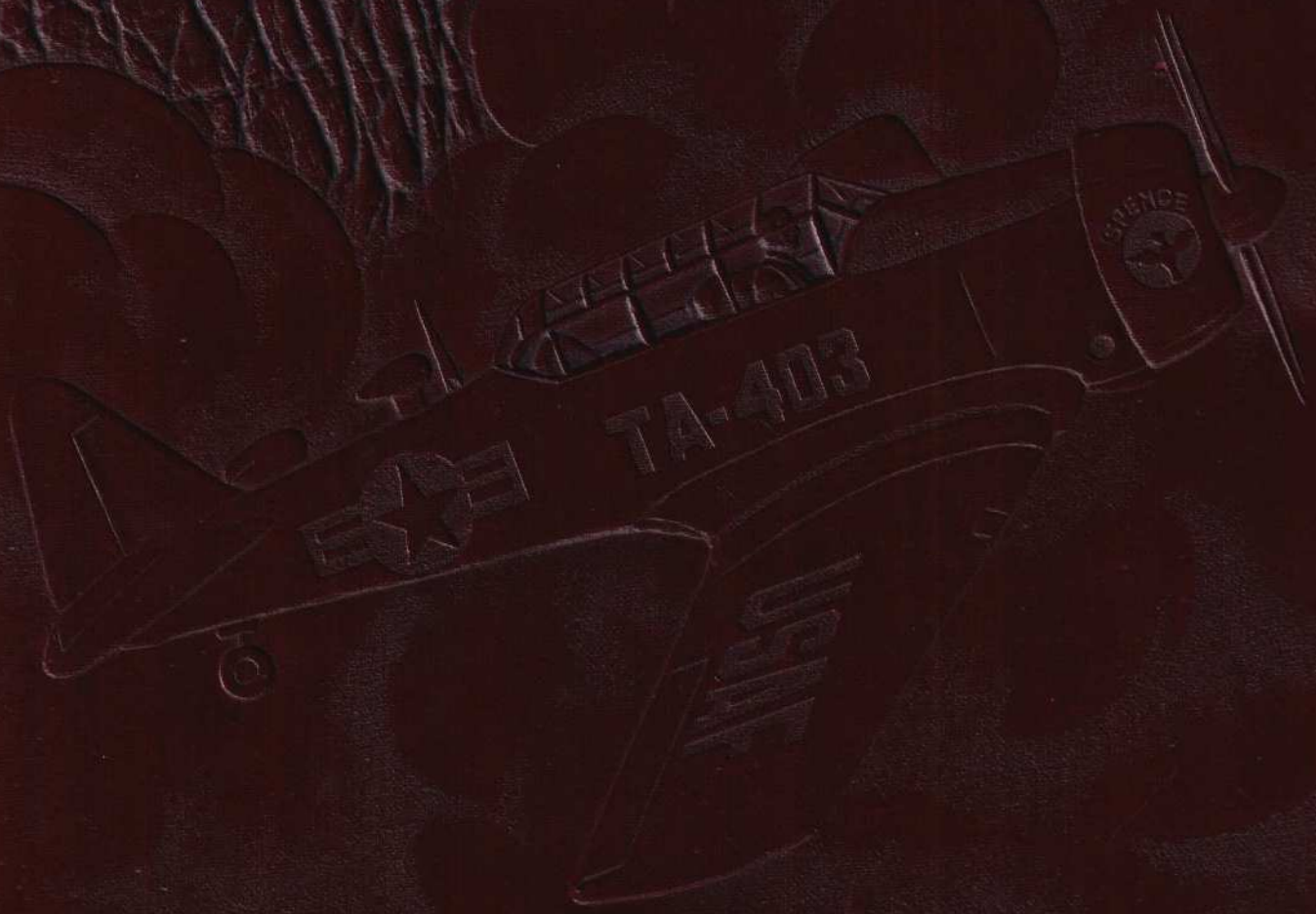
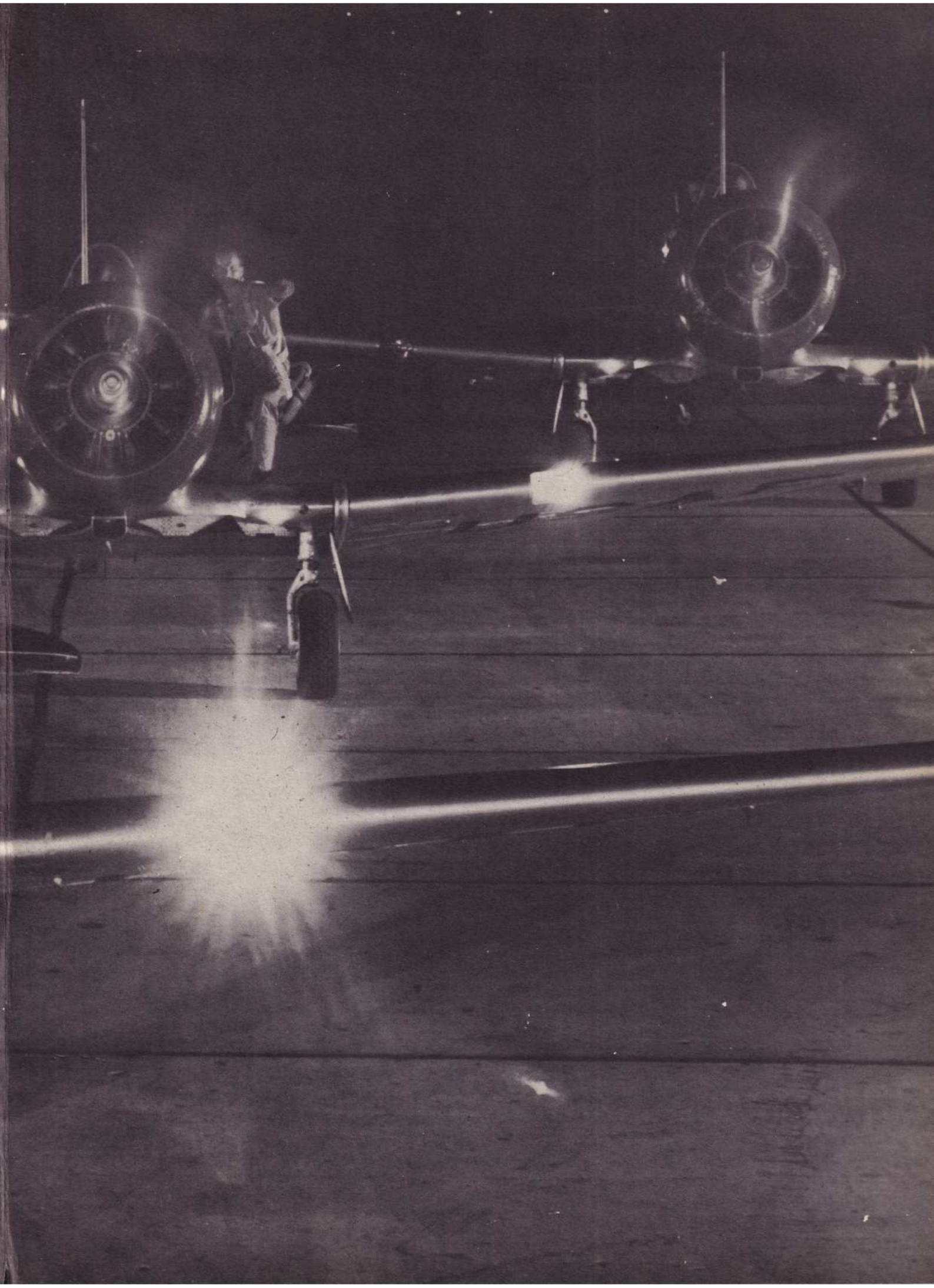
VERTIGO



