Sunday for the Colors
TO SQUADRON 3:

You have done more than your part to carry on the traditions of the 317th CTD. You have been eager, on the ball and have made good progress on your road to finished pilots, navigators and bombardiers. I am sure you are ready to continue your training. That you can't do it here is one of those things. Keep on proving you are worthy of those wings you desire so much and good luck will be with you. May all your landings, in airplanes or not, be good ones.

GEORGE E. HEIKES, JR.,
Major, Air Corps,
Commanding
CAPT. VICTOR E. SCHEMBER
Adjutant

1ST LT. GEEDIE L. SIMMONS
Commandant of Students
TO SQUADRON 3:

The primary objective of any war is to defeat the enemy. To accomplish this, we must have highly trained personnel on the ground and in the air. You have chosen the air. Use every minute of your training period, whether it is in the military, physical, or academic, to equip yourself for your role in this war. Continue to use the spirit, originality, initiative, and ability to learn that you have shown so well during your stay here, and when the time comes for you to enter the combat, you will be ready.

Here's to you.

LT. GEORGE B. RADULOVICH
TO SQUADRON 3:

You are now part of an incomparable Air Force, undaunted by its climaxing victories in every theater of war; unprecedented in the sense that no nation can even parallel much less cope with its indispensable assistance that has so victoriously proved itself through the fighting and courageous efforts of the American youth who comprise it. Victory through Air Power may not solely be responsible for the inevitable triumph which we will eventually experience but it is in my estimation—the most instrumental factor to warrant an assurance of victory. This is your Air Force—your war—your responsibility and your country. The future of democracy and the fate of your posterity now rests in your hands. It is up to you to protect, preserve, and perpetuate everlasting peace. "Do with it what thou wilt!"

SERGEANT GIBBONS

THANKS, SGT. GIBBONS:

You have given us something to think about. We'll do our best. We want to thank you for your patience, kindness, and copious humor which was displayed each day by the D. I. S. We consider our squadron as being very fortunate in having you as our tactical sergeant.

SQUADRON THREE
ON THE 14th and 15th of October of 1943, the various replace­ment centers sent to this campus the men who were to be welded into the dynamic Squadron 3. After the first few days of meetings, red-tapes, and placement tests, this group began to pick up speed. On their first Sunday afternoon parade, they marched off with the colors for the best squadron on parade for that day. This nonchalant spirit has followed them throughout their stay here. We didn't win all the time, but we made the other squad­rons know that Squadron 3 was there.

This group of men stamped themselves from the very begin­ning as a zealous group. Wherever there is something going on, the men of Squadron 3 will be found actively engaged. Their variety show "On the Air" was given the distinction of being the finest entertainment ever put on by a squadron at the 317th C.T.D. They have left a mark for the others who follow to shoot at.

The academics were very bewildering and confusing to the aviation students at first. Many felt that they had completed their freshman year in college at the end of the first two weeks. Math, being a basis for these future air crew members, was labored at with all the fire and zest that any "eager beaver" ever gave out with. "Hup, two, three, four. By the right flank, march." This lan­guage was our theme song during our free (?) period. During gym classes we began to get a very clear picture of what was meant by co-ordination—mostly bruises and strained muscles. Geography helped us to plot our course from place to place. Most fellows found this to be very useful on open post when look­ing for something in Missoula, or a luscious co-ed at a sorority house. English taught us to articulate like future officers. "Teacher, I forgot my theme." More than one poor student uttered this lament when he had had a fast stepping weekend due. In history we found out what we were fighting about and why. Some fellows are fighting to go home to their parents, wives, or sweethearts. On Friday nights, most of the fellows were fighting for a chance to get to the phone booth to get a date with one of those gorgeous creatures of feminine pulchritude called Montana Co-eds. Physics, lest we forget (how could anyone ever forget those three long hours in a row?), was where we were supposed to learn the basic principles of why we fly. Most fellows were flying all right—sound asleep.

