

THE AVENGER

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

VOL. 1

AVENGER FIELD, SWEETWATER, TEXAS, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1943

NO. 4

318th GRADUATES LARGEST CLASS

Out In The Blue

By B. J. Welz

What will we do when we graduate? What kind of planes will we fly? Where will we live? These and many other similar questions are asked daily by Avengerettes eager to get to work for Uncle Sam.

Lovelle Richards, a member of the first class and now based with the Sixth Ferrying Group in Long Beach, reports some interesting highlights. The girls based at Long Beach live in barracks and enjoy the facilities of the officer's club. They do their own laundry and are required to keep their barracks up to military standards. These hard-working members of the Air Corps are on duty seven days a week from eight until five-thirty. That charming custom of calisthenics is indulged after duty between seven and nine. Drill proficiency is maintained and exhibited in review on Saturday when the girls are on the post. Proficiency in Link, is kept up also by several hours training a month. Several of the girls are selected for OCS training during their first few weeks on the post.

Glamour is a forgotten word on this post where there are no beauty facilities. Some of the girls wire to shops days in advance when they expect a few days' leave. Elaine Jones, also at Long Beach, reports that groups of three or five are sent out on trips at first, then the girls are allowed to go solo. Their longest trip to date has been ferrying a group of B. 8's from Long Beach to Enid, Oklahoma.

Betty Archibald, based with the Third Ferrying Group at Romulus, Michigan, reports that the latest innovation in their training includes carrying twenty-five pound packs, complete with pup tent, gas mask and a canteen of warm water. They also must be versed in the use of these articles. Lately, they have received target practice with forty-five's. Those girls who were selected to attend ATS graduated the fourteenth of this month.

Some of the girls at Romulus have been checked out in AT-6's and two fortunate lassies have been ferrying P-39's on short

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Miss Cochran congratulates graduates.

Maj. Gen. Brandt Addresses 43W-4

The morning of August 7, 1943, saw one hundred and twelve members of class 43-W-4 receive their wings. The largest class graduated thus far was addressed by Maj. Gen. Gerald C. Brandt, Commanding General of Gulf Coast Training Center. Visitors thronged the field and classes W-5, -6, -7, -8, led by Group Commander Margery Sanford, passed in review, marching to the music of the Midland Army Air Base Band.

Miss Jacqueline Cochran, Director of the Women's Pilot Training Program, expressed again her pride in the fact that her faith in the feasibility of such a program is being justified for the world to see. "All I can say is—you're wonderful," she said, amused at her own lack of words.

General Brandt complimented the class for the ardor with which they had entered into their demanding duties, and spoke of the future they are creating for themselves. "During the last war," he said, "there was a song that ran something like this: 'How you gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Pate?' Something of the sort may well be said of women after this war. . . . I might almost say that there will remain few fields in which women have not established their ability."

General Brant was introduced by Maj. Robert K. Urban, Commanding Officer of the 318th AAFSTD, who greeted the visitors and congratulated the graduates on their success, adding his best wishes for the future.

Following is a list of the graduates and the bases to which they were assigned:

2nd Ferrying Gp., New Castle Army Air Base, Wilmington, Delaware: Nancy L. Baker, Faith L. Buchner, Dorothy R. Colburn, Gwendolyn E. Cowart, Ruth I. Gamber, Rosalie L. Grohman, Margie E. Heckle, Anne M. Howell, Martha M. Lundy, Eunice S. Oates, Willie J. Peacock, Sarah E. Pearce, Martha J. Potter, Margaret H. Reeves, Mary M. Rosso, Mary Jane Stephens, Alice J. Tal-

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Fifinellas Are Well Fed

By Elizabeth L. Gardner

Mrs. A. J. Whatley, First Lady of the Kitchen, affectionately known to all trainees as "Mom," has made a vocation as well as a profession of feeding people. Before coming here in June, 1942, she had been Chief Stewardess at the Oxnard, California, cadet school, under Major Mosely. Mom's son, Burl Whatley, now overseas, opened the field there. Previously she had been in charge of kitchens in hotels and other organizations in several Texas cities.

Mom gives great credit to her large staff for the good food and capable service which are the rule in the messhall, but planning menus, ordering foodstuffs and

generally coordinating kitchen activities are her personal responsibility. Only recently Mrs. Spencer has taken over supervision of barracks, which in itself is a job, one which formerly rested on Mom's shoulders. Another close collaborator is Mr. A. J. Linn, business manager of the canteen, which is operated in connection with the kitchen.

One thousand people, Mom estimates, are fed each noon including those who lunch in the canteen. Breakfast and dinner are served to approximately seven hundred. "Institution food," she says, "being prepared in such wholesale quantities, can never achieve the perfection of home

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Vol. 1

No. 4

WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO LOSE?

