

HONDO FINAL







HONDO FINAL

CLASS 53-D

DEDICATION

We of class 53-D gratefully dedicate this book to two men who have never spared themselves in their efforts to teach us to fly, and to live 'straight and level.'

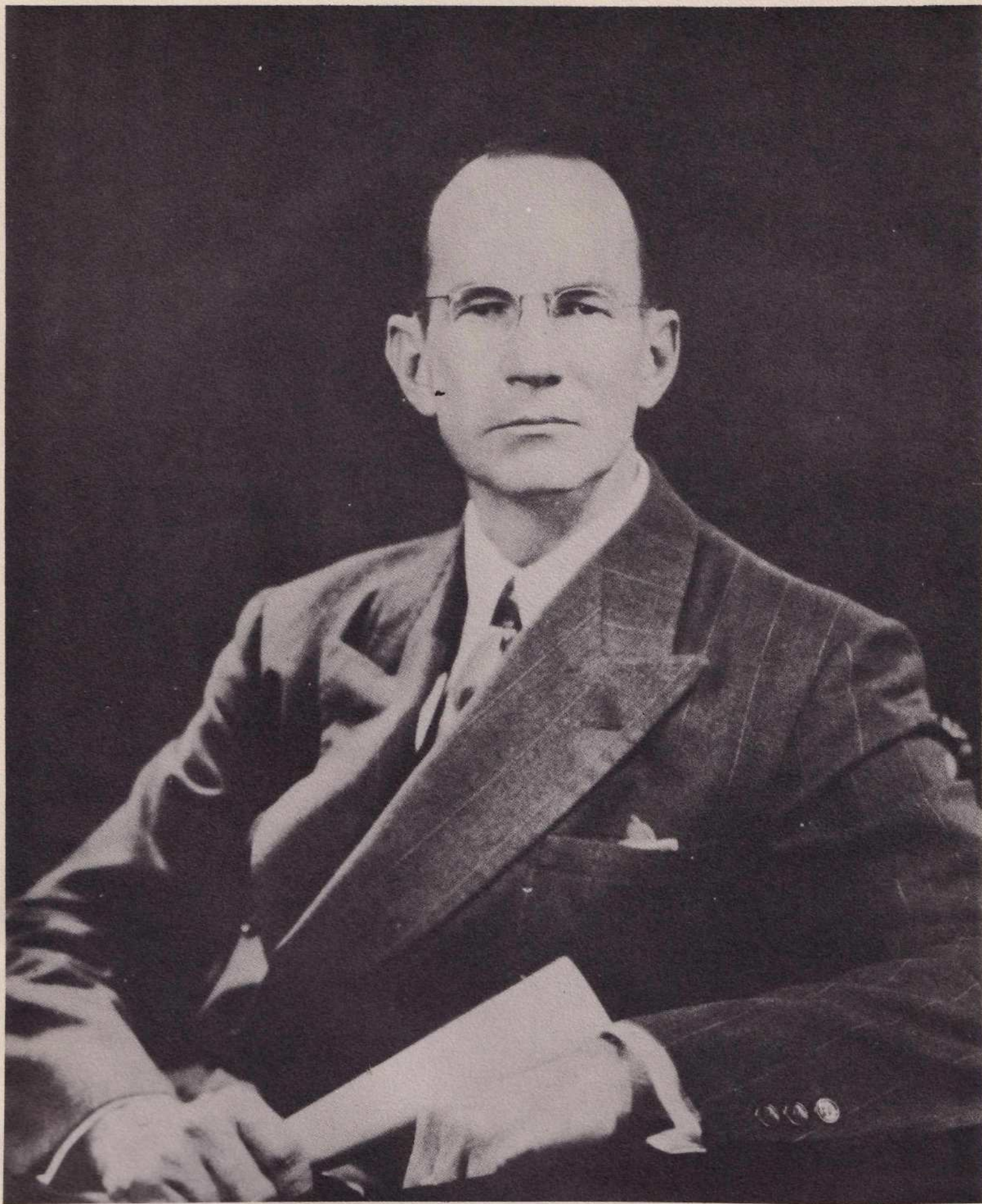


E. E. BILLINGS
Squadron Commander
D-1



W. L. REEDER
Squadron Commander
D-2

HONDO AIR BASE , HONDO TEXAS



President Texas Aviation Industries
MR. H. B. ZACHRY



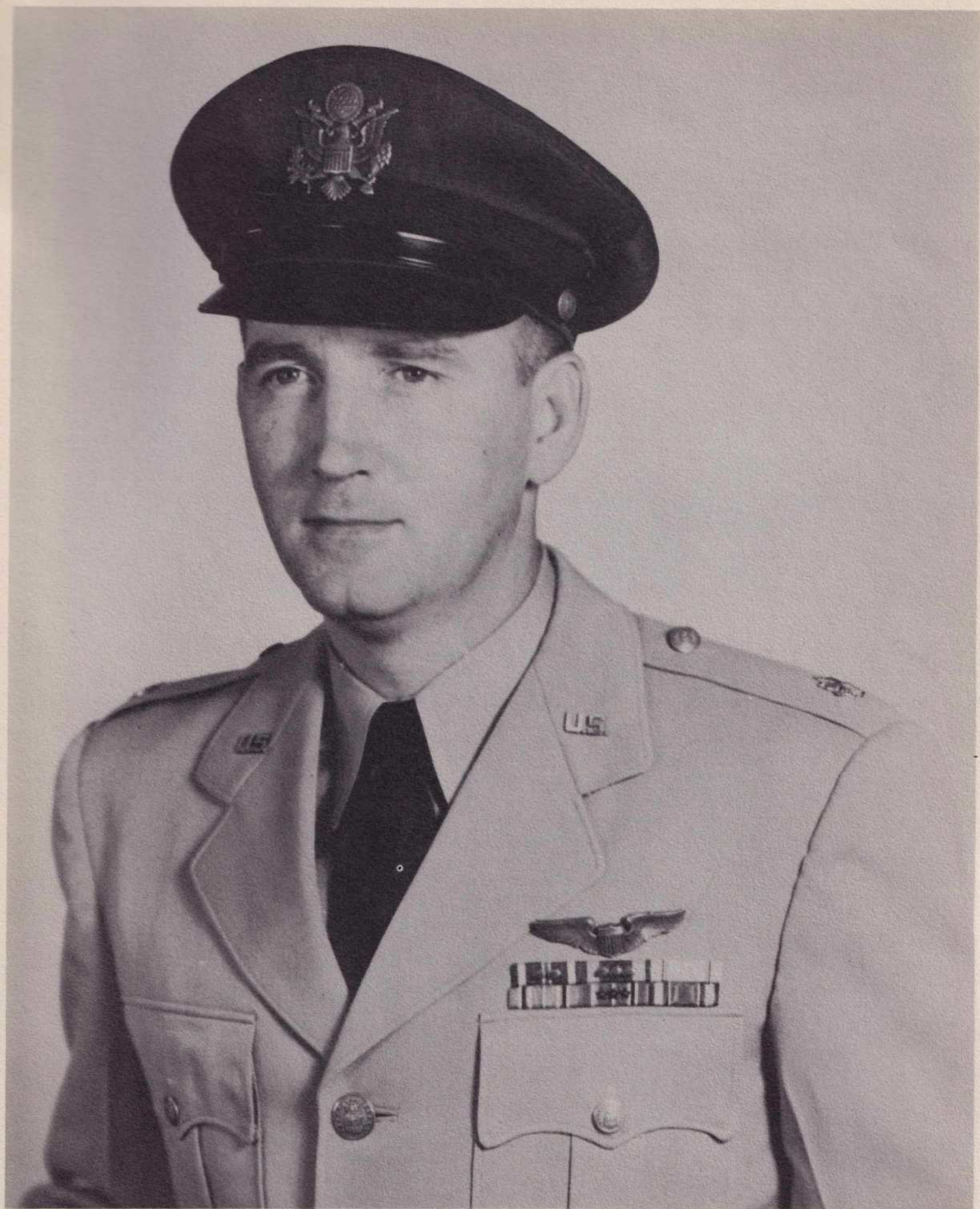
EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT T. A. I.

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.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Luther S. Smith". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style.

LUTHER S. SMITH
General, USAF (Ret.)



LT. COL. JOHN D. IRVIN

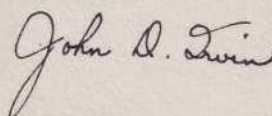
HEADQUARTERS
HONDO AIR BASE
HONDO, TEXAS

Students of Class 53-D

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.

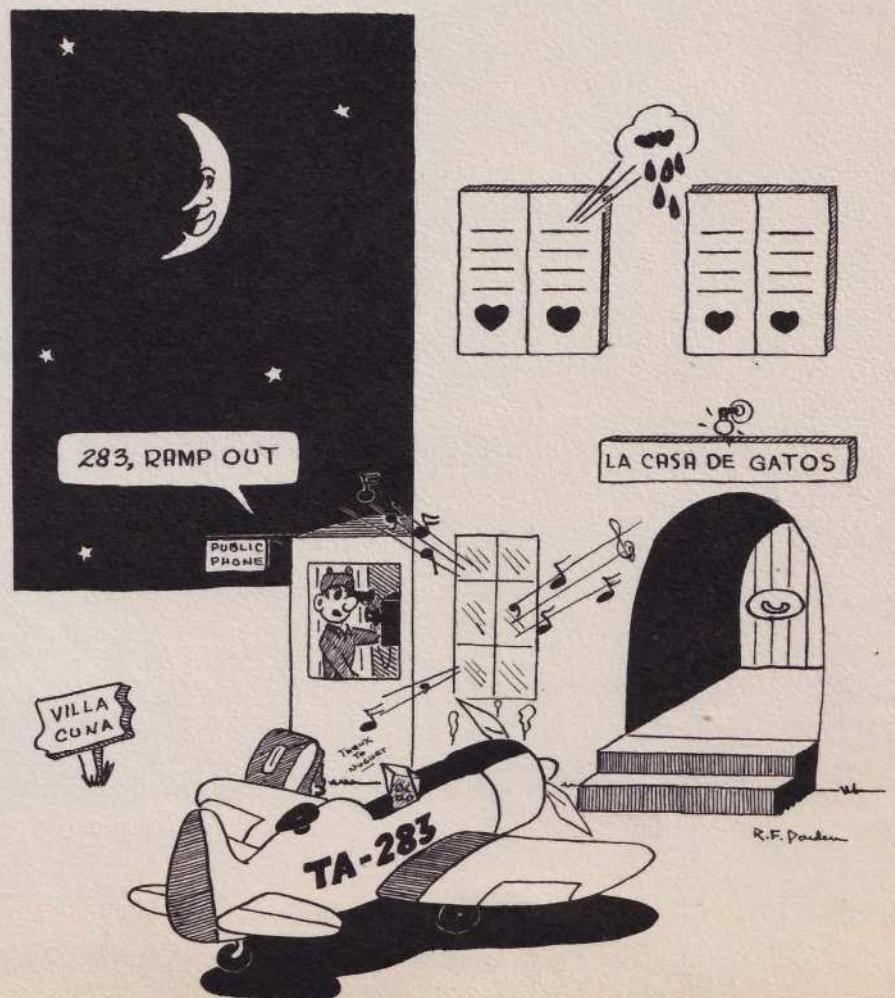
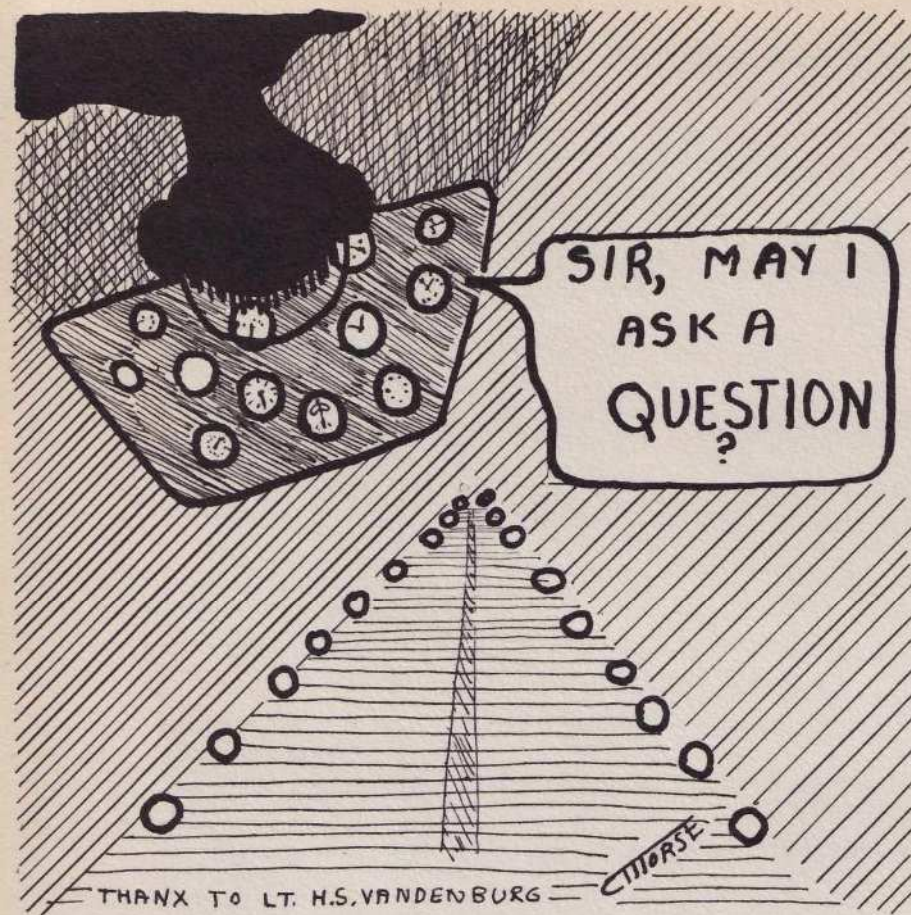
It makes little difference what may be our peaceful aspirations because we may not much longer be masters of our own destinies as individuals and a nation, unless our efforts are converged upon the creation of forces capable of countering the threat which faces the world. To live in a future with freedom 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.

