TECH TALK

by Willard Rodney Burton

All along I knew that sooner or later I would have the exquisite pleasure of being the guest writer of what was one time my own column. It took me two months to get rid of the thing, so that my lazy week ends were no longer haunted by the necessity of dredging something scintillant from the depths of a torpid mind and committing it to paper.

Since then I have been threatened, cajoled, bullied, wheedled, coerced, and coerced to guest-write the blasted thing. The picture of my grieving Public has been held out to appeal to my better nature. All this to no avail. Then my wife told me I had to write the thing, and here it is. Even the bravery of the jungle tiger has its limits. And brother, I ain't no jungle tiger!

Let's Get Serious

Being that this writing of the column is a Single Performance, mayhap I'll be allowed to dedicate it. And I hereby do, to a group of men whom some of you may have heard about, but few of you know—the Instructor Trainees.

These men are training to become instructors in several of the courses in the Military program. They go to school eight or more hours daily, and for several weeks attend one night session weekly. That they burn many midnight kilowatts is clearly evidenced by the results attained.

Now, here's what has me enthusiastic. Most of us came here because we wanted to do our best for the war effort, to apply our talents where we felt they would do the most good. At the same time, most of us would have had to work at something to make a living.

Quite a few of these men, however, had been so successful in their fields that they had retired from active business to take it easy, write those books they had been waiting to get written, or play golf. Now they are coming into our program with only one purpose, a grim, and I do mean grim determination to do what they personally can to help win this war.

Put Their Games Away

Do you remember that line from The Spires of Oxford—"But when the bugles sounded war, they put their games away."? Others among them have left established and profitable businesses of their own, or quit secure jobs to take a gamble on making good in this program and getting their chance to work directly in and for the war effort. At the great risk of sounding like a county politician at a 4th of July picnic, I do want to say that the aggressive, real will of these men to get in and pitch is a tremendously thrilling and heartening thing.

Production of planes and tanks and guns can vary according to circumstance, but the morale of a people doesn't vary so readily, and all the production in the world is useless without it. With the kind of morale that these men are showing, I personally don't think we could lose a war. Because this isn't just shoutin' morale, this is working and fighting morale. The shoutin's sorts fun, but it never won a war.

On the lighter side, if you don't think I'm bowing down the right alley, just realize that a lot of these men wouldn't have to get up in the morning until they darn well felt like it, but they show up for 7:00 a.m. classes, six mornings a week. If that isn't some kind of something, I give up. I know, for I got to work at 6:40 this morning, bright and early. I was early and the moon was bright.

Flying Over Censored

Went flying the other day for the first time in quite a while. Flew a censored from censored field out over censored. Flying isn't quite as tame as it used to be before Pearl Harbor. Back in those days we used to dodge clouds and Cubs. Now its B-26's and Flying Fortresses. Nowadays when you hit a bump you're never sure whether its a convection current or a Consolidated Liberator just passing through. Interesting, though.

Gossip

Working over at the Coliseum, as I do mostly these days, I miss a lot of the gossip around Tech, but I have noticed: Lucille Valliere moving downstairs outside Per-
Letters to the Editor

Tech School
September 30, 1942
Dear Editor,

We in the Tech School are completely confused as to the location of various departments. For a while we were able to run up to Accounting, down to Purchasing, and hither and yon, without any doubt as to our hitting our objective.

Now—we are all set to run up to Accounting when it suddenly dawns on us that that department is over at the Colonade—so our business is done on the telephone or via the Chapman Field bus! Woefully is our fate!

At the first possible moment, will you please publish, via the "Tanglefoot Department," a list of who is where and where is what. We will be forever grateful.

TECHITE

(Editors' Note: A splendid idea—shall do next week—and hope by then that you term the "Tanglefoot Department" will know its destination.)

Miami, Fla.
September 29, 1942

Dear Editor,

A few months ago, the President of the U. S. suggested that all parasites leave Washington, D. C. With true Southern hospitality, the Floridians said that they had plenty of room.

While I do not consider myself of the orchidaceous type, I decided to come to Miami at this time, as we also hear "up North" that in a very short while civilian transportation will be practically prohibitive.

Having a particular interest in the Embry-Riddle School, and being an avid reader of the "Fly Paper," I was delighted when asked to visit and to meet several charming people whose names frequently appear in these columns.

From the moment of receiving my pass and entering with the students and employees, I was greatly impressed with the orderly activity throughout the whole place, and realized just what each individual's doing his day's work would eventually mean as a large factor in our defense.

After these earnest workers have won the war for us, I know that when in a reminiscent mood I shall frequently start a conversation with "The day that I spent at Embry-Riddle . . . ."

E.D.P.

Union, New Jersey
September 18, 1942

Dear Editor,

I enjoy reading the Fly Paper and look forward to receiving it each week. I read every page of it and feel that I know each and every person I read about.

I was so happy to see my new daughter's picture in a recent copy. We haven't met Betty yet, but know that she is such a fine, sweet girl.

Keep up the good work and keep 'em flying.

Very truly yours,

MIRIAM LIGHHOLDER

Los Angeles, California

Dear Editor,

Guess I'd better pin myself down and actually write the letter I've been thinking about for several months.

First of all, I must apologize for not being your "Anonymous Correspondent." Good as my intentions may be, old Father Time seems to keep one jump ahead of me and I never get around to everything I want to do.

I can't begin to tell you how much we enjoy the "Fly Paper." Mom says it's the next best thing to getting a letter from "G. Willie" (which, incidentally, are few and far between). I sure hope we'll continue receiving it for a long time to come, as it is sincerely appreciated.

Since visiting Florida, I have changed jobs. I am now doing secretarial work at the Douglas Aircraft plant in El Segundo, where they build only the S.B.D. Dive Bomber. However, as soon as the new building is completed, they expect to begin production on a new bomber which is still in the experimental stage.

We'll, thanks again for putting me on your mailing list and keep up the good work.

Sincerely,

MARGARET TYSON

Dear Editor,

There has been a tall tale going around at the Tech School that "Tandy" and De-loris Wainscott, of Mimeograph, are married. I have learned by first-hand information that this is not true and I would like to nip this in the bud. It is true that they are engaged and will be married soon.

