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NEWS LETTER FROM EMBRY-RIDDLE FIELD

by Jimmy Glover, Union City Editor

Whew! I'm breathless! That Athletic department is sure hard to find. First, the office is here, then it's there, and now I go where it is and it ain't-er—well it was in the Link Building but now they tell me, after facing a 30 mile wind, it's in Barracks four—East. Huh ya can't kid me that Barracks is next door to me. Come on, where is it? And four—East it is!

So here am I, looking for news. Athletic Directors Lt. "Bob" Palmer and "Don" Matheson enter and take a bow. "Bob" is from Mt. Sterling, Ky., and graduated from University of Kentucky in 1941, starring as guard on the University football squad. After a short coaching period in a Kentucky High School, he resigned to become a civil service director for the Army. Lt. Palmer received his commission at Miami a few months ago.

Physical Director
Our friend "Don" is from Maine and was graduated from Springfield College, after which he served as physical director in several Maine High Schools. Lt. Matheson came to Union City from Maxwell Field as a Civil Service Director after which he received his commission at Miami, Fl.

Lt. Matheson has been acting Commandant of Cadets for the past few weeks in the absence of Commandant of Cadets Lt. William H. Semmes.

One of the Best
The athletic area is being built up by these two into one of the best with every kind of game and sport available. In addition to the athletic activities here on the Field, Lt. Palmer has opened a nice gym in the National Guard Armory in Union City for the benefit of the Officers and Instructors and for practice for the Embry-Riddle basketball team. This department is doing a great job on the Field, not only for Cadets but for all the Field's personnel and to those responsible—our hats go off!

Ten-shun! Arms extended to the side—on count of one lift your left foot—touch knee and chin! Count two. Lift right foot, touch right knee and chin. Ready! One! Hold it! (Pause) Two! Now, put your left foot down first before trying the second movement! Now—one (Pause) two—halt!

Operations Communiqué
"Hedy" Cashon, "Veronica" McCord, and "Marlene" Roper have decided to cut down on the use of lip rouge for the duration.

Bill McCaleb, our maintenance hangar chief for the past five months, has been transferred to Engine Overhaul in Miami. Sorry to see you go, Bill.

Mr. McCaleb has done an excellent job here, not only in keeping the ships we had on the line, but in accepting quantities of new planes, which is work on any man's air port. His successor is Mr. Boatwright, former Inspector. Bill Colbert will take over the duties that Mr. Boatwright performed so ably.

Lt. Kleiderer has something to keep him out of mischief now. A "peep," no less. We were confused as to whether it was jeep, peep, or what? Charlie Sullivan, our Assistant Director of Flying, says that the darn thing is so rough he couldn't focus his eyes for an hour after taking a ride on the contraption.

Wanted: A tall dark and handsome man that looks like a doctor. What June wants with him we can't imagine.

We Know Now!
Class 43-F has come and gone. Good luck to them. Wonder what the next class will look like? We know now!

With the rationing going into effect it looks as if all of us will have to start Victory gardens. Take our word for it, if any foolish horse should venture on this lil' strip of Tennessee soil called Embry-Riddle Field, his name will be horseburger.

Continued on Page 11

Melein Carlton, Chief Parachute Rigger, assisted by his Assistant, Joe Harpole
EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER

“STICK TO IT”

Published Weekly by

THE EMBRY-RIDDLE CO.

Letters From Former Students

T/Sgt. Stephen Anderson, A.A.F.
Kay Hotel
Kansas City, Mo.
February 16, 1943

Dear Buck:

Was certainly glad to hear from you and that you and E.R. are still kicking—despite War, h— and high water—not to forget those dangerous flights you used to take to Clewiston and Arcadia each week.

Have they ground you and Plymouth yet? I imagine that with tires as they are you will have to try something conservative like an airplane or a rocket for your trips.

Say, tell those !!!!!!XXX in the Fly Paper department to send me a copy once in a while—to Kansas City—I’d sure like to read some of the news.

Seems like Grady-Johnny-George and the rest are doing pretty well, eh? I almost got a 1st Lieutenant in the Air Corps Communications before leaving Miami—but the thing folded up.

I went into the Army in October—went to Camp Blanding and was sent back to Miami Beach one month later—after learning all about KP and how to get up at 5 a.m. and jump 20 feet in the air when I saw a Sergeant...

I spent another month at MB in the Air Corps—went through Basic—which I mean is really tough—how I did it I don’t know. I was made a Line Sgt. five days after my arrival here—and jumped to Tech. Sgt. a month later—so I’ve never had the privilege of being a 1st Cpl. or S/Sgt.

Anyway—I hope I can make a go of it;
I am going to school eight hours a day and the other work takes about eight more—so it’s no snap—I have two S/Sgts.—nine Line Sgts. and a mess of Cpl’s to help me—but a lot of them are just “Goldbricks” and I do most of the work myself.

On top of all this I was recommended and will probably be given charge of 450 men about March 1st—an entire hotel of eleven stories—guess I’ll have to send back for help from Miami?

We have a large number of soldiers and WAC’s here—and only about 10 officers, so we Section Leaders (as they call us) have to just about run the place. This is the number one Radio school of the country right now. It is run by Signal Corps officers—but I’m in the Air Force and am on detached duty temporarily—there are a lot of Air Corps men being trained here.

Where is Marje—your daughter—stationed? We had a WAAC head—Mrs. Hobby—and Eleanor Roosevelt visiting us and inspecting us yesterday—so we really were shined up.

A lot of men here who are over 36 are getting discharges—but I’m pretty well satisfied and will stick if I don’t get kicked out. The Major wanted to know why I haven’t tried for OCS—he has his own board here and can put us through with no difficulty. But I have a good chance of going out as a Master Sgt. and I believe that’s better than 1st, or anyway 2nd Lieut.

A lot of men are leaving here directly for overseas—and I’d like to see some country. Truthfully—I really feel good about making the grade the hard way—from the ranks—and a year ago I’d bet 10 to 1 that I wouldn’t have had a chance. (A little bragging, eh?)

Anyway, Buck, they still give you more credit in the Army for coming from a rookie—I guess it was that way in the last War too, wasn’t it? Well, I’ll have to close now—and hope you will write me and let me know all the news—and say hello to everyone I know.

