

The Guidon

346th College Training Detachment

3-1944

The Guidon, Squadron 13, March (1944)

346th College Training Detachment

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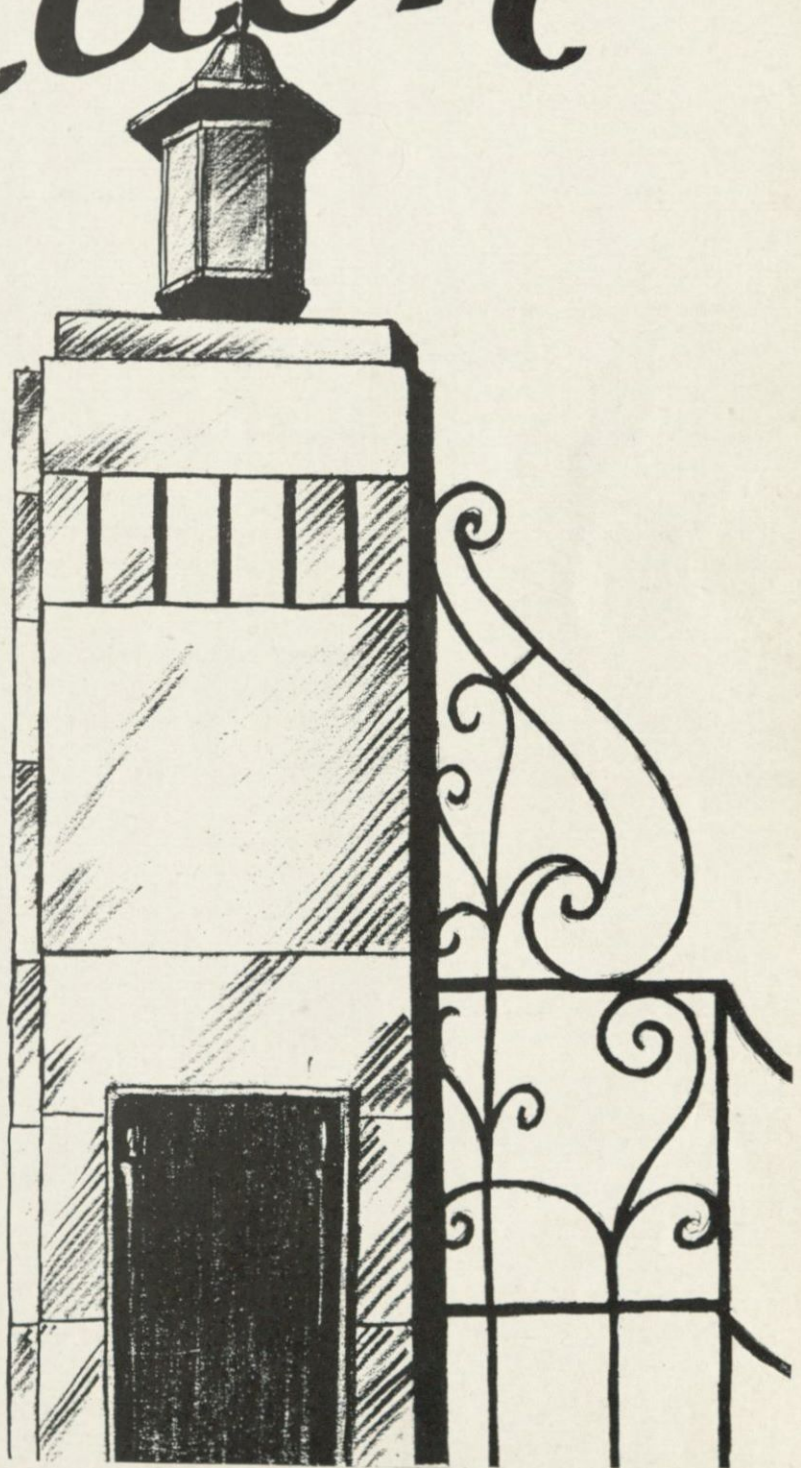


Guidon
MARCH 1944

Squadron Thirteen
Presents



Guidon



346th College Training
Detachment
Moorhead State Teachers College
Moorhead, Minnesota

DEDICATION

SINCE the dawn of time woman has watched her warrior go forth to battle the enemy. With tear dimmed eyes, an aching heart, and a prayer for his safe return, they send him on his way. Wars come - go - and are forgotten by the men who wage them, but always in the hearts of the "Little Soldiers" there are haunting memories of terrifying nights and lonely days of waiting. No matter how hopeless the cause or how dark the hour, with steady hearts they await the return of their gallant knights. Whether in victory or in defeat the return was always blessed and the greeting tender and warm. It is with a deep feeling of respect, admiration, and love that we dedicate this work to the mothers, wives, and sweethearts of the men who fly.

346TH COLLEGE TRAINING DETACHMENT

MOORHEAD, MINNESOTA

Squadron 13

26 February 1944

SUBJECT: Appreciation.

TO : Commanding Officer.

1. Squadron Thirteen, upon leaving this Detachment, wishes to thank you and your splendid staff for the fine training that we have received under your command.

2. We feel that this has been an important phase of our military career, and that from this training we shall profit greatly in the months ahead.

3. We hereby resolve that we will carry the traditions of this detachment on to greater heights and show that we are proud to have been a part of the 346th College Training Detachment, "The Sharpest Outfit in the Air Corps."

FRED D. TISDALE,
A/S Captain,
Squadron Commander

1ST IND.

Hq. 346th CTD (A), State Teachers College, Moorhead, Minnesota, 26 Feb. 44

TO: Squadron Commander, Squadron 13.

1. It is a pleasure, indeed, to indorse this communication, since it so aptly typifies your squadron.

2. Squadron 13 will always be remembered by the commissioned and noncommissioned officers of this headquarters, the college faculty, and the flying authorities and instructors as a group of men who at all times displayed a fine appreciation of their duties here, applied themselves to their assignment with great earnestness, and took full advantage of all our training facilities and services to improve themselves, and thus be greater assets to the Army Air Forces. It is hoped that each member of your squadron accepts these remarks as they are intended to be—very highly complimentary—since this is all we expect of any good soldier, and you and your fellow classmates have done it so well.

3. We are fully confident, without reservations of any kind, that all members of Squadron 13 will continue to serve creditably so long as they remain in the armed forces, will always carry on as the highest type of American citizens, causing good reflection on all their training and resulting in extreme satisfaction to the individual. Good luck and Godspeed to you all!

ARTHUR J. BAZATA,
Captain, Air Corps
Commanding



CAPTAIN A. J. BAZATA
Commanding Officer



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



CARL D. PETERSON
1st Lt. Air Corps
Director of Military Training

OUR OFFICERS

Such statements as "Damn the torpedos; full speed ahead", and "We have not yet begun to fight", have always been characteristic of the officers of the United States armed forces. Deep rooted in the minds of service men is the thought that always their officers set an example for them to follow. Since the days of Valley Forge, when General Washington endured the hardships and biting cold with his men, it has been an Army tradition that officers ask no more of their men than they, themselves, are willing to give. Such traditions as these have created in the Army of the United States the excellent "esprit de corp" enjoyed today. Here at the 346th, our officers have most nobly lived these traditions. We have always been led, never directed, in all activities; both military and academic. With a deep feeling of respect and gratitude, for their excellent leadership and guidance, we recognize them as the "Sharpest Officers in the Air Corps."

ROBERT F. GAY
1st Lt. Air Corps
Adjutant



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



346TH COLLEGE TRAINING DETACHMENT
MOORHEAD, MINNESOTA

Squadron 13

26 February 1944

The President
State Teachers College
Moorhead, Minnesota

Dear Dr. Snarr:

As we leave this college to go on to further training, we wish to take this opportunity to send you and your faculty our heartfelt thanks for the knowledge we have gained during our short time here.

