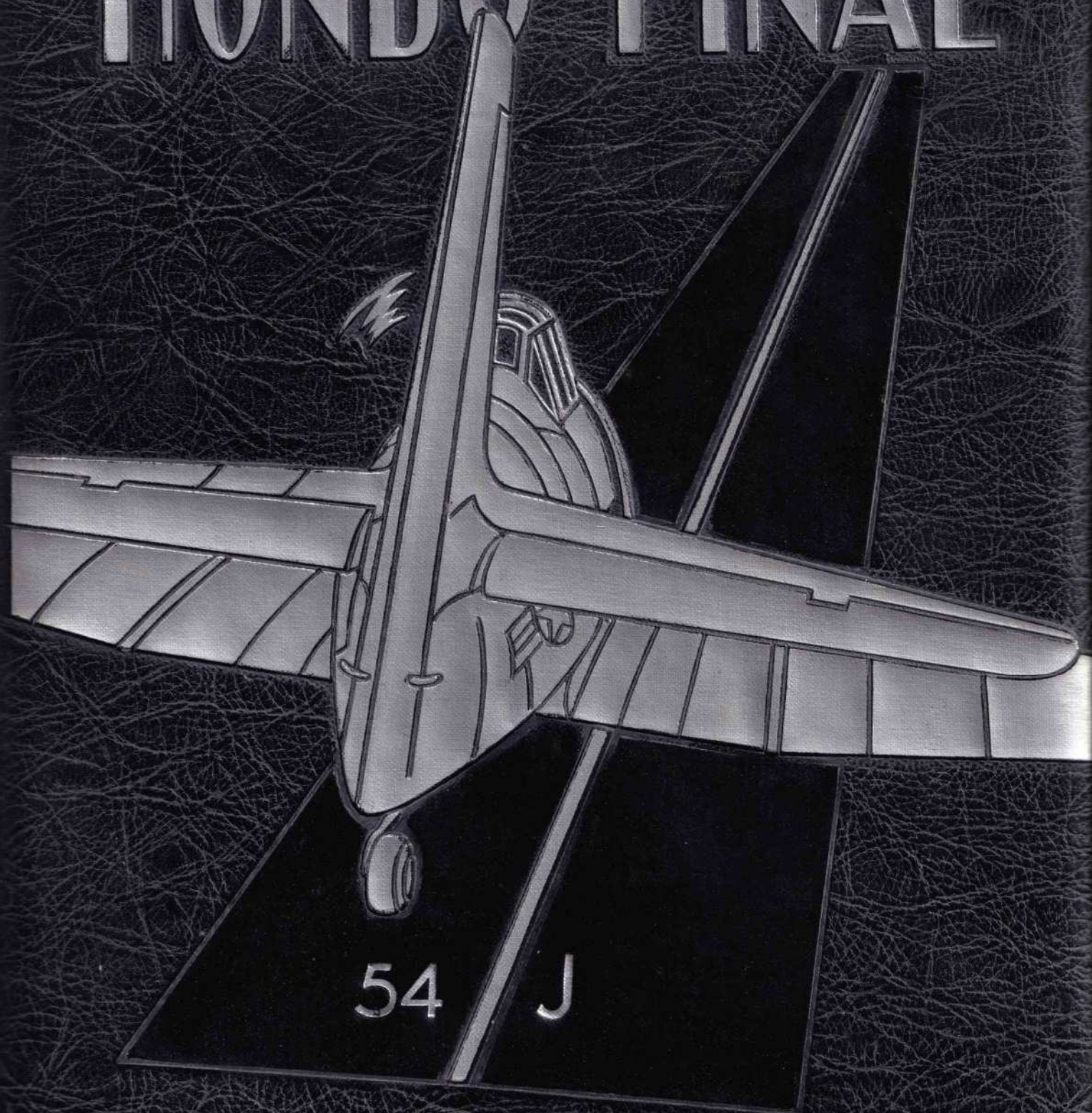
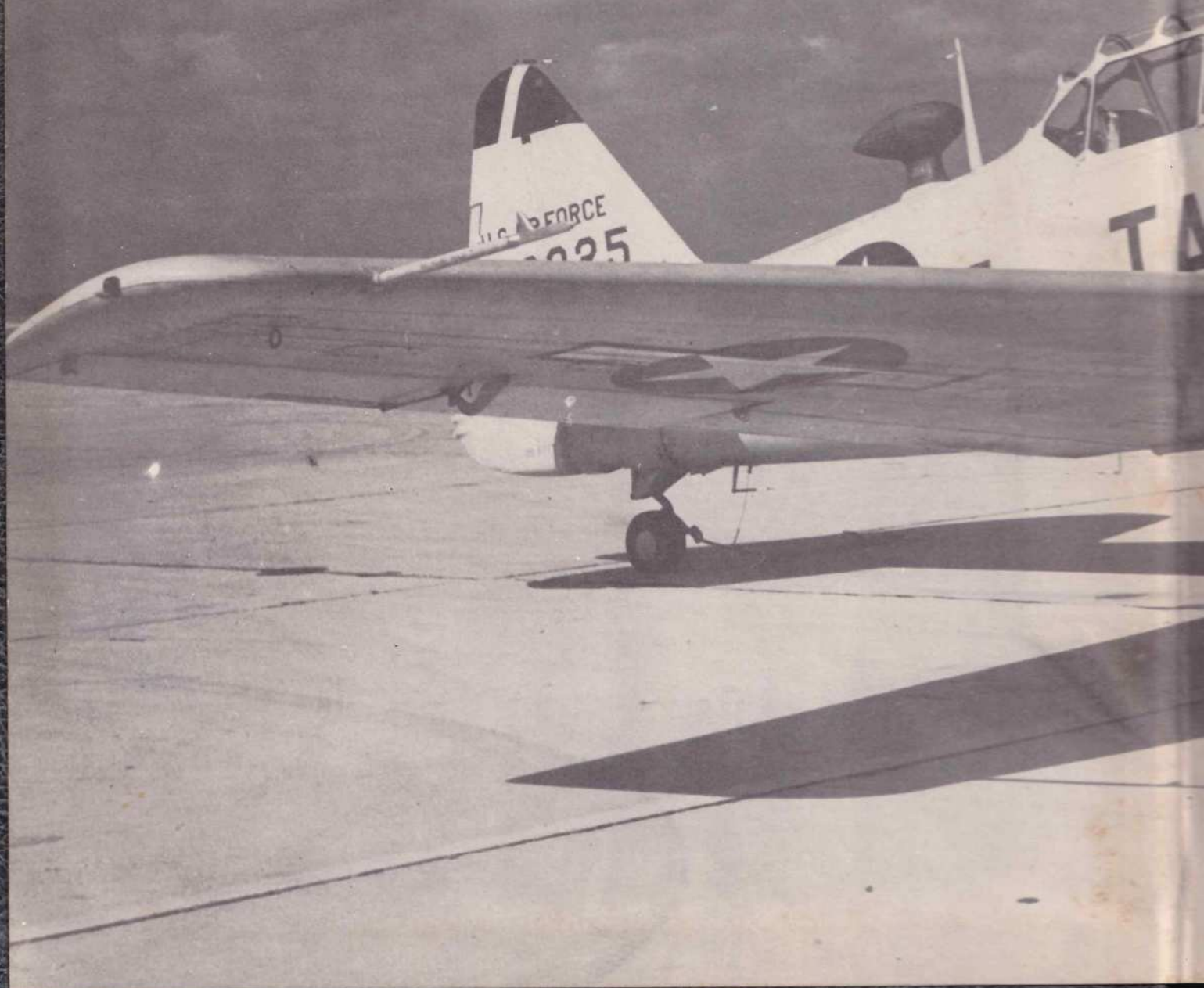