Best of luck,

Steve

Editor’s Note: This letter from Steve Anderson was addressed to B. H. Buxton, head of Materiel Control, who relayed it to us. Steve worked for the Company as Stock Clerk and on the Inventory crew nearly a year ago. He had many friends at all Fields and we are sure that this letter will be interesting to all. We !!!!!!XXX in the Fly Paper department have put his name on the mailing list—write to us some time, Steve.

“I am on the line working nothing but B-25s. Another man came up with me from Brookley. So far I’ve been able to take care of the various trouble which I had to deal with—generators, regulators, lights and 200. Had booster coil, low battery made the solenoid click or vibrate. Remember when you tried that on us? I never forgot it.”

This is part of a letter from Pvt. Frank Rohde, a graduate of Class 7-43-D who is now stationed in South Carolina.

“I sure got a kick out of going in the hangars and working on those small B-17’s. I had a very fine crew chief to work for, I worked from 11:00 p.m. to 7:00 a.m. The last night I helped install the two motors for the front landing wheels. I went over to the hangar the next day before I left and it had taken off.

“I am studying a portable oxygen generator now. It is something new and very interesting. Its use in the Air Corps is to produce oxygen for high flying. The Engineering department has a class here also, which they will use for welding and cutting in the field. I am sending my regards to all the rest of the Instructors; please pass them on.”

This is an excerpt from a letter from Pvt. Stanley Beardsley, a graduate of the Electrical department, who is now stationed in Michigan.
COLONNADE CANNONADE

by Helen Dillard

Our congratulations to:
Peter Ordway on his censored birthday. He was given a beautiful and delicious cake by his lovely secretary, June McGill, and two other young ladies, Texas Newbold of his office and Chauffeurette Rae Lane. The marshmallows on top of the cake caught on fire during the process of candle-lighting, but it didn't seem to cause too much damage. Yours truly arrived just in time to sing a duet with John Vedicka. The melody was supposed to be that of Happy Birthday to You, but by the time we got to the end of the song it sounded just like Sweet Adeline. Neverthe-
less, we meant well, didn't we, Mr. Vedicka?

One Who Remembers

Florence Quinn of Accounting, who was wearing a beautiful corsage of gardenias sent by her husband, who is in the Army, in remembrance of their wedding anniversary... well at least there is one man who remembers even though he is miles away... hallelujah!

Paul Miller, who dropped into the Colonna
to say hello... this is a double congratu-
lation... one for his recent marriage to the former Doris Harrison and the other for his return to work after an appendec-
tomy.

Ann and Maurice Westervelt... they pulled a fast one on us when they got mar-
rried over a month ago... she is the former Ann Buchanan of Instrument Overhaul.

As Long As...

Maxine Hartt of the Identification de-
partment who has been the winner of all of this matching that has been going on in the Personnel department, and has been treatin' all of us to our cokes. We hope she keeps on winning, as long as it doesn't hit home.

Welcome to the Embry-Riddle Family, Audrey Kiesacker, now in Auditing.

Goodness, but that little fellow Cupid has been busy around the Colonna. Francis Weist has stars in her eyes, Miriam Hoskins is sporting a lovely new bracelet with those "silver wings" on it, and Aileen Smith of Personnel has the Navy working overtime in the form of a very handsome Lt. Aint it wonderful, Gals?

Private Patterson

James Patterson left for Camp Blanding on Tuesday and by the time this greets your eyes he will probably be answering to the title of Private Patterson.

Buzz "Link" Cooper called just a few minutes ago to say that one of his Link Instructor Trainees will become a full fledged Instructor starting Monday. She is Dorthea Wagner and Buzz tells us that she hasn't been told the good news as yet and that when she reads this column it will be the first she has heard of it... Heavens, Buzz, what makes you think that anyone reads this, you had better make plans to tell Dorthea yourself.

FORMER INTER-AMERICAN CADETS ENTERTAINED BY MR. RIDDLE

Cletomiro Blaise, Carlos Montenegro, Attilio Bocchetti, and Eugenio Jose Muller, former Aviation Inter-American Cadets at the Tech School, returned to Brazil the first of the week as full fledged Aeronautical Engineers.

Graduated From Yale

After their training at Embry-Riddle, the four were sent to Chanute Field, Rantoul, Ill., and then to Yale University, from which they were graduated February 22.

Enroute from Yale to their homeland, the boys stopped briefly in Miami where they were guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Paul Riddle at a dinner party. Also included in the party were Mr. and Mrs. Peter Ordway, Miss Traboux, and Miss Lucille Valliere.

"HIGH FLIGHT"

by John Gillespie Magee, Jr. (Courtesy of "Alt-O-Mech")

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,
And danced the skies on laughter silvered wings,
Sungward I have climbed and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sunsplit clouds... and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of... wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence, Hove'th there,
I've chased the soaring wind along and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.
Up, up the long delirious burning blue
I've topped the windsewpt heights with easy grace,
Where never lark, or even eagle flew
And, with silent lifting mind I've trod
The high unrespired sanctity of space
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

SOLACE

Please remember, you mothers who mourn
That it is the "Word of God,"
That the life story of your son
Ends not beneath the sod.
—Minette E. Harrington
The Maintenance department, the largest and one of the most efficient departments on the Field, proved just as efficient as a host when it entertained all the employees here at a "Tacky Party" last Saturday evening.

The bandshell and patio near the Mess Hall was the setting for the party, which started off with a big beef and pork barbecue, all the trimmings included. The Chefs and waiters from the Mess Hall did a splendid job of serving the food, which had been excellently prepared.

Dancing was then enjoyed by the guests present, bringing a successful party to its close. The music was furnished by Riddle Field's own band, with "Doc" Foss, head of the Radio department, on the sax. George Rhodes, Mechanic, playing the guitar, and Instrument Mechanic Porter Thomas at the piano.

All the employees wish to thank the Maintenance department for a grand evening, and now that the ball has started rolling, why don't some of the other departments, or combination of departments, entertain with similar events in the future? (Voice from the dark—"Might include the Cadets too.")

L. N. Hutson, Maintenance Superintendent, was in charge of all arrangements, assisted by Mark Kennon and J. W. Darden, Assistant General Manager, besides several others of the Maintenance department.

Progress in the tennis, rugger and soccer tournaments is coming along fairly rapidly and we may have some final results next week.

As another improvement in the Athletic program, the professional at the Clewiston Golf Course has been obtained to give golf instruction to those boys who are interested.

