

The

FIFINELLA

Gazette

NUMBER TWO***** ALL THE NEWS IT'S SAFE TO PRINT***** MAR. 1st. 1946

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

It has been said that Goc and his Angels could accomplish nothing in an open meeting but Miss Cochran and her brain children have made putty of the adage as evidenced by their meeting of Monday last.

The open forum, comprised of students, instructors, Mr. Erdman and Mrs. Dyer, discussed the pros and cons of life, love, and the pursuit of flying. The meeting came as a climax to the suggestion box which had been posted in the Mess hall, and which contained some rare suggestions as well as some very constructive ones.

The eager beaver who requested an obstacle course was very unpopular for the moment, and the idea was overruled on the grounds that Lt. Fleishman was a reasonable facsimile.

Many of the instructors felt that if the Army would discuss the results of the check ride with them thoroughly, that they would be able to correct their own student's mistakes.

Miss Cochran's contribution to the discussion—particularly as to clashing temperments between students and instructors—was a leaf from her own experience book. Quoted — "You can want to slit someone's throat and still go ahead and work with him—or her."

One soulful voice pleads for just one kind word from her instructor, in reply to Mr. Brady's iron clad rule—"treat 'em rough."

Many developments, either the direct result of the suggestion box ideas, or the normal result of expansion and improvement, were announced. Among them were: Ready room for both instructors and students at the North hangar, hard surfaced "runaways" at Dodo, more classrooms, uniformity of dress (probably pinks and dark shirts) and Sunday off with no ground school on Saturday as long as the daily schedule of flying and classes may be maintained.

Final concensus of opinion was: if your teeth grew in too fast, if your feet don't match, if you don't like Texas weather, and if you haven't had a letter from Johnny lately, SEE
MRS. DEATON

JACQUELINE COCHRAN

The tribute to me in the first issue of The Fifinella Gazette touched me deeply and pleased me no end.

With the start of the war, I became convinced that there was a sound, beneficial place for women in the air — not to compete with or displace the men pilots, but to supplement them — and I never let up trying to establish in practice the birth of my belief. I flew a bomber to England partly to bring out the point, and partly to see what the English women pilots were accomplishing and how they were organized. On my return, I worked with the General Staff of the Ferry Command for several weeks on a plan which later developed.



The time just then did not seem opportune; so, with the blessings of our own authorities, I took twenty-five women pilots to England, where they have been doing a fine job, flying operational equipment (behind the lines) including Hurricanes, Spitfires, and two-motored bombers.

Now, we are on the verge of seeing this whole dream blossom into reality in a truly big way. The Women's Flying Training program has already approached the proportions of our entire air program prior to the start of the war.

What will be the ultimate result - good or bad - will be up to the girls themselves. You of the first classes will have the real responsibility. By your actions and results the future course will be set. You have my reputation in your hands. Also, you have my faith. I have no fear - I know you can do the job. After graduation, I will be following you with anxious and proud eyes, and your success will be my satisfaction.

This work of mine - planning, sitting at a desk, and working well into the night as regular routine - is no great pleasure for one who loves to have her hand on the throttle; but, it has to be done if you are to succeed. My compensation can only come from your morale and accomplishments. -- I'm proud of you!

The FIFINELLA Gazette

HELLO, 43 - W - 4

Published Bimonthly, by the 319th A A F F T D **
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whose help The Fifinella Gazette could
not be published.)

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MRS. DEATON

I feel at this time that it is only fitting
that I express, on behalf of myself and the
entire student body, our heartfelt gratitude
and thanks to Mrs. Cliff Deaton, Chief Estab-
lishment Officer for the 319th AAFSTD, for her
untiring efforts on behalf of the success of
the school and the welfare of every member of
the student body.

We all know how hard she has worked and with
what enthusiasm and energy she has undertaken
this job, at the personal sacrifice of family
and friends. Her spirits have never been
daunted by the many problems she has had to
face and solve, having no precedent on which
to base her decisions.

