Embry-Riddle Fly Paper 1942-05-07

Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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MOTHER'S DAY, 1942

She held him once with tender care, her heart so filled with love; She had no thought someday this babe would roar through skies above. Nor did she know those little teeth that pushed through gums in pain Would someday grit as jaws set hard o'er war, torn terrain. Who'd think that downy, childish head—in helmet now encased— Would house a mind intent to see oppression from Earth chased? Those tiny, pudgy hands and feet—so soft, pressed to her lips— Have grown in strength to firmly grasp controls of combat ships.

Oh how she watched, protected, fed, and guided him those years! Now, on his own, her love for him but magnifies her fears. Her man-child, grown, sweeps back and forth mid clattering guns, so bold, And bullets whining 'round his head her heart pierce hundred-fold. But other mothers' sons are there—in peril, same as he; Their hearts are also torn and stabbed for boys they'll never see. This Mother's Day brings grief to them; there's naught that they can do. To once more guide, protect, assist their sons; they're helpless to.

So turn your fear to courage, you who've given birth to men; Their job's protecting YOU right now as you've protected them. They're likewise sad—they'd like to be at home with you and Dad; Have courage, then, and lift a prayer for him: your stalwart lad. He misses you; he's grateful for that tender, loving care; Defending other mothers, sons, he's fighting now in air. God's blessing on you, Mother dear, for giving such a son; We can't repay the debt we owe to you when this war's won.

—JACK HOBLER

RIDDLE-McKAY OFFICIALS SPEND “VACATION” AT MIAMI BEACH

Vacationing at the Deauville, Miami Beach, last week-end were 24 officials and instructors from Embry-Riddle Field at Clewiston. Arriving early Saturday evening, they enjoyed a super-steak dinner, took a quiet look at Miami, got a good night's sleep and spent Sunday sunning on the beach.

Intensive investigation on the part of the Fly Paper staff showed nothing official about this meeting; it was strictly vacation . . . rest and relax! From the smiling faces we found there Sunday, it seemed to have been just what the doctor ordered. “Keeping 'em Flying” is our job, but to do that job as well as we must, there should be some physical and mental relaxation, too.

“Among Those Present”

G. W. Tyson, General Manager; J. W. Durden, Asst. General Manager, R. E. Hunziker, Squadron Leader; E. J. Smith, Squadron

Turn to “Vacation,” Page 2, Col. 2

SALVAGE WASTE FOR VICTORY!

It’s been the old American custom—“Aw, throw it away! There’s plenty more!” Sure . . . there was plenty more . . . and there still IS plenty more. . . . more steel and iron and lumber and coal and oil. . . . what we’re short on is TIME. . . . PRODUCTION TIME! Every minute spent protecting from raw material something that could have been salvaged, is a minute that might have been employed installing a bomb release on a fighter aircraft or any one of a million jobs that must be done now to insure our victory in this war.

And that’s why we’re climbing back on the old crusading bandwagon. . . . it’s a personal plea to everyone in the Embry-Riddle School to SALVAGE WASTE FOR VICTORY! Maybe you don’t realize how much we CAN save. . . . recently J. M. Evans, Hugh Hinchliffe, Ed China, “Bruz” Carpenter and a few others began discussing waste paper. The result was a paper baler at the Main Office and Technical Division . . . and within one week we salvaged 30 bales of waste paper weighing over 3,000 pounds!

How does this help the war effort? Listen to this. . . . THAT paper will be reclaimed . . . it will appear next as stationery on which vital Army orders can be written . . . or packing boxes for small arms ammunition . . . and most important of all, it will save the use of vital chemicals so necessary in the manufacture of explosives! Y-D-U can help . . . now, today and every day, when you come to work or school at the Technical Division, bring with you last evening’s paper, or one of those old magazines that has been laying around the house for months. Don’t burn it. Don’t destroy it! Bring it to the School, throw it into the waste paper basket and our Reclamation Department will Salvage This Waste For Victory!

ARCADIA and CLEWISTON. . . you’re in on this too! Paper is too bulky to transport from your bases, but YOU can help in other ways. . . . there’s tin foil, old razor blades, paste tubes and dozens of other small items worth salvaging! Right now, we’re publicly asking the cooperation of ALL OF YOU. . . . Kay Bramlitt, Carlstrom, Leona Foster, Dore Field, and Nelva Purdon, Riddle Field . . . will you set up SALVAGE WASTE FOR VICTORY boxes at your Fields . . . in the Administration building or the Canteen or some other prominent place? And every week, send any-thing worth salvaging to Stewart Dubois, Reclamation Department, Main Office, Miami!

Let it not be said about us—“Too little, too late!” Let us ALL give ALL our cooperation and effort NOW!
"VACATIONS" Continued from Page 1


"Don't Write Your Senator . . . ." No, indeed, children, Don't Write Your Senator! But if you want some Dorr and Carlstrom Field pictures in the FLY PAPER . . . we'll give you a couple of good addresses to start writing to! How about it, Lieutenants, can't you release anything?

Had Charles Stahler show me how to do some radius of action problems and surprised him and myself by doing one of them correctly.

