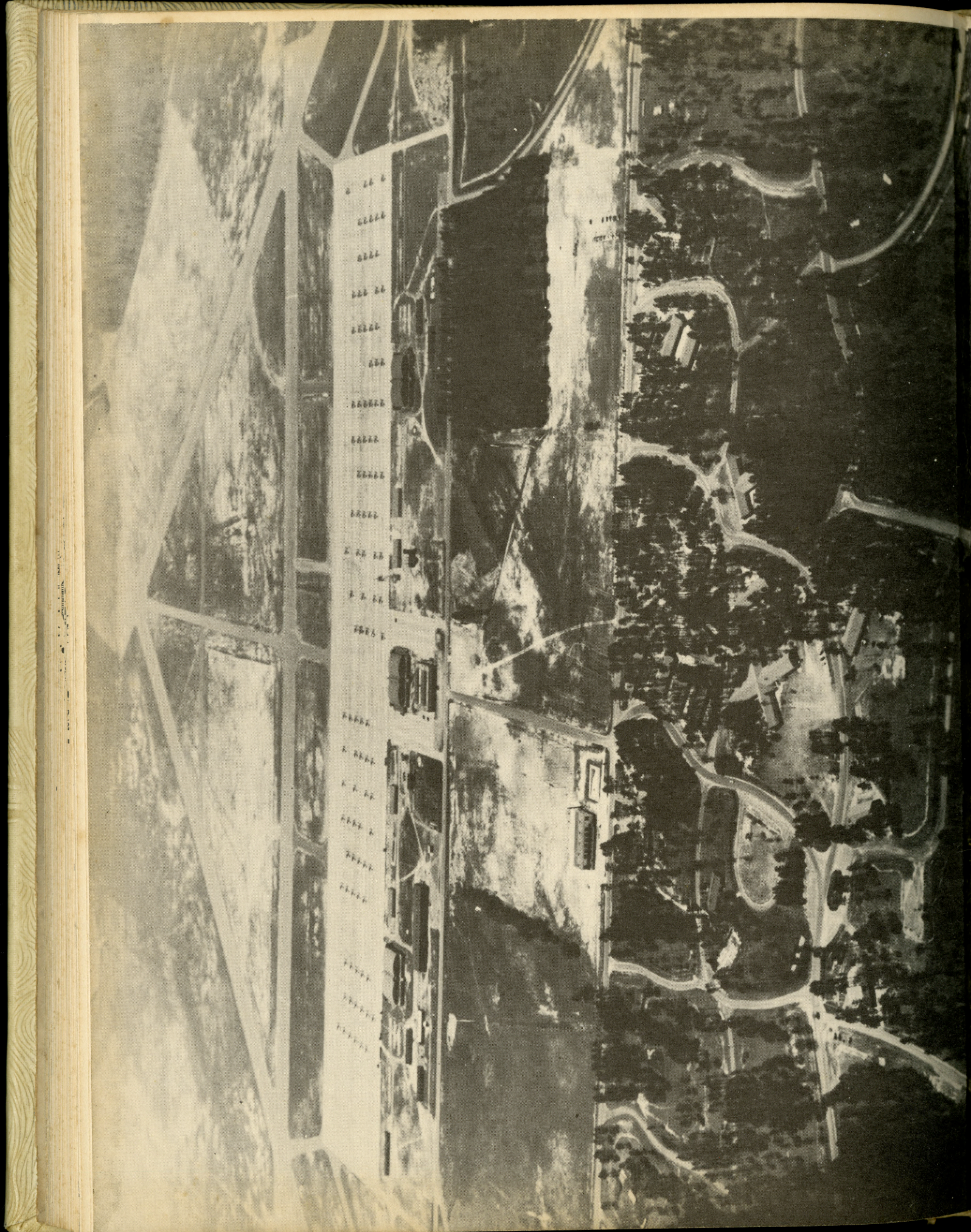
It was Chandelles and Lazy-eights, and the fifty-hour checks...then the fun began...Acrobatics, Cross Countries, and all that time to work with...instructors would say, "stay close to the field" and it's only 30 minutes to the Gulf...or even a few nearby towns.

After we entered first class, stripes were seen everywhere, varying in number and size. Remember that lonely feeling the first time we took off under the hood...these first night flight briefings and hours of night flying...where the runways were much lower than during the day. We were first classmen, big wheels with a VOCO every week end...pay-day every once in a great while. Last was the instrument and final checks...this made you a great tiger...they were tough but after a "I'll pass you this time with a minimum satisfactory," we started looking forward to that stag party and graduation. Then we were off to basic and the last leg of pilot training. We had lots of laughs and fun at Bainbridge; lots of work, too. But it was worth it. We were glad to leave, of course, because leaving meant more advanced training in multies and jets. But Bainbridge and the "Base" were good to us, and our memories of our seven months of primary are pleasant ones.

### EDITOR

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Lest We Forget...





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