That first open post was one of the high spots of our stay here. We now realize what Sgt. Gibbons meant when he said: "Men, open post is a privilege." Yes, we understand now, since we spent most of the night before open post scouring the black marks off our floors and halls.

Montana State University and Missoula will long be remem­bered by the men of Squadron 3 as the "Shangri-la" of beautiful, delectable, delightful co-eds and girls. The hospitality of the people of Missoula is the glowing spot in the hearts of the men of Squadron 3. We will never forget you, we hope you will re­member us. We would like to come back some day and see your sons and daughters, whose places we tried to fill in your hearts while they were away.

This annual has endeavored to catch a panoramic view of the various phases of our enjoyable stay here. We dedicate this book to help remember and reminisce over our school life and those wonderful open posts we had here at the 317th C.T.D.

A/S E. W. SOLOMON
"Who took my drawing pencil?" A/S Robert Weisberg has handled two positions in molding this composite book. He has served as the editor-in-chief while at the same time doing all of the splendid art work. He has proved his worth by his untiring efforts which resulted in this annual.

"How many extra copies would you like?" Serving in dual capacity also, A/S Edward W. Solomon worked efficiently as assistant editor and as business manager. The handling of all the literary composition of the annual was done by Mr. Solomon.

"Hold still, please. Click. Thank you." A/S William Boone had the difficult task of doing all the photography editing. Working under adverse weather conditions nearly all of the time, he accomplished much when others would have been glad to quit. He was always endeavoring to get some shot of the indomitable Squadron 3 in action.

The able assistant of photography was A/S Claude L. Smith. He spent most of his time in the dark room—developing pictures. To the other members of the staff he was known as "Our Man Friday."

The staff wishes to express their thanks to A/S Kemper Beasley, A/S Bobby-Lee Payne, and A/S John Lawrence for their many efforts in helping put this book out.
A/S James "Orson Welles" McCormick, who is from Wichita Falls, Texas, has proven that he is a capable leader in helping direct the resourceful Squadron 3. In justification of his splendid leadership, he has been appointed "Group Adjutant." We know he will do an excellent job.

A/S Erskin "Rommie" Kemper is from Dallas, Texas. He served efficiently and diligently as Squadron 3’s adjutant, and has been rewarded for his services by rightly being appointed as the new Squadron Commander.

A/S Gib "Cactus" Reid hails from Fort Worth, Texas. He received the post of Squadron adjutant when Mr. Kemper moved up. He is rapidly adjusting to his new duties. Mr. Reid was formerly flight lieutenant of Flight P.

A/S Vernon "Old Sarge" Hartman claims Scotia, New York as his home town. He has capably handled all the paperwork of filling out daily reports, "gig" sheets, and "detail" lists. Many a night the typewriter has been heard in the late hours when he has been snowed under with extra work.
CHARLES M. "Brandy" BRANDENBURG
Wenatchee, Washington

ARTHUR C. "Art" CAVINESS, JR.
McMinnville, Oregon

JAY R. "Jerry" EMRIE, JR.
San Antonio, Texas

JAMES C. "Jimmy" EUBANKS
Blytheville, Arkansas

WILLIAM H. "Dan'l" BOONE
Los Angeles, California

ROBERT E. "Bobble" COAD, JR.
Seattle, Washington

FRED R. "Hoosier" CONNER
Pleasant Plains, Illinois

ARTHUR C. "Art" CAVINESS, JR.
McMinnville, Oregon

JAY R. "Jerry" EMRIE, JR.
San Antonio, Texas

JAMES C. "Jimmy" EUBANKS
Blytheville, Arkansas
KENNETH C. "Moose" MASSEY
Sulphur Springs, Texas

