

CUAS EUAS OUIAS



N o . 3 COURSE

N o . 5 B. F. T. S. CLEWISTON, FLORIDA

OCTOBER 2nd, 1941 . . . MARCH 13th, 1942

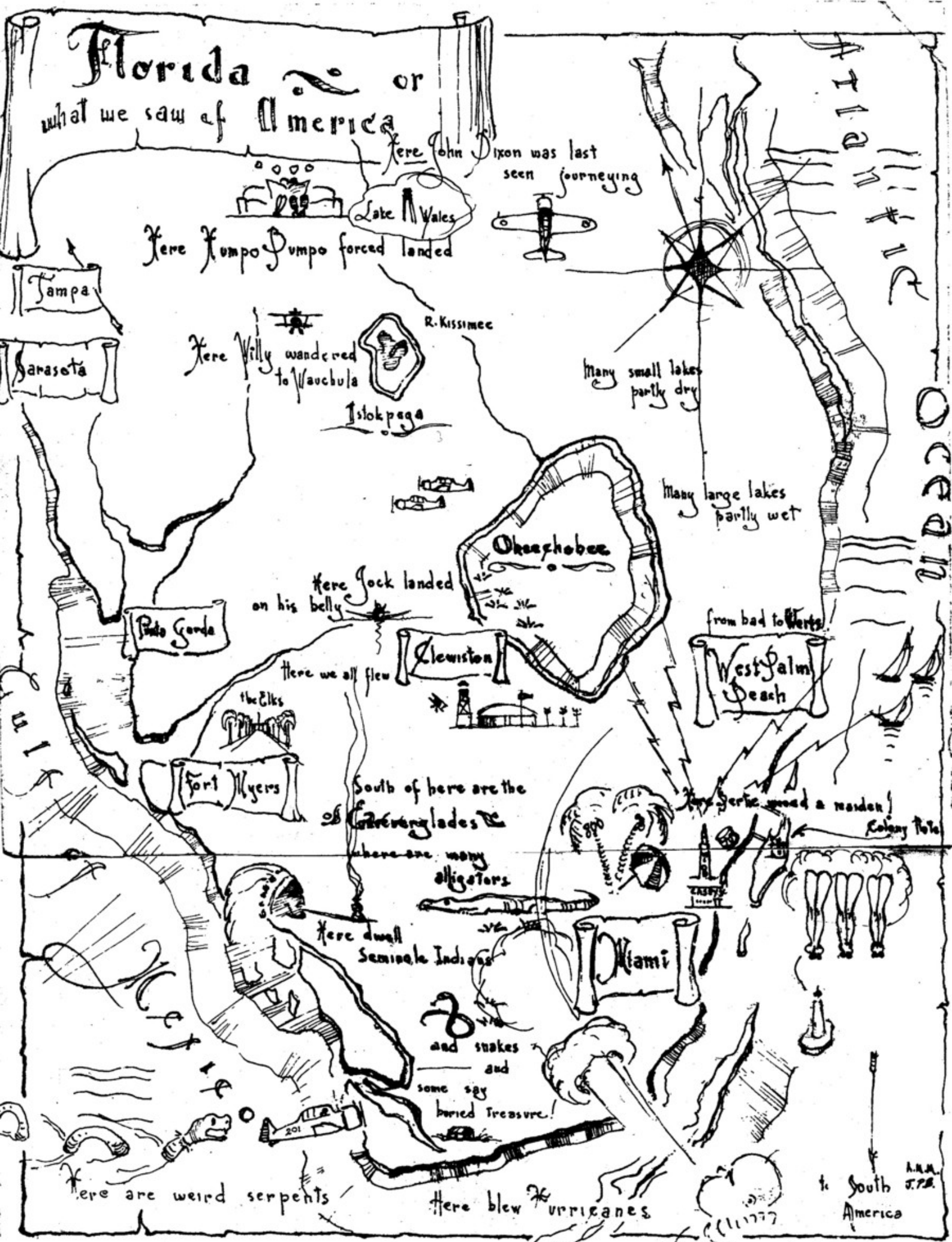
But as well as our week-ends off, the gradual and sometimes painful growing of our wings has had its lighter moments. A whole saga could be written of our fledgling days, including Tim's crazy Grand National across the flying field in a B.T. ending with the magnificent jump that just cleared the telegraph wires, and Boris who "really wasn't competent to tell when he was drifting," and the interesting experiment of Willy and Johnny Penman proving conclusively the indestructibility of P.Ts. And so we could go on, but for further escapades see our map of Florida. Coming as we did straight from our carefree undergraduate days, where we combined the full life with the study of all manner of unwarlike things, "from cabbages to kings," we entered into flying with little knowledge, but immense enthusiasm. In fact, the scrum of milling men 'round the dispatcher, poor man, all clamouring for "solo ships," reminded us at times of 9:55 in the evening at the "Leo," the "Randolph" or the "Tuns!" Of course, there have been times when the daily round has seemed tedious, and people are even known to have felt sleepy in ground school, but it's been fun, all of it, from the mingled surprise and triumph we felt when we got back to earth in one piece after our first solo, to the exalted dignity of flying A.T.6's in formation. To those few who started out with us, but fell by the wayside, we send our best wishes wherever they may be and especially to Ian Samuels (alias "Clancy"), who by now should be flying elsewhere.

We shall take back with us many things. A new vocabulary, for one. Some of us can even say "I betcha" with that irresistible Southern drawl. We are old hands at the grand old sport of "jukin'" and one or two, it's rumored, have learned to jitterbug. Then there are new tastes—fried chicken, sweet potatoes, "cokes," cuba-libras and (did someone say), Zombies. And memories, lots of them. Swimming and sunbathing on the shores of the Atlantic (a warm and peaceful sea down here!), riotous Saturday nights, Florida sunsets, the moon over Miami and, ah, those Southern girls. At least the movies weren't wrong about them. So to them, and to our long suffering instructors, and to the scores of other friends we have made, we say, until we meet again, "good-bye to y'all."



Compiled by J. P. Bassett, E. H. J. Dixon, A. M. Michie, P. C. Price, P. F. Smith, J. V. Stuart-Duncan, D. F. Wilson.

Florida or what we saw of America



Here John Dixon was last seen journeying

Here Kumpo Jumbo forced landed

Tampa

Sarasota

Here Willy wandered to Vauchula

R. Kissimee

Istok paga

Many small lakes partly dry

Many large lakes partly wet

Pinto Gonda

Here Jock landed on his belly

Clewiston

West Palm Beach

Here we all flew

the Elks

Fort Myers

South of here are the Everglades where are many alligators

Here Jerry found a maiden Colony Note

Here dwell Seminole Indians

Miami

and snakes and some say buried treasure!

Here are weird serpents

Here blew hurricanes

to South America