The average trainee is earning more money than before the war. Her living expenditures compare most favorably with those she would necessarily make in any U. S. city during these times of rising prices. She is getting an education in flying such as she could not have hoped for in her pre-war circumstances. She is therefore in a position, and indeed, obligated to do a double service, by performing her duties to the best of her ability and by putting into War Savings Bonds her extra earnings and the cash she is not paying out for merchandise unnecessary to her present status. Many and many a company of soldiers overseas are putting this post to shame by the large sums they are investing in bonds.

It cannot be urged too strongly upon you that this is a war of all citizens, that the concerted and unmitigated effort of all of us will be required to keep our armies fed, clothed and armed. We are not spectators, but a rear guard, whose every action, as individuals and as a group, has a very definite effect on the progress of the war. Common sense demands that each and every one of us must invest, invest, invest, in the future of this nation. What have you got to lose?

HONOR SYSTEM

It is proposed that the honor system be set up on this field as a method of eliminating tiresome "checking up" which often complicates our already full routine. With exceptions, this code has in the past governed most of our activities. If the idea is accepted, as it seemingly has been by tacit agreement, the trainees are acknowledging their half of the responsibility to see that it works. Our directive personnel, both military and civilian, will be in honor bound to accept our word.

It's easily seen that such a system is delicately balanced and easily thrown out of kilter by the mistakes of a few. Each of us by coming here as a woman pilot trainee has accepted personal responsibility for fitting into a somewhat restricted way of life, and the majority are sensible enough to accept demerits in the spirit they are given, not so much as a punishment but as a method for preserving the routine essential to an undertaking of great importance. Extenuating circumstances are given due consideration, and the trainee who feels "wronged" has opportunity to clear herself.

The honor system in its essence simply means the division of responsibility in order to equalize the burden among all concerned. Its actual operation will be still more facile if each individual will go a bit beyond the halfway mark in cooperation.

Perhaps a few words at this time will serve to clarify the circumstances surrounding the entry of persons onto this field. The man at the gate is responsible to the Army that only persons with legitimate business to perform and invited guests gain access to the post. His job is not an easy one, and he does his best to satisfy everyone under the regulations.

Here are the main points of procedure:

1. Trainees and field personnel are required to carry their field passes at all times. The guard cannot admit any person without this pass.
2. Trainees' guests must be OK'd by one of the establishment officers. The O. D. has no authority to do this.
3. Army regulations do not permit the issuance of permanent passes to guests, however frequent their visits.
4. Officers and men from other posts or other persons who wish to visit the field must be OK'd by the Army unless they are guests of the trainees.

Miss Hays has suggested that trainees submit names of guests to an establishment officer the day before the guests are expected. A signed list could then be submitted to the guard and the guest, upon identifying himself, could be admitted at once.

WELCOME!

We're glad you're here, 44-W-1, the new class that will be top of the new year.

As we watched you arrive it was fun to compare your reactions to things, with our own, not so long ago: the first evening you soloed an army cot and eyed five strange baymats; the first time you heard taps and reveille and realized, "Whoops, I'm here!"—the strangeness of "hup, hup, hee, faw" on the drill field; and the excitement as those first dual hours mounted towards soloing a PT.

In some ways you're the luckiest incoming class yet. You arrived to a full blast of improvements: the field was thoroughly warmed up and dusted off for you; brand new stoves in the bays; no water; and three instead of two hours of daily ground school. But you do have a new hangar, lavishly camouflaged as a race track pavilion.

And what a hangar! We envy you that catwalk. When we began inverted flying, we had to practise in the barracks rafters. And oh, those individual lockers in your ready room—blissful nooks in which to stow stray knick-knacks such as golf clubs or visitors.

We know that before you've been here long you'll have just as little skin left on your noses as we have, and just as much de-termination! Hi!

FININELLAS WELL FED

(Continued from Page 1)



cooking, but we do our best to make it as attractive as possible." Visitors, especially soldiers from other posts, corroborate the trainees' opinion that Mom's best is strictly top-drawer.

We asked Mom if rationing constituted a major problem. "No," she said, "We're rationed as the cadets are; we are allowed the usual number of points for each person we feed and have had little trouble as far as quantity is concerned."

Mom believes in the principle of a balanced diet rather than balanced meals. Trainees get the benefit of her years of experience

OUT IN THE BLUE

(Continued from Page 1)

hops. The housing facilities here are above average, the new barracks just recently completed housing two girls to a room, with dressers, lockers and real beds. They are allowed to have liquor and pets in their barracks. Mary Beritich reports that the girls there are wearing khaki uniforms and are having difficulty getting the right sizes.

