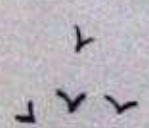
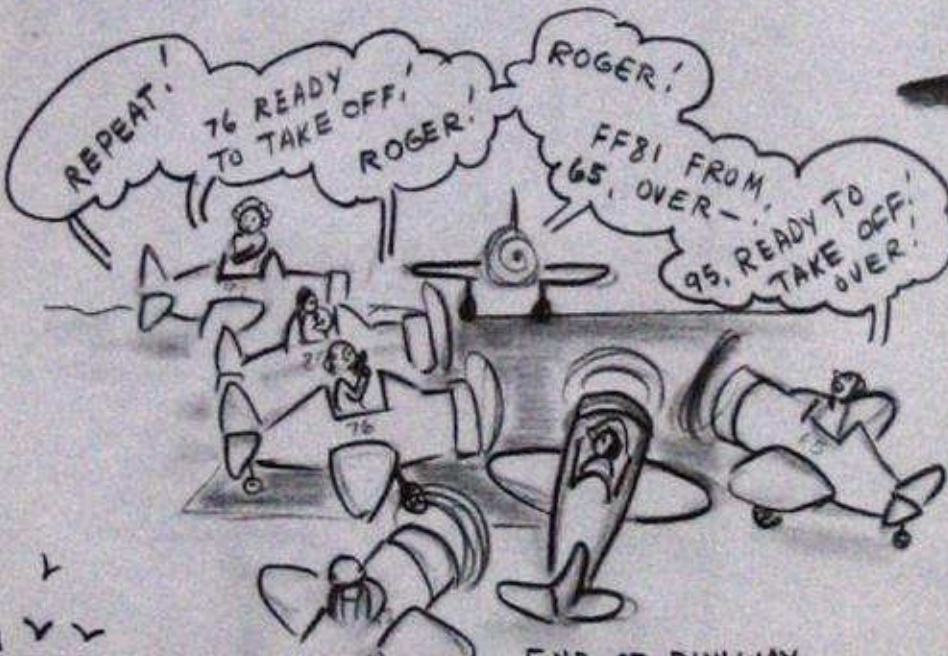




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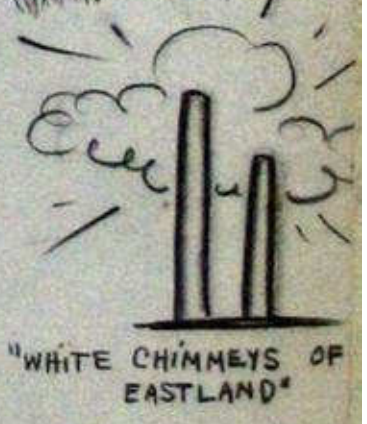
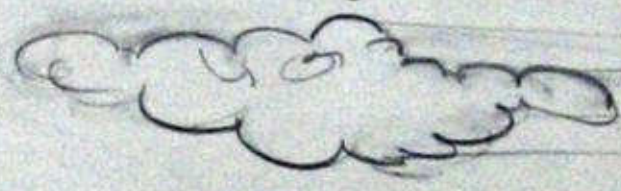
318TH. A.A.F.F.T.D.

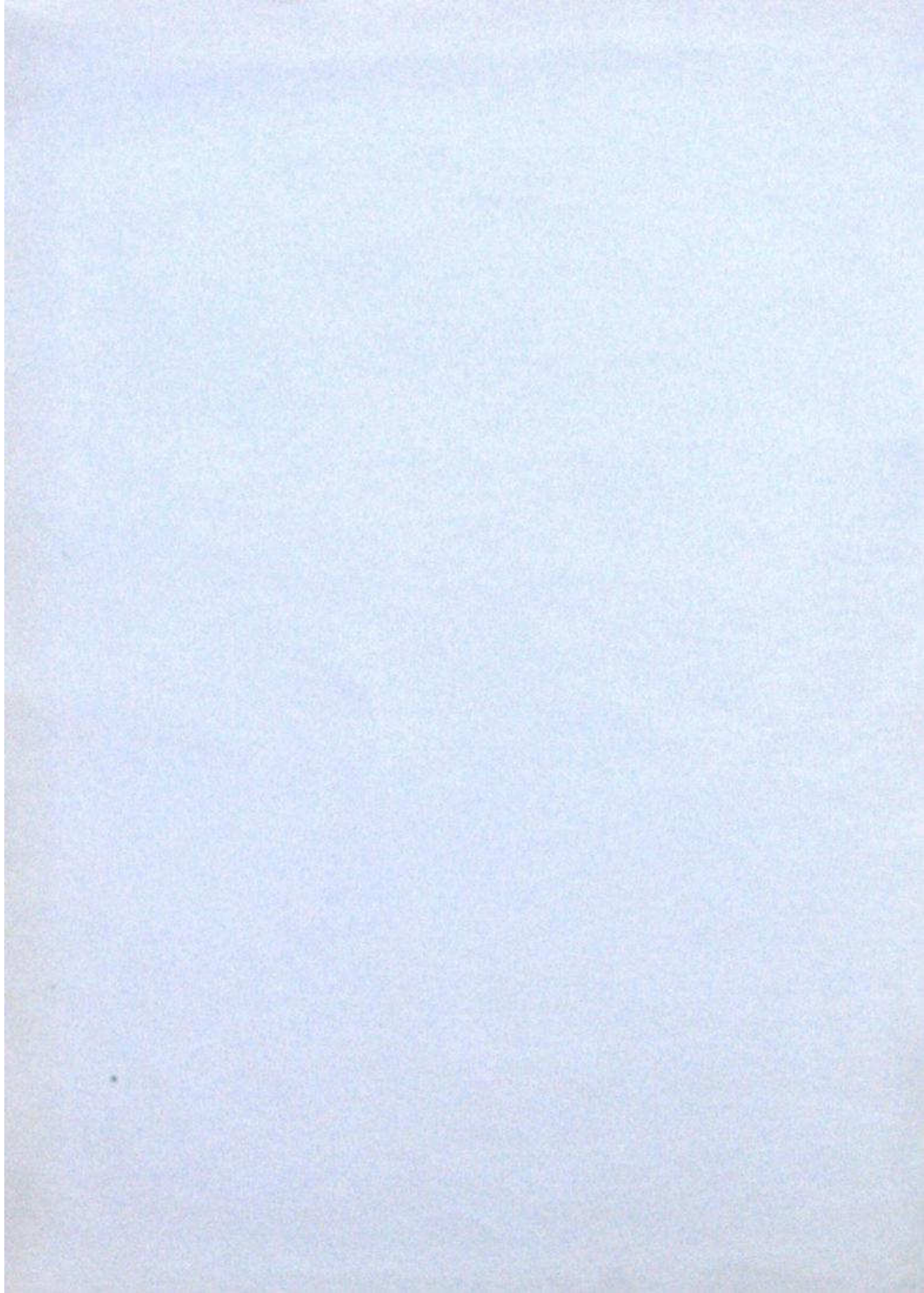
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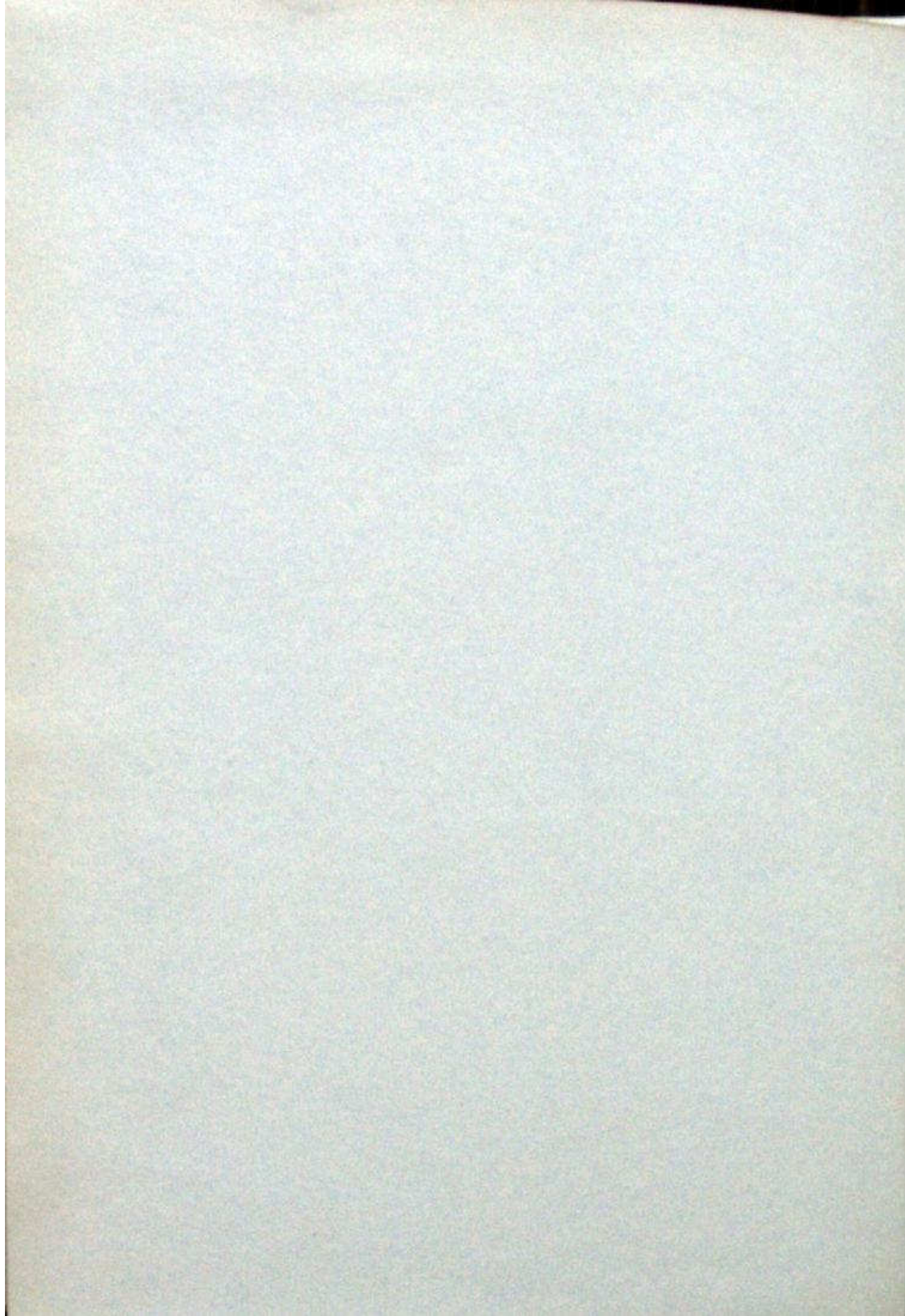
318th A.A.F.F.T.D.

