TAKE OFF
Montana State University
317th College Training Detachment

SEPTEMBER, 1943
Squadron Three
To the Aviation Students of Squadron No. 3.

You have completed your college training and are going to classification. Your record here has been good and I am sure you will be outstanding in your future training. You will never have as fine living facilities again in the Army and you may even find some of your training programs tough enough to discourage men with less courage and ambition than you have. But, you are all good soldiers and gentlemen and it will only serve as a fire to temper the steel in you and make you the tougher and stronger for it.

Keep your keen sense of humor, your ambition and sense of duty and nothing can stop you as you do your part in forming an invincible fighting force to choke the last breath of life out of the Axis.

GEORGE E. HEIKES, JR.
Major, Air Corps.
Commanding.
Congratulations to a fine group of men...

It hasn't been easy for any man in Squadron Three to meet the terrific pace, but you have. You've taken things in stride and have passed the first hurdle with flying colors... You are well prepared for the remaining hurdles that must be cleared. May each and every one of you wear the wings and bars of the finest Air Force in the World.

Good luck and happy landings.

1ST LT. RICHARD P. HELM,
Commanding Officer, Sqd. 3.
TAKE OFF
STAFF

PHOTOGRAPHY STAFF

A/S WILLIAM MILLER

THE GANG
Classes . . . classes . . . classes. Through the deep pages of physics, mathematics, English, history, and geography the men of Squadron waded successfully. Too many nights have they spent wishing they could burn the midnight oil in preparation for the following day. Too many nights have they slaved over equations and map projections. Too many nights have they slept over the thoughts of a freely falling body, and whether it is velocity or acceleration that makes it go faster. How many times have they leaped to their feet at the command "Flight, ten hut?" How many times have they smiled politely at the civilian salutes of their teachers? The men worked hard in all their work, and they rightly deserve any laurels which may be placed on their heads. But it was all not without purpose. For these men Pre-flight will be just a continuation of what they absorbed here on the campus. But all must admit that they felt a little relieved after the last class on the last day. Believe-it-or-not, the schedule of these aviation students is double what the majority of college students have. One can
readily see how well-trained these future cadets are. Then, there was a special session in which the question, "How did I ever get in this bonehead class?" is asked so many times. A medal will be awarded to all those lucky ones who participated in this extra-curricular activity sponsored by the Army Air Forces. Believe me, they deserve it. But we shall pass over this subject lightly, though its influence has been widely emphasized. It doesn’t matter whether a student was at the top of his class or not, but it does matter that he has comprehended the material in such a way that he can grasp the difficult problems in his coming training. Many started out the morning with three classes in physics. In the first two they rested, so that they could learn something in the third. The outstretched arms of Morpheus clasped all those who were snatched prematurely from their peaceful slumber in New Hall at 5:30 A. M. Ah! that dreaded physics test! How many legs have trembled on that savage day when the test papers were returned to the men. "How did I ever get 33% on this anyway. I had the material down cold." And so it went. Our English teachers should frame this famous quotation. "I realize, men, that you haven’t much time for work outside of class, but nevertheless for Monday bring in a three page theme, double-spaced, on the ‘Life of an Amoeba.’" Then, there was always this addition. "Oh, yes, I forgot. Prepare a five minute speech on some subject of interest." As if it would be interesting anyway . . . Good old mathematics! "What’s the logarithm of 456?" Why does the symbol “x” have to mean so many things, from apples to the length of an airplane? Just about this time the misters were awakening. And just in time too! They almost missed a whole year of algebra . . . Then, there was Medical Aid. The misters accomplished more during that period than in any other. Yes, but it wasn’t Medical Aid. After many hours of lecturing the men at last discovered how to administer to a cut received during the process of shaving . . . When we learned about the different map projections and the difficulties of plotting a course, some silently put aside any ideas of becoming navigators. Night falls—lights dim, weary students crawl stealthily into their beds. Studies and life in class have faded into memory that will hug the mind of these men for time eternal . . . Time and tide will prove that academic life will bear the major brunt in their future work as officers of United States Air Corps. Absorb well what has been taught—you’ll never regret or forget—"Class Attention!"

