

LISTENING OUT ISSUE - COURSE 24 EMBRY-RIDDLE

Fly Paper "STICK TO IT"

VOL. IX

AUGUST 18, 1945

NO. 8

EMBRY-RIDDLE JOINS THE WORLD IN ELATION OVER VICTORY

THE great white light of peace now shines around the world. We have no words to express our reaction to that soul-stirring event of August 14th—we can only bow our heads in solemn thanks that the guns are silenced and that our boys soon will be coming home.

V-J Day is here—and thus we go into a new era. The period of reconstruction will not be easy. Brakes already have been applied to the huge war machinery, and the slowing down has and will affect many thousands in the war plants, the training schools and the hundreds of industries geared to the conflict that we and our allies finally have won.

* * *

With the cessation of hostilities, the closing of No. 5 British Flying Training School is inevitable in the near future. So, now that the end of our training period is within sight, we would like to take this opportunity, on behalf of the Riddle-McKay Company and the Royal Air Force, to express our appreciation for the friendship, understanding and whole-hearted cooperation rendered us by the individuals and corporations in and around Clewiston.

The United States Sugar Corporation, the United States Engineers and the many fine people of this community have been more than zealous in their efforts to give us at



No. 5 B.F.T.S., Riddle Field, Clewiston, Florida

Riddle Field the stimulation of entertainment, taste of home life and friendly counsel. The Rev. Drs. Hancock and Meadows of the Clewiston churches and the Rev. Dr. Bozeman of Moore Haven have given unstintingly of their time to religious services and demonstrations of fellowship and brotherly love.

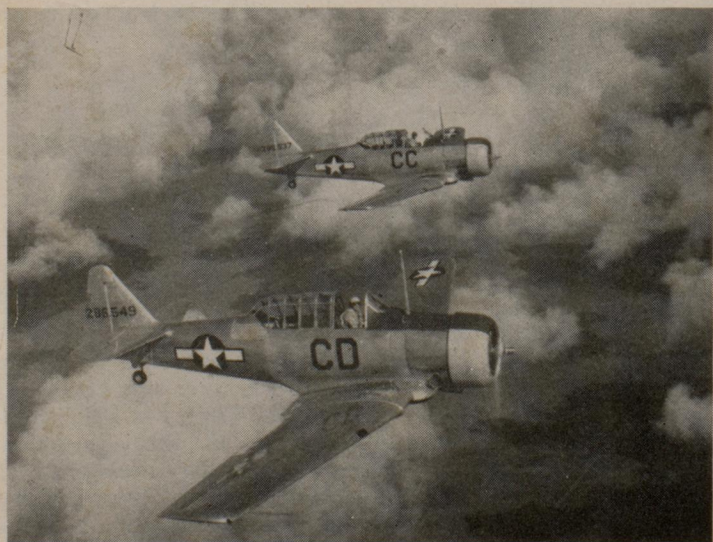
We hardly need emphasize the appreciation of the cadets for the loan of Sugarland on so many occasions and for last week's Midsummer R.A.F. Dance. The success of this last affair, with its gay assemblage dancing to the smart, brilliant cadence of the Cadet Band, was in itself an expression of thanks to the Sugar Corporation for again putting their beautiful auditorium at the disposal of the Boys from Britain.

* * *

Air Marshal Douglas Colyer, C.B., D.F.C., head of the Allied Joint Staff and R.A.F. Delegation in Washington, accompanied by Group Captain A. M. Bentley, A.F.C., Director of Training of the Royal Air Force in the United States, will honor Riddle Field with a visit on Monday.

On Saturday, August 25th, we will witness the presentation of Wings to the twenty-fourth class of R.A.F. cadets to be graduated under the aegis of Riddle Field. To these lads we dedicate this Listening Out issue, happy in

Continued on Page 15



Royal Air Force Cadets fly the AT-6 to Pilot's Wings.

FOREWORD

The Journey

THE journey started for most of us about two years ago. Some say it really started in 1939, others as far back as 1914. However, two years ago we started on our journey; the ultimate goal to play our part in helping to crush the deadly forces menacing our homes and those of other peace-loving peoples. The immediate aim was to equip ourselves for this struggle. We all felt discouraged and frustrated at times, delays and side-tracks seemed unreasonable with our limited view, marking time when we should have been journeying onward. Bomb dumps, farming, "V-bomb" damage, well, maybe it was experience, and it certainly was useful.

Then came 1945 bringing us 4,000 miles on our journey in a mere four weeks. That was an easy down-hill ride. One section of us, a hundred strong, arrived at Riddle Field, finding ourselves at the bottom of a steep hill. The climb was tough — airspeed, needle, ball; terminal velocity, occlusions, monocoque fabrication; ties on, ties off; sleeves down; left, right, left, right—and *mosquitoes*. Yes, it was a tough climb, some of our friends could not make the grade, it was so easy to stumble, we send them our good wishes.

Now, we look back on the time and are grateful to our flying, ground school and Link instructors, the Riddle-McKay organization and the R.A.F. permanent staff for their patience and untiring efforts to get us thus far on our journey. Nor could we have made it but for the maintenance staffs, "Rainbow," and the Met. and Admin. Offices. Our thanks also are due to the medical staff, mess and canteen staffs, for keeping us fit and providing us with the energy.

How enjoyable it has been, though, due to Mrs. NeSmith and all the splendid people at Palm Beach, who have made our "open posts" so memorable. Very many thanks also to Mrs. Powers and the ladies of Clewiston, who have worked so hard on our behalf, and made our journey so pleasant. To all the good friends in Clewiston, and many other towns, who have invited us into their homes and made us feel so welcome we send our thanks and say "Au Revoir." Yes, it has been a stiff climb up this hill, but thanks to our American friends, it has been an enjoyable one. Before us are formidable mountains, but first we have a short run downhill, to the valley, where we may tarry awhile with our loved ones and gird ourselves for the real work ahead.

Part of our journey may be by rail—as Fireman? We may finish it in gliders, but that lies in the future; meanwhile, we say "Thank you, America, and may our two countries journey together in comradeship to preserve peace and sanity, as they have in war to restore peace."

Signing off,

Sincerely yours,

COURSE 24

THE YAKS AND THE GEN

(NOTE: 24 Course is popularly known as the yakherd, and Flight Commanders as yakherders. YAK—An amiable beast of burden.)

"A" FLIGHT

To me has fallen the job to write
Poetic "lines" about "A" Flight,
So I'll start at A, and follow through,
And describe each, one by one, to you.
Norman ALSOPP leads the way,
While taxiing on the field one day
He saw a puddle, applied his brakes,
Was on his nose in a brace of shakes.
AMATT's instructor brims over with joy,
Shouts "Looka here fellas, here comes my
boy."
Buster BAILEY's cunning leers
Separate his lug-like ears.
BARNETT thinks he's had enough
Of all this boring armament guff,

But nothing deters our Norman BAYLEY
Who binds hard at his gen books daily.
From Abergele, BEARDMORE hails,
A hermit from the hills of Wales.
BOULTON's instructor was heard to say,
"Your solo hours are low today!"
BOWDEN, who's from London smoke
Thinks Everglades fires just a joke.
BOYD commands the junior course,
On them his will he tries to force.
BREWSTER says he would far sooner
Do his flying out in Poona.
Sidney BRITAIN, known as "Adj."
Gets "A" Flight's night forced landing
badge.

