

The Guidon

346th College Training Detachment

10-1943

The Guidon, Squadron 7, October (1943)

346th College Training Detachment

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SQUADRON EIGHT

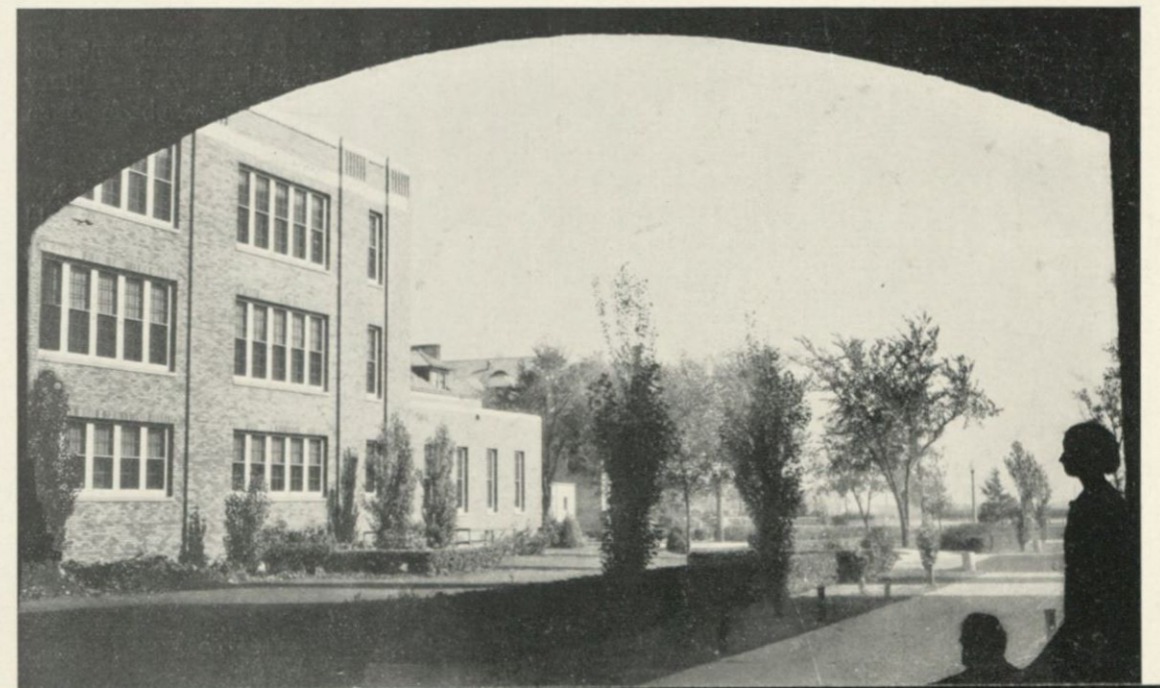
Three Hundred Forty Sixth
College Training Detachment

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Moorhead State Teachers College
Moorhead, Minnesota

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OCTOBER - 1943





Captain A. J. Bazata

CAPTAIN BAZATA

"The Sharpest Outfit in the Air Corps," with this thought in mind, Captain Arthur J. Bazata, Commanding Officer of the 346th College Training Detachment, arrived in Moorhead on June 3, 1943. Previous to his assignment here, he was attached to the Gulf Coast Training Center. He was commissioned as a First Lieutenant directly from civilian life on May 5, 1942. The Captain's background, particularly his experience as manager of various hotels, has served him well in his military duties. The genial manner in which he makes new men feel at ease, and his ability to put across an idea has earned for him an enviable place in the hearts of the men of whom he is so much a part.

One of the greatest assets the Captain possesses, and one by which he himself lives, is his belief in Honor. In the words of the Captain, "Honor and prompt obedience, or punctuality, are two of the most important traits a soldier may develop, and ones which will serve him well in his military career."

Thus far in the period of five short months, his enthusiasm, tireless efforts, and unlimited capacity for work, combined with his absolute faith in the

college training program as a definite and vital cog in the war machine, has not only made this detachment one of the "Sharpest Outfits in the Air Corps" from a military standpoint but also from an academic point of view.

Among the many innovations and ideas the Captain has brought to this detachment, not only for military purposes, but for the enjoyment and pleasure of the students here, are the military band, the drum and bugle corps, the glee club, the Honor Council, and the never-to-be-forgotten mid-week relaxation period, known as "Campus Night".

It is from the many experiences such as these, along with his sincere desire to make our stay here more pleasant and yet thoroughly profitable; that we men of Squadron Eight have come to hold our Commanding Officer in such high esteem . . . so in parting we proudly say, "Hats off to Captain Bazata!"

POST STAFF



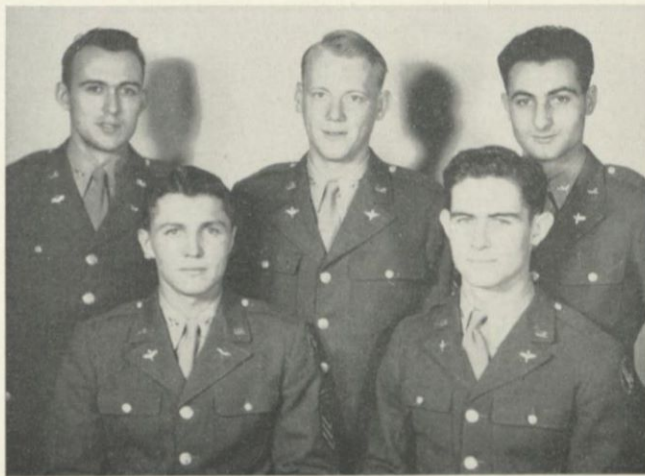
R. G. HARGRAVE
1st Lt. Air Corps

CARL D. PETERSON
2nd Lt. Air Corps

F. G. MacQUESTEN
2nd Lt. Air Corps

ROBERT F. GAY
2nd Lt. Air Corps

STUDENT GROUP STAFF



A/S J. W. BUTCHER A/S V. W. POPP A/S S. J. RIDULPH
A/S G. W. MORRISON A/S D. C. HARRINGTON

346th COLLEGE TRAINING DETACHMENT

Moorhead, Minnesota

Squadron 8

30 October 1943

The President
State Teachers College
Moorhead, Minnesota

Dear Mr. President:

Speaking in behalf of Squadron 8, to say thank you for your co-operation with the United States Army program and extending to us your fullest educational capacities and courtesies as head of Moorhead State Teachers College, would be a gross underestimation of the true facts.

In this titanic struggle of Democracy versus Nazism and all that the dictators stand for, we have learned that to be physically fit and mentally prepared are not the only factors governing which side will emerge in ultimate victory. A nation can be equipped with the finest weapons and have the greatest manpower and yet be beaten by a smaller nation composed of well educated soldiers.

By well educated soldiers, I mean those schooled in the arts and sciences which are applicable to war and its machines. It has often been said that, "A man is as good as the machine he operates." Sir, I cannot stress too highly the appreciation of the whole hearted support you and your staff has given us towards completing this definite assignment.

Like the defense worker in a vital war plant, like the farmer keeping the food supply going, like the General planning the campaign—you Sir, a civilian soldier, threw open to us the gates of learning, and with the patience and skill of your staff, opened new avenues in our world of knowledge and swept the streets of learning which had gathered dust through-out the years of dormant complacency.

