

The

319th

Gazette

NUMBER THREE * * * ALL THE NEWS IT'S SAFE TO PRINT * * * APRIL 1st. 1943

DR. LEWISOHN

Watching army planes being flown by women has been one of the most exciting things I have seen, Dr. Ludwig Lewisohn claimed after a tour of the 319th base he made during a wait between planes at Municipal field recently.

Dr. Lewisohn, well-known journalist, lecturer on art, and author of "Upstream", "Mid Channel", "Trumpet of Jupiter", "Island Within", "Expression in America", and "Rene-gade", said he was much impressed with the type of women at the school and the tremendous task they had undertaken.

"Their contribution to the war effort is the highest imaginable", Dr. Lewisohn said, "and the eyes of America are on the school."

IN MEMORIAM

One day, when Mr. Morgan was about to sit down in the Ready Room with two of his students to talk over the new sequence, he hesitated a minute. "There's my other student sitting over there all by herself," he said. "She looks sort of lonely. Let's bring her over here for our talk."....He was always like that.

Girls were crowded around Margaret Oldenburg, listening to the Hawaiian songs she'd learned when her husband was stationed in Hawaii. The dispatcher called out a number and one of the girls gathered up her helmet, goggles and parachute and started out the door. Marge looked up and called to her, "Have a good time."... She had a smile for every one.

C.E.O. OFFICE ON THE GO

Major Farmer, the C.O. won a place in the heart of every pilot trainee on the field when he said that he knew and understood the difficult conditions under which the students had to operate. Its funny how a little sym-

Continued on Page 2

MAJOR FARMER

Assumes Duties as New C. O.

In one day he does everything from flying to and from army fields in an AT-6, to planning how girls can be at six different places at once without causing a minor riot. His "office" includes territory between here and Fort Worth, Randolph Field and Ellington Field. Sometimes he works fourteen hours a day. He always works seven days a week. That's just part of what Major Farmer does as "C.O." here.

Another part is what disproves the idea that army regulations require lack of sympathy. Because quietly and with understanding, Major Farmer looks into such problems as whether students are working too hard to fly well and how they feel about check rides. And then, of course, he dispects rumors!

But because he's pretty modest about his million or so activities and accomplishments, his Sergeant-Major, Master Sergeant Webb, had to elaborate for us.

He graduated in 1939 from West Point, for instance, with such high scholastic standards that he was commissioned as 2nd Lieutenant in the Engineers--the highest branch of the army. With this technical training he was eligible for flying training in the Air Corps, which he decided to take as he had always wanted to fly.

He took his flying training at Randolph and Kelly Fields. Then he was made an instructor at Randolph Field in basic training -- that includes the 70 hours the 319th gets plus instrument, night and formation flying.

His next step was to Uvalde, Texas Primary Flight School, as Commanding Officer-. By this time he'd already become a Captain. And before he left the school he was promoted to Major -- on July 17, 1942. He came to command the 319th, after a short period with the glider program at Lamesa, Texas.

He decided he wanted to be in the army while he was in high school--back in Ruston, Louisiana. But, as he couldn't go in then, he went to Louisiana Tech for two years,

Continued on Page 5

The **FFINELLA** Gazette

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S T A F F

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whose help The Ffinella Gazette could
not be published.)

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sion from the Commanding Officer.

THE VISITING FLEISHMAN

The one person most frequently mentioned
in song story of the 319th is a "visiting
firemen". Lieutenant Alfred Fleishman has
no official connection with the 319th. It
is in keeping with his astonishing career as
a public spirited citizen, that he volunteered
to undertake the dubious pleasure of hut-
two-threeing us for the good of our souls,
although it is a remarkably painful process
in the muscle department.

Lieutenant Fleishman was born in St. Louis
and was graduated from the St. Louis College
of Pharmacy in 1926. He has always shown
close interest in civic affairs. While car-
rying on the important job of handling the
public relations of the Circuit Clerks Office
he served as Superintendent of Recreation for
the city of St. Louis. He received the Dis-
tinguished Service Medal of the United States
Junior Chamber of Commerce for Civic Service,
which in itself is no mean feat, for this
honour is paid to the man under 35 who is
found to have contributed most to the benefit
of the community.

