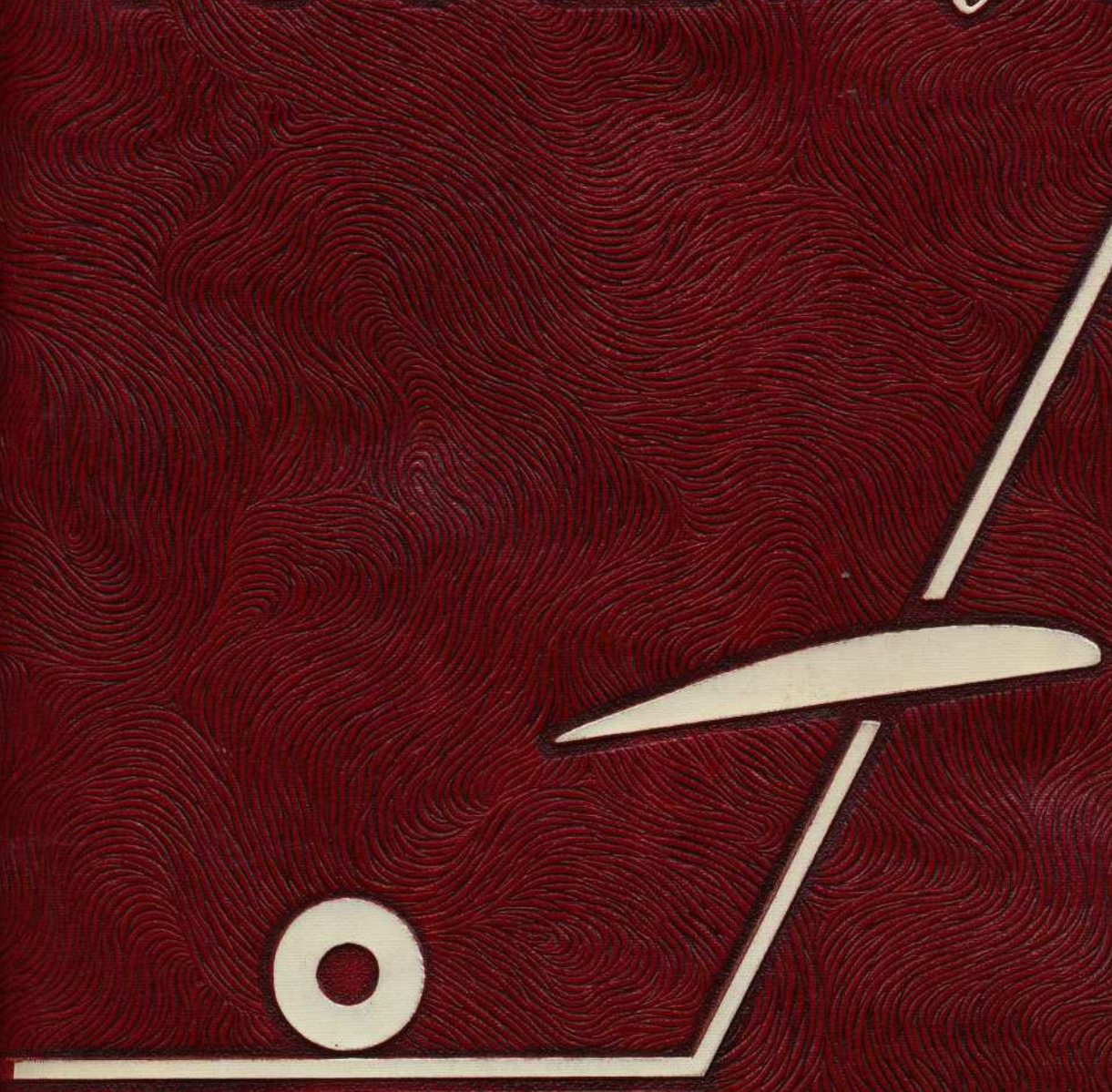
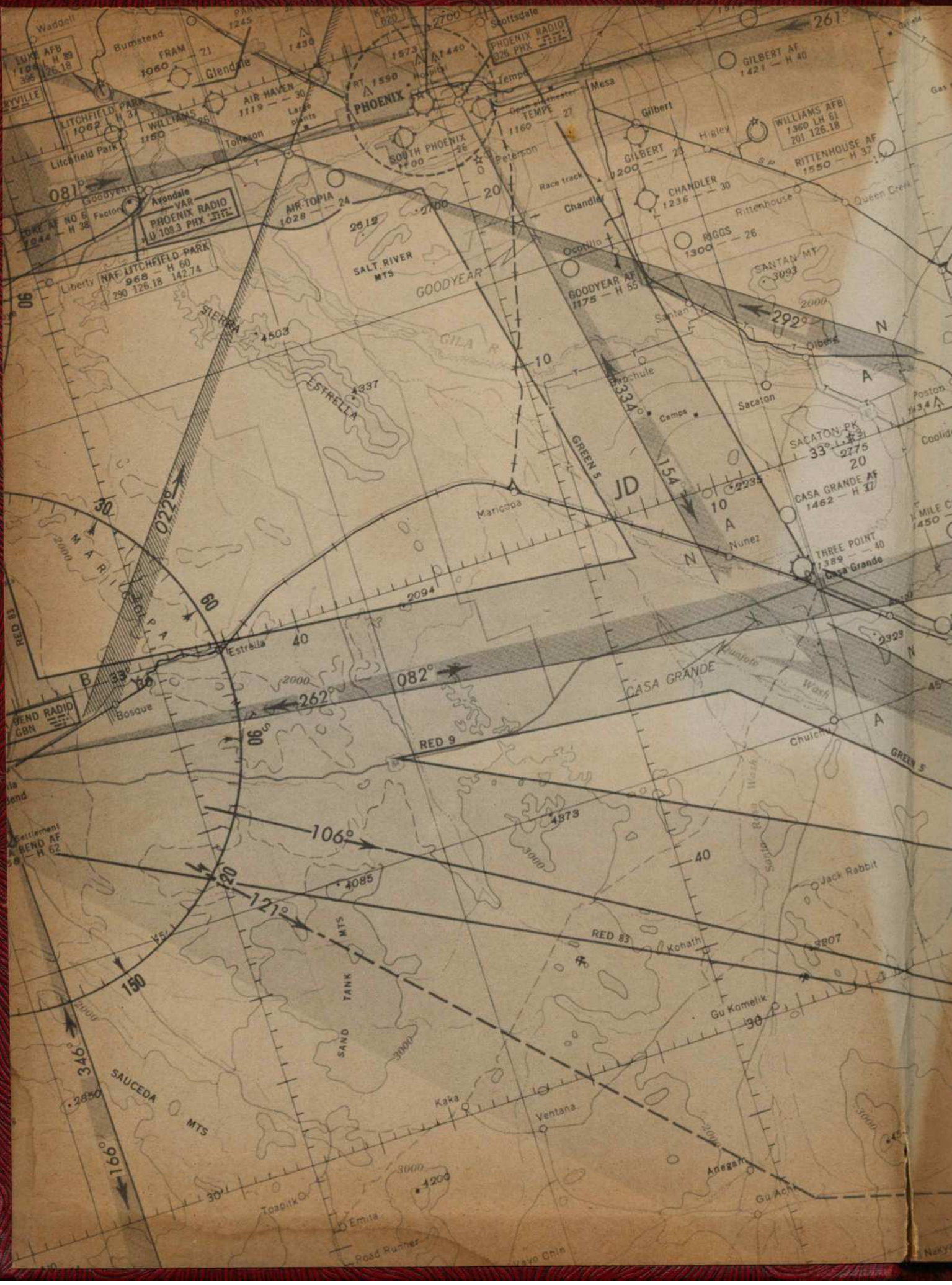
TOUCH and GO



MARANA

54-E


Waddell
Bumstead
FRAM
1060 — 21
Glendale
LUKE AFB
LITCHFIELD PARK
1062 — H 37
WILLIAMS
1150 — 26
AIR HAVEN
1119 — 30
Litchfield Park
Tolleson
PHOENIX
SOUTH PHOENIX
1100 — 26
Scottsdale
PHOENIX RADIO
326 PHX
Tempe
TEMPE
1160 — 27
Mesa
Gilbert
GILBERT AF
1421 — H 40
GILBERT
1200 — 23
Higley
WILLIAMS AFB
1360 LH 61
201 126.18
RITTENHOUSE AF
1550 — H 37
Rittenhouse
Queen Creek
Peterson
Race track
Chandler
CHANDLER
1236 — 30
RIGGS
1300 — 26
Ocotillo
Goodyear
Avondale
PHOENIX RADIO
VAR
U 108.3 PHX
AIR-TOPIA
1028 — 24
SALT RIVER
MTS
GOODYEAR
GOODYEAR AF
1175 — H 55
SANTAN MT
3093
Santan
Gilbert
Liberty
NAF LITCHFIELD PARK
968 — H 60
290 126.18 142.74
SIERRA
4503
ESTRELLA
4837
GILA
Pechule
Camps
Sacaton
SACATON PK
2775
CASA GRANDE AF
1462 — H 37
GREEN 5
JD
Maricopa
Nunez
THREE POINT
1389 — 40
Casa Grande
MARICOPA
Estrella
Bosque
BEND RADIO
GBN
CASA GRANDE
Chuichu
RED 9
GREEN 5
Jack Rabbit
RED 83
Konath
Gu Komelik
SAND TANK MTS
SAUCEDA MTS
Kaka
Ventana
Anegam
Gu Achi
Toapitk
Emita
Road Runner
Wayo Chin
022°
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2000
3000
2094
2323
2235
4873
4085
3207
2850
1200

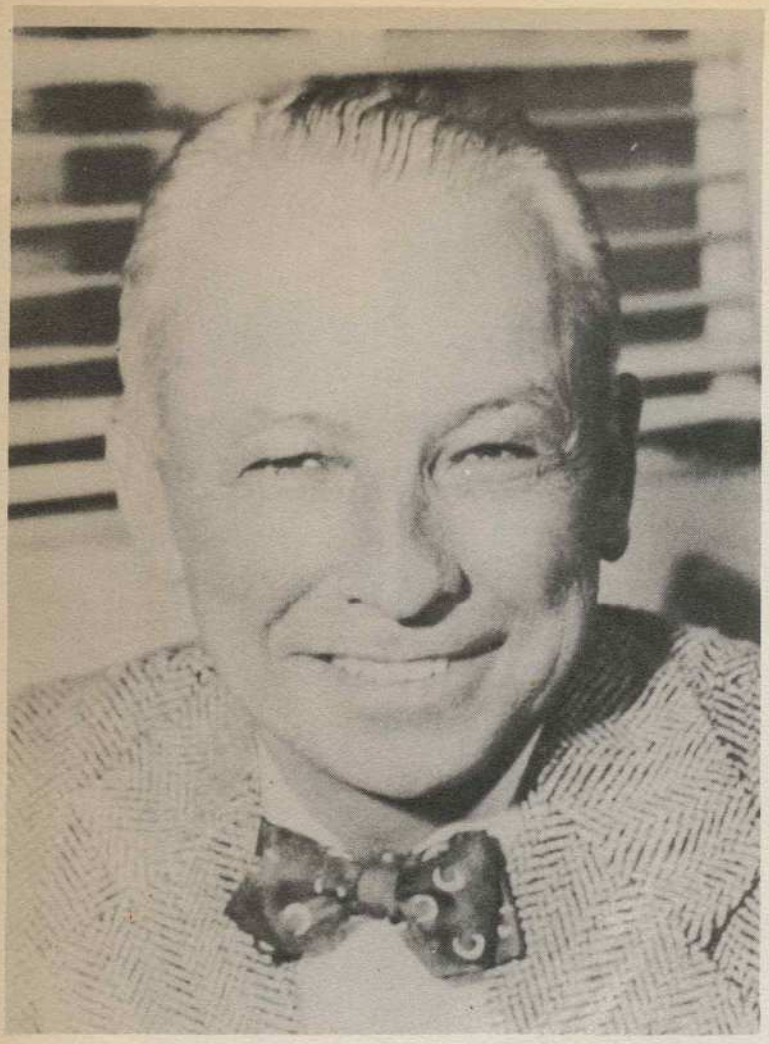
Lt. Bennie H. Yost
Class 54E, Sept 53
Marana Air Base
Tucson, Arizona

September 1, 1953

to My Darling Wife Margaret,
the one who made all
of this possible by sticking with
me when the going got tough.
Her love is my life.

Bennie H. Grigsby
2/Lt. USAF
Cl. 54E - II
Marana Air Base
Tucson, Arizona

U.S. AIR FORCE
114872
TA-872
TA-871



President

HAL S. DARR
Darr Aero Tech.

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

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

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

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

On October 2, 1951, the first group of cadets returned to Marana, and we were again in the pilot training business. Your Class, 54-E is the twelfth class to complete its training here. Our flying and academic standards have been set at a high level and you all have reached this level of proficiency.

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

H S Darr

H. S. Darr
President

Base C.O.

CHARLES W. SAWYER
Lt. Colonel, USAF
Commanding

MEMBERS OF CLASS 54-E:

I wish to take this opportunity to congratulate you on the successful completion of your primary training course here at Marana Air Base. You are now one step nearer to reaching your goal - becoming a United States Air Force pilot.

During the past several months you have undoubtedly been faced with many problems as well as triumphs, but that you have courageously met each problem as a challenge is evidenced by the fact that you are now graduating from this base. This is an achievement of which you may well be proud.

A final word of advice - keep up the good work which you have started here. Do not relax thinking the way will grow easier - for it will not! Remember what your instructors have taught you and utilize your God-given ability to think clearly. And now, to each of you the best of luck and continued progress in all your future endeavors!

Charles W. Sawyer
CHARLES W SAWYER
Lt Col, USAF
Commanding

Tac Section

CAPT. ASHBERRY
Commandant of Cadets

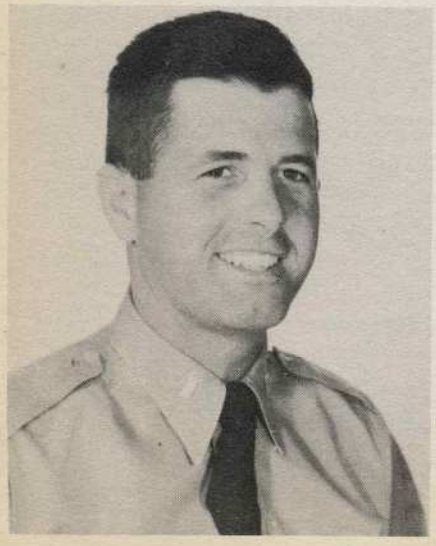
LT. BRUNELLI

Victor J. Brunelli

LT. DUFFIELD

"But Sir. . .
I just gotta have that VOCO.'