Having to go back North I would like this opportunity to say goodbye to everyone at the Seaplane Base, and all kidding aside, I enjoyed every minute I was there.

Also, want John Paul Riddle to know that I was happy to meet him that evening in Bud Belland's office, and we were working Mr. Riddle, REALLY!

"We'll rule the blue in '42!"

"Flash from Charlie!"

THE RUMOR (very ugly I call it) seems to persist that "Ad" Thompson, our Seaplane Base Manager, is on a vacation. I'm sure that all of you have heard the dusty platitude "on a bunsmun's holiday." Well, Ad is having the busiest bunsmun's holiday anyone would ever want to take and I mean seven days each week of flight instruction right here at the base.

"He who laughs, lasts!"

Thanks, en Espanol! En nombre de la Sra. McShane y mío, deseo agradecer a todos los cadetets latino americanos su fina atención en enviar las flores al hospital donde ella está recluida. Esta ha sido una grata sorpresa para ambos por la cual estamos sumamente reconocidos.

JAMES McSHANE, Jefe Instructor Depto. de Aviones

Account from Accounting

Dear Mom:

Business has been a bit too rushing lately. The old end of the month stuff, you know! The Accounting Department hasn't been exactly terrific in the softball game, but they haven't been bad either.

Licked the Ordway Lambs once and nearly whipped them again in a seventh inning rally, but the game was called on account of darkness, so we had to let them have the decision.

Looks like we may lose one of our best, as well as best looking, men to the Main Office crew. Or at least Ted will have to associate with them, because he will be on the main floor.

Griffiths is getting to be quite a promoter. He helped our school obtain the hotels in the Gables and is following up by being seen with the Vice-President quite often.

Asburger hasn't had any culinary tips lately, but it must just be because of loss of sleep. He looked very, very sleepy the other day. Or was it spring fever?

Incidentally, the Accounting Department should soon blossom out with new manners and super-salesman airs. They are nearly all taking the Dale Carnegie course.

Well, Mom, news is scarce, so till we meet again, I remain,

ANANAMUS

"Keep 'Em Flying!"

CONGRATULATIONS to L. D. Carlton who has just been promoted assistant to Sales Manager Peter Ordway.

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Can You Solve This One?

On his recent visit to this field, Syd Burrows stopped in at the Link Department for a few minutes, and we happened to get this shot of him with Joe Obermeyer:

Syd and Joe

Now here’s the problem — can you tell us how it is possible for Joe, who is 5 ft 4 in. tall, to appear taller than Syd, who is 6 ft. 3 in. in height, when they are both standing on good old terra firma? (Note — No trick photography either). To the first person submitting the correct deduction to this great mystery we will present two fresh doughnuts, holes and all, plus a year’s subscription to the FLY PAPER.

—Mum’s the Word! Don’t Talk—

“DER TAG”

From the diary of Hans Krummelbaum, a Luftwaffe cadet, discovered by our old friend STRABIS-MUS:

Morgen

7:00 At seven hours up I get . . . Heil Hitler! Then the shaving-works do.

7:15 Der face clean.

7:20 Der room clean.

7:24 Der Flugenschutz sitt put on, und mit polische der Flugenschnitt buttons click . . . Heil Hitler!

7:30 DER BREAKFAST. Ersatz eggs, ersatz bacon, ersatz coffee, ersatz stomach. Understand it is for der Vaterland . . . Heil Hitler!

8:15 Im der Reichsklosethaus.

8:30 Im der GRINDE SCHULE.

9:00 Bombh und gegebenen lektur.

9:30 Bombh und popgunnerwerke lektur.

10:30 Blizsenblaster und bangen-bombingwerke.

11:30 Blitzerenbangen, Blasenbangenblushing, Bangenblitzer praktisches und lektur.

12:30 Endt of der Grinde Schule . . . Heil Hitler!

1:30 DER LUNCH (Meatsless day . . . No Luncne . . . Heil Hitler!)

2:00 Der Luncanoh I haf digest, und neor der Krosskountryflightplan I make.

2:30 Take off from KLEWISTEN (South Bavaria).

3:31 Engine running badly due to erson oil. (This observation in der Log I not enter.)

3:30 Ninety degree turns in all directions.

3:45 Der Kourse set for SCHLOSS MAYERR.

3:50 Kompus not working properly . . . Point of pin iver MOOREHAFEN.

3:55 Kompus now revole greatly. Rate irre turns necessary to keep plane on kourse.

4:55 Still uber MOOREHAFEN . . . Ach! Hans is a puzzlement!

5:55 Still der plane revole und der kompus stay still uber MOOREHAFEN or der plane stay still und der kompus revole uber MOOREHAFEN. Naw Hans’ head revolve.

6:00 Ach, I am unhappy . . . Der Kampus I haf found to be wrong, but it is Verboten to think for myself.


6:30 Point of der pin uber KARLSTROM-FLUGENSCHULE (N. Bavaria).

6:41 Der city I see, probably SCHLOSS MAYERS.

6:41 To zero feet I descend mit divebomber Liquidate NonAryan residence. Heil Hitler! Discoverd to be WESTPAULMEIS, CHEMBERG not SCHLOSS MAYERS.