Yes, we leave here; we do not shed tears of sadness, as this was an assignment, but in parting let me assure you that Squadron 8 will use this knowledge it has gathered here, to the fullest extent, and with the grace of God, every hour spent here will help toll the death knell of the Axis.

GEORGE W. MORRISON
A/S 1st Captain
Group Commander

346th COLLEGE TRAINING DETACHMENT
Moorhead, Minnesota
Squadron 8

30 October 1943

SUBJECT: Letter of appreciation.

TO: Commissioned Officers of 346th College Training Detachment.

1. The members of Squadron Eight wish to express their appreciation to Captain Bazata, as we feel that he is personally and primarily responsible for all our pleasant memories of M.S.T.C.

2. To Lieutenant Hargrave we owe a vote of thanks for his ever present and willing cooperation in all of our activities.

3. Although our association with Lieutenant Gay has of necessity been limited, we wish to take special note of his efforts in making the 346th and Squadron Eight "The Sharpest Outfit in the Air Corps."

4. To our Tactical Officer, Lieutenant MacQuesten, all credit is due for our accomplishments and improvement in things military.

5. To Lieutenant Peterson, our Director of Military Training, we are grateful for many things. And especially those training memoranda which regulated and patterned our stay at the 346th College Training Detachment.

For Squadron Eight

DENNIS C. HARRINGTON

A/S Captain

Group Plans & Trng. Officer

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
MOORHEAD, MINNESOTA

Office of the President

October 20, 1943

To present greetings to Squadron Eight and to wish its members a high degree of success in their present and future preparation for combat service in the United States Army Air Forces afford me real pleasure. As each successive squadron completes its work in the College, I become more keenly aware of the meaning of the program for both students and instructors and therefore for the College.

Squadron Eight has been no exception to the fine attitude that prevails on the campus between Army and civilian students, between students and faculty members, and between the Army and the college administrative units. An attempt has been made to promote enthusiastically a co-operative program of education for Army Air Forces. There has been whole-hearted response to the effort. The members of Squadron Eight have contributed their full share to this co-operative enterprise. For their fine attitude and their positive influence I express my sincere appreciation.

O. W. SNARR

President



PUBLICATION STAFF



| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|--------------------------------|---|---|---------------------|--|------------------|--|---------------------|--|-------------------|--|--------------------|--|------------------|--|------------------|
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| STUDENT OFFICER IN CHARGE..... | A/S H. J. Gonya | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
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| PHOTOGRAPHER | A/S R. J. Rasmussen | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| CARTOONIST | A/S E. W. Bussick | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| WRITERS | <table style="border: none; margin-left: 20px;"> <tr> <td style="font-size: 3em; vertical-align: middle;">{</td> <td style="padding-left: 5px;">A/S C. A. Biancucci</td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td>A/S H. M. Bryant</td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td>A/S R. A. Calbridge</td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td>A/S R. O. Goldman</td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td>A/S R. H. Johnston</td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td>A/S D. L. Sledge</td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td>A/S C. E. Tiller</td> </tr> </table> | { | A/S C. A. Biancucci | | A/S H. M. Bryant | | A/S R. A. Calbridge | | A/S R. O. Goldman | | A/S R. H. Johnston | | A/S D. L. Sledge | | A/S C. E. Tiller |
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| | A/S D. L. Sledge | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| | A/S C. E. Tiller | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

HISTORY OF EIGHT

It seemed like just a few weeks ago that a troop train pulled into the fair city of Moorhead and discharged a hundred eager cadets ready for a stiff college course. It was warm that twenty-fifth day of July, yes very warm and after a four day train trip you can readily see that we were anxious to get settled in a stationary bunk. But, then, the snappy voice of Lt. MacQuestion, brought us to the realization of the fact that a big day was yet in store for us. After lining us up, we marched to the cheery tunes of "Dinah," and the "Air Corps Song", out to the beautiful campus of "M.S.". Little did we know when we strove through the gates of the college campus that here we were to spend the happiest days of our army career.

After Sheppard Field, this was heaven. Capt. Bazata "collected" his band members from our ranks and then assigned us to our rooms. I know that for ninety nine of the boys that it was a thrill; to be dressed in G.I.'s and occupying a room in a college dorm. Up until now this was all a myth and a rumor, but it all turned out to be true. Yes, we were finally on our way to be cadets. Nothing could stop us now, and here was created the indomitable spirit that has been so prominent in our success at this detachment. The fact that we were no longer soldiers, but gentlemen and scholars, has done the most towards raising our depleted moral to which we attribute our stay at Sheppard Field.

Later that same glorious day we took our "entrance" exams which would best determine what flight we would be in, and to determine at what point they could start teaching us. After breaking the one hundred men into four flights we settled down to start our academic career as cadets.

It was like being a senior in high school when $4\pi R^2$ plus three times the king of England would give you a beautiful blonde at St. Johns nurses home. Those days will live in our memories for a long time to come.

But ours wasn't the life of a carefree scholar. We were to be future officers and had to be trained as such, and that meant drill and more drill. It's an inspiring sight to see the flights and squadrons go through the I.D.R. every evening at five, and to watch those beautiful military parades every Saturday. This means hard work and the boys enjoyed every minute of it.

To be a flyer is to be as perfectly physically fit as the army can make you. And they tried hard. The calisthenics we had here did us more good than any we've ever had before. Those long four mile road runs, ranger tactics, exercises, games, and swimming, built us up from ninety seven pound weaklings to one hundred fifty pound giants. (Any similar phrase is purely coincidental and should be disregarded).

One of the main fears and cause of tears in the 346th is the gig system. Mister, if you think that you can go through this school without any, well, you don't belong here. Ask any eagle-eyed Ft. Lt. what he enjoys most and undoubtedly he'll say, "the right to gig a man." There's just no use fighting such a thing as this system because it only brings on tours, which are the result of accumulating so many gigs a week. There's nothing like it to put fear into the men as we found out in the course of events, because no one likes to waste shoe leather on the ramp in front of Campus School.

When there's work there's bound to be play, or the work is of no avail. Our C.O. has provided us with the most splendid types of entertainment possible and there's little need to say how much we appreciate his efforts to make our stay here as enjoyable as possible. He inaugurated what is known as "Campus Night." This event is usually a basketball game followed by a dance. What more could we ask for than this?

Another accomplishment we are proud of is the magnificent cadet ball sponsored by the members of the spirited eighth. It was a great success and a proud achievement shown by the presence of such a wonderful crowd. It is successes, such as that, that spirits us on towards greater things in the future. We know we have the ability and we know that we can do it.

Last but not least, we cannot leave without mentioning the persons responsible for our success. To Capt. Bazata and his staff and to the civilian instructors, this squadron knows that never before has one hundred men felt so deeply appreciative of your help in preparing us for our future career as aviation cadets. All we do and all that we become we owe to you.

We thank you,

SQUADRON EIGHT



ANDERSON, D. W.

2731 Chestnut St., Oakland, California

*First of all is Anderson, that wacky young galoot,
Who really carves the carpet. That's why we call him "Zoot."*

ANDREWS, J. F.

R.F.D. No. 8, Defiance, Ohio

*Now comes big boy Andrews, a pretty good chap is Jim.
He sees a lot of Ruthie, but why does she see him?*



BAESEL, S. O.

