Take Off, Squadron 2, December 1943

Montana State University (Missoula, Mont.). Air Force Reserve Officers’ Training Corps

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TAKE OFF

December "43"
317th C. J. D.
Montana State University
Missoula, Montana
To the Future "Misters"
of Squadron Two

We, the present "Misters" of Squadron Two, had quite a record to equal when we came to Montana State University. When we were assigned to this squadron, we had no idea of the splendid achievements made by the former Squadrons Two. They not only had performed well, winning parades, achieving remarkably high grades in their scholastic work, showing themselves to be well disciplined by their manner on and off the campus, but also at Santa Ana, where they were allowed to pick their own Primary School. Of all the aviation students that are sent there, none can equal the extraordinary accomplishments obtained by the past Squadrons Two sent from Montana State University, Missoula, Montana.

Future Misters of Squadrons Two, the goal is before you. You are eager to wear the wings of might and power of so great a nation—a nation which is training you for the task of helping to set the world aright.

Realizing that the future Misters of Squadron Two will display as much cooperation, honor, ambition and fortitude as they have in the past, we, the present Squadron Two, respectfully and whole-heartedly make this dedication to you.

A/S ARTHUR G. BOHMAN
Squadron 2 has always been a good Squadron and you have carried on its traditions in a commendable manner. You have been gentlemen and soldiers and have demonstrated that you have the stuff in you to become officers. We have done our best to make you the best darned officers on earth. That is what the Air Corps wants—the best officers who, in addition, are the best Aircrew men. You are going on to learn more about being officers and Aircrew members. You are ready for it. Stay on the ball and be eager, and the Good Luck I am wishing you will be yours.

GEORGE E. HEIKES, JR.
Major, Air Corps
Commanding.
It is indeed gratifying to note the progress that you men have made during your comparatively short stay at the 317th College Training Detachment. Keep up the fine spirit that you now have and your willingness to cooperate and function as a team. These qualities, together with unbounded ambition, should enable you to attain your goal.

VICTOR E. SCHEMBER
Captain, Air Corps
Adjutant.

You have successfully completed your first phase of Aircrew training. Apply yourselves to your future training as you have here, and nothing will keep you from your goal—those silver wings. Good luck to each of you.

GEEDIE L. SIMMONS
1st Lt., Air Corps
Commandant of Students
To most of you the 317th College Training Detachment will soon be only a memory, but it should be a happy one in spite of a thirty-day restriction. Where else in the Army will you find a beautiful campus, wonderful food and quarters, and scores of lovely coeds eager to entertain you?

But, these things are secondary to the real purpose of the training you received here. You have had a balance of physical, academic and military training which should send you to Classification and Pre-Flight with an excellent foundation. While it may have seemed rugged at times, the dividend which good training pays will be gratifying.

The 317th College Training Detachment has the record of training the finest squadrons ever to reach Santa Ana, and I am sure Squadron Two will not be an exception to that standard.

ROBERT P. McIVER,
1st Lt., Air Corps,
Commanding

Not being especially gifted with the art of oratory nor adept at flowery phrases I'll attempt to be as brief and G. I. as possible.

We here have done our utmost to start you off correctly and to our knowledge have done so with your fine cooperation. Now that you are "On the Ball"—Stay there, and one day soon you'll be important cogs in the finest fighting team the world has ever known—The United States Army Air Force.

Good luck, fellows.

S/SGT. HARRY CHARM.
The Squadron
I am very grateful to Squadron Two for its full cooperation the first few weeks we were at the 317th C. T. D. We all worked together. Due to that fact I was very lucky and was moved up from Squadron Commander to Group Adjutant. If the squadron continues in the manner which they have gone and are going, I'm sure every one of them will make fine officers and gentlemen of the air.

When the time comes for us to move to Santa Ana it is my desire that all of you remember the things we've tried to stress so that Santa Ana will not be too difficult.

To remain with Squadron Two is my hope when we leave and whoever may be picked for leaders at the next post will appreciate our cooperation as we cadet officers have appreciated yours here during the past months.

A/S CLARENCE T. RITTER
Group Adjutant

At ease, Misters! By order of Mr. Krumweide.
I'd like to wish every Mister in Squadron Two the best of luck-'n-everything. They told me I had to write a hundred words for the yearbook; right now I'm up to forty-five. Count 'em.

Working with the Misters of Squadron Two has been swell. I hope the rest of my Army life will be the same. Sixty-eight words, thirty-two to go.

We've had some swell times along with some tough ones, like the two days following our play. We'll never forget them or Montana State University.

Well, Misters, I see a little powder on the page so I'd better blow. Best of luck to all.

