

no sweat...



53 - G



U.S. AIR FORCE

91570

TL 570





GENTS It is wit' da utmost elation
dat I presents to youse cats da most crazy con-
glomeration of flyboys ever to pad a Form
No. 1

An' Wit' no funder ado . . . I presents on
behalf of a REAL GEORGE outfit, da history of
'dis stupendous mob

NO SWEAT!



Signed,

A/C Ducey
2/Lt. Tocare

We, the members of Class 53-G, have at last reached the pinnacle of our dreams. We are now pilots, and we humbly dedicate this book to the instructors and personnel of Reese Air Force Base.

THE UNSUNG HEROES LAMENT

They sat in state the heroes, in the vaulted halls of fame,
In proud and scornful silence, for each had made his name.
On fields of storied battles, on many a bloody sea.
Though forged in fire or carved in mire, each deed is history.

There was little Davy Crockett, and the martyr Nathan Hale.
And the rebel line that fell in Shenandoah's bloody vale.
There was Grant who had brief glory, but died another way,
And others known to time alone, but each had made his way.

There was on each haunted visage, a deep forbidding gloom,
And every gaze upon a stranger who had ambled in the room.
In his left hand was a check list, in his right an E-6-B.
His clothes were torn, his face was worn, and lined with misery.

The first to rise was Caesar, by virtue of his age,
And the finger that he pointed was trembling with his rage.
What right have ye, brash youngster, went up outrageous cries.
And the man replied, though not with pride, "I flew B-25's."

It was in the land called Texas, in the land that God forgot.
Where the sandfilled winds are piercing, and the sun is scorching hot.
We were young and brave and hopeful, fresh from T-28's,
Though somehow we knew, and the feeling grew, we were going to meet our fates.

For there's a maniac madness in the supercharger's whine.
You could hear the joints expanding in the main hydraulic lines.
And the runway strips are narrow, sand-dunes on either side.
While the crash-trucks say in a mournful way, "You're on your final ride."

The nose gear rocks and trembles, for it's held with baling wire,
And the wings are filled with thermite, to make a hotter fire.
The silver paint is peeling off, it lends an added luster,
While the pitot head is filled with lead to help the load adjuster.

The bomb-bay doors are rusted, and close with a mournful shriek,
And the plexiglass is smeared with oil, from some forgotten leak.
The oleo struts are twisted, and the wheels are not quite round.
This sorry state, arranged by fate, is to carry you off the ground.

You taxi to the runway, 'mid the groans from the tortured gear.
And you feel the check-pilot's practiced teeth gnawing at your rear.
The co-pilot dozing on the right, in a liquor laden coma,
Mingles breath, like the kiss of death, with the putt-putt's foul aroma.

So its off in the overcast yonder, though number one is missing,
And the hydraulic fluid escaping sets up a gentle hissing.
The compass dial is spinning, in a way that broods no stopping,
And row by row the breakers blow with intermittent popping.

The plane has been inspected, and the maintenance records signed.
It has been classed "airworthy" by some low and twisted mind.
There is no hope, no sunny ray, to dry these tears of sorrow;
For those who land and still can stand, fly the cursed thing tomorrow.

The stranger's voice was silent, a tear shone in his eye,
And from his honored audience arose a ghastly sigh.
Great Caesar rose to meet him, with pity on his face,
And bowing low, he turned to show the stranger to HIS place.

Peoples & O'Connor



PRES. DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER
Commander-in-Chief
Armed Forces



GEN. N. TWINNING
Chief-of-Staff
United States Air Force



COL. C. P. WEST
Base Commander



COL. R. L. WRIGHT
Group Commander



MAJ. T. SHINDLER
Student Sqdn. Commander



Tac Shack

MY PENCIL IS SHARP
Or We Had To Fill The Page

I climbed out of my Caddy and surveyed the barracks grimly. Hell, this was a rotten job, but a Second Balloon out on Gig Detail can't be too choosy. I lit up a Luckie and stepped up on the sidewalk, all my primeval, savage, jungle instincts keyed up for action. I patted my hip where there nestled the cool, round deadliness of a pint of Gin, and then remembered to check my shoulder holster. The pencils and "Gigs" were still there. I blew smoke savagely through my nostrils and then started up the walk with the firm step of a prowling Leopard.

The door was a massive oak thing which bruised my knuckles and made me decide to use the door-knob. A Cadet appeared. "Yes Sir?" he said. I reached out and slapped him across the mouth, and then broke his arm and knocked him down before he could shout a warning. "Squadron 'B'?" I asked. "No," he said. "They are two barracks down." "Thanks," I said. And turned on my heel and walked



LT. C. R. SCOTT
Personnel Officer



MAJ. BILLY S. HOCKADAY
Director of Military Training

away. Wrong barracks. Well, you can't be right all the time.

I walked down to the next group of barracks in the firm light tread of a prowling panther. I lit up another butt and squinted through the smoke at the sign on the door. It read "Squadron 'B'" as had the neon sign in the front lawn. I beat savagely on the door, another Cadet answered. "Squadron 'B'," I asked.

He mashed my teeth with a hard right, broke three ribs with a left, and kicked me as I fell. There was a crash and a blinding light. I screamed in tearing agony. The — had kicked me in the hip flask. He shot me twice in the guts and closed the door. I sat up and lit up another Luckie. What the Hell. I got to my feet and went down the walk with firm easy tread of a prowling water-buffalo . . .
He must have known I was coming!!



LT. C. D. HENNINGTON
Squadron "B"



LT. J. P. HORTON
Squadron "D"



LT. D. H. ROEPKE
Squadron "C"



LT. R. G. STEVENS
Squadron "A"



Academics



MAJ. J. D. DUFFUS
Director of Academics

To the Class of 53-G

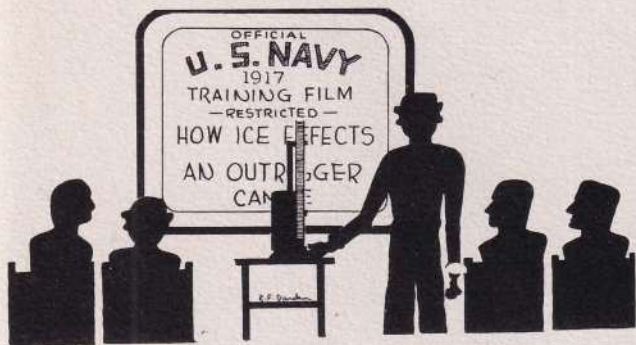
Congratulations and good luck! May you always look back on your days at Reese with rich remembrance and carry with you an inspiration that will lead you in every experience you encounter. Your training has just begun because service in the Air Force requires constant learning and practice to maintain proficiency and keep pace with ever-changing techniques and equipment. Never over-estimate your abilities. Never under-estimate any opportunity to improve your skill and knowledge.

It is our hope that you carry on your teachings where ever you go and that you always strive to better the Air Force and yourself. It was a pleasure to work with you, and your Academic instructors wish you a pleasant and successful career in the United States Air Force.


ELMER E. OURS
Captain, USAF
Academic Department



CAPT. E. E. OURS
Asst. Director



"A TYPICAL MODERN USRF TRAINING FILM"



Mr. Wright, Mr. Cooley, Mr. Cole, and Mr. Wood.



Lt. Lutche, Lt. Brock



Lt. Herb



CAPT. CASSELS
Flight OPS Inst.

The Tare-28 . . . Omni . . . drops like
a rock . . . better than a T-6 . . . Oh man,
those guages!!



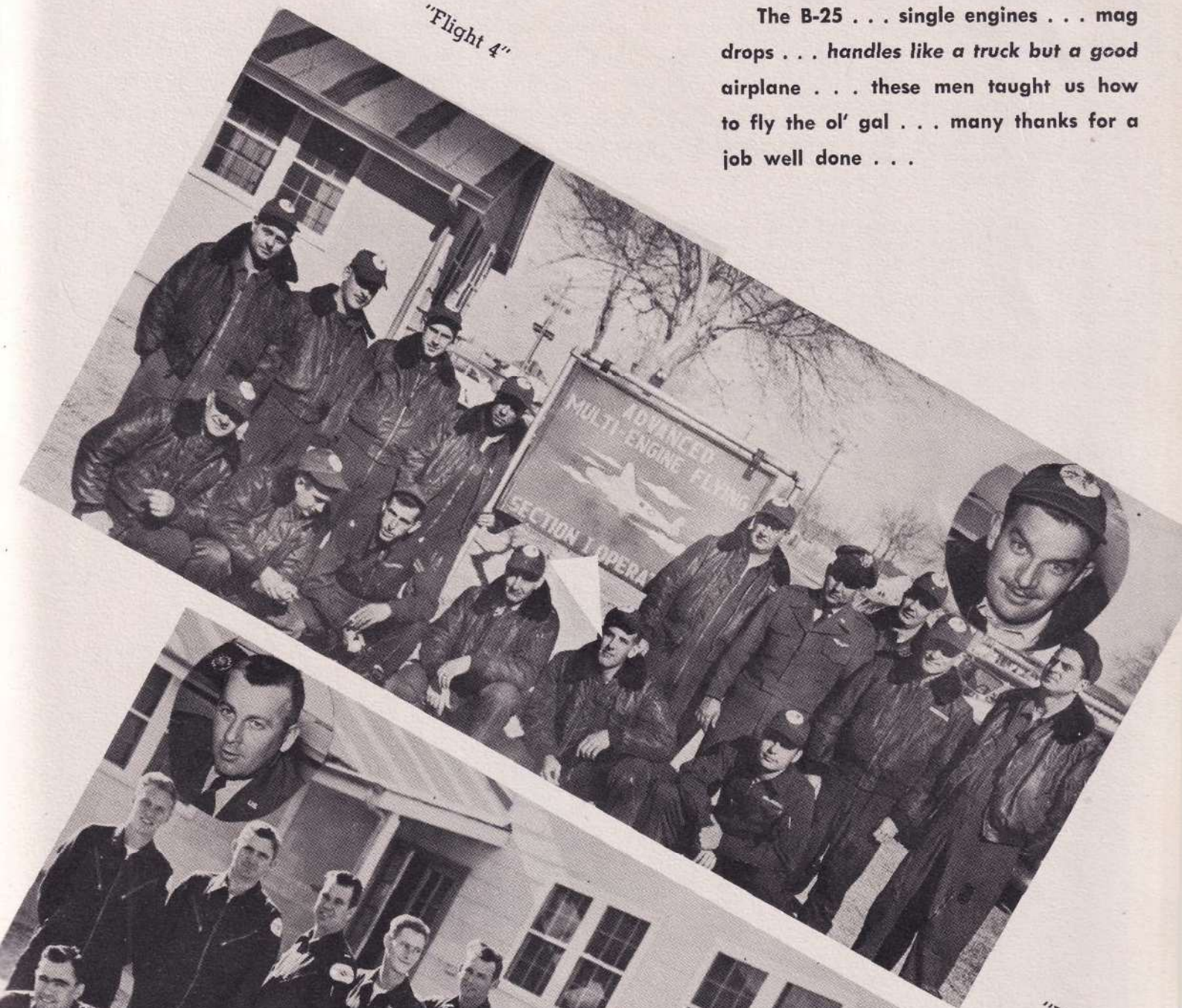
"Flight 1"



"Flight 5"

"Flight 4"

The B-25 . . . single engines . . . mag drops . . . handles like a truck but a good airplane . . . these men taught us how to fly the ol' gal . . . many thanks for a job well done . . .



"Flight 8"



This is a true story . . . only the names, places, and happenings have been changed to protect the innocent . . . (namely the editor . . .)

SOMEBODY GOOFED!!!! Yeh, I'll say somebody goofed. I says to myself as I looked over the squalid shacks that marked Reese Air Force Base. Forty-eight states and they pick Texas . . . Sure it's tough . . . I know . . . been here about six months . . . but now it's over, finished, kaput.

In my hand is a wrinkled envelope . . . my assignment . . . the result of six months of grueling torture, untold hardships, and life in a dry county. Before I venture to look at what dirty deal Fate has handed me . . . there are a few details I'd like to clean up

First, the TAC SHACK . . . that 20th century version of the Spanish inquisition . . . where "Weepy Willie" and his Tac Shack Mob gathered to plot foul and fierce deeds . . . As I entered, a whip cracked through the clear morning dust and the O. G. shot past me bearing his pouch of messages . . . The boys were there . . . bathing in false security



"Weepy Willie" was gnawing nervously on an A/C while "Tracy" Greene and "Dangerous Don" were debating the merits of a mudder named Hamilton in the fifth tour at T. S. Downs. "Martini Mike" Latta and "Gigs" Horton were nestled in the corner playing a quiet game of Russian Roulette to pick the honor squadron for the week I fixed those guys good swiped every damn "Gig Slip" in the place

Next to Academics . . . that tower of learning . . . college degrees all over the place
B.S. (just what it says) M.S. (More of the Same) Ph.D. (Piled higher and Deeper)

As I weaved past the twin fifties of the A.P. on guard, I heard a shot and the sound of a body hitting the floor . . . Capt. Cassels must be explaining the "shotgun treatment" again . . . As they dragged the remains from the scene, "Chaplin" Brock was heard to whisper fervently . . . "Mista Marsh . . . we'uns is heah to hep' ya'all" . . . From down the hall came the rattle of rifle fire . . . followed by the soft notes of Taps . . . Another Mock Trial I guess . . . too bad they never

find those guys innocent... Now to the Flight Planning room... ah... such fond memories... A cadet was crying in anguished tones... "Flight Service Advisory, please... They've socked in the entire Western Hemisphere"... Over his shoulder I saw a familiar sight... old Orville Wright himself... still trying to get an ATC Clearance from Kittyhawk Radio... Someone should tell him to try Channel B...

The neighboring room was a jumble of twisted bodies lying amid a maze of broken timbers... Mr. Ogle has been cleaning out some Deadwood and Jargon I guess... I shed a tear as I passed the old A. E. room... Not much use for that any more... "Slim" Herb was R.O.N. at Laredo with a dead engine and two fifths of Vodka and besides... T.O. 60-476596-AFR-0001 had abolished flapper valves... and after all what is A.E. without flapper valves????

I fixed those Academic boys good... forged a TWX from FTAF calling for adherence to the Principles of Scientific Management.



On my way to the Flight Line, I chanced by the Cadet Club... scene of many Formal Tea Parties... It was Saturday night and the boys were getting ready for the weekly "Wild Pig Hunt"...

Now the Flight Line... these boys were pretty good... a few eight balls and Section Eight cases... and a little chicken when it came to outside loops and gear up landings... but as a whole they were a pretty good lot... I wonder if Landers has cleared Klemak for solo yet????? But wait... I have a job to do... Cautiously I went through every locker in the Flight Shack... taking every Trophy... What were the Trophies you ask??? Well, look over your shoulder and down... Headhunters collect heads... instructors eat a little lower on the hog...

At last, my task is completed... the great moment is here... for the first time I would look in that envelope and see what 13 months of sweat and blood had given me... My trembling fingers tore open the sheaf of papers... what what would it be... 46's... 36's... 26's... no-o-o-o-o 6's...

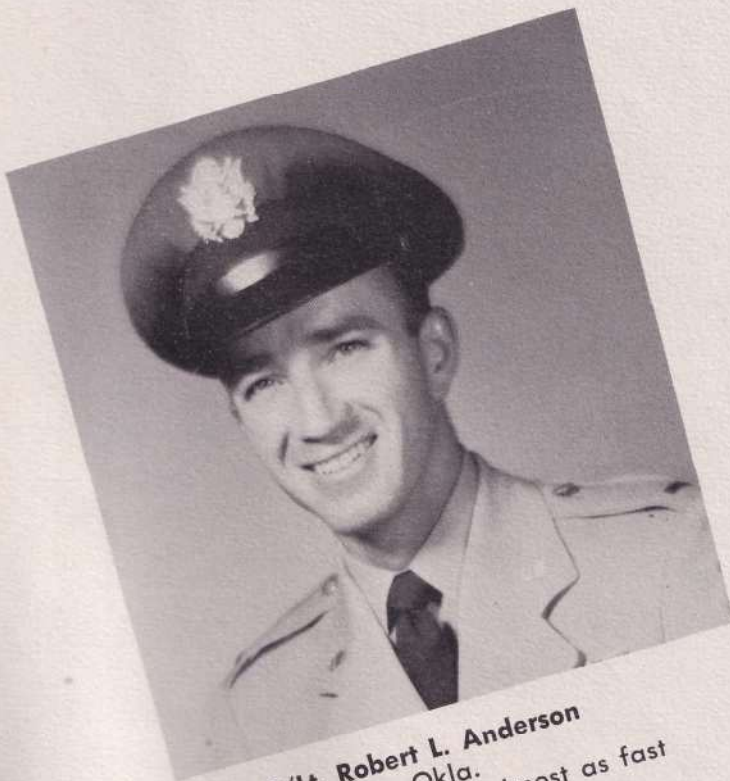


2/Lt. Robert L. Abrams
 Loveland, Colo.
 "Abe"
 "'Druther go fishin' "



Cadet version of officer's life.

SECTION G1



2/Lt. Robert L. Anderson
 Stillwater, Okla.
 "Them 25's are almost as fast
 as my 88."