He is here at the Field every Wednesday afternoon, and those interested in learning or improving their golf game should hand their names to P 1 Corporal Moyes on the Tuesday before by noon. Unless an increase in the number interested is shown, the professional cannot be retained to give these instructions.

The enthusiasm and interest of participants in the tournaments and other functions of the Physical Training program may not be quite as it should be. If you sign to play on a team, be there when your team is scheduled to play. If you are indifferent, or don't wish to participate, don't join the team. Remember, "When Everybody Boos, Everybody Wins."

Round and About

Wing Commander Greaves and Squadron Leader Hill have been in Washington on business this week.

Course 13 is still "shaken" over the news of their Primary Wings Exams scheduled soon.

Frank Jenkins, who organized and was the head of the Personnel department, left last week to accept another position.

Construction of the new barracks and the additions to the Ground School, Mess Hall, Link and Canteen buildings is progressing rapidly.

This Post gratefully acknowledges the gift of some of the latest magazines and books, from Mrs. H. L. Delaney of LaBelle.

A very fine letter came this week from Pilot Officer Johnny Day of Course 8. Johnny states that all their lads got to spend Christmas at home.

He further says, "I would like to add a word of encouragement to the Cadets at the Field. I know they all look forward to their homecoming, just as I did, but I know that when they do leave, they will look back and say, 'Well, I certainly was lucky to train at Riddle Field. They have the best Officers and the best training.'"

Primary Instructor Hardin has just returned from a well-earned vacation—hope you had a swell time.

Charles W. Bing, Assistant Engineering Officer and Vice-President of the Instructor's Club, left last week for the Armed Forces. Bing, as he was popularly known, was one of the old-time Instructors here and has many friends and former students. All join in wishing him and Mrs. Bing, who was a member of the Co-Pilot's Club, the very best of luck.

Second Class Petty Officer Jimmy Brannan, U.S.C.G., former Purchasing Agent at this Field and the son of Bill Brannan, Assistant Superintendent of Grounds and Buildings, visited the Field several days last week. Jimmy had just finished work at the Coast Guard school in Boston and is now ready for active duty. All the best, Jimmy.

Lots of sympathy and "orders" to get well quick to Cadet Roy of Course 13. We all hope his removal to the Ft. Myers hospital will help with his speedy recovery.

Good news when Cadet Gwatkin of Course 12 returned after a successful appendectomy at the Fort Myers hospital; he is now spending his sick leave in Palm Beach.

We hope that all the Cadets of Course 13 have been eating lots of foods packed with Vitamin A. Doctors say that it's good for eyes and helps the sight in the dark.

Now that you're on night flying for the first time, you may well appreciate what we mean.

Head Chef Harley Hook is now acting as Steward-Chef since Mr. Fox, the former Steward, has gone. Assisting Mr. Hook are Albert Berka of pastry fame, Luther Brown, excellent butcher, and Leslie Raulerson, newest chef. Mr. Snow is still in charge of the Dining Room, assisted by F. O. Collins.

Having finished their night flying and long cross-countries, Squadron 1 will be "on the double" swotting for Wings Exams now.

Thought of the Week—Clever men take the reproofs of their Instructors with witty jest, regarding themselves with humor, thus confirming their dummy; yet they try again.

Cracks for this Week—A Cadet after trying for some ten minutes to call the Radio
Primary Instructor W. C. "Pop" Wirick

Tower, finally makes it by saying, "On the line and browned off."

TO: CADETS COTTON AND SHEPHERD, COURSE 12, you wanted to see your names in the Fly Paper, and here they are.

Co-Pilots Meet

The Co-Pilots held a social meeting last Wednesday at the Instructors' Club. Bingo was played during the afternoon, with prizes being awarded to Mesdames Cushman, Ziller, Brazell and Schneider.

Refreshments were served by the committee, members of which were Mrs. Brink, Mrs. Brazell, Mrs. Ziller and Mrs. Thompson. A special guest was Mrs. C. R. Martin of Buffalo, N. Y., who was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. A. R. Brink.

In the future, the Club will meet only twice a month. The first Wednesday of the month will be an evening meeting, and the third Wednesday of the month will be an afternoon meeting.

Sorry

Last week we stated that Pilot Officer Brooks, who visited here last week, was the first Riddle Field graduate to return to the Field. That is not true—Mr. Brooks is the second alumnus to come back to his Alma Mater.

The first former student to visit us was Eric Miles, who, with Brooks, is stationed at Craig Field in Selma, Ala. He was the guest of Flight Commander Ken Woodward, who so kindly informed us of our error.

Progress

Two pictures, to be shown in next week's issue, of the old hangar and the new one signify progress not only in the Maintenance department, but symbolize the progress made by everyone, all working together, here at Riddle Field.

Once again we are building—marching forward — progressing: Stick together, Keep 'em Flyin': Keep up the good work, Riddle Field!

"Looks like rain, doesn't it?"
"Yeah, and it's supposed to be coffee."
(Courtesy of "The Chaser")

Editor's Note: This week Chapman Chatter comes to you through the medium of our effervescent Clearance Officer, Catherine Jones, a sparkling personality to say the least, who sees all, hears all and tells all. Catherine apologetically explains that she wasn't cut out to be a writer, but a poet. Ah, what use is it all!!

Everyone really had a swell time at the dance Saturday night. Tech and Chapman were well represented. Half of the Chapman Gang were at one end of the room and the other half were at the other . . . after spending hours playing tug-of-war with tables, chairs and waiters, we finally got together.

Captain Charlie Barnhardt was there and spent most of his time shaking hands with some of the old crowd, least of these being Bobby Marshall. Charlie was Chief Flight Instructor at Municipal and it was mighty nice seeing him again.

We were also tickled pink to see Van Burgin, Jr. and fiance (yes, my friends), Elinor Fuller. It was also nice having Mrs. Robert Woodward there and hope the next time Bob will be along.

Adieu

It won't be long until the W.T.S. fellows will be leaving us. Ed Garvey, one of the W.T.S. students, used to sing with Buddy Rogers band, and Benny Hawkins had a band of his own.

Chuck "Foghorn" Smith who hails from Cleveland, Ohio, used to sell insurance and also was a machinist. He is a proud father of a six-months-old baby. He has been flying for several years. They are all a fine bunch of fellows and we'll all be sorry to see them leave.

