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Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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Women of the air! Marion Bertram and "Pat" Grant of the Embry-Riddle Seaplane Base—Charlotte Kayser, Helen Webster, Nancy Graham, Helen Cavis, and Martha Brossan of the Embry-Riddle Landplane Base, Chapman Field.

Seven feminine Flight Instructors—each doing her part toward satisfying today's insatiable urge to fly—each doing her part toward building a better tomorrow, a tomorrow of unvaried wings, a tomorrow of untold speed and undreamt of efficiency, a tomorrow of peace and unfettered progress.

Henceforth women invaded a man's world when they penetrated the inner sanctums of Aviation, a fledgling profession not yet boosted out of the nest. But the tone has a different ring with the advent of our rude awakening and the resulting improvements in aircraft.

Women are no longer invaders—we know now the meaning of the word. Women are partners, adding their energy, their stability, their courage to that of our fighting men. We no longer stumble over the word "avatricia." It has achieved an undeniable permanency.

Embry-Riddle is proud of the work its women Instructors are doing. They are the best and we pay tribute to them.
Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

Since my son, John Anthony Clay, No. 1395220, joined No. 5 BFTS at Clewiston, we have received a copy of the Emory-Riddle Fly Paper. I would like to take this opportunity of thanking you most sincerely. This paper, which has arrived with greater regularity than letters, has been a link between our son and ourselves for which we have been very grateful.

We have suffered the tragedy of losing our son and apart from the Air Ministry notification we know nothing.

We are very anxious to obtain pictures, photographs, or snapshots, which would serve as a memory of him in those months spent in Florida. You will appreciate, I am sure, just how difficult it is for us to get in touch with anyone to whom he was well known. I am therefore venturing to ask your help because your paper reveals a very close touch with the Cadets and their doings.

For your help, if you are able, please accept my very real gratitude. I shall be only too happy to defray any costs in purchase or postage. I am Yours faithfully,

Percy G. Clay

Editor’s Note: We are very happy, Mr. Clay, that the Fly Paper can be of help to you. We shall do everything we can to obtain pictures of your son. May we extend to you our deepest sympathy.

Signal Corps
Camp Crowder, Mo.
February 27, 1943

Dear Editor:

I really meant to write to you sooner than this, but I have been so very busy I have hardly known whether I was coming or going. I have completed two weeks of basic training and have two more weeks left. If possible, I’d like to get at least one copy of the Fly Paper.

It surely is cold here in Missouri, but we’re kept so darned busy we don’t even feel the several winds that are blowing around here all the time.

I expect a Corporal Technician’s rating when I complete my training. Where I go from here I really don’t know.

I’m sorry I can’t spare more time just now. My best to you, Wain, and also to Vadah.

Sincerely,

Bob Lipkin

Editor’s Note: It is interesting to keep track of the progress of our former correspondents from the Radio department, and Bob is very faithful in letting us know of his moves and activities. Keep it up, Bob. We are always glad to hear from you.

Signal Corps
Camp Crowder, Mo.
February 27, 1943

Dear Editor:

When Jack Hobler back at Carlstrom said the Fly Paper reaches the far corners of the world, I never gave it a thought. But today, browsing through outdated papers and magazines, what do I find but several copies of the Fly Paper!

Several of the gang here are graduates of Carlstrom, so we eagerly scanned the pages for news of Carlstrom and Riddle doings.

Oh yes, we are the boys of 43-B, Bob Campbell’s “Flying Circus,” DeBor’s headache outfit and the navigator navigators Woodard ever put out. Many’s the day I’ve wished he were along—use your imagination as to where I was—it’s all I used and I ended up in the right field.

But we are grateful for all that the Instructors of Carlstrom pounded into our noggins.

We were graduated last month and it busted us up pretty bad; still we have lots of fond memories—from the day a certain Commandant of Cadets found an alligator in his Carlstrom swimming pool to Hobler eating that engine “with cream and sugar on it for breakfast.”

But, back to the Fly Paper, I’d like to receive it so I can read all about what’s what down Riddle way—and I’d like to hear from other pilots all over the world who can spare a moment to write.

Yours of 43-B,

Lt. Robert V. Vantrees

Editor’s Note: Your name has been placed on the mailing list, Bob. Thanks so much for the cartoon and interesting letter. How’s about letting us hear from you at shorter intervals?

February 19, 1943

Shaw Field received our Class with open arms and a stiff military attitude. We weren’t long getting on the ball. Having been fortunate in having some clear but cold weather, most of the Class is ahead on their flying schedule.

Of course, this is an Army Post and doesn’t afford us the luxurious quarters we enjoyed at Dorr. I for one miss them. The food is very good and plentiful, the calisthenics rough, and the discipline strict.

The boys have settled down very quickly and things are going very smoothly.

We are divided into Bomber Squadrons and Pursuit Squadrons, so therefore don’t see very much of our Dorr classmates. There is a certain spirit of rivalry between graduates of Dorr, Avon Park and Lake- land. Naturally we from Dorr feel a little superior. Time will tell.

This is an excerpt from a letter received by the Pro at Dorr Field from A.C. Frank W. Macomber, recently graduated from here.
Whitecaps

by "Pat" Grant and
Guest Writer, Gremlin Ike III

Forward: Midst a flourish of breezes through windsock and trees, we-all are saying hi-ya to you-all this week through the graciousness and good-will of our pen-pal Gremlin Ike, whose scratching lil Stilus will bring you an Ink Well view of the Seaplane Doings.

Editor's Note: It is with genuine regret but real pride that we bid Johnny Carruthers a fond farewell. To him from each and every single one of us comes a deluge of good wishes for the best of luck and a world of success in his new role of Private J. Carruthers of the United States Army, now stationed at Camp Blanding.

Our guest columnist this week will be that vivacious maker of much mischief, Gremlin Ike, to whom we now turn over the column. He's that odd little Gremlin who specializes in knotting finger muscles so that the victim develops writer's cramp, chews erasers off pencils and drains ink out of fountain pens. In his meager moments he runs about putting big ink blotsches in letters and then hides all the blotters.

His very intimate pals are Finsmell's whose tiny skirts shade the light so that you can't see what you are writing. Ike's favorite sport is bumping pencils when you try to draw straight lines. So on with the news.