A FRIEND

MAJOR CATASTROPHE

Murray L. Wilkes, who basks in the same sun as the movie star, Lew Ayers, writes from Camp Berkeley that he has lost his "little black book." Murray, formerly of the Tech School Mailing Department, is now in the Medical Corps. His address is: Pvt. M. L. Wilkes, U.S.A., Pln. 4, Co. D, 66th Bat., M.R.T.C., Camp Berkeley, Texas.

"PLEASE WRITE to me, everybody," pleads Murray, "and help me compile a new address book."
Dear Guys and Gals:

Just last week, we played one of the best stories of our enjoyable correspondence with the Fly Paper; that biographical sketch, both business and personal, of our General Manager, H. Roscoe Brinton.

But today, we are sorry to have to report to you guys and gals that he is no longer Our’n but Their’n. Yes, H. Roscoe Brinton is to place his feet under the General Manager's desk at Carlstrom Field in Arcadia, to serve in that capacity.

We hate to see him go, but we here at Embry-Riddle Field are determined that this field shall maintain the high standard which has been established here. We are behind our new General Manager, T. E. “Boots” Frantz 100 per cent.

Boots will take over this position as Director of Flying. He will be replaced as Assistant Director of Flying by Charlie Sullivan, who has been the head of the Flight Instructors' Refresher School.

To Carlstrom Field, we say, “Our loss is your gain!”

Safety Challenge

Thanks to Mr. S. M. Sparks, we got these few notes from the minutes of the Safety Committee on this Field.

On August 1st, Messrs. Glen Kuhl, Insurance Department of the Embry-Riddle Company, Miami; Herbert Hoover, Engineer representing the Maryland Casualty Company, Baltimore, and C. C. Coughlin, Engineer for Tennessee-Maryland Casualty Company, visited Riddle-McKay Company for the purpose of making a survey of Embry-Riddle Field. During their visit a Safety Committee was organized. Members of the Safety Committee are the Intelligence Officer of the 67th AAFFTD and heads of different departments throughout the field.

At the close of the organization meeting, Mr. Kuhl asked if this committee would like to enter into competition with the other fields for a safety campaign.

The second meeting was held September 9th, and we have since been informed by Mr. Kuhl that Safety Committees have been organized at the other fields and Riddle-McKay now stands ready to accept the challenge to compete on safety plans.

True American

Here's News that's Fit to Print! We are glad to inform you that we have a Flight Instructor employed by our Company who is using every penny of his salary aside from Social Security and Insurance for the purchase of WAR BONDS! That's a great testimony of a true American Spirit.

We are all daily watching the skies for the arrival of the new Link Trainers to fill the recently completed Link Building. It's a honey! Surely our watchfulness will be rewarded soon when they come buzzing in suddenly.

Parachute Rating

Speaking of the Parachute Department reminds us that Joe Harpole has passed his written examination for his rating in Parachutes. He and Melvin Carlton made a trip to Nashville for this purpose, and while there they saw several of the former Cadets of this Field and several friends visiting from Florida.

The Army announces the addition of Miss Annie Lou Caldwell to its office. Miss Caldwell came to Embry-Riddle from Camp Tyson, near Paris, Tenn.

WANTED

Someone to promote and sponsor a Ping-Pong Tournament in the Canteen. We have been watching with eagerness the increasing rivalry between Melvin Carlton, Parachute Rigger, and E. H. Kussrow, Maintenance Supt., and C. O., Major James, and Capt. Charles Breeding.
Course No. 7 Receive Wings

Under the balmy Florida skies (and sweltering sun), with a background of AT's, Course No. Seven proudly received their wings after many weeks of "ups and downs." Wings were presented by the new R.A.F. Commanding Officer, Sq/L Pritchett; Mr. J. P. Riddle represented the School and presented the diplomas and gifts (bill folds of alligator skin). R.A.F. officers assisting were Fl/L Nickerson, Sq/L Burdieck, Medical Officer Phillips, and Flying Officer Reinhart, while W/C Rampling, former C/O, played the role of "special guest."

An added attraction was the distribution of the much "talked of and looked for" R.A.F. Anniversary books which were presented to each member of the Class by "Charlie" Ebbets. This is a souvenir all always gave them due consideration—we couldn't wish to work under a better bunch of superiors, anywhere—and to our Instructors—Flight, Link and Ground School, who have worked so hard with us during these months, and have borne the brunt of our "dimness" and finally seen us pull through.

To all of you whom we've surprised from time to time and particularly on the last stretch—we would like to suggest that in the past many a dim light has been hid by a bushel—and that "the night is always darkest just before the dawn." So, as successive flights pass through, we know you will give them all the consideration you gave us, and for them and ourselves, we thank you for it.

We can't all sign this, but you know that we're all here in the signature—
Yours sincerely,

PER PRO COURSE SEVEN
Noel S. C. Colley

- THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY—
- THE MORE PLANES WE'LL FLY—

Goodbye and Hello

On behalf of the personnel at Riddle Field, I want to thank Course Seven for the above tribute and our wishes go with them as they journey to parts unknown—"happy landings" to all!

At the same time we welcome the new Class and trust they will be happy here with us for the next few months; that they will find many pleasant hours interwoven with all those strenuous hours that must come before "Wings."

Feminine Personnel Increases

Since I am a member of and my sympathies are with the "Fairer Sex" I am devoting some space to our feminine personnel. Looking back upon the past year when "us old timers" can remember only three or four girls on the Field, it is quite noticeable how many of the present Riddle Fielders are girls. And if predictions are true, there will be more and more girls around taking more important positions in order to release men for active duty in the Army. Come on, girls, here's our opportunity to prove our worth, and I dare say we'll all do our part toward winning this war.

Proposed Plan

It has been suggested by one of the department heads that in order to simplify the ever increasing routine of "getting employees on the payroll" that arrows be drawn directing the bewildered employee to the various departments, thus assisting them in this tedious but important task. How about an OK on this?
By the way, the “shots” seen on this page were taken during the noon hour while several parties were lunching and relaxing under the umbrellas surrounding the pool.

Reminiscing
A year ago the 25th of September, Riddle Field operations moved from Carlstrom Field to Clewiston, and here is a good time to stop and review the past year.