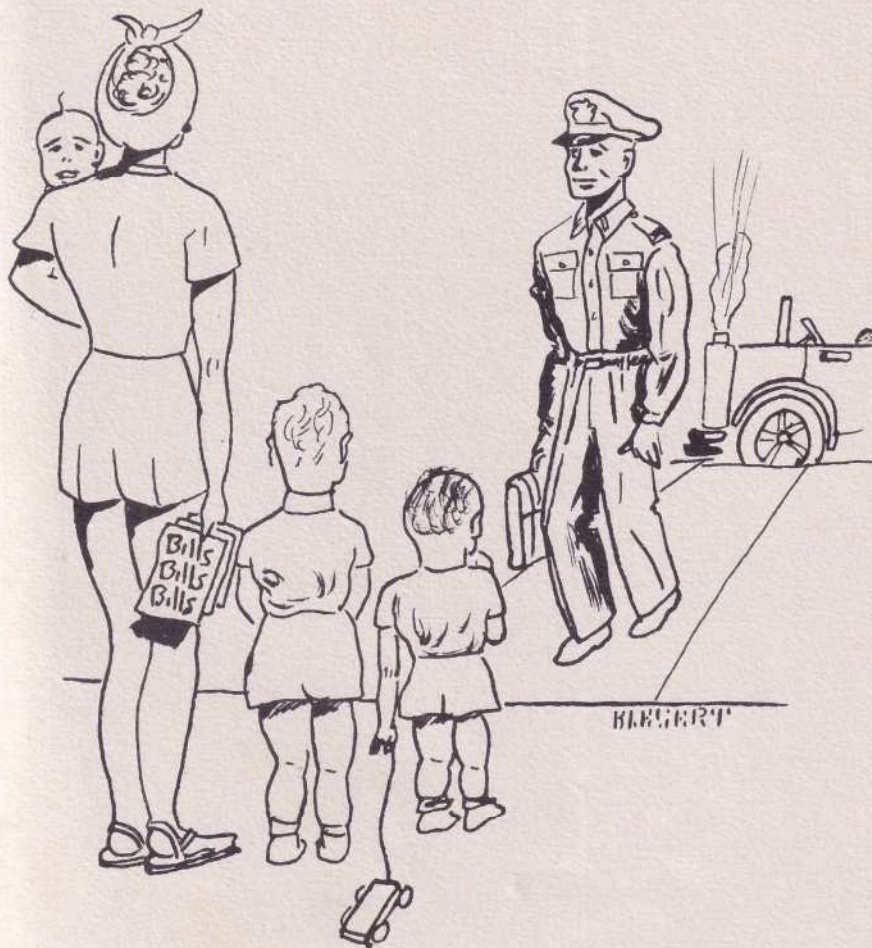
2/Lt. Joseph E. Brown
 Goshen, Ind.
 "Jim"
 "We need a fourth for
 bridge..."



2/Lt. Phil R. Cahoon
Baldwin Park, Calif.
"Just one more ace and I
would have had him."



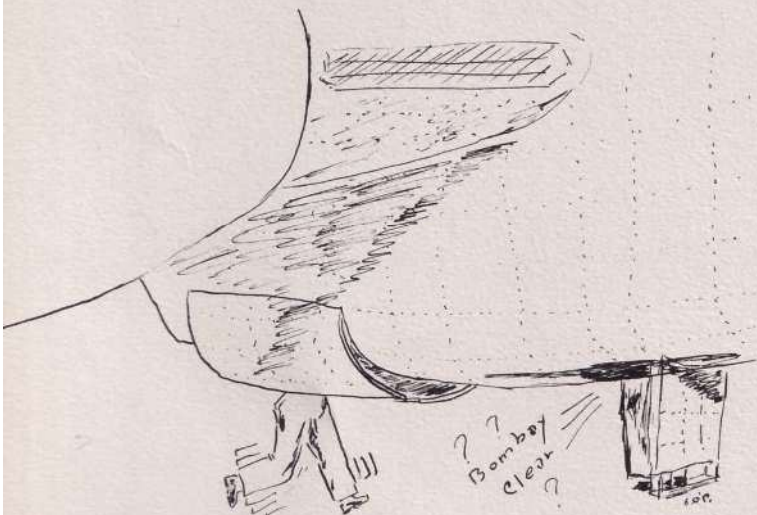
2/Lt. George L. Carr
Lansing, Mich.
"Bud"
"AFR 60-16 says, and
I quote..."



Officer's version of
officer's life...



2/Lt. Wendell E. Cosner
Laramie, Wyo.
"Wendy"
"One churnin' and one
burnin'."



2/Lt. Russell A. Fleming
 Inglewood, Calif.
 "Astro"
 "You don't dig this
 —very well."



2/Lt. George G. Ganjon
 Randallstown, Md.
 "Strums his guitars
 with six guns."



2/Lt. Allen C. Grubbs
 Bowling Green, Ky.
 "Al"
 "Kentucky moonshine is better
 than this 91 octane."



2/Lt. David W. Gustin
 Millbrook, N. Y.
 "After Nov. 7 he'll only mark the
 calendar once a month."



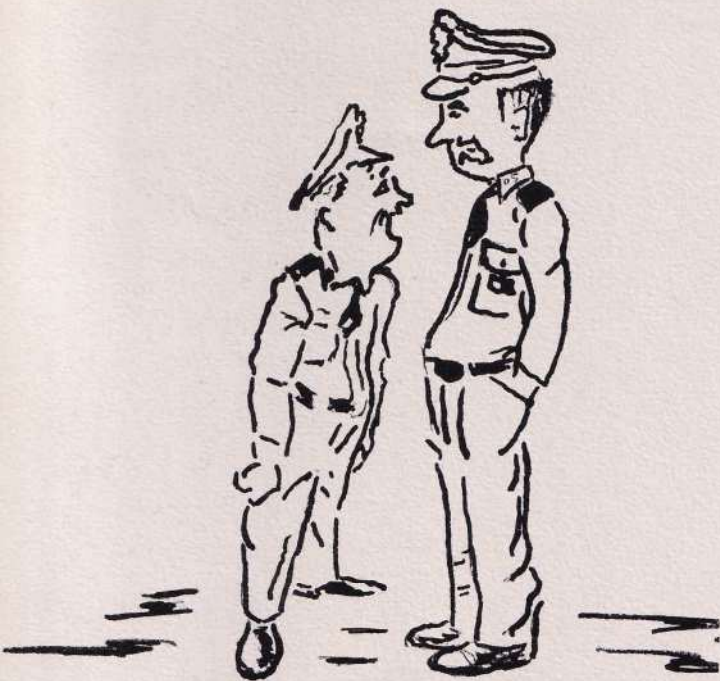
2/Lt. George E. Hart
 Savannah, Ga.
 "The confederacy is
 gone... George!"



2/Lt. George L. Hendley
 Akron, Ohio
 "Feather No. 1?...er...No. 2?
 ...er... No. 1....."



"I like MATS!!!"



Just who are you
calling "Fat" Mr. Landers?



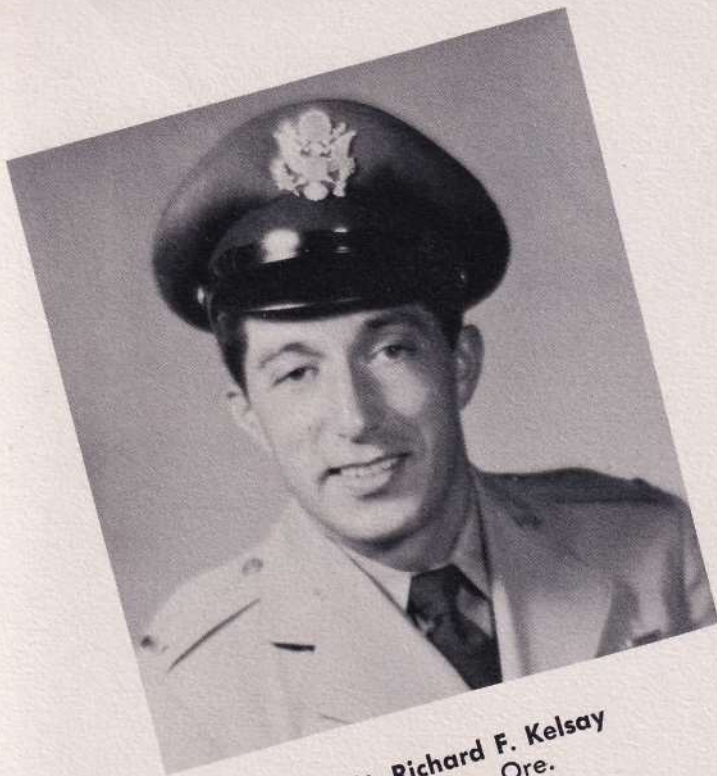
2/Lt. Stanley H. Hoffman
New York, N. Y.
"My name is Stan and
I'm it . . ."



2/Lt. Stanley D. Jensen
Santa Rosa, Calif.
"The gals go for big
men . . ."



2/Lt. Charles F. Kaye
St. Paul, Minn.
"Charlie"
"Say buddy, have you got a
crescent wrench???"



1/Lt. Richard F. Kelsay
Oregon City, Ore.
"When I was in the
Navy"



2/Lt. Thomas R. Landers
Hot Springs, S. Dak.
"They call me "Curly,"
But why . . ."



2/Lt. Roger B. Leithead
Scarsdale, N. Y.
"Rog" . . . lands softer
in the dirt . . ."



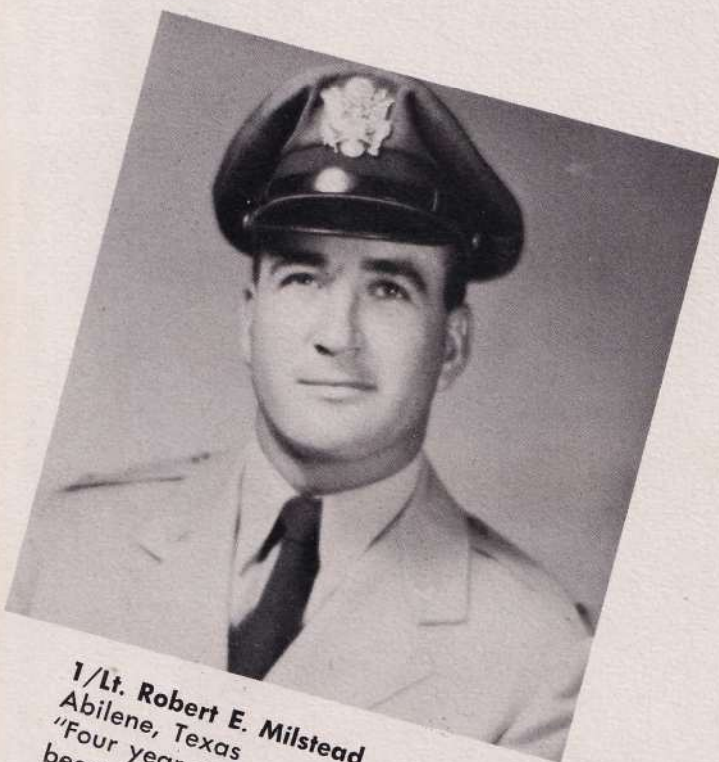
KELSAY, are you still
in that hole . . .



2/Lt. William A. McLendon
 Carrollton, Ga.
 "I'll 'Gig' you..."



Lt. Milstead, turn off that fan before
 you lose the rest of your hair...



1/Lt. Robert E. Milstead
 Abilene, Texas
 "Four years in the A. F. and never
 been out of Texas."



2/Lt. Eldon D. Olsen
 Wisconsin
 "Oley"
 "It will be great to be back
 in the States."



2/Lt. Byron W. Olson
Oak Park, Ill.
"I've got responsibilities..."



2/Lt. James E. Petesch
Oshkosh, Wis.
"What's funny about Oshkosh..."



Mr. Petesch flies well, but his military bearing is poor.



Capt. Nelson O. Pohl
Atchison, Kan.
"Nels"
"When I was in Alaska..."



2/Lt. Lloyd E. Price
Chicago, Ill.
"Why do they call me Red???"



2/Lt. Robert H. Russell
Phoenix, Ariz.
"Russ"
"To hell with maps, turn
on the "bird-dog..."



2/Lt. Keith L. Sleater
Salt Lake City, Utah
"But sir, the water tower looked
the same!!"



PARACHUTES
Because



SOMETIMES THE CADETS
WONDER ABOUT THE
STUDENT OFFICERS



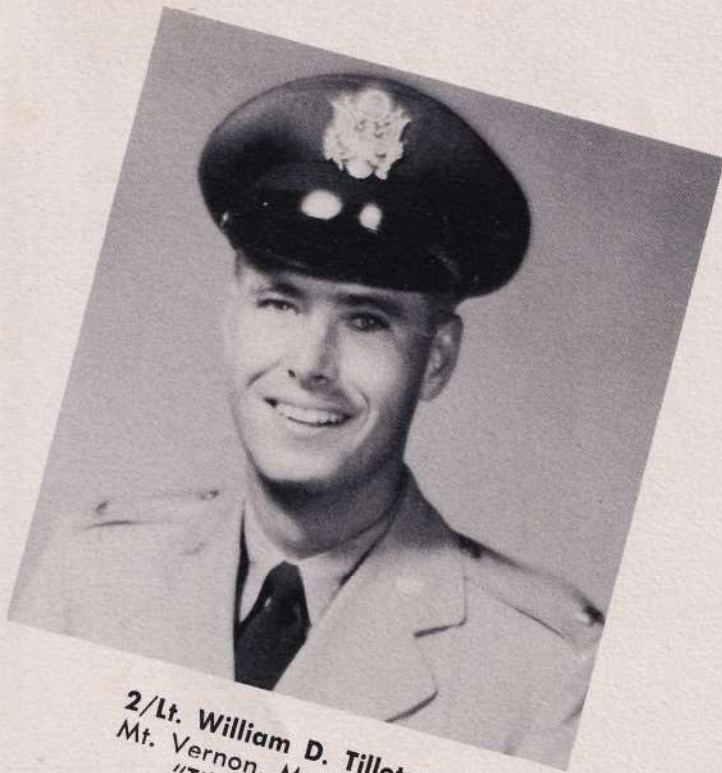
2/Lt. Thomas E. Schmidt
Swarthmore, Pa.
"I drive a Packard."



2/Lt. James R. Slicker
St. Petersburg, Fla.
"Somebody goofed, yak...
yak..."



2/Lt. George E. Terry
Mamaroneck, N. Y.
"What do you mean, 'no hair'..."



2/Lt. William D. Tillotson
Mt. Vernon, Mo.
"Tilly"



"Yes 'Tilly,' I know I said 'pick up a pig,' but after all..."



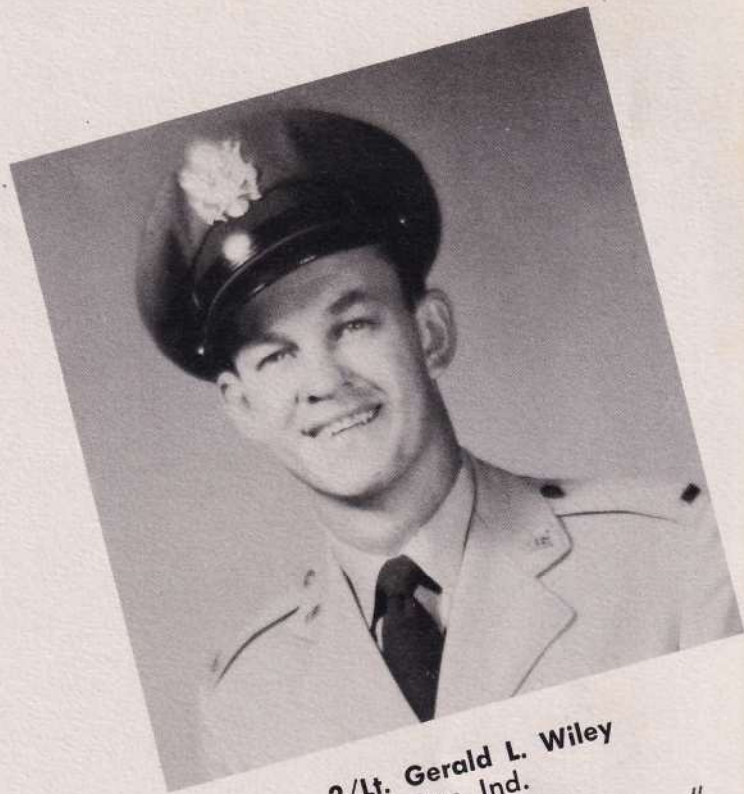
2/Lt. William J. Vierski, Jr.
Westmont, N. J.
"I'll teach these cats how to march..."