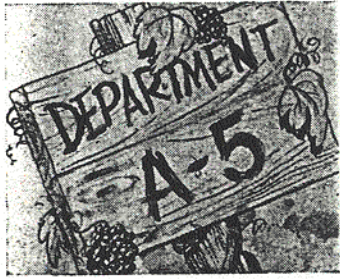
Ruth Franckling, of the second class, writes Scotty Lowell-Wallace: "The last trip was a dilly: Five of us started from here as 'Fly-alones' to Pennsylvania. At the supposed destination, we presented an officer with the papers to be signed; he didn't want the planes. It seemed that the squadron to whom the planes were being delivered, had moved, without notifying our base, to North Carolina. Also, a cargo plane was waiting to pick us up. So we proceeded to follow the wandering squadron around and the cargo plane followed us—a regular merry-go-round. All is amusing now—but we started out on a four-hour trip with no extra shirt. The same one becomes almost un-wearable with the fourth day!" Ruth has ferried from the East Coast to the West Coast and down to Texas on various short trips, arriving in Stamford August 11. Several of the girls have ferried PT-26's, the British version of our PT 19-A.

Then, too, there's that mysterious, romantic-sounding job known as the "special assignment." Twenty-five girls from the last class were assigned to report to Washington on the 20th of August. More, we can not say, but we hope to have some definite information for you by the next issue and some interesting sidelights on the Wilmington and Dallas bases.

in juggling calories and vitamins. She studied dietetics and related subjects in 4-H Club courses and delved further into the matter on her own initiative.

The kitchen staff, including sixteen cooks, two bakers, one meat-cutter, six porters, two pot and pan cleaners and ten dish-washers, work in staggered shifts of eight hours each, from 5:00 a. m. till 8:00 p. m., six days a week. Some of the employees have been here with Mom for over a year. The majority are residents of Sweetwater, and with other field personnel they have a share-the-ride arrangement for fuel and tire economy.

Mom and the staff have always gone out of their way to perform little services for the girls outside the line of duty. Basket lunches for picnics, birthday cakes (sometimes as many as three a day), snacks and cool drinks are constantly being whipped up for special occasions. Night flyers are supplied with huge thermos jugs of hot coffee and sandwich-makings.



DEPARTMENT A-5

The Montgomery beret was chosen because of its adaptable shape, and will be the only receptacle in which WASPS will be permitted to carry nighties and toothbrushes when ferrying P-38s.

We have spent most of our Navigation classes learning how to hunt wildly for the moving base because after graduation all the tiny girls will be operating Mosquitoes off submarines.

The whole base is being moved to Thunderbird Field because that's near Hollywood and we want to spare those nice movie men that nasty trip to Texas.

A platoon of precisely starched WACS will replace our military personnel.

ESTABLISHMENT OFFICERS DIVIDE DUTIES

By B. J. Welz

Each establishment officer has taken individual responsibility for one class under a recently initiated plan. If anything comes up about which you are in doubt, take it to these eager ears.

Squadron A, our upper class, now claims Mrs. Leoti Deaton as its own supervisor. "Deedee," our godmother since the beginning of the program, is well known to all of us as a personal troubleshooter.

Class 43-W-6, now Squadron B, will be shepherded by Miss Eileen, Bristol of Long Island, New York, herself a flyer before joining the staff of the 318th.

Squadron C, 43-W-7, is watched over by Miss Hazel Hays, who was formerly in charge of the Will Rogers Memorial Coliseum in Fort Worth. One of two such managers in the United States, Miss Hays occupied her position for six years and is with us by virtue of a leave of absence.

Miss Ruth Townsen will supervise 43-W-8. Before coming to Avenger Field, she had been office manager of the American National Life Insurance Company in Fort Worth for a number of years.

Squadron E, 44-W-1, begins training under the able guidance of Mrs. Helen Shaw, who was formerly with the National Youth Administration at Ranger, Texas, for four years.

Our newest establishment officer, Mrs. Adelena Maddox, of Winters, Texas, had charge of the mess hall for cadets at Ballinger before coming to this field.

MARION CARLSTROM, W-5

By Helen James

The study of ruins led to flying for Marion Carlstrom of W-5. She was majoring in archaeology at Bennington College, Vermont, and in 1940 took her non-resident year at the University of San Marcos in Lima, Peru. While she was there, members of the Peruvian Air Corps taught her to fly and she was the second woman in Peru to receive a license. When she received it, she was presented with the Peruvian Air Corps insignia, which had never before been given to a civilian. It's a shield on a pair of large gold wings, made by Indians, and was fashioned for her into a bracelet.

Flying runs in her family. Her father was a flight instructor in World War I. And her uncle, Lt. Victor Carlstrom, made the first non-stop flight from Chicago to New York.

Marion stayed on in Lima, working as secretary for the Counselor for Economic Affairs at the American Embassy. She participated in several air races, flying Stearmans, and an Italian Caproni. The only woman competitor, she won a large silver cup which the President of Peru presented her.

