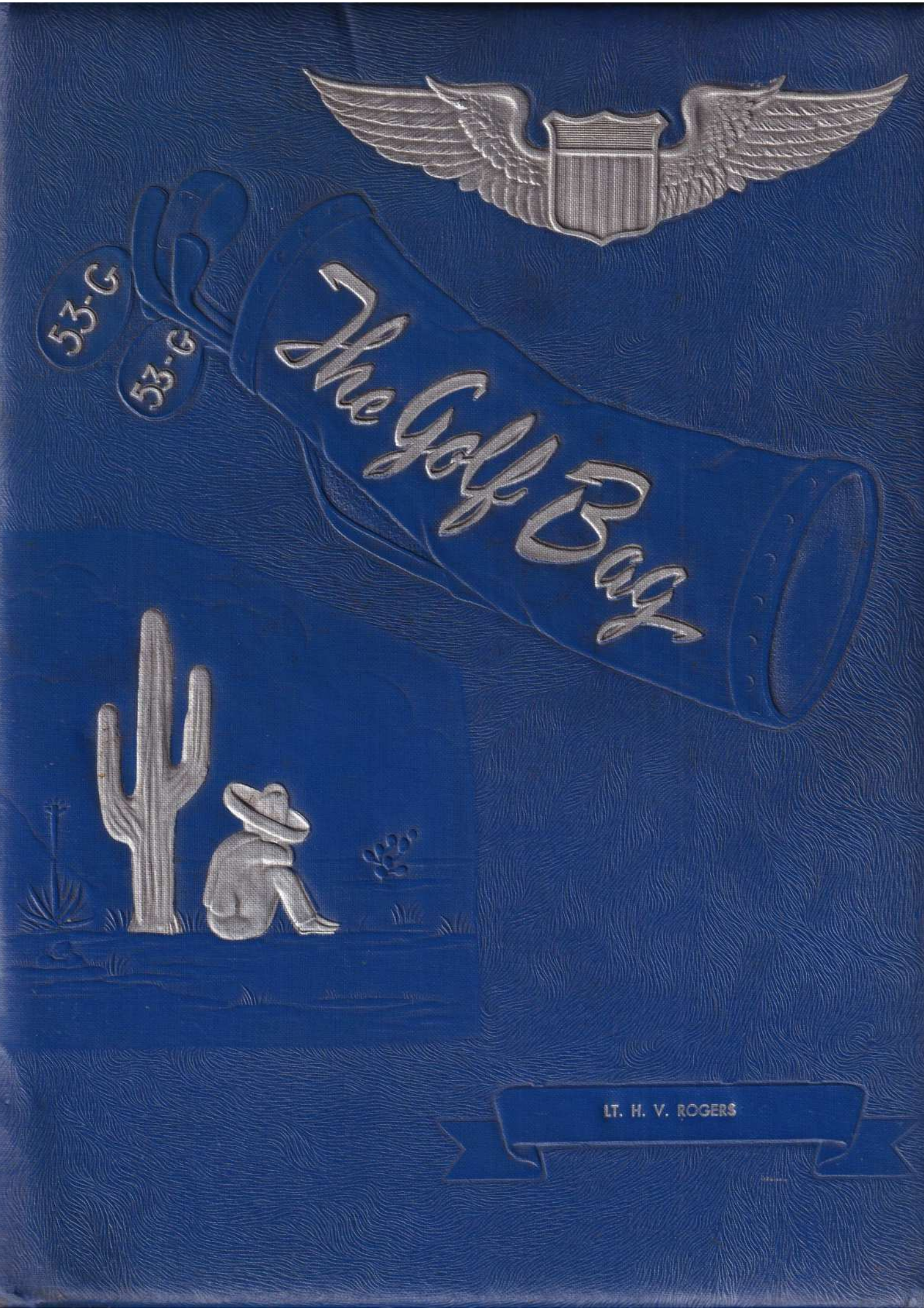
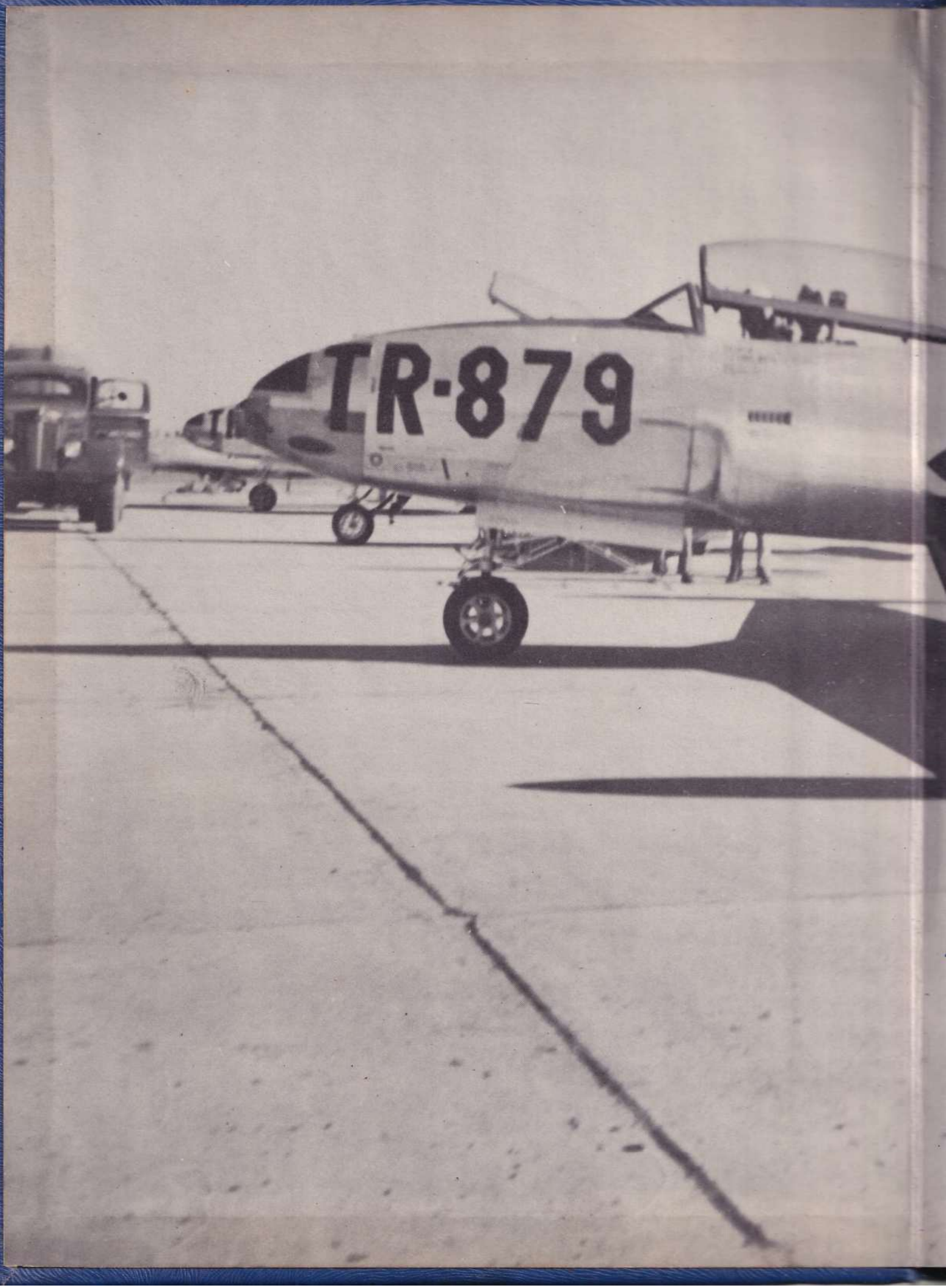

53-G
53-G
The Golf Bag
LT. H. V. ROGERS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U.S. AIR FO
16879

Class 53-G
Laredo Air Force Base
Laredo, Texas
Presents

The Summation of 13 Months

of concentrated training

Flying, Academic & Military

from

6 October 1952

to

2 November 1953

LOCKHEED T-33A

NORTH AMERICAN T-28A

THE GOLFBAG was made possible through the combined efforts of many people. The staff put the book together, it is true, but without the willing co-operation of the flight commanders and instructors, the academic personnel, the military officers, and above all, the rest of the students of 53-G, the book would not be what it is now.

Special thanks are due to Staff Sergeant George Koluncich and his assistant who beat a path around the base taking pictures. Almost $900.00 worth of ads were sold by Bill Ayers, "Pee Wee" Edlund, John Kennelly, "Dunc" McDonald, Chuck Naginey, Jim Norwood, and Bob Snook, who heard enough sad tales about big business going bankrupt on classbook advertising to keep the Chaplain busy for a week. Will Haddon, Bruce Bailey and Chuck Metz drew more than forty original sketches and cartoons. Knowing something about babies already, Bob Snook did an excellent job with the baby pictures. Chuck Naginey, with the help of "Stu" Munson, laid out the entire "C" Flight Section; Bill Ayers and Duncan McDonald compiled "F" Flight's pages, and "Pee Wee" Edlund and John Kennelly edited "B" Flight.

All of us on the staff want to take this opportunity to wish you long life, good flying and every success in all you undertake and we hope that in the ensuing years you will be as proud of your classbook as are we who made it.

WILL HADDON, CHUCK NAGINEY, JOHN KENNELLY, LeROY EDLUND, DUNC McDONALD, BILL AYERS, BRUCE BAILEY.

MICHAEL, JEAN AND ROBBIE

FIRST LIEUTENANT ROBERT J. JAMES
Class Commander

In memory of Bob, who made his final flight on 12 October, 1953. Of him it could truly be said, he was an officer and a gentleman. He carried out his duties with fairness and understanding and there was no one better liked by all than Bob. Our reminiscences of 53-G will always be sadder for his passing, but he left us himself and if we can but emulate him, we shall be the finest officers the Air Force has.

AVIATION CADET DALE L. BARTUSEK

In memory of Dale, who made his final flight on 27 October 1953. In Dale we found examplified all the qualities and attributes toward which we all aspire. His contributions to Class 53-G, and moreover to his country, will always remain an inspiration to all who knew him.

COLONEL WELDON M. JAMES
Commanding Officer
Laredo Air Force Base

HEADQUARTERS
3640th Pilot Training Wing (Bsc SE)
Laredo Air Force Base, Texas

2 November 1953

TO THE CLASS OF 53-G

You, the graduates of class 53-G, have come to the end of a year's formal training. You have gone through a long and exhausting program; you have absorbed a vast fund of technical knowledge; you have, in the process of becoming officers and pilots, matured in attitude and developed a new concept of cooperation and brotherhood. Above all - and necessarily, I think - you have acquired a sense of belonging and pride in organization that transcends the individual backgrounds from which you came and the particular motives that prompted your enlistment. This will prove of value to you personally, to the Air Force, and to the nation as a whole.

So this day is, for many of you, a day of sober reflection, of some sadness, and of interrupted associations; it is a major point in your life at which memories begin. To you, on this occasion, I can only convey congratulations on a job well-done. On the eve of your new assignments I wish you Godspeed, good flying, and highest regards and hopes for the best of luck.

W. M. James

W. M. JAMES
Colonel, USAF
Commander

COLONEL FRANKLIN H. SCOTT
Commanding Officer
3641st Pilot Training Group

HEADQUARTERS
3640th PILOT TRAINING GROUP (Bsc SE)
LAREDO AIR FORCE BASE
Laredo, Texas

2 November, 1953

Class 53-G:

May I extend my congratulations on the completion of your training. You are now a welcome addition to the world's greatest Air Force and should be proud of your achievement. The Wings which you have been awarded are a distinction you have well earned. Wear them as a symbol of a job well done.

From here on, your future and the Air Force's future depend on your conscientious, practical application of the lessons learned in your intensive training.

Franklin H. Scott

FRANKLIN H. SCOTT
Lt. Colonel, USAF
Commanding

2 November, 1953

Laredo AFB, Texas

Dear President Eisenhower,

Yes, sir, I fly jets (in Texas) when I'm not moving my gear, making my bed, dusting my room, rearranging rocks, taking driving lessons for traffic violations, watering the grass, checking light bulbs, building fences, painting latrines, playing errand boy to runway control and selling Cadillac tickets.

This all started when I arrived at Laredo Air Force Base on 18 May, 1953, fresh out of the T-6. Bad luck plagued us from the very outset of the adventure. It rained...for the first time in two months... and an upperclassman bought some real estate off the end of 17 left.

We received the first of what proved to be many room assignments, dumped our gear, and were promptly inspected and reproached for being disorderly, took a tour of the base with our eyes straight to the front, and returned to find our room assignments had been changed.

The student officers, as usual, were more fortunate. They were issued an old metal Army cot with some sheets and told to find a place to put it in a BOQ that was already full. With much tact, they managed to convince the occupants that a room made for one would easily hold three.

MILITARY INDOCTRINATION

Next, of course, was orientation. We had half an hour to tell the military section of our plans and purposes, and then spent the next three days memorizing their plans, their purposes, and their policies while filling out DD and AF forms 1 through infinity, of all sizes, shapes, and colors. We were introduced to many important officers at the base theater — as they passed through on their way to the PX.

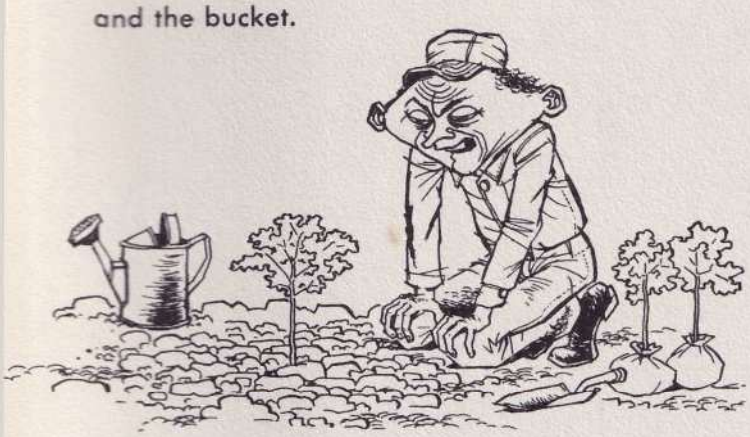
YOU MEN EITHER SHAPE UP OR SHIP OUT!

MAJOR JOE H. KEITH
Student Squadron Commander

MAJOR DAVID P. WORKS
Director of Military Training

It was about Wednesday that ground safety escorted us to the line. The first thing we learned was to assume the position of a soldier at attention while shouting same above the din of as many falling chairs as we could get. Once we had learned this to the satisfaction of the flight commander, the student officers were introduced to the complicated game of dis-

patching, played with a red and blue pencil and 40 sheets of paper on which to keep numbers, while the cadets were reintroduced to the broom, the mop, and the bucket.



At the same time we learned that the grounds and buildings were in desperate need of repair, so our primary AFSC was changed to gardener and painter.

What's wrong with this healthy sand and rocks?

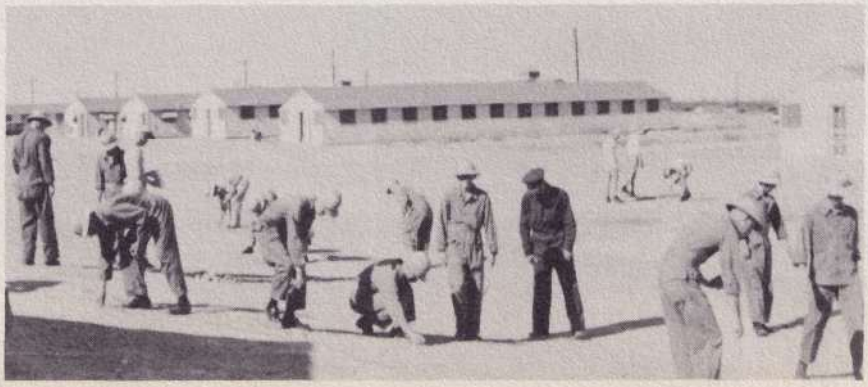
Once we had all become properly orientated to the program, we immediately became hopelessly lost in the following rut, replete with plenty of sack time, recreation time, and free time:

CADETS	
Reveille formation	0258-0304
Clean rooms	0305-0310
Breakfast formation to mess hall	0311-0326
Return to barracks and march back to mess hall (Formation was sloppy)	0327-0357
Stand in chow line	0358-0435
Eat breakfast	0436-0438
March back to barracks	0439-0453
Dust rooms	0454-0500
Police cadet area, i. e. Pick up rocks	0501-0600
Dust rooms	0601-0604
March to academics	0605-0619
Doubletime to barracks and march back to academics (talking in ranks)	0620-0644

STUDENT OFFICERS

0300 Just getting back from Mexico

0301-0700 Fall in sack with all of clothes on and sleep



CADETS		STUDENT OFFICERS	
Academic training (3 hours of sleep with two 10 minute breaks)	0645-0935	0701-0702	Get up, already 15 minutes late to academics; get out of civvies, put on uniform, to hell with shave
		0703	Report to academics 18 minutes late
		0704-0830	Academic training (2 hours of sleep, no 10 minute break)
		0831-0900	Breakfast at PX
		0901-0935	Too late for last period of academics; cash check at officers club for tonight
Return to barracks and dust room	0936-0950	0936-1224	Siesta
Check mail (mail room not open till 1000)	0951-0953		
Doubletime to PT	0954-1001		

Doubletime to barracks and back to PT field (formation reported one minute late)	1002-1021		
15 minutes of planned recreation (pick up rocks in PT field)	1022-1112		
Return to barracks doubletime	1113-1120		
Dress and dust room (no shower; shower stall full)	1121-1124		
March to mess hall (it only took one try this time)	1125-1140		
Wait in chow line	1141-1205		
Eat if you can	1206-1208		
March back to barracks	1209-1223		
Change to flight clothes; dust room	1224-1227	1225-1226	Get up again, yawn
March to flight line	1228-1245	1227-1245	Talking way out of traffic ticket at Provost Marshall's office for speeding to chow hall

CADETS			STUDENT OFFICERS
Personal inspection	1246-1305	1246-1304	Eat
		1305	Report to flight line 20 minutes late
Short flightline briefing	1306-1500		Short flightline briefing
FLYING TRAINING	1501-1520		**FLYING TRAINING**
Clean flight shack, paint latrine, water grass, etc.	1521-1830	1521-1650	Log flying time on timesheet
		1651-1730	Unscramble flying time from time sheet and log in time book
		1731	Leave flightline one hour early
		1732	Outran AP in car to barracks
March back to barracks	1831-1848	1733-1930	More sleep
Dress, dust rooms	1849-1850		
March to mess hall	1851-1905		
Argue with mess hall supervisor (mess hall closed at 1900)	1906-1925	(1900)	Snoring loudly

Feel free to voice your complaints!

Eat	1926-1931	1931	Awakened by CQ with message that girl is calling long distance
Return to barracks	1932-1946	1932	"Tell her I'm not in."
Check mail (mail room closed 1945)	1947-1949	1933-2100	Rolls over and goes back to sleep
		2101-2115	Arises, finally shaves; showers with uniform on so can wear another week
GI party (rooms were dusty)	1950-2055	2116-2119	Decides it is too late to pick up clean civvies at laundry (laundry closed at 1800)
Meeting with TAC officer (morale is getting lower)	2056-2125		
Write military letter for being impertinent to TAC officer	2126-2136		
		2120-2125	Find laundry bag, dig out last night's clothes (the ones he slept in), put them back on
FREE TIME (get haircut; barber shop closed 1800. Go to PX; PX closed 1800. Pick up laundry; laundry closed 1800)	2137-2140	2126	Return to Mexico (senoritas don't care about last night's clothes)

CADETS		STUDENT OFFICERS	
Undress, shave, shower, shine	2141-2144	2127-2200	Getting roaring a — drunk
Lights out	2145		
Fall off to sleep mumbling emergency procedures	2146-0257	2201-2359	(CENSORED)
		2400-0001	Mad dash for Rio Grande to beat curfew (one minute late already)
		0002-0200	Talk AP at immigration out of being turned in for Article 15.
		0201-0259	Chug-a-lug coffee trying to sober up

The simple schedule was greatly alleviated by the ideal weather — hot and dry, 110 degrees every day and no rain. Cadets in the dust bowl searched current T/A's for authorization to support guests seeking shelter from the heat, i.e. cigar-box size tarantulas, lizards, snakes, ants, ground squirrels, and gila monsters (no mosquitos or flies yet — no water for reproduction).

The dry season, three and one half years of it, reached its peak when the Rio Grande finally gave up and ran dry for the first time in 100 years. This resulted in many "drybacks" and many 21-72-3's as the TAC section ran a contest with immigration officials to catch river crossers.

There was no water to drink, much less shower in, and Coca-Cola was not a very suitable substitute to brush one's teeth in. However, the ground became well fertilized because the toilets weren't operating either.

Moved again (the third time at least).

ROTC moved in for four weeks, bringing their own water all the way from Mississippi and evicting us from our hotels. They had a rigorous schedule... swimming, volleyball, tours of the base on the base bus, plus free rides in the T-28

"Yeah, I think they found a substitute for water."

"Is this ROTC?"

and the T-33, leaving behind a peculiar odor of yesterday's dinner in the plane for several days.

During the ROTC stay, a "beat the dust" campaign was inaugurated so we could see far enough to fly. We had to chop down the only trees (mesquite) and greenery in the area and then lacquered the whole place with tar. It beat the dust but the tar ended up in the barracks instead of on top of the dust. Sleeping was delightful; instead of a lungful of dust, it was like sleeping in an oil refinery.

We moved again.

The ROTC shipped out at last and we returned to our hotels, only now they looked like flop houses with scarred furniture, what there was left of it.

The official policy had been to keep the dust bowl absolutely full of cadets, with those that couldn't be squeezed in allowed to live in the hotels. Since the bowl was considered permanent, there was a great to-do about waxing everything that didn't move, while of course, there was much moving around to keep the bowl full. Once the furniture was waxed, the SOP was changed and the dust bowl emptied. The furniture was stored and all moved up to the hotels.

As Lt. Mattingly used to say, things were getting too simple; everyone might catch on to the setup, so at this time a cross-training program was arranged resulting in TAC officers becoming academic instructors and academic personnel moving down as TAC officers. Confusion reigned.

About this time, the new economy policy hit hard. FlyTAF decided that 60 cents wasn't quite enough to collect from rich officers for a steak dinner at the mess hall, so they promptely raised the price to 90 cents for stew and cold cuts. The gaunt look on the student officers' faces was due to the increase in food prices and not to the increase of business across the river.

Spirit of 53-G

CAPT. HENRY C. WALKER
Senior Military Training Instructor

Things were looking up, though, for the "future" officers. The plague lifted for two weeks when three TAC officers took this time for a rest cure after a trying time with the cadets. And at long last we moved into the jet phase of training, that is the first and third increments did; the second was just beginning to fly T-28's.

We moved again (lost count how many times) and the base locator had some of us living in three different rooms in as many buildings.

To our delight, 54-ABC finally arrived and, being underclassmen, immediately assumed all details which we had been doing for the past three months.

CAPT. ROBERT E. AUSTIN
Military Training Instructor

Next, 54-D moved onto the base but the cadets did not have to move this time — the class was all student officers, 80 of them. The great influx of officers and their additional revenue resulted in free beer at the officers club every month — one half hour one evening. Yet there was one definite drawback. The officers had to get up earlier in order to get a parking place at ground school.

When there was absolutely no one else among the cadet corps to run the organization, the TAC office had to turn to us, 53-G. It was rather "Odd" and quite a class distinction when the rank was passed out that a foreign cadet was selected as group commander

LT. STANLEY V. GUILD
Military Training Instructor

GROUP STAFF — **A/C MAJ. BARD, TO&E; A/C MAJ. GRAVIAZI, LIAISON; A/C MAJ. BROWN, SUPPLY; A/C LT. COL. SCHEEN, COMMANDER; A/C MAJ. HODGE, EXECUTIVE; A/C MAJ. HILL, ADJUTANT.**

for the first time in Laredo AFB cadet history, Odd Scheen of Norway. When we put on our "skunk" stripes; we were late to academics, to the line; reveille formation was spotty, and the breakfast formation mess count took a sudden drop, only partially due to the food.

A/C CAPT. McDONALD
Commanding Officer
First Class Squadron

HONOR COUNCIL — **A/C MOORE, A/C CAPT. McDONALD, A/C CHAIRMAN EDLUND, A/C KREBBS, A/C ALLEN.**

After skunk stripes came the uniform inspection in which every cadet was required to have:

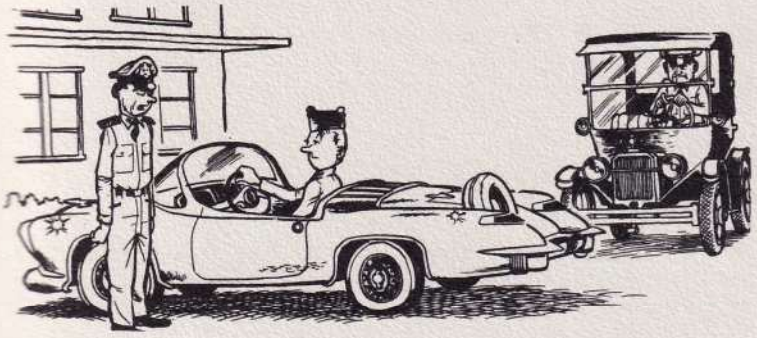
one new blue uniform, gabardine
one new silver tan uniform, gabardine
four pairs of khakis or silver tans
one new cap (without crush)
four blue shirts, oxford
two poplin shirts, tan
two blue shirts, tan
two pairs of shoes, serviceable
one tie

For this the Air Force furnished $200 on graduation day. It's obvious, with this rather large sum of money, one could buy all of his uniforms and in addition make a downpayment on a new car, buy a class ring, dozens of announcements (leather, no less), pay for the big beer bust, and of course, finance a wedding. Thanks to various and sundry loan sharks, every cadet came out dollars ahead.

When the time came to remove our skunk stripes, we found it was as difficult to get them off as it had been to get them on. When the TAC shack finally made up its mind, there was a noted reluctance on the part of all (five seconds) to accept the proffered officer's privileges.

These privileges necessitated another move... to the BOQ.

The first day of privileges, Monday, 19 October, dawned bright and clear. The cadets, eager to use them, revved up the motors of their new cars to drive to the line. The cars never moved. Someone remembered that you would be using the local real estate as a spot to launch your airship, the Columbine, enroute to the White House (remember your Falcon Dam visit?).



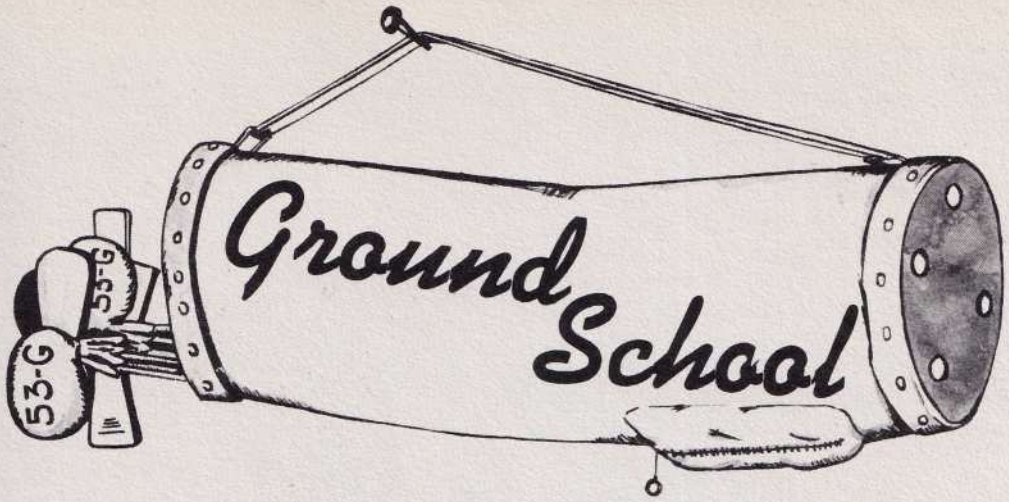
"Would you mind moving your car a bit—, so's we could make room for the TAC officer?"

Graduation was two days late according to our leather announcements, but on 2 November all cadets became recognized as officers and gentlemen and the first increment realized their ambitions to become jet pilots, followed by the second increment on 16 November and the third on 1 December.

For the above accomplishment, we find ourselves ready and willing to serve our country... "for a period of three years unless sooner relieved for the convenience of the government." We have earned well our sliver wings and know our skill will not be wasted.

Sincerely,

53-G



Our ground school instructors seemed to be well versed in their own specific field, but they don't question the geography of the United States as set forth by the Air Force. On most United States maps (Rand McNally) Waco, Texas, is located 350 miles north of Laredo, but in the Air Force version Waco is considered to be south of this garden paradise. In this mixed up geography, Laredo's ground school apparently became attached to Waco and both are classified as being in the tropical belt. However, the line, the chow hall, and the barracks at Laredo, all south of ground school, are located in the temperate zone.

To a degree, this was very fortunate, because being in the tropics, the Air Force provides it with air conditioning at government expense. This was the reason (and the only reason) that sweaty faces became eager at the prospect of ground school. Thus it was that the thirst for knowledge was quenched by a drink of cool, air conditioned sleep.

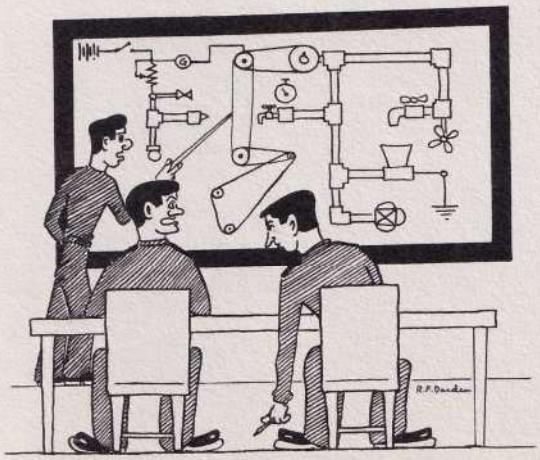
Major Tilcock, director of academics, and his cohorts just could not wait to get their hands on us... even before we went to the line we were drawing a load of books three feet thick and trying to cram them into a navigator's leather briefcase, which the cadets religiously lugged to class every day.

It is rather obvious, having ~~wasted~~, ~~spent~~, devoted 291 hours to academics, more than any other class has ever or will ever take, that..

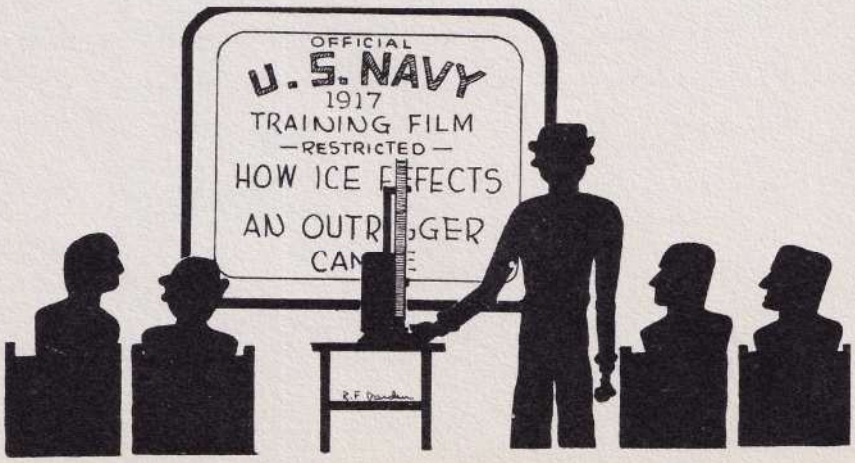
the courses were very thorough,

punctuated with all the modern training aids

which...

