

**The National Museum of the Pacific War  
(Admiral Nimitz Museum)**

**Center for Pacific War Studies  
Fredericksburg, Texas**

**An Interview with**

**Kenneth O. Good  
Flight Officer  
528<sup>th</sup> Fighter Squadron  
311st Fighter Group  
14<sup>th</sup> Air Force  
Asia**

**August 30, 2006**

This is Richard Misenhimer and this is August 30, 2006. I am interviewing Mr. Kenneth O. Good by telephone. His phone number is 870-670-4286. His address is 603 S. Sequoia Dr. Horseshoe Bend, AR. 72512. This interview is in support of the National Museum for the Pacific War Center for Pacific War Studies for the preservation of historical information related to WWII.

Kenneth I want to thank you for taking time to do this interview today and I also want to thank you for your service to your country during World War II. Let me ask you the first question, what is your middle initial?

Mr. Good: O.

Mr. Misenhimer: OK. The next thing I need to do is read to you this agreement with the Nimitz Museum. When I do the interview in person, I give it to the person to read and sign; of course; but since we are doing this by phone, let me read it to you.

The Statement is read. Is that OK with You?

Mr. Good: That is OK with me. The only question I have, Richard, is that I wasn't really involved in the Pacific war, if that is what you need.

Mr. Misenhimer: Alright: No, we are doing reports of all WWII veterans. We do Europe and Pacific. We do everything. Now the next thing I'd like to do is get an alternative contact. We've found, over the years, that sometimes 2 or 3 years later we try to make contact with a veteran and he has moved or something Is there a daughter or son or someone that we might contact if we can't reach you?

Mr. Good: Yes, our daughter. You need her name?

Mr. Misenhimer: Name and address and phone number if you have it.

Mr. Good: Alright. Here it is. Lynn Hakeman, 1807 W. 5<sup>th</sup> Ave Indianola Iowa.50125 The phone number is 515-961-6306.

Mr. Misenhimer: Alright, good. Now what is your birthdate?

Mr. Good: 5-31-24

Mr. Misenhimer: OK, and where were you born?

Mr. Good: In Indian Creek Township of Pulaski County, Indiana.

Mr. Misenhimer: You just mentioned that you had two brothers. I just interviewed Darl, so I know that he was in the service. Was Ira in the service also?

Mr. Good: No.

Mr. Misenhimer: OK. What were your mother's and father's first names?

Mr. Good: My father's first name was John and mother's name Flossie.

Mr. Misenhimer: Now, you grew up during the depression. How did that affect you and your family?

Mr. Good: You know, I'm not sure that it affected us. I was never hungry. We always had something to eat and I didn't really feel like there was any problem. I never heard my dad or mother fret about things. I know that by the mid thirties dad was doing pretty good by farming. He had a new car in '37, a new tractor in '35, a combine in '37, and then he bought a farm in '38.

Mr. Misenhimer: He was a farmer, right?

Mr. Good: He was a tenant farmer, and then he finally bought a farm just before the war.

Mr. Misenhimer: OK, good. Now, where did you go to high school?

Mr. Good: At Pulaski

Mr. Misenhimer: What year did you finish there?

Mr. Good: 1942.

Mr. Misenhimer: On Dec. 7, 1941, Japan attacked Pearl Harbor. Do you recall where you were when you heard about that?

Mr. Good: Ah, we were at home. It was Sunday afternoon. My brother, Darl, was in the service and he was home that day. He may have been on his way back to Ft. Knox when we got the news.

Mr. Misenhimer: How did you feel that would affect you?

Mr. Good: I can't remember.

Mr. Misenhimer: When did you go into the service?

Mr. Good: In December of '42.

Mr. Misenhimer: Did you volunteer or were you drafted?

Mr. Good: I volunteered for the Army Air Force.

Mr. Misenhimer: OK, and how did you pick out the air corps?

Mr. Good: Well, I had thoughts about flying and was interested in flying even before the war broke out, and I thought if I'm going into the service I'm going to make sure that I get in the Air Force.

Mr. Misenhimer: Where did you go in at?

Mr. Good: I think it was Fort Benjamin Harrison in Indianapolis. Actually, I went down to Lafayette and enlisted. They sent us down to Ft. Benjamin Harrison.

Mr. Misenhimer: Where did you take your basic training?

Mr. Good: At Miami Beach, Florida.

Mr. Misenhimer: How did you travel down there from Ft. Ben.?

Mr. Good: We went by troop train, and how many there were, 100 or 200, I'm not sure. We moved into a hotel on Miami Beach that had just been vacated by the owners. Carpets had been removed. And cots had been put in and made it headquarters and our residence.

Mr. Misenhimer: What all did you do in basic training there?

Mr. Good: I got only about 1/2 or 2/3 the way through basic training when I was shipped out.

Mostly just drilling. I had one day when they issued a fire arm and we did the manual of arms. I think that right after that I got shipped out to Scott Field, Illinois, radio school.

Mr. Misenhimer: You didn't get any weapons firing or anything like that, then?

Mr. Good: Not a bit.

Mr. Misenhimer: In basic you just did marching and military courtesies and all that?

Mr. Good: Yep. That's right.

Mr. Misenhimer: Then, what did you do at Scott Field?

Mr. Good: That was radio operator and schooling. They did radio operator schooling and also the mechanics of it.

Mr. Misenhimer: How long was that school?

Mr. Good: I got there in the middle of January and I left about the first of May. Almost four months. I left about two weeks before graduation because I had applied for Aviation Cadets. The thing was accepted so –

Mr. Misenhimer: In the radio school, did you have to learn the Morse Code?

Mr. Good: Yes.

Mr. Misenhimer: How was it to learn that?

Mr. Good: Oh, that was alright. We took a lot of Morse Code training.

Mr. Misenhimer: Is there anything in particular that you recall about your training there at Scott Field?

Mr. Good: Well, it was pretty cold, I had KP duty a couple times. Also one time was sent out to shovel coal a time or two, and then in the spring the Mississippi River flooded. A whole bunch of us were sent down the river to help sand bag the river bank.

Mr. Misenhimer: So, what did you live in while you were there?

Mr. Good: Regular G.I. barracks

Mr. Misenhimer: How was the food there?

Mr. Good; As far as I can remember it was fine. The food at Miami Beach wasn't very good. I skipped breakfast because it was so awful.

Mr. Misenhimer: While at Miami Beach, did you eat at the Mess hall or the hotel dining room or where?

Mr. Good: It seems like it was a big dining room area. We ate out of our mess kits and then we had to wash our mess kits and carry them.

Mr. Misenhimer: OK. Now, at Scott Field did you have to do marching and calisthenics and things, also while there?

Mr. Good: Yes, a small amount. They had regular calisthenics once a day.

