

# HONDO FINAL













# DEDICATION



CLARA L. BAILEY



ADAH L. COLEMAN

We of 53-C Dedicate this book to these two fine ladies who by their friendliness and warm interest brought a little bit of "home" to the chicken coops of Hondo.



# HONDO FINAL

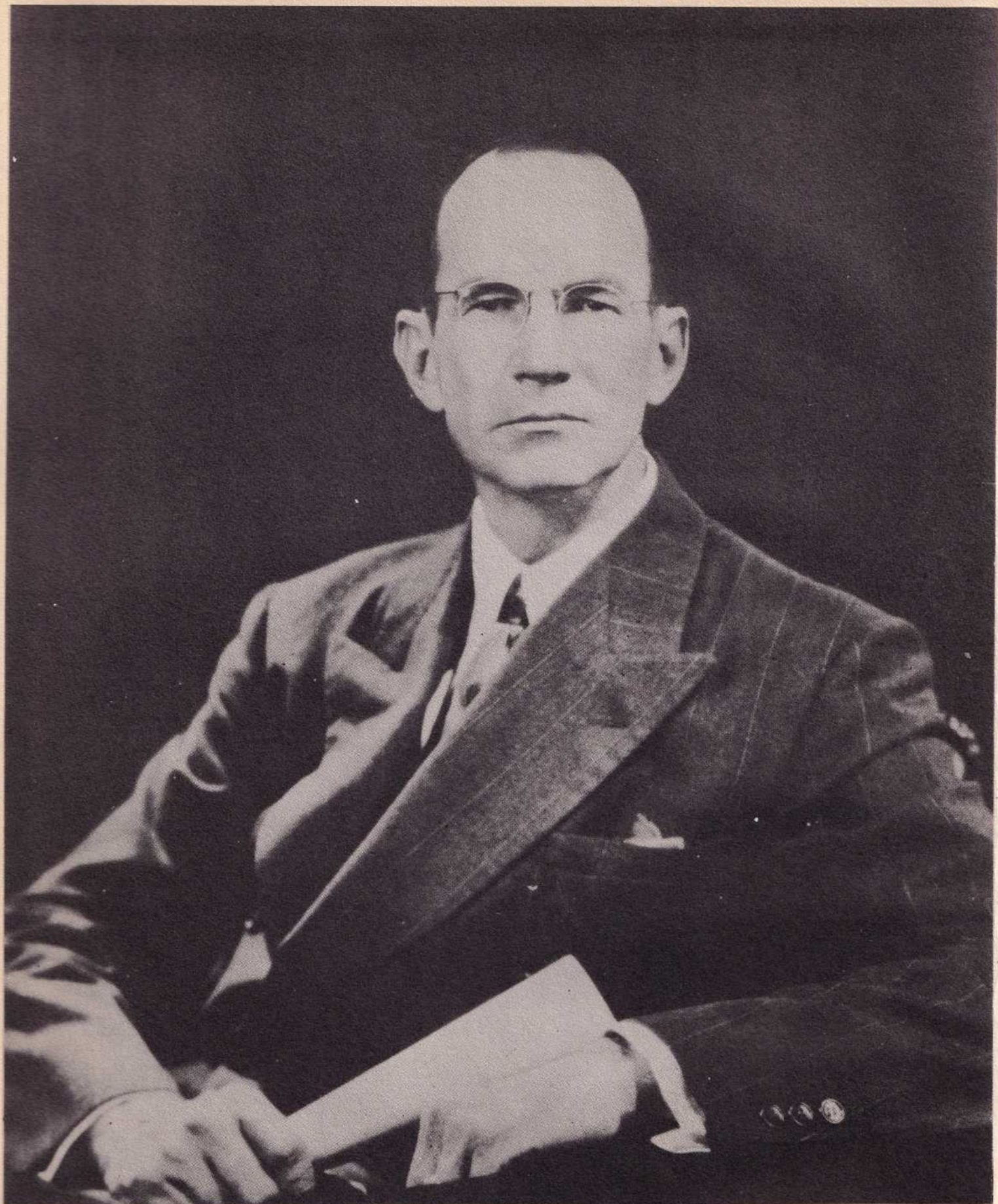
HONDO AIR BASE

**PRIMARY  
PILOT TRAINING SCHOOL**

UNDER CIVILIAN CONTRACT TO U.S. AIR FORCE  
BY TEXAS AVIATION INDUSTRIES INC.

53-C





**President Texas Aviation Industries**  
**MR. H. B. ZACHRY**





## EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT T. A. I.

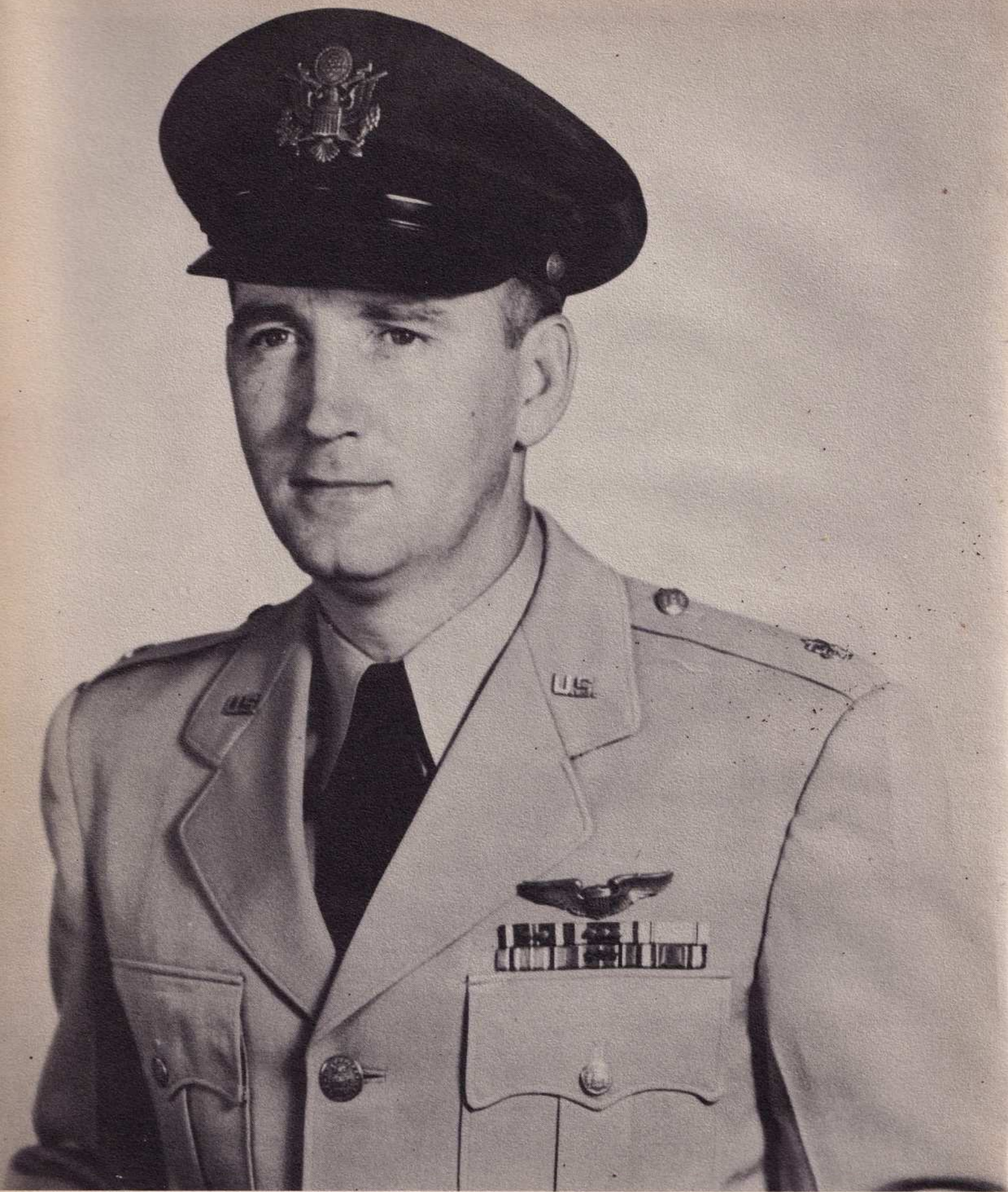
Texas Aviation Industries, Inc., is very happy to have been chosen by the U. S. Air Force to conduct Basic Flying Training for its personnel. The school here at Hondo was activated on 5 June 51 and received its first class of aviation students on 9 July 51. The training conducted here is the same in 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 cursive script, reading "Luther S. Smith".

LUTHER S. SMITH  
General, USAF (Ret.)





**LT. COL. JOHN D. IRVIN**



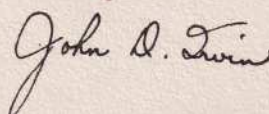
HEADQUARTERS  
HONDO AIR BASE  
HONDO, TEXAS

Students of Class 53-C:

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.

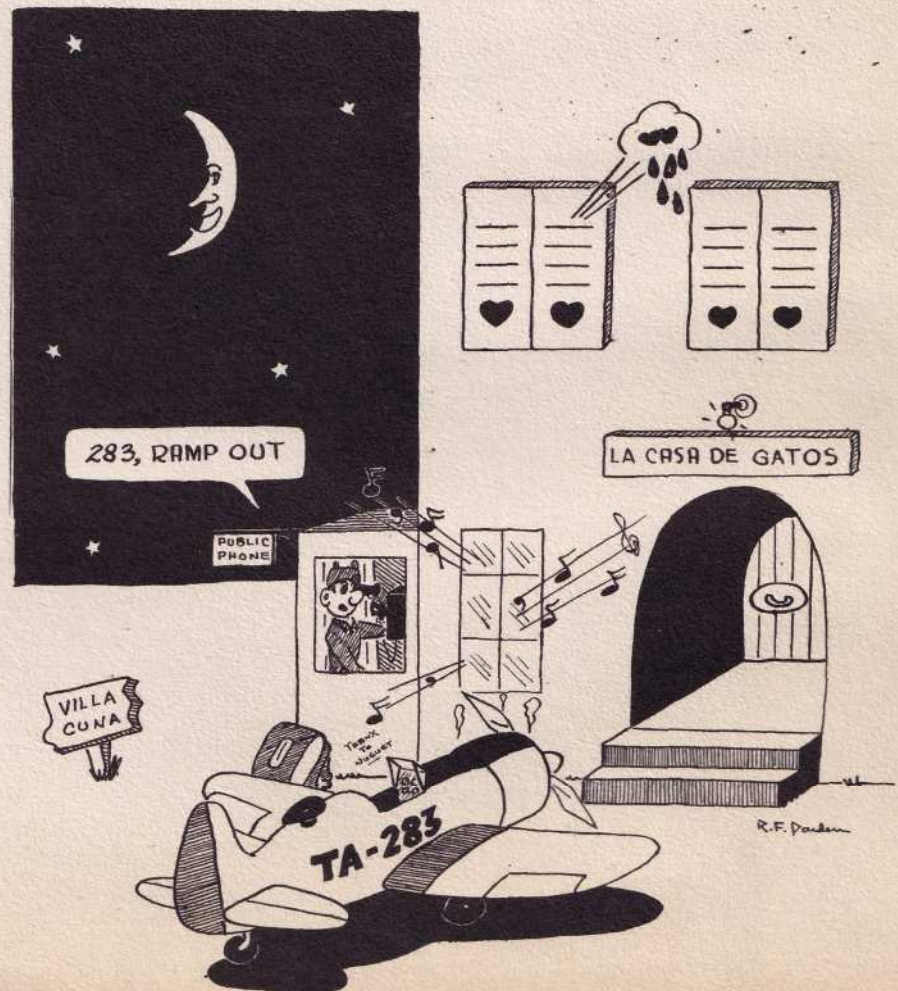
Personnel of Texas Aviation Industries, Inc. and the 3304th Training Squadron (Contract Flying) join in congratulating you upon your successful graduation, and wish you success in your future training and flying careers.



