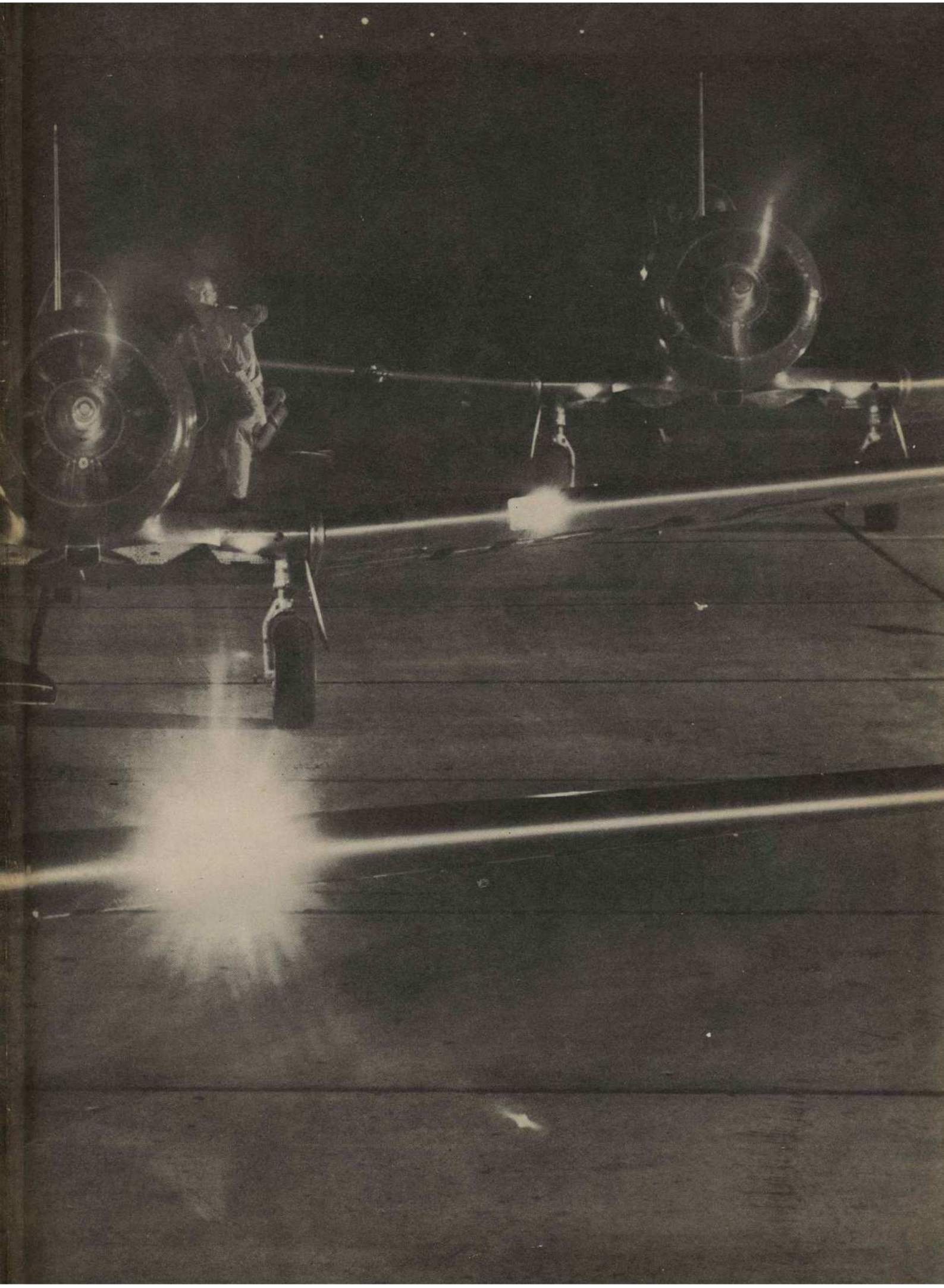
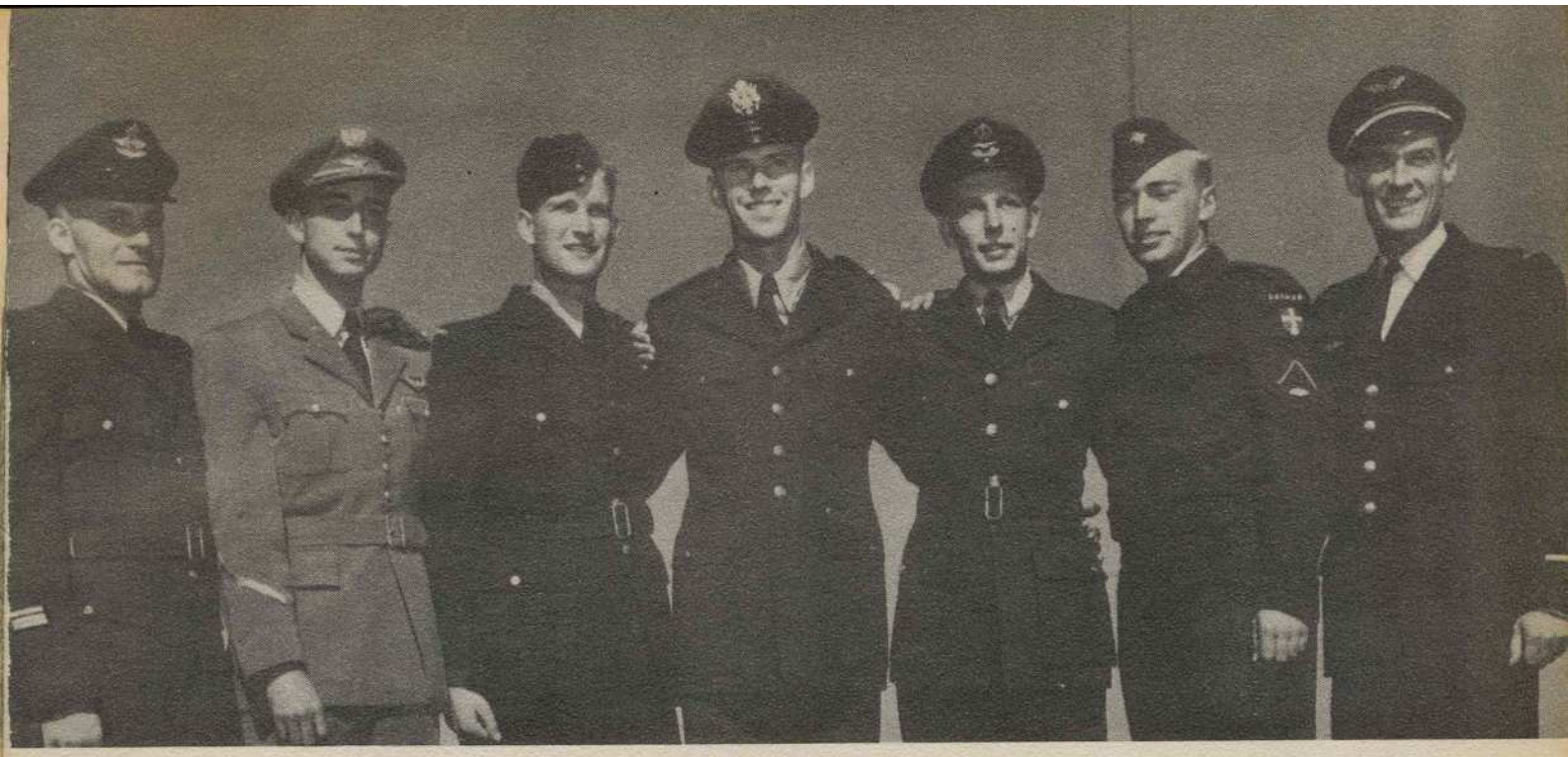
# BASE LEG

53-D

J. E. STEVENSON





# The Memories of

# *Class 53-D*

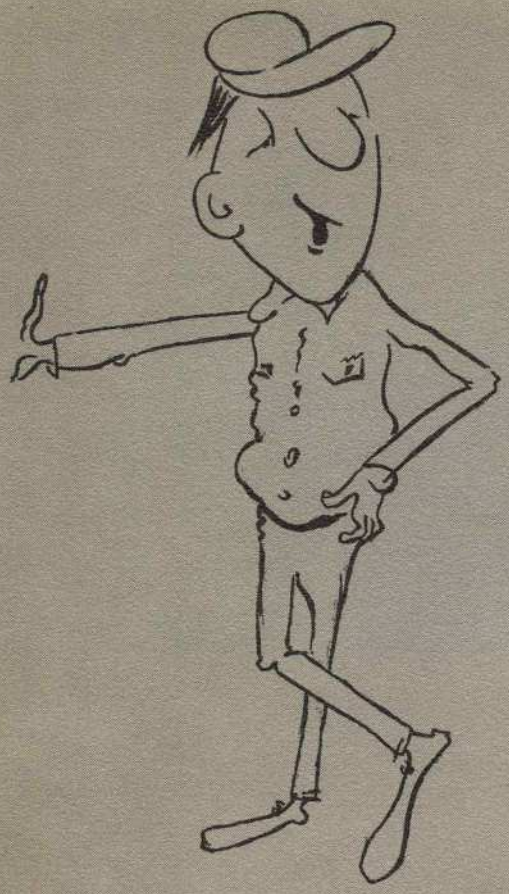
## Stallings Air Base, N. C.

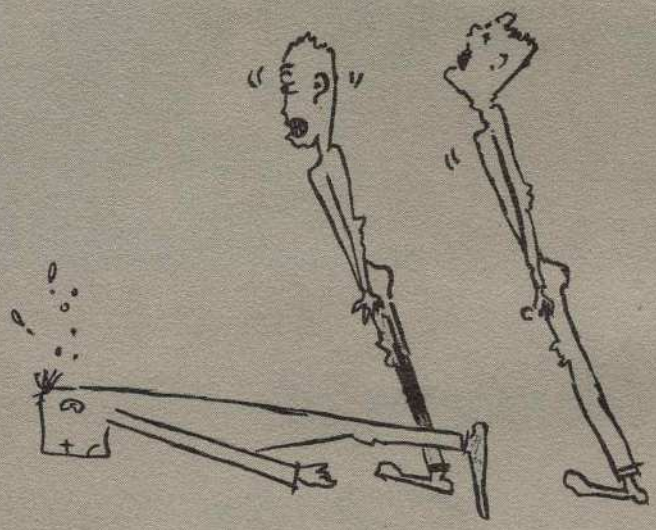
## May-December, 1952

### We Came . . .

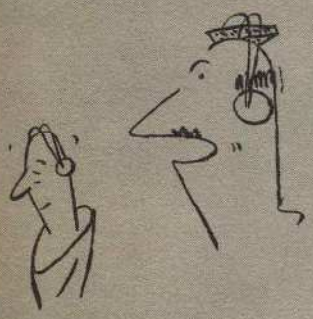
. . . from the history-weighted villages of Portugal, the bustling confusion of Gotham, the undulating grainlands of Nebraska to learn so that the chains of the conqueror would never bind those of our hearts. And this . . was 53-D.

# CROSS WINDS

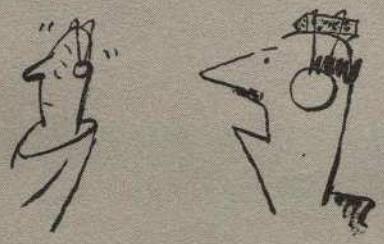




Ferrrrwarrrrdd . . . . . march.

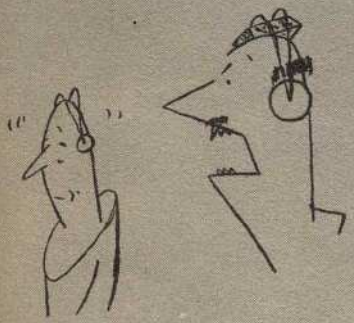


Five Hours

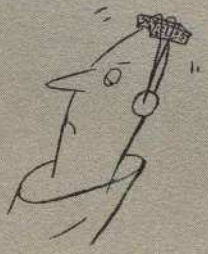


Ten Hours

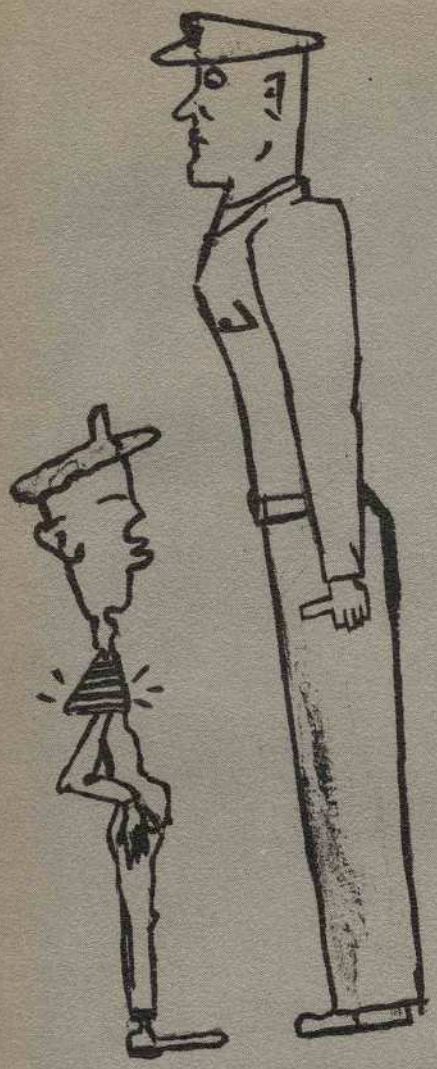
After-Landing Shack



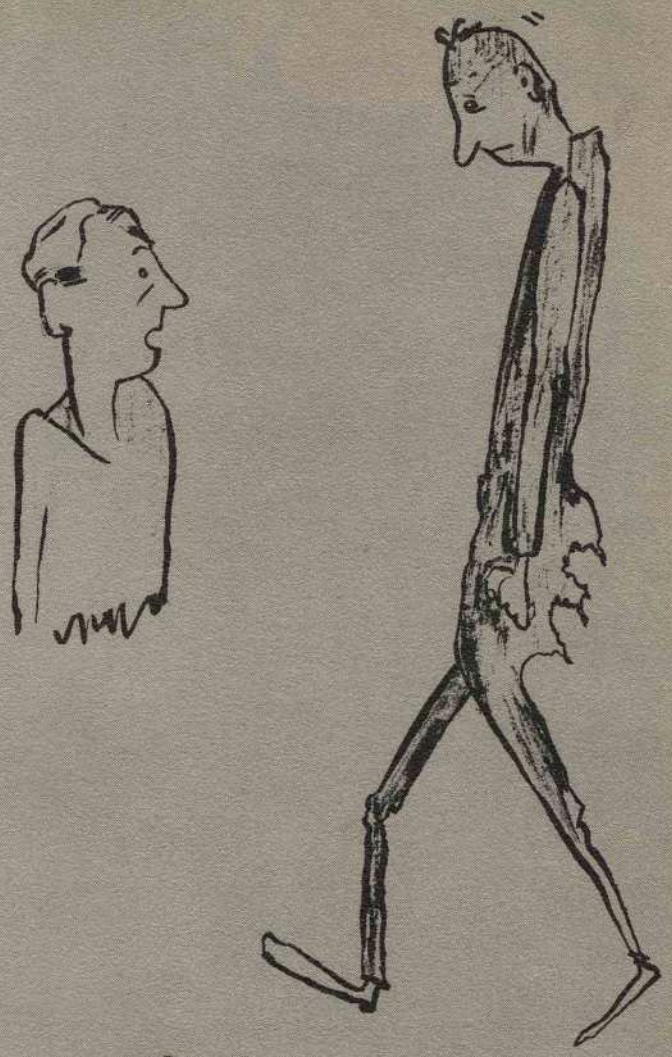
Twenty Hours



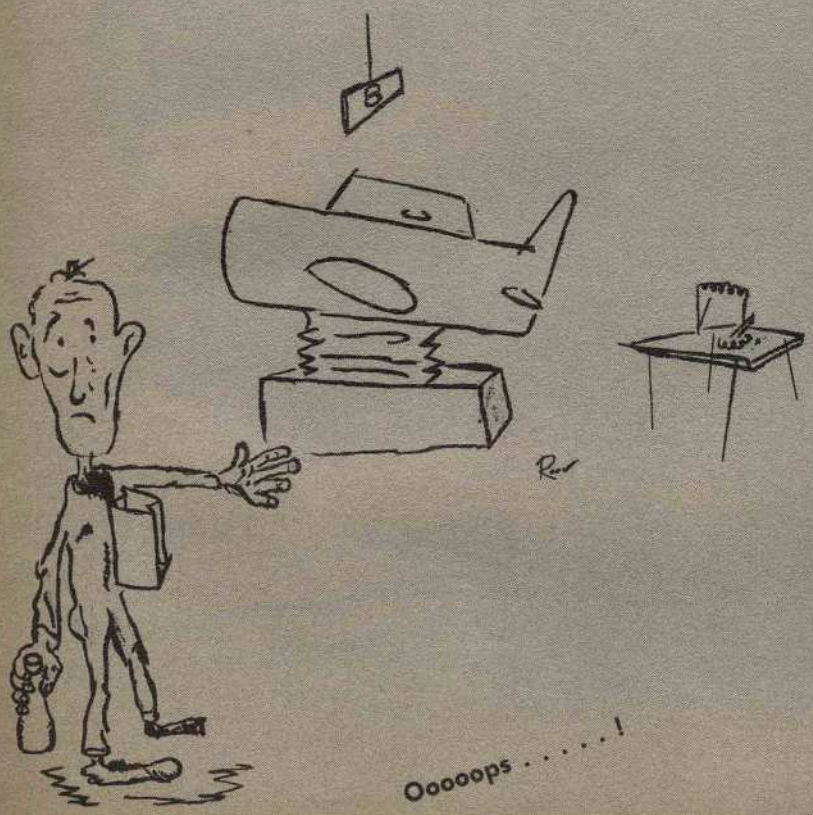
Solo



Hemstich, your buckle ain't shined.

