Fly Paper Celebrates Second Birthday;
Riddle Field Has First Anniversary

Do You Remember?

Excerpts from the first Embry-Riddle "Fly Paper," originated by "Bud" Belland, who is now a Lieutenant (j.g.) in the U.S. Navy

EDITOR'S NOTE: The FLY PAPER is to be a weekly news bulletin by, for, and about Embry-Riddle Company, its flying students and employees. The editorial staff acknowledges certain deficiencies in this, the first edition of the FLY PAPER, and solicits your cooperation in making future editions bigger and better; news items and gossip of general interest and fittin' humorous incidents can be handed in to the front office. The FLY PAPER will be a great institution around here if we all "stick to it."

NOTICE EVERYBODY—Your last chance to get a free cigar until the next political campaign—Don Bearslee is the VERY, VERY proud father of a baby girl, Barbara Ann, 7 pounds, 8 ounces. Congratulations, Don. that's fine, but how long before she gets her first flying lesson?

We gladly credit Frank Dew with the story of how the CAA, investigating a low flying Piper Cub last week discovered it was only a New Jersey mosquito "off the beam." Which reminds us, Charlie Martin, of the Seaplane Base, ferried in a new Cub trainer Sunday, from Lock Haven, Penn. That'll make Embry-Riddle training ship No. 17.

Boss Riddle, with an ever alert eye for winter business stuns us with this jingle the other day: "There are no fleas or flies on he who flies to Florida to fly"—And then gives all the credit to Charles Planck of Washington, D.C.

"Get on the Beam
Stay in the middle,
Learn to fly
With Embry-Riddle."

—Bob Johnston

News and Views of Riddle Field

By Jack Hopkins

The little birthday "extra" which is included in this week's issue on pages 6, 7, and 8 was made possible through the cooperation of a number of the Department Heads on the Field, the fine work of Derrick Button, his camera, and Mesdames Purdon, Reese and Brown in the Administration Building. Our thanks to all who helped.

Within the next few weeks, we hope to present another new feature to this column, and we are also watching for some special copy which our Maintenance Associate Editor, Jerry Greenberger, has promised. Cadet Chatter

The third Track and Field Meet is now history, and we will have the complete results for you next week.

Shock of the week was the discovery of Chief Ward of Yellow Flight paying tennis with Flight Sergeant Miller.

Red Flight's journalistic-minded individuals have been hard at work on their Flight's "Listening Out." Johnny Sutton, Charlie Woodham, Johnny Day, Paddy Brooks, Alex Chamberlain, Kenneth Milner and Company have been burning the night oil in getting their copy ready for publication. And, in addition, they and the rest of the Flight have been swotting for those ever-nearer Wings Exams.

In our avid search for news, we ran across an interesting chain of coincidences

Continued on Page 9
Letters to the Editor

Willow Run Bomber Plant
3000 Schaefer Road
Dearborn, Michigan
October 12, 1942

Mr. Sebie Smith
Embry-Riddle School of Aviation
Miami, Florida

Dear Sir:

Some time ago I wrote you about my position here in the Ford Bomber plant. At that time we were moving into our new school building, which was a long way from being complete.

I had to arrange for my equipment and write up a great deal of material for the Army Air Force.

Mr. Smith, will you tell Westerfelt, Frue, and Miller that I often think of them and would like to be down there taking the course all over again.

Wishing you the best of luck, I remain,
Yours very truly,
Andrew B. Blassey
Chief Instrument Instructor

Chicago, Illinois
October 17, 1942

Dear Editor,

Although I find many things of interest to me in your Fly Paper, I really don’t know exactly “what the score is.”

Why is it that you never include a description of your school, the courses, and the training at your fields?

Surely such an article would make the content of the Fly Paper clearer to those of us who are not “on the spot.”

Hopefully,
Mary Jo Bellock

Miami, Florida
October 18, 1942

Dear Editor,

I have noticed in your Fly Paper, from time to time, lists of the new books which have been added to your technical library.

Some of them interest me very much, and I should like to know whether it would be possible for me to use the library occasionally.

Sincerely,
Jack Morris

Editor’s note: Sorry, but the Tech school library is available only to Embry-Riddle students and personnel.

Indianapolis, Indiana
October 18, 1942

Dear Editor,

I have been receiving your Fly Paper regularly, and I feel that I know personally most of the people mentioned in it.

Should I ever have an opportunity to get down to Miami, I do hope you will permit me to visit your school. It must be a very interesting organization.

I want to tell you how much I enjoy the light, airy style of your somewhat new column, Deauville Ditties. Miss, or is it Mrs. ?, Valliere does a nice job.

Hoping to see you and the Tech school, I am,
Sincerely,
Janet Bothwell

Arcadia, Fla.
October 19, 1942

Dear Editor,

How’s about including more news and pictures from Dorr Field in the “Fly Paper?”

All the other Fields seem more extensively represented than ours, and we feel entitled to “pout” a bit.

If it’s impossible for you to get our correspondents to write more, how’s about giving greater prominence to what they do send in?

Anonymous.

October 2, 1942

Dear Editor:

I don’t imagine you know me, but I am an old Riddleite. I worked at Carlstrom Field for about a year as everything from crew chief to mechanic.

I am an Aviation Cadet now out in the new “West Point of the Air.”

I wish you would please send me a copy of the FLY PAPER every week. I would like to try to keep up with the old gang.

Respectfully,
A/C HENRY AVANT
San Antonio Aviation Cadet Center
Group IX, Sq. 1, Flt. A
Preflight School
San Antonio, Texas

P.S. One of the questions on our classification test was to pick out one school out of a given five that was not a flight training school. It had four leading Flight Schools in the U. S., and none other than old Embry-Riddle Co. was leading the list.
DORR DOINGS
by Jack Whitnall

The first meeting of the Dorr Field Safety Committee was held October 13th in the Mess Hall Lounge, with Mr. Hocker presiding.

Several items of importance were discussed, chiefly that of "PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1." fire. It was decided that Mr. Cullers should be in charge of all fires on the flight line and south of the Circle, Mr. Morrison in charge of all fires in the barrack area, Mr. Hollingsworth and myself to give lectures once each week for five or six weeks in the use of all fire fighting equipment on the Field. These classes will start as soon as possible.

It was called to every one's attention that ALL fires are sabotage until proven otherwise. No matter where you light your cigarette, BREAK the match in half before discarding it, if it is still alight when you go to break it, your fingers will be scorched. When you are through with your cigarette STEP on it. Be sure it's out.

This time of the year the woods are particularly dry, a carelessly thrown match or cigarette may easily start a dangerous woods fire.

"A Fur Piece"

Man of the week is Sgt. Brunner of Army Administration, who rides a bicycle to and from work each day—a distance of

24 miles or a little better. (Taylor, take notice of the Sergeant's sylph-like figures.)

The new blond addition to AAF headquarters is Virginia Smith. She hails from Arcadia and SHE'S SINGLE.

The Dorr Field bus has turned into a knitting shop. Miss Parker, Miss Dekle and three or four others, busy knitting—they even ask the driver to help them wind their yarn.

The little black and white fox terrier, named "Pouchie," seems to have adopted the two Sergeants in the Link building this week. We notice, however, that he knows where the Mess Hall is and at what time the Cadets eat.

"Christmas Gift Suggestions"

Mr. Hocker—"10 cents worth of matches." Hazel—"A folder of scenic cards." Kathryn Sandusky—"That certain man." Nicodemus—"Another kitten." Gerald Taylor—"A horse he can ride."

(We understand Mr. Cullers gave him his last week.)

Freddie Lewis—"What yer got?"—"A wee loan preferred."

All the Cadets—"Open Post."

Mickey Wilson—"Someone to play tennis with."

CADET NEWS
by A/C Frank E. Loftus and A/C George W. Reese, Jr.

Last Wednesday night Arcadia's "flow- ers" were guests at a dance for the kavets in the Canteen. It was the first on the Field for the new upper Class and they appreciated it all the way.