1217 Harding Place, Charlotte, N. Carolina

*Now let's meet Mr. Baesel, a casual Joe is he,
He gets all the women, why, I cannot see.*

BIANCUCCI, C. A.

28 Everett St., E. Boston, Mass.

*And now we have a problem, he even puzzles me,
For no one can discover Mr. Biancucci.*



BOBERG, J. W.

Route No. 3, Spokane, Washington

*Riotous Teddy Boberg, is next on our list,
He says so very little, that often he is missed.*

BUTCHER, J. W.

423 East Washington St., Macomb, Illinois

*Eager Mr. Butcher, a man that never lobs,
He stays in on Open Post, to polish all the door knobs.*



FRONK, R. L.

5221 Woodlawn Blvd., Minneapolis, Minnesota

*Fronk a native of Minnesota, greatly resembles a giant pagoda,
Every weekend without fail, he scurries home on a wing and a tail.*

GONYA, H. J.

R.F.D. No. 3, Fremont, Ohio

*Now meet our Squadron Adjutant, his name is Mr. Gonya,
We don't dispute a word he says, or he'll hook a gig upon ya.*



HARMON, H. D.

1108 11th St., Nitro, W. Va.

*Harmon is our married lad, a man of quiet ambition,
Day and night he works like mad, to uphold the Virginia tradition.*

HARRINGTON, D. C.

1209 Virginia St., Charleston, West. Va.

*This is D. C. Harrington, the lad with the smiling eyes,
He's made a hit with all the gals, and even a couple of guys.*

HELMICK, G. B.

4291 8th St. Rd., Huntington, West Va.

*Ah, here comes Mr. Helmick, a ping pong nut is he,
I guess he figured he was champ, until he challenged me.*

JOHNSTON, R. H.

122 Swing Hall, Oxford, Ohio

*Now meet Mr. Johnston, lanky, strong and tall,
Always sticking his neck out, to see Peggy in the hall.*

McCARTY, L. H.

1010 E. Fox Street, South Bend, Indiana

*And this is Lyle McCarty, you've heard of him I'm sure,
For there is nothing wrong with him, that a miracle couldn't cure.*

MILLARD, W. L.

105 West Second St., Central City, Kentucky

*Here is "ducky" Millard, a mischeivous brat is he,
He looks at life with humor, and lives a life-of ease.*

McCULLOCH, T. A.

35 Rosshire, Pontiac, Michigan

*Now this is Ted McCulloch, who has trouble with his glands,
He sleeps while he's sitting, and even while he stands.*

POWELL, G. A.

Rt. No. 3, Wichita Falls, Texas

*Now meet Texas Powell, a new man in our flight,
He climbed his way among us, by studying day and night.*

RAEBEL, T. F. Jr.

Portland, Oregon

*Now fleetfoot Teddy Raebel, West Coast's pride and joy,
Claims he never deserves a gig, ah, yes, he's quite a boy.*

SCHMITT, H. T. Jr.

2643 Lauretta Ave, Baltimore, Maryland

*A bitter pill for any man, especially Mr. Schmitt,
Is walking tours on weekends, and here he's done his bit.*

SHEPHERD, R.

101 Starr Avenue, Hamilton, Ohio

*The bashful boy of the flight, is Shepherd from the buckeye state,
We introduced to him night life, and rid him of this trait.*

SLEDGE, D. L.

12 So. Auburndale St., Memphis, Tenn.

*Tennessee Sledge the Memphis Belle, s'leeps in all his classes,
But when in town he's wide awake, and the joy of all the lassies.*





STURGIS, R. S.
81 High St., Winnetka, Illinois
Mr. Sturgis is first in line, whenever chow is called,
His apology is right in time, because he's always on the ball.

VANDEVENTER, K.
Hazlehurst, Mississippi
Next is Mr. Vandeventer, a mechanical man is he,
Forever with his slide rule, a nut he too must be.



WHITE, J. G.
654 Somerset Terrace, Atlanta, Georgia
And now for Jimmy White, who never makes a peep.
The reason, as you can imagine, is, because he's sound asleep.

ZIER, F. M. Jr.
258 O'Fallon Ave., Bellevue, Kentucky
And finally on our roster, bringing up the rear
Is the king of all the nuts, you guessed it — Mr. Zier.

And now that you have met the boys, I think that you'll agree
It's either they who are the nuts, or else it must be me.

MEN OF TWENTY-NINE

As in every branch of the armed services, we find in flight 29 an assortment of men from every section of the country. Although their customs and habits vary somewhat, there are several characteristics common among them.

Perhaps the most outstanding feature is their desire to fulfill the task which they have begun, namely, to be pilots, bombardiers, or navigators. To accomplish their aim, they fully realize the difficulties which they must encounter and therefore have settled down to do it. There is no doubt that they have successfully completed the first phase of their training, both in academics and in flying. They also realize that the credit they earn here will mean a great deal to them at their next Post.

In my estimation they are now fully prepared to cope with the next phase of their training. Lots of luck to you men and more power to you.

BALLAGH, WELDON F.
154 Washington Pl., Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey
"Bugs," our present flight sergeant, hails from Hackensack, N. J. He is best known for his contralto voice.

BEANWAY, KENNETH D.
301 E. Mary St., Yates Center Kansas
Kenny's home town is right in the middle of the United States,
and Kenny is always right in the middle of everything.

BERRY, EDWARD C.
Morgantown, N. Carolina
Berry's abode is no longer unknown to the world. He speaks of it in his slow way at any given opportunity, or even when one isn't given.

BLICKLEY, GEORGE J.
4538 N. Carlisle St., Philadelphia, Pa.
"Scrappy" left his hometown to prove that there was someplace else in the world. Now he spends all his spare time arguing that there is such a place as Philadelphia.

CALBRIDGE, ROBERT A.
Crannberry Lakes, New Jersey.
"Pipsqueak" has one of the better tenor voices in the flight. A conscientious lad, he is the waste basket for all of our troubles.

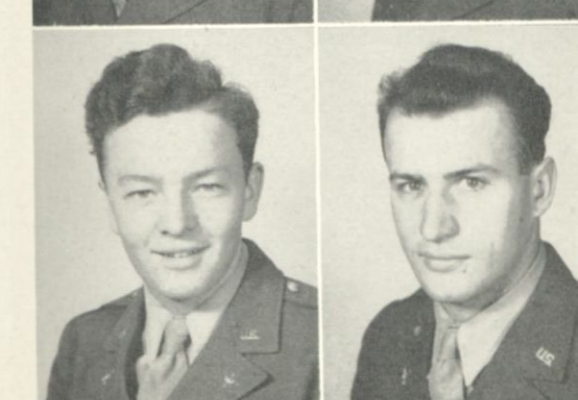
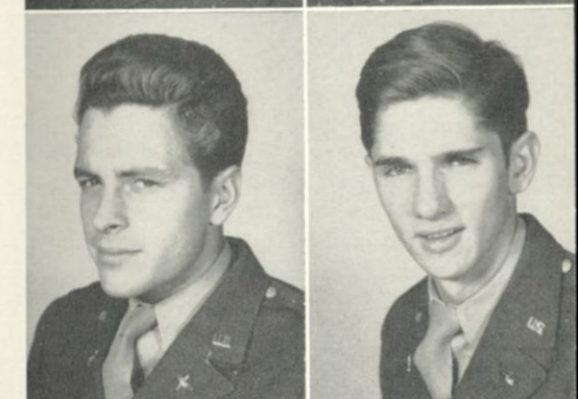
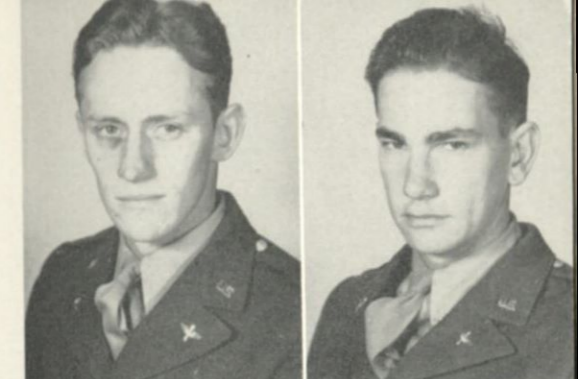
CARLSON, DONALD C.
33 N. Erie, Mayville, New York
"Say Don, that will be super-doooper," and was it? You should see her. Mayville, N. Y.'s gift to the M.S.T.C. coeds.