He is married, collects classical record-
ings, plays the clarinet and the saxophone,
writes one-act plays, frequently conducts
services at Ellington Field. He received
his commission last year at Miami, having
previously served with the Missouri State
Guard.

Verily, the 319th is growingly grateful
to its volunteer Athletic Director. Its
visiting Fleishman.

To be a Woofteddy is one thing--but to
permanently look like one is a thing of an
entirely different color, shape and appear-
ance.

Hairnets cannot cover the ravages of Texas
dust on once lustrous locks. It takes but
three weeks of flying fumes to rob faces of
any possibility of being skin-you-love-to-
touch. Fingernails crack, and the polish
chips, and morale gets lower than a Houston
fog. Morning comes to each Woofteddy, but
not with sweetness and light. A mirror --
woe unto us -- is an object which frightens
us worse than a heck ride.

The problematical half-a-day off each
week (IF the weather permits) holds the
charm of horse oprys for relaxation or of
sleep, heaven bless it! After a few tries
at getting an appointment for beauty --
and not being able to keep same -- we sym-
pathize with the slightly irritated beauty
shop managers who are sorry, but they
simply cannot make any further appoint-
ments for us. Any way, relaxation seems
the happier choice, and off we go to seek
same!

Stacked against this is the possibility
of establishing a beauty shop on the 319th's
home base. This is a project worthy of im-
mediate conclusion. That the need for a
beauty sequence is also a fact. Foggy morn-
ings, time between classes, and the hours
between scheduled flights are sufficient to
cover this.

It would be comforting indeed to know
that a little dual in the beauty sequence
was conveniently available, complete with a
line of creams and lotions on sale for
weather-beaten Woofteds. It would be morale
building to the extreme after these long
weeks of blundering along solo on our own
inadeq uate shampoos, haphazard waves, and
streaky manicures to know that we could
again look forward to passing a sight check
with a flourish.

C.E.O. Office from Page 1
pathetic understanding seems to make the load
a lot lighter.

Deaton, moved to the Sweetwater school,
finally got off after many delays and good-
byes. Everyone jealous because Miss Cochran
flew her to Fort Worth.

Miss Hazel Hayes, newly appointed Chief
Establishment Officer, made a hit with the
gals right off the bat when, called upon for a
speech, she said, Quote: "I move we adjourn",
Unquote. More about Miss Hayes later.

The entre school gave a 'big hand' to
Virginia Weyell, our bugler, when she left the
school. "Ginny" will be hard to replace, sez
Martha Wagenseil who went into town last Sat-
urday to buy a bugle and learn how to blow.

girls come in, drawn by prospects of mail. They stand, waiting, watching.) Hello...no, Ah'm sorry, we don't know about that. You write to Fort Worth and they'll tell you. Yes, Miss Jaqueline Cochran..J A Q U E L I N E C O C H R A N, Director, Women's Fly-Training. You're certainly welcome... (Hangs up).

C.E.O.: Ah was driving up from (door opens, more girls crowd in.)

GIRLS: Pat..is there any for me? Oooo— look! He sent it Special! Jane, please give me that one there..no, no..that s not it..this one! Look! Mail's in! Hey haven't I got any? Kin Ah Have Mine, sugar?

ONE (To C.E.O.): ..But I paid my laundry bill.

C.E.O.: This is for Cleaning.

GIRL: Oh.

SECOND GIRL: I've simply got to have a stamp.

SECRETARY: We have none today. You can get them at the Ad Building. (Exit group of Girls).

C.E.O.: Ah was driving up from the Mess Hall and..(Enter girl from Inner Door, more girls from outer door, slamming same loudly)

FIRST: Did anyone bring my gloves in? (Roots through box on floor) Hey—"Heart Throb" lipstick! Somebody's glasses..good looking pen. WHAT a sweater! Finally leaves, without gloves.)