Irving Dome and John "Sartorial Elegance" Mahan are strutting about claiming the crumbbage "Champnesship" of the Post. For matches, see Barracks 3, Room 1.

Flight 4 sent out a challenge last week to Flight 3's athletic prowess and offered to battle it out in any medium from basketball to tiddly-winks. The former's basketball team is led by the stellar forward from Springfield, Mass.—none other than "Ace" Langworthy.

Lieutenant Visits Alma Mater

Second Lieut. Robert D. Rhoad, a graduate of this Field last May, dropped in here a few days ago to pay respects to his Alma Mater.

While at Dorr, he and four other Cadets were under the efficient aerial tutelage of Frank Gordon Johnson. These same students became close friends and completed Basic and Advanced training together.

They are, in addition to Rhoad, William Erickson, Eugene Payne, Robert Showalter, and George Seaman. The former and latter are now attending transitional school at Rutgers, N.J.

The Ground School Instructors—"The return of our typewriter."

Dodd Rude—"The bus to wait five more minutes for him."

Mr. Cullers—"The return of his morning paper each day."

All the Guards—"A pair of red flannels each."

Carlstrom Field—"That they could have as good a Field at Dorr."

Yours Truly—"Fifty-two inspirations for the coming year for the 'Fly Paper.'"

Both Fields—"A little rain—but not too much."

Two Left Feet

Another successful Cadet dance last Friday night. A whole bus load of beautiful ladies arrived at 8 p.m. . . . the same bus that the Guards come to work on? We overheard Mr. Petrey say, "I sure do like to ride the bus, especially Dance nights."

Looks as if WE will have to change OUR schedule, maybe we're missing something? We can't dance—our feet ain't mates.

Huh! George Mackie and Jake Newsome raffling off a turkey, better put somebody to watch all three of them, especially the turkey! John Rigsby we know is very fond of turkey and watermelon!

Those hand-knitted socks of Tom Morrison's minus heels—Hazel very much impressed.

To'ably Yours,
JACK
TECH TALK
by Catherine Dick

Milton Roberts, reporting:

Plen-"T" has happened lately. The whole stockroom has been re-arranged since the warehouse went downtown. We welcome R. E. Gibson from Chapman Field. Dave Kilpatrick will be for a short time the active member of the wandering inventory crew. He'll be back! Chas. Shephard the "Quiz Kid" has caught us on everything except the one about the hen and egg—and he doesn't know the answer to that himself—goody!

Me, I don't know many of the Tech gang on accounta because I was at Riddle Field for awhile. So, since the man and mountain can't get together, shag on down, folks and people, stick out your hand and yell "How's Tricks" and let's get acquainted. This was written shortly after 3 AM when the heir apparent yelled his way into this world. Of course I'm proud.

Sheet Metal
Lorraine Bosley, reporting:

Since I'm new in this organization, I don't know very much about many people. However I was elected to drum up some tid-bits—so—

I was extremely interested to note that Warren Wilson, Civilian student, is a typist and writer as well as a Sheet Metal Worker. He has written poetry, short stories, essays and more.

Loretta Hinson looks a little forlorn—Charles Hinkle is no longer a Sheet Metal student. Oh, woe!

David Beatty is still receiving belated wedding gifts—pewter ashrays, and even a lovely wooden box filled with miscellaneous office supplies. Mmm. Nice going!

Rosemary "Watch-your-step" Yannis is quite cute in black. And, say, have you noticed the perky hair-bows of our lady in the 4th floor tool crib?

I tried to get Ira Johnson to tell me if anything strange or amusing had happened.

All I got was, "Nope, no monkey wrenches this week, just rivit guns and center punch-es!" I don't get it, do you?

Mmm! Just heard that Dr. Carson's nickname is "Curly"—unique! Mrs. Hendrickson, tool crib, had a good laugh when a young man asked her for a Flat Mill Smile!

Was happy to note that B. Z. Hart has sold his car and now has a bicycle. "Harty" adherences to strict gas rationing will win the war for US.

Warehouse
by Bill Davies

After a month or so of fairly tough sledding and plenty of hard work (just ask Mr. Simpson), the newest addition to the "Embry-Riddle Family" is beginning to shape up even better than expected. I am referring, of course, to the "Warehouse," covering about four-fifths of the first floor of the Flash Storage building.

Our Warehouse personnel includes: Joe Simpson (of Professional hockey fame), as the Head of this department; Frank (350 lb.) Wichman, Receiving Clerk; Yours Truly as his Assistant, and general Flunkey; Miss (?) Lucille Winchester, Card Clerk; Lou Pollack (the ex-Navy man and Patriot whose entire salary comes in the form of U. S. War Bonds); Dick Hubbard; Mr. Bowman (formally of Municipal and Chapman); Mr. Meyers, a newcomer; and our efficient colored helper, Clifford Comer.

The Warehouse is run on a 24-hour schedule and we would like to extend a hearty invitation to all who are interested, to come over and give us the old "once over."

Your Warehouse Correspondent hasn't any dirt to dish out at this sitting, but will endeavor to keep you informed in the future.

"Watch us grow in size and efficiency."

Mimeograph

Sage Thompson states "A kind word, a pleasant smile, starts the day off right in any man's language. Costs nothing—means lots." Herbie wants to be Admiral of the Outboard Motor Fleet. He sure is practicing lots—up at Uncle Fletcher's, known as Hobb's Island in Dumbfound Bay.

What girl in the Mimeo insists on sticking her finger in machines and things at least every day. I ain't kidding either. Helen Lynch, Army Officer's wife, is our proud new addition. Such hair, such eyes, such—such—oh, well.

What simply amazes us is the energy with which Ptns. DuPont, Flagg, and La-Rochelle attacked their duties for a week in Mimeo. We are the luckiest people.

Me—I ain't talking.

Does anyone know why "Irish" has suddenly changed her mind about eating in the cafeteria? All of a sudden she changed over to the "Canteen." Could it be possible that she has met a cute little boy and enjoys eating with him in the canteen? If she knows who I am talking about, will she please let me know the real reason? If she is not "taken" I would enjoy having lunch with her myself. I am tall, have black hair, (which I must say is rather long) and I have big dark brown eyes.

Signed, guess who.

P. S. Let me know, Irish, will you? I work up in the Mimeo Dept.

Engine Overhaul


Things not so cupidesic: Harold Kercheval will be with us soon again, Eva Morris, a favorite Cadet, enters Victoria for a major op. We're all rooting for you Eva. Allene Johnson put on a little speed and caught cold. Such a waste of motion. See you soon Allene.

Engine Overhaul can boast
Luscious cookies by the host
Just about the tops in looks
In Ocala's Mildred Brooks
Civil Service with a smile
Mildred Brooks, the gal with style.

A musician we have too
In the girl who wears the blue
Faith Weber can sing, play flute
And write poetry to boot.

The soldiers have her on the run
Maudie Dodge is just the one
Every morn she's nearly late
Stayed by khaki at the gate.

Radio Victorygrams

Ralph Spring will have to cut himself in half and put both halves to work if he takes on any more projects in the radio laboratory.

Lee Terry was a "frozen commodity" the other day and Mr. Terry's ingenuity effected an escape—no harm done.

R.C.A. has nothing on Embry-Riddle—the advanced class is building three demonstration boards of which they are justly proud.

Continued on Page 13
GABLES-TECH TRAINEE NEWS

Class 2-43-E
by Pvt. T. W. Martin

Class 2-43-E is on the last lap of its 15-weeks course—one week more and the Army will have more mechanics, we hope. The boys are already eating sparingly at meal time in anticipation of the banquet to come.

It will seem odd—not worrying about an 85% average; no more ten minute dashes from Coral Gables, reaching the school at 11:00 p.m. on the dot; no more heated contests after drill to see who can shower, shave, and be the first one in the Canteen.

We’re going to miss the Canteen, incidentally, the ice cream was good, and so was the service, if you were persistent.

Pvt. Ciampo and Gilliland are now proudly sporting shoes that squeak for themselves.