James Clarke got his Instructor's Rating last week and is now going to town on a full Flight schedule. Byron Miller and Helen Webster also grace our Instructor personnel list, another strike in our favor. Tim Heflin, a likeable gent, also is a new addition and is designated as Chief Pilot.

Gardner Royce is now a proud grandfather. Daughter Betty and baby are doing fine.

We are all very glad to have Evelyn Keelen back in Operations. She got back just in time to help paint over some of the baby blue with some perfectly lovely brown. Speaking about the blue, Dave Narrow thinks that it matches his baby blue eyes perfectly.

Trouble

Dixie Baker has been having a horrible time trying to make the students put the parachutes back where they find them. So a tip to the wise, put the 'chutes back where they belong, or else!

New assistant in the parachute room is Lillian Lamb who is learning how to effectively threaten the above mentioned careless pilots, when they become forgetful.

Marny Vann came down from a flight this morning looking rather tired and wind blown, so Tom Moxley started trying different hair-dos on her. He finally decided that the Veronica Lake looked the best. We now have a Veronica Lake on the Field.

Marguerite Dowd has been assigned to roommate Helen Webster as Helen's first student and now it's only a matter of survival of the fittest. Marguerite has been doing very well and this team of Dowd and Webster should really go places.

Those Hangar Boys are sure proud of the new flag flying on high in front of the Administration Building, and all are enthusiastic in expressing their appreciation and pride. It was a much needed gesture which all feel is bound to have a heartening effect on the morale of all Chapman personnel.

Nuff said for this week.
**ALLOVER OVERHAUL**

**CARLSTROM FIELD**

_by Bleeka Kistler_

Woe is me, here I go again, although it beats me that they print some of the stuff yours truly submits. But since they do, and since my picture apparently hasn't frightened anyone out of their wits (I wonder why), here goes.

"Quote"—Clarence Harrison would like to know where Rames hides out at night.

Some day Poozer's '31 Chevy may turn into a PT-17. According to Poozer, it's the best piece of machinery in the U.S.A.

Haynes (Casanova) Brantley, a fugitive from Douglas Aircraft, seems to be a killer-diller with the opposite sex—watch out, Haynes!

"Unquote"—May Nelson has been transferred to final assembly and is doing a fine job on the empanage and cowling.

Mildred Keene, Ruth Roan, Dorothy Mercer and Blanche Combs also have been added to final assembly, and all are showing real aptitude and are progressing rapidly in engine installation.

Steve Svestyn and Frank Mayer are the dependables in engine and landing gear installation.

**Permanent Fixture**

Mary Sapp, who was loaned by Embry-Riddle to the Army Inspector's office for a good many months, has proved so efficient in her duties that she has been elected by the Civil Service Commission to become a permanent fixture in said office. The appointment was effective March 1.

The difference is instead of working for "Uncle Paul," she now works for Uncle Sam. Nice going, Mary.

A few words about Jan Klint. Our Superintendent, with his unfailing friendliness and fairness to all, his mind always on production and trying to maintain our good record of workmanship and safety, still finds time for words of praise for the deserving. But don't get me wrong—he can get "riled" when the occasion arises.

We miss Mrs. Cline who has been confined to her bed for the past week on account of illness. She is one of the oldest employees in the Fabric department and had a perfect attendance record up to the present time. We wish her a speedy recovery.

**Two Smart Gals**

Praises be to Elizabeth Thomas who is in charge of the Spray Room—doing a man's job and doing it well. The noise heard in this room isn't anything serious—just Elizabeth and her helper, Helen Hill. They are two smart gals, and they really can handle those spray guns with utmost efficiency.

Congratulations to our new Assistant Superintendent, Dave Pearce. He has been with us since Overhaul began, so there is no doubt in our minds that he will be a success in his new capacity.

We know that as long as we do our work, we'll receive every assistance from him. But Gals and Guys, his hair ain't red for nothing!

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**CARLSTROM CAPTION**

_by James F. Downend_

It happened last week. Capt. Povey took Jack Hobler on a trip to Clewiston in an A.T. to meet Mr. Riddle. The way Capt. Povey handles that ship is as rare and smooth as butter.

Quote from Jack Hobler: "Gee, did I have myself a time! Now, all I want is a ride in the nose of an A-20. Boy, would I get a kick out of that!"

Picture "Thunder Bird" week ago in Arcadia was a good education picture for aviation enthusiasts. No one said, "On the ball"... is this an expression of Southcast Air Corps alone?

Met Helen Dillard, Miami lovely who was up for the Graduation dance, Saturday morning. Knew that she had heard so many approaches that the only thing to say was "Hello" and "Give my love to Wain." Don't think that I sounded too much like a wolf!

Bruises suffered over the weekend were due to opening of skating rink in Arcadia. Several landing gears were badly bounced. Have a hunch that proprietors will have a big blow out the seventeenth of March: Props., McKendry, Smith and Brady!

The little remarks about Sgt. Doyle Edwards, made by your humble servant, are hereby retracted! Quote, "They remind me of a nasty little poetry supper, crochet and tea conversation. They must stop... do you want to never be a private first class?"

Due to the War—Mrs. Roosevelt "Upping" Madam Chiung Kai-Shek in "My Day" script. When one first lady salutes another. Both can wear the orchid well. Governor ousted a prize fight from Madison Square Garden, N.Y.C. for the Madam's speech March 2nd. She has already had Congress in the Aisles!

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**THE LONG AND THE SHORT AND THE TALL**

"Needle-nose" Ball (no profile available), Russ Carlton, and "Crash" Whitney line up for Tootie Tromple-bottom, eminent news photographer.
This week at Carlstrom finds Class 43-H in the harness and straining at the bit, and as befits the dignity of a newly arrived Under Class, these newly adopted members of the Riddle family are herewith and duly made welcome.

You are learning to fly at "The Safest School in the South," and at a school which has established a reputation enviable in all respects. During the next eight weeks, you will help keep it safe—or single-handedly spoil that record and make a needless sacrifice of your life.

Face the facts. Be a live wire, but above all—be a live flyer. Do it the safe way, or you won't do it long!

* * *

Embry-Riddle photographer Charlie Eb- bets has been prowling the Post (which he helped nurse from its prairie days) these past weeks, grabbing camera shots for the forthcoming Carlstrom photo-magazine.

The publication is slated to make its appearance before summer is upon us, and according to those guiding spirits who are pressing the Carlstrom booklet into shape, it will contain the most of the best about this first-born Riddle school.

