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Embry-Riddle Fly Paper 1944-04-21

Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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SALUTE TO EMBRY-RIDDLE FIELD, UNION CITY

EMBRY-RIDDLE

Fly Paper

"STICK TO IT"



RECEIVED

VOL. VIII

APRIL 21, 1944

NO. 1

WINGS PARADE

Air Commodore Peter Warburton, O.B.E. of the Royal Air Force Delegation in Washington presented wings to RAF and American Cadets at graduation exercises Saturday for Course 17, Riddle Field.

John Paul Riddle presented diplomas to the Cadets, and Major Benjamin J. Durham, Jr., U. S. Army Air Forces, who is Commanding Officer at Riddle Field, presented wings to the American Cadets.

RAF Cadet Charles L. Tayler of Surrey, England, was Outstanding Cadet of the Course.

In addressing the graduating Cadets, Commodore Warburton said they were completing their first step and were "fortunate to take their training at this wonderful school." He also expressed appreciation for the hospitality shown RAF Cadets in Florida.

Following the ceremonies, Leonard J. Povey, Vice-President of the Embry-Riddle Company in Charge of All Flying Operations, gave an exhibition of aerobatics and graduating Cadets gave an exhibition of formation flying.



AIR COMMODORE PETER WARBURTON, O.B.E., congratulates the Outstanding Cadet of Course 17 Charles L. Tayler of Surrey, England.

'ROUND RIDDLE

We wish to welcome F/O Tony Russell, who is replacing F/O "Twitch" Corbett as Gunnery Instructor here at Riddle Field. Although "Tony" is very modest and appeared reluctant to discuss his past experiences in England, your reporter discovered through other channels that he has over 500 hours of Spitfire and Hurricane time over Malta and England. We sincerely hope that your stay here in Clewiston will be pleasant, F/O Russell, and good luck to F/O Corbett in any future endeavors.

"Thanks"—to Sid Burrows, housing director of Embry-Riddle, for providing hotel accommodations for Neal Dwyer, Bob Heffner, Jack McConkey, Al Lyons, John Raynor and Bill Fisher, instructors at No. 5 BFTS, who spent the past week in Miami and Coral Gables.

On Sunday afternoon, the Maintenance department gathered at the Picnic Grounds by Fish-Eating Creek, south of Palmdale, for a barbecue and swimming party. Some of the boys who lacked bathing suits went in swimming anyway but not voluntarily.

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TO ALL OUR READERS!

The month of May will see a change in the Embry-Riddle Fly Paper. Beginning with the issue of May 1, the Fly Paper will be published bi-monthly.



THE REVIEWING STAND AT RIDDLE FIELD, NO. 5 BFTS, when Air Commodore Peter Warburton, O.B.E., in the foreground, presented wings to the outgoing cadets of Course 17. From left to right back of the Air Commodore are Sgt. Moyes, F/Sgt. Kennard, F/Lt. Kenyon, General Manager Ernest Smith, John Paul Riddle, W/C C. W. Lindsay, AFC, F/Lt. Smith, F/O Russell and Major Benjamin J. Durham, Jr., AAF.

Letters to the Editor

Consulado General de la
Republica de Nicaragua
Dallas, Texas
April 5, 1944

Dear Mr. Riddle:

Two days ago I received the good news that you were back from Brasil.

I have completed my course here and it was very interesting. Of course, you can imagine that the experience and knowledge we had from Embry-Riddle helped out a lot. We studied the Texan AT6 in detail and a little of the P51.

Our graduation last week as Flight Engineers was a terrific success and it made us feel very proud. Of course, we missed our banquet, your lovely speeches and dear Aunt Grace Simpson of the Cafeteria, but we had many invitations and it was very nice.

Best wishes and regards to all the dear people I met there and in particular to George Wheeler, Gene Bryan, Helen Burkart, Carl Anderson and Aunt Grace Simpson.

Yours sincerely,
William Rivas V
Lt., Nicaraguan Air Force

Editor's Note: "Willie" Rivas was one of the first Inter-American cadets at the Technical School and his pleasant smile and every "hello" are remembered by everyone. Upon completing his course at Tech and his practical experience at No. 5 British Flying Training School, Riddle Field, Willie was sent to Dallas, along with classmates Ladislao Guerrero and Samuel Boden, to study Texans.

U.S.M.C.
Charleston, W. Va.
April 1, 1944

Dear Wain and Vadah:

The Fly Paper just arrived, via Roanoke, Va., and via Richmond, Va. It had quite a trip reaching me since I have been transferred to, of all places, my own home town.

At any rate, what I wanted to say was that you can take my name off your list of Fly Paper subscribers, since I am living at home and we already have the paper coming there. Thanks for sending it to me at my various stations. It is nice to keep in touch with old friends and old places.

I know everything is going well for you and hope it continues. Say hello for me to everybody I know there at Embry-Riddle. Some day when this fracas is over, think what a swarm of people will descend on

UNCLAIMED LETTER

A letter addressed to A. J. Powell may be claimed in the Mail Room at the Tech School.

Florida and on Embry-Riddle, back to visit and to live! Heaven help 'em!

As for me, I am looking forward to June—need I remind you what usually happens in June? Yes, double harness, and I know it seems unusual to think of a Marine with an engagement ring, but there it is. Only this time it's a Woman Marine.

The best of wishes to you all and to the continued success of the Embry-Riddle Company and the Fly Paper.

Sincerely yours,
"Jerry"
Gladys C. Goff,
Sgt., USMCWR

Editor's Note: What a nice surprise to hear from you, Jerry! We think it's swell that you are now stationed at home and are about to join the ranks of June brides. Bet seeing your letter published reminds you of Fly Paper columns and deadlines and news of Engine Overhaul. By the way, Margaret Howell is now secretary to Charlie Grafflin and Dick Hourihan is our news-hound.

Ft. 6A, Class 44-G
GAAF, Greenville, Miss.
March 29, 1944

Dear Editor:

I've been receiving the Fly Paper now for about two months and have been getting endless enjoyment from it even though I am not a former member of any of Embry-Riddle's fine classes.

I started this letter for the sole purpose of giving you my new address and I find myself praising the Fly Paper. At any rate, it can't receive too much praise. It is one of the most interesting aviation papers I've had the pleasure of reading.

Please note my new address and again thank you very much.

Sincerely,
Mervin Levenberg

Editor's Note: Thanks for the encouraging words, Mervin. May you continue to enjoy the Fly Paper.

128 Middlesex Road
Chestnut Hill, Mass.
April 2, 1944

Dear Mr. Mougey:

Your good letter of March 6 and the copy of the Fly Paper are very much appreciated for they are the culminating evidence of the meticulous care for the welfare of the cadets at Dorr Field.

Arthur has written in glowing terms with repeated emphasis on the superiority of the personnel, the instruction and the planes (as well as the food!). And he has sent us photographs of the beautiful buildings and grounds.

We realize acutely how fortunate he is to be with you and I can assure you of our continued interest and gratitude.



With renewed thanks and all good wishes.

Very sincerely yours,
Floyd Blackman

Editor's Note: The above letter was written to Gordon Mougey, General Manager of Dorr Field, in reply to a letter sent to Mr. and Mrs. Blackman describing the training their son is receiving as an aviation cadet at Dorr.

Columbus, Ohio
March 11, 1944

Dear Editor:

I received your letter asking for news of Lt. Richard Schmidt. For some months he was with the Army Transport Command, Brownsville, Texas, making trips to Guatemala and Mexico City. At present he is with the 91st Squadron, 5th Ferrying Group, Dallas, Texas.

We appreciate your interest in our son.

Sincerely yours,
Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Schmidt

Editor's Note: We appreciate Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt's prompt reply to our inquiries about Richard, a "Yank in the RAF" who was graduated with Course 12 at Riddle Field, Clewiston, in May, 1943.

Class 44-F
Gunter Field, Ala.
March 30, 1944

Dear Editor:

Thanks! Yes, I mean it—for sending me the swell informer, the Fly Paper, reminding me of the swell time I had in Primary at Carlstrom Field.

Am now in Basic and am going to Advanced in a couple of weeks. All the folks back at Carlstrom wouldn't remember individuals, but tell them that we remember them and, busier than bees as we may be, we find time to look over the Fly Paper.

Thanks again for the copies of your excellent paper.

Respectfully,
A/C Guion L. Phillips

Editor's Note: You'd be surprised how well those folks at Carlstrom remember "individuals," Guion, and we'll bet many of them will enjoy reading your note. Write us from Advanced and let us know how you are progressing.

Letters from England

Sgt. E. A. Farthing
Sussex, England

195 The Greenway
Orpington, Kent
England

Dear Sir:

I am writing on behalf of my son, Cyril J. Thomas, Courses 13-14, to thank you for the graduation class photograph which arrived when he was at home on leave.

He has been graded fighter pilot, but his address has not yet been fixed for any length of time, which explains why I am writing and not he.

However, this letter gives my wife and me the opportunity to convey, through you, our sincere thanks to everyone connected with Riddle Field for the good time and splendid training he received there.

Our thanks, also, for the kindly gesture that provided us with the Fly Paper, which gives us insight into the Field's activities.

In conclusion, at the risk of repeating myself, thanks for everything.

Yours sincerely,
D. J. Thomas

Editor's Note: Thanks to James Durden, Assistant General Manager of Riddle Field, for sending Mr. Thomas' letter to us for publication. We hope, Mr. Thomas, that you and your wife will write us often, sending news of Cyril for the information of his classmates.

6 Vicarage Road
King's Heath
Birmingham 14
England

Dear Editor:

Thank you very much for continuing to send me copies of your paper. It's a constant source of amazement to my friends that, although my husband (H. R. Briggs, Course 9, No. 5 BFTS) left Riddle Field over a year ago, they still arrive. I find them very interesting to read and Harry likes to be able to "keep track" of the other members of the course.

He became a Pilot Officer in October last and is flying Lancasters. He has been with an Operational Squadron since the beginning of the year and has completed several operational trips (missions you call them, I believe) over Germany.

I certainly have never seen him look quite as well as he did on his last leave, and for some incomprehensible reason (to me!) likes it—I don't. I just have to console myself by being extremely proud of him.

He had a letter from Lewis Rothwell, also of Course 9, the other day containing this information: Lewis is also now a Pilot Officer on "ops" flying Halifaxes.

I wonder if you could send me a few back copies of the Fly Paper? I'm afraid

they're very old ones! The very first copy I received was dated September 3, 1942, and as at some future date when this war is over, I wish to have them bound as a permanent record, I would very much like to have the few copies from the time Course 9 arrived at Riddle Field (which I believe was at the end of July) to September 3.