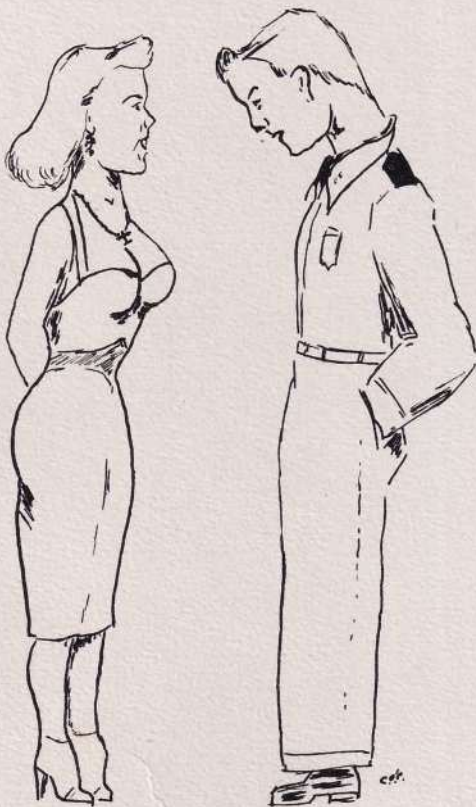
1/Lt. Vernon D. Wade
Lubbock, Texas
"I volunteer."



2/Lt. Kirner, James J.
Summit, N. J.
"Hoss"
"That ain't the way we do
it in Jersey."



2/Lt. Gerald L. Wiley
Columbus, Ind.
"Jerry"
"Who me??? I go Pogo..."



"An airplane for a necklace and a
built-in landing field..."



1/Lt. Glenn R. Zeller
Redwood City, Calif.
"The man of distinction"

SECTION



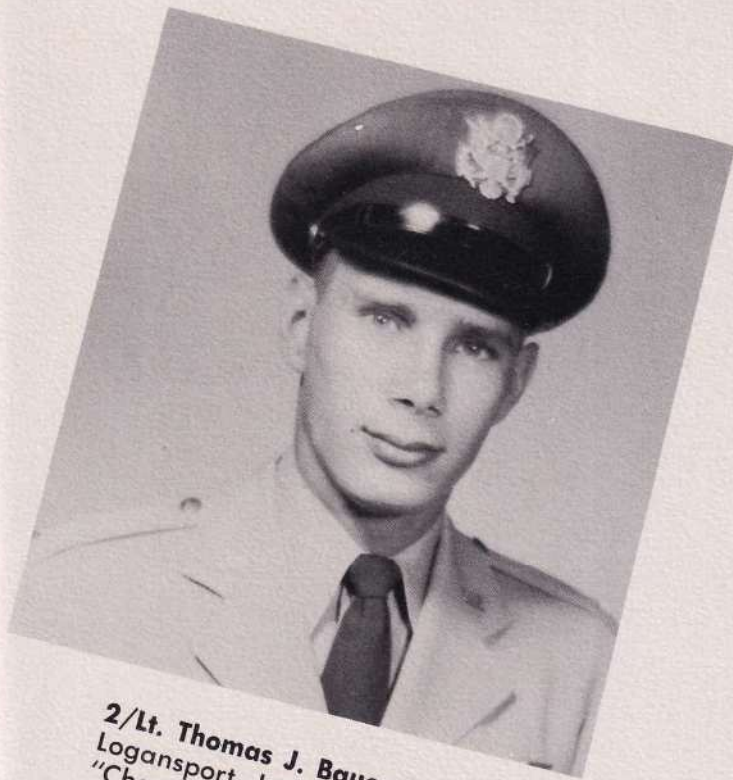
2/Lt. Jarvis M. Adams
Greenfield, N. H.
"I'm a long way from
home..."



2/Lt. John R. Albright
Bloomfield, N. J.
"There I was hanging by
my throat mike..."



2/Lt. James R. Barewald
Tipton, Iowa
"Jim"
"Retail, permission to
line up and abort??"



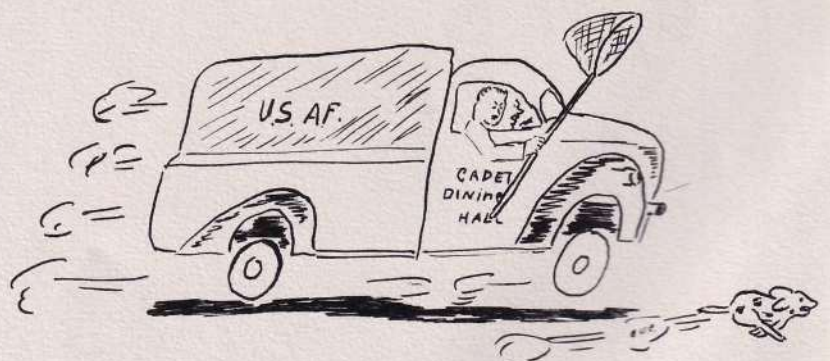
2/Lt. Thomas J. Bauer
Logansport, Ind.
"Cheez Fellas — I found
a big silver bug."



2/Lt. Gordon C. Bruner
Ft. Worth, Texas
"Gaba"
"Gentlemen of the court, article
120, paragraph (a) says. . . ."



2/Lt. Jerry D. Byers
Paso Robles, Calif.
"Goin' to wig and wag in big
A... Viva Zapata."





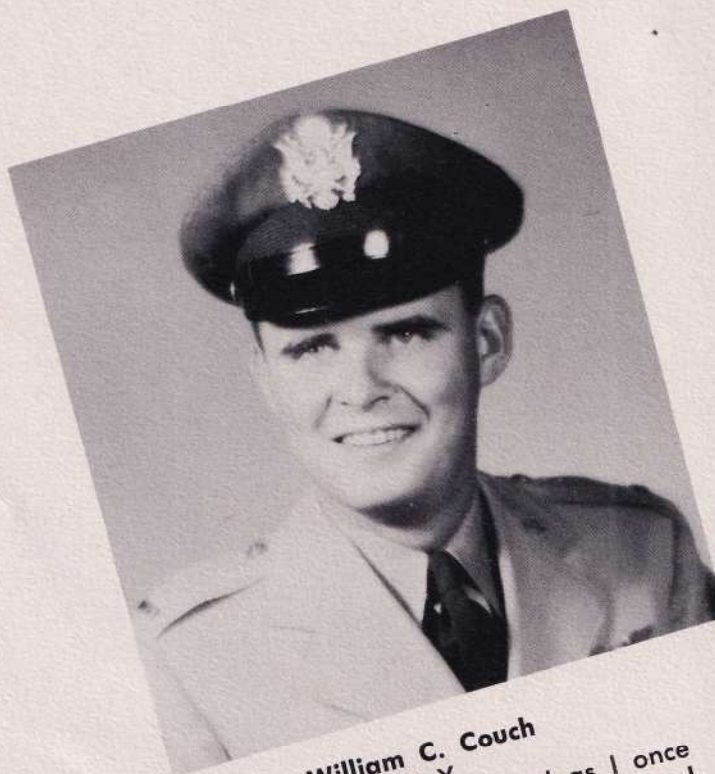
"Hi-D-Ho" control, request permission
for right hand traffic...over..."



2/Lt. Howard S. Carroll
Aldan, Pa.
"You guys don't get this
engineering very well...huh?"



2/Lt. John W. Cartwright
Fargo, N. Dak.
"Jack"
"Where do they park the
B-47's??"



2/Lt. William C. Couch
Watertown, N. Y.
"I may not be as good as I once
was but I was as good once as I
ever was."



2/Lt. Hobart N. Crocker
Arlington, Mass.
"Hoby"
"Halt that flight..."



"I like pilots."



2/Lt. Carleton E. Cronkhite
Westmont, Ill.
"Now where did Couch put the
golf clubs?"



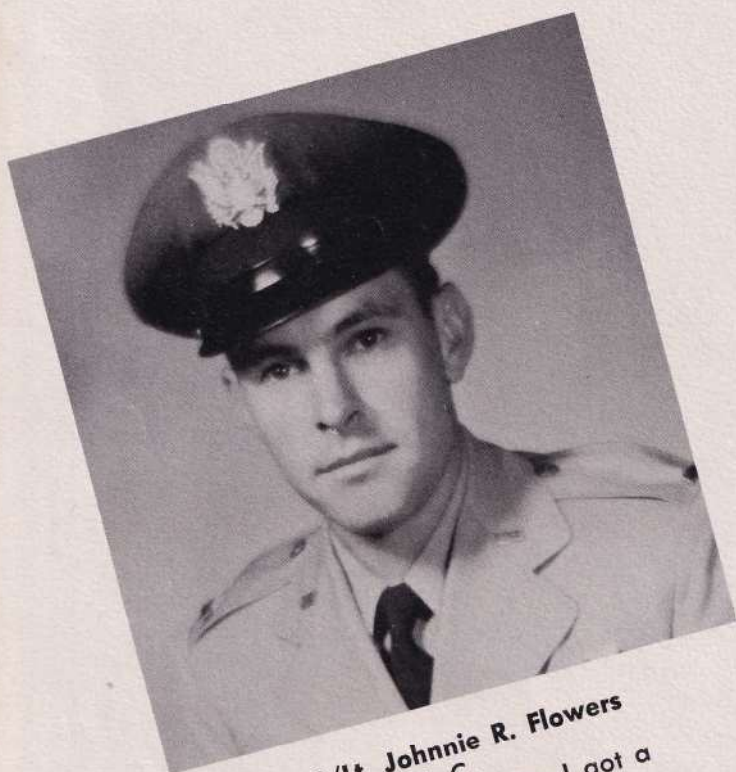
2/Lt. William C. Dunn
Meadville, Pa.
"An expert on Military Law."



DON'T HANG UP IF IT SQUEALED,—
— IT'S HER!



2/Lt. Edward T. Edwards
Chicago, Ill.
Took refuge...into a good
class.



2/Lt. Johnnie R. Flowers
Kenly, N. C.
"Remember when I got a
full hike???"



2/Lt. Charles W. Geer, Jr.
North Hollywood, Calif.
"Shot out of the saddle by
Semper Fidelis."



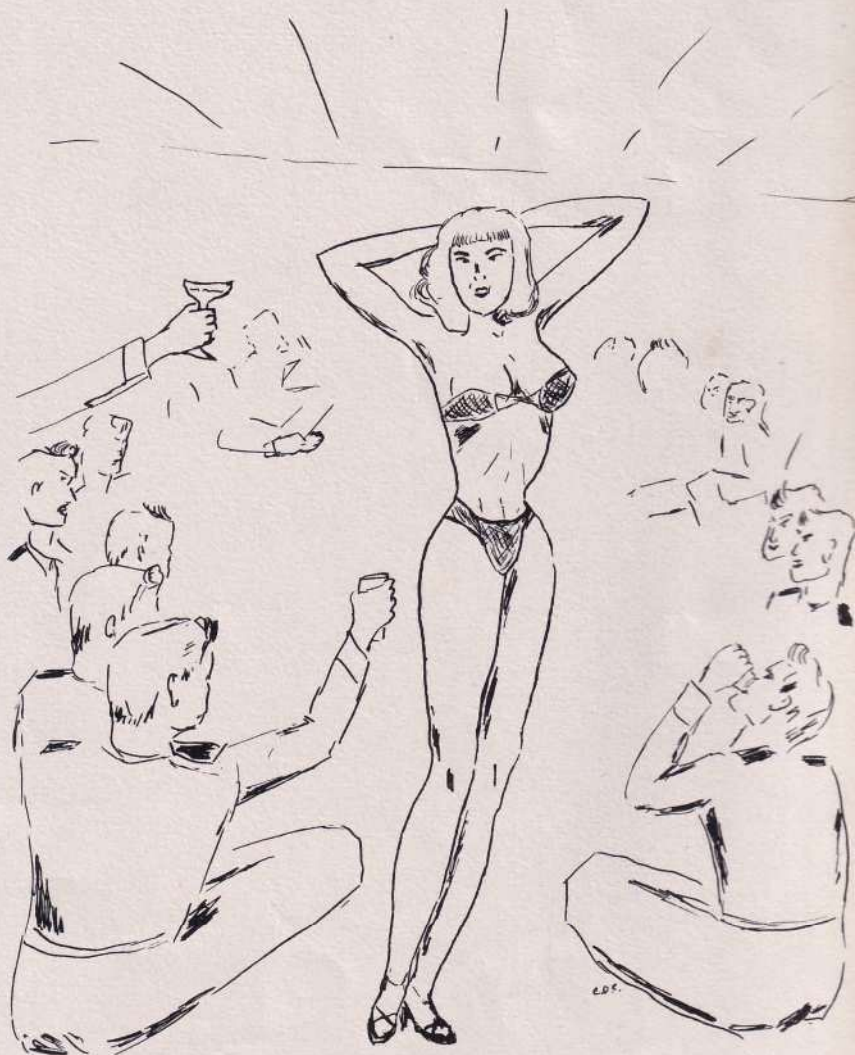
2/Lt. Thomas M. Hamilton
Miami, Fla.
"Marty"
"So I says to the General,
'General' . . ."



2/Lt. Duane C. Hedahl
Twin Valley, Minn.
"Destination, San Angelo . . ."



2/Lt. Don F. Holm
Oakland, Calif.
"Stan's right
hand torpedo."



"Stag party' at the club . . ."



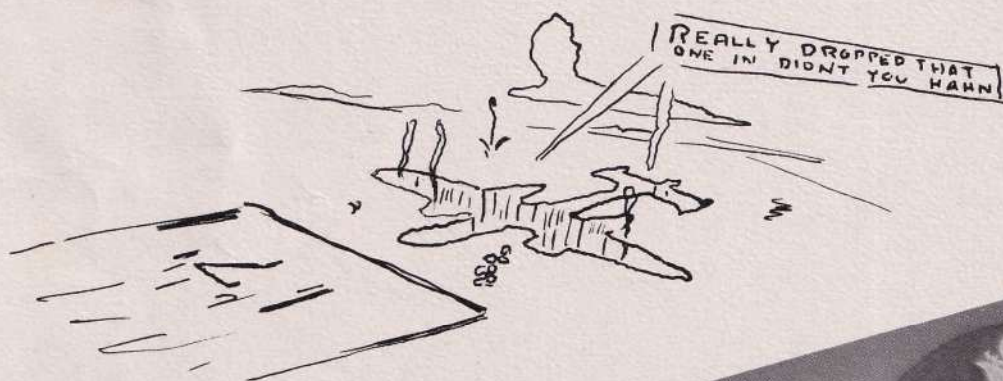
2/Lt. Ronnie G. Hood
Independence, Iowa
"Ron"

"I like to plow, but not
with a B-25..."

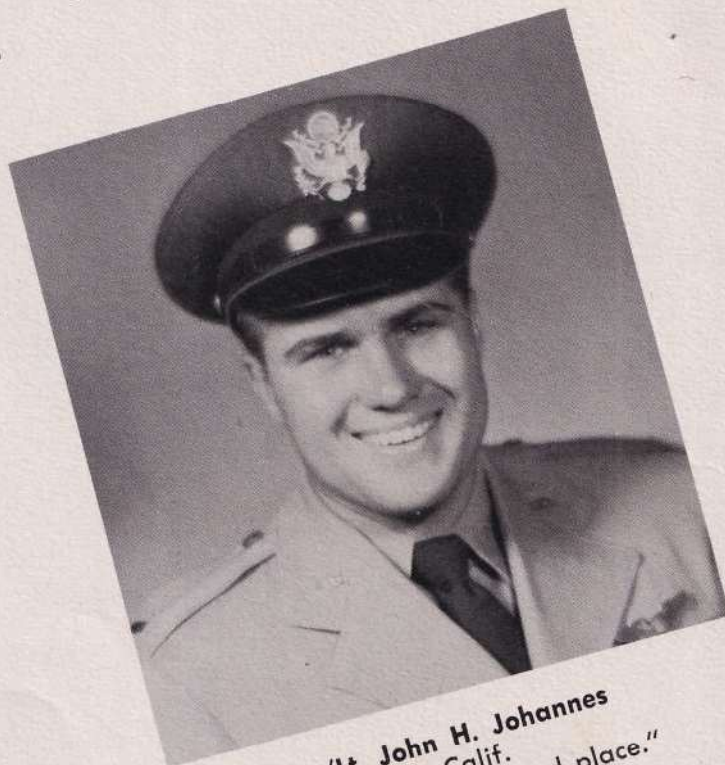


2/Lt. Gordon W. Hahn
Gardena, N. Dak.

"Going to Angelo this
week end???"



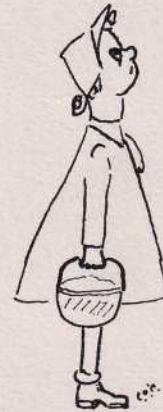
"Yes Sir, 'Friday'."



2/Lt. John H. Johannes
Anaheim, Calif.
"I hate this blasted place."



2/Lt. Raymond F. Kayea, Jr.
 Merriam, Kan.
 "Ray"
 "Head and eyes to the front
 gentlemen..."



