HONDO FINAL

U.S. AIR FORCE

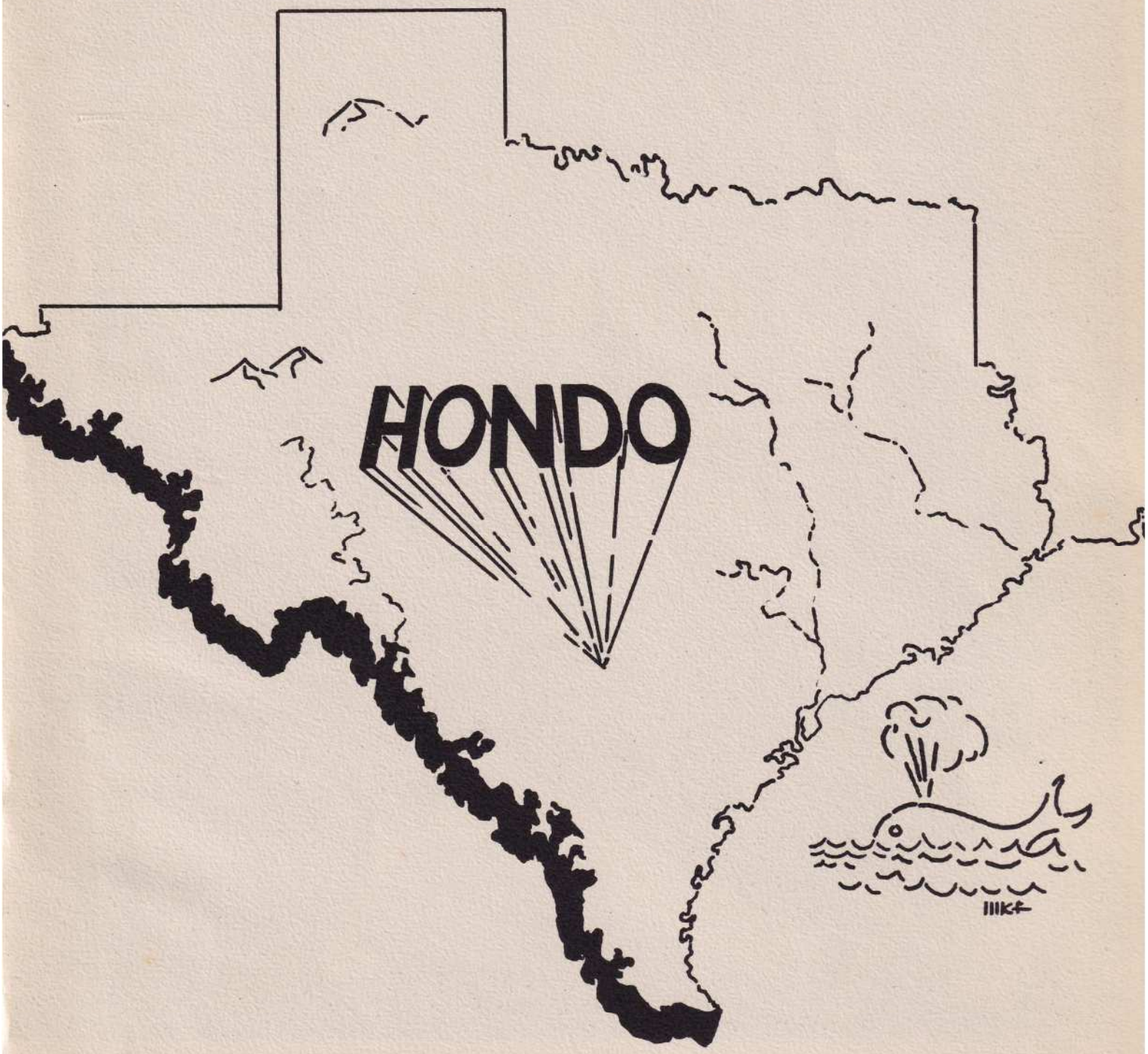
A-925
HONDO

DEDICATION

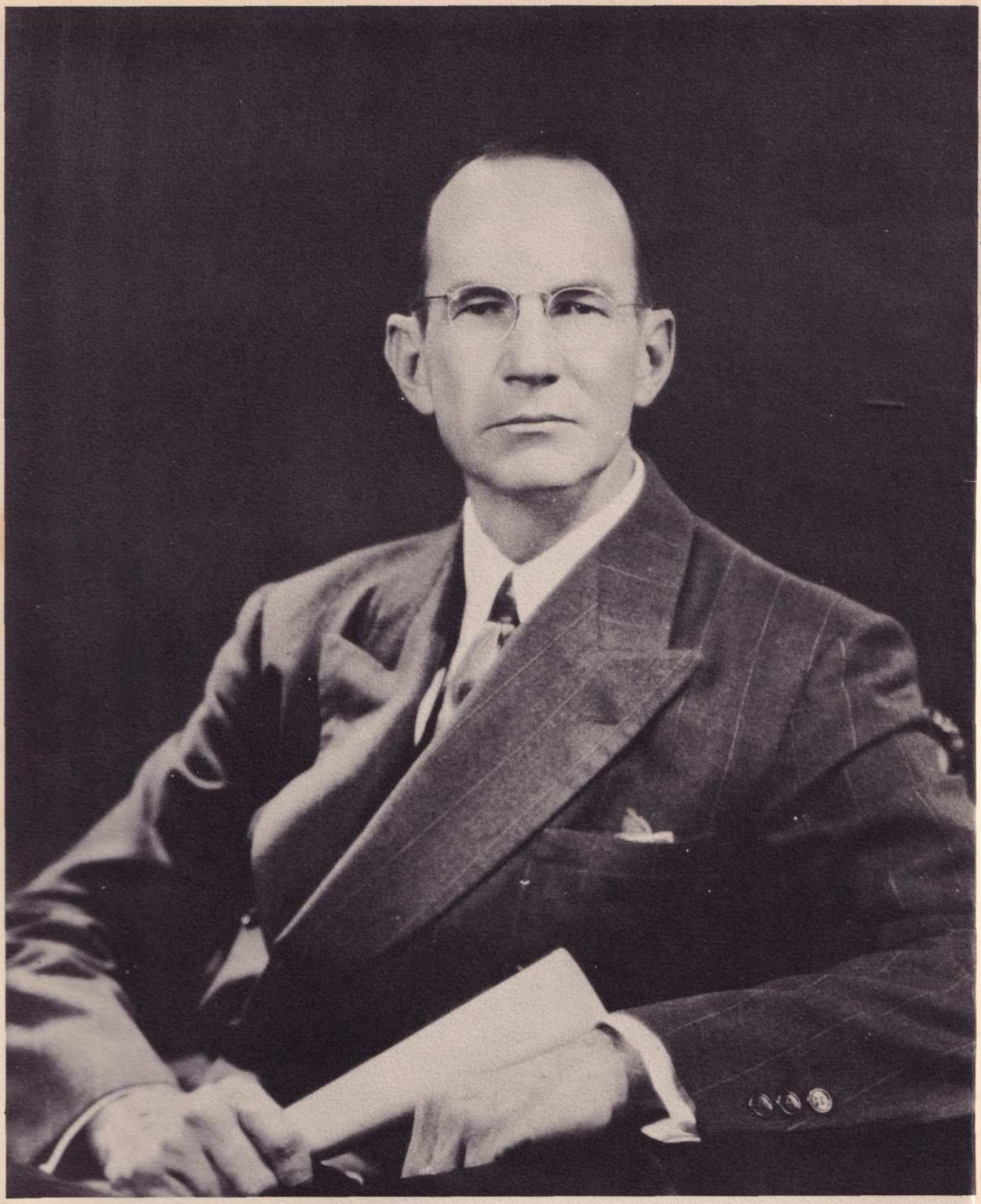
To the men who spent long and tedious hours readying us for the ever present check rides, to those whom we owe so much, our instructors, we dedicate this book.

HONDO FINAL

CLASS·52·H·



HONDO AIR BASE
HONDO, TEXAS



President Texas Aviation Industries
MR. H. B. ZACHRY

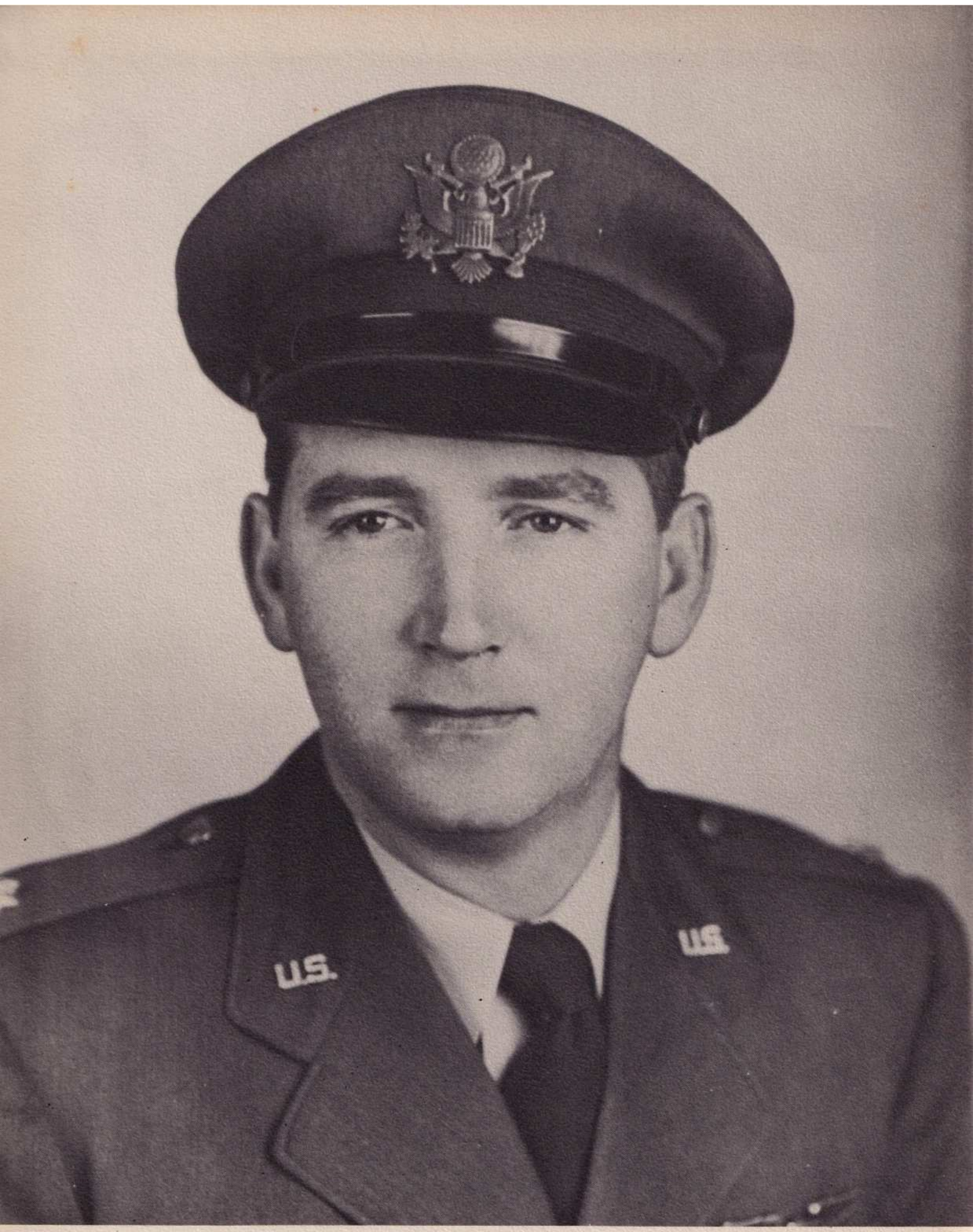
EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT T. A. I.

