

53-B



# BASE LEG

**GOODFELLOW**



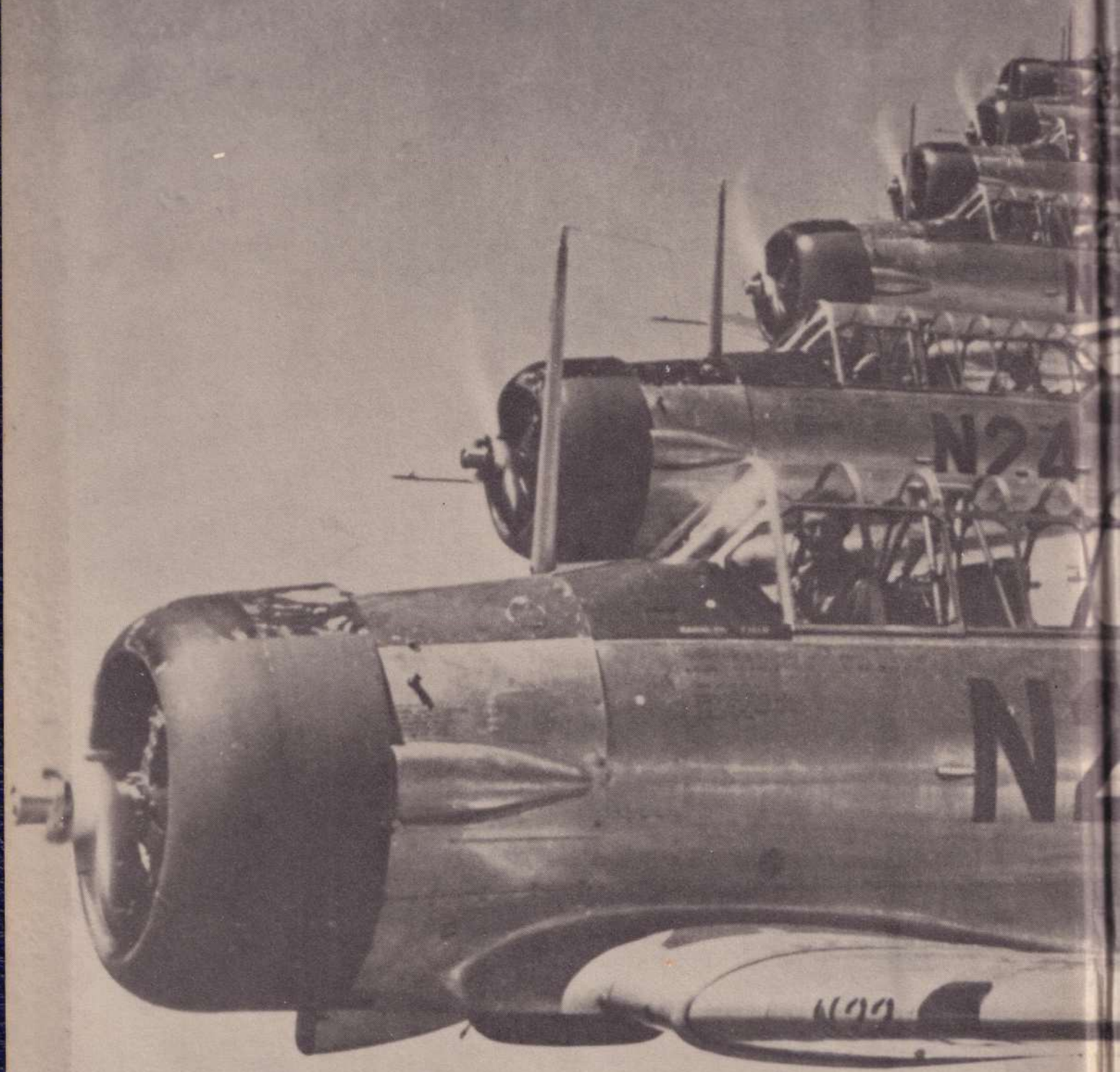
**PRIMARY**  
**SAN ANGELO**  
**TEXAS**



**AIR FORCE BASE**







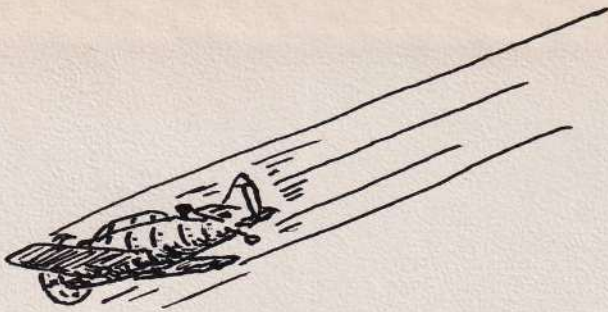


DICK









## DEDICATION

Most cadet classbooks are dedicated to persons or things immediately connected with the task at hand, that of learning to fly an airplane. Books have been dedicated to instructors, officers, those who have gone before, washouts, the airplane—all of whom are very deserving.

But behind all these is a little man who makes the whole show possible, a little man who takes a hell of a beating and seldom, if ever, gets the credit which is due. This patient, long-suffering individual gets it in the neck every time he turns around, but doggedly comes back for more. He's a nice fellow, too. We all know him. He's Dad, Uncle Charlie, Cousin Bessie, the people next door, and even many of us cadets—all of us personified in one man who's really a pretty good Joe. He's the chap who pays for the airplanes we fly and the gasoline we burn in them, and then pays some more.

He's the man behind the men who keep 'em flying, and to him this book is in all sincerity dedicated.

**TO THE AMERICAN TAXPAYER!**







COLONEL JOHN R. MORGAN  
Commanding Officer

TO THE GRADUATES OF CLASS 53-B

My heartiest congratulations to you graduates of the primary phase of the U. S. Air Force pilot training program.

You have, through individual application and initiative, reached the half-way mark on the way to winning the silver wings of an Air Force pilot officer.

I feel sure that the training that you have received here, combined with your personal desires to achieve a predetermined goal, will enable each of you to successfully complete your pilot training at your basic flying school.

The personnel of Goodfellow join with me in wishing you every success for the future.

Sincerely,

*John R. Morgan*

JOHN R. MORGAN  
Colonel, USAF  
Commanding



TATICAL

OFFICERS

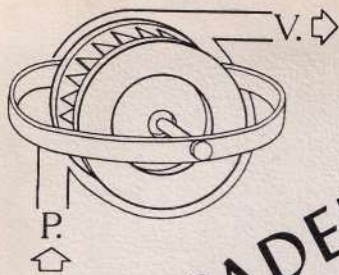


MAJOR HAL B. SIMS  
Commanding

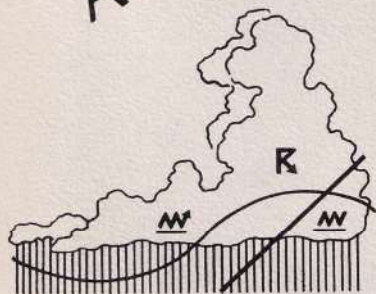


Left to right: 1/Lt. THOMAS B. BURTTSCHELL, Military Instructor, Sqdn. "A"; 1/Lt. CHESTER C. GILBERT, Military Instructor, Sqdn. "A"; Captain SAM D. HESSE, Senior Military Training Officer; Major HAL B. SIMS, Commanding Officer, 3545th Student Squadron; 1/Lt. KENNETH G. BOYER, Senior Military Instructor; 1/Lt. ERNEST A. RAMSDELL, Military Instructor, Sqdn. "B." Not Shown: 1/Lt. THEODORE R. LOYD, Military Instructor, Sqdn. "B."

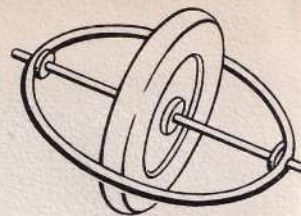




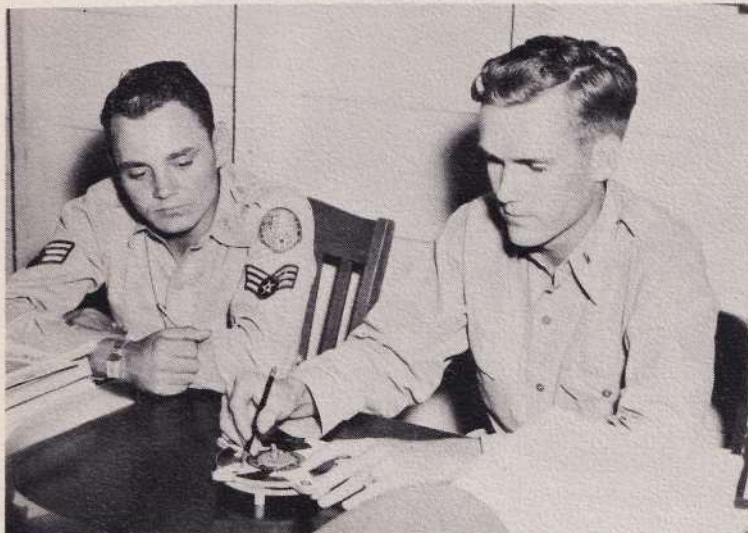
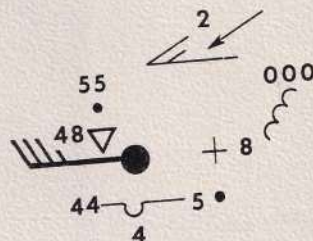
ACCADEMIC



Director of Academics  
MAJOR LEONARD C. SCOTT



DEPARTMENT



Radio, Left to right: A 1/C KENNETH E. BURKEY,  
2/LT. DONALD F. CARROLL



Code: MR. HOOVER

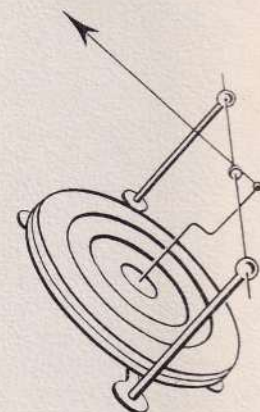
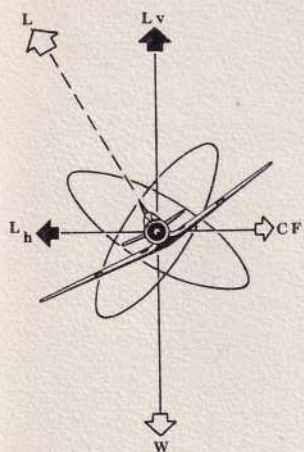


Navigation: 2/LT. CHARNELLE H. SUMMERS, JR.

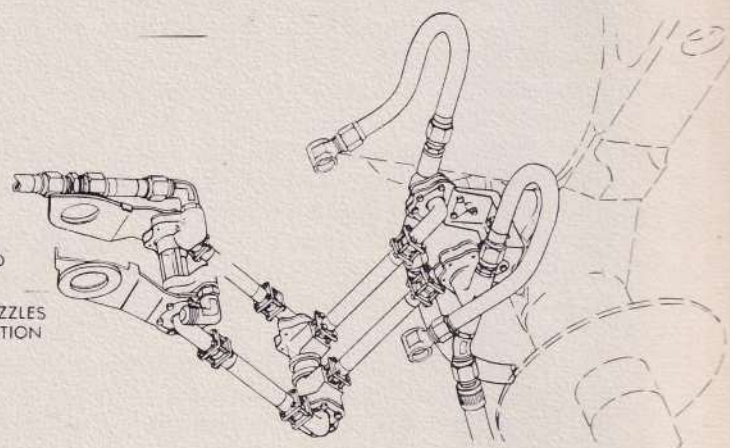
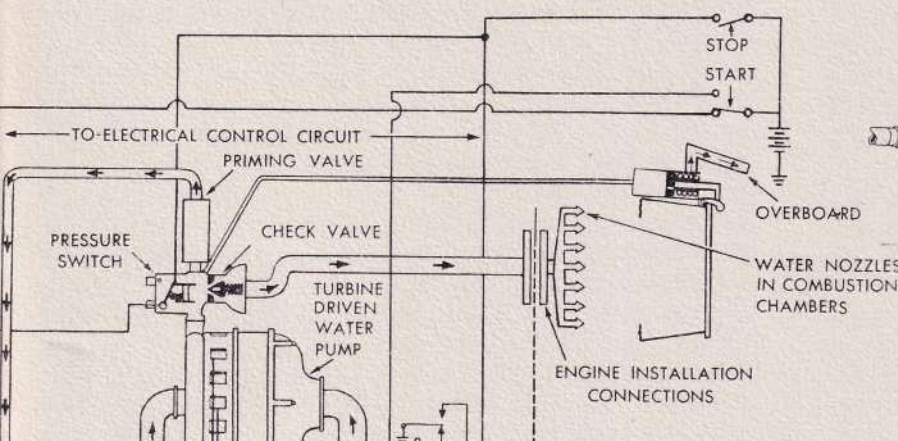


Navigation: MR. EDWARD M. RIDEOUT





Engineering, Left to right: MR. HARRY E. BEHREND, 1/Lt. CARL B. RIHERD, Captain LESTER V. MERSHON, MR. WAYNE B. HENRY



Weather, Seated: Captain STORTZ; Standing, Left to right: MR. BLUM, MR. McHORSE



Instruments: MR. ROBERT E. NELIGH



18 September, 1962

Mr. T. D. McDonough  
1006 Lakeside Lane  
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear "T,"

Many thanks for your letter of June 15. I owe you a monstrous apology for not answering before this, but I do feel that I have a legitimate excuse, the details of which I will shortly relate.

