

The Guidon

346th College Training Detachment

---

10-1943

## The Guidon, Squadron 8, October (1943)

346th College Training Detachment

Follow this and additional works at: <https://red.mnstate.edu/guidon>



Part of the [Military History Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

Researchers wishing to request an accessible version of this PDF may [complete this form](#).

---

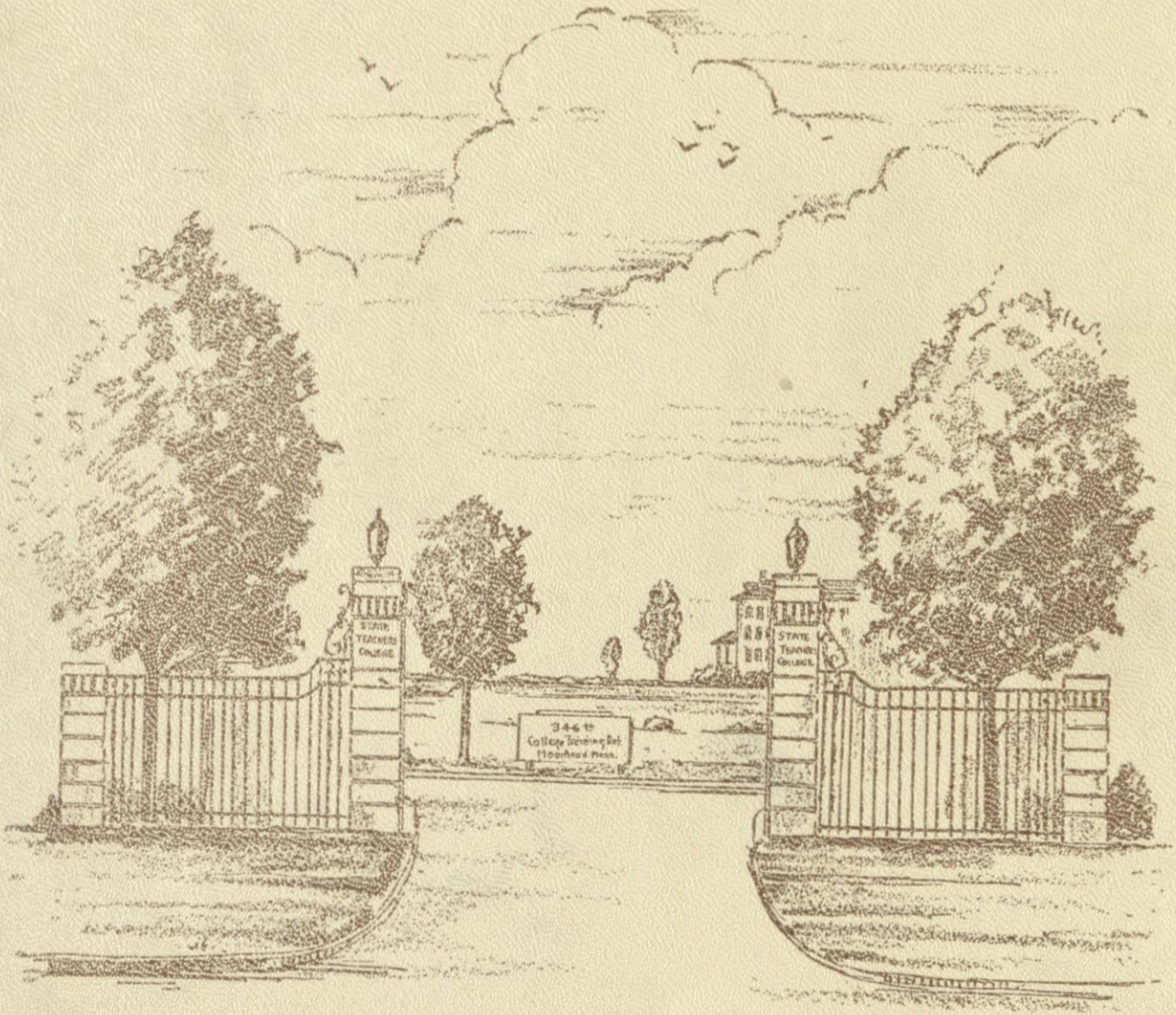
### Recommended Citation

346th College Training Detachment, "The Guidon, Squadron 8, October (1943)" (1943). *The Guidon*. 7.  
<https://red.mnstate.edu/guidon/7>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the 346th College Training Detachment at RED: a Repository of Digital Collections. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Guidon by an authorized administrator of RED: a Repository of Digital Collections. For more information, please contact [RED@mnstate.edu](mailto:RED@mnstate.edu).

The:—

# COLUMBIAN



• OCTOBER - 1943 •



# The Guidon



346th College Training Detachment



SQUADRON 7



Moorhead State Teachers College

Moorhead

Minnesota



## GUIDON STAFF

---

OFFICER IN CHARGE .....	Carl D. Peterson, 2nd Lt., A.C.
EDITOR IN CHIEF .....	A/S Carter R. Harrison
MANAGING EDITOR .....	A/S Robert E. Dowd
ASSOCIATE EDITOR .....	A/S William N. Kestner
ART EDITORS .....	{ A/S Howard L. Lewis A/S John P. Grieves
CIRCULATION MANAGER .....	A/S Robert W. Berta
PHOTOGRAPHERS .....	{ A/S Logan E. Martin A/S David D. Katz
WRITERS .....	{ A/S George W. Farr A/S Howard L. Lewis A/S Walter Fair
SPECIAL ASSISTANCE TO GUIDON STAFF .....	{ A/S Andrew W. Goodwin A/S Howard E. Hamlin A/S Marvin A. Emerson A/S Paul G. Crockett



## MILITARY ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF

---

Group Commander  
*Jacques R. Lemaesquier*  
A/S First Captain

Group Plans & Training Officer  
*Alvin D. Honse, A/S Captain*

Group Adjutant  
*George W. Morrison, A/S Captain*

Group Supply Officer  
*Joe D. Boraiko, A/S Captain*

Squadron Commander  
*Hewitt G. Hehir, A/S Captain*

Squadron Adjutant  
*Walter M. Foster, A/S Captain*





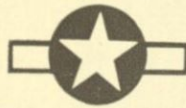
## Dedication . . .

*Captain Arthur J. Bazata*

Far faster than the planes we fly, fourteen weeks of study, drill, physical conditioning, flying, and indoctrination have come and gone. All this work has borne the stamp of master guidance by our esteemed commanding officer, Captain Arthur J. Bazata. We were eager to come; and we were proud to be the Eager Beavers while here. Now we are eager to move on—confident that his tireless efforts and the challenge of his colorful personality will not have been in vain.



346th COLLEGE TRAINING DETACHMENT



STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE  
Moorhead, Minnesota

9 October 1943

SUBJECT: You and Your Training.

TO : Squadron Commander, Squadron 7.

1. Your squadron of aviation students has most satisfactorily completed another phase of its training. In consequence thereof, you have our sincere congratulations and best wishes for your continued success in the service of your country.

2. In addition to your academic instruction, physical conditioning, flying training and military drill and indoctrination, all officers, instructors and authorities associated with this training project have coordinated their plans and directed their efforts in further developing and training you as self disciplined soldiers, honorable potential officers of our armed forces and true patriots of our great country.

3. Your application to this training has been extraordinary. We join you in your own justified confidence that you are leaving as well trained aviation students fully prepared and equipped to take on more difficult training and greater responsibilities in the schedule for victory.

/s/ Arthur J. Bazata  
/t/ ARTHUR J. BAZATA,  
Captain Air Corps,  
Commanding.

1st Ind.

GC

HDQ, Squadron 7, 346th Colg Trng Det (A), 9 Oct 43.

TO : Commanding Officer, 346th Colg Trng Det (A).

1. Noted.

2. Request that you convey to you, your staff, and participating civilians our gratefulness for their unstinting efforts in our behalf. We stand pledged to make good and to justify your every confidence in us.

For the Squadron Commander:

/s/ Walter M. Foster  
/t/ WALTER M. FOSTER,  
A/S Captain,  
Squadron Adjutant.



# OFFICERS

## 346th College Training Detachment



R. G. Hargrave  
1st Lt. Air Corps  
Executive Officer



Carl D. Peterson  
2nd Lt. Air Corps  
Director of Military Training



Robert F. Gay  
2nd Lt. Air Corps  
Adjutant



F. G. MacQuesten  
2nd Lt. Air Corps  
Tactical Officer





O. W. Snarr

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

Office of the President

MOORHEAD, MINNESOTA

October 7, 1943

A/S Squadron Commander,  
Squadron 7,  
346th College Training Detachment.

