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Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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EMBRY-RIDDLE

Fly Paper

"STICK TO IT"

COMANDO EN JEFE DE AERONAUTICA
DIRECCION GENERAL DE AERONAUTICA CIVIL
Dispositivo No. 1000-1000-1000-1000
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SALIO

JUNE 1, 1944

NO. 4

Chaplain L. H. Shonfelt Serves all Faiths

CARLSTROM and Dorr Fields claim the distinction of being the only primary fields in the country having the services of a Chaplain. Lt. Lorane H. Shonfelt was assigned to these fields on November 19, 1943, and has since made his presence an integral part of the life of every cadet.

The underlying purpose of all Chaplains' work is to give every cadet the opportunity to keep in touch with his own religion. Perhaps the most important way is in the religious services of worship. Protestant services are conducted every Sunday morning on each field; and occasionally, especially during medical quarantine, services are held on Sunday evenings.

Consideration is given to boys of all faiths. When the cadets are restricted to the post, Father Albert Bosack of the Catholic Church in Arcadia comes to the Fields to hold Mass. Through the cooperation of camp pastors, special services are held for Lutherans, Christian Scientists and others, and the Chaplain also arranges for boys of the Jewish faith to observe their holy days.

Services are held in the patios, which are particularly beautiful and lend themselves as perfect settings for the altar with its gild cross, deep red altar cloths and lighted candles. The Chaplain wears the pulpit gown and Chaplain's scarf with the insignia of both the Church and the Army. Music is furnished by a field organ.

Each Thursday evening the Chaplain again meets the cadets. Every two weeks he conducts a Bible study class or open forum; the alternate weeks are devoted to recorded religious music; all are attended by boys of all faiths.

Chaplain Shonfelt considers it of vital importance that the men have the opportunity to consult him individually. He gives two or three nights a week to personal conferences with the cadets, when they may talk over their problems or just drop in to visit.

To help cement close contact between the Chaplain and the men, a council is formed with a representative from each squadron to meet with the Chaplain each week to discuss problems and "gripes" of the cadets.



CHAPLAIN L. H. SHONFELT offers spiritual guidance to Aviation Cadets at Dorr and Carlstrom Fields.

In an effort to meet the cadets on their own ground, so to speak, the Chaplain spends his afternoons wherever the boys may be found. He spends some time on the flight line where he can talk with them as they come down from a particularly good or particularly bad flight. A word of praise here and a word of encouragement there go a long way.

He visits the Infirmary regularly to give what comfort he can, to chat and to distribute reading material. He eats in the Mess Hall with the cadets, he swims with them, he plays tennis with them, he attends their social functions.

The duties of the Chaplain are varied. He maintains a supply of religious literature to help the cadet keep in touch with his church—Protestant denominational papers, Catholic books and rosaries, Jewish prayer books, etc. These are furnished by the churches for distribution.

The Chaplain performs marriage ceremonies and officiates at baptisms. He tries to keep up as much correspondence with the parents as possible. He stands ready to help in time of emergency, when Red Cross aid is required or contact with parents is necessary. He also helps in securing accommodations for cadets' wives.

Although a Protestant, Chaplain Shonfelt becomes father, brother and friend to all, no matter what religion or creed might be theirs.

The Chaplain was born in Nebraska, where he attended the Municipal University of Omaha. He is a graduate of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary in Chicago, and for the past ten years has been in the ministry in South Dakota and Iowa. His last pastorate was in Centerville, Iowa.

The Chaplain, who has been in the Army for a year, brought his wife and two children to Arcadia from San Bernardino, Calif., his last station.

The Chaplain divides his time equally between Carlstrom and Dorr Fields. Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays find him at Carlstrom; Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays he is at the service of the cadets at Dorr; on Sundays he conducts services at both fields.—Eva Mae Lee

EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER

"STICK TO IT"

Published Bi-Monthly by THE EMBRY-RIDDLE CO.



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MEMORIAL DAY

by CHAPLAIN L. H. SHONFELT

Dorr and Carlstrom Fields

I asked a young man recently why he was so anxious to succeed in his military training. He said among other things, "And I have a buddy who is buried on a South Pacific island; I've got to take his place."

Therein is the poignant significance of Memorial Day in 1944. We all have loved ones or dear friends on the far-flung battle fronts. Whether they be living or dead, we must work for them and fight for them. Whether one thinks of the beauty and magnificence of the Unknown Soldier's tomb, or of a tiny crude cross sticking in the mud of the Solomons, it reminds him of his hopes, responsibilities and duties.

He hopes—he willingly gives his life that well fed children throughout the world may run and play without fear and dread and loneliness. He dreams of wives—of his wife cheerily greeting him at the close of each day. He hopes to lift the burden of imminent tragedy from the shoulders of those gray-haired parents at home. He plans that swords be beaten into plowshares that all the world may be fed; that the money now spent for guns may be used to rid our American cities of crime-breeding slums. He fights for religious tolerance and freedom.

As one man puts it: "I'm fighting for that big stone church with its tall, stained-glass windows, with its great principles and ideals." He wants to preserve the right to read what he chooses, to turn the radio on or off when he pleases, to root for the Brooklyn Dodgers or the New York Giants, to write to the newspaper editor or his congressman. He thinks it is worth fighting and, if need be, dying for.

An unknown author asks:
"How shall we honor them, our Deathless Dead?"

How keep their mighty memories alive?
In him who feels their passions, they survive!

Flatter their souls with deeds, and all is said!"

Continued on Page 18

Letters to the Editor

1050 "A" Street
Sparks, Nevada

Dear Editor:

I have received your Fly Paper and I think it is the best I have ever seen. I would like very much to receive your paper when it is put out again. I think it a wonderful publication.

I am looking forward to attending Embry-Riddle when I finish high school if it is possible. I think your school is the best I have ever heard of. Thank you very much.

Very truly yours,
Nancy Glidden

Editor's Note: We sincerely hope that you will enroll at our school, Nancy. You will receive each edition of the Fly Paper from now on so that you can keep up with your future alma mater and keep abreast of air-minded America.

The Colonial Bank
Port Maria
Jamaica, B. W. I.

Dear Sir:

Thank you very much for your letter of February 19, which I only received a few days ago. I am indeed glad to be able to let you know that my husband is a Pilot Officer, for which he worked so hard and for which he owes so much to the early training he had at Riddle Field.

He has had several other courses of training since he left Miami, the last of which was the Commando Course. He is now flying a Stirling Bomber and is on active service in England. I do not know exactly where, as he is not allowed to say where he is stationed. I am indeed proud that he is able to help in this struggle for justice. He simply loves flying and says he wouldn't have missed it for all the world.

He was quite ill when he returned to England last year after he got his Wings, and a little later he had a slight plane accident. These incidents kept him back several weeks and so he was a bit late in getting his commission.

He made some good friends while he was at Riddle Field and often wrote of how kind everyone was to him, and also how thoroughly our boys are being trained there. I look forward to getting the Fly

FLARPPEY

The Fly Paper mascot has been named *Flarppey*, a combination of the letters in *Fly Paper*. *Flarppey* will be "Stickler" Editor of the paper, and all "headaches" will be referred to him in the future. He is the Fly Paper version of the "Worry Bird" and will be at the service of all Embry-Riddle.

Paper and reading the news of No. 5 BFTS, especially of Course 13.

In Jamaica the War affects us very little, except that many of us are separated from our husbands and sons. The prices on food stuffs and clothing have gone up considerably and we have a certain amount of difficulty in transportation, but we have little in comparison with the hardships all the war stricken countries are bearing.

I am kept very busy most of the time both here at the bank and at home, doing for two kids and my mother. We look forward to the day, which we hope will be soon, when we will be united once more with those we love.

Thank you again for your letter and for all the kindness shown my husband by everyone at Riddle Field and for your continued interest in him. I shall write and let him know that you wrote to me.

Yours sincerely,
Essie A. Henriquez
(Mrs. A. G. Henriquez)

Editor's Note: Mrs. Henriquez' lovely letter regarding her husband, who received flight training with Course 13 at Riddle Field, was forwarded to us by Ernie Smith, General Manager of Riddle Field.

Warm Springs, Ga.

Dear Editor:

Please accept our sincere apologies for not having written sooner to thank you for our regular receipt of the Fly Paper. We both really enjoy receiving it and have been meaning to write, but you know how those things are.

We have been in Detroit for several months where, thanks to some wonderful experience gained at Embry-Riddle, I am employed as a test engineer in the Aircraft Engine Division of Packard.

Marion is still chasing around helping people get well at Highland Park General Hospital.

At the present I am on leave of absence and have been down here since March 10th. They have rebuilt my foot in two operations and I'll be going home in a few weeks.

This is really a wonderful place. A guy can see miracles happen every day. Anyone who feels sorry for himself ought to spend about two weeks here and see people with no muscles walk with their heads and their hearts. Believe me, they would never complain again.

It is interesting to note in the Fly Paper that many of the old gang have somehow got themselves spread all over the world. I was particularly interested in the fact that Bill Shanahan, my ex-colleague, apparently has found someone to listen to his proposal of marriage.

And Charlie Ebbets—he certainly is active for an old man, isn't he?



FLARPPEY

Well, Wain, I know you are a busy little gal as usual, but if you can find time, we would enjoy hearing from you.

Marion joins me in sending you and our friends there our kindest personal regards and our sincere hope for the continued success of Embry-Riddle.

Very truly yours,
Bob Colburn

Editor's Note: Bob's many friends at the Tech School, where he was a draftsman and later an instructor in Military Engines, will be happy to hear that his foot is on the mend, and that our former nurse is still helping those in need of mending. Thanks for your delightful letter, Bob, and let us hear from you again soon.

Los Angeles, Calif.
May 3, 1944

Dear Editor,

I received your paper quite by accident the other day, but it proved to be a very worthy accident. The first thing that caught my eye was the title—then I knew it was about aviation.

Before the War I never focused my attention on flying and pilots, but I am now engaged to a pursuit pilot (A-20s) and, of course, I am learning more every day about planes and their functions. I'm loving it too. I only wish I could fly, but my fiance claims one pilot in the family will be sufficient.

The main reason I am writing to you is to inquire if I may obtain a subscription to your paper without ever having been to Florida or connected with any of the affairs at your Fields.

My fiance is originally from Orlando, Fla., and he spent a few months at Orlando Base after receiving his commission last June. I know he would be interested in reading the news from "home" about his flying brothers.

If there is any charge, I will be happy to forward my check to you for such a splendid paper.

