FLIGHT "N"
FLIGHT "N"

HAROLD H. ROSS
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

FRANK J. SAMBOR
INDIAN ORCHARD, MASS.

DUDLEY K. SCHNEIDER
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

ROBERT N. SCHWENTER
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

ALLAN W. SIGRIST
LONG ISLAND, N.Y.

MICHAEL S. SOBKOWICZ
EAST CHICAGO, INDIANA

MANUEL M. STEINMAN
HAVERHILL, MASS.

EVERETT D. STOVER
ALBION, WASHINGTON

STEVEN E. STRoud
NAMPA, IDAHO

NORRIS E. THOMPSON
McMINNVILLE, OREGON
FLIGHT "N"
JACK N. BARLAND
PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

CHARLES H. BORENSTEIN
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

ABRAHAM P. BRAUNSTEIN
BRONX, NEW YORK

FRANCIS L. BURGER
WATERLOO, IOWA

WALTER H. CARLE
NEW YORK, N. Y.

ROBERT N. CHRISTENSEN
COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA

JAMES R. COLE
NEWBERN, TENNESSEE

LUTHER L. DAVIS
YOAKUM, TEXAS

HAROLD G. DECKARD
ROBINSON, ILLINOIS

GEORGE M. FAULKNER
HOOVERSVILLE, PENNA.
FLIGHT "O"

LAWRENCE P. FERDNAND
ROXBOROUGH, PENNA.

WILLIAM T. GRANT
BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK

ROBERT L. HATCHER
ALVA, OKLAHOMA

WILLIAM W. HORTON
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

WALLACE J. HUTCHINS
BELL GARDENS, CALIF.

ZYGMUNT S. KRUPA
HARTFORD, CONN.

ELROY M. LISENBEE
DELANA, CALIFORNIA

ANDREW J. LOIZOS
SAGINAW, MICHIGAN

BERNARD Q. MARION
BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

EARL J. MEYER
OQUAWKA, ILLINOIS
FLIGHT
"O"

HOWARD T. STONE
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

RAY B. STULL
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

EDGAR W. THOMAS
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

ROBERT L. WALKER
AMERICAN FORK, UTAH

RICHARD I. TORCHIA
CARNegie, PENN.

GERoge N. VASSILOPOULOS
SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

RAYMOND J. WENTIS
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

HENRY E. WILSON
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

STEVE S. WISNIEWSKI
CLEVELAND, OHIO

DELVIN C. WOODY
WAPATO, WASHINGTON
JAMES J. BAKER
PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

WARREN J. BALE
LODGE POLE, NEBRASKA

OSBORNE J. BARBER
COLUMBIA, S.C., CAROLINA

SALVATORE CASCONE
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

ELIO V. CAVA
CLE ELUM, WASHINGTON

HARRY P. CORDER
BELLFLOWER, CALIF.

HAROLD L. DILLON
WASHINGTON, INDIANA

MARSHALL D. ELMORE
TOPEKA, KANSAS

MAURICE L. ERWIN, SR.
MIAMI, FLORIDA

RICHARD M. FREEMAN
TOLEDO, OHIO

FLIGHT
"P"

HERLUF A. OFFERSEN
WASECA, MINN.

JOHN F. PLACK
MASPETH, N. Y.

WILLIAM R. PRICE
PARK CITY, UTAH

HENRY T. PRUETT
TACOMA, WASHINGTON

WILLIAM T. RICHARDS
TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

RICHARD T. ROBERTSON
WASHINGTON, D. C.

RAY C. ROBINSON
WAXAHACHE, TEXAS

WILLIAM S. ROMEKA, JR.
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

PAUL SALVADO
LODI, N. J.

RALPH W. SCHAFER
CARRINGTON, ND.
WILLIAM M. TAYLOR
INEZ, KENTUCKY

CARL F. THORNTON
SOUTH GATE, CALIF.

ROBERT M. SRNKA
ITHACA, N. Y.

FLIGHT
"P"

WESLEY R. WILKERSON
EAST FALLS CHURCH, VA.

EVERETT L. WILLIAMSON
LAKE BUTLER, FLORIDA

CHARLES W. YEAGER
SHOEMAKERSVILLE, PENNA.

ERVIN J. ZOLDE
PERTH AMBOY, N. J.
—the mad rush to the train windows at the cry, "There it is?" We very nearly wrecked the train in an effort to get a good glimpse of Missoula and old M. S. U.

—those two long weeks of quarantine when we had to sit sorrowfully by and watch the other more fortunate squadrons step out? Many an hour was spent at those front windows in New Hall, gazing out at the cool inviting green of the campus and emitting gentle sighs as each lovely female inhabitant of Missoula paraded tauntingly by.

—our first Saturday inspection? As we stood there stiff and still, silent prayers kept running through our minds that nothing would happen to mar the glory of this day. Our first "OPEN POST."