LT. HOFFMAN



LT. MULVEHILL

LT. LITTLEWOOD

Military Administration

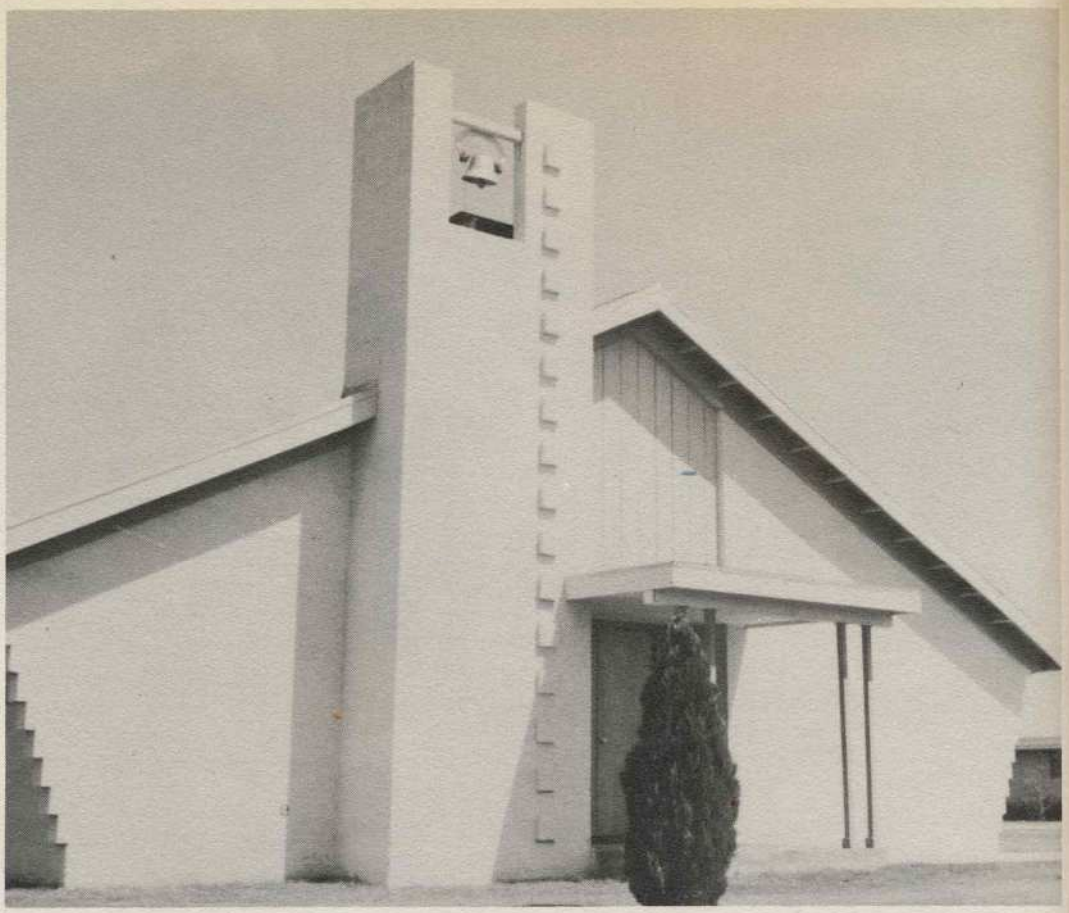
CAPT. LOVLIEN

LT. CANTERBURY

Civilian Administration

LEFT TO RIGHT: G. A. Edwards, R. K. Davis, E. R. Newell, E. E. Staugaard, L. E. Boxleiter, H. H. Clark, C. E. Jenkins, J. Stallings.

The Chapel In The Desert



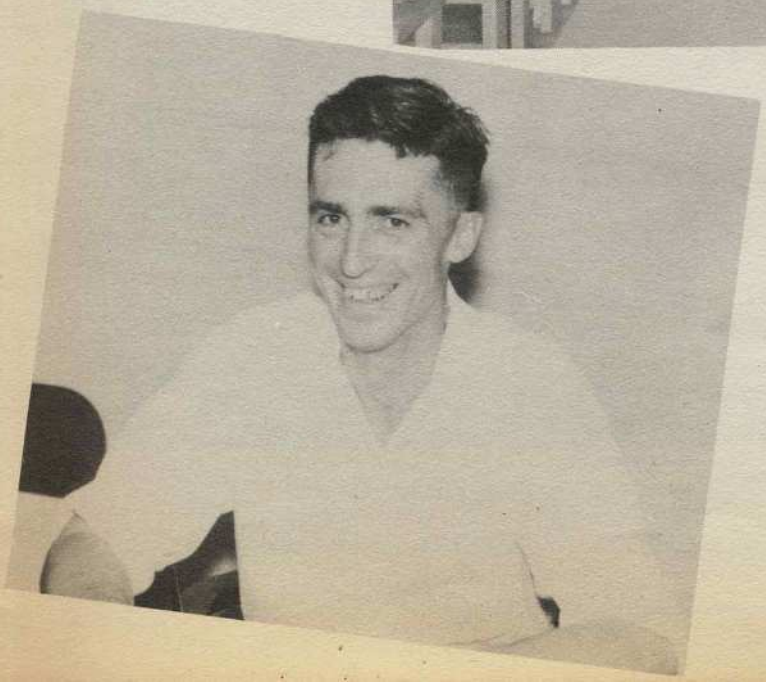
TO: Class 54-E

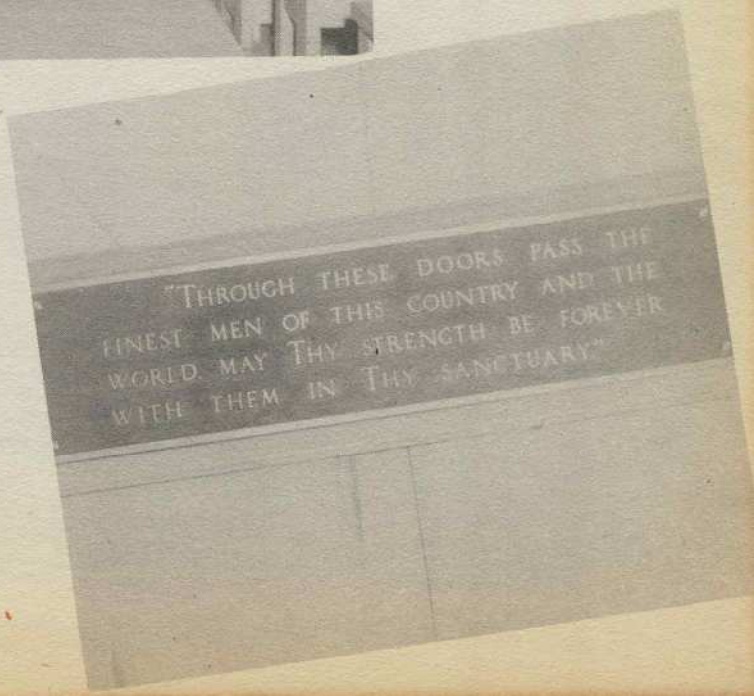
It seems to me that I have been a fortunate Chaplain. I say this because I have been privileged to know every class graduated from this base thus far. And my testimony is yours that I have worked with some real men. Classes have personalities. As each cadet is interviewed, his particular personality blends with his classmate's and reflects a total class personality. Which brings me to say this, "Class 54-E ranks with the best and perhaps above the other classes in qualities that make of cadets great men."

EDGAR H. BRIMBERRY
Chaplain (Major) USAF
Base Chaplain

Cadet Chaplain Staff

LEFT TO RIGHT: Corrigan, Petrofes, Golden, McConnell, Wilson.





Academics

School Teachers

"CASEY" JONES
Director of Academics

W. A. MURPHY
Link Supervisor

Indoor Pilots

Mess Hall And P.X.

"Permission To Shortstop??"

Medical Staff

MAJ. E. J. SHEA
M.D.

LT. jg. C. A. RASMUSSEN
D.D.S.

"Nogo Dispatcher"

1/LT. CAINE
M.D.

Pre-Flight

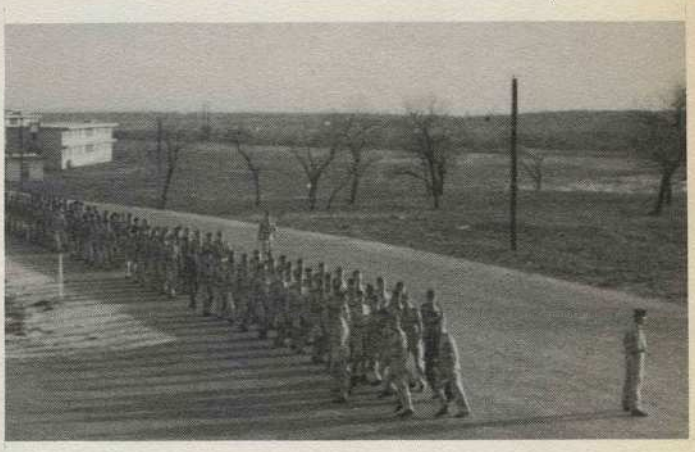
Little did we know what was in store for us when we arrived at Lackland Air Force Base for Pre-Flight, our first contact with cadet life. We found that nine weeks of academics, parades, gigs, and tours was what the Air Force prescribed as a necessary foundation for flying.

We were preparing ourselves as pilot material as we survived the braces, inspections, and constant hog wash that our upper classmen required of us. It was hard, but Class 54-E came through with flying colors, proving that it had what it takes. Natural ability?

It was a place where men from all walks of life assembled and became friends and worked together for a common cause: to complete Pre-Flight and better organize themselves to fight the program.

The big day finally arrived, and the highly trained personnel of the Air Force outdid themselves with spectacular success by hurling us to bases as far from home as possible. For this we should get overseas pay.

"Texas women were ravishing."



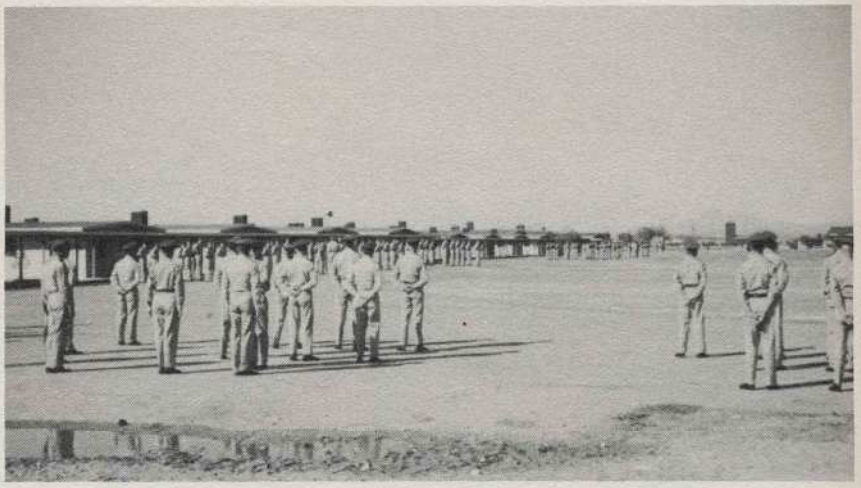
The Tac officers were always willing to help.

Fourth Class

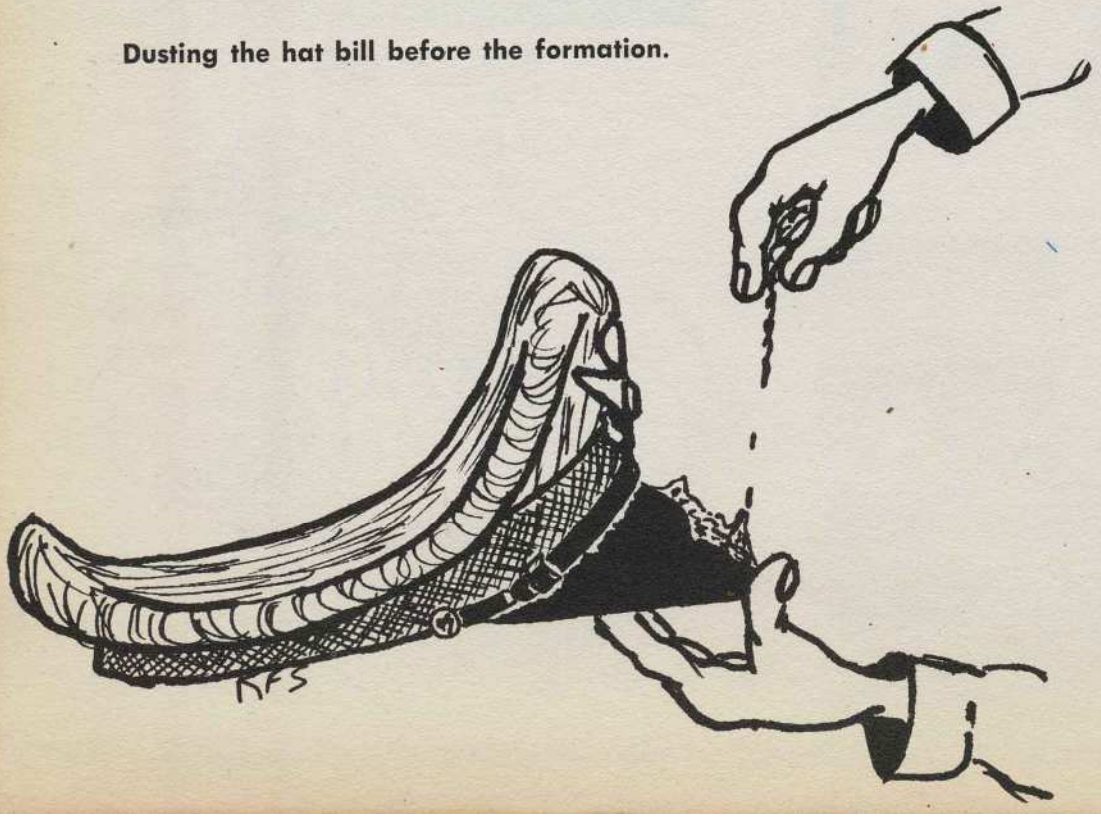
The time finally arrived when the first class from Lackland would become fourth class at Marana. However, after a short tour of our new base, we decided it would not be too difficult to perform fourth class duties, for after all, among us were some of the best latrine orderlies and mop pushers ever to set foot in Arizona.