Cordially,
Priscilla Lumm

Editor's Note: The Fly Paper will visit you regularly from now on, Priscilla, and we hope you and your fiance will derive much pleasure from each copy. Thank you for your very kind offer of payment, but there is never any charge for the Embry-Riddle Fly Paper.

Letters from Britain

30 Hamilton Rd.
St. Albans, Herts.
England

Dear Editor,

I look forward to the Fly Paper which I am still getting although my great nephew, Bill Read, is, I understand, no longer with you as a Link Instructor but awaiting his call to the Service.

I enjoy the paper and photographs for several reasons. First, in the middle and late nineties I was in Florida at a place then called Naples, Lee County, on the Gulf side. Striking inland, one reached the Everglades, and your pictures show me how changed it all is and civilized, but still the lovely climate and foliage.

Secondly, I've always been interested in airplanes, and as a newspaper man did quite a bit of flying as a passenger in various stunts, one of my pilots being Capt. Neville Stock who flew a Moth machine from this country to India when it was reckoned a considerable feat.

Thirdly, I have been, since my return from Florida, in Fleet Street for 43 years, although I have now retired through a motor crash. As 30 of these years were spent on the *Daily Sketch*, one of our principal picture papers, you can understand how I appreciate your fine paper. The photographic production is great and the whole thing goes with a swing.

I am greatly impressed with the friendliness that undoubtedly exists with all your varied staffs but above all by the way you appear to welcome and like our boys who are benefiting by their training at your school. I can quite understand their longing to return under brighter conditions as I had myself the happiest of times in Florida.

I pass on your paper after perusal to an air cadet living near me who in turn takes it to training headquarters. I consider it most generous of you to continue sending the paper.

Your great air armada fills our skies. I see them on their way to their grim work and send them each time a wish for a happy landing as we all do. Our boys and yours make a grand team and Adolf is getting a bad headache.



Keep up your fine work, editors. You certainly are helping your colleagues to enjoy their time, both staff and cadets.

Yours sincerely,
J. A. Read

Editor's Note: A reply to your letter will have reached you by the time you see this published, Mr. Read, but we'd like to say thanks again for taking the time to write us in such detail. Your letter made us feel as though we were hearing from an old friend. We'll be happy to hear further from you at any time.

9 Wilbraham Place
Sloane Street
London S. W. 1
February 28, 1944

Dear Sir:

Thank you very much for the bracelet which I received recently in good condition. I greatly appreciate this present, as I enjoyed my training at Riddle Field and I find much pleasure in looking back upon those happy days.

It is very comforting in these times to know that I had such sound training, a firm basis upon which to build my flying career.

At present, I am flying Spitfires. They are wonderful machines and I find your thorough training has stood me in good stead.

Yours truly,
J. F. Wilkinson

Editor's Note: John's note was sent to us from Riddle Field. How about sending the Fly Paper news of Course 10 boys with whom you may be in touch, John?

England
April 2, 1944

Dear Nan:

Just a few lines to let you know I am feeling fine and hope you and Jim are the same. I received the cigarettes you sent me; also some from Elsie. That should hold me for a month or two and thanks a million.

I received a few copies of the Fly Paper and was so surprised to see Jim's picture in one of them. Let me congratulate you on having such a fine looking son—you should be proud of him.

Love,
Eddie

Editor's Note: Nan Clifford, PBX operator, received the above V-Mail letter from her brother who is somewhere in England. Eddie has not seen his nephew, Jim, in quite some time and so was introduced to him anew when the February 25 issue of the Fly Paper, containing pictures of Tech School children, arrived overseas.



F/O JOHN V. STUART DUNCAN, RAFVR

21 Abercorn Terrace
Joppa, Edinburgh
Scotland
March 31, 1944

The General Manager
Riddle Field
Clewiston, Florida

Dear Sir:

I received with gratitude your letter dated February 18th asking for news of those trained at your school.

It is with deep grief that I inform you that my only son, Flying Officer J. V. Stuart Duncan, RAFVR was killed on May 30th, 1943 at the age of 20.

He arrived at Riddle Field on October 2nd, 1941 and was there until the following March. He gained his Wings and your Certificate of Graduation, which I now have in my house. He was commissioned on March 14, 1942 and was promoted to Flying Officer the following October. He did a lot of work with what was then Army Co-operation Command and lost his life while "landing under difficult conditions" at an aerodrome in the South of England when returning from a flight.

He was constantly expressing his appreciation of the training he received in Florida and of all the kindness and hospitality he received there, and left behind him a long descriptive diary of his training, which is full of such appreciation. I shall hope to send you some extracts from this when I get them copied. I note he refers to one of his first instructors as "a terribly nice bloke called Westmoreland"—I wonder if he is still with you.

I enclose a photograph in case you may keep any records of those who have lost their lives, and I wish to express my own and my wife's most sincere gratitude for all the kindness and friendship extended to our boy during the last period of his short life. The happiness he had while in America is one of our chief consolations for his loss.

Yours very sincerely,
C. H. Stuart Duncan

Editor's Note: We regret that we did not hear sooner of the loss of F/O Duncan, and though many months have passed since the tragic accident, we wish to extend the sincere sympathy of the entire Company to his parents.

Letters from India

"Somewhere in India"
April 24, 1944

Hello to all my friends,

Just a note to all the friends I have at Riddle schools to let them know where I am and a plea for some letters to let me know how they are getting along. At the present I am "somewhere in India" and would appreciate letters from some of the gang.

We are near the Japs but they haven't bothered us much yet. This is absolutely the driest, dustiest place in the world. Our tents are small protection from the dust and heat but we expect better quarters later.

Please forward copies of the Fly Paper to me here.

Regards,
T. Waldo Davis

Editor's Note: Get busy and write Waldo some letters, Embry-Riddleites. We know news of the whole organization, and especially of Carlstrom, will carry a cool breeze his way and make "somewhere in India" not so bad after all.

Somewhere in India
May 4, 1944

Dear Editor:

It has been my intention to write you for some time, but someone was kind enough to submit my name for the Fly Paper mailing list and so I "goofed off," to use an Army expression, and didn't write.

I spent a little over a year in the Army Detachment at Embry-Riddle and although in some respects that may seem a short while, by Army measure that is a long time in one spot.

I saw the Detachment grow and I saw the beginning of the end. Somehow I felt I would be there at the end, but on July 22 that overseas radio came in and by the 24th I was gone. For four months from that date I was in an unassigned status in-transit and in that period had lots of time to think, and I did think.

Nowhere that I have worked, either in civilian life or in the Army, have I met such a congenial, friendly, cooperative and just downright nice group of people as those with whom I came into contact at Embry-Riddle. You all have that faculty of making one feel right at home; and I might mention that I catch myself referring to Miami and Embry-Riddle as "home" although I lived in St. Louis all my life.

To say that working conditions and living conditions there were pleasant would be a gross understatement. I'm terribly glad in one respect that I was sent on foreign service; if the war had ended while I was stationed there, I'm afraid I would have been spoiled on return to a civilian status, whereas returning from over here I can appreciate the United States in a way that I never have before in my life.

Let me tell you emphatically that service overseas forcibly impresses upon one that the United States is the finest and best nation on earth. Let those who grumble at home about our country listen to some of the boys returning from foreign soil; especially let them hear those from here when they begin to return. Some have been here over two years and we are now trying to work out their return home.

The statement "It's a small world" is no idle one. I have run across many people I know over here whom I had lost track of sometime ago. Further, our friends, Major Oliver H. Clayton and Capt. James A. Larkin, late of the Embry-Riddle De-



CAPTAIN LESLIE MILLER

tachment, went through here, and we had quite a time reminiscing. Both of them are now in China. Neither knew I was up here, but I had word that they would pass through so I was on the lookout for them. Clayton preceded Larkin by about ten days.

Embry-Riddle mechanics are over here doing their stuff and they are doing a good job. One couldn't help wonder, sitting in a school and watching hundreds of men graduate each week, what became of them, where did they go, did they actually put to practice the knowledge they had gathered at Embry-Riddle. Well, we see here on the other end of the line that they are putting out.

I also wondered what happened to those boys who for one reason or another were

eliminated from school. I have run across some of them too and they have been classified into useful soldiers. The Army needs all types of men, and in my particular job I have to see to it that the need is fulfilled.

The particular classification I find myself in is Chief of the Personnel and Training Division of our headquarters. It's interesting and of course follows the work I've done ever since I've been in the Army. Each day brings new problems and of course the peculiarity of the country adds to them, but I suppose that is what helps to make it interesting.

A former Embry-Riddle graduate, whom we retained at the School following his graduation in order that he might attend OCS at Miami Beach, 2nd Lt. Charles Hacking, was up here recently. Ran across him rather accidentally, and I didn't, at first, recognize him. He is stationed in China. I remember that while awaiting OCS class to start he did a good job at the Detachment as assistant to Sgt. Levoy, our sergeant major.

This is a peculiar land, but now many of the peculiarities seem commonplace and I would probably even forget to mention them if I returned now. Cows, as you no doubt have heard, are everywhere. There are 400,000,000 people over here and 200,000,000 cows, yet practically no fresh meat and no fresh milk. We are in the middle of the tea gardens and yet we get tea very seldom.

I find this particular section very pretty, overlooking a few points. Some of the sunsets are gorgeous. The scenery in general is refreshing. What is dreaded, and we have it on authority of the oldtimers, is the monsoon season with its 120 inches of rain, heat and humidity, the months from June through September. Clothes won't dry, shoes and other things mold, the heat is exhausting and one can't sleep, woolen clothes go to pieces and the mud is exasperating.

At any rate, I'll have a chance to find out all these things first hand. We live in tents at present but we are moving our quarters and our offices to a new location not far from here. We have our tent fixed up quite comfortably, and the ability to make oneself comfortable lies in his ingenuity. We put a wooden floor in our tent, added some mats and a few pieces of wicker furniture that we purchased in a nearby village, fixed up a floor lamp and

Continued on Page 18

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. Requests for papers to be mailed to servicemen overseas must be signed by the addressee.

Name _____

Address _____

ESCOLA TÉCNICA DE AVIAÇÃO

Papel Péga-Mosca

"STICK WITH IT"



SNAPPED AT AFONSOS FIELD, RIO DE JANEIRO, are, left to right, Col. H. D. Fontenelle, Commanding Officer of Afonsos Field, the Brazilian Air Academy, Dr. Joaquim Pedro Salgado Filho, Brazilian Air Minister, John Paul Riddle and Major Faria Lima, aide to the Brazilian Air Minister.

