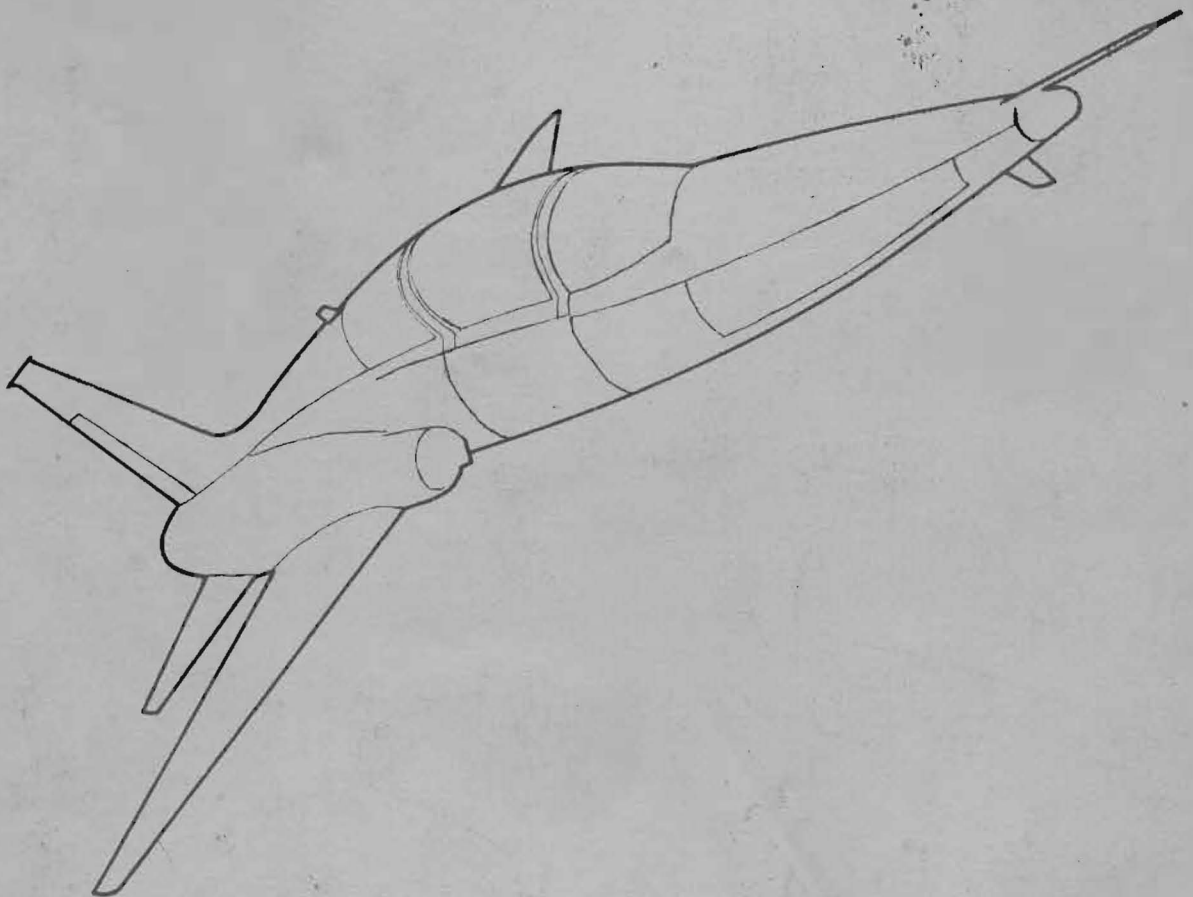


CLASS OF
69•C
UNDERGRADUATE
PILOT TRAINING
LAUGHLIN AFB
TEXAS



LT SA SOHN

15 NOV 68

DLF

Silver Wings

Anonymous

Some people think of those silver wings
As glorious glamorous little old things
That shine like a beacon when a pilot makes love,
And direct all the moonlight that comes from above.

But to a pilot they're not that at all.
Those wings are an emblem of an uphill haul.
They're just a small way that man's reimbursed
For the number of times he was insulted and cursed.

A cheap hunk of silver that has been shaped
into wings,
The representation of many fine things:
Of sweating, of swearing; of laughter, of tears;
Of nights with the boys, and those endless beers.

It adds up to this in a pilot's eye:
The pain he went through to learn how to fly,
Days upon end in a classroom of cloud.
By God, it's enough to make any man proud!





CERTIFICATE OF AERONAUTICAL RATING

FROM THE DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

TO ALL WHO SHALL SEE THESE PRESENTS, GREETINGS:

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT

Class 69-03

HAS SATISFACTORILY COMPLETED THE
PRESCRIBED COURSES OF INSTRUCTION
OF THE AIR TRAINING COMMAND.