Texas Aviation Industries, Inc., is very happy to have been chosen by the U. S. Air Force to conduct Basic Flying Training for its personnel. The school here at Hondo was activated on 5 June 51 and received its first class of aviation students on 9 July 51. The training conducted here is the same in scope and objective as that formerly conducted at Randolph Field. In fact, we are fortunate in the heritage of Randolph's role in Texas, rich in tradition.

The Air Force has adopted this the contract Basic Flight School because the economy of operation by civilian specialists of extensive experience, gives more for the dollar than any other training principle evolved. Our staff of flying instructors, mechanics, supply, and administrative personnel are all civilian, all highly selected and especially skilled in their respective fields. It is our privilege to thus serve our country and our pleasure to assist these outstanding young men of America and our allied nations in attaining the goal of their ambition, Air Force Wings.

Luther S. Smith

LUTHER S. SMITH
General, USAF (Ret.)



LT. COL. JOHN D. IRVIN

HEADQUARTERS
HONDO AIR BASE
HONDO, TEXAS

Students of Class 52-H:

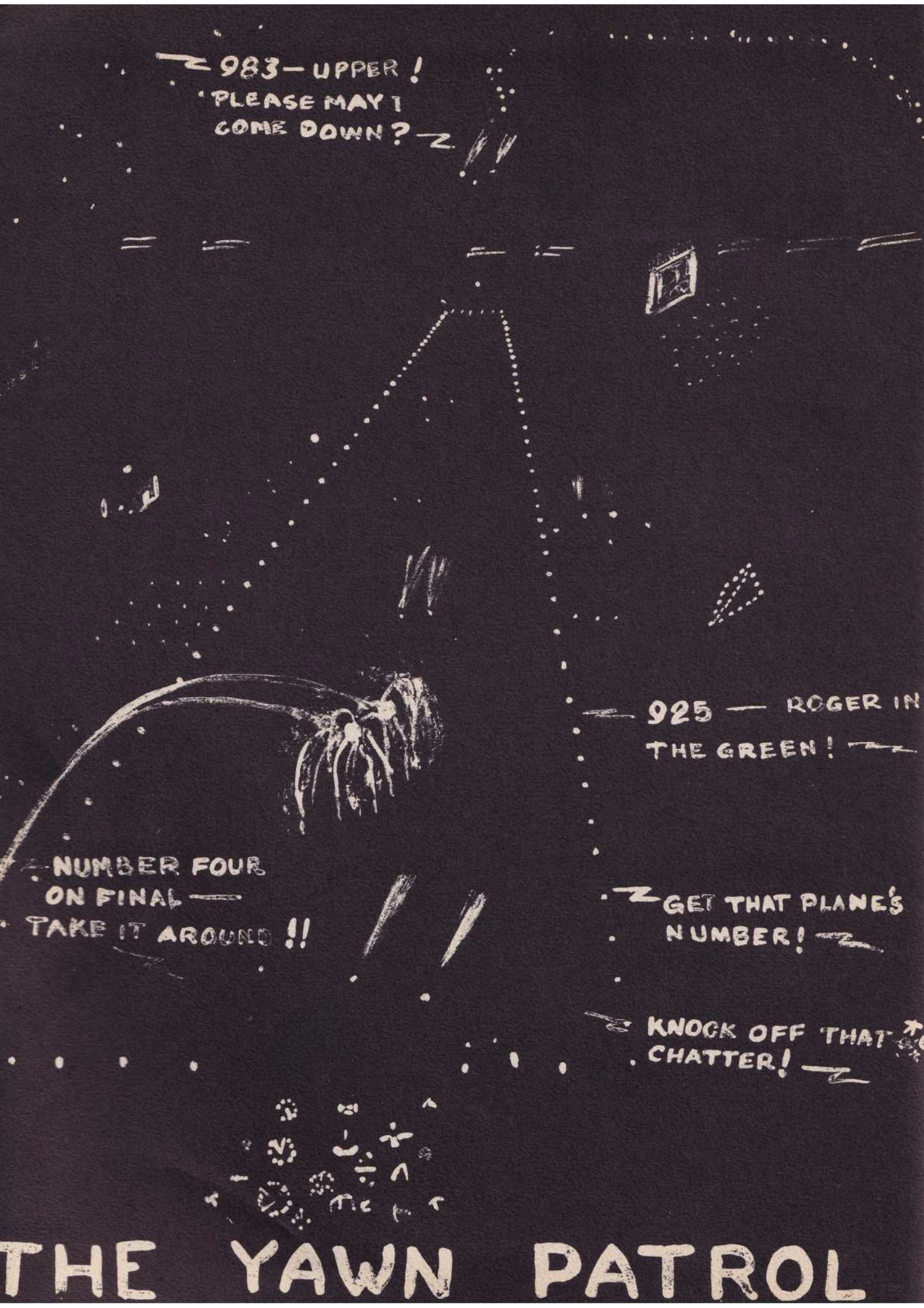
The long months of your basic flying training at Hondo Air Base are culminated in a sense of achievement and successful graduation. From among many fine young men, some of whom have necessarily dropped by the way-side, you have, through your known abilities, have been selected as the best. Forewarned of complacency, your best efforts will be required in the more advanced stages of your flying training, to ultimately realize that goal toward which you are striving.

It makes little difference what may be our peaceful aspirations because we may not much longer be masters of our own destinies as individuals and a nation, unless our efforts are converged upon the creation of forces capable of countering the threat which faces the world. To live in a future with freedom intact, we individually and collectively, owe concentrated personal services and energies to the defense of our basic doctrine of free society.

Personnel of Texas Aviation Industries, Inc. and the 3304th Training Squadron (Contract Flying) join in congratulating you upon your successful graduation, and wish you success in your future training and flying careers.

John D. Irvin

JOHN D. IRVIN
Lt. Colonel, USAF
Commanding


983 — UPPER! PLEASE MAY I COME DOWN?
925 — ROGER IN THE GREEN!
NUMBER FOUR ON FINAL — TAKE IT AROUND!!
GET THAT PLANE'S NUMBER!
KNOCK OFF THAT CHATTER!
THE YAWN PATROL

Flying Training

MILAN O. HASKINS
Director of Flying

JOE RAY
Flying Safety Officer

T.A.I. FLYING SUPERVISORS

HAL S. BROWNING
Group Commander

WAYNE SCHLESSENGER
Group Commander

MAJOR ROSS D. WHITE

DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS AND TRAINING

FLYING	
CONTACT PROFICIENCY	87 HOURS
INSTRUMENTS	25 HOURS
LINK	20 HOURS
NIGHT LOCAL	4 HOURS
NIGHT NAVIGATION	4 HOURS
DAY NAVIGATION	9 HOURS
AEROBATICS	6 HOURS
TOTAL	150 HOURS

Members of Class 52-G

These last six months you have come a long way in your goal for Air Force Wings. You have conquered the Yellow Monster, your check pilots, and learned the fundamentals of flying.

Jets and multi-engine come next. Study diligently, work hard, and apply the principles you learned here in any type of flying.