Through the excellent cooperation between you and our esteemed Commanding Officer, Captain Bazata, we feel that we have received the best training possible for our future as Flying Officers.

We hope that this is not Good-bye for we feel that when peace has come again that we would like to return and visit with you who have been our friends.

For the Squadron Commander:

WILLIAM H. BACON,
A/S Captain,
Squadron Adjutant

February 26, 1944

Mr. William H. Bacon
Squadron Adjutant, Squadron 13
346th College Training Detachment (A)
State Teachers College
Moorhead, Minnesota

Dear Mr. Bacon:

Your very kind note has struck a responsive chord in me and all the other members of the college faculty. If you have profited by your training here anywhere nearly as much as all of us have enjoyed working with you and your men, considerable good has certainly been accomplished. No class has extended itself any more nor has any group before behaved in any finer military or gentlemanly manner than your squadron has during its entire assignment at this college. You adjusted yourselves rapidly and properly to the requirements of this program, and you fit into the picture here so gracefully and courteously that we all recognize your class as one of the finest groups of soldiers ever to enter our institution.

Many real friendships have been created between members of your group and members of ours, and all of us remaining here wish you continued success in your next phase of training and all your future duties, and look forward with much pleasure to our reunion at some not too far distant time.

With kindest personal regards to each and every member of your squadron, and with the good wishes of every representative of the Moorhead States Teachers College, I remain

Cordially yours,
O. W. SNARR,
President

THE GROUP STAFF



SEATED, *Left to right:* Conway, D. W.; Davaney, J. A.; STANDING, *Left to right:* Rogillio, J. B.; Moore, J. L.; Hayden, J. H.

Considered by a few as the "Inner Sanctum" but by others who really know them as the five hardest working students at the detachment, the Group Staff is respected and admired by all. Headed by "Genial Jim Davaney", it is the duty of these men to keep the machinery, which our officers have set in motion, well oiled and functioning perfectly. "Dapper Dan Conway" is the fellow who puts us on guard duty and says when we need a haircut. Mr. Hayden and Mr. Moore come next and their duty is to see that we are all kept at attention, on the ball, and make sure that we are given our weekly change of linen. Last but not least is Mr. Rogillio (who plays a mean trumpet on the side) commanding the detachment band.

Chosen for superior leadership to head the entire group, they have upheld the trust placed in them; not only have they done a commendable job but at the same time they have retained the trait of being "one of the boys." We very fully realize the responsibility that has been theirs and feel that due to their excellent leadership we are better soldiers. It is these men who have attained the highest student rank in the detachment and in the respect of the men. We express to them our sincere gratitude and best wishes for future leadership. If the rest of the men have lived up to the high standards set by these group officers then we are truly the "Sharpest Outfit in the Air Corps."



CADET
BALL



FEBRUARY
1944

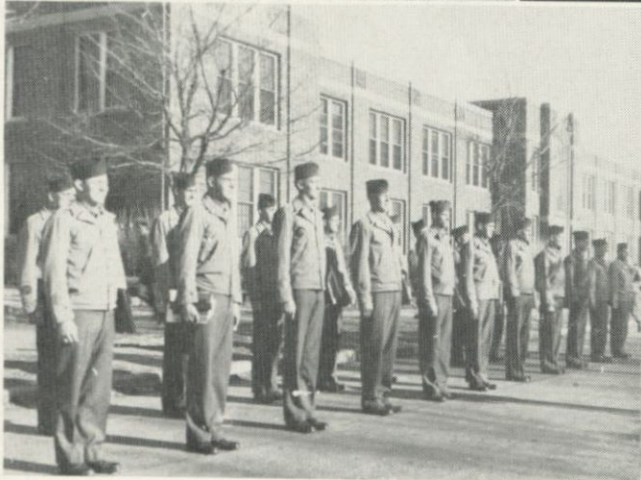
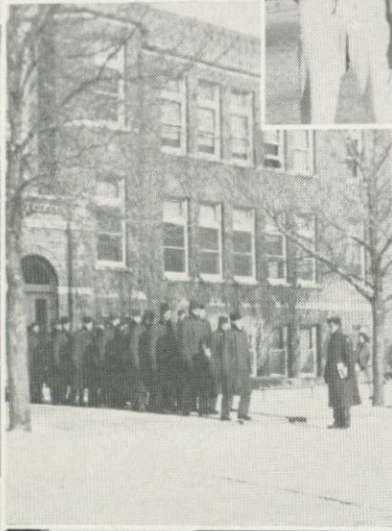


SQUADRON STAFF



SEATED: Tisdale, F. D.; STANDING, Left to Right: Bacon, W. H., Jenkins, L. H., Hay, A. E.

These are the fellows who are referred to as "Eager Ole Beavers". Really well liked by all, they are the men who put the tick in the squadron's clock. Mr. Tisdale, Squadron Commander, is a happy go lucky fellow who tries to make a gig as painless as possible. It is his job to keep the squadron on that mythical spheroid known as the ball; and we might add that he has preformed his job in an excellent manner. Mr. Bacon, Squadron Adjutant, finds himself doing all the odd jobs which tend to make the Commander happy, and in particular being ready to take command at any minute. Mr. Hay, First Sergeant, is the fellow who has that fiendish look of enjoyment in his eye when he posts the weekly list of details!! His is one of the toughest jobs in the squadron and probably the most thankless. Lastly is Mr. Jenkins, Guidon-Supply Sergeant, who carries the squadron guidon and hoards cleaning materials and other supplies so tightly that a wasted box of soap powders causes him to give out with a cry of deep anguish. These are the men who keep the squadron's "nose clean" and on the beam. Good fellows all, with a job to do and a way of doing it.





ALEXANDER, SAMUEL C.
1101 E. Boulevard
Charlotte, N. C.
"Gig me, dammit, gig me!"



BROU, EDWARD J.
19 Jackson Ave.,
Ocean Springs, Miss.
"Lets get some sleep girls."



COHEN, LEON
823 Fox Street,
New York, N. Y.
"Tumbling sorta gets me."

Leon Cohen

FLIGHT 51

FLIGHT STAFF

- FLIGHT LIEUTENANT..... A/S Julian R. Vidmer
- FLIGHT SERGEANT..... A/S Clarence E. Pohlmann
- GUIDE SERGEANT..... A/S George A. Zellner, Jr.
- CORPORAL..... A/S John L. McDougal
- CORPORAL..... A/S Morris N. Trachten

MOTTO: Never do today what can be put off until tomorrow.

Flight 51 is a rather unique group of twenty-five; some witty, some intellectual, some athletic, some military, but all regular, with the exception of the unfortunate few that had to first be "rebelized." At the outset, this group acquired a sincere spirit of teamwork, and even though we were happy-go-lucky as a group, we managed to keep in good standing with the officers (until we were told otherwise). Whether it be academics, military, physical training, sick call, or open post—all these were taken in the true spirit becoming a potential officer.

Speaking of spirit brings back that memorable event of our first night of open post. Each man managed to support at least one bar in town, but when Sweeney, Pohlmann, and Brou decided to see who could get the drunkest instead of who could drink the most, it nearly resulted in liquidation. Then when everyone had been safely poured in bed and lights were turned out, McDougal mourned to one of his temperance brothers, "Tucker, open that window the next time it passes by."



*all of "51" know
& love you
"Disgustin"*

CULLENS, GUSTAS T., JR.
886 Lake Ave., N. E.,
Atlanta, Ga.
"When's mail call?? Burrrp!"