SPECIALIZING IN

Undergraduate Pilot Training

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF AND BY VIRTUE OF
VESTED AUTHORITY I DO CONFER UPON HIM THIS
DIPLOMA AND THE AERONAUTICAL RATING OF:

Pilot

GIVEN AT Laughlin Air Force Base, Texas ON THIS Fifteenth
DAY OF November IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD ONE THOUSAND
NINE HUNDRED AND Sixty-eight



William R. Goade

WILLIAM R. GOADE
Colonel, USAF
Commander



Col. W. R. Goade
Wing Commander



Col. W. E. Shelton
DCO



Lt. Col. R. W. Rardin
Commander 3645 PTS



Lt. Col. A. L. Melton
Commander 3646 PTS



Lt. Col. R. A. Good
Commander 3645 PTSS



Maj. Johnny Fender
Chief of Academics



Maj. Lee Tigner
Chief of Officer Training



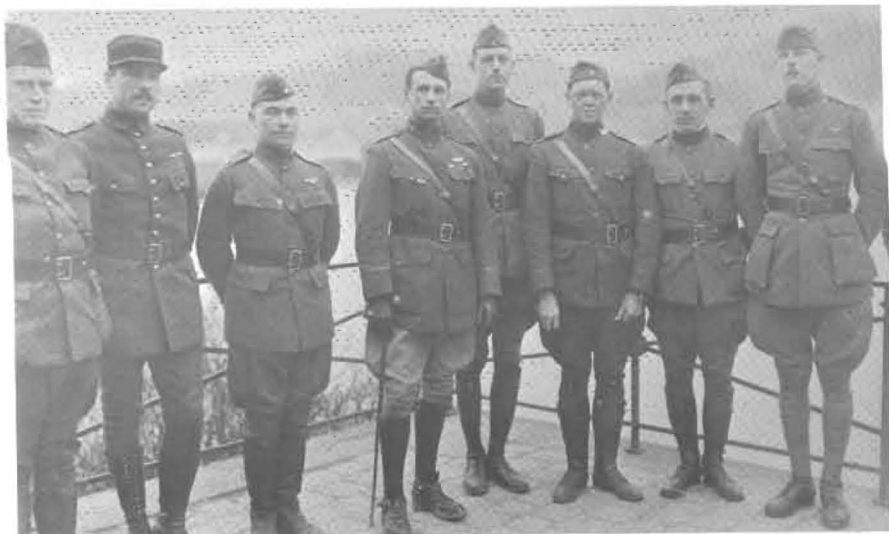
Capt. Raymond Bronk
Training Officer



Capt. Stanley Papizan
Training Officer



Capt. Mahlon F. Manville, III
Training Officer



Student Squadron Instructors
The Boys in the Back Room

USAF Series

69-03

Dummies

FLIGHT MANUAL

THIS PUBLICATION DOES NOT REPLACE ANY OTHER PUBLICATION, BUT IN ORDER TO PUT SOME NUMBERS AND LETTERS IN THIS PARAGRAPH, WE STARTED UPT ON 24 OCT 67, AND HERE IT IS 15 NOV 68, AND WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT? HOWEVER WE HAVE FLOWN T-41s, T-37s AND T-38s. IN SPITE OF THAT, WE MADE IT!



COMMANDERS ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR BRINGING THE INDIVIDUALS ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES TO THE ATTENTION OF ALL LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES AND AIR POLICE UNITS. SOME OF THEM MAY BE WANTED.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF POSITIVELY NOBODY.

15 NOVEMBER 1968

THE FLIGHT



John K. Tatom
CLASS COMMANDER
53 Berkshire Dr.
Little Rock, Ark. 72204
Kent



Yep, it does taste a bit like peyote . . .

Robert F. Ackerman
940 West King Ave.
Columbus, Ohio
Rob

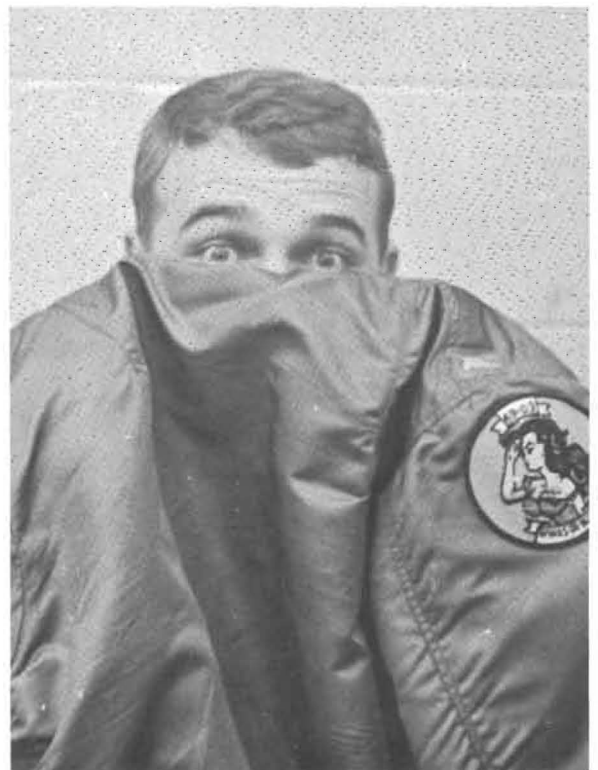


"Off we go, into the wild blue . . ."