She has done a good job and is certainly to
be commended. You will all be glad to know
that she will very shortly be supplied with
several assistants to help her with her numer-
ous and everincreasing duties. We all recog-
nize the fact that to her goes a good deal of
the credit for the success that our program
has received thus far, and from the bottom of
our hearts we say, "Thank you, Mrs. Deaton".

Jacqueline Cochran, Director
Women's Flying Training

ERROR IN FIRST ISSUE?

Who is right about the priority of airways?
Is it GARB (something we haven't much time
for these days) -- as printed in the Gazette -
Or is it GRAB - as a certain Flight Commander
allows?

The remark of a certain member of 43-W-2 is
very much to the point.....

"And to think I left Washington because it
was so crowded!"

Washington, like the 319th, grows more jam-
med every day with people who are really doing
something about the war and getting on with it
as speedily as possible. Old timers who have
been on Fifinella Field for thirty days or
more are glad to see each new class rool in.
We wish we could welcome each new flier indi-
vidually, but it will have to be a collective
job.

A thousand and one things are about to enter
the life of 43-W-4 which same they have
never experienced before. You'll be deglamor-
ized speedily. You'll acquire sore muscles you
never knew you had. It won't be long before
you lose that city-slicker pallor and acquire
a farmer's leathery neck. You'll sleep like a
horse, eat like a log and fly until it pops out
of your ears. And in between you'll have time
when you'll be just as mixed as that metaphor.
You'll gripe and you'll love it. And first
thing you know, you won't be the new class at
all -- but old timers like the rest of us wel-
coming another new bunch. And by the time 43-
W-5 arrives, kids, you'll know a lot of swell
people who right now are saying welcome to you
another bunch of swell people.

FLAG RETREAT

There is no more solemn ceremony than Flag
Retreat.

It is symbolic of emotion and indicative of
human nature.

It is that part of Christmas and Thanks-
giving that warms our hearts. It carries
the glory of heroes.

It holds the breath of freedom that squares
our shoulders, lifts our heads and makes us
inhale deeply.

Its atmosphere is pious as a Cathedral's;
It is that part of the day that rends past
mistakes forgotten and suggests peace and
quiet until the morrow presents further
opportunity to progress.

It is the symbol of living, for which we
stand.



**ALL RIGHT
BUT-I-STILL-WANT-
CHICKEN**

The fable of that small, but ambitious bird Chick N. Hawk, bears repetition for the benefit of the 319th.

Chick N. Hawk was an undersized sort of a half-pint who believed his appetite rated chicken and not the worms all good little feathered friends should be raised on. Mother might know best and all that but C.N.H. was sure he was grown up and ready for the best there was. One night, after quite a battle with Momma Hawk in which Junior refused to eat the worm — and went to bed supperless — Junior decided to whip into town and look up a chicken house.

That he did, found himself a sleeping hen, started to cart her off on his very small back only to meet an interceptor-pursuit job in a very large, very irate rooster. Rescue came in the form of Momma Hawk, who swooped in, full throttle, snatching Junior from a reversing of tables in which chicken eats hawk. Finale: Junior, sitting in a high chair, admitting Momma knows best; yes, worms are good for little Hawks, and so — okay, okay, I'll eat the blasted worm

BUT I STILL WANT CHICKEN

Thus and so it is with the 319th.

Sure, we want chicken, and we want it now. But maybe the Army, our Momma at this point, thinks it knows what's best for us. The whole point is that it does no good to beef — we just get sent to our spiritual beds without any spiritual supper (starved though we may be). So, kids, if we have to eat worms before we get chicken — well, okay, okay,

BUT WE STILL WANT CHICKEN.

There is a fallacy going the rounds that the Fifinellas have taken to riding the air waves only recently. I knew their mother well. In fact, I think it was their grandmother, for one generation could not make such a change in any species. Where the intermediate generation has been, is a mystery, but I'm sure they have been hiding out in some center of fashion and culture to bring the evident present-day results.