54-N



Lewis G Aufdemorte Jr.
8 Jan 54 Class 54-N

VERTIGO

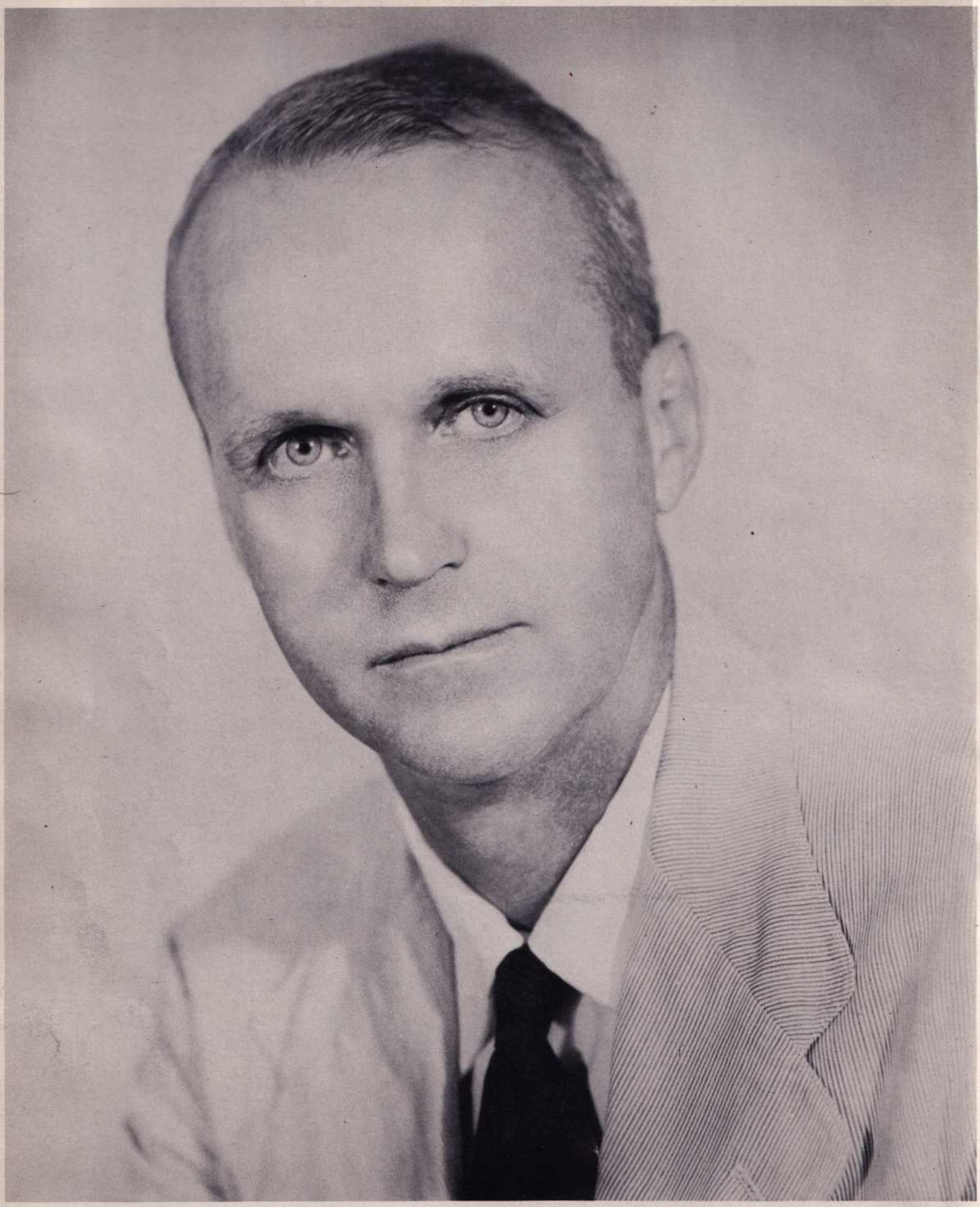
Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered
wings;
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling
mirth
Of sun-split clouds and done a hundred
things
You have not dreamed of--wheeled and
soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hovering there
I've chased the 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 untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand and touched the face
of God.

--Written by John Gillespie Magee, Jr.

Class 54-N

Hawthorne School of Aeronautics

Spence Air Base *Moultrie, Georgia*



Beverly E. (Bevo) Howard

President

U.S. AIR FORCE CONTRACT PRIMARY FLYING SCHOOL

Hawthorne

SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS
SPENCE AIR BASE

MOULTRIE, GEORGIA

February 19, 1954

TO THE MEMBERS OF CLASS 54-N:

Six months ago you were standing on the threshold of a military flying career. Now you have successfully passed the first milestone, but much hard work remains to be done. We sincerely hope that what has been achieved here will reflect in your future performance as a pilot.

We continue to stress flying safety as the most important factor in the development of a good flier. Fly with your head, not your hands and feet. Remember that every time you climb into a cockpit, whether it be a jet fighter or a multi-engine bomber.

Hawthorne is proud of its role in helping to mold the muscle of Democracy's air arm. And we are proud of every man in the graduating class, each of whom has demonstrated that he is well equipped with the ability and integrity required of a flying officer.

In passing, we would like to reiterate that our interest in the individual student does not start and stop at Spence Air Base. Throughout the remainder of your aviation training, and in later life, this organization will be watching your progress and wishing you the best, always.

Beverly E. Howard

BEVERLY E. HOWARD
President

HAWTHORNE-SINCE 1932

The name Hawthorne has been synonymous with aviation since 1932. Founded 20 years ago in Charleston, S.C., as Hawthorne Flying Service, the original company has grown into a chain of regional aviation facilities spanning four states and serving the air industry, the government and the flying public. In addition to the Air Force contract primary flying school at Spence Air Base, the company operates aviation service bases at Charleston and Columbus, S.C., Greensboro, N.C., and Jacksonville, Florida.

Even before the establishment of the Hawthorne School of Aeronautics at Moultrie in the spring of 1951, the firm's history has been marked by one accomplishment after another. During World War II Hawthorne operated a primary pilot training program for the Air Force at Orangeburg, S.C., training some 6,000 American and French students between 1941 and 1945. The last of more than 60 contract schools to close at the war's end, Hawthorne enjoyed an enviable record for safe and efficient operation.