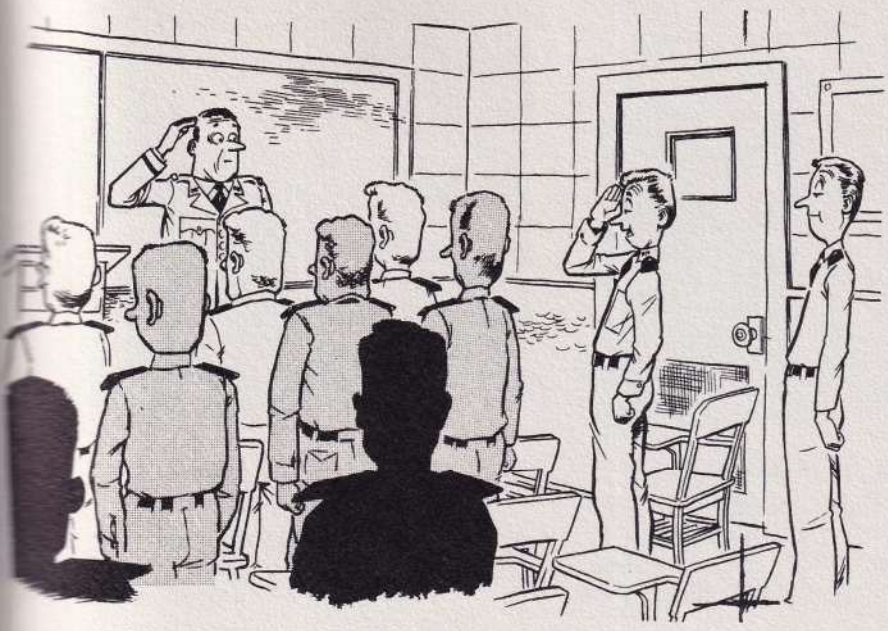


"I DROPPED MY PENCIL YESTERDAY AND MISSED THE HYDRAULIC, ELECTRICAL, AND INDUCTION SYSTEMS LECTURE."



"A TYPICAL MODERN USAF TRAINING FILM"

created a very attentive atmosphere among the students.



However, attention dwindled slightly about the 22nd week after the academic section, having used up all their TPO's by continually adding new courses, burdened us with a study period.

"Sir, aviation cadet Tims reports "F" Flight ready for instruction. There are two student officers absent; three would like to leave early; two will be a little late, and four cadets would like to sleep."

We took the following courses from the following instructors in about the following order (our minds are a bit hazy about this):

MAJOR FRANK H. TILCOCK
1 hour introduction
14 hours weather
"These new adiabats are just the old ones on a crooked piece of paper."

CAPT. RALPH PRESSLER
8 hours T-28 engineering
"Those red buttons, which are now a pink, are the emergency canopy stop buttons."

LT. ROBERT MOCK
11 hours military management
A great course for those interested in putting washers on bolts in the least amount of time.

LT. JAMES MATTINGLY
15 hours flight planning
helped with weather
"Old Blue would feel naked without his radio fac chart."

LT. GORDON DRAHEIM
18 hours navigation
helped with special weapons
"This test shouldn't take you this long. You filled out the logs last night!"

LT. ANTHONY DELFINO
15 hours leadership
Why do Air Force cadets have such high espirit de corps?

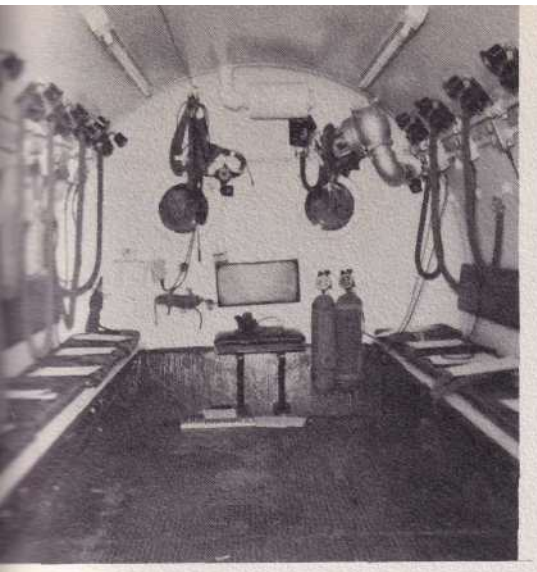
SGT. ROBERT ANDRES
11 hours military law
"Don't you men think it's a little dark in this room? I can hardly see through these sun glasses."

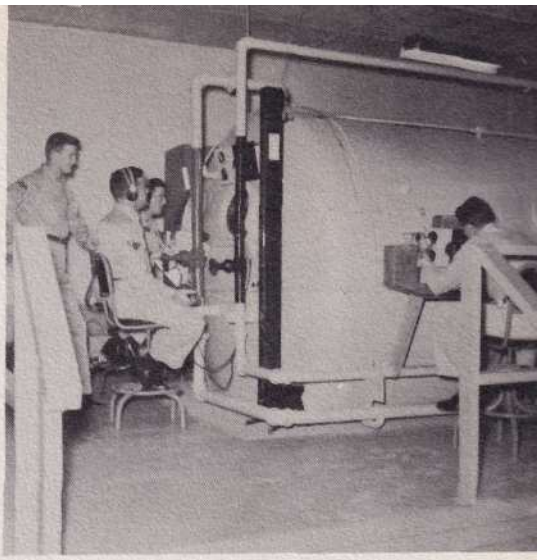
Photo
Not Avaliable

MAC TORCHY
6 hours study period
"Hey, wake up. You men can do anything but sleep."

CAPT. GORDON WIEBE
26 hours T-33 engineering.
(muffled voice from training aid mockup)
"This is how the fairing door locks."

LT. DUNCAN MALCOLM
12 hours career fields; 7 hours small arms
"We've condensed these 12 hours slightly."





LT. ROBERT BURTNER
29 hours physiological training
"If you pass out in the chamber, hold up three fingers so we'll know you have an emergency."

LT. HAROLD WISECUP
4 hours insurance
helped communciation skills
"Stay reserve, men. Your wife gets more if you are killed."

LT. CLEMENCE SCHAUERTE
23 hours communication skills
"And a-a-a. Um-m-m. Well uh-uh..." "A very good speech, Mr. LeMarseille."

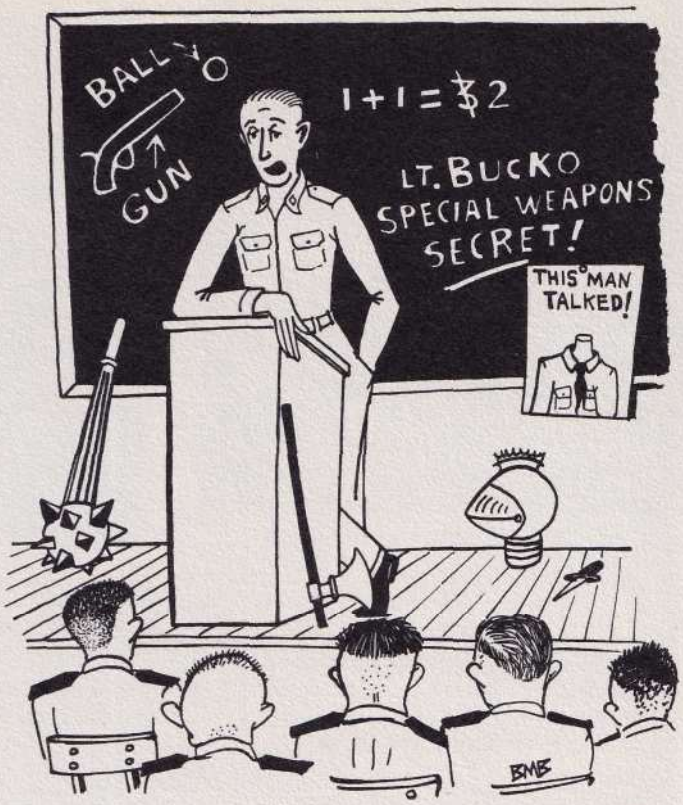
LT. DONAN COUTELENC
26 hours AFO&A
"Now I want you men to know that when the bell rings, that door is locked for the period."

A/2C CHARLES WILSON
7 hours cruise control
"Decend on the mach, it takes less fuel."

MAJ. WATT HILL
15 hours fighter gunnery indoctrination
"If you men have a good exam review, the little birdie might tell me something."

Through diligent application of the T-score system and an endless number of makeup tests offered, no one managed to wash out of the program for academic deficiency. Second increment ran away with all the honors with Bob Snook as Distinguished Academic Cadet and Bill Ayers as highest ranking student officer scholastically.

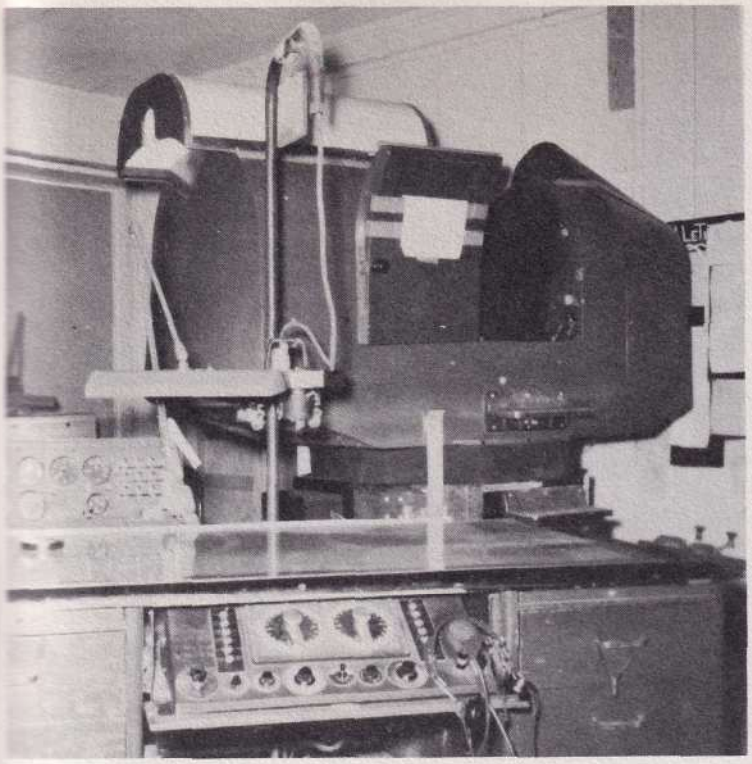
In the first increment, John McCurdy was highest cadet and Stu Munson the highest student officer, while in the third increment Joe Francis held true to his primary record and was best cadet and Walt Chernysh, by hook or crook, led the student officers.



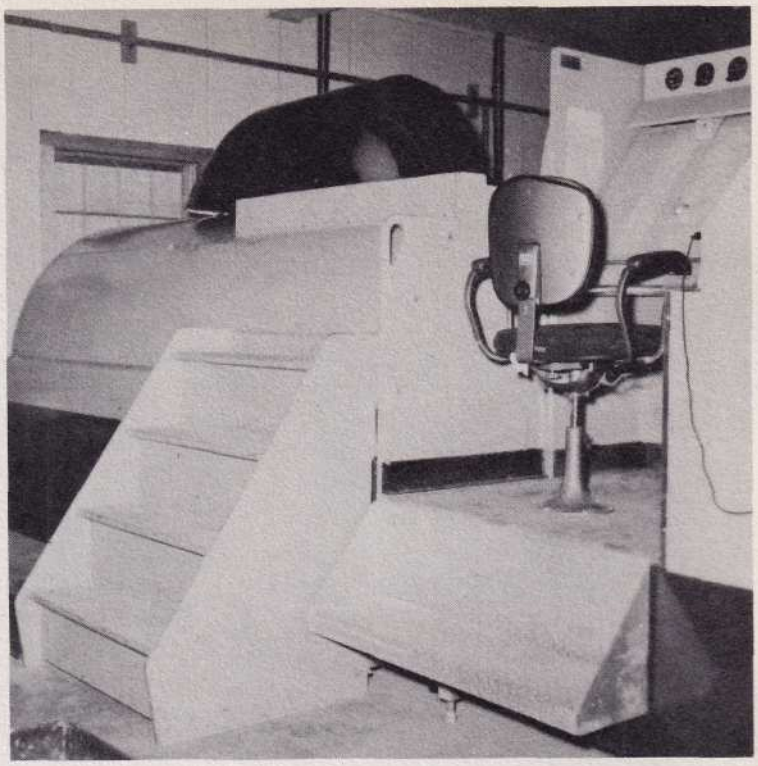
"Hey, you!! What are you hiding in that long hair?"

CAPT. EUGENE MIDDLETON
16 hours intelligence
9 hours radio communication
"Want to see the movie 'The Wooden Horse'? Guess I'll give you a lecture today."

LT. JOHN BUCKO
25 hours special weapons
"The provost marshall tells me you men have been giving the AP at the door a hard time."



C-8 Link Trainer

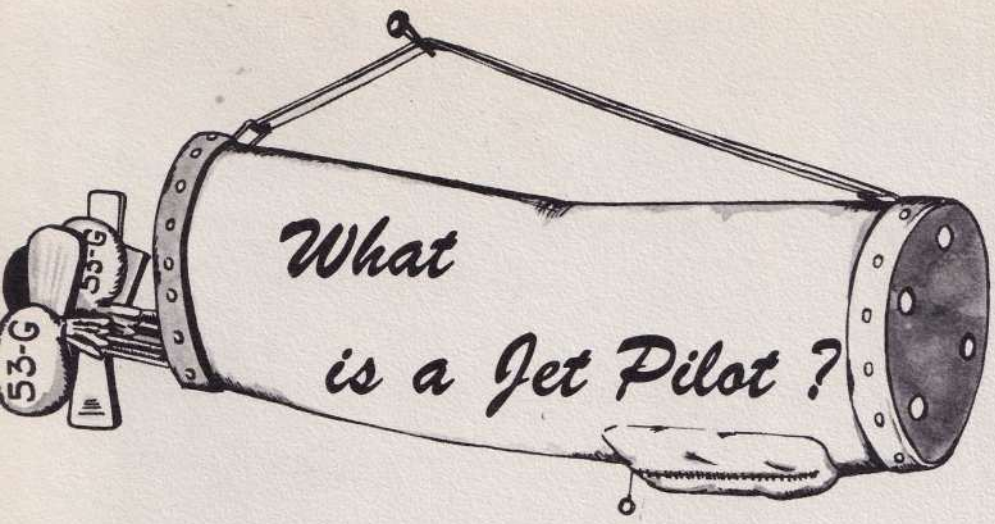


C-11 Jet Simulator

A very important portion of ground school, without which many of us now would not be 3-2 pilots, was the link training department, often forgotten. The C-8 was an excellent simulator of flying conditions... characteristic of the B-25, including box lunches and vertigo. The C-11 jet simulator was too damn sensitive for instrument flying but did wonderful acrobatics, the best of which were aileron rolls on takeoff. Most of us thought the job of a link instructor was the softest of touches if we ever washed out of the program. What could be better than 45 minutes of bull session followed by 15 minutes chewing out the student in the link and then a 30 minute coffee break.

"It all comes out in the T-score, anyway."

Although we continually complained about the academic and link schedules, we fully realized that there was more to flying than getting in an aircraft and that our courses on the ground were an integral and necessary part of becoming a qualified pilot.



He is Always→

Proud,

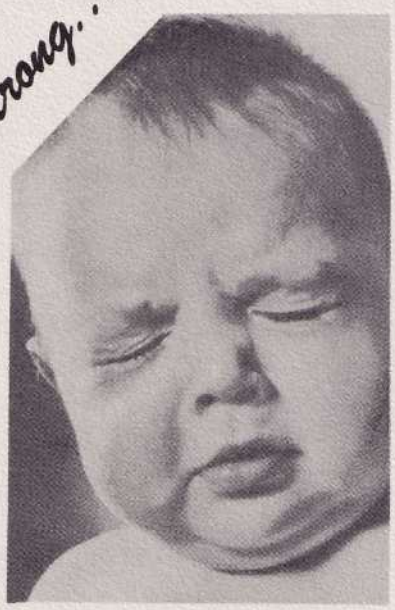
Why, yes, I fly jets!

But he is also...

Alert...

It can't be time to go to the line!

Strong...



4 G's!!!

Modest...

I grease EVERY landing!

Precise...

Just LOOK at these instruments

Fearless...

Off! Into the blue?

Diplomatic...

Your formation STINKS!

Eager...

I just love instruments!

Intelligent...

Now what was that procedure??

Serious...

I passed my 60-4!

Calm...

I AM taking it around!

Timid...

I treat my jet like a beautiful woman!

Studious...

Your message was garbled!

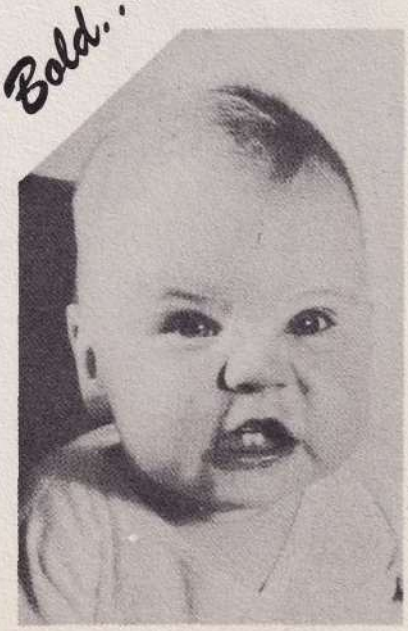
Confident...

Whose formation's lousy??

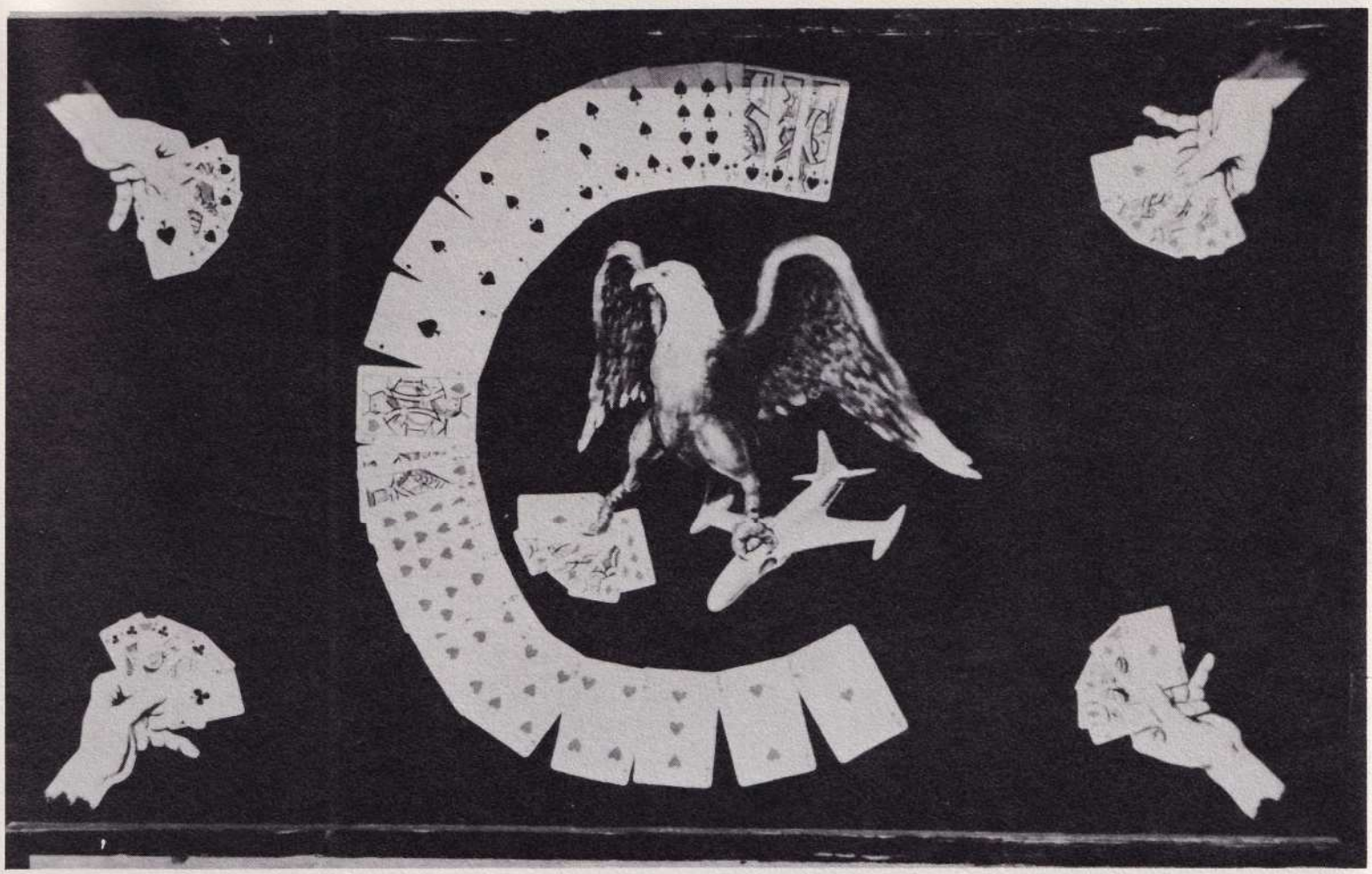
Fearful...

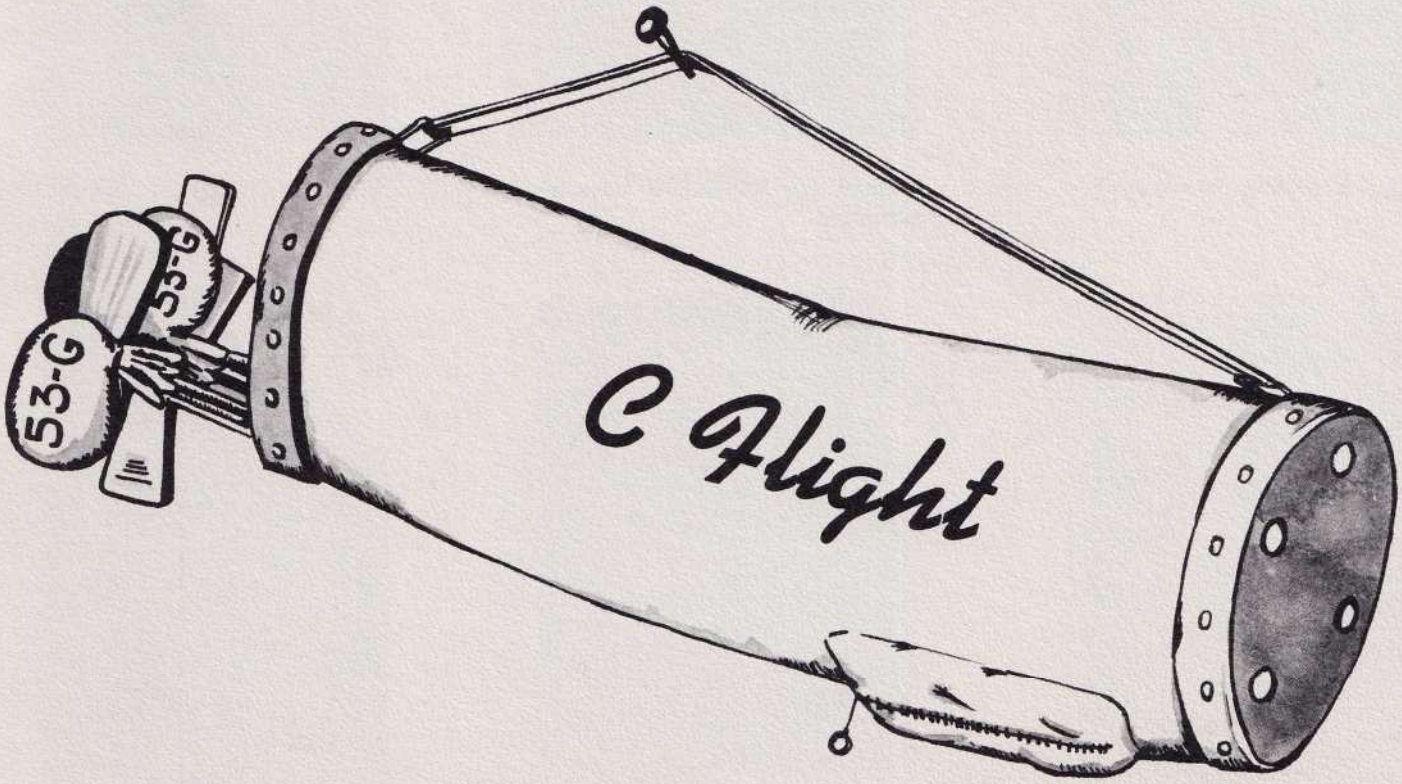
Me? I. F. R.?

Bold...



Every man a Tiger!!




53-G
53-G
C Flight

"The best damn Fighter Pilots at Laredo Air Force Base!" Yes, we said this, each and everyone of us during our first briefing in the T-28 phase. But shall we have a look at the many little incidents which made mild, meek little kittens out of our big, boisterous tigers. How about that, Lowery?. . . remember this? . . . Ringwood: "T-33 on initial, are you transient?" 33: "Negative." Ringwood: "Where are your tips?" 33: "I dropped them." . . . or Ruark; June-Day: "T-28 on initial, your gear is down." G. R.'s thought: "No wonder I couldn't get top speed this period." But of course McGrath had a nervous period between 39,000 and 20,000 before he could begin his Manual Air Start. Piclt, we use 45% while taxiing and don't abort night takeoffs when Ringwood requests

Slave Gyro Headings; . . Delaye, you'll like those long runways at gunnery for your long and hot landings. But for variety, "Buster" Hill, have you ever heard strange voices while night flying? No? O. K., then do you recall the neatly executed "Bomb Burst" Davidson, Carney and Munson performed while you were riding back seat formation? We understand it got Lt. Sawyer pretty well shook up.

. . . Schultz, we assume Captain Boutwell has you well briefed on gear procedures during instrument final approaches. Minneapolis had a very lovely Norwegian girl that enjoyed dancing with Hagstrom. Wallace, why did Major Miller's eyes always light up when he found he was riding with you?. . . and. . . have you decided what happened to the misplaced $10.00 in Savannah, Georgia?

CAPT. W. C. SCHNEIDER
Flight Commander
Route 1, Box 341, Enid, Oklahoma
Received wings 4 August 1944
Prior assignment—FTAF—
Standardization Board

Bard, we understand you and Captain Dempsey were unable to agree on air-speed indications while flying instruments. We learned Below enjoyed smoking big cigars and sporting Cadet boards when walking down the streets of Hometown, U. S. A., and Bucholtz enjoyed waving at Lt. O'Brien while drifting past formations he was trying to join. Fenn, your attitude seems to have changed since your last check ride with Lt. Dewey... DeFleurieu, better known as Senior French Runway Control Operator, is probably glad there aren't more pilots with electrical failures.

Mastay says he walked 204½ miles and wore out 3 pair of shoes during a 72 hour tour... and LeFaivre was better known as "The Cocked Nose-wheel Kid." We are glad to hear that Henson has finally developed a "tight" 2G pitchout. Too bad it came so near the end of the program.

You should have "No Sweat" with all-weather fighter, Norwood, as instrument flying seems to be your specialty, but keep an eye on Carney as his fuel doesn't seem to hold out on cross-countries. Was your gal in Omaha "T'd" off when you went to Salt Lake City on your week-end cross country, McCurdy?

Jarvis, you wouldn't have been DNIF so much had you aborted your missions across "The Yalu"... and now that we have turned in our sun-glasses we find that Meulen Kunee's eyes are as red as his nose. Night flying had troubled Glasgow somewhat until he learned to pick up his dive brakes before take-off. No, Briand, we haven't forgotten you, but we figured that you would never have finished this "Historical Document" if you had been mentioned before, so we decided, that since you were always taking pictures when you should have been flying, you would be the logical person to give Naginey, our Flight Editor, hell for not obtaining more snapshots of our flight in action for the class book.

Many times through our training here at Laredo we thought that we could have done better without our instructors, but, reminiscing over our past foolish errors, we find that these same instructors were indispensable to our success.

Thus ends the reminiscing for "C" Flight, still the "Best Damn Pilots at Laredo Air Force Base."

CAPTAIN E. W. KENRICK, JR.
Box 68, Laredo A. F. B., Texas
Received wings 9 October 1942
Prior assignment - Craig
A. F. B., Ala.

CHARLES D. GRAY
(Dave)
Clarion, Pennsylvania
Clarion State Teachers College

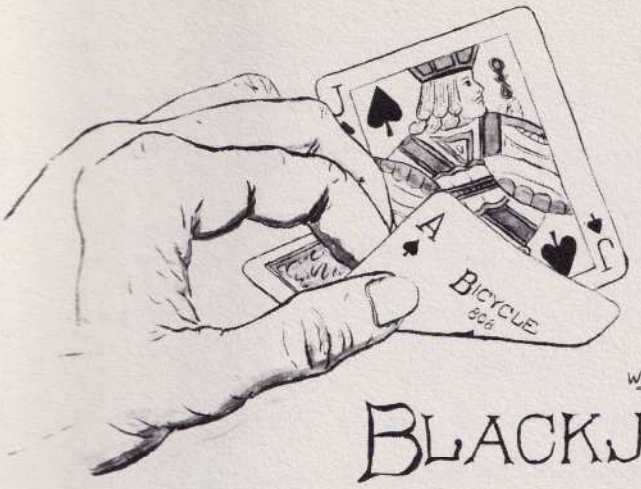
We, the Cadets and Student Officers of Class 53-G, Flight C, would like to devote a small portion of this book to Aviation Cadet Charles D. (Dave) Gray. Since Mr. Gray will not be able to graduate with us we would like to give him the recognition and honors we feel due him for what he has contributed to this class.

To those who have known and worked with him, Dave has been one of the most outstanding and well liked cadets in his class. During primary he was one of the first to be checked out in the Terrible T-6 and as for academics, well, he was always among the top few when the grades came out. To achieve this, we believe, took quite a bit of work, time and study. Despite this, Dave was an active member of the Saturday Night Beer Drinkers Club at Bainbridge until his ulcers made him quit.

When we got to basic training Dave managed to keep up the same fine record until one sunny morning he came out second best in an argument with a T-33 type aircraft. As a result he has changed his address to Lackland Air Force Base Hospital. It seems that due to a lack of fuel, the engine in the aircraft that Dave was flying that morning stopped working. So there was no alternative but to set the plane on the ground in a very soft and gentle forced landing. However, according to Dave, the landing was neither soft nor was it gentle. Strangely enough, after seeing the airplane, we are prone to agree with him. All in all, though, we think he did a very good job of bringing it in and none of us would care to try and duplicate what he did.

So even though he is not going to be able to graduate with us we all think that Aviation Cadet Charles D. Gray deserves a place of honor among the graduating class of 53-G.