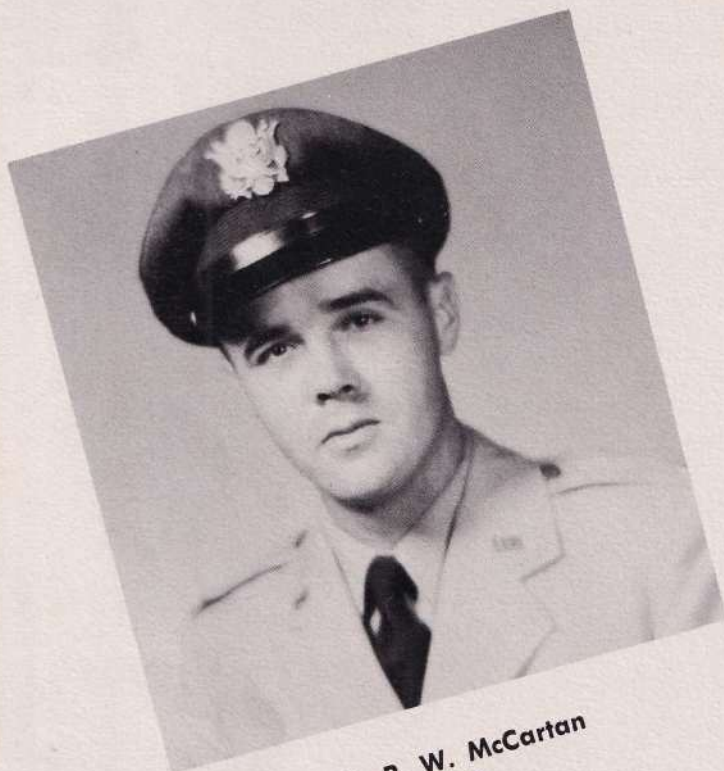
"Yah, Red, somebody goofed!!!"



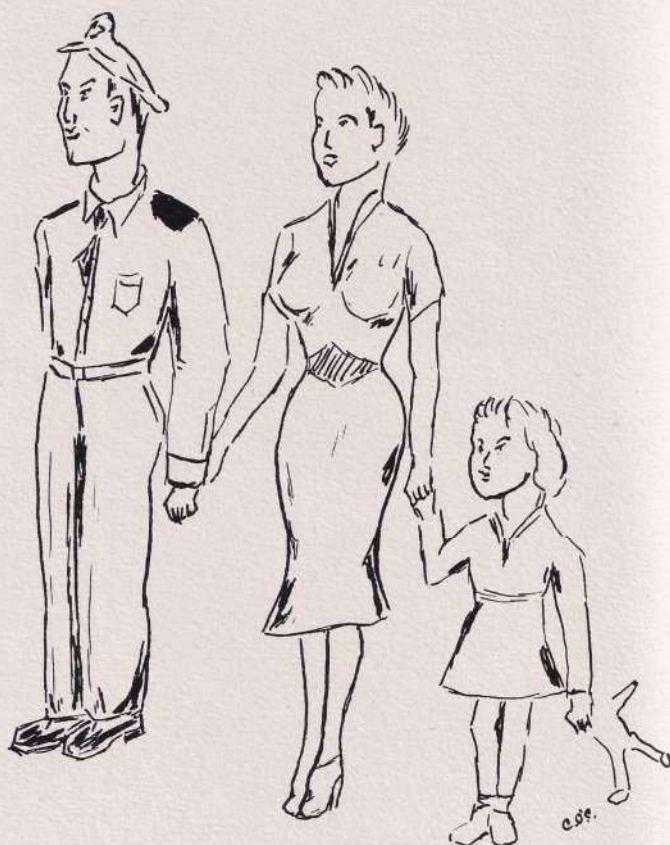
2/Lt. William M. Klesert
 Tucson, Ariz.
 "Who me, I draw cartoons."



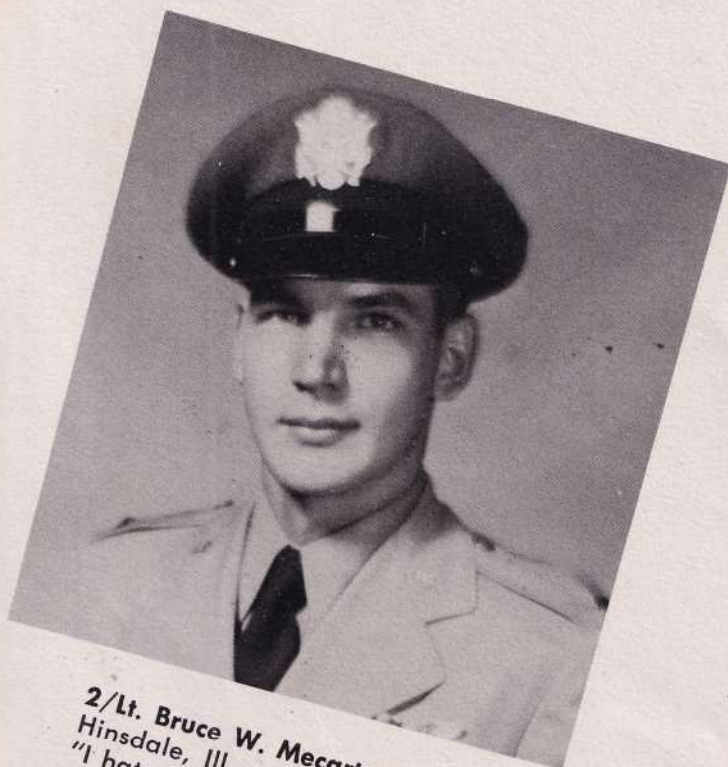
2/Lt. Howard B. Mall
 Oak Hill, Kan.
 "I think I'm pretty
 handsome..."



2/Lt. R. W. McCartan
Dayton, Ohio
"Big Mac"
"Now when I was in the
Paratroops..."



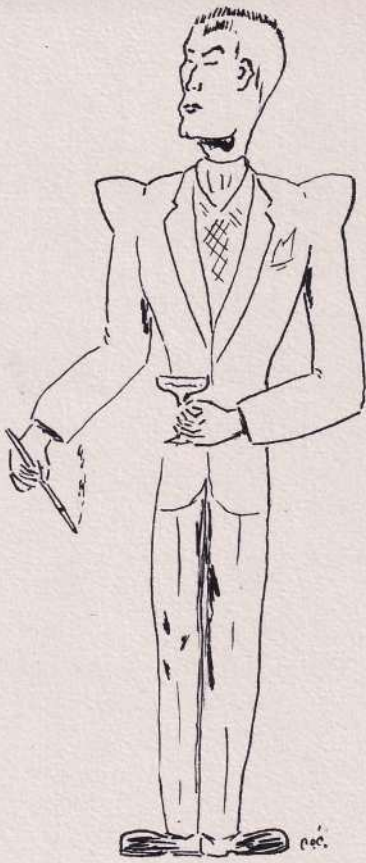
Who, Sir??... Me, Sir?... Oh, Sir!!...
Noll, Sir!!...



2/Lt. Bruce W. Mecartney
Hinsdale, Ill.
"I hate Hill-Billy music..."



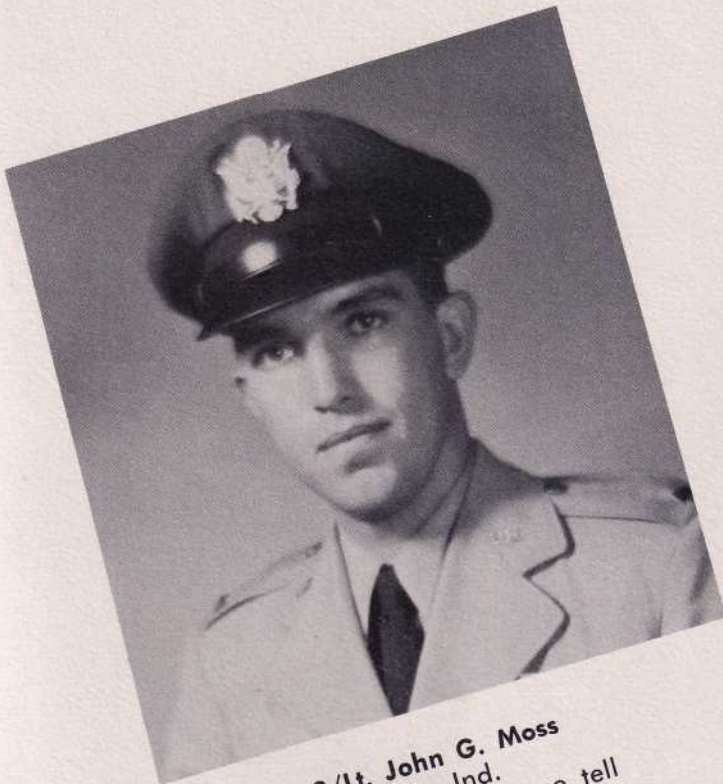
2/Lt. David A. Midgley, Jr.
Albany, N. Y.
"I never go to town..."



"Rosedale's near Terre Haute, the center of American culture..."



2/Lt. Elmer R. Moffitt
Clinton, Ill.
"Don't call me Elmer."



2/Lt. John G. Moss
Rosedale, Ind.
"TEXAS... Let me tell
you something..."



2/Lt. James H. Pate
Patterson, N. J.
"Jazz... that's the word..."



2/Lt. Raymond F. Pike
San Diego, Calif.
"You should hear me
recite poetry..."



Mr. Pike has many interests..."



2/Lt. John H. Perritti
Great Falls, Mont.
"Let's liven the place
up a little..."



2/Lt. Wesley W. Rhodes
Van Buren, Ind.
"I'm old enough to
vote now..."



2/Lt. John R. Rimmer
 San Antonio, Texas
 "Johnnie"
 "O. K. you guys, I am in
 step."



2/Lt. Francis T. Schmitz
 Winthrop Harbor, Ill.
 "That 25 is sooo big..."



GEE — IF I'M LUCKY, SOMEDAY
 I MAY GET BACK TO TEXAS!



2/Lt. Harry R. Schwarz
 St. Louis, Mo.
 "Harry"
 "I'll never play bridge
 with you guys again."



2/Lt. Ivan D. Smith
Vaughnsville, Ohio
"I. D."



2/Lt. Gladwin W. Tatem
Haddon Field, N. J.
"Scotty"
"What? Fly with that guy??"



THERE ARE MORE THAN
ONE-AND-A-HALF GIRLS PER CADET
AT TEXAS TECH COLLEGE!



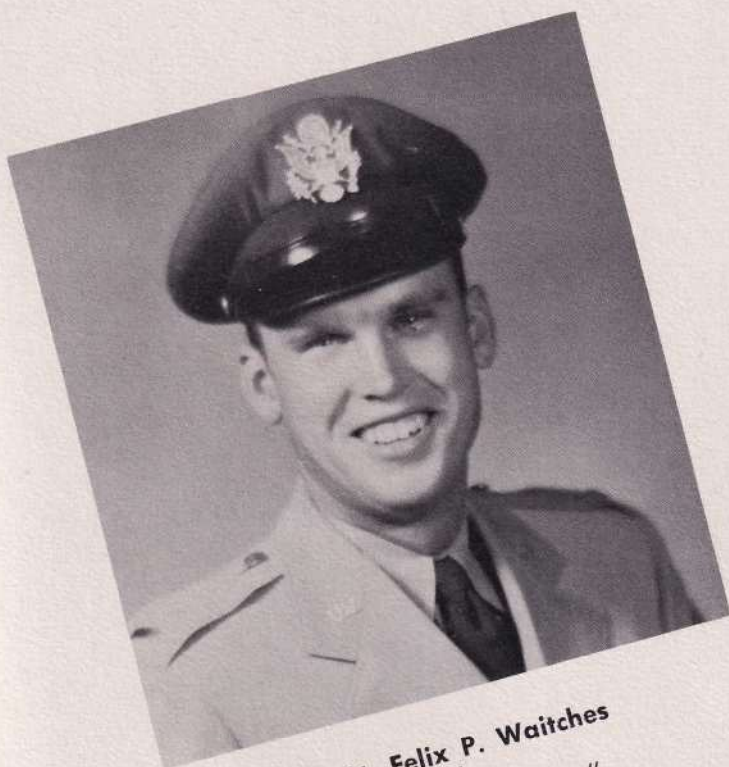
2/Lt. John K. Thies
McHenry, Ill.
"I don't want to check
my proofs..."



2/Lt. Martin F. Timpe
Easton, Kan.
"They grow wheat at
home..."



2/Lt. Edward W. Keyes
Maplewood, N. J.
"He's a big man."



2/Lt. Felix P. Waitches
Chicago, Ill.
"I like big towns..."



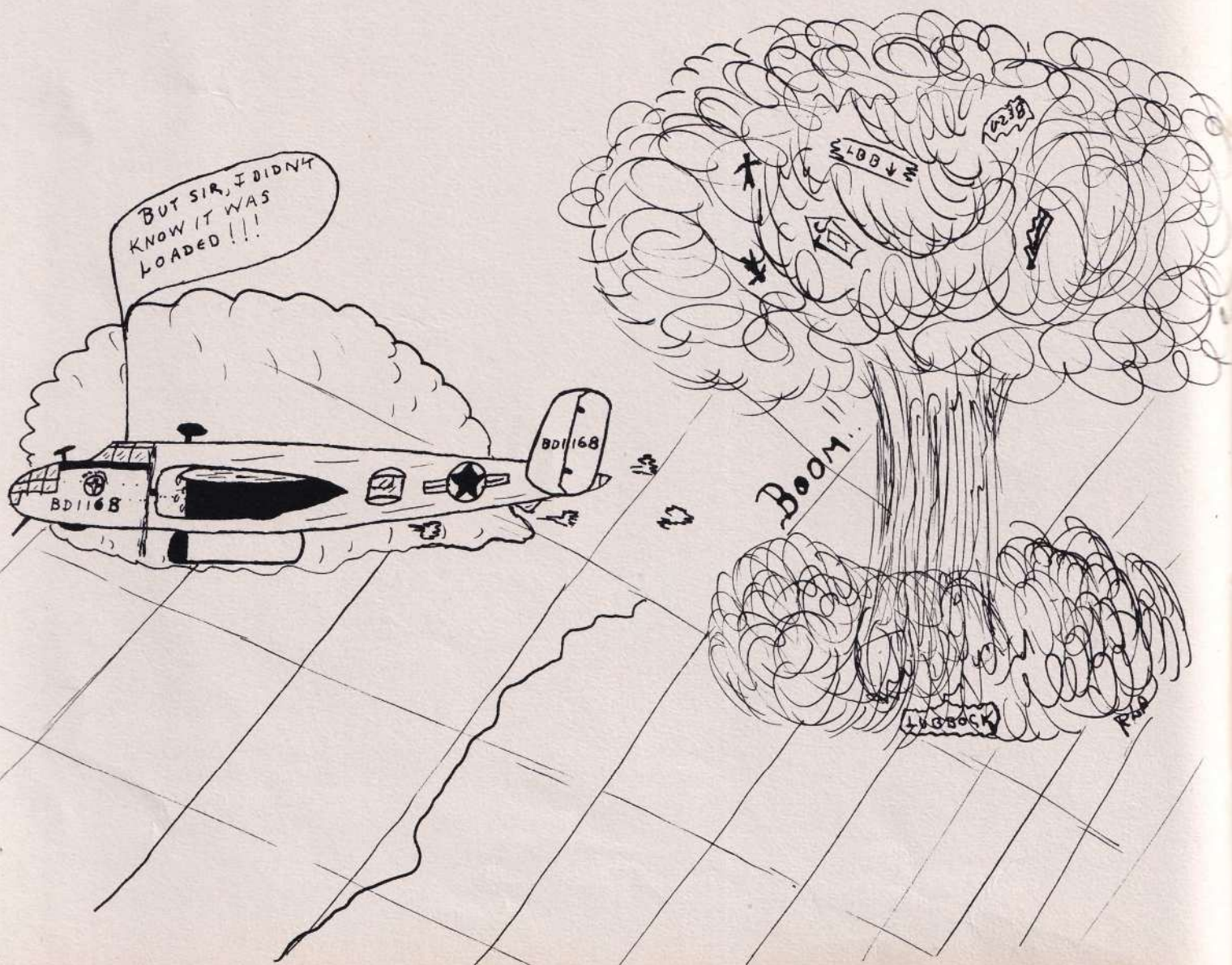
HEY, — YOU THROUGH WITH THE
STOOL?



2/Lt. Robert E. Waller
 Claremore, Okla.
 "Bob"
 "I guess I lost my head."



2/Lt. Harry B. Winchester, Jr.
 Minneapolis, Minn.
 "Burt"
 "The day I hit the horse."





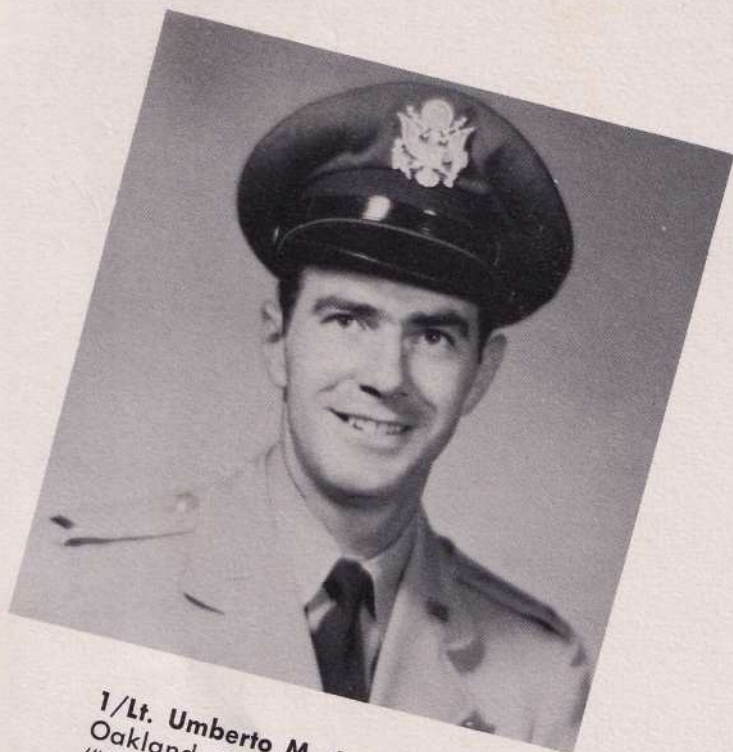
Home sweet home!!