CRUTCHFIELD, JOHN L.
110 E. 16th Street,
Sarasota, Fla.
"I'm the best, ask me!!"

John L. Crutchfield

*Lots of luck, Seaman.
Keep M.S. on the beam!
Harrington*

*Lots of luck
"Hogsville"*

*"I'm sure I will."
Richard R. Holland
"God be with
you evermore"
Jernigan*



HARRINGTON, JOHN S.
Broadway, N. C.
"A seasonal tourist. No?"

HILL, JAMES G.
Hogansville, Ga.
"Ever hear about Hogansville?"

HOLLAND, RICHARD R.
Charleston, Miss.
"And I kissed her too."

JERNIGAN, EDWIN F.
Columbia, Ala.
"Let's have late lights tonight."

I'm sure we will always remember that cold December morning we were so rudely awakened at 0400, at which time "Yank" and "Mr. P. W." proceeded to dress fully in their casual manner, thinking that it was reveille, and Waldo jumped into Zellners clothes and was gone before George opened his sleepy eyes. McDougal dumped all his belongings in two barracks bags and fell out bag and baggage. He didn't quite know until 0800 that it wasn't a real fire but only a fire drill.



KINARD, PAUL D.
Ocala, Fla.
"Now back in Florida fellows."

MARSHALL, JAMES B.
2151 McClintock Rd.,
Charlotte, N. C.
"Crutch and I had 'em boys!"

Paul Kinard

Jim Marshall

Now for a typical evening scene in barracks study hall: Flt. Lt. Vidmer, a lad with much ego, sits engrossed in the Herald Tribune with casual comments to Corporal Yank, regarding the days sports. The corporal then responds with a junior filibuster, until Cullens yells "At Ease" to him. Then Jernigan starts preaching to the wayward boys, Seaman, Big Stoop and Romeo, about their habits. Beverly D. and Cohen are deeply engrossed in their weekly supply of poetry, Sgt. Pohlmann is suffering from Mobile Blues and writes furiously to that destination, while "Maw" Kinard and Holland are as quite as ever. Marshall and Wicke are discussing the femin-



MCDUGAL, JOHN L., JR.
R.F.D. 1
Birmingham, Ala.
"I'm gonna gig you now."

McHUGH, JOSEPH E., III
406 Flint Street,
Mobile, Ala.
"Gentlemen, I have the authority."

NASON, WILLIAM A.
Belzoni, Miss.
"Get some peanut butter,
please."

PHILLIPS, PAUL V.
Route 3
Hickory, N. C.
"I'm not asleep, Prof!"

*"lonely barraine"
J.L. McDougal*

*"I'M STILL COLD FROM THAT DUCK IN THE SNOW - LOTS OF LUCK ALWAYS - I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU"
"Thanks a million for everything! Luck to a swell 'yankee'!"
Paul V. Phillips*

A great gal too
Ed Pahlmann

#0 a sweet little girl join

We shall always remember the night times we had with you. It is indeed a responsibility to build a better world.
Bob

I saw you hand him the packages



'Yank'

POHLMANN, CLARENCE E., JR.
1221 E. Blount Street,
Pensacola, Fla.
"Shall I get a date?"

SEAMANS, JAMES O.
999 Stovall Blvd., N. E.,
Atlanta, Ga.
"When's sick call?"

TAYLOR, ROBERT L.
1015 Fourth Court, West,
Birmingham, Ala.
"Aw fellows, be quiet."

TRACHTEN, MORRIS NAT
187 Scranton Street
New Haven, Conn.
"Dusty hell, I scrubbed them twice."

ine situation, with an occasional argument coming from Crutchfield on that point. Mr. Hill is stretched across his bed resting for next week-end, while Alex does a very nice job of aggravating "Daddy" Brou. As the finishing touches go on his P-13, Nason grins with approval amidst Taylor's complaining about his interpolations as McHugh puts him on the right track.

Doris thinks you're swell girl that comes from us both.

To make our flight history complete, we include the last will and testament of Flight 51.

To Mr. Moore, Group Supply Officer, we leave Mr. Conway's knowledge of airplanes.

To Sgt. Haste, we leave a molded I.D.R., a muddy drill field and a squadron of rookies.

To Sgt. Giorgi, we leave the dirtiest barracks in the Western Flying Training Command, a ream of gig Sheets and a gross of pencils.

To Lt. Peterson, we leave a gold bound volume of the Training Memoranda.

To Mr. Brand, we leave Beverly Tucker's ten-cent slide rule, dedicated to accuracy.

To all the Officers and noncommissioned officers of the 346th College Training Detachment we leave our thanks and best wishes.



TUCKER, BEVERLY D.
312 Forrest Road,
Raleigh, N. C.
"Five minutes to sleep yet."

VIDMER, JULIAN R., JR.
339 Gulfview Blvd.,
Clearwater, Fla.
"Steady! Steady!"

that slight ride was grand, was a V.I. honoraria I'll never forget - 2/27

Beverly D. Tucker



Jick train.

WALLACE, ANDREW W.
Germantown, Tenn.
"The slide rule kid."

WALLACE, PAUL H.
358 Loomis Ave., S.E.
Atlanta, Ga.
"Now back in Atlanta..."

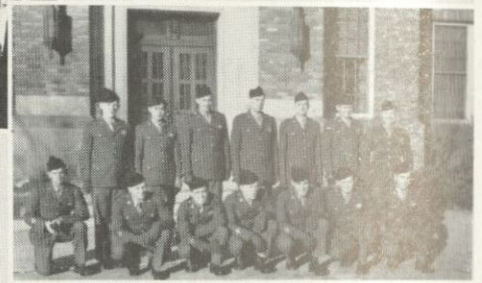
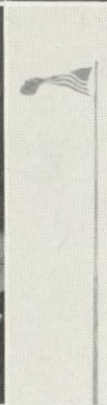
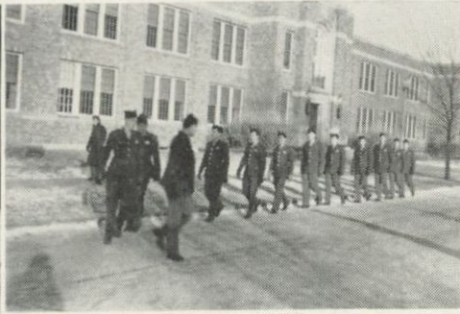
WICKE, EDWARD F.
1420 N. 12th Street,
Pensacola, Fla.
"Not complete control of the ramp as yet."

ZELLNER, GEORGE A., JR.
3028 Barcelona Ave.,
Jacksonville, Fla.
"Fellows, I'm really not illiterate!!!"

From one Wallace to another. Best of luck - Waldo

Good luck to a swell girl. Wicke

So a swell girl! George A. Zellner



144! Remember us! We will surely remember you!
Gerald.



ATKINSON, GERALD V.
Chattahoochee, Fla.
"Gentlemen, I do not snore!!!"



BASS, THOMAS W.
1400 17th Street,
Columbus, Ga.
"Bigger and better sick calls."



BERRY, DONALD R.
Route 1, Box 41,
Picayune, Miss.
"The Little Corporal."