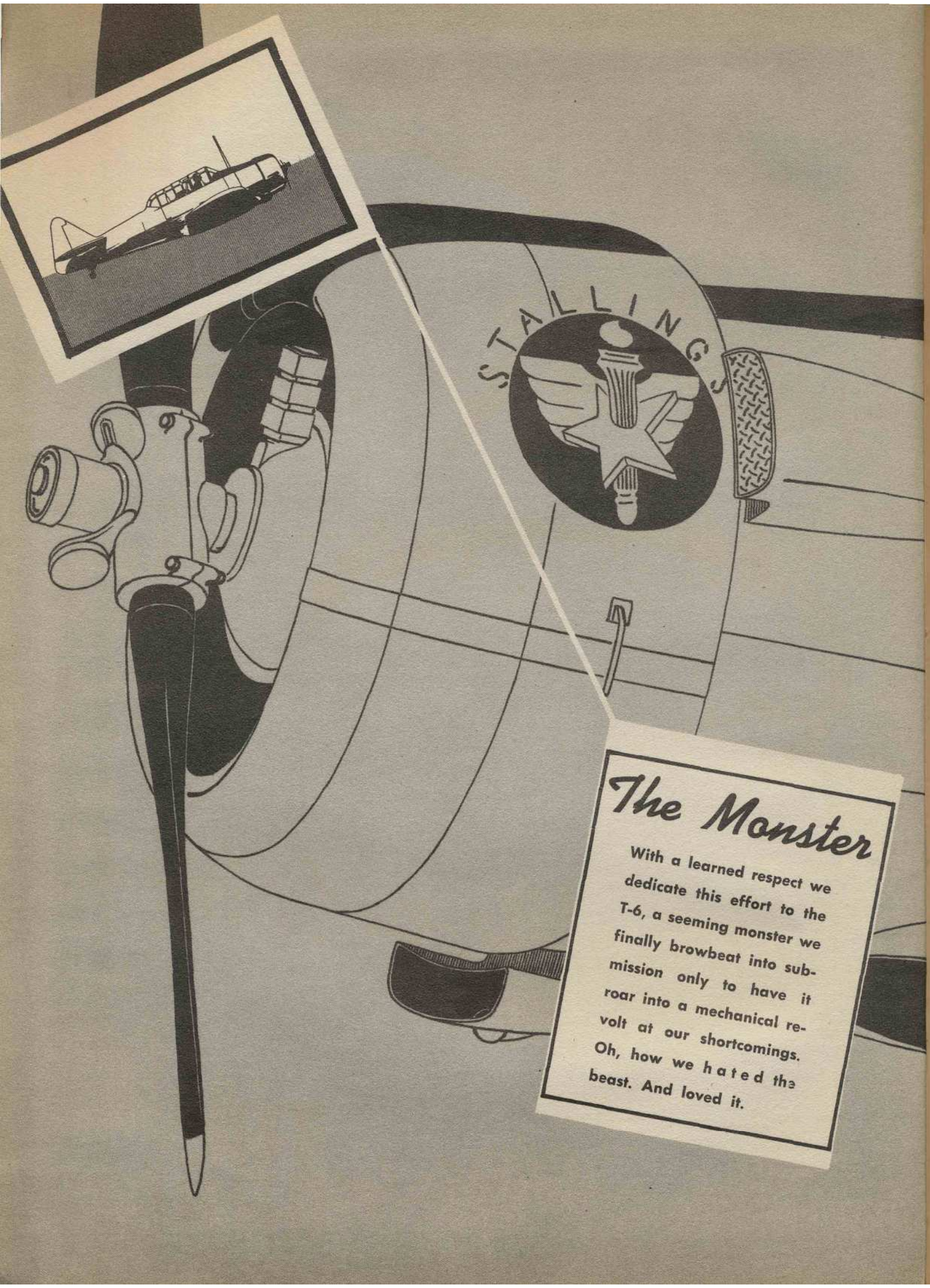


Good ride, Joe?



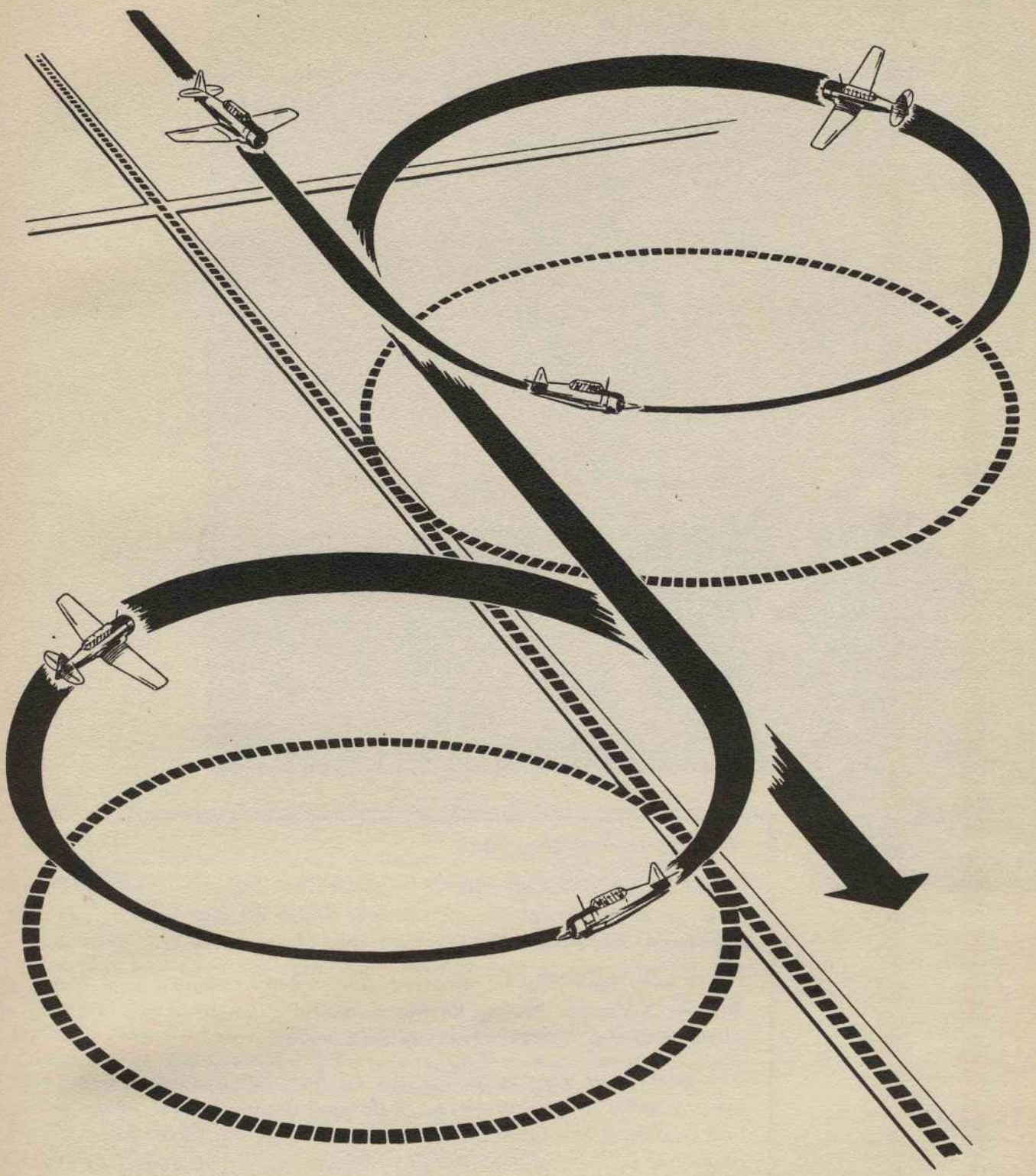
Ooooops . . . . . !

You might k n o w they'd give all the stripes to the wash-backs.

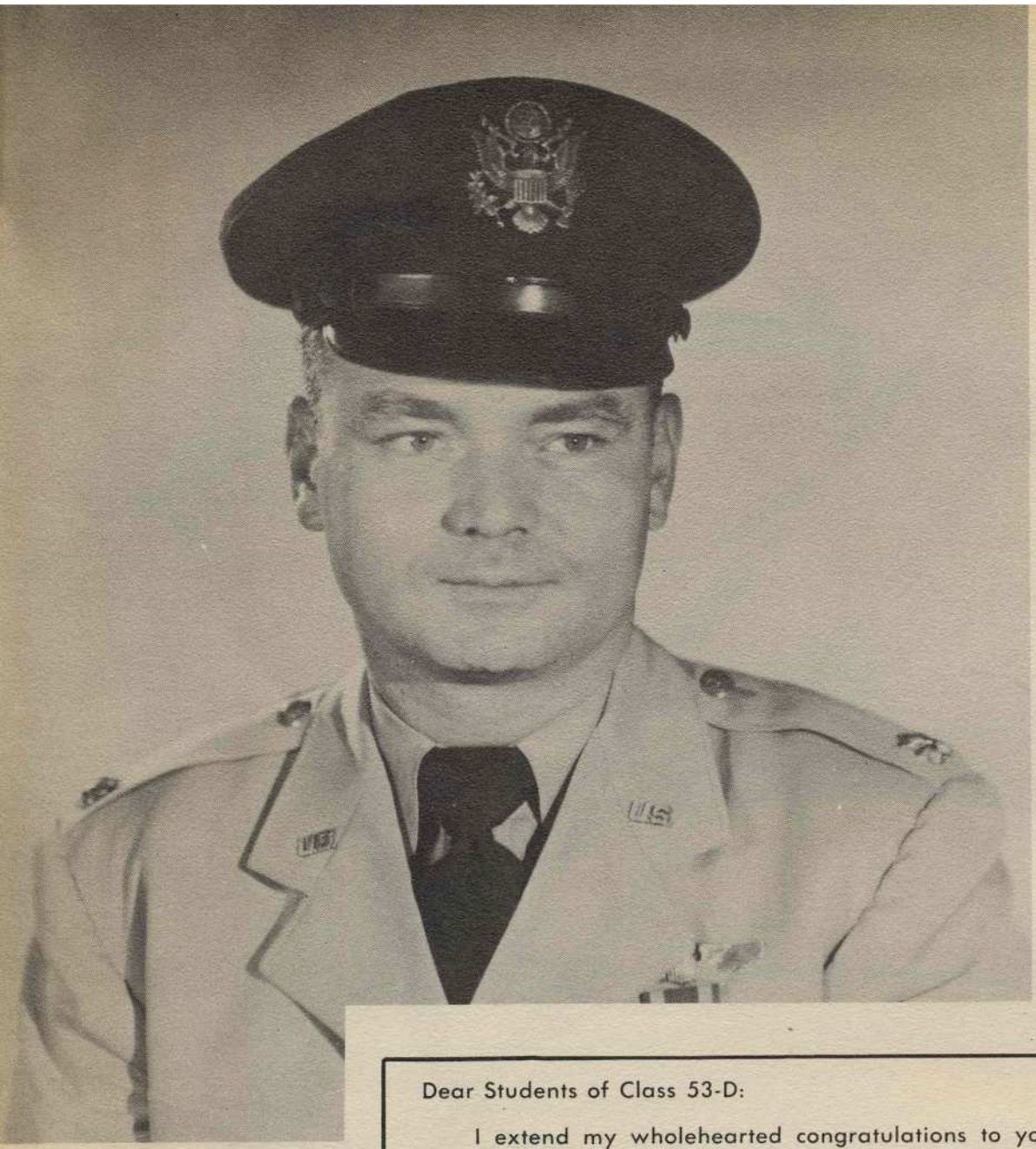



# The Monster

With a learned respect we dedicate this effort to the T-6, a seeming monster we finally browbeat into submission only to have it roar into a mechanical revolt at our shortcomings. Oh, how we hated the beast. And loved it.



# THE BRASS



Dear Students of Class 53-D:

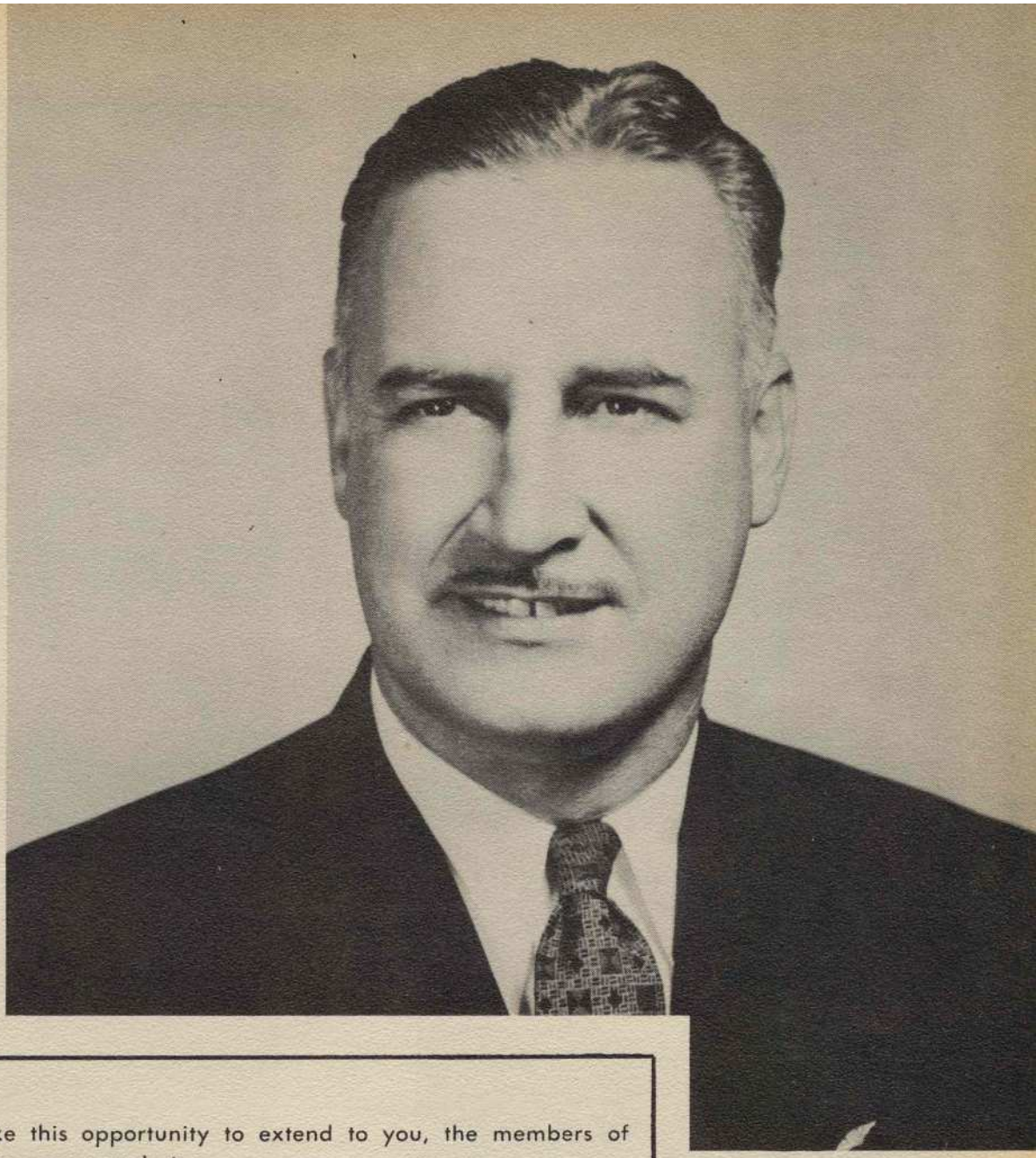
I extend my wholehearted congratulations to you, the Class of 53-D, on your successful completion of the first phase of your training towards Commissioned Officers and Pilots in the United States Air Force.

I wish especially to commend you students assigned here in the Mutual Defense Assistance Pact on having successfully completed your training despite of the language barrier which you encountered.

While your training at Stallings Air Base has at times seemed very rigid, it is my belief that it has served to develop the qualities of integrity, initiative, and responsibility requisite in the character of an Air Force Officer, whose duty ultimately involves responsibility for the command and leadership of others.

I recommend each and every one of you without reservation for further training, with the personal conviction that you will not compromise this degree of trust.

WALTER R. HARDEE, JR.
Lt. Colonel, USAF
Commanding



Class of 53-D

I would like to take this opportunity to extend to you, the members of Class 53-D, my most sincere congratulations.

During the past seven months, you have worked diligently through the long, hard days and have now completed the first half of your military pilot training.

You have played a major role in proving that the fine spirit of coordination and cooperation of the American Military and Civilian Aviation is a definite asset to the National Defense of our country during these trying times.

During my many years in the field of aviation, this is the first opportunity I have had to have direct personal contact with the vigorous young pilots of our Air Force who make up the far reaching, striking force of our National Defense program.

I consider this a heartfelt honor and privilege to be associated with you and to have had a part in your training.

I wish you success and God speed in the performance of your very vital mission.

