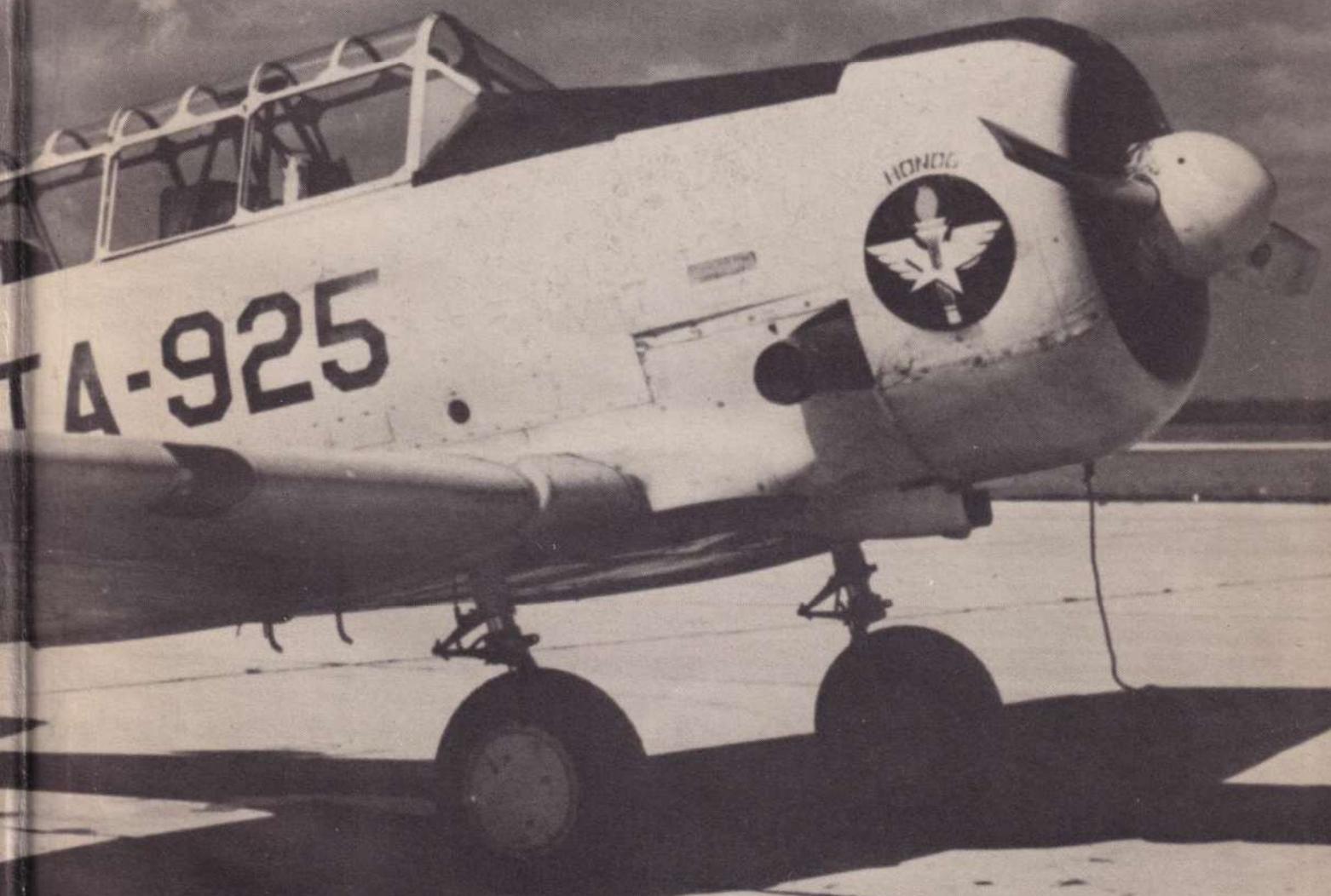
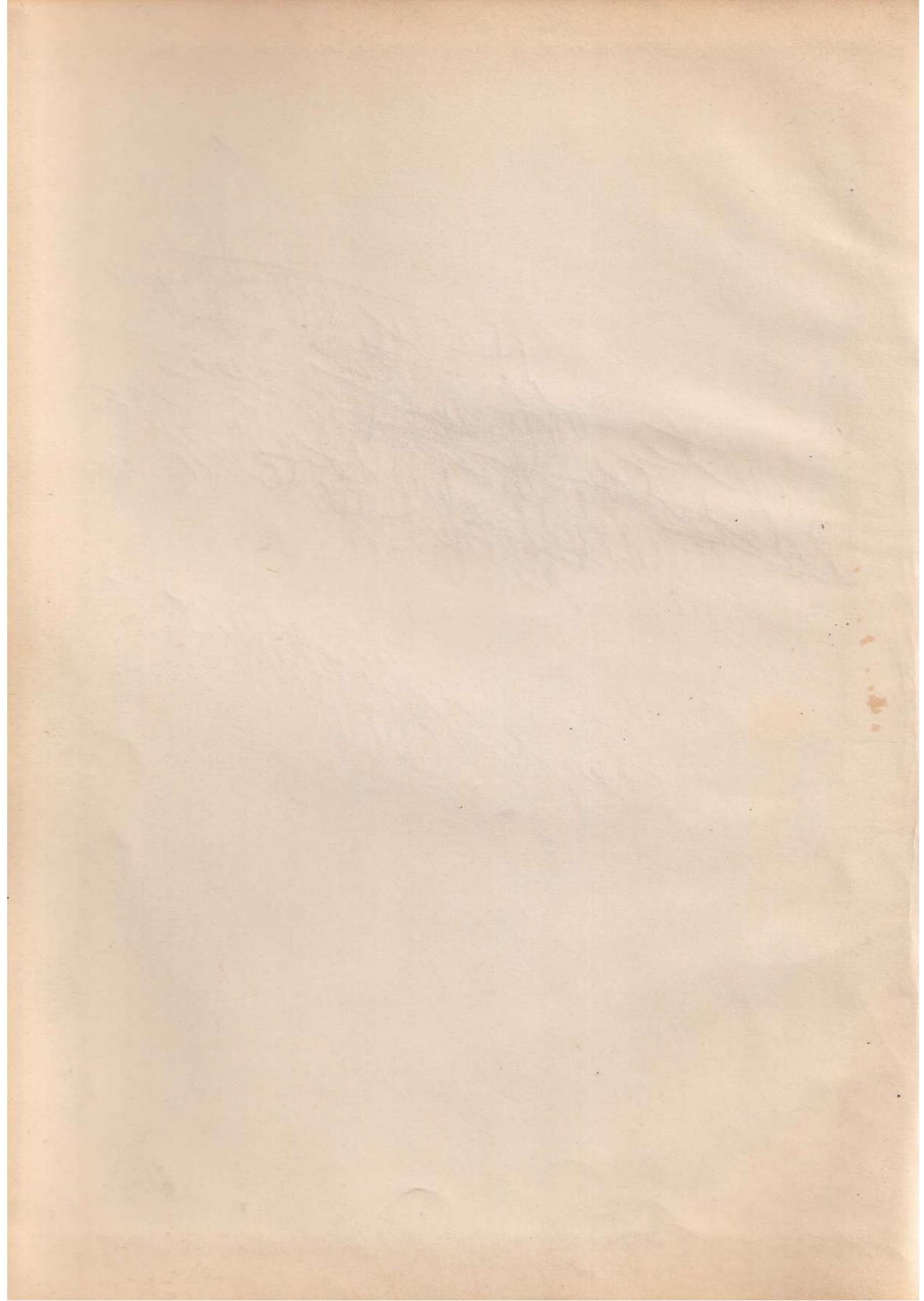


HONDO FINAL

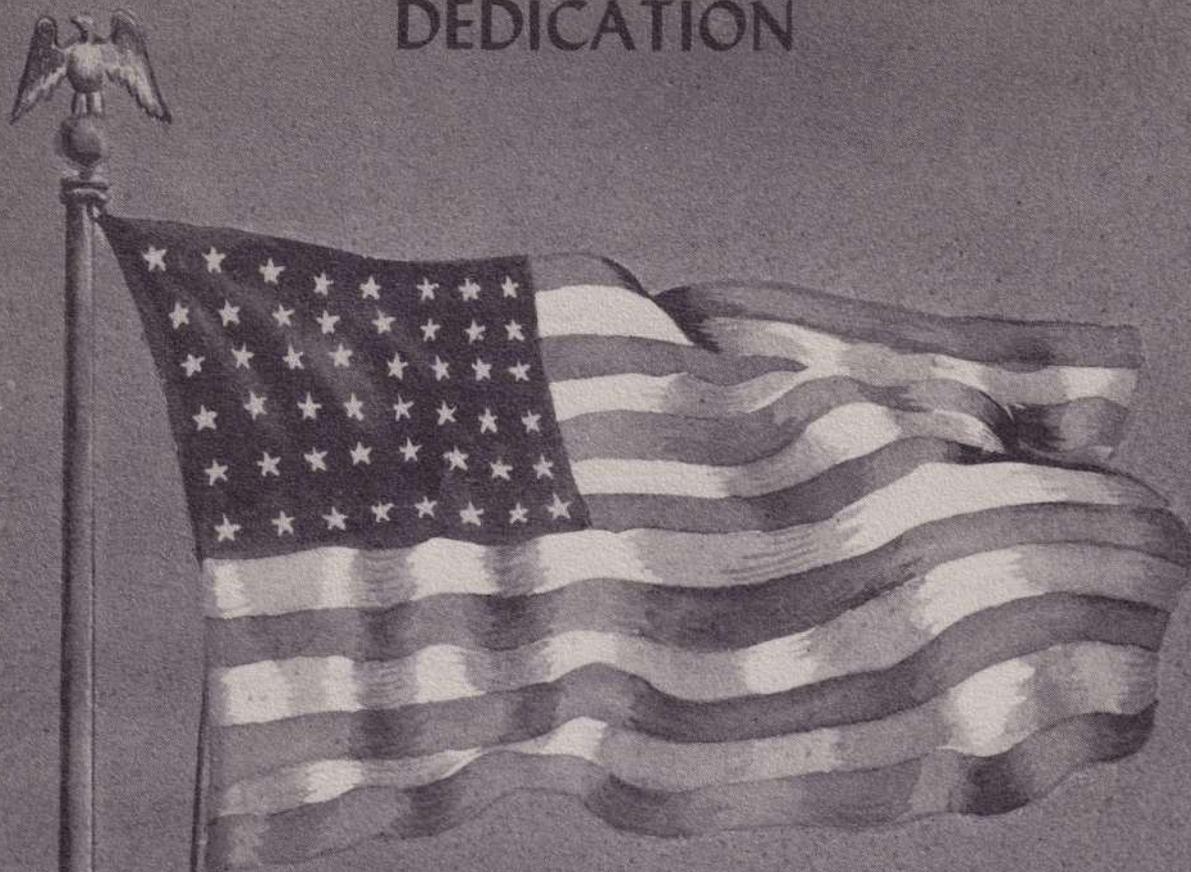






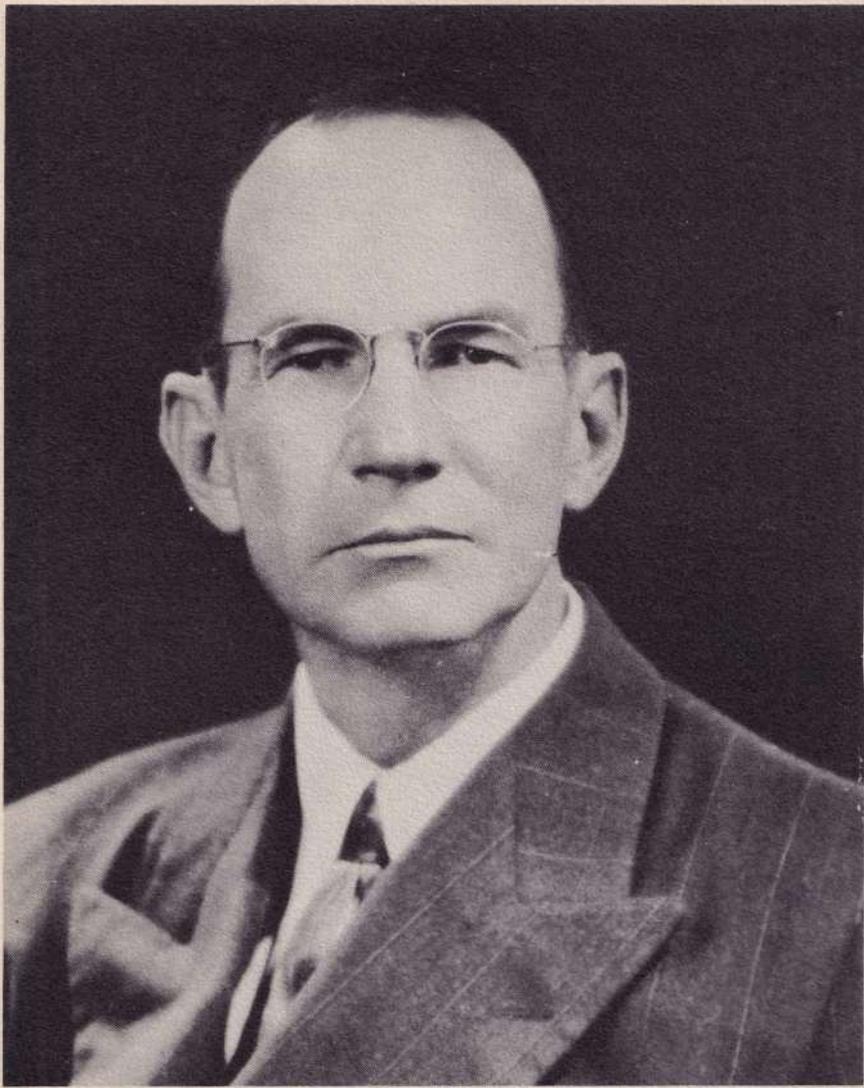


DEDICATION



Because of the short time and the extensive learning crowded into the Aviation Cadet program, it is seldom anyone achieves outstanding proficiency in Flying Training.

Two such individuals were a part of 53-Baker. Although both arrived late, and were often denied flying time because of Dual Flight conditions, they become known and depended on throughout the Cadet Corps. For their willingness to aid and guide those with less experience, and their success in leadership we dedicate this book to Hondo D. F. Homer and his brother Goodbuddie.



MR. H. B. ZACHRY

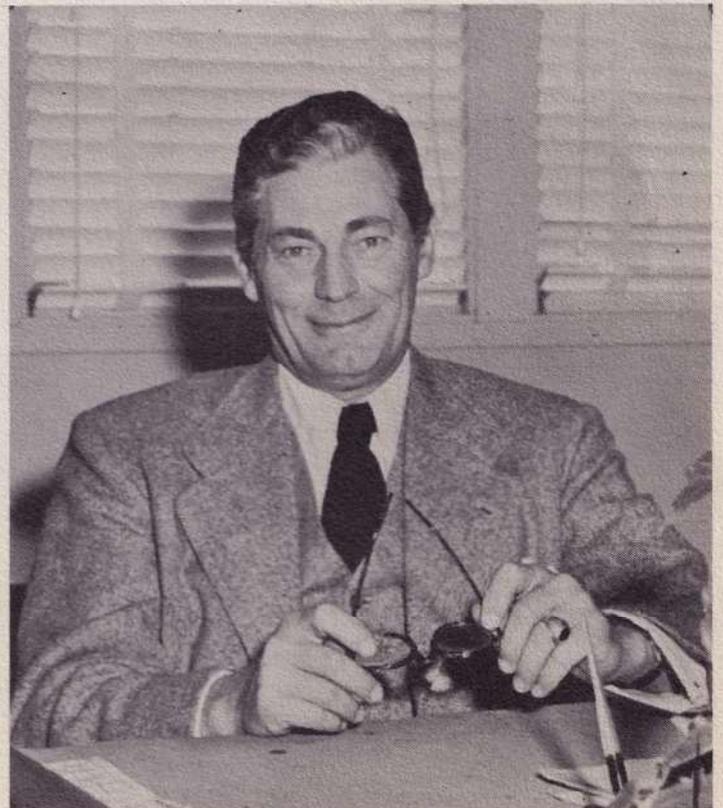
President

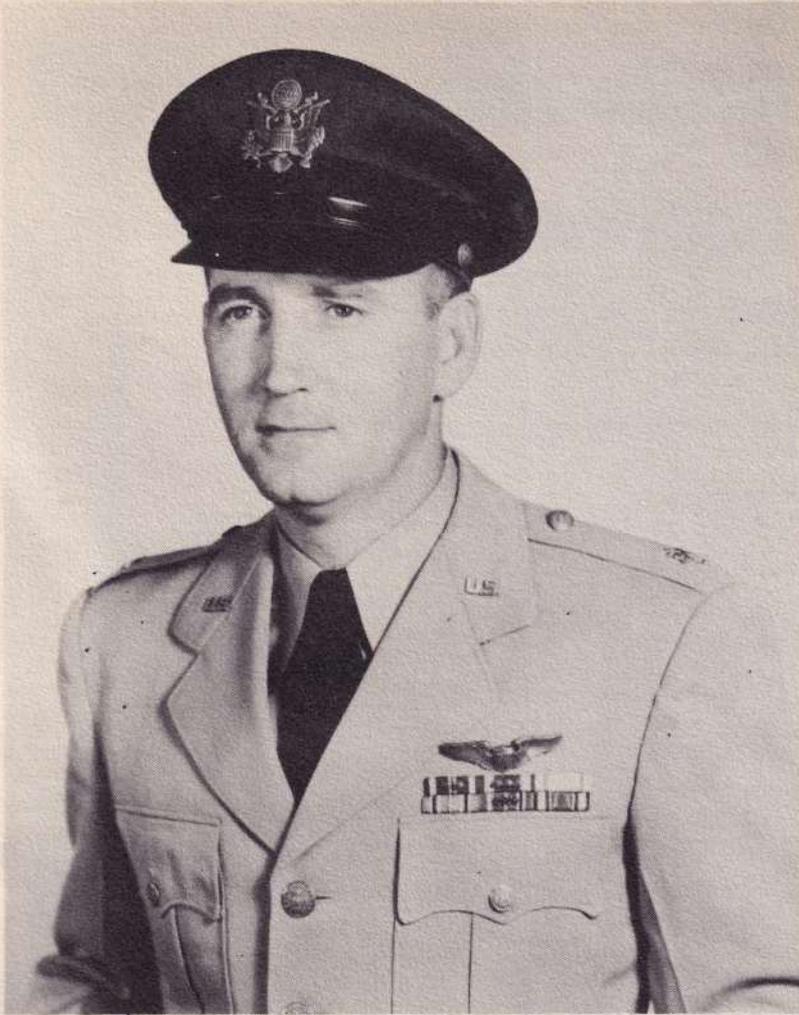
Texas Aviation Industries

LUTHER S. SMITH

Executive Vice-President

Texas Aviation Industries





LT. COLONEL JOHN D. IRVIN

HEADQUARTERS
HONDO AIR BASE
Hondo, Texas

Students of Class 53-B:

A sense of pride and self-satisfaction is rightfully yours. Months of earnest endeavor, and many "go-arounds", are culminated in successful completion of the primary phase of the pilot training. Technological developments of the age indicate inescapable facts that we are in a fast-moving stage of applied science for destruction, with the conviction that our best efforts will eventually result in combined impregnable military strength and world peace.