Why can’t Pts. Mercier, Ciampo, and Sperry turn on the same radio program at one time. Hill-billy music, news, recordings never did sound well together.

Pvt. Matson, A.C.L., was a year older, wiser, and sadder last Monday. Many happy returns, Matt; and next year, save some cake for me.

Pvt. Malone and Gornley still remain undefeated in checkers; but Martin and Di Russo are perfecting a new system of playing that weeks havoc on their opponents. Ask victims Early and Habib about it.

You’re reasonably sure of passing that weekly exam if you review Friday night with Pts. Adams, Gazarian and Finna. Those boys take all the notes the Instructor has to put forth, and then think up some more.

One of the Class will sell his watch to the highest bidder—it keeps fair time if wound two or three times a day.

PRIVATE “PEEP-HOLE”

After a two-week absence from the Tech News Column due to a change in reporters, Class 5-43-A is once again proud to present news about the best squad on the Post.

We are all anxious to know why the “Livingstone-Diggins” ball game rivalry has ceased to function. We have it on good authority that Livingston’s team is tired of being beaten every Sunday and would rather sleep and dream about winning.

Anonymous has sent in a poem about one of our “heroic” classmates; but due to the squishfish men, who might read this column we are not permitted to print it. If Private H. H. “Lovesick” has read it, he knows it is all in fun.

To all you men who have played soccer and softball before, we say “Get out and qualify for those big games over at Clewis- ton on Sunday.” We want a good representation from Class 5-43-A. We’re rootin’ for ya!

In closing we say, stay on the beam, bring those averages up, and make our Class the highest to graduate from Embry- Riddle! We’re proud of the increase in the high works; let’s start climbing!

Class 5-43-A

Wing Chatter
by Catherine W. Kerr

Boss McShane’s Aircraft Overhaul Division has grown so rapidly that he has found it necessary to make every second count in order to keep ’em Flying. Mac always does constructive things and has now gone ultra-modern and hired a Roller-Skating Messenger.

This should cut the production time, as those on production work will have no reason to leave their respective departments. However, back to the messenger again, after she looked the situation over, she decided that it was much easier to get married than to learn to rollerskate; so, before assuming her very important duties, she got married first.

Dope News

Roy Sikes got tired of acting the part of a bachelor and decided women aren’t such bad creatures. After supervising about twenty-five of the fair sex, he went and done it again. Now Sikes is boasting of home cooked meals, darned socks, early hours, etc.

Wiggles Green found out that Dope thinner is really hot when you sit in it. Jimmie H. is on the trail again. Why?

Fishing News

Peggy Morton, better known to all as our very own WAAC, has been home ill for several days. We all wish Peggy a speedy recovery and what’s more Peggy is an excellent doper.

Jack Pepper is really doing his share supervising the Finishing dept. and buying Bonds too.

Receiving Department

This is the department where you can always find a smile as two of the happiest people you ever saw are behind that lock and key. Scotty and Clem.

At the Spaghetti eating contest on Saturday, our Inspector Causey did a fine job, he can even whistle while eating yardage. It looks especially well on his pretty tie.

Until you hear from our Guest writer next week, Keep ’em Flying.

ELECTRIC SHOCK
by Laurence Anderson

Spanish classes are held at the Coliseum every Tuesday night, enrollment being free to students and employees. Miss Mariana Prieto is the likeable Instructor.

Colonnade employees are also among those attending. It isn’t too late to start the course! Here’s your opportunity to learn conversational Spanish.

Our office boasts a picture in colored chalk of a “Two Place all metal Sail Plane,” drawn by Bernard Petroski, Instructor here. We’re proud of the gift, Sir!

Overheard before 7:00-4:00 shift of Instructors “signed in” one morning: “I was just thinkin’ if the company wants to do us right, they’ll buy us all a flashlight for Christmas.”

Coliseum Student Wins Honors

Melvin Rihanek, Class 4-43-D, was the student chosen out of the entire enrollment of Embry-Riddle Technical School of Aviation to be given the opportunity to attend an Engineering School. He will then go to an Officer Training School. That’s pickin’ ‘em right from the ranks, students, and it means everyone has a chance to make a good standing in Uncle Sam’s Army.

Melvin Rihanek is in the Electrical Department at the Coliseum and here’s a bit of his “history.” He was born in Nebraska 21 years ago. He’s been in the Army since July 8th of this year.

He was graduated from high school and spent one year working on his parents’ farm, where the chief crop is corn. He was graduated from the Minneapolis Business College and hoped to “make good” in the business world. At least, his ambitions were not too well planned at that point.

Came the War

Came this war and “Fate” decided that his service to the country would be best in the capacity of an Aircraft Electrician. Military Personnel and Instructors have recommended Melvin Rihanek for this honor and opportunity because of his high qualifications.

We feel confident that he will continue to apply himself as he did in the Electrical Course. He says, “It won’t be easy, but I’ll try my best for good grades and I hope to prove myself worthy.” All of us say, “Good Luck” and congratulations, Pvt. Rihanek.

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Since Riddle Field and Number 5 B. F. T.S. recently celebrated their first anniversary, we would like to present this story of Riddle Field, in pictures, as our contribution in celebrating a successful one year of operations at Riddle Field.

RIDDLE FIELD—on which is located the Riddle-McKay Aero College, home of Number Five British Flying Training School, Royal Air Force. These facts are announced at the entrance of the Field on this attractive sign:

Turning onto the Field, one would find himself facing the Guard House, where, if he had a pass, he would be admitted by a courteous guard. The guards who do the efficient job of checking entries in and out of the gate, and patrolling the Field at nights, are: Wm. H. Altman, John Brown, Rhett Darby, Raymond Dunklee, Thomas Dupree, Fred Hall, David Shaw, Henry Smith, Samuel Smoke, G. C. Strickland, Leon Willis, Preston Wise, Pete Coleman and R. O. Hoadeshell. This is their Guard House, located at the main gate:

Driving down the approach to the Field, you might glance to the left, and see the Skew Field, where the boys get some practice they will put to practical use in the future.

Still looking on the left, you would come to the Athletic Field, where you would see facilities for rugger, soccer, track and field events, softball, volleyball and horseshoes. Jack Hopkins is the Physical Training Supervisor for the Field.

Glancing to your right, you would next see the Sewage Disposal Plant and Filtration Plant for the Field. In charge of the Plant is Earl Summerall.

From the Flag Pole, you can turn right, left, or continue straight ahead. Should you turn right, you would come to the Mess Hall and the Band Shell and Patio.

Driving on, you would come to the Administration Building, where the Administrative Offices of the Riddle-McKay Aero College are located. It is here that G. Willis Tyson, General Manager of Riddle Field, and his assistant, James W. Durden, have their offices, along with W. L. Lawson, Chief Accountant. Acting as secretaries and bookkeepers to these various gentlemen are the following ladies: Nelva Pardun, Natalie Reese, Inez Cameron, Juanita Brown, Jane Blake, Bettie Pearl Rigsbee, June Crow (chief switchboard operator), Louise Hendry, Gloria Cochrane and Louise Roath (telephone operators).

At the Mess Hall, Chief Steward Karl Walters, his assistants Thomas Snow, Head Chef Harley Hook and Assistants Chefs Albert Berka and Luther Brown, along with the colored waiters, keep the appetites here well satisfied.

If you decide to take the left path from the Flag Pole, you would arrive at the Ground School. Here you would find the large class rooms, and the offices for the
Instructors. Cliff Bjornson is the Chief Ground School Instructor, with Hilton Robinson, Bob Fowler, Harold Cowlishaw, Ralph Thyng and H. Chiddix serving as Instructors.

On the other side of the Ground School are the R.A.F. stores and Armaments room.

Immediately behind the Ground School is the Infirmary. At this very neat, clean place, you will find the Doctor's office, waiting room, treatment room and a ward. Lieutenant Bauman is the Medical Officer for the Field, with Jeff Faircloth and Harold Kemp acting as Nursing Orderlies.

