Miss Ruth A. Norton, Seaplane Division
Is First Feminine General Manager

When we went to the Embry-Riddle Seaplane Base to interview the new General Manager, we had to look at about face in our usual method of approach. We were not greeted by a towering male; we did not hear a stentorian voice; nor did we have to attempt to undermine the usual masculine "modesty."

We were greeted by a feminine general manager. Slim and charming, with a soft cultured voice, and graciously willing to aid and abet anything connected with her first love—flying.

**General Manager**

Miss Ruth A. Norton, known as "Rufus" and sometimes called Arvilla, is the first of her sex to be made general manager of an Embry-Riddle Division.

Miss Norton, who also answers to Mrs. Nattleson, said that she would just talk and that we could boil the conversation down to anything we thought interesting.

A half hour or so revealed a woman of learning and of culture, a musician and an architect, a horticulturist and a multitude of "oligists," a business woman and a flyer.

But we had best go back a bit. Born in North Dakota, she was brought up in Seattle, where she was graduated from the University of Washington.

Majoring in music, Miss Norton minored in psychology and, as that was not quite enough for her amazing mind, she studied medicine and architecture on the side. She was, and still is, active in the Gamma Phi Beta Sorority.

**Research Fellow**

After being graduated from the University of Washington, she went to Hawaii, where she was assistant professor in psychology for two years and for another two years worked at the Bishop Museum as a Research Fellow in Ethnology and Anthropology.

While at Bishop, this versatile person was the only white woman ever taught the Hula by the famous Kaaoo, who was persuaded to teach her only after the intervention of the Episcopalian minister!

She studied dance patterns, melodies, and Samoan and Tahitian dances, which she compiled and wrote for the Museum. Incidentally, she speaks Hawaiian fluently, but claims to be a little rusty in this interesting language.

**Surf Rider**

A triumph of mind over matter was revealed in an interesting anecdote concerning her deadly fear of the water. It seems that when she was a small child she almost drowned; and never having conquered this terror, she had never learned to swim.

However, while in Hawaii, the gorgeous surf riding of the natives fascinated her to such an extent that one day, without a thought of her inability to swim and her dread of the sea, she blithely lay on a surf board and paddled out beyond the breakers.

Then came the catch—she managed to get on the crest of one of those great swells, but didn't stay there. She fell off and a thrilling rescue ensued.

Eight Olympic swimmers were on the Island at the time and forcibly took her in hand. She said, "I learned to swim in record time!" She later made her own surf boards and did stunts riding for the International News Reel, which her friends saw on the screen all over the world.

**Aviatrix Norton**

Drifted After two years at the Bishop Museum, she was given a leave of absence because of the illness of her mother. Circumstances were such that she did not return to her research work. Retail business "fell in her lap," and she became buyer of accessories for I. Magnin and Co., Seattle.

While training for the management of one of their shops in Hollywood, Miss Norton heard of the fantastic salaries earned by buyers in the East. She found that such was a fact when she became associated with Mandel Brothers in Chicago.

The lure of the East finally drew her to New York, where she found herself assistant retail manager of the nine I. Magnin stores. She started designing costume jewelry as a hobby and fears that she flooded the market with many of her "brain-children." She also became quite a success as a shoe stylist and claims that her great weakness is shoes, of which she has literally dozens.

**Retailer**

About six years ago she came to Miami, and her charming home on Miami Beach reflects her amazing talents as an architect, an interior decorator, and a landscape artist.

Bouncing in and out of this house of exotic beauty are her two adorable children, Maryanna, who is nine, and Rufus, who boasts the great age of seven.

When asked when she first became interested in flying, Miss Norton said that she	

Continued on Page 3
Letters to the Editor

Wain:

TAG—Now you’re IT so you chase me. I brunged the pictures up for you to take your cheese but you no here so I have gone to home.

Editor’s Note: The above contributions from Art Rhuneke was found in the antiquer of the two Fly Paper typewriters. We think it’s a classic and should be preserved in the archives of the Embry-Riddle Co.

Turner Field
Albany, Georgia
November 12, 1942

Dear Editor:

I completed my basic flying Monday and arrived at this twin-engine advanced school yesterday.

I think interest you to know that all Cadets entering basic at Shaw Field from Dorr made the grade.

I’m looking forward to receiving the Fly Paper here at Turner.

Yours truly,
A/C Donald M. Bowers

Editor’s Note: We have changed your address on our mailing list. The news concerning our Dorr cadets is most gratifying, and we hope you’ll sound for whatever “hold bits” you hear from time to time.

This is an excerpt from a letter written to Mr. Albary, Electrical Instructor, from Pvt. Seymour Wiggler who was graduated with class 3-13-D on October 10, 1942. Pvt. Wiggler is now stationed in New Orleans, La.:

“This is some let down from Coral Gables! We really had a freezing night this Sunday and that isn’t any fun when all you have is a piece of canvas between you and the outside.

We eat out of our mess kits (they haven’t any trays here as yet). And, when you have all your food put together, it certainly has a funny taste. Some let down from the Barcalona.

There is one thing that I am positive you won’t find the equal of elsewhere and that is the mosquito’s. They are as big as half-dollars, and any part of your body which is exposed will be thoroughly bitten by them.

“Well, lights out (9:00 p.m.), so I will end abruptly here. Give my regards to the rest of the teachers there.”

November 5, 1942

Public Relations Officer
Embry-Riddle School of Aviation
Miami, Florida

Dear Sir:

The City of Miami Recreation Division has inaugurated a series of community entertainments on the various city playgrounds.

The men of your school are cordially invited to attend these programs.

A program is being presented each Wednesday evening at the Y.M.C.A. playground located at N. W. 29th Street and 19th Avenue.

I mention this particular playground as it is the nearest to your school. I am sure those attending those concerts will find them to be most enjoyable and entertaining.

Very truly yours,
F. O. ROBERTS,
Asst. Supervisor of Recreation
October 20, 1942

NORTON
Continued from Page 1

was about eight years old when a stunt flyer, "Red" Someone-or-other, offered to take her up, but her father uttered a big No. However, the bug had bitten her.

Just a little over two years ago, when she was visiting in Gainesville, she was the enthusiastic passenger of Carl Stengle on a short flight. Her feet on terra firma, she then and there decided to learn to fly.

Seaplane Base

Embry-Riddle's Seaplane Base in Miami was practically her next stop, and there she became the apt pupil of Roger Carly, now a captain with National Airlines, and Charles Rexrode, who is a first lieutenant with Army Ferries.

Assistant Manager, under Ad Thompson, quickly followed on the heels of her rating, and when Ad went with Pan American Airlines, she was promptly advanced to the imposing title of General Manager.

Landscape

Although Miss Norton is a brilliant pilot and a busy and intelligent executive, she has found time to supervise the landscaping at the Seaplane Base.

Most of the planting around the Administration building has come from shoots and rootings brought from her own estate; and she claims that more shrubbery, trees, and flowers are only waiting for Mr. Habig to send her more fill.

Her friends are wondering what has be-

Sorrowful But Laughable

If you're wondering why Mr. Habig has been casting furtive glances toward every mirror lately, it's because Betty Harrington has reverted to her childhood and has come down with a case of good old-fashioned measles.

Remember the pending sixth floor house warming, and hurry back, Betty; but be sure to leave your measles at home.

WHITECAPS
by Arabelle Leonard and Daphne Banks

Unaccustomed as we are to being "Guest Columnists," we find ourselves assigned by the conscientious and zealous Miss Norton to cover the doings at the Seaplane Base for the past week.

Quiet

Seems that very little excitement has been reported; but after all, when one is going to ground school six nights a week, one has very little time to delve into the comings and goings of the local yokels at said base.

However, we do know that the seven staunch supporters of Mr. Stahler's six o'clock siestas have been outdoing themselves as far as exuding wit, personality, and charm are concerned.

Originality

One of our more conscientious classmates seems to be a bit confused, and we're amused, "about" the aftermath of stalls.

When asked by Mr. Stahler to give a short discourse on the subject, she promptly started out by saying that if the plane should stall, it would go into a head spin.

Defense

Too, she is of the opinion that the upper wing of the bi-plane should be termed the "top-story" and the lower wing the "ground floor." Very cute as well as darned original.

But in defense of this gal, it is only fair to add that on our last quiz in Aircraft Service and Maintenance, she exceeded yours truly and yours truly as far as grades were concerned.