You, who have been selected as the best from among many fine young men, carry into the future the rudiments of knowledge imparted to you by your instructors. To ultimately achieve the goal toward which you are striving will require conscientious application of accumulated skill and knowledge, in an effort to surmount the obstacles of today's radical mutation of jet engines and electronic development.

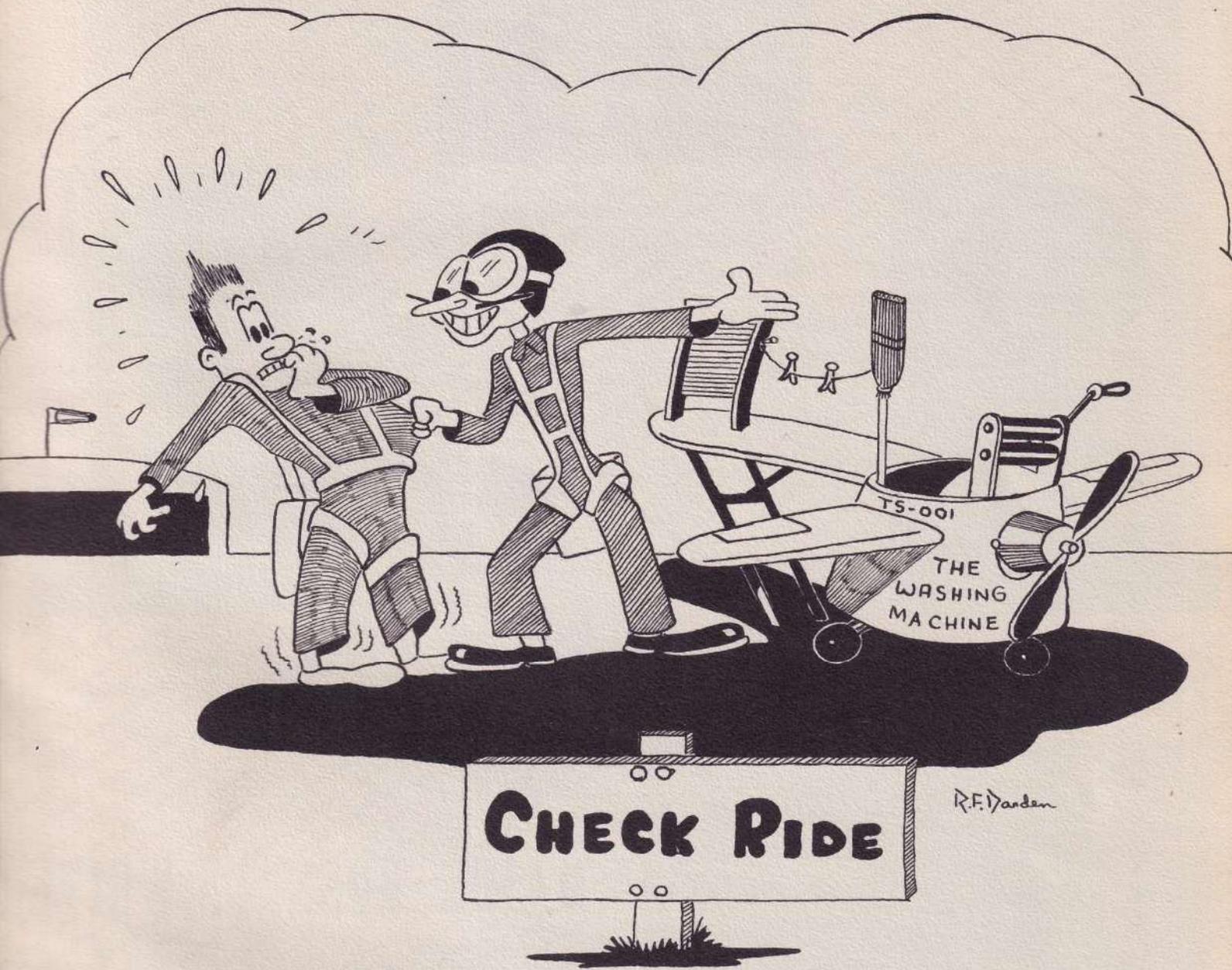
To combat the hard core of a program dictated by the action and probable intentions of a potential enemy, the expanded level of Air Force programming levies the greatest demands upon you as its main structure of defense. Fortright recognition that relative security has not yet been attained necessitates our combined efforts in the achievement of adequate strength for freedom.

Personnel of Texas Aviation Industries, Incorporated, and the 3304th Pilot Training Squadron (Contract Primary) 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



"SLIGHT CROSSWIND
BUT WE'LL SHOOT
THE STAGE!"



flying training



WAYNE SCHLESSENGER
Group Commander



W.S. HUSTON
B-1 Sq. Commander



L. J. FOLSE
B-2 Sq. Commander



MAJOR ROSS D. WHITE

Director of Operations & Training



NOW WHERE IS THAT
@ * * ? RUNWAY?

fl[☆]ying instructors[☆]

R. F. Darden



EUGENE A. ROBISON
Uvalde, Texas
Asst. Sq. Commander



WM. S. HUSTON
Hondo, Texas
Sq. Commander



JOHN E. FOSTER
Hondo, Texas
Senior Instructor



WM. C. CHILDS
Castroville, Texas



JOHN A. COOK
Natalia, Texas



VICTOR J. DOERR
San Antonio, Texas



JOHN P. DONALDSON
Uvalde, Texas



BRUCE DORMAN
Hondo, Texas



ROBERT S. FARMER
Buchanan Dam, Texas



JEAN W. KILLINGSWORTH
Waco, Texas



MACE W. CRAFT
Ragley, Texas



JAMES SACANDY
Latrobe, Pa.



KARL A. SLUYTER
Hondo, Texas



IVAN R. STRACENER
Sabinal, Texas



JOSEPH C. WHITTINGTON
Sabinal, Texas



LEON J. FOLSE
Sq. Commander
Hondo, Texas



E. W. PARRISH
Asst. Sq. Commander
Galveston, Texas



JOSEPH A. TRUJILLO
Senior Pilot
Deming, New Mexico



JACK BEEN
Lytle, Texas



M. L. EICHBLATT
Hondo, Texas



JAMES EUBANKS
Hondo, Texas



W. E. HOLMGREEN, JR.
Carrizo Springs, Texas



THOMAS D. KATOWSKI
San Antonio, Texas



GEORGE E. LEIGH
Kerrville, Texas



KEITH N. PEARSON
Hondo, Texas



E. L. PERKINS
Hondo, Texas



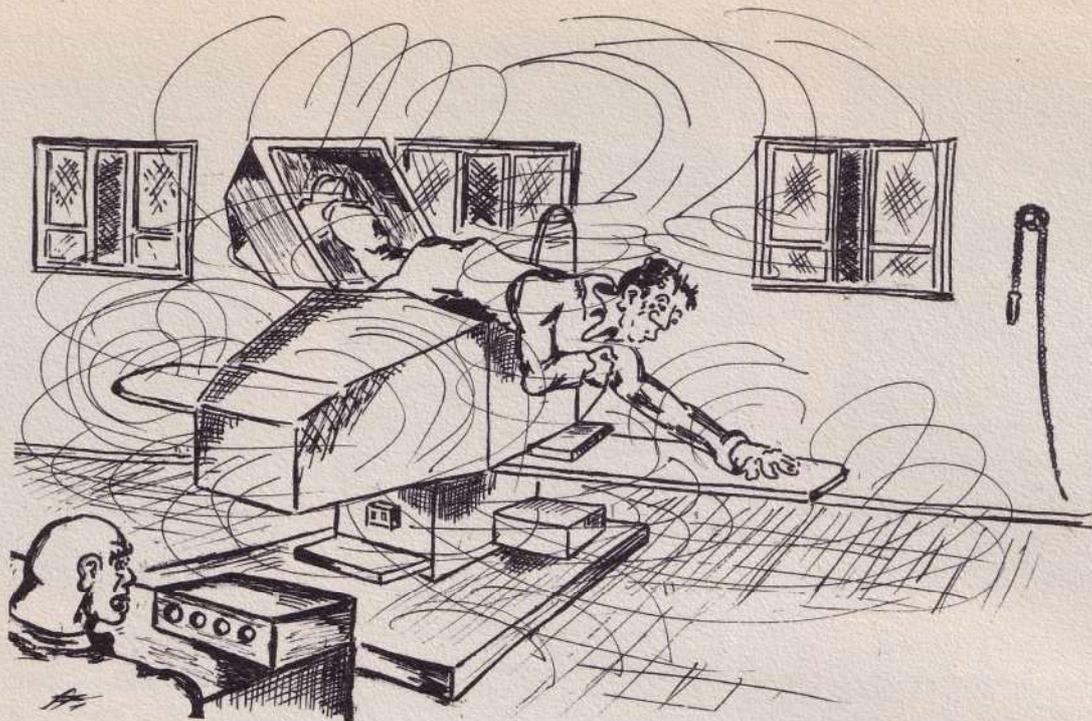
M. O. ROGERS
Corpus Christi, Texas



RAY W. WALKER
Robstown, Texas



FRANK ZUMPF
Kerrville, Texas



"Then there was the time that Rogers got vertigo trying to find the relief tube in the link. . . ."

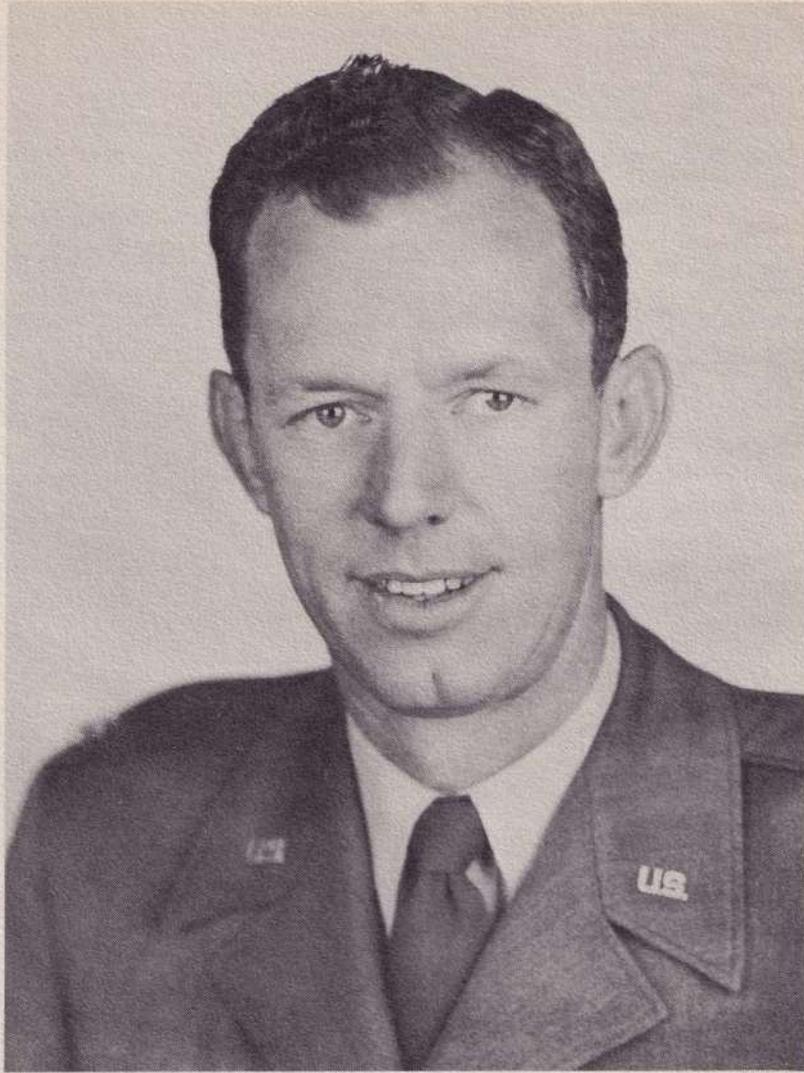
LINK INSTRUCTORS



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.



military training



MAJOR WARREN G. BELL
Commandant of Students



CAPTAIN WADE K. TOMME
Base Chaplain



CAPTAIN WALTER A. ERDMANN
Military Training Officer
Preflight

MILITARY TRAINING OFFICERS



CAPTAIN ROBERT B. ARNOLD
Military Training Officer
Student Officers



CAPTAIN ROBERT KURTZ
Tactical Officer
First Squadron



CAPTAIN BOB O. BEAUDRO
Tactical Officer
Second Squadron

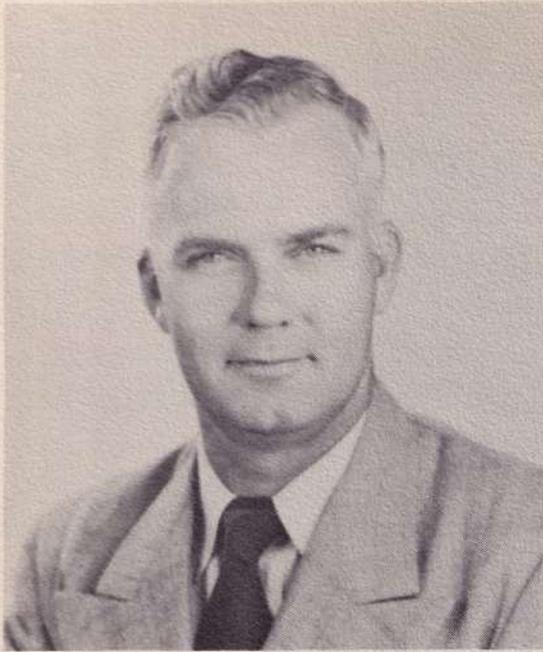


CAPTAIN MILFORD G. DUNLOP
Tactical Officer
Third Squadron



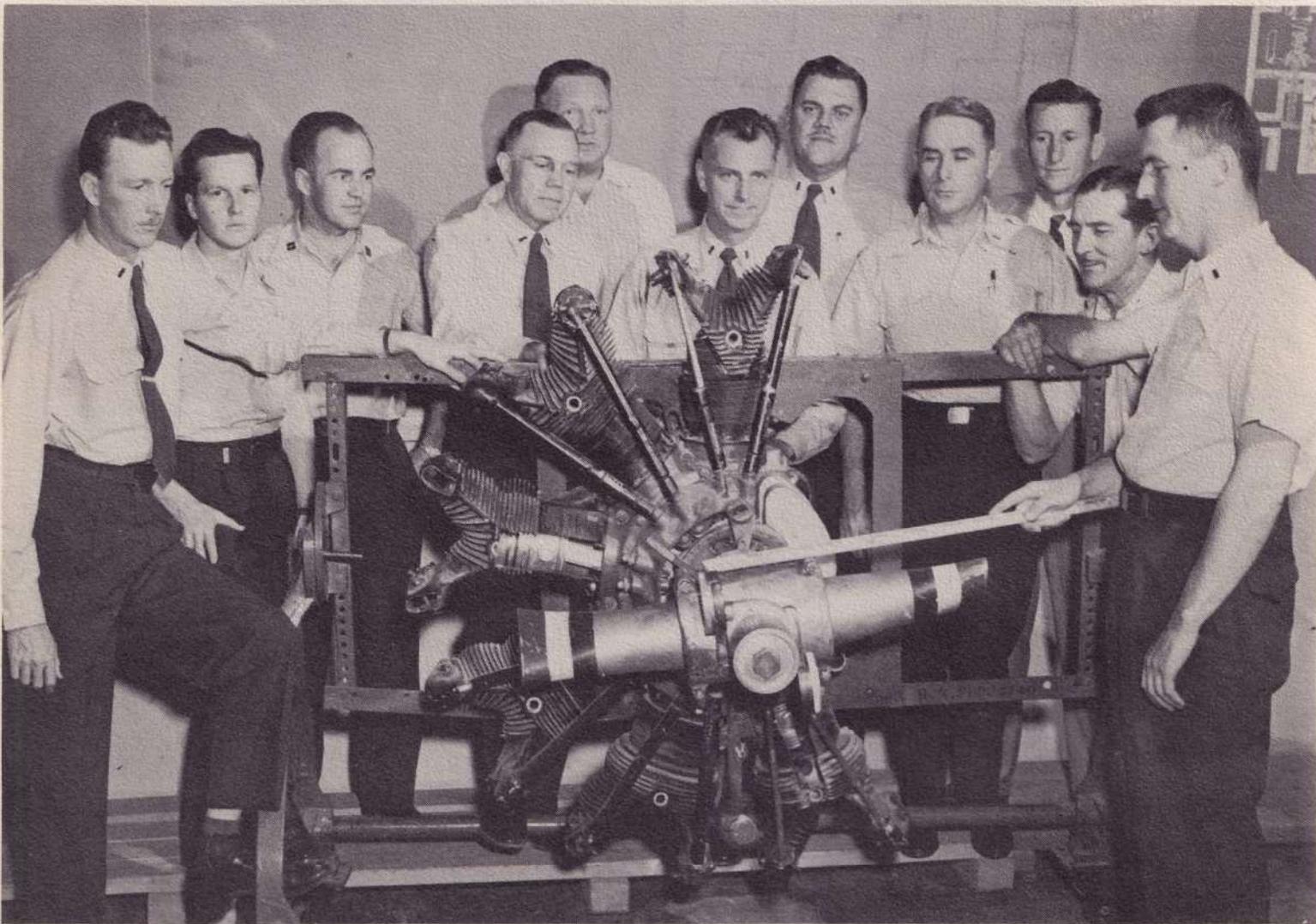
FIRST LT. HUBERT E. DOOLEY
Tactical Officer
Fourth Squadron