Here's the mail—How big it looks!
(Ninety-nine per cent for BROOKS).
CAINE's moustache is smooth as sable—
He'd grow a beard—if he were able.
"Tosh" CARPENTER, also known as
"Chips,"
Shoots lines about his Iceland trips.
That little Binder CARTER said:
"Now lights out, fellows, get to bed."
CATLING, bank clerk by profession,
(Cashing checks is his obsession).
CHALCRAFT, who once walked the beat,
Says "Flying don't 'arf save the feet."

"B" FLIGHT

Next we have "B" Flight, cor what a shower,
At least that's what Rainbow thinks, up in the tower;
So without more ado, let's all get crackin'
Or Bev. Woodhead will say we must have been slackin'.
Out flying thought storms, old HUTTON's the boy,
But HUPKINSON says, "Bad weather?—No joy!"
For line-shooting, GEDLING's the lord of us all,
But old Taffy BENNETT thinks all of them tall.
HASTINGS, COOKE and JACKSON made Sarasotans stare,
When all *their* ships were grounded, *our* trio took the air;
SIM and his binding we all know quite well,
While HYLAND sleeps on till the 5-minute bell;

At landing in sandholes, CHALLIS is tops,
But at shooting up clouds, HENDERSON flops;
For MADDISON a sheriff is constantly gunning,
The lads from Moore Haven think he should be run-in.
THOMSON's the bloke when a FORMAN is needed,
DURRANT thinks Form 1 shouldn't be heeded;
DAY, down on "A" Field, wheels up and landing.
Then GAIT used his throttle and left us all standing.
That's all that's left of our little mob,
Airmen please note, the Raf does a good job.
So over to "C" Flight and their tender mercies,
Maybe they're better at writing blank verses.

"C" FLIGHT

Having dealt with A and B Flight
Now, at last, we come to THE Flight.
Here it is, the gen is free,
Clear the runway, here comes "C."
Yakherd FURNESS, Roy by name,
Gets no praise, but takes the blame.
For KILLINGER all we can say,
He "renders" BACH the boogie way.
Teddie LACK with pack of cards
Wears broad grin and strips his pards.
LOUIS wobbles like a hero,
Charlie Charlie's tanks read zero.
Laughing boy LOVE knows no fear,
Poisons snakes with American beer.
Mark LOVELL plays the double bass,
No happy smile upon his face.

Our only Paddy is McGUIGAN,
What's he doing in the riggin'?
MARK LOVELL gets Chief Harding's goat,
"You don't know nothing MARCUIS"
(quote).
MATHER flying local dual
Bent his prop blades "somefink crule."
The horn blew loud; said Jimmy MEE
"Wheels down or up? Now let me see!"
Instructor's forehead wears a furrow,
Whatever's wrong? "Wake up! Pat
MURROUGH."
Ronald NASEY—our mighty midget,
De growls "Ace! Stop that figit."
Binder NEWSHAM'S quite a bore,
"Clean them winders! Scrub that floor!"

Harold PARKER's no use for flares
Puts 'em out on the way "upstairs."
Able TARE's gone to the "doctor,"
Max PETTEY's personal helicopter.
PRITCHARD tries to land at Spence
Tower shouts, "Madman! Get thee hence."
Lung Tung RAT, 'e cum from China
He can't tell a Nick from a Mitsu Dinah.
We thought Flash REED would never get
back
Landed at Buckingham (reciprocal track).
STANLEY taxis fast asleep
Wrecks his kite and prangs a jeep.
Phillip SUENCER's our second "ace"
He's De Marco's problem case.

"D" FLIGHT

Now we present the last of the bunch,
The "D" Flight boys what have all the punch,
We bow to our leader, who had all the "chore,"
RUTHERFORD the lad who'll bind us no more.
Introducing Philip ROBERTS, gliding home at night
Engine cut at Buckingham, restarted in "fright."
RUBERY and SPENCER of cross country fame
Didn't know who was "navvy," but got home just the same.
From North of the border came TURRENT and SCOTT,
They say they can fly—we think it's all rot.
Now there's a young fellow whose name is Bud SEARS,
He's never around except for free beers.
TURNER and TWELVES are the next of the cads,
They're only a couple of Lancashire lads.
Let's have a diversion on landings, we said,

So WEBSTER "came in" on three points and his head.
Presenting Bev WOODHEAD confidentially a dodger
Requested scramble, downwind leg—Rainbow shouted "Roger."
Don WRIGHT in a state of mental disorder,
Night lands at Buckingham, says "Punta Gorda?"
WEBSTER and WHITE are more of the Yaks,
They've trained their AT's to fly on their backs.
Tug WILSON's the man the girls all adore
He claims he's no wolf; we've heard that before!
BUTLER and GIBB are the two biggest skivers,
Once back in Blighty they'll be engine drivers.
DOYLE, CROWHURST, and BRYCE are the last of the bods.
"They're not really "D" Flight"—just odds and sods.
This is our Course, for better or worse,
They're really much better than they sound in this verse.

THE YAKHERDERS



C/S/C. Alan Boyd
Notting Hill



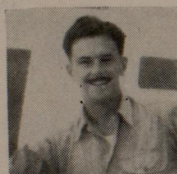
C/W/C. Tony Gibb
Ramsgate



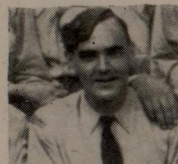
C/S/C. Tom Butler
London



C/F/C. Hank Henderson
Murton



C/F/C. Roy Furness
Hale



C/F/C. Sid Brittain
Hoddesdon



C/F/C. Ray Rutherford
Poulton



"Jack" Doyle
Leeds



Ray Mather
Cambridge



Keith Carter, Bury
John Growhurst, London
E.R. Turrent, Glasgow



Bryan Gait
Newport



Phil Spencer
Bolton
Tom Brewster
Christchurch



Bev Woodhead
Liverpool



Bill Sim
Aberdeen



Jimmy Mee, Sheffield
Bill Hastings, Rotherham



"Chips" Carpenter
Kingston



Norman Bayley,
Todmorden



Pat Murrough
Peterborough



Ron Nasey
Huddersfield



Jim Louis, London W.14
Les Killinger, Catford



D. T. Wright
Birmingham



A.R. Forman
Boston



Todd Catling
London N.2



George Lonsdale
Bury, Lancs



Don Love, Willesden
Tom McGuigan, Morcambe
"Marco" Lovell, London

The Photographs
of Bailey G.E.J. Osterley
and Taff Bennett Machen,
we regret to say, were
not available for this
Listening Out.

AND THE YAKHERD



Ivor Webster
Kempston



Frank Jackson
Upminster



"Pinky" White.
Hereford.