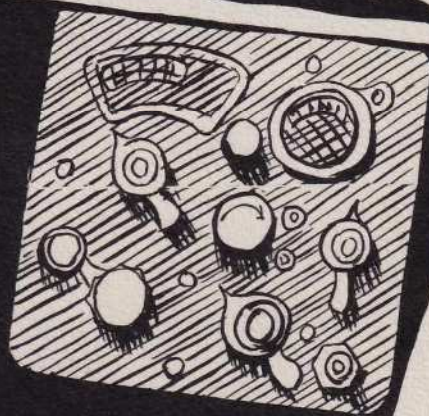
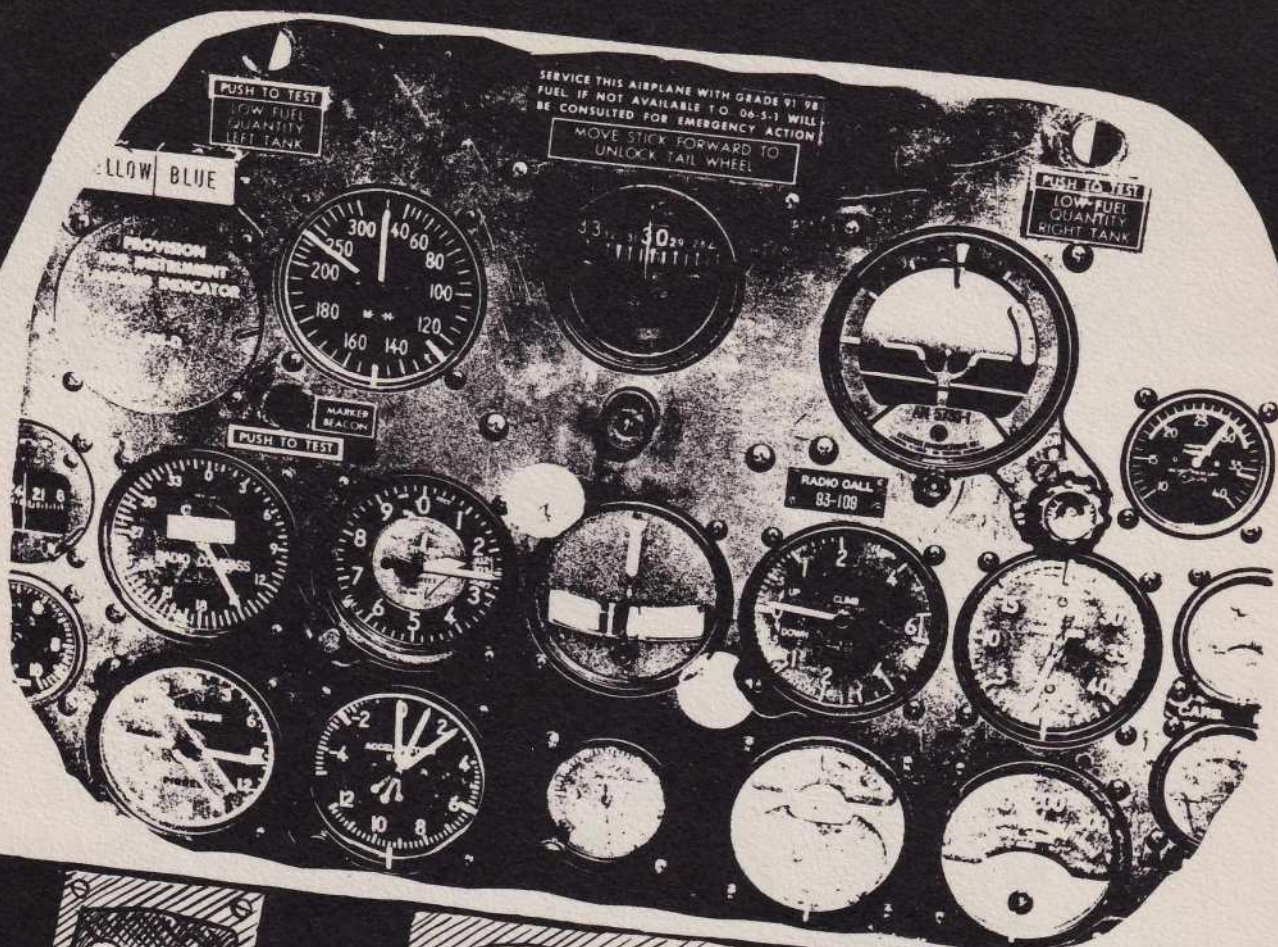


JOHN D. IRVIN
Lt. Colonel, USAF
Commanding

NIGHT FLYING



FLYING TRAINING



53
D



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

Members of Class 53-D

These last six months you have come a long way in your goal for Air Force Wings. You have soloed, passed your check rides, 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
Major, USAF



CAPT. PHILLIP P. PLOTKIN



MAJ. DERRILL L. LATHAM



CAPT. RALPH W.E. WEBB

MILITARY CHECK PILOTS



CAPT. CAMERON P. WILEY

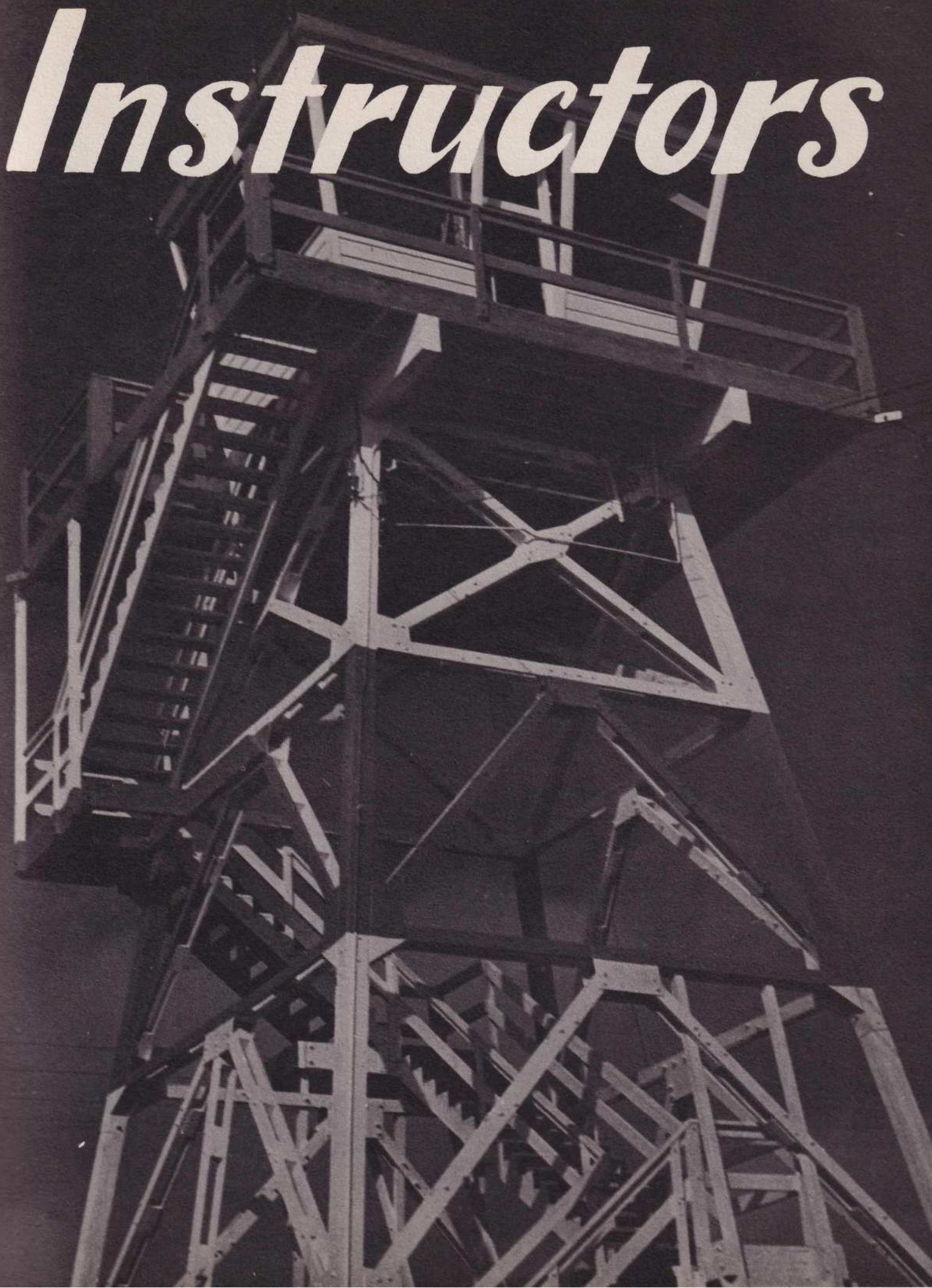


CAPTAIN ELDRED N. STEIN



CAPT. ROY G. BAKER

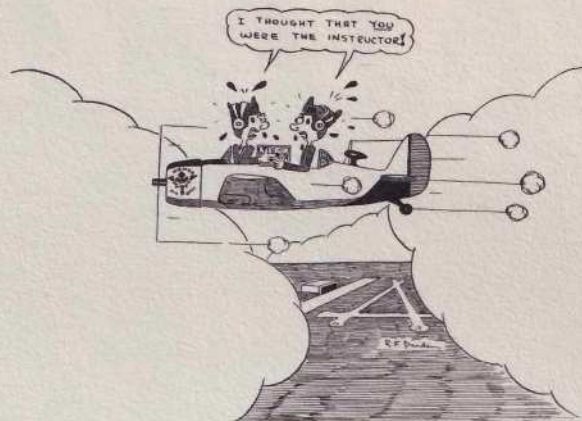
Instructors



FLYING INSTRUCTORS D-I



BILL MALONE
Brownville, Texas



STONEWALL BASSETT



D. L. BROWN
Davenport, Wash.



G. D. ESTEP
Natalia, Texas



PETE ANEST
Spokane, Wash.



B. H. DOLER
Clinton, Okla.



L.G. EWBANK
Rushville, Ind.



W.G. SPURLOCK
Humble, Texas



GEORGE WEATHERELL
No. Staples, Minn.



KENNETH M. FARNSWORTH
Bakersfield, Calif.



PAUL A. WEST
Colbert, Wash.



W.L. ADAMS



M.K. HOWE
E. Hartford, Conn.



EARNEST H. DODDS
Uvalde, Texas

D-II



C.E. KIRKPATRICK
Taft, Texas



E.R. BEARD
Tyler, Texas



J.L. ALSWORTH
San Antonio, Texas



B.J. CARROLL
Brady, Texas



A.B. BLEDSOE
Waco, Texas



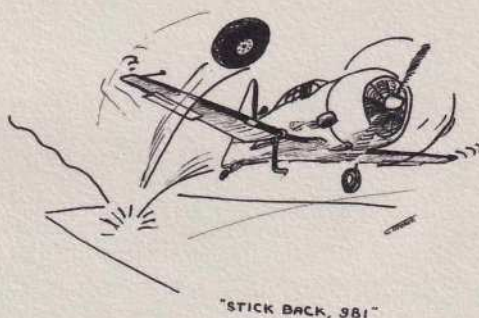
J. W. COUNCIL
Stockville, N.C.