CLASS

OF

43-W-4 and 43-W-5

AVENGER FIELD
SWEETWATER, TEXAS



DEDICATION

To the men and women who have sacrificed much, to give to us that we may be best fit for the task before us, we extend our heartfelt gratitude. The future deeds and flights we perform will reflect their persistent diligence in this endeavor.

We hope some day to be the Women Pilots of the Air Transport Command of this nation, having utilized our skill to better perpetuate our democracy: performed the small tasks, and overcome trials of serving duty; knowing the pride in delivering a plane to its destination, safely and in minimum time,—that it may sooner fulfill its actual need.

Being mindful of dignity always, we give a solemn promise to fly with precision, judgment, and accuracy in this new responsibility. With this privilege of executing such duty, we shall grow richer in stature of wisdom with experience. We humbly set about to occupy our niche with the hope that we may be worthy of our task and that we may keep faith with those who have put this trust before us.



MISS JACQUELINE COCHRAN

THE HISTORY OF AVENGER FIELD

Avenger Field grew from the modest Sweetwater Municipal Airport early in the spring of 1942, for the purpose of training pilots who would fly airplanes to win the war.

Perched on a hillside, the municipal airport taught people to fly and carried passengers even before "cubs" were invented. Mr. Riley remembers landing here around 1930 when there were only OX-5s and Curtiss Robins on the field.

The first pilots to be trained at the new field were British airmen and U. S. volunteers for the RCAF. This was British Flying Training School No. 7 in the United States and was under contract to Plosser-Prince who moved here from California to direct the school. On June 15th about 100 men started on a course that included primary, basic and advanced training.

Before they arrived, Avenger Field got its name. Mrs. Grace Faver won a prize offered to the person in Sweetwater who thought of the best name by calling it Avenger.

In August, the government decided to close the school as an RCAF school and make it into an army primary training school. Along with this program was to be run an Air Transport Command refresher course. Most of the men taking this course were experienced airline pilots, and they flew BTs. From here they went to twin-engine school and then active service overseas. The school's capacity was to be 500 trainees total.

Meanwhile, in another part of the country, Jacqueline Cochran was making plans for a training program for women pilots who could fly airplanes to win the war.

The first available field for the school, in Houston, was far from what Miss Cochran had in mind. Although the flying facilities were good, a plant for a complete program could not be developed here. So, in January, she and officials from the Gulf Coast Training Center began looking around.

From among the fields available through readjustment of AAF training programs, Avenger Field was chosen,—because of its multiphase training possibilities, its maintenance facilities, its compactness and its location in a nice community. The Houston contractors, Aviation Enterprises, bought out Plosser-Prince, and the girls moved in.

For about a month, the last of the primary cadets were still around finishing up their training. Although all the girls flew from hangar 2, when the PTs flocked into the airport at the end of a period, it was impossible to tell which were piloted by boys and which by girls.

The boys left, more classes of girls arrived, the remaining Houston classes came up to graduate here, and slowly the 318th AAFFTD, CFS-W, settled down to the everyday routine of 6 overlapping classes learning to fly primary, basic and advanced airplanes.

And until the war is won, Avenger Field will continue to train pilots whose duty, as Mrs. Faver's Avenger Field poem put it, will be . . . "wrongs to avenge, that freedom's flag night wave, . . . and . . ." on mighty wings, these heroes shall not fail . . .