"No Sweat"



BLACKJACK

CAPTAIN J. E. RIDGE
2709 S.W. 33rd
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Received wings — December 1945
Prior assignment — Squadron C/O, D/S Army, Fort Bliss, Texas

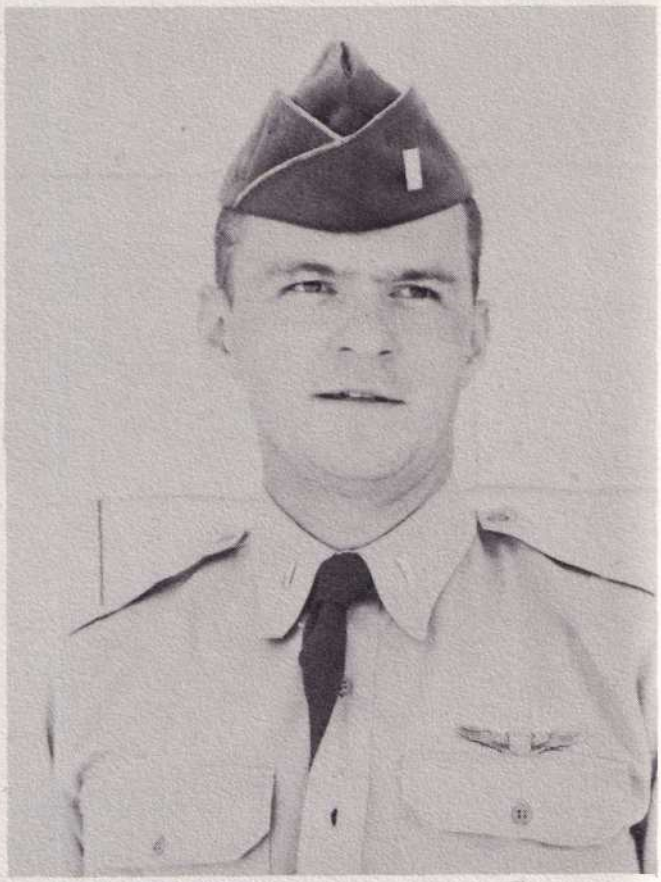
LT. ALGIN T. JARVIS
"Prophet"
"I am DNIF today, sir."

LT. ALBERT G. McGRATH
Boston University — C.B.A.
"Mayor"
"Of the 'Bawston' McGraths"

LT. CHARLES H. NAGINEY
Pennsylvania State College
"Chuck"
"Talking of Pa. his favorite subject."

LT. GEORGE R. RUARK
University of Maryland
"Grr"
"I hate cadets!"

1/LT. P. R. O'BRIEN, JR. (RegAF)
703 Central St.
Framingham, Massachusetts



Received wings — 4 August 1950
Prior assignment — Instructor — Craig Air Force Base

LT. RICHARD D. BARD
"Major"
"O'Brien's zebra boy"

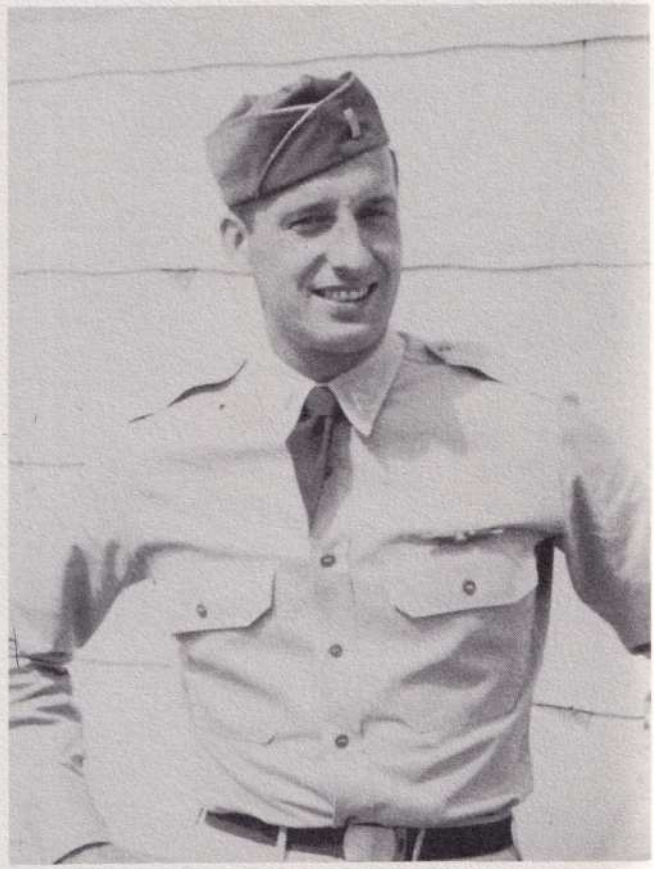
LT. HOWARD D. BELOW
University of Illinois
"Dial"
"It's not my feet; I have my shoes on."

LT. FORREST B. FENN
"Buba"
"We came, we saw, you can have it. Texas, we mean."

SGT. PAUL M. De FLEURIEU
"Smiley"
"Going to fly with the Foreign Legion?"

LT. TED C. BUCHOLZ
L-P-O J. C., LaSalle, Ill.
"Ted"
"What position am I flying now, 3 or 4?"

1/LT. H. V. ROGERS
3822 Grand St.
Huntington Park, California

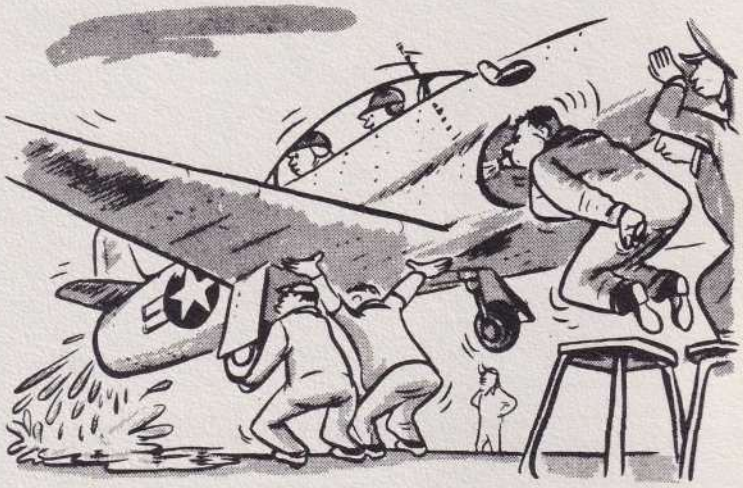


Received wings — 7 February 1944
Prior assignment — Instructor on West Coast

SGT. YANNICK C. BRIAND
"Yan"
"Candid Camera Nick"

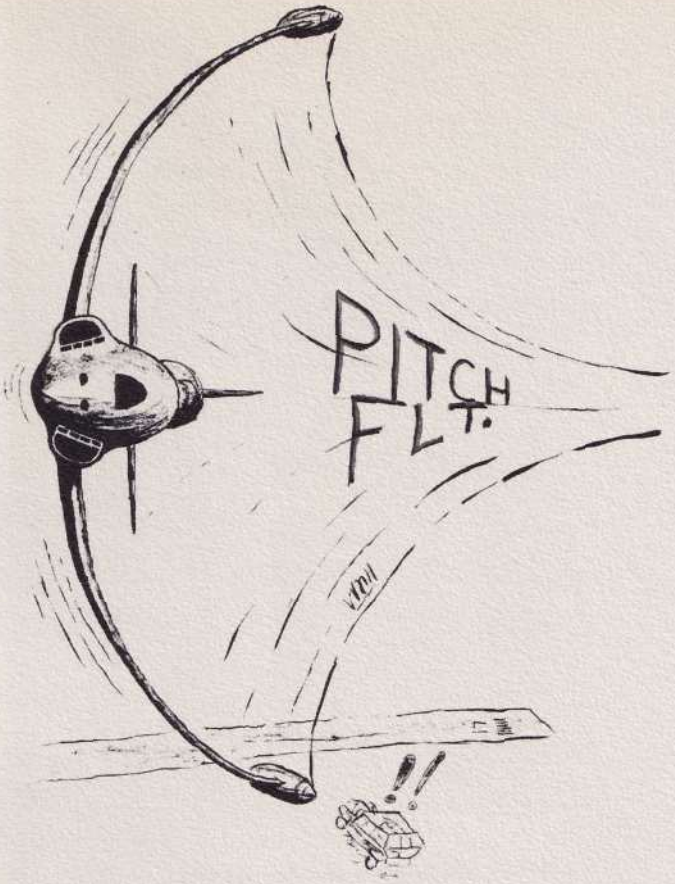
SGT. JACQUES A. LeFAIVRE
"Spook"
"Don't mention cocked nose-wheels to me."

LT. ROBERT PICHT
"Sally"
"Dig that crazy walk"

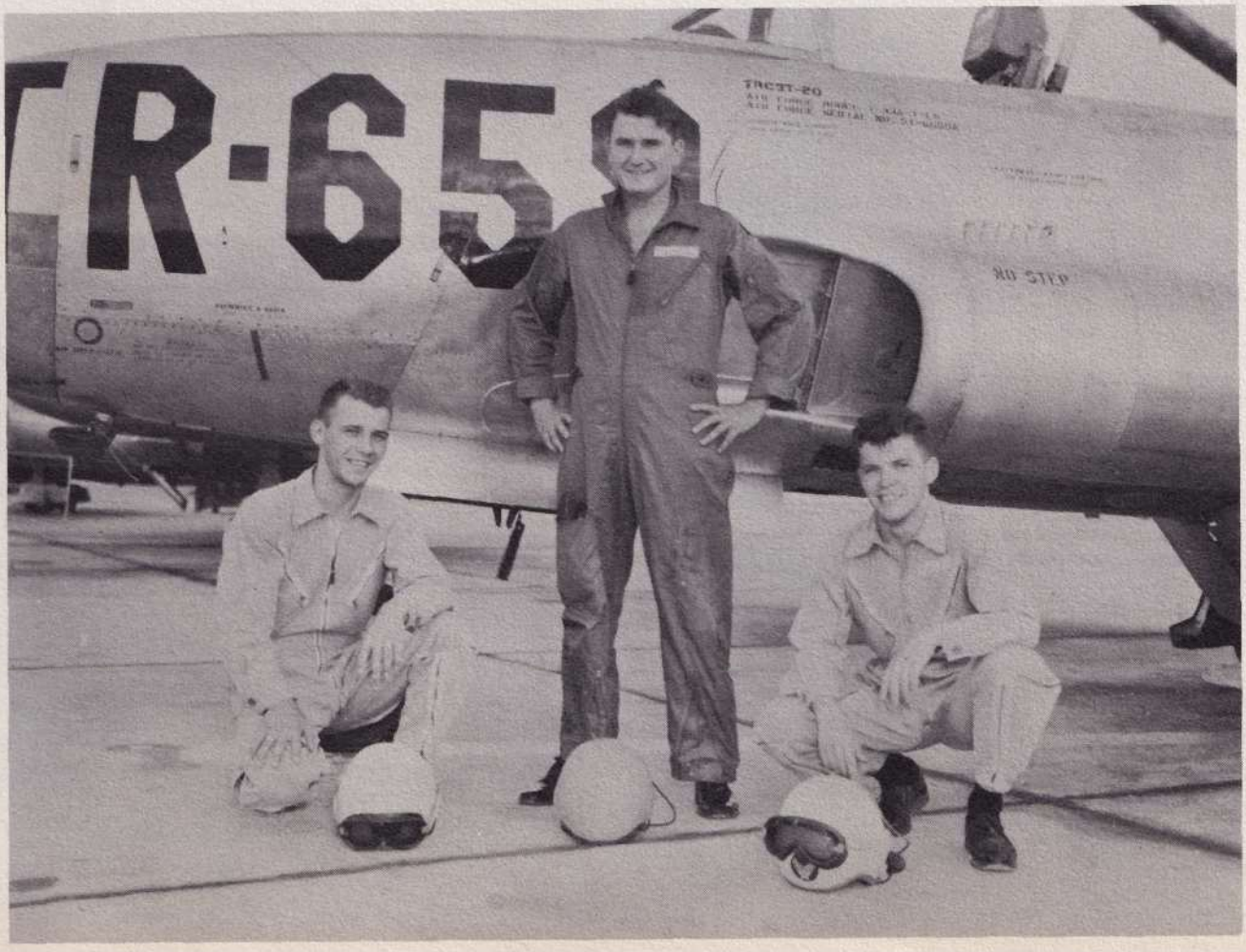


CAUTION

Before attempting a restart, pull the tail down to drain the unburned fuel from the tailpipe.



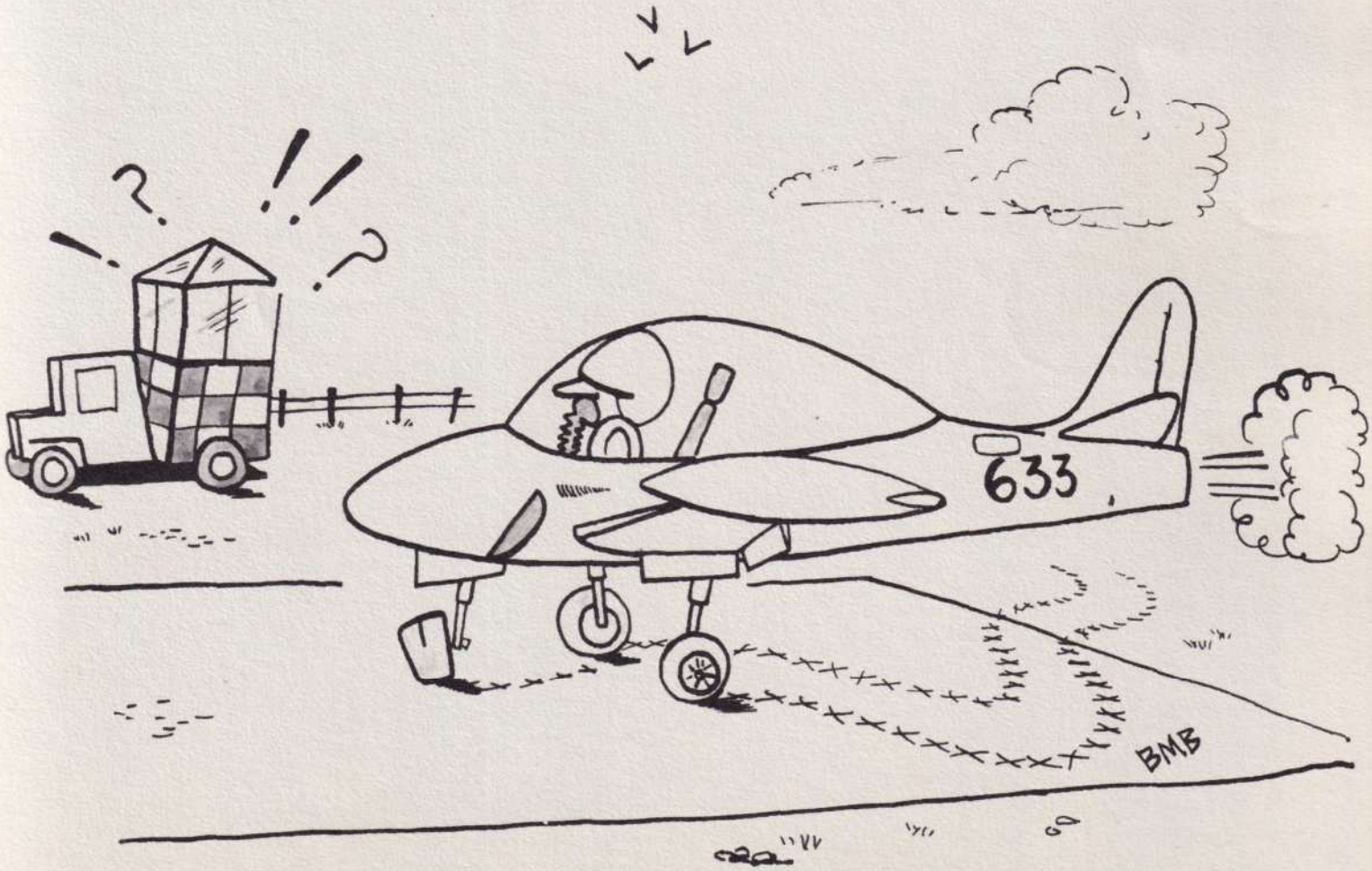
CAPTAIN W. A. BOUTWELL
Kingsley, Iowa
Received wings — 20 Nov. 1944
Prior assignment — B-26's-Korea



SGT. GEORGES DELAYE
"Rase Mottes"
"The quiet and hardworking Frenchman."

LT. EDWARD J. MASTAY
"Stick"
"Sir, there seems to be something wrong with this hood."

FIRST SOLO



"THIS IS 633, - TAILPIPE TEMP. 20 LBS. - OIL PRESS. 800° - - -"

1/LT. I. L. PETERSEN
533 West 1st South St.
Logan, Utah

Received wings — 22 December 1944
Prior assignment — All-weather instructor
Moody Air Force Base

SGT. PER HAGSTROM
"Pete"
"Norwegian Romeo"

LT. JOHN A. McCURDY
University of Nebraska
"Satch"
"Distinguished Cadet"

LT. FRED W. MOORE
University of Florida
"Bitter"
"Only smiles at stag parties"

LT. DANIEL A. WALLACE
Livingstone State College
"Dinny"
"Maters, taters and zerves"

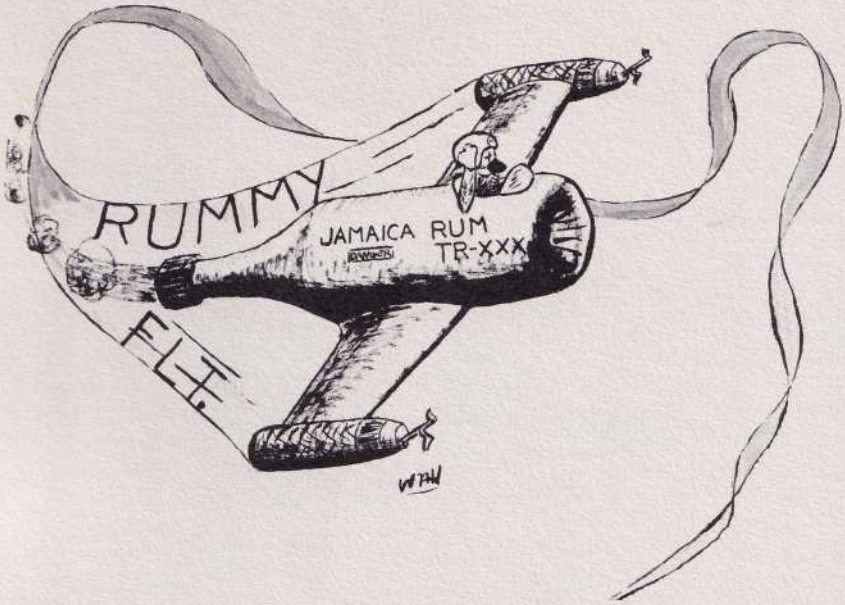
1/LT. J. D. SAWYER
559 Rickarby Street
Mobile, Alabama
Received wings — 30 Sept. 1949
Prior assignment — PIS, Craig
Air Force base

LT. JOE R. CARNEY
University of Missouri
"Big J"
"Can't wait to get back to that chicken farm."

LT. WILLIAM H. DAVIDSON
Duquesne University
"Wild Bill"
"Proprietor of the Shack"

LT. RICHARD J. HILL III
"Buster"
"She said, 'Speak of the devil'."

LT. STEWART K. MUNSON
"Happy"
"Finished program and became father same day. No sweat!"



1/LT. F. L. SPOON
2006 Elizabeth Ave.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

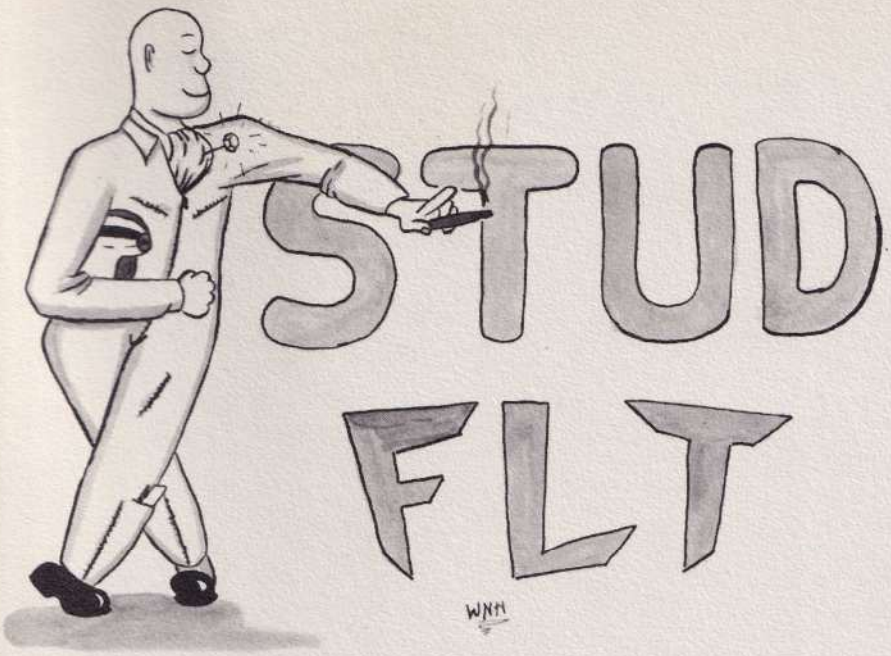
Received wings — 4 August 1944
Prior assignment — C/O Wing Headquarters Squadron

LT. KEITH D. HENSON
Colorado Air National Guard
"K. D."
"Got to get that right leg in shape."

LT. JACK A. LOWREY
"Jocko"
"Aw hell, I forgot to comb my hair."

LT. JAMES A. NORWOOD
East Texas State College
"Jim"
"Bent elevators aren't conducive to good flying, are they?"

LT. GILBERT J. SCHULTZ
University of Florida
"Guy"
"Provost Marshall, now?"



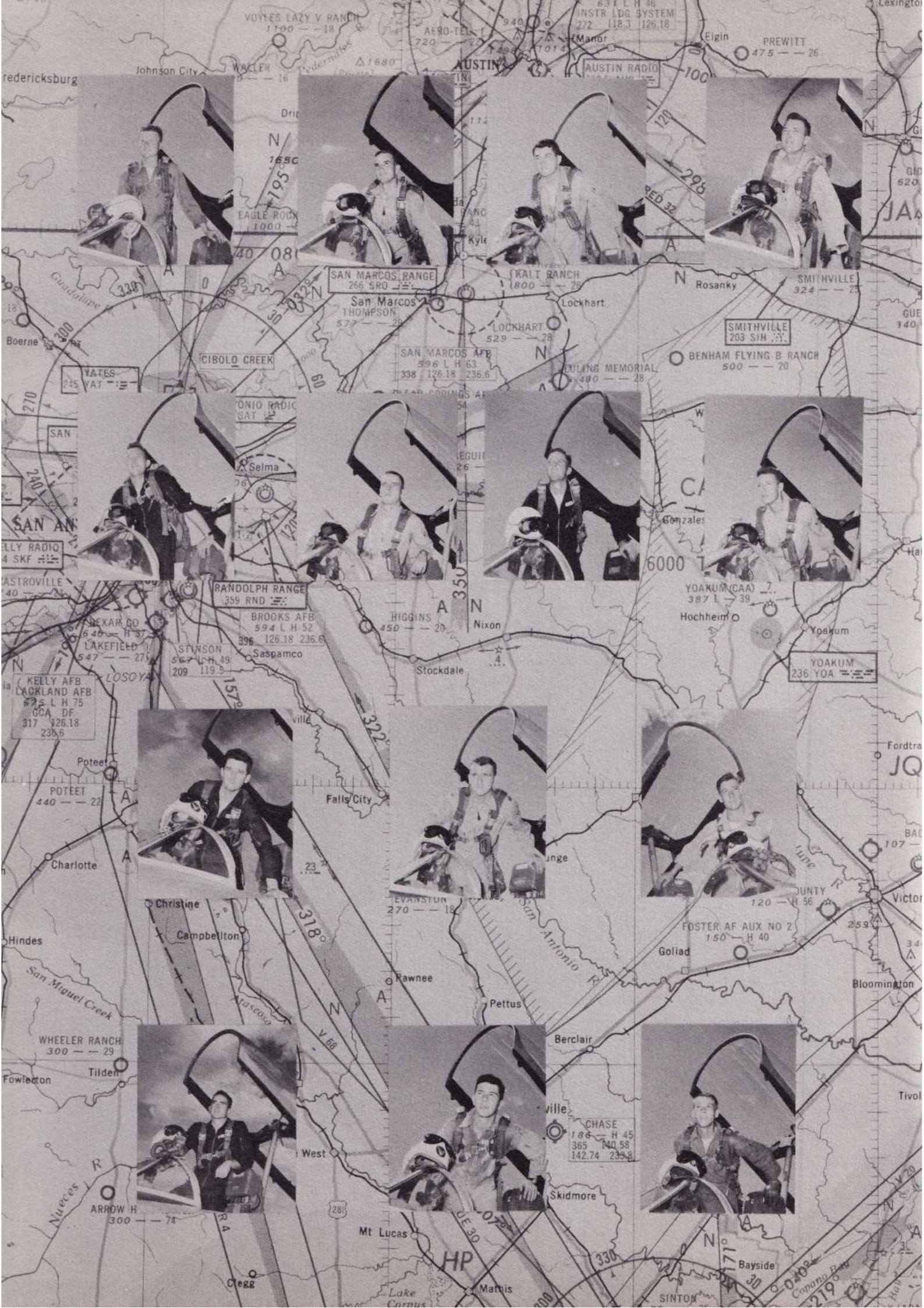
CAPTAIN P. E. DEMPSEY
Bristol, South Dakota

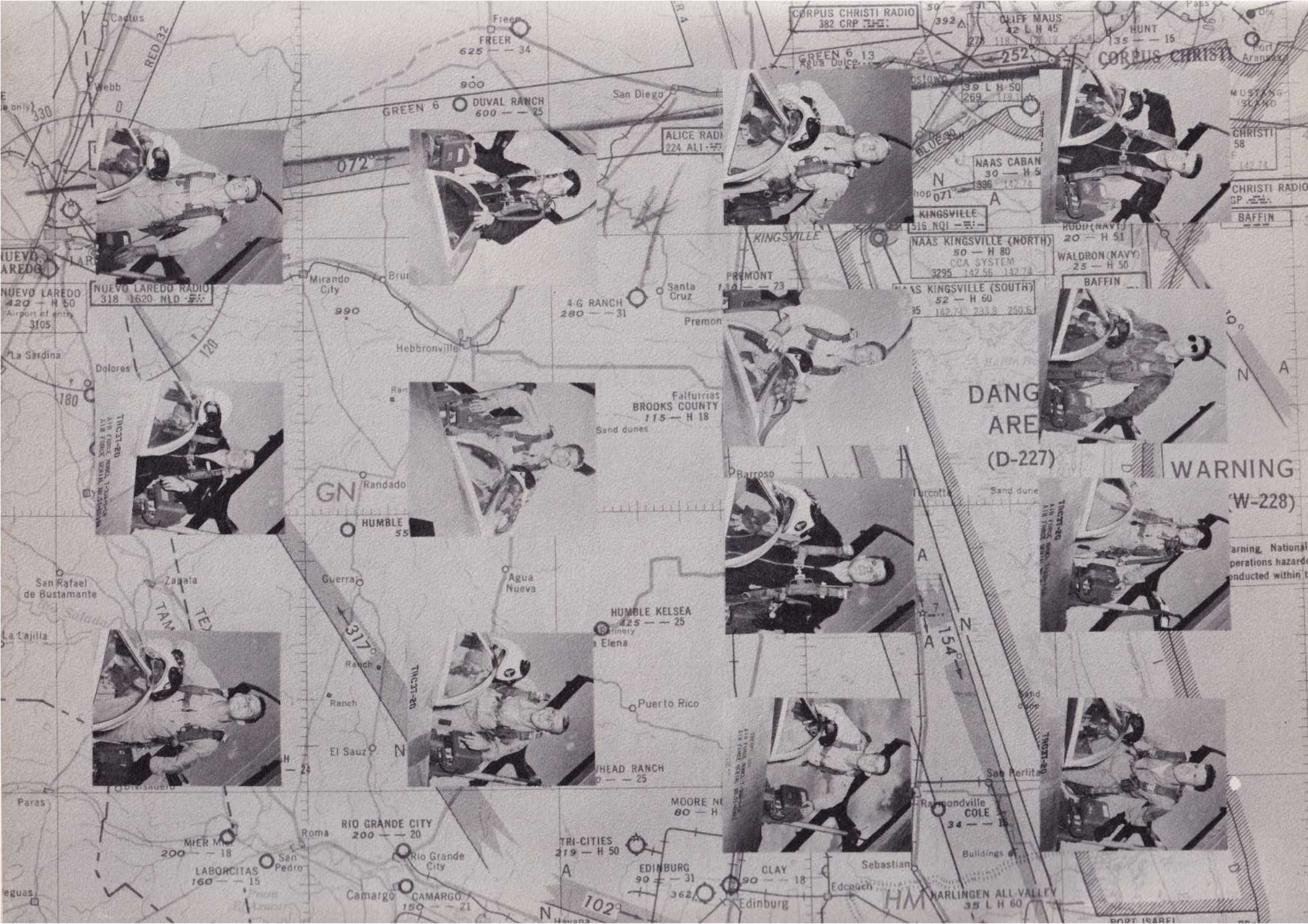
Received wings — 30 October 1949
Prior assignment — Senior instructor at
Craig Air Force Base

LT. WARWICK H. GLASGOW
San Francisco City College
"Hardy"
"Wha' hoppen on those speed brakes?"

LT. PIETER VAN DER MEULEN KUNEE
"Van"
"We always remember his Coca-Cola breakfasts."

