

11-12-1942

## Embry-Riddle Fly Paper 1942-11-12

Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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# EMBRY-RIDDLE

## Fly Paper

"STICK TO IT"

VOL. V

NOVEMBER 12, 1942

No. 4

### DORR DOINGS

by Jack Whitnall

#### "Short Snorters Log"

We were flying as usual until about 11 a.m. last Friday morning. Then orders to head north out of the hurricane sector, Gawga bound. Everything just like clock work; sure got to hand it to Mr. Mougey and his assistants, and to Mr. Cullers and his Maintenance crew. In no time at all there was nothing in the hangars except one ship that had lost the initiative to fly. Bet those hangars sure looked big and bare.

#### Tourists Return

The "Tourists" started arriving back home around 3:45 Saturday—the last ship coming in about 6 p.m. Many and varied were the tales. Roy Moates saying he had plenty to eat for once in his life (he's a big man, too). Johnny Fredendall, "Now, I'm going to sleep for 24 hours."

Ruthie Campbell looking for No. 227, we wonder who flies 227—yeah, we just wonder. Mike Bove rubbing the top of his permanent wave and saying, "The ceiling was so low going up I've got a headache from bumping my head against it."

Yep, all those fellows had dirty faces and wrinkled shirts but we were mighty glad to see 'em. Awful lonesome around here without our pilots!

#### Meet Oswald

Whenever yours truly stays at the Field he generally tries to snooze a bit after his relief comes on, about 2 a.m. But that is the cue for Oswald to start his "Anvil Chorus." In case you don't know Oswald, he's a very persistent cricket. The minute we get in bed and turn the lights out, he sings—we turn the lights on and hunt him with murderous intent AND HE HUSHES.

We play this game until we give up and put the pillow over our head and THINK of Oswald and Oswald and Oswald. What does he do? Probably smirks and looks forward to the next occasion and the softie who can't take it; maybe one of these nights we'll meet face to face—and then?

#### The Army Side

Captain Nachtigall may be leaving soon. Good luck to you, Captain, wherever you go. By the way, what's to become of "Patty"?

The Officers have beaten the Enlisted Men in volley ball, soft ball, basketball,

and just about everything in the book. Via the Grapevine we hear that Dorr Officers will challenge the Enlisted Men to a game of "Mumbledee-Peg" in the near future.

We've filed an application for the peanuts and soft drinks concession at the "Sand Bawl" game—it should be a whirlwind of action. Sgt. Brunner is getting in shape by riding his bicycle 25 miles a day. O.K., men, come out of your corners—no fair biting—fight fair—and anything goes—may the best team win.

#### Dawgs

Oh, yes, we have *another* "Dawg"—this one is a little larger than the one that took up with the two "Link" Corporals, Lofgreen and Martin. We are thinking of suing them for alienation of affections. This time we have a biting dog (Cpts. please note) not just fleas—anyway ask Guard Eb Smith; he had to wear his raincoat home one morning last week and it wasn't raining either!

#### Tid-Bits

Did you-all see Lightie arriving here this morning—accompanied by Bars—Guess I'm slipping—no one looks at me *that* way.

Dotty and Mary Edna all in a dither—after the wedding—all in the family now. We received information that Dotty left her piece of the wedding cake in somebody's pocket so did not get to sleep on it. Wonder if he did?

Mr. Hocker is now on his vacation—we miss him; who's going to keep the Red Hoss limbered up in his absence? Note the "portrait" of the equestrian and his steed on page 3.

Have you seen Lt. D.'s portrait? The girls all say it is cute and clever—as mentioned above, I must be slipping!

Mr. Cullers has another young lady in his Department—Miss Annie Pearl Krell. A brown-eyed lass, small, rather quiet looking, but, fellows, she looks mighty nice.

Lt. David H. Phillip, Dorr Field, was promoted to the rank of Captain on November 1.

One of Captain Phillip's last official acts as lieutenant clearly demonstrated his mental agility. A Hallowe'en dance was being held for the Cadets in the patio out-

side of the Mess Hall. The beauties from Arcadia were in masquerade costumes, especially one belle garbed in a grass skirt and a prayer, with more of the latter than the former.

Captain Phillip took his Beaufort Scale reading and a couple of glances at the wind's results on the above mentioned costume. Before the other officers had had a chance (hiss) to view the scenic effects, Captain Phillip had ordered the dance indoors.

2nd Lt. Henry M. Quirk and 2nd Lt. Paul C. Painter, who graduated from this Field in Class 42-I, dropped in to look the place over last week. After here, they were together at Shaw and Turner Fields, and are now in transitional training at Sebring. They were accompanied by 2nd Lt. Ralph R. Miller.

Well, we got work to do—so long for this time; be with you next week.

Tol'bly yours,  
JACK

### NEWS FLASHES

Robert A. Hillstead is now Comptroller of the Embry-Riddle Company and its affiliate organizations. He will report directly to the Vice-President in charge of Finances, George Wheeler, Jr.

Edward L. China has been assigned to the office of Mr. Wheeler, as Expeditor. He will be available to all general managers and key personnel for the purpose of expediting materiel supplies.

Arthur E. Carpenter has been appointed as Purchasing Agent for the Embry-Riddle Company and its associate organizations.

Clarence R. Ayers is now Director of Budgets and Accounts. He is responsible for the Auditing, Accounting, Budget, and Statistical Departments and will report directly to Mr. Wheeler.

Ruth Norton has been made General Manager of the Seaplane Division of the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation and Lawrence de Marco Assistant Manager and Chief Flight Instructor at that Base.

Truman Gile heads the recently created Research Department and is chiefly concerned with the study of Visual Education and the setting up of synthetic training devices and mock-ups.

# EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER

"STICK TO IT"

Published Weekly by  
EMBRY-RIDDLE



RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE  
Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Florida

RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE  
Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida

EMBRY-RIDDLE SCHOOL of AVIATION  
Miami, Florida

RIDDLE-McKAY AERO  
INSTITUTE OF TENNESSEE  
Embry-Riddle Field, Union City, Tenn.

RIDDLE-McKAY AERO COLLEGE  
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## COME SATURDAY!

Fun and frolic at the Deauville is at an end. The Army has moved right in and moved us right out. But, temporarily, we've found a place to take our sour grapes. Come Saturday, there'll be Embry-Riddle dancing and dining at the San Juan, 2436 S. W. 8th St.

# Letters to the Editor

University of Miami  
November 7, 1942.

Dear Editor:

I noticed in your October 29, 1942 copy of the Fly Paper that you published a list of new books at your Technical School. I was so impressed with this list that I made a visit to your library to examine several of these books.

I met your librarian, Mrs. Burton, who very courteously took the time to get together the books in which I was interested. I also had the pleasure of looking over several other technical books and magazines on the shelves of your library.

I have felt for a long time that one of the most valuable assets to the Miami area would be a technical library. Therefore, I wish to congratulate Mrs. Burton and the Embry-Riddle Company for making such a good start along this line.

Yours very truly,

J. H. Clouse,

Director of Engineering Studies.

602 Woodington Road  
Baltimore, Md.  
October 24, 1942

Dear Sirs:

I am enclosing a clipping of Lieut. Frances Angier (my son). I thought perhaps you would be interested as he was a member of your first class at Carlstrom Field.

Yours truly,

(Mrs.) M. G. ANGIER

P.S. He is in fine shape now and is still enjoying a little leisurely vacation in Australia.

## From the BALTIMORE NEWS-POST

Excerpts from an article in the Baltimore News-Post, by Pat Robinson, International News Service Correspondent, SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA:

Frank Angier, a rosy cheeked, mild mannered, quiet Baltimorean, has had plenty of wild fighting experience in recent weeks with the American Flying Forces in Australia.

Angier is too modest to talk about himself, though, so I'll let his pal, Frank Royal, University of Colorado boy from Denver, tell the story. Royal declared:

"One day 13 of us went up to intercept 15 Zeros. They came jumping at us from 21,000 feet.

### Wild Dog Fight

"Then ensued the wildest dogfights, with planes mingling, diving, climbing and interweaving. The air seemed full of tracer bullets, and it was hard to distinguish friend from foe.

"One minute you're battling a Zero at 20,000 feet and 10 minutes later you're away over the jungles and may be 15,000 feet lower. One minute you're tangling with one Zero and the next you're mixing it up with another.

"Finally I saw Angier's plane hit and he was bailing out at 2,500 feet. A Jap circled Angier's parachute, strafing him.

"I got on the Jap's tail, trying to shoot without hitting Angier. Around and around we went.

### Climbed Rope

"Every time the Jap would shoot Angier climbed his parachute rope like a monkey, and then he'd drop back feigning death.

"Finally I got a burst into the Jap and he tore off with his plane smoking, and I had to run because five more Japs jumped me.

"It took Angier many days to return through the jungle.

"On his next mission Angier's motor failed over Buna in Papua, New Guinea, and again he bailed out—the day before the Japs landed there.

"Naturally, he lost no time disappearing through the jungle.

"Strangely he wasn't hurt either time."

### Decorated

Shortly after the above article was published, it was made known that Frank Angier was decorated with the Purple Heart along with ten other American fliers, after they had shot down 18 Jap planes and damaged three others in the Southwest Pacific.

Ellaville, Fla.

Nov. 7th, 1942

Dear Editor, or perhaps it is the circulation manager I should address:

Fly Paper has been coming to this office for some time now. I really enjoy it, but I have been wondering if you couldn't send it where it would do more good. This is a very small community. All our boys have already been drafted.

The postmaster, a woman nearing sixty, has just taken up bicycling and is not likely to get to flying for many years to come.

There is no one in the neighborhood the least interested in the paper, so I suggest you take us off your mailing list and place your interesting little paper where it will be more appreciated.

Very truly yours,

Postmaster

The following is a letter written to Mr. Petroski, Electrical Instructor, from Pvt. Salvatore Bardonaro, who graduated with Class 5-42-D on August 29, 1942, and is now stationed at Duncan Field, San Antonio, Texas:

"Well, how's old Embry-Riddle School? Boy, I wish I were back there. This Texas doesn't agree with me. I guess I told you already that I am working in the field shops as an Electrical Specialist.

"Well, so far, I've worked on starters, generators, motors, spark plugs, harness

wiring, solenoid repair, and now I am working as maintenance repairman for our squadron repairing shop equipment, etc."