For the faculty and administration of the College, I wish to express to the students of Squadron 7 appreciation for the intelligent manner in which they have conducted themselves on the campus and in the community. They have earned for themselves the respect of the faculty of the College and of the citizens of Moorhead and Fargo. Students of the detachment, I know, have developed a loyalty to the College commensurate with that of the regular students; and in preparation for the important and hazardous task that lies ahead, the students, faculty, and the administrative staff will continue to co-operate whole-heartedly in the program of the Army Air Forces.

O. W. SNARR  
President

346th COLLEGE TRAINING DETACHMENT

Moorhead, Minnesota

Squadron 7

GC/cdp

The President,  
State Teachers College  
Moorhead, Minnesota.

Oct. 9, 1943

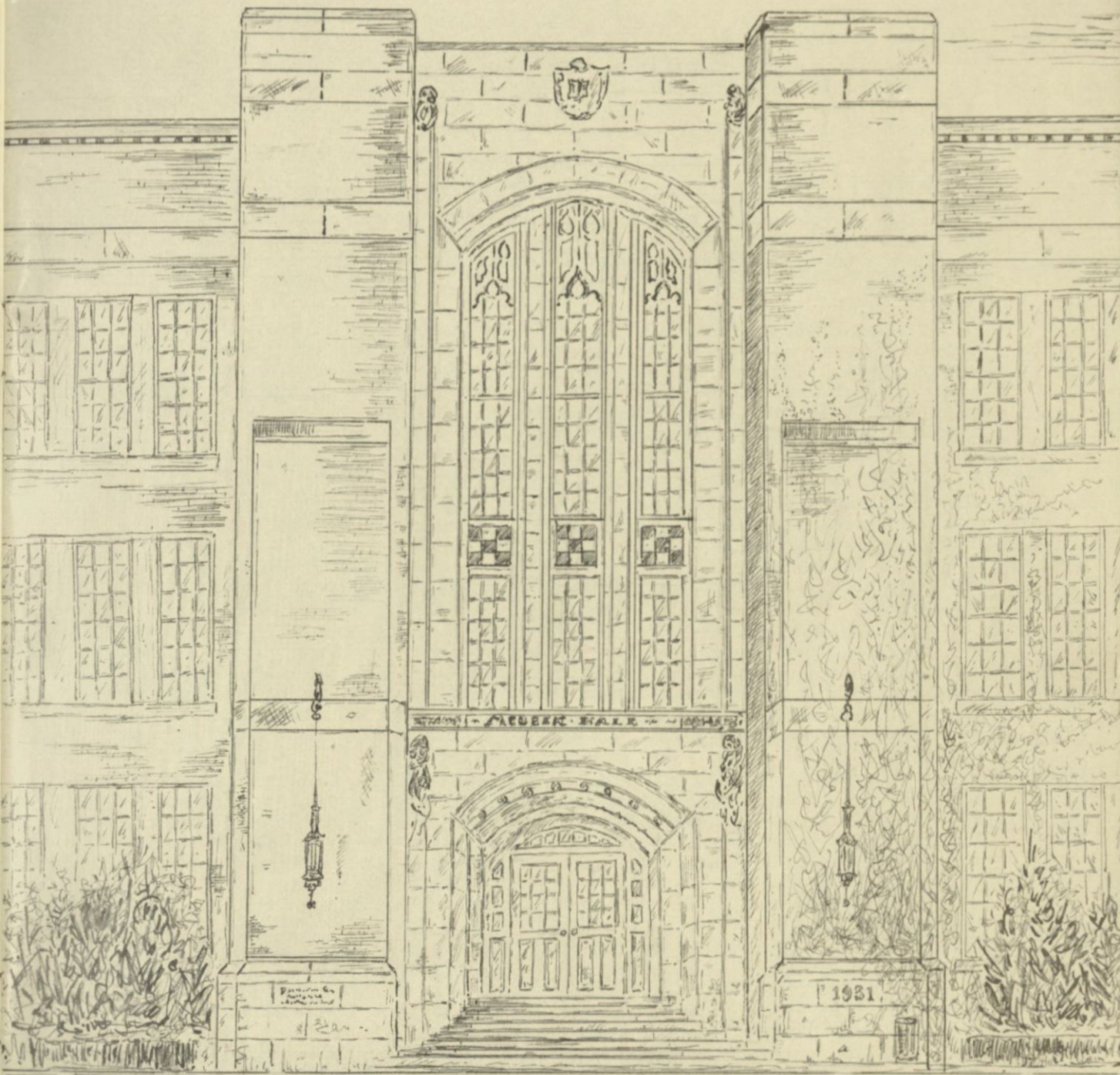
Dear Mr. President:

For the members of Squadron 7, let me convey a "thank you" to the administration and faculty of Moorhead State Teachers College for the many courtesies shown us. Through your understanding of our academic difficulties, your efficient method of instruction, and your sympathetic friendliness, we were able to grasp what at first seemed to be hopelessly bewildering academic training.

Our final method of expressing appreciation will be in the reports you will receive, due to learning the fundamentals here, that we have learned our final assignments well and have "delivered the goods".

/T/ HEWITT G. HEHIR  
A/S Captain  
Squadron Commander





MACLEAN HALL



Dear Mom—

We had given up hope of its ever happening, but believe me the first day of July, 1943, will forever be remembered. Sergeant Goecker read out the orders very plainly, and there was no mistake that our group of a hundred stalwart, but beaten down, individuals was all set for its long-awaited departure.

I think, Mom, we've got a pretty eager bunch—they seem to be looking forward to this idea of a college campus, ivied walls, a dormitory in place of a hutment and such things as an occasional pretty face to help erase the memory of those twenty-eight miserable days. I'm inclined to believe that the boys were pretty tired of life in a reception center, a little disgruntled with their post graduate course in K.P., fed up with Goecker's whistle, sick of the look at that devastating drill field, sick of Biloxi humidity, two mile chow lines and other typical unpleasantries. Without a doubt, we were all ready for a change.

We survived a typical "G.I." send-off with plenty of barracks bags weighing mightily on a hundred pairs of shoulders, and then of course the many strange, agonized expressions so characteristic of these painful experiences . . . I guess the barracks bag is one part of Army life which forever will be ingrained on our memories, without mention of the fact that our visionary dream of some comfortable pullmans suddenly translated itself into the grim reality of antediluvian day coaches.

Nevertheless, no one seemed to give our plight any exaggerated consideration, for the important fact remained that we were saying our last farewells to Keesler Field—dismayed perhaps, but still exuberant over the thought that the days which lay ahead promised everything. It was evident that as a unified group of men we were viewing our new opportunity with a keen desire for success—a certain unmistakable pride was manifest in the expression of each and every one. I think perhaps it was the birth of a new hope, and spirit, and promise, and certainly an apt preliminary to a different epoch of Army life. We were soon to be Cadets!

And so Independence Day in Moorhead found us as a group of black, unshaven men, liberated from the confines of our three day prison—two Pennsylvania Railroad coaches! At first look it would be impossible to know that we represented as diversified a group as could be found anywhere. The Infantry, Air Corps, Artillery, Quartermaster Corps and more went to make up our contingent. Tech Sergeants and privates, veterans and rookies, conscientious lads and "goldbricks", all had been gathered together and welded into one unit.

With the exception of the southern boys, going north had been the dream of the squadron, and even the drudgery which characterized the journey could not dampen our spirit as the train puffed across the Mason-Dixon line. We'll never forget Evansville, that first stop in a northern state, when tired, hungry, and sweaty our enthusiasm was revived by generous offerings of food, milk, magazines and some cheerfulness when it was most needed. But Chicago is another highlight which will always stand out. It was only a forty minute liberty, but, make no mistake, the lads with parched throats put it to excellent use.

Trying to sleep on a day coach when twenty poker and blackjack games are in progress is no picnic, but at the same time one can't exist forever without shut-eye—even if it necessitates stretching out on the middle of the train aisle. However, the announcement of our midnight arrival in St. Paul was sufficient to arouse all the deadly ones, and once more the Red Cross came through in grand style. The chance to get washed, shaved and really cleaned up was all that anyone could hope for, but the opportunity to sleep in a clean bunk exceeded our highest expectations. Nevertheless, the tale goes that anybody who chose sleep in preference to a night out in St. Paul made a serious error.