Mr. Misenhimer: When you were accepted into the Cadets, where did you go?

Mr. Good: To Michigan State College in Lansing, which is Michigan State University now.

Mr. Misenhimer: What did you do there?

Mr. Good: We had, let's see, I was there 3 1/2 months I think, something like that; and I got almost the same amount of credits that you would get in one semester of college. Those credits were applied when I went to college later on when I got out of service. I got 12 hours of credit.

Mr. Misenhimer: What subject did you get these credits in?

Mr. Good: We took some science, math, and I can't recall the other subjects.

Mr. Misenhimer: Did you do any flying at that point?

Mr. Good: Yes, before we left there, they took everybody out and gave them about 3 hours flying with a pilot in a Piper Cub.

Mr. Misenhimer: That was the only flight instruction you had up to that point?

Mr. Good: Right. It wasn't really instructions so much as just the experience more than anything.

Mr. Misenhimer: Just an orientation sort of thing.

Mr. Good: Yeah, just to get your reaction to it. To see if you get air-sick, you know.

Mr. Misenhimer: At Michigan State, what did you live in while there?

Mr. Good: We lived in the dorms. Nice dorms.

Mr. Misenhimer: About how many G.I.s, soldiers, would have been there?

Mr. Good: I'd say around 300. I think there were 2 classes of about 150 each. We had a pretty good sized group. This is memory, you know, and I could be wrong; but I think there were about 150 in our group in our class, and I think the other class was the same.

Mr. Misenhimer: Did most of them finish or did quite a few drop out there?

Mr. Good: Most of them finished. Oh yeah, hardly any dropped out there.

Mr. Misenhimer: Now when you first went in what was your pay, do you recall?

Mr. Good: Let me see, I think it was \$75 a month, I'm not sure.

Mr. Misenhimer: Could it have been \$21 a month.

Mr. Good: Gosh, I don't know. It might have been. I'm not sure.

Mr. Misenhimer: As an Aviation Air Cadet, what uniform did you wear there?

Mr. Good: It was a little dressier than the uniform that you wore in the regular army, but very similar. In the summer time we wore khaki, khaki shirts and ties, and khaki pants.

Mr. Misenhimer: In the winter time did you wear the O.D. wool, olive drab uniform or did you have something different?

Mr. Good: Well, I was there in the summer, and when I actually got into the Cadets; this was Pre Cadet training, then they issued the whole set of uniforms, both the olive and the summer set.

Mr. Misenhimer: When you left Michigan State, where did you go?

Mr. Good: San Antonio Texas.

Mr. Misenhimer: Which field, do you recall?

Mr. It might have been Kelly, I'm not sure. What we did there was took a lot of tests and they classified us for either flight training, or navigation training, or bombardier training, or washed you out. There were a few that got washed out, not many, but a few. They gave a lot of tests, aptitude tests or whatever.

Mr. Misenhimer: OK What did you come out of this with?

Mr. Good: I got pilot training; but then after that classification we had 7 or 8 weeks of ground school. We studied planes & ships of our country, and enemies to identify them. And then, we had some map courses. We had a navigation course, and we had a course in weather, meteorology.

Mr. Misenhimer: How long were you there then?

Mr. Good: Maybe nine weeks, I'm not sure.

Mr. Misenhimer: You lived in a barracks there also, right?

Mr. Good: Yes.

Mr. Misenhimer: This was an established air field, as I recall. Did you do any flying at all there?

Mr. Good: No. It was all ground school and a Lot of calisthenics. It was calisthenics twice a day. They kept us so busy that I didn't hardly have time to eat when it came breakfast time. When I left there I weighed the most I had ever weighted before or since. But my size was still just about the same. I was pretty tough.

Mr. Misenhimer: What did you weigh?

Mr. Good: Over 165 lbs. and I'm only 5' 6" tall. We were really in good condition when we left.

Mr. Misenhimer: Did you have a lot of inspections?

Mr. Good: Not too many, right there.

Mr. Misenhimer: How about parades, did you do any parades there?

Mr. Good: No, I don't remember doing any parades there. We did a lot of marching, going to school and calisthenics, and cross country running.

Mr. Misenhimer: Now your classes, how many, what time of day did they start classes, and how long did they last?

Mr. Good: Oh my, let's see. We got up before daylight. I imagine we were in class by seven thirty.



I think we got out about noon, and then we had drilling, calisthenics, and cross country, that sort of thing.

Mr. Misenhimer: So the classes were basically in the morning then?

Mr. Good: Yes.

Mr. Misenhimer: OK is there anything else you recall from your time there?

Mr. Good: Well, I can't think of anything.

Mr. Misenhimer: Any funny things happen there, or humorous

Mr. Good: I can't think of it, now.

Mr. Misenhimer: OK. When you left San Antonio, where did you go then?

Mr. Good: Went to Corsicana, Texas. A little town about 50 miles south of Dallas. It was called Primary Training

Mr. Misenhimer: Tell us about that.

Mr. Good: Then is when I started flying a bigger plane called the PT 19 open cockpit, 2 place low wing.

Mr. Misenhimer: All metal?

Mr. Good: Yeah.

Mr. Misenhimer: Was that a Vultee? Was it a Fairchild?

Mr. Good: No, it was 175 hp, but I don't think it was a Fairchild, it might have been.

Mr. Misenhimer: But the low wing, open cockpit, two cockpits?

Mr. Good: Yeah, it had 175hp, air cooled engine. The instructors were mostly civilians.

There were some air force officers, flyers, there too. They would give the tests, but I think most all of the instructors were civilians.

Mr. Misenhimer: Tell me about that training there.

Mr. Good: Well, again, we had about ½ day of ground school, continuing some of the things that we had done before. Then the other half we were on the flight line, and we had calisthenics every day. We had about 6 or 7 assigned to one instructor, and he would take us up one at a time. We'd wait our turn. It was interesting the first time he took me up. He was in the front seat, I'm in the back seat, and I'm really thrilled. He had a tube that he could talk to me through. He talked into a little mouth piece and then a rubber tube fed back to my head set. He said something about one of the maneuvers and wanted to know if I was ready. I gave him the high sign, Oh yeah. I suddenly realized I hadn't buckled my seat belt. By the time I got that thing buckled he had that plane upside down. That was a thrill.

Mr. Misenhimer: Yeah, right. Was that your first flight?

Mr. Good: Yes. After about 8 hours of flying with him, he'd turn us loose if he thought we were ready to solo. Take off, circle the field, and land. Take off, circle the field, and land. Solo flights.

Mr. Misenhimer: What was it like to solo?