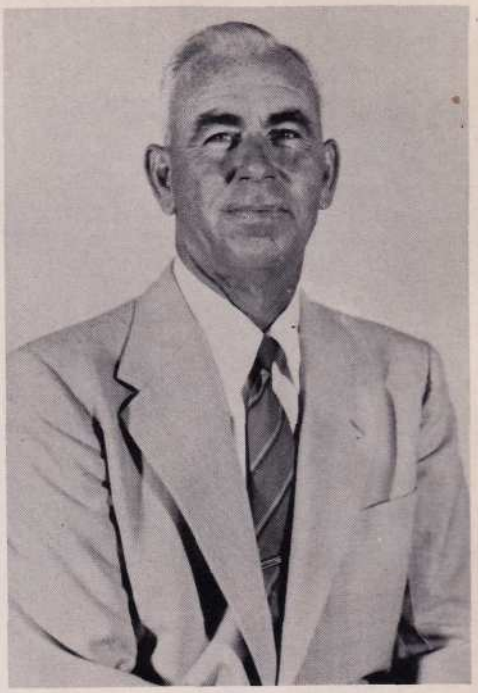
In 1948-'49 the Hawthorne Flying Service in Jacksonville trained fighter pilots for the Royal Pakistan Air Force, the first time in aviation annals that a civilian concern had given operational fighter training to military pilots. So successful was that initial program for the Pakistan government that once again Hawthorne's Jacksonville base is conducting a similar training program for its second class of Pakistani cadets. This is another example of how American technical skill can help a friendly nation half way around the world.

Hawthorne's School at Spence has come a long way since May 17, 1951, when the first class, 52-C commenced flying training. To date twenty classes have been graduated which means that some 1,800 American aviation cadets, student officers, and allied trainees have completed a 28 week course in flying fundamentals. Classes now graduate every four weeks, with six classes flying at one time. The Allies are receiving their training under the Mutal Defense Assistance Program. Soon Hawthorne will be converting from the historic T-6 trainer to the tricycle gear T-34's and T-28's.

During World War II Spence was operated by the Air Force as an advanced single engine training school. The aircraft which were used in that program were the same type North American T-6 equipment utilized in the present contract primary training. By the end of the war Spence had trained more than 6,000 combat pilots, many of whom distinguished themselves in both the European and Pacific theaters of operation. Cadets in those days, however, averaged about two hundred hours total time to win their coveted Air Force wings. Now students are required to complete a minimum of two hundred and sixty flying hours.

