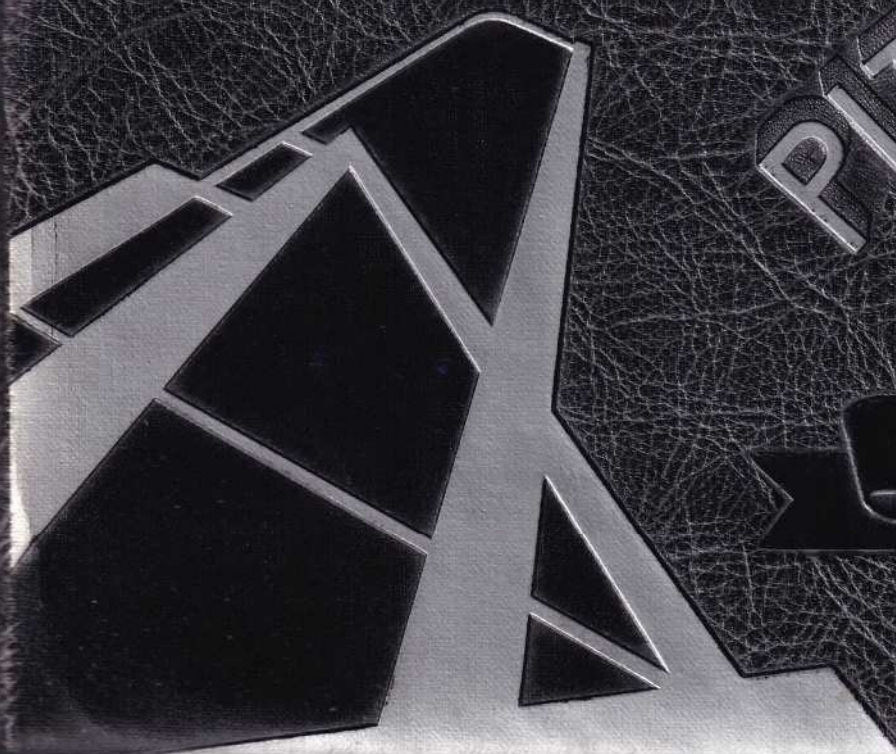


# PITCH-OUT

54-J

SALVATORE J. DIGIORGIO

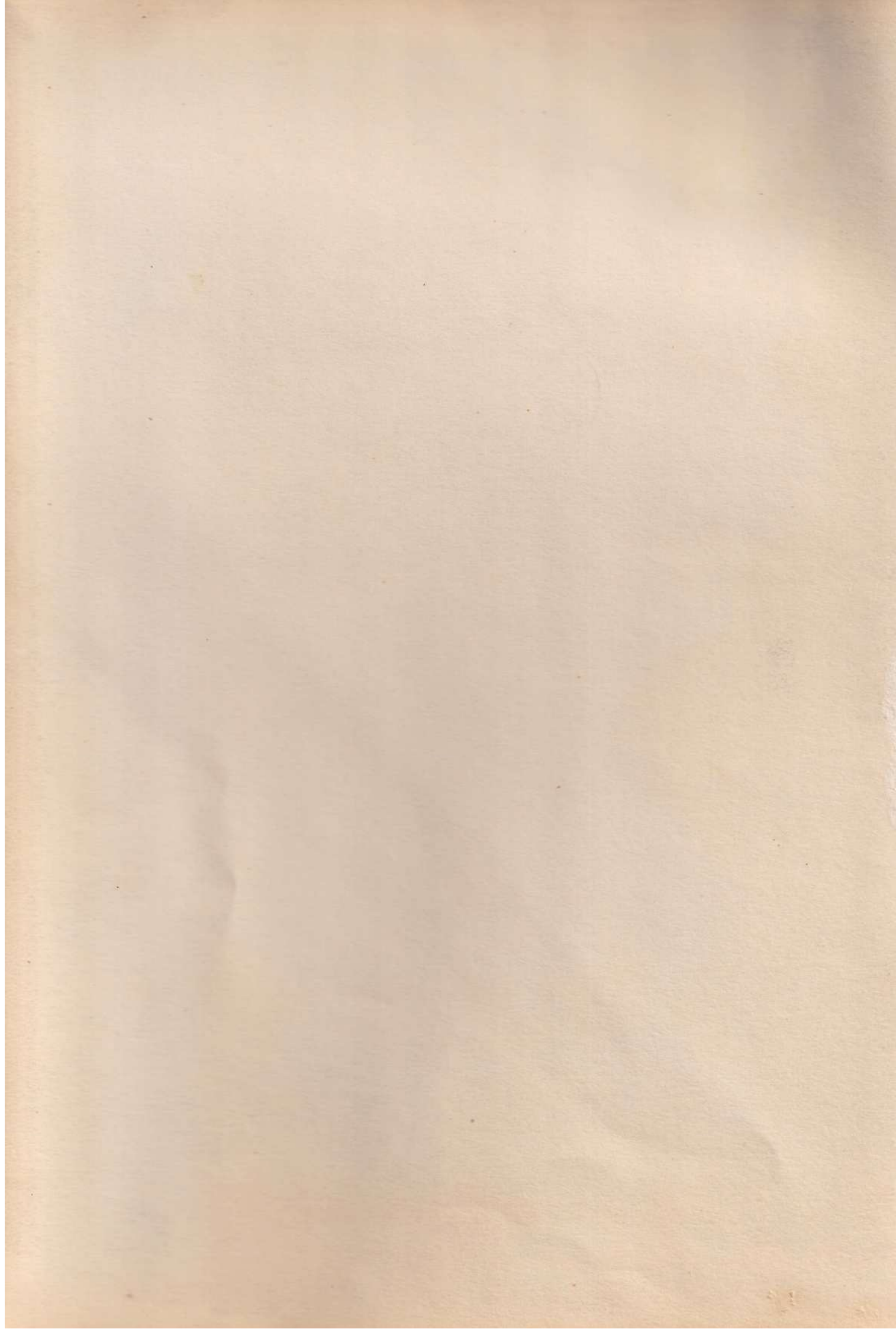














CLASS 54-J







LOCKHEED T-33A



NORTH AMERICAN T-28A



**TO THE GUY IN THE BACK SEAT  
THE HOTTEST PILOT WE KNOW**







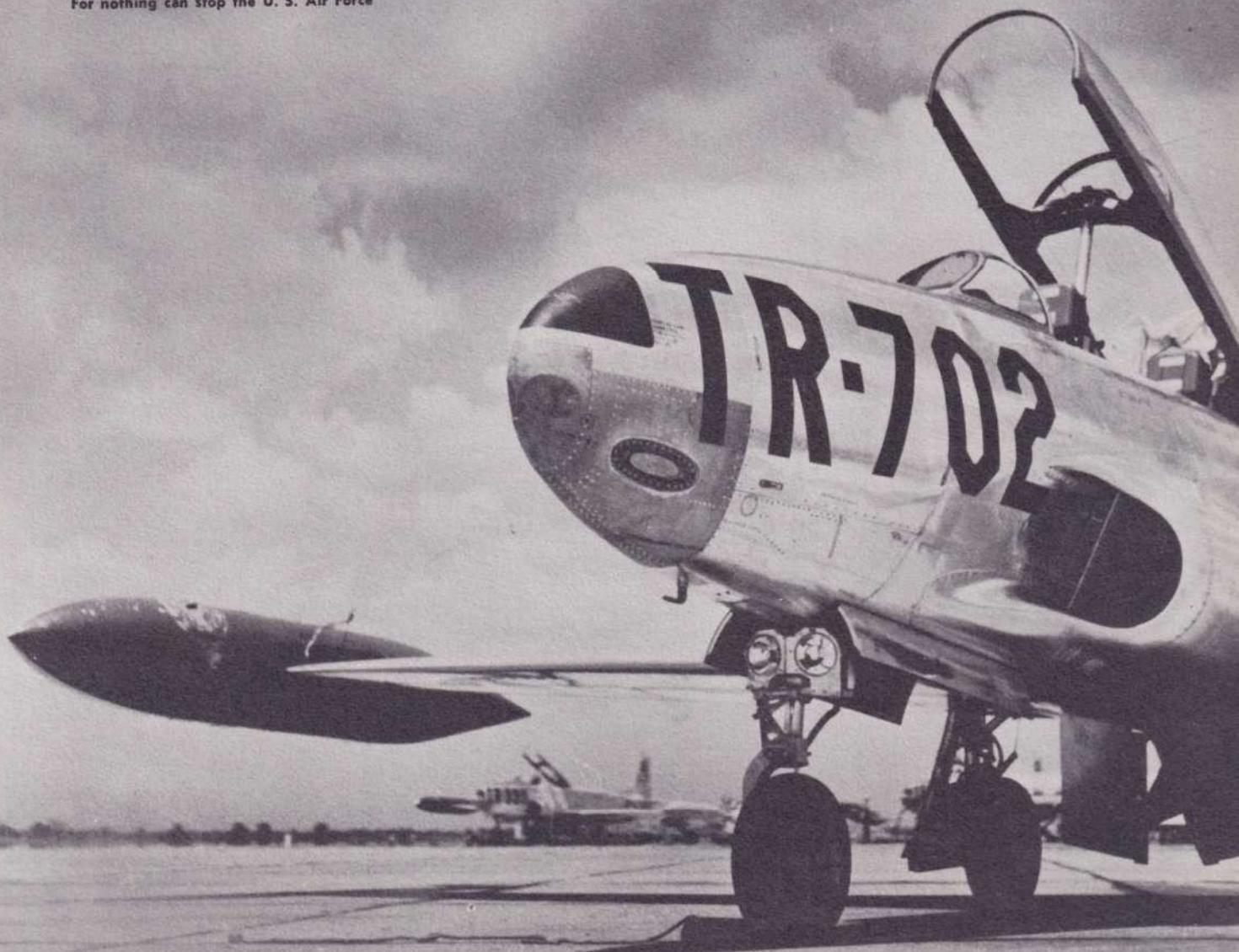
**COLONEL ARVID E. OLSON**  
Commanding Officer  
Bryan Air Force Base



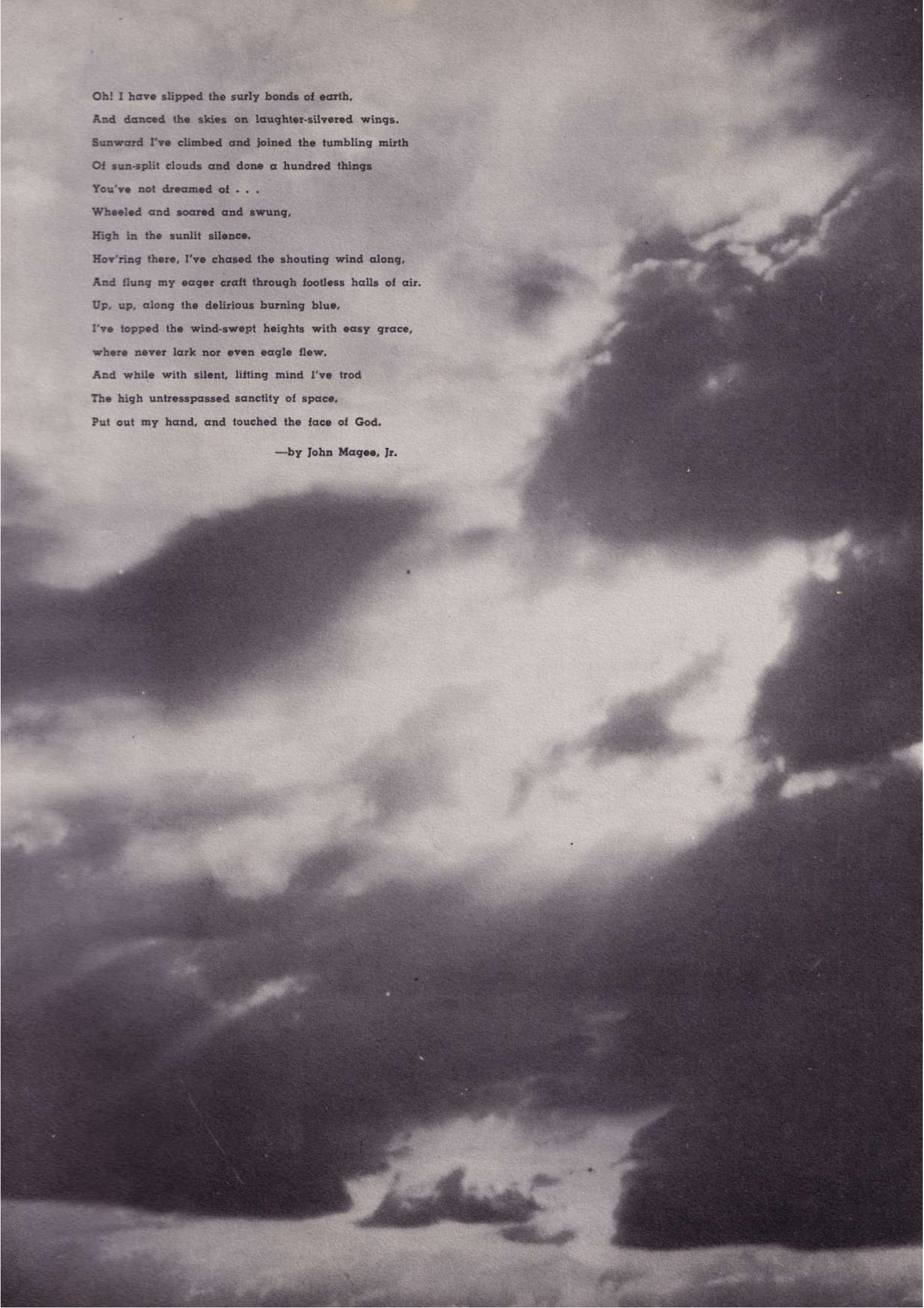
Off we go into the wild blue yonder  
Climbing high into the sun.  
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder  
At 'em boys give 'er the gun  
Down we dive spouting with flames from under  
Off with one helluva roar  
We live in fame or go down in flame  
For nothing can stop the U. S. Air Force

Here's a toast to the host  
Of those who love, the vastness of the sky  
To a friend we send  
A message of his brother men who fly  
We drink to those who gave their all of old  
And down we dive to score the rainbow's pot of gold  
Here's a toast to the host  
Of the men we boast, the U. S. Air Force

Off we go into the wild blue yonder  
Keep your wings level and true  
If you'd live to be a gray-haired wonder  
Keep your nose out of the blue  
Flying men guarding our nation's border  
We'll be there followed by more  
In echelon we carry on  
For nothing can stop the U. S. Air Force







Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,  
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings.  
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth  
Of sun-split clouds and done a hundred things  
You've not dreamed of . . .  
Wheeled and soared and swung,  
High in the sunlit silence.  
Hov'ring there, I've chased the shouting wind along,  
And flung my eager craft through footless halls of air.  
Up, up, along the delirious burning blue,  
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace,  
where never lark nor even eagle flew.  
And while with silent, lifting mind I've trod  
The high untresspassed sanctity of space,  
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

—by John Magee, Jr.





**BRYAN AIR FORCE BASE CHAPEL**



**MAJOR RAYMOND MATTHESON**

Lord, guard and guide the men who fly  
Through the great spaces of the sky.  
Be with them as they take to air.  
In morning light and sunshine fair.  
Eternal Father, strong to save,  
Give them courage and make them brave.



**1/LT. FRANCIS J. FORD**

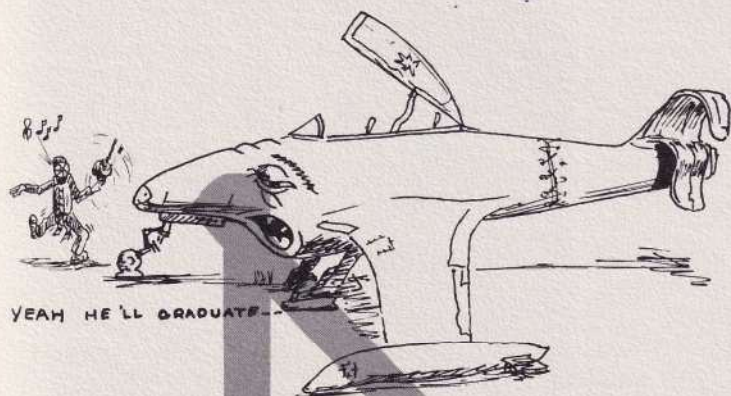


# *Pilot Training Group*



**LT. COLONEL CURRAN L. JONES**  
Commanding Officer  
Pilot Training Group





**LT. COLONEL JEAN D. TARBUTTON**  
Group Executive



**CAPT. JOSEPH M. O'GRADY**  
Operations Officer



**CAPT. G. W. LOVELL**  
Adjutant





**CAPTAIN JOHN N. ROBINSON, JR.**  
Squadron Commander



TACTICAL OFFICERS  
MUST PASS A RIGID  
MENTAL TEST BEFORE  
ASSIGNMENT TO A  
CADET SQUADRON.

