

HONDO FINAL







Douglas W. Gilchrist

Bust of buck
Oct 1. 1911

To my root eating friend
in Fox Class lots of buck
Thomas E. Schmidt
53-8-1

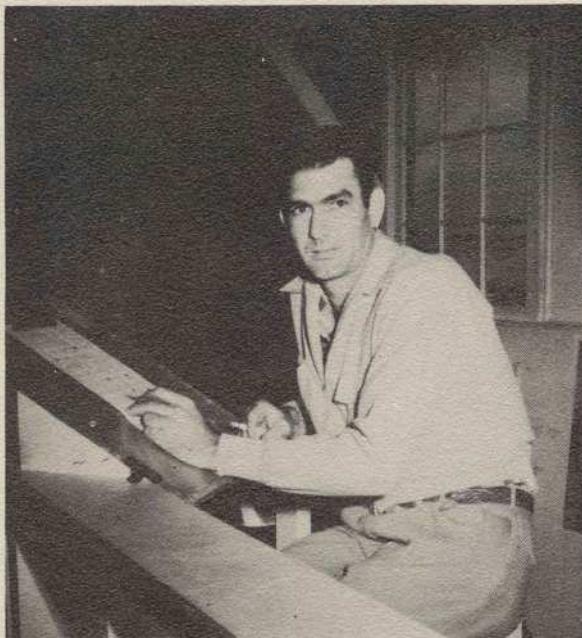
HONDO FINAL

CLASS 53-F

DEDICATION

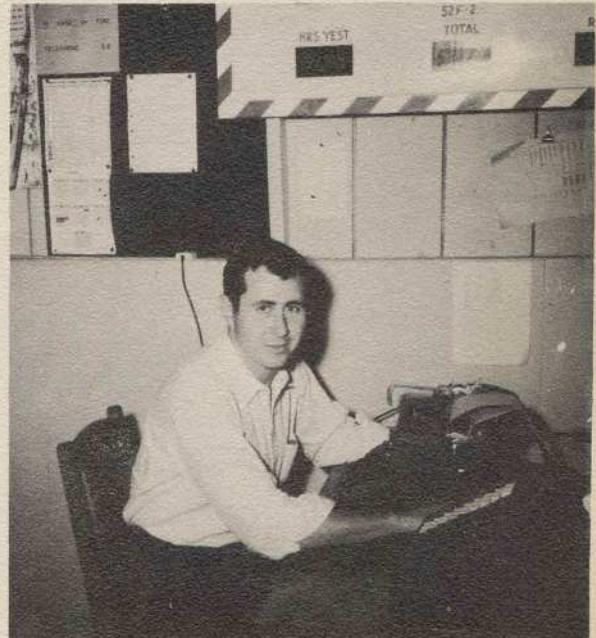
We of the class 53-F gratefully dedicate this book to those two men who have so willingly contributed their efforts on our behalf.

Good Luck
Sincerely
E.J. Hilscher

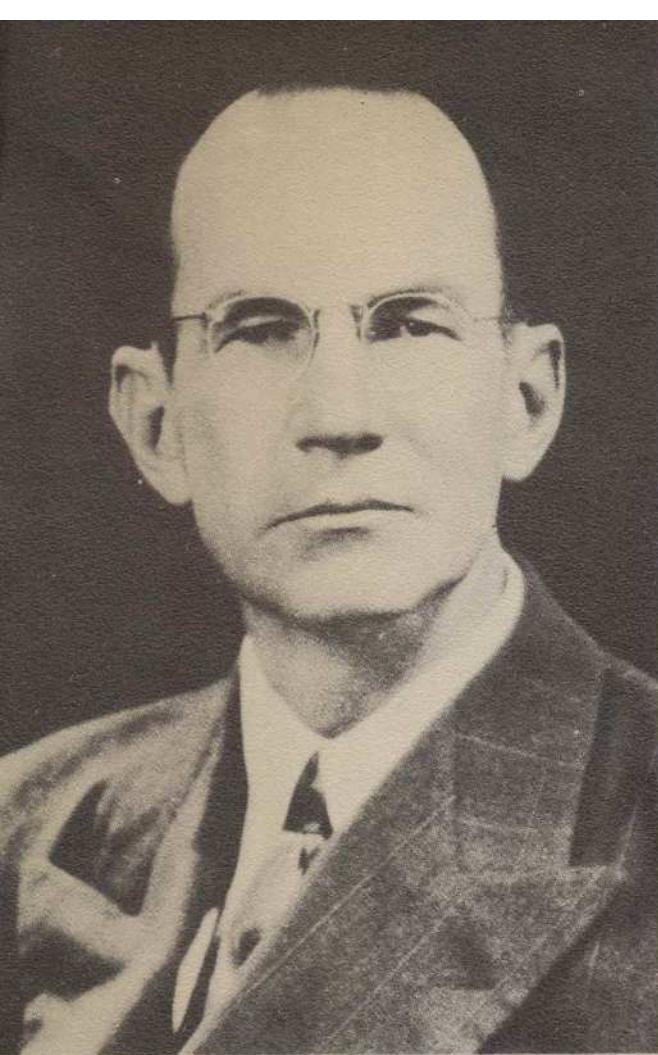


SETH H. KENSING
Dispatcher, 53-F-1

*Best of Luck
Seth*



EDWARD J. HILSHER
Dispatcher 53-F-2



MR. H. B. ZACHRY

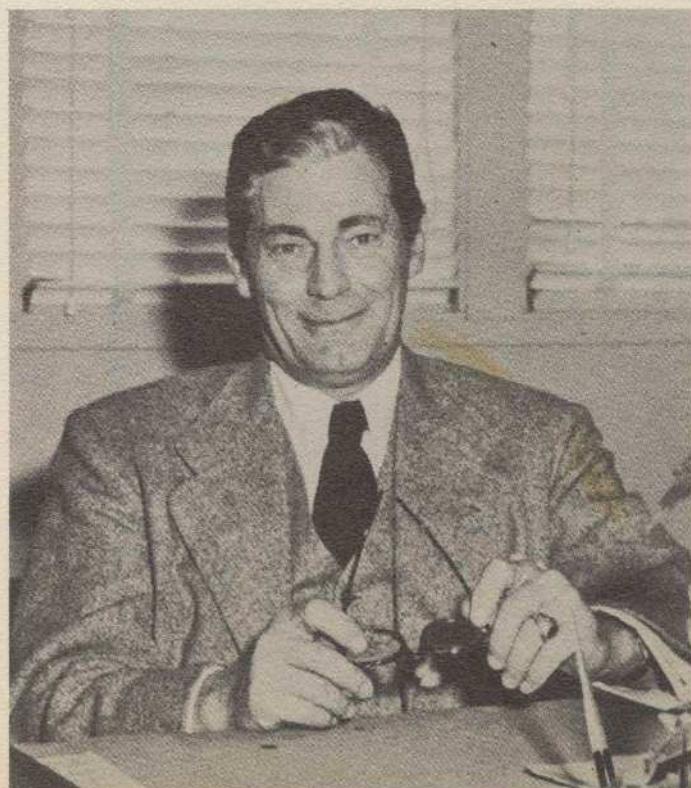
President

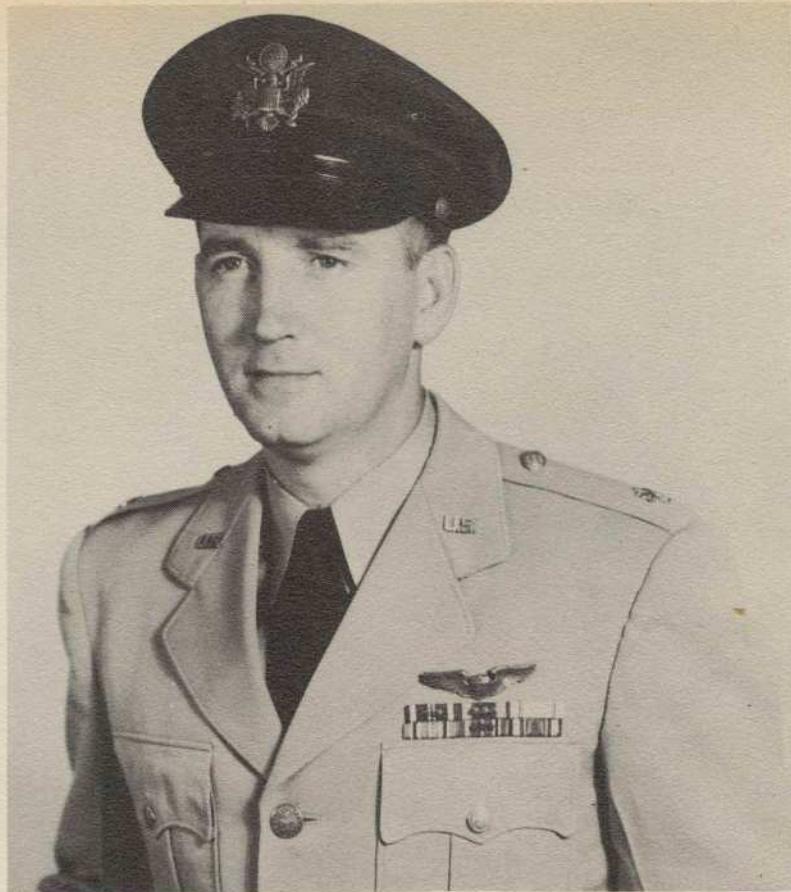
Texas Aviation Industries

LUTHER S. SMITH

Executive Vice-President

Texas Aviation Industries





HEADQUARTERS
HONDO AIR BASE
Hondo, Texas

Students of Class 53-F:

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.

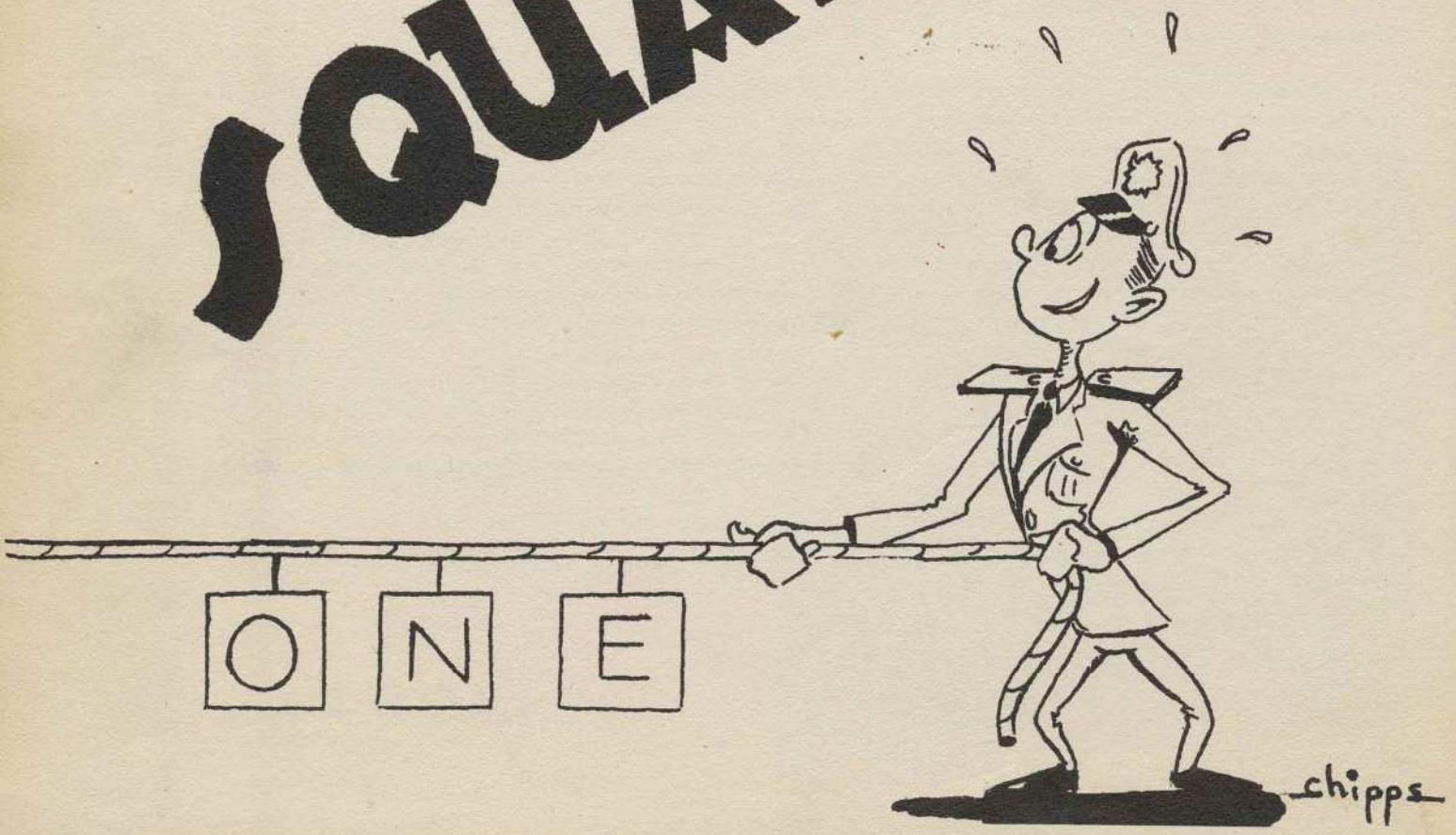
To combat the hard core of a program dictated by the action and probable intentions of a potential enemy, the expanded level of Air Force programming levies the greatest demands upon you as its main structure of defense. Forthright recognition that relative security has not yet been attained necessitates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

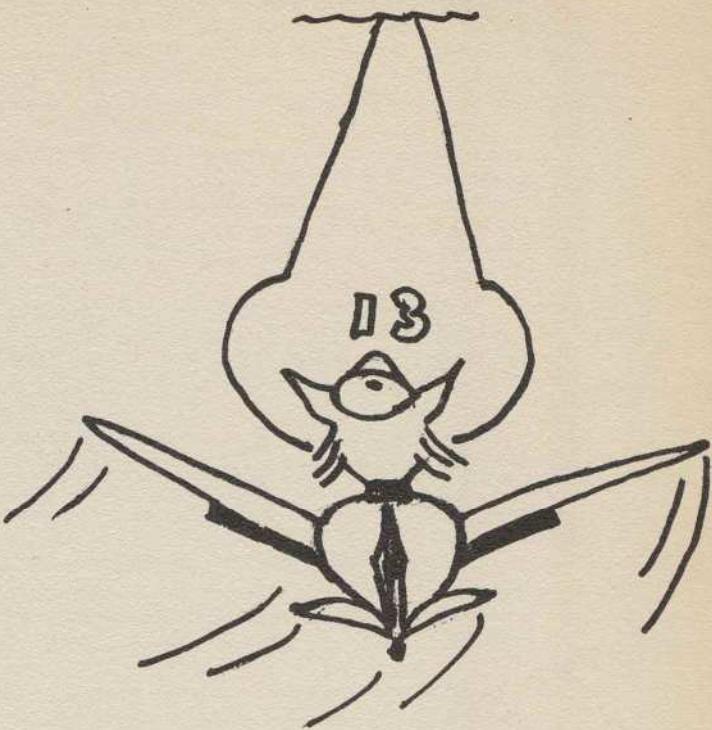
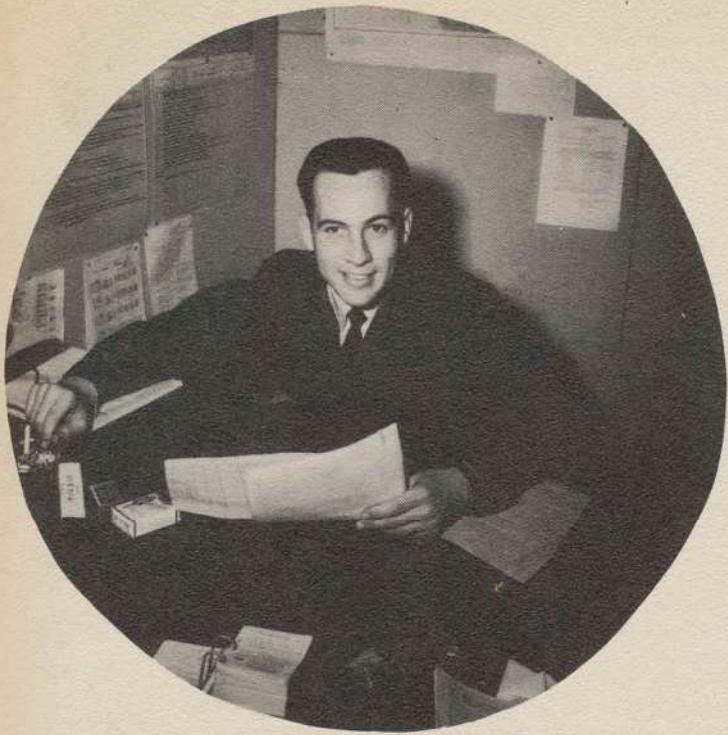
Personnel of Texas Aviation Industries, Incorporated, and the 3304th Pilot Training Squadron (Contract Primary) join in congratulating you upon your successful graduation, and wish you success in your future training and flying careers.

