

# THE AVENGER

"We live in the wind and sand . . . and our eyes are on the stars"

VOL. 1

AVENGER FIELD, SWEETWATER, TEXAS, MONDAY, JUNE 28, 1943

NO. 2

## SECOND CLASS GRADUATES

### Maintenance Division Keeps 'Em Flying

**WOMEN MECHANICS  
KEEP PLANES FIT  
FOR WOMEN PILOTS**

By Faith Buchner

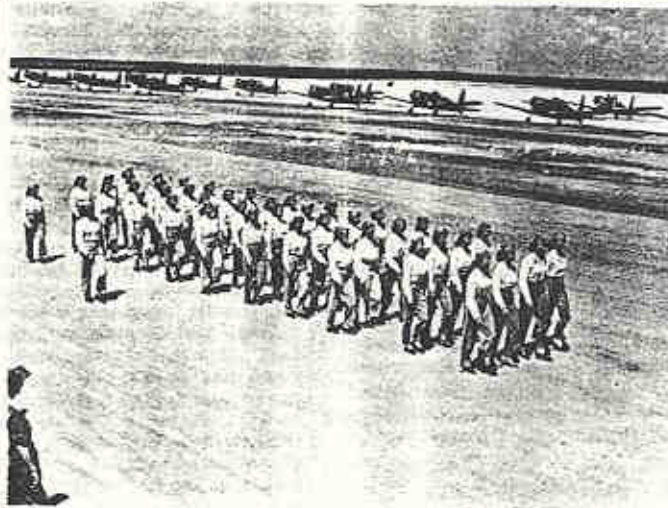
In primary training we were grateful for the guys who so often appeared to help us when we stood laboriously twisting a crank on the P-T. And all of us are thankful for the highly efficient and well organized maintenance crews which keep so many planes on the line day and night.

The maintenance department is divided into three groups—namely, primary, basic, and advanced. All three of these groups are set up on the same time shifts. The first shift starts at 6 o'clock in the morning and works until 2:30 in the afternoon, when the second group takes over until 11 at night. The "swing shift" starts at 6 o'clock in the evening and operates until 3 o'clock in the morning. Those of us who have flown at night realize that there is also much overtime work done.

Unlike most airport work shops, no rebuilding of parts is done. The work is mostly that of replacing broken parts with new ones; however, since it is now almost impossible to get many of the new parts that are needed there is a tendency toward actual repairing and rebuilding.

Training is set up on an apprentice basis since it would be next to impossible to get, already trained, 175 A&E mechanics. Directed by Sergeant Mills, the school for mechanics enables them to receive the army's second class mechanics rating.

With Avenger Field having the distinction of being the only women pilot's school in the country, it is only logical that the mechanics should also be made up partially of women. The women mechanics, however, were here a few weeks before the trainees arrived last February. They do inspections, minor mechanical operations and posting work in the office. Thanks, fellows, for keeping us flying.



In the sound of marching feet may be heard the beginning of a new era in American history—an era which women go to war on wings.

### Houston Group Gets Wings at Avenger

The second class of Women Pilot Trainees to be graduated from Army Air Forces training schools received their wings at Avenger Field, May 28.

Trained at Houston, 43-W-2 flew a number of the Houston AT 17's here for the graduation exercises.

Col. J. H. Hills, Adjutant General and Executive Officer of the Flying Training Command at Fort Worth, Texas; Miss Jacqueline Cochran; Maj. Landon McConnell and Maj. L. W. Jurden, also of the Flying Training Command, gave the graduation addresses. Miss Cochran presented the graduates with silver wings.

"Yours is an important job. The Ferry Command needs you badly. And I know that you will carry out your orders and do your job in the commendable way you have shown in your training," was Colonel Hills' message to the graduates.

General Barton K. Yount, head of the Flying Training Command, sent his best wishes in the form of a silver dollar to be deposited in Avenger Field's Wishing Well for 43-W-2.

"General Yount is pleased with the success of this program. He wants 43-W-2 and all the others to know how proud he is of their work," Colonel Hills said.

Class 43-W-3, 43-W-4, 43-W-5, and 43-W-6 paraded in review to the march music of the band from the Army Air Forces Bombardier School at Big Springs, Texas. The new class of 43-W-7 was on duty, helping to direct traffic.

The graduates and their places of assignment are as follows:

To Wilmington, Delaware—Emily Hlester, Helen Stone, Mary Trotman, Marie Muccie, Rita Moynahan, Lila Chapman, Ruth Trees, Melvina Maier, Virginia Alleman, and Catherine de Bernarde.

To Romulus, Michigan — Paula Loop, Florence Lawler, Patricia Chadwick, Marion Schorr, Patricia Dickerson, Mary Darling, Mary Catherine Johnson, Margaret Kerr, Ellen Gery, Margaret

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### MEDICAL STAFF CHANGES—

## New Wards and Equipment Added to Post Hospital

By Margaret Helburn

Avenger Field's Medical Department is undergoing rapid changes both in personnel and in buildings.