## *3530th Student Squadron*



**CAPT. OLLIE F. STUMBAUGH**  
Director Military Training



**1/LT. PASQUALE P. PAVONE**  
Cadet Club Officer





**1/LT. RICHARD D. GARDE MAL**  
Military Instructor  
Squadron I



**1/LT. ROBERT F. McDONALD**  
Ass't. Military Instructor  
Squadron I

## *Military Training Instructors*



**1/LT. FRANCIS O. EAGAN**  
Military Instructor  
Squadron II



**1/LT. RICHARD C. HIGGINS, JR.**  
Military Instructor  
Squadron III





MAJOR HARLAN J. WENZINGER

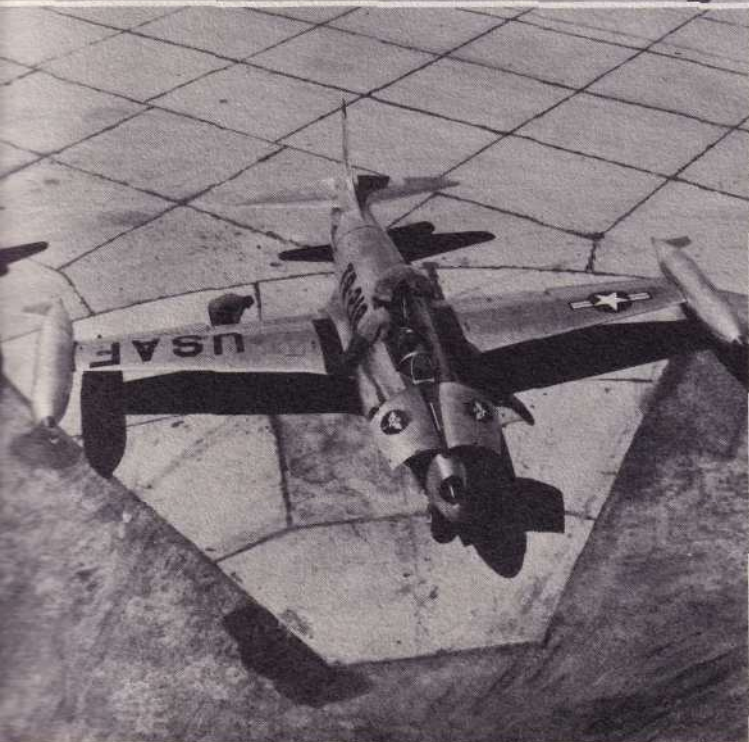
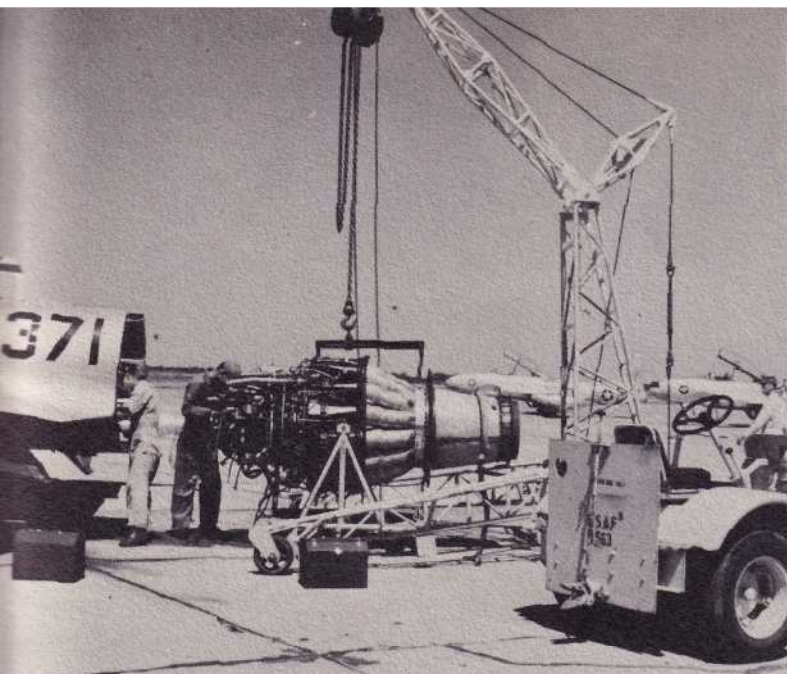


## *Academic Section*



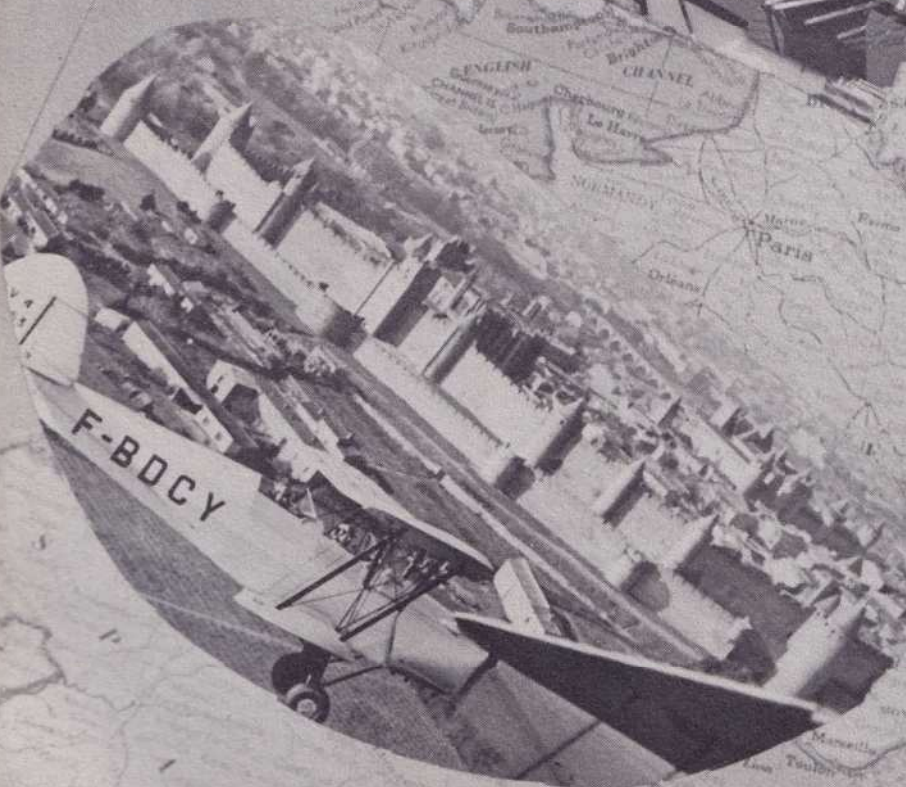
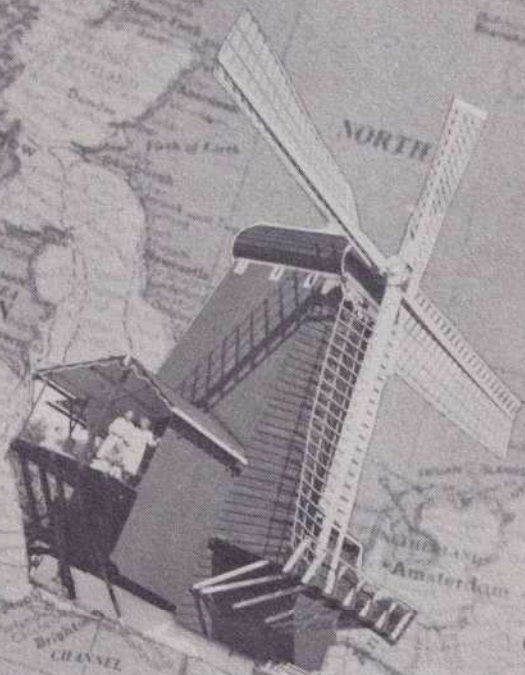
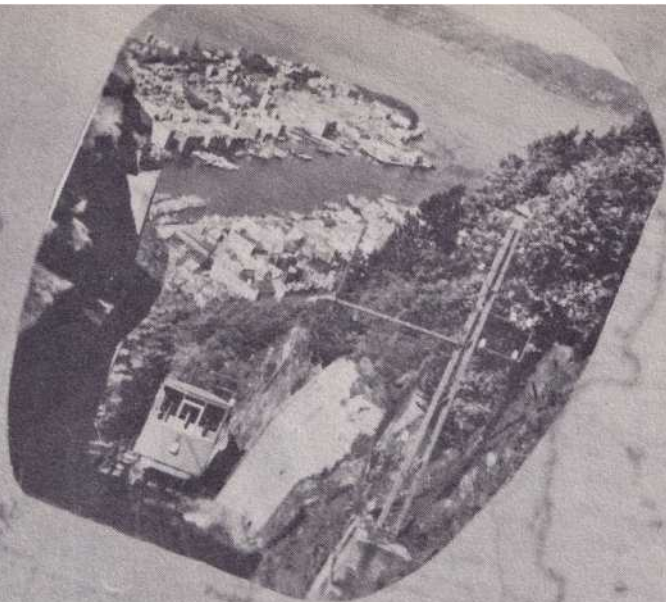
STANDING: T/Sgt. McLaughlin, 1/Lt. McClasky, 1/Lt. Hughes, 1/Lt. Bentzen, 1/Lt. Harder, 1/Lt. Jensen, 1/Lt. Goodnough. SITTING: Mr. Mothersead, Capt. Winn, Capt. Ford, Capt. Carlson, Mr. Schmidt.







# KODAK





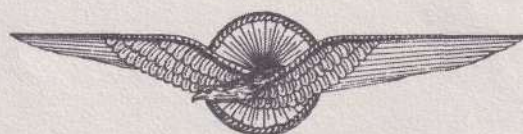
# *Liaison Officers*



**MAJOR C. CLASENS**  
Belgium



**CAPTAIN D. J. F. ROXS**  
Netherlands



**CAPTAIN O. SÆLID**  
Norway



**CAPTAIN G. GRISONI**  
France







Mighty  
Mickey  
Mouse



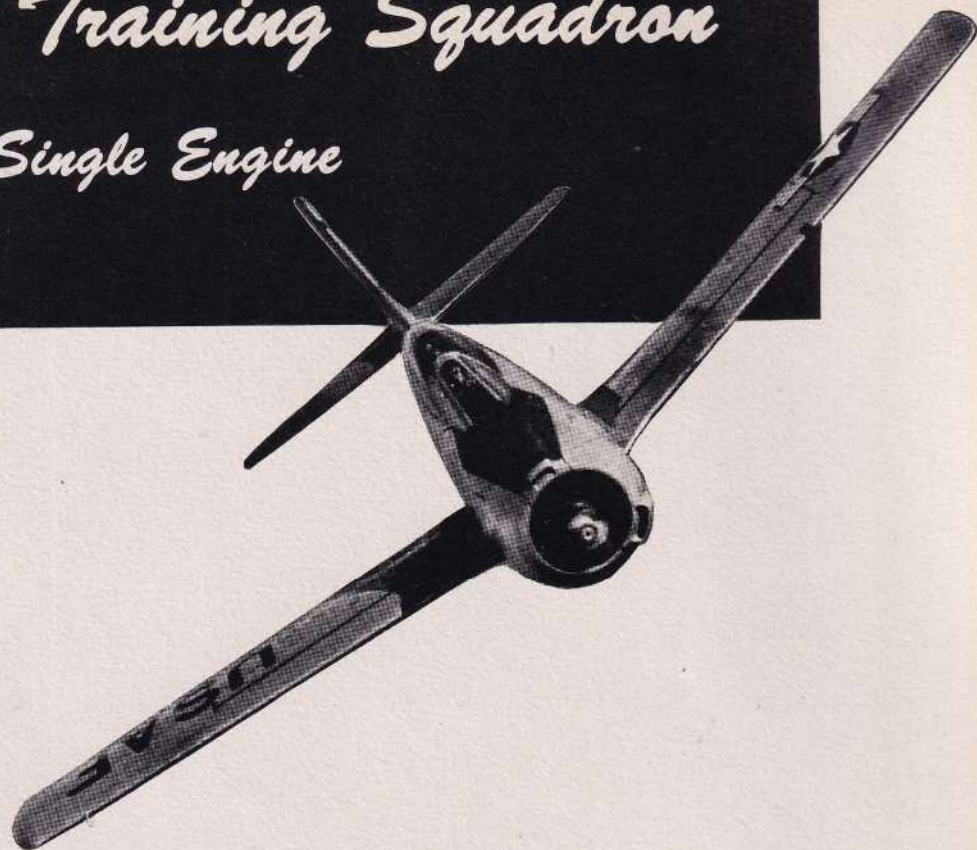
Olympus . . . home of the Gods





# *3531st Pilot Training Squadron*

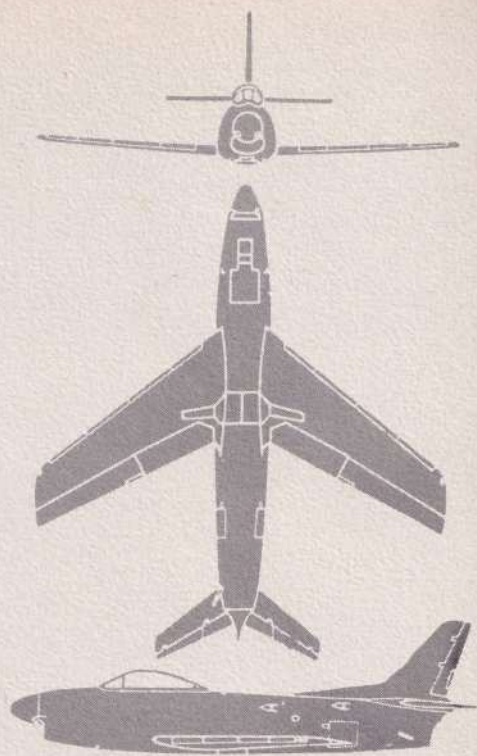
*Basic Single Engine*



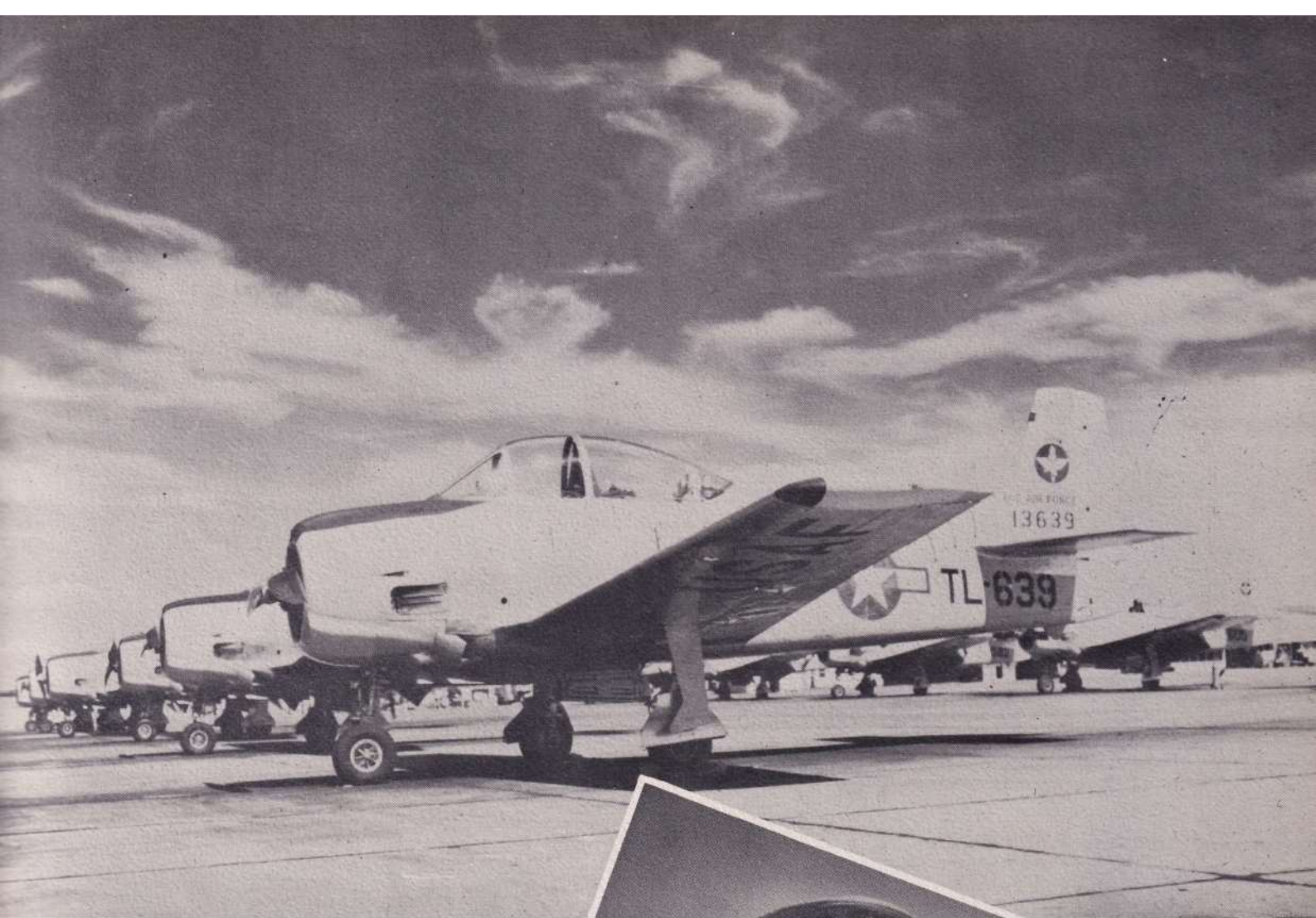




**MAJOR BEDFORD R. UNDERWOOD**  
Commanding Officer  
3531st Pilot Training Squadron  
Basic Single Engine







**MAJOR W. W. WILSON**  
Operations Officer



# Section 1



**MAJOR JOHN A. TILLEY**  
Section Commander

JET BRIEFING TODAY



"I did not come here prepared to make  
a speech"