This is a letter written to Prospective Graduates by Pvt. Charles E. Grout, formerly of Class 3-43-D, who was graduated October 10, 1942, and is now stationed in New Orleans, La.:

"Having graduated only two weeks ago from Embry-Riddle in the Electrical Course, I can say a few words of cheer and advice to you:

"The course is cramped for time, but it is extremely instrumental in getting into the better divisions of the service.

"Electricians are in demand and it is a pleasure to be able to say, 'I am an Electrical Specialist' when asked your trade.

"Upon leaving the School, we spent about ten days, a long time for electricians, at a base. We had occasional guard duty and KP a couple days.

"All was a bit discouraging but then came the transfer to a squadron which is awaiting each and every one of you. This is Heaven and I mean it.

"The work is interesting and very important. The food is perfect—due to no KP—and the evening enjoyable—due to no guard duty.

"We work from eight to four with breaks every other hour. Really, fellows, get all you can and you will never regret the time spent.

"Regards to all instructors, officers, and men who helped us."

This is an excerpt from a letter written by Sgt. Bradford Wood, who was graduated July 25, 1942, with Class 4-42-A. Sgt. Wood is now stationed in Macon, Ga.:

"I am now foreman of the Engine Overhaul Department of the 33th A.D.G., and we have put two airplanes back into the air."

The following is an excerpt from a letter received by Mr. Barr from Ensign Robert C. Townsend, USNR. Ensign Townsend, formerly a Military Welding Instructor, is stationed at Dartmouth College:

"I have plenty of studying and night work to do—only 20 minutes liberty during the week. The Captain gave us a talk Saturday and he said the men who are in the school and do not have a college education are very, very fortunate to have a commission.

"So I felt kind of honored because, after asking around, I found I am the only high school man in 250 men.

"Tell all the welding gang hello. If I live and make the grade, I will be an Ensign at the end of this eight weeks."

IN MEMORY OF  
**Cadet Eugene A. McGee, Jr.**  
 Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida  
 Monday, November 2, 1942  
 In the Service of His Country

## The Tech Fourth Floor

by Anonymous

*The fourth floor was a sight to see  
 It's filled with men like you and me  
 It's not so quiet—there's lots of noise  
 That's all made by Sheet Metal boys.*

*There's Instruments and Drafting here  
 And Radio which we all fear  
 And then a room to which we caper  
 To get our names put in the paper.*

*So now you have the facts concise  
 We always thought the set-up nice  
 A place to work, a place to play  
 We earned our living day by day.*

*Now these fine days have come and past  
 The whole thing was too good to last  
 And now you wouldn't know our floor  
 The Army boys have taken o'er.*

*There's noise and noise and noise and noise  
 It's all made by the soldier boys*

*I'll bet you think you're sorta wise  
 But here's where you get your surprise.*

*It's not the work, it's not the play  
 That makes the noise both night and day  
 It's not the hammer on the steel  
 It's not the radios which squeal.*

*It's hard to say, but must be said  
 This din is caused by Newsome's "Red"  
 Now "Red," my friends, is just a lass  
 Who, mildly put, has lots of class.*

*Now when she walks, she walks, this "Red"  
 And where she walks all work stops dead  
 Each soldier drops his tools and books  
 With mouth agape just sits and looks.*

*And with the passing of the day  
 Our work is done, so soldiers pray  
 While we still live—before we're dead  
 Send our fourth floor more girls like  
 "Red".*

### HOCKER AND HIS 'HOSS'



Dorr Field's Assistant Manager, Douglas Hocker, expedites his many duties by mounting the above trusty steed—Jack Whitnall, Dorr's Correspondent, says, "It does sort of resemble President Roosevelt, but if you knew Mr. Hocker!"

# TECH TALK

by Vadah Thomas

I dunno yet how that by-line got up there, but there 'tis, and here I is, and from here on out, it's just a matter of which key jumps farthest and fastest.

There's been dirty work in my own back yard. There've been two questionable characters in my very own wood pile for the past two weeks, and I'm just coming out of the soup.

What I need is a darned good navigator and a couple of 20/20's in the back of my head.

What I always say is, "If you want something done, do it yourself." But who'd a thought this pet bit of triteness would ever boomerang and land right in my unsuspecting lap?

I never gave it a thought; but the invincible team of Dorothy Burton and "Boss" Fletcher, above mentioned scourges of the woodpile, crossed me up with a two-woman barrage that just couldn't be beat.

From now on, I'm keepin' my tongue between my teeth and my lap away from the library.

## Insult to Injury

"Do Tech Talk" was surprising, but a second product of the library takes the proverbial cake. After twenty years of training to the contrary, I've just been slapped in the face with the information that my mother is no longer "Mother."



Scourge No. 1

She's now Mrs. Margaret Walker, Supervisor of the Reading Room. And if I dare get familiar with my parentage in the presence of our illustrious librarian, she tells me that Madame Tamara will burn me in effigy at high tide.

Golly, I'm confoosed—If the FLY PAPER is all mixed up this week, it's my fault, not Wain's—at least not hers directly.

Now that the personal peeves have simmered down, we're curious about what's going on in everyone else's corner. The column, young and confident as it is, insists that we start at the top; so, seventh floor, please—executive offices.

## Fowl Play

Have you ever heard of our little feath-

ered friends breaking up the spokes in the wheels of progress? Well, that's the story that comes from George Wheeler's office.

When the air conditioning system went on a jamboree recently, the root of the trouble was found embedded in a bird's nest. Mama Bird, Babies Bird, and Air Conditioning are now doing nicely.

Continuing in the "back to nature" vein, we note a memo from the tenth floor signed "Mother Monkey-Faced Owl." The jist of her literary effort is somewhat disconcerting.

She's sick and tired of having her babies subjected to the ogling of Tech School con-tortionists. Evidently she doesn't appreciate the skill involved when a mere human attempts to discern the contents of a very dark hole—especially when said hole involves an angle unknown to mathematics.

## "Fish" Story

The Truman Gile family, except Junior who stayed home to write Tech Talk, went deep-sea fishing a couple of weeks ago. Mrs. Gile snared a 7½ foot sailfish and felt quite proud of herself until hubby put her to shame with a spectacular catch—a 22 inch Queen Trigger fish.

Just the omnipotence of the conquering male coming to the fore again! To get back to the fish, it's purple, lavender, gold, and violet, and will grace a wall in the Gile home. The sailfish? It was sent back from whence it came with orders to "grow up."

The Caterpillar Club welcomed Donald Stetson into the fold via a startling route, startling to the Club, but more so to Donald. Don and several of the boys were draped unartistically over a P-39 when a mechanical phenomenon occurred causing the plane, without the slightest provocation, to do something resembling the first stages of a take-off. Donald's face was red, and it wasn't because he landed minus the seat of his pants.

We hear that Willard Burton has acquired a lovely new secretary, Virginia Stewart, and that he has taken her over to the Arcade building where a new school for Instructor Trainees will be opened soon.

## Welcome, Jean

The column just nudged me and said to be sure to welcome to the organization Jean Santini, who is replacing "Texas" Newbold in Mr. Ordway's office.

Next week we expect our "Flea" bits to emanate from a brand new office on the sixth floor, and, as usual, there'll be open house every day—except Wednesdays. Another house-warming will be in order on the sixth, too. Mr. Habig and Betty Harrington will be our next door neighbors.

Betty was rather puzzled the other evening when her entrance into a city bus was heralded long and lustily. 'Twas just John Keelin, though, realizing his boyhood dreams in a smart new sailor suit.

There's a rumor running around to the

effect that Robert Messer, Sheet Metal, is an accomplished writer. How's about passing the buck from me to you, Bob?

## Post Script

Guess the column and I will have to come out of the huddle and admit that we had fun calling the plays this week. Everybody knows darned well that there's not a would-be journalist in the world who doesn't like columning and by-lining—mostly by-lining.



Scourge No. 2

## Epilogue

"Boss" Fletcher and her Tech Talk slave are having to watch their respective steps today, 'cause Jack Hopkins has his specs on his nose and his trigger finger on the typewriter. He's writing up "A Day in the FLY PAPER Office" in diary form. And since we've heard about diaries, we're opening the door to opportunity and getting our comeback in "muy pronto".

The scoop of the year, we hope, is that "Hoppy" is, in reality, none other than CHARLES JACKSON HOPKINS!

WE'RE IN IT—LET'S WIN IT!

## DART-BOWL CHAMPIONSHIP CLAIMED BY EBETTS

The athletic department, in an effort to stimulate recreation and games among the employees, brought in a sample of a new game, called Dart-Bowl. It is played with two darts and a dart board, set-up like the business end of a bowling alley, and is scored like bowling.

When the sample game was taken up to the athletic office, it attracted the attention of Charlie Ebetts, staff photographer, who modestly claimed that darts was his game. After three or four days of taking on all-comers, profitably and successfully, Mr. Ebetts is still living up to his claims.

The fact that he has now bought two more of the games for use in his home, makes it apparent further that he does not intend to lose the championship, through lack of practice.

Within the next week, there will be a few of these games at the disposal of the employees around the Tech School. The athletic department will be only too glad to book any matches for the champion Ebetts.

## SOUTH AMERICAN STAR VISITS TECH SCHOOL

The students at the Tech School were treated to a doubles exhibition match on Saturday, November 7, on the Tech School courts. The occasion was the shooting of some pictures for publicity on the Army tennis matches at the Beach.

George Rogers, Pancho Segura, and the Budge brothers, Don and Lloyd, were out posing for Charlie Ebetts, the company photographer. The gathering attracted quite a crowd of students. The South American boys were particularly delighted to talk to Segura, and he was persuaded to play with very little difficulty.

The match was won by the Budge's, 6-1, 6-3. The high spot of the match came after Lloyd Budge hit an easy ball, passing Rogers on his left hand side; Segura, who was apparently way out of the play, suddenly made one of his famous runs and went from the far right hand corner of the court, to retrieve Roger's ball, only to hit his illustrious partner with the return. The colorful Segura's gesticulations at this point brought down the house, and almost his partner.

After the match, the South American students took over, and entertained Segura at lunch in the School cafeteria.

## INTERNATIONAL STARS TO PLAY EMBRY-RIDDLE

On Sunday, November 15, there will be exhibition tennis matches for the Army boys, at Flamingo Park on Miami Beach. Two members of the International Club, George Lyttleton Rogers, champion of Ireland, and Pancho Segura, the colorful Ecuadorian star, are pairing up to play a team match against Don Budge and Lloyd Budge, Embry-Riddle athletic directors.