Congratulations and Best Wishes,

Ross D. White

ROSS D. WHITE
Major, USAF

MAJ. DERRILL L. LATHAM

CAPT. PHILLIP P. PLOTKIN

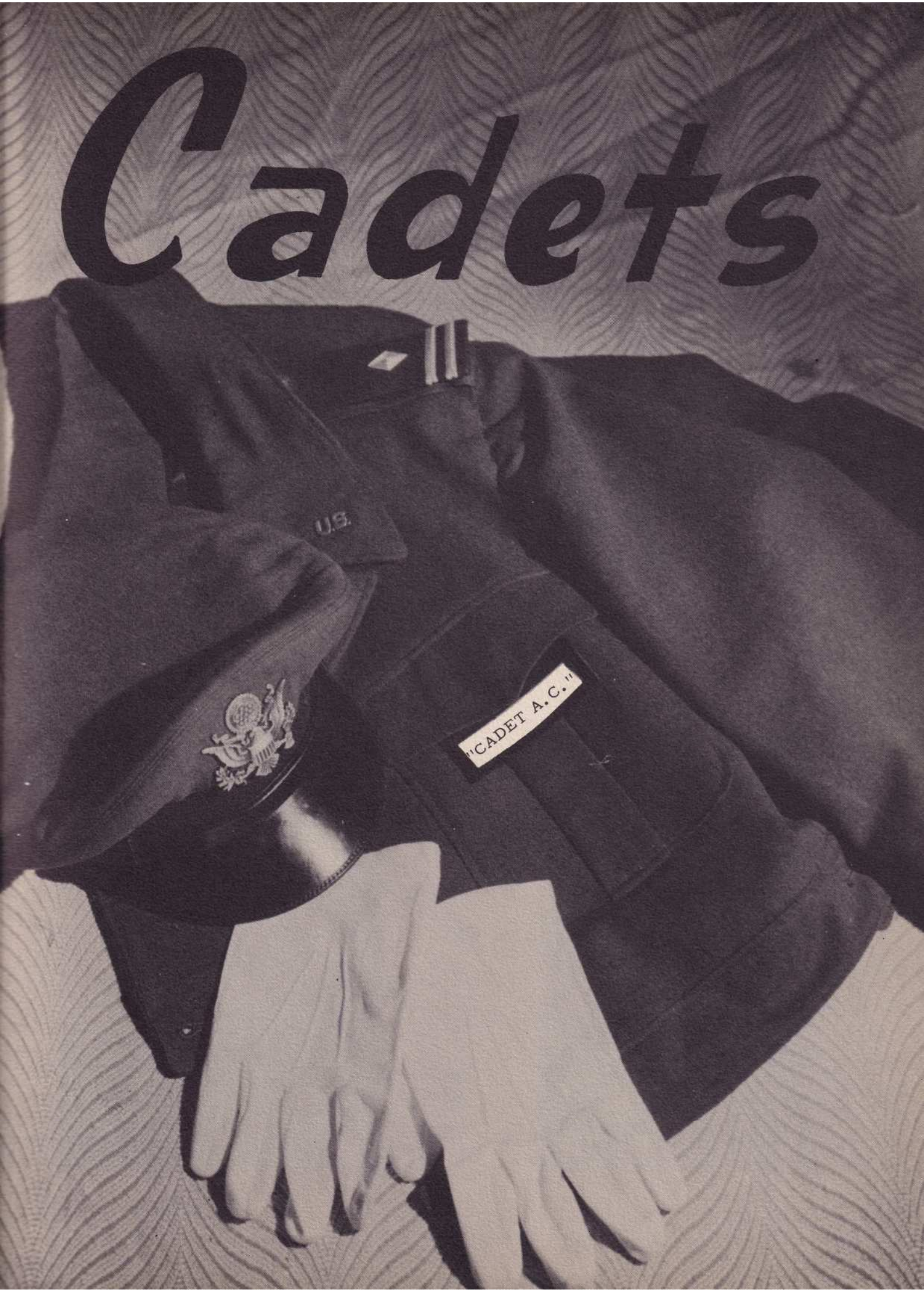
CAPT. RALPH W.E. WEBB

MILITARY CHECK PILOTS

CAPT. CAMERON P. WILEY

CAPT. ROY G. BAKER

Cadets



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"Major"

CLYDE H. GARNER
Pinehurst, N.C.

WILLIAM C. GOW
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Harrisburg, Pa.

Second Squadron
MEL H. ANDERSON
1429 Gordon St.
Vallejo, Calif.

Third Squadron
ARNOLD J. EIDAM
Sandpoint, Idaho

Fourth Squadron
HARRY E. PAYNE
805 Claire Ave.
Concoran, Calif.

SQUADRON "1"

From the master planning board in the busy offices of Headquarters Flying Training Air Force, an impressive document was hastily but carefully removed, stamped top secret, locked in a metal strong box, and handed to a heavily armed courier. A waiting Baker Vengt Cinq whisked away the document to be delivered in the dead of night to Hondo Air Base, T-6 Proving Grounds.

This document, as you probably surmised, was the hand chosen, carefully picked list of men slated for Class 52-How. The call went out from the heart of Texas. Teletypes clicked, wires buzzed and over a hundred men turned their heads, coughed, plugged up hypodermic holes and began converging on the fair metropolis of Hondo.

Mother Erdman received the embryonic birdmen with open arms. He tenderly nursed them through pre-flight, indoctrinated them, fattened them, prepared them in all their finery, and on the fateful night of 2 January 1952, fed them to their upperclassmen with tears in his eyes.

Squadron One, ah yes, I almost forgot. They were selected by a time honored Air Force formula. Each man was carefully examined, tested, evaluated, and rated, His total score was compiled, multiplied by six, and his height in inches added. Then the final score was tallied, height in inches subtracted, the remainder divided by six, and the evaluation score subtracted. Armed with these incontestable qualifications, Capt. Erdman walked down the ranks and personally informed each of the fortunate ones who were chosen for the illustrious squadron.

The memories of our cadet days in Squadron One are dearly cherished. Our class was a deserving one and time and again we felt the generosity of our sympathetic tactical officer. We were so happy to see Capt. Kurtz come to visit and chat with us. He always had a friendly smile for everyone and often followed our formations around the base in his car to insure that we would reach our destination safely.

Our squadron was blessed with genius and inventiveness. "Flaps Hettlinger" added greatly to the realm of aviation lore by discovering and practicing a new pre-landing check. It met with disapproval from his instructor however, as unfortunately, it omitted the landing gear. Paulus, the ace flyer of the smiling Flemms, somehow found time besides pushing his Ford limousine around the Texas countryside to practice what he calls the finer fighter techniques, namely power-on stalls and lazy eights. While the other Smiling Flemm, Poelmans, has not shot down as many enemy clouds as "Jet" Paulus, he claims he's done more than his share of pushing the Ford.

Some of our group became expert aviators in a comparatively short time. French "Dare-devil" Paricard didn't even need a runway for take-off for his first solo flight. Others did not fare so well. "Bird Dog" Rosenthal received a bill from the Southern Pacific for use of the railroad right of way on his cross country escapades. The pride of Mississippi, "Mailpouch" Milan, brought his T-6 to a "screeching halt" south of the border and was awarded six stitches by the Flight Surgeon for being wounded in a heroic penetration action of dangerous territory. Smiley Ward has long been known in several sections of this country as the First Squadron's good will ambassador to Mexico. He sacrificed many weekends which he could have spent studying to spread his seeds of good will. Another personality well known south of the border is "Whiskey Bob" Willis, better known to Kelly AFB tower operators as "Red Leader One."

We had our rivalry in Squadron One also. During the briefing before those infamous landing stages, you could always find "Tiny" Stan Bailey reminiscing about his Navion days as an airline pilot while "Ace Navigator" Sandlin was out on the line filing away flap connections on Bailey's ship. Our boys were confident too. Without blinking an eye, "Georgeous George Three Cushion" Steussy cut out a B-36 in the Kelly pattern. "Spot" Niemela was selected from the whole class to demonstrate the 180 Side Approach, a la Wilson, at Castroville Dust Bowl.

Then there was the period of the Fifty Hour Torture Rides. Bill Matter returned bleeding and shaken from a tooth and nail ride with the Eagle Eye muttering under his breath what a raunchy ride he'd been given. "Muscles" Thomas was given 1/63rd of a T-6 for executing a perfect boner. He's gradually winning his wings from the tips in. "Swede Olsen" impressed his check pilot with a few maneuvers that weren't in the book and graciously offered a few pointers.

We all admired Bullfrog Lossius. If you ever found him when he was not vigorously shaking his head up and down, you could get him to tell you how he has invested in America. When he does return to Norway, he will be assured a steady income from this country. He owns "Swede" Olsen, lock, stock, and paycheck.

Men from our ranks were often called upon by the Military Training Department to give advice as to how the program should be run. "Mutt" Gilbert and "Jeff" Santangelo were praised by the Department for their efforts in promulgating the new Air Force. I hear they threw quite a party for the boys down at the Oasis Cafe where they had a chat with a representative of the Group Board over a bottle of beer.

We of Squadron I also had our bad days; days so bad that even our tactical officer did not smile. We shall never forget that memorable occasion of the great tragedy. Those few spoken words shook the very roots of our convictions. Through the sparkling crispness of the Saturday morning air, a shocked voice exclaimed, "I do believe, Mr. Ernst, that you are going to get a gig." In the silence that followed a pleading voice could be heard in the distance. "Drill Sergeant" Hansen authoritatively commanded, "Come on fellows, please, when I say 'flight', everybody hit a parade rest."

Individually we have contributed much to the heritage of Hondo. "Wally" Trettien, through his forceful efforts, made the city council wait until 0145 to roll the sidewalks in, instead of the usual one o'clock. "Big Bill" Gow plans to make this area famous for spectacular air shows. When he's not lurking in the sun at 10,000 feet, you'll find him out gathering dare devils to impress some charming young thing in Kerrville.

Hail and farewell to Hondo. We've bored holes in every cubic foot of air around these parts. Over the horizon we'll find some new buzzing grounds.

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THE SUPERSONIC SECOND

We began our internship here at Hondo in time for Thanksgiving, and spent a lazy four weeks in that state of suspension called Pre-Flight. After Christmas at home, we were launched upon our fourth class duties by the George Class orges. We managed to get in the air twelve times during the month of January because of too much sunlight in this here state. The only thing that made our menial state bearable was those frequent trips to Bandera and San Antonio. The latter part of February saw most of "The Fighting Second" conquering the big yellow bird unassisted.

Mel "Andy" Anderson, the first to solo, attributes this fact to his California heritage, but we feel it's from flying his models; he knows more about model airplanes than he does the "Six". Used to hold the French convention in his room.

Aaron "Aaron Slick from Punkin Crick" Adams: Although he had eight instructors, he made it. You have to feel sorry for him though..... he was ready to get married and no one would take him to Bandera.

Thomas "T.C. Birkhead: Due to his six instructors, he was kept behind in hours and had the distinction of being the last man in "How" class to solo. "T.C." was the Casanova of the Second. He used to walk to Hondo just to be with them.

Harry "Governor" Brown: A true Texan from the word go. His dry wit and slow drawl perked up many a wet foggy day. "An atom bomb might fall tomorrow and here we are worrying about wingtips." Harry, an old saddle tramp, converted the seat in the "Six" to a saddle, and he rides the Hell out of that thing.