**CAPT. R. L. HERMAN**  
Flight Commander







**CAPT. DUANE E. BITEMAN**  
Flight Commander



**CAPT. RILEY J. SCHMIDT**  
Operations Officer











LAKE CHARLES  
242 LCH

LAKE CHARLES RADIO  
316.5 LCH

CAMERON  
22

RRA  
CALCASTEU  
290  
10m-20m & 29m-60m

LAFAYETTE RADIO  
137.7 LFT

LAFAYETTE  
375 LFT

LAFAYETTE  
47 L H 51

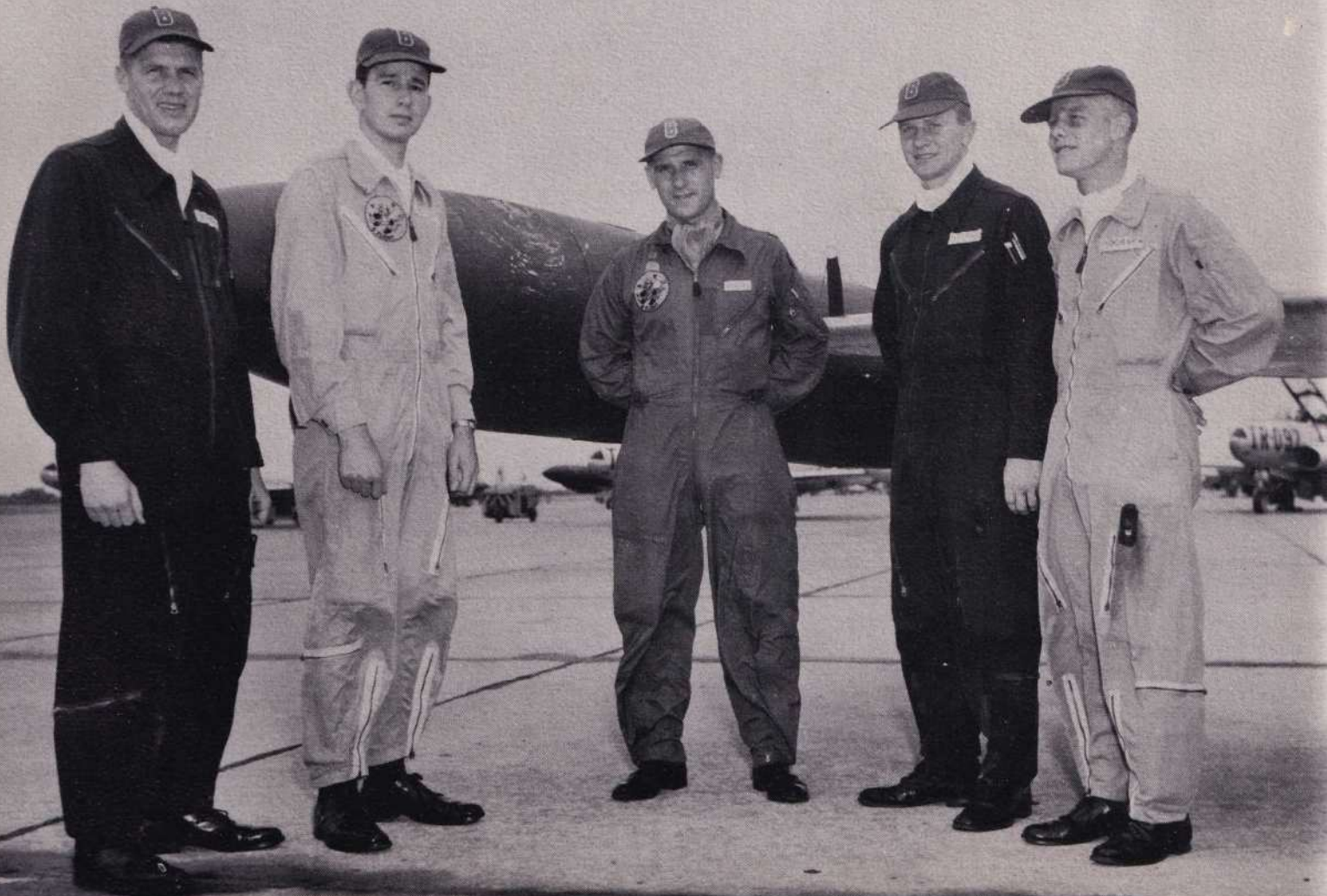
IBERIA  
28 L

MARSH ISLAND





**FLT. LT. JOHN C. WOODS**  
"It's a wee bit of a tricky beast."







**2/LT. ROGER H. RICHARDS**  
*"I still would like to get that Buick."*



**SGT. JORGEN S. PEDERSON**  
*"Viva La Mexico."*



**2/LT. ORIN A. GRIGSBY**  
*"She'll be here next week for sure."*



**2/LT. MILWARD J. WEIMAN**  
*"This."*





**1/LT. JAMES H. ALDREDGE**  
We'll do it this way now, okay?



## CONGO FLIGHT







**2/LT. TAI S. HONG**  
*"No sweat man."*



**2/LT. GEORGE A. IRVIN**  
*"How about going to Chi, this weekend."*

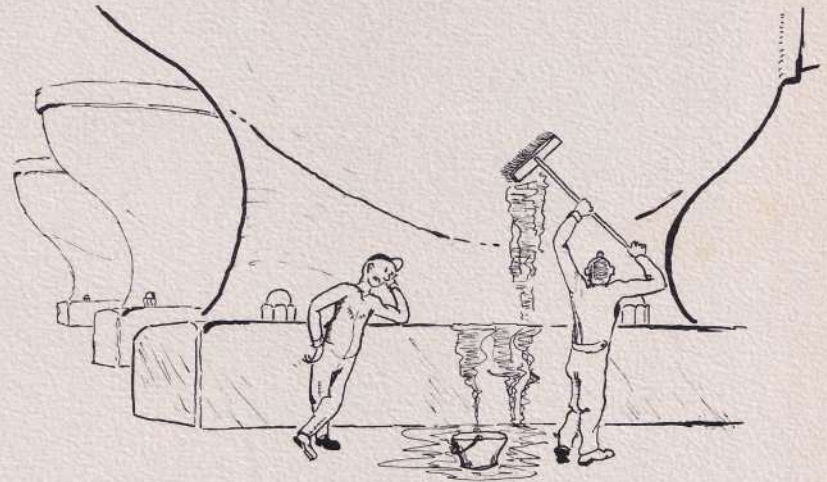


**2/LT. DONALD C. HOLMAN**  
*"But I had the ball in the center."*



**SGT. NILS J. NILSEN**  
*"It's in the book. We've got to follow the book!"*





THEY OUGHT TO HAVE MORE THAN TWO MEN ON EACH ONE OF THESE THINGS, KNOW IT, AL?

JOYNNIE

**1/LT. EUGENE C. BOROWSKI**

If I catch that guy, I'm gonna put'm in a brace. Right?  
Right!







**2/LT. ROBERT W. WINKLER**  
*"Let's trade cars."*



**2/LT. CLARENCE A. RUSTVOLD**  
*"Commence to odd man."*



**2/LT. CREIGHTON F. HAMPTON**  
*"How come you got two?"*



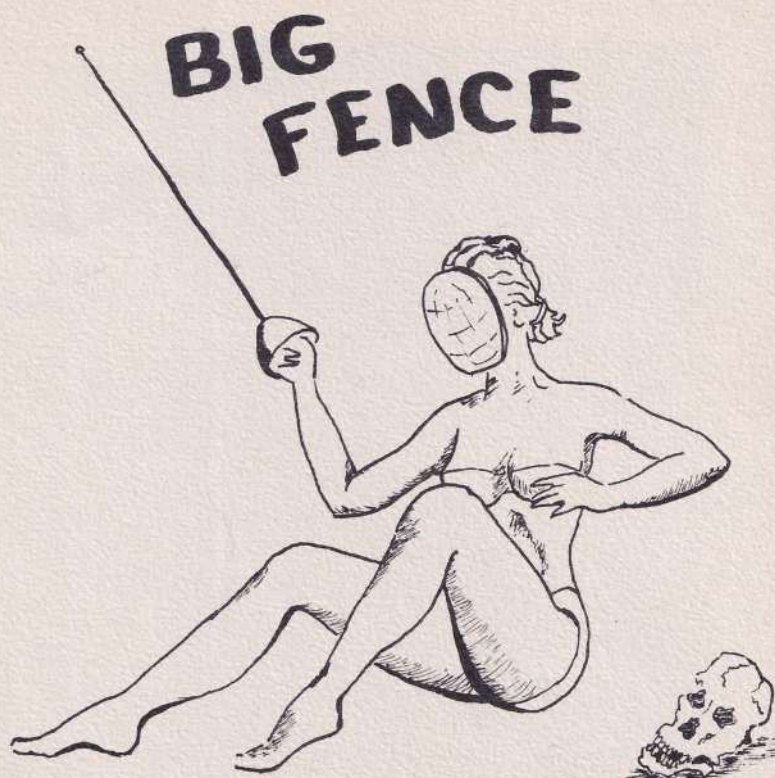
**SGT. JAN DeVRIES**  
*"Why yes, I taxi."*





**1/LT. JAMES H. SMITH**

Well, what did you do wrong today, DiGiorgio?







**2/LT. DAVID O. BEATTY**

"Yeh, I dig Jets. They're the craziest."



**2/LT. WILLIAM C. DUKE**

"But I like hillbilly music."



**2/LT. SALVATORE J. DIGIORGIO**

"Whu'd I do? Whut can I say? There ya go."



**2/LT. JAMES O. GASSMAN**

"—me, I'll never smile again."





**2/LT. CHARLES E. BALL**

He always has the punch line to everyone else's jokes.



**RATTLER!**







**2/LT. KEITH C. KUESTER**  
*"Hope I have enough gas to make Brenham!"*



**2/LT. JAMES C. McMULLEN**  
*"Got a load Keith?"*



**2/LT. FREDERICK M. LINTON**  
*"Go to town? No, I haven't written Peg in six hours."*



**SGT. JARLEIF SKJEDSVOLD**  
*"No sweat, I didn't hit nothing."*

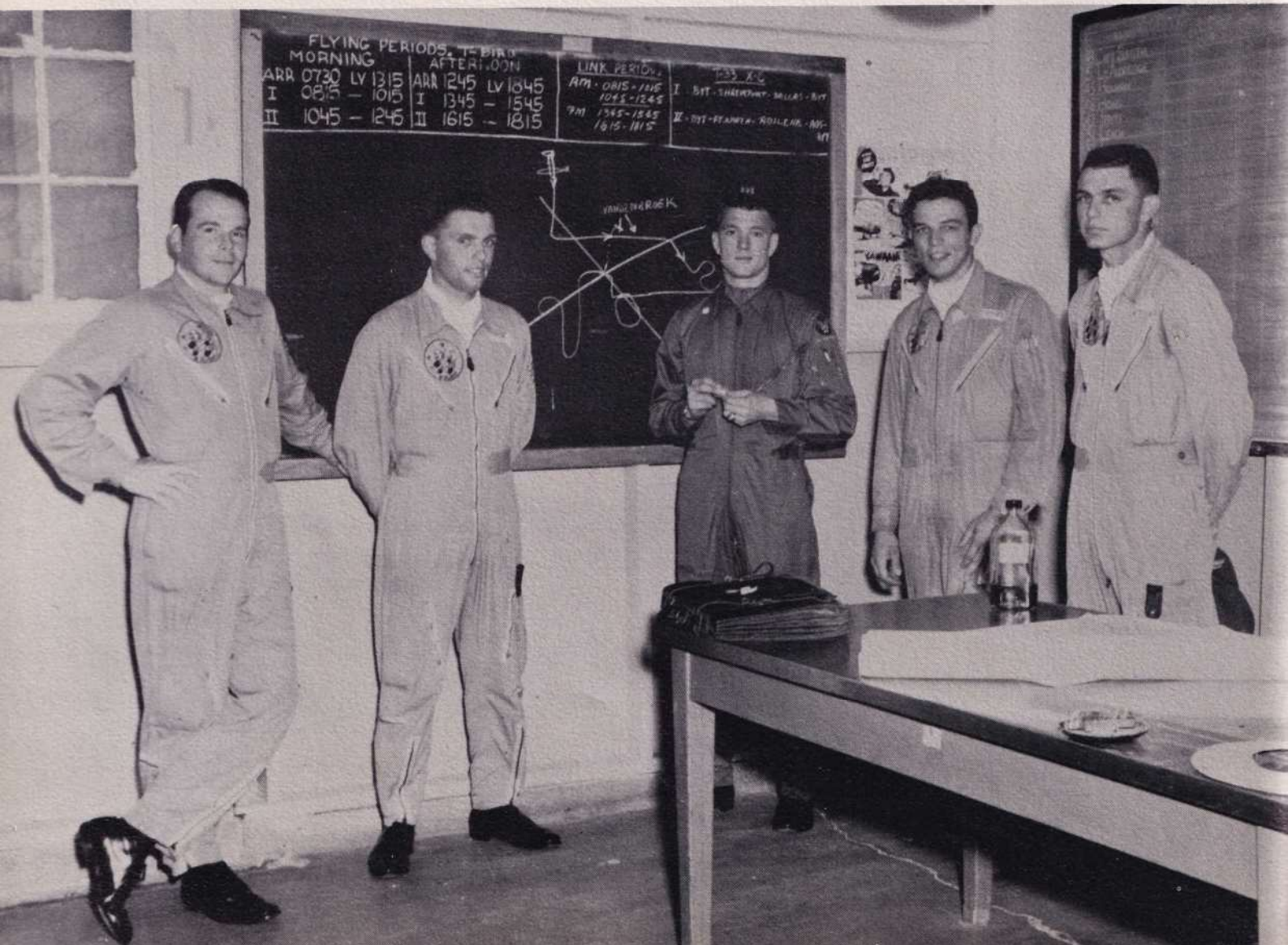




## LAZY BONES FLIGHT

**1/LT. DAVID D. YOUNG**

"You're going to bust your butt!"







**2/LT. RICHARD IVES**  
ARGOI



**2/LT. RONALD B. OCHS**  
"There oughta be a law."



**2/LT. CHARLES D. SEGARS**  
"No flying today!—anyone for golf?"



**2/LT. JOHN W. VANDENBROEK**  
"All I need is a couple of days home and I'll be all right again."





**CAPT. FLOYD E. SMITH**

Oh! I've got relations there, too.







**2/LT. OLLIE F. WEBB**  
 "Me? get married? Are you kidding?"



**2/LT. CHARLES C. MAIN**  
 "You guys got study hall tonight ya know."



**2/LT. LEWIS E. LUNDY**  
 "Well, in the AP's we did it thisaway."



**2/LT. WILLIE C. LEACH**  
 "Hey Van, let's go up to New York on our Ron."



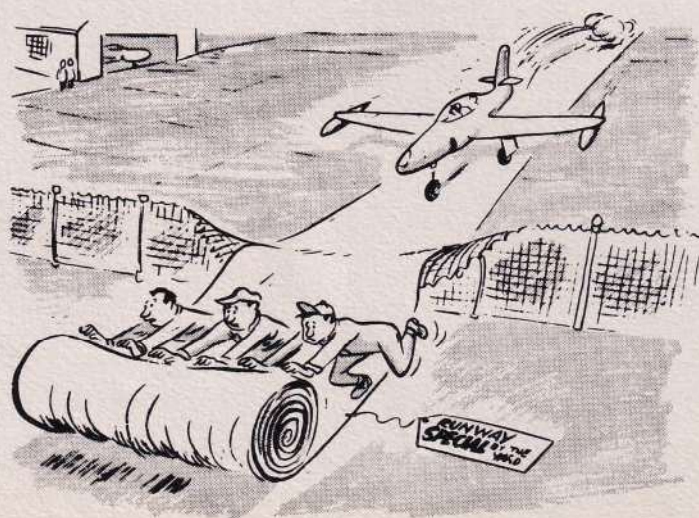
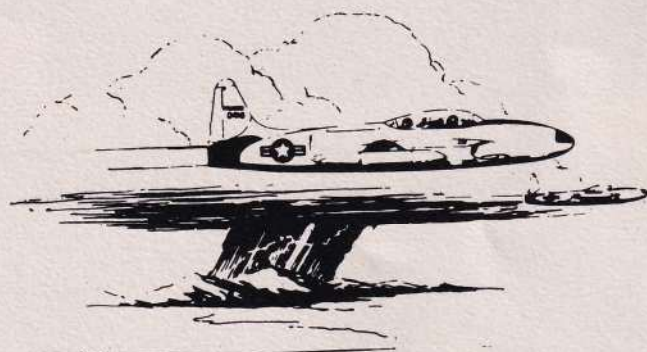


*The Eagle's Nest*





"The criterion of a good pilot is judged not by how well he gets out of a dangerous situation, but by how well he avoids a dangerous situation."

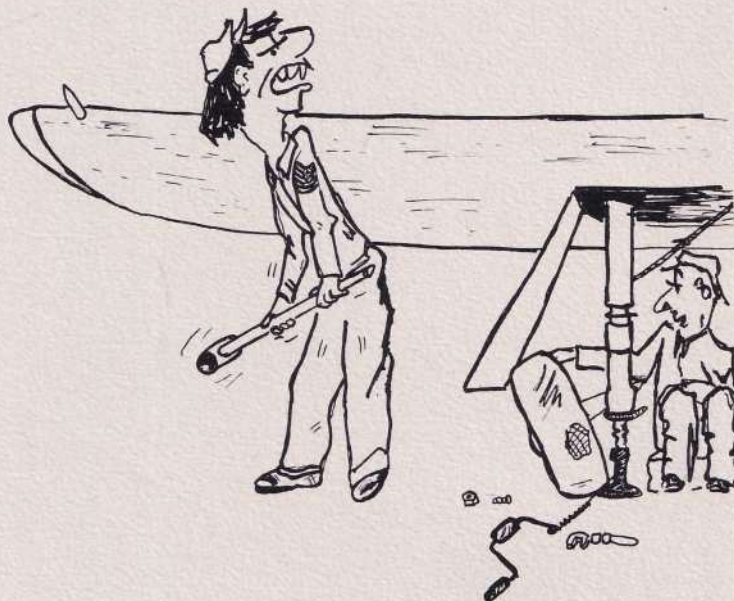




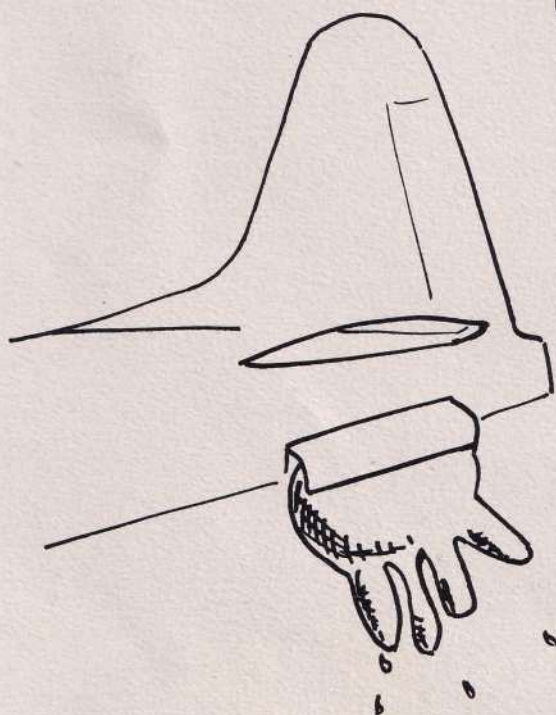
## Section 2



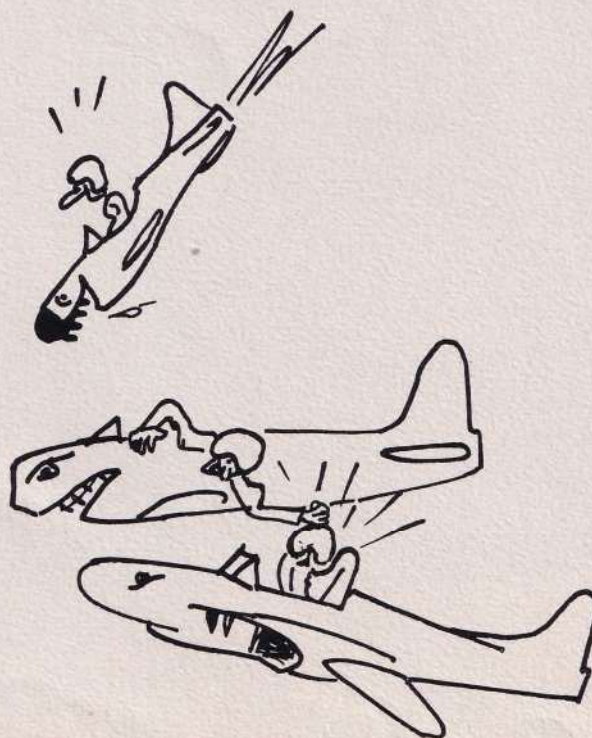
MAJOR ROBERT G. KOCH  
Section II Commander



"SECTION II NEEDS  
85 PLANES AGAIN TODAY"



NEW REFUELING SYSTEM...