Donation

Another of our clan has been recommended for the "Crux de Grux" for her unselish as well as detrimental donation (purely rhetorical) to the Seaplane Base.

She has given her all, with the exception of her corv Cord sans motor, in the form of a very dilapidated airplane—which is the equivalent of a Model-T in the automobile world. But she tried, and we hope that she may be properly rewarded.

To Work

What with Lieut. Daubert's departure to the land of the Blue-Grass for ten days, we are wondering whether she will be able to navigate to our dailies. Could be—either by Cord or bicycle or sumptin'.

But enough of the chit-chat. Must get back to work or we shall probably find ourselves being told that, effective as of now, we can have six days off weekly.

Respectfully, as well as apologetically submitted to you, this 18th day of November, in the year nineteen hundred and forty-two.
DORR DOINGS

by Jack Whitnall

The “Short Shorters Leg”

Mike Bove and Roy Mostes are now regular Instructors. We can always tell them apart, ’cause Mike is the little one and Roy the big’un.

Instructors Knight and Waterman on a two day fishing trip to Key West. We EXPECT them to tell some tall tales when they get back.

At last “Chet” Ellis can stop worrying. Johnny Thomson arrived before daylight Friday morning. Seems they are old friends and “Chet” had been awaiting Johnny’s arrival the past two weeks.

Wedding Bells?

’Tis rumored that Bill Denham is on an eight day leave to get married.

Did you know that Dispatcher Billy Purser has forty hours flying time to his credit, and that he is only seventeen years old?

Heywood Jones, ex-Dispatcher, is now an aviation cadet. Wouldn’t it be sumpin if he were sent to Dorr Field for his Primary training?

Does Gerald Taylor ever put anything in that pipe of his? We know there are no more four for a nickle cigars.

Cpl. A. V. Clark visiting Mrs. Clark of Operations last week. Cpl. Clark is in the Air Corps Intelligence at MacDill Field.

We did our best to beat Mr. Close out of that leather flying coat he had the other morning. All he did was give us a low down gurgle deep in the heart of the collar.

We understand Gerald Bailey is offering a $1.00 per box on 22 cartridges

We didn’t know till last Saturday that every 15 minutes during the night preceding his wife’s arrival.

All went well till about one hour before train time. At 7 a.m. they were both sleeping peacefully. We wonder who called who!

New additions to the Infirmary are Pts. David Patton and John Richards. Welcome, fellows, but watch out for Cpl. Adamson and don’t say we didn’t warn you.

Sabotage

Setting the woods afire is SABOTAGE. Hunters, keep that in mind. It’s tragic but it’s true that the word SABOTAGE is a French word meaning the destruction of another’s property. We sort of imagine that the French hate the sound of that word.

Vadah W. Thomas, Fly Paper, and Dorothy P. Burton, Librarian, of Embry-Riddle from the Tech, spent part of Friday enjoying a visit to Dorr Field.

All Dorr Field, especially the fair sex, envy George Lamb his head of hair.

The addition of tables and chairs to the sub-canteen and the mural on the wall. Britt had a lot of advice on what to paint, but he was afraid the Hays Office would censor the suggestions, either that, or he couldn’t get a priority rating on it.

WERE IN IT—LET’S WIN IT!

DORR’S ELSA MAXWELL

A combination Dorr-Carlstrom Field Graduation Dance was held Thursday night, November 12, at the Trailer Camp Hall in Arcadia.

The successful party was a tribute to the efforts of Freddie Lewis, Dorr’s own Elsa Maxwell. A neat piece of engineering on Freddie’s part (one of the best executed around here for some time) resulted in late passes for the happy graduates and some high class music tooters.

With pardonable pride, I say the Dorr aviators danced away with Cupid’s honors. In addition to their personal charm, it is only fair to mention another contributory cause to their popularity.

Captain Bentley’s order of the day for the cadets to wear their blouses caught the Carlstrom contingent flatfooted, if not somewhat fashionably underdressed.

A tight situation in pretty things was alleviated by the overtime work of our steady prom trotters. Mention of these belles by name would most certainly jeopardize the writer’s life; and hence, their fame must needs be momentarily confined to their energetic dancing partners.

Many thanks, R.A.I., for the fine band.

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

PITTER PATTER

by A/C Frank H. Pizza

“Turn the showers on. Here’s another one who soloed today.” Yer! That’s the new phrase that you hear around Flight 2’s barracks these days.

It seems as though the class has started a new custom here at Dorr. That is, putting each cadet who solos into the showers—clothes and all!!!

And it doesn’t do any good to try and get out of it. Yours truly damp out. (He got the swimming pool instead!!!)

The “scenery” here at Dorr has changed from “light to dark.” The cadets are all dressed in O.D.’s rather than in their sunnies. And do they look swell!!!

The officers haven’t anything over us now (except an iron hand of authority). The O.D.’s couldn’t have come at a more opportune time, what this cold spell coming on.

“Wishful wishing” heard around the “Club”—that we all pass our CENSORED hour check—that married men be allowed to stay in town Saturday nights (if their wives are here)—a date with one of the girls in the Canteen could he had—that we had more time to take showers after athletics.
LIEUTENANT DUKE

Lt. Cecil Howard Andrew Duke was born in Capetown, South Africa, on June 27, 1899. At the tender age of seventeen he joined the Royal Air Force in the First World War, and was a flying lieutenant in the RAF during 1918 and 1919.

Lt. Duke came to the United States immediately after the war. Traveling throughout the country, taking up temporary abodes, he landed in San Francisco in 1925, and settled there permanently. "The California Beauties were in part responsible for this choice," admits Cecil.

Army Air Forces

Soon after the outbreak of War with Japan, Duke applied for a commission in the U. S. Army Air Forces. He was accepted in April and was sent to Officers' Training School at Miami for the six weeks indoctrination course. On graduating he reported to Maxwell Field, and was reassigned to Dorr Field on June 29th.

Duke's stay here has been a happy one for all those fortunate enough to have been associated with him. His kind and sympathetic nature, combined with a fine sense of humor, has made him outstandingly popular with everyone.

Adieu

"Cecil H. A.," as he is familiarly called, has the happy faculty of being able to work and play hard, allowing neither to interfere with the other.

Ever since Duke received verbal transfer orders to Jackson, Miss., the gloom among his officer associates has hit hard. No one could have ever been more of a community asset, and this section of Florida has the crepe in readiness for his departure.

"Cecil H. A."

EXTRA!

All Cadets, atten-shun! The Camel Caravan is blowing in to Dorr Field with twelve snappy acts and a cast of 21, Thursday evening.

Unlike last week's purported hurricane, this cyclone of fun and entertainment is really going to hit. It's going to hit hard!

So, Cadets, prepare for the deluge; some of the finest stars in show business will rain their talents for your critical approval. They are the same troopers that rocked New York; they will murder Arcadia.

Mr. Wynee
Head Timekeeper of the "Graveyard Shift"

MORE DORR
by Freddie Lewis

On the afternoon of November 12, five eager girls and two not so eager "Kaydets" started out to decorate the Tourist Hall for the Graduation Dance, which was held on said night.

Everyone worked hard at the job, and in less than an hour the hall looked like a different place, with red, white, and blue streamers hanging from the ceiling.

The orchestra arrived on time and the fun soon started with Cadets and girls ever-running the place. Some of the girls were in formal attire and others in sport clothes, and the Cadets looked mighty handsome in their O.D. uniforms.

Notables

Among the notables noted at the dance were Major Ola, Captain Phillip, Lt. Frank, and Lt. Beville. They seemed to be enjoying themselves despite the fact that the "Kaydets" wouldn't let them dance with their wives very much.

Who took the keys out of that cab???

That wasn't so nice, now, was it?? How did Cadet St. John ever get a name like that? (Referring to the St.). Cadet Benson says he can't dance—Remember Cadet's Honor. Didn't Cadet Pence get mixed up in his dates. Blonde or brunette preferred.

The floor show during intermission was put on with the compliments of Flight Four, Dorr Field. It was strictly "on the beam."

That grand old man "Daddy Warbucks" made an appearance and really did himself proud in keeping up with the younger set. He even tried the LaConga and did all right for himself.

Where did Lt. Dorsley get those scratches he had on his face Saturday morning?? Leona Foster was at the dance with (Censored) fooled you, didn't I Leona.

Flash!

We note "Peaches" is doing O.K.—Bars again Friday night. Rumors has it that he was from MacDill Field. Flash; Kate with Connors again. Did you see them jitter-bugging, "Berta" Dudley was seen whizzing by. Was that a personal stag line?