TRUMAN W. MILLER
President
Serv-Air Aviation Corporation

**MAJOR H. P. GOODSON**
Commandant of Students

**W. J. REYNOLDS**
Asst. Gen. Mgr Serv-Air Corp.

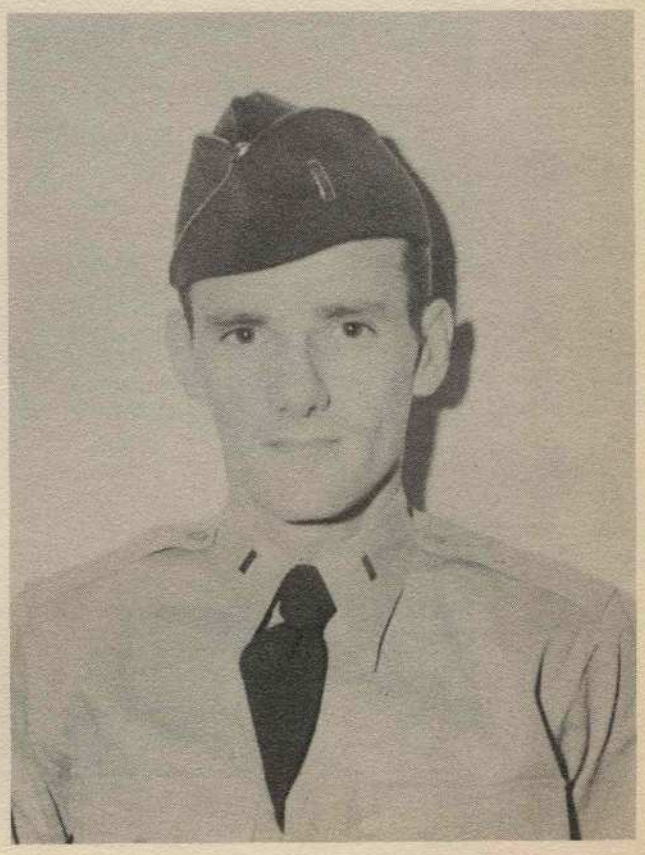
**MAJOR R. B. FILBURN, II**
Base Adjutant

**K. C. HUDSON**
Director of Ground Training

**CAPT. J. L. HENSLEY**
School Secretary

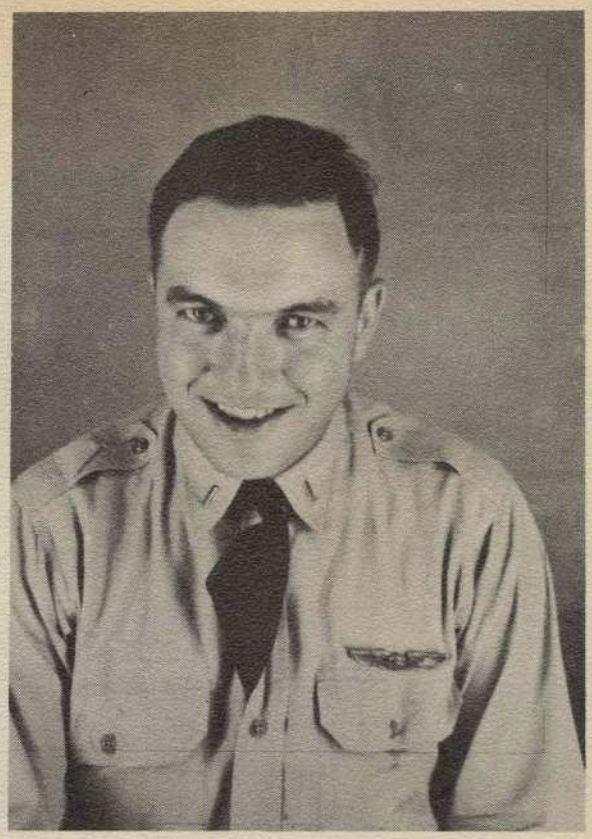
**CAPT. E. M. HOWELL**
Military Training Officer

**CAPT. R. C. LALIBERTE**
Air Installations Officer



**LT. J. R. WATSON**
Military Personnel Officer

**LT. MILTON B. McWILLIAMS**
Military Instructor



**LT. NORMAN N. GRINOLS**
Military Instructor

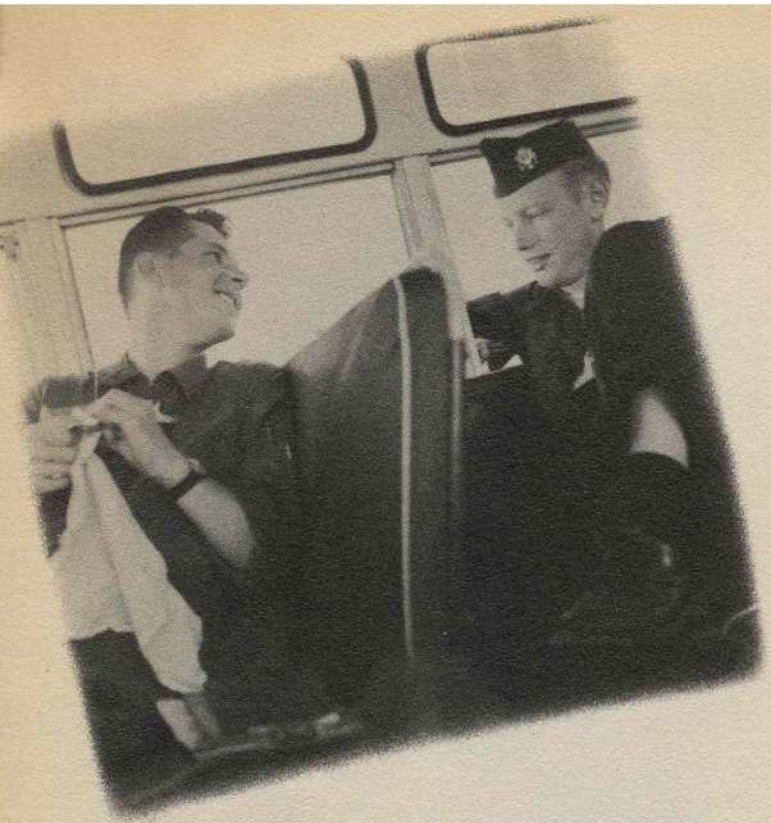
**LT. BERNARD G. MOORE**
Military Instructor

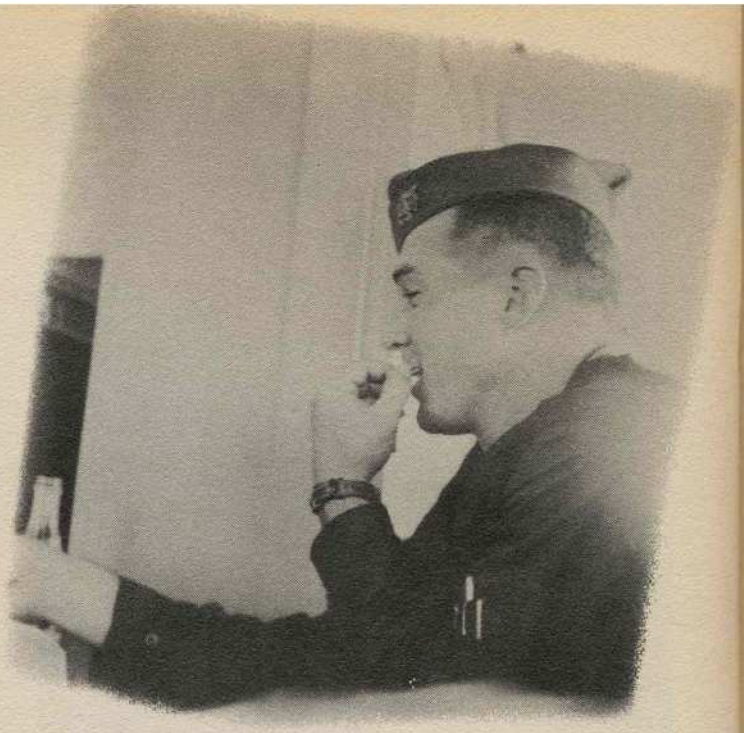
**CAPT. JAMES A. McMULLEN, JR.**
Military Instructor

**DAN E. COOK**
Squadron Commander

**GURNEY F. SMITH**
Squadron Operations Officer

**LINK INSTRUCTORS**—Front Row: Mrs. Jeannette Brown, Mrs. Mildred Matthis, Mrs. Edna Griffiths, Mrs. Ava Hensel. Back Row: Mrs. "Boots" Hood, Mrs. Louise Berg, Mr. Bill Taylor, Mr. John L. Butler, Mr. W. M. Stamper, Jr., Mrs. Pat Combs, Miss Margaret Baker.

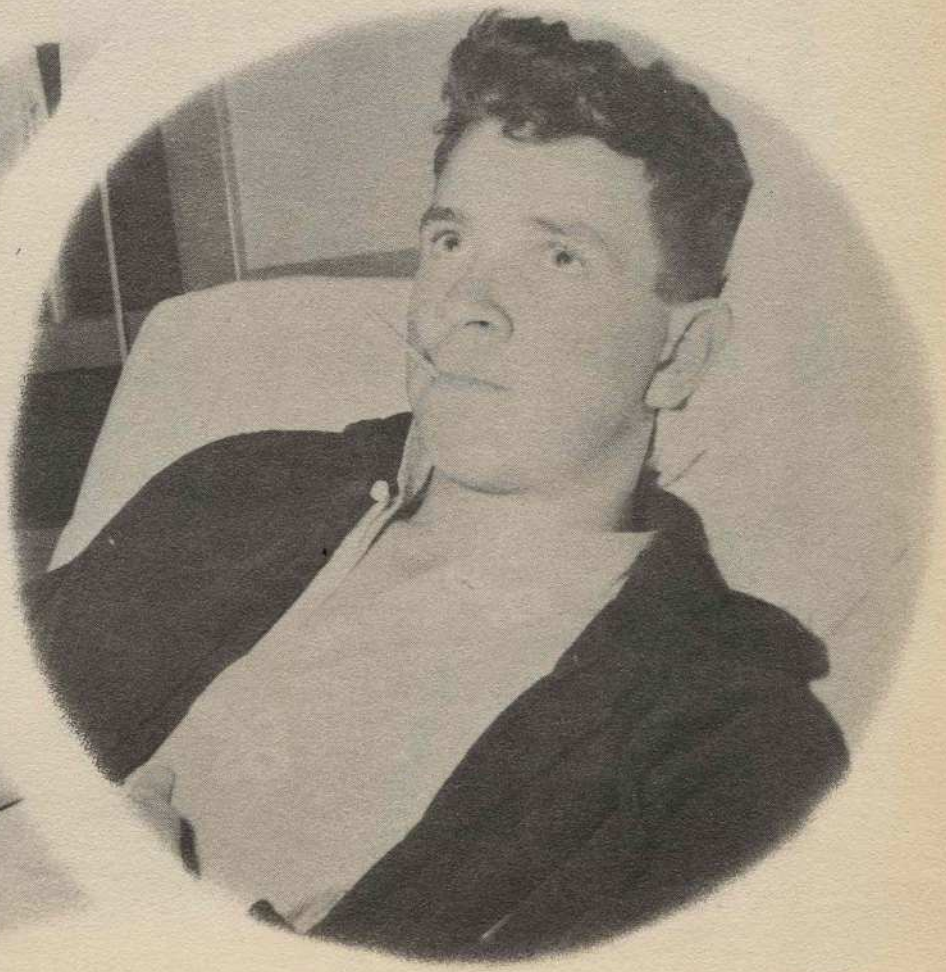


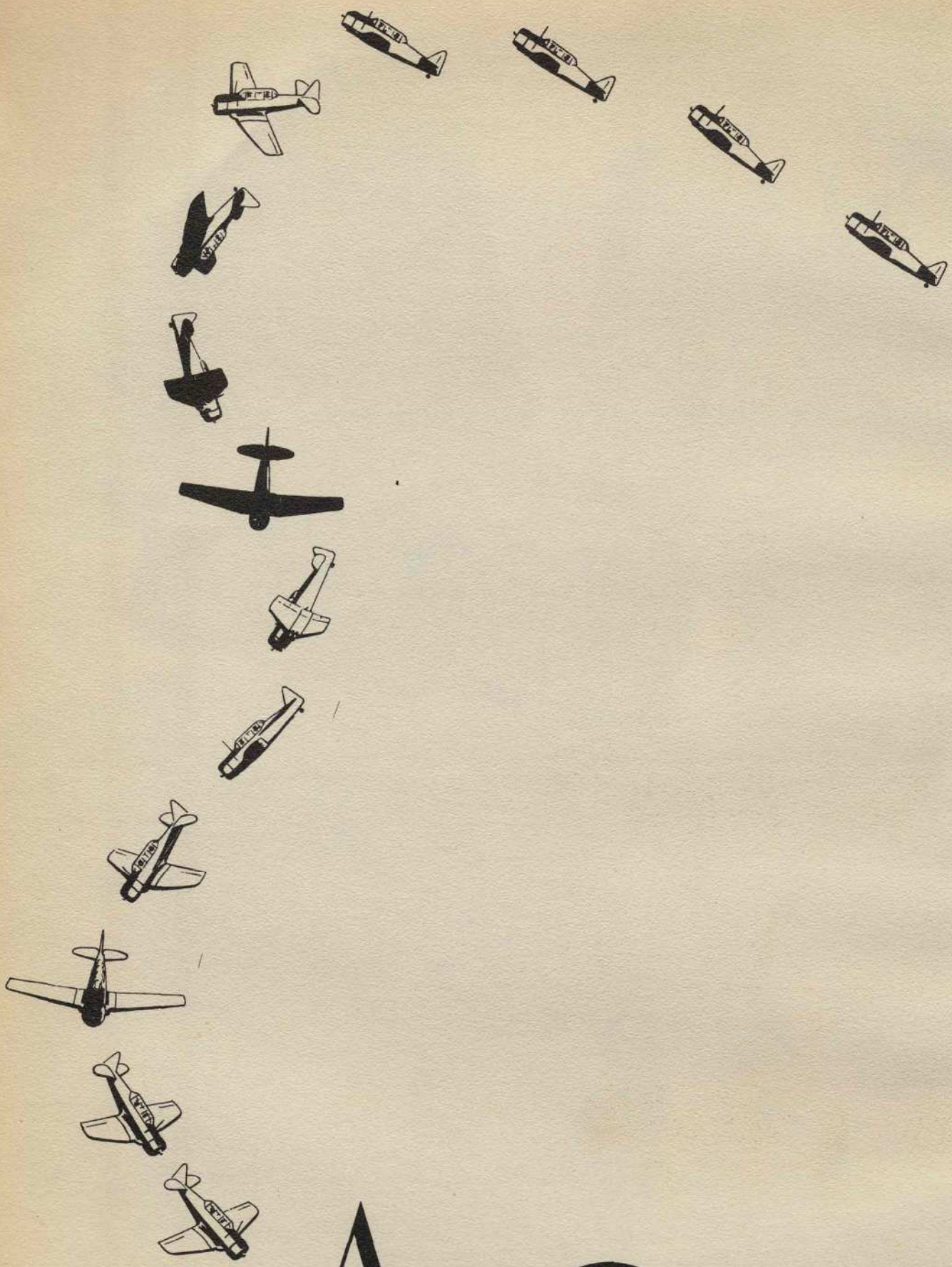


# *Mister!*

Here it was my dollar ride and I did a few Cuban eights... A few onions couldn't hurt... Who? Me? I used to clean jets... Are you SMILING, Mister? (Courtesy of the triple terror.)

Look, Maw, it's me . . . Now where's that ding-danged check list?. . . You smiling, Mister?. . . Tch! Tch! Spins on final . . . Grrrrr . . . Yellow jaundice, phooey.





# A Squadron

**THOMAS E. ASSALONE**
Tom challenged all comers, "I'll meet you over DuPont at eight thousand," and was he there. The king of Queens, New York, checked out all the lucky local girls. But in the end his sweetheart turned out to be the Terrible Six.

**RICHARD K. BARRY**
Uke-strumming "Sleepy" had his heart torn between the D-F and the babe in California. Who could forget this historic transmission: "I'm over an airport of some kind. There are yellow planes down there. They're T-6's."

**GORDON C. BASKETT**
"Bucket" is our Lousiana Lothario. Ex-newsman GB turned on the heat for the classbook, had the shift keys on typewriters (borrowed) "up and locked" most of the time. (We swear he takes the needle.)

Don't know of any one person who has influenced my life so much - the one person who taught me to fly.
Dale E. Behmer

**DALE E. BEHMER**
Dale's conquest of the ozone was characterized by a farmhand determination learned on the family homestead in Nebraska. With a period as an AF woodworker behind him he sawed up the program, soloed early, ripped through check rides.

**BILLIE S. BIRD**
This pilot became noted for his landing ability and skillful judgement in flap settings, but sometimes he forgets to add the correct degree of gear. Straight from a clerk-typist's desk he brought to the program a grim determination to conquer the blue.

**HARLEY S. BLACK**
"Our Dad" Harley was sure that flying was for him, temporarily left the girl behind in Bridgeport, Conn., to re-up for a try at cadets after experience as a flying radioman at the end of the last one. Flying was it, he found.

**RALPH H. BOWERSOX**
Apple-cheeked "Sox" hit cadets with a heap of longevity and 7000 hours of Link time which greased him through instruments. Channel "C" chatter was Ralph's specialty when he wasn't burning the blue.