Mr. Good: Well, it was pretty thrilling; but man, you're up there all by yourself, and flying through the air. Then, after a week or so of that experience we were allowed to take off from the field and fly out a ways, do some maneuvers, not loops, I don't remember what they called them Right turns or whatever. I was out there the first time and along comes a fly boy in a AT6 and he's doing all kinds of maneuvers, rolls, and snap rolls and I'm really watching him put on a show. I'm just sitting there flying along watching. It was kind of a dull day and I hadn't really thought about the fact that I wasn't standing still. I was moving! I decided that I had better get back to the field. Hell, I didn't know where it was. So I flew close to the ground along a highway to catch a sign going into town so I could get my orientation. I flew into the edge of Dallas, the air port there. I didn't know where it was. I saw a little landing strip there so I landed. I was really supposed, when something like this happened, to call your field and they'd send somebody to come

get you. I didn't want to do that because I was afraid I'd get kicked out of Cadets. So, there was just one guy at this little air strip and he saw my situation, he understood it. He sat there awhile and he said, "how much gas you got?" I says, "Oh, about a half of tank" He says, "That ought to get you back to Corsicana, do you know how to get there now?" I says, "Yeah, I know where I am. I'll just follow the highway." "Well, come on, now, I'll give you a crank." So he cranks up the plane so I could take off. I flew back to the base. My instructor says, "Where you been, Good. Kind of late getting back." "Well, I sort of got lost up there and had a little trouble finding my way back " That's all I told him. I didn't tell him that I had landed. On the last day of our stay there though, the instructor invited 6 of us to his house for a spaghetti supper with him and his wife. We were relating our experiences, you know, and celebrating a little bit. Then I told him that I had landed. He said, "I'm not surprised." That was a thrill there.

Mr. Misenhimer: How long were you there at Corsicana?

Mr. Good: I think I stayed for about nine weeks.

Mr. Misenhimer: Where did you go from there?

Mr. Good: We went to Greenville, Texas, which is about 50 miles east of Dallas.

Mr. Misenhimer: Was that for basic training?

Mr. Good: Basic training, the BT13 which is a 450 hp, two place, closed cockpit, low wing, metal plane.

Mr. Misenhimer: Now, which one do they call the Vultee Vibrator, do you know?

Mr. Good: No, we didn't have any of those in the Air Corps, I don't think. I'm not sure, but I think the Vultees were with the Navy. I never was around any.

Mr. Misenhimer: Do you know what kind of plane the B13 was?

Mr. Good: Well, ah, I'm not sure. It might have been North American made.

Mr. Misenhimer: OK that's fine. It's still a fixed gear, is that right?

Mr. Good: Yes, it is a fixed gear.

Mr. Well, tell me about your experiences there.

Mr. Good: Well, we did about the same things, had a little orientation with our instructors, then took off, did our flying, and then we did some instrument flying. We had a Link Trainer set up on the ground and then we got into the cockpit. In the back of the cockpit was a hood over us, and we had the instructor in the front seat. He'd turn it over to us and we'd fly on instruments while he observed. Later on the instructor would say to two cadets, "you fly instruments, and you fly observer", two cadets. One of the things I did there was a little bit thrilling. I was flying observer. The man that was flying the instruments was doing fine. All of a sudden, he called me and said, "you know, I'm up to the limit that I'm supposed fly in a day's time, I've already had some flying time, and I've got to get back to base right away. We high-tailed it to the base and I made a pretty small pattern; came in kind of high, put the plane into a kind of a slip, dropped pretty fast, and had a pretty hard landing. But we got back. Then, also, when were at Greenville, we usually had the week end off. There were 3 or 4 of us got together and tried to get into Dallas. Of course, we met some gals in there, had dates with them, and whatever. One of the gal's family was having a weeks vacation at a nearby lake. I looked that lake up on a map. One day when I was out solo flying, I flew over that lake and found them. I buzzed them. I mean, I buzzed them pretty good, until I saw the instructor's plane coming toward me. It had red markings on it. Then I high-tailed it, climbed up into the clouds, and got away from him before he could see my number. That was another slip, almost.

Mr. Misenhimer: Yeah, right. Your instructors, were they military?

Mr. Good: Right.

Mr. Misenhimer: Were the instructors at either place very rough on you?

Mr. Good: No, not really. If you tried to do what they told you, they worked with you pretty good. Once in a while you'd get a "Check Pilot" instructor that could be kind of nasty. He'd just be critical of very little things and try to beat you down a little bit. Otherwise they'd just treat you very well.

Mr. Misenhimer: Now, these planes, did they have two way radios in them so that you could radio back to the base?

Mr. Good: You know, I don't think so.

Mr. Misenhimer: I didn't think they did either. When you were coming in to land, did they give you a green light or a red light, possibly from the ground?

Mr. Good: I don't remember, but I don't think so. I think you just got into the traffic pattern and I don't remember any lights of that nature.

Mr. Alright, well, what are some other things that happened there at Greenville?

Mr. Good: Well, that's about all that I can remember.

Mr. Misenhimer: Then where did you go from there?

Mr. Good: I went back to Corsicana After Greenville, which is Basic Training, they divided the pilots up into two groups of single engine training and the other group into multiple engine training. Some of the guys got assigned to a field where they trained with multiple engine flights, and others with the single engines. They asked you what your preference was, but that didn't necessarily mean that's what you got. The littlest guy in our outfit, he was even smaller than I was, a nice kid, he so badly wanted to be in a fighter plane; but they sent him to the multiple engines. He was pretty disappointed but I was lucky. I asked for fighters and that is what I got. We went to Corsicana.

Mr. Misenhimer: Back to Corsicana. You'd been to Corsicana once already, right?

Mr. Good: No, no, the basic is where they divided us.

Mr. Misenhimer: Where did you take your primary?

Mr. Good: Oh, I'm sorry. I gave you the wrong towns here. Corsicana was the Primary, Greenville was the Basic. Victoria Field was the Advanced. That's where we went after Basic. But you know Aloe Field was the name of it at that time at Victoria, Texas. We had the AT6 there. That's a 600 hp, 2 place, closed cockpit and looks just like the PT13 except that they have retractable landing gear, and a bigger engine.

Mr. Misenhimer: OK. What all happened there?

Mr. Good: That AT6 is a really fun plane to fly. You can do all kinds of performances there, which we did, including some formation flying. We started some formation flying. We did some imitation "dog fighting", we got gunnery practice, both aerial and air to ground firing the plane. That was really a fun place to be.

Mr. Misenhimer: Now, this gunnery practice, was that around Victoria there?

Mr. Good: Yeah, Aloe Field was at Victoria.

Mr. Misenhimer: OK. I didn't know if you had to go some place else for a range or if you could do it there.

Mr. Good: Oh, now, on the gunnery air to ground we went to Matagorda Island and we had a landing strip out there. We'd fly out there and we could take off and land from that landing strip, shooting at an area of marsh land, you know.