Thanks to R.A.I. for the orchestra, which really made the dance a success. Here's to more dances like this one.

CADET NEWS
by A/C Howard E. McBride

Dear Unkie Herman:

We're almost big boys now—at least, there are no upper-classmen here to disturb our word about it. We'll probably do exactly as they did, haunt all under-classmen by telling them ground school is tough, and yelling at them while in formation—"Gee!! Is that all one Flight?"

At the end of two weeks we were just as large as ever; then they said, "Beware your 20 hour check." But we don't need to worry now, 'cause we're King "It."

Some of the fellows in the other flights thought it foolish that we be tossed in the showers after our first solo.

Practically everyone was included in this initiation—the most fun was when Lt. Huie and Jones got their "feet wet." Don't anyone suggest showers after our next scheduled check.

Well, "Unkie," if our first weeks are any indication, we're going to have the largest graduation class Dorr Field has ever had.

Your loving nephew,

"Baldy"
Dear Fly Paper Pals:

Union City is on the air again with a few notes on the news and views at the Field. Probably one of the busiest men around this place and one about whom little has been said in these columns is the one known to all of us as "Jimmy."

His name is Jimmy Jamerson, and he is our Station Wagon Driver and right hand man. All of us say thanks to Jimmy for his efficiency and helpfulness and for always being on the job.

We at Embry-Riddle Field were showered with prominent visitors the past week with the arrival of Messrs. Len Povey, J. R. Horton, and Steve Zachar, Architect of the Riddle-McKay Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Povey dropped in for a brief visit en route from New York. At the close of their visit and just as they were preparing to leave, it seems as if Mr. Povey had trouble getting the Waco Cabin job's starter to kick over because of battery deficiency.

Mr. Horton of the Aircraft Engines Division was preparing to make the return trip with him, and, of course, gave his assistance.

That Hat

A picture of Roscoe Brinton, our former General Manager, has been placed in the Operations Tower, and it is so much like him that nearly everyone who sees it remarks, "Well, why don't you straighten up that cap, Roscoe?"

All of us regret the fact that our friend, Lt. W. B. Mackey, Commandant of Cadets, is leaving us to go to Nashville where he will be assigned to his new duties.

Lt. Mackey has won the respect and admiration of all concerned, having been here since the opening of the Field. He has been a "regular fellow."

Lt. Mackey is succeeded by Lt. Wm. H. Semmes, a resident of Sheffield, Alabama, where, just prior to his entrance to active duty in the Army in April, he was employed by the Reynolds Alloys Company.

He held a reserve commission in the Infantry at that time. Prior to his employment with this concern, he worked for the Tennessee Valley Authority for seven years.

Lt. Semmes reported here from Miami Beach, Fla., where he had served as a Tactical Officer in the Army Air Forces Officers' Candidate School for several months.

He came by way of Maxwell Field, but stopped there only a short while. Mrs. Semmes and their infant daughter have arrived here too and will reside in Union City.

Class 43-C

Just a few nights ago a big steak supper in the Mess Hall and a good time marked the graduating banquet of the latest class of Cadets, Class 43-C, who are leaving for further training.

A whistle or two, a few good-byes, and another Class of Uncle Sam's millions has finished Primary Flight Training here at Embry-Riddle Field and is bound for Basic. Good luck to you, 43-C, and "Keep 'em Flying!"

And just here we'd like to mention that another Class too has come in to begin its weeks of training. These men look much like the past groups to us, fine looking, strong, and healthy, not mentioning their eagerness and interest.

We find them coming from many Fields just like you. There's a former grocery clerk, a cartoonist, a former laboratory technician before he took up the business of battling worse insects, and there's an F.B.I. man. This one was just finishing school.

Rich or poor, high-paying jobs or low, big education or none, they're all together one big headache for the old Schickelgruber. They are Poles, Czechs, Russians, and Irish—and yet Americans all.

There are "Rebels" and "Damo Yankees" in the gang, but Heaven help the back stabbers when they run into the uniform buzz saw these boys make up.

"Entry to Flight"

He left his Pre-Flight School with misgivings. He has joined the Air Force to fly, sure. Why did he feel this way when he was going to get his chance?

The reasons weren't something tangible. They were deep-rooted. They were set within the far recesses of his brain and his heart, and try as he would, he couldn't loosen them so that he could analyze and perhaps do something about the situation.

First he felt scared, then brave; then he felt capable; then he felt helpless. He could not figure out what was the matter. It never occurred to him to just quit worrying and let nature take its course.

Instead, he built up in his mind sordid pictures of how he would throw his airplane around in helpless maneuvers. Then there were ground loops.

After all, one couldn't be too careless with landing those planes. He had heard they'd ground loop just by thinking about it. His image of "Failure" chilled him.

His thoughts went on like this until he suddenly realized he was scared. Scared stiff, yellow some might call it. He cursed himself for this weakness he had revealed. It wouldn't do to let the other boys know of the uncertainty existing in his own mind.

So, he did just as much bunk flying as the others and tried not to let on how scared he was. Came the day of arrival at Primary School, a small place called Embry-Riddle Field, near Union City.

On The Line

Seeing those planes on the "line" didn't ease those lines of worry behind his wide, put-on grin. It suddenly hit him how big this job was. Maybe too big for him. That was it. This job was too big for him.

What was he saying? "Too big"? Weakly—he admitted, it was a big job, but had not hundreds of boys taken that first big step and come through? If they had, why
The tradition by killing a Mallard one day last week.

Right here let us say “Thanks a Million” to Cadets Hardy and Kempner for the splendid assistance given us this week in the news.

Cadet Chatter

According to “Schnozzle” King, “Baldy” Larguier would look more natural in the Zoo. Larguier claims King’s recent ground loop was due to profile drag when “Schnozzle” looked out of the cockpit.

One Cadet who never gets mad is “Texas” Tarver. We could stand more of his caliber.

Roger Hoffman does O.K. on open post. Is it true the girls think he’s handsome?

Since A/C 1. H. Kempner’s recent talk on space ships, he’s known as “Buck Rogers” around the barracks. F. J. Monaco’s wife came all the way from New York to see him. And Open Post was over at 22:00.

The recent shower dumpkins have been due to our large solo group. Keep it up, fellas. Who’s this guy, “Burtke”? Is he really on the Post or is it a mirage?

The boys here must be learning to fly blind. On the last inspection there were plenty of the fellows gigged for dirty (?) goggles.

The many who have suggested that Carlstrom Field may not be getting its full share of publicity in Embry-Riddle’s tenacious Fly Paper—especially those who have in the past helped report all the publishable news concerning the doings of Carlstrom citizens—will be pleased to know that their pleas are no longer to go unheard.

Visiting notable at the “Saftest School in the South” last week was Vadah Thomas, assistant editor of the Fly Paper, who was full of plans for the broadening of Carlstrom’s weekly spread—with special emphasis on the news for Carlstrom pictures.

Vadah contacted correspondents, department heads, and the “Army,” and as a result of her visit, Carlstrom is soon to fill its deserved number of column inches.

New Deal

This “New Deal” is not to be a “flight line” proposition. It is the aim of the editors that the entire Field be represented each week in pictures as well as in words, and the reporting department is anxious to carry out their plans.

It’s up to you then; you linenmen, you maintenance men, you fabric workers, you office folk, you ground school men, you pilots—even the one of the hundreds of you who make up the smoothly operating unit which is the real Carlstrom Field. It’s up to you to turn in the news from your own departments.

Amateur camera “bug” Sam Hottle has agreed to handle the photographic department. Sam is likely to have taken upon himself a somewhat pestery assignment, but let us hope that through his efforts a great many Carlstrom “mugs” will soon shine proudly forth from off the pages of the Fly Paper.

Tampa

Nov. 16

Dear Editor,

Hope this catches you with your deadline down. At the moment, I am “between classes,” which has put a crimp in my schedule.

I have stopped overeating and oversleeping for the afternoon, however, so that I may cook up some sort of an excuse for a column.

Barring interrupting temptation—what in my weakened moral condition after a week’s vacation—it follows:

TOM

The Flight Instructors for Flight III and IV are vacationing now that their fledglings have learned to fly.

Not Nellie Rabun has quit shaving since he got married. He’s one Flight Instructor who keeps his word about personal matters.

“Flywheel” Jones broke an old family tradition by killing a Mallard one day last week.