"Man, oh man, am I having a grand old time here at the Seaplane Base! I'm just plum worn out. To date I have succeeded in hiding some 20 pencils, changed two Instructors' record sheets—oh, but I'm forgetting the news."

"Inspector Bill Hutchins was here last week to award Private licenses to R. E. Edwards and Lt. Estes. I have to hand it to them, they did a grand job despite all that we could do. We had the whole tribe out here pushing up waves and blowing as hard as we could and making air bumps but they just went through there tests awhizzin'. When all our efforts outside failed, we did our best to beat the Inspector into the office and hide the typewriter but try as we might we couldn't budge it.

"You can't imagine how awful it was to have to sit up on top of that Underwood and watch those words Private Pilot ticked off right under our very noses and not be able to do a thing about it. Steve and Pat Grant were two very happy Instructors and after due consideration, I'll offer my con-

Note attached to a bit of Fly Paper copy which was misdirected to the Seaplane Base:
I think this was meant for you—
I've read it forward, backward and with a mirror and can find no concealed message for me!

Ruth Norton

You Don't Need THAT EQUIPMENT, Miss

gratulations, too and wish them many happy hours in the air as private pilots.

"On top of these brand new licenses, I beg to report some new soloes—those two swell fellas, Junior Gile and Jerome Taudte, "went and done it." It took a lot of persuading but when I was offered a suitable bribe of six nice blotter corners (my favorite dish) I arranged some beautiful three-point landings for the boys.

"The temptation to push that foreboding row of pilings out in front of them was almost more than we could stand, but Instructor Floyd Siefiennar and Steve Grant looked so pleased that we decided to let it go until some other time.

"We went so far as to get out there and help Rosie put yellow paint all over it so that it just sticks out like a sore thumb and you just can't help seeing it. Rosie is our new mechanics helper here and a worker she is too. I simply haven't the time to see that all she does is "re-arranged," but I hope to get about it in the near future.

"I've been very busy redoing Arabelle Leonard's work lately—quite successful too. She's resigned and is now studying diligently to be a WAAFs. I've arranged a general confab of Gremlins who will be on hand to offer her their services on the final exam day.

"However, there is still Glen Hopson, the new mechanic here, to look after. He's quite a problem though—always finds us out before we're even half started on things. Why I no sooner got a nice ink blot on his engine log the other day than he had me by the ear and popped me right inside the cushion box. Course it didn't take me but a minute to get out, but things are getting tough enough for us Gremlins. We just are not able to cope with master mechanics—or with columns in the Fly Paper either; so I'll be off now on one of my many errands, and will be seein' ya."

TRANSITION

Who are the girls "taking over"?
Doing well according to facts.
Maybe your last year's dancing partner
But today they're known as the WAACS.
And who are the ones who came after
Working hand-in-hand with our braves
Maybe the debutante of yesteryear
But today we call them the WAVES.
And who are the girls who fly high
Cutting the clouds in halves
Maybe we knew them as "butterflies"
But today we are proud of our WAACS.
And who answers the call of distress
Lifting their prayers to the stars
Maybe last year they were co-eds
Today they are our gallant SPARS.

—by Minette Harrington
CHAPMAN CHATTER

by Cara Lee Cook

The spotlight points with pride to that wonderful slap-happy-go-lucky gang of boys—to be explicit, Fugate, Gardner, Helm, Mc Griff, Putnam and Price. These fellows are doing a fine job under the expert supervision of Tom Moxley and Jimmy Gilmore (this is not a commercial) and are to be commended not only for their enthusiastic progress, but for the fun they get out of doing it. Once these boys get started, nothing but physical exhaustion can stop them. Long live these hearty lads.

Speaking of inexhaustible peoples, Benny Hawkins and Ed Garvy starred in a marathon at the “stage door canteen” Saturday which practically held up production for a half day. Buddy can do things with that guitar of his that angels only dream about, and Garvey’s singing wasn’t hard to take either. There I sat spellbound while others in semi-conscious state casually tossed “C” coupons into the tin plate. Such frivolous fools. Thanks, fellows, for the swell entertainment.

Hectic Days

New additions and transfers this week should include Mary Elizabeth Benjamin, PBX Operator, who takes over where Leona Guiko left off. She’s thoroughly convinced at this point that the fellow who invented the switchboard must have been completely stark raving mad. We’re glad to state, however, that “Benny” is resting well after these two hectic days and is taking nourishment from the long end of a stick which is carefully extended through closely woven ornamental iron.

Leona has been re-status’d and is now in the Maintenance department officiating as Mr. Hadley’s private secretary. With her transfer went my last hopes of getting this column off on time.

Mr. Carlisle, Canteen Chef, has been transferred to Mess Hall No. 3, oh wow is us. We certainly miss the pies, sweet rolls, cakes and pastry he made and want him to know that should Mess Hall No. 3 fail to notice and appreciate his God-given talents, he can always hang his mix-master in our kitchen, forever more, amen.

We’re all terribly sorry to lose Mrs. Jones who not only kept us happy but healthy as well. The Canteen won’t be the same without her and come what may, we won’t forget the consolation and cooperation she gladly gave any and all. We’re also sorry to see Mr. Snow move northward to the Colonnade, but will expect to see him down

MOTHER AND SON POTENTIAL PILOTS

Mrs. Silliman Evans of Nashville, Tenn., wife of the noted publisher, is following in the footsteps of her son, Silliman, Jr., in learning to pilot a plane. Encouraged by him, she has been flying at Chapman Field.

Mrs. Evans always has wanted to fly, but her husband, publisher of the Chicago Sun and the Nashville Tennessean, was not enthusiastic. However, he has been proud of her ambition and on a trip here last month was especially interested in seeing her fly. But she became so nervous over her audience that she grounded herself.

She now has about 15 hours dual flight, and her son is anxious for her to solo, but she is in no hurry as she wants first to learn her work thoroughly. When Silliman, Jr., teases her about soloing, she asks him if he wants to tell her how he got lost on a Link Trainer flight.

The tiny brunette, just four feet eleven and weighing 86 pounds, is very close to her son. Silliman, Jr., calls her “Sis” and their relationship is more like that of a brother and sister than mother and son.