Robert "Frisco, Here I Come" Burrell: He had the dubious honor of being the president of the "Wing Tip Club". Early in third class Bob acquired a great dislike for Bandera mud. In second class "Frisco" had a desire to learn French, so we pulled strings and helped him out.

Michel "The Smoke" Fay: The Frenchman's answer to a Texas cowboy..... he's got everything but the horse. "The Smoke" gets more out of a cagarette than any two men put together. Michel had a fascination for knives from Jack to Daggers to throwing.... and learned how to use them.

Vern "The Fay Man" Finch: "The Fat Man" was known for his after hour room invading parties with Frank Thatcher. Vern was a California beachcomber who couldn't get used to eastern diving boards. On special occasions he wore "Willie" Pope's Super Mexican Chapeaux.

Charlie "C.S." Green: The only man in "How" class shot down from his first solo, "C.S." had more go arounds than he did landing. He used to run to the flight line to be first in line for "Willie " Pope's Monday morning rides. When Frank Thatcher left, "C.S." got all his luck.

Johnny "Magie" McGee; Renamed "Magie" early in Pre-Flight by the Frenchmen. "Magie", who was in with the "Wheels", could let any "How" man go to the show that wanted to. Now he's called "G. B." McGee. For the next two months he was a model builder.

Lief "Frankie" Melvik: Due to the slowness of the Norwegian Pony Express, "Frankie" had his Christmas in the middle of February. He was always singing, but he could sing the best under a cold shower.

Richard "Rich" Munsch: He was one of the fine misfit Texans in the Second. No matter come rain, fog, or sand, he always defended the "Republic of Texas". "Rich" had an answer for anything you ask him, except an answer for his own existence.

Robert "Nick" Nichol: He was a scotchman that could teach the tightest of them how to save money. Every Sunday he had a room full of washing, made more money that way. He was known throughout the base for his adventurous life, he was in the rack with a sex book every weekend.

William "Buffalo Bill" Parsley: The state capital seemed to hold some strange attraction for "Buffalo Bill". He could be seen any weekend bumming his way to the U. of Texas, his Alma Mater. Bill was quite a boy with the pasteboards, he has often been accused of dirty playing, by ths losers, that is.

John "Jake" Ronca: Small but might "J.J." made it known that he was around. He could always be heard describing his spot of heaven in New Jersey. He had a battle every Saturday morning with the white gloves.

Clyde "The P.T. Kid" Schneider: You could pick Clyde out of a thousand if they were running. "The Kid" thrilled us all when he slow-rolled a T-33 over this base. Clyde was another of the DamnTexans we had to put up with.

Victor "Vic" Slegers: A quiet easy going Belgian until he became acquainted with Frank Thatcher. "Vic" could never quite get into the swing of our room wrecking parties. Victor was the head man in the Belgium Radio Broadcasts.

Merrill "Murdock Dog" Stevens: In fourth class "The Dog" outranked most first classmen..... "Murdock" was the Drum and Bungle Corps leader. The only reason he wanted to fly was to buzz the big town of Corkville. Merrill was also one of the Texas prairie members.

Tom "I Got To Go To Enid" Wegman: The "Beak" would be tongue tied without the use of his mobile hands. "Two Beer" Wegman was a fixture Friday evenings in the Cadet Club. His "Black Wagon" made many trips to Bandera, San Antonio, and any place away from Hondo.

This article opened with the two words "We Began". We end it with two words, "We Finished". But how and why did we finish? Without the untiring efforts of Mr. Ed Billings and our instructors, on the flight line, we would never have made it in one piece. To them we give our sincere thanks and good wishes.

And to Capt. Bob O. Boudreau, our Tactical Officer, go our heartfelt thanks and sincere hope that he never has to put up with another class like 52-H. We would also like to thank our academic instructors who showed us the light. To everyone here at Hondo; Goodbye and Good Luck.

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THIRD SQUADRON THEME

It was the worst of times, it was the best of times; men were happy, men were sad; the sky was bright, the sky was dark; the time was January, 1952. It was this date that 26 eager young chaps of Aviation Cadet class 52-H at Hondo Air Base became members of Squadron Three and gave said squadron a long and much needed touch of character.

These young men fell with great zest to their task of obliterating the class system, holding in blinding lite the ideal of freedom, equality and the 19th Amendment. Although they were not entirely successful in their venture they received numerous set backs from a very ardent suitor of dubious sincerity, named George-our heroes never-the-less felt that they had at least begun a reformation.

Speaking of George, it is only fair to point out that the lad had his generous side too. Each Friday evening George would invite our young crusaders to a party-sort of a masquerade affair. The refreshments served were not always the best and a rather peculiar odor prevailed-but then it was a noble gesture and poor George cannot be condemned too greatly.

It was not too long before, "How" found he was fighting battle on two fronts. Intelligence learned thru several penquins that a ramp can be used for activities other than parking aircraft. The rather illusive trail from Bandera was instrumental in inciting these other activities. So that cadets will not feel that their tactical officers are neglecting them, stand by and open ranks inspections are held to give the cadet the opportunity to meet his officers on a friendly and informal level.

52-H-3 was especially gifted with rather warm pilots. Mr. Sonke and Mr. Charade demonstrated considerable daring in a couple of their landings. They were so popular after these that they were invited to tea with the Flying Safety Officer.

After spending from 19 to 28 hours in the "yellow monster" most of the men in 52-H-3 were pushed out of the security of dual flying and forced to place themselves at the mercy of the above mentioned monster. There was one sterling exception-old Shep-who remained for a considerable time to check the check pilots-needless to say, he found many discrepancies but was sufficiently bribed so that they never came to the attention of the higher echelon.

At the present writing all of "How" are embarking upon 50 hour checks. This is a dual ride with an expert at chewing posteriors. They are also forbidden to eat for three days prior to checking a student. The Air Force feels that this adds to their efficiency.

If matters continue on in present grove, by 25 June 52-H-3 will be nothing but a legend. However, if events take a turn for the better the Air Force will be richer by several pilots, times may be a little better, more men may be happy, the skys may be a little brighter, the time will be 6 months later and some advance school will be preparing for the purge that is "How".

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Alibignan "Vaucluse"
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SHOW EM' "HOW"

This is Squadron Four? It was never like this before!! That's what they all said when "HOW" class arrived. "George" didn't know what they were getting when they got "HOW". Had they known they, in all probability, wouldn't have accepted us. There is a sign in our orderly room that says "We may have the least, but we've got the best." I've never been able to figure out what we have the least of, but you can be sure that the Fourth squadron will always have the best as long as they have a good man behind them. In reality it isn't any one man who has made this possible, but the entire gang. We are, as one of the guys once called us, "Dooleys Delinquents".

We'll all remember the "Beverly Hill's Bad Boy", Ron Golan. Anyone who has ever been in (or near) the back barracks has heard his Kenton Records. His roommate, "Smiling Jack" Tofte tried so hard to put on weight on convince the Air Force that he was definitely multi-engine material.

Another of the clan, Matthew F. Reardon III, a dignified name to say the least. After our night "x-c" he was known as "The Kerrville Kid." Matt was the first member of "How" class to solo. He roomed with Jack Gigot. Or you might call him the "Able Terror". We're all still wondering where he got that silk stocking that he always carried with him when flying.

Then there was Dale Thorp, "All Bohemin". You might have known him as "Pear Shape" or the "Kansas City Hood". To hear him tell it he never had a good day flying. Bill Fawcett, his roommate hails from Gaawgia. He is quite a photographer. If one of the gang couldn't decide between shooting a setting of "f 4.5 at 1/100 or f 94 at 1/50", all he'd have to do was ask Bill. In our little group we had a true Texan. According to him he never had a bad day flying. "8" point slow rolls' were one of his specialties. Just in case you haven't guessed his name is J.K. Fox. And we can't forget A.A. Erbani. Let's hope that all Frenchmen aren't as slow as he. The way it was the C.Q., would have to give a first call, a second call and a call for Erbani. Just ask him if he ever learned the meaning of "expedite".

Another of the gang who hails from California is Harry Payne. This handsome lad threatened to leave us. One Saturday night when he came back from the club he started to pack his "waste basket" and leave for home. Fortunately we talked him into waiting until Sunday. His roommate, Michael L. (L for Lindberg "D.F. Homer") Spaight, had the honor of being the first in class to get a "wing tip". Also was the first "How" man to get lost and use "D.F. Homer".)

In our midst we had a man who was "Built for flying". Jules Simandle along with his roommate, Roy "Sugar Throat" Kemp really kept the fourth classmen jumping. Ah yes, only Jules could get "disorientated" in a 360 degree turn.

Well, they say "into each life some rain must fall". In ours, undoubtedly it was Victor Horton. Vic was indeed a true "sadist". At the end of each day he'd breathe a sigh of relief and say he was just lucky----he lived through another day. However, his roommate, Gene Taylor, the "Go Around Kid", was more of the optimistic sort. If things seemed to go wrong all day he'd just say "oh well, tomorrow's another day". They were quite a pair. For it was many a laugh for the whole gang when they got started cutting up.

All will remember "Smiling Goose Gaus". Adam was the first in the class to solo, not having previous time. He roomed with one of the most figurative men in the group. Ah, yes! "Sleepy Boy" Rogers. When ever the opportunity presented itself, not excluding classes, he caught forty winks.

Another pair of unforgettable roommates were John Hazelton and Don Hall. This brings to mind the time when they were as Lt. Dooley put it, not very well organized for a Saturday morning inspection. Oh Yes! The first time one of them (I'll not say which one) made an attempt to shoot his power off stage he ran up a score of sixteen without touching the ground.

We can't forget big Clyde Garner. Clyde did a good job keeping our four Frenchmen on the ball. One of those being his roommate Manual Escobar. To see him with the girls it's obvious that he must have picked up a few pointers from Clyde. Or, was it the other way around.

Oh yes, we can't forget Ron "I'm not always right, but I'm never wrong" Price. However, his room mate, Maurice Schliecht, seemed to think so once in awhile when they started cleaning their room.

Last, but not least is "Red" Dooley himself. No one can ever say that he didn't play square. That's the primary reason for squadron four being the best. If you had a problem he was always ready to listen to it. If you had a legitimate reason for a V.O.C.O., you'd get it. Ask any of the gang, they'll tell you.