The following morning found the lads in various moods, but with grime and stubbel mostly gone they made a fairly respectable appearance gathered on the station platform. Once again, Moorhead bound, they came forth in song, much to the satisfaction of the assembled crowd who thought this traveling "glee club" was certainly one of the finest!!

Yes, Mom, I really feel we've got a swell outfit and it's going to make a name for itself wherever we end up.





## BIRTH OF THE BEAVER



We weren't a very impressive spectacle when we piled out of the railroad day coach with our barracks bags. To Captain Bazata and the other officers we must have looked like a group of casualties from the front, with soot-encrusted faces wearing expressions of unutterable weariness.

But when we marched through that front gate, every one of us, from the gold-bricks upward, were feeling eager. This was the place where we were going to spend the next few months. And lying at ease on the cool green grass, with the sand of Keesler still in our hair, it looked very good indeed. These were the officers whom we would be under and this was the post whose regulations we would be bumping our shins upon. With barracks assigned, we conducted the usual quiz program among the A/S's who'd done a little time here. "The officers are decent fellows." "The post regulations? A breeze." "Why Joe, this is a country club, a rest home. Believe me, you'll like it here."

And we did like it. But changes were made just after our arrival that drastically altered the so called country club atmosphere. Captain Bazata, determined to establish a detachment on a strictly military basis in the shortest possible time, inaugurated the "supercharged demerit system". Flight Lieutenants were assessed six daily gigs to distribute among the members of their flights. We found ourselves "popping-to" and freezing rigidly at attention when officers entered a room, and student officers rated our salute. It went against the grain a bit when Tech Sergeants had to throw a highball to PFCs' and the threat of having to walk ramp on Sunday, when the rest of the detachment was off post, reached the bitter dregs.

All of these unpleasant things we did, and we must have done them well, for almost the first day after our arrival we rated the title of "Eager Beavers", and it stuck!

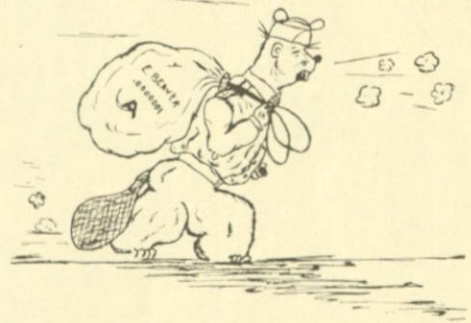
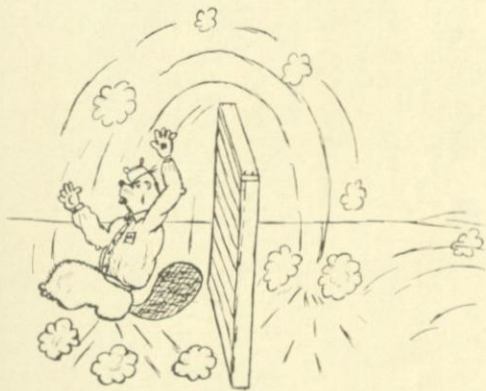
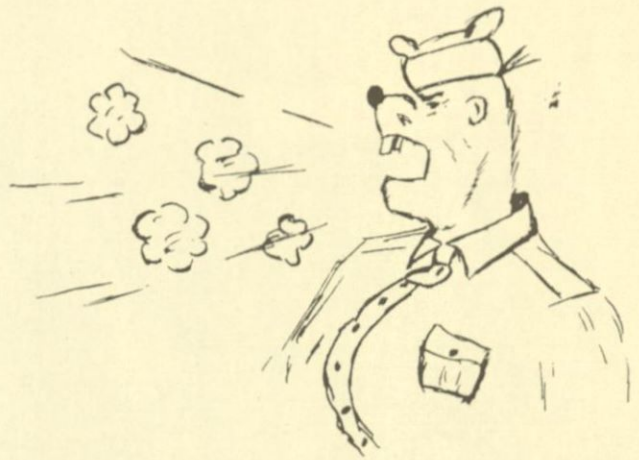
If some things were unpleasant, we certainly found much that was otherwise. To take a shower after PT seems a matter of course now. But during those first few days, hot water, with soap and towels furnished, seemed pure luxury. Our food was far better than the "GI" fare to which we were accustomed, and our quarters seemed hotel rooms compared to their Keesler Field equivalents.

And these were by no means the least of the pleasant features we found in our reception to Fargo and Moorhead. For most of us, this was the first place we'd chanced upon where skirts outnumbered uniforms. It couldn't be said that the girls exactly whistled, but nevertheless this seemed to be a splendid place to pass our weekends.

So this was the way we started life at Moorhead with plenty of work to keep us occupied, but an abundance of enthusiasm with which to accomplish it.



# SQUADRON 7









## EAGER BEAVERS "PREFERRED"



With the advent of the Beaver, life at the 346th took on a new meaning. The various squadron commanders looked aghast as this newcomer who, with unparalleled zeal, would wrest himself from bed and wildly dash to meet his daily 0600 formation. In fact it was debatable how the Beaver was going to be accepted. Bursting with ideas and enthusiasm, he had rather adopted the 346th as his own—it was to him a natural habitat, the very place where a pent-up ambition could unleash itself. New life had seemingly been breathed into the whole atmosphere, and Captain Bazata could be seen looking with considerable pride upon the newcomer's potentialities.

There was no doubt of the Beaver's ability on the parade grounds, or of his desire to be military; but, more than this, he had the fervor to make himself an integral part of the detachment. A new variety of songs, hitherto unknown in these parts, was introduced and quickly taken up by the entire group. In fact, the Beaver could always be identified: singing with gusto, he led the way on those memorable occasions when the entire group would march through the streets of Moorhead or Fargo, proud to be on parade, and demonstrating to the townsfolk that the 346th was a military detachment boasting of soldiers as well as aviation students.

Unquestionably the Beaver had been instrumental in cooperating with this transformation, and he reacted with the same eagerness to every new proposal. The enlargement of the Military Band and its praiseworthy accomplishments were in no small measure due to his faithful and determined nature, the same being true of the Drum and Bugle Corps. In like manner, he responded wholeheartedly when a Glee Club was in the making. No one could doubt the ambition of this fellow. However, what seemed more important was the fact that he usually carried out his boasts, and every accomplishment was worth while.

The Beaver was riding high, and with satisfaction he was achieving a few of those purposes for which he had set out. Usually subject to too much criticism on the part of the other squadrons, he was, nevertheless, quite generally recognized as the one to whom they were indebted for such undertakings as the drill team; and it was he who was largely accountable for the noteworthy track victory over Jamestown and Grand Forks, without mention of the fact that when the 346th most needed a baseball team it was again the Beaver who came to the fore.

In granting credit where credit is due it is only right to say that the Beaver was doing a good job, but naturally with no intention of ever becoming self-satisfied. Whether in the class room, PT formation, or standing parade, he put forth his best efforts as consistently as he knew how—not so much for recognition's sake as out of justice to himself and the detachment. Praise to the Beaver—may his memory never fade!



## LEMARESQUIER'S FOLLY



'Twas on a merry morning in the month of August. Townsfolk in both Moorhead and Fargo were more surprised than pleased to see the Aviation Students marching by in their fatigues. This was on a Friday and characters such as these were usually to be found in the class room. The men of the 346th were engaging in an activity dear to the hearts of all GIs—an invigorating expedition.

Earlier in the morning flight 28 had been sent out to act as the enemy. Somewhere along the way they were to entrench themselves and await attack. After an uninterrupted march to the southern extremities of Fargo, the group found out how it feels when the enemy has control of the air! Two Cubs from the airport made a series of mock, low-level bombing and strafing attacks. Even the little Cubs gave one an uncertain feeling when they zoomed less than eight feet over the ditches in which the men were prone. With a little imagination one could visualize heavily armed fighters roaring over, their streams of bullets kicking up patches of dust from the dirt road.

The column at last made contact with the enemy at 1221. After a brief council of the student officers, the main body of men moved into position to storm in force the front of the heavily fortified peninsula. Both flanks and the rear were protected by the bend of the river. Two commando units of picked men swam across it and placed themselves in a position ready to recross and attack either flank.