G. Pritchard
Bristol



Tony Day
Cardiff



B. Marcuis
Bewdley



Mart Amatt
Salford



Ray Caine
Nottingham



Fred Hopkinson
Royton



Ken Gedling
Liverpool



George Challis
Plymouth



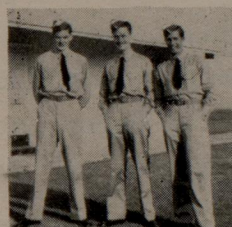
Arnold Twelves
Bury



Eddie Lack
Plaistow E.13



Phil Roberts, Conway
Jim Rubery, Stourbridge
A. Webster, Woodlesford



Pat Hyland, Sanderstead
Ron Chalcraft, Eastliegh
Geoff Bowden, London W.4.



Harry Parker, London N.21.
Gordon Reed, Croydon
Peter Rattenbury, Enfield
Max Pettey, Reading



Gee Stanley, Anerley
B.L. Sears, Chelmsford



Norman Allsop, Purley
Jim Moxom, Edgware



Eric Bryce, West Ken
Ian Barnett, Streatham



Don Brooks
Ainsworth



John Durrant
Watford



Frank Scott
Glasgow



Joe Madison
Durham



Gordon Boulton
Stoke-on-trent



Rikki Hutton
Brighton



I.H. Thomson
Glasgow



Ken Wilson
Birmingham



Des Cooke
Ilford



C. Speneer
Nottingham



Gerry Beardmore
Abergele



Rikki Hutton
Brighton



"Shammy" Newsham
Cambridgeshire



A GRIMM TALE

ONCE upon a time, in a far and distant land, there lived a handsome prince, whose personal beauty was only exceeded by his love of mild and bitter. His country was menaced by a large and fiercesome dragon with armoured claws, and a slick of hair



over his left eye; so the prince resolved to join the country's air force, to combat this deadly foe.

After years of waiting, the prince was called upon to wear a menial coat of blue and was shorn of all but half an inch of his golden locks. Deprived



and degenerate freaks with two stripes on their arms, instructed him in military arts, but time never lies on busy hands, and what with marching, agricultural pursuits, furniture removing,

bomb dumping and learning the ancient lore of stonemasons, the next year passed in twelve months. In the course of these fifty-two weeks, the prince had many adventures, rescuing at least one fair princess (who usually turned out to be a witch in disguise) a week. So spread his fame far and wide.

Suddenly, his country, seeing the dragon was almost dead, gathered the prince and ninety-nine others, and sent them across the ocean to a land of marsh and mosquito to study the dragon's habits, and learn to soar through the air like eagles. An added attraction was the rumor of thousands of princesses who had never been rescued before. The hundred disguised their genius and traveled incognito, known only by the mystic sign "Co. 24." Arrived at their destination, they were split into bunches of four, and put in the care of senior wizards, who taught them eagle-like for half a day. The other half was spent in the hands of junior wizards, who instructed them in deep and subtle things.

From time to time, elevated wizards would descend upon them, and sort out one or two, who were banished immediately from the land of the eagles, and sent back to civilization.

Occasionally the most high wizard showed himself, and, on one supreme day, even spoke to the prince, saying in mysterious wizard tones, "Three days C.C., one day's pay stopped."



Time passed and Course 24 confounded the wizards, causing them to do many stupid things, such as scraping their wings, things that wizards do by accident but the prince by carelessness. At last, however, the great day came, the prince (now Sgt. Prince) and his friends survived all the temptations held out by the local princesses,

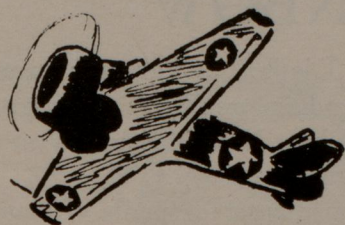


and all of the tests held by great and lesser wizards, and were prepared to return to their own country.

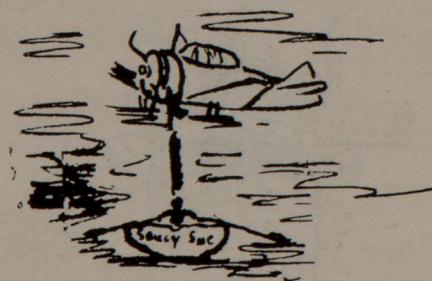
* * *

The dragon was dead, and all the new winged junior wizards, now achieved the new and surprising rank of non-productive air-crew! So, unlike most fairy stories, this one doesn't have any . . .





THEY DICE BY NIGHT



A bell rings out, begins a rush,
The keenness shown is really lush.
The yaks dash out to take their stand,
While yakherd dusts his red-white band.

To check, their ships they need a boat
That's if their kites are still afloat.
If they're not, who gives a damn?
There's plenty more from Uncle Sam.

Briefing's over—now for ships,
It seems to be a case of chips.
Dispatcher gives a wicked leer,
"No solo ships for you this year."

Once started up, he gives a shout,
"Rainbow, may I taxi out?"
Rainbow answers with a sigh,
"Baker Able, please stand by."

The pilot taxis to the post,
Nav. wakes up, pinpoints the coast.
The pilot makes the engine soar,
Nav. goes off to sleep once more.

On take off, pilot lets her rip,
And dashes down the taxi strip
With pitch full coarse and mixture weak,
He pays no heed to Rainbow's shriek.

His setting course makes Navvy frown,
Because he's flying upside down.
The pilot answers, "What the devil
By my A/H we're straight and level."

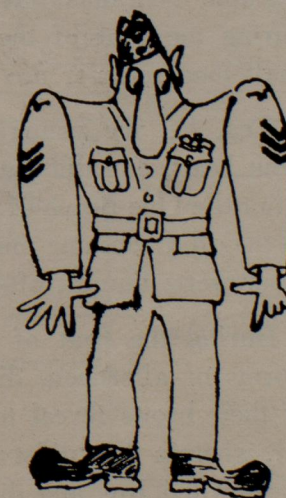
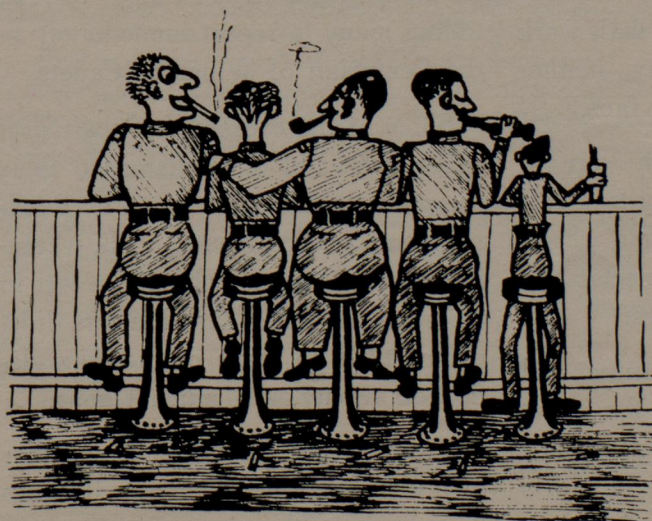
Below the stars the AT soars,
The Nav. is now down on all fours.
For that on which he's wont to sit
Is aching not a little bit.