**RICHARD E. BRANDON**
C & B is the greatest argument yet for the anti-volleyball league. Coordination personified, he's convinced that it's the T-6 that's unstable. As he made the pre-flight inspection a mutter could be heard, "These things don't look safe to me."

**CARL E. BRATFISCH**
Carl is without doubt the HP of Flight B1A. The first to solo, he came to Stallings with 1300 hours previous flying time under his belt. Since it's a a money belt, we figure he's a career man. (He sulks on rainy days.)

**JACK T. BRINKLEY**
"Brink" is a true southern gentleman who comes from a part of Georgia where the word, "no" is not used in polite society. But he'll probably be 53-D's first ace. He'd take out after a Mig in his T-6—white flag permitting.

**WILLIAM BURGOYNE, JR.**
The "tout" spent most of his time convincing his flight commander to take a dual cross-country to Chicago. That's where Bill's from, witness his, "Hi, Ya!" When he gets out he's going into the publishing business—bookmaking.

**BRUCE B. BUSHORE**
With two cohorts BBB made an impressive attempt at arson during pre-flight days. All three of them beat the rap, but Bruce advanced to greater misfortune with his auto. He wound up with three stripes, adjutant of A.

## JACK S. CHRISTENSEN

Known alternately as bubble-gum chewing "Chris" and "JS, the Enraged Philosopher," he was the only cadet to specify advanced training in rocket-ships. This boy wants his commission in order to pioneer the "USAF Underground Dirgible Corps." Friends called him Krowsmier.

## THOMAS V. COLLINS

Tom Collins added two necessary items to his check list: A plastic bag (sometimes I don't feel good) and adhesive tape (I cover the needle and ball). Enthusiastic about aeronautical advancements, he'll probably be the first man sent to the moon.

## JOHN P. COPELAND

"Cope" left Madison, Florida (babes, too) to become the hottest thing to hit North Carolina since the brothers Wright. He liked everything about Kinston except his California roommate. JP is suspected of buzzing Raleigh, dropping leaflets for the Florida Chamber of Commerce.

Thank you very much
L. Crispin

## LEON CRISPIN

"Popeye" came to us from Belgium. His movie cartoons are great, but can't beat his, "Geeve me a geeg sleep, Meester." The "Flying Dutchman" is the only man ever to call off night flying by refusing to move from the Number One spot.

## OWEN C. DAVIS

Brother OC distinguished himself during the Florence-Laurinburg cross-country. The control planes finally located him fifteen miles from his gal's home in South Carolina. Otis, the looey, a quiet-type lad, was groundbound gentility — an airborne tiger.

## LOUIS DEMEZIERES

What is this name, the alphabet? "Louie J." had a hard time finding Laurinburg, made a secret landing at Fayetteville, got a railroad time table, took off, ended up at Goldsboro. He finally was convinced the Six wouldn't hop the Atlantic.

**RICHARD L. DERR**

"Dicky Derr, Space Cadet" is the most typical specimen to hit cadets since "Steve Canyon." With all the strict physical requirements for student pilots, Dick made a garbled radio transmission to find his front tooth had fallen out.

**ALBERT R. FILIPPI**

The "Sad African" is really a Frenchman from the north of Africa. Leaping the language barrier handily, he excelled in academics, learning of local lingo. Wineless meals continued to chafe him.

**JEAN G. GRESLE**

The erudite Allied student of the group, "Greasy" probably knows more about the United States than most Americans. His tete-a-tete with the board ended with him flirting with the secretary.

**GUY GUILLAUME**

Here is the French lad who drilled by "the right flink" and the "left flunk." The infant among the MDAP contingent whipped the torque machine around like a baby's rattler.

**WAYNE FERGUSON**

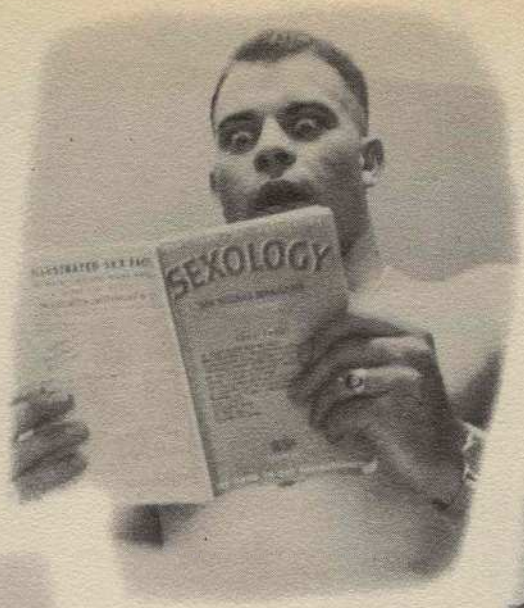
"Sturdley" came to Dog from 53-C. He proved a leader of the bubble-gum league, founded the SPCAC (Society for Prevention of Cruelty to A slash C's.) Favorite pastimes include the fat program and blowing a bubble within a bubble.

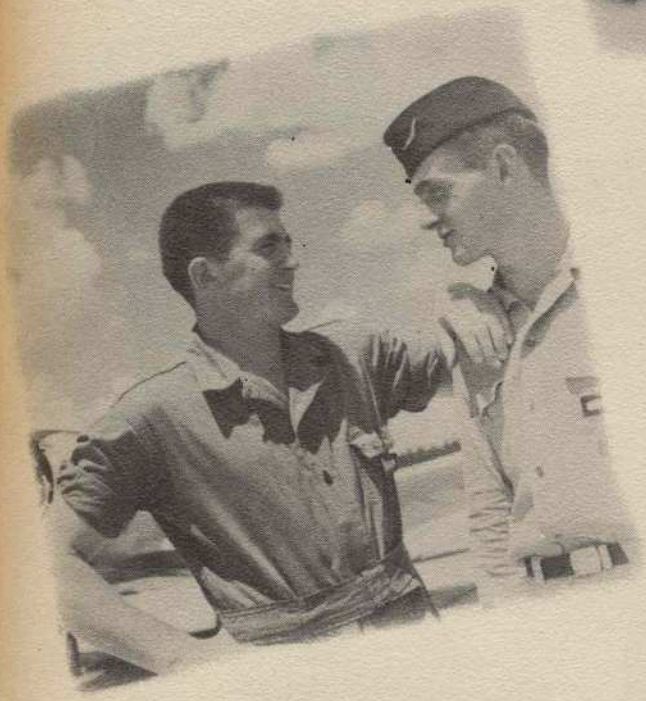
**ROBERT H. ALLEN**

Bob hit the blue with beaucoup time behind a screwdriver on all things airborne, found flying an extension of his talents. Femmes were kaput here for that letter-a-day gal back home had the heart.

# Oooo!

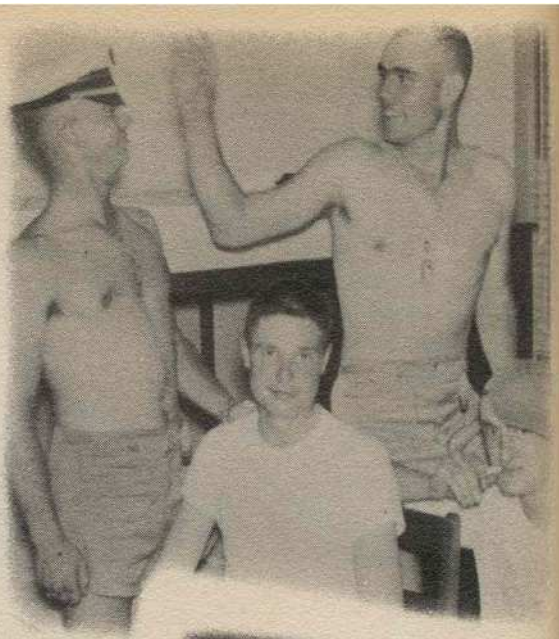
What's that about whales? ... What Migs? ...But, Cher... Make that 100 to show... Formation turns... And then I said, "Glad to meet 'cha" ...I've come for the rent.

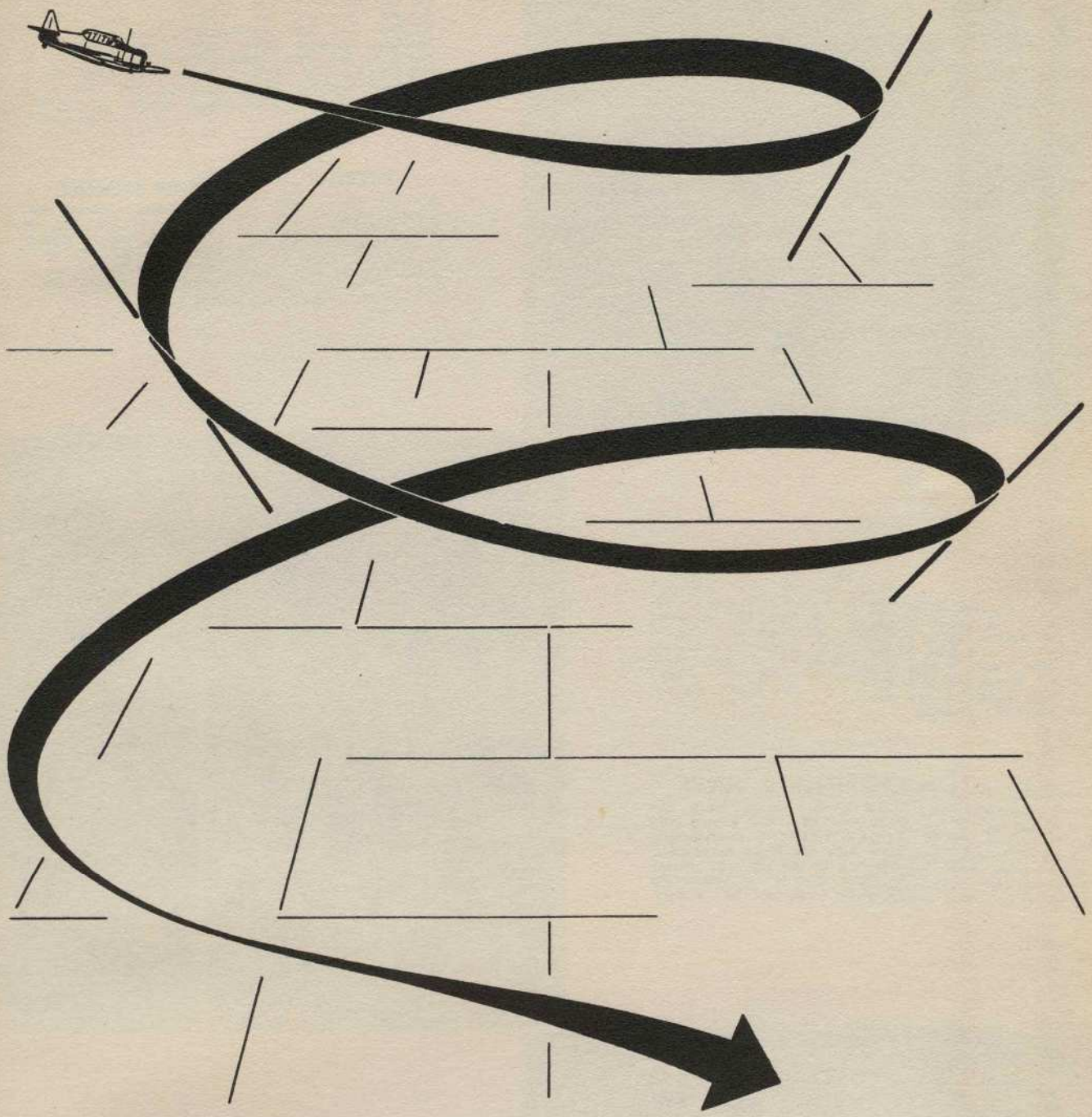




# H. P. Ives

Ve-e-ry good... Avast, Swabbie...Ellington-bound ... But, Sir . . . The Blue-Tailed Fly (Boy) . . . That is an airplane ...What about the children?





# B Squadron

**DUDLEY J. FOSTER**

Pennsylvania's contribution to the All-American Boy League quickly wrested the yellow bumble bee into submission, handily hurdled other small barriers. He also bested the machine at Penn State, emerged with a business ad degree, oft-loaned SAE pin.

**PIERRE HEMERY**

This Paris College boy flew with the French "Air Club" as a civilian before trying wings with the FAF. He thinks runways in America are too low, should be raised about three feet.

**RICHARD G. HEPWORTH**

Hep's a Washington farm lad with none of the usual on his shoes. He claims he'll never feel the same on a John Deere after a few years riding the "hot pipe." Handsome Hep cut a recruiting poster figure under his captain's boards.

**LAWRENCE E. HICKS**

Larry came to us fresh out of a year of radar school and a yen for jet interceptors. Give him low-level acrobatics, someone to tell his war stories to, and a ride to Greenville on week ends and he's happy.

**EDWARD HOERMAN**

Connecticut-born Ed was a propellor specialist with a C-119 squadron before loading his big frame into a tiger-maker. He'll be happy pushing a many-engined back with the boys of the old squadron.

**JEAN HOURDEBAIGHT**

Here's the man who is late for every formation except chow. Easily recognized by his big pipe and the tennis shoe he smokes in it. In France or away he's a firm defender of l'amour.

**CLAY KOSTENBADER, JR.**

Severe attacks of Ercoupe-itis floored Clay until he found out about rudder pedals. The lady-slaying former operations sergeant signed over for another term, brought his log book up to date, and hit Stallings confident he would master the Program.

**VICTOR E. MARTIN**

Ditty di dah thrust his all, including an intimate knowledge of aircraft electrical systems, into the program like a pitchfork— a talent learned on the family farm in Nebraska. It made Vic one of the top men in the class.

**ROBERT D. McCALL**

Between calls for the medic, pill-fondler Mac bested all with tales of his stint as an airborne radio operator stationed at home—Memphis. The former four-striper is a recalled reservist, has found a home in the Air Force.

**HARRY L. L. RAES**

This downy-cheeked youth is the baby of the bunch but he hates to be called "Sonny." He's only eighteen years old but can show some of the old dads a few acrobatics to make thinning hairs stand on end.

**FRED J. RATELET**

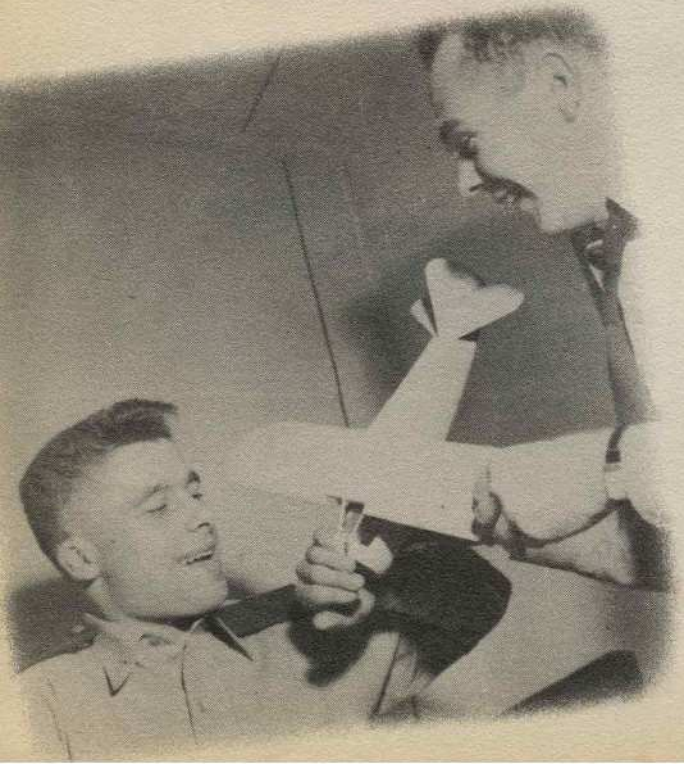
Code was a snap to France's ambassador of military decorum, a former radio operator. Check his photo album for something of that which has made Paris—it won't be the same—famous.

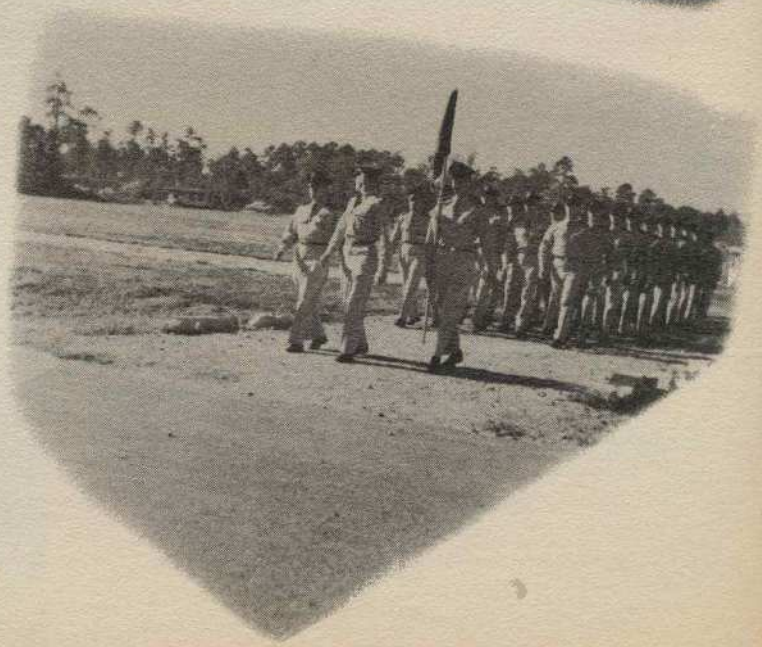
**GEORGES SALESSE**

Here's a four-year college man from La Belle France who really eats up ground school. This boy picked up the language swiftly as soon as he left fourth class. He does most of his night flying buzzing the swamp in a Packard.