I first met up with that irascible and dangerous female Gremlin over the Rocky Mountains in 1932. She pulled my compass off by some forty-five degrees and held it there until I was about to crash-land. She practically trailed me from then on, until the Fall of 1936, when she disappeared from sight. In the London-Australia race in 1934, she changed the signs on my fuel controls from "off" to "on", locked my cockpit hood so I could not get it open, and froze the flaps so as to give me a hair-raising landing. Thenceforth, I called her "Lady Borzia", and I suspected on that day that she had obtained help, although I never saw a Gremlin until some time later, and then only sketchily.

In fact, I suspect that the meeting between Lady Borzia and the Gremlin, which blossomed into romance and gave the harvest of Fifinellas, occurred in 1936, right in my Northrup plane before my very eyes. I can't be sure, because these mystic creatures have a Chameleon-like quality of changing their color to make the background a perfect camouflage. Lady Borzia had started a fire in my ship the week before, while I was 16,000 feet up, but definitely it was without malice, for she allowed me to get down safely. Then, on this particular day, I noticed her hanging over a wingtip, gathering colors from a passing rainbow and storing them in what looked to me to be a cosmetics kit. Constantly, she glanced towards the cockpit with a coy, "come-hither" look, which caused me to suspect additional company and trouble. Suddenly, while approaching for a landing, the engine quit, and the flaps froze, and a few seconds later, when I picked myself up from the pieces of what was once a plane, I momentarily noticed Borzia and a very handsome-looking Gremlin dancing off across the field together. He was certainly a Gremlin of the finer type, for the Fifinellas have many rare qualities that could not have been inherited on their mother's side.

I look for the Fifinellas to be a good influence on the whole. I somehow feel that they symbolize a change in convention, just as the Fifinellas are a change in the Gremlin species, and to help rather than hinder their excursions into the blue. They will have their moments, it is true, but it is evident that they will not try to be just Gremlins or try to do the ordinary things that Gremlins usually do.

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First Aid, Or Ten Nights on a Barroom Floor

Scene: Domicile of the Red Cross.

Time: Any

Characters: Doctor Méchanic
Nurse Orderly
Flu Patient Assorted AAFFTDWFTDS
and a few unknowns

(As curtain rises we are confronted with a scene of utter tranquillity and orderliness. Nurse, spotless and beautiful in starched s lendor sits composedly at desk writing reports. Reports are sheets five feet long. Nearby sits Doctor, drumming fingers on chair. No noise except for distant bugle. Door opens hesitantly and feeble figure enters.)

NURSE: Great jumping fishhooks, child, whatever is the matter?

FF: Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

DOC: Hurrum h. A clear case of ---"

FF: Ohhh--(This one cut short by thermometer in agile hand of Nurse.)

NURSE: And I follow them around with pills, beg them to take them, all but get on my knees--
Hmm (regarding thermometer)--into bed with you, my chick. (Tucks in still moaning AAFFTDWFTD, feels pulse, pops pill down throat and mutters dire things.)

DOC: (drumming fingers): Yep. It's bad.

NURSE: Why it's positively -- (she stops and a look of horror steals slowly over her face. In the distance is heard the forebodying beat of native tomtoms. The weird cacaphony draws nearer, and in proportion the horror increases upon Nurse's face. Now noise resembles a herd of elephants marching along in perfect rhythm. (N.B. Fleishman!) Suddenly there is a hoarse shout. Silence reigns...the ominous silence of a lull before a storm.)

NURSE: Oddszooks, here it comes!

(It does. The door bursts open and hordes of zootsuited apparitions hurl themselves into the room.)

SOOTSUITED APPARITIONS: Morning, Duchess! 'Lo Cutie Pie (presumably addressed to Doctor who keeps drumming his fingers.) My throat's sore. Got a pill. How about an excuse, Nursie.

NURSE: Don't call me Nursie!

Z.A.: O.K. Nursie, darlin'. Anything you say. Where's the hot water bottle..(and so on and on and on.)

FF.: (From bed). Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

ONE APPARITION: Who's that?