6:45 Engine running better due to ersatz oil running out.

7:00 Decide der landingwerke to do, enough fuel I haf not to re-turn to KLEWISTEN. (Also Gretchen at der “KLB VERBOTTEN” I visit. Ja wohl.)

7:10 Landingwerke done. Landin-gear did work. (Due to liqui-dating NonAryan residence?) Landinggear done in.

7:10 Land on belly of plane.

7:20 Fill own belly.

8:30 Telephon Gretchen.

9:30 Still telephon Gretchen.

10:00 Telephon der KAMP.

10:10 Mit pride I tell der HERR KOMMANDANT of der glorious day, bow der NonAryan residence I Liquidate (Heil Hitler!) Und how I der plane land mit only a damage wing und land-ingear.

10:15 Herr KOMMANDANT is mitt emotion speechless . . . To-morrow he will in his office see me . . . No doubt der decoration to me he will gift. Meanwhile I am mitt Gretchen . . . und Hans is happy . . . Hans is very, very happy.

12:00 Der Nacht . . .

...Waste Not, Want Not!...

Lady of the Week

It was brought to our attention a week or so ago, that there were as many important women around the field as men, and when we stopped to think about it, that was true. Therefore, we are presenting this week the dean of the office workers, Mrs. Nelva Pardon, secretary to Mr. Tyson, as Lady of the Week.

Nelva, alias Nellie, was born in the Middle West, the Show Me State (Missouri), on Jan. 29, 19- (censored) and lived an eventful, normal life as a farmerette attending school at the proverbial “little red school house,” but in reality was white, and graduated from the Centralia High School in 19- (censored) years. Later time Nelva specialized in Teacher Training and for the next (censored) years taught the same school; attending spring and summer school at the Northwest Missouri State Teacher’s College, where she was finally persuaded to abandon her B.A. degree for a Mrs. degree after meeting “the doctor” (Walter F. Pardon).

He further persuaded her that living in Florida among the mosquitoes, snakes and alligators (to say nothing of the hurricanes) was just what the doctor ordered—so they came to Florida to venture into both a professional career and married bliss, having first lived in Gainesville, then moving to Ft. Myers, where Nelva conducted a private kindergarten, later accepting a position as assistant to the credit manager at Sears, Roebuck & Co., Ft. Myers. When the doctor opened an office in Clewis-ton she resigned to join him, and blew in with “our almost hurricane” last October to become Mr.

Please turn over leaf
Tyson’s secretary.
She is 5 ft. 1½ ins. in height, weighs — lbs. (censored), has hazel eyes, brown hair (the Grote hair-do has been abandoned for one with a little more dignity—for her age ??) and much to her sorrow the freckles of her early childhood (many long years ago) just will creep out, especially after a few hours on the beach.


Also the pleasure of accommodate dating Clewiston Instructor James E. Taylor, Jr., and wife.

—"It’s Nice to Be Nice"—

70 R.A.F.ers visit beach
by Syd Burrows

The Metropole Hotel was definitely R.A.P. last week, from Tuesday thru Sunday when about 70 Clewiston Cadets on leave settled down to rest, read, write, do the town and er . . . "fish!" (Voice from over my shoulder, "Say, I thought you told us that the Gulf Stream was always calm!") Well, anyway, it certainly was a change and a new experience for the lads.

Am sending herewith a list of the Cadets who were in during the week . . . hope you can print this as so many of the boys are having the Fly Paper sent home to England, and I know their families will enjoy knowing that their sons are well, happy, and in all probability, sunburned!

Clewiston Cadets

Nelva likes to read and knit, eat fried chicken, angel food cake and ice cream, dislikes being a war widow, and according to her roommate (Miss Morgan) very much dislikes to get up in the morning (first). Her ambition is to gain a concrete knowledge of what keeps "em flying. "She’s from Missouri and you have to show her."

"Mom’s the Word! Don’t Talk!"

CARLSTROM FIELD, R. A. I. NEWS

May 7, 1942

Diary of the Week

We have had us a pretty big week these past seven days, with a diversity of sources for news. We had a few distinguished visitors, among whom were our beloved boss, Mr. Riddle, and Major Milner, of the Signal Corps, here to give us a lift with the showing of training films.

Still another wedding

The first big event of the week was the marriage of our own Paul Dixon to Betty Clement, of Dorr Field. The wedding took place in Lakeland last Thursday night, April 30th, and both it and the reception following were very well attended by friends and relatives of both bride and groom. From Clewiston Field were Mark Ball (best man), Paul Debor, Bill Graevey and ourselves. Too late for the ceremony but on time for what was left of the wedding cake, Larry Walden and Joe Woodward arrived with Tex Kaykendall, who had just got off an Eastern Airline from a vacation in his native Texas. Arrangements for the shingy capably taken care of by Mr. Dixon’s parents, with the help of the bride’s family. Also on hand was Mr. James Dixon, Paul’s uncle, who had come over from Miami where he is a law partner of Jack McKay, Sr. The bride was lovely in a beige sports dress, straw hat to match, and spectator pumps, while the groom stood resplendent in tan Palm Beach, white shirt, white face and green tie. After the reception, the newlyweds departed for Tampa amid a forceful shower of rice and good wishes.