ACADEMICS

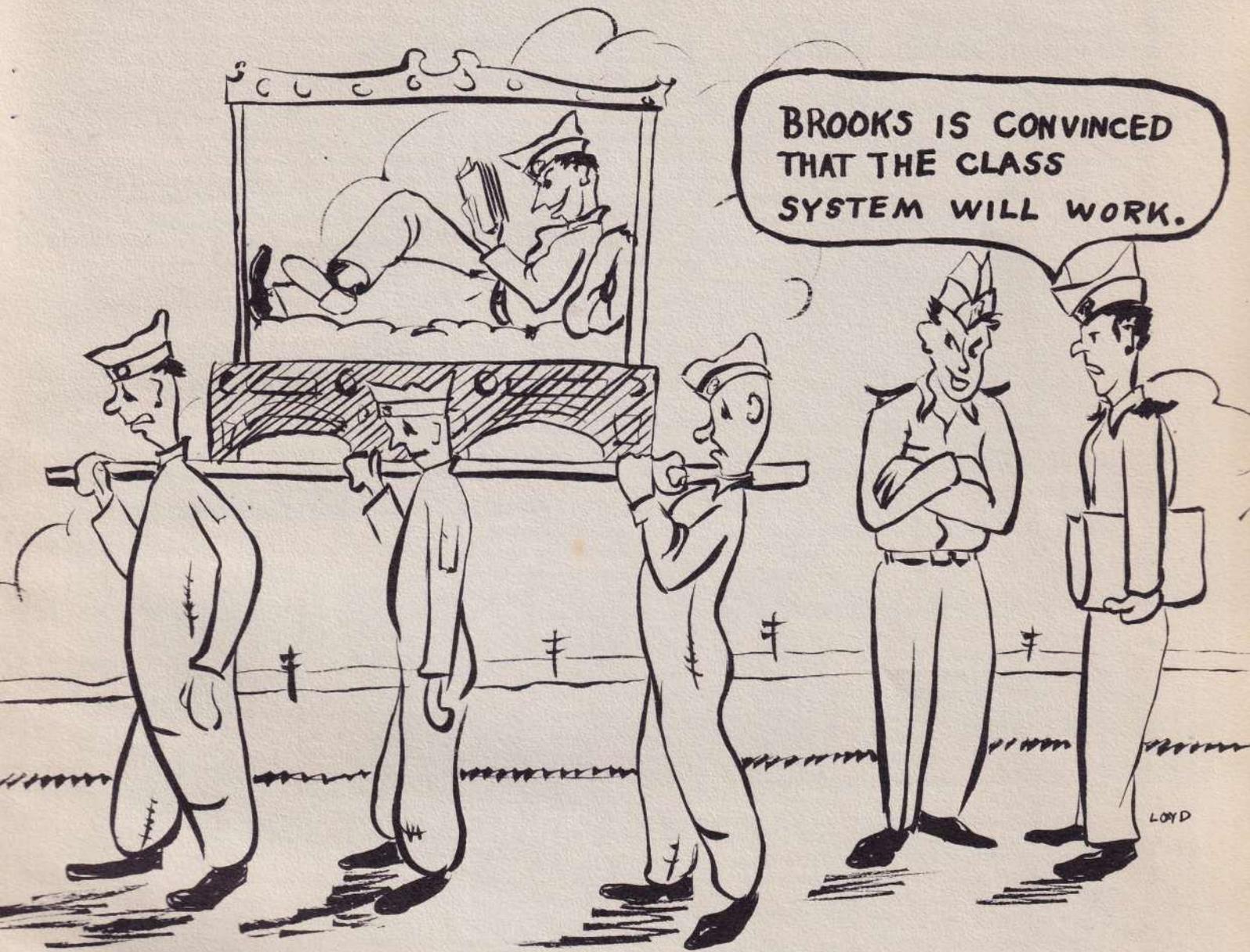


WILLIAM P. PARKER
Director of Academics

Orientation	5 Hours
Techniques of Learning	2 Hours
Engineering	50 Hours
Navigation	50 Hours
Weather	60 Hours
Aural and Visual Code	20 Hours
Principles of Flight	20 Hours
Flight Instruments	15 Hours
Radio Communications	20 Hours
Flying Safety	3 Hours



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.



BROOKS IS CONVINCED
THAT THE CLASS
SYSTEM WILL WORK.

cadets

The First Knight

Once upon a time into the black forest known as Texas rode twenty-three noble squires who casting off the bonds of civilian life, thus alluding the sorcerer known as the Draft Board, chose to become knights of the Hondo Desert. They crossed the well guarded moat surrounding the gracious castle known as Hondo (meaning land of beauty) and were ushered into the presence of the mighty warrior of the B-24 Lord Erdman. For one moon the pre-knights were ushered about the fortress learning the ways of the Squire. There being tested for bravery at every turn. For example, in the infirmary the knight surgeon sallied forth with sword bared and probed for blood in yon left arm. In the academic building the noble instructors lead us in the ways of the sword and carburetion of the mighty T-6 out of North American by Mustang. Yet the most feared of all was the Green Hornet and his sidekick X-C Kato.

Then the fateful day arrived the pre-knights sallied forth across the drill field to the splendid quarters which were to house them. These quarters were glorious sturdy structures with only a slight hint, on rainy days, of their previous inhabitants. Then we met our new Lord the mighty Captain Kurtz who carried with him every where his shaft with which he prodded those of us who tarried. The first to get this gentle guidance were squires Bakalis, Madden, and three cushion Wilcoxon, who were caught trimming the feathers of their helmets while they were supposed to be guarding a dung heap.

Forsooth, then they went to the great concrete field of battle and mounted their yellow steed with the fiery tongued dragon in the back seat and they ascended with much difficulty and many pink slips into the blue.

Soon came the day for which all waited. Squire Link Fidler fought his way into the air solo then with rapid succession, the remaining squires completed their hairy landings, coordinated ground loops, and soakings at the stake. The yellow beast was not easy to conquer and Squire Skeen was quoted as saying, "Verily there must be a Grasshopper in yon ancestry of the yellow beast." Squire Van Sommeren was another who met with self-minded yellow beast and while landing, it got the notion to graze and took off toward the Tetrahedraen. In true knightly fashion he tried to bury it under some new mowngrass but was caught by Eat-um-up Robison the go-around man and was forced to take the most fiery of fiery dragons for a ride.

There were those who went forth in chariots to the fortress of Bandera. Among the throng rose four, Squires Carroll (the dear slayer), brogans Mizel, Maggoo I Tate, and Maggoo II Brown. These four noble knights were attacked by a giant dragon (so they say) but they refused to surrender their charge (five cases of beer) instead using their own blood as coolant for the radiator of their chariot. Another to distinguish himself at Bandera was Squire Lommori. Disguising himself as an ape he swung down into the fortress but while trying to impress the maidens by leaping over moving chariots was captured by the evil sheriff. Heroism does not go unrewarded and after the ransom was paid Squire Lammori returned a hero, made a command appearance before both the group and faculty boards from which he received the order of the purple shaft with a cactus cluster plus three months rest in the castle before his next quest.

Now the time had arrived for the squires to go cross country. All went well until Squire Nordeck (dubbed Homer) was cut off from his check points by a band of white ogres. Homer then beat a hasty retreat to Good-buddy from whence he was escorted back by the reassuring patrol.

The dreadful day arrived when from the hidden cave broke forth the men in black with silver bars embellishing their horned caps and the fifty-hour checks were there to claim their toll. Many a squire went forth to do battle and many returned well chewed but all returned victorious.

During periods of open castle the squires spread far and wide. Squires Cunningham and Schauf journeyed to the sea returning the worst for wear. Schauf (the jelly fish slayer) lost two out of three falls to a giant jelly fish getting away with his armor covered with sting marks. Meanwhile Squire Cunningham (the Texas Gentleman) for the love of a fair maiden tried to blow his hand off with a mysterious Chinese fire cracker. Squire Craven, while trying to show his magnificence at chariot racing, was overtaken by two knights in blue who took from him his chariot permit and took him to the town father, after a brief reprimand and the extraction of twenty-four of Craven's best clam shells they let him go.

Then came the day of the crusades and the squires set forth to conquer the evil "180". Due to a great fortune the enemy's communication was blocked by magic. Quick to seize the situation the squires gave each other helpful hints on approach and attack, also guidance to those who couldn't see too well. The voice of (Merlin--master of learning) Sutton came clearly over the air as he advised another that he was on a collision course. Then all fell silent as the cord connecting the headset to the yellow beast parted due to his bailing out, by the way, the beast got A-1 for its' landing.

Verily they shall, on Friday nights, be commanded to go forth in search of the Holy Grail. Two of the more intrepid searchers were Squires Melvin and Riche who set forth after retreat to the North East following a Lone Star. They came upon the evil Falstaff who took all their Jax but after a great chase they caught him and Schlitz his throat. They made both of our Buds Weiser and they staggered home to be put to bed by the loving hands of their compatriots.

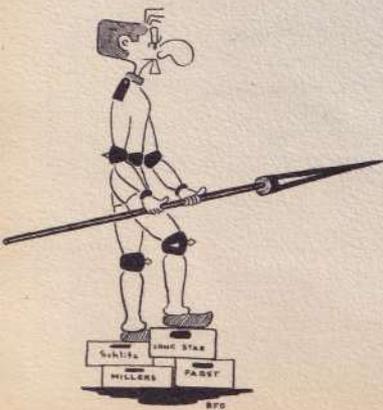
We'll never forget Squire Groger, omniscient exponent of the class system, purge of the fourth classmen, the aspiring jet pilot who filed his teeth and ate his steaks raw. Then it happened, he was called to head cave. There the chief sorcerer Minor Chime cast a spell on him and changed him into a many striped zebra.

Two more chariot racers were squires wing over Harvey and Dapper Dan Douglass, coming back from Fort Lackland; home of the lovely WAFS (wonderfully alluring females); they were traveling at a tremendous speed when their wheel suddenly became flat on the bottom.

The situation was grave (theirs if they didn't get back on time), as there was only three minutes before Major Gumps was to retract the draw bridge. Neither knew from whence the idea came but Squire Douglass jumped up on the fender and tying a rope around the axle gave the supreme effort lifting the car up and then continued on their way.

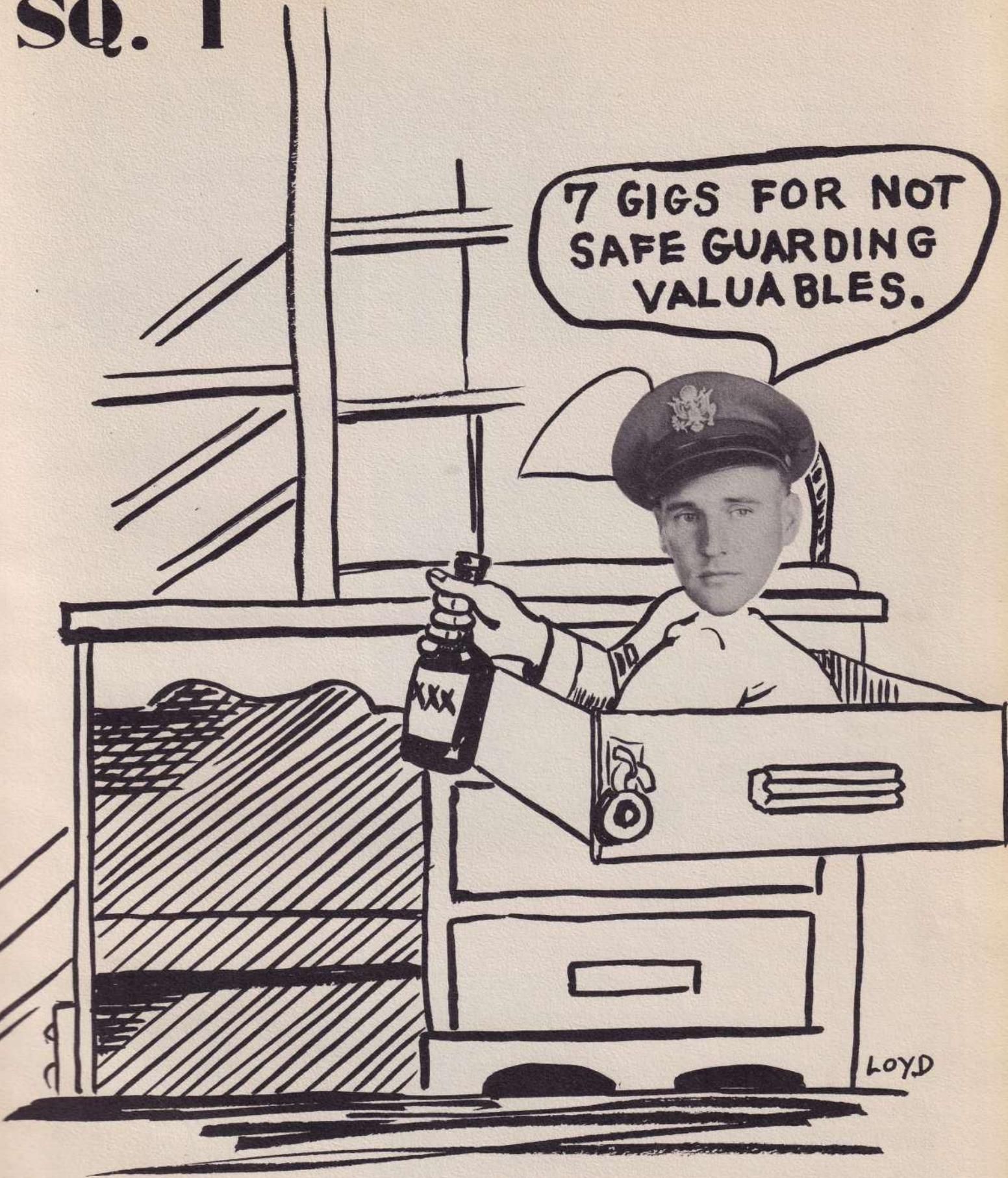
There was among us one foreign student Gigg De Goes who marveled at American prosperity, decided to alleviate the paper shortage in Belgium by sending home all his gigg slips.

Your humble scribe has been four stripe Moser, commander of Squadron One, whose voice can still be heard on dark nights ringing from the ares, "Gigg, Em!"



SQ. I

**7 GIGS FOR NOT
SAFE GUARDING
VALUABLES.**



CAPT. ROBERT KURTZ
Tactical Officer

John Bakalis
Detroit, Michigan

Richard N. Brown
Maplewood, New Jersey



Charles A. Carroll, Jr.
Miami, Florida

Robert L. Craven
Little Rock, Arkansas

Donald V. Cunningham
Abernathy, Texas

Jacque M. De Goes
Bruxelles, Belgium





James R. Douglass
Belle, West Virginia

Raymond W. Fidler
Bettendorf, Iowa

Dean M. Grogger
Topeka, Kansas

G. William Harvey
Asheville, North Carolina



Robert P. Lommori
San Francisco, California

Charles R. Madden
Larkspur, California

Samuel A. Melvin
Marshfield Hills, Mass.

Joseph C. Mizell
Norristown, Pa.



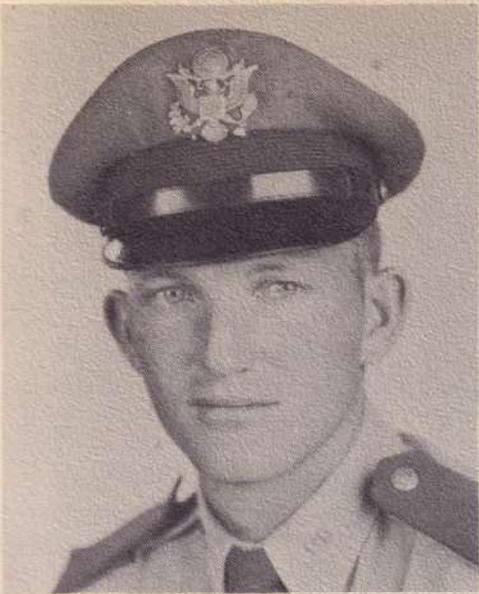
John K. Moser
Chicago, Ill.

Howard R. Nordeck
Terra Alta, West Virginia

John D. Rice
Evansville, Indiana

James R. Schauf
Bayard, Iowa





Edward L. Skeen
Blaine, Miss.

Merideth S. Sutton
Meadville, Pa.

George T. Tate
Tyrone, Pa.

Paul A. Van Someren
Baldwin, Wisconsin



Frankie G. Wilcox
Walnut Ridge, Arkansas



R.F. Pardon

"The Bloody Second"

-We Gig Them Till They Gag-

We look into the future and see a revolving crystal ball, which symbolizes the face of the globe where classmates of Squadron Two now reside... as we uncage our gyros we see it is the year 1962-----

We see Lee "The man most likely to succeed" Bergman selling beer and renting umbrellas on Galveston Beach. As we move on we can hear beachcomber Lee saying, "I'll never leave the paradise of Texas". . . . the crystal ball blurs and then we see a spot in southern California----dozing casually by his three swimming pools we see Cliff "Lover" Lowum, just divorced from his eighth wife, saying in his Hollywood broken-French tongue, "I luff thees madamoiselles". Next is revealed the top floor of the Empire State Building. . . . in his modernistic office we see Jim "Doctor 10-2 and 4" Plathe, the head of the movement to abolish all farm lands and put a subway from New York City to North Dakota. When asked if the farmers of the U. S. have a future Dr. Plathe was heard to reply, "Not while trees grow in Brooklyn".

We seem to be flying over Fort Hood. . . . we move a little closer and we hear the pilot desperately saying, "Bergstrom D F Homer, Please!!!" Yes, it's none other than Chick "a stripe for each year I waited for Cadets" Weir. . . . oh well, Chick's on cruise control so we'll look again into the ball. There is a flash and we see Korea. Dick "How do I get out of the program" Thomason still in Korea begging to complete his 8,000th mission in Helicopters. When told the war was over we could hear Dick angrily say, "Well, let's start one someplace else". As we leave Dick with Eva, Barbara and Clair, the ball takes us to a luxurious airbase in Texas, outside of Hondo, where appears Bob "Column right,--no! Column left. . . . I really fouled that one up" Brenemann, commander of that crack drill team "Erdmann's Eight Balls". Oh yes, we failed to mention that Bob has now been put back into 63-Easy class. He's up for his 50-hour check sometime this year. There's Birch "Malfunction" Pontius, who needless to say, is a regular officer, now famous as the author of the Armed Forces best 'seller' "The Concise and Comprehensive Knowledge of Strict Military Discipline". We understand there is a little friction in the Pontius household. As M. F. must still salute the Mrs. and is restricted to the kitchen on weekends.

Back to southern California: Ronnie "You should have been with me on my hairy ride today, boys!" Legner, who was quite hot for the jet program and is getting close to his dreams, behind the controls of a-----hack in Los Angeles. Yes, another country boy found happiness in the big city. Next we see friendly Fred "I'll smile through the program" Brennen as that popular white slaver and King of Vice from D'Hanis to Uvalde. One can see Fred most any time in the Corkroom with a black mustache, black cigar and black Derby hat.