# Hello, Honey...

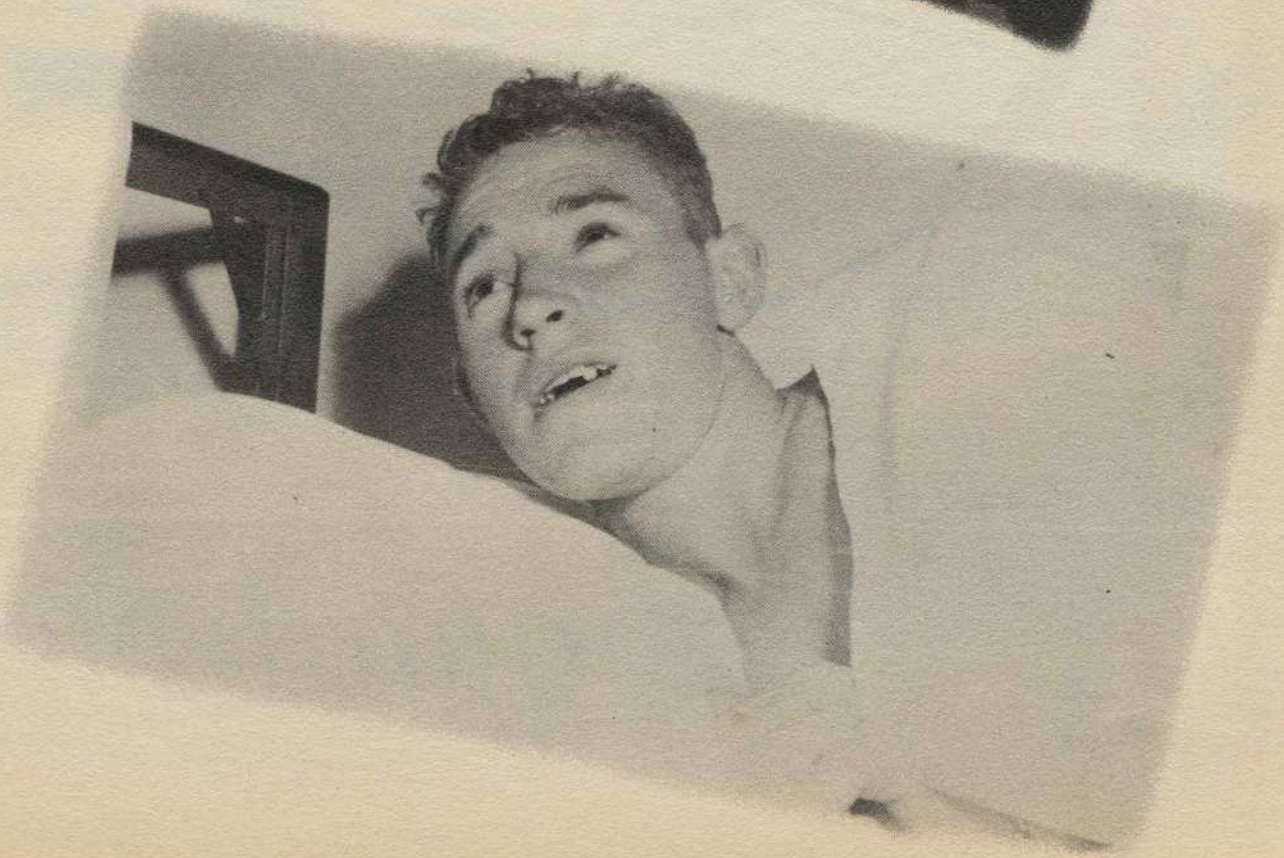
Keep your eyes on the instruments... But, sweetie, you didn't believe what he told you... He who laughs last is the bill collector... And then we crash and burn... I've come for the rent.

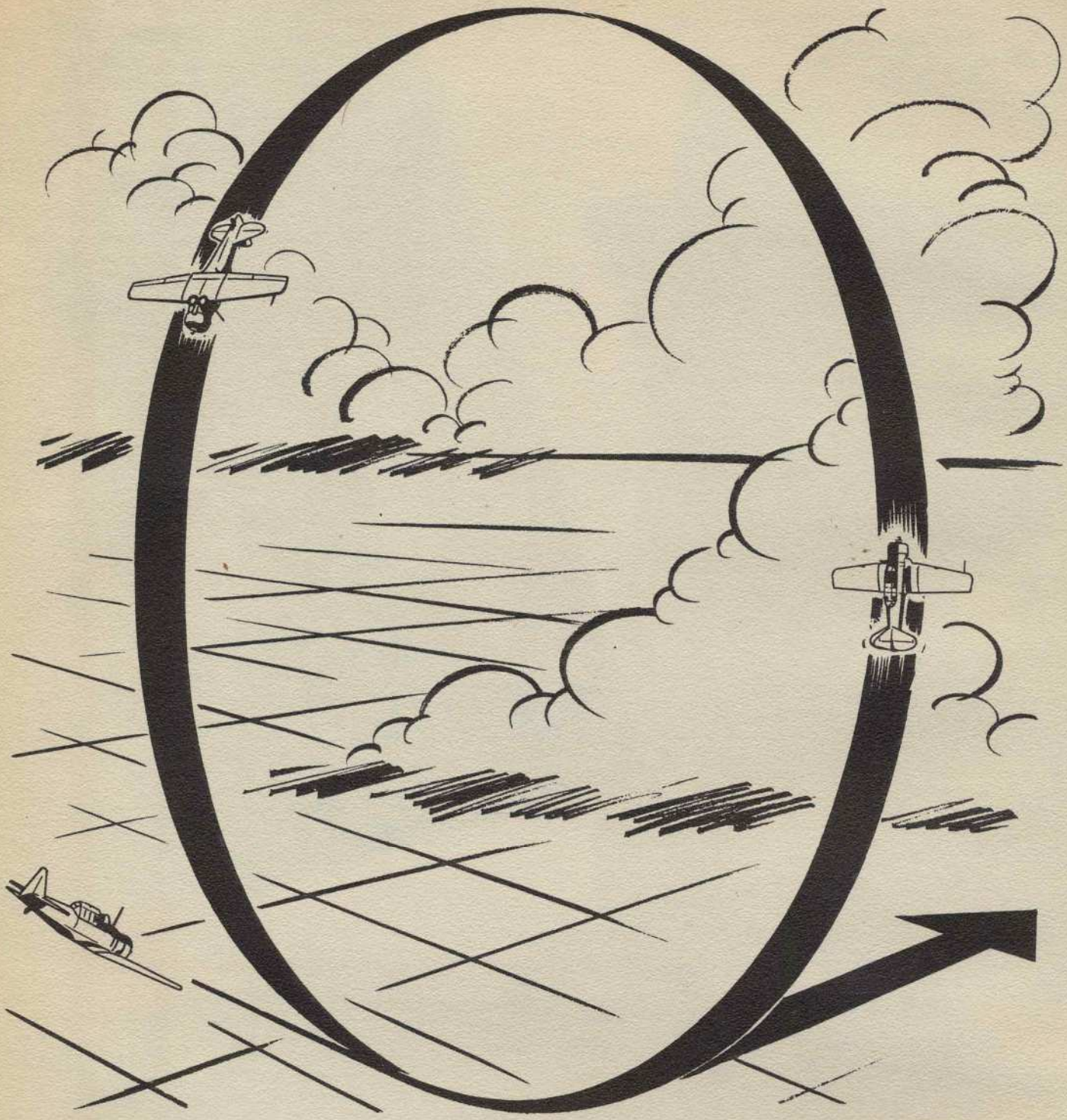




# X-C For Me

Lemme see now, the heading to Washington is 65... And that's cirrus at 4000 feet... Sir, it's time to wake up.





# C Squadron

**WARREN T. HARVEY**
Rabbit was a radar mechanic prior to becoming a cadet and saw the Air Force from New York, Mississippi, Colorado, and Pennsylvania. Besides being the shortest man in the class, he was the best right guide in Squadron "C."

**WINSTON H. MURPHREE**
Always happy, it was impossible to make him angry. He was well known for tall tales told at length in a southern drawl. It was rumored that one could learn to fly by listening to him talk. His major at the University of Mississippi was Business Administraton.

**HAROLD R. PAETZEL**
Harold gave up studying at the University of Minnisota for an Air Force vacation in Florida, via Lackland. It can truly be said that this boy is safer in the air than on the highway.

**JOHN W. MILLER**
The boy with the beard was a pre-med student at San Diego State and Toledo University. After working as an Air Force mechanic for months, he decided the airplane was safe enough for him to fly.

**JAMES B. OSTLER**
The Great J. B. went to the University of Utah and worked for a lumber company before becoming a cadet. Jeez, everything was funny to J. B., good heck. This Sandy, Utah, lad also excelled with model planes.

**STERLING R. PETERSON**
"Texas Pete" was an Industrial Education major at Texas A & M. He was more matured than most of us, while we were having fun at the Cadet Club, he was racking out. His ideal week end was a rocking chair and a mint julep.

## CURT A. POULTON

After being a child radio star, he turns up in later life as Chief Toaster Tester for Toast Swell Manufacturing Company. The sharp wit of this former F-51 crew chief was always rare and entertaining.

## ROBERT E. PRIME

Our only centenarian, went to Louisiana Polytech, Rice, and the University of Oklahoma., finally graduating with a BS in Finance. *Old Man Prime was loved by all the kids* in the class. Might add he made Squadron CO.

## MICHEL F. SALMON

This old soldier was in the FAF for seven years and had many tales of battle and long service in Indochina, but was too modest to talk about his decorations. He had more energy than anyone in the squadron, especially early in the morning.

## MARC R. SERRE

Marc studied math and literature at College Aorerne in Valence, France. He was a ground engineer in the FAF stationed in Tunisia and a flight engineer in Indochina where he was decorated. Somewhere between his school days and cadet training, Marc must have read "How to Win Friends and Influence People."

## LEWIS E. SCHNEIDER

The kid from the plains of Texas shaped up on the first day, kept his hands out of his pockets and ate steak for a week. His AF career started in 1950 in Pilot Training Research and had a chance of ending in 1952 in the Great Dismal Swamp.

## CHARLES A. SCHULTZ

"Laughing Jack" came from some island near New York and studied history at some school called St. John's for three or four years. His genius of leadership made him the best squadron marcher and he graduated as one of our hotter pilots.

**GEORGES P. STAINER**
Mr. Posture took life for what it was. He studied hard in ground school and had little trouble with the Yellow Monster. Groucho Marx would have paid tribute to his inevitable broken English exclamations.

**GERARD STURM**
Gerry was a philosophy major at Longury and Nancy and became a cadet before completing his degree. He didn't care for New York City but the American girls— "I think the American girls can give much pleasure and even some trouble too."

**ROBERT H. SAVAGE**
Bob grew up in a paper mill in Northern Maine and learned to speak French in Canada. He was a B-29 gunner before becoming a cadet and distinguished himself by being our first to be lost; homeless over Goldsboro for three and a half hours.

You sure have been a perfect instructor and friend — I hope some day to acquire some of your wisdom —
Larry

**JAMES N. MILLER**
The one of the frosted locks claims to have led the nation's first panty raid while vacationing at Kent State. The somewhat tamed yarn-spinner is hoping for a few raids into Mig Alley, a retirement-length term in the blue.

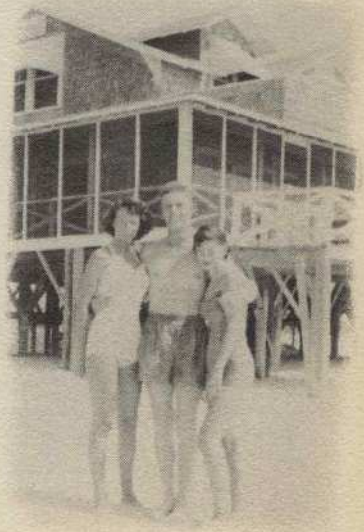
**LAWRENCE E. ROOVAART**
Larry came right from Chicago and civilian life. A "career college man" he spent six years studying mechanical engineering and design. His claim to fame is being the last in the class to ring the solo bells.

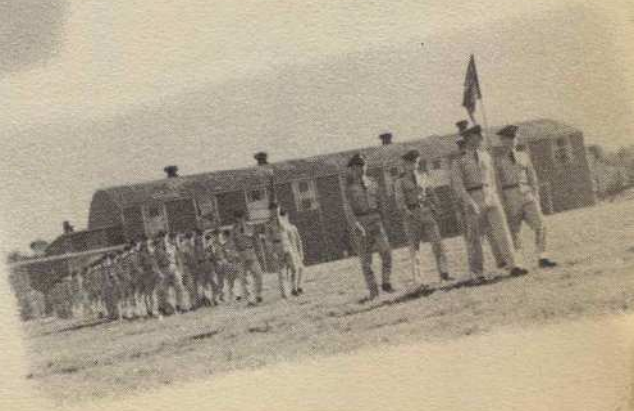
# For Me?

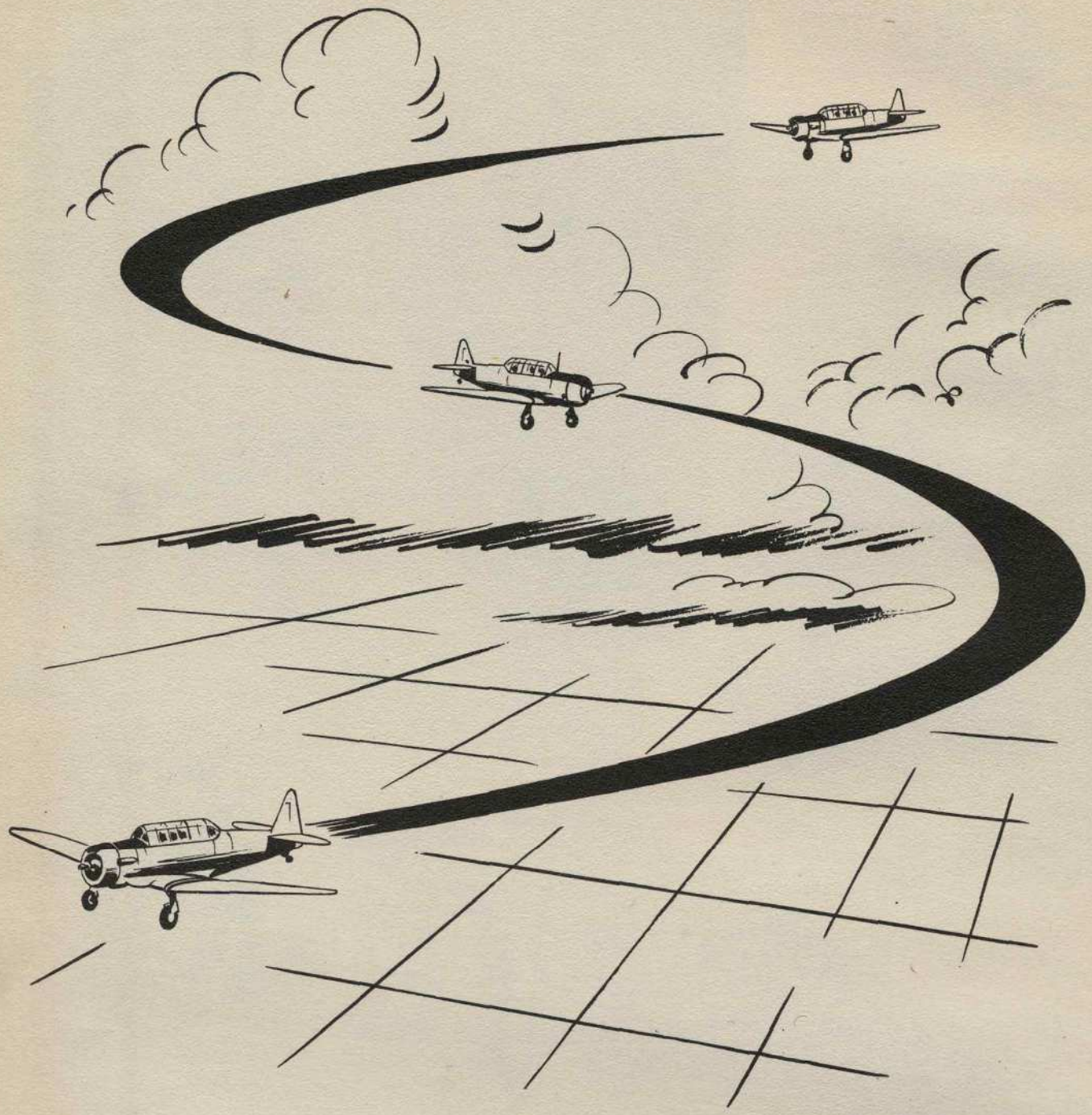
A solo plane just for me? . . . Where, Ah said, is the fire?. . . And there we were over DuPont . . . A' spaghet' Tonee?

# Ritual

Three landings, 68 go-arounds . . . Contact . . . Here's a check for ten cents . . . Must do something about that cat . . . Who gives a Whit? . . . Groooooooop.







# D Squadron

**AUBREY C. SEAL**
Dixie-born "Mouse" was on the teaching end — electronics at Keesler—before he landed at Stallings, not quite so close to home in Jackson, Mississippi. Afterwards plans call for try at contracting business.

**JAMES D. SHEPHERD**
Shep left aeronautical engineering studies at Houston (Tex.) University for a crack at the real thing, was taken aback to hear that the northern border of Texas didn't hit North Carolina.

