



71-07

LAREDO AFB, TEXAS



VOR 2 RWY 32R

81

JAL 226 (USAF)

LAREDO AFB
LAREDO, TEXAS

LAREDO APP CON
291.0
LAREDO TOWER
225.9
COMM
8
AS PAR

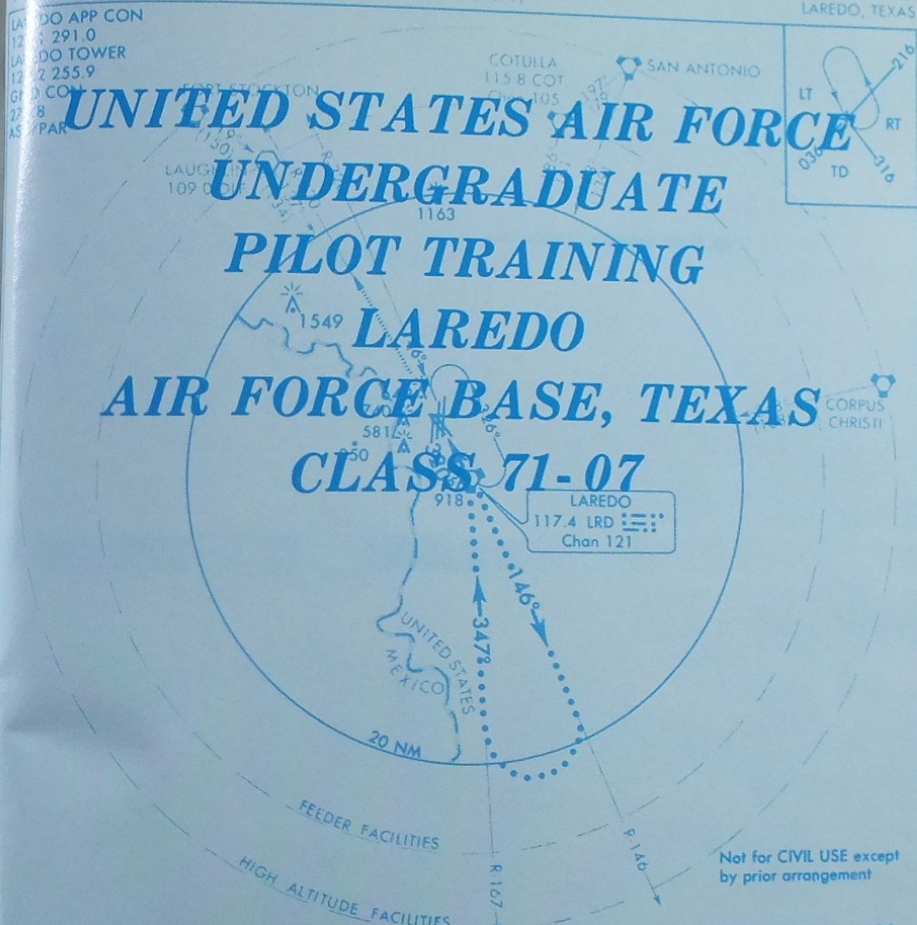
UNITED STATES AIR FORCE

UNDERGRADUATE PILOT TRAINING

LAREDO AIR FORCE BASE, TEXAS

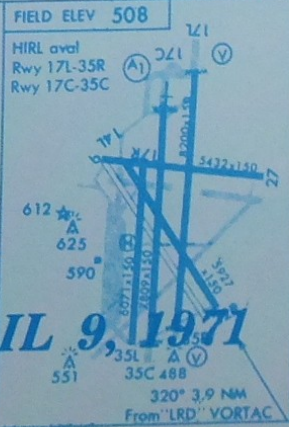
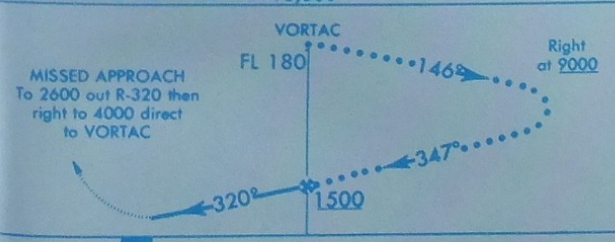
CLASS 71-07

LAREDO
117.4 LRD
Chan 121



EMERG SAFE ALT 100 NM 10,000

MIN SAFE ALT 25 NM 2600



CATEGORY	C	D	E
S-VOR-32R	840-1	332 (400-1)	

CIRCLING	960-1 1/2	700-2	552 (60-2)
	420-1		

APRIL 6, 1970 -- APRIL 9, 1971

VORTAC to Missed Approach 3.9 NM					
Knots	120	140	160	180	200
Min: Sec	1:57	1:40	1:28	1:18	1:10

VOR 2 RWY 32R

27°33'N-99°28'W

81

LAREDO, TEXAS
LAREDO AFB

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Col. Robert P. Parsons
Wing Commander



Col. Harley
DCO



Col. Lucas
DCM



Col. Cook
3640 PTS



Col. Hill
3641 Sturon



Col. Miller
3641 PTS



Capt. Specht



Capt. Little



Capt. Parker



Capt. Meyer

ACADEMICS TESTED OUR KNOWLEDGE AND PATIENCE



Here it is, test AWX-6859030-KRNDJL. Oh well, just wait until the critique.

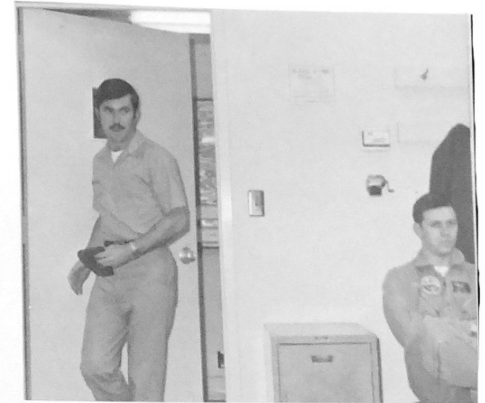
From Airmanship to Flight Planning, with Weather and Systems in between, we learned a lot of theory, most of which was applicable to the flight line. RTFQ and ATC answer was the best advice for the exams and some of us never took it.

Physiology was a real treat, what with its PLF's, chamber flights (don't eat beans), being dragged by a truck through cactus and parasailing. But then we were in shape for it because of PT. It's rumored that Laredo AFB doesn't even own that red flag.

Most of us will never forget that track or then again the beer drinking after water-polo on those infamous Laredo summer days.



Was there ever really a ball?

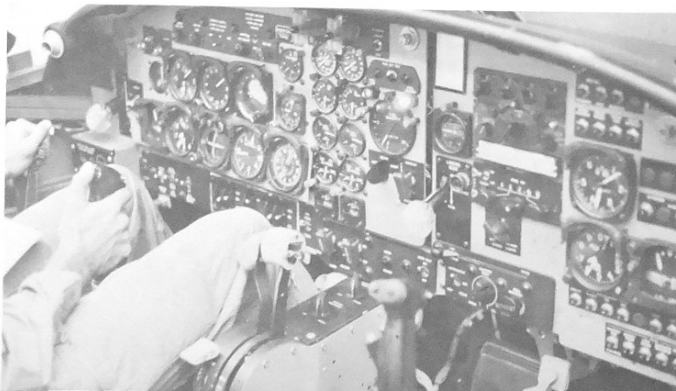


"Secondly, it's very important to give me your undivided attention."

The true "Aces".

TRAINING AIDS: T-41; T-37; T-38.

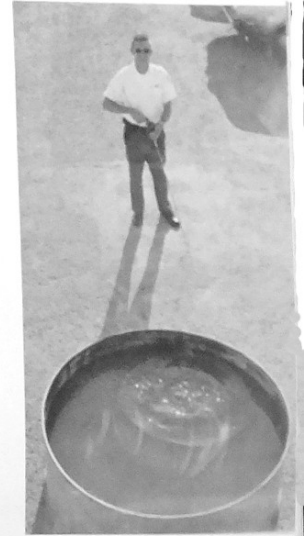
The flying. That's what it's all about. From that first sickening 90 MPH climbout to the laughingly executed TACAN penetration. Here too, the men that taught us to strap in and then a lot of patience later, wing it down in the weather.