HONDO FINAL

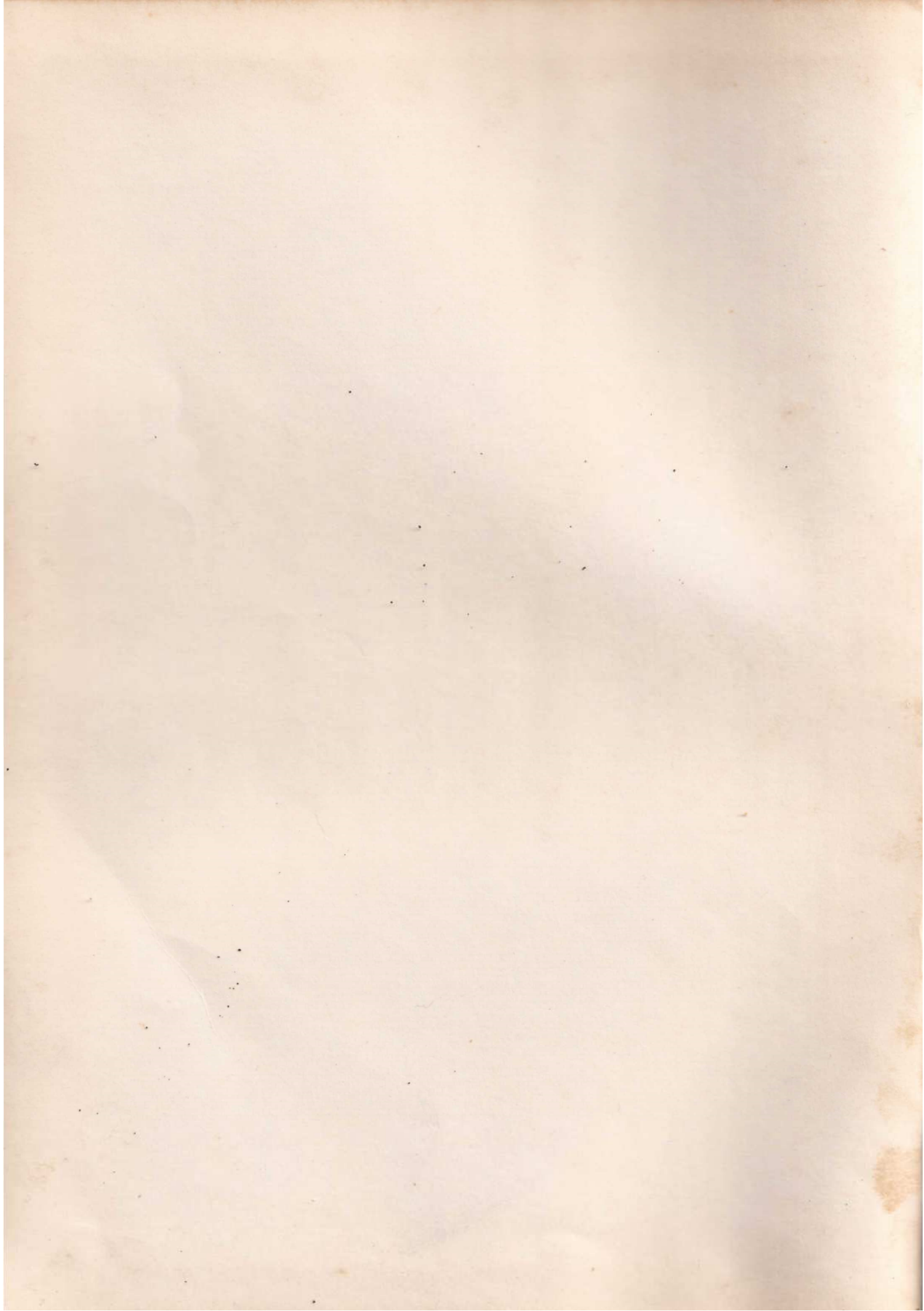


54

J







INSTRUCTOR'S PSALM

The cadet is my pilot, I wonder why.
He flyeth me through slow rolls and loops.
He misses fields on forced landings.
He lands not three point.
He flyeth me through throngs of airplanes
he never sees.
Yea, tho I ride in the rear, I fear for my
life, for he knoweth not.
His spins and stalls terrorize me.
He prepareth a cross country only to get
lost in the wilds.
He filleth my mind with notions I dare
not say.
Surely goodness and mercy must fly with
me - for luck is with me-----
I have finished him and remain alive.
Today I can remain on the ground out of
danger of the Air Force Cadet.

DEDICATION

TO THE BRAVE INDIVIDUALS, OUR INSTRUCTORS, WHO, ENTRUSTING
US WITH THEIR LIVES, ENDEAVORED TO TEACH US THE PRINCIPLES
OF FLYING IN ORDER THAT WE MIGHT HAVE A SAFER AND LONGER
LIFE AS PILOTS.

TO THESE MEN WE HUMBLY DEDICATE THIS BOOK



HEADQUARTERS
3304th PILOT TRAINING SQUADRON (CONTRACT PRIMARY)
HONDO AIR BASE
Hondo, Texas

Students of Class 54-J:

Your course of training at Hondo Air Base was, of necessity, rigorous and demanding of your best. In completing this phase of your training, you have demonstrated your ability to enter the basic program which lies ahead of you.

Constant application and effort will be required during the remainder of your flying training and during your future tour of duty as an Air Force Officer and Pilot. In meeting this challenge you will be an asset to your country and to the Air Force.

The military personnel of the 3304th Pilot Training Squadron (Contract Primary) join me in congratulating you on your achievement and wish you every success in all your future assignments.

Sincerely,

Samuel S. Williamson, Jr.

Samuel S. Williamson, Jr.
Lieutenant Colonel, USAF
Commander



MAJOR WARREN G. BELL
Commandant of Students



CHAPLAIN WADE K. TOMME



CWO HOSE H. LOVELACE
Adjutant



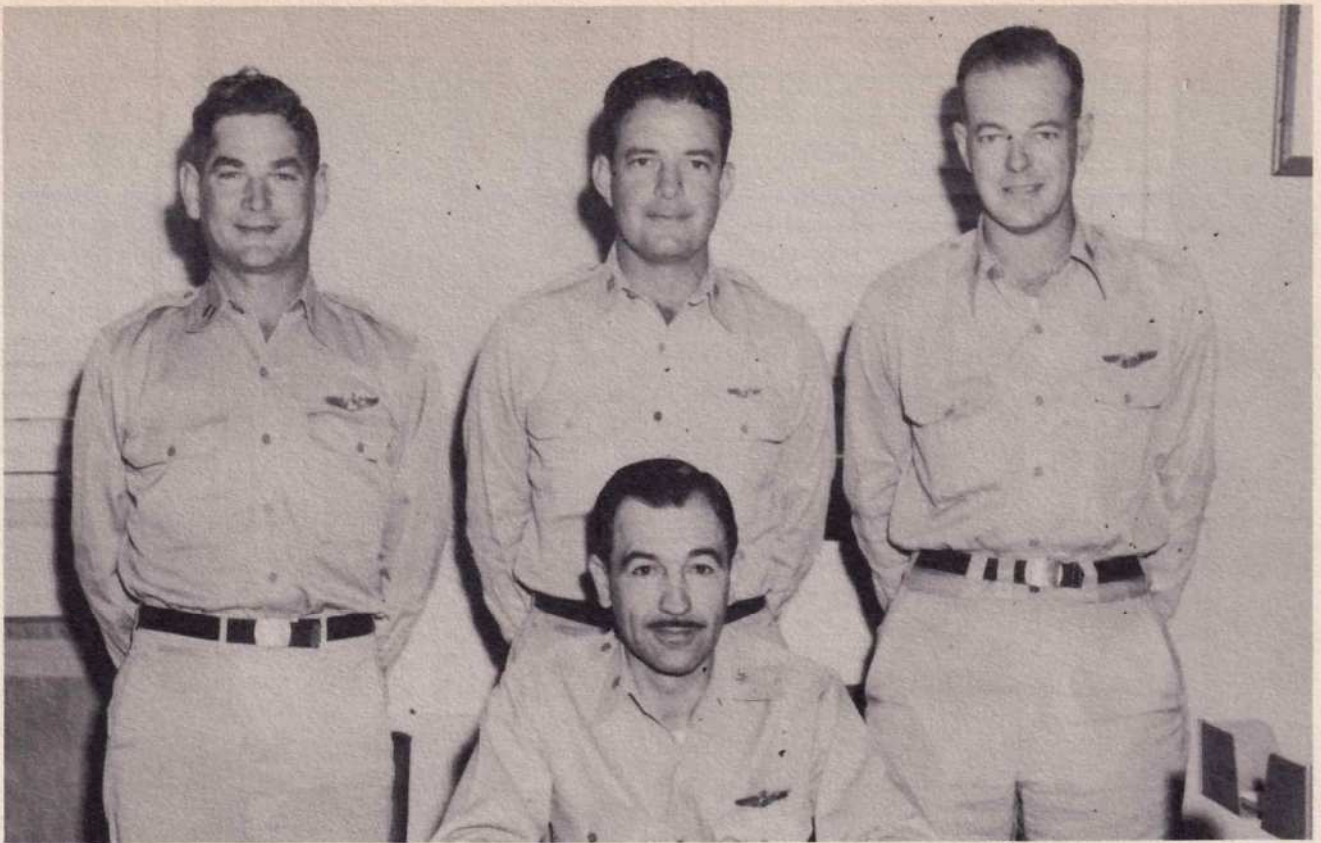
1/LT. S.G. RENNER
Military Training Officer, 1st. Sqdn.