1963


VOYLES LAZY V RANCH
Johnson City
Fredericksburg
AUSTIN
AUSTIN RADIO
Elgin
PREWITT
Manor
Kyle
SAN MARCOS RANGE
266 SRO
San Marcos
KALT RANCH
Lockhart
Rosanky
SMITHVILLE
Boerne
CIBOLO CREEK
SAN MARCOS AFB
596 L H 63
338 126.18 236.6
LULING MEMORIAL
BENHAM FLYING B RANCH
500 — — 20
Selma
Gonzales
RANDOLPH RANGE
359 RND
BROOKS AFB
594 L H 52
126.18 236.6
HIGGINS
450 — — 20
Nixon
YOAKUM (CAA)
387 L — 39
Hochheim
Yoakum
YOAKUM
236 YOA
LAKEFIELD
547 — — 27
STINSON
567 L H 49
209 119.5
Saspamco
Stockdale
KELLY AFB
LACKLAND AFB
575 L H 75
GCA DF
317 126.18
235.6
Poteet
POTEET
440 — — 22
Falls City
Charlotte
Christine
Campbellton
Hindes
San Miguel Creek
Pawnee
Pettus
FOSTER AF AUX NO 2
150 — H 40
Goliad
Bloomington
Victoria
WHEELER RANCH
300 — — 29
Tilden
Fowlerton
Berclair
CHASE
186 — H 45
365 140.58
142.74 235.8
West
Skidmore
Tivoli
ARROW H
300 — — 74
Mt Lucas
Clegg
Mathis
Bayside
SINTON


CORPUS CHRISTI RADIO
382 CRP
CLIFF MAUS
42 L H 45
HUNT
135 — — 15
CORPUS CHRISTI
FREER
625 — — 34
GREEN 6
DUVAL RANCH
600 — — 25
San Diego
ALICE RADI
224 ALI
072°
NAAS CABAN
30 — H 5
KINGSVILLE
NAAS KINGSVILLE (NORTH)
50 — H 80
CCA SYSTEM
WALDRON (NAVY)
25 — H 50
NAAS KINGSVILLE (SOUTH)
52 — H 60
BAFFIN
NUEVO LAREDO RADIO
318 1620 NLD
NUEVO LAREDO
420 — H 50
Airport of entry
3105
Mirando City
4-G RANCH
280 — — 31
Santa Cruz
PREMONT
Premon
Hebbronville
La Sardina
Dolores
Falfurrias
BROOKS COUNTY
115 — H 18
Sand dunes
DANG
ARE
(D-227)
WARNING
(W-228)
Barroso
Turcotte
Sand dune
Randado
HUMBLE
San Rafael de Bustamante
Zapata
Guerra
Agua Nueva
HUMBLE KELSEA
425 — — 25
Elena
La Lajilla
317°
Ranch
Puerto Rico
El Sauz
Paras
MIER
200 — — 18
LABORCITAS
160 — — 15
San Pedro
Roma
RIO GRANDE CITY
200 — — 20
Rio Grande City
Camargo
CAMARGO
150 — — 21
TRI-CITIES
219 — H 50
EDINBURG
90 — — 31
Edinburg
CLAY
90 — — 18
Sebastian
Edcouch
HARLINGEN ALL VALLEY
35 L H 60
San Perlita
Raymondville
COLE
34 — — 15
Buildings
154°
102°
PORT ISABEL
TRICIT-20
AIR FORCE
AIR FORCE

F

53-G
53-G
F Flight

PLAYMATE

Major Russell stepped off the rostrum for the last time; automatically the flight stood up at attention with only the sound of the major's footsteps breaking the monotonous whirr of the window fans. As he neared the Coke machine, 26 voices shouted out, "Flight, tens-hut!" We all momentarily reflected over the accidents, incidents, and humorous events of the past six months, remembering the first time those two words echoed through the flight shack. It was five minutes too late.

A short man with captain's bars walked the length of the shack to the rostrum while we all watched interestedly for something to happen. "Men," Capt. Ford, the assistant flight commander said, "when either Major Russell or I come into or leave the room I want to hear everyone call the room to attention and the more chairs that fall, the better." We thereby started our one day of T-28 briefing by practicing the command of attention and seeing how many chairs would drop.

The second day we found that Capt. Ford meant what he said. When we were again slow in calling the room to attention, our military manners were sharpened by a three-hour walk on the proverbial ramp for the cadets and a 500-word essay on military courtesy for the student officers.

To our surprise one afternoon before we had even begun to fly, we all gathered together in front of squadron operations and picked up the safety award as the safest T-28 flight. Then to our consternation, two hours later we lost the award when Bill Hill's aircraft had materiel failure resulting in a nosegear shimmy.

Eventually we got our introduction to the "Maytag" T-28 and the first problem we had to overcome was how to get in the cockpit. Soon we learned to climb up the flaps like veterans, though. Next it was the pattern which was new to us all — pitch, bank, yank, black out, and for some. . . urp, including Jim Chadwick and C. D. Allen. Shooting touch-and-go's in the T-28 proved to be just like taking a bath, especially with the cabin temperature hovering around 130 degrees. It was easy to tell how many days a guy had been wearing his flight suit; you just counted the salt rings on his back.

We were told that the new policy on the base was to have one group of instructors take the students through both T-28's and T-33's instead of having separate instructors for each. When we started, our instructors were Major Krueger, Capt. Morris, Capt. Gross, Capt. Swensen, Capt. Dixon, Capt. Pothier, Lt. Moher, Lt. Rodehorst, and Lt. Bjorklund (on leave). Through

MAJOR DURWARD B. RUSSELL, JR.
Flight Commander
Box 319, Laredo AFB, Texas
Received his wings in 44-G and was an instructor at Williams before coming to

CAPTAIN JOSEPH P. DAWSON
Assistant Flight Commander
Route 3, Columbia, Mo.
Received his wings in 44-I and was a B-25 instructor at Vance before coming to Laredo.

Lt. Moher's diligence "Twik" Birge was the first one to solo, even though he didn't know the procedures.

Students began dropping out of the flight early as the checkout phase progressed. Roy Larsen chose a discharge to a commission and wings and Jack Gorman never was able to solo. Tom Grogan had a rough time soloing but when it came to transition checks, he busted the first one with Capt. Ford. He also failed ones with Major Russell and Major Fletcher, possibly partly caused by having to roust him out of the PX to fly.

Bob Clark was the first one to get his transition check and Jim Sims surprised everyone by getting a 100 on his check with Capt. Ford. The first of our "permanent" instructors to leave us was Capt. Dixon, who ended up as a supply officer.

As more and more students passed their transition checks, we tried to start formation but couldn't get any aircraft. One particular Monday we received only three planes, which Major Russell promptly gave to the first increment of Foxtrot Class, sent our instructors down with the planes, and told us to go home and not come back till Friday.

Harry Van Galen started formation flying with us but developed ear trouble which kept him off flying status for three months. He was eventually washed back to 54-D where he became the only cadet amongst 80 student officers. Even with the week off, we had not yet flown a single Saturday or Sunday, while the first and third increments had flown every Saturday and one Sunday.

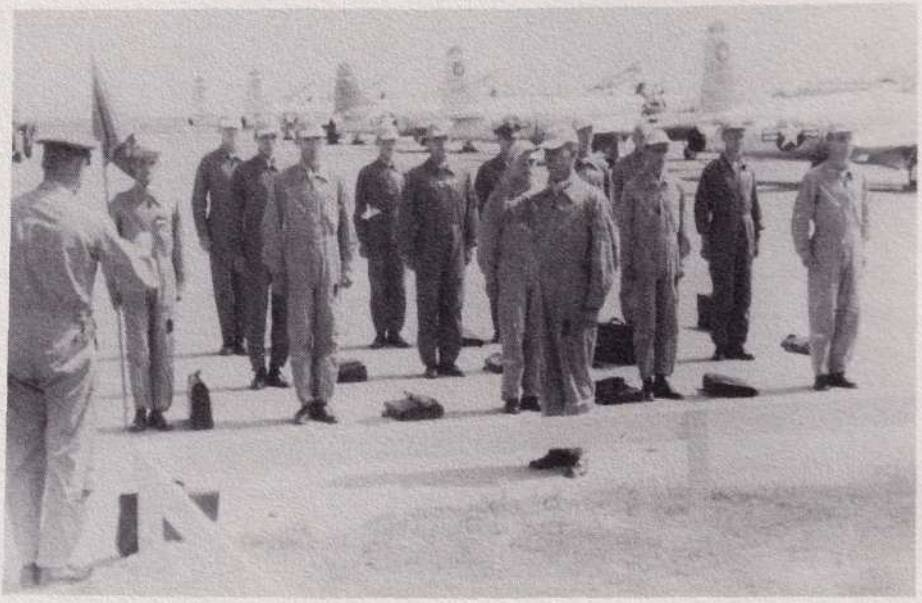
John Raymer had quite a bit of trouble with T-28 formation and had one check ride before he soloed, but when he stepped into the T-33 he became one of our hottest formation men, checking out in the minimum time.

Tony Bartalo had his prop go to full decrease in a four-ship formation with Capt. Pothier, who insisted in no uncertain terms that regardless of mechanical trouble Tony bring his plane up into position. Bob Clark had the same trouble with his prop and became distinguished as the only student in our flight with an actual forced landing when he set his plane down at Laredo Municipal under the guidance of Major Krueger on his wing.

Capt. Gross put Bill Ayers to more essay writing, this time a 1,000 word obituary because he had done a split S on a joinup from 4,000 ft. Twik Birge, Bob Snook, Pete O'Neill, and Jack Shackford were the first to get their formation checks with Major Russell and simultaneously received their four-ship checkouts.

In the middle of formation, there were some more changes among our "permanent" instructors. Lt. Rodehorst went back to his first love, the jet, where he is top man on the line in jet flying time. Capt. Rockwell came into the flight with mesquite decorating his wing, saying he hit a bird which was carrying its nest. Needless to say, his flight name became "mesquite." Also new to the flight were Lt. Burkhardt and Lt. Hughes.

Night flying in the T-28 proved to be a cinch — we had no moon to confuse us and it was easy to tell Laredo from the milky way. Jim Chadwick became "temporarily misplaced" on the night cross-country and tried to land at Cotulla, thinking it was Laredo. Marcel Perez panicked when he lost his altimeter and airspeed on takeoff, but with expert advice from mobile control, bounced it in at about 140 knots without landing lights. Bill Ayers had both cross-country control ships looking for him and the tower calling frantically when he went to Alice to burn up the rest of his cross-country time. Fortunately no one had to use the short briefing we had on night flying: "If anything goes wrong in the air, get OUT!"



After night flying, the T-28 immediately became dull. . . nothing left but 15 hours of instruments per student, sometimes four hours of it at a time in one ride. The slave gyro and the attitude gyro did their bit to making instruments harder than they already were. ITO corrections were invariably made the wrong way and we soon learned that the attitude gyro had a bad case of vertigo — built in precession errors.

Everyone wondered what D. D. Ray's attitude gyro looked like the day his nosegear collapsed on takeoff. Jim Sims was the epitomy of the "shook up" student after one instrument ride with Major Krueger. Following a long chewing out on the ground, Jim went back to his locker for his books and came out wearing his parachute, an action his red face best explained.

Bob Clark was the first student to finish the T-28 phase of flying on July 31st. It wasn't until August 14th that the last man finished — Jim Chadwick. Somehow his transition check had been overlooked, so Major Russell decided to take him up on the last day. Airman Ray, our dispatcher, mentioned that he had never been up in an airplane, so Lt. Moher offered to take him up at the same time. Ray was dutifully outfitted in a parachute and was all set to go when he overheard Major Russell and Lt. Moher talking about wringing Chadwick and him out. That ended Ray's adventure with flying.

The RIF and early out hit Laredo between the T-28 and the T-33 phase of flying. Major Krueger and Capt. Morris were forced out of the service and Dave Westall took advantage of the early out to quit the program. Ken Moore ended his flying days by being eliminated for medical reasons.

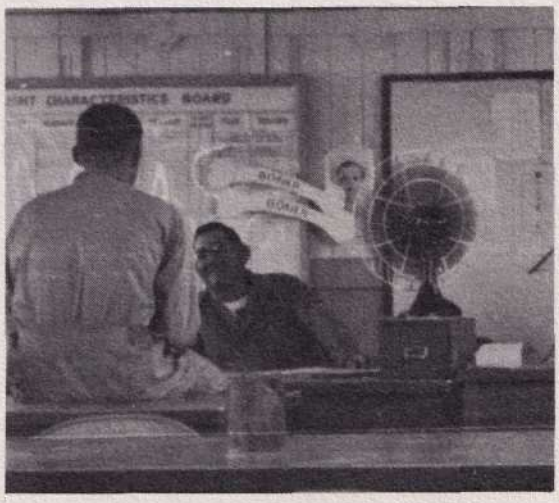
Since Capt. Gross, Capt. Pothier, Capt. Swenson, and Capt. Ford had just been checked out in jet instruction and Capt. Rockwell had yet to check out, there ensued another big switch in our "permanent" instructors. We lost all of these men except Capt. Swensen and in their place picked up Capt. Dawson as assistant flight commander, and Lt. Effler and Lt. Jordan.

There was quite a bit of bitterness among the Italian cadets, Macchi di Cellere, George Caroli, and Pete Marsigli, when FlyTAF and Italy got together and decided that they should go to Craig AFB to instructors' school instead of to jets. Major Russell saw to it that all three got a jet ride before they left, but we later learned they also were checked out in the T-33 at Craig.

As we got ready to begin the jet and final phase of flying training, F Flight had diminished from an original 39 students to a present 29. Also by now only three of our original instructors were still with us, Capt. Swenson, Lt. Moher, and Lt. Bjorklund.

CAPTAIN FRANK R. ROCKWELL

Before we were allowed that first jet ride, we sat through two and one half days of briefing, which was actually some more T-33 engineering, test and all. It seemed strange when we climbed into the jet to watch it practically start itself, the first of many new flying sensations... slowly smothering to death in the oxygen mask when the exhalation valve stuck... snowballs being thrown from over your right shoulder...the silence inside the cockpit, that is except for the constantly "hot" intercom over which you can hear your instructor breathe and curse under his breath... the sensitivity of the controls that made it look like a drunk was flying on takeoff... the shallow glide angle which on no-flap forced landings led one instructor to say, "Take the base leg out till you are sure you can't make the field; then go a little farther and you'll be just about right"...and above all, the lack of any sensation of speed in the air.



AIRMAN BOB RAY, working hard, as usual.

One of our most eager pilots in the jet phase proved to be Grant Richards, who signed out for more cockpit time than anyone else, but it was discovered later he was just catching up on his sleep. Everyone got his first free ride and then the weather set in and for 18 straight days it rained at least part of every day. When the weather finally lifted early in September, Lou Campbell was the first to solo followed minutes later by Dunc McDonald.

Bill Ayers said he'd never cock a nosewheel and couldn't imagine how it was possible for anyone to do it; on his first solo he cocked it three times before he got off the ground, blamed it on a weak brake, but naturally no one believed him. Jim Chadwick cost Lt. Moher a case of beer for the benefit of the other instructors when the two of them got the first "desert" landing short of runway 17L. Jim didn't give up yet, though; he managed to get a fairing door and a runway light on a touch and go before soloing.

Michel Debrand cost Major Russell an incident report when the two of them ran off the taxiway into the gumbo left by the rains while they were attempting to lock the canopy. C. D. Allen

heaved his cookies again and got out of the program on a medical certificate. Gene Linn failed to check out solo after much time with the flight and section commanders; D. D. Ray eventually made it after riding several times with Major Fletcher but was washed back to the third increment. Lt. Buss, who was a pilot refresher at Bainbridge, Ga., when many of us were there in primary training, came into the flight shack from instructors' school to give us once again our full complement of eight "permanent" instructors, but even before he arrived, Airman Bob Ray, our dispatcher, had passed the hat before he left us on 1 September, still flipping for Cokes and trying to mooch a dime. Ray Bronk was the last to check out in the jet and then got "checkitis" and forgot his procedures on his transition check.

With the departure of our dispatcher, rank reared its ugly head and Chuck Hood, called "Colonel" for short, took over the duties of OIC from Twik Birge with three days' seniority over his nearest rival. About this time we lost Tony Bartalo to 54-B when he was mistaken for a Mexican wetback at 0230 in the morning. First to get his transition check was Bill Rudderow, though he wished when he got down someone else had gone.

MAJOR WILLIAM L. KRUEGER

Next came solo cross-countries, which were jammed into the program to help catch up on lost time. It wasn't enough, though, and we flew our first Saturdays in the program, three of them all told. The cross-countries proved to be very interesting, particularly from 30,000 ft. when you were flying from Laredo to Corpus Christi to Brownsville and back for the third time. Without tiptanks it was even better — you had to stay within sight of the field.

CAPTAIN THOMAS D. FORD

When 25 hours were logged, it was time for overnight cross-countries. Each student was asked to put down his two preferences of desired destinations. Then the sheets were collected and shuffled and we ended up going where the instructors wanted to go. Even so, it seemed like the place you drew your maps to and the place you ended up going to never agreed. We found that all the navigation we had learned in ground school was obsolete; all you need now is a map, and 30 seconds to get a line drawn on it (all CAA weather stations give weather reports every 30 minutes).

One person from our shack was scheduled to go to Bainbridge, Ga., for a tiger talk. Lt. Lou Campbell won the draw but A/C Major Bill Hill pulled rank on him and went instead. Lou took the first legitimate cross-country a week later with Major Russell to San Francisco. A majority of the cross-countries went to Long Beach, California, a favorite spot of instructors. After the first trip, it was a student favorite too. Ask Bill Rudderow about the women out there.

Most everyone was borrowing money to live the lavish life of a jet pilot on the cross-countries, but old Phil Hanneman managed to make a profit off his. He went to Memphis where his girl bought his dinner and then to Oklahoma City where his folks bedded him down. He broke and spent $1 on incidentals. Ray Bronk, youngest man in 53-G at Laredo, spent many nights trying to pick out a destination where he could buy a legal drink and "get the monkey off my back."

Students were catching on by now to this cleanup racket, so Bob Keehner's AFSC was revised to make him chief painter and carpenter and besides supervising the painting of the latrine, he designed and built a rack to hold the instructors' parachutes.

Formation was eagerly waited by all "tigers." But, when it came, it brought with it about 12 other instructors, 10 from Foxtrot class repaying their debt, and Lt. Sooy and Capt. Bridgeman from the instrument section. With 22 instructors and 27 students, several checked out in formation, dual time was at a peak. Students took to hiding in the latrine, supply, and as a last resort even link to avoid the fate that befell Claude Ferrer and Bill Rudderow — four hours and thirty minutes of instruments in one day.

CAPTAIN ROBERT A. GROSS

Formation also increased the fuel problem tremendously, especially when flying with Bill Ayers. When he signed off the "P. McCripe" oxygen check, he was determined to do it. Three ships timed him at seven minutes from the time he took his helmet off the rail till the moment he checked in on the radio. But once he got that helmet on, he was in one hell of a hurry to go. He left Charlie Metz strangling on the runway on a wing takeoff. Bill thought Chuck was returning his ready signal when actually Chuck was wrestling with his oxygen mask and regulator to prevent suffocation.

Chuck had other fun in formation, too. He broke with a formation when fuel started draining out of his dive brakes and was told by runway control to make a forced landing pattern. Through slight errors in judgment, runway wrote him up for a low turn on final — 5 feet, 4 inches above the ground, they said. The controller that day was a short man and liked his scalp where it was meant to be. The very next formation ride, Chuck plagued Major Russell with his bad luck. In a four-shipper they lost their altimeter and airspeed and had to have Capt. Swensen fly them in formation right down to the deck.

Formation created a little friction in the shack the day Bob Clark came down muttering something about never flying Bob Eckhoff's wing again. Several others sympathized with him. Eckhoff had cause for complaining too when Harlan King, too used to dual time, called "speed brakes, now," over the interphone instead of the radio. Other consternation was caused the day Scooter and Doover flights were flying formation the same period. Doover called for a fuel check and six persons checked in. Then Scooter called for speed brakes and Doover leader lost three ships. Finally Scooter flight changed to another radio frequency.

The fact we land on 17L 364 out of 365 days a year was easily demonstrated by Bob Snook as No. 2 in a four-ship formation. Bob pitched out on 35R and rolled out lined with 35L, the T-28 runway. On the go-around, runway control accused him of waving at them and wrote him up for being sassy. The next time around, Bob lined up with the Ramp and had mechanics running for cover. Denials did little good and Bob carried the boner board for two days around his neck.

CAPTAIN ARMAND W. POTHIER

The day after Bob James' fatal accident, Jack Shackford lost his oxygen just after reaching 35,000 ft. in four-ship formation. He recognized his hypoxia and said he was going down, split S'ing from 35,000 ft. to 15,000 ft. in a semi-conscious state. The rest of Hammerhead flight tried to catch him right on the mach needle, but Jack was in a hurry and was still moving away.

CAPTAIN HERBERT W. MORRIS

After flying Bob Clark's wing, Twik Birge came forth with this sound advice: (for No. 4) If No. 3 is erratic, call the lead ship and suggest that No. 3 check his oxygen.

Everyone found the fastest way to get lost is to fly tactical formation, a precision maneuver in which four planes are put just out of sight of each other and then all ships switch positions.

Formation was drawing to a close when Showdown flight (Bill Ayers, Bill Hill, Chuck Metz, and Harry Niericker) became first to pass their check. Capt. Morris, on his last day in the service, took Showdown over to McAllen where they got a good view of the town and his home and gave a flying demonstration that had traffic stopped on the highway for five miles. As the elements began finishing up on formation, we picked up a new man to fly fourth ship — Jerry Byars from second increment of 53-F. Jerry had been off flying status for over a month after a run-in with the curfew in which he came out second best.

Just as in the T-28, instruments blackened the end of the T-33 program too. Things were especially black for Twik Birge the day he spent 55 minutes and 100-odd station identification signals listening to Kelly radio and trying to work a Laredo range problem. He stated later that he had a very difficult time determining the fade and getting in contact with "Shortstack." With the help of a Craig AFB instrument crib, only one man flunked the 60-4 written test in preparation for the flight check. Chuck Hood was the first man to brave the gauge check and earn his white instrument card. Shortly thereafter the weather clobbered in and prevented others from taking their instrument flight check until their proficiency cooled down from luke warm to ice cold. Most students had trouble with the gauges on instruments but Jim Chadwick had more trouble with his stomach. After several nauseating rides, he had to meet a military elimination board for air sickness.

With the program drawing to a close, Pete O'Neill decided to get in a lot of link time, but not to pass his instrument check. He shot consistently in the lower 80's but didn't get much of a sunburn. Capt. Dawson got a promotion to flight commander and left to take over A flight with Capt. Boutwell from C flight replacing him.

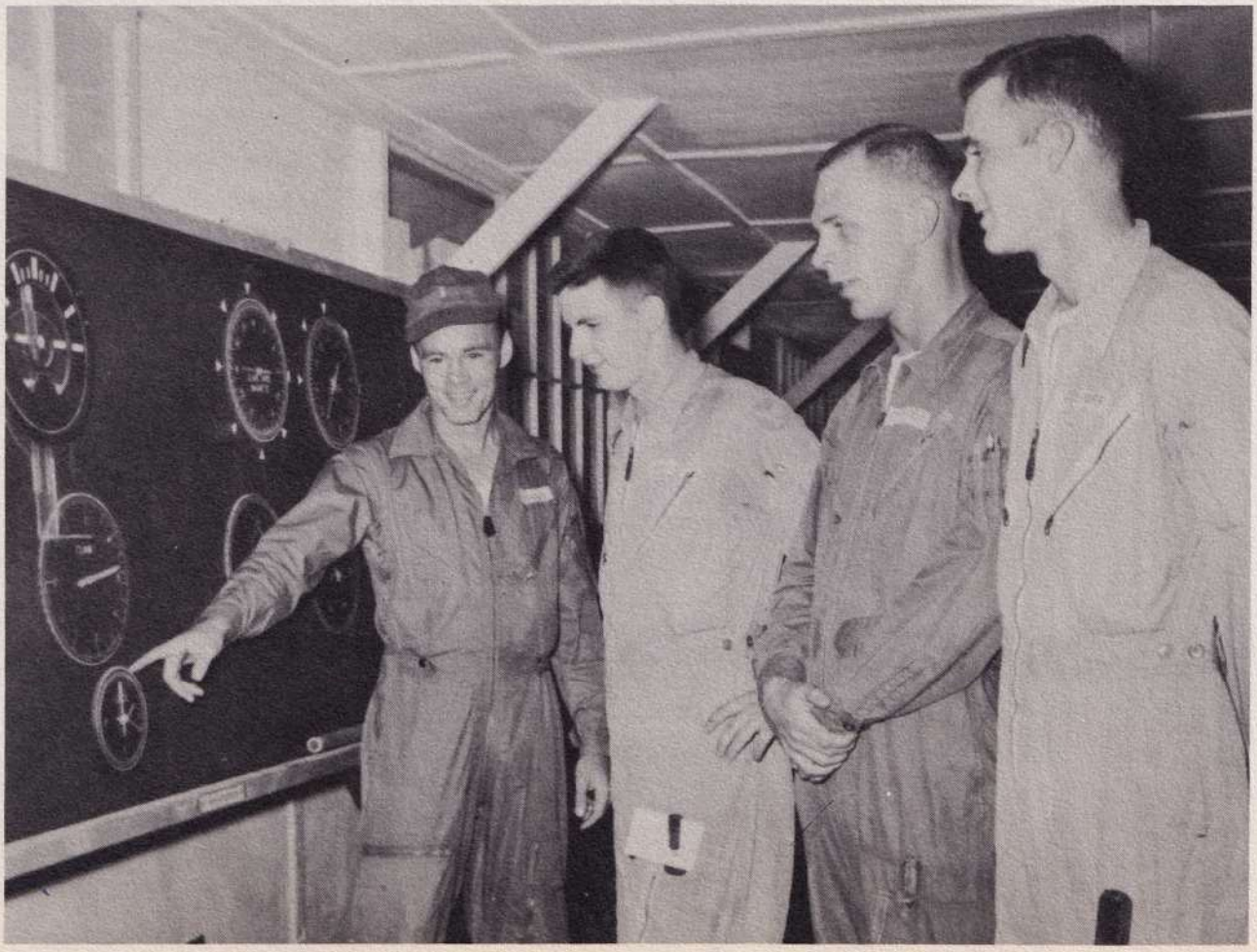
The program ended on a dark note — a pitchdark note...night flying. Very few of us had enough time left to afford a day-night cross-country, so Bob Mauger, Jack Shackford, Lou Campbell, Chuck Metz, and Bill Hill were of the few who went. At Dallas they wined and dined at Luke's Cafe outside Love Field in the latest style — flight suits.

Night formation was the first to get out of the way. After 30 minutes of adapting yourself for night vision, you got on the leader's wing and were immediately blinded by the two Sealbeam fuselage lights. Being wise, the second time you pocketed them on the pre-flight and then logged one hour of vertigo on the tiptank light.

...Now as the sound of his footsteps faded out and Major Russell disappeared into the instructor's room, 26 men relaxed their military position, gazed around the room and realized they were leaving it as a group for the last time. And so F flight's six months of flying training came to a pleasant close.

LT. WILBUR A. RODEHORST

1ST LT. JOE B. JORDAN
Box 146, Sweeney, Texas
Received his wings in February, 1951, and flew F-80's in Korea before coming to Laredo.



LT. ROBERT H. ECKHOFF, JR.
"Hiccup"
University of California
History major
"No worry about financing a wedding."

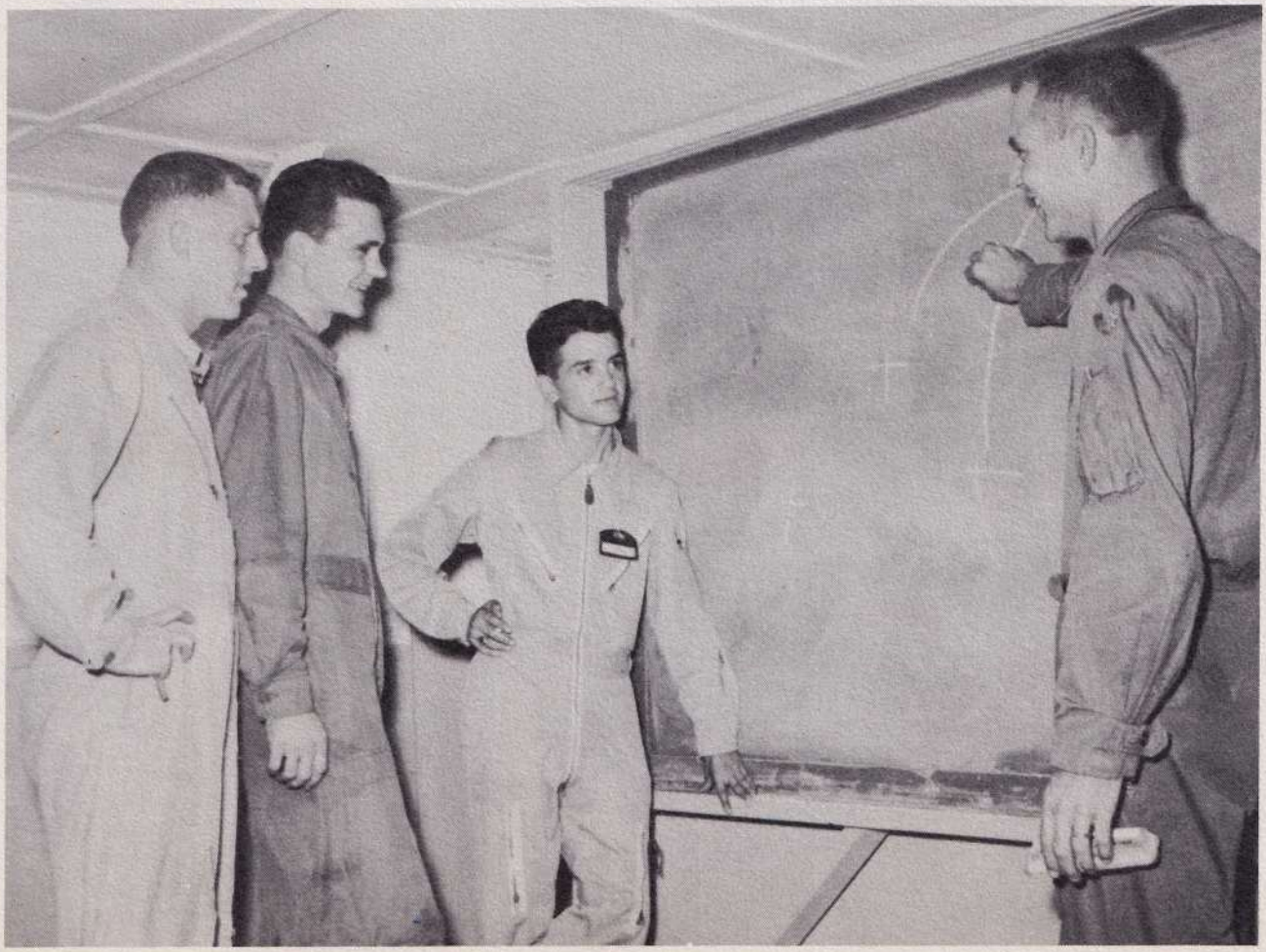
LT. CHARLES D. HOOD
"Colonel"
Clemson College
B.S. in electrical engineering
"All right, you cadets, let's clean up."

LT. DUNCAN K. McDONALD
"Grand-Daddy Short Legs"
Williams College
B.A. in biology
"Sure, my boys always turn out for reveille."

"NO SWEAT, BOYS,
I FLY JETS."

1ST LT. HARLEN T. HUGHES

Box 160, Laredo AFB, Texas
Received wings in February 1951; instructed at Perrin and Big Spring before coming to Laredo.



LT. ROBERT W. CLARK
"Relative Wind"
Miami (O.) University
B.S. in business
"I have no trouble getting auto insurance."

LT. PHILIP R. HANNEMAN
Pre-med at St. Louis Prep
"We all wonder how you got blue skirts on a yellow car.

SGT. MARCEL PEREZ
College Moderne Ardaillon
General academics
The little guy with the huge step.

"Don't move. . . I want to remember you standing there with the light shining in your hair. . ."