Capt. Kent N. Hunt, formerly of Randolph Field, succeeds Capt. Fred L. Patterson, who was transferred recently, while Capt. Robert C. Atmar arrived June 3 to replace Lieut. Gordon Phillips. Lieutenant Phillips is now at the School of Aviation Medicine at Randolph Field.

Mrs. Ruth Mistark, known to trainees as "Boston," is the first woman nurse to join the staff and will be followed by others. In order to accommodate the nurses and the increasing number of patients, in proportion to the rise in the number of trainees on the field, an addition to the hospital of nurses' quarters is being made on the west end of the building and more wards are being constructed. The work is being glassed in and there will be two wards, one for general cases and one for isolation. The examining room

and emergency room will have separate entrances from the drive. Although the nurses will take

(Continued on Page 3)



Capt. Kent N. Hunt

## STAFF

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Vol. 1

No. 2



There is a quality which can undermine a nation, wreck a society, and strip its efforts of havoc with an organization. It is not the "petty"ness, but the "petty"ness.

It is the smart politician's strong forte. It is the defense of a man whose hands are not big enough to handle larger tools and whose mind has not enough perspective to comprehend those dimensions.

The pettyness at Avenger Field is more of the cigar-smoking, small-town-politician type. Maybe some of us have lost sight of our reason for being here.

"What disgusting food" someone said, as somewhere on a tiny raft a man groped his hand trying to catch a fish.

"I don't want that name for our paper" or "That insignia stinks" . . . while somewhere a Marine was lowered into an unnamed grave under the only insignia—Old Glory.

"Have you heard about so-and-so? She's from Houston and I don't like her." . . . And in England, "Did you hear about Jimmy Brown? He didn't come back last night. He was from Ohio and a darn good pilot."

Pettyness isn't only among us. It is all about us in the minds of the people.

They don't understand us and so misjudge us. In the first place we came here with two strikes against us. We were women pilots—a profession which, until recently, has carried the stigma attached to the girls who rode "astride" in the days of the side-saddle skirt. We are supposed to be rough and uncouth, and not quite right in our minds.

Then when a few of us let down our hair and broke the tension we live under in our own peculiar and diverse ways, we acquired the titles of "drunks and roughnecks," an unfair and not very farseeing conclusion.

Perhaps it would help everybody if we all remember that we are here for no other reason than to make "darn good pilots."

JANE CHAMPLIN

## IN MEMORIAM

We'll miss you, Jane, but we won't forget you—the way you made us laugh, the many friends you found among all our classes, or the cause for which you made your sacrifice.

## HENRY S. AUBREY

To Henry S. Aubrey, formerly an instructor at Houston and later at Avenger Field, we say a pilot's goodbye of "Happy Landings."

## REGISTER FOR YEARBOOK

The year book for 43-W-4 and 43-W-5 is now in the making, edited by Mary A. Bowles.

In order that the number of copies to be printed may be ascertained it is necessary that those desiring copies should register immediately. Pat Hanley is taking the reservations.

## The BT Blues

By Dorthea Johnson

"Now let's see—first you check Form one, then check the gas tanks, then fasten the safety belt, then put on the headphones and turn the radio on. "Oh, no, you turn it off! M-m-m, now the brakes and adjust the rudders. What next? Oh, yes, unlock the controls. And where do I go from here?"

No, the gal speaking isn't going crazy, she's a W-5 learning the BT cockpit procedure.—from page one paragraph one right on to page ten, paragraph thirty (it seems every bit that long!).

Everyone in W-4 can sympathize heartily with the predicament—yes, we know it now (we try to say this in a convincing tone); but, oh, my, those first weeks! "The engine is started in high pitch and changed to low pitch after the oil pressure is 50 lbs. Taxi with no flaps, but mustn't forget to have 20 degrees for take-off. Now, let me think, we climb with prop and flaps as for take-off. Next comes the business of attaining cruising speed: first we change prop pitch—oh, gosh, no! The flaps come before the prop. Now we wind the flaps up S-L-O-W-L-Y. Then wait. Next we change prop pitch and add throttle to 1,850 rpms. Now trim the airspeed to 120 mph. Whew! That's a day's work! If we just didn't have to go in and land, it would save a lot of work. Well, might as well start. Hmmm. Enter the pattern at 3,000 ft. indicated. Guess the 45-degree leg better be about 15 miles long so we can get everything done. Now, roll down flaps. What? Prop first this time? Oh, me. Well, throttle clear back, prop in low pitch, then throttle to 2,100. And now, flaps. Oh, and the radio! How'll I ever get all of that said? Next open hatch. Oh, my word!

