

1944

## The Guidon, Squadron 11

346th College Training Detachment

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# THE GUIDON SQUADRON 11





SQUADRON 11 GUIDON  
346th College Training Detachment  
Moorhead State Teachers College  
Moorhead, Minnesota



R. G. HARGRAVE  
1st Lt. Air Corps



CARL D. PETERSON  
1st Lt. Air Corps



CAPTAIN A. J. BAZATA

ROBERT F. GAY  
2nd Lt. Air Corps



F. G. MacQUESTEN  
2nd Lt. Air Corps.



## OUR OFFICERS

Out of the Pacific, out of Europe filters back the saga of American soldiers — of their stamina, their efficiency and discipline in the crises of battle. It is a saga made possible in part by the men who direct military training back in the states.

The contribution of the 346 CTDs commissioned officers is evident. Using their social and military understanding for the benefit of the men they have done their best to build esprit de corps and quality in the men of the cadet corps.

These things we take with us upon leaving the post, with the intention that they shall not rust in our barracks bags.



## DEDICATION

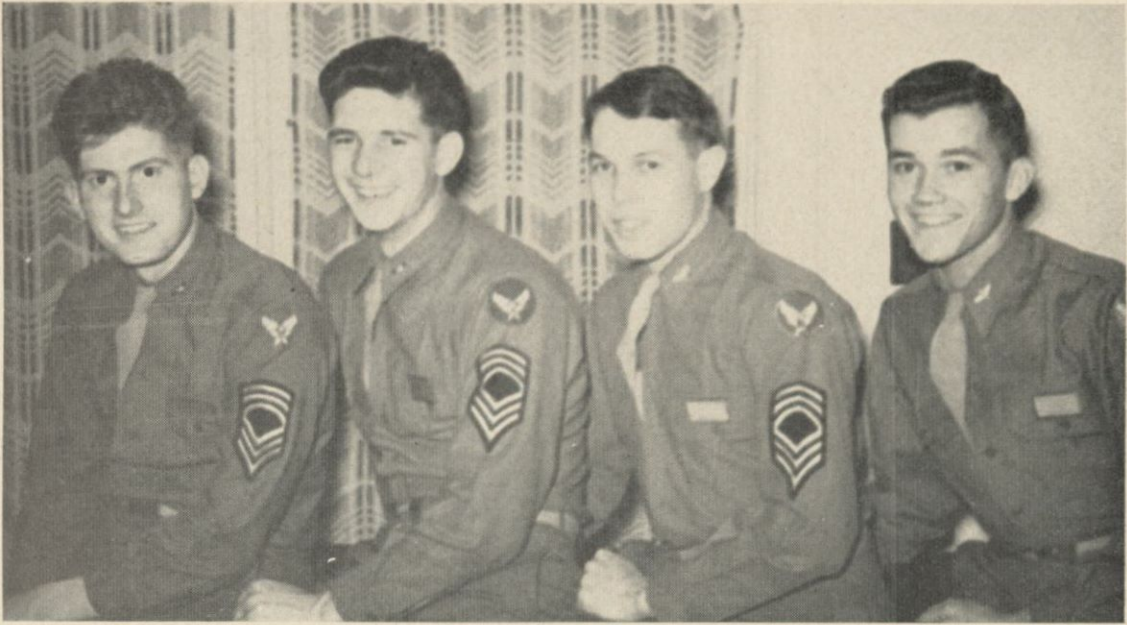
Strikers, gold bricks, shirkers on the home front — not among these are the civilian instructors of the post, who have abandoned personal convenience for the duration to push at us the things we must know, without mentioning time-and-a-half for overtime.

For their excellence on the academic assembly line, then, we dedicate to them this book: but that is not all. We thank them also, for helping us to remember that all life is not G. I.

—Aviation Students of Squadron Eleven



These teachers developed whatever powers of learning we had so that we can go out into the war with increased knowledge. It is impossible to show all the instructors, but Squadron II takes pleasure in presenting the man behind the man behind the gun. We give thanks to the faculty, knowing that they will continue to help keep 'em flying.



## GROUP STAFF

Have you ever gone to a big railroad station during vacation time and notice the human activity buzzing around as in an animal kingdom. Funny, everything runs smoothly with all the hustle and bustle. In fact, it may be compared to the smooth air between the clouds. So I would like to introduce Chief Engineer McKeever who leads the train of men seeing that they follow the signals above them. And then there is cow-catcher Clark who grabs all the unfortunate souls for various duties as guarding the railroad station and putting men in charge of the station every day. Then heading the equipment is Martin, seeing that the men have sheets to sleep on while training, and that they have overshoes to keep out the snow when they get off at the station at Moorhead.

Mr. Matthews is the adjutant, a sort of a shot guy around the station, doing a million and one things, always in contact with trainman McKeever, working hand in hand. . . . .

These men are strictly business and there is no Pull-men . . . They are the coaches . . . . .

## 11—IT'S A NATURAL

Our entire stay in the United States Army is a game of chance, and according to the books, these one hundred men are destined for the best. We came in when 7 was leaving, and are leaving when 11 is doing so. That's us, Mr. America, a bunch of G. I.'s, born in a democratic state, now borne to the air to keep going a great past, 150 years. The late Thomas Wolfe, a great author, used to write about American people, with all their color and sincerity. He would present them in a most noble manner. It would be impossible to reproduce his greatness, but I should like to present them to you as an ordinary guy sees them. I say ordinary guy, because most of us, in an opinion, come out with simple stuff, if I may be simple about it.

One hundred men are now living together; not many people know about it. But they will some day. They'll see it written upon the scars of the skys. They'll feel it when they go out in the street and look up heavenward, and see the skys once again clear. They won't know us as individuals, but as the many thousands who fought the war for their's and our sake. These men are a crossroad of the melting pot. They have fused into a great ball of gold, karats unlimited. All understand the great burden upon them and have great inborn courage for the coming events. They share their lives, their misfortunes. They know that a buddy, in the last analysis, is the strength of the arm. It wasn't their duty to come together as they did, it was done because they saw something worth sticking around for when they glanced into the new rooms the first days here.

The fashions that are theirs are simple, nothing outlandish, or to reserved. Squadron II will leave here shortly, on to flying, bombardier, and navigator school. They will have remembered this community because it was a happy one. That is the way they want all the United States. With throttle open, a clear mind and heart, these men, shall climb high over the enemy. And when they zoom down with biting guns, it will have been because they want a new home, something fine and simple, fitting their character.