Mr. Misenhimer: How about the aerial gunnery?

Mr. Good: Well now, that was from Victoria Field, Aloe Field. We had a plane that would tow a target, and we had a one 30 caliber gun in the wing of that AT6. So we would fly by and shoot at that aerial target.

Mr. Misenhimer: They were pulling a sleeve, right?

Mr. Good: Yeah.

Mr. Misenhimer: So now, in your aerial gunnery you were shooting at sleeves and you had one 30 caliber in your wing. How did they know who shot the sleeve. Did they have a way of marking the bullets or something?

Mr. Good: Yeah, I think they had some color on the bullets. They'd bring the sleeve in and if it had some blue on it, you hit it if your color was blue.

Mr. Misenhimer: When you were doing the aerial gunnery, it would be around Aloe Field there some place, right?

Mr. Good: right.

Mr. Misenhimer: I'm wondering where the spent bullets landed.

Mr. Good: Oh, well, I really can't tell you. That's where, we were out in the country somewhere, I don't know.

Mr. Misenhimer: Yeah, that's a pretty populated area through there.

Mr. Good: Well, I don't think it was at that time. I think a lot of farms.

Mr. Misenhimer: Yeah, a whole lot of farms around there is what I'm getting at. Anyway, what are some other things that happened there?

Mr. Good: One of the things I just remembered, when we were making runs at a ground target we'd make a dive run at it. The target was in the swamp area, and I kept my dive pretty long one time and pretty low. When I pulled up I was startled by something hitting the windshield of the airplane. When I got back I found out that it was mud. The bullets had kicked it up and I had to fly through it.

Mr. Misenhimer: You were down pretty close then?

Mr. Good: Yeah, I was getting down pretty close. I tell you, though, they had one P40 there and most of us got a few flights in that P40. There was a hurricane warning came up and they decided

Mr. Misenhimer: OK. But your pay was the same?

Mr. Good: Yeah.

Mr. Misenhimer: What insignia did you wear as a Flight Officer?

Mr. Good: The Flight Officer had a bar with a blue stripe across the middle of it.

Mr. Misenhimer: With a gold bar?

Mr. Good: Yeah..

Mr. Misenhimer: A Second Lieutenant was a gold bar.

Mr. Good: Yeah, and maybe the Flight Officers bar was also trimmed in blue along the edges. I think it was kind of rounded edges. They were the same size as the Second Lieutenant bar.

Mr. Misenhimer: You don't know what basis they used to decide who was what, huh?

Mr. Good: Well, I suspected that the basis had to do with the demerits that you got, your flight training, I'm sure. Also the scores that you made in the different tests and ratings by pilots, I don't know. Mainly, I think it had to do with how much trouble you didn't get into while you were a Cadet. You know, if you get out of line a little bit, you get demerits, and you had to march for an hour or two or five around the tennis courts. I had a few of those.

Mr. Misenhimer: Did you get any passes to go into Victoria?

Mr. Good: Yes, yes, yes, we had passes, I think about every Saturday afternoon and Sunday.

Mr. Misenhimer: Were the people there friendly to you?

Mr. Good: Oh, yeah. They were friendly all over.

Mr. Misenhimer: Anything else you recall from your time there at Halo Field?

Mr. Good: It's not Halo, it's Aloe.

Mr. Misenhimer: Well, good. I'm glad you corrected me on that. I'm glad to get that straightened out.

Mr. Good: I think they closed it after the war.



Mr. Misenhimer: It's still there and they use it for the National Guard and that sort of thing.

Mr. Good: Yeah, they turned a lot of those over to the National Guard.

Mr. Misenhimer: Alright, did anything else happen there?

Mr. Good; That's about the size of it, I think.      (Side 2)

Mr. Misenhimer: OK. Now, when you got your wings, was there any kind of ceremony?

Mr. Good: Very brief, yeah

Mr. Misenhimer: Did any family, or anyone, come down for that?

Mr. Good: No.

Mr. Misenhimer: Alright. Now, when you were there in Advanced Training, did you have any inspections or parades there?

Mr. Good: I don't remember that we did. I had quite a bit of that until I got into Basic Training. It seems like that when I got into Basic Training, they let up on that quite a bit.

Mr. Misenhimer: So after you got your wings then what happened?

Mr. Good: We got a furlough; and on my way home, I stopped at Ft. Knox to see my brother, Darl. He was packing up and shipping out the next day to go overseas. I didn't know that at the time. I spent the night there with him and the house was just bare. They slept on the floor and they had moved everything out, wife & child back up to Logansport.

Mr. Misenhimer: So was this the first leave you had?

Mr. Good: Actually, the first leave. I think it was about 10 days and then I had to report to Valdosta, Georgia. There wasn't anything for us to do at Valdosta, Georgia but just sit and wait, so we waited for 2 or 3 weeks; and then they moved us down to Tallahassee for another couple of weeks, and then on to Perry, Florida. Perry is about 50 miles southeast of Tallahassee. It's a small town and that's where I remained for about 3 months flying P40s. I got 250 hours of flying time in P40s.

Mr. Misenhimer: This is strictly practice, is that right?

Mr. Good: Yeah, again, quite a bit of gunnery, aerial, air to ground and quite a lot of formation flying. While I was there, I suppose I had about 100 hours in, I packed cracked up a P40 on a landing.

Mr. Mienhimer: Oh, oh, how did that happen?

Mr. Good: We were out with the instructor who was a Captain that had been over in Italy & Sicily. He was a real war veteran. I think there were five of us including him. We came over the field to land flying in formation (echelon), and peeled off one by one doing what they call a 360 overhead landing pattern. He was a hot shot pilot if there ever was one. He never talked much, but when he flew that plane, you knew he was in charge. He makes a real tight landing pattern and is down in just a minute, you know. The landing strip is fairly wide, so we are to land; the first plane lands on the right hand side of the runway, the second plane behind him is to land on the left hand side of the runway, and right on down the line. This is to avoid the prop wash from the plane ahead of you. We were landing that fast, bang, bang, bang, one after another coming in. I was the 3d or 4<sup>th</sup> plane, coming in on the left hand side of the runway. I was just about 10 feet off the ground coming in, when a little prop wash made my left wing drop. I was able to straighten it up but it pulled me off line of the runway. I gave it the gun to take off and go around to make another landing pattern. By that time I kind of headed for the trees that are a little off the landing strip; and of course, I pulled the landing gear up. On the P40 they have a heck of a torque, and they pull to the left when you throw on the power. This made it more difficult for me to move that thing to the right to get in line with the landing strip and trees. I sort of headed for those trees and they are looking close. I tried to nurse this plane to get off the ground a little higher to clear those trees; but I nursed it too much, stalled out, and hit the ground. But I was lucky. It dug it's nose into the ground, and stood on it's nose, they tell me, for a few seconds; and then fell back down. I got a little bump on the head;