2/LT. R.G. HARRISON
Military Training Officer. 2nd & 4th Sqdn.



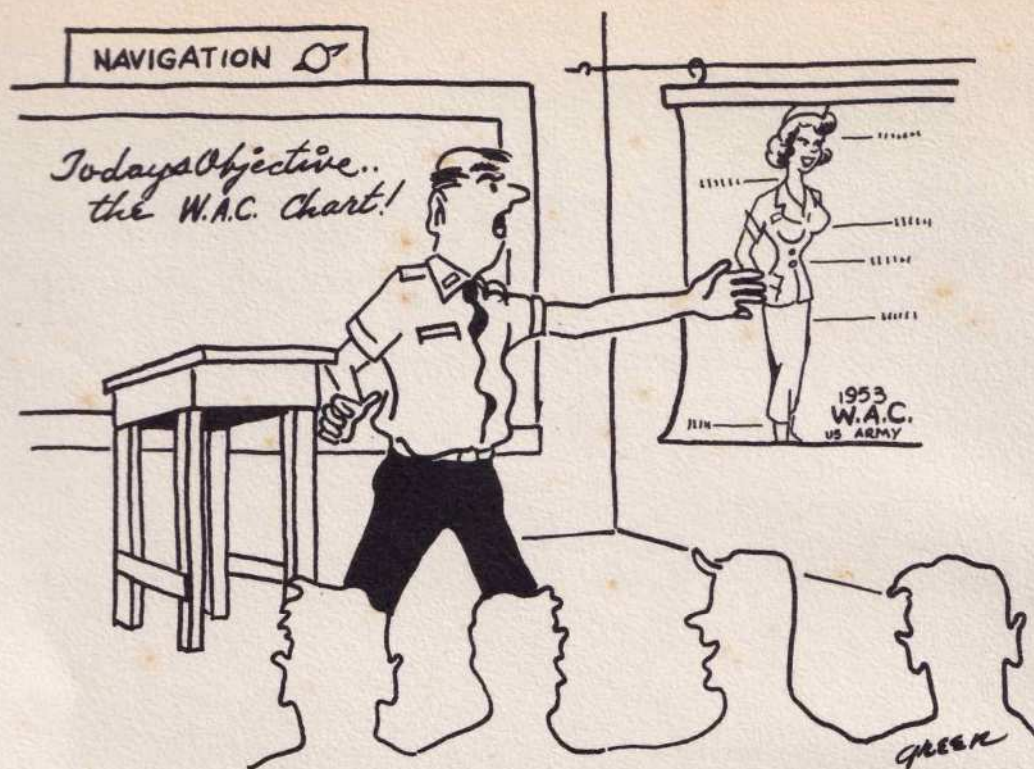
1/LT. N.L. LEAS
Senior Military Training Officer
Training Officer, 3rd Sqdn.



CHECK PILOTS: STANDING LEFT TO RIGHT: Captain Carley, Captain Stein, Captain Wiley. SEATED: Major Altman.



Mr. Joe Ray, Flying Safety Director; Mr. Dyke Meyer, Director of Training; Mr. Wayne Schlessenger, Group II Commander; Mr. Milan Haskins, Director of Flying; Mr. Hal Browning, Group I Commander.



"GENTLEMEN, I WANT TO APOLOGIZE FOR THIS!
I SENT FOR A WORLD AERONAUTICAL CHART!"



FRONT ROW: T.V. James, W.B. Parker.
SECOND ROW: J.F. Combs, J.W. Terrell, W.E. Shockley, R.E. Newman, M.S. Shelton, M.H. Fly, P.E. Holcomb.
THIRD ROW: J. T. Gore, H. A. Marmon, J. Bates, T.O. Cummings, J.T. Ryan, W.A. Taylor, J.R. Burnett.



TOP: C. Pimm, J. L. Stidham, J. F. Coleson, J. R. Vanderburg, H.C. Coleson, F. Parott, L.C. Sheehan, J.J. Gross, W.A. Walter.
 BOTTOM: C.C. Cave, Jr., J.J. Christy, R.R. Fields, B. Allen, A.E. Burns, W.A., Breidenbach.



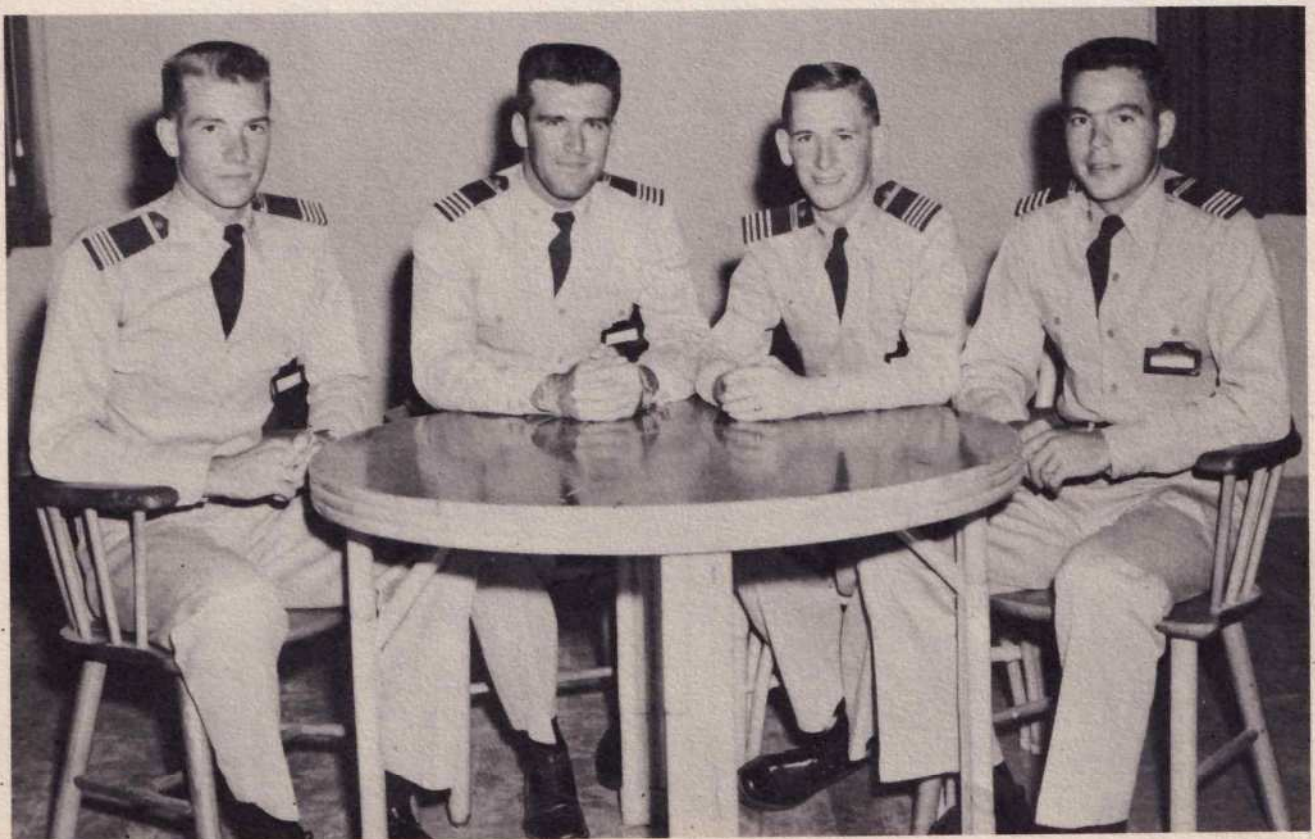
"LETS RACE UP TO TEN THOUSAND FEET!"