Charles Maydwell Attends Ceremony At Opening Of School In Sao Paulo

May 3, 1944
São Paulo

Yesterday was a great day for Escola Técnica with the President of the Brazilian Republic himself on hand to cut the *auri-verde* ribbon in formally opening the school. There were distinguished visitors from all over.

John Paul Riddle presented the School with a gorgeous National Flag of the Republic which was accepted by the military officer representing the Air Minister at the School. Then it was blessed by the *Vegarís Capitular* of the Arch-Diocese, who, I understand, soon will succeed the deceased Arch Bishop.

The Cadets sang the Star Spangled Banner (teaching of it was engineered by Charlene Gould) and they did it very well, following with the *Hino Nacional* in which some of the instructors tried to join. (I know, from trial, how easy it is to learn

the air and words and how difficult it is to put them together.)

Mr. Blakeley made an address in Portuguese, which was quite good, and the Brazilian Army Medical officer replied in English equally as well. Sandwiches, *doces* and champagne were served and then there was an intermission before the Ball in the Mess Hall at which the Cadets had their best gals.

One of the outstanding features of the day was the address of Air Minister Dr. Joaquim Pedro Salgado Filho, who paid such a nice tribute to Mr. Riddle, quoting General H. H. Arnold as having described him as one of the principals in the development of aviation in the United States.

Editor's Note: Charles Maydwell of the Escola Técnica de Aviação de São Paulo, wrote the above to Florrie Gilmore of the Tech Mail Room.

Trip Into Interior Beggars Description

São Paulo
April 10, 1944

Dear Mother,

I have just returned from my vacation trip today and have received your swell letter of March 21. I don't know just when it arrived here, but I was very glad to get it.

I will tell you as much about my trip as I think I can, but words just can't describe it—even the photos I took don't do it justice. We took a train ride that was a little tiring but worthwhile on account of the scenery and then we took a two-day jaunt on a river that I imagine is like the Mississippi—very wide with beautiful scenery along the banks. Everything we saw was just as it was made—away in the interior of the country. Beautiful trees and lots of wild parrots and monkeys.

Our first stop was called Sete Quedas (Seven Falls), a place widely publicized by Ripley. There are really 18 of them and we got to see 11 of them. The others were inaccessible because of the high water in some branches of the river. They are much smaller than Niagara but having so many of them together and so much water passing over them really makes them something. Also the rising mist makes them look like they are falling backwards.

After two days there we went by rail through some beautiful virgin country and then another boat ride on a new river steamer.

Then we arrived at the Cataracts of Iguasú. They were even better. There are 11 of them by location and some of them have three parts, one above the other. There is one place where three flow in one valley, Garganta do Diabo (Throat of the Devil). It is unbelievable.

The water drops more than 83 meters and there is so much spray that you can't see the bottom of the canyon. You can take a canoe right up to the rocks on top of this group and lean over and watch the water go down. This is on the Argentine side of the river.

On the Brazilian side, it is entirely different. They have a beautiful national



INSTRUCTORS IN SPECIAL PURPOSE Motor Vehicles have arrived in São Paulo to begin their work at the Technical School of the Brazilian Air Ministry. Left to right: William Rickard, Bernard Street and George MacVicar.

Sao Paulists Masters Of Carpentry and Tile Write the Jimmy Kogers

São Paulo, Brasil

Hello Folks!

São Paulo is a beautiful city, very modern, very large and much like Chicago. It is exactly on the Tropic of Capricorn. The mountains run right to the sea—like some places in California. The ocean at Santos and Rio is quite beautiful as it meets the land. The soil and terrain of São Paulo is quite similar to north Georgia or western North Carolina—red clay, mountains and what not! The flowers are abundant and there is a mixture of palms and larger trees that you do not have in Miami. Citrus fruits grow near the city.

We went down to Santos for three days and were crazy about it—much like Miami with old world atmosphere mixed in.

The people down here do great things with tile and brick; every house has a tile roof, tile floors and tile bathrooms. The wood is quite different—it is a lot harder and heavier in weight. The Brazilians are masters of inlay work and fine carpentry.

The Embry-Riddle Company in Miami puts out a paper called the Fly Paper. It usually has something in it about our school and work in Brasil—write them and they will send it to you—this will help you keep up with my progress.

We have a very nice apartment in the center of the city; a good Brazilian cook who talks a blue streak in Portuguese, which helps us learn the language better. Irene is quite good at speaking Portuguese as she's taking lessons now. I manage to get along and make myself understood.

Best regards to all the folks at Embry-Riddle.

Love,
Jimmy and Irene

Editor's Note: The above are excerpts from



ENGINE CHANGE AT THE ESCOLA TÉCNICA de AVIAÇÃO is the position occupied by John Hodeck, who with Mrs. Hodeck has been in São Paulo for some time.

park under construction with a museum, orquidario and hotel. There are beautiful patios and wonderful walks that lead through cool woods to the top of some of the cataracts and completely under others. Hundreds of wild parrots make their homes there in caves.

I have plenty of pictures of all this so it is a waste of words trying to say more. You will just have to wait—but take it from me it was the fullest ten days I have ever spent. I shall never forget it and hope to take the trip over again.

I collected all kinds of peculiar rocks from the falls and rivers and I have the head of a tucano, beautiful bird with an enormous beak, for a souvenir. You never saw so many kinds of rocks—crystal bright colors and all so plentiful that they build permanent buildings of them.

We returned home by plane and are rather tired, so this is all for now.

Thanks again for your swell letter and keep them coming. Love to all and tell all my friends that I am well.

Love,
Chuck

Editor's Note: Charles Larimer of the Technical School in São Paulo wrote the above letter to his mother describing a trip he and his roommate, John Bordas, took recently. Our thanks, Mrs. Larimer, for sending it on to us.

a letter to Mrs. David D. Koger written by Purchasing Agent Jimmy Koger of the Technical School of the Brazilian Air Ministry and his wife, Irene. Thanks, Mrs. Koger, for sending it to us.

Note from Mrs. Buzbee

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Editor:

I want you to know how very much I appreciate and enjoy your school paper. Knowing Joe Horton, Bill Thomas, Ted Nelson, Nate Reece and others there, and Lucille Foote being my daughter, I am especially interested in the news items. There is always an interesting letter from someone in the Brazilian Division.

I have moved to Los Angeles. Will you please change my address?

Many thanks,
Camille Buzbee

Editor's Note: The change you request has been made, Mrs. Buzbee. We know it will be a nice surprise for Lucille to see your note published. She's doing a wonderful job in São Paulo, we hear.



ANXIOUS TO INSPECT THE MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION, after which the new São Paulo school is patterned, a group of Brazilian flyers recently lunched with Adriano Ponso, Technical Assistant to Mr. Riddle, left; Donald Sprague, Head of the Instructors School in São Paulo, center; and Willard Hubbell, Head of the Miami Instructors school, right. Cadets pictured are: Marcia Paes Barretto, Caio Jordao, Justino Magalhães, Fred S. Mattos, Jose G. Quaglia, Marcius S. Campolino, Carlos Fiuza, Antonio G. Leme, Vicente Magno Machado, Ary Cesar Lobo Junior, and Flavio Tathier Duarte.

DOINGS AT DORR FIELD

Back Dorr Gossip

It's "Daddy" Doyle—not just J.J. now—daughter, Sheila, reported to be the *bestest* baby in all Florida.

Mary Edna Parker actually gone. Bet the bus drivers will miss waiting those couple seconds while she sprints that last half block each morning.

Welcome to Lt. Klee—the quietest man at Dorr Field.

Mrs. Mueller worked so hard that her typewriter burned out; think she needs a special cooling system installed in the machine.

Hilda Clarke looks so very adult with hair braided and pinned up.

Ping Pong Twins

The ping pong twins (Annie Pearl and Louise) are still at it day after day after day—why doesn't Jack take them on? (Yeah, we know, he'd need the Army aces—the Major, Lts. Kahn and Greene—to help him!)

Lt. Heckle reading all about locks, etc. Maybe it's a good idea—according to the Sergeant.

Johnny Lambeth and Eddie Miller long gone to Panama City—miss them but we surely wish them a lot of luck. Cpl. Estes back from furlough with that "I got a won-der-ful secret" look—come, come, Lloyd, you know you wanta tell us all about it!"

Did you ever see Mr. Stroud blush?

Cross Country Cry

Dorr Field's Class 44-J swept into Arcadia last Saturday night like a Florida hurricane. A P-51 had nothing in the way of velocity that these cadets didn't have; with a burst of speed and a cloud of dust they were on their way—A/Cs Hill and Howington went so fast they missed the town completely.

Upon arrival in town the fellows spread out in all directions. Some went to the restaurants, some to the U.S.O. and a few lucky ones had dates. Later the Cadet Club was filled to the bursting point. Here some danced while others told each other (like aces returned from combat) how many instructors they had to their credit.

Monday morning 200 some odd robots fell out for reveille and that same afternoon the P. T. instructor pointed out an object on the horizon resembling a tree and belatedly, "Run there and back!" Why, oh, why, do we have *Mondays* and *cross country*?



"NUTHIN' TO IT!" says A/C DelGatto, Dorr Field's "Atlas," but there are a few differing opinions around the field and "Muscle-Bound Blues" is song of the day.

Muscle Musings

The Officers at Dorr Field received a Physical Fitness Rating (PFR) test last week under the direction of the P. T. department.

This test included as many pull-ups and sit-ups as the individual possibly could do (*all two of 'em*) as well as the time in seconds (*or minutes*) it took the participant to run 300 yards.

The officers taking the test eagerly tried to look like A/C DelGatto (who, by the way, developed his muscles through weight lifting). They attempted to remedy in one P. T. class what Nature had spent years deteriorating. The effort put forth by these gentlemen was evident at noon in the Canteen where they stood at the counter while eating their lunch because of their aching abdominal muscles!

PRISONER OF WAR

Friends of 2nd Lt. John L. James, Jr., have received correspondence from him stating that he is now a prisoner of War in Germany.

Lt. James received his primary flight training at Dorr Field with the Class of 43-D.

Dorr Highlights

The Officers at Dorr Field were entertained at Anderson's Lodge last week, welcoming Lts. Mulholland, Heckle and Hively to Dorr. It was a great success with "Pop" Anderson, Superintendent of Building and Ground Maintenance at Dorr, acting the part of genial host.