Thomas M. Austin
1425 W. 22nd
Sioux Falls, So. Dak. 57105
Tom

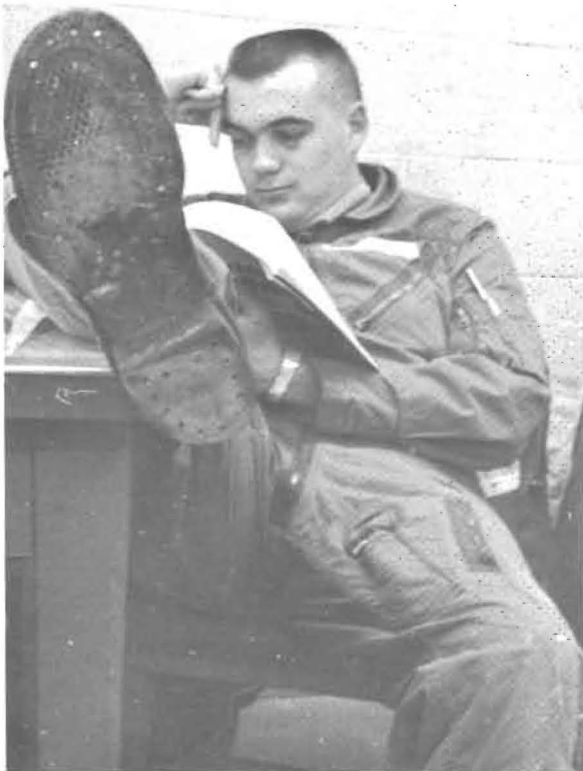
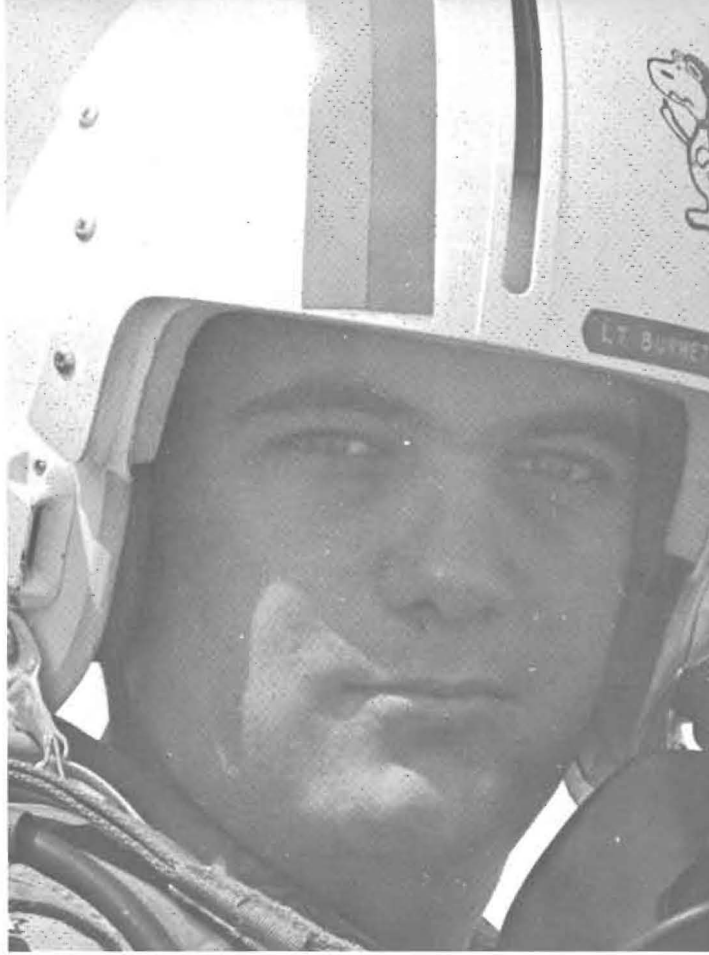


Not ONLY am I an ANG, but I invented the Ying-A-Yo!



I'm not coming out until it goes "STAND-BY".

Joe D. Burnette
c/o Mr. and Mrs. West
Route 1
Lyman, S. C.
Telstar



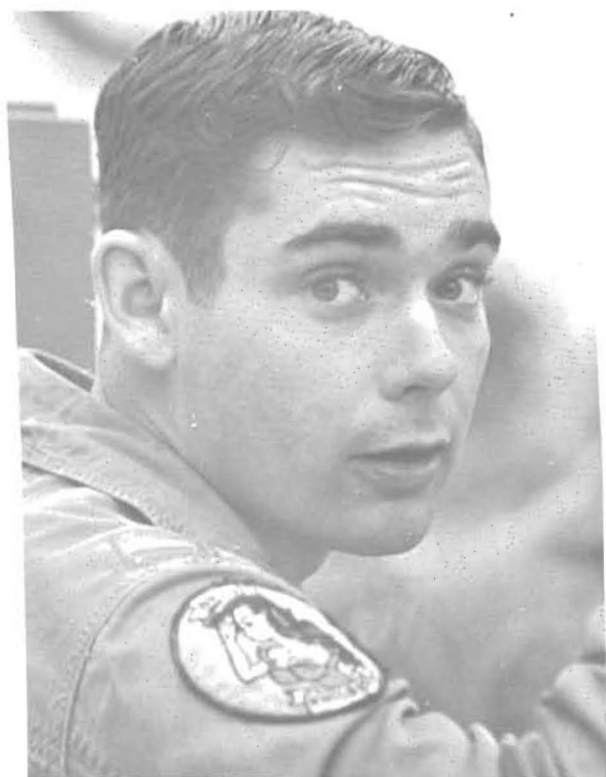
"There must be an airplane somewhere big enough for my feet - - - there must be!"