Two weeks passed and we still had not been near an airplane. The big day came and our first ride in the Piper Cub was upon us. Nevertheless, with courage and parachutes, each cadet mounted his fabric fighter and, with a little aid in directional control, was soon airborne. The first ride was so impressive that the next day another class of tigers roamed Marana, armed with growls and snarls for all multi-engine puddy cats.

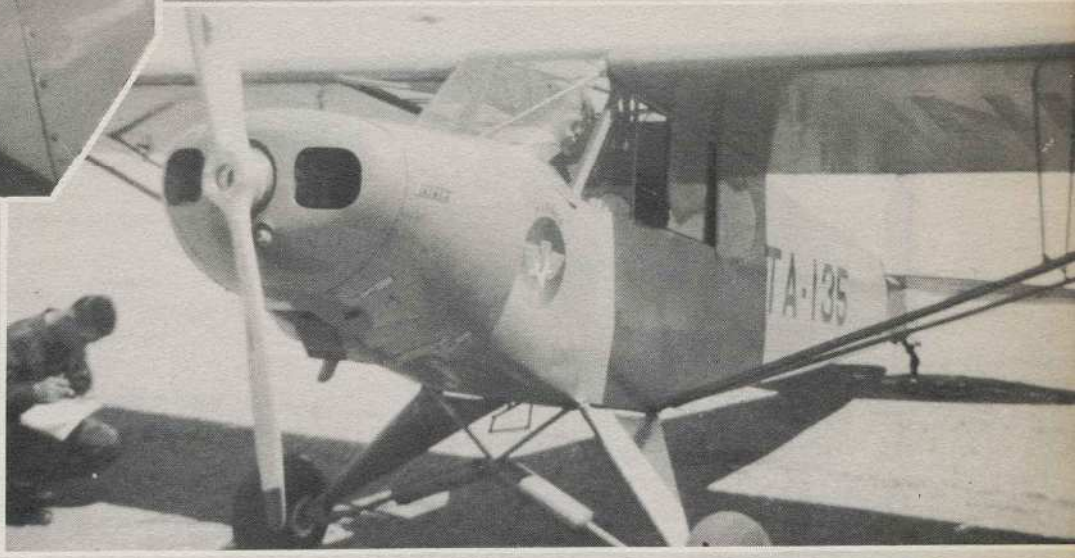
Two flying days passed and Ying-Yang day was just around the corner. The first class had been king — long enough and it was time for a change.

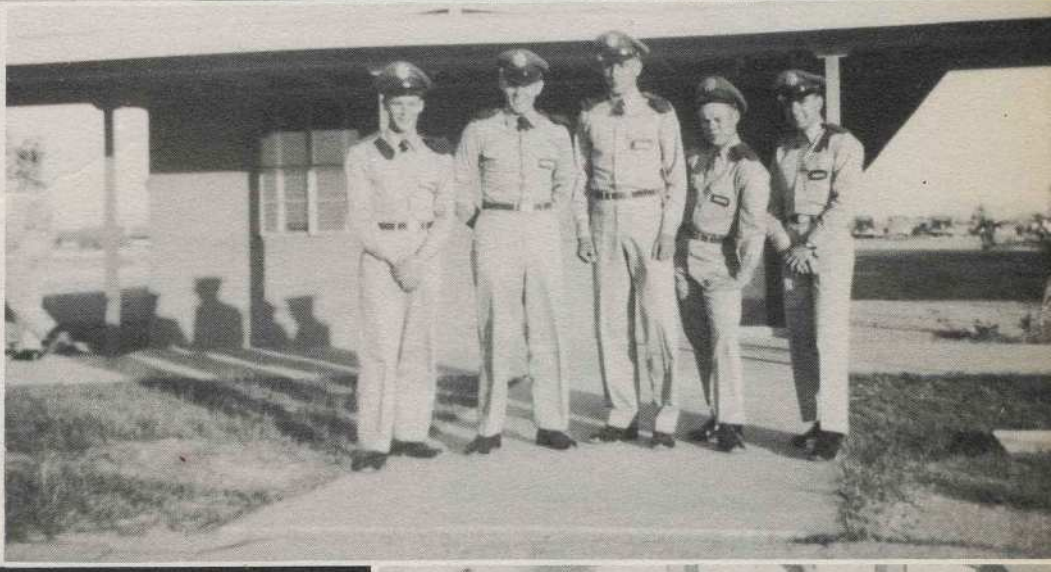


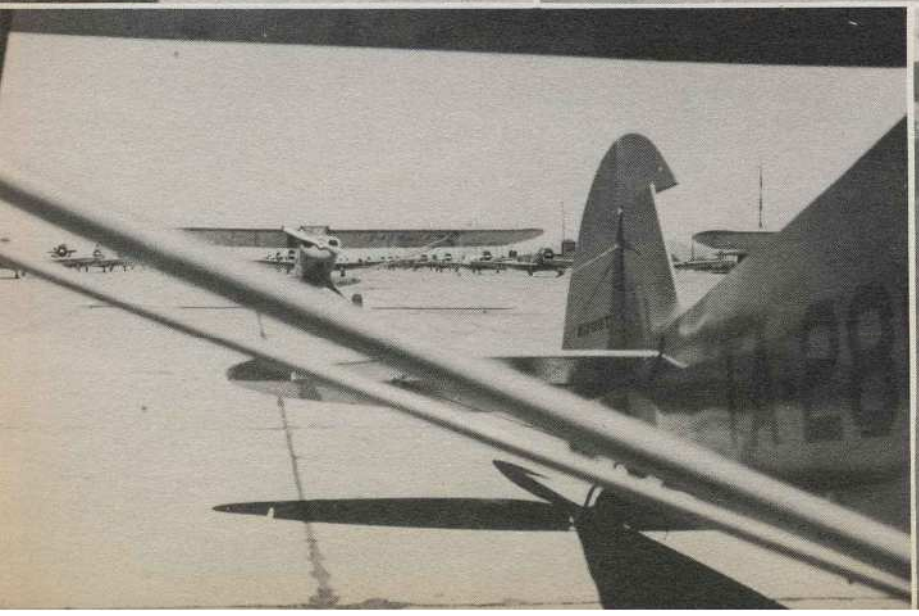
Dusting the hat bill before the formation.



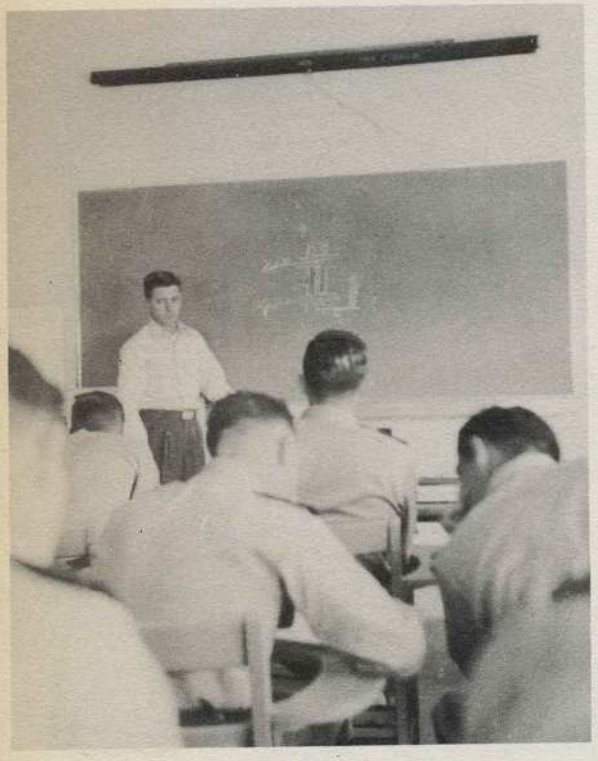
We shall never forget the expressions on the first classmen's faces when they were awakened with the fire extinguishers blasting away, and shaving cream running down their sleepy faces. The war was on. Scorpion inspections, wired-up lockers, and misplaced clothing was the order of the day. A new life lay ahead in the third class.


TA-135





Third Class



Finally we were through with the important activities of fourth class. No more latrine scrubbing, policing the area, or catering to every want of the first class. We held our heads high for we had the program knocked.

Sharpening our fangs, we were ready for the new fourth class. Yes, once again we were the superior race; our vengeance was appeased by our own "shaping-up" of the neophites, who had arrived expecting the worst. We did our best to satisfy their expectations, but the big iron bird with the new procedures absorbed our time like a bar rag.

We were on top of the world; we had it made; we were the elite; we could do no wrong, but came the sad awakening when gig rosters still appeared generously spattered with our names.

We could breathe fresh air again, but added responsibilities and privileges were ahead — so, on to second class!

Second Class

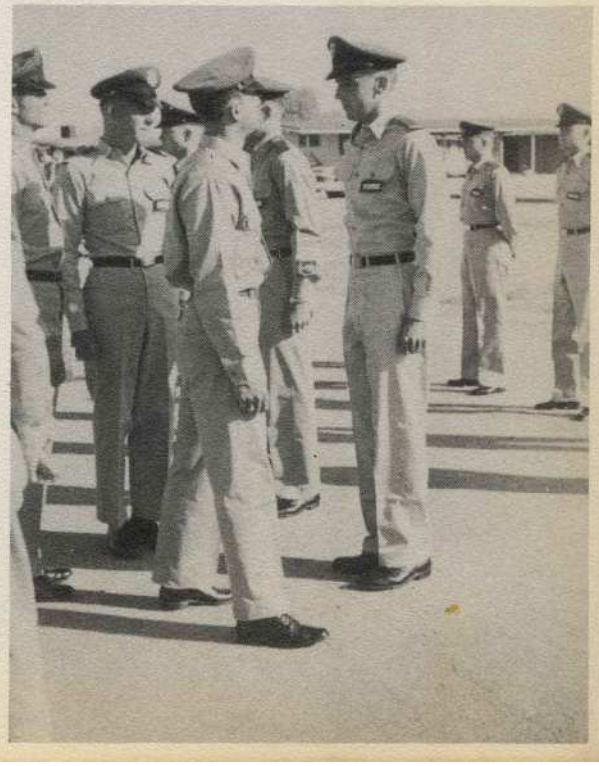
"Sir, A/C Grant reports to ask a . . . ?"

We will never forget the smiles we wore that Saturday morning the first class was graduated and we advanced into second class, but those smiles soon disappeared when we returned to the squadron area. We knew that reorganization and waiting for the new class to arrive would set us back, and more week-end details and midnight all-rights would continue to be performed by the second class, but what could we do? We went to the club, did a little hangar flying on the bar stools, and eventually spun into the floor before undertaking the task that lay ahead.

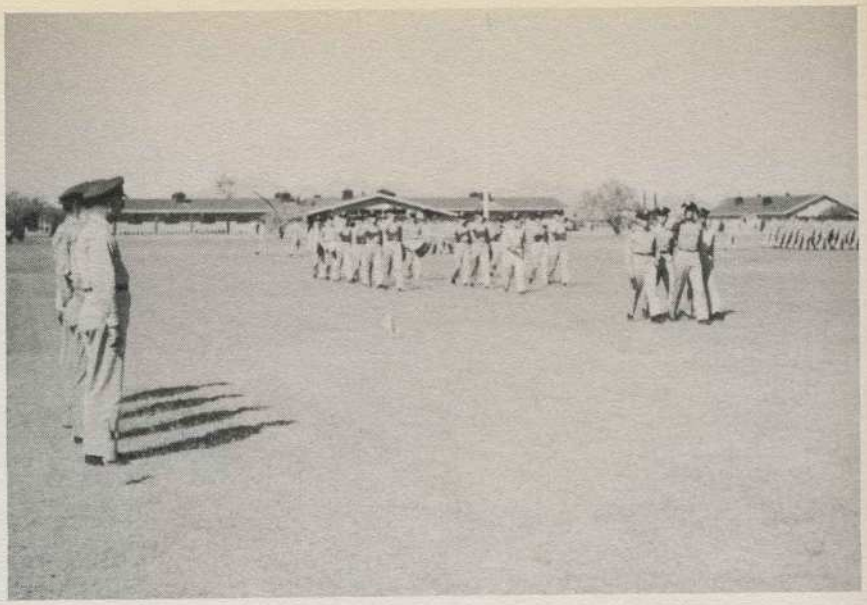
After the move was completed things turned out better than some thought. In fact, some of the second classmen received promotions, and the move had proven worthwhile to all concerned.

In the next few weeks we were faced with the task of mastering a new monster that had appeared on the flight line. It had been rumored that the only manuever this monster couldn't perform was: an eight point slow roll during an outside loop and ending with the inverted verticle snap on top. So, armed with polaroid space helmets and solar wrist compasses, we set out to conquer the Link Trainer, and emerged triumphantly.

Thinking over our lower class days, we saw that we had not been too serious toward our work, but as we came closer to the day that we would be first classmen, each cadet had discovered in his own way that the only possibility for any man to complete this program would be to exert all the energy and study possible toward one common goal — Graduation.



First Class



The heroes return! Once again we were in power. Then we crashed and burned!

George class got half our rank. Naturally we were supposed to salute them; orders were posted, verbal threats even, but the firey spirit of Easy class came through and not a one was appeased for his larcenous deed.

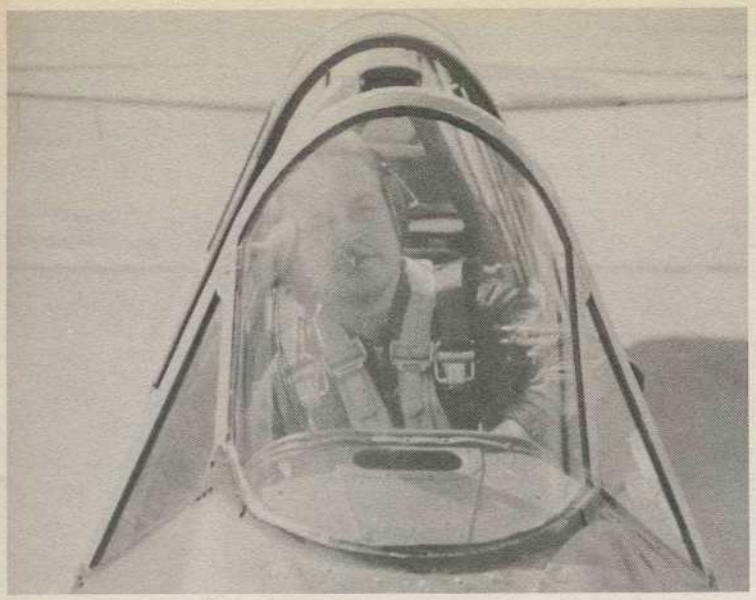
Night flying, instrument and final checks became second nature when a slight crosswind up-rooted half the base and slung it about in gay abandon. People scurried about, dodging lounge chairs and falling debris, being routed from latrines by orphaned heating units crashing through the ceiling; and all the while the weather man sat in his precarious perch madly spinning his E-6-B.