I was very interested to learn of the whereabouts and assorted activities of some of the members of 53-B. I couldn't believe it when you wrote me that Mourey is wrestling professionally. Your story was corroborated by F. C. McLean whom I ran into in North Carolina. He said that he had seen one of Mourey's bouts in Atlanta. Confessed that Mourey showed promise and had a deceptive hold he called the "split S with double torque." McLean modestly admitted that he himself had controlling interest in a lucrative chain of Colonic Irrigation booths throughout the Piedmont region.

I was surprised to learn that Kaczkowski was in Cleveland. I thought the MDAP plan ended when we won the war. Speaking of the war, I'll never forget Ghiorso and Henkel getting the Distinguished Flying Cross for their "heroic action above and beyond the call of duty in the capture of Hill 69, North Korea." I remember Henkel saying afterwards that he didn't know what came over him on that flight.

I was especially cheered to learn that you are doing so well in your father-in-law's company—"Sows' Teats in Mineral Oil" sounds like a must for every larder.

Now, to explain my delay in writing to you. As you know, my period of enlistment was extended for eight years as punishment for taking a shower at an unauthorized hour when I was in Cadets. I now realize how lucky I was to have the opportunity of steady promotions, good pay, good housing, and all those things that can come only in service life. I'm now stationed in the Pentagon as an aide to Lt. Jones in Public Information. It was in that capacity that my delay in writing to you occurred. It was decided that I should make a tour of this country, France, Norway, and Belgium in an endeavor to look up my former classmates of 53-Baker and find out how, what, and whom they are doing. The trip was ostensibly for propaganda purposes. At any rate, I can give you the lowdown on the boys.

Discovered that our war heroes, Ghiorso and Henkel, had gone into business together in Loop, O., reclaiming discarded cigarette butts. "So what's the difference wit' de original, huh," queried Ghiorso when I questioned



"ME TOO, SIR!"

the merit of the operation. "Advertisin's a cinch," Henkel added, "our brand is all over the street. Sure wish that riding stable would fold up, though," he humanely noted.

Two of our former buddies have taken up the cloth. Rev. Ewers was guiding a flock in South Bend, Ind., and Rev. Autrey was spreading the fear of God around the Ouachita Mts. "Whiskey can only lead to inevitable ruin and a life of sin. You must give up your sinful ways and stop this infernal moonshinin'." He later confessed to me that his ulcers were improving nicely. "Ah don't know what they's puttin' in that stuff, but it shuah is a caution to ma stomach."

A rather dramatic story unfolded itself when I drove to Preston, Minn. to look up Merle "Ovals" Hahn. It seems that five years ago he was on a business trip selling his company's product—Luminous Shaving Cream for shaving in the dark—through the Indian reservations of South Dakota. While Hahn and the Government agents in charge of Indian Affairs, Shirley and Leverett, were enjoying a noon repast of Chili Con Carne in Solo, S. Dak., an Indian by the name of Cochese Mac Dougall rushed into the eating establishment brandishing a Union-made tomahawk. Obviously piqued about something, Mac Dougall slashed hither and yon with his weapon catching Hahn neatly on the side of the cranium. It was later learned that Mac Dougall was indicted for assault, but was freed by District Attorney Wingate who was running for representative to Congress from that District. It was intimated that Wingate was out to get the Indian vote. But to continue, when Mac Dougall's tomahawk made initial contact with Hahn's scalp, Hahn leaped into the air, stared wildly at the half-finished bowl of Chili before him, did a fair imitation of the Hopi rain dance, and shouted, "Boy, I've got it." When last seen he was racing Southward. I've since heard that the blow on the head by Cochese brought out a secret ambition in Hahn's life . . . he is now an itinerant Jesuit missionary along the Mexican border.

Literary-wise, our class has achieved some esteem with the recent publication of Richard Hepworth's latest Treatise on "The Art of Forceful Oratory." It has been heartily endorsed by the Dockworkers and Longshoreman's Union in New York. Not to be taken lightly is C. Ivan Alexander's tome on "Self-reliance; Its Merits and Pitfalls." I was truly thrilled to read sportsman MacWilliams' exciting novel "Gator Bait." Seems Mac has a handsome business in the Everglades using crosseyed Polynesian delinquents as enticers for the valuable gators. "I'm working on an Alligator flying suit for the Air Force," he confided. "Generals Robinson and Irvine have expressed considerable interest. But I'm having trouble getting the darn things to button decently."



"YOU TOO!"





It was most gratifying to find so many of our Classmates getting along well in the world. You can understand my joy in finding George Best and Carmen Phillips as co-heads of a mammoth corporation in Trala, La. I was a bit confused, I must confess, when I discovered they were manufacturing girdles and brasieres, for I had just previously read in the Consumer's Digest that they were in the meat packing business. "Synonymous terminology," Best explained with a leer.

Some of our boys were a bit hesitant to disclose their present activities. I learned from Al Morgan's syndicated column in the Atlanta Announcer that Cliff Eller and Bud Durfey had run into a little trouble with the law. It seems that Eller and Durfey had worked out a little business deal with the Evans-McCarthy "You Buy It; We Fly It" Airlines, whereby Eller and Durfey had contracted said airline to fly green bananas into Dismal Seepage, Fla., from Cuba. The aerodynamic qualities of the Evans-McCarthy planes were such that the bananas were in the peak of ripe perfection upon landing. At this point the bananas were thrown into a mule powered rotary press and zingo . . . . banana juice! All was going along fine for several years. Eller hired enterprising Jack Hamilton as Publicity manager, and the boy really did a job. He had the populace screaming for banana juice. But then a fateful chain of events occurred. During the process of loading the bananas on board the plane in Cuba one night, both Evans and McCarthy failed to notice that one of the workmen, one Juan Peso, had fallen asleep during the evening's labor . . . . unluckily on the plane, amidst the bananas. As fate would have it, Juan never woke up and was committed to the press with the bananas. The first indication that something was amiss came when Durfey spotted a free-entry visa floating atop the squeezings. Somehow the authorities got wind of the situation and indicted Eller and Durfey for exploitation of immigrant labor. However, shrewd legal work by Defense Attorney Hoskins got them off with a probationary sentence for violation of the Pure Food and Drugs Act. Since both Durfey and Eller were most reluctant to mention any of these details it is due solely to T. C. Dorsey that I am able to relate the above particulars. I chanced upon Dorsey one day in Tallahassee, Fla. He was employed by Florshine Shoes as a tester. "I got my ambition for this sort of job in Cadets" was all he confided.

Remember old Jimmy MacManus, "T"? Well, I paid him a visit after I saw Dorsey. And as we used to say at GOF, he's really got it made. He bought himself a plantation outside Greenville, N. C., and is currently living the life of ease. "Yes sir," he beamed, "I just registered Democrat and sat back and relaxed." Mint juleps so thick around that place you needed a license to get a drink of water.

While still in the South I stopped off in Atlanta to watch the Masters Golf Tournament. It was in the last day of the match when I got there and the finalists were about to tee off. No sooner had I ordered my second Collins that I heard the PA system announce that William Duffy was about to tee off for his final round. "Could this be 'our Willie'," I thought. I remembered him as a pretty hot pellet pounder from GOF days but, well, the Masters is one of the toughest! I rushed eagerly to the first tee. It wasn't the Duffy we knew. I never did find out for sure what Duff was doing, but heard a rumor that he was a grape feeler for Virginia Dare.

In an attempt to track down this rumor about Duffy I went to the West Coast where I ran into "Moose" Heggarty and Bob Taylor. The latter was working as a Confidential photographer. He was quite incomplete in giving a description of his work but confessed that it was enjoying popularity in Tiajuana, an art center of sorts. "Moose" was acting as part-time shuffler in a floating Black-Jack game between Eureka and San Diego. Seems he had tried to crash vaudeville with an act in which he was billed as "the only man in the Air Force who can do side straddle hops in the front cockpit of a T-6." His act proved short-lived, however, due to the expense and difficulty of taxiing a T-6 on-stage for every show.

Chance led me to Hollywood where I found Welder and Burwell starring in a Warner Bros. picture entitled "Mesa Madness." It was another Western in the new trend . . . the heroes get bumped off with the first exchange of shots and the forces of crime and corruption run rampant over law and order. This "new trend" in the cinemas has been much lamented by Dr. Figeroid, one of our leading pscho-analytical philosophers. He attributes this unnatural thirst for violence among the movie goers to a shipment of fermented Eegyptian gooseberries that were sold as condiments in New York's Low's Poli 25 years ago. The acute physical discomfort suffered by the consumers of the gone gooseberries was so intense that it was transferred by heredity to their children, argues Doc Fig, as he's affectionately known. These maladjusteds have become gluttons for vicarious violence. "A most depressing outlook," bemoans the Doc who writes his journals in Sanskrit.

A bit of tragedy befell Billy Heasley one day when we was practicing tail-spins on his new Harley-Davidson which he won for his entry in a Sudsy Suds contest. His entry ditty was judged best of breed and ran something as follows: "Don't be a dope, ya stink without soap." Anyhow, Billy was really kicking up a circular storm one day when he hit the throttle instead of the break. To make a long one short Billy found himself in a man-made tornado and was last seen whirling South over Immelmann, Ark.

(Continued on Page 11)





# FLIGHT COMMANDERS



**CAPT. HENRY B. FRONKIER**  
Flight Commander D-1



**CAPT. FRED J. McANALLY**  
Flight Commander D-2



**CAPT. MELVIN E. TIEMANN**  
Asst. Flt. Commander D-1



**CAPT. RONALD H. HILL**  
Asst. Flt. Commander D-2



TO THE MEMBERS OF CLASS 53-B, Flight D-1

Gentlemen:

You have passed one of the milestones of your training for the greatest outfit in the world, the United States Air Force. Be true to its ideals and to your own, to keep it at or ahead of the level it is today. You may think that the job is going to get easy today, but when you hit that line at Basic on the tomorrow your eyes will be opened to new vistas that can only be attained by staying "Eager".

To those of you who desire to make the Air Force a career, I extend my congratulations and hope for your every success throughout your tour. We have watched over you sometimes with trepidations (See Webster), and I know that I have a few more gray hairs making myself, but, all you have shown that you have the "stuff" that makes for success in this chosen field of endeavor. As long as the acts such as Loveland losing his headset, and Castinel getting run over, have fortunate outcomes, I believe that it will take a pretty cold day to cool you off, especially out here in Texas; but I guess you have to have this country's indoctrination to become a "warm stone". In closing, let me again extend my heartiest congratulations, and those of your instructors, for your continued success.

*Henry B. Fronkier*  
HENRY B. FRONKIER  
CAPT., USAF  
FLIGHT COMMANDER D-1

TO THE MEMBERS OF CLASS 53-B, Flight D-2

Gentlemen:

Congratulations on your completion of the Primary Phase of pilot training. It is my hope that the rigorous demands of the program which you have had to meet will give a sense of satisfaction and pride in the knowledge that you can meet a difficult situation and come out on top.

With very few individual exceptions you have worked hard and conscientiously, (to digress; Our squadron staff of, Flight Navigator-Fonderie, Flight WX Officer-Dorsey, Flight Flying Safety Officer-Burwell and his very able assistant-Bennum, Flight Physical Training Officer-Shirley, and of course our Master Electrician-the big gear-Eller.) and the supervisors and instructors have been proud of you regardless of our actions and your thoughts at times.

On behalf of your instructors and myself I wish all of you the best of luck and many happy landings in the Basic Phase and in the future, with this slight admonition-Remember, "A pilot who has learned everything is a 'Finished' pilot".