Gas should be on reserve! Oh, sure, the mixture is rich—now, Call the tower on base leg again? But, the leg's too short. Maintain 90 mph glide—more flaps. More flaps. More flaps. Here we are on the ground (a 3-in-1 landing). Will this hour ever end? Roll flaps, taxi to end of field. S to line, park and set brakes. Now rev it up to 1,200 and put the prop in high pitch. What? I cut the mixture. Well, now I've got the prop back. Now the mixture. Switch off, radio off. Lock controls. Form one. Roll down flaps again? Okay, Okay!" Yes, W-5, you have our heartfelt sympathies—but, we know that each day it will be easier, and that you will like your BT more and more every day. Good luck.

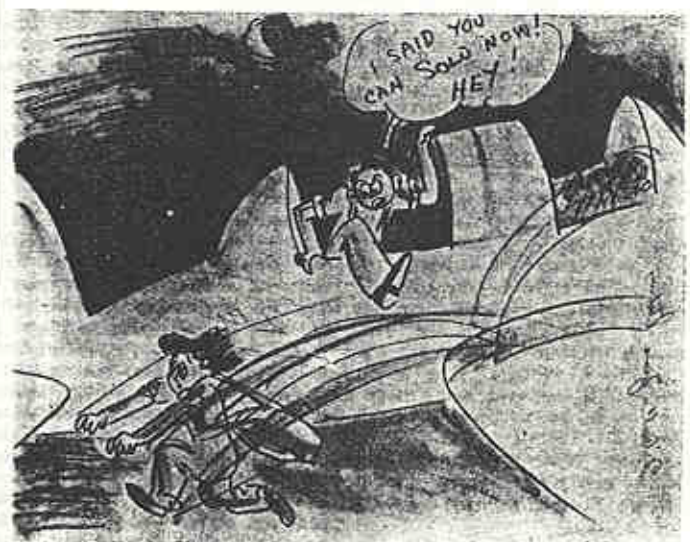
## Officers Leave

It was with deepest regret that we of Avenger Field recently had to bid farewell to Major Landon McConnell, Captain Robert Stover, Lt. William Gerron, Lt. Dan O'Neil, Lt. William H. Keen, Lt. Philip H. Rohr, Lt. Leo R. Stroble, Lt. John E. Upham, Lt. Louis A. Handrick, Lt. Francis J. Shea, Lt. Leslie C. Neff, and Lt. Donald L. Reilly.

You cannot thank men for doing their duty. You can tell them you will not forget that they believed as so many did not, that you could take it and that you could fly with the best of the men. You can tell them you know they fought to build this school on foundations of loyalty and integrity to the country we serve. You can tell them they are truly men of the Air Corps upholding all its proud traditions.

When we graduate, in the months that follow, we will span most of the lands and skies of our continent. We won't say goodbye then, after all, but rather wish you clear skies until we fly with you again some day.

## Night Flight



**WITH SYMPATHETIC GUIDANCE**

Some of you asked, "who is Sandy" when it was announced that she would succeed Mary Wiggins as Flight Commander of trainees at Avenger Field after Mary's graduation.



**Marjorie Sanford**

Marjorie Sanford is the sandy-haired girl with the sympathetic voice, who, by some magic, made "four - minutes - fall - in" sound agreeable when we in 43-W-5 were hot and dirty and tired from flight line or drill and had to meet the next formation. She is the girl who used neither soft soaping nor nagging but sheer understanding to lead us through a rather difficult session of adapting ourselves from a rather civilian nirvana to a startlingly militarized existence and miraculously enough, accomplished that without our being aware that we were led.

If you can get by Sandy's bantering and laughter when you ask her what she used to do, you will discover that she taught high

We wonder about public relations when we read excerpts from local news sent back from Marysville, Wash., as follows: "Miss \_\_\_\_\_, daughter of \_\_\_\_\_, who is training at Sweetwater, Texas, in the army ferry service department, has passed her tests as primary trainer and is now a white basic trainer at the same base." Hmmm. Cece Hunter types all her letters home.

Contrary to popular opinion, Evelyn Fletcher did not make an inverted flight at 500 feet in the traffic pattern, shortly after she soloed in 43-W-6. We know for sure that someone in 43-W-5, however, did make a walk-down, rudder exercise landing and walked calmly away while her instructor muttered, "I've been to two or three air shows and a circus or two, but that's the first time I've ever seen that done."

Victory gardens, onions in window boxes, gardens in pent houses—of those we've heard. Now landscaping outside Barracks E has been added to the list. Peggy Seip may have had a smattering of agriculture at college. Anyway

school and loved teaching. She taught ground school subjects to high school seniors and aviation cadets in Peoria, Illinois, where she was an active member as Lieutenant and adjutant in CAP and did her share of flying. She received her private license in 1940.

*Cockpit Cackle*

something has to account for the row of little packages labeled, "morning glories, zinnias, petunias, and nasturtiums."

We wonder. Recently the U. S. Department of Information received an inquiry regarding whether or not milking rattlesnakes is a gainful occupation. Dawn Rochow has been seen closely observing a baby rattle, while Peggy Calhoun is supposed to know something about them from observation made in her bay.