In the opening match, Rogers will take the court against Lloyd Budge, and this will be followed by a match between Segura and Don Budge. The night-cap will be a doubles match, with the Internationalists playing the brothers Budge.

Segura is one of the most colorful figures that the game of tennis has had the privilege of seeing in the last decade. He uses a two-fisted forehand which he hits with bullet-like speed. He varies this by approaching the ball as though he were going to hit it with all of his might, and then at the last minute eases up and drops a very tantalizing short ball, just over the net. He will run down every ball that is hit in his court, and seems almost indefatigable in his efforts to get them back.

Pancho is a good will ambassador for the government of Ecuador, and is attending the University of Miami. His best season was that of 1942. He attained the semi-finals of the National Singles championship at Forrest Hills, only to be eliminated by Frankie Parker. His best tournament win was the Longwood Bowl championship, where he defeated Lt. Gardner Mulloy, another Miamian.

The match between Pancho and Don Budge will be of particular interest because

it will afford tennis enthusiasts an opportunity to compare one of the best of the present crop of amateurs, to the best professional player in the world.

Although these matches are primarily for the entertainment of the Army boys, they are open to the general public, free of charge, and starting at 3 o'clock. Members of the Embry-Riddle organization are cordially invited to attend.

### Athletic Holiday

The cadets at Riddle, Carlstrom, and Dorr Fields were given a chance to see George Lyttleton Rogers, the champion of Ireland, in a series of tennis exhibitions with Don Budge, World professional champion.

Rogers, who stands 6 ft. 7 in., is one of the most colorful figures in the tennis world. His feat of winning 26 individual matches for Ireland is probably a World's record, and he boasts wins over Tilden, Perry, Von Cramm, and Cochet.

### Riddle

The matches opened on Wednesday afternoon at Riddle Field. Budge defeated Rogers 6-3, 6-4, in a fairly close match. Rogers, who has been doing promotional work for the Pepsi-Cola Company, had trouble hitting his stride and made quite a few errors off the ground.

He improved somewhat in his doubles

play and teamed with Lloyd Budge to defeat Don Budge and Cadet Rolland Temple by a score of 6-4.

### Carlstrom

Carlstrom Field on Thursday morning was the scene of the best of the matches. The boys had intended to play two sets, but after battling for over an hour, they decided to stop after the first set ended at 12-10 in favor of Budge.

Rogers was at his very best and thrilled the gallery with his seemingly impossible gets and with his booming serves. Five times he was within a single point of capturing the set, but was thwarted by Budge's hard hit placements each time.

The colorful Irishman kept working the ball around, and the rallies were long and exciting. After the singles, Don Budge and Lt. Wilson McCormick paired up to defeat Rogers and Lloyd Budge 7-5.

### Dorr

Activities shifted over to Dorr Field in the afternoon. Rogers first paired up with Lt. Philip but was unsuccessful against the team of Lt. Bill Frank and Lloyd Budge, dropping the set 6-2.

Frank's back-hand returns of service were consistently good and he was very reliable in his volleying. Rogers then took

*Continued on Page 7*



George Lyttleton Rogers looks a little quizzical over Pancho Segura's demonstration of his two-fisted forehand, while Don Budge looks on.

# CARLSTROM FLIGHT LINE

by Tom Watson, Jr.

## Special To The Fly Paper

Somewhat in Georgia (Unmentionable Press) November 6. One hundred and CENSORED wild-eyed Carlstrom instructors (followed at a three-hour interval by "Spike" Camden) bounced, spluttered, pancaked, overshot, and otherwise arrived at CENSORED Field today, fleeing the horrors of a certified, and as yet unreported tropical hurricane.

Excitement and uncertainty, especially the latter, ran rampant at this Air Base city as wave after wave of multicolored PT's roared over in ragged and unidentifiable formation.

Air Raid Watchers over a wide, and now sparsely settled, area were kept busy during the late afternoon hours as they attempted to report each ship passing their stations.

## Jig Saw

Exact circumstances of the impromptu flight remain, at the time of this writing,

finding Ocala. Praise Allah for corn fields!"

Johnny Clonts: "Lemme see now . . . we left Ocala with a hundred and CENSORED . . . oh yes . . . Camden will be along in an hour or so—I hope . . ."

"Tennessee" Christopher: "All I've got to say is, they're certainly building those power lines to an awful altitude these days."

Gordon Carrier: "Hmmm . . . I think somebody moved one of my check points."

Ralph Cuthbertson: "What d'ye know—I pulled up to enter traffic at Ocala, and the ceiling was only four hundred feet!"

Art Villar: "I kept wondering if the Suwannee river was as wide as a Stearman."

Vic Urbach: "It was."

Major Ola: "We figure Carlstrom ships alone flew a total of more than eighty thousand miles with not even minor damage. Another record for the home town team."



Thanks to Roy Fahringer

a closely guarded Civilian Secret. But by piecing together the few threads of fact that have slipped past the veil of strict censorship, we are able to glean a modicum of newsworthy items. We herewith present them verbatim, as reported to us by various high-ranking sources.

Bob Banks: "Well, not saying the trip was strenuous or anything like that, but I'll bet I worked off five hundred pounds of beef between Ocala and CENSORED."

Jack Strayer: "There's only one thing I want cleared up. Just because I trade ships with some guy and he ground loops, does that mean I've got to get blamed for it all over the field? I'm asking you?"

Herb Woolf: "Gosh, I'm having a terrible time. Honest, I started with all my flight. I can't figure out why there are only three of us left."

Fred Sheram: "Say, you know it's a lucky thing that farm house was where it was. We might have had a terrible time

Charlie Roberts: "The grass sure grows tall in South Georgia. So help me, I saw a herd of Jersey cows grazing at three thousand feet."

Roscoe Brinton: "I'll say this much—the General Manager's job is getting more complicated every day. What do I have to do but go over and milk Seymour Jessup's cow for him to keep the critter from going dry over the week end."

Johnny Duris: "They had me at a disadvantage, what with no moustache and all that. Not much happened to me—we should have made the trip before Hallo-we'en."

Julian "Big Boy" Onsrud: "What did I care if the tax driver was bigger than me. Thirty cents was too much. Of course, when the next driver charged us thirty-five, the boys made me pay the difference—but I didn't like the guy's attitude."

## I Taeka Chance

*Sad was the finish of I. Taeka Chance  
Who lucked through his sixty hour test.  
He had feared he would bust it for weeks  
in advance,  
But now he had passed with the rest.*

*Young Chance, quick to prove his inscrutable nature,  
Dashed in and checked out a ship,  
And cornered his pals just to make them a wager  
He'd do a full twist with a flip.*

*Not much more is known of I. Taeka, the Fearless,  
Who lucked through his sixty hour check.  
For his ship was discovered quite wingless  
and rearless—  
Two longerons wrapped round his neck.*

## Parting Shots

Mark Gould, doing the unheard of at the local bowling alleys, chalking up a score running into astronomical figures.

The maintenance crew, running herd on our Stearmans through wind, rain, sand, and ground loops, and getting too dog-goned little credit for their part in making Carlstrom the safest field in the country.

Class 43-C finished up despite the hurricane scare . . .

## SKILLFUL BILL

*We once knew a pilot whose daring and skill  
Were such as could tingle the scalps  
Of people who heard the exploits of Bill  
From the Mexican shores to the Alps.*

*Bill was brave as an eagle, yet quick as a dove,  
And we heard it once said, so we know,  
That when fate takes old Bill from the skies  
up above  
He will show them some tricks down  
below.*

*It isn't just fortune makes Bill a success,  
For he's been in the air quite a spell.  
It is CARE that has kept him from making  
a mess  
Of his ship, and our William as well.*

*There's a moral to draw, then, in telling  
this story—  
It's worked for old Bill, and it's so!  
If we mean to be living to fight for old Glory  
We never should THINK—we should  
KNOW!*

—T. W., Jr.

## Slowing Up, Jeannie?

Ex-editor Jean Small is now working for the Associated Press in New York City. "She isn't general manager, however," writes her mother.

# Chapman Chatter

by Cara Lee Cook and Jimmy Gilmore, First Vice-President

We were so glad to see Jimmy Gilmore back, and, knowing that in his weakened condition he couldn't refuse, we asked him to do the honors on this week's column. Surprised was not the word when he casually said "Hokay," and then, su' help me, sat himself down and batted out the following.

Hello people!! Here we are again spotting a bit for the Fly Paper after a series of experiences that include everything short of breach of promise suits. The base really looks good after two weeks in the land of counter-pane.

If one wants to see an industrious group of flying machine operators and maintenance men, CHAPMAN is the place. There are more new airplanes and employees than one can mention.

## Top Honors

An item of great interest here was the news of Dave Andre's being proclaimed the outstanding Naval Cadet of the year, which speaks well for our primary and secondary training. Both Dave and his brother Paul were among the first Embry-Riddle C. P. T. graduates.

Since being back, I can readily understand why our students forget to file flight plans, obtain clearances, etc. The bevy of beauties in Operations is a bit distracting.

We mean Pat Guthrie, Mary Grace Devine, and Theron (Victor Mature) Reddish. We're only fooling tho, the gang in operations is doing a great job!

Ed's Note: Jimmy has slipped out to take his vitamin C-1 and meanwhile we note: Dave Narrow busy as a bee giving final flight test to those Elementary C. P. T. prodigies.

Lt. Fator not only getting in good flying time but doing the 100 and 7 things a General Manager must do. Tom Moxley with his hands full flying those Pan Am. boys, who are working for their commercial licenses.

Jinkie Eastman, bubbling over with glee at the prospect of having not one but five Link Trainers set up for use. We'd heard mythical rumors about these contraptions and went in a delegation Saturday to view Jinkie's pride and joy.

Wilbur Sheffield, Mr. "G", Bill Grindell, and I were appropriately awed and gazed in amazement while Peter Ordway put the Link thru the paces with Jinkie minutely prompting him to "watch your air speed."

## Butterflies

Last week Tom Jacobs, Flight Instructor, brave soul that he is, boldly partook of the Acrobatic Special as offered by the Canteen. Fifteen minutes later he was observed by a group of by-standers gracefully (?) performing split S's, loops, and vertical reversements across the field.

C.A.A. Inspector Hutchins promptly had him grounded and we held off "the man in white" while it was explained that it was only a case of butterflies in the stomach and not bats in the belfry.