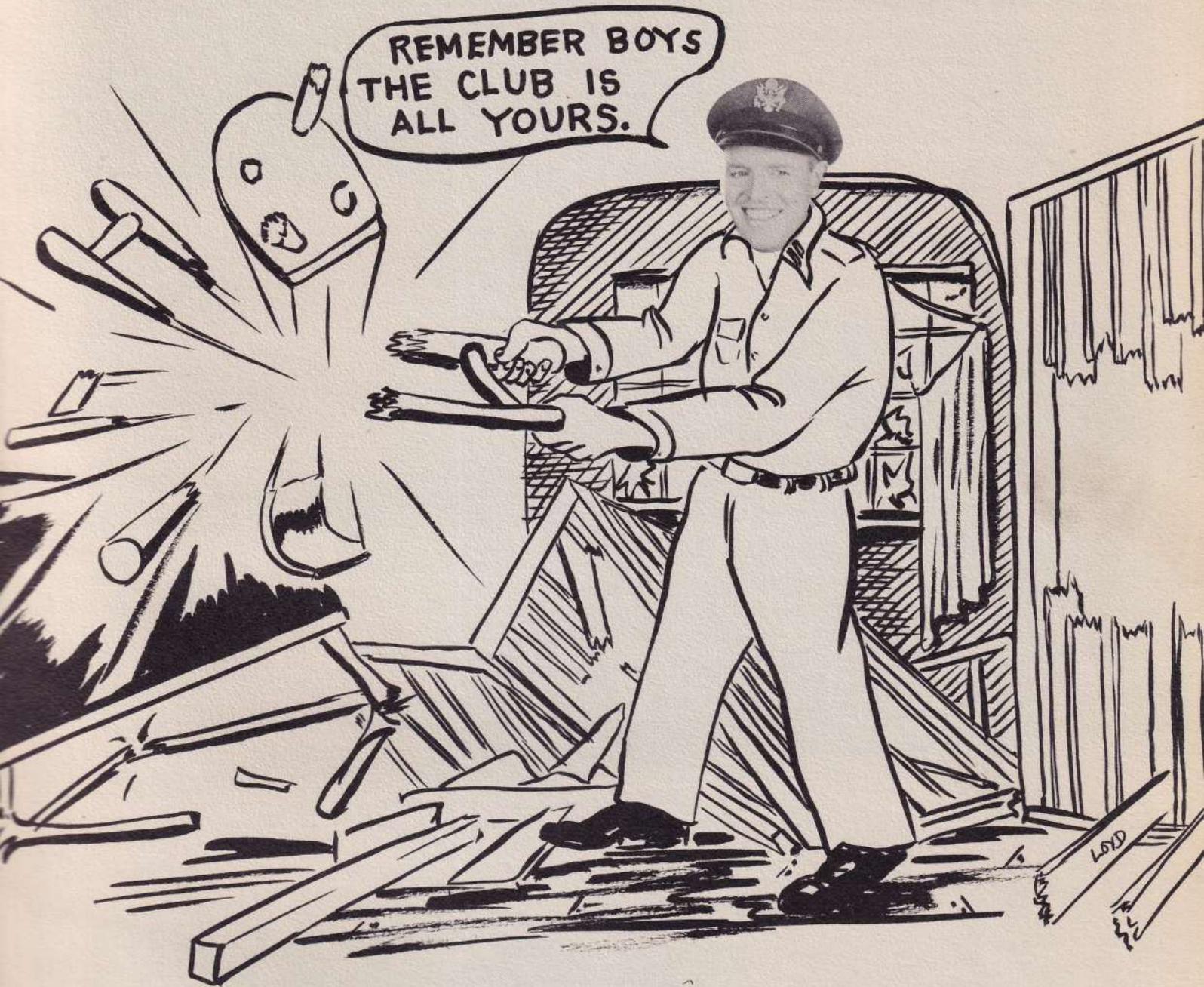
We notice in the corner of the crystal ball in a small University classroom surrounded by crib-notes, Bob "I like the T-score" Long. We are sorry to hear that Bob was eliminated in Advance due to low academic grades. Now, a Sophomore at 35, we leave Bob as he struggles with College Algebra. Well... here's John "No sweat on check rides" Brooks, who has finally reached the dream of all Aviation Cadets. . . . a military check pilot at Hondo acting, also, in the capacity as advisor to the Cadet Group Major.

Glen "But I AM over your field, Sir" Ward is barker at a traveling Hoochy Show. . . . selling specially constructed packages of Dr. Ringbarm's Nosebags. Yes, we've never met a more noisy nor boisterous fellow than wild Ward. Bob "I carry the flag---why can't I ride a horse, too" Kline as that foremost staunch prohibitionist who is behind the movement to outlaw all cigar smoking in public conveyances, including T-6's, and the use of strong alcoholics other than for medicinal purposes. So, as we leave the summer AA camp we recognize Edwin "Sleepy Nebulous" Nesdill still going to school to learn the English language and selling No-Doz pills on the side. We can hear Ed saying, "If I could have stayed awake in 'weather' I would know more 9 letter words." Jim "This is A/C J. K. Kindig, Sir" Kindig who has finally reached his goal in life. . . . complete owner of the Cadet Club. And, of course, a certain Hondo bull (no! Belle) is still among the crowd on Monday nights. We see Mimil "Silent Boy" Eon has a substantial job as usher in the Aztec Theater in San Antonio selling popcorn and prophylactic-----toothbrushes.

George "I gave that check pilot the bird" Lamb is responsible for that new organization for either wingless birds or wingless airplanes. As we leave George he's still wondering if he has to pay for that Wing. Pierre "Say that again, s'il vous plait" Esteve we still find trying to pry open his top drawer so he can carry his American dollars home in a sack. We see Curt "Be kind to your washed-out Cadets---they may be your Radar Observer" Scott still sitting off restrictions at O'Neils' and looking forward to his big game hunt in Africa. Gene "Do you dig me" Guerreau is still keeping Baker Class waiting out front while he finishes "de couler son bronze". Next comes B. J. "If it hasn't been invented, I'll invent it" Sheridan who has finally reached the height of his ambition. . . . manager of a girl's softball team. As we leave Beeny he is heard to remark, "you should see them pull that hidden ball trick". Steve "What? Carburetor Ice, Sir" Shelton as that devout brimstone evangelist in the wet hills of Kentucky where, around his still, he makes Old Hags and Hags (that's whiskey). The crystal ball reveals Etienne "After New Orleans what does Paris have to offer" Froelich as commandant of all French Cadets and in charge of all pin-ball machines at the Cadet Club.

Jim "Give me Liberty or give metjets" Williams we find living at Hondo or as Jim puts it, "The garden spot of the earth". Here, he and his partner from Corpus Christi, own the Ford garage. As we leave Jim we can hear him singing his favorite song "I'm just wild about Harry".

SQ. II



CAPT. BOB O. BEAUDRO
Tactical Officer

Leon F. Bergmann
Hampton, Iowa

Frederick E. Brenner
St. Clair, Michigan



John R. Brooks
East Liverpool, Ohio

Emile Eon
Versailles, France

Pierre J. Esteve
La Reole, France

E. F. Froelich
Strasbourg, France





J. P. Guerreau
Paris, France

James K. Kindig
Clearfield, Pa.

Henry G. Lamb
Fontana, California

R. E. Kline
Niles, Ohio



Ronald J. Legner
Odell, Ill.

Bent W. Ledertoug
Kobenhavn, Danmark

Robert B. Long
Savannah, Ga.

Clifford F. Lowum
Oak Park, Ill.



E. T. Neddill
New York, N. Y.

James D. Plathe
Madison, Minn.

Clarence B. Pontius
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Steven H. Shelton
Olive Hill, Ky.





B. J. Sheridan
Alexandria, Virginia

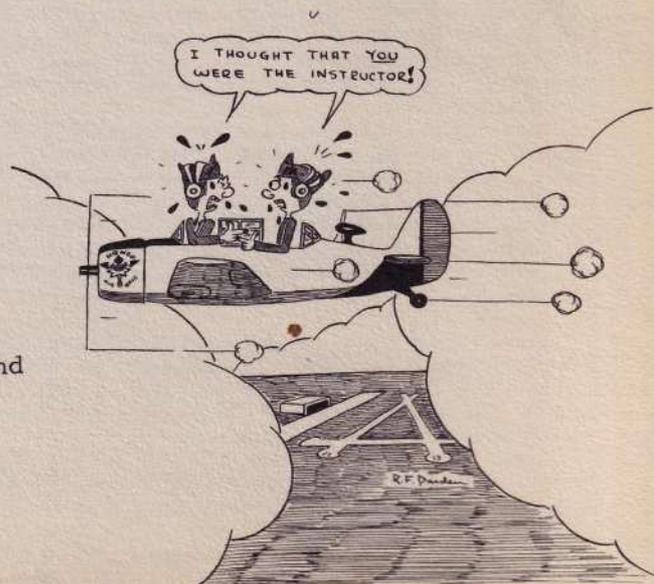
Richard H. Thomason
Lincoln, Nebraska

Glen C. Ward
East Omaha, Nebraska

Charles B. Weir
Lakewood, Ohio



James W. Williams
Silver Spring, Maryland



Life Goes To A Chicken Ranch

New York, Thursday, APU: Gil McSplash winner of the mid-century Okefenokee Swamp Swim has attributed his swimming prowess directly to his period of service as an attendant in the Hook, Line and Sinker Memorial Aquarium in Grunt, Mississippi.

"I uster couldn't swim so good, but when I seen them poor dumblookin' fish in them tanks swimmin' aroun', without even arms and legs, I got ashamed of myself and decided I'd work real hard and become a champeen", McSplash told newsman today.

By chance, this obscure news item was brought to the attention of Top Air Force Brass, men gravely concerned with the problem of turning out a brand of super-pilot capable of handling the powerful aircraft currently on the drawing boards of the nations aviation industries.

The brass reasoned that since McSplash had reached the pinnacle of success in the swimming world as a result of spending time in a fish house, perhaps a comparable result could be expected by quartering embryonic flyers in a bird house. Gigantic nests of fireproof straw and individual houses on poles were tested in the experiment, but proved impractical. It was determined that regardless of the flying ineptitude of members of the chicken family, chicken coops would provide the most inspirational lodgings for the group of unsuspecting Aviation Cadets elected for the test.

Following a nation-wide search the Air Force designated a super-deluxe Chicken Ranch in Southwest Texas; a dust-blown expanse complete with the finest examples of Chicken Coop architecture plus several long concrete exercise ramps. Hondo Air Base was open for business.

Hondo---4 March---The day of reckoning... our introduction to the life we hoped to lead for the next 13 months... that of Aviation Cadets. Our first view of Hondo Air Base proved to us that this place was very much in keeping with the environmental requirements of the experiment. Hondo Air Base was definitely for the birds.

We were shuttled into the Ellis Island of the Aviation Cadet Program, Pre-Flight. Fifty Three Baker was transformed from a large milling disorganized group into four smaller milling disorganized groups by the creation of flights.

Third Flight somehow got the cream of the crop with the why being spread evenly over the other three flights.

Appointment of Pre-Flight Officers was accomplished the first evening. Captain Arnold exhibited great shrewdness in selecting Bob Kronebusch as Flight Lieutenant of the Third Flight. Some claim that Bob was named for his leadership abilities. But other die-hards believe Captain Arnold realized there would be 100% greater chance of Third Flight achieving success if Bob were to set the cadence rather than try to keep it.

From the beginning it was evident that Bob's was a difficult task. Namely that integration of a group of men, alike only in the respect that they wore the same type of stylish, well-tailored uniform (J. C. Hopper, renowned Southern gentleman, philosopher, divot-digger, wit and singer of songs his mother taught him not to sing, revolted even here, wearing his own one piece Class A outfit until it was possible for a person standing downwind to imagine he could smell as well as hear the barnyard animals Mr. Hopper imitated on occasion).

A major obstacle which stood between Third Flight and happiness was the bane of Pre-Flight. Physical Training... two hours of daily horror conducted on three acres of Saharan wasteland... with the Green Hornet, a muleskinner during War II, as master of ceremonies.

As demanding and impersonal as he seemed, he was still interested in knowing just how he and his assistants stood with men... a fact evidenced by his daily statement, "All right, Charlie check to see how many supporters we have here today." It was on this field of battle that Jim "Magnolia Blossom" Alford gained his first big victory, striking fear into the chin bar with each vertical spasm 'til at long last he was able to delight the Hornet with a grimace of pain as he screamed "twenty" and fell limply to the earth.

It was following our transfer from Ellis Island to Devil's Island... fourth class... that we really came into contact with traces of the heritage earlier inhabitants had left behind... nothing tangible like feathers or roosts, but on damp days there was a certain haze of recollection that seemed to linger...

It was Dick Cugini who apparently breathed most deeply of his new environment and was our first solo... the following hosing down proved to be one of the few times Dick was to be on the receiving end of a dousing.

Those pre-solo days were definitely nerve-wracking for many of us who like the beer-drinking male in the ladies' room, didn't

know where he actually stood. The general aura of tension of these times was very successfully relieved by the bi-monthly trip to the South Seas with Captain's Feder and Fraide at the helm... two old sea captains who definitely throw a fantastic Tropical Fruit Feed. Easy Ed Schroeder and his connections with the San Antonio banana peddlers were a big help, for it was he who consistently obtained the stalks of boneless bananas... a fruit species that so greatly interested Norway's Rolstad that he deserted the Scandahoovians to volunteer for service in the Hawaiian Banana Plantation's Crop Dusting Corps.

As the days passed and our numbers waned, certain banner occurrences stand out in retrospect... the appointment of Tactical Officer Captain Dunlop, general all-around Grade-A person... the day we regretfully turned over our jobs as Barracks Sanitary Engineers to Charlie Class... night flying and the many accompanying games of "Runway, runway, who's got the runway"... and the most important of all, the first few performances of that classic depiction of Cadet life... the Emancipation of Baker Class, starring Flash Gordon with R. A. "Flaps" Witt. About this pair... we've all seen many Squadron Commanders and Adjutants and well, if you ain't got it, you ain't got it... Flash had rollers put on his bed in order to make reveille, but gave up the idea after being giggered for meeting formation in dirty sheets... Flaps checked out a year's supply of CQ report giggs, only to need a refill by the end of his second week.

Mark Matlock, grizzled cowpoke who claims his height to be 11 hands and two fingers and his point of origin to be "By Lafayette out of Oakland"... Tom Brady, portly geologist who proved his faithfulness to his profession during Open Post by only drinking his whiskey "Over the Rocks"... Cornie (Gyro Precession) Nugteren who tired of Hondo during his Second Class days and attempted a transfer to Goodbuddie AFB, even bringing along his own T-6 to help clinch the argument.

Eager, intense Frank Mead, who evidently descended from a long line of Tennesseans, judging from his volunteering qualities... Arne Larsen, suave, serious Norwegian who acted as Norway's ambassador to Mexico on week-ends and as super-pilots during the week, and who dreamed of owning a shiny new "retractable" automobile... Max "Portuguese" Lakhdari, the section-marcher's nemesis who, believing that home is where you scratch anything that itches, definitely made himself at home in every formation of which he was a part.

Mac McGlothlin, lone Lone Star Stater in Baker Three claims he busted his first bronco at the age of two and that Robert E. Lee was really a graduate of Texas A & M... Bill Boudreau, unofficial liaison officer for French Cadets who often times took an "oui, oui" as well as an "all right".

Pat Baxter, Air Force issue Sherlock Holmes, who demonstrated that musical sense and success in the Drum and Bugle Corps do not necessarily go hand in hand... John "Boss" Bicker, a walking paradox in that he was a teetotaler from Champaign, who in his brief term in office as first cymbalist for the Hondo Saturday morning Philharmonic, played the cymbals with the style and rhythm of a man intent on smashing every insect in his area...

"Smilin' Jack" Feder, official three cushion cow-smashing champ of Hondo Air Base and perennial optimist who, on finding nothing more than a flea on his bed, would surely deduce he had inherited a trained dog act worth one million dollars and that the dogs were outside playing.

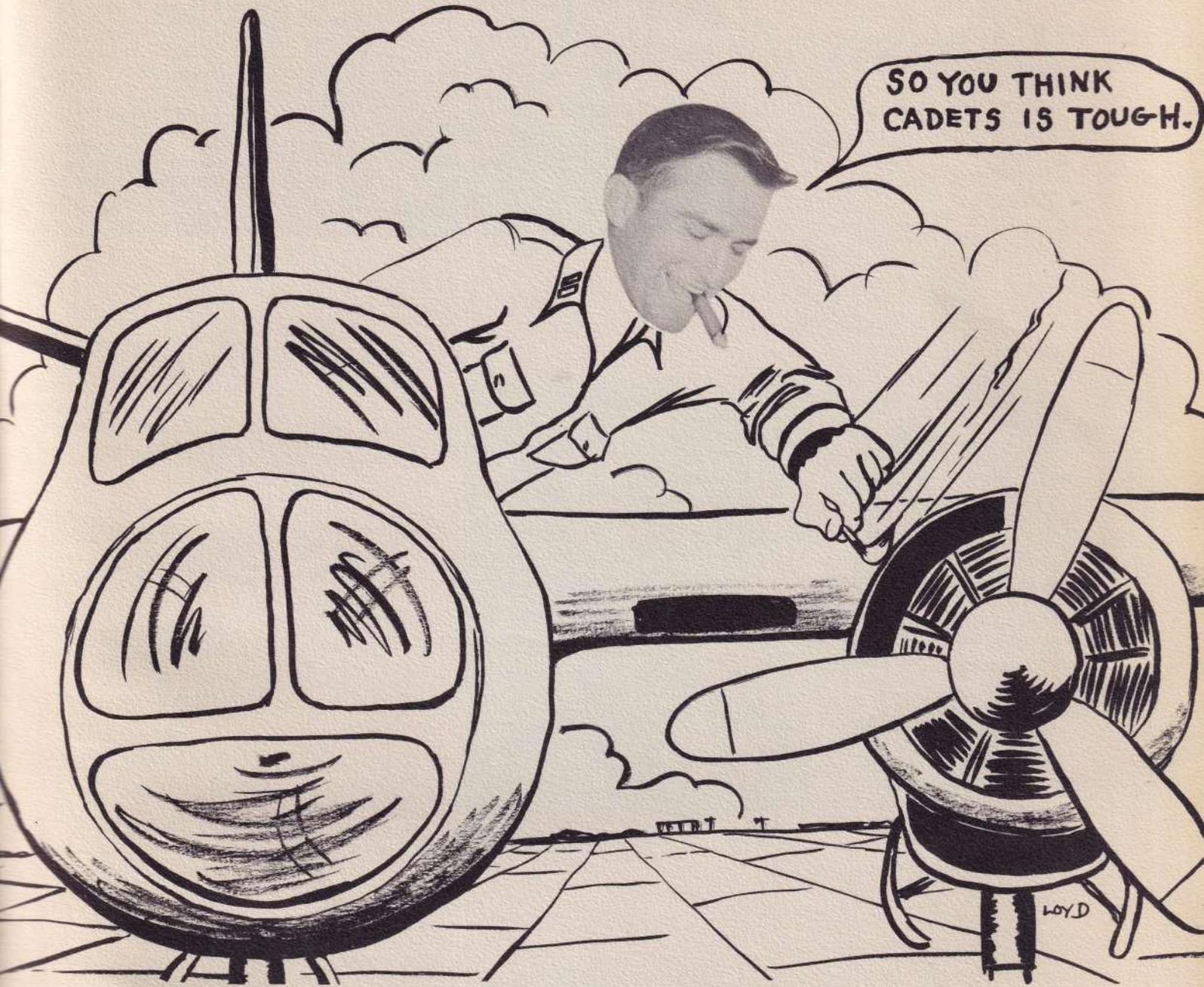
John "Ringo" Westphal, master satirist and expert on wild Western Culture, whose razor sharp tongue cut so cleanly and quickly that TAI tried to hire the boy to verbally sever the roast beef so frequently adorning the menu at Hondo's leading cafeteria... George Lamb, a veritable lion in the flying machine and only Cadet ever to share accident honors with check pilot; to him fell the task of shaping up Second Squadron.