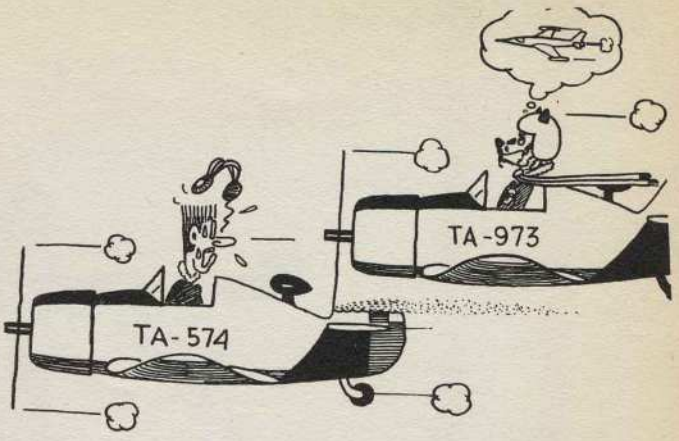
The Moen accent became the rage as the parties got bigger and wetter. We drug ourselves out of bed to meet 9 o'clock academic formations and began transporting the troops to the line via auto.

Then came the hung over AM when, as we nursed splitting headaches and puffed eye lids, we stumbled over the parade grounds for the last time. And poised at precarious positions of inattention, watched our leagues prance about in our honor.

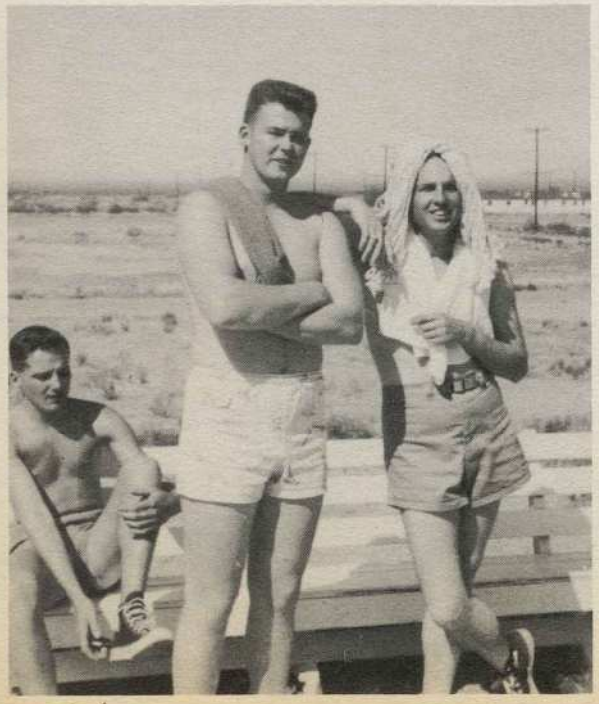
The little scrolls, the long speeches, the skimpy pay checks, and the gorgeous signout book. Then as we spun gravel at the tac office in our get-away, we screamed o'er our shoulder, "Grease Job!" and sped away into the setting sun.

"Did he say that was first call or five minute call?"

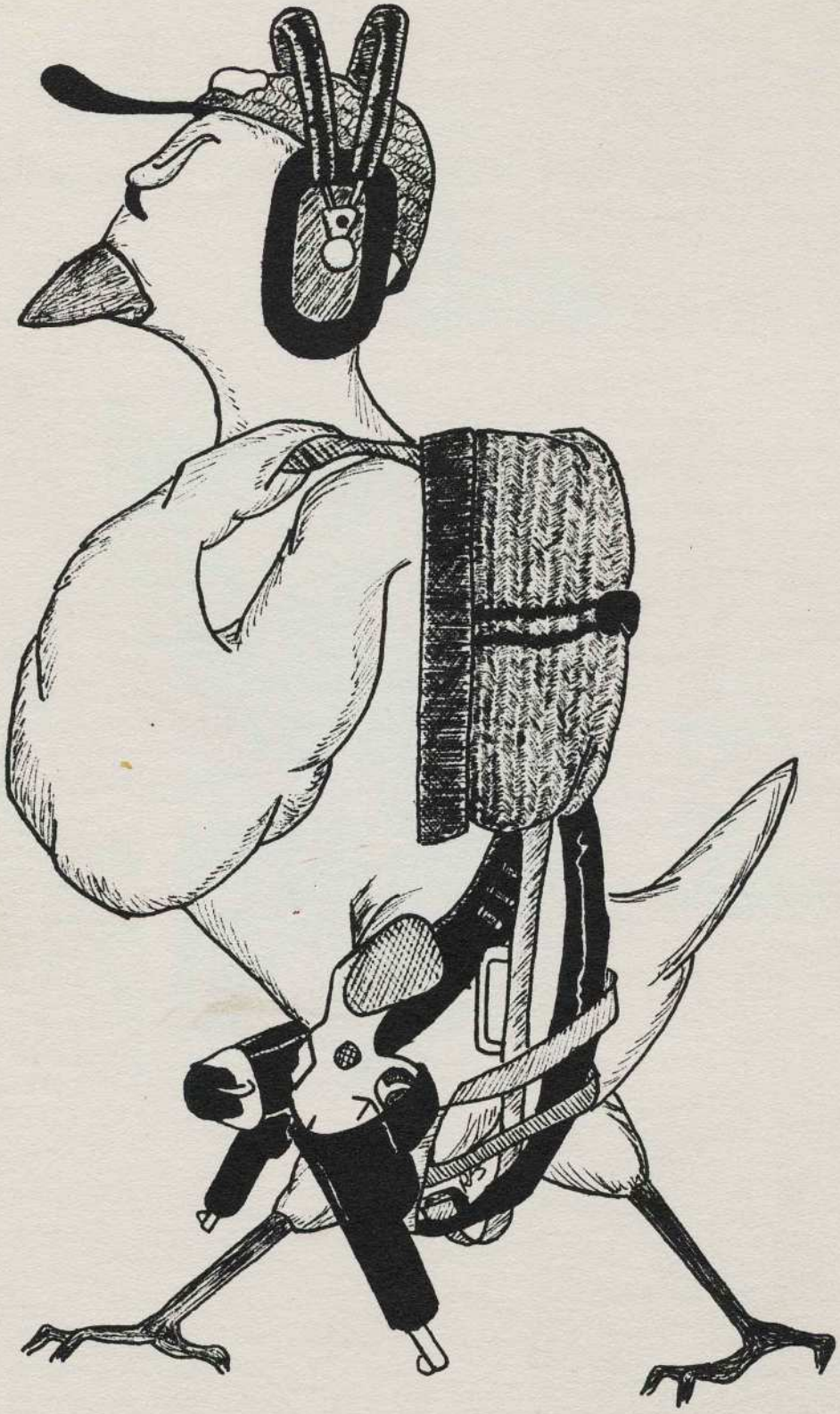




Tac Officer?



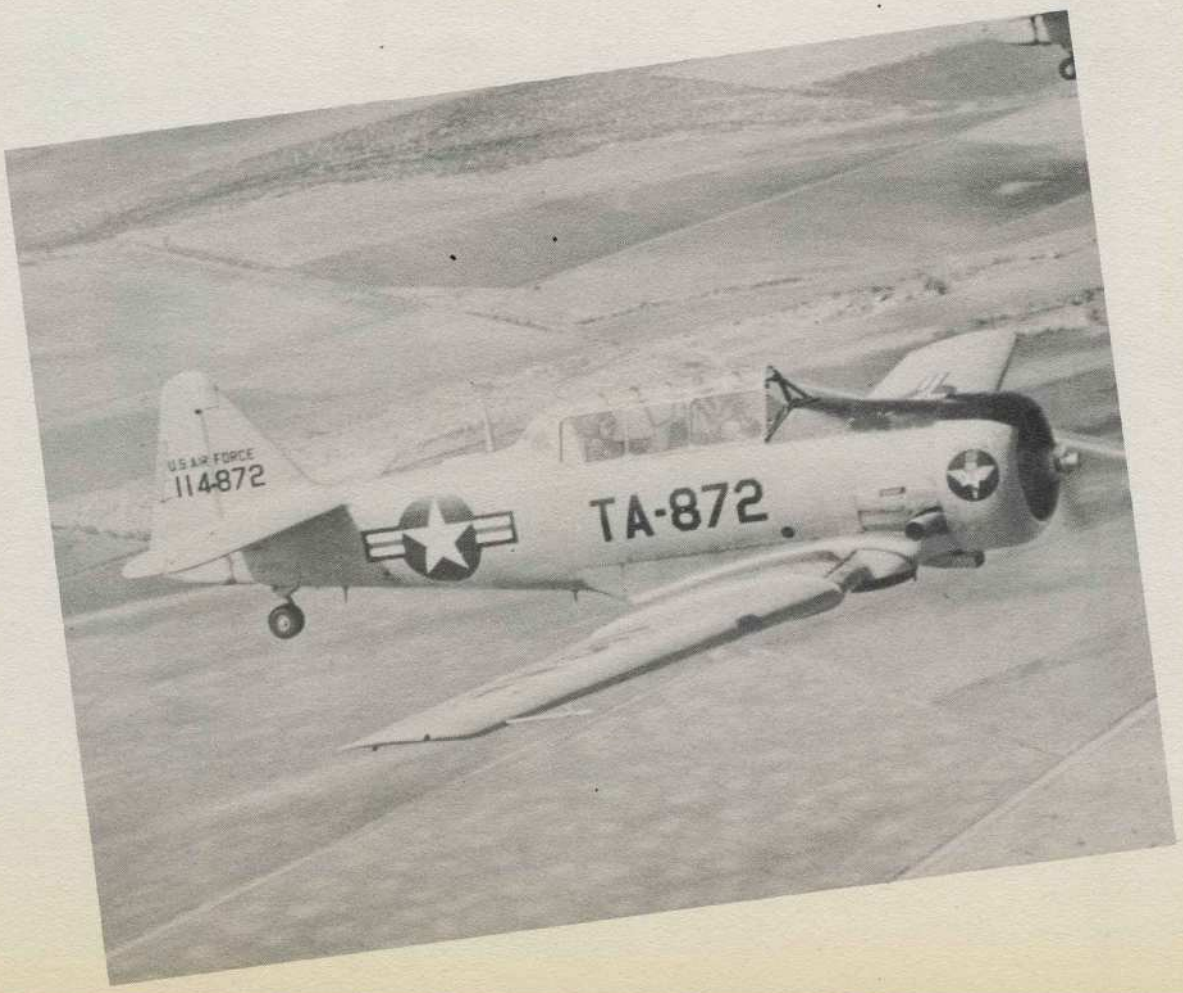
Redbirds



Squadron I

HAROLD A. REDMAN
Squadron Commander

MYRNA STARRET
Dispatcher



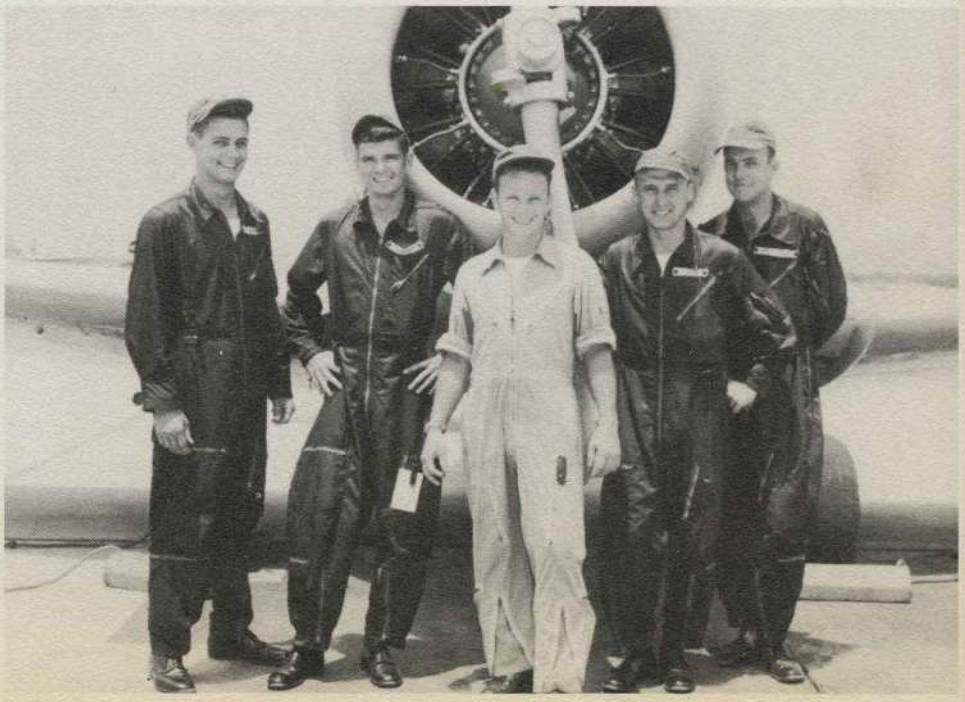
F. E. ALEXANDER
Asheville, North Carolina
"Hominy grits and hog chittlin's"

