

It was in the tanker pattern at the RAG that young "Butch" Fusco heard of the horrors . . .

BROWNSHOES
IN
ACTION COMIX
"THE KIND REAL AVIATORS LIKE"



"Well Gee, this isn't so bad . . ."

"Heck, KA-6 are easy! Just wait until you have to plug a KC-135!"

Once Butch joined the fleet, his squadron mates did little to ease his apprehension . . .

The words echoed in his helmet like the sweepers call on the 1MC . . .



"Just wait . . . Just wait . . ."

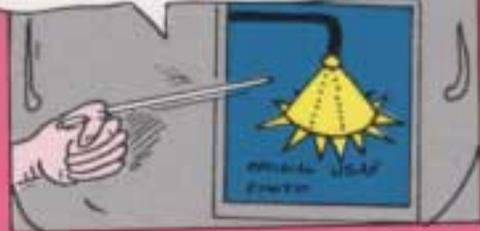
"What's the KC-135 really like?"

"Ever seen 'Deliverance'?"



The civic brief made it sound so easy . . .

"Up to five wraps of the hose around the nose of the aircraft is acceptable. Caution is to be exercised near the steel spikes that protrude from the basket."



. . . But the man-up was the final straw . . .

"Let's launch this baby, Airman Smith. What's with the arm-bands?"

"Remember, sir, the best know their limitations. We've always loved this jet. Why, Jones here got the bureau number tattooed on his chest in Naples."



However, in the end the evolution would be remembered by Butch as "No big deal" . . .

"Ah . . . Excuse me, Chief. Would you call 'radome missing' an up or down gripe?"