Class Banquet

On Wednesday, May 17, Dorr's Class 44-I held their graduation banquet at the Field. After the dinner, which was a stag affair, Major James L. Curnutt, Commanding Officer at Dorr Field, gave a short speech congratulating the Class upon their successful completion of the course at Primary.

Following Major Curnutt, a humorous speech was delivered by Carl Dunn, Director of Flying, who advised the members of Class 44-I on "How not to get along at Basic." His speech not only was amusing but enlightening as well.

Following the after-dinner speeches, several skits were staged by members of the Class. The program was brought to a end when all present joined in singing the Army Air Corps song.

Graduation Dance

The Class 44-I Graduation Dance, which was held at the Cadet Club in Arcadia on Friday, the 19th of May, was a great success, highlighted by a super G. I. orchestra from the 3rd Air Force.

Decorations, including a large make-believe bomber flying overhead through artificial clouds, made the club novel and attractive for the party. Refreshments were served buffet style later in the evening.

USO Show

Last week another U.S.O. Camp Show visited Dorr Field. The performance took place in the Mess Hall Patio and featured George Jones as the M. C. The program included Hyla Carpenter, the kind of singer who makes you feel she's singing for you alone and puts the audience in that pleasant, sentimental mood; Dave Vanfield, the craziest juggler in the world; Edith Beverly Mario, a rhythmic tap dancer; and Mary Pastore, an accordionist.

The Cadets at Dorr enjoyed the show immensely and asked for encore after encore from the troupe.

There was a young lady named Brenda
With a face like a dent in a jendah
But her pappy had money—
Which made her a honey—
With beauty and glammah no endah!

WHITNALL WIT

by Jack Whitnall

Since the advent of this summer weather, the drive around the circle has become a little soft. Let's all observe the 15 miles



Jack

per hour speed limit and save tearing up the roadbed. Yes, sir, even in the middle of the afternoon we have a gentle breeze down here in Florida, for example last Friday afternoon, and we just hope that it doesn't breeze quite that hard again.

Have you noticed the nice job that Bill Vossmeier has done on the tanks at the water treatment plant? Bill generally can be found with a paint brush in one hand and a bucket of paint in the other. Bill is "Pop" Anderson's right-hand man in the Building and Grounds department. Both have been awarded the Purple Heart for wounds received in action, Bill at Casablanca in 1943, and "Pop" in the Argonne in 1918. We might add that "Pop" was a first sergeant in the USMC, where he got voice training no doubt?

Steak Bid

Welcome to "Burt" Baker, new Chef at Dorr, who was transferred from Union City. We'll certainly be up to see you, Mr. B. Let's see, when was it you said you were going to have steak?

Watermelon time soon will be here, and we are wondering if those two honest and upstanding citizens from the Auxiliary Field are contemplating raffling one off again this year. (Caution to all newcomers—you want to watch those two.)

A visit from Major Barry and Lt. Watson this past Sunday. Lt. Watson will be remembered as an Instructor not so very

long ago, and Major Barry held down the Administration end when Major Boyd was C. O.

Also a visit from an ex-cadet from Class 42-G—Capt. Bowen whose instructor was K. E. Williams.

1st Guard: "Who let all those Brahma Bulls into the Barracks area?"

2nd Ditto: "Them ain't no Bulls—that's Mr. Flannigan on A O again."

Will the person finding a pair of silk or nylon stockings please return same to Capt. Fink at the Infirmary. Ample reward.

Pancho Villa

At this time we wish to call your attention to the contraption that Lt. Boyle calls his automobile. The name of her is Pancho Villa and if one repeats Pancho Villa rapidly enough four or five times he will get the idea of the noise the engine makes when negotiating the circle.

This fine car can be seen most any time of the day along the road to the Field with the lieutenant standing beside it with his thumb in the proper position. This automobile is equipped with three speeds—slow, back up and stop; also a case to keep fishing rods and regalia, not that we ever heard of Lt. Boyle catching a fish. We also understand that Lt. Rubertus is right jealous and wishes that he had a car just half that bad.

Tot'ably yours,
Jack

44-I Dance

by A/C M. H. Franck

Two hundred couples, forming a perfectly balanced crowd, had a gay evening dancing to the music of the 740th Bombardment Group orchestra from Avon Park on May 17th at the Cadet Club in Arcadia.

Contributing factors to this joyous evening were our own Mrs. J. L. Scott and her charming hostesses whom the cadets kept busy dancing throughout the evening. Morale builder-uppers from Miami were Wain Fletcher and Vadah Walker of the Fly Paper, Jo Axtell of the Legal department, and Helene Hirsch, secretary to George Ireland.

Entertainment Supreme

The highlight of the evening was the Carlstrom Cadet Orchestra jamming the "Johnson Rag" during intermission putting the couples in a joyous mood. Next, the Master of Ceremonies, A/C M. H. Franck, gave away three bottles of champagne to the winners of the floor show competition. First prize went to Jo Hendricks and her sister, Elise Butler, for their duet. The second winner was Mike Neckett and the

Continued on Page 18



MAJOR H. R. WARREN

Major Warren Speaks

by A/C R. W. Hank

Cadets at Dorr recently heard Major H. R. Warren, a native of Boston now assigned to Craig Field, speak on the subject "What To Prepare For," stressing "team work," "following instructions" and "what is best for a man."

He emphasized as important the necessity of being on the alert at all times while in combat and while "just flying" in this country, avoiding carelessness for which there is no excuse and forming good habits while in training. Aircraft Identification is of vital importance; it is inevitable that the pilot will meet other planes in the sky and he *must* be able to recognize them. Our planes are the best, having excellent maneuverability, good rate of climb and fast speed for dives and level flights.

Major Warren, who has been stationed overseas for a year in both Africa and England, related many interesting and humorous incidents, such as: "Where a man lives and sleeps one must have foxholes. And those holes are mighty fine looking when one is being attacked. One thing to remember is never go into a foxhole first; it's surprising how many people can get into a foxhole and they dive in from all sides, so it's disastrous if you are the first man in."

NEW OFFICERS AT DORR

We wish to welcome two new officers who recently reported for duty at Dorr Field. Capt. James A. Viser, Jr. is the new Adjutant, relieving Capt. William Frank. Capt. Viser formerly was adjutant at the 62nd Army Air Forces Flying Training Detachment at Jackson, Miss. He is married and expects to make his home in Arcadia.

Lt. Klee, the second new officer at Dorr, relieved Lt. Boberick as statistical officer. Lt. Klee, who is from California, admits that Dorr Field is a beautiful spot to be stationed.



BELIEVE IT OR NOT—this is a picture of Peggy Whiddon, secretary of Captain Palmer, taken at a very tender age.

AROUND THE CLOCK WITH AVIATION



ALFRED KAYSER, EDWARD KAREZMARCZYK, IRA ILICK



BILL WESTBROOK, RUSS SIMONSON



RENEE BARROW, SHERMAN LONGACRE, FRANK McCLANAHAN



ON THE FLIGHT LINE



AT THE CADET CLUB

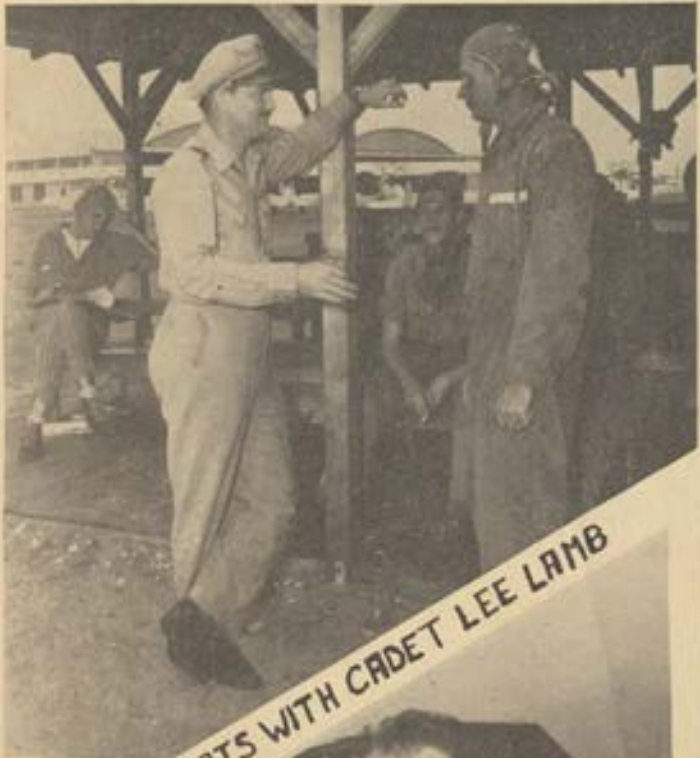


TENNIS SLANTS



NICHOLAS VAFIADES, GORDON WALLER

CADETS AT DOBB FIELD, ARCADIA, FLA.



CARL DUNN CHATS WITH CADET LEE LAMB



PRIMARY TRAINERS

PHYSICAL TRAINING



RAYMOND HOWARD AND LINK TRAINER



CADET LOUNGE



ROBERT JOHNSON, JOHN JORDAN, THOMAS KENNEY



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

RIDDLE ROUND-UP

NO. 5 B. F. T. S.

Bob Fowler, Editor

Associate Editors: Niel Dwyer, I. M. Harper, A. W. Linfield, A. Newton-Adair, R. F. W. Wyse, Lois Heffin



NAVIGATION OFFICER "BOB" FOWLER received his training in Baltimore, Md., at Weems School of Navigation. He was at Carlstrom and Darr Fields for six months and has spent the past two years at No. 5 BFTS. He was married on Thanksgiving Day of 1943 to the former Mory Martha Trimble, also of Baltimore. Softball and boating occupy Bob's spare time, not to speak of his new duties as editor!

FOWLER TAKES OVER

Matt Tierney, who has been our editor for the past five months, left the Field this week for the North. We all appreciate the work Matt has done in the past and wish him all the luck possible in his new undertaking. Yours truly has been given Matt's berth as editor and only hopes he will be able to carry on as well as the two previous editors.

Speaking of editors, there seems to be a definite lack of associates from the flight line. How about bringing out some of this literary talent down there and letting us know what's going on?

Instructor's Club

There was a meeting of the Instructors' Club Friday evening, and the yearly election of officers was held. Names of new officers will be announced in our next issue. Plans also were discussed for future activities of the Club. Mr. Link, Steward at the Club, announces that he is working for a dance to be held at the Club in the near future. The date and time will be announced and posted as soon as it is definitely set.