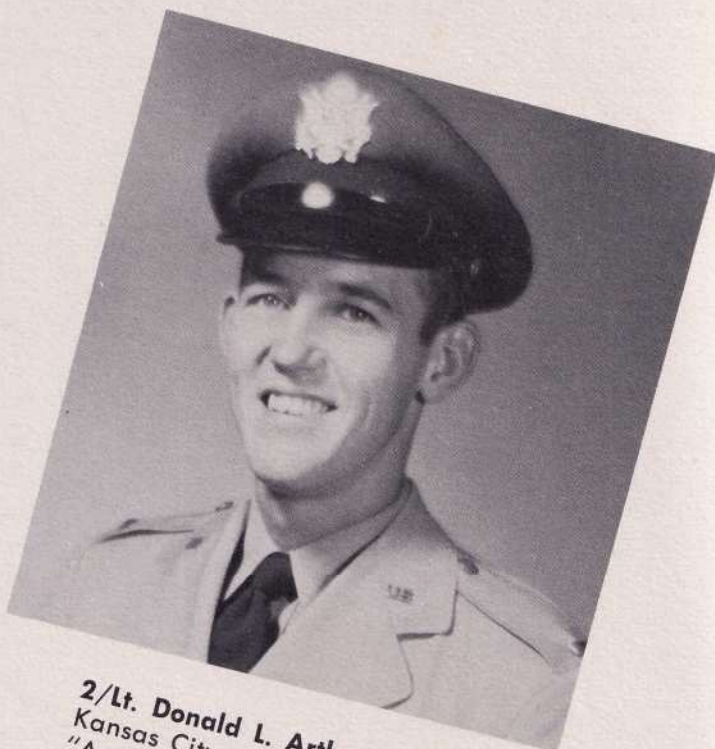
No spinach, please.



Lt. Waller, I think I've found the reason for your flying slump!!!



1/Lt. Umberto M. Amerio
Oakland, Calif.
"Now Tessie, it was this way..."



2/Lt. Donald L. Arth
Kansas City, Mo.
"Aw, come on guys... this is only the sixth letter today."

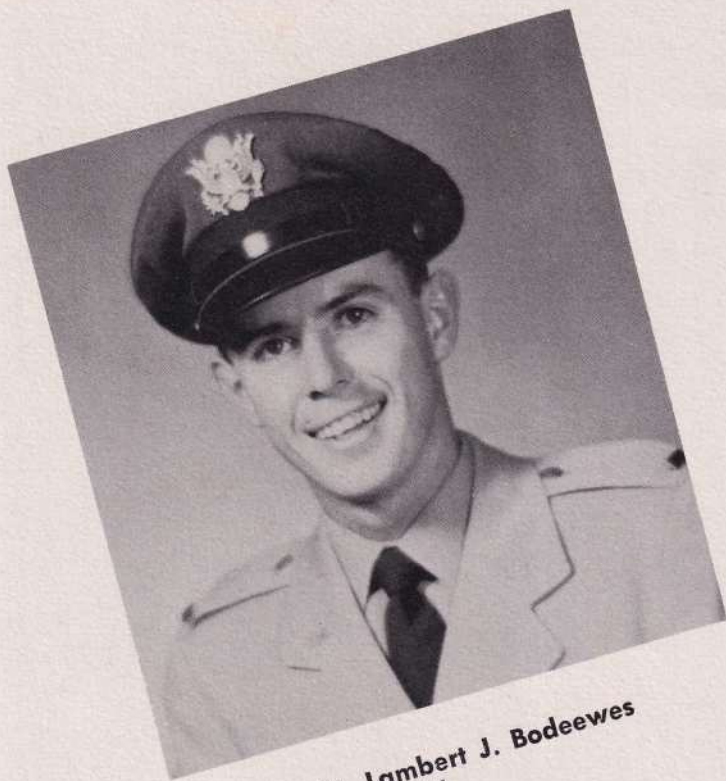


"I dreamt I went flying in my maiden form bra..."



2/Lt. Peter H. Bartels
Bellflower, Calif.
"Who's your new roommate — Pete?"

SECTION 3



2/Lt. Lambert J. Bodeewes
 Elmhurst, Ill.
 "Bode"
 "I loicke plaines."



2/Lt. Earl G. Blum
 Milwaukee, Wis.
 "It was kind of a strawberry
 shortcut."



2/Lt. Billie W. Budd
 Harrison, Mich.
 "Now, when I was stationed
 at Bolling..."



"Why yes, I fly with Weiland."



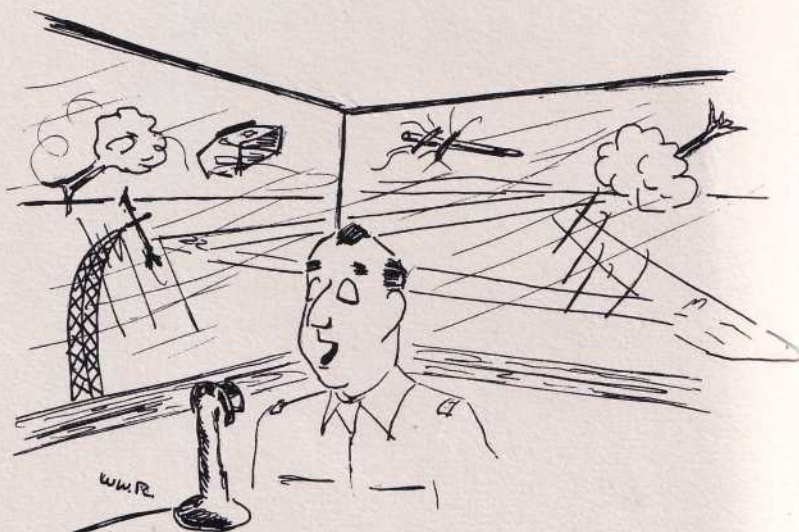
2/Lt. Kenneth L. Burgess
 Earth, Texas
 "Ken"
 "There's Texas, then there's the
 other half of the U. S. (Ed. Note...
 The half that blew away.)"



2/Lt. John P. Clark
 Union, N. J.
 "Jelke has nothing on me."



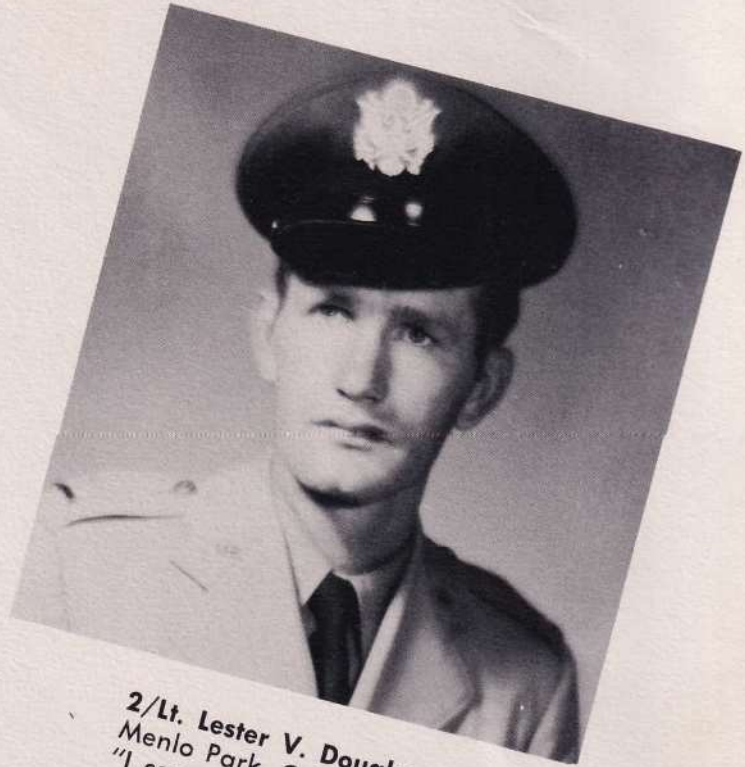
2/Lt. William L. Clark
 Pueblo, Colo.
 "Bill"
 "Br-r-a-a-c-k."



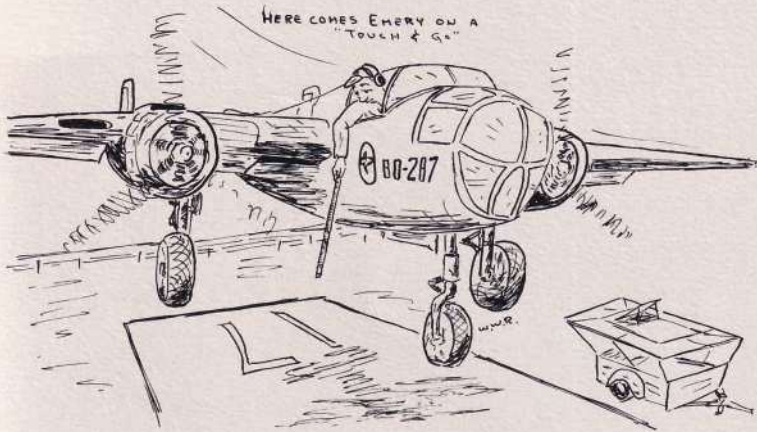
TREESE TOWER ADVISES;
 LIGHT WINDS AT THE HOME
 FIELD - ALTIMETER: 26.01



2/Lt. Thomas W. Craven
West Plains, Mo.
"Goin' to town to visit
my Elite friends."



2/Lt. Lester V. Douglas
Menlo Park, Calif.
"I come from God's
country."



2/Lt. Robert T. Fitzsimmons
Los Angeles, Calif.
"Fitz"
"I'm going back to bed..."



Mr. Hamilton is quite a sport!!



2/Lt. Charles L. Gravat, Jr.
Knobel, Ark.

"Astro...side track your nose and
I'll give you a dollar for every
time I miss..."



2/Lt. Charles E. Funderburg
Monticello, Ga.
"Now fellas, I have here a check
list for the groom..."



2/Lt. Charles F. Hamilton
Carmel, N. Y.
"Ham"
"I come from New York, and can
I play golf..."



2/Lt. Richard C. Hatfield
Philadelphia, Pa.
"Anybody for tennis?"



069 GOING AROUND, TO MUCH
PROW "WASH" ON FINAL!



2/Lt. Gene Hess, Jr.
Herington, Kan.
"The best damn navigator for
Hi-De-Ho Pattern."



2/Lt. Rodney H. Howes
Jat, Maine
"Ah, come on fellas... let's have
a fire drill."



2/Lt. Rolland G. Hull

Burton, Ohio

"Rol"

"Well dear, a DF Homer works this way..."



2/Lt. Richard E. Kersteen
Kingston, Pa.

"Dick"

"Annapolis man makes good."

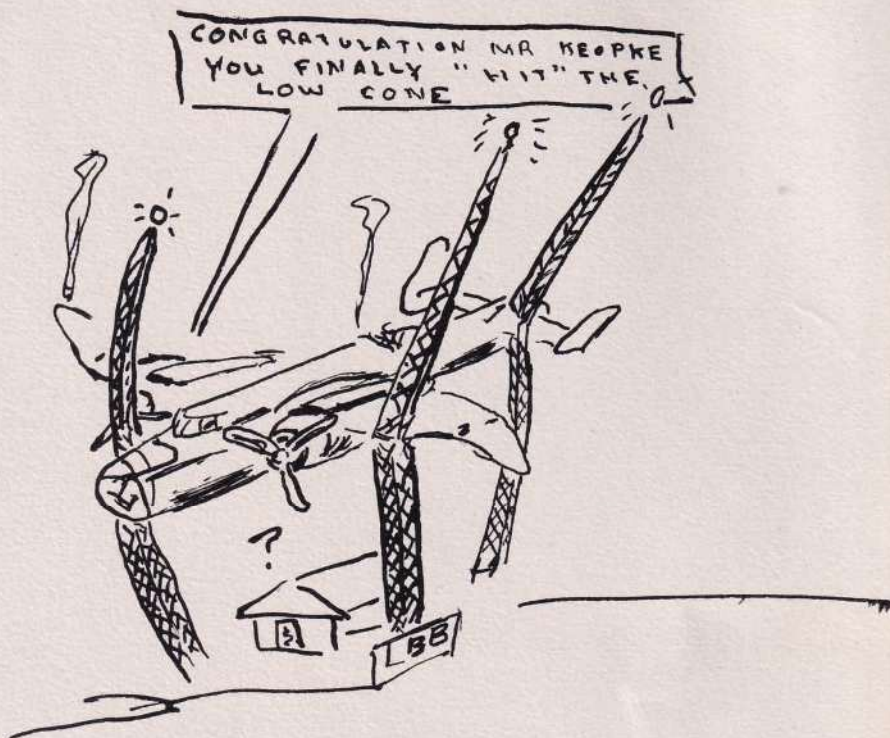


2/Lt. Robert F. Joyce
Patterson, N. J.

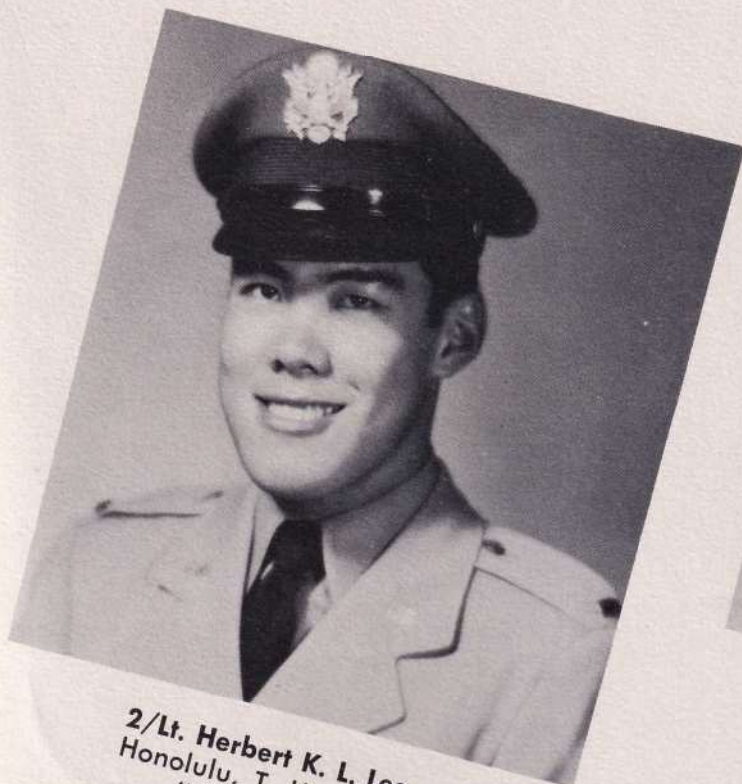
"Only way through here... complete passive indifference."



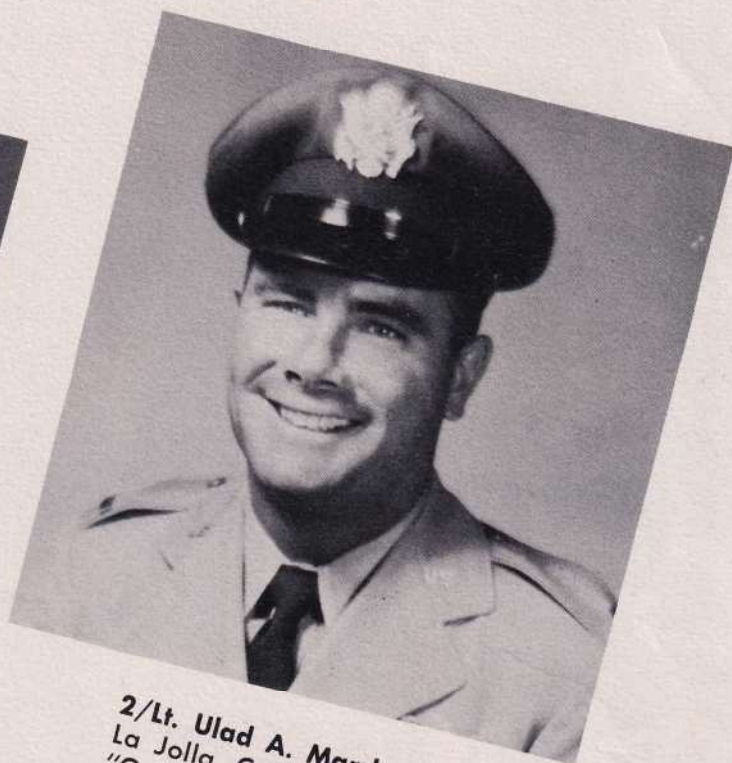
2/Lt. Charles R. Koepke
Long Beach, Calif.
"I'm the strong silent
type..."