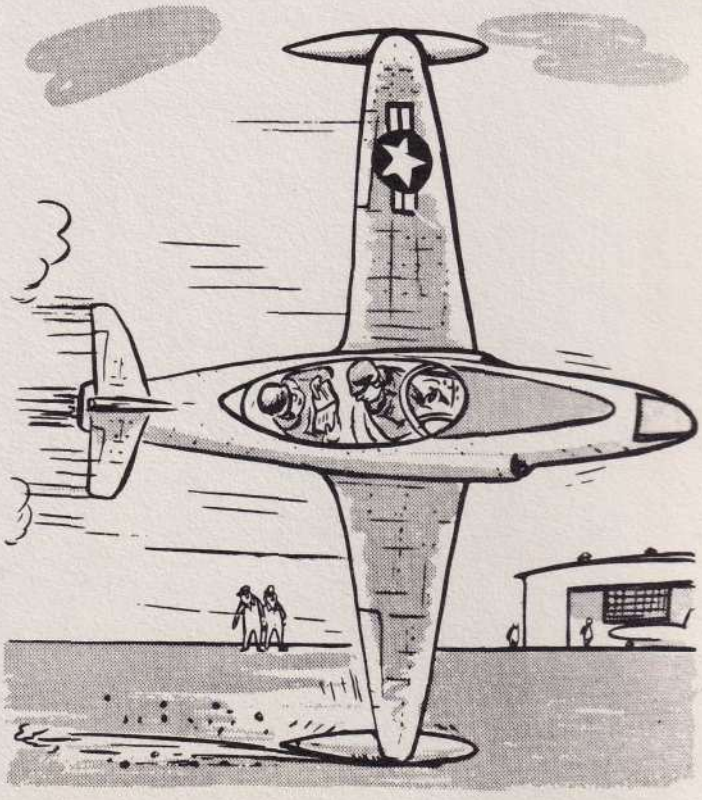
1ST LT. BERNARD G. MOHER

2909 Montclair, Detroit 14, Mich.
Received his wings September, 1950, and was a check pilot in primary at Kinston before coming to Laredo.

LT. THOMAS W. C. BIRGE
"Twik"
Virginia Military Institute
B.S. in physics
"Can you spare $10 'till payday?"

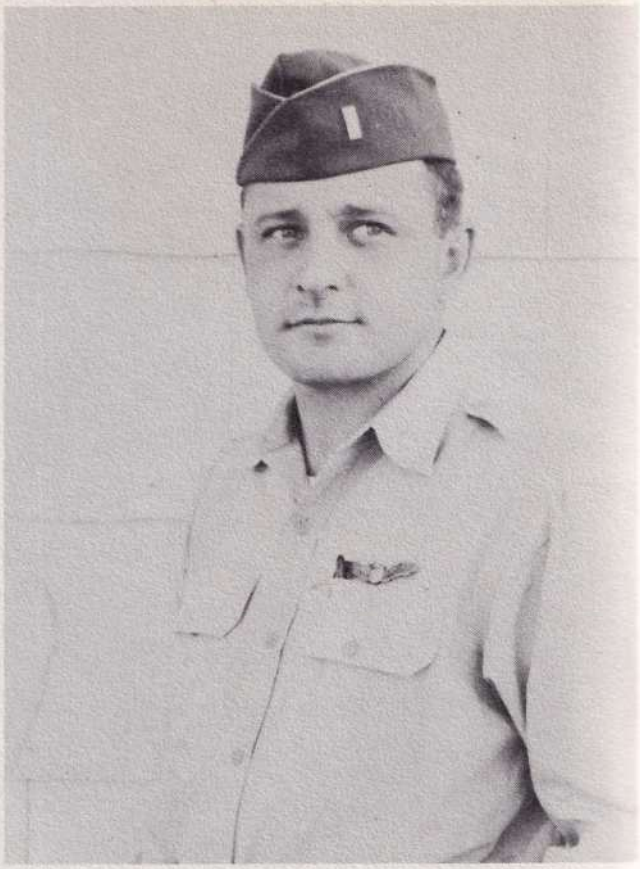
LT. JOHN P. RAYMER
University of Cincinnati
B.S. in physical education
Baseball's most avid supporter.

LT. ROBERT H. SNOOK
"Snooker"
Vanderbilt University
Electrical Engineering
We know why he took an avid interest in baby pictures in the classbook.



"It says right here, first drop the heavy tip tank *before landing!*"

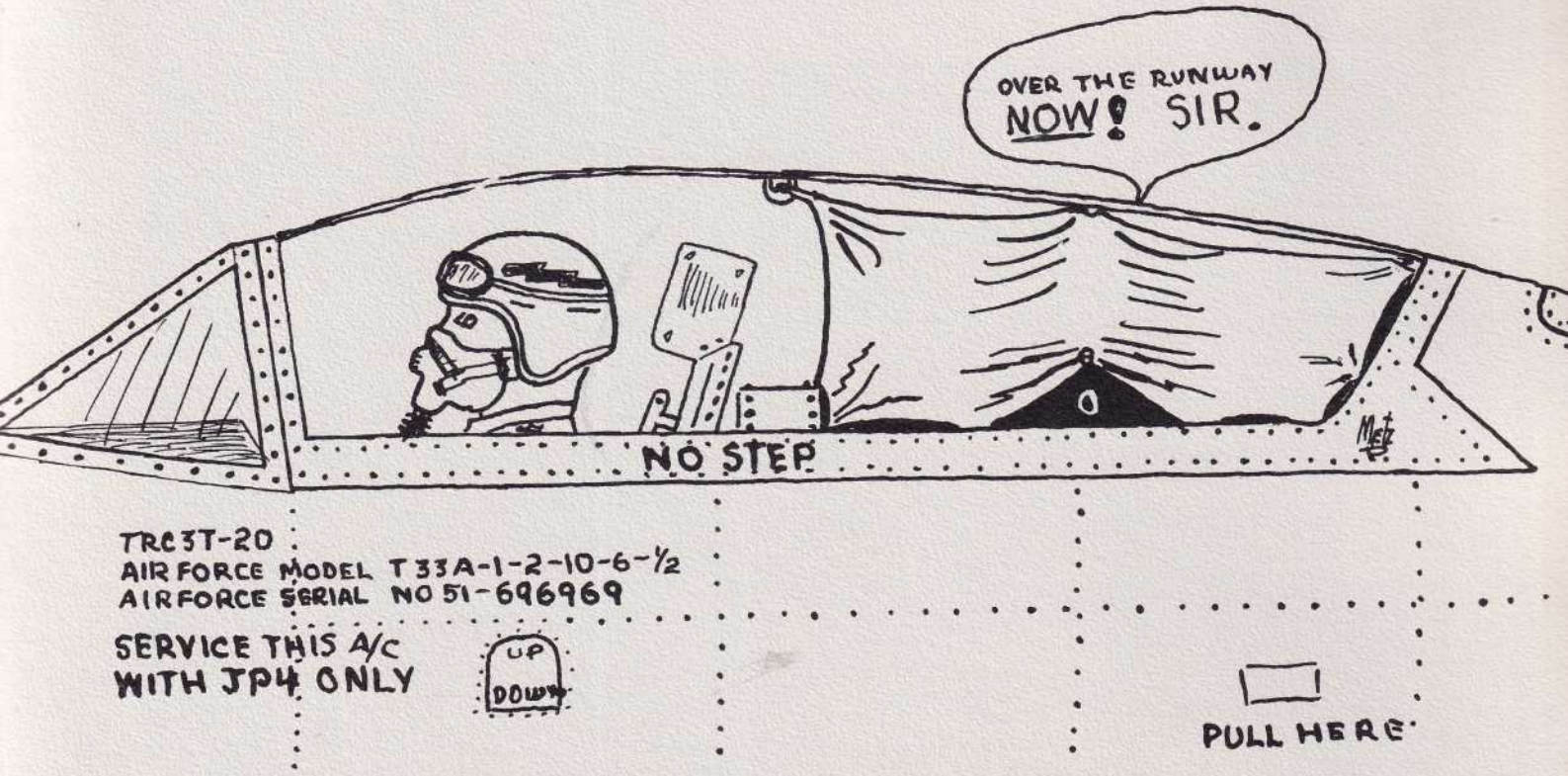
MAGGIE



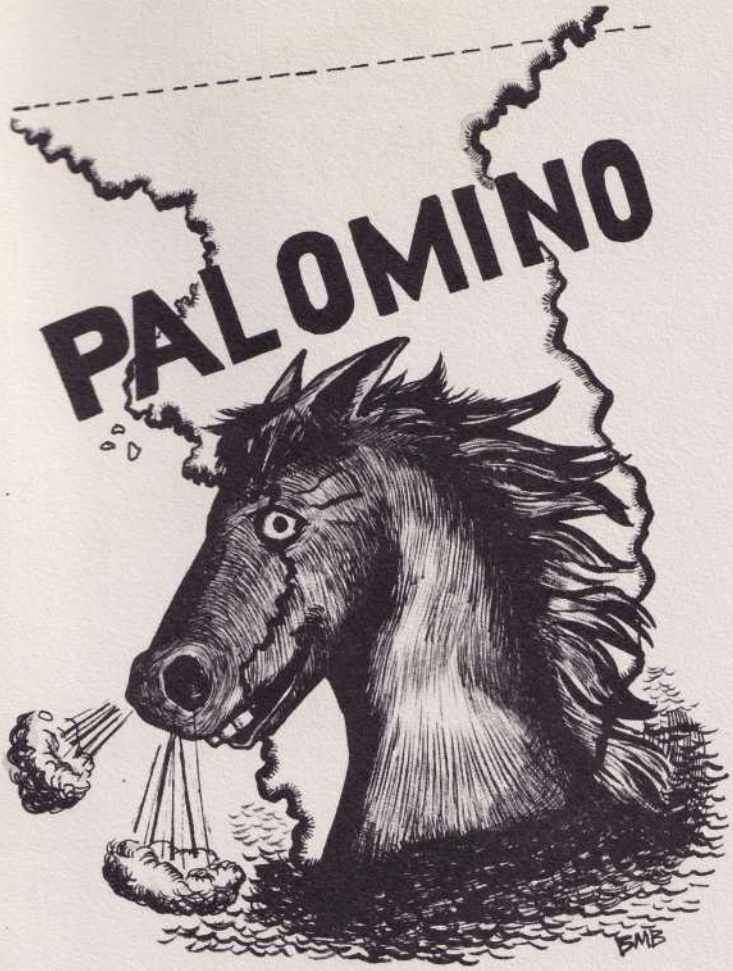
1ST LT. LEWIS C. BURKHARDT
Box 88, Laredo AFB, Texas
Received his wings in February, 1951, and was instructor at Goodfellow before coming to Laredo.

SGT. MICHEL R. DEBRAND
College de Maison-caree
General Academics
"A man with more runway control time than flying time."

LT. HARLAN L. KING
"King"
One man with guts enough to ask for 60 more hours of instruments.



Needle Ball & Peep



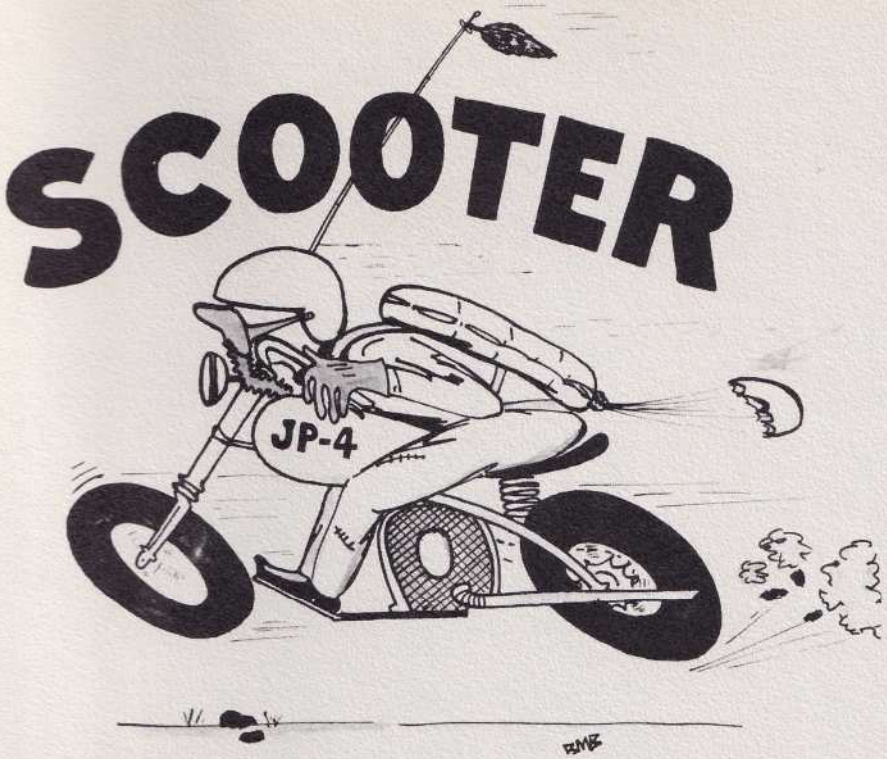
1ST LT. LESLIE W. BJORKLUND
3002 Parkway, Cheverly, Md.
Received his wings in February, 1944, and was a T-6 mosquito pilot in Korea before coming to Laredo.

LT. RAYMOND G. BRONK
"Baby Ray"
"Do I snore???"

SGT. CLAUDE G. FERRER
"Pedro"
College Moderne Ardaillon
General Academics
87 pounds of fighting Frenchman.

LT. WILLIAM H. RUDDEROW
"Rudd"
University of Maryland
B.S. Civil Engineering
"Whose got an oblique sense of humor?"

Operation over 100% rpm may cause excess tailpipe temperature.



1ST LT. HUBERT BUSS

423 W. Todd, Reed City, Mich.
Received his wings in February, 1943, and was an instructor with 8707th Reserve at Brooks AFB before coming to Laredo.

LT. ROBERT H. KEEHNER
"Chris Craft"
B.A. — Southwestern Louisiana Inst.
"Why of course my boat is seaworthy!"

LT. ROBERT L. MAUGER
"Migs"
University of Maryland
B.S. in Business Administration
"Let's go across the river."

LT. JOHN D. SHACKFORD
"Jack Shack"
Whittier College
B.A. Political Science
"There's no place in all God's universe like Los Angeles."

LT. JAMES W. SIMS
Spartan School of Aeronautics
Aeronautical Engineering
"I wonder if the TAC shack has anything for us to do?"

SHOWDOWN

1ST LT. ROBERT L. EFFLER

530 Lee Circle, Johnson City, Tenn. Received his wings in September, 1949, and was a T-6 instructor at Perrin before coming to Laredo.

LT. WILLIAM K. AYERS
"Sheriff"
State University of Iowa
B. A. in Journalism
"Oh, will we ever get this damn class-book finished?"

LT. WILLIAM R. HILL II
"Wild Bill"
University of Delaware
Business Administration
"Don't mess with love."

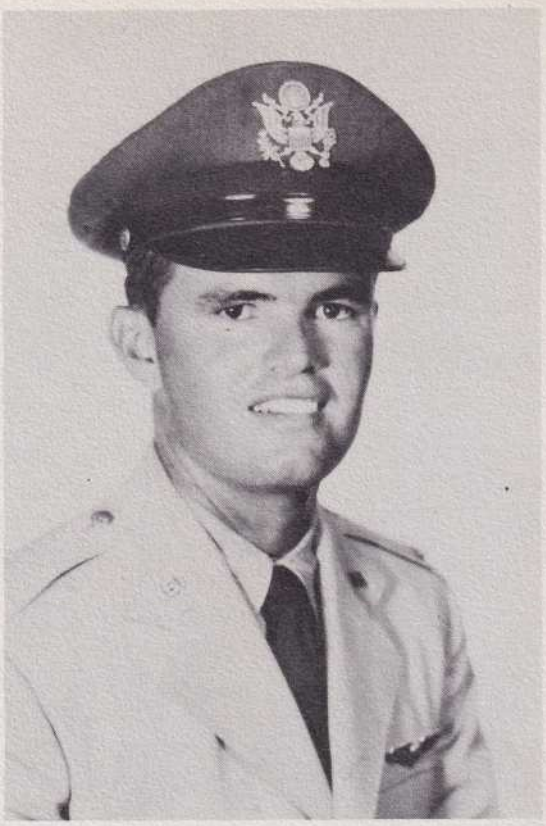
LT. CHARLES V. METZ
University of New Mexico
B.S. Mechanical Engineering
"How can you afford to overlook a month's pay and a year's longevity."

SGT. HARRY J. NIERICKER
"Augie"
"I don't complain."

CAPTAIN JAMES G. SWENSEN

Box 332, Laredo AFB, Texas
Received his wings in June, 1944, and held a command position in Engineering division of 15th AF Hq. before coming to Laredo.

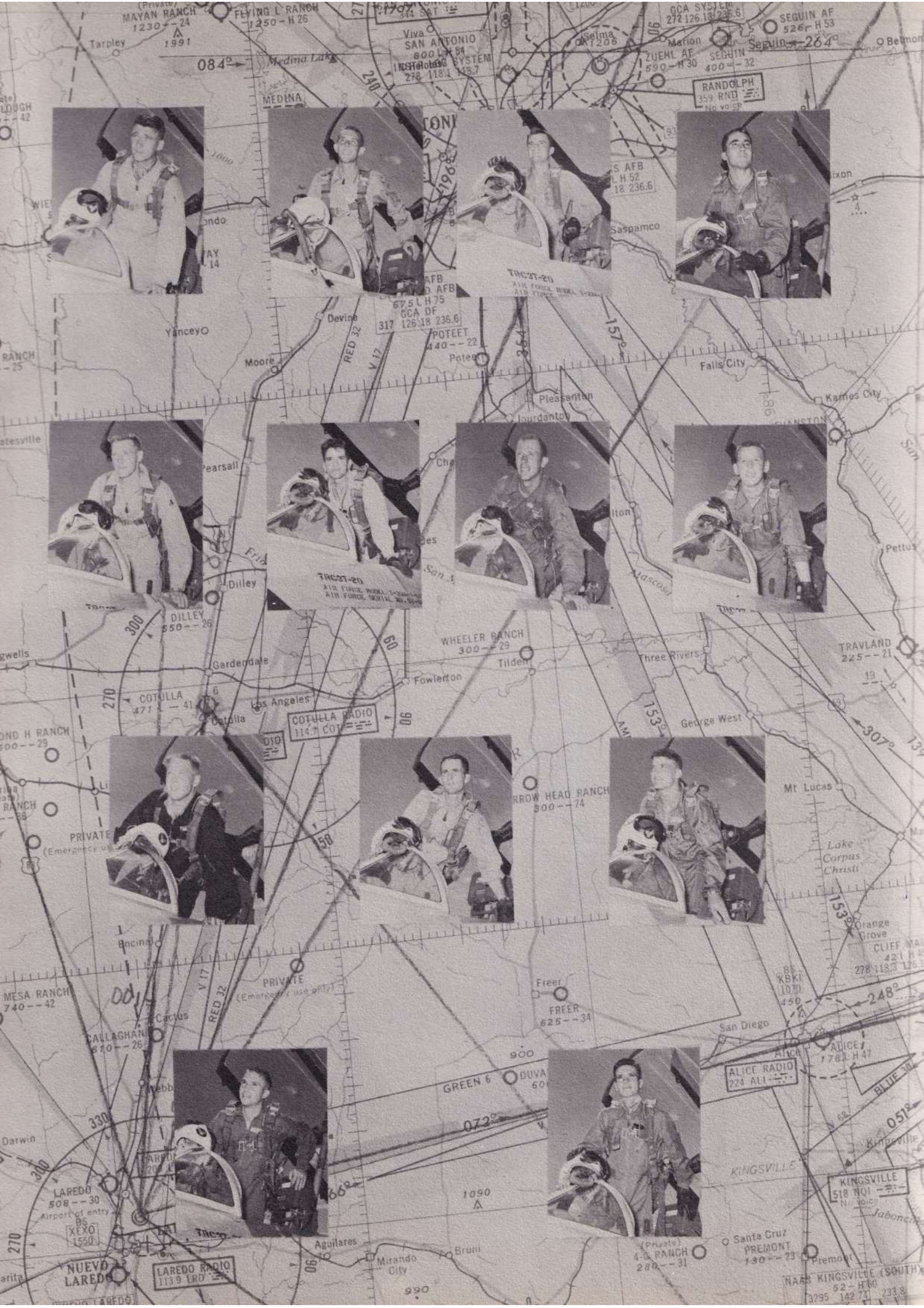
LT. LOUIS D. CAMPBELL
"Lou Babe"
Kansas State College
B.S. in agronomy
He could get along with the devil himself.



LT. PETER D. O'NEILL
"P.D."
University of Florida
Business
The man who proved that the RON is nothing but jet propelled bankruptcy.

LT. GRANT M. RICHARDS
West Virginia University
B.A. Political Science
"My, how liquor loosens a stuck tongue."

"Can't you just imagine what a wonderful cadet base this would make?"


MAYAN RANCH
FLYING L RANCH
Tarpley
Medina Lake
MEDINA
SAN ANTONIO
Selma
Marion
ZUEHL AF
SEGUIN AF
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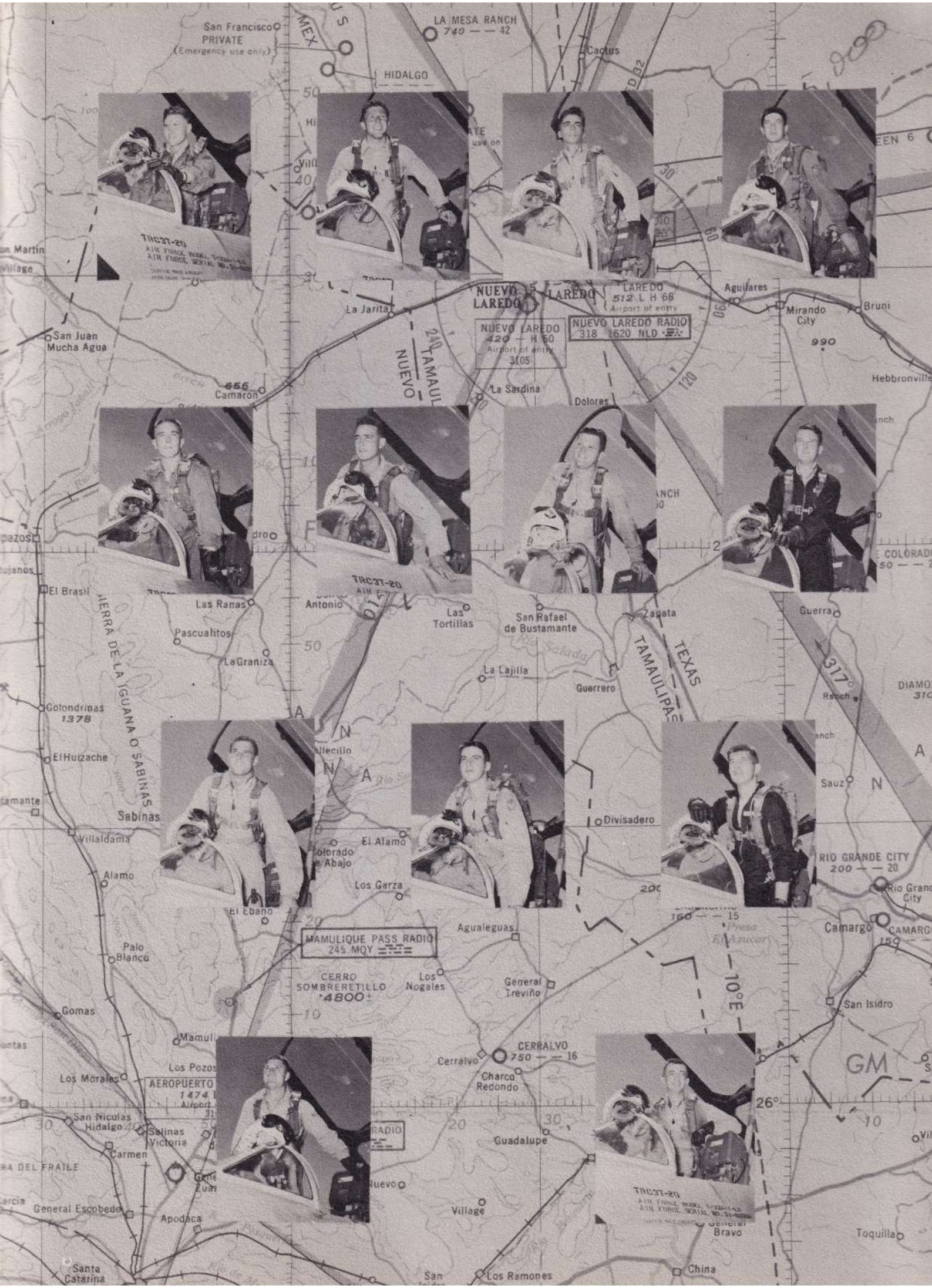
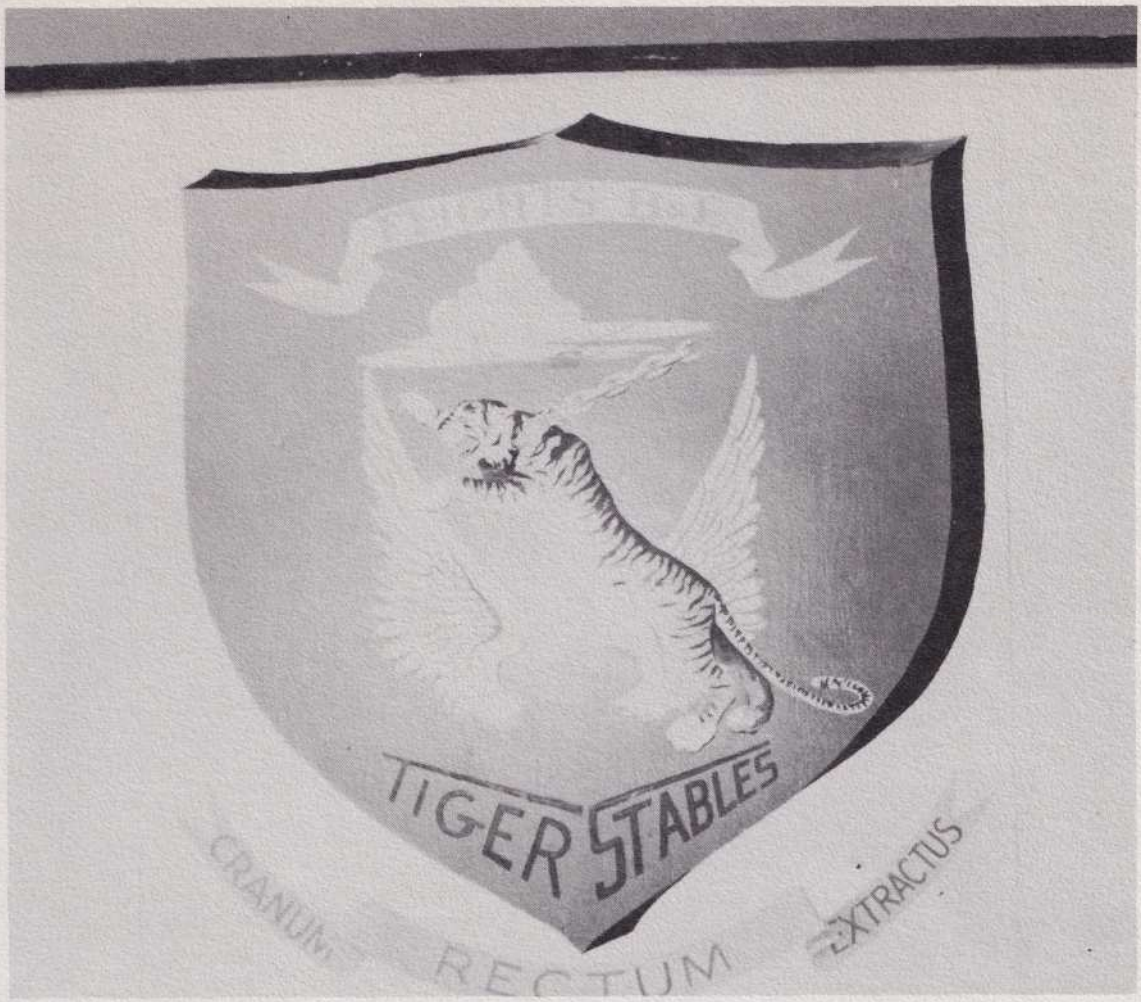
RANDOLPH
Saspamco
Devine
Yancey
Moore
POTEET
Pleasanton
Falls City
Karnes City
Pearsall
Dilley
DILLEY
WHEELER RANCH
Tilden
Three Rivers
TRAVLAND
Gardendale
Fowlerton
COTULLA
Los Angeles
COTULLA RADIO
George West
Mt Lucas
Lake Corpus Christi
Orange Grove
Encinal
PRIVATE
MESA RANCH
Cactus
CALLAGHAN
Freer
FREER
San Diego
ALICE
ALICE RADIO
GREEN 6
Darwin
LAREDO
Airport of entry
XEXO
NUEVO LAREDO
LAREDO RADIO
Aguilares
Mirando City
Bruni
KINGSVILLE
KINGSVILLE
Santa Cruz
PREMONT
NAAS KINGSVILLE (SOUTH)


San Francisco
PRIVATE
(Emergency use only)
LA MESA RANCH
740 — — 42
HIDALGO
Caotus
NUEVO LAREDO
LAREDO
LAREDO
512 L H 66
Airport of entry
NUEVO LAREDO
420 — H 60
Airport of entry
3105
NUEVO LAREDO RADIO
318 1620 NLD
La Jarita
Aguilares
Mirando City
Bruni
San Juan Mucha Agua
Camaron
La Sardina
Dolores
Hebbronville
El Brasil
Las Ranas
Antonio
Las Tortillas
San Rafael de Bustamante
Zapata
Guerra
Pascualitos
La Graniza
La Lajilla
Guerrero
TAMAULIPAS
TEXAS
Golondrinas
1378
El Huizache
Sabinas
Villaldama
Divisadero
Sauz
RIO GRANDE CITY
200 — — 20
Alamo
El Alamo
Los Garza
El Ebano
Agualeguas
Camargo
MAMULIQUE PASS RADIO
245 MQY
Palo Blanco
CERRO SOMBRERETILLO
4800±
Los Nogales
General Treviño
San Isidro
Gomas
CERRALVO
750 — — 16
Cerralvo
Charco Redondo
Los Pozos
Los Morales
AEROPUERTO
San Nicolas Hidalgo
Salinas Victoria
Carmen
Guadalupe
General Escobedo
Apodaca
Village
General Bravo
Toquilla
Santa Catarina
Los Ramones
China
SIERRA DE LA IGUANA O SABINAS
10°E
26°
GM


TIGER STABLES
CRANUM
RECTUM
EXTRACTUS

B Flight
53-G
53-G

EIGHT SCORE and THREE days ago we reported to the "B" Flight Shack for the first time. We were told in no uncertain terms that day that this building was known as "The Tiger Stables," and that we damn well better act like Tigers. Among other things we learned our flight motto was "CRANUM RECTUM EXTRACTUS," a fact which many of us forgot at different times throughout our training. This day we were also taught how to call the shack to attention whenever Major Joiner, Major Preston or Captain Wilcox entered the room, the object being to see how many chairs could be stuck in the wall (Joe Francis still holds the record having imbedded his chair eight inches into the wall) and how many tables and instructors could be turned over. Thus developed a spirit, felt by students and instructors alike, that was unequalled on the flight line. Each night we marched off the line to the strains of Howard Shellhaas's soothing cadence and Captains Orell's and Leavitt's, "Sound Off," "Let's Have A Song."

Then came T-28 briefings... Two days of mass punishment, explaining how the T-28 was one of the safest torque machines made with the possible exception of propeller, engine and other potential malfunctions. The traffic pattern, they told us, was simple, "Two Blackouts, Turn Final and start filling out the Form I." Bob James was the first to take the 28 up alone and the majority of us followed within the next two or three days. At this stage we learned Captain Orell, in addition to being a good instructor, (In spite of his, "Get your head out of your....."), had taken it upon himself to finance the flight party by his judicious application of the "Boner System." Computing Boners at the rate of a dime each, Brown, Edlund and Francis lost about three days pay on one flight... (No map with them)... We remember the day of John Kennelly's transition check ride with Captain Leutchmann after nine non-flying days... "I'm taking all that into consideration and I want you to know that's all going to count heavily in your favor, but that was a failing ride." Our two Latin Lovers (Pee Wee Edlund and Bobby Smith) started devoting more time to TPO's and Tech. Orders (and their weekends on the ramp) after deciding never to cross the Yalu again... (at least for three months). Odd Scheen taking off on a formation flight with Major Joiner without pulling the down lock pins, ("Those damn pins without red flags")...Jerry Blaskey (sometimes known as "Beazly Buccard), "Fly closer so I can take your picture."