CUNNINGHAM, DARREL D.
Eureka, California
"Cuddles" has led a very secluded life. Says Who? A former engineer on B 25's, he gets around a lot since leaving Eureka.

DeCICCO, ALBERT
2046 Rice St., Chicago, Illinois
"Stormy left his own heart in Chicago, then proceeded to break all the blonde's hearts in Moorhead.

FECHNER, JAMES A.
1421 Buena Vista, Stockton, Calif.
Most of Stockton, California was out to cheer when he left, and now we know why.

FOX, ALFRED
14770 Lydia St., East Detroit, Mich.
Fox claims Detroit, but there is no confirmation of the report. He tries, but never says anything about it except (under his breath) "Ford."





JONES, WALTER E.

905 F St., N. Wilkesboro, N. C.

"Honest," has carried the guidon up to the group officers to receive our Honor Squadron ribbons nearly every week.

LANE, EUGENE W.

306 S. 1st, Austin, Minnesota

"Priscilla" has led us to the slaughter every day. If he can leave the gals here alone, he hopes to lead himself back to Austin, Minnesota.



LORD, WILLIAM S.

1119 W 16th St., Pueblo, Colorado.

"M.E." Lord has spent most of his time here keeping out of trouble. The method he used was easy and most restful, "Bunk Fatigue."

MOORE, FRED J.

Box 1192, Indio, California

Fred left Indio, California to bring to M.S.T.C. the benefits of his oratory. He has never been known to say anything in less than ten minutes.



MORTON, LESTER S.

413 North Van Buren, Kirkwood, Mo.

"Mort" has been another of Flight 30's institutions. We just couldn't seem to get rid of him, St. Louis doesn't want him back.

NEWELL, JOHN C.

932 East 46th St., Chicago, Illinois

"Johnny" doesn't have much faith in the future of the present younger generation, but feels that Chicago would be the solution to all post-war problems.



PENN, THOMAS H.

Fort Worth, Texas

Penn hasn't been around us very long, but he has quietly let it be known that he is from Fort Worth, Texas. (Very Quietly)

PETERS, JOHN A.

18027 Wisconsin St., Detroit, Michigan

"Petey" has left us a new vocabulary: "Oogley Google, Gobble, Booble, Erk." Did that come from Detroit?



READ, HOWARD G.

1239 Center St., Oceanside, California

Read left Oceanside, Calif. alone, but is going back in double harness. Things happen so suddenly, don't they?

ROBERTSON, EWING L.

Box 5, Coachella, California

"Robby" brought his clarinet up from Indio, Calif. to help out the band. We are sure that none of his numerous girlfriends have ever heard him play. Lucky girls!

SAMEK, RICHARD P.

1796 Parkview Ave., Whiting, Indiana

"Sammy" has been our eager Flight Lieutenant. ..He came here from Whiting, Indiana and doesn't want to leave. It looks as though someone new has been added.

TILLER, CARL E.

304 S Amelia, Deland, Florida

"Junior" the Daytona Beach, Florida wit is a real credit to the flight and the band. His only weaknesses are wine, women, and one-armed bandits.



TUROVITZ, JACK

Chicago, Illinois

Jack is of another of Chicago's productions (Class B Productions) His wit (half) is strong, well-known, and not soon to be forgotten.



MOORES, PAUL A.

415 1st Ave. N., Jamestown, N. Dak.

Unofficial, and usually unreliable sources have informed us of a doubtful rumor that this Jamestown, N. D. "hot pilot," known as "Big Stretch," is eager. "Mr. Moores, are you as limp as you look?"

Almost in memoriam.

BURT B. BRYANT, Jr.

"Little Stretch has left us now, but he was an institution in Flight 30. We might say that he was Flight 30. Dallas, Pennsylvania lost a great iceman when he came into the army but he kept right on denouncing those new-fangled electric refrigerators.

THE SPOTLIGHT POINTS WITH QUESTIONABLE PRIDE



"Squadron,—ten—hut." With that familiar command 200 hundred heels clicked smartly. 100 newly-made Aviation Students "popped to."

"Left — face." 100 forms turned sharply, but 25 were facing the wrong direction. That was the incarnation of Flight 30, although our true greatness was not to be recognized for several weeks.

Flight 30 has been a very active outfit, and all eyes were turned toward us early in our history. One of our first achievements was to acquire a permanent representation on that walk in front of Campus School. "Tour Ramp" to the uninitiated.

Our academic standing has set a high standard for competition, and militarily we have always been a step ahead of everyone else. We have been on the left foot while others were on the right. Frequent challenges to other flights on the physical training field have seen Flight 30 come through undefeated. Several of our men have starred on the squadron basketball team.

For the most part, Flight 30 leaves the 346th College Training Detachment regretfully, except for the anticipation of all that is to come. We hope our ways will be remembered but not strongly imitated.



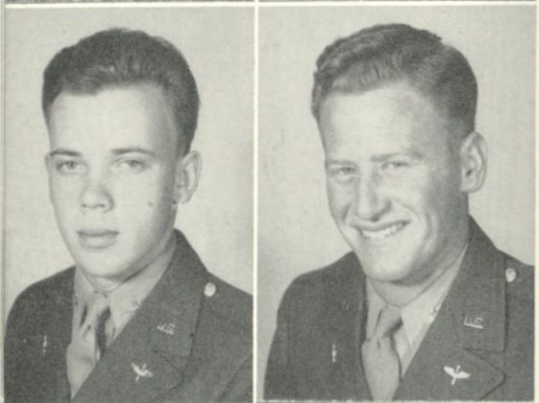
ATKINSON, H. C.
707 Jeffries St., Fayetteville, N. C.
"Sho-Nuff"—Eager but much too bashful. Favorite song—"Old Black Joe," and Spirit of '76.

BARNES, R. W.
Box 82, Norphlet, Ark.
Human Cannonball. Eager as hell but just not appreciated.
Favorite saying, "blow it."