V. J. MYERS
Columbus, Texas



W. E. ROBINSON
Hondo, Texas



B. LEVINE
Moodus, Conn.



N. S. UTBERG
St. Paul, Minn.



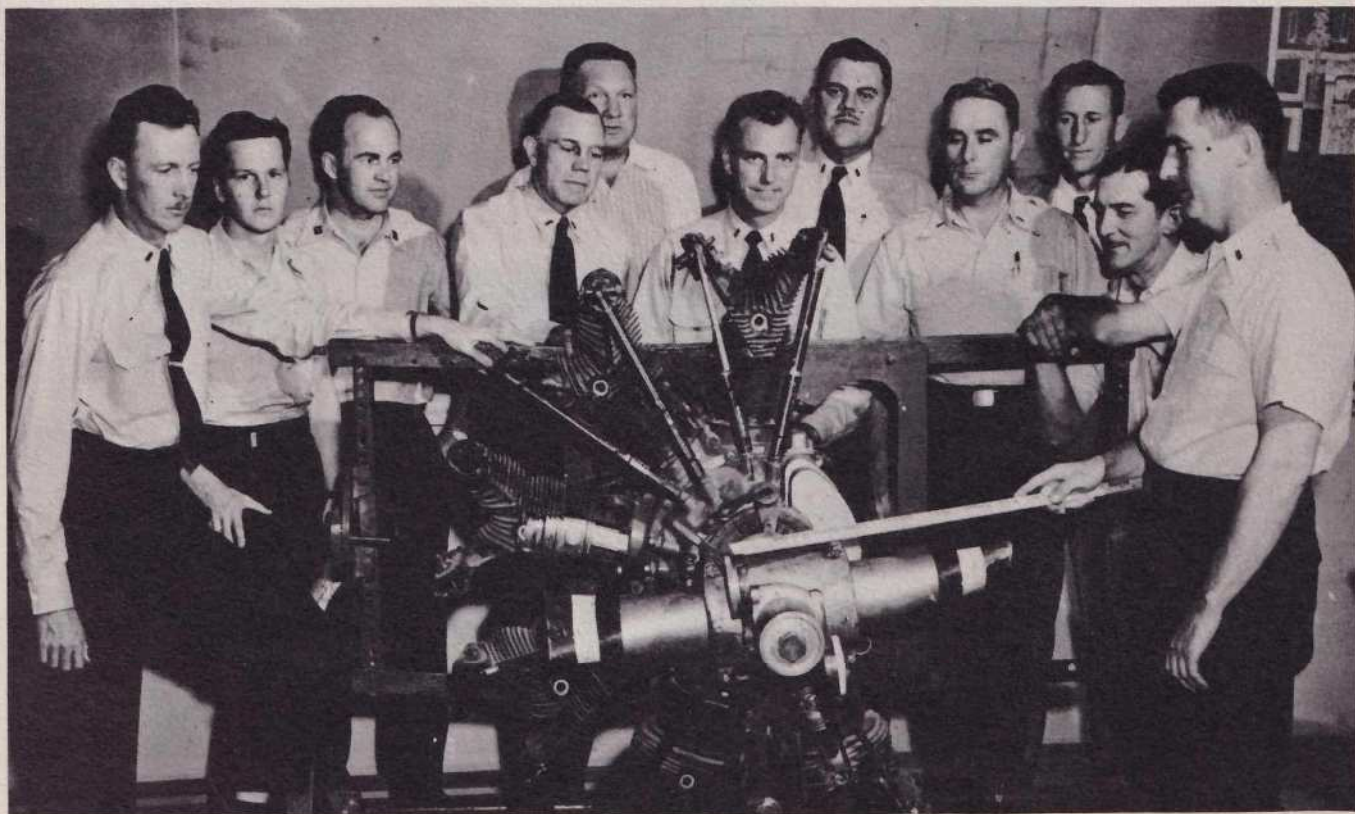
C. C. NALL
San Antonio, Texas

LINK TRAINING



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

ACADEMICS



LEFT TO RIGHT: J.E. Ryan, R.E. Newcomb, 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.

Cadets



GROUP STAFF



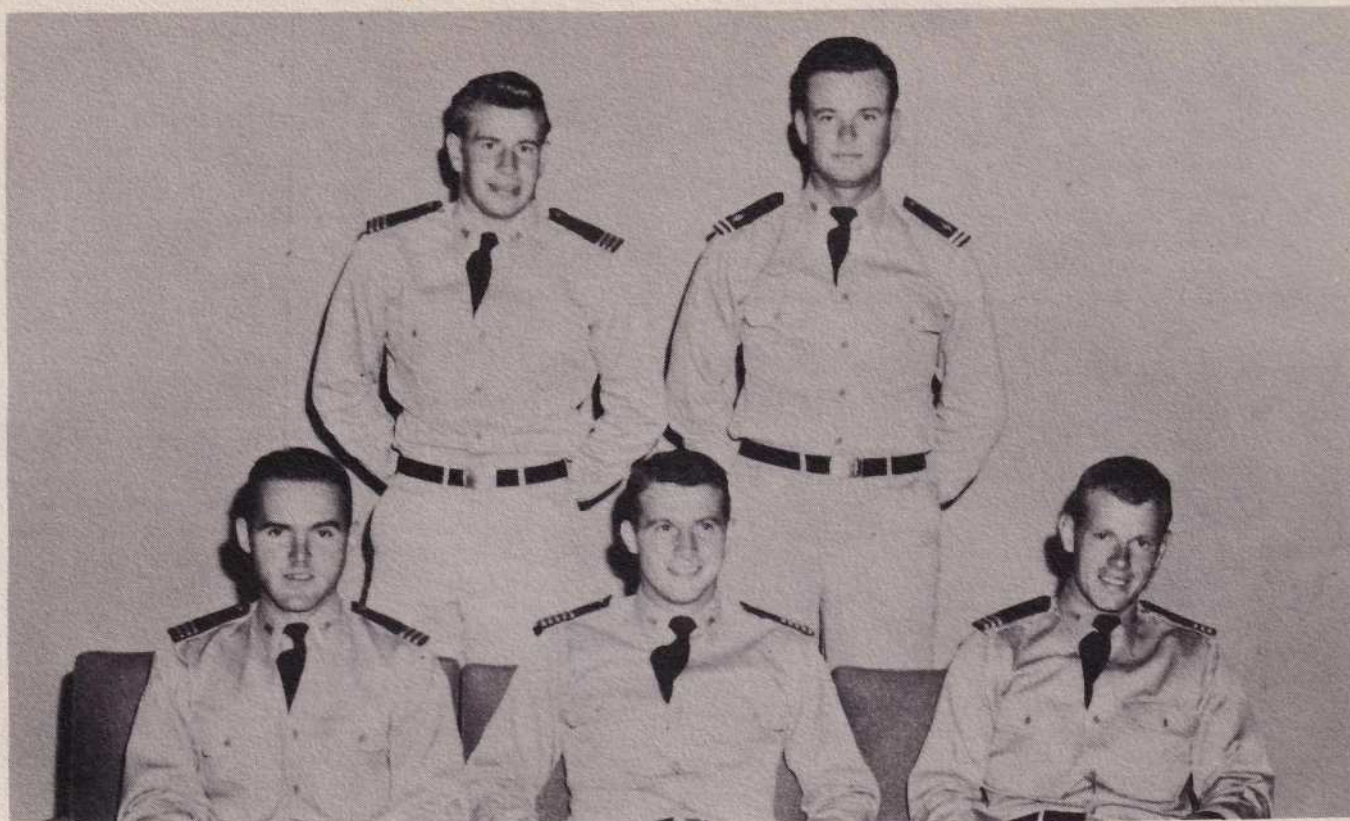
H.T. JONES, JR., R.O. HOLLIDAY, D.R. ENOUF.

SQUADRON COMMANDERS



M. H. TURPIN, R.E. MILLARD, R.L. ZBORNAK, J.R. MULARSKI.

HONOR COUNCIL



Standing: SEAMAN, E.E., JOHNSON, W.C. Seated: COBB, R.L., HOLLIDAY, R.O., JAMES, G.D.

BOARD OF GOVERNORS



Standing: DOOLEY, J.A., BRADLEY, F.B. JR., STURGEON, J.P., BENSON, C.P., JR., MILLER, F.R., JAMES, G.D., HUNGERFORD, V.C. Seated: TURPIN M.H. MILLARD, R.E. JR., JONES, H.T. JR., HOLLIDAY, R.O., EYNOUF, D.R., ZBORNAK, R.I., MULARSKI, J.R.

GOOD NIGHT , SWEET FIRST

It was in the season of 53 D-1 B.K.L. (Before Kurtz Left) of many miraculous happenings. King Richard Holliday, of the many slow rolls, called a meeting of the Square Troops of the Round Bottle to hear of their individual conquests of that fiery steed, the T-6 out of North America by Mustang.

Each knight recalled the fateful day that they sallied forth as a group to become members of Captain Kurtz's mighty band. The Quarters in the castle were glamorous indeed except for the trademark left by their previous inhabitants which was magnified on rainy days. Yea, that day they met and henceforth suffered for many moons under the realm of Pontius Kurtz. Upon arrival the Squires were assigned their Knightly duties that required much skill (with mop and polish) and perserverance.

Upon the field of battle (Rector) the young knights did each try his hand at the conquest of the Yellow Monster. A young knight from across the sea, a Great Dane by birth, a Norseman by ancestry, Thorkild Kjeldsen did venture forth solo and stir the other knights to do the same. In rapid succession, with many hairy landings, low turns on final, and many "go-arounds", the other Squires did also conquer the ponderous Yellow Bird.

In order to set a perfect example and to show his bravery in battle, King Holliday formed what today is known as the "Garden Club of Hondo!" To become a member a Squire need only to over-control on take off and allow his steed to skip across the daffodils and uproot the wild grasses of Hondo.

There were those who went forth to the castle of the Gunter in search of fair maidens with whom they might share their spoils. Squires Mazdra and Hill while in search of fair maids, did intrude upon the week and abode of King Holliday and did absorb, in the absence of the King, all the good spirits with which the king was attempting to woo his fair Damsel. Squire Bradley sallied forth on Open Castle and hence forth became quarterback on the Castle Team. He did return late and at the Command Appearance before the Group Board was instructed to run only one play; 21, 72, and 3.

Squire Dooley did go forth to the neighboring inn of O'Neills in search of the Lone Star. He returneth with many hairy tales, smelleth of strong drink, and the truth is not in him. His search was complete.

The land below the border across the Rio Grande, did hold much attraction for Squire Jernigan. He did sally forth in search of a fair maiden who speaketh not his tongue, and hence believeth all that he says, and returneth with many worries and a purse that was no longer filled.

Sir Turpin, the Silent Knight of the four stripes, doth venture to the fortress of San Antonio and sayeth nothing of his experiences. It is believed that said knight useth week end to practice well known game in order to be proficient on final.

During Periods of Open Castle the squires did venture far and wide. A fair W.A.F. from a nearby fortress was treated to a view of the Castle at night, and Squire Bakies, her noble escort, did henceforth fail two fifty hour checks while his thoughts were filled with love.

During one particularly trying day for the squires, Sir Jean Louis Lumpert did return to the castle at the last moment. A strong wind bloweth from the right of the runway and putteth said squire in the grass. He was greeted by an honor escort who drove a red truck and assisteth the young knight from his mount.

The day arrived for the squires to venture forth on their cross country. Squire "Herky" Payne did come upon a lake and calleth control to announce his discovery. Upon his return to the castle, said squire was informed that said lake did extend for many leagues to the South, to the land of South America. Squire Wagner did readeth his compass wrong, and passeth by the Holy Temple and headeth for the land of the Creoles.

Squire Caldwell did deserveth a ward of the raunchy shaft as he goeth around at random, forgetteth procedures, and wax many wailings of sorrow in the air. He ventured to Castroville for the terrible 180° and after close survey decideth to call the Highest Lord to announceth that all the other squires were confused.

Squire Cobb, upon periods of Physical endeavor, doth stand upon his wrong end and paradeth through the castle in order to preserve the shoes that shineth like glass.

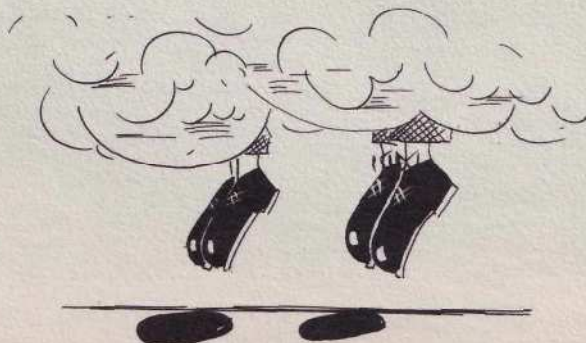
A near fate almost befell Squire Don Egen who finally defeated the famous washing machine and did hence forth advance into the realm of the "Hot Pilot". He failed to speak the language of the squires and persist in speaking a tongue called the "Longgila Brogue". He doth return from many adventures and declares that he knoweth all of the ways of the Yellow Bird.

Squire Moore, of the many sarcasms, doth contemplate a true test of daring. He wisheth to fly through the bridges spanning the dry rivers on Hi-way 90. The other squires listen in awe, but hideth a feeling that Squire Moore may be Nuteth. Squire Moore did make a name for himself in the dilemma of the dust by almost crippling the steed of Squire Dooley.