GROUP STAFF



GROUP STAFF RIGHT TO LEFT: STANDING: R.L. Sluyter, A.R. Turner, E.W. Otto, A.S. Waller.
SEATED: O.C. Haning, R.W. Terry, W.A. Windham, J.W. Blake.

SQUADRON COMMANDERS



SQUADRON COMMANDERS: LEFT TO RIGHT: R.L. Sluyter, A.R. Turner, E.W. Otto, A.S. Waller.

HONOR COUNCIL



HONOR COUNCIL: LEFT TO RIGHT: J.W. Dillard, E.W. Otto,
W.A. Windham, W.E. Polley.

BOARD OF GOVERNORS

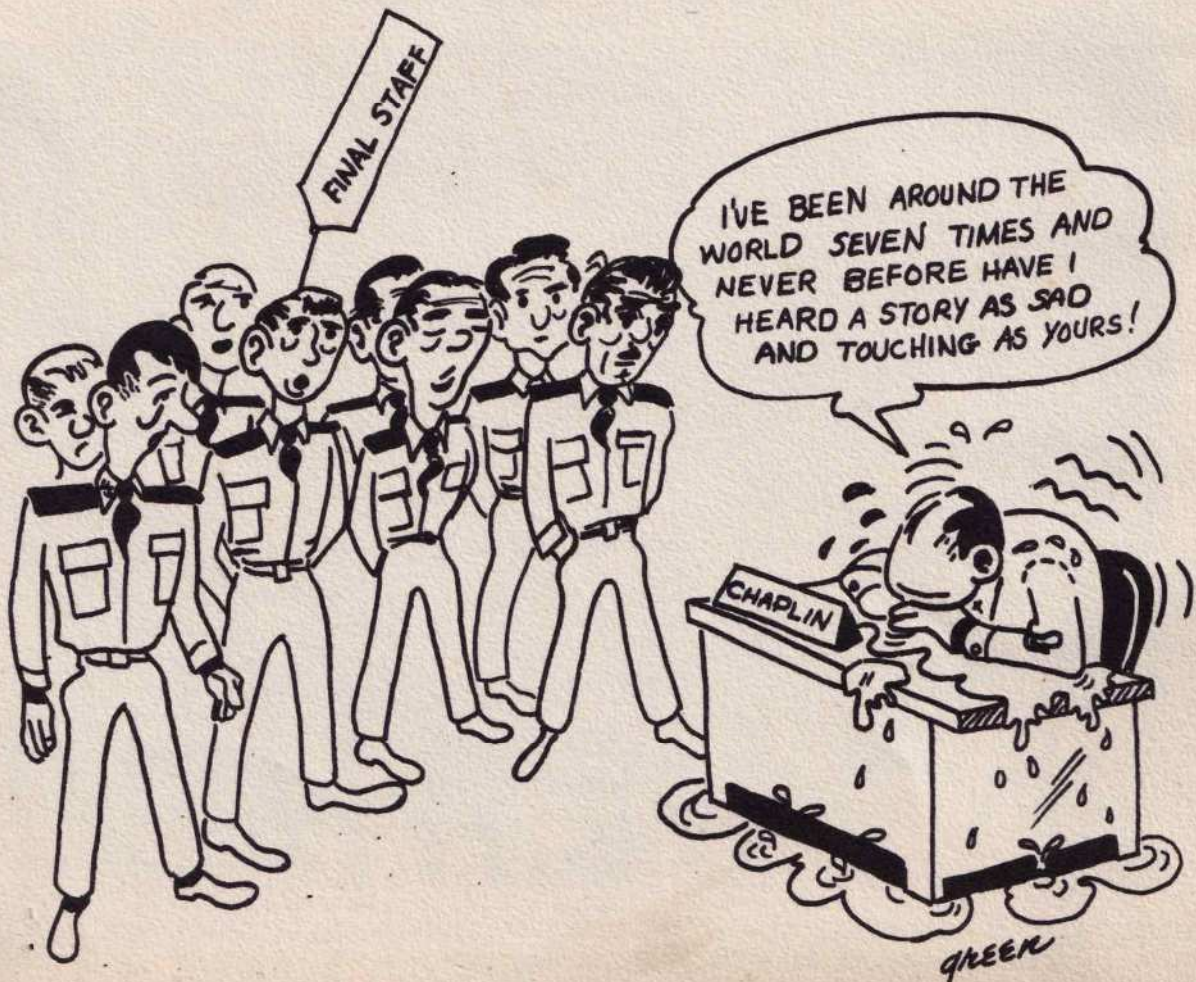


BOARD OF GOVERNORS: STANDING LEFT TO RIGHT: R.L. Donaldson, E.W. Otto, R.L.
Sluyter, A.R. Turner, A.S. Waller, J.M. Torrone.
SEATED: Q.C. Haning, R.W. Terry, W.A. Windham, J.W. Blake.

FINAL STAFF



FINAL STAFF: STANDING LEFT TO RIGHT: R.L. Donaldson, D.H. Cahill, F.L. Alfson, W.C. Bircumshaw.
SEATED: J.W. Dillard, J.H. Green, Soren M. Westergaard.





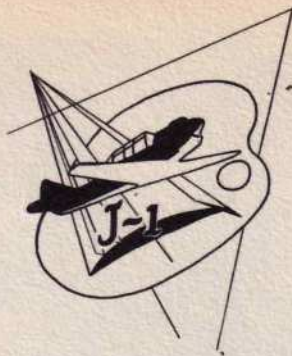
This is God's country; "Please don't drive thru it like hell." These sardonic words greeted America's best as they drove into Hondo, Texas, to enter the primary flying training school. These were men who represented a cross section of America. Apprehension and enthusiasm, desire and doubt, were manifest in their faces. They were representative of the four corners of the U.S., from Montana, Florida, New York and California. Our class was internationally flavored with representatives from France and Denmark filling out the ranks.

Men, fresh from Lackland Preflight and an experience which many would prefer never to recall, met their upper-class and were relieved to find that the strict class system had suffered a severe setback at Hondo and that a liberal frame of mind was employed by the upper-classmen towards fellow students. Here the "Mission" to Precidence of the class system and relaxation of the individual without a lax military attitude was developed to maintain and further the efficient development of fliers. Tactical Officers were the flexible yardsticks and final judges in checking the ebb and flow of popular action in the cadet squadrons.

Instruction was top flight. After becoming established, students wouldn't trade their instructors at any cost and the morale of the flying squadron was at a peak. An excellent safety record attested to the high caliber of instruction and was instrumental in maintaining the strong morale and high spirits experienced at Hondo.

Training under a full schedule was the order of the day from the day we arrived until the day we left. Our 16 hour day was well filled with academics, flying training, and military activities. Our spare time was well filled with extra duty, studying and letter writing. Time went fast. First with cadets soloing the Cub and later sweating out the T-6. But, we found out as many before us, that the aircraft wasn't nearly as difficult to fly as we had heard prior to entering training. Then landing proficiency stages were shot, periodic checks taken, and cross-countries flown to add variation. We were lucky and had a minimum of trouble with the weather which seemed to plague the upper-classes when they were "phasing out" at the end of the training. I don't think that any of us will ever grow back all of the tail feathers we lost after a certain incident at Castroville one day in October. Lord! What scars it left. We flew out night cross countries and several of us got lost and after that seemingly endless period of instruction went up to take final checks with the Military and Civilian check riders. But all wasn't work, thank heaven, and even the many of us here at Hondo thought that the sign out side of Hondo was mistaken when it compared to Heaven. Everyone knows that all beautiful single young women live in a heaven all their own and we certainly couldn't find any abundance of them around Hondo. Bandera held certain inducements for the cadets.