because it stretched me out on my seat belt enough that when the canopy slammed shut it grazed the top of my head. Thankfully, I had my shoulder harness on. That kept me from hitting my head on the gun sights in front of me. I was in the hospital over night. So, they had a hearing a few days later. My captain had very little to say, usually. They asked him about one question. He said, "well, he's one of my better pilots." That's all he said. So, that was the end of that. It wasn't too long after that, probably three weeks or so, this captain says, "come on, you go with me" "So, where are we going?" "Well," he says, "I'm going to Tallahassee and I'm going to Valdosta" So he takes his plane and I'm in my plane, and we take off going to Tallahassee. We're flying along, I'm flying on his wing behind him, when he flutters his aileron indicating 'pay attention'. He does a slow roll, and so I'm doing a slow roll on his wing. That was the first and only time I ever did a roll over in formation. Just for the heck of it, he did it. Never said a word about it before or afterwards. He never talked, but was quite a guy.

Mr. Misenhimer: What did you all do in Tallahassee?

Mr. Good: Oh, he had some paper work or business of some sort. He never shared that information with me. I don't know what it was. We landed there. He went into the office. We were there a little while and he says, "OK, let's go" We flew up to Valdosta the same thing. I don't know if he was carrying some documents or what he was doing.

Mr. Misenhimer: Was this a one day trip, so you got back in the same day?

Mr. Good: Oh, yeah. Just a one day trip. They aren't very far apart, about 50 miles to Tallahassee and maybe 75 miles to Valdosta.

Mr. Misenhimer: Let me back up now, the plane that you had that little crack up with. How badly was the plane hurt?

Mr. Good: It was demolished. They never repaired that one. I broke the front end when it rammed into the ground, and tore up all the under carriage.

Mr. Misenhimer: Another question that I didn't get answered, was what was the date that you got your wings, do you remember roughly?

Mr. Good: August of '44. Class 44 G

Mr. Misenhimer: The 3d of July, then. OK. What other things happened?

Mr. Good: Stayed in Florida.

Mr. Misenhimer: And when did you leave there, and where did you go?

Mr. Good: I think it was the latter part of May, I got another leave and reported back to Miami Beach. There were 24 of us got on what was called a C54 passenger plane. The Air Force had taken over from some civilian air line company. There were 48 seats in that plane. It is a 4 engine, and we flew from Miami to Bermuda. I don't know why we stopped, maybe to get gas. From Bermuda we went to the Azores and stopped there. Then from the Azores we went to Casablanca. An incident in the middle of the night, the plane started descending, coming down low over the water. We got the information later that they were looking for a ship that had been sunk or a plane that had been downed in that area. They were looking for survivors. We never did see anything. We went on to Casablanca then and got there about daylight, I think. We stayed there on the ground a few hours and then got on board a C46, which is a two engine plane with buckets seats. The C54 also had plush seats. We flew from Casablanca to Tripoli, that's in Northern Africa, Libya, I think. We stopped there for fuel. There was a large metal hanger at that field. That's one of the things I remember. It was just full of bullet holes, I mean, it was just a mess. I went around on the back side and a whole bunch of US GIs had signed their names and addresses. I found one from Winamac, Indiana.

Mr. Misenhimer: Oh, and who was that?

Mr. Good: Loren Markley. Did you know him?

Mr. Misenhimer: I knew the name, I know who he is, but

Mr. Good: He's been dead quite a few years. Then we flew on to Cairo. I think we were at Cairo about 36 hours. I know I and another kid went into town and road a rickshaw, went into several shops. They had some pretty nice stores. Also, we looked into a couple of churches, or mosques, big, big, fancy churches, no seats or pews. It looked like gold plated up there on the ceiling, really fancy. Then we left Cairo late in the day and flew to Baghdad. I think it was around midnight when we got into Baghdad. We stepped off the plane and, gosh, the sand was hot. This would have been in May of '45. Then we flew on to Karachi, which was Karachi, India at that time. Now it is Karachi, Pakistan. Karachi was the big base, a base that was used by the British, Australians, Americans, going and coming from all areas in the CBI, Burma, China. This is the stop over base. It was huge. It was kind of interesting, that after being there a week or two; I was called upon to be Officer of the Day. Well, how do I know what to do. I got a little bit of instructions, and I got assigned to an Indian driver. He's driving this, I don't know what they call it, a 4x4? It's about twice the size of a Jeep.

Mr. Misenhimer: A Command Car, I think they called it.

Mr. Good: Something like that. They issued me a .45 revolver, a Colt, strap it on. This driver that takes me to all the places I'm supposed to go and inspect, all over that base. One of the last places we came to, about 2 o'clock in the morning, I think. I know, it was late. It was a Chinese restaurant, on the base, operated by the Chinese. So I go through the kitchen, look at everything and see how clean it was or dirty, make a report on it, go back out, and sit down. They ordered me a dinner. That was my first experience eating Chinese food. I really like Chinese food. But I didn't

necessarily at that time. It was Egg Foo Yung, or something like that. I don't remember exactly what I had, but that was an interesting experience, anyway.

Mr. Misenhimer: Were you still a Flight Officer, or had you become a Lieutenant?

Mr. Good: Oh yeah, I was still a Flight Officer.

Mr. Misenhimer: OK, and then what?

Mr. Good: Well, while we were at Karachi we were supposed to get introduced to the P51. They had some old P51s there and so we each got our plane to fly. We were to get at least 50 hours of flying time in the P51, which included a little bit of gunnery, not much. We were supposed to go out and shoot something. One of the things while I was out there, I saw this little clump of trees out there and it's kind of desert out there. It was just bare out there in the country around Karachi.

Here's this isolated bush, or tree. I thought, hell, I'll take a dive at that and shoot. Well, I did, and, lo and behold, a bunch of goats and a goat herder came out from beneath that tree. It makes you think twice. Wow! At least he was still on his feet. I didn't hit him.

Mr. Misenhimer: How was the P51 to fly compared to the P40?

Mr. Good: Oh, much superior, much more fun. It was more maneuverable and more powerful. I and one of the other guys were supposed to take a cross country during our stay there, you know, flying at low level. We went out kind of got together on it, and played tag a little bit. We were a little mischievous. We saw some Indians on the river, a big broad river there, in their boat. We dived down pretty close to them. Some of them got scared and jumped out of their boats into the water. Some little nasty tricks that a 20 year old would do as a kid. We were there, it seemed like quite a while, but it was probably only about 4 or 5 weeks. We organized a soft ball team. There were other soft ball teams on the field, so we had some scheduled games. We had a pretty good soft ball team. One day the Air Force flew in some base ball players, so they had that Recreation Department, or whatever they called it, all they did was play. There were some semi- professional

people. Anyway, they wanted a game; and so we switched, and played a base ball game with them. I think we played two games, and almost beat them. We had a pretty good team. That was a big field, and the way we got around there was on bicycles. We leased the bicycles. I don't remember how much it cost, but it wasn't very much. They were very simple bicycles but they worked. That's the way we got around on that field.