On one side of the Ground School can be found the new Link Building—air conditioned, fluorescent lighted and all. Connected to the Link Building is the Ground School Dead Reckoning room.

Joe Obermeyer is the Chief Link Instructor; Lynwood Blount, Assistant to the Chief Instructor; Miss Julia Oglesby, Dispatcher; Russell Domer and Jon Pullen, Maintenance Men; and Emmet Dugger, Bill Read, A. W. Lyndon, Jack Hopkins, John Raynor, Dud Leftwich, Walter Blake, Doug Day, Roger Weeks, Carl Ziler and Paul Badger, Instructors; and Glen Davis and Raymond Christiansen, Link Refresher.

By continuing straight from the Flag Pole, we would soon come to the Tennis Courts where Don Budge and Lloyd Budge give instructions each Wednesday afternoon.

On either side, we would see the Barracks, billets R. A. F. style, which house the boys during the training here. One of the barracks appears thusly:

Next, we come to the Canteen, where many an enjoyable evening is spent. Located in the Canteen is the barber shop, where A. E. Ball does a lot of cutting up; a reading and writing room, a lounge room, a soda fountain and luncheon shoppe, and the Physical Training Supervisor's office.

Next, we go out to the Field itself, and we will find several buildings bordering the landing and take-off space.

In the Tower is located the Timekeeping office, with E. Segers, Chief Timekeeper, and Katharine Baker, Katie Crawford, Willa Mae Jones and Mrs. E. Daughtry assisting. Also, we find the Squadron Commanders, Johnny Cockrill and Fred Hunziker, with their offices here. Engineering Officer E. J. Smith, his aides, Art Brown and Ruth Bryant, and Chief Flying Instructor Harry Lehman are located here, too. Harold Curtis and Fred Miraglia are two of Harry's Refresher students.

In the Tower we will also find the Administrative officers of No. 5, B.F.T.S., Commanding Officer T. O. Prickett, Squadron Leader George Burdick and Flight Lieutenant C. W. Nickerson, who is Adjutant, have their offices here. Other R. A. F. Administrative officials are Flight Lieutenant William Reinhardt, who acts as Navigation Officer; Sergeant Harry Platt, Military Discipline Sergeant; Sergeant Tom Pullin, Armaments Instructor; Sergeant John Henley, in charge of R.A.F. stores; and Sergeant Tom Chappell, another Armaments Instructor.

Hilton Robinson, Head of the Weather Bureau Department, has his equipment located in the Tower, with Pat Grant, Clara Cochran, Cleo Green and Molly Chiddix working in that Department.

And then, at the very top of the Tower, we find the Radio Department sending

Please Turn Page
their “gear down, etc.” to a Blue 108 or Red 211. Colby Foss is Head of the Radio Department, and James Hampton, Bill Jacobs, Milo Jones, Winifred Matney, John Crow, Bob Hlavty and Quinton Smith are working in his Department.

The hangars house a very important function at the Field—the Maintenance Department, they are the boys that really keep 'em Flying. L. M. Hutson is the Superintendent of Maintenance, and is in charge of the following personnel: George H. Meyers, Assistant to the Superintendent; Jack Schuppenhauer, Engineering Hangar Chief; Darrel Curtis, Assistant to Engineering Hangar Chief; Mark Kennon, Flight Hangar Chief; D. Boyd and W. B. Norton, Assistants to Flight Hangar Chief; Ferrill Cochran and R. J. Reese, Hangar Inspectors; A. Body, Parachute Rigger, and F. P. Bartscher and Ray O'Neal, Clerks in the Parachute Department; John Pittman, Chief Clerk, and W. H. Lee, P. B. Crews, Julia Dyess, H. L. Williams and W. S. McGhee, Clerks in the Air Corps Supply; Mort Feldman, George Ambtender, J. P. Pendrey, Jr.

One of the hangars looks like this:


Also located in the hangars are the Instructors’ Ready rooms; Post Supply, where E. D. Kelly is the head man, with Mrs. Joy Roberts and Miss Jeanette Wilson assisting; and the Purchasing Department, T. Lamigan as head, and Mrs. Florence Kean, his secretary.

Then we see the Paint Shop, where Al Garrone is the brush wielder, and he does it in a mighty fine manner; J. R. Himes helps him.

Next, we see a new building, the Army Supply Building, in which place is located the office of Lieutenant A. C. Schuber, who is the Controlled Depot Representative of the United States Army Air Corps, along with his secretary, Lorraine Jones.


Now, we go out to the Field itself and visit the various Flight Lines. First we go to the P. T. line, where we will see Yellow or Green Flight, depending on whether we are there in the morning or afternoon.

Flight Commanders of the two Primary Flights are Bob Johnston and A. R. Brink.

Or, we may decide to watch the B.T.'s, where Flight Commander Jimmy Cousins and his Instructors, J. D. Racener, H. R. Brinton, J. M. Garcia, C. E. Butler, F. X. Winkler, Robert Abern, E. P. Rooney, J. E. Taylor, Charles Leibman, S. L. Speer and Richard Dwyer will be working. Offie Lynch is the Chief Dispatcher, with Ed Smith his helper.

Charlie Miller is Flight Commander of this Flight, with Jean Rehard, R. A. Westmoreland, Noel G. Ellis, Keesee Langhome, C. W. Bing, H. J. Middleton, Lou E. Place, A. E. McGravy, Donald C. Day and R. V. Walkermans, Instructors. Frank Davis is the Dispatcher for this Flight, with Thomas Jaques his assistant.

If we are not satisfied with these ships, let's look at the A.T. Line.

The upkeep of the Field itself is in charge of the Field Maintenance Department, with Mr. Harry S. Dyess in charge. Of course, Riddle Field wouldn't be complete without mentioning Mrs. Joe Van De Velde, who operates the "Little Canteen." Her many acts of kindness have made her a real favorite with all on the Field.

The Wheeler Construction Company also has temporary headquarters on the Field, with J. T. Pickett in charge of work at the Field.

And that, my friends, just about completes the picture of Riddle Field and its personnel. A year of successful operation has just been accomplished at this place by this personnel. It has been a year of hard-

ship, since building and "starting from scratch" always makes things a little harder. This progress was possible through the close cooperation of all concerned—the Instructors, R. A. F. Officers, General Manager, Maintenance Department, the Cadets, and all the others—each had his part to play and each did it in a fine way.

May we congratulate you people at Riddle Field for a good year's work, and we feel sure that if this same spirit is displayed during the coming year, we will have done much toward having brought victory closer to our United Nations.

(Editor's Note—We have attempted to get every employee at Riddle Field in his proper Department. If we have failed or made a mistake, it was unintentional. The record for the employees was taken as of the date, October 9, 1942. The fine photography included here was done by our photographer, Derrick Button of Yellow Flight.)

RIDDLE FIELD NEWS AND VIEWS
Continued from Page 1

the other day, it started with Green Flight's arrival in Clewiston—on a Friday. Goes on with Corporal Crooks' first lesson—in ship number 13. Then he made 13 solo landings before taking a ship from the line on October the 13th.

Being an energetic sort of guy, he thoughtfully added up the numbers on his chute—yeah, they came to 13. Somewhat shaken, he took off, and was very relieved that the chute served only one purpose—as a seat.

Many of the fellows will be glad to hear that the "flicks," shown in the Ground School, have been resumed and may be seen on Monday and Thursday evenings for one thin dime—the starting time, 8:00 p.m.

They say that love, like lightning, never strikes twice in the same place. Well, that isn't true of Blue Flight here at Riddle Field. First there was a fellow by the name of Haslam, and now there's a Course Commander. Know who?

Prize of the week goes to Peter Hatchwell of Green Flight. When asked to explain adiabatic expansion in one of the Ground School lectures, he was apparently caught on the wrong foot. "Well," he said, "when air rises,—long silence—it goes down." For which great thought he was fittingly rewarded by the great men who comprised the rest of the Class.

Personal Prattle

The boss man, G. Willis Tyson, is away from the Field on a business trip. While away, Mr. Tyson's duties as General Manager will be handled by Squadron Commander F. E. Hunzinker.