Contrary to popular rumor, our stay at Hondo was short in duration and lasted only 6 months contrary to the belief of many who confided to me that it really was 6 years shortened down by the Air Force. We feel that although we have said much about Hondo, it's memory will remain with us forever.



MR. EDISON D. BILLINGS
Squadron Commander



MR. RYAN L. WHITTEN
Asst. Sqdn. Commander



MR. STONEWALL BASSETT
Senior Instructor



MR. WILLIAM SMITH
Dispatcher



MR. ADAMS



A/C JENS JENSEN
"Axel"



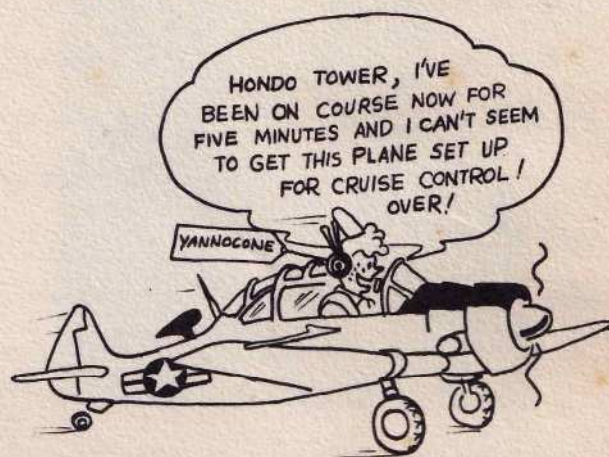
A/C PAUL F. SWANSON
"Gloria"



A/C HANS P. PETERSEN
"H. P."



A/C CLEMENT A. YANNAcone, JR.
"Waco Kid"



green



MR. BASSETT



A/C STANLEY R. GREEN
"Fatty"



A/C FRANK T. HAMELA
"Ham"



GEORGE R. LOGAN
"Mexican Joe"





A/C WILLIAM C. BIRCUMSHAW
"Birck"



MR. DEL L. BROWN



A/C LEROY C. GOLLWITZER
"Gollywitzer"



P.S. HE GOT LOST!



A/C RONALD L. SLUYTER
"Rod"



MR. BRUCE A. DORMAN



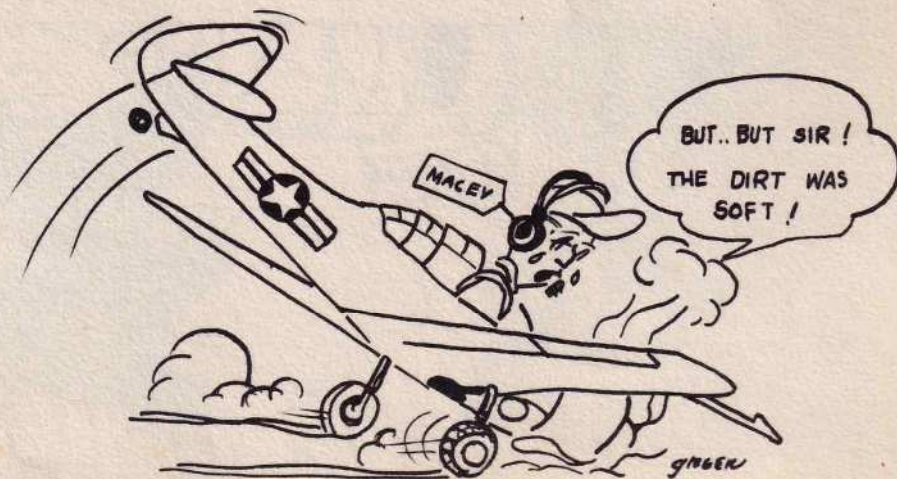
A/C CONNELL M. BUIE
"Mort"



A/C DUANE H. CAHILL
"Go Around"



A/C ROBERT M. MACEY
"Mace"



With much gratitude to a man with a lot of patience. No one else could do it. Quent.



A/C QUENTIN C. HANING
"Quent"



MR. GLENN D. ESTEP

Since there are no questions anything that happens after this is my fault! Dave Hoyer



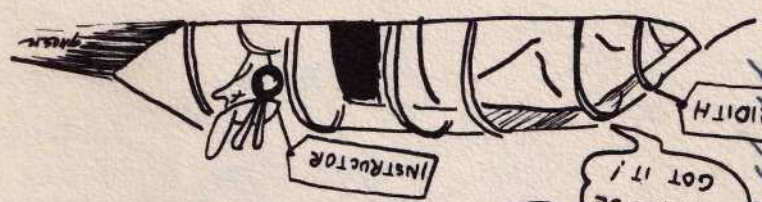
A/C DAVID F. HOYER
"Davey"

I hope those who follow don't give you as much trouble as I did on Meredith as I on Meredith



A/C DONALD B. MERIDITH
"Brooks"

VERTIGO ?



OK, YOU'VE GOT IT!

Oh Kay! Let's go. Thanks for your patience. Buy ya sometime in a B-25. Bill Polley



A/C WILLIAM E. POLLEY
"Bill"



MR. EWBANK



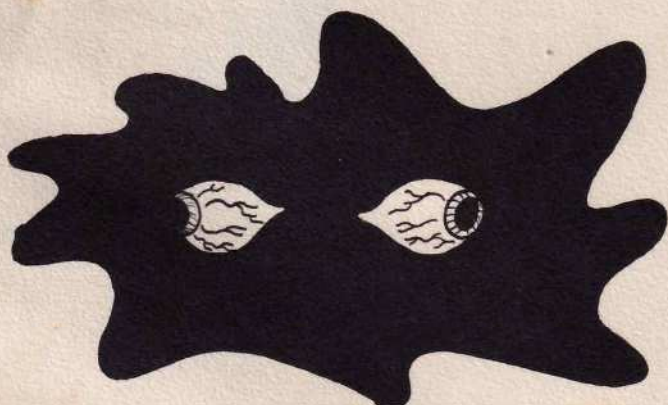
A/C PHILLIP C. DRAKE
"P.C."



A/C BOYCE C. THELEN
"Mighty Mite"



A/C LOUIS PERROUD
"Louie"



"WHOO DAT!??"



A/C WILLIAM A. WINDHAM
"Windman"



A/C RALPH L. DONALDSON
"La Bouche Rouge"



MR. MELVIN K. HOWE



A/C WILLIAM P. HULLINGER
"Bill"



"FOR BRAVERY IN SAVING AN AIRPLANE, I GIVE
TO YOU TAI'S HIGHEST AWARD.. THE PURPLE
COATED PRIMER!"



A/C ALFRED A. JANOWICZ
"Alfie"



A/C ALVIN R. TURNER
"Alvie Ray"



MR. SPURLOCKE



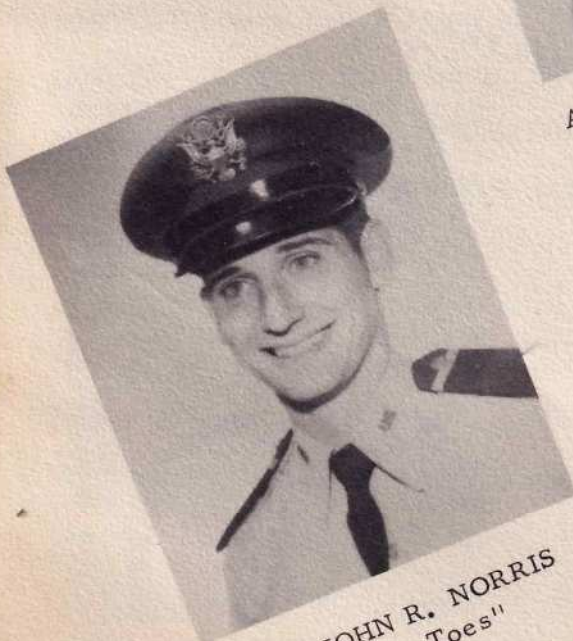
A/C JOHN FOOTE
"Sparky"