(Others stand around looking at Male Guest who sithstands concerted stare with only slight wriggles of embarrassment. Mail Orderlies exit, followed quietly by large per cent of students. Last one out—surprisingly—catches screen door which closes quietly. Male Guest jumps in surprise.)

C.E.O.: Ah was driving up, and there was one of the lieutenants, stranded and.. (notices Male Guest, and turns to phone, which rings at once.) Hello.. Yes—just a minute. Will one of you get Mrs. Dyer, please? (Girl rushes to Inner Door, opens it and backs out hurriedly)OOOOP'S! Sorry! (Exits with hasty glance at Male Guest.)

C.E.O.: Miss Smith will be in soon. Ah'm suah. (Male Guest nods weakly)..and the poor lieutenant was out of gas, so Ah picked (Outer Door opens. Enter more girls, Nurse enters through Inner Door to answer phone.)

NURSE: Yes. Yes, honey. I'll be down for

lunch today. Okay, honey. I'll see you then. (Exits)

GIRLS: May we have some gloves and balls, please? (Secretary exits with them to get equipment as Calisthenics Director enters, followed by Wing Commander.)

CAL. DIRECTOR: You must keep 'em in LINE. Even if the flight leader gives the wrong order, they must follow it.

(Starts changing back to blouse again) (Outer door opens and Male Guest leaps forward to greet girl who enters. Wordlessly he drags her out and screen door slams.)

WING COMMANDER: Yes, sir. Now, how's about having a meeting of all the flight leaders and sutff to get these dam reports straightened out

CAL. DIR.: What's the matter with the reports?

W.C.: Oh, the gals are a leetle confoozed. (Re-enter the Secretary, followed by train of AAFSTDWFTDDD's who just came in to get a change of scenery, or to visit, or to look or for no reason at all.)

SECRETARY: Sir, did YOU Check on the equipment? I refooze to be responsible. (Before he can answer, bugle blows retreat).

WING COMMANDER (Esiting) Fall in! Let's GO!

CAL. DIRECTOR: (Exiting--Offstage) FALL IN! LET'S GO!

Exeunt sundry AAFSTDWFTDDD's, C.E.O., Asst. C.E.O.; Nurse passes silently through Inner Door and out Outer Door. Dust slowly settles in ensuing wuiet. Office walls sag visibly in the complete peace and silence of the end of another day.)

CURTAIN -- AND HIGH TIME.

Major Farmer from page I

still planning to join the army. In 1935, he entered West Point and his army career began.

Unitl he came to the 319th, he says, for recreation he liked to play tennis, squash, badminton and other active games. He still likes to play, but the 319th keeps him too busy. In fact, he's considering taking cal-esthenics to keep in trim. But, even his flying is pretty curtailed here. All he's able to do are "business" flights to other fields and, then, checks—on any one at any time!

As to being Commanding Officer of a detachment of girls—and girls who aren't strictly under army regulations—he says, "Well, it's very interesting." But we detect a somewhat amused smile.....

shoes shoes shoes shoes shoes

Platoons of the 319th are marching in footwear that's alike only in comfort-ability. Otherwise, well, we've found over a dozen distinctive types

There's the moccasin in brown, red, buff or off-white. It's best after much use, either from marching up and down the shell roads, being trampled on by the girl behind, or kicking the flap handle in the PT. Lately, nightly shoe polish has camouflaged somewhat the fraying leather and run-down heels.



The ordinary sportshoe (not always a saddle shoe) has its own middle-aged spread and slouch. Many of them came recently in packages from home that we hoped had food instead. These don't receive much under the polishing rag.

Sneakers that look as though they longed for the tennis court walk right beside shi boots that haven't as yet become acclimated. Then, there's the wayward cowboy boot, that's been broncbusting on the wings of the BT. And, for rainy days, the short rubber boot with no shoes inside so you have to wear them all day long.

TO 43-W-1

As the first class to graduate (In Memoriam, March 15th, 1943) all the ensuing customs of a graduating class depend upon the Senior Woofeds.