I hope this will not cause you too much trouble—but as far as I can gather nothing ever does! I hope you are able to send them. Will you accept my thanks in advance?

Yours sincerely,
Pamela Briggs

Editor's Note: The back issues of the Fly Paper are on their way to you, Mrs. Briggs. We're flattered that you intend to have them bound and hope they will be a treasured memento of your husband's stay in our country.

62 Gloucester Drive
Finsbury Park
London N. 4
England

Dear Editor:

I have been receiving the Fly Paper for nearly two years now. Let me say thank you and also how glad I have been to know of your efforts on behalf of our boys. It has meant much to them and to their friends and relatives in England. Believe me, it is appreciated.

It is with regret that I must now ask you to discontinue sending the paper, but my address is uncertain from now on. I have to move from place to place and I fear I shall not receive your numbers.

My young friend who gave my name, R. W. Shields, is now a Flight Sergeant and posted to a fighter command. I am pleased to say he is doing well, and his early promotion is an added testimonial to your work. Thank you again.

Yours sincerely,
L. Kraushaar

Editor's Note: Thanks for the news of our Course 8, Riddle Field, graduate, Mr. Kraushaar. Should your residence become permanent again, let us know and we shall be glad to send you the Fly Paper.

Dear Editor:

I expect you will be surprised to hear from me after all this time. It was quite a shock to me when I realized how long it has been since Course 12 left Clewiston, probably because I have been kept in touch by letters from Mrs. Wadlow to myself and Ken Gowing, so I am taking this opportunity of giving you a précis of "gen" about our progress since then.

First I would like to say how sorry we were to hear of the deaths of G. Willis Tyson and F/Lt. Nickerson. After having come to look upon them both as real old stagers of No. 5, it is hard to believe that they will no longer exert their influence over the destinies of Riddle Cadets. It must have been a great loss to all at the Field.

The past four months have passed quickly for Ken and me. After a short stay in Canada we came back home and in a few days were enjoying our repatriation leave. As usual it went all too quickly and we were soon back in harness again, this time on "twins." At first the new aircraft were rather strange but after a short time we managed to cope. From that point things have gone with a swing and we have completed both day and night courses.

Naturally, there have been some exciting moments, due principally to the increased difficulty of navigation and the unreliability of our national climate, but fortunately all have had happy endings. Now as we draw nearer to the most serious part of our work, we are pretty confident of our ability to overcome most things we may meet.

One interesting coincidence is that one of my instructors is Sgt. Hellewell, formerly of Course 10. We have flown a number of times together and spent many a leisure moment chewing the rag about Clewiston.

Well, I guess that's all there is to tell you, and it all adds up to the fact that we're doing all right. Please remember us to all our friends at Riddle Field, in particular to Mr. and Mrs. Hilton Robinson, and wish everyone "happy landing," especially first soloists!

Oh, one other thing. Many thanks to the firm for the graduation photograph received a short while ago.

Cheerio now, and happy days,
Tony

Editor's Note: We have heard about you from Mrs. Wadlow, Tony, but it's good to hear from you directly. Congrats to you and Ken on flying those twin engine ships. You must be a couple of H.P.s by this time.

If you would like the Fly Paper sent to you bi-monthly, fill out the following and mail it to the Fly Paper office, Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, 3240 N. W. 27th Avenue, Miami 30, Florida.

Name _____

Address _____

EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER

"STICK TO IT"

Published Weekly by THE EMBRY-RIDDLE CO.



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WE AIRMEN

by Col. Robert L. Scott, AC

Through the years that I have piloted Army planes, I have found a brotherhood among all pilots and men who were air-minded, whether Army-trained or not. There has been a jealousy that should have been stamped out long ago—between the "Lowly Civil Pilot" and the "Romantic Army Pilot"—but the War erased that misunderstanding. It disappeared because of that inborn brotherhood that will always exist among men who fly. We airmen—men who are connected with the air—have only pity for those who must always remain earthbound.

Through the years before December, 1941, I used to practice in every ship I could beg, borrow or chisel from the Army, the Navy and the Marine Corps. I knew that the air held America's destiny, but I was not alone in that knowledge. There were thousands of us who loved the flying game, whether we piloted Army planes or "puddle-jumper" type aircraft. Oh, there was flying in my blood all right—but not in mine alone. It is in the blood and in the souls of all my generation and in the hearts of those older men who taught us to fly.

Proof of this theory came in 1939, when the Army Air Corps began its expansion program. From those few pilots—about 300 a year—who were trained at Randolph Field, the call was suddenly made for some twelve thousand pilots a year. Remember now—there were only 2200 pilots in the entire Air Corps when this call was made. I recall that there were certain officers within the training system who could not see how this great undertaking could be accomplished—and meanwhile, the Luftwaffe moved on and on across France toward England and—America. For some reason those same men bucked most—those "doubting Thomases"—when it was suggested that civilian instructors could

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ESCOLA TÉCNICA DE AVIAÇÃO

Papel Péga-Mosca

"STICK WITH IT"

Captain Will Gordon Writes from Sao Paulo

São Paulo, Brasil
March 19, 1944

Dear Zed:

Really I am ashamed that I haven't written before. There are so many things during work hours to do and time off there are so many interesting things to see that I have written to no one except my family.

Everyone is working hard. The ones who came before we arrived have done a splendid job and, naturally, that has made us very anxious to do our bit. We want to have the next group feel that we have not been slack.

The Warehouse and Inventory departments are now completing their systems. Purchasing has a real job. Engineering Administration, under James Lunnon, is responsible for the big job of reconditioning. Theirs will be a complete success.

The Instructors are really "going to town," and everyone is cooperating in every way. And why shouldn't they? These Brazilian students are such swell fellows that we appreciate the opportunity to help as much as we can. The Brazilian officers are wonderful to work with and the civilian employees do everything possible to make the School a success and our lives happy.

My present work is organizing and maintaining transportation. No one in my department speaks English. It is most interesting work. The cooperation is 100 percent good and the drivers, all experienced men, work with me day or night or Sunday. Soon other departments will operate through my office and they too will all be Brazilians.

Boy! Do I have fun! My "language classroom" is with the people as I have no time to attend classes. My day begins at 8 a.m. and ends at 6 p.m., six days a week. To have a "stranger" do this work is possible only because of the splendid cooperation on the part of the workers.

On Sundays we get two or three fellows together and visit interesting places, such as the Municipal Market, where every edible product can be purchased. It is a tremendous building. We have been to the Yparanga Museum, which is one place everyone should visit.

One day we went to Santos, the seaport.



NO FOOLING! The artist claims he saw this elderly woman in São Paulo waiting for a bus. He never did figure out how she got on board. Now he's waiting to see someone carry an open umbrella on his head.
—Arman Williams

That trip was so interesting that I can't begin to tell you about it, except to say that the road, by bus, and the railway are two of the most wonderful pieces of engineering I have ever seen. It would take hours to describe it.

Continued on Page 18

Cupid Invades Instructors' School

Cupid invaded the ranks of the Brazilian Instructors' School last Saturday afternoon when Lois Richards, former home economics teacher of Milwaukee, and Milton E. Schmidt, Machinist Instructor, were married.

The ceremony was held at the Westminster Presbyterian Church, Miami, and was performed by Rev. James Johnston.

The couple was attended by Mr. and Mrs. Alton Wright, also of the Brazilian Division.

Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt will make their home in Miami for the present but hope that very shortly their address will be São Paulo.

It is rumored that this marriage is the culmination of a pigtail, ink-dripping romance. *E verdade, Senhor Schmidt?*

The entire School extends best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt for much future happiness.

Barbara Adams' Winning Article

Aqui tem, então um pequeno numero dos pensamentos da classe No. 5 que se reúnem tres horas por dia para estudar o português.

A frase que diz "as dificuldades não vem uma por uma" é a verdade. A nossa classe de português, e todas as outras classes de português também, não antecipam com prazer o subjuntivo, mas o dia vem quando é preciso estudá-lo. O mesmo dia que nós começamos a primeira lição do subjuntivo, veio é crosse o senhor Ponso, e ele mandou que, por favor, nós escrevessemos um pequeno artigo em português. O subjuntivo e um artigo juntos! É pena, não? Mas que fazer?

Todos os alunos na classe ficaram muito assustados e pessoa não pensou bastante rapidamente para dizer ao senhor Ponso, "O senhor deve estar enganado!", "Qual o que?" "Pois sim!", "Não diga!" "Imagine!", "Que coisa", ou nem mesmo, Falar

Continued on Page 18

DOINGS AT DORR FIELD

Men of the Week

by A/C J. E. Riley

It is most unusual to find two cadets in training at Dorr who, previous to their enlistment, had been employed at this Field by the Embry-Riddle Company. These men, A/C Owen T. Brewer, Jr. (44-H) and A/C John A. Conroy, Jr. (44-I) were happy to return to their old stamping ground.

Aviation Cadet Brewer was born in Washington, D. C. He attended twelve years of school in Arcadia and was graduated from DeSoto County High School. Before joining the cadet ranks, he worked as Flight Dispatcher right here at Dorr Field for seven months. His mother has been working in the Fabric department at nearby Carlstrom Field for more than a year.

A/C Conroy was born in Gardner, Fla. He attended Wauchula High School and lettered in baseball. His family seems to be aviation minded for he has two brothers-in-law, Jack Pooser, Inspector, and J. M. Hardy, Line Foreman, working at Dorr now. His sister, Mrs. Marie Pooser, formerly worked in the Form 1 department. Conroy, himself, worked at Dorr Field as a mechanic for 14 months.

We wish to take this opportunity to wish A/Cs Brewer and Conroy the best of luck in their flying and we're sure they will make pilots of whom we can be proud.



MEN OF THE WEEK at Dorr are A/Cs Owen T. Brewer, Jr., left, and John A. Conroy, Jr.

Your Responsibility

by A/C John W. Malandro

The first thing that strikes the eye upon entering Dorr Field is the symmetry of construction. The arrayal of palm-lined paths, the abundance of shrub and lush-green grass serve as Mother Nature's touch.

What with some 400 cadets, enlisted and civilian personnel, one wonders how it is possible to keep the place trim and neat at all times. With a little thought, it is not difficult to realize how alert Mr. Frederick, and his many assistants, must be to keep it so. A new path here, some more shrubs there, and that grass gives so much trouble. The dry weather and incessant torment of the hot sun are rather deteriorating to the should-be green color.