1st/O. Van Petten has returned to the Field after a two months' leave. "Van" is working in the Link department at the present, but he hopes to be able to return to the flight line shortly.

Jimmie Cousins, Advanced Squadron Commander, who is on a sick leave, dropped in to visit us the other day. He

is staying with his parents at Venice during his leave and expects to be back at the Field sometime soon. We're all looking forward to your return, Jimmie.

Major Durham, Len Povey and Jim Durdan had very successful fishing this past week end. The trip took them to Boca Grande, where they were lucky enough to catch 13 tarpon—some fishing!

COURSE 18

Having been pressed into this by the new associate editor, whose decision we hope is not "binding," here's the set-up on the Course for the past two weeks.

The would-be "fighter-boys" have been busy endeavoring to shoot each other down and the fruits of their labors, whilst perhaps not operationally perfect, certainly were the cause of loud and frequent guffaws from the depths of the projection room much to the concern of F/LL Russell.

Our "away" team played at Columbus, Miss, this past week end, the scheduled appointment at Monroe, La., having been prevented by those two ubiquitous natives Chief Cumulo-Nimbus and his "Squall."

Maybe you heard how our straight and level "types" finally have decided to practice aerobatics in preparation for final checks, and how a certain cadet has been overheard to boast that he has carried out his first solo spin. He'll be doing a forced landing next!

The week end excursions to the gay cities were slightly curtailed by the advent of the exams, but nevertheless some of our

more daring members, in an effort to provide a little opposition to Course 19, managed to penetrate as far as Palm Beach, employing that well-known and well-tried rule of thumb method. Our American contingent went the other way to Miami, presumably to get fitted for their new uniforms, but judging from the candid camera shots brought back, the evidence is definitely against them.

Once again we have to thank the charming ladies of the Canteen for keeping the lamp burning for us on the Sunday nights following our long cross countries.

We'd like to wish Miles Hardie the very best from all of us and sincerely hope that this, the third time, will be lucky.

That, dear readers, is our "party piece" for this issue, so we'll hurry back to our books and "binding" and we hope to see yo' all on Graduation Day.

Last Minute Flashes

Ferrill Cochran of Maintenance became the proud father of a baby daughter born Sunday, May 14. Her name is Sharon Darlene Cochran. Congratulations!

We'd like to give a little hand to Charlie Bolton—head of our Transportation department—who soon will be leaving us. Charlie was "all out" for Riddle-McKay. Nothing was ever too much trouble and his enthusiastic cooperation was appreciated by everyone on the Field. Good luck, Charlie.



FOLLOWING A VISIT TO RIDDLE FIELD five British Officers of the Empire Central Flying School, England, left recently for Washington. The visit was part of a coordination tour of British Flying Training Schools in Canada and this country. W/C C. W. Lindsay, commanding officer of Riddle Field, escorted the group, which was under the leadership of W/C A. C. Kermode, on a tour of the Field. Left to right: S/Ldr. G. E. Lillywhite, AFC, AFM; W/Cs Kermode, OBE, and Lindsay, AFC; S/Ldrs. J. Johnson, R. Stevenson and J. C. Wheeler.



CADET READY ROOM AT RIDDLE FIELD. Included are RAF Cadets Terry Hyde, Roy Dew, Don Harrison and H. G. Gregory of London; Peter Hiles of Bristol; Bill Walker of Fleetwood, England; Roy Gould of Harefield, England; Ken Christalm of Glasgow; Alex Taylor of Aberdeen, Scotland. All are members of Course 19.

COURSE 19

An Inter-flight soccer match was played last Saturday morning. The honors were even throughout the game, and extra time was allowed during which three goals were scored. This gave A and B Flights the lead with the score being 5 to 4, in their advantage.

In view of the challenge issued by Course 20 last week, we are eagerly awaiting the opportunity to meet them in any sport they wish to name; this also applies to the much vaunted Course 18.

Any Cadet in Course 19 having any matrimonial intentions should apply to Messrs. Smith, Ward and Willoughby. We believe they have very close connections with the local branch of the "Lonely Hearts Club" at Palm Beach.

The dances on Wednesday evenings appear to be progressing very favorably. Although it rained hard all last Wednesday evening, there was good attendance. The majority were busy dancing, led as usual by "Vicky" and Arthur Fletcher in their usual "hep" style. Attention Cadets: There were still too many "wallflowers"!

Heard over the A. T. . . "Hello 245, you may use your wrist watch!"

COURSE 20

Once again Course 20 (this Course is news!) comes to the serious business of hitting the headlines. "20" is progressing very favorably; it's bitten a huge chunk out of the Primary and thinks it can manage to digest the rest. Already the vast majority have learned to loop, roll and do other queer aerobatics alone, and are traversing the countryside with a sureness of purpose which might even make an instructor smile.

Only 40 per cent of the Course slumber through Met. classes; the number of pupils ordered to attend extra navigation classes has been reduced to 88 per cent; and at least seven per cent are pretty clear on the theory of bombing. This ought to make someone think, anyway.

In the sporting world Course 20 "C" and "D" Flights beat Course 19 "A" and "B" Flights 5-4 in a fast soccer game which might have been won by either side. Course 18 were winning, by 5 points to 3, the abbreviated rigger match which had to be abandoned owing to drenching rain which was so severe that blonde mermaids suddenly appeared at the deep end of the field and distracted everyone's attention.

A Million Thanks

The majority of the Course already have been to see Mr. and Mrs. NeSmith at Palm Beach, and the author of this column would like particularly to draw attention to and extend thanks for the very good work carried on by this kindly couple.

"20" would particularly like to give thanks to its hard-working flying instructors, who, free from the worries of Ground School, have no limit to their endurance; this applies particularly to 2/O Cheyne, whose reputation among cadets is terrific.

Further mention ought to be made of the Link Section, it is felt, where ordinarily crazy cadets go delirious, and where instructors gnaw their nails and appeal to Higher Powers maybe six times daily. The ladies there, at least, are the very essence of sweetness, and though their discipline is severe, they mean well. And talking of the gentle sex, "20" would like to compliment the Canteen workers on the way they rush about.

Tribute

Rumor has it that enthusiastic, helpful, industrious, untiring "Fly Paper" assistant correspondent, Mrs. (Virginia) Dwyer,

Riddle Field Link Trainer employee, is contemplating abandoning her much-appreciated duties for a vacation in her native North.

Mrs. Dwyer, better half of Link Instructor Dwyer (she gives him the toughest pupils), has been married five years, does not look it, croons, hates beetles, likes cadets, is great favorite with pupils. General instructions are to keep that vacation as short as possible (Mr. Dwyer agrees) and to hurry back to the job at Riddle. You'll be missed, Mrs. D.

At this point your columnist feels he ought to go no further. Space is severely restricted in the Fly Paper, and if they use half the photographs and stories we've already submitted they'll have to produce a special "20" issue. Why should I slave and not be appreciated? I quit here—until the next issue's due.

Co-Pilots Club

The Co-Pilots met Thursday night at the Pilots' Club with 26 members present. Members of the Club who are mothers were guests of honor at a party after the business meeting.

Election of officers was held and the following were elected: President, Mrs. E. J. Smith; Vice-President, Mrs. Art Richardson; Secretary, Mrs. Harley Case; Treasurer, Mrs. Kenny Woodward. Outgoing officers are: President, Mrs. Frank Veltri; Vice-President, Mrs. Jimmie Taylor; Secretary, Mrs. Carl Lyons. New members entering the Club were Mrs. James Cheyne, Mrs. Benjamin Durham and Mrs. Lou Mancuso.

A social hour was conducted by Mrs. Frank Veltri at which time games were played and poems were recited by Mrs. Woodward and Mrs. Richardson. A committee composed of Mrs. Willard King, Mrs. James Leftwich, Mrs. Harley Case and Mrs. E. J. Smith served cake and coca-cola to those present.

The Club meets every Wednesday afternoon at 2:00 at the Red Cross room. All Instructors' wives or Officers' wives are eligible for membership and all are urged to attend.



CAMERA SHY? No. Cadet Kenneth Strachan of Glasgow was startled by the flash bulb. To his right Cadet M. J. Middlelick of Dunstable and the Mister from North Wales, J. B. Wedge, were prepared. Note Assistant Editor Vadah Walker in the background taking the names of other Course 19 cadets.

CARLSTROM CARROUSEL

by Eva Mae Lee

Carlstrom's First Lady Serves Country as Wave

Three years ago Kathryn Jane Bramlitt of Miami became a pioneer member of the crew who laid the foundations of the new Carlstrom Field. Today, Kay stands at the threshold of an entirely new venture. As a WAVE recruit, she will report to Hunter College in New York City for boot training and then will be assigned to a training field where she hopes to become a radio control tower operator.

All of Embry-Riddle and especially Carlstrom will miss Kay, but we wish her the best of luck and good fortune. Our further wish is that she be elected to attend OCS. A salute to Carlstrom's "first lady" would be no more than fitting, don't you think?

Born in Atlanta

Kay was born in Atlanta, Ga., on November 3, 1921. At the age of four, however, her family moved to Miami which has been her home since. After graduating from Miami Senior High School in 1939, Kay attended the University of Miami for a year. She worked for the Retail Credit Company of Miami before coming to Embry-Riddle on August 26, 1940, at the Miami Municipal Airport, where she was secretary to Arthur Gibbons, now Assistant General Manager of Chapman Field.

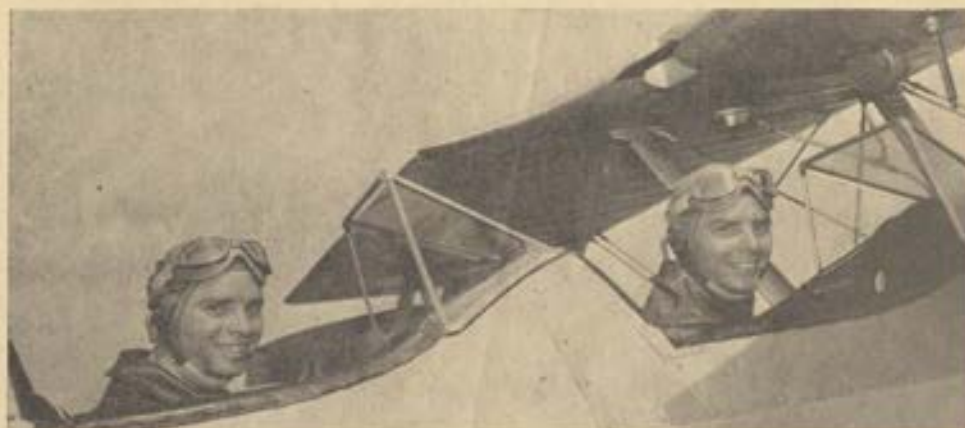
In January of 1941 Kay was chosen to go to the new Carlstrom Field with Capt. Len Povey. Her first trip was made in the Stinson 105 which she helped to pilot in what she laughingly described as a "Z" course. (While at the Miami Airport, Kay acquired the sum total of seven flying hours.)