T-41 -- (C-01-99)



Mach .15, always on the deck. The 41's were an experience, sometimes even a flying one. Remember, "roller, roller, nut and bolt, wing walking, yellow dot, Arc, how to taxi with a left quartering tailwind turning right!"?



A JET? "GOOD GRIEF"



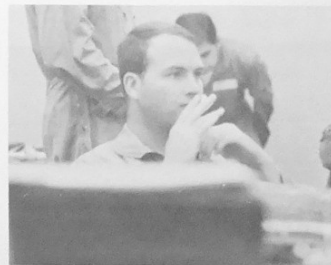
They call the T-37 the 6,000 pound dog whistle. But, in conjunction with eleven talented men made thirty jet pilots. Sometimes we wonder which screamed louder--the Tweet or the IPs. Any way you look at it 200 pounds per pilot ain't that bad of an average.



Major Baki
"Yes Lieutenant, I've been known to pour Chivas Regal into a beer."



Major Robertson
"Yes, and in three months when I get off buddy status, they'll let me take a Tweet to Kelly."



Captain Bush
"Ah--let me see--is it 138 or 139 rivets on the underside of the left vertical stabilizer?"



Captain Negley
"That's right Eddie, you open your speed brake and deliver two pounds of lady fingers on the main span of the Aswan Dam."



Captain Moses
"Lawrence, Schwarz, you crack me up, but next time please do it with a joke."



Lieutenant Miller
"This is the famous Budweiser beer, we know of no other brand which costs so much to brew and age. Our exclusive beechwood aging produces a taste, a smoothness a . . ."



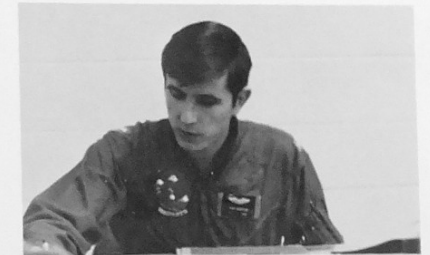
Lieutenant Dailey
"Lt. Bock, you've got to understand that when I say there's more to the Air Force than . . ."



Lieutenant Lotz
"Massey, I don't believe it, but for the first time you and the FIB don't disagree."



Lieutenant Schrekengast
"Aw, cummon Ken, you know that you owe me for 1/2 of that beer. Last Tuesday I bought the round but you bet that I wouldn't, then three hours later your wife said, 'Go ahead, drink all night', but then I . . ."

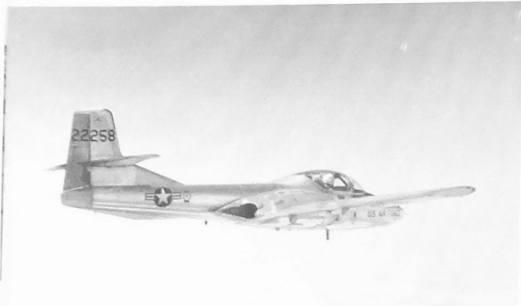


Lieutenant Sanders
"I don't care if you're inverted--you get on that F-9's tailpipe and stay there."



Lieutenant Rommel
"Now, in PIT we learned that it's still possible with the proper planning to land in Havana and get a few cigars."

SIR, IT'S AWFULLY QUIET UP HERE



The quiet didn't last long. Both the plane and the IP's got louder as we worked our way through the syllabus. At times F Flight seemed like our permanent home but we finally flew out of the nest.



Major Roberson
"I'll go over it one more time... the mike button..."



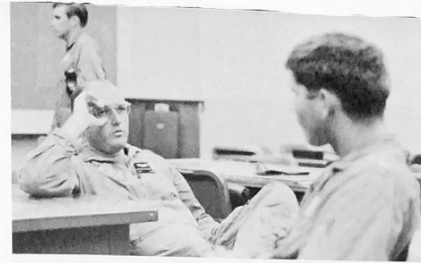
Major Hottell
"Sir, I think the briefing has started."



Captain Reddick
"Why I remember (puff, puff) when I was in (chomp, chomp)..."



Captain Ford
"For the fifth and, I trust, last time, the hack is..."



Captain Sellers
"The way I see it, two choruses of the 'Streets of Laredo' are..."



Lt. Uptograph
"What do you mean, I'm going to take over the schedule, you're kidding, right?"



Captain Block
"Schoenfeld—you're the worst student I've ever had, I hate to tell ya, but you'll never make it, kid."



Lt. Huber
"I remember, when I was in UPT, why once..."

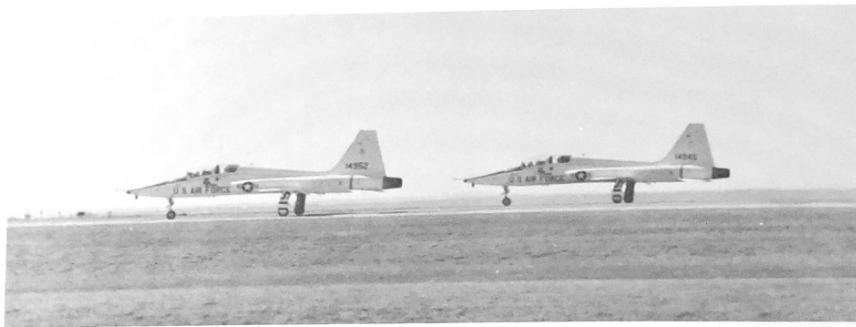


Lt. McCammon
"These damn slot-unrestricted days..."



Lt. Olden
"Sir... Ah... Hey, Wally, what do we do now?"

"C FLIGHT II" POLISH OR PERISH



Captain Walker
"Kick the tires, light the fires, first one to the runway is lead-let's go."

About the first time we learned the T-38 could go supersonic was in extended trail, but it usually went fast enough anyway. The only problem was, were we fast enough to catch it? In the end, I guess most of us did.



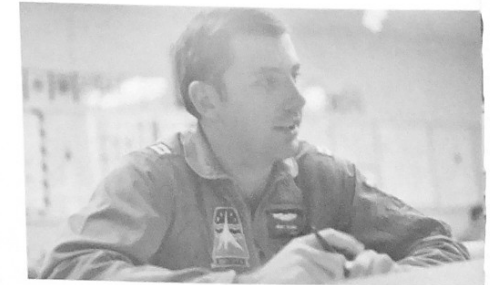
Captain Mooney
"Since you guys don't have class this afternoon we'll cover this matter in a little more depth."



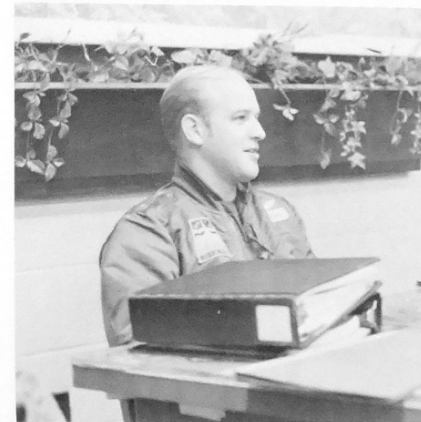
Captain Bristow
"Eddie stop! You can't go solo on C-0101."



Captain Swanson
"I should have stayed in Moose Groin and joined the mounties . . ."



Captain Plumb
"Yes Edwards, I believe you'll do fine for today's situation emergency."



Captain Ford
"Then why did you pull the f---- stick all the f---- way back?"