BERT M. HARSH
Assistant Manager

GEORGE J. GOULETTE
Director of Academics



M. R. PELLING
Director of Flying

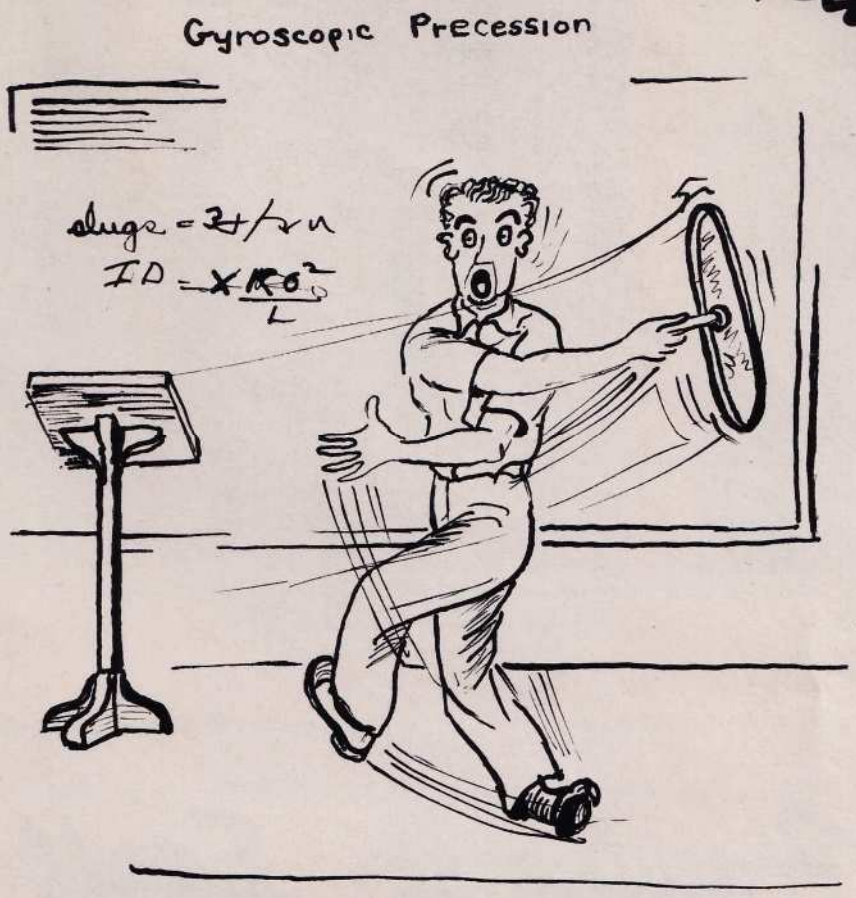
Hawthorne Staff

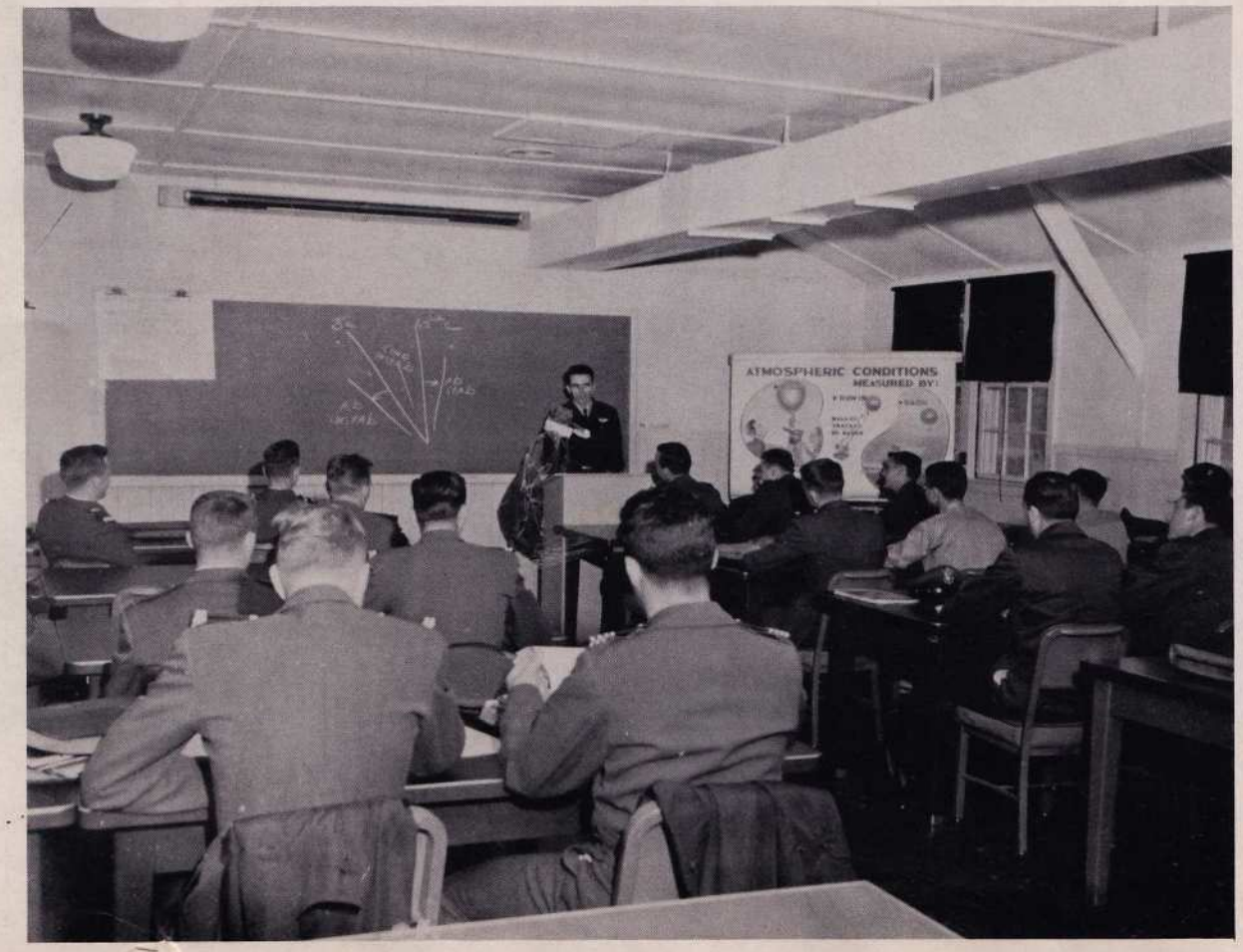
MARIO EBERLE
Business Manager

MRS. BUELAH KILGORE
Director of Food Service

JAMES R. GREENWOOD
Director of Public Relations

Academics Department





ROBERT E. PALMER
Communications

FRANK C. MADILL
Ass't. Director of Academics

JACK R. THOMSON
Principles of Flight

CLIFFORD A. HUDSON
Navigation

JAMES S. GAGE
Weather

J. BURKETT HOWARD
Code

GEORGE B. JOSLIN
Instruments

MELVILLE A. PETERSON
Navigation

JAMES BURGESS
Aircraft Engineering

MILITARY SECTION

MAJOR CLAUDE A. BECK
Acting Commander

CAPT. RALPH F. BEARDSLEE
Operations Officer

CAPT. KENNETH F. EATON
Check Pilot

CAPT. CHARLES PATRICK
Check Pilot

1/LT. HAROLD W. BEECH
Check Pilot

CAPT. CHARLES L. HOFFMAN
Commandant of Students

1/LT. ISAAC E. KNIGHT, JR.
Senior Military Training Officer

TACTICAL SECTION

2/LT. L. W. VOLLMER

2/LT. L. B. SETZER

2/LT. D. T. McPHERSON

CAPT. FRANCOIS T. DeSAXCE
French Air Force

CAPT. HALDUN SECKIN
Turkish Air Force

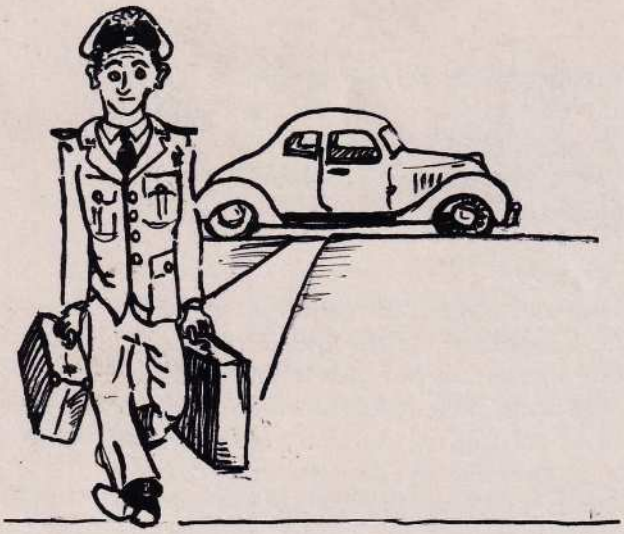
LIAISON OFFICERS

Since May 1951 approximately 324 allied students have received their primary training at Spence under the provisions of the Mutal Defense Assistant Pact. There is nothing of which we are quite so proud as the way in which these men have integrated into our program here. They attend no ideological lectures. The curriculum and the duties they receive are exactly the same as that given the American cadets and officers. Six months ago a Norwegian cadet was appointed group major and NATO students have always assumed positions of leadership in our military affairs. If you can joke and work well with a man of another country, then your two nations are that much closer and we think that has happened. We have the greatest respect for the spirit maintained throughout by our classes' allied students and we hope we have returned their friendship with an equal amount of our own.

1/LT. J. A. RIEL
Royal Netherlands A. F.

MAJ. EUGENIO TARANTOLA
Italian Air Force

1/LT. JOSEPH DANHIEZ
Belgian Air Force



54-N

Class History

One sweltering day in Georgia back in July '53 we, the class of 54-N, assembled here at Spence. 54-N's cadets were bronzed and stiff from their well disciplined months at Lackland. Its officers were just stiff and it took a week or so to joggle them out of their gold bar fixations. Unfortunately, and due to some slight administrative error, there was no one at the gate to greet us, save for a disinterested base cop. That very first night we were even obliged to make our own beds. But what glamour lay ahead.

In the ensuing days we were shuttled around cattle style from one meeting place to another. We were told what not to do, what would happen if we did, and how to get out of it when it happened. No, they weren't medical lectures either. We were impressed by Bevo Howard's welcoming talk and wondered how such an elderly gentleman could still be such a tiger. Speaking of age there was a certain Captain among our numbers, who, though not yet arthritic, had definitely to be accorded the respect due, say, a fine old bourbon aged in wood. This gentleman led our early gospel meetings and closed them with the nicest smiles this side of paradise. We quickly became very fond of him.