"I wonder if I'll ever think fast enough to pick up that microphone and make that **base** radio call?"

Bruce Cox
1648 Kingsway Rd.
Baltimore, Md. 21218

Bruce

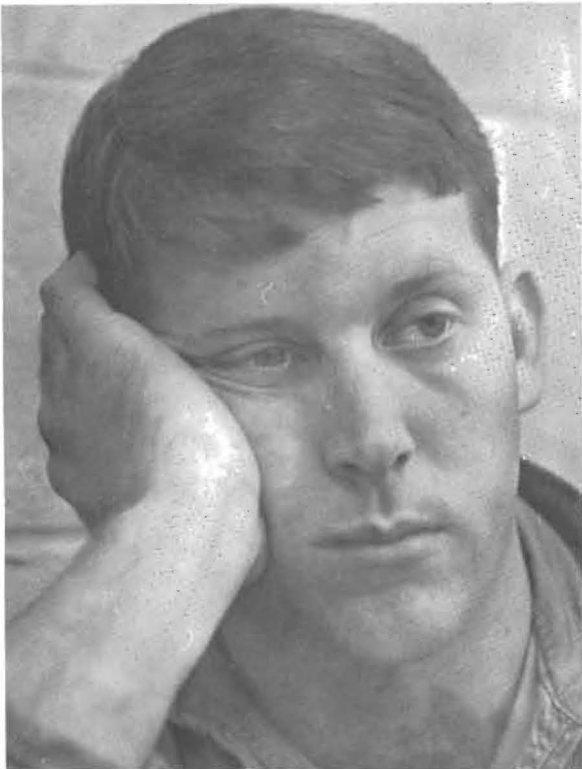


Hey, does this go on my Record?



I'm not being paid to fight on the ground

Anthony V. Ellington
102 Devonshire Rd.
Savannah, Ga.
Van



I sure am glad I get a chance to sit here
8 hours a day.



Sure you don't want to buy a good takeoff
number?

Lynn C. Feterle
6925 Hemoga Rd.
Independence, Ohio 44181
Fertile



Anne is doing what . . . ? with WHOM?



I'm a paid Killer.

Robert G. Fullenkamp
c/o Maj. G. F. Fullenkamp
West Point, Iowa 52656
Bobby



I'm sorry, Fullenkamp, but I just HAVE to bust you on that ride.



Golly gee, I'm going off in the wild blue.



Actually, I rather like my hair this way.

Jon A. Gard
303 North 10th
Fairview, Okla. 73737
Jon



Veery interesting, but dumb.



Up, up, and away!

Harald Gjeitnes, RNOAF
Hovdenakken
Pr. Molde, Norway
Harry



Da vedder ain't good enough for da pool.



Here's da specimen for da flight surgeon.

Hugh T. Hill
Route 2
Campobello, S. C. 29322
Hugh



Now, back home in Yemen . . .



It feels so good!!

D. Stephen Hoffmann
16337 Redington Dr.
Redington Beach, Fla. 33708
Hoffy



My own IP busted me; my own IP!

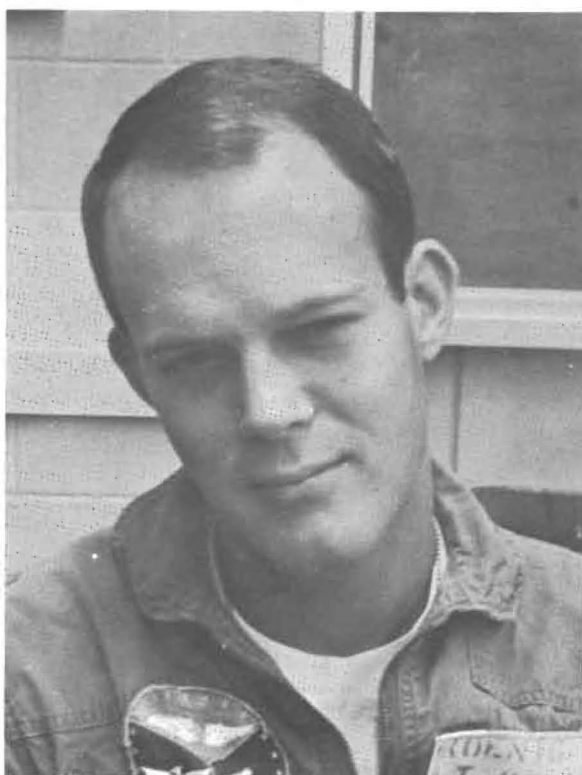


Col. Rardin, wake up, sir. Col. Rardin?
Col. Rardin?