Sure we all had our likes, our dislikes and our gripes with one another. But all-in-all we've had a great time. One thing for sure. There will never be another like "HOW"-4.

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TOM WEGMAN

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Monticello, Arkansas

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80 Boulevard
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1094 W. 16th St.
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Washington 15, D.C.

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S/O ESSAY

The Student Officers of How Class converged at Hondo Air Base on November 19, 1951, eager to join the ranks of the Flying Air Force--the Boys in the Blue. However, this desire was not fulfilled immediately. Shortly after arrival at Hondo we were launched into Pre-Flight, the beginning of the long process of conversion of Ground Pounder to Buzz Boy. The officers were representatives of several various Commands. We were from the Air Training Command, Strategic Air Command and, yes, even the Air National Guard.

The first week of Pre-Flight consisted of records and medical processing and flying stanine testing, Then Ground School started--late mornings in the sack, afternoons and early mornings on the highway and evenings in Villa Acuna and Bandera. The free time usually consisted of favorite pastimes at O'Neill's Drive Inn and indulgence in the various games of chance conducted around the BOQ.

At last came the day of strapping on the Yellow Bird and hanging the billiards on the bulkhead. The first few days were spent in learning the flight procedures and the next few days were spent in forgetting them--the 3,000 foot check, the GUMPS check and the wing-tip check. (There was a lot of digging on Rector Field those days.) Then after many, many traffic patterns and (ahem!) landings, came the great moment long anticipated--kicking out the Old Man in the rear. Of course, the major catastrophe of the pre-solo days was that Joe didn't make it. The day he left for Ellington was indeed a sad day for all of us.

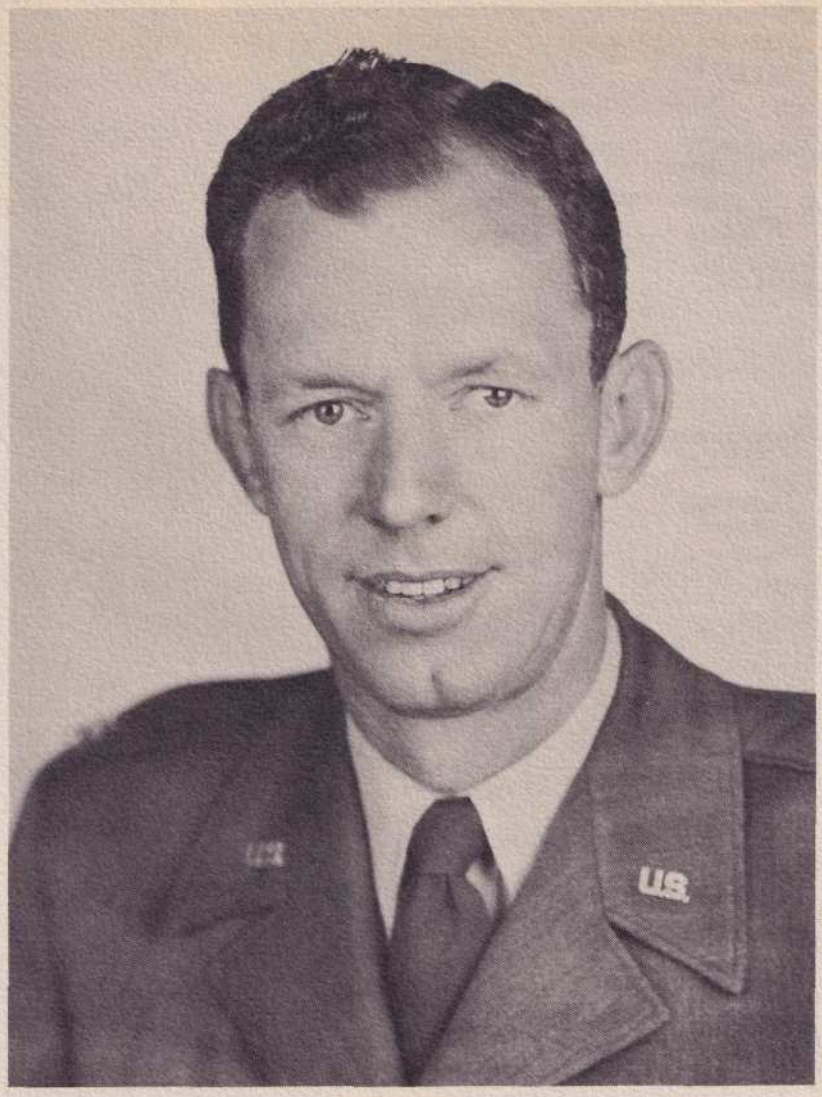
Probably the most trying moments of the training program were the ones during the 50-hour Military Progress Check. However, the class as a whole did very well after several shots at it. The accuracy stages, navigation flights, aerobatics and night flights did a great deal to break the monotony of contact flying and the instruments served well in breaking the pilots.

As we, Class 52-Hotel leave the primary flying program and go to various bases for the basic program, we shall look forward to the day when:

"Amigo" Meibohm will say "yes", Bill Bissett will come to ground school, "Nu Nu" Brown will have laryngitis, Jere Dial will regain his strength, Dick Franklin will find his salt shaker, Gary Herod will go to combat, G.G. Moore will put his gear down, Fred Pierce will buy a toupee, Lou Testaguzza will not go around, Appleby will replace Frank Buck, Ed Cantwell's instructor will not "chicken out", Bill Brennan will get everyone out to formation on time, Lane will change his name to Leroy and Hal Everett will not make a form 1 error. And we shall remember the day when Dick Williams bounced one?? in, Hampton gained 4,000 feet in a power off stall, Lynn Harding found an instructor on the base he hadn't flown with, Bobby May missed the assigned altitude by 20 feet, Walters didn't intend to cut Barney out, Bob Burch discovered the T-6 was made to fly straight and level and Holtsclaw found out they land good sideways, George Alderman became the terror of spinach pickers, Joe Stodder said, "No, Captain Baker, I wasn't afraid when the engine quit.", and Harry Knickerbocker didn't have it knocked.

LT. L.R. LANE

Military Training



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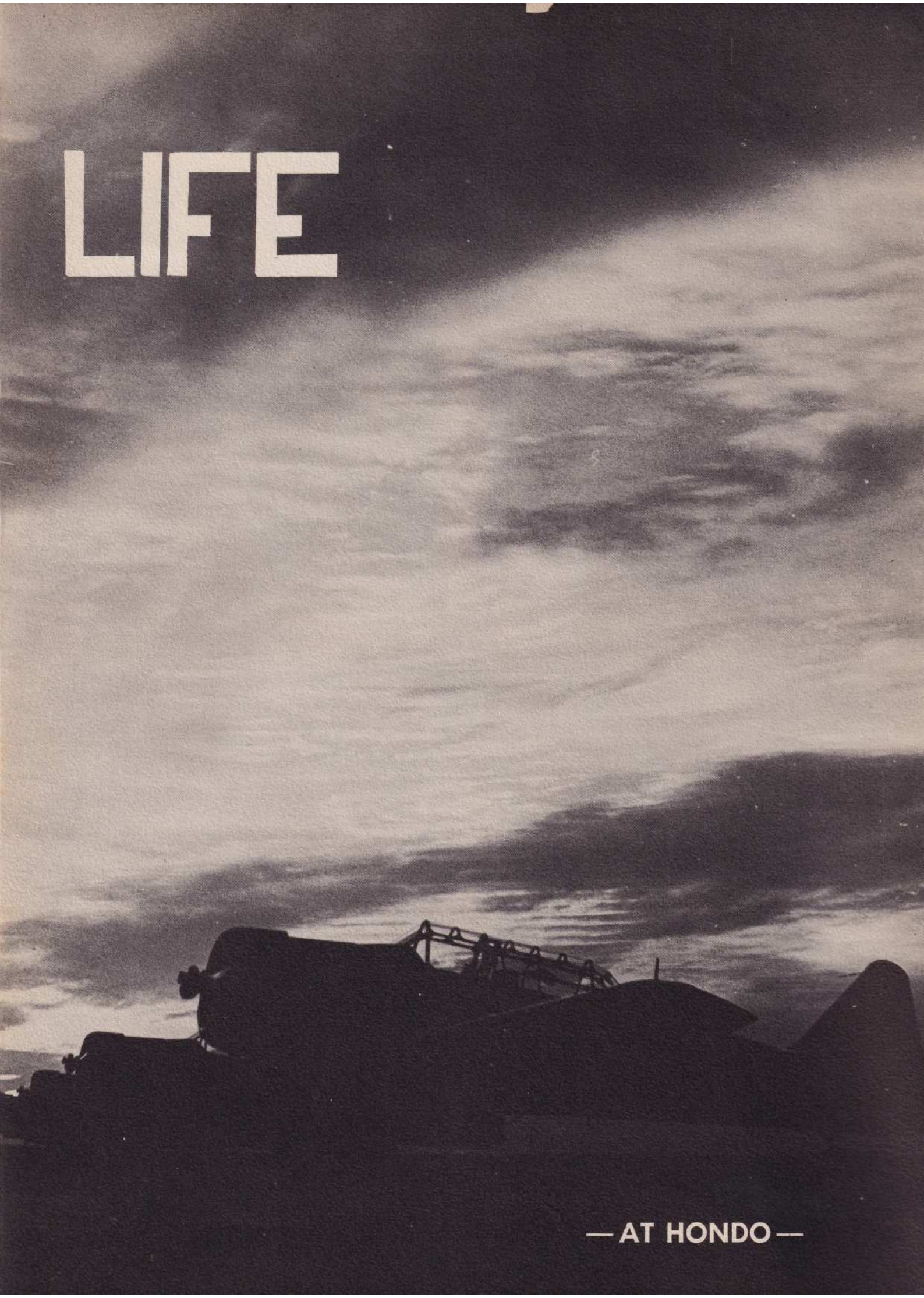
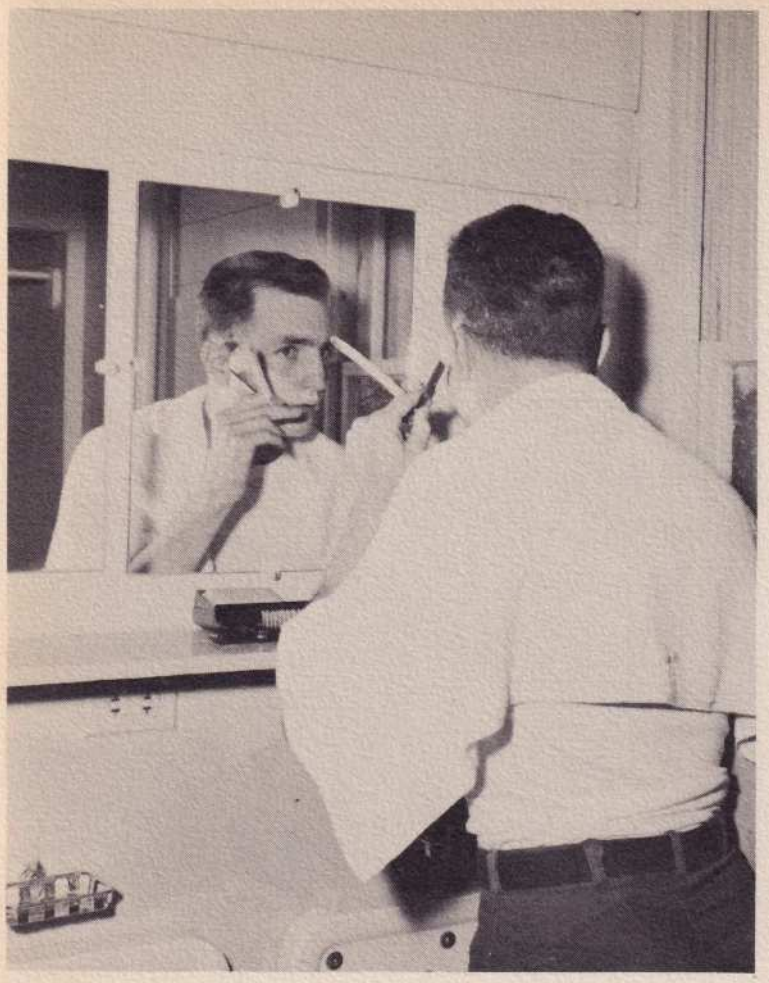