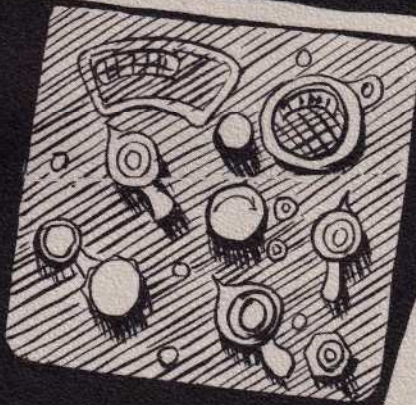
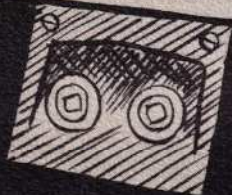
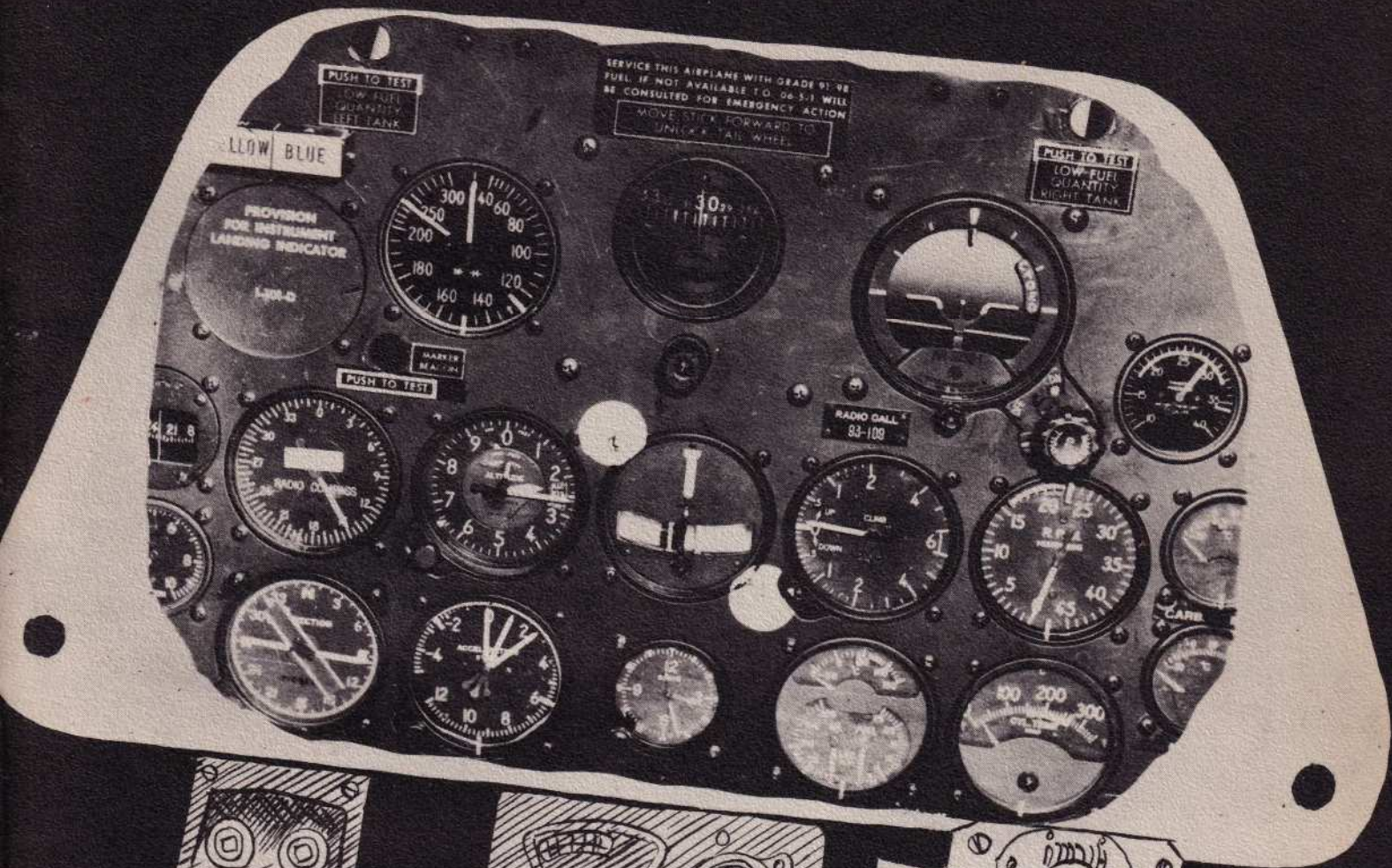
JOHN D. IRVIN  
Lt. Colonel, USAF  
Commanding



# NIGHT FLYING







*Flying  
Training*





CAPT. PHILLIP P. PLOTKIN



MAJ. DERRILL L. LATHAM



CAPT. RALPH W.E. WEBB

## MILITARY CHECK PILOTS



CAPT. CAMERON P. WILEY

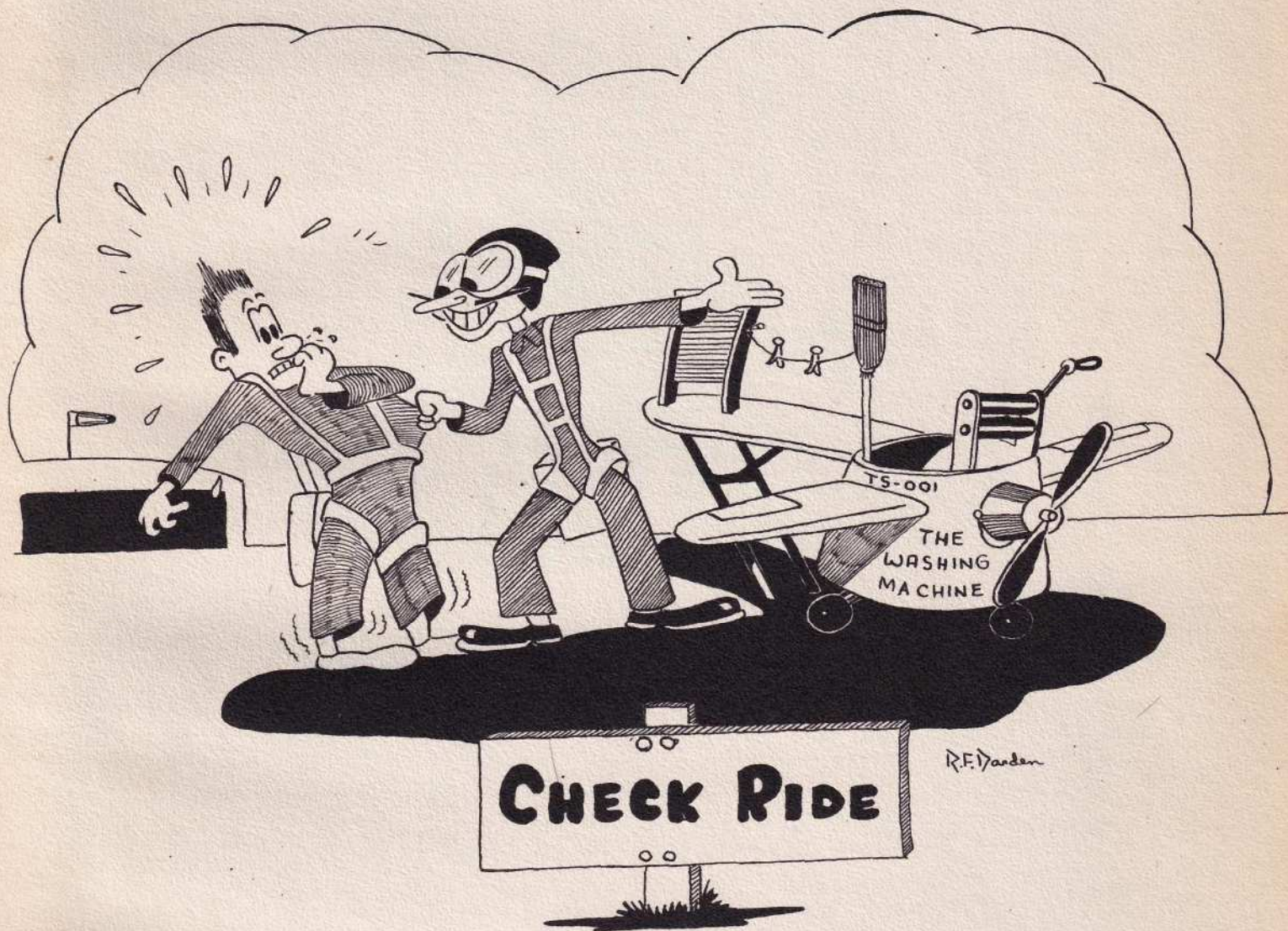


CAPTAIN ELDRED N. STEIN



CAPT. ROY G. BAKER









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-C:

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.*

ROSS D. WHITE  
Major, USAF



# MILITARY TRAINING OFFICERS



Captain BOB O. BEAUDRO.....Second Squadron

Captain ROBERT KURTZ.....First Squadron

Captain MILFORD G. DUNLOP.....Third Squadron

First Lt. HUBERT E. DOOLEY.....Fourth Squadron

Captain ROBERT B. ARNOLD....Student Officers

Captain WALTER A. ERDMANN...Pre-Flight

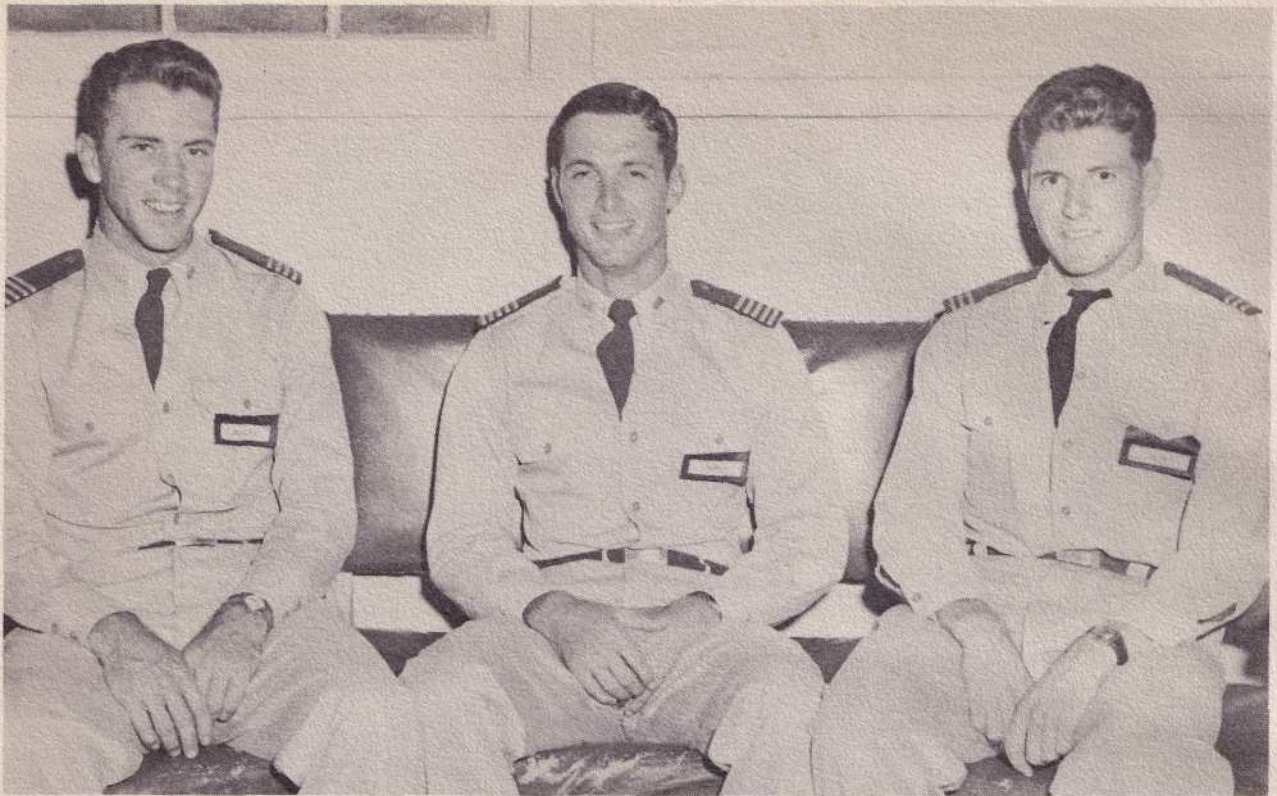




cadets

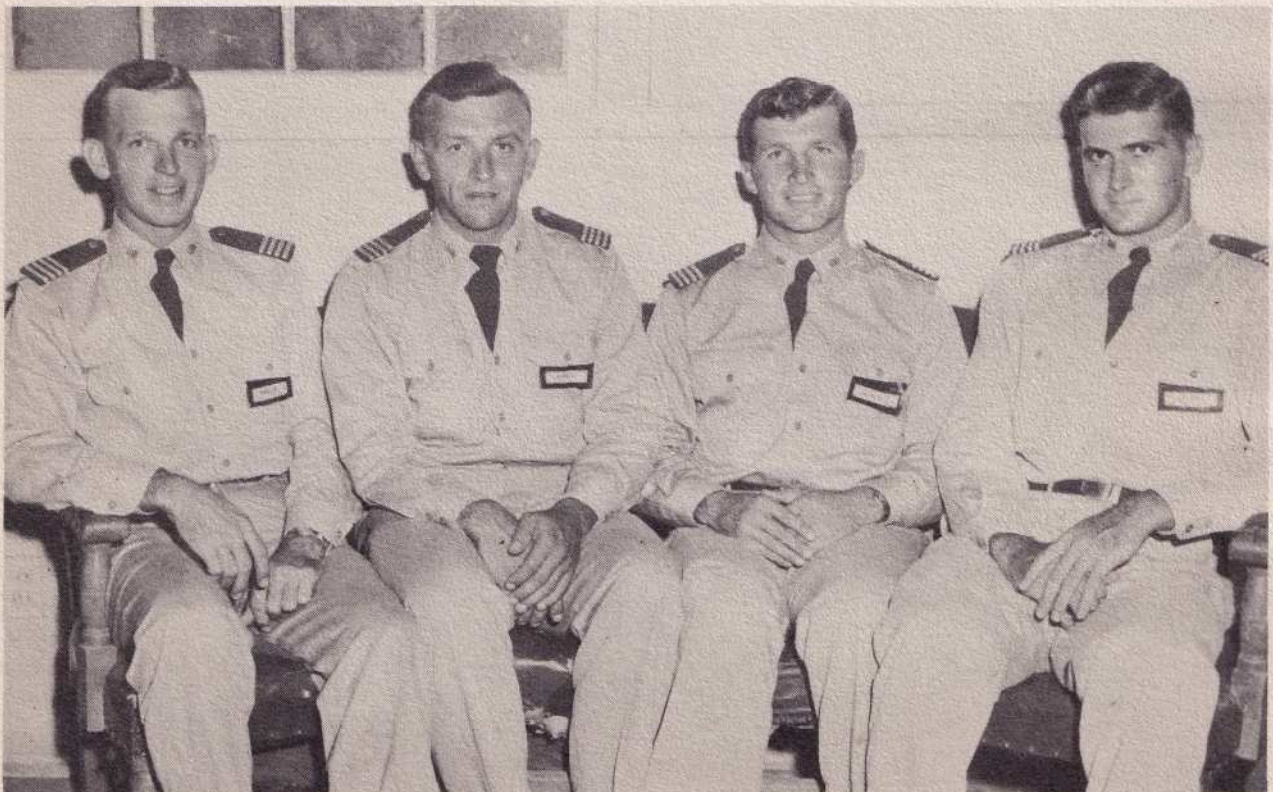


## GROUP STAFF



Left to Right: A/C DE VERE PRESTON, A/C RALPH L. STAMPS, A/C PAUL B. YOLLANT.