Do you remember when—
Mr. Tyson jumped over the desk when he saw a snake in the waste paper basket?
When the swimming pool was nothing but a mud puddle?
When one of the new classes had to wait around all day for the carpenters to finish the barracks so they could “move in”?
When the “offices” were located in the barracks?
When Myra Lee became “mired down” in mimeograph ink?
When Timekeeping and Operations were each located in a “shanty”?
When certain pilots flew all over Florida and finally overtook the hurricane at Tallahassee?
When Mr. Gardner started his “kindergarten”?
When “Woo Woo” was a regular visitor?
When the first hangar was dedicated?
When you reported for work the first day—I do!

Lady of the Week
The attractive, brown-haired, blue-eyed secretary is none other than Nathalie Reese (Mrs. Robert J. Reese with Bob claiming priority) and Mr. Durden’s right-hand lady.

Nathalie was born on July 24, in Cincinnati, Ohio (but like most girls, declines to say what year, and even I wouldn’t snoop around to find out; after all it’s a woman’s right to keep ‘em guessing.) She is the oldest of three children. The family moved to Erie, Pa., and back to Cincinnati before heading for the “sunny South” in 1938. They have resided in Miami since that time. Nathalie was graduated from high school here, after which she worked in a department store modeling and selling sport’s wear. Deciding upon a business career, she enrolled in Business College and later became affiliated with the Lighthouse Loan and Finance co.

In 1939 she met the Mister, and on March 21, 1942, they were married. Bob brought his blushing bride to Clewiston, where he was and is employed in the “Keep ’em Flying” Department, and soon Nathalie was employed as secretary to Mr. Durden. However, she has been playing hide-and-seek between Headquarters and the Tower; first she was here and then she was there as secretary to W/C Rampling, and now she’s back here—we hope to stay.

Nathalie prefers the sunny South to the North, enjoys swimming, bridge, and reading, Cosmopolitan and Red Book being her favorite magazines. And she is an excellent cook.

Philosophy
Cadet Roy Lacey, of Course Nine, contributes the following poem entitled “Philosophy”:

Did you ever sit down and dream,
With the whole world at your feet
Did you ever sit down and scheme
To make both ends meet?

Earl and Dot Williams, Bob and Natty Reese. (reading from left to right.)

God can be kind, He can be cruel.
Raise you wealthy, raise you poor.
Make you a king, make you a fool;
Give you a palace or a cabin-floor.

It’s a crazy life, for crazy men,
Full of doubt, sickened with fear,
Girted with song, gloried by pen,
With death so far, then so near.

Sit down and scheme
With the world at your feet!
Life’s what you make it;
It can be very sweet.

Small World
No matter where our boys in brown are sent, they seem to find old friends or friends of old friends. Alfred Henriquez, R.A.F. cadet in training at Riddle Field, tells us his “small world” story.

It seems that Alfred had been stationed in Clewiston for five weeks when a letter came from his uncle in Havana stating that life long friends of his, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Conkling, were in Clewiston.

Nelda Keen, Jeanette Wilson, Joy Roberts, and Florence Keen. (reading from left to right.)

Maintenance News
by J. E. Greenberger

L. M. Hutson, Superintendent of Maintenance, returned recently from Mobile, Ala., where he has been attending to business at the Municipal Airport for the past ten days.

The Maintenance Crew enjoyed an all day outing at Palmdale last Sunday, with swimming, picnicking, etc. This is the first time that the Riddle Maintenance Crew has had a chance to really get together and have a good time. (If sore muscles, blistered faces, etc., indicate a good time, then it must have been a huge success.)

The Prop Club has increased its membership twofold since the last installment of the “Fly Paper.” The boys from Moore Haven are getting in the groove and at a later date, contests between different departments in Maintenance will start their competitive sports.

We wonder what the 46 gals printed on the back of “flour sack” Bennett’s coveralls could stand for?

Welcome Back
Thanks, folks, for all the “dual” assistance I had during the past two weeks, and shall I be concealed and say “Thanks for reading Riddle News”? I’m sure no one welcomes the return of the Editor of Riddle News more than I.

CARRY ON, HOP.

P.S. How about some of the other Departments submitting pictures?
GABLES-TECH TRAINEE NEWS

CLASS 2-43-A-1

There is little need of going into the history of Class 2-43-A-1. From all that can be gathered, the class has, so far, spoken for itself.

We all felt, the first day we landed so unexpectedly in Coral Gables, a little cheated, having figured on a nice, long train ride. Since then the boys have changed their minds and decided that Embry-Riddle is a “right” place.

To all the other men in the other Embry-Riddle School who have friends in our class, the boys say hello. Space doesn’t permit a list of the class, but possibly some of the lads may recognize the names in the rest of this column.

If any of you boys have anything to add to the following bits of gossip give out with it for the next issue of this paper.

Gossiping

If “Handsome Harry” Irvine passed induction exam last week, the girls in Miami will be in for four more weeks of his charming company. If not, well, girls like handsome general duty men.

Private Travis Horton, of Alabama, is really in this Army to get military secrets for the Confederate Army.

Why is Bill Cornell so popular as an acting non-com? He is the only one who says “Aw come on, fellows, please fall in.”

Why is Loe Murphy trying to become a glider pilot instead of a bomber pilot? Could it be that too many of the mechanics in the class look like salesmen, farmers, clerks and truck drivers?

Is that call-like look in the eyes of Ernie “Sit Down” Koulas love for his absent wife?

Is it true that Charley “Pappy” Papa­ zone wants to be a carburetor specialist? Is it true that Lieutenant Walker sleeps more soundly because Class 2-43-A men are doing guard duty?

Guess we’ll quit here! Keep ’em flying!

—WILL RULE THE BLUE IN ’42—

ARMY NEWS

Pvt. Raymond F. Maisch, former New Jersey State Fencing Champion, is now a student at the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation. He is in Class 1-43-A, Engineers. We intend to match him with Mr. Blakely, the Director of the Tech School, who also is an expert fencer. Lt. Mock is working on a program to promote an interest in fenc­ ing.