MAJOR ROBERT K. URBAN
Commanding Officer



CAPTAIN ROBERT H. HUNT
Air Inspector

NOT PICTURED

CAPTAIN JACK P. MILLER
Ass't. Air Corps Supervisor



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Ass't. Air Corps Supervisor



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Ass't. Air Corps Supervisor



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Ass't. Air Corps Supervisor



1ST LT. FIELDING CLAYTON
Ass't. Air Corps Supervisor



2ND LT. REX E. ARMSTRONG
Ass't. Air Corps Supervisor



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Adjutant



CAPTAIN BUSTER ROSE
Engineering Officer



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Ass't. Surgeon



1ST LT. BURTON J. SOBOROFF
Ass't. Surgeon



CAPTAIN SIDNEY R. HASKIN
Air Depot Det. Commander



1ST LT. PATRICK B. McANANY
Intelligence Officer



1ST LT. LLOYD F. ANDERSON
Personnel Officer



1ST LT. JAMES A. AHLGRIMM
Civilian Personnel

NOT PICTURED

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D. S. AAFFTC



1ST LT. WILLIAM H. La RUE
Physical Director

MRS. CLIFFORD DEATON
Chief Establishment Officer



MISS HAZEL HAYES
Establishment Officer



MISS JEAN FORSTER
Establishment Officer



MISS RUTH TOWNSEN
Establishment Officer



MISS EILEEN BRISTOL
Establishment Officer



MISS ARDELLE La BRAKE
Sec. to Mrs. Deaton



AVIATION ENTERPRISES
AVENUE FIELD





EARL MCKAUGHAN
President
Aviation Enterprises

HENRY KRIEGEL
Vice-President
Aviation Enterprises





In Memoriam

NORRIS G. MORGAN

HENRY S. AWBREY

CALVIN G. ATWOOD

INSTRUCTOR

By Alberta Head

When bloody war and urgent need for haste is gone,
And economic chaos holds us still,
We shall not soon forget his shape along the street,
Or near the half-deserted hangars on the hill.

His shoulders, forward bent against the weight of wind and 'chute
The lagging step to match his slow, insistent word,
The wisdom and the patience on his face,
The pride behind the stinging comment that we heard.

We shall remember well the scarf he wore
Of white silk stuff, the jaunty cap which set him quite apart,
His summer's tan, his winter pinks,
The fleece-lined hood and other heavy trappings of his art.

But do not think he will be loathe to go—for look!
Beyond the steady gaze of his blue eyes
His heart is fastened on some lovely, distant dream,
Some fairer view than sandy Texas skies.

CIVILIAN FLIGHT PERSONNEL

ELMER RILEY
Director of Flying



CHARLES M. SPROULE
BASIC GROUP COMMANDER



C. E. HATCHER
ADVANCE GROUP COMMANDER

R. C. STOLZ
ADVANCE GROUP COMMANDER



S. A. RUMSEY
BASIC GROUP COMMANDER





E. A. PARKER
BASIC GROUP COMMANDER



JOHN H. HUETT
BASIC GROUP COMMANDER

C. J. STANFIELD
BASIC GROUP COMMANDER



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L. W. George, J. J. Henry, N. E. Schaffer, Wm. Wade.
Front Row: W. R. Plew, R. F. Swanner, W. R. Ramsey, W. R. Deppe, J. C. Kruezmann.



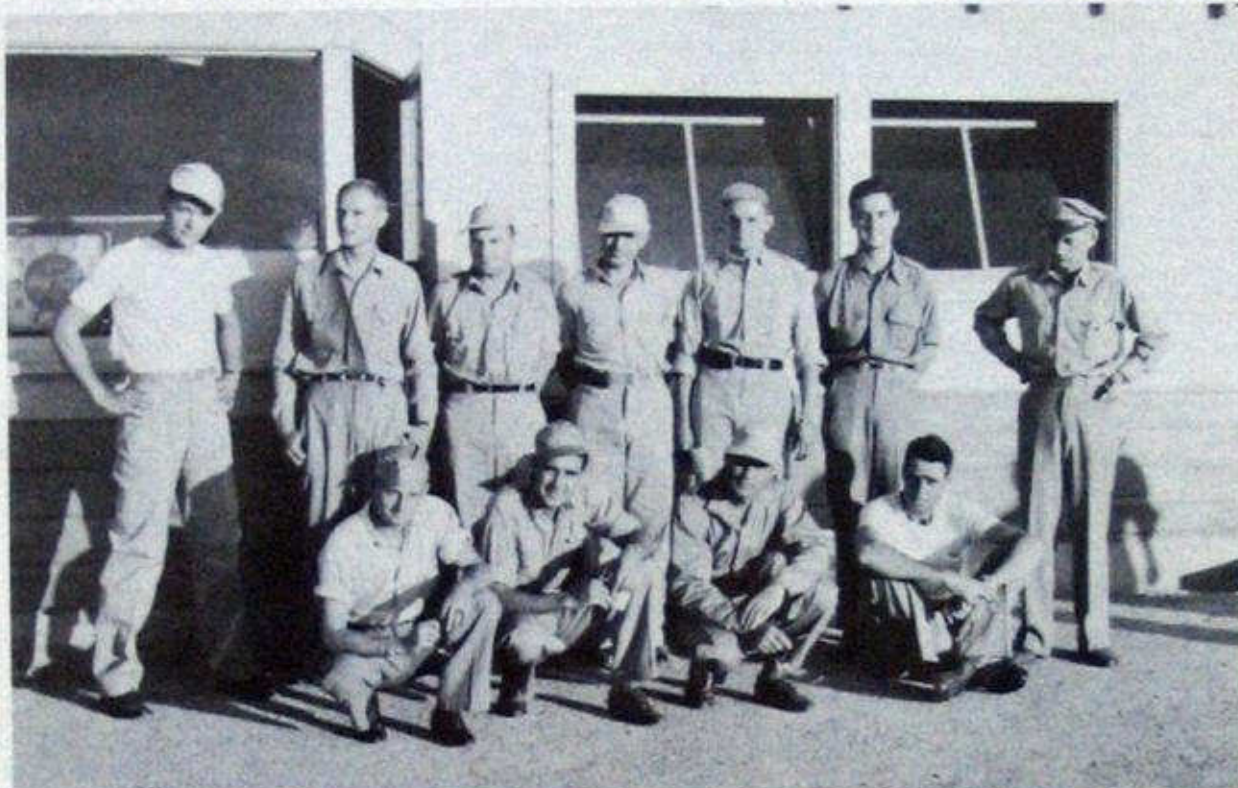
Back Row: F. X. Duffy, K. V. Willingham, L. C. Young, M. G. Morscheck,
S. C. Ward, C. B. Green, G. C. Miller
Front Row: H. M. Johnson, R. C. Stolz, J. C. Pace, J. J. Tucker,
C. G. Atwood, G. B. Wanamaker.

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FLIGHT INSTRUCTORS

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K. C. Eckley, J. N. Jones, Z. G. Smith.
Front Row: P. I. LaRue, J. H. Hewitt, P. E. Ward, J. L. Heard

43
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W. J. Giltz, J. F. Van Rue