ROBERT L. "Rocky" MARBLE
Washington, Iowa

REX M. "Cam" McCAMMON
Americus, Kansas

PERRY D. "Pedie" GATHRIGHT, JR.
Pine Bluff, Arkansas

KEITH N. "Casey" MEADOR
Wichita, Kansas

JOHN W. "Flash" PALMER
Santa Ana, California

BOBBY-LEE "Hill-Billy" PAYNE
Louisville, Kentucky

ELMER B. "Al" RICHARDS
Simms, Minnesota

On the Ball
JOHN A. "Sandy" SANDUSKY  
St. Joseph, Missouri  

MELVIN E. "Mel" SCHLEFF  
St. Louis, Missouri  

LEWIS W. "Hat" SCHNABEL  
Kansas City, Kansas  

CLAUDE L. "Bear" SMITH, JR.  
Lamoni, Iowa  

STANLEY L. "Bugs" SMITH  
Louisville, Kentucky  

JAMES O. "Jim" STATHAM  
Fairfield, Texas  

Flight L
KEMPER T. "Thumper" BEASLEY  
Portsmouth, Ohio

ROBERT E. "Sonny" BENNETT  
Sand Springs, Oklahoma

HERMAN S. "Bonnie" BONCQUET  
Los Angeles, California

CLIFTON C. "Cliff" CLARK  
Salt Lake City, Utah

LOUIS H. "Pinto" BREITSCHOPF  
Woelder, Texas

ARTHUR B. "Cass" CASTO  
Charleston, West Virginia

EDWARD P. "Polly" GOWER  
Meridian, Mississippi

FRANCIS C. "Lobo" HILGER  
Wichita, Kansas

Flight M
IRWIN L. "Hoke" HOKEL
Stanhope, Iowa

RAYMOND L. "Ray" HONZA
Kansas City, Kansas

ROBERT "Bob" HUMFLEET, JR.
Fortville, Indiana

JOHN A. "Oh, Johnny" JOHNSON
Wolf Point, Montana

ARCHIE S. "Barney" BARNHILL
Wynnewood, Oklahoma
Flight Lieutenant

JAMES W. "Killer" KANE
St. Paul, Minnesota

FARSKINE G. "Ronnie" KEMPER, JR.
Dallas, Texas

ALBERT J. "Slicker" KLINGENBERG
Loveland, Colorado

Flight M
JOE D. "Longhorn" LEWIS
Cherokee, Texas

JOHN H. "Joker" LUMPKIN
Tulsa, Oklahoma

RICHARD L. "Dicic" McGILLIS
Salt Lake City, Utah

JOHN F. "Echo" CARNEY
Akron, Ohio
Flight Sergeant

JAMES W. "Orson Welles" MCCORMICK
Dallas, Texas

BYRD T. "Bird" MILLER, JR.
Chicago, Illinois

JERRY A. "The Kid" MOHR
Metamore, Ohio

RANSOM J. "Joey" MOORE
Cottonwood Falls, Kansas

Sharp
DONALD G. "Speed" MARQUETTE
Minneapolis, Minnesota

ROBERT A. "Muddy" MURPHY
O'Joe, California

WALTER E. "Rosey" PALM
Red Wing, Minnesota

LLOYD C. "Whitey" SANDGREN
Minneapolis, Minnesota

DELBERT H. "Hoofer" SANDHOFNE
Sleepy Eye, Minnesota

IRVIN T. "Bojangles" SCHARFENBERGER
Norwood, Ohio

JOHN W. "Johnny" SMITH
St. Joseph, Missouri

PAUL B. "Kaintuck" STURGILL
Lexington, Kentucky

Flight M
SAMUEL R. "Quiet" THOMPSON  
St. Paul, Minnesota

JACK M. "Burl" THOMAS  
Kansas City, Missouri

DUANE E. "Slug" WRIGHT  
Aurora, Nebraska

WILLIS A. "Ace" GROSS  
Walla Walla, Washington

HERBERT B. "Goin on 20" WILDER  
Lawrence, Kansas

WINSTON N. "Woogie" WADE  
Winfield, Kansas

JACK D. "Long John" VAN NATTA  
Hutchinson, Kansas

WILLIS A. "Ace" GROSS  
Walla Walla, Washington

DUANE E. "Slug" WRIGHT  
Aurora, Nebraska

WILLIS A. "Ace" GROSS  
Walla Walla, Washington

Slick
JOHN D. "Johnny" ADAMS
Baton Rouge, La.