A/S LAWRENCE M. KRUMWEIDE
Squadron Commander

To the "Misters" of Squadron Two:

I want to thank all of you for the splendid cooperation that you have given the other student officers and myself. We have a swell squadron and it has been made possible only through your efforts. If everyone keeps up the good work it won't be long before we'll be helping to win the war.

I've enjoyed my stay at M. S. U. and I hope that you all feel the same about it.

Good luck, "Misters,"

CLYDE R. DAVIS
Squadron Adjutant

To the Men of Squadron Two:

Well, fellows, or should I say "Misters," I have enjoyed working with you and I have greatly appreciated your splendid attitude toward the Squadron and all it stands for.

There are many of you with whom I took "Basic" and whom I know very well, while I am only now becoming really acquainted with the rest of you. In spite of this, I have a certain feeling of pride when I think of the strides you have made toward becoming stalwart "Officers of the Air" in the short time we have been together.

With this in mind, I want to wish each and every one of you the success that will certainly be yours as long as you maintain this attitude.

Your friend and Student First Sergeant,

A/S JOHN H. ELROD
JOHN N. TRAXLER  
Niles, Ohio

JOHN G. DALLMER  
Long Island, New York

JOEL T. CREASY  
Richwood, West Virginia

IVAN P. BRINKMAN  
Perryville, Missouri

DONALD W. BYERS  
London, Ohio  
Flight Lieutenant

GEORGE D. HOLDER  
Indianapolis, Indiana

CHARLES H. YOUNG, JR.  
Osceola, Indiana

ROBERT M. JOHNSON  
Pine Bluff, Arkansas

DONALD G. FEATHERSON  
Anderson, Indiana

FRANK BOZICEVICH  
Wheeling, West Virginia

JAMES K. EDWARDS  
Chelsea, Massachusetts
MAX M. BENNETT
London, Ohio

WILLIAM R. LAWLESS
Grove City, Ohio

JOHN R. TWARDOSKA
Narberth, Pennsylvania

RALPH R. REES
Lawrenceburg, Indiana

PAUL C. KEAST
Ironwood, Michigan
Flight Sergeant

CHARLES K. STARTZ
Parsons, Kansas

DALE A. BLACK
Oak Hill, Ohio

KENNETH E. SMITH
Warren, Ohio

RICHARD C. POLING
Cincinnati, Ohio

EUGENE M. PLEVA
Bronx, New York

LAWRENCE H. MUESING
Indianapolis, Indiana
ADOLPH L. WYZUKOWSKI
St. Paul, Minnesota

HOWARD P. JAMES
Estes Park, Colorado

EARL E. BOWERS
Chillicothe, Ohio

WAYNE KINGERY
Mounds, Illinois

Flight

ABSENT WHEN PICTURES WERE TAKEN

JOSE G. BOGHER, JR.
DALE G. HAWKEY
ROMMIE L. NEEDHAM
WILLIAM L. WHITE
Moulton, Alabama
PHILLIP P. SILVERSTEIN
Brooklyn, New York

ROBERT D. SCOTT
Marion, Indiana

JAMES F. NICHOLAS
Charleston, West Virginia

EDWARD F. BASTIAN
Chicago, Illinois

STANFORD K. SMOKER
Paris, Indiana

RICHARD L. FAIRCHILD
Columbus, Ohio

WAYNE F. GILBERG
Fort Wayne, Indiana

DEAN I. LEMLEY
Fredericktown, Ohio

DONALD W. ENDERLE
Antwerp, Ohio

MILES E. BURGENHEIM
New Albany, Indiana
ROBERT B. BERRIGAN
Newton Falls, Ohio

PAUL D. BUSBY
Indianapolis, Indiana

JOHN W. EAGAN
Nellis, West Virginia

LEON B. HIMELSTEIN
Fort Wayne, Indiana

JAMES B. KURTZ
East Cleveland, Ohio

CHARLES I. MALAJIAN
New York, New York

CHARLES L. RICHARD
Ceresco, Nebraska

ABSENT WHEN PICTURES WERE TAKEN

MARION H. SUGGS
Port Arthur, Indiana
FRANK A. BERARDINO
Chicago, Illinois

ALLEN D. CLYDE
Heber, Utah

CHARLES A. HENSLICK
Huntington Beach, Calif.