Instructors recently moved from Basic to Advanced are Sam Schneider, Bob Walker, and Donald Day. Gunner Brink, Charlie Leibman, Dick Dwyer, and Stimm Speer have moved from Primary to Basic.

Word has reached us, from "Handsome Harry" Lehman's refresher school, that Rosco Brinton and Denny Racener have completed their Advanced refresher and that Joe Garcia is "up to his neck in his" and just about to complete it.

Others in the Basic Refresher course are Bob Richardson, Ted Upturn, "Bink" Binkley, and Stan Reeder. While on the subject of the refresher school, we are informed that Steve Grant has left his duties as Primary Flight Commander to become Mr. Lehman's assistant in the refresher school.

We pitted the residents at Wimauma recently when the wind conditions caused an over-town approach on a recent cross-country. Those B.T.'s are sure noisy.

BLUE BouncERS TROUNCE RIDDLE GIANTS

Beating the Riddle Giants at a version of their own national game, a British nine walked away with softball honors at Clewiston.

We really should say an RAF nine rather than a British one, 'cause a couple of Yanks held down the pitching and catching posts; namely, Battery P.T. Supervisor Hopkins and "Red" Grant.

Although Blue Flight had practiced only ten times, the score turned out as follows:

- Innings: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7
- Blue Bouncers: 1 0 0 3 0 0 0
- Sheet Metal: 0 0 1 0 0 0 0

- Runs: 1 2 6
- Hits: 4 8 5
- Errors: 2 6

by Harry Ingram, Yellow Flight
Jack Hobler's Kitty Wins

MEWS OF THE DAY

by Lucille Valliere

(Two-thirty a.m. Wednesday—Printers won’t wait and we’re burning the midnight oil.)

Pardon us while we brush some hay out of our wig and have a quick cooling pause that refreshes (bicarbonate).

O.K. . . . Now for that Kitty Foyle hayride picnic a few hours back . . . Beautiful moonlit night, big streamlined hay wagon, two capable drivers (male), two beautiful but dumb mules, oodles of eats . . . and where were the Kitties?

You guessed it—in the hay, of course. And, where did those juicy hot dogs, that scrumptious cole slaw, potato chips, marshmallows, and cakes go? . . . You guessed it again—into the Kitties.

Kitties Chase Dogs

There was singin’ and yodeling and hay fights (friendly, of course) on the trip out to the lonely monument (don’t ask us WHAT monument) on the countryside of North Miami. Then the Kitties really WENT for those dogs (hot). Each Kitty tended her own cookin’ with the aid of a wire spit (contribution of censored Dry Cleaners), and everyone enjoyed frizzled franks.

We think Dinah and Annie, without whose muscle-power and determination (aided by an occasional prod) the little expedition would have remained enounced in the fragrant garden of the Miami Shores Riding Academy, were justified in feeling somewhat offended at the failure of their patrons to provide suitable fare for their refreshment, particularly when said patrons were busy gorging themselves on stuff that didn’t even SMELL like hay.

We believe that this feeling of resent-

ment persisted right up until the entourage arrived home at Dinah and Annie’s bungalow in spite of their having had the moral support of at least seven Kitties, brave and fair, who volunteered to stride beside these gentle (we didn’t prove it) ladies (?) of the whiffle-tree when the pullin’ got tough.

Malish Interview

Interviewed on their arrival home regarding their personal opinions of the hayride, the grub, the yodeling, the moon . . . and the Kitties, Dinah replied indifferently, “Hee Haw! Hee Haw!” (Do you suppose she didn’t enjoy our company?)

Annie, her companion, when questioned, was similarly taciturn though distinctly more frank, as she Hee Hawed politely: “SAY! What do you crowd of fillies think we are? . . . Anyways?”

Well, anyways, we all had ourselves a time, and ‘bout ten, 30 well-fed and weary Kitties shook the hay out of their ears, bid goodbye to the drivers and, of course, thanked Dinah and Annie for the nice ride—and embarked for home and much needed rest (we wonder if Dinah and Annie didn’t need it more).

Our Gang

Among those 30 little Kitties were: Betty Jo Beller, Lorraine Bosley, Kathryn Bruce, Carra Lee Cook, Elaine Devary, Catherine Dick, Evelyn Doane, Ruth Fisher, Wain Fletcher, Fleurette Geiger, Betty Harrington, Margaret Howell, Mary Ellen Kirkpatrick, June McGill, Pat McNamara, Mary Frances Perner, Jo Skinner, Bertha C. Thomas, Vada Thomas, Dorothy Vaccara, Dolores Wainscott, Aldra Watkins, Dottie Wells, Connie Young, and little me, Lucille.

DEAUVILLE DITTIES

by Lucille Valliere

The frost is on the pumpkin, the fodder’s in the shock (apologies to James Whitcomb Riley) . . . Well, we don’t know nothin’ ‘bout them there pumpkins on account of we hain’t saw none this year what with bein’ so fur south, and we reckon the same goes for that there frost . . . but we’re jest after seein’ aplenty of that there fodder (we call it hay).

Doggonit, we’re feelin’ jes like a dern ole scarecrow, a scratchin’ and a scratchin’ with hay and straw in our hair, ears, pockets, and other places. The why-fur of this confounded situation . . . the Kitty Foyle hayride, which has made our memory a bit “hayzy” about the doin’s of Saturday last. Four days since, we at least remember chicken-la-king, good music, and a hund- dinger of a Miami moon.

Eye-Catching Chapeau

Syd and “Tibby” Burrows were there, and the Million Websters. Also the “Dick- eybirds,” with Catherine looking smart in her new fall brown with a very dramatic wide-brimmed chapeau.

That cute blonde sister team, Helen Dillard and Marty Warren were there with Lieut. “Pen” Penneyer and Capt. Bill Rinehart, R.A.F., respectively.

Helene Hirsch and her Navy lad, Larry Hall, hopped their way to first prize in Mr. Riddle’s jitterbug contest again. “Hink” Hinkley, who has since left behind his fellow cafres* in the Fifth Floor Dormitory to go to work for Uncle Sam in the Air Force, ran a close second in the same contest with Adele Heiden, that cute little trick who delivers cheery smiles with our mail.

*“Uncle Malcolm” Sans “Quadscatlets”

*“Uncle Malcolm” Byrnes seems to have arranged time off from his arduous duties as nurse to his recently indisposed “quadscatlets.” Loretta Hinson was there with Milton Addison celebrating her birthday.

Among the more “social” cafres from the Fifth Floor Bachelors’ Club, in addition to Brother Hinkley: Messrs. Daniel Willig, prominent Cincinnatian; Israel Vigil, erstwhile Editor of the “Cafre Herald”; Ricar-

S.O.S.

Dorothy Burton, Tech School Librarian, claims to be “emotionally sunk” over the loss of a letter opener from the Library.

It is old, it is valuable, it is ornamental and it has prodigious sentimental value.

To the one who returns this precious object Dorothy practically promises “priorities” on the most coveted books.
do “Goldilocks” de la Peña; Adolfo Sasco; Turpin Gerard; Henry DeJardins; Severino Arruda; Bill “Tio” Anthony of Uruguay with Mary Kay Pitman; Chileans Sergio Eberhardt with Betty Cole, Bill Bustamente with June Creager and Jorge Robertson with Charlotte Dewey; and Vinicius Vargas of Brazil. Former keeper of the “Cafrés,” N.C.O. Candidate Gerry ‘Mother’ Murphy, accompanied by his wife, Claire, was seen having a gay time with a few of his former charges.

FASHION PLATE TIMOSHENKO
Down from the hinterlands came Charles Seiler from Dorr and Eugene S. Kendry from Carlstrom. From Clewiston came Jack “Happy” Hopkins, Elaine Johnstone, Gilbert Hanlon, William Keene, and several RAF boys who dined, danced, and weekended, among whom were: R. Townsend, N. Pereira, G. W. Baker, G. Burgess, A. Bruce, W. E. Crook, Lieut. Curtis Hayward and Timoschenko, their kitten mascot, who was previewing what the well-dressed cat will be wearing in way of cravats—a baby-blue ribbon bow.