CHESTER V. "Chet" BANE
Stockton, Kansas

LOREN M. "Yankee" BARTA
New Prague, Minnesota

VINCENT G. "Vic" BARTHOLOME
Regent, North Dakota

ERWIN J. "Putch" BAUMANN
Brokaw, Wisconsin

JACK H. "Tock" BAWDEN
Keokuk, Iowa

ROBERT L. "Slim" BETT
Kingman, Kansas

SAMUEL R. "Frog" BLAKE
Dallas, Texas

Flight N
HAROLD E. "Hal" BLANKE  
Los Angeles, California

SHIRLEY W. "Fats" BROWN  
Richmond, West Virginia

WALTER C. "Bud" BRINKMAN  
St. Louis, Missouri

JOHN J. "Morgue" CHAFFIN  
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

ELMO D. "Sweetheart" DyerLY  
Hollywood, California  
Flight Lieutenant

ANDREW "Andy" COLTRA  
Korbel, California

JAMES H. "Gigs" COOLEY  
Phoenix, Arizona

LOUIS E. "Speedie" GERARD  
Willow River, Minnesota

Flight N
ROBERT S. "Kink" KINKEAD  
St. Paul, Minnesota

JOHN W. "Tiger" LYONS  
Tarpon Springs, Florida

GERALD E. "Gerry" MARSH  
White Bear Lake, Minnesota

CHARLES E. "Brick" MILLER  
Kirksville, Missouri

JOHN M. "Sandy" LAWRENCE  
Smith Center, Kansas

THOMAS E. "Tarzan" PERCIVAL  
Denver, Colorado

WARREN H. "Brownie" RAY  
Franklin, Pennsylvania

ROMEO R. "Romance" ROOT  
Safford, Arizona

Flight N
FRANK G. "Arky" SCHROER
Kansas City, Kansas

DALE E. "Smitty" SMITH
Center, Colorado

JOHN A. "Sleepy Eyes" SMITH
Coffeyville, Kansas

AVERY A. "Muscles" WETZIG
Anoka, Minnesota

BILLY V. "Hack" WATSON
Dawson, Oklahoma

"Bombs Away"

BEN A. "Benny" WILLIAMS
Greenville, California

WILLIAM C. "Crow" WILLIAMS
Niles, Ohio

THOROLD W. "Tex" WRIGHT
South Bend, Texas
LAURENCE K. "Smokey" ANDERSON
Durango, Colorado

FRANK F. "Beans" BEAN
Fitchburg, Mass.