Hess, William H.  
207 Graham Street  
Elkins, W. Va.



Stebick, Henry J.  
2106 West State Street  
Olean, N. Y.



Mosher, Hugh E., Jr.  
613 Denniston Ave.  
Roanoke, Virginia

## FLIGHT 43

Mr. Hess, Flight Lieutenant, who individually leads his men through the rough days with a sincere attitude.

Mr. Stebick, Flight Sergeant, who is a true follower of Hess's idea's. Cooperation is the basis of his success.

Guide Sgt. Mr. Mosher is the man who keeps the lines straight and the spirit high.

Mr. Dailey, "Old Red" knows the score, a definite asset to the happiness and proper functioning of the flight. P.S. He's a Corporal.

Mr. Fangmeier, Corporal, steady fast, and likeable. Five men mixed up to a point where all goes well — success.



Dailey, Maurice L.  
500 Lyndhurst St.,  
Baltimore, Md.



Fangmeier, Russell C.  
2006 Clover Ave.,  
Cleveland, Ohio

# FLIGHT



Bussemer, Raymond M.  
2094 E. Pickwick St.  
Phila., Penna.



Copley, William A.  
609 Osborne St.  
Sandusky, Ohio



Correale, Fortunato G. M.  
1946 Edison Ave.  
N. Y., N. Y.



Darley, Richard J.  
5109 Western Ave. N.W.  
Washington, D. C.



Davis, Robert S.  
68 Norton St.  
New Haven, Conn.



Day, Howard E.  
Meadow Brook Rd.  
Palestine, Texas



Driscoll, Francis R.  
283 Spencer St.  
Manchester, Conn.



Dusenberry, George R.  
Due West, S. C.



Harrell, Farnum W.  
Rt. 4, Box 366  
Eldorado, Ark.



Huntoon, George W.  
4905 Webster St.,  
Omaha, Nebr.

It is easy to see, then, that 43 owes its widely recognized position of honor and distinction to the individual man of the flight. Therefore, with a profound understanding of our responsibility toward posterity, we are resolved to make public such facts concerning the individual components of our flight as may be of use to those that follow us. Let facts be submitted to a candid world:

— Bussemer, it breathes, it walks, it lives. What is it? — Correale, a Bronx cheer if there ever was one. — Copley, a strong silent man who dropped into our midst. — Dailey, a real *thweet* kid. — Davis, mystery man of the flight. He hasn't been awake long enough for us to get anything on him. — Darley, another Irishman. — Driscoll, half of an Irishman. — Day, a Texan. — Dusenberry, our candidate for the Nobel prize. — "Rev." Fangemeir, spiritual advisor to the flight. — Harrell, this lad is quite handy with the waves. — Hess, our tall, handsome, and distinguished flight lieutenant. — Huntoon, the bugler that we're all going to murder someday. — King, oh, what's the use? — Koch, champion detachment hog caller. — Krengle, a Romeo runnerup. — Little, a Georgia cracker who can be more than a little trouble. — Mason, the assistant flight fire chief who's just a false alarm himself. — Mastrangelo, a fellow with a beautiful wife that no one has ever seen. — Mesmer, lover of basketball and Mesmer. — Meyers, a radio specialist who went to cook and bakers school who's going to be a navigator. — Mock, a man who's going places. He's only a sergeant but he married a lieutenant. — Mosher, well, we have to draw the line somewhere. — Ostergren, noted for his tolerance and sweet disposition. — Stebick, a little man with a big job. He's our flight first sergeant.

# T 43

If you don't think that is a pretty big job by now, well, you're just nut's.

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one flight to dissolve the bonds which have connected them with a detachment, and to assume among the cadets of Santa Ana, the separate and equal station to which the regulations of the army and of the cadet corps entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of their fellow aviation students requires that they make public such facts of their history as may aid other flights to reach the same stage of perfection that was 43's. — We hold this truth to be self-evident, that all flights are *not* created equal, that only a few can be endowed with a Bussemmer or a King, and that only 43 could survive them both.

But these two are only the beginning. A mere glance would have convinced even the most casual observer that 43 encompassed in its ranks perhaps the most extraordinary collection of unique, peculiar, and nondescript human derilects ever before assembled at one place on this earth. In addition the men of 43 were generously blessed with intelligence, initiative, and ample doses of that general proficiency?

The men of 43 were engaged in every major activity of this detachment. A member of Flight 43 has served both as the commander of the band and of the drum and bugle corps. Other 43'ers have been prominent in both of these organizations and the glee club as well. 43 can also boast that it produced the Student Director of Athletics and the captain of the squadron basketball team, as well as some of its finest players. Scholastically the flight is unsurpassed. Besides all this 43 has been intimately associated with the Detachment Board since its arrival at the 346th. A number of its members have always served with distinction on the ever popular ramp.



King, Charles M.  
253 E. Union St.,  
Kingston, N. Y.



Koch, Robert K.  
R.R. 20, Box 803  
Indianapolis, Ind.



Kregel, Sidney J.  
5060 City Line Ave.  
Phila., Pa.



Little, William A.  
Homer, Ga.



Mastrangelo, Carl E.  
Epping Road  
Gates Mills, Ohio



Mason, Chas. W.  
Wisner, La.



Mesmer, Robert B., Jr.  
558 Neff Rd.  
Grosse Pointe, Mich.



Meyers, Roy L.  
Cloverport, Kentucky



Mock, Roy L.  
225 Owens Ave.  
Derry, Pennsylvania



Ostergren, Benjamin F.  
2120 Edgerton Rd.  
St. Paul, Minn.

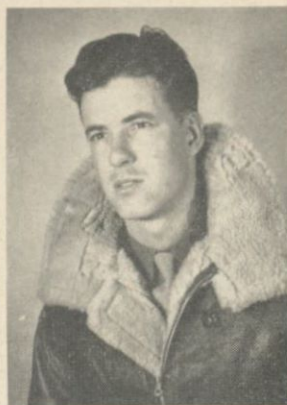




Guenzberg, Teddy R.  
110 Riverside Drive  
New York City, New York



Gardner, Robert L.  
503 N. Grove St.,  
Chippewa Falls, Wis.



Bogardus, Henry D.  
1102 S. Fern  
Wichita, Kan.