Flight Instructor Norman, W. S. (Civ.)—(Don't blame me. It's Form-1 influence)—of 43-W-6 bought a bond with liberty nickles and is still collecting the fast vanishing coins with liberty heads. Moral: Even though your nickles do vanish rapidly, BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS.

Margaret T. Lowell-Wallace, better known as "Scotty" has made Sunday evenings at the Rec Hall a music hour in the gloaming with albums of recordings from Tchaikowsky, Gilbert and Sullivan, Rimsky-Korsakov, Victor Herbert, and other com-

posers. Scotty studied conducting under Warren Story, Nikolai Slominsky, Dr. Antimia Brico and Fitz Mahlar.

Can you imagine—Joan Garrett not mothering W-6; "Charley" Niles planting *impomoea purpurea* (morning glories to you) in the lovely sandy soil of Texas, it's true! With a sprinkling of larkspur and bachelor buttons (if she could only find a bachelor!) in between; Helen Dettweiler driving less than 250 yards.

Bill Moore saying "Please, hon, make a turn" to his students; members of W-4 not coming back from cross country trips without a fantastic tale about Gremlins throwing them off-course; Pat Hanley in a flowered pink taffeta to match her freckles!

"Daddy" Pool not worrying about his students; Father Haight saying, "That's O. K. girls, you don't have to pay any attention to the white chalk marks—park and walk wherever you please!"

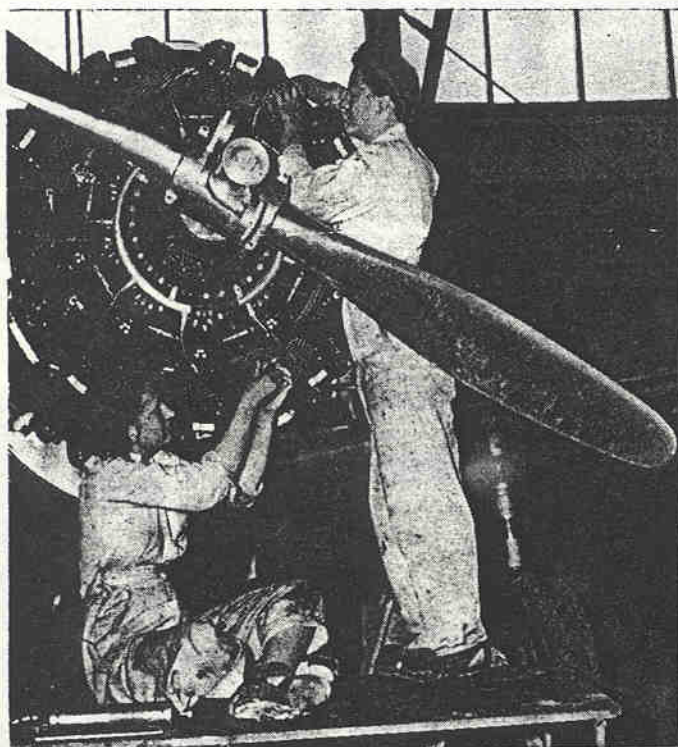
Mrs. Deaton without a friendly smile for everyone; Slim Staten not being around to fix hot water heaters and most anything else we ask.

**NEW MEDICAL STAFF**  
(Continued from Page 1)

care of medications and carry out treatments, the enlisted men will continue to keep records and drive ambulances. In addition to the old staff of Staff Sergeant Carsten Holkesvik, Corp. Harry Tapscott, Technician Don Myers, Private First Class George Nielson, are the new members. Private Karl M. Downs and Irving Kanoff from Hondo Navigation School at Hondo, Texas, and Harold Brinkman and Richard Macfee of Randolph Field.

Captain Hunt feels that the medical problems here are much

the same as those of the cadets. Special care must be taken with respiratory and gastro-intestinal illness which are most important to flying personnel. For the proper maintenance of the program, both in flight and in ground school, minor illnesses must be quickly checked. Captain Hunt is much impressed with the cooperation the girls have shown in this matter. He expressed his enthusiasm about the job they are doing, and added, "We like the field; we like Sweetwater; we like the people; we like the girls; we like the army; and we'd like to get the war won!"



Two of Avenger Fields women mechanics keep the 420 horses of a BT-15 in shape. And that "ain't hay."



Maybe they are going over an athlete's foot chart. Anyway you can bet that Corp. Harry Tapscott, Sgt. Carsten Holkesvik, Ruth Mistark, and Pfc. Lewis Zeninetz are up to some good.