After the races, the Faucett Aviation Company, an American firm which flies a local service throughout Peru, asked her to co-pilot on several trips, carrying passengers, gold, rubber, and mail. These flights were mostly over thick jungles and the Andes, territory which is inaccessible to cars or trains. Marion is enthusiastic about the future for air lines down there. For instance, pack trips on foot to one gold mining camp on their route took two months, and were in constant danger from snakes and disease. But by plane, she made the trip in two hours. The weather was apt to play sudden tricks and enroute the flying was very high. The air field at that particular camp was at 12,600 feet elevation.

HOLD MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR KAY LAWRENCE

Memorial services were held at 0600, August 5, in the First Methodist Church in Sweetwater, for Kathryn Barbara Lawrence, 43-W-8, who was killed in a crash late in the afternoon of August 3. More than 100 of her classmates attended the service which was conducted by the Reverend T. M. Johnston, pastor of the church.

Kay is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Lawrence, Grand Forks, North Dakota. In addition to her parents, she is survived by two brothers.

The twenty-three year old trainee was a graduate of the University of North Dakota, and was a CPT student before she entered training here.

SEARES-SULLIVAN NUPTIALS HELD

By B. J. Welz

The lovely and charming Pat Seares of 43-W-7 was married Saturday, August 14, at 5 p. m., to Prescott Sullivan of San Francisco. The services were held in the Episcopal Church in Sweetwater, Reverend Black officiating. Pat is one of the few girls who have been married while in training at Avenger.

The bride wore a becoming doeskin gabardine suit, which was perfectly complimented by white orchids. The bride's attendants were: Ces Brav, of W-8, Carolyn Culpepper, Audrey Tardy, Robbie Grace, and Allair Bennett, all of W-7. The attendants in their dress uniforms lent a military air to the ceremony.

Before joining the AAFSTD, Pat handled night club shows for station KYA in San Francisco and was on the staff of the San Francisco Examiner and San Francisco News. Mr. Sullivan is a featured columnist of the San Francisco Examiner. He returned to his work on the 15th, while Pat is staying with us at Avenger to complete her training.

Good luck, you two!

FANFARE GREETES NEW ARRIVALS

44-W-1, the baby class of today, the adult-to-be when the new year is born, climbed out of two arrival busses into the sun of August 9, hottest day of the longest heat wave of the year, to begin the routine of the best regulated, best equipped, and most stepped-up training course of the Women's A. A. F. T. D. to date. Well-seasoned units of earlier classes, movie cameras and field personnel set a friendly but positive "get moving" tempo, so that the end of the second day saw us with paper work completed, and settled in Barracks A, B and C. Flight Leaders Edna Anderson and Gwen Scales guided us in and out of the precision program of our first three ground school classes, one P. T. class, to and from the flight line, approaching meals in restrained formation, and in and out of special meetings. Physical Training alone yielded to the heat wave after one session with our director, Lt. LaRue. But, thanks to the courage and vigor of our handsome Squadron Commander, Marion Stegeman, this requirement was not neglected: we drilled in the cooler hours of the evening.

Saturday, marking the end of our first week, found us with cockpit procedure well in hand, veterans of the stick-popping spin, towels on shelf three, and flights marching briskly to and from classes under Section Leaders Katherine Dussaq, Doris Freedman, Ann Noggle, and Elizabeth Wall. Tall Corporals Rena Bell, Myrtle Bronson, Margaret Gerhardt, Betty Joosts, Marie Mountain, Katherine Murphy, Marjorie



Mr. and Mrs. Prescott Sullivan

Logan and Martha Wilkins were now demoting the shorter end of the lines with the flick of an about-face, so that tall girls might be first through the dining room door their proper share of the time. We were old hands at exams, inspections, and indoctrination. And, as we lie under the stars at night we reflect: "Yes sir, sorry sir . . . next time, Capt. Ward, we'll stand at the head of the bed, sir." . . . "Yes, Lt. McAnany, we came with honor, and of that honor we'll give the Air Corps the best." . . . "Yes, Lt. LaRue, we'll salute the uniform. We'll remember not to say, 'Pleased to meetcha Brigadier General.' And we'll insult no soldiers with sloppy Air Corps salutes." "Ah, yes, Mrs. Shaw, if confusion, military or unmilitary, enters our hearts, we will come to you. And bless you, Mrs. Shaw."

We lie there in rows beneath Vega and reflect on many things. Our freshly showered zoot suits are moving restlessly from the eaves, and we are pleased with them and with our neat, compact, venetian-blinded barracks. We feel respectful sympathy for the classes of the 319th, who, we understand, were scattered nomads. We switch to the future and envy—a little—45-W-1. For we dream of beds rolling out on special castors that won't make marks on a nice, matted, closely-mown, dust-proof lawn.

It Happened at Avenger



We have here Establishment Officers Miss Townsend, Miss Forster, Mrs. Deaton and Miss Hayes.



Comes Graduation Day, and Miss Cochran hands out wings to Ruth Underwood; Major Urban and Mrs. Deaton assist.



The Big Three of W-4—Harris, Wiggins and Landis



Major Urban and Miss Cochran look on while Major General Brandt congratulates the girls.