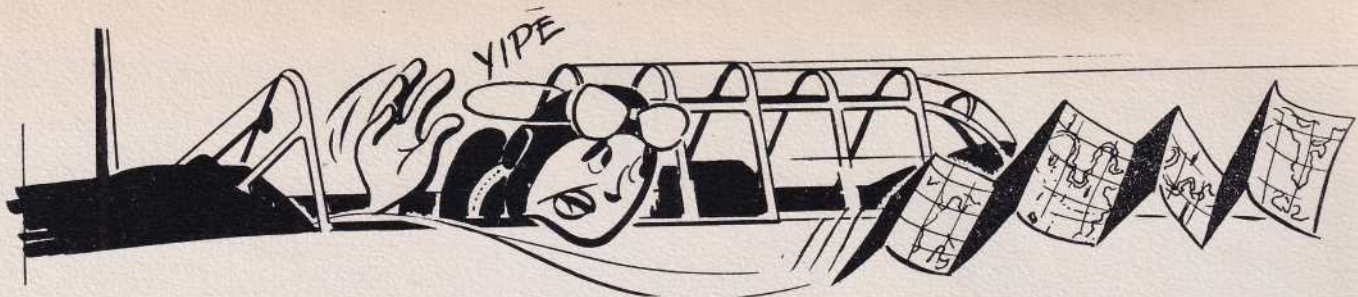
*Fredrick J. McAnally*  
FREDRICK J. MCANALLY  
CAPT., USAF  
FLIGHT COMMANDER D-2



**GOODFELLOW**  
**AIR FORCE BASE**







(Continued from Page 7)

Dave Loveland turned up in Orange, N. J., as a procurer for Mad Man Muntz. Seems Loveland proved unusually qualified in spotting a good car buy. He even talked Muntz into buying his old car which served so faithfully through Cadets, and, as Dave will admit, "It takes a heap of sellin' to sell a heap like that."

Morris was another person I could not specifically locate. I inquired in numerous places but the best I could do was a vague rumor to the effect that in 1958 Morris had a handsome job selling Sweet Air to rendering plants. But what has become of him since I'm sorry to admit I don't know.

As you can imagine it took me some time to cover the U. S. in search of these guys. I thought perhaps the government would cancel my trip overseas in view of the amount of time it took in this country. But no, they needed the information for propaganda. Seems we've run out of countries to send money to and it's hoped my trip will renew the desire of the foreign countries to apply for additional interest free, pay-when-you-can U. S. loans. So off I went.

I arrived at Idlewild Airport early and boarded my TWA ship. I was mildly curious to know whom the pilot might be since I've developed more than a passive interest in flying throughout the past ten years. I was musing about this when I heard a conversation in progress behind me . . . .

"You mean you fly this big thing all the time?"

"Well, yes I do. But it really isn't as hard as I imagine you think it is."

"Oh, I should think it would be just awful, all those engines, and if anything should happen to one of them. Gosh!"

"Yeah, there are quite a few. See that last one out there on the right. Here, use these binoculars. It's been

acting a bit rough lately, but don't worry."

"Oh-h-hh . . . ."

"I shouldn't have mentioned that. Look, if you feel the least bit nervous about this flight why don't you ride up in the cockpit with me?"

"That sure would make me feel better. Could I?"

"Sure thing, honey. I run this ship."

Not unamused by this playful bit of banter I glanced around and there was Lee Meehan.

The trip over proved uneventful. I went immediately to Brussels where I had learned that the largest meeting in history of the Belgian Air Force was to take place. Fonerie and DeWandeleer were both there. In fact, they constituted the entire meeting.

Continuing up to Norway I found Anderson, Bakke, and Benum in fine health. All were doing quite well in the fishing industry.

Back in Paris I found that the 3rd Squadron of the 4th Night Fighter Wing of the French Air Force was composed, strangely enough, of Castinel, Boye, Pujol, Watteau and Brigot. They had just finished a mission on Place Pigalle when I found them. The only casualty of the flight was Brigot who suffered a collapsed gear on his fifth landing.

It was a time-consuming but very interesting trip, as you can well imagine. I hope you can understand now why I did not have the time to write you before this.

Hope all's well with you and your family. Let me hear from you.

As always,

Tom

2nd Lt. Charles T. Aikens, II  
Public Information Dept.  
Pentagon Building  
Washington, D. C.

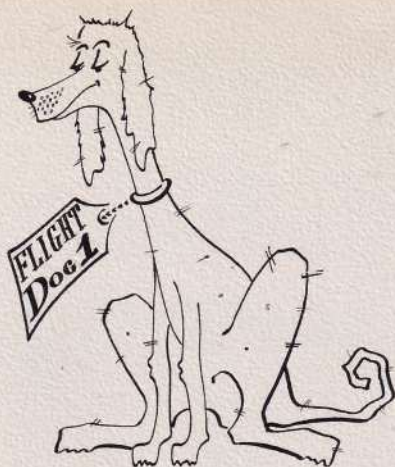




# PINKY TOWER



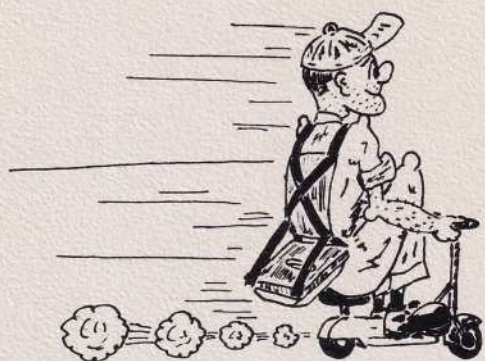




# FLIGHT ELEMENTS



Capt. Henry B. Fronkier



CAPT. FRONKIER.



Jacques A. Castinel



GG-1-NH  
-14938

FIRE EXTINGUISHER





Capt. Garth D. McLean



Gerald J. Kaczowski



Clifford D. Ewers



Daniel J. Mourey



Thornton D. McDonough







Floyd C. McLean



John S. Hamilton



Lt. James B. Varnell



James N. Heggarty



Robert L. Pujol





Lt. Paul J. Taylor



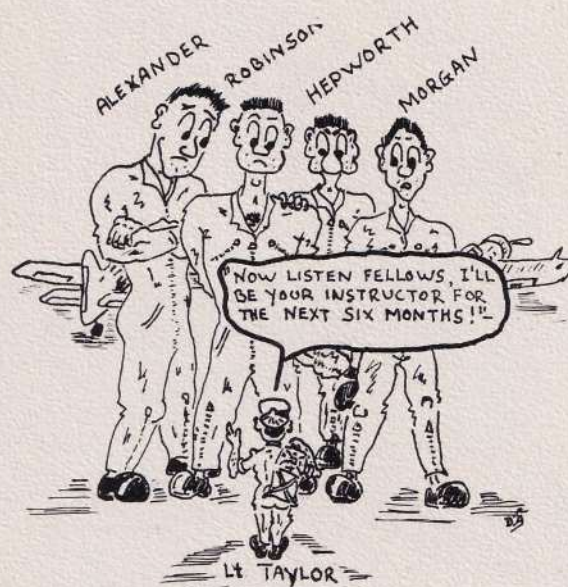
Albert W. Morgan



Charles I. Alexander



Robert L. Robinson, Jr.



Richard C. Hepworth







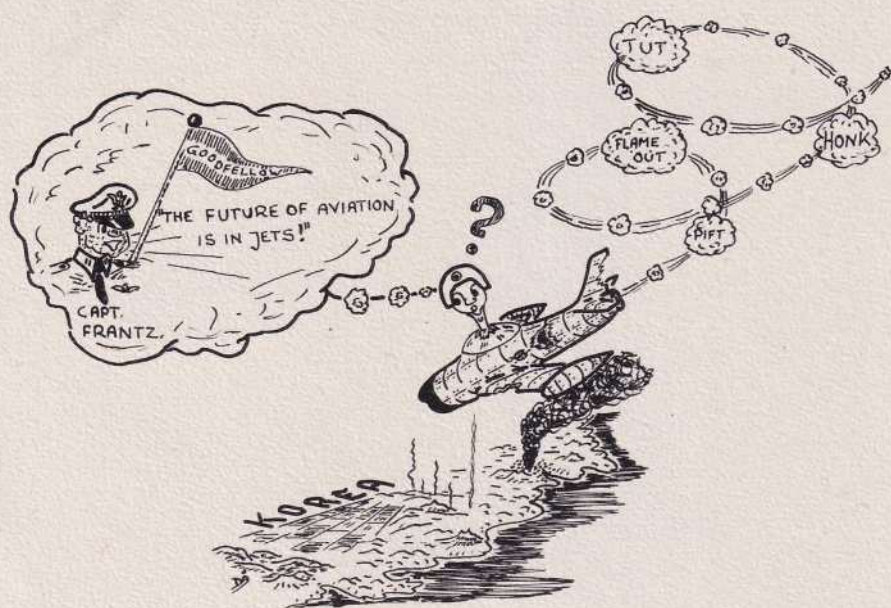
Lee B. H. Meehan



Ronald F. Wingate



Capt. Francis Frantz



Carmen S. Philips



Billy A. Heasley





Lt. Dale M. Peterson



Paul A. Henkel



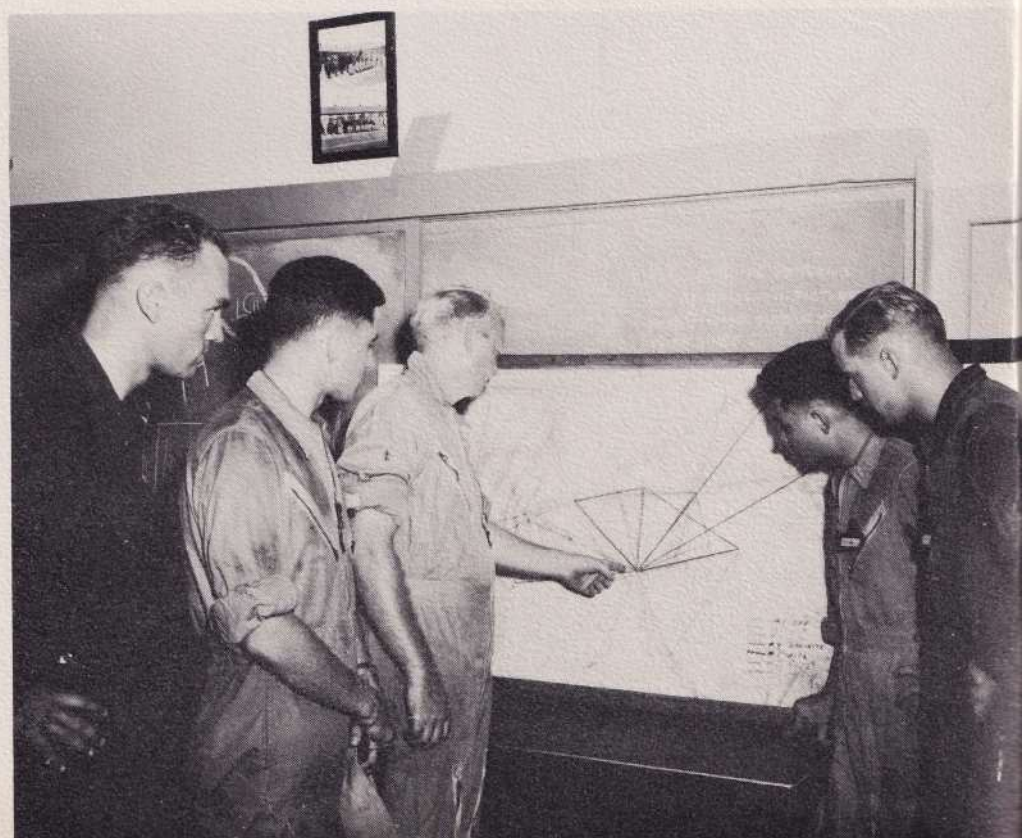
David B. Loveland



Jean F. Watteau



Jean J. Boye







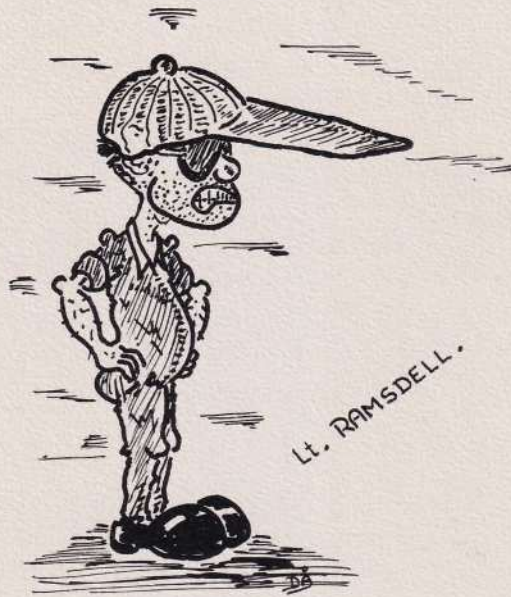
Merle Hahn



Charles T. Aikens, II



Lt. Ernest A. Ramsdell



Walter J. Ghiorso



Andre J. Brigot





## CLASS WILL

To DORSEY and LEVERETT we leave two good pairs of walking shoes.