The Squires who entertain King Richard are Squires Fisher and Peck. Squire Fisher maketh many ungodly noises on his horn and doth disturb the peace of the Glorious Castle. Squire Peck as Court Jester, doth act as a child and maketh many foolish gestures with his limbs. However, said Squires, did venture forth with true courage and master the great beast.

As the meeting of the Square Troops was adjourned, they were wished much luck and courage in their future battles, and given a last farewell by the Great King, who himself goeth to study the gages, and worship the Shrine of the Round Bottle.

Frank B. Bradley, Jr.



"To your planes, men - the fog has lifted!"



VINCENT P. BAKIES
Carey, Ohio



FRANK B. BRADLEY JR.
Columbus, Ga.



ROBERT E. CALDWELL
Indianapolis, Ind.



RICHARD L. COBB
Montgomery City, Missouri



JAMES A. DOOLEY
Moultrie, Ga.



DONALD F. EGEN
New York, N. Y.



PAUL F. FISHER
Danville, Penna.

WILLIAM F. HILL
Trenton, New Jersey



RICHARD O. HOLLIDAY
Marion, Ohio



DONALD E. JERNIGAN
Wachulla, Florida



JEAN-LOUIS LUMPERT
Marseille, France



THORKILD KJELDSSEN
Thistoe, Denmark





EDWARD F. MAZDRA
St. Louis, Missouri



JERRY K. PAYNE
Tyler, Texas



ROBERT G. MOORE
Freeport, Illinois



WILLIAM H. PECK
Rock Island, Illinois



JEROME A. WAGNER
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

MILTON H. TURPIN
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

THE SAINTLY SECOND

The sun was just coming up in the East; the townfolk of Hondo were arising in the early morning to partake in their daily work (picking poppy seeds for the days opium shipment); and personnel of Hondo "by the Sea" Air Base were getting ready to greet a new group of junior birds; Class 53-D.....

All of a sudden, the sun went down, the people of Hondo yanked their daughters, cats, dogs and wetbacks into storm cellars, and personnel of Hondo by the Sea put in for transfers. Dog Class had arrived.

For five weeks a horrible nightmare existed for these new cadets. It was called Pre-Flight and it was a program dreamed up by a madman. There were such horrible phenomena as P.T. instructors and weird objects that were seen moving in the pasture across the way. (We believed these objects cadets before we moved to Fourth Class; they were!) And over where the sun had disappeared there were huge yellow monsters lying in wait with ugly grins across their forbidding looking bodies. (They weren't grins at all; only scratches put there by inferior pilots) And then the five weeks came to an end.

The group calling themselves Dog Class, moved to the towering penthouses wherein lived the "Bad Upperclassmen". After two days Dog Class was in power and the cadet situation improved greatly. But then it was time for these gallant, handsome alert young men to go "a la Flight Line", the home of the yellow monsters. There they met also other strange beings. They called themselves instructors. The surprising thing about them was, they WERE instructors. They were those who had beaten the monsters into controllable submission. So on the first day, the "Dollar" ride was given to the Dogs.

Barney "The Airspeed Indicator Should Read Over 450" Heilinstein was one of the first to go. The only man who ever told a Squadron Commander to "Hang on Pop, were goin' for a ride". Barney says his instructor has so much guts a pack of dogs chased him around the field twice before they found there was a man around them.

Next to go was Vince Hungerford, that Southern Gentleman who is continuously trying to get on the "Water for the Rio Grande" committee. Funny thing about that Vince, whenever he started on a cross-country he was either singing or whistling "South of the Boarder". He had to be watched!

Solo time was just around the bend, and Rector Field, that lovely little spot founded by an insane explorer, was put to use for practice landings, solo, and many controlled crashes. Harold "I'll smash ya' in the Teeth" Leventon was the first to take the big bird around alone. After his instructor got out, shaking violently, "Lev" took off. He hasn't been back since.

After the alert, handsome, nervous wrecks all soloed, the time came for Area Solo. Here we must take time to remember the Gobel "That 129 wasn't worth A Damn Anyway" James. After an hour of straight and level, Gobel decided to land. After his first bounce, he filled out Form I Part 2 and waited. Two wings and a fuselage later, he was heard to comment, "It's easy when you know how."

A short time later, Dog men began to go on cross-country and take fifty-hour checks. After the military washed out all those who could fly, the remaining two men were left alone with forty aircraft. One of these men, Henry, "Can I Have A Practice Steer" Jensen got lost over the base and had to ask for help. His instructor bought him a pair of glasses.

At this time we find Robert "I Was Too Over Medina" Gray shooting the 90 degree power-on stage. After taking the control jeep on his second and the fire engine on his third, he scurried off to San Antonio with the blood of the Assistant Squadron Commander dripping from the landing gear after his sixth.

All during this time Bill "That's Not How We Do It in the A.N.G." Miller has been busy practicing power-on-stalls. He couldn't understand why they wouldn't come out right until he was told that they couldn't be done from inverted flight. It was then he developed that "It's gettin' late ya' know" attitude.

Then there's John "Just Ask Me what I got On My 180" Meinhardt who before going on the Austin cross-country checked the maps for the length of the Circle R Sky Ranch runway. Who knows, but John says they have a nice swimming pool up there. They do too.

While many of the boys were up doing their air work, there was one lad who is over near Medina Lake looking for Charlie men to chase. Larry "Shucks, I wasn't Even Close To Him" D'Agostino believes that barrel roles around upperclassmen are great. Just ask him, he's written 32 themes so far.

As Charlie men were shot down all over the place, we found Harold "Gee Paul, Those Power Lines Aren't Even Near Us" Hock flying around scaring chickens and other land animals with his gear down. "Nothing like it, ya' ought to see the one that got away."

Later, instrument flying became the order of the day down at the Flight Shack. One of the finest instrument pilots we had was Larry "Perhaps C 47's Are Too Slow" Huck busy with the "Seven Little Men" who help out in under-the-hood work. Their names? Millers, Schlitz, Budweiser, and four other St. Louis brands.

Still afraid to come down from his first supervised solo is young Tom "I Am Not An Arkansas Hill Ape" Gunnels who took a copy of Micky Spillain with him. Radio contact fails to work as Tom is the quiet type. He was last seen flying the Little Rock-Texarkana whisky run.

When Larry "That's Not A Cigar, That's My Nose" Sharp took off for a solo contact proficiency flight he never thought he would come back to give a report on the girl situation of Mars. Larry likes those high places, only Mars isn't that high. Musta' been the moon eh' Lawrence?

Then there is Bernie "I Don't Care if My Radio Is Out, I'm Goin' on Zat Cross Countree" Pelofi, who had radio trouble all the way to Austin. It wasn't the radio; he just forgot his headset.

As Dog-2 became the great power at Hondo, A Charlie man, one Ronnie "I Was Really DNIF" Millard decided to foil his own group of illiterates and take up arms with us. After ripping through the Flight Shack, tearing down Hanger I, and leaving the tower in shambles all in one afternoon, he was voted Squadron Commander.

Last but not least, but least of what was left we had Don "I Send All My Money Home" Watters who was last seen running around the PT Field screaming "Give me a cigarette." Famous for a new go-around procedure, Navigation, and pull-ups, he is always singing "Everything I Have Is Mine".

Well, that's the end of 'em, there just ain't any more. For six months Class 53-D-2 was seen, heard, and given Group Boards. The sun looks as if it might come up again, the people of Hondo by the Sea are coming out of their storm cellars, and all the military personnel have transferred or are getting separations from the service. Even Sgt. Main (who will forget that boy?) has hung it up.

D.A.W.



LAWRENCE A.
D'AGOSTINO
Mansfield, Massachusetts



ROBERT L. GRAY
Farmland, Indiana



THOMAS M. GUNNELS
Magnolia, Arkansas



BERNARD G.
HEILIGENSTEIN
Freeburg, Illinois



HAROLD G. HOCK
Van Buren, Ohio



LAWRENCE W. HUCK
St. Louis, Missouri



GOBEL D. JAMES
Fairland, Oklahoma



VINCENT C. HUNGER-
FORD
Bryans Road, Maryland



ROBERT G. KOTCHER
St. Claire, Michigan



HAROLD D. LEVENTON
Lookout, California



HENRY E. LARSEN
Randers, Denmark



JOHN L. MEINHARDT
Topeka, Kansas

WILLIAM J. MILLER
Denver, Colorado



RONALD E. MILLARD, JR.
Denver, Colorado

LAURENCE E. SHARP
Elmira, New York



BERNARD R. PELOFI
Narbonne (Aude) France

DONALD A. WATTERS
Toledo, Ohio



A DOG'S LIFE AT HONDO

The Air Force was in a turmoil. It had a great yellow cat to be tamed and no one wanted the job. The call went out far and wide, and after much pleading, some bribing, and a little shanghaiing, a group of volunteers finally found their way to the lair of the untamed beast-- Hondo. This old assortment of creatures was immediately put under lock and key, for they were no ordinary individuals--- they were Dog-men with only one thought in mind - -to tame the yellow beast.

They spent four weeks in the Pre-flight kennels preparing for this tremendous undertaking, closely observed and thoroughly housebroken by that famous animal trainer, Clyde Erdman. Erdman was a wonderful trainer and the dogs loved him dearly, but after he had won their confidence, he did a terrible thing. He took them to a big park and placed them at the mercy of the Green Hornet--a bug who hated dogs. Here they were made to run and run and run until they could hardly stand. Then they were forced to wag their tails in unison until their tails were so sore they couldn't even raise them.

After four weeks of this hideous treatment, however, the dogs were loosed on the city of San Antonio for twelve hours of carefree play. The repercussions were varied and many. "Bulldog" Bill Finholm was promptly apprehended by the M. P. 's (mutt patrol) for failing to pay his respects to the first fireplug he encountered on Lackland and was destined to spend three months in the doghouse for this colossal neglect--failing to do his duty. Mallamas (the malfunctioning mongrel) sought other diversions on Lackland, and succeeded in proving to the basics that they didn't have it so bad after all. The rest of the dogs wound up at the Cork Club (one of San Antonio's finest downtown kennels) where they found Poodle Piquet (no one knows how to pronounce it) Damesme and Wolfhound Vesque barking up the wrong tree (she was already married), while Mad-dog Mayger and Bloodhound Herritt endeavored to promote a more harmonious relationship between the local belles and the Hondo hounds---to what avail no one will say. Schnauzer Sturgeon had his escapades halted rudely, when a reckless driver thoughtlessly went through a green light and stopped his takeoff run, while Setter Smith and Beerhound Zbornak fought a losing battle, trying to outdrink two of the permanent party at the Club San Antone. After eluding (with no little effort) every dog catcher in town (female and otherwise), the boys finally straggled back home to begin the big ordeal.

Chow (war eagle) Johnson (who's from the South and not the least bit ashamed of it) set unheard of records in academics, but they let him stay anyway. Brown, a Pekinese from out California way, was the first to tangle with the Tomcat Six in a dusty three round battle at a place called Rector. In appreciation, the other eager dogs showered our boy with congratulations and some 1030 gallons of water. Clift "controllable spin" Morse, was the only dog who learned how to do acrobatics in the link, while Foxhound "anyone can fly rightside up" Frampton perfected a highly intricate and superbly original set of maneuvers which never failed to extract the same comment from his instructor---"Very good, Frampton- now let's takeoff". "Puddles" Munch developed a set of radio procedures that even had the experts in the tower fooled, and Chihuahua "let's go to Mexico" Enouf, better known on channel B as red leader 4, was always talking about the one that got away. Beagle "slow roll" Benson (my team always loses) did his best flying in bed---whenever we tried to wake him up, he'd do a slow roll and go back to sleep. Such was life at Hondo.

The dogs are all trained now. They never did completely tame the yellow beast, but they learned a lot by trying. Now their efforts will be directed in many ways, in many directions, and in many places, but wherever they go and whatever they do---I don't think any of them will ever forget Hondo or the people there who made their stay so memorable.

Jim Watson



CHARLES P. BENSON, JR.
Buffalo, N. Y.

HERBERT L. BROWN
Riverside, California



ANDREW J. FRAMPTON
Chicago, Illinois

WILLIAM S.
FINHOLM, JR.
Franklin Sq. N. Y.



JACK P. HERRITT
Worthington, Ohio



JAN HENDRICKSE
Holland





WILLIAM C. JOHNSON
Selma, Alabama

JOHN D. MALLAMAS
Pickaway, W. Va.



BROOKE W. MAYGER
Scarsdale, N. Y.

CLIFTON L. MORSE
Peabody, Mass.