“I expect to do all my traveling by plane after the War is over,” she said. “One reason I want to become a pilot is so I can fly my husband around the country on his business trips.”

She and Silliman, Jr., go to Chapman Field every day about 9 a.m. and remain there until late in the afternoon, when their time is devoted to ground school and flight instruction.

“Aviation will be just as much a woman’s world after the War as a man’s,” Mrs. Evans believes. “Besides piloting planes, women now are concerned with all the mechanics of an airplane, something unheard of before the War. Flying is no longer a fad for women. But every woman who takes up flying today should have a definite purpose for it.”

Silliman, Jr., who celebrated his 19th birthday on January 23, is working for a commercial license. He has 100 hours now and wants to go into the air transport command.

Mrs. Evans’ hobbies are golf, fishing, and traveling. In reference to her husband’s work, she says she would not be a good newspaper woman because she is not sufficiently interested in other people’s affairs.
ENGINE NOISES
ENGINE OVERHAUL, MIAMI
by Gladys C. Goff

This week your Engine Overhaul correspondent had the pleasure of another interview with an Engine Overhauled. We would like to introduce Eleonore Swan of our Inspection department, an interesting personality and a charming lady.

Eleonore was born and raised in Rhode Island. (She was insulted when we asked her which State that was in.) After leaving high school, she worked in a bleachery mill and also in a weaving mill, where she was an inspector. She also had a position in a jewelry shop, where she learned to make jewelry of all kinds.

She worked with silver, platinum, and white, green, red and yellow gold. She did intricate filigree work also, which is one of the harde\ast kinds of jewelry to make.

She learned to operate automatic, drop, and foot presses, also buffing machines. The work background that Eleonore acquired at this time helped her to become an Inspector in our shop at Embry-Riddle.

Trouping

It was after this period in her life that Eleonore married, and she and her husband organized a comedy dancing act and went on tour of the country. Eleonore sang and did the announcing while her husband and the other members of the troupe danced and did acrobatics.

They played to audiences all over the country—everywhere, she says, but at the Palace Theater in New York, and they would have appeared there but for an accident.

During the slack summer season, Eleonore and her husband went on tour with a carnival that he owned. Eleonore took up tickets and did other odd jobs. In 1927, they went abroad and toured Europe, Africa and Asia for almost a year. They were in Spain, France, Portugal, saw Gibraltar, went to Italy, Greece and the Azores.

They crossed the Mediterranean and visited in the Madeira Islands, where practically everyone does embroidery and lace-making. Eleonore showed us some exquisite samples of the fine work they do there.

Eleonore visited in Arabia, Egypt, and Sicily. They chartered a car and crossed a part of the Arabian Desert. In Arabia they saw much handmade silver and gold jewelry, which was interesting to Eleonore since she had done that kind of work herself. Also while they were in Arabia they sampled camel’s milk, goat’s milk, sheep’s milk, and donkey’s milk.

Camel Circus

In Aleppo, Syria, Eleonore and her friends went to a circus where they saw a camel act that resembled the routines that trainers in our country teach elephants. That was news to us. We didn’t know camels were so versatile.

They traveled all around the countries where our troops are now fighting in Africa. Eleonore says she would like to go back after the War and see what changes have been made. She speaks, reads, and writes Swedish, also talks some Arabic, but admits she mixes up the Arabian tenses.

During the last few years Eleonore has led a comparatively quiet existence taking care of an invalid sister. They moved to Miami in 1921 and plan to make their permanent home here. She would like to get into business for herself after the War, even if, she says, it’s “only a peanut stand.” Here, folks, get ’em while they’re hot!

We hope you’ve enjoyed meeting Eleonore Swan. We know we enjoyed talking to her and find she’s warmly human and a fine person. If time and space permitted, we would like to tell you more about her.

Time to go now, so, as Eleonore would say in Swedish, “God dag.”

WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

Is this Gene Austin? No, that ain’t no guitar, it’s a FISH. Oh! Now we see—it’s Charlie Ebbots with his 10 pound 13 ounce bass. Charlie is our official photographer, but after Laura erstwhile Tech chauffeurette, seems to snap a mean lens herself. Incidentally, Charlie has received national recognition for his recent catch.

The way we’ve been laying eggs lately you’d think we were a couple of B-17s

Doing their part in the War Effort

Girls Study Radio and Navigation

Wing Flutter

AIRCRAFT OVERHAUL, MIAMI
by Catherine W. Kerr

Down here at Aircraft Overhaul, where we have just been completely reorganized from fabric to sheet metal work, we have also had personnel changes. In our last issue we told you about our Superintendent, Peter Prince; this week we must tell you about our Chief Inspector, Jack L. Steward.

Jack hails from Boise, Idaho. His chief interest is aircraft. Regardless of the fact that he has had about 17 years of experience, Jack still loves to study, and almost any time you can see him pawing through and aircraft manual of some sort.

Besides all this, both he and his Missus enjoy the great outdoor life—hunting wild game and animals. Some they have actually tracked down are black bear and deer. They brought a quarter of venison to Miami with them and Mr. Steward said, “Yum yummie, was it good!” In other words, not only is he an excellent aircraft Inspector but also a fine hunting inspector as well.

What was the trouble with Vannah when she stepped on her own foot? We miss seeing Carrol blush now that she has moved to Divisional Accounting.

Sorry to hear that Slippery Sam may have to accept the offer of a permanent position out of town for the duration. Sam was very quiet but his presence will surely be missed if he does leave.

What happened to Fred’s female helper? You will have to ask Fred that. The Frank Barba’s are celebrating their first wedding anniversary on Friday, March 12th.

Visitors: Jan Klint, Superintendent of Aircraft Overhaul, Arcadia, paid us a visit this week, and Mrs. Robinson of Arcadia visited at Aircraft on Saturday last. We enjoyed having our Arcadia guests very much.

Glad to hear that Peter Prince’s son is recuperating from pneumonia. Understand he is up and about the house again. Until next week, so long and Keep ’em Flying.

Obviously pleased with their work in the Radio department are Jessico Wilkerson, left, Tarheel from Raleigh, N. C., and Mary Harrell, Miami, whose husband is a Motor Machinist, 2nd Class, in the Navy.
DORR DOINGS

by Jack Whitnall

AMERICANISM is an unflagging Love of Country; Loyalty to its Institutions and Ideals; Eagerness to Defend it against all enemies Undivided Allegiance to the Flag; and a desire to secure the blessings of LIBERTY TO OURSELVES and POSTERITY.