To DURFEY we will a permanent spot in the quadrangle.

To BOYE, BRIGOT, CASTINEL, PUJOL, and WATTEAU we will Pinky . . . Goodfellow's answer to the Eifel Tower.

To TAYLOR, PHILLIPS, and WINGATE we leave the line taxi . . . what every pilot can use.

To MORRIS, WELDER, and AUTRY we leave a beer glass with a Clark-Y cross section . . . to get the maximum life out of life with the proper angle of attack.

To FONDERIE we leave an E-6-B and a Radio Compass manual.

To QUENCHER we leave PINKY . . . They always did get along well together.

To OUR INSTRUCTORS we leave a Chicken Farm . . . they should go well together, too.

To CASTINEL we leave a rear-view mirror . . . talk about getting your tail chewed!

To HEPWORTH we leave ALEXANDER . . . a fit reward.

To MOUREY, MEEHAN, McDONOUGH, and KACZKOWSKI we leave a contract from a Mexican photographer who seemed to recognize talent when he saw it.

To ROBINSON, HEASLEY, and EWERS we leave multi-engine handbooks.

To Pinkies we leave much cash and many hangovers . . . "What can they do . . . send me home?"

To HEGGARTY we leave a two-week course in how to repack a parachute.

To the lower classmen we leave the fairest women in San Angelo . . . all six of them.

To Captain Fronkier we leave a place of honor in the Smithsonian Institute for his baby bulldozer.

To HENKEL, LOVELAND, and GHIORSI we leave the Pabst Blue Ribbon award for service above and beyond the call of duty.

To HAHN and BURWELL we leave a recap of our flying safety course.

To RESEARCH #5 we leave our sympathy . . . and we vote it the most plowed field in the state of Texas.

To Mr. Hoover we leave the bill of sale that we all go along with.

To the Weather Department we leave a warm front and a cold beer.





# FLIGHT ELEMENTS



TAKE OFF





Lt. Everett W. Harris



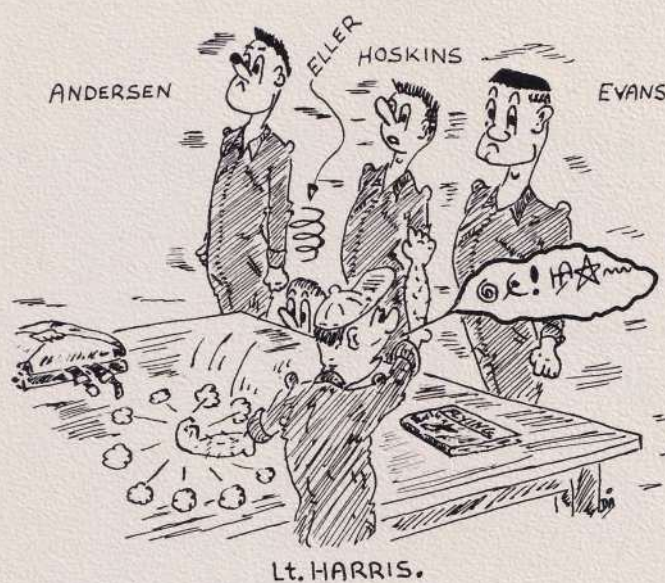
2nd Lt. Quintin H. Evans



Kyle C. Eller, Jr.



Sidney G. Hoskins



Jens P. Andersen







Henri A. J. DeWandeleer



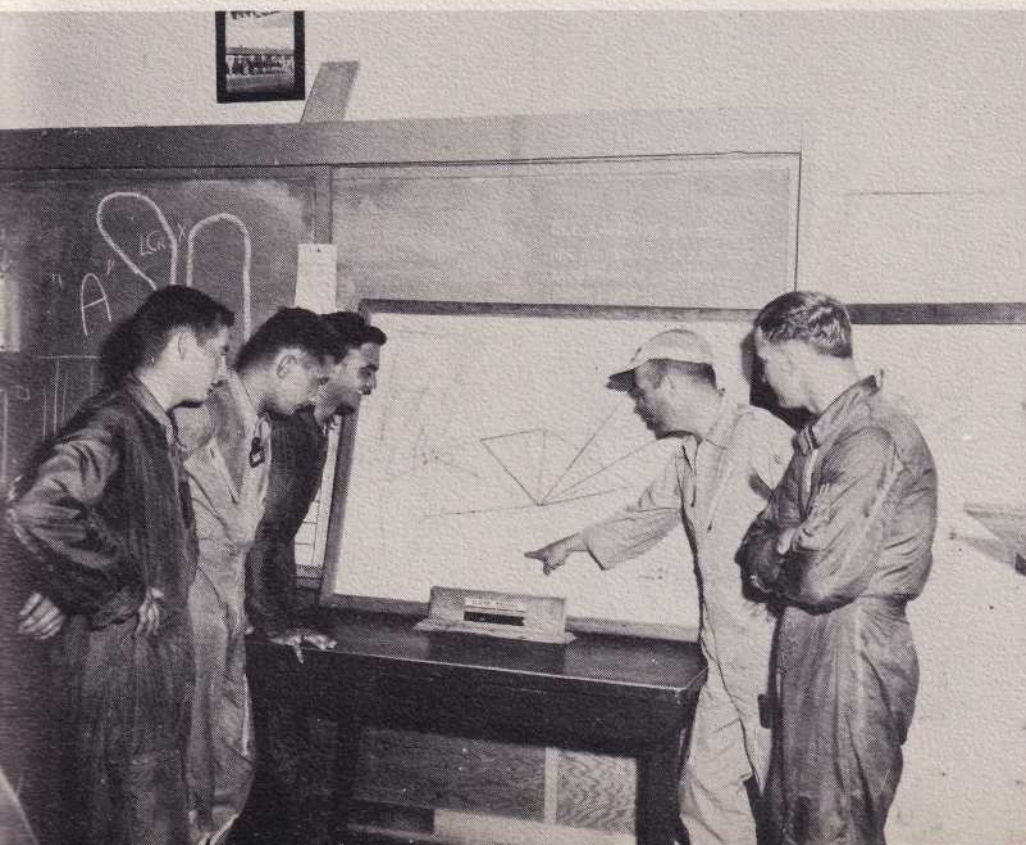
Per Bakke



Capt. Roy J. Terry



Peter MacWilliams



George J. Morris, Jr.





Lt. James O. Spicer



2nd Lt. Walter J. McCarthy



Miles C. Durfey



George W. Best



Clifford E. Autrey







Joseph R. Shirley



William E. Leverett



Lt. Thomas B. Burttschell



Robert P. Taylor



Challen W. Irvine





Lt. John Cline



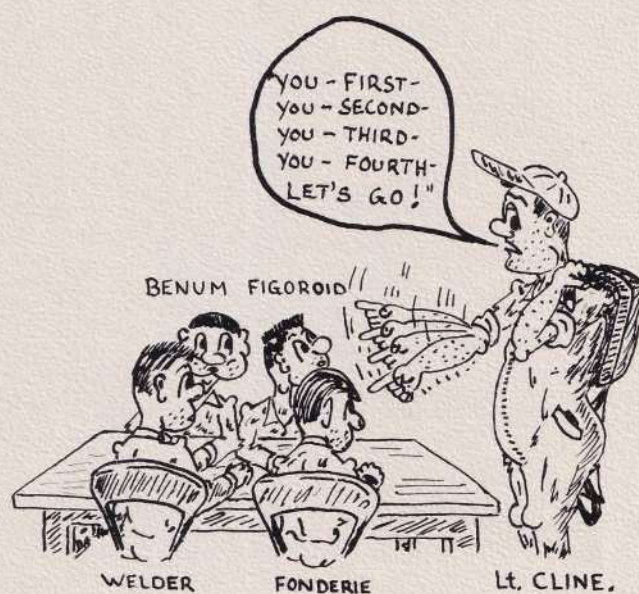
William D. Welder, Jr.



Frans H. Fonderie



Per E. Benum



Kenneth J. Figeroid







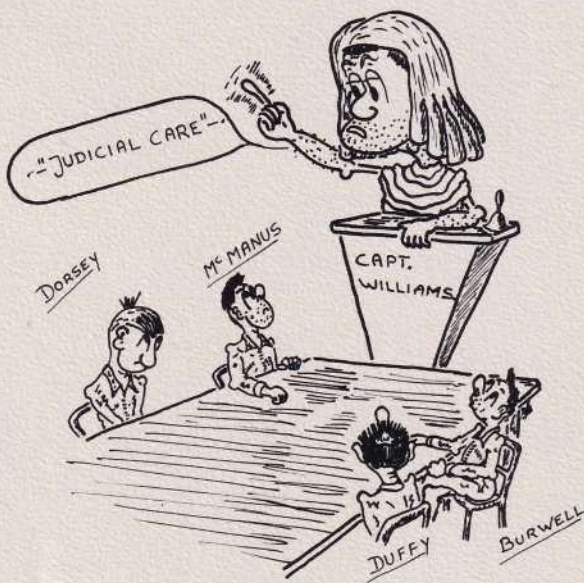
Thomas C. Dorsey



James M. McManus



Capt. Donald A. Williams



William E. Duffy, Jr.



Jack G. Burwell



BASE



LT. WILLIAM S. BUSCH  
Advisor



LT. THOMAS B. BURTTSCHELL  
Advisor

LEG



THORNTON D. McDONOUGH  
Editor



ROBERT P. TAYLOR  
Photo. Editor



FLOYD C. McLEAN  
Business Mgr.



JOSEPH R. SHIRLEY  
Advertising Mgr.



Left to right, front row: CHARLES T. AIKENS, Staff writer; DAVID B. LOVE-  
LAND, Advertising; THORNTON D. McDONOUGH, Editor; LEE B. H. MEE-  
HAN, Circulation; GERALD J. KACZKOWSKI, Circulation. Back row: FRED-  
ERIC AAE, Cartoonist; JOSEPH R. SHIRLEY, Advertising mgr.; JAMES W. Mc-  
MANUS, Staff writer; FLOYD C. McLEAN, Business, Mgr.; ROBERT P. TAY-  
LOR, Photographic editor; MILES C. DURFEY, Circulation. Not shown: ROBERT  
L. ROBINSON, Typist; JACK S. HAMILTON, Typist; CLIFFORD D. EWERS,  
Photography.



# GROUP STAFF



*Left to right, seated: JACK S. HAMILTON, Group Adjutant; KYLE C. ELLER, Group Commander; GERALD J. KACZKOWSKI, Group Supply Officer. Standing: ALBERT W. MORGAN, Commander, Sq. "A"; FRANS H. FONDERIE, Group Liaison Officer; MILES C. DUFHEY, Commander, Sq. "B."*





# OUR CANDID CLASS HISTORY



Why fall out at attention ???



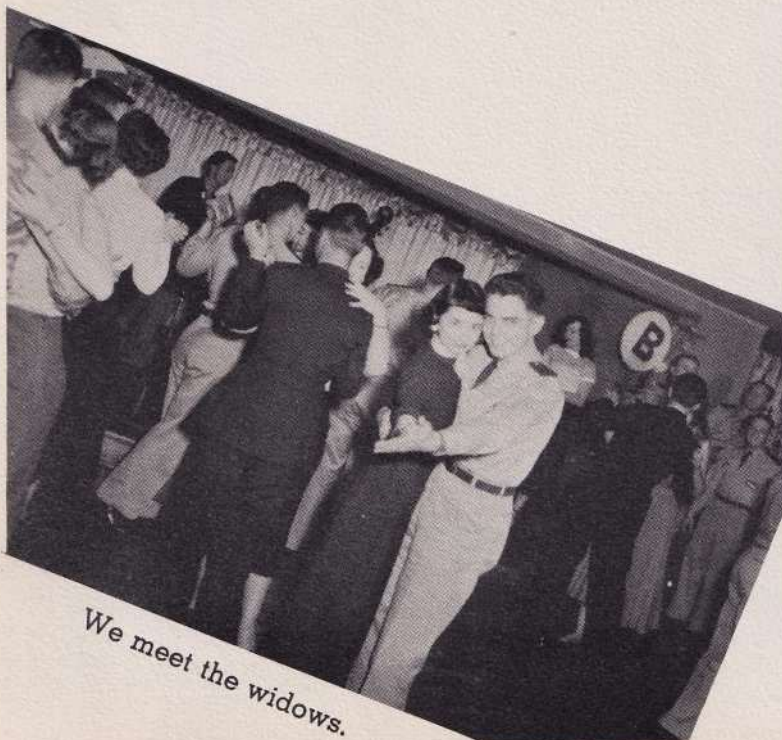
Why fall out at attention !!!