Just as the daisy chain of Mt. Holyoke and the brawl at Scully Square for Harvard men are traditional, we suggest that 43-W-1 instigate for the first time anywhere the quaint and different ceremony of "Burying the Hairnet."

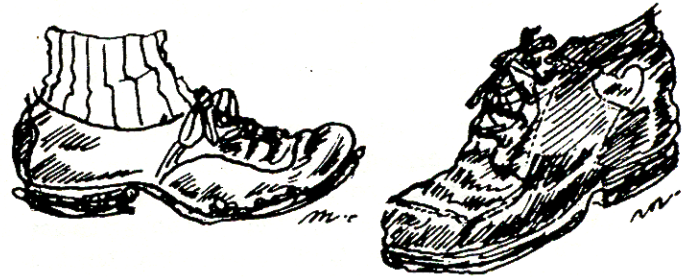
As an alternate, 43-W-1 could will the ripped derelicts of hairnets to less fortunate members of the lower class -- and we don't mean 43-W-2, 3, 4, 5, etc.

Or -- burn 'em as the witches of old were burned in Salem or Salome or Salami or something.

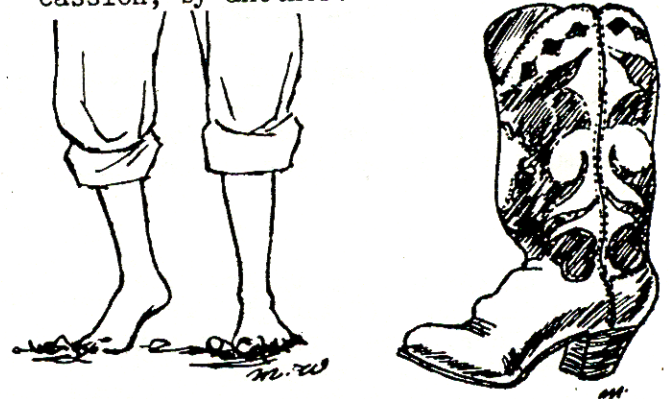
The Hoosier Texan

"Too few," he continued, "realize we're fighting a war. The only complainers, however, are those who aren't doing well. Those with lower aptitude complain about everything else first before seeing the fault lies within themselves. So tell the girls not to complain or they might give a false impression."

Two types of shoes appeared after shoe rationing started. Both look uncomfortable to us. First came colored, toeless, heelless sandals that weren't rationed. Then men's shoes from Bond's walked onto the field, stiffly.



Most original footgear, though, are the fur trimmed bedroom slippers worn by one girl and the bare feet worn, on occasion, by another.



All in all, we're relieved the 319th will get special shoe rationing. But then, the Houston mud hides the bad with the good, and covers a multitude of sins.

THINGS WE THINK WHEN WE THINK:
WE COULDN'T DO WITHOUT 'EM !

The fleet-brained house's tails who are always turning the code machine up to a gallop when we can barely stay on at a trot.

Those saucy pancake berets Margaret Ann Hamilton wears.

The frontier pants Trotman paints on. Leatherbee's alarums in the night in re heck rides.

The blackouts we suffer in ground school. Russell's cold front, and Tree's warm one tripping in formation.

Straughan's cowboy boots.

Greenblat's chatter, and Cappie's angelic smile.

Daugherty's sense of humor. The redhead's amazing sweaters. Pebble's briefcase and Johnson's manilla folder.

"Ry - UT Feh-HACE!"

Phoocy.

Texan and/or Hoosier Glen McClain believes he has one of the most interesting jobs in the entire 319th set-up.

As shepherd of the freshman flock, Flight Commander McClain feels that his dodos are most interesting because they arrive here a complete mystery. Some have hundreds of hours (well, at least three!) and others just the bare minimum carefully penned into new log books. Evaluating their ability and putting them all on the beam to fly Army style is a job worthy of a man as just and considerate as the good-natured McClain.

"Women students," the strawberry-blond commander claims, "are generally more determined than men. They are also more eager and usually understand explanations more readily."