First Lt. Frank L. Wells, former No. 1 man on the Tennis Team of Loyola, New Orleans, seems destined to stay on top of the Ladder Tennis Tournament being con­ ducted at Embry-Riddle. It looks as though his unique two-handed drive is a steady driving game and is exceptionally accurate with his shots. Lt. Miller and Flint intend to keep him hustling.

NEWS OF CLASS 2-43-E

Pvt. Hesek’s weekly “box from home” is greatly appreciated by the 2-43-E boys. It contains everything from candy to genuine mackintosh reds from good old Mass­achusetts. Contributions also made by Pte. Campo, Babah, and Sperry. Keep up the good work, fellows.

As poker players, Gazaric, Habih, Mc­ Latchey, and “Col.” Early make good me­ chanics—according to the latest reports of their steadily mounting match losses. Anyway, there’s always Bid Whist to fall back on.

Speed Demons

We wonder how Pte. Di Russo and Hic­ kock manage to shower, shave, and walk (fully uniformed) through the Embry­ Riddle gate at exactly 6:50 p.m.—fifteen minutes after drill. It must be a gift. Inci­ dentally, ask Di Russo what “P.B.” means, and watch him evade the issue.

Has big Ray Matson succeeded in estab­ lishing quiet in the barracks after 11:00 p.m.—at least in the neighborhood of the four bunks surrounding him?

From the School to Coral Gables—from Coral Gables to the School—“Mercy,” you’re in a rut. What’s the name of this southern belle?

Checker Champ

Does anyone want to familiarize him­ self with the finer points of this game called “checkers”? Martin will be glad to answer questions pertaining to the sub­ ject.

—THE MORE SONGS YOU BUY—
—THE MORE PLANES WE’LL FLY—

NEWS OF CLASS 3-43-A

A fine example of the work the Miami residents are doing to make our stay here more pleasant happened Sunday when a group of young ladies invited five of the boys to go on a swimming party at the Beach. After the swim a swell buffet lunch was enjoyed. Gin Rummy finished out the evening.

Monday of this week marked a turning point in our stay at Embry-Riddle. We are now on the final lap. Seven more weeks to go, fellows.

So Many “Cousins”

Jimmie Whelan is a very lucky soldier to have so many pretty “cousins” here in Miami.

These packages from home arriving each day keep the fellows happy.

Bill Noreline is the proud possessor of another picture from a pretty little nurse in the home town. Stop in fellows, Bill will be more than glad to show you the picture.

“Drum Up An Inch”

“Gunner” Lawrence, whose name ap­ peared in this column last week, informs me that a gross error was made and insists on a correction. It seems he is five feet, two inches, rather than the reported five feet, one inch. My apologies.

The pretty young lady waiting for Pvt. Moore after drill is none other than his wife. Lucky fellow, Mr. Moore.

A certain class at the “Gables” printed a statement last week claiming to be the best class over there. On what do you base that claim, boys? Have you not heard of the 3-43-A?

WE’RE IN IT—LET’S WIN IT!

Men of the Antilla

Let’s all get together and go marching down the street.

All together, all in step, and singing to the beat:

With our song we’ll march along, with rhythm in our feet,

And we go marching on.

CHORUS

Repeat Chorus after each verse

Sgt. Bardo we are for you,
Sgt. Bardo we adore you;
Sgt. Bardo we implore you,
Will you lend us a buck?

Honestly we think that you’re a very rugged man,
And we guess that when you dress you look like Dapper Dan;
You’d be very handsome if it wasn’t for your pan,
And we go marching on.

Every day we hear you say to straighten out the line,
If you wish that you would say that we are doing fine;
If you do we’ll send to you a penny Valentine.
And we go marching on.

Now that we are coming to the ending of our song,
We are glad that you’re not mad and that we get along;
Cause we know when we’re with you we never can go wrong.
And we go marching on.

(To Tune of Glory, Glory, Hallelujah)

“You can’t take it with you”

We don’t want to go out on a limb on every show. We bring here for you. So far, the only one we have really pushed was “The National Barn Dance.” Wasn’t it worth it?

On Wednesday night, October 7th, at 8:15 P. M. is another show, and you can blame us if it isn’t good.

The three Act Comedy, “YOU CAN’T TAKE IT WITH YOU,” will be presented. We hope you will enjoy it.
The Flying Cadets of America
by Una A. Oles

CHORUS
We are the flying cadets of America.
We are the flying cadets of America.
We're ready to do or die,
To keep our proud flag hanging high.
VICTORY, We fight for VICTORY.
All for LIBERTY.
God speed our VICTORY.

We'll learn to fly our Bombers over the sea.
Each pilot will shout, JUST LEAVE IT TO ME,
I'll get the sons of guns,
For when I get up in the air,
The JERRIES will know that I'm there,
For I'll knock his bloomin' AXIS
To you know WHERE.
ALL for LIBERTY,
GOD speed our VICTORY.

Then we'll point our Bombers to the west,
By GOOD OLD UNCLE SAM's request,
For we've a date with the Japanese,
To revenge PEARL HARBOR and the
CORAL SEAS.
We'll mop those Japs all over the place,
Until each and every one have lost face
All for LIBERTY,
GOD speed our VICTORY.

And then when this Bloody War is won,
We'll each thank our lucky stars one by one,
That we've kept our country FREE.
Free for YOU and Free for ME.
Then we'll ask UNCLE SAM for just ONE MORE CHANCE
To give those JERRIES a KICK IN THE PANTS.
For what they did to poor old France.
All for VICTORY,
GOD speed our VICTORY.

CHORUS
We are the flying cadets of America.
We are the flying cadets of America.
For our country we want freedom,
For our country we want love,
But most of all we want the BLESSINGS
OF GOD ABOVE.

Soon we'll leave for duties over seas
To make it safer for DEMOCRACY.
And we won't come back
Until we've rid the WORLD of TYRANNY.

VICTORYGRAMS
by Bob Lipkin, Radio Department

Congratulations are in order for all five members of the new advanced class. They passed their third class Radio-Telephone tests last week. Here's hoping they are just as successful with their second class.

Your reporter to Mr. LeGaye: “Who are the two attractive girls in the new class?”
Mr. LeGaye: “Why, one is my wife, the other, my sister.” Lucky Mr. LeGaye!