Donald C. Koenig
3401 E. Briarcliff Rd.
Birmingham, Ala. 35229
Donnie



"And for just a nickel you can watch Kandy Kane . . ."



Actually, I **love** Monday mornings!

Roger E. Lutterman
Route 1
Sherburn, Minn. 56171
Piggy

507
764-6399



Sock it to ME?



They SOCKED IT to me.

Michael J. Madden
Box 1841
Vancouver, Wash.
Mike



I've got Rinker's flashlight!



Hey guys, I fly jets!

John D. Merris
2110 Main Street
Hamburg, Iowa 51640
Dave



"There was an old man from Nantucket - - -"

First you figure out ($\frac{1}{8}$) MAX, push this button, and - - - .

Michael L. Moriarty
847 West Shore Rd.
Warwick, R. I. 02889
Mort



Somebody left one on my seat.

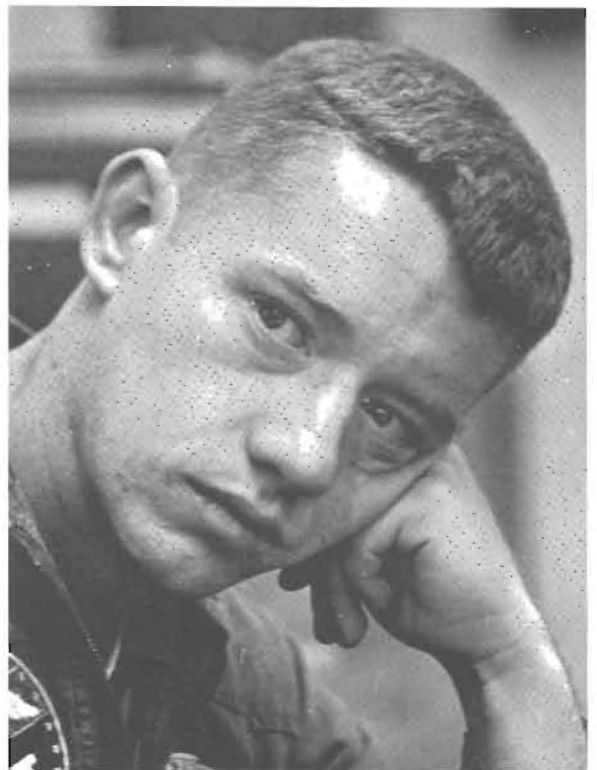


Hi there, Ralph Williams here!

Kevin J. Murphy
330 Rosewood
Winnetka, Ill.
Murph.



Why Capt. Papizan, how nice of you to stop by.



I wanna go back to my little grass shack - - -

David F. Nefzger
3934 Oak Ave.
Brookfield, Ill. 60513
Bingo

95



Florence of Arabia.



I call it Solar Still Gin.

Robert F. Palmer
Route 1
Fort Mills, S. C.
Bo

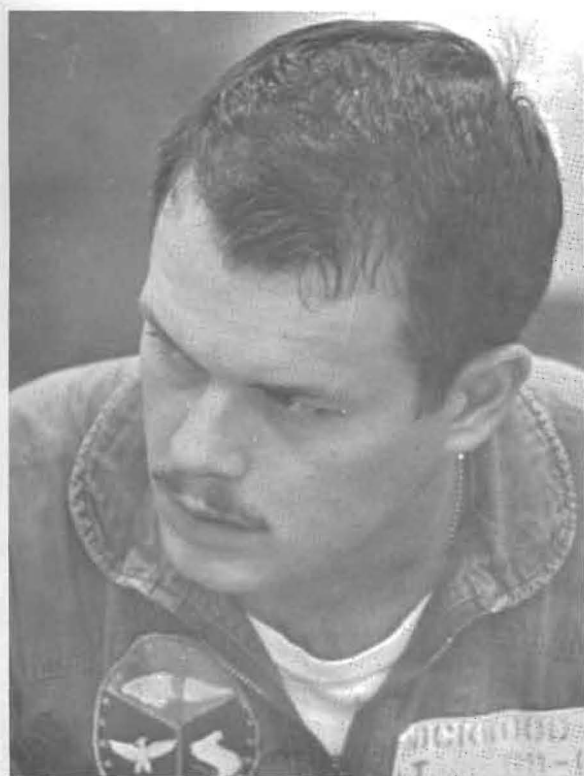


I left one on Moriarty's seat.



One, two, three KICK . . . one, two, three
KICK . . .

James T. Rockwood
2209 Villa Ave.
Sioux City, Iowa 51103
Rocky



Three feet - - - off White's wing?



You may fire me for saying this boss,
but - - -

Steven A. Sohn
162-08 72 Ave.
Flushing, N. Y. 11365
Steve



C'mon SLOTS!!



Why is there a bell on top?

Richard D. Spitz
1270 E. Minnehaha Ave.
St. Paul, Minn. 55106
Dick



My group had 47% fewer ---

Be a Marine Aviator!

Jeffrey E. Todd
1486 Wyandotte Rd.
Columbus, Ohio 43212
Jeff



Boy, did they ever!



Carol always packs a hearty lunch.