"Koepke does it again."



2/Lt. Herbert K. L. Lee
Honolulu, T. H.
"Herb"
"Why not, pineapples are
good for you."



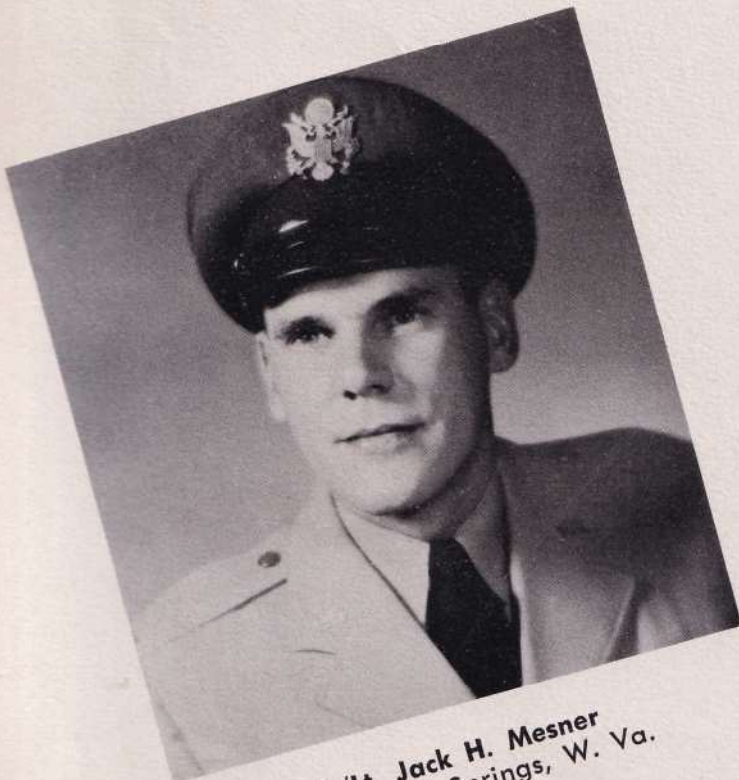
2/Lt. Ulad A. Marsh
La Jolla, Calif.
"O. K., so it was the wrong
runway — but what an I.T.O.!"



2/Lt. George M. Miller
Lincoln, Kan.
"Reville, what's that..."



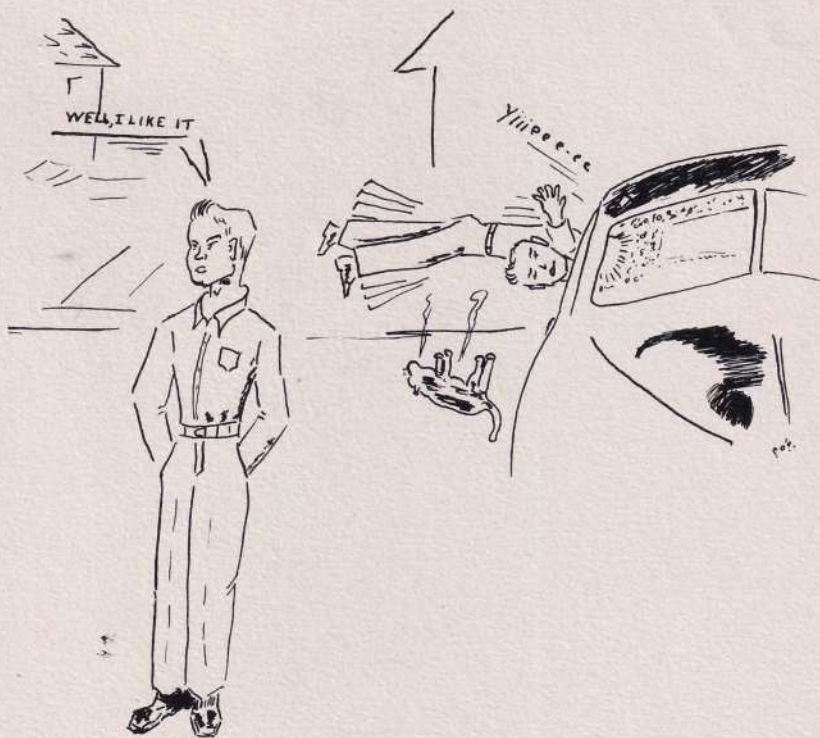
Laff — damn it — but you guys don't know what you're missing.



2/Lt. Jack H. Mesner
Berkeley Springs, W. Va.
"Jack"
"Blackjack here... I feel it coming..."



2/Lt. Robert R. Mendonca
Honolulu, Hawaii
"What do you mean MDAP?"



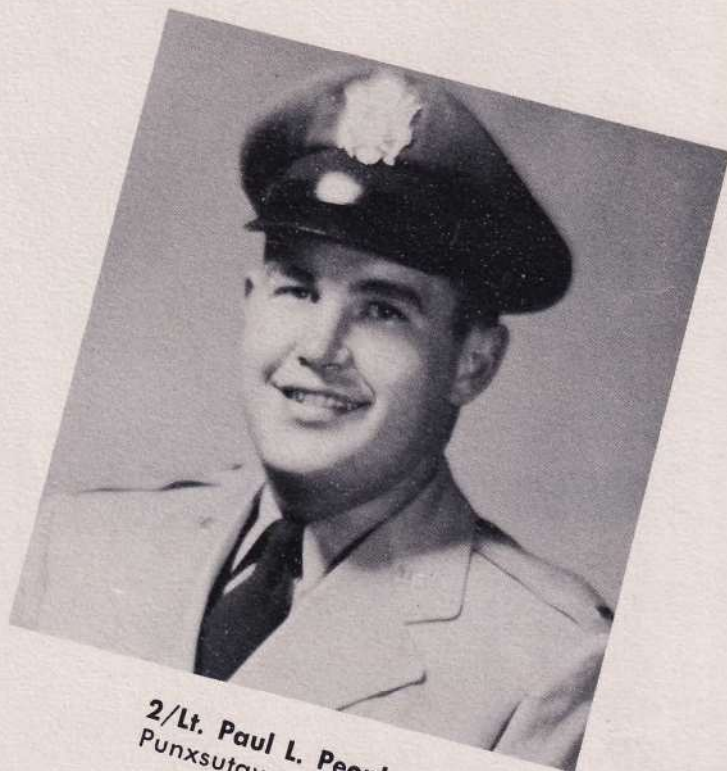
"Mr. O'Connor has rather loud upholstery..."



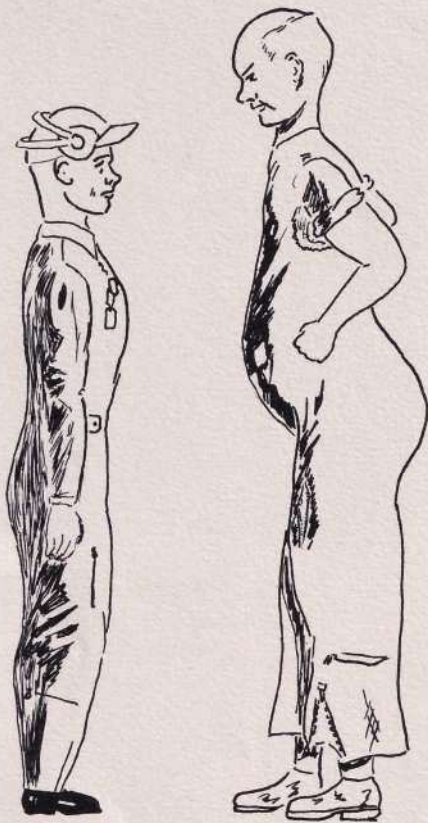
1/Lt. Wallace M. Morgan
Davenport, Iowa
"Wally"
"Have a cigar..."



2/Lt. Charles E. O'Connor
Pueblo, Colo.
"What's the matter with Colorado..."



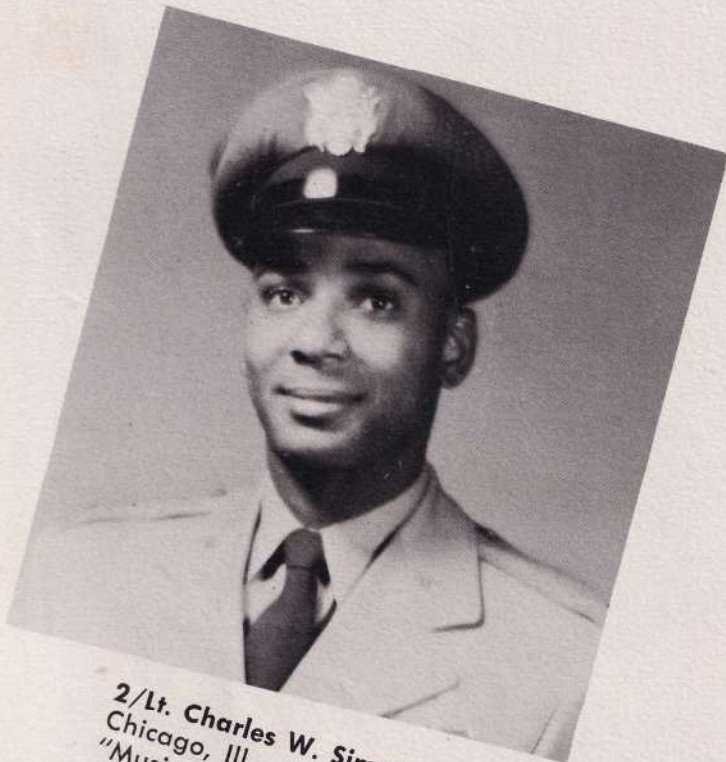
2/Lt. Paul L. Peoples
Punxsutawney, Pa.
"Peeps"
"Do you know about ground hogs?"



"Ah, Ha... Dirty dog tags..."



1/Lt. Phillip J. Piccione
Lafayette, La.
"Phil"
"Let's have a party..."



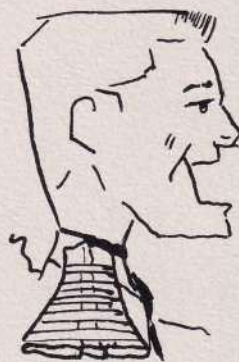
2/Lt. Charles W. Simmons
Chicago, Ill.
"Music... that's the word."



2/Lt. John J. Stanton, Jr.
Brighton, Mass.
"Sure, I'll tell a story..."



2/Lt. Arthur K. Taylor
Bannock, Ky.
"Kibby"
"Where did you say the
body was found???"



GROUP TENCH - HUSST---

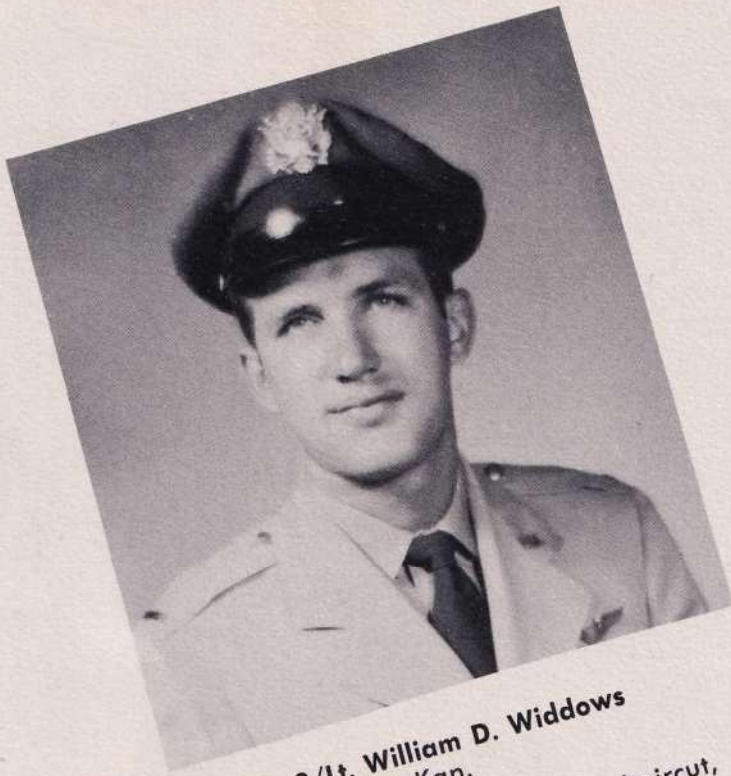
"Mr. Yates is at it again."



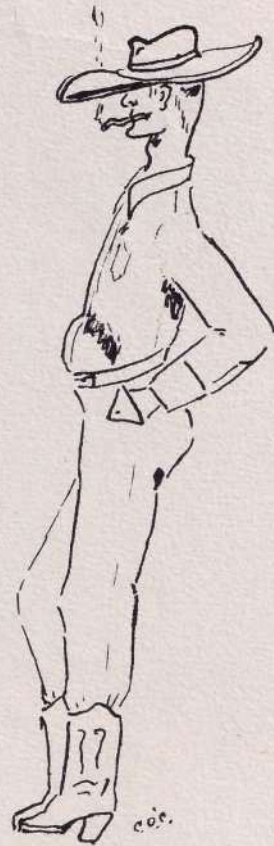
2/Lt. Marvin D. Thornton
Chillicothe, Ohio
"Boy, will that car
go..."



2/Lt. Edwin A. Tinlin
Carlisle, Iowa
"Ed"



2/Lt. William D. Widdows
 Wichita, Kan.
 "Willie"
 "Wash flying suit, get haircut,
 anything else... Sir???"



"My names Powell and I like
 Texas (you'all)."

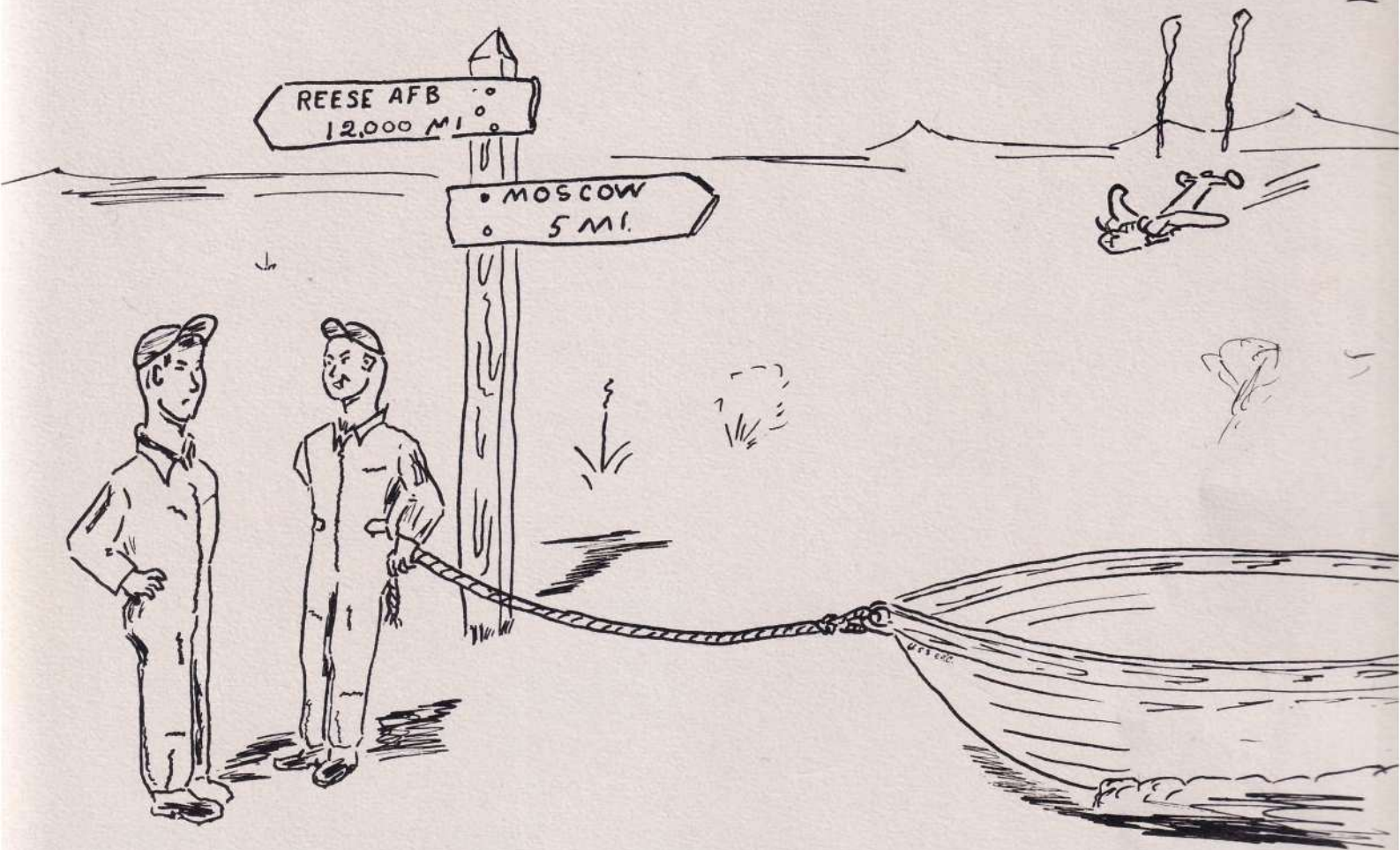


2/Lt. Paul D. Yates
 Rocky Mount, N. C.
 "Who says I'm drunk
 with power..."