Riddle Field is now in sight,
Pilot loses excess height.
Now he's down to fifty feet,
Thinks he's back in Civvy Street.

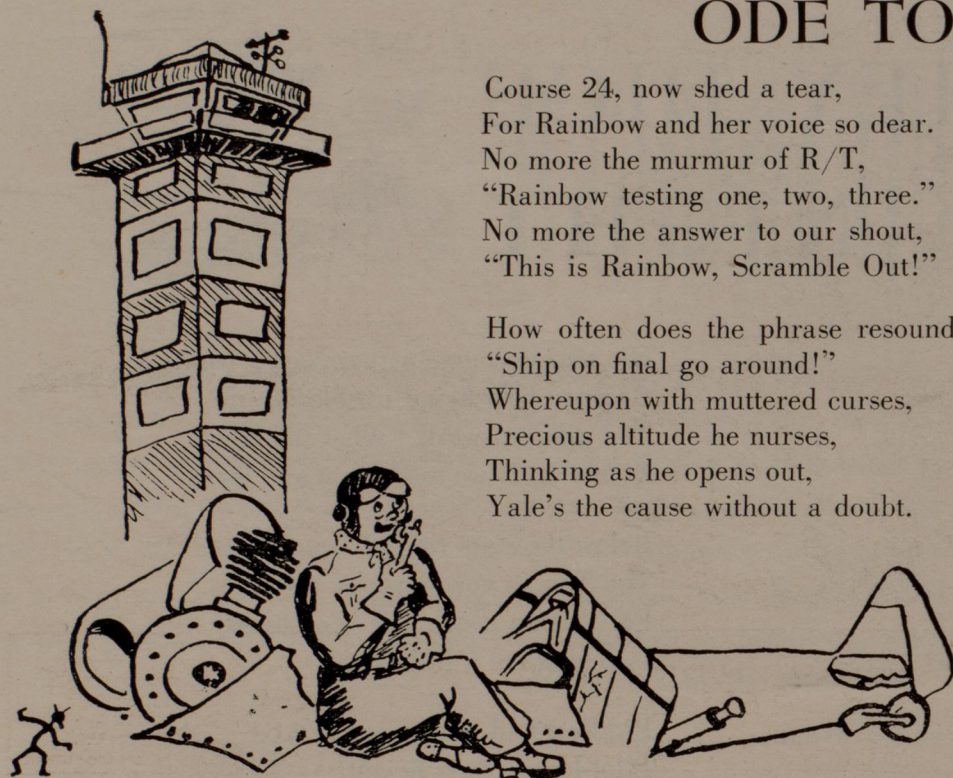
Pilot now comes in for landing,
Leaves other ships on circuit standing.
As he knows it's very late,
Has his throttle past the gate.

Now the crew is on the deck,
Budding flyers, what the heck!
Why should they begin to worry
They're back—though Flight Commanders worry.

Now the canteen makes its call
Lovely grub for one and all.
And then the crew go off to bed.
"Wizard Effort" pilot said.



ODE TO RAINBOW



"Hello Rainbow, Mechanic to ABLE CHARLIE, OVER!"

Course 24, now shed a tear,
For Rainbow and her voice so dear.
No more the murmur of R/T,
"Rainbow testing one, two, three."
No more the answer to our shout,
"This is Rainbow, Scramble Out!"

How often does the phrase resound?
"Ship on final go around!"
Whereupon with muttered curses,
Precious altitude he nurses,
Thinking as he opens out,
Yale's the cause without a doubt.

When T is East and grass is boggy,
Her landing "gen" gets really groggy;
"Land East Nine in South West
Quarter,
Caution please for pools of water!"
Cadets thus armed with information
Commence to land with trepidation.

Beware all pilots cutting in,
Rainbow makes a frightful din.
Three point landing what a "Wow."
"Clear the runway Able How!"
The words of Rainbow he obeys,
Turns too fast, then hopes and prays.

Now it's time to think of ending,
This is Harvard Squadron sending.
Thank's a lot for service rendered,
Our gratitude is hereby tendered.
Now 24 has had its time,
Head 25 along the line.

SECOND HALF OF TRAVAIL

NOW it came to pass, in the days of the winged missile, that numerous young men of the blue garments were driven from their native land, over many and deep waters, to a land of ice and snow. Thence to a land of much heat where dwelt a tribe called Yualls. Verily, in this land dwelt many peoples of great kindness; but also therein dwelt centurians of their own Tribe, who ruled the young men saying unto them thus: "Thou shalt work during the heat of the day, neither shalt thou rest nor use the fans."

Yea, but the young men were of stout heart, and did journey to a fair city called the Beach of Palms, wherein they did consume much nectar and other wertz liquids, oft-times.

During the heat of morning and storms of afternoon, didst the sweat of their brows reveal toil in the fair air, wherein they didst wrestle with a stick called Joy, and didst plug their

ears from much blaspheming, whilst under the Yoke called Hood. Oft-times didst they tire of this sport, and didst turn to more serious occupations, even to destroying clouds or scraping the outer edges of the winged chariots. From these rose many to noted rank, some more rank than others. Amongst these being one who didst like his voice to be heard by all peoples, on the machine known as Tannoy or P. A., telling many to report immediately to the Centurian of Wings of Cadets.

Some of the overseers of their own Tribe didst bid them disregard their computers and work courses by devilish means, called mental D/R, whereby ensuring the men should be lost in the swamps. Other Task Masters didst exhort them to learn of rads one deflection twenty with much vigour.

From Tribes far north came other men who didst warn them of evil things that dwelt in the air, called Pappys,

and to beware of wooden boxes of the Cedars of Lebanon. Another there was who was forever giving Flights to their Leaders, after having driven them to desperation with much Morse. Another, whilst smoking an evil weed, didst require a Fix at frequent intervals, being much displeased with only a D/R.