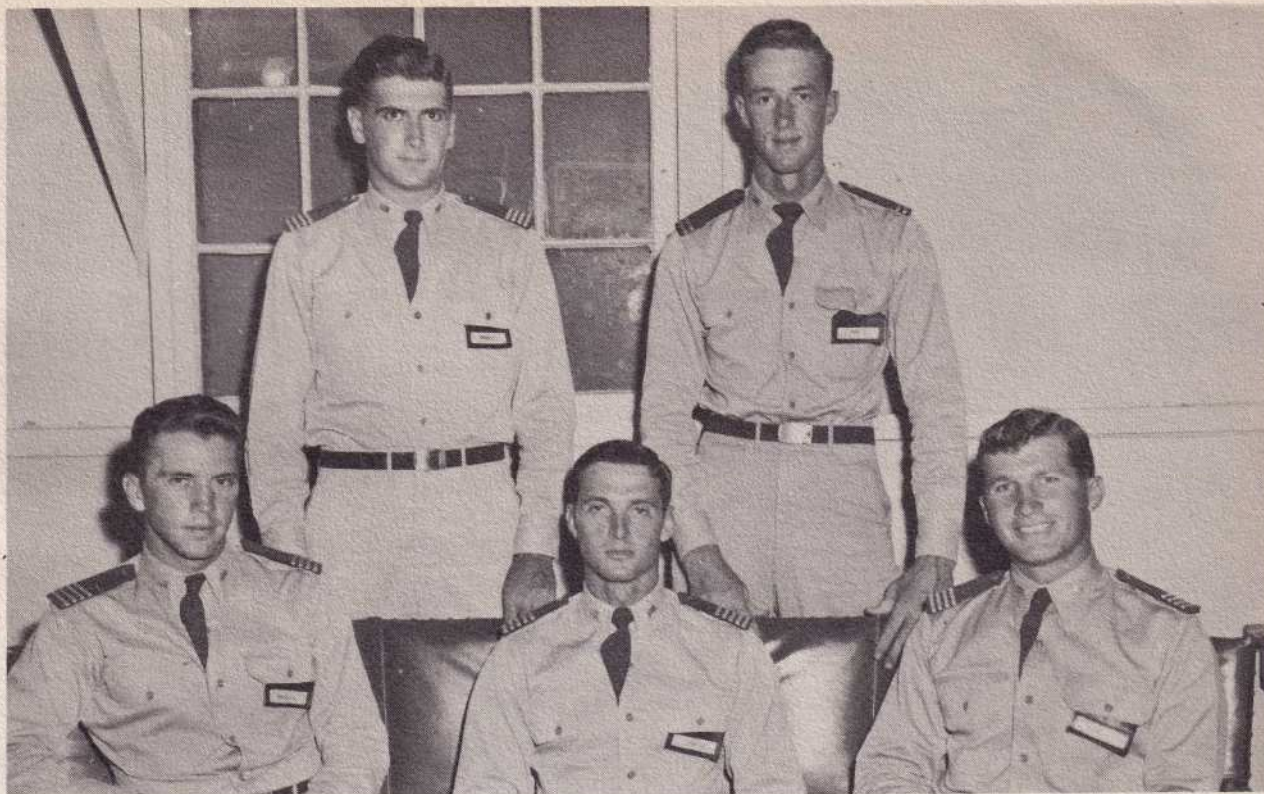
## SQUADRON COMMANDERS



Left to right: A/C JOHN R. MANIRE, A/C HOWARD E. McKENZIE, A/C TOMMY H. HOLLON, A/C HAROLD C. HOWARD.



## HONOR COUNCIL



Left to Right: A/C PRESTON, A/C HOWARD, A/C STAMPS, A/C HOWE, A/C HOLLON.

## BOARD OF GOVERNORS



Back Row, Left to Right: A/C MILLARD, A/C MANIRE, A/C SNYDER, A/C NUNES, A/C HOWARD, A/C LOYD, A/C McKENZIE, A/C BROWN, A/C PRESTON, A/C STAMPS, A/C YOLLANT, A/C HOLLON, A/C SUDEROW.



DAILY LIST OF DELINQUENCIES

FIRST Squadron

Date 17 Sept 52

| NAME             | INITIALS | OFFENSE  | REPORTING OFFICER        | AWARD  |
|------------------|----------|--|--------------------------|--|
| Brennan, R.H.    | RHB      | Honor violation i.e. fantastic tales of superb flying skill.   | Capt. Plotkin            | Copy of Aesop's Fables                             |
| Birkett, G.G.    | GBB      | Aggravated assault on helpless taxicab   | San Antonio Police Dept. | 100 yds slightly used dental floss                 |
| Caffery, W.J.    | WJC      | Hidden articles in top drawer, ie one pr. muddy shoes 13 coat hangers, and seven bottles of Lone Star. | Capt. Kurtz              | Confiscation of seven warm brews                   |
| Carter, J.A.     | JAC      | Overshooting on final approach (all stages)  | Mr. Grun                 | Return bus ticket from Corpus                      |
| Darden, R.F.     | RFD      | Reluctance to obey orders from Yankee officers   | Lt. White                | Commission in Rebel Air Force                      |
| DeAngelis P.     | PDA      | Excessive use of road to Kerrville also excessive speed on same.                                       | Citizens of Farpley      | Overnight privilege                                |
| Gourmelon, C.P.  | CPG      | Becoming confused in Cadet Club (critical time)  | Maj. Bell                | Portable relief tube                               |
| Haerer, J.W.     | JWH      | Inattention to blind date  | A/C Brennan              |  |
| Halstengaard, O. | OHA      | Spending three hours in traffic pattern during 3rd supervised solo.                                    | Mr. Grun                 | Alarm clock  |
| Howe, L.C.       | HCA      | Suspected of making funny remarks on radio on go-around  | Mr. Benedict             | 4 more go-arounds                                  |
| Manire, J.R.     | JRM      | Destroying Govt. property ie Marching section into prop  | Capt. Grace              | Air Force drill manual                             |
| Nugent, A.R.     | ARN      | Smiling excessively and suspected of harboring disrespectful thoughts                                  | A/C Carter               | Copy of Kinsey report                              |
| Hansen, L.E.     | LHE      | Texas food, comparing unfavorably with that of Denmark   | T.A.I.                   | Life time supply of scrambled eggs                 |
| Newbury, R. W.   | RWN      | Off Limits ie Making x-c to Waco.  | Temple Patrol            | Seeing eye dog and automatic E-6B                  |
| Snyder, M.C.     | MCS      | Rowdiness during SMI ie snoring loudly   | Capt. Kurtz              | Promotion to A/C Sgt for Bravery                   |
| Stamps R.L.      | RLS      | Waking personnel up during parades by clicking heels together  | Charlie                  | lea. pr. cloth slipper                             |
| Short, W.D.      | WDS      | Reading Shakespeare after lights out   | A/C Birkett              | Copy of God's little Acre.                         |
| Swanson, D.T.    | DTS      | Impersonating an officer ie, wearing dark glasses 24 hrs. a day.                                       | Maj. Bell                | Seeing eye dog and one case of Herbert Tarringtons |
| Yollant, P.B.    | PBY      | Mistake, dancing with officers wives   | Maj. Bell                | Medal of Honor for exceptional courage             |





RAYMOND H. BRENNAN  
St. Louis, Missouri



"Carter type landing".



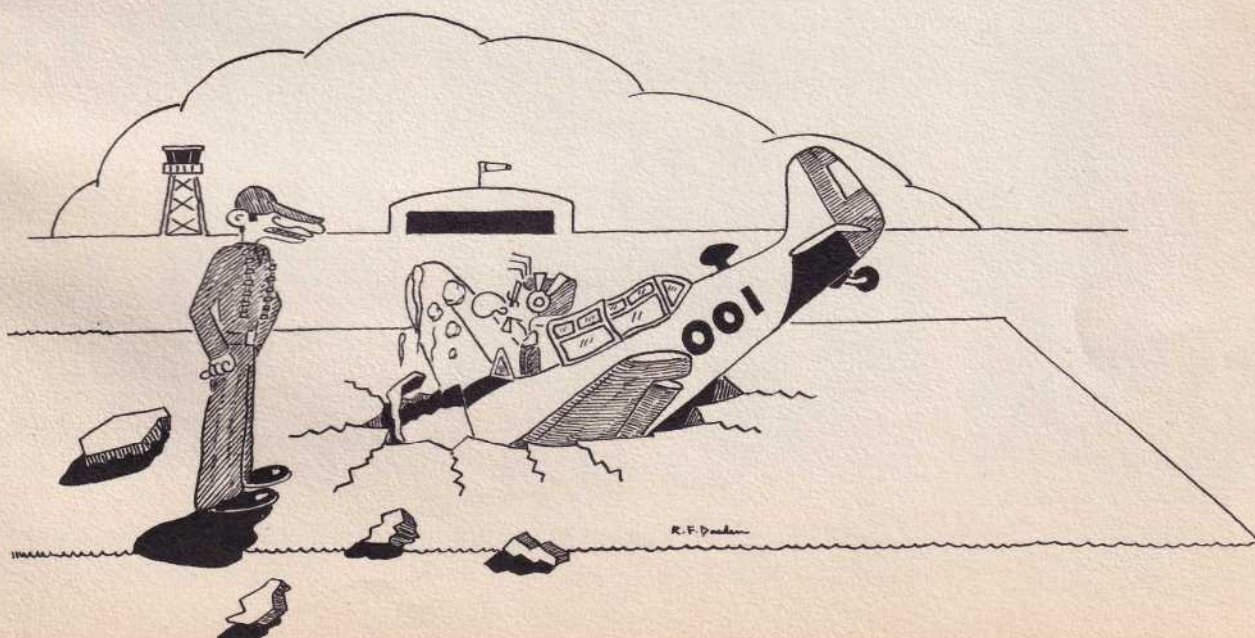
GERALD G. BURKETT  
Newcastle, Oklahoma



JAMES A. CARTER  
Superior, Wisconsin



ROBERT F. DARDEN, JR.  
Beaumont, Texas

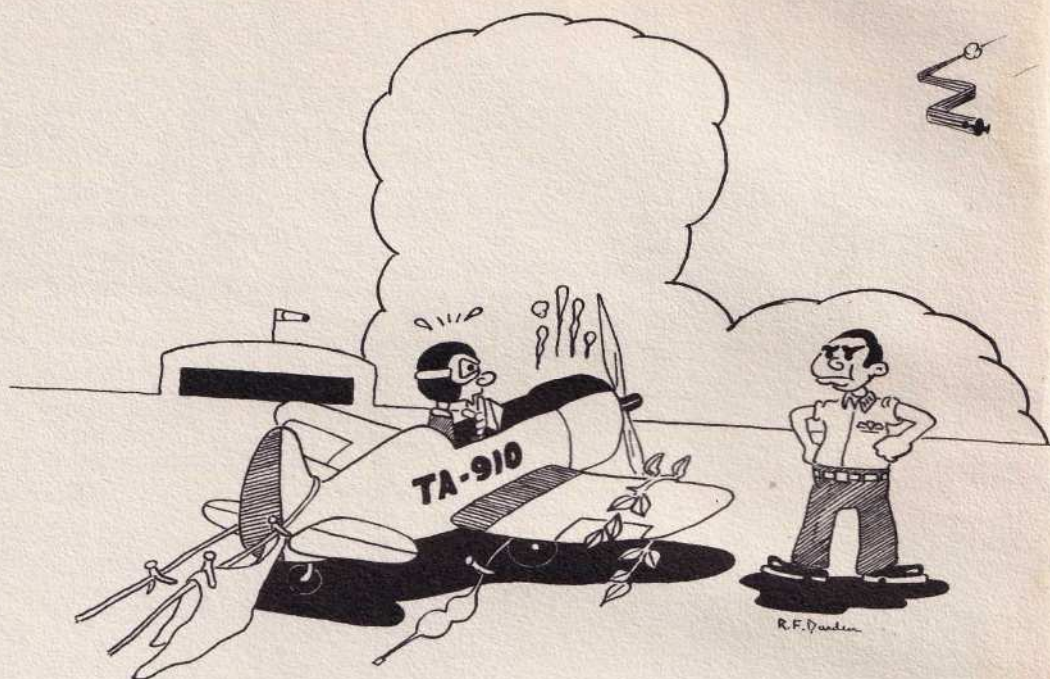


"Nice try, Mr. Darden."





PETER DE ANGELIS  
Beth Page, New York



De Angelis Returns From Kerrville.



CORENTIN P. GOURMELEN  
Douarnenez, France



JAMES W. HAERER  
Garden City, New York



ORVILLE T. HALSTENGAARD  
Gary, Minnesota



LEIF F. HANSEN  
Glostrup, Denmark





LAWRENCE C. HOWE  
Humboldt, Tenn.



JOHN R. MANIRE  
Roanoke, Texas



WILLIAM D. SHORT  
Klamath Falls, Oregon



ANDRE R. NUGUET  
Clermont-Ferrand, France



RICHARD W. NEWBURY  
Burlington, Wisc.







HERBERT C. SNYDER  
Vineland, New Jersey



RALPH L. STAMPS  
East Point, Georgia



Aha! Mr. Snyder, you get a pinkie today.



DELMAR T. SWANSON, JR.  
Concord, Calif.



PAUL B. YOLLANT  
Franconville, France





**Traffic Pattern:**

A set course conformance to which increases in a direct proportion to the brass in the rear cockpit.

**Tour:**

French for "trick"--Air Force for dirty one.

**Flight pay:**

The biggest difference between cadets and student officers.

**Academic Building:**

A newly developed Air Force test chamber used for experimentation with virus pneumonia.