Enlisted personnel “Eat Hearty”

Next in importance was the steak fry given for the enlisted men of Carlstrom and Dorr Fields at McSwain’s Grove on Thursday night. Sgt. “Red” White labored diligently as chief cook and bottle-washer, abetted by Kathryn Sandusky, while Sgt. Herbert Diilley served as his wife tried to correct such a dignified group. From reports we gather that 14 pounds of steak disappeared rather rapidly, and that the pot of home-baked beans brought by Mary Frances Beverley. Vernon Burrows was returned home with even the paint licked off the pottery.

(P.S. Sgt. Burrows promoted to Staff Sergeant this week.)

Present at the affair were Sgt. Appel and Joyce Tew, Sgt. Schrader and Miss Pierce, Sgt. Roesmann and Statia Dozier, and Sgt. Jordan and his missus. We are given to understand that Sgt. Jordan was “very much at the occasion.”

And we killed the fattest calf!

Saturday night, at Well’s Ranch, the entire instructor body and officer personnel of both Carlstrom and Dorr Fields turned out for a bang-up rib roast. A calf and pig went by the board, together with mountains of bread, pickles, slaw, and butter. Refreshments to cool off the highly seasoned meat were in order and partaken of freely. According to the Hunts and Pluggers, Capt. and Mrs. Bill Hart had to leave a bit early because of military duties; they had to put little Terry to bed. (Terry is their week-old puppy.)

Billy Wells gave rides in his outboard-powered rowboat, while Clele and Virginia Huff actively assisted in purveying the eats.

Under an olive tree Carly Brandt was recounting tales of a chicken-fighting duck to Tom Gates who listened with raised eyebrow. The towering form of Charlie Fulford could be seen topping heads in the bread line, and the restless, never-still Sammy Hettle led his wife, Dorothy, a merry chase in finding a place to sit and eat. Handsome Gordon Mougey conducted a one-man detective agency in looking for his wife in the mob. Sally Lambie fiddled her pretty eyes at all and sundry, while Lea and Eddie Ralvey were at their genial best. Jim Burt answered questions as to how he likes Dorr Field with some unintelligible reference to the Burma Road.

Also contributing to the whoopee-making were the Kenny Brughs and the Jack O’Brien’s, and one and all were surprised to see Professor Joe Gillis at such a festive occasion. All in all, a wild time was had by all, as the mosquitoes ate up as much of the participants, as the participants ate of the food spread before them.

Society Section

Adding to our Society Section comes news of a soiree conducted by Jack and Dorothy Hunt at their home Friday evening. The event was featured by an enormous buffet supper, and the guests got in their required exercise throwing darts afterwards to settle the sumptuous meal. Nate Reece exasperated his wife and scared the rest of the folks when he tried to ride clam
CARLSTROM FLIGHT LINE
By Tom Taylor

Well, here goes again, I hope you can take it.

Some Congratulations

The outfit is again going full blast and we are getting ready to see what class 42-J is made of. We have some new flight commanders and assistants, namely "Red" McKendry, Flight Commander, Flight Four; Cleve Thompson, Flight Commander, Flight Two, the new assistants are George Dudley, Flight One; Charlie Sullivan, Flight Three. Congratulations, lads. We all regret the fact that Lloyd Lampan has left us, but we take this opportunity to thank Lloyd for all he did to help make this place what it is and we wish him every success and happiness in his new work. Good luck, Lloyd. Don't forget, in case you ever get around to returning to this type of work, R.A.I. has prior rights to your services.

Please Check Your "Hardware"

We also notice that the guards on the gate are compelling everyone to check in their cameras and "pistols, rifles, etc." and they keep them until the owner leaves the post. We can't say for sure, but we have heard that the reason for this is that a bounty is being offered for a certain captain! (The hide must be in good shape.) Be sure you get the right one; most of 'em are really nice guys.

Another Thing

This has nothing to do with the flight line, but we do want to know why a certain Mr. Hart of the accounting department left the bus with such a rosy complexion one evening recently.

My Gosh! It Flies!

Well, well, the miracle has done gone and happened. "Boots" Frantz actually flew his airplane; and all the way to Virginia and back. We also include herein a warning to "Flywheel" Jones; either put a hold on that Culver Cadet of yours or keep it off the public highways.

Now Comes Some Precachin'...

We are a big outfit and we have a lot of airplanes in a more or less localized area. It is the easiest thing in the world to get in some one else's way—so keep looking around and especially watch that airplane that wasn't there the last time you looked! And don't forget the guy who climbs above you and starts a spin without properly clearing himself. You've got a use your head and do plenty of good clear thinking.

Also, remember that straight and level don't come second! You have to be good at that before you are qualified to be a hot shot.

"The Sun Shines Bright . . ."

Say, you know the sun was awfully bright the day after the pilots' barbeque out at Welles Ranch! Ever so many of the boys were around town holding their hands up to their heads—I suppose this was to keep the sun from blinding them! The bravest man on the place is Ralph Cuthbertson who was actually looking for accuracy and acrobatic grade slips the day after the afores-mentioned "Shindig," or maybe it should be "Fahringerized" by being classed as a "Whifferdill".