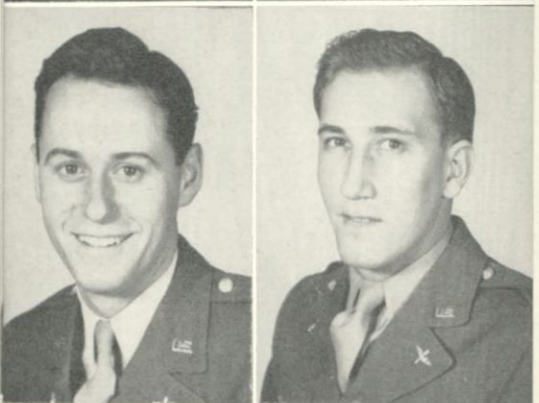
BLANK, C. W.
1625 Roosevelt Rd., Chicago, Illinois.
"Royal Louie". Lover — Daddy of all the little "sharp" Cadets.
Favorite song, "I don't want to walk without you."

BUSSICK, E. W.
5857 Saloma Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Bi(Shady)A—Missouri's contribution to Fargoan culture;
Favorite Song—"She's from Missouri".



CARLSON, P. G.
8949 So. Elizabeth St., Chicago, Illinois
"Obstinate" — Caused roommates to paint line down middle of floor.
Favorite gripe, "No letter today."

CHERRY, H. M.
Brooks Ave., Madison, Tenn.
"Lovesick"—Wonder where he bought the hair dye—Came up from the ranks — Real watch dog of the dining hall—Favorite song, "Wait For Me Alice."



CORSON, W. A.
209 E. 18 St., Cheyenne, Wyoming
"Wild Bill"—Must have a sharp line. Would rather talk to a cowboy than women. Favorite song, "Give Me My Boots And Rattles."

DeVOLDER, R. L.
1135 N. Johnson, South Bend, Indiana
"Frenchy" — At least he has Notre Dame. Marital status very doubtful. South Bend's contribution to Brooklyn.



FAGG, H. A.
Route 7, Winston Salem, N. C.
"Uncle Harvey" — March of Times brother, Waste of Time. The man who can stand at attention for a long time.

GOODSON, F. L.
2220 Rutland, Huston, Texas
"Pappy"—The only one who knows where Texas is located. Sure would like to get Latorra set up as the "Senior Sacker."

KAPUSTA, J. S.
91 Fairview, Campbell, Ohio
"Blackie" — Brooklyn linguist — Knows all about steel mills — Favorite expression — "Dis, dat, dem, dose."

KOCH, W. G.
205 W. 4th St., Frankfort, Kan.
"Abused" — Flt. 31 bouncer, chaplain, etc: — Wonders what state that Kansas is in — Favorite slogan * * * "I'll write a military letter!"

LaTORRA, R. A.
1714 11th Ave., Greeley, Colorado
"The Lover" — Really can bust a "bronk" — Most arrogant women hater in the flight. — Favorite saying, "Well I'll be dipped."

McCLURE, R. Y.
1104 N. Main St., Darnbanelle, Arkansas.
"Giggy" — Peoples pal at all times. You may not like him here, in Preflight, in Primary, or ever!! — Favorite expression is, "Steady men."

MORRISON, G. W.
512½ 4th St., Huntington, West Va.
"Strippy" — Classroom commentator. Favorite expression, "Every knock is a boost."

PIETTE, N. L.
519 E. Glendale, Appleton, Wisconsin
"Rulle's Boy" — The humbug kid. Likes to get along with the boys. Favorite song hit, "Nobody Loves Me — But Russ."

RICE, T.
R.R. No. 2, c/o Chas. O'Harrow, Oshkosh, Wisconsin
"Tom Collins" — One of the gold dust twins — Can quote the name of any bartender in town. Favorite Saying — "Sighted Quart, Drank Same."

ROBB, J. W.
712 12 Ave. So., Nampa, Idaho
"Baldy" — Favorite expression — "Did you see any of my friends, sober?"

SCHNELLE, C. W.
3625 Jacob St., Wheeling, West Virginia.
"Esqimo Kid" — Loves to aggravate McClure — Drill happy. Favorite Song — "Carry Me Back to West Virginny."

SIMONS, S.
53 Elm St., Lynn, Mass.
"Old Sarge" — Cavalier with a Boston accent — Lynn had a lot of shoe factories so they sent one of their soles to M.S.T.C.





TAYLOR, G. E.

Route 2, Box 11-F, Pampa, Texas

"Tex" — Oklahoma's contribution to Texas. Favorite saying, "Which one shall I marry." Song he adores, "Deep in the Heart of Texas."

VANDER KLEY, M. P.

1154 So. Burdick St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

"Dutchie" — Kochs campaigner, foremost exponent of the sleeping position of attention, "It's my clothes."



WALKER, G. M.

309 Pleasant St., San Marcos, Texas

"Sick Call Kid" — Senior member of the "Sackers." Favorite song, "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder."

ZARWELL, F. B.

1159 W. 68th St., Los Angeles, California

"Bison Fred" — The more cultured half of the Gold Dust Twins. Favorite slogan, "Take it away, I'll buy Bonds!!"

ADAMS, BERNARD M.
811 Temple St., Hinton, W. Va.
Ambition—To finish walking tours.

ANDRIST, EARL W.
1317 Troost, Kansas City, Mo.
Claims to know more card tricks than Houdini.

BRAND, ROBERT J.
Yeln, Washington
Wants to be a tail gunner on a Cub.

BROSIUS, HENRY C.
6.7 East Main St., Marion Va.
A chow line commentator with hot news about St. Johns Hospital.

BRYANT, HOMER M.
Big Island, Va.
Loves to be called a hot pilot.

CAUTHEN, JOHN K.
MacBee, South Carolina
Likes to break plate glass windows to hear the glass tinkle.

CRITZER, ERNEST W.
122 Smith Ave., Mt. Disco, New York
Wants to marry a debutante and swing from a chandelier in church.

ETZKORN, DONALD J.
Forest Park, St. Louis, Mo.
Would like to sleep through a reveille formation.

FEETHAM, WILLIAM F.
Seahurst, Washington
"Slugger" — Has a dread for whistles, and wants to become an archery expert.

FLATT, DAVID W.
Osceola, Indiana
What a combination — Likes pickles and has dreams of running a dude ranch.





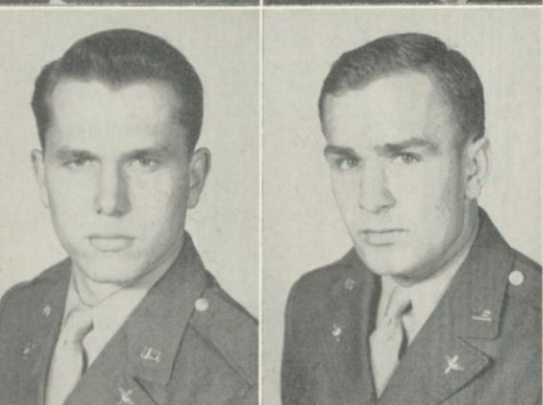
GARCIA, RICHARD C.
159 W. 62nd St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Reputation of being the "sweater boy of Flight 32."

GOLDMAN, ROBERT O.
5841 Phillips Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Excels in eating, sleeping and other such strenuous activities.



KAUFMAN, MANLEY
2024 18th Ave., Minneapolis, Minnesota
Wants a furlough of six months twice a year.

KUNROD, THOMAS A.
176 Washington St., Freeland, Pa.
"Geronimo" — Could find something interesting to do even if it was at Sheppard Field.