**Training Film:**

What kept several well known Hollywood stars alive during the lean years of the early 1940's.

**Runway Control:**

A radio comedian.

**Clearing Turn:**

One of two 90 degree turns when dual, one 180 degree when solo.

**Cross Country:**

**Entry Leg:**

A game of dodgeball played at 2700' indicated.

**All Right:**

A statement made at Call to Quarters affirming the fact that none of the inhabitants of the room involved has fled to New Zealand.

**Climbing Turn:**

A 90 degree bank turn through 170 degrees used as an approach to a stall.

**Letdown:**

A descent at 15" Hg and 200 IAS--also a blind date.

**3000' Check (up):**

A set procedure consisting of closing the mixture and leaning out the canopy.

**3000' Check (down):**

A series of discombobulated gyrations.

**Wing Tip:**

A portion of an aircraft which is apt to collapse if not supported by a cadet wearing a parachute.

**Ready Room:**

A debtor's cell; i. e., where cadets sweat out bad checks.

**Go Around:**

An excellent opportunity to practice low level steep turns.

**Gump Check:**

Fudge factor for losing altitude in the pattern.

**Flareout:**

Procedure cunningly devised to permit a last minute gain in altitude, resulting in bigger and better bounces.

**Visual Inspection:**

Looking around to make sure nobody is watching and leaping in the cockpit and shagging out to the runway.

**Clearing the Area**

A maneuver performed by fourth class men to use up the time saved in double-timing to the barracks.

**No. 7 on Final:**

The one who has to take it around.



# THE BLOODY SECOND

Driving out of the quaint little village of Hondo, the scene is breathtaking. Situated in the heart of a beautiful, green, sunlit valley, and held in the clutches of T.A.I., Hondo Air Base resembles paradise. A veritable rest camp, a wonderful----

Gosh, these marijuana cigarettes kinda effect a guy after a while. But, seriously, Hondo was a swell place. The facilities, the chow. Ah yes, the chow. Why, I remember the time that Governor Williamson left his 2 lb. filet mignon at the Gastronomy Room of the Savoy Plaza, in San Antonio, and paid twenty dollars for cab fare to Hondo Air Base, just so he could enjoy the Sunday evening meal in the Cadet Mess. Unfortunately, we are forbidden to print his gladful tidings of that, his last, supper. But come, we digress.

When we of class 53-C arrived for Pre-flight Training, we were welcomed at the main gate by father Time, disguised as a T. A.I. guard, and after the driver gave the pass word, which is, as we all know, "69", we went forth through a maze of upper classmen and Tach officer's to the unknown hazards of the Cadet Corps, and flying.

Not wishing to alienate the reader, by reminiscing of the horrors of Fourth Class, we will dispense with all, save; we are masters in the art of clearing the area, also being quite learned on the GUMPS check, and various other little tidbits of information. And, alas, there are those among us who learned, and still retain, the definition of discipline, and the position of a soldier at attention, verbatim, yet!

The period when the Class first flew Solo, we shall always remember. Overnight, everyone had turned into an Ace. The Cadet Club did a land office business. Most of the boys were drinking cokes. One in each hand. The procedure being to take a small drink from the one on the left, cough, gasp, extrude the eyeballs, and then take a long drag from the one on the right. Like I said, the cokes were fine. SMOOTH.

"Hello Temple Control, this is flight number twelve over your station at Two Zero minutes after the hour, at seven thousand feet, taking up a heading of --whoops. Hello Temple Control, does your station have a large hangar with the words, HAMILTON, TEXAS, painted on it?"

"Flight number twelve, this is Temple Control. If pilot's name is Forbes, you are to report to the Group Commander upon return to Hondo".

Of course, Bob Forbes wasn't the only one who got temporarily confused while flying cross country. There was the time that McKenzie drifted off course 40 miles. On a dual, no less. And the Dutch Air Force Ace, Anton Groot, did likewise, but nobody knows about that, not even Alice Control.

One day while flying Contact with his Instructor, Bob Flora happened to look at his propellor. It had stopped. Making the quick decision that his engine had stopped too, he executed a beautiful, though uneventful, forced landing. It was a fine work of pilotage.

Speaking of the more intelligent feats of pilotage, there was the time when Gaston Szymanski flew the Rector pattern, dual, with full flaps. Our last report has it that Hal Trick is still looking for some quick drying yellow paint. And the day Yves Marlet, when told to recover from inverted flight, casually put the plane into an inverted spin that took his Instructor 3500 feet to recover from, all the while shouting, "My life". Del Mullis making his landings will always be remembered, back at Hondo, because rudder controlled stalls are not the usual thing on final, and Lung will always hear that voice on "A" channel saying, "Number one on final, go around. We don't slip the T-6".

Then there is the lover boy, Carl Zappia, who is considered the best meal ticket, and the softest touch by the Hondo Queens. Another of our celebrities, Harold Beck (The Bandera Bandit) decided to liven things up, on July 4th., in Bandera. One police car, and two M. P. 's later, Beck was sitting in the local Bastille, listening to a lecture on why not to throw large firecrackers under passing cars. Around two o'clock in the morning, he was released, and quietly spirited back to Hondo. We had to fight to keep Gordon Rhodes from going back with him. Upon being asked why he wanted to get back to Hondo so bad for, he replied, "Hondo is a second home to me. It reminds me so much of Denver".

The same evening, Jim Loyd was awakened by the sound of running water. We wonder what it could be? Since evening seems to be the most eventful time around here, we must not forget Cliff (The Hondo Flash) Carbaugh, who went roaring through town with the Texas State Police on his tail. Rumor has it that he has generously donated funds to the Highway 90 project.

One who does not worry about the police, because his car cannot attain a fast enough speed, is big Steve Kovach, who is always the last one to reach San Antonio because of flat tires, and various other reasons.

Returning to flying, most of us recall Coy Wilkes and his statement, "Wonder if anyone will see me if I land at Uvalde"? And Lucien Carpels using stilts to reach the rudder pedals. Let's not forget Jacques Mamdy writing 300 times, "Propellor is part of my GUMPS check". On the days that we flew at Rector, just check smiles in the stage house, and you could always tell whether Paragin, Preston or Mullis had a dual ride that day with Mr. GRRR. Yeager.

And remember DNIF Cadet, Ronnie Millard, who took a four week vacation right in the middle of the program, and decided to take up swimming pool tactics, as a hobby.

We made the transition into Second Class, and with cross country flying, instruments, and check rides, we were a busy bunch of pilots. But in the end, from out of the chaos and confusion, there emerged a group of eager pilots. As beginners, we had not known the difference between an airfoil and a South African Tulip, but in seven months, we learned. We now know what the above stated Tulip looks like, but what is an airfoil?

A/C Francis N. Lung





HAROLD R. BECK  
Philadelphia, Penn.



CHARLES C. CARBAUGH  
Barberton, Ohio



LUCIEN E. CARPELLS  
Roeselare, Belgium



Beck wrings one out.



ROBERT E. FLORA  
Watertown, New York



ROBERT H. FORBES  
Kalamazoo, Mich.



ANTON M. GROOT  
Ziest, Holland





STEPHEN W. KOVACH, JR.  
Mayville, New York



JAMES E. LOYD  
Bennington, Vermont



FRANCIS N. LUNG  
Grand Rapids, Mich.



WRONG-WAY MARLET



JACKY L. MAMDY  
Casablanca, Morrocco

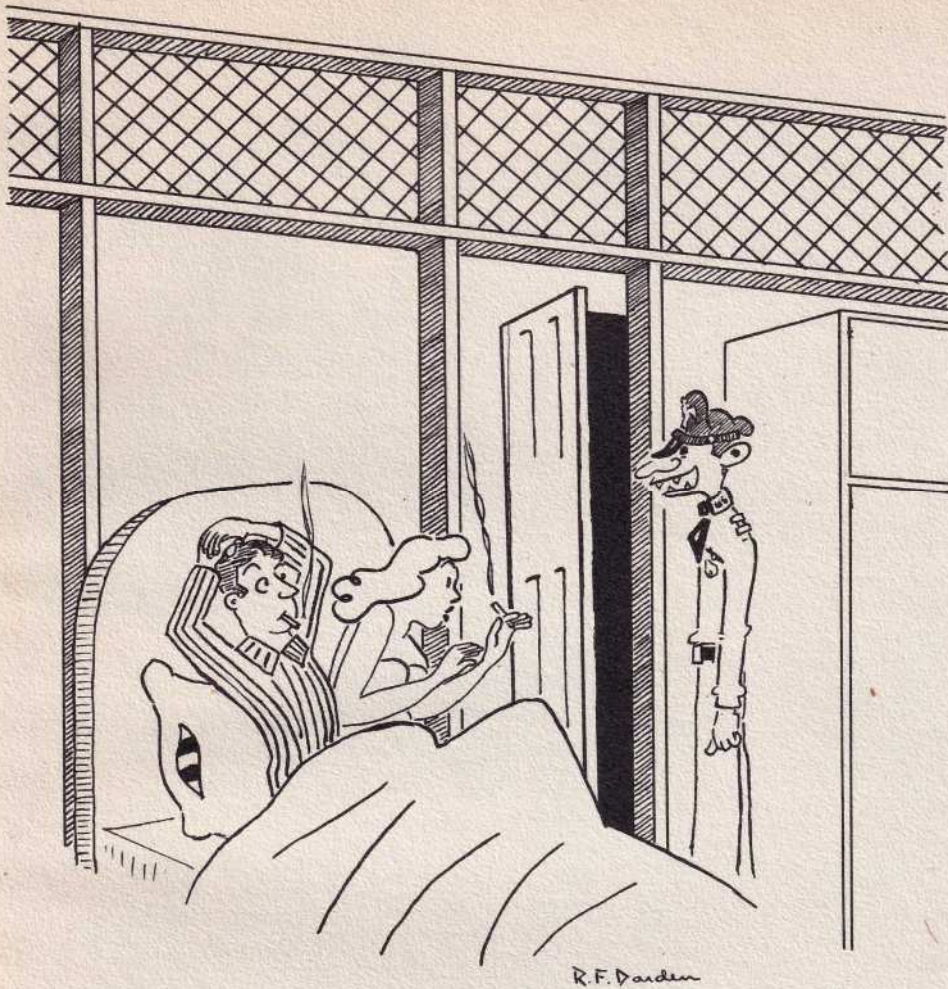


YEVES M. MARLET  
Rochefort, France



HOWARD E. McKENZIE  
Marion, Penn.





Aha Mr. Pargin! Five Gigs  
for smoking in bed.



RONALD E. MILLARD  
Denver, Colorado



DELACY H. MULLIS  
Daytona Beach, Florida



GORDON E. RHODES  
Cincinnati, Ohio



DE VERE G. PRESTON  
Hillsboro, N. Dakota

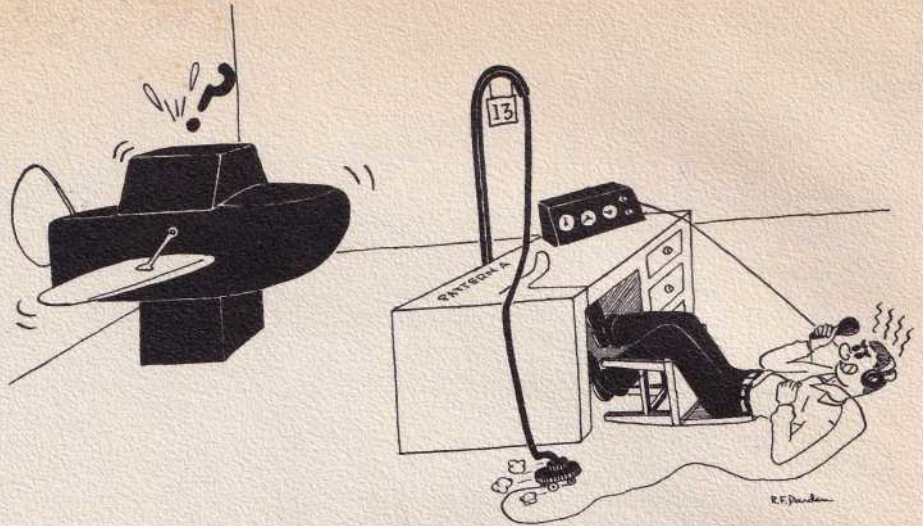


ROBERT H. PARGIN  
Durango, Colorado





HAROLD L. TRICK  
Frankton, Indiana



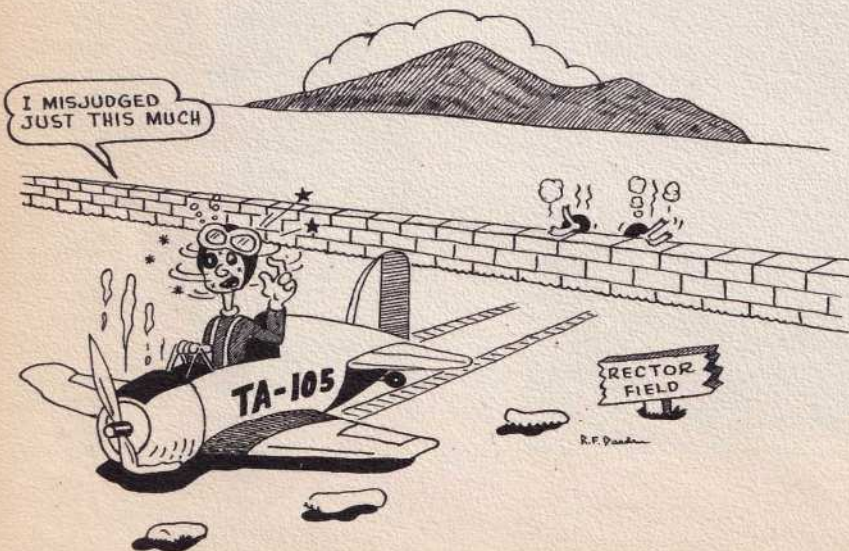
You're over controlling again,  
Mr. Wilkes.