"Cecil B. De" Vermeersch, French movie mogul and director of the thrilling expose, "The Eight Ball Express", the true story of the Hondo Cadet program.

Seven months pass, and the Hondo experiment has run its course... perhaps those who stay behind to sow the fundamentals of pilot training in future cadet classes will forget the men who made up Baker Three... but those who were a part of this experience won't forget this 30 weeks of our lives... the mistakes we made... people we met... Captain Dunlop's standby inspections... a terrific group of instructors who were really fighting the odds with Baker Three... Mr. Folse, the only Squadron Commander on the line with a French accent and great guy to all of us, even though he did make us check a lot of Form 1's.

So we write 130 across our Log Books, pack our bags and start talking Multi's and Jets... just six short months until the Training Command writes "Rated" on the records of 53-Baker and turns over to Uncle Sam the finest bunch of A-1 Airplane Drivers in existence.

SQ. III



CAPT. MILFORD G. DUNLOP
Tactical Officer

James A. Alford
Columbia, Alabama

Paschal H. Baxter
Georgetown, South Carolina



John H. Bickers
Potomac, Ill.

William F. Boudreau
Manchester, New Hampshire

Thomas W. Brady
Berea, Ohio

Not pictured:
Richard E. Cugini
Tire Hill, Pa.





Albert D. Davies
San Bernardino, California

George F. Davis
San Francisco, California

Alfred J. Feder
Inglewood, California

John W. Gordon
Wooster, Ohio



James C. Hopper
Greenwood, Miss.

Robert M. Kronebusch
St. Paul, Minn.

Mahieddine Lakhdari
St. Eugene, Alger, Algeria

Arne Larsen
Mysen, Norway



Marcus M. Matlock, Jr.
Lafayette, California

John C. McGlothlin
San Angelo, Texas

Frank F. Mead, III
Orange, California

Cornelius Nugteren
Marion, South Dakota





Per Rolstad
Setersta, Norway

Edward F. Schroeder
St. Louis, Mo.

John R. Wesphal
Berkeley, California

Roland Vermeersch
Amiens, France



Robert A. Witt
Covington, Tennessee



We Only Sang On Fridays

The oft-seen picture of the happy, singing group of Aviation Cadets is a direct contradiction to the mood that prevailed in Baker Four. All our formations were conducted in mute silence, with an air of gloom hanging heavily about; save for late Friday afternoons when we gave out with song for it was only 15 hours to OPEN-N-N-N POST.

The seven labors of Hercules were bagatelles in comparison with the effort we put forth in planning those precious hours of freedom.

Since the first day of Pre-flight, the class has shown a spirit that defies reason, and our complete lack of motivation is a source of wonder to all. The views of Baker Four on all matters regarding discipline, l'esprit de corps, authority, etc., may be summed up by the class slogan: "EARS".

The bored casualness that prevailed throughout was an indication of our philosophy—the end is what counts and the means be damned. This way of life has been the object of much criticism from the powers that be; but their wrath is quickly satiated by consideration of our above-average academic standings, prowess in the field of sports and close order drill, and last but not least our rapid mastery of the yellow bird.

Saturday afternoon finds Bob "Model Cadet" Arbuckle on the beach at Corpus telling how he got through another inspection unscathed, with his top drawer unlocked and a fifth of Old Forrester inside. Nearby, "Shorty" Snead, the scrooge of Fourth Class, is again telling all how he wants to get out of the program, claiming vehemently he doesn't stand the proverbial "Snowball's" chance of passing the next check ride. Jim Hatfield oblivious to all and is, busily plotting a cross country to Roswell, supremely confident that a T-6 will make it. Also in this motley crew is Jim Taylor, sitting by himself and muttering: "I wonder if I could sneak in a snap roll on top of an inverted Lazy Eight---It ought to work if I..."

In Bandera's Cabaret, "The Great Auk", (Nels Thomsen) is giving a loud dissertation on the finer points of close order drill; and there is no greater authority on this subject except perhaps Frank "Yo Yo" O'Brien, over whose epic hangovers, even Bacchus approvingly leers.

At a neighboring table, "Dad" Leitch ponders over a cure for the ills of Cadet life. With pounding fist he says: "I'm going up to Headquarters and tell that Lieutenant: "Red, if I were running this squadron we'd have things a lot different; for instance, this latest regulation..."

Allowing five minutes for this to sink in, Tunis (That's a name??) Parsons nods unconsciously and after measured deliberation says "My God--wouldn't that frost ya". As usual, "Operations" Wergeland is diverting the local talent with his continental technique and a "cute" accent. The "trail" to Bandera takes its worst beating from "Corporal" Christenson who uses it to perfect his speed shift for use on Highway 90.

Hans "Pete" Naess is again complaining about the hard time he gets from the rest of the squadron, saying that they are breaking down the Good Neighbor Policy between Norway and America. Jeff "The Flying Dutchman" Boudens cuts him short with a vivid description of his favorite takeoff: "Keep her on the runway until you run out of concrete and then pull up the gear and haul her off".

In any of San Antonio's quieter places (soda fountains, theaters, etc.) "Caruso" Kallenberg who had the distinction of never being on time for any formation; is listening to "Hot Lips" Bredow explain the minute inner workings of his pet airplane. Any aviation discussion would usually find Herb starting off with: "Back when I was working on 51's" etc, etc., ad infinitum. Along with them sits Jack "Hot for the Program" Wilkerson who has gotten a little high on two malteds and decides to be very daring and light up a cigarette.

Very late Saturday night on the road from Laredo, Vince "Let's get blind" McTighe assures all he is positive a ride will come along and everyone will get back on time. Seriously doubting this, George "Multi-Cushion" McGuffey decides to dull the inevitable consequences with a stout draught of Tequila. "Walrus" Schwab is also of the same mind and with bleary aplomb enlightens McGuffey with: "George, I'll clue ya', we'll need some salt and a lemon with that stuff." Jerry Lutterman, being of sterner stock decides that such accessories are really not necessary and proceeds to try to forget that day he came in on final with gear up. Close at hand Jack Noble is pacing up and down like a caged beast, resolutely determined to do something about his plight. This almost mythical singlemindedness might have averted a ground loop which "didn't break, but sure bent hell out of our safety record".

Along any of the main drags in this wasteland, Bob Dubbe creates weekly havoc with his "Dubbemobile"; which is a cut down buzz bomb and driven as such. With him is Dave "Moneybags" Boyd who liked the program so well he took pre-flight twice. One of Boyd's more engaging talents was the storage of a meal, in its entirety, with his labyrinthine jowls.

The droning engine that shatters the peaceful air of Open Post supports Lee McPherson, who since Friday afternoon has been trying to extend his gear while continually muttering; "Ay-end this Hay-el!"

Back on the base, Jack "Silent" Nicholson seems to prefer the P. T. field and his sack to the pitfalls of Open Post utterly disregarding the class belief that Open Post is the only worthwhile item on the agenda.

In his room "Birddog" Musgrove has no takers for his offer of a complete sets of maps with the Hondo-Temple-Hondo cross country all marked off.

The men of Baker Four were always able to view the program with an air of detachment. Impassioned statements about duty, honor and the like were generally met with coarse grunts of dissension or a calm impenetrable silence. Despaired by their seniors, misunderstood by their juniors, they produced when it counted, The result was perhaps the most integrated band of individualists you would be likely to meet...

SQ. IV



LT. HUBERT E. DOOLEY
Tactical Officer

Robert V. Arbuckle
Greenville, Kentucky

Jeff W. A. Boudens
Vlaardingen, Holland



Herbert E. Bredow
Worthington, Minnesota

Jack N. Christenson
Montrose, California

Robert D. Dubbe
Humbolt, South Dakota

James E. Hatfield
Detroit, Michigan





John C. Kallenberg
Stewart Manor, New York

William L. Leitch
New York, New York

Gerald C. Lutterman
Wellsburg, Iowa

Jack E. Musgrove
Bristol, Virginia

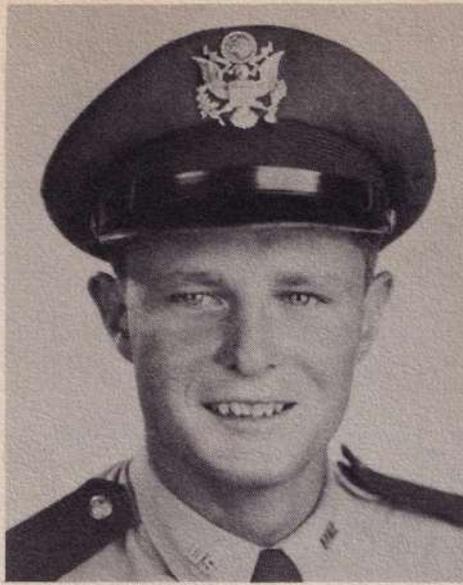


George T. McGuffey
Athens, Texas

Lefoy McPherson
Lockhart, South Carolina

Vincent M. McTighe
New York, New York

Hans P. Naess
Oslo, Norway



John G. Nicholson
Brandon, Vermont

John W. Noble
Montpelier, Vermont

Frank J. O'Brien
Trenton, New Jersey

Tunis W. Parsons, III
Seattle, Washington





William H. Snead
Tallahassee, Florida

William T. Schwob
LeSueur, Minn.

James M. Taylor
Lewisville, Arkansas

Nels Thomsen, Jr.
El Monte, Calif.



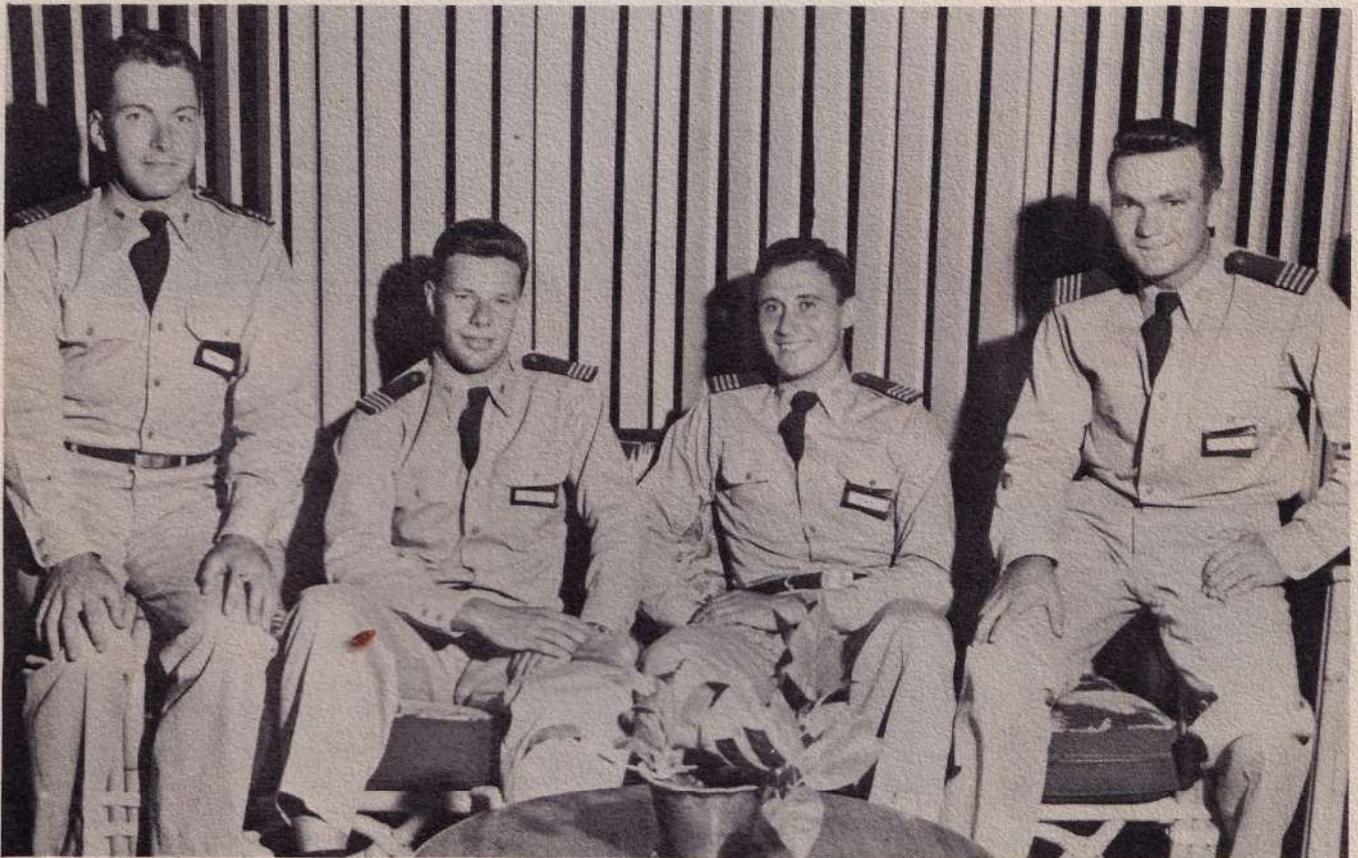
Gunnar Wergeland
Oslo, Norway

John F. Wilkinson
Auburn, Nebraska



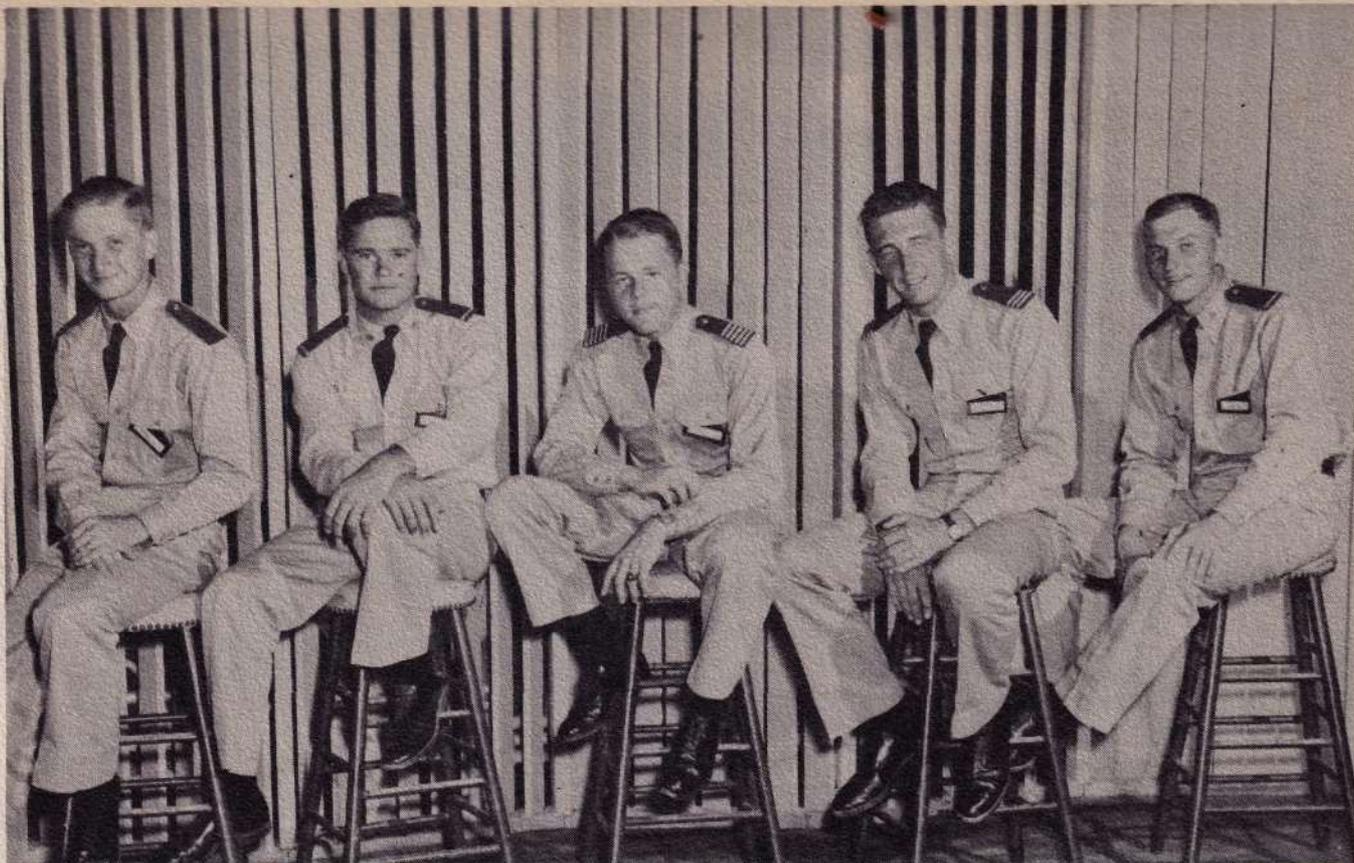
GROUP STAFF

A/C Nordeck, H. R. ; A/C Grogger, D. M. ; A/C Taylor, J. M.