**CAPT. J. P. LeBLANC**  
Flight Commander



**CAPT. DAVID A. WILLIAMS**  
Operations Officer















1/LT. A. D. HARE  
"Good morning gentlemen, take 5."

BLUSTER MIKE







**2/LT. STANLEY C. NEWMAN**  
*"Horse shoes anyone!"*



**2/LT. THEODORE G. DRISCOLL**  
*"Had your equipment checked lately?"*

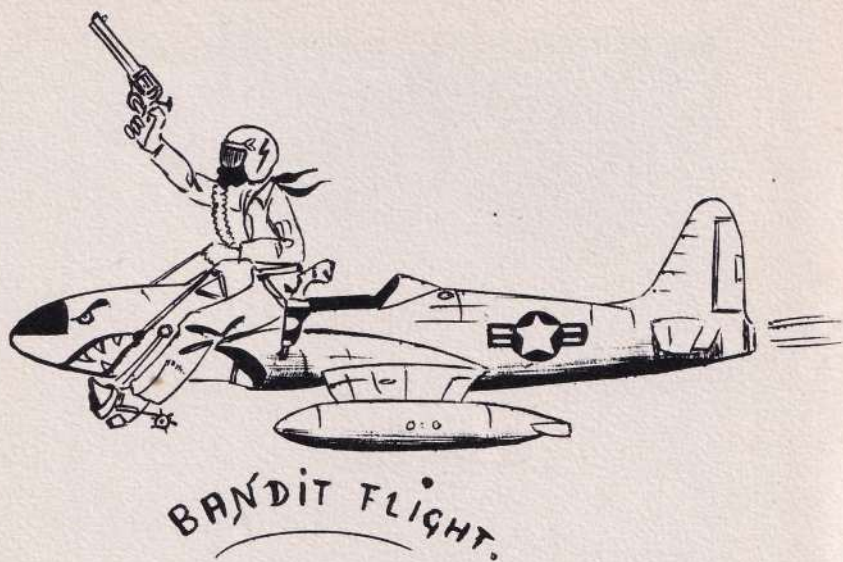


**2/LT. JOHN R. PURDY**  
*"Hey honey, give me a kiss."*



**2/LT. DAVID MACK**  
*"I'll take two cups of coffee."*





**1/LT. HERBERT D. MARLOWE**  
"I couldn't care less."







**SGT. ERIK ORGREEN**  
 "Well, you could say that, But . . . .!"



**2/LT. ODLE G. HATCHER**  
 "I was flying good formation, you guys were goofed up."



**2/LT. RICHARD E. HOCKENBERRY**  
 "Largest head in the Air Force."



**2/LT. ELDON R. JOHNSON**  
 "But the Cadet Chaplain is supposed to set a good example."





**1/LT. JOHN A. MAY**  
Let's take an RON in the link.







**2/LT. GLENN E. PEAKE**  
*"Dig that crazy fat boy."*



**2/LT. EUGENE J. O'SULLIVAN, JR.**  
*"Snowwhite Leader, dim your lights please."*



**2/LT. CARL R. WIEDENHOFT**  
*"I may be little, but I'm no damn runt!"*



**SGT. ARNE ODEGAARD**  
*"That's not damn funny any more."*





**1/LT. JOHN F. RHEMANN**

How would you like to go to Miami, Ollivares? Nooo Sir!







**2/LT. ALFONSO OLLIVARES**  
 "RON? Calif. L.A. Long Beach, Calif."



**2/LT. WILFRED L. JOHNSON**  
 "I refuse to carry the guidon at my own graduation."



**2/LT. WILLIAM E. FENTON**  
 "Radio calls? Why what's a little dust to ole dusty."



**2/LT. STANLEY R. PYNE**  
 "Just call me stump jump."





**1/LT. M. T. BERGAN**  
"Now when I was in Korea."



## Pin Tail







**SGT. JOHANNES BENCKHUYSEN**  
The Mad Dutchman



**2/LT. EUGENE W. DANIELS**  
"But Major K. what happens if I get a pink slip?"



**2/LT. NORMAN GULKIS**  
"I'll play your silly ole game."



**2/LT. VICTOR A. YANASHESKI**  
"Who said we had to do that?"





LONGHORN



**2/LT. C. W. REEVES JR.**

Why yes. I believe I will have another big orange.







**2/LT. FRANK M. BURNS**  
*"Doris Day! ! Where?"*



**2/LT. JOHN N. BRICHETTO, JR.**  
*"Technically speaking it's . . ."*



**SGT. OTTAR M. ASKVIK**  
*"I'll be glad when I get my own pool hall."*



**2/LT. MARVIN B. WHALEN**  
*"The Texas Jewel"*





**1/LT. E. A. CARROL**

"There I was at 20 ft. and I thought I saw one of my Putty Tats."







**SGT. WILLEM VAN DER MAAL**  
*"Be kind to your washed out Kadet."*



**2/LT. RONALD F. FERGUSON**  
*"I wish I had a (Blonde) girl !!!"*



**2/LT. GENE W. GOODWIN**  
*"Rosebowl, Air Force 2069 over, - 69! !!!"*



**SGT. BJARNE ESKESTRAND**  
*"I just kome over on a sardine boat."*





**2/LT. A. C. KILMURY**  
"Why yes, I fly jets."







**2/LT. CHARLES W. COLE**  
*"Fattest man in the Air Force."*



**2/LT. RAYMOND L. LOISELLE**  
*"But sir, I can't go on an RON I have too much NAV.  
 time now."*



**2/LT. GERALD A. KOPP**  
*"All for 'cross over the bridge' say aye."*



**SGT. HENNING M. KRISTIANSEN**  
*"Why yes, I'll just taxi back on the runway."*





**2/LT. LAWRENCE JOHNSON**  
*"Why yes my gear is down—I think?"*



**SGT. ANDREAS C. VAN ZON**  
*The Mixed Up "Frenchman"*

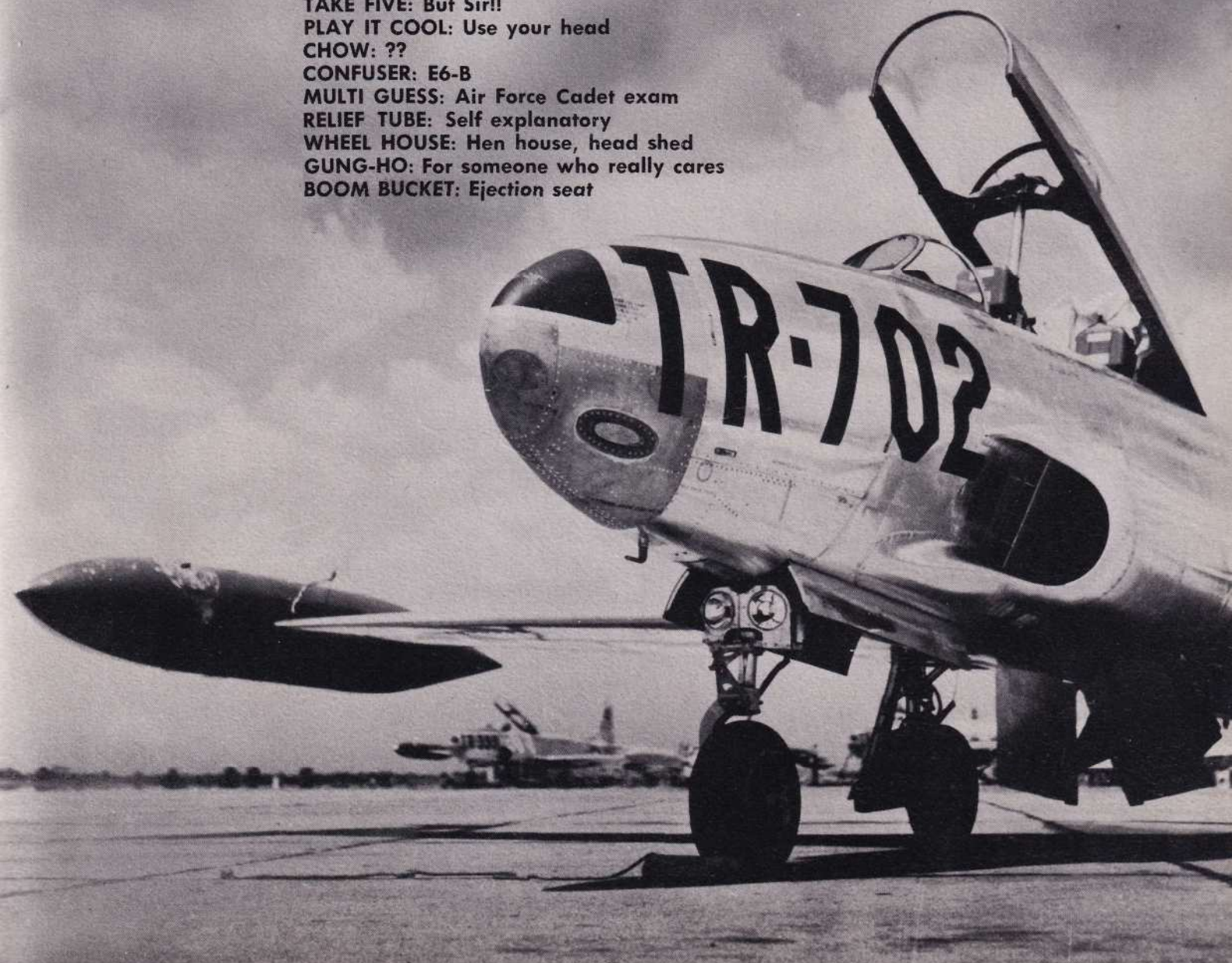
**REMEMBER WHEN YOU ARE A CIVILIAN, YOU CAN ALWAYS RELY ON YOUR MILITARY EXPERIENCE!**





## AVIATION CADET'S DICTIONARY

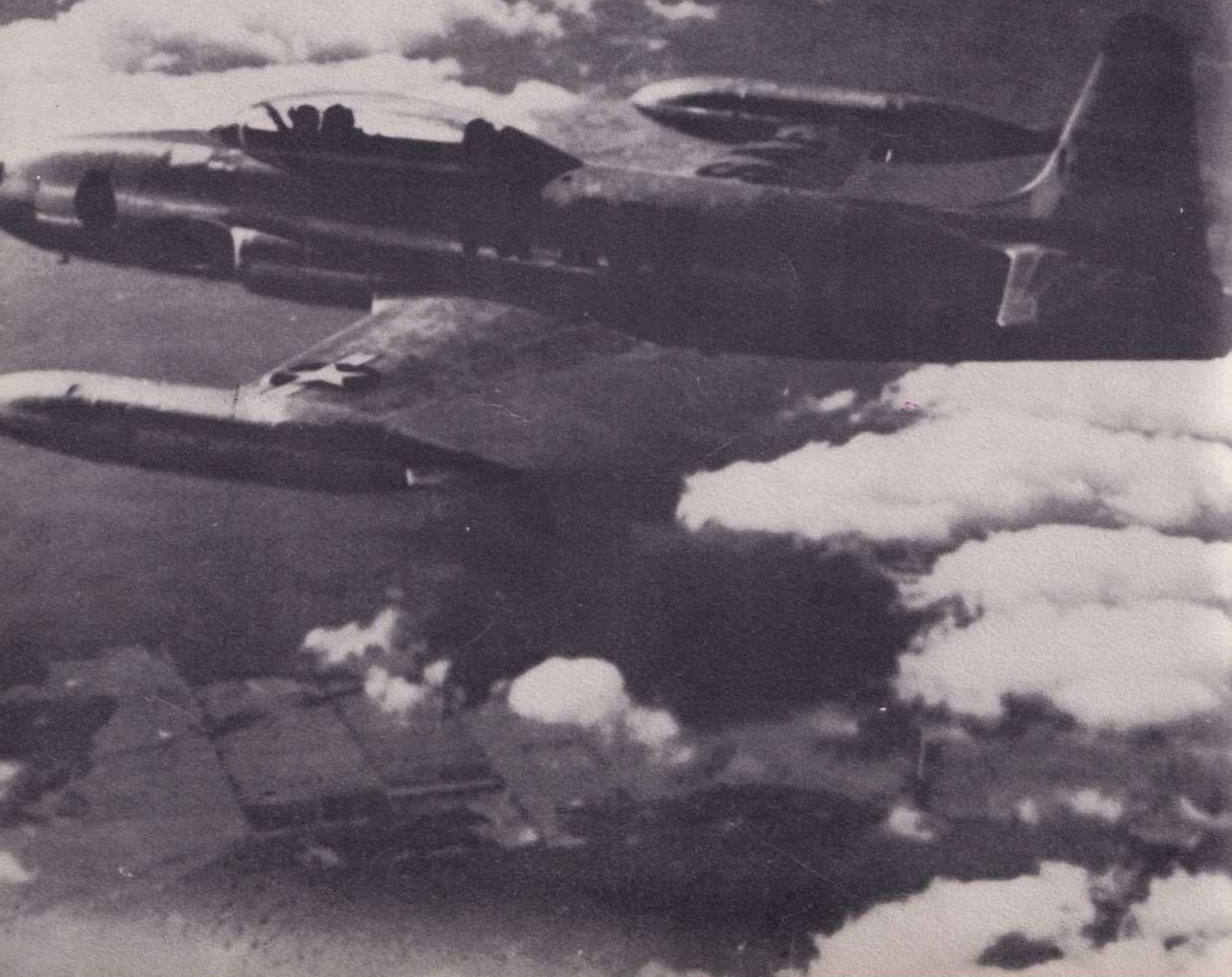
FEATHER MERCHANT: Civilian  
H. U. A. L.: Heads up and locked  
NYLON LETDOWN: Airabort  
TAC SHACK: House of ill-repute  
A-A-A-AH-AH-ROGER: I didn't hear a damn word  
STOVE PIPE: Any jet A/C  
BLOW THE BUBBLE: Jettison canopy  
SNOW BALLED: Completely confused  
GOOFEEED: Mistake  
BOO BOO: Larger mistake  
BODACIOUS: Extremely large  
RADIO CHECK: Permission to taxi, Cross country to Denmark  
PORPOISE: Three landings on one approach  
LOW LEVEL NAVIGATION: Fence post 12 o'clock high!  
SHOOK UP: Cockpit hysteria  
IDIOT BOX: Synthetic confuser, Link  
TOSSA BUCKET: Slight rumble from back seat (usually instructor)  
T-4 STAGE: Controlled crash practice — "Hatchers Hey-Dey"  
BIRD DOG: Radio compass  
GO FAST HATS: Brain buckets, Jet helmet  
TAKE FIVE: But Sir!!  
PLAY IT COOL: Use your head  
CHOW: ??  
CONFUSER: E6-B  
MULTI GUESS: Air Force Cadet exam  
RELIEF TUBE: Self explanatory  
WHEEL HOUSE: Hen house, head shed  
GUNG-HO: For someone who really cares  
BOOM BUCKET: Ejection seat





In peace there's nothing so becomes a man  
As modest stillness and humility;  
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
Then imitate the action of the tiger;  
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood.

SHAKESPEARE  
King Henry V, Act III, Scene 1





# The Pilots' 23rd Psalm

by Capt. J. D. Olive

1. As the telephone operator who giveth wrong numbers, so is he who extolleth his exploits in the air.
2. He shall enlarge upon the dangers of his adventures, but in my sleeve shall be heard the tinkling of silvery laughter.
3. Let not thy familiarity with airplanes breed contempt, lest thou become exceedingly careless at a time when great care is necessary to thy well-being.
4. My son, obey the law and observe prudence. Spin thou not lower than 1500 cubits nor stunt above thine own domicile. For the hand of the law is heavy and reacheth far and wide throughout the land.
5. Incur not the wrath of thy Commander by breaking the rules; for he who maketh right-hand circuits shall be cast out into utter darkness.
6. Let not thy prowess in the air persuade thee that others cannot do even as thou doest; for he that showeth off in public places is an abomination unto his fellow pilots.
7. More praiseworthy is he who can touch tail-skid and wheels to earth at one time, than he who loopeth and rolleth till some damsel stares in amazement at his daring.
8. He who breaketh an undercarriage in a forced landing may, in time, be forgiven; but he who taxieth into another aircraft shall be despised forever.
9. Beware the man who taketh off without looking behind him, for there is not health in him. Verily, I say unto you, his days are numbered.
10. Clever men take the reproofs of their instructor in the same wise, one like unto another; with witty jest, confessing their dumbness and regarding themselves with humor. Yet they try again, profiting by his wise counsel and taking not offense at aught that has been said.
11. As a postage stamp which lacketh glue, so are the words of caution to a fool; they stick not, going in one ear and out the other, for there is nothing between to stop them.
12. My son, hearken unto my teaching and forsake not the laws of prudence, for the reckless shall not inhabit the earth for long.
13. Hear instruction and be wise, and refuse it not; thus wilt thou fly safely; length of days and a life of peace shall be added unto thee.





