

# GOSPORT GOSSIP

VOL. I

AVENGER FIELD, SWEETWATER, TEXAS, SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1943

NO. 3

## 43-G ON THE MOVE

By L. B. Canterbury

One crisp January morning trucks from the hill shuttled back and forth between here and Sweetwater bringing in Class 43-G, Avenger's largest Cadet Class.

Yes, it was a happy day when we piled out of those trucks and ate that breakfast actually cooked by ladies. After our seventy-five cent lunch on the train we would have enjoyed plain G. I. chow, but this was heaven.

We really looked forward to our stay here, and now the time has come when we can look back with as much joy and pride.

We'll long remember Avenger Field where most of us took our solo tops. We'll long remember our fellow flyers who gave their best, but dropped by the way, and above all we will not forget our classmates Harvey Cornwell and Paul Johnson who gave their lives to their country and flying.

Now that we of 43-G are moving on to basic training, we would like to pass on what we have learned and benefited by to 43-H and the WAAFs.

We have enjoyed your company, both Cadettes and Cadets. 43-H, you were good for our egos. We could solo when you couldn't; you asked our advice on flying; you made us feel like aces.

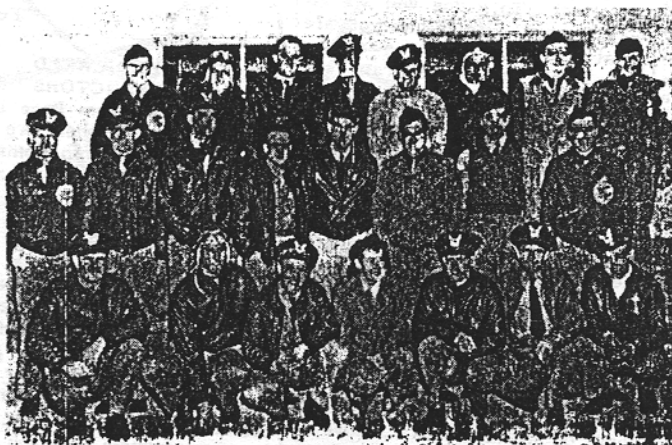
And WAAFs we liked your shows, your ready humor and your friendliness. We well understand that you are as much a part of this Air Force as we are. Though we try to hide it we are proud of your work, proud that our country's women can pitch in and help us in this struggle and we are proud of you.

Now that we are leaving we say So-Long Avenger Field, 43-H, WAAFs, and permanent party personnel.

And as one 43-G to another we realize that our trains will travel different roads to basic schools, but in the end all these roads will lead to a rendezvous over Tokio. Good luck 43-G.

Take a ride with Upham

And you'll find that he's a tough one.



Instructors of Class 43-G



Instructors and dispatchers of Class 43-G

## 'GOSSIP' IS DEDICATED TO 43-G INSTRUCTORS

Remember the day that we walked out on the line and a fellow took a few men and said, with a gentle pat on the wing, "This is an airplane."

He was the fellow who showed you how to fly, pleaded with you to "keep that nose up" and told you that you were a stupid so-and-so.

He was the man who was your mother, father, sweetheart and brother for two months. Yes, he could look at the back of your head and tell you what you were thinking. He was your instructor and to the instructors of 43-G this issue is gratefully dedicated.

Since we could not include all (Continued Col. 3, Page 2)

## WPT Comes to Avenger Field

By Bryan

A few days prior to Feb. 21, the curiosity of Sweetwater citizens reached its peak when women pilots from every corner and cross-road of the continental United States, between the ages of 21 and 34, began to pour out of trains, buses and private cars and began to fill up all available hotel space within the city limits. However, the curiosity of the citizens did not exceed the curiosity of the girls themselves. After the combined efforts of Mrs. Cliff Deaton, Chief Establishment Officer, and Miss Jean Forster, Woman Trainee Supervisor of the 318th, had finally assembled all the girls in the Blue Bonnett Hotel until the housing facilities at Avenger Field were completed and the girls could be moved into the barracks being constructed for them.

It is true that the curiosity of the women trainees still runs rather high but has been reduced to a great extent by the combined efforts of Miss Jacqueline Cochran, Mrs. Deaton, Miss Forster and the Army officials at the Avenger Field post who have gone to great lengths to impress and explain to the class the rules and regulations pertinent to Women Pilot Trainees.