## FLIGHT 44

Mr. Guenzberg, a man laughing with his men, and being serious with them. Deliberately trying to make each man happy so that the pains of a gig seem immaterial. A Flight Lieutenant he is.

Flt. Sgt. Mr. Gardner, reserve enough to let the men know that he is bold enough to hold the ranks calm when Mr. Guenzberg is not present. Always working with everyone for everything.

Guide Sgt. Mr. Bogardus, to know him personally is to want to join 44.

Mr. Estrado, a corporal, but a big man. Yes, truly fine enough to keep any job that comes his way.

Cpl. Henderson, big and filled with the kind of stuff the even keeps the ball on the ball.



Estrado, John J.  
934 Currie St.  
Pueblo, Colo.



Henderson, James E., Jr.  
Baird Road  
E. Rochester, New York

# FLIGHT



Bixler, Robert P.  
2635 Terrace Ave.  
Akron, Ohio



Dipprey, Caradine  
701 Garner Ave.  
Austin, Texas



Baertsch, Donald F.  
401 6th Ave. NW  
Mandan, N. D.



Bearden, Vance K.  
Rt. No. 1  
Greenville, Texas



Glynn, Earl J.  
Wamego, Kan.



Houck, Arthur T.  
Westminister, Pa.



Heaton, Vinton P.  
Mandan, N. Dak.



Hitt, Mark H.  
Rt. No. 4  
Canton, Georgia



Hughes, Kenneth J.  
307 Clarendon St.  
Syracuse, N. Y.



Jensen, B. J.  
Stuart, Neb.

I had started to enter a report on Flight 44 but each time, it was torn up by the censors board on morality. Then I was at a loss. I could not think of anything else that could possibly be associated with these 25 junior-bird men. Now, these one-quarter of a hundred orphan Annie commandos boarded the 18th Century unlimited at a little beach near the United States: I think it is called Miami Beach. They then headed for Santa Claus Land. After making friends, "Chershey La femme" friends with Morgo and Farhead, they settled down for a winter of Academic pursuits, not the P-40 Classification, either.

Great men have looked us over, and Walter Windshield is preplexi-glass over some color reports pertaining to the men, if I may be so bold and use men, of four (*used twice*). Now for example, Bixler walking around town with four roses in hand, not the type we grow on soap-tops in Brooklyn, and a gas mask upon his visage. He, pathetically saying: "Which way to the elephant grave-yard." Molotov Cocktail Guenzberg playing Trotsky's Polka on the piano in Physics, Sound Classes, you know.

Chaplain Hitt, that ambiguate, signing a 10-year contract with some "Seem-Phony" orchestra now that he has completed his lessons on how to hold the long bugle.

Willie Van Inwagen seen learning how to walk. He has taken a "tour" for the better.

Light tank Henderson at Chez-Waldorf living up to his name, Lightly Tanked.

Cigarette Lyter on the Pall-Mall.

"Tom-Tom" Heaton spending a quiet week-end on the Mandan Indian Reservation.

Bojangles Bogardus, upside down corporal, right side up guy.

# T 44

Tex Bearden and Spurs Dippery seen cooking wiv-  
es dinner on range.

PT Jensen and Fairchild (*chills*) Luttenton, tor-  
quing too much.

Wild Bill Lemley wearing a stunning "New Jersey"  
blouse.

"Limes" Oliver on detail with British Army —  
feeding Blue Birds on White Cliffs of Dover.

Dan "Red Line" Maher Defying Newton law  
and giving the red apple to Mr. Perlman.

Winning the war or a victory Gardner (replace  
mask Guenzberg).

"Fat" boy makes good, by E. J. Glynn.

No Hughes is good Hughes.

Estrado — Moderato and bravado.

K-K-Koster of the K-K-Kalifornia K-K-Kosters.

Kier, the linear coefficient of the Golden Gate  
bridge.

Lamathe Quiet, Reserve Oh, yes! Calvert Re-  
serve (*what we wouldn't do for a little talent*).

Lee-old confederate money.

"Bartch" floating around the Red River with Tug-  
Boat Annie sweating out the drawbridge.

And so this organized bunch of lunatics lives on,  
defying all laws of nature, Lt. Macs laws also.

But if we put these men on a ledger, weighing  
both their assets and debits, we find that 25-men  
become real fine and Uncle Sam has made a good in-  
vestment. There has been instituted in our flight a  
subtle channel of loyalty to one another. In short the  
men you see above, have taken upon themselves to  
admire and cherrish their buddies, and it has come to  
a stage now where it is just taken for granted: it has  
become subtle love. "That's all brother."



Kier, Robert L.  
1811 Glenwood Rd.  
Glendale, Calif.



Koster, Jack S.  
1053 Valencia St.  
San Francisco, Calif.



Lamothe, Henry A., Jr.  
10 Parkview Ave.,  
Meriden, Conn.



Lee, Lloyd E.  
Montello, Nev.



Lemley, Wm. F.  
114 Wellington St.  
Bessemer, Ala.



Luttenton, Richard A.  
3305 Stockholm Rd.  
Shakes Hights, Ohio



Lyter, Frederick O.  
64 Garden St.  
Hartford, Conn.



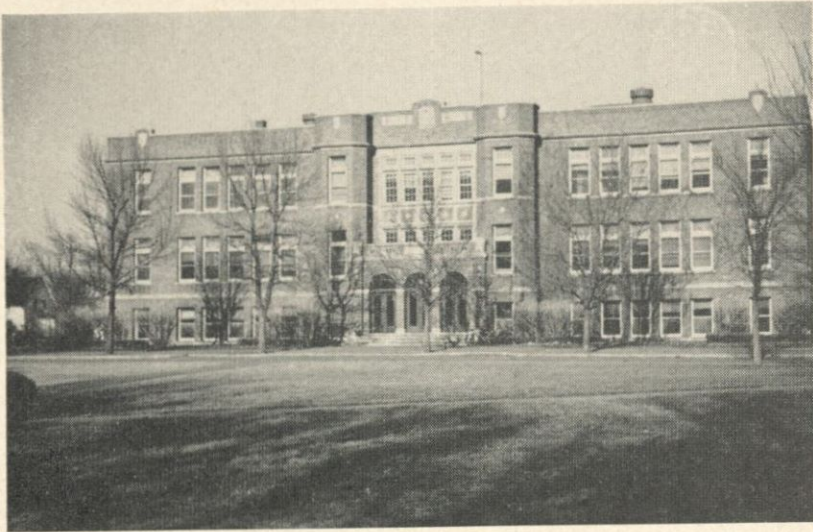
Maher, Daniel J., Jr.  
12 Center Ave.  
Riversedge, New Jersey



Oliver, Don C.  
50J Hillcrest Avenue  
Antioch, California



Van Inwagen, William I.  
835 Culver Rd.  
Rochester, N. Y.