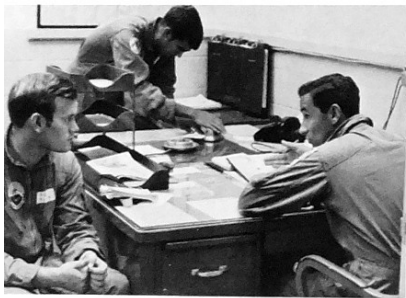
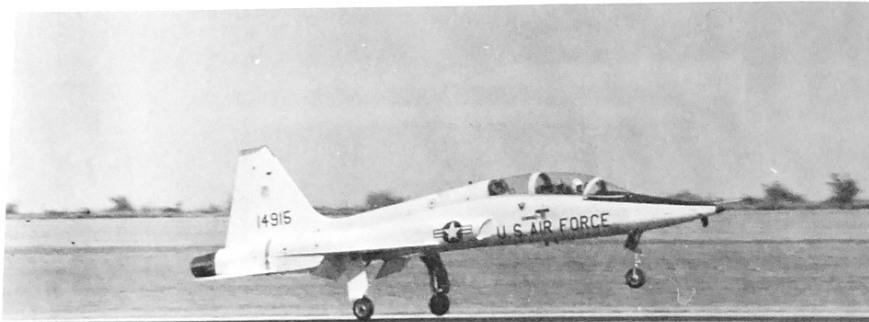


Lt. Rodenroth
"Sir, I just don't know how the entire flight got their lesson status updated."



Lt. Eickhoff
"OK Jones, over Denver you blow your canopy and I guarantee you'll get a cold, then we can stay with these beautiful . . ."

THE WHITE WHALE



Major Semon
"Tuck, I keep trying to tell you—the white planes, got it?"

We moved up the alphabet if nothing else the day we walked into G (or Gulf, catchy name isn't it) Flight. The IP's somehow lost their father image but we learned anyway.



Captain Hall
"Damn it, don't do what I do, do as I say."



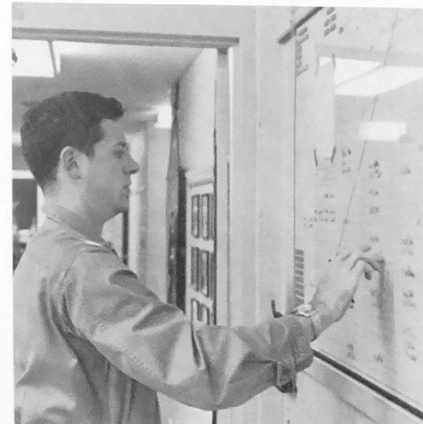
Captain Hintz
"Ah, Sir, what's the EPQ going to be—evolved gasses?"



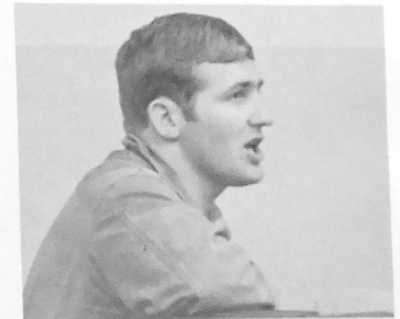
Captain Gillispie
"When I get done with this I think I'll give you guys a pubs change."



Captain Doolittle
"Now, don't cry about it, a fair is almost as good as an excellent."



Captain Meyer
"Oh well, two more schedules, then on to charm school."



Lt. Zubrod
"Listen guys, if you don't get better, I'm not going to let you keep your Christmas balloons."

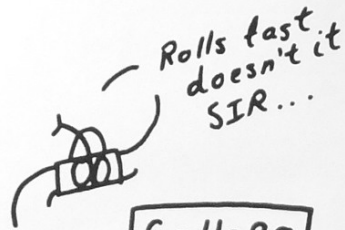


Lt. Simaitis
"Well, Spornitz, if I weren't Santa Clause . . ."



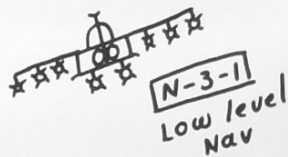
Lt. Migliore
"Ah, Sir, we are supposed to take-off in 10 minutes you know."

THE SYLLABUS

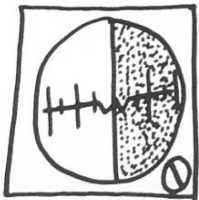
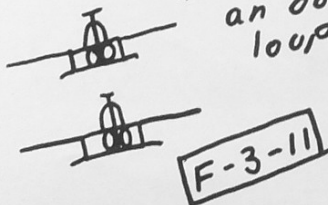


C-11-90
check ride

BRISCOE's Catarina ranch dead ahead SIR!



Do you think he could hack an outside loop SIR?



I know I told you to give him some wing-work with the gear down, Lt. But he's only on F-2-1...

ATC clears Misty 24 to the Kelly Airport via Cotulla, Junction, Abilene, Mineral Wells, Waco, Austin, Flight plan route, climb and maintain 4,000 after take off, expect higher altitude at Waco, squawk 0900, contact Laredo department for local channel. 4-READ BACK.

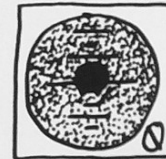
ATC clears Misty 24 to... to the... to... Sir! did you read that?



Bull 27, Aircraft at your 12 o'clock, Fast Moving...



C-5-1
Initial SOLO



Isn't your Glide slope a little too much for a GCA, Lt.?

Did you say 7 G's to start the Immelmann Sir...



C-1-1



Bull 10, FLARE'S ON THE GO!!!



F-2-1

That was a good rejoin Lt. Now, let's find Gin 72 lead.

THE LONG AND SHORT OF 71-07

3640th PILOT TRAINING WING



"WE PROVIDE USAF WITH
THE BEST TRAINED PILOTS
IN THE WORLD!"

WELCOME



Our orders read: "ASSIGNED: 3641 STUDENT SQ (ATC) LAREDO AFB, TX 78040, FOR THE PURPOSE OF ATTENDING UNDERGRADUATE PILOT TRAINING (T-41, T-37, T-38) OFFICER COURSE P-V4A-A CLASS 71-07, DURATION APRX 53 WKS. (GAIN CBPO-LG.J), REPORTING NLT 06 Apr 70 FOR CLASS CONVENING 07 Apr 70. SECURITY CLEARANCE-SECRET."

It didn't seem simple or short, matter-of-fact it sounded long and hard-at times even that was an understatement.

You looked at the strange faces in the bus on the way to Laredo International, vowed to learn at least their first names, but instead learned "MIXTURE-FULL LEAN FUEL SELECTOR-OFF IGNITION SWITCH-OFF."

After raising the flag and marching in at the precise second we got down to the serious business of waiting to fly. But fly we finally did, even though the thermals were cruel and the wind actually had the nerve to change, forcing us to use 33 of all things. Then we exited the frying pan . . .

We entered the world of IP's with uniforms, boots, the flight line, oxygen and jets. The radio calls were hilarious and the patterns worse but we soloed and then faced our first "real" check ride. Then came instruments, five rides to get straight and level down and on slot days you even had to give a call to Houston Center. On our cross-countries some of us made it out of Texas but most of us didn't and the two rides of formation were just enough to convince most of us that we never wanted to do it again. We were confident and cocky, then . . .

The 38 happened. It went fast and we didn't. The instruments came first, you'd just put the bag down, watch the altimeter spin and get further behind. Oh, but the contact--the vision and the front seat. Then cross-country time came again but this time you could cross the country. And of course, formation. That made everything come together--allowing for an occasional overshoot.

Now, we face the end of the beginning. The people were great, the flying even better and the place atrocious. It doesn't seem like such a long time now.

It was a long year, in the beginning in anticipation, but a short one in reflection and retrospect.

