

The *WINKLE* Gazette

No 5

ALL THE NEWS ITS SAFE TO PRINT

May 24, 1943

OH, MY CAD

(Presented to Frances from Cookie with a snaggle-tooth charm)

I found these teeth upon the ground
Some folks said-'least word got 'round
They might be yours.

A query here, another there-
A few clues gleaned from everywhere
Boiled down to this.

On April 30th, forty-three
Out marched Flight A of W 3
Over their shoulders they carried long
bats,
And jauntily perched on their heads were
their hats
Determined were they to play some base-
ball-
How could they know it would end in a
brawl ?
For a while they busily hit out long
flies.
Knocking the ball to the top of the
skies.
Then suddenly Cookie, a show-off of fame,
Got tired of playing a peaceable game.
So she turned to a teammate 'bout half
of her size
And said to her "Frances, Stop hogging
those flies."
These words she enforced with a sock in
the teeth.
Which made our poor Frances inwardly
seeth.
"Despicable Can," She spat out through
the gaps,
You started this thing, now I'll make
you collapse".
She raised up on tiptoe and lustily
chewed
A part of Cook's ear though it were good
food.
And when they led Cook away, all could
hear through her cries,
Girls'dont pick on anyone half of
your size"

WEBSTER, 319th VERSION

While thumbing through the 43-W-2 dictionary of the 319th we shed a remi-
niscent tear as we came upon a defini-
tion:

"Beaver, Eager-f.n. col. obs. An ex-
tinct creature at one time inhabiting
the hangars at Municipal Airport. The
species was most plentiful in January
and February, 1943, but gradually dim-
inished as a disease called frustration
swept the colony, started probably by
the disappearance of PT's into the
repair shop. The last living Eager Bea-
ver was blown over the prop wash from
the PT's leaving for Sweetwater and
perished on the spot.

Between pages 3 and 4 of the diction-
ary we found inserted a supplement.
Among other new terms such as "upper
zone four", "cross-feed", "clam-giggers
and "graduation" was a definition that
caught our eye:

"Rabbit, Rapid-f. n. col. An energet-
ic animal similar to the Eager Beaver.
It's features are somewhat indefinite
because it is extremely elusive. When
it is not up in an AT-6 or I7 as pilot
or co-pilot the Rapid Rabbit is going
from one place to another so rapidly
that it is impossible to discern its
distinguishing features. Although it can
not be seen at the time, it can be posi-
tively identified by the trail of dust
it leaves behind as it goes through the
repair shop at 8:30 every morning on
its way to the Link dispatcher's win-
dow.

The principal difference between the
Rapid Rabbit and the Eager Beaver is
that the Rapid Rabbit is constantly
pulling out the calander and pointing
its finger wildly at the date "May 26".

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The **WINKLE** Gazette

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FROM THE C. E. OFFICE

Operating successfully on a carefully planned schedule subject to change every 30 seconds is no mean trick of management. But it's a trick turned daily by Miss Hazel Hays, assisted ably by Jean Ross Howard and Dorothy Van Emden of the Chief Establishment office.

The triumvirate's success is undoubtedly due to their background of experience. All three have held jobs requiring management of groups of people.

Miss Hays was the first woman in the United States to have been manager of a municipal auditorium and coliseum at Fort Worth. She was its manager from the day it opened and is at present on leave from that position. Her work here since her arrival in March is her additional contribution to the war effort. She has always had an intense interest in women's organizations and has spent much time actively in the Red Cross, and the Professional and Business Women's Club.