In all seriousness, however, it must be realized that this training program, though still in an experimental form, symbolizes a new era for women in America.

Behind the scenes of the advent of Class 43-W-4 of the 318th A. A. F. T. D. to Avenger Field is the unforgettable story of one Woman's faith in the ability of American women as pilots and her grim struggle to put that idea across. That woman is Jacqueline Cochran, who holds dozens of world flying records and is one of the greatest women pilots, and to whom all the credit for establishing the Woman Trainee Pro-

(Continued Col. 1, Page 5)

## STAFF

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Date of Publication.....March 20, 1943

# CLASS 43-H SPEAKS

By Carl Fulmer

Early the morning of eighty-five jubilant members of class 43-H took a long last look at the high walls around Pre-Flight School.

By noon all memories of parades, cross country runs and those all too few open posts were forgotten. Now we were going on a real adventure. To be chop-heads again? Rumors spread like lightning. Sure we'll have two-bit braces again—oh, no we won't, it's a country club. Come what may, we were eager for anything.

When we arrived here at Avenger Field we were put at ease and made to feel at home. It wasn't long until we were hep to what was expected of our class here on the post and in Sweetwater. It was hard at first for us to understand why so many members of 43-G weren't smiling all the time.

Well fellows, we know now. This is a hard grind and our upper class has set for us an excellent example. Your record is our goal. We wish to take up your challenge.

## A LITTLE OF THIS AND THAT

Cadet Funk needs a periscope to keep track of a pretty little Miss from Kentucky who has been a week getting here. Any info as to her whereabouts will be appreciated. If you have same please notify the F. B. I. (Funk's Bureau of Information.)

A rumor reached here by the

## WHAT TO DO?

A man loves dogs because a dog possesses all the qualities he expects to find in an ideal woman—loyalty, obedience, admiration and trust. To a dog you are always just it. He thinks you are great and wonderful, no matter how small and insignificant you may be. His unmixed adoration flatters you and his unwavering devotion is an irresistible appeal.

A dog always takes you seriously. He sympathizes with all your moods, stands for all your grouches and never reminds you that you have made a fool of yourself. He responds to your caresses with enthusiasm and gratitude. He never resents your indifference or complains that you do not love him any more.

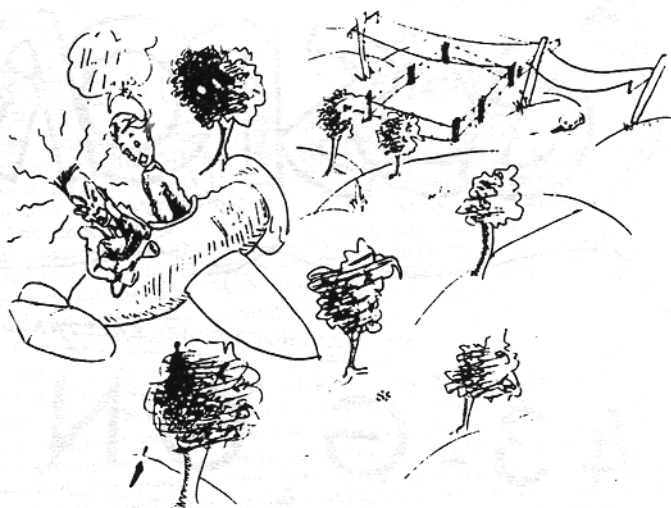
A dog never tells you that you need a shave or a haircut, never nags or answers back. Above all he never asks questions. He never wants to know where you are going or where you have been at this hour of the night. He is just as overjoyed to see you at 2 a. m. as he is at 6 p. m.

Should I get married or buy a dog?—AV/C Dunn, C. S.

grapevine from Pampa that Student Officer Paul Gregory is one Lt. who got the Byrd and seems very glad of it.

Also some note was made on the same grapevine about Lt.

(Continued Col. 1, Page 5)



"Forced Landing"

## GOSSIP IS DEDICATED TO 43-G INSTRUCTORS

(Continued from Page 1)

of our instructors here we have selected our Squadron Commanders and their assistants for a few thumb nail sketches.