This champion of women pilots even had a good word to say for his wife's flying ability. Although she's only had about four hours dual, he proudly boasts, "When I put her on a course she holds right to it while I sleep!"

It is through his wife, whom he wed in Victoria nine years ago, that he claims to be a Texan -- by marriage.

Born fourteen miles south of Indianapolis thirty-six years ago, our blue-eyed hero started playing the drums with a dance band when he was fifteen. By the time he was twenty, he had lived and worked in thirty states.

Twelve years ago he arrived in Texas and became associated with his uncle in the motion picture business -- the "Johnny Long Circuti"-- with fifty-one exhibitors in their chain. He is still on the payroll as assistant general manager and says he'll go back to it after the war.

He started flying five years ago in Victoria for sport. As a contractor, he had three C.P.T. sessions in Victoria and at one time owned four planes. At present, he owns one, the Monocoupe he ground-looped at Municipal the same day he took his commercial and instructor tests, and the day before his tow-headed son "Dickie" was born. He has taught at Aviation Enterprises ever since he obtained his instructor's rating.

Hobbies, at the moment, are on the shelf. He has given up his writing temporarily, but when he was playing in bands he wrote prodigiously and claims to have enough rejection slips to paper a big room. Lots of pieces sold but not the ones he considered best. He no longer goes hunting -- all of his thirteen bird dogs are gone; and his fishing tackle is gathering dust.

Asked if he had any advice to give us, he said, "Yes. Take things as they come; do your best and keep complaints a secret. An instructor likes and does the most for one who does not expect or ask favors." **Continued on Page 6**



OLYMPIC SQUARE

Fifinella Field has been converted into a flier's playground -- it has taken on the aspect of a country club--a tropical paradise of a resort, no less.

The sudden transformation has entailed many hazards not covered by The Insurance Man, bless his happy little heart. For instance, as you walk along Peacock Alley down by the Old Link Room you are, at any given moment, likely to find yourself sprawled unceremoniously in Texas mud. This unseemly thing is caused by little tin cans countersunk in the soil. Upon closer observation, after you pull yourself up with a noise like a cow removing a hoof from mud, you will observe that some of our brighter flying femmes have tossed little rings of metal into said cups. Even as you gaze, one such ring clunks merrily into your already abused self. The peals of girlish laughter accompanying this are meant to make you make light of it all.

But do you?! Are you man or are you mouse!

Having beaten your way by the above hazard, you may see your best friend wearing a neck-piece stylishly designed a la horseshoe. But no! It can't be -- BUT IT IS! Sure enough, some muscle-bound spinach-eating female aimed a leetle high with that last one.

Trouble for the ambulating flier is not yet over, for a bit of a stroll two paces beyond the horseshoe let is likely to bring a wallop in the old eye with an inflated piece of pig -- or at least the skin of the beast. If you are brave enough to loll in the rays of the temperamental Texas sun, beware of the mighty ball Ellen Gery throws. Her compatriots in the game are likewise good with the power but completely stinke on aim.

The badminton court comes in for its share of misdirected muscle. No visible boundaries exist for the court, so all players assume that the next county will do. There have been reports that the mechanics in Overhaul are complaining about the birdies flitting through on their way to Oklahoma.

And nothing's the matter with us, and nothing's the matter with us AND NOTHING'S THE MATTER WITH US!!!

How about a nice rough game of Tiddly-Winks sometime?

IN WHICH WE SERVE
(With Apologies to Noel Coward)

Scene: Department of Utter Confusion
Characters: Chief Establishment Officer
Assistant Chief Establish-
ment Officer
Secretary
Male Guest
Calisthenics Director
Wing Commander
Nurse
Mail Orderlies

Sundry AAFFTDWFTDDDDDDDD'S

Time: Any
(Curtain rises on C.E.O. seated at desk writing memos. Asst. C.E.O. in chair writing in large book. Secretary standing typing notices...Outer door opens. Enter three breathless AAFF-TDDDD'S)