At present the carpenters are building a special room in the Radio department for Oscillators, such as Clyde Foster’s and Larry Scwabb’s; they both drawn out all other conversation going on.

Offers for jobs are starting to come in for the latest senior Radio class, who completed their course in five weeks.

Miss Rosamond Jordan, who recently completed her radio course, now has an opportunity to display her talents before the new primary class. Here is one good example that the women are doing as well as the men.

Mr. Connie Miller has left the school and is now studying Advanced Radio at the University of Miami.

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<th>SCHEDULE OF EVENTS FOR SERVICEMEN</th>
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<td>Of Embry-Riddle and Coral Gables Area</td>
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<td>October 4th through October 10th</td>
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**SUNDAY, OCTOBER 4th**

- Technical School Fifth Floor Roof—9:00 A. M.—Interdenominational Services.
- Antilla Court—9:00 A. M.—Interdenominational Services.
- Miami U. S. O.—Recorded Symphonies.
- Colliseum Field—9:30 A. M. to 5:00 P. M.—Sports Carnival.
- Coral Gables Elementary School Auditorium—8:15 P. M.—Opal Motter—Hans Tragedians—“Beauty is But Skin Deep.”

**MONDAY, OCTOBER 5th**

- Coral Gables U. S. O.—8:00 P. M.—Orchestra Rehearsal.
- Embry-Riddle 5th Floor—Motion Picture.

**TUESDAY, OCTOBER 6th**

- Coral Gables U. S. O.—8:00 P. M.—Orchestra Rehearsal.
- Mr. and Mrs. Wigman—7:00 P. M. to 10:00 P. M.—Swim Party.
- Fly Paper—Deadline for copy—12:00 Noon.
- Antilla Court—Motion Picture—Free.

**WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7th**

- Coral Gables Auditorium—8:15 P. M.—3 Act Comedy—“YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU.”
- Miami U. S. O.—Floor Show—Orchestra—Refreshments.
- Colliseum Field—6:00 P. M.—Softball Game—Permanent Party vs. Gables Champs.

**THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8th**

- Coral Gables U. S. O.—8:30 P. M.—Choral Rehearsal.
- Coral Gables Woman’s Club—Dancing—8:00 P. M. to 10:30 P. M.

**FRIDAY, OCTOBER 9th**

- Miami U. S. O.—Olympia Stage Show—WIOD Broadcast—Dance.
- Presbyterian Church—Parish House—8:00 P. M.—at corner of Alhambra and Ponce de Leon Blvd.—“An Evening of Fun.”—Embry-Riddle and Biltmore Soldiers Welcomed.

**SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10th**

- Playdium—6:00 P. M.—Bowling League.
- Macfadden Deauville—Embry-Riddle Party.
- Colliseum Field—9:00 A. M.—Sports Carnival.
- 10:00 A. M.—Miami Cadets vs. Riddle Giants.

EDWARD J. FLINT
1st Lt., A. C.
Asst. Special Service Officer
CARRSTROM FLIGHT LINE

by Tom Watson, Jr.

A strictly personal communication... help make this your column, seeing all, knowing all, and reporting all. Jot down all the anecdotes, happenings to Pilots, news, and miscellaneous flight line nonsense you happen upon and deposit them in the little box in Sam Appleby's office marked, "Fly Paper."

From there on, there's nothing to stand between a Pilot's secrets and open publication but the Editor's blue pencil—and she's a fellow with a sense of humor as well as a conscience.

PILOT PROMOTIONS

Pilot promotions at Carlstrom this week approached the point of a veritable personnel reorganization, as positions were filled for one new Stage Commander, five Assistant Stage Commanders, six Flight Commanders, and six Assistants. Angey Minefleck takes over the post vacated by Clete Huff, while Carl Dunn, George Eckart, Sam Worley, Red McKenzie, and Clev Thompson come into the newly created posts of Assistant Stage Commanders.

The title, "Assistant Stage Commander" is something new in this business of Air Force Civilian Contract training. With the withdrawal of all Army check pilots, civilians are being named to function in their places—thus the five new appointments. Theirs will be the responsibility of riding herd on cadet progress in the place of the Air Force officers who have been recalled to other duty.

Now in full charge of flights are Flight Commanders Cuthbertson, Dudley, Cotton Jones, Forrester, Jessup, and Currier, with their six new Assistant Flight Commanders, Tanner, Turner, Dorr, Henderson, Close, and Hawk.

MENTAL SNAPSHOT

Class 43-C wondering what sorts of evil things twenty-hour checks are composed of... Class 43-B knowing all too well what sorts of evil things sixty-hour checks are composed of... Sammy Hotle and his photographic blackmail racket, now being practiced on wife Dorothy, but threatening to spread.

Herb Wolf's house taking shape, and meriting a bid from the Carpenters' Local... The Pilots' Club still fighting to reorganize, but needing more support from Arcadia Pilots—all of them... Charlie Close mowing his trailer camp lawn, clad volubly in green shorts—his turn on the Cooperative Share-Your-Lawn-Mower-for-Victory Plan.

Bob Forrester trying to purchase Clem Whittembecks midget record-breaking gasoline conserving Fiat, and Clem just laughing and saying, "I told you so"... The new housing project going up in Villa Rica Park and promising great relief for home- less Pilots... John Smith and Howard Jenkins "homesteading" Sarasota... Anyone trying to outguess our afternoon weather... Cotton Jones in a marrying mood again.

Self-evident thought of the week... Keep looking, Brother. It's your neck, but somebody else will break it for you. Never trust a solo or a dual ship. All others are safe.

BOASTING McBOAST

Oh light up a candle for Roger McBoast,
Who swore that his flying was better than most,
He could twist and could turn with the greatest of ease,
And could fly on his back with the stick 'twist his knees.
Then came war, and his patriotism boomed in his chest,
And he swore our cadets should have none but the best.
So he offered to train them—to do or to die.
Then they put him to work, and McBoast he would fly
Like an ace—though some thought it was more like a fool—
Till he swed every man at his Primary School.
He seemed to forget that the ship he was flying

Belonged to a country so desperately trying
To turn out its quota of men who could fight,
That each day without mishap was help in its plight.
Then one bright cloudless morn, with particular daring,
McBoast made a mess that was not worth repairing.
When he showed his cadet an inverted maneuver
His ship shed her wings—as it well did behove her.
The newspaper clipping said, "Parachute tangled."
No matter what happened, McBoast was well mangled.
For the sake of the story, the cadet safe descended—
But weep for McBoast, for his story is ended!