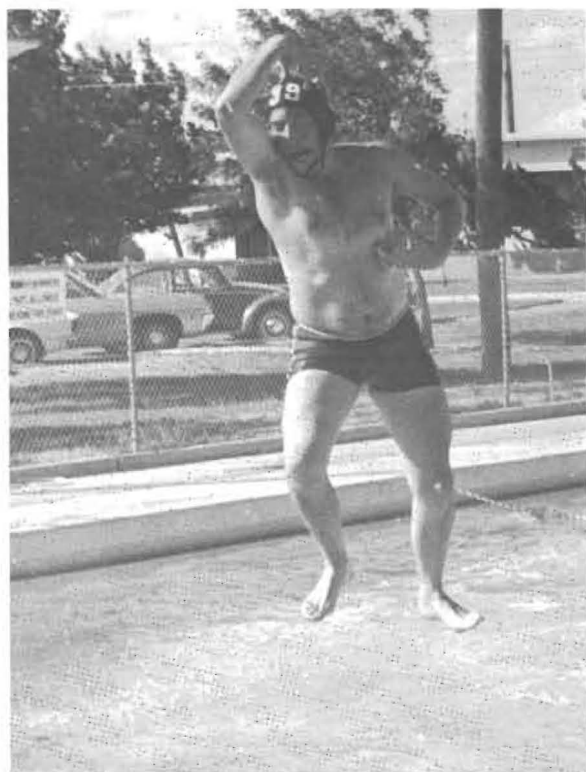


Hey, I've got one on my seat too!

Roger M. Weller
210 S. Greenmount Ave.
Springfield, Ohio 45505
Rog



"Oh, don't give me an F-84 ---"



Carol left ME defenseless!

Joel E. White
Route 1
Matheson, Colo. 80830
Joe



But there's NO pool!



You mean we **COME BACK** at 1800, and
GO OUT AT 3500?

Terry B. Williamson
8443 San Martarro Dr. W.
Jacksonville, Fla. 32217
Terry



But I **like** to wear my swimming suit on my head.



He left one on my seat, too.



Oy! Such a headache!



Notes on A Year

On October 24, 1967, the infamous class 69-03 reported for pilot training at Laughlin A.F.B., Texas. We came from all walks of life and all parts of the United States, Norway and Jordan. At the outset we were divided into two sections and this history will tell the story of Section I.

A program as large in scope as pilot training can have no simple recording, and one cannot adequately portray the evolution undergone in becoming a military pilot. We only hope that those who read this history can understand the basics of our year of fifty-four weeks.

After a week of physical examinations, form after form, and equipment issue, we saw our first aircraft. It was the T-41, the military version of the private aviation world, but we found that it was flown in the military way. Airspeeds and altitudes were to be held exactly, and those first thirty hours were unbelievably complete and thorough. So thorough in fact, that seven of us did not complete them. For us, especially those of us who had never flown before, it was a frantic and giant step in our education. We did our share of bungling things like trying to taxi with the tail still tied down, and we will never forget the phrase "roller, roller, nut, bolt—secure." We cannot forget the "Batman" award for the day's best bungle and how much quieter it was when one flew solo. We flew final at 80 mph in those first six weeks and it seemed fast to us then.

We went home for Christmas on the 21st of December anticipating 1968 and jets. Some of our bachelors returned with wives after Christmas to share the ups and downs of pilot training.

January 2nd was our first day on the T-37 flight line and the new helmet and parachute were uncomfortable and cumbersome. It was tough to get strapped in and tougher still to understand all the parts and systems of the 6,000 pound dog whistle in which we were to spend the next 90 hours. Our days were divided between flying and academics and they were long. The jet was a good performer and seemed fantastically fast as we were introduced to acrobatics, spins, navigation and instrument flying. Since there were now more things to do, it was easier to forget to do some of them, like lowering the landing gear! "Turning final go around" was heard at some time by us all for one reason or another.

It was in T-37's that when experiencing nausea after repeated spins, we felt better knowing that one instructor pilot got sick every time he spun. We flew final in the T-37 at 100 knots and on some approaches 110 knots and that seemed fast to us then.

We began our last aircraft, the supersonic T-38, on the 23rd of May. Here we had certainly reached the ultimate airplane! Weighing six tons and traveling 1.6 times the speed of sound, the Talon was quite a machine. New facts and figures replaced the ones already committed to memory in the T-37.

Our day was still long and divided between flying and academics. But we struggled on knowing that our wings were in sight. On 31 July we had our last graded exam and academics were over with our own Lt. Merris taking academic honors with an average of above 99%. Formation became as natural as flying solo and four-ship formation was enjoyed by all. Now we flew final AS HIGH AS 180 knots and that WAS FAST.

We have had our light moments like the day Lt. Madden in his excitement, ran out in the street in his shorts when his car was wrecked beyond repair by a passing motorist. Or the time Lts. Hoffmann and Koenig strapped into the aircraft, without their helmets! Then there was the time we all flew home to Laughlin from our T-37 cross country except Lt. Fullenkamp who took the bus! He's the same guy who later had to return and land on a T-38 instrument mission because his hood was locked under the canopy!