Remember the boys from the 52nd, and I'll remember you -
Dawson

FLIGHT 52

FLIGHT STAFF

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT.....	A/S James S. Sutherland
FLIGHT SERGEANT.....	A/S Dalice E. Wilson
GUIDE SERGEANT.....	A/S Roger C. Caudell
CORPORAL.....	A/S Donald M. Berry
CORPORAL.....	A/S Milburn E. Jones

There is never a day that passes without finding Flight 52 on the firing line. Such talent as is contained by these twenty odd masses of protoplasm, that make up Flight 52, is unsurpassed by all other flights. Since our arrival at the 346th we have been very active and have gained much fame in all campus activities. The Detachment Board, (with a very limited and select membership), gave us the privilege of representation. Of course, the ever popular ramp was trod by members of 52. We were always given sensation representation on the "Training Sheet", form 33, which was published and posted daily. As a climax to all these honors some few of us even gained the *prestige??* and *notoriety!!* of having been called before the Captain during our stay here.

Life during the week was always the same and consisted of rising, eating, and sleeping on the double!, yes sir, no sir, your giggered, at ease, and take seats gentlemen; but the week ends, ah~ those lovely, lovely week ends, they are the bright spot in our existence here. Each week-end our noted flight split into three different factions and met at their respective halls. Faction one, contending that Scotch is a gentlemans



BERTRAND, JOHN M., JR.
840 Inez Street,
Memphis, Tenn.
Ghost of the telephone booth.



CAUDELL, ROGER C.
Ashland, Ga.
"Always—more open post!!"

*"Good luck and
I'll see you on
Peachtree St."
Albert Dobbs*



CONWAY, DANIEL W., JR.
1927 E. 7th Street,
Charlotte, N. C.
"Ol' Blood and guts."

CURTIS, MARTIN R., JR.
Newbern, Tenn.
"Joe—the mule trader."

DOBBS, ALBERT R.
Route 3,
Atlanta, Ga.
"Wabash Cannon Ball."

GONG, DONG J.
Duncan, Miss.
"Blow it out!"



INMAN, THOMAS E.
2013 Ave. H.
Birmingham, Ala.
"Bird Dog"

JENKINS, LESLIE H.
Bryson City, N. C.
"Jenks."

drink, met at the Waldorf, (forget the Astoria part). Faction two, discussing the possibilities and qualities of Bourbon and pink lemonade met at the Aquarium Bar. Last but certainly not least the third group congregated at the American Legion Club and contended that anything alcoholic was good, but definitely!!! We were living on top of the world, bartenders grew rich, and the Air Corps prospered from just having known us.

In our short stay here we have learned much! Probably our first and most important discovery was that since childhood we had been laboring under a false conception as to the meaning of the word "Beaver." Most of us had always thought a beaver to be an animal - - but life at the "Sharpest Detachment in the Air Corps" soon proved us wrong. Also we learned that Beaver, like Yankee, was really a contraction of another word. It seems that the letters "E-A-G-E-R" always precede this contraction. Then too, we found the essential difference between the Air Corps and the regular Army. In the Army it was "Chow Hounds", but here this was cloaked under the mysterious name of seniority!



JONES, MILBURN E.
Trenton, Tenn.
"Valuable!—is you available?"

KISER, WILLIAM R.
Drayton, S. C.
"Hanger flying hot pilot."

NIEMI, LEONARD A.
354 Glenwood Ave.
Buffalo, N. Y.
"A Yankee rose in Southern
brambles."

PERRY, WENDELL H.
Philadelphia, Miss.
The "Kid."



PROFFITT, BRANK
Marshall, N. C.
"Encyclopedia Britannica in the
flesh."



SHEFFIELD, JAMES F.
207 Willow Street,
Perry, Fla.
"Custodian, guardian and care-
taker."



SIEMER, OTTO F.
608 Essex Street,
Jacksonville, Fla.
"Donald Duck-never a silent
moment." *A real glut
of the old south.
may those wings
always shine.
O. F. Siemer, Jr.*



SPENCER, RALPH G.
Fulton, Miss.
"Cotton Gin specialist."

As our time here draws shorter we make our last will and testament. It is our sincere wish that our beneficiaries use their gain to the very best of their abilities and use it as an asset, not a liability!

To the physical training instructors go the laurels of victory which they so richly deserve. No matter how hard deep down in our hearts we tried to like them and say they were really not so bad, they always proved us wrong. With bulging biceps and aching joints, we leave them to their own fiendish methods of torturing the unfortunate ones. Due to their work, we shall carry the name of "Mass of Muscles" the remainder of our lives.

To the "Permanent Party" we leave our love in spite of all the worries they have heaped on our shoulders. It is our sincere hope that those we leave behind may furnish as much "gig material" as we have so nobly done in the past.

Last but not least to our commissioned officers of this detachment go our respect and admiration. Due to your exceptional abilities to lead instead of direct and to secure obedience not from force but by respect we salute you.



STUBBLEFIELD, JESSE D.
Route 2
Springville, Miss.
"I did it-why can't you?"



SUTHERLAND, JAMES S.,
JR.
1710 Wellington Rd.
Birmingham, Ala.
"Lawd Claude, this is the end!!"



TISDALE, FRED D.
403 14th Av.,
Hattiesburg, Miss.
"Mother of the flock."

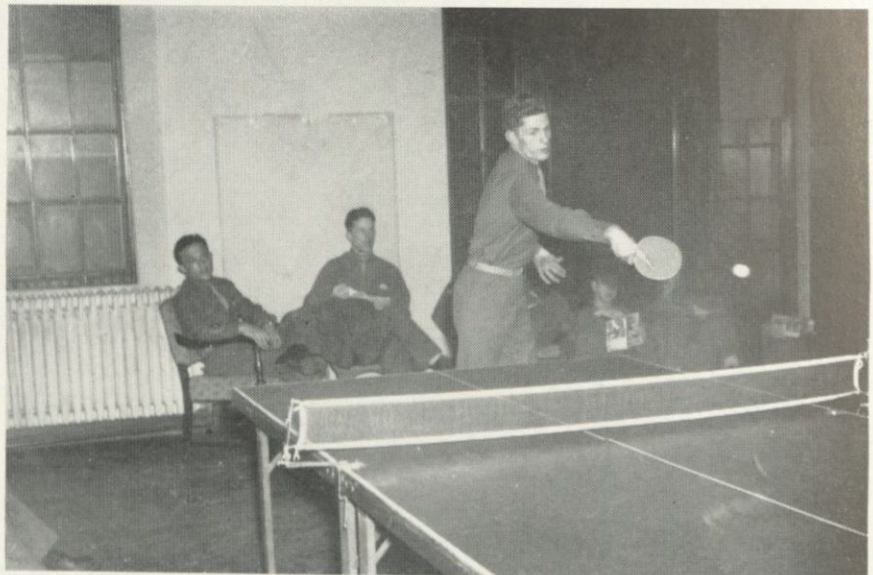


WILKES, J. C., JR.
Goshen, Ala.
"The monomial one."