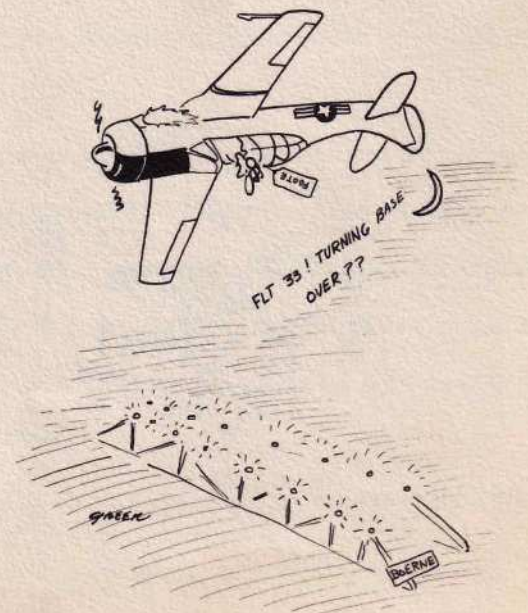
A/C ARTHUR E. OVERTON



A/C BARRY S. LEONARD
"Len"



A/C JOHN R. NORRIS
"Tippy Toes"





MR. WEST



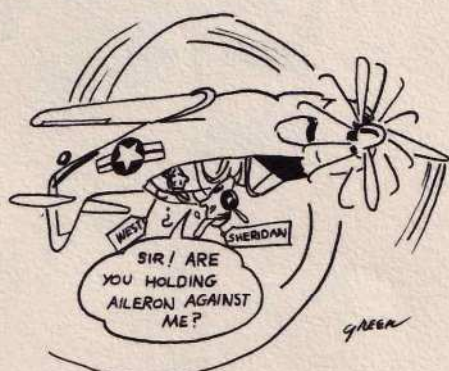
A/C JOHN W. PARKER
"Jack"



A/C MICHAEL S. McCRUM
"Scottie"



A/C FRANCIS SHERIDAN
"F.A."



CASE OF A LOOSE NUT?



A/C FRANCIS P. YOUNGGREN
"Red"

SQUADRON ONE

Now for a short trip down memory lane and a quick glance at the blushing faces of the Squadron Goof Offs. Early in training Mister Q. Haning joined the popular group when after making an improbable score of 7 on a stage at Rector Auxiliary returned to the home field and was promptly given 6 go-arounds by runway control. Mister R. Sluyter gained immortality with the statement, "Who said runway control is infallible? They haven't caught me landing with the canopy closed, yet." Voluble Mister P. Swanson complained about the infamous runway control, "I can't understand it, I had 5 perfect roundouts, and they still persisted on sending me around." Around this time we must mention Mister C. Yannacone who would be called the all-around pilot, navigator and acrobatic who specialized in precision maneuvers and new techniques. Along with C. Y. is Mister B. Thelen who was confused as to what branch of the service he was in and persisted on landing with an extremely low tail wheel during his stages. Cross country rides gave many their chance at heroism with Mister C. Buie doing work above and beyond the call of duty when as the Squadron Flying Weatherman he willingly gave complete and comprehensive weather reports at five minute intervals. Mister W. Bircumshaw gave his instructor an excellent example of flying by pilotage in flying 55 miles off course during the 177 mile leg to Cuero. Instruments were utilized by many to gain fame and leading off was Mister F. Hamela who found that the gyro instruments operate very poorly without vacuum pump and attempted to operate them on the concept of perpetual motion. A. Janowicz had his instructor fooled, the instructor thought that Alf was flying vertical S's until he realized that he was only chasing that vertical speed. Brooks Meridith reminds us of a ground hog on the 2nd of February when after assuming an unusual position and affected by vertigo he popped out of the instrument hood shouting, "You've got it." G. Logan got a rude awakening when he reported back to Hondo that there was no stage in progress at Castroville and was promptly sent back to the flying line to complete the stage in progress. Cruise control at subsonic speed was the acme of D. Cahill during his night Cross Country and he claims it is not hard to meet ETA's by simple manipulation of the throttle. We don't think that B. Leonard will ever forget to raise his landing gear after the riding he took in the flight shack. H. Peterson was very considerate of the person following him one day in the aircraft and left the mag switch on for him.

We had one out and out truck driver in our squadron and he was bound and determined to fly multi-engine aircraft. So Mr. W. Polley daily practices his airline procedure of putting the throttle to the firewall and then swinging out to take off position. A/C Green was no exception, and he attempted to lead a T-6G night raid on Bergstrom AFB on his solo night cross country. All told there must have been 15 T-6's eventually participating in the raid, and I'm sure that this SAC base was pretty well shook up.

This about sums up our little store of memories and we are sure that they will illustrate the life and chores of cadet life at Hondo.

SQUADRON TWO

Class 54-J arrived at "Hondo by the sea" to make its own traditions. The area of Squadron Two became an entrepot of Cadets from all parts of the world. They expected to be taught to aviate and become "hot pilots", and aviate they did....among other things. Alas and alack, shined shoes had not been forgotten. Gigs were not only for peonic pre-flight and the ramp still existed.

After orientation, we became veritable wizards flying the mighty PA-18, and "Ace Mace" made his first mark in the archives. "That fence was getting awfully big." Many are the instructors who were besplattered with a Cadet's last meal because of the inability of the stomach to adapt itself to the rigors of flight. And "Big John" Foote will forever limp because of the roominess of the Cub cabin.

After spitting out the dust of the auxiliary runways, we moved on the Tender T-6. And each student after his first glimpse, emoted with, "Oh my Gawd." Fly it we must and fly it we did, more or less.... "Ace Mace" makes his second mark, "The fence got too big!"

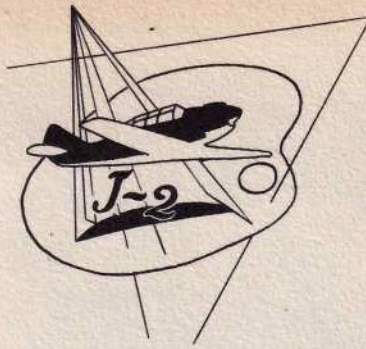
In ground school we were taught that an E6-B Computer can do anything a woman can do with one exception. We found that the T-6 can do anything a woman can do. But after a reasonable amount of time we mastered it and progressed to the finer points of training for an all-weather Air Force. (We always flew, weather permitting.) Navigation-it was nothing. We were never lost, only temporarily disorientated. "A/C Foote, requesting landing instructions for Boerne Bridge, Over." MDAP Cadets Jensen and Perroud - "Kerrville - Austin?" Instruments - nothing to it....you just have to relax. We had all types of vertigo including alcoholic. Acrobatics - They only became difficult when we discovered that a "Split S" was not a part of the maneuver. "Ace Mace" makes his third mark. "I wondered why it wouldn't fly with the engine underground." A/C Gollwitzer becomes the first T-6 pilot on record to experience a "flameout."

Despite our disabilities, we finish with Primary Flying at Hondo. It will never be forgotten and so our extracurricular activities. Monsieur Donaldson and "La bouche rouge;" John Norris and the fellas" at the Sunset Lounge; "Coldwater Gow" and enchanting May-hee-co; Scot McCrum and "Hail Trinity;" Sheridan, "Wet adiabat" Windy, boy lion killer of the boondocks; Youngren, Michigan's own Tex Ritter singing and playing, "The Ides of Texas Are Up On You;" A.E. Overton "thieves fall out, but not for chow;" Hullinger, "Silent Knight;" P.C. Drake, "My legs are normal. Yours are straight." "Little John" Parker, A/C Master Sergeant; Amiable Alvy, the only native - Texan. And not to be forgotten is "war whoop" Klenke, whose presence was desired elsewhere. All great - pilots and men, who as I, shall never forget our sojourn at Hondo, Texas, where the earth has halitosis.