### ELMER RILEY

Oh! there's that check pilot again—better known to us as Mr. Riley or to some of the office personnel, as quote "The Chief Wolf of Flight I."

At the age of twenty Mr. Riley started his flying career and has been in the game ever since, which is approximately fourteen years. From 1928 to 1934 he flew at random, but from 1934 up to the time he started training British pilots at Avenger Field he operated a school of his own. His total log hours are approximately 4,500 with a horsepower rating ranging from 26 to 650. He has flown 50 different types of planes including a corrugated tin tri-motor which is like putting wings on a box car. During his career he taught his wife and two brothers to fly so definitely the Rileys are what could be called, "Birds of a Feather."

According to all reports Mr. Riley is one of the roughest, toughest check pilots in the game, (43-G Version), but a square shooter, so to Mr. Riley from the Class of 43-G—"Keep 'Em Flying."

### "THE OLD MAN"

We call him the "Old Man," not out of disrespect, but for the simple reason we are all formerly GI's and all GI's call the top man of their outfit the "Old Man." For the simple reason that we respect his judgment and ability to fly above all has acquired him this name. For those people who have not met "The Old Man," he is the Squadron Commander of Flight I Class 43-G Mr. Fred Hight, born in 1890, Boyd County, Nebraska.

His flying career began in 1912 when the JN4d (Jenny's) were then all the rage. His logged fly-

ing hours from 1930 total 6,000, not to mention the time acquired between the years of 1912 and 1930. His refusal to state how many flying hours he acquired during these years started me asking questions of men who've known him longer than I, and from their reports he has close to 17,000 hours which is no short time.

I cannot cover all his experiences in so short a space, but even before the days of parachutes the people in 48 states, Canada and Mexico were turning out to see "The Flying Hights" who were then giving exhibitions all over the country. This team was made up of the two Hight brothers, Fred and George and their wives. They did every conceivable trick from wing walking to doing tricks on a 20 foot rope ladder swinging from an airplane. Mr. Hight has made 18 parachute jumps, logged close to 400 hours on airplanes equipped with skis, flown almost every type of plane and when asked what he enjoyed most in his flying career was "Instructing students and hunting coyotes from an airplane."

The "Old Man's" brother, George H. is also connected with Avenger Field, giving refresher courses to our Instructors in Basic Trainers.

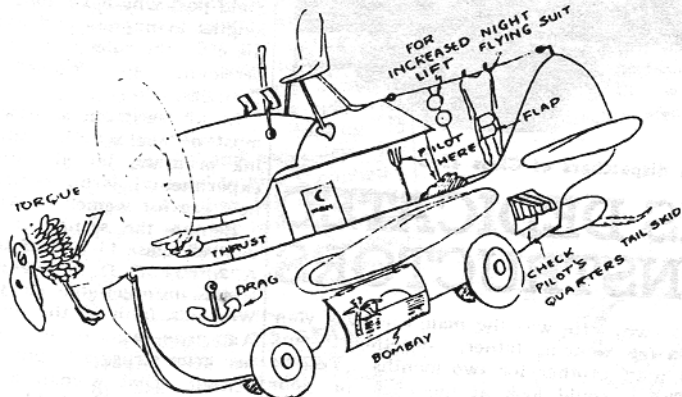
I would like to add that I can speak for all the fellows in 43-G in wishing for Mr. Hight the best in all his future work and that we are proud to call him "The Old Man."

### FRED BREISE

Instructor Fred Breise—"Can't be beat" says all his students. Mr. Breise has been an instructor from the time that he had seven solo hours until the present when he now has 3,000 hours.

An owner of his own airport in Minnesota, Mr. Breise soloed when he had five and a half hours. At that time his instructor was an old hand with ten solo hours.

Mr. Breise, assistant to Mr. (Continued Col. 4, Page 5)



HOUSMOBOATPLANE





OOOPS, JOANNE  
FORGOT TO  
CHECK IN HER  
PARACHUTE AGAIN!



## 43-W-4 SOLOS

"Here I am up alone in one of Uncle Sam's PT's" was the thought voiced by the 318th's first woman to solo, Juanita Bolish of California, whose shirt tail still hangs on the bulletin board in the flight room! A close second for first solo honors was run by Mary Wiggins also of California.