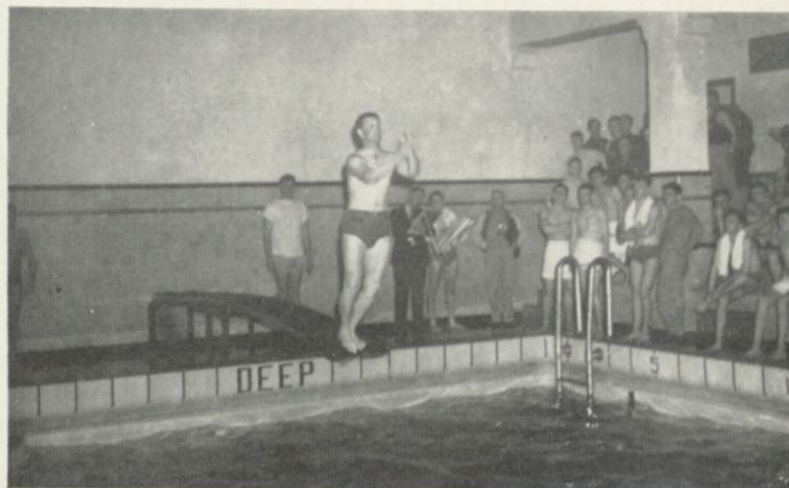


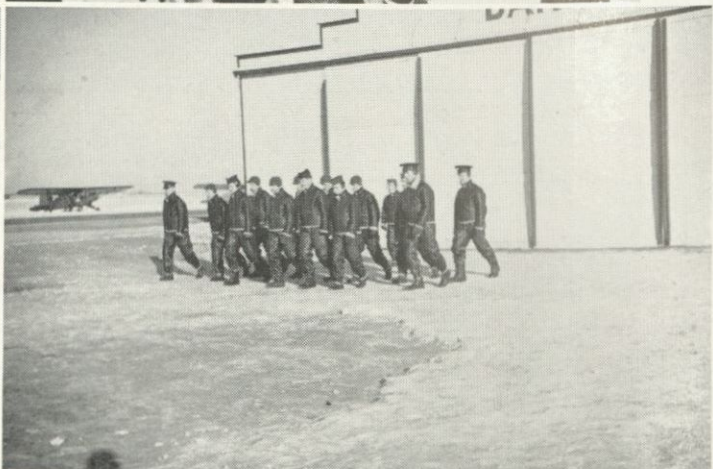
WILSON, DALICE E.
817 Ivez Street,
Memphis, Tenn.
"Long distance, please!"

RECREATION



NIGHT







BARNARD, RALPH G.
P. O. Box 1016
Cramerton, N. C.
"Give me a P-38."



BURNETTE, ISAAC E., JR.
Mars Hill, N. C.
"Take me back to Carolina."



CONLEE, LARKIN F.
Thaxton, Miss.
"Ground loop Joe."

FLIGHT 53

FLIGHT STAFF

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT.....	A/S Henry S. Silverberg
FLIGHT SERGEANT.....	A/S Thomas M. Vincent
GUIDE SERGEANT.....	A/S George B. Daniel
CORPORAL.....	A/S Leldon L. Kennedy
CORPORAL.....	A/S Walter H. Risher, Jr.

We all feel rather well tonight. Mr. Silverberg, our Flight Lieutenant and friendly torturer, fell down the steps this afternoon and burst himself where it would do the most good; Squadron 15 had to turn in all their Cadet Blouses, Caps, and Short Coats; and Mr. Conway is on the ramp so while our humor remains a constant companion we will tell you what smatterings come to our minds in memory of the days spent here. We hope that in the days to come we may turn with warmth to these pages and bring back to full consciousness the spirit that was, is, and ever shall be—Flight 53.

Our beginning was a confusing one; we heard about it later from our seniors who had watched our blind and unsteady capers in utter glee. However, time brought us all the things we are and included a confidence that we were never really as stupid as we were whispered to be.

It wasn't long before most of us were certain beyond all doubt that it was possible for almost any one, even Mr. Pepper, to get dressed, complete toilet, and fall out at the first notes of the buglers favorite morning rhapsody. As well it was proven by trial and error that we gentlemen (by an act of Congress) could fully eat a breakfast and meet school formation



CULBRETH, ROBERT E.
Zebulon, Ga.
"Take off dat shoit."



DANIEL, GEORGE B.
Thomaston, Ga.
"Georgia was never like this."



DAVANNEY, JAMES A.
Mounted Route 38
Augusta, Ga.
"GA. on my mind."



DAVIDSON, DOUGLAS C.
Route 3
Clarksville, Ga.
"Anybody need a good used phone number."



FIESELMAN, CHARLES A.
1200 9th Street West,
Birmingham, Ala.
"Oh for some sleep"



FREY, KARL W.
Birmingham, Ala.
"It's the principle of the thing"

without a bun and two boiled eggs stuffed hastily in a pocket including gloves, cap, and a few cigarette butts left over from the day before yesterday.

Classes were a continuous source of wonderment! Our books were many, and thick enough to fill our cute little satchels. Also they were practically useless except as a proof of intellect and to cover the burns on our tables and desks by cigarettes which no one consciously smoked.

Despite our every trouble, after a few weeks, there were those of us who knew that there were 14 grams in a centimeter and Hay and Fieselmann had a theory that $2x-4y(x-2ab)=\text{two molecules}$, if A gave B two apples with a reciprocal bearing of 22 degrees North longitude. Davaney, the strongest man in our outfit (he could crush a bunch of grapes with either hand), held up Risher our artist so that we could see how the formula worked on the ceiling. We would have used the floor but needed more space and wouldn't have dared touch our beds before 22:30 unless we were on guard duty for they were decorations and not for sleeping. The theory was completely proved and Corporal Stevens presented it in class next day.



HAY, ALBERT E.
2707 10th Ave. South,
Birmingham, Ala.
"Hot pilot."



HOLCOMB, ELESBERRY
Mars Hill, N. C.
"Curlylocks."



HOLLAND, LAWRENCE F.
Route 1,
Bessmer City, N. C.
"Bu-Hu"



KENNEDY, LEDDON L.
Route 5
Cullman, Ala.
"My flying has a feminine touch."



McDONALD, WALTER E.
Ethel, Miss.
"If I don't do it some one else will."



PEPPER, ROBERT H.
Vaughan, Miss.
"I'm agin it."



RISHER, WALTER H. JR.
1528 North Main Street,
Hattiesburg, Miss.
"Wait till I finish this."



SILVERBERG, HENRY S.
520 28th Ave. North
St. Petersburg, Fla.
"I just want a buddy".



STEPHENS, WILLIAM H.
Fulton, Miss.
"Oh, for the R. C. A. F."



STEVENS, SAMUEL T.
Route 3,
Asheville, N. C.
"Dang, I can't win."

Mr. Hoag, our instructor, looked us over with unmasked disgust and quietly assured us that "Only God can make a tree."

Our weekends have created many Saturday night Napoleons and just as many Monday morning Waterloo's. There seems to be a glamorous attraction in the beckoning lights from yon tavern that makes for too much temptation and too small consideration for hinder pocket. This haven is called the Aquarium Bar and it is here that the seats are upholstered on the bottom side and talking fish complete the atmosphere. Here inspiration leaps unbounded and a cab driver is mans best friend. Sometimes a romance is born or sometimes even drowned!

Would that all our many could be mentioned historically or hysterically but space and personal choice does not permit. We must make our end now and gather our belongings about us and follow a pattern patiently molded for us by those who are concerned and unconcerned with our welfare. To say good by is not to our liking but we have a rendezvous with our fellow conspirators amid the torn parts and infernos of the world over transgressed.



ULRICH, JERRY
1028 S. E. 2nd Court,
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.
"I hate women."



UPCHURCH, EDDIE
Route 1,
Baxley, Ga.
"Girl Crazy."



UPTON, JAMES H.
5020 10th Ave. North,
Birmingham, Ala.
Rudderless "Uppy."



VINCENT, THOMAS M.
46 South Empire Street,
Wilkes Barre, Pa.
"Why, oh why, these Rebels?"