Tensely the men awaited the zero hour. At the silent signal of their flight lieutenants, they rose and stole forward like noiseless grey shadows, faces taut with fatigue. Somewhere in this tangle of trees and heavy undergrowth lurked an intelligent and deadly enemy. Somewhere—their thoughts were interrupted by the strident notes of a hep version of "The American Patrol." Incredulous glances were exchanged. The cautious advance broke into a wild charge. Troops converged on the 346th swing band and the detachment truck graced with Sergeant Wienstien and lunch bags. Demonstrating their ability to cope quickly with altered circumstances, the warriors fell to with a will. While sandwiches and cold drinks disappeared with remarkable speed, the commandos related their perilous adventures.

One of the two groups had encountered real trouble in making their second crossing. Shoes and leggings made swimming very difficult. One of their party had an attack of cramps half way across and obviously wasn't going to make it; however, his swimming partner managed to keep both of them afloat until some of the others could come out and facilitate the rescue. The coolheadedness of everyone concerned probably prevented a disaster. When the commando unit reported in, another member wasn't accounted for. It was thought for a time that he might have been missing in action, but further investigation found him faithfully guarding the invasion barge.

The battle was over, lunch had been devoured, and what had at first seemed a catastrophe had become a hilarious adventure at Mr. Kase's expense. There was nothing left to do but return home. The usual menial tasks which accompany GI maneuvers were taken care of and off tramped the tired combatants. The hoard was given a break on the outskirts of Fargo and descended with the fury of Lemaesquier on a small store in the immediate vicinity. Soda pop, ice cream, candy and the like disappeared with remarkable rapidity so that in no time at all the supply was exhausted, and the group turned its attention to a number of young inquisitive lads who sought the reason for this mass invasion. Needless to say, the fertile imaginations of the men from the 346th supplied the awe-stricken inquirers with tales of gory adventures on far flung battlefields. The command to "fall in" put an end to these activities and the outfit moved down the road and around the bend, marking "finis" to another phase of the aircrew training in which the Beaver had dominated.



## 'GIGADIER BRENDELES'



The proud father of the squadron, "After all, men" Heacock has, in addition to a splendid record for pavement pounding, established himself as a song master of the first order, especially in the field of conducting hymns.

Holder of the sick call record, sailor extraordinaire, inventor of the amazing Gates system for solving physics problems, an outspoken (even at attention) champion of the truth as he sees it, Pop Gates is best known as the man who always has an answer—before the question is asked.

The only man in his flight who can change cadence twice in one step, Larry "He isn't crippled, he just walks that way" Braunstein's most frequent remark in the latrine—"Did you see the babe I was with —?"

A native of the deep south with an accent to match, a champion tour walker in his own right, a buckler of chow lines par excellence, Greer has attained reknown chiefly as an advocate of prohibition.

Norvell "Ignorance is" Bliss, the hep cat of Flight 27, who is most often heard singing "I want a big fat Momma", is remembered for his phenomenal reach at the table and his brilliant work at "cinching" servings.

The cassanova from Scranton, Pa., the only "on the ball" 8 ball, Lieutenant "I came up through the ranks myself" Conboy, is the only student officer who made his men **buy** his bull whip.

First Sergeant extraordinary, progenitor of the oscillating salute, 'Red' Fair's chief claims of fame are his beautific reactions to the cups and his "Allouette".

A denison of the Bronx, tail-gunner Kase, who always stands on his right and protests a gig, has talents in many directions, including an enormous capacity for water from the Red River, and an amazing ability in turning in an incorrect report.

Killelea, who has managed to get into more jams than virtually anybody we know, comments that this wasn't the way we did it in the infantry and says he wouldn't like it even if it was good.

This New Yorker, the last man to a formation, easily among our ten best, tourist, and cross country enthusiast, is the only person in military history who takes ten minutes to double time past a given point. Introducing Paul Gerber.

The navigating bombardier, Bill "Just changing rank" Drummond, is most often heard inquiring "What time does the balloon go up"?

Eagerest of them all, gifted with a voice that can stun a healthy bull at twenty paces and render the simplest statement incomprehensible at twenty-five, Jacques "Take a gig, Mister" Lemaesquier will be remembered as the man to whom perfection was just a beginning.











## BY ORDER OF CAPTAIN BAZATA!



"When you meet an officer in the hall,  
You'll 'pop to' one and all,  
By Order Of . . . Captain BAZATA!

"When you rise for reveille in the morn,  
You'll run before the dawn is born  
By Order Of . . . Captain BAZATA!"

"By Order of Captain Bazata" What a familiar phrase; Familiar enough, in fact, to have had several of the boys "compose that little ditty, with innumerable additional verses.

But why shouldn't it attract all this attention? Wasn't that the backbone of the effort to produce an excellent military organization? Wasn't that the keystone in making the 346th College Training Detachment the "sharpest outfit in the Air Corps?" Nearly every document pertaining to the aviation student activities on the MSTC campus was neatly graced by that official phrase.

At 0630 the bugle was blown "By Order Of Captain Bazata", and the double timing soon after was necessitated by the same order. Reveille completed, orders have the men marching to chow at a cadence of 128. Here square corners and a formal atmosphere are a great aid to indigestion.

And so, on through the day the men of the 346th carry on in a manner prescribed "By Order of Captain Bazata." Address instructors as "sir", don't smoke except in barracks, march at attention at all times, drill with a wooden piece, double time to all formations, hats off on the first step, shoes shined, brass polished—all these, and more, have been integrated into the training program by that cogent directive.

Greater emphasis was placed on the military aspects of the air crew college training so that it was not long before a "sharp" exhibition of marching could be anticipated on the Saturday parades. When the group adjutant concludes the announcement of the detail for the day by bellowing forth "By Order of Captain Bazata", he voices the order that is responsible for the snap and precision with which the rest of the review is executed.

For a while it had been customary to take life easy, sit back and enjoy a respite from "GI" customs, but letters from the fellows who had gone on, cautioned the A/S's that they were in for a rude awakening. The transformation from college campus life to cadet regulations had stunned the graduates of the 346th. And they wanted others to profit from their experience.

The advent of the new program found the men grappling with the revised regulations. One order prohibited smoking on the campus, another installed a guard mount, and there was a time when even the most authoritative of the group officers was uncertain as to where to place his cadet patch; but, knowing the reasons for the "shape-up," the men (especially the Beaver) accepted the change . . . "By Order of Captain Bazata". The aviation students on the MSTC campus applied themselves to their tasks and so far no one has challenged the statement that the 346th CTD is "The Sharpest Outfit in the Air Corps."



## CASTOR-PHOBIA



Jacques Lemaesquier had taken it upon himself to serve as chief diagnostician and veterinarian in general. It was quite apparent that the Beaver was displaying signs of sluggishness which some thought to be a chronic stomach disorder—"fed up," is perhaps the expression—while others were quite positive it was a phony sort of sickness resulting from the improper mental attitude. Whatever the basic reason, it was true that on several occasions the Beaver was guilty of fitful and unpleasant spells, which at length was the cause of his being taken into Weld Hall for a thorough check-up. It was thought he could spill his venom freely and come forth from this clinical operation completely purged. Perhaps the happy, characteristic nature could be restored, and his ambition revived.

It was a memorable occasion when the Beaver was thus put on display for an examination seemingly much worse than a sixty-four. At the first the doctors had tried a little pampering to pull him out of his lethargic state, but this having failed they had resorted to medicine of the most potent variety. The effect had been toxic, and the Beaver rebellious! Dr. Lemaesquier was confronted with an unruly patient, who, he realized to be going through a critical stage of its career. The Beaver had to be relieved of its poisonous condition or fatality would certainly result. Everyone knew that such an outstanding specie of animal, who had always before displayed an eagerness of spirit and unmistakable unity was deserving of the finest treatment. There was no alternative—the Beaver had to pull through his crisis!

Nevertheless, it was apparent that our patient in question was not going to remain quiescent long enough for any careful looking-over, particularly when there, in full view and seated on the platform in front of him were, to his way of thinking, the very causes of his distress. With a bitter offensive of vitriol and sarcasm, name-calling and profanity, the Beaver sounded off in all his fury. Already he seemed to be feeling better, although a trifle unsteady. It was quite plain that the medicine had been dealt out in heavy doses on several occasions, and perhaps unwisely, which undoubtedly had been the cause of the Beaver's having forfeited his sense of humor in a surge of self pity. He felt himself to have been severely wronged, so he gave vent to his thoughts accordingly, and not without offense. Never before had the Beaver demonstrated such a forthright attitude, and whether right or wrong, its courage had to be admired on the occasion of this unadvertised meeting.