LIFE
— AT HONDO —

Why not vice versa.

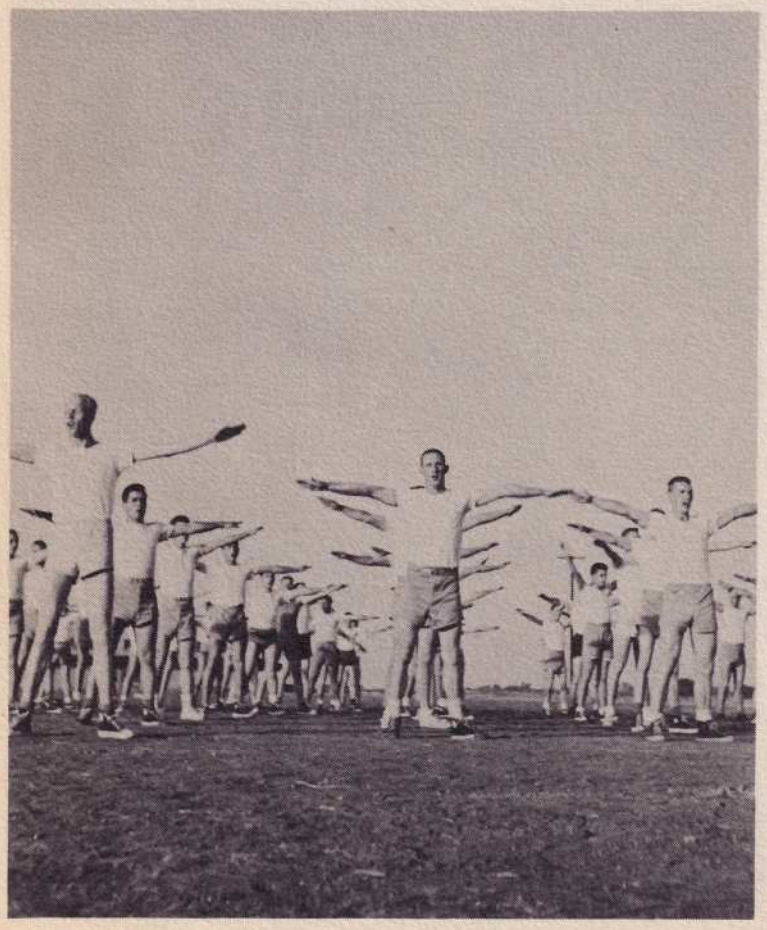
Chicken Shack.

Our cottages by the sea.



Just call me "Nick"

It doesn't look like purple!



I thought we were going to play games.

Only 98 more to go.

"and in the 5th (hic) at Belmont..."

Our own wire service.

"Something must be
wrong with the instruments."

S.O.S.

What a race. "Kurtz" won by a nose.

Make sure the
little pin is bent.

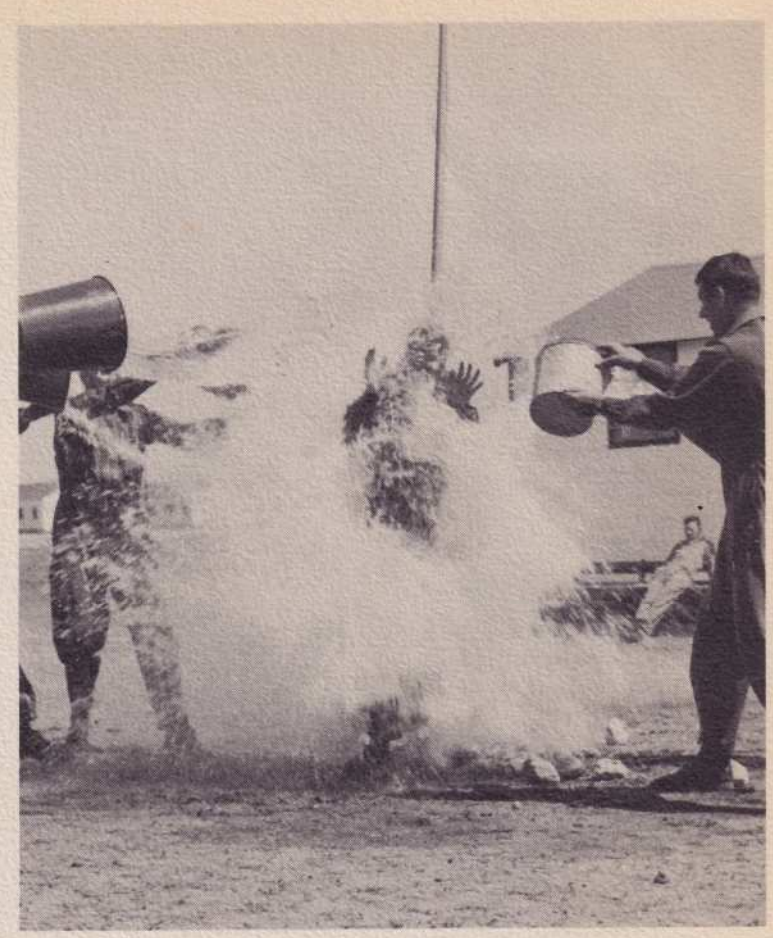
Meet me over
Medina Lake at 1440.

You Yellow Monster You

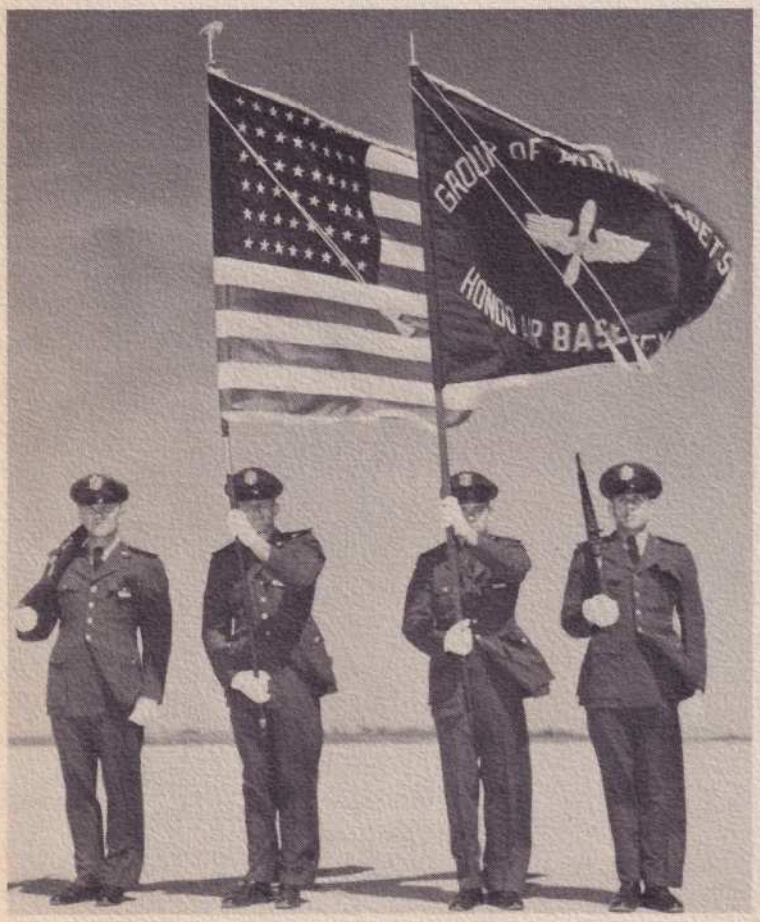
We always do this solo.

The local parking lot.

Chicken! Anyone can land with the gear down.