Not a still, posed shot in a carload, is the promise of those who should know—and with the Ebbets imagination in full gear, every picture in the magazine bids fair to be something worth sending home.

Seems to be something worth waiting for.

* * *

Latest craze which is sweeping the Carlstrom contingent is the gentle art of Vic-tory gardening—which only goes to prove that the quickest and surest way to put a man to work is to threaten his food supply.

All available local colored labor, however, has been contracted for by the early starters, and all indications have it that the also-ran gardens will be cultivated by the hands of the owner—or not at all.

A select few who spoke first (this column not included) will do their gardening after the truly gentlemanly fashion (i. e.: "Plow here, Eightball—and then dig a row along that side and plant the tomatoes here.").

while the late comers—at least those who can't persuade the wife to do the digging—will lose calves in certain regions and gain blisters in other less used ones.

In all seriousness, though, the thing must have merits. Rumor has it that Johnny Ayala is considering cultivating a plot in the rear of his Arcadia estate. Only last week, as a matter of fact, he said he spent five minutes or so—following his after-dinner nap—studying the situation.

* * *

Orchids to the idea of privately hoarded gossip mouthpieces, as since the establishing of this system at Carlstrom the benefits have been manifold.

First and foremost, consider the decline in the chance of spreading contagious dis-eases which was possible before the mouth-piece-removal system was conceived. Then too, note the lack of uncertainty over the length and breadth of the flight line. Herefore there was one chance in 10,000 that there would be no mouthpiece in the cockpit. Thanks to the new system the thing is an absolute certainty. There are no mouthpieces at all.

It would seem that another argument has arisen for the consulting of the Flight Instructors—the men who are to make use of it—before any serious flight line changes are dreamed up.

Make-shift mouthpieces now range from funnels to what have you.

CARLSTROM CAPERS

by Norma Tucker

Did you miss me, huh? For the last three issues we could say we have been too busy to write our column—but why fly! But at any rate, here's the latest capers from Carlstrom.

Since our last effort for Riddle's Little Rag, we have seen E Class leave, G Class arrive, then F Class leave and H Class arrive, and Time Marches On... As we say good bye to F Class, we wish them the best of luck as they go forward—happy landings, boys! We also welcome the "H" Boys to the Field with the Silver Flight Line—respect those PT's, fellows!

Oh, yes, we have fun too. Thursday night USO Camp Show Number 19 entertained the Cadets and their guests with an evening of laughter, singing, and music. Phil Kaye, master of ceremonies, ad libbed through the evening keeping the audience in a continuous roar of laughter. Charles Orlando provided the musical background for the show with his accordion and piano tunes. Mr. Orlando was formerly with Hal Kemp and Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra.

Other outstanding performers with the show were Marsha Harris, formerly a dancer at the Chez Parce and other leading night spots in the "Windy City" of Chicago. Edith Dahl entertained with several violin selections and really put her numbers over in a "solid fashion.

Carol Ehler, an ex-radio songstress, wowed the Cadets with her singing of "Why don't you Fall in Love with Me?" We think they did too, for she was called back time and time again for more songs. Carol and Edith wished Cadet George Johnson a happy birthday.

We think now is the time to "pick a bone" with the correspondents from Dorr who keep referring to Carlstrom as their Auxiliary Field. Where do you get that kind of stuff? We know which Field is really the Auxiliary Field, don't we, Carlstrom-ites? Take notice, Mr. Whittinghal.

Did you see the picture in last week's Fly Paper of Cadet Henry Cox directing the girls from Miami while they walked "tours"? How about having some of the girls direct tour walking for the Cadets. It would take some of the sting out of it, we betcha. We suppose, though, that more touring space would have to be provided.

Just a word of warning to the new student officers—you had better keep your rooms tidy. Have you heard what happened to the last class of officers? If you haven't, better ask!

Congratulations go to Jack Coughlin who is one of the first Carlstrom Cadets to receive an appointment as Engineering Cadet. Jack leaves Carlstrom Tuesday with high hopes for a nice future. Good luck to you. You will be missed around the Administration Building where you have done so much to help the Army employees in the office.

Another faithful worker we are going to miss is Thomas McQuade, a good friend of Jack's, who will be leaving soon. We hope you can get together again before long. (Personal: How do you two fellass like southern hospitality and good ole' southern fried chicken?)

We had nothing to do with the following poem. We were asked by the Guards at the front gate to print it in our column and we are only being obliging.

Continued on Page 11
GREMLINUS SECRETARIALUS

Let's take the afternoon off—your boss is a nice guy!

THE ANSWER

by Wesley E. Snyder
(Stolen from "The Chaser")

Why do you fight for your country?
’Cause it’s the finest land on earth,
It’s the land where you’re given your freedom.
From the day you are given your birth.

It’s a land where liberty’s precious;
It’s a land where you see the sun;
It’s a land you can lose, forever;
Or retain by the use of the gun!

It’s a land that is loved by many;
It’s a land that is cursed by a few;
It’s the “Stars and Stripes,” forever;
And that means, that it’s me, and you.

There are cities and towns and hamlets,
There are farms wherever you go;
My God, man! Have you stopped to consider
What it means to lose all to the foe?

And you ask me why you are fighting?
Why the mud, the muck and the rain?
If you should ever lose your country
You’ll beat hell to get it again.

It’s a fight that is tough and bloody;
Where life hangs just by a hair,
But your father did it before you
When he had to go “Over There.”

There are tears and sorrow and misery;
There are hearts that are broken by now;
But it’s a job we’re all in together,
Tho there’s some who’ve not taken the vow.

So cheer up, my boy, and keep fighting,
It’s worth it, as soon you will find.
There’s no country on earth that’s its equal,
And thank God I can say that it’s Mine!

JOIN THE RED CROSS

Once again we are confronted with the task of assuring Americans that we are looking out for our boys.

In the current Red Cross campaign we believe you will cooperate in the same fine spirit everyone displayed when we put our company “over the top” for the War Chest.

Let’s show everyone what a “Bang up” job we can do by joining the Red Cross.

W. Bruce Haughton, Co-Ordinator of Supervision with headquarters at the Tech School, is sponsoring the Dade County drive for Embry-Riddle and will be glad to answer any questions.