1st: Deeeedeee - where's the swimming list? Oh. (Signs it.)
2nd: Did you send for me?
C.E.O.: Oh, yes - will you please (Phone rings) Hello. No, Ah'm sorry; not now - yes - give him a visitor's tag and send him to mah office - all right. (Hands up and turns to student) Oh yes - will you please (Phone rings again as man with visitor's tag enters and two girls crash through Inner Door.) Hello - yes - just a minute, (Turns around to office) Will you all clear out...this is long distance. (Office empties immediately). Yes, Miss Cochran - (Pause)..oh NO! What an Ah going to do with them!..Well.. (Girl peers in window waving wildly, rattling door knob. C.E.O. shakes head) Yes Ma'am. Ah'll sure try. It's all a matter of housing. (Hangs up. Opens door. People pour in, including Male Guest.)
C.E.O.: (To Male Guest) Oh--I rember - you wanted to see Miss Smith. She's on the Flight Line. Dot, get the dispatch-erto tell Miss Smith she has a visitor in mah office. (Male Guest shrinks visibly against wall as Secretary grabs telephone to make call.)

Two AAFFTDWFTDS (simultaneously):
Deeeedeee, what time is curfew to-
night? May I bring my car to go to
the dentist tomorrow? (Door bursts
open with bang and 3 more girls wedge
in, talking loudly).

One: (With appropriate gestures, incident-
ally banging Male Guest further against
wall)...so he rolled us over on our back
and held it there and the dirt just pour-

ed out of the cock it. Is the mail in
yet?..and I was lazy so I just hauled
back on the stick and--well, if the mail's
not here; let's go--and then we(exit the
three girls, slamming screen door loudly)
C.E.O. Curfew is at 8:30 as usual and you
may bring your car if you leave it at
mess hall. (Exit two more AAFFTDWFTDDDD'S)
(Inner Door opens tentatively, then fully.
Enter Nurse)

NURSE: About these absences (Displays sheaves
of notes and papers)..May I see the corp-
oral reports for January 30th, Feb. 5th,
and March 1st?

(Secretary scrambles through piles of reports,
muttering. Waves three aloft and hands them
to Nurse who exits)

C.E.O.: Was that the phone? (Phone rings)
Hello..yes (Enter five AAFFTDWFTDDDD'S)
Don't slam the door. (Door slams) Hello..

GIRLS (In unison): Did you want me? Where
are the packages? May I have 3 stamps
please? WHEN is PX day? Is my money
here yet? Secretary very quietly murmurs
replies as C.E.O. waves frantically for
silence.

C.E.O.: Yessir..nossir..Yessir..Nossir...
Rightawaysir. (Hangs Up. Turns to Sec-
retary) Ah'm going up to Major Farmer's
office (Rushes out. Door slams.)

SECRETARY (To nobody in particular): Guard
me please. (Whisks through Inner Door
practically knocking down silent and
astonished Male Guest).

(Screen door opens, admitting Calisthenics
Director and half do en AAFFTDWFTDDDD'S.
Director unceremoniously starts to re-
move blouse and shirt, occasioning loud
groans from students and startled "cluck"
from Male Guest)

GIRLS: Are we going to have THAT today?
Why it's practically raining out! (un-
perturbed, Director puts on sweatshirt
and changes shoes)

DIRECTOR: Aww..It's a swell day for a
quick workout. FALL IN! LET'S GO!!!
(Bugle blows in distance. Girls exit
hurriedly. Calisthenics Director rush-
es after them. Male Guest is left
leaning weakly against wall.)

(Re-enter Secretary as Inner Door Opens.)
MALE GUEST shakes head, mutely.

(Enter more AAFFTDWFTD'S loaded with
bundles of mail. They perch on chairs
sit on floor, lean against wall, sort-
ing mail noisily. Re-enter C.E.O.)