Here and there paths and spots are becoming beaten and worn, evidence of the fact that some of the personnel have been neglecting to use the paths, which are a little more indirect than the "bee-line" across a grass plot. This is an entirely unnecessary and inconsiderate act. The few seconds gained by walking across the grass means hours of exertion for the caretakers.

A suggestion has been advanced that flagstone walks be laid to those places

which require a roundabout means of approach. But until then it would be appreciated immensely if a little more care were taken by all concerned to preserve the natural beauty of the grounds. For after all, we live here; and why spoil it?

Former Cadet Visits Dorr

Last week Lt. Earvan Nicholas, a member of Class 44-C, paid a visit to Dorr Field where he received his primary training. From Dorr he went to Courtland, Ala., for Basic, then to Columbus, Miss., for Advanced.

At the present Lt. Nicholas is assigned to McDill Field where he is a member of a B-17 crew.

Lt. Nicholas, as a cadet, was well known and liked on the Field by the officers and his fellow cadets; as described by one of the officers, "He was a darn swell guy." We hope he will be able to visit us again in the near future.

"Johnny, I wish you'd be a good little boy!"

"I'll be good for a nickle, Mother."

"Why can't you be like your father—good for nothing?"

Captain D. D. Webster Writes Jack Whitnall

March 6, 1944
"In England"

Dear Jack:

No doubt, big surprise to hear from me; but have been going to write to you for a long time. First of all, I want to ask a favor. Would you please put me, or this group, on the mailing list for the Riddle newspaper? We have several pilots with us who took their primary at either Dorr or Carlstrom; so, in addition to myself, there are several others who would like to read the Fly Paper around here.

Last year sometime I wrote to Bill Frank but never received an answer, though I hear indirectly that he is still there. I am very much interested in knowing who among my friends are still at Dorr.

I would like to know, too, where Bill Boyd is. Is Clara Winters still in my old office down there? And have any of the old gang come over this way? Would surely like to run into someone I know from Dorr.

In writing this letter, Jack, I am presuming that you are, of course, still there—and please, for heaven's sake, will you or someone down there answer this letter? How about Grady Rockett? If he is there, tell him to write me also; I want him to tell me how it feels to be a Senior Warrant Officer. Also, Jack, has anyone ever caught the little red fox?

After leaving Arcadia, I went out to the Air Base at Pocatello, Idaho. After two months out there, I was sent to Combat Intelligence School at Harrisburg and then was assigned to the Fighter Group that I am now with. We were stationed up on Long Island before coming over. We left the States in 1943; and time has really slipped by pretty fast since then. It can't go by fast enough to suit me, though.

I like my outfit and enjoy the work; but, so help me, I love the good old U. S. and want to get back there to my family, and it can't be too soon. Time will come, however, when we will all be back, and what a day that will be. Eloise, the boys, Michael and Bunky, and our new daughter, now eight months old, are all coming down to Arcadia one day to see you all again. We really liked it down there.

Jack, please say hello to everybody for me, and please don't forget to put me on the mailing list. Tell Bill Frank I have another thousand shares of Seaboard but cannot find it listed in any of our six weeks old papers over here. I would like to have a quotation.

Sincerely,
Don

Editor's Note: The above letter is from Captain Donald D. Webster, Intelligence Officer at Dorr from fall of 1942 until spring of 1943.

CHAPMAN CHATTER

by Cara Lee DaBoll

Things I didn't know till now:

That Len Povey, who originated the Cuban Eight, put on an air show at Carlstrom last Saturday and the exciting details are still reverberating around Chapman.



"Cookie"

That our Parachute Checker, "Miss Wishar," who supplies the Field with lovely gardenias, is the wife of Coast Guard Capt. W. P. Wishar, Executive Officer of the Seventh Naval District. She has two daughters, one in Wellesley and one in Smith College. She served with the Red Cross in France at the close of World War No. 1.

That Jimmie Clark used to make parachute jumps and so did Paul Baker who has pulled that panic cord over 375 times.

That Wilbur Sheffield, who is the best ground school instructor in the 48 states, once assisted in building a glider. That he was married in an elaborate ceremony in the Municipal Hangar to cute little Virginia Morrow while the limelight shone and the newsreels clicked.

That Bruce Hadley studied medicine in college and has been operating on airplanes ever since.

That Watchman Frank Staton has joined the Coast Guard and soon will be sporting a shiny new uniform, thusly giving us a representative in one more branch of the service.

That Mr. deVay has a brother in the Paratroops.

That Guard M. G. Fossum has had much experience along the painting line and can boast of work in the Hyde Park Library in New York.

That Dave Morrow was quite a prominent bakery salesman before aspiring to aviation at which time he opened and operated a seaplane base.

That Gadget Flying L. "Smitty" was a former milkman.

That we have given flight instruction to 1450 CPT and WTS trainees.

That we have enrolled better than 700 civilian flight students.

That we have logged 44,357.05 hours of flying time since October, 1942, when we moved to Chapman.

That Bill Hutchins, CAA Inspector, used to be an airline pilot.

That Bob Lape was among the first ten instructors to fly at Carlstrom Field and later became Director of Flying at Raymond-Richardson Aviation Company at Douglas, Ga.

That Dave Pearlman is now a naval

kaydet and still crazy about the women.

That Daisy Dutton was born in Ireland and that is where she gets that twinkle in her eye.

That Marny Van was born in Vence, France, has traveled widely and speaks four languages.

That Lt. Olsen flew with the Royal Canadian Air Force.

That Al Sutton was a "simulated" bombardier in the First World War where they relied on hand grenades and low altitude to do the job instead of intricate bomb-sights and heavy armor.

That Dave DaBoll once drove a racer on a dirt track and, finding that unsafe, took to flying, being at one time the youngest certified Flight Instructor in the United States.

That I'm running out of space and will close without further *adieu*.

DORM LIFE

by "Spook" Wittenberg and "Sis" Gibbs

Here I sit, on the floor no less, trying to capture the week's events in the order in which they came, but succeeding only in getting my clothes wrinkled and dirty.

First event of the week: (Bugler blows) Killer Skip Selby has at long last returned to our humble abode. Graciously we rolled out the red carpet and strew her path with flowers. We crowned her our queen and delivered unto her a key to every slab in the place. Devotedly we bowed out of her room and Wittenberg and Gibbs got busy with the evening meal.



BLONDE CHAUFFEURETTE Billie Mabry, recently transferred to Transportation, admits that driving station wogons and buses is a great life.



DURING THEIR LEAVE last week Denis Bartlett and Ken Christolm of Course 19, Riddle Field, visited the Tech School as guests of Radio Students Edith Chapman, Al Wittenberg and Jan Williams. Left to right, front row: Edith, Al and Jan. Back row, left to right: Ken, Karen Draper, Aviation Advisor to Women, and Denis.

Second event: (Bugler please, thank you) Tuesday night a sad looking bunch of feminine something or other, adorned in slacks, grouped themselves together for support and arrived at Matheson with lost vocal chords and thanks to Vadah, two riotous choruses and thanks to Vadah, two riotous choruses on me. The boys from the Homestead Army Air Base awaited our arrival.

The picnic started off with a bang with me flying end over end into the ash can. (How this occurred, dear readers, is to be a life secret.)

In our gang Peppy was the first to land a man, one of those strange things usually walking around chained to some other gal's arm. From there on in everyone was for herself.

Food, and man was it good, was plentiful and we all had our hands, fists and arms in it. I even decided that a helping hand with the cokes would furnish me with my good deed for the day and so there I stood amidst icebergs, coke in one hand and bottle opener in the other, a lovely picture to behold.

Wearily we ventured home, busy heads bobbing up and down explaining to each other what each's date had been like.

And now from behind closed doors I shall bring to the light the names of those who were brave enough to face the threatening storm and the roasting of weinies.

There were Chapman, Gibbs, Wittenberg and Williams,

Fite, Radcliff, Mendel and Sessions.

There were Vadah, Jessup, Servick and Popwell.

To Vadah, thanks, the party was swell.

And to Lt. John Campbell, who was in command of the Squadron, many more thanks.

TECH TALK

by Eileen Judge

The eight-girl brigade elected to blitz graduating Carlstrom Cadets at Arcadia last week end takes this writer's vote for the most colorful chatter of the week at Tech School . . . Wain Fletcher and Vadah Walker were more or less the backbone of our party, heading things in times of stress. Assisting was Lil (Wings) Clayton. (She is, by the way, the cause of the printed matter submitted herewith as she "Had Me Covered," figuratively speaking, when she asked me to cover Tech Talk this week.)

Stack 'o Stags

Jessica Cyzycki was our little damsel in distress . . . she just didn't know which way to turn with so many stags to chose from all-at-once. Only Alabama could produce the keen wit displayed by "Bobbie" (Manhattan) Brawner who really kept our ears buzzin' all the way up and back.

Ann Radcliff lent an air of the "Big Town" to our eightsome while Madeleine "Peppy" (Yellow Cloud) Fite gave out with that "Cherokee Charm" universally enjoyed throughout the week end.

And last but not least, yours truly brought up the rear, midst legs, arms and luggage . . . but oh! the bumping, dancing, laughing, inspiring fun of it all! Outstanding was the word for the best dressed Dorr Field Cadet featured in the Carlstrom Cadet "Ento'oor snow T riday evening . . . a plug for the 1944 "civies" at that!

From hubby, Danford, came three letters to Barbara Adams this week, and even reading betwixt the lines she feels that all's fine and dandy with him down in São Paulo. "Oh! Where, Oh! Where, has our

little doggone? Oh! Where, Oh! Where can he be?" . . . Thanx to Pinky Church of Willard Hubbell's office, Red's hospital bill is doing well and so's Red, through the generous response of donations suggested by Pinky. Red's calamity occurred when "dog met car" this week, but he'll be up and doin' again 'round about Wednesday.

Tech School's Auditing department, fifth floor, is a bit minus nowadays with the obvious absence of its sole support, A. J. Munies, who with the assistance of Ziffie Arlington (Nicholson) and Bill Shupe is methodically tending Union City books.

Emily Conlon of Conlon, Conlon and Conlon, who spent Sunday in Miami Springs ridin', upon being encountered Monday a. m. could only grumble in response, "Mit'y Tir'd."

A farewell to Muriel "Messenger" Loertscher who parted ways with Embry-Riddle Tech Mail room this week to help sister Kay Webster keep house . . . and to Pat Pratt of Sales who is headed Texas-way with a flying instructress' license in mind.

Morale Builders

Have y' all noticed that striking twosome, imported from the Colonnade, Brasilian's "Rusty" Diffenderfer and brunette Patsy Harden of Payroll? These are the kind of morale-builders Embry-Riddle produces. Among those absent from the fold this week are Glen Kuhl, who is in Union City, and Gene Helvey, two gentlemen fondly missed by all.