JACK E. ARNDT
Durango, Colorado

CLYDE E. RADER
Pittsburgh, Penn.
Flight Sergeant

BERT W. BELTZER
Cleveland, Ohio

LYLE J. SCHUMACHER
Merrill, Wisconsin

ALLEN D. CLYDE
Heber, Utah

CLYDE E. RADER
Pittsburgh, Penn.
Flight Sergeant

ALBERT L. SENN
Louisville, Kentucky

NORMAN N. HOFT
Wall Lake, Iowa

RICHARD L. YOUNG
Struthers, Ohio

VAUGHN B. SCHINDLER
Berne, Indiana

LYLE J. SCHUMACHER
Merrill, Wisconsin

Flight H
LYMAN T. PONDER
Mt. Vernon, Kentucky

HUGHE D. PHILLIPS
Albany, Kentucky

JOHN O. MILLER
Toledo, Ohio

JOHN C. KENNEDY
Port of Spain, Trinidad

ROBERT B. MILLER
New Carlisle, Indiana

RALPH I. HUBLEY
Whiting, Indiana

HARDIN G. LEWIS
Grayson, Kentucky

BERNARD MEKULA
Cleveland, Ohio
JOHN H. ELROD
North Vernon, Indiana

MORGAN L. FORD
Berkey, Ohio

WILLIAM E. GARRISON
Dallas, Texas

BENJAMIN F. GRAVES
Homer, Louisiana

JESSE R. GREY
Louisville, Kentucky

VINCENT C. HOHMAN
Wheeling, West Virginia

ARTHUR N. BOECKELMAN
Webster Groves, Missouri
ARTHUR G. BOHMAN  
Covington, Kentucky

PAUL D. WILSON, JR.  
Kansas City, Missouri

CHRISTIAN A. GREGERSON  
Rocky River, Ohio

HARRIEL L. GUDGELL  
Lexington, Kentucky

HAROLD I. SALMONS  
Wilmington, Delaware  
Flight Lieutenant

FRANCIS P. KLEE  
McCracken, Kansas

JAMES M. ARNETT  
Charleston, West Virginia

CARL A. JOHNSON  
Yankton, South Dakota

ROBERT H. EDELE  
Charleston, West Virginia

CLAUDE A. BORUCKI  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

ROBERT C. GRIMES  
Salem, Indiana
KEITH L. ISHAM
Wichita, Kansas

JOSEPH E. ELLIOTT
Van Dyke, Michigan

RICHARD G. MORVILJUS
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

WILLIAM T. KIVETT
New Orleans, Louisiana

ALBERT F. LATTIS
Louisville, Kentucky
Flight Sergeant

JOHN V. SCHELL
Dayton, Ohio

ROSCOE C. JENNINGS
Huntington, W. Va.

ORVILLE R. BAISDEN
Verdunville, W. Va.

MARVIN P. WRIGHT
Charleston, W. Va.

ROGER E. BAKER
Youngstown, Ohio

ESTELL HANNA
Kokomo, Indiana
Flight

SHELDON M. LINCOLN
Omaha, Nebraska

GEORGE P. SCHMID
Rapid City, South Dakota

FRED W. MANN
Tallassee, Alabama

CHARLES R. DAVIS
Indianapolis, Indiana

SHeldon M. LINCOLN
Omaha, Nebraska

FRED W. MANN
Tallassee, Alabama

CHARLES R. DAVIS
Indianapolis, Indiana

EDMOND J. GAUTHIER
Escanaba, Michigan

SLAUGHTER D. MIMS
Guthrie, Kentucky

CECIL J. WOTRING
Forest, Ohio

DONALD R. MARCUE
LeMars, Iowa

JAMES W. BASTIAN
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

JACK M. DAVIS
Sherrard, West Virginia

CHARLES R. DAVIS
Indianapolis, Indiana
EVERETT N. HICKS  
Dennison, Texas

BILLY F. MAYER  
Kansas City, Kansas

JOSEPH L. SCOTT  
Pioneer, Texas

FRANK A. DURST  
Wheeling, W. Va.

JAMES P. AHERN  
Ottawa, Illinois  
Flight Lieutenant

JOHN A. BECKER  
Johnson Creek, Wisconsin

ARTHUR S. OVERBAY  
Indianapolis, Indiana

CLARENCE T. RITTER  
Louisville, Kentucky

FRANK A. DURST  
Wheeling, W. Va.

JAMES P. AHERN  
Ottawa, Illinois  
Flight Lieutenant

JOHN A. BECKER  
Johnson Creek, Wisconsin

PAUL B. CLARK  
Sharpses, W. Va.