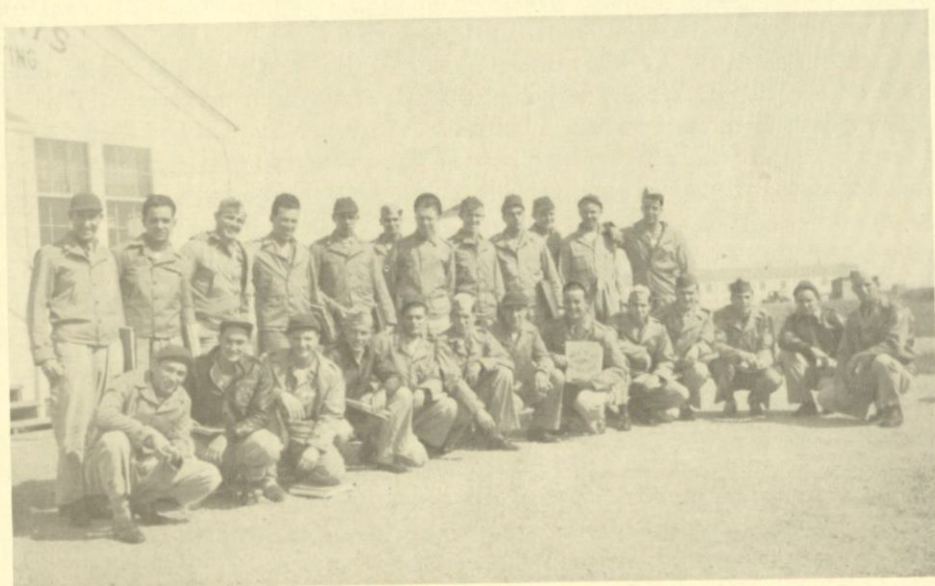
The debacle came to a rather abrupt ending, but not without an effort to reestablish the unity which had long been ours and to prescribe the proper remedies. The doctor was stern in his dealings and the Beaver was made to sit up and become mindful of his affliction. All bedside manners were dispensed with, but now that the Beaver actually felt the Doctor did understand his malady, he was ready to intrust the matter of his recovery entirely to him. Nobody had pulled any punches—the diagnosis had proved satisfactory, and patient and doctor had reached a common understanding, not only in pertaining to the Beaver's present illness but to all future infirmities. All doubt was removed as to whether the patient would survive and, moreover, it was felt that his recovery could be immediate. Perhaps the Beaver was a trifle groggy upon emerging from the Weld Hall Clinic, but nevertheless, he had his chin up feeling that a great load was off his chest and that brighter days would certainly be his again.



FLIGHT 25

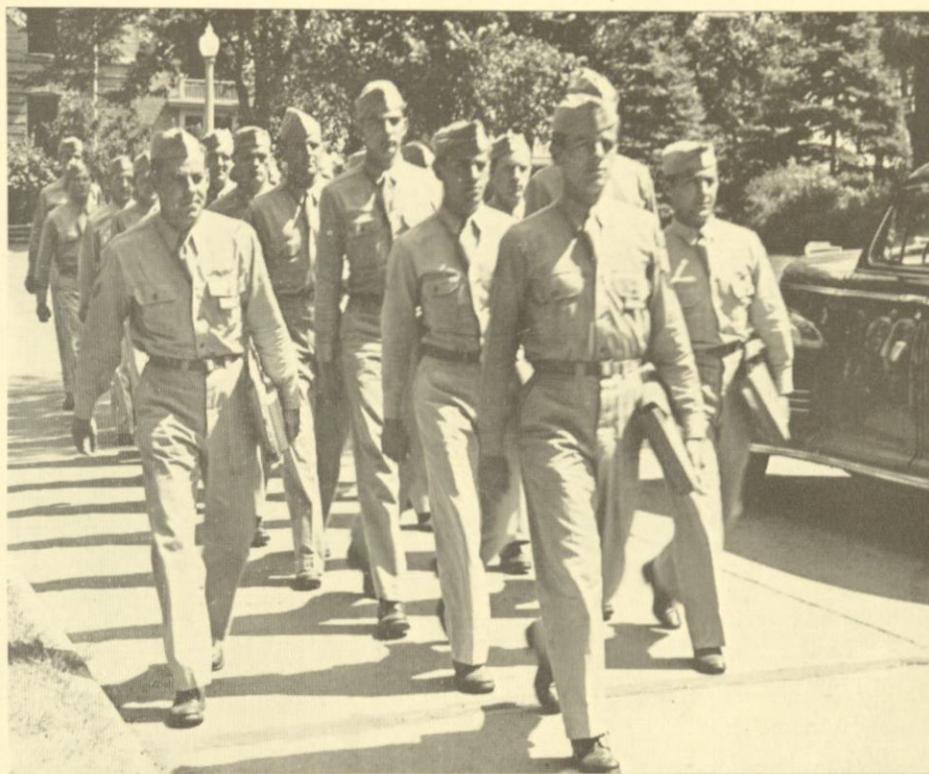


FLIGHT 26





FLIGHT 27



FLIGHT 28





# ELECTIONS



It has occurred to us, as we leave Moorhead, that some disposition of our excellent pieces must be made, assuming, of course, that they are ours to dispose. We have therefore, conducted a questionnaire among members of Squadron 7 concerning destiny of our cellulose Springfields, with the following suggestions having been made.

Ganetos—I've had my use of it — now, I don't care.

Hehir—Squadron Commanders don't get pieces.

Batley—I don't know — I forgot where I laid it.

Essaf—Sharpen it up for some very special use.

McElroy—I think I'll take mine along with me, simply for sentimental reasons.

Joe Footlocker—It's pretty well knocked up; I think I'll just destroy it.

Crocket—I'd like to see if it will burn.

Katz—I have had a lot of fun with mine, so now I'll leave it for the other boys.

Gates—Who me? I don't have any, but I know where I can get one if I want it.

Gnath—I'm keeping mine until I can get some toothpicks to fire.

Foor—Sgt. Weinstein has already spoken for mine.



It is only natural that among this large group of men certain individuals should stand head and shoulders above the rest in particular fields. We have conducted an impartial ballot to determine some of these outstanding characters and take genuine pleasure in tabulating the results below.

The most promising aerial gunner—

Killelea-landslide, Heacock-20, Graybill-16.

The man to drop the biggest load over Tokyo—

Drummond-35, Boraiko-25, Harrison-20.

The outstanding latrine commander at Santa Ana—

Honse-55, Fox-30, Hehir-14.

The man with the fondest memories of Moorhead—

Gerber-35, Goodwin-30, Braunstein-23.

The Lord High Beaver—

Lemaresquier-47, Buckalew-46.





## MERRY WIVES OF MOORHEAD



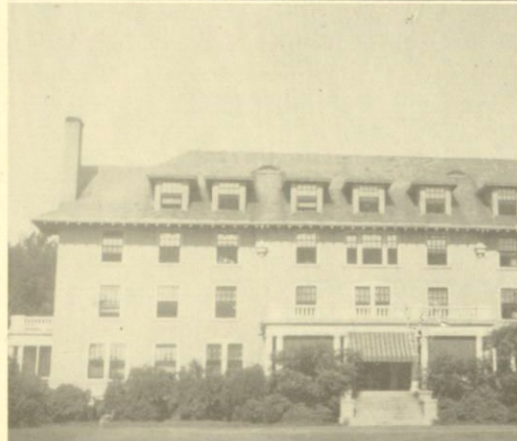
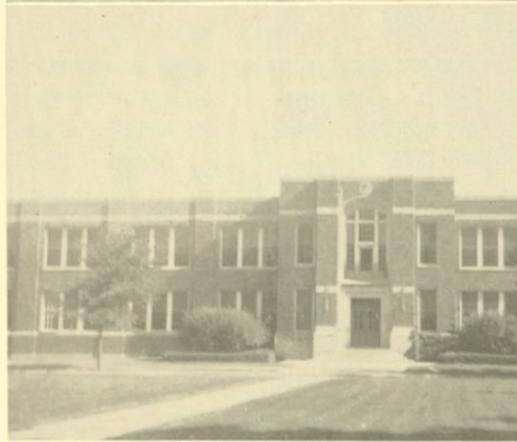
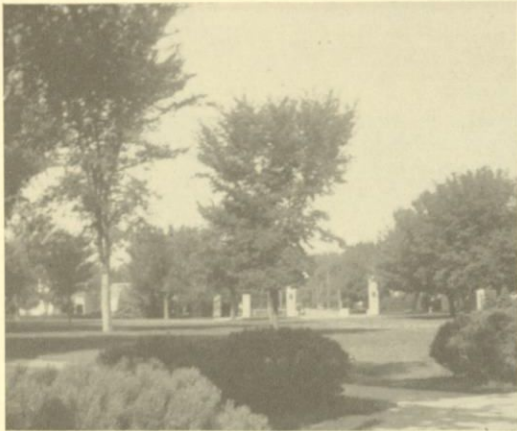
Now that our stay in the North Country is over maybe we are safe in expressing how we, as wives of "Eager Beavers" found the 346th C T D. In all seriousness our experience in Moorhead has been fun, in spite of a few of those necessary restrictions which we've had to contend with. You know we, as well as the students, look forward to the week-ends—and of course the open post, or campus night, on Wednesday evenings has been a real life-saver. Without this privilege the wives would have been a mighty forlorn lot. Numerous hours over the week-ends have been spent for our aviation students cooking in the way that "Mama cooks at home". No harm in trying, is there boys? Anyway, we think we've been exceptionally fine wives, and have aided the morale effort in no small measure. We eagerly watched each Saturday afternoon parade and always showed the greatest delight when Squadron "7" would win the honors for the week. Remember how many times the Beaver did win!