WHEN YOU MOVE

PLEASE send us our new address PLUS your old one. We have a mailing list that extends to the four corners of the earth, and your cooperation in regard to "change of address" would eliminate most of our feather department.

Our undying thanks to those who heed our plea!

DORR DOINGS

by Jack Whitnall

Everybody is admiring the new front gates at the Field, put in operation this week; in fact several people have wanted to remain in the Guard House with us—and help us operate them. Even Mr. Hocker made us a proposition that we ride his scooter around while he handled the gates. Mr. Posey and Mr. McAfee, of Wheeler Construction Co., did the work. Nice, fellows.

Just heard, via grapevine, that George Mackie planned to charter a bus and bring all the C. F. guards over to see these super gates. Welcome, boys; you may look, but John Hudson won't let you touch 'em.

TROUBLESOME SWAPP

The story of the week concerns Gerald "Daddy" Taylor; seems that Mr. Brewer wanted an automobile and Gerald wanted a horse—so the swap was made. Mr. Brewer is doing all right with his portion of the deal—but—Gerald seems to be having quite a little trouble.

The horse just doesn't like Gerald; according to Mr. John B. Lyons, Gerald was heard sweet talking the horse—even offering bribes of SUGAR (bet his wife was wondering what was happening to their ration for this period) just to get him around. Furthermore, it is reported that there is a certain ditch in town where Gerald spends most of his off time. Am of the opinion that this is a Quaker horse for all Gerald can get from it is "Nay, Nay, Nay."

Oh, boy! We got to take Ruth Campbell's, Jimmie Mill's, Annie Laurie Clark's, and Kathryn Sandusky's fingerprints again; we've saved 50 or 60 extra cards out, JUST in case we have (???) to do 'em again.

Lts. Charpie, Chesty, and McDade left us this week for other stations; good luck and happy landings to you-all.

NEW ADDITIONS

Newcomers to Dorr this week: Capt. Emil Monceur—Administration; Pye Lofgreen and Martin to the Link Department, Miss Brinson to the Mess Hall as Mr.

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CARLSTROM FIELD

R.A.I. NEWS
Jack Hohler, Editor

Joe Woodward goes home on vacation this week to be married Saturday, October 3rd. To hold things down in his absence, he has appointed two Assistant Directors of Ground School—Paul DeBor and yours truly. He expects to be back here next Monday or Tuesday.

Farewell Party

A little farewell party of grilled hamburgers and baked beans was given Harry Newman by most of the Ground School staff and several of the Flight Line last Saturday night in the Hohler back yard, and the ceremonies wound up at the Pilots’ Club.

Attending the festivities were Ralph and Gaynele Cuthbertson, Frank and Lila Cuthbertson, Joe Woodward, Paul and Ruth DeBor, Betty Dixon (war widow while hubby Paul finishes up his flight training in Miami), Helen Price and Harry Newman, and the Hohlers.

Visiting Carlstrom briefly before he goes on to Hensley Field in Dallas, Texas, was Lieutenant Herbert Dally. Herb used to be a Master Sergeant here, is in charge of the Army records before he attended O.C.S. in Miami. From his accounts the course is really a tough one.

Welcome, Red

A new addition in Ground School is Johnny Cox, from Plant City. This was Larry Walden’s home town, so we expect a lot from a man out of the same locality. Johnny, or J. B. as we call him, is another red head, a little on the serious side, and has been teaching high school General Science for the last four years. His wife will join him after this school season ends from Tampa. Welcome, Red; we’re glad to have you.

Through the courtesy of Miss Jackie Pickens, I was delivered this little poem by Florence Renner, one of Jackie’s co-workers down in Hangar 3. I think the ode merits publication, and I want to express my appreciation to both Jackie and Flor.

SORRY, JACK

Last week in the Fly Paper we ran “The Cross of Victory,” a very good bit of poetry sent in by Jack Hohler. Jack didn’t write said poetry, but he saw that we received it for publication, and he should have been given credit.

Thanks, Jack—and please excuse.

ence for the contribution. To Florence I extend hearty congratulations for an exceptionally fine piece of work.

Just Below the Mason-Dixon Line

Through the doorway I could see her rocking—
Gently rocking as the note she read;
So I waited silently, not knocking,
‘Til she had reviewed the words she said.

“Yonder in the sky the moon is beaming;
Myriad stars in all their splendor shine.
And methinks the lights of home are gleaming
Just below the Mason-Dixon Line.”

Hastily she scanned the words he’d written;
Tears of gladness filled her anxious eyes.
At her feet a playful little kitten
Tangled her forgotten yarn—its prize.

“When the war is over I’ll be yearning
To come back to you dear Mother mine;
So be sure to keep the home fires burning
Just below the Mason-Dixon Line.”

Quietly, but quickly, I retreated,
For twas almost sacred there—a shrine;
Some day soon my call could be completed,
Just below the Mason-Dixon Line.

THESE MODERN CHILDREN

Father: “You new little brother has arrived.”

Very Modern Child: “Where’d he come from?”

Father: “From a far-away country.”

Very Modern Child: “Another d— alien.”

Dear Personnel:

Some of the students read books but all of the students read periodicals, and we never have enough! No, never, never, never! Each week Wain Fletcher, Mary Mitchell, and Peter Ordway come through handsomely.

If others would be as thoughtful and each week send just two or three late, current (anything from July, 1942, to date is acceptable) magazines, our hundreds of hard-working young men would find rest and relaxation in the enjoyment of a good story or interesting article. Please look over your files tonight and let the response be overwhelming.

Thanks.

D. P. Burton, Librarian.
SEAPLANE BASE NEWS

by John Carruthers II

Hello, my unsuspecting friends, this is John Carruthers, your guest columnist for the week. As Win Wood said in her column of last week, I am a victim as are all the poor students of the E.R. Seaplane Base.