W. E. ANDERSON
Calvert, Texas
"Tex"

R. H. BUSCH
Harmon, New York
"So she said"

W. R. CASE
Des Moines, Washington
"Follow the bouncing ball"

L. BOWERMAN
Instructor



R. L. COFFMAN
Wagoner, Oklahoma
"That's Wagoner with a G"

C. L. DENNEY
Gainesville, Florida
"I'll race you"

R. L. DYER
Middletown, Ohio
"She's older than that"

H. W. FOSKEY
Salisbury, Maryland
"Where do I sign for sick call?"

L. W. BOWMAN
Instructor

W. S. GIDEON
Arlington, Virginia
"Mr. Mud"

C. H. GOLDEN
Paducah, Kentucky
"Where's my sing-a-tuna?"

G. Guille
Garcassonne, France
"Sausage"

W. B. SELAH
Jackson, Mississippi
"All together now"

B. E. DECKER
Instructor

J. R. KEELER
Beloit, Wisconsin
"Hank was not murdered!"

T. F. KENNAN, JR.
Raphine, Virginia
"Blinkey"

J. F. LUND
Elkhart, Indiana
"Tweedy Pie"

T. L. HETHERINGTON
Instructor

A. A. JEROME
Nogent, France
"What! No wine?"

Best of luck to a great guy — Bob Schirmer

R. F. SCHIRMER
Decatur, Illinois
"Pup dog"

J. H. SUTTON
Colorado Springs, Colorado
"Willie the actor"

R. TERLIZZI
Duquesne, Pennsylvania
"The rock"

R. A. KEYWORTH
Instructor

W. L. GREEN, JR.
Montgomery, Alabama
"May Day, Luke homer!"

E. H. GRIMAL
Rodez, France
"The quiet man"

D. H. HARBECK
Black Creek, New York
"First 30-50"

R. D. NOLAND
Cape Girardeau, Missouri
"Grease job!!"

G. E. McWANE
Instructor

J. G. GRANT
North Arlington, New Jersey
"I'd like to ask a question, Sir."

J. G. HENDRICK III
Greenville, Alabama
"Well, you've never been to Alabama."

J. B. HERRING
Houston, Texas
"I'm a tall Texan."

H. H. HICKS
Lafayette, Indiana
"Yeah, and a kid too."

W. RANDALL
Instructor

J. P. GATTEGNO
Clichy, France
"Vous Levous?"

M. R. GUERIN
Fontainebleau, France
"I draw sexy women"

R. A. MOORE
Stoughton, Wisconsin
"Hey, Sausage!"

L. R. NELSON
Windfall, Indiana
"Just struggling along"

E. V. SHEELY
Instructor

B. C. DeLOACH
Tyler, Texas
"Now in Texas —"

J. E. O'CONNELL
Minonk, Illinois
"Shanty Irish"

J. D. PEAK
Marion, Ohio
"I like that!"

A. M. SCHERER
St. Joseph, Minnesota
"Well, I got 63 in Navigation."

W. W. SMITH
Instructor

L. D. HALE
Decatur, Illinois
"Where's muscle beach?"

J. J. JOUBERT
Amesbury, Mass.
"Marine green"

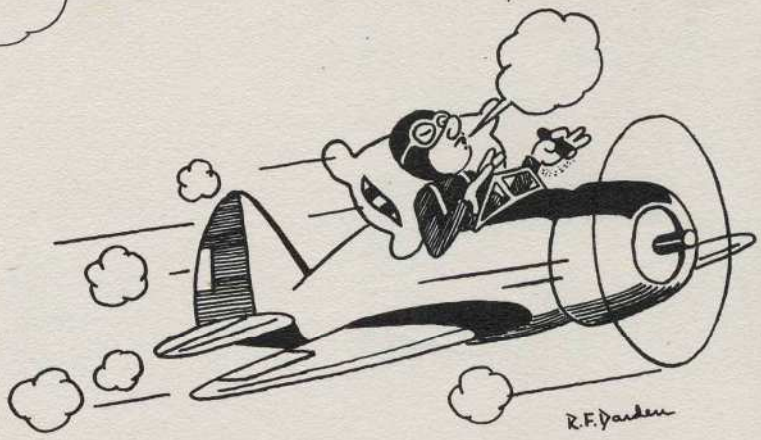
F. LABBE
Beignon, France
"La poopy doo"

F. L. WATSON
Tampa, Florida
"You're a better man than I, Gunga Din."

L. A. WEEDMARK
Instructor

C. P. JOURDON
Romilly, France
"Chollie"

J. S. SHAFER
Oakland, California
"When I was a cop—"



D. H. STRATTON
Instructor

To And From The Flight Line

"The Worm Song"

"I've Got Six Pence"

"Never Smile at a Crocodile"

"Dirty 'Lil"

"Lord George"

"We're Here Because We're Here"

"Far Away"

"Bill Grogan's Goat"

"I Didn't Hear Nobody Pray"

"The Prettiest Girl"

"Swing Low Sweet Chariot"

"Tennessee Moon"

Falcons

Squadron II

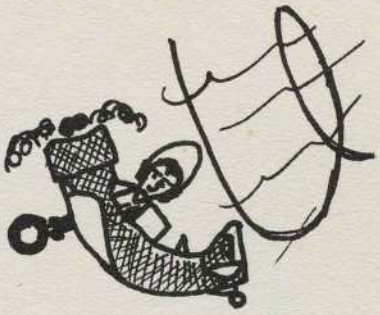
BERNARD A. GEIER
Squadron Commander

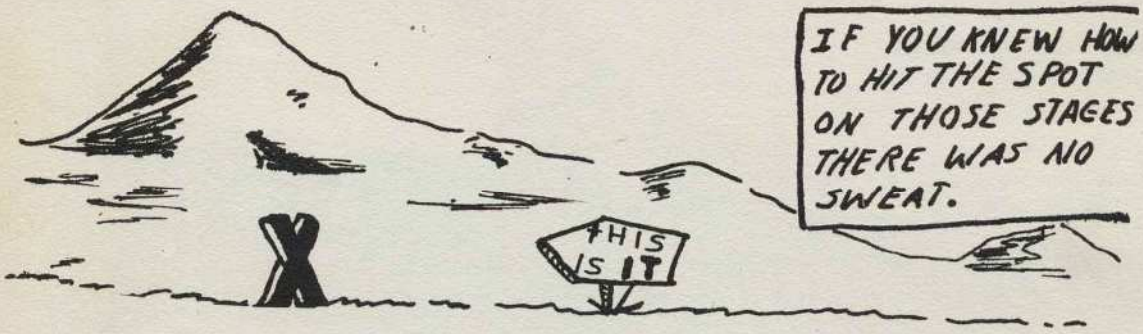
LOUISE D. BISHOP
Dispatcher

K. H. CONWAY, JR.
Baraboo, Wisconsin
"Hut two hut four—"

Lots of Good Luck
Agne E. Stewart

J. E. STEWART
Altoona, Iowa
"Corn fed H.P."





J. W. CARLYLE
Instructor

D. J. BRAGG
Logan, West Virginia
"On to Morocco!"

"Good luck, Tiger"
D. J. Bragg

J. C. BYRD
Arcata, California
"We won't pay!"

Wishing you the best of luck. Sincerely
The Schilt
(PORTMASTER GENERAL)

Happy Landings
J C Byrd

B. H. GRIGSBY, 2/LT.
Los Angeles, California
"I see a railroad station with a railroad running by."

With very much luck and take care of these jets and remember Carol Lee, Marina H.S. '53
615 E. Lindsay
Tucson, Ariz.

W. A. HAMMETT
Instructor

J. T. CORLEY
Providence, Rhode Island
"Death rides again."

C. F. FUNK
Des Plaines, Illinois
"Tarzan to Jane, Over."

R. E. HANSON
Cudahy, Wisconsin
"Look out for Las Vegas!"

O. W. HATCH
Berkeley, California
"Dangerous tendencies?"

E. L. HUFFMASTER
Instructor

R. E. HENDRICKSON
San Antonio, Texas
"Secondary spins, huh!"

T. L. HENNAGAN
Wilmington, North Carolina
"Negative perspiration"

D. B. HJELM
Seattle, Washington
"My picture made the book."

Here to all the little Seattle girls hope there plane? D B Hjelm

J. F. KEASLER
Inman, South Carolina
"Smoke that peace pipe."

Buck Kimball

W. KIMBALL
Instructor

B. R. BAGLEY
Cumming, Georgia
"Yawl damyankee!"

Happy landings
St. and I will
see you at "Willie"
Bob Bagley

T. M. LITTLEPAGE, 2/LT.
Colfax, Louisiana
"See my M. M. calendar?"

L. R. MOEN
Cornell, Wisconsin
"I'm on the wagon."

G. P. VERNETTI
Torino, Italy
"You like home made wine?"

I hope to meet you
in Italy some days. For
now the best luck - [illegible]

D. T. LONGWORTH
Instructor

A. LeNOACH
Quimper, France
"Look at all those instruments."

C. H. MULLER
Bordeaux, France
"Sheet! Link again!"

C. R. NICHOLS, JR.
Tryon, North Carolina
"Call 30812"

L. N. ROPP
Kansas City, Kansas
"Someday I'll practice airwork."

C. C. MAYS
Instructor

W. K. BASKERVILLE
Newton, Iowa
"Not another dual ride!"

Lot's of luck to a good "tiger"
D. J. Royce

All of the best in those flying blowtorches
Wendell K Baskerville

D. J. ROYCE
Wheatland, Wyoming
"Hey Baskerville, got a cigarette?"

B. G. SEEBER
Low Point, Illinois
"There goes the T score."

Good luck in those jets
Bure G Seeber

W. G. SEWARD
Peru, Iowa
"Aww Hell"

"Iowa Kid"
Wilbur G. Seward

V. R. MITCHELL
Instructor

P. LAMBERT
Compiegne, France
"Negateeve on thaat"

B. G. LHOTE
Luneville, France
"Silent Sam"

K. L. SEIDENSTICKER
Indianapolis, Indiana
"Tell Kenney to call Shirley before 6."

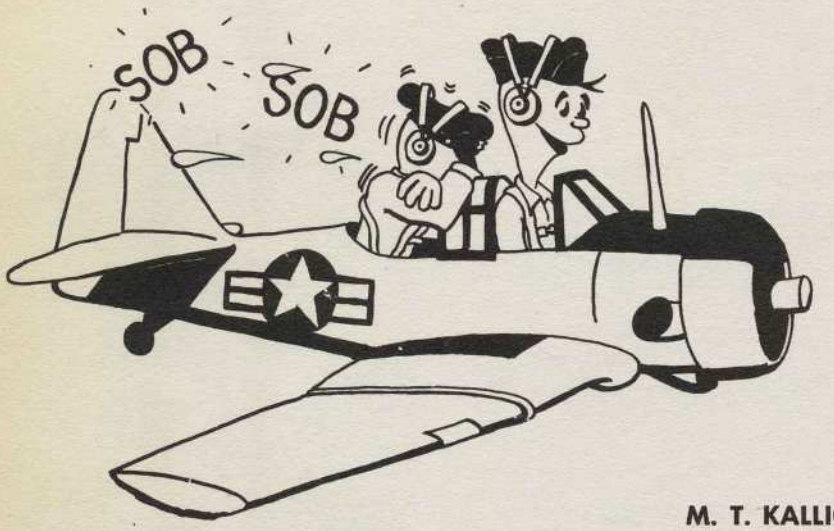
C. S. WARD
Eureka, Illinois
"Where's my card puncher?"

C. PHENIX
Instructor

G. L. CHAMBERLEN
Ontario, California
"Goin' Home"

Well, it looks like we made it this far. Good luck & best wishes always — Gerald L. (Calif. too) Chamberlen

R. D. HITCH
Maywood, Illinois
"There I was—"



M. T. KALLIGHAN, 2/LT.
Jersey City, New Jersey
"Ole Sarge"

Best of luck
Leo Roach

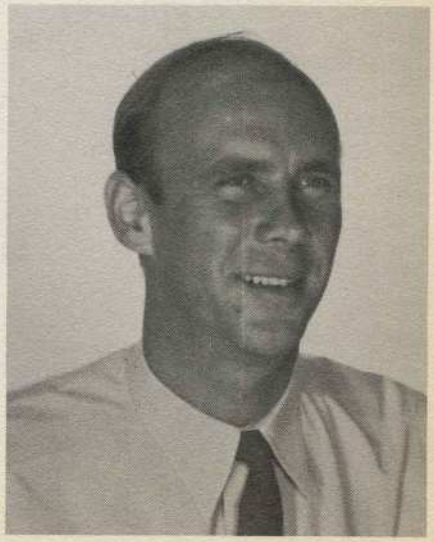
L. N. ROACH
Instructor

M. F. LALLI
Mansfield, Ohio
"Who's afraid of a checkride?"

B. A. WATSON
Thomaston, Georgia
"That water can't be there."

D. M. WEBSTER
Eden, New York
"Suck in that gut, Mister."

R. A. WITT
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
"My Pa brews Schlitz"



L. R. SCOTT
Instructor

That's right! In the U. S. Air Force, it's not the size of the man in the fight — it's the size of the fight in the man!

And Aviation Cadets must have plenty of it.

For cadet training is rugged.

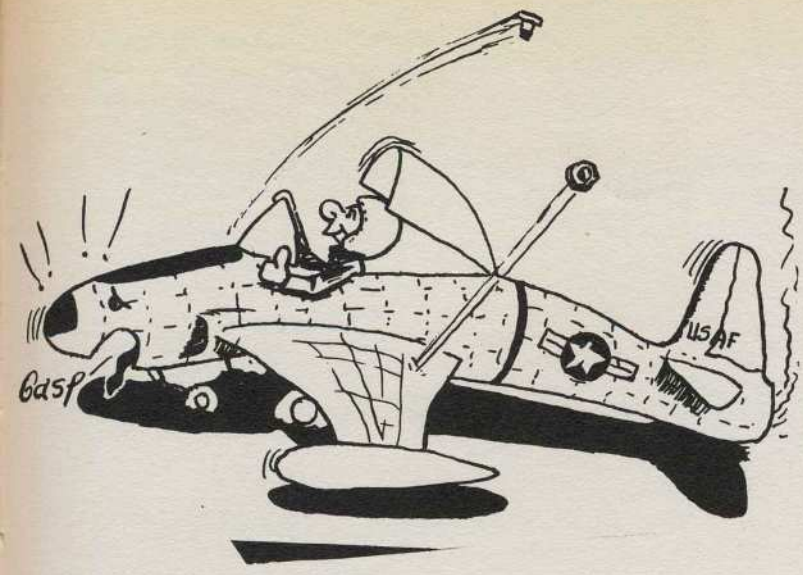
If you're good enough . . .

tough enough . . .

smart enough . . .

if you can take it while you're learning to dish it out,

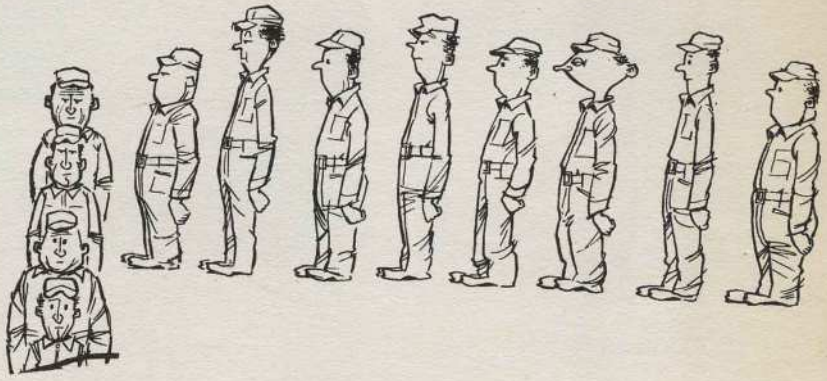
you can have one of the most fascinating careers in the world.