JOHN D. IRVIN
Lt. Colonel, USAF
Commanding



SQUADRON

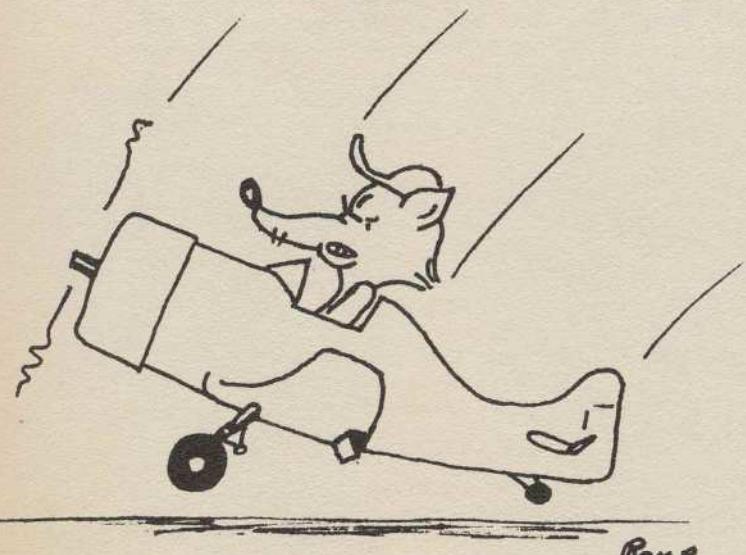




2ND LT. JAMES E. POOLE

Tactical Officer

Thanks for the very nice appreciated cooperation & compliment. Best Wishes to my wife & family. Tell the wife hello. Joe, wife, and kids. Best of luck, Lt Poole



A/C CAPT. DONALD C. LAPORTE
Cadet Squadron Commander

On the twenty first of August, nineteen fifty-two, after much searching on the part of the United States government, a suitable place was found for the settling of a new and famous club--the Foxes of Hondo. It took a great deal of searching, indeed, to find a place which combined the beauty of the Riviera, the grandeur of the Grand Canyon, the inspiration of the Rugged Rockies, and the haunting melody of the Sea. Such a place indeed is Hondo, where the impeccable of the elite from the world over were to congregate. Yes, this paradise on earth was to become the home of the very best.

To insure that no unworthy individuals desecrate this promised land, a rigid entrance test was required. One had to be physically perfect. To insure continued physical perfection those found worthy to remain, were housed in the latest, very finest accomodations featuring good lighting, good heating and most certainly good ventilation, the latter being important on rainy days of which the aura of the former inhabitants still lingered.

Further to insure continued good health, the latest in athletic facilities was made available and their use was strongly encouraged. Anyone (with the strength of 10 men) could survive the vigorous program of athletics supervised by Dr. Main, whose cheerful advice still rings in our ears. "It don't hurt, it's only in your mind. Give me twenty five."

Exercise is very important and we believe that Mr. Larsen has the strongest right arm and elbow of all as he exercised them at every opportunity. Yes, plenty of fresh air and exercise make for alert, intelligent young men...for example Mr. Mavromatis. This financial wizard soon had everything systemized and became the first expert on "pocket utilization".

One of our Select Few, Mr. Houdeau, took opportunity of the many excursions available and visited that enchanted land south of the border, romantic Old Mexico. Mr. Houdeau's every needs were satisfied yet when he insisted on compensating the natives for their services, he was told he was a guest and that every door was open to him. Allons Laredo!

Our humble group was further graced by the presence of two big game hunters, Messers LaPorte and Fairbanks. On the second day of a Safari into the hinterlands to the north, a magnificent Texas rabbit was skillfully stalked and bagged. This feat was so daring that both were summoned to the nearby metropolis of Sabinal complete with Police escort and with due honors were presented with the Order of the Purple Shaft with cactus cluster for Trespassing beyond the fence line.

Everything in Texas is Large. For example Mr. Radford was lying on his Hollywood bed one night when two six foot tall mosquitoes came through the door and scared away all the servants. Then one mosquito was reported to have asked the other, "Shall we eat him here or take him home with us?" The other reasoned, "We had better eat him here because if we take him home the big mosquitoes might take him from us." Mr. Radford was so upset that he couldn't drink his afternoon Mint Julep for a week.

There were a few who were able to join the very exclusive garden society here at Hondo. To gain such distinction one had to jockey his mount out on the great white polo field in a magnificent ground acrobatic in search of pasture for one's steed. Mr. "I did it first" Pearson performed this maneuver first and became charter member of the Garden Club soon to be followed by Mr. Farmer and Mr. Blanchette, the latter mistaking the local bus for a goal and scattering the majority of the Foxes from their den.

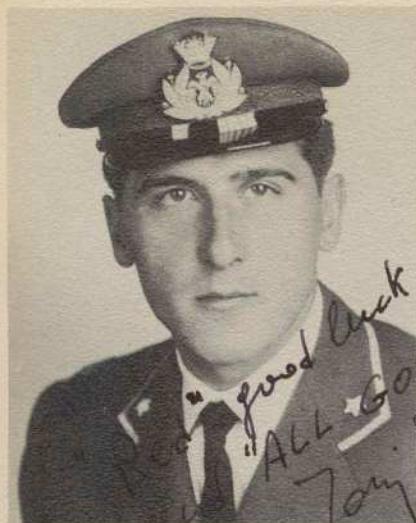
Then the inevitable cross-country spring event took place. Here one pitted all of his resourcefulness against the dark agents of nature. A loser of one such battle was Mr. Chipp. After struggling in the teeth of a gale for several hours this staunch individual became temporarily confused over the bleak wastes to the North and was forced to accept the help from the management in order to return to his beach house with a minimum of delay. One contestant, Mr. Ruelens, scorning such things as check points, turned a deaf ear to channel "A" and proceeded to negotiate the course playing heed to KITE instead of VHF. And that great navigator Americus Vespuccius II (Antonio Bertuzzi) said just before parting, "I sleep not this night in Hondo".

Yes, navigation and a cool head came in very handy for Mr. Llewellyn. One day after settling his machine gently to the concrete, Mr. Llewellyn missed the turn-off point and continued on down the straight and narrow path. However the straight and narrow path came to an abrupt end and Mr. Llewellyn was faced with the decision of whether to do a "180" or continue on through marginal weather (high grass) to an alternate taxi strip. The tower came to the rescue and GCA'd our hero to the ramp.

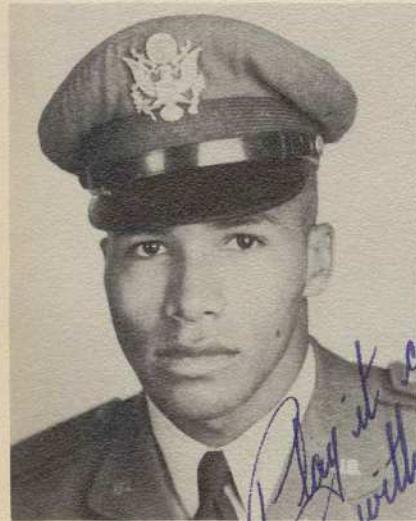
Honorable mention is here given to Mr. Stewart for action above and beyond the call of duty while faced with a hazard of inverted flight--that old demon, relief tube. Also not to be forgotten is that great aerial entertainer, Mr. Casas, who held the inhabitants of nearby Villa Castroville in awe with his display of aeronautical skill.

We will all remember the slyness and originality of Mr. Gilchrist, who tried to sneak by runway control one night. We sincerely believe he would have made it had it not been for that stool pigeon, exhaust flame. Not to be forgotten is Mr. Willson whose devotion to duty caused him to tear himself away from his maidens to raise the flag in the middle of the night. And Mr. Guardiola, who in the image of Johnny Appleseed, quietly sowed caps about the countryside. We will never forget Mr. Jacquot, who fearlessly attacked and soundly defeated a taxi light single handed. Last but not least regard Mr. Otzen who lost the first round to the 90 degree power off but who came back in the second round with a knock-out.

These indeed are the fateful few who called Hondo a Home. Now, as the time for parting grows near, and many a final farewell is iterated, we take leave of Beautiful Hondo -- by the sea.



Antonio Bertuzzi
"Toni"



Horace T. Blanchette
"Dad"

Hold on there Casas!! You Haven't
Soloed yet:

Redshirts,
It's been a pleasure
Knowing you at
the flightline
I hope you have
The good luck you
deserve. Fare and X's



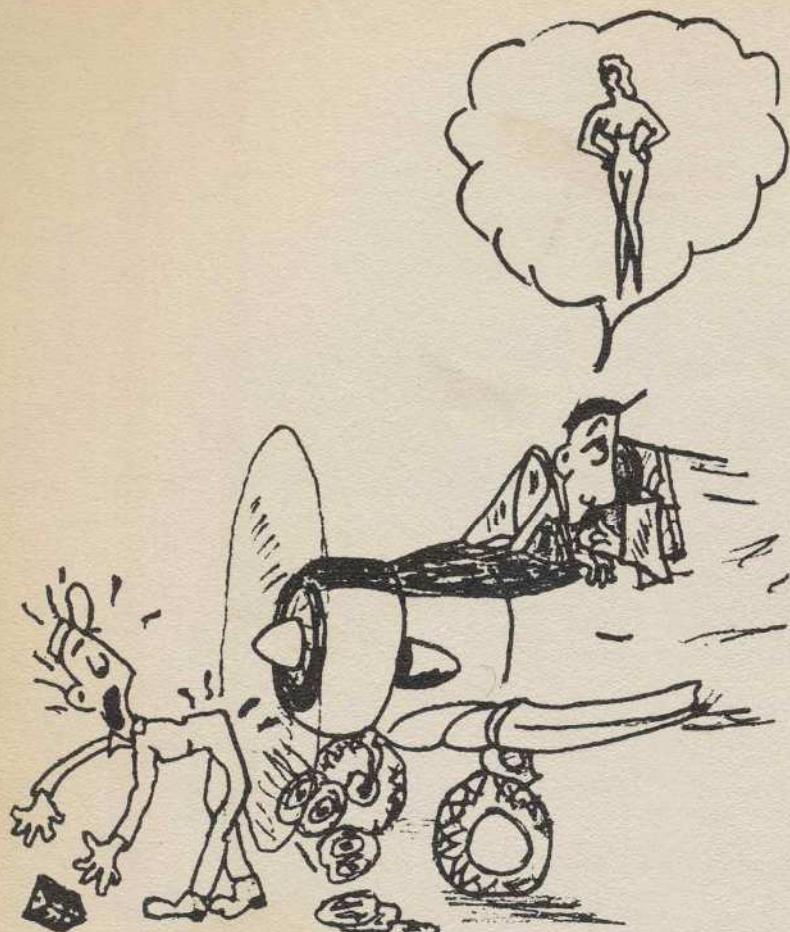
Alfonso J. Casas
"Al"



Joseph W. Chipp
"Chipper"



Carl D. Fairbands
"Fats"



Clear?

*A friend forever
Wayne*

Wayne L. Farmer
"Junior"



Dougald W. Gilchrist
"Red"



Robert Guardiola
"Camel Pusher"



Jacques R. Hebert
"Jock"



*One toute mon
amitié et souvenir
des 6 mois de travail
passé ensemble à l'école*

Yves M. Houdeau

"Hondo"



Paul M. Jacquiot
"Jac"



Donald J. Llewellyn
"Lew"



Flemming K. Larsen
"Dane"



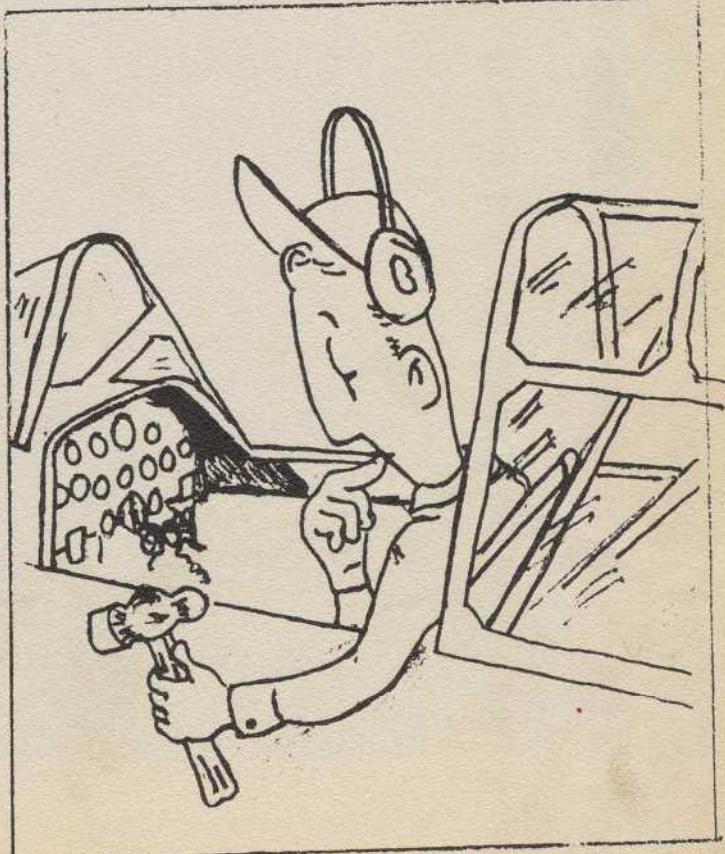
Nicholas Mavromatis
"Monster"

Nicholas Mavromatis

Alt alderbuste op de
gras busser
and many
happy landings
John



Hendrik Otzen
"Hank"



Tap the instrument slightly
if it sticks.



Charles E. Pearson
"H. P."

He's good luck to
any fellow who's good
at showing you the art
of "Bingo".
"Charlie",



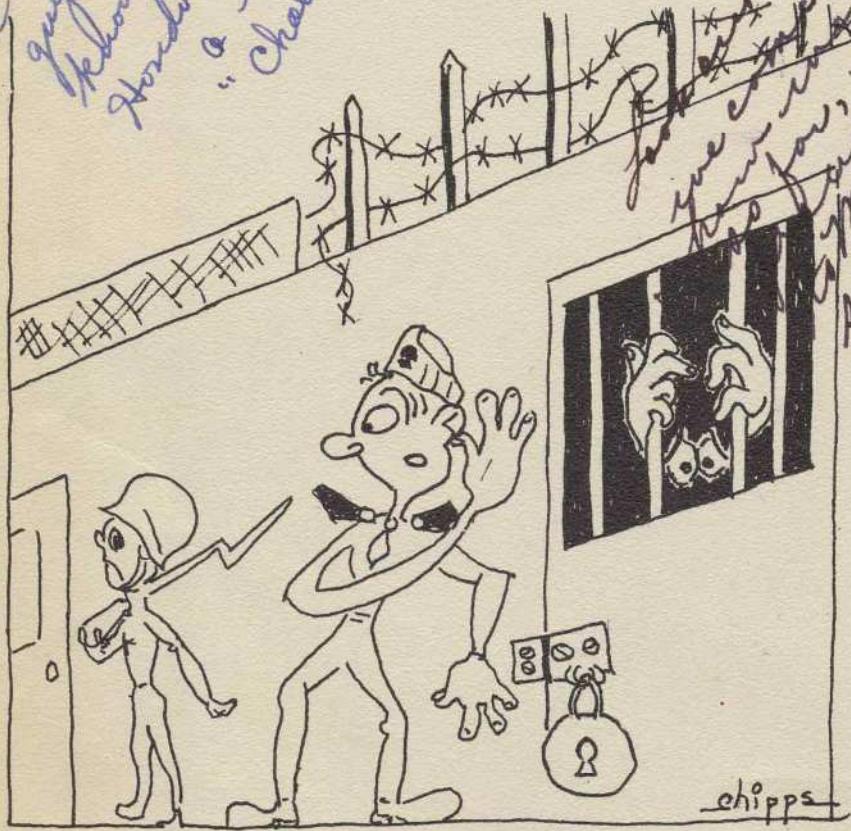
Richard D. Radford
"Rad"
"I'd rather be
over at the
lot's of
"Rad"



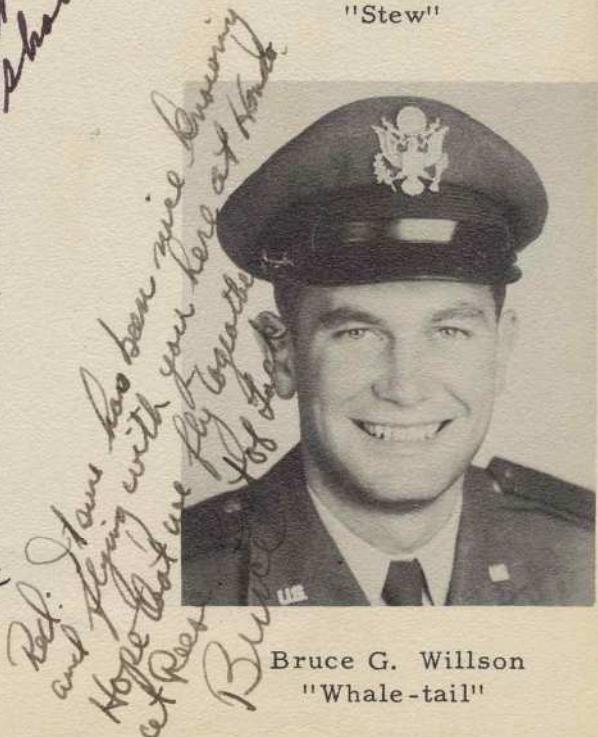
Bertie Weston
Francis J. Ruebens
"Pete"
in the brother on the
other side of the
world he's been
a real friend.