ANOTHER APPARITION (Pulling back covers): Oh, it's Grace. Move over, chum. (Pushes feeble one over and collapses alongside.)

NURSE: Now, that child is sick..

CHORUS: Sick! LOOK at us. (All stick out tongues and moan.) We're wrecks!

DOC: (Brightening): Exactly. Now that's---

FF: Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

(At this point a Zootsuit throws open the door from the YOU KNOW WHAT and dashes across room and out other door. No words are spoken. The few AAFFTDs hurled aside in the quick transition, pick themselves up without alarm and continue the chatter.)

NURSE: Great day in the morning, a passage-way I have! (To illustrate that this is no lie, immediately another Z.S. plows in from the front door and without decreasing her stride makes for the other door. And so out. Books scatter. No one appears concerned.)

An AAFFTD: Now don't tell me I can't fly today. My ears ache and I can't breathe and my sinus is killing me, but you just can't keep me on the ground any longer!

NURSE: (censored)

GROUP: Almost time for class. Quick, Nursie, give us our pills.

ONE: My throat has to be swabbed.

ANOTHER: How about a pill?

STILL ANOTHER: Can I gargle?

(At this point there is faintly heard a weak knock on the door. No one cares. The hubbub continues. After five minutes, the knocking ceases and the door opens gently. A mechanic pushed in his battered and bloody head.)

CHORUS: Come in. OH, what happened--too bad. Nursie, how about our pills?

NURSE: One at a time. One at a time. (Peering over their heads) Who just came in?

GALS: Oh, a man. Bumped his head or something.

MECHANIC: One of your (supply it yourself) gals had the ignition on and hollered off.

GALS: To bad. You poor man. Nursie, can we get out of ground school?

NURSE: One at a time.

MECHANIC (bleeding profusely) May I.....

GALS: We just have to get out of that awful class. (Mechanic slumps to the floor. No one notices.) Another figure bangs through the room. Two or three poke heads in windows, stare a few minutes and withdraw. No explanation offered. Maybe they were looking for something. We hope so for the sake of the record. By now feeble flu patient is nowhere to be seen. A subdued moan issuing from beneath many people and books might be a clue to her whereabouts. Bugle blows.

GROUP: Oh thanks, you're a dear, Nursie (Exit in grand rush, leaving flying jackets, boots, books, packages, all over the room.)

FF.: (From beneath debris) Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

MECHANIC (Submerged completely on floor beneath jacket and boots): Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

NURSE (From behind pile): Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

Curtain

(And about time)

SKY HAPPY

Mr. Ramsey has a new slant on instrument flying. He says treat the controls gently as if you were making love to a girl. Unfortunately his students may have some difficulty seeing it from his point of view.

The weather was closing in fast. She circled the field trying to find the right runway. At each runway she got a green light, a red light, and a white light. It was all very confusing. Finally in desperation, she decided to ignore the tower and land before complete insanity set in. Well, how was she to know the beacon was on?

It could be due to absentmindedness, early morning rush, or shoe rationing. Anyway, Lila Chapman reported for duty resplendent in a pair of red slippers complete in a pair of red slippers complete with embroidery and white fur.

Conversation between Houston Tower and Keybird:
H. T. -- "Houston Tower to Fairchild on final approach. Are you reading? Come in please."

Keybird-----

H. T. "Houston Tower to Fairchild on final approach. Urgent message for you. Are you receiving, COME IN PLEASE."

Keybird--"Sorry, I can't talk to you now. I'm too busy landing."

Fairchild makes neat touch and go.

Keybird-- "Now, what was it you wanted?"

H. T. --- (Censored by F. C. C.)

When you go XC, my chickadees, head for Austin. The Red Cross has a canteen there, and you can have coffee, sandwiches, donuts -- FOR FREE!!!