These two soloists have flown and known each other since 1932—and they were co-owners of a Taylorcraft bought one month before Pearl Harbor and hangared at Olancha in Owens Valley, California. To build up time for their commercials the girls accepted jobs as waitresses in the local restaurant, travelled 46 miles a night to attend ground school and flew in their free time. After receiving their well-earned Commercials on January 28 the two Californians filed a flight plan for Sweetwater and the 318th.

Soloing for Mary Wiggins was rather tame after the exciting life she has led since winning the Florida State Champion Springboard Diving Title in 1926. Mary joined a show doing swimming and diving acts and graduated to real dare-devil acts in the next few years. She was billed in 1934 with The Congress of Dare-Devils doing 9 out of the 14 Acts which included—parachute jumping, driving cars through a wooden wall, riding motorcycles through flames, night fire dives, high dives into a 5 foot tank, stunt driving cars and wing walking. Later she was introduced into the movies by Mack Sennet and began her career as a Hollywood stunt star. Mary's greatest feat for which she still holds the World's Undefeated Pro Title was an 86 foot dive from the Ocean Park Pier into 6 feet of water! Her 32 parachute jumps will take away any qualms of assimilated forced landings.

### ED. NOTE

Thanks of 43-W-4 go the Cadets for the space allotted to us in their paper, The Gosport Gossip. We are the first class and this is our first issue—let's make the next one bigger and better—keep the nose down in turns and out for news.

### TO CLASS 43-G

Oh, fresh and freckled Phaetons,  
khaki clad,  
Cocked grins and thrilling, wild  
desire  
To fling a silver chariot east-  
ward  
And set all Tokyo afire.

—Bryan.

### TEXT FOR THE WEEK

Consider the lilies of the Field  
(Avenger), they toil not, neither  
do they SPIN.



## Our 'Forster' Mother

Of course, we all can hardly believe in our good fortune in being here at all, but not least among all the miracles, is that we should have as our guide such a sympathetic and altogether wonderful person as Miss Forster. Through the difficult period at the beginning of our program, she always stood ready to help us in the transition from civil to military life. The extent of her kindness and understanding can only be repaid by our utmost efforts to succeed. If we do succeed, we will have said, better than words can say it, "Thank you," to our "Forster" mother.—Richey.

## Balanced Equations

By Gene Slack

Milkmaids, teachers, gold-diggers, stenographers—we all came to Avenger Field to learn to fly the army way. Behind us we left heart throbs and headaches and supposedly enough years to have grown out of homesickness and such stuff. But the human education being, like much of our math, weak in spots, we developed various ailments and complexes for which we needed remedies.

Suppose we let  $X$ =malady, whether it be ex-husband, ex-boy-friend or executives. (Don't blame me. Is it my fault if I'm saturated to the ears in math?)

So we get  $X$ . Maybe it's a cold, or homesickness or a sore finger, or athletes foot. Anyway we need a remedy. So let's let  $\text{remedy}=Y$ . Finding  $Y$  is like this:

It is 7:30 on a Texas morning. (Time in Texas is measured by wind velocity.) You sniffle experimentally a couple of times and think maybe you had better report to sick call at 7:40.

By 7:40 you are fully convinced you have a temperature of 105 and are in the last stages of pneumonia. You start shakily for the dispensary.

You walk feebly in and stand in line. Finally somebody sticks a thermometer in your mouth and tells you to say "ah" at the same time. Presently you and your sniffles hover over a box of kleenex in the sick bay.

Hours go by and then the door opens. You look up hopefully and see it isn't the doctor and subside to tearful misery once more. Then a nice hand feels your pulse, while an equally nice one straightens your bed covers and hands you some fruit juice. A quiet, soothing voice tells you to take it easy and asks you where you hurt.

Then and there you catch a glimmering of  $Y$ . You have met Sergeant Vic. You feel better. And pretty soon after you've confessed all your troubles to him and he has done a hundred things



AROUND  
THE  
Post

for you. You know it—Sergeant Vic is the remedy.

$Y$ =Sergeant Vic.

Talk about the morale of the army—Sergeant Vic is the very backbone of the 318th. Honestly, it's gotten so bad that this conversation was overheard between two women pilots:

First W/P: "I didn't let Cadet Joe kiss me last night."