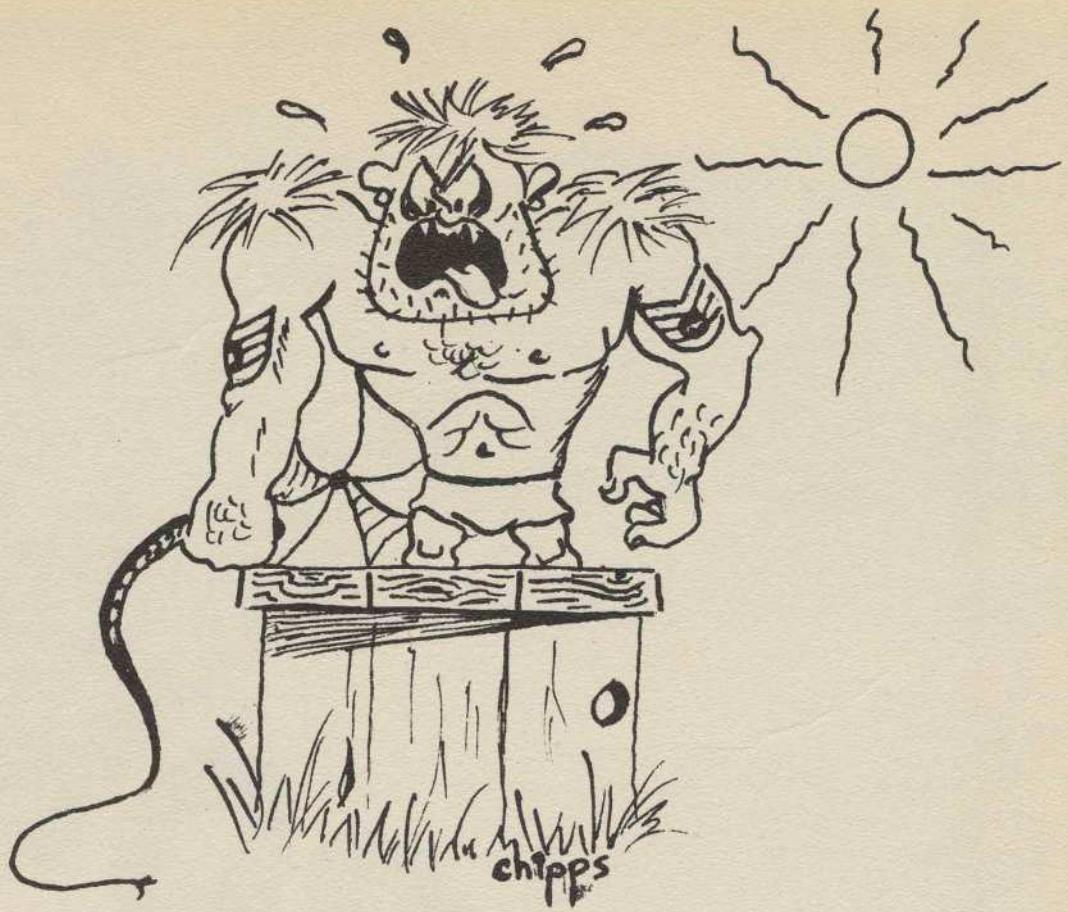
William E. Stewart
"Stew"



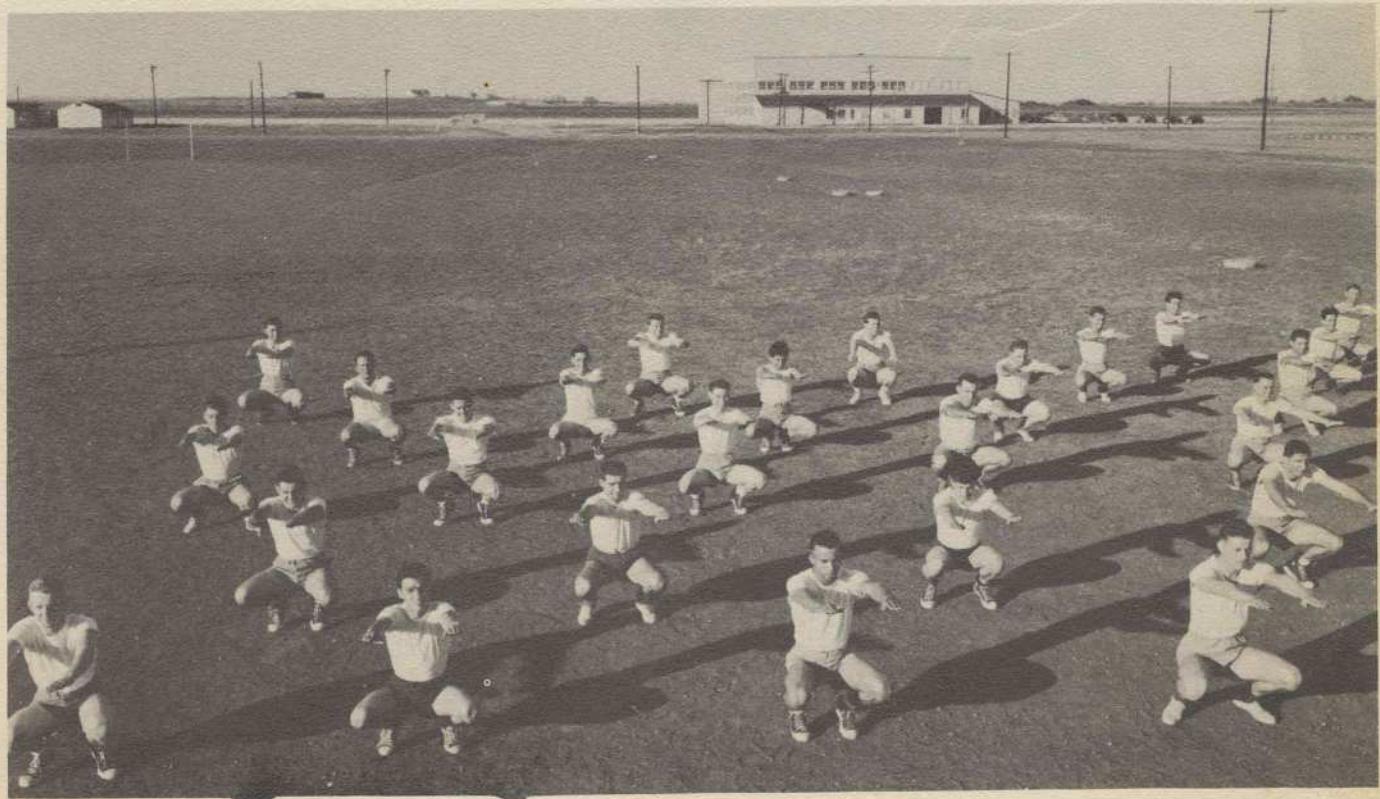
Psst! Hey Radford! They
Tell me you're restricted again



Bruce G. Willson
"Whale-tail"



up !! DAMMIT up !!



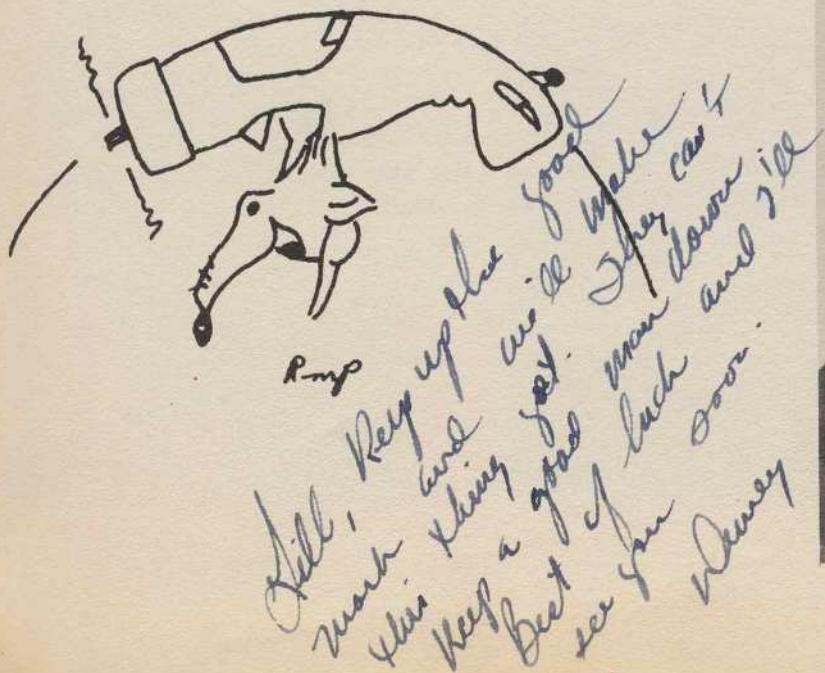
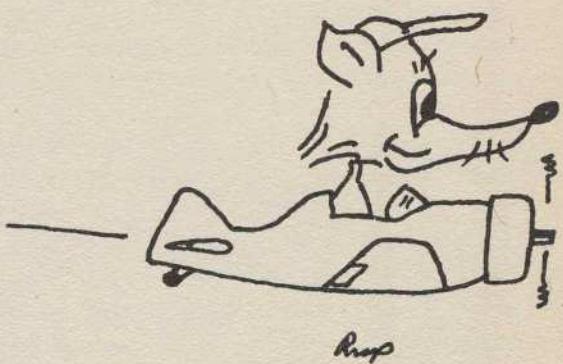


SQUADRON





2ND LT. WILLIAM T. LUCKETT
Tactical Officer



A/C CAPT. DEWEY E. RICHARDSON
Cadet Squadron Commander

THE BLOODY SECOND

A call went out through all the Air Force (and institutions of higher learning) "WE NEED MEN". The project was classified Top Bull and given the code designation 53-f-2. As we sit now looking back at the beginning of the resurrection faint memories of bribing and shanghaiing by desperate C. O. s and other equally terrified personnel in their attempts to round up the little herd all come to mind.

The first few weeks at our new desert home was spent in a souped up repatriation course usually designated as pre-flight. During this period we, the Foxes, watched the T-6 Tigers (upperclassmen) go dashing into the blue day after day (some nights, too) and became properly motivated to conquer the yellow bird ourselves. (?)

The sweat and high blood pressure of the under classes is in the past, so now being the big wheels and soon the graduates we may look into the mirror of time and see.....

High pockets LeBolzer and Mr. Henry, Gentleman and Scholar, may be located in the middle of intensified French Lessons with Mike "I wonder What It Is Like In France" Howard. Bob "I'll take them any way I find them" King has been asking Chris Piches for months now to "Take it easy, man. Take It easy". Last report was, he took it. But it wasn't easy.

Dewey "That Group Major better shape up fast" Richardson found Ren'e "It is not important" Juquin sacked out during S. M. I. and threatened to take away his whiskey bottle. Frank "Where did I put my drink" Day finally located "Cork Room" Malone at the next table, and for all we know is still discussing the advantages of owning your own package store.

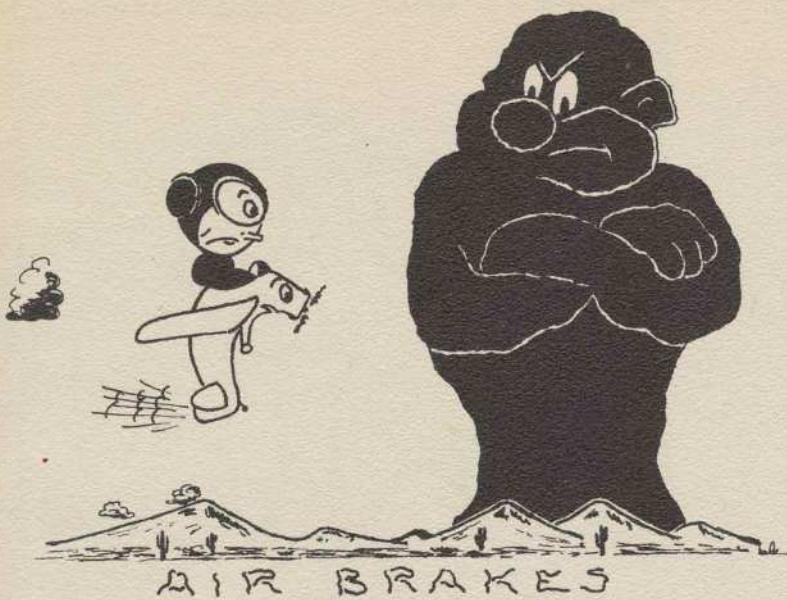
Major "Group, that is" Dunn was once seen in close conference with "I like these American girls" Martin apparently picking up a rather warm tip. Mel "Damn, that was a hard landing" Gentry is constantly looking through his personally issued copy of Landing Planning. John "You shouldn't talk like that" McNeely has been seen departing on unknown missions of exploration in the general direction of San Antonio.

Danny "What a weekend" Noneaker can still be seen cruising about on Monday morning with the foggy look. Gene "I've found a new way of life" Libert is constantly wondering why Cadet Officers take such small hat sizes. Ralph "I calls dem like I sees dem" Schoenbauer was found waiting to ambush the guy who had accused him of getting a go-around. "Got this Program made" Hydukovich and Henning "Grrrrr" Larsen are discussing the attributes of tall women and little airplanes.

"How am ah gonna giva de command" Pane is looking sharp as ever and "Why can't I wear this Bikini bathing suit" Rogez is still wondering.

All in all it was great fun for us. With ball bats and knives we settled our differences among ourselves and the other three pirate crews here at Hondo. We learned the art of dodging Tactical Officers, of finding our wits, and of flying the Terrible Six. So lookout, Basic, and farewell, Primary with all your work and fun; Fox Two men have got that Tiger on the run.

W. C. D



Best of Luck
and many
happy landings
Frank A. Day



Frank A. Day
"Frank"

Best of Luck
William C. Dunn



William C. Dunn
"Will"

Looks like wire
going in the same direction.
Keep up the good work
& we might make pilots yet.
"Duke"



Malcolm K. Gentry
"Skip"



Mike D. Haydukovich
"Duke"



Robert L. Henry
"Sweetheart"
He'll change
from the great
chicken to Hwy.