LITTLEFIELD, MARSHAL L.
2925 East indent St., Tucson, Ariz.
Ambition — To make a 9g dive from the top bunk.

PARKER, CLINTON A.
224 6th St., Moultrie, Georgia
The chaplain of the Fighting 32nd. Wants to go to sleep under a Georgia Cypress tree for the next five years.



PLANT, JOHN R.
6459 S. Green St., Chicago, Illinois
Wants to get married and likes to play football and swim.

RASMUSSEN, RAYMOND J.
Kaimuki, Honolulu, Hawaii
"Jimmie" — Camera fiend — Favorite saying, "You ain't a woofing."



RIECKS, GERALD L.
Mapleton, Iowa
Psychology is his aim in life. A great photographer — he says!

SCANLON, E. C.
RFD No. 33, South Port, Conn.
Wants to be a multi-billionaire and live in a penthouse.

STAPLETON, DON R.
2305 Garfield Ave., Terre Haute, Indiana
"Dugan" — Favorite habitat is the mess hall.

STEVENS, HENRY A.
2353A Lemon Ave., Long Beach, California
Ambition — *To raise some little second looey's. A famous boxer and holder of many titles in Texas.*

TIRMAN, JOSEPH
2422 64th St., Brooklyn, New York
Would like to be a civilian and spend a lot of money.

THOMPSON, MYRON
Rt. 1, Waco, Georgia
Wants to retire young. — Hates puny breakfasts.

VOITLÉ, HOWARD F.
125 14th St., Wheeling, W. Va.
"Generalissimo" — Head of the *"Faction"* and chief of the *"Sackers."*



"THE FIGHTING 32nd"

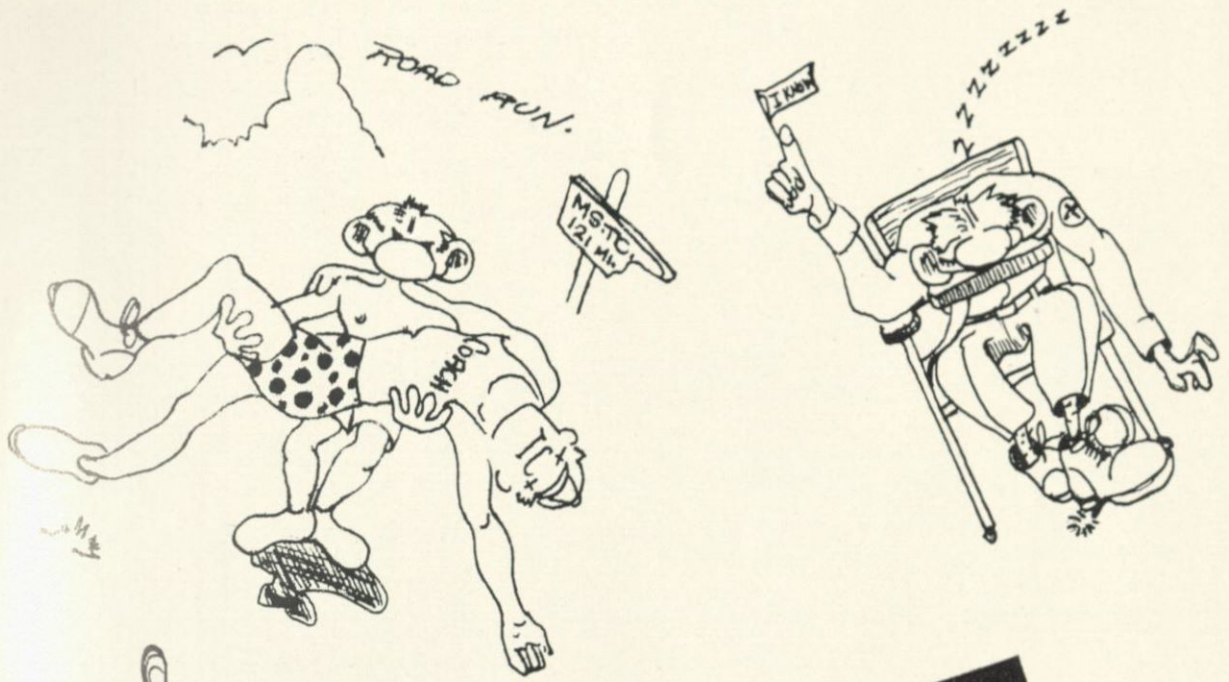
In writing the history of any flight the writer attempts to show only its good points. The 32nd is not a perfect organization, but it's the best flight in this detachment. Now that everyone agrees that we are the best, let's get down to business. Our group was formed July 25th, and its personnel is basically the same. Ah, the personnel. Therein lies the story of its success. The blending of mellowness, spirit, and humor.

The top man in the outfit is Mr. Gig Critzer. He admits it is a full time job, but he really likes it. We sweated out physics, math, and Monday morning hangovers. We bend the elbow, bow the waist, and shoot the bull. Now we are going to the part of the work we like most — flying. Most of the gang want to be hot pilots.

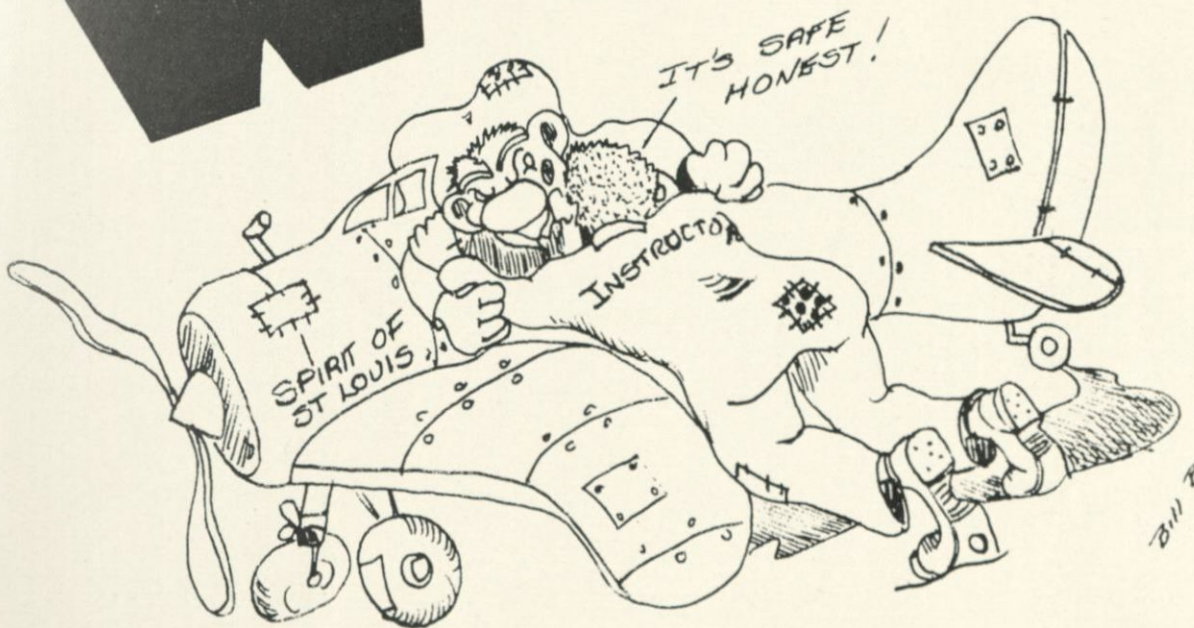
There is nothing unusual in our activities, our desires, ambitions and work but the difference is in the fact that we do them better. Among our most distinguished member is General Voitle, chief of the faction. All of our members are good "Sackers", having over 500 hours to their credit. Then there are our newlyweds, Tex Stevens, Joe Tirman, and Dick Garcia. Our cause is identical to the training program here, and our background conforms to the regulations of Aviation Students. We think that the personnel of flight 32 is the best of any flight here and because of this fact we became what is now known as the "Fighting 32nd."