# Off-Duty Fun



Vivian Cadman and Ruth Lindley test-hopping GI cot



Preparations for open post: Jean Livingston, Hazel Armstrong, Jerry Hill, Dot Scherder, and Gayle Bevis



Peg Horlburt and "zo perfect fit"



Anne Shields after contact with the Wishing Well



Miss Forster and her "office building"



Rose Penn and Ruth Anderson in repose



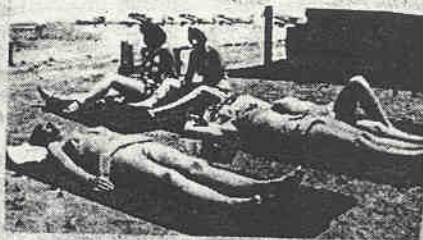
Pat Hiller talking shop with Mr. Guerin



Marion Steigman—from dress to "dress"



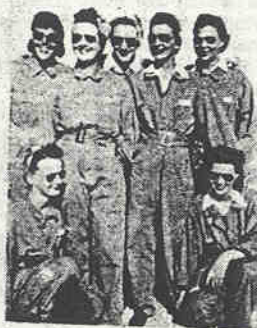
Anne Criswell, Nancy Featherhoff, Ruth Kupferberg and Lib Gardner ready for Sweetwater



Sun worshippers



Sylvia Dahmas and what the well-dressed W.P. wears



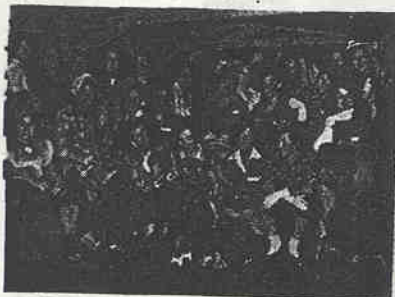
Group scene: Roberta Mundt, Virginia Streeter, Doris Bristol, Dale Dailey, Kathryn Starr, Virginia Wilson, Helen Hague



Dottie Webb and Bobby Wakeham "window studying?"



Nancy Featherhoff, after sinking 50c in the "wishing fund"



W-4's idea of the red and green flag mix-up



"Flight 2, one minute!"

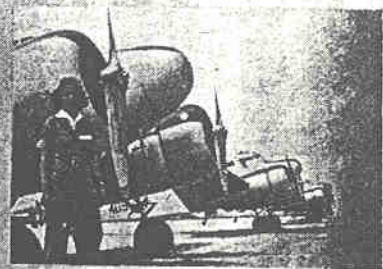


Dorothy Ebersbach in the city park

# Waiting for Ships At the Main Field



Mr. Schaeffer and Margie Heckle on the Tower



Jo Severson pausing by the AT's



Mr. Hight



At Auxiliary No. 1



PT and Margaret Ray, Sylvia Dahmes, Wilma Morehead, Sylvia Swartz, Frances Green, Gene Garvin



Cece Hunter ready for a BT



Mr. MacElway posting time for Gene Garvin and Julie Ledbetter



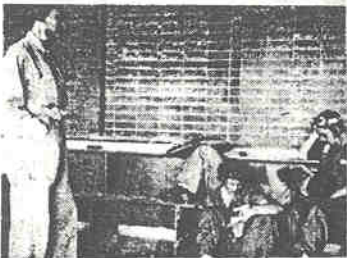
Mr. Poole



Speedy Sterkel and Sylvia Swartz enjoying a PT



Discussion Group—Pat Hiller, Loraine Sterkel, Virginia Archer, Lillian Epsberg, and Charlotte Mitchell



Moya Mitchell checking the flight board, while Story, Lowell-Wallace, and Wolak "rest"



Winter togs and Margaret Ray, Wilma Morehead, Frances Green, Sylvia Dahmes, Gene Garvin, Sylvia Swartz



Ready room on a rainy day



Moya Mitchell ready for ascent



Elizabeth McGeorge lounging in the sun



Body at rest—observing landings, no doubt



Jane Thomas, Helen Porter, Marion Steegman, Virginia Streeter, and Nadine Ramsey



Pat Pateman, ready for those cold, cold heights



Norman E. Shaffer

### INSTRUCTOR

By Alberta Head

When bloody war and urgent need for haste is gone,  
And economic chaos holds us still,  
We shall not soon forget his shape along the street,  
Or near the half-deserted hangars on the hill.

His shoulders, forward bent against the weight of wind and 'chute  
The lagging step to match his slow, insistent word,  
The wisdom and the patience on his face,  
The pride behind the stinging comment that we heard.

We shall remember well the scarf he wore  
Of white silk stuff, the jaunty cap which set him quite apart,  
His summer's tan, his winter pinks,  
The fleece-lined hood and other heavy trappings of his art.

But do not think he will be loathe to go—for look!  
Beyond the steady gaze of his blue eyes  
His heart is fastened on some lovely, distant, dream,  
Some fairer view than sandy Texas skies.

### The Incurrable Mrs. Oates



### SOME TIPS ON CROSS-COUNTRY

Nobody, absolutely nobody, gets lost on cross-country. You may meander about a bit looking for jack rabbits, or get off course while you repair your lipstick; but you blithely tell your instructor, "I was hitting every check point right on the nose."

But just in case some West Texas town is graced with your presence over night, while the home field sits and chews its finger nails, there are several things you ought to know.