Michael J. Howard
"Mike"

Best of Luck
I still think
you should have
kept our stage grades
the same
Mike



First Spin



Rene Juquin
"Jukie"

To Best of Luck
and a good friend
Bob King



Robert L. King
"Bob"



Best of luck
and a good friend
Henning B. Larsen
"Dane"



Pierre L. LeBolzer
"Pete"



Best of luck and
hope to meet you
again in better
circumstances
Dany



Dany J. P. Martin
"Danny"



John W. McNeely
"Mac"



Gene A. Libert
"Jeep"



Robert W. Malone
"Dad"



I met you over Medina
We will have a big
T-28 vs. "Dan"
Best of luck to you



Gaspare Pane
"Pony"



Chris S. Piches
"Peaches"



Michel G. Rogez

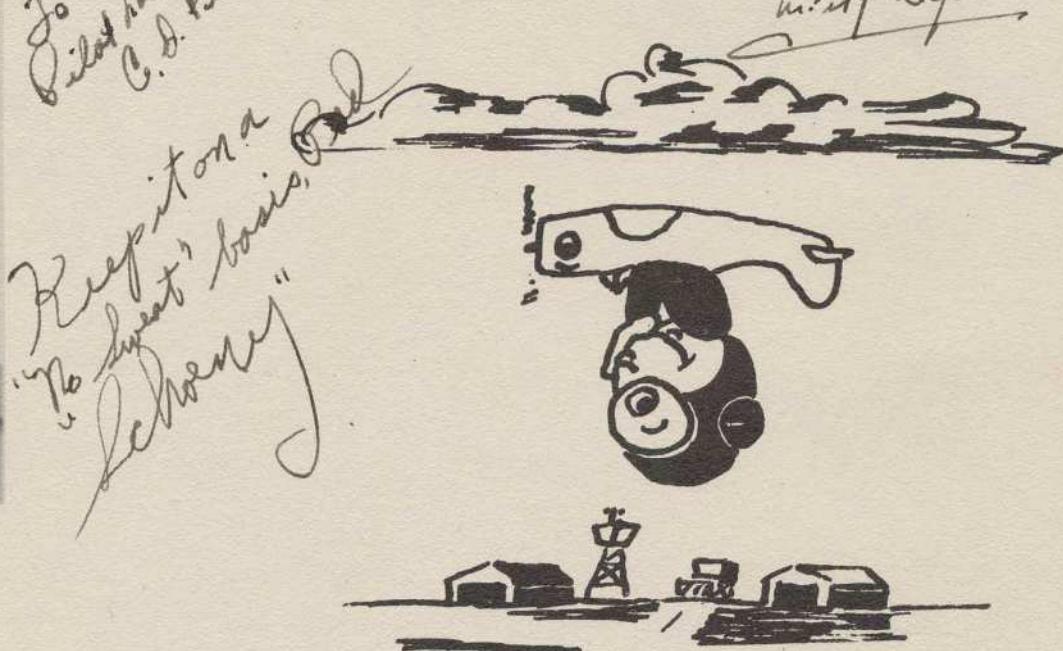
"Rodgie"

good lucks - and "amunition"

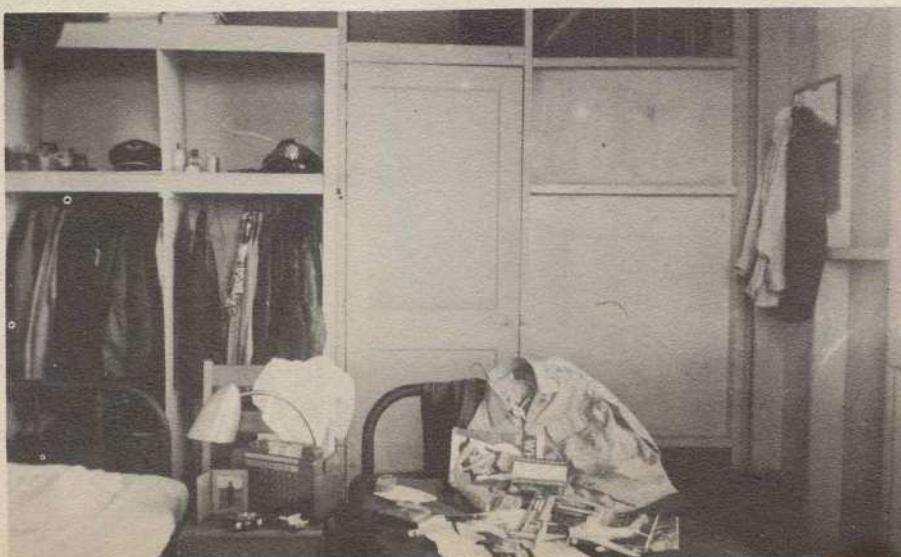
Michel Rogez

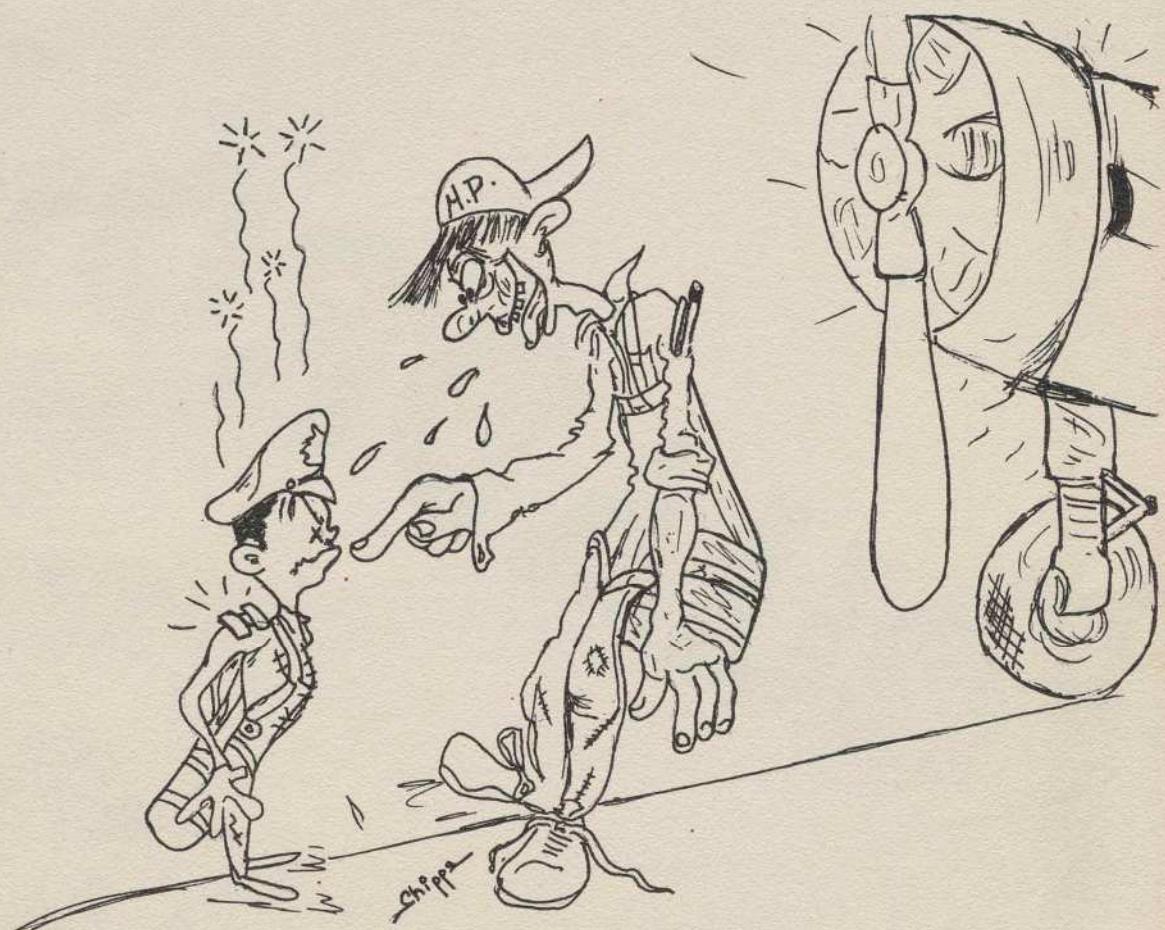


Ralph A. Schoenbauer
"Shoney"



Wheel room

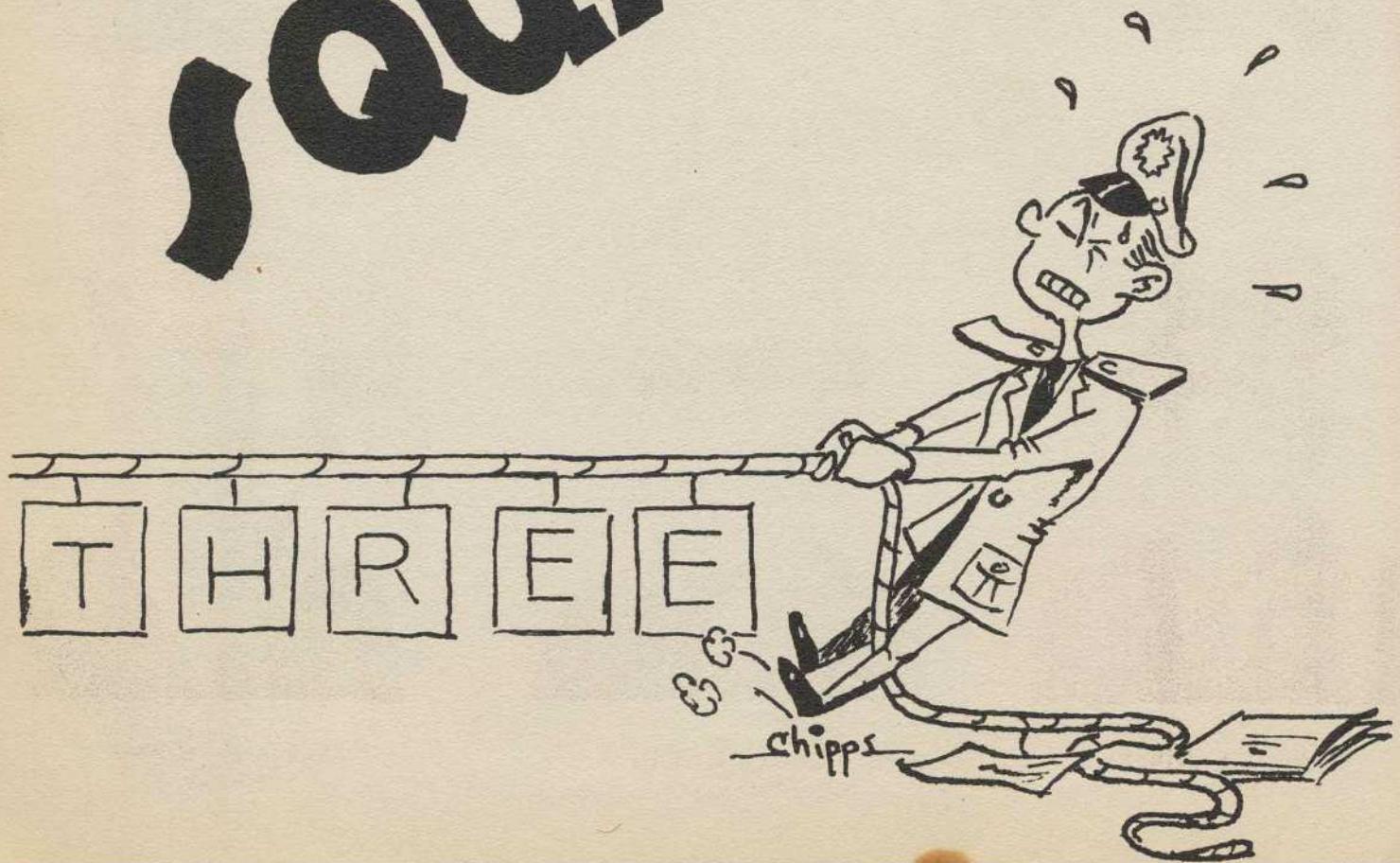


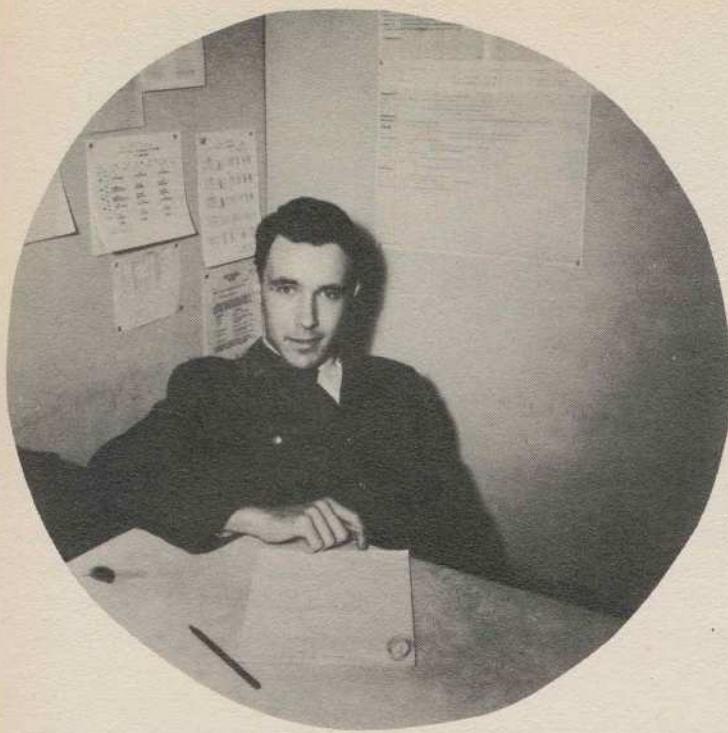


See here Cap., I've got 50 hrs.
in this thing.

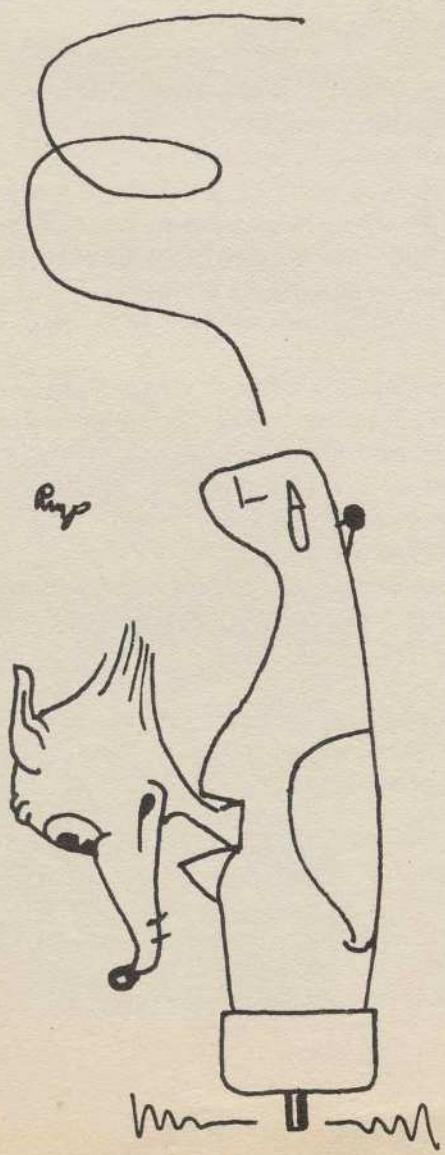
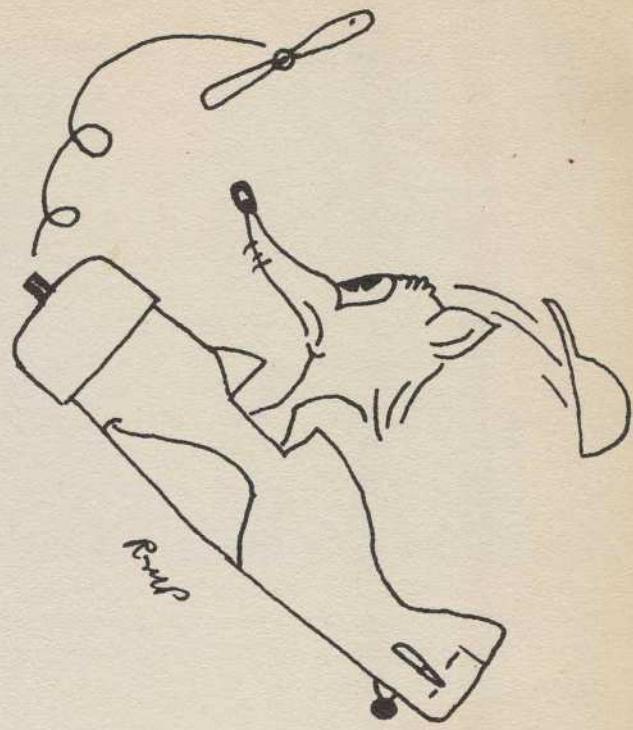


SQUADRON





2ND LT. ALBERT K. FERRIS
Tactical Officer



A/C CAPT. CLARENCE E. LOWERY
Cadet Squadron Commander

THE FOWL THIRTEEN

"Gather Around Lads and Lasses, Gather Around", and listen to a tale of a group of men known to their fellowmen as the Fowl Thirteen. Beginning August 21st 1952, twenty-five excellent specimens of American Manhood (a bow is taken) began the hard grind toward ("You asked for this, and you are going to get it") Gold Bars and Silver wings in the chicken yards of Hondo Air Base. At first the greatest obstacle was "The Green Hornet" and his death dealing Physical Training Program. Many of these fine specimens were ready to say "die" after each session on the dear old battleground. Commonly heard on the P. T. field were such things as, "Hey, you there, you can't do that here and give me twenty-five". Captain Erdman's Specials (Hangers improperly displayed) was probably the next hardest hurdle. Then, The Foxes were released on good behavior on the first Open Post. Many headed for the sticks, some ventured into San Antonio (a great metropolis to the East), and a few stayed behind. After such celebrating the return was accomplished and with the morning many long tales were spun from sack-to-sack.

Four weeks seemed to fly by and then a parade was held in the "Fowl's" honor. A moonlight parade that is. Following that gruesome ordeal, they took their places as obedient, kind and unquestioning Fourth Classmen. Some had heard that the barracks they had moved into had been used as Chicken Houses and there seemed to be a remaining odor to remind them further. The Third Class treated Fox rather nicely, except they kept yelling at them, which was never understood.

First of the Foxes to master the yellow-bird was Mr. Molitor. Eagle-Eye Molitor, that is. Gradually everyone conquered the bird, or left by way of the "washing machine". Many left, and as they continued on into Third Class, many of the men became famous and earned reputations as being certain types of pilots. There was "Bend the wing or break it" Mayton, and "I'll get that jack rabbit with my prop" Zipperer. Then there was VanDine--who's favorite pastime was putting the aircraft in an uncontrolled dive and telling his instructor, "You have it!". As they became Second Classmen, cross countries became the thing. Flight 22 (Ace Liard) seemed nowhere on his flight to Brownwood. Stages were done up brown by such as Larsen, Voogt, and Hansard (Bird-dog one to Bird-dog two).