A week later we started in what has been called by polite society, the PA-18. We flipped around the sky at a smart 90 per and began soon to talk the jargon of seasoned piper pilots. "Had it up to the redline on final--about blacked out on my letdown recovery--procedures were useful to me until I got the 'feel' of the ship." It wasn't long before the humorists in the back seats climbed out and we could begin the classic ritual of tossing one another in the Hawthorne pool. Brother Holland finally ceased story-telling long enough to solo, got so agitated by the experience that he asked to be thrown in twice, and then hurled himself in for a third refreshing dip. Beware this man, SAC. He's a threat to your sanity. A red-head with an American Legion poppy on his flight cap kept buzzing our active during his supervised solos and one of our MDAP Turks, Faik Tugrul, made four touch and go's as his instructor did everything but throw his underwear at him in an effort to make Faik come to a rest. All this horse play, however, was greatly overshadowed by Aviation Cadet (I don't expect them to forget me around here) Driver who took his Cub for a Sunday drive down the T-6 active runway. What did Mr. (anyone who wants to be dismissed early raise his right hand) Mengle say that dreary day, Joe?

In our academic endeavors we were fast absorbing such terms as aspect ratio, variable venturi carbuertors, bi-metal yokes, and theodolites. Mike (Just explain yourself in plain English) Yerkes paced the class in number of questions asked and laughs received. We were also amused by Mr. Wessel's subtle commentaries on the quality of the classroom instruction as we watched him plodding, phantom-like, to the rear of the room to keep himself awake.

The transition into the T-6 was easier than we had expected although our first experience with inverted flight, as well as with a number of the other less conventional manuvers, churned up a good bit of sour cream in our stomachs. Cadet Stevens, who always liked to make an average training day at Spence seem like a maximum effort mission over Ploesti, never tired of telling us about a hair-raising snap at the bottom of a rudder controlled stall or a terrific three turn spin that he had barely managed to wrench himself out of. Down in Thomasville we soloed out and smugly remarked of our classmates' landings, "Did you see that bounce--I wouldn't ride a tandem bicycle with the guy."

Despite these training burdens, or perhaps because of them, there were organized affairs such as October's Sadie Hawkins ball. This minature Mardi Gras, during which brother Young managed (rather successfully) to convert to the opposite sex was hotter, faster, more unashamedly sinful, and sloppier than any of the great busts thrown by the "we die in flames" World War II boys. Helen (a local sister of mercy) accomplished a number which was as close to an Apache dance as a white girl can come. Lieutenant (I'm only that way when I'm sober) Setzer led an inspired bunny hop and several of the Daisy Mae's whipped off to the powder room giggling as members of other classes felt constrained to party in their shorts. Along this same line our Officer contingent rejuvenated the Spence Officer's Association with a real sociable affair entitled Bingo Bongo. Lieutenant (I've heard that stale repertoire before) Fink battled it out with the M. C. on an even par until that time when he was called up to the stage and proved unable to make his pea grow in a fruit juice glass.

Back on the line we went through our first ITO's, cross-countries, and the fifty hour checks. Besides the customary number of gyro caged ITO's (yes sir, but it did look well) and run-ups with fuel lines off, we had occasions like the pitothead-cover-on-take-off of Mr. Aufdemorte. On C-1's first solo cross-country brother Cleveland managed to stray a few dozen miles off course, but just so no one would worry, he called back, "Flatbush, this is 464, my gyros are precessing." Grover, did you ever check that gyro switch? There were a few sneak trips to the Gulf and it was rumored that one young lover had flown over F. S. U. in Tallahassee at a non-regulation altitude and John Lavin, who thinks quickly, when queried as to his position one day, replied that he was fifteen miles to the right of the field.

Our profitable hours in the crazy boxes of the Link department impressed us with, if nothing else, the total unreliability of our nature given senses. Around our eightieth hour we commenced night flying, and though no one would admit it, we felt pretty good when we found we could actually aviate those winking, blinking ships through a night sky. Brother Sumner on his solo night local encountered a heavy steam fog inside his cockpit and accomplished some one hundred odd transactions between himself and Flatbush before the night was over. C-1 on their night cross-country filled the VHF bands with Dragnet and Mr. Mengle took the opportunity the next day to compare radio chatter with the poetry written on toliet stall walls.

As the Christmas vacation drew near our instructors began to get a little edgey about how our instrument training was progressing. There were a lot of unsatisfactories passed out and the day when we would become operational members of America's crack defense team seemed farther away than ever. Jacques Bourgeois, whose wife presented him with a baby girl in November, taxied into the parking area a little hot and brushed the wing of another T-6. Mr. Mengle raced out to the scene of the accident like a bloodhound after a fugitive jailbird and then briefed us the next day on the inadvisability of hitting parked aircraft. Cadet (I've just got to make a jump, someday) Nicoll pulled his ripchord as he clambered out of a cockpit and engulfed himself in fifty square yards of parachute silk. With the departure of 54-J we became upperclassmen and the tactical section selected Harris and Stucker to be Cadet Squadron Commanders. In a cynical way we finally began to appreciate class perogatives. Then, after a hurried visit to package stores to purchase Christmas spirits for our instructors, we left for a two week vacation.

By the stories that were told later, those must have been two eventful weeks, too many events to relate here. Luckily there were no accidents and no marriages. We returned empty pocketed, but spiritually complete and moderately well prepared for the last month of training. Mr. Gage, wit extrodinaire, entertained us with his remarkable conclusions about California and Florida weather. In our flying we were well ahead of schedule, but with instruments and final checks coming up our instructors were not permitting us any illusions about our flying abilities.

Looking back on our six months and reminiscing, we found it hard to generalize about our training or to select instances which could point up the way we felt about it. Perhaps we remembered things like joking and tossing a football around on the P. T. field on a late September afternoon, or the sickening feeling of hanging in space after stalling out of an Immelman or the grim formality of the Saturday morning drills. Perhaps you remember your instructor finally getting out of the back seat, telling you not to do anything he hadn't taught you, and then letting you take the cub up all by your lonesome. Or perhaps you think about the evenings when, with your humor sharpened by several of Budweiser's best, you subtly moved in for the kill on some local queen. In any case Spence, both good and bad, was a place where you knew what you were doing and a place with a purpose and a reward for your efforts. It was good to have a goal and a group of men who were highly willing and capable of encouraging you towards it.

2/Lt. George C. Sumner, Jr., A/C Paul L. Harris
A/C Lewis G. Aufedemorte, Jr., A/C John W. Pinard

Cadet Group Staff

Angelo Pullara, Bob Stucker, Marvin Rayne, (Group Comdr.), Paul Harris, Dale Egide, John Pariani.

"We believe in thorough briefings here at Spence."

FLYING SECTION

EARL W. MENGLE
Flight Commander
C-2

EDWARD N. RODERICK
Ass't. Flight Commander
C-2

NORMAN C. BEALL
Dispatcher C-2

ART McCLURE
Dispatcher C-1

HORACE W. HIGH
Ass't. Flt. Comdr.
C-1

ROBERT V. B. ROSE
Flight Commander
C-I

Capt. Francis P. Bouchard

2/Lt. Harry H. Halbower Jr.

A/C William T. Troy

A/C David M. Rogers

Instructor, Ollie R. Malphurs

Instructor, William T. Braswell

2/Lt. Claude M. Cleveland, Jr.

A/C Georges P. Baillon

A/C Robert J. Kozar

2/Lt. Beverly S. Parrish, Jr.