RAYMOND MUNSCH
France

GERARD PICQUET-
DAMESME
France





JAMES P. SMITH JR.
Newark, New Jersey

JACK P. STURGEON
Emporia, Kansas



JACK W. TURNER
Terre Haute, Indiana

ANDRE VESQUE
France



JAMES B. WATSON
Evanston, Illinois

ROBERT L. ZBORNAK
Belleville, Illinois



HERE'S 'DOG IV'

One last gathering, fellows, and we'll be on our way. Come on in everybody...you too, Bill, and give us a song while we wait for the others. Bill? Why, this is muscle-throat Bill Johnson with the golden voice. Really knows his numbers allright. Even recall when he first started singing...and his first performance for the boys...when he got thru the whole audience got up to make him a present of a big beautiful home...one brick at a time! What's that popping and banging? Stan Dehner, get off that motorcycle and come inside...we've always thought that you should have handle-bars on your plane...you rode it the same way! Hi "Fearless" Harry Hopewell...thought someone in San Antonio recommended you for the Golden Gloves...figured your main interest was in Drive-In Theaters, though! Say, Joe Chiodo, did you ever find those three post points on your fifty hour check? Tch! Tch! Couldn't even get a perfect score! (They tell us that Joe just sold his PT-19 in order to buy his new auto with...holds ten passengers...two ride and eight push!)Shhh! Listen...how softly those notes are falling...*#?/'%)&#*...Sure.. that's "Jazz 'em to the Grave" Freddy Miller, our frustrated bugler...who else? Rumor has it that he used to play the violin before he started on the horn, only he was obligated to quit...like the Gypsy made a violin cry, ole' Freddy made it go into hysterics! You know the saying: Nero fiddled while Petrillo burned; no union card! Hey, look! Our ole' Squadron Commander, "Honest" Joe Mularski... He must be honest 'cause it takes more than a fin to bribe him! All he does is sleep and dream...what he dreams at night should happen to us in the daytime! Yes Suh! Come in Mistuh "Money Bags" Jones. Good ole' Howard Jones, our soft spoken gent from the South... made Group Staff, he did...What's that earth-shaking rumble? Must be "Pappy" Bill Sanders with a hot potato in his hand looking for his roommate, Mr. Lobker. Bill never walks...just bounces along! Anyway, no matter what service you're in, you'll always find the South well represented...but much to our surprise, the Big Fat Fabulous Fourth can now boast of a Southern Dutchman...Since when do Dutchmen come from Del Rio, Mistuh Abraham Lobker?! Bill Swanson, set that glass down for a minute...yes, you, Mr. "Algo Different" Swanson (Better known as the Austin Terror)...this is no time for levity, or ladies...on second thought, it is...isn't it? Speaking about ladies...does anyone know whether Tom Teprovich ever found that beautiful girl with the quarter million? She was already married? Oh well, a lot can be said for a bachelor's life. Over here?...Oh, that's "No Comment" Wuco, the strong and silent one...forgot himself one day and spoke aloud...startled Eddy Seaman so terribly, the poor boy's still jumping off his bed at the slightest sound. Come on in Mr. Jorgenson, you Dangerous Dane, and join your American Friends this one more time. Mr. Mike Stoflett should be in soon...guess he's still trying for a VOCO so he can make a visit just once to Old Mexico. No, that's not Roy Rogers...must be our other Frenchman, the great Mr. Claude Loustau. How 'bout that other cowboy, the one from Texas...you know...Harold Bobbitt? Oh, you mean the Kurtzeous Bell Boy? Don't ask me how, but he got through...must be his appearance...so nice and neat...and always walks at attention...Has to...with all those boards in back of him! Quite an experimenter, too...even remember the time he crossed an orange with an apple and got an orple...then he crossed an automobile with a locomotive and almost got a funeral! Come in Everet Prewitt, but leave your rifle and barbecue steak sauce outside...Dove season is about over, anyway, and there's no flock of doves in here, lad! Slow down a minute, Mr. Gilbert Antoine, and say hello to the gang...you can't get to your home in Belgium that way...See you have a few love scars...maybe you weren't as fast as you used to be on the ole' PT field huh?!

Well, anyhoo, guess the time's drawing near and we'll have to go our separate ways...leaving our ole coops...our yellow monsters...and Hondo by the Sea...Tell you what before we break up, let's get ole' Big Red Bennett in here and all be psychoanalyzed. Certainly, we all need it after going through the program. Ah...but it sure was worth it!...that's the way it goes...here today, gone to lunch!

Carl A. Wuco

GILBERT R. ANTOINE
Bruxeless, Belgium



HAROLD D. BOBBITT
Dallas, Texas

JOSEPH B. CHIDO
Indiana, Pennsylvania



STANLEY E. DEHNER
Columbus, Ohio

HARRY E. HOPEWELL
Northumberland, Penna.



WILLIAM D. JOHNSON
Chicago, Illinois

HOWARD T. JONES, JR.
Holly Springs, Mississippi



ABRAHAM H. LOBKER
Rotterdam, Holland

FREDERICK R. MILLER
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



JOSEPH R. MULARSKI
South Bound Brook,
New Jersey



EVERET E. PREWITT
El Dorado, Kansas



WILLIAM H. SANDERS
Fort Myers, Florida



EDWARD E. SEAMAN
Oxnard, California



MICHEL M. STOFLETT
Plancher-Les-Mines,
France



WILLIAM G. SWANSON
Hollywood, Florida

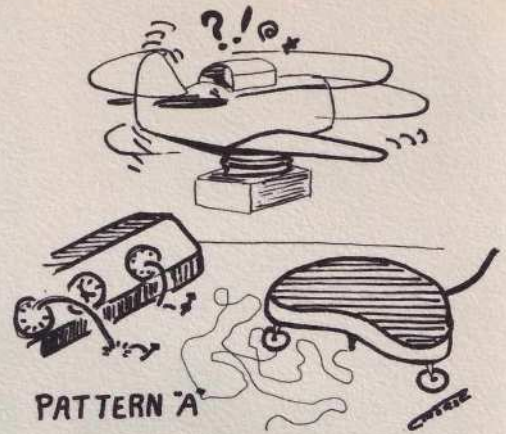


CARL A. WUCO
Cleveland, Ohio



THOMAS J. TEPROVICH
Quakake, Pennsylvania

WUCO ADVISES THOSE WHO FOLLOW...



YOU TOO CAN BE A MODEL CADET

To be a model cadet you must be a man of vision and ambition, an after-dinner speaker, a before and after dinner guzzler, a night owl... work all day, fly all night and appear motivated the next day. (Remember: your morale is the highest, your spirit's the greatest, 'cause you volunteered, sucker, so nothing will matter). Get to it...make the best of it. Learn to sleep on nails, eat half a meal a day, be ready for a group board at any second or any altitude, and serve restrictions with a smile.

Be prepared to entertain the tac officers wives, sweeties and pet stenographers without becoming too amorous...fly through snow, hail, dust, smoke, and fog at a hundred below and work all summer in class A's without perspiring or acquiring B.O.

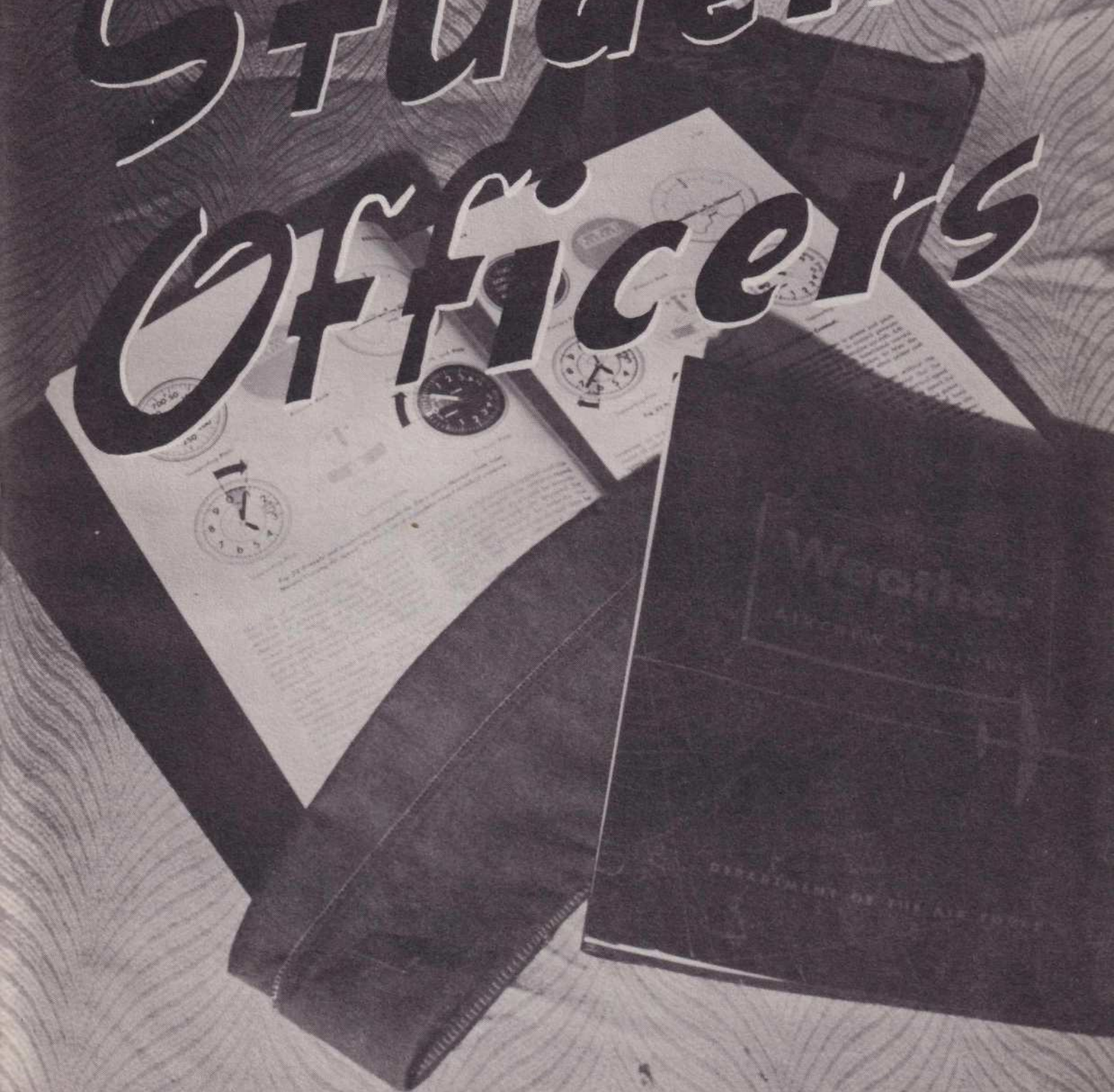
You must be a man's man, a lady's man, a model husband, a fatherly father...a devoted straight nose, crooked nose, bent nose and brown nose...a Republican, Democrat, Plutocrat, Aristocrat, Autocrat, and other rat...a new dealer, old dealer, used dealer and fast dealer...a technician, electrician, politician, machinist, mechanic and polygamist.

You must be a promoter, demoter, and commodore, a manager, correspondent... attend all boards, meetings, labor relations affairs, tournaments, funerals and births, and visit your superiors when in the hospital or bail them out when in the hoosegow.

You must have a wide range of telephone numbers in every principal city and village when entertaining any visitors, as well as have a great variety of slang, be an expert kibitzer, liar, dancer, traveler, bridge player, poker player, crap shooter, toreador, golf player, diplomat, financier, capitalist, philanthropist, and parasite...be an authority on palmistry, chemistry, archaeology, psychology, physiology, meteorology, criminology...dogs, cats, horses, trailers, blondes, red-heads, and lingerie. And last, but not least, and above all, you must have honor.



Student Officers



WHY INSTRUCTORS GROW GRAY

Yes, it was a great day! They came from everywhere. Here in the States they were scraped up (the term is used most loosely) from those who begged their respective ways through O.C.S., and from those who possessed the unmitigated gall to falsify their National Guard records and arrive barely two steps ahead of their creditors. There was even a lad with a wooden leg who drew Hondo training because he once lucked into a ride on a roller-coaster, and several other venerable individuals who must have sat in on Billy Mitchell's trial, and were nabbed into the program for having made the mistake of being previously rated. Fresh from the Baths of Japan came a couple. One, a navigator, hopelessly lost twelve aircraft on separate occasions, and the other, a bombardier, made a slight miscalculation and sank the U.S. Navy's aircraft carrier. This brilliant pair was awarded pilot training in lieu of lengthy prison sentences. (Later, they wondered about the deal.) LOVC* England and CAVU* Portugal, (*see Weather handout, period 14) each gladly proffered a few misfits to round out the already square compliment of would-be-aces.

For better or for worse--this was the 53 Delta, Student Officer contingent. Last minute complaints from Headquarters, Hondo, proved futile. Washington wired back promptly - "Things are bad everywhere".

Earnest attempts were made in Preflight to get everyone to either march in step or salute with the right hand, but four weeks were seemingly not enough for absorption of such concentrated instruction.

After the local Hoods resigned themselves, 53-D took to the air, and never have things been so hairy over "Old Hondo". Solo time reluctantly came around after anguished cries about T-6 torque from our English friends, failed to get anyone an extra ration of rum. As a matter of fact, the only reason any of the crew soloed, was because bribes were much higher than in the last class.