And as we depart from Hondo, we gaze back to see the succeeding classes indulging in our favorite pastime, Ring-around-the-rosy. A lump comes to our throat and a tear to the eye as we see the sun sinking slowly in the West, haloing the architectural beauty of Hondo and a question comes to mind, "What the hell happens next?"

"Smacks and insubordination,"

A/C D.F. Hoyer



MR. FARMER
Squadron Commander



MR. SOAPE
Senior Instructor



MR. "TONY" TAYLOR
Dispatcher

MR. JAMES EUBANK
Senior Instructor



MR. DONALD L. BOWLES



A/C JOHN W. BLAKE
"Kaintuck"



A/C ARTHUR F. BRYSON
"Lover Boy"



A/C RICHARD B. KEARNEY
"Kearney Bird"



A/C WESLEY B. COLLINS
"Kid"



JOHN W. DILLARD
"Stud"



MR. EAGAN



JAMES H. GREEN
"Lucky"



BILLY J. MORRISON
"Fatty"



MR. W.E. HOLMGREEN, JR.



A/C CARL F. HIGGINS
"Short Stack"



A/C SOREN M. WESTERGAARD
"Wes"



A/C JAMES E. WOOLEY
"Nasty Break!!!"



BOY! THAT C54 ALMOST HAD ME!



FLOYD L. ALFSON
"Rabbit"



MR. HARRY L. KARP



JOHN F. CAINE
"Baldy"



PAUL H. MEISNER
"Toad"



"SON, YOU ARE AWARDED THE SQUADRON'S HIGHEST HONOR, FOR YOUR CONTINUOUS ATTEMPTS AT WHEELS UP LANDINGS!"



PALLE E. BENTSEN
"H. P."



FRANK A. MORTON



E. W. OTTO



MR. WEBBER



JOSEPH A. HII
"Hood Hii"



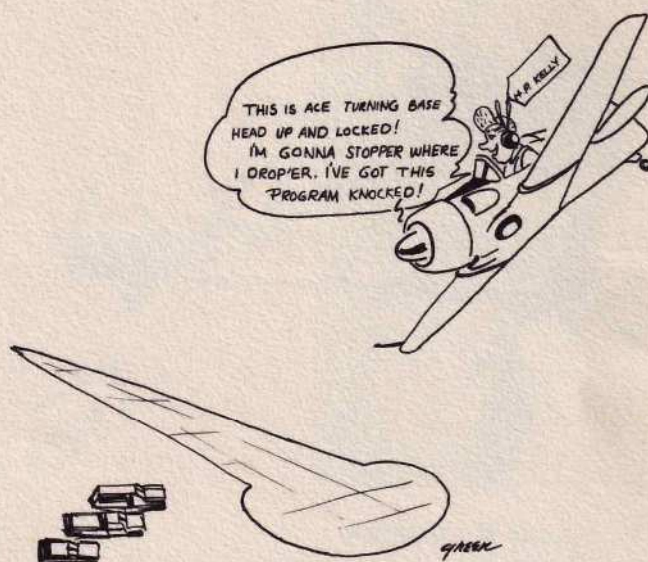
A/C DONALD E. KELLY
"The Hat"



MR. WILSON



A/C ROBERT J. KLEMKE
"Chief"



A/C HAYDEN SHAW
"Windy"



A/C JAMES S. STIMMEL
"And there I was!"



A/C WARREN M. KIMBALL
"Lupe"



MR. WINANS



A/C RONALD W. TERRY
"Doodles"



"MR. KIMBALL / EASY ON THAT
PULL OUT!"

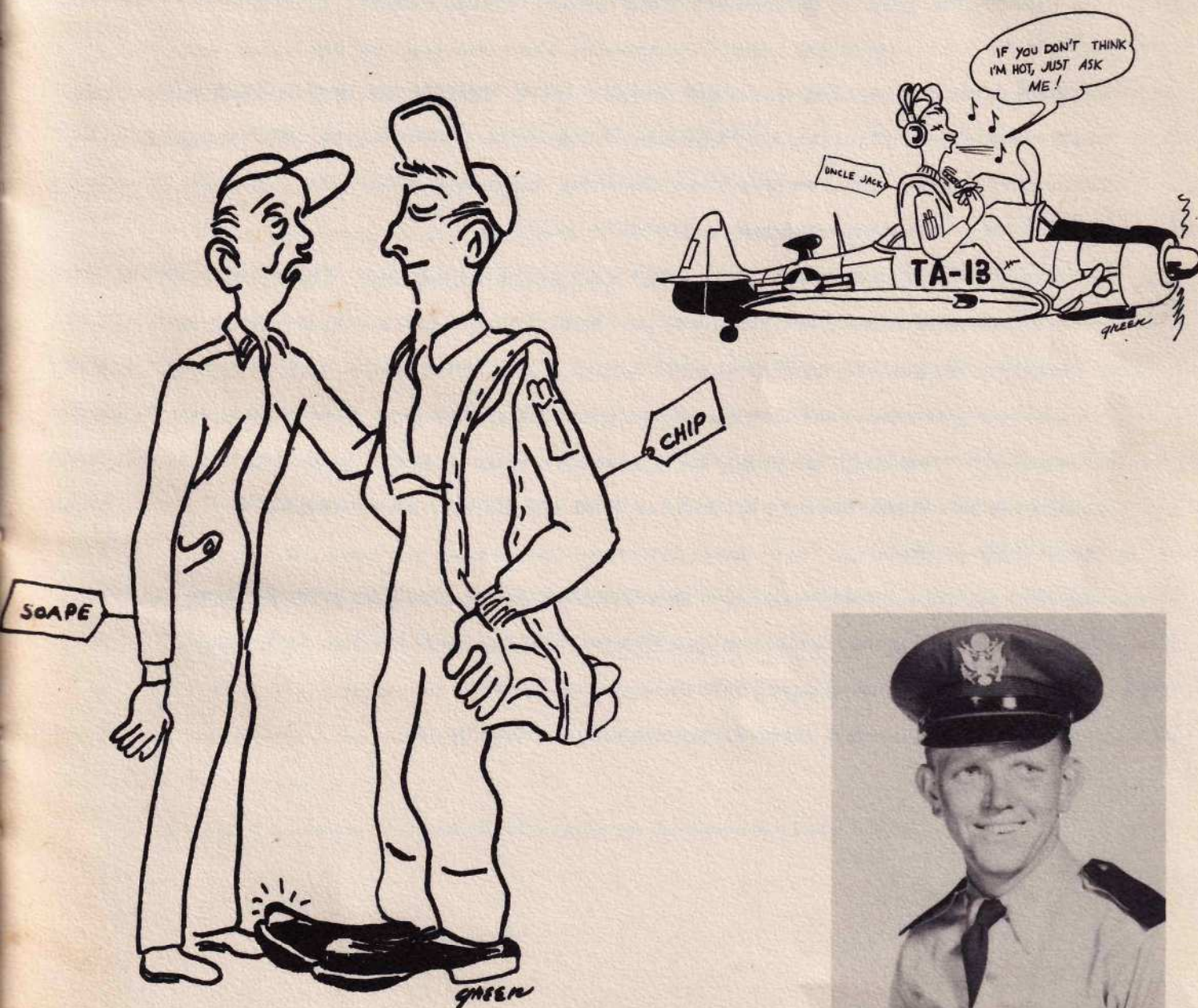


A/C ARCHIBALD S. WALLER
"Archie"

A/C JOSEPH M. TORRONE
"Joe"



MR. SOAPE



"NOW THAT WAS A GOOD RIDE, SON!"



A/C JACK R. CHIPMAN
"Uncle Jack"

SQUADRON THREE

Although Juliet wasn't serenaded by Romeo, nor did we step out for the night in our "Skivvies", we hope that we won't be forgotten ere the perpetual sifting dust of Hondo, (this is God's Country) Texas fills our departing footsteps. Often we will remember the guided tours to "El Gobi" Rector and the expeditions to Castroville where with Machete in hand, we cut our way to our destination-----a roaring, snorting T-6, donned our gas masks and became aerial actors on a stage-----someone should have been selling tickets.