Paging through this classbook you cannot help but envision many incidents that occurred throughout the course of the Aviation Cadet Program.

Some of these incidents were not too pleasant at the time but are always good for a chuckle or a sad shaking of the head now. This chuckle or sad shaking of the head will probably be accompanied by the remark that goes something like this, "How could I have ever been so stupid?" "Wonder where that S.O.B. is now?" "How did I ever stand 15 months of that?"

But those 15 months that we did stand are probably more crammed with memorable incidents than any other previous incidents than any other previous period of our life. Even though we all have different events that stand out in our own minds, there were parts of the program that furnished memorable events common to us all. It all started that first day at . . . . no, on second thought it started long before this; when we received an envelope that bore the words, Headquarters, F.T.A.F., Waco, Texas. Inside, a letter stated we passed the qualifying exams to be an Aviation Cadet and were scheduled to begin training with Class 54-J at Lackland A.F.B., Texas, on or about 1 Feb., 1953. After the initial exhilaration subsided, we started doing a little thinking along these lines. "Why am I one of the lucky ones that was accepted?" "How can the Air Force be sure I am one of the men they want?" And— a while later— we started wondering what the program would be like and how we would stack up against the other Cadets. But the biggest question of all, which persisted in our minds even until we pinned on our wings, was, "Can I make it through?" Anyone of us who claims never to have thought this has a very short lived memory.

Then we received our first shock, Lackland. Many of us had been there before but our reception was never like this, "Hit a brace mister" were the first words we heard; words we were to hear countless times before we left Lackland for greener pastures.

Cadets, Aviation type USAF, and nothing to fly for three months! What a program. We spent one-half of every day in academics (officer type) and the other half being "indoctrinated." Believe me that word covered an awful lot of ground. We got our first taste of the class system, the merits of which everyone had a different opinion, depending on whether he was 1st, 2nd, or 3rd class. All of the indoctrination came through the class system. The 1st class (which was supposedly well versed on all the aspects of Cadet life and custom) would indoctrinate the 2nd class, who in turn would try to straighten out the 3rd class.

It seems that the best position in which to absorb indoctrination is in a brace, and as these sessions sometimes lasted an hour or longer they were definitely very impressive. Reciting Cadet knowledge, burying smiles, reporting to Col. Sunroc, and mostly just getting giggled, constituted most of these sessions.





Weekends? Oh yes, they were a real relief from the grind. Up at the usual time (0430), preparing our areas, getting sharpened up for the parade, then the standby inspection, stand at a brace and get chewed out until noon mess, then spend the afternoon working off custom gigs on hands and knees pulling grass. The real lucky ones could take a pleasant stroll around a rectangular pathway at 120 cadence in Class A's. Sunday was also quite relaxing as everyone usually had several custom gigs left to serve and all the barracks' windows needed washing. How many windows did those barracks have? If through some stroke of luck you did have any free time you could spend that time getting ready for Monday.

But there were two weekends that were very enjoyable to say the least. In fact, without these, I believe we never could have taken those first three months.

On each weekend we were released for 12 hours. Every Cadet tried to cram six weeks of living in these few hours, and some did such a good job of cramming that they were unable to continue with all their faculties for more than four or five hours. As many Cadets passed through the Lackland gates horizontally as vertically. However, not all of the Cadets used outlets like that for their pent up emotions. Some found that sitting with some sweet young girl and holding hands in nice quiet places like the Stork Club or San Antone Club had the same effect.

Time passed quickly at Lackland and we were soon second and then first class. As first classmen we were automatically entitled to the best looking WAFs at Arnold Hall (a dubious privilege.)

Then came graduation, complete with parade and dance and our new assignments. At last we were to become Flying Aviation Cadets.



We arrived at our new bases; Bartow, Bainbridge, Spence, and Stallings after a few days' travel time which supplied meaty material for a few barracks bull sessions later on. Though we entered bases miles apart we all had somewhat the same sensations. That old question of "Can I do it?" began to reassert itself once more but got pushed in the background during the adjusting from "Top Dogs" to lower class again. Our respect for our upper class was a more spontaneous thing, however, for they were fliers and we, well, we were nothing. They had no trouble impressing us and lost no time in giving us the straight scoop on how to get out of inverted spins in the T-6, how to do outside loops in the PA-18 and other details every young pilot must know.

In a very short time we went to the flight line (very impressive place) and met our instructor. They briefed us on the field, the local area and on the mighty PA-18 which we were about to fly. They also told us what they expected from us militarily on the flight line. Then came the check list for the PA-18 and reams of procedures to learn before we could fly solo. After one glance at this prodigious amount of material to be learned in such a short time we felt taken aback. We soon found that learning this was fairly easy though when interest was pitched as high as ours was. The next few days we began our first instructional rides and





we were quite shocked to find our friendly instructors lost that tone in the air. I'm sure every one of us even learned a few new cuss words. The voice from the rear seat became the all seeing, all knowing, omnipresent thing. The voice slowly lost it's harshness until after about eight hours it instructed you to pull off on the taxiway and stop. The instructor got out and said something really encouraging such as... "That last landing was too hairy for me. I've a wife and a couple kids back home. You take it around yourself for a couple times."

Feeling thus encouraged and with high confidence, you take the runway, remembering all your procedures. You take-off, heart wildly beating. No voice from the back seat, no pressures on the stick — you are alone. It takes a few seconds before this really strikes you and with it comes the thrill and exhilaration of the first solo ride, "I got it up now but I have to get this thing down" are the next thoughts that drive all other emotions away. But you do it "no sweat." Two more times with possibly a go-around or two (someone else fouled up the traffic pattern) and you taxi back where with fiendish smiles you are greeted by your fellow Cadets and promptly carried away. The ceremony begins after you are relieved of your wallet and watch. The ceremony seems anything but ceremonious as you are dispatched head first into a can of water. When you start bubbling

you get pulled out only to be deposited posterior first into the can where you reign while more buckets of water are thrown over you and a hose is squirted over any spots that happen to remain dry. This together with the "solo cap" you receive from your instructor makes you a pilot. Oh yeh! After a total of twenty-five hours of dual and solo rides during which time you master (?) the PA-18 you are ready for the Terrible T-6 Texan but not without missing a few old faces of those who couldn't quite make the grade.

We went through the process of briefing again with renewed interest for the cockpit of the Six was to be our second home for four and one-half months and it paid off to learn all we could about it. We were all slightly in awe of this package of power and our first ride did not change this feeling. It looked and felt like a monster compared to the grasshopper we had been flying. But with each dual ride, we became more proficient and that day finally arrived when you taxied to mobile, deposited your instructor and with more encouraging words took it up yourself. The landings may have been merely controlled crashes but you brought the aircraft and yourself back intact. For a few days after this you took it up solo practicing stalls, chandelles, lazy-eights and maneuvers you had read about the previous evening in the TPO but which never came out as described. These solo trips not only increased our confidence in the aircraft but formed the basis for all the impressive tales we spun to the new lower classes. These stories revolved around Splitting out of a Barrel Roll, cutting out your own instructor on the 45° entry leg, doing a seven turn spin from 12,000, watching the 2 P. M. water show at Cypress Gardens, practicing medium banked turns (3°) on your



back, just to mention a few of the subjects. After impressing the lower class you could go ponder on whether or not you could pass the the elimination ride you were scheduled for the next day. Those instructors were not easily impressed unless it was by your extreme stupidity.

In no time at all you were scheduled for the fifty-hour check which caused a few gray hairs to appear in the ranks of Class 54-J and not with undue reason. After the checks were all over there were again a few vacant positions in the ranks. Then came the gages and navigation rides. The navigation rides we can pass off as great fun as we zigzagged from point to point but not so those instruments. They were the scourge of us all. We were all amazed by the variety of tricks, a mag. compass and an artificial horizon could do when induced by acceleration, deceleration, turns, etc. And as for the needle and ball, and the lag of the vertical speed, well, I'll leave you to describe those monsters yourself.

While we sweated out those instruments we received our first taste of night flying which after a couple of hours wasn't as difficult as anticipated. Even so there were several Cadets who had unforgettable experiences those nights.

Time rolled along quite rapidly and as we progressed in the program our privileges increased to the point that at times we felt almost free. Weather hardly ever hampered our flying so we had weekends to ourselves enabling us to almost completely dismiss the program and its corresponding pressures from our mind. Some of the acquaintances we made were very conducive to forgetting almost anything.

Along came November and we had two more check rides staring us squarely in the face. The instrument and final check had to be passed and then you had the program in Primary "knocked." Some of us had to work quite hard to pass these checks but when it was all over you could look back and say "no sweat."

No matter how much we looked forward to Basic and the T-Bird, leaving our Primary Base was a "tear in eye" event. Those were six months the memory of which you would



never trade for anything. You entered that phase unsure and faint hearted but when you left you felt self-confident and poised, knowing you had mastered the Terrible T-6.

After getting another short taste of civilian existence in the form of a few days travel time we converged on Bryan, Texas. Our first contact brought many groans which we later realized were very well founded. The trip from town to the base was very short and I am sure the thing that impressed us most as we entered the gate was the traffic pattern the T-28s and T-33s were flying. Now this was real flying to be had here and the upper classmen lost no time in letting us know what tigers they all were.

There were plenty of welcoming speeches which consisted of telling us what there was to do in the Bryan area (this did not take long)



and the rest of the speeches were on apology for the facilities available on base and off. The Group Staff in reign at that time went into detail about the high washout rate, which we found out later had been slightly exaggerated. There went our self-confidence again. Being thus prepared for life at Bryan we were ready to fly.

More briefings were the order of the day at the flight line and we were given plenty of work to be done before we could solo the T-28. Those were busy days and evenings and were much too short even though our work day was fifteen hours long. Three dual rides and the completion of this work formed our pre-solo prerequisites and we soon had another aircraft well enough mastered to take it up alone. The T-28 was a pretty hot aircraft and we soon realized we were going up the flying ladder in mighty big jumps. Hot as it was we still kept one envious eye on upperclassmen unstrapping the blowpipes from themselves and we knew that we would never be completely satisfied until we strapped that T-Bird to ourself and took it for a ride. However, first things first.

Formation flying, at least correct formation flying, was new to us all and probably gave us the most enjoyable moments in the T-28, although these enjoyable moments were sprinkled with times of cold sweat and wildly beating hearts.



The gages involved more practical work which made them much easier to put up with; in fact sometimes they were even a pleasure. I know that there are a few among us though that will dispute this.

Night flying and navigation were the same routine with the exception of one hour night formation.

About time for those pesky check rides again but the way everybody was measuring distances on the maps to prime their dreams of RON and buzzing the home town you could have easily gotten the impression that no one was the least bit worried.

By this time the red X's on the boner chart were beginning to mar the walls so instead of necessitating a repaint job it was suggested we pay our fines and live it up a bit. We did just that complete with steaks and plenty of amber fluid.

Somehow or other the checks were over with and the big moment was within sight.

Again the briefings, the questionnaire, some cockpit time and there we were, strapped down and ready to go. The check list was followed with particular care for a misstep in starting could send the crew chiefs running and parts of the plane following behind. The whine of the engine sounded eerie as you taxied out for takeoff and the absence of whirling prop out in front seemed strange indeed. 100% on the runway gave you the first indication of the tremendous amount of power that you had at your control. Release of the brakes brought this power into action and you were soon eating up runway at a terrific rate. You blinked twice and you were airborne, building up to a speed that was faster than you had ever moved before by the first turn out of traffic, 310 MPH. Then the nose came up and the vertical speed indicator showed a tremendous rate of climb.



Your instructors showed you the characteristics peculiar to a Jet type aircraft. Then you had the controls. Tip tanks waved and the nose moved up and down. You found that it took a little time to get adjusted to the sensitive controls. Landings, forced landings, chandelles, lazy eights, aerobatics, stall series, dive flap and runaway trim exercises, high speed dive recoveries, vertical recoveries were all demonstrated to you and then done by you. Soon you were out in the blue alone and a year's hard work to reach this goal seemed completely well spent and worth every bead of sweat. You were a Jet Pilot.

Then came formation, instruments, and navigation again as each day drew nearer to the completion of your previous long range

plan; now nearly the next goal, your wings and bars. Your wings, symbolic to all what you knew you were right then, a pilot. Your bars, to have heard us talk merely meant a raise in pay, but deep in each of us was a sense of pride in becoming an officer in the USAF that far outweighed our superficial expressions.

Yes, that day did come, but there was one dark cloud in an otherwise clear sky; this is where we parted company. Within the next few years and possibly for many years thereafter we will see each other in various corners of the globe and read about each other in varied publications. Yes sir, Class 54-J produced the best, so, the best to you.







Sir, about an R.O.N...!!



# It's the size of the **FIGHT** in the man!



Are you frustrated? Neurotic? Do you breathe? Do you hate sleep and food? Can you count to three? Do you have one good eye? Can you speak hieroglyphics? Are you between the ages of 21? Is your wife married? Did your mother have any children? Do you want a buddy—not a sweetheart? If so, you have it made. Remember men (?)—today's Tigers are tomorrow's rugs.

Keep in mind our slogan: "I dreamed I flew an Air Force Jet in my Maidenform crash helmet." But no sweat, gents, it's actually a training program of a bed of roses. Why consider this: Training bases are equipped with the sleek, fast, and highly maneuverable T-6G Rocket (with a built-in ground loop). At your disposal will be such conveniences as: Shaded swimming pools (filled alternately with ginfizzes and mint juleps), a \$150,000 club, furnished with name bands, beautiful queens from Hollywood lots, and the New York model agencies... exclusive service by Mickey Jelke.

Living !!! Why you'll reside in luxurious quarters with wall to wall carpeting; private, tiled washrooms, beautystrest mattresses, and maid service.

Food ?? You'll dine by candlelight with piped in soft dinner music. The food is elegantly prepared by chefs imported from France. Waitresses serve you three sumptuous repasts on steaming plates . . . all for only ten dollars per month. Are you still nuts? ? You are ?? Swellzy! Just one more thing, though. Education . . . To qualify you must be able to produce a transcript of all your credits received from a creditable kindergarten through the second grade. Still qualify? Oh, ginger peachy !! Here's what you do:

1. Hurry down to your nearest Air Force Base or Recruiting Station. Don't worry, they'll fill out the application for you. All you do is sign. Convenient, huh?

2. Now your application WILL be accepted. Next, two AP's will cart you off in a shaft car to a medical center where you will receive a complete physical from a recognized canary specialist at government expense.

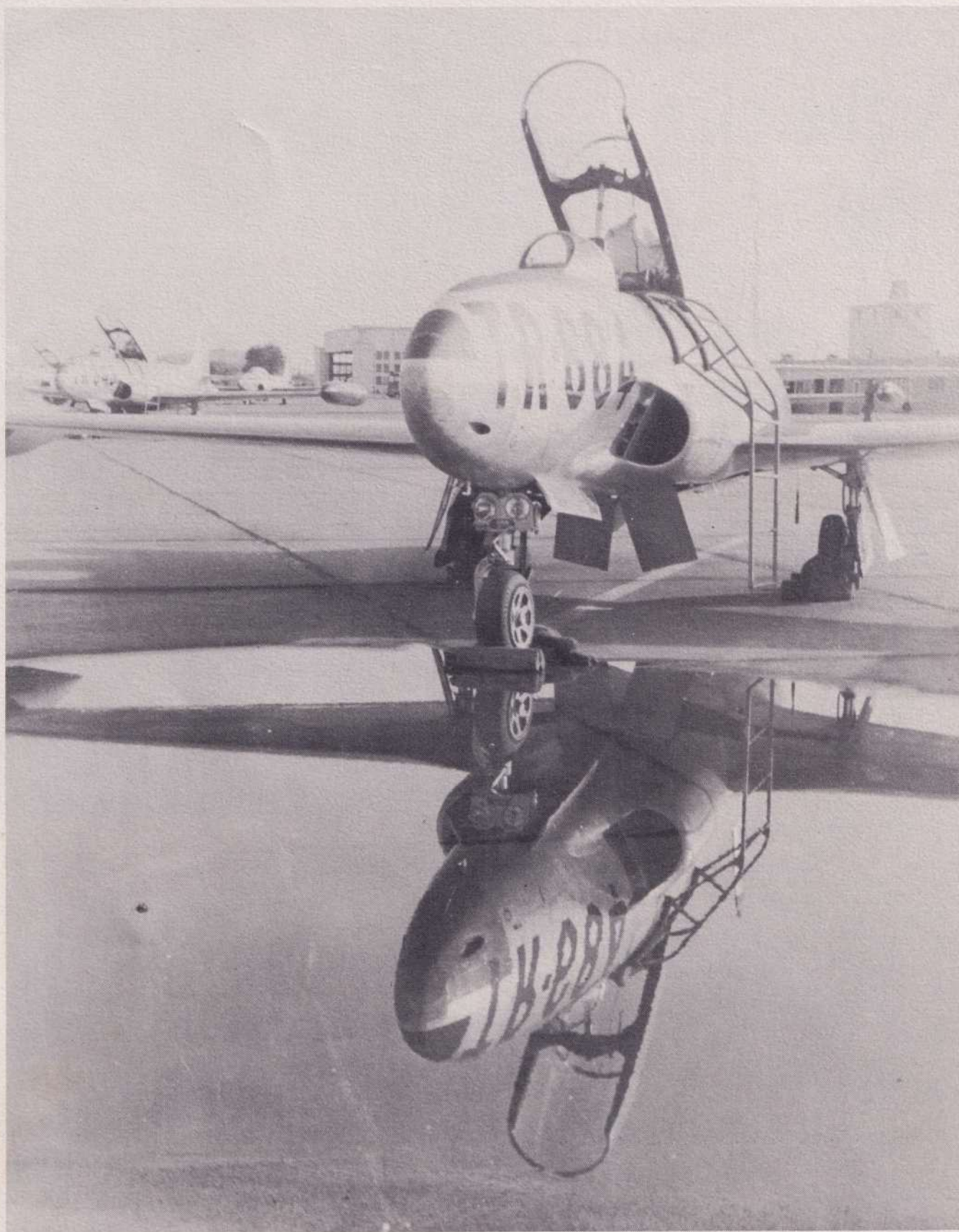
3. Finally you will be given a very rigid, written and manual aptitude test. This consists of being able to write and having two hands. Not necessarily two arms, but two hands are a must.