Second W/P: "Why?"

First W/P: "O, he had a cold. And Sergeant Vic told me to be careful about catching cold."

Altogether now, girls! It's the 318th for Sergeant Vic every time! And, girls! He can cook, too!

### WOMEN TRAINEES' DICTIONARY

P. T. (physical training) — Paunch trimming.

P. T. (the aircraft) — Plenty trouble.

AAFFTD—(Censored).

Bunk Bilge—Barracks flying.

Stall—A place for horses and gremlins.

Illusion—A W. T.'s idea of an airport pattern.

Censored mail—Open post.

Air raid — Students returning from practice area.

### REMARK OF THE WEEK

Husband of Trainee Calhoun— "I regret I have but one WAAF to give to my country."

## Manuel, Training

By Doris Manuel

Scanning horizons—with skyward desire

Ever longing to get much higher  
Look out, trainer, for that telephone wire!

Oh, oh, too late, your prop's in the mire!

...

Have you heard about the girl who made a perfect 720 turn without losing an inch of altitude? (P. S. It was yours truly, in a ground loop!)

...

It seems to be catching—even the girls drink 2 glasses of tomato juice in the Canteen on Sunday morning. (Ahem.)

...

As long as our coveralls don't fit us I guess they've decided to make us fit them—hence the beans, potatoes and spaghetti for supper. Hasn't this man's Army heard about the rubber shortage?

...

Then there's the tale about the girl who wanted to sign in Saturday night at the Officer of the Day's bay—lost her bearings and was wandering up and down between the Cadet's barracks. (She says!)

...

Lieutenant (during barracks inspection): "I'm glad to note that your bed springs have been dusted."

Woman Pilot Trainee: "What springs, sir?"

## The Student Pilot's Prayer

Most Gracious God, Lord of all Excellence!

I crave a gift that You alone dispense!

Pilot of Worlds, make me a flyer true,

One that is fit to come so close to You.

Temper my ardor, make me wise and sane,

As he must be who's master of a plane;

Grant me the wit to make precaution double

That they may never say "It's cockpit trouble."

Grant me O Lord, that subtle seventh sense.

That makes a man at home in the Immense.

On the controls, give me that certain grip

That puts a man in tune with a "sweet" ship.

And makes him fly by Soul and not by rule,

And makes an Airman, of a flying fool.

—"Rickey".

For one long year I waited,  
I thought that I would die.  
It was so despairing  
I thought I'd never fly.

Then one fine day a wire came,  
"Report and let us know,  
If you're still in the mood to fly,  
And when you'd like to go."

Leaving a peaceful domain,  
I hopped a train  
And rode the Texas Rattler.  
What follows is my story  
For the Avenger Airport Tattler.

I came to fly and you'd wonder  
Why the story so greatly differs  
We arise at dawn put our coveralls on  
Then fall out doors to attention!

We march and we drill  
We study and still of flying there's no mention.  
We he! We halt! They're out for a kill,  
But flying is our intention.

At last it came, like the dawn again;  
A break in this Texas weather.  
So now we're learning to fly as we soar the sky.  
And when we're Eagles, there'll be none better.

—Sharon.



WPT COMES TO  
AVENGER FIELD

(Continued from Page 1)

gram goes. The details of that story has not, and probably will not be published. So far there has been little publicity attached to any of the W. P. activities, and until this class, still in the experimental stage, has been proven and tested, there will not be any publicity. To all appearances the beginning seemed simple. Miss Cochran, with a sort of stage magic, reached over and pulled the entire program out of the Army hat.

It is a challenge to Class 43-W-4 to repay Miss Cochran's faith in them as pilots and as women, to uphold and continue the tradition, both personal and professional, as set for them by her.

## A LITTLE OF THIS AND THAT

(Continued from Page 2)

Neil Spearman taking the Road to Roscoe. Can either of you Officers explain these rumors to us?

Have you heard about the fellow back at Pre-Flight who died from eating horse meat?

Did you now our W. P. T. are putting their hair up in cadence now? It goes 1-2-3-4 what are we doing this for, no one looks at us anymore.

About that underclassman who died from eating that horse meat—an upperclassman yelled whoa, the meat stopped and the fellow choked to death.