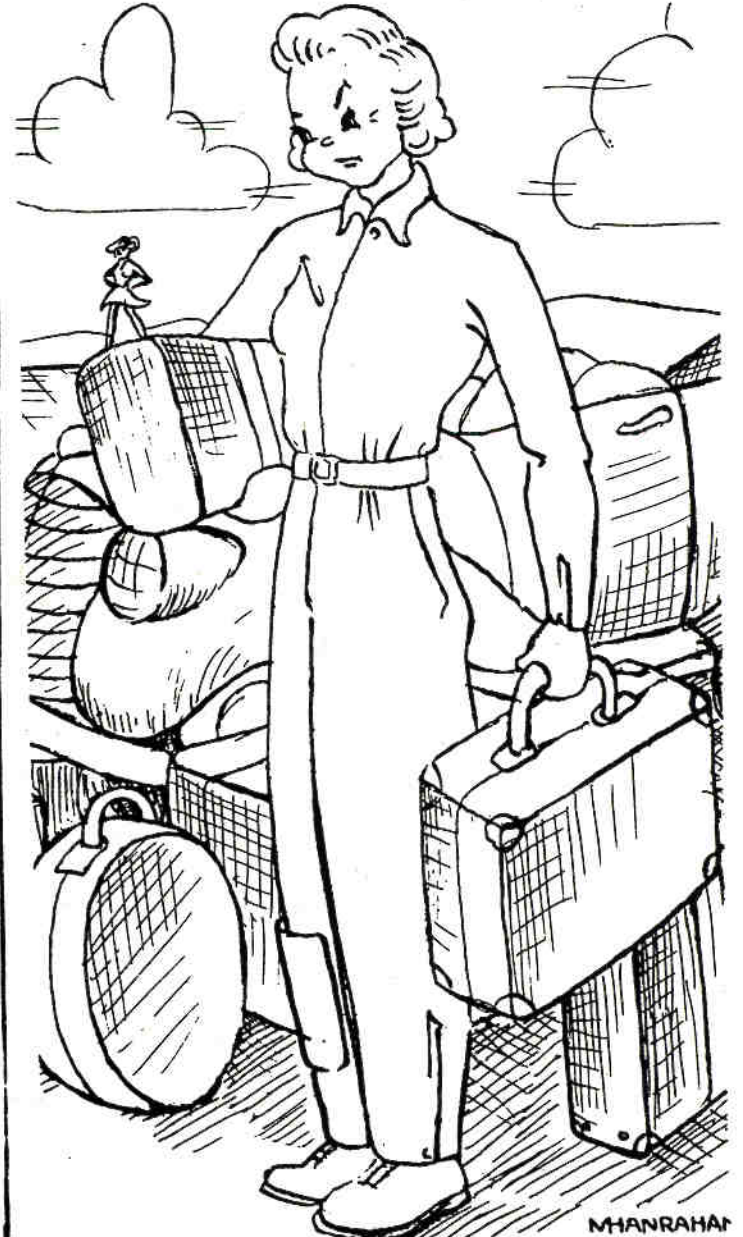
Born in Fort Worth, Miss Hays still thinks it is the finest city in which to live, though she concedes Chicago is fun to visit. Her Alma Mater is Texas State College for Women.

Miss Hays' present orders read for her to remain in Houston until the 2nd

class is graduated and then to betake herself to Sweetwater. Her guidance is kindly and tolerant. Her interest in the girls is sincere and much appreciated.

Jean Ross Howard is the fifth generation of Howards to have been born in Washington, D.C. She attended Connecticut College for Women and was graduated from George Washington University. During her college days she conducted trips to Europe. On one she made a three weeks' jaunt to spend four days at the Coronation.

Jean worked with Eastern Airlines and later became flying secretary to the grasshoppers. She joined the 319th in January. She likes green because she kissed the Blarney Stone in Ireland. (Continued on Page 4)



SWEETWATER #0!

CONFIDENTIAL!

For some time I have been debating with my More Prudent Self whether or not to come out in the open with an amazing experience I had a few days ago. My M.P.S. says "Keep it quiet. If the Army doesn't get you for it, the C.A.A. will". But my More Reckless Self says, "Go ahead and spill it. Nobody will believe you anyway".

Well, this is how it happened. One day when I was ambling through some lazy eights I found my wings dragging through some solid overcast. Before I could do anything to stop it, my M.R.S. had taken over the controls and there I was above the clouds.

Since I had already broken the horizontal and vertical rules in regard to overcast, I decided to make the trip worth the penalty I was bound to pay. I pretended I was in a snowy arctic mountain range and ran my wheels up one side and down the other of several large cloud mountains. Then I dipped down into the valleys between and flew up and down the canyons, dodging the cliffs and peaks as I came to them. Eventually I came out upon a smooth flat tundra which looked perfect for a landing. I glided down to the surface, levelled off, and waited for my ship to graze the "snow", then plummet down through the cloud bank.

To my surprise, I felt a thump and my plane rolled to a bumpy stop there on that cloud field. Warily I stepped out, and found it soft and

springy under my feet. Still unbelieving, I started wandering gingerly around to investigate. As I approached a small curulus hill near my landing spot I heard a tittering sound which seemed to come from the other side of the hill. I picked my way around it, flattened myself against a small gust which was emerging from the side of it, and, keeping carefully hidden, peered at the source of the curious noise.

I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw a large plexiglass structure labelled "Grenlin Trophy Case", and in front of it several gremlins, first gazing, then doubling up with laughter and hopping up and down as they giggled. From where I stood, I could read the little cards placed in front of each trophy.