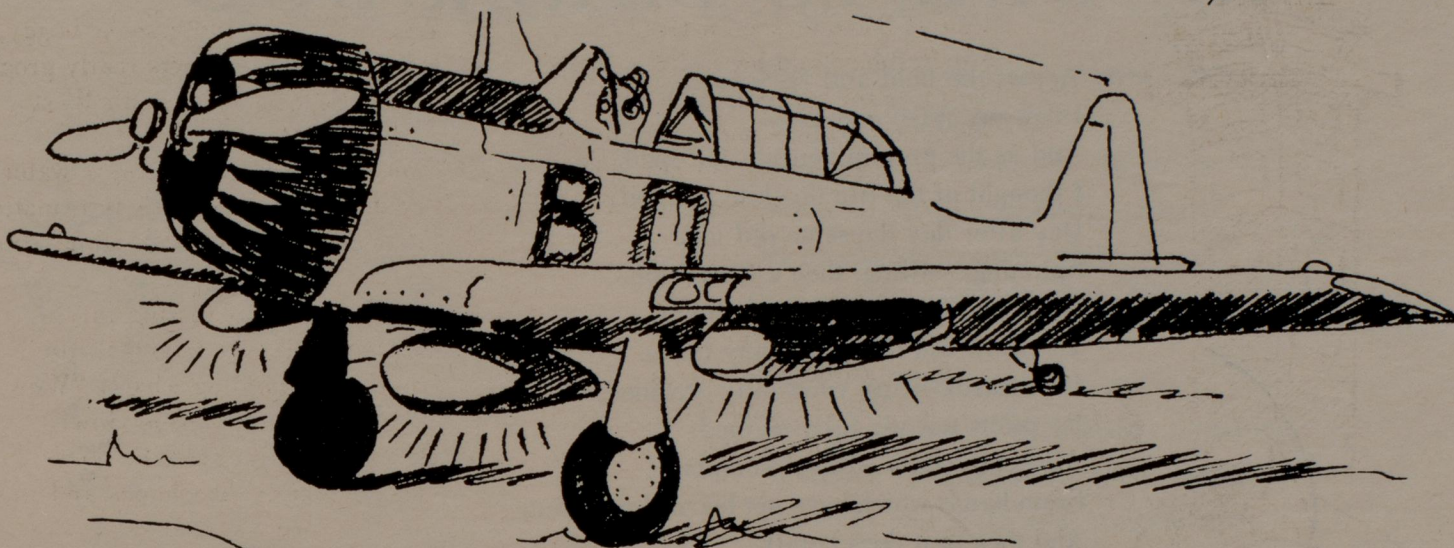
The Chief didst dwell in a palace called RAF office, surrounded by maid servants and other slaves. Albeit when a young man was called unto him, there was cause for much weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth; because he knew that from henceforth he was doomed to leave the fair land of the Yualls, thence to dig coals.

Whereupon others resolved to fly wheels down and avoid the field called "A" forever.

One day a prophet didst arise in their midst saying, "Soon thou shalt return to thy native land."

Albeit we shall see.

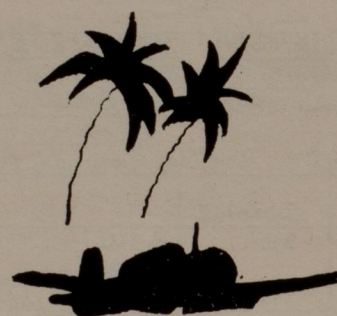
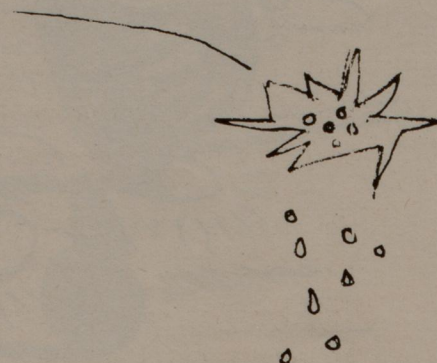
THE LONG CROSS COUNTRY.



RAF LOG FORM 22/M/J/XYZ/!X/9999			
DATE World War II	AEROPLANE A.C.2.(C)	NAVIGATOR R.A. Force	PILOT B.O. Twentifor
SPECIAL ORDERS	BASE - A.C.R.C. - I.T.W. - B.F.T.S. - O.T.U. etc -		SQUIN. No. 1
	- TOKIO - BASE		FLIGHT A.B.C.D
HEIGHT	Pretty low at first	MET. WIND :- Ignore	R.A.S. Slow + variable
TIME	COURSE	OBSERVATIONS	ETA
Aug. 1943	SE.	BASE S/C A.C.R.C. Ht High TR. LNER. (T) KING'S CROSS T.M.G. A.C.R.C. Refuelled deloused, refitted. Severe static from borswals.	Hopeful
Sept. '43	NW.	A.C.R.C. S/C I.T.W. External surface covered with Bull gen. appearance OK.	This year
Jan. '44	NE.	I.T.W. S/C GRADING SCHOOL Severe bumps + static	unlikely
Feb. '44	NW.	HEATON PARK Plane 4/5 walking with RAF Regt. very cold but persweating	Doubtful
Mar. '44	E.	H.P. S/C SCARBORO' boating of Bull appears again	Sinking
April '44	S.	SCARBORO' S/C COASTAL COMMAND Suspect off course Ht mean grain level G/S? no string. Bearing on Tokyo 000°	Sunk.
July '44	W.	C.C. S/C HEATON PK. Raining, but hopes rising. Book House circuit crowded	Rising
July '44	SE.	A/C BOMBER COMMAND Definitely off course. Circle of uncertainty 10% of a long time (say 30 weeks). Working on Bomb Dump. Crew refuelled with Nappi Tea (91% Octane dishwater)	next year
Aug. '44	NW.	Back bearing on last 8 months - no hope. T.M.G. uncertain Pilot either asleep or in a semi-colon.	Sometime
Sept '44	W.	HEATON PK. (Still raining) Circuit speed increased Refuelled (91% Duff gen) S/C LOCAL CROSS COUNTRY #5 HORNCHURCH (V Bombs) - CUMBERLAND (Spud picking) Bomber COMMAND (the usual). Frequent refuelling at "CRICKETERS" considerable damage to property, and vegetables by crew.	never.
Dec '44	N.W.	Reciprocal TR. to HEATON PK. (Still raining) Serviced by Training Wing + R.A.F. Regt. turning on the heat outside Temp very cold. Q.E. situation chronic. Refit completed 18.00 DBST	48 weeks behind
Jan '45.	W	UK S/C AMERICA Hopes brighter TAS Knot known. Very rough Leg down to deck level (Post-holes very popular)	31 weeks
Jan '45	S	P.P. CANADA C/PK outside temp very cold but cabin heat excessive. Ice cream consumption v. heavy	
		A/C S.B.F.T.S. FLORIDA approaching a warm front	
23rd Jan 45	S.	SEBRING Warm + hearty reception refuelling	
Jan 45.	?	CHEWISTON (CITY) S/C WINGS. Strong opposition	220 hrs.
April '45	?	Several aircraft of Squadron shot down. Aircraft damaged changing to A.T.6.	150 hrs.
July '45	?	Severe overheating. Coolant being changed frequently. Opposition increasing daily. Repeated attacks by enemy as TARGET is approached. Mosquito escort appears but using caution :- May be enemy in disguise	Aug 25th '45
Aug '45	E	TARGET a good Prang. Heavy leak but wings OK S/C BASE Further outlook uncertain but pressing on	Sept. '45.
SIGNED B.O. Twentifor			