C.E.O.: ...so you see, we have to have
that information. You know, the fun-
niest thing happened the other day--
Ah was driving (Phone rings. More

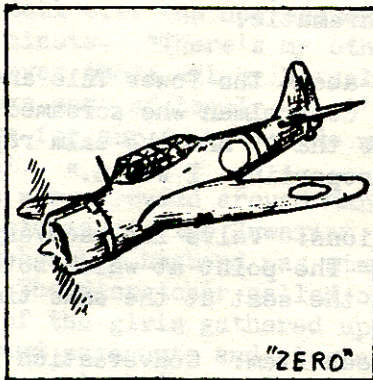
AIRCRAFT IDENTIFICATION

P-39

WINGS: Low-slight dihedral, swept back elliptical
ENGINE: Single-liquid cooled, aft of pilot
TAIL: Heart shaped
FUSELAGE: Smooth underside, streamlined, air scoop on top aft of pilot
LANDING GEAR: Retractable, tricycle
RUDDER: Small, rounds into underside of fuselage
NOSE: Extremely long and thin

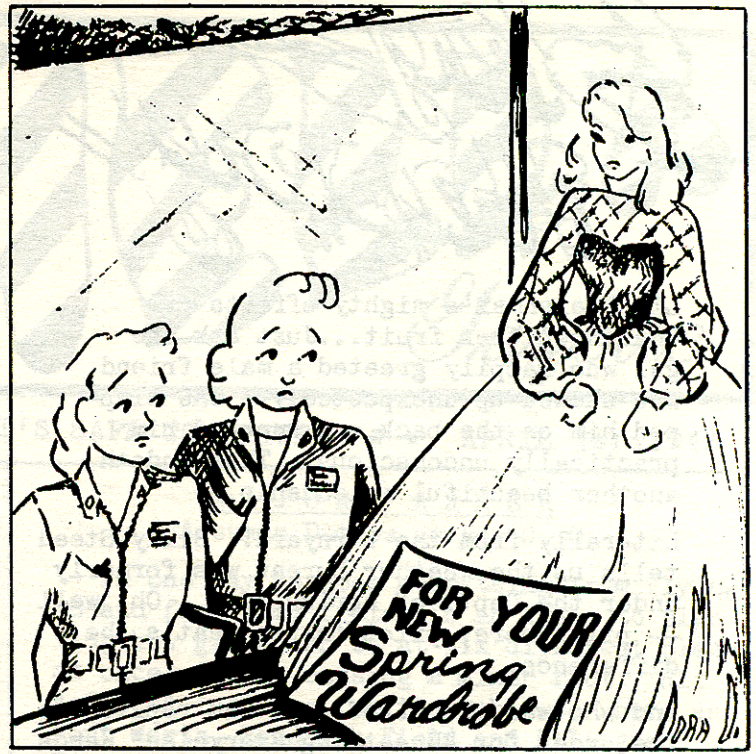
B-25

WINGS: Mid-wing, slight dihedral, swept back and tapered, medium heavy type
ENGINE: Two-underslung radial, nacelles project behind wings
TAIL: Almost rectangular - high on fuselage
FUSELAGE: Long, modified box car appearance, tail turret
LANDING GEAR: Retractable
RUDDER: Two - odd shaped, at ends of tail plane
NOSE: Rounded, bomber type, far in front of motor.



SENTO ZERO (Japanese Pursuit)

WINGS: Low, dihedral, fully elliptical
ENGINE: Single radial, close to wing
TAIL: Swept back, elliptical
FUSELAGE: Well-streamlined, small central cockpit.
LANDING GEAR: Fixed with streamlining pants
RUDDER: Raked back and symmetrical
NOSE: Blunt with spinner



FLYING FEMMES

Women have always played a large part in every major aeronautical accomplishment. After Col. Charles A. Lindberg made his new immortal flight across the Atlantic there were several attempts by women to duplicate his feat. Princess Lowenstein-Wertheim, who was 62 years of age at the time, made an unsuccessful attempt in 1927. Ruth Elder also failed and was picked up at sea. The first successful non-stop Atlantic crossing was made by Amelia Earhart, who needs no introduction to the most inexperienced birdwomen whether or not she has acquired her wings or is still in the fledging stages. For the sake of statistics, her flight was made in 20 hours, 40 minutes, in her ship "Friendship". When the total hours of the actual flight are looked at in the eyes of a pilot, the sum grows to mountainous proportions. If you and I only stop to think of the tremendous planning which must go into any one of the famous flights made by women, such as Earhart's, it seems no matter how hard or long we work, we would just never reach such a stage of perfection. However, we do know