—that first week-end in town? In a ripple, then a stream, and finally a flood we stormed Missoula, eager to dine, dance and be merry. Nothing could stand in our way that day and nothing did.

—how we felt that afternoon as we entered the town? The friendly faces and cheery surroundings seemed to assure us of a good time.

—our first impression of Missoula girls? We were quite overcome by their beauty and number, but it wasn't long before we had recovered sufficiently to enjoy their company.

—when at two o'clock that Saturday the bartenders flung wide their doors and dashed out of the way to avoid being trampled to death? There was so little room at the bars that we had to dispense with the traditional elbow bending and invent new ways to get it down, but down it we did.

—that Saturday night at nine o'clock when crowds started to gather on the Hotel Florence dance floor? There were rug-cutters and waltz kings but all had a swell time dancing to the music of Joshua Cornfritter and his Missoula Melody Makers.

—the fatal hour of one fifteen when all of us had to be signed in or else? We would come home by any available means, a cab, a jalopy, bicycle, roller skates, or at times, on our hands and knees. We knew that if we were one minute past the hour, Fairy Godfather Page would turn us all back into bone-heads or tour-walkers.

—Sunday morning bright and early? We staggered out of bed, took a brisk walk to the wash room and dived back into bed. Later, we convinced ourselves that Sunday was too precious to waste and finally dragged the body over to the corral for a bit of equestrianism. The poor horses took one look at us in our condition and couldn't be saddled for the rest of the day.

—a quiet Sunday evening when a few of the boys on the second floor went into the restaurant business? They had ordered a cab load of palatable confectioneries, but of course the powers-that-be objected to the competition with the mess hall. If all the tours handed out after that were laid end to end, well, it would be quite a ways.
and I know you do, the mad pace we had to keep up with in order to derive some knowledge from the courses given here? Everyone knows, I am sure, the story of the Student who dropped his pencil on the floor and by the time he had recovered it he had missed two years of college physics!

—the ensuing evenings of "OPEN POST," with sodas at the S. U., private little twosomes in the lounge, and those Wednesday night mixer dances?

—how wonderfully we marched in those Sunday retreat parades? Proud, determined, eager, with the eyes of the crowd upon us the beat of the music in our ears, and in our hearts imprinted forever a memory of M. S. U. and all it had meant to us These things we do remember, can they ever be forgotten?

A/S CHARLES H. BORENSTEIN.
GIVE ME
MY BOOTS AND SADDLE

One of the boys here whose friendship I once cherished but whom I have long since done away with, introduced me to the amusing pastime called equestrianism or horse-back riding. I must admit that it was mostly my own fault in the first place, for I see now that it was a grave mistake to go around mentioning the fact that I was a Brooklyn cowboy. Hearing this, and mistaking the term completely, my dear departed friend assumed that I was a second cousin of Gene Autry and henceforth proceeded to engage two fine animals for the coming Saturday. To all ye who read this, take heed and profit by my experience.

Let me state, that when I first started to ride I did not like it too well. However, after having rode a bit, I can truthfully say I learned to hate it!

Before I was introduced to my four legged friend, my two legged one had warned me that in order to assert myself in the eyes of the horse and show him who was the master, I must walk boldly up to him and look him square in the eye. This I did. I gazed into his large brown eyes with a feeling of friendliness but all I received in return was a glare of suspicion. After ten seconds of this I turned away, knowing beyond any shadow of a doubt who was boss. He was!

After looking him over with an ever growing feeling of apprehension, I named him "Tailspin." What names he called me later on I'll never know. Nevertheless I was determined to go through with the venture.

The first step in becoming an expert horeman is of course, to learn to mount your animal. This is comparatively simple as you will see. My horse was wearing a saddle, which I later learned was designed especially to make life miserable (and I don't mean for the horse), and leading up to this was a little step called a stirrup. You merely go to the left side of the horse, place your right foot in the stirrup and swing your left foot over his back. Let us now presume that the horse has not moved in all this time and you are actually on his back and not flat on your own.

Looking ahead you will no doubt be surprised to find that the horse's head is nowhere in sight. You are now sitting on the observation platform, and for people who would rather see where they've been instead of where they are going, this is preferable. By now you realize that this method of mounting is impractical, but how else are we to learn if not by our mistakes?

You finally right yourself and are now confronted with the problem of locomotion. I had been told that in order to make the horse move in a forward direction I must render him a solid kick in the ribs. Anxious to prove my ability in this direction, I lifted my feet high in the air and executed a beautiful blow to a region around his third rib. It worked! He was off like the wind, and what a beautiful sight it made! His tail waved straight out into the wind.
and his proud well-maned head was high. Of course, you understand that at this time I was no longer with him, but even as I lay there on the hard ground I couldn't help but feel a little pride and satisfaction in the successful exertion of my will upon a dumb animal.