Having passed all your tests you will be scheduled for an Aviation Cadet (ugh) Training Class.

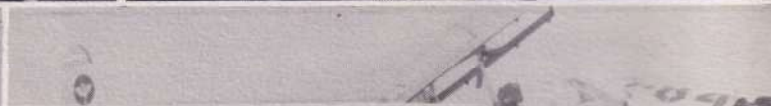
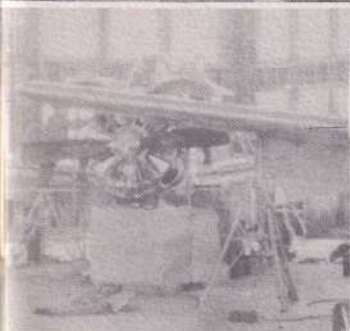
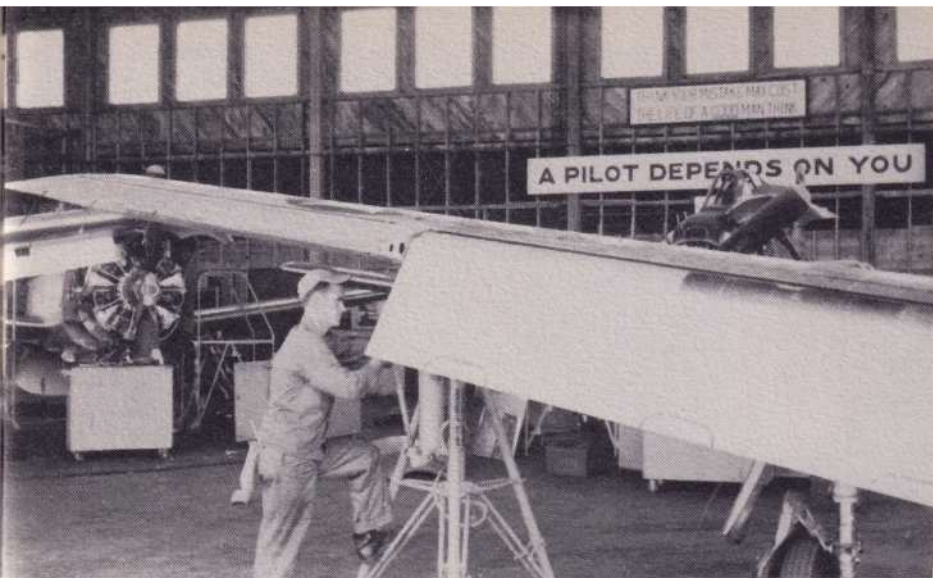


**WHERE TO GET MORE DETAILS:** Visit your nearest Air Force Base or Air Force Recruiting Officer. Or write to: Aviation Cadet, Headquarters, U. S. Air Force, Washington 25, D.C.



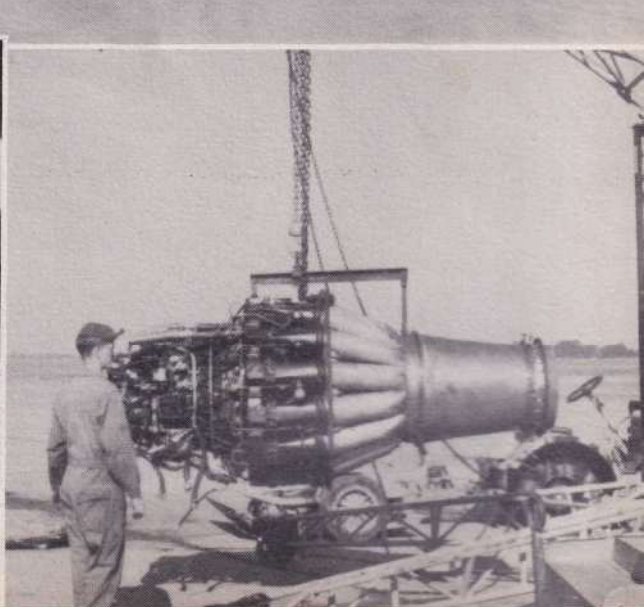
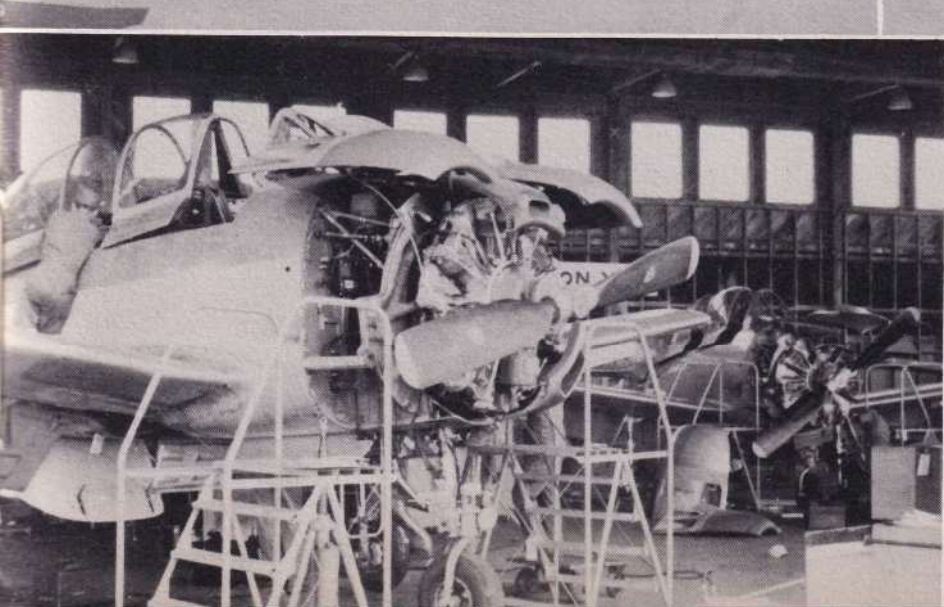
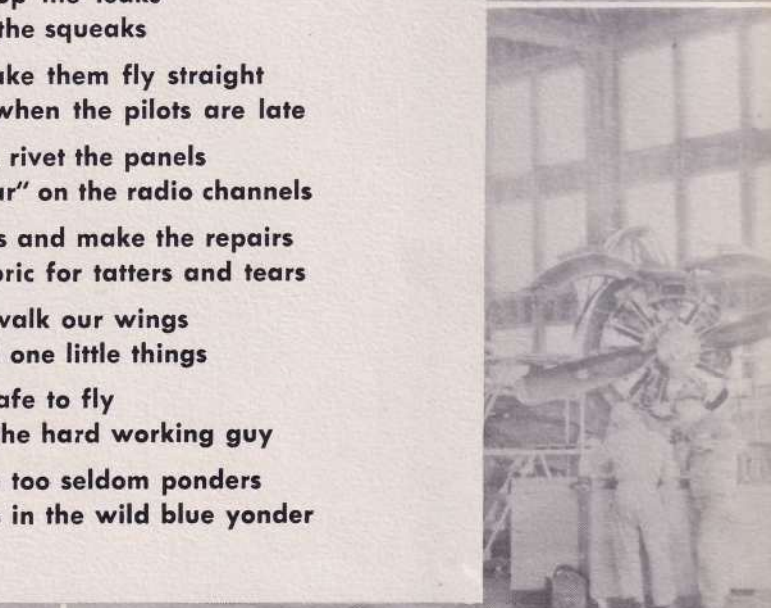
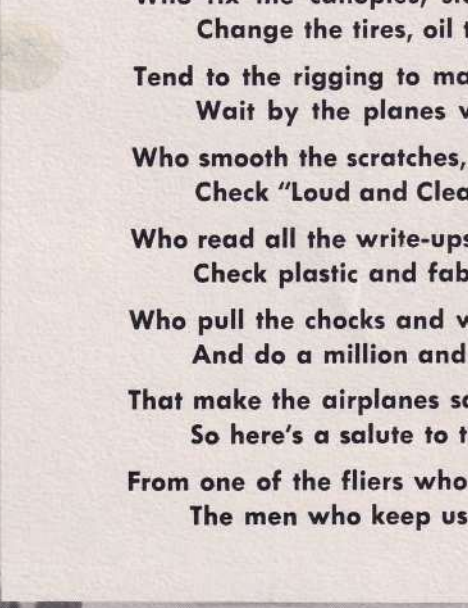




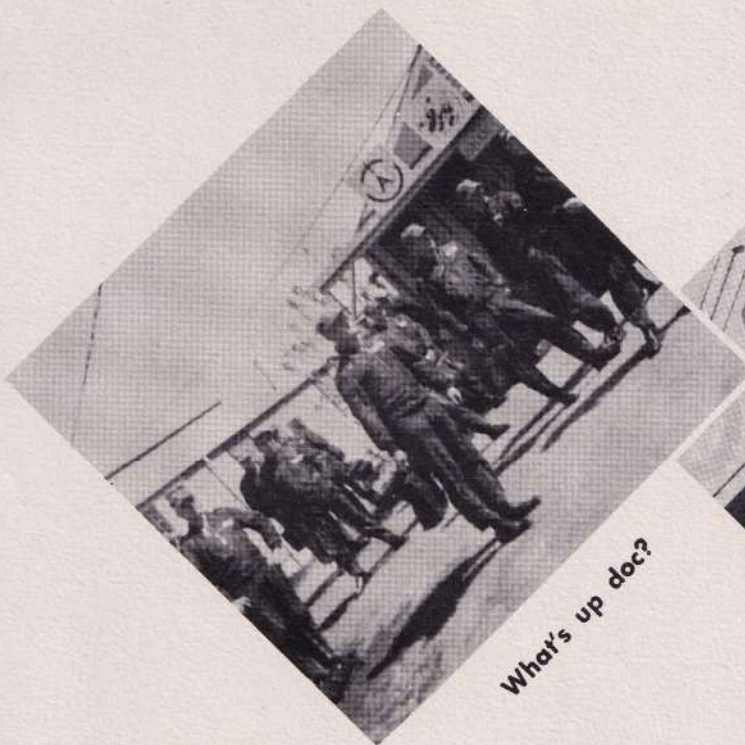


### AIRCRAFT MAINTENANCE

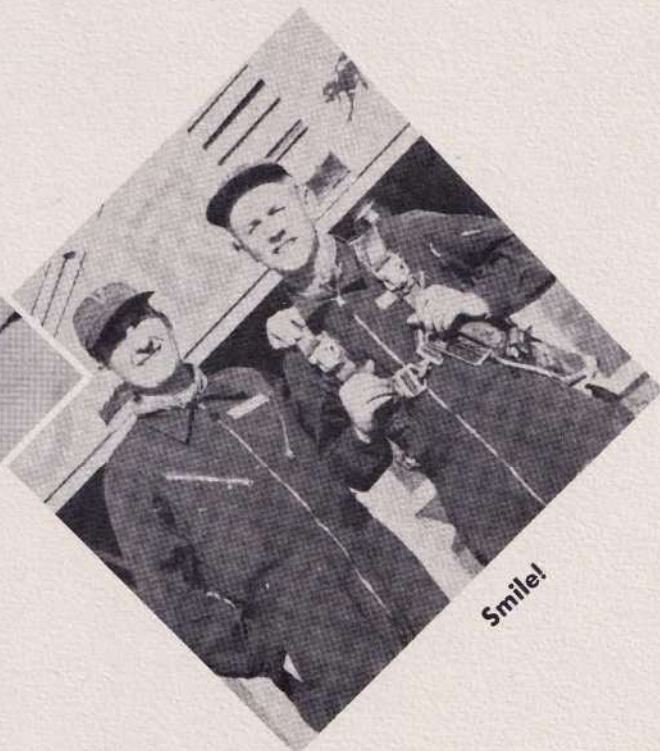
Here's to the men with the greasy hands  
 Who fuel our planes when we come in and land  
 Who fix the canopies, stop the leaks  
 Change the tires, oil the squeaks  
 Tend to the rigging to make them fly straight  
 Wait by the planes when the pilots are late  
 Who smooth the scratches, rivet the panels  
 Check "Loud and Clear" on the radio channels  
 Who read all the write-ups and make the repairs  
 Check plastic and fabric for tatters and tears  
 Who pull the chocks and walk our wings  
 And do a million and one little things  
 That make the airplanes safe to fly  
 So here's a salute to the hard working guy  
 From one of the fliers who too seldom ponders  
 The men who keep us in the wild blue yonder







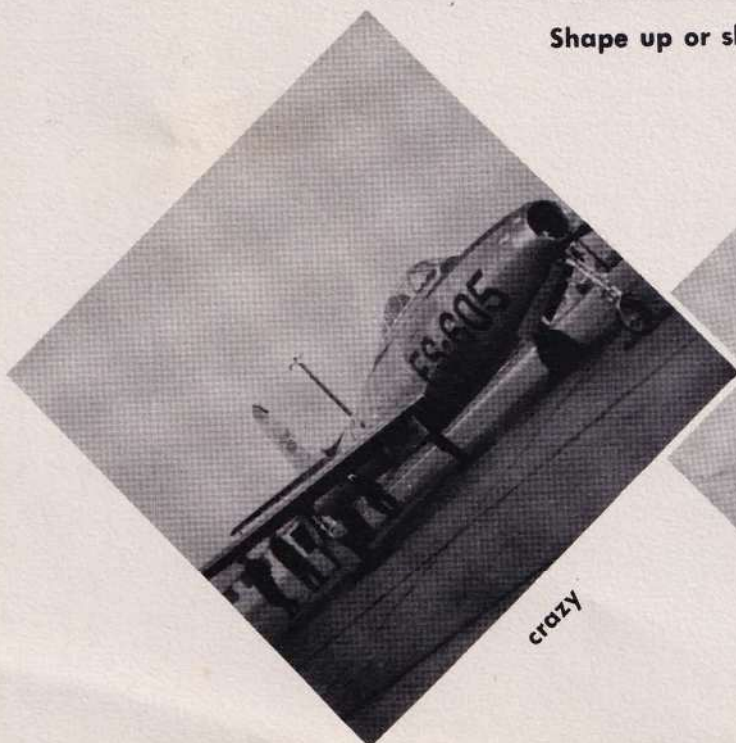
What's up doc?



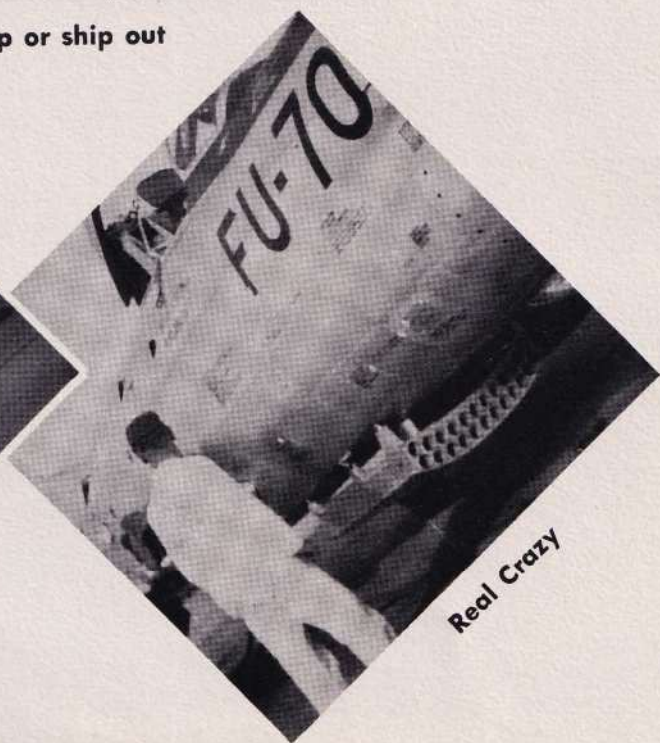
Smile!



Shape up or ship out



crazy



Real Crazy



# *T-28 Boner Beer Bust*



Every party begins at the tap



WAR STORIES



Jokes



Steaks



And more steak



A darn good meal



Chug-a-lug



This could last all night?





The "Dash One" states, "That if the starting fuel switch is actuated before the ignition switch, a slight rumble may occur!?"

A multi-engine pilot's dream. Can do a steep 30 degree bank and if he pulls real hard on the wheel, might pull a "G" and possibly a half, "That's Flying!?"



This contraption is a fighter pilot's nightmare but being the versatile individual he is, would even settle for this, just to get his feet off the ground. Anybody sweating it out?

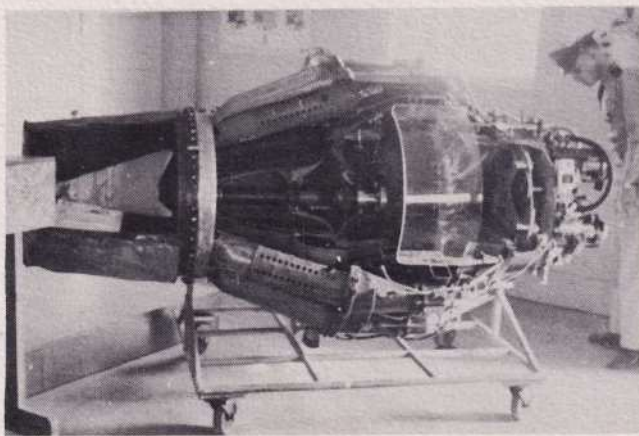




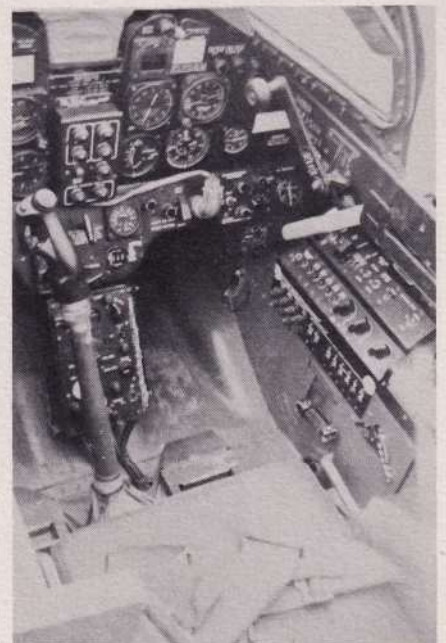
**Smooth! Well, I guess.**



**Today's Wonder**



**The Push**



**Gadgets**



**Anti-Fryer Machine**



**Computing**



**Taking Five**



## HELL IN TEXAS

The Devil in Hell we're told was chained,  
And a thousand years he there remained,  
He neither complained nor did he groan,  
But determined to start a hell of his own.