Nelle Carmody spends her days rising 15 minutes early—to blast us out of bed (then she catches another forty winks).



If you'll excuse us—"Pappy" Poole.



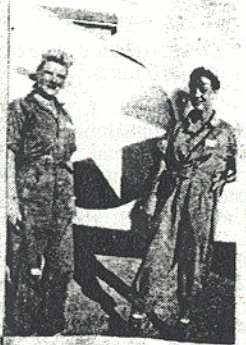
BT-worshippers Gene Smith, Ann Ross, Kay Clements, Win Wood and Connie Young. Tried the Wishing Well, girls?



Ah, lucky Mr. Fox—with students Marian Mann, Virginia Hope, Audrey Tardy and Connie Turner.



Boots, Jean, Dodie, May and Lucille show how appealing a zoot suit CAN be—?



Army insignia background for Virginia Woodruff and Mickey Stevenson.



Is it a check ride, Mr. Smith?



And a big "Thank you" to Ma's hardy dish-washers!



Mickey Stevenson gets some "hanger pointers" from Ceila Landder.



Eleanor Feeley waiting for Open Post notice.



Ah! Food!



Happy memories of Auxiliaries—west tee setting? Must be a trick shot.



Annie Waldner symbolizing for W-6: "We may be tired, but we made it!" (BT'c.)

Publicity for Avenger

Publicity on country-wide scale is at long last according to Avenger Field and the nation's first all-women pilot training program the recognition it has earned in nine months of coordinated effort on the part of all concerned.

Life's recent eight-page spread was the opening blast in an unsolicited but welcome advertising campaign which should make the activities of Avenger Field as widely known as any of its Army Air Force counterparts.

Within recent weeks correspondents from several national magazines, among them Reader's Digest and Newsweek, have been sent here to get the story of the program. We have been photographed for news reels, plugged on the radio, given special mention by Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians. Truly, we are arriving.

The publicity is valued by us because it is the means by which the need for continuance of our activities will become generally known. We who are here now are but the advance guard of an endless procession of women flyers who are to train at Avenger.

Class after class will follow and publicity will help keep the recruits, bright-eyed and eager, coming to Avenger's gates. We hope the news prints, the radio, and the news reels will continue to say nice things about us.

We bid an affectionate though belated farewell to "Ched" Sproule, former Basic Group Commander. His job required executive ability, a pilot's eye and a sense of humor, all three of which he possessed and used unsparingly. Keep 'em flying!

READY AND WILLING, BY ABELL

Vital Statistics

- As of noon, July 22, class 43-W-6 had:
- 85 more days until graduation.
- 198 mess formations to meet, which means at least 101 pieces of tough meat.
- 470 total formations to meet, not counting return from P. T.
- 73 times to make beds (excluding Sundays).
- 12 times to make beds good for Saturday morning formal inspection.
- 300 times to change clothes.
- 300 times to change name tags.
- 170 showers.
- 12 times to wash clothes, at least.
- 200 times to take P. T.
- 24 drill sessions.
- 3 (only three) pay days.

In addition, I'm thinking about tabulating: Flying, ground school, Link Trainer schedules, marching to and from classes, studying(?), writing letters, dancing, drinking cokes, griping, listening to rumors, chewing the fat with my flight pals, night flights (sleeping).

This is a good way to spend my spare time, isn't it?

SCOTTY SURVIVES NIGHT CRASH

"You know, you do remember those things," says Scotty (rechristened "Lucky") Lowell-Wallace, W-6. On the takeoff for her last solo night flight in basic, August 20, RPM's dropped sharply as she throttled back, and failed to respond to full throttle. Scotty dropped the nose into a glide, switched gas tanks and maintained a straight course. (The ship, when it came to rest, was in direct line with the southeast runway.) In the next seconds, the ship struck high tension wires paralleling the Texas and Pacific right of way, and she cut off the gas and switch. "I felt the wheels dragging through brush," she said, "and stalled it in." Check Pilot Summers, who, with Basic Group Commander Eulus Parker found Scotty and the ship, was heard to say, "I wouldn't want to sit down on that field in daylight."

The BT lost both wheels on the rocky terrain and by a miracle, came to a safe stop a few feet to the right of a forty-foot ravine. Thanks to a tight safety belt, Scotty escaped with bruises and scratches. After assuring that the ship was safe from fire, she flashed SOS signals with the red passing light, first attracting attention by means of the landing lights. It was these signals which finally enabled Mr. Parker and Mr. Summers to find her, almost two hours after the crash.

Next morning Scotty was flying again.

Incidental to the accident and

AMERICAN MEMBER OF BRITISH ATA VISITS FIELD

By Betty Baughman

On a postman's holiday, Grace Stevenson, Oklahoma girl who is a member of the British Ferry command, spent two of her precious vacation days on Avenger Field as guest of Frances Jenson, 43-W-8, and Joann Garrett, 43-W-6.