Program...
The RIDDLE FAMILY THEATRE

Feature Picture
"TOPPER TAKES A TRIP"
with Constance Bennett and Roland Young

Monday, March 8th
RIDDLE FIELD

Tuesday, March 9th
DORR FIELD

Wednesday, March 10th
CARLSTROM FIELD

Thursday, March 11th
MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

Feature Picture
"SWAMP WOMAN"
with Ann Corio and Jack LaRue

Thursday, March 11th
RIDDLE FIELD

Friday, March 12th
DORR FIELD

Monday, March 15th
MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

For Exact Time and Place,
See Your Superior Officer
Admission Charge, Ten Cents
DORR DOINGS

by Jack Whitnall

Howard West’s article on sabotage in the last issue of the Fly Paper hit the nail right on the head. Besides being well written, it dealt with a subject that lots of us try to crowd back and not think about. But it is one which should be foremost in our thoughts. If you have forgotten what it was all about, dig up an issue of the Fly Paper, February 26, turn to page 3 and read it again.

“Peaches” Prevette back visiting her old Alma Mater Saturday. We sort of wondered what had been the matter with “Mammar” Prevette the past week, just like a kid when Santa Claus is coming. You know, can’t keep still. Peaches is working with an old “GI” Buddy of Sgt. Brunner—1/Sgt. Ed (Lefty) Young, back at the West Point Prep School in 1941. “Lefty” was a Pfc. and Brunner was a S/Sgt., now “Lefty” is Tech., and Brunner a Staff.

The Army Side

Lt. Frank seems to be trying to take over the enviable position of Lt. Webster as President of the Ananias Club. Lt. Frank’s tale (no fish story) is one about a spider he observed as he was on duty as Airdrome Officer last week.

The story is so interesting and exciting at the part where the spider’s footsteps awaken the Adjutant from his slumbers—but—get Lt. Frank to tell you all about it—boy, it’s a wow.

Can Lt. McLaughlin ride a bicycle, especially in the dark? We think he has been taking some Link training.

Lt. Frank is thinking of giving Mrs. Frank a fox wrap next Christmas, killed and cured by his own hand (hit ain’t silver, Mrs. Frank).

From now on it’s Uncle Don Webster.

Airplane Maintenance

The story this week concerns one J. C. Weeks who was found on the Field with his head in a barrel hollering “Daddy” at the top of his voice. When finally quieted down and asked the reason of his strange actions, he answered that he was the proud father of an 82½ lb. boy and was just getting used to being hollered at.

Mildred Proctor back from a visit to Ala., wearing a diamond ring too, and it ain’t a family heirloom either... Louise Parser—that good looking addition to the Canteen Cashier force, sister to Billy Parser, Flight Dispatcher—and she’s single too.

The Short Snoutier’s Log

The new Flight Commanders, Pike, Knight, Ganley and Laney—congratulations, fellows. Russ Lunnen the proud Papa of a daughter, Papa Lunnen is doing as well as can be expected?

Paul Simmons has passed the 1000 hours

Dorr Field Instructors and Cadets Pose on Flight Line

Head of the Link department at Dorr Field is T/Sgt. C. A. “Dobby” Dobberpohl, formerly of Cedarburg, Wisconsin.

mark with the company. That’s a lot of hours in anybody’s airplane.

From the Grind School comes the story of a Bachelor party for Eddie Brennan who is departing this world of bachelors. Twas a wonderful party according to all reports. Eddie came away filled with the wisdom of all his married colleagues.

“JANGLES” by Gee Bee

A flea and a fly in a flute
Were frightened—so what did they do?
Said the flea, “Let us fly!”
Said the fly, “Let us flee!”
So they flew through a flute in the flute!
COUNTRY CLUB CAPERS

by Vadah Thomas

Not more than a handful of faces did we miss last Saturday at the Coral Gables Country Club. Almost everyone turned out; but for those few who let the slight nip in the air or what-have-you keep them at home, we want to tell you that you missed lots of real fun.

You missed a gleeful ride on a twenty- or-so-passenger mule-drawn wagon and the crowded warmth of the Club at its best. It was all very toasty, and heartwarming too, to be a part of the masses of Embry-Riddleites who frolicked in the latest fashion before a blazing old-fashioned fire.

Riddle Notables

We were very happy to welcome to the throng notables George Wheeler and party, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Ordway, and Mr. and Mrs. Sterling W. Camden.

We'd like to suggest that Peter Ordway consider stealing our gal “Cookie” from Sterling Camden. Her demand for dance tickets was so great we could scarcely keep up with her. Could the threat of your column have had anything to do with your unequalled success, Cookie?

Our thanks and praise also go to salesmen and women Harry Leroy of the Instructors School, Jim Ellis of the Granada Shops, Mary Frances Perner of the Purchasing and Material Control switchboard, Laurice Anderson of the Coliseum, Helen Dillard of the Colonade, Katherine Kerr of Aircraft Overhaul, Bill Waters of the Seaplane Base, and Gladys Goff of Engine Overhaul.

Pat on the Back

It was these people who deserve most of the credit for the success of the Saturday night dance. Their willingness to assume the responsibility of handling their tickets for their divisions, thus making it convenient for more people to obtain them, is worthy of a hearty pat on the back.

Merci Beaucoup also to “Red” Duncan, who held down the door for us in truly manly fashion, while blonde wife Jean, with a bequiling new hair-do, added sparkle to the crowd at “Boss” Fletcher’s table.

Out-of-town Visitor

Speaking of our table, ’twas one where happiness and hilarity abounded. Mrs. G. T. Richards, diminutive mama of our Editor, was back in her element once more, and with her this time was an out-of-town daughter, Mrs. Caleb F. Fox of Philadelphia, who is here for a brief stay, as well as Mrs. Florence R. Gilmore. Other newcomers to the hostess’ party were Dr. and Mrs. S. B. Gilbey of Coral Gables.

Among our ever-faithful Latin American students we saw Adriano Ponso, Samuel Bodden, Lt. Ladislao Guerrero, Pedro Flores, Belfor Araya, Sergio Eberhard, Adolfo Saseo with our old friend and correspondent Luicille Valliere, Sertorio Arroda, and Luis Jaramillo.

In the wake of “Highpressure” Cookie came a spirited parade of Chapman Fielders who could dry out the wettest of blankets any place any time; and since we didn’t have any such animals around, well, you can just imagine!