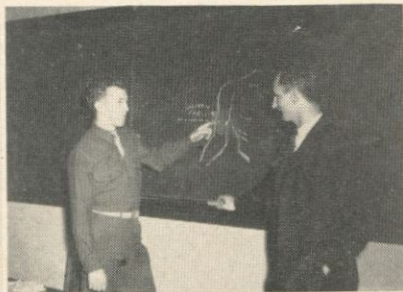
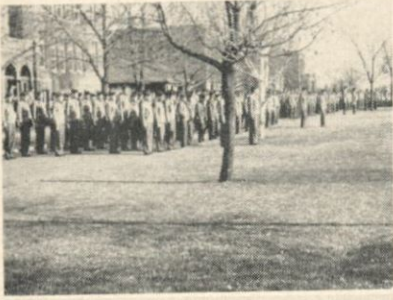
# CAMPUS





SCENES





## A CADET

Aviation Student Henry Aldrich of 346 C.T.D. floor of Comstock. On the desk was a sacred document rich limply collapsing out of his second story boudoir i know that he was kind enough to attend roll call. S singularly back to the barrack. "It is hard to shave Eating is always a problem with him his coordinatio up the tray, hold the milk bottles, empty the rubbish He always looks so stunning.

Second bugle, and off to the rooms where "Pl figures in the hall and who has the best figures in th Henry. Off to an hour of study in the library. Quite confronting him, and his Physics teacher, is the linea lunch now. My, your food looks well on you. "Pick go up and put on that other uniform, at least the spo

More classes and more study hour. A gig fo as it entered Weld Hall. Hup, two, three, four, and at five o'clock drill. Some permanent party men com don't you want to get ahead in this Army." You ca the knee." Ye Gods, civilian, stop buying Bonds . .

A letter to home, seven pages and ending with at least he got that much sense. And so taking the heart, knowing that you too could have been Henry

Just a footnote, footsore, to let you know tha front of Campus School. I wonder what it could be and one officer were deciding who was correct over a proud, men, you are walking tours in the Air Corps



# T'S DAY

Had a luxurious closet that made good on the fourth  
ment, the Training Memorandums. We find A-S Ald-  
into the street, one early morning, in order to let "mac"  
having one lung for the three to ten shift, he breathed  
today," says Henry, ever since erasers became scarce.  
on is so poor. He can not decide which hand to pick  
n, so Henry goes up to his room and changes uniform.

lato Aldrich" will try to figure out who has the best  
e Math class, he or the teacher. War is hell, ain't it  
e serious there, you know. One problem that has been  
ar coefficient of Bob Hope's YO-YO. The jerks eating  
Up Trays," gee whiz, what hand shall I use. Ah yes,  
ts are dry.

r turning head in ranks, some P-38 had it's flaps down  
d Aldrich is becoming serious now as he walks daintily  
e over to him and yelling in his stern face say "Mister,  
n have an Eagle on your shoulder, give me a chicken on

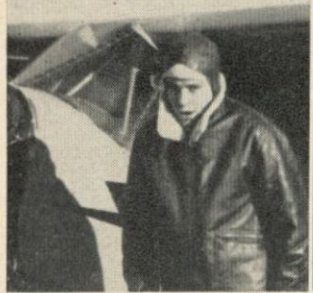
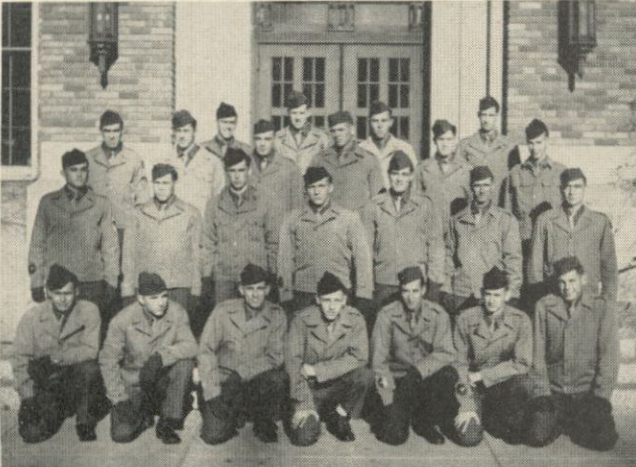
"not much to say". A good two hours of hard studies,  
elevator up to the roof of his room, we leave with a sad  
Aldrich, Aviation Student extraordinary.

at H. A. is taking a lovely walk now, up and down in  
for? The latest reports from The Gestapo say that he  
matter of a few extra minutes on Saturday night. Look  
as if you could walk them any other place. . . .



Seventeen







Burnett, Raymond L.  
494 McCargo St.  
New Kensington, Penna



Good, Robert L.  
1342 S. Delong St.,  
Los Angeles, Calif.



Donahue, Francis T.  
69 Cary Avenue  
Milton, Massachusetts

## FLIGHT 45

Mr. Burnett has the job of keeping this individualistic group on the beam. In case you haven't guessed. Mr. Burnett is the unhappy Flight Lieutenant of this happy family. What a bunch of B.T.O.'s.

Mr. Good, is a calm man of comparatively few words. Having red hair, one would think him to be quick tempered. In reality he is a mild mannered, darn good Flight Sergeant. He's quite a Hot Pilot too.

Mr. Donahue, our most able Guide Sergeant, never has much to say. I guess he saves it all to tell his wife and son over the week ends. You're a lucky man Mr. Donahue.

Mr. Hicks is our Texas representative to the Student Officer group. Anything said against his home state is "fightin' words to him. He's an old Infantry man and you know the Infantry. Corporal.

Mr. Partin, the Rebel contribution to Flight 45. One of the south's finest, he is well liked by everyone in the squadron. He has nothing to do through the week except wait for the week end. He is also one of the original balloon raisers. Corporal.