Sir, A/C ... Mister, uhh!  
Reports .....



THE FIRST MILITARY LETTER!

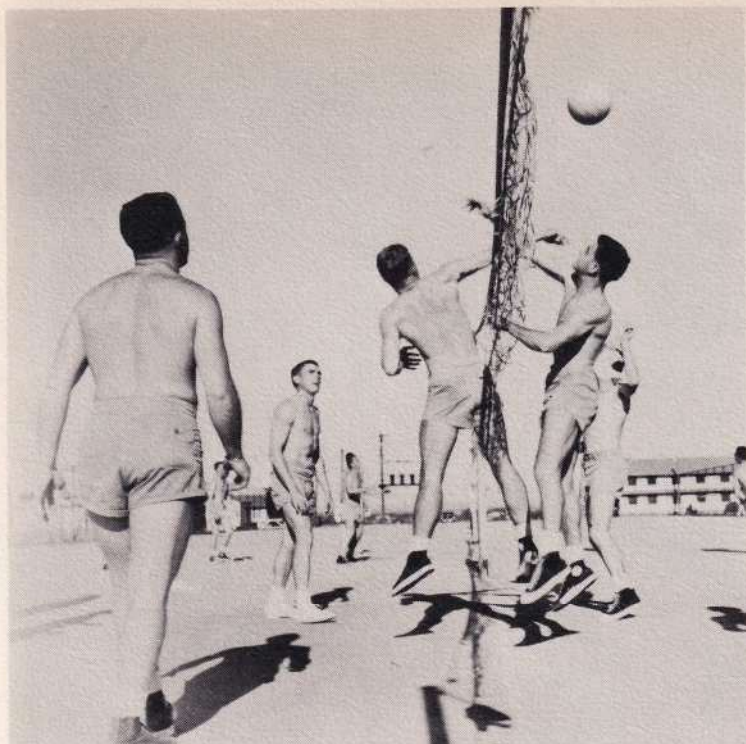


We meet the widows.

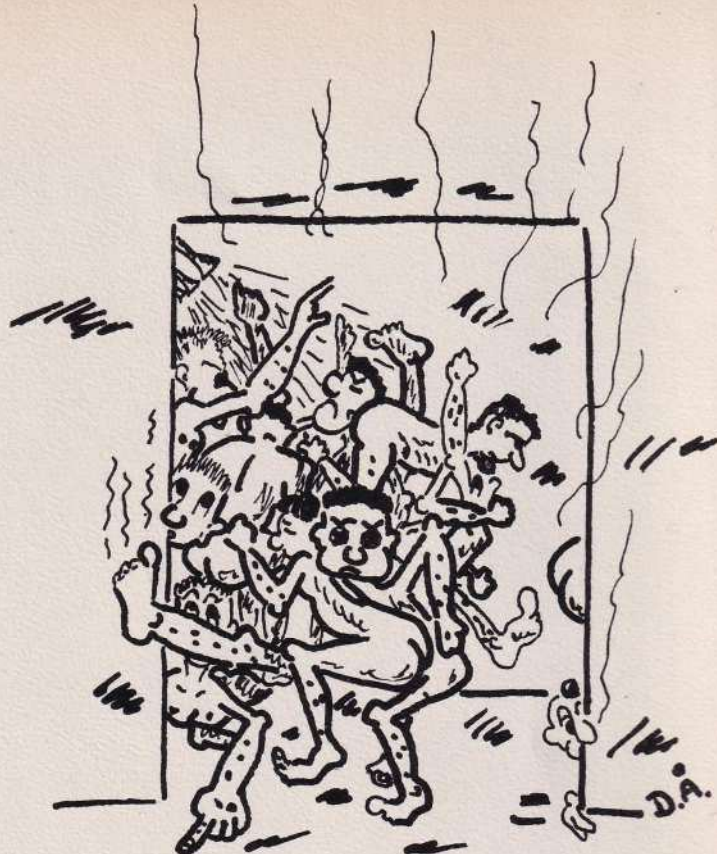


First "tea" in four weeks.

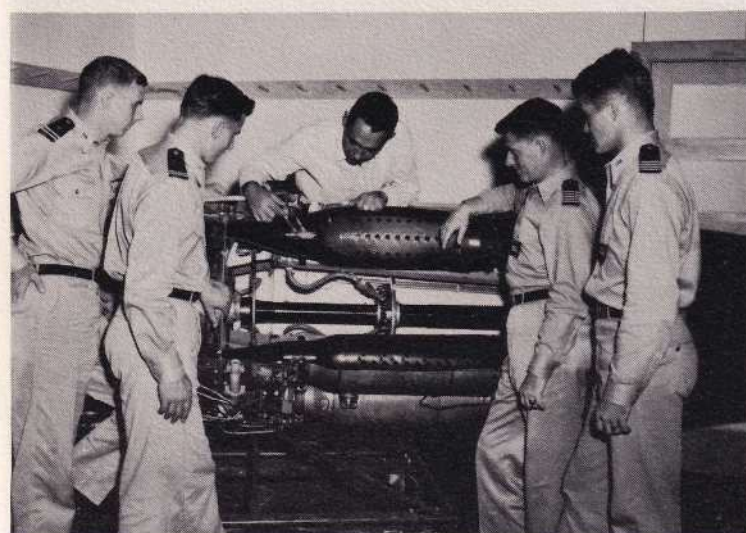




Free play free for all



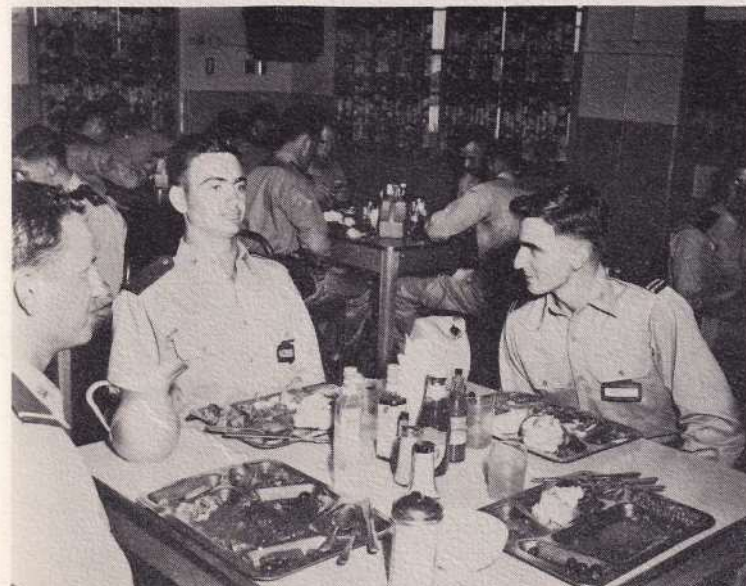
P.T. SHOWER!



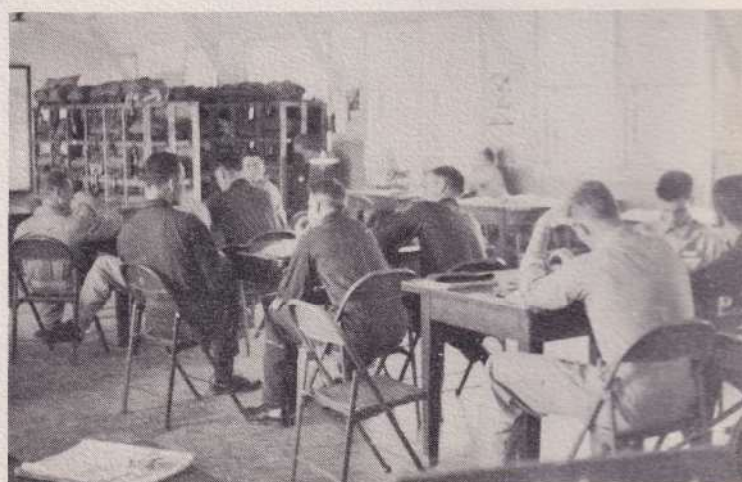
Got a light, mister?



Bring 'em in



Gentlemen, the beverages are!!

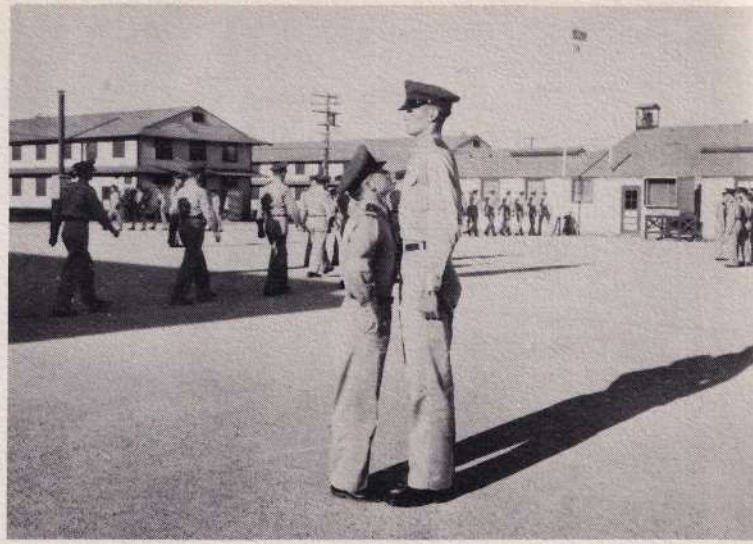


Pre-solo solitaire





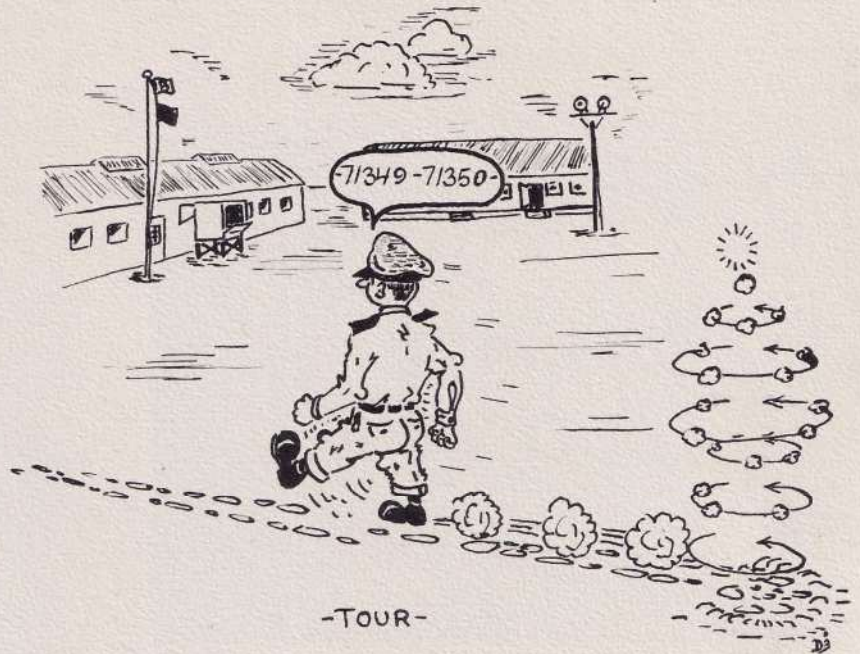
Head up and locked



Mister is your hat bill dusty?