Mr. Misenhimer: And then what happened?

Mr. Good: Then, while we were there, I and another guy met a couple of American nurses. We decided that we would take a sail boat ride. We chartered the sail boat and I think that boat must have been about 50 feet long. It had 5 people on it to run it. We sailed out there into the bay. It was kind of interesting. It didn't cost us a heck of a lot. At that time, a little bit of money went a long way for those people over there. They'd do about anything to get a quarter. Then we were loaded up into a C47 & flown to a landing strip on the north east border of India, an area called the Assam Valley. We spent the night there. This is jungle area with high humidity, & mosquitoes. We slept under mosquito netting there, I'll tell you. Then the next morning we boarded a C46 to fly over the Hump. They called it "The Hump". It was mountains and it was mean. Bam! Guys usually painted something on their planes that they were assigned to, some name, or some picture, or something. On this particular plane, there was painted 'Assam Dragon'. I thought that was kind of clever. Then we went close up to Kunming. We were there about 3 days. I met a guy there that I was in San Antonio with, but we had gotten separated. Old O. H. Dean. He had gotten into multiple engines and he was flying transports over the Hump. I spent an evening with him, then we flew on up north to Chengtu , China. This is the base headquarters of the 311<sup>th</sup> Fighter Group of the 14<sup>th</sup> Air Force.

Mr. Misenhimer: What fighter group, I'm sorry?

Mr. Good: The 311<sup>th</sup> Fighter Group of the 14<sup>th</sup> Air Force.

Mr. Misenhimer: The name of that town, now, how do you spell the name of that town?

Mr. Good: Chengtu. That's the way it was spelled at that time, and I think it's still there.

Mr. Misenhimer: Chengtu, OK.

Mr. Good: That was the base headquarters for that fighter group. We spent a little time there, not too long, and then they flew us up farther north to a town by the name of Sian I spelled it Sian. That has been changed. I know that name is not up there anymore. That was the farthest north base that the Air Force had in China. That was the 528<sup>th</sup> Fighter Squadron that I was assigned to there. Of course, by the time I got up there, the war was winding down, with Japan. They were getting cornered. We didn't get all the news, and didn't know what all was going on. In fact, I didn't know until years later that they had some B29s up there at Chengtu, before I went up there, but they had removed them. The earlier plans were to bomb from Chengtu, China to Japan, but they changed their minds on that, some place along the line. But everything had to be flown in over the Hump. Everything! That's why we didn't have beer.

Mr. Misenhimer: Yeah, right. That was one of the things that was a problem to try to bomb from China .

Mr. Good: Right. Our gasoline had to be flown up there, so they were really skimping on flights.

Mr. Misenhimer: Right. So then what happened?

Mr. Good: The assignment of our Squadron at that time was to interfere with Japanese supply routes to South China, and Burma. There was still some things going on down there, but that also was starting to dry up. At the time I got there, our fighter planes were still going out and catching some supply trains going south. They would try to blow them up, blow up the bridges, mess up the railroad yards, stop them from getting supplies down to their troops. They had been quite successful. Actually they had it about all done before I got there. I was assigned one combat



mission. That was a flight of four P51s with (oh I don't remember) 250 lb. bombs, something like that, and we were to bomb railroad yards, to obstruct transportation for them,

We were to pick them up over the target at 10,000 ft. There was quite a bit of ack-ack popping around us. They were ready for us. They were shooting for us. Then we one by one peeled off and made our dive runs. I bombed a railroad yards, shot our machine gun as we went through, and got the hell out of there. The whole deal took about 3 ½ hours for our 15 minutes of fight. That was my one and only combat mission.

Mr.Misenhimer: So, were any of your planes hit on that run?

Mr. Good: No. No. Prior to that we had lost a plane a couple of weeks before that. A plane got hit and the pilot had bailed out. They brought him back. They told a story up there: During the briefing they showed us on a map the areas where these Communists had taken over control in China and the areas where they weren't. They said if you get in trouble, if you can, get to the area where the Communists are in control. They'll take care of you better. The Nationalists had, in the past a time or two, tried to hold pilots for ransom. And also hadn't treated the downed pilots very good. They had some minor injuries, you know, parachuting out of the plane. They just weren't very nice to them, the Nationalists. The Nationalists were under Chiang Kai-shek supposed- ly; but, of course, Chiang Kai-shek didn't have much control over all that armies because they were War Lords that were working for him for the money. The money they were getting out of Washington. I thought that was of interest though. The Communists were really a lot more loyal to our cause. They wanted the Japs out of there and they were on our side to help us get them out of there. On one occasion they radioed in and said we have 3 of your downed pilots, and we'll meet you at such and such air strip. They identified it, and you can come and get them. Now what they did was chase the Japs off of that air strip; and held them off the air strip long enough for a C47 to fly in there, land, pick up the pilots, and take off, and get out. Then the Communists turned it back over to the Japs.

Mr. Misenhimer: (Laughing.) That's interesting.

Mr. Good: I had a couple other interesting flights while there. Prior to my one combat flight, they gave me the assignment to fly some papers down to the base Headquarters; and also, then to take some papers over to another base. It was farther south, and I can't remember the name of that base. I was the lone pilot taking off from Chengtu and then from there to this other base. And from this other base when I took off it was a very cloudy day. I was kind of debating about the weather, but finally decided it wasn't all that bad and had about a 1000 foot ceiling, I suppose. I took off, flew up through the clouds, and got above the clouds at about 10,000. They had a radio system, a beam that I could get on, tune into; and that would direct me right to the field where I wanted to go. So, I tuned that in & I'm listening to that, flying along, watching my watch. Timing it according to distance and time together, and pretty soon the beeper gave the signal that I'm there. I turned the old plane up on it's side so I could see down underneath me, and there was a hole in the clouds. I could see the runway. I was right over it. Funny feeling, here in the middle of China, you know, Whoa! That was interesting, and a challenge.

Mr. Misenhimer: Yeah, it was, right.

Mr. Good: Then, about a week after Japan surrendered, I got this assignment with another pilot to check to see if the Japanese were truly following their word. That they weren't moving troops, and supplies and whatever, and getting ready to ambush you.

Mr. Misenhimer: So, this was after the surrender, now?