At last it has rained—and how we needed it, in fact the grass looks greener already and Alton English is going around rubbing his hands together; in fact we did hear that he was seen by one of the Guards sitting in the ditch creaking like a bullfrog—well could be.

Tom Davis of the Auxiliary Field seen in the local hospital visiting Roscoe Brinton. Well that's all right to visit the sick, but T.V.D. was heard whispering to Mr. B. "Move over." Could it be that good looking brunette nurse?

The slender young gentleman in the Mess Hall stock room is none other than "Buttercup" No. 2, or in other words Gerald Taylor's brother. Welcome, "Skinner."

Horace Fipps, veteran member of Dorr Field guard detail, in the local Hospital with appendicitis—fifteen months and not a day sick or lost is a pretty good record. We will be glad to see him back on the job shortly.

Airplane Maintenance

Mildred Proctor back from Alabama—Montgomery too—Wearing a diamond ring too, and it ain't no heirloom either.

We wonder at the significance of Sgt. Fewell's ring on the right finger of the left hand of a certain form room gal?

Much has been guessed about Margaret Tracey's secret—is it—could it be—well what?

Arleen: "I can't read this."

Laura: "What does it say?"

Arleen: "????

The Short Scooter's Log

Eugenia Welles leaving for Montgomery, Ala. Tuesday—to be with husband A/C Welles who is in training there.

Ruth Campbell and Wayne Martin married Sunday, February 28, at 7:00 p.m.—Annie Laurie Clark, matron of honor—Don Herrera, best man.


The Army Side

Lts. Jennings and McLaughlin are the two Physical Training Instructors that keep the boys in shape—and we mean in the Pincus of condition too. One Cadet was heard to remark, "Don't Harris me—if I miss Calisthenics Lt. Jennings will give me Moore tours than 1 Kahn walk off in six open posts—in fact I can't keep Talty of them all.

Anyway, both PT's are Principe of fellows—especially Lt. Jennings, who when he Dons that cute Little pair of shorts—and

is heard to holler to some Cadet, "I don't give Adamson if your Austin did break down coming back from open post—you should have been able to Reed the rules"—they say after Taps that all Cadets are supposed to be asleep—and here you were singing "I'm only a Boyd in a gilded cage."

To be Frank with you, we'll Gailey run around the Field four times for a Stauter—I'll Guidry you, that way Fewell of you will get lost, O.K. forward—Marshak double time, and when we get back you'll all feel as if you had a Webster dictionary in the seat of your pants.

Promotions this past week—Pvt. Bond to Pfc. and Pfc. Thompson to Corporal.

What's this about Corp. Martin and the Ke Ke birds?

Absenceism

"Absenceism is an unflagging love of ego; loyalty to its wishes and wants—eagerness to defend it from all needs of one's Country; Undivided Allegiance to self—with a desire to secure the blessings of liberty at the expense of others."

DANCE AT DORR

A gala buffet dinner dance is to be held in the Mess Hall from 8 p.m. to midnight, Saturday, March 13th, for the combined enjoyment of all civilian and military personnel (excluding Cadets) in any way connected with this installation.

Genial Assistant Manager Doug Hocker will act as host and master of ceremonies for Dorr Field's greatest social effort. Music will be furnished by Chi Desiderio's orchestra and transportation by the Glades Motor Lines. (Thank you, Mr. Crawford!)

All doghouse assignments will be cancelled for the evening! Dress is optional, with moral consideration the only restriction.

MORE DORR

by Lt. Clair E. McLaughlin, Jr.

Director of Physical Training

Three events in the competition for the Athletic Award Cup were won by Dorr Field on Saturday, February 27th. Softball, touch football and volleyball were the events taken by Dorr, while Carlstrom's two best events were basketball and Tennis.

A. C. E. Harrison, University of Florida and Mercer University football star, led the Dorr touch football team to a 26 to 7 victory over Carlstrom. A. C. Harrison, a former All-State halfback, was very ably assisted by A. C.'s Ostrander and J. J. Harris, a former Southern California track star.

The Carlstrom team showed flashes of brilliant playing, but Dorr's pass defense was too alert, particularly at crucial moments. The sportsmanship and interchange of praise for well executed plays showed a commendable desire to play and win according to the Aviation Cadets' lofty standards.

The softball game, which could have been either team's victory, was not as hotly contested as usual. A. C. LaMadda of Dorr, to satisfy his wife who came to cheer him, hit a home run that put Dorr in the lead. Carlstrom's pitching was far the better; yet A. C. Morgan of Dorr twisted the ball effectively to allow no hits in the last two innings. The final score was 5-3.

The surprise came in volley ball when A. C. Young of Dorr mustered a victorious team, in spite of very little pre-game practice. Carlstrom's spikers were not well distributed, and the Dorr offense, merely a return to type, was sufficient to win.

Carlstrom's basketball men were victors in what became a test of brain as well as skill. The cement courts are hard on fast break plays. The cut-in under the baskets has to be a bit slower to prevent injury, consequently a low score was the result.

Both teams showed the expertise of their individual players. The game was rough, featured hotly contested ball handling, and showed lack of time for practice in team work. The score: Carlstrom 30—Dorr 25.

Tennis went also to Carlstrom's team. A. C. McDonald, the only really outstanding famous Dorr player, was not able to compete. The Carlstrom competition was too tough for our court men.

CHOW NOTE

by Sgt. Walter Stewart

Army Flying School, Greenville, Miss. (Courtesy of 'Yankee"

At the mess hall over a tough beef stew
A friend of mine said, "Pat, I'm through,
It's time to switch to the enemy"
When the Infantry swallows the Cavalry."
ATHLETICALLY SPEAKING

by Lloyd Budge

Last Friday evening the Embry-Riddle Badminton devotees got together at the Dade County Armory for their first games of the season. A group numbering around 25 gave indication that the sport will prove popular among our associates.

Maxine Bane, whose left hand smashers and drop shots caused many a groan and grunt on the part of her opponents, stole the show. She paired with Harry Leroy of the Instructors School, and they went through the better part of the evening undefeated.