LAWRENCE C. "Streaky" BLADON
Coffeyville, Kansas

WILLIAM H. "Billy" CARTER, JR.
Cedertown, Georgia

JACK M. "Flip" CATLIN
Ellensburg, Washington

CHARLES H. "Pappy" COTTLE, JR.
Scranton, Pennsylvania

EVERETT C. "Buster" CUMBO
Twisp, Washington

ROY D. "Asleep" DAVIS
Vancouver, Washington

Flight O
Flight O
DONALD M. "Daisy" HAGOOD
Arcadia, Nebraska

NEIL D. "Pinky" HUGHES
San Diego, California

ARTHUR F. "Rivets" INGRAM
Portland, Oregon

RICHARD H. "Buzz" KRUEGER
Racine, Wisconsin
Flight Sergeant

MATTHEW J. "Jay" KERR
Walla Walla, Washington

WAYNE E. "Sarge" LARGENT
Galena, Kansas

JESSE L. "Playboy" JOHNSON
Wichita, Kansas

MARVIN E. "P-38" LATIMER
Hoisington, Kansas

Flying High
PAT M. "Rolla" LYNCH
Palouse, Washington

WILLIAM T. "N. P." McWILLIAMS
Blue Springs, Missouri

JOHN R. "Dive Bomber" O'HEARN
Minot, North Dakota

JOSEPH E. "Bluegrass" PARKER
Falmouth, Kentucky

BILL J. "Marathon" PERSONETTE
Richmond, Indiana

VICTOR L. "Stinky" SHEPPARD
Howard Lake, Minnesota

HERMES O. "Coco" SIMS
Port Arthur, Texas

EDWARD W. "King" SOLOMON
Caldwell, Idaho

Flight O
Happy Landings
HERBERT E. "Herd" ANDERSON, JR.
San Jose, California

RICHARD H. "Lover" ANDERSON
Port Blakely, Washington

JOHN E. "Curly" BALLARD, JR.
Cushing, Oklahoma

DONALD W. "Sad Sack" BERRY
Havre, Montana

DELBERT L. "Red" CHEARS
Sacramento, California

BERNARD L. "Berb" COCHRAN
Ilwaco, Washington

CHARLES H. "Chuck" BLAKE, JR.
Woods Cross, Utah

SAMUEL L. "General" DAVIS
Shreveport, Louisiana

Flight P
GEORGE G. "Pop" DeMANN
Minneapolis, Minnesota

ROBERT E. "Swede" FREDERICKSON
Los Angeles, California

EARL R. "Von" GITTER
Appleton, Wisconsin

WILLARD F. "Jackie" GRADEN
Silver Dale, Washington

CHARLES G. "Fergie" PERGUSON
Dallas, Texas

Flight Lieutenant

FRANCIS G. "Ham" HANRAHAN
Utica, New York

ELMAN L. "Shipyards" IRISH
Portland, Oregon

ALFRED O. "Irish" KELLY
San Luis Obispo, California

Flight P
FRANK M. "Kepp" KEPPERLING
Chicago, Illinois

WILLIAM N. "Bill" KUENDIG
Canton, Ohio

JOSEPH "Red" KUMER, JR.
Bronx, New York

RICHARD W. "Stubby" SILLS
Coalton, Oklahoma
Flight Sergeant

CASWELL C. "Cas" LANE
Springfield, Missouri

Pursuits

JOHN J. "Phone Booth" LANGAN
St. Louis, Missouri

GERALD T. "Spud" LOCKHART
Moscow, Idaho

ROBERT S. "Mac" McCUTCHEN
Omaha, Nebraska
CARLYLE D. "Buss" MOORE
Caldwell, Kansas

KENNETH E. "Ken" NEUMANN
Grand Rapids, Minnesota

BROOKS D. "Demps" NORTHCUTT
Longview, Texas

EDWARD W. "Wolf" PIKE
Cornish, Utah

ROBERT R. "Windy" POWELL
Spirit Lake, Iowa

EDWARD W. "Wolf" PIKE
Cornish, Utah

ROBERT R. "Windy" POWELL
Spirit Lake, Iowa

GIB C. "Cactus" REID
Fort Worth, Texas

ADRON B. "Burr-head" SHOCKEY
Winfield, Kansas

RICHARD H. "Frigid" SMITH
Shell Lake, Wisconsin

Flight P
JOHN S. "Grumpy" SORENSON
Grendra, North Dakota

ALVIN R. "Cotton Picker" SUNSERI
Covington, Louisiana

VERNON D. "Pearly" VAN HORN
Oswatomie, Kansas

CHARLES N. "Froggy" WAIT
Denver, Colorado

WINIFRED C. "Wilmpy" WATSON
Rockwood, Texas

LOUIS W. "Lou" WEKKIN
Durand, Wisconsin

DELVIN E. "Pete" WILSON
Houston, Texas

P-P!!!
Off We Go!

