



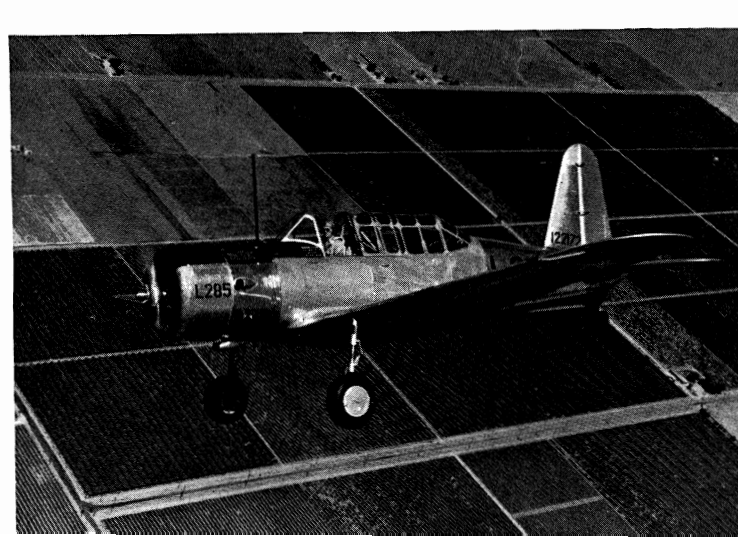
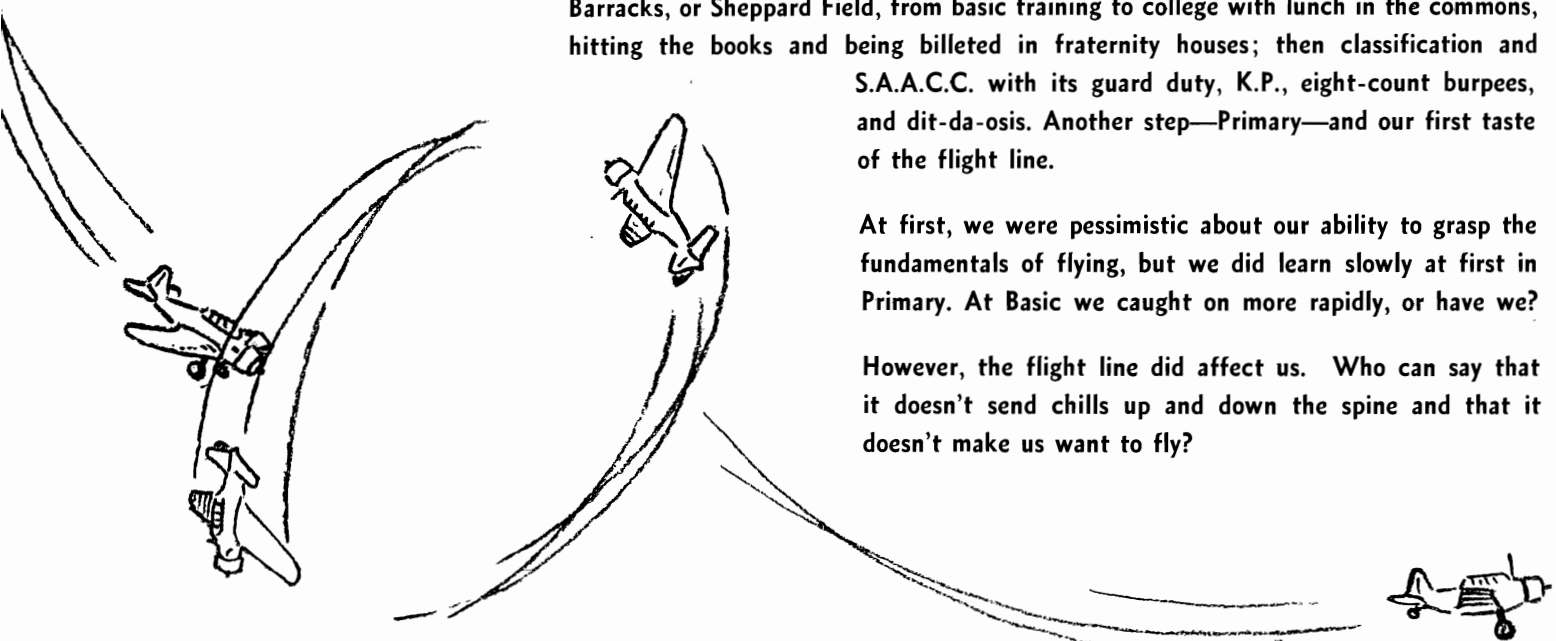
## HOT PILOTS and their Vultee Vibrators . . .