WE SPY

* Hayseed or Hillbilly.

LYNNE FOX ADOPTS QUADRUPLETS
Although Emby, Dash, Riddle, and McKay were slightly indisposed for a while, the loving care of their foster mother, Lynne Fox, coupled with a dash of Grover’s Mange Cure, has them fit again. And the new foliage they are sporting is silky enough to grace the neck of the most meticulous lady. “Reet!” Emby, left, the hub of the family, scoops most of the day in Norma Phillips’ waste basket—exclusive like. Madame Tech, relieved from some of her domestic duties by Miss Fox and “Uncle” Malcom Byrnes, reclines in the foreground.

IDENTITIES UNKNOWN
Be you mercenary or be you not, we hope you’ll harken to the news that a substantial prize will go to him or her who wears the cleverest get-up on October 31st at the Deauville.

That’s right, people, we’re going costume balling, and the password will be “incognito.”

Get out your thimble if you’re the domestic type; get out somebody else’s thimble if you’re the persuasive type; or rig yourself up in the “five and ten” if you’re the “last minute” type.

Join the fun and find your Romeo to the soothing strains and strumming of Maurice Weiss’ orchestra.

To lighten your hearts and tickle your palates, we’ll have roast turkey a la cranberry sauce, with a fruit cup preview.

ENGINE NOISES
by Gladys C. Goff
Recent visitors to the Engine Overhaul Department have really been surprised at its rapid expansion. In fact, we can proudly announce the beginning of a second shift. What could be better news to the war effort?

Our Machine Shop men are pleased by the imminent arrival of a new machine: a cylinder-grinder that is due to arrive today. This will aid the speed and efficiency of this Department very much.

Eva Katherine Morris, one of our Inspectors, has gone to the hospital for an operation. We are hoping she will be back with us soon and are wishing for her quick recovery.

SABOTEUR FOILED
Most of us had the opinion that saboteurs were sly and quiet. I’m sure. We, however, had the exception—a noisy daschund who tried to get past our trusty guards this morning. I am glad to report that his attempts were foiled.

Jealously in rank, Kathryn Bruce, secretary to Mr. Horton, was evidently jealous of Mr. Horton’s well-earned title of “King Bee.” But she has been broke for a week learning, the hard way, that gambling does not pay. It would be interesting to learn who has been taking Kathryn for a ride.

MAGIC HAIR GROWER DISCOVERED
Special to the baldheaded row: A sure-fire remedy for that shiny spot has been discovered by Mr. Baum of the Engine Overhaul Cylinder-Valve Department.

When Mr. Baum came here as a new employee, the top of his head was as bare as an egg. He now has a quarter of an inch of fuzz there. Claims it is due to informal (and unpremeditated) applications of Crisco and kerosene. All questions regarding Mr. Baum’s Magic Hair-Grower should be addressed to this Department.

Mr. Grafflin just asked me if I knew what the fellow said before he was to be hung. “No nose is good nose,” is what he said; so this is all until the next time.

MATERIEL CONTROL
by Joan Lowry
Hear ye! Hear ye! Have all you guys and gals missed the Materiel Control these past few weeks? Sure you have, but hold on to your hats, and lend me your ear. Have you heard, the Materiel Control has some newcomers?

Evelyn Auslander transferred from the Registrar’s Office, to be assistant to Janet Perry. Then too, Abbie Del Mercer and Gladys Ricker are new members.

Our Inventory Crew spent last week at Clewiston Field. Mr. Nickleson is having his hands full inasmuch as he has four new men assisting his crew for Special Detached Service and their duties are very important.

Embry-Riddle Warehouse is growing by leaps and bounds and is Mr. Simpson a busy man?

Lucille Winchester is now at our warehouse. Willie Reed is roostaboute.

And now, Flash! Flash! Did you know that Mr. Roberts has a brand new son, seven pounds, the great event happened October 16th, and he has been a very busy papa faster running out of cigars.

Have you noticed our little Pat? She has a far away look in her eyes, she is sitting on pins and needles waiting for her passport so she can join her new hubby.

Jeanette Wilson has been transferred to Clewiston Field in Post Supply and we do wish her the best of passing out careers.

R. E. Gibson is with us from Chapman Field.

Now the time is drawing nigh for me to say “So Long,” but before I close, just a word or two. As I am not accustomed to public speaking and “sech,” and being new here myself, I would just like to say that all you folks are the kinda folks that make a gal feel right at home. I am glad to be with you.

We’ve all got a great big job to do, and from what I’ve seen you’re doing your jobs and doing them well. So, let’s all Keep ‘em Flying! Must go, so goodbye until next week.

SHEET METAL
by W. W. Lilge
This is a notice to one and all to watch the Sheet Metal Department grow. We already have quite an impressive faculty list consisting of the following: BEATY, HARRIS, SLOCUM, BEAZEL, WALKER, MAGNUSON, HARTY, DUNCAN, JOHNSTON, MESSNER, GALLAGHER and Yours Truly.

Under the leadership of our capable and ALWAYS affable Kelly Newsome, everyone of us is proud to belong to this growing department.

We may not teach boys much about the functions of Airfoils, Flaps and Ailerons, but when it comes to spotting on the Patches, the boys can make the old boat look like Grandmother’s Crazy Quilt.
CARLSTROM FLIGHT LINE

by Tom Watson, Jr.

"Center the needle and ball—check your airspeed . . . needle, ball, and airspeed." That's the battle cry of the hour, as Class 43-C at Carlstrom is initiated into the mysteries and miseries of instrument flying.

Instructors are greyer, students a trifle more goggle-eyed; but Time toters on, and the end of Primary Training is in sight; so instruments it is—obstinate needle, ball, and airspeed to the contrary notwithstanding.

One For the Book

Flying, in the words of one of our faithful linemen, "By them there clocks an' gadgets," is an ever-dependable source of yarns for the log book.

So it seems to befit the occasion that we drag out this alleged episode (authenticity not confirmed) from the life and times of one Donoto Tanguay—venerable member of Cotton Jones' instructing staff.

Tanguay, so the story goes, was at the controls of his Bendix powered Gadgel Special ferrying a gang of hunters into the Maine backwoods. The weather had closed in, so to speak, and Donoto was flying by instruments—a Big Ben alarm clock, an oil pressure gauge, and a wet shoe string in a tomato can (those were pioneer days).

Ignorance Is Bliss

His passengers, not realizing the seriousness of the situation, were engaged in a game of poker in the rear cockpit. Things went from bad to worse, and after seeing four buzzards spin in through the "soup," Tanguay decided the sensible move was to find a place to land in a rather large hurry.

Faithful to the tried and true methods of instrument pilots, our hero began his letdown—which turned out to be another case of leaping from the frying pan into the fire.

Ceilings and visibilities were something considerably less than zero-zero, and the lower the Gadgel spluttered, the thicker became the fog in which it traveled.

Came The Dawn

Tanguay, inscrutable to the last, came nevertheless lower and lower, wetter and wetter, until, remembering that his course followed the path of the Sasamacoococheacache, a river of probable Indian descent, he became suspicious of the uncommon amount of humidity in what he had been assuming was the air.

When he discovered that his passengers had given up their poker game in favor of a spot of trout fishing; when seaweed tangled his control cables; and when, last but not the least surprising, a real, genuine, honest-to-goodness Northwoods Indian swam by and gave him a real, genuine, honest-to-goodness Northwoods Indian high sign, Tanguay had a sinking feeling that something was amiss. In fact, he had a sinking feeling that something was sinking.

How? Not How!

The Indian, curious and eager to broaden himself, effected a lazy Immelman turn, swam back using a combination of the Australian crawl and the South American breast stroke—an invention of his own designed to foster International Relations— and called out pertinently, as is the custom of the Indians, "How!"

Tanguay, realizing he was in no position to beg the question, and recognizing that an answer was in order forthwith, replied briefly and to the point.