2/Lt. John R. Powell
 Berkley, Calif.
 "Dick"
 "I'm a Texan from way
 back..."

ESCAPE AND EVASION



Now we can tell them we're Volga boatmen.



1/Lt. Leland A. York
Spring Hill, Kan.
"You see, once upon
a time..."

Yearbook Staff

YEARBOOK EXPENDITURES

ITEM	COST
Covers@ .50	\$ 70.00
Beer@ .20	46.90
Printing@ .10	7.20
Beer@ .20	46.90
*Cartoonist's Models@ 5.00	100.00
Beer@ .20	46.90
Travel Exp.@ .10/mile	197.00
Fines@ 13.75	94.97
*Beer@ .15	39.75
Petty Exp.	579.91
Total	\$1229.53

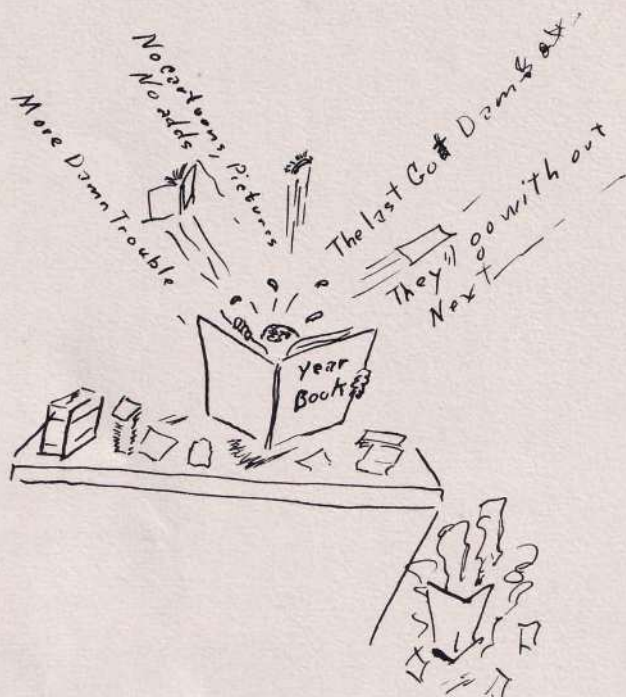
* These items were secured at a great saving due to the fact that the YEARBOOK staff bought on a wholesale basis.

Signed,

Skinum, Sokum & Co.

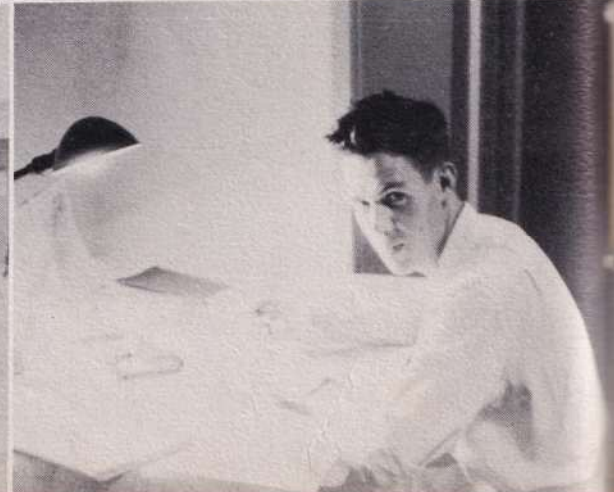
SKINUM, SOKUM & CO.

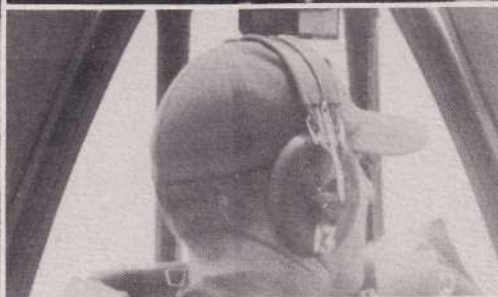
Authorized Air Force Auditors



STAFF

"Peep" Peoples Editor
 "Bob" Mendonca Layout
 "Okie" O'Connor
 "Dad" Klesert } Cartoons
 "Wes" Rhodes
 "Jerry" Wiley
 "Chuck" Koepke } Research
 "Jim" Barewald
 "John" Moss Labor



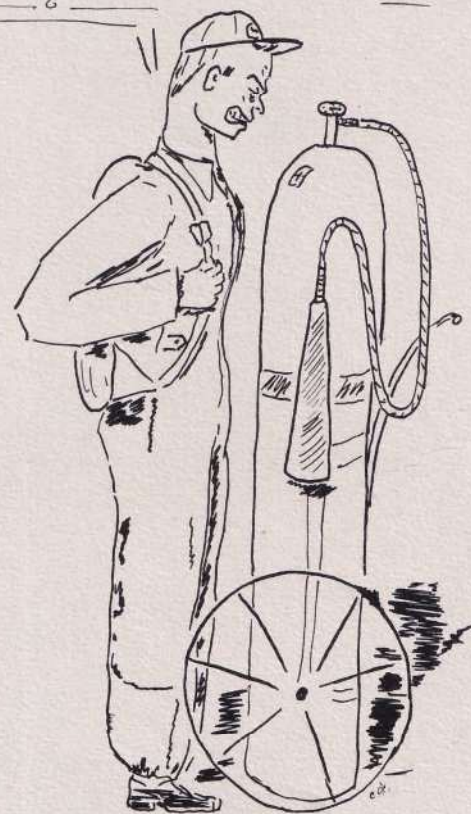




Darling, your eyes are like deep pools of sparkling water; your lips are like two little red rosebuds with the morning dew; your teeth are like the finest of pearls; but you have the damndest looking nose I have ever seen on anything except an African anteater.



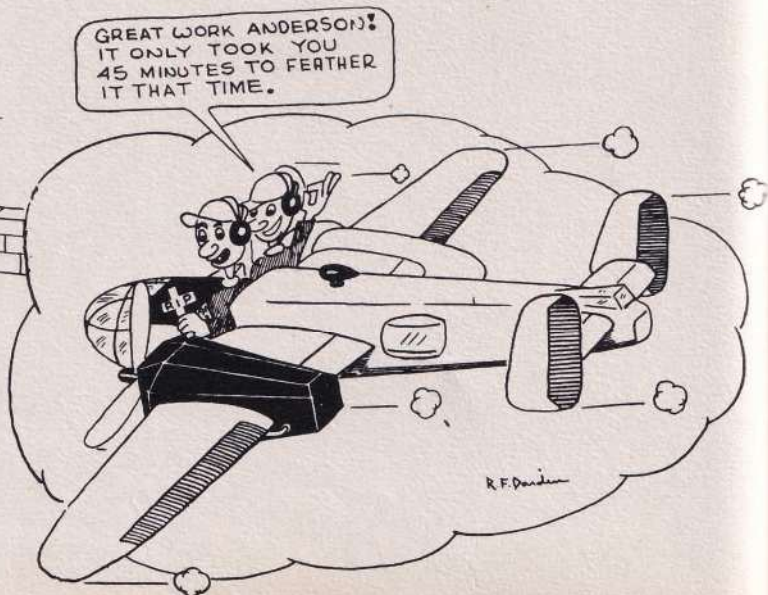
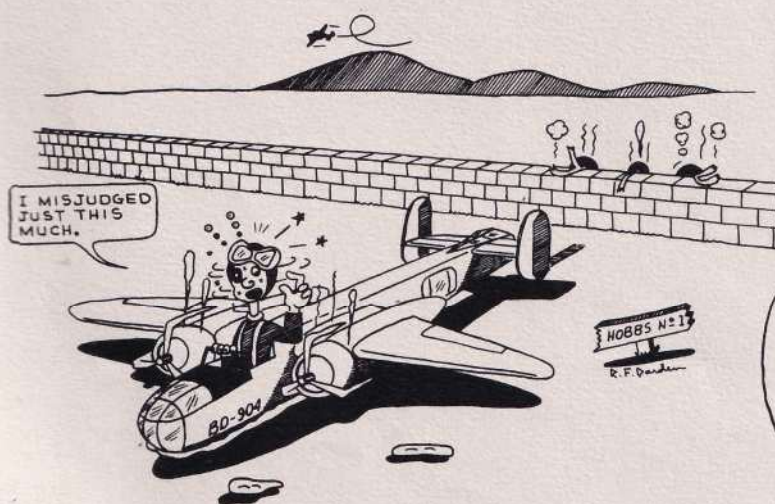
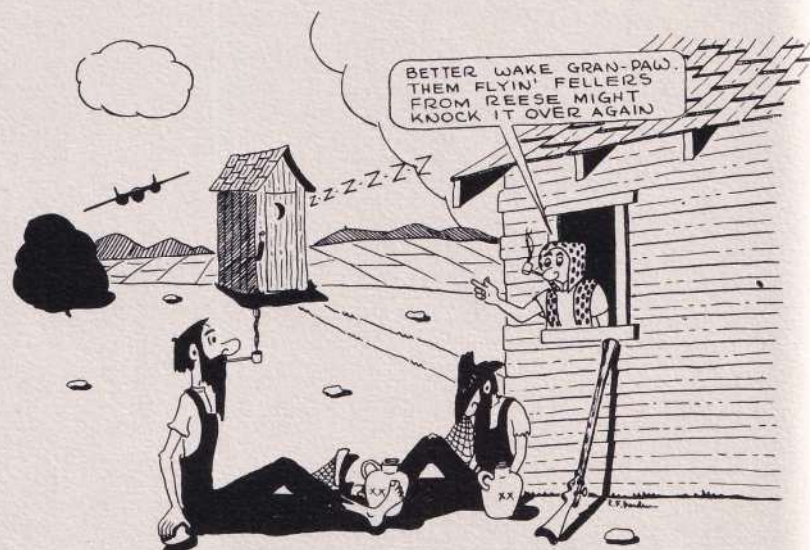
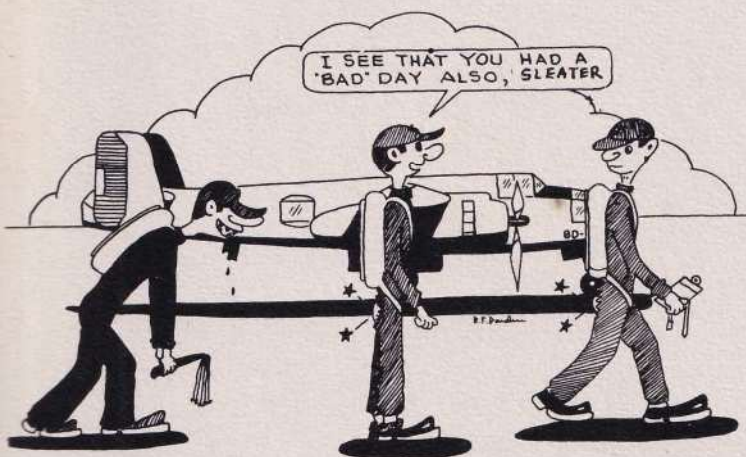
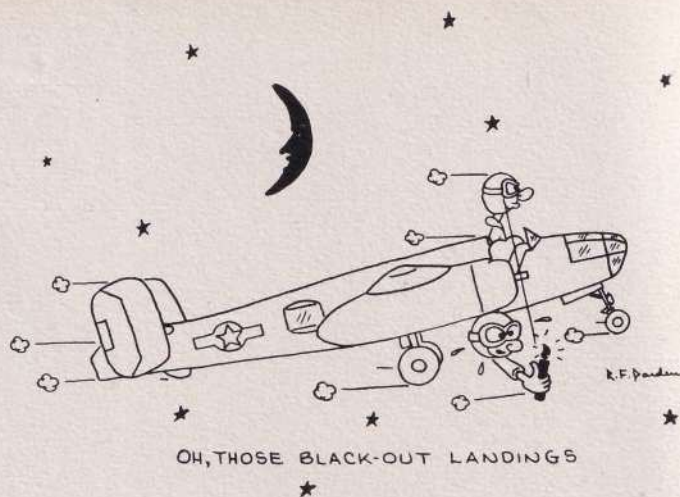
"SPEAK UP SON" you crew chiefs
are suppose to know what your
talking about.



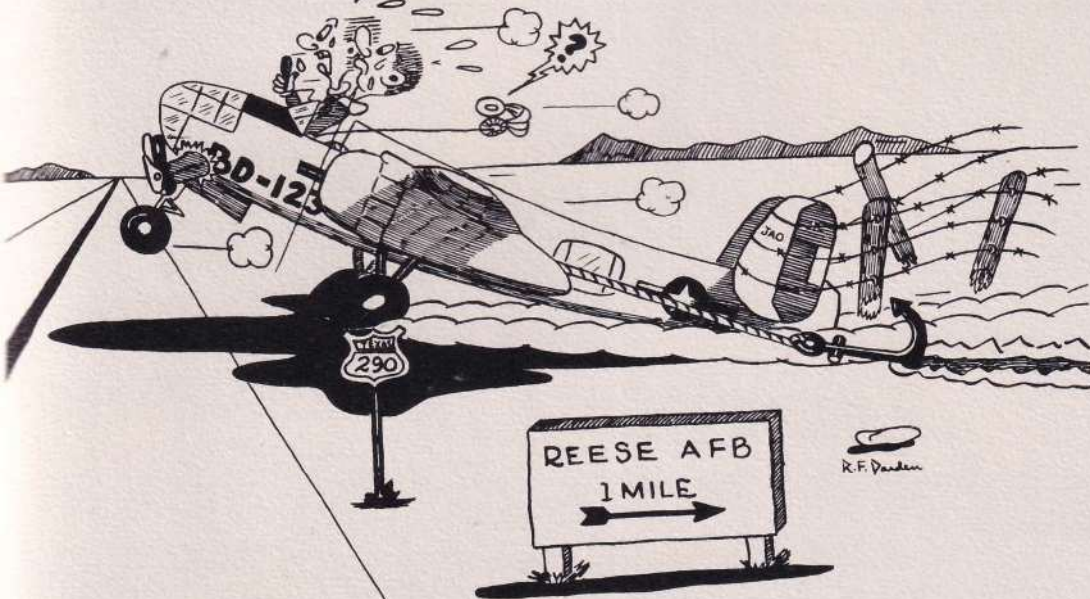
Mr. Waitches forgot his glasses.



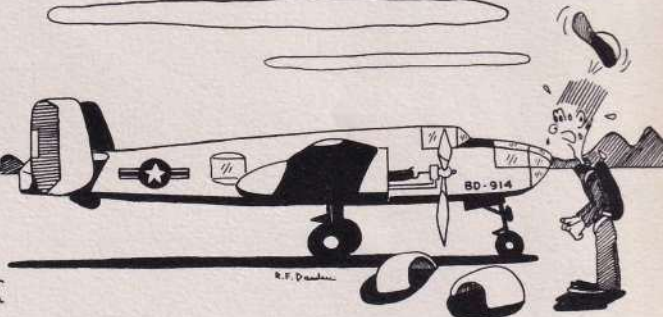
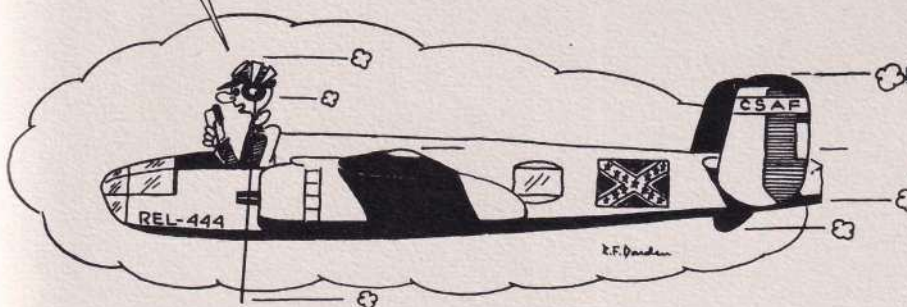
A few laffs
for the folks



RETAIL, 123 REQUESTS
PERMISSION TO CROSS
HIWAY 290, OVER?



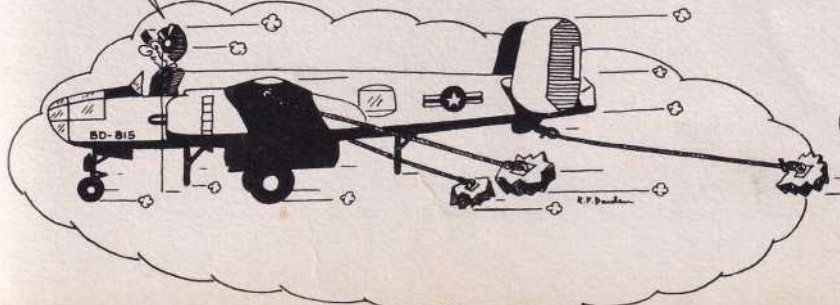
REESE TOWAH, THIS IS AII
FOACE FOAH, FOAH, FOAH, OVAH.