The combined forces of Coral Gables U.S.O. and Embry-Riddle Dorm girls tended to make Army Air Force men from



TECH SCHOOL'S VIVACIOUS HIRSCH SISTERS have smiled at you from the pages of the Fly Paper many times, but this is their initial appearance together. Betty, left, is in the Payroll department, while Helene is secretary to George T. Ireland.

Homestead happy Monday evening when they all got together at Matheson Hamock for an old fashioned pic-i-nic and a new-fangled band to dance to. It's "V" for victory, girls!

Mary Warren left the Alma Mater April 17th and believe me, it's goin' to be missin' you we are from now on, Marty!

Attention please: Payroll is mighty lonesome, so they say, for their former next-door neighbors, Accounting, and wish to place a wholehearted request that these two be joined together quick-like and never more be put asunder, forever and ever, amen! Aldra Watkins (your last week's *scholarship*) is hashin' a sergeant's gold pin and with it that old personality grin! Wonder whyfore?

Great Loss

This column wishes to take this opportunity to extend to the Colonnaders our deepest regret upon the loss of both your friend and ours, Embry-Riddle's Charles DeBetts of Accounts Payable.

I was up to see my seventh floor friends Tuesday morning of this week, and what should I run into but an office arrayed in "welcome home" decor., mistletoe and everythin', especially composed for Dave Beaty's return from Brasil. Dave's been there since January.

That Champ team of bowlers was at it again last week and to our surprise, all were present with the addition of accomplished ball roller Florrie Gilmore. Kibitzing was extra specially done by "Miss Alice" Richards and Marty Warren. Ruth Williams again came through with the high score and Vadah Walker was up to her old form(?) as usual.

The only casualty was one sore hip suffered by Wain—her fancy curve having developed an inroad. The team and kibitzers then adjourned to *Victors* at the Antilla Hotel for a delicious and beautifully served dinner in honor of "Miss Alice's" 78th birthday.

In conclusion, my friends, "Passe Bem" to you, for this is what is generally referred to as the well known "finis."



COL. CORTLANDT JOHNSON AND LT. COL. EMMETT McCABE, who visited the Tech School recently, graciously permit our avid photographer to take their picture with their hosts. Standing from left to right are John Paul Riddle, Col. Johnson, Carl R. Anderson, Assistant Vice President of Embry-Riddle, Lt. Col. McCabe and Edwin P. Stahl, Director of the Technical School.

SCHOOL IS OUT AT UNION CITY

by L. Leo Beaupre

Today, in Luxembourg, in Frankfurt, and especially in Berlin, after the latest thousand-plane raid, a little man may be found teetering on the edge of a huge crater and muttering words of momentous magnitude and symbolical significance. Such as: "Ach!"

Probably his name is Schmidt. (Lots of people are named Schmidt.) Schmidt is explaining to friends how he was just minding his own business and quietly munching a snack of sauerkraut-and-weiners without the weiners when someone dropped a block-buster into his victory garden. Schmidt points to the hole and announces emotionally that he won't be able to act as Air-Raid Warden for his block anymore. No Block.

All that is left, one jagged sliver of cement, Schmidt fondles tenderly and places gently away in his pocket as a souvenir. Just a chip off the Old Block.

Indicating the mass of rubble and debris with a sweeping gesture, Schmidt shakes his head.

"Who would believe," he moans, "that our years of hard work, our fine homes and our gardens could be reduced in so short a time to . . . this?"

Baby Field

Similarly, on the 6th of July in 1942, Farmer George Washington Janes, who is 75 years old in his stocking feet, stood looking over a brand new youngster in the process of toddling. The infant was Embry-Riddle's baby, a Union City Flying Field by the same name now occupying a site where formerly there had been 13 farms.

Janes had been one of the last of the 13 farm-owners to allow the boom to be lowered upon his property and now a bit of forgivable sentiment welled up in his breast. Tears momentarily moistened the old eyes as the memory of his faithful hogs surged to the fore: Gallant little porkers that had trusted him implicitly.

Panorama

Gazing over the more than 870 acres, Farmer Janes' eyes rested first upon the soil cement runway, 1,800 feet long and 100 feet wide, stretching in front of the hangars between which rose the tall flight direction tower. Skimming around an oval drive, the eyes focused in turn upon the Administration building, the Cadet barracks, the large Mess Hall and Recreation building, the Ground School building and the Hospital, finally coming back to the runway where 18 airplanes were being readied for flight.

Indicating the Embry-Riddle Field with a sweeping gesture, Janes shook his head.

"Who would have believed," he moaned, "that our years of hard work, our fine homes and our gardens could be reduced in so short a time to . . . this?"

The problem of naming this new Tennessee project was finally ironed out and

the Primary Flying School as announced on May 26, 1942, was to be known to all as the "Riddle-McKay Aeronautical Institute." Shortly thereafter, however, an amendment from headquarters changed the name to read "Riddle-McKay Aero Institute of Tennessee."

The business of "Keeping 'em Flying" was gotten down to with a will. In a few short weeks the number of airplanes increased by leaps and bounds and the Cadets were landing them the same way. By September, 1942, the ships on hand had rocketed from 18 to 30, and a class of 32 students already had been graduated to Basic School.



H. ROSCOE BRINTON was the first General Manager of Embry-Riddle Field. He is now General Manager of Carlstrom.

Of the hundreds of Cadets to pass through the Union City School each was an individual unto himself and different in many ways from any other Cadet. Yet, from the first class to the final one every Cadet can look back upon these essentially identical experiences:

Step One: He gets a Barracks. Step Two: He gets an Instructor. Step Three: He gets a case of love-at-first-sight on his Dispatcher. Step Four: He gets wised up that said Dispatcher is already going steady with Squadrons II, III, IV and V. Step Five: He gets further wised that the other four Squadrons, I, VI, VII and VIII, are going steady with said Dispatcher's younger sister, also a Dispatcher. And Step Six: The average Cadet keeps his mind on his spins, turns, rolls and Immelmans and graduates to the Basic stage of his training.

To the casual observer it might appear that the School consisted chiefly of Cadets. However, it is notable that various department heads also have contributed vastly to the functioning of the Union City organization.

When you have a name as impressive as Thornton E., fate doesn't give you much of a chance to become anything but a General Manager. So when H. Roscoe (you

can see his problem, too) Brinton was transferred to Carlstrom Field, they did better than fill his shoes . . . they got "Boots."

At the same time, Charles E. Sullivan, who formerly was Stage Commander (on stage and off) was made Director of Flying. Charlie, incidentally, took the first student up at Union City back in 1942. Hope has been abandoned by many, but it is contemplated that, should the two return, the student will be sent directly to Advanced School in an effort to catch up with the rest of his class.

Contributors

Frank A. Haynes has been Union City's Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds from the opening of the Field. Mr. Haynes has done a wonderful job of keeping the building in the ground and the grounds out of the buildings.

To Taylor C. Cottrell we owe a reputation for Ground School efficiency second to none in the Southeast Training Center. Mr. Cottrell also has been instrumental in keeping the Union City Newsletter out of the Fly Paper with a consistence that must have required no small effort.

After a prolonged period of persistently perspicacious purchasing, Purchasing Agent Karl T. Wilson has made his final good

buys and departed for Atlanta, Ga.

George G. Lobdell, who has accomplished such admirably accurate accounting for Embry-Riddle, has donned a uniform and is now in a position to begin accounting for Germans and Japanese.

To Ervin H. Kussrow are presented plaudits for maintaining not only his airplanes but his sanity and his equilibrium during times when the only extra part he had was the one in his hair.

Always Sparks

We saved our Assistant General Manager until last as an inspiration to those sentimental persons who are inclined to think of the Union City project as a gallant flame solicitously fed and vigilantly tended as it burned brighter and brighter only to flicker and die. It should be a comfort to them to remember that at least there will be Sparks.

Naturally there is no room to exploit adequately the laudable accomplishments of such succeeding Commanding Officers of the 67th Army Air Forces Flying Training Detachment as Major Weldon M. James, Major Charles N. Breeding, Major Charles E. Parsons, Jr., Major Frederick G. McNally, Jr., and their staff of officers and men.

Suffice to say that no matter how smoothly functioning the Union City School might have been, it couldn't continue to expand indefinitely. One day it must inevitably be

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FAREWELL TO EMBRY-RIDDLE FIELD



OFF WE GO!



GROUND SCHOOL



KUSSROW



SULLIVAN



FRANTZ



PO



CHOW TIME



BREAK PERIOD



FORWARD



BAKER



WILSON



JOHNSON



LINK TRAINING



EARLY BIRDS



MAJOR CHARLES P

SCENE OF MANY HAPPY LANDINGS



END OF THE DAY

SUNNY TENNESSEE

LEY



SPARKS



HAYNES



COTTRELL



MARCH



JUST SOLOED



SOUND BODIES



CALDWELL



CULLUM



NEELY



PARSONS AND STAFF



CANTEEN



CHEF OF CHEFS



SCHOOL IS OUT

Continued from Page 9

gin to contract. After all, it was a Contract School.

But bear in mind that the closing of the School represents not the End but the Beginning of the purpose in back of the entire Training Program. Because of schools like these and the people who worked tirelessly to fulfill the mission entrusted to them, not just thousands of men but thousands of trained men now fly above "Luxembourg, Frankfort, and especially Berlin" where Schmidt teeters on the edge of his crater muttering words of momentous magnitude and symbolical significance.

Such as: "Ach!"

Farewell to the 67th

by Jo Anne Cottrell

*It seems only yesterday
That we proclaimed this land,
This level, sunny piece of land
"Home"! another Embry-Riddle.*

*Each of us in his own way
Prepared to give for its duration,
His love, pride and cooperation
In making it the best.*

*Each had a thought behind his goal . . .
A patriot in his own way,
Striving, planning for the day
When peace would spread her banners!*

*Each has played his part,
With an occasional prompt or cue,
But each thing learned new,
Is another mark of knowledge.*

*To every person, tribute is due,
From pilot to the faithful crew.
Those who worked far into the night
Mechanics who cleared the way for flight
Engines, Navigation, Meteorology books
Mess prepared by the best of cooks.*

*Each of these persons has starred,
And changes have come with time . . .
For new green grass shades the ground
And buildings like a little town
Have covered the barren spots.*

*And in our patient memory
Of training in World War II
As we bid farewell, goodbye, adieu,
There is a smile of satisfaction,
For the jobs we loved to do.*

To the People of Union City

With the inactivation of Embry-Riddle Field in Union City, Tenn., this week, almost two years of training Army Air Forces cadets in primary flying will come to a close. Commanding officers, their staffs, civilian personnel and hundreds upon hundreds of cadets will feel a personal loss, yet shining in their memories will be the fellowship they have found together and the knowledge that they have been a part of a most successful operation.