Each and every man deserves a separate paragraph in this history but space will hardly permit it. There were, however, a few of us who made special contributions to the spirit of 69-03 both in the cockpit and out.

A note of tribute is in order for Capt. Tatom who has guided the class through this year. We appreciate the headaches he has known for us. Our second in command, Lt. Spitz, did an outstanding job, even if he was a Marine. Additional credit is due and given to Lt. Sohn who contributed so much to this yearbook and its success and to the class spirit during the year. Remember his cartoons on Friday? We can never forget the class clown and wit Lt. Nefzger, who blessed us with words of wisdom and humor (mostly humor), and can you help but smile at Lt. Joel White, our "boy wonder" who always amazed us with his "golden hands" and semi-consciousness.

The history of this class cannot be closed but will go onward as we leave Laughlin. We will carry on the great traditions and ideals that we know and observe in our great nation.



FLIGHT CHARACTERISTICS



I may have to get married to get off this bus.



All right, who ate beans for lunch?



Halloa, little old lady!



Now Bingo, don't eat the bottle.



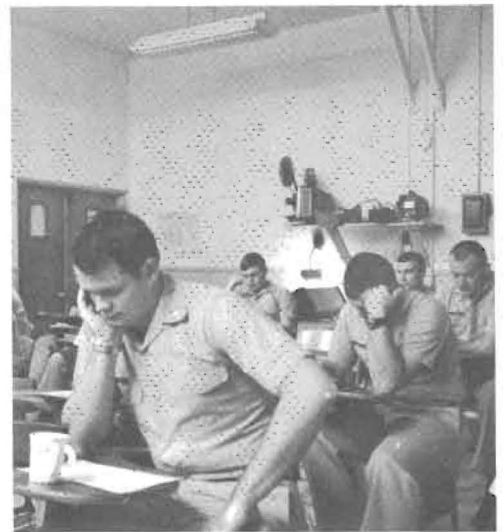
Batman - - - another Marine Corps first!



Well, there goes NATO!



Please don't push to the front there's plenty of room for all.



Forty percent killed the kid.



It's not much, Capt. Papizan, but what do you expect for \$100 a month?



Okay, guys, let's bring him up, the bubbles have stopped.



What happens after 6 days of "Standby"?



These PD&C periods are tough - - - I'm out of beer!



Pigpen! Call Col. Good, my bathroom just blew up!



That's how I overstressed 13L.



Isn't that awful!



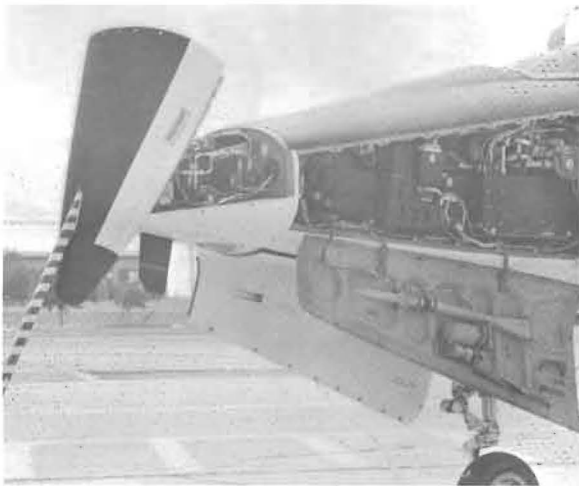
The Colonel's nightmare, doubled.



Ya vant some zoop, little girl?



Beware FOD.



Really, sir, I didn't think it was that hard a landing ---



Fearless Leader, and friend.



Someday I'll grow a mustache and be cool.



Wanna know what we think of A phase mornings?



OPERATING LIMITATIONS



As a matter of fact, we don't expect **ANY** of you to make it!



Dummy, that's a propeller, P-R-O-P-E-L-L-E-R, a propeller!



The chimpanzees really did score higher!



White - - - they're **making** me fly White.



Say, who's that behind those Foster Grants?



I too LOVE A phase mornings.



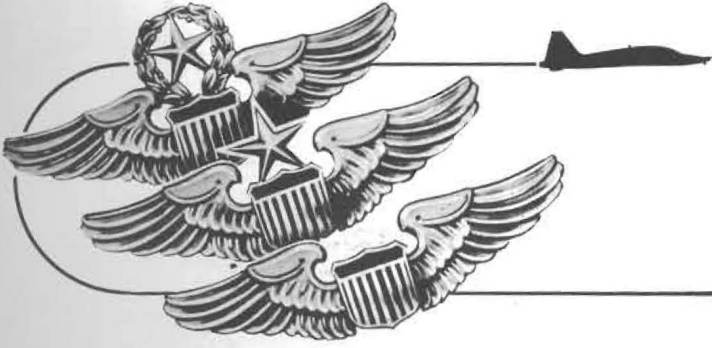
Sohn, start page 74 in your SAR.



You men are going to think I'm a real dog; but we're flying Saturday.



Hello, Suzy . . . ?