"Nothing to it, Mac—I'm on instruments."

SAVE FACE

Consider the plight of poor Wally O'Neil, Who made his base leg much too far from the field. He cut his gun, turned, set his glide, then deducted He'd only get over the fence if he lucked it. For somehow his judgment had erred in deciding

Exactly the distance he'd cover while gliding.

For a moment he thought, "Now I'll pour the coal to it."

But no—he decided he'd better not do it. Perhaps if he pulled his nose just a bit higher

He'd stretch out his glide and get over the wire.

So he stretched and he stretched, like his glide were elastic,

And the way his ship mushed was a sight quite fantastic,

'Till it suddenly fell in a stall, and he crashed it.

He had tried to save face—but instead, Wally mashed it.

Mental Snapshots

Carlstrom Instructors gratefully outfitting themselves with uniforms and anxiously awaiting the arrival of the newly adopted insignia for Civilian Instructors.

Andy Minochello polishing his gun and lining up bird dogs to borrow for the season . . . Camden, Worley, Hotte, McGal laird, etc., all in the same boat, with a baby rattle for a paddle.

Peggy, checking on the Stearmans after the days flying, absent-mindedly calling a number and asking, "Are all your ships in?" The reply—"If you mean our model, lady, it's right here on the desk. This is the ground school!"

Cotton Jones disposing of his car to get cash on hand for the Great Venture . . . Bob Banks giving a "forced landing" and firmly deciding on a pink slip for the sorry performance before remembering that his cadet was under the hood.

Random Thoughts

There's a time when "thinking" you're right is not enough. That's all the time. There is a war to be won which won't be won by guess work—in your flying or in anything else. Be certain—not hurtin'!

HOBBLER HOLIDAYING

We regret the absence of the Carlstrom R.A.I. News this week, but Jack Hobler is on a well deserved holiday.

Have a good time, Jack, and hurry back—we all miss your zippy column.
Six O’clock Ground School Class
A very interesting and colorful group of students meet every day around six o’clock at the Seaplane Base for ground school instruction. These people have been drawn from all over the world. First we meet Susan Wilson, who hails from up North to take over the Miami Weather Bureau, where, with her civil service rating, she is a Junior Observer—comes in handy with meteorology.

Now, our up and coming advertiser, young W. G. Thomas, who, with the Miami Herald, knows all the answers yet refrains from giving out information except under pressure.

The laugh of the day comes from our backhand penmanship artist, Jimmy “South Paw” Clarke, who has quite an interesting aviation background.

Being one of Embry-Riddle’s first employees from Lunken Airport in Cincinnati is really something to boast about and to be proud of.

“Butch” has probably had more practical experience than any other member of the Class. “Butch” being no other than Floyd Siederman, who formerly sold all the Hudson cars in Greater Cincinnati and who is now employed by Embry-Riddle.

Lieut. Daubert, from the hills of Kentucky, is the leading Instructor in the Officers’ Training School at the Beach, and is known as “The Lieut.” by his classmates and as the most eligible bachelor in the eyes of all the fairer sex. Don’t crowd, girls.

Your guest columnist, who came all the way from Java just to be in Mr. Stahler’s world-famous Class is trying desperately to achieve that high grade which the entire class is kidding her about—all because her husband is a Captain with Pan American Air Ferries.

Last, but not least, comes our good ole “Prof.” “Doc” Stahler, who is known as much by all his admiring students. Never a dull moment with “Prof.” around—nothing seems to disturb him—not even blondes, brunettes, redhead, or telephone calls.

The teacher is all business, the busiest man in town, daring hither and yon.

Our Class Motto
Study with Stahler the clouds as they sail
The winds and currents, the snow and the hail;
The charts are now simple, Beaufort scales are quite clear
And CAA exams “are something” we’ll never fear.

Chapman Field now has distributed o’er a portion of the 48 States a corps-deluxe, namely the Embry-Riddle Ferrying Commandoes.

Included in this gang of sky-worthy pilots are Fred Howe, Charles Presbrey, Henry Scholz, Doc Clay, Ted Hunter, and Instructors Frank Page and Jeannette Eastman.

Lamp Lit
We’re anxiously keeping “a light in the window” for our flying squadron and hope in a subsequent installment to report this project as a booming success. The only one to complete the round trip is Fred G. (for George) Howe, the guy with the clever personality.

Peanut Patch Poor Runway
And speaking of a good job well done, they tell me the forced landing made by Bill Wightman in a cub was nothing to sneeze at. An’ to top it off, Bill’s Instructor, Herb Muller, neatly flew the ship off nothing more than a peanut patch back to the Field. Nice going, fellows.

Four-Legged Sausage
Hugo, our Consolidated four-legged sausage, got his first ride with Master Helen Cavis and Instructor Dave DaBoll. I can clearly see now that it was for his own protection when the line boys attached him to a red flag, which in hangar-talk means “grounded.”

The whole Field joins me in sincerely wishing a very speedy recovery to Instructor Jimmy Gilmore, who is no less of a hero, and the “Three Muscatelers”: Preston Wiggins, Julian Bennett and Al Phillips. We’ll be looking to see you back in double-quick order.

Patient Resting Well
Our new switchboard operator, in case you’re wondering, is Miss Leona Gulko. Leona and the switchboard were joyous new additions here last week.

Speaking of office personnel, it was funny to see Mrs. Quillian, now a Notary Public, go into nervous palpitations at the expectation of putting her seal of approval on prospective customary papers.

Having not fully recuperated from performing her duties as a Notary for the first time, she was approached with the stark reality of working our new switchboard.

As per our knowledge of first-aid, we applied an ice pack and hot water bottle respectively, and to the best of my knowledge the patient will survive.

TECH TALK
Continued from Page 4
The “Lucky 13s” in Primary are going to town with Radio Code & Theory—Radio Communications is a very popular course.

Jo Anne Hamilton, six year old daughter of Mr. Hamilton, is so popular with certain members of the classes that she is thinking seriously of taking up Radio in order to keep the students’ minds at ease.

Benny Friedman has shifted to advanced day class from mine so that he can be with Marconi Spring and all his offsprings.

Mr. Chion’s Office
Connie Young returned Wednesday after giving the Tenn. mountains a fling.

Corinne Phillips is still in New York and is to fly a Fairchild down with Jeannette Eastman, instructor at Chapman.

B. Bruce is getting the wanderlust. It is not to be wondered at. Solicitations, Betty.

Why shore, the New York newspapers are being notified. B. Bruce and C. Young, you budding reporters.
E. H. KUSSROW
Supt. Maintenance Dept.

Dear Fly Paper Pals:

We dedicate this correspondence to the Maintenance Department at this Field. Our first attention goes to the fellows who make up this organization, having the largest personnel of any department on the Field. These are the men to whom we give a minimum of credit, but to whom many praises and much credit is due.

Long before the sun arises to begin its daily vigilance, we may hear the sputter and cough and finally droan of the PT engines and know the Maintenance boys, the "unsung heroes" of Embry-Riddle Field, are "On the job!"

Preflight inspections must come, consisting of a rapid visual inspection, looking for loose cowlings, etc., in spite of the fact that a thorough daily inspection was run on each ship just the night before after operations had closed. Each engine must be warmed and checked before the rush of Cadets, eager to get into the air.

Then comes the task of dispersing these Cadet pilots to the ships that are OK’d for the day’s flight. But the work is not done, only begun. Some must remain on the line to taxi and assist in placing the incoming planes in their proper places on the line.

**Battle Stations**

By looking in the hangars, we see that some ships have come limping in for minor repairs either from the flight or from the inspection. And this job has to be done in record time. They’re ready for all emergencies which may arise. Every man at his post!

Then the day is done; the ships must be hangared for the night to rest till the coming morrow. But daily inspections are first, consisting of cleaning strainers, sediment bulbs, etc., and the ships must be thoroughly cleaned before they can be put to bed. This means that the maintenance boys will labor into the late hours of the night.