## Or, Who's Got the Ball . . . ?

By Mr. Fagin

It rather surprised me to see a parachute bobbing above the cockpit, so I looked in. After I had tapped on it with an inquiring knuckle, the red face of a cadet popped out.

"Go way, don't bother me!" Then he thought better of it, you could see he didn't mean to be rude. "I'm looking for the ball, my instructor told me to get on it." Down popped his head, and the parachute began bobbing again.

I tapped again with my "Hold on a minute bud" knuckle.

"What do you want, can't you see I'm busy . . . don't you understand? I've got to find the ball so I can get on it."

"Wrong place."

"It's got to be here, somewhere!"

"Do you ever listen to the public address system?"

"Sure, but they never call me, they are always looking for Slim Staten. Excuse me . . ." But this time I anticipated his disappearing act and stopped it with a motion of my hand. His hands began fumbling in the pockets of his jacket as if he hadn't gone through them a hundred times before. Then eagerly, "Is it the size of a baseball, maybe?"

"When something is to be fixed whom do they call?"

"Slim Staten. Do you think

maybe it could be small, like a ping-pong ball?"

"One day a new officer at the field overheard the tail end of a conversation . . . 'thanks a lot, Slim, I'll appreciate it.' The officer immediately walked over and introduced himself and 'May I shake your hand, I've been hearing your name so often, and I've been wanting to know you . . . thought I'd never get to meet you.'"

"But I must . . . say, if it were only the size of a basketball it ought to be easy to find," and he looked meditatively at the sky.

"If you keep your eyes open you might see Slim Staten in the canteen, or walking past the link trainer rooms. I've seen him by the fountain, in the hangars and by the ground school. If you look again, he'll never be in the same place."

"Look, Mr., I've just got to . . ." a little wildly.

"He is also chief guard. He knows guns and likes to hunt."

"If . . ."

"He is a local man, and one of the best. He usually follows a cigar."

"But, please . . .," desperately.

"All right, all right, I'm coming to that . . . just find Slim Staten."

"I don't want anything fixed, I don't hunt, I don't need a guard (at this point a tuft of hair floated to the ground). Look, all I want is the ball . . ."

"That's what I've been trying to tell you, Slim Staten, he's on it!"

'GOSSIP' IS DEDICATED  
TO 43-G INSTRUCTORS

(Continued from Page 2)

Hight in Flight I of 43-G instructor C. P. T. in California before coming here. His students have to look back to see if he is still there—he is so quiet in the plane and they swear by his every move.

## NARRON LEE

The "fear of 43-G"—"Check Hight Lee" is really not as rough as he has been painted. No matter how bum a ride you give him, he has a "stem winder" to show you on the way home. Those inverted forced landings at 1,500 are just a favorite so don't mind them. Naron H. Lee, an officer until a few years ago, who got his experience on B-18's and Lockheed Hudson's in Panama, is at present Squadron Commander of Flight II 43-G.

## JOHNNIE HENRY

A rough and ready individual with a Dr. Jekell-Mr. Hyde personality will aptly describe Johnnie Henry, Instructor, Assistant Squadron Commander and Civilian Check Pilot of Flight II 43-G.

A former Navy pilot and believing in a firm method of instruction, Mr. Henry spurs his students on with words such as "stupid" and phrases of like significance.

His versatility is not limited to words for he is a past master of the roving stick technique—banging up a goodly number of knees. On terra firma Mr. Henry is a quiet retiring fellow with a shy grin taking a great interest in his feet while talking, but his many successful students reflect his ability to bring out the best in everyone who come under his tutelage.

## LOUIS YOUNG

The first day—nine sweating weeks ago—he seemed like a tough, hard-boiled cookie—a guy not to have check rides with. Now, we know through notifiable experience that the word is "exorting"—that Louis Young, Squadron Commander of Flight 4, is as helpful as they come. Young, who stopped logging his hours at 2,000—long since—learned to fly with the CPT, come to Avenger Field with the R. A. F. in June, 1942; has an uncanny memory for details. One cadet volunteered for a vacant fifth period one day—Young said, "No, you're ahead—you have twenty-six hours and forty-two minutes now." The cadet checked his time, found Young had hit it to the minute, and is still wondering how. Young, a native of Chicago, recently married, (November, 1942) wishes he could stick with 43-G through Basic and Advanced.