Three cheers for Bill Wightman, Navy Reserve Elementary C.P.T., who graduated with honors last Saturday, the first to complete this present program. He was quickly followed by Tommy Shipps, Stud Clark, Murray Cooper, Tom Lunsford and Joe Drew. Good luck boys.

## Flurry-cane

Friday, November 6, 1942. Gone with the Wind was presented in four parts by members of the Chapman Field Playhouse and performed mainly at the stage door canteen.

The overture, "Big Wind from Winnetka," was played, followed by a noise, and the hurricane (?) was on, at least that's what the guy who came here to talk for Joe said.

The larger ships were piloted over to Clewiston as a necessary precaution under the capable direction of Helen Cavis and Dave DaBoll, Herbert Muller, Leland McDaniels, Gardner Royce, mechanic Andy Anderson, and Mr. 'four by four' Jim Pollard. Fanfare and orchids to them for doing such a swell job.

## Humbug Hurricane

Anyhoo, as the storm progressed and

weather reports got more complicated, we entertained ourselves with the thought of sticking with the office, and new Venetian shades, to the ghastly end.

The wind was playing "Strip Polka" with the landscape, accompanied by the rasping one-note harmony of the switch-board.

The whole affair left us breathless, although we'd been pre-advised by "The great Wilbur" that this hurricane was just a fake.

The only casualty reported was Mrs. Quillian who, shall we be naive and call it a structural failure, but she requests that "We don't talk about that."

## INTERNATIONAL STARS

Continued from Page 5

Lt. Al Jennings as a partner and soundly trounced Capt. Nachtigall and Lloyd Budge without the loss of a game.

A single match between Lloyd Budge and the Irish Champion ended at 5 all and terminated the program put on for the officers recreation group.

## Budge's Best

The new cadets then assembled and were treated to a glimpse of Don Budge at his very best championship form. The singles match went very evenly up to 3 games all, when Budge suddenly became inspired and cut loose with a series of rapid fire placements to run the match out 6-3, 6-1, in what Rogers said was one of the best displays of tennis he had ever been up against.

Budge and Lt. Philips then took on two of the new cadets and played a set of doubles.

# WING FLUTTER

by Catherine W. Kerr

by Catherine W. Kerr

Fenton Causey and his Hurricane crew really did a fine job in dismantling the planes at the Seaplane Base and hauling them into the Aircraft Overhaul Division. Old Mr. Wind could never have taken them apart as fast as Causey's crew.

At 8:30 a.m. Causey called in to report on their progress and asked if the blow started before they were back at the plant to please toss them some wrenches, as they would still be working as they were "Going Over the Top" (of the building).

Boss Man at the Aircraft Overhaul said it was a mighty fine test as to the swiftness of his crew in an emergency.

Don Martin is so quiet that he even whispers to his assistant. Sometimes we wish we could hear, too.

## McShane's Aircraft Classes

The classes are coming along just fine and to let you know every one is getting plenty of good out of them, the class is still increasing in number.

Afraid we will soon have to ask for an additional hour of day light saving in order to have the classes in the yard, as we are running out of standing space and

chairs are out of the question. However, the classes are only 45 minutes and we ain't got weary yet.

## Sports

Why not come to the Playdium Bowling Alley and see our Embry-Riddle boys bowl, they are WOWS. I think a cheering squad would help the boys considerably and they are all good bowlers; so I am sure you will not be embarrassed by cheering for them.

Come on along this Friday night and give the boys a hand and your lungs some exercise.

The timekeeper, Miss Waggoner, has had a time checking her time checks to find just who signs his name WHO. We put it in the Who's Who Department and found out it was Mr. William H. Osborns.

## Dawn Patrol

The night of the hurricane warning, Mr. McShane was awakened by loud knocks at his bedroom window. "Get up. There's a storm on its way."

Mac thought he was dreaming that he was in England and the Town Crier was making his rounds. To his amazement it was the Embry-Riddle Dawn Patrol.

# DEAUVILLE DITTIES

by Lucille Valliere

SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT AND NEVER BROUGHT TO MIND? SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT AND DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE . . .

Well, Folks, the final curtain has fallen on those wonderful, fun-filled evenings at the Macfadden-Deauville . . . and those grand, sunny days of leisure on the soft white sands—and under those big gay umbrellas surrounding the mammoth pool.

None of us can help but feel sad at the thought of never being able to look forward to, or enjoy, all these things again . . . but, as we all well realize, Uncle Sam's NEEDS come before our pleasures.

However, take heart, lads and lassies, and let not your spirits fall . . . for no matter where or how, there will be a Victory Party NEXT Saturday . . . and EVERY Saturday, as heretofore.

## Weather and War

As for LAST Saturday's Sadie Hawkin's party, it seems that Li'l Abner, Daisy May, Mammy Yokum, Sir Cecil Cesspool, and the rest of the Dogpatch folks must have either run out of gas on the way down, or heard about our quasi hurricane, and thought it safer to remain home in Dogpatch.

At any rate, we don't remember having seen either the original or a counterfeit version of Daisy May. Perhaps, in this man's town, we should have planned a Sadie Hawkins party in reverse. We must add, however, that we didn't see any Li'l Abners anywhere in view either. Reckon the competition was too strong.

This last Deauville party was a grand finale to a series of wonderful memories for most of us . . . memories which are a tribute to a fine person—and a grand "boss," Mr. Riddle.

## The Swan Song

On hand to render the swan song were: Truman Gile, Jr., Al Spangenberg, Tom Moxley, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Fouché, Doris McCrimmon, Trudy Beard, F. Mueller, P. J. Elston, L. Altschuler, Mr. and Mrs. William Lehman, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Cridlebaugh, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Seidenburg, Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Petroski, Colleen Breslin, H. Folsom, Jr., Frances Kirkland, Hattie and Ray Keye, Veronica and John Stopko.

Infrequent visitors who came to pay their final respects were: Major and Mrs. F. B. Clements, Jo and Hugh Skinner, Elaine Devery, Lt. and Mrs. Ed Flint, Mr. and Mrs. Mike Lojinger, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Ordway and James Harris. From Clewiston came: Julia Oglesby, John A. Curtis Hayward and "Happy" Jack Hopkins.

## Gossip Finale

Betty Jo Beller of Purchasing, and Glo-

ria Meyers of Aircraft seemed to be having the time of their lives with John Kearins and Lucian La Plante, respectively, Emma Louise McEnany of the Military Department was there with John Trevison, and Jo Axtel, also of Military, was accompanied by Bill Shanahan. Margaret Howell, Carolyn Bruce, Aldra Watkins and Emily Conlon were hostesses to the four graduating classes: 1-43-B-SP, 1-43-F-SP, 1-43-B-SP, and 5-43-D.

Jean Duncan, stunning in a pea green gown and her "Red" seemed to be floating on air. Grace Roome, looking svelte in a black gown with Maurice Molino made a "right fine" rumba team.

Syd and "Tibby" Burrows had attractive Connie Henshaw as their guest. Syd, by the way, is still dishing out a pretty nifty rumba, and has, in fact, become so world-famous as a rumba-master that he has had scores of bids for lessons, and so, now, it seems, he gives only command performances.

All that talk about the Sadie Hawkins manhunt seemed to daunt not several of the Fifth Floor Bachelors who showed up full of curiosity and expectation (and perhaps a little apprehension.)

Among those brave stalwarts were Henry Desjardin of Massachusetts, with Ada Marshall Ricardo de la Peña, Manuel Pico and Gonzalo Lopez Garzon of Argentina; Fernando Naranjo and Pedro Flores of Ecuador; Ovidio Palma of Honduras, Frederico Zerres of Venezuela; Adolfo (No More Macfadden) Sascio of Uruguay; Dario Colominas of Cuba; Samuel Bodden of Nicaragua with Mary McGriff and Bill Silveira Anthony of Uruguay with Mary Kay Pitman.

Vadah Thomas came in rather late with Betty Harrington.

## Brazilian Rumba

Again we had the honor of having several Brazilian Naval Officers as our guests. Making up one ringside table were prominent Brazilians Sertorio Arruda and Adriano (Co-ordinator) Ponso who was accompanied by Thelma Elliott; our guests, Lt. W. L. Vampré, Lt. G. L. Govano, Lt. Adolfo Vasconcellos, Lt. G. Freitas, Lt. G. Rocha, Lt. G. Faria Lima, Lt. P. Garcia, Lt. Palhares, Lt. Silva and Lt. Ary J. Gomes, Kaye Weidman and Mary Frances Quinn of the Colonnade, Bunnie Bickle of Engine Overhaul and yours truly.

Since most Brazilians do not rumba, it was quite a surprise to see Lt. Vasconcellos win the rumba contest with a young lady whose identity we have been unable to ascertain.

## Au Revoir

It is with regret that we close this last "Deauville Ditties," for we must now dream

up a new tag for this hash we serve up weekly. All of us will miss those friendly informal gatherings here and there—upstairs and downstairs; those magnificent Miami moons silvering the palm trees; the clipper deck and terrace; the gigantic swimming pool; the very blue rolling ocean and the sandy, sunny beach; our little Deauville Coffee Shop downstairs where Sunday breakfast was such a restful treat; that soft, sweet music that poured continuously from the Muzak to permeate the atmosphere of the beach, pool and the entire hotel from morning till night . . . now, just happy memories.

But, though we can no longer enjoy days of luxurious leisure and relaxation in this sunny paradise after our labors of the week, we feel nevertheless that the spirit of comradeship and contentment which grew out of those hours of fun on Saturdays and Sundays will, for most of us, continue on and on . . .

THE END.

## PROGRAM

# The Riddle "Family Theatre"

★ ★ ★ ★

## Feature Picture

### "THE BLOND COMET"

Monday, November 16th  
RIDDLE FIELD

Tuesday, November 17th  
DORR FIELD

Wednesday, November 18th  
CARLSTROM FIELD

Thursday, November 19th  
MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

★ ★ ★ ★

## Feature Picture

### "BLOCKADE"

Thursday, November 19th  
RIDDLE FIELD

Friday, November 20th  
DORR FIELD

Monday, November 23rd  
MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

For Exact Time and Place,  
See Your Superior Officer

Admission Charge, Ten Cents

## Silent Impressions

by An. Adverse

When I first came here last January, I was taken aback and convulsed into a state of dismay at the sight of this place. Unkempt and bleaker than the bleak day, I arrived here to see about the possibility of my training and enrollment.