Forgot to bring paper sack

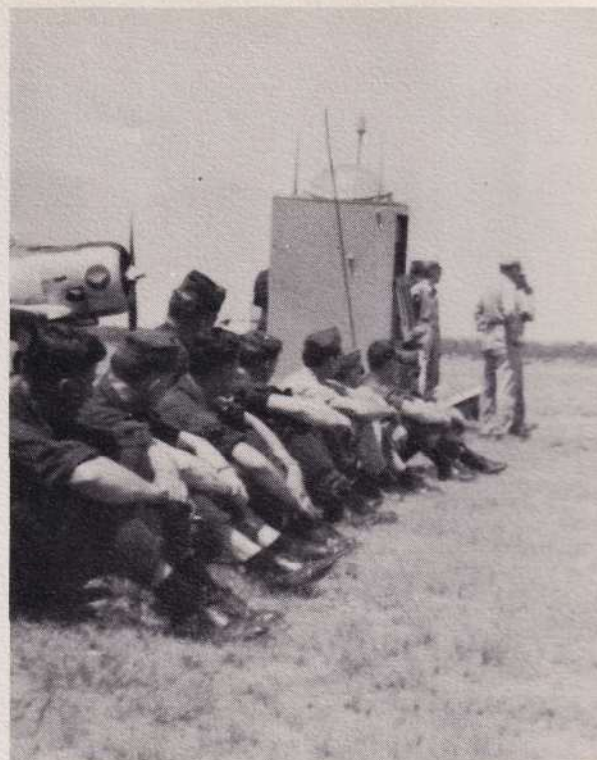
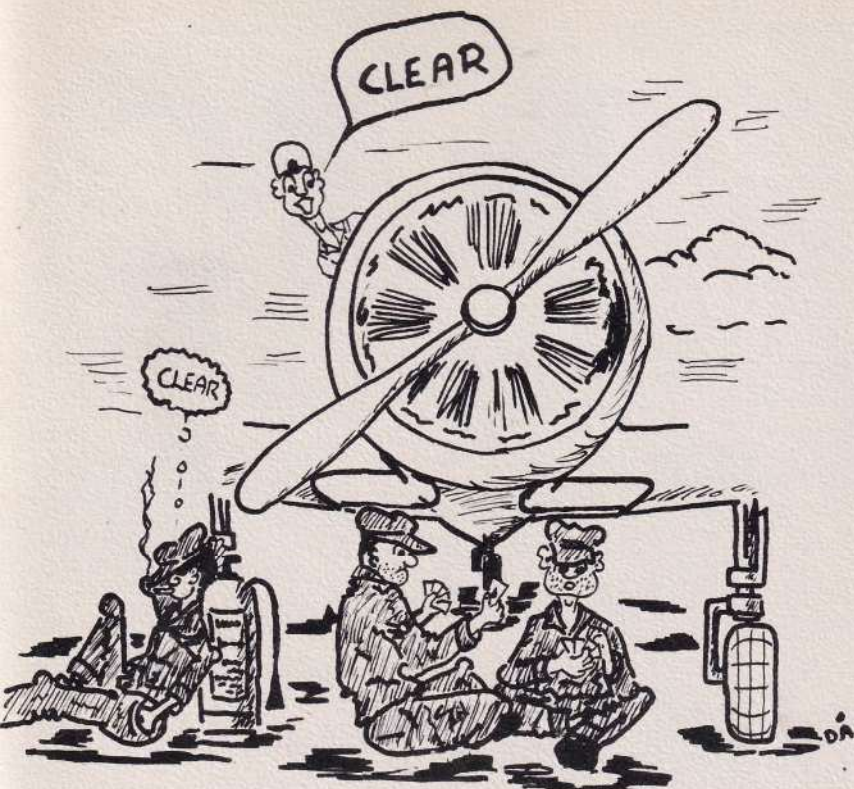


"Switches on"



Today I am solo zoom zoom





Turning base gear green.



French shower



Exercise extreme caution, solo aircraft in pattern.



Hot pilot at saturation.





Dayton U.'s contribution to the program



**FIRE DRILL!**



Last call, row 42



"Finally made it"

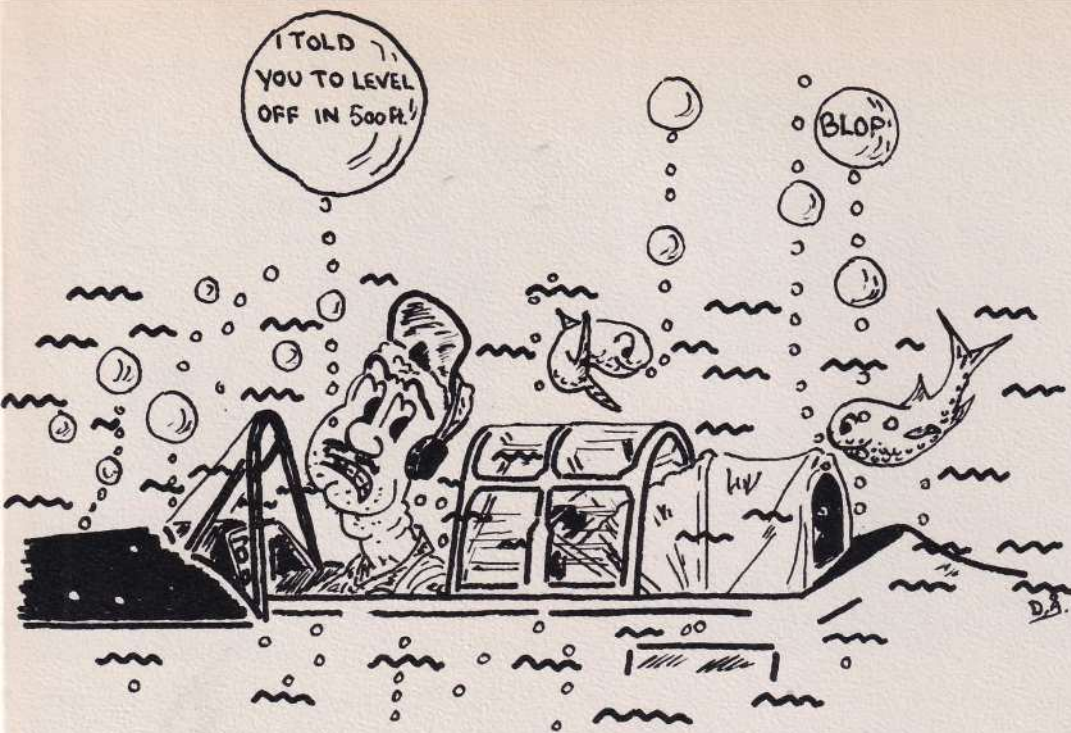


First overnight, true course 175 degrees



Studying B. F. memos

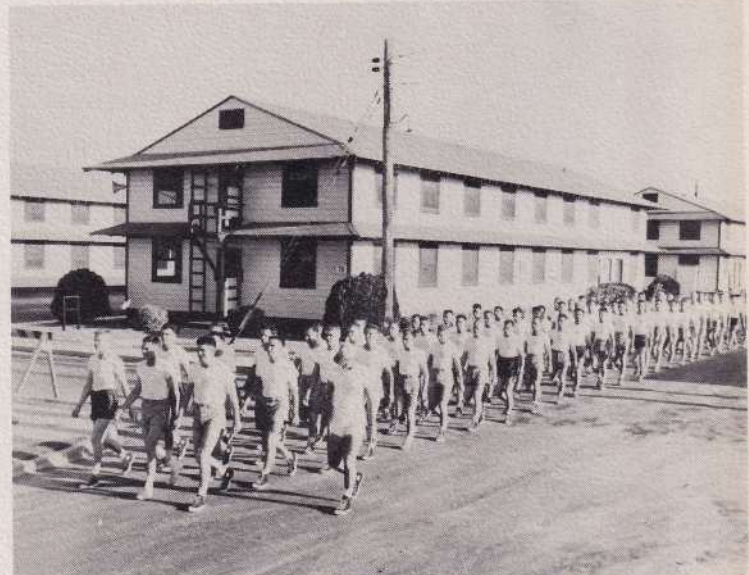




Flashing landing light on base means what?



Tigers pose for formal



"Double time haaarch"

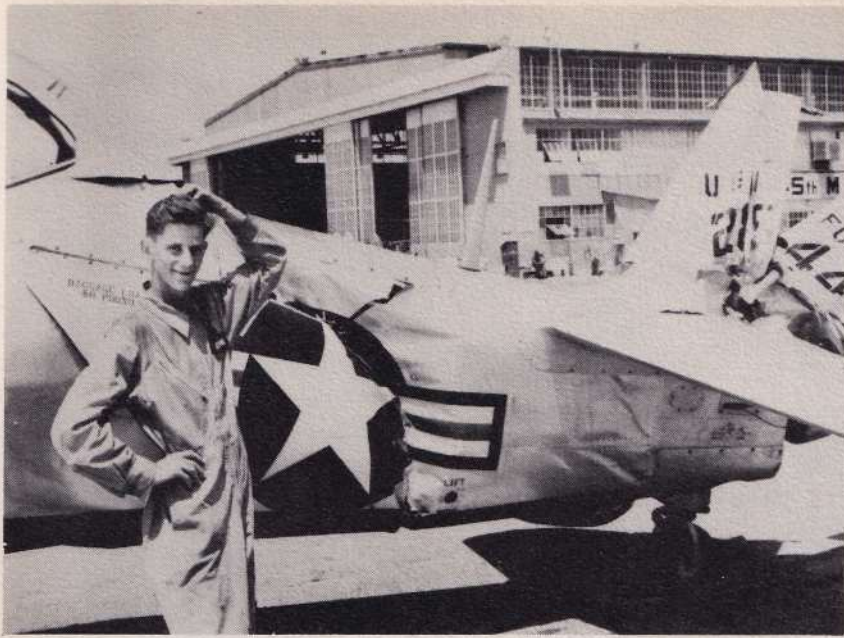


Blind rat race



Midterm recap.

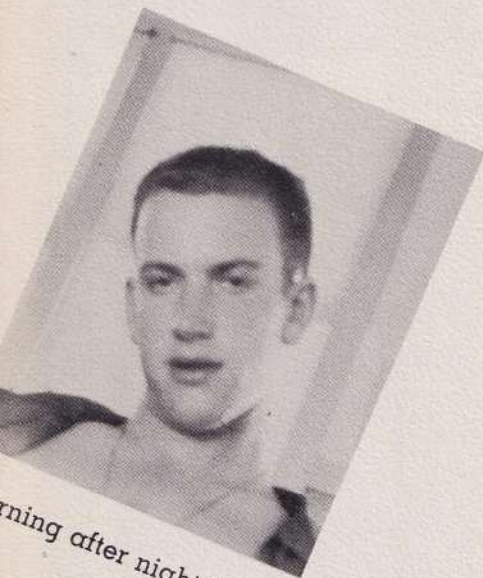




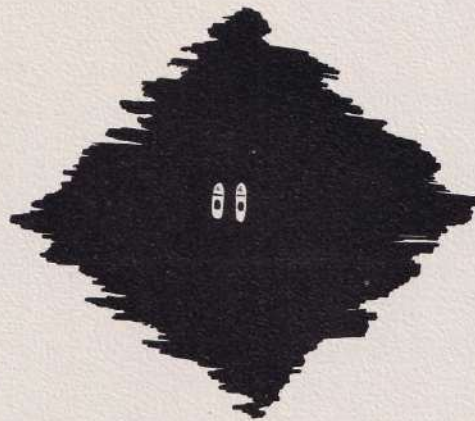
Rugged after landing check!



Red snake prepares for night flying.



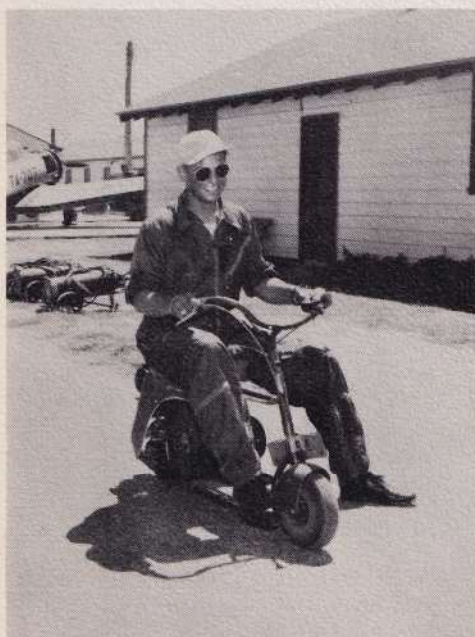
urning after night local.



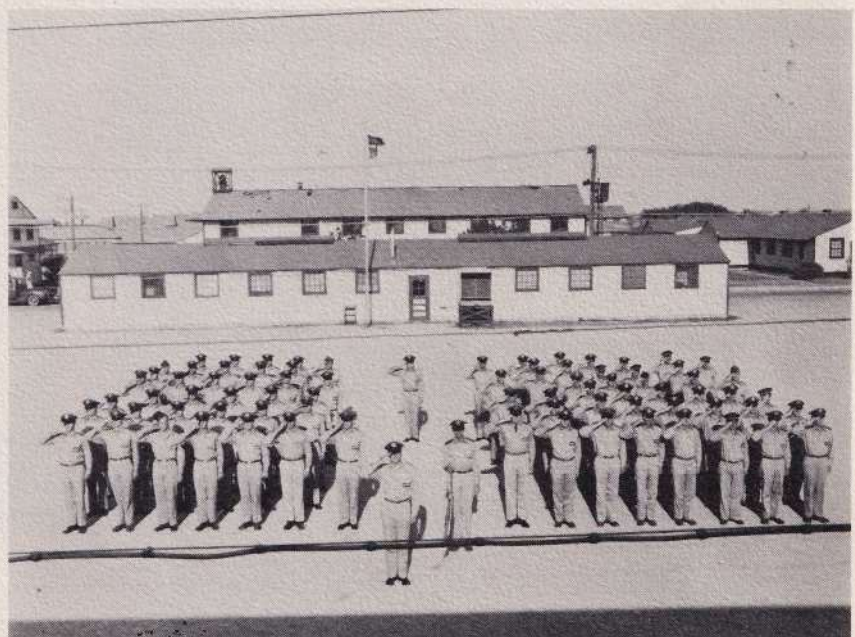
FLY BY NITE!