Through the power of Ad Thompson and Ruth Norton, we are all required to write a column for the illustrious Fly Paper. I will use a different approach for this week's write-up. It is indeed my pleasure to make you, our readers, more acquainted with the folks that frequent the Base.

First comes the power of the Base, Ruth Norton. Perhaps none of you have ever figured out why a motor stops in the air. By Ruth's definition the friction of the air passing over the motor creates a terrific heat over the cylinders and freezes the motor, therefore stopping it. All kidding aside, Ruth is a swell pilot and a good friend of everyone at the Base.

Then comes Ad Thompson, who, compared with Ruth, is merely secondary. Ad loves to fly, and when he is up, there is no stopping him.

The pride and joy of the Seaplane Base is Nancy Batson. Fresh from college and occasionally letting out with a school yell, she is one of the young girl instructors that have ever come to the E.R. School. We think so down here. Why only yesterday she brought us some delicious northern apples. I had four.

Billy Waters is the man of the Base. He is really a great guy, but alas he has fallen into the clutches of Uncle Sam. Soon, too soon, he will be leaving the Seaplane Base. Billy is the guy who asks if you have a camera and give you a dirty look if you ask for a clearance. He reads too many detective magazines.

Gus Snipes, our mid-afternoon clearance officer, had a very interesting visitor today. His son, Harmon, dropped in to see Gus after defending the high seas with the U.S. Coast Guard. Harmon is a swell fellow, and I hope we see more of him.

Wayne Tucker, the mechanic, leads the toughest life of anyone around here. He has three ships flying—three cheers.

Al, Andy, and Buddy, the line boys, are really having a time of it. Buddy is on a vacation at Norfolk for a week, but hell he be back soon. Al and Andy are working full steam ahead.

Charlie (Doc) Stahler commands the intelligence division of the base. Doc has charge of the ground school, and he really puts his students through the ropes. At this moment he is going over an alternate airport problem with Mrs. Trotman.

From the latest dispatch, Andy (Oh you kid) Denzel has been hard at work in the Army. We hope he will come around again and see his old classmates. Miss Win Wood, the columnist of last week, is now on a vacation at Atlanta, Georgia. Have a swell time, Win, and hurry back. Al McKesson, one of the line boys, just soloed a few weeks ago, and he already makes better spot landings than any of the older pilots. Keep up the good work, Al.

Well, that's all the news for the week. In that case I'll take a powder (no, it won't be arsenic). So, my learned friends, this is Johnny signing off, and wishing the best of luck to the next victim.

DORR DOINGS

Continued from Page 8

Nicodemus's Assistant. In the event that some of your readers have not yet had the pleasure of meeting Miss Brinson, may we give you a quick word-picture.

She is blonde, slender, medium height, given name Eriene, birthplace Sylvester, Georgia, is a graduate of Sylvester High School, Abraham Bladwin Ag. College (Tifton, Ga.) and University of Georgia, receiving B. S. H. E. degree, Has been employed as Secretary and Home Economist, and has joined the staff here to replace Mr. George Lamb.

Christening

Blessed Event this week: Mr. Nicodemus's Field Cat—the proud mother of triplets; the Miami Family have nothing on us, for Mr. Nic is going to have a christening ceremony in the near future.

Last Wednesday (Cadet's visiting night) Charlie "Cheescake" Ebbets got some pretty nice photography work in, subjects being Cadets' wives as they got off the bus and were met by their respective husbands. Overheard Mr. Ebbets: "Where did all these good looking gals come from; I don't need help from you or anybody else." The latter remark was addressed to the crowd offering aid.

New Law

Ground School — Mr. Sam Clawson: "What goes up has to come down."

Cadet: "Why?"

Mr. Clawson: "Because that is the Law of Gravity."

Cadet: "Gosh, don't they pass some silly laws nowadays."

The Army Operations Staff is getting a parachute for Mr. Norman; seems that Mr. N. had a forced landing in the office last Friday and since then he has been singing, "Give Me My Boots And Saddle."

Hazel Dishong's lament: "Why don't peoples send more cards; I get so tired looking at just addresses. Won't somebody send me a Post Card." Folks, the address is Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida—and Mrs. D. will not pay postage.

Oh, Boy! Next month we'll have another Sadie Hawkins' Day.

See you-all next week,

Jack.
WAR WIDOW

The Fly Paper announces that its Assistant Editor up and joined the army of brides a couple of weeks ago. Vadah Walker and Bill Thomas (who was in Aircraft Mechanics here at the Tech School) took the fatal step on September 12th.

On September 14th the bridegroom took off for Maxwell Field, Ala., and left war-widow Vadah to do her part in the national defense by helping to keep the Fly Paper from getting too sticky.

A Ballad To Soups And Salads

(Apologies to "Boots and Saddles")

Hey, diddle, diddle, the Cat (and kittens) and the Fiddle;
This is my song of EMBRY RIDDLE,
A song of woe and a song of fun
Trying to satisfy everyone,
(A song that is hot from the griddle).

For I'm the Steward of Technical School,
I worry and scheme and work like a fool
To feed all the students
With food and with prudence—
(It's really a job for a male).

It's bus-boys and porters off to the wars,
They come and they go with barely a pause,
The waitresses tarry
And then they go marry,
(With LOVE, no doubt, as the cause)

I call up the packers and ask for some meat
And they act like they think I've been out in the heat,
"Don't I know that meat's scarce? Don't be such an ass!"
(Getting meat is now quite a feat).

Now, don't think I'm fussing or gripping
Cause my work is more fun than this typ-
ing,
But I want you to know
That it's quite a tough go;
(Before you start verbally sniping).

Give credit where credit it due
And we'll all do our darndest for you.
If there's something you like you don't get,
It's not to be found, you can bet.
(The Japs don't even get—stew).

I write this for all of my "hunch"
Who serve breakfast, dinner and lunch,
Just give them a smile
Make it seem worth their while
And they'll smile right back, is my hunch.

—C. C. Dodge, the Steward

MATERIEL CONTROL

by H. T. Ferris

In some unaccountable way, handsome Charlie Shepherd's name was omitted in the preparation of last week's notes, and there isn't space this week to describe his many, often amazing activities. Charlie can think of so many things to do to be amusing, the "Fly Paper" should give him a two-page write-up, pictures and all.