The Parade

There were newlyweds Gloria and Tom Mixley, Mary and Jim Pollard, Fritz and Jerry Cook, Jimmie Mickle with Jimmy Gilmore, Cara Lee Cook, or did we say that before, with Dave DaBoll, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Grindell, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Barnhardt, Mr. and Mrs. C. Snyder, Dave and Helen Narrow, Mrs. Robert Woodward, wife of a former Chapman Field Instructor, Herb Muller, Bob Lethbridge, Catharine Jones, Helen Cavis, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hughes, and “Tiny” and Mrs. Davis.

Old Times . . .

It seemed like old times to see Myllion and Phyllis Webster with a goodly group of Transportationites in tow. Besides before-mentioned Jean Duncan, we saw honeymooning Doris Miller, withubby Paul looking fit as could be, Elaine Chalk and Phyllis Hester merrymaking in their own inimitable way, Dottie Wells, and Ruth Turner.

Also representing Tech were little Mary Warren of the Coliseum, whom we spied at Peter Ordway’s table, Bill Shanahan of Military Engines, Mr. and Mrs. “Ted” Treff of Accounting, Henry Desjardim, Truman Gile, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. “Dave” Beauty of Sheet Metal.

From the Colonade came Mr. and Mrs. Paul Baker, Parachute Experts Extraordinary, and Correspondent Buck “Scoop” Setzer of the Instrument department.

From the Coliseum

Routed from the ever-husky Coliseum by the able hand of Laurice Anderson, who came with Charles Wickliffe, were R. B. Woodmansee and his charming wife, Mr. and Mrs. George DeMonteverde, James McDermott, and a host of students whom we hope will become “regulars.”

The Rhumba team of Harry Leroy and Maxine Bare led a party from the Instructors School who were guests of Zed Aydelott at a pre-dance gathering—and we hear that the pre-dance party was so successful that it carried over into the realm of post-dance fun.

Yes, we had a great time last Saturday, and now that the weatherman has decided to thaw things out for a while we hope to have even better times with dancing and dining in the tropical beauty of the Club’s patio.

So the next time you see our little announcement bidding you to come Saturday, don’t procrastinate—make your plans early and meet us at the Coral Gables Country Club. ’Twill be the latter part of this month.

TURNS TALENT TO WAR WORK

Because she wanted to be in closer touch with the War effort, Jessie Bowman, 19-year-old daughter of Mrs. S. H. Bowman, Jr., 6420 Allison Road, Miami Beach, has given up her study of art from a purely cultural standpoint and has gone into drafting. She is now a student in the Embry-Riddle Tech school and plans to work in drafting and aeronautical design when she finishes her course.

Jessie, an attractive blonde, attended Northrup school in Minneapolis; the Madeira school, Greenway, Va.; Miss Harris’s school in Miami, and Smith College, Northampton, Mass. Before coming to Miami Beach 10 years ago, the Bowmans made their home in Wayzata, Minn., and still maintain a summer home there.

As her first step in entering War work, Jessie became a nurse’s aide last summer at the University hospital in Minneapolis and expects to continue her aide work here. Although she hasn’t much time for outside activities, her favorite sports are tennis, swimming and horseback riding.

In entering War work, she is following in the footsteps of her mother, who is active in Red Cross work at the Bath Club and also in service centers at Miami Beach. A brother, Samuel Henry, 21, is in training for the Army Air Forces. Another brother, William, 16, is a student at Deerfield academy, Deerfield, Mass., while her sister, Anne, 15, is at Westover school, Middlebury, Conn.

Gospel Truth—so help us. A couple of buddies from good ole South Carolina, huh, spent an afternoon taking pictures while home on furlough. One of the lads eventually turned up in Australia, and by-h-n-h received a print of one of the pictures from his buddy, still in the States. Thinking it was a pretty good, clear shot of himself, he mailed it to the folks. They never received it, however, as censors made quick work of it due to the fact that it revealed too much of the Australian countryside and landmarks.

(Courtesy of “The Chaser”)
EMBRY-RIDDLE FIELD
Continued from Page 1
Melvin Carlton is going to Clewiston to take over the Parachute department there. Melvin has done a swell job here and we wish him the best of luck in his new assignment.

Our Who's Who
Sid Pfleuger, now Navy Lieutenant, Senior Grade, visited us last week. Sid was Ground School Director at Carlstrom for many months and started off our former Ground School Director, Larry Waldon, in that school.

Our Who's Who for this week is a very understanding and popular young fellow. We placed him on a high level in this column only a few weeks ago, and here he is again breaking the news. In the accompanying picture we portray him as a young boy with his first vision of wings, having received his first pair of silver wings at this early age for modeling and flying a small wood model plane.

We appreciate his wit which has been developed over a period of a few years beginning when he was saying his first words. One day while he was playing in his front yard, his mother heard a cow bell ringing and seeking to expand the education of her boy, asked him the question, "Do you know why the farmers put bells on their cows?" His answer was quick, "Yes," and to the point, "To ring!"

We found our friend very close to his sister, and it seemed their minds ran together. Each time either of them got punished, the two of them would go to the refrigerator, fill up their little red wagon and leave home. The peculiar thing was, however, they never got outside the yard.

We found our friend instructing in CPT before going to Carlstrom Field and then to Good Old Embry-Riddle here at Union City. He is single, (eligible) has personality plus and loves a good time. We refer to—nope—next week.

**

Oft times we run across talent we like to display for a diversion. This week we are enclosing a bit of poetry written by Jo Anne Cottrell, daughter of our Ground School Director. In this she displays the thoughts of most of us.

**Darkness Into Dawn**

*When the flag of white,  
Has risen o'er head,  
Are heard shouts of triumph  
And silence of the dead.*

*Tho stars shine out—  
For Heros gone by,  
The ones who lived  
And had to die,  
Shadows of darkness fall  
Until a coming dawn.*

*Some are homeward bound,  
Some forever gone,  
But in the midst of lament  
That comes with Victory  
We lift our hearts in thanks  
For a land forever Free.*

Spring is about to sprung here. Getting nice and warm. We only wore two pair of pants today. It’s getting warm enough to sit on a cold leather car seat without screaming with pain.

This is the end. No more will come forth. 

See you in next week’s spam sheet.