MAJOR THOMAS PRESTON, JR.
Flight Commander
Route 1, Howland, Texas
Graduated Class 45-B..Two Tours ETO, one in Pacific and "Mosquitos" in Korea.

From time to time we were called upon to "Perform certain menial tasks while on the flight line.." This consisted of painting the instructor's room (the ceiling a beautiful conglomeration of orange) cutting the grass, watering the grass, painting the fence, repairing the fence, washing the truck, policing the area, sweeping, dusting and mopping ad infinitum.... "Student Officers will be required to supervise all cadet details on the line." Each student officer was Duty Officer every fourth day, and what he said went. We were fortunate in that all our Student Officers were real "George" guys and worked hand in hand with us on every little detail..Lt. Chernysh: "All right you Cadets, let's get this Boars Nest cleaned up!!! Amidst the moaning and groaning you could hear the muffled sound of chickens in the background...Lt. Chernysh: "Aw, you cadets never had it so good." (Additional clucking, moaning and groaning.)

Then came formation... Every man felt, talked and acted like a tiger. "Man, you should have seen us today!! We did Loops and Rolls in-trail and I pulled 7 G's. We really tucked it in there... and did we look sharp!!" Solo Navigation Flights.. He swears he was doing acrobatics and didn't know what time it was, but Walt Chernysh didn't land until 1300 after one of these flights and the flying period was over at 1215... (Looks kind of suspicious). There was the day Lt. Stevenson caught a couple boys (one of his own students) flying formation at 1500 feet on one of their solo navigation flights. "Who was lead, Krebbs, you or Smith?" ..Falfurrias and Alice seemed to have a strange facination for a few of the boys in the flight. Rumor has it that the Air Force Pilots have it all over the Navy boys when it comes to Air to Ground Work.

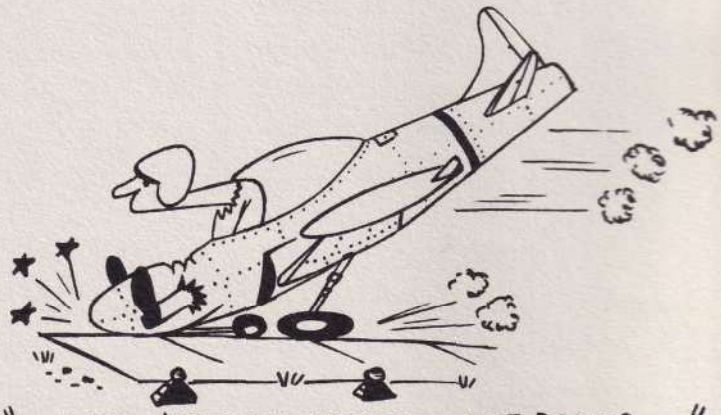
All through this period the Student Officers really had it rough... They came to the line with gaunt looks on their faces, evidence of sleep in their eyes and praying they wouldn't fly first period so they could go over to the Line PX and get their Ham and Eggs....McAvoy really pulled a shrewdie...took off for a couple days and got married. Those last days in the 28 were really long. Finish instruments, "You need 30 minutes more acrobatics," "Go get it"...Formation checks.."You did lousy, but I'll give you a minimum satisfactory..Must have had a case of checkitus."

CAPTAIN RICHARD H. WILCOX
Route 5, Murray, Kentucky
Graduated Class 44-I... 23 months in Alaska. Senior Pilot '51, 3,000 hours.

Here we lost our Italian Boys, DiPisa, Dalla Valle, and Missoni. The Italian Government it seems figured they needed some instructors, so they shipped them off to Craig (PIS). They all got rides in the jet before they left and Dalla Valle and DiPisa got to wear the "Boner Pot" for a week...We finished 28's and were ready for jets. We lost some of our instructors, Captain McKee after an operation, Captain Lantz became a Maintenance Officer, Captain Leutchmann and Lt. Stevenson to other flights.. We hated to see them go as they were all swell instructors and deserve a lot of credit for getting us through the program.

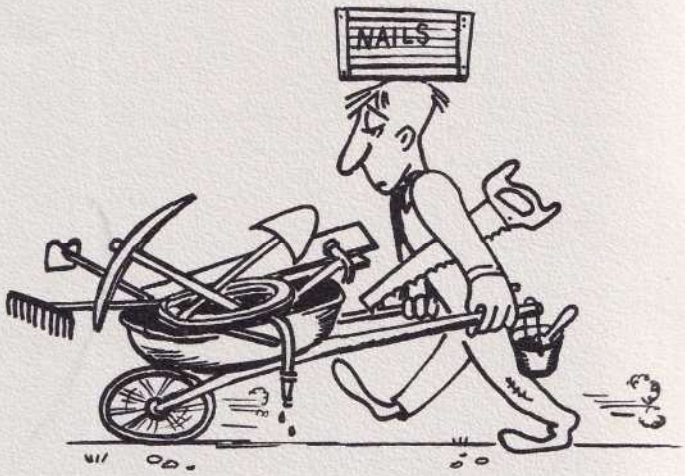
A/2C LIVINGSTON
Dispatcher

JETS!!.. We all checked out our "Hard Hats" or "Brain Buckets," and took pictures like mad. Some of us got shuffled around with new instructors..New instructors to the flight were Captains Allison and Chaffin and Lts. Miller and Olson...We changed our Element names so we were all fish...We all really liked that because there is nothing more romantic or glamorous than a fish..Three days of mass punishment.. Cockpit Time...Emergency procedures, "Determine Flameout, Stopcock Throttle," plenum chamber lights, overheat lights, fuel lights, "Gad! This thing's nothing more than a $230,000 pinball machine...P. McCripe check, emergency fuel check (the object being to see if you can blow the tailpipe out) taxiing ("With judicious application of the brakes"), Cocked nosewheels (The Crew Chiefs were tearing their hair out) "Take it Around"...We had more go-arounds in the parking area than in the air. "Cripe! If you can taxi this thing you've got it made".. "Flying, it's easy"... "Getting it to the takeoff position and back to the ramp is the sweat." Tiger shots, everyone look grim, yes, a professional killer. "Yes, I fly jet type aircraft"...It's rough, but then War is Hell...First solo, Don Hodge, followed two minutes later by Mc Avoy. "Ringwood"..."I'm on fire..Oh no, it's vapor from the standpipe..Sure was worried though." Tech. Order 00-44-75F (Fuselage Cap) complied with...Forced landings..Automatic Air Start (it didn't work), Manual Air Start (it didn't work), 5000' High Key Point, Gear, Flaps, extra final airspeed for fuel aboard, round it out, "Don't let it Land," (We crashed)..T-3 stage, an hour in the pattern (8 go-arounds, 1 landing)...Will Haddon's check to Mobile on initial solo, "Ringwood, 639 initial solo," (sound of breathing), "100%," (deep breathing), "Tail-pipe temperature aboot 600 degrees, fuel pressure 1 pound," (continued breathing), "Loadmeter aboot point 4," (choke), "Everything else O. K. (Sigh of relief)...Jim Pettijohn: "Ringwood," this is me, my brakes are weak" (Aircraft in mud) "how about some help"... Bruce Bailey, (the Worrier), "I'm worried about my flying." Lt. Olson's safari to the aircraft.. Arias squashing Capt. Orell's helmet (take forty). Arias had 150 to date..Airman Livingston's faux pas on the telephone when it was being used by an instructor talking to a lady, "Boy, is my face red." Those games of Queen Bee (another name for a promotion fest) by the instructors with Major Joiner back at the Coke Machine, "Well, you won again, Major"... "You're the luckiest....." Reverend Roberson was called to Oklahoma City to see an instructor's sick Grandmother, a real bawl, huh, Robbie?



"--WITH JUDICIOUS APPLICATION OF BRAKES--"

Our two fabulous Frenchmen, Graviazi and Masson, figured they could always do better on their second transition check... (Excerpt from an incident report of Lt. Olson's), "Upon the students positive word that we were on course... Hell, Miller, that's not Del Rio, that's Eagle Pass"... "That's right, sir, we're up here at Eagle Pass, could you send up some fuel?" (I've never been so humiliated in my life, and a Green Card Pilot too).. "Hey Stokland, How about five more," "My lucks bound to change"... Slothouber to Ringwood, "I can't find my flaphandle, coming in hot"..."Radar" Ljostad's new method of radio range orientation hasn't yet been approved by the AF..It just doesn't work out turning to an "N" quadrant bisector heading when getting the "A" Signal does it?... Bob Reidinger had a lot of hair trouble fostered mainly by instruments and hairy takeoffs and landings in a B-25 in the capacity of a passenger. "Mike" Candat still insists this radio navigation in the T-33 has it all over pilotage in a T-6...Remember Al Triner's flame-out and his procedure Airstart? "Stopcock the throttle? Hell, No, it just started again"... Bill Palmer also warranted an Incident Report when he had hydraulic failure in the pattern. I guess this really aggravated his "nervous stomach." Brown insists he never did anything wrong (except become a Distinguished Aviation Cadet). Howard Shellhaas promised never to throw away any old cigar butts or other sundry articles around the flight shack belonging to you know who (No names, but initials are Joe Orell).



"---CERTAIN MENIAL TASKS--"

Wayne Sharp, "Ringwood, my left brake is weak, how about sending someone out to uncock my nose wheel?"..."The Mystery of the Week," "The Case of the Loose Leading Edge Fuel Cap," (All I want is the facts, Chernysh, take forty).... Lelievre, another Frenchman had a particular passion for moving fans in the messhall, but he maintains he and J. T. Kennelly still graduated friends... D. D. Ray will never forget the day he attempted to taxi with the parking brakes locked: "What's the matter, Ray?" Ray: "I don't know sir, the engine doesn't seem to be developing any thrust"...

Following is a list of famous (or infamous) quotes from our instructors:

Major Preston: "Put up your chairs, turn out the lights, shut off the fans, and lets go home."

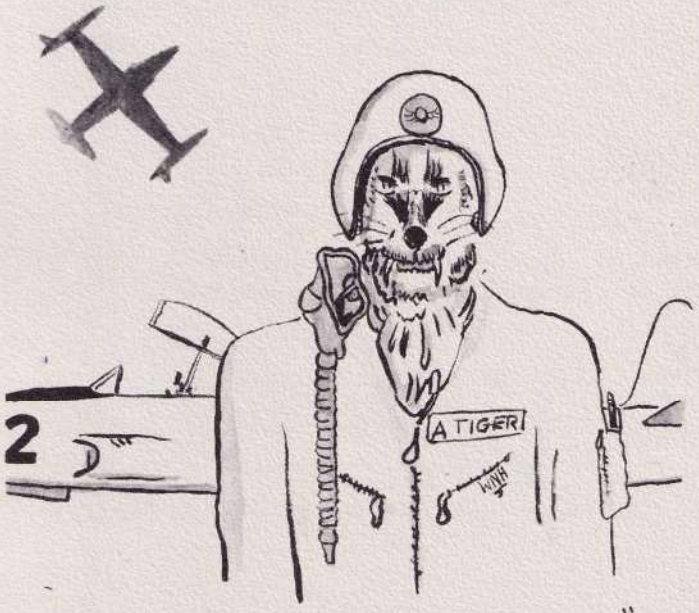
Captain Wilcox: "969 going around from a base over Cotulla."

Captain Chaffin: "I looked at my airspeed indicator and we were 60 miles above the Mach. (that wasn't nervousness sir, that was aileron buzz).

Captain Agoes: "Quit flying this aircraft like a T-6."

Captain Orell: "It's not my fault if we don't have a good party."

Captain Allison: "I've got no complaints, that was a good flight."



"YES, I FLY JETS---"

Captain Leavitt: "Got some flying safety poop for you men. Icing conditions in the Aleutians are, blah, blah, blah. When your number two engine, blah, blah, blah — Centrifigal type engines are especially vulnerable to. . that doesn't apply to us."

Lt. Olson: "Skate Flight over the field at 2500. How do we look? O.K. HELL!!

Lt. Miller: "Next time Olson, I'll do the navigating."

Lt. Ferrara: "Now this is a damn safe aircraft, except for — blah, blah, blah, (Emergency procedure lecture)."

"B" Flight can be proud of the fact that four members of the flight were on the Aviation Cadet Group staff; A/C Colonel Odd Scheen of Norway —Group Commander; A/C Major Donald Hodge — Group Executive Officer; A/C Major James Brown —Group Supply Officer; and A/C Major Marcel Graviazi of France — Group Liaison Officer. Noteworthy also, of the four Distinguished Aviation Cadets of our class, three were from "B" Flight; Donald Hodge, James Brown and Howard Shellhaas.

Turning 180 degrees from the slapstick and comedy no history would complete without mentioning the two tragedies of our flight. 1st Lt. Robert James who was killed on a formation flight 12 October, 1953, and A/C Dale Bartusek who was killed on a formation flight 27 October, 1953. It was pleasure and a privilege to live and fly with these gentlemen. To one who loves the air it is a lasting tribute to say, "We were proud to fly their wing." Our deepest sympathies to the members of each of their families. In a program of this type accidents are imminent and should be expected, but as one instructor put it, "It's pretty damn rough when it hits close to home."

In drawing this little epistle to a close we all join in saying we were proud to have been a part of Baker Flight. It was only through the initiative and perseverance of our instructors that we came through the program so well. They were a bunch of great instructors and swell fellows. We all wish them many years of good flying and the best of luck in all their future undertakings.

CAPTAIN JOSEPH L. AGOES
115 Sixth Avenue
Roebling, N. J.

Graduated Class 43-H.
2800 hours SE time, 600 hours Jet time, 450 Conventional fighter. 11½ years service. Eighteen months in FEAF.

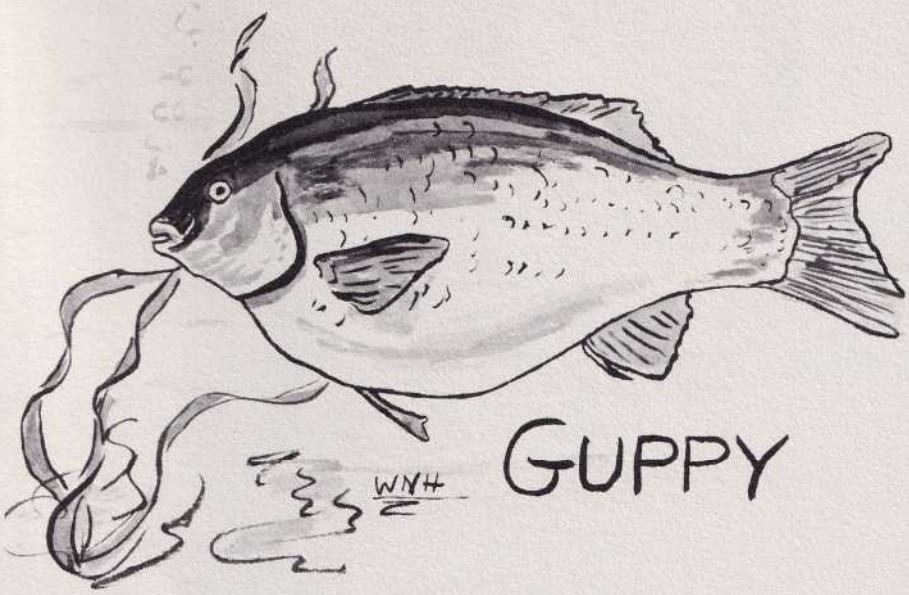
SGT. MICHAEL CANDAT
Liberal Arts — 4 years
"Mike"
"Me, immigrate to Joisey?"

LT. JOE M. FRANCIS
Lowry Institute of Gun Plumbers
"Joe"
"That was a darn hard test, I missed a question."

LT. JOHN T. KENNELLY
St. John's University
"J.T."
"You got a little something you want to say?"

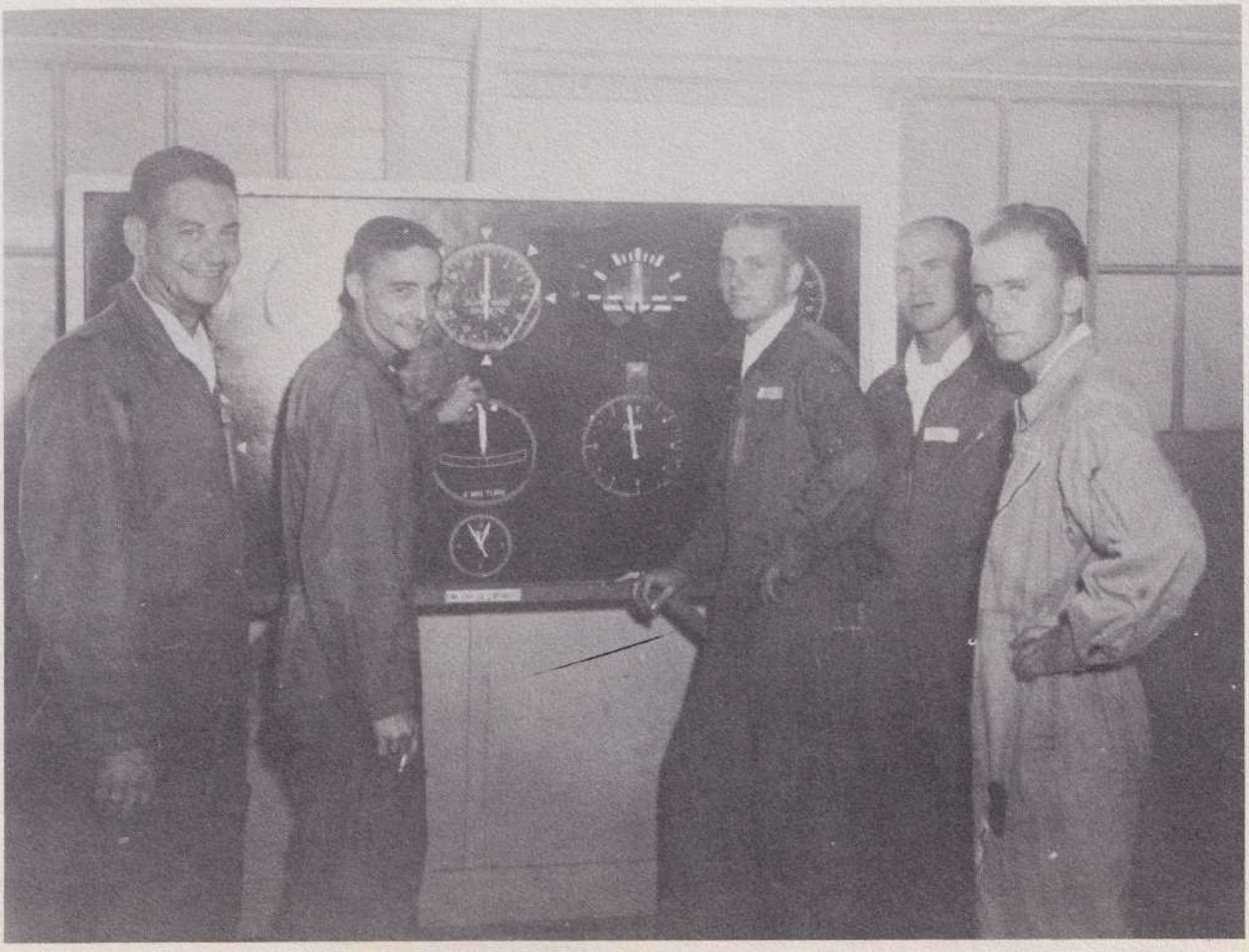
Note

There is no fire extinguishing system on this airplane.



1/LT. ROBERT J. MILLER
909 West Avenue "J"
Lancaster, California

Graduated 1944. Flew B-29's in WW II, in South Pacific. Discharged May '46, recalled '51. Basic instructor at Bryan AFB, prior to Laredo. Senior Pilot '53.



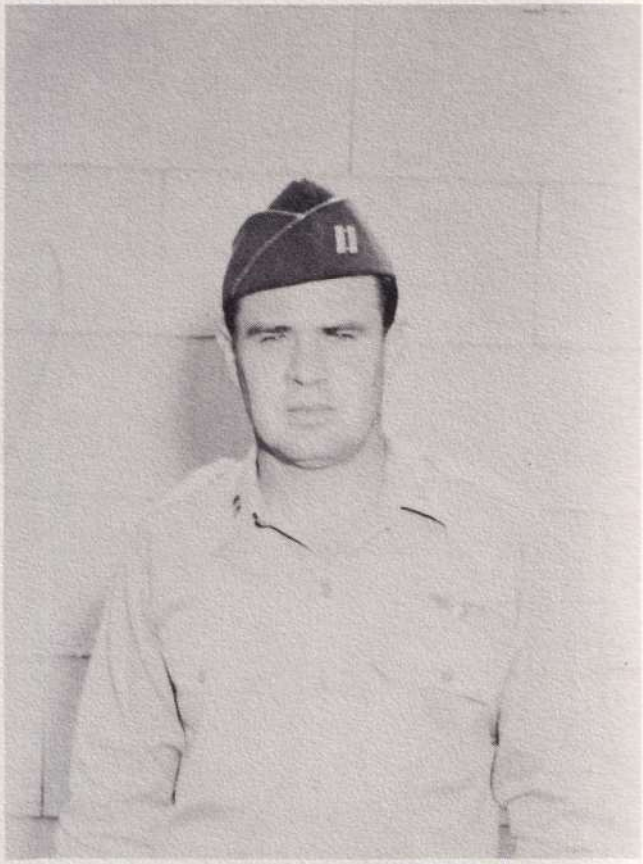
LT. DONALD W. HODGE
Texarkana College
"Cotton"
Engineering
"Let's get on the ball, there's a 2/Lt."

LT. WILLIAM F. PALMER
West Virginia Tech
"Goose"
Sociology
"Man, I've got a nervous stomach."

SGT. OISTEIN STOKLAND
Liberal Arts — 4 years
"Stoke"
"Instruments? I love 'em."

LT. ALLAN M. TRINER
Springfield College
B.S. — Recreation
"Al"
"Let's have a party, I'll bring the glass, you bring the bottle."

CAPTAIN ROBERT W. ALLISON
417 Walnut
Burbank, California



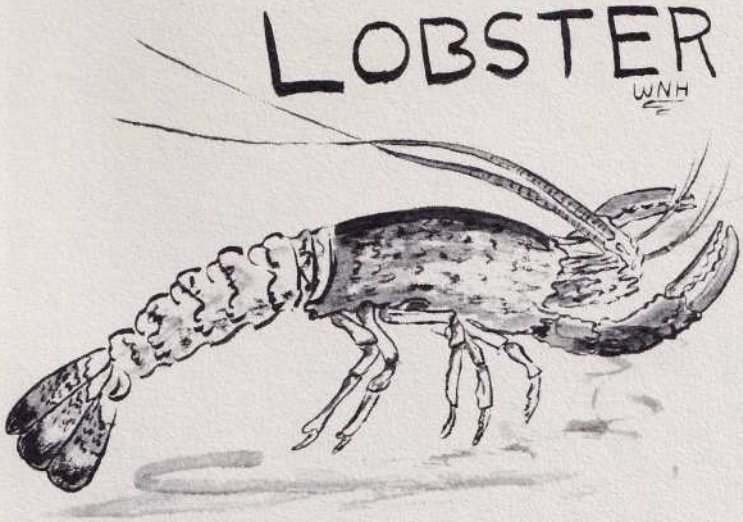
Graduated Class 43-B. 2300 hours Single engine and Multi engine. 200 hours "Jet." Military pilot 8 years, airline pilot 1 year.

LT. GERALD BLASKEY
Wright Jr. College
Science
"Beazly Buccard"
"Who's going to the movie?"

LT. JAMES H. PETTIJOHN, JR.
Nebraska University
Agriculture
"Vice-president of the Toolie Club."

LT. DAVID D. RAY
University of Wichita
Chemistry
"D.D."
"Oh, my Lord."

SGT. ODD SCHEEN
Liberal Arts — 5 years
"Colonel"
"Those damn lockpins without red flags."



CAPTAIN FREDERICK J. LEAVITT
Nahant, Mass.

Graduated Class 42-H. Flew P-47's in ETO and South Pacific 4 years. T-6 instructor 2 years. Air inspector 2 years.

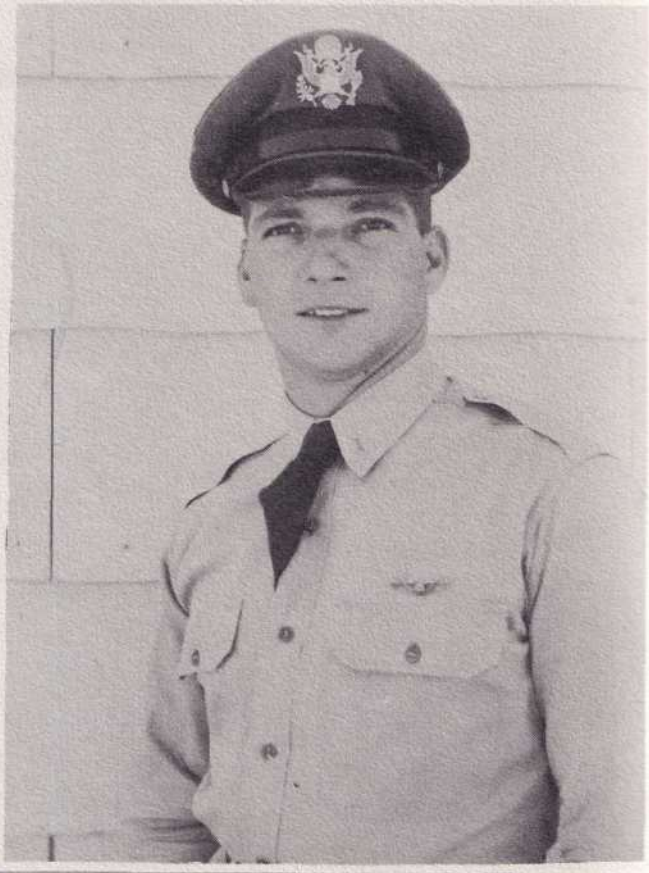
LT. WALTER V. CHERNYSH
Michigan State College
B.A. — Purchasing
"Goucho"
"You cadets don't know how lucky you are."

SGT. CLAUDE MASSON
Ecole Des Arts Decoratifs de Strasbourg
One of two SILENT Frenchmen.

LT. DAVID M. ROBERSON
Austin College — Phy. Ed.
"Robby"
"I like girls."

LT. WAYNE E. SHARP
Louisiana College — B.A.
Biology and Chemistry
"Eli"
"Ringwood, my left brake is weak, need help."

1/LT. THOMAS G. FERRARA
5310 Carmela Way
Sacramento, Calif.

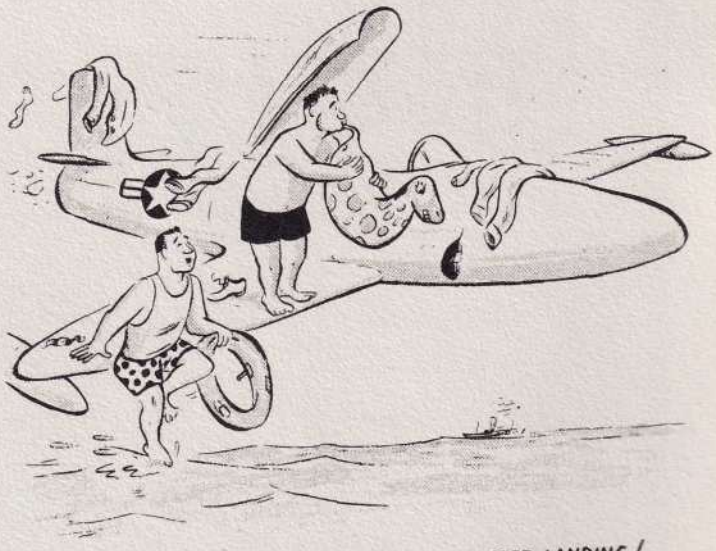


Graduated October 1950. Combat F-80's Korea Jan. '51 to Feb. '52. Instructor March '52 to date.

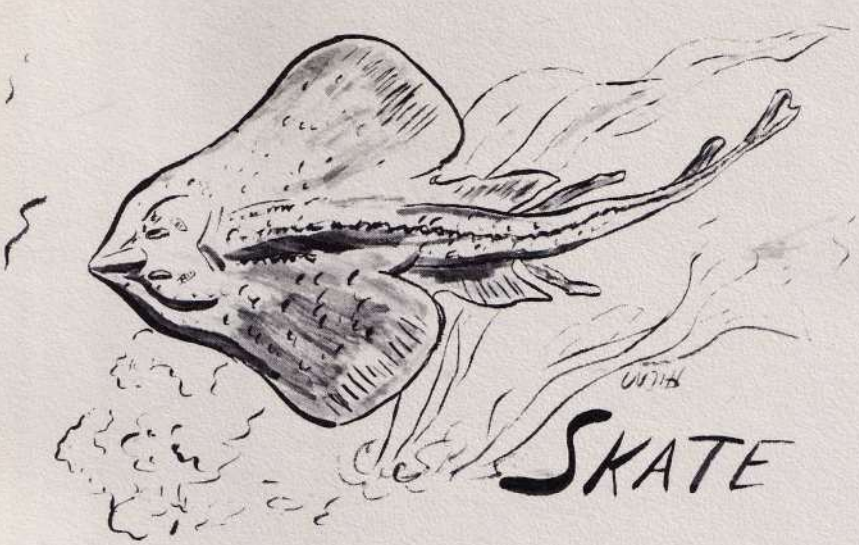
LT. JAMES E. BROWN
Villanova College
Accounting
"Brownie"
"Prefabricated fences on order."

SGT. BERNARD LELIEVRE
Pensionnat St. Joseph
The other SILENT Frenchman.

LT. ROBERT F. REIDINGER
Syracuse University
B.S. — Forestry
"Dinger"
"Ho Mac!"



BAIL OUT, RATHER THAN ATTEMPT A WATER LANDING!



1/LT. DAN L. OLSON
4912 North Assembly
Spokane, Washington

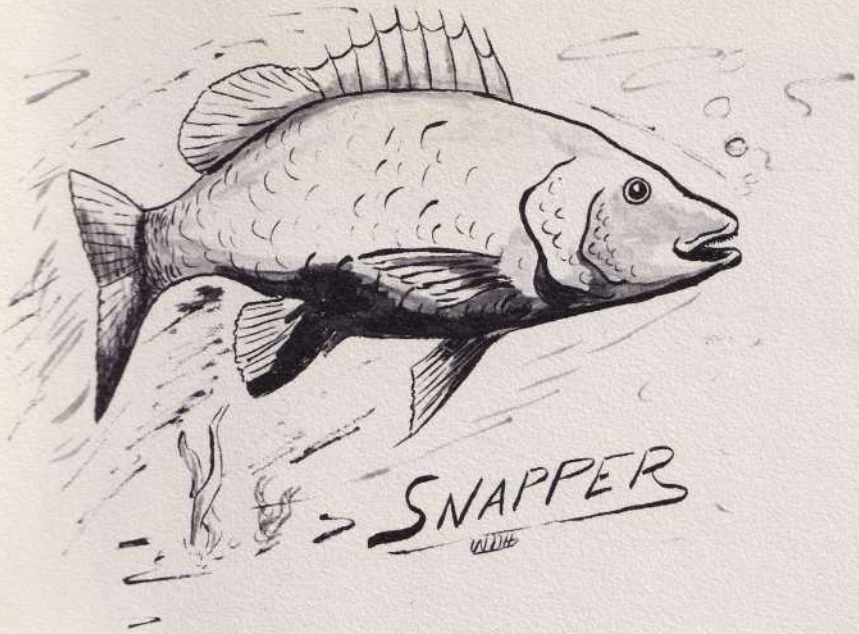
Graduated Class 51-A, Vance AFB, Okla. (B-25's). Prior to Laredo was an instructor in Primary (T-6's), and Basic (T-28's). Jet upgrading at Williams in T-33's and F-80's.