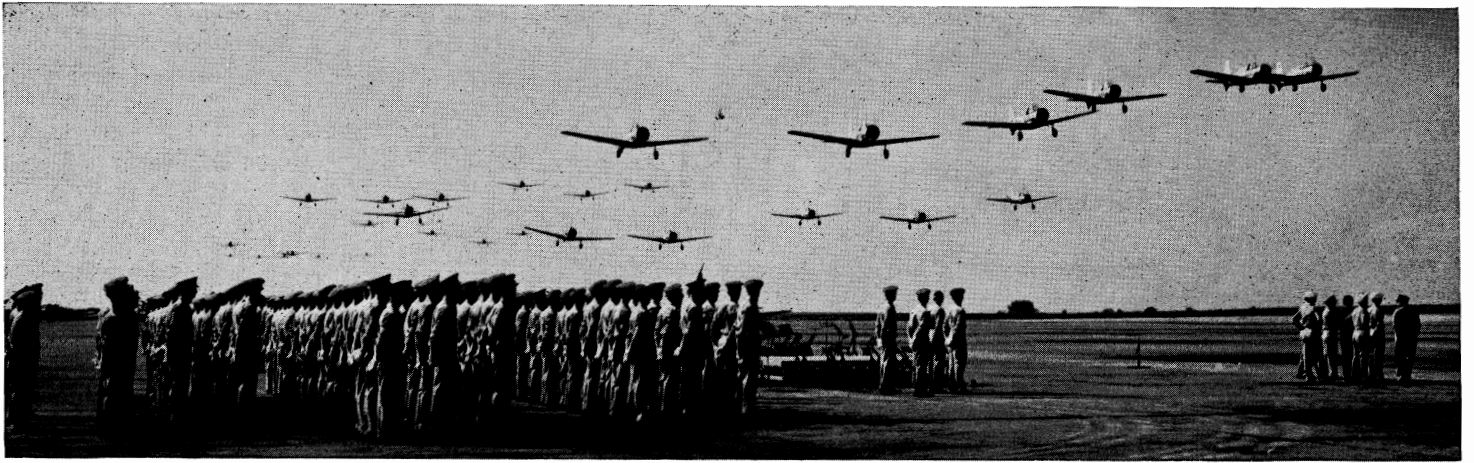
That step from Primary to Basic, in the big league at last. Those cubs at C. T. D. looked all right, and those P. Ts. didn't look too bad, but that first morning on the flight line at Basic—Y-e-e-o-w, those B. Ts. looked big!

We had come a long way since that first morning at <sup>Kearns Field,</sup> Miami, Jefferson Barracks, or Sheppard Field, from basic training to college with lunch in the commons, hitting the books and being billeted in fraternity houses; then classification and S.A.A.C.C. with its guard duty, K.P., eight-count burpees, and dit-da-osis. Another step—Primary—and our first taste of the flight line.

At first, we were pessimistic about our ability to grasp the fundamentals of flying, but we did learn slowly at first in Primary. At Basic we caught on more rapidly, or have we?

However, the flight line did affect us. Who can say that it doesn't send chills up and down the spine and that it doesn't make us want to fly?





"Formation stuff at review"