Fate somehow took a hand and most went from phase to phase, while the red-eyed instructors went from bottle to bottle. Jack put in his best flights at O'Neill's, where everything was "No Sweat"-Dick made the Program in spite of all the gigs Nato gave him, and when Sandy made a three-point touchdown a National holiday was dedicated. Nato preferred, in order; cross-countrys with gear in the green; runups without either brakes or chocks; and the bloody old sweets machine. There was no more pressure on Norm's instructor after solo, or so Norm told him. The night cross-wind landings were N.G.'s specialty. Ted was the only man in the squadron who didn't need an airspeed indicator at night, and who thrived on check rides. Stat thought casters gear would solve many problems, and Klas lived only for stinking face lotion and mad dashes to elsewhere. (Say, what's her name anyway?) Hal tired of low ground school grades, and married so someone else could read his books. Marc couldn't get permission to take his wife up for a spin, but gained a moral victory when he pink slipped his instructor for neglecting to run a GUMP check on an instrument ride. Edgar and Casimiro finally agreed to see the U.S.A. in a Chevrolet, after pushing every conceivable make through the streets of Hondo. Pappa Dal was the greatest inspiration of all--there must really be Captains in the Air Force. Ken shot his 360 stage in a glider, and made 'em all weep with his sub-par score. Bob did a neat show spiral around the Floresville water tower to prove his 20-20 vision to the lads, when they insisted it was Beeville.

"Great men these, enjoying life in a most decent sort of way".

With overdue sobriety, all wish that those of the original group, who are no longer with us, have tremendous success wherever they go, and high hopes are held for more good bull-sessions tomorrow. Also along with a very deep appreciation for the splendid personnel of T.A.I. and the whole 3304th, we say well done to the wives of 53-D. They always came through when the chips were down.

It has been rumored that there never was a greater bunch of embryo pilots at Hondo. Speaking frankly, we're damned proud of 'em.

-- 53-D RAMP OUT --

Sandy



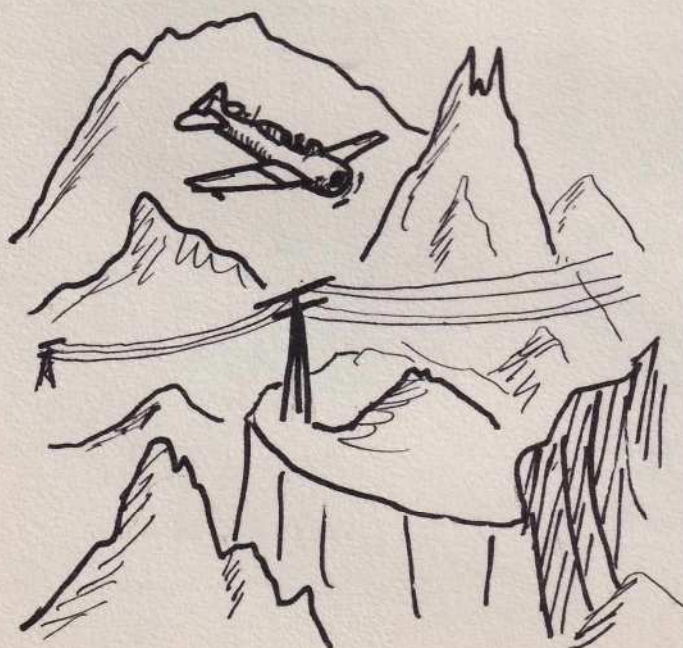
2ND. LT. CARL J.
ABRAHAMS
North Wales, U.K.

2ND. LT. MARCUS L.
ARWINE
Fort Worth, Texas

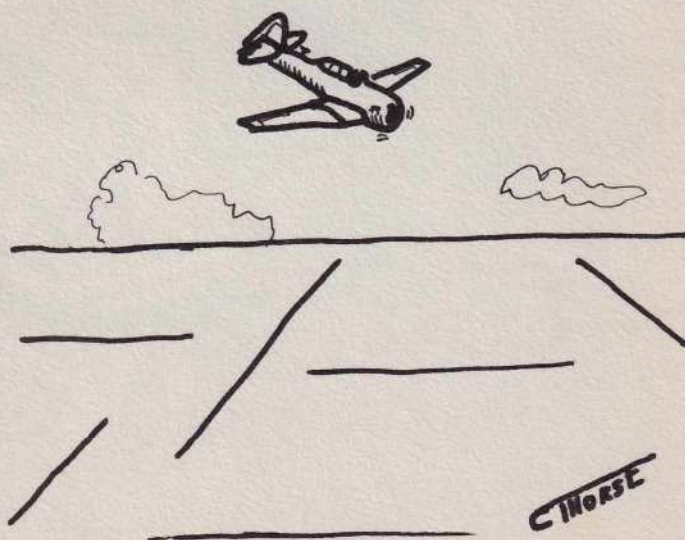


FORCED

LANDING!



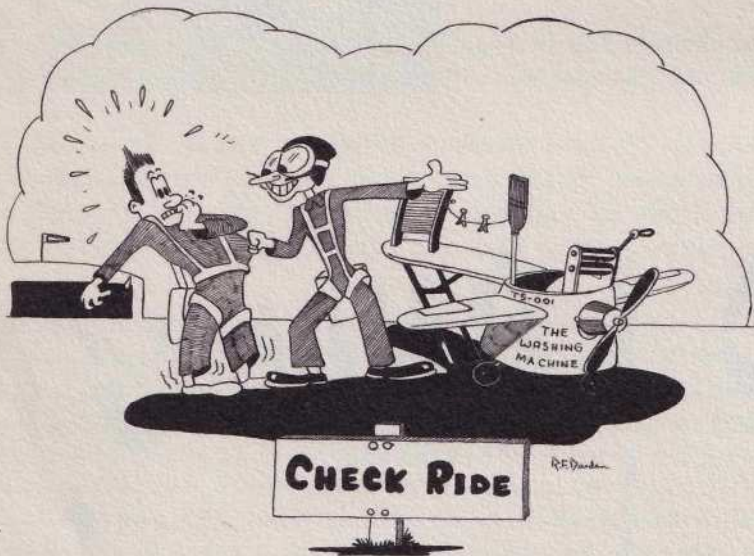
FROM THE FRONT SEAT



FROM THE BACK SEAT



1ST. LT. KENNETH W.
BLAU
Dearborn, Michigan



CAPT. DALE L.
BURTON
Indianapolis, Indiana



1ST. LT. JOHN D.
DEVINE
New Brunswick, N.J.



2ND. LT. KLAS K.
FENNELL
Missoula, Mont.



1st LT. RICHARD F. HALEY
Sioux City, Iowa



2nd LT. EDWARD A. HINES
London, England



2nd LT. EDGAR R. MARQUES
Oeiras, Portugal



2nd LT. HAROLD G. PEEBLES
Pittsburg, Ill.



2nd LT. ROBERT J. RICHMOND
Baltimore, Md.





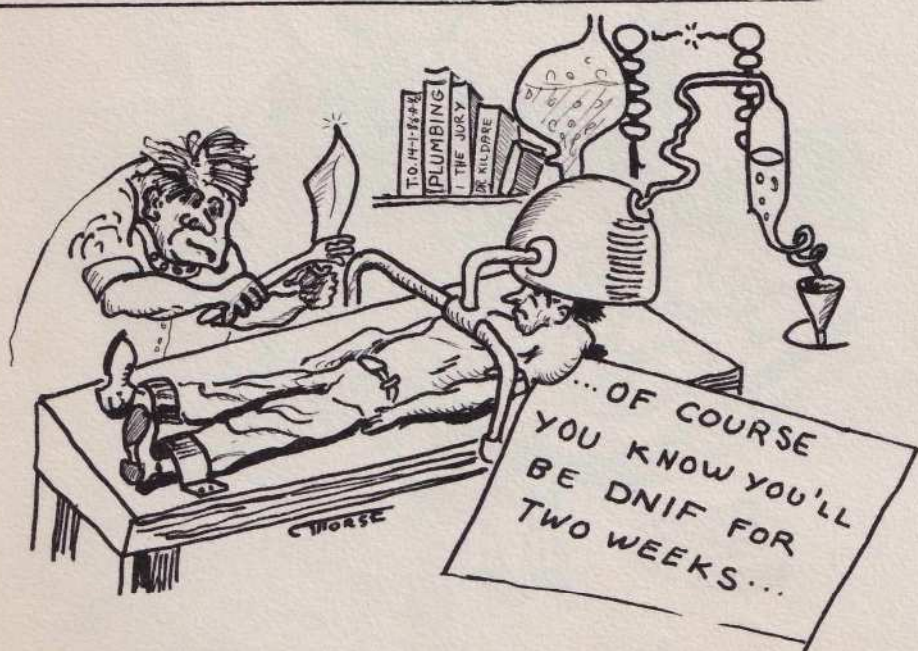
2ND LT. CASIMIRO
PROENCA
Lisbon, Portugal



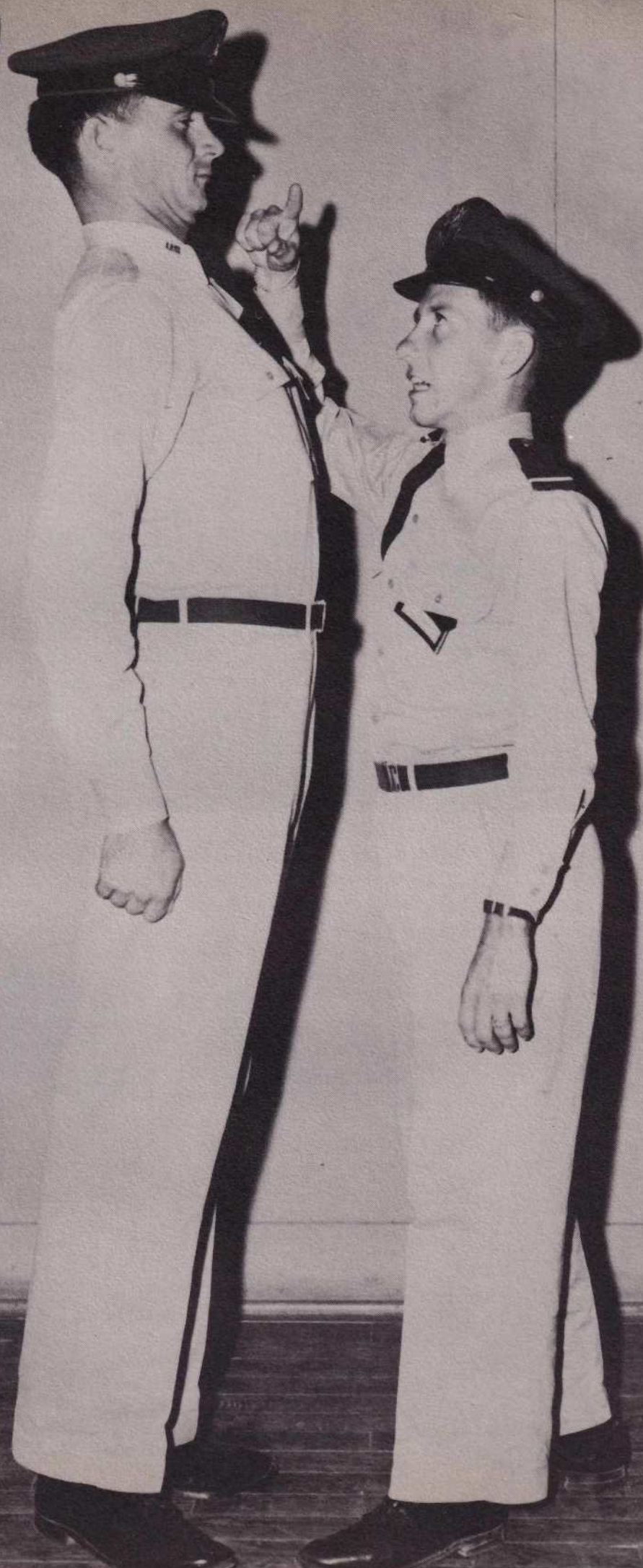
2ND LT. GORDON A.
STATHAM
Warwickshire, England



2ND. LT. HOYT S.
VANDENBURG, JR.
Fort Meyer, Va.



military



training



MAJ. WARREN G. BELL
Commandant of Students



CAPTAIN WADE K. TOMME
Base Chaplain



CAPTAIN WALTER A. ERDMAN
Preflight Training Officer

MILITARY TRAINING OFFICERS



CAPTAIN ROBERT B. ARNOLD
Student Officers



CAPTAIN ROBERT KURTZ
First Squadron



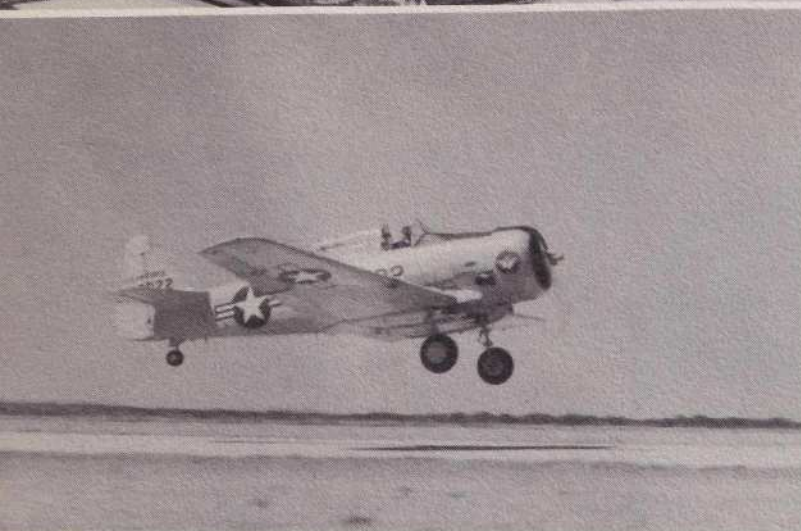
CAPTAIN BOB O. BEAUDRO
Second Squadron



CAPTAIN MILFORD S. DUNLOP
Third Squadron



1/ST. LT. HUBERT E. DOOLEY
Fourth Squadron



Listen to me, I'll give you the word
'bout that great yellow bird.
Some fly it up and some fly it down.
I just fly it round and round.