As I made a vow\* years ago to reward somebody for not getting in my way of aspiration toward the goal of technical engineering, I came here again, months later upon notice of acceptance for my aeronautical training, with a determination to robe myself in the future of leadership to bring about this place to the extent of international recognition and prominence in the field of Aviation.

But, now, the picture is changed, already changed, a thousand times changed! To describe Embury-Riddle School of Aviation, as it deserves in all its beauty and glory, I am at a loss; in fact, I am speechless, but I will simply say—and I hope I am not, according to the "slanguage" of Lorraine Bosley, also a writer here, "laying it on too thick:" Superbly beautiful, most delightful a place to work and live. And the colors—why they are perfect, correct in every respect; in fact, very becoming with the rich verdancy of vegetation all about within it.

Know that I am the greatest lover of beauty in all its glory, no matter what, from a louse to a lord; hence, upon arrival in Miami early Monday morning nearly three months ago, I came up here in the transit bus with mixed feelings of foreboding about the bleakness of this place. But, stepping out and about-facing to salute it, I gasped and blinked my eyes, as I beheld it in the state of beauty and verdancy beyond explanation! And friendliness, too!! As friendly as the friendliest people from within, as I afterward found out! 'Pon my words, vastly changed . . .

As I now observe it, work is still being pushed on under the ablest and most brilliant leadership of "Boss" Riddle and his top-notchers for the expansion, betterment and beautification of this school to better and more roomily facilitate training and preparation of the far-sighted people for war and peace-time aviation services.

\* \* \*

Two ambitious ferry pilots here are noted pursuing their homestudy course in typing at every first opportunity in-between times of their duties, respectively: Rosemary Younis who shuttles human cargoes up and down the elevator chute and (Well, what is the name, anyway—the one with a poker face?) who scoots them hither and thither along the highways and byways for this school-company. All the luck to ye, me lasses—and much success for yer undertaking for better and bigger positions!

\* \* \*

\* About the consequence of a vow I will explain in the forthcoming column.

# MATERIEL CONTROL

by Joan Lowry

by Joan Lowry

Yes, we surely are expanding. We now have two more very nice young ladies, Mrs. Nell Wade and Miss Jean Deringer.

Gladys Ricker has been transferred to Chapman Field, and by the way, she was quite excited over moving. She even got up at 5 o'clock Saturday so she'd be sure to be ready. Gladys reports to me that she has heard that they are a grand gang there. We know she'll like it.

Sky Club Bennie has been moved to Tech Store and I have a standing invitation to visit him. He says I give him moral support. I kinder think he'll miss all us gals. Let's hope so.

### On to the Warehouse

As I've told you before, we were planning to move to the Colonnade. Well, this is what the Hurricane didn't blow in—we are now moving to the Warehouse. Really, folks, I'm not trying to hand you a line but that's the news I got.

Evelyn A. asked Mr. Buxton if we would be close to the "Navy." She says, "If I can't have the Army, I guess the Navy's the next best." Ho! Hum!

We do regret to report that Pat has left us and by the time you read this she'll be

far far away. Yes, Rio. "Lucky Girl." I know that we all will miss her.

This past Saturday I had a pleasant surprise. It was from Peanuts. He was still at the hospital and was very anxious for the doctor to come and release him. He says he'll be back shortly and that he did thank the gang for the flowers. He also wanted a Fly Paper, so you see even when we are indisposed this little ole paper is not forgotten.

### Share Your Thanksgiving

This thought passed through my mind as I was reading our Sunday paper, that Thanksgiving is just a short way off and I for one am going to see that we share our Thanksgiving with some of our Servicemen. For you see, folks, somewhere your brother or boyfriend or husband may welcome the hospitality of someone's home. So let's not forget our boys that are here from far and near. Let's make it a real American Thanksgiving.

You see, folks, I can't help feeling the way I do, for I love this land of ours and I just have to let you know that I intend to do my share. I know, too, that I will not be alone.

So folks, "dat's all for now."

## ENGINE NOISES

by Gladys C. Goff

"Well, here I am agin." Ready for some more punishment, folks? Hold your hats!

Standard lament in our division, Engine Overhaul to you newcomers, concerns tires and gasoline. My advice is to get out those walking shoes and start practicing.

Lizzie, the trusty Ford, has been anointed with a new coat of paint, no less. Mr. Pelton says any lady does better when she has a good paint job on her. Lizzie, we feel, is no exception.

### Torch Carrier

We spotted Joe Henry carrying a sure-nough torch the other day—but it turned out to be a welding torch. Joe is the lad who beats out the Conga rhythm on his pieces of steel. Everything in harmony, too, Joe?

We might even win this war as long as pine boards aren't rationed. Bill Ehne, peppy superintendent, brings a new pine plank to work with him every morning. By five o'clock he has it chewed (yes, chewed!) down to tooth-pick size. No kidding!

Jack Hale is justly proud of his new office. Maude has a new permanent to go with it. I've been hearing rumors about

a hope chest, Maude. How about that?

### Noiseless Engines

The test stands are being remodeled and soundproofed, and will be ready for work within a few days. If any Engine Overhaul employee appears to be slightly nuts, it's the effect of the long assault on our ears by those engines—before this renovation started.

We wouldn't have to read any newspapers to know the football season is on. Some of the gang and a football, owner unknown, provide entertainment every day after lunch in front of the shop. Kenny Alsdorf is star passer, so far, but isn't the wind a help, Kenny? Jimmy Yacullo's passes make the boys back up, too, but we haven't decided whether it's the expression on his face or the passes that do it.

This column is hereby open for applications of any would-be guest writers. Only qualifications are a nose for news and the ability to write it down, both of which I don't have, but I got hooked into this.

So long until next week. "Keep 'em Flying."



Jack Hopkins, Editor

Pat Smythe, Nelva Pardon, Ralph Thyng, Kenneth Milner, Dudley Amoss, Harry Ingram, Roy Lacey, Brian Johnstone, Jerry Greenberger, J. L. Kerr, Derrick Button, Bob Ahern, Fran Winkler, G. Burgess, Associate Editors.

With everyone, except Green Flight, on leave, we find it very difficult to write a column this week. So, if you will pardon the personal touch, we'll tell you about our very enjoyable visit in Miami, where we have been the guest of Wain Fletcher, her mother, Mrs. George T. Richards, and sister, "Florrie" Gilmore.

We left dear old Clewiston last Saturday morning with Joe Obermeyer, Chief Link Instructor, Joe coming to Miami to install some new Link Trainers. We arrived shortly after noon, and went out to see one of the latest Riddle acquisitions,



A unique picture of Roscoe Brinton, Jr., Basic Instructor. Incidentally, the airplane in the background is a B. T.

the beautiful Colonnade in Coral Gables.

Workmen were busy changing this "picture house" into office space, etc., and the confusion attached to remodeling was apparent, but this will certainly be a very splendid addition to the ever-growing Riddle properties when it is completed. At the Colonnade, we bumped into "Jinky" Eastman, lovely red-headed instructor at Chapman Field, and our old pal, Syd Burrows, who had just finished housing some soldiers on very short notice (a typical Burrows feat).

#### "Wolf" Hopkins

Then over to the Tech School where we saw Truman Gile, Jr., Tech Talk FLY PAPER reporter, and chatted with Charlie Ebbets and Art Ruhnke, the flash bulb artists. Next, we called Mr. Webster, head of the Transportation Department, and arranged a ride out to Wain's residence in Coconut Grove. We appreciated the quick service from Mr. Webster, but didn't quite know what to think when he warned the charming driver, Rae Lane, to "beware of Mr. Hopkins, he's a wolf."

We came to our hostess' lovely home and were promptly given the "run of the house." A quick change then into slacks and a coat,

and a ride back with Miss Lane as far as the Orange Bowl. Out here, to see the Miami-North Carolina State football game. The game was very good, and was thoroughly enjoyed until about midway in the third quarter, when one of those frequent, un-publicized Florida "gentle rains" started flowing from the Heavens. (How the Chamber of Commerce will hate us for that crack!).

Being determined to stick it through, we sat in the downpour with no protection except for the program on our head, and a Second Lieutenant on our right—the result being that we were thoroughly, completely, and positively soaked through (by the rain, we mean). This little incident ruined our pleasure of the game, the biggest thrill coming when it was announced that Indiana had upset Minnesota.

The drenching caused a quick phone call to Wain to bring some dry clothes to the Deauville when she came—then on to a bus, then another, and finally arriving at the Deauville, feeling and looking like the proverbial drowned rat. We were delighted to see Cadets Crockett, Tait, and Pollard of Blue Flight, and had dinner with Primary Flight Instructor Pat McGehee, and his fiancée, Miss Julia Oglesby, Link Dispatcher, from Clewiston.

The dry clothes arrived, so on to the party we went. There were some more of the Clewiston crowd—Cadets Shaw of Red Flight, Haslam and J. L. Kerr of Blue, and Curtis-Hayward of Green. Later, we saw Woolley and Crawford from Blue Flight, too.

#### Confusion

We spoke with Mr. Riddle for a few minutes, chatted with Vadah Thomas, and had the pleasure of meeting Elaine Chalk and Elaine Devery (the Boss' right hand "man"). We made the acquaintance of Miss Devery only after getting her all mixed up with Lucille Valliere, whom we hadn't met at all.

Talked with the Deauville Manager, Bob Smith, met his wife—back to our table—the British, Brazilian and American National Anthems, and thus, the last Embry-Riddle party in the Deauville had ended, its memory firmly entrenched in our mind, but read Lucille Valliere's account of the last round-up.

#### Rest?

Sunday—the day of rest and quiet. Well, rest we did until about noon—a lunch—the paper—lounging—then off to the Navy Re-

lief Boxing Show at the Miami Baseball Park. Once again, we enjoyed some of that perfect Florida weather, but we fooled 'em this time, and got to cover, thus saving Wain from dragging out some more clothes for us.

The show itself was quite good despite the rain—Sammy Secret outpointed Al Nettlow in the main go, the boys being two prominent welterweights—Harry Richman, Commander Gene Tunney, and an Admiral somebody were among the notables present. After the boxing show, a spaghetti dinner at Child's, show at the Olympia and then over to the Deauville.

Naturally we had to bump into somebody from Clewiston, and it was Cadet Lang of Yellow Flight, who had an Army escort. Over at the Deauville we again met Pat McGehee and "Iggy" Oglesby, who left early, but we stayed until the curfew. A bus back to Miami, hamburger without onions, taxi and the bed.