COY B. WILKES  
Cedartown, Georgia



GASTON P. SZYMANSKI  
Merlebach, France

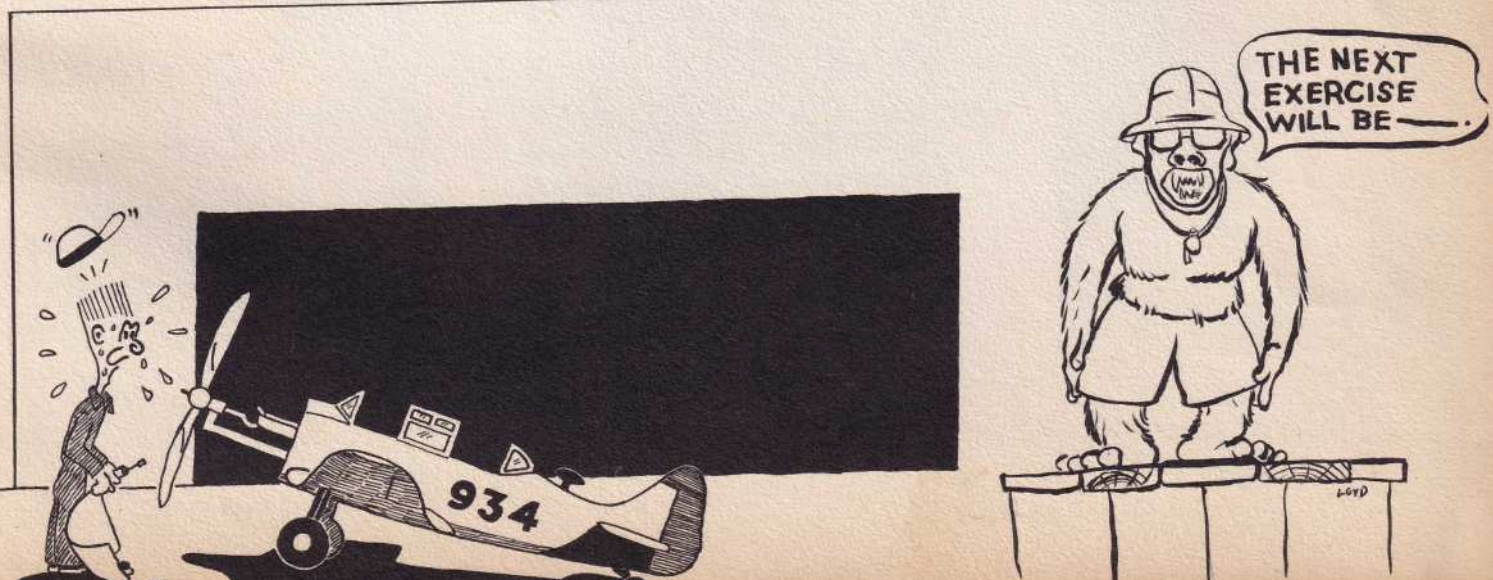
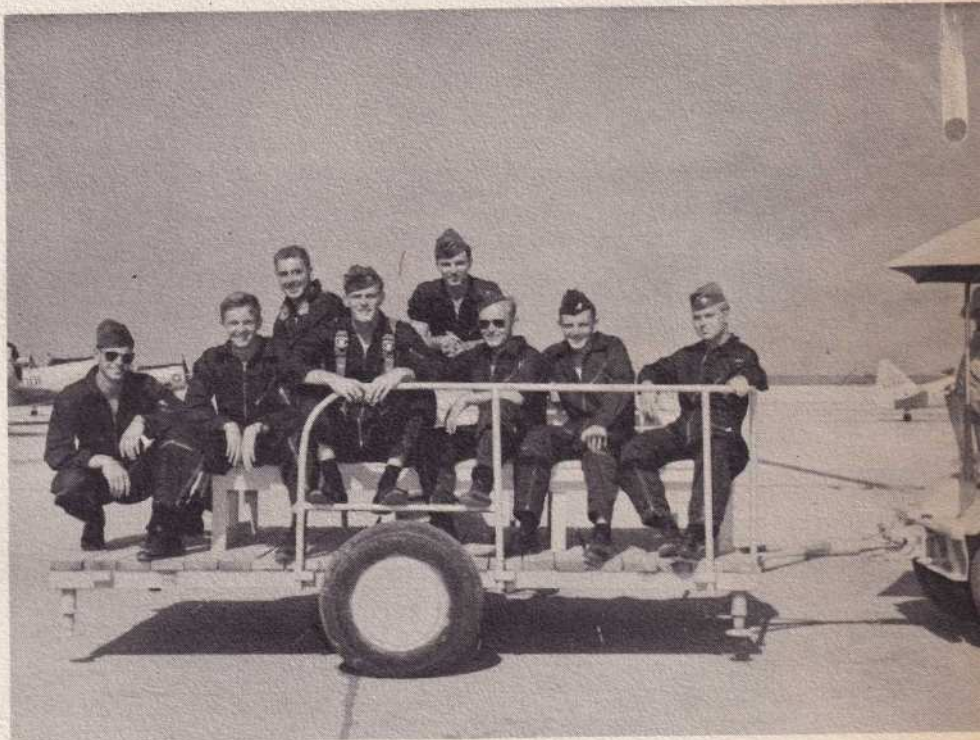


"Spot Szymanski"



CARL J. ZAPPIA  
Pittsburgh, Penn.







# CHARLEY THE THIRD

In the beginning, Capt. Erdman created pre-flight and henceforth Capt. Kurtz hath come to gig the quick and the "not so quick". But I digress. Let us start from the very beginning. Charley the third was conceived by the high command, born of T. A. I. and suffered under Pontius Kurtz. Yea verily, and foussooth how they suffereth? And it came to pass on the 22nd day of the 6th month in the year of our commandant of Students 1952, that the clouds parted, the dust rose and B'rer Bernier and B'rer Miller casteth off the surly bonds of earth (That's gravity you know) and ascendeth into heaven. (At 110 MPH) upon returning, they casteth out flaps (45 degrees) and abiding by the 11th commandment (Thou shalt not ground loopeth) they returned safely. And in the 7th month B'rer Dease's oil runneth over and surely the fire trucks and meatwagon shall follow him the rest of his days. Many other things also, transpireth such as B'rer D'Armanville who wandereth from the path of righteousness (47 degrees M. H.) and maketh a pilgrimage to Saint Marcos and cries out "Quo Vadis". There were others, also that strayeth from the appointed commandments, such as the Elder Hayes, who rendereth error unto the "Epistle One". (Pox cried the elder). And in those days there were Giants in the Earth, such as B'rer Nunes who wandereth into the valley of the shadow of the check pilots but who feareth no evil for his enlistment soon runneth out. Many other stout men were born into Charley III; From the far Northland came two wisemen in their ox-carts, laden with gifts of gold, myrrh, and sen-sen and they shall be known as "Skid of the Row" and "Caff of the Big Buttress". From out of the Wetbacks (Brownsville) came Thomas the Impotent, Hollon, to burneth up the road to Saint Antonio and raiseth cain. Saint Antonio also holdeth desire for one B'rer DeAngelis who lusteth after the lady bullfighter known as "El Toreador Broad". B'rer Eidson journeyeth the reciprocal of Saint Antonio and ventureth to see, whenceforth he feedeth her wine and nectar. Yea verily and there was B'rer Eynouf of the two eyes who groweth dismayed at casting out his elder finger and buyeth a chariot and thereafter beggeth for alms. And pity poor Ragazzi who knoweth not from whence cometh his next gig, and B'rer Lyman who leaneth far out and soweth wild headsets to the wind, and B'rer Durkopp, who often saw the red stars in the heavens and reluctantly goeth around. The last disciple to come unto God's country (driving like hell) was a hot-eyed Frenchman, Villard, who sitteth on the right hand side of the Rio Grande facing east and thenceforth have come to judge and maketh out with the Senoritas.

These, then, are the members of Charley III and it shall come to pass that one day they shall each be dispatched to the far reaches of the earth where they will minister unto all the gospel of Hondo.





HARRY G. BERNIER  
Astoria, Oregon



WILLIAM J. CAFFERY  
Davenport, Iowa



LE COCQ D'ARMANDVILLE  
The Hague, Netherlands



HILTON J. DEASE  
Montgomery, Alabama



JAMES S. DURKOPP  
Middleton, Wisc.





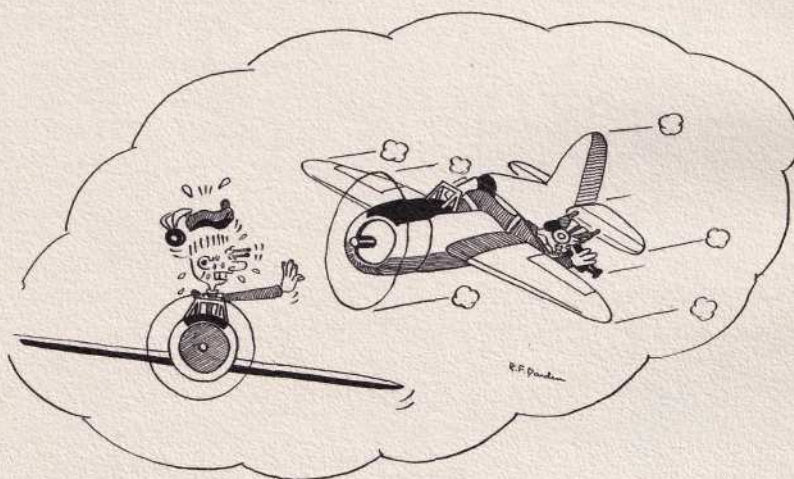
FRANK D. EDISON  
Greenville, Miss.



DESMOND R. EYNOUF  
Ecorse, Michigan



JEROME T. HAYES  
Atlanta, Geo.



"Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer" Hayes

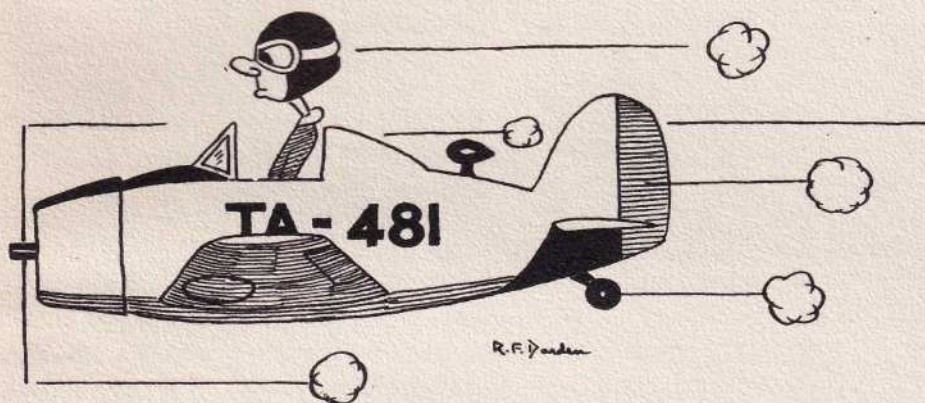


I'm sorry, Mr. Hollon, but  
I'll have to mark your  
attitude unsatisfactory.



TOMMY H. HOLLON  
Brownsville, Texas





That closed traffic expression  
a la Villard.



GERALD R. MILLER  
Brunswick, Ohio



GEORGE F. NUNES  
Crows Landing, Calif.



RENE G. VILLARD  
Toulon Var, France



STANLEY C. SUDEROW  
Canal Fulton, Ohio



# "THE ILLUSTRIOUS FOURTH"

Well, here we are--Goodtime Charlie; few in number, but fabled in Hondo History. On that uneventful day in April of 1952, Charlie Four came in with a roar like....but, let's go back...

Flashing into Hondo Air Base like the ocean tide, it was an orange Cad convertible, chauffeured by Miss Florida of 1952 with none other than Don Brown and Ted Barker in the rear seat, munching tangerines, while clad in shorts and sun glasses...but wait, a hot rod Ford is careening up to the gate--it's Richard McCullough, the California speedster (and notice the feather-haircut). The next to arrive is the bald-headed old man Robert Pettinga, fresh out of the Michigan State Home for The Aged, but still a mighty sharp boy. We'll never know how he escaped the age limit" Look here, one of the boys is flying a new jet in...the only "two-time" loser among us, and as he barrel-rolls over Hondo Tower we realize that Gerald Hawkins is with us to the end (second trip through cadets, poor demented lad). Trodding down the road toward us comes a tall, unkept country boy--wearing shabby overalls and no shoes, it's Harold Howard from the Alabama hill country...he was a might underfed, but eventually fattened up to make the weight limit. From the University of Missouri ROTC drill team Charlie Four was in luck and gained their famed drill-master Landon McLelland--what a precision-built performer! Surrounded by women--blondes, brunettes, redheads, everything...it's Mervin Shumate from deep Wisconsin.. Merv, we'll always wonder what strange attraction you have for the female population; just push 'em away and come join us, tough as it is! Just think, boys--Lieut. Colonel is going to leave the Pennsylvania Militia to be with us, and here comes Philip Anderson in proud military bearing, counting cadence to himself...come on, Andy, we'll have you for pre-flight captain. Can I believe my eyes--here come two astute Dutchmen, each wearing a high white collar, straw sailors, and spats, and driving a Model T Ford in very good condition. Welcome, John C. DeHoogh from South Dakota and your passenger, Willis Bruns from Minnesota; sit right down to sauerkraut la Hondo and enjoy yourselves. What's this at the gate--a '36 Chevrolet with bedding and a stove tied on top...a true Okie, Jim Williams (you might shave, Jim, and leave the dogs outside).