Those most deeply affected, however, will be the citizens of Union City and the surrounding country. It was on their thirteen farms that Embry-Riddle Field was built in 1942. It was their trees that had to be cut down. It was their rich, fertile soil that for many years had yielded corn, tobacco, wheat, that had to be plowed under, levelled. Their houses had to be vacated—they were in the way. There was a war on, and to a man Obion County rose to the job at hand.

First Inking

A postscript to a letter from Col. Herbert Fox, head of the State (Tennessee) Aeronautical Bureau, to Union City attorney David Caldwell was the first inkling of the embryo plans for a flying school in that section of the country. It said: "P.S. Do you have 800 acres of land available for an airfield?"

In no time it became known that John Paul Riddle was the man interested in establishing a flying school either in Tennessee or in Mississippi. Ed Critchlow, editor of the Union City *Daily Messenger*, immediately contacted John Bandy, president of the Obion Flying Club, and started the ball rolling.

Ralph Morton, proprietor of the Davy Crockett Hotel, Walker Kerr, president of the National Bank, Judge Andrew L. Burrus, Ed Critchlow and Arthur Tittsworth were interested from the first. They knew real estate like a book and went to work choosing possible sites for this new project.

Jake Boyd, Mr. Riddle's engineer, was sent up to look over the situation. On his heels came the late G. Willis Tyson, about whom Mr. Morton said, "Tyson was a swell fellow. He took as much interest in the Field as Riddle himself. You would have thought he was building the school."

Thirteen Options

When approval of the site had been obtained from the Army Air Corps, the business of getting thirteen options from the property owners was set upon with vigor. Bert Cox, Ralph Morton and Arthur Tittsworth took seven, Judge Burrus and Russell Meeks took the other six and that same day all thirteen were turned over to Mr. Tyson, who in turn took them to the Farmers Exchange Bank.

Mr. Morton tells us that "that same morning Mr. Riddle and John G. McKay arrived at Union City. In the meantime Frank Wheeler had arrived by car." The site of the field was inspected by air and Mr. Riddle told Mr. Wheeler to get busy.

The next day Wheeler set up an employment office in the hotel and started ordering material and equipment for the construction of the school. Edwin Crenshaw surveyed the property.

Judge Burrus deserves much credit for his assistance in the early days of Embry-



SUNNY SMILES IN SNOWY TENNESSEE. Left to right are T. E. "Boots" Frantz, General Manager of Embry-Riddle Field, Leonard J. Povey, Vice-President of Embry-Riddle in charge of all flying operations, Sam Sparks, Assistant General Manager of Union City, and Nate Reece, Jr., Assistant to Mr. Povey.

April 21, 1944

Riddle Field. He was then County Highway Commissioner and had he not loaned graders, draglines, trucks and county equipment, the Field could not have opened as it did in record time.

Work was started, all the options had been settled when Capt. Len J. Povey flew in and announced that he had to have auxiliary fields. Tittsworth and Wheeler approached Tom Reynolds who had a 160-acre farm six miles north of Union City. Reynolds made up his mind in five minutes. He said, "If you want to use my property to help win the war, you can have it!"

Then the Caldwell field and the Wade field were added. Later, four and one half acres, property belonging to Mr. Richards, was needed. With their usual determination Ralph Morton and Bob McNulty gathered a few Union City businessmen together and raised sufficient money to buy this tract from Richards and presented it to the Riddle Company.

The townspeople offered all the cooperation possible not only at the beginning of the project, but on through the two years that the Riddle-McKay Aero Institute taught young flyers to take a plane off the ground and set it down safely.

The women of Union City have given unstintingly of their time; business and professional men have taken keen interest and have helped in every way. Farmers have given up their very homes.

We salute our friends of Union City and Obion County. May we meet again.



GRAB HIM, PAW! HE'S GOT SHOES ON!

WE AIRMEN

Continued from Page 4

train the Army's primary students. Not only that, but civilian schools would handle the entire program. A roar of horror went around the United States when those men who had been "slipping and skidding" in Taylorcraft and Aeroncas were called on to teach flying technique to the Army. Never in the world, it was said, could these men train American youngsters to fly low-wing, basic trainers, much less the fast fighters and four-engined bombers.

So, from 1939 until the beginning of 1941, the story of America in the air was written—and it was written by the Chief of the Army Air Corps, who had faith in America's youth and in their destiny in the air. But something more—that same General had faith in American men—Army pilots or civilian pilots or civilian school leaders to train the greatest air force in the world. Now the story is legend. Not only did those older pilots and those kids who could only afford to fly low-powered ships teach Army cadets to fly primary planes, but in several cases, like at Cal-Aero Academy in Ontario and at the Polaris Flight School at Lancaster, basic schools have been staffed by civilian pilots. Often these same instructors have been called into service to teach the same American kids to fly fighters and bombers in the Army Operational Training Units.

These civilians had flown through the

lean years of aviation in anything they could get to fly. They had chiseled time and had even worked as mechanics for a few hours' instruction or practice in the little ships. My hat is off to those Civil Instructors who have done as great a job as any group of men in this war. They—to me—are America's secret weapon.

Their job has not been one of the glory of combat. But I know that by their sincere love of flying they were able to help when this country needed them most. They have answered the doubters by training the youth of this land to fight in the skies of the world.

Whenever you read that another thousand-plane raid has blasted hell out of Germany and that "another Nazi city is missin'"—whenever you read that another long-distance raid has burned another Axis oil fields like Ploesti—or when you read that American ships have sent a few more Japs to hell in the Pacific—be sure to remember that most of those ships—fighters, bombers or transports—were piloted by some kid who learned to fly in a *civil school*. His instructor was one of those "puddle-jumper" pilots who simply had the love of flying in his blood and the opportunity to fly nothing more than a "hangar door with an ice-cream freezer power plant."

So, to those school executives who went "out on limber limbs" to plan America's place in the air—and in the sun; to those

men and women who taught our boys to fly; to you who worked for America's Aerial Destiny, whether you were a Mechanic, a Rigger, an Instrument Man, an Instructor, or a Secretary in the Flight Office, you have fought in the war, too. For you believed in the power and the future of Aviation. There was, and is, flying in your souls, too. You not only have taught those 12,000 pilots to fly each year, but it's been stepped up now until the Training Command is turning out something like 120,000 pilots a year. What an Air Force—what a country!

To those who didn't believe—look around you. To those who wonder about instructors, and whether or not a high-school kid can fly ships with one thousand horse power—then ladies and gentlemen—relax!

Those "puddle-jumper" pilots and all civilian instructors have delivered when the chips were down. They may not have seen an enemy unless he was a labor agitator, but they have aided just as much in shooting down enemy planes and blasting Axis cities as the men trained to work the triggers or the controls, or to fly the bombers. And those kids you doubted, mister—the ones who were in the generation that "was going to hell"—those kids are winning your war.

The preceding article originally appeared in *Bulaero* and is reprinted with the permission of Major C. C. Moseley.

CARLSTROM CARROUSEL

by Eva Mae Lee



BLAST THAT LAUNDRY AND ITS STARCH!

The Kaydet Korner

Culminating these past few weeks full of Ground School and Link Trainers, walking tours and running the mile, mastering slow rolls and passing check rides, the cadets of 44-H did themselves proud at their Graduation Dance last Friday evening.

The Cadet Club in Arcadia was resplendent in its night clubish attire—candle light, swaying palms, gorgeous gals in frothy tulle and slinky satin, demure pink and sophisticated black, cadets in familiar khaki and mirrored shoes, officers and their ladies, GI Joes, visiting Miami gals. All waltzed to the sweet and low and jitter-bugged to the hot and jivey as given out by that swell-elegant band from the Avon Park Army Air Field.

Miami girls attending the graduation dance were Lil Clayton, Ben Turner's secretary; Wain Fletcher and Vadah Walker, Editor and Assistant Editor of the Fly Paper; Madeleine Fite and Ann Radcliff, Flight students; Bobbie Brawner and Jessie Czyzski of Purchasing; and Eileen Judge of Mr. Munie's office.

To A/C L. W. Livingstone and his crew go the honors for the beautiful decorations. The floor show in charge of Lt. Roy Weiner was aided by the scintillating wit of A/C T. W. Crow, Emcee of the evening. Here is his prelude to the evening's entertainment.

Personalities

"To you dignified 'H.P.s' and your wives and dates this may seem a bit juvenile. However, we sincerely hope that before starting your mad headlong rush to Basic you will pause long enough to hear what the Class of 44-H is leaving behind to enrich the already great traditions of our great Field. Let us take them as individuals rather than a group, and thus we may discover some hitherto hidden talent.

"First, heading the list of all-time primary hot pilots, is George 'The Delicate Bull' Machuga who not only has a lot of muscles in the right places, but also a brain to cause them to ripple at the correct moment. He leaves behind his amazing strength coupled with an ingenious brain.

"Richard F. (the F being for father) Beringer leaves to 44-I his great fatherly instincts. Sullivan, the Broadway star-to-be, the twinkletoes of the airways, leaves behind him his light feathery dancing and his even lighter feathery head.

"Carragher bequeaths to the 'Greenies' Daisy Mae over whom he and George Christ, the Paderewski of his age, have been fighting for such a long time. 'Cowboy' Adams wills his light touch on the controls while herding cattle from the air to anyone foolish enough to follow in his footsteps. Turner Crow sincerely hopes that 44-I will not have so many gripes as he about his food, tactical officer, tours, and everything else in general.

Phone Numbers

"Big Joe Brewton leaves to the underclass his great attraction for the ladies, or should it be vice versa? Anyhow, call him for all local talented phone numbers. 'Rocks' Roxby wants to leave behind a recording of his famous cadence counting which has made reveille so very pleasant.

"Little Jim Brewton, Big Joe's baby brother, hopes that the lower class will inherit his accuracy in throwing things at the cadet guards. Padre Phinney leaves to 44-I his quiet ways to offset the riotous brawling of Brecky, the lily-faced youth from the northland.

"Howard 'Honor Committee' Foreman wills to his Tactical Officer, Lt. Weiner of Wisconsin, his melodious voice with which to entrance the fair maidens. 'Speedboat' Genth is begrudgingly leaving behind him his great speed on foot as well as with the female populace of Arcadia, Nocatee and all points south.