Miss Stevenson was one of the original twenty-three American girls, who were organized by Miss Jacqueline Cochran, to serve as ferry pilots in England. The group has been in active service there for more than fifteen months. Grace taught flying at the Spartan school in Tulsa, and at Albuquerque, New Mexico. She also worked for the C. P. T. in Casper, Wyoming. She is a graduate of the University of Oklahoma.

"Of the twenty-three of us who went over together, more than a year ago, seventeen of us are still on duty. One girl was killed; another was injured and had to be sent home. Several have been given medical discharges, and a few have come back to the states to teach flying."

Her visit here gave her an opportunity to see another of the original twenty-three, Helen Ritchie, who returned to the states to enter the ferry command here. Miss Ritchie entered with

its happy outcome was the plunging of Avenger Field into total darkness for the rest of the night and well into the following morning.

class W-8, but will graduate next month with W-5.

"The nicest thing about our work," reported Grace, "is the British taxi service. When a whole group goes on a delivery job, a passenger plane picks us up at our destination, and we are back at our home field before dark. You see, England isn't as big as Texas, and you can't get too dreadfully far away from London, no matter where you go."

Miss Stevenson lives with a British family, near the field. She has been near, but never in, a bombing raid. The only damage ever done to her field happened during a heavy fog, when a German pilot swooped down, obviously lost, sighted the hangar and sprayed it with bullets, which hit a few paint cans.

She never has a chance to become lonesome for Americans. "There are more Americans than British in England now, it seems. All the British men are off somewhere else at war, and American Army camps have about taken over the place."

Miss Stevenson will visit her parents in Holdenville, Oklahoma, and will return to Montreal in the near future to catch a ship bound for England.

44-W-1 CLAIMS THIRD INVOLUNTARY CATERPILLAR

In Class W-5 it was Teddy Rolfe. W-6 had Jean Hoopes. Classes 7 and 8 have no such celebrities to offer, but 44-W-1 proudly presents their own "Caterpillar"—Marie Mountain.

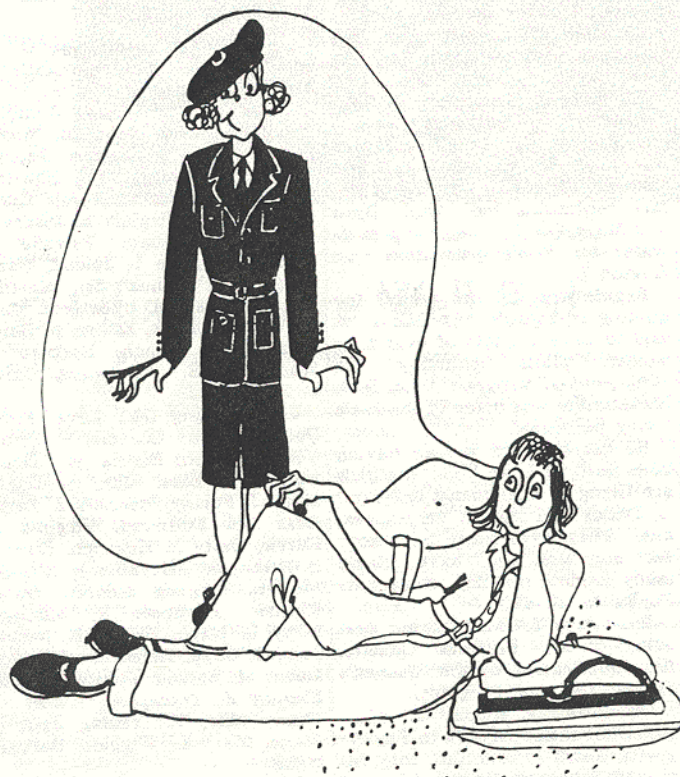
"Somehow my safety belt came unfastened," she related. (Teddy, we remember, blamed it on a certain Gremlin, who shall be nameless). "I put the PTA into a spin—and suddenly the two of us separated." Luckily, Marie's instructor, Mr. H. C. Rowe, was with her that morning of August 23.

Marie alighted without harm in a cotton patch. "I had plenty of company," she said. "Not only my instructor but other ships circled round me. I landed about a mile south of auxiliary number two. I had no sensation of falling till I was very near the ground—not at all unpleasant."

We asked her if she had seen the training film recently shown on the subject of jumping. "Oh, yes," she assured us, "Everybody's been hounding us about what to do in case we have to jump!"

(Editor's note: Please, girls, check those safety belts—our fingernails are chewed off up to our elbows now!)

Mrs. Deaton informs us that word came from Washington August 21 that graduates of this program will henceforth be officially known as WASPS, the initials standing for Women's Airforce Service Pilots.



AH ! SWEET DREAMS

By Maggie

Sports

By Pat Seares

Just at a time when we were getting rather good at it, judo has disappeared from Avenger Field's physical training curriculum. Why?