2/Lt. Jerry I. Padzensky

A/C Richard J. Mendonca

A/C James A. Brainard

Instructor, Charles J. Jenkins

Instructor, James M. Hodges

2/Lt. Herbert L. Neathery

2/Lt. Ralph E. Fehr

A/C Jean Barraud De Lagerie

A/C Richard C. McMahon

2/Lt. William H. T. Howe

2/Lt. Jacques Bourgeois

A/C Melvin E. Young

Instructor, Ona W. Burns

Instructor, Roy P. Rish, Jr.

2/Lt. Metin Berk

A/C Thomas J. Clark

A/C John W. Pinard

A/C Bob W. Stucker

2/Lt. George T. Sturch

2/Lt. Raymond Holland

2/Lt. Bernard L. Westfall

A/C Martin R. Williams

Instructor, David K. Spears

Instructor, Raymond (Jack) Frost

2/Lt. Emory L. Upshaw, Jr.

A/C Roy E. Amos

A/C Richard G. Hosmer

A/C Duane C. Weller

2/Lt. George C. Sumner, Jr.

2/Lt. Robert H. Reeves

A/C Barney G. Stevens

A/C Edward G. O'Rourke

Instructor, Elmer A. Paff

Instructor, Joseph L. Curry

2/Lt. Frank F. Lougee

A/C Harold P. Norman

A/C William Pfander, Jr.

2/Lt. Phillip E. Modesitt

2/Lt. John L. Worthington

A/C Danny G. Nelson

Instructor, Henry C. Gray

Instructor, Wayne W. Ross

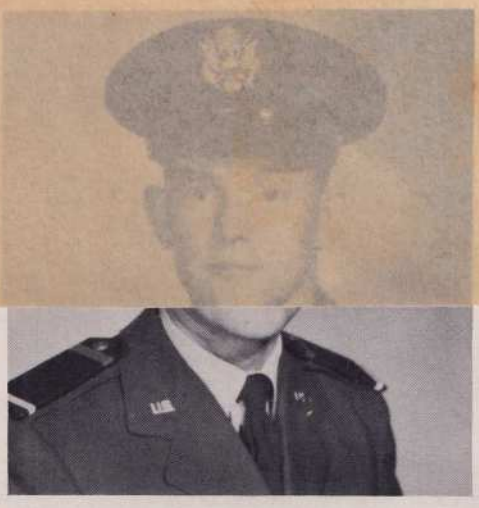
2/Lt. Craig A. Fink

A/C Lewis G. Aufdemorte, Jr.

A/C Don K. Bresee

2/Lt. Phillip E. Modesitt

2/Lt. John L. Worthington



A/C Dale F. Egide

Instructor, Sterling T. Phillips

Instructor, Robert McComb

2/Lt. Robert H. Lindeman

A/C Kyle L. Glendy

A/C Angelo Pullara

A/C Joseph P. Driver

A/C Charles S. Yerkes

A/C Thomas G. Ault

A/C Alan H. Lancaster

Instructor, Paul A. Cookerly

Instructor, Charles D. Steuben

2/Lt. Winfield S. Kelly, Jr.