LINK INSTRUCTORS

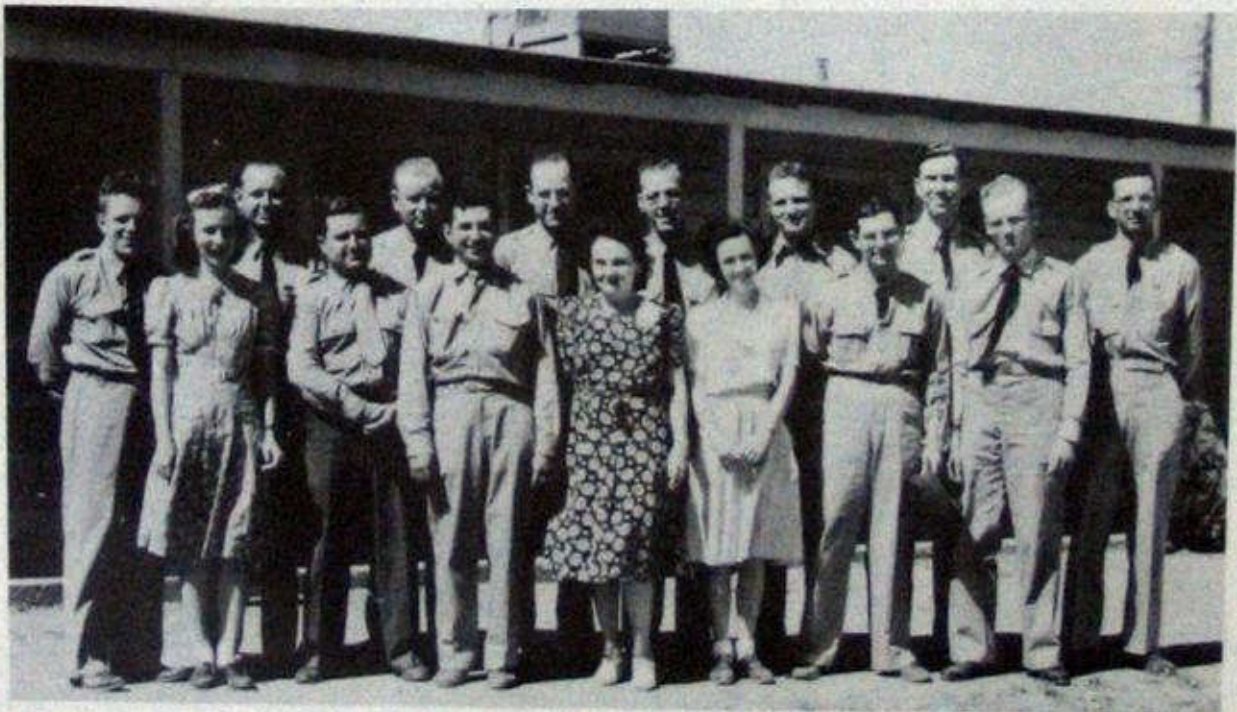


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Sgt. L. G. Creech, T/Sgt. E. Hill, S/Sgt. Wright.
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S/Sgt. C. W. Lewis, S/Sgt. F. Parrott



G. S. COOK
Director
of
Ground School

GROUND SCHOOL



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G. Gilligan, S. E. Smith, G. S. Cook
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Group Commander

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Group Adjutant

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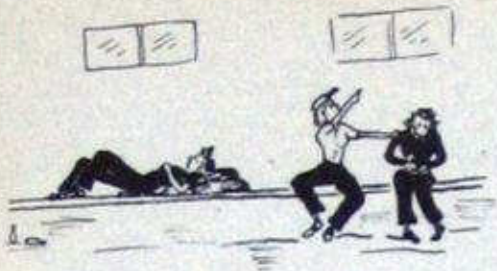
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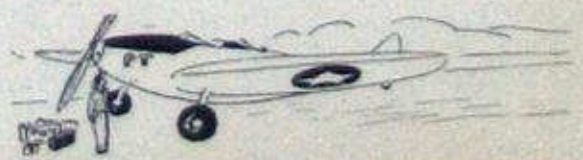
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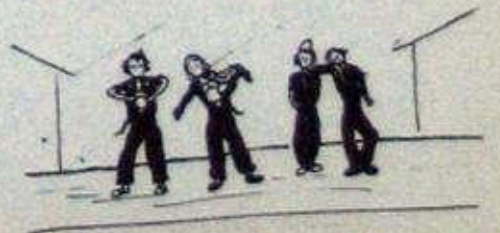
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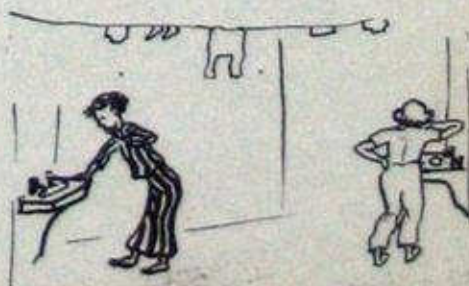
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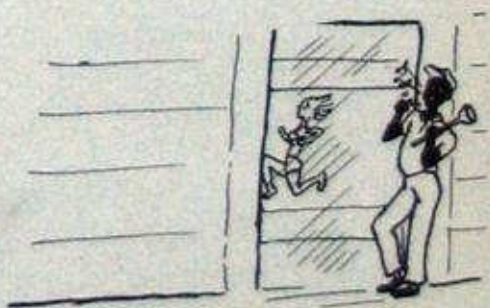
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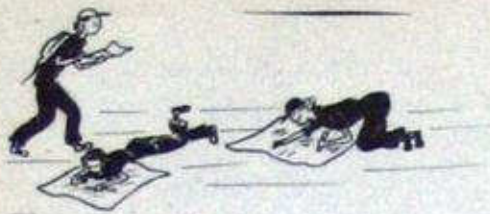


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Group Commander



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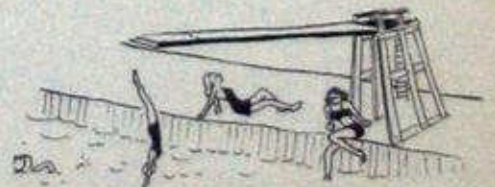
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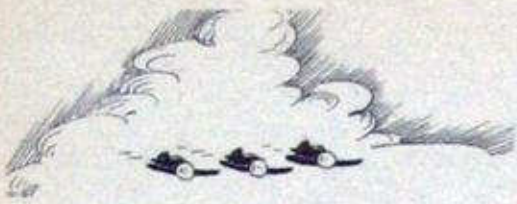


Marjorie T. Popell
2264 S. W. 6th Street
Miami, Florida



Helen B. Porter
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Montoursville, Pennsylvania





Nadine B. Ramsey
319 Hotel Lassen
Wichita, Kansas



Margaret Jane Ray
Route 1
Hoagland, Indiana



Ruth Roberts
707 Baker Avenue
Mankato, Minnesota



Dawn Y. Rochow
Long Meadow
Pittsford, New York



Meredith E. Rolfe
4346 Pine Street
Longview, Washington



Marjorie R. Sanford
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Peoria, Illinois



Dorothy L. Scheidler
Greensburg, Indiana



Sylvia Schwartz
3200 Buena Vista Avenue
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Jane S. Scott
420 So. Allen Avenue
Pasadena, California



Margaret J. Seip
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Milwaukee, Wisconsin

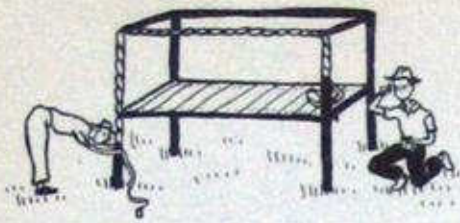


Helen J. Severson
905 Medary Avenue
Brookings, South Dakota



Betty Shea
Akron, New York





Anne M. Shields
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Shirley Slade
1420 Lake Shore Drive
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Kathryn E. Stark
Chicago, Illinois



Marion Foster Stegeman
Atlanta, Georgia



Lorraine M. Sterkel
21349 Lake Shore Blvd.
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Virginia Streeter
410 Clay Street
Cedar Falls, Iowa



Wilhelmina M. Teerling
Alpine, Texas



Martha Jane Thomas
Route 4, Box 124A
Dallas, Texas



Helen Anne Turner
Cairo, Nebraska



Harriet Louise Urban
77 Lexington Avenue
Buffalo, New York



Virginia C. Wilson
2102 Dexter Avenue
Ann Arbor, Michigan



Loretta L. Wylie
410 So. Front Street
Wheeling, West Virginia





Yes, that's it . . . you told yourself: to be a good pilot

REMEMBER THE DAY . . .