#### Fly Paper Day

Monday morning, and we had decided to go to work with Wain and stick with her all the day just to let everyone know what the FLY PAPER editor does during her office hours. So, here it is, A Day With the Fly Paper Editor, or Pass the Headache Tablets Please, done in diary form, take it or leave it:

9:25—Arrived at the Tech School later than usual because of the d— bus schedule. Vadah Thomas, Associate Editor, already on deck.

9:30—Coffee in the Canteen.

9:40—In the office checking copy.

9:45—Betty Harrington (Mr. Habig's secretary) in for a visit.

9:50—Call to Lucille Valliere, "I'm expecting the Deauville Ditties column by noon tomorrow."

9:55—Call to Seaplane Base to make sure of the copy this week. Bill Waters consented to do the honors.

10:00—Marty Warren (Aviation Advisor) in for an old FLY PAPER.

10:05—Call to Mr. Habig.



Charles Butler, Advanced Instructor

10:10—Vadah all excited over Sybil somebody's husband coming home.

10:12—H— popping between the Purchasing Department and the Fly Paper.

10:15—Called Engine Overhaul to make sure that Gladys Goff would have her copy in time for this issue.

10:17—Cara Lee Cook said she would have the Chapman Field news in on time, too.

10:26—Materiel Control copy came in, right on time, in fact ahead of time—Wain thinks Joan Lowry is a swell person.

10:32—In pops Lucille Valliere, bubbling over with enthusiasm, despite the week-end. And finally we have the pleasure of meeting the author of Deauville Ditties, who is now worried about a new title for her column, since we are moving the party. Very nice gal, Lucille—red-headed, a lot of personality, Latin American little helpful, nice gal. Wain, "Still expecting the copy by tomorrow noon."

10:37—Vadah and Wain now in the dumps because Wain receives a call that her nephew, Jack Gilmore, has gone to sea as a Naval Ensign.

10:45—Call to Elaine Devery, who wasn't at home, so Jo Skinner answered.

10:46—Call to the Columbus Hotel, hope to have this place for the party Saturday night.

11:00—Called on Dorothy Burton, Librarian, and famous as "Madam Tamara" at the Hallowe'en party. Dorothy is coming to Clewiston Friday. Also met Mrs. Walker, Reading Room Supervisor and Vadah's mother.

11:10—Time out for a Coca-Cola.

11:15—We took three copies of an old issue of the FLY PAPER up to Lloyd Budge, Athletic Director. We stayed and talked shop for awhile, while Wain went back to the office.

11:25—Vadah called the Library to inquire about the owls on the tenth floor.

11:35—Columbus Hotel called—still do not know about the Party.

11:45—Wain plans new tickets for the School Party.

12:10—Working over some more copy. Vadah bangs out Tech Talk.

12:30—A check of the movies for all the Fields is made.

12:35—We went up to see Elaine Devery, Mr. Riddle's personal secretary. Elaine was apologizing for the way she looked, but confidentially, we didn't think she was looking bad at all. Met Jo Skinner, another of Mr. Riddle's secretaries. Impressed with the cute elevator operator, Rosemary Younis.

12:55—Wash up for lunch.

1:00—Lunch with Vadah, Wain and Dorothy Burton. Saw Fletch Gardner, now with the Accounting Department Traveling "Checkers," formerly Chief Accountant at Riddle Field.

1:45—Back in the office with Wain getting a phone call from Columbus. No go.

2:00—Wain checks Athletic Director Budge's copy.

2:05—A call to Eric Sundstrom, Latin-American Coordinator for an address.

2:15—Private Burgen and his buddy come in to inquire about their graduating banquet this coming Saturday night. Were relieved to find that there was no charge and that wives, mothers or fathers could come, too.



A very nice bit of camera work is the above shot by our Basic and Advanced Correspondent, Bob Ahern. It shows Lou Place taking off in an A. T. with the landing gear caught "in action" while retracting.

2:20—Call to San Juan about dance.  
2:25—The Editor is typing a news story while the Associate Editor checks over the mailing list.

2:45—Both Editors typing now.

2:50—More copy to check.

2:55—Call to the Army Headquarters to check on a name.

3:00—Another Coca-Cola.

3:05—Call to Jo Skinner, "Is the afternoon mail in? Yes, thank you very much."

3:12—Trip to see Elaine Devery to get some pictures checked. While at her office, met Mr. C. F. Wheeler, the contractor.

3:18—Jack Clark of the Publicity Department was in with some pictures.

3:25—Wain calls Major Censored's office to get some Army news articles checked.

3:28—Cute little Rosemary is in again.

3:30—The Editor is worried about the Associate Editor's Tech Talk—Associate Editor says, "She'll worry more when she gets it."

3:40—Instrument Instructor Ellis blew in to say hello.

3:41—Some more copy—Wain's happy.

3:45—Jinnie Mickel of the Accounting Department at the Colonnade promises to get some Colonnade news in for the coming issue.

3:46—Pictures are sent to the engravers.

3:48—Librarian Burton is consulted as to the Tech Talk copy. She is to see that the copy is in and has appointed Vadah Thomas to write, and Vadah "ain't cooperating!"

3:55½—Associate Editor Thomas completes mailing list.

4:00—Warren Wilson, Sheet Metal student, was in to borrow the typewriter.

4:03—Maurice Weiss, orchestra leader, called and wanted to know where the dance will be held this Saturday.

4:10—Near the end of the day finds the Editor cutting paper dolls. P.S. We better get out of here.

4:16—Checking the Deauville dough.

4:21—Associate Editor wangles a dinner invitation (note, Hubby Bill—a girl friend).

4:30—Mrs. Fletcher completes the financial report of the last Deauville party.

4:40—Coca-Cola.

4:45—Wain starts the personal Deauville report.

4:50—Called "Cookie" at Chapman Field about a man who bought \$7,000 worth of bonds.

5:00—Overtime starts and we're submitting an overtime report—all three of us.

5:05—Lloyd Budge calls to make sure his copy has arrived.

5:15—Wain still wondering about Tech Talk. Assistant Editor at typewriter, but not at Tech Talk.

5:18—Wing Flutter copy came in from Catherine Kerr.

5:25—The Editor called Mr. Blakely, Director of the Tech School, to check on his mother's address so that she could send her a FLY PAPER.

5:30—The desk's all cleared up, the work for tomorrow's all lined up.

5:34—The Associate Editor finally comes through with Tech Talk—after her life is threatened.

5:35—The door is locked and a day with Mrs. Wain Fletcher, Editor of the FLY PAPER, is finished.

#### Back to Riddle Field

With all Florida suffering from hurricane jitters, Riddle Field followed suit. All planes were moved up into Georgia, without incident. And then when the storm didn't break, they were all brought back again, without incident. You know, there's nothing like a little trip now and then. Yes, we know, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure"—corny, what?

Every Flight is enjoying a breather, leaving the orphan Green Flight to a week of double schedules, but without Ground School, without Link, and without Physical Training. So, cheer up, boys, this is the long week-end—there's Miami—there's Palm Beach—there's—oh well, you know what we mean.

# GABLES-TECH TRAINEE NEWS

## Class 3-43-A

Yes, now it is time for another group of boys to depart from Embry-Riddle. It seems that you look forward to something until it happens and then you are sorry to see it arrive. That is the way we feel. We have grown to admire the school officers and instructors.

We have tried in many ways to express our appreciation, but all we can now say is "Thanks" and we mean it. There is a job to be done and we are going to do it. Before we go we are going to say a little about the class members.

### Swell Guy

One of the assistant class leaders, Jim Harris, is a swell guy with a grand personality. Success is ahead of him. Joe Kirchner also is an assistant class leader. Who could forget him? Wasn't he the one who awakened us in the morning.

George Arnold, the veteran of Embry-Riddle. He's been here since March but he's really leaving now. Everybody knew Jack Delaney, the only one in the class whose home is in Florida. He was always going "this a way."

Jack's room-mate was George Appenzeller, an all-around fellow who will also be a swell crew chief. Herbert Elsie was our fireman. Tony Lacovelli always wanted to attend a mechanic school and Embry-Riddle was the answer to his hopes.

Bernard Howard is looking for excitement as he intends to be an aerial gunner. Bill Watson may have his first chance to see a "White Christmas" soon. Jack Larham is envied by all the boys when the mail is distributed.

### Army Agrees

It seems that the Army really agrees with Jo (Chubby) Lawlor. How about those 20 pounds? Charles MacLennan is the Buck Jones of the class. Steve Lewicki is still trying to get it through the heads of his Instructors that his name is Lewicki and not Liwisky.

Our class leader didn't need an alarm clock, thanks to Glenn Ocker. George Sawyer and "Private" Chester (Swain) are the farmer-boys of this class. We notice that Rudy Schauble's hair is coming back . . . way back. Mother (Pete) Stec has learned quite a lot in Miami, but as for dancing, he's marvelous. Just ask the girls at the dances at the Coral Gables Women's Club on Thursday nights.

Sid Steinberg, you can't escape forever—one of these days you will meet your match. You had better watch these young ladies!!! Walter Swift and Johnnie Towns are two of our great scholars. Ken Thomas is the most friendly kid. Why he'll buy anyone a coke. We are still wondering if Bart Johnson is Paul Johnson's father. Johnny Trevisan is another Fred Astaire on the dance floor.

Johnny Kearins has been a swell Class Leader and this is just one way that we

have of saying thanks to him for the many things he has done for us. His Irish smile will always be remembered. Ed Spalding might not be a deep-sea fisherman, but as a gold-fish fisherman, he's tops.

### Quiet Fellows

Sam Savery, Al Routhier, Gaylord Slagencweit, Stanley Skoglund, Vincent Small, and Grant Smith, are the quiet kids of our gang. Jo Smolka is following in his father's footsteps in soldiering. Chester Hughes must have been quite the boy in that country school house he attended.

Frank Larrow is known for that well-groomed mustache. Charles Moore can see no one but his cute wife. Is he ever lucky??? And Hod!!!!!! Bill Packham spends all his time and money renting cars. Jim Whealan is that Irishman

knows how to get along with class leaders—all you do is bawl them out but good and proper and from then on you are best of friends.

Warren Madden has a nack for getting inside information. How about a lesson or two. Charles McAleer, otherwise known as "The Major," has some good ideas about running a class. Hope he'll be able to use them.