**JOSEPH M. SITAR**
Joe likes flying so much that he plans to keep it up when he gets back to Chicago. An Alpha Beta Gamma at DePaul University, he majored in advertising and minored in leadership.

**WILLIAM G. SKILLMAN**
This balding Okie likes to see engines on both sides. The aging one spent a hitch as a control tower operator on a mid-Pacific isle during the last one, went to college, came back for more.

**DONLEY D. SWINEHART**
Don slipped in from Wooster, Ohio, by way of Ohio State and Air Force electronics schools. He sports a long line of ping-pong trophies and a short line for the females, the latter due to a post-graduation wedding.

**STUART A. TRUSLOW**
A jack of all trades, Stu's history reads like a bosom novel dust jacket: Pianist, hack driver, bomb sight mechanic, and ex-motorcycle jockey. One of the first to solo, he made in 20 plus 20.

**NORMAN F. TUSCH**
Norm holds AFSCs all the way from civilian semi-pro baseball to a P-51 crew chief. He decided that he would rather fly them than fix 'em. He owned half of a civilian aircraft.

**MICHEL VAN BELLINGHEN**
This abbreviated Belgian has only one regret: He's too small for bombers. But his only problem at Stallings was scrounging enough cushions to fly contact.

**BERT E. VERMEER**
A visitor from the land of the dykes, Bert finds it strange to be flying above sea level. In his own air force he followed in his father's footsteps as a fencing champion.

**PAUL F. J. VINTHER**
The language was no problem for this Danish ace. He knows so many he can't keep them straight. He handles the aircraft as easily as he pronounces Marilyn Monroe. He wore sergeant's stripes in the Danish Air Force.

**FRANK VOGEL-NIELSEN**
This soccer-playing Dane talks as fast as a T-33 and catches on even quicker. Flying was no trick to the smiling Dane, MDAP emissary of good will.

**FRANK G. WARNER**
From B-29s to jets goes Frank's fancy, a vet of civilian flying time and work on the line on the Superfort. Career man Frank comes from Forty Fort (had to get that in), Pa.

**ALLEN R. WEEKS**
An education grad who has found that teaching is not for him, lanky, muscular Al plans to keep right on splitting the clouds. A college basketball and grid star, Weeks is rated as a BMOC.

**FLOYD G. WESTPHAL**
Floyd deserted the clattering keys of a clerk's job for the peace and quiet of the T-6. He applied his motorcycle skill to the monster and won two drags out of three. South Dakota's home.

**GENERAL W. WHITAKER**
This A slash C has taken a ribbing for his name since he landed at Lackland for basic. The lithe Texan claims he's going to be the only gold-bar wearing general in the Air Force.

**LOUIS B. WHITFIELD**
Albammy's pride and joy has done a multitude of things besides charm the femmes. He was an ATO at Alabama, a gym instructor, a racing car driver, and an Air Force gunnery instructor.

**BOB WIJSMAN**
A Gillete-edged observer, Bob kept a close eye on all things American, especially the politics. He plans a homeland career in the Netherlands as a test pilot.

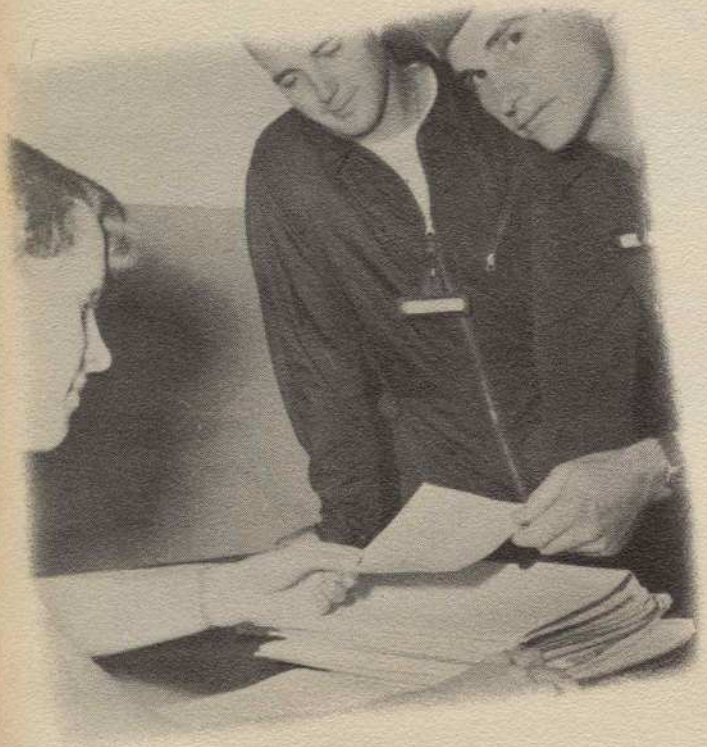
**CHARLES W. HOLCOMB**
Texan Charlie watched a radar scope during WW II in the Navy, earned his degree at SMU, became a draftsman, and then the ozone bug bit him. This vet held No. 2 spot in the group.

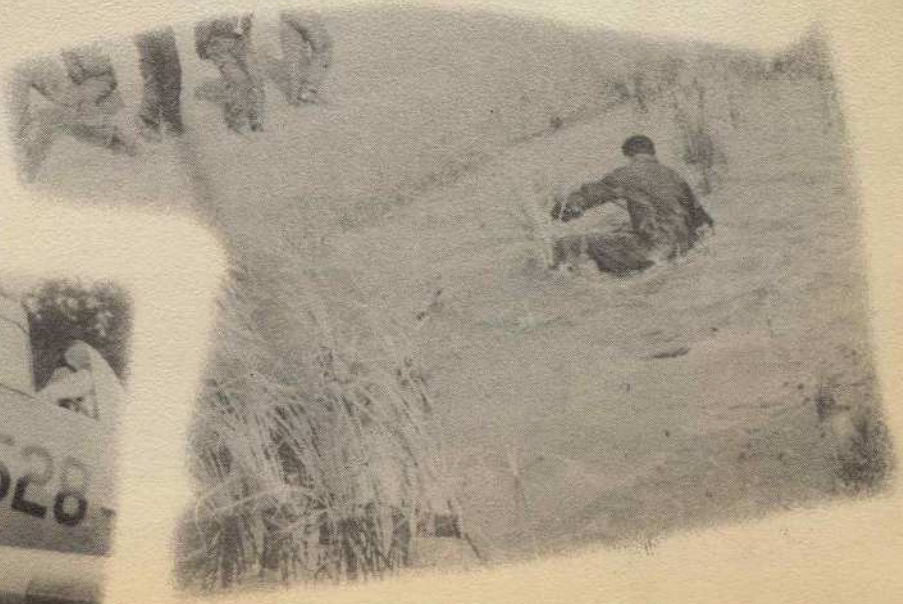
# Cross-Check

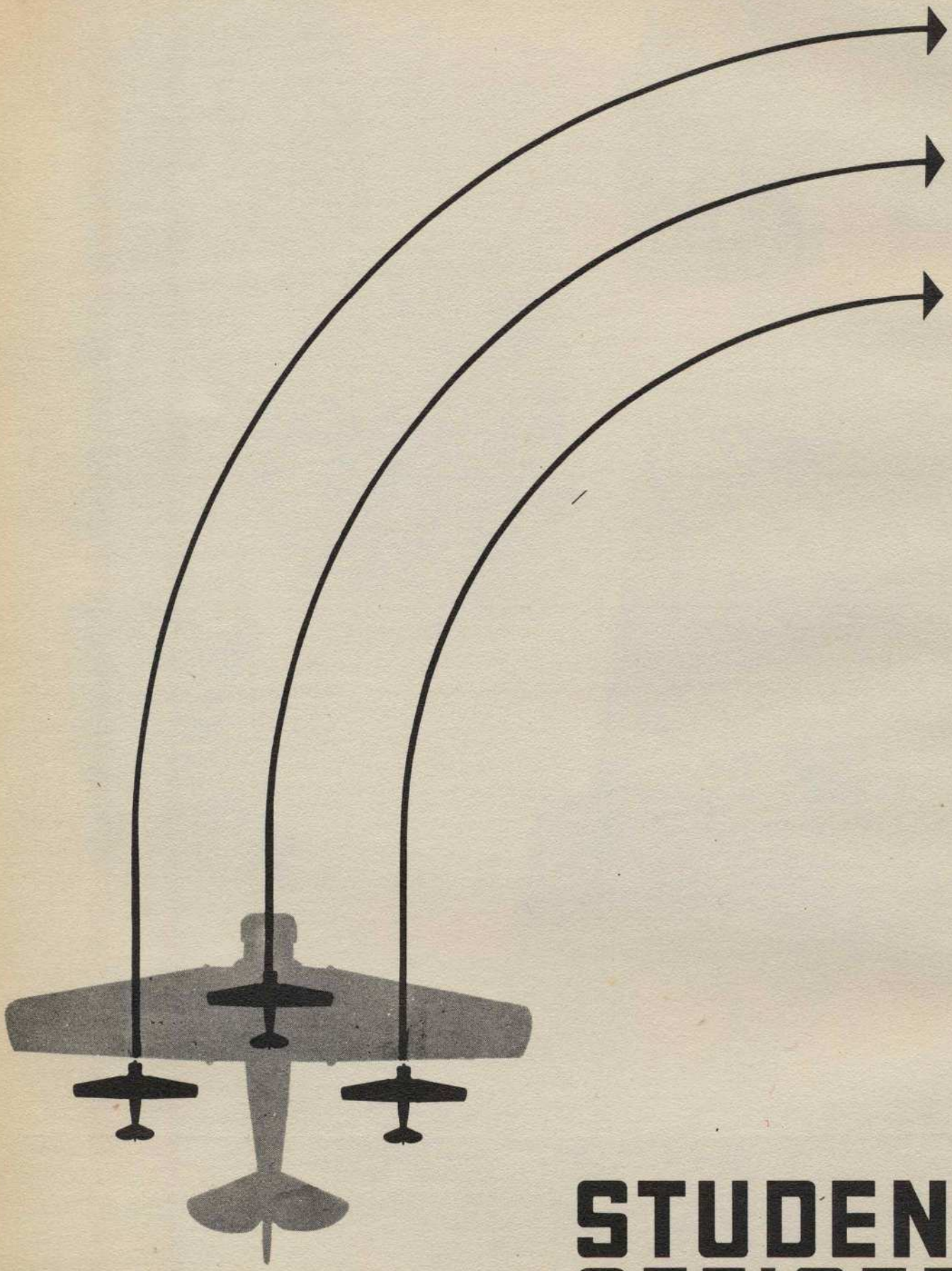
Old wreck, had it a long time . . . Find the pilot . . . Dual? . . . Wild-yonder blue eyes . . . Friends and Chevvy . . . Small corrections, please.

# Solo Splash

Then came the dawn... Look, Maw, no hands... Another Link period just for you ...Vic's Chevvy and friends... Stop, or I'll shoot... Is that thing set right... And the wages of solo.







# STUDENT OFFICERS

## VICTOR G. FISHER

Hail mighty leader of the class, the very first lieutenant Fisher, pride of Milford Center, Ohio. A graduate of Ohio State's mechanical engineering school, Vic skipped navigation classes by flashing his navigator's wings.

## EDWARD P. BURRUS

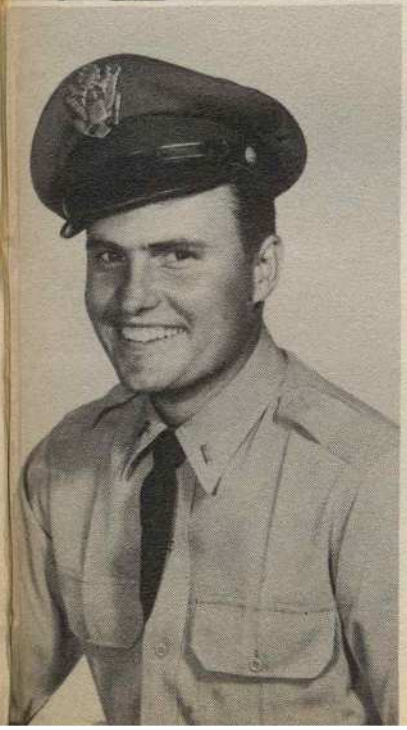
Perry tells us this night flying is for bats only—and gets a chorus of agreement. A true gentleman of the South, Perry is an authority on wit, hospitality, and Southern Comfort. He changed bars (shoulder, that is) while here.

## MANUEL DUARTE

Manuel's claim to fame is that he flew airplanes (mucho time in Portugal) before he soloed in an automobile. Manuel surmounted the language barrier with a few "compensators" from the back seat.

## JON N. GRIFFIN

Jon proudly wears the blue and remembers Sigma Nu at Arkansas University where he scored a Scabbard & Blade with his BS and BA. He hopes his next award will be a confirmation over the Yalu.



## JAMES C. HARPER

Jim had to borrow to buy his bars when he made first — but things weren't that rough on the flight line. A Lambda Chi from the University of Georgia, Jim calls College Park, Ga., home.

## ROBERT H. HARTZOG

A military college graduate, he has a dual claim to fame: A six on a landing stage and an unblemished record of never meeting a formation. The South Carolinian got away with it, too.

## WALTER L. HAUG

A colorful addition to any group, the fat Texan is a standout with his new Merc. With his concentrated application—the Mrs. is flying, too—he should snag those wings easily.

## RICHARD G. HOPKINS

Dick, a swamp-tromper from the Louisiana bayouland, built a beautiful recovery from a tangle with a poorly constructed tire to add a little spice to his first solo ride. He combs his hair with a picket fence, too.

## JACK HOWE

The Brain is the only man abouts who can call his gal for a date while he's driving to her house. His radio experience stood him in good stead on channel Charlie. Check pilots were the bane, though.

## EDWARD HUGHES

Ed kept his charming wife a secret until six weeks before graduation—a wise move considering the wolves in the woods. He knows a good thing and, after putting on a silver bar here, is applying for regular.

## JOHN D. HUNT

Big John, Coe College cutter (Scabbard and Blade, no less) will someday remember to say, "Well, Son, there I was splitting S's over North Carolina." He's shooting for advanced training in wheelbarrows.

## ALF R. JOHNSON

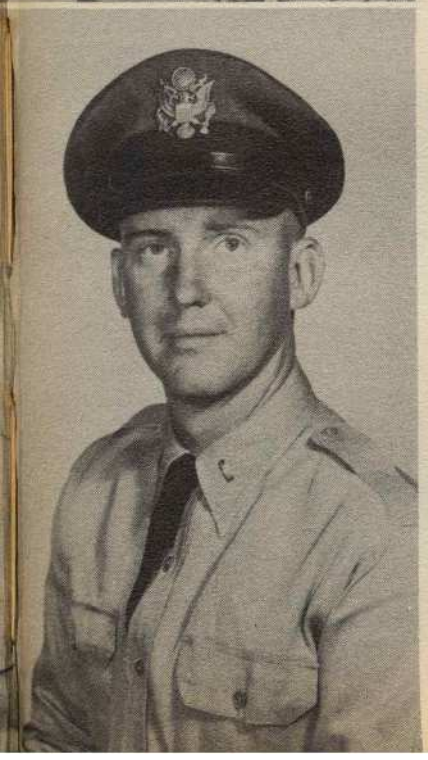
The book of the year is "So This Is Flying?" by Alf R. Johnson of Skokie (for true), Ill. An engineering graduate from the University of New Mexico, Alf has traded his slide rule for an E6-B.

**LOUIS F. JONES**
This Baylor Bear from San Angelo got his first pair of wings as a sky pilot at the seminary. He means to be a pilot in every sense of the word. He as all, repeat, all the qualifications.

**ROGER A. NEAVES**
A graduate of the Rense School, Cambridge, this RAF officer was an arbiter of elegance, gave all a glimpse of British courtly demeanor and scholarliness.

**LOUIS L. LEVY**
Here is one sports car enthusiast who knows that the best low flying may be in a Terrible Six. A graduate of Utah State, this individual engineered a high "T" score all the way through ground school.

**JOEL A. NIGHTINGALE**
Joel applied his good humor to overcome a hump of bad luck at the first of the program and rounded out into one of the hottest things to hit a stage since the days of the Indian raids. And ground school? Whoo.



**JOHN A. McMILLAN**
"The University of Texas had a horizon that we could sure use here; I should have brought it with me." From San Angelo, "Dad" McMillan hopes for a long short snorter.

Photo Not Available

**CHARLES D. RICE**
Charlie became a father right in the middle of solo time and was torn between formulas and conditions of flight. After the big event they thought they'd have to shoot him down.

## CECIL P. ROBERTS

Kinstonian "Crook" Roberts represents the local talent and keeps trim making with one each of all the athletic available in the area. He'll keep 'em flexing and flying for North Carolina State.

## LUIS SILVA

A graduate of Portugal's West Point, Luis arrived with a heap of time under the safety belt. His performance with the 6 bodes a brilliant future for this young officer.

## JOHN SCAMBLER

"I did some gorgeous stalls today," echoes the familiar roar of this young British lion and the tender young American girls swoon en masse. London now can claim a few conquests in the U. S. A.

## CARTER TAYLOR

The Texas Aggies lost a good poker player and the Air Force gained a good Joe in this Lone Star statesman who turned from poking cattle to pushing throttles.