Hicks, Jack B.  
509 N. Buffalo St.,  
Cleburne, Texas



Partin, Walter A.  
1018 Reade Street,  
Greenville, North Carolina



Byers, Lawrence C.  
Amlin, Ohio

Clark, Marvin B.  
Belvue, Kansas



Conners, Robert E.  
40 Franklin Street,  
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Hare, John W.  
Rt. No. 1  
Macomb, Ill.



Hoffbauer, Arles F.  
Rt. No. 1,  
Fostoria, Ohio

Jensen, James R.  
Rt. L,  
Pocatello, Idaho



Johnson, Clib L.  
316 N. Hudson St.,  
Altus, Okla.

Jones, Griffith W.  
2400 Davidson Ave.,  
Bronx, N. Y.

Kaczmarek, Peter F.  
1847 Union Street,  
Blue Island, Illinois

King, Harold L.  
6932 A. Benson St.  
Huntington Park, Calif.

# FLIGHT

A few hot facts on a hot subject (*quote Partin*) — Flight 45, the flight that wore out more Flight Lieutenants than any other (*the third one is about ready to give up*). We had as many ups and downs as any flight here. We were commended academically one month for superior work in class; and spend our nights on specialized study the next. We would last a week with hardly a gig and half of us would be pounding the concrete in front of Campus School the next. One day we would get all A's in class and the next nothing but lowly B's and C's. Burnett's despair one day, his pride the next, — that was Flight 45 — an unpredictable bunch to say the least.

Who can forget our P. T. football game? Come sun or snow, we were always to be found on the field from 1400 to 1500. Then the best of friends were the worst of enemies. Our yells of rage and encouragement could be heard far from the campus. Such colorful remarks as "Where the hell are ya' going with that ball?" "I gottcha back here." (*quote Kuchl*). "You're a damn no good dirty player." "I seen ya' trip him." (*quote Good*). "It ain't football, it's moider." (*quote Hare*). Some other language stronger, more colorful, and not learned in English class was heard too. Even the coaches used to come out to watch and marvel.

The well-circulated 45 had as its base of operations the socially strategic Waldorf (*quote Merkel*), located in downtown Fargo the theatre of operations of 45 on pass. From this initial point various task forces infiltrated into the town proper. With our superior firepower and maneuverability, we had little difficulty in overcoming the stiffest opposition and usually by nighfall had the situation well in hand. As the zero hour (0100) approached and immediate evacuation was necessary. We were never wolves, we just

# T 4 5

dropped in to say hello-o-o-o! Fun though . . . wan't it? (*quote Mathews*).

Now that we've mentioned some of our activities, meet the characters. We may be a little prejudiced but we think they're the best. Some of them are rare. "I've been to 3 county Fairs and never saw anything like them." (*quote Connors*). Two group officers were chosen from our midst, but whether that is something to brag about or apologize for is debatable. Phil "I finally made it." McKeever, and "Corncutter" Clark, who did likewise. "Rabbit" Hare, who says: "you guys are getting entirely too lax." Squadron adjutant, "Butterfly" Burnett, the best flight lieutenant in 45. "If I don't gig you, they'll gig me" (*quote Burnett*). Flight Sergeant "Red" Good, "Now that you got it, what are you going to do with it?" "Dead Pan" Donahue — the weaving guide sergeant. "Two-Gun" Hicks and "Hank" Czerniec after some time in the army finally made corporal (*even if it was upside down*) and are completely happy having someone to report to. "His Honor" Mayor Hoffbauer, Mayor of Moorgo. "Sleepy" Jones — who holds the dubious honor of being the only man to ever get the D. B. to the fourth power. Pete Kaczmarek, and "Muscles" King who battle it out in math every night. "Gunner" Byers, who was always gunning for someone to do his math. "Frosty" Connors — the silver tongued orator. "Crusher" Johnson, who spent many a week-end swimming in the Aquarium. "Aviation" Kos-he never learned when not to talk to the girls, "Art" Krokus — the artificial respirator of the medical aid class. Fraaaank Kuchl — who spent many a Saturday night on the pulley. "Slide-rule" Jensen — not Some bunch, but we'll bet we had as much fun as anyone. "Say what time "does" the balloon go up?"



Kos, Steven A.  
1612 E. 34th Street,  
Loraine, Ohio



Krokus, Arthur V.  
113-21-203 St.  
St. Albans, L. Is., New York



Kuchl, Frank J.  
3524 N. Bell Ave.  
Chicago, Ill.



Low, William H. Jr.  
418 Richey Ave.,  
W. Collingswood, N. J.



Marsden, Edward J.  
1250 Schley Ave.,  
San Antonio, Texas



Mathews, William H.  
Rt. No. 1,  
Croydon, Penna.

Czerniec, Henry B.  
727 E. 93 St.  
Cleveland, Ohio

(No Picture)



McKeever, Phillip  
5111 Michigan Ave.,  
Kansas City, Missouri



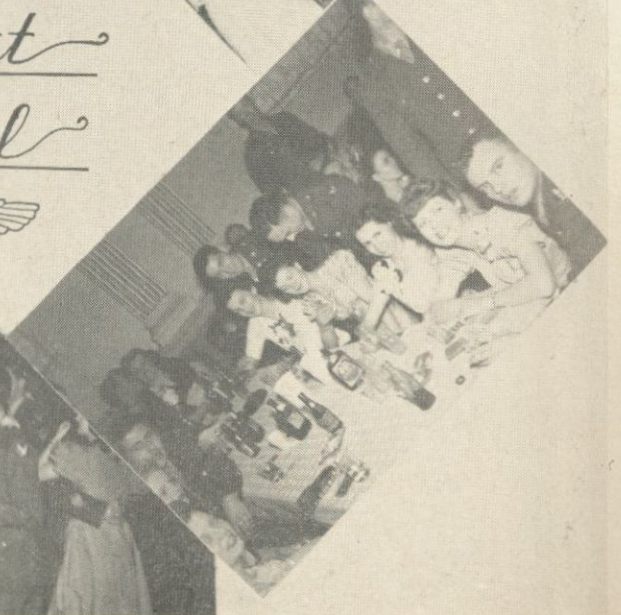
Merkiel, John D.  
5417 Van Dyke Ave.,  
Detroit, Michigan



Tyson, Kenneth M.  
406 North Glass St.,  
Victoria, Texas



Cadet  
Ball







David, Raphael L.  
Roger St.,  
Church Point, La.



Allen, Charles H.  
Smith St.,  
Deer Park, N. Y.