A nasal baritone floats into the barracks along with the plunks of an old banjo and "Tennessee Waltz"; Jesse Max Holt shuffles in and slides beneath a bed to rest. France has given us many good things in the past, but Charlie Four received only two of the fastest-talking, highest-flying Frenchmen ever seen in Hondo. Christian Laporte and Jack Letailleyr are here to stay--"Vous etes jeune, mais apprenez vite!" or, Pass the wine, this bread is stale. Out of the deepest Africa comes a true savage--one strangely flavored with a French accent, and what is he chanting..."Put your left foot in, put your left foot out"....it's Claude Masso, who will reach second class before being able to say "Pass the salt, please". And last but not least to arrive on the scene is a tall, blonde-headed fellow in a tweed suit and smoking an eight-curved pipe (the monocle is customary). It's Lars Nordentoft, the distinguished Danish pilot. Park that '29 Rolls-Royce, Lars, and come join us. Charlie Four is here to stay!

A/C Jim C. Williams  
Class 53-C, Sqdn 4  
Hondo Air Base, Texas





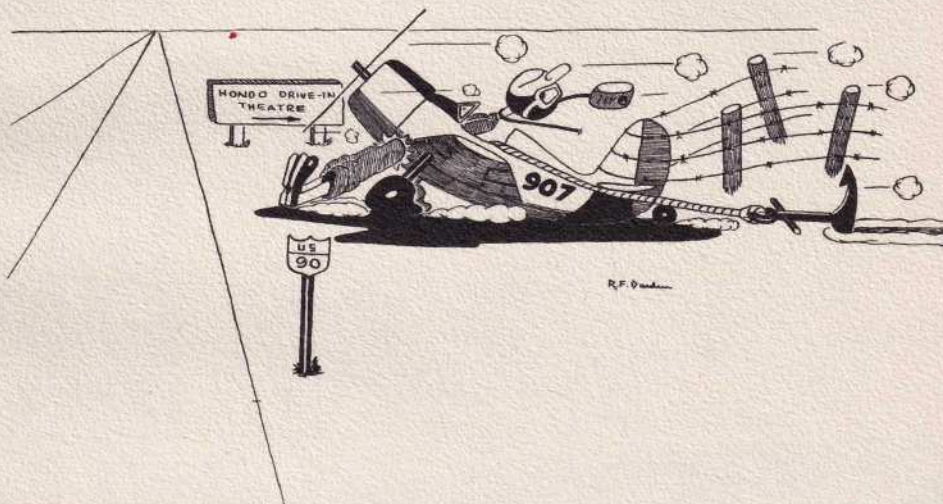
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Okeene, Oklahoma



# HONDO FINAL STAFF

EDITOR



A/C "Curly" Loyd

ART EDITOR



A/C "Tailwheel" Darden

In this small space I would like to thank my staff whose energy and talents made this book what it is, Capt. Robert B. Arnold, without whose unstinted help we could not have gone to press. And lastly: my thanks to all the boys of 53-C who stuck an oar in here and there.

James E. Loyd  
EDITOR

PHOTOGRAPHER



A/C "Prop" DeAngelis

BUSINESS MANAGER



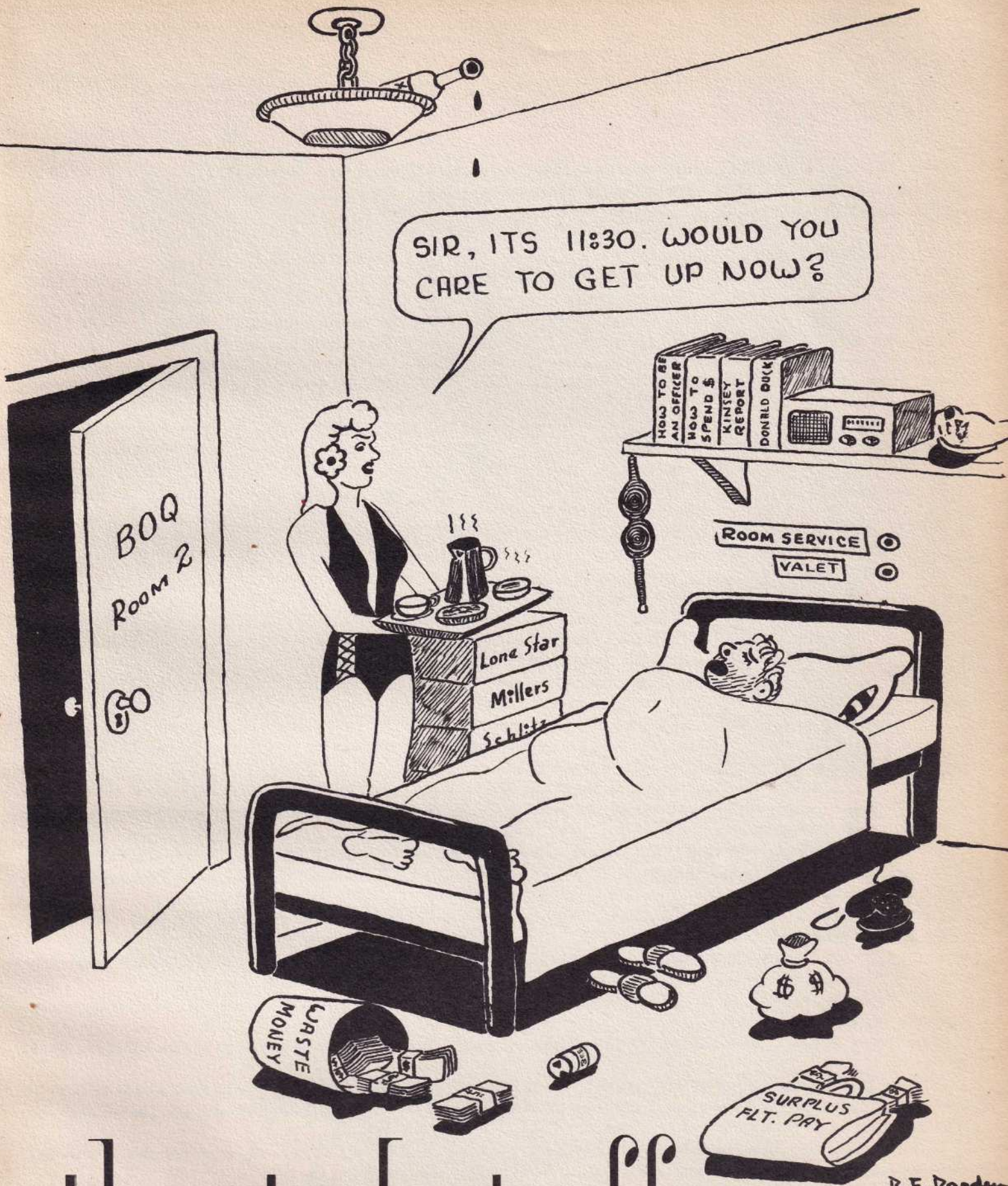
A/C "Buddy" Dease

PRODUCTION SUPERVISOR



A/C "Big Bob" Forbes





the student officer



The life of an aviation cadet is a hard one. His day is filled with formations, physical training, and flying periods. He puts up with white glove inspections, constant chewings by the cadet officers, and the worry that the washing machine is just around the corner.

But he has something even worse to put up with--the student officers. In the eyes of the average cadet, the student officer leads the life of Reilly. When the cadets are slaving away in a G.I. party they know of some student officers who are slaving away over some beers at O'Neils'. As a cadet races back to Hondo from an open post, he knows of some student officer who will be sleepy-eyed from a date that night. The student officer didn't leave until--say four in the morning. When the cadet gets paid at the end of the month, he may think of the student officer seated before an adding machine in order to count his pay. The way it works out, the student officers at Hondo serve as a source of mental anguish to some of the cadets. It's more than a person should be asked to take.

But to hear the officers tell it--

Capt. "Mac" Grace, for instance, is moaning low at the end of the month. He just doesn't get paid enough as a captain on flying status.

Lt. Herman Wente, on the other hand, used to be a worrier. But since he got his silver bar during his training here, it seems that Herman has no more worries. He's always quiet, always smiling--y'know, that worries me. What's he so happy about?

The rest of us gold-bar wonders have trouble, though. Dick Montgomery's trouble is named Jimmy. Jimmy's a great little guy, but any small boy aged two is trouble no matter what he's named.

Theron Crews has different worries--he doesn't get enough time to study and build his free-flight gas model. So he doesn't do much studying. That's a worry?

"Suds" Soapes doesn't have much to worry him, so he worries about Bill Crowe. "Daddy" Crowe is a brand new papa. Actually Suds and Daddy worry when Mike White drives. They claim he drives like he lands the T-6--and landing the T-6 is what Mike worries about.

Banks is in a different category. So he's out late the night before, so why worry? So why go to class? Go ahead--miss it--then worry.

Colin Bishop is in a class by himself. He worries if he can stock enough ink to last him through the week. I wouldn't say that Bish writes a lot of letters, but just recently the Hondo Post Office started running a special truck to pick up and deliver Bish's mail.

John Jack (Jock), Scotland's gift to the T-6, has a legal worry. Since he's been here he's accumulated enough photographic equipment to stock Life magazine. Now he's worrying about how to get it back through customs.

Ugo Civali has an odd case, too. After coming over here from Italy with Alberto Scarafia, he's really picked up the English language. Now he wonders if he'll still be able to speak Italian when he goes back home.

Alberto doesn't let that worry him, though--he worries that his classmates will find out who he takes to the Seven Oaks on the week-ends.

Curly Walch has girl troubles, too. He can't make up his mind. He worries whether he should have a date or go to O'Neills' and have a beer. Usually he solves it by doing both.

But when it comes to girls troubles, Don Hilts has that worry solved. He gets married in October. Then his worries really start.

Bill Geier doesn't have any woman troubles, either. But he has a new Ford, so he worries about his car.

The most serious worry of all, though, is the one Harry Laur has. He's worried about who he'll meet someday in the top of a loop, so before he starts his T-6, he carefully adjusts his cap to just the right angle.

Tom Huffstetler worries about his hair. He has nightmares about it. He worries that some day someone will introduce him to a second lieutenant who is balder than he is.

Al Anders was a student who had no worries. Then the flight surgeon caught up with him. Now Al is a tactical officer, so he lets the cadets worry!

Yes, we student officers really have it rough.





JOHN W. BANKS  
West Memphis, Ark.



ARTHUR T. CREWS  
Jacksonville, Fla.



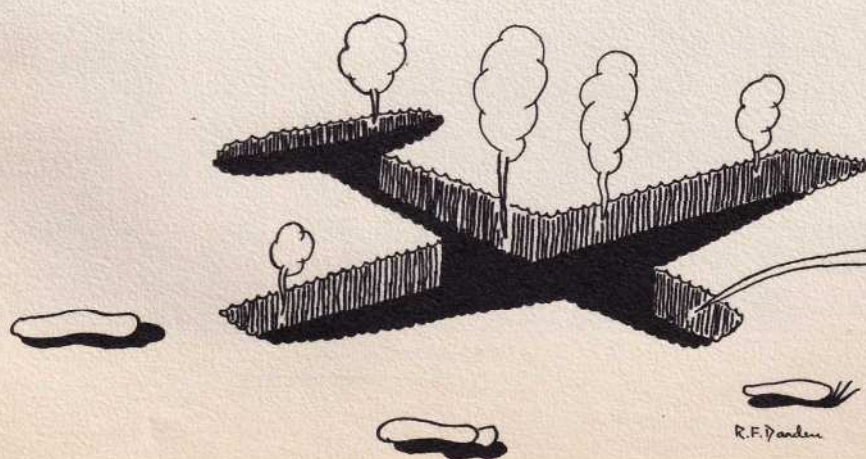
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Surrey, England



UGO, CIVELLI  
Albiolo, Como, Italy



WILLIAM N. CROWE  
Bastrop, La.



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MANUEL A. GRACE  
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Tonawanda, N. Y.



JOHN T. HUFFSTETLER  
Grants, New Mexico



JOHN JACK  
Drymen By Glasgow, Scotland



HARRY C. LAUR  
Eau Gallie, Fla.





RICHARD J. MONTGOMERY  
Winter Park, Fla.

ALBERTO SCARAFIA  
Arezzo, Italy

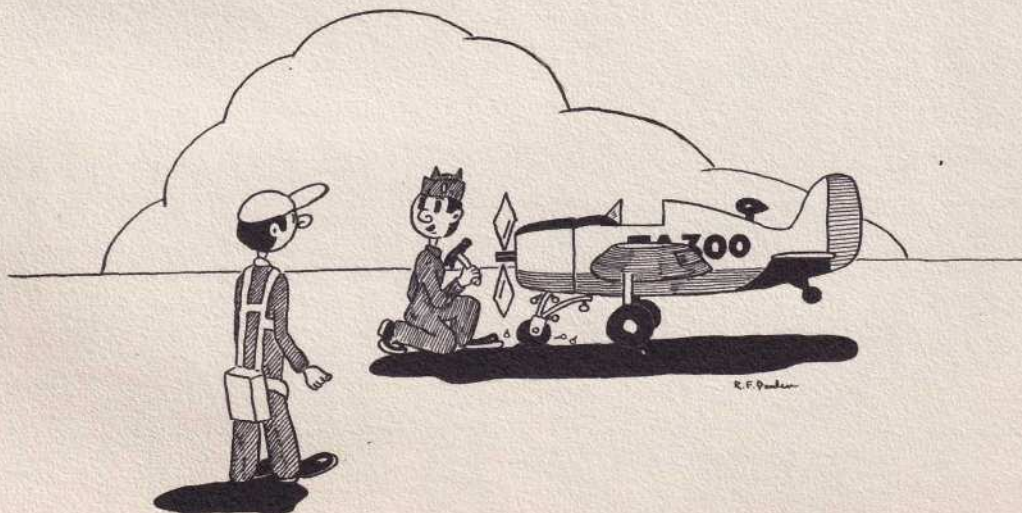
THOMAS D. SOAPES  
Fairmont, Minn.