Jim Blakeley, Tech School Director, and his wife and mother-in-law took in the games also. Jim showed fine promise and very well formed strokes. Although he has been away from the game for several years, he was playing clever badminton at the end of a couple of games and paired with Lloyd Budge to defeat twice Miss Bane and Mr. Leroy.

Syd Burrows and his wife lead a contingent from the Gables, with Lt. and Mrs. Williams, Lt. Meyer, and Cpl. and Mrs. Weld taking part from that section. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mata of Aircraft, Mr. and Mrs. Walt Barrie of Engine Overhaul, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Boddy of Welding, Lt. Moch of the Tech School P.P., Charlie Shepherd and Connie Young all took part.

This gathering will be repeated every Friday evening, and we hope to build up to participating in an Embry-Riddle Badminton Tournament in six or seven weeks. This is open to our personnel and members of their families and friends. As the rackets, birds and courts are all being furnished to the participants, we hope to see more of our fellow workers on these future Badminton nights.

The Military Trainees Basketball Team advanced to the finals of the Industrial League playoffs by taking the measure of Merrill-Stevens 32 to 24. Vernon Kesel, former University of Cincinnati star, was high point man for Embry-Riddle with 11 markers; Jim Prine was at center with 9; and Irving Gerber, whose stalwart defensive work and field generalship were always in evidence, also helped the Embry-Riddle group a great deal.

The Inter-Mural Basketball League gets under way in earnest at the Dade County Armory this coming Monday, Classes 1-46-2E, 2-43B, 1-64-3E, 1-54-3E, 1-74-3E and teams from the Permanent Party and the Athletic Office will all take part. 1-54-3E won a close practice game from the Athletic Office by the score of 32 to 30, showing that they will have to be considered as a contender for the School championship.

WOMEN ARMY INSTRUCTORS PRAISED

by Betty Bruce

How Wain and Vadah can do this to me after I've been so nice to them I don't know! I've loaned them my Scotch tape, answered their phone, and still they make me do Tech Talk. Ah well, that's life I guess.

The sixth floor of the Tech School is weeping deep and bitter tears today at the loss of one of our favorite members. Agnita Mullen left Saturday to take care of home, bubby and her mother-in-law who has been very ill. Hurry up and get her well and come back, Agnita. However, the silver lining of the gray cloud is charming Jerry Smith who is taking over the duties of Mr. Turner's secretary. Welcome, Jerry.

Shades of a Kitty Foyle officers meeting:
Time: Sunday night. Place: My house.
Casts: Officers Elaine Devery, Jo Skinner, Jean Bryan, Wain Fletcher, Vadah Thomas, and Pat MacNamara, and Honor guests Agnita Mullen, Texas Newbold, and Connie Young. All went well until the time of parting. Dev couldn't start the car so Pat and Kathryn Bruce (assisted by one hammer) fixed the hood and started hammering here and there (not so gently). Believe it or not they finally got it started.

The real heartbreak of the evening came when upon getting the car started, they discovered they had a flat tire. The next hour was spent waiting the arrival of the garage man and with Dev eyeing the coffee pot and wistfully humming "You'd be so nice." Gads, what an evening!

Gentlemen, have you noticed the lovely new Station Wagon Driver? In case you haven't already inquired, the name is Kay Dean and she is as nice as she looks. Miss Dean replaced Naomi Moore who left for Memphis, Tenn., to be married. How does Mr. Webster rate a monopoly on beautiful girls?

Truman Gile's latest secretary has gone to the Colonnade to become a Link Instructor. T. Gile, Jr., leaves Thursday for Camp Blanding, as does George Holland on Wednesday; and speaking of George, have you seen the lovely watch he gave Rosemary as a farewell gift?

Irene Fink, the cute little elevator operator, left to join her soldier husband. Drop us a card sometime, Irene, and let us know how you're doing.

Note to the Editor: Yes, Wain. I realize I will probably be placed in the doghouse for the meager column above, but believe me, I did try.

TECH TALK

by Betty Bruce

Betty

How Wain and Vadah can do this to me after I've been so nice to them I don't know! I've loaned them my Scotch tape, answered their phone, and still they make me do Tech Talk. Ah well, that's life I guess.

The sixth floor of the Tech School is weeping deep and bitter tears today at the loss of one of our favorite members. Agnita Mullen left Saturday to take care of home, bubby and her mother-in-law who has been very ill. Hurry up and get her well and come back, Agnita. However, the silver lining of the gray cloud is charming Jerry Smith who is taking over the duties of Mr. Turner's secretary. Welcome, Jerry.

Shades of a Kitty Foyle officers meeting:
Time: Sunday night. Place: My house.
Casts: Officers Elaine Devery, Jo Skinner, Jean Bryan, Wain Fletcher, Vadah Thomas, and Pat MacNamara, and Honor guests Agnita Mullen, Texas Newbold, and Connie Young. All went well until the time of parting. Dev couldn't start the car so Pat and Kathryn Bruce (assisted by one hammer) fixed the hood and started hammering here and there (not so gently). Believe it or not they finally got it started.

The real heartbreak of the evening came when upon getting the car started, they discovered they had a flat tire. The next hour was spent waiting the arrival of the garage man and with Dev eyeing the coffee pot and wistfully humming "You'd be so nice." Gads, what an evening!

Gentlemen, have you noticed the lovely new Station Wagon Driver? In case you haven't already inquired, the name is Kay Dean and she is as nice as she looks. Miss Dean replaced Naomi Moore who left for Memphis, Tenn., to be married. How does Mr. Webster rate a monopoly on beautiful girls?

Truman Gile's latest secretary has gone to the Colonnade to become a Link Instructor. T. Gile, Jr., leaves Thursday for Camp Blanding, as does George Holland on Wednesday; and speaking of George, have you seen the lovely watch he gave Rosemary as a farewell gift?

Irene Fink, the cute little elevator operator, left to join her soldier husband. Drop us a card sometime, Irene, and let us know how you're doing.

Note to the Editor: Yes, Wain. I realize I will probably be placed in the doghouse for the meager column above, but believe me, I did try.