"'Shep' Shephard leaves behind him his wonderful domestic life untouched by the outside world. Helms, the Tennessee mountaineer, hopes that when bigger and better wolves are made, he'll be around to teach them his newest methods.

Speaking of Wolves

"'Red' Brandon is willing to leave Patty only provided he's positive that she's in safe hands, if such as that may be found in the Corps. Jack Brenner is wondering how the Engines department will ever survive without his brilliant brain to surmise difficult situations for them in a flash.

"Coffey, the joker, hopes for another of his type to come in with the next class because he can't bear the thought of leaving Hobler, his ground school prof, in cruel hands. 'Tell me something I don't know' Dugan is sincerely hoping that his bequest of a steady stream of questions will surely find one cadet who can use them to the same advantage he did.

From the Flag Pole



We Saw It At Carlstrom

"'Rippling muscles' Turner leaves behind him his formula for the body beautiful, male in this case. George Fitch leaves to Lt. Agnost his fiery ways of hollering at the new cadets which causes them to jump almost out of their already over-laundered trousers.

Goldbrick

"Welty, the perpetual goof, leaves behind his success in dodging all forms of work as well as keeping out of the way of all officers. Our wing adjutant, Imber the Lover, leaves to the less fortunate his beautiful ruby lips. R. J. Bain, Esq., of California, says: 'I have only one thing to say—Always follow your map closely on cross-country and set your watch correctly and wind before take-off.' We wonder what he means by this. Stirling hopes that many more great athletes will follow in his giant footsteps in the sports world of Carlstrom.

"Well, folks, we could keep this up all night, but dirty glances are being thrown our way, so we'd best stop here and now. If this has not been fully appreciated, notify the nearest chaplain. Thank you for listening."

Second Astaire

While the guests were being entertained thus, a ludicrous figure wandered aimlessly onto the floor, dressed in baggy trousers supported by a length of rope. His jacket was beautifully patched. The color scheme was enhanced by a flowing bow tie of kelly green. Topped by a cloche hat, he looked like a fugitive from vaudeville. He was announced as "the best dressed cadet of Dorr Field." The amusement of the audience turned to acclaim as A/C William "Sully" Sullivan proved his mastery of the Terpsichorean art. His dance included a little slap stick, a little of the chorus girl technique, and ended in a riot of flying toes.

Further entertainment was provided by the versatility of Emcee Crow who gave a little skit depicting a school marm and her expression class studying the well known epic "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star."

Sinatra

The show was rounded out with the old favorites, "In Old Shanty Town," "Who?" and "Marie," rendered in their own inimitable style by Lt. "Sinatra" Weiner and his cohorts, A/Cs Bjorkman, Jones, Christ and Debrito.

Off to visit the Basic School at Gunter Field this class went Squadron Commander Sam Worley, Flight Instructors William P. Cesary, John J. Tudor and Harry J. Meyers, Ground School Instructors Joe Woodward and Jack Hobler, and Sgt. McCourt of the Link department.

Everyone was delighted to see former Commanding Officer Lt. Col. George Ola as he dropped in for a few fleeting moments last week. Piloting a P-40, he was transferring from Randolph Field to Sarasota.

Flight Line Briefs

Yep! Sam Worley and his Squadron III again won the Efficiency Award for Class 44-H. Congratulations! I'll be looking forward to another of your superlative parties. Bill Henderson and his squadron are slightly in the lead now for 44-I.

Can you imagine John Duris sans moustache? Drop into the Canteen some noon and take a look! Could it be the influence of a cute li'l trick in Army Engineering? Could be! Slim "Elmer" McNally has been

modeling the new zoot method of wearing coveralls. I hope you haven't missed it.

Andy Minichiello took over the mike Monday in the absence of "Swoon-crooner" Shephard, in the Tower room. We must admit that he doesn't have *quite* the lilt, or do we mean edge? to his voice as friend Shephard.

Roscoe Brinton's cabin on the beach was the scene of festivity Sunday for the Minichiellos, the Schopenhauers and Mr. Pettit. Fishing claimed the day and everything was serene until Jack Schopenhauer kicked the catfish in the face. How else could he driven its horn through his shoe and into his foot? We hope it won't prove too painful.

The recent Army bulletin permitting the use of PTs for extra curricular cross-country flying was initiated last week end as several Carlstrom instructors made navigation training flights to Miami and other points. The plan received a hearty stamp of approval. It also resulted in some lovely sunburns.

Helen Taylor spent the week end visiting her husband who is stationed in Miami.

Continued on Page 17



AERIAL HITCH-HIKING

RIDDLE ROUND-UP

NO. 5 B.F.T.S.

Matt Tierney, Editor

COURSE 18

We've been trying to tell you for some time now—about 15 weeks in fact—just how good a Course we are. Now perhaps you'll believe us.

It was an excellent and well organized contest last Friday for the Riddle-McKay athletic cup, which we now hold by a lead of 12 points. A goodly number of supporters turned up to add their vocal support.

Johnny Page, Pete White, George Scott and Allan Weight started the ball rolling by winning the mile relay, whilst Fred Price and Geoff deLooze bowled along in fine style to gain first two places in the 100 yard sprint.

Bill "Tennessee" Moore got a big hand for setting a new School record of 5 ft. 5 in. for the high jump, whilst those two "pennies," Page and White, turned up again to lead the field to the tape in the 220 yards.

The tug-o-war was a pushover, or perhaps we should say "pull over," and those beefy lads, Ken Rudd, Eric Jackson-Moore, Bill Leonard, "Al" Alberts, Mansell, Chappell, Harper, Whyman and Kinison took no longer than a minute to decide on the ownership of those four points.

We'd like to congratulate Ray Morris on that excellent mile of his, not forgetting Alan Weight, who, having previously run the half-mile, came in an easy third and finally, Messrs. "Al" Alberts, Denys Biggs and Cliff Jacques who put in some good solid work elsewhere.

May we take this opportunity of welcoming W/C Lindsay, AFC, to No. 5, and also to Course 20, who, by this time should be getting used to our little ways.

FIELD DAY

One Mile Relay: 18 Course, first; 17 Course, second; 19 Course, third. Time, 4 minutes 18 seconds.

100 Yards: Price, 18 Course, first; de Looze, 18 Course, second; Smith, 19 Course, third. Time, 11 1/5 seconds.

Sack Race: Harrison, 19 Course, first; Mowser, 17 Course, second; Jacques, 18 Course, third.

High Jump: Moore, 18 Course, first; Livingston, 17 Course, second; Beszant, 19 Course, third. Height, 5 feet 4 inches.

Obstacle Race: Couch, 17 Course, first; Wedge, 19 Course, second; Clewes, 17 Course, third. Time, 2 minutes 24 3/5 seconds.



CAPT. LEONARD J. POVEY presents the Tyson Inter-Flight Soccer Trophy to Riddle Field's new commanding officer, W/C C. W. Lindsay, AFC. This trophy is a gift of Riddle Field personnel in memory of the late G. Willis Tyson.

Old Crocks Race: Lt. Upshaw, first; W/C Lindsay, second; Capt. Cash, third. Time, 3 years, 10 minutes.

Tug o' War Semifinal: 17 Course, 2; 19 Course, 0.

440 Yards: Willoughby, 19 Course, first; Biggs, 18 Course, second; Crossley, 17 Course, third. Time, 1 minute.

Throwing Cricket Ball: Livingston, 17 Course, first; Morris, 18 Course, second; Alberts, 18 Course, third. Distance, 103 yards.

Long Jump: Needle, 19 Course, first; Livingston, 17 Course, second; Moore, 18 Course, third.

Boot Race: Hayman, 17 Course, first; Chisholm, 19 Course, second; Lake, 17 Course, third.

220 Yards: White, 18 Course, first; Page, 18 Course, second; Smith, 19 Course, third. Time, 25 4/5 seconds.

Final Tug o' War: 17 Course, second; 18 Course, first.

Three-Legged Race: Jackson and Jenkins, 17 Course, first; Chisholm and Carleton.

One Mile: Morris, 18 Course, first; Moore, 17 Course, second; Weight, 18 Course, third. Time, 5 minutes 18 seconds.

A most important
Army rule
Is don't tell tales
Out of school!

COURSE 19

We are all once again settling down after a most welcome and exciting leave. Although the majority spent their few days around Palm Beach and Miami, one or two reached New York and a few went as far as Daytona Beach, where they were delightfully entertained by the residents there.

The "Wings Parade" last Saturday went off without a hitch, although we were all envious of the boys who received those most elusive wings; we all wish them the very best of luck.

We would like to welcome the future Course 20 to our midst and trust they will not endeavor to exceed our record of ground-loops as we did Course 18.

We also hope they had a smooth crossing and a very pleasant journey down to Florida. We imagine they will have stopped at the Sebring Hotel and enjoyed their short visit and their first experiences of American hospitality.

One Cadet of the Hurricane Flight during the week end was discussing matrimonial matters with his buddies. We imagine that this is another horrible line, but who can tell? Maybe we will find out in the near future.

ROUND RIDDLE

Continued from Page 1

Refreshments were plentiful and a grand time was enjoyed by all who attended.



HOWARD GRAVES, Acting Advanced Flight Commander at Riddle Field, was formerly a Carlstromite. He was transferred to No. 5 BFTS last November.

FLAG POLE

Continued from Page 15

You will remember Pvt. Gerald Taylor as the former Chief Dispatcher at Dorr Field. We wonder if the Army has yet disposed of a little of his rotundity?

The Army Side

New to Army Operations is Captain Roscoe N. Saxer of Springfield, Ill. He's blond, 29 years old, stands 6 ft. 2 in. and tips the scales at 200 lbs. During civilian life he attended the University of Oklahoma and the Illinois Wesleyan University where he was also a life guard and swimming instructor.

In 1940 he joined the Canadian Air Force and instructed about two years. While in Quebec, he married his home town gal. In May, 1942, he was recalled to the U. S. Army Air Forces and commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant. Now a Captain, Saxer has logged approximately 1800 hours. We are very happy to have him at Carlstrom.

Favorite

Lt. Joseph Brooks, assigned here as Statistical Officer last January, has been transferred to the Emergency Rescue School, Kessler Field, Miss. Tall, blond and handsome, Lt. Brooks who hails from Massachusetts made many friends during his brief assignment and will be sorely missed, especially by the ladies in the Sgt. Major's office who say he was *practically* their favorite man. Diplomatic, aren't they?

Pvt. Paul Beckman of the Link department has been transferred to Ft. Myers and, in exchange, we have Pvt. Robert H. Blank from Michigan. Note: He's cute *and* he's single!