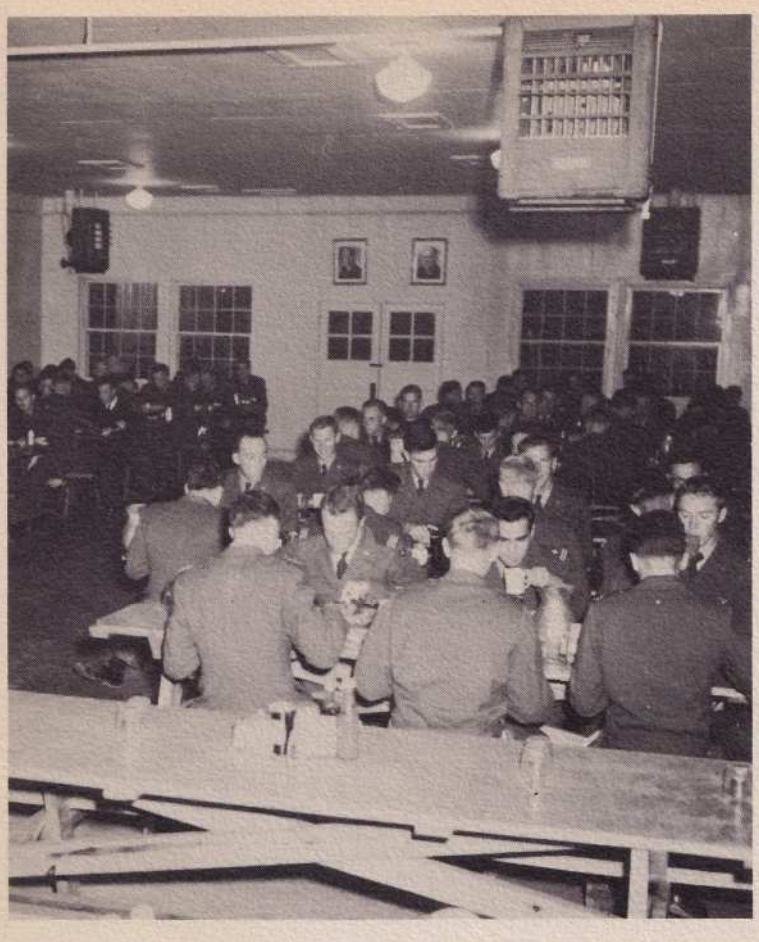


And they were waiting.



The color guard.

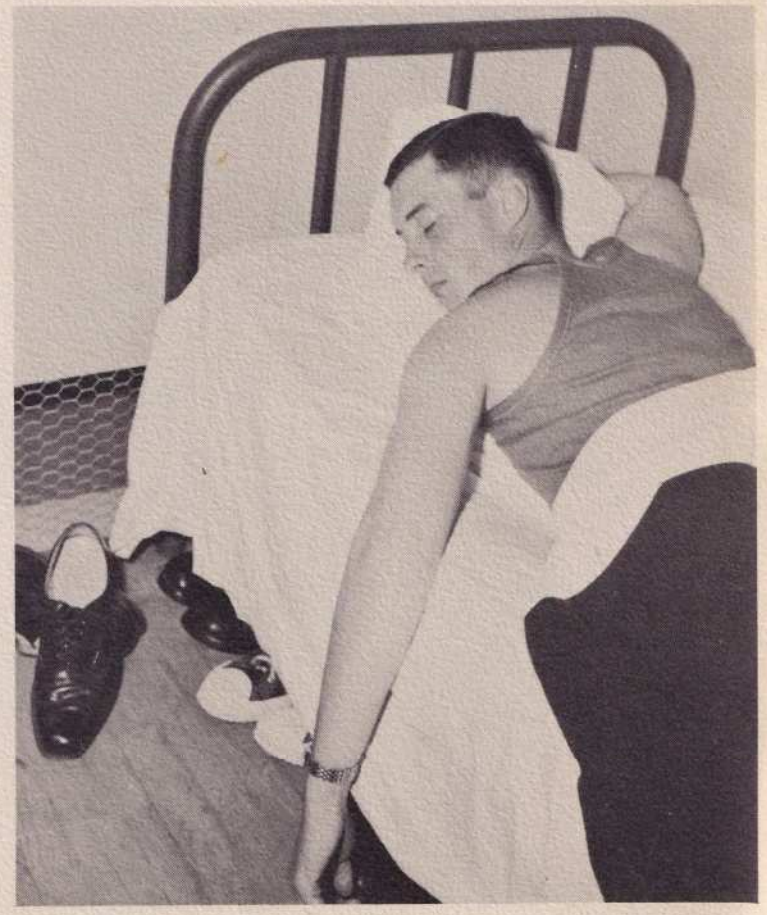
Just like West Point.



They wouldn't bring
us a menu.

Getting ready
for that cross-country.

We never get any, French movies?



"Is call-to-quarters over yet?"

Instructors 52-HOW

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Asst. Sq. Commander

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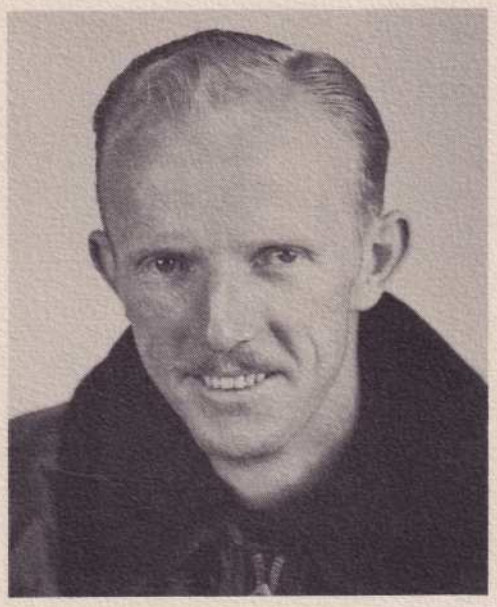

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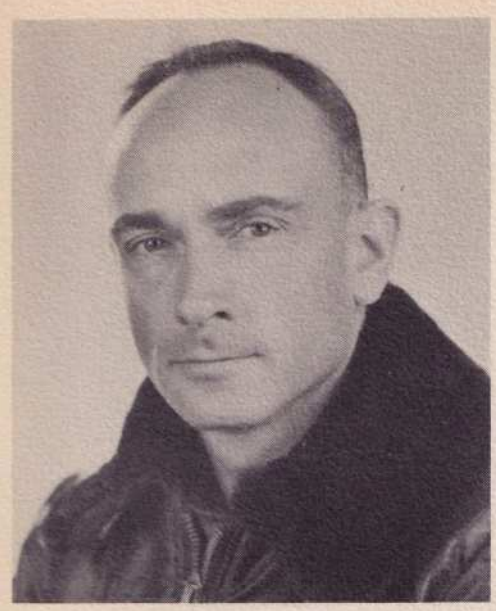

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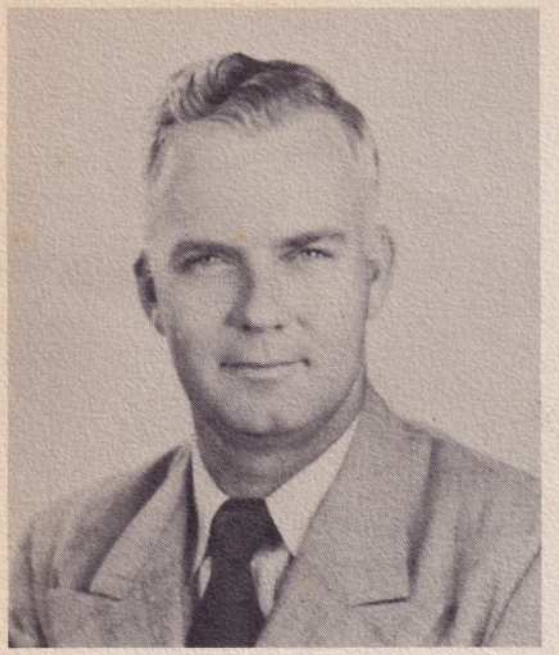