Roger Hoffman does O.K. on open post. Is it true the girls think he’s handsome?

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On instruments Atlas was flying—Or at least, he was certainly trying—When out of the soup on his radio set Came a warning. Said Atlas, “They’re lying.”

So Atlas completely ignored them, And turned off his set, which implored him To go higher and miss the great mountain he hit—But he didn’t go higher. It bored him.

Too obvious to mention... The guy in front of you is stone blind—the guy behind is a blithering idiot. Give them both the benefit of the doubt, and steer clear, Brother, steer clear!

FIRST PRIZE. $5.00

Scratch your head and get out your drawing pencil. The Fly Paper, through the courtesy of Anonymous, will award a five dollar first prize and a three dollar second prize for the best caricatures of Mr. Riddle submitted to this office not later than December 1st.

This contest is open to everyone associated with the Embry-Riddle Co. and affiliates, so let’s have contributions from every division.
TECH TALK
by Robert Messer
Instructor, Sheet Metal Dept.

We’re going to have couriers—no less. Those three lovelies, Lois Wheeler, Helene Hayes, and Jackie Dillard, who’ve been going around learning the business from basement to tower, will start couriering soon now.

They will take visiting dignitaries throughout the School, on personally conducted tours. Wish I could be a “v. d.”!1

Observed: Sheet metal men Slocum and Gallagher practicing their right faces and about faces, and doing all right, too, except that Slocum does have a bit of trouble with his thumb when saluting some of his fellow instructors.

Newcomer
Interesting new people: Lydia Cordoba, Rosemary’s understudy on the elevator, is a new arrival from Puerto Rico.

She has been in this country just since November 5th. A real senorita, boys, and that’s enough said. No wonder the elevator has been even more crowded than usual lately.

Note to administrative heads: the cafeteria line gets longer and longer, and the colder and windier the day is, the longer and slower the line seems. Can’t a few more t. p. m.’s be developed down there?

If Private “Anonymous,” who penned that stirring ballad to “Red” Bosley in last week’s issue will call at her office, she promises him a fitting and proper reward. But—you’ve got to prove it, soldier!

If you call Instruments and a pleasant voice answers, “Lyon Electric Company,” don’t be startled. It will be L. P. Lyon who used to be in that business.

Details
Lots of new instructors lately, all pleasant fellows, conscientiously bent upon doing the kind of job that makes Embry-Riddle the truly great school that it is. Welcome to the fold, gentlemen.

Among the missing last week-end were Dorothy Burton and Vadah Thomas, both of whom went to the Fields. Dorothy inspected the library situation at Riddle, Dorr, and Carlstrom, and Vadah gathered news.

The Fly Paper office and Mr. Habig’s department will move—lock, stock, Betty, Wain, and Vadah, just as soon as their furniture arrives. New location will be the sixth floor, and it’s bigger and better. Congratulations!

Kelly Newsome’s friends, and that applies to all he has ever met, wish him a speedy and complete recovery from the injury suffered which has bothered him lately.

Details aren’t ready for announcement yet, but those who know say enthusiastically that the mechanism that Mr. Lunn has designed and is building in Aircraft’s experimental room will arouse national interest.

Emby-Riddle Spirit
We have talked with a good many new members of the Emby-Riddle family during the past few weeks and everyone of them, without exception, has commented on the courteous, friendly spirit of cooperation which he has found here. Has that been your experience?

This column thinks that is a very fine compliment to those who have been here longer. It also thinks that this spirit should be fostered and nurtured, and that it is important enough to warrant mention here.

We are very busy these days, and we are working long hours. It would be the easy, the natural thing for us to let our tempers go, and to let fly with stinging words when our minds are tired and our nerves frazied a bit. Yet we all know that we must not.

If dissention, jealousies, departmental politics, and all the other disruptive influences sometimes found in large organizations enter our institution, its days of growth and progress are numbered.

The preservation of the present spirit of mutuality in our efforts is an individual responsibility which must be borne and shared by each one of us.

War-Time Taboos

The quick tempered retort, the catty remark, the sarcastic wisecrack must be tabooed for the duration. We must stay on guard, constant.

The greater the effort, the greater is the need. We’ve got to win a war, and the place to start is in our minds and hearts.

Thought while unavoidable present at a soldier’s leaving his family for probably overseas service:

When stupid futile man upon this earth was placed.

One compensation was vouchsafed him from above;
For all eternity, unchanging laws was traced
That war, nor death, nor hell itself, can conquer love.

MODEL PLANE
by Truman Gile, Jr.

Many a person has stood on the cold dark airport of Cincinnati or Chicago and watched a sleek, orange-winged biplane glide down onto the runway, come to a slow stop, and discharge or take on mail.

This trim Steerman was one of the first mail planes used by the Embry-Riddle Co. to carry mail between these two cities.

A model of this plane can be seen on the seventh floor opposite Jo Skinner’s desk. The ship was built in Cincinnati at Automotive High School by Clarence Wilde and Harold Spier.

Clarence made the engine and Harold the rest of the plane. It was built in 1934 and took three months to complete. After the job was finished, the boys were given a round trip by air to Chicago.

The model’s landing lights can be turned on, and the ship can be taken apart in just a few minutes.

Mr. Habig is responsible for having the model enclosed in a protecting glass case, above which hangs a picture of the plane.

“THE WEBSTER FAMILY”
by Carl Robinson

Some two weeks ago, if you will remember, you probably read something about the Webster Family in the Fly Paper. Well, that is, part of the Webster family.

You know, or perhaps you didn’t know, that this family is made up of both boys and girls; eight of the fairer sex, and nine of the, whom we shall say, “Cave Man” class. Yes sir, and we also have two of “Harlem’s Snappiest.” But more about these next week.

What I want to talk about this week is the proud, persuasive, “Papa” of us all, Myllon B. Webster. How “Papa” Webster manages to keep cool and collected and smile all the time is beyond us, his “Kiddies.”

He doesn’t have much of a problem, though. He just answers both telephones off and on all day—mostly on; takes care of the problem of keeping all station wagons, trucks, and busses moving so that they will be in the best possible condition; worries way into the night about that bump on No. 7’s right tire, about that rattle in No. 16, about that air hose on No. 19, about that scratch on No. 22.

In addition to all this, he answers numerous questions, such as: “What time shall I come in tomorrow, Mr. Webster?” “What truck do you want me to take?” “May I have No. 19, Mr. Webster?” “How long will it be before Mr. Stokes gets back?” And so on all day and into the night.

Yet, with all this, he faces his daily tasks with an “Up and Keep ’em Rollin’” spirit that would floor the average man.

“Papa” Webster is a wonderful daddy, and might I add that with all the problems he faces, he is ever ready and willing to go that last mile for those deserving. He is a great guy and a congenial person to work with.

See you next week with more about the busiest family in town.
November 26, 1942
EMORY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER “Stick To It”
Page 9

SAN JUAN WITTIES
by Wain R. Fletcher

Was it me! Now I’ve been hooked. Thought I was the boss around this joint. But everyone requested to cover the Sat-


day night shindig ducked out.

Lucille couldn’t think of a tag line, so she just couldn’t think—and Vadhah claims that she has done her stint for the year after struggling so valiantly, she thinks, over Tech Talk last week.

Such excuses, and so quick like! No one would help me. Scourge No. 2, my foot.

Saturday night and no Deauville—well, my chucks, there’s a War on. And far be it from us to squawk if Uncle Sam wants our play spot for bigger and better things.

The screivener of this drivel batted her head against no less than eighteen walls trying to find a suitable place for you to trip the light fantastic.

We aren’t the only ones wanting to make merry on Saturday nights—

Continued by Vadhah Thomas

And from there on comes nothing but groans from Wain and her typewriter. Well, I guess this is a very excellent chance to play martyr; so, even after all the above dirty cracks, we’ll carry on in (please use tremelo in reading the following phrase) the true Spartan spirit of the Fly Paper office.

Arriving at the Tech School Saturday evening at eight o’clock, after a trip to the Fields, the present writer had quite a time getting to the San Juan by seven-forty-five.

But, with the help of Willard Barton, who was meeting wife Dorothy at the bus, we finally made it—as was, and complete with baggage. The only stop our San Juan Express made was to pick up Marzaret Walker, who was just leaving the Tech School and whose destination corresponded to ours. (Please note improvement, Madame Tamara.)