Chatter

What in turnation is Jack Hunt going to do with those nice new goggles he bought? How long will it be before Sam Appleby is back on the job? The typewriter is being wrung out by everybody on the place. When Potter Smith gets going on it some one has to keep a stream of ice water on the keys to keep the smoke down.

IDLE CHATTER

OWL SHIFT LAMENT

(To the tune of Waltikiki)

I don't think it's nice for you
To all go off to bed,
And leave me sitting here alone
With this gadget on my head,
But then, I can't waste time to gab
For I've got things to do,
I hope you all get rested,
And I do mean you and you.

The above explosion is through the courtesy of the swinging rope
on the flag pole. It beats a rhythmic staccato all night in the breeze
and can be heard at the opposite end of the grounds, like a sentinel
sitting on the flag crane.

Carlstrom looks like an
Arabic dream in this moonlight,
11:14 that gal inside writes more nonsense, etc." One guard looked
all around Hanger 1 trying to
track down the tapping, but he
came in the wrong.

One of our voices with a smile
is going back to Miami and rub
elbows with the Navy. Can you
imagine? After Carlstrom? We
hope she'll be happy and have no
regrets, but then she's a honey
and will surely brighten the picture
in her new location. Lots of luck,
Martha.

That sure was Mrs. Garner you
saw boarding the bus for Tallahasse
and she is not on a sight-
seeing tour. We hope she will
come back rested from the change
of scenery and restored
in 42-J, as a group, thinks we have
a lovely spot here at Carlstrom,
and wired all the folks. It will
grow on you boys, and we're all
here to help make life a little
smoother away from mother and
dad. Glad to be of help wherever
we can.

Let's change that "Hold Back
the Dawn" to "Hold Back the
Fox." It looked like thick pea soup
the other A.M. and came flitting
around the front door. I like to
be able to see that front gate.

Soo Long, Night P.B.X.

"He who laughs, lasts!"

MICKEY LIGHTHOLDER, now
almost fully recovered from his
famous appendectomy and about
due for flight duty at Clewiston,
suggests that we open a contest,
awarding an original cartoon by
Ray FAHRINGER for the best
SUGGESTION OF THE WEEK.

Excellent idea, Mickey, ole boy.
the first cartoon goes to YOU if
you can sweeten up and get Mr.
Fahringer to DO a cartoon a week!
Come, come, "Fire-engine," are
you again! to take THAT sittin'
down, Suh!
Dorr Field News Bull-Etin
Ed Morey, Editor

Back to Work
The departure of 42-H gave a breathing spell to several of our personnel. Looking toward the ground school we find "Dick" Oschner spent his vacation getting married; congratulations, Fellow! Mr. and Mrs. Oschner were married in Sebring and spent the rest of their vacation honeymooning around our "Sunshine" state.

Higgins and Hogen spent a few days in Tampa; Homer Hogen is a new member of our staff, coming from Massachusetts. Navigation is his line and he does a bang-up job of it. Harry Warren spent his time in New York state.

Grind School is Honored
Major Hallahan of Wright Field, Ohio, spent a few hours with the entire ground school staff Saturday afternoon; he chatted with us on film training and told us how outstanding Dorr Field is. Pictures were shown on "Identification of Aircraft" and "Theory of Bombardiering." We certainly enjoyed his visit and look forward to having him with us again soon.

Flight Line Chatter
We saw Mr. Thomas Murphy and Mr. A. F. Michile all smiles because they had successfully completed their Refresher Course and began Cadet Instruction with the new Class.

The Flight Line resembled a ball park training camp today when Sgt. Williams (Cucumber Fame) and Sgt. Blackwell were batting out a few; Miss Prevette even joined them; work at Army Operations was at a stand-still—just a little relaxation from that all important job of "Keeping 'em Flying."

Girls Entertain
The floor at the Canteen was slippery in preparation for the dance given by the Dorr Field girls for the 42-I Class when Freddie Lewis entered—and slipped across the floor to a tumble; sorry we all laughed Freddie, but no harm done since you weren't hurt.

It was amusing to see "Patty" drinking punch from a paper cup at the dance while she remained perched securely on the shoulder of her master, Capt. Nachtigall.

Everyone enjoyed the dance and we are all looking forward to the next one.

Maintenance on Top
Our Maintenance Department under the supervision of Mr. Callers has made a new mark to shoot at; they have pledged over $500.00 per month for the purchase of Defense Bonds and Stamps. Nice going, Yous Guys; but come on you other departments—don't let them stay on top. There is room for everyone of us.

100% Efficient
Come one! Come all! And let's help the Field Canteen in their drive to save tinfoil and toothpaste tubes. Remember, Kids, it's a "call out defense plan" so let's do our part.