In the first place, take a comb. You make a better impression when you land if people can see your face. Of course Veronica Lake hides hers, but not with sun-burned, sandy strings.

Second, plan your flight to go near as many army camps and cadet flying schools as you possibly can. Take my sad example, for instance.

I made a grand entrance at Cisco, Texas. I taxied blissfully up to the hangar to be met by one old man. My face and arches both fell a little as I jumped off the wing. I consoled myself however, with thoughts of the impression I was going to make on the town's people.

I should have investigated Cisco beforehand. I walked into the hotel, expecting "Oh-h-h's" and "Ah-h-h's" over my coverall-clad figure, to find dozens of other girls in coveralls EXACTLY LIKE MINE! There is an Army ordnance school for women mechanics at Cisco.

"You're one of the new girls," the desk clerk said.

"No, I'm a . . ."

"Room 610," he cut in bruskiy.

On the elevator no less than ten of the mechanics looked me over. "What bus you catching to school?" they asked.

I looked around. They were pretty big girls.

"Which one should I catch," I meekly asked, exhibiting a dirty fingernail.

I came back to the field to find that Hazel Lee had spent the night on a luxurious ranch, eating fried chicken. Kathleen Kelly had landed at Brady at a cadet flying school.

And I spent the night with 300 women mechanics!

Next time I'll know.

### A Letter Home

By Margaret Hurlburt

Friday.

Darling:

I've been here almost one week, and have learned a lot (what I mean!). We have a system of flags on two poles that is a killer.

A red flag on one means 'wear your own clothes'; on the other it stands for 'no flying.' If the flags are white, they mean that anybody can fly and wear flying jackets (other clothes, too, of course).

Green flags mean — put on your zoot suit (someone's fiendish idea of what the well-dressed woman trainee will wear); and stay in sight of the field. A yellow flat means dual only—no clothes (I mean, no such flag on the clothes pole); and a red and white flag means a tee change—no clothes. I'll tell you all about the tee later.

One day they had the flag (on the clothes pole) at half mast. Some of the new ones thought it meant to go out half-dressed. It didn't make any difference to me because when they yell, "Half a minute, on the double!" I always rush out of the bay half-dressed.

Yesterday, they had the green and red flag up, so some of the girls put their dress-up clothes on over their zoot suits. You should have seen them! Hot but humorous—that's how we are most of the time here in Texas.

This is a kind of (that's putting it mildly) manless place. One of my baymates, Bobby, said "They can just keep my pay check, if they'll only let the wolf at my door!" She expresses well how most of us feel.


You should be here—you would enjoy yourself.

Love,  
Marge.

**Buy War Bonds Every Pay Day**

\*\*\*

**Let's Double Our Quota**



## Who's Who



Solange D'Hooghe

Like mother, like daughter. That is the history of Solange D'Hooghe's flying career. Solange's mother, Mrs. Marie D'Hooghe, in 1912, at a place near her home in France, started an aviation career that was interrupted because "flying was no career for a lady."

Pressure from her family and from the family lawyer in charge of her father's estate ended Mrs. D'Hooghe's dreams of adventure Solange inherited them. The idea of flying was her own, however. She surprised even her mother with it when at Rockford, Ill., she entered the last CPT class that accepted women trainees.

Before coming to Avenger Field, Solange took a position at Camp Grant in order to have a part in the war effort. She has special reason for her keen interest because her appreciation of the horrors of war is founded on knowing the experiences of members of her family in Belgium and France.

Word from them during the early days of the occupation in 1940 told of their losing as much as half their weight from starvation and the tense situation there.

Family tales of the other war add to her knowledge of what

## Department A-5

In the recent reorganization of Army departments four main divisions were established to expedite the War effort. On this post we have added another which will expedite nothing. Following the regular Army sequence it will be known as Department A-5 and it will provide for the collection and dissemination of rumors. Some of the rumors will be based on fact and some on outrageous fancy. Which will become actualities and which will pass out of sight amid cheers and laughter is a game the future will call.

Graduates from the 318th will be ferrying P-40's and B-25's within seven months.

Bob Hope won't come here because he saw a picture of us in our zoot suits and you know how he feels about anything not sarongish.

Even the telephone booths in the Blue Bonnet lobby are off bounds.

Summer coveralls are a possibility . . . next winter.

The new check pilots are so tough they will make Lt. Keen look like a panty-waist.

We should rate a cover on LIFE and a considerable number of pages if Mr. Stackpole, the LIFE photographer, has a word in the decision.

must be happening now.

Solange tells of her French aunt who buried the family silver in her basement and then flooded the basement with water in order to prevent the Kaiser's men from taking it.

She particularly recounts the experience of her uncle who, during World War I, was buried dead three times. Comrades placed him in shallow graves to prevent the Germans from stabbing the presumably dead body lying on the battle field. Each time the uncle recovered consciousness and escaped. He is now living in Chicago.