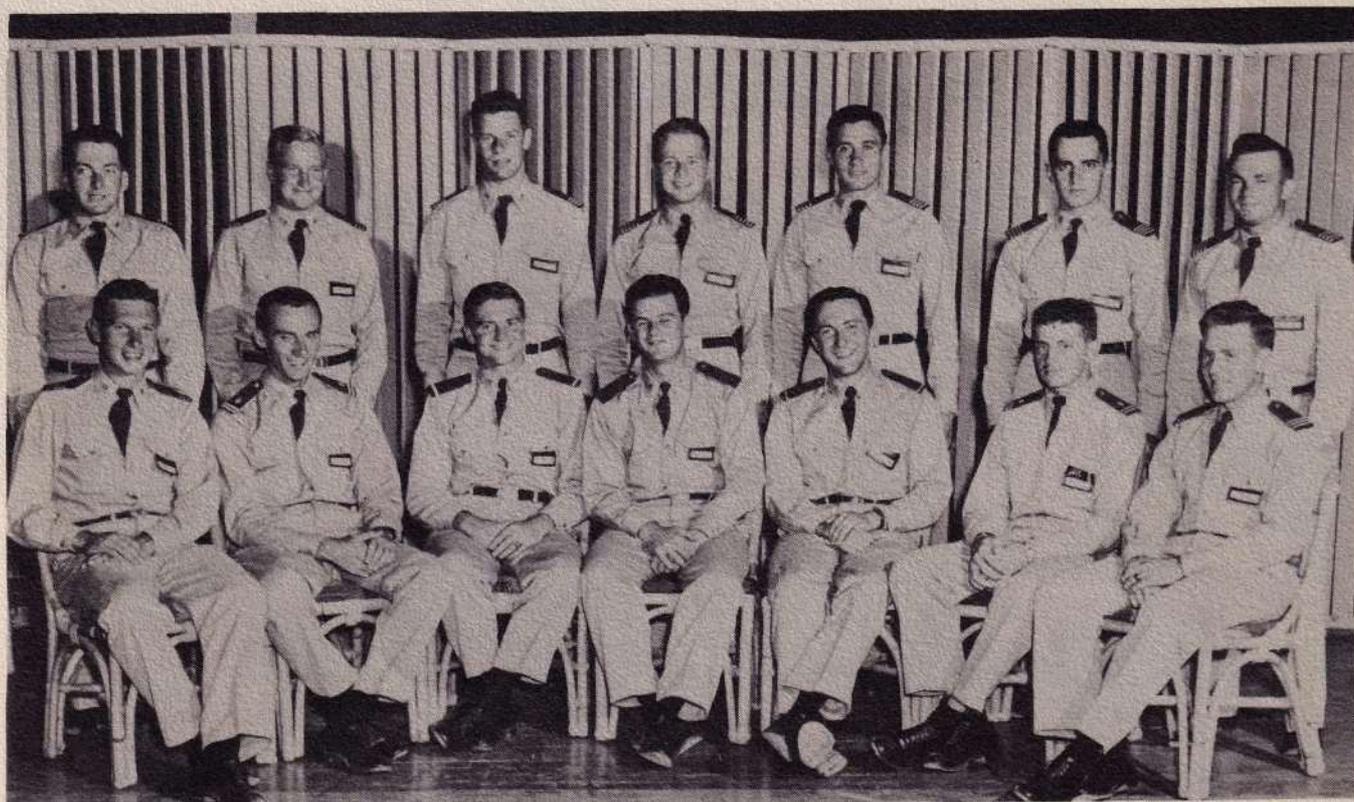
SQUADRON COMMANDERS

A/C Moser, J. K. ; A/C Weir, C. V. ; A/C Gordon, J. W. ; A/C Christenson, J. N.



HONOR COUNCIL

A/C Pontius, C. B. ; A/C Carroll, C. A. ; A/C Grogger, D. M. ; A/C Thomsen, N., Jr. ; A/C Davies, A. D.



BOARD OF GOVERNORS

BACK ROW: A/C Moser, J. K. ; A/C Taylor, J. M. ; A/C Weir, C. B. ; A/C Grogger, D. M. ; A/C Gordon, J. W. ; A/C Nordeck, H. R. ; A/C Christenson, J. N. FRONT ROW: A/C Bergmann, L. F. ; A/C Sutton, M. S. ; A/C Williams, J. W. ; A/C Lammori, R. P. ; A/C Kronebusch, R. M. ; A/C Nugteren, C. ; A/C Arbuckle, R. V.

Hondo Final Staff

S T A F F



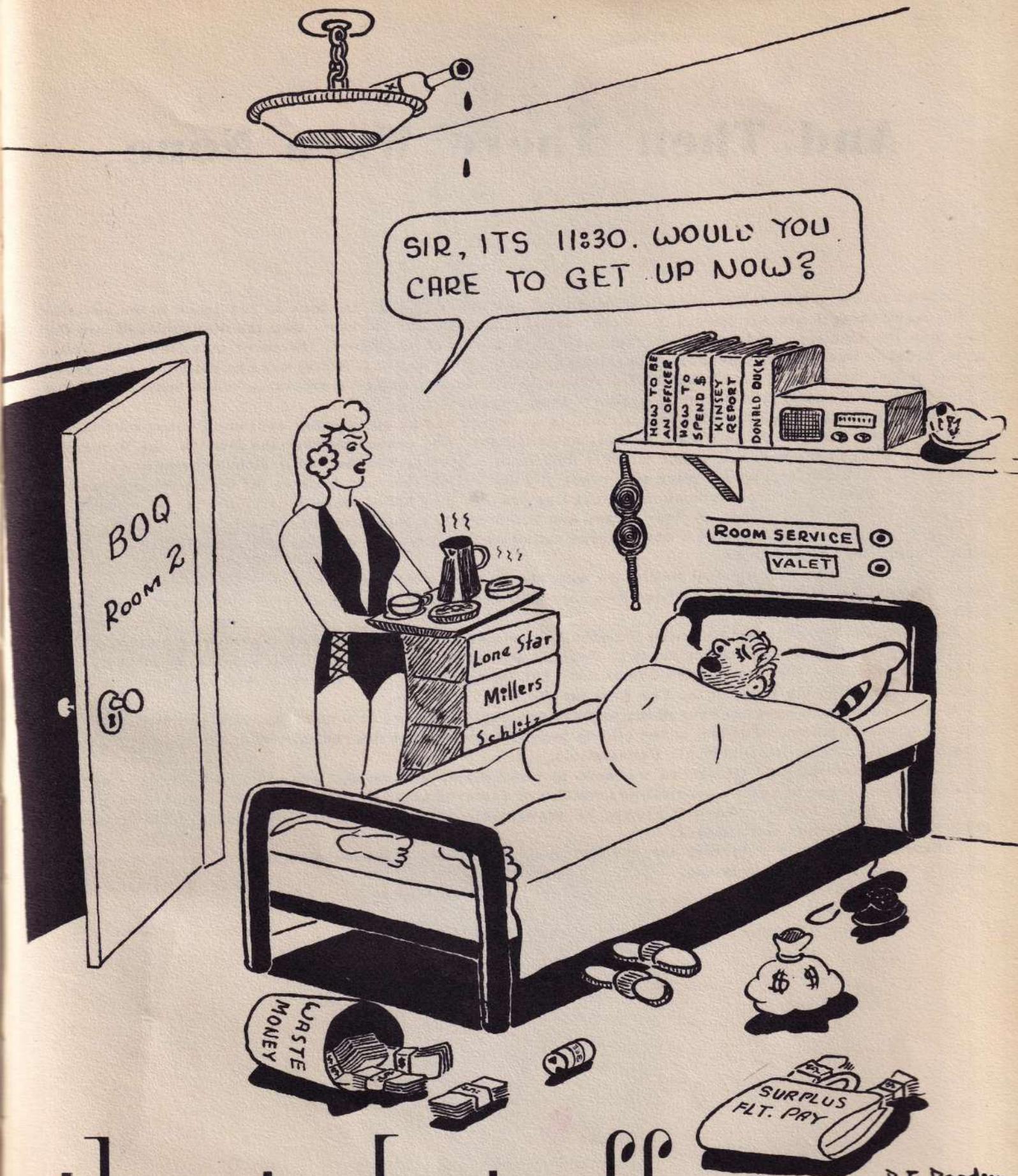
A/C Bickers, J. H.; A/C Mead, F. F., III, Editor; A/C Carroll, C. A.; A/C Moser, J. K.



CAPT. ROBERT B. ARNOLD



A/C Moser, J. K.; A/C Shelton, S. H.; A/C Carroll, C. A.; A/C Pontius, C. B.; A/C Williams; A/C; Davies, A. D; A/C Bickers, J. H.



SIR, ITS 11:30. WOULD YOU CARE TO GET UP NOW?

BOQ
Room 2

HOW TO BE
AN OFFICER
HOW TO
SPEND \$
KINSEY
REPORT
DONALD DUCK

ROOM SERVICE
VALET

Lone Star
Millers
Schlitz

WASTE
MONEY

SURPLUS
FLT. PAY

R.F. Darden

the student officer

And Then There Were None

It was a blustery March Day when 7 hungover and unsuspecting 2nd Lts. took up residence in the beautiful villas overlooking Hondo Air Base. Little note was taken of their arrival other than the distinguished fact that this was the smallest student officer contingent ever to report into Hondo. However these few men, (after many drunken week-ends at Bandera-and the nightly hair of the dog at O'Neils) were to establish themselves as the major nuclei of talent, the hard core of aviation cadets, and give substance to the boast that Baker Class is the best and smallest ever to graduate from Hondo.

The background of the few men in our class is as varied as any other cross section of young men thrown together in one common union. John Bonnel, ex-navigator, who cannot get over the fact that the 50 mission crush is a thing of the past and at our monthly inspection a grommet in the cap is standard equipment. Dick Parker-Boy millionaire, playboy pilot, and owner of a red collapsible car, bucking for high academic honors, a carry over from his days at the academy. Mort Lossius-our only allied student-driving a recently purchased Studebaker like he flies a T-6, same airspeed and occasionally a bank steeper than 45 degrees.

Bill (sure I am regular, twice a day) Rogers authority on such lofty subjects as philosophy, Beer, Religion, Beer, Politics and Beer.

To our unfortunate friends that fell by the wayside, we extend our utmost sympathies and hope for a very fruitful career in the Air Force. These men have now departed to other bases and even to other theaters of operations.

Bub "Drunkard" McCune, alias Sticky Fingers, is now slaving away in San Marcos providing training aids for "sullen dog feet" in the mechanics school. Jerry (I am outranked by my gal) Eichorn has departed for the slum area of Tokyo and a traveling companion, Bill (wingtip hell, I got the whole wing) Parker is now expected to be hunting big game in the Far East for the next 18 months.

We are extremely proud of everything we have accomplished here at Hondo. But we will always look back with the greatest amount of pride, at the efforts put forth and the results realized when we accepted the responsibility of training for future Air Force pilots.

Those coveted wings! Of course we want to wear them, and we will wear them with pride. But they carry with them a number of responsibilities which are centered about and incorporated in the meaning of the words "Air Force Pilot". We will always be responsible for seeing that we live up to, and keep the high standards set for pilots and officers.

Whatever our future duty with the Air Force might be, we will always be thankful for the superlative training we have received at Hondo.

Lt. B.F. Rogers



Lt. Morten L. Lossius
Nesgt 26 Lillestrom
Norway



Lt. Richard A. Parker
25 W. 38th St. Blvd.
Erie, Penn.

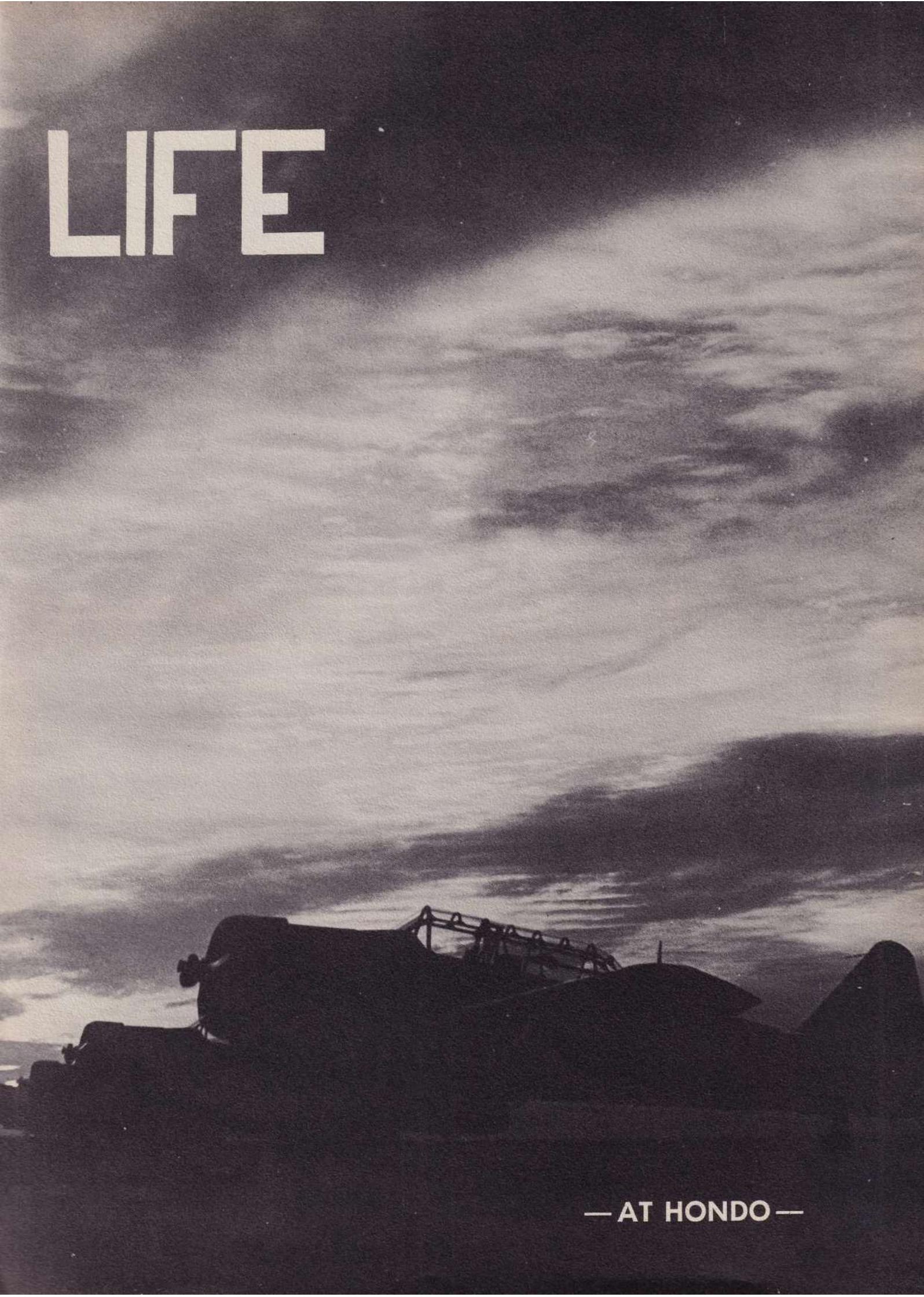


Lt. Billy F. Rogers
RR 2, Box 420
Newport, Arkansas



Lt. John N. Bonnell
52 Center
Maplewood, Louisiana





LIFE

— AT HONDO —



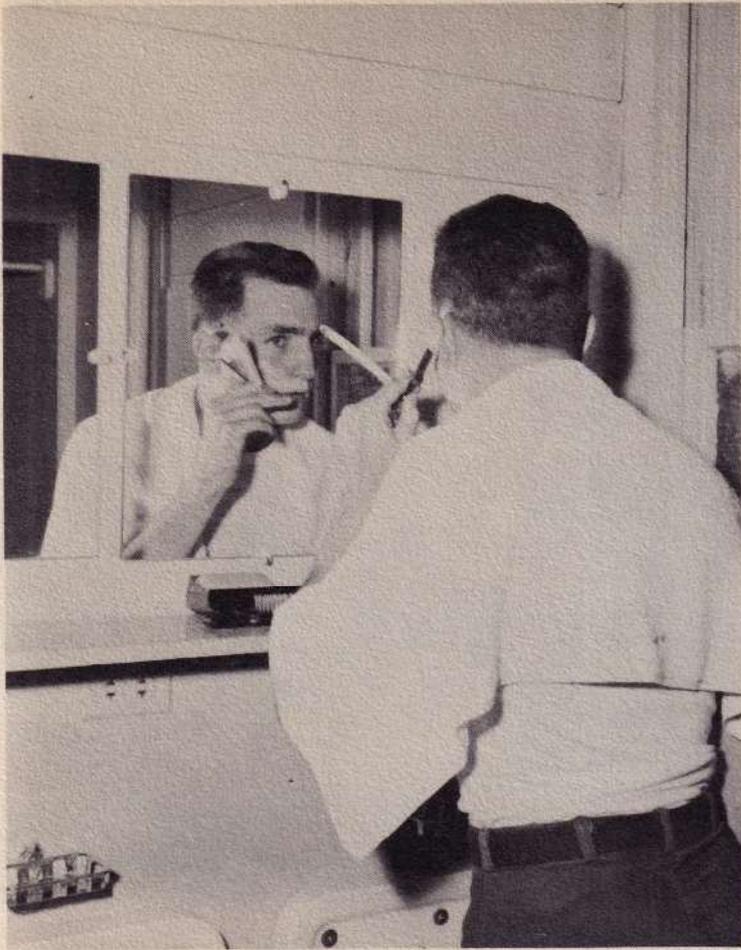
Why not vice versa.



Chicken Shack.



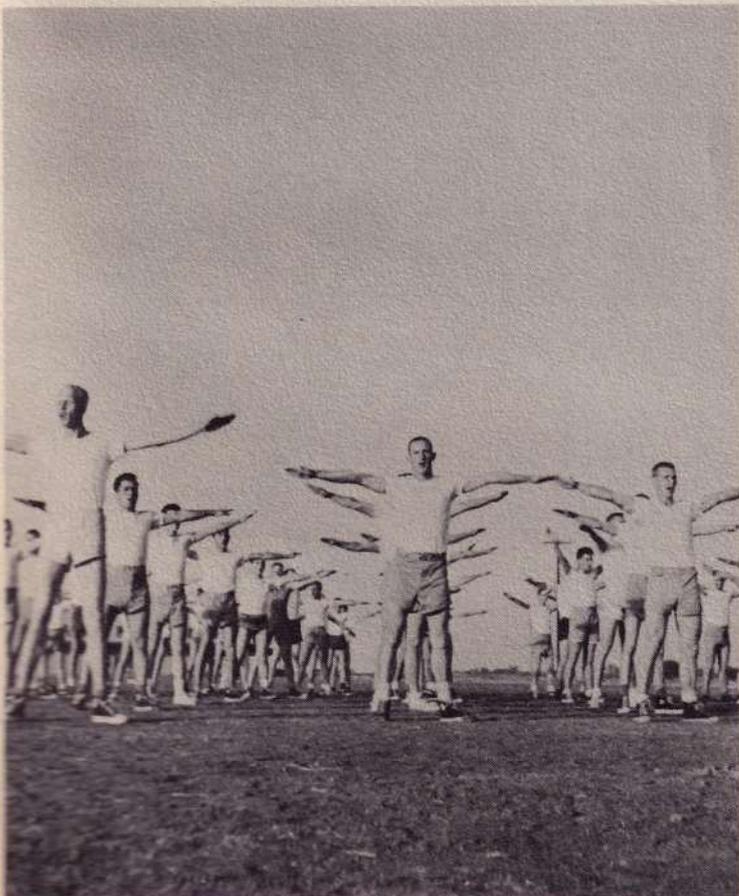
Our cottages by the sea.