Good luck came to the inventory crew the other day in the return of likable Bill McMichael. And Bill feels that it is good luck for him, too, for the inventory crew is a bunch of fine fellows, and he enjoys that work.

Harry Koehler, who is one of the best-liked persons in this department, goes along in his mild-mannered, soft-spoken way, and isn't even aware that he does stand so well with his co-workers. Explaining his popularity a day or so ago, a friend of his who does not work in Materiel Control told this writer: "I have known Harry Koehler a long time, but I have yet to hear him utter a concretized word about himself, or an unkind one behind another's back."

Within the next ten days or two weeks, the stock-room will be in its new location, smaller quarters, but with a chance for greater efficiency. "A place for everything, and everything in its place."

NOTED DIETITIAN AT TECH

by Lynne Fox

The Mess Hall Administration at the Tech School announces the addition of a new member to its staff — Miss Lucile Hartmann.

As a dietitian of fine educational and administrative background, Miss Hartmann comes to us at a most opportune time. With food prices soaring and the availability of a variety of food-stuffs being daily curtailed, it will take the full time effort of a capable administrator to keep the quality of our Mess Halls up to Embry-Riddle standards. We feel that in Miss Hartmann we have this person.

Miss Hartmann received her Bachelor of Science degree from Kansas State College, Lawrence, Kansas, and her Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of Chicago. Her practical and dietetic experience was gained as dietitian in several large hospitals, and as instructor and tea-room manager in three of the country's leading universities. She comes direct to this company from her own guest house in Blowing Rock, N. C., where the quality of her meals was known and praised by the vacationing public.

We feel sure that with her quiet charm and capable manner, she will fit into the Embry-Riddle family as a valuable new member.
DEAUVILLE DITTIES
by Lucille Valliere

"By the Light of the Silvery Moon, I Love to Croon, etc., etc." ... But, alas and
Alack! Last week-end’s Deauville party is
over and we’ve all tuckered away our “Sun-
day-go-mettin’” until NEXT Saturday eve,
when all party-wise little boys and girls
will sail forth to another Deauville Dance.

Especially, those who were lucky enough
to be on hand LAST Saturday to enjoy
that broiled lobster, chicken-a-la-king and
miscellaneous trimmings—not to mention
those smooth dance tunes of Maestro Weiss ...
and the silvery light of above-mentioned
moon, which was shining its biggest,
brightest and best out there on your
clipper deck.

Among those seen tripping the light fantas-
tic were: Adel Heiden with one young
man identified only as “Herky”; Colleen
Breslin leading a conga line; Jean Duncan,
looking stunning in a Roman-striped eve-
nig frock; Elaine Chalk, lack-not in dance
partners; Cheran Page, attractive new brun-
nette from Chapman—a vision in pink and
blue; Mr. and Mrs. Mike Lojinger, Mr.
and Mrs. C. Morgan; Mr. and Mrs. R. P.
Kraft and Pvt. and Mrs. Kenneth Boston.

Clewiston and Carlstrom

From Clewiston came several British ca-
dets who remained over the week-end, and
Mr. and Mr. W. R. Blake. We noted that
Mr. and Mrs. George Eckart and Mr. and
Mrs. R. G. Bardol came all the way down
from Carlstrom, and we hope to see them
often hereafter.

Syd “R.” Burrows* and Tibby dined
with Wain Fletcher and Ena McClane.
“Uncle Malcolm” Byrnes (adopted guar-
dian of Mrs. Cat’s quadruplets) was enjoy-
ing an evening off with Wesley Miller,
Steward of the Coral Gables mess hall.
Anne Elrod and Betty Hirsch were hav-
ing as much fun as ever with Pts. Brown
and Monahan. Lt. Walker was given a roar-
ing welcome and a beautiful Longine by
his boys, on his arrival. Mr. Riddle made
his appearance and, as usual, paid friendly
little visits with various groups here and
there.

Along about 10:00 came pretty June Mc-
Gill with Lt. Gordon Schueber. “Jinky”
Eastman with J. J. Obermeyer and “Don’t
push, boys” that cute little blonde honey,
Marty Warren, new addition to the Sales
Department, with Flight Lieutenant Rein-
hart of the R.A.F.

Latin-Americans

Latin-American attendance is steadily
growing stronger. We hope it doesn’t have
a relapse. Willie Rivas turned out to repre-
sent Central America; and South American
degates included Chileans, Bill Bustamen-
to, Sergio Eberhardt, Jorge Robertson and
their respective dates, June Kreager, Betty
Cole and Charlotte Dewey ... Brazilians,
Sergio Arruda and Vinicius Vargas ... one
lone Venezuelan (who longs to become
an American), Frederico Zerres and ... Well,
it seems last week’s subtle remark
about the conspicuous absence of the Ur-
guayan brought forth one Senor “Walter
Winchell” Vigil, prominent editor and
publisher of the “Cafe Herald”** gossip sheet
extraordinary, which appears monthly on
the bulletin board in the Fifth Floor Dormi-
tory. Since Senor Vigil is departing shortly
for his home land, we wonder who will
take over the arduous literary duties of this
noted “man of letters.” (Incidentally, we’ve
also been wondering why copy of said publica-
tion has not been heretofore posted for
general consumption.)

Betty Harrington, former hostess at these
Deauville doings, has just dropped in to
the office after an extended trip through
the north to visit her old pals. She’s looking
well-rested and “fit as a fiddle.”

Sunday at Deauville

Note among those basking and bathing
in the gorgeous, golden Miami sunshine
(Chamber of Commerce, please take note)
on Sunday were: Lt. and Mrs. Flint and
their adorable kiddies, Richard and Janet;
(Smiling) Lt. Leslie Miller, Marty Warren,
Bill Reinhart, Dan Willig, Henry Desjardin,
Charlie Shepherd, Willie Rivas, Ismael Vi-
gil, George Venegas, Pedro Flores, Vinicius
Vargas, Patricio Georgnahan (who has not
yet resumed attendance at the dances—but
does seem to be taking a step in the right
direction), Betty and Helene Hirsch, Anne
Elrod and Laurice Anderson.

* “Rhumba.”

** Literal English translation: rube, hay-
seed, hick, hill-billy, rustic, yokel.

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