"ARMY FORM ONE"
by A/C Tom Moses
Oh, for the life of the Flyer Zooming up toward the sun;
And as you go higher and higher, You think "Oh to H— with Form One.
You miss on your banks, your stalls and spins, But your troubles have only begun; Because I'll just bet you dollars to pins, You've made a mistake on Form One.
You taxi your ship up to the god And think: "That was plenty of Fun" But don't be too cocky for that's a sure sign You'll get all mixed up on Form One.
And when I take off upon my last flight, When my work here on earth is all done, St. Peter says "Sorry, Lad, all else is right, But you've screwed up the Army's Form One."

Army
Another newcomer at Dorr Field. Lt. Barnes who is Assistant to the Commandant and the Adjutant. Hope you like it here, Lt.!!
"I've reported that in June our own Lt. Phillip will follow in the footsteps of Lt. Folan—the bride being Miss Murphy of Atlanta, Georgia.

Extra !!
Everybody please tell Flight Instructor Barclay that the Dorr Field Bus is GREEN!!.

Sh - Sh - Sh
We heard — buzz-buzz-buzz— that Boss Gates lost his young daughter recently — she vanished quickly and was finally located in the Minegore Storage Cupboard! Could it be that she inherits that "Speedy Vanishing Act" from her Papa??

Radio Department "Rarin' to Go!"

Tech School, Miami!! The new Aircraft Radio Department was pretty much of a mystery to us until Instructor William (Bill) Kohler came in the other day and began boasting about what had been accomplished. Fact is, we didn't even know we had a radio department... so we wondered back there and had another very pleasant eye-opener! Not only do they have enough nice new equipment to "call all cars," but the whole shebang is all set up and operating, with students and everything. Shown above, left to right, are Erven Friedlander, Allan Wescott, Instructors Grover Hamilton and Bill Kohler, Miss Hazel Shevnan, Robert Lipkin and Norris McGahan. The "Radio Boys" are right proud of their Department, and herewith invite you all to come visit them whenever you have a few minutes to spare. Location: Technical School Building, extreme north wing of the fourth floor.

Tech Talk
by Dorothy Burton

Arrival
The panic in the Clinic, may the entire building, was all caused by the arrival of Lorraine Steuber who will substitute for Nurse Betty McShane on leave of absence for six weeks. According to the prophecies of the discerning Bud Bell, Miss Steuber will be married within a week, but we have reason to believe that Lorraine is not so easily separated from her profession as she confidently expects to be a lieutenant in the army upon leaving her present assignment. And have you seen that radiant smile on Reuel Dietrich's face? The occasion for it is his wife and two fine boys have come to Miami to join him. No longer is Reuel a mournful bachelor. Mr. Hiss, Cafeteria, has a new assistant, Lynne Fox, who is so good he says in three months he will have taught to do but sit in his penthouse. In the Aircraft Department we find Al Raymond all set to carry on Jim McShane's "do or die" policy.

Departures
Dave Abrams, our most popular instructor, whose students sing his praises to the high heavens, to Pan American. He is not entirely lost to us as he will continue teaching navigation classes. Ralph Spain, Sheet Metal, to Little Rock, Arkansas where he will continue in the same quiet line of business.

Tom Stark, from Aircraft Dept. to Key West where his services were badly needed. Harriett McLane, Material Control, to Chicago where her mother is seriously ill.

Sick List
Truman Gile, a bad spring cold. As "Skinny" lives near school he had plenty of would-be nurses to care for him and friends to amuse him twenty-four hours a day. The invalid's room held all appearances of a club-house. Dr. and Helen Draback are in charge of the case. Nurse Betty McShane, appendectomy, in Room 326 Jackson Memorial Hospital. Betty is doing very nicely but all her patients and friends at school miss her and want her to hurry and get well and come back to her pills and potions. Bill Burton, infected foot in Room 532 Jackson Memorial Hospital. When last heard from the patient was bitterly complaining that he received weak tea and toast in place of three-inch steaks.

Transfers
Raymond Farmer, Elevator, to Aircraft Dept. where he will be secretary to the ritzy executive, James A. McShane, Esq.

Visitors
That attractive girl you saw one day last week was Lorraine Ceraglia, a junior from the University of Miami who liked the E-R. setup so much she hopes to join the organization when her school is over. Her handsome escort was Gerard Denelle, No, Betty, you can't have him! Son Kenneth McMann, was the six year old male fashion-plate whom you saw in the
Cafeteria Saturday. Florence says he tried to take Auditing apart before she succeeded in speeding him on his way.

Activities

June McGill has twenty-five signed up for the class in First Aid which will be two hours a night every Thursday beginning May 7 and lasting ten weeks. The only trouble with First Aid students is their avidness for real victims, so if you are ever stalked by any of the following you know she is praying for a chance to try out the newest thing in splints: Dot Schooley, Joy Mason, Betty Bruce, Grace Roome, Lucille Fox, Therma Bierkstaff and Pauline Baker. Katherine Bruce is getting a girls' bowling team together so get in touch with her if you would like some fun and exercise. Dale Carnegie's lectures are the high spot of this week and every night will find Accounting in the audience learning qualities of leadership and success in the business world. In softball the Main Office team was hot this week! They trimmed Accounting in a return match Tuesday, and Engines came off a second heat in a 12-6 score. The usual number of casualties occurred. Did you hear Eve Atkinson when she substituted for Peter Ordway on his Monday night broadcast? Hers is a pleasing radio personality.

