

OFF-CAMPUS APARTMENT:

Bud Calloway (*3 that I can remember -- (1) a 3 BR in Timberlane Apts on Academy Drive, just outside the south gate, close to a liquor store that I can't remember the name of; (2) a big, old, broken-down Victorian on Platte St. hard by the I-25 bridge; and (3) a little upstairs apartment in a boarding house on Willamette St. downtown. A Must-Have for maintaining sanity in those days.*)

Duane Lodrige (*A run down Victorian house Just off Bijou with Bud Calloway and some other guys. We each chipped in \$40/month.*)

Bill Davis (*Annette moved to Colorado Springs at the start of my third-class year. She got a job in interior design, working at Sperry and Mock downtown. For the first two years she had an apartment at the Monument Meadows complex on North Nevada Ave at I-25. For my senior year she shared a house on Sonata Dr. (near Academy and Flintridge) with John Ladieu's bride-to-be, Debbie. It was wonderful to always have a place to go (and a ride to get there) with any moment of free time I had.*)

Muddy Waters (*I had either an apartment or house downtown for the last 3 years of our cadet time -- you can kind of see why I was in trouble with that kind of attitude.*)

Otto Dieffenbach (*The '75 Grim Reapers had a house in C-Springs.*)

Ed Zerambo (*Actually it was a house, a couple of them. Went in with guys from 19th Squadron. They knew how to party -- unlike the dullards in my squadron!*)

Rick Douglas (*My father's large corporate warehouse (since 1956; near the downtown Denver Playboy Club) had a wood-paneled, fully-furnished apartment/kitchenette built into it: King bed (+ additional fold-out couch bed); one full bath (+ two half-baths in employee areas); free instant coffee and/or hot chocolate vending machine; two microwave ovens; two phone lines/six phones; free copier -- the works! Oh, and keys to the corporate delivery van (GM RAM, long bed) parked outside. If I could get to the apartment, I could use it for "short trips" in town (but no ski resort hauls, USAFA runs, etc., and I had to replace any gas used). NOTE: I was, however, severely RESTRICTED from using the apartment or the van whenever employees were present, which was most of the time, weekends included. Worst of all, I got caught there early doolie year with a lady friend visiting from California, further RESTRICTING my use to the hours of ~2000 to 0600, weekends and holidays only (which was really tough to do without wheels to/from USAFA) and told, henceforth, 'no buddies or parties.'*)

Rick Townsend (*Tanglewood, but it wasn't my idea. I won't mention the guys whose idea it was, but in keeping with other entries here, their initials were Duke Duhachek and Bob Marr. Dave Haugen was an occasional participant.*)

Gary Janelli (*During June week of our senior year, my parents and I were visiting an instructor friend of mine and his wife and daughter. His wife said that she had a job working in the Commandant's office for the past 6 months in the Disciplinary section. She said that the Comm*

was very angry at our class. I asked her why, and she said that the Comm had known that a certain squadron had an illegal apartment, that he had the OSI stake it out for over 6 months, but still did not have enough proof of cadet support of the apartment to nail the squadron, and that he was pissed that they were going to get away with it.

I asked her where the apartment was and she said it was over by ENT AFB (now the Olympic Training Center) by Platt Ave near the florist shop. I asked, "Was it 222 1/2 Logan Ave?" (our address I believe) and she said Yes! That indeed was our (CS-31) apartment! And we got away with it. So in the long run, we really did get one over on Gen. Vandenberg.)