A/S Arthur F. Barkey.
The process of gathering information for this article was indeed an adventurous one. Without the benefit of a safari, a guide, or even a road map, I undertook to provide the outside world with a little information on that little known species of man, the North American "Ga-Dget" whose habitat is the forbidden Jungle of New Hall.

For the first few days after my arrival, the strange noises and weird surroundings kept me sticking close to the little cave I was using as living quarters. But soon I tired of this.

Finally, with a courage I had not known was there, I ventured out of the limitations of my abode, and proceeded towards my great adventure. Had I known then what I know now, it is doubtful whether I would have adhered to my original plan. I rather believe I would have done an about face and returned from whence I had come. This day was to mark my first encounter with this strange tribe in their native environment, and believe me, it was a day I shall not forget.

As it happened I was trudging my way slowly through a narrow pass with wall-like cliffs on each side of me. Spotting these cliffs for miles were little openings which I immediately recognized for what they were. I had finally come upon an entire village of the mysterious tribe of people called "Aviation Ga-Dgets." I immediately christened it "New Hall," and proceeded to make friends with the people.

They were a peculiar race as I could see, for they were continually running up and down these cliffs, seemingly with no purpose in view. As I later noticed, a lesser chief of the tribe called "See-Que" continually beat on a large bell, and this would be the signal for the mad race which I sometimes witnessed as much as ten times a day.

I made up my mind that at my first opportunity I would stop one of these wondrous creatures and perhaps engage him in conversation if I could understand his tongue.

At last my chance had come. Dashing by me was an unusually interesting looking native whom I quickly stopped by waving in front of him an opened bottle of Coca-Cola I happened to have with me. After much talk, I learned he was called Lu-Ther-Da-Vis, a name which no doubt had been
borrowed from a missionary who had passed through there at one time. He was not a native of this locality, but had migrated here from a place called Yokum, Texas, wherever that might be. For obvious reasons, I was soon calling him "Lil' Abner." When questioned as to his reasons for joining this tribe, he informed me, in his picturesque patter and not without the unrestricted use of his hands that he had heard from his elders of a tribe with the ability to soar like a bird through the air, and he, "Warrior Da-Vis" wanted to learn their secret. A peculiar race as you can see.

By this time I was immensely interested in these people and hurried onward in search of new discoveries. Hearing strange sounds from one of the little caves, I entered and came face to face with one of the tribal medicine men.

He had a peculiarly shaped instrument called, I believe, a "Trum-Pet" which he placed to his lips, and after getting red in the face for about a minute or so, he succeeded in producing a few notes of native music, called quaintly "jive." His name, I learned, was Wal-Lace Hut-Chens, and he too was not a native of New Hall, but hailed from a place in the West called "California." Before I left him to his music, he informed me that back in his own country the sun shone continuously and he had never known rain. But I was inclined to disbelieve him.

In the midst of this enlightening conversation I happened to see, by chance, a most interesting sight. It was one of the tribal dancers, probably practicing his weird gyrations for some coming festival. He danced as one possessed with arms wildly flailing the air, and his feet more off the ground than on. As I watched spellbound, my companion from California explained to me that this was in reality a visiting chief from the island Man-Hat-Tan, who had come to seek a wife from the nearby village of Mis-Soula. He was now in the midst of a dance called in his village the "Jit-Ter-Bug," and one that is used in proposing to a prospective spouse. His name I learned was Chief Bar-Land-Jack and for many hours I watched, enthralled by his never ceasing energy.

Finally, the time had come to leave, but I was reluctant to do so, until I had met the actual chieftain of this tribe called "Ga-Dgets." It wasn't long before I had this delirious pleasure.

Walking down a slope at the end of the valley, I emerged upon a large clearing with a floor of velvety grass. This particular place was called by the natives a "Lounge." This is a fine example of their strange picturesque tongue.

All was peace and beauty, until coming towards me I beheld a scene which left me cold! There, in all his native splendor, preceded by two lesser chieftains who were probably body guards was the king of all "Ga-Dgets," Chief Wis-Niew-Ski! Fire was dancing from his eyes, and men cowered before his advance. Upon his shoulders he wore the symbol of his power. Diamond-shaped pieces of silver, three on each shoulder, were held in place by large pins stuck directly through the skin. His henchmen wore two on each shoulder, and one had round instead of diamond-shaped ornaments.