A/C Robert W. Goldhahn

A/C Kees Von Eugen

A/C Andrew M. Nicoll II

2/Lt. Lawrence M. Vied

2/Lt. Francis J. Calderon

A/C Arthur R. Yore

A/C Raleigh O. Wessel

Instructor, Roy S. McDonald

Instructor, James T. McCartney

2/Lt. Faik Tugrul

A/C Alexander G. Fawcett

A/C Gerald T. McCarthy

A/C Robert L. Wagner

2/Lt. John J. Lavin

2/Lt. Melbourne Kimsey

A/C John A. Pariani

A/C Paul L. Harris

Instructor, Jesse H. Craig

TA-45

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TA-37

e H. Craig

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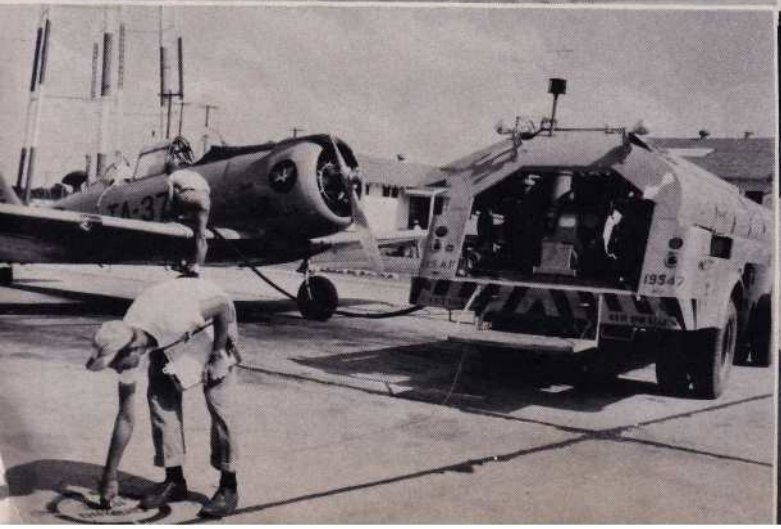
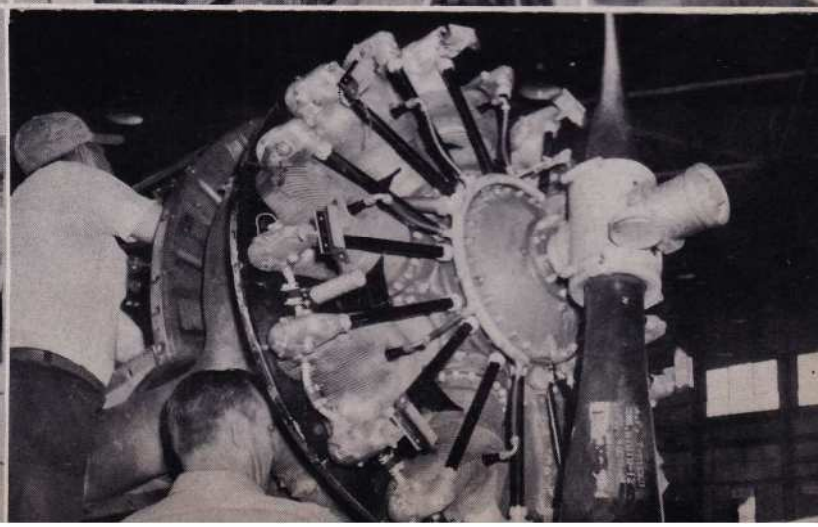
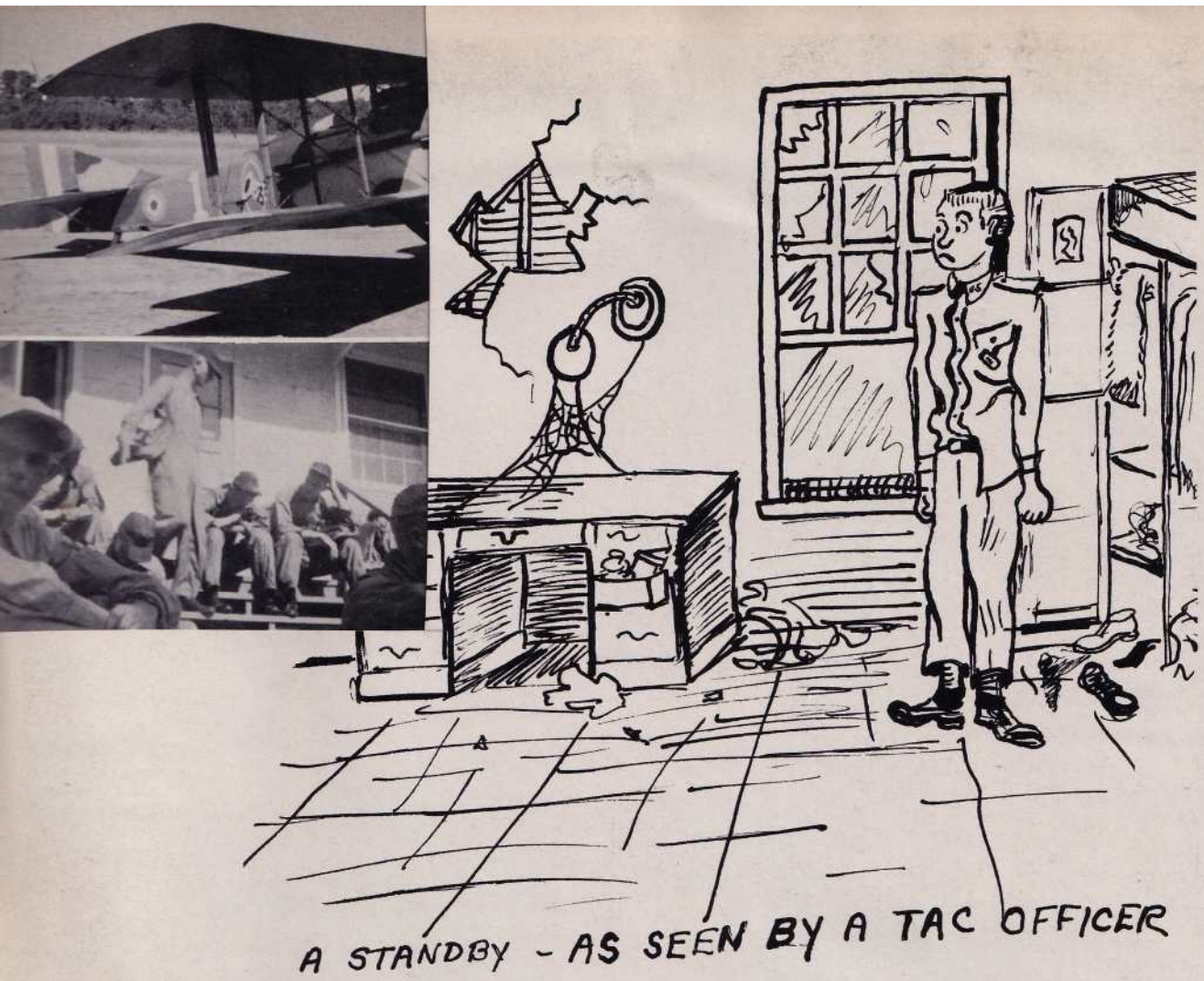
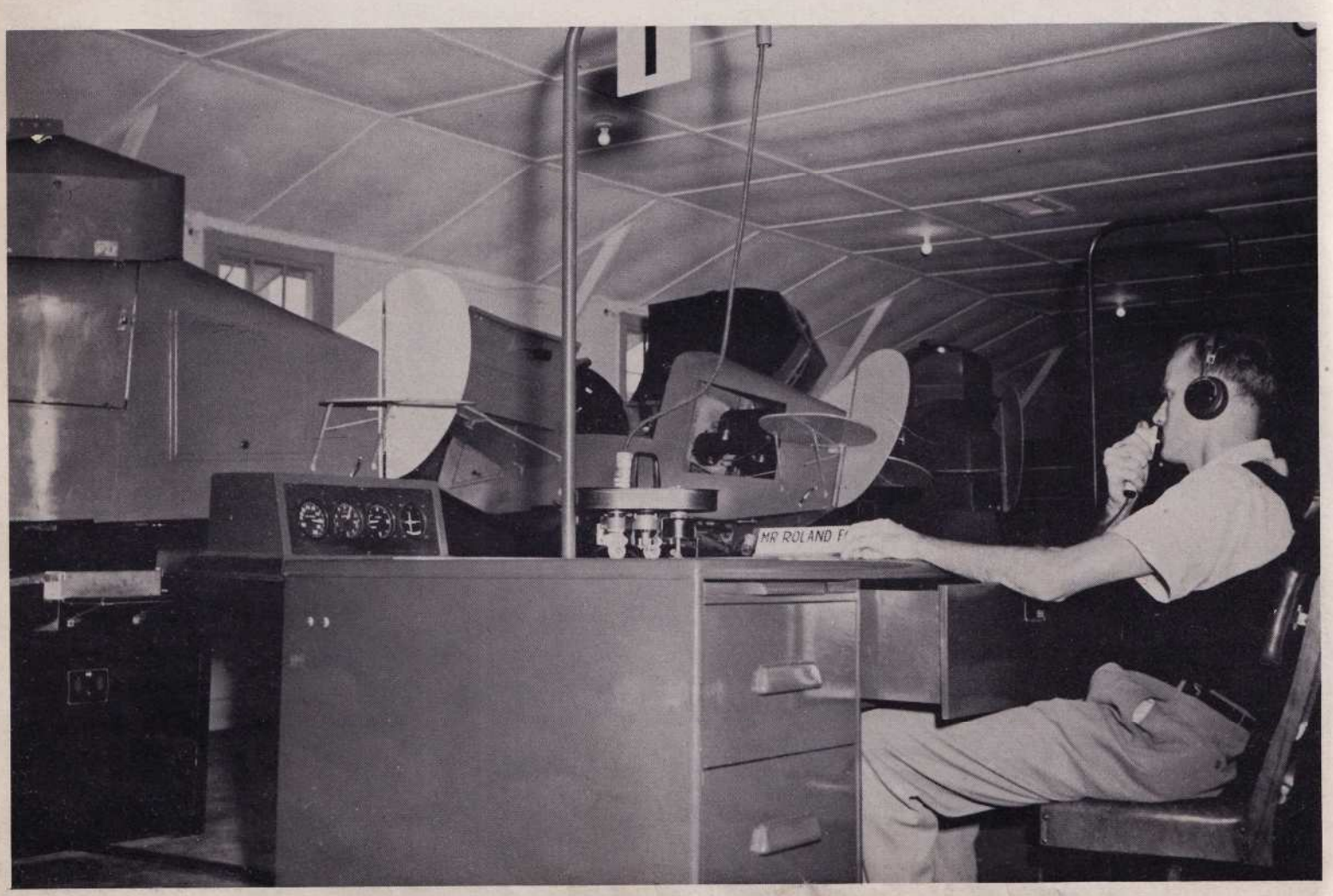
COCKPIT MOCK-UP
OF T-6G