6'2" for multis



"No. 1, ready to go!!"



Squadron of the week.

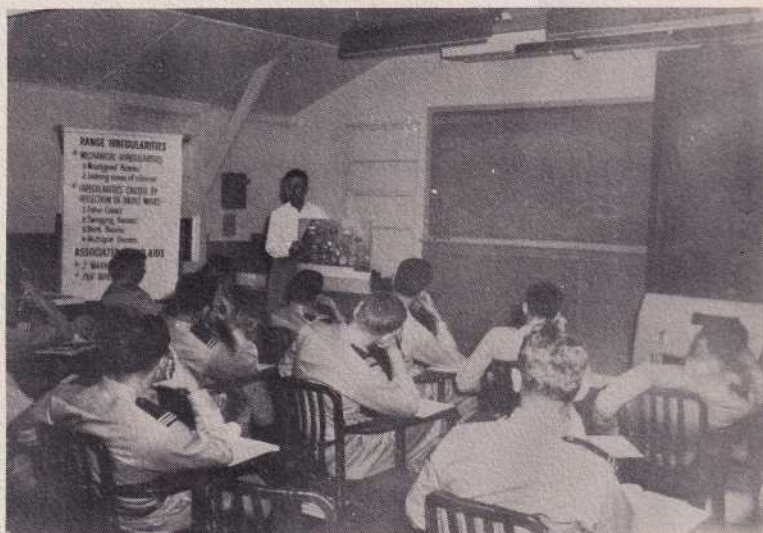




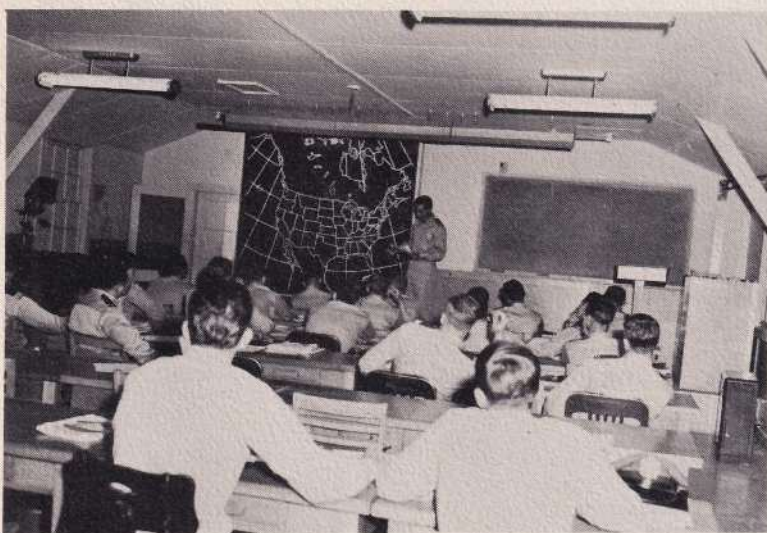
Some say the "G" settles like a rock, ask Hahn.



Dual map reading ride



"Will you go along with me?"



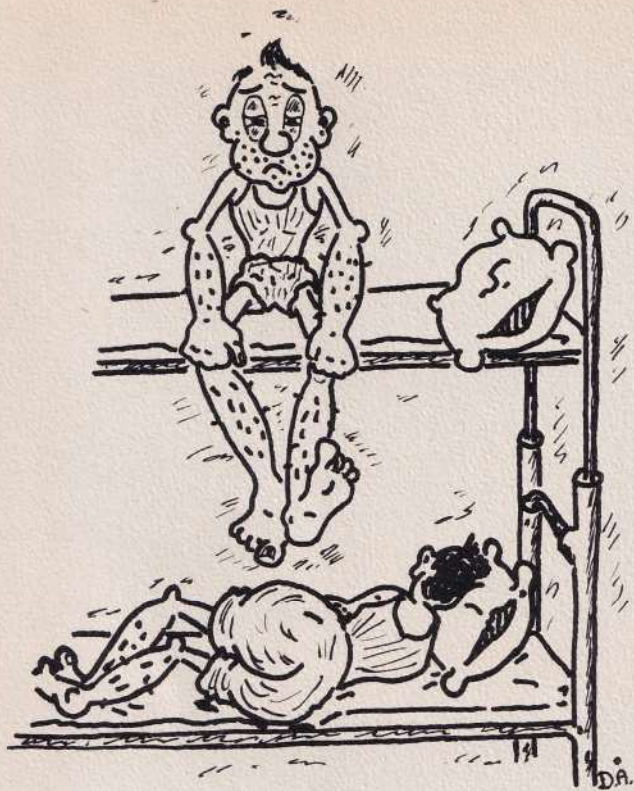
Ho, Ho, Ho, front probably won't reach San Angelo



73-B cadet arrives

Remember when "Everybody cheered a white flag on Monday morning, lay awake at night with anxious anticipation of an instrument ride the next afternoon?"





0520 MONDAY MORNING!



Checking "Airman Ezell's" arithmetic



Bonzo



Creating Monday's turbulence



Hill's Follies!



"Party"



Can you beat San Angelo?



Our gal  
Miss Ann Neely  
Cadet Club Hostess



# 53-B CLASS ROSTER

NAME	ADDRESS
Charles T. "Tom" Aikens, II	c/o Centre Daily Times, State College, Pa.
Jens P. "Andy" Anderson	Kiappane 7, Kristiansand 5, Norway
Charles I. "Alex" Alexander	6255 Northwood Road, Dallas, Tex.
Clifford E. "Gene" Autrey	Hampton, Ark.
Per "Mexico" Bakke	Vaalegaten 5, Tonsberg, Norway
Per "Cunya" Benum	Heggegard, Steinkjer, Norway
George "War Story" Best	Glenridge Road, Scotia 2, N. Y.
Jean J. "Jelly Bean" Boye	40 Rue Leydet, Aix-en-Provence, France
Andre J. "H. P." Brigot	10 Rue du Pere Adam, Chateaurior Indre, France
Jack G. "Lover" Burwell	24424 New York, Dearborn, Mich.
Jacques A. "Rapid" Castinel	Rue Ernest-Renan, Rochefort Mer, France
Henri A. J. "Snake Bite" DeWandeleer	17 Rue Charles Debuck, Bruxelles, Belgium
Thomas C. "Cat Man" Dorsey	23 Tanglewood Drive, Urbana, Ohio
William E. "Duffer" Duffey, Jr.	41 Vincent St., Dayton, Ohio
Miles C. "Blue Duck" Durfey	1640 Woodrow Drive, Springfield, Ohio
Kyle C. "Pear-shape" Eller, Jr.	Brookdale, Statesville, N. C.
Clifford D. "Cliff" Ewers	5726 Wyatt Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Kenneth J. "Tiger" Figeroid	4814 Melrose Ave., Oakland, Calif.
Frans H. "Follow Me" Fonderie	Hanswijk St., Boortmeerbeck, Belgium
Walter J. "Multi" Ghiorisi	1834 59th St., Brooklyn 4, N. Y.
Merle "No. 8" Hahn	Preston, Minn.
John S. "Blackjack" Hamilton	814 W. 12th Street, Silver City, New Mexico
Billy A. "Hotrod" Heasley	Rt. 4, Box 252, Little Rock, Ark.
James N. "Moose" Heggarty	69 Fresno Ave., Paso Robles, Calif.
Paul A. "Henkie" Henkel	2011 30th St., Great Bend, Kans.
Richard C. "Hep" Hepworth	1407 S. Lewis, Tulsa, Okla.
Sidney G. "Sid" Hoskins	840 Race St., Denver, Colo.
Challen W. "Bruce" Irvine	Shore Road, Sea Robin Harbor, Old Greenwich, Conn.
Jerald J. "Kaz" Kaczkowski	15817 South Saint Louis Ave., Harvey, Ill.
William E. "Liver-lips" Leverett	Box 323, Havana, Florida
David B. "Position Report" Loveland	2952 Bolton Road, Cleveland Heights, Ohio
Peter "Old Woman" MacWilliam	Riomar, Vero Beach, Fla.
Thornton D. "T" McDonough	403 Longbeach Pky., Bay Village, Ohio
James M. "Windex" McManus	101 Church St., Red Springs, N. C.
Floyd C. "Bear-tracks" McLean, Jr.	West Boulevard, Laurinburg, N. C.
Lee B. H. "Art" Meehan	125 W. Pine Ave., Wildwood, N. J.
Albert W. "Al" Morgan	1014 S. 9th St., Salina, Kans.
George J. "Jeff" Morris, Jr.	Flat Creek, Ala.
Daniel J. "Mailman" Mourey	3323 Winter St., Fort Wayne 5, Ind.
Carmen S. "Jet-pilot" Phillips	Blytheville, Mo.
Robert L. "Baby" Pujol	62 Boulevard Carnot, Toulouse, France
Robert L. "Sleepy" Robinson, Jr.	612 Spruce St., Tarkio, Mo.
Joseph R. "Red-snake" Shirley	609 N. Benton Way, Los Angeles 26, Calif.
Robert P. "Poops" Taylor	Box 256, Whitewood, S. Dak.
Jean F. "Little Mouth" Watteau	Parc de Marnes la Coquette, Seine et Oise, France
William D. "Dunc" Welder	916 S. Virginia, La Porte, Tex.
Ronald F. "Waste-gate" Wingate	816 Lebanon St., Aurora, Ill.

## STUDENT OFFICERS

Quintin H. "Quint" Evans	1020 W. St., Sacramento, Calif.
Walter J. "Little General" McCarthy	Hollywood, Florida

During our training at Goodfellow many of our early instructors were reassigned. We were sorry to see them leave. They shall never be forgotten.

Captain Jean Dereberry	Lieutenant Billy O. Brink
Captain Ira K. Morfon	Lieutenant Oran E. Hine
Captain McCoy E. Palmer	Lieutenant Henry E. Komodowski
Captain Charles A. Simpson	Lieutenant Ralph P. Macy
Captain Charles L. Winterberger	Lieutenant Richard L. Petersen
Captain Harold A. Wyatt	Lieutenant Clarence L. Shivers
Lieutenant Joseph W. Allen	Lieutenant Keith R. Stemen
Lieutenant Norman M. Atkin	

As this book goes to press we welcome these instructors who have just recently arrived, and have guided us through our graduation exercise:

Lieutenant Roy E. Fromm	Lieutenant Julius W. Szeniето
Lieutenant Burton A. Smith	Lieutenant Jack H. Williams



*Pinkie's*  
LIQUOR STORES

"SERVING  
WEST TEXAS"

Best Wishes to 53-B



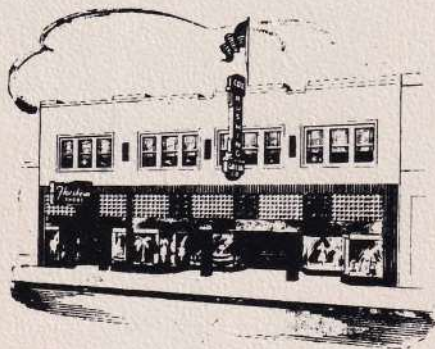
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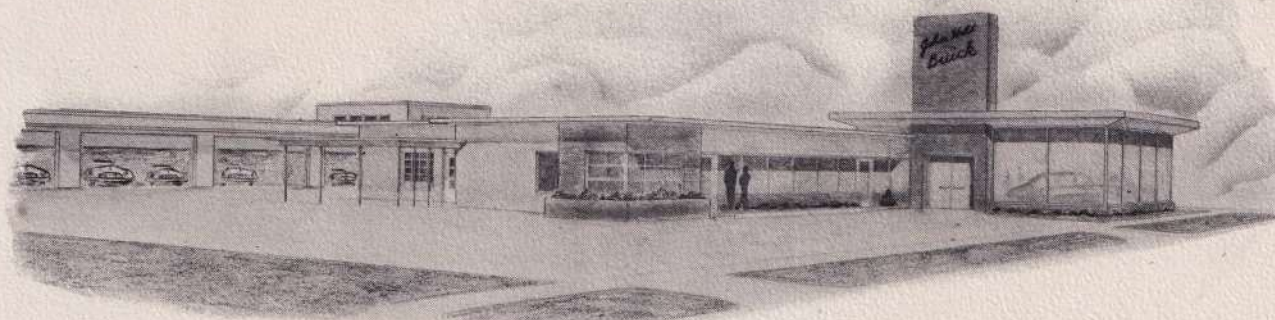