## WILLIAM G. WAITE

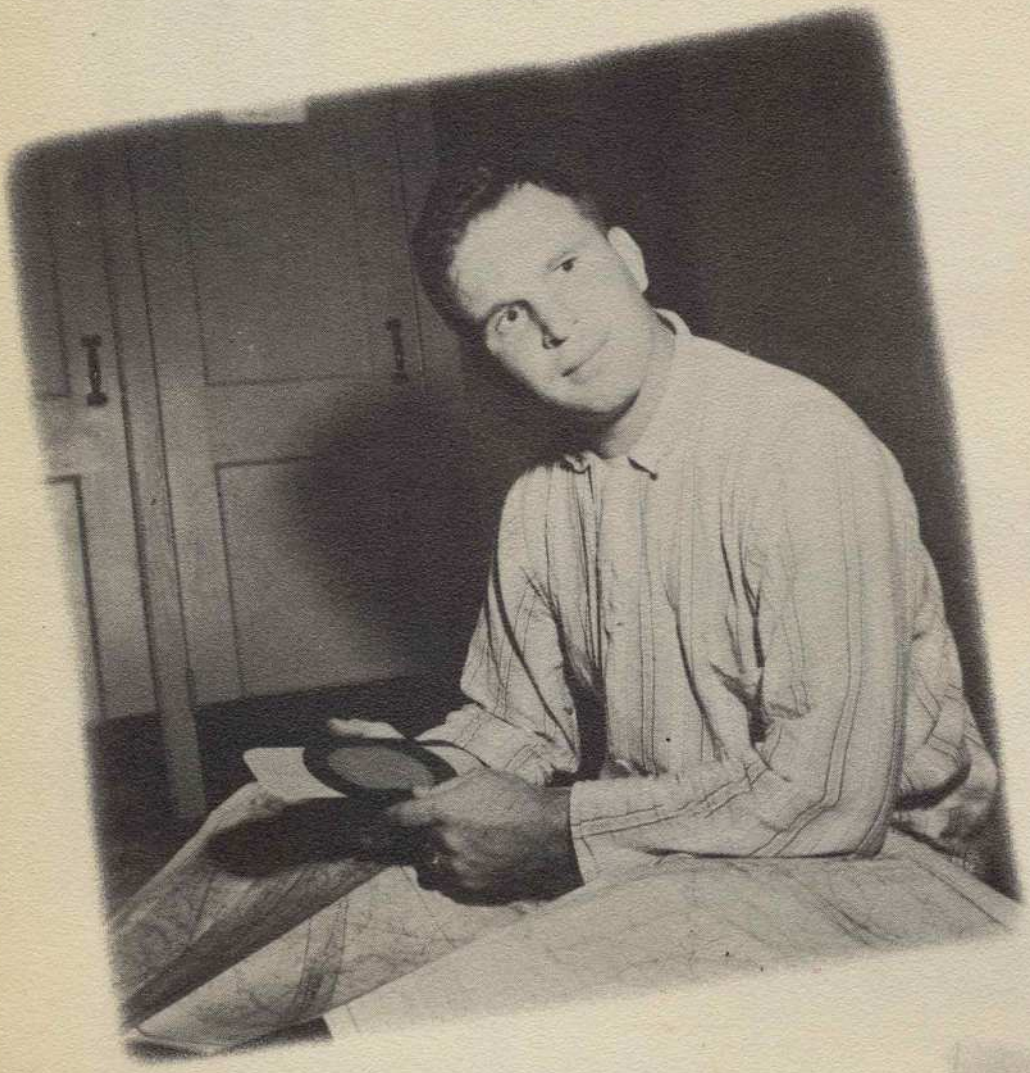
This RAF officer from Oxford, England, has a passion for sports cars and all things airborne. He displayed an unfogged smile when the program hit the roughest spots.

# *You Haaaave Ittttt*

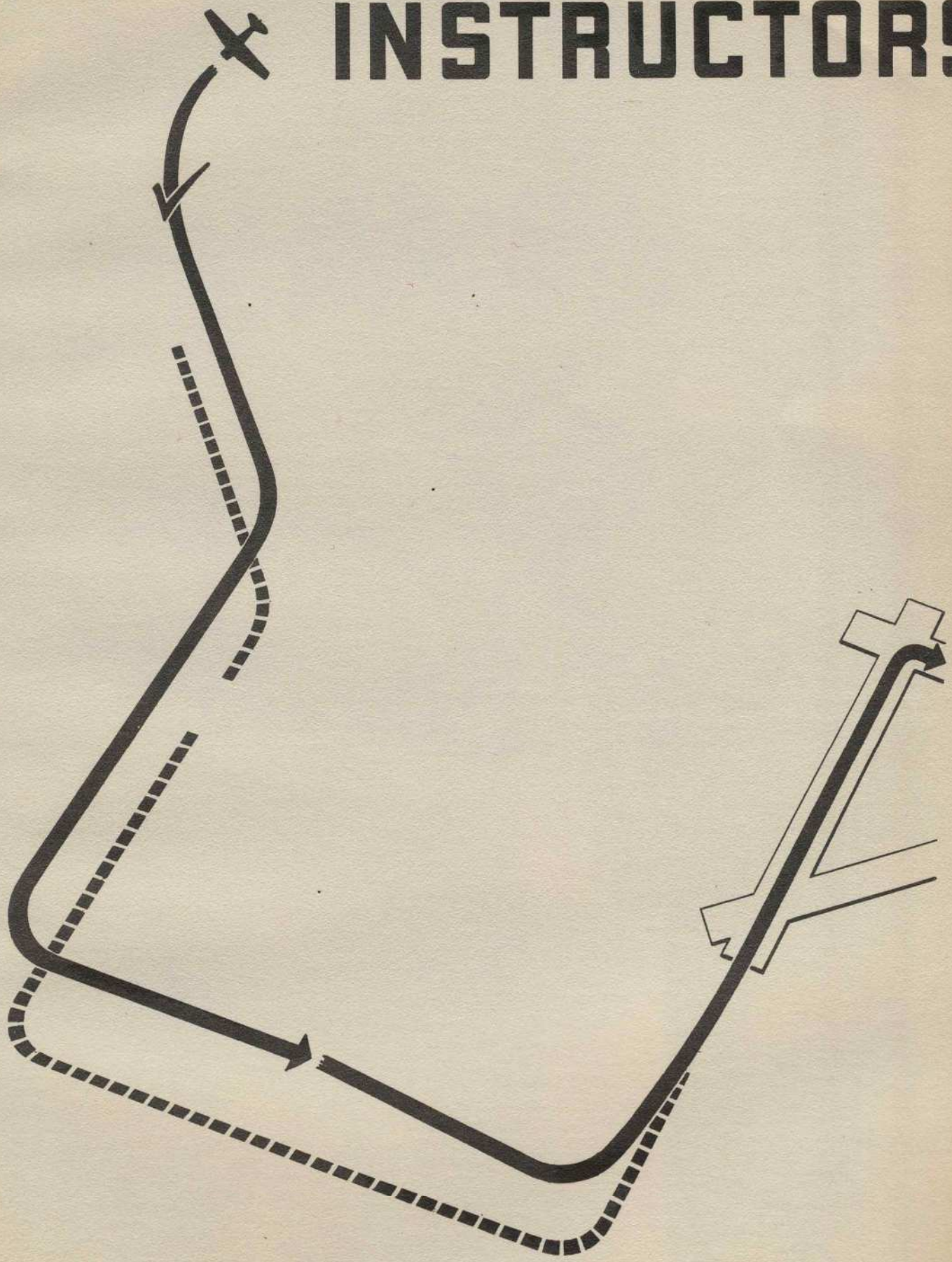
Flight No. 2 crashed and burned... And then I split-S out of this shallow turn... I'll do it, Sir... Carrot stew?... Pitot cover removed... Ready or not... First, we'll dig a tunnel ...Congratulations, Ace.

# E-6 Baffler

Where's that Atlas course . . . Editorial inspiration. . . Radius of action. . . Form One error? . . . Gloryosky, Zero, I feel good all over. . . And then you purl one.

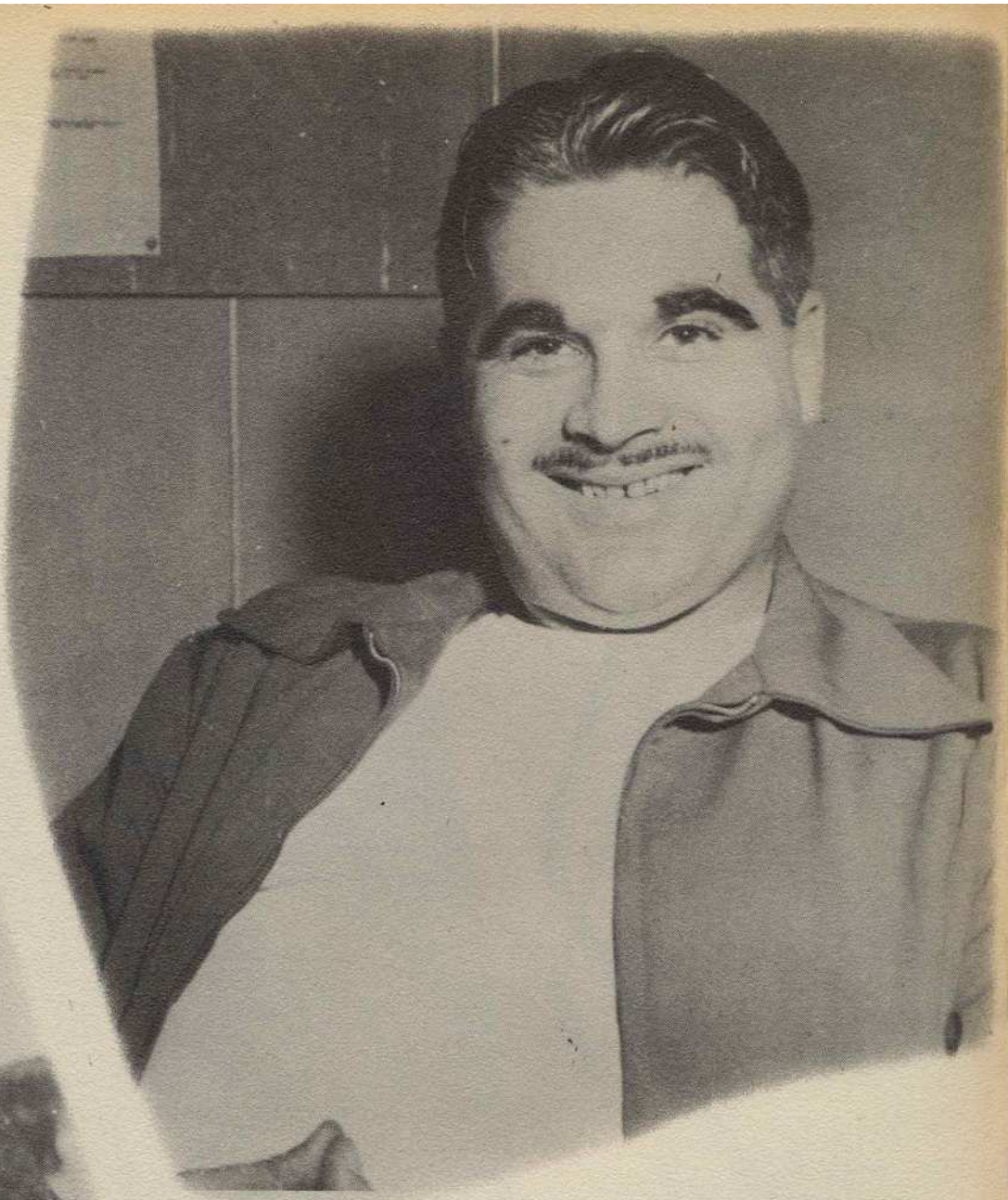


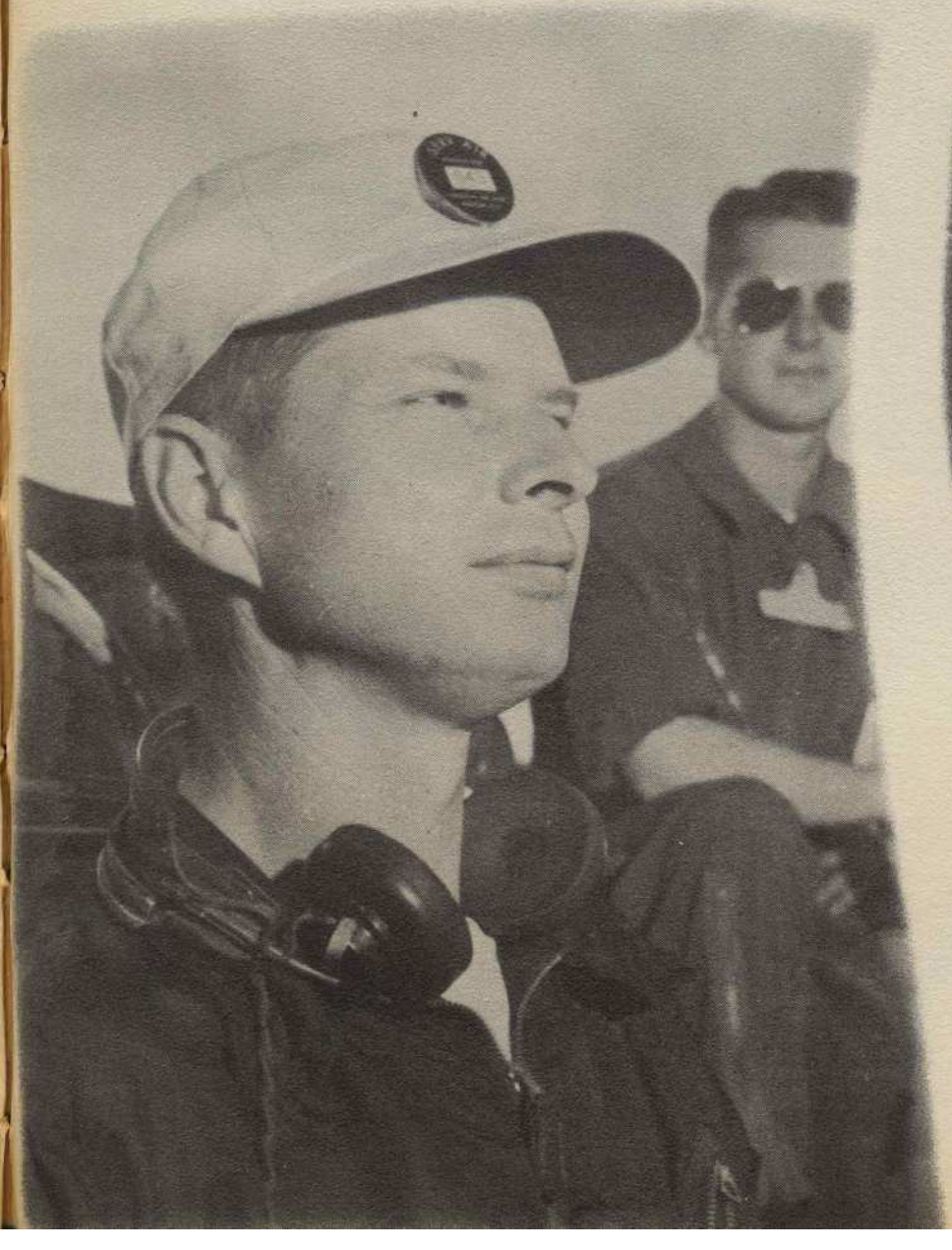
# FLIGHT INSTRUCTORS



# A & B

Norman R. Echord, flight commander; Richard Xander, Mel Matthews, air safety officer; Charles Brinson, Jim Stephenson, element leader.





# A & B

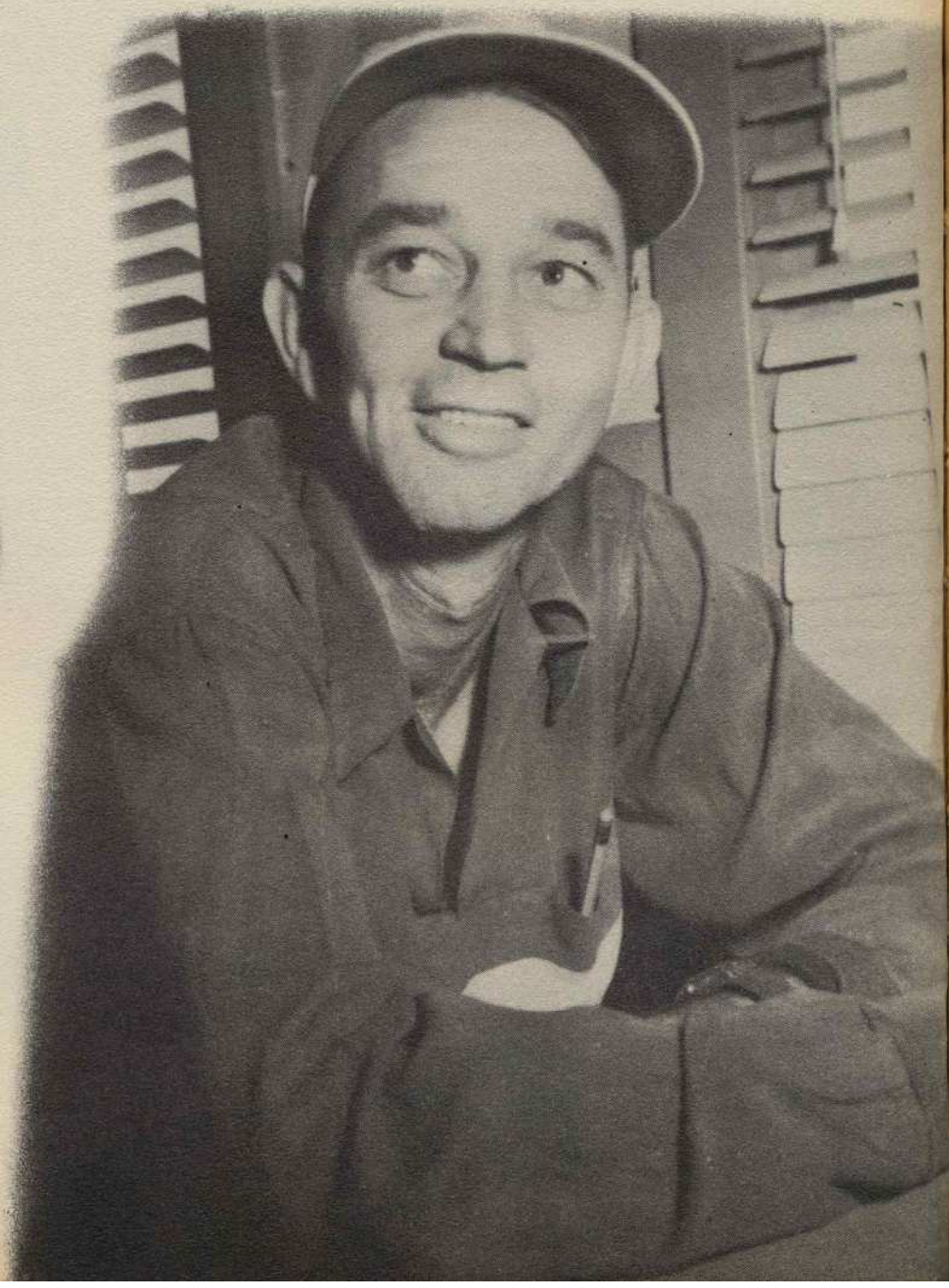
Willie Straughn, Don Miles, element leader; Lou Straley, George Crumpler, operations officer; Raymond Eick.