Grudier, William C.  
Box 183,  
Grantsville, W. Va.

## FLIGHT 46

Flight Lieutenant Mr. David, known as "Frenchy" to his boys, has quite a big job for a little man. He handles them well so that proves that size has very little to do with it. Napoleon was a little man too.

Flight Sergeant Mr. Allen is one of the boys you used to hate when you were in Miami Beach. Yes, he was a drill instructor. He's one of the boys here. I guess all drill instructors weren't as bad as we thought.

Guide Sergeant Mr. Grudier is the one who keeps 46 in a straight line at the formations. He is also a man of few words but one of the most likely to go through the ordeal of being a successful officer.

Corporal: Silence seems to be golden with Mr. Hoffmeister. He doesn't say much but when he does you can be sure he knows what he's talking about. His biggest trouble is eating. He never has enough time.

Corporal Mr. Katcef is a man who really knows what the army is all about. He shows it with his vital concern for his boys. A Staff Sergeant before he came and a definite asset to Flight 46 since he arrived. We've a man amongst us.



Hoffmeister, Roland G.  
3500 Itaska,  
St. Louis, Mo.



Katcef, Philip H.  
40 Madison St.,  
Annapolis, Md.

# FLIGHT



Campbell, John E., Jr.  
3618 Mason St.,  
Flint, Michigan



Cauch, William F.  
480 Kentucky Ave.,  
Berkeley, Calif.



Domokos, Steve J.  
2781 East 118 Street,  
Cleveland, Ohio



Fry, Sylvan F.  
7564 Wydown,  
St. Louis, Mo.



Gonzalez, Raymond  
R.F.D. No. 2,  
Wallkill, N. Y.



Hill, William F.  
West Bonham,  
Ladonia, Texas



Hutchinson, Alvin E.  
205 South Enola Drive,  
South Enola, Penna.



LaFerry, Harold A.  
615 Forrest Ave.,  
Chattanooga, Tenn.



Lambert John M.  
232 E. Santa Anita Ave.  
Burbank, Calif.



Lauritson, Alfred  
5522 Roosevelt Way,  
Seattle, Wash.

They asked for a word picture of Flight 46 — a picture no artist could paint — so it had to be in words. Picturesque? Indeed! Just look at those ears coming down the line. Why there's a man between them — it's "Trim Tabs" Merrill.

If we could see past one of those ears — yes — it moved! Come out from behind it — well, well! That "Swashbuckling Romeo" of the Louisiana bayous, "D. B. Frenchy" David. Last of a long line of harrassed flight lieutenants.

Now for a few technicolor shots. Shorty — pull in that other appendage you call an ear and give us a good shot of — Who's this? Mutt and Jeff? Why hell no! It's one of the new fledglings, walking with the "Flint Fire Ball," Johnny Campbell Jr. Junior, stop "batting the breeze" long enough to introduce us to "Goon Boy" Lauritsen, will you? Lauritsen is one of our "brain trust"; a smart kid. But then, there's no demand for kids if you'll listen to our beloved squadron commander, "Lucky Strikes 10 to 11" Perkovich. "Perk" went around humming "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" until some "Sweet and Innocent" "middle aisled" him. Even that didn't put out the fire.

Let's go into Wheeler Hall and pull a quick inspection. Tench-Hutt!! Get off your knees Mister — Oh! Excuse me, that's Johnny Lambert. At ease men, before our Irish friend McMillan, collapses and makes Lenhart fall over from "Woluntary Action". Why hello Mr. LaFerry! (He's our friend from the honor counsel.)

Say it must be cold out. There goes our "Hot Pilot," Michaels with his head buried in his collar of his flying jacket. Or may be he just doesn't want to look at that "Flyin' Fool", "The Galloping Grenadeer" of the sheets and pillow cases, "Upside Down T4" Zygowicz.

# T 4 6

The showers running in there! That can't be "Tailspin" Mikesell, he wouldn't even go in the pool. He told our "California Sunbeam" W. Cauch, that the water was "pretty cold," and besides there wasn't any fish blood in his family.

Now look friend — don't mention railroads when I introduce you to "Hutch", or he'll forget how many wallets and watches he's collected. Mr. Hutchinson collects the valuables for P. T. period, and when he hands them back at the end of the period, you'll always find "Choosevilles Choice," Ernie Palmer, "Missouri" Fry, and our "Spanish Hour" Roy Gonzoles, hanging around for extras.

Hey! Must be chow time, I'm hungry! Let's buck the line. You're at Attention Mr. Grudier! I know ---- you feel like "Permanent Party Officer of the Guard" but get your hand off the cream so our "Speed Demon" Hoffmeister can "drink" his 8th piece of jelly-bread in his 6th cup of G. I. Java. Mr. Kooooo, let's cut the chatter and keep our elbows off the table. You're wiggling it so that Mr. Allen, our "Inverted" flight Sgt., recently resurrected from Miami Beach, land of coconuts and palms, can't read his Daily Bulletin.

Yes --- Yes --- here comes our own "Texas Flash," Billy Hill. He "burns up" the cross-country course, and "burns out" the hearts of Moorheads maidens.

What's this? Advertising shots for the Fargo Pretzle Works? No. Alas and Alach! It's "El Greco" Domokos, the "Bounding Apollo" of 46. He's got our "Sad Sack" Schuenemeyer against the ropes. "Six Years" Schuenemeyer is yelling — no --- no --- that's the stentorian voice of our hardy son of California. Future endorser of "Long John Sullivans" — Mr. Mullane! ! Come on Bob, sing us an aria from Aida for the curtain call. I'm going to "hit the sack." Maybe I'll dream about the Armistice.



Lenhart, James A.  
R.F.D. No. 3,  
Hamburg, Penna.



McMillin, Ivan E.  
408 Denver St.,  
Caldwell, Idaho



Michaels, Charles P.  
216 11th St.,  
Bowling Green, Ky.



Mikesell, John W.  
R.F.D. No. 2,  
Washington, Penna.



Mullane, Robert J.  
242 So. Beadry Ave.,  
Los Angeles, Calif.



Palmer, Ernest H.,  
The Bowman House,  
Chewsville, Maryland



Merrill, Robert F.  
R.F.D. No. 2,  
Marine City, Mich.