FIND OUT! A drawing triangle with the name V. Thomas stretched on it was found in the Cafeteria. The owner may call for it at the Fly Paper office on the sixth floor of the Tech School. P.S.—It does not belong to Vadah Thomas.
Dear Fly Paper Pals,

Time flies, news is few—but it's time for our weekly spam sheet to show; so here goes from good old Embry-Riddle way up in northwest Tennessee. At this writing we're all busy with a new class of Cadets, most of whom have come from New England states with limited flight experience. Along with them has come about three good cases of snow.

It was with regret that we here at Embry-Riddle Field read of the death of a former Instructor, Joseph C. (Pop) Cain. Pop was killed in a mid-air collision of two planes at Maxwell Field, it was reported here. Mr. Cain came to Union City from Riddle Field, Clewiston, and served as a Flight Instructor until last December when he voluntarily joined the Army Air Forces and went to Maxwell Field, Chicago.

His funeral was held at his home, Georgetown, Ky., and among other friends attending was Jimmy Cleveland, Flight Instructor here, whose home is also Georgetown. Mrs. Cain and their two children, Joseph Carter and Patricia Ann, are now residing at their home. To them we express our regret.

First Lt. Walter Crawford, Assistant Flight Surgeon, left for Randolph Field at San Antonio last week. While there he will attend the Randolph Field School of Aviation Medicine. Lt. Crawford has been here since last summer. He is single and his home is Tylertown, Miss.

A recent addition to the Field personnel was James H. Phillips who is to begin instructing in the Navigation department of the Ground School in the near future with the coming in of the next class of Cadets. “Jim” was formerly an Athletic Director in the Union City High School system. He is a star athlete and coach and has a well defined personality.

We're looking forward to his work at this Field. He will take over in part the duties of your Editor, who has been teaching this subject since the opening of the Field, and who will now instruct in the Engines department.

We extend our sympathy to Melvin Carlton, Chief Parachute Rigger, who is ill with pneumonia. It was only recently that we announced the fact that Melvin was leaving Union City to go to Clewiston where he was to take over the Parachute department there.

Our personality of the week is C. B. Clark, Stage Commander, known here on the Field as “Chic.” When asked where he got the nickname, “Chic” just shakes his head and says, “I don’t know—but my wife insists on my being called ‘Chic’!” Our friend was born in Hannibal, Mo., and began his flying career in Springfield, same state, in 1929.

“Chic” relates his first solo as being very accidental, especially since it came before he had had any instructions. It seems that he became interested in flying but was unable to finance the desire to fly in real powered planes, so he had to resort to joining a Glider Club, where the dues would not be so steep. It was during this membership that his first “history-making flight” was made at the end of a tow-rope.

“Chic” was being pulled across the airport several times with just enough speed to give the glider control feel but not enough speed to lift it from the earth. However, coincidentally, he became impatient in the glider, and his friend on the machine at the other end of the line became impatient at the same time and gave a little more speed at exactly the same time that our friend hauled back on the stick.

The resulting flight was brief but filled with thrills. No casualties were reported—the plane escaped with minor damages. In relating the experience, “Chic” says, “I made a horseshoe of the rudder bar.”

Shortly after this, our friend received his first instruction in his own airplane. He purchased an OX Swallow resembling the training ships being used by the Army in style and color. After ten hours of flying time, he received his private license which he held until 1937 when he traded it for a commercial, then known as transport license.

The next exciting episode of his flight career came about when he had only 50 hours in the Swallow; he obtained the nickname “Tree-trimmer” for a short while as a result of clipping a tree top with the ship and sort of piling it up.

“Chic” taught CPT 111 '-prinidiPlcl. then obtained a rating in both Primary and Secondary and was later re-rated as Primary and Secondary Examiner.

He became connected with the Embry-Riddle Company when he went to Carlstrom as a Flight Instructor in May, 1941 and was later promoted to Flight Commander. He transferred to this Field in August, 1942, as Flight Commander and now is one of two Stage Commanders, George “Flywheel” Jones being the other. “Chic” and his wife “Millie” are two swell people and we are more than glad that they are here in Union City.
Being among some of the more fortunate persons here at Riddle Field, we will be on leave for the next several days, and in our absence, Aviation Cadet Morse, Associate Editor, will conduct the Riddle Round-Up column.

Cadet Morse, who is in Course 13, has had quite a bit of newspaper experience, having done some work for the Associated Press, and we want all our other Associate Editors and contributors to give their news items to him. They may be left or sent to the Airman of the Day’s room and must be in one week before publication.

Tragic Accident

We regret to report this week the death of Primary Flight Instructor A. R. Thompson, who was killed in a flying accident on March 5, 1943. Cadet Holdroyd, Course 13, who was flying with Mr. Thompson, was injured but is recovering rapidly.

This is the first death of an Instructor at this Field, and the sympathies of the entire personnel on the Field go to Mrs. Thompson, whose home is in Clewiston.

Mr. Thompson was a quiet but very cheerful person and was well liked by his students and fellow Instructors. His ability as an Instructor was unquestioned.

Once again a real man has sacrificed his life in the War effort for our United Nations. His life shall not have been given in vain.

So Long, Jerry

Jerry Greenberger, popular Maintenance clerk and Fly Paper Associate Editor for his department, left last week for the Armed Forces. Jerry was another of the “old timers” at Riddle Field and was very efficient in his work. We wish you the best of luck, Jerry, and don’t forget to write us once in a while.

Riddle Field Winchell Reports

We wonder who that good looking new Instructor is who reminds us so much of Gene Rooney. Where did Langhorn’s sister get that Swedish serve. How did that rumor get started about “Ace” Woodward being a “Womanhater.” Kenny, you can talk plainer than that.

“Frosty” Smith isn’t as cold as she seems to be. We saw fire in her eyes. Why does “McGaffer” Cushman call his baby son “Curse, old thing.” Joe Obermeyer must have blindfolded his vivacious bundle of dynamite. Did you know Muriel once led a band?

Landing On A Dime

Get Test Pilot Place to tell you about the fields he used to fly off of back home—the trees were so thick he had to land on a dime. Pop Ellis has a good one, too—about formation flying so tight he closed the hatch on the next ship with his wing tip—pretty tight, old bean.