Finally they became the Fowl Thirteen as they are known today and with it came First Class and additional privileges plus all those funny white stripes. Lowery became "The Old Man", and Potter his adjutant. They were the law. R. C. as First Sergeant showed his (Virginia ty) and treated the under-class with an "Iron hand and a velvet glove". The rest of the Foxes filled in and a fine administration was formed. Along with first class there was night flying. Mr. Marie who was very precise used this as his number one radio call frequently, "Marie, P. P. number one, see-see". Then on the cross country Earl C. and R. C. played pat a light over Austin in a beautiful black cloud. Four go-arounds-Mason and "If it happens again, I'll bail out", along with Mr. Potter's excellent weather reports on clouds brought night flying to a close.

As the days went by the Fowl Thirteen became more proficient and finally after 130 hours of jockeying their instructors decided they were ready. Leaving is such sweet sorrow was heard often but I'm sure it wasn't entirely the feeling. There will always be a place in their heart for Hondo. So, "Cheerio, Cheerio!, my tale is told."

WDM



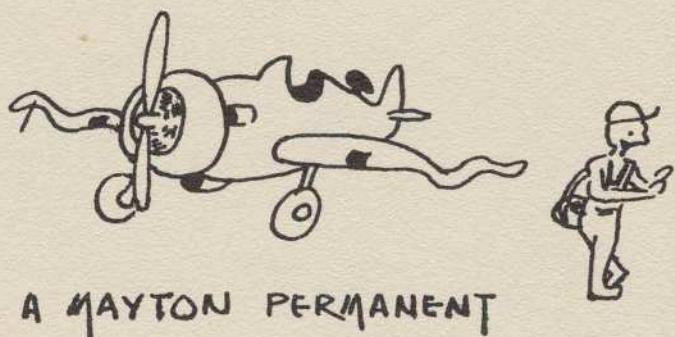
Earl E. Cureton
"Tex"



Joseph F. Hansard, Jr.
"Mr. P. T."



Jorgen Larsen
"Hoolegan"



A MAYTON PERMANENT



Eugene E. Liard
"Cheeta"



Pierre P. Marie
"Pee Pee"



William D. Mason
"Dale"



Ralph C. Mayton, Jr.
"Jim"



Oswald R. Molitor
"Molt"



Robert M. Potter
"Bob"



To Rederick
a squirrel
but still think
you'd do better
in Billy Van Dine



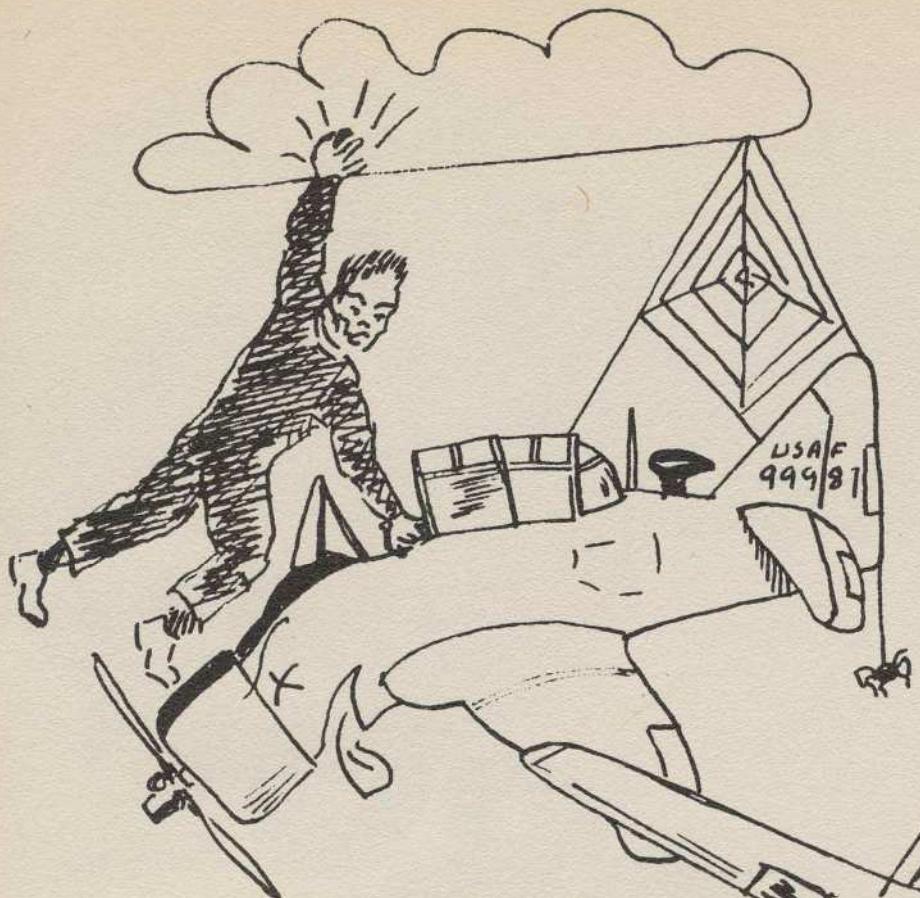
William A. Van Dine
"Smiley"



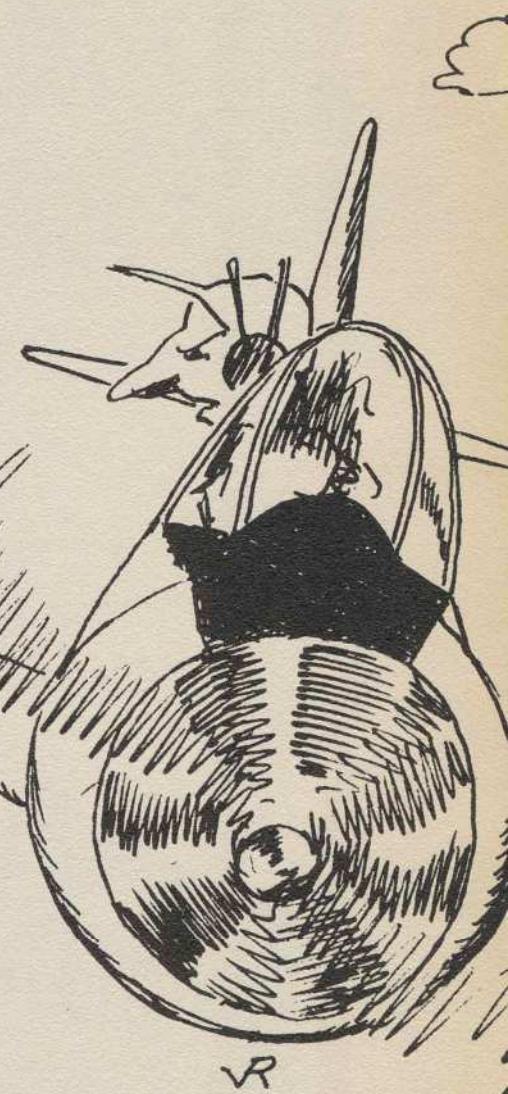
Aat Voogt
"Vote"



Charles E. Zipperer, Jr.
"Zip"



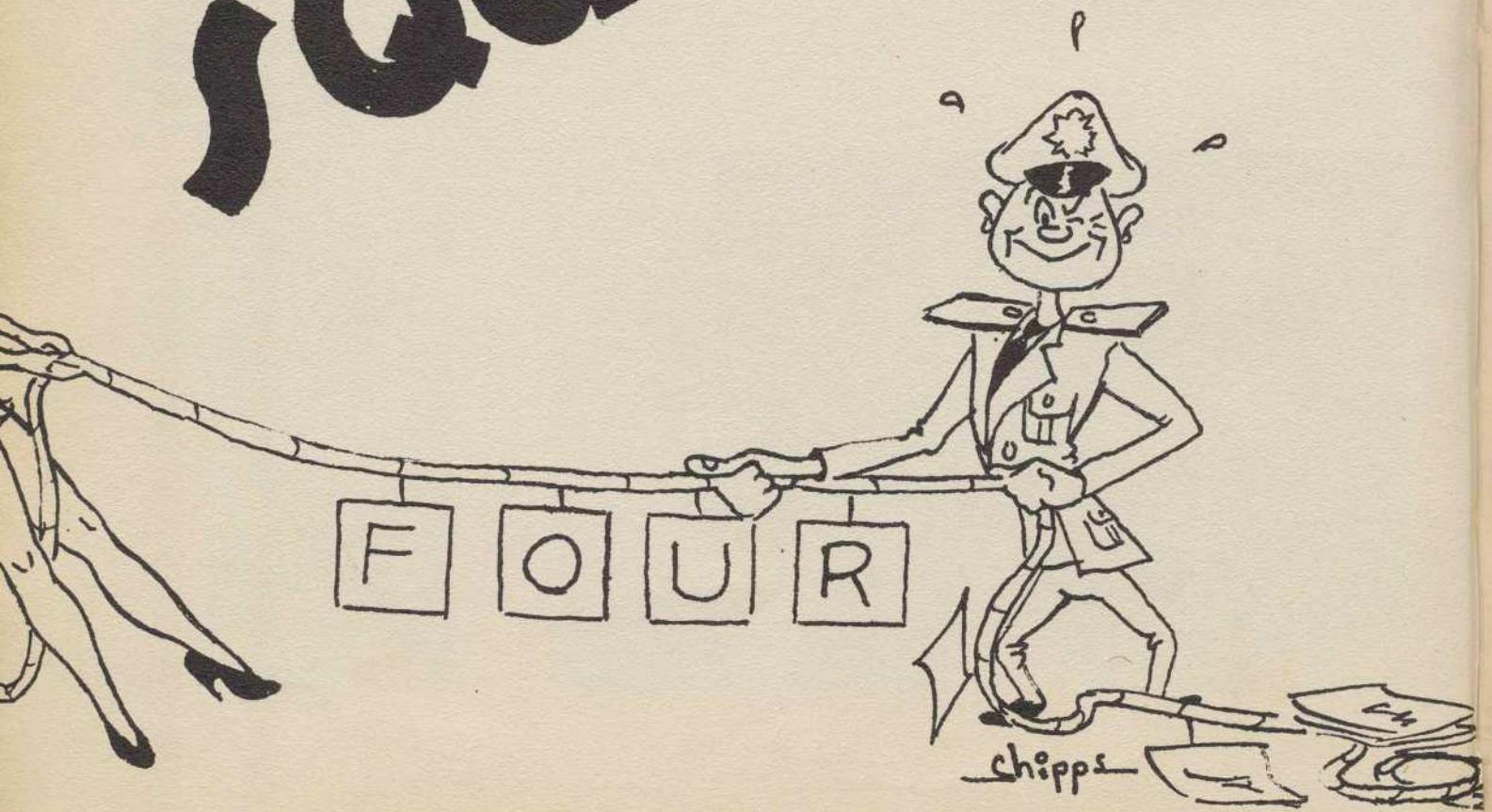
They told me to HOLD over
Brady.



Got a fire guard?

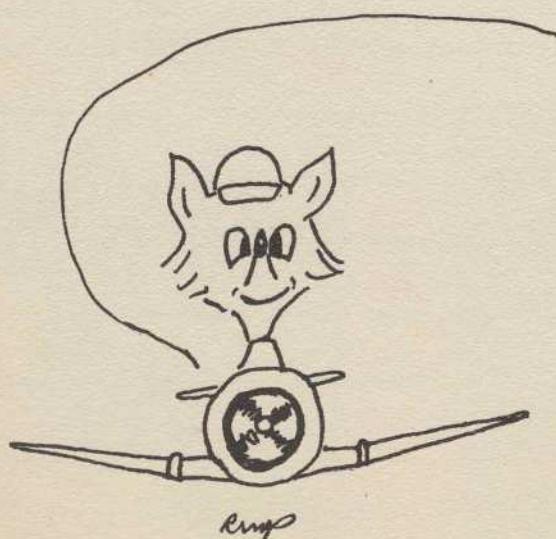
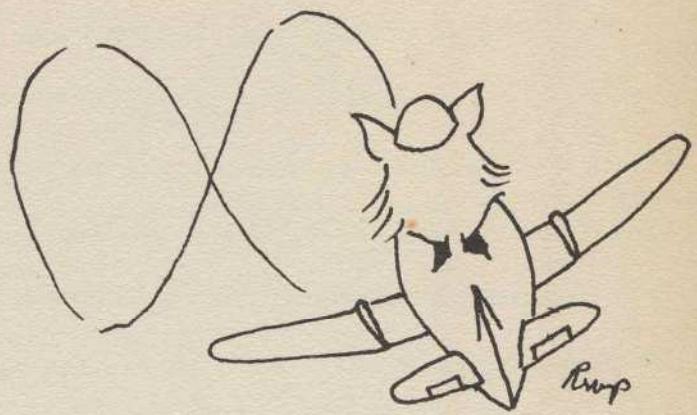


SQUADRON





2ND LT. ROBERT L. HARRISON
Tactical Officer



A/C RICHARD E. COOK
Cadet Squadron Commander

THE FATES AND FORTUNES OF THE FABULOUS FOURTH

Let's go to the year 2000 AD., and the streets of San Antonio--specifically to the Cork Room--where we find in progress the forty-eighth annual orgy commemorating the day of organization of the Fabulous Fox Fourth.

The party is in full swing and everyone is---well, not quite everyone. Birche Lauritsen has gotten temporarily confused again and I understand he's going to R. O. N. at Goodfellow. Seated under a table near the bar are our members of the exclusive \$60,000 lawnmower club. Ed Cavanaugh, being a charter member, is briefing MacIver and Coorpender on directional control, after landing and what to do in the event of ground loops. They can't seem to decide whether it would be wise to go around (chicken-out) or be brave and sit there and fight it. There's Dick Wolf on a bar stool with his three cushions. His recovery from inverted flight was either a split-S or an aileron roll. Who's that on the telephone? Claude Lacombe? Does anyone want to take some gas up to Brady? Claude just landed there with 10 minutes fuel left after he circled the town all day. Mansfield and McIntyre would probably be glad to go...there's too much noise in here to tell their war stories, anyway. Libengood and Roupe go in for the bull-sessions, too, and there's always a topic for discussion with a fellow like McKenzie around who makes night final approaches with head and landing gear up and locked, and Larmat who gets so disoriented after an hour of acrobatics that he inadvertently enters traffic at Kelly thinking he is at Hondo...not to mention some of the other hot pilots like Full-flap Swift who lands so slow that he can turn off the run-way a few feet after touch-down...or Cook or Watson who commit the usual flying faux-pas but are sly and crafty enough to keep it a secret. Of course you remember the check-it is twosome: Dinger, who took four 50's before he could convince the Check Pilot Staff that he was an H. P.....and Gill who passed his 50 the second day after he returned from a two and a half month convalescent vacation. There's Laursen down at the other end of the bar bending Hiebel's ear about those landing stages. He never could understand how he missed the spot that once when he shot a seven on his power-off and ruined his six average. Remy's there too, nonchalantly sipping at Hiebel's Cognac, as he listens to Norman's wild tales of vertigo in the high altitudes and the difference between eighty-nine, ninety and ninety-one degrees of turn.