First to arrive at our transported “Deau-

sville” site were Art Rhune, minus his victory suit, and sweet wife Virginia, from whom we weeded a promise to bring Baby Rhune to visit us at the office.

Then, in rapid succession, came the rest of the gang, usual and otherwise. Pleasant it was to see Carlstromites Art Villar, Vic Urbach, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Schwarz, and Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Jones.

From Clewiston came Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Bing, Bruce Crawford, Johnny Potter, Mike Carrol, Gonzalo Lopez Garzon, and CHARLES JACKSON HOPKINS with cute Barbara Wharton in tow—or was it the other way around?

While we were having dinner, sweet- breads and turkey, with the Woodmansees of the Coliseum, we noticed Syd and “Tib-

by” Burrows and Myllion and Phillips Web-

ster foursoming.

Representing the Tech School, but mostly demonstrating a little up-to-date jive, were Adel Heiden and John Howard. Also pair-

ing off were Marty Warren with Lt. R. G.

Frieras, Lucille Valliere with Lt. Ary Go-

mes, and Bannie Bickle with Lt. W. L.

Vampré of the Brazilian Navy.

In line with the Latinos, Marty’s

blonde locks were topped with two

large red flowers—muy bonita! Lucille,

smooth-browed as a result of being re-

lied (she thought) of this week’s column-

ing duties, bustled about as usual in her

becoming “jinx” cocktail dress.

Concluded by Lucille Valliere

Ah me! That long anticipated respite

from our weekly literary duties seems to have come to an end all too briefly—in fact, even before it started, we might say.

It seems that after having been given a little taste of freedom of mind (well al-

right! just freedom, then), we were sud-

denly brought to the awful realization that all was not as well with the world as we had innocently supposed.

In fact—at the very moment we were going about our daily chores, humming blissfully through “Pass the Ammunition” in unsuspecting anticipation of an early departure from the confines of our office, two of our sprouting surreptitiously in the Editor’s office to rope us in, as it were.

At 5:00 p.m., we salilied forth, carefree and happy as a dodo bird, in spite of the
day being Tuesday. But, Alas! our joy was short-lived, for there, on the threshold, like a cat at a mouse hole, awaited Mme. Simone

THREE STARS OF SEVENTH HEAVEN

Legree Fletcher to pounce upon us and nip our happiness right in the very bud.

Unlike her notorious forebear, Simon, she believes in the old adage that you can catch more flies with sugar than vinegar—and so, by the wheeling method, she beseeched this little fly into consenting to add just a few ingredients to what we think is a dish of already too well-done Hash a-la-Fletcher-Thomas.

As a result of our unfortunate encounter with the above mentioned, we have just

finished sharpening our news nose on the old grindstone and have chased a few bats out of our belfry, to enable us to remember, three days late, whom we saw last Saturday and what they were doing when we saw them.

Well, we saw the Andersons—Laurice and her mother and dad. They were ac-

companied by their son, here on leave, an entourage of Army officers, and other An-

data and seemed to be enjoying them-

selves, one and all. Truman Gile, Jr. was there, Elaine Chalk, and A. G. Spangen-

berg.

The biggest thrill of the evening for us was the rumble contest in which Marty

Warren and Syd Burrows advocated their way to fame and a small fortune. Luis

Jaramillo and his partner were runner-ups with a still smaller fortune.

Café Club representatives were: Henry Desjardins of Massachusetts; Fernando

Naranjo of Equador; Adolfo Sasco of Uruguay; with Daniel Williard and Santiago;

Jorge Robertson of Chile with Charlotte

Dewey, Sergio Eberhardt, also of Chile, with Betty Cole; Willie Rivas of Nicaragua

with Anne Elrod; Sertorio Arruda and Adriano Ponzo of Brazil.

From Arcadia came Mr. and Mrs. C. H.

Carothers, Raymond L. Weigler, and Tom

Cheatham; and from Clewiston came Ad-

vance Flight Instructor Charles W. Berry

and Mrs. Berry.

Well, so much for the San Juan episode

in our fun and frolics diary . . . and now,
on to the next act, which we under-

stand will take place at the Broadmoor (by

the beautiful rolling ocean) . . . And, ac-

cording to our old dog-eared Almanac, there’ll be a big full moon, lads and lassies.

WE'RE IN IT—LET'S WIN III!

A British philanthropist visited a pursuit

squadron and offered the pilots a prize of

twenty pounds for every enemy plane they

shot down. Two Canadian pilots were

delighted with the offer, and kept it in

mind when they went on patrol duty.

Flying over the Channel, they ran into an

air fleet of a hundred enemy planes.

“Hurray!” radioed one of them. “Our

fortune’s made!”
RIDDLE ROUND-UP

NO. 5 B.F.T.S. RIDDLE FIELD
CLEWISTON, FLA.

Jack Hopkins, Editor

Pat Smythe, Nelva Purdon, Ralph Thyme, Johnny Potter, Dudley Amoss, Harry Ingram, Roy Lacey, Brian Johnstone, Jerry Greenberger, J. L. Kerr, Derrick Button, Bob Ahren, Pat McGeehe, O. Burgess, Associate Editors.

Well, everyone has returned from his vacation and is right "back in the groove" again. Many and varied are the stories told by all of the Instructors and Cadets—tales from New York, Chicago, Asheville, Atlanta, Jacksonville, Tallahassee, St. Louis, Baltimore, Boston, etc.

Yes, everyone reported a fine time, and are now set to put in some more hard work, all working together to "Keep 'em Flyin'."

New Set-up

A new Class has taken its place here at the Field, with an increase in number and several United States Army Air Corps Cadets included. The welcome sign is out, fellows, and we hope you like it here.

With the new Class comes a different grouping of the Cadets at this Station. Under the new system, a Senior Under Officer is in charge of the discipline of the camp, assisted by Under Officers, in charge of the four squadrons.

Then, assisting the Under Officers are the Flight Leaders. All of the aforementioned persons being under the supervision of the regular Commanding Officer.


Boss Expected Back

While not (at deadline time) authentic, the arrival of General Manager G. W. Tyson is expected soon, the boss having been on a business trip to England, no less, for the past few weeks.

Page All Talent

A new Class causes us to make our periodic appeal for correspondents from that Flight—a "general news" man, feature writer, cartoonist, etc. How about it, boys; see Ye Editor if you'll help the Fly Paper and help Riddle Field in the news.

Incidentally, any of you new Cadets and Instructors (old ones, too) that wish the Fly Paper sent to your homes free of charge, may do so by giving the Editor the name and address, plainly written on a sheet of paper.

This is made possible through the generosity of the President of the Embry-Riddle Company, John Paul Riddle.

Johnny Potter of Green Flight has been added to our list of Associate Editors, and he promises to do some feature writing for us in the very near future.

The pictures appearing on this page were taken at the last Sports Meeting and show some amazing expressions—what?

Yum, Yum . . .

By the way, the baker of those fine pastries you've been getting at the Mess Hall is none other than our friend Albert Berka.

Our notes from No. 3 Squadron (former Green Flight) sound like a hospital sick report, but several of the boys have had some tough luck, and so here we go: Green Flight would like to give its best wishes to Corporal Burgess down in Miami, and wish him a speedy recovery.

They also hope that Mr. Discombe enjoys his sick leave and will be in good fettle by the time he arrives back at the camp to resume his duties.

They were glad to see that Mr. Patterson is back in the fold, and that he looks fairly well after his recent sojourn in a Miami hospital.

Some of the fellows here at the Field have been quite amused at a story about Mr. E. L. Brannan, Assistant Ground and Building Maintenance Superintendent, and Mr. A. E. Ball, the barber.

It seems that these two gentlemen are quite famous and have a wide reputation as 'possum hunters. Well, the other night, these two men were out on a hunt, with Mr. Brannan's famous dog (nicknamed "Seven-Fifty" for some reason or other) leading the way.

Back into the woods went the dog, and the two men followed to get their prey, but this particular 'possum was pretty smart, and he led the hunters somewhat out of their territory.

They finally treed the animal and shot him, and much to their disappointment, they found him about the size of a large rat.

But this isn't the bad part of the story, they started back to their car, and much to their dismay, found that they were—yes lost.

After walking in all directions for about an hour and a half, they came back into known territory again, and thus came Mr. Brannan's prize remark, "Why, I knew where we were all the time, Mr. Ball—I just wanted to see if you could find the way."