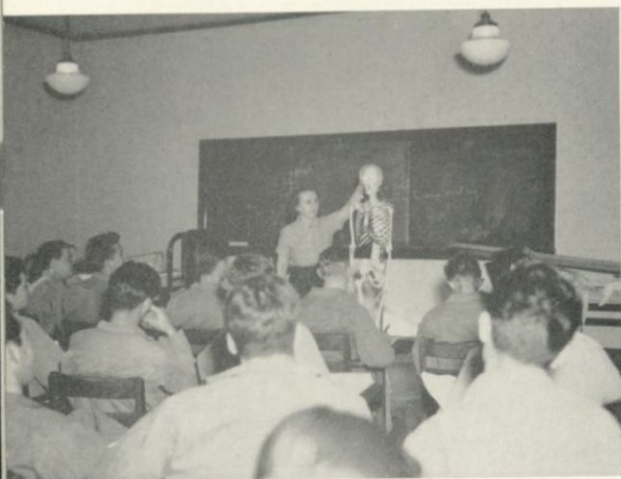
Of all the eight squadrons that went through this school thus far, none have accomplished what we have. We can truthfully say that we have done a good job by the fact that for the first 12 weeks we were here, we were honor squadron for nine of those weeks. We are really proud of our squadron leaders for inspiring us towards this goal, which will surely set a record that will be hard to be beaten. Being honor squadron week after week was the results of hard work on the drill field and every man in Squadron Eight carries that pride with him.

As a student at this Detachment, the training we received was invaluable, and the like of which cannot be purchased anywhere. To be a pilot, navigator, or bombardier, means an extensive training program ahead and unless you are prepared for this training, well, it's no use trying.



Wow!





CLASSES

Our academic training here is preparatory to one of the proudest and hardest struggles in the service, therefore it must be and is conducted in a strict academic and military style.

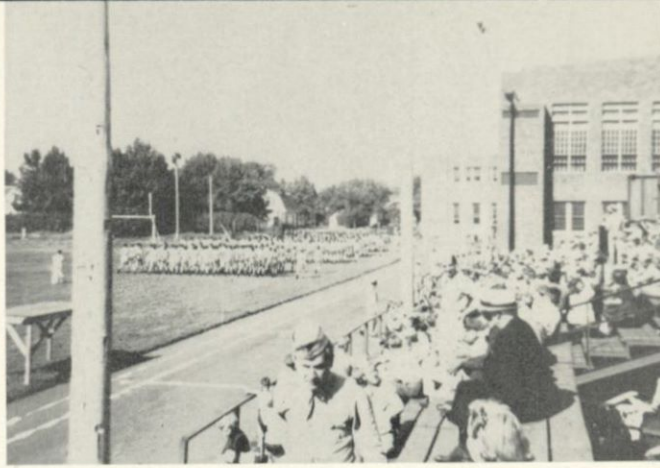
P. T.

At 40,000 ft. a man who is not physically fit is apt to feel the effects of the altitude. The training program at this detachment is so designed as to put the men in the best physical condition possible. Long road runs, ranger tactics, calisthenics, and swimming are a definite progressive means to this end.



THE DETACHMENT BAND

Growing from an idea suggested by the commanding officer, the detachment band has developed into an organization of approximately fifty men. In addition the drum and bugle corps is used as a smaller marching unit. The band commander is Mr. Joseph W. Butcher, and the lieutenant of the drum and bugle corps is Mr. Paul G. Carlson.



CADET DAY

As in all active and prosperous organizations which have celebrations to awaken public interest in them, M.S.T.C. Detachment held a similar activity on August 14. There were many reasons behind this move and the main one was to promote a mutual feeling of good will between the citizens of Moorhead and Fargo and the Cadets at this detachment. The secondary motives were to recruit men for the Aviation Cadet Training program, and to bring into a more closer union the other C.T.D.'s in this area.

Captain Bazata, our commanding officer, invited two other detachments from Jamestown, N. D., and Grand Forks, N. D., to participate. In the best of spirit, they sent their best athletes here for the all day exhibition.

It turned out to be a very bright and sunny day, and an excellent one for all the sporting events to be run off in the best of style. Our first event was a mass calisthenics demonstration before the crowded stadium, showing the people the rigid exercises the cadets go through to get, and keep in condition for flying. After seeing this physical training program I'm sure the people understand why a soldier can stand the strain of army life, and be as healthy as he is.

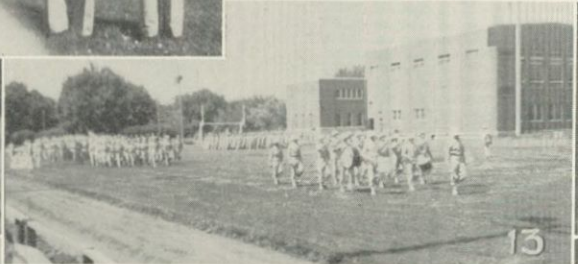
The pride of the Air Forces P.T. department are its obstacle courses. They enjoy the reputation of making them as tough as any in the country. To show the people that it is much harder than it looks, six husky men donned battle dress, and with rifles slung on their backs, ran the course in double time. At the finish line they caught their breath, and then "fought" their way down the "battle-field" in extended order drill. If the people could have seen their skinned knees and elbows when the "battle" was over they would have realized more, just what the boys go through.

Immediately following the P.T. section of the days program the big sport event came up, the track meet! Some great runners showed their talents, and, if a little more time had been spent in training for the meet, there's no doubt that a few records would have been broken. Everyone had quite a thrill out of the close quarter mile relay when three men were straining to get ahead of each other all the way around. The final statistics showed that the 346th came out with four firsts out of five events.

The big event of the day was the parade through downtown Moorhead. With the band leading the military formation, it moved off the campus towards the business section of Moorhead, where crowds of people lined the streets viewing the smart military procession as it made its way up the main street of town. It was a very impressive sight to watch as the cadets, with their heads proudly in the air, marched by the crowds of citizens, singing the beautiful Army Air Corps song. As the stirring parade faded out of sight the people were left with the impression that the cadets at "M.S." were receiving the highest quality of military discipline and training possible in the new modern army.

The climax of the great day came with the street dance in downtown Moorhead with music provided by the M.S.T.C. swing band.

Thus we ended a perfect day, one which we'll remember for a long time as the "big event" during our stay at Moorhead.



1. "The detachment's guiding star"
2. The most popular period of the day
3. Leisure time (33.99 99/100 seconds)
4. "Every heart beats true"
5. Our heros!
6. Pass in Review
7. Just before the battle Mother
8. 'Til we meet again
9. When day is done
10. Embraceable you
11. Elves, or should we call them Brownies?
12. But gentle men, it's so simple
13. "Very fine, very swell"
14. Big dog and pups
15. Dress right, dress (wot? on fifty bucks a month?)
16. And the band played on
17. "Sunday, Monday and Always"
18. Let's get those heads cuts!
19. "Ye Gods!"
20. Sharpies
21. Millard gets around (the easy way)
22. Spirit of Flight 30
23. What is this thing called Biancucci?
24. Where is Strong heart?