When we first gazed open-mouthed at the sleek disdainful Fairchilds arrayed in shining splendor on the line;

And how proud we were of the Army insignia, white star on blue circle; for the first time painted on planes "we" would fly;



And how unbelievable it all was. Army planes! And cadet equipment, the real McCoy—same helmets and goggles, same zootsuits (in the same cadet sizes,) same A-2 jackets and grotesque winter flying togs! (Yes, it was COLD in Texas once, remember?)

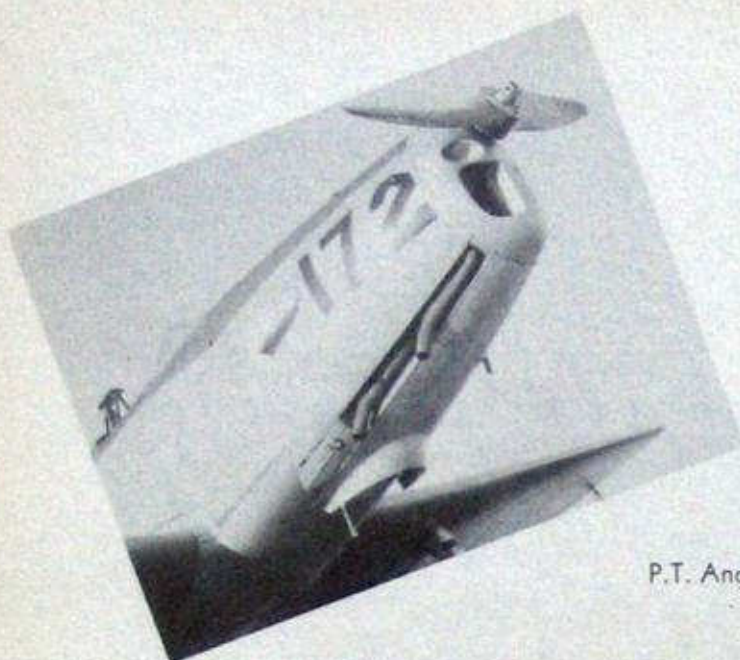
And remember the eagerly awaited and much discussed solo flight, with silver wings stretched out on either side, and the heart inside turning over 2000 rpm!

Remember the first army check and the accompanying chills, fever, and slight hysteria—when neither mental nor muscular co-ordination was possible. And the usual period of black despair and desperate hope that followed.

And wasn't it funny how our Fairchilds shrank just the teeniest bit (not meaning any disrespect) when we saw the BT's come rolling down the runway to their new home.

We who survived Primary know that it was the hardest pull of all. Not only the flying and ground school, but adjustment to an entire new way of living; each day a schedule, and each schedule to be followed to the letter—a far cry from the carefree existence most of us had led before.

Yes, Primary was the beginning.



P.T. Angle Shots



It used to rain in Sweetwater



Strange Companion



"Time! Corporals, check your attendance"



Green Flag for coveralls, and red for dress, but when both appeared it caused some distress

P.T. FASHIONS



"Lost" China Girl



A zoot suit with a drape shape!



They're human!



Most dress designers drape the garment, thereby creating a more pleasing effect . . . but, alas ours were not even tailored. They were drooped instead of draped.



Hey, that PT belongs to maintenance!



Well, How are You Betting?





Just a sittin', and a waitin', and a
watchin'—and a hopin'.



More of the same



A chandelle variation



Check Pilot



Stuffed Teddy Bears with big, big booties



Another check pilot

"My favorite instructor"



Waiting can be fun



Guess which way the wind is from—that's right. It's always out of the south

"COMES A PAUSE IN THE DAY'S OCCUPATION"—
AND A BIT OF HANGAR FLYING IS NOT AMISS.

Airplanes must fly — accidents will happen,
but those caused by foolish, careless, dis-
obedient, cocky or grandstand pilots can
and must be stopped.

Save the cockiness for combat.





"Buddies"



Now listen my children and you shall hear . . .
not of the ride of Paul Revere; but . . . listen



TOMORROW it be BT's



. . .to the end!"

A CHUTE, A CUSHION OR TWO, — — —
THEN A BIT TO FLY



REMEMBER THE DAY . . .

Oh, a long time ago, when each of us, with parachute in tow, first lumbered into that big BT? Such a lot of new gadgets confronted us: prop control, rudder trim, oil shutter, radio, to say nothing of a "new" altimeter setting system, and flaps for take-off. Remember the first time you saw the "BT Cockpit Procedure;" the struggle of 'how' to change prop pitch, et cetera? That 45° entry was never long enough to accommodate all its duties, and the day the tower was installed you had to stretch it another five miles in order to have time for the radio procedure. Ah, yes, procedure



. . . there was a day when one Trainee called in, "FF 81 from nine one on the . . . on the . . . oh, on that leg." And the safety pilot on a buddy ride—who thought she was on interphone—after landing said, "how's that for dropping it in?"

Instrument rides! We'd often hear, "keep the ball centered. A one-needle-width turn. I said . . . keep that one needle-width." And those stalls and spins under the hood. What a feeling! After an hour on instruments you'd come down talking to yourself and answering your own questions.

Remember those cross-country trips—especially those when the weather closed in and stranded our BT's at Brady, Cisco, Stamford, Brownwood and even out on the lone prairie of San Angelo? We became well acquainted with Texas and Texans, didn't we?

Then, there was the little item of night flying. It was quite a thrill, especially the cross-country, even if we couldn't keep count of the beacons. Night flying really topped off our Basic training . . . and some of us will remember it for one of the rat races about four a.m. one morning.

All in all, BT's held a lot of 'firsts' for us . . . our first radio, our first instrument flying, our first night flying . . . and we're all very grateful to the instructors who struggled through those seventy eventful hours with us.



"Five nine landing at 15:30"