Mr. Good: Yeah, so they put 110 gal. wing tank under the tip of each wing of the P51. We took off and I just had gotten airborne and found that my prop adjustment would not function. I was flying with the prop taking a real small cut in the air (I can't even remember the terms anymore). I got airspeed to about 150 mph and the engine was set right next to red line as far as rpm goes. So, I made a wide circle and landed. With those wing tanks on, I didn't know at what speed it would

stall. I made a pretty hot landing and rode the brakes pretty good until I got to the end of the runway. That was aborted then, so the next day we tried it again. We did take off and we flew up over Peking, which is Beijing now, and saw the Great Wall of China. That is quite a picture from 10,000 up. I saw one Japanese transport plane but it had a blue cross on it. It was not military. That flight took a little over 6 hours. If you ever sit in the cockpit of a P51 for 6 hours, it takes you about 10 minutes before you can get out.

Mr. Misenhime: Oh, I can imagine, yeah.

Mr. Good: You don't move around in that cockpit. It's just, you get stiff! That was a nice experience that I had. I had a lot of nice experiences! I was just so lucky, it seemed to me. I got to do the thing I wanted to do, and no serious problems or close calls. It was exciting. So then, General Chennault, who was in charge of the 14<sup>th</sup> Air Force was relieved of his duties. The brass back in Washington never liked Chennault. He got along good with President Roosevelt; but, you may have read some things about him. He was a maverick and had his own ways. There was a little battle between him and some of the other Generals. They finally got him. He got fired, you might say, replaced. I can't remember who his replacement was; but, before he went home he made the rounds of his bases. He came up to Sian, our base, and he had his helpers, or what ever you call them. He walked down there and I was able to get around in front and got a snap shot of him. So that was kind of a feather in my hat, I thought.

Mr. Misenhimer: What was his name again?

Mr. Good: Claire Chennault

Mr. Misenhimer: Oh, Claire Chennault, ok. I thought you were talking about another general, but it was General Chennault, OK. Yeah, he and Chiang Kai-shek were working together to start with and then they got cross ways.

Mr. Good: Actually, he worked for Chiang Kai-shek before he ever went back into active duty.

Mr. Misenhimer: Yes, before the war, really.

Mr. Good: Yeah, he was one of the "Flying Tigers". He had contacts. Chennault was head of China's air force.

Mr. Misenhimer: Right. And then what?

Mr. Good: Well, then we packed up and they flew us back to Calcutta in a C47 Transport. We made three brief stops enroute to Calcutta. We stayed in a tent camp a couple of miles out of town. Calcutta was pretty dirty. Many homeless people sleeping on the streets. Rats run rampant at night. Frequently a cow would walk thru town. I don't know, it wasn't a very pretty sight. In spite of this they had a nice big hotel. It was as good as any in the States. They said the same about in Cheangtu, China. That city at that time had a population about the same as Indianapolis.

They said that there was maybe one or two real doctors in that city. Peoples houses didn't have floors in them for the most part. They had a little plot where they'd raise rice, and some pigs.

They'd take the pigs to market and I have a picture of myself with a wheelbarrow with a porker on it. A 250 lb. porker upside down, very much alive. That's the way he took him to market. I know those guys were 15 - 20 miles out of town and take it to market in that that wheelbarrow. There was a little water along the way and they'd stop every now and then, dip their straw hat into the water, and then sprinkle it over the pig to keep it cool. They tied little branches over the top of it to keep it shady. We visited a rice mill built over a stream. People would bring their sacks of rice in and the guy would grind it for them. In order to get there, it was a path, we drove within maybe a ¼ of a mile of it and then had to walk because it was just a one way path. With that wheelbarrow, they would walk it. In town meat hanging on the street, you know. Buy a piece of meat, put it on the end of a stick and brought it down the street with flies hanging thick on it. Besides that I went into a jewelry store there that was an eye opener. I hadn't been around a lot myself. It was really up-to-date. They had everything. So, there was a little bit of the rich and a lot of the poor. We

spent a couple of weeks in Calcutta and then we boarded the ship. It was a small ship, I guess, as ships go. I don't know a lot about ships, but his was a Merchant Marine operated vessel. It's name was the U.S.S. Angel. They said that it had a brother ship called the U.S.S. Devil, but as I remember, there were 2800 of us that boarded that ship in Calcutta. We sailed south out from Calcutta, thru the bay of Bengal, the Strait of Malacca out of Singapore and north into the South China Sea. Around Singapore we saw many ships sticking out of the water that had been sunk. Then there were a few days going up to the South China Sea, the weather was warm, with no wind or clouds. We took our blankets up on the deck and slept on the deck of the ship. The water was so smooth out there that you would see flying fish flying out of the water. And the porpoises swimming along jump out of the water. Occasionally, we'd see a whale off in the distance spouting his water. That went real good. Then we got a little farther up north and we were sleeping down below because it got cooler. One morning about 6 o'clock in the morning, I suppose, a bunch of us got awakened by a big bang and ka-pow! We must have run into something. We jumped up, got our clothes on and ran up on top deck. It was storming to beat hell. The ship was tossing & it was blowing. We really had to hang on up there. We found out that the big bang we heard was that front end of the ship had come up out of the water. When it came back down into the water it made a big bang. They had to cut the power back to about half power for the next 6 hours or so, to get through that storm. Anyway, after being on the ship for 28 days we finally got to Tacoma, WA.

Mr. Misenhimer: Now, on that ship coming back, was there much sea sickness?

Mr. Good: I didn't see it if there was.

Mr. Misenhimer: Had you gotten to be a Second Lieutenant yet?

Mr. Good: Nope, never did.

Mr. Misenhimer: Did you have a room on that ship. What was your accommodations on the ship?

Mr. Good: No, I didn't have a room. We had some pretty good quarters. We weren't stacked up, you know, like they were down in the hold.

Mr. Misenhimer: For the Enlisted men, right.

Mr. Good: Yeah, we had pretty good quarters. I think there was, I don't know, several of us in the area in cots.

Mr. Misenhimer: Now, was this operated by the U. S. Merchant Marines?

Mr. Good: I think so. That was my understanding.

Mr. Misenhimer: How was the food on that ship?

Mr. Good: I guess it was alright. I can't remember. If it was horrible I probably would have remembered.

Mr. Misenhimer: Do you recall what day you left over there, or when you got into Washington?

Mr. Good: We got into Tacoma, Washington on about the 15<sup>th</sup> of December.

Mr. Misenhimer: OK, so you left over there something like the middle of November, then?

Mr. Good: Yeah. Right.

Mr. Misenhimer: Now, what did you do between the time that the war was over until then?

Mr. Good: Nothing.

Mr. Misenhimer: Did you do any flying or anything?

Mr. Good: Well, let's see, in Calcutta I managed to get in 4 hours of flying time in a B25. I can't say why or how, anymore. I just remember that I got to do that.

Mr. Misenhimer: Had you flown multi engines before?