While their daily routine is taking place, many of the linemen find time to study for an hour in the Ground School about the theoretical side of the ship which they are caring for each day. They keep ‘em fit and flying and to them we say, “Good luck and keep pitching!”

**Maintenance Chief**

At the head of this fine department, we find E. H. Kussrow. “Kussrow” was born in Downing, Wisconsin, and is a graduate of the Lincoln Aeronautical Institute at Lincoln, Nebraska, and now holds an A & E Mechanic’s rating, which he received from this school.

From 1937 to 1941, we found our friend in the Piper Plant at Lock Haven, Pa., where he was foreman over the Metal Fitting Department. He left this position to become connected with the Riddle Aeronautical Institute in April, 1941, being transferred here to Embry-Riddle Field from Arcadia, Florida, effective June 1st, 1942.

**Field News**

Our new General Manager, “Boots” Frantz, has moved into the home of our former General Manager, H. Roscoe Brinton, who is now Manager of Carlstrom Field. Jim Long is now occupying the house “Boots” left.

The Post Supply is taking on a new appearance, not with new faces this time, but it is being remodeled, with the offices being walled in. Should be very pretty when it is completed.

Miss Ernestine Mattheson is scheduled to take over her duties soon as secretary to our photographer, Frank Haynes. In his spare time from his duties of Supt. of the Dept. of Buildings and Grounds, Frank is doing a bang-up job of furnishing this spasm sheet with snap-shots each week.

The Flight Instructors, who have been on vacation for several days, are expected back the first of the week. We should be hearing varied tales of their carryings-on while they were away; of the folks back home and such.

**3 versus 4**

All the earmarks of a real contest were shown last week when Flights 3 and 4 had a knock-down-drag-out contest to see who could fly the most hours in half a day. It
seems that officially, Flight 3 won by 52 minutes.
Tough luck, Flight 4, especially after Flight Commander, Ray Ryan, got out on the runway with the Crash Truck and told the Cadets to go to it, and the Dispatcher, Howard Cooper, fed his chair and record sheet out on the line to keep the Mistresses from walking to the tower and taking up time.

Johnny Brannon, Flight Commander of Flight 3, told the Cadets to take their time and go to the Canteen for a Coke, just so they were back in 2 seconds. Boy, things were sure rushing.

**REWARD**

*by An. Adverse*

Once upon a time the members of an engineering corps were watching their newly-designed and specially-constructed airplane during its trial flight. And—to make a long tale as short as possible—all of a sudden their hearts skipped and were still, but with equal suddenness their breathing returned to normalcy. Why they thought the plane to be doomed for good was that it was folding up—its tail and nose curved up to meet each other and its wings became distorted beyond explanation.

Closer examination and later experimentation resulting from the extraordinary behavior revealed that any aircraft, regardless of what type or make, while in flight, will stretch or shrink—with its tail and nose farther apart or closer than what the blueprint has specified. It will expand like a balloon or warp like bread without yeast; curl with both ends up like a swan dive or down like a jack-knife; split into halves and “re-assemble” by itself. In fact, it will spiral into fantastical odd shapes; it can have its wings flap like a bird and its tail swish like a seal.

And the examination and experiment revealed the cause to be—but wait! You guess it.

Dust up every available space of your thinking chamber for the answer. For the first correct answer, you will have on me an humble but healthful treat—one malted milk shake.

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They roll us out at six a.m. (just six, to be correct);
We mop and sweep and dust the place of grime and dirt which collect
About the shining domicile wherein we hang our clothes,
Then start another day of toil, of which
I'll try disclose.

We grab a bit of breakfast, then—it's off
to fly those planes;
And they, in turn, just laugh in style when
“teacher dear” explains—
“Pull up that nose and level off—you crazy fool—you dope!
You want to kill us both today—or me alone, you hope!”

“Now bank her left—start climbing, lad—
just hold that steady pace;
Stop using rudder in that turn—your flying’s a disgrace!

A dumber cluck I’ve never seen—for
Lord's sake look around!
The sky would be world’s safer if you'd stay on the ground.”

So every day we bite our tongues to hold
from quick reply,
And on a bit of luck, to boot, our hopes
to win rely.
But that’s not all—oh, no, you see, we have
our classes too,
Where teachers, schooled in subjects dry,
the sappy rag do cheer.

They show us how the engine runs, why
storms arise and go—
Why airplanes fly and how they’re built;
what makes the compass slow.
We work and slave; we sweat our fill—and
then the day is done;
But, holy cats! In no time flat, another
day’s begun!
Strabismus' News Letter from Britain

We are sitting in a dispersal hut watching the rain. It is an old British custom to change into flying clothes in order to do this.

Duggie Houghton says he likes it and claims he has already got in 67 rain watching hours.

Strabismus is less keen. He has only 21 rain watching, 5 drizzle, 3½ mist, and 23 letter writing hours—all in number 2 dispersal hut, a favorite with the boys.

There is a rumor that the weather will break. When that happens, we have to fly until someone sights a snorting vetness. Then we rush to earth and scamper back to our rain watching again.

Jolly, Is It?

Anyway, you sunwashed natives, all this goes to show how jolly it can be if you're tooling around in zero visibility and want to know what the battered old instrument panel has to say about it.

I mean that the bags of Link we had stuffed in us in Florida come in quite useful at times. We even think kindly of Harry Hopkins for making us be on time.

We apologize for heaving this at you, but flying is a much happier experience since we became friends with our gyro. Ask Lew Place.

As for trundling around this country in hurricanes, it is really terrific fun. There is so much to see—sometimes too much.

Oops, M'dear!

We pinpointed at Sheffield yesterday and thought it was Newcastle. The Welsh mountains, the Pyrenees, and the Lake district are all within an hour's flying distance.

We saw a Hudson standing along last week, dived down, and formatted with it. Who should stick his face out and grin but a familiar face in No. 3 Course. His name evades us.

Rips Pants

Talking of that illustrious course, Jock Blue ripped his pants on a lightening conductor, at which a very poor official view was taken, and he lost his commission for at least the sixth time.

"Blue's in the kite," as the disgruntled clergyman said, to whose church tower the aforesaid conductor was formerly attached.

We stoodged over to censored in a taxi (Avro Anson) and found Tomlin and Hol-lis in the throws of multi-engined stuff. Bill Heaton was at a nearby station. Ever so pukka and all that.

Unpaid Advertisement

A tip for those of you who have bought those natty little RCA short wave radios. They work wonderfully in England. You can even get the Continent on a good night (who wants to anyway). Anway, you can! See!

But you can't get the 67½ volt battery, so bring some with you. Ours is still going after six months use.

At censored we had the experience of a trip in a Lancaster. From a constructional point of view, they are a miracle of simplicity and tidiness. We didn't see a single wire or cable until we reached the cockpit.

As for a smooth ride—they're the ships that are going to make history.

Hell Spitter vs. Messerschmitt

For sheer beauty and power, the censored takes the cake. The squadron leader juggled one around the field last week. It makes the most vicious sound and gives you the impression that all the vengeful fury of the Allied Nations has been packed into that snarling snout with its 16 foot prop. We shouldn't like to be in a Messerschmitt with one of those Hell Spitters around.

Terrific Do in the sergeants' mess last night. Lots of glamorous WAAF's and Heaven knows what else. Thence this rather hazy blurb.

Tailpiece

"The Lady Agatha Snevy-St. John-Sneyd entertained a small but exclusive party of airmen to tea at Compton-Pennfield last week. The ancestral seat was clothed in russet tinted creeper. Her ladyship wore an informal coalscuttle hat and gray gaiters down to her button-up shoes. Her Lordship had gone into Lesser Burbling on the baronial bicycle. The airmen wore an off-blue." Oh yes.

No Time to Putter Around

You can't get very far down the fairway without a driver. And you can't get very far in Aviation without training. But with it, there's practically no limit to the advancement you can make.

Right now, there's an unprecedented demand for trained men to fill important jobs in every branch of Aviation. Good jobs which will be even better in the years ahead. Why not build your future where opportunity knocks the loudest?

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