I soon learned the names of the two companions of the big chief, who by the way, I later called "Steve," as I could not pronounce his true name. One of the chief's bodyguards was called "Al-Bert-I," and he was tall and savage looking. The other was of smaller stature, but none the less terrifying and was called "Christ-Sen-Son."

I soon learned that it was judgment day at New Hall, and this awesome trio was going around punishing those who were guilty of misdemeanors (however slight) during the week. They had a system of punishment which was crude, but effective. For each lesser offense the offender would receive one lash across the back, known as a "Gig." When he had gathered the total of six "gigs" in any one week, he was made to walk for one hour on a bed of hot coals. This punishment was called a "Tour."

In the short time I was there, I saw so many of these "Gigs" and "Tours" given to the poor mistreated subjects that, unable to stand the gruesome sight any longer, I decided to say farewell to this beautiful place.

And, as the sun slowly set over a measly mountain called the "Em," I said good-bye as I started my journey onward, knowing in my heart that I would never forget the enchanted isle of New Hall.

A/S CHARLES H. BORENSTEIN.
These, the pilots, bombardiers, and navigators of coming years, are now looking onward and upward to their chosen task of leading the planes of America against the belligerent forces of evil. For that they are pointing; for that they are trained. In them is the trust of millions. In full realization that they have but made the first few steps on that difficult road, the men of whom we speak raise together their common desire of ambition fulfilled. As if with one voice they shout their challenges to difficulties, hardships, and disappointments. Some want to pilot the planes; some to guide the ships; some to drop the bombs. Each sees his goal. Each knows what must be done to attain that goal. Their first victory will come on that day when they pin on their breasts the silver wings. Their second victory will come on that day they return surrounded by the fruits of a battle well-fought. Discipline, the word which forces brave men to shudder, has been branded on the minds of these future airmen. Discipline, the trained of armies, has begun to show its results in their poise, in their drill, and in their thinking. Without discipline a mass of men can be likened to a herd of cattle because of their confusion and unknowing. Upon leaving this campus the men of Squadron Three carry with them the lessons taught by discipline. That alone will make them better men and better officers. These men represent a part of the finest group in the fighting forces of America. They have been selected and approved from the man power of the nation because
of their high caliber in mind and body. The ability to cope with any difficulty, be it academic or physical, is with them. That is the reason why they have been given the opportunity of becoming fighting airmen. In the scholastic field every man has realized the importance of every subject. Being an intelligent person he places every stress on his academics because he knows that they will redown to his advantage in nearing months. On the physical side he has seen the importance of athletics. Coordinated with a strong mind and will, there must be present an equally strong body. Between mind and body he has formed an "Auream Mediocratem," the Golden Mean. These future airmen are in all respects gentlemen. They think as gentlemen; they act as gentlemen. They keep always before them Cardinal Newman's definition, "A gentleman is one who never inflicts pain." Having acted accordingly, they will continue in that same role. The men to whom this book is dedicated have made an excellent account of themselves during their stay on the campus. Their leaders have as much implicit faith in their future progress as the men have in themselves. With an unerring past, a well-trained present, and a hopeful future, they are eager to continue on. With them goes confidence, hope, and faith. How can they miss? The road ahead is adventure-full; the road is also deceiving. It is theirs to make of it what they will. It can be successful; it may be disastrous. Whatever the case may be, in them lie their own futures. They are the "masters of their fate."

PASS IN REVIEW

15
FLIGHT
"L"

United States
Army Air Forces
FLIGHT "L"

WILLIAM M. PADOSHEK
WENATCHEE, WASHINGTON

FREDERICK A. QUANDT
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

HARTWELL D. REED
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

FRANCIS J. REID
SABETHA, KANSAS

LINTON ROBERTS
SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

THOMAS H. ROTHWELL
LA JOLLA, CALIF.

RAMON E. RUIZ
LA JOLLA, CALIF.