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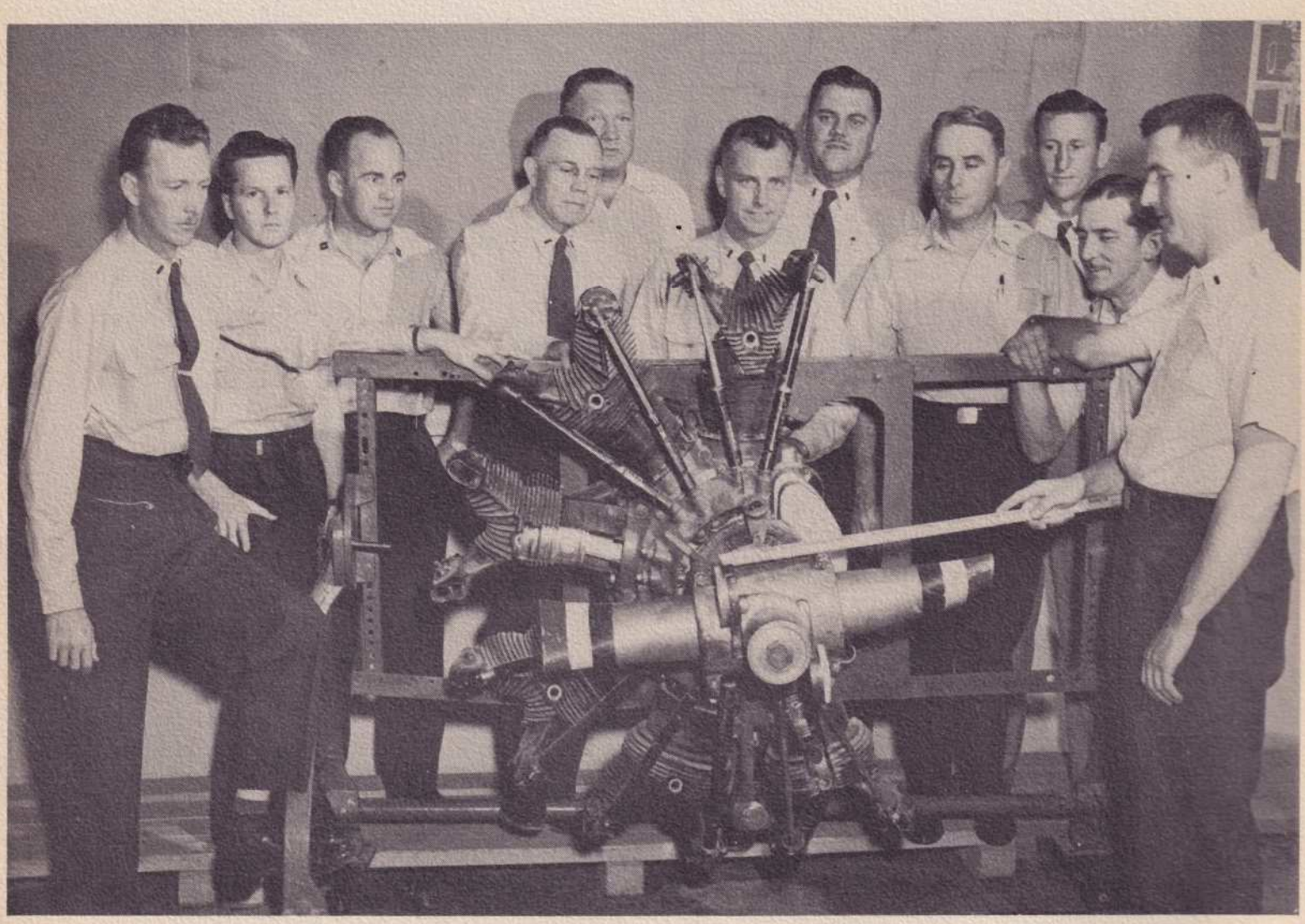
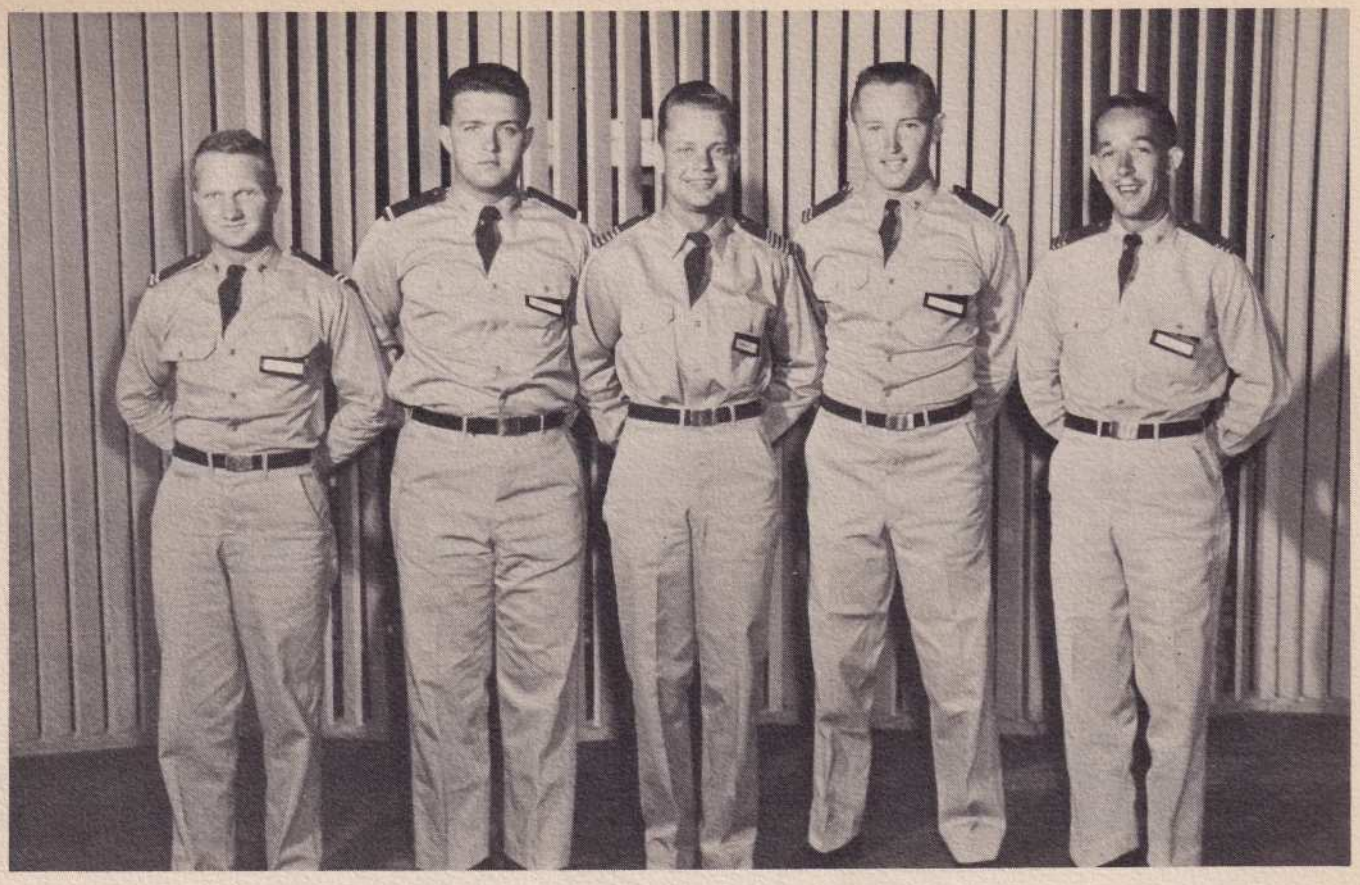


LEFT TO RIGHT: J.E. Ryan, R.E. Newman, T.V. James, W.C. Shockley, W.G. Kennerly, J.W. Terrell, Jess Bates, P.E. Holcomb, W.A. Taylor, J.F. Combs, J.R. Burnett.

BACK ROW: Left to Right: C. Pimm, J.R. Vanderburg, J.F. Coleson, H.C. Coleson, F.L. Stidman, D.L. Bowles, J.S. Gross. FRONT ROW: J.H. Culp, M.L. Fly, C.C. Cave, Jr., R. R. Fields, W.A. Briedenbach, A.E. Burns, B. Allen.

LINK TRAINING

56-B



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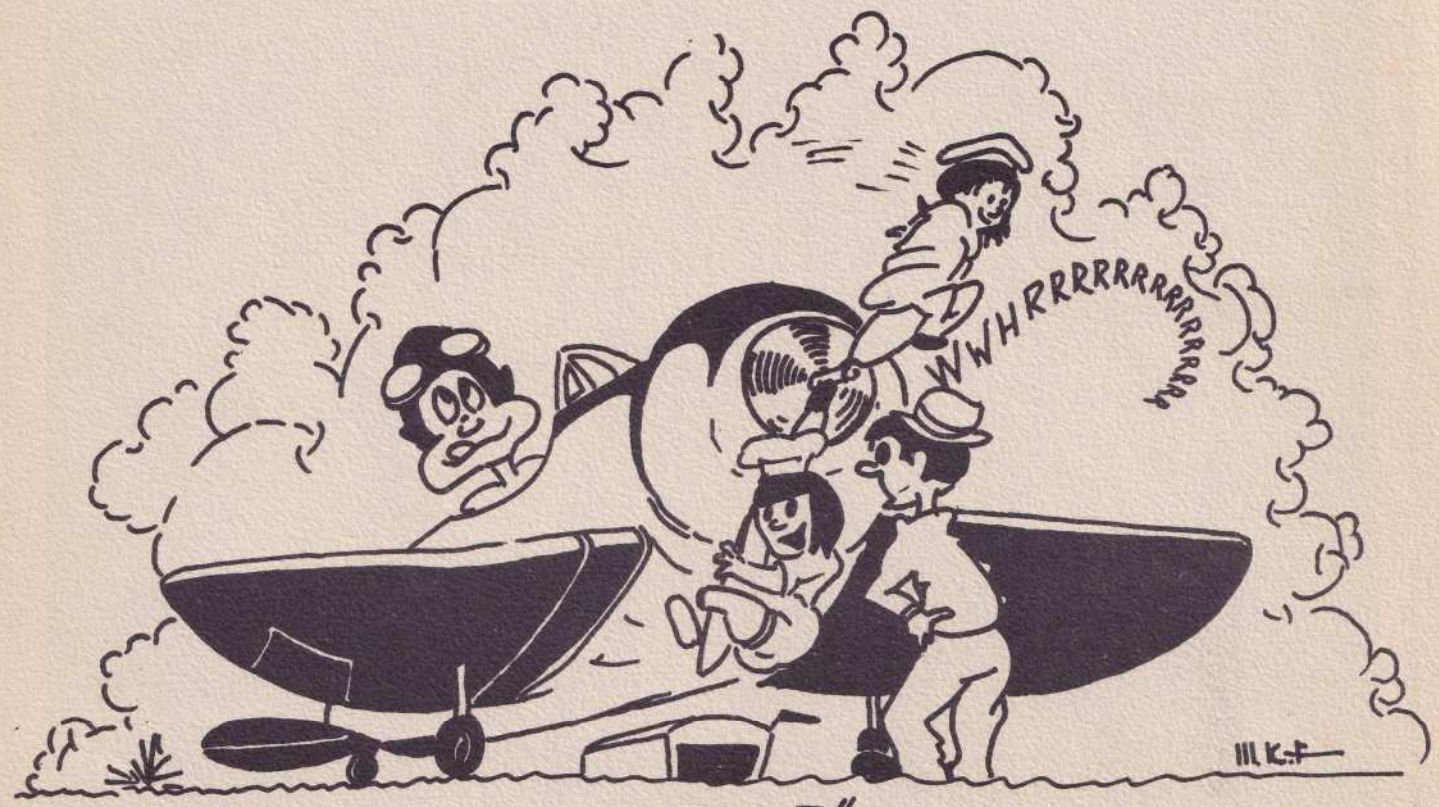

"CLEAR"

THE STAFF

At this time the classbook staff would like to extend their most sincere thanks to the military and civilian personel of Hondo, especially to Captain Robert B. Arnold and Mr. Robert W. Kamper, without whose consistent and conscientious efforts the publication of this book would not be possible.

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