Which Line Girl reminds “Dim Out” Richardson of Lana Turner. Why won’t Harry Brazell take his “Greer Garson” wife fishing any more. “Precision” Lehman’s hilarious sense of humor is one for the books. Could California really be in this world. Mary Brink reminds us of something solid gold.

Ask Mr. O’Neal

If there is anything you want to know about quail ask Mr. O’Neal. Why does Hal Hardin call his Clewiston residence “Shady Rest?” Did you know that “Rumboogie” Reahard plays a tuba. Ernie Smith reminds us of a long drink of something delicious. Now for the...

IN MEMORY OF
PRIMARY FLIGHT INSTRUCTOR
A. R. THOMPSON
Killed In Action in the
Service of His Country
March 5, 1943
No. 5 BFTS, Riddle Field
Clewiston, Florida

Cadet Locke Now Wants a Ship

64-dollar question—which Jerk wrote this column in a dummy!

Editor’s Note: The above copy was mailed to us this week, and we thank the mysterious columnist for this work and would be pleased to receive some similar copy from time to time.

Thought For the Week—As is a postage stamp which lacks the glue, so are words of caution to a fool; they stick not, going in one ear and out the other, for there is nothing between to stop them.

CHAPMAN
Continued from Page 4
once in a while to add more minutes to his present logged time.

Calling Dr. Kildare

Vacation time this week turned out to be re-cuperation time for many. Martha Brosnan spent hers wrestling with the flu. Jim Pollard spent his with the measles and Dave Pearlman is trying to drown a bad cold.

And then there’s “Calamity Jane” DaBoll who proved the theory of the age-old axiom that he who plays with red hot exhaust pipe shall surely get himself burned.

Harry Bouterse made a solo flight from a motorcycle not long ago and suffered a broken arm. He’s off motors for life and sounds like excellent glider pilot material for some local draft board.

If there is anyone who is interested in buying an aromatic plug of chewing tobacco in A-1 condition for a reasonable price, please get in touch with me immediately. For a small additional price we include a stomach pump. I know Vadah Thomas thinks I’m commercializing on her gifts, but I’m sorry to state I don’t hold a rating in the above mentioned trait. Thanks anyway, Vadah, for those kind intentions.

One Jinnie Mick has arrived from the Colonnade in good condition to grace the office of Bill Grindell (Clepto for short) and is gradually becoming as de-civilized as the rest of us heathens. Good luck!
CARLSTROM

FLIGHT LINE
by Tom Watson, Jr.

And in this corner—Kid Stupidity!

All these long months of brain-racking for column material, and we've been passing up a golden opportunity for some of the neatest goldbricking in the annals of the Fly Paper's history. It's taken us all this time to realize that all we had to do was drag from our files the letter with which Editor Fletcher initiated us into the Fly Paper Inner Order, put it under the Flight Line head, and then let the column rest on its laurels for a week.

This is the letter with which Wain welcomes all greenhorn associates into her prolific family—and it brings to light in the most straightforward way possible the "anything can happen" atmosphere which envelopes the Fly Paper office.

Dear Slave: (It begins, sociably enough.)

We welcome you to the imposing staff of Associate Editors of the Fly Paper. We are happy to have you with us. SOMEBODY has to do the work.

Forgive us if we give a little advice as to the manner in which all Fly Paper correspondents must conduct their columns.

We never make unkind remarks, nor do we ever hurt anyone's feelings. We never say anything risqué or off-color—not even if it's a GOOD joke.

The Fields are beset neither by high winds nor rains nor fog nor snow; so flight time is never, never lost. We do not have wet or muddy Fields. Ground loops are a product of some distant imagination. Instructors do not play Blackjack in the Ready Rooms.

Neither Instructors nor Cadets drink anything stronger than Coke, and there is no such word as "hangover" in the English language. Cadets never sleep in class—Instructors never nap by the wind Tee.

Planes do not have eccentricities—in the air or on taking off or landing. There are no wash-outs, and there is always 100% attendance at all formations, and even Student Officers are always on time.

Of course, you get your copy in the Fly Paper office no later than Tuesday. Miss the deadline, and into the Doghouse you go. All copy must be typewritten, double spaced and on one side of the paper only. Our Linotypist will change it anyway—but WE want to be able to read what you have to say.

We have 9,500 discriminating readers, a highly specialized public, and we must always be conscious of that fact.

Don't let any of the above get you down. It's not as hard as it sounds. In fact, it's a lot of fun. Should you by any chance let something censorable slip in, don't worry, Vadah may frame it and hang it over her desk—but the old Indigo Equalizer, better known as the blue pencil, will keep it from getting into print.

Sincerely yours,
Wain R. Fletcher, Editor
Embry-Riddle "Fly Paper"

Another outdoor pastime has made its appearance among the ranks of Carlstrom Instructors, which promises to supplement the patriotic art of Victory gardening. The new recreation is chicken raising, and it appears to have its responsibilities.

According to Marshall "Andy" Anderson, eminent humorist and barnyard philosopher, the responsibilities of raising chickens are little Biddle ones.

Two chances for blackmail have been called to the attention of this column during the last week—and, true to form, it loses no time in taking utmost advantage of same.

First of all, there's the report from Bob Bullock which links the name of a certain

Jack Whitnall, Press Representative for Arcadia's "other" airport. Jack was seen doing a bit of fast talking to the new State Trooper, and according to Bob Bullock, it didn't appear to be a social visit.

Secondly, there is the case of the sudden yen for exercise exhibited recently by the enlisted personnel from Carlstrom's hospital. Lt. Mann has not come forward with any explanation for the appearance of his stalwart assistants on the bull ring, but vicious rumor has it that their gambling blood was a point in consideration.

ARCADIA
by Robert Hillyer

Arcadia means the Land of Bears, Not of the shepherds and their sheep; Thus Time, the soft romancer, wears Our waking strength to dreaming sleep.

Gilding the fangs of beasts and rocks With twilight hazes into grace,
The shepherd's pipe? The rambling flocks? I hear the black bear's padded pace.

1. too, have in Arcadia dwelt,
Glossing the name as poets would;
Yet stands, while pastoral dainties melt,
The Bear, where he has always stood.