As instructors remarked one day-----"I've taught a lot of students but this J-Class is the biggest bunch of characters yet -- why else would they be flying at ten thousand feet with the gear and flaps down?" How about it fellas, shall we tell him? Shall we tell him why we come out of the "6" after a solo mission looking as though we had seen a ghost?

The real comedy of errors got in full swing when we started night flying. Will we ever forget "Sir, I've got a ru-ru-ru-rough running engine Green or "Now, Son, Don't get excited Soape or "All I saw was dem four engines, Higgins ----- Klemke and Torrone flying upper traffic so we could find our way back ----- as if we wanted too. And then there was Mr. (either your gear is up or your bug lights are out) Bentsen who treasures his prize of a fur lined thunder mug for trying to land not once, not twice but, yup; you guessed it, three times on his belly. What was it that was playing at the Drive-In as we slow-flighted past the screen?

Becoming serious for a moment, a note of sincere appreciation should be given to those instructors who daily took their lives into our hands in order that we might at least become fledgelings, God Bless them all, and may they find brand new T-6's in heaven someday.

P.S. Three Jeers to the coach from Marquette who tried so hard.

THE FOREMOST FOURTH

A group of individuals made their faltering way to Hondo Air Base on the historic day of May 27, 1953. A select few of these persons were separated from the rest of them and were brought together to make up the representatives of class 54-J in Squadron Four of Hondo Air Base.

This group of men was twenty-one strong in the beginning but fate deemed that some would have to go. Almost immediately the number began decreasing. Slowly but surely, one by one, the total became smaller until becoming an even dozen. These twelve remaining proved, even though they did make mistakes, that they were the best and could accomplish almost anything.

The class is made up of specialists. First we'll set up a row of baskets for "Uncle Jack" Chipman to knock over at which he seems very proficient. Lupe Kimball's famous remarks on "Uncle Jack's" big feet and runner-up to "Fatty" Morrison in the contest for the Fattest man around. "Baldy" Caine, the old man of the Squadron. Even though he isn't the oldest adding his theme, "I don't give a _____." to everything. "Old Man" Stimmel, accusing us of being too juvenile, laughing at his own hairy escapes. "Toad" Meisner who could get lost in his own bed laughing about his latest "Dear John". This does not compare to "Lover Boy" Bryson's midnight phone calls which he hesitates to answer. Next comes "Speedy" Westergaard who can't keep anything in the cockpit unless it's tied down, and no one can attempt a wheels up landing with more assurance than "Stud" Dillard. "Doodles" Terry always doodling with the Uke, he struggled, not too successfully, to learn to play accompanying his attempts with off key singing. Then we have his roommate "Hood" Hii from "Chi" our character by virtue, lazy man spirit, and advocate of what's the hurry. That leaves "Archie" Waller who was careful enough not to pull any boners that we know of, but having fun ribbing everyone else for theirs.

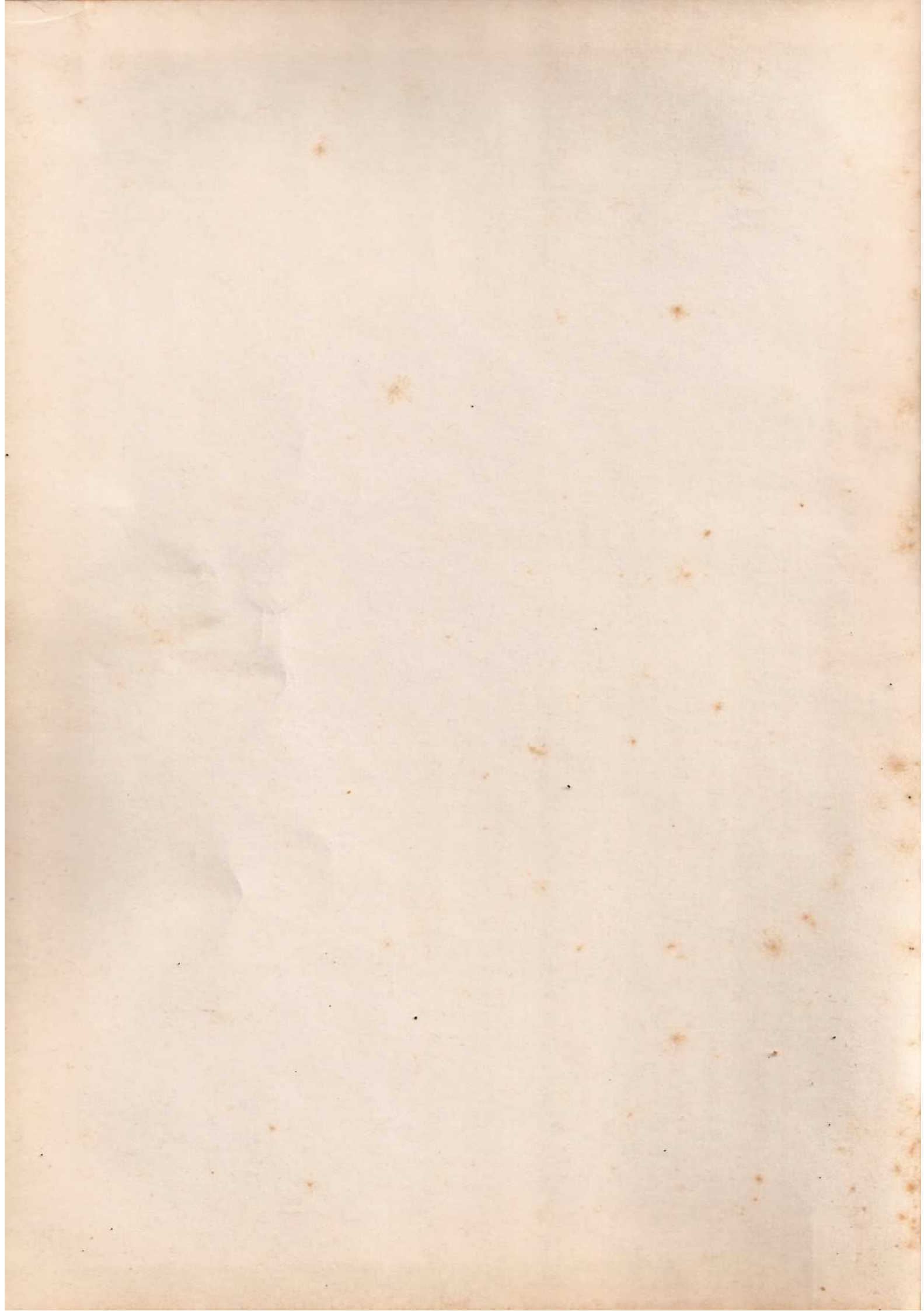
With such an outstanding bunch struggling toward a common goal, little wonder why, the squadron is known as the foremost fourth. The spirit possessed by these men will undoubtedly remain with them throughout their lives.

Even the stars know that his bunch will become the hottest pilots EVER!!!!

CLASS DIRECTORY

Floyd L. Alfson
Jown W. Blake
Arthur F. Bryson
Connell M. Buie
William C. Bircumshaw
Palle E. Bentsen
Duane H. Cahill
Wesley E. Collins
John F. Caine
Jack R. Chipman
John W. Dillard
Phillip C. Drake
Ralph L. Donaldson
Johne E. Foote
James H. Green
Stanley R. Green
Leroy C. Gollwitzer
Carl F. Higgins
Joseph A. Hii
Frank T. Hamela
Quentin C. Haning
David F. Hoyer
William P. Hullinger
Jens Jensen
Alfred A. Janowicz
Richard W. Kearney
Donald E. Kelly
Robert J. Klemke
Warren M. Kimball
Barry S. Leonard
George R. Logan
Billy J. Morrison
Paul F. Meisner
Frank A. Morton
Michael S. McCrum
Robert M. Macey
Donald B. Meridith
John R. Norris
Elmer W. Otto
Arthur E. Overton
John N. Parker
Louis J. Perroud
William E. Polley
Hans P. Petersen
E.A. Roote
Hayden Shaw
James S. Stimmel
Paul F. Swanson
Ronald L. Sluyter
Frances A. Sheridan
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