You'll be equipped to fly the latest, hottest planes.

You'll be prepared to take your position as an executive,

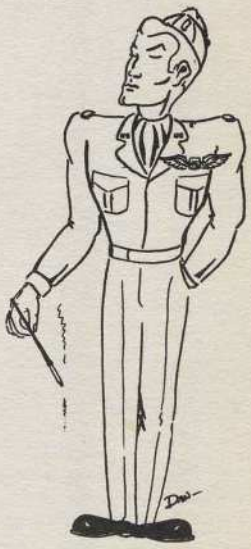
both in military and commercial aviation . . .



as well as in industry.

And while you're helping yourself you'll be helping your country.

It takes only a little over a year to win your wings as a pilot.



But at the end of your training you graduate as a Second Lieutenant in the Air Force, with pay of $5,300.00 a year.

The Wash Board

God Bless you!
Walter J. Pospiech, Chap.

"Anyone who thinks he's indispensable should stick his finger in a bowl of water and notice the hole it leaves when he takes it out."

CAPT. WAREHAM

Best Regards

MAJ. TERRY

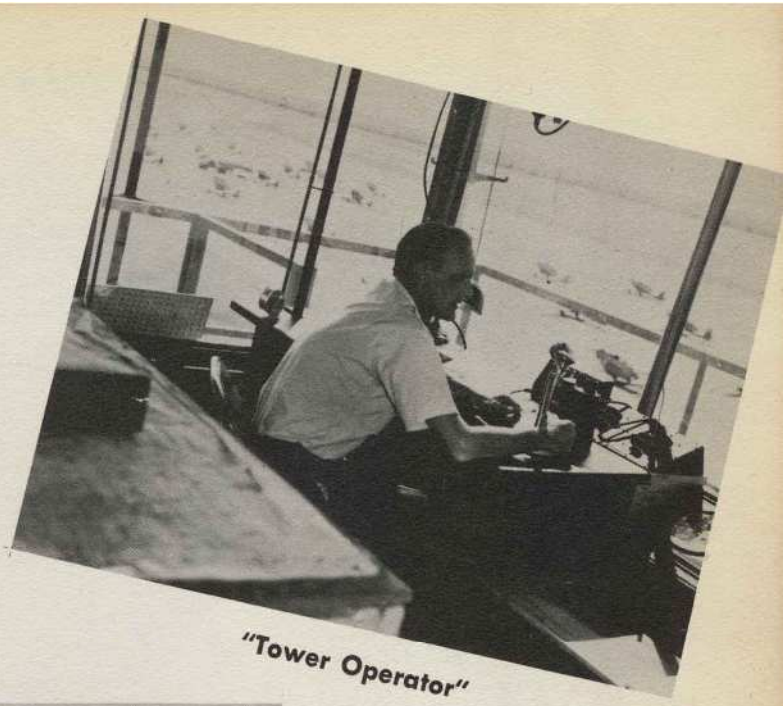
1/LT. WANDEL

1/LT. HUXMAN

1/LT. McCRARY

1/LT. RHODES

"Weather Man"



"Tower Operator"

"Line Crews"

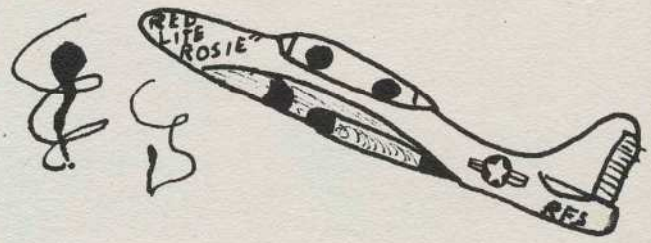
There I Was

I firewalled the throttle and sat there thinking of Rosie and our six kids as the 94's engines rumbled and screamed under me. Then I released the brakes and spun asphalt out across the toolies as my ship, "Redlite Rosie," ripped down the runway at Inchon.

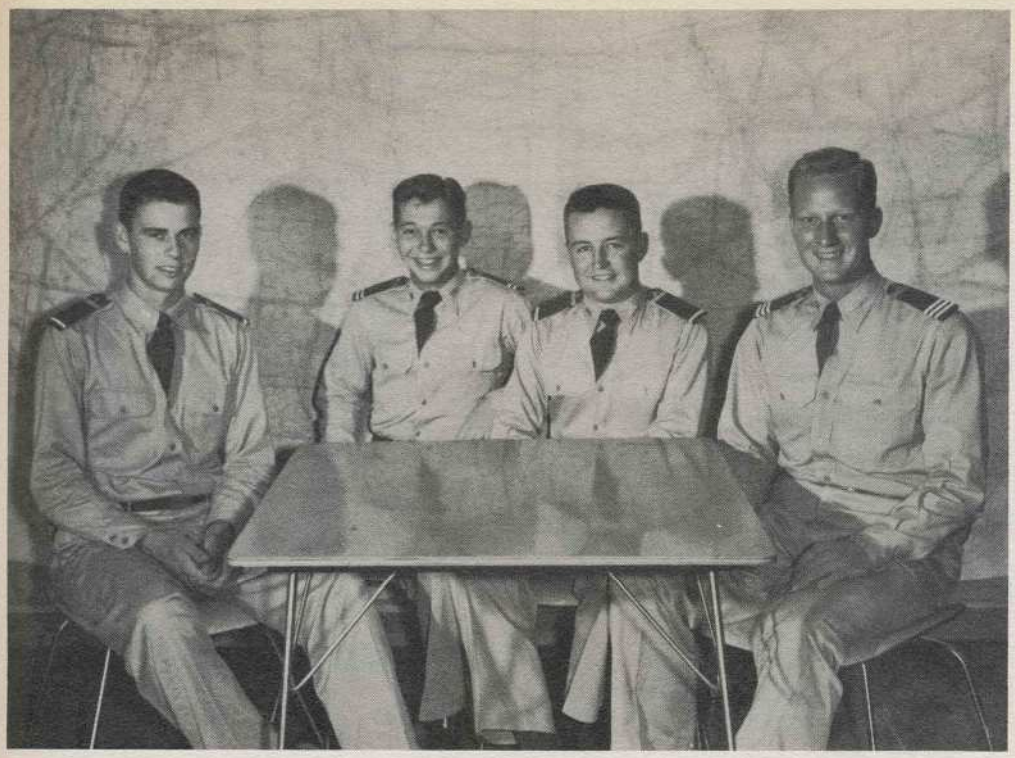
Clearing traffic by a hair, I chandelled up to 25,000 feet as my R. O. garbled something over the interphone about oxygen. "These R.O.s are a useless crew," I said to myself, and recognizing the undying prose of that phrase, I took a belt at the bottle.

The sky was clear at 40,000, and as the air was chilly, I closed the canopy. "Eight Migs at 3 o'clock," my R.O. screamed. I checked my watch — 2:45 —time for another drink.

My first burst sent three of the dirty red commies hurtling to the ground in flames. Four others chickened on me and bailed out. Determined not to miss a trick, I gunned 'em all as they hung helplessly in their chute harnesses. The last was flying low trying to get home. I split "s'd" from 45,000 and the sound waves, as I pulled out, shook his plane apart. "Touche!" I chortled as I took another slug.



We'd been in the air 45 minutes when we gave up the gin game and crawled back in the cockpit to head for home. Three flame-outs later we were over the field. Too high, I realized, but no go-arounds for me. I pulled up the gear and crash-landed amid pagodas and honey buckets. Leaving the plane, I went around the corner to Madam Skuzuki's Bar & Grill to await another alert for the aerial defense of Korea!



The Staff

Pictured (L. to R.)

G. L. Chamberlen ..... Steno
R. F. Schirmer ..... Pen Man
R. A. Witt ..... Wheel, axle, and the whole dam wagon
W. B. Selah, Jr. ..... Layout

Not Pictured

W. L. Green ..... Copy
L. R. Moen ..... Sales
W. R. Case ..... Part Time
C. L. Denny .... First Nighter

We are deeply indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Roy B. Kemp, whose help and cooperation were paramount in the compiling of these memories of Marana.

A Squadron

Standing, L. to R.: Moore, Selah, Gideon, Hendricks. Seated: Terlizzi, Lund, Alexander.

B Squadron

Standing, L. to R.: Nass, Moore, Treadway, Hutchison. Seated: Carl, Cogdill, Massa.

Group

Standing, L. to R.: Lund, Cogdill, Broomall, Bragg, Duffes.
Seated: Case, Nichols, Golden.

C Squadron

Standing, L. to R.: Royce, Seeber, Seward, Ward. Seated: Watson, Bragg,

Standing, L. to R.: Hilton, Graff, Lee, Mikler. Seated: Crouse, Duffes, Dasbach, Huber.

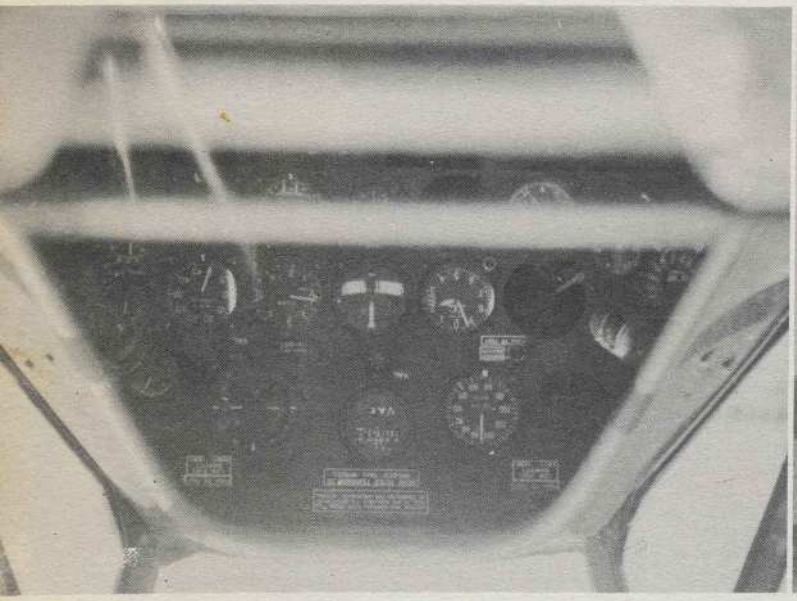
Board Of Governors

Honor Council

ALL RIGHT ?

Squadron I

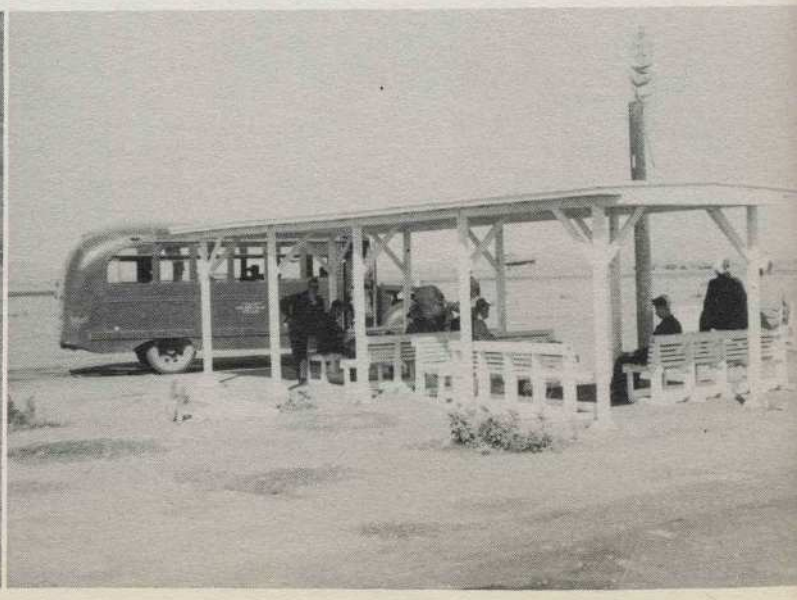
Squadron II



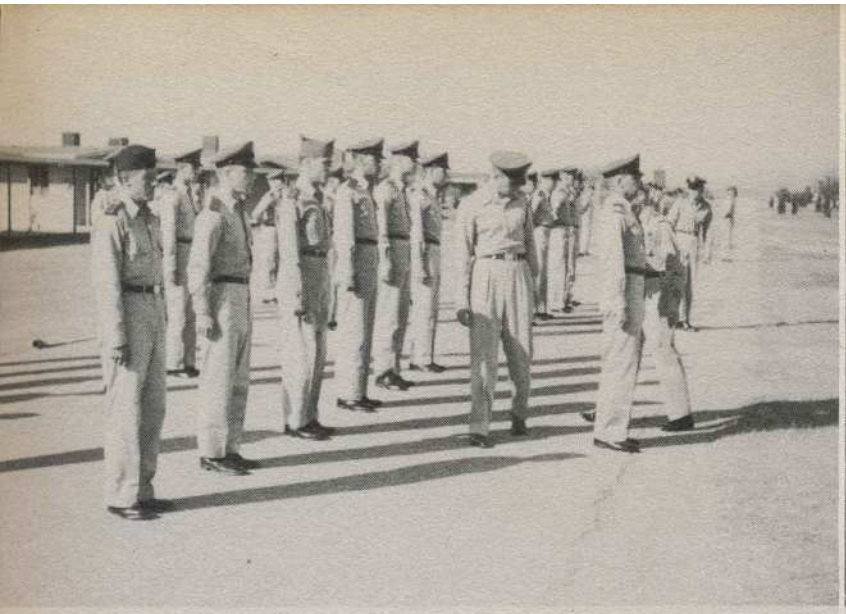
"Guess What?"

Calm, Cool, and Collected

"Tower, direction of traffic, please."