Sports Preview

Coming up on the Sports picture in about three or four weeks time is a Swimming Meet. The date and events will be announced later; so come on, gang, get some swimming hours in.

We have a very special treat for you readers next week, as Jerry Greenberger, Maintenance Associate Editor, is giving us some material from his Department.

The engagement of Miss Gladys Rash and C. W. Bing, Advance Instructor, announced in this column several weeks ago, has been broken. Yes, the two are now
November 20, 1942

E M B R Y-R I D D L E F L Y P A P E R " S t i c k T o I t"

married! Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Bing.

Captains Persinger and Hughes of the U. S. Air Corps are stationed here supervising the training of the Air Corps Cadets.

Distinguished visitors at the Field Tuesday were “Ross” Riddle, Major Ola, and Captain and Mrs. Len Povy.

Two weeks ago, Pat McGhee, Primary Flight Instructor, promised to act as Correspondent from the Primary Flight. And, sure enough, he came through this issue with a letter addressed to us, which we print herewith:

Dear Editor

This job of correspondent (or is it associate editor) looked very interesting and very easy from afar; but only from afar. After being informed by “Hoppys” that I was the official news-gatherer from Primary, I sat down to do my duty.

I am now more firmly convinced, after two hours of head scratching and word hunting, that this is not one of my natural, nor even unnatural, attributes; and, from the height of the waste note paper around me, I am beginning to think that unless I acquire this particular attribute in double quick time I am certain to be classified as a detriment to the war effort.

A Beginning to an End

However, I am happy to donate to the Fly Paper, of which I have never missed a word from the very first issue (at this point I am at a loss for words; and since my head can bear no more scratching, I’ll just have to call this a beginning to an end). Remember, Hopkins, you asked for it; now you’re going to get it; and if my copy is not up to Fly Paper standards (?) then, as the “Great” Wilbur Sheffield used to say, “It won’t be here to stay.”

Old and New

Red Flight has departed; Sergeant Pilots all, much is expected of them; and if the past is any indication of the future, all expectations are sure to be fulfilled.

In the wake of their departure, the new Course arrived, fair-skinned young men whose ruddy checks the Florida sun will soon turn brown. (There, that’s better, is it not, Mr. Hopkins?)

Included in this Course are uniforms and insignia strange to Riddle Field, those of the U.S.A.F. Aviation Cadets who will receive their training along with the British Cadets.

The day after they arrived, the Cadets were assembled and assigned to their Instructors. Introductions over, the do’s and don’ts of the parachute were explained and demonstrated by the capable Mr. Body of the Parachute Department.

Flying equipment was issued from the Army Supply; then a trek to the flight line where the Cadets had a look at the aircraft they will fly during this phase of their training.

On Their Way

Fuel valves, ignition switches, control locks, instruments, etc., were explained; the mysteries of the forms one and 1A and traffic patterns were dwelt upon; taxing was demonstrated; and so a new Course has started on the path to wings.

A long, hard path without a doubt, but that look of eagerness and determination on each face present gives promise of many new wings for the United States and England. (That sounds O.K., too, Hopkins. Maybe I’m learning, huh?)

The voice of D. Clandillon of Green Flight was heard emanating from the Clewiston Catholic Church Choir the other evening. The lad has a right good voice, of which he justly can be proud.

Well, Jack, that’s about the extent of my copy for this week, since I have just returned from leave; but more news is already in the wind for next week.

Who’s Who

I might add (don’t let me kid you, I’d be mobbed if I didn’t) that new Primary Instructors who recently finished the Refreshers Course are P. R. Greenwood, J. K. Carus, A. R. Thompson, H. P. Hardin, J. D. Leftwich, W. C. Wirick, H. Curtis, Mr. Albee, J. Raynor, H. J. “Doc” Child- dix, J. K. Keine, Mr. Brazell, F. Miraglia, and G. A. Hemler.

Other changes in Assistant Flight Commanders, new Refreshers, etc., will be reported next week.

New addition to the Dispatcher Staff is L. P. Gibson, and that is about all the crop for this week. Keep those Links flying and get to bed early. HaHa.

PAT McGHEE

Thank you very much, Pat, that was a very good first effort, and we are expecting you to keep that Primary Flight line right in the prints.

Letters From England

We have received two letters from England during the past few days, and we shall pass the news along to you.

The first was from our good friend Stan Haynes—Pilot Officer Haynes—who graduated with the Number Three Course at Riddle Field.

Stan reports that things “over there” are well, and that he is still Instructing. He also says to “remember me to all the good folks in Clewiston and Moore Haven.”

Stan sends information about some of the other boys who were in his course that will probably be interesting to a lot of you.

Messrs. James, Brown, Bicket, Dixon, Mel- lor, and Akerman are also Instructing; St. John, Williams, and Robertson are on Spit- fires; Johnny Bassett is with an Army Coop, Flying Mustangs.

Our other letter is not as cheerful as the first. It is from Mr. R. E. Cooper of Edinburgh, Scotland, father of Bill Cooper, another Course three (3) lad.

Mr. Cooper wrote to thank us for the Fly Paper, but also to inform us that Bill has been reported missing after an operational flight last September.

However, he still has hopes of Bill’s being found, and we sincerely share those hopes with him.

Silent Impressions

By An Adverse

To explain about the consequence of my vow to reward somebody for paving the way for me to carry on my ambition toward the goal of technical engineering, it is necessary to turn the clock back to the time of my childhood when for the first ten years of my life I was living ignorantly and blissfully, under the same conditions of the Dark Ages.

As a child, way out at a remote farm surrounded by tall and short evergreen plants where I was held incommunicado for ten years by nature of my disability in hearing, I loved to do many things, one of which was to “daringly” climb tall, wind swaying trees.

I would walk or work my way toward the end of a branch, high above, and jump over to catch the branch of another tree—just the way the mythical Tarzan would do, from tree to tree.

Tiring of this Tarzan trick, however, I would sit atop the tallest tree, beholding for miles and miles about me nothing but the rich verdancy of treetops. Nothing but greenness for miles about.

By way of an illustration, take a glance at the green lawn about this school and you have an idea how the treetops appeared to me years ago.

Then I would sit there for hours wondering what, besides my folks and a handful of blacks and whites living close by, was beyond my small world on the farm; but, alas, my young mind would not “click” or grasp the true conception of the world in which we now live.

I would watch birds of all kinds fly hither and thither and way up in the blue sky. And I would often sigh with envy at the graceful way they were conducting themselves in flight—diving, zooming, and doing all kinds of fanciful tricks.
ENGINE NOISES

by Gladys C. Goff

After reading last week's Fly Paper, I have come to the startling conclusion that mine was perhaps the only "column" that didn't mention the hurricane.

How could I have forgotten the flutter of excitement through the shop, even after the announcement that it was "just a blow," and Boy Scout Mr. Grafflin coming to work all prepared with an overnight bag and a yachting cap.

We almost wished it had been a real sure 'nough hurricane, so these newcomers from the North wouldn't scoff at our preparations.

"Confoosed"

Gordon C. Lennox was amazed at the new title bestowed upon him by the Dawes Silica Mining Company. A telegram to Mr. Lennox was addressed to: Gordon Aircraft, Lennox and Engine Division, Embry-Riddle Company. Who's confoosed?

The cold weather calls for introductions. We hardly know some of our fellow-workers when they come to work bundled up to their ears.

Jim Nordin looks very sporty in his felt hat, and Frank Perry looks dashingly in his teal blue sweater.

We won't mention the many "sweater girls" in the department. Needless to say, cold weather has its advantages.

JOE HENRY

Unfortunately, Life Magazine scooped us when it came to publishing this shot of Joe Henry, Engine Overhaul, as he struck an impressive spark.

WING FLUTTER

by Catherine W. Kerr

This week we are extending the welcome hand, Welcome to our new Assistant Superintendent of Aircraft Overhaul, Jack Steward, and to Gordon Lennox. You don't know how glad we are to have you with us.

And we're glad to see Wayne Tucker recently transferred from the Seaplane Base.

This is what you call starting Monday a.m. off with three pleasant surprises.

Sports

Now to talk of our sportsmen down here at Aircraft Overhaul. Well, we have some real sporting fans: namely, the Lone Wolf, Gordon Lennox, and the four horsemen, Causey, Pepper, Holt, and Don Martin. All these folks attended the football game on Saturday.

The Bowling Team of the Embry-Riddle Co. is in first place, so you see we were telling the truth when we told you they were good and to come out and cheer.