FF Eight One



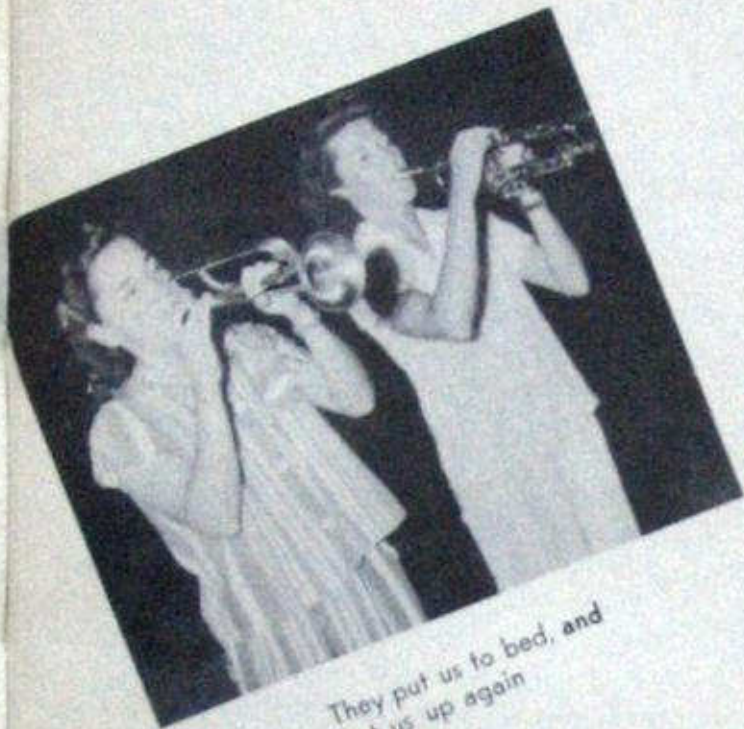
Lynne



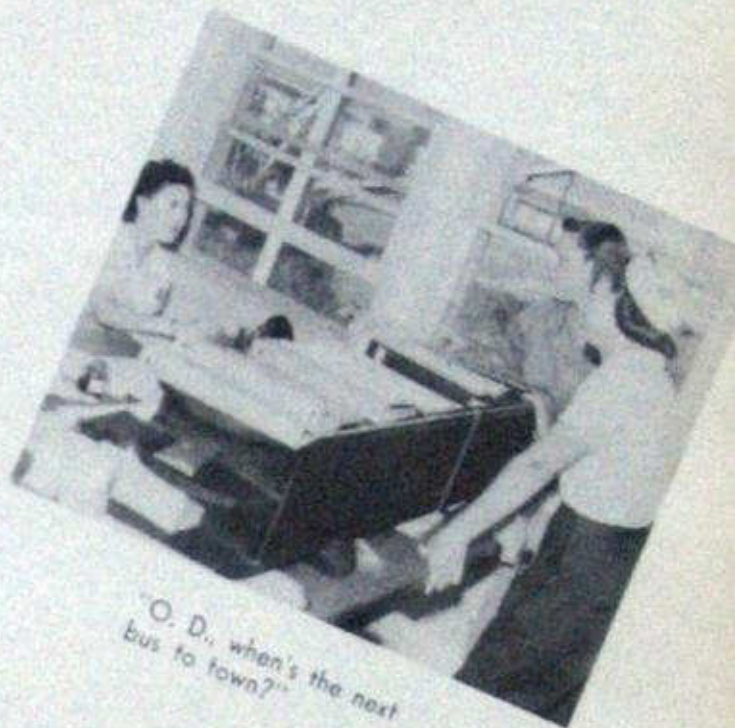
It takes practice but you can't log this time



She soloed!



They put us to bed, and
got us up again



"O. D., when's the next
bus to town?"



Every Friday Night



"Lazy Mary, will you get up?"



Not a paid adv.



Vanity, vanity . . .



"This goes on, it seems forever"



Our Mom . . .



. . . And her chow line



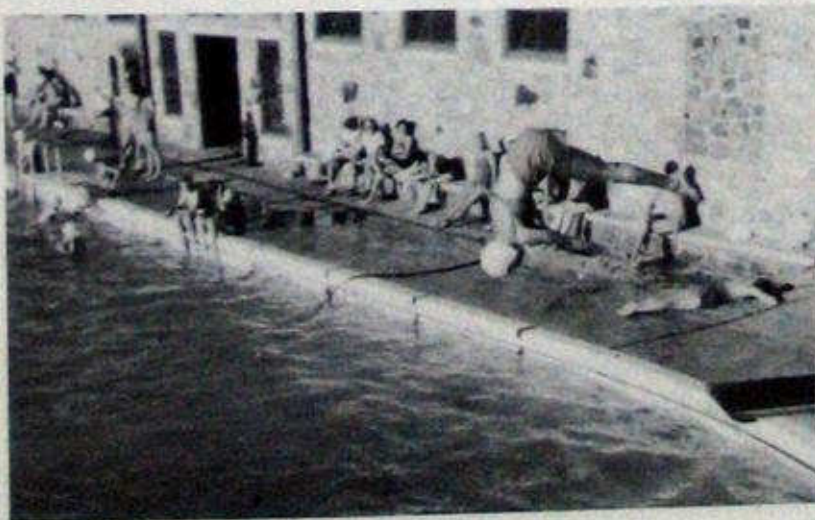
Bay Orderly



"I'm an old cowhand"—In one easy (?) lesson



(Maybe I can absorb A & E just by proximity)



Jack-knife



Anne's Bashful



Would you believe it!



Did you hear about ...



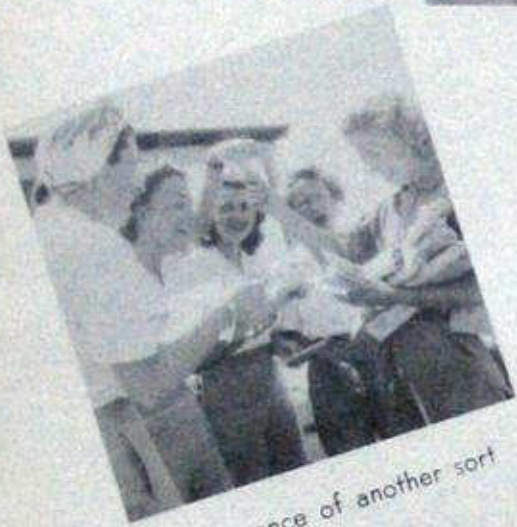
With camera and bared sole
Ready to hitch a buddy ride in a BT



Now for a cross-country to Harpersville



Refueling !!!



Sustenance of another sort



Midnight snack



They all do it



Sunset. Evening shadows. Coolness of night wind sweeping your face. From dusk to deep darkness. Friendly stars and glowing lights of cities. We fly tonight.



We've Finished BT's



PILOT, CO-PILOT
AND OBSERVER—
AT-17's CREW OF THREE

REMEMBER THE DAY . . .

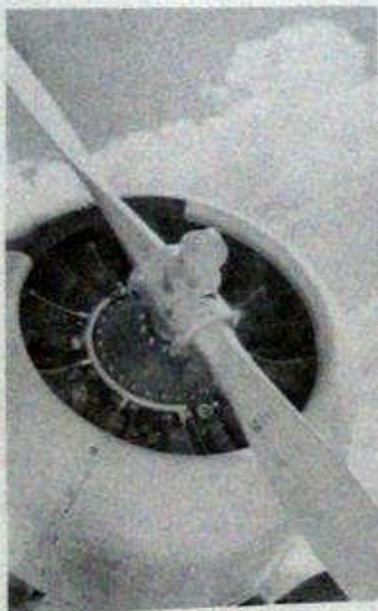
when we first tucked the wheels of the SIX up under our tummies . . .

That same day we grew—figuratively—six feet taller and we began talking about graduation as something that could happen to us.

And when that day was over, we couldn't wait til the next, and the next, and the next—when we could fly that big AT again. Secretly, we each felt that the SIX was made with us alone in mind.

Of course we had that beam to bracket—hard enough in the SIX but all but impossible in the SEVENTEEN—and that cone of silence to find somewhere in the mass of radio waves over Abilene and Big Spring. And then there was that Link, that had a mind of its own even though it was bolted down to the floor.

We began to relax and think about going home again, while we cross-contried with a co-pilot in that luxurious SEVENTEEN. And as we plotted those trips, we had in the back of our minds things like—shall I get train or plane or bus or pack-mule transportation home, what about all my baggage, shall I send a graduation announcement to Aunt Hattie, maybe we'll have check rides in both ships after all . . .



We talked and talked and talked about bases. We wanted to be able to choose ourselves which one we'd be sent to, and yet they all sounded good. And where did Jane and Mary and Betty want to go? We'd gotten to know them pretty well after six months.