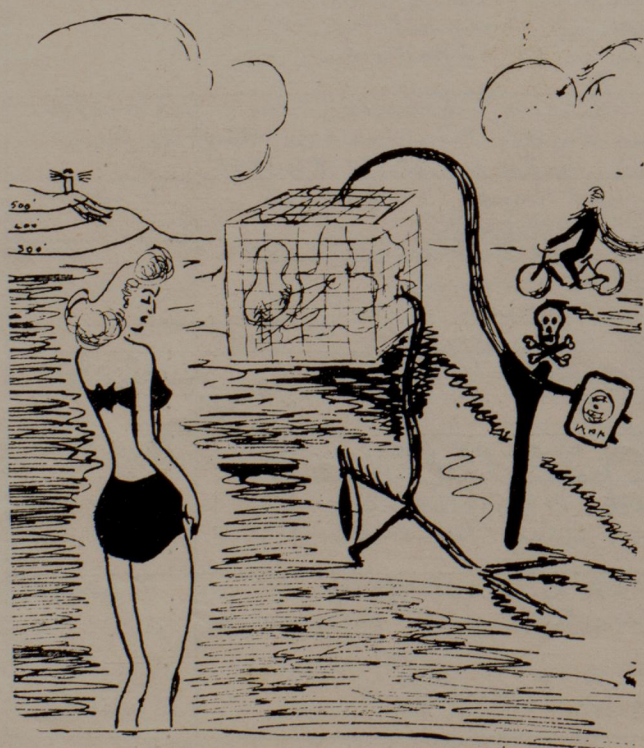
AN ODE TO BAKER DOG

Across the field and far away,
I flew my AT-6 one day,
And as the ground beneath me sped,
I thought of the life this kite had led.
Day after day the same old job,
Spinning, stalling, then a forced lob,
Rolls and loops, dives and climbs,
The same old thing so many times.
Its innards being constantly strained,
By pilots not yet fully trained.
All being taken without complaint
From hands which have not learned restraint,
And then to it does befall
That most degrading thing of all,
With its wheels up someone lands,
And puts it in the fitters hands,
Who make it fit to fly and then
Begins the same old thing again.



LOVE'S LATITUDE LOST

When I consider how my life is spent
Imparting navigation to that regiment, of callow skeptics
Who, having to compute D.R. positions on an everchanging
route,
Vainly deplore the endless complications,
Conversion angles, fixes, deviations.
Oft have I wondered when I viewed
The Anglo-Saxon bent for pulchritude,
If by subtler means I could conspire
To expound theory to the flyer; and thus be able
To demonstrate projections with the aid of Betty Grable.
And so combine with those dull enigmatic charts
Examples from the livelier arts.
Certainly I doubt Columbus' profundity
In demonstrating Earth's rotundity.
If I were he I'd quickly place
The world in more rectangular case,
Believe the weary geodetic
Erase the variable magnetic:
Let those who wish to, calculate,
They also serve who only estimate.



FLORIDA and FAUNA

In the spring a young man's fancy
Nightly turns to arms and knees.
As through the dusk comes softly stealing
Corpuscle bent anopheles.
Through my epidermis probin'
Searching for my haemoglobin.

Get thee hence; haematophagous insect,
Respect you not my mood anaemic?
Can no strong unguent disinfect
My tender skin from orgies haemic.
Alas! what boots all this expletive
You polyphiloprogetive.

All invading pest nocturnal
Soulless sucker sempiternal.
I've surely made sufficient contribution
Toward your nightly blood transfusion.
Yet, still, each evening I acquire
The scars of your needle-sharp desire.

Who wants to stroll down lover's lane
To battle insects all in vain.
Must my small pleasures always be
Swamped, in your orgiastic ecstasy?
No osculation can take place
With muslin scarves wreathed round the face.

There's no necking, and no petting
Through drapes of thick mosquito netting.
No tender sighs, no subtle conversations,
But slaps and oaths and exclamations.

We all know the moral of this sanguinary tale,
The female of the species is more deadly
than the male.

And if more men were choosier
They'd support gynethusia.
So, till anopheles outgrows its probe
I'll always be a nyctophobe . . .

GLOSSARY

Corpuscle—This is what the mosquito wants and you have.

Anopheles—High class word for a low class bug.

Epidermis—We are covered from head to foot with this stuff.

Haemoglobin—As far as I am concerned this is blood.

Haematophagous—Eating of blood—lovers of ketchup.

Anaemic—Indispensable to southern comfort.

Unguent—Salve or ointment, not in this case Whitfield's full strength.

Haemic—Uncensorable word for bloody.

Polyphiloprogetive—The love of creating many like themselves, I hope.

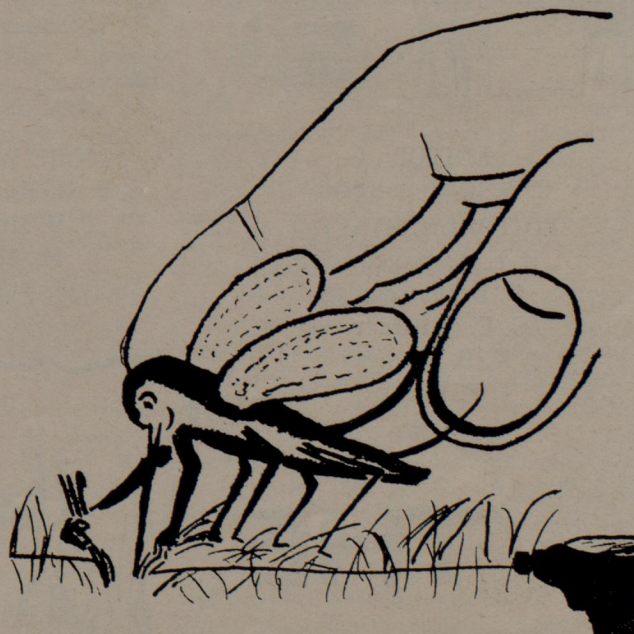
Sempiternal—Of eternal duration. Even I can't make a crack about this.

Orgiastic ecstasy—This is what Mr. Benchley gets from tearing off the caps of milk bottles, and what I get from cutting out paper dolls.