HARRY L. REED  
Chillicothe, Ohio

FLIGHT K
Flight

K
MENTAL TAILSPINS

Beginning classes found everyone of us ambitious to get the necessary altitude so that we could fly easily. Instructors commenced firing grammar, speech training, history, physics and math at us. We had a goal to reach at Santa Ana, so we needed plenty of altitude. So fast did we gain it that before we knew it a number of us had gone into a mental tailspin. We lost our sense of equilibrium. We needed power to pull out. Was it there? “Kick that opposite rudder bar, ‘Mister,’ and you’ll come out.” Our right rudder sometimes amounted to supervised study. Here we gained speed enough to pull out of those mental tailspins.

Finally, with Trigonometry, Civil Aeronautics Regulations and Theory of Flight added to our curriculum we regained our altitude and can now say “Santa Ana, here we come.”
Ten tooting tooters tooting tunes are Squadron Two’s claim to members in the band. When the band marches down the oval who is it that swings the baton? Why, that’s Mr. Isham. That little fellow lost beneath the bell of the bass horn is Mr. Kivett and right at home, too, he is, for it takes a big wind to make noise on that instrument. That man triple-tonguing the trumpet is probably Mr. Hannah. Mr. Borucki, who would like to play jingle, jangle, jingle with a person’s nerves, happily bingle, bangle, bingle’s upon the cymbals. Slippery Bill Hundley suddenly slides his trombone forward as if he were trying to catch a part of the ear of the man in front of him and then just as swiftly slides it back again for fear of getting caught. But, the men who really provide the rhythm and harmony for the marching of many feet are found in the personages of Mr. Mann, Mr. Goldberg and Mr. Beaber—all members of good old Squadron Two.
Flight Line
Someday the men of Squadron Two will wear the wings of pilots, bombardiers and navigators; wings which are symbolic of the might and power of these United States whose freedoms are watched over by another having wings, the American Eagle.

Even as the scream of the eagle strikes terror into the hearts of her foes so shall the shine of engines foretell the destruction to come from beneath the bellies of multitudinous planes—Flying Forts, Liberators and B-29's, Lightnings, Mustangs and P-47's. They will be wings of power guided by guardian officers in the air.

Not too soon will the men of Squadron Two take their place among the soaring eagles to prey upon the vultures of Europe and Asia. The eagle's wings shall become wings of death casting their gruesome shadows upon ravaged and torn countries dominated by dictators. The eagle's wings shall bring peace swiftly to lovers of freedom and shall guard that peace in the future world.

Until their arrival at Missoula, most of the men had done little more than hatch from the nest of basic training camps and dream about their wings. Every day the squadron perched itself upon the edge of the nest with minds open wide to receive instructions in flying, the sustenance of little eagles. Eaglets receiving Civil Aeronautics Regulations prepared themselves for the thrilling experiences to follow. Now were they wrong, for the beginning flights were breath-taking. Gradually, as the ten hours of flying neared completion, the eaglets' wings became stronger and the prospects of mighty wings made the men happy in the thought that some day they might become the eagles of the United States of America, that they might possess the wings of protection for our country and its ideals.

A/S Cecil J. Wotringer
Chow Time — — M—m—m—m Just Like Home

MRS. J. F. FENNESSY
Dietitian—Corbin Hall

AGNES HOVEE
Dietitian—South Hall
No book describing our happy C. T. D. life would be complete without some mention of "The Gremlin," our detachment newspaper. We are proud to boast of the fact that it has many times been acclaimed one of the best C. T. D. newspapers in the country.

The Gremlin is under the supervision of Lieutenant Simmons, Commandant of Students, S/Sgt. Gibbons and S/Sgt. Capps, permanent party non-coms, but the work is done entirely by aviation students. Besides being outstanding in journalistic technique, the paper boasts its own photographing and engraving staff. The type setting is accomplished by men hired by the University and is printed in the University Journalistic Building.

Prominent Misters of Squadron Two who have taken great part in the newspaper's activities are: C. A. Henslick, Editor; R. I. Hubley, Associate Editor; D. I. Lemley, Art Editor; A. S. Overbay, Jr., J. O. Miller and I. Mahan, Photo staff.
DEAR FUTURAMA,

Odd, isn't it, how reminiscences creep up on one. Only yesterday, while waiting on Venus, for an inter-stellar ship, I met Lieutenant "Tex" Suggs and we began to rehash some of the happy times with the old Squadron Two gang from M. S. U. What an outfit!

He had dropped in last week on Mars to visit with Colonel Schumacher, who is D. O. of the new installation that has been gaining so much publicity here of late. The Colonel reports everything "O. K." and wants to get in touch with Captains Berry and Byers; there's something in the wind about an idea of combining Armored and Air Force tactics.

News of Major Fuller would be welcome. I wonder how his congregation enjoys his sermons these days?