33	FURDEK	COURSE COMPLETED	91.5	FLYING HOURS
36	KIWERER	COURSE COMPLETED	94.3	FLYING HOURS
31	MCHICHAEL	COURSE COMPLETED	94.7	FLYING HOURS
38	NORRROTEN	COURSE COMPLETED	96.3	FLYING HOURS
32	ROSS	COURSE COMPLETED	97.7	FLYING HOURS
37	SCHONFELD	COURSE COMPLETED	94.9	FLYING HOURS
73	SPORNITZ	COURSE COMPLETED	94.6	FLYING HOURS
33	WHITING	COURSE COMPLETED	96.3	FLYING HOURS

71-07 SECTION I



Hayes was a good leader, but then he also had good followers, it all added up to a good section. All in all we flew well and with a little bit of effort we had a sterling time of it. The parties after 41's and 37's were great. Halloween and Christmas found us getting punch drunk. And then those Fridays at the flight line.



HAYES KIERNAN—Much to the benefit of our section leader's cars, none of us were ever "killed or captured over the weekend", but that didn't alleviate the problem entirely. His hour long "five minutes" somehow managed to keep our section in some semblance of order. To you, Hayes, a hearty thanks, it will be hard for any of us to ever forget you.



Hayes, the section leader—Barbara, the cook—the kid, late.



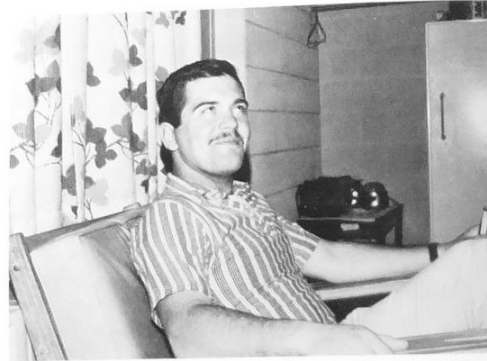
CARL AHLERT—Carl had a problem with EPQ's, not only with the answers but giving the total wrong to Captain Plumb. He was one of the lucky bachelors who got a date with a passable girl but then he spent the night passed out. Carl's big investment for the year was his boat with which he spent many pleasant hours running down helpless ducks on placid Lake Carta Blanca.



Carl, section guru and everyone's favorite mystic.



SKIP ALGEO—Skip somehow seemed appropriately dressed for the Halloween party—a toilet paper mummy? If you can't figure that out, don't try. Most of us tried that with Skip and never did much better. As has been said before, it is predicted that Dewey will be the section's first millionaire, and that's not pesos.

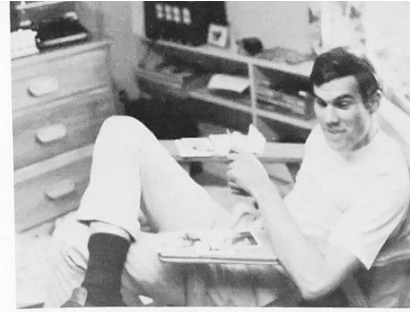


Skip—the man and his environment.



OK guys, if you must know, she's imported from Philadelphia.

DAVE BEATTY—Guess you could call Dave, "Clown magna cum laude". It's not just chance that he's the only one of Captain (with a Sir) Bush's students that retained that title. Thanks, Dave, for the few times when you finally let on that you were just putting us on.



This book isn't a hassle, it's insidious fun.

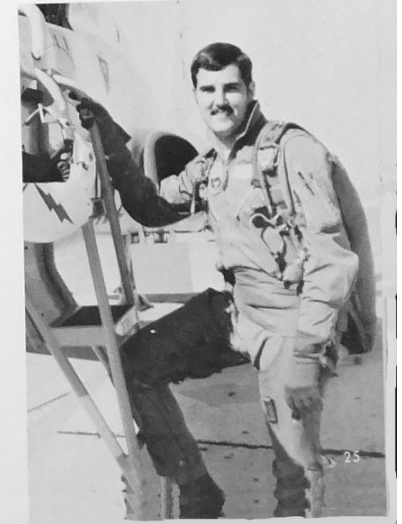
BOB BECKMAN—Not enough good can be said about Bob, but since yours truly is writing this and doesn't feel like lying, I guess it would be a pretty blank copy block. Pamper, Bull 05, please reinstitute radar vectors to the nearest bar.



TERRY BOCK—Terry was the nearest thing to a hippie the section had. Maybe the rest of us just sold out a little bit more. Let it go down in history that he is probably the only 2/Lt. to have 1/Lt. bars around his left little finger and Captain's bars around his right.



Linda, Donovan and Terry. Will someone tell me why mom and dad are squeezing my knees?

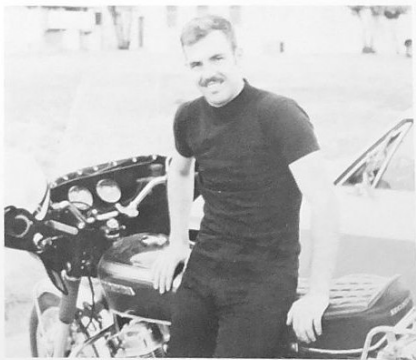




Larry and Margo. Don't ever trust a smiling cat.

LARRY BONNET—Larry (alias DNIF) got to be on a first name basis with all the flight surgeons. When the doctors started coming to the flight line Larry figured he saved a substantial amount of money on gas not having to drive to the hospital.

BOB BROWN—Bob is the only guy in the section who owns a \$200 car, a \$2,000 motorcycle and wants to own a \$20,000 tractor.



Take me home and love me—only \$25 per day.



PETE CARELLAS—Pete (or as Vicky calls him, "The Greek") invested in a big 442 only to never get out of Laredo on the weekends. Don't worry Pedro, that Olds will get you out of Laredo on the 9th faster than anybody.



I think if I had it to do all over, I'd be a shipping magnate.



BARRY COOPER—Coop really looked forward to Fridays, not because the weekend followed, but that every other one was a payday. I really don't think it would be a good idea for Barry and Joan to ever be in charge of the national budget.



Joan and Barry. Hey really, don't feel you have to leave. It's been a real exciting evening.



Raequel Welch? Oh yea, she originally from Iran.

NASSER EDRAKI—Eddie added an international flavor to the section, as if we didn't have enough. He had a few problems here, mainly the familiar words from RSU, "Say Again", and having to have his phone changed several times to keep the local girls out of his back. The best of luck, Eddie ba-ba.

PETE EDWARDS—The section will probably never forgive Pete for those first six weeks of tyranny and torture in the gym. Although he mellowed toward the end of the program (rather loose in fact) his metronome precise rhythm usually kept us entertained.



Pat and Pete. Now, you know, I've never used the term "old lady" in my life.



REID FOERTSCH—Reid cracked under the pressure of UPT in Laredo (more Laredo than UPT) and brought Cheryl down for a quick honeymoon here in Mexico. Some of us dreamed of a white Christmas but Reid will never forget his Pink Christmas.



Reid and Cheryl. But Reid, I just don't think it would be appropriate for our bathroom.



CHUCK GRACE—Whenever the red bus rolled, it was filled with happy drunks, at the wheel was the section's bus driver, social chairman, and chief romantic. Considering the personnel problems to contend with, Chuck came up with some good parties.



Would you buy a used bus from this man?



Barbara and Wally. Wally, you don't think this picture will look posed, do you?

WALLY GROSS—Wally had to put up with the obvious joke concerning his name many times. But Wally finally found himself as Bill Massey's protege at the crap table.

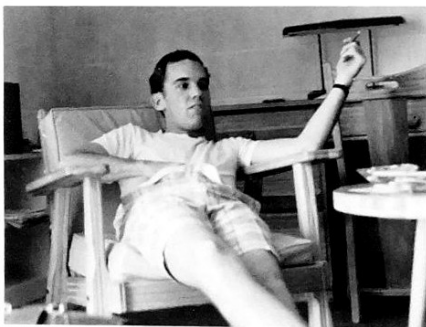


JOHN KOHLER—When Ann's away, the boys will play (poker that is). It's got to be a good bet that John's apartment still reeks of cigar smoke and the aroma of martinis without vermouth, olives and ice. Sir, 71-07 prepared for briefing, 5 officers absent.



John and Ann & Co.