Mr. Good: No, I was flying Co-pilot.

Mr. Misenhimer: Let me go back and ask some questions: On April 12 of 1945, President Roosevelt died. That was before you went overseas, right?

Mr. Good: I believe so, I think I didn't go over until May.

Mr. Misenhimer: Do you recall hearing about that?

Mr. Good: Yes, I recall.

Mr. Misenhimer: What reaction was there to it?

Mr. Good: Well, we were wondering what would change, what would take place.

Mr. Misenhimer: Then on May 8, of 1945, Germany surrendered. Did you have any kind of celebration then or anything?

Mr. Good: I can't remember that we did.

Mr. Misenhimer: When you all left China, what did you do with your P51s?

Mr. Good: We just left them there. We turned them over to Chiang Kai-shek's outfit.

Mr. Misenhimer: Did you? OK, they didn't destroy them then or anything like that, just gave them to the Chinese.

Mr. Good: No, all the equipment, the trucks and everything, I understand, were given to General Kai-shek

Mr. Misenhimer: Yes, of course, he was fighting the Communists at that time

Mr. Good: Right, he was fighting the Communists. We stayed at Fort Lewis for 2 or 3 days and then put on a troop train for Camp Atterbury and Indianapolis. There I got my discharge and I was home, I think, about the 21<sup>st</sup> of December, just before Christmas.

Mr. Misenhimer: So, you were discharged then. Now, as an officer, were you discharged or just released from active duty, or what?

Mr. Good: I was discharged, but my discharge date was actually January 20 of 1946.

Mr. Misenhimer: Yes, because you had leave time coming and that sort of thing.

Mr. Good: Another little interesting thing that happened. I crossed the International Date Line on Thanksgiving Day. And then we had another Thanksgiving Day.

Mr. Misenhimer: Oh, two of them, eh?

Mr. Good: Yeah

Mr. Misenhimer: You never crossed the Equator, did you?

Mr. Good: Yeah, I think we did, yeah, when we went down around Singapore. I think we crossed the Equator.

Mr. Misenhimer: Did you have any kind of a ceremony then or anything?

Mr. Good: No, they talked about it, but nothing happened.

Mr. Misenhimer: Did you get home with any souvenirs?

Mr. Good: Well, very little. A little silk. I had sent a Jade pin to my mother. That's about all I can think of.

Mr. Misenhimer: Did you ever see any U.S.O. shows anywhere?

Mr. Good: No.

Mr. Misenhimer: Did you have any experience with the Red Cross?

Mr. Good: No.

Mr. Misenhimer: When you were overseas there in China, did you get your mail with any regularity?

Mr. Good: Yeah, it was like once a week. I can't remember, for sure, about that either.

Mr. Misenhimer: Did you get paid when you were over there?

Mr. Good: Yeah.

Mr. Misenhimer: What did you get paid in?

Mr. Good: American money.

Mr. Misenhimer: Did you ever hear Tokyo Rose?

Mr. Good: No.

Mr. Misenhimer: What would you consider your most frightening time?

Mr. Good: Ho, ho, Gosh, that's a good question.



Mr. Misenhimer: When you crashed that P40 up?

Mr. Good: Well, yeah. One time I started to do a barrel roll, or a slow roll, with a P51 when I first started flying them. I got about half way over and I was low to the ground. I thought, oh, oh, I don't think I can make this. I turned her back right side up in a hurry. That was – oh, I could see those trees coming at me pretty fast.

Mr. Misenhimer: What did you think of the Officers that you had over you?

Mr. Good: Fine, basically good. I had no problem.

Mr. Misenhimer: Then, when Japan surrendered on Aug. 15 of '45, any kind of a celebration then?

Mr. Good: Not that I can remember. Nothing very special.

Mr. Misenhimer: Did you hear about them dropping the Atomic Bomb?

Mr. Good: We must have heard about it, of course, but I can't remember for sure.

Mr. Misenhimer: What medals and ribbons did you get?

Mr. Good: Oh, just the Theater of War, Theater Medals, Good Conduct Medal,

Mr. Misenhimer: The Asiatic- Pacific. Did you get any battle stars?

Mr. Good: No.

Mr. Misenhimer: When you got out, did you have any trouble adjusting to civilian life?

Mr. Good: No, not really.

Mr. Misenhimer: Were you married when you got out?

Mr. Good: No, One of the first things I did when I got out was to get my private flying license, and the second thing I did was that I had enlisted in the Reserves. I made a few trips over to Ft. Wayne. That was the closest base, but that was just too far. Soon after that, I resigned. I was a Second Lieutenant in the Reserves, briefly. I gave up flying.

Mr. Misenhimer: Now, to get your private flying license, what did you have to do to get that?

Mr. Good: I went to Indianapolis, to the F.A.A. office and filled out some paper work, gave them

some information about my military. I had papers to show them the hours of flying time, what I flew, and that sort of thing.

Mr. Misenhimer: So you didn't have to take any kind of flying test or anything like that?

Mr. Good: No.

Mr. Misenhimer: How many total hours did you have when you got out, do you know?

Mr. Good: I suppose around 500, probably a little more than that.

Mr. Misenhimer: Did you use your G.I. Bill for anything?

Mr. Good: Yes, I did. Well, at first I thought I was going to be a farmer; and then my friend, who went to college, he kept saying, "you ought to try this, you'll like it". Finally, I thought, well I can try going to college and if I didn't like it, I wouldn't have any investment lost; but if I started farming and didn't like it I would have that investment lost. So, I started college in January of '48 and kept on going. That was on the G.I. Bill, of course. I got married before I started college, and I stayed in college until I got my degree. I graduated from Indiana University with a Masters Degree in social work. Once I started, I couldn't get quit.

Mr. Misenhimer: What year did you graduate there?

Mr. Good: I graduated in May of 1953, with a Masters in social work. I graduated with a Bachelor's degree in '51 from Hanover College down on the Ohio.

Mr. Misenhimer: Have you had any reunions since you've been out?

Mr. Good: No, I never was with a group for very long time at all. I was a replacement pilot. I kept in contact with a couple of people that I was in service with, but that is all.

Mr. Misenhimer: Now, you say you got your private license but gave up flying. Did you do any flying as a private pilot?

Mr. Good: Oh, yeah, I checked out a plane a few times down there at Logansport.

Mr. Misenhimer: Decided it wasn't that much fun, huh?

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Mr. Good: Well, no, and besides that, I got married and we needed the money for other things.

Mr. Misenhimer: Anything else you recall about your time in WWII?

Mr. Good: Not that I can think of. That about covers it.

Mr. Misenhimer: Alright, I want to thank you for your time today in doing this, and I want to thank you for your service to our country.

Mr. Good: You are welcome

Mr. Misenhimer: This is the end of this tape.

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