FIFINELL FASHIONS



"Under the hood"



"The Loop"



"Snap Recovery"



"Vertical Reversment"

'Tis known we haven't time for tricky hair-do's. However, individual ideas in "heady-wear" have made "three point landings" here at the airport. Cold, rainy days bring forth most unusual fashions, such as any old scarf or old parachute, worn as an ear-muff with rain hat perched on top in the "vertical reverse" manner. Said rain hat is also "soloed" and modeled in an "under the hood" style, to say nothing of at the "take-off" angle. Hairnets come into their own, too; the most attractive fashion being "the loop". This entails tying under the chin which gives a "ground-hoggish" effect. Visored caps have "snap recoveries" and scarfs fly high, wide and handsome.

Recently a large shawl, reminiscent of ye olde sod, has made its draped appearance around the upper half of a certain blonde.

After what we saw that day Ellington Field planes landed at Houston (i. e. Texas weather), we can't help but wonder why we have to maintain a pattern. The other way looks like better training and certainly more fun.

And why don't they just get the B-19 and train us all at once?

HANGAR OVERHAUL

While the 319th flies on, Aviation Enterprises is doing still another job for Uncle Sam. They're overhauling and rebuilding PT-19s for AAF schools in and around Texas, including the 319th AAFSTD.

Made an Air Depot Detachment by the army, which means they're one of the few civilian contractors equipped to do this final maintenance job. Aviation Enterprises is now a civilian branch of the Control AAF Air Depot at San Antonio. This branch Depot Detachment is under the direction of the AAF Air Service Command-- in the person of Lt. Fleishman.

Inside the three large Depot hangars, PT-19s are torn apart and rebuilt to pass strictest Army inspection. The ships come from AAF schools and have had either 1500 strenuous hours with cadets or some damage also with cadets. According to Lt. Fleishman, after they've under gone eight stages in complete overhaul, "They're better than new".

First thing AE mechanics do is strip the PTs down to the last bolt, in the Disassembly Dept. The airplane skeletons, denuded of even their wings, are examined for bends, loosenesses and wear, in compliance with all PT technical orders.

Second, AE men in Subassembly tend to small parts like pedals and wobbly pumps. In the Fabric and Paint Depts., fuselages are covered, doped and painted. Three more stages take place in three rooms where AE men assemble the planes, install engines and give them final inspection before the Test Hop.

At every stage, army inspectors, who learn their job in a seven months course at an AAF field, inspect each bolt, fastening, strut and wire before and after rebuilding the plane.

All parts and supplies needed at the Depot-- from five inch wing bolts and yellow elevator tabs to zoot suits and gloves -- comes from the government.

And there's no excuse for primadonnas in the 319th, because the thirty percent of women workers here do everything from welding to fitting wings on fuselages.

NOTES ON MUSIC

"Wings Over Jordan" will be played at the City Auditorium on the evening of February 21st. An all-colored cast will be featured.

March promises the appearance of Jose Iturbi with the Houston Symphony Orchestra on the 15th, and Marion Anderson two days later. There will also be a Student Symphony performance.

THE AIR BORNE ARMY

Not born of the war, but coming of age because of the war, Air Borne armies are now an important factor in deciding the war's culmination. When the problem was solved of bringing aid to pilots who crashed in the wilderness, to hunters unable to return to civilization, or even to animals who could not get to the necessary food hidden beneath the snow, it also brought about a new medium of attack and support to be used in World War II.

"Air Borne" is an inclusive term meaning not only the famous paratroopers but the lesser known flying ski-troopers, air borne commandos, radio men, engineers, and other units of the Air Force. It is no longer a curiosity to watch a C-47 (or like aircraft) unload a jeep or two and other machinery along with a large complement of men, fully armed. Incidentally, the fire power of a single air borne company is terrific.

In Air Borne Aviation Engineers, for example every private carries a M1, every corporal, a Thompson submachine gun, every officer a carbine, and every sergeant an '03 rifle with an M9 anti-tank grenade. Even the clerks fly and fight. Air Borne Aviation, while used by the enemy, may become, in the hands of Uncle Sam, our greatest "secret" weapon.