Where he could torment the souls of men,  
Without being chained in a prison pen,  
So he asked the Lord if he had on hand  
Anything left when he made this land.

The Lord said, "Yes, I have plenty on hand,  
But I left down on the Rio Grande  
The fact is 'old boy' the stuff is so poor  
I don't think you can use it in hell anymore."

But the devil went down to look at the truck  
And said if he took it as a gift he was stuck,  
For he had some water or rather some dregs,  
A regular cathartic and smelled like bad eggs.

Hence the trade was closed and the deed was given,  
And the Lord went back to his home in heaven  
The Devil said to himself "I have all that is needed,  
To make a good hell," and hence he proceeded.

He began to put thorns all over the trees,  
And mixed up the sands with millions of fleas,  
He scattered tarantulas along the roads;  
Put thorns on cactus and horns on toads.

He lengthened the horns of the Texas steers,  
And put an addition to the rabbit's ears;  
He put a little devil in the broncho steed  
And poisoned the feet of the centipede.

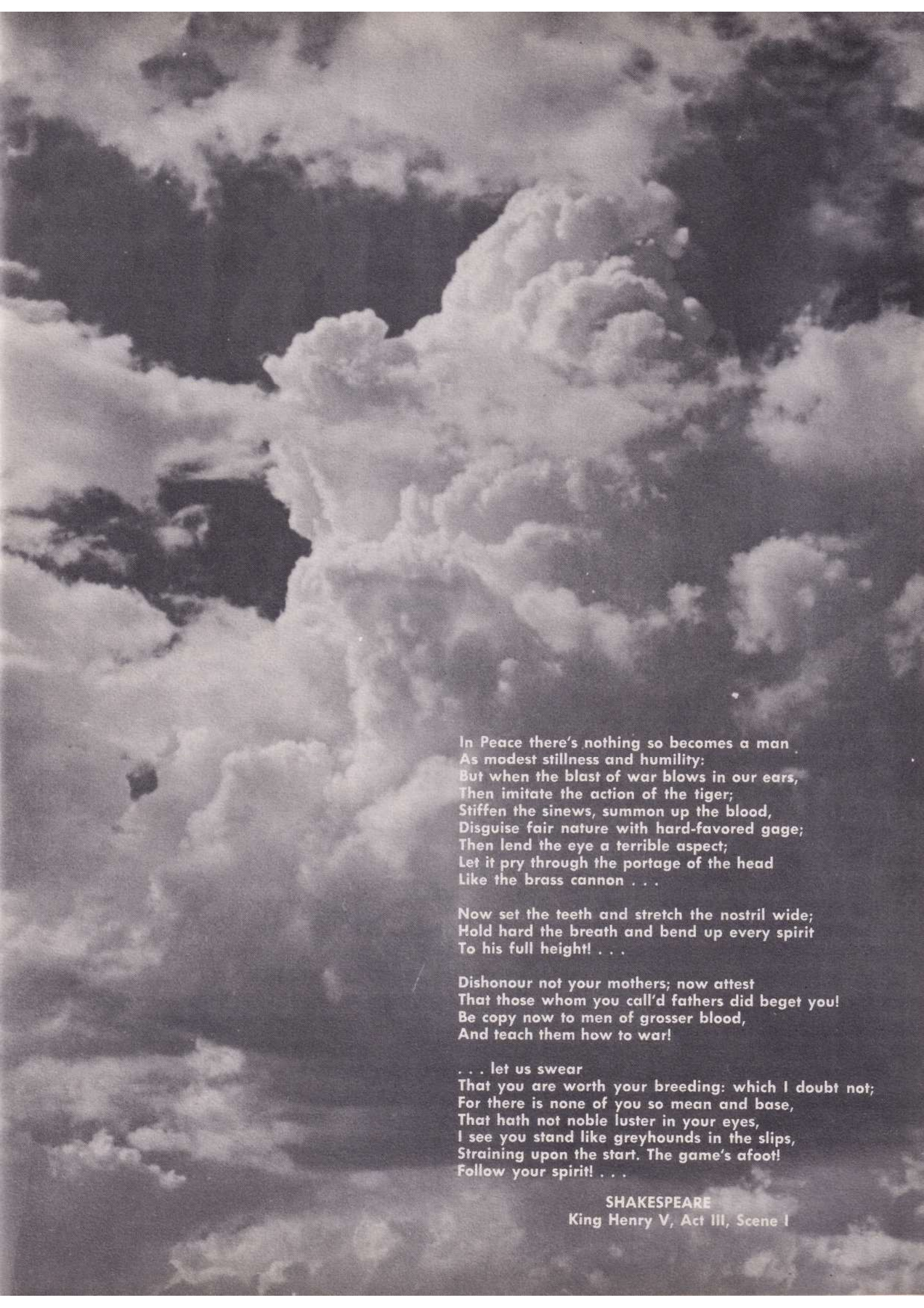
The rattlesnake bites you, the scorpion stings,  
The mosquito delights you with his buzzing wings,  
The sandburs prevail and so do the ants  
And those who sit down need half soles on their pants.

The Devil then said that throughout the land  
He'd arrange to keep up the Devil's own brand,  
And all should be Mavericks unless they bore,  
Marks or scratches of bites and thorns by the score.

The heat in the summer is one hundred and ten,  
Too hot for the Devil and too hot for men;  
The wild Boar roams through the black chaparral;  
'Tis a hell of a place that he has for a hell.

This Hell on Earth wasn't made for the Dead,  
The Devil had other plans in his head;  
He knew the Air Force would use it well  
By Sending CADETS to this "SPECIAL HELL"





In Peace there's nothing so becomes a man  
As modest stillness and humility;  
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
Then imitate the action of the tiger;  
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,  
Disguise fair nature with hard-favored gage;  
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;  
Let it pry through the portage of the head  
Like the brass cannon . . .

Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide;  
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit  
To his full height! . . .

Dishonour not your mothers; now attest  
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you!  
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,  
And teach them how to war!

. . . let us swear  
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;  
For there is none of you so mean and base,  
That hath not noble luster in your eyes,  
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot!  
Follow your spirit! . . .

SHAKESPEARE  
King Henry V, Act III, Scene I



# OPEN POST



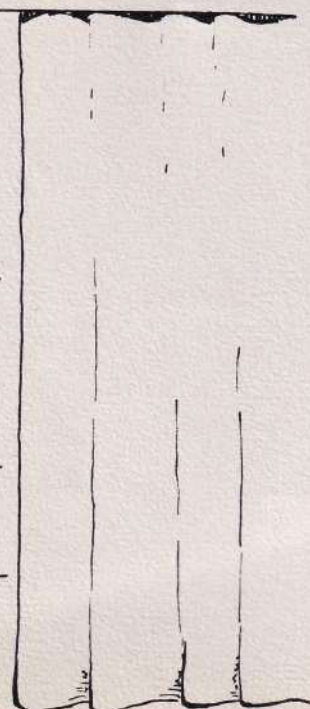




L. TO R.: K. C. Kuester, J. W. Vandenbroek, E. J. O'Sullivan, C. A. Rustvold, G. A. Irvin, D. O. Beatty, F. M. Linton, C. F. Hampton, R. W. Winkler, J. N. Brichetto.

STAFF  
 CO-ED - IRVIN & BEATTY  
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 VANDENBROEK  
 LAYOUT - LINTON & RUSTVOLD  
 O'SULLIVAN  
 PICS - HAMPTON & WINKLER  
 BRICHETTO  
 ART - VAN DER MAAL  
 BEATTY

THE CURTAIN RINGS  
 DOWN WITH OUR  
 REVERED ARTIST  
 STILL HARD AT  
 WORK...



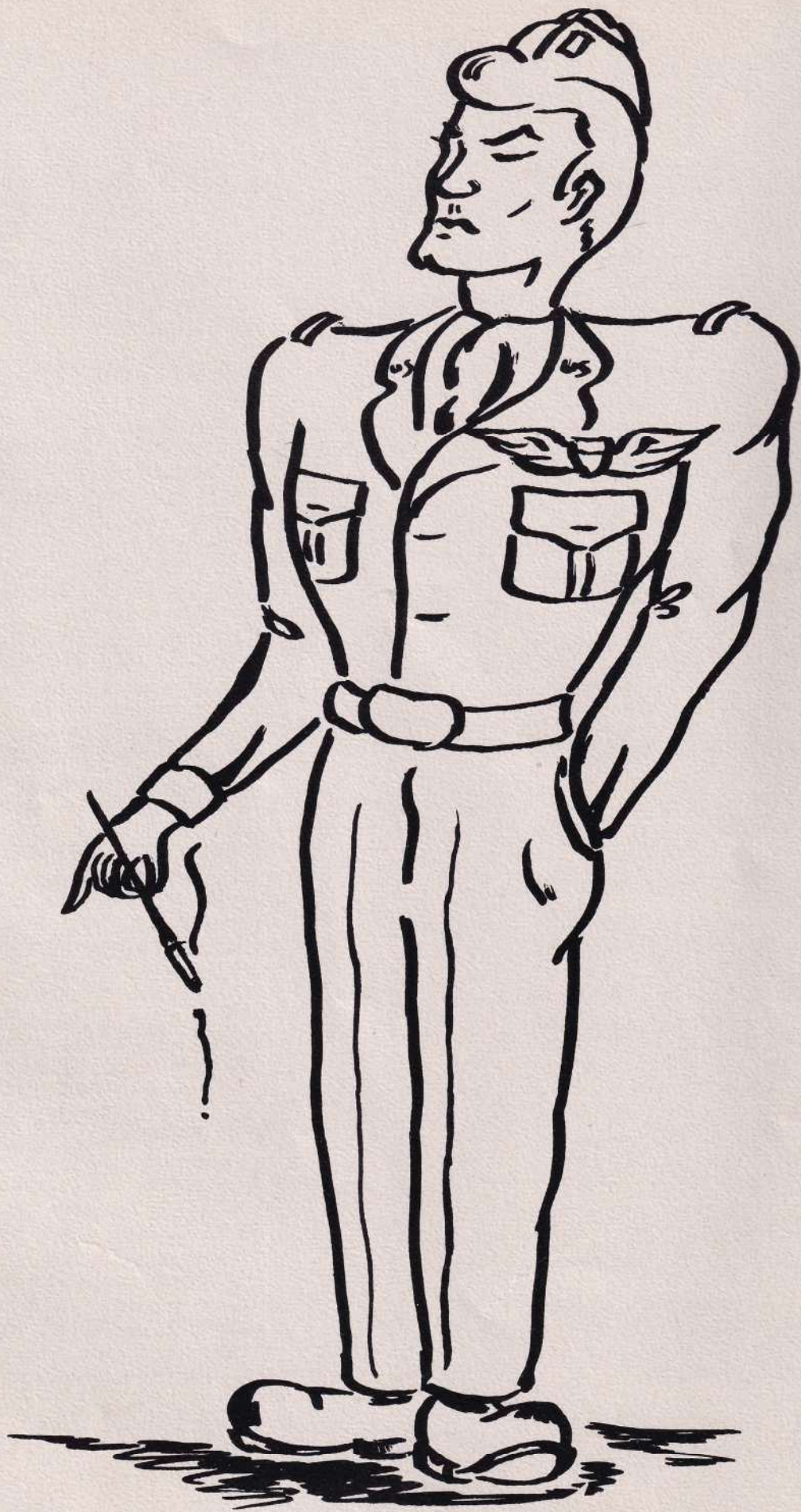




L. TO R.: Liaison Off. J. Benckhuysen, Gp. Chaplain C. A. Rustvold, Gp. Adj. D. Mack, Gp. Tao. O. R. Grigsby, Gp. Comm. K. C. Kuester, Gp. Exec. E. J. O'Sullivan.







WHY YES, "I FLY JETS".



**ASKVIK, OTTAR MAGNUS**

Sore-Neset Pr. Bergen  
Norway

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Topeka, Kansas

**BENCKHUYSEN, JOHANNES**

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Alexandria, Virginia

**DUKE, WILLIAM CORDIE**

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Slinde, Sogn  
Norway

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Chicago, Illinois

**FERGUSON, RONALD FAY**

C/O Freida Lundberg  
General Delivery, Marathon, Fla.

**GASSMAN, JAMES OTTO**

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Buffalo, N. Y.

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Lawrence, Kansas

**GRIGSBY, ORIN ADAM, JR.**

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**HOLMAN, DONALD CHARLES**

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**HONG, TAI SUNG**

P. O. Box 71  
Waialua, Oahu, Hawaii

**IVES, RICHARD**

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Route 3  
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**JOHNSON, ELDON RUSSELL**

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**JOHNSON, LAWRENCE**

WhiteHall,  
Wisconsin

**JOHNSON, WILFRED LEE**

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Aliquippa, Pennsylvania

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Vincennes, Indiana

**KRISTIANSEN, HENNING MARQUARD**

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Denmark

**KUESTER, KEITH CHARLES**

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Sheboygan, Wisconsin

**LEACH, WILLIE C., JR.**

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Staten Island 5, New York

**LINTON, FREDRICK MELVIN**

Route 2  
Stanton, Michigan

**LOISELLE, RAYMOND LUCIEN**

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Holyoke, Mass.

**LUNDY, LEWIS EMMETT**

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Colville, Washington

**McMULLEN, JAMES CARL**

Climax,  
Minnesota

**MACK, DAVID**

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Los Angeles 42, California

**MAIN, CHARLES CARNEY**

747 South Hillside  
Wichita 17, Kansas

**NEWMAN, STANLEY CHARLES**

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Wollaston, Mass.

**NILSEN, NILS JOHAN**

Ovregt 18 Skien  
Norway

**OCHS, RONALD BER**

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Portland 11, Oregon

**ODEGAARD, ARNE**

Fagerstrand P. O. Nesodden  
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**OLLIVARES, ALFONSO**