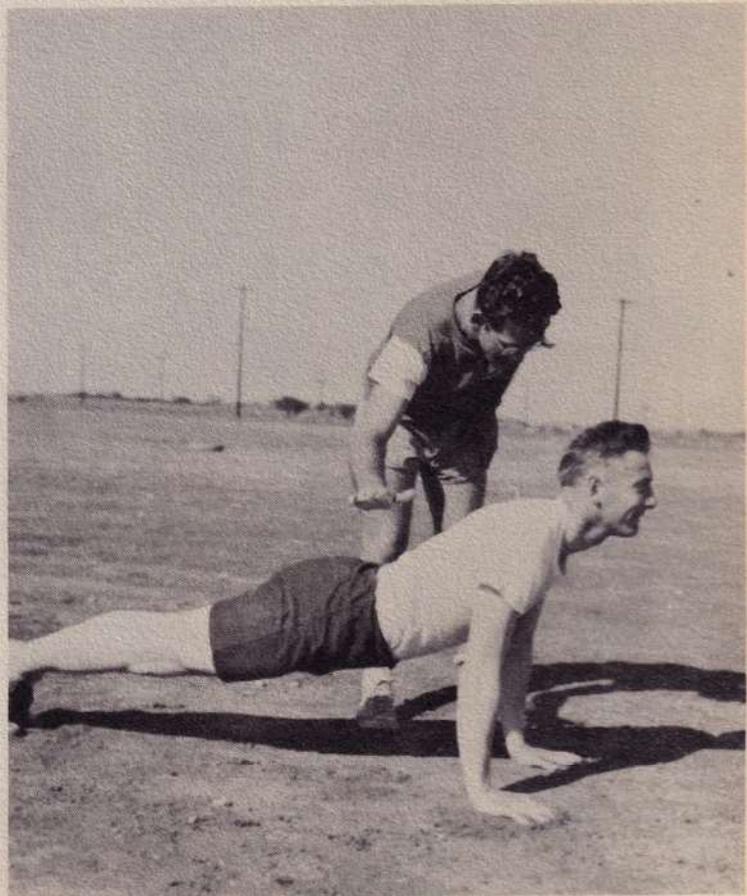
Just call me "Nick!"



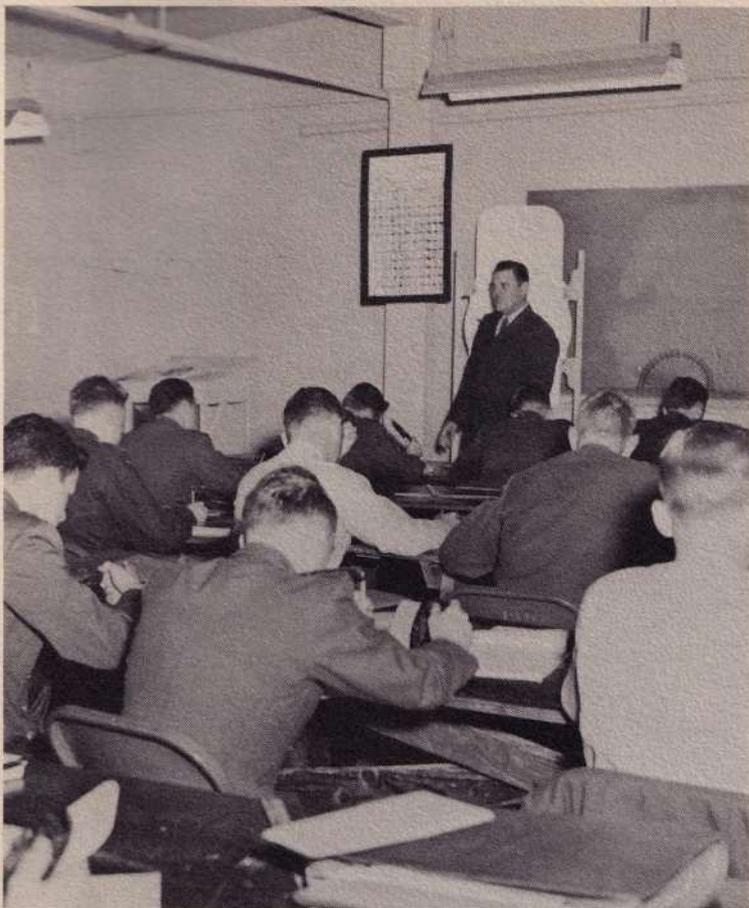
It doesn't look like purple!



I thought we were going to play games.



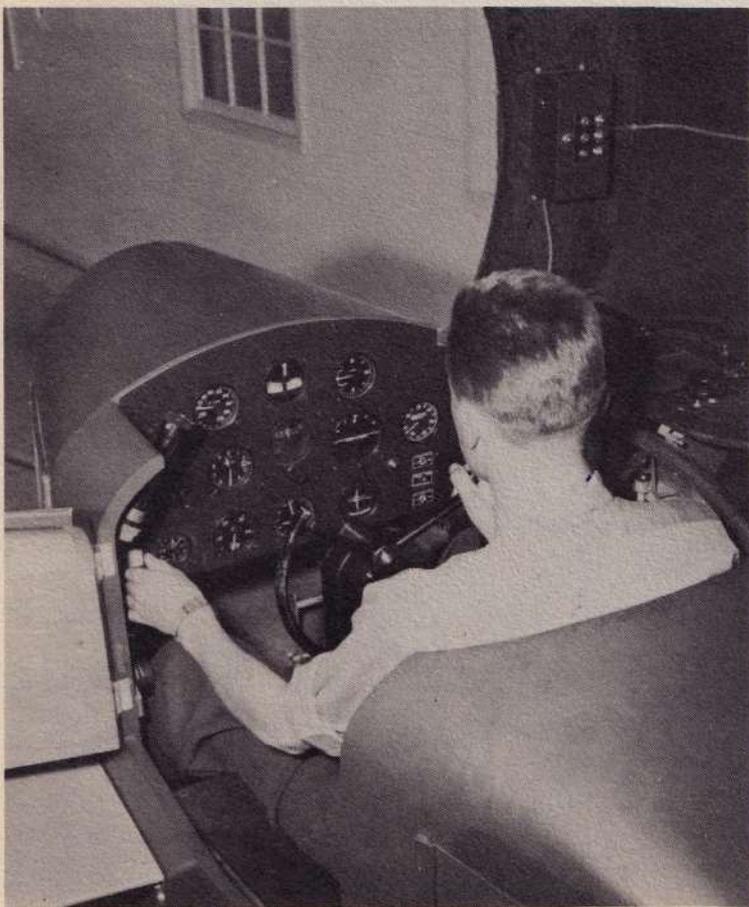
Only 98 more to go.



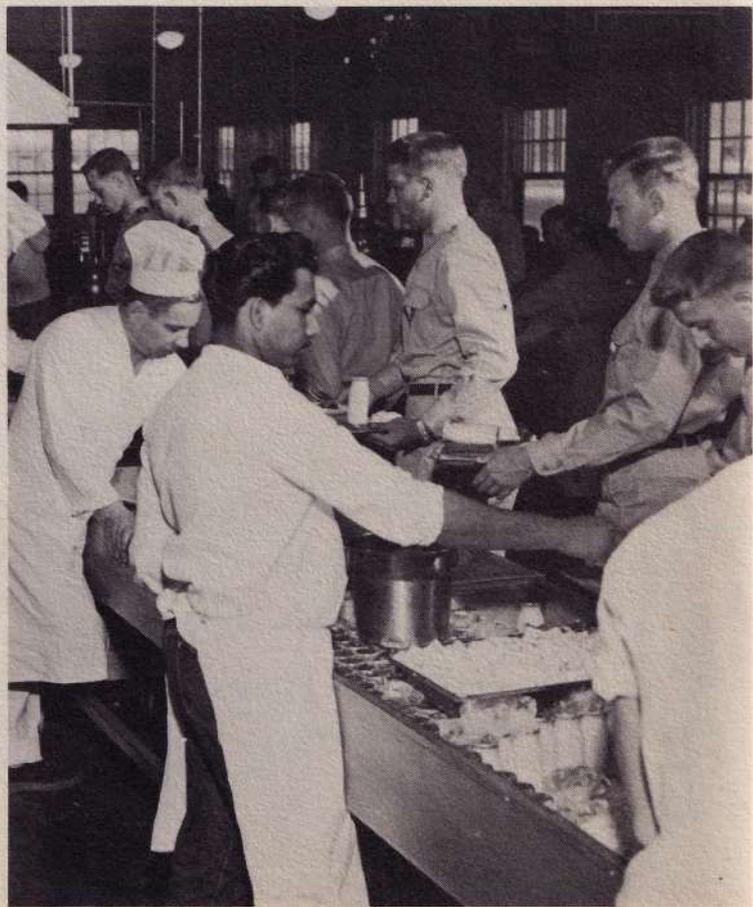
"and in the 5th (hic) at Belmont..."



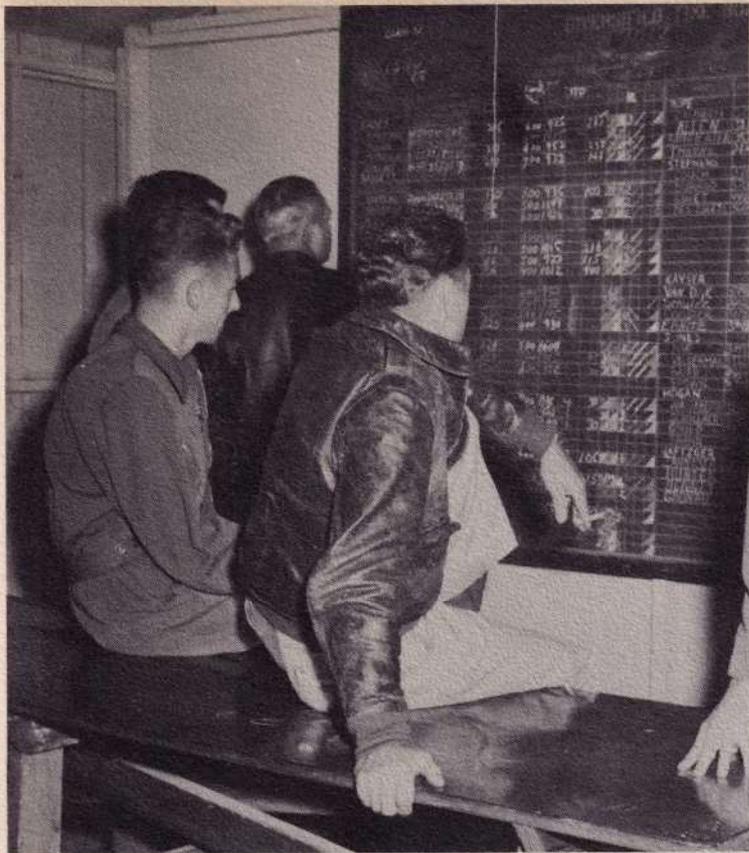
Our own wire service.



"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.



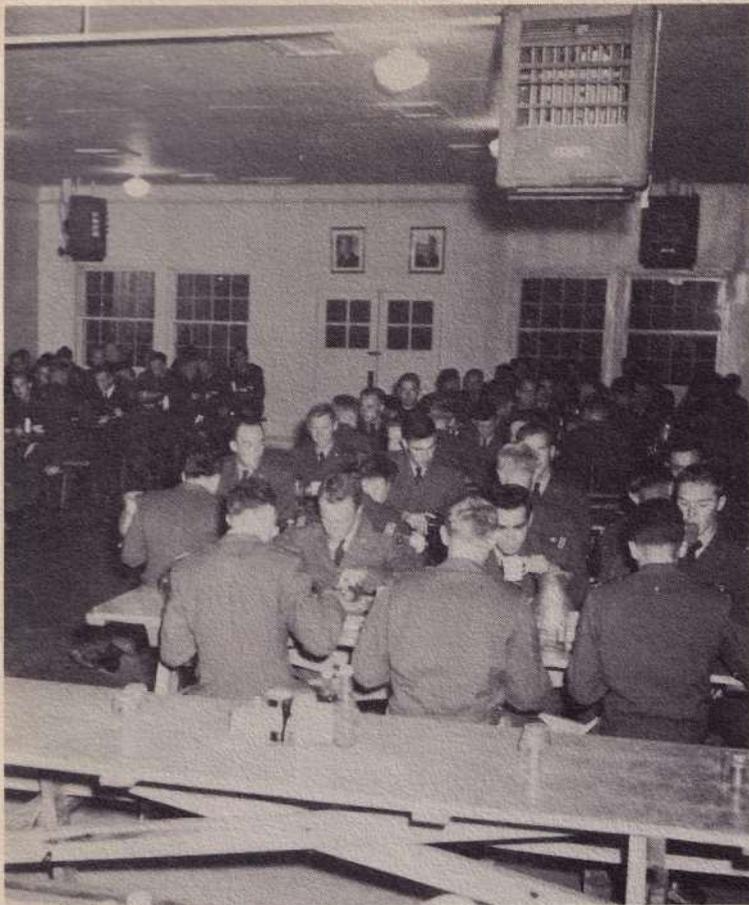
And they were waiting.



The color guard.



Just like West Point.



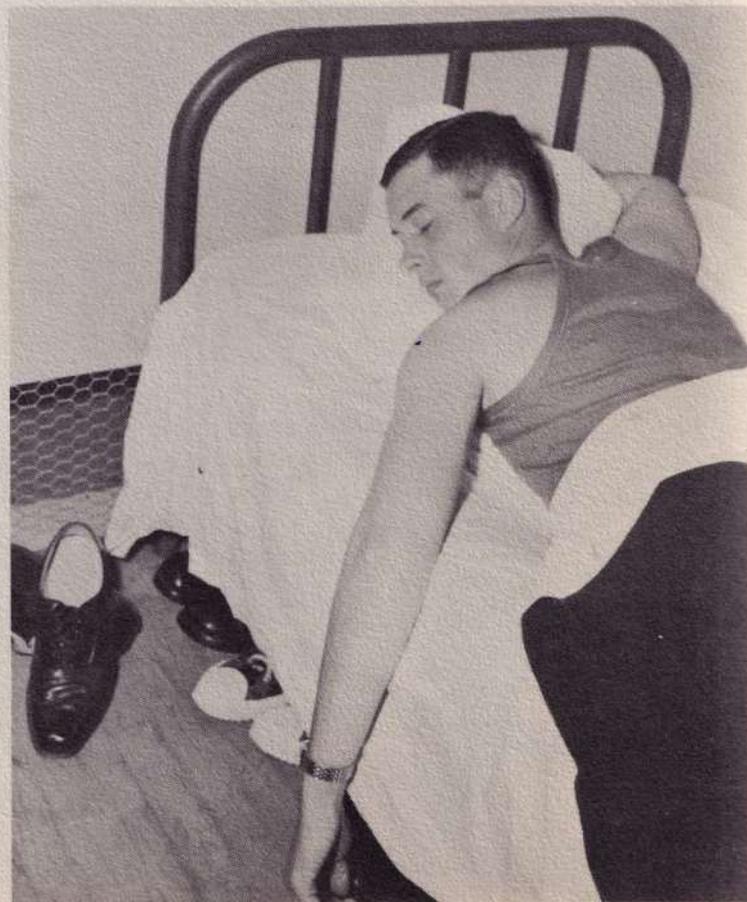
They wouldn't bring us a menu.



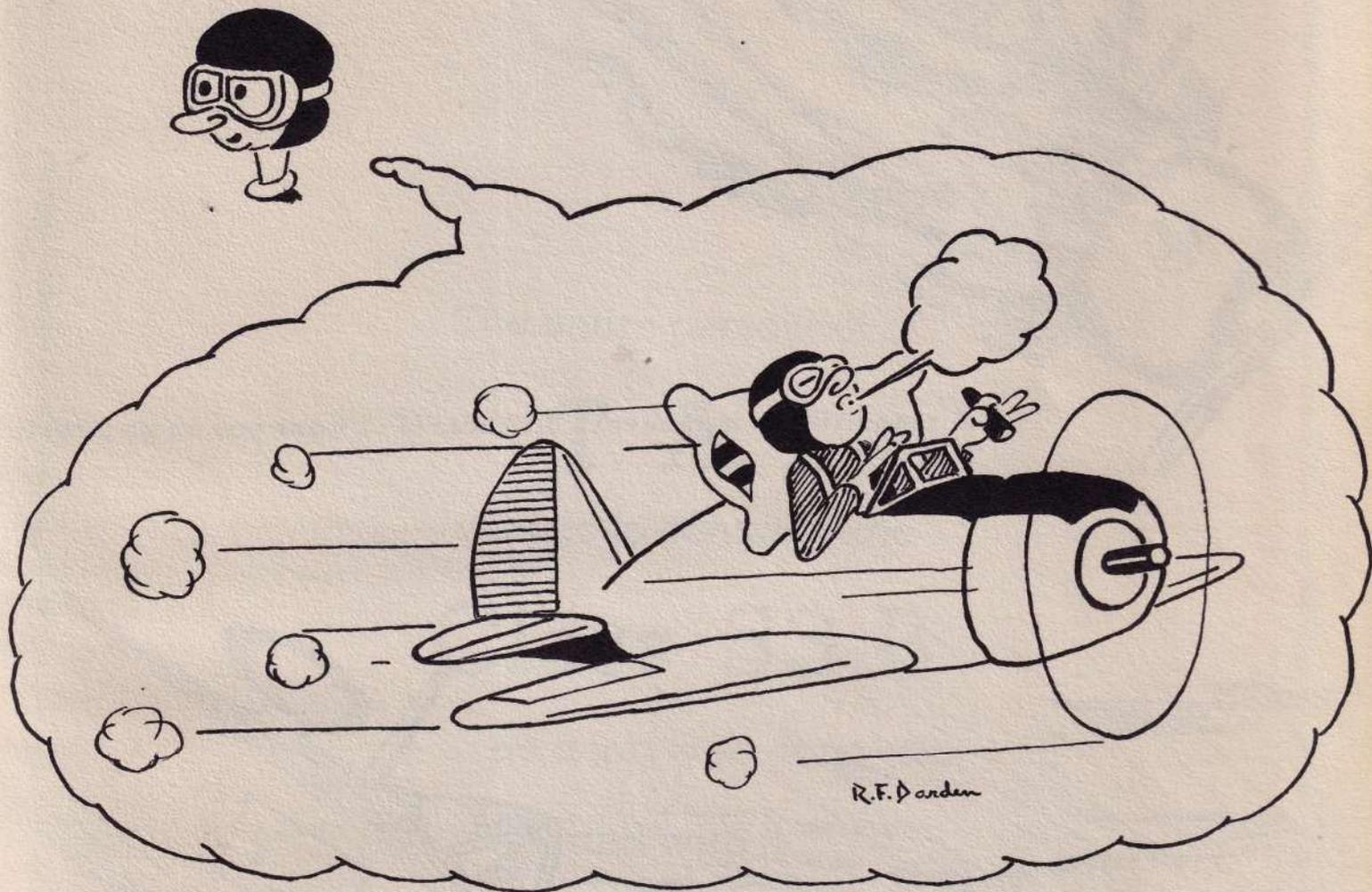
Getting ready for that cross-country.