(To be continued)

FIFINELLA INSIGNIA MAKES DEBUT

The anxiously-awaited 319th Fifinella insignia arrived at Houston in time to have color plates made up for distribution to all students subscribing to the Fifinella Gazette.

Created by Walt Disney studios, especially for the 319th, the Fifinella insignia is a colorful reproduction of the swooping, lively Fifinellas which harass us on our "heck rides."

WAFS VISIT WOOFTEDDIES

Fifinella's Field was visited February 12th by three WAFS, Helen Richards, Betsy Ferguson and Florine Miller, who stopped here enroute their base at Love Field, Dallas. They were "returning from a ferrying mission" but would say no more.

These three girls and other members of the original Nancy Love Squadron were featured in a recent issue of Look Magazine.

Their comment on our layout here after a hurried inspection tour was "quite nice". We think so, too.

AIRCRAFT IDENTIFICATION

PT 17 - Stearman

Wings: biplane, positive stagger, aileron control on lower panels only, straight leading edge.

Engines: single, radial

Tail; heavy, swept back leading edge, considerable bite out

Fuselage: straight line from cockpit to fin

Landing gear: fixed

Rudder: single, medium size, rounded

Nose: blunt, cylinders exposed



Spitfire - British Pursuit

Wings: low, dihedral, elliptical

Engine: single, liquid cooled

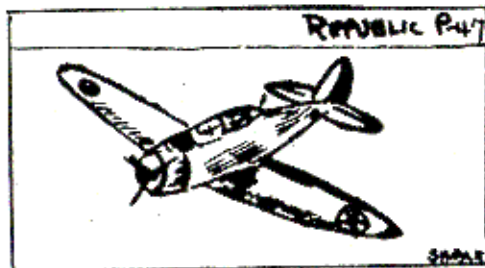
Tail: elliptical, bite out

Fuselage: well streamlined, offset radiator

Landing gear: retractable, fixed tail wheel

Rudder: small, rounded

Nose: projectile type



P-47 - Republic "Thunderbolt"

Wings: low, dihedral, slightly swept back, elliptical

Engine: single, radial

Tail: swept back, rounded

Fuselage: blocky but well streamlined

Landing gear: retractable

Rudder: swept back, rounded

Nose: long and blunt

FLYING FEMMES

War has always provided an opportunity for women to advance in fields where they were not welcomed prior to emergency situations.

Did you know — in World War I two women ran a school for war fliers,

Mary and Katherine Stinson operated a school located in Texas, where they trained a great number of pilots who helped bring the War to a victorious close.

Ruth Law was another World War recruit of Aviation. She was sent to Europe — directly to the battle fronts in order to gain first hand knowledge of the actual fighting. She returned fired with enthusiasm, and enlisted in the U. S. Aviation Corps, as a recruiting officer. Her efforts were responsible for recruiting many of our fighter pilots.

While doing this important war work, Miss Law found time to break a few records on her own. In 1916 she set a world's altitude record of 11,200' at Sheepshead Bay, N. Y. In the same year she flew 511 miles non-stop, from Chicago to Hornell, N. Y. then on to New York City in 8 hr. 55 min. 25 sec. using a Curtis bi-plane.

Here are three very inspiring examples of women who saw an opportunity and were quick to take advantage of it when it was offered. Couldn't the same thing be possible and plausible in this war, for the members of the 319th!

AAF NEWS

The United States Army Air Force pilots and the Chinese Government pilots, flying the line operated by Pan American Airways over the aerial "Burma Road", are doing one of the most dramatic and difficult jobs of the war. They are flying, mostly by instinct, over mountains 17,000 feet high, often flying blind through snow and sleet. They must carry not only lend-lease material but also the gasoline for their own return flight, plus spare parts, oil, gas and ammunition for the American bombers and fighters operating in China. Only one of the difficulties in flying from tropical Calcutta through sub-zero Tibet to Chungking is playing hide and seek through fogs and storms dodging Jap patrols — and bear in mind that this takes place among the highest peaks in the world.