I walk out for the visual check
darned old plane looks like a wreck
right wing's low and left wing's high
wonder if the thing will ever fly.

Right wheels flat, left wheel ain't there
it's all patched up with old mohair.
Engine knocks, gas tank leaks,
just another of these antiques.

I pull it out away from the line
everything's just goin' fine.
It falls apart and there it oughta stay
but I can take it off, any old way.

I grab the throttle and push it to the wall
the damned old plane won't move at all.
A wind comes up and it moves along
takes one bounce up off the ground.

Climbin' turns are pretty good
they're almost done the way they should.
It's supposed to climb at 110
but you can't expect that out of this tin can.

I level off and fly along
cause I got my procedures wrong.
Reached in the map case for my bottle of gin
then I did an eight turn spin.

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a cigar
done six spins and a stall so far.
Lazy eights and an old chandelle
didn't even know I could fly so well.

Enter my pattern right on base
three other fellows and I had a race.
Two spin in, one flies away
looks like I am here to stay.

My flaps are down. My throttles cocked
got my head--up and locked.
I'll force three guys into the ground
before I'll take a go-around.

Must be something like the 4th of July
for when I was landing, rather high
I saw a flash up in the sky
and the prettiest flares went flying by.

My instructor comes out, he's on the run
what's he gonna do with that shotgun.
I whip out my pencil, fill out form one
I realize another typical flight is done.



CLIF MORSE
Editor

HONDO

FINAL

STAFF

Our humble thanks go to Captain Arnold and Lieutenant Ferris who have helped ease the task of producing this class book. We also must remember two of Texas' finest "Picture-Takers"; Mr. Robert Kemper, and Mr. James Council. And, of course, the men of Dog class--if they hadn't been such characters, this book would be far less interesting.



STANDING: DONALD F. EGEN, CARL A. WUCO. SEATED: JAMES A. DOOLEY, FRANK F. BRADLEY, JR., JAMES B. WATSON.



" SLIGHT CROSSWIND
BUT WE'LL SHOOT
THE STAGE

LIFE

A dramatic black and white photograph showing the dark silhouette of a ship's superstructure and masts against a vast, cloudy sky. The clouds are layered and textured, with some light breaking through near the horizon. The ship is positioned in the lower third of the frame, creating a strong sense of scale and atmosphere.

— AT HONDO —



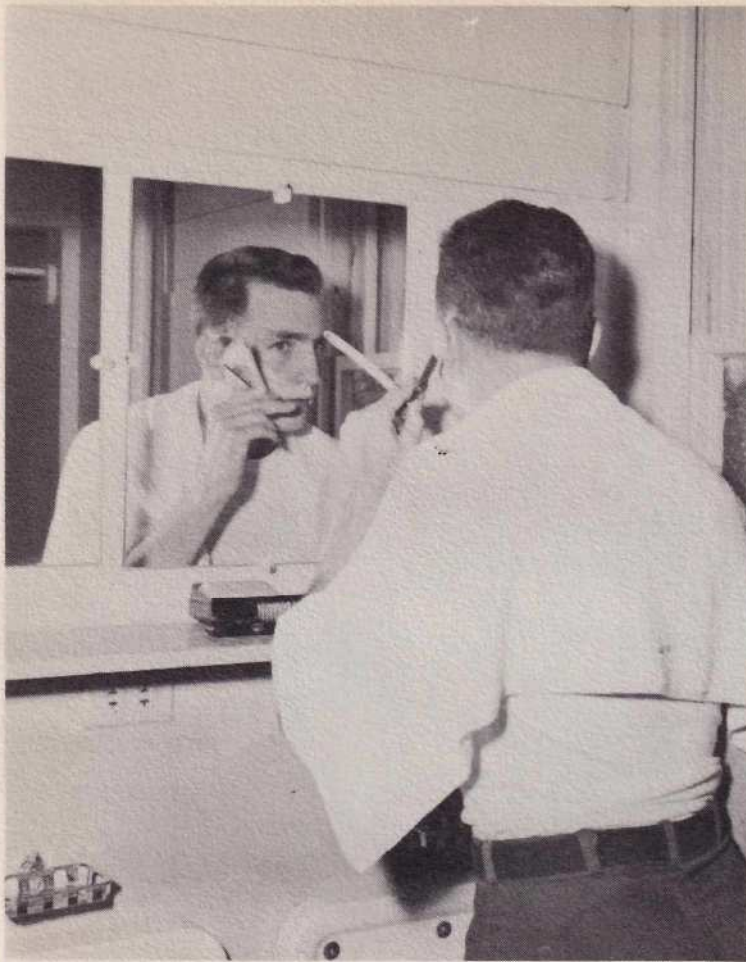
Why not vice versa.



Chicken Shack.



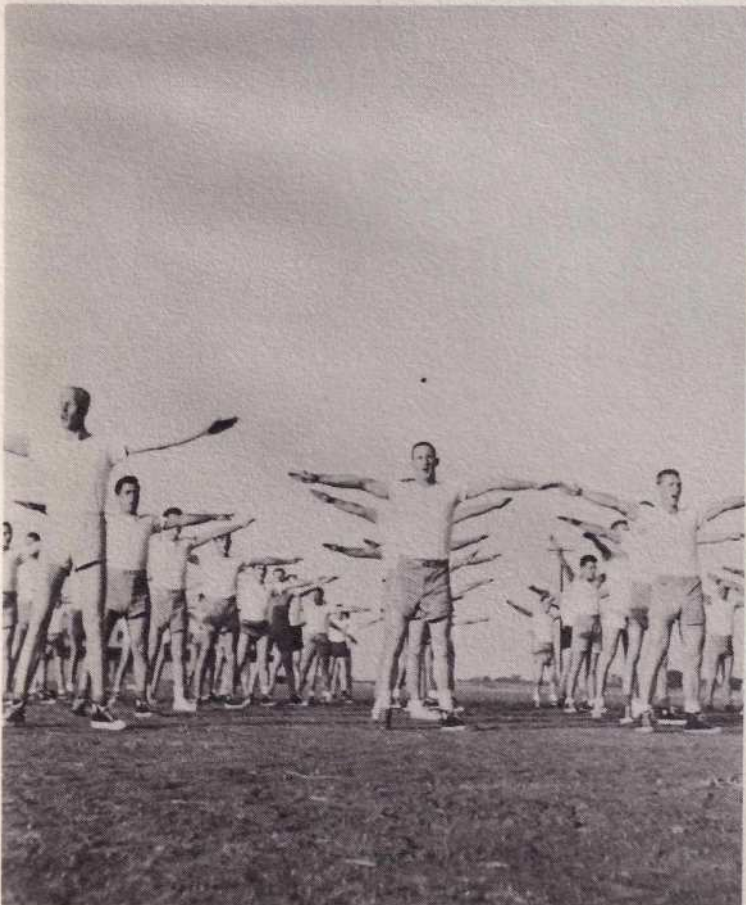
Our cottages by the sea.



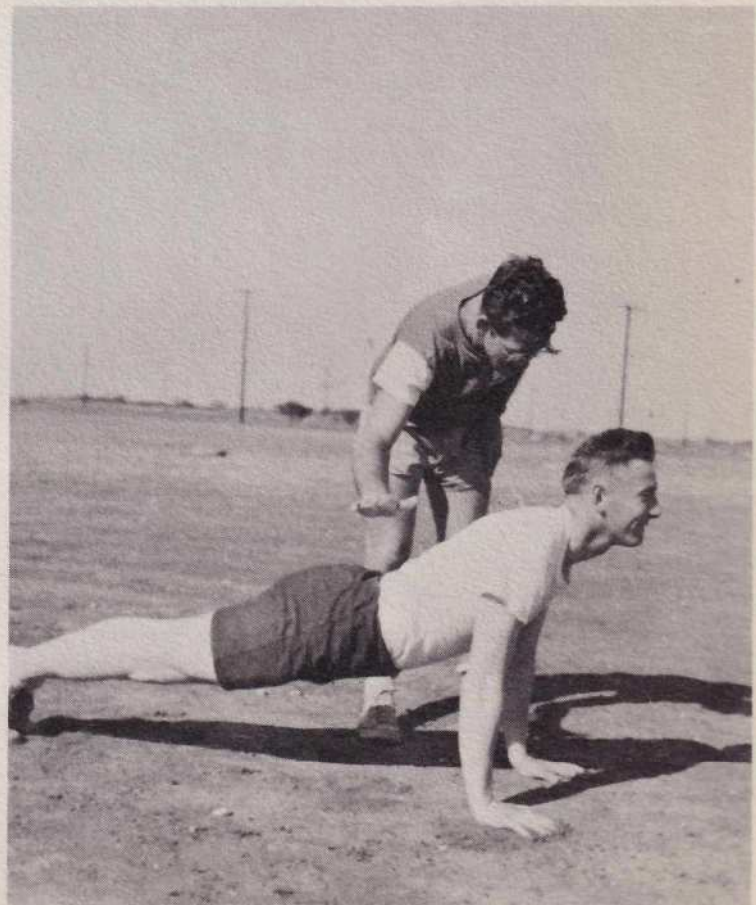
Just call me "Nick"



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.



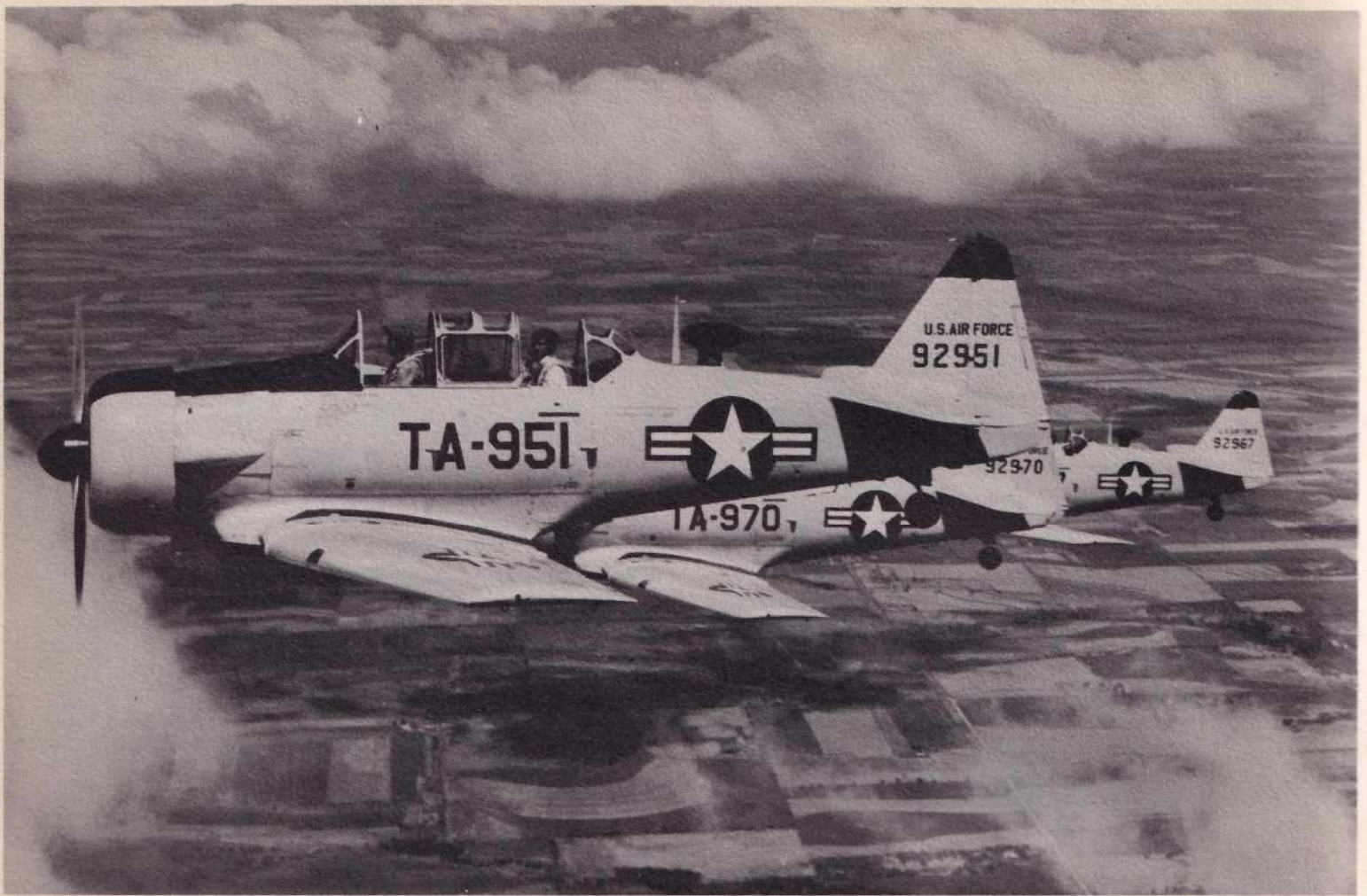
Make sure the little pin is bent.