Mention should also be made of the fact that the people in Moorhead and Fargo have been particular hospitable. Quite a few of our group have been invited into private homes, and the Service Wives League of Fargo has been especially kind.

In closing we wish to say that the 346th is one of the finest. From all reports the students get the best of training — academic, military and flying—so we're glad our husbands are having this opportunity.

It's been nice knowing you students, but now that "Uncle" has given moving orders, it's "California here we come" for us as well. Hope to see you soon in the wild and woolly West. Until then . . . "Keep 'Em Flying"!







## BRUISED, BATTERED, AND BEWILDERED



It was a bright sunny day in mid July when the Beaver donned his PT uniform and ambled leisurely out onto the athletic field for the first time. After all, having spent 28 days at Keesler Field where drilling, tumbling, running, and jumping obstacle courses were taken in full stride, and where the temperature, it seemed, seldom dropped below 100 in the shade, an hour of PT at the Minnesota "country club" would certainly be of little concern to the already hardened and thoroughly seasoned Beaver.

However, the false illusion was soon shattered, for two minutes later, almost before we had had time to take a deep breath, we found ourselves, led by the coach, double-timing across the plains of northern Minnesota at a pace never before experienced by even the more athletic members of the group. Now it was customary on such occasions even at Keesler Field to grant breaks at regular intervals at which time a person might attempt to recuperate to some extent, but it soon became quite apparent that such was not to be the case at the 346th. In fact, it was not until the Beaver was badly beaten and in a state of complete confusion by this war of attrition that the command "quick time" was given. It was a bewildered, demoralized, and hopelessly incapacitated Beaver that staggered into the showers, completely disheartened by the coach's final remarks that he had given us a break that first day.

The following afternoon found the Beaver in a less exuberant state of mind and harboring the greatest respect for the coach and his colleagues. Although badly battered and bruised, he managed, by hanging onto the ropes, to weather the storm of the second day's procedure, which consisted of several hundred push-ups and pull-ups, terminated by the obstacles course—that ingenious system of fences, barricades, pits, and ladders, of the most insurmountable variety. It was only with the greatest effort, manifested by the realization that the prestige and honor of the group was at stake, that the Beaver came through at all.

As time passed, however, the Beaver became more and more accustomed to this sort of daily treatment, and before long he was making noticeable strides in overcoming his inaptitudes along this line. The four mile runs, which formerly had constituted the most critical problem, had become a mere matter of routine, while "Calijumpics" and the obstacle course were almost pleasurable. The development of this sturdy character was further exemplified in the 346th track meet held Moorhead Cadet Day. Aided no little by the stubborn and unrelenting Beaver, the 346th dealt blow after blow against their worthy opponents from Grand Forks, and Jamestown, administering to them a most decisive defeat.

With the changing seasons the hardy Beaver turned his attention to basket ball and although a finely organized and perfectly coordinated team is something extremely difficult to develop, the group came along rapidly and was capable of giving the keenest competition to the rival squadrons.

It took considerable time and effort to transpose the lethargic and phlegmatic Beaver into a tough, well-coordinated example of Army efficiency, but it has been accomplished, the hard way we confess, but accomplished nevertheless.



# OH WHAT A LIFE!

★

MONDAY MORNING—TIME 0629

The Beaver is hibernating. He is dreaming peacefully of the hilarious activities engaged in during the past week-end. His thoughts turn to P-39' — silver wings — the whirl of a propeller — enemy territory — a dogfight, someone's on his tail — what can he do? Nothing, because at that moment the disgusting refrain of reveille sounds. With loads of time, he lounges around enjoying complete laxity until 0631. Oh! What to do with all this free time?

He sees no reason to stay in bed any longer, so the Beaver crawls out, and with half closed eyes, body shivering from the cold air, he gropes for a uniform. Completely attired, the happy soul trips down the stairs and as soon as he emerges from the barracks, strolls to formation (On a dead run).

"Attention!" "March your men to chow!" The Beaver can't understand the necessity of all this formality just to listen to that infamous quote.

"Hut, Tup, Threep, Forp." The early morning stillness is again broken by the din of marching feet.

In the chow line, the Beaver has awakened sufficiently to attempt conversation with his neighbor. He utters a few indistinguishable phrases; then in the midst of an interesting comment, the first step leading to the mess hall is reached. His mouth is half open, but instead of completing his conversation, he stops, acquires a resigned look on his face, and at strict attention proceeds down the steps. The attractive lassies behind the serving line are conducive to breaking the silence, but the flight lieutenant glares menacingly with a "gigging" look in his eye. Eventually the Beaver will speak to the first server, perhaps the day he leaves.

Mess hall procedure is strictly adhered to during every meal. Sharp corners, attention at the table, rise, march, the Beaver's mind is mentally tortured with rules and regulations. After chow — a dash upstairs — room orderly — latrine orderly — make bed, shave, shine shoes, in 12 minutes.

How he finishes his duties, grabs his books, and tears down the stairs again no one knows. In formation the Beaver marches to class. In the classroom strict military procedure is adhered to. He is at attention until the instructor gives "Take Seats!"

Geography is a subject that should be studied only by geographers—not Cadets. The Beaver hesitantly forecasts the weather with absolutely no aid from the instructor, except that the aforementioned person gently hints as to wind direction or cloud level, with an occasional kick at the waste paper basket to show the Beaver just wherein he's making a mistake. At last the bell rings, and the Beaver marches to Mathematics. The professor casually mentions that the lesson to be taught for that day is going to be Trigonometry. He explains that, since the time is limited, only 15 minutes will be spent on that part of the course, and tomorrow there will be a final exam. Is the Beaver dismayed? NO! He takes it in stride.

Physical education is merely a routine of reawakening unused muscles running cross country daily until gradually the Beaver attains the ultimate peak of condition — he is able to double time 200 yards without a single stop.

At 1650 the Beaver has finished academic classes, and marches to the barracks, and enjoys a complete rest until 1700. The O.D.'s whistle has as ominous a sound in the afternoon as it does in the morning. "Grab your piece!"

Wooden rifles are shouldered, and the Beaver marches to the drill field. After all, what is a day in the army without close order drill? After an hour of intensive marching the completely worn-out body is ordered to chow. By the time the dinner is finished the Beaver is again cajoled into another formation, preparatory to the evening study.

At 2200 lights out, and off to bed. Each and every day the same procedure.

The Beaver exists from one week-end to the next!



## FLYING HIGH — A TYPICAL WEEKEND

The parade is over and as the Beaver marches from the dusty field his spirits are high, for the long awaited weekend is here again. For five solid days the Beaver has diligently applied himself to his academic studies, as only the Beaver could, and now his reward is at hand. Boyle's law, quadratic equations, double negatives, and Bismarck's foreign policy were all things of the past to our sturdy comrade, as he races madly up the stairs of the dormitory to replace his rifle and make the final adjustment to his person and uniform before starting out on this great escapade.