### Ask Him

Stephen McPartland is one of the original "Quiz-kids." Just ask him. Grandpa Linn is really not as old as our class leader says he is. Bernard Markey has high aspirations for his life in the Army. Here's hoping he achieves them.

George Laviana and Jim Moser have now graduated from Jr. wolves to Senior

## THIS LITTLE GADGET WORKS LIKE THIS —



W. R. Burton (left), supervisor of Instructor-Trainees, discusses a magnet housing with John J. Devery, 51, who recently completed training as an Embry-Riddle instructor. Devery was a Captain in the Army Air Corps during the first World War, serving overseas 20 months. He remained in the air corps after the war, retiring in 1930.

who found out that it is hard to beat another Irish lad.

Francis and Louis Joseph, Buffalo New Yorkers, should be members of the American Legion as they were charter members of the Coral Gables American Legion. Shorty Lawrence, alias Frank Buck, still hasn't caught any larger game than Florida Horse Flies.

Herman Leonard and Leo Veilleux have had their one dream come true as they are going to be Flying Cadets. Our best wishes go with you both. Warner Lien

wolves, as has Chester Moe and Ernest Tyndall. How do you do it??? Allen McLoon and Relius Nobles seem to have a weakness for the same women? Johnny Norine is still in the dog-house with Mr. Shanahan for making eyes at his girls. Pete Nieuwma is one fellow who we feel will succeed in his Army life, because of the effort he puts forth in everything he does. Jerry Lockwood is one of our few previous service men who has really been a big help in the drilling of the men.

Jack, that's our name for Warren Jacob-

son, had better watch out if he ever goes to New York City. We hear that those subways are really tricky. Johnny Kearins has promised to lose him in one of them. Lou LaPlante is one of our delegates from Maine. It is fellows like him that really help make this an All-American Class. Curly Racine was chasing pigeons around that Deauville Saturday night. Did you ever catch them? "Lucky" Ribak is king of recreation in our study hall.

Thanks, Nick

Nick Riddel is the one we can thank for the swell party at the Deauville and he is the real fun-maker of the class. Teddy Robbins should spend the next two weeks in bed, catching up on the sleep he was trying to get Saturday night. Egan Rukas is the Clark Gable type without the mustache.

Eddie Ruehle is our pride and joy and the probable honor-man. Fritz Oelschlegel, with all the hard knocks, has come through with flying colors. Nels Ostrom comes from the Mid-West and from what we hear, this hot Florida weather does not agree with him. Al Pacheco and Dick Stirling really wowed the girls in Coral Gables.

Parky Parkinson would be another Casanova if it weren't for the girl back home. "Nellie" Pelletier has one thing to thank Miami for—someone taught him to dance. Otto Peterson has been elected by our class to be an adviser at Embry-Riddle Company. Just ask him; he knows.

The time has come to say goodbye. It is hard to say that word without feeling a lump in your throat, but since something must be said, let it be "We'll help Keep 'em Flying."

**Thanks From the Fifth Floor to the Seventh**

The last Saturday party at the Deauville has brought to an end a series of happy times for us, the Cafrés of the fifth floor dormitory, since now we hear that the Army is to occupy our old stamping grounds, the Deauville.

Each Saturday night spent at the Deauville by us shall live in our memories forever.

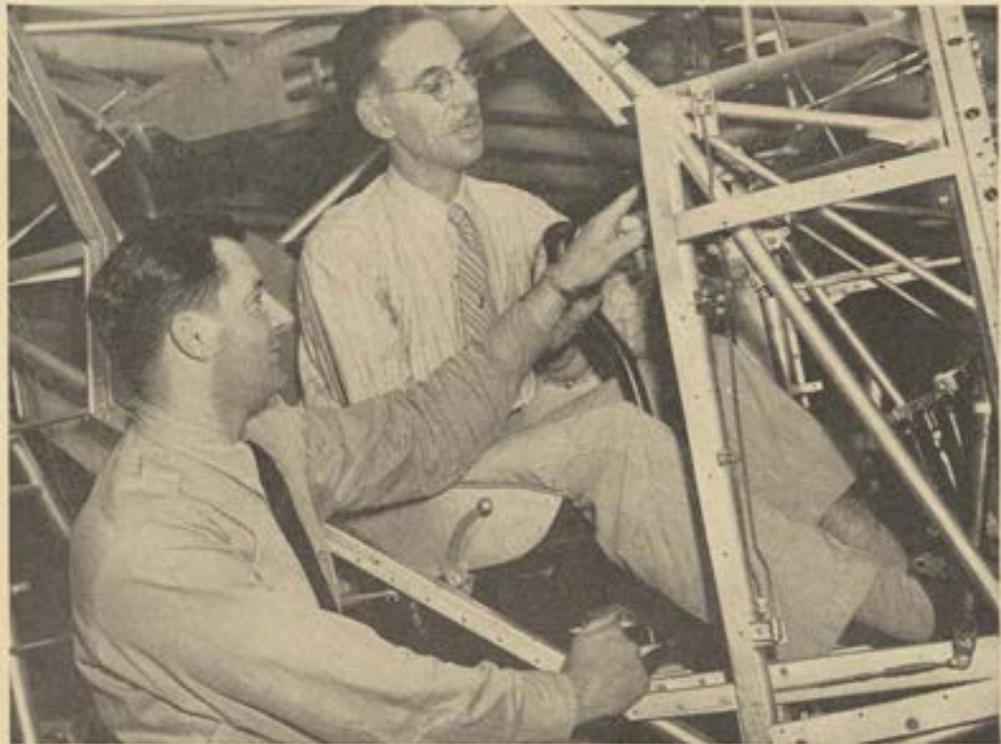
Life here in the dormitory was made brighter by those weekly frolics. Contests were run in which some of our boys won prizes, a show was put on by us Hallowe'en night, and we went swimming often at the Deauville. All this was made possible by Mr. Riddle.

Yes, Deauville time brought happiness to all who attended, but especially to us, the Cafrés of the fifth floor.

Mr. Riddle, we want to thank you for all those wonderful parties.

Fifth Floor Cafrés

**PLANE TECHNIQUE EXPLAINED TO INSTRUCTOR-TRAINEE**



R. C. Estler, chief instructor of the Embry-Riddle school's aircraft department, explains framework construction to Willard Hubbell, 46, well known Miamian, who has completed training as an instructor in the school's around-the-clock expansion program. Hubbell was granted a leave of absence for the duration as executive secretary of the Crippled Children's Hospital to take a vital role in aiding the nation's War effort.

**Another Close One**

Class 5-43-E had revenge for their 14-13 loss last week at the hands of the Permanent Party team, by winning a return game with the score of 19-18.

The P.P.'s leading 18-17, with only seconds to play, muffed their winning chances by losing possession of the ball and having Rhea, 5-43-E sharpshooter, lop one in the basket just as the final whistle sounded.

T/Sgt. Graziano again led the scoring of the P.P.'s with 8 points, while Rhea accounted for 10 for 5-43-E. S/Sgt. Rappaport, greatly handicapped with a badly sprained thumb, clowned as usual and played a great defensive game.

Next week the two teams meet in a "rubber" game. What a game that will be folks, for the P.P.'s are determined to prove that they have the best team.

Line-Up		
	P.P.	Points
T/Sgt. Graziano	R.F.	(8)
Pvt. Hawkins	L.F.	—
Pvt. Gluesing	C.	(4)
Pvt. Gunter	R.G.	—
S/Sgt. Rappaport	L.G.	—
Subs—		
Pvt. Cullen		(2)
Pvt. Heaney		(4)
Total Points		(18)
CLASS 5-43-E		
	P.P.	Points
Pvt. Rhea	R.F.	(10)
Pvt. Mitchell	L.F.	(8)
Pvt. Millard	C.	—
Pvt. Mielicki	R.G.	—
Pvt. Muscavage	L.G.	—
Subs—		
Pvt. Melefski		(1)
Total Points		(19)

**CLASS 1-43-F-SP**

by S/Sgt. Ray J. Eady

Five weeks of study in specialists work in Aircraft Instruments finally brought us to the close of an interesting and profitable course.

At first, twelve hour school days were very tiresome, but with so much interesting information to be obtained and with such capable men as the instrument instructors to impart this information to us, the days seemed to shorten.

Last Staurday several men from our class were called back to more important

War duties at their respective stations.

We were very sorry to see them leave, but we are sure the information they gained here will be of utmost importance in the role they will play in the winning of the War.

In conclusion, we, the first Army Air Force class ever to complete this compact, interesting, and important course, wish the men who follow us the best of luck.

We feel sure that through the tireless efforts of the instructors, we will be better qualified to "Keep 'em Flying," with a sure knowledge of the performance of our ships.

# UNION CITY NEWS LETTER

Larry I. Walden, Jr., Editor

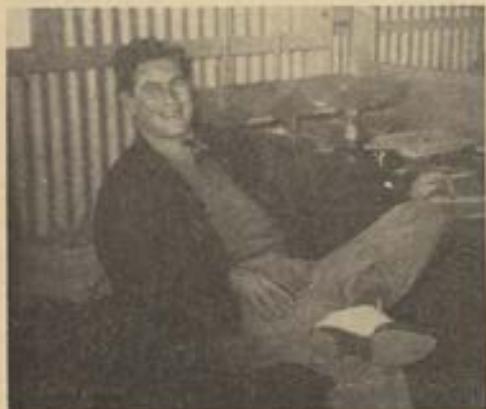
James Glover, Writer

Alva Nelle Taylor, A/C Tom Collins, A/C B. R. Fern, Associate Editors  
Ken Stiverson, Cartoonist Frank Haynes, Photographer

Dear Pals:

This week we are featuring Post Supply under the direction of our friend, George Lobdell.

George came here from Miami in June to organize one of the most complicated



George Lobdell, Superintendent Post Supply

systems of filing, which he had mastered to the nth degree.

Since coming here he has worked hard and long hours to set up one of the most systematic and orderly arranged Post Supplies—second to none in the organization.

Also down at Post Supply we find one of the cuties of the Field, Miss Alva Nelle Taylor, who greets everyone with her typical Tennessee smile.

Other members of his staff are Messrs. Howard and Cullom and last but not least Guss, the colored boy.

### Making Merry

The last Saturday night in October the Pilot's Club was opened with a bang. Everyone turned out in costume to have a rare old time singing, dancing, and making merry with a typical Hallowe'en spirit.