Yes, we are just about ready to leave. Before we go, let us look at the extenuating circumstances of our association with Air Crew Training. Our link with the armed forces is one of devotion to duty.

We like to talk in terms of what we are fighting for. Before the war struck at us, we accepted freedom without realizing just what it meant. To each and every one of us it holds a separate meaning. Yet we all finally come back to a few fundamental concepts of this privilege.

That big white house with the bright green lawn, or that thatched roof cottage surrounded by lovely flowers and decorative vines, is what some men are fighting for—and have died for. Parents, or a wife and children are an essential part of this picture.

That stately stone church or the little rural church, are motives for an extreme surging of strength to drive out a foe who would dare intrude upon this solemn ritual of people who humbly bow before their creator.

Yes, the little old red schoolhouse, and the fine aged institutions of higher learning with all their walls hidden by many-hued shades of ivy, are motives for why we fight. Those understanding, patient, appreciative girls, some with blue eyes, blonde hair, and compelling smiles, are why we never stop fighting to end this chaos. These are only a few of the multitude of reasons why we are studying, training, and fighting. Yes, it must be realized too, that some of us must die.

Our form of government is worth fighting for alone, because it gives us this freedom to do as we individually please. Our capable leaders deem it vitally necessary that we be trained in colleges, as well as our basic training in methods for protecting ourselves from physical harm. Knowledge should be accumulated evenly, not in parts, by neglecting all for just one principle. Such has been the method. Now, it is realized that our mental prowess has been overlooked. We see now a new trend in training. We are being taught to retain our individuality while fitting in as a fighting cog of the rolling offensive machine of the allied powers. Our individual beliefs will be the building foundation of reconstruction; yes, reliving it too.

There are men in foxholes who are as capable as we are of taking advantage of this free opportunity of education. The gauntlet has been thrown down to us. We eagerly rush to take up the challenge. We cannot fail those men who are fighting for a chance they too want when they come home once again. If we fail, we shall have committed a great tragedy. We will have failed in being true to our own individual self. We cannot fail! We shall not fail! We will not fail anyone!

A/S E. W. SOLOMON
"On the Air"

This was the theme of Squadron 3's introduction of themselves to the college students and the people of Missoula, with variety as the keynote. The show was directed and produced by our Squadron Commander, A/S James W. McCormick. A/S Edward W. Solomon wrote and wove the script together, and also served as Master of Ceremonies.

One of the high spots and novelties of the program was A/S Chester Heick's rendition of various radio personalities, as well as his fine singing of Irish songs.

A/S Lewis W. Schnabel and A/S Irvin Schartenberger performed various feats of coordination with the former doing excellent tumbling while the latter was doing Harlem jitterbugging.

A top voice of the musical side of the show was Director McCormick's singing "Rio Rita." Two original numbers appeared in the festival. One, "I'm Walking the Ramp Over You," was composed and sung by A/S Kenneth C. Massey. The other was A/S Richard Krueger's "Fifteen Kisses to A Gallon of Gas."

The top gag-man of the show was Charles H. Cottle, who used wholesome jokes while ribbing rival squadrons. An amusing document patterned on Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, was written by the Master of Ceremonies, and elegantly portrayed by A/S Samuel I. Davis, Jr.

An abundance of musical talent was displayed by A/S Archie S. Barnhill, and A/S John A. Johnson. Mimicking mannerisms and voices, A/S Charles W. Hamilton imitated well-known radio singers, notably Frank Sinatra.

A cowboy band composed of A/S A. F. Ingram, F. K. Beam, and J. H. Lumpkin, swung out with some hot licks of western melodies.

Two short plays, entitled "The Affair of the Sad Sack and His Girl Friend Becky," and "Typical First Day of a New Squadron on the Drill Field," were usual musical show humor.

Talking fast and hard, A/S Ray Honza left the audience breathless and confused with his humorous reading.

Much appreciation goes to Miss Cyrile Van Duser for having acted as a benevolent critic and advisor.

A/S E. W. S.