DAVE LAWRENCE—Dave learned the hard way the value of VOR. How close the cars on I-35 came to being passed by a Tweet it's best they don't know. Dave's celluloid collection, rivaled only by the Marquis de Sade, kept the bachelors and bachelors-at-heart informed on the latest lovemaking techniques.



NO, Marcus Welby is a much better show than Medical Center.

ED JONES—Ed probably studied harder than anyone else in the section, just ask him the time any TV program is on (especially medical shows). Ed did come up with a method of preventing cigarette bumming—who wants a Lark?

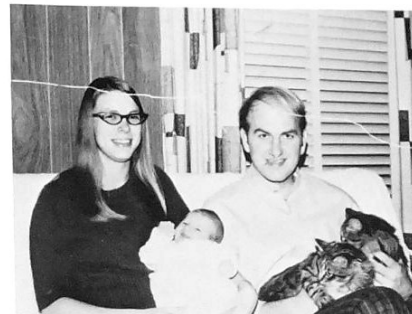


Anyone for golf?

BILL MASSEY Bill has got to be the Air Force's only 2 Lt. that makes over \$10,000 per year and half of that is tax free. His ways at the crap table kept spiraling inflation from hurting everybody else who stepped up to the green felt.



The floating crap game.



Angela, Melissa, Randy and two cats.



RANDY MEADOR—Randy is the section's most devoted husband. The doctors found it impossible to determine whose labor pains were more acute--Angela's or Randy's.

R. E. McMASTER—At times R. E. could make Roget seem mute, not bad for a guy from Yokum. On his 38 cross-country they closed the runway at Ellington and R. E. was forced to spend five days in Miami. Too bad.



Linda, R. E. and child substitute.



Jim, Scotty and Belva.

JIM MERRILL—All through the program Jim had trouble deciding what plane he wanted to fly out of UPT. It's rumored that he has finally decided on an F-4. This rumor had a good chance of being true as I've been told that Jim recently camped for two days under a Phantom static display.



JERRY ROSENZWEIG—Is it true that Rozey was born with a grease pencil in his mouth? Whatever, he tended the schedule board regularly helping Lt. Miller and Lt. Eickhoff and what Colonels walked in the room. One could say more but all the possibilities are mind stuning.



Rozey and Linda.



Ken and Kris. Obviously back together again.

KEN SCHWARZ—Ken's apartment has been known to take on the aspects of an X-rated theater. Ken had to have one of the hardest times at Laredo. How bad must it be for your wife to be gone for five months while you have to stay here?



GEORGE SMITH—George feels that his reputation as the class sleeper is unfounded. I guess that it's just that you were first, George. He was also the first UPT-type father, again the pace-setter.



Hal and Montse.

HAL RYAN—Hal was best known for his procedural knowledge, a fact attested to by all his IP's. However, the most amazing procedure is how to get all of Hal in one 38 cockpit.



Nancy, George and Jed.





FRED TACON—Although most instructors called Fred, Lt. Tacan, he did a glorious job of collecting money from austere 2/Lt. budgets. Fred also came in second for logging the most DNIF time.



Fred, Margaret and Mereau.

DAVE THIBODEAU—Thibs spent many hours studying the Runway 35 night pattern from the Fiesta Drive-in, known for its Walt Disney flicks. At last report Dave was writing a novel, "From the seminary to the flight line".



Yea, I like him fine—except when he's filling out my gradebook.



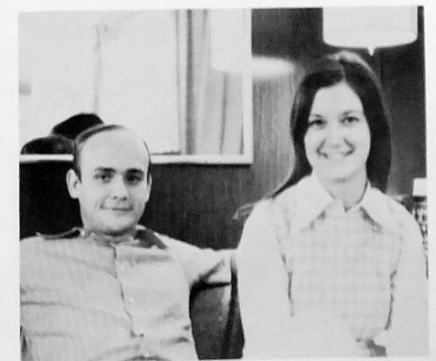
BILL URONE—Bill must have a magnetic personality (perhaps just a magnet) as he always seems to fly with the Colonels. He was probably the most consistent stud at the line, too bad that didn't carry over to the basketball court.



Joyce and Bill.

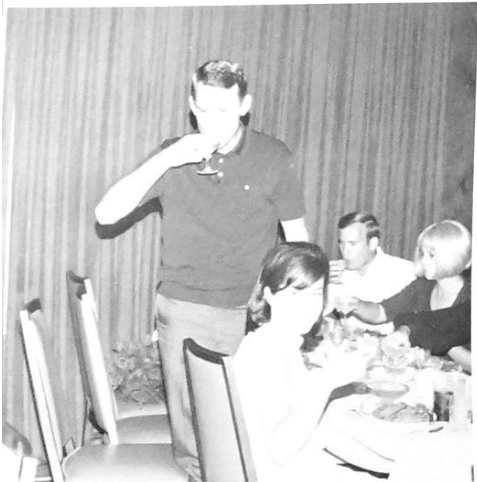


DAVE WHITE—It's rumored that Dave opened a furniture import business while at Laredo. Better watch out for the Feds, Dave, they know about the Kentucky bootleg in that fake gas tank in your car.



Dave and Martha.

71-07 SECTION II



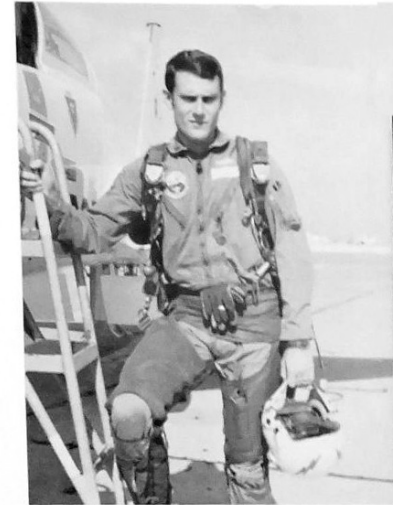
Denny navigated the Section through the program with a lot of help from some fledgling pilots. Guess we made it through alright, at least most of us are still here. Some say the parties aren't what they could have been, but with the competition from the Laredo night spots they were pretty hard to organize.



DENNY FURDEK—Also known under various alias: Sir, Capt., etc. Our fearless class leader. Den claims he accepted all our complaints with grace and dignity--and frankly, he usually did. But things weren't always so noisy. T-37 after landing check--Left engine--off. Ah, Sir, do you hear anything?



Barb, "Denny when this is over we need some more bottles, and diapers, and ..."



JERRY ALBORN—Jerry liked to experiment. Not satisfied with a near pink for a half flap approach, he proceeded undisturbed to attempt a final sans gear. He's so quiet you think he'd have heard the horn.



Brian said I could have his car.



JIM BAILEY—You work hard to maintain your fighter pilot image. Don't all fighter types smoke cigars—damn right. Oxygen masks, check—mike, check—cigar, check. The ace even has a star on his helmet. But twas not always so, Jim's comments in reference to the Links—the pinball machines.



Sharon, ya got dinner fixed yet. Damn women.



Cathy wanted Jake in the picture too, but it got too confusing between Jim and the dog.

JIM BARKALOW—“Weekends and drunken parties are the only things that made this *%\$&(* place palatable.” Let's hear it for ape man! Only T-38 solo to make a VFR entry and wind up on initial at muni, and then break out for a successful landing at Pamper. Eagle Eyes, where are you?



Gosh darn it, Donna, you know it's already 4 in Philly.

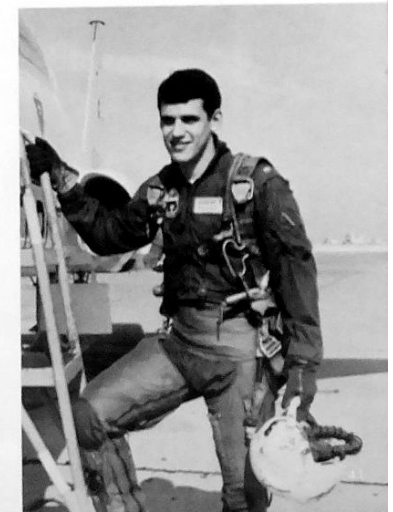
LARRY BELMONT—Kind of a toss up for the “light G suit award”. Larry still claims he's got Herb beat, officially we're not taking a stand—but. Larry, “My own reflections upon this past year are best expressed by the words on the tombstone of the great W. C. Fields—‘on the whole, I'd rather be in Philadelphia’.”