The first object which caught my eye was a San Antonio sectional chart labelled "Adroitly Snatched from Dorothy Nichols on the Way to El Campo". Beside it was a small piece of paper bearing Lewise Coleman's name and a course plotted from Temple to Houston. This trophy was marked "Course successfully Erased by Jimmy Grenlin and Changed from 115 degrees to 50".

On the shelf below was a small piece of shell with a card saying "Placed in Ruth Dailey's AT-17 tail wheel lock during take-off". A wad of cotton beside it was labelled "Stuffed in Marian Schorr's Fuel Line During a Night Flight".

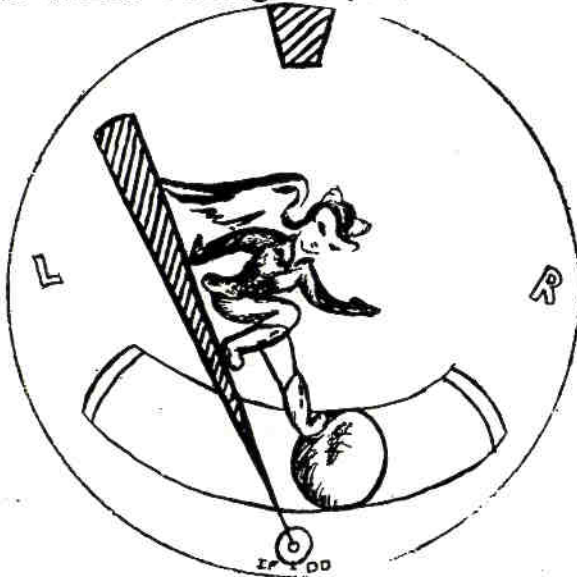
There were other odds and ends on display, such as the lock of hair which blew over Pat Lawler's eyes as she taxied toward a cul-

FIFINELLA FASHIONS

The ingenuity of dress practiced by the members of the 319th will never be forgotten. We have called attention to several of the outstanding fashions from time to time. We mention more at this time to show the spirit of individuality can not be calmed even by official desire for uniformity of dress. By the way.. didn't the gals look simply super-elegant GRADUATION DAY? Nuff said! Just a small sample of what could have been done if????.

Perhaps it an inspiration from wearing Huck Finn slacks, or it might be shoe rationing rearing its ugly head, but Fifinella Field has had the greatest foot strip-tease we have ever seen. The foot-loose and fancy free fad finally necessitated the posting of a notice on the bulletin board, Quote: Shoes will be worn on the flight line. Unquote. Tish! Tish!! Needen't overdo the Patriotic angle, Girls.

Well, up to a higher level, Flight Hats. The individual seems to control these entirely. Some prefer the pin speared throught the top. Most popular, however, is the Bobby Pin pushed through the edges. Quite Chic this season, and perfect in a high gale. Then have you witnessse the "Penguin Angle?" It could well be a take-off of the "Dead-End Kids". Even you best friends wouldn't recognize you.



Fifinella Gets On The Ball

(C. E. Office, from Page 2)

Dorothy Van Emden was almost born in Europe, but managed Wichita Falls instead. Likes blue, Black Magic and Voodooism. She had worked with Mrs. Deaton before coming to the 319th, managing a swimming pool and acting as camp counselor.

SKY HAPPY

Headline: "Girl bites teammate, teammate given shot for tetanus"

Dias doesn't want to set the world on fire - her AT is enough.

Leatherbee is so used to playing first base that when she got on first as a runner she immediately started looking for a mit and yelling "First it".

An indignant W-3er pulled up to the line demanding that her radio be fixed immediately. The tower couldn't receive her and she had to circle three times before she got a light. The lineman was bewildered. Lt. Adler said it might be a good idea to turn the radio from CW to voice.

Tower: Will the aircraft that just landed clear the runway?

W-2er: What, at 90 miles an hour?

Question on Engines exam: What will cause the engine to vibrate?

Answer: Student on check ride.

Beware when you get back to civilian life, gals. Some W-3ers were dining out one Saturday evening and before they thought, one gal poured the spilled coffee from her saucer back into her cup and another piled up her dishes at the end of the meal.

New Fifinella cadence picked up from the Ellington junket goes like this "Hep, Hop, Heep"

WEBSTER, 319th VERSION

(Continued from page I)

It is evident that its motives for being rapid are more through fear than eagerness. The Rapid Rabbits existence is expected to be short lived. The monthly hunting season for the A.T.C. is due to start the first of June, and at that time the Rapid Rabbits are certain to be wiped out, at least in the vicinity of Houston.

vert at El Campo and the piece of runway cut off and pulled from under Fran Dias at Temple.

I looked again at Them Gremlins, still bouncing with hilarity, and turned and ran for my plane as fast as I could go. I had seen enough for one day.