TA-446

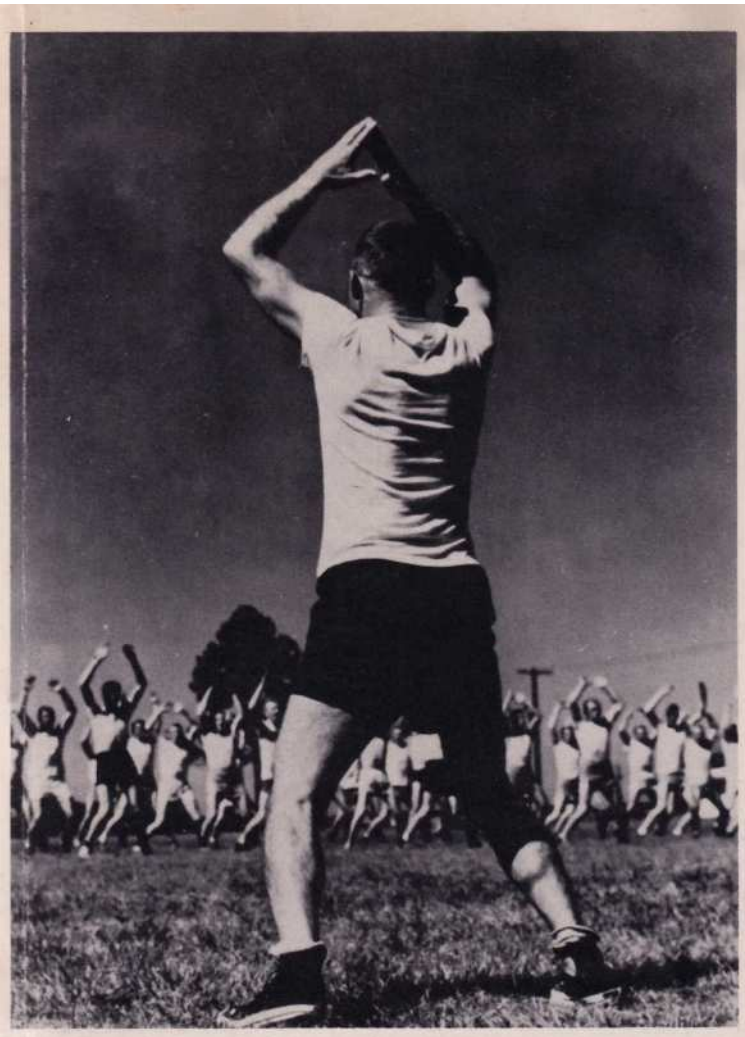








THE CRAZY BOX



CLASS ROSTER

STUDENT OFFICERS

CAPT. BOUCHARD, FRANCIS P.
4927 N. Bell Ave.
Chicago 25, Illinois

2/LT. CLEVELAND, CLAUDE M. JR.
1855 Springhill Ave.
Mobile, Alabama

2/LT. FEHR, RALPH E.
Rt. No. 6, Westport Rd.
Louisville, Kentucky

2/LT. FINK, CRAIG A.
Downs, Kansas

2/LT. HALBOWER, HARRY H., JR.
707 N. Jennings St.
Anthony, Kansas

2/LT. HOLLAND, RAYMOND
1716 Constantinople St.
New Orleans, Louisiana

2/LT. HOWE, WILLIAM H. T.
900 University
Menlo Park, California

2/LT. KELLY, WINFIELD S., JR.
1320 Rittenhouse St. N. W.
Washington 11, D. C.

2/LT. KIMSEY, MELBORUNE
Danielsville, Georgia

2/LT. LAVIN, JOHN J.
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Forest Hills, N. Y.

2/LT. LINDEMAN, ROBERT H.
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Washington 7, D. C.

2/LT. LOUGEE, FRANK F.
202 Turley Ave.
Council Bluffs, Iowa

2/LT. MODESITT, PHILLIP E.
C/O C. A. Pine
Gilbert, Arizona

2/LT. NEATHERY, HERBERT L.
846 E. Maple
Hoopeston, Illinois

2/LT. PADZENSKY, JERRY I.
2229 Meadowbrook
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

2/LT. PARRISH, BEVERLY S., JR
601 Mulberry St.
Martinsville, Virginia

2/LT. REEVES, ROBERT H.
1326 Humboldt
Denver, Colorado

2/LT. STURCH, GEORGE T.
2606 Jim Loftin Rd.
Dallas, Texas

2/LT. SUMNER, GEORGE C., JR.
Harwichport, Massachusetts

2/LT. UPSHAW, EMORY L., JR.
29 W. Washington St.
Newman, Georgia

2/LT. VIED, LAWRENCE M.
Box 393
Wyatt, Missouri

2/LT. WESTFALL, BERNARD L.
Rt. No. 6
Iowa City, Iowa

2/LT. WORTHINGTON, JOHN L.
1202 W. Oak
Ft. Collins, Colorado

AVIATION CADETS

A/C AMOS, ROY ERNEST
Valley View, Elm Grove
Wheeling, W. Virginia

A/C AUFDEMORTE, LEWIS, JR.
29 Cloverly Drive
Valley Stream, New York

A/C AULT, THOMAS G.
519-46th St. Bellaire
Belmont, Ohio

A/C EGIDE, DALE F.
1102 S. 36th St.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

A/C BRESEE, DON K.
Box 876
Parker, Florida

A/C CLARK, THOMAS J.
Rt. No. 2, Box 12
Atchinson, Kansas

A/C DRIVER, JOSEPH P.
505 S. 1st St.
Pensacola, Florida

A/C HARRIS, PAUL L.
Macon, Missouri

A/C FAWCETT, ALEXANDER G.
591 Oak St.
East Hartford, Connecticut

A/C GOLDHAHN, ROBERT W.
4943 Pioneer Blvd.
Whittier, California

A/C GLENDY, LLOYD
221 N. 11th Ave.
Broken Bow, Nebraska

A/C LUCKEY, EDWARD K.
403 North Kansas
Beloit, Kansas

A/C HOSMER, RICHARD S.
1717 S. W. Park Ave.
Portland, Oregon

A/C KOZAR, ROBERT J.
710 16th St. North Virginia
St. Louis, Minnesota

A/C LANCASTER, ALAN H.
1121 Alkinson St.
Detroit, Michigan

A/C MENDONCA, RICHARD J.
Box 597, Eleele, Kauai
Territory of Hawaii

A/C LANOUE, ALBERT S.
607 Spincer St.
Peoria 6, Illinois

A/C McCARTHY, GERALD T.
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