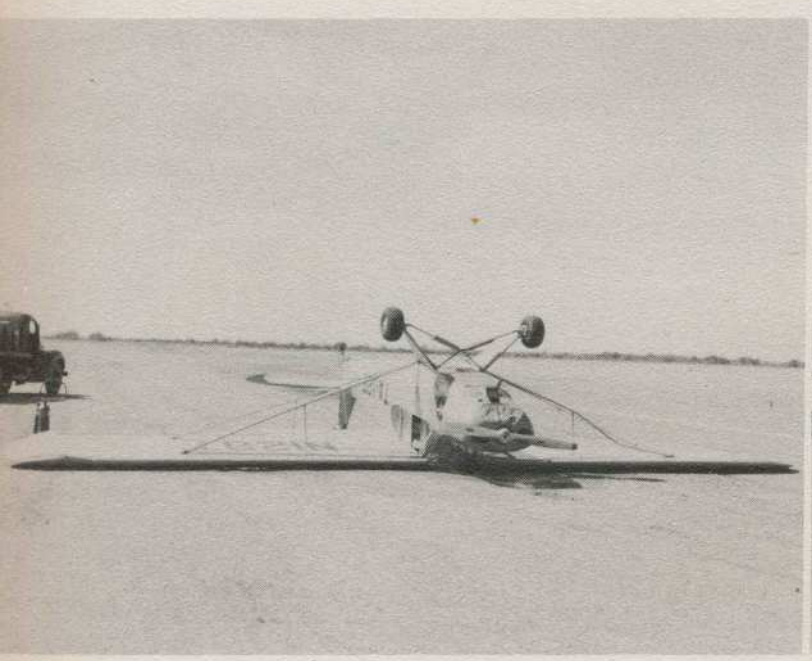


Desert Shade



"Did you sit down in those pants, Mister?"

Revenge on Ying-Yang Day



Ceiling zero

Ye old Gate

"And the bull walked around . . ."

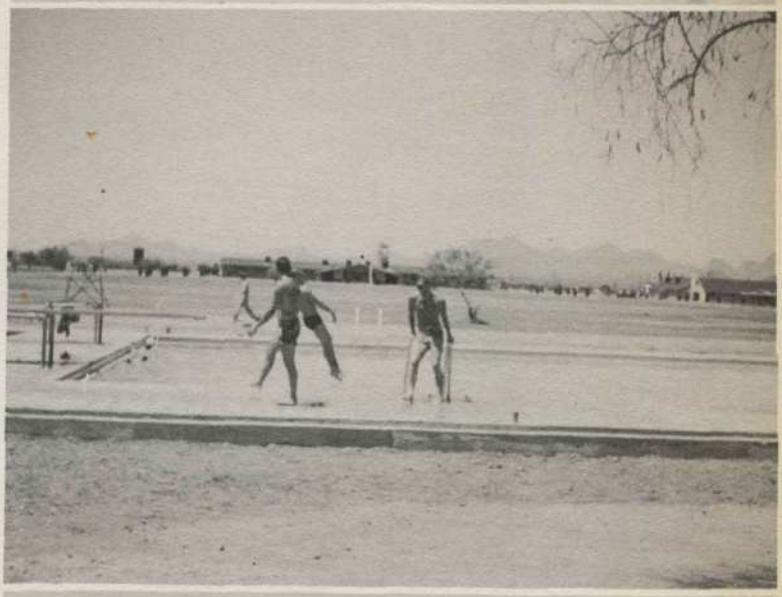
Solid Marana Construction

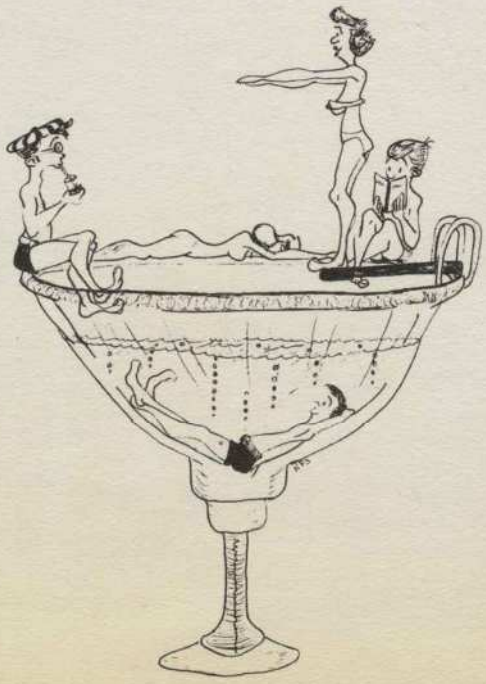
The Cadet Club

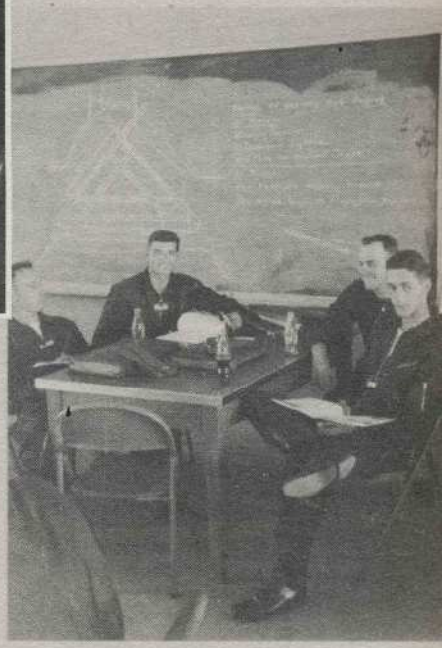
First snort of Smitty's tequilla

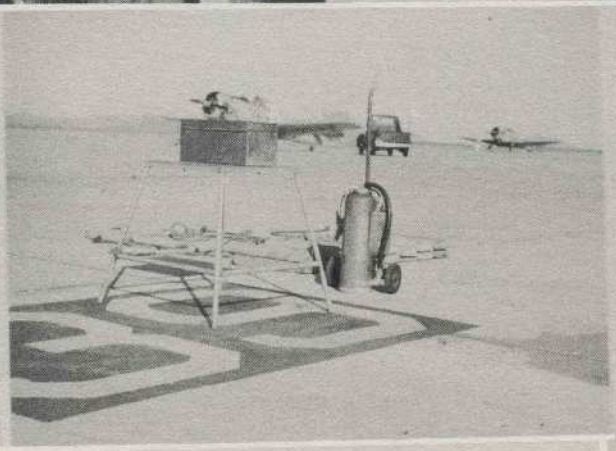
"No swimming attire allowed."