# A & B

Bill Boney, Filmore Gilmer, Brooks Keener, Dick Cline, Ernest Jones, William C. Applegate, Manley Pierce, F. A. Jones, Sylvester H. Dice.

# C & D

Earl W. Cole, flight commander; Bunn Ray Yelverton, Wesley Edwards, element leader; F. B. Wireman, air safety officer; Lawrence McVey, element leader.



# C & D

O. E. Karvonen, Joe A. Drake, Raymond A. Petty, John C. Myers; L. T. Renshaw, operations officer.

# C & D

W. Bruce Carlton, William M. Thompson, Kenneth Miracle, George W. Biggerstaff, Jr., Welton D. McKenzie.

Clockwork functioning of the aviation cadet group in off-the-line activities fell to the directive hands of the cadet officers in the cadet-run system. In this we were fortunate in having some of the finest of the leaders of tomorrow's

## Striped Ones

Air Force assembled under the striped boards of 53-D. Carrot-thatched Daniel R. Farley commanded the group aided by his staff A/C Captains Charles W. Holcomb, group adjutant; and Marc R. Serre, liaison officer; and A/C Lieutenant Carl E. Bratfisch, group personnel officer. Commanding the squadrons were A/C Captains Harley S. Black, A Squadron; Richard G. Hepworth, B Squadron; Robert E. Prime, C Squadron; and Joseph M. Sitar, D Squadron.

# Gone Gut

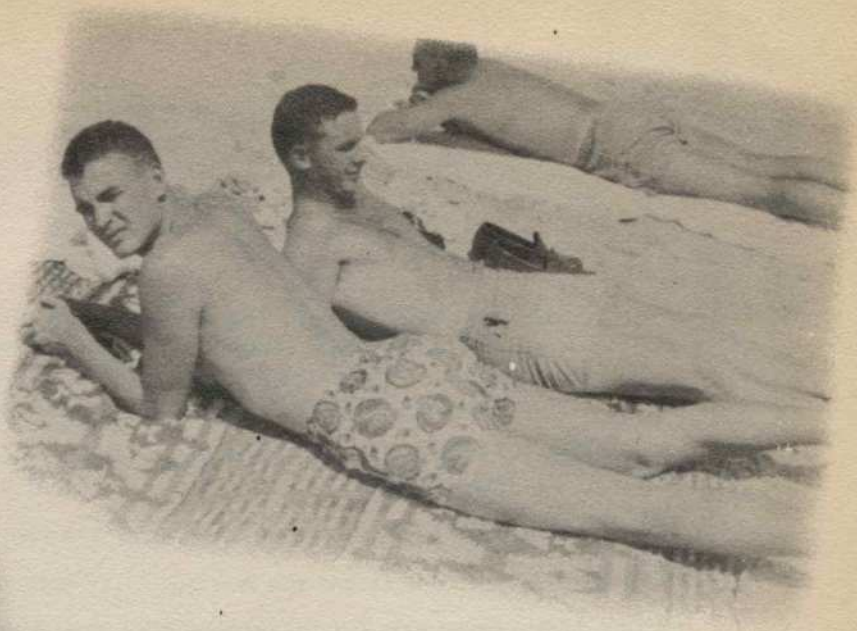
The program has cost me ten pounds . . . Puzzle: Find man with slingshot . . . COD, Frosty Locks, is a snap . . . Money belt, shin style . . . Spins on final, eh?

# Drum & Bungle

Hurry, we have to back at 1800 . . . Looka do calf chokers. . . Enter, Dracula . . . Move, Son, don't you see the camera? . . . I've come for the rent. . . Pattern B?

# Sol Seekers

Did you say fall out for chow? ...Laurinburg? Never heard of it... Ain't exactly an 86, but ...personally, I prefer the needle myself... We gonna stop for coffee?



# Cut-In On

**DOGPATCH:** This is Dogpatch. The active runway is two-seven right. The wind is from three-six-zero at three-five, gusts to seven-zero. Advise minimum of flaps. The ceiling is two hundred feet, scattered showers. Execute extreme caution on south center taxiway; it is submerged. Be advised of white flag conditions.

**CONTROL:** Plane on final, you're clear to land here. You don't have to sneak it in through the bushes.

**AREA:** Blue Leader calling Playmate.

**DOGPATCH:** Let's knock off the chatter.

**ENTRY LEG:** Dogpatch, he cut me out! He cut me out!

**DOGPATCH:** What's the number?

**ENTRY LEG:** I can't tell, but it was a yellow plane with three black numbers on the side.

**CONTROL:** Final, you're diving your glide!

**FINAL:** I can't help it. My sleeve's caught in the carburetor heat lever.

**CONTROL:** Rod-ger, final, you're clear to crash and burn.

**DUAL SHIP:** Look, Sir, look!

**DUAL SHIP:** What is it? Another aircraft coming at us?

**DUAL SHIP:** No, sir, it's the horizon. Look, you see the horizon! It's my second time since I've been in North Carolina. Please, let me do some real climbing turns.

**AREA:** Mayday, Mayday! Mayday! This is four-six-zero... I'm at ten thousand with a fifty-pound block of ice in my carburetor ...I have two red lights, and the engine is on fire! What do you advise?

**DOGPATCH:** Stand by, four-six-zero. This is Dogpatch.

**AREA:** Playmate, this is Blue Leader. Do you read me?

**CONTROL:** Final, we're out of flares. Will you please take it around?

**AREA:** Dogpatch, this is four-six-zero passing through eight thousand. Should I switch to Able channel or jump?

**DOGPATCH:** Stand by, four-six-zero.

**CONTROL:** Final, take it around... Take it around, final. Final! GO-AROUND!

**FINAL:** And just WHAT was that go-around for?

**CONTROL:** Your gear was up.

**FINAL:** Roger.

**AREA:** This is four-six-zero, Dogpatch. I can't seem to find the emergency procedures in my check list. Will you brief me on forced landing?

**DOGPATCH:** Four-six-zero. What is your altitude?

**AREA:** Just passed three thousand and it's getting awful hot behind this burning engine.

**DOGPATCH:** Standby, four-six-zero. We've almost got your position on the D/F homer. Switch to channel "D" and transmit for thirty seconds.

**AREA:** Dogpatch, this is four-six-zero. I don't want a steer and besides I don't think I have thirty seconds.

# Channel C

**DOGPATCH:** You're garbled four-six-zero.

**AREA:** This is four-six-zero. I've got the Form One between my teeth in readiness.

**DOGPATCH:** Good boy, four-six-zero. Stand by.

**CONTROL:** Aircraft climbing out of traffic, your gear is still down.

**SOLO SHIP:** Roger, Dogpatch. I can't seem to work the gear handle. Guess I'll have to return and land. Silly of me. . . must have got in the wrong cockpit.

**DOGPATCH:** Plane with gear down, what is the pilot's name?

**SOLO:** Sorry, I can't read you, Dogpatch. My receiver must have just gone out.

**AREA:** This is four-six-zero at seven hundred feet. Please, Dogpatch. . .

**DOGPATCH:** Four-six-zero, repeat after me: Our Father Who art in Heaven. . .

**AREA:** Ha, ha! I see you, Playmate.

**AREA:** Bandits at three o'clock high!

**AREA:** No, no, Blue Leader, don't shoot.

**AREA:** That was a good spin recovery, Krowsmier. What are you doing down on the floor?

**AREA:** I dropped my Rosary.

**DOGPATCH:** This is Dogpatch, Major Smolen. You're clear for a series of aileron rolls, a snap roll, and split-S onto runway two-seven. Be advised of Piedmont airliner turning final.

**RAMP.** Dogpatch, can we have a medic and mechanic at row eighteen. My student just climbed in the aircraft and ran the stick up his pants leg.

**AREA:** That was an immelmann. How did you like it?

**AREA:** Fine, Sir. . . but I wish you had waited until I finished with the relief tube.

**DOGPATCH:** Use interphone, relief tube.

**3RD CLASS:** Let's fly this traffic at one-thirty, you bomber pilots.

**2ND CLASS:** Look, tiger, I'm pushing this torque machine at 40 inches, and it's still in slow flight.

**1ST CLASS:** You tell 'em, ace. . . If I ever graduate I'll never come back in this area with a yellow tank.

We'll take our Base Leg out far hoping to stretch our glide in on your good opinions of the class book. If we have wandered off our heading hither and yon and bounced in a few landings we hope you'll forgive us. Presentation of an accurate account of what has happened to us in cadets so that both the participant and the observer will be able to read, recall, chuckle, or understand is, at best, difficult. A tip of the be-eagled chapeaux goes from the staff to all who aided in this production.

## *The Staff*

We are (that's us in the photo below) front row: A/C Gordon Baskett, editor; A/C Harley S. Black, business manager; Lt. John A. McMillan, assistant editor; A/C William G. Skillman, assistant business manager; rear row: A/C Curt Poulton, "C" Squadron representative and artist; A/C James N. Miller, "B" Squadron representative; A/C Lewis Schneider, assistant editor; A/C Larry Roovaart, artist; and A/C Stuart A. Truslow, "D" Squadron representative. Not pictured is A/C Jack Shields Christensen, "A" Squadron representative.

As they told us in school, the end is not the end (no argument about that one above, however) but only the beginning. At Stallings we have learned, with the spice of laughter thrown in, the beginnings of a serious business. Where and how we will have to apply this in the socked-in tomorrows we have not learned. But we pray that our efforts here have not been in vain, that we will never need to mount our weapons in an again-sundered world in which freedom's flame is threatened.

# *The End*

# Home Addresses

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Bainbridge, Ga.

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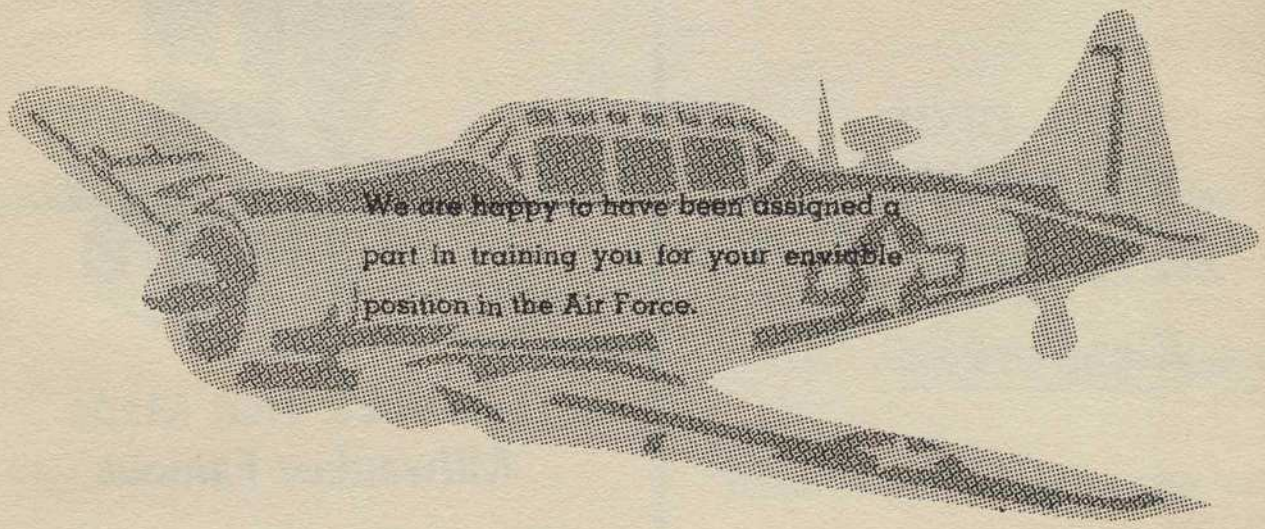


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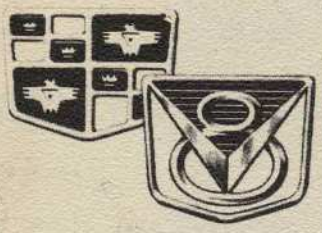

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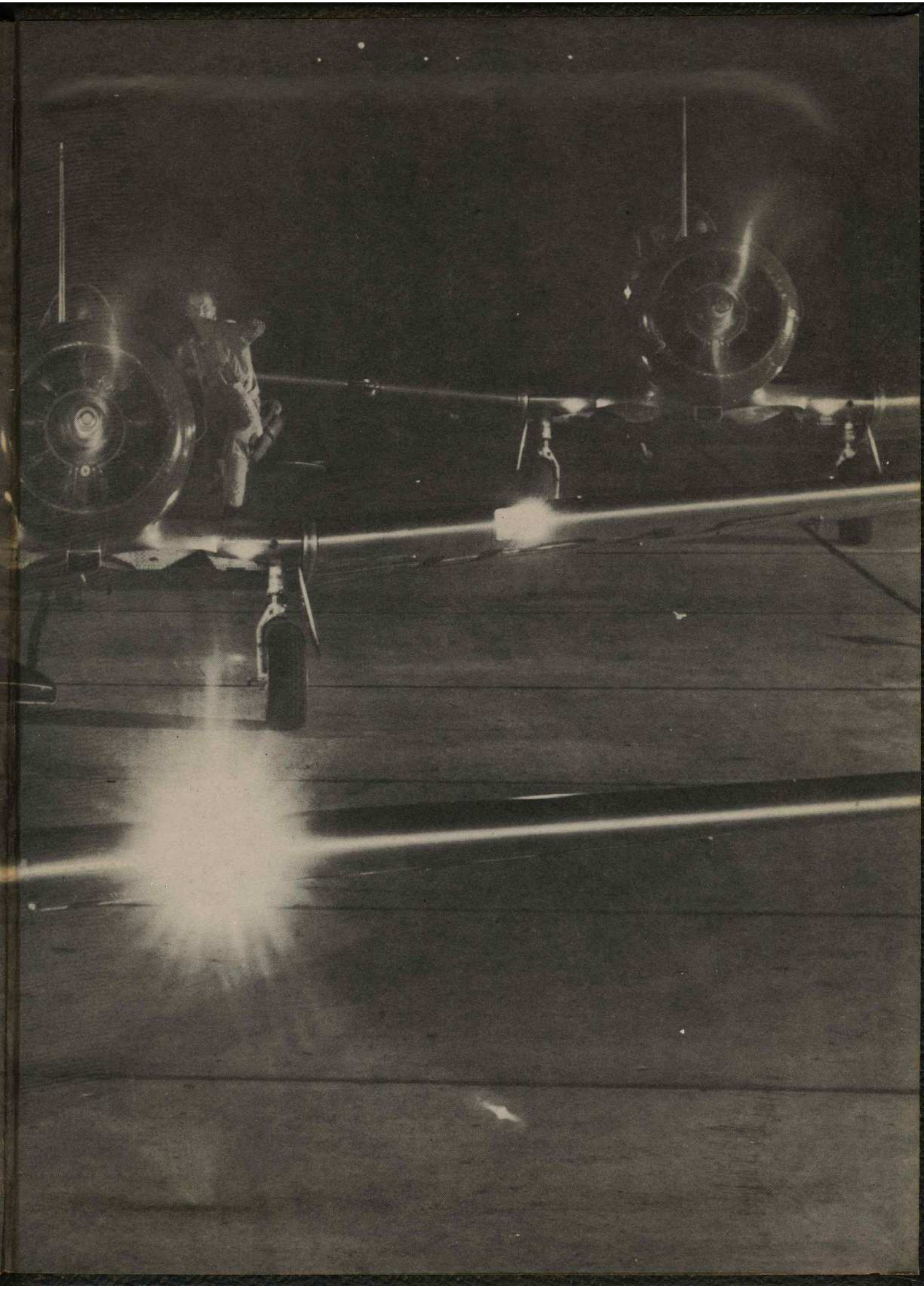
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