Kay was a member of the National Society in high school, the Beta Phi Alpha

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KAY BRAMLITT



NO, THIS ISN'T A TRICK SHOT. It's the Carlstrom Amstutz twins whose striking resemblance to each other keeps Class 44-J befuddled. That's Eugene in the rear cockpit and Dwaine in the front—we hope. The boys are from Pandora, Ohio.

The Cadet Side

Another class off to Basic! Graduation of Class 44-I was celebrated at a banquet for officers and cadets at the Mess Hall on May 23rd. The crowning event was the presentation of the athletic awards by Capt. Wilson McCormick, Director of Physical Training.

A/C Verno Tops

Squadron III won the honors for the quadron competitions in athletics. A/C Earl A. Jones won the Tennis Award; Charles M. Harrison, swimming; Walter A. Kretz, track; and Robert J. Verno won the Physical Fitness Award.

Cupid's Victims

Judge Purvis' office in Arcadia was the scene of two weddings recently when A/C Clayton H. Powell, Class 44-I, of Savannah, Ga. was married to Sarah H. Smith of Montgomery, Ala.; and A/C William H. Doyle, Class 44-J, of Brooklyn, N. Y. was married to Johanna E. Cebulski, also of Brooklyn. The couple was attended by A/C James W. Dupree and his wife.

Britisher Prandle

Carlstromites will be glad to know that Mr. and Mrs. Nate Reece, Jr. have received a letter from Arthur Prandle, the newspaper man who was a member of the first British class of aviation cadets to be trained at Carlstrom. Prandle expressed regret at the report of the death of Lt. Col. Freeman who gave him his final check ride when he was graduated from Carlstrom. He also reported that Group Captain Hogan is now commanding officer at a station not far from where Prandle is still located as an advanced instructor. Both of these boys will be remembered by many Carlstromites and Arcadians.

Basic Visitors

Cadets of Class 44-I were given an opportunity last week to ask questions about

the gremlins facing them at basic when three aviation cadets now in basic training at Gunter Field returned to Carlstrom on a good will tour. They were A/Cs A. H. Southerland, R. B. Abraham and A. B. Cain. They were accompanied by Lt. Floyd Davis, Flying Officer at Gunter Field.

Carlstrom Field Trounces Hendricks Field Bombbirds

by Cpl. John Murray

The Carlstrom Field Baseball Team defeated the Bombbirds of Hendricks Field 7 to 6, in 10 innings, on Sunday, May 21st, at the Arcadia stadium. It was the first defeat since the middle of the 1943 season for the strong Sebring club and was the second straight streak-shattering sortie by the Carlstromites in as many weeks as they had snapped Naples' string a week previous with a score of 6 to 3.

Sgt. Wayne Whitton went the route on the mound for Carlstrom and after a shaky start turned in one of the season's best pitching performances. He struck out sixteen and did not issue a base on balls. Barrentine started on the hill for Hendricks but was relieved in the third by Frankowski who eventually was charged with the loss.

The game was a free scoring affair for the first four innings but remained deadlocked at six all from the fourth to the tenth when Captain McCormick's single brought home Cadet Earl "Sparky" Brown with the winning run for the Arcadians.

Capt. McCormick and Cadet Cole each garnered three hits to pace the attack of

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'ROUND THE FIELD

Basic bound this Class are Flight Instructors Everette Burns, Clarence Wunder, Willis Bishop, Maynard Long, Richard Wells, Ground School Instructor Henry Perrino, Sgt. Harold "Mickey" Treadway of the Physical Training department and Cpl. Leslie Beneke, Link Training department. These trips at the end of each class are for the purpose of observation of training methods.

Another recent traveler was Nate Reece, Jr., who journeyed to New York City with Ben Turner and George Wheeler, Jr., of the Miami offices.

Venezuelan Representative

Lt. Col. Quintero of the Venezuelan Air Force, accompanied by Lt. Col. Whitfield, USAAF, visited Carlstrom Field on a tour of typical training schools of the U. S. Army Air Forces.

Other visitors included Lt. James Beville, former Commandant of Cadets, who is stationed at Camp Beauregard, La.; Mark Ball, Jr., former flight instructor, who is now testing the famous "Hellcats" for Grumman Aircraft Engineering. Jim Godette, another former instructor, also spent a day at the Field.

Capt. George Hilbert of 41-H visited his classmate, Jack Hobler, at the Ground School. Capt. Hilbert has been in New Guinea for 29 months where he was in Lt. Frank Beeson's outfit. Beeson will be remembered as Carlstrom's first cadet.

New Manager of Golf Course

The Arcadia Golf Course is now under the management of Frank Cuthbertson, Ground School Instructor, who reports that the links are again in good shape. Fairways and greens have been mowed and improvements made at the club house.

The facilities of the course are available to members at the nominal rate of \$2.50 per month. Greens fees are 50 cents (Cadets and Enlisted Men, 25 cents). Clubs can be rented for 35 cents.

Harry Wilbur, Jr., another Ground

School Instructor, has organized a class for women desiring instruction. All who enjoy playing golf are invited to take advantage of the improved conditions at the local links.

Another Victory

The Pilots' Club was the scene of another of the famous parties given by the Instructors of Squadron III under Sam Worley, Jr., as they celebrated the results of the Efficiency Contest for Class 44-H. This squadron has won the contest in their stage for three consecutive classes. They are highly commended for their efficiency. Squadron 1 under Alex Hayes has just been reported the winner of the 44-I contest. Congratulations!

A Military Family

Instructor Frederick Fahs definitely comes of a military family as he has four brothers also in service. They are sons of Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Fahs of Wilson, N. Y. Pvt. Harold E. and Pfc. Elwood are both stationed in England; Pfc. Chester E. is at Camp Stewart, Ga.; and the youngest brother, Pvt. Louis D., is at Selfridge Field, Mich. Lt. Gordon H. Jones, who has made his home with the Fahs family for several years, is stationed at Millville, N. J. Mr. Fahs has been instructing at Carlstrom Field since November 8, 1943.

Joins the WAC

Nurse Freddie Lewis who is now stationed at Newport, R. I., writes that Marge Lightfoot has joined the WAC. Marge, sister to former Instructor Bill Lightfoot, used to work in Army Supply.

W/O Johnny Jordon has been transferred to the four-engine training school at Chanute Field, Ill., home of the famous B-29. All of Carlstrom will miss Johnny as he was one of the first enlisted men on the Field back three years ago. He was promoted from Master Sergeant to Warrant Officer on December 15, 1943.

The following interesting little item ap-



A/C RYAN POLSTARA of Class 44-I keeps in trim on the tennis courts of Carlstrom. How does our Florida sun compare with that of Sacramento, Ryan?

peared in the Arcadian: "In New Guinea is one Private First Class Ernest Jump. His job—paratrooper."

Hot Shot

Harry Meyers, a Carlstrom Field Instructor, got "hot" on the local golf course Thursday afternoon and shot a four under par 33, getting six birdies out of the nine holes played. Although the course is said to be one stroke better, it is believed the six birdies out of nine holes is a feat which has been equalled by very few golfers including the top professionals. Meyers was playing with Harry Wilbur and Bob Bullock.

Briefs

Instructor James B. Davis of Punta Gorda was married a couple of weeks ago. John E. Dorr, Squadron Commander, vacationed in Washington, D. C. and Union City, Tenn., where he bought a Culver Cadet. "Pop" Meyer, Fire Marshall, celebrated his 40th wedding anniversary Friday the 19th. Congratulations, Pap! *Zombie*, an Army publication of the Primary school at Douglas, Ga., reports that Lt. Charles Gillo, former Carlstromite, is now Adjutant at that Station. Lt. George Hoffmeyer, former Assistant to Commandant of Cadets here, is reported to have been promoted to 1st Lt. at Maxwell Field.

Hail and Farewell

Two new members of the Link Trainer department are Cpl. Ray Hill of Oklahoma and Sgt. Robert Kistler of Michigan. Cpl. Hill is transferred from Cape Girardeau, Mo., as a Link instructor and Sgt. Kistler comes from McBride, Mo., as a Link main-

Continued on Page 19



TECH TALK

by FREDDA POITEVANT

Dear, dear, in the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love—but girls, don't you think you are taking advantage of it? I wonder if the abundance of engagements, marriages, etc., has any connection with the fact that this is leap year. I know several "old maidens" who would like to know how you do it . . . Two practically new fathers around here avoid discussing with each other the subject they enjoy most. It seems they wind up talking at the same time and each tries to shout loudest so they gave it up as a bad job.



Fredda

discussing with each other the subject they enjoy most. It seems they wind up talking at the same time and each tries to shout loudest so they gave it up as a bad job.

Poem by Dona Joana

*I blew a kiss into the air,
It drifted away, I know not where;
But as sure as the wind caresses your
cheeks,
My kiss is finding the one it seeks.
So, wherever you are, on land or on sea,
When the wind gives you a kiss
You'll know it's from me.*

Add overheard prayers: Dear Santa, Please bring me that man under the helmet on the cigarette billboard . . . Add disappointments of a lifetime: Not knowing about the informal gathering of the flock at the home of the very charming "Miss Alice" recently. Can't think of anything I'd rather do than visit those swell gals or get the gen on Ken and a certain right-hand man to the Legal Eagle.

Oh, Uniform! Oh, Uniform! What sweet promise dost thou hold, what irresistible seduction casteth by thy charm, thy ever-intriguing whisperings winding invisible tendrils around the hearts of those who wish to serve thee, take our Estelle and our Helene into thy wondrous fold! Good luck to both of them. Won't someone mind my child so I can go too?

Pint Size

Flagler Street scene on a Saturday p.m.: Little Edna bustling around, smiling because she found a dress in size seven—never knew they made them that small . . . Arleen and Jessie looking for something cool to drink . . . Bobbie trying to find that place where she was supposed to have her hair bobbed . . . Couple of blondes (guess who) slipping into a cool movie to swoon over Robert Taylor.