Did Lieutenant LaRue exhaust his knowledge of the virile science in three brief demonstrations? Or were we in truth getting so handy at the business of breaking arms, twisting necks and delivering well aimed kicks to the empennage that the good Lieutenant feared the consequences of further improvement?

At any rate, judo has vanished from our daily stint, albeit not before equipping us with some understanding of the proper method of dealing with footpads, bullies and mashers.

The results of this background in strong arm stuff have yet to be perceived. It may be for the better or it may be for the worse. On the one hand, Lt. LaRue's efforts cannot fail to increase our self-assurance on Sweetwater's busy streets. But on the other hand, they scarcely figure to enhance our popularity with the gay young blades of Sweetwater and its environs.

The prudent male certainly will think twice before casting sly glances in the direction of one who, with a simple twist of the wrist, might uncouple him from stem to stern. Already, indeed, the picture of Nonnie Horton—W-7's little Dempsey—tossing 200-pounders over her shoulders with alarming ease has deterred cautious suitors from beating a path to our door.

It might be argued that these Casper Milquetoasts are too timid to be of any romantic appeal anyway, but on the sober second thought it will be agreed that they are better than nothing.

Just wait until the word gets around that we are learning to shoot .45s. Then the sissies won't even write.

NEW PT HANGAR

The lucky lasses of 43-W-8 and 44-W-1 moved into Hangar No. 3, August 10, as the first students to occupy the new hangar. Simultaneously, the two classes on BT's, W-7 and W-6, moved into Hangar No. 2, leaving Hangar No. 1 to W-5, AT students.

Previous to the rearrangements by hangars, two changes in personnel were announced by Elmer Riley, Civilian Director of Flying.

Fred Hight was made Group Commander of the BT group, and his place was taken in the PT section by Bill Groft, who came from refresher to primary.

Hangar No. 3 has a most impressive Ready Room, with small separate blackboards for each instructor, a locker for each student, and a flight board high enough to be seen by everybody at one time—and a public address system to embarrass the girls who park carelessly.

Cockpit Cackle

Ground School: Amoozin' but confoozin'.

Low Work in BT's: Any resemblance to familiar maneuvers is purely accidental.

Memo to W-6 and W-7: Watch for the BT in the area with the white "X" on it—for "Fletcher Flies Again"—solo.

And you've heard of H. P. Wakeham who waves at the tower as she bounces by when landing a BT.

Flash: Caldwell spent her first solo period in BT's in fifty minutes of clearing the area.

Heard on the drill field: If I had a farm in Texas and a home in Hell, I'll sell the farm and go home.

Note to 44-W-1: Only damfools and newcomers predict the weather in Texas.

Our new bugler, Frances Thompson of W-7, wants to know why in blazes Squadron E gets up before reveille—it's indecent.

Lieutenant McNaney begs of you, please, he did NOT paint the sign above his door which reads, "Intelligence Officer."

The freshman class, 44-W-1, is to be congratulated. Lt. Ahlgrim's records show that 91 per cent of the group signed up for war bonds every payday.

GRADUATES STOP AT FIELD ON FERRYING TRIP

Stopping briefly on the field on Sunday, August 15, were three graduates of the 319th: Byrd Granger of New York City and Mary Lou Colbert of Washington, D. C., both of the first class; and Avanel Pinkley of New York, a graduate of W-2. All three are stationed with the Fifth Ferrying Group at Love Field, Dallas.

En route to "someplace in California" with three PQ-8's (Culver's successor to the Cadet), the girls had lunch in the canteen and visited with old acquaintances before continuing the trip. Byrd and Mary Lou had been in Sweetwater for W-4's graduation on August 7.

Regulations did not permit the quoting of figures, but Dallas is said to have a quota of over fifty women pilots including the twenty-seven assigned from W-4. No estimate was made of the male flying personnel.

No barracks for women having been built at Love Field, the girls are living in apartments or rooms in Dallas and find it very pleasant. They have made trips both east and west and have flown many models ranging from the PQ-8's to AT-6's.

Byrd was founder and first editor of the Fifinella Gazette, first publication of the Women's Flying Training Program.

On Saturday, August 21, eight graduates sat down here in Taylorcrafts. Based at Romulus, they included: Margaret McCormick, W-1 (leader); Ruth Franckling and

STIR-CRAZY?

Maybe it was some exotic meat, chewed slowly at dinner, that caused it. Anyway, one whole bay went berserk. At bed check that Friday night the Supervisor and conscientious O. D. flashed a torch in the door and found six little beds all tricked up, ready for formal inspection the following morning, all as pretty and neat as Miss Hayes' drawing—but empty. The good shepherds searched—behind the door, in the bathroom, out in the yard, inside the suitcases. But all they found was a small cricket madly sending the phonetic alphabet. It looked like a broad offense. Then the light caught something moving up near the ceiling. And there they were, half a dozen trainees, each cross-legged on top of her own locker, dressed only in her own individual patches of sunburn, and all six solemnly nodding in unison their heavily towel-turbaned heads.