from our experience, already gained in the 319th, there is nothing entirely impossible. It took the "famous firsts" a lot of hard-fought hours before they were acclaimed by the world. If you work for and deserve your laurels they won't be long in coming. If you need further proof, review again the "Flying Femmes" in terms of the hours spent acquiring the skill and stamina in order to become one of Aviations "Flying Femmes".

ODE TO MY INSTRUCTOR

My poor instructor is covered with doubt
But sturdy and staunch he stands
Despite what I have put him thru
While touring on Texas lands.

Time was, I know, when he wished he knew
If my sense of direction was there
And that was the time when I flew and flew
But El Campo had vanished in air.

The day was cold as we flew along
Bumping from side to side
My altitude rose and then would fall
I'll never forget that ride! ! !

El Campo was reached (I'll never know how)
My instructor breathed a deep sigh
Then back home again - via the Gulf
For awhile I wished I could die.

He's encouraged me greatly by his talk
So I stand on the flight line today
Wondering what part of Texas we'll tour
While he's watching his hair turn grey.

And how about the Keybird who radioed the
Tower her transmitter was out and asked
the Tower to signify reception by wiggling
the Tower.

The ground school staff reports our gray
matter goes blank now and again. Seems
someone couldn't understand how a low
wing monoplane could fly with the wings
in that position. Item: It really can't
you know..it's all done with mirrors.

Some of 43-W-3 thinks 43-W-1 has gone
theatrical, what with all the talk about
Stages. Well, some of the landings were
rather dramatic.

And how about the Tower Tale anent the
frantic controlman who screamed, "God!
Don't do that!" And the calm reply, "This
is God reporting. I won't."

Definitions: Valve lap recovery (from
spins): The point at which both valves
are off the seat at the same time.

Army Check Item: Conversation between
a Senior Woofed and a visiting Army
Check pilot.

C.P.: Forced landing!

S.W. : Should I bother with all that glop
about switching tanks, prop pitch, flaps
'n' stuff.

C.P.: Well, after all, this is a check
flight, and since you've been taught it
you may as well comply.

S.W.: Oh, really, now. It's all too,
too silly.

Happy

Lt. Fleishman's mighty efforts are
bearing bitter fruit...Just ask the
gal who happily greeted a male friend
who showed up unexpectedly. She slap-
ped him on the back and knocked him
practically unconscious. Thus endeth
another beautiful friendship.

Literally from the barnyard: Billy Steed
tells us the Weather Bureau was formerly
under the Dept. of Agriculture. Oh, well
-- pilot here; pilot there; what's the
difference.

And who was the tired soul who replied to
the order for "Breathing Exerycise! Hands
on Hips, Place!!!!"..."But I don't feel
like breathing...."

Things we'd like to see -- All personnel
on Fifinella Field compelled to wear hair-
nets. They should be quite becoming to
some of our check pilots.

Heard in the Ready Room: "But, sir, every
approach has to have a landing." -- And,
sometimes three or four?

43-W-2's Thompson hopes the BT legged the
first 52 minutes it flew her around.

Texas is really peculiar. Seems the state
is so petroleum conscious that it has tank
farms. If you don't believe it, look on
any map!

Who was the Senior Woofed who got bored
with it all in the Link and read her mail
while she merrily flew across two beams.

Heck Ride History: 43-W-1 huddled around
the Worrying Table in the Ready Room, with
one corner marked off as the Fret-'n'Fume
Department.

We understand apartments are at a premium,
and that alligator hunting hath its charms.

43-W-1 hopes that from now on all the pink
slips their instructors give 'em will be
size 34. And did you know you can get pink
slips for Solo rides!?!?!?

Even if you trip doing it, maybe your
slide down the wing will convince the
designors there should be a fire ex-
tinguishor in the front cockpit.