Just Snooping department: Fernando Naranjo writes Mary Manos from Honduras where he is working for TACA that he is using all the theoretic and practical training gleaned here at Tech . . . What's this about a pair of our lovelies who have just moved having an excellent Presser of the male gender? That, I want to see! . . . If you see a young lady limping with a

charlie-horse from bowling, ask her which is Mr. Elliot and which is Mr. Green . . . A recent bride took a lot of good natured kidding from practical jokers.

Must See's: The new blonde who is going to work in Service and Supplies. (Too much competition around here; must see Personnel about that) . . . Lil's Dad and Sis—hear they are *swell*—ditto "Stinky"! Has everyone seen third-finger-left-hand? . . . Marty in that short black evening gown with orchid ostrich feather in hair washing dishes.

If The Great Ebbets still has any interest in "cheesecake," he's missing a good bet by not frequenting the steps at lunchtime, for many are using this means of sunning stockingless legs . . . Is there anything so delightful as Len Povey breezing in and out accompanied by Nate Reece or Bob Davis . . . It's swell seeing Carl Anderson around again. Our sincerest sympathies went out to you to the West Coast, Carl . . . Janet Burke is trying to keep our Ponso happy while Thelma is regaining her health—here's wishing you lots of the best of it, Butch.

If you know of anyone whose spirits are lagging as the Fifth War Bond Drive is launched, just refer them to "I Saw Our Flag Come Down," page 79 of *Colliers*, May 20 issue.

Student Nonsense

Side Glances: Redhead coming to school in fur coat and carrying an orchid . . . Delightfully vivacious fellow always accompanied by a group of girls lurching with only two . . . Very attractive new hair-do on the sixth floor blonde . . . Sparkling brown eyes all over the fifth floor—ever notice?

One of the little tragedies of life occurred when "Mama" Burkart unpacked boxes



RACHEL LANE of Transportation is the senior member of the Embry-Riddle crew of chaufferettes. She has been with the Company two years.

which had been stored and found everything ruined from being wet, including valued articles which cannot be replaced . . . Two of the local cut-ups were laughing at the sight of your Girl Friday in the cage of the freight elevator, never suspecting they were just as funny from the inside looking out. Monkey's-eye-view! . . . Emily, can you top this?—a two franc bill from New Caladonia! . . . All deep-sea fishing enthusiasts get in touch with Frances Fredericks in Personnel for information on excellent accommodations.

Wish-You-Were-Here Dept.: Kay Heaver writes Grace Thompson that she misses all and wishes to be back in Miami . . . Grace Simpson has charge of a cafeteria at the Miami Air Depot which is headline news for MIADS . . . Kitty who was on the switchboard at night . . . Pal Helen of the quick wit and disarming smile.

Seventh floor musings: Our linguist spewing forth Portuguese interspersed with OOOOkay, okay, very amusing . . . Prolific poet "Gramps" darting here and there. How he does get around! . . . the refreshing, makes-you-feel-good-all-over grin of the VP . . . Memories of that riotous, welcoming ceremony for Dave Beaty.



WHEN MILLARD F. CALDWELL, right, winner of the Democratic nomination for governor of Florida, visited the Tech School last week, he was greeted by Leonard J. Povey, left, vice-president of Embry-Riddle in charge of all flying operations, and vice-president George Wheeler, Jr., center.



TO BE INSTRUCTORS IN THE AIR AND ON THE GROUND is the ambition of these charming young ladies who "are going through the mill" at Chapman Field. Perched on top of a little Ercoupe, which belongs to a private party, is Robbie Jo Popwell of New London, Conn. who hopes to join the WASPS; seated on the wing is Marcia Elion who came down from New London, Conn. to learn to fly, while next to her is Peggie Humphries of Torrington, Conn. whose aim is a ground school instructor rating. Sporting the checked shirt is Shirely Smith of Knoxville, Tenn. who just passed her flight check. Another ground school aspirant is Nancy Taylor of Miami Beach on the far left, and in front of her is Jean Macdonald, a fledgling flyer from Summit, N. J.

DORMITORY LIFE

by LADY POPWELL

Ah! For the life of a pilot, or should I say fledgling? One never knows what he will have to do next.

As I wearily struggled homeward, after a long hard day at the Field, with navigation, stick and rudder, airspeed and altimeter spinning around in this already over exposed brain of mine, I was asked to write Dorm Life. So for the sake of that sweet child my mother is always telling me to be, I consented.

I trudged upstairs to congratulate my dearly beloved ex-roommate, Pepi Fite, upon receiving her well earned private license today. Such a sight in your life you have never seen. It seems I was not the only one who knew about it, as her room exposed evidence that an earlier visit had been made. Sheets, tied in knots, were hanging from the doors; beds stood on end; clothes were draped over windows.

GENERAL ORDER

Thornton E. "Boots" Frantz is hereby transferred from Embry-Riddle Field, Union City, Tenn., to Chapman Field as General Manager of the Miami Flight Division. Mr. Frantz will report to Leonard J. Povey, Vice-President in Charge of Flying Operations.

The only mental picture I can offer to fit the scene is a cyclone!

Shirley Smith also has found what it means to pass a private check, for my colleagues saw to it that she was properly dunked.

Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, Jean MacDonald, and may you have many more. And while I'm on the subject of birthdays, if by chance you happened to be passing the Dorm last Saturday and were shocked to see something resembling a drowned rat or sea hag come skidding out of the door following a few blood curling screams and the sound of bodily blows, then meet me around the corner sometime and I will tell you how it feels to reach the "ripe old age of 20 in an Embry-Riddle Dorm!"

Al Wittenberg, accompanied by "Sis" Gibbs, is leaving for her old home town, Rockville Centre, N. Y., for a week's visit with her parents.

Our own Irish Williams also is leaving us, pointing her compass northward for Lynbrook, N. Y. We will miss her smiling face many, many times in the future.

Upon calling at 235 Majorca, I was thrilled to find that Betty Harbison is now taking night flying at Chapman. More fun.

I also was saddened to learn that Mary Jessup has almost finished her course and is leaving soon.

Well, kids, that is about all the chatter I know, so I will sign off for now. Watch your airspeed and altimeter.

Paper is the Ally Of Every Soldier

From the first day a soldier goes off to War he is dependent on paper. From his Draft Card to his Honorable Discharge, his records are kept on it. His records are packed in it; his cartridges are wrapped in it; his shoes are lined with it; his letters are written on it.

His barracks are built with paper wall-board, they have paper roofing and paper insulation. He shoots at paper targets, eats from paper plates and drinks from paper cups.

His battles are planned, his orders are issued on paper. Literally, he lives, trains, travels, fights, with paper his indispensable ally.

His honorable discharge will be handed to him on a piece of paper, after a beaten Axis has signed the peace terms—on a piece of paper!

WE MUST HELP. The paper shortage is very real. Unless adequate supplies of waste paper can be moved to the mills, the curtailed paper and pasteboard production will seriously retard the War program. It also will have a serious effect upon civilian use of paper.

HERE IS HOW WE CAN HELP: Flatten and save all paper bags; put them in an empty paper bag and take them to your neighborhood store. Don't burn waste paper; save it for the next drive. In your office, don't neglect to put old newspapers and magazines in the waste paper basket. Use the reverse side of used forms, letters or memos for scratch paper. Clean out and discard all obsolete advertising matter from your files.

Every kind of paper is needed, from cartons to the better class of white stock.



CONNIE YOUNG, formerly secretary to Lloyd Budge at the Tech School, has completed her training with the WASPS at Avenger Field, Sweetwater, Texas, and will be based at Minter Field, Bakersfield, Calif., after a few days' leave in Miami. Leaving Sweetwater, Connie was sent to Chico Army Air Base, Chico, Calif., where she was a test pilot on BT-13s. She has about 400 hours to her credit; the first fifty were logged under Helen Cavis at Chapman Field. She was able to visit her family and friends here after finishing a training course at the AAF School of Applied Tactics in Orlando.



By A/C Daniel F. Thorne, Dorr Field

KAYDET KORNER

by A/C R. W. Hank, Dorr Field

Now, lemme see—shoes shined, brass polished, floor G.I., nails clean, everything dusted and a clean uniform. Oh-Oh-Oh! My hair has no part; there, all set now. Gee, here comes Lt. Gailey! Wonder if he will look me over much—will I get gigged—how many tours?

Finally that harsh word *attention* as the Officer steps into the room, followed by an eager cadet with a legal size sheet of paper—there goes that open post! But, on the other hand, everything is in order; he won't find anything wrong with me—what am I worrying about—or will he?

Hands along trouser seams, shoulders back, chin in, chest out, knees knocking—if only my muscles were not so tight! Gosh, I'm sweating. There he is looking at my shoes; now my hair (here comes that gig and I thought plastering my hair down would help lower my ears). Now he is going to say something; hope it's not too bad.

"Very good, Mister" echoes! My chest expands, my thoughts are running to open post. Inspection passed until next week!

Dorr Faithfuls

In the gray, quiet mornings at Dorr Field one can see the Cadets filing sleepily along to their respective places in ranks accompanied by two eager dog-mascots, Propwash and Blacky. Every formation, morning, noon or night, the dogs are there. They march to classes, to mess and even stand retreat; some day someone will teach them how to salute.

Propwash (a white "just dog" with a permanently curled tail and big ears) and Blacky (as his name suggests, black, more or less an Airedale, has grizzly whiskers, is so ugly he's cute, and in general is a man's dog) seem to know they are liked and wanted by the men. In their language they seem to say, "These gadgets feed us

every day, play with us, give us baths (darn it!) and there's always one or more invitation to spend the night in a barracks room."

There are many ways to call a dog but usually he will answer to one name only; not these two—from all the cadets come many varieties of whistles and pet names—Propwash and Blacky answer to them all.

44-I DANCE

Continued from Page 9

lovely Mrs. J. Darne for their rendition of "Have I Stayed Away Too Long?" Third prize went to A/C E. Farrell and his "slick chick" for winning the hotly contested jitterbug contest.

The solo work of A/C Jack Poule and his magic accordion was entertainment supreme in anyone's language. His music set us all in a community-sing mood. The orchestra closed the floor show with an arrangement of "Shanty Town," Lt. Weiner doing the vocal honors.

Thanks to the Cadets

The cadet hall was cleverly decorated by A/C R. A. Beckham and his fellow workers. We surely thank him for the smooth dance floor which certainly is a great improvement over the old one. Other cadet committeemen were W. C. Myles in charge of reception; F. T. Helms, invitations; D. L. Morrisey, refreshments; and G. W. Murphy in charge of guards.