Meet me over Medina Lake at 1440.



You Yellow Monster You



We always do this solo.



The local parking lot.



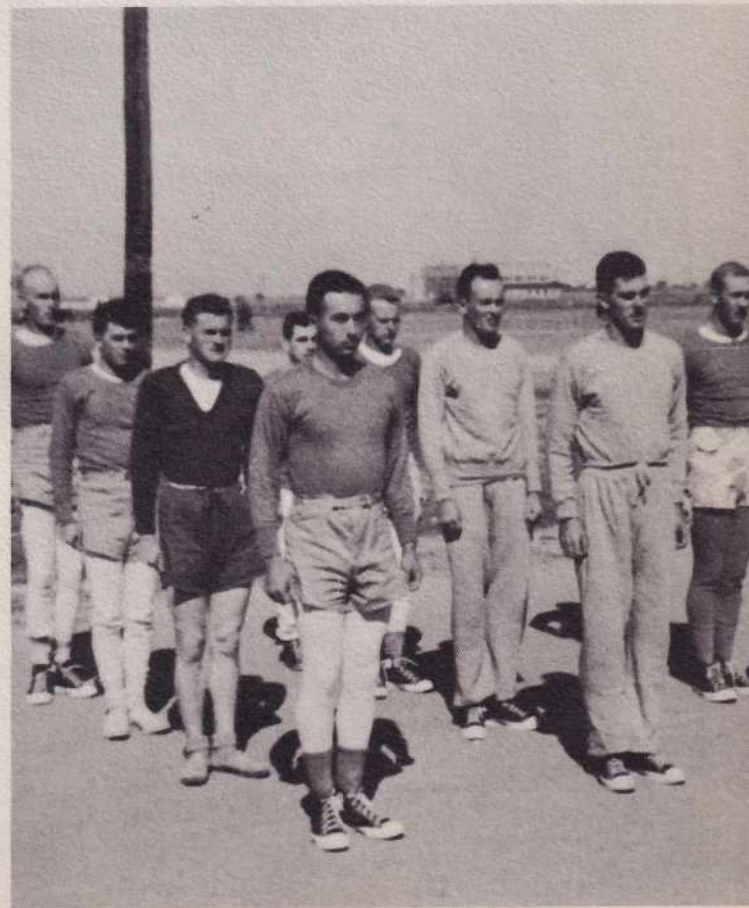
Chicken! Anyone can land with the
the gear down.



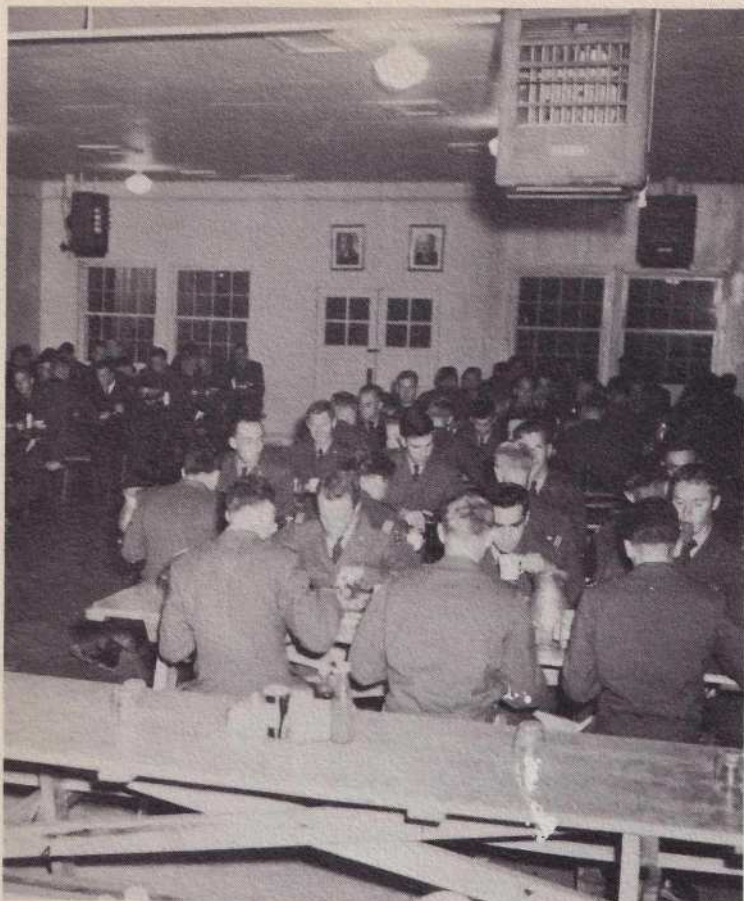
And they were waiting.



The color guard.



Just like West Point.



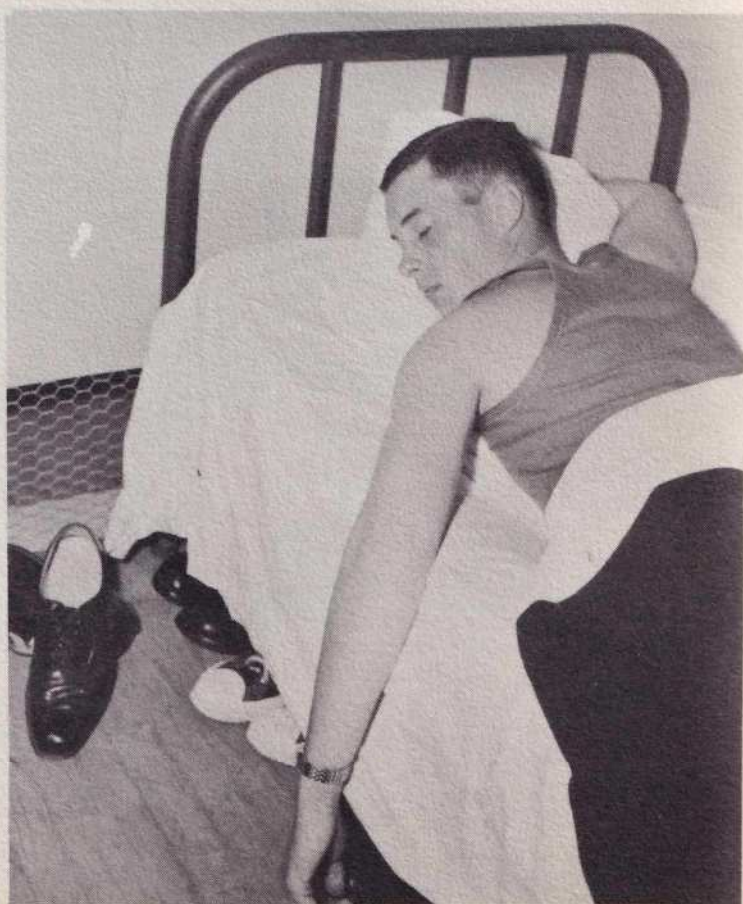
They wouldn't bring
us a menu.



Getting ready
for that cross-country.



We never get any, French movies?



"Is call-to-quarters over yet?"

The entire personnel of

T. A. I.

wishes to congratulate

Class 53-D

on a job well done

and with it

combined success

The Merchants of Hondo Offer Their Congratulations to Class 53-D

ALAMO LUMBER CO.
 ARMSTRONG HOTEL
 BLUE BONNET CLEANERS
 BUSTER RATH MOTOR CO.
 CROW'S CLEANER & MEN'S WEAR
 DELONEY'S JEWELRY
 DE MONTEL APPLIANCE CO.
 DILES JEWELRY
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 G & M FOOD STORE
 GAINES HARDWARE &
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 GRAND PRIZE DISTRIBUTING CO.
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 HALF CIRCLE BODY, PAINT & REPAIR
 W. T. HARDY FURNITURE CO.
 HERMAN'S SON HALL
 HEYEN'S FLOWER SHOP
 HOLLOWAY HARDWARE
 HOLMIG DRESS SHOP
 HONDO DRY GOODS
 HONDO ICE CO.
 HONDO LOCKER PLANT &
 FOOD MARKET
 HONDO LUMBER CO.

HONDO NATIONAL BANK
 JONES SHOE STORE
 KOLLMAN BROS. RED & WHITE
 LAAKE BARBER SHOP &
 PACKAGE STORE
 E. R. LEINWEBER CO.
 LUTZ & SCHAN SERVICE STATION
 MANHATTAN CAFE
 MARY RENE'S BETTER
 READY-TO-WEAR
 MEDINA FEED & SUPPLY
 NESSLEY-LARKIN
 NESTER MARKET & GROCERY
 OASIS CAFE
 TOMMY'S GULF STATION
 PENNINGTON ELECTRIC &
 GAS APPLIANCE
 RAYE & PARK THEATRE
 RITZ COFFEE SHOP
 M. F. SCHWEERS
 THE STYLE SHOP
 WESTERN AUTO ASSOCIATE STORE
 WELLS WASHATERIA
 WINDROW DRUG STORE
 FLY, VANCE, DAVIS, ATTY'S-AT-LAW
 CADET BARBER SHOP (LEINWEBER)

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We Specialize in Barbecue
 and
 Home Cooking

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Extravagance



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Best Wishes

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ACE"
CAPS

For A Clean Record
Remember
SNOW WHITE
LAUNDRY
and
DRY CLEANERS
UVALDE

Mr. H. Hess

Mr. C. K. Carpenter



Best Wishes to Class 53-D

Rio Vista Dairy

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QUALITY USED CARS

Expert Service On All Makes Of Cars

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PHONE 72

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To Class 53-D

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and

DRY CLEANERS

UVALDE

Mr. H. Hess

Mr. C. K. Carpenter



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Uvalde, Texas

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PEARL
DISTRIBUTING CO.

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Hondo, Texas

Will A. Slade
Cowboy Outfitters

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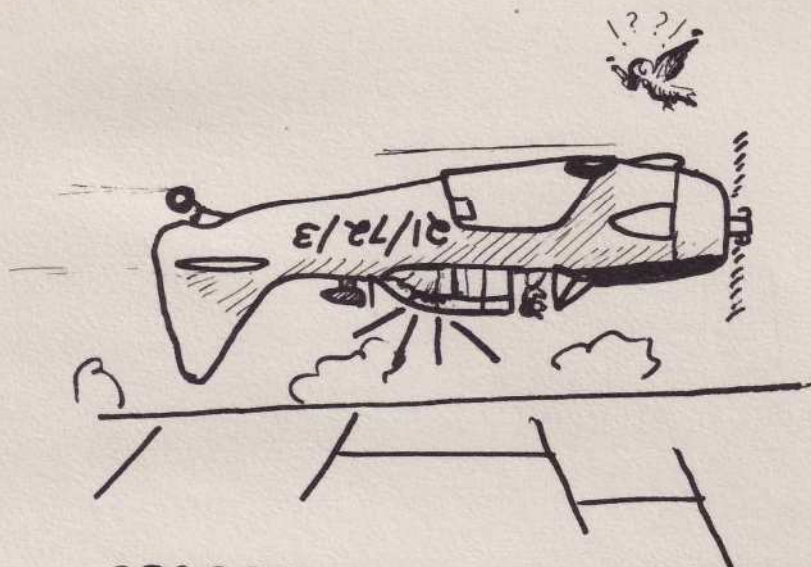


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ALLEN TILLOTSON MOTOR CO.

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TELEPHONE 68

HONDO, TEXAS



CROSSCHECK, DAMMIT, CROSSCHECK!

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To Class 53-D

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A Variety of Merchandise

**"JAKE'S
LIQUOR
STORE"**

ICE, CUPS, LEMONS
MIXES, ETC.

Four Pints Raffled Off to
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"Come by and see who are the lucky ones"

We Deliver

Phone 7

Autographs