And we began to see ourselves in action—girls who'd graduated before us stopped in at Avenger on their way to California, Arizona and Florida, flying everything from 65HP on up.

But we were a little sad too, rugged and tough as we'd become in our army life. This training was something we'd wished for ever since we first decided we'd be a pilot. And we'd been through lots of silent battles during that training. And we'd made friends we wouldn't forget. Somehow, those last days, we began to walk around and take a last look at all the old things.

And now we have our wings . . . What they mean, is that we remembered what our hard-working instructors pounded into our heads, that we lost the attitude that we were the only girl flyer at the airport, and that we were prepared to take on any flying mission that was asked of us . . . we are ready to help win the war.



Sweet Sue



High Flight



Little Words of Wisdom



Virgie Jo

Among my souvenirs





Allah Allah



Now let's begin with the stick in neutral position



Cockpit procedure on an AT-6 and an AT-17.
Let's hear you go through it, now.



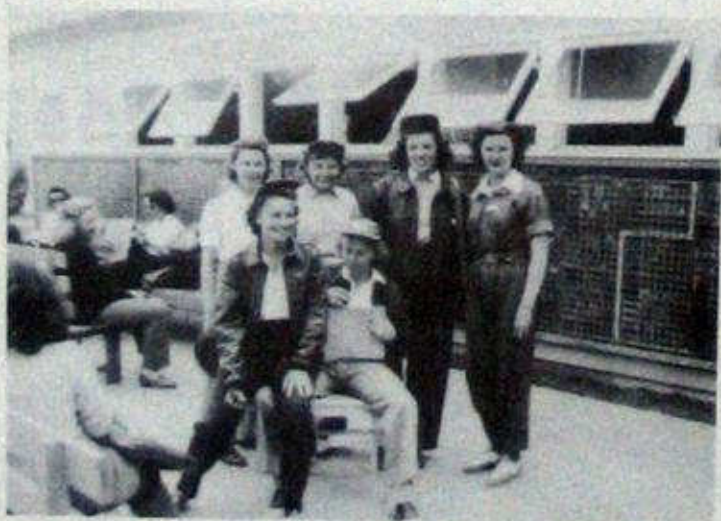
Use in an EMERGENCY.
Fire extinguisher . . .
and three helpers!



At high noon just try and keep the sun out of your eyes



Well, its a long trek to the AT line . . .
better wait for the driver



Houston !!!



Let's Go!



"Every hour on the hour"



Recipe: Take one AT, a half dozen pilots and bake in the sun until cross-country is done.

And so they were married .



Night flying on instruments, by Day.



Waiting for the weather



Beyond far horizons



Let's see, do I have an
army ride today!



They hang on his every word

Just follow the beam



LAST BACKWARD GLANCE



The wishing well



Eddie Duchin's Rival



Cover Girl



Seventeen



One more coke

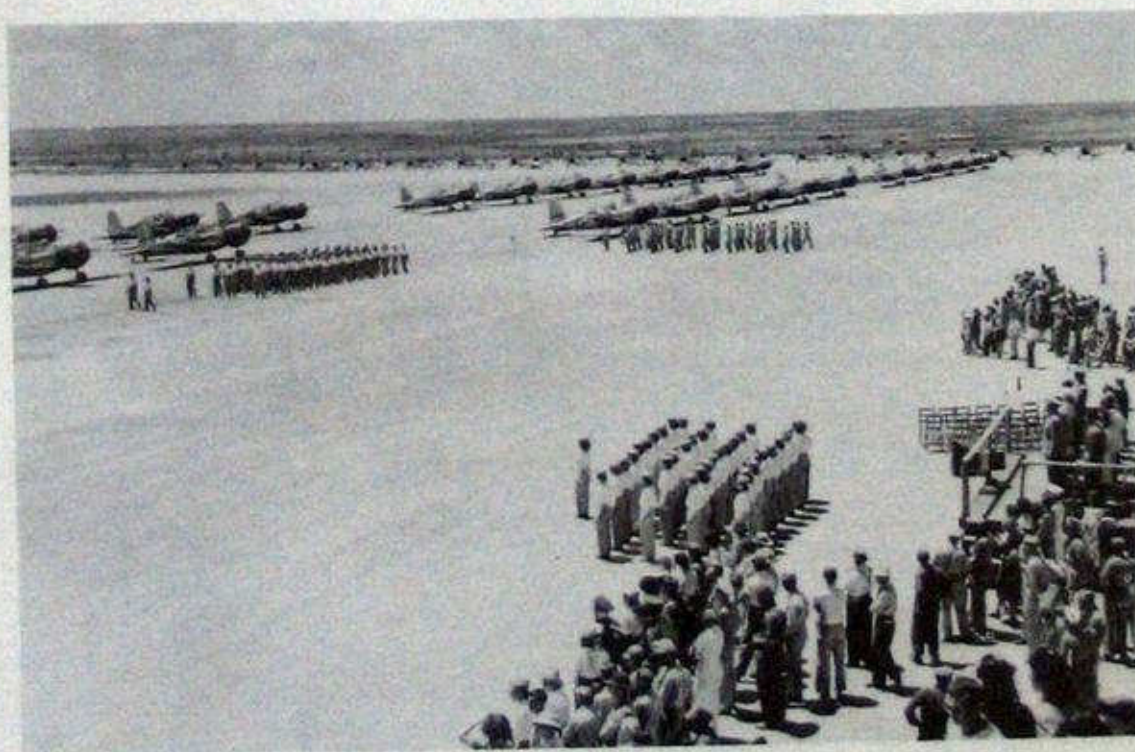


Now we have found our ways again
Up into blue imperial fields
To charge across saphiric plains
Through cloud swept vastnesses,
To race the sun across
This great free continent.
Once more we soar on wings of America
Into wind haunted silences
Through moonlight vaulted transepts
And prismic pillared aisles of air.
Ours to fly into the bright wilderness
Of the lands on the edge of the universe
From where the sun sends her red gold
At us and we feel it touch our faces.
Search for the door to our souls
Through our enchanted eyes.
And the wind . . . we belong to him
If hearts can be bound and caught
With aery chains and held
By the song of the mystic traveler,
We are creatures of Heaven
When we invade even its outposts
On our flights, and we and our wings,
Though its slaves, can laugh
To find so sweet a bondage in Life.
If Death should become one with us
In that land of space and the wind,
Our rough wild wind
Would wind round some of us
And his touch would engulf
And possess us and hurl us
Like juggernauts, down from the upper air.
Let love of flight and our laughter,
Like avenging thunder unfurled
Come tumbling down the heights we claim,
A challenge to those who come after
To cast their craft yet with us
Across the free skies that protect our land
In War and Peace, for country and with God.