ELWOOD P. WALCH  
Heber City, Utah

HERMAN A. WENTE  
Hilton Village, Va.

MICHAEL A. WHITE  
Danbury, Conn.



I admit that it's a pretty good idea, Lt. White, but I'm afraid that the Air Force will frown on it.





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.





" SLIGHT CROSSWIND  
BUT WE'LL SHOOT  
THE STAGE

flying instructors





Sq. I Commander  
R. J. WEPPELMAN  
Hondo, Texas



Asst. Sq. I Commander  
HANS GRUN  
Hondo, Texas



Senior Pilot  
D. E. BENEDICT  
Hondo, Texas



Dispatcher C-1  
C. W. ROMANS  
Hondo, Texas



Dispatcher C-II  
J. BURROUGHS  
Austin, Tex.



Sq. II Commander  
E. O. EWAN  
San Antonio, Texas



Asst. Sq. II Commander  
P. J. BURTON  
Uvalde, Texas



VIRGIL GYS.  
Senior Pilot





D. E. BUCHANAN  
San Antonio, Texas



M. M. CRANE  
Sabinal, Tex.



S. J. DUGGLEBY  
Uvalde, Tex.



E. W. FORREST  
San Antonio, Tex.



C. V. GREEN  
Castroville, Tex.





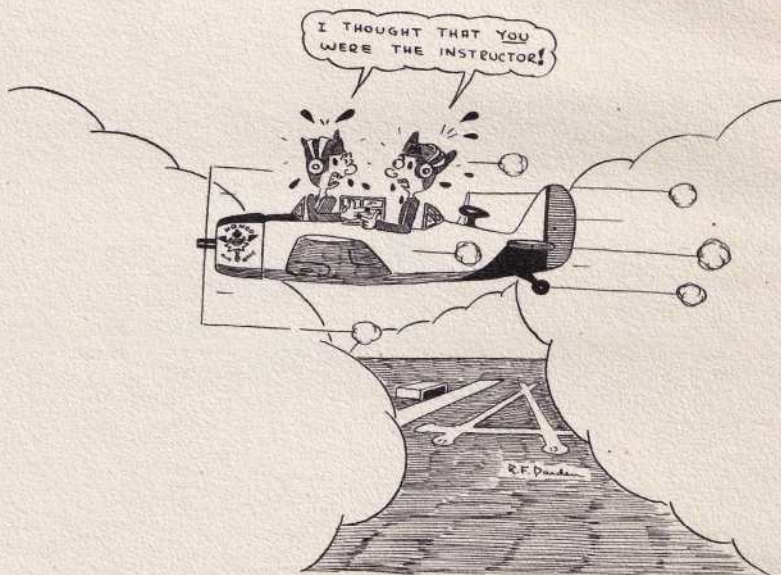
C.L. POPE  
San Antonio, Tex.



L. POUND  
Hondo, Tex.



L.L. SLEYO  
Hondo, Tex.



R.G. STEPHENS  
San Antonio, Tex.



V. STREETMAN  
Sabinal, Tex.



R.A. YEAGER  
Hondo, Tex.





I. G. ANDERSON  
Sabinal, Tex.



O. L. BIRCHFIELD  
Hondo, Tex.



R. A. COWEY  
Bandera, Tex.



M. F. DERRY  
Castroville, Tex.



M. E. DUNCAN  
Bandera, Tex.







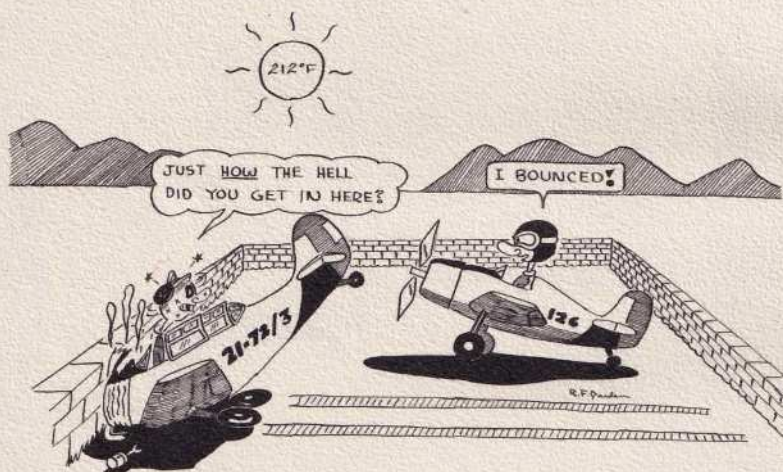
J.C. ENLOE  
D'Hanis, Tex.



O.P. LITTLE  
Bandera, Tex.



L.D. SONNIER  
Castroville, Tex.



An "IP" to the rescue.



R.V. STANGA  
Hondo, Tex.



M.T. TURNER  
San Antonio, Tex.



R.M. WHITTEN  
Hondo, Tex.



A dramatic black and white photograph. The top half of the image is dominated by a vast, cloudy sky. The clouds are layered and textured, with varying shades of grey and white, suggesting a storm or a dramatic light source. In the lower third of the image, the dark silhouette of a ship is visible. The ship's structure, including what appears to be a superstructure or a bridge, is clearly outlined against the lighter sky. The overall mood is somber and powerful.

# LIFE

— AT HONDO —

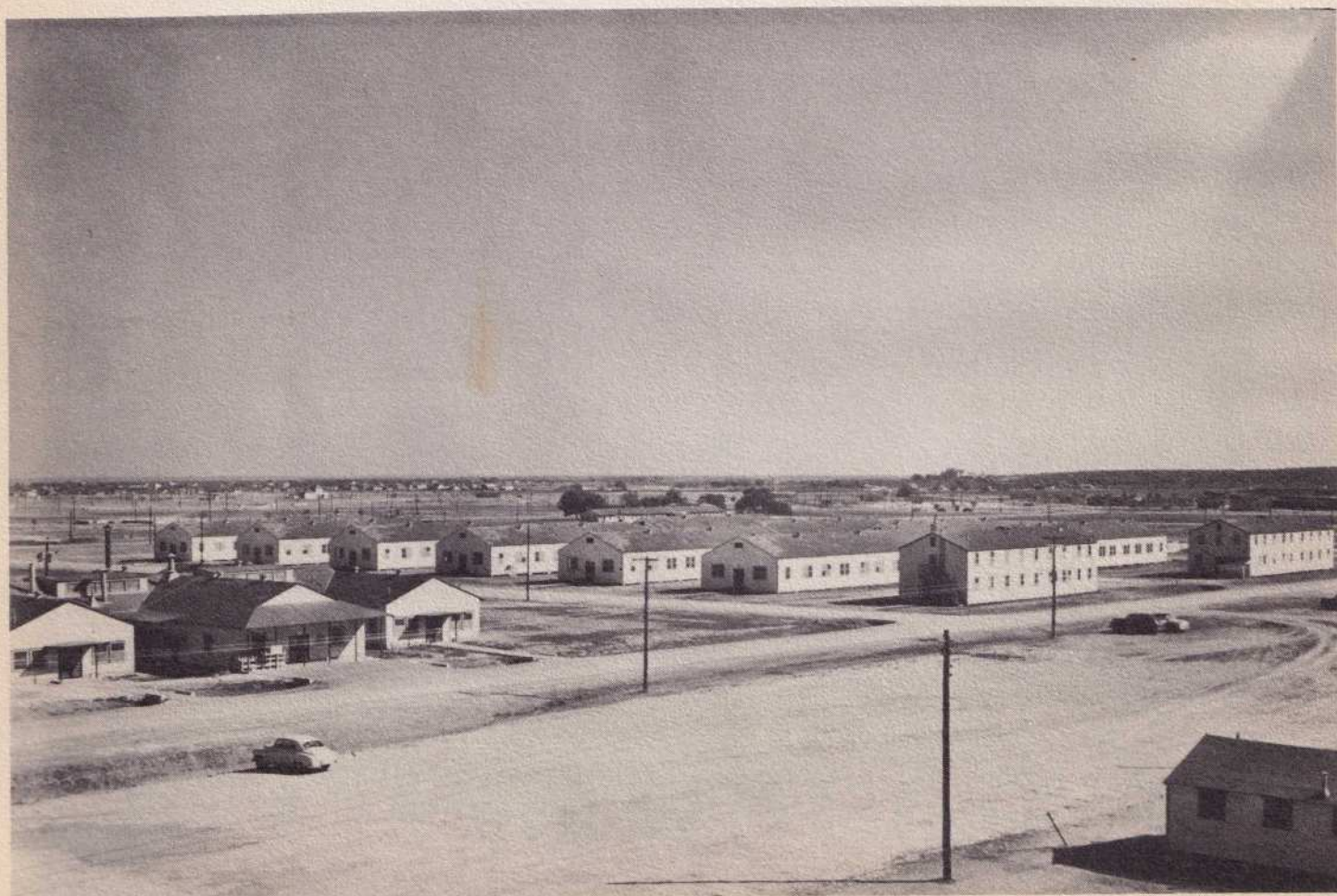




Why not vice versa.

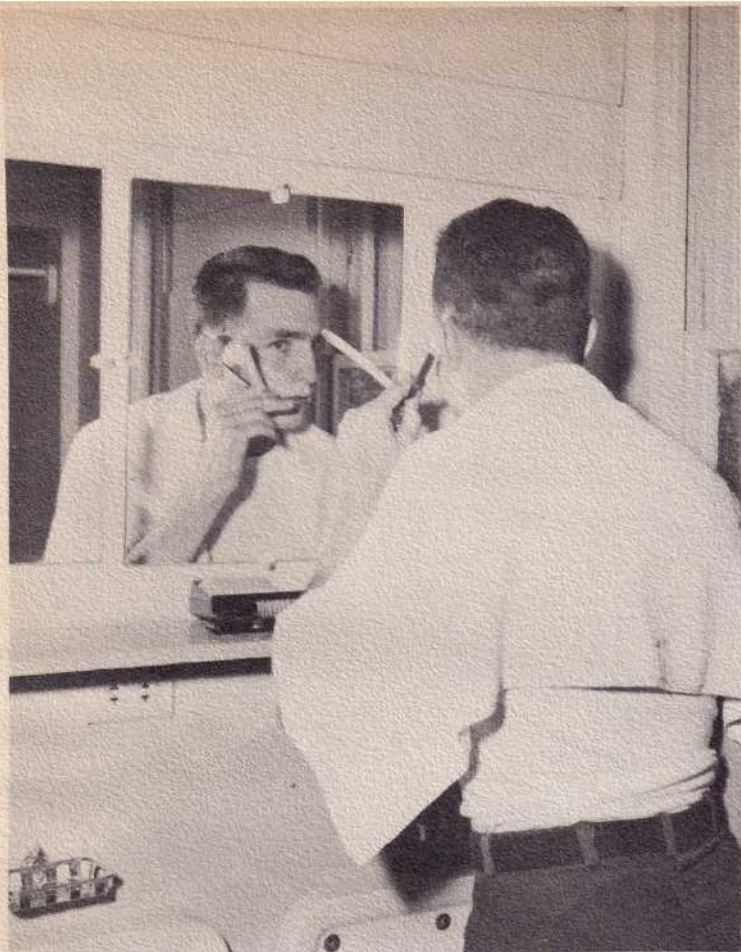


Chicken Shack.



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.

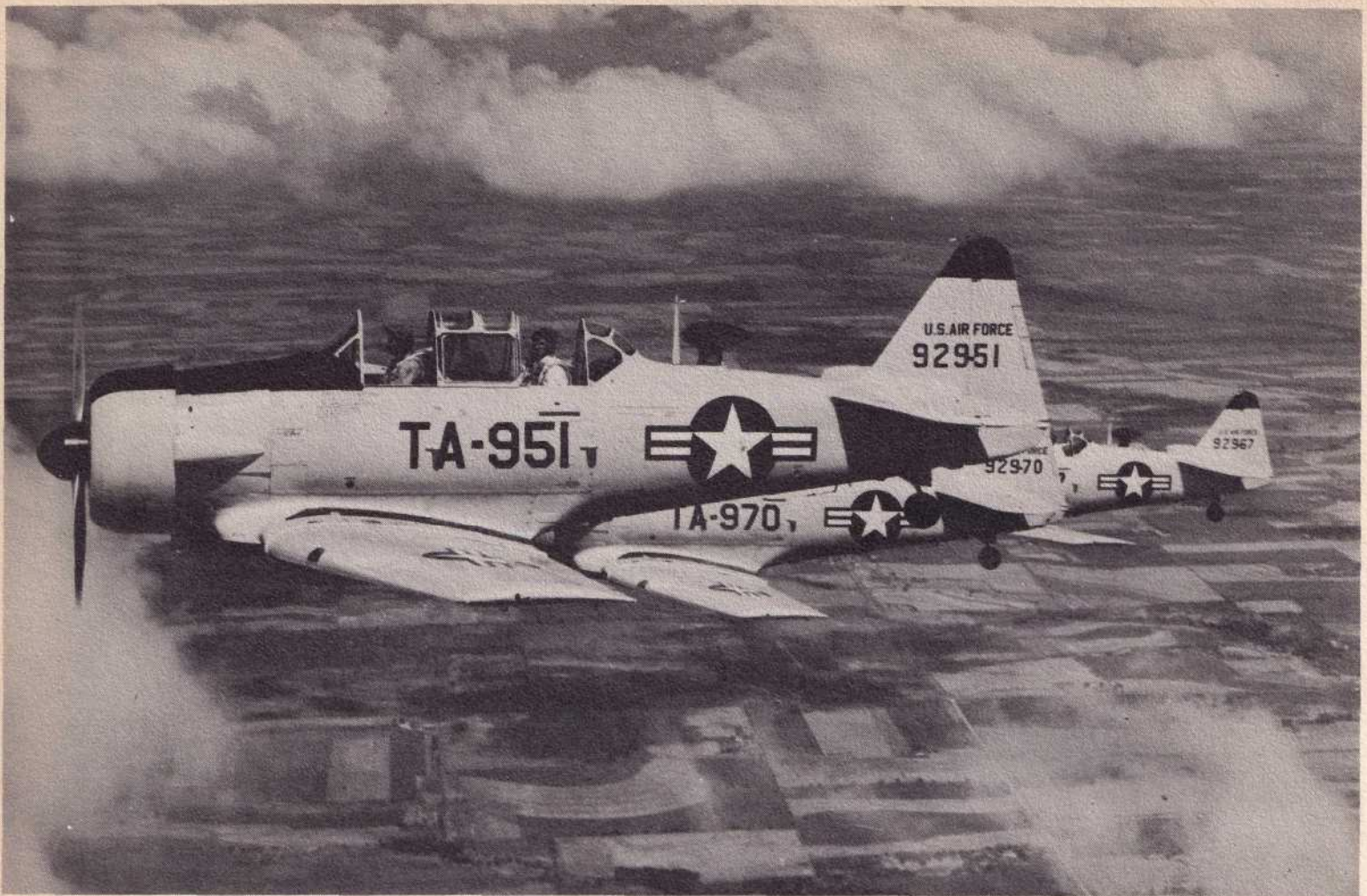


Meet me over  
Medina Lake at 1440.