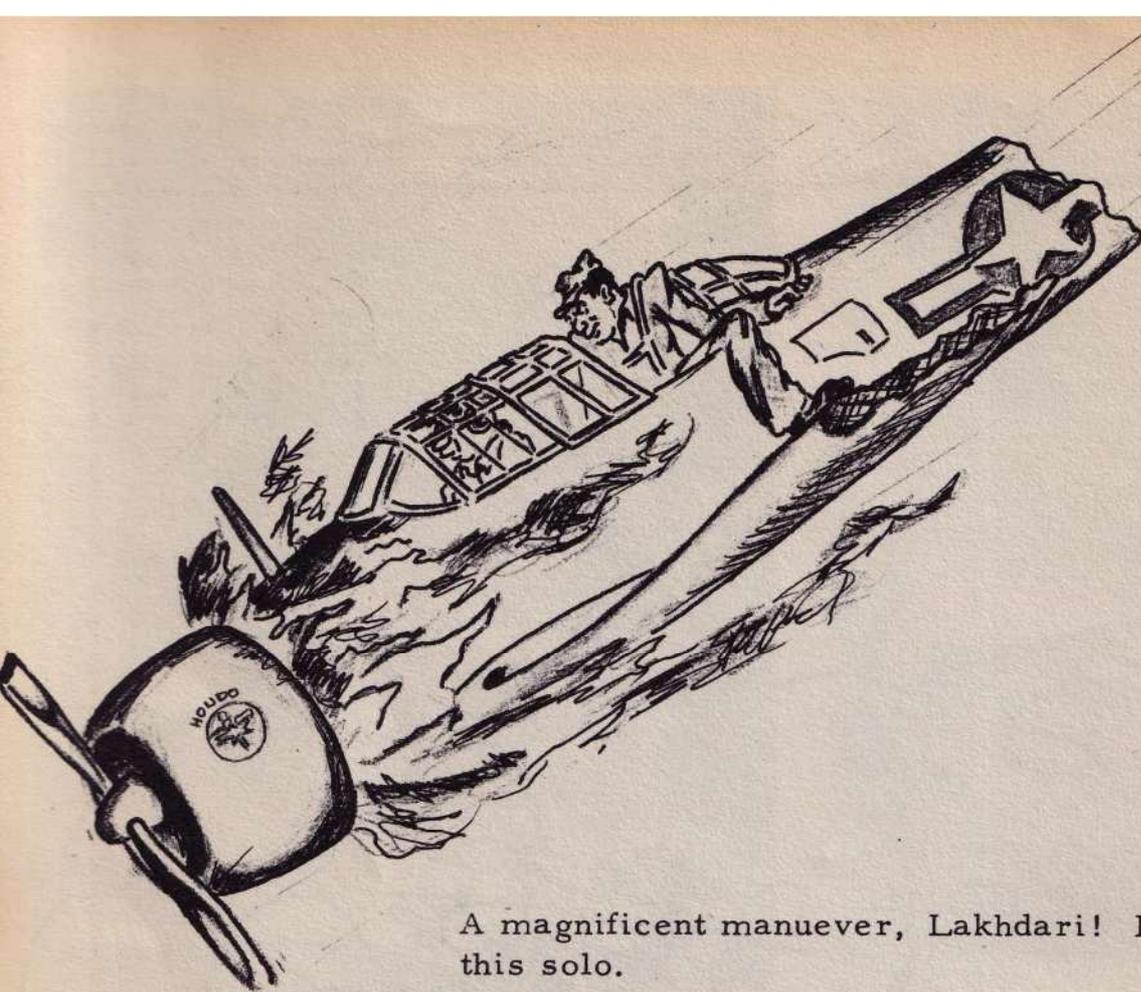
We never get any, French movies?



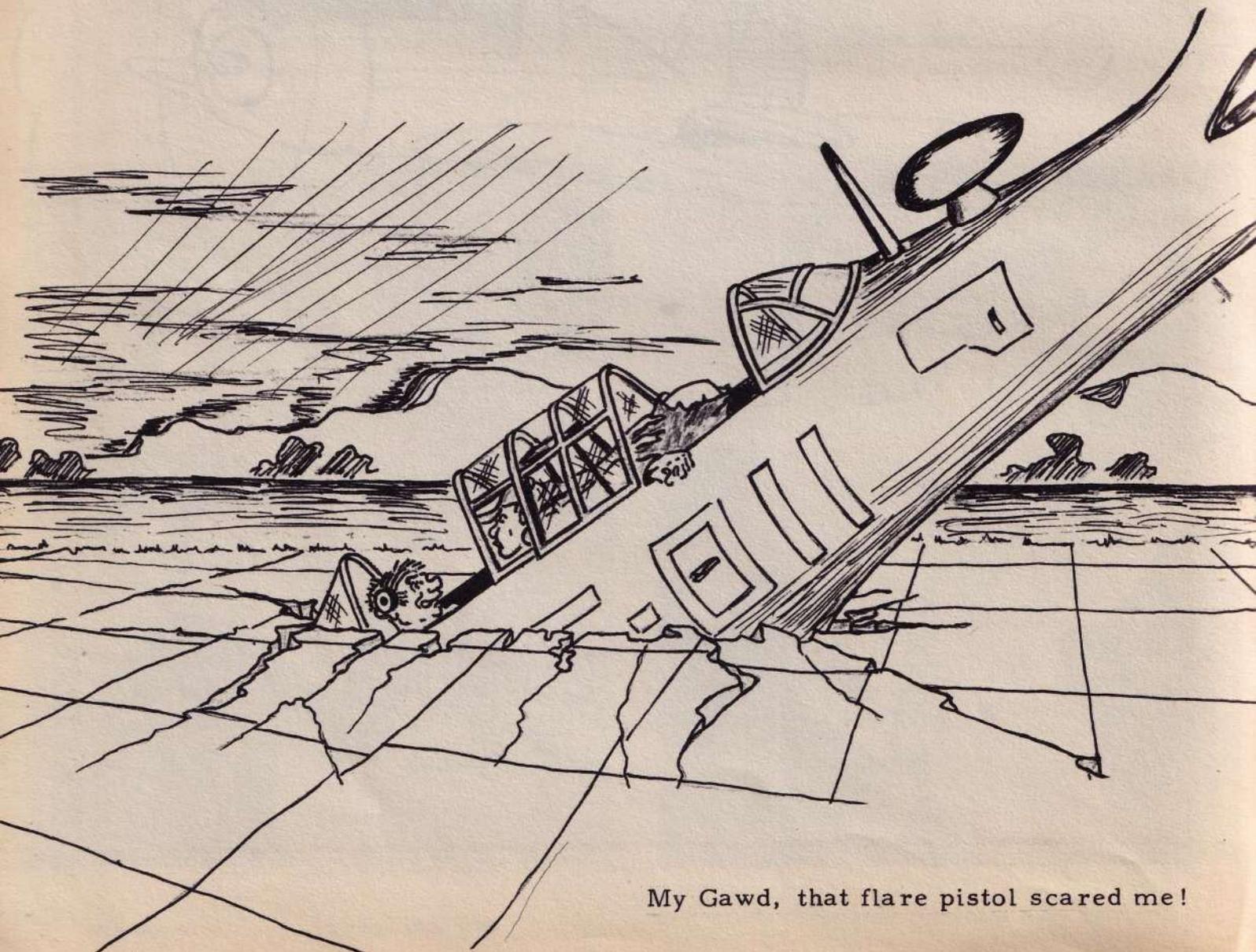
"Is call-to-quarters over yet?"



THE WAY HE TELLS IT.



A magnificent maneuver, Lakhdari! I want you to go practice this solo.



My Gawd, that flare pistol scared me!

The entire personnel of

T. A. I.

wishes to congratulate

Class 53-B

on a job well done

and with it

combined success

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

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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GOODS
GARRISON CONFECTIONERY
W. T. CROW INSURANCE
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GRISHAM GROCERY
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HOLLOWAY HARDWARE
HOLMIG DRESS SHOP
HONDO ICE CO.
HONDO NATIONAL BANK
HONDO LOCKER PLANT
& FOOD MARKET
FLY, VANCE, DAVIS, ATT'S. AT LAW
ROBINSON'S HELPY SELFY LAUNDRY
HEYEN'S FLOWER SHOP

JONES SHOE STORE
KOLLMAN BROS. RED & WHITE
GROCERY
LAAKE BARBERSHOP & PACKAGE
STORE
E. R. LEINWEVER CO.
LUTZ & SCHAN SERVICE STATION
MANHATTAN CAFE
MARY-RENE'S BETTER READY-TO-WEAR
MEDINA FEED & SUPPLY
NESSLEY-LARKIN
NESTER MARKET & GROCERY
NORMA'S DRIVE IN
OASIS CAFE
TOMMY'S GULF STATION
PENNINGTON ELECTRIC & GAS
APPLIANCE
PICHOT SERVICE STATION
N. P. POPE AGENCY
RAYE & PARK THEATRE
RITZ COFFEE SHOP
M. F. SCHWEERS
THE STYLE SHOP
WESTERN AUTO ASSOCIATE STORE
WINDROW DRUG STORE
WOOD & WOOD INSURANCE AGENCY
CADET BARBERSHOP (LEINWEBER)
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**LEINWEBER'S
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"The shop with a personality haircut"

E. A. BEARD, Mgr.

Best Wishes

**BOB KOLLMAN
CHEVROLET CO.**

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**AIR FORCE
UNIFORMS**

Style

Without

Extravagance



Three Generations of Experience

Best Wishes to Class 53-B

Sabinal

RUSHINGS RED & WHITE GROCERY

SUE'S DRESS SHOP

HI WAY GROCERY

CRANE BARRINGTON HARDWARE CO.

Devine

FRONTIER SUPER MARKET

Bandera

O.S.T. CAFE

ALWAYS
GOOD
FOOD

West Highway 90

COMPLIMENTS . . .

O'NEILL'S DRIVE INN

DANCING NIGHTLY ON PATIO



Pontiac a fine car made even finer
ALLEN TILLOTSON MOTOR CO.

1216 EIGHTEENTH STREET

TELEPHONE 68

HONDO, TEXAS

Compliments of
**PEARL
DISTRIBUTING CO.**

B. A. SCHWEERS
Hondo, Texas

OWL CAFE

WE SPECIALIZE IN PIT BARBECUE

BILL TAYLOR, MANAGER

"Eat In A Friendly
Atmosphere"

Compliments and
Best Wishes

from the makers of

"FLIGHT
ACE"
CAPS

"JAKE'S
LIQUOR
STORE"

ICE, CUPS, LEMONS
MIXES, ETC.

4 pints raffled off to
Lucky "F" Class Students

We Deliver

Phone 7



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DISTINCTION

Personalized Service
Unexcelled Value
Deluxe Quality

Budget Terms To Suit You

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San Antonio, Texas

Will A. Slade
Cowboy Outfitters

UVALDE

TEXAS

Saddles, Boots, Fancy and Plain Cowboy
Shirts, Hand Tooled Belts, Leather Goods of
All Kinds, Saddle, Boot and Shoe Repairing
Western Hats



SALES

SERVICE

DEVINE MOTOR SALES

Telephone 105, Devine, Texas

For A Clean Record

Remember

**SNOW WHITE
LAUNDRY**

and

DRY CLEANERS

UVALDE

Mr. H. Hess

Mr. C. K. Carpenter

Best Wishes

To Class 53-A

DAWSON'S

5c to \$1.00 Store

A Variety of Merchandise

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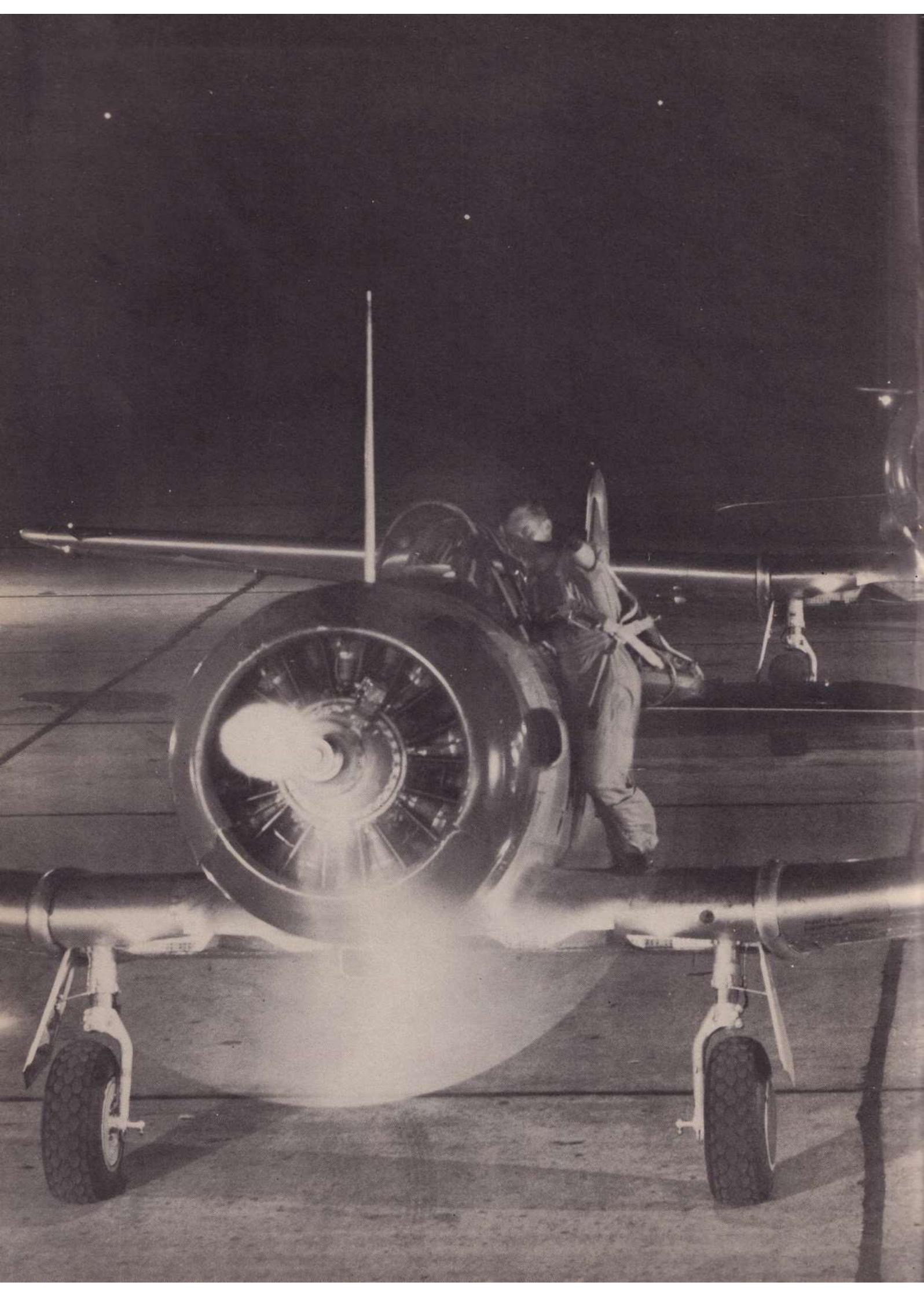


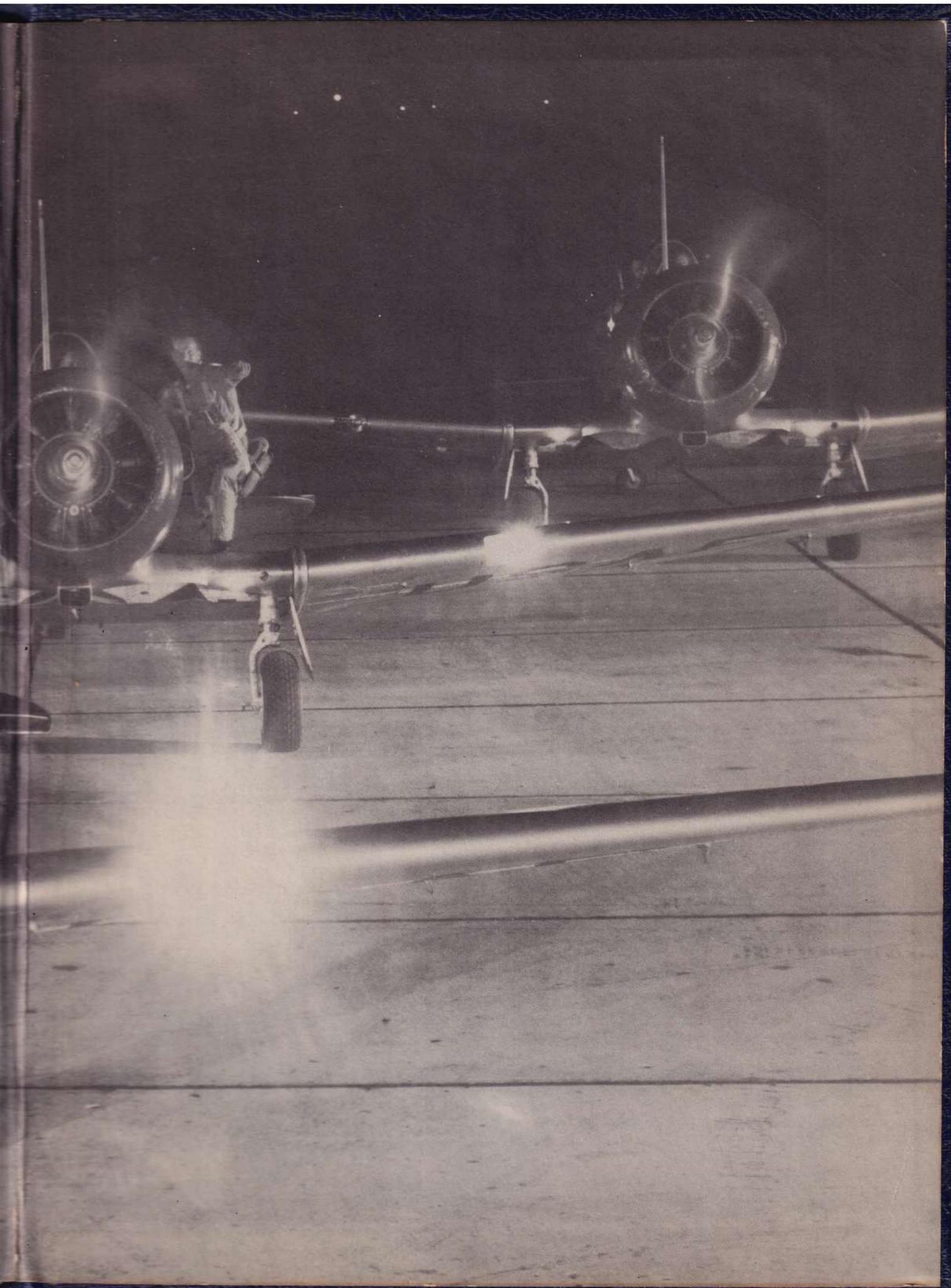
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