Not only did we open the club, but we helped Major and Mrs. Weldon James celebrate their eighth wedding anniversary, everyone wishing them many years of happiness to come.

On November fifth, the club had its first business meeting and elected George Jones



Post Supply. L. to R. Robert Cullom, Mr. Howard, Alva Nelle Taylor.

President. All agreed to open the club at 1 p. m. and close at 12 p. m. through the week and from 1 p. m. to 2 a. m. on Saturdays.

The Sullivans have been trading this week, having swapped their trailer for household furniture and are now residing in the house formerly occupied by Sergeant Brewer.

### Sunny Tennessee

The weather this week really makes us feel that winter is not so far away here in "Sunny Tennessee," for it has not been so sunny most of this week.

A number of the Flight instructors have not worried too much about having a little time off, however, for just across the Field along the river here, the ducks have been coming in and the men are enjoying a little hunting.

Last Monday found all of us scanning the skies watching anxiously for the dot that would bring Mr. Povey in for a visit to the Field.



Scene at Pilots' Club party, L. to R. Woody Woodward, John Brannon, Charlie Sullivan, and Bob Boyle.

Boots Frantz, got caught with his "flaps" down and the penalty was a fine of twenty-five cents.

And that goes for anybody who is caught taxiing the new PT 19's with flaps down. Somebody said that Ryan and Hunter got in under the rope on this same deal, too.



Gang of Pilots' Club Hallowe'en Party.

It seems that the Flight Instructors have a new way to get their exercises now since a chain has been placed in Operations for them to jump over. I guess that's what it's for.

A fine specimen of Uncle Sam's millions is Private Nellie Rabun. Promptness and his attitude at attention in the presence of the Field's Medical Officers is something to behold. We should schedule Pvt. Rabun for classes in Military Courtesy.

### Good Shots

We thank Paul Moore for his skillful photography in snapping the pictures enclosed taken at the Pilots' Club party.

It seems as if our General Manager,

Now, for our last bit of news. I wonder if Myra Taylor, Timekeeper at Operations, has learned to use her new saw which was presented her by Gerald Woosley at the Mess Hall.

And that's all for now so we'll be seeing ya next week.

An aviator took a friend up in the air and performed a number of aerial stunts. He remarked:

"I'll bet fifty percent of the people down there think we're falling."

"Yes," replied his friend, "and fifty percent of the people up here think the same thing!"

## NEW BOOKS AT THE TECH SCHOOL LIBRARY

Practical Algebra, by Wolfe and others.  
Parachutes, by Zim.  
General Engineering Handbook, by O'Rourke.  
Chemical Engineers' Handbook, 1941.  
Elements of Aeronautics, by Pope.  
Global War, by Rajchman.  
Man of Glory: Simon Bolivar, by Rourke.  
Meteorology and Air Navigation, by Shields.  
Principles of Aircraft Engines, by Shields.  
Theory of Flight and Aircraft Engines, by Shields.  
Storm, by Stewart.  
Patriot Anthology, by Van Doren.  
Mathematics for Electricians, by Kuehn.  
Sheet Metal Work, by Molloy.  
Fundamentals of Fluid Dynamics for Aircraft Designers, by Munk.  
Audel's Sheet Metal Worker's Handy Book.  
Strength of Materials, by Brenaman.  
Industrial Electricity, Parts 1 and 2, by Dawes.  
Billy Mitchell, by Gauvreau.  
Air Base, by Guyton.  
This Army Stuff, by Hogan.  
Mathematics Refresher, by Hooper.  
Ripcord, by Graham.  
Physical Meteorology, by Albright.  
Weather Prediction, by Lester.  
Diesel Engines, by Morrison.  
Airpower, 1942, by Al Williams.  
College physics, 1941, by Duff.  
Modern physics, by Dull.  
Fit to fly: a medical handbook for fliers.  
Physics of the air, by Humphries.  
Radio manual, by Sterling.  
Aircraft spotter, 1942, by Ott.  
Metal aircraft construction, by Langley.  
Aircraft radio and electrical equipment, by Morgan.  
Aircraft sheet metal work, by Boggess.  
American machinists' handbook, by Colvin.  
Aircraft sheet metal work, parts 1 & 2.  
Aircraft engine mechanics manual, by Moors.  
Aircraft yearbook, 1942.  
Practical aircraft stress analysis, by Adams.

### **Bonds, thousands of them!**

Whew! \$7000 in War Bonds! Lawrence Edward Stanhope, Chapman Field, is the patriot who recently made this magnificent purchase through the Tech School.

Stanhope is a Californian by birth and a Floridian by adoption. He is now devoting his time to the Approved Commercial Pilot's course at our Landplane Base and aspires to an Instructor's rating.

## BUSINESS MEN IN NEW ROLES TO AID WAR EFFORT



Harry L. Dobbs, 49, (left), Miami real estate dealer, and Charles Cramer, 48, of Hialeah, who closed his Miami auto repair business for the duration, make adjustments to airplane engine while training to become instructors at the Embry-Riddle technical school. Under an expansion program in which the school will operate on a 24-hour basis, at least 150 more instructors will be needed in the training of maintenance specialists. Men between the ages of 40 to 55 and women between 21 and 35, if qualified and accepted, will be trained by the school and paid \$100 monthly during this instruction period.

Flight without power, by Barringer.  
Diesel engines, by Degler.  
Aviation from shop to sky, by Floherty.  
Atoms in action, by Harrison.  
Modern flight, by Clevenger.  
Machine tools in aircraft production, by Nolan.  
Preliminary airplane design, by Wilson.  
Diesel engines, by Von Bongart.  
Aviation engine examiner, by Page.  
Analysis of engineering structures, by Pipard.  
Structures, by J. D. Haddon v. 2 of an introduction to aeronautical engineering, 1942.  
Good neighbors, by Hubert Herring.  
Baughman's aviation dictionary and reference guide, 1942.  
Webster's new international dictionary, unabridged.  
Walling & Hill—Aircraft Mathematics.  
Manly, C. Burnell—Aircraft Power Plant Manual.—American Nautical Almanac.  
Meller, Karl—Arc Welding Handbook.  
Molloy, E.—Engines, V.25 & V.26 of Airplane Maintenance and Operation Series.  
Nelson, Douglas H.—Glossary of Aeronautical Terms.  
American Technical Society—Aviation Encyclopedia—6 vols.  
Frederick, John H.—Commercial Air Transportation.  
Molloy, E.—Aircraft Production.

## OBSERVATIONS

Submitted by A. J. Troy, Inst. Dept.

An engineer is said to be a man who knows a great deal about very little and who goes along knowing more and more about less and less until finally he knows practically everything about nothing.

Whereas, a salesman on the other hand, is a man who knows a very little about a great deal and keeps knowing less and less about more and more until he knows practically nothing about everything.

A purchasing agent starts out knowing practically everything; but ends by knowing nothing about anything, due to his association with engineers and salesmen.

## CROWNING GLORY

We're happy to hear that our new couriers, Jacqueline Dillard, Helene Hayes, and Lois Wheeler, will wear no caps.

The three lovely heads of hair will be bobbing unhampered around the Tech School shortly. The sole duty of the couriers, who are under the supervision of Marty Warren, Aviation Advisor, is to conduct visitors on tours of the school.

# WHITECAPS

by Lieut. K. J. Daubert

*Off the causeway near Miami  
Bobbing in the sun  
Float the planes of Embry-Riddle  
Anxious for a run.*

*Piper Cubs on pontoons glistening  
Yellow as a flower,  
Tug and pull on ropes that hold them  
With some hidden power.*

*Students come from far and yonder  
All to learn to fly.  
Just like men throughout the ages  
All have sought to try.*

*Now our Seaplane Base is loaded  
With an interesting crowd,  
So with rhyme I'll paint a picture  
Of a gang we're plenty proud.*

*On the ramps you'll find when landing  
As they shout above the noise  
A pair of willing helpers,  
"Al" and "Andy," splendid boys.*

*At the desk are "Gus" and "Billy,"  
Always with a smile  
Checking planes and keeping records  
While you fly awhile.*

*In place of our friend Thompson,  
Keen to do her part,  
Is a lady, yes, Ruth Norton,  
Doing the job with all her heart.*

*Characters we have aplenty,  
I could write a book  
But because our space is precious  
You'll just get a look.*

*Hardest worker in our clan  
Is Mr. Balkeny Bailey,  
Talking, running, always working  
I'm not kidding really.*

*How about our friend, Mrs. Cutler,  
Pretty as can be  
And a voice so loud and booming,  
Brown eyes dazzle me.*

*Of course we have a Georgia Cracker,  
They say she works at night,  
Does a job for "Uncle Sammy"  
Winnie Wood's all right.*

*Among our group you'll find the Army  
Brawny men who fight,  
Biddle, Pond, Brouseau, and others,  
Englebert and Knight.*

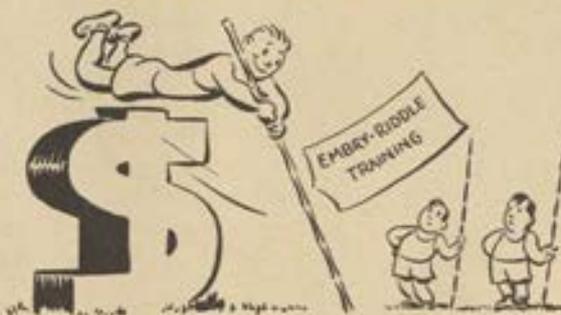
*Mustn't miss our Flight Instructor,  
Always on the go,  
Patient, ready, always willing,  
Thanks, de Marco.*

*Sitting, pondering over questions,  
Engines, rules and sky.  
Solving students' puzzling problems  
Is that Stahler guy.*

*Everyone knows little "Ginny"  
Navigates a "Cord"  
With or without lights and motor  
She makes driving hard.*

*I could rave like this forever,  
Never would get through.  
Guess I'd better stop this yapping  
'Bout our motley crew.*

## Follow the Leader



A pole vaulter can go more than twice as high as a high jumper. The pole gives him leverage and momentum he can't get any other way.

It's much the same in Aviation. The man who leans on sound training can go higher, faster, than the one who doesn't. Embry-Riddle can give you that kind of training. There are 41 different courses from which to choose. So pick the branch of Aviation in which you're most interested and get all the facts



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Phone 3-0711

SEC. 562, P. L. & B.



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