## F. X. DUFFY

He's a native of Long Island, a city slicker by heredity and environment, and how he ever drifted to God-forsaken Texas we don't know—but we're glad he's here. Frank X. (?) Duffy, civilian check (Continued Col. 1, Page 6)

## Davis-Cates

Cadet Tommy Davis (43-H), of Lubbock, Texas, was married Saturday night, March 6, to Miss Corinne Cates of Los Angeles, California. It was a double-ring ceremony at the Sweetwater First Baptist Church, with Rev. J. M. Sibley officiating.

Parents and close friends of the bride and groom witnessed the candlelight ceremony. Cadet Norman McCabe was best man and the bride was attended by Mrs. Ernie Myers, whose husband is a member of Class 43-G. The bride wore a white ensemble with black accessories.

Before his Cadet appointment, Davis graduated from Lubbock High School and was a medical technician. After the war he plans to finish a medical course preparatory to becoming a doctor.

Captain Patterson would appreciate it if someone could explain to him how Cadets Annett and Copley bruised their toes a few nights ago.

How can a fellow limp so terribly during the week then dance so violently on Saturday night as Cadet Copley?



The class of 43-G moves on to Basic



## 'GOSSIP' IS DEDICATED TO 43-G INSTRUCTORS

(Continued from Page 5)

pilot and Instructor of Flight IV, is the kind of guy who makes little boys want to grow up and be pilots. He's a smooth flyer, but with an unquenchable "Hot" streak, never curses a student (even me in my most unprogressive stages)—just clips his words shorter when impatient and probably grits his teeth and says, "I'll get this dumb dodo through here yet!" That's one thing we quickly learned—Duffy is here to help you—and not to bedevil you. We leave him—darn it—to the women. As one Cadet said "Duffy's the kind of a guy you'd like to be in combat with."—Enough said.

### BILL GROUT

He's old enough to be our granddaddy not in years—but in hours, for Bill Grout, Check Pilot and Commander of Flight III, flying since 1927, has logged about 5,400 hours, here there and everywhere. He's a small moustached fellow whom you've probably never seen without a grin on his face. Grout has flown everything from a Piper Cub to an eight place Solar in South and Central America back in the thirties. He came to Avenger Field from California when the school opened last year. Quiet and unassuming, Bill Grout likes his flying, and yours, smooth, still he gets a bang out of acrobatics and, most important, he puts a flustered cadet immediately at ease on a check ride.

### NEWT CAMPBELL

Rootin' tootin' shootin' Newton, that's what the cadets of Flight III, 43-G call Newt Campbell, for he's that sort of a guy. Newt Campbell whose home is in Honolulu, has logged over 4,000 hours since he hit the blue for the first time back in 1929. Since his first solo hop at four hours, he's been stunting and instructing in Manilla, on the island and on our west coast. The old stunting instinct is still close to the skin. Campbell often rewards a cadet's good flying on a check ride with fifteen minutes of stunting to wring the PT and cadet dry. It's not really hard to give Campbell a good ride, they tell us, because you're at ease the moment you see and hear him. Mr. Campbell came to Avenger Field when it opened last June.

### BOUQUETS TO BERAN

If you look real carefully you will see that Cadet "Buddy" Beran left his show-stopping "check-ride" act out of the "Theatre" column.

It was good, Mr. Beran, as were your songs and music, your entertainment in the ready room. Everyone here at Avenger thanks you for your acts, but above all, for your almost single-handed producing of our regular shows. Thank you, "Buddy."

# CANTERBURY TALES

By Lord Canterbury

On the previous appearance of Ye Tales ye scribe was truly rushed for time, but this time he shall start a half hour before dead line.

In such a liberal span of time he should certainly be able to write a great deal about a great deal. However two paragraphs have already passed and as yet nothing of undue interest has been written. So if you are still reading we shall endeavor to give out.

In this issue the greater amount of this chatter will be devoted to that well-known personality, that mountain of muscles from the South Side or Chicago, the famed Nickel Rocket from Lippy's Lower Level.