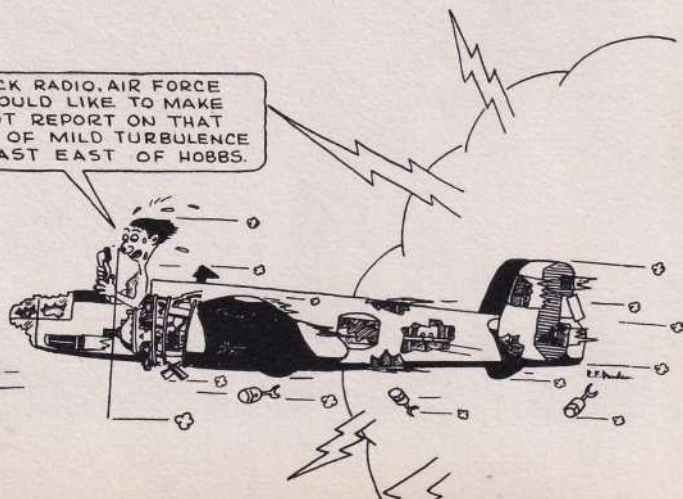
SAVE THAT CONFEDERATE MONEY BOYS -



I HAVE A FEELING
THAT I FORGOT
SOMETHING.



LUBBOCK RADIO, AIR FORCE
942 WOULD LIKE TO MAKE
A PILOT REPORT ON THAT
AREA OF MILD TURBULENCE
FORECAST EAST OF HOBBS.



From this



To
These
No Sweat . . .
Good Luck!!





WHO SAYS CLOTHES DON'T MAKE THE MAN

Quannah Maddox
Your representative

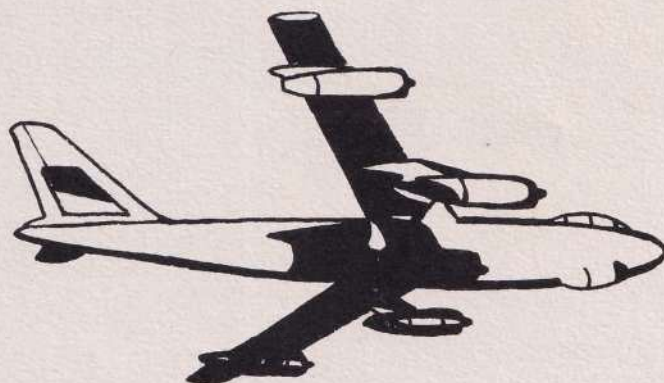


FIRST

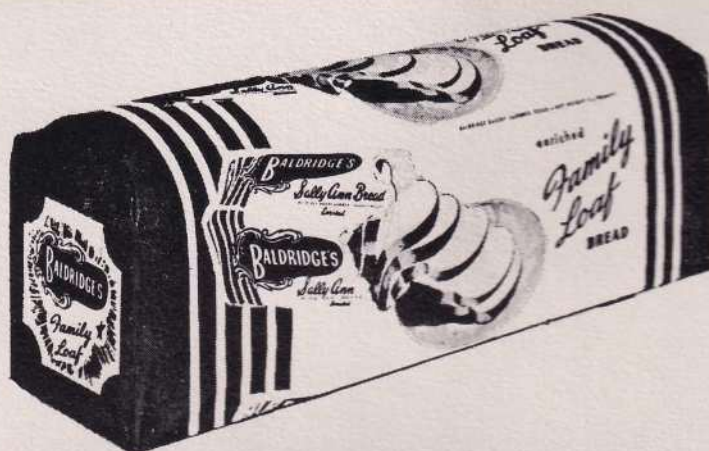


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EACH OF YOU



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ALTERATIONS AND TAILORING

O. W. McGUIRE

BASE CLEANERS AND TAILORS

McWilliams Pontiac Co.

New

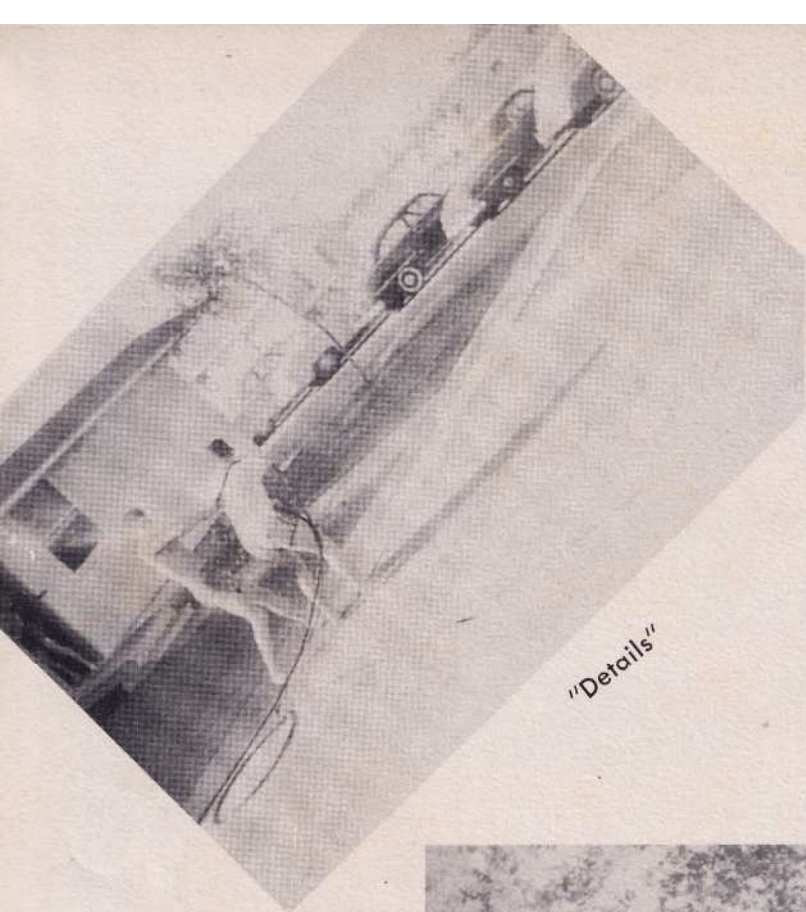
Used

Cars

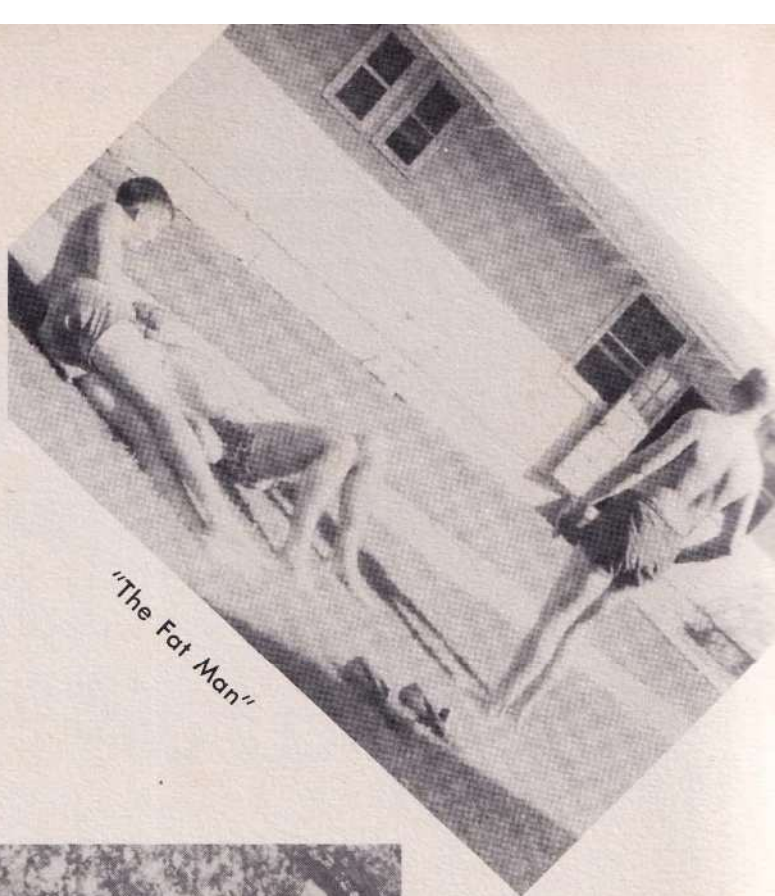
Your PONTIAC Dealer

902 Ave. J.

Lubbock, Texas



"Details"



"The Fat Man"

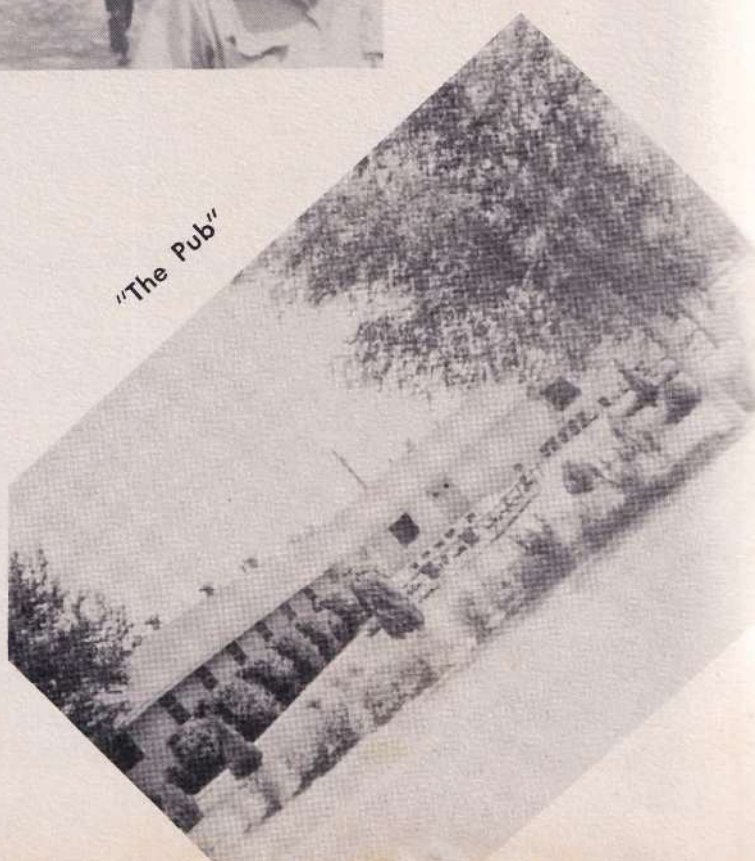
"What
Crazy
Snowsuits"



"Crash and Dash"



"The Pub"





"Nuevo Laredo"



"Groundhogs"
Texas Style



"Groundhogs"
Colorado Style

T. T. Co-ed: "When are you going to take me home??"

Stu. Off.: "As soon as you say the word."

T. T. Co-ed: "Then lets go home."

Stu. Off.: "That's not the word!!!"

Inst.: "How did you come to puncture the tire???"

S. O.: "Ran over a fire bottle, Sir."

Inst.: "Didn't you see it in time???"

S. O.: "No, the crew chief had it under his coat. . ."

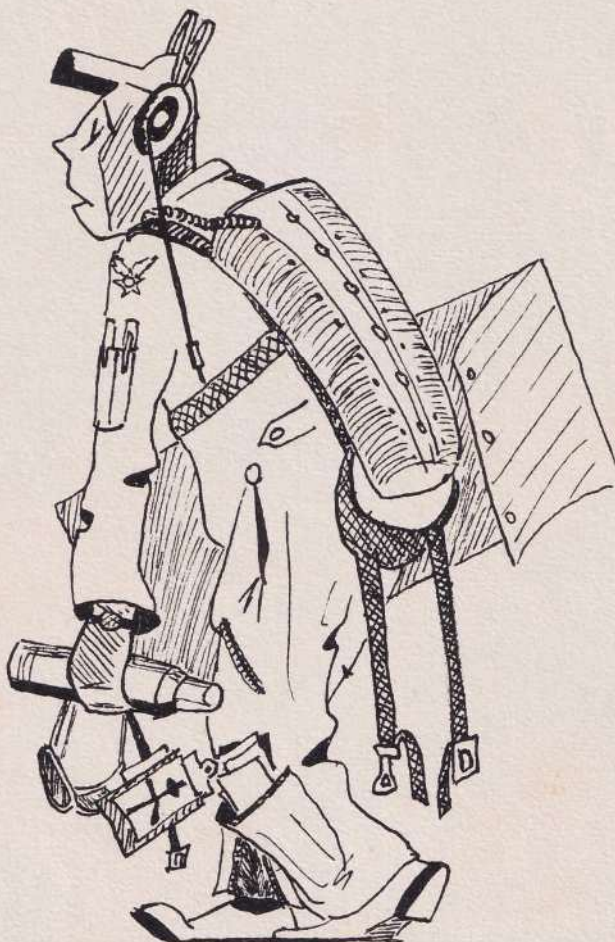
Cadet: "There's a fly in my turtle soup!!!!

Mess Sgt.: "Yeh, we ran out of turtles. . ."

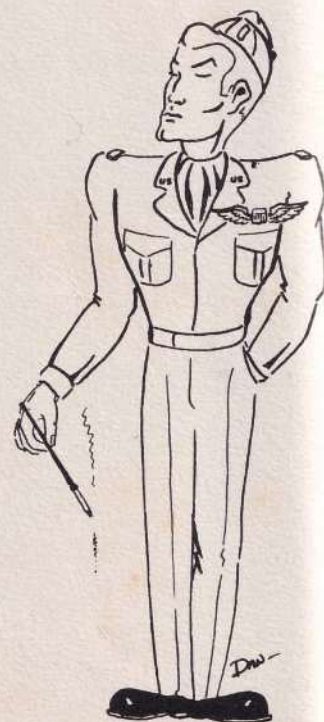


From This...

To This...

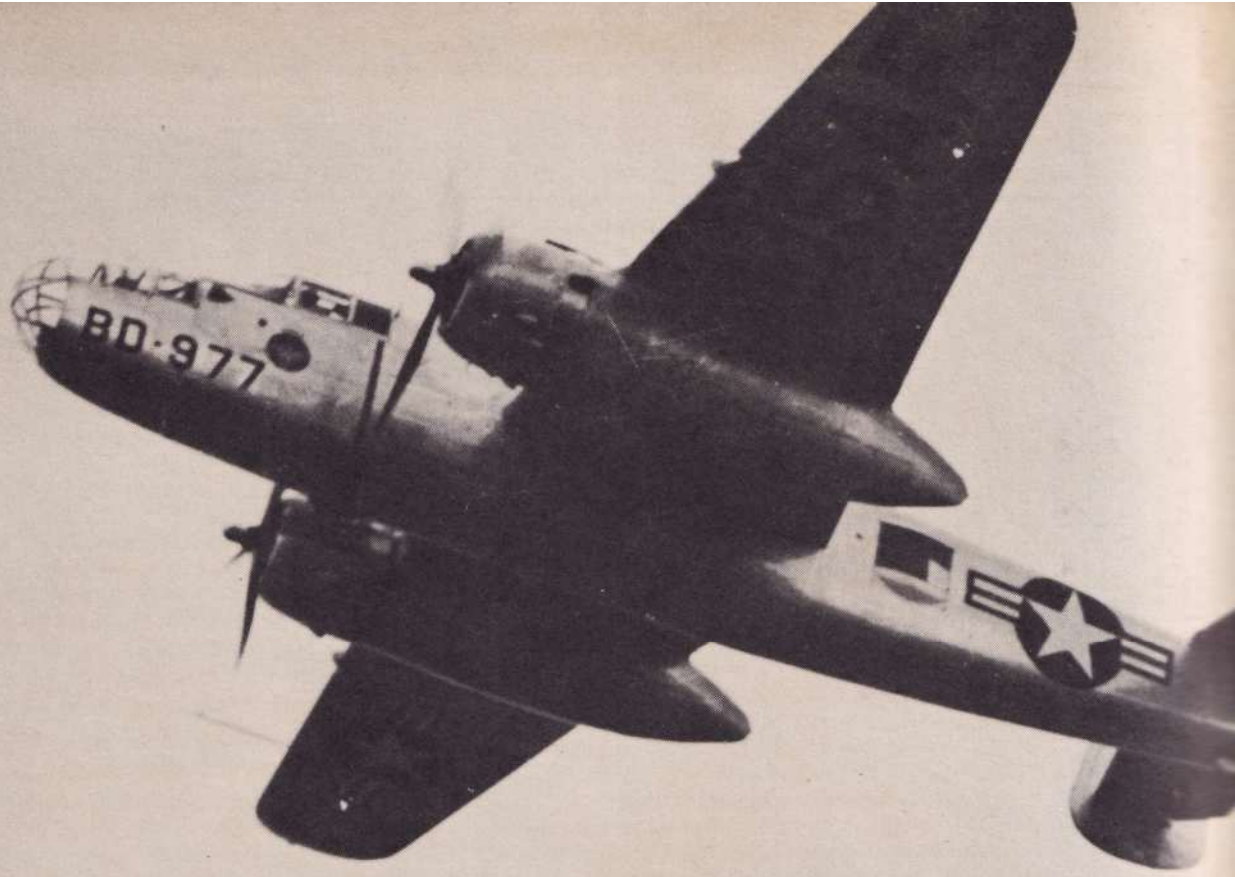


And Now... This



Here's Dust in your Eye...









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