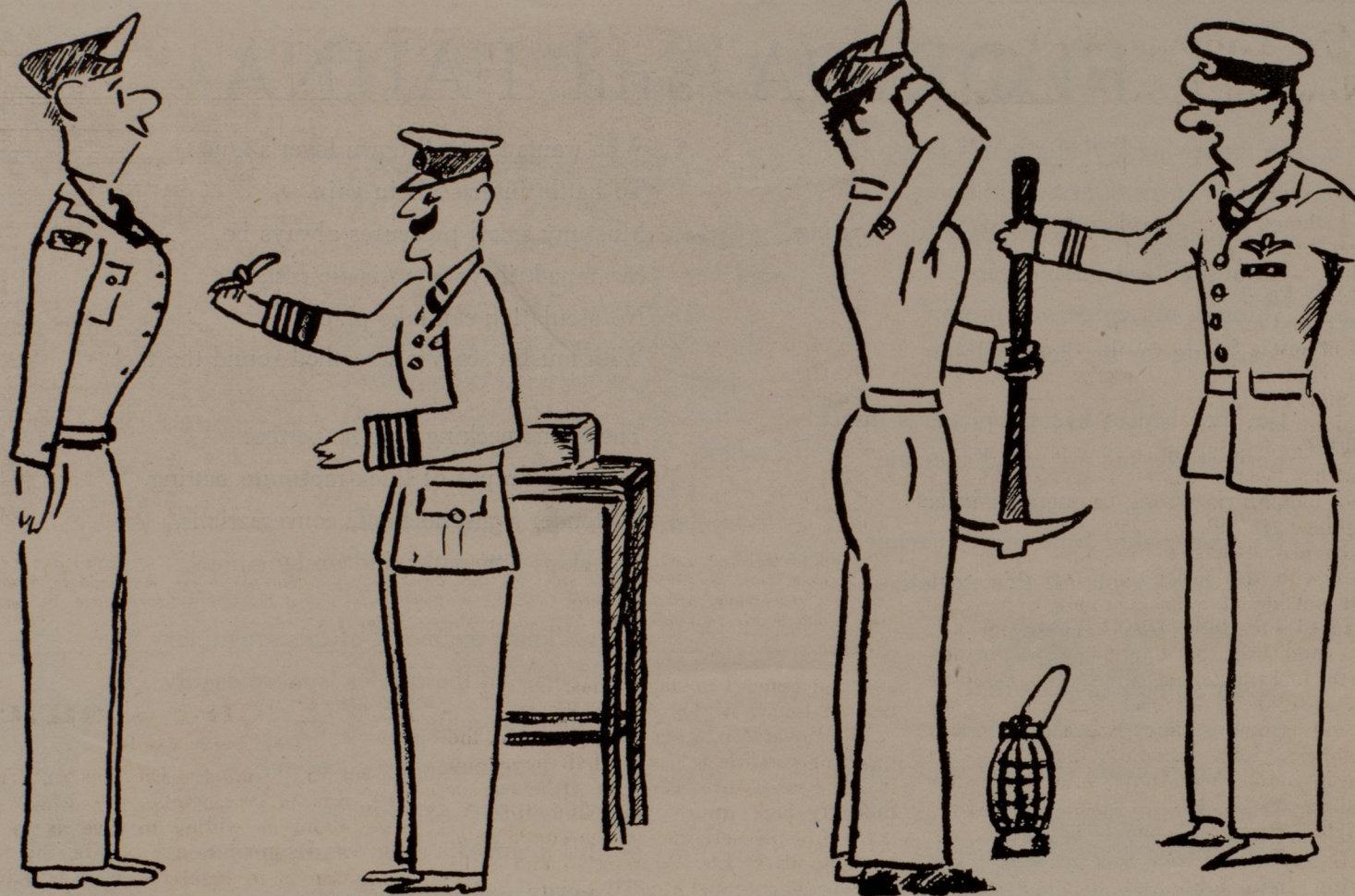
Osculation—A method used by discerning types for furthering Anglo-American relationships.

Gynethusia—A gen word for the sacrifice or disposal of women, this is the word the Greeks had for it.

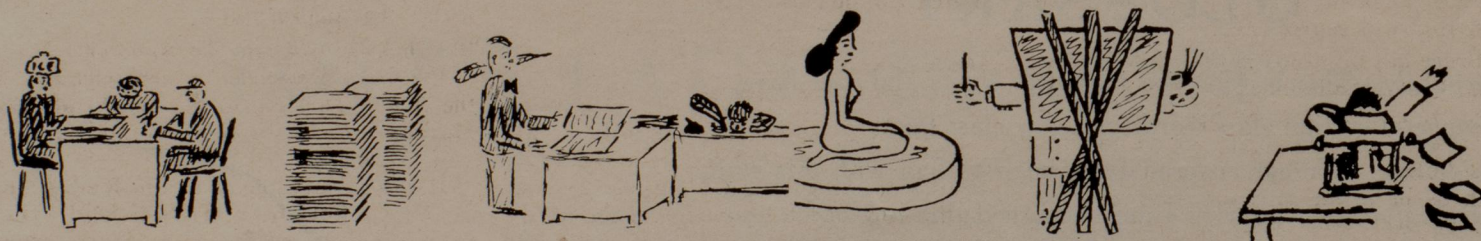
Nyctophobe—Fear of the night or of darkness, not a mental blackout.



AUTHOR'S NOTE: If anyone claims to understand all this, I hope and trust he will explain it to me.



WINGS PARADE - 1945 TYPE



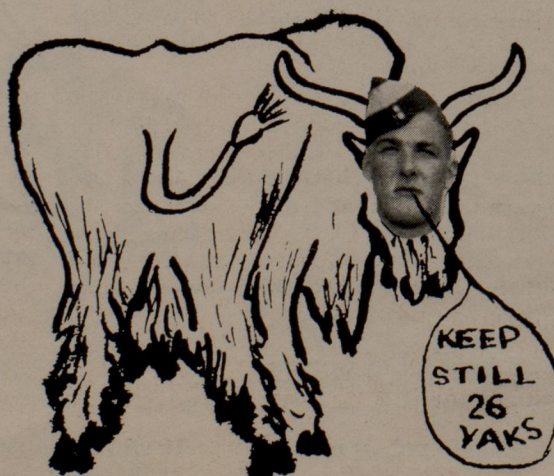
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(Anybody's Stooqe!)

THE



END

Mrs. Thomas Writes News of R.A.F. Cadets

196 Banyan Road,
Palm Beach, Fla.

Dear Editor:

I thought your readers might like to hear the latest news of some of the boys who stayed at my house while training at Riddle Field.

From Course 17, Johnny Dixon writes he is now a Sub-Lt. in the Fleet Air Arm, on H.M.S. Valuru. George Cooke, also a Sub/Lt. in the Fleet Air Arm, had a mid-air crash and was forced to 'hit the silk! On landing he fractured a vertebra and has been in a plaster cast for the past two months. By now, he has no doubt rejoined his pals.

Earnest (Charles Laughton) Garret is still with the R.A.F. He fell 3000 feet, but outside of a broken foot, a few ribs cracked and eleven teeth knocked out, he's fine and back on fighters. Says his new teeth look better anyway! Bob Gooding is on gliders. Michael Cooper (Mickey to us) is now a Flight Engineer on heavy bombers. John Berkeley and Alan Carr are in India. Peter Dunn, who finished his training as an A. G. in Canada, is now a Flight Officer and also is in India.

Danny Ross, who was here so long, writes from Edinburgh that he expects more operations will keep him in the hospitals about a year more. He tells us that he has met Will Waterworth and Bruce McKay-Forbes of Course 21, both of whom are now officers in the Fleet Air Arm. Peter Scott of 21 is on fighters, while Don Eccles is flying twin engine planes.

Bruce has informed us that Taffy Davies, who was commissioned in the Fleet Air Arm, forgot to turn on his oxygen while on a high altitude flight, so crashed and was killed. Of all the boys who stayed with us he is the only one who was lost. We all feel very badly as Taffy was a great favorite.

So now, hello and goodbye to all and sundry characters of "Club 196," with greetings from Jean, Heiberg, Johnny, Cynthia and Mum.

(Mrs.) Florence Thomas

Editor's Note: We wish to thank Mrs. Thomas for her thoughtfulness in sending us this newsy letter. We were all deeply grieved to learn of Taffy's tragic death—his charming personality had won him many friends—and send our sincere sympathy to his bereaved family.

RIDDLE FIELD

—Continued from Front Page

the thought that they will join their fellow pilots in a world of peace and not of war.