Personalities

Mary and Lamar Mitchell took an apartment on the bay so they could look out the front window and see their precious sailboat at all times. Florence McMann has a new hobby—complete with waffle iron. If you are very nice you may get an invitation to sample those delicious confectons.

Departure

Feminine hearts dropped at the departure of Hugh Hinchliffe, whose gay companionship had been so much enjoyed by all.

Visitor

Mrs. Sundstrom, mother of Eric, visited Embry-Riddle, where she toured the building, lunched in the cafeteria and met the many friends of her son. We see now where Eric gets all his charm.

Sick List

Lt. Stetson (did anyone ever find his hat?) was a patient at Jackson Memorial.

Among visitors at the Technical Division last week were Colonel Stanley J. Mannon, Donovan and Colonel Dodson. "Moose" was our first Army Commanding Officer at Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, and his visit to the Tech School was a real pleasure to all who met him.

SOLDIER STUFF

by “The Boys” at Tech-Div.

Freedom

Another (and the last) week of make up time has passed! Once again the soldiers are to be allowed to bathe in the warmth of the beautiful Miami sun, breathe its cool night air and sing up "The Star Spangled Banner" on their own accord without having to go to school. On a small scale, we have learned the meaning of liberty and privates, let me tell you right here and now, it shan't somethin' worth fighting for.

Welders' Woes

I realize most of you know little about heat treatment of metals—truthfully, so do I. However, since this was the extent of my association this past week, this article shall have to deal with excerpts from a series of lectures on the above mentioned subjects. "Willis," asked the instructor, "what two types of metal are we concerned with in today's lesson?" "Perceous and non-ferceous, sir," came the rapid reply. "Worcester, name the three types of case-hardening." "Yes, sir, there's carburizing, nitriding and sintering (cyaniding to you)." "Neat's foot oil is one of the many oils used in quenching heat treated metals," said Mr. Megn. "Can you tell me where it comes from, Shelton." "From a Neats, I imagine," he replied. When Mr. Shelton became slightly irritated at his classmate's laugh he boldly declared that it sure did come from a Neats, and that they had lots of them back home running around in the woods and that they were about fifteen or sixteen inches long.

Well, to every one amazement, it turned out that a neat was another name for a cow of some sort and the oil was a product obtained from its hoof—but who ever saw a cow fifteen or sixteen inches long—except maybe in a picture.

The pay off was our master mind, P.F.C. Bewley was willing to bet his last “ration fee” dollar (which wasn't so much this time—huh) that the oil came from the caster bean. Well, he wasn't far wrong.—Here's one that went unanswered—How does a vertical bar contract, up or down?

Art Woods says that we got a few hours each night that we do nothing at all in except sleep (11 p.m. to 6 a.m.) Now we could use that to study the information given out the day before in order to pass the test on it the following day.—Ed. note: And he wasn't kidding either!

Military Discipline

Oaks, Morgan and Thomas, the three musketeers. I don't know what they did, but I'm pretty sure they won't do it again. That drilling exhibition they rendered under the tutelage of Sgt. Wood was conclusive enough proof that it wasn't worth it.

Say, Corp. Smith, with what powers on their own accord with out having to go to school. On a small scale, we have learned the meaning of liberty and privates, let me tell you right here and now, it shan't somethin' worth fighting for.

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Mentioning Municipal

by "The Gang"

Well, here we go again 'cause there is still no sign of Betty Hair. We heard that she was over taking in some of the glorious sunshine at the Beach, Sunday. Sounds as though the gal is really on the way back—to the office!

No Credit Balance in Jax!

Instructor C. W. Tinsley, Charles Hon, Vernon Bragg and Lawrence Glover had a new experience last week. It seems that they started off to Jacksonville bright and early one morning without the proper clearance. They landed in Jax and handed the "clearance" to the office there. After he looked at it quizzically for a moment, he told them that they could not return to Miami until the Jax office received a proper clearance.

Not knowing exactly what to say they just nodded their heads. After a while a bright idea dawned on them! They called the Municipal office and after explaining everything, the conversation ended something like this—"by the way, we reversed the phone call charges and for heaven's sake get that clearance here. We're all broke." Fellows, beware!—when going on a cross-country trip—take your checkbook with you!

Jack McKay, Jr., seems to like the time adding machine—especially when he makes a mistake and can't find it—he just sits there looking at the poor little, helpless thing with such love light shining in his eyes.

Fashion Note!

Something new has been added in the way of the new summer uniforms (navy-blue for the girls information) of Pat Werder, Helen Ferber and Mary Brooks. The women are always one jump ahead of the men. Well, we think so anyhow!

Instructor Tinsley's last landing Thursday was on one wheel. Guess he's just being patriotic by saving rubber or something.

Things 'n Stuff!

Winning the "Flying Jackass" last week was Fred Grossberg who landed at the right place at the wrong time . . . and held up National Airlines for five minutes!

We welcome Ethel Hazlett to our office staff. Robert Wyatt is the newest addition to our Primary and Secondary Instructor staff. He hails from Atlanta, Ga., and he's single, girls.