However, this Friday night will give you another chance to see the boys in action at the Playdium on the Trail. Come out Friday night, won't you?

Pets

Mr. McShane has a new Shepherd dog; the only real trouble it gives him is the special food. Understand, there's only one particular store in town that carries the brand. If you see Mac out walking at night, you know what.

How did the rabbit tracks get on Don's desk? Do you think the Shepherd dog got the rabbit?

On the Erie

The writer was very busily ordering "Pink and Blue decorations" over the telephone when the timekeeper's ears perked up. It was Happy Birthday, Betty. Just a birthday cake, not a blessed event.

The girls in the Sewing Room have laid a claim to one of the men. We wonder who? They're not telling. Could it be Mr. Lohr?

Spray Dust

Wiggles found out she had better learn to dodge cigarettes or wear different shoes outside the dope room. A hot foot isn't very pleasant.

The girls in the spray room were sorry to loose Jack Pepper as their Supervisor, but when they heard they were having none other than "William Powell," they all were on the beam the next day.

Mr. Rose Man says that if — boat must be in again, as Julia wants the day off.

Advancement

Billie Todd, president of the Overhaul Cadets, and one of our wiring experts, has been transferred, by request of Mr. Keene, to the Civil Engines Department. We hate to see Billie go, and we hope she won't forget her old friends in Engine Overhaul.

Eva Morris, who has been out on leave of absence, paid us a visit the other day. If I thought I would look that good after an operation, I'd chase myself over to the hospital for one right now.

Pipe the new uniform on our runner, lads! Nothing like a good-looking runner in a snappy uniform to step up production. Lona Cochran said the only trouble was that everyone thought she was joining the W.A.A.C.'s.

Happy Birthdays

November is a popular birthday month in our shop. Mrs. Minnie Smith, Clarence Vail, Harold Daye, Charles Harrelson, Harold Kercheval, and Warren Sanchez are among those celebrating birthdays during November.

Many happy returns and all stuff like that to you folks. May you have many more of 'em.

See you next week!

DEATH RATTLE

And when I die, please bury me
Neath a ton of sugar, by a rubber tree.
Lay me to rest in an auto machine,
And water my grave with gasoline.
ARMY STUDENT NEWS

Last week we said that the Permanent Party were determined to prove that they had the best team; so in their "Rubber" game with class 5-43-E, they certainly proved that they are the best, by winning 26-21.

The P.P.'s showed great teamwork, and each man accounted for some of the 26 points, with T/Sgt. Graziana and Pfc. Gueising again leading the scoring, while Sgt. Gunter hit the basket for 4 points and played a great defensive game.

For 5-43-E, Mitchell and Rhea again starred and accounted for most of their 21 points.

### Line-ups

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<tr>
<th>P.P.'s</th>
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<tr>
<td>T/Sgt. Graziana</td>
<td>R.F.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cpl. Hawkins</td>
<td>L.F.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pfc. Gueising</td>
<td>C.</td>
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<td>Sgt. Gunter</td>
<td>R.G.</td>
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<td>S/Sgt. Rappaport</td>
<td>L.G.</td>
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<td>Pvt. Cullen</td>
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<td>Pvt. Heaney</td>
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Total                      26

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<tr>
<th>5-43-E</th>
<th>(Points)</th>
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<tr>
<td>Pvt. Mitchell</td>
<td>R.F.</td>
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<td>Pvt. Rhea</td>
<td>L.F.</td>
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<td>Pvt. Melefski</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pvt. Mielecki</td>
<td>R.G.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pvt. Sasovits</td>
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Subs

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Total                      21

### The Line-up

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9    1    19

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19    1    39

IF YOU GOLF

Thanks to the brothers Budge, the employees of the Embry-Riddle Company can now chase that little white ball around the Miami Springs Golf Club at a very, very special rate. For fifty cents—"four bits" to you.

Way up in the Tower, on the sixth floor at the Tech School, the Athletic Department will sell you tickets for half the sum of the regular green fee—$1.00.

These tickets are on sale now, and the rates are effective week days, week-ends, holidays. Don and Lloyd, we thank you, but if either of you is as good at golf as you are at tennis, no part of us will challenge you!

W E ' R E I N I T — L E T ' S W I N I T

SILENT IMPRESSIONS

Continued from Page 11

What a rare opportunity they were having in viewing all things aloft! Ah, me . . .

One day something different, still, and straight met my eyes for the first time. It was coming my way. Gradually, I became aware, through feeling, of the strange sound.

I looked about—first thing, of course—for a snake (or, considering the volume of the sound, snakes), the vilest, deadliest, creeping creature that ever lived in the greens.

Not a sight of it—and I became panicu, as the sound grew louder and louder, I blinked my eyes ever harder to make sure I was seeing all right. But, still, 1 was frantic, fearfully terrified—and I could not move.

My mind confused at the increase in volume of the sound and at the increase in body of a strange object flying my way, I became paralyzed, glued to the treetop.

Few seconds—and the aeroplane, as it was then called, soared over and gradually vanished into mists over the verandah of the treetops miles beyond.

As time passed by, I saw more of it and became, instead of terrified, fascinated by it. Growing up better educated, my knowledge reaching far and wide, above and below, from my small world to cover all things from A to Z (at least, half I mean), I fell in love with flying, or aviation for that matter, second to woman and music.

Well, more than 15 years ago, touched deeply by flying—as if it were most sacred and venerable beyond words, I made one wish—to give my life to the services of aviation, to the betterment, improvement, and dependability of the air; to be actively engaged as an independent flyer and engineer.

With that wish made, I began—and had been up to last August—knocking about all over the country for whatever position would enable me to work and pay my way toward the fulfillment of it, only to be rebuffed and repulsed.

This antipathic attitude, simply because Continued on Page 16

FROM THE ATHLETIC OFFICE

Segura Defeats Don Budge

Pancho Segura, the two-fisted Ecuadorian tennis champion, sprung a complete surprise on Sunday before a gallery of about 3,000 soldiers in Flamingo Park, by taking the measure of Don Budge, the world's professional champion.

Pancho started out like a house afire and swept through the first set 6-2, and ran the lead of 4 to 1 in the second.

The colorful Ecuadorian then got a little case of jitters at the prospect of his unexpected victory and gave Don a chance to get going.

His lead was gone in a very few minutes, and Don evened the score at 4 all. Don's ground strokes, however, would not stay in the groove. Unable to do more than just knock at the door, he finally lost out at 12-10.

These boys will play a return match Fri-
Chapman Chatter

by Cara Lee Cook

This is Chapman calling: Come in, civilization. Wonderful place, Chapman, the boids, the bees . . . and the batty. Winter is here and they’re putting de-icers on the ships and anti-freeze in the radiators.

The Seminole Indians, jumping at this golden opportunity, are swapping gay wool blankets and fur lined mocassins for those “whooppee flying machines.” It’s a good thing we keep the Cubs securely tied down.

Old and New
The wheels of progress are really rolling, and we’ve been kept quite busy here closing out our September CPT Class and making way for the November session. We also have Pan American trainees, Commercial and Instrument, to carry to completion.

Speaking of Pan American, whom do we see on the line-up but our deah’ fran’ from the Watah Plane Base, Ad Thompson. He hasn’t much to say except that he is not, never was, and never expects to be a “short snorter.” (When you hear of Ad’s accidental fall out of an airplane, don’t blame me!).

Another old timer, Jack “Hope you meet some more nice people” McKay, is back and is assisting in the instruction of the Instrument boys.

Then there’s past Chapman Flight Instructor Bill Rich and Student Ralph Hughes back as Instrument students. Pete Brooks is down for awhile, which makes a pretty goodly crowd, don’t you think?

Flash!
It’s a seven-pound girl for the Wilbur Sheffield’s, henceforth to be known as Leah Jane. Cigars and congratulations flowed freely Thursday with Papa Sheffield just as proud as the Statue of Liberty and twice that far “outta this world.” Mother and daughter are doing fine, thank you.

Tom Moxley left us with a quick g’bye and two dateless Loots to go Northish for a newly purchased Instrument Waco. He made the trip successfully, arriving at Chapman Friday with “The Yellow Dragon.” A good lookin’ ship she is too.

Ensign Johnny Fouche, past Operations Manager, appeared last Wednesday decked out in his Navy Blues, and a handsome sight there never was. Best of luck, Johnny, and don’t forget to let us know how things progress.