It seems that the Rocket is quite an H. P. who would put Herky to shame. Not only did he have previous time on a rubber band job, but on many occasions has taken an elevator up.

After his first hop here his instructor realized his mistake and as yet has not removed the Rocket's handcuffs again.

The Rocket, however, is a very smart lad and needs little instruction. In fact this is what his instructor has to tell him, "Now just relax, be alert, and try to keep from falling out of the cockpit, and I'll get in our time."

On one occasion the lad from Lippy's Lower Level became over anxious and since his straight jacket bound him somewhat, he attempted to do a loop with the stick in between his teeth both of them.

His keeper immediately informed him that if he had one less brain cell he would be dangerous and brought him in.

The Rocket then drooled a little and inquired just what was wrong with him. His instructor, a kindly and soft-hearted man, shook his head and said, "Nothing that a new brain and body can't fix."

But in spite of all his short comings the Nickel Rocket soloed—ah yes. Though his plane was tied to a rope and would not leave the ground, he did get in it alone, touched the controls and taxied around the field once. When last seen he was ground looping around the wind tree and insisting that that orange and white thing out there created an airplane menace and should be removed from the field.

Now we shall leave the Rocket and throw a few bouquets to George Cahelo for his amazing feat with a pair of leather gloves; to Joe Cavagnol for his fine voice, which he insists, was developed when selling fish in Baltimore; to Earl Carper for his philosophy on the fairer sex, and to D. D. Delafield for originating a much quoted phrase while knocking on a hotel room door.

And since bouquets are being passed out ye storrye stater will close this last bit of chatter now and forever in the "Gosport Gossip" with a few appointments. To the Order of the Barbed-Wire Under Pants we name all P-T Instructors, drill sergeants, K. P. pushers, M. P.'s and CHECK PILOTS as life time members.

## To the People of Sweetwater:

To the people of Sweetwater, the class of 43-G sends it's sincere thanks. Their friendly attitude toward us has been greatly appreciated, and we shall long remember their kindness. The staff of the U. S. O., with Mr. Simon as its director, went out of

its way to make our week-ends more enjoyable, and we wish them the best of luck and success in the future. The invitations to homes, the rides into town, and friendly greetings all helped to make our stay here a happier nine weeks. Goodbye, good luck, and thanks!

Take a ride with Stover  
And your flying days are over.



Cadets—Form 1

# Theatre

By Buddy Beran

When 8:15 P. M. arrived on Friday, the orchestra let fly with the **Army Air Corps Song**, and the class of 43-G witnessed and performed in it's last weekly show at Avenger Field. The WAAFs cadets, and visiting officers and their wives had fun, so the performance was a success.

Miss Thompson's letter, "Dear Mom," songs by Miss Ritchie, Miss Sharon, and Cadet Densmore, excellent acrobatic dancing by Miss Colburn, and Cadet Ehler's accordion solo brought rounds of applause from the inthusiastic audience. Mrs. William Oates had them begging for more with her piano playing and singing. The orchestra composed of Cadets and young musicians from Sweetwater, and led by instructor Patterson, furnished an appropriate musical background. The program was brought to a close with a fine rendition of "Minnie From Trinidad," featuring Cadet McDaniel on the drums.

Last week the girls took over the evening being led by Mistress of Ceremonies Doris Manuel and really succeeded in turning out a top performance.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the Cadets and the WAAFs who appeared in our shows for generously giving their time, and their talent to make these programs possible; and to thank all the boys and girls on the field for being a grand audience.

## Dan Cupid Scores Again

Once more Dan leveled his sights on 43-G and came out with another victory, when Cadet Danfred Doll married Miss Angie Carlton at Holy Family Church.

Cadet and Mrs. Walter Crawford were the attending couple, and a large number of Cadets and other friends were present.

Cadet and Mrs. Doll are both from Massillon, Ohio. The bride was formerly a Postal Telegraph manager in Massillon. Cadet Doll served as Tank Commander at Fort Knox, Kentucky, before becoming a cadet.

What's all this chatter we hear about Cadet Dunn being a plumber of some renown?

Hank Daugherty is still telling the Canteen girls about the sweetie at home—hope the girls don't tell the sweetie about Hank.

Take a ride with Keen  
And at "Sad Sack" you'll be seen.