Navy Scores!

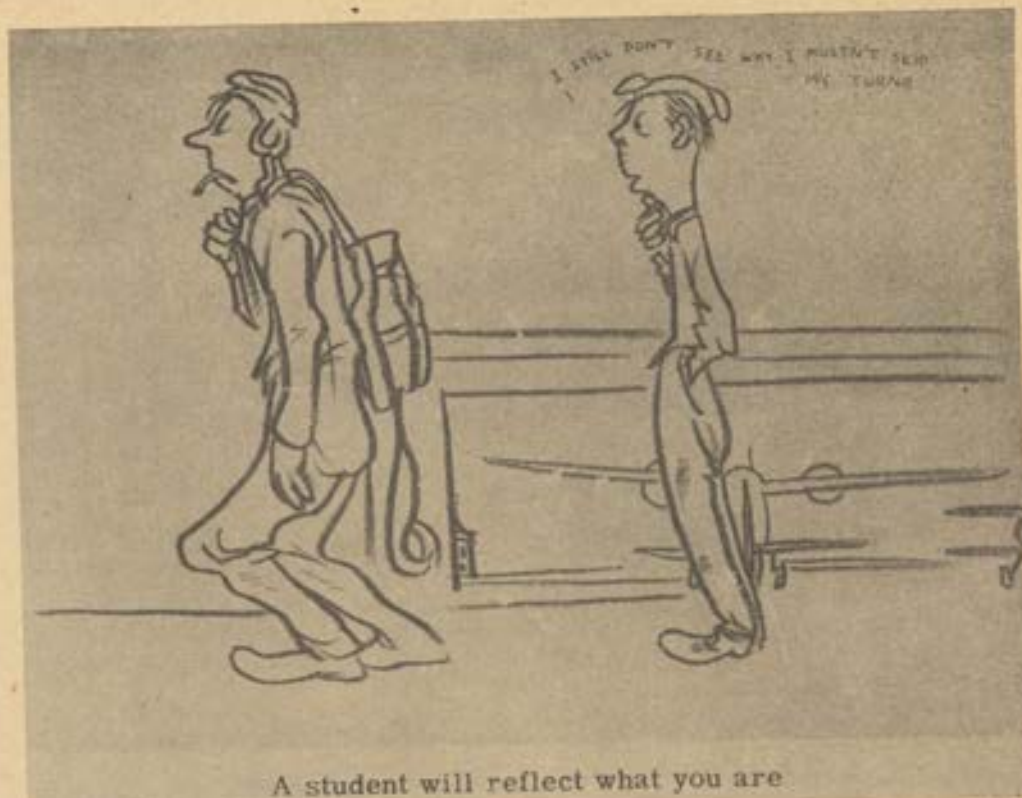
Sgt. Erwin received a letter last week from Freddie Lewis, the first of our girls to join the WAVES. She's having the time of her life and, in case you would like first hand information, Erwin passes on her address: F. M. Lewis, Hospital Apprentice 2/c, Company 26, U. S. Naval Hospital Corps School (WR), National Naval Medical Center, Bethesda 14, Maryland.

Where did Lt. Gillo get his black eye? Ask Capt. Stuard about his most embarrassing moment. You don't like sulphur water? Perhaps Cpl. Ben Lane will give you a drink from his thermos which he carries to the Field with him every day.

Maintenance Notes

Robert Summerall supplied us with Maintenance lore. He reported that "Biddie Buddie" Scarborough and Earl Garrett went fishing on Horse Creek but sneaked home the back way with heads hanging. Too bad, fellows. Better luck next time.

Basil Keene was another unfortunate fisherman. But he went at it the hard way—with bow and arrow. A near hit was reported, however.



A student will reflect what you are

—USN Training Division

Cowboy mechanic Aiden Albritton has been spending his spare time marking and dipping his cattle. He found that cattle and airplane engines require two different techniques. You might ask him to explain it.

Jack Schopenhauer, Superintendent extraordinaire, after surviving the pre-inspection headaches with the aid of several bottles of Nervine, made a trip to the Clewiston operations last week. His secretary, Mary Garrett, is now on vacation.

We wonder what the attraction was that caused Ben Waters and Louis Murrill to collide on the Carlstrom road recently. A pair of shapely limbs, perhaps? We'd also like to know what caused Ellen Campbell to fall down in front of the Canteen.

Wedding Bells?

Virginia Blackman and Lucille Lowe of the Status Room seem to move every thirty days. Could it be a racket? We wonder when the wedding bells will ring out for Lucille Bryan, another of the Status Room girls. R. V. Griffin is new to the Status Room and Elwyn McLain and Tift Farley are new linemen.

Lt. LeMar Albritton and his wife arrived last week from Blytheville, Ark., for a visit with his sister, Mary Garrett, and many friends. LaMar, a former Carlstrom cadet, is now an instructor on B-24s.

Sports Flashes

The Enlisted Men and the Administration bowling teams played off for consolation with the Administration gang emerging triumphant. The two Instructor teams will play for the championship when Team No. 2 returns from vacation.

The Carlstrom baseball team scored

another victory over the local high school last week. New talent is being tried out and we expect this team to ride the victory waves through the entire season.

Alumni

Letters from former instructors now in ATC training commend the AT-9. Myrl Kitchens says, "They are sweet pieces of machinery. They're hot things too, but I don't think they'll ever take the place of the airplane." Bill Lightfoot says, "It's a swell little ship but has a few of the tendencies of a B-26 . . . More fun when you have an engine cut out on you. Of course she tries to go over on her back; so you cut both engines, get the fear and flaps up. You do all this while running all over the cockpit trying to find the gremlin that is making things go wacky."

These boys are both at Blytheville, Ark., along with Bob Campbell, Jack Drescher, Jack Bloker, Charlie Cross, Jimmie Sapp, Sammy Hottle and several others. Bill said that Joe Carlin, Al Kyle and Slick Stanley pulled into Greenville, Miss., just before he left. No word has been received yet from Joe Brown or any of the last contingent to report to Memphis.

Small World

Bill Lightfoot's newsy letter also told us that he had Jack Kervan for an instructor during the early part of his training. Kervan was Johnny Fradet's cadet in Class 42-I. The head of their instrument school at Greenville was Larry Clinton, known to many as a prominent orchestra leader. Who knows? Maybe they'll get some dual with Lana Turner or Hedy Lamar!



HARRIETT SUMMERS has arrived in Brasil and is busy with secretarial duties in the Administrative offices.

WINNING ARTICLE

Continued from Page 5

a verdade, toda a informação da boa senhora Margarida F. Reno deixou-nos apressadamente. Ninguém disse nada, então, agora nos devemos escrever "alguma coisa" sobre "alguma coisa"! Muito bem! Vamos!

Eu não sei por que meios foi decidido, mas não obstante, esta situação transpirou subitamente—eu devo escrever o artigo e todos os outros alunos vão ajudar-me. Visto que sou pessoa bondosa, eu vou dar aos meus amigos na classe a oportunidade de fazer o que eles desejam. Eu digo "Pois não!"

Arnold Frey

Born: Cleveland, Ohio.

Subject to teach: Basic.

Pensamento: Os tempos estão difíceis. Este problema de aprender a língua portuguesa está me quebrando a cabeça. Muitas vezes em classe eu tem um triste papel, justamente quando queria fazer bonito. É a verdade o que lhe estou dizendo, mas estou tentando os meus paizinhos.

Margaret McLaughlin

Born: Barry County, Mich.

Si não se gosta de falar da vida alheia, a conversa morre em breve.

William Morgan

Born: Chicago, Ill.

Subject to teach: Link Trainer.

Pensamento—Eu estudo, eu como, eu sonho o português mas ainda não posso o falar.

James McLaughlin

Born: North Adams, Mich.

Subject to teach: Mathematics, Handtools.

Pensamento—Que caso serio! O caso está serio, está encrencado. É preciso saber lidar com ela. Dar um jeito—Agora tenho-a a mão. A gramatica Williams.

C. H. Bush

Born: Sebawaing, Mich.

Subject to teach: Basic Electrical.

Pensamento—Já passou a idade para ser sorteado. Sou muito velho.

Edith Street

Born: Baltimore, Md.

Pensamento—Tudo acabará bem: tudo dará certo: Deus é brasileiro."

WILL GORDON

Continued from Page 5

Then I have visited one of the best equipped tubercular hospitals and also one of the finest institutions for the aged and infirm. Everyone seems to be happy and contented. We also went to that great place, the celebrated Cobra, or Snake, Farm. At every available chance I am going to see this country and learn about its people—it is certainly worthwhile.

Now for some messages I'd like you to deliver for me. First, tell everyone there that they are missing something and they won't know how much until they arrive here and see for themselves. Tell "Bruz" Carpenter and his office force how much I enjoyed working through them. Tell the telephone operators to keep a line open for me and that I appreciate the help they rendered my department. Tell all the guards how much we miss them.

We are now in the process of submitting a uniform, to be approved. When we get it we will look very smart. Everything is being done to make us proud of our organization. The time spent in planning will be well worth the effort.

Now don't forget, we are all anxious to make Our Country and Our School a success down here, and we will do it under the very capable leadership of James Blakeley. He has a big job and he is going strong.

Good luck to everyone—and don't forget to ask others there to write to us.

Yours sincerely,

W. H. Gordon

Editor's Note: Captain Will Gordon's letter, written to Zed Aydelott of the Instructor's School, is typical of his loyalty and enthusiasm. His bright smile and cheery manner are greatly missed at the Tech School where he was Chief Guard, but we know he is doing a grand job down there in São Paulo.

Take a tip
From Uncle Sam
And shut your mouth
Just like a clam!

CORRECTION

Last week the Fly Paper published what was supposed to be the winning Portuguese article of the contest conducted by Adriano Ponso. A portion of the story was left out, through error, and thus failed to make much sense.

In this issue, Barbara Adams' winning contribution is published correctly and in its entirety.



BOB HILLSTEAD, Embry-Riddle's Comptroller, is getting his first glimpse of the Escola Técnica de Aviação. We know São Paulo is a wonderful place but hope Bob won't stay away too long.

INSTRUMENTS

by Walter Dick

Same column—another week—different stuff, I hope. The Old Timers' party of last Saturday night at the American Legion Home must have been quite all right from all reports I have received.

Instrument Overhaul went all-out 100 per cent on Red Cross drive.