JERRY BURNETT—Our own medical disaster. Jerry joined the section after he dinged his knee when he dinged his bike which was about the same time he dinged his car. Frequent good neighbor visits to a certain southern area also kept him busy. Who else could get a generator light—on his new car—on his initial solo?



You know anybody that wants to buy a really tough car with oversized tires?



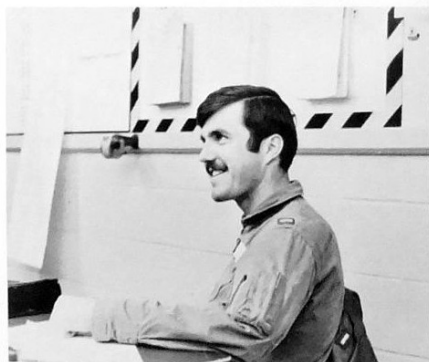


"OK, Jerry, let's see if I got this straight . . . she's 5'6", brown eyes . . ."



GEORGE CLINE—"I don't know why they got so upset. They told me specifically to get a 1.2. So I did do a touch and go at Termite. I mean, even if I was solo, heck it was a good pattern. I almost think the SOF thought it was funny." I wonder if Jerry has any new phone numbers? Say George, how the heck do you pink a X-C?

JACK CROFTON—UPT meant: the acquisition of three alarm clocks, perfection of the BOQ to Academics dash, qualified proficient in section marcher, and perfection of the BOQ to flight line dash. Says Jack, "Yes, to the casual observer, UPT would appear to be a piece of cake . . ."



Yes Sir, on time two days in a row and two minutes early at that.

DICK DESPLINTER—Dick scored a number of impressive firsts. Like that—Good Grief—X-wind landing in the 41's, a real thrill a minute for RSU. Then that 37 mid-phase-the check pilot still claims that's the best (and only) inverted spin he's seen in over 4 years.



Sharon, would you stop saying sick bombs away?



HERB DUBOIS—There are disadvantages to having never dropped the Tweet's nose wheel onto the runway while dual, you find out when you're solo. Talk about dramatic, make your expectant wife climb all the way up the control tower prior to declaring an emergency in the 38.



Here's the proof, claims Linda, Herbie did have teeth when he was born.



Hey Margaret, all those things we said about Laredo—we were only kidding.

FAUSTO GARCIA—Talk about luck—he joined the Air Force to see the World, and kept winding up in his own back yard. Fausto has to take the award for class good sport, most of our ribbing was insufferable. He'll probably get the only OV-10 to Laredo.

WALLY HERZOG—Frequently referred to as the “Phantom of the Links,” good old Wally was always good for a cheer as demonstrated by that final turn in Tweets. Who else flew 3 touch and go’s in an aircraft with structural damage and accepted with grace the IP’s fair for patterns.



Yep, Connie, I had 'em rolling in the aisles.



D. H. HICKY—Part-time leader of the three musketeers proved himself as an authority on any plane over 20 years old. He insists there just aren't any planes left worth flying. Well Dan, here's thumbs up and are you sure you can get a P-51 with the Confederate Air Force right out of UPT?



And visions of surly bonds danced in his head.



DALE HOLMLUND—Dale enjoyed the good things in life, like the 0615 Links and check rides and so forth. But for Dale there was always a thrill a minute, like landing with 300 lbs. of fuel on initial T-38 solo. Not to forget that truly informative aero braking demonstration, a scant 50 feet off the runway.



Tina, see that Cherokee, that's a real airplane.



Hey, Ted. Put the mag down, will ya?

TED INNES—Who but Ted, after an "Excellent" solo ride, could shut-down the aircraft, take off his helmet, leap over the side with all the enthusiasm of a pro, miss the foot hole and wind up falling over the side suspended between canopy rail and the ground. "In the grass-Go Around."

GREMLIN KIMERER—Brian has survived pilot training, thanks to booze, model airplanes, and a car no one would dare hit. He seemed always quietly plotting. His gooney bird has pink trim. Only pilot to be aborted by Termite for trying to runover another aborting aircraft.



Brian, are you alive?



BOB LAYHER—Bob has a sign in his room, "Ask a Marine". The only thing that was missing was the additional advice that a person should not believe a marine. You can always tell one, but not much. They can take it, but going to jail and wrecking your car are extreme ways of proving it.



Another perfect example of homo superious.

MACK McMICHAEL—McMichael is the name, and flying is the game; but all in all, drinking comes first. With that growing family, we wonder. Still, Mack is looking forward to the guard. As he put it: "It certainly will be great to get out into the real Air Force Reserve."



Say Jeanne, what's Mack doing when he's not over at the Stag Bar?

PETE NEWSOM Pete felt that the classes most outstanding characteristic was its ability to overlook each others mistakes, even his own. Pete did give up smoking (at home, that is) and has behaved, so the New Jersey guard has promised him a third, if they can come up with some money.



Bev's first meal—a heart shaped meat loaf.



June and Bob.



BOB ROSS—We find our hero returning from a typical X-C. "Ah . . . Houston this is . . . ah . . . departing . . . 24 . . . no . . . F1240 . . . for . . . ah . . . 18 . . . oh shi" But Bob did manage to get into the stream of UPT as witnessed by that party he threw. Somebody get that camera away from Ross.

KEN NORBROTHEN—In his own words, "About a year ago I joined a weekend flying club, all well and good, but this 53 week initiation is ridiculous. Can the guard effectively operate from the stag bar? Or, more important, is Maryland really defendable in a tweet?"



De got her wings before Ken did.

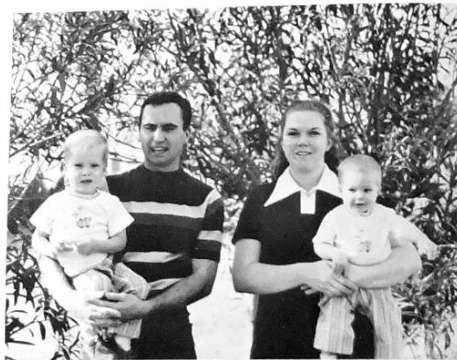


Hey Mary, what's for lunch, I seem to have lost mine somewhere.

BARRY ROUNDS—Barry finally decided to fly flying them instead of fixing them. He did seem to enjoy the ATC exams—heaven only knows he took plenty of them. Most of this is sour grapes—any one that holds the base record for the mile and half should not have been PT leader.



MIKE SCHOENFELD—Obviously, Mike is number one in the class—the dirty rat. After all didn't he manage to hit a bird with his T-37, get temporarily disoriented in the 41, and then there is always, "Did Ryan 29 go Coast or Rio?" Maybe he went both ways.



OK, Marsha, as soon as he's done I'll put the engine back in the car.

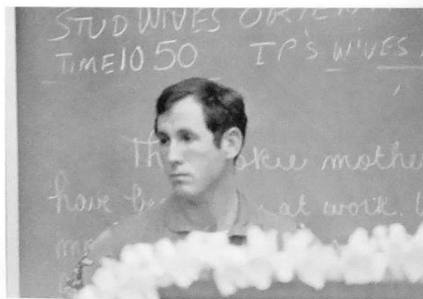


Joyce thought it was funny when we pointed out Bob hadn't done anything all year.

ROB SLATE—Rob hasn't done anything to write about—he claims. Darned if any of us can think of anything either. He summed up the year as a few pinks and an overwhelming desire to see snow again. He came, he flew, and he wants like heck to leave.



DAVE SIEMONSMA—It figures only a native Texan could go through life with a handle like that. Arrow head hunting, anyone? Would you believe this bright young lad got away with a partial flap pattern on his initial solo. Follows from a guy who can't come in out of a fire drill.