LT. LeROY C. EDLUND
University of Minnesota, Duluth Branch
"Pee Wee"
"Nothing but a damn shoe salesman."

LT. HARRY E. KREBBS
"Friday"
"Yes, I hold stock in the Cork Room."

LT. RICHARD P. McAVOY
University of Akron
B.S. — Sociology
"Mac"
"I've made a big mistake."

LT. J. HOWARD SHELLHAAS, JR.
University of Kansas
B.S. — Business Administration
"Shelly"
"Type the Jr., I don't want my father blamed for this."



CAPTAIN ALLAN F. CHAFFIN
Box 232
Grapevine, Texas

Graduated Class 42-H. . Flew P-47's in Pacific. Crop duster for three years.

LT. WELLFORD N. HADDON
University of Richmond
"Will"
B.A. — Sociology
"How **aboot** that?"

SGT. REIDAR M. LJOSTAD
Liberal Arts — 4 years
"The Sheik"
"I'm sorry Lt. Olson."

SGT. BOB SLOTHOUBER
Liberal Arts
"Slot"
"Where is my flaphandle?"

LT. BOBBY R. SMITH
Midwestern University
Education
"Tooter"
"Yes, I fly jets."

TADPOLE

CAPTAIN JOE ORELL
Main Street
Irwin, Pa.

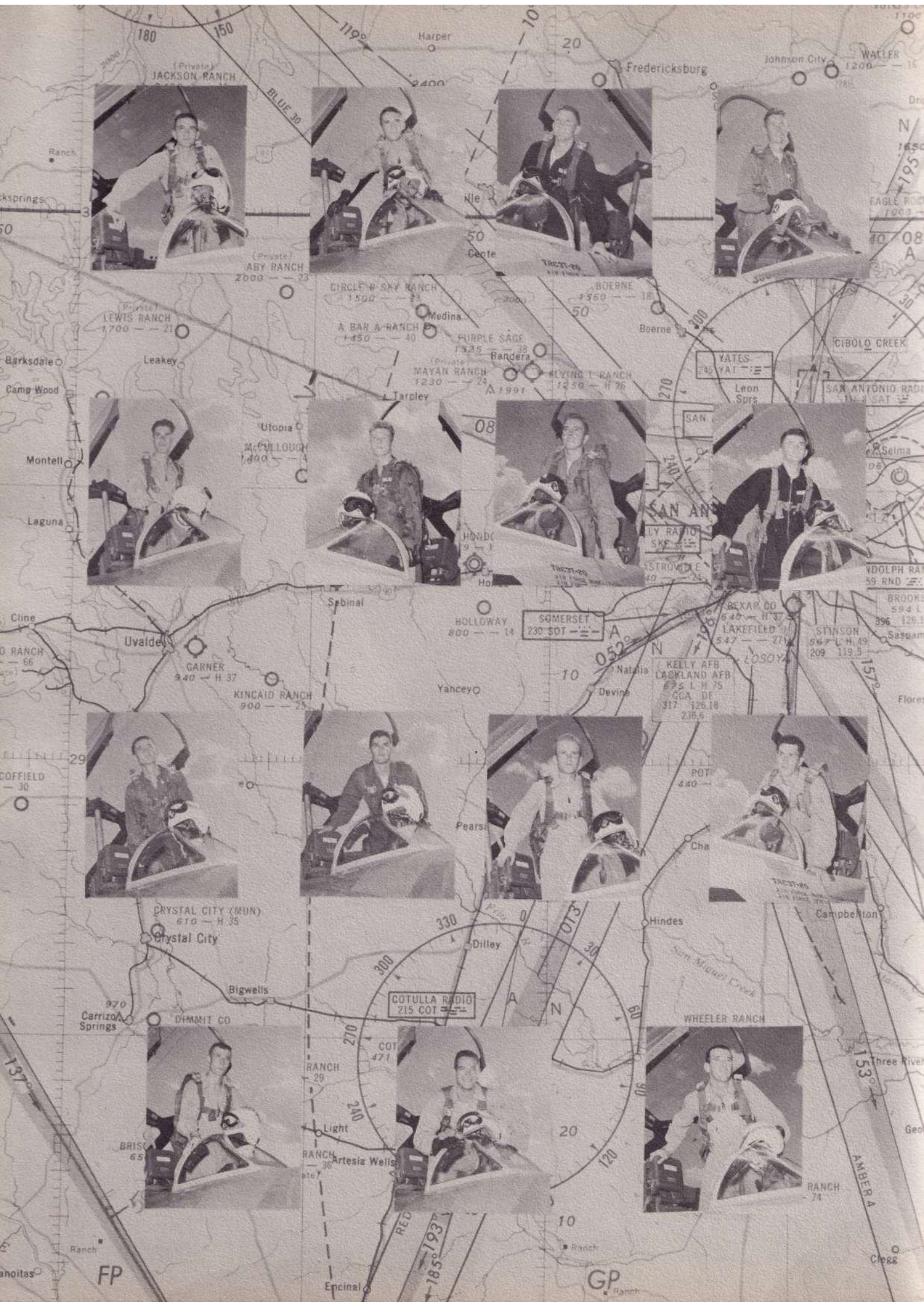
Graduated Class 44-F, Ellington AFB, Tex. 11 years service. Flew four headed Tigers (B-24's) WW II in Italy.

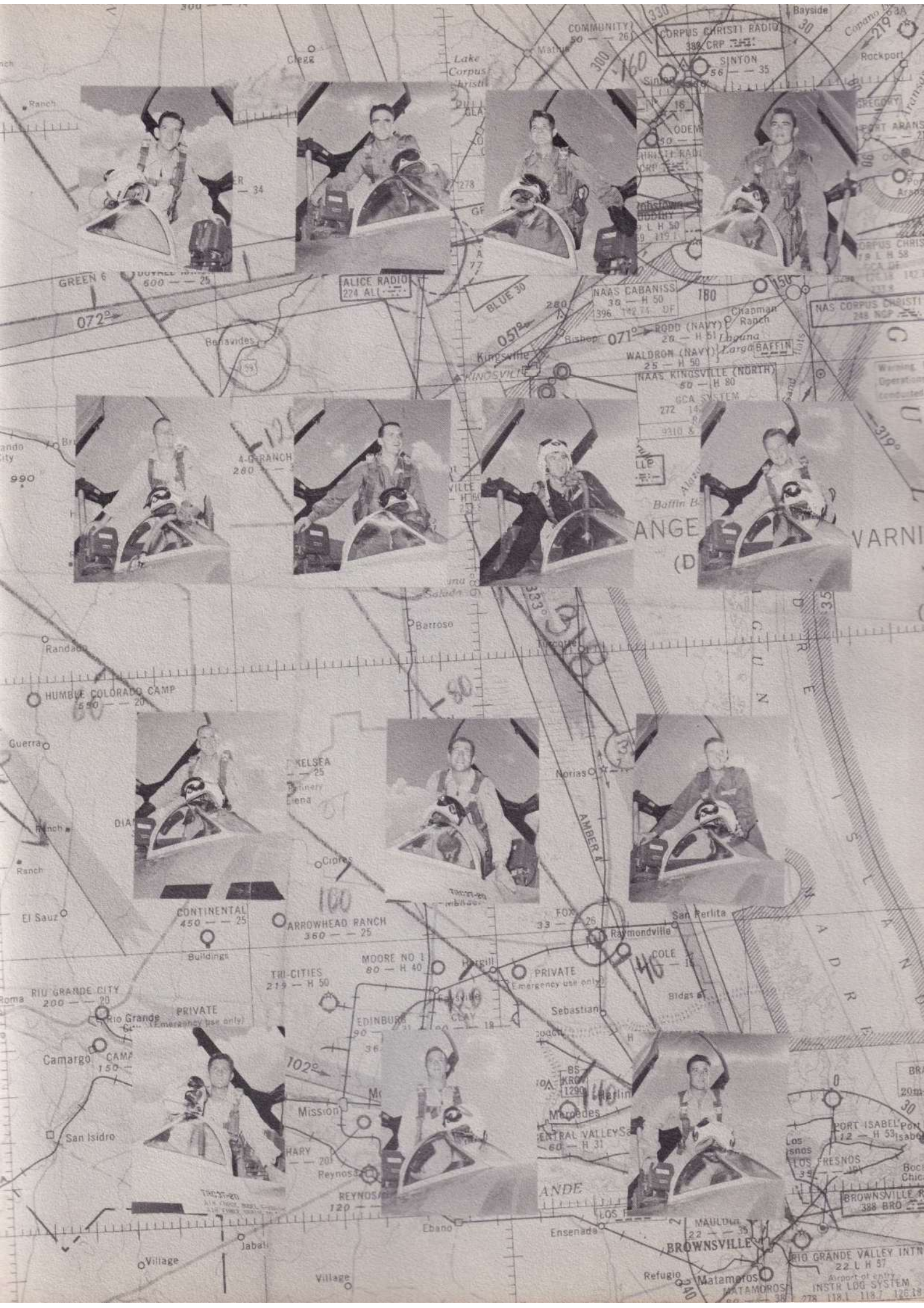
SGT. FRANCOIS C. ARIAS
Liberal Arts — 4 years
"Boners? Who, me?"

LT. BRUCE M. BAILEY
California College of Arts and Crafts
"Boots"
"Im worried."

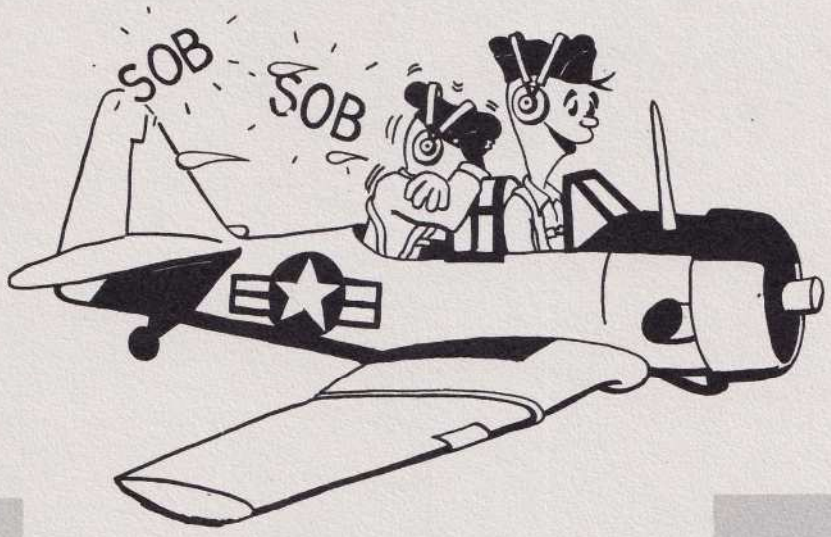
SGT. MARCEL A. GRAVIAZI
Liberal Arts — 4 years
"No Sweat"

. . . Promises, Promises . . .


Harper
Fredericksburg
Johnson City
WALLER
JACKSON RANCH
BLUE 30
ABY RANCH
CIRCLE R SKY RANCH
BOERNE
Medina
LEWIS RANCH
A BAR A RANCH
PURPLE SAGE
Boerne
Barksdale
Leakey
Camp Wood
MAYAN RANCH
Bandera
FLYING L RANCH
Tarpley
YATES
CIBOLO CREEK
Leon Spgs
SAN ANTONIO RADIO
Utopia
McCULLOUGH
Montell
Laguna
Selma
Sabinal
Cline
Uvalde
GARNER
HOLLOWAY
SOMERSET
230 SOT
BEXAR CO
LAKEFIELD
STINSON
KELLY AFB
LACKLAND AFB
LOSOYA
KINCAID RANCH
Yancey
Natalia
Devine
Pearsall
POT
Campbellton
CRYSTAL CITY (MUN)
Crystal City
Hindes
Dilley
Bigwells
Carrizo Springs
DIMMIT CO
COTULLA RADIO
215 COT
WHEELER RANCH
Light
Artesia Wells
Encinal
FP
GP
AMBER 4


CORPUS CHRISTI RADIO
SINTON
ALICE RADIO
NAAS CABANISS
RODD (NAVY)
WALDRON (NAVY)
NAAS KINGSVILLE (NORTH)
NAS CORPUS CHRISTI
Kingsville
Bishop
Chapman Ranch
Laguna Larga
BAFFIN
Baffin Bay
Barroso
Randado
HUMBLE COLORADO CAMP
Guerra
Norias
AMBER
Raymondville
San Perlita
COLE
PRIVATE
Sebastian
CONTINENTAL
ARROWHEAD RANCH
Buildings
MOORE NO 1
TRI-CITIES
RIO GRANDE CITY
Rio Grande
Camargo
San Isidro
Mission
Mercedes
Reynosa
Ebano
Ensenada
BROWNSVILLE
Refugio
Matamoros
RIO GRANDE VALLEY INTN
INSTR LDG SYSTEM
PORT ISABEL
LOS FRESNOS
Village
Jabali

These were also our classmates, but the Italian government felt they were more needed as T-6 instructors than as jet pilots. Consequently, when we finished the T-28 phase of flying, they were sent to Craig AFB to go through Pilot Instructors' School. There were eight very disappointed Italians when the word came down to them, and we all hated to see them leave us, but we know they are serving their country best, and before they left the United States, they got to fly the T-33. Salvadore DiPisa never had his picture taken.



SGT. GIORGIO CAROLI

SGT. DUILIO CAVALLI

SGT. GIOVANNI DALLA-VALLE

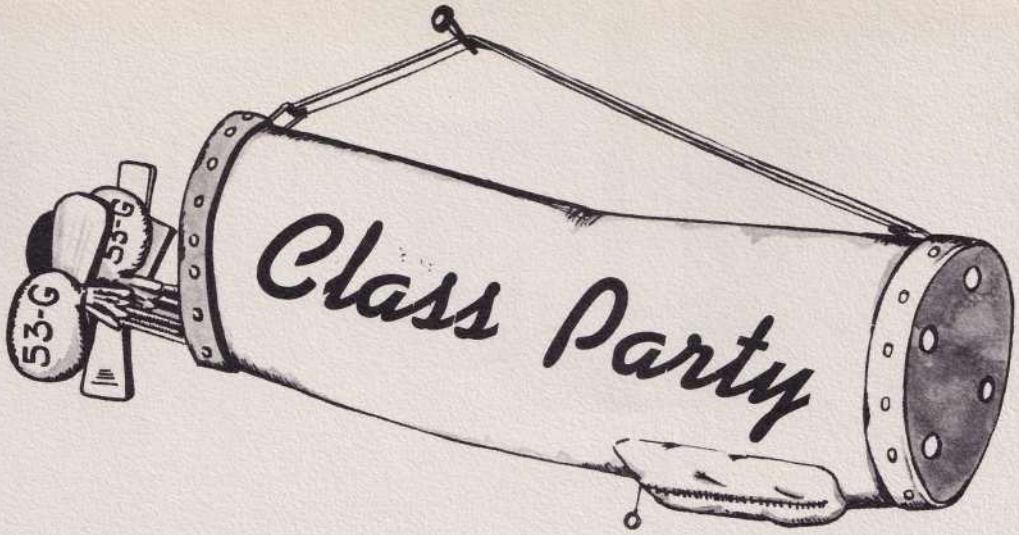
SGT. RICHELMO MISSONI

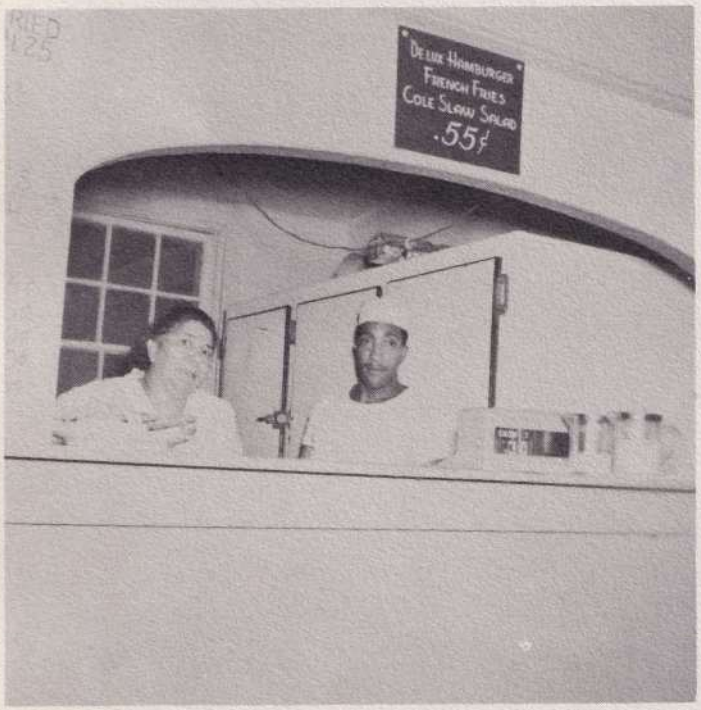
SGT. GIULIO MACCHI DI CELLERE

SGT. PIERLUIGI MARSIGLI

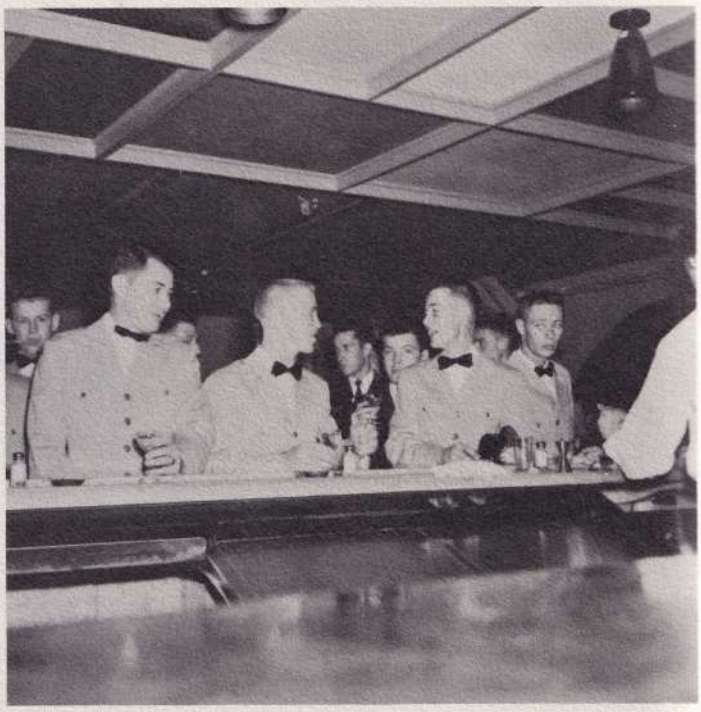
SGT. FURIO PENTERIANI

CAVALLI, FRIEND, AND PENTERIANI WITH YELLOW MONSTER.

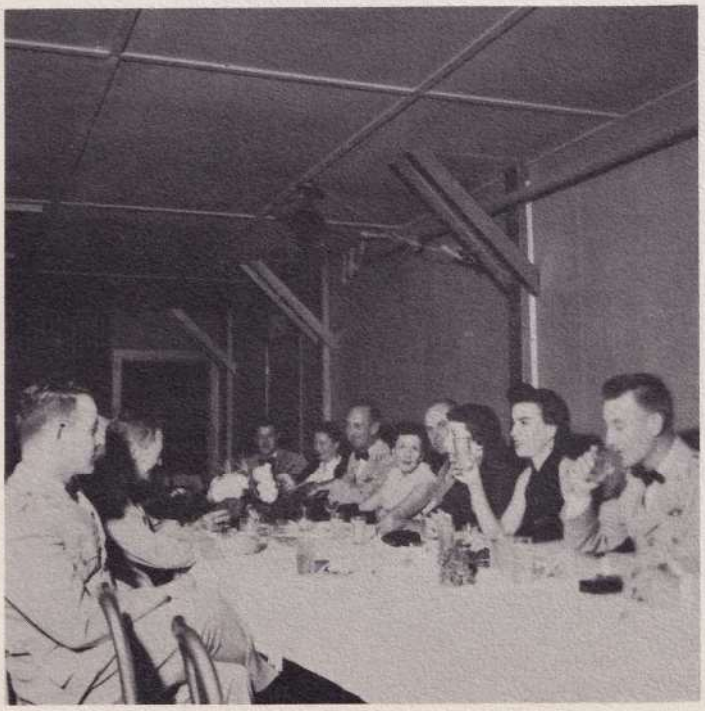




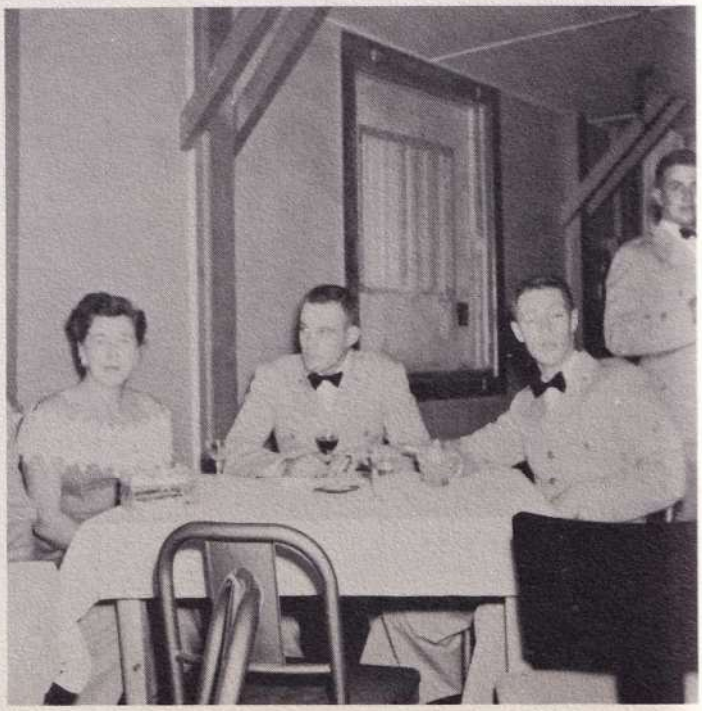
No One Was Very Hungry . . .



But Their Thirst Was Insatiable . . .



No Thirst For Martinis? . . .



After 10, Thur Nod Sho Bad . . .

It Started With Students To Themselves . . .

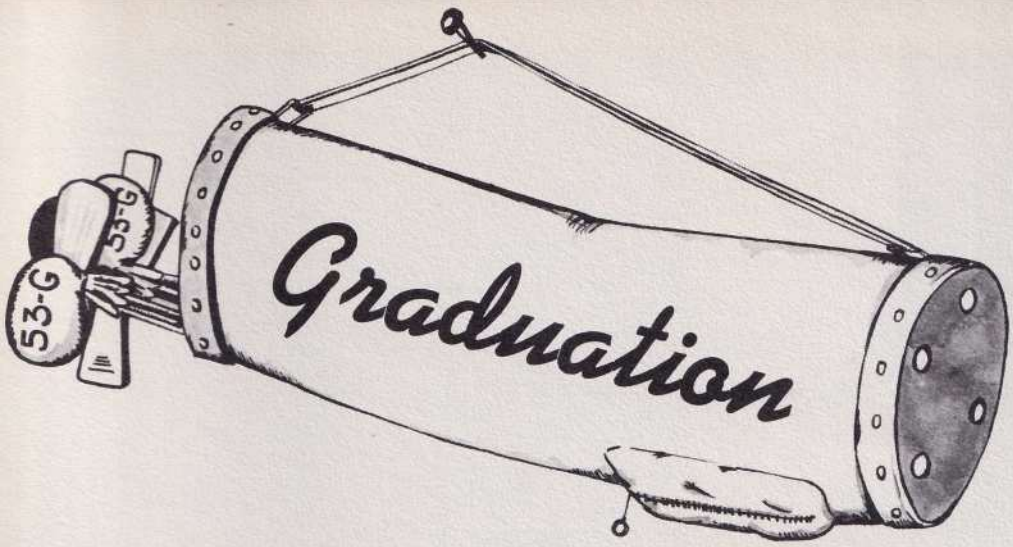
And Instructors With Instructors . . .

But As The Evening Wore On . . .

There Was Talk Of Free France, And Love . . .

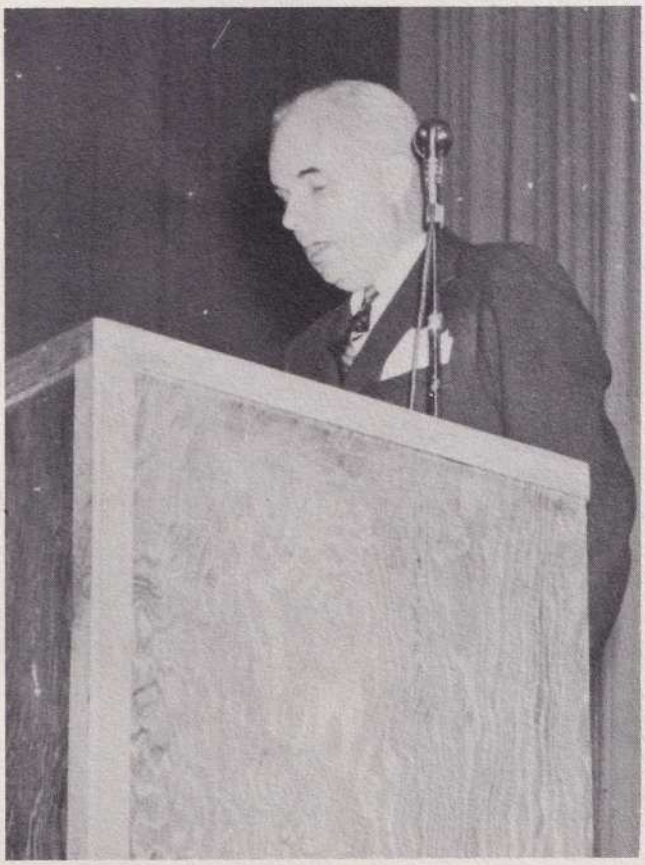
Till All The Drinks Were Gone . . .

Except One For The Road . . .



Graduation dawned cloudy and cold, already two days late according to our printed announcements. It was Monday, 2 November, 1953, instead of Saturday, 31 October, 1953.

Silver tans were the uniform of the day for us graduates while the rest of the base doing us honors were chilly in their khakis. Chuck Hood took charge of getting us to the flight line in the absence of Walt Chernysh, our senior officer. Precisely at 0800 the ceremonies began with the parade moving up to the final line. It was an honor indeed to be saluted by colonels and majors as the entire Laredo Air Force Base passed by our front. The line ceremonies were completed by two 12-ship formation flyby's, and then we proceeded to the base theater for the commissioning exercises.

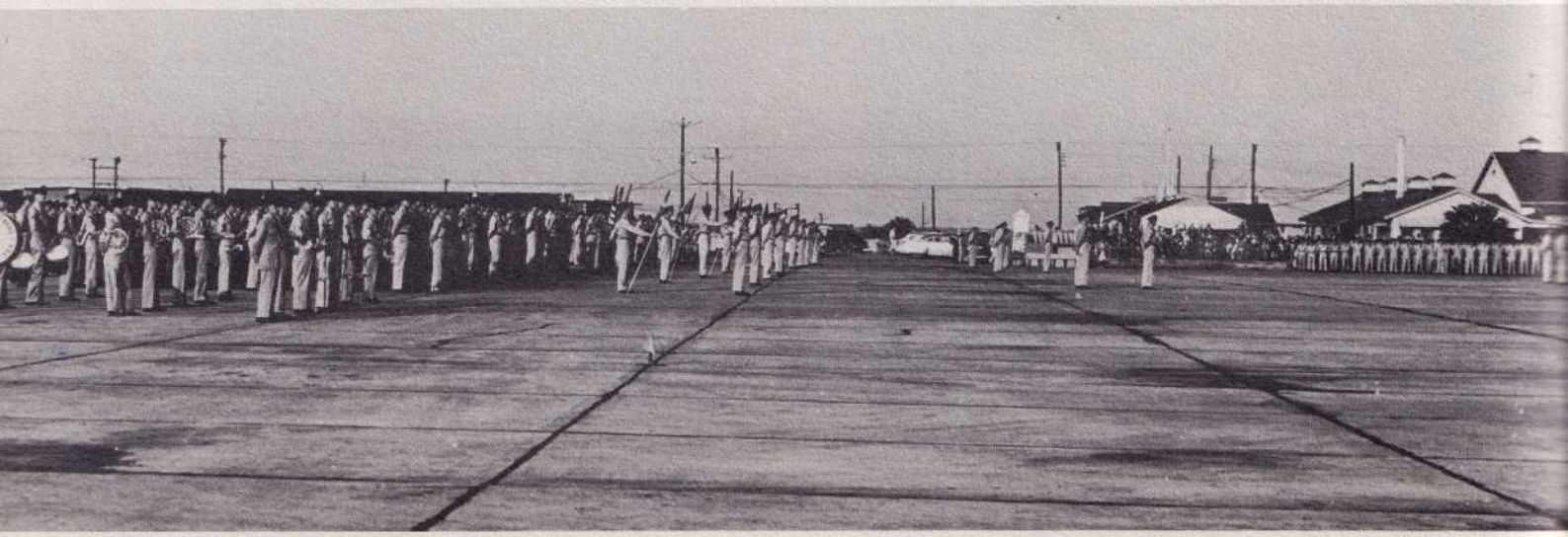


MR. ROBERT H. ECKHOFF, SR.
Guest Speaker

Bob Eckhoff's father addressed us and warned us of being lulled into a false sense of security, emphasizing the honor and, above all, duty bestowed upon us to keep the United States and the rest of the free nations unified and strong.

Don Hodge was the first to receive his commission from Col. James as he was presented as the most distinguished cadet of 53-G at Laredo. Jim Brown, John McCurdy, and Howard Shellhaas were other outstanding cadets designated by FlyTAF.

When Col. James and his party had left the rostrum, the air was rent with a wild whoop and a bunch of hats. Parents, relatives, and friends welcomed 43 brand new, shiny second lieutenants to the United States Air Force.



"Sir, the parade is formed . . ."