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Redondo Beach, California

**ORGREEN, ERIK**

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Denmark

**RICHARDS, ROGER H.**

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Willard, Ohio

**PURDY, JOHN ROBERT**

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**PYNE, STANLEY R.**

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Fossil, Oregon

**RUSTVOLD, CLARENCE A.**

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**SEGARS, CHARLES DEE**

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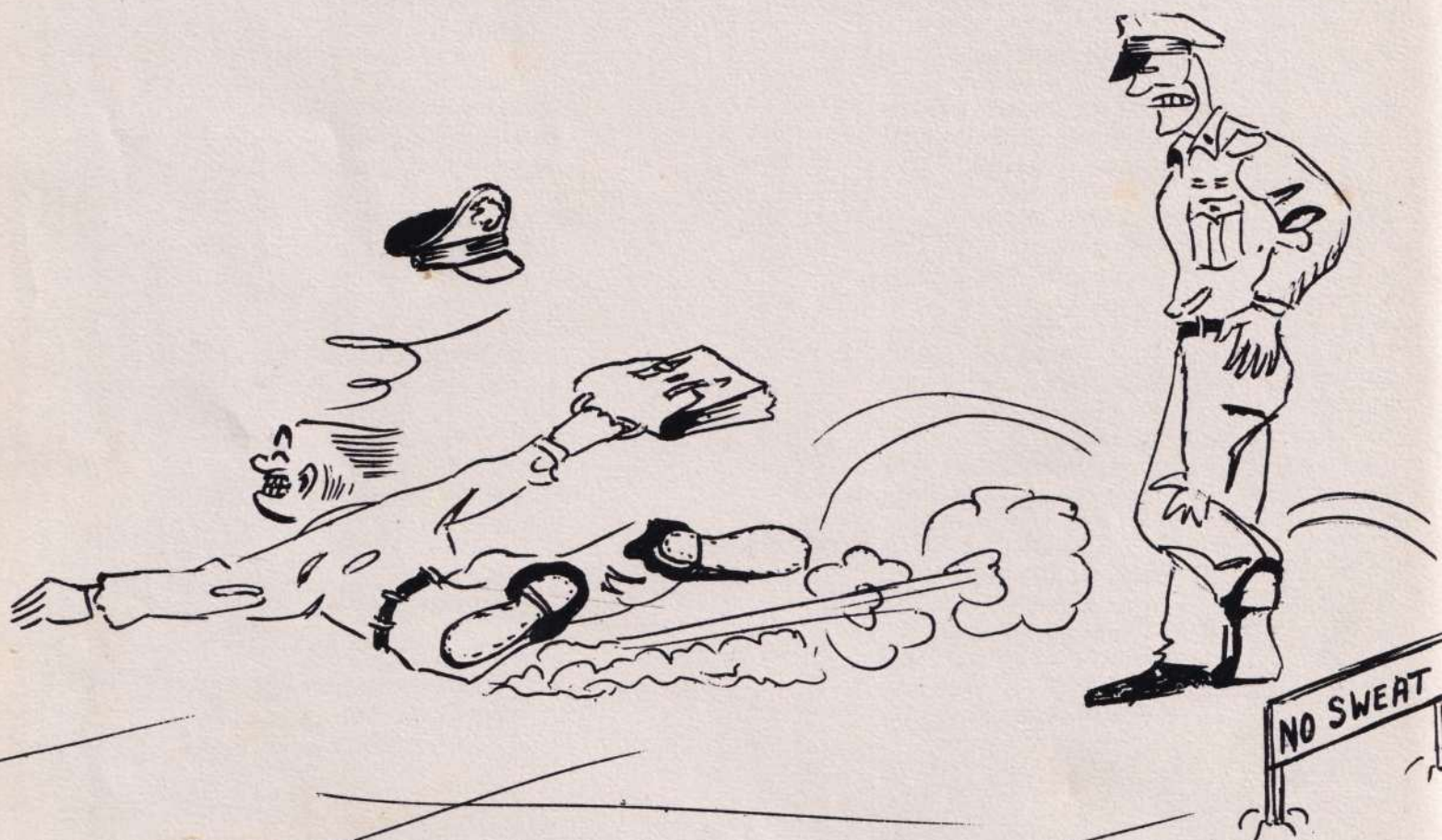
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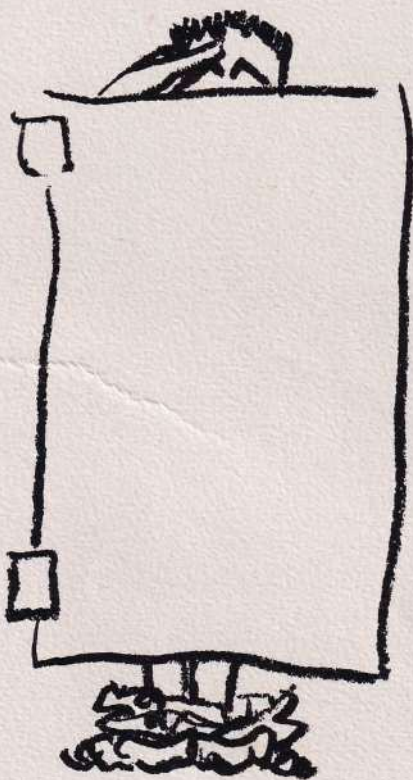
**WINKLER, ROBERT WARREN**  
Neche,  
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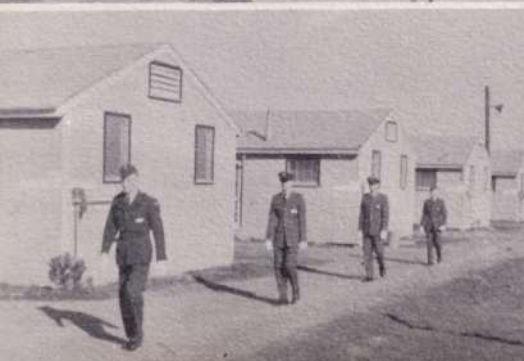
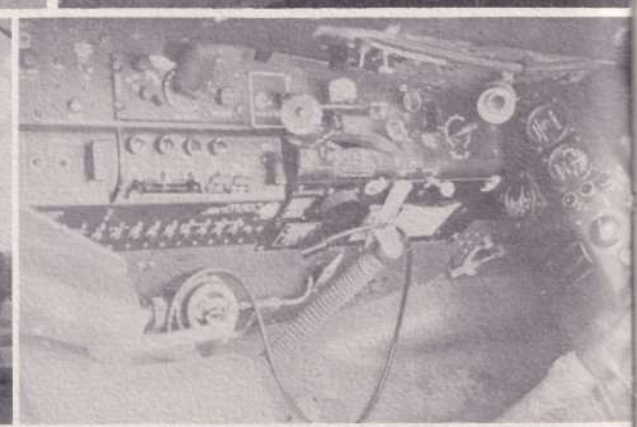
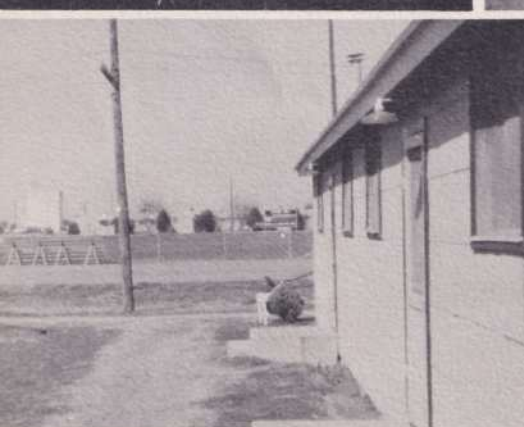
KEEP PRACTICING THOSE FORCED LANDINGS!



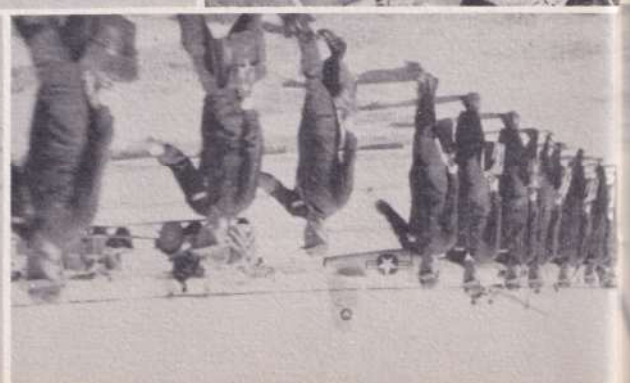
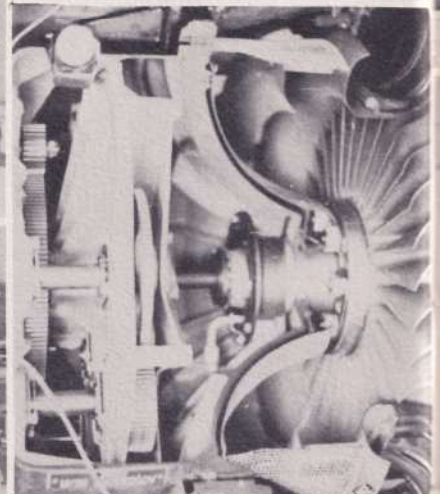
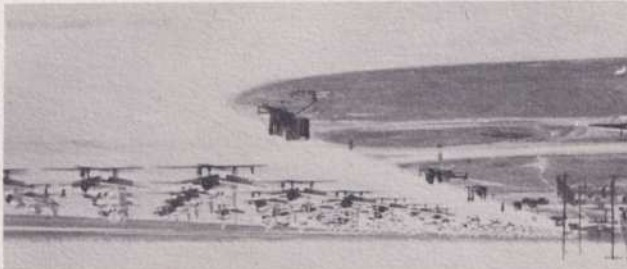
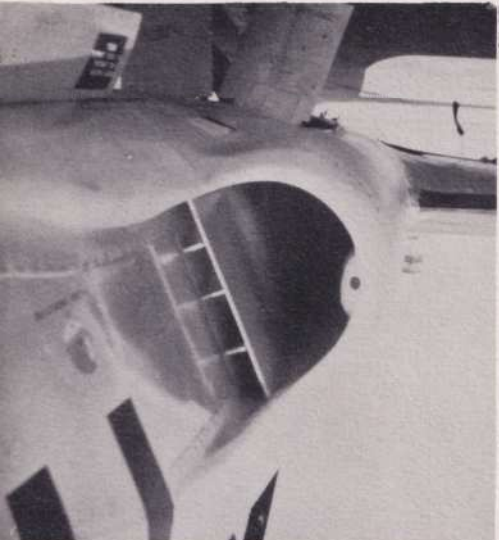
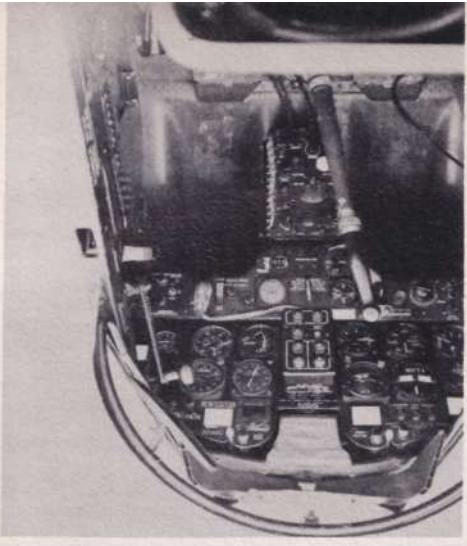


There is such a thing as carrying the program too far.

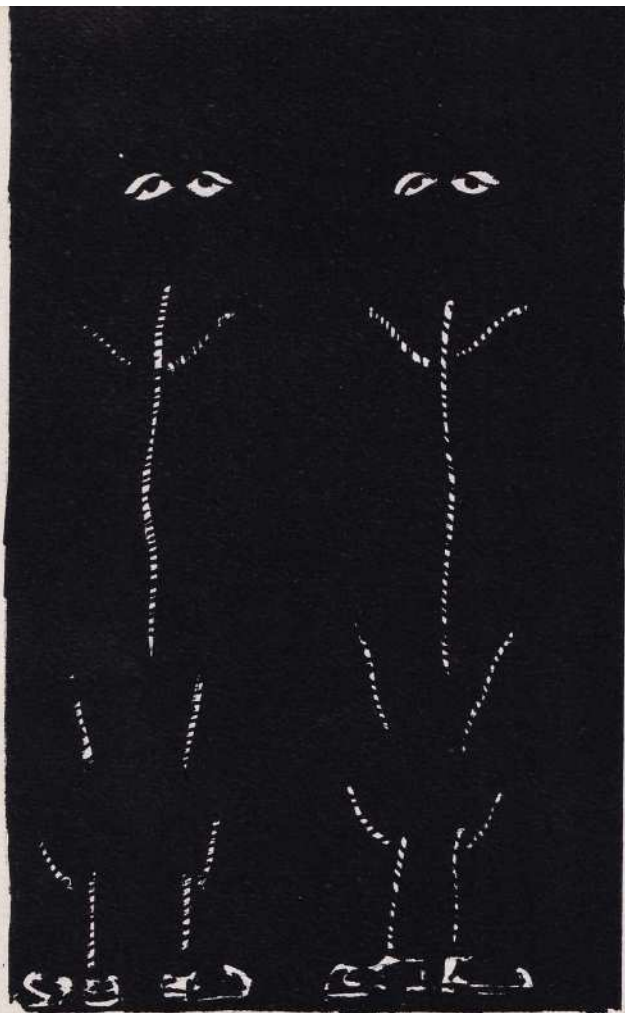




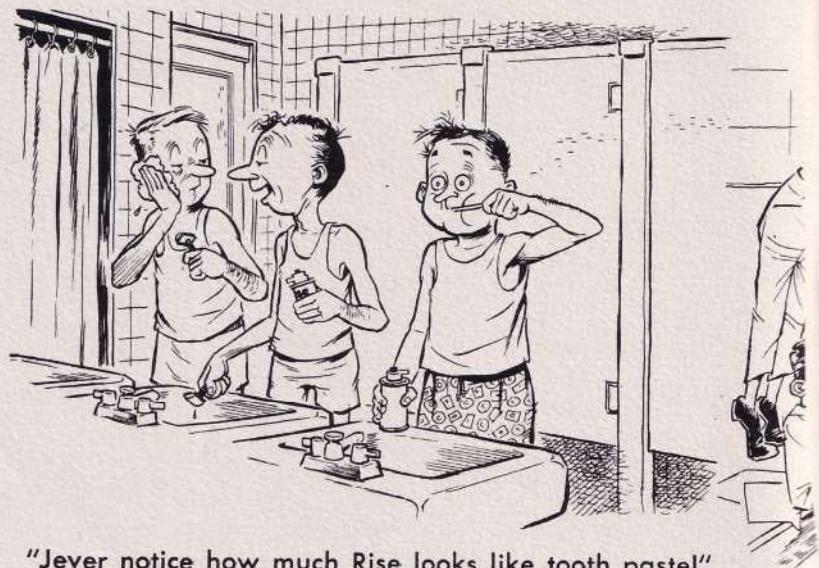








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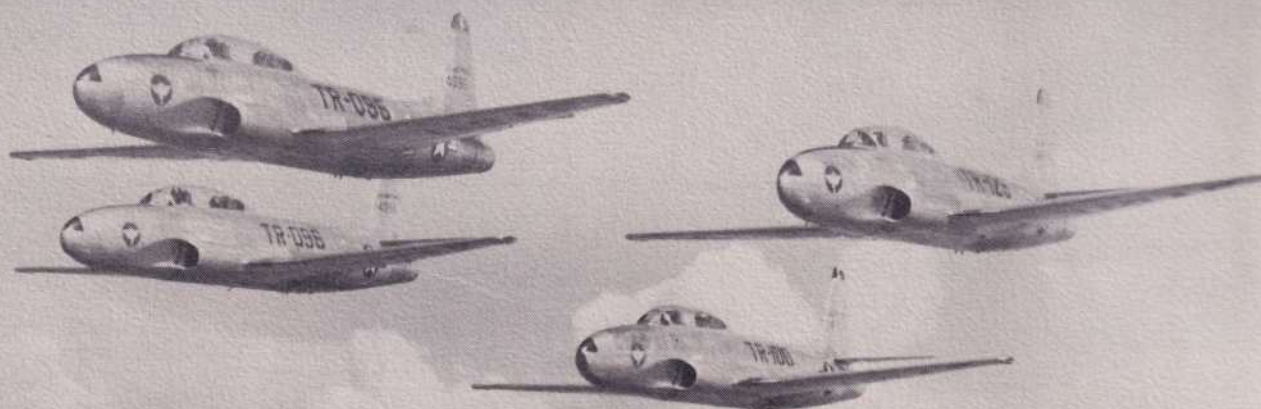
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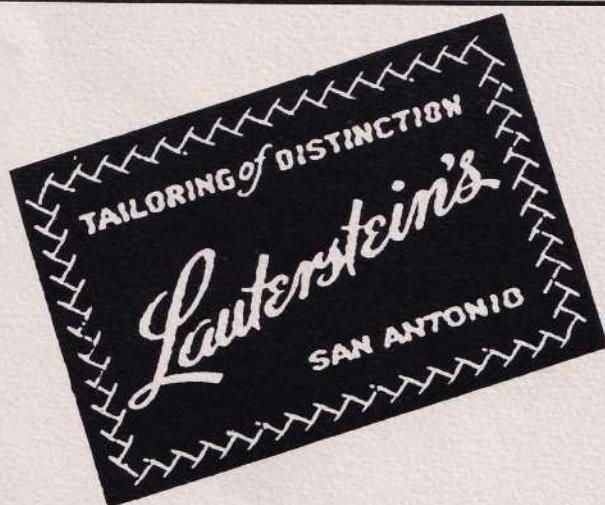
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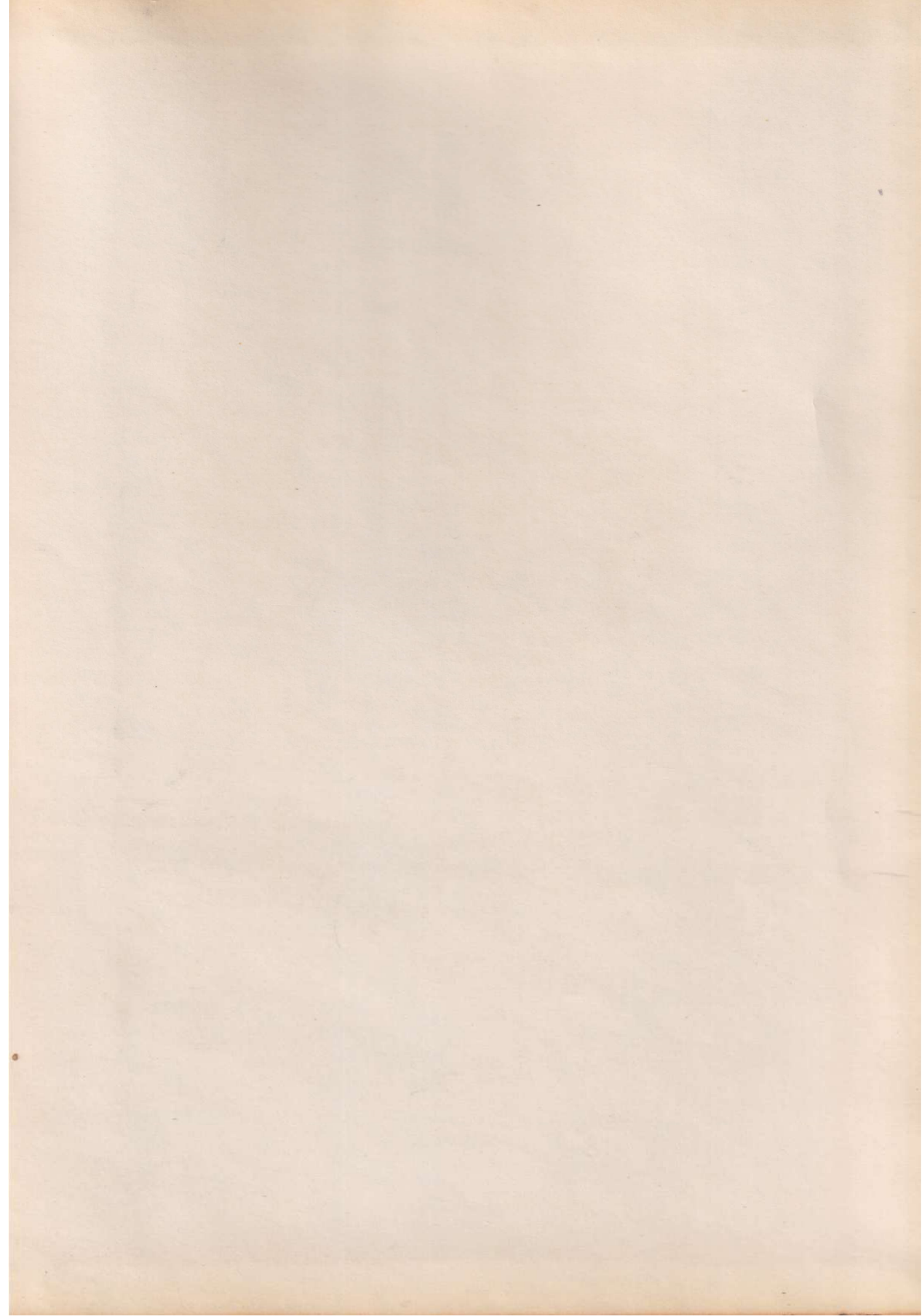
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