"If one of you breaks a leg," began the Supervisor. . . . Wham! and six bodies crashed into place beneath the white eight-inch cuffs.

Ellen Gery, W-2; and Mary Beretich, Betty Archibald, Lillian Conner, Virginia Crinklaw and Grace Birge, of W-3.

Monday, August 23, four PT-26's came in piloted by Vega Johnson, W-1; Patricia Dickerson, Margaret Kerr, and Paula Loop, W-2. These four are also based at Romulus. Sorry we didn't get to talk to them.

318th GRADUATES

(Continued from Page 1)

cott, Mary A. Thielges, Joanne M. Trebotoske, Mary C. Wilson.

3rd Ferrying Gp., Romulus Army Air Base, Romulus, Michigan: Martha H. Bevins, Juanita W. Bolish, Mary L. Bowden, Anne C. Brennan, Virginia Clair, Grace Clark, Virginia S. Disbrow, Lyda M. Dunham, Patricia L. Hanley, Virginia L. Jowell, Hazel Ying Lee, Virginia S. Malany, Doris M. Manuel, Alice Jean May, Bertha M. Miller, Esther N. Reinholdt, Jean Trench, Barbara J. Ward, Inez S. Woodward, Janet J. Zuchowski.

5th Ferrying Gp., Love Field, Dallas, Texas: Cornelia Y. Colby, Vera K. Cook, Bertha H. Dodd, Natalie L. Ellis, Mary E. Engle, Mary J. Farley, Marcella J. Fatjo, Rosa Lea Fullwood, Virginia P. Harris, Betty L. Heinrich, Dwight B. Hildinger, Maryalice H. L'Honmedieu, Virginia Luttrell, Isabel Madison, Elizabeth H. Mitchell, Betty L. Naffz, Nancy E. Nesbit, Julia S. Sapp, Helen M. Schaefer, Isabel M. Steiner, Janice R. Tate, Eleanor E. Thompson, Violet C. Thurn, Mary E. Trebing, Jane E. Waite, Mary L. Wiggins, Barbara Willis.

6th Ferrying Gp., Long Beach Army Air Field, Long Beach,

LETTER HOME

By Marge Hurlburt

My dear:

Three months here and we're hardened (What I mean!) veterans. We have P. T. (physical training) three times a week usually, and this week—for why I'll never know—every day.

If you've never done the shuffles, eg., Randolph, Ellington and Boxer's, you haven't lived. They give us coordination, it says here, and also aches in muscles we never knew we had.

There are three methods of executing P. T. prevalent here. The first is that of the eager beavers, who throw their hearts, souls and flabby muscles into it. There are only a few of these, thank fortune—they rival a beef trust chorus in a burleycue. Then we have the second group, the largest, by the way—the normals—who do normal exercises in normal cadence with the normal amount (or a little less) of energy expended. The last group may be divided into two classes: the tired ones and the energy-savers (saving it for some time when they'll need it). They use as little motion as possible (sometimes it's imperceptible) to comply with the "hut, hoo, hee, har" from the platform.

We really don't mind it (we keep telling ourselves); but believe me, dearie, you fellows had better build yourselves up before we get home, for your own protection. That's for sure. But:

"For all that and all that,

P. T. and all that,

We say our prayers every night
To send a man for all that!"

And here's the prayer:

"Dear, dear St. Anne,

Please send me a man—

A good one if you can—

But, anyway, a MAN!"

Love,

Marge.

California: Lauretta Beaty, Marion J. Bradley, Genevieve E. Brown, Helen B. Calhoun, Virginia Hill, Jennie X. Hrestu, Dorothy E. Kocher, Jean Landis, Kattie L. Leaming, Katherine S. Loft, Eleanor E. Moriarity, Ruben E. Mullins, Edna H. Pedlar, Hazel W. Pracht, Jeanne B. Robertson, Madge S. Rutherford, Frances R. Sanderson, Marie E. Sharon, Autumn G. Slack, Rena D. Wilkes.

Special assignments: Mary A. Bowles, Margaret I. Bruns, Patti M. Canada, Bertha M. Clifford, Alta Corbett, June L. Ellington, Mary E. Hines, Catherine M. Houser, Dorothea M. Johnson, Kathleen N. Kelly, Martha V. Lawson, Lydia D. Lindner, Constance E. Llewellyn, Nancy R. Lowe, Margery Moore, Eolyn Y. Nichols, Henrietta M. Richmond, Eileen M. Roach, Nelle F. Rohrer, Dorothea G. Schultz, Helen W. Snapp, Betty L. Taylor, Viola Thompson, Ruth O. Underwood, Violet S. Wierzbicki.