After stopping at the O.D.'s office just long enough to pick up his pass, our friend makes his way to the corner where the local bus will carry him to his destination, which almost invariably is Fargo. A rather large city, Fargo offers a more diversified form of entertainment than does most of the surrounding towns, and consequently it is the center of attraction for the majority of the aircrew students.

As the bus rolls to a stop in the center of this midwestern metropolis our Beaver steps forth and after glancing around several times as if to assure himself further that he is no longer engulfed by the academic and military atmosphere, strolls leisurely across the street and into the Bison Tavern, where, along with several of his colleagues, he has planned to spend a peaceful afternoon. Amid the congenial surroundings and homey atmosphere, our Beaver soon forgets the past and devotes himself to the more agreeable side of his career. After polishing off several block-busters our comrade becomes less mindful of transpiring events and it is not until Gertie, the barmaid calls it to his attention that he has an all important engagement that evening that he "pops to." With this reawakening, the Beaver beats a hasty retreat, for he is already one hour late; but, with a shift of scene, we again locate him and his female companion comfortably seated in the Gardner enjoying a most delicious meal. It might be explained at this point that it was only through expert diplomacy that our friend was able to appease his fair damsel, and it was only the promise of a seven course dinner that clinched the case.

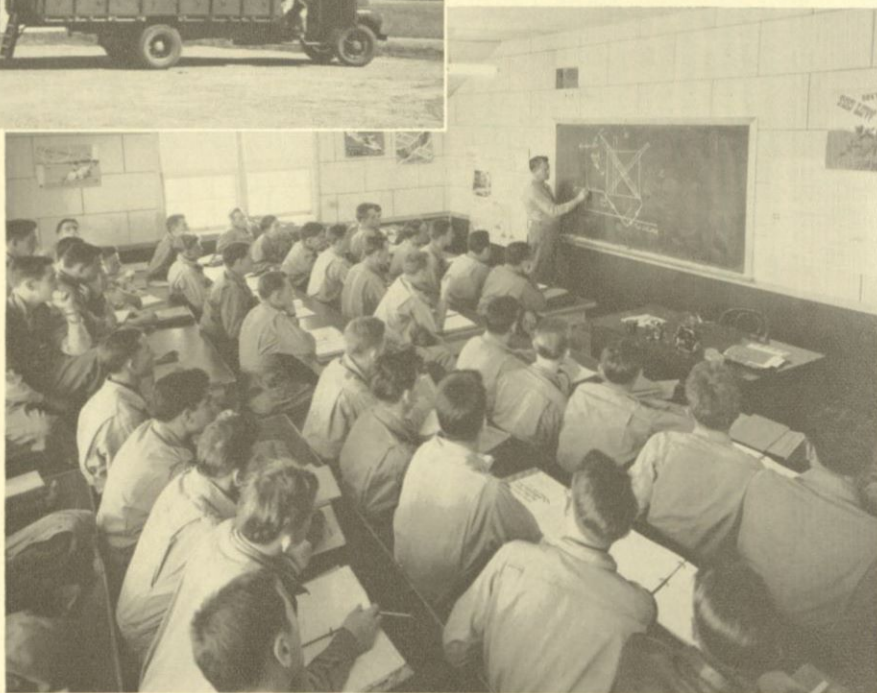
The Waldorf was next on the list and our friend was bending a heavy elbow, but incidentally, getting plenty of competition from his date, who was holding a most decided lead, when suddenly through the smoke and haze emerged a group of fellow inebriates. The Merry-Go-Round being their destination, he soon found himself in a taxi and on the way to this colorful night spot, the whereabouts of his fair companion being furthest from his mind.

Now the Beaver is not altogether oblivious of conventionalities; in fact you can sometimes detect in his expression a certain shamefulness, indicative of his realization that the forsaken date is probably quite panicky. With firm decision to return to the Waldorf scene, he finds that Mabel was last observed heading down First Street with a hoard of Wahpeton sailors. Oh well, the matter of his girl is relatively unimportant so long as one can "level off" at the Bison, in complete attunement with the atmosphere which that place affords.

But deciding to turn homeward, the Beaver guides his controls in his exhilarated mood towards the Aquarium, where he goes into a series of stalls, nevertheless accomplishing quite well the Blue Room's rectangular course. However, at this point he feels that a forced landing may be necessary to avoid a critical spin, so with numerous "S" turns, the vacillating Beaver makes a 45° approach to the 346th runway, circles, and effects a remarkable power landing—in the O.D.'s office with no assistance.

The Beaver is thoroughly satisfied with the evening's activities, but not so anticipative of the following Monday when, in all likelihood, he'll find himself subject to a "check flight" in the Captain's inner office.







## "INTO THE AIR EAGER BEAVER INTO THE AIR MEN OF FLIGHT"



A rising crescendo of singing voices reaches the ears of students at noon and evening mess.

The Beaver has passed into his final stage at the 346th. Each day two shifts of "junior birdmen" are sent on their merry way to the Fargo Airport. The transportation provided is modern, convenient, and luxurious; but if the Beaver opens both eyes he sees a canvas-topped, green truck filled to capacity with absolutely no room to move or breath. The unfortunate ones who arrive a minute late are literally squeezed into the conveyance. With numerous grunts and groans they are piled in while the driver hastily closes the rear door before the force of gravity acts on the last body to enter.

The ride through town is enjoyable to a greater or lesser extent. The Beaver looks askance at the feminine population, but not daring to whistle or howl, he finally arrives at dear old Hector Airport.

The P-39's are neatly arrayed on the flight line, and the Beaver sighs contentedly as he pictures himself at the controls. Then as his eyes move across the field, he notices the yellow Piper Cubs on the other line. He ponders heavily as to which ship he'll fly this day. However, he doesn't meditate for long before his instructor blares forth,

"Eager Beaver, let's go!"

After a few last minute instructions the Beaver signs out, picks up his chute, and nonchalantly shuffles out to the Cub. While taxiing down for a take-off, the Beaver follows diligently each and every movement of the pilot in the front seat and promptly forgets them upon their execution. This lapse of mind is due to a nervous tension which is caused by the realization of the potential horsepower interned in the engines of his powerful Cub.

Taking off, the plane climbs to stratospherical heights—500 feet. Following the traffic pattern, the Beaver flies into the wild blue yonder. The boundless, limitless sky is his own! However he is brought "back to earth" with a sharp retort from his instructor to head for the designated practice area.

After executing a shallow bank, 90° turn, 45° bank, series of turns, and climbing turns, the Beaver has a slightly exalted feeling. The instructor keeps up a continual chatter first praising, then admonishing, and finally correcting, until the mind of the pupil is completely bewildered. Nevertheless, with a maximum of effort the plane is kept under control.

Just before the instruction is finished for the day, it is decided that the Beaver should maneuver into a stall. This is definitely the wrong thing to do. A trembling hand reaches up for one brown cardboard cookie jar and - - - . After landing, the nauseated pupil walks back to the flight room, still shaking and being stared at grimly by his fellow students gathered on the field. The Beaver attends to his business in the briefing room, and marches undaunted in formation to the cafeteria where he enjoys a cup of coffee and engages in an argumentative discussion of aerobatics, women, and the approaching weekend. After a session of ground school, where the problems of flight are made more confusing, he boards the luxury liner which stands ready to transport his decrepit body back to its dwelling. Thus a day of flying is finished in the Beaver's whirling world, but his confidence remains unshaken.



## FLIGHT 25



Calhoun, Franklin M. Jr.—Seville, Fla.  
 Carder, John S.—Weat Newton, Mass.  
 Crockett, Paul G.—Grady, New Mexico.  
 Dixon, Thomas R.—4857 Dorchester Ave.  
 Chicago, Ill.  
 Eberhardt, Harry L. Jr.—Ft. Lauderdale,  
 Florida.  
 Elhai, Abraham—5810 21st Ave. Brooklyn,  
 N. Y.  
 Fair, Walter—5417 Diamond St. Philadel-  
 phia, Penna.  
 Farr, George A.—50 Bergen Blv'd Little  
 Falls, New Jersey.  
 Gendelman, Irwin—1634 Lexington Ave.  
 New York City.  
 Gerber, Paul—33 Indian Road New York  
 City.  
 Gibb, Verne L.—1716 Lane Topeka,  
 Kansas.  
 Gietz, Charles F. J. Jr.—133-19-118 St.  
 Ozone Park, New York.  
 Grady, Thomas J. Jr. — Philadelphia,  
 Penna.  
 Greer, James R.—Rosetta, Miss.  
 Hehir, Hewitt G.—Wickford, Rhode  
 Island.  
 Hurst, Vernice V.—329 N. Clifton Wichita,  
 Kansas.  
 Kaplan, Charles—123 W. Main St. Han-  
 cock, New York.  
 Kase, Kenneth — 1893 Harrison Ave.  
 Bronx, New York City.  
 Kes'ner, William N.—1112 Anderson St.  
 Bristol, Tenna.  
 Keys, Charles H.—Collins, Miss.  
 Luedke, Kenneth C.—Colony, Kansas.  
 Martin, Logan E.—Route No. 1 Salem, Ind.  
 McCabe, Bernard J.—Mt. Dora, Fla.  
 McCaffrey, Lawrence C.—81 Jerusalem  
 Ave. Hicksville, New York.  
 McElroy, James R.—Milford, Iowa.  
 Nimmich, John F.—Garden City Long  
 Island, New York.  
 Thomas, Rodger J.—Owosso, Michigan.