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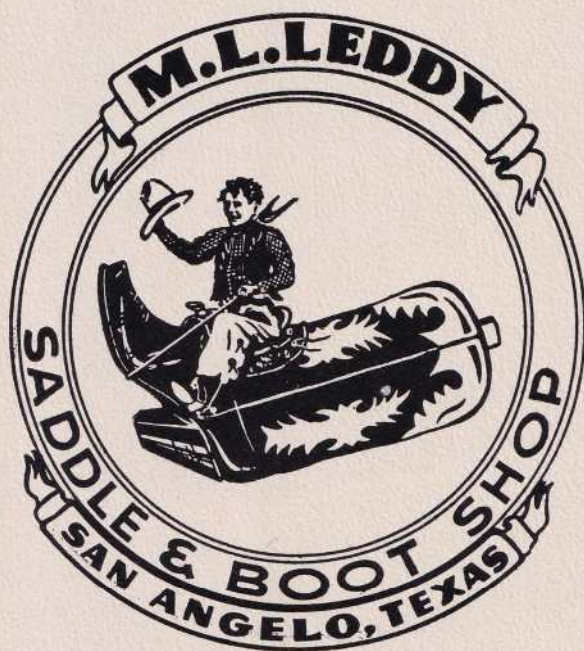
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to  
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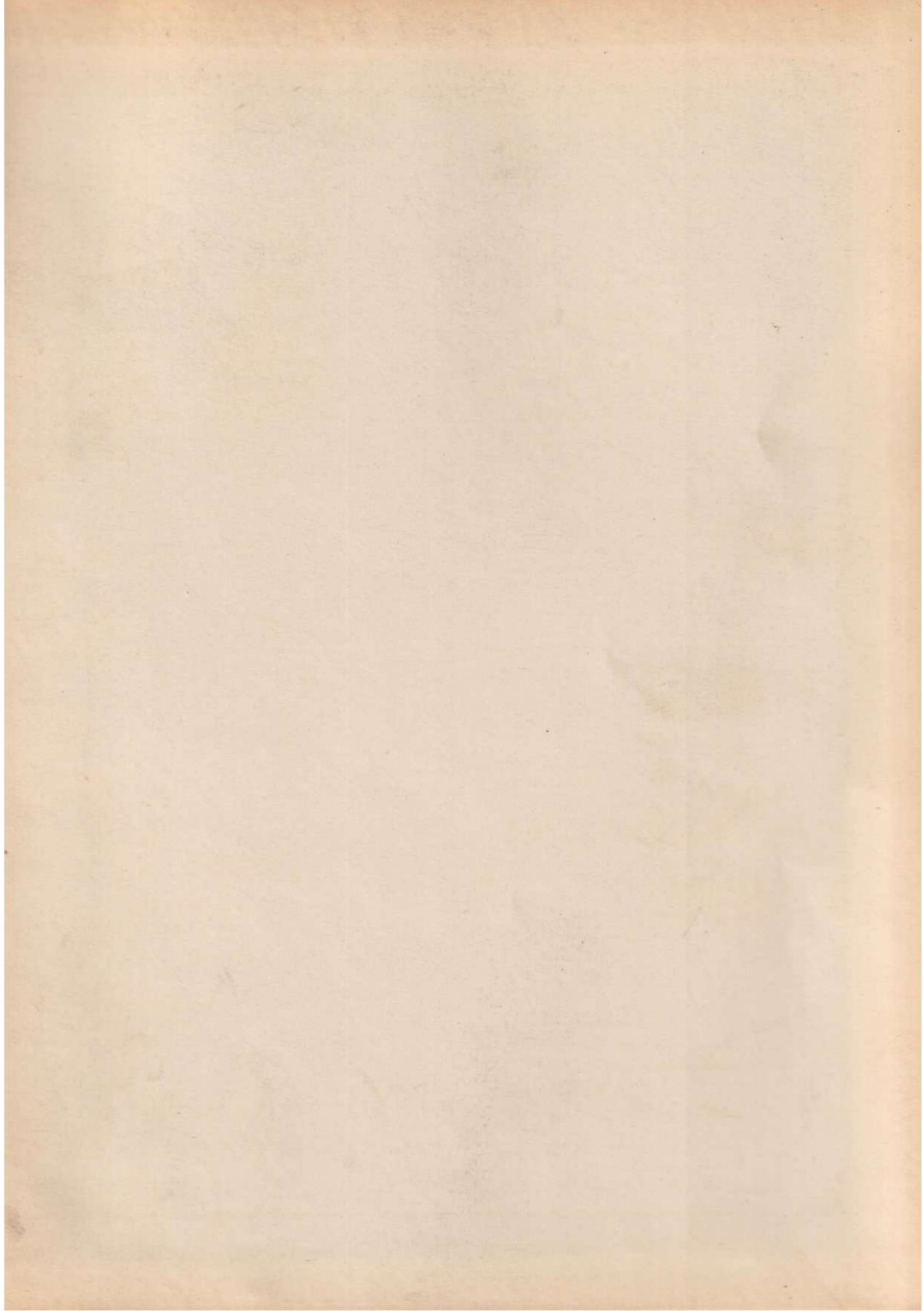
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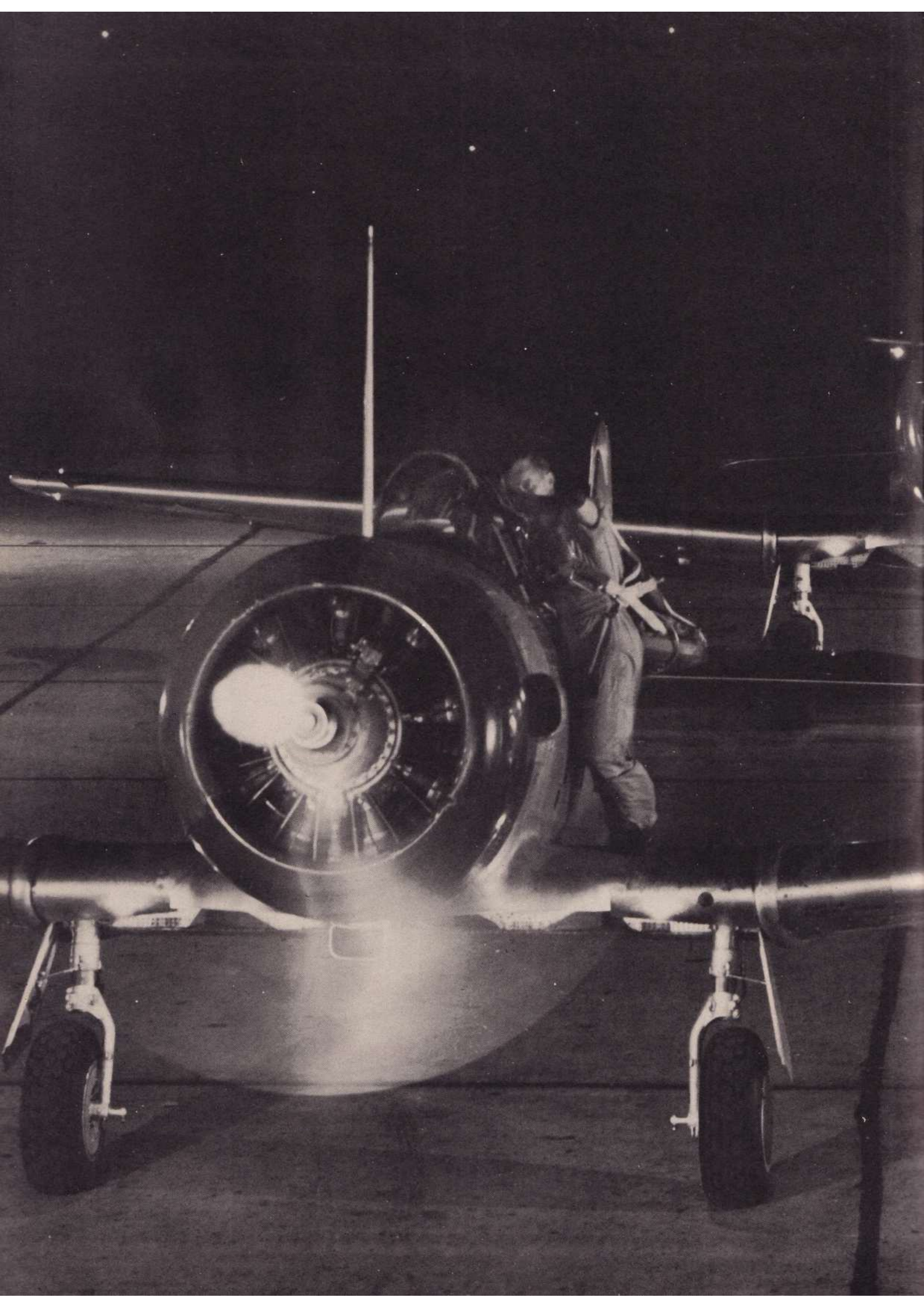
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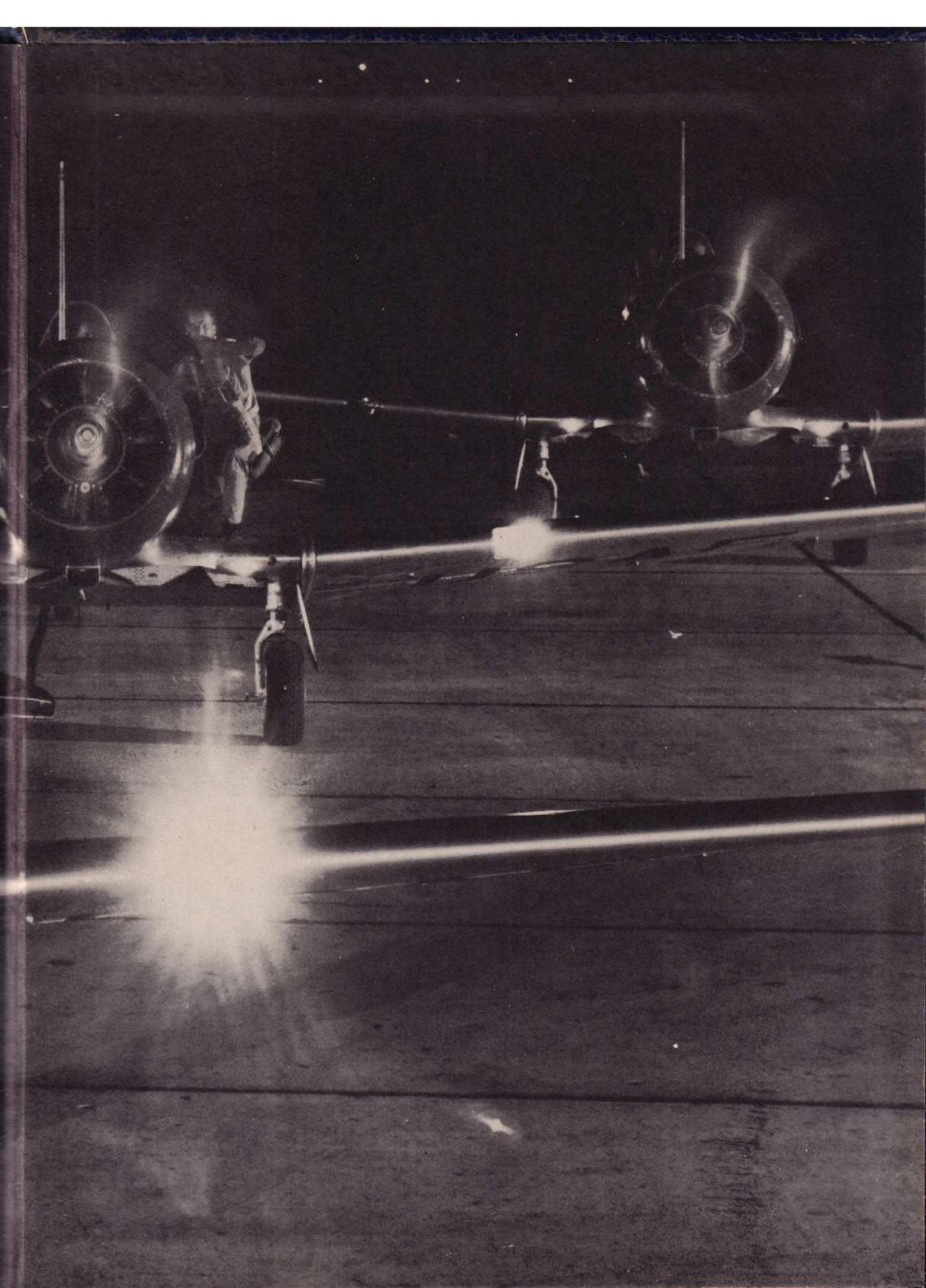














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