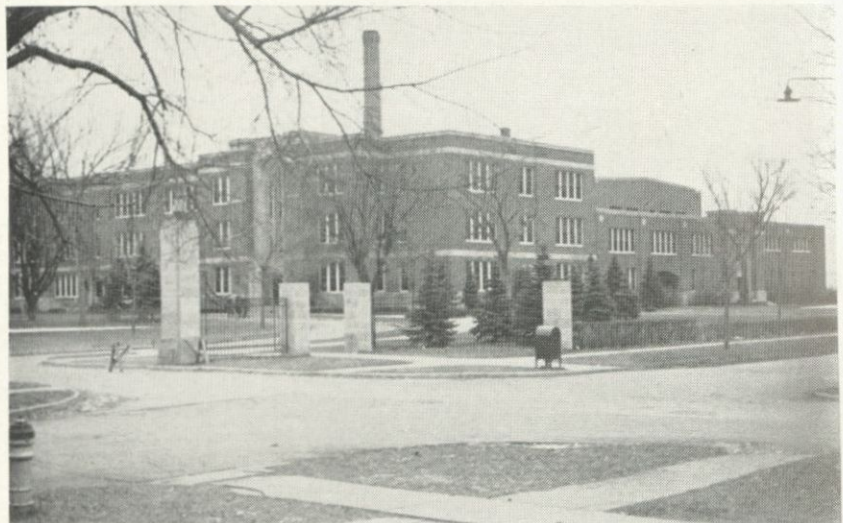
WILLIANGHAM, RAY. W.
Alma, Ga.
"53"—Chow!!!



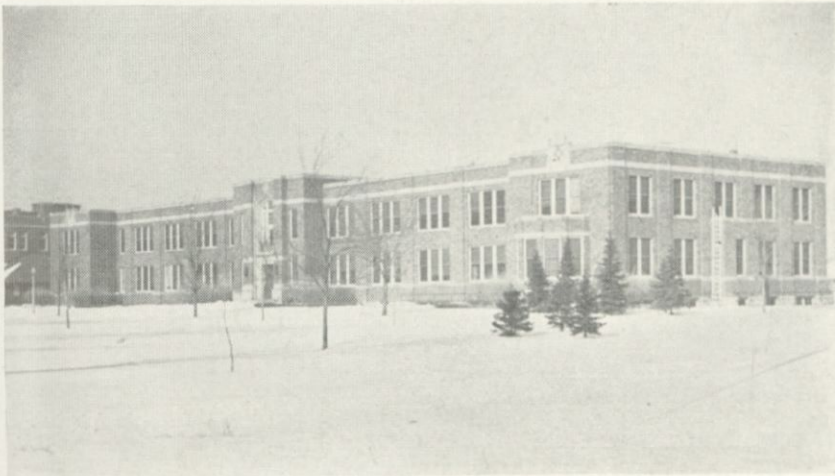
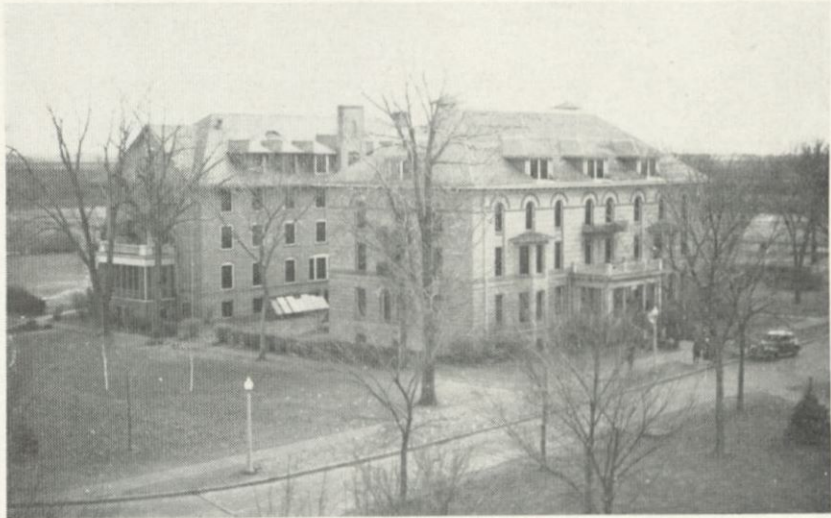
WYNNE, NORRIS S.
1936 Trotti Street,
Atlanta, Ga.
"Let's go roller skating."



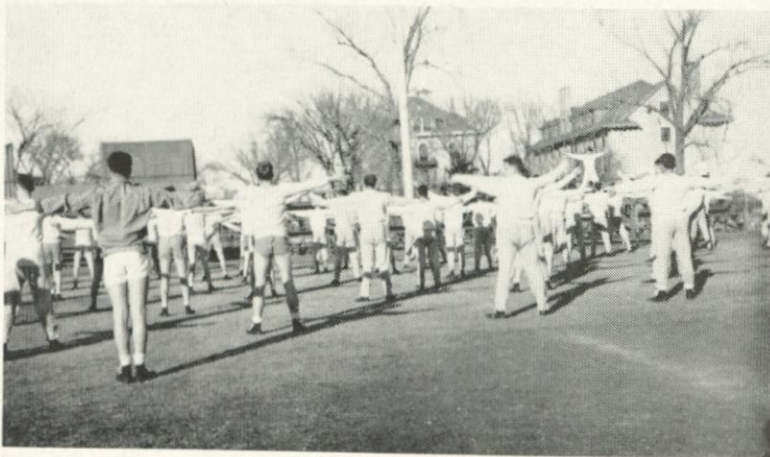
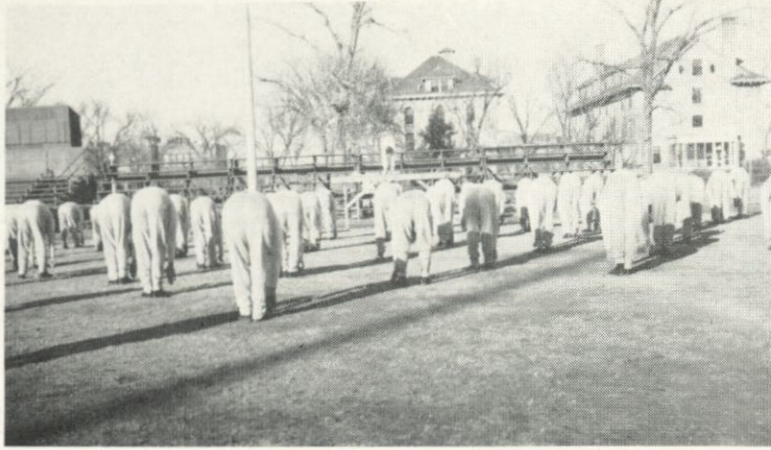
CAMPUS



SCENES



PHYSICAL TRAINING





ANDERSON, JACK C.
1316 13th Street,
Hickory, N. C.
"Cold, it's killing me."



BACON, WILLIAM H.
1631 4th Terrace,
Birmingham, Alabama
"Sorry, lady, I'm married."



BECKHAM, ROBERT E.
Waynesboro, Tenn.
"Some mail, please."

FLIGHT 54

FLIGHT STAFF

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT.....	A/S Hulan I. Roberts
FLIGHT SERGEANT.....	A/S Marion E. Taylor
GUIDE SERGEANT.....	A/S Charles B. Davis
CORPORAL.....	A/S William E. Darby
CORPORAL.....	A/S John W. Tucker, Jr.

One morning, not so long ago, twenty-five men were designated to be a unit which was to be known in glory, and otherwise, as four and fifty more. Easily showing along our meritous way are the many marks of full accomplishment, that are pleasing to our anxious eye - - perhaps you admire them too. No matter - - we carry in the swager you know us by the pleasant knowing that there are tokens we can turn to when things get thin (and they get mighty thin on an S B I). Always before us will be the jolly burp medicine and giggle water we took, with two buckets of steam, when there was too much blood in our alcoholic systems. We could get the stuff in a handy hip pocket size and it always brought the knowledge that Monday would prove to be a perfect day, with four and one half of the same following. These days served the purpose of preparing the body and mind for the eventualities encompassing the short grossness of a week-end; which by devious means we have learned to appreciate beyond the inaugurations of most of you.