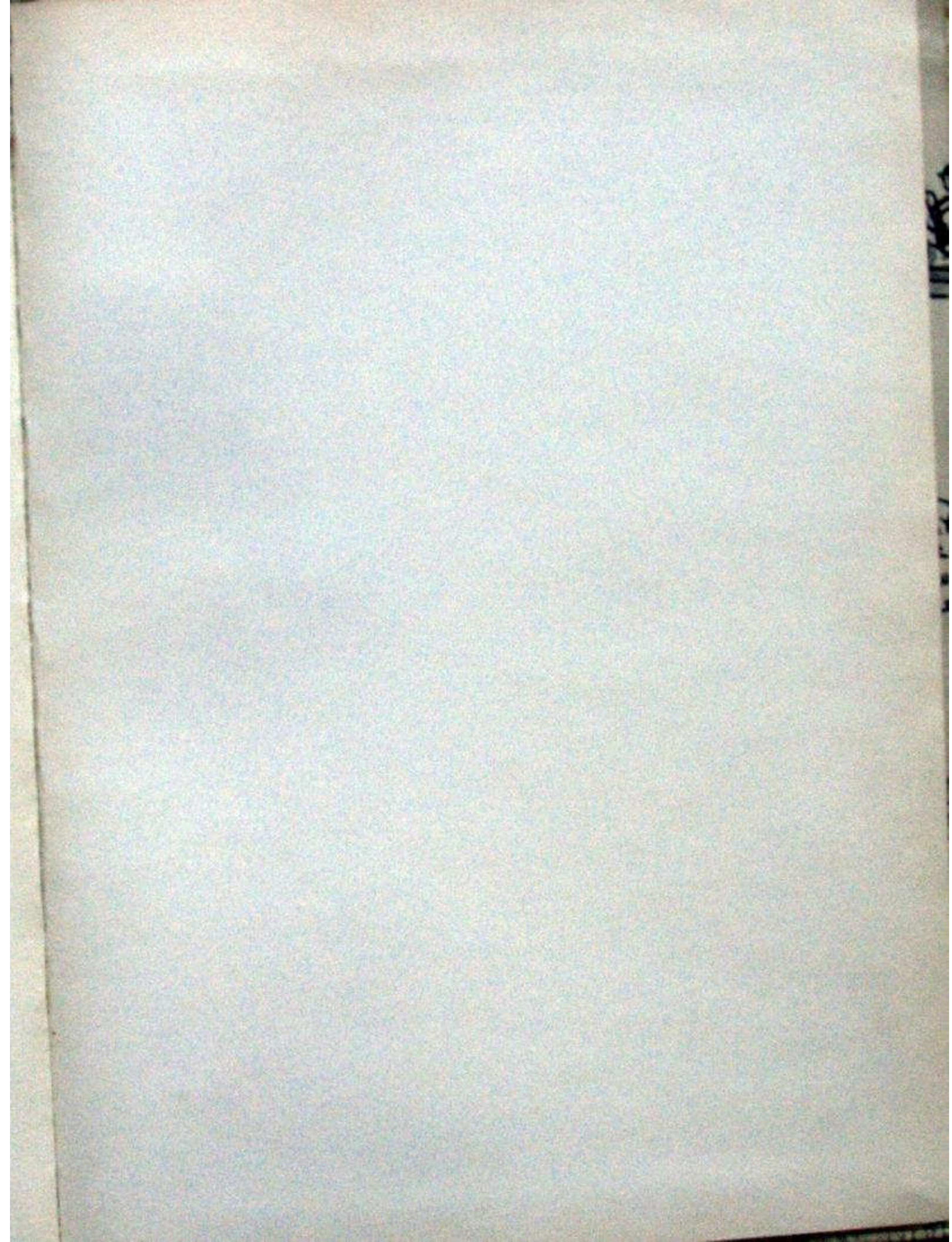
Mary Amanda Bowles



Color Guard



On Graduation Day





NOW, HONEY, IT'S NO DIFFERENT THAN FLYING DURING DAYTIME!

OH! REELLY, MAYOR, IT WASN'T SO HARD TO FIND!

EASE! TOO DARK TO SOLO!

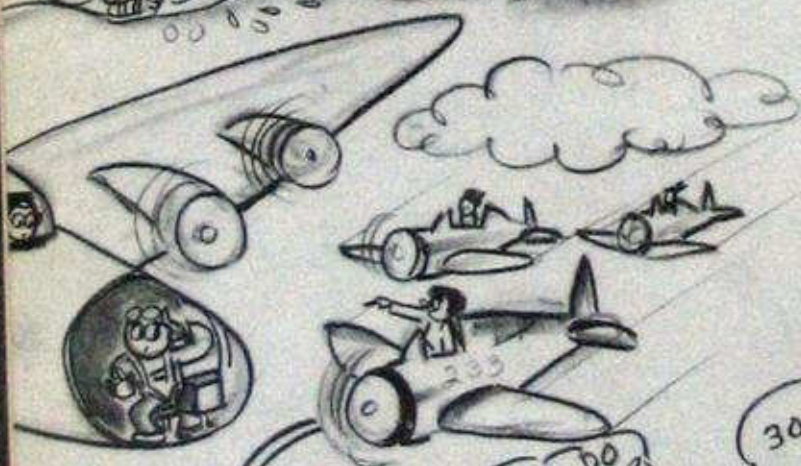
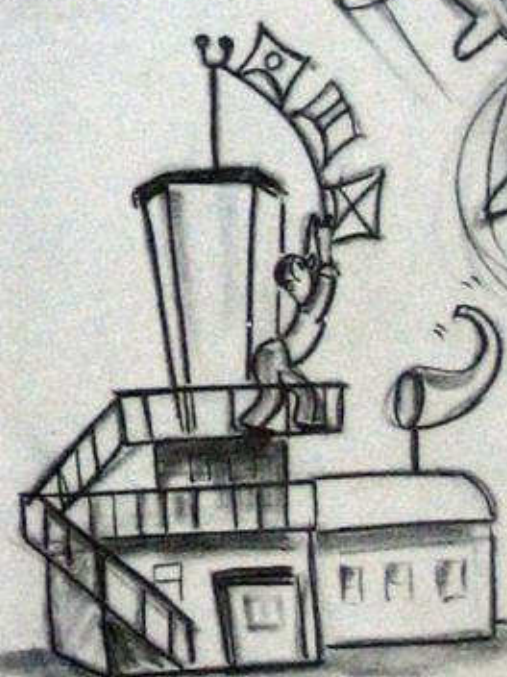


HARPERSVILLE

WILMINGTON? LONG BEACH? DALLAS?



HARPERSVILLE



WE'RE WAFFIES!! SO SCRAM!!

NEVER DO IT AGAIN, EH?

3000 TIMES TOO!

AVENGER FIELD



NOW WHERE IS IT??

WHERE'S THE RID CON?



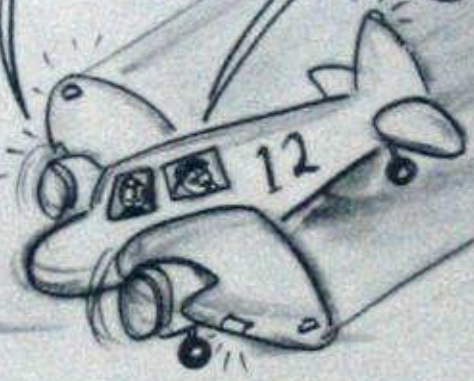
HURRY UP, CO-PILOT!



★ X-! D!
PUT THOSE
WHEELS UP!

BUT, THIS IS
SWEET WATER,
ISN'T IT??

DIT DAN!
DIT DAN DAN DIT
DAN DIT DAN DIT
DIT DAN!



LOOKS FISHY,
GUS, BETTER
SHOOT IT DOWN



HALLO, NAVY 0662, HA!
NAVY THIS NAVY 0042!
HA! HEE! HEE!

WHEEE!
HOW ARE YOU,
NAVY 0042?
HAW! HAW!



HEY! WHERE'S
YER PASS??

A. J. King