The Laredo Air Force Base

of

Laredo, Texas

announces the commissioning of

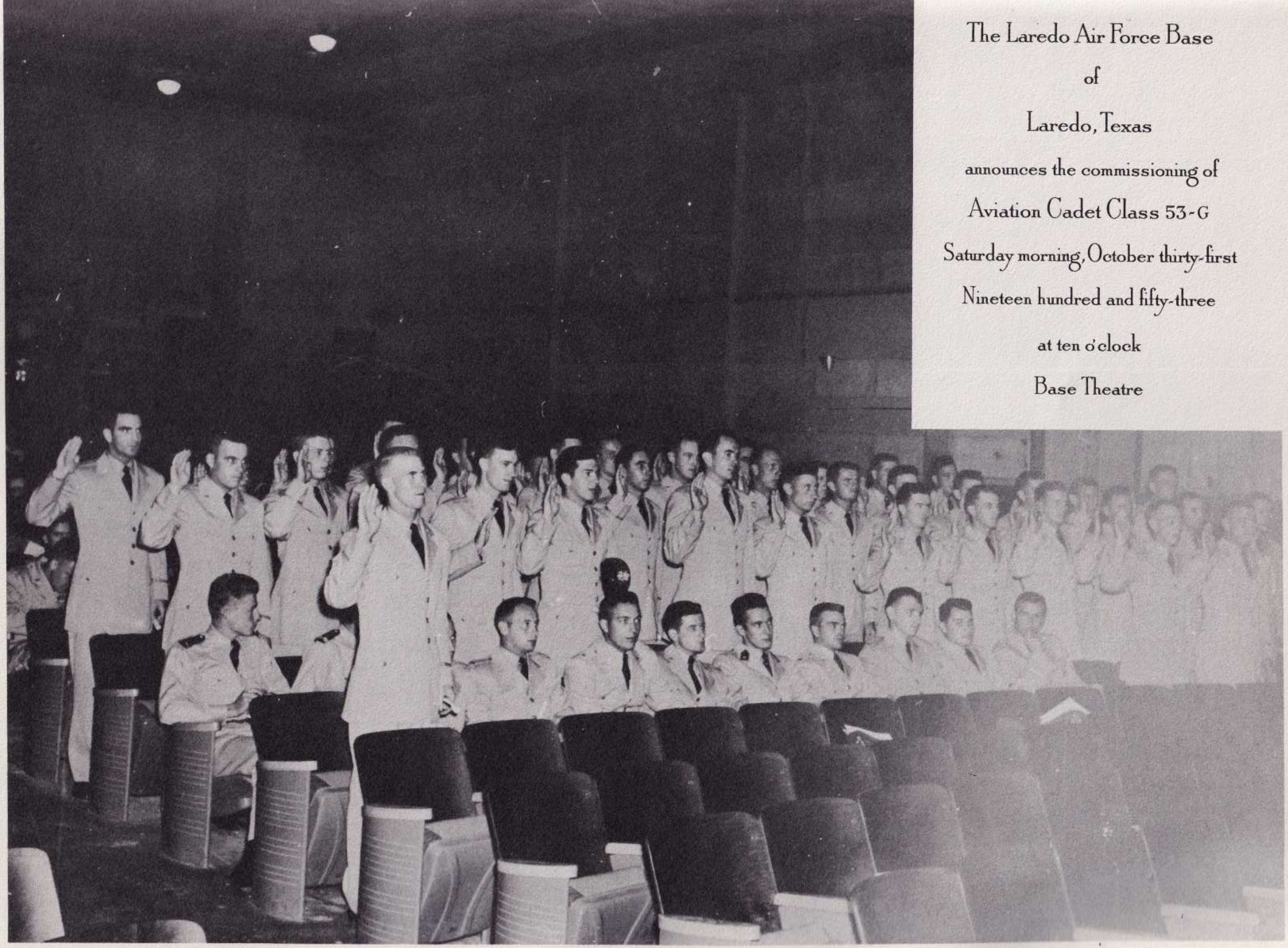
Aviation Cadet Class 53-G

Saturday morning, October thirty-first

Nineteen hundred and fifty-three

at ten o'clock

Base Theatre



"We, Class 53-G, having been appointed second lieutenants in the Air Force of the United States. . ."

Congratulations to
Bill Ayers
Mom & Dad

Congratulations ~
R.D.S. # 53-G

Best wishes &
happy landings to a
wonderful son
Mother
Mrs. Thelma D. Allen

Congratulations & love
to our favorite pilot
from your Ground Crew!
Danny, Jean, Laura Lee & Johnnie Shackford

OUR SINCERE CONGRADULATIONS AND
BEST WISHES FOR YOUR FUTURE IN
AVIATION.

KEN & BETTY CHARLIER
20281 WOODMONT.
HARPER & WOODS 36, MICH.

We Soar with delight
on your silver wings
Mr & Mrs. Blaskey

Wishing the Best of
Everything for
Class 53 G
Mr. and Mrs. James H. Pettijohn

Lou I am proud to
congratulate you for a
job well done. Good luck
and best wishes, Honey.
your wife

To our favorite pilot – Bill Hill II:
Best wishes and good luck
always: "Mom & Dad"

Dear David —
Congratulations and best
wishes for your future.
May God bless and keep
you.
with love – Mother –

Here's to the
fattest jet-pilot
in the Air
Force.
Vera

With compliments of
Mrs. Robert J. James

Richard J. Hill III

Algin T. Jarvis

Charles W. Gray

Harold A. Wallace

Pat Hagstrom

Jacques Hom

John A. McCurdy

Howard D. Below

Fred W. Moore

Ted C. Buckley

Samuel C. Rivers

Albert G. McGrath

Richard W. Bard

James A. Norwood

Stewart H. Munson

Henry B. Brumby, Jr.

Robert Picht

Forrest B. Fenn

Warwick H. Glasgow

Charles H. Naginey

William A. Davidson

G. Delaye

Edward J. Mosby

Guy Schultz

Jack A. Lowery

Keith D. Henson

Joe R. Carney

Paul M. de Hemme

John Raymer

William K. Ayers

William C. Fine

James W. Sing

Anthony J. Bartlett

Robert H. Smith

David D. Kay

Phil Hanneman

Harlan L. King

Grant M. Richards

Duncan K. McDonald

Charles D. Allen

Raymond S. Bronk

Louis D. Campbell

John D. Shackford

Charles V. Matz

Robert W. Keehner

Robert L. Mauger

Robert W. Clark

Bob Eckhoff

Harold Pritz

Thomas M. Bingo

Harry J. Minicker

Claude Verrier

William H. Cullerow

Charles D. Hood

Peter A. O'Neill

James W. Chadwick

A Caudat

Allan M. Spires

Robert J. James

Will Haddon

Robert F. Reidinger

Richard P. McCarg

Bruce M. Bailey

James R. Brown

Gerald Blaskey

Dale E. Bartusek

John T. Kennelly

Jac M. Drewes Jr.

Hoothumber

J. Howard Abelhous

Claude Glassey

Richard W. Lipsted

Wayne E. Sharp

Bobby R. Sm

James H. Pettijohn Jr.

Oistein Stokland.

BILL PALMER

Richard E. Cartwright

Bob Sleeper

Bob W. Hodge

David M. Robeyson

Marcel H. Graziani

Walter V. Chomysh "Gaucho"

First Increment

STUDENT OFFICERS

CARNEY, Joe R.
Crane, Mo.
DAVIDSON, William H.
1210 Dallas Ave.
Tarentum, Pa.
HENSON, Keith D.
733 E. 8th Ave.
Denver, Colo.
McGRATH, Albert G.
77 Billings St.
Sharon, Mass.
MEULEN KUNEE, Pieter Van Der
46 Vincent Van Goghstraat
Amsterdam, Netherlands
MUNSON, Stewart K.
Queen City Park
Burlington, Vt.
NAGINEY, Charles H.
Milroy, Pa.
RUARK, George R.
500 Overbrook Rd.
Baltimore 12, Md.
WALLACE, Daniel A.
651 Chestnut Drive
Jacksonville, Fla.

CADETS

BARD, Richard D.
2011 Delawanda Ave.
Muncie, Ind.
BELOW, Howard D.
932 Walnut St.
Danville, Ill.
BRIAND, Yannick C.
11 Rue Monteil
Nantes, France
BUCHOLZ, Ted C.
1071 E. Orange Grove Ave.
Burbank, Calif.
DE FLEURIEU, Paul M.
Ovarzazate, Morocco
DELAYE, Georges
Quartier St. Martin
Pertuis, Vaucluse, France
FENN, Forrest B.
1413 N. Main St.
Temple, Texas
GLASGOW, Warwick H.
909 Driver Circle
El Paso, Texas
HAGSTROM, Per
Trondheim, Norway
HILL, Richard J. III
28 Shawnee Rd.
Scarsdale, N. Y.
JARVIS, Algin T.
Jarvis, Ky.
LEFAIVRE, Jacques J.
2 Impasse St. Louet
Caen, France
LOWREY, Jack A.
304 Goethals Drive
Richland, Wash.
MASTAY, Edward J.
1237 N.W. 37th St.
Miami, Fla.
McCURDY, John A.
4040 No. 58th St.
Lincoln 7, Neb.
MOORE, Fred W.
2918 S.W. 5th Ave.
Miami, Fla.
NORWOOD, James A.
Box 412
Leonard, Texas
PICHT, Robert
54 Broad St.
Manasquan, N. J.
SCHULTZ, Gilbert J.
833 N.E. 1st Ave.
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Second Increment

STUDENT OFFICERS

AYERS, William K.
1185 Valley Road
Lombard, Ill.
BIRGE, Thomas W. C.
2320 So. Inge St.
Arlington, Va.
CAMPBELL, Louis D.
Benedict, Kans.
CLARK, Robert W.
597 Crescent Rd.
Mansfield, Ohio
HOOD, Charles D.
1304 New Buncombe Rd.
Greenville, S. C.
KEEHNER, Robert H.
367 So. Washington Ave.
Lancaster, Wis.
MAUGER, Robert L.
7125 Poplar Ave.
Takoma Park, Md.
METZ, Charles V.
957 48th St.
Los Alamos, N. Mex.
RAYMER, John P.
Box 197
Adena, Ohio
RUDDEROW, William H.
2032 New Jersey Ave.
Haddon Heights, N. J.
SHACKFORD, John D.
14316 Cornish Crest Rd.
Whittier, Calif.

CADETS

BRONK, Raymond G.
619 W. Greenfield Ave.
Milwaukee, Wis.
DEBRAND, Michel R.
147 Ave. Mallebay
Fort-De-L'Eau, Algerie
ECKHOFF, Robert H., Jr.
71 Wildwood Gardens
Piedmont, Calif.
FERRER, Claude G.
41 Ave. Du Parc-Maraval
Oran, Algerie
HANNEMAN, Philip R.
1924 N.W. 40th St.
Oklahoma City, Okla.
HILL, William R. II
725 Magnolia Drive
Seaford, Del.
KING, Harlan L.
Elverson, Pa.
McDONALD, Duncan K.
4400 Greenwich
Parkway, N.W.
Washington, D. C.
NIERICKER, Harry J.
Berkelselaan 114 A
Rotterdam, Netherlands
O'NEILL, Peter D.
1205 Okeechobee Rd.
Hialeah, Fla.
PEREZ, Marcel
Socony Vacuum Oil Co.
Terrain du Port, Fedala
French Morocco
RICHARDS, Grant M.
Cameron, W. Va.
SIMS, James W.
Hillsboro, Ill.
131 North Douglas St.
SNOOK, Robert H.
1010 Park Lane
Covington, Ky.

Third Increment

STUDENT OFFICERS

CHERNYSH, Walter V.
18695 Teppert
Detroit 34, Mich.
McAVOY, Richard P.
4790 Bickford Ave.
Akron, Ohio
REIDINGER, Robert F.
56 Hudson St.
Johnson City, N. Y.
TRINER, Allan M.
131st Ftr. Intc. Sq.
Westfield, Mass.

CADETS

ARIAS, Francois C.
5 Cantons — Anglet (BP)
France
BAILEY, Bruce M.
439 E. Dalton St.
Spokane, Wash.
BLASKEY, Gerald
3738 N. St. Louis
Chicago, Ill.
BROWN, James E.
9 Elliot Ave.
Bryn Mawr, Pa.
CANDAT, Michel R.
10 Rue St. Martin
Chateau-Theirry
(Aisne), France
EDLUND, LeRoy C.
Westby, Mont.
FRANCIS, Joe M., Jr.
2546 Alberta Ave.
Roanoke, Va.
GRAVIAZI, Marcel A.
50 Rue Thiers, Ars en Re
Charente Mme, France
HADDON, Wellford N.
6000 Patterson Ave.
Richmond, Va.
HODGE, Donald Wayne
517 Market St.
Texarkana, Texas
KENNELLY, John T.
1326 So. 9th St.
Fargo, N. Dak.
KREBBS, Harry E.
2509 Templeton
Omaha, Neb.
LELIEVRE, Bernard
Les Ifs Bourg-des-Comptes
Ille et Vilaine, France
LJOSTAD, Reidar M.
Eydehamn, Norway
MASSON, Claude J.
Strasbourg-Neuhof
Bas Rhin, France
PALMER, William H.
385 Witcher Rd.
Belle, W. Va.
PETTIJOHN, James H.
Oregon, Missouri
RAY, David D.
3128 Coolidge
Wichita, Kansas
ROBERSON, David M.
706 W. Broadway
Marietta, Okla.
SCHEEN, Odd
Okernveien 107
Hasle, Oslo, Norway
SHELLHAAS, J. Howard, Jr.
835 W. 5th St.
Junction City, Kansas
SHARP, Wayne E.
Box 621
Bunkie, La.
SLOTHOUBER, Bob
Burg. Leenstr. g.
Holland
SMITH, Bobby R.
Route #1
Mt. Park, Oklahoma
STOCKLAND, Oistein
Stormyrveien 31
Narvik, Norway

My, there are a lot of cadets walking tours!!

Snapshots

Wish the guy before me had written up the relief tube.

A little high life.

If you can fill this suit, apply within.

"Wanna see my sisters, senor?"

"They're at the post. . . they're off!"

Hungry?

"All chairs have rank priority for field grade officers."

"Here we come on initial. Who has the right of way?"

Eager jet pilots awaiting another thrilling day of. . . briefing.

JIM CHADWICK

Our home away from home.

C. D. ALLEN

GENE LINN

Low men on the totem pole.

You'd best gangload the fuel switches.

DICK CARTWRIGHT

PER HOFF

JACK GORMAN

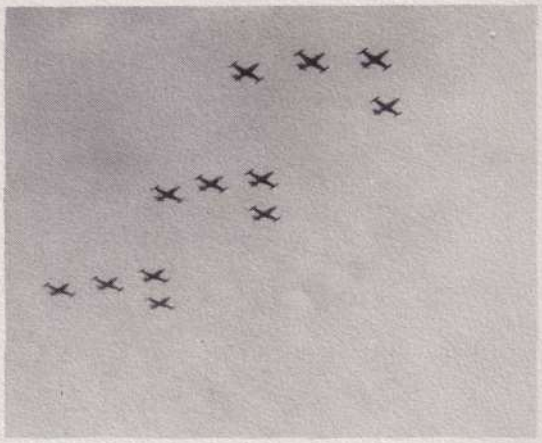
LT. TOM McGEARY

LT. KEN MOORE

What Ike saw at Falcon Dam.

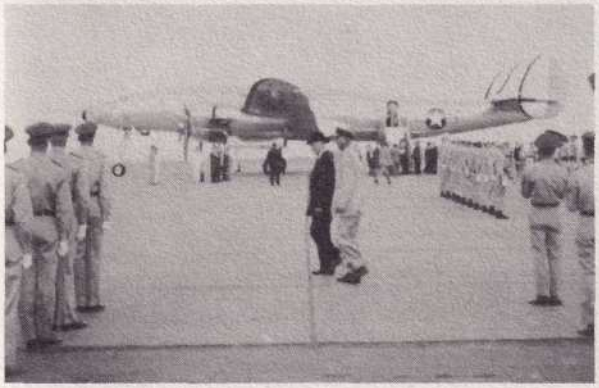
The President is approaching.

RUDDY NIEUKERKE



Air support searching out Communists in the mesquite.

OLAV REKSEN



Inspection by Eisenhower

The Columbine — VIP (Very Important Plane)

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LUCIEN DeBRUYN

LT. DAVE WESTALL

LT. TOM GROGAN

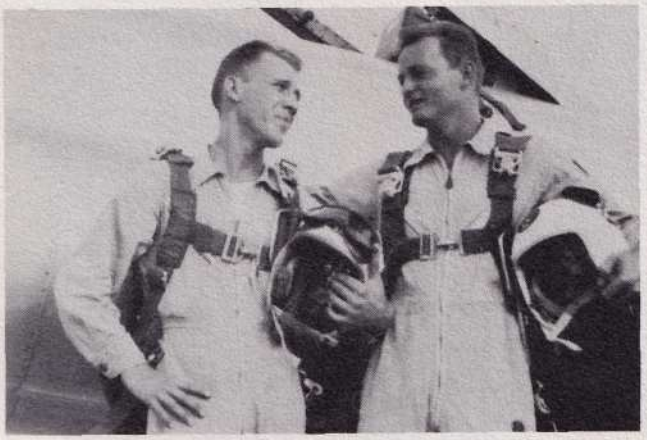
BURDON MUSGRAVE

ELROY KIECKE

LT. ANTHONY J. BARTALO
54-B

SGT. ANDRE L. F. LE MAITRE
54-B

SGT. HARRY C. Y. VAN GALEN
54-D



"First to solo. . . No sweat."

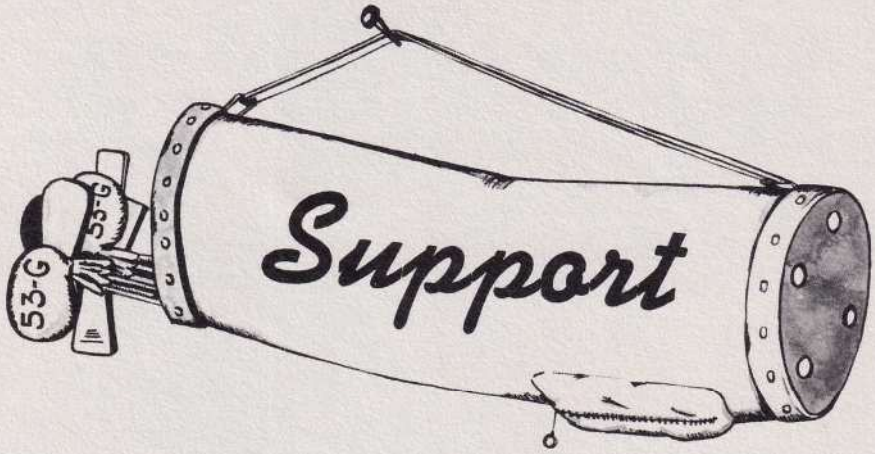
"Oh boy, here I go!!"

"No sweat, my eye!"

What price glory?

Off into the. . . Brine.

"No sweat; just wet."



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Manager

Ph. 3-3678 LAREDO, TEXAS

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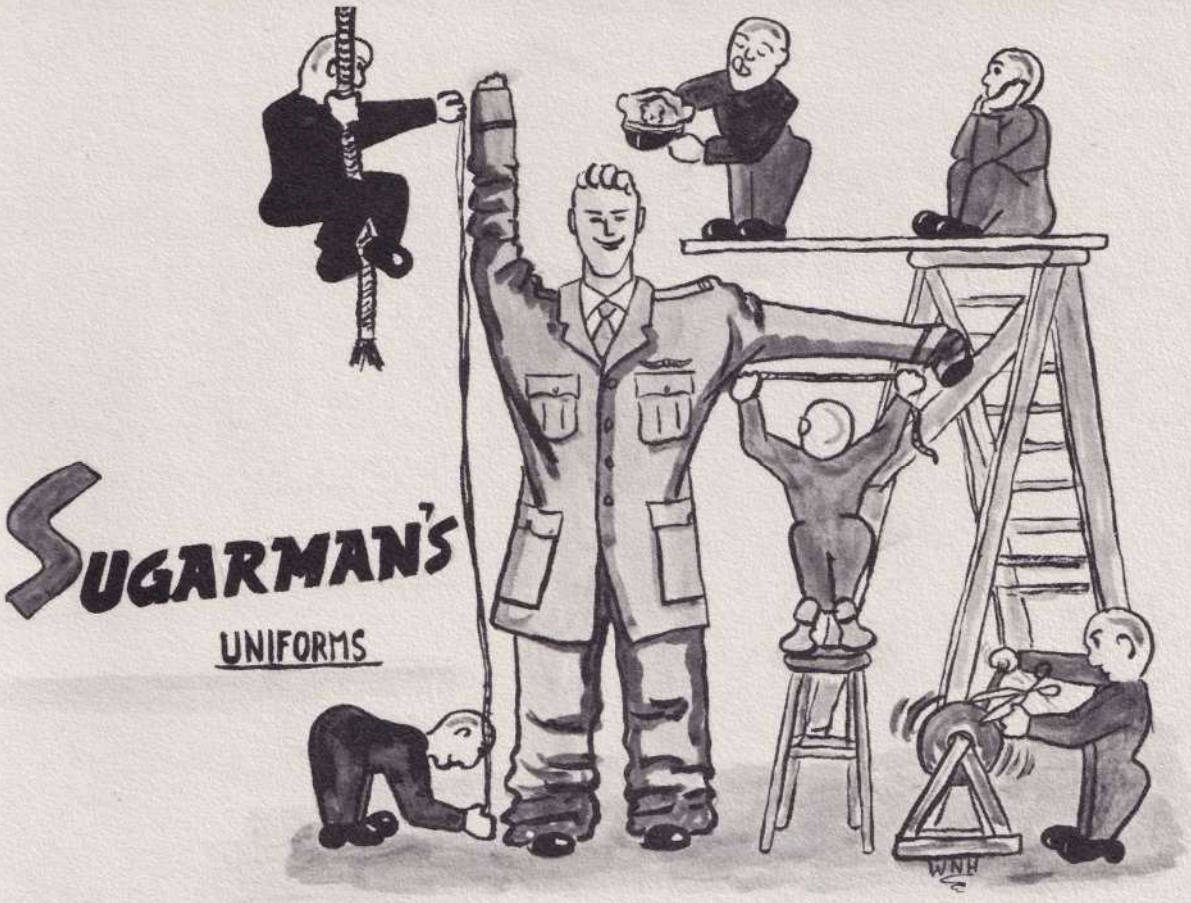
OF LAREDO

MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

LAREDO, TEXAS



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Robert Yaeger Motor Co.
Pan American Motor Co.
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Good Luck 53-G

Laredo Paint & Paper Co.

EMMETT ADDISON
Owner

PAINTS
GLASS
WALLPAPER
PICTURE FRAMING
ARTISTS' MATERIALS
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E
R
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LAREDO
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3-8811

Ride the busses with safety and avoid parking problems . . .

RIO GRANDE LIQUOR
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Reasonable Prices

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And
STEAM LAUNDRY INC.

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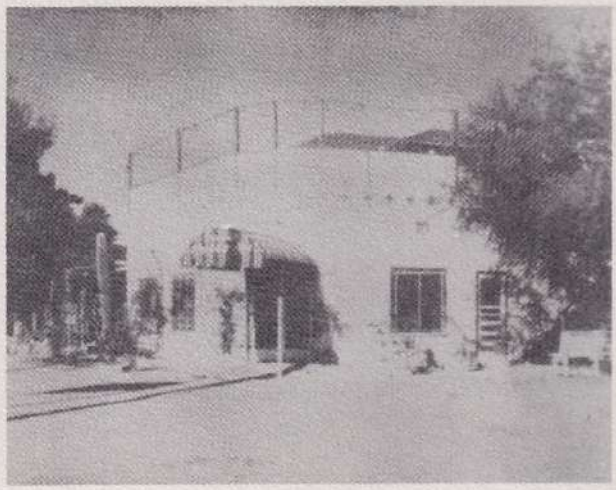
LICENSED SANITONE CLEANER

American Laundry Inc.

CONGRATULATIONS CADETS!
A Special Welcome Awaits You At—



CACTUS GARDENS CAFE
3201 San Bernardo Ave.

Congratulations 53-George

Central Power and Light Company

LAREDO, TEXAS

Our most sincere congratulations to the officers, airmen and cadets of Laredo Air Force Base.

City of Laredo

HUGH H. CLUCK
Mayor

LAREDO COCA-COLA BOTTLING COMPANY

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Serving two nations since 1892

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BEST WISHES

53-GOLF

BEST WISHES 53-GOLF

THE LAREDO THEATRES

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Congratulations
53-George

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Lauterstein's

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congratulations and
best wishes to
Class 53-G

ORMSBY CHEVROLET CO.

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"The Home of Dyno-Test"

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"Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back" **SEARS**

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congratulations
53-G

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America's Finest Air Force Uniforms
for Forty Years.

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Carlos I. Palacios
County Judge

JOE BRAND
MEN'S WEAR

LAREDO, famous for famous Brands TEXAS

CENTRAL DRUG CO., LTD.

WALGREEN AGENCY M. J. HERBERT, Mgr.

Sames Moore Building

PRESCRIPTIONS FOUNTAIN COSMETICS CIGARS DRUGS

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LAREDO'S SUPER DRUG STORE
Complete fountain & lunch counter service
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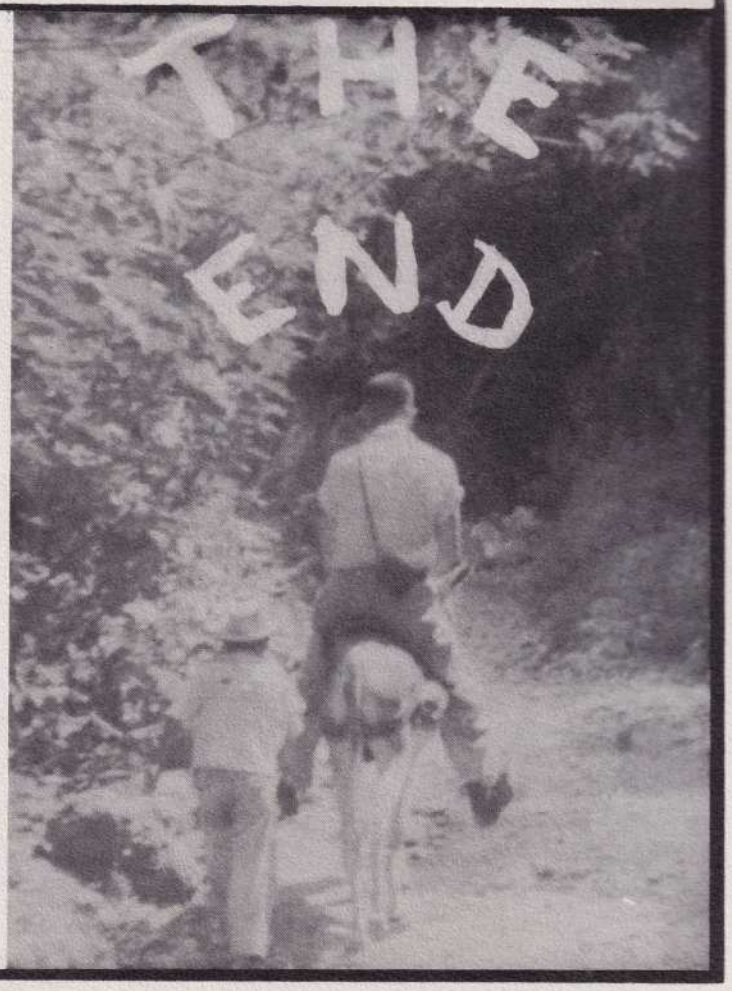
Richter's

Laredo's Leading Dept. Store

catering to distinctive trade for
over 70 years

REDMAN'S
UNIFORM CO.

1307 Main Street
Houston, Texas



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A. L. HANSEN

Gulf Oil Corporation, Laredo, Texas

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HACHAR'S

Compliments to the future officers of the Air Force

THE WESTERN GRILL

has enjoyed catering to you and your visiting relatives. When in Laredo make our place your home.

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Lou and John Sutton

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Congratulates
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Congratulations on Your Wings 53-G

KAWAS SHOE STORE

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U. S. AIR FORCE
91570
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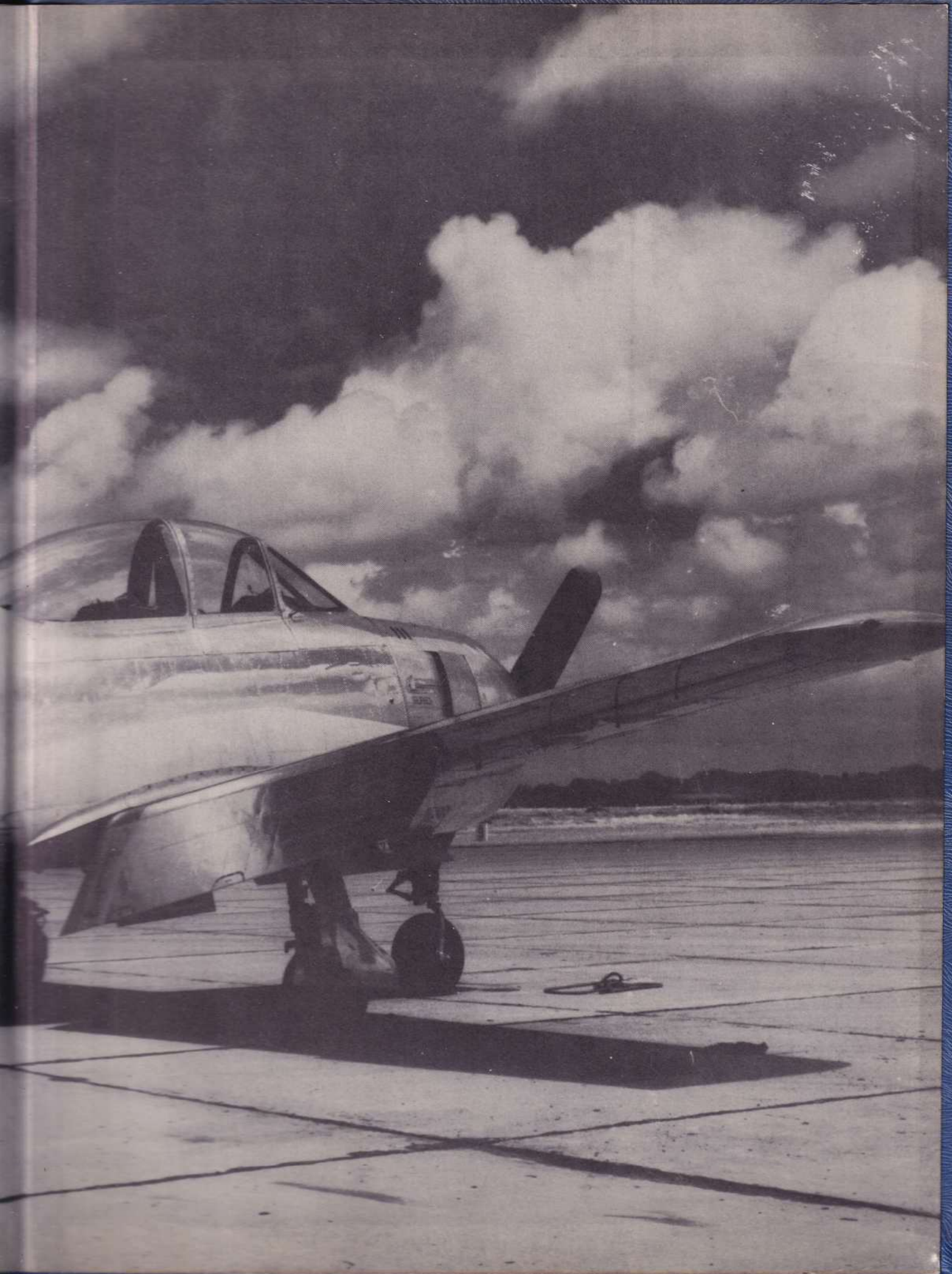

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