Tickets for the School Party this Saturday evening at the Deauville can be gotten from Mr. Gibbs or the office girls.

Congrats to Hall Graff and Lester Hudson on passing their Commercial Flight Tests.

Little Jack Little has been pinching-hitting for Fred Bull who's been ill.

"Panther" Fouche, or just call me "Fool", was out a half-day last week, sick he said, but we wonder if it could be those calcium pills.

Our little haven has been really running helter skelter with inventory going on. We DID enjoy having Mr. W. B. Arthur and Mr. John Brooks, though.

Honored Visitor at the Main Office was Aviation Cadet Dick Hiss, formerly in Accounting and now visiting in Miami on furlough before beginning his primary flight training. Looked good in his uniform—and has taken on weight!
Do You Know
LEN POVEY...
G. WILLIS TYSON
TOM GATES
JACK HUNT
GORDON MOUCGY

Hundreds of pilots throughout the country know them, either personally or by reputation. They ask for your assistance in training hundreds of Student Pilots.

WE NEED FLIGHT INSTRUCTORS to carry on this job.

Embry Riddle has been selected by the U. S. Army, the R. A. F., the C. A. A. and the U. S. State Department to train either pilots or technicians. We will need additional instructors. Pilots from all parts of the country are apt to find at least one old buddy at Embry Riddle! WRITE OR WIRE TODAY.

KEEP "EM FLYING"

Embry Riddle
SCHOOL OF AVIATION

MATERIEL CONTROL NEWS

Materiel Control Department has a new reporter who is starting his career as a newsman with the same old vow. From now on all the news and scandal of this department will be reported faithfully until something happens to interfere with the schedule. So, on with the news.

Scoop!
The biggest news of the day, and somewhat of a scoop is the fact that the genial head of our department, Mr. R. H. Buxton, formally, and "Buck" informally, slipped off to Fort Lauderdale on Monday of this week and got married. Yep, he fooled the bunch of us. The bride was the former Vivian Hotchkiss of Miami.

Salvage Waste for Victory!
The second largest change in the department was the formation of a reel unit of ten of the new men in the fourth floor stockroom. Mr. Stewart Dubols was put in charge of it. The whole unit was then put under the authority of Mr. Glie, and that relieves us of at least one headache.

Personnel Changes—All Units
The changes in personnel, of which there are plenty, we will discuss in the order of the various stockrooms. First, the Fourth floor, or Sheet Metal Stockroom, in Miami, Eddie Baumgarten, who had been Chief Store clerk, was transferred to the Materiel Control office to take over the duties of handlings the new Stock Catalog. He was replaced by Edward Clement as Chief. Tommy Whitehead was transferred to the Main Floor Stockroom, and Gene Caswell went back to Blanding with the Medical detachment at that camp. Charlie Shepherd, formerly a runner, was sent to this Stockroom and a new man, Paul Taylor, was hired to complete the complement. And this is just the beginning.

The Instrument Stockroom comes next. Lew Pollock, who had been working part time in this spot, was put on full-time and Bill Davies was sent into the Sheet Metal Stockroom.

Another runner, Charlie England, was transferred to the Main Floor Stockroom.

Municipal
Out at Municipal there was a little bottleneck when two of the regular men went out of circulation because of illness and Jack Little, who seems to be the troubleshotter of the department, took over until these men came back. The two invalids were Fred Bull and Chennault Elmore and we are glad that everything is all right again.

Eugene Kelley was transferred from Main Floor Stockroom to Card Clerk in the Materiel Control office.

Clewiston
At Clewiston there were a few changes: Stuart Wever went from the Stockroom to the Maintenance department and was replaced by Donald V. McKay, Jr., who, incidentally, is no kin to Vice-President McKay. Also, Eugene A. Davis was sent to the same Field to take charge of the Mess Hall Stockroom.

Carlstrom and Dorr
Another Davis, William M., is a new character in the Maintenance Stockroom at Carlstrom Field, and Martin Avery, Jr., was transferred from Dorr Field to Carlstrom to undergo special training preparatory to assuming his duties there.

E. J. Matthews replaced Avery at Dorr.

The past week also saw the hiring of the first Post Supply employee at the new Union City Field. He is Jimmie Jamison and we hope he likes his new job.

Our "Family Bus" Grows Up
Of special interest to those who like to travel is the news that the new 11-passenger, streamlined bus went into operation on the Embry-Riddle run last Sunday. Genial Andy Andrews vows that the difference is so pronounced that he could almost be persuaded to work for half his present salary. Paymaster please note!

Johnny Galbraith reports from the Naval Reserve Supply Corps that he is working hard and playing hard and has the situation well in hand.

DON'T FORGET!
Remember the School Party at the Deauville this Saturday evening, May 9th, from 9 to sometime or other—dancing inside and outside on the Clipper Deck; feature entertainment including 'Jock' Birrell with his bagpipes and community singing of the 'old timers'; free supper at midnight. Tickets a buck a man, drag or stag ... and plenty of fun for all! Don't miss it ... come early and stay late!