When my horse had been retrieved I again climbed his back. Giving him a more gentle kick this time so as not to wear out his clutch, I went forward with a rolling motion that somehow reminded me of a camel on the high seas. I pitched and tossed and for variety, tossed and pitched, until somehow I was certain that the Army had sidetracked me into the Navy for reasons of their own.

Slowly I was getting accustomed to all this but I by no means felt capable of joining a posse or capturing Dangerous Dan single-handed as yet. After circling an area about the size of a hot-dog stand for an hour, I decided I had had enough, but not so the horse. I easily remembered the magic words I had heard in so many motion pictures, "Whoa pal, whoa," but it seemed that my horse had never seen any of those same pictures, for he kept right on going in a pre-determined direction.

Lowering my pride I went so far as to say, "Please horse, whoa," but all to no avail. He probably remembered the trouble I had gone through to get where I was and thought it foolish of me to want to leave so soon.

What happened in the next few hours is better left unsaid, but somewhere in the ensuing eternity I somehow managed to return to the vicinity of the corral where I was helped off by the sympathetic (?) owner of the horse.

Placing my hand behind me, I felt cautiously for something I knew must be there for I had started out with it only a short time before. To my great relief it was still intact although quite numb.

As I stand at my desk writing this little tale of woe, I do not in the least regret my sad adventure, if, in experiencing it, I have in some small way, helped some future Lone Ranger to better understand the noble horse.

A/S CHARLES H. BORENSTEIN.
Dear T. S.:

I have a problem which is one of the utmost importance to my future. It seems that the misters of Squadron Three give me the knife-in-the-back look every time that I gig them. What shall I do? I have always wanted to be popular with the boys.

Signed,
A/S Christenson.

Dear Mister Christenson:

All that you must do is to gig the student officers. They will steal into the Orderly Room in the dead of night, and tear up the gig sheet anyway.

T. S.
Dear T. S.:

I have twenty-four tours to do between, now and the time that I leave the CTD. But it seems that I won't be able to see the girls on Saturday night or anything. My social life is ruined. What shall I do?

Signed,
A/S Ruffalo.

Dear Mister Ruffalo:

I have made an appointment for 1300 Saturday, so that you can have an intimate talk with the post chaplain. He will relieve the burden from your shoulders.

T. S.
As we marched down the street, we were not at all surprised by a shrill, childlike voice counting cadence with a martial intonation that would be the envy of many a top sergeant. It was AVIATION STUDENT BILLY MYLES, serial number 0000½.

He's the size of a gig-tag and as sharp as an inspecting officer's eye. In his short three years of life is crowded perhaps more "services" than many a STUDENT at M. S. U. His knowledge of military procedure is extraordinary and is manifest in his perfect marching rhythm, and clear brisk deliverance of military orders. Adorning his entire wardrobe is a conglomeration of AIRCADET insignias, AIR-CORPS shoulder patches, a STUDENT gig-tag, and the bright chevrons of a buck-sergeant. This excludes of course the four stars of a full general on his hat!

At times he may be seen carrying a set of books in approved C. T. D. manner and will frequently turn up in the physics class where the complicated apparatus enthralls him. As the teacher enters he will call a loud, "ATTENTHUT" in a voice that breaks in as many places as a flight lieutenant's calling the roll with a hang-over.

When this formality is over, he delights in going to the front of the room and choosing the exact piece of chalk the instructor is using at the time, and covering the board with his own brand of hieroglyphics. As for me, these sometimes make more sense than most of the formulas in the book.

His salute is something to marvel at and he does not reserve it for officers alone but will use it at the least provocation on anyone in the vicinity. New men at the 317th may sometimes be observed scrutinizing his manner carefully to pick up any valuable pointers on military courtesy.

ALL in all he is quite a lad and king of the campus. WE have unanimously voted him the mascot of Squadron Three as must have all other Squadrons before us. In leaving, we present Billy to the succeeding squadron and hope they can learn as much from him as we. So long, BILLY, and good luck.

A/S CHARLES H. BORENSTEIN.
THANKS...

—For the members of my Staff and myself we give humble thanks to Mr. Larrae Hayden and Miss Ellen McCrea for the bountless bits of advice and guidance. Without their aid this edition of "Take Off" could hardly have been made possible.

To Major Heikes and Lieutenant Helm we wish to acknowledge a gratitude that can't be expressed here. To First Sergeant Paige and Staff Sergeant Gibbons a warm round of applause for their understanding of how pressed we were for their aid.

To the Mistres of the Staff and to the gentlemen of the Squadron—

You made the Book—it took fourteen days of sneaked, hard labor. Be proud—Thanks a million.

A/S J. SOKOLOFF, Editor.