Yes, it was a swell dance with plenty of good food prepared by the cadet wives and plenty of good music. And we were all plenty tired after such a wonderful evening. It easily can be said that this was one of the gayest dances held by Carlstrom Cadets.

MEMORIAL DAY

Continued from Page 2

That is our duty—to flatter their souls with deeds. Memorial Day means that I must serve faithfully and sacrifice willingly to win military victory. It means that I

must plan and work intelligently for peace. It means that if I shirk my job here I am prolonging the War and causing unnecessary death. It means that if I insist on luxuries and comforts at any price I am denying him the bare necessities of existence. It means that if I am selfish and shortsighted on a personal or a national scale I am sowing the seed for a War that will take the lives of America's future sons.

Let us fervently pray that we and our nation may be worthy of the courage and sacrifice of the men who have laid down their lives for God and country.

LETTER

Continued from Page 5

a few other odds and ends and now have become quite attached to the place.

We were here two months before a bathhouse was constructed and some of the boys fashioned a shower out of an old oil drum under which a fire could be built, so we had the luxury of hot water. What a pleasure that was after four months of cold water! You should have heard the howls emanating last winter from the icy showers.

Everything moves so slowly over here; that is, everything in which the natives play a big part. They just are not used to working fast and are not going to work fast. Some of the crude devices they work with probably were used hundreds of years ago. I believe they pick up some of the American ways, but as a whole after we leave they will continue as they have been for the centuries past.

Mail is an important factor. It is probably more important than most people imagine. Everyone eagerly and expectantly awaits the arrival of the mail orderly from his rounds to the post office, and there are many disappointed faces afterwards. The service is pretty good and I believe the Army is to be commended for it. Have received mail here many times which was postmarked only eight or nine days prior to receipt; however, the bulk of the mail takes from 16 to 30 days. On the journey to the U. S. I believe it is given faster handling.

The Japs were causing a little anxiety for a while, but believe they have been squelched in the particular region where they were active, so we've settled back.

Better close this rambling account before you're bored to tears. Thanks for listening and best of wishes to you, Mr. Riddle and his staff.

Cordially,
Leslie Miller

Editor's Note: Capt. Miller's letter will be of special interest to the Tech School where he made many friends during his tour of duty with the AAFTTC. When this Fly Paper reaches you in India, Leslie, don't be mad at us for this picture—we think it's mighty "party."

*The enemy's ears
Are opened wide,
So military secrets
We must hide!*

ROUND THE FIELD
Continued from Page 15

tenance man. We'd like to officially welcome these men to Carlstrom.

Charles E. Wallich, who has been manager of the Canteen for the past one and one-half years, is returning to Chicago where he will go in business for himself managing industrial canteens.

His daughter, Esther, who worked in the Overhaul office for a time, returned to Chicago last month. She plans to be married almost immediately. The Wallichs also have a son stationed in England, who is 1st Engineer and gunner on a B-17.

Mr. Wallich expresses his sincere thanks to everyone on the Field, management and workers alike, for making his stay a pleasant one. We want to thank you, too, Mr. Wallich, for your service and to wish you the best of luck in Chicago.

CARLSTROM BASEBALL
Continued from Page 14

the hybrid Carlstrom team, while Currie got three safeties for Hendricks.

Carlstrom played two home games last week end, entertaining Punta Gorda on Saturday and Naples again on Sunday, but more about that next issue. The Carlstrom boys really are getting in stride now and their games are exciting enough to please the most blasé; so why don't you come around to the ball park next week and cheer for your Field? We'll be lookin' for ya.

FIRST LADY
Continued from Page 14

social sorority in college; and while in Arcadia was active as a USO hostess, Cadet Club hostess and as a member of the Junior Woman's Club. She is fond of all sports and likes to dance better than she likes to eat—and she has no mean appetite.

Au revoir, Kay.



HENRY B. GRAVES, Safety Director of Embry-Riddle for more than a year, has received notice of his election to membership in the American Society of Safety Engineers. The Society functions under the Engineering Division of the National Safety Council, and membership requires at least a year of employment as Safety Engineer or Director and ten or more years of other industrial engineering experience.

Blood Bank News

John D. Kille, Personnel Director, has been elected to the Board of Directors of the Dade County Blood Bank Donors Council. The Board carries on the business of the Council and is responsible for spacing donations to the Bank, affording a continuous supply of donors.

The Embry-Riddle Blood Bank account was drawn upon for the first time recently when the cousin of Richard Whitehurst of Accounting became ill and needed a transfusion. Richard and Charlie Branch, also of Accounting, volunteered to replace the blood, although there was no requirement to that effect.

Anyone who would like to help build our Embry-Riddle account may register with Marie Jewett of Personnel at Tech.

Safety Week

Embry-Riddle personnel played an important part in what has been described as the world's largest public safety meeting, held under the auspices of the Dade County Council Thursday evening, May 18th. More than 20 safety floats were entered by various industries, organizations and military groups.

Embry-Riddle was represented by an overhaul float, depicting Safety in Production and Safety in Flight, which was the work of Dick Hourihan and was entered by the A & E Division. Ruth Nichols and Eleanor Britton, working with riveting guns on an aircraft rudder, attracted a great deal of attention, the noise of the guns being easily audible from the river to the bay as the parade proceeded down Flagler Street.

Betty Morgan, attired in full flight regalia, with parachute, represented Safety in Flight. Betty was National Champion Drum Majorette from 1937 through 1940 and is now a flight student at the Seaplane Base. Following the parade she was featured in an act at a Safety Show held in Bay Front Park. Eighteen drum majorettes from Miami High Schools assisted her with music by the 519th and 520th Army Air Forces Bands.

A second float, consisting of the Tech Overhaul Volunteer Fire Brigade, made a colorful appearance with its bright red fire wagon, towed by the Embry-Riddle pick-up truck. The crew, under Chief Charles Mack, was attired in blue trousers, white shirts and bright red helmets.

Immediately following the parade, the Safety Show was held in Bayfront Park and was attended by more than 5,000 persons.

Safety Director Henry B. Graves, Vice-Chairman of the County Safety Council, took a leading part in arranging both the parade and show.



MIAMI DIVISIONS OF EMBRY-RIDDLE PLAYED A LARGE PART in plans for Dade County Safety Week. The Flagler Street parade included the Tech Overhaul Volunteer Fire Brigade float shown above. Riding in the Fire Engine are Chief Charles Mack and Firemen Jack Brady, Virgil Ruark, Emmet Griffin, James Yacullo, Howard Kipple, Warren Sanchez, T. F. J. Adams and Driver Robert Cousey.

THE A & E DIVISION FLOAT DEMONSTRATED SAFETY in Production and Flight. Left to right: Dick Hourihan, A & E Division Personnel Relations Counsellor; Ruth Nichols of Mr. Buxton's office; Eleanor Britton of Aircraft Overhaul; Betty Morgan, Flight Student at the Seaplane Base. The driver of this float was Ernest Trammell.

CHAPMAN CHATTER

by CARA LEE DaBOLL

Well, here I are agin,' wearing my fingers to the bone over this hot typewriter, wondering where one would start. We might appropriately begin with the joyous news just hot off the line. Our famed, but modest Instrument Instructor, "Smitty" Smith, who has the patience of Job, has dood it again. Under his guidance three more instrument students, Nancy Graham, Charlotte Kayser and Jean Model, have fought their fight and won the reward, namely the little ticket that says they're safe to fly with the blinds down, Gadget Pilots, no less. Congratulations to students and more hair tonic for Smitty, please, along with those three Oak Clusters,



"Cookie"

enthusiasts.) They came clear eyed and eager from near and wide and I have been told, via the grapevine of course, that Embry-Riddle old and new was well represented.

There was a gang from Riddle Field including Larry DeMarco, Bob Ahern, R. Cuthbertson, and ever lovin' Len Povey; from Carlstrom and Dorr came Roscoe Brinton, Bridegroom Gordon Mougey, Bob Davis and Lee Hibson. Miami Flight Division was represented by Chapman Field in entirety along with oldtimers Van Burgin, Sr., Hal Ball, Capt. Roger Carley, PAA Capt. Bob Marshall, Charlie Barnhardt, Henry Fuller, Bob Johnston, Jimmy Cousins, Lt. Clarence Synder and so many others that it would take a small volume of encyclopedias to cover them all. Hope you fellows can find another good reason for coming back real soon.

The past few weeks of this very fine weather has offered our many fishing enthusiasts a lovely change to prove their seaworthiness, as well as angling ability. (Dave DaBoll failed the first test, with flying colors.) Al Sutter, Manager, Field Canteen, Inc., is really preparing for a lovely summer. He recently bought a 20-ft. cabin

boat for son, Capt. Tommy, who very graciously has guided parties to most profitable fishing areas. The last haul totaled more than 52 snappers. Mr. DeVay, Field Accountant, who has just suffered a severe breakdown over "breakdowns," is planning an extensive rest cure aboard this luxurious yacht. Sounds fine, doesn't it?

Billie Fernandez says that we've some scheduled excitement. Malcolm Campbell, sole owner of the "Cannonball Dynamo," and J. B. "Fearless Fostick" Davidson, driver of his famed "Girlywagon," are gonna prove to witnesses their claims of individual superiority. So stand by for this race of races.

Tune In Next Issue

Will the Cannonball stand up to its professed merits or will rigor-mortis catch up with it before it reaches the finishing line? Will the Girlywagon exceed its 30 mile per hour vibration limit and win the race? Johnny claims that after 30 it flies, but he didn't say in which direction.

Al Sutter is thinking about entering Ole Bessie, the Speedqueen, the only piece of instrument machinery on the Field that doesn't require an observer. (It has exposures on all six sides including top and bottom.) Would some unambitious fellow with no obligations like to drive Bessie? If so, apply to Mr. Sutter. Lay your bets now; back up your favorite.

Quiet Birdmen

It was great seeing old friends and acquaintances down during the Q.B. session recently held at the Macfadden-Deauville. (This Quiet Birdman business, as we women really know, is a very exclusive stag party for high-flying pilots and aviation



... and He Ended up with 120!

The worst dub is bound to get a strike, now and then. It's the ability to get them consistently that puts a bowler in the 200 bracket. It's much the same in Aviation . . . You can get by without good, solid training—up to a point. But if you want to be among those who lead the league, you've simply got to know the answers. We've graduated a lot of high scorers, here at Embry-Riddle. We'd like to add your name to the list.



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