Personalities
New Flight Instructors Martha Brosnan, cute and cheerful, and Dave Pearlman, he’s cute, too, Buzz Cooper, Carol Loseh, Wini-

Bob and Tiny

Dave

Dave and Tom

Chapman Field Instructors finally break out in print and all due to our intrepid correspondent, “Cookie.” In the picture to our left we see Bob Woodward, Instrument Instructor, and Tiny Davis, Primary CPT Instructor. In the center is Dave Narrow of the Primary CPT program, and to the right are Dave da Doll and Tom Jacobs, both of the Secondary CPT program.

“he taught me how to fly, which only proves that he’s the best durn pilot in the air,” as one can plainly see from our rotogravure section.

News
Letters from the boys in the Service include the interesting note that Ensign Paul Dixon and Wallace Peterson, now stationed at Pensacola, think the Navy set-up is A-1.

Huel Wheeler writes that he is now a proud Army primary instructor in Bennetsville, S. C. We also had a letter from Fred Howe with tinges of homesickness. Would like to hear from more of you fellows. How about it?

THE EMBRY-RIDDLE DANCE
Will Be Held Saturday, November 21, at the
Broadmoor Hotel

7450 Ocean Terrace, Miami Beach

Nine to One
MATERIEL CONTROL
by Joan Lowry

Here I am with pen and paper at my hand wondering if I have any news for you folks. Let’s see. Oh yes! The Materiel Control Department has really moved! The event took place last Saturday.

Yes, we have a brand new office, but, believe me, I did hate to leave Tech. However, now that I’ve seen our new place, I don’t feel quite so badly about it, although we will miss all of you.

When we left Saturday night we had every thing all placed and we were very much pleased with the way things looked. Then what should we find on Monday morning but every desk, table, and file moved into one big heap at the other end of the building. And after all our work!

Well, the only thing to do was to start in again and rearrange our office. We are all settled now but are wondering if we should leave a night watchman so that we don’t become the victims of that same thing again.

It is really wonderful what a little bit of paint and a few nails will do to a place, and I’m sure that everyone will want to visit us and see how lovely we have made our new home. VISITORS ALWAYS WELCOME.

Our inventory crew has been so busy that I haven’t even had time to have a chat with our handsome Nick. Sure wish he’d make it a point to drop in and give me a bit of gossip.

I’m wondering if Abbie Mercer has gone high hat on us since going to Carlstrom. Well, Abbie, to clear things up, here’s about a letter with scads of news.

Charlie Shepherd has returned to Tech Stock Room. I’m asking Milton Roberts to watch over him to be sure that he doesn’t get lost again.

Lucille Winchester is a busy little girl, but she was asking me if Harry Koehler would have a telephone handy. I answered yes, and being curious I asked why.

She said, “I just love to talk to him. You know we have most of our conversations in French.” Well, it looks kinda’ funny that they have to talk in French. Maybe I’d better brush up on mine.

More about Harry Koehler: To get him to talk is quite a problem, but I managed to find this out. Aside from his daily work, he belongs to the Auxiliary Medical Corp and has charge of the stretcher bearers of Station No. 4.

In this manner he is doing his bit to serve his country, and there are many of us who might volunteer our services.

Well, it looks like I’m at the end of my thoughts for this issue, so upon leaving, I am reminded that another week has gone and we are a week closer to our goal.

AN ADVERSE ADDS A DOLLAR

Dust up your thinking chamber again. An. Adverse wishes to increase the reward for the correct answer to his puzzle.

In the October 22nd issue of the “Fly Paper,” an article entitled “Reward” offered one melted milk shake for the answer to an amazing “stickler”—now it’s plus one dollar.

The Thanksgiving issue will announce the winner; so set the grey matter to work and send us the explanation of that supposedly doomed plane “folding up.”

DOING YOUR PART?

All of us who are connected with the Embry-Riddle Co. are doing a great deal toward furthering the War effort. But are all of us doing our part?

Let’s pull together folks, and make our company’s bond allotment program a 100% plan. You may allot any amount of your pay check. No matter how small or how large the sum, it will be welcome. Uncle Sam needs it.

The Embry-Riddle Co. is now an authorized issuing agency for U. S. Savings Bonds, and from now on, its service to you will be prompt.

Within a short time, representatives will visit the Fields to assist employees in filling out bond allotment cards. To avoid unnecessary delay, we suggest that you familiarize yourself with the following information:

1. The employee must give the first name, middle initial, and last name of the owner and the co-owner or beneficiary, if any.
2. A married woman must give her first name and middle initial: not the first name and middle initial of her husband.
3. If the bond is to be issued in two names, it must be indicated whether the second person is to be the co-owner or beneficiary.
4. It is also necessary to show the denomination of the bond desired.

WE’RE IN IT—LET’S WIN IT!

BR AL OFF GUARD
by Jo Le Gaye, Radio Dept.

Radio Theory’s the course to take
To keep you studying and wide awake
You try and try ’til you’ve gone just mad
And wish you were back with the head you had
You lose your head, you lose your nerves,
But it’s worth it for the purpose it serves.

As for me I try and I try again
But when I’ll learn, I can’t say when.
Right now I should be studying hard,
But how can I with a brain off guard?

OUTWARD BOUND

Tumult and strife strewn wide this world,
Ships with arms sail—where raging trouble swirls,
And topside some oaken deck—dark and quiet
I sail at ebb tide—fading love from sight.

Remembering glory face—seas infested stormy block
I cruise in the dark of moon—on some unknown tack.
Now past my Heaven—your loving shining face
Marks the path to return—through this hellish gate.

—F/Sgt. J. P. Roberts,
San Bernardino Air Depot News

PROGRAM

The Riddle
“Family Theatre”

FEATURE

“ABE LINCOLN”
with Walter Houston
Monday, November 23rd
RIDDLE FIELD

“SPEAK FIRST”
with Harold Lloyd
Thursday, November 26th
MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

THREE FEATURES

Feature Picture
“ABE LINCOLN”
with Walter Houston
Monday, November 23rd
RIDDLE FIELD

Feature Picture
“SPEAK FIRST”
with Harold Lloyd
Thursday, November 26th
MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

For Exact Time and Place,
See Your Superior Officer

Admission Charge, Ten Cents
More Letters To The Editor

Letter to Harold West, Elec. Inst.
Pineville, La.
November 12, 1942

Dear Mr. West:

Well, we are back in the army again, early morning drill, work call, and etc. I have been assigned to a C-45, a General's private ship. So, naturally the first day, it developed electrical trouble for the first time in years. Then, all fingers pointed to me, a fresh graduate.

Well, I "dug in" and, after a few hours checking, found the points on the booster were burned shut, so now everyone's happy again.

It is very chilly here. The frost is on the ground every morning and the woolen uniform feels good.

The trip took five and a half days from Miami, but we expect to head Minnesota way soon with our load of coconuts.

I'll keep in touch with you whenever anything new or exciting happens here and will say again I have profited a lot from your classes.

Very sincerely

E/Sgt. V. J. Altman
1303 Donahue Rd.

Emby-Riddle School of Aviation
3240 N. W. 27th Avenue
Miami, Florida

Dear Sir:

In this letter I wish to thank you for your newspaper, "Fly Paper," which I receive every week and through which I learn of everything that happens in that school.

You have no idea how much I miss not being able to be with you. I see that you do not forget me because you send me your newspaper.

Hoping that this letter will not inconvenience you, I remain

Very truly yours,

Jose Bierma

Wheaton, Illinois
November 8, 1942

Dear Editor,

Thank you for placing my name on your Fly Paper mailing list.

I enjoy it all, but, like Anonymous of October 19th, I would like to know more of Dorr's Doings.

I am enclosing a question for Dorr.

Sincerely,

Helen Llewellyn

Is Walking Safe?

Because my interest flies at Dorr I'd like to know a little more

About the dangers he may meet

While strolling down Arcadia's street.

I've heard that poisonous snakes abound,
And giant ants are often found

Obstructing traffic. Is this true?

I hope not, but I wish I KNEW.

H. L.

SILENT IMPRESSIONS

Continued from Page 13

I was "deaf," brought me up to such an extent that I made a vow to reward whoever aided me in reaching my goal. And I hope it is not too premature to make it known to the aviation world.

Although, in short and in conclusion, I stated in my column last week about my determination to robe myself in the future of leadership for this school-company, the exact nature of reward I must decline to give away until the right time.

Wait and see ... My vow is as good as my name, as good as you see the sun.