Perkovich, Leo J.  
1827 E. Routt Ave.,  
Pueblo, Colorado

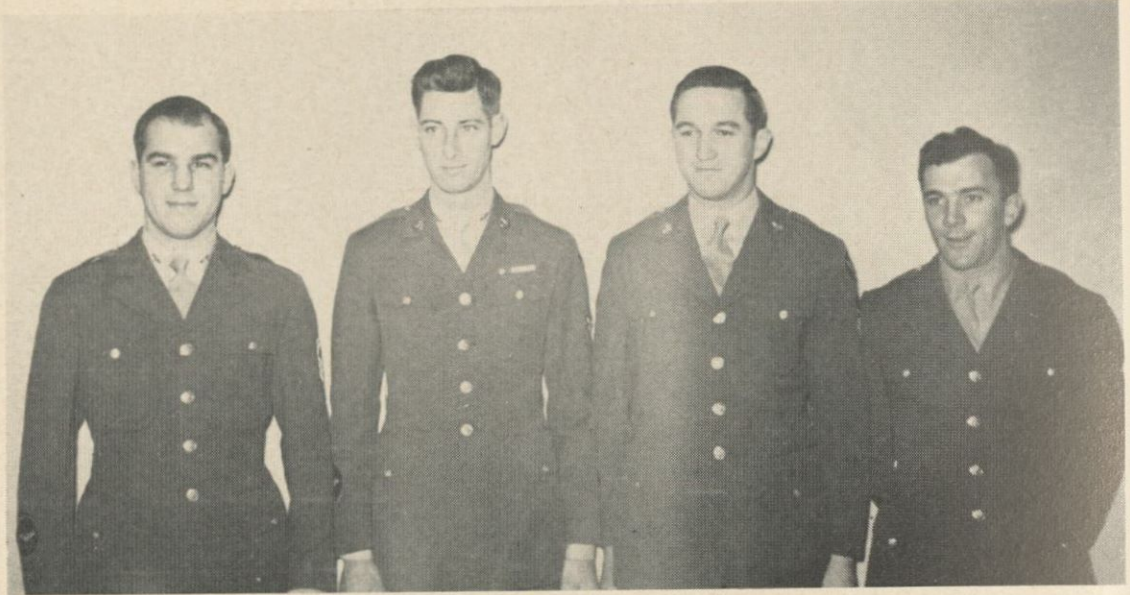


Schuenemeyer, Raymond W.  
116 Christina,  
Union, Mo.



Zygowicz, Martin F.  
5029 Ind'pls. Blvd.,  
East Chicago, Indiana

## SQUADRON STAFF



Commander  
LEO J. PERKOVICH

Adjutant  
JOHN W. HARE

Guidon Bearer  
MARTIN F. ZYGOWICZ

First Sergeant  
KENNETH J. HUGHES

## GUIDON STAFF



FIRST ROW, *left to right*: Teddy Guenzberg, B. J. Jensen, Don G. Oliver, Daniel J. Maher, Jr., Charles H. Allen.  
SECOND ROW: Kenneth M. Tyson, Hugh E. Mosher Jr., Pat Heaton, William Mathews, Raymond Burnett.

EDITOR: Daniel J. Maher, Jr.

LAYOUT & ARTWORK: Kenneth M. Tyson.

WRITERS: T. Guenzberg, D. Oliver, H. Mosher, W. Mathews, C. Allen.

PHOTOGRAPHERS: Pat Heaton, Ray Burnett.





## THE GLEE CLUB

Directed by Mrs. J. H. Askegaard and under the supervision of A/S Z. E. Lindsey, the detachment Glee Club has many memorial nights to its credit. Singing at Vesper Services and college functions the group has consistently turned in fine performances. They were also a feature at the graduation exercises of Squadron 10.

Monday and Friday nights are nights for practice and on the Monday night of December 20, Mrs. Askegaard surprised the boys with a party. The boys surprised Captain Bazata by staying at the party, which ended sometime after taps.

For your information our accompanist is pretty Miss Betty Christenson.

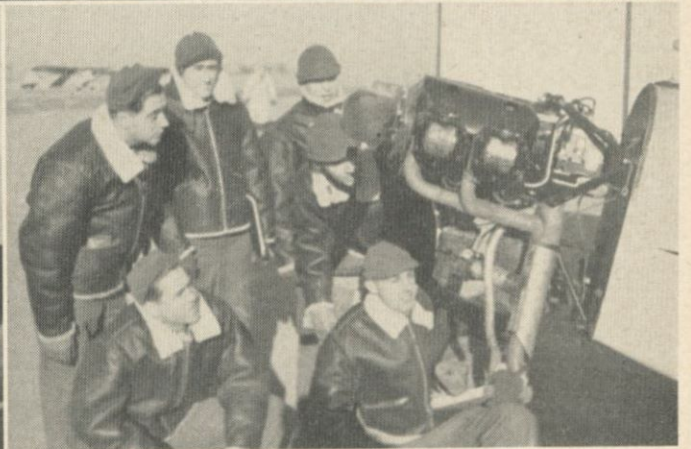


## SQUADRON 11 BASKETBALL

Basketball is the major inter-squadron sport in the detachment, and competition is always good. Squadron 11 formed a basketball team which developed into one of the best teams ever to play here.

The front line combination of Good, Mesmer and Koster, was always clicking and backed up by Hess and Johnson won 10 out of 12 games. In these 12 games 493 points were scored by Squadron 11, as against 293 for the opponents. Good led the scoring with 143 points. Mesmer was next with 121, and Hess and Koster followed with 90 and 70 respectively.

The Men always displayed fine cooperation and sportsmanship whether winning or losing.





## THE DETACHMENT BAND

The function of the band is to furnish music for practice and dress parades, thereby, and, at these formations, spirit to the Detachment. During the summer and fall months, the band served the Detachment faithfully, if not extremely efficient, in this time. But sub-freezing weather makes smooth functioning of the instruments impossible; on December 13th, the band was suspended till next spring. In its place, the Bugle and Drum Corps carries on in the cold winter months. The band still functions during the winter in a more proper way, giving several concerts; its last performance being the fine music-makers at Squadron 10's graduation. Now, the Drum and Bugle Corps, in addition to substituting for the band, plays the ceremonial music for the guard mounts. It is the contributing factor that leads the men to and from the drill field, contributing its fine military music.