Now it can be told. Yep, I knew Leslie Moore was reported among those ill. Leslie was in Washington, D. C., for an interview following application for entrance in the WASPs. She reports a pleasant two days in our National Capitol and was especially fortunate in being there during the blooming of the famous cherry trees. Leslie holds a pilot's license, and her husband, Capt. Moore, is a glider pilot now serving overseas.

Back at Work

Carrie Carter of Army Stockroom has returned to her duties after a vacation in Ft. Worth, Texas, with her husband. Fred Merritt accompanied our "Joe" Horton to Warner-Robbins this past week end and reports a fine time and trip. Mr. Hill, who has been with us in Army Stockroom, has just been moved back to Engine Overhaul. Sorry to lose you, o'le top.

Word has just been received that Mr. McAllister, whom many of us remember as "gyro man," has just made Aviation Machinist Mate at Naval Training Station, Minneapolis, Minn. His family leave here shortly to join him.

Enrique Arcaya, our friend from Chile, now working with us on Instruments, says he likes work on Airspeeds better than Tachs, except putting the pointer on Zero. Jane Skinner is smiling again; it must be she is liking those Rate of Climbs.

Marge, Anna Lou and Avis have all been playing the role of instructor this week, but we bet they also have learned some Spanish. Snyder was very happy Saturday morn. It was more than pay day—seems he was lucky as well.

That's all for now, folks. Don't forget to buy those Victory Bonds.

AIRCRAFT ENGINES **AIRCRAFT AND ENGINE DIVISION** INSTRUMENTS ACCESSORIES

Arcadia Overhaul

by Bleeka Kistler

Lt. Billy McRae, son of Charles, Foreman of Masking and Stenciling, writes home from Honolulu that he is fine and getting plenty to eat. Billy also says it's a beautiful place that reminds one of poetry and poems.

Glad to see William Short back at his old job in the Fuselage department after quite a long illness. To Marian Stephens, Annie Mae Parish and Grady Perry's wife, we wish a speedy recovery.

Ollie Keene has been transferred into the Fuselage department and is doing a swell job. Lee Hill is limping around these days; perhaps it's caused from walking the floor with his very small nephew Saturday night.

We are very glad that Johnny Sullivan will be with us a while longer, especially the girls in the Sanding department as they have been wondering how they could possibly get along without him. Congratulations to Ovidia Hill on her new hair-do. It's pretty and very becoming.

Good Pinch-Hitting

Belford Skates has returned from a vacation in Miami. During his absence Jesse Lanier has carried on the work in our Landing Gear department very well with the help of Robert Billings, Mildred Keene and Haynes Brantley.

We hate to lose James Miller and Hal Roche who are returning to their former jobs as flight instructors here at Carlstrom. Both have been doing an excellent job as mechanics. I know we'll all miss them, but, at least, we'll be able to see them from time to time.

Charlie Berberian, AAF Inspector, has just walked in proudly displaying his new permit to operate AAF vehicles. He seems to be over the excitement of last Friday when he played host for seven hours to a group of Army personnel from WRASC. His guests were: Col. Robert F. Cullwell, Lt. Col. Walter W. Woodruff, Major George W. Scott, Capt. Melvin L. Self, 1st Lt. John F. Burns, 2nd Lt. Eugene L. Simmonis, M/Sgt. Charles E. Fantaskey, Sgt. Pierce F. Tweedell and Cpl. Alfred E. Kaepfel.

Well In Hand

Unfortunately, Capt. Hankal was at WRASC with Joe Horton Friday, but Mr. Berberian seemed to have the situation well in hand and was able to supply the group with the information they requested.

Latest: Dave Pearce's new home on the Nocatee Road—also his promise of a house warming and barbecue. Everyone going all-out for softball. Rames and Klint breaking out with brand new tennis shoes. Wilma Holloway's hubby unexpectedly home on furlough to find wife Wilma sick in bed.

Jeanne Daughtrey and Joyce Moore making a war room out of the Inspection office with their cardboard models.

A note to all from our friend, Esther Wallich: "Hello everyone! This gives me a chance to meet with you again for a few lines even if I'm a few miles away. Somehow I can't forget turning away from that super ball game only to be facing what seemed to be a million people. The beautiful pen and pencil are a wonderful remembrance of you and you can rest assured I'll use them freely to keep in touch with the goings on at Overhaul. I want to wish you all the very best of everything and tell you how much I've enjoyed working with you."

— • —

Engine Noises

by Patricia Drew

The Old Timers' Dance was a huge success. There was good attendance from each department of the A & E, and the Tech School and the Colonnade were well represented.

The Old Timers feel that everyone had a good time and want to thank them for attending. Unfortunately, we were unable to have the pictures printed in time for this edition of the Fly Paper, but we will do our best to have them for the next issue.

Charlie Grafflin as Master of Ceremonies did his usual swell job. He started things rolling with a grand march, followed by a Paul Jones which did much to make the folks relax and get better acquainted.

From then on everyone was on his own

until the jitterbug contest. This was won hands down by Mr. and Mrs. William Ewing, daughter and son-in-law of M. B. Sheperd of Engine Overhaul. The waltz contest was won by Mr. and Mrs. Dick Hourihan. So far no prizes have been distributed to these contestants, but we hope the committee will soon come through with the gifts.

One Year Older

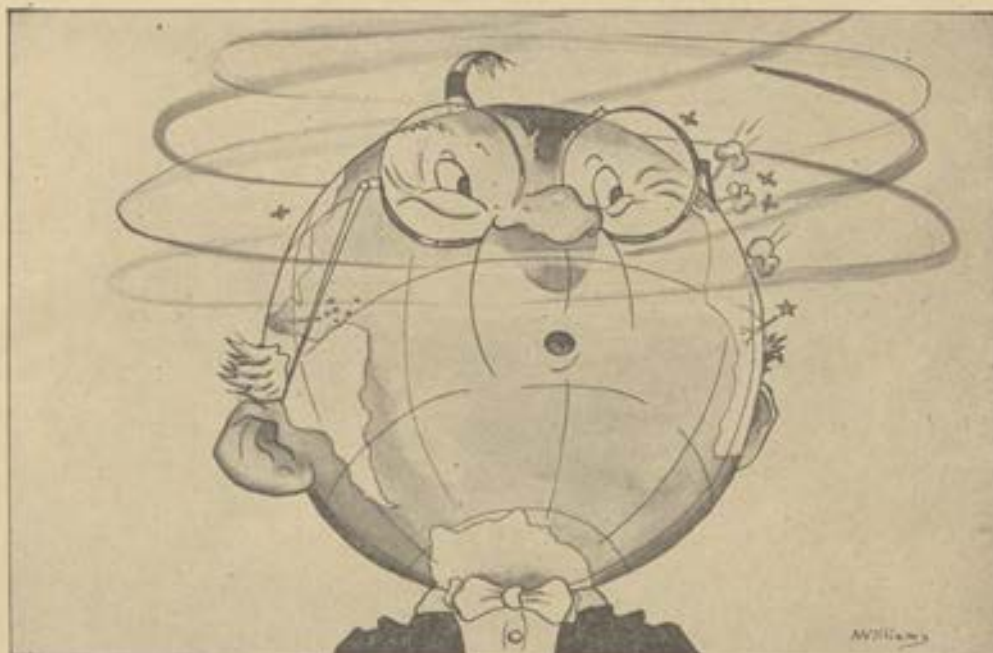
We have a couple of late birthdays to tell about. "Joe" Horton became one year older on April 12th and we all certainly wish him the best of luck in the coming year. Ike Haviland had a birthday party topped with a very attractive and delicious cake baked by Pearl Nelson's mother. Congratulations, Ike, even though they are a little late.

Betty Fowler left for Louisiana to visit her husband, Sgt. William Fowler. Have a nice time, Betty, and hurry back home. Louie Anderson has departed on a trip to Georgia, and Lewis Shackelford has left us to return to sea duty. Some of our boys are leaving for the service and we will surely miss them all, but are proud as heck that they are doing their bit for Uncle Sam.

Red Cross Drive

Our Red Cross Drive was quite successful, and here are the results:

Engine Overhaul, including Executive Offices	\$199.00
Instrument Overhaul	71.50
Aircraft Overhaul	70.40
Total	\$340.90



POOR OLD WORLD!

CARLSTROM FIELD DAY

The crowning event of graduation week was the Field Day and Air Meet held at Carlstrom last Saturday. At that time, the graduating cadets were given the opportunity to display their skill both in athletics and flying after these many weeks of training—a sort of proof of the pudding.

The events of the day started promptly at 9:15 when the cadet formations began to swing along proudly to the cadence of the Air Corps song and met on the flight line for drill competitions.

Group B, in charge of Lt. Weiner, walked away with practically all the honors. They were the victors in both the drill and athletic competitions. Like a crowd following golf champions, the spectators trudged from the flight line to the athletic fields where they witnessed the superlative feats of Group B who excelled in basketball, volley ball and tennis and tied with Group A in the swimming match.

A/C Henry Heyl of Bananera, Guatemala, won the intergroup swimming match with A/C Clifford Finnell of Minneapolis, Minn., coming in second place. A/C William A. Blackburn of Miami and A/C John D. Winninghoff of Cleveland Heights, Ohio, won the tennis matches.

After lunch Lt. Arlie W. Claxton gave a War Orientation lecture to the entire stu-

dent body. Lt. Claxton, recently returned from flying P-40s over Africa, is on tour speaking to future flying officers on his experiences in combat.

The flight line was again the scene of the afternoon's activities. On the dot of 1400 the first cadet took off to enter the cadet flying competitions. The first event was the 180-degree side accuracy stage in which each contesting cadet attempted to land on a certain spot in a downwind position. These maneuvers were made a bit more difficult by a very strong wind. The acrobatics competition consisted of a snap roll, left and right, a slow roll and Immelmann.

The third and last event was a bomb-dropping contest. Participants made three tries each at dropping a bag of lime into a circle marked off on the Field by yellow baskets. They flew a rectangular pattern at approximately 500 feet.

The winners of tests contests, in their respective order, were A/C Patrick J. Burke, born in Ireland but more recently from New York City, A/C Fred C. Welty of Paso Robles, Calif., and A/C Roger W. Gottschall of Wilmington, Del.

The exhibition flying of our own Capt. Leonard J. Povey was a highlight in the afternoon's program. Captain Povey put



CAPTAIN LEN POVEY

his AT-6 through beautiful precision maneuvers and left his audience open-mouthed. The usual thrills of zooming combat planes were contributed by a flight of four P-47s from Orlando as they buzzed the Field and gave a breath-taking show of ground strafing.

Standing at attention for retreat was doubly impressive this day as each reviewed the significance of today's training in the light of tomorrow's action.



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