You Yellow Monster You





We always do this solo.



The local parking lot.





Chicken! Anyone can land with the the gear down.



And they were waiting.

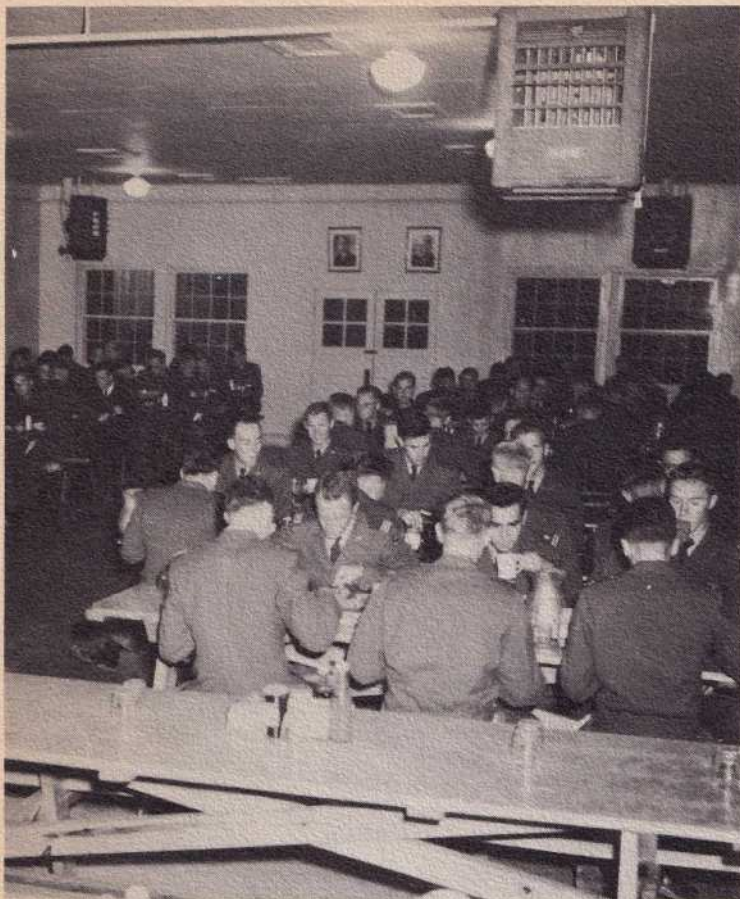


The color guard.



Just like West Point.





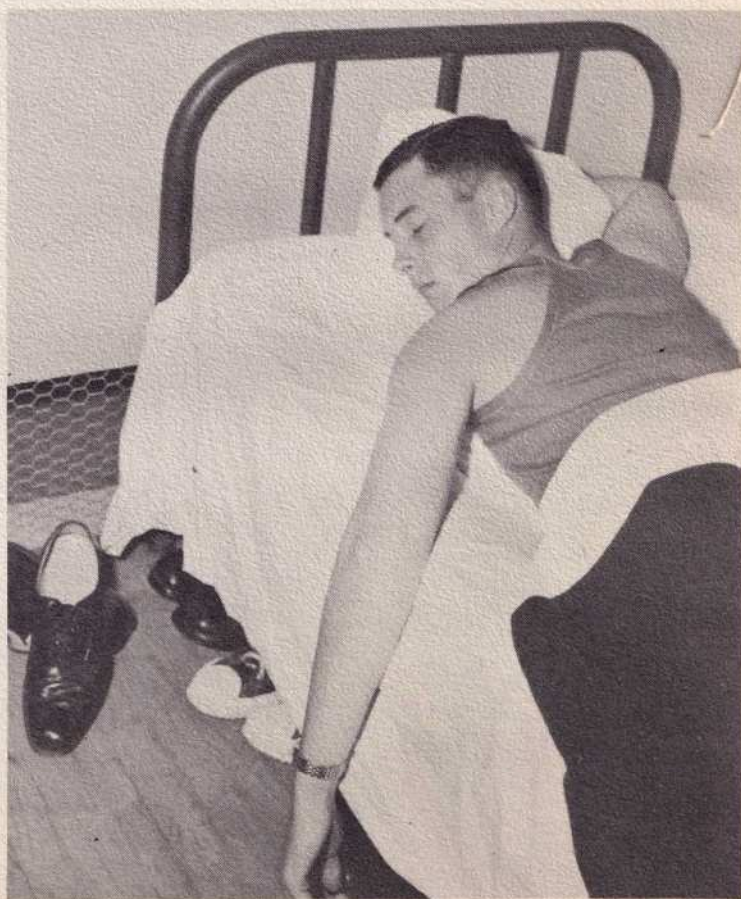
They wouldn't bring us a menu.



Getting ready for that cross-country.



We never get any, French movies?



"Is call-to-quarters over yet?"

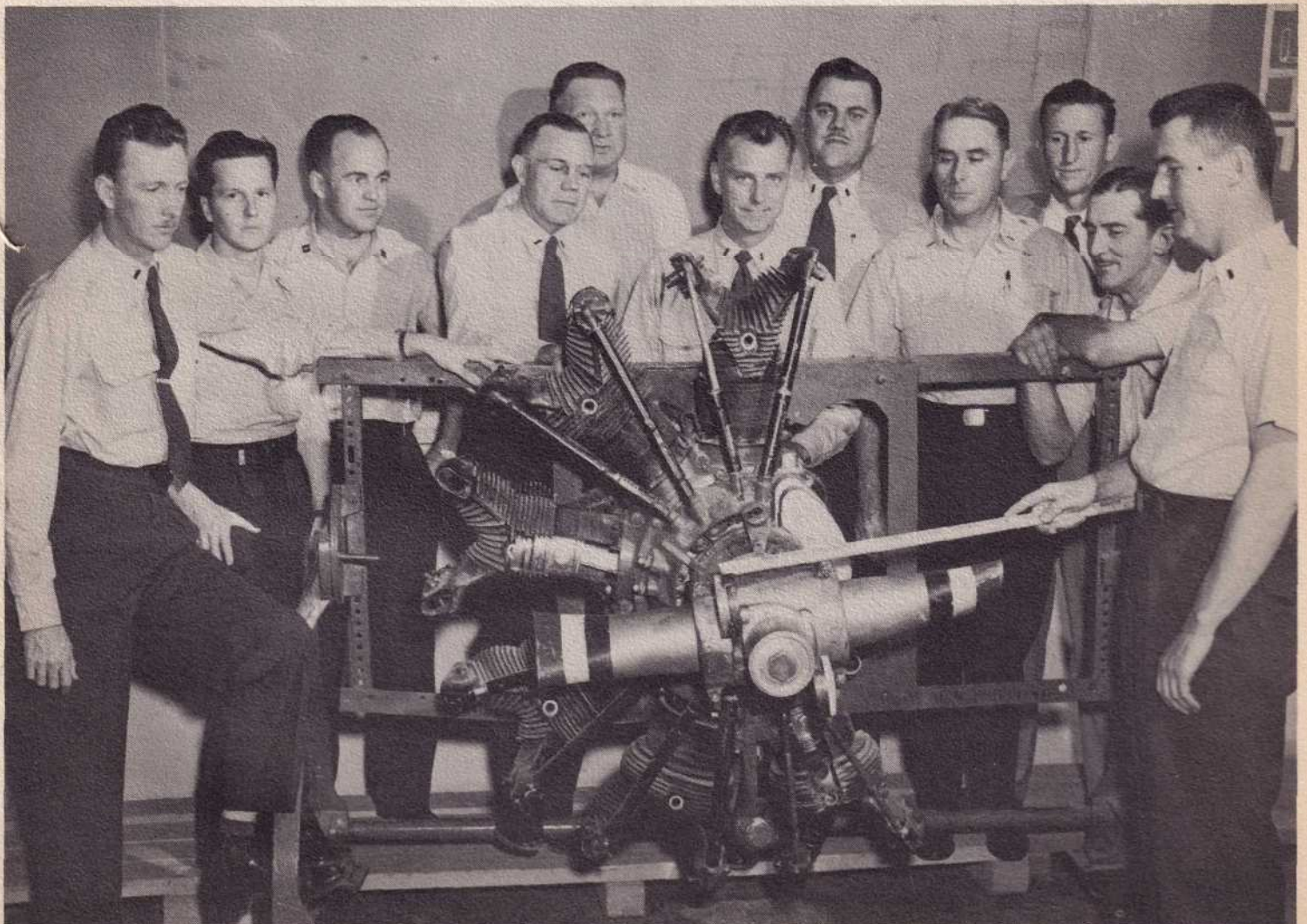


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| Radio Communications   | 20 Hours |
| Flying Safety          | 3 Hours  |



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.



# LINK TRAINING



"Small corrections, dammit!  
Small corrections!"



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.



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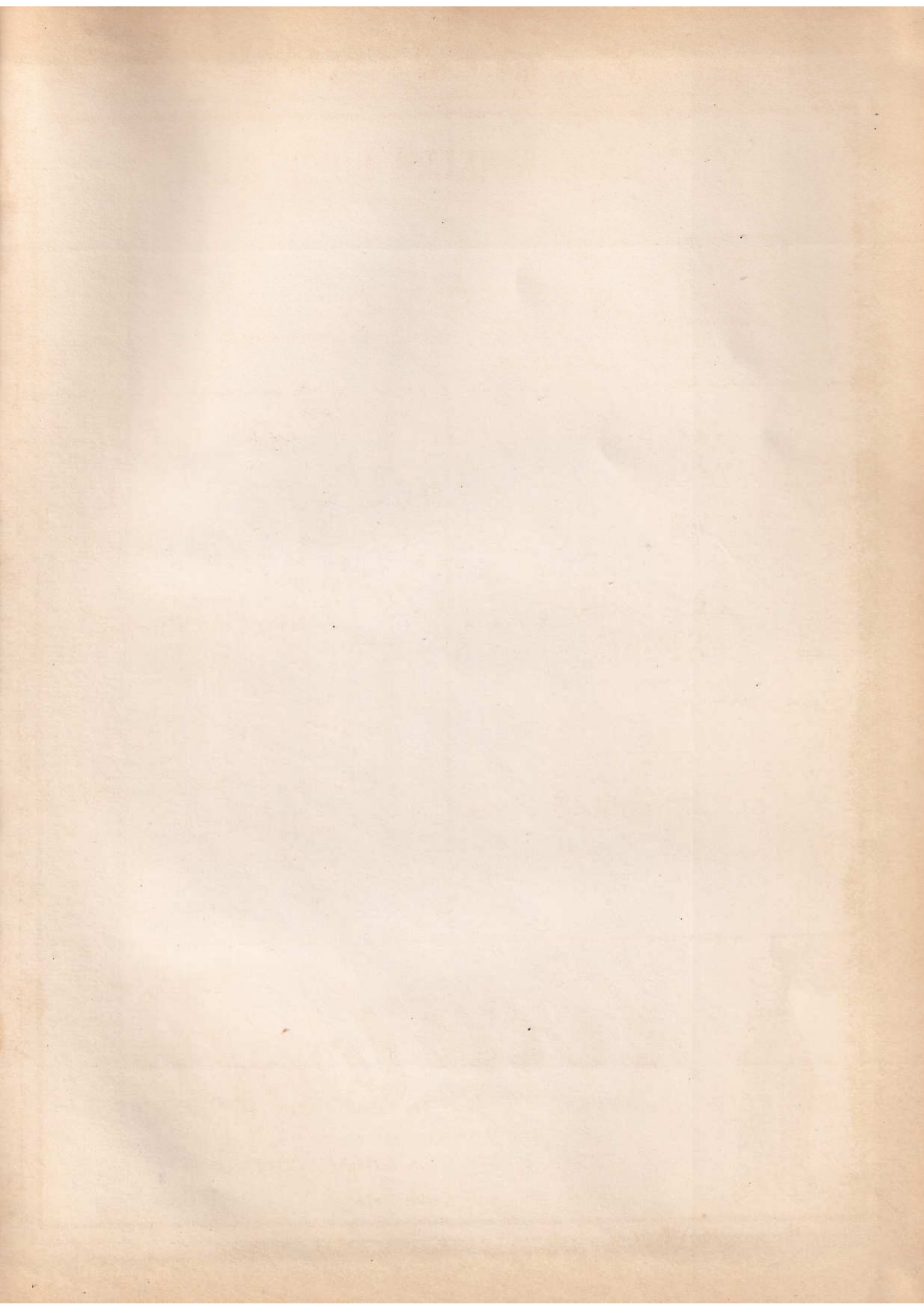
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