GEORGE E. SANDUSKY
COMPTON, CALIF.

JOHN F. SCHLETTE
BERKELEY, CALIF.

MORRIS T. SHEPHERD
KILGORE, TEXAS
FLIGHT "L"

JOHN SIRINGER
AKRON, OHIO

MILFORD T. SMITH
WHITEFISH, MONTANA

HAROLD E. SUMMERS
SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

McIRWIN SWINNEY
SOUTH GATE, CALIF.

MARLIN A. TANNER
WINSLOW, ARIZONA

JACK THEIS
MANHATTAN BEACH, CALIF.

JOHN B. TURNER
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

KENT O. THURSBY
EPHRAIM, UTAH

GALEN TROSTLE
SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

JOSEPH A. VAN VELZOR
COLUMBUS, OHIO
LYLE E. WALKER
PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

THOMAS J. WALSH
STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

CLOYCE H. WEST
PLEASANT PLAIN, IOWA

DALLAS E. WRIGHT
MODESTO, CALIF.

ELLIS H. WYMAN
OROVILLE, CALIF.

FLIGHT
"L"
FLIGHT
"M"

DONALD W. ARNOLD
DECATUR, INDIANA

ARTHUR F. BARKEY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

WALTER E. BEST
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

ARTHUR H. BRIDGES
YORK VILLAGE, MAINE

DEWEY E. BRILEY
ELMA, WASHINGTON

FRANK E. CARLILE
SPRINGFIELD, OREGON

RALPH H. CERRONE
ALBANY, NEW YORK

JAMES O. CLAWSON
BELLE VERNON, PENNA.

GEORGE R. COLLINS
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

LINK L. COLVIN
GLendale, ARIZONA
NICHOLAS N. DANILOFF
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

MARCUS W. DIETERLE
KENDALLVILLE, INDIANA

JOHN M. EGGGER
PALISADE, COLORADO

WILLIAM E. FRITTS
WILLARD, NEW YORK

MILTON GOLD
NEW YORK, N. Y.

MARK N. HALE
LAFAYETTE, INDIANA

SYLVESTER F. HARMN
NORWOOD, MINNESOTA

STANLEY A. HORIZYSKI
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

PHILIP M. KNIESLEY
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

JOHN KVASYNY
ENDICOTT, NEW YORK

FLIGHT "M"
FLIGHT "M"

VERNON O. NELSON
WATERTOWN, SOUTH DAKOTA

CECIL W. NORMANDIN
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

KERMIT MARWICK
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

HAROLD M. PARKER
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

ROBERT W. PRICE
GLENDALE, CALIFORNIA

JOHN C. SCHILLING, SR.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

ROBERT C. SCHUH
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

SLYVESTER H. SHAY
BUCKLEY, WASHINGTON

OVID V. POPE
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

MILTON C. RODGERS
PASADENA, CALIFORNIA
JOSEPH SOKOLOFF
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

PAUL R. STODDARD
BILL, WYOMING

CLIFFORD M. SHELBY
DURAND, ILLINOIS

JOHN B. STOREY
EDEN, UTAH

LEONARD W. TEITGE
OMAHA, NEBRASKA

WILLIAM G. TRACY
PASADENA, CALIF.

DONALD H. URRY
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

WILLIAM S. WALTER
CLACKMAS, OREGON

HERBERT C. YEAGER
ONTARIO, CALIFORNIA

FLIGHT
"M"

WELL-?
JOHN A. ALBERTI
HONOLULU, HAWAII

ARMOND R. BIASELLA
AKRON, OHIO

PHILIP C. BURDA
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

WILLIAM S. DAVIES
WILKES-BARRE, PENNSYLVANIA

MARION L. BAXTER
UNION CITY, INDIANA

RALPH H. BRINDLEY
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

RUDOLPH CHOI
HILO, HAWAII

CHARLES P. BELGARDE
DUNSEITH, NORTH DAKOTA

WILLIAM S. DAVIES
LUZERNE, PENNSYLVANIA

JOHN I. DAVIS
LUZERNE, PENNSYLVANIA

JOHN M. EHRET
COLLINGSWOOD, NEW JERSEY