Only 432,000 seconds until we get to go back to those gals in Houston.

BILL SPORNITZ—Initial solo: I walked confidently out the door, filled with thoughts of solo surly bond slipping. The crew chief approaches, yes I am ready, I am prepared. Why does the crew chief look amused. "Didn't you forget something, Sir? Your parachute—you might need it. Ever try to walk with calm dignity in the face of pride shaking disaster?"



My Corvette is double parked.





Dahn, "Yes, Pepper, Dadum's sprained his ankle too!"



JIM TUCK—Strong, powerful, why just look at his record of scoring in UPT water polo. Still there are extremes in proving something. Who else walked into the horizontal stabilizer on the tweet during the walk-around. Horizontal stabilizer-check, stitches; one, two, three, check, Ground Ops-fair.

BRUCE WALKER—Bruce was the last addition to the section, he waited until the 38's to join us. I guess he just wanted to graduate in the Spring. What else can you say about a guy who gets a chauffeured ride home for Christmas by a full bird. F-111's anyone?



Did you know Martha, that we have the only Saab on base?

TED WHITING—Aside from having continuously taken it in the car, Ted's had a great year. There were days of course when things didn't go too well. For example, that time the RSU controller made a special trip to the flight room to check Ted's G Suit. Qualified semi-proficient in X-wind wing walking on final.



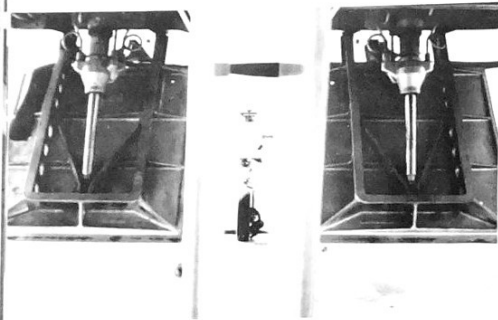
And then Vicki, he made me stand up—just to make sure.



INSPIRATION



THE GOOD TIMES



Nosewheel steering disengaged, IFF-SIF normal, ready for takeoff Sir.

The Good Times made UPT bearable. The funny and the fun were the interludes from work, harassment and Laredo that kept us sane. I think. The following pages attempt to show some of those times.



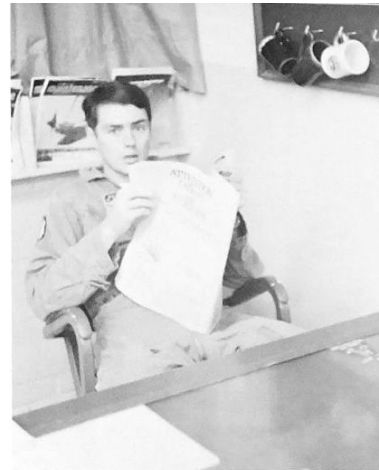
Friday afternoon, sometimes Friday night and always mad wives.



The Royal Laredoan players.



Our beautiful sister city.



Que Paso?



And visions of pink Gooney Birds danced in his head.



I gave up Secret Storm for this?



Have you tried Exlax Dave?



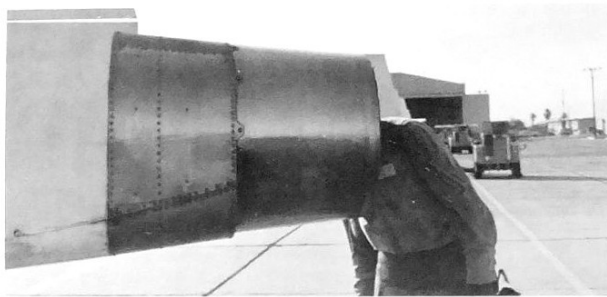
Captain Ford, I don't believe you should have said that.



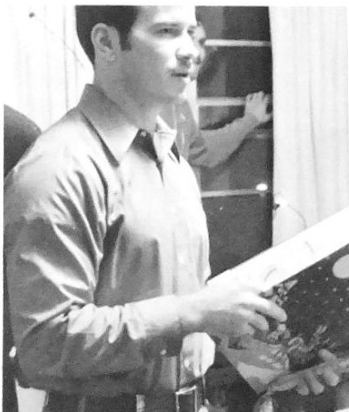
Hey Dale, how about a cigarette?



Yes Sir, we picked up a couple of wash backs from the 06's.

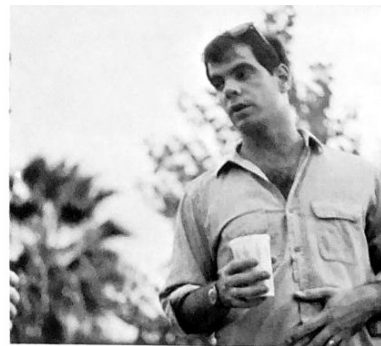


Capt. Brewer, it looks like pieces of a glove.



What you see is what you get.

'Twas the night before ...



But then the benefits of PACAF compared to the long term in ...



Hmmm, only 600 at level off. Maybe we shouldn't cruise at FL600.



Ha Ha. Unrestricted. Gotcha.



But mom, I almost over-G'ed the plane.



Girls, don't you think Capt. Bush is really witty.



Come on Herb, you can make it.



Around here, we were lucky to find any tree at all.



Our parties were always exciting.



Ted, we're going to Kelly after-all.



Good God, Lt. turn on the battery.



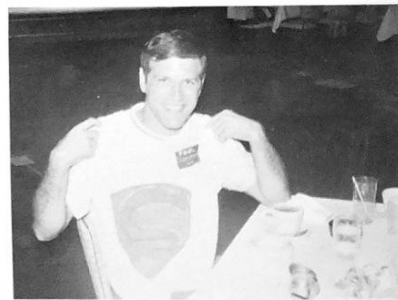
I like to see a thorough pre-flight.



Sleep well tonight, your Air Force is awake.



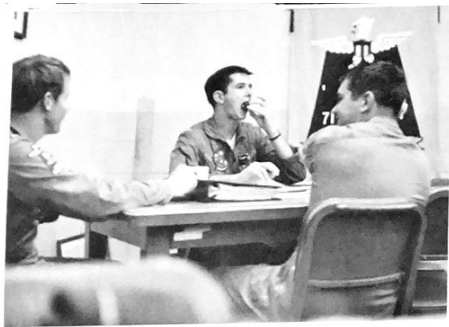
First to Paris, then Rome . . .



Faster than a speeding bullet . . .



Let's see, the cross wind component added to the . . . the . . . damned ATC questions.



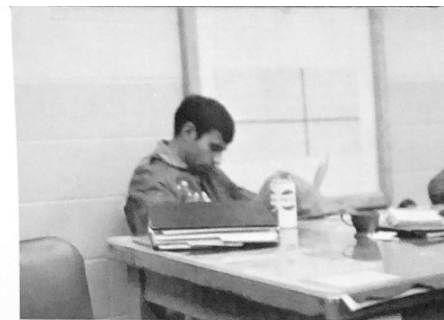
I guess anything's possible.



They only hold so much you know.



Why can't the IP's change their own pubs?



Capt. Dozes at work.



And if you press this button, it ejects the IP.



For the bachelors—I hope we didn't forget how.



I don't care if it's just fluid in my ears, I'm sick.



Let's just see if we can get a sub.



It's not as simple as it looks.



The air comes in here . . .



OK Meador, cut out the trivia.



We provide the Air Force with the best grade books in the world.



Ya think it'll really fly?



Who sang "Breaking-up is Hard to Do"?



Portrait of an ATC 2/Lt.

IP No. 000.



These people fly jets?



But Marines can't swim.



I'd just as soon not fly with you Sgt. Whipple, Sir.



Man and the only machine.