THE MEN OF THE CINDER PATH

Squadron 8 is very proud of its men who participated in the track meet on Cadet Day, the 14th of August. With hard and diligent work these men accomplished the ultimate goal for which they had worked so hard; that of displaying themselves in better form and condition than the two visiting Detachment teams by defeating them in the big event of the day.

The teams from the Jamestown and Grand Forks detachments furnished the competition for the day and good competition it was.

The eventful schedule was composed of four relay teams. The 440 yd. relay, 880 yd. relay, the mile relay, and the medley relay, and Squadron 8 was well represented in each of them. Of the four men from Squadron 8 who participated in these relays two of them were on both the 440 and 880 relay and the other two were on the mile and medley relays.

A/S D. L. Sledge, A/S R. H. Johnston, A/S C. A. Parker, and A/S F. M. Calhoun are four members of our Squadron to whom we owe a great deal of thanks for their unceasing efforts to attain this victory. Mr. Sledge and Mr. Parker were members of the 440 and 880 relay teams which were both victorious, while Mr. Johnson and Mr. Calhoun were both on the mile and the medley relay teams. Out of the four exciting relays held that day, the MSTC detachment teams won three of them. Our cindermen, considering the facts of a job well done, have put away their "spikes" until they may be called upon again to render another similar service.

Someday perhaps, these very same men may be called on to perform, once again, as they did on this memorable Cadet Day; and it is without the slightest doubt that just as in this day just passed, these members of Squadron 8 will perform in the same manner as they previously have.

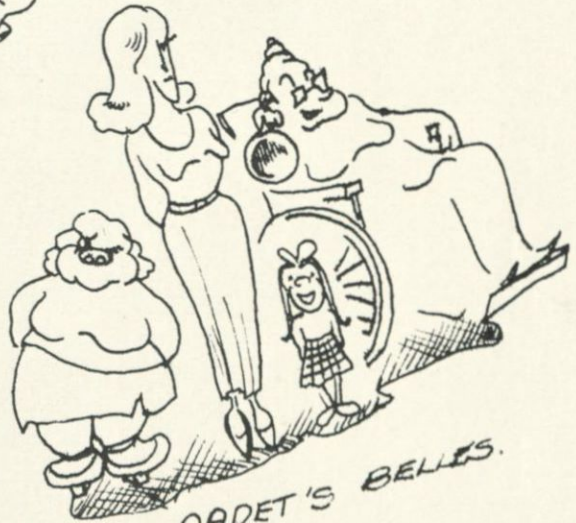
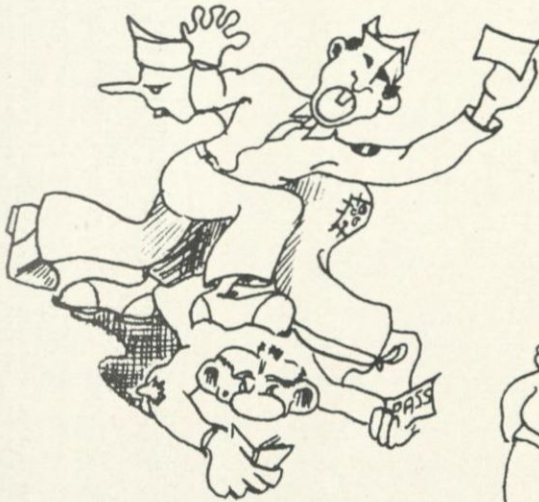
There is a tensing moment as they line up on the track. Slowly the starter says, "Runners to your mark — get set — go!" And then they are off, in a powerful surge of speed, each doing his best, and striving to accomplish the "one" purpose—"Victory." And as they go down the cinder path into the turn, around the back stretch and into the finish; so will they go thru the path of life; each doing his best for his team and his Country.

We are proud to say, "That these men are merely an example of the spirit, ability, and incentive that is an ever present element around and among the members of Squadron 8.



POLLAR

OPEN POST.



CADET'S BELLES.



1. We've all served time here
2. All that meat and no potatoes.
3. Poor excuses for medical excuses
4. Mr. Bryant in action
5. Here, you name it
6. Reminiscent of Dextrous Al and beautiful Anita
7. Mr. Morrison and friends
8. Squadron Eight is triumphant again
9. Everything closes at Midnite
10. Scene of pleasant memories for Squadron Eight
11. The Spirits of 346
12. Junior Birdmen
13. "Pardon me, you look just like Margie."
14. Who put the overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder?
15. Fargo Fashions
16. Home of la Petite lounge
17. Five Cadets on parade
18. After P.T. (Physical Torture)
19. Can this be moon love?
20. Old Soaks
21. Third door on the left
22. "Did your Mother come from Ireland?"
23. Men of the Aquarium Bar, the three pickled herring
24. The only dancing in Moorhead



CADET BALL



On the night of Tuesday, October 5th, in the Elk's Club Ballroom, Fargo, North Dakota, the 346th C.T.D. experienced their first Cadet Ball.

Of all of the memories we take with us, probably the most vivid will be those of the ball. In the ballroom of the Elk's Club we remember the large propellor and wing insignia hanging above the bandstand on the velvet backdrop, and the palms banked around the band. And we certainly cannot forget the other end of the ballroom, the small tables, the quiet laughter, and maybe a Tom Collins or two. We danced, we listened to the fine music by Jack Gillig and his band, and we danced again. We remember the pleased look on the Captain's face when he saw the fun and enjoyment we were having, for in his face reflected the thoughts of each and every one of his men. And surely we remember the young ladies; our own and our best friend's date whose dresses, long and flowing, were accentuated by corsages of roses or gardenias. We remember how fast the time went, how soon the evening came to an end.

With these memories, and the realization that a new activity has been inaugurated; we leave with the hope that there will be many more Cadet balls in the future.

TO THE PEOPLE OF MOORHEAD AND FARGO



We members of Squadron Eight who have now completed our training at this detachment, will leave with a warm feeling in our hearts for the citizens of Moorhead and Fargo. We came to this Detachment unknown to the residents of these communities, men from all branches of the army, and were received with hospitality and a spirit of friendliness that we shall never forget.

We were taken into their churches, clubs, civic organizations and even private homes and were treated as if we were their own. Parties, dinners, and various activities were planned for our entertainment and enjoyment. This has truly been one of our most happy military assignments and one that will long be remembered and cherished by each man.

It is when men are treated such as we have been treated by the people of Moorhead and Fargo that the true meaning of the phrase "Worth Fighting For" is fully understood.

A PILOT'S PRAYER



Dear God, Whose mighty hand did make
The things I see below,
Help me to guide this ship of mine
In paths where she should go.

Give us each day, a clear, clear sky,
True winds to lift the wings,
Make each flight safe for those who fly
And each home safely bring.

Make me to know, the starry blue
Is somehow shared with Thee.
Dear God I feel so close to You
Up here where clouds fly free.

And when at last, The Great Dive comes
Let me not then forget
That Thou wilt take the Stick for me,
And be my Pilot yet.