Yes, the party's all assembled and it's a fair bet that all the boys will live up to the old motto of Fox IV:

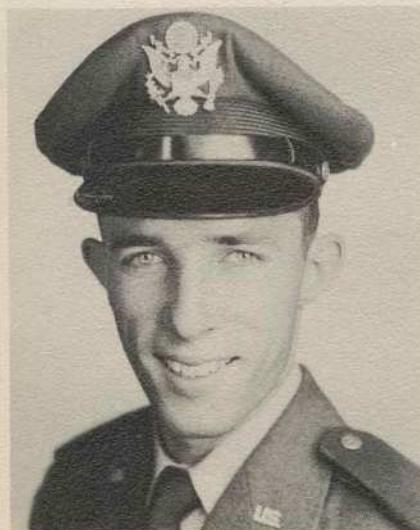
"Every man a tiger and a

Drunken Son of a _____. "

MDR



Edward R. Cavanagh
"Eddie"



Raymond F. Coorpender, Jr.
"Coop"



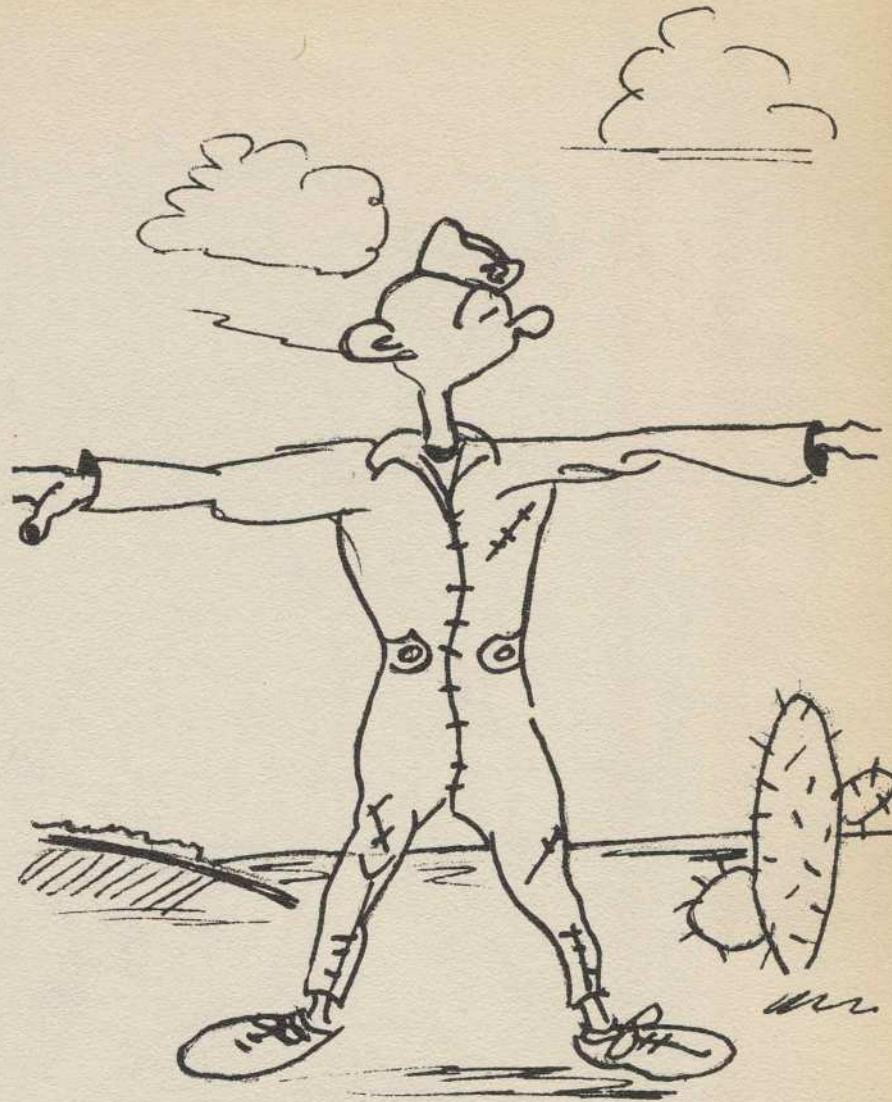
Richard J. Dinger
"Hum"



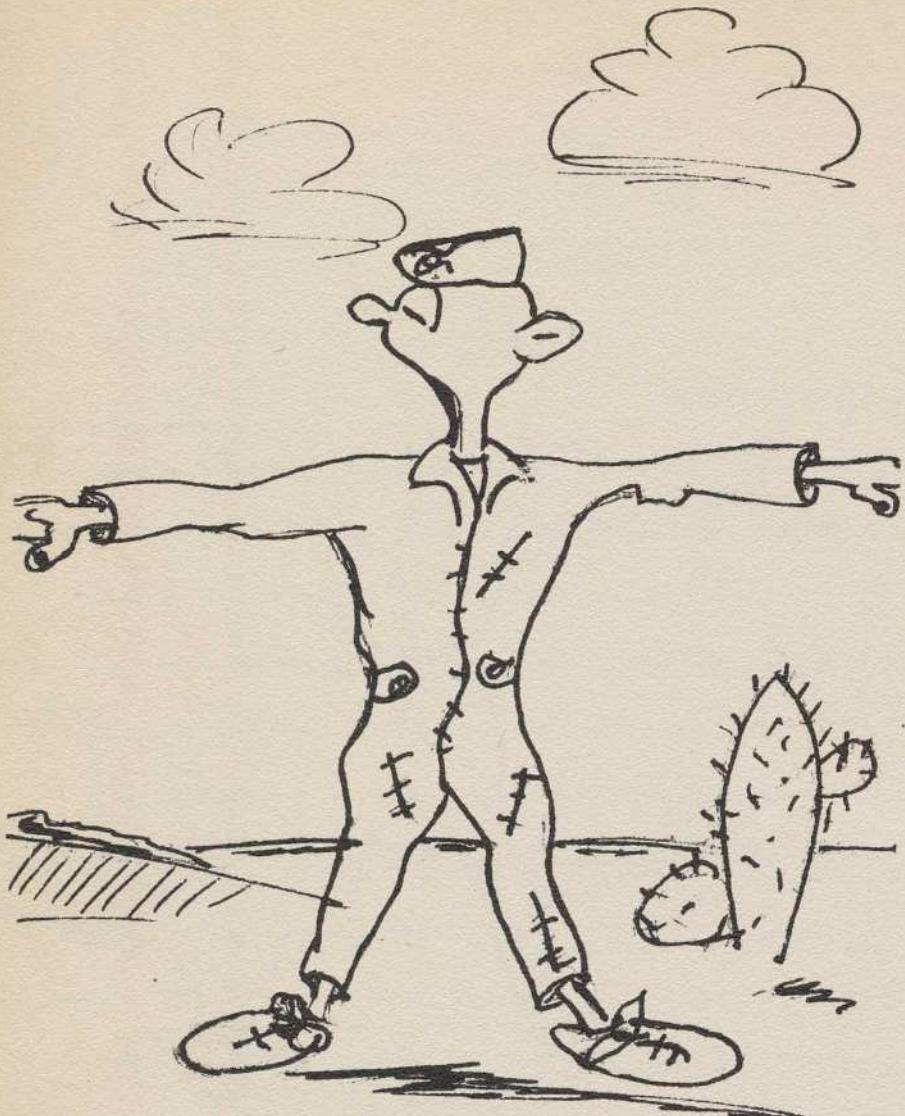
Linden L. Gill
"Heavy"



Jacque P. Hiebel
"Jack"



Clear Left!



Clear Right!



Claude Lacombe
"Lootnant"



Michel Larmat
"Mike"



Birche M. Lauritsen
"Beer-Can"



Lars P. H. Larsen
"Big Horse"



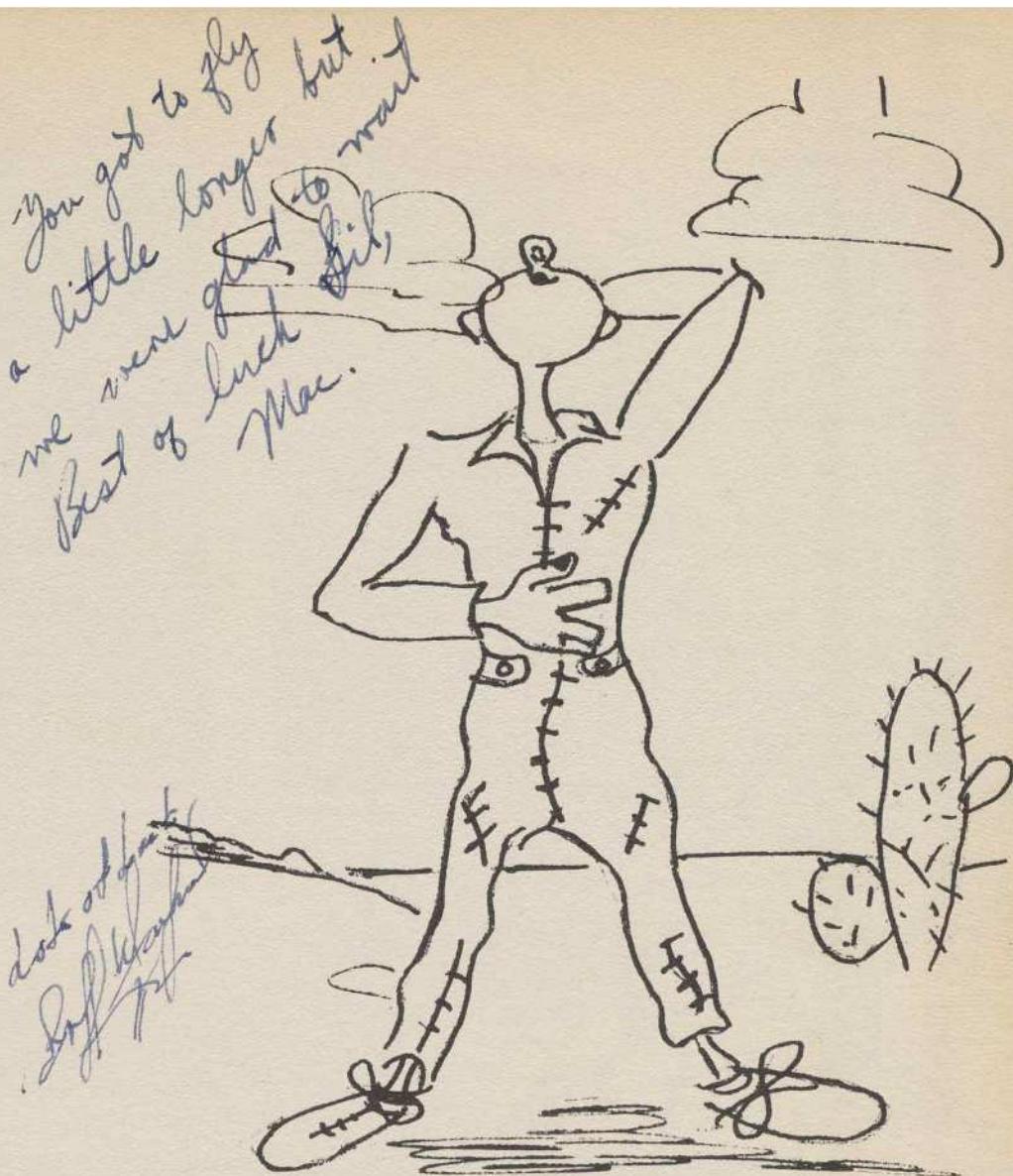
Lewis L. Libengood
"Bud"



Richard A. MacIver
"Mother"



Ernest G. Mansfield
"Griff"



Clear Above!



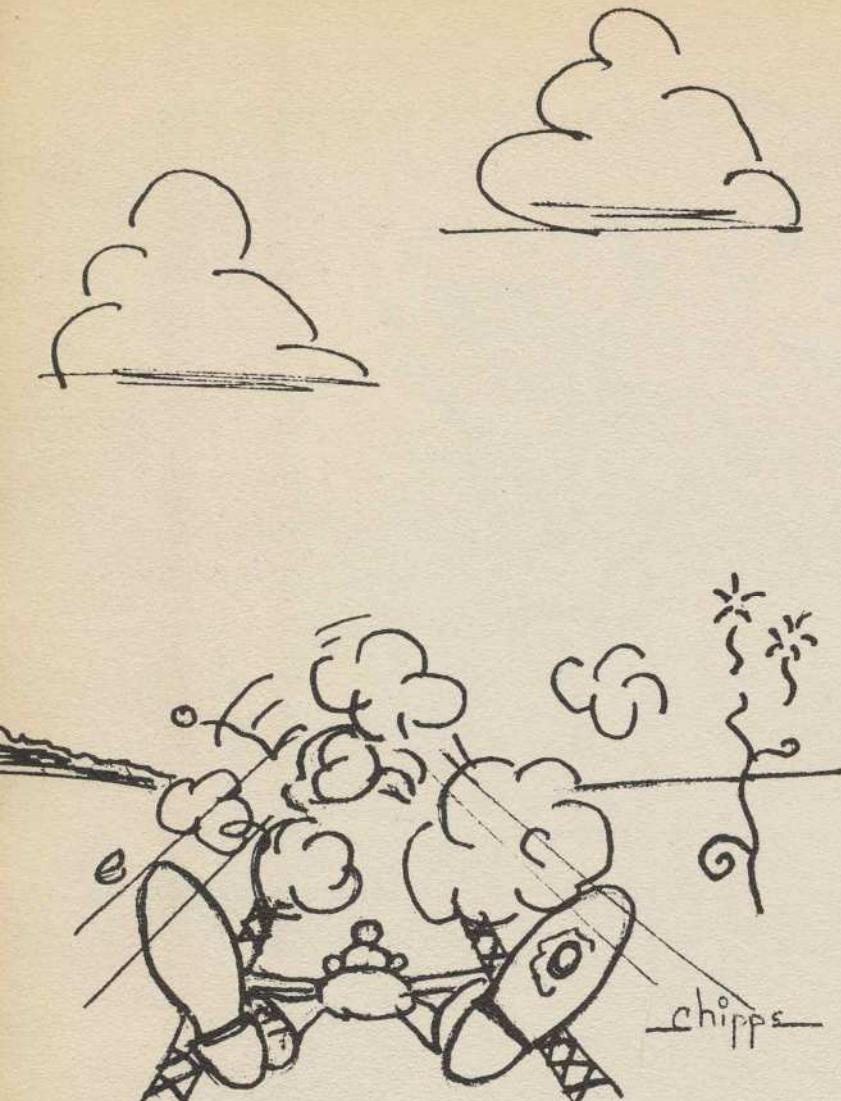
Walter H. McIntyre
"Mac"



James E. McKenzie
"Jim"



Richard D. Norman
"Norm"



Jean P. Remy
"J. P."



Marvin D. Roupe
"Eadaroup"



Paul C. Swift
"Swiftee"



John F. Watson, Jr.
"Watt"



Richard L. Wolf
"Dennis"



GROUP STAFF

L to R: Blanchette, H. T.; Dunn, W. C.;
Gill, L. L.



HONOR COUNCIL

L to R: Chipps, J. W.; Richardson, D. E.; Blanchette,
H. T.; Dunn, W. C.; Cook, R. E.; Gill, L. L.; Zip-
perer, C. E.; Laporte, D. C.



BOARD OF GOVERNORS

Sitting, L to R: Mason, W. D.; Libert, G. A.; Lowery, C. E.;
Laporte, D. C.; Dunn, W. C.; Cook, R. E.; Richardson, D. E.;
Standing, L to R: MacIver, R. A.; Cavanagh, E. R.; Blanchette,
H. T.; Gill, L. L.; Gilchrist, D. W.

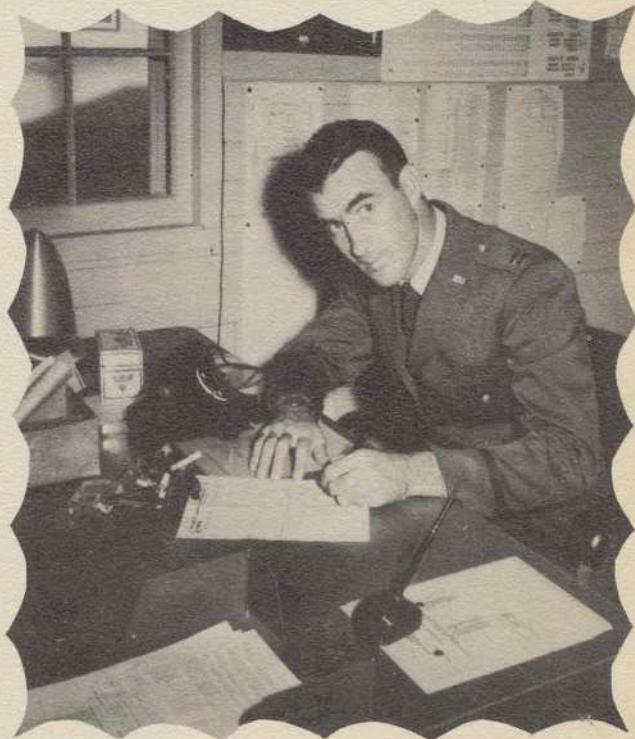
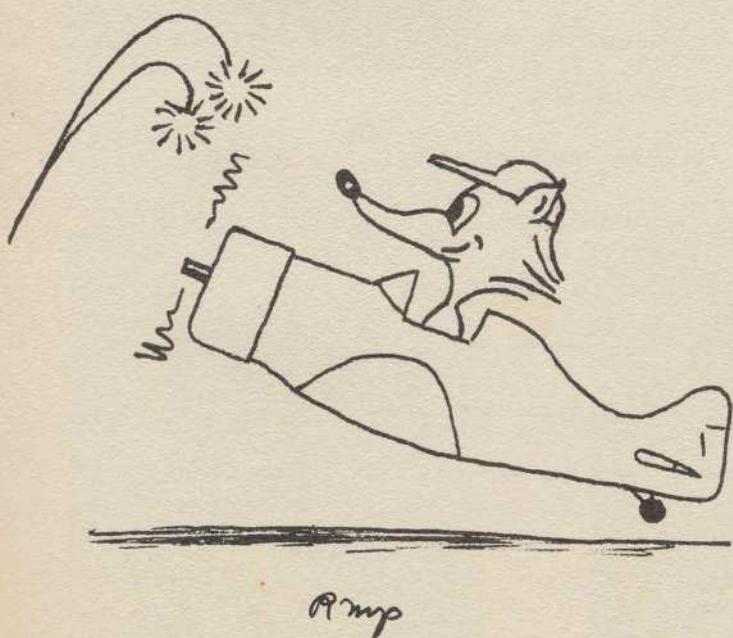
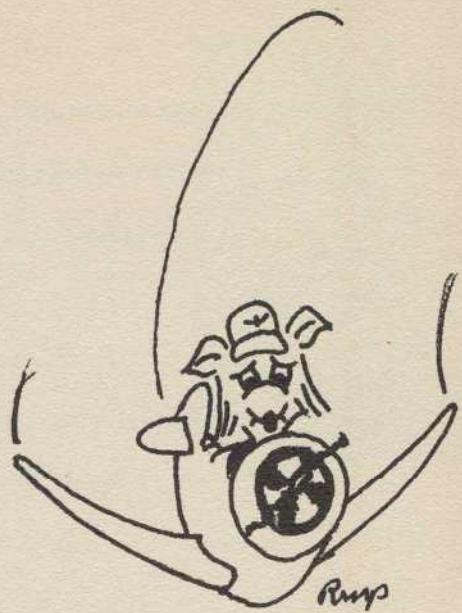
STUDENT



OFFICERS



1/LT. CARL B. RIHERD
OIC Student Officers



CAPT. WILLIAM T. NELLIGAN
Student Officer In Charge

"O happy day"! "The future is secure!" With such phrases of joy by the local peasantry, Class 53-F arrived to bring joy and light to the small city of "Deep Hole" (translated from the Spanish word Hondo).