(Courtesy of "Reader's Digest")
Ordinarily, covers are used on the tops of tables, but the other day I noticed that the girls in Timekeeping have theirs on the sides. Ask the fellows in the 41 Room why! Confidentially, we would like to know where Mr. Enrick got those connecting attachments on the red "jeep" pulling the airplanes.

Charles McRae of our department has a service flag in his window with two stars — his sons, known to all here as "Pinkey" and "Billy," Pinkey is now a lieutenant and taught at OCS school in Miami Beach before his transfer to Maxwell Field. Billy, a Cadet in the Air Corps, is also stationed at Maxwell Field and is betting his many friends that he will reach Carlstrom for his primary training.

No Stone Unturned

We are proud of Charles. While his sons serve our country, he leaves no stone unturned in doing his bit for defense.

We hear Dave Pearce has gone in for farming. How are the potatoes and carrots coming along, Dave? It’s rumored that since he moved to the country he has been trying to buy a horse, although some say he’s looking for a car. Which is it? Two plus two—or do you want the horse to pull the car?

Marjorie Combs has been transferred to the Inspection department, "Joan L. Sullivan" and "Pansy Yokum" are the two guys from "Skunk Hollow" who are doing a swell job of rigging. Like to know their real names? Later perhaps.

We wish Mattie Dodds a speedy recovery and hope she will soon be back with us. Double trouble seems to haunt Lois C. who is spending her vacation in Miami. We hear she has measles—what luck!

Pet Expressions

The spoken word creates laughter. Here are some of the sayings in Hangar No. 1: "Don’t mind if I do"—Shugars; "How’s the young lady?"—Don; "Hello Dear-ee"—Ernie; "How you doin’?"—Joe.

We wish to extend our heartiest wishes to Jim Suits who has been with us since the start of Overhaul and is now leaving to accept a position near his home in Syracuse, N. Y. A quiet sort of a guy with a fine sense of humor, he will be missed by all who knew him. The many friends Jim has made at Carlstrom will remember him for his good work, friendly manner, and kindness in helping those around him. We are sure Jim will continue to uphold his high ideals concerning his work in aviation. Good luck, Jim. Keep 'em Flying.

This week we see the Fabric department overflowing with components ready for doping. "Get on the ball," Lee Hill. Get your dopes to tossing the brushes.

Cassie Mae and Mollie F, so eager to sand—Myrtle Huff and Mary Self trying to beat the record on fuselage covering—"Pop" Fitzpatrick busy making spars and all those intricate parts of the wings. Anna Baum, Alice Clark, and Evaline Westberry doing a fine job at the sewing machines.

The way Al Williams walks around smiling so happily you would think he knows a lovely secret. Let us in on the secret that can make you so happy, Al.

Lt. Schuber is a very fine person. He always gives us parts and supplies when we need them. What’s that, Lieutenant? You want curtains for your windows, the concrete floor in your office smoothed, more lights, filing cabinets, shelves, and another typist? Hey, hey, Lieutenant, let’s not get visa-versa.

We are wondering what the attraction is in Clewiston. Is it the Field—or the town—or or—I suppose I’d better stop the chatter for this week—or I may be sorry!

WIG-WAG

(Courtesy of "The Chaser")

Lake Field, Ariz.: "If you wish to receive me, shake your wings," the signal tower radioed a pilot in a recent training flight. The pilot responded promptly: "If you are receiving me, shake the tower."

"That Cotter Key"

(Courtesy of the "Spartan News")

I'm on my feet, and then my head, The air turns blue, my face turns red; I reach in vain toward that hole With a cotter key to reach my goal My pliers slip; I drop that key, I reach for it—Oh, woe is me! My feet slip off the box I'm on— I see the star that heralds dawn, As I give my head a quick massage Against the side of the fuselage, Some three hours later, with knives and wires, Screwdrivers, hammers, dikes and pliers, And various kinds of odd contortions, Success at last crowns my cavortions; As if the drafted thing were greased, That cotter key goes in with ease. I'd almost swear the little jerk Looked out at me and actually smirked! Where does that cotter key belong? In the bolt that holds the tail fin on!"
MATERIEL CONTROL
MIAMI DIVISION
by Joan Lowry

It seems that I can’t get anyone to tackle this just once, so I guess you’ll have to hear with me. For the past week or so we have been having our hands full, but I am like the old lady in the shoe. She had so many children she didn’t know what to do.

Well, I have three girls that I call my children, but I do know what to do. And I am going to give you a little glimpse of just how swell they really are.

I have found that these three girls have a wonderful sense of humor. You will never come into our office and find any one of them without a friendly hello and a smile. They help each other and I must say that there is never a dull moment while they are around.

I guess you would like to be introduced to my girls. Step right up, Betty NitaChe, and take a bow. Yes, Betty is a small brunette with a pair of brown eyes that always have mischief in them. Betty’s husband is leaving this week to go far away and won’t be back for a year, but do you see a down-hearted look? No, not Betty, for that isn’t in her make-up.

My second child is Mary Nelt. Yes, she too is a small blonde with a pair of eyes that will make most of us gasp. She is what you might term “mother’s helper” for she is always willing to help.

Last but definitely not least, we have Jeanie Deringer with the light brown hair. I guess she is the baby of my little family.

Since I am talking about the girls in the Materiel Control, I can’t leave out three others as they too go to make up our family. Now Janet Perry, as we all must know, is the one that always makes up our Baer Catalogue. This past week we have been calling her the Rivet Girl, for she has revised the rivet sections and I must say she has had every one of us rivet-minded.

Mary Gamble is a very busy girl doing some new work that has been placed upon her. She is our mystery girl. Jeanette Wilson has been busy typing us some long reports, but every morning when it’s time for the mailman to come, you couldn’t keep her still if you tried to. He never fails to

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VICTORY BOOKS
If Dean of Admissions Peter Ordway can contribute 42 books and if Howard Estes of Military Aircraft can contribute 24 toward furthering our Victory Book campaign, you can part with just one of your favorites!

Others who have done their part since our last tabulation are Willard R. Burton of the Instructors School and U. J. Hias of the Cafeteria.

These people know what their books will mean to our boys in khaki. If you will stop to think, you too will send a book to the Library at the Tech School.

Paula Garzon de Lopez
Coabamba, 721
Se piso die, 6
Buenos Aires, Argentina

SEC. 542, P. L. & R.