DARBY, WILLIAM E.
312 Ennis Street,
High Point, N. C.
"I'm all hers."



DAVIS, CHARLES B.
408 Professional Bldg.,
Pittsburg, Penna.
"Strictly Business."



DIGBY, GLEN L.
601 Atlanta Street,
Covington, Georgia
"Take me back to Dixie."



JOHNSON, BILLY
Russellville, Alabama
"Sound off, Mac."



JOHNSON, CONNIE B.
P.O. Box 13,
Atronelle, Alabama
"Just call me Aviation Stupid."



LeMASTER, FRED Y.
Eclectic, Alabama
Still miss "Hoss."

We are slow to flout our feats for we have dwelled on the lighter side so long; but is there fault to find in the preservation of faces of friends of ours in the flight that travels by our side??? Come with us down this hall and we shall show you our portal in the detachment hall of fame. Proud of it we are, and ever shall be, for it is second to none. There are many places all of us have been. You have seen us cut rugs with capers that mark the way we've been around. Name them we might but perhaps we like you too well.

Existence here consisted of rigid inspections and a tough but kindly gig system, which makes for easy learning of "the arts" no matter how tough. There are those of us who became proficient in staggering up two flights of steps with the aid of no man. This ability is definitely owed to our P. T. instructors who taught us to tumble without fear of injury and live untamed. You would be surprised how many of us have survived "D-Bitis" even beyond a knowing shame. The marvelous shortcomings of our staff are even forgotten in the philosophy that even they are



ODOM, WILLIAM H.
Route 2
Hattisburg, Mississippi
"More Open Post, please."



ROBERTS, HULAN I.
1274 South Wellington,
Memphis, Tenn.
"Take that man's name."



SAPPENFIELD, HAROLD W.
1002 Lindsay St.,
High Point, N. C.
"Ho! Ho! Ho! You'll never know."



SIMMONS, WILLIAM E.
Sardis, Miss.
"Daddy of 54."



TAYLOR, MARION E.
2130 Blakemore Avenue,
Nashville, Tenn.
"See what I mean?"



TOMME, ROBERT S.
LaGrange, Georgia
"Love 'em and leave 'em."



TRABKA, EDWARD
39 Beaver Street,
Ansonia, Conn.
"Lemme take a look."



TUCKER, JOHN W., JR.
819 North Mills Street,
Orlando, Florida
"From Florida and proud of it."



TUCKER, KENNETH S.
East Point, Florida
"Girls? They don't bother me."
Kenneth S. Tucker



WALKER, GRIFFIN L.
1437 Pearson Avenue,
Birmingham, Alabama
"Just take me back to Alabam."

only human. From the page marked beginning, way back in November, 1943, our history has been in the making. Much has been learned and not all of it in the "front door" category either. Endowed we were with the usual number of characters to be found in any flight. There is Connie B. Johnson - hog caller par excellence, Trabka-our direct representative to the Ramp detail, and last but not least Buddy Webb, who firmly believes that Mississippi is the center about which the universe revolves.

There is much more to be told but some one keeps peeking over our shoulder and asking for this article to be completed. Here is our bus now so we take our leave to make good the promise to assure goodness and graces of our ways. We leave heavy loads for others to pick up and carry in our place—may the burden fit their shoulders as well as it has ours. You will hear of us in the future and some day hear our foot steps coming back. Not near, and yet-not so far. Give us then what luck there is to give and our goodbye will never be forgotten.



WALKER, RAYMOND W.
1502 Oakely Street,
Orlando, Florida
"Hot pilot of 50 minutes."



WEBB, HUNTER C.
Meridan, Miss.
"I like P. T."



WESTBROOK, JAMES O.
2 Elinor Place, N. W.,
Atlanta, Georgia
"Give me air."



WILSON, HAROLD J.
59 Barrett Avenue,
Stamford, Conn.
"These Rebels."



WOOD, JAMES H.
Box 94,
Guntown, Miss.
"The Glamack of 54."

"THESE CHARMING PEOPLE"

We still talk of Mr. Conway's "wooden clog incident" on fire drill just after our arrival here. Upon being awakened at three "ayem" and finding a fire drill in progress, our old "intestines and protoplasm" (not to be confused with "blood and guts") became exceptionally eager and dashed to the formation clothed only in nature's own raiment, an overcoat, and those now famous wooden clogs. It is whispered even to this day that "Danny Boy" is still wondering why Lt. MacQuesten insisted that he wear his G. I. Brogues from then on.

And then there's the time "Corporal Stevens" got lost while on guard duty. The Officer of the Guard became alarmed at his prolonged absence and went in search of him. "Sammy" was eventually found and when he became aware of the approaching O. G. he halted him, and in his best military manner asked for a sign of recognition. Having complied to the letter with his instructions as laid out in the Guard Manual the "Corporal" was now at a loss for words. The Officer of the Guard was more than somewhat shocked at his next question of, "Well, what do I do now?"

Then too there is a few of us who still insist that Jim Sutherland is really crazy, after all. Our basis for argument is the memorable night he became involved with Squadron Twelve. Forgetting that his flight didn't meet this particular formation, he steamed up to the group area and tried to take command of Twelve. "The quietist" was finally put on him and he returned to the barracks very downcast. He admitted later that the men did seem unfamiliar at the time but all he was thinking about was that he had a flight out there somewhere and duty comes first of all.

It is also rumored that Wendell Perry doesn't like this army life very well. This fact which had formerly been intimately whispered became open talk when for the 120th morning consecutively he arose and greeted the world with the soliloquy that, "War sure is hell, isn't it?"

Have you heard about --- The brawl Flight 51 threw and had the gaul to call a party --- The time "Red" Johnson asked Lt. Mac to sound off --- And how all the married men plead for more open post and the single boys cry for less, saying that no ordinary human could withstand the tortures placed on them Saturday and Sunday nights???????

Things we would all like to see --- Lt. Peterson in a court room --- An inspection where no one gets gigged --- The permanent party on parade --- The Waldorf or Aquarium on a Monday night --- Brass that doesn't have to be polished and shoes that don't have to be shined --- And last but not least, Sgt. Vurnakes on the receiving end of a gig.