After a month's vacation supervised by Sgt. Main, the student officers of 53-F decided to start flying. Luckily TAI decided about that time to allow us. In the romantic days of Pre-Solo the natural personalities and flying characteristics of the more colorful persons began to appear:

For example Capt. William no go around Nelligan, Robin wheels first Jones, Rule full flap Neely, and Dave undershot Dando.

Of course not all of these nicknames came from flying. Jud Smiley Herriot, Ed Rah Rah Yale 52 Hammer, and Larry Mexico Klinestiver just seemed to fit the personalities.

As Futa flying time and F2's accident rate maintained a steady rise others of our select brotherhood appeared before the public eye. On the authority of observers at runway control arose to fame such men as Glenn two bounce Miller, William stick back Giltner, Al three point Heuss, and Bob go around Benz.

Progress continued (we hope) to the days of the stages. From these little parties came Bob full staff Guinee, Roger on the spot Mansfield, and James SWF Nelson, and of course, there was always Perc "anyone want a little side bet?" Holcomb who managed to make a little extra on his scores.

Past the stages, on to instruments and night flying. With bloodshot eyes we can still recall playing "ring around the tower" in upper for two hours.

On up towards the days of the final checks. William "Daddy" Hatfield, the Gold Dust Twins Miles and Robert Johnson. Others of we men of distinction; Ken H. P. Kiem, James full swivel Lester, William "Jet" Walters, and Ken "hubby" Ohmen.

We can look back now at the few mistakes we made---such as Jeff Hanna trying to land on top of runway control, Don Morrison listening to WOAI on the ADF over Brady control, Stan Kaiser shooting a six (that is 6) on a stage, Irving Harney flying left in right hand traffic one dark night, Al Lenski spinning in a Link Trainer, and Mike Courtoy cutting the grass with a T-6 type lawn mower.

Those once long six months are now over. What a great time it has been. It's on to the bigger, better, and faster jobs. To the new and greater obstacles the art of flying offers.

Adios compadres

LDH



Robert A. Benz, 2/Lt.

Best of Luck
Bob Benz

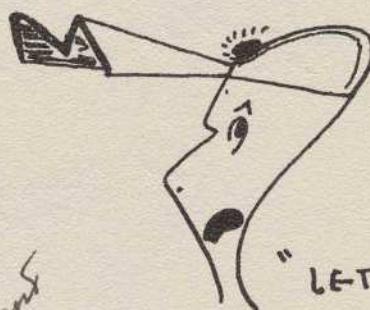


William L. Clark, 2/Lt.



Michel C. J. Courtoy, S/Lt.

With admiration
"Mich" Courtoy



"LET'S GO FOXTROT"



Roy L. Custer, 1/Lt.



David F. Dando, Plt/Off.



William C. Giltner, 2/Lt.



Best Wishes
Robert J. Guinee, 2/Lt.



Paul E. Hammer, 2/Lt



Many Happy Landings
Jeff Hanna, Jr., 2/Lt.



Good Luck
Bill
William H. Hatfield, 2/Lt.



Irving C. Harney, Jr.
2/Lt.

*I sincerely hope your career as an officer
is as successful as the roads we travel!
and that we'll be flying again together
soon!*
Ed Hammer

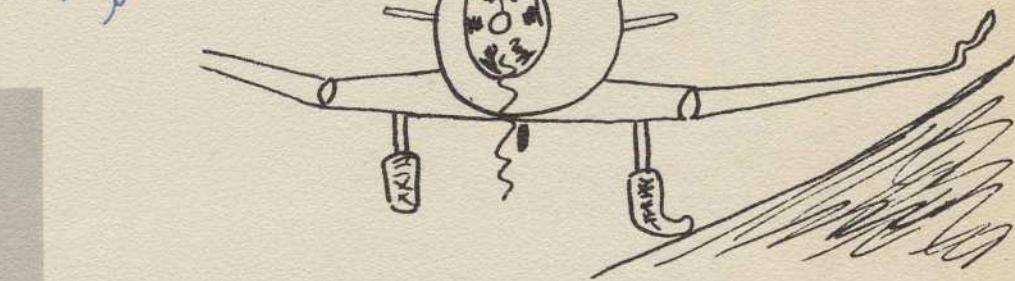


FLIGHT 29 1,2,3,4,5,6,7...
1,2,3,4,5,6.....
I SEE A LAKE



Judson A. Herriott, 2/Lt.

*Best Wishes,
It's been a pleasure
working with you. And Herriott*



Herman A. Heuss, 2/Lt.

*Best wishes and
appy landing
Leland Holcomb*



Leland D. Holcomb, 2/Lt.



Miles A. Johnson,
2/Lt.



Robert R. Johnson, 2/Lt.



"SOLO ACROBATICS"



Robin L. Jones, 2/Lt.



Stanley C. Kaiser, 2/Lt.



Kenneth B. Keim, 2/Lt.



Lawrence R. Klinestiver,
2/Lt.

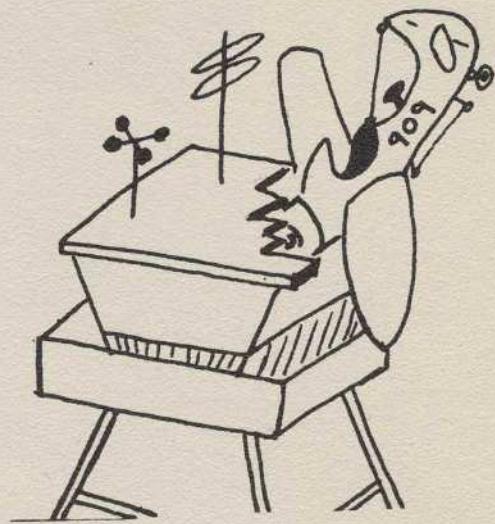


Albert J. Lenski, 2/Lt.
Best of luck to a swell guy at Hawaii



James W. Lester, 2/Lt.

"909 YOU'RE CLEARED TO LOWER"



Homer G. Luther, 2/Lt.

Good luck to the
little general, you
deserve the best
WGM



Roger F. W. Mansfield,
Plt/Off.



Glenn E. Miller, 2/Lt.



Donald G. Morrison, 2/Lt.



Ruel J. Neeley, 2/Lt.



James W. Nelson, 2/Lt.



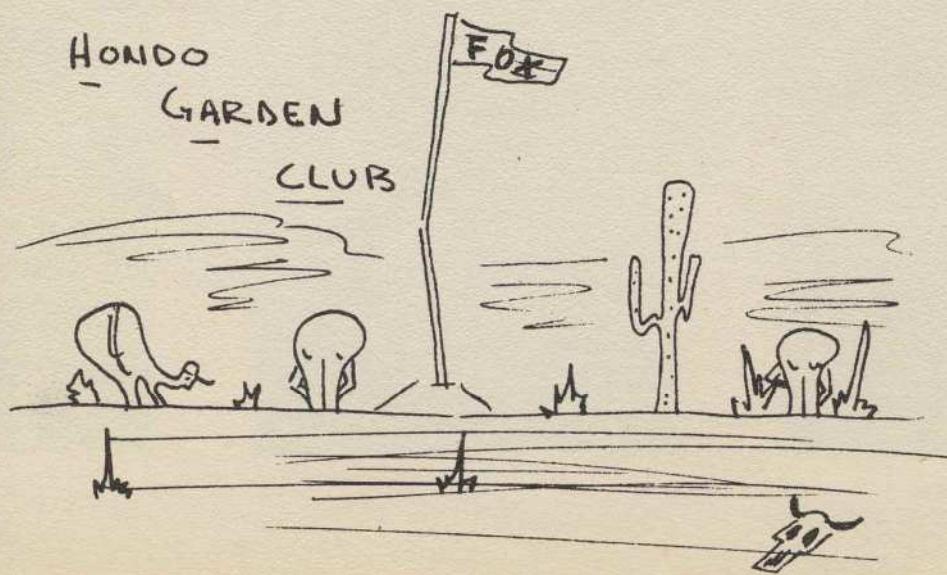
Kenneth D. Ohman, 2/Lt.



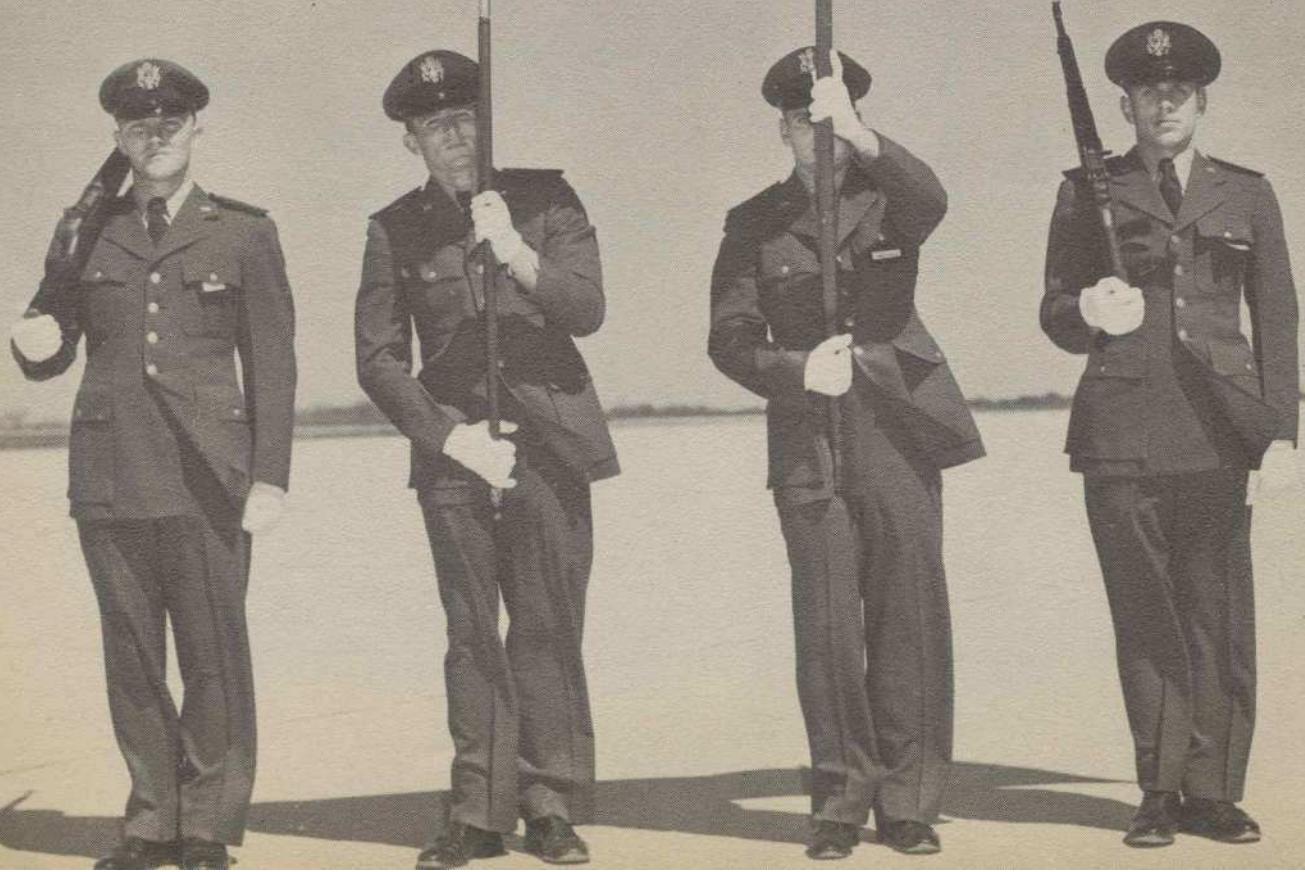
William Walters, Jr.
2/Lt.



Lawrence W. Whitford,
2/Lt.



military *Training*





MAJ. WARREN G. BELL
Commandant of Students

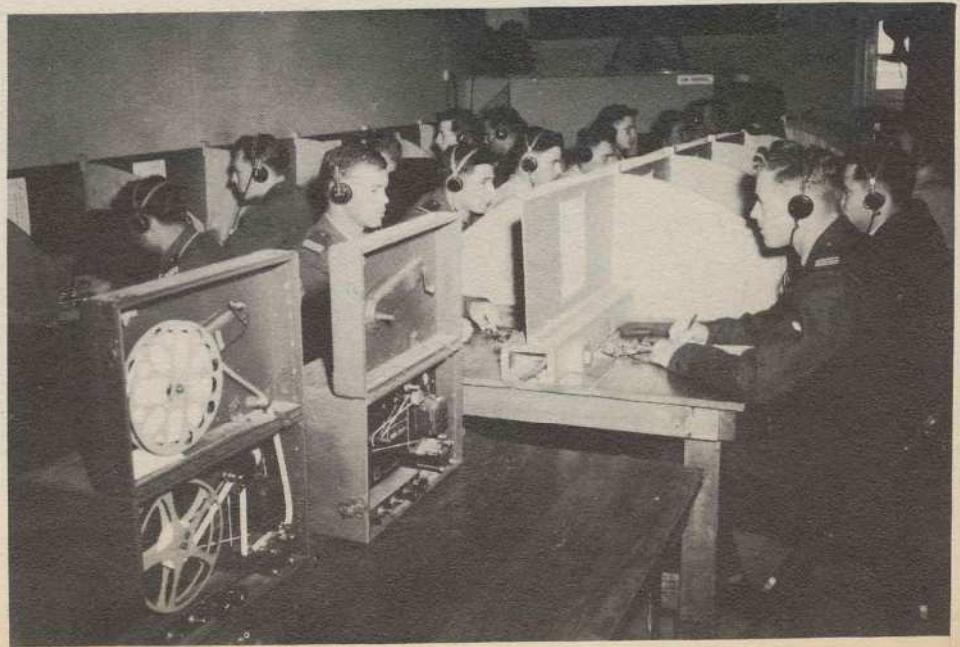


CHAPLAIN WADE K. TOMME



CAPT. WALTER A. ERDMAN
OIC Pre-Flight

ACADEMICS





W.P. PARKER
Director of Academics

Good friend

*B. J. Newman
bestats
of Cummings*



W.C. Shockley
100%
ACADEMIC INSTRUCTORS

SEATED: J. W. Terrell, W.P. Parker, W.C. Shockley, T.V. James, J. Bates, J.T. Gore.

STANDING: P.E. Holcomb, W.A. Taylor, J. Burnett, J.T. Ryan, M.S. Shelton, T.O. Cummings, J.F. Combs, R.E. Newman.



LINK TRAINING

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

HONDO FINAL STAFF



L to R: C. E. Zipperer, M. D. Roupe, H. Otzen, D. C. Laporte, W. C. Dunn (Editor), R. A. MacIver (Asst. Ed.), D. E. Richardson, R. D. Radford (Sec.), J. W. Chipps, R. M. Potter.

On behalf of the Hondo Final Staff, I wish to express my sincere gratitude to Lt. Ferris and the many other unnamed persons who have cooperated with us and subsequently made this book possible.

ED.



Dear Sueie

SO YOU THINK ALL CADETS DO IS



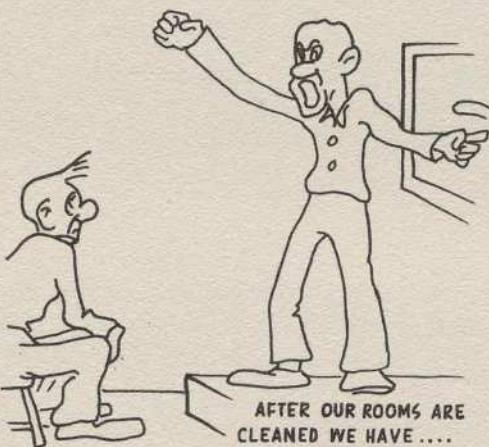
WELL, NO... WE DON'T. WE START THE DAY WITH...