Many of the original staff are standing at the finish line; old associates from Dorr and Carlstrom Fields have joined them in the past few months, lending their talents to the building of pilots; and J. W. Liversedge, familiar to the entire organization as Comptroller, is there acting as



LUNCHEON AT THE ANTILLA WAS A MEMORABLE EVENT WHEN G & A AND TECH GIRLS met a few weeks back. From the left to right, front row, are Dorothy Pierson, Margaret Missio, Ann Baldwin, Frances Manning, Mary Valloe and Janet Perry. Louise Drury, Kay Wiedman and Florence Gilmore grace the center row, while in the back are Joan Korn, Jo Axtell and Lillian Bradford.

assistant general manager since the departure of James W. Durden to Miami.

The Royal Air Force staff, poised on the brink of possible return to their homeland in the near future, continue arduously at their various duties, and find time to enter into the activities of the community. Last month F/Lts. Boddington and Wills graciously accepted the invitations of the Cleviston and Moore Haven High Schools as principal speakers at their respective commencement exercises and both proved to have brilliant oratorical ability. It is to their credit that each refunded the fees offered for their services.

SPORTSMEN

—Continued from Page 2

Capt. Hall is teaching his wife to fly, and they have put all her required cross country training to good purpose by taking hunting and fishing trips to the northern part of Florida, near Jacksonville, or in visiting his relatives at Orange Springs and Daytona.

They would take along their bird dogs and rifles, and it was quite a sight to see the plane being readied for a trip, which took only two hours and a half, making possible week-end trips they could not have enjoyed otherwise. On visits to relatives they usually took along their cocker spaniel, "Floppit."

Before the war, Capt. Hall was chief pilot for Embry-Riddle at the old Municipal Airport, and it was there that the former Dorothy Metts first met him as his student. During the early days of the blitz, before the United States entered the war, Capt. Hall enlisted in the RAF, and left for England. They were married upon his return a year later.

HOLD YOUR BONDS

Do not cash them until they reach maturity—reap the full benefit of your savings.

A & E and Emrico

by Emily Conlon

1. Morning Thoughts On This An' That.

On this early morning, one which appears about as willing to give as to receive of the good things of life, my first inclination is to beseech our dear Editor to never more mention Dog Houses. It looks as if Jo Axtell and I are about to be issued a joint permanent deed to the unassuming structure which would give us the authority to say who shall be assigned to abide with us, should anyone else come up to the qualifications.

2. One Thing Leads To Another.

We have welcomed a new member to the A & E Division in the person of Dick Haughn, Del's brother. Grand having you, Dick.

It was nice seeing Malcolm Sankey and L. D. Carlton from Tech School. They came down to confer with Maxine about the transfer of our Receiving Department to the Coliseum, among other things.

You still have to run the obstacle course to reach anyone's desk in the Emrico and A & E offices but we're always glad to meet and greet any visitors.

3. Sudden Thought.

For the benefit of those do not have the pleasure of reading our weekly Fly Paper, put out only for the Miami Divisions, we would like to mention the fact that Embry-Riddle's Post-War Planning Department has been gathering no moss. Emrico boasts an imposing list of distributorships and many more important ones are being lined up; increased facilities for instruction, sales at service at Chapman, the Seaplane Base and the Tech School, have been established on an efficient basis; and many other important steps are being taken that will continue to keep Embry-Riddle second to none in the aviation world.

4. Interlude.

I'm racing against time so will leave you now before the editor thinks up some news that should be here.

Veterans Studying at the Technical School Welcome Feminine Additions to Radio Class

The boys in radio at the Tech School are all in a jitter—and for a very good reason—as the lovely Marjorie Fogal has joined their evening classes. A former Marine, this charming young lady is taking both radio and flight instruction under the G. I. Bill of Rights alongside the male veterans of World War II. Elizabeth Harmon, previously the only feminine attraction in the radio class, doubtless welcomes the addition of another member of her sex. Keep your mind on your work, boys!

Starting in the same class with these two ambitious young ladies is Charles Kimtantis, who has made a magnificent record in this war. Charles was a T/Sgt. in the Army Air Forces and saw service in the European Air Offensive, the Egypt-Lybia, Naples-Foggia, Sicily and Tunisia battles and campaigns.

Distinguished Service

Awarded the Air Medal with 4 Bronze Oak Leaf Clusters, the Distinguished Flying Cross with 2 Bronze Oak Leaf Clusters and the Distinguished Unit Badge, Charles is only happy that the Purple Heart was not among them, and modestly disclaims any heroism on his part.

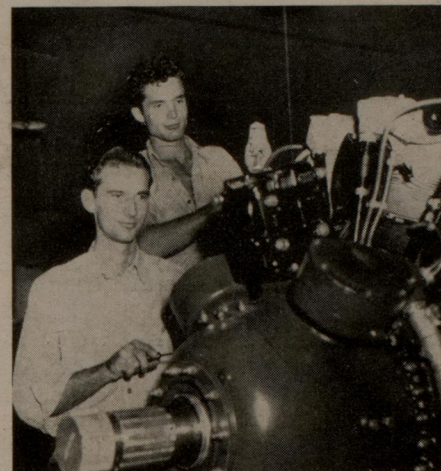
Charles, who is married, was a shipping clerk in Clarksville, Pa., before he entered the Air Force in October 1941. Sent overseas in September 1942, he saw almost a year and a half of foreign duty.

Three Carriers

Another new student is Walter Demorksy who served in the Navy from the early part of the war and saw active duty aboard three aircraft carriers. Interest in radio has prompted him to make himself proficient in that trade.

Among some of the other young men building new careers are Albert Bates, Robert N. Roberts, Charles Wilkinson and Charles Baggs, all lending an ear to radio signals; Emory Kelly and Charles Becker, whose picture appears on this page, and Clayton E. Smith, wield the tools of the Engine Mechanics Course; and in Radio Communications we have Ernest C. Allen, Clifford H. Clark, Charles Davis, Frederick Dixon, Reuben Goodman and Sylvester Silvernale.

Not all the students are studying under the G. I. Bill of rights, though the great majority are veterans of this war, private pupils also burn the midnight oil at the



UNDER THE G. I. BILL OF RIGHTS, VETERANS of World War II equip themselves for civilian life at the Embry-Riddle Tech School. C. H. Becker, left, and Emory Kelly are among those studying aircraft engines at the Coliseum.

Coliseum. Among the local students recently enrolled are Walter Giessler and Jeff Fowler, who are taking the Engine Mechanics Course, and Aaron Kirschenbaum, another member of the Radio Class.

All of these young men, and young women have chosen the wise path to prosperity in studying to advance themselves in order to be ready to take the parts of leaders in postwar aviation. Embry-Riddle is happy in being so adequately equipped and staffed to put this chance before them, and wishes them all the best of luck.

In A World of Peace . . .

Embry-Riddle will continue to occupy the top-ranking position it held in the days of war. Built on a solid foundation, highly versed in the science of aviation, Embry-Riddle already has adjusted itself to the problems of the post-war world.

The door is open to Flight Instruction and Technical Training for the returning veteran as well as the private student, to Aircraft Sales and Service, and those who enter are the leaders of tomorrow.



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