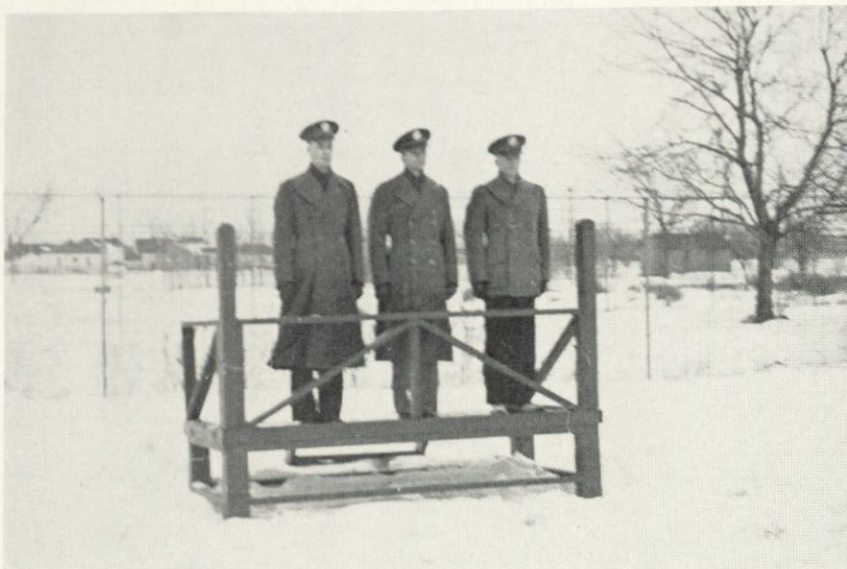
PERMANENT PARTY



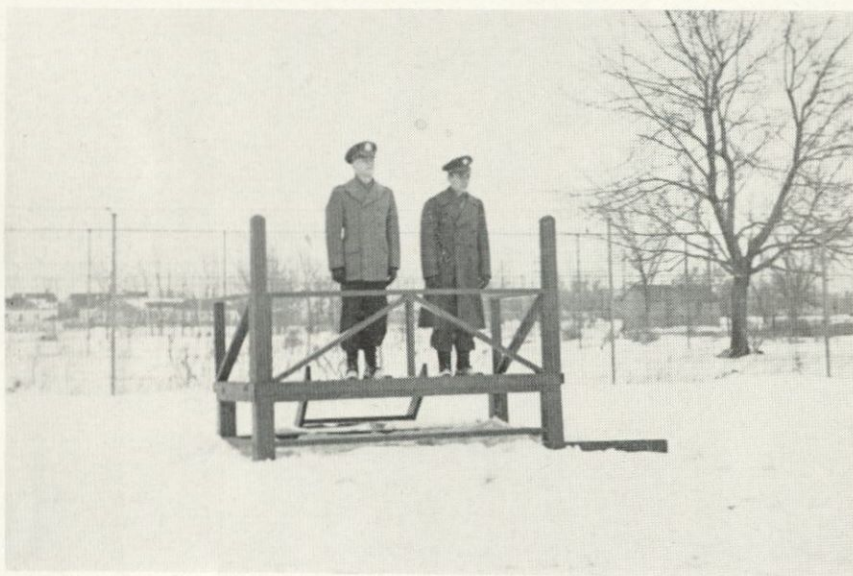
FRONT ROW: *Left to right:* Pfc. Kinney, S/Sgt. J. Liles, Sgt. A. Giorgi, Sgt. C. Vernakes, S/Sgt. H. Orlenko, S/Sgt. F. Haste.
SECOND ROW: *Left to right:* T/Sgt. L. Weinstein, Sgt. H. Fedderson, Sgt. M. Miller, Cpl. E. Swyden, Sgt. J. Richardson.
THIRD ROW: *Left to right:* S/Sgt. J. McMahon, S/Sgt. J. Blakemore, Cpl. J. Hunt, Cpl. Nealis.

KITCHEN STAFF





PASS IN



REVIEW



GUIDON STAFF



SEATED: Jenkins, L. H. STANDING, *Left to Right*: Taylor, R. L.; Risher, W. H.; Nason, W. A.; Wallace, P. H.; Tisdale, F. D.; Frey, K. W.; Walker, R. W.

OFFICER IN CHARGE.....	Lt. R. G. Hargrave
STUDENT OFFICER IN CHARGE.....	A/S Fred D. Tisdale
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....	A/S Leslie H. Jenkins
BUSINESS MANAGER.....	A/S Paul H. Wallace
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.....	A/S Charles B. Davis
ART EDITORS.....	{ A/S William A. Nason A/S Walter H. Risher
LAYOUT EDITOR.....	A/S Raymond W. Walker

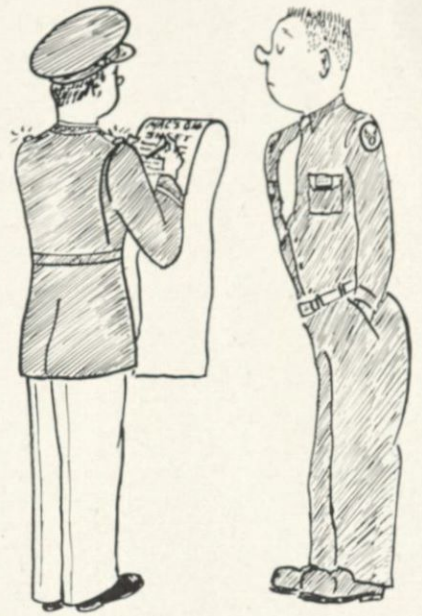
At the time of this writing the Editor finds himself subconsciously pulling his hair out by the roots. As has often been said, the life of a newspaper man is one continuous headache, and those who work on class annuals find them to be only more so. We find ourselves in a rather delicate position. The question being, whether to apologize or boast!!! At any rate this is it --- The Guidon. Take it for what it is worth but please don't treat it too lightly for we have labored over this much as a doating mother does with an only child. Our sincere hope is that you enjoy it as much as the staff has enjoyed compiling the information contained herein. After all, it's yours and we hope we have pleased.



G. I.

Sitting on my G. I. bed,
 My G. I. hat upon my head,
 My G. I. pants, my G. I. shoes,
 Everything free—nothing to lose.
 G. I. razor, G. I. comb,
 G. I. wish that I were home.
 They issue everything we need,
 Paper to write on, books to read.
 They issue food that makes you
 grow.

G. I. want a good long furlo!
 Your belt, your shoes, your G. I. tie,
 Everything free, nothing to buy.
 You eat your food from a G. I. plate,
 Buy your needs at a G. I. rate.
 It's G. I. this and G. I. that,
 G. I. haircut, G. I. hat.
 Everything here is Government
 Issue,
 G. I. wish that I could kiss you!!



MESS HALL SCENE

In rushed Davaney, steamin'
 hot.
 "Excuse me, gentlemen," he
 said not.
 He grabbed a fork and the
 biggest plate,
 And says, "Watch out boys,
 I'm going to be late."



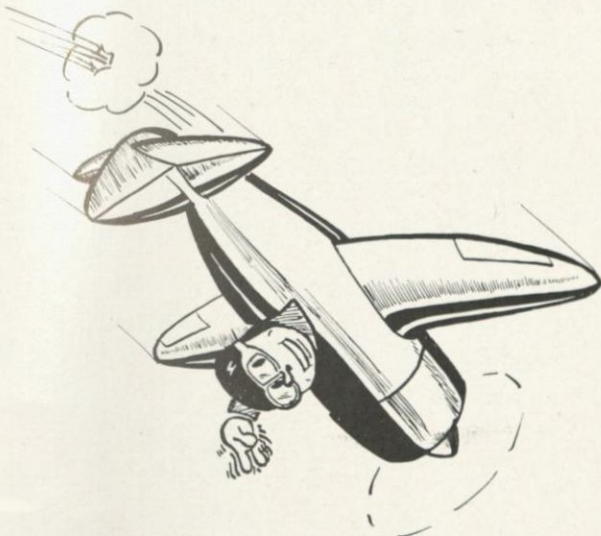
GIG JIVE

My brass is dirty, my morale
 is gone.
 From Saturday to Saturday is
 so long.
 My shoes aren't shined,
 there's dirt on the floor:
 Ah-gig me brother, with a
 solid four.

HOT PILOT

(With apologies to a well known
 poet)

I think that I shall never be,
 Chronicled in "Hot Pilotry."
 I'll never fly to where the
 blue begins;
 For not only will I "wash"—
 I'll rinse!!



“FINIS”

THE Hawaiians have a word for it. That word is “Aloha”, and in it is contained so very many thoughts. It means “hello” and also “goodbye”. In this one word they convey all their feelings of a sad parting or a joyous reunion. Would that we Americans had an “all purpose” word such as this. We hate to say “goodbye” for that is so final and our parting is by no means a final one. We are firmly convinced that some day we are going to meet again for that is the way we want it. Friendships and associations here are much too nice to be forgotten upon departing. Grant us then the privilege of an “Aloha” and try to remember us for we won’t forget you.”