AND TO MAKE THINGS MORE MISERABLE.



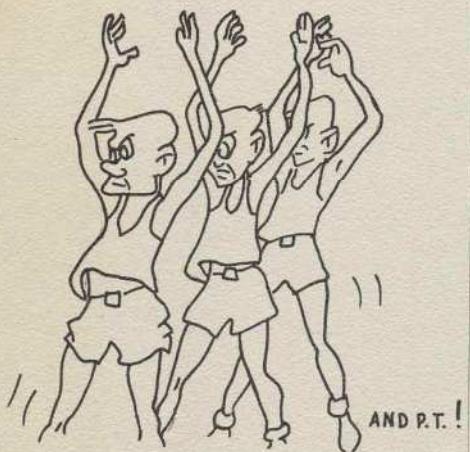
THEN WE.... IF WE STILL HAVE TIME.



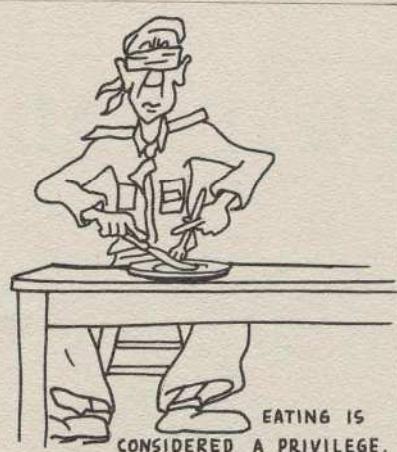
AFTER OUR ROOMS ARE
CLEANED WE HAVE



NEXT COMES THAT ALL IMPORTANT....



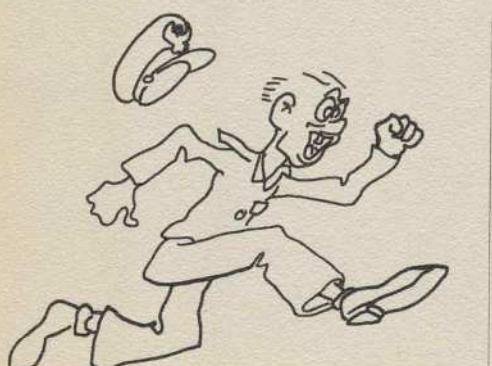
AND P.T.!



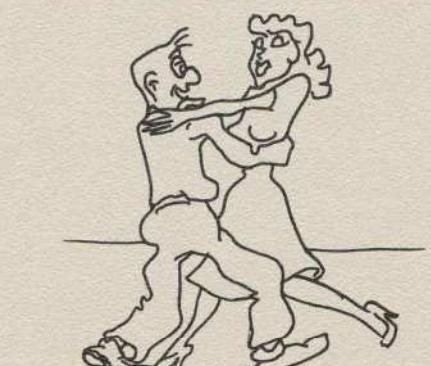
EATING IS
CONSIDERED A PRIVILEGE.



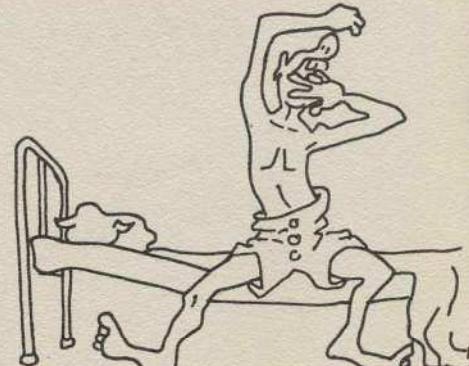
IN THE EVENING OUR FREE TIME IS SPENT....



ONCE IN A WHILE WE HAVE OPEN POST WEEKENDS.



AND THIS IS WHEN WE GET OUR REST.



SPEAKING OF REST ... GOODNIGHT. *Joe*

Flying Training





MILAN O. HASKINS
Director of Flying



JOE RAY
Flying Safety Officer



MAJOR ROSS D. WHITE
Director of Operations and Training

MILITARY CHECK PILOTS



CAPT. PHILLIP P. PLOTKIN



MAJ. DERRILL L. LATHAM



CAPT. RALPH W.E. WEBB



CAPT. CAMERON P. WILEY



CAPTAIN ELDRED N. STEIN



HAL S. BROWNING
Group Commander



WILLIAM S. HUSTON
Squadron Commander

*Best Wishes
Wm. S. Huston, Jr.*



WILLIAM M. MALONE
Assistant Squadron
Commander

*Success
Wm. M. Malone*

53 Fox 1



*Keep 'em in
the front
Row Farmer*

Standing: Bruce Dorman, Mace W. Craft, Jon P. Donaldson, Victor J. Doerr, Robert C. Kimball, James Sacandy, Ivan R. Stracener.
Kneeling: William C. Childs, Robert L. Kenny, Karl A. Sluyter, John E. Foster, Robert S. Farmer, E. C. Goutier, Chester W. Bowles.

As we prepare to leave the familiar surroundings here at Hondo we go back a little and reminisce about the flight line which made us all so successful and happy here. As we blew into our Flight shack on a south wind, Cadets Blanchette and Casas were seated at the first table, on our right, Mr. Childs'. Lt. Heuss later joined this group under "The Famous Hat." As a matter of fact, Mr. Childs was greatly perturbed when we, the students, bought new hats for the instructors. After all, since his hat had lasted for six years, it should have been good for a few more. However, discontented as he was, with some superhuman effort he managed to squeeze enough knowledge in these three to pass this phase of training and head them towards Advanced.

As we reached the next position for the learning of the art of flying, we found Mr. Craft surrounded by Cadets Piches, Radford and Rogez, and Lt. Kaiser. Mr. Craft became known to those under him as "The Calmest Man this side of Heaven". As an example, during a routine instrument flight Lt. Kaiser managed to enter an uncontrollable diving spiral at 6,000 ft. As he finally pulled it out at 3,000 ft. he realized that all he had heard was a low monotone uttering "Center the needle, center the ball, and stop the altimeter". After many English lessons to A/C Rogez, multiple slow rolls to A/C Radford, many link hours for A/C Piches, and many airborne pictures for Lt. Kaiser; he finally graduated the four men who would have shaken anyone else's confidence.

Next we are greeted by an apparition. It seems as if we see a man two-thirds size with a shaggy dog on his upper lip and a root in his mouth. On a closer look we find that we are face to chest or vice-versa with Mr. Sluyter, who is known and loved by all as "Dad". . Protecting the might mite we find Giant Larsen, Whiskey Malone, Lou Llewellyn, and Lieutenant Herriott. However, when it came to flying the Yellow Monster it was apparent to all that dynamite came in small packages, and that the larger sizes under him had to be developed to even become a fizzle. After many "Put it where you want it's," he did finally make them a loud firecracker and send them on their way to a place where they have much fire and fireworks (jets).

On our left, we find a pair of tables side by side which were close rivals for highest time throughout our stay here. However in the end they were tied with everyone else with 130 hours per student. One table consisting of Cadets Farmer and Henry and Lt. Hanna was led by Mr. Donaldson, whose main pastime besides cramming for time was forgetting his headset. The other table was a motley crew of lovers, Cadets Pearson and Pane, and Lt. Courtoy and Jones, led by the famous "Don Juan" Sacandy. Cadet Pearson was often seen on cross-country near Austin and all of us have seen Mrs. Jones. As for Lt. Courtoy and Cadet Pane-no spica-da-ingles' -about girls that is, Mr. Sacandy's famous briefing consisted of "I had one hour of sleep last night-get the jump sacks and lets get in the blue". And then there was the time on night cross-country when these two instructors chased each other around over Brownwood thinking "who is this crazy student lost up here?" Perhaps in the next class they'll find some students lost!! Good hunting.

Back again to our right we see Mr. "Now back in '29, when I was learning to fly--"Doerr encompassed by Cadets "Legs" Jacquot, "Fats" Fairbanks, and "Major" Dunn. It's amazing to all that Mr. Doerr is not completely white-headed from the worries aforementioned Cadets have given him. For instance, when Cadet Dunn took his civilian instrument check and Mr. Foster informed him that the actual flying was good, but he must flunk him because he didn't know any procedures. However, Mr. Doerr weathered it all and we only hope he can keep out the gray hairs with his future students.

Across the room is another man who has been consistently bothered by some small things his students have done. He is a rather slim man with two "Fats"-Cadets Stewart and Willson, one smaller man Cadet Le Bolzer, and his double Lt. Neely. He is known to us all as Mr. Kimball. Some of the trivialities bothering him were Cadet Le Bolzer's dreaming about his wife and getting lost on "Restricted Solo", Wilson's flunking his first 50 hour check, and the fact that when there were only twenty flying days left he figured out that he had to fly over four hours per day to get the required time. Some way, God only knows how, he managed to surpass all these obstacles, plus many unmentioned ones, and graduate the "boys."

Next, we find Mr. Kenny, who besides trying to teach flying to Cadets King, La Porte, and Howard, had to hold English lessons

for Bertuzzi, who couldn't understand why he failed his first 90 degree Power On Stage. After all a low approach is the only reason to have to use power, isn't it? But not so low that you turn final at 1300 ft. But with patience and a fortitude which was seemingly impossible, Mr. Kenny finally graduated the "crew" and sent them on to Advanced.

Back on our left we find Mr. Goutier, who was constantly amusing us all with his jokes. A few of the difficulties he ran into was Cadet Ruelen's failure to hold the stick back on landing, Cadet Schoenbauer's firm belief that an officer has no duties except flying, Cadet Richardson's Form I errors, and Lt. Morrison's assurance that on his first supervised solo he would make perfect landings. Needless to say Mr. Goutier showed them their errors and graduated them all. Maybe he should go back to jets for a rest now.

Next we find an instructor who did not push too hard for time, but who managed to put stages, checks, link and night flying out of the way before anyone else. Due to his long time experience in the flying game, Mr. Farmer was known as "Orville". Cadets Houdeau, Gilchrist, and Haydukovich, and Capt. Nelligan were the happy four under "Orville". One of the many tributes to Mr. Farmer was when Haydukovich came to him after barely passing an elimination ride and he soloed him in two days, then there was the time Houdeau's radio went out on night cross-country and he just brought it in with no noise. Capt. Nelligan and Gilchrist breezed through it also, and purred on to Advanced. Nice work, Mr. Farmer; I'm sure Orville himself would be proud.

Back again to the right we find "The Quiet Man", Mr. Bowles. He was the quarterback of the team, Lts. Hatfield and Guinee and Cadets Larsen and Libert. It's quite evident that he called the right plays for they all managed to come through on top. Although there were times when they weren't too sure they would make it. There was the time that Libert and Mr. Bowles had a forced landing at Rector, and some of the "hairy" landing of Lt. Guinee. However, it all came out in the end to four good pilots.

And then comes Mr. Dorman. What with flying with Cadets Juquin, Martin, and Day plus Lt. Lenski his headaches were many. Trying to teach English as well as flying to Juquin and Martin was quite a problem. Even though we're still not too sure they speak English, they learned enough to get by. Overcoming Day's Monday morning hangovers was another point. However, after he became restricted this was readily solved. With Lt. Lenski he was lucky; he only had to teach him to fly.

The next man on our left is the largest instructor in our group. Not only is he large in stature, but also large in heart and experience. He was known to us all as the quiet soft-spoken Ivan "The Terrible" Stracener. He had many mysterious ways of teaching. One example was when Lt. Hammer just couldn't seem to land three point. After Mr. Stracener put him up for elimination everything was three point. Then Otzen flunked a stage and after a good quiet talking to him by Ivan he came back with an excellent score on the next try. After solving Lt. Holcomb's and Cadet Nenamaker's difficulties he went on to graduate them all. Good job, Ivan, but are you really so "terrible"?

The last instructor we hear, not see, is Mr. "Stick Back" Disler. His growling voice can constantly be heard chewing out Chipps for when he got lost, the Monster for forgetting everything all the time, Lt. Benz and Guardiola to get the stick back. Why, one solo landing Guardiola made he heard over the radio Mr. Disler's growl saying "Stick Back". The odd thing is that he was flying another student at 10,000 at the time. What with The Monster's, form I errors, Chipps getting lost, and Guardiola and Lt. Benz in general, we wonder at the way he took it all in his stride. However, we'll never forget his caustic remarks.

Next, we come to Mr. Sam "If you don't like it, don't buy it." Huston, our squadron commander. In some way he managed to keep everything on an even keel the whole way through. He was greatly assisted by Mr. Malone and Mr. Foster. Everyone remembers them for the fair check rides they gave us all. Even the one's who flunked them. Also no one can forget Mr. Kensing's booming voice yelling "Restricted Solo, let's get some acro time."

As a summation, none of us will ever forget any of the many interesting things which happened to us while we were a part of 53-F-1 on the flight line at Hondo. We have been complimented highly on the smooth and safe way we went through these six months of primary. However, we realize that no matter how good we were, it was all due to the high caliber of instruction which we all received. So let the laurels rest where they belong-on the shoulders of the men who taught us to fly. And thanks, for a job well done.



WAYNE SCHLESENGER
Group Commander



LEON J. FOLSE
Squadron Commander



JOSEPH A. TRUJILLO
Ass't. Squadron
Commander

53 Fox 2



Standing: L-R: Jack E. Roper, Thomas D. Kotowski, Robert Faurie, E. L. Perkins, Keith N. Pearson, M. O. Rogers, James Eubanks, Frank Zumpf, Jack Been, Ray Pope, Grover H. Summers, W. E. Holmgreen, William V. Wood.

Kneeling L-R: Joseph Trujillo, Leon Folse, Ray Walker, Not Pictured: Mr. Barber.

THE HP'S" OF FOX TWO

The beginning of Flying Training for Fox Three and Fox Four began a new era of flying at Hondo Air Base. You could see from the beginning by the look on our instructors faces that we were somehow different from the previous students. From the beginning they stressed the notion that we were in the "Tiger" program. Many of us felt though that we were in the "Washing Machine" program. As time wore on, it proved to be a combination of both.

Our instructors were a group of young to middle aged men who had hours and hours of experience in those birds we were to fly. About solo time there seemed to be a contest consisting of which instructor could operate the "Washing Machine" best. Mr. Pope did a fine job; many of the students felt he won the contest.

Last minute words before permitting a first solo hop were interesting. Mr. Perkins said, "Have fun." Mr. Wood was quoted as saying "If you can't do it now, you never will." Proficiency as GCA control on final at Rector was gained by Mr. Rogers. Mr. Faurie left his marks in the beaten path about Runway Control and one exceptionally high approach brought "No No No," to his lips. Mr. Walker was the tall, strong, silent type and just bit his lower lip. "You have it, Lindberg," seemed to be Mr. Roper's favorite.

Cross Countries were another scene of favorite expressions and a few of them must be told. Mr. Zumpf kept saying over and over, "I can't understand it," when a new map didn't help his Austin bound student who found himself over a lake. Mr. Kotowski's students seemed to have friends at Goodfellow AFB, and frequent visits were common place. Then on night cross countries Mr. Been came up with a wrinkled wing. Mr. Eubanks seemed to get Vertigo and made a 180° turn out of traffic. Mr. Holmgreen is still wondering how a student got lost between Uvalde and Hondo.

Acrobatics found Mr. Summers wondering if he had given his students any instructions in them. Mr. Pearson also had the same feeling. Many wonder how Mr. Barber can see out of the airplane during some unusual maneuvers performed by his students.

Mr. Folse and Mr. Trujillo had a chance to ride with most of us during our stay. Their expert advice pulled many students through the instrument phase of training.

During our training a certain vocabulary used will remain with us throughout our flying career. In the beginning such things as "Stick back," "Go around," "Hold it straight," "Expedite, number one," and "Round out, Round out!," were heard frequently on landing. As proficiency progressed "Keep 110," "Rudder, Rudder, Rudder," "Opposite rudder, Stick forward, Neutralize, Watch air speed, back," and "Twenty degrees, only twenty degrees bank," were heard. The horror of instruments brought forth such exclamations as "Set your Directional Gyro," "Power, release brakes," "Don't overcontrol," "Trim, Cross check," and "Keep that needle centered."

Now with Primary behind us we will remember certain accomplishments and the things left behind to remind others that we were here. There was the coffee maker and the baseball caps. With such conveniences future classes will certainly have it much better. Then the landscaping job popularly called "The Garden Club," will permanently dot the area and make it a more pleasing place to work and learn.

In retrospect we remember the great work done by Mr. Hilscher to keep our time straight and keep us supplied with airplanes. Without his diligent work and helping hand many of us would have really been confused, especially during our early work.

Now, may the doors close to another epic . Even though they are closed they will not be forgotten. We say Goodbye to Hondo Air Base and all our friends. May we meet again.

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Dear Don, Here's hoping you'll always
be happy and lucky, wherever you go.
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know and I hope I'll see you again. My
prayers are for your safety.

Lovingly, mom Bailey

Aloha and continued
success in the future!
Frank M. Paz
53 G-i

Best of Luck
John Gibbons