An item of related interest is that news commentators when speaking of the situation in Rangoon, Mandalay and Lashio region, very seldom give any credit to pilots from the United States, but the 10th Air Force is in there fighting. These North American boys are flying their B-25's out of a headquarters established in New Delhi under General Chennault.

MOVIES

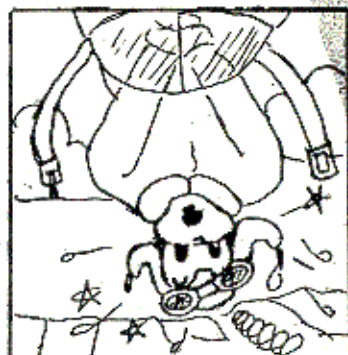
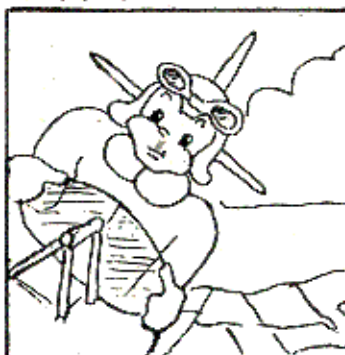
- Metropolitan-1016 Main Street
 25th--3rd "Hitler's Children"
 Bonita Granville--Tim Holt
 H. B. Warner--Otto Kruger
- 4th--10th "China Girl"
 Gene Tierney--George Montgomery
 Victor McLaglin.
- Majestic--908 Rusk
 Commandos Strike at Dawn"
 Paul Muni--Anna Lee
 Lillian Gish--Sir Cedric Hardwicke
- 4th--10th "Casablanca"
 Humphrey Bogart--Ingrid Bergman
 Paul Henreid--Sedney Greenstreet
 Conrad Veidt--Claude Rains
- Kirby--911 Main
 26th--1st "My Heart Belongs to Daddy".
 Richard Carlson--Martha Driscoll
- 2nd--4th "Eyes of the Underworld"
 Richard Dix
- 5th--8th "How's About It"
 Andrews Sisters
- Texan 814 Capitol
 24th--28th "White Cargo"
 Hedy Lamarr--Walter Pidgeon
- Midnite-27 "George Washington Slept Here"
 4th - 7th Jack Benny--Ann Sheridan
- 1st - 3rd "AFriendly Enemy"
 Charles Winnegar--Chas. Ruggles
- Midnite 6th "Reunion"
 10-11th Joan Crawford--John Wayne
- 8th - 9th "Army Surgeon"
 James Ellison--Jane Wyatt
- Midnite 13th--"Stand By For Action"
 Charles Laughton--Robert Taylor.

Origin of Fifinellas

They will be themselves, and I am convinced will even, on occasion, by their example shame the more abandoned Gremlins into better habits. These new folk of the air waves are certainly with us to stay. And, incidentally, they can be bribed. I've noticed they are particularly fond of applesauce, and for a whiff of perfume the Fifinellas will practically do your navigating for you.

Jacqueline Cochran

INVERTED FLIGHT ...



LIFE UNDER THE HOOD

INSTRUCTOR: All right, close the hood and we'll do an orientation problem.

STUDENT: OK

INSTRUCTOR: Watch the needle, watch the ball, watch the airspeed; needle, ball, airspeed; needle, ball airspeed, center the needle. CENTER THE NEEDLE.

STUDENT: Uhhh h h _____

INSTRUCTOR: What's the matter? What are you waiting for? Look at that airspeed! Center the needle, center the ball. Look at the compass. Don't let it swing like that. Watch that AIRSPEED. Can't you do anything right?

STUDENT: S-S-Sorry.

DEPARTMENT OF UNDERSTATEMENT

From TM 1-232 p. 19

"A thunderstorm is a thermodynamical machine in which potential energy is rapidly transformed into kinetic energy and expended in the production of violent vertical air currents, torrential rain, hail, gusty squall winds at the surface, lightning and thunder. Obviously a thunderstorm is one of aviation's greatest hazards."