After the war Solange plans to fly as much as possible, but principally she is looking forward to the prospect of having a home and family.

## The Trainee's Alphabet

By Mary Hart

**A** is for Airplane a gadget designed  
For scaring the student plumb out of her mind.

**B** is for Brakes on the same which is splendid,  
But use them too sharp and you'll end up upended.

**C** is for Compass installed with much cost,  
In function best suited for getting you lost.

**D** is for Details you mustn't forget,  
Like safety belt fastened or parking brake set.

**E's** Elevators, affixed to the tail;  
If not used in time nothing else will avail.

**F** is for Flaps, which are tricky and fickle,  
But without these addenda, you'd be in a pickle.

**G's** Gosports, which surely need no introduction;  
They're for learning new cuss words and other instruction.

**H** is for Headwind, built in or external;  
In violence unequalled, in purpose infernal.

**I** is for Instruments—none of them care to  
Tell you a thing—take their word if you dare to.

**J** is for Jolts which you get in the air  
And the height that you had which is no longer there.

**K** is for Kicks which are aimed at the rudder;  
The way these are given make a check pilot shudder.

**L** is for Looking and all of that drive!  
Rebuild your neck, pal, so's to make it full swivel!

**M** is for Motor; if it quits, you can bet you  
De Lawd's on your side, for Green Pastures will get you.

**N** is for Nose which is always surprisin'  
By never remaining upon the horizon.

**O** is for Off, which is where for the switches  
When parked, or you'll hear from those strict sons of—Texas

**P** is for Pilot; that's you—on condition  
You don't spin too low or not check your ignition.

**Q** is for questions that need understanding—  
Clean forgot by the time you have come in from landing.

**R** is for Rudder, to use in each antic;  
It drives airplanes sideways, the rest of us frantic.

**S** is for Slipstream to complicate matters  
With torque, until everyone's mad as mad hatters.

**T** is for Throttle, controlling the go-juice;  
Without this device trying to aviate's no use.

**U** is for Up, and the Upper the better;  
For the higher you are the more spots you can set her.

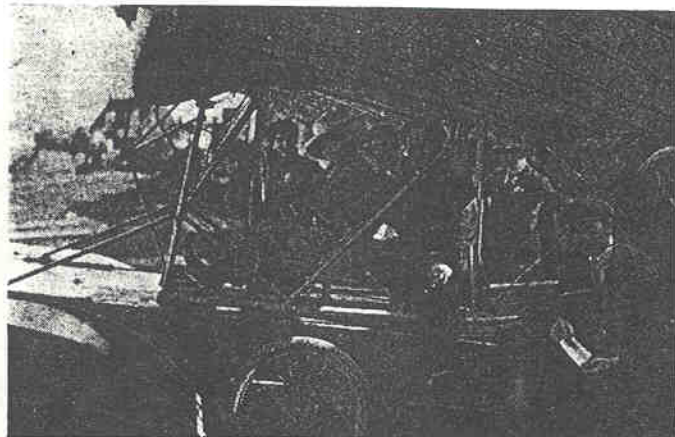
**V** is Velocity; nothing can stop it;  
Once you've too much, you must climb up to drop it.

**W's** Wobble-pump—use debatable  
It aids most in making the starting quite hateable.

**X** marks the spot where the landing gear hit;  
Three points was the aim, but two points was what lit.

**Y** is for yes which is all you can say  
When the board says a check ride is headed your way.

**Z** is for zealous, our attitude truly  
If held to the end we will graduate duly.



## 'Dad gum it!' Why Don't I Watch The Weather?

By Hazel Lee

Easing the brakes on, I brought the BT to a stop on the furrowed cotton field. I cut the engine and climbed out of the cockpit. I scrutinized the BT and found it to be unmarred but how was I after my semi-forced landing? I was thinking that over when a wheezy green sedan jerked to a halt beside BT and me. A lanky farmer followed by a young woman carrying a baby got out of it.

"Are yoh China-gal or Japane?" asked the man. "I'm a China-gal, sir. See?" I pointed to my regulation name tag with Hazel Ying Lee printed on it.

"Wall dag gum it, yoh sure made a purty landing," said the man.

It turned out the couple's name was Doty, that the nearest phone was ten miles away, and that Mr. Doty would take me there.

The trip to the telephone was not without incident for the Chevy acted as old as the proverbial gray mare and its radiator boiled like the first steam engine. But we did arrive eventually and I called Avenger Field.

The connection was dismal and it took much shouting to relay the fact that I was remaining with the plane until they came to get me as per Army regulations. I returned to the Doty farm. After a dinner of fried eggs and some colorful talk by the Dotys they led me to their guest room.

I slept restlessly and was up early for breakfast of fried eggs and bacon. In the morning I heard a plane and saw it circle and spot the BT. It then flew away. Lunch time came and what did we have? Fried eggs and bacon. Mr. Doty

## Trainees Engage in Many Kinds of Sports

Since sporting achievements (outside of Joann Garrett's phenomenal bowling score and Shirley Condit's swimming and diving) are practically non-existent in W-6, a brief glimpse into the future, and a mention of the games which we will play eventually, seems in order.