Latest gossip has it that Adjutant Ritter "snafued" again the other day and put his O. D. on as Officer of the Guard.

Seems as if only last week we were reading of Major Scott's raid on Japan. Apparently the supervision of Lieutenant Sanford back at Missoula got him "on the beam" for you will recall that he was accompanied by F. O.'s Silverstein, Twardoska and Chamberlain.

Happened into Colonel Krumwiede a while back during a visit to Jupiter. He has the inter-planetary franchise to the moon and quite a few of the boys are flying schedule for him yet. Among them are Misters Johnsons, Salmons, Binder, Burgenheim and Elrod.

Received an inquiry last month from Lieutenant Kivett who was located on Pluto. He and his associates are securing materiels with which to establish a port there.

Word has gotten around that a new rail has been installed in the Florence Hotel, Missoula, Montana, U. S. A., Earth. Certainly am looking forward to seeing all of you there.

Airily yours,

DELBERT BURDETT
Saturday Afternoon Parade

Dirty Glass

GUESS WHAT?

NO SHINE

DUST

BUTTONS

Wandering Eyes

SLEEPING

SHAVE

Anything!
Remember the Play
finesse—finesse???
THE AFRIKA KOR

The first magnificent rehearsal of Squadron Two's play, "The Afrika Kor," took place Friday, November 5, 1943. Until then its routine of colored soldiers was pretty much in the "dark." Reveille and drill, at the beginning, presented more than one "sad-sack." Then—"Places—Curtain" from the stage manager and, "Ya say yer havin' trouble keepin' yer shoes shined, Mister? Tell ya what I'm gonna' do!" rasped the nasal voice of Mr. Berry. This interlude preceded the squadron's vision of the Florence Bar. However, it's needless to say that the day following changed the vision to a mirage for most of the "cloudy" characters, who reveled in Mr. Krumweide's and Mr. Davidson's jousting, jiving jitterbugging; Mr. Traxler's and Mr. Kelley's adagio; Mr. Kivett's vocal and oral rendition of "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You," blended with the harmony of Mr. Salmons, Mr. Muesing and Mr. Isham, and Mr. Sennet's boogie woogie.

At the close of day Mr. Fuller's authentic and touching sermon tore at the conscience-stricken heartstrings of the "to be enlightened tomorrow" cadets of Squadron Two.

All in all there is much to "strip" the gears of one's laughter mechanism and "tease" the lower extremities of the ribs into delight or pain, as the case may be, when the "Afrika Kor" is remembered.

A/S CECIL J. WOTRING
"At rest."
"Hubba, Hubba, Hubba, Hubba, Hubba!"
"At ease. Attention. Standing position of attention—Ho!"
"The next exercise will be the bending groaner. In cadence, exercise."
Uuuuuugghhhhh!
"Two."
Uuuuuugghhhhh!
"Four."
There’s always some one man in the squadron who can groan more loudly than any other man—remember the roaring that came from the barrel chest of Mr. Morvilius.

Fifteen minutes of stiff calisthenics for a good many “stiffs.” Then—“Flieets, assemble. Fall out for boxing and Judo.”

During the Judo period “Bone Crusher” Kenny instructed his students in methods of killing the “civilized” way. In the time set aside for boxing those good old-fashioned haymakers were forgotten and the more scientific rudiments of the art were practiced. Many times in swimming class some over sporting “pal” took that dark floating object for a water ball and tried to take a ride on it only to find out when the bubbles started to rise that his mistake had discovered a water-soaked aviation student.

“Ouch! don’t kick me in the shins! Do I look like a speed ball? O. K! O. K! Save your wisecracks. Let’s get on the ball.”

Volleyball and softball, too, found their way into the Saturday schedule by some hook or crook and a few men managed to bring a little basketball from the midwest to Missoula.

Bullets, shells, and bombs take their toll of men, while the not so drastic calisthenics, boxing, swimming and Judo take their toll of sore muscles. However, everyone realizes that it is for a good cause so the griping done is all in good nature. Here’s to physical training. Long may it reign.

A/S CECIL WOTRING
Now that the "Take Off" is completed, we, as members of the staff, are able to look back and realize how much assistance the personnel of Montana State University has been to us. Especially do we wish to thank Mr. Larrae Haydon and Miss Ellen McCrea for their invaluable aid, without which this book would not have been possible.

Then, as editor, I wish to thank the members of the staff for their cooperation. I only hope that the "Take Off" serves you well as a means of remembering pleasant days in Montana, Missoula.

A/S FRANCIS L. DEWITT
Editor
Autographs

5:30 A.M.