CONTRAILS



REMEMBER

fingertip . . . three green . . . pink . . . gold key . . . GCA . . . RMI . . . Houston Center . . . 29.92 . . . change 2 . . . pipeline . . . LRD . . . SKF . . . VVI . . . link . . . IAF . . . CEFS . . . pickens one . . . TACAN/ILS . . . JP-4 . . . out and back . . . DNIF . . . EPQ . . . split S . . . check list . . . thrust attenuators . . . cumulus . . . incipient skid . . . SETO . . . take off factor . . . SPI . . . dragged in final . . . Are . . . Axon . . . Map . . . Misty . . . Gin . . . Bull . . . Fuzzy . . . Date . . . Tell . . . ASR . . . LFI . . . 175 L . . . form 70 . . . 7.33 Gs . . . boy's town . . . beamer . . . sierra hotel . . . immellmann . . . route . . . check . . . blinker 80 . . . FIB . . . 781 . . . 345 . . . 1193 . . . ding . . . ear block . . . parasailing . . . red flag . . . flashing white . . . radio out . . . santa claus . . . ADF . . . HSI . . . ADI . . . DME . . . aircraft symbol . . . 50% flaps . . . pitch-out . . . BOQ . . . MIL . . . MAX . . . touch and go . . . full stop . . . gear check . . . arc . . . radial . . . Falcon . . . Catarina . . . Freer . . . Barfly . . . RSU . . . sensor site . . . border patrol . . . lesson status . . . incomplete . . . upgrade . . . 50-37 . . . dash 1 . . . T-38 . . . T-37 . . . T-41 . . . LAREDO.

CLOUDS

Rows and flows of angel hair, ice cream
castles in the air;
Feather canyons everywhere, I've looked at
clouds that way.
But now they only block the sun, they rain,
they snow on everyone;
So many things I would have done, but clouds
got in my way.

I've looked at clouds from both sides now,
From up and down and still somehow,
It's clouds' illusions I recall, I really don't
know clouds at all.

Moons and Junes and ferris wheels, the dizzy,
dancing way you feel;
As every fairy tale comes real, I've looked at
love that way.
But now it's just another show, you leave
them laughing when you go;
But if you care don't let them know, don't
give yourself away.

I've looked at love from both sides now,
From give and take and still somehow,
It's love's illusions I recall, I really don't know
love at all.

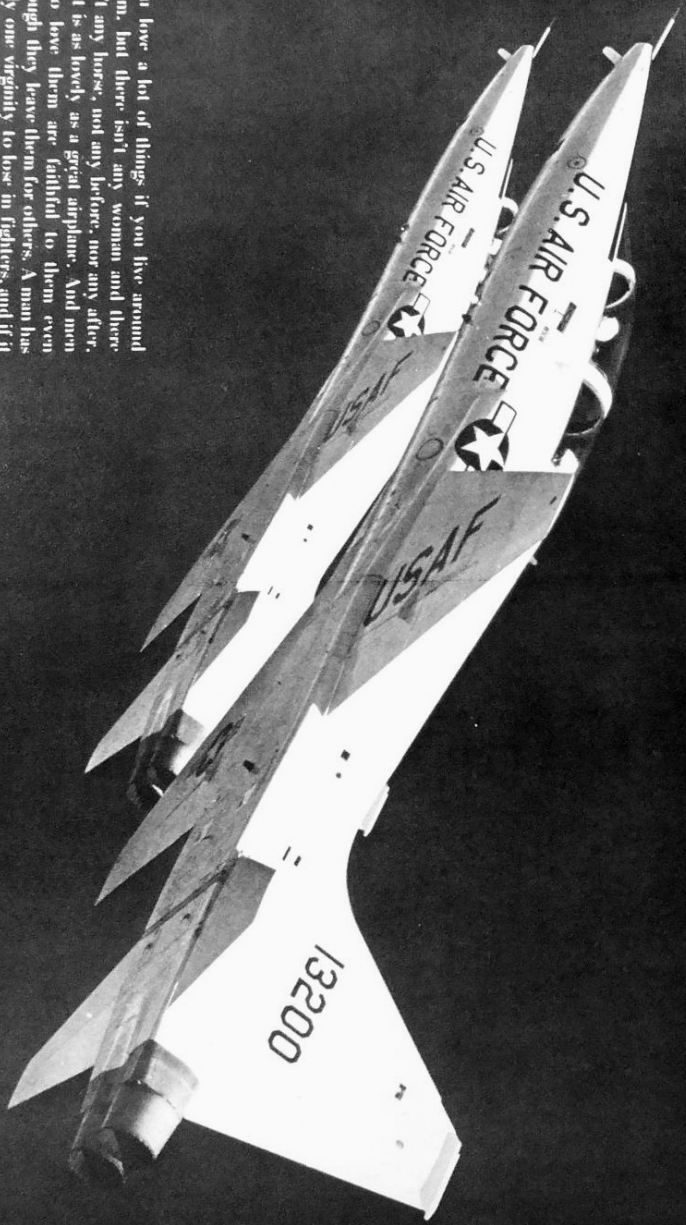
Tears and fears and feeling proud, to say I
love you right out loud;
Dreams and schemes and circus crowds, I've
looked at life that way.
But now old friends are acting strange, they
shake their heads, they say I've changed;
But something's lost when something's
gained, by living every day.

I've looked at life from both sides now,
From win and lose and still somehow,
It's life's illusions I recall, I really don't know
life at all.



You love a lot of things if you live around them, but there isn't any woman and there isn't any horse, not any before, nor any after, that is as lovely as a great airplane. And men who love them are faithful to them even though they leave them for others. A man has only one virginity to lose in fighters, and if it is a lovely plane he loses it too, there his heart will ever lie.

Hemingway



IN PASSING . . .

I would like to take this moment to express my gratitude to several people. Bob and Dale for their work on pictures and copy for Section II. Bob and Jerry who helped on Section I.

But then, these few pages are only a minute synopsis of fifty-nine years, not the fifty-three weeks we were led to believe. We laugh often about the location and the program, but we laugh only hypocritically, for the flying and the people are UPT.

Bob Beckman

Editor

DOD
 STANDARD INSTRUMENT DEPARTURES
ADIOS LAREDO
 LAREDO AFB
 Laredo, Texas

None of us will ever forget our year at Laredo, no matter how hard we try. You might say Laredo is a backward town, it doesn't even have much pollution so its dust has to do the job. It will be a real treat to have your wheels aligned and they'll actually stay that way.

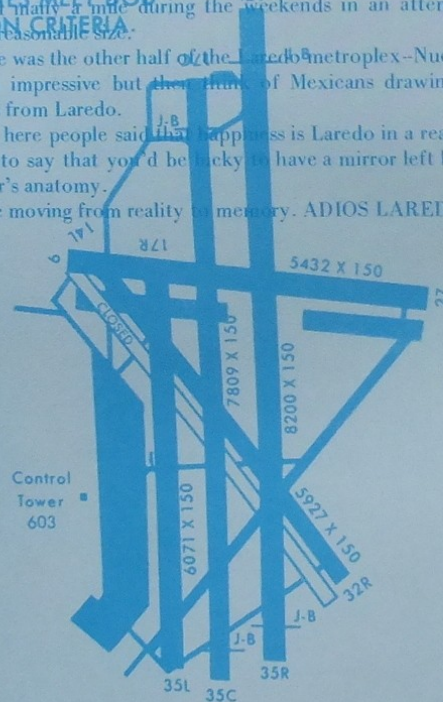
The social life was exciting if drinking wine at the Fiesta was exciting. The bachelors roared half a mile during the weekends in an attempt to reduce their horns to a reasonable size.

But then there was the other half of the Laredo Metroplex--Nuevo. The sister city wasn't too impressive but then think of Mexicans drawing conclusions about the States from Laredo.

When we got here people said that happiness is Laredo in a rear-view mirror. They neglected to say that you'd be lucky to have a mirror left let alone other parts of your car's anatomy.

At least we're moving from reality to memory. ADIOS LAREDO!

NOTE: THESE PROCEDURES MEET SID OBSTRUCTION CRITERIA



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