The Swimmin' Hole

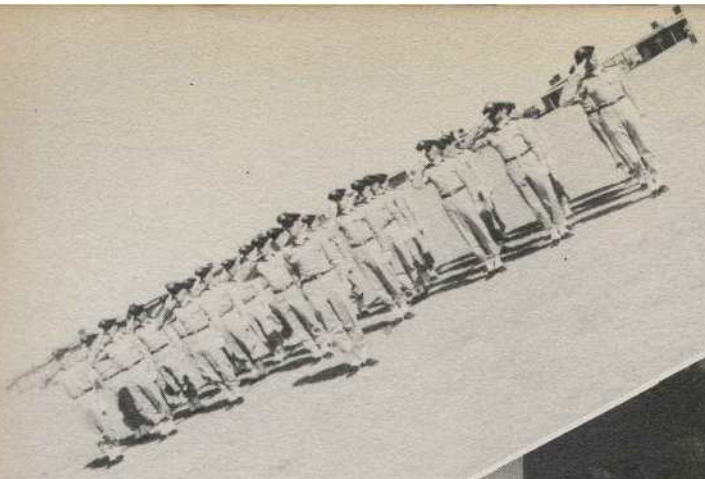


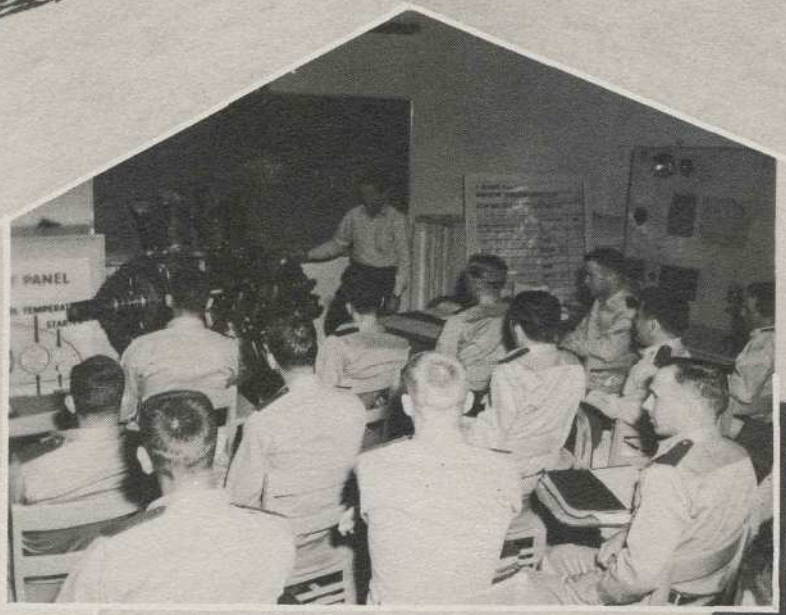


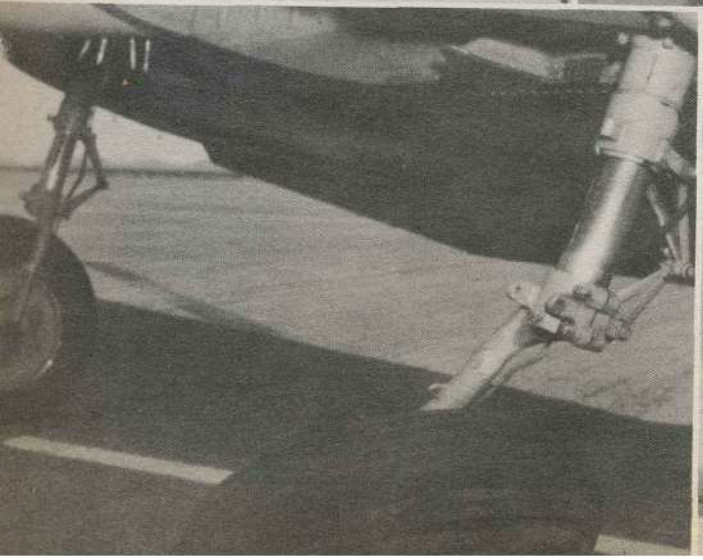




TA-175

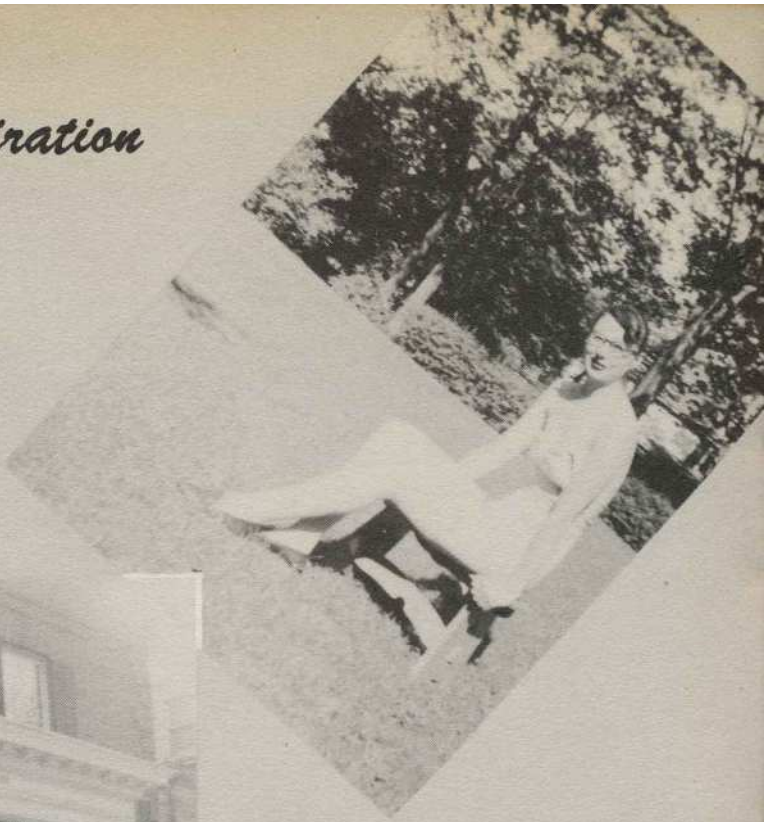


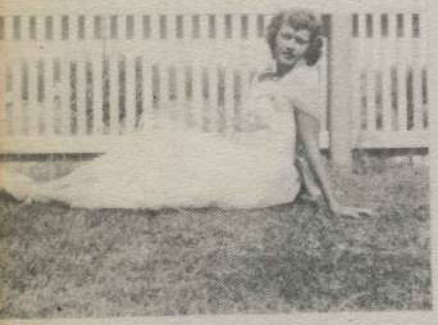

PANEL



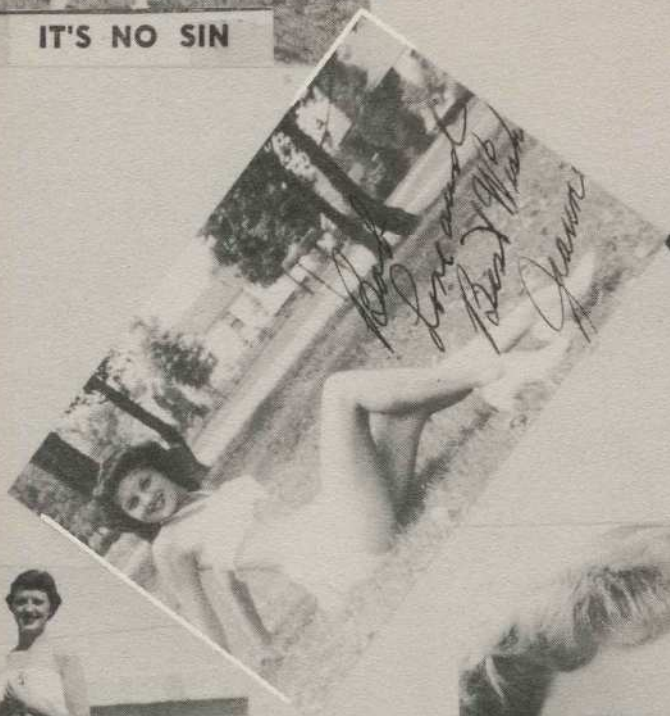
TA
04

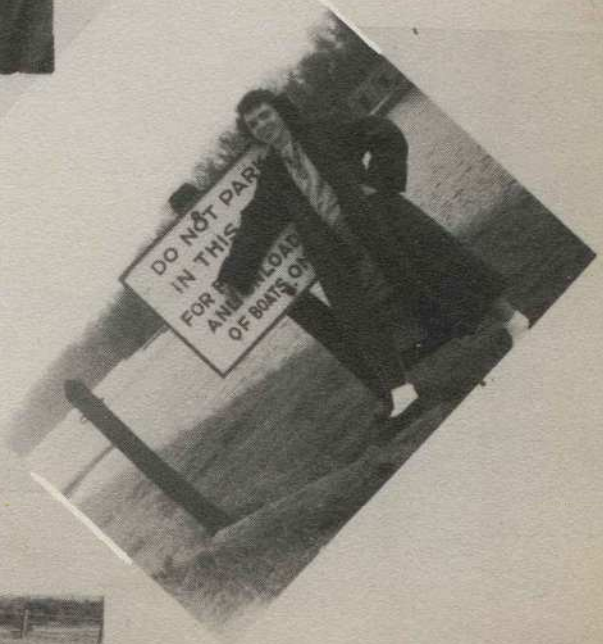
Our Inspiration

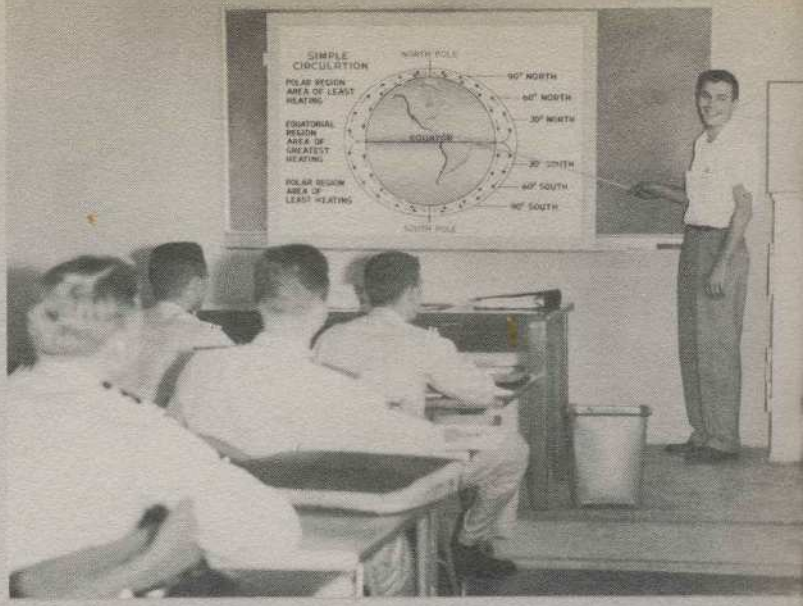


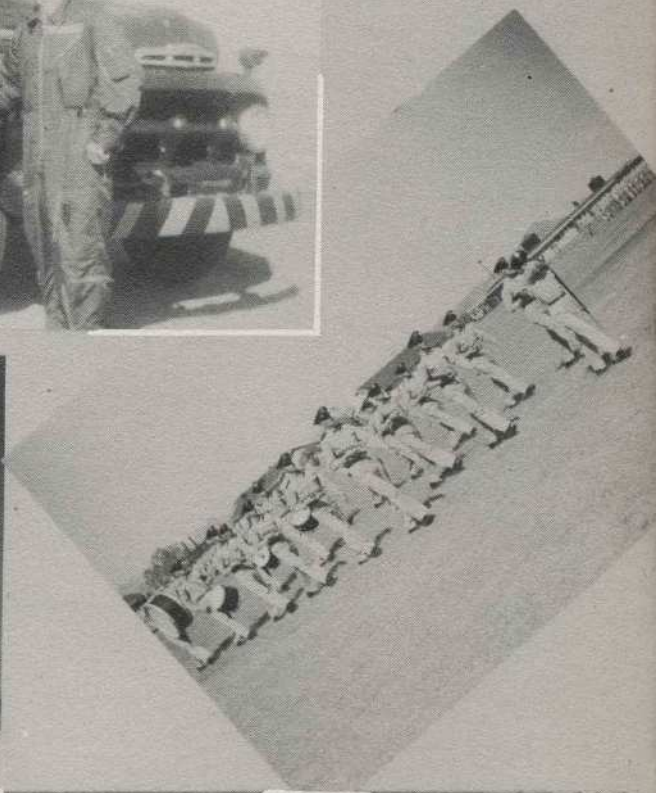


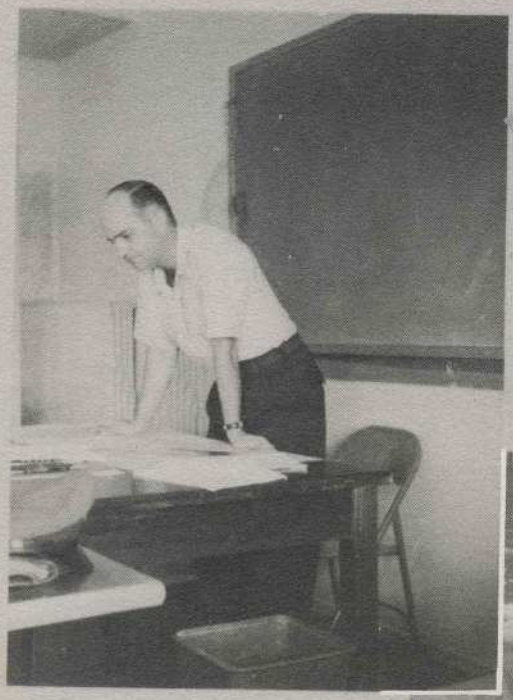
IT'S NO SIN






SIMPLE CIRCULATION
NORTH POLE
POLAR REGION AREA OF LEAST HEATING
EQUATORIAL REGION AREA OF GREATEST HEATING
POLAR REGION AREA OF LEAST HEATING
90° NORTH
60° NORTH
30° NORTH
EQUATOR
30° SOUTH
60° SOUTH
90° SOUTH
SOUTH POLE

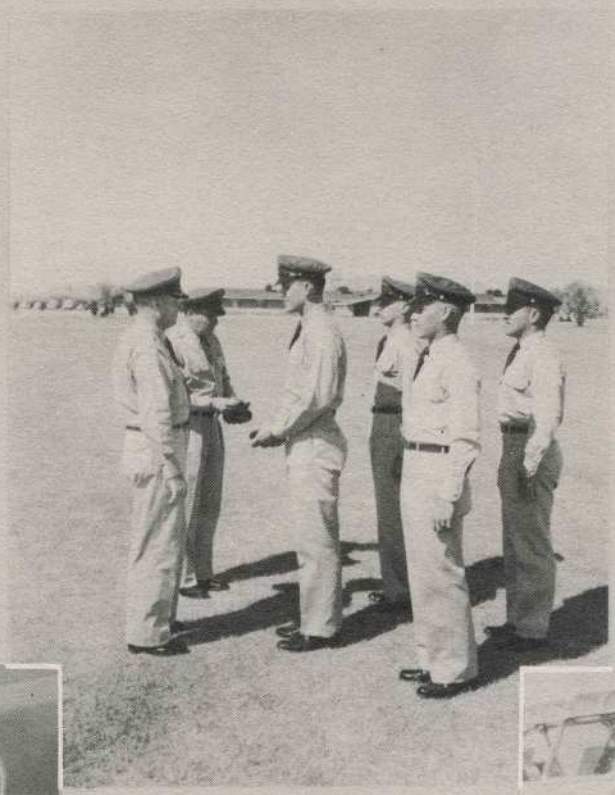




HELMA JANE

A-286

TA



A-175

TAr-92

"The landing runway's over here."

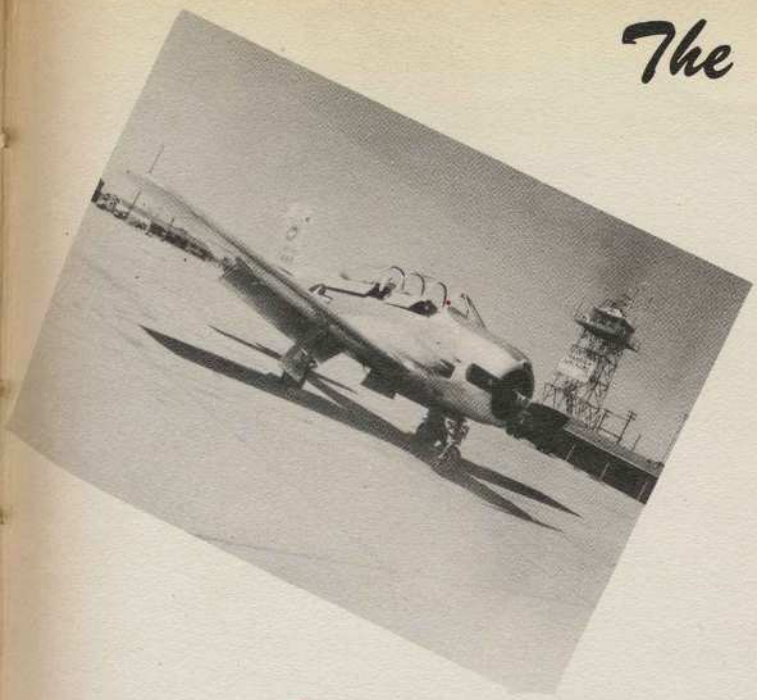
"Slight bounce"

"Instruments"

"Anchors away!"

"Tiger from Lackland"

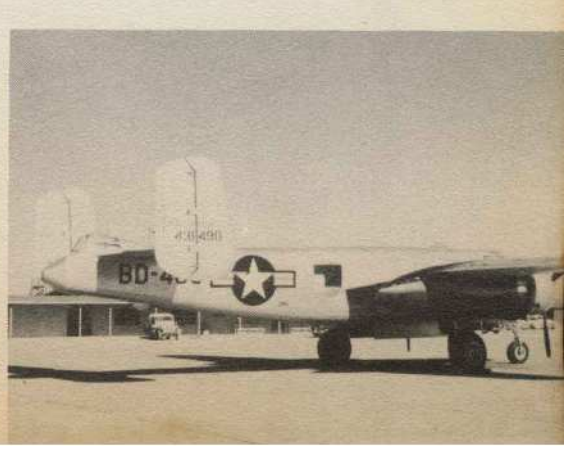
The Future

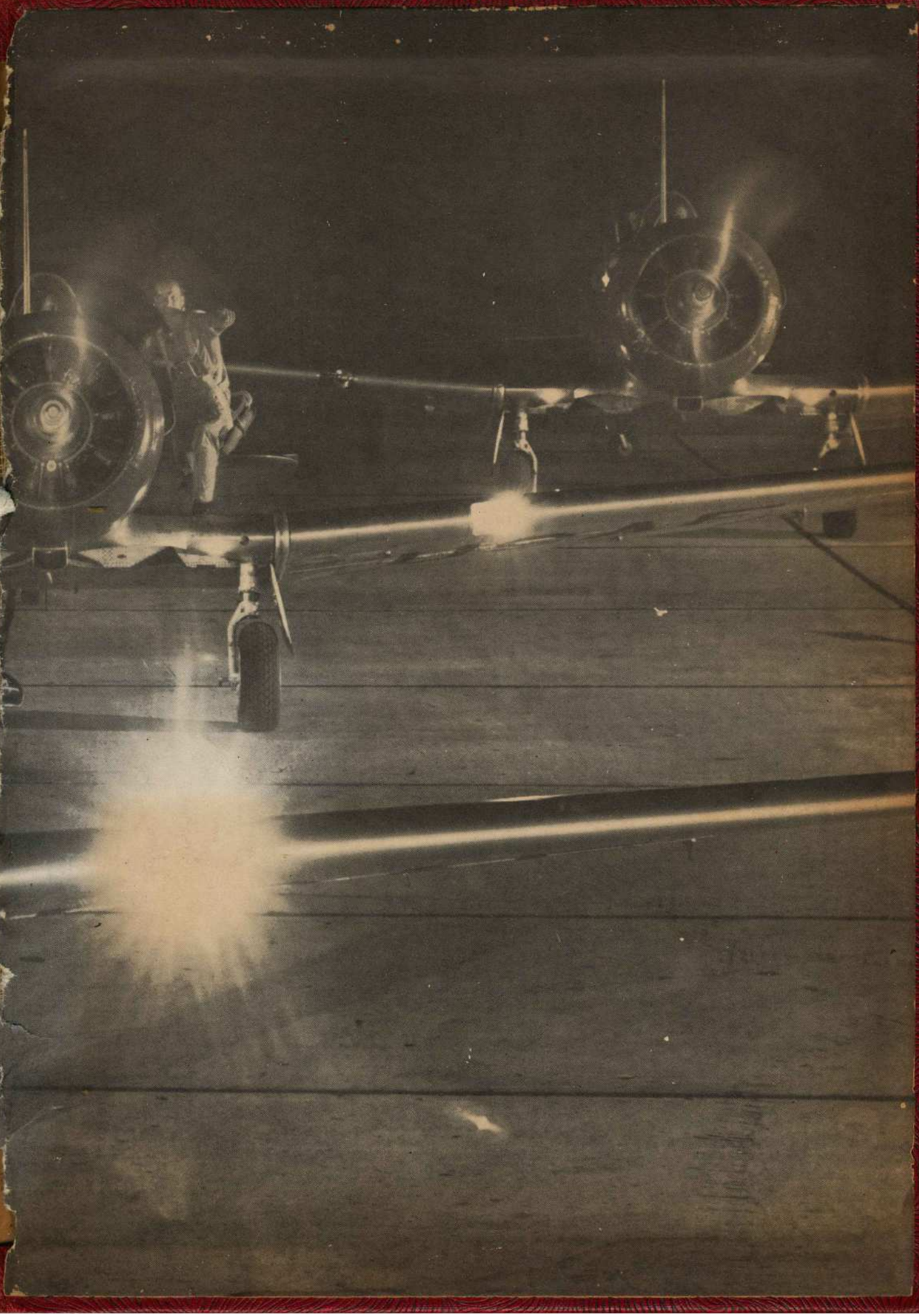


Six months ago we, the men of 54-Easy, arrived at Marana to study the fundamentals of aviation. Now we pack our bags to seek out more flying experience at new bases throughout the country, whether it be multi-engine bombers or single-engine tigers, the adventure still lies ahead.

In our lifetime, we look for men to discard earth-binding chains and reach new heights of glory. These men will be seasoned veterans of the air, and skilled in present day aviation techniques, so as long as the roar of an engine is heard overhead..... as long as a wing catches the light of the sun, the men of 54-Easy will continue to seek out these new adventures that lie ahead.

Now the time arrives to say good-by to old Marana and to the friends and memories gathered throughout the passing months. Also, we say farewell to the men that taught us our job and how to do it well.



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 have 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 the long delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
Where never lark, or even eagle flew—
And while with silent lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

John Gillespie Magee, Jr.
R.C.A.F. Fighter Pilot
Killed in action over
Britian, September, 1941