

**MEMO** from:

Association of Graduates  
USAF Academy, Colorado 80840-5000  
719/472-4513

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To: *Barbara -*

*Here are the yearbook pages you asked for, and the Homecoming Registration form. If you need more copies of the yearbook picture please just let us know.*

*Karen Kipp*

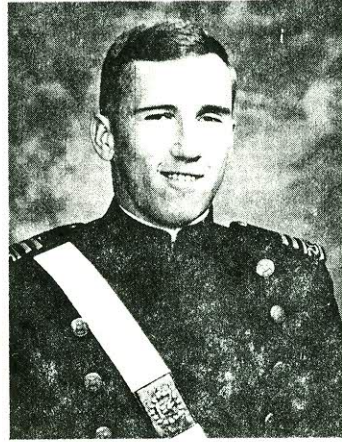
when he made that big step from cadet to officer. With the same spirit and determination that kept him on top of his few run-ins with the academic and military powers that be at the Academy, Bob will do well in the "real" Air Force. And since he has all the necessary qualities of a red-hot fighter-jock - if you gaze skyward that may be Bob flying by now.



## AROLD RYAN

"Nail"

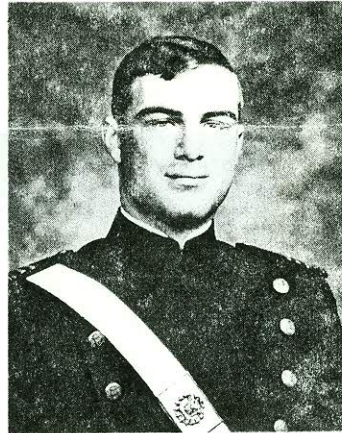
As past, present, future of all that is merriment. Shadows dis-  
 l all that is good remains. The first was confusion and spit-  
 es—ego lost, humility gained. But to be born again is a matter  
 ring. Two more that bring infinity into reality—one for striv-  
 or being realistic. And then the last which portrays nothing  
 cept the finale and spit-shined shoes. After that, fulfillment  
 am to "slip the surly bonds" which is the one thing that is  
 future becomes the present and, eventually, the past. It will  
 ast to appreciate what has been gained and forget what was  
 hat hits the "NAIL" on the head!



## K WAYNE RYAN

"Pat"

17 years of life in Smalltown, U.S.A., Prairie du Chien, Wis-  
 t migrated west to the Ramparts during the summer of 1965  
 of a big challenge, and challenges he found. After fighting  
 y during his doolie year to keep his name off the Comm's  
 he settled down to a cadet career which could be described as  
 e of staying out of sight. Keeping his G.P.A. around the 2.5  
 also managed to stay out of the Dean's disfavor (most of the  
 maintained a military record which might be called inspiringly  
 s extracurricular activities included a little skiing and a lot  
 ent with a certain girl from C-Springs with whom he could  
 found on Saturday nights during his upperclass years. Future  
 de pilot training and maybe some day graduate school.



## ROBERT EDWARD RYAN

"Thug"

Bob came out West with his own unique philosophy on life. Per-  
 plexed that some of his ideas were not condoned here at the Academy,  
 he confined his interests to the simple, inconspicuous pleasures. While  
 never quite gaining brilliance in either the academic or military phases  
 of cadet life, Bob tried to keep contact with each. Bob's thirst for blood  
 on the athletic fields was only surpassed by his other thirst, which he  
 quenched mostly on the weekends. Long will he be remembered for his  
 escapades, like trying to earn his jump wings one night coming back  
 from Denver. The future can only hold more adventure for Bob. Good  
 luck from all of us.