AUXILIARY EQUIPMENT



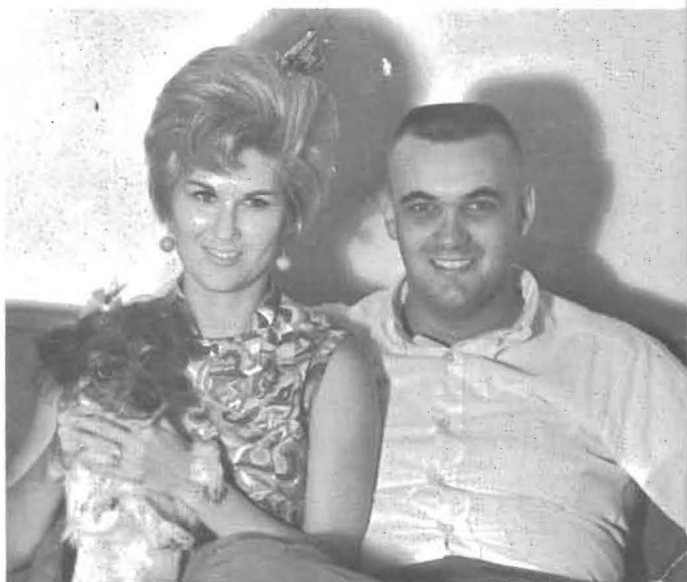
Kent, Barbara, Blake and Amy



Rob and Linda



Tom, Jan, Sam and Kuma



Joe, Joan and Kremepuff



Bruce and Suzy



Van and Judy



Lynn and Anne



Jon, Connie, Heidi and Felix



Hugh, Paulette and Sid



Mike, Jane, Kenny and Karen (obscured)



Bo and Susan



Rog and Carol



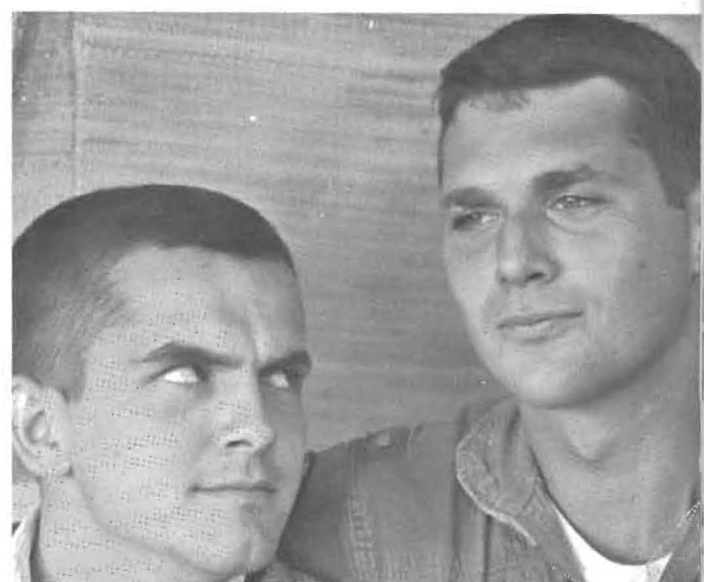
Terry, Millie and Bart



Jeff, Carol, Sandy and Laurie.



Three Guys, One Dog From The Palace



The Old Couple

"HIGH FLIGHT"

High Flight is the inspired sonnet of a youthful American flier, John G. Magee, Jr., who lost his life serving with a Royal Canadian Air Force squadron during the Battle of Britain.

Magee was only 19 years old when his imagination captured all the exultant wonderment of flight with a minimum of words as he piloted his Spitfire along "the wind-swept heights" above the UK. In September, 1941, just a few weeks after his RCAF unit arrived in England, he dashed off a boyish note to his parents, that told how the soaring lines were born: "I am enclosing a verse I wrote the other day. It started at 30,000 feet and was finished soon after I landed. I thought it might interest you."

The letter went to a distinguished address, historic St. John's Church on Lafayette Square, opposite the White House, in Washington, C. C. The pilot's father, Rev. Dr. John Gillespie Magee, was then rector at this widely known "Church of the Presidents" where the Nation's leaders have worshiped since 1816. Dr. Magee has since deceased; his widow lives in Pittsburgh.

Pilot Officer Magee was born in China, where his father had been a missionary since 1912. The boy first came to the United States in his early teens to attend prep school in Connecticut, where his marked literary talent began to show itself. A few years later he went to England's famed Rugby School, winning the coveted Rugby poetry prize in 1939, a few months before World War II exploded.

Returning to the States, young Magee decided against accepting a scholarship at Yale and instead joined the RCAF because he felt his duty lay in serving the cause of freedom. He was 18 when he enlisted in September, 1940.

The Library of Congress acclaimed High Flight, ranking Magee "with our best known poets of faith and freedom," and noted literary authorities hailed the sonnet as the work of gallant genius. The plaudits never reached the poet's ears. Within three months of the poem's creation, Magee flew his last mission and, as he so prophetically wrote, put out his trusting hand" and touched the face of God" which he knew all along waited in the sky where he found it.

The original of High Flight is preserved as a rare manuscript in the Library of Congress. A copy hangs on the wall inside the entrance to St. John's Church, where its eloquent lines are read by the countless tourists and other visitors who come to Washington.

Safe Home