## FLIGHT 26



Batley, Allan L.—204 Oak St. Jersey  
 Shore, Penna.  
 Beale, John M.—“The Pines” Franklin,  
 Virginia.  
 Bedwell, James—2427 Harcourt Ave. Los  
 Angeles, Calif.  
 Berta, Robert W.—“Rolling Acres” West  
 Chester R. D. No. 2, Penna.  
 Biston, James H.—1485 Horger Ave. Allen  
 Park, Michigan.  
 Boraiko, Joe D.—B. O. No. 21 Ruskin,  
 Florida.  
 Buckalew, Robert J.—Fallsington, Pa.  
 Bush, Robert E.—8155 So. Ada St. Chicago,  
 Ill.  
 Church, Robert W.—R. D. No. 2 Mt. Ver-  
 non, Indiana.  
 DiSanto, Alexander J.—234 Godfrey St.  
 Newark, New York.  
 Dowd, Robert E.—2588 Creston Ave.  
 Bronx, New York City.  
 Ehlers, Robert W.—2320 N. Harding Ave.  
 Chicago, Ill.  
 Essaf, Louis—Lenni, Penna.  
 Fox, Fobert E.—Ogontz Manor Apts.  
 Phila., Penna.  
 Gates, Russell—3348 Willington Ave. May-  
 fair, Phila., Penna.  
 Graybill, George D.—1630 North Ross St.  
 Portland, Oregon.  
 Grieves, John P.—Lacon, Illinois.  
 Hamlin, Howard E.—351 N. 15th St. Man-  
 hattan, Kansas.  
 Harrison, Carter R.—635 West 56th St.  
 Kansas City, Missouri.  
 Horton, Irvin W.—703 Fern St. West Palm  
 Beach, Florida.  
 Hubbard, Claude H.—1112 Third St.  
 Graham, Texas.  
 Karn, Gerald E.—109 E. Henry Saline,  
 Mich.  
 Leisner, John W.—103 Spring St. Morris-  
 town, New Jersey.  
 Lewis, Howard L.—47 Locust St. Danvers,  
 Mass.  
 Massey, Archie M.—1426 S.W. 15 St.  
 Miami, Florida.  
 Meiser, Robert H.—2308 16th St. Lubbock,  
 Texas.



## FLIGHT 27



Barbaresso, Tony P.—213 Chestnut St. Elyria, Ohio.  
 Bliss, Norvel E.—Mt. Greenwood Chicago, Ill.  
 Bowen, Max R.—180 N. 9th W. Cedar City, Utah.  
 Brauer, Clemens P.—Haven, Kansas.  
 Campbell, William F.—809 Glen Terrace Chester, Penna.  
 Corney, William L.—526 Princeton Ave. Bluefield, West Va.  
 Cutler, Walter—337 N. Delaware Ave. Minersville, Penna.  
 DeBencik, Louis W. Jr.—434 E. Main St. Bound Brook, New Jersey.  
 Emerson, Marvin A.—8905 N. Van Houten St. Portland, Oregon.  
 Faurot, Billy K.—Blauntatown, Florida.  
 Foor, Harold L. — 119 Willow Ave. Altoona, Penna.  
 Fitzpatrick, Thomas A.—7915 Queen St. Wyndmoor, Penna.  
 Foster, Walter M. Jr. — 1511 Terry St. Jacksonville, Fla.  
 Goodman, Joseph C.—1832 E. 130 St. Compton, Calif.  
 Guretsky, Joseph—53 Hunnewell Ave. Elmont, New York.  
 Heacock, Cad S.—Route No. 3 Bessemer, Ala.  
 Huck, Wesley C.—Bolton Landing, New York.  
 Jefferson, Lloyd U.—205 N. 14th Ave. Hopewell, Va.  
 Jensen, Robert R.—611 Albert Lea Ave. Albert Lea, Minn.  
 Killelea, Raymond J.—5460 Greenwood Ave. Chicago, Ill.  
 Kniskern, Jacob A.—4852 Altgeld St. Chicago, Ill.  
 Landry, Edward J.—24 Elmwood Ave. Holyoke, Mass.  
 Legg, William A.—400 Madison Drive Athens, Alabama.  
 Lemaresquier, Jacques R.—1012 Summit Ave. Bronx, New York City.  
 Lemmons, John E.—860 Eustis St. Paul, Minn.

## FLIGHT 28



Bowman, Thomas S.—P. O. Box 318 Odon, Indiana.  
 Braunstein, Lyon—37 Depot St. South Easton, Mass.  
 Brown, Robert C.—514 Buffalo St. Franklin, Penna.  
 Burgess, James M. — 501 Boulevard LaGrage, Geo.  
 Burrell, Robert W.—So. Allen St. State College, Penna.  
 Busse, Arthur W.—216 Cleveland Ave. Syracuse, N. Y.  
 Conboy, John A.—827 Beech St. Scranton, Penna.  
 Davis, Robert M.—Route No. 2 Macon N. C.  
 Drummond, William J.—28 Shafter St. Boston, Mass.  
 Ehrlich, Joseph B.—New York City.  
 Flanagan, Wesley V.—Cliffside Park, New Jersey.  
 Foster, Kenneth—Craqmere Park Mahwah, New Jersey.  
 Ganetos, John—2020 N. Indiana Ave. Los Angeles, Calif.  
 Giangarra, Charles L.—2252 21st Astoria, Long Island.  
 Gnath, Carl E.—13861 Manning Detroit, Mich.  
 Goodwin, Andrew W.—1203 West Market St. Greensboro, N. C.  
 Honse, Alvin D.—R. D. No. 3 Shickshinny, Penna.  
 Hudson, Dalton B. Jr.—White Bluff, Tenn.  
 Jackowiak, Thaddeus F.—90 Alvin St. Springfield 4, Mass.  
 Katz, Dave D.—259 E. 207th St. Bronx, New York.  
 Kolba, Joseph — R. D. No. 2 Box 59 Andover, New Jersey.  
 Larson, Otto E.—Mizpah, Minn.  
 Linde, Arlyn F.—Fond du Lac, Wis.  
 Lynch, Dewey E.—Tower Hill, Ill.  
 Mayes, Robert F.—Fleischmanns, New York.

Three former members of Sqdn. 7 who have proceeded us to Santa Ana:

Burke, Fredrick C.—33 Lauriston St. Providence, Rhode Island.  
 Connolly, Joseph P. Jr.—Kenilworth Ave. Norwood, Ohio.  
 Hendricks, William T.—Inverness, Miss.



## SO LONG BEAVER

★

So long Beaver! There's a lot of work still to be done, but somehow it seems certain that you'll have no trouble in handling it. There's apparently nothing that you can't do if you really want to. Remember how the Honor Squadron ribbons graced your guidon for five successive weeks, and how your basketball team snapped back from a stinging defeat to win the next encounters quite handily. Obstacle after obstacle went by the wayside when you put forth a determined effort. For a while the usual Beaver desire for perfection was lacking and there was a marked decrease in the quality of your performances. It was during this siege of laxity that most of those 40, 50, and 60 tour records were set. However, as soon as the defect was corrected, there was no doubt that the Beaver once again reigned supreme.

Santa Ana should not be too difficult a milestone for you; neither should any phase of cadet training. You're physically fit, mentally alert and full of fun, the perfect combination for successful flyers. If the usual Beaver tenacity is carried on nothing can ever stop you.