**SONG OF THE WEEK**

*To the Tune of “Some of These Days”*  
*by Charles A. Bradley, Transportation, Miami*

*Some of these days, when we go to fighting,  
Some of these days, the wrongs we’ll be righting.*

*MacArthur says sickum, you bet we’ll lickum  
‘Cause we’re the boys, know how to fight  
When it comes to running, Japs will be running.*

*They’ll find they’ve met their Waterloo  
Wait till the meeting, they’ll be retreating—  
Then you’re going to miss your little Jap Jap Jap, oh yes  
Some of these days.*

**CARLSTROM CAPERS**
Continued from Page ?

Up to the gate there came a fair lass  
But low and behold, she had no picture pass  
Now being an honest young miss, she  
Finally confessed,  
She had given it to a Cadet in F Class.

Now that the Class has gone, we see that she is wearing her pass again. We promised not to mention names so we won’t, but she has beautiful red hair—see, we didn’t mention any names.

Wonder why Roberta Dudley hated to see Class F leave? Cheer up, Roberta. From what we see of the new Class, you’ll have no trouble. Margaret, that sho’ wuz good candy you were passing around the other day. Sweets for the sweet. Lydia Sammon will certainly miss her professional dance and hopes that Class H will produce another.

We never knew that Boca Grande held much attraction for visitors, but it seems that Lorene Bond thinks different. Three guesses? Number 17 in the ration book is fast being torn out and Kay Bramlitt is sporting a new pair of shoes. Did you have a nice time in Miami, Kay? We know you did though, and we had a nice time doing this—bye now.

**Gang at the Club at a very backward party. The Millions are Shims or I mean Shes**

Lt. Donald Matheson, Athletic Director
ATHLETICALLY SPEAKING

by Lloyd Budge

The Military Trainee Basketball Team successfully opened the Embry-Riddle Company's new recreation center by trouncing the Homestead Army Air Base Team 41 to 37 on Saturday night.

This new center is located at the Dade County Armory at N.W. 28th St. and 27th Ave. It has a major league size basketball court, four Badminton courts and two volleyball courts. The center will be used for inter-Company basketball and volleyball leagues and organized Badminton play. It will be the scene of exhibition basketball games played by the crack Embry-Riddle Gold Ball Team and the Military Trainee Team.

Opening Night

Opening night saw the Military Trainees get off to a 19 to 10 lead over the Homestead Clippers at the half, saw the lead jump back to the Homestead boys 35 to 32 in the closing minutes and then saw Embry-Riddle rally under the baskets by Prine and Lovin to take the game by a four point margin and a score of 42 to 37.

The feature game of the evening didn't turn out as well for the Embry-Riddle representatives. Gold Ball bowed to Five by Five, the team composed of officers from Miami Beach who have attained All American or section honors in their college play.

The All Americans led by Bruce Hale, former Santa Clara player, and Ed Milkovich, star of the New York Celtics professional team, defeated our boys 63 to 50. The game was closely contested all the way and it was only in the last five minutes when Milkovich and Hapac, former Illinois star, went into a late scoring spree that the All Americans put the game on ice.

Upset

Our Gold Ball Team came back on Monday evening to score an outstanding upset over the Miami Naval Air Station Team from Opa Locka. The Navy boys had gone through the Greater Miami Navy League without a defeat and had taken the measure of Five and Five in one of the two games they played. The Navy team pulled away from our boys to lead 50 to 32 with but ten minutes remaining to play.

Schuler, Fink and Clements started hitting the hoop for Embry-Riddle and with 20 seconds remaining in the game "Flip" Rosen scored a push shot to tie the ball game at the expiration of the regular playing time at 66 all. In the overtime period the fine condition of the Gold Ball Team paid dividends and they came out ahead 73 to 67 to mark themselves as one of the best teams in the district.

Plans are now under way for an intramural league among our Embry-Riddle employees. Classes 1-54-3E, 1-44-3E and 2-43B have already entered teams as well as the Permanent Party. There is already one team organized among our personnel to represent the Athletic Office. It will consist of Bill Shanahan, Military Engines Instructor; Bill Boddy of the Welding department; Joe Ellis of the Instrument department, former Indiana star Gordon Bowen and Ted Treff of the Accounting department; and Lloyd Budge.

At the Armory

As soon as the remaining Military Trainee teams get organized the league will get under way at the Armory. If there are any basketball enthusiasts in any of the departments who would like to form a department team, or would like to take part in the league individually, they are urged to contact Lloyd Budge at the Athletic Office immediately.

On Friday evening, March 5th, the Embry-Riddle-ites will be introduced to their first night of Badminton play. Open house will be held at the Armory from 7:30 to 10:30 in an effort to show our people how the game is played and to give them a chance to get out and bat the bird around. There will be a doubles exhibition to open the program between Jim Blakeley, Peter Ordway, Harry Leroy and Lloyd Budge. Following this exhibition, equipment and instruction will be provided for those interested. Enthusiasts need only to come equipped with a pair of tennis shoes or basketball shoes.

On Saturday night the Gold Ball Basketball Team will play Eastern Air Lines, the industrial league champions, in a contest that will be open to the public.

SPECIALIZING IN HORTONEOUS TYPES

The Gremlin who kicks your positive strike ball into a poor split

by Bill Bruce, brother of Katherine and Betty Bruce
STAR BOWLERS
VIE FOR HONORS

The twenty teams battling for the company bowling championship reached the half way mark in their league play this week. The Tech School P.P. team captained by Sgt. Sam Graziano leads the Class "A" League with eleven victories and four defeats.

There was a three way tie for second place in this division between the Accounting department, the Engine Overhaul Ramblers and the Cincinnati Five from the Military Engines department. Each of these teams has won nine games and lost six.

The Class "B" League is being dominated by the Administration team composed of Peter Orndway, Jim Blakeley, Ben Turner, George Wheeler, Emmett Varney, Pat McNamara and Elaine Devery.

Eleven Wins
This strong group has taken twelve victories and tasted defeat only four times. Their nearest rivals are the Sandblasters from the Engine Overhaul department. This team captained by Charles Pelton is only one game behind the leaders.

The individual honors in the Independent League are now mainly being held by Jerry Goff of the Engine Overhaul department. Her nearest rivals are Albert Dick of the Maintenance department, Winnie Wood of the Link Trainer department and Catherine Dick of the Mimeograph department.

The honor roll for men breaking 200 and for women breaking 150 follows:

Men:
- McDonald—Piston Pins 235
- Graziano—Tech School P.P. 225
- Boddy—Welding 223
- Geocce—Airplane 218
- Thomas—Instruments 211
- Leffler—Tech School P.P. 207
- Redish—Chapman Field