Volleyball is a good sport if there is teamwork; a boresome sport if there is none. There are generally nine players to a "team," and the various teams of each class comprise an Avenger Field league. This arrangement gives each class a chance to test its skill against all other teams.

We'll be playing softball, too, and cheering our "gangs" on to victory, once in a while muttering expletives against those "butterfingers" in the field who let an easy "out" become a hit.

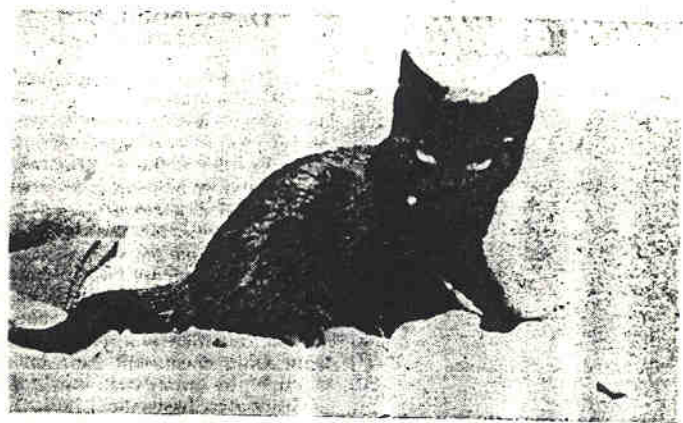
The new hangar will afford a rendezvous for badminton addicts, and we offer a vote of thanks to the person who was responsible for our swimming classes.

There is some talk, too, of a field day—when the star teams from each class will compete against all comers for the honor and glory of their particular class.

Week-ends offer a round of golf on the sporty 18-hole course open to all the girls but so far only a few have availed themselves of this opportunity. We, however, are going to hope that in the near future sports will become an integral part of our life at Avenger Field.

took to singing loud cowboy songs to his two-month old son and to rocking him at a horrid pace in an unbalanced rocking chair. Mrs. Doty was laboring over the hot stove cooking bacon and eggs for supper.

Finally in late afternoon an Army car drove up with four men and a lieutenant in it. I



Flip

## Tale of A Tailspin Tabby

By Teddy Rolfe

Who's afraid of a black cat crossing her path  
not anyone in the 318th and certainly not  
anne shields whose path i crossed a few weeks ago  
when i was an unsuspecting little kitten  
snooping around a grocery store where  
anne bargained with the grocery man and brought me out  
to avenger field with clothes driers and ironing boards  
and other bulky articles crammed into a taxi  
with eight girls and someone talked about pylon eights  
i know what she meant and we piled on maneuverability was the  
thing anne maneuvered me in so no one knew i had arrived  
the o d thought the sand box in bay 4 was for some tropical plant  
little knowing there was a tiny black kitten  
growing into a big black cat thriving on little catnips  
of food brought from the mess hall  
growing in spite of little sleep because no one  
would let me lie in her bed for long  
anne let me use the typewriter but she couldn't teach  
me punctuation or how to reach the big letters  
she taught me to stand on my hind legs and box  
and bought me a silver bell and a red collar  
She took me to see air forces but i got carried away  
by the dog tripoli who was handsome to say the least  
the next time we went out was to the post theater  
where we heard captain stover make a purr-ity talk  
on check rides and flaps and steerable tails  
i didn't know what he was talking about except maybe  
tails of which i have a long one but don't know  
if it is steerable  
life at avenger as a mascot is divided among interests  
flight line—feline and annies line and thats no  
catty catty catty remark

flippantly

flip

ran for it and shouted, "Boy am I glad to see you." They replied in a like fashion. It seems they'd been on every ranch in West Texas and opened and closed at least two hundred gates.

We left an Army guard with the BT. I made my adieus to the Dotys who despite their quaint ways had certainly shown me the best their house could afford. As we drove off Mr. Doty's final puzzled remark was, "Miss Lee, I'd sho' like to know what they all goin' t' do to yoh; put yoh in the cooler or wot. Lemma hear from yoh, dag gum it."

## GRADUATION

(Continued from Page 1)  
Ann Hamilton, and Ruth Frankling.

To Dallas, Texas—Betty Jane Bachman, Helen Ricketts, Frances Dias, Ethel Eames, Ross Kary, Elizabeth Whitlow, Kay Gott, Ruth Dailey, Avaneil Pinkley, Catherine Vail, and Jane Emerson.

To Long Beach—Geraldine Masinter, Alma Jerman, Zelda Lamer, Dorothy Lewis Coleman, Iris Cummings, Dorothy Nichols, Martha Wagonseil, Ruth Thompson, Carol Fillmore, Virginia Mofatt and Barbara Russell.