It is quite necessary, at this time, to let you know the men who are the real Sousas and Strauss's of our organization: 1st Sgt. J. B. Rogillio, Jr., Supply Sgt. O. P. Michaels, Corporals Lee, Davis, and Stango. Commanding the band is the competent Mr. Huntoon. The leader and worthy conductor being, of course, Mr. Rogillio.



## PERMANENT PARTY



FRONT ROW, *left to right*: Pfc. Swyden, S/Sgt. Strand, Sgt. Vurnakes.  
SECOND ROW: S/Sgt. Haste, Sgt. Federson, Sgt. Richardson, Sgt. Liles.  
THIRD ROW: Pfc. Kinney, Sgt. MacMahon, S/Sgt. Weinstein.



## KITCHEN STAFF



# X-Mark It I

By A/S Mark Hitt

I love you Darling and then his knees turned to putty (Quote **Matthews**). Yep, two of the fellows from squadron eleven stepped into the deep sea of matrimony with a big splash last week-end, Aviation Student **Huntoon** and **Mock** both tied the final knot (a new second front). The entire squadron wishes you two fellows the best of everything.

A few Saturdays ago there was almost an accident at the main campus gate (Gosh, what a car!) when several fellows and several gals came zooming, or should I say buzzing, up to the gate to find out what time it was; having five minutes left they took off and flew the pattern again. Sunday morning I gave **Henderson Mesmer, Bixler** and **Merkyl** the degree, trying to find out all about but none of spill the popcorn. Anyo, to convert an automobile, craft (aircrew) carrier ers sympathy from me.

**Jim (ga ga) Henderson** sporting some flashy butto; lapel of his blouse. Is there behind it, **Jim? Arthur Ho** can't swim. **Lyter** is now a p the ranks (take notice **Joyce** part should be called the ar can happen column. **Low** was by a dog; **"Hopeless" Hess** is a Louie; **"Eek" Gardner** is a flight geant; **Jack S. Foster** wants to home and see **Bea**; **Brownie (Bl out) La Ferry** talks about **Edith** his sleep. Don't know what this wo is coming to—**"Frosty" Connors** w taking a stroll between **Margo** and **Farhead** one Sunday when a freckle faced kid said to him "Good morning, teacher." Squadron eleven needs one of those machines like the **Yokum's** have—the one that will make apes out of people (look what a head-start I would have). **"Horizontal" Merkyll** had a **Dutch** date; **Mason** must have had to buy a new bed, he is short ninety bucks; **Patin** was sober one weekend—must be the rebel is slipping. Next thing I expect to see is squadron eleven lose a basketball game—but we don't think so—a certain cadet borrowed five bucks from another cadet and then took the lender's girl out, the theme song is now **Somebody Stole My Gal** featuring **Freddy "Sax" Driscoll**.

As this has turned out to be a regular gossip strip and half of the fellows are already chasing me, I had better close before I get them all sore at me—I catch a nice wet towel in the face at calisthenics every day now; next it will be rotten oranges, so Goodbye—**Christopher!**



# 7 COME II

By A/S Gardner

**JACK KOSTER** is having an awful time with English composition. Last week we had to write a report on a fictional or an actual flight in two hundred words. Well, he came to me and said, "What am I going to do. I've written one hundred and fifty words already and I haven't even got the fool airplane off the ground."

Why do all the girls scream when **Frank Sinatra** sings on the hit parade? That's a subject for debate this week in Comstock hall. Maybe one of the fairer sex on the college paper staff could answer this question for the benefit of a group of inquisitive air crew students.

So **MR. NELSON** believes that the college basketball team can defeat Squadron eleven. I'm afraid you'll be very much disillusioned but you'll get your chance to try. Incidentally need I remind you that Squadron eleven chalked up two more victories in the past week? Mystery of the week! Where did **A/S MOCK** get the bushel of apples that he had in his closet last Tuesday. He was also confronted with the problem of getting rid of them before inspection. This was solved by one of his room mates. He calmly invited the entire squadron in for a treat.

**MR. MOSHER** also made the headlines this week when he took a fire extinguisher to that very disturbing and uncomfortable fire drill Saturday morning.

It seems swell to see our squadron represented among the group officers. **MISTER McKEEVER** and **MISTER CLARK** have been promoted to group adjutant and supply officer. Woe to the scoundrel who put glue on the banister going up to the second floor of Comstock hall! **LLOYD LEE** has been assigned to the case, and when he finds the guilty one, he's sure going to make a mess out of him.



# X-Mark It

By A/S Mark Hitt  
Starkle, Starkle little Twink  
Who the hell you are I think.

I am not under the alcohfluence of incohol, though some thinkle peop I am, I fool so feelish. I don't know who's me yet for the drunker I sit her the longer I get—shay whatsa good word doc . . . and on and on into the night, a conversation such as this is found on every open-post night.

It shall soon be reduced to one voice as too many of the fellows have turned tour-ists. The **GIGGER** walks and sings to himself—"Margie, I'm always thinking of you Margie"—his is a sad case.

"**Hopeless" Hess**, after his recent set backs on the courts has taken to the campus school ramp for a few leaps around.

**George (I'm a Whoosier) Koch** wants **Little, Mesmer, Darley**, or some other fortunate individual to tell him how to woo large women. After seeing some of his dates I say, "Try **Judo**, it might work."

Anyone wanting to know how many steps in an hour, ask "**Flight Louie" Bussemer**. He has more tours than **Wrigley** has gum.

**Lloyd (Woof-Woof) Lee**, accent on the **Lloyd** says that the trip to **Grand Forks** reminded him of his home town. Fifty people in such a small place. Compared to the lucky (?) fellows who went, a sardine has plenty of room. Regardless of a few headaches and pains, the trip was enjoyed by all, and we hope to see them down here soon. Oh, boy

"**Link Trainer" King** and **Red (Jarred Up) Daily** have turned to composing. You have heard their songs as they march around the campus. For some reason they don't look as happy as they sound. What's wrong boys, Ask a physics exam?

Get out on the subject of sports Don we all seem to excell in except **K**, who still can't swim; some-

I think he's kinda shook up. I D like to know if a certain bass **Lolayer** has two left feet? He Munds like it. He beats the **Milong with Luttenton** about as a "**Fruitcake**", **Gvensburg** Hsian songs.

Also warn you before you also aifortune that befell **Oli-** and **Lyter**. Don't eat offered to you by **Lemley**. off the tangent and are so I guess you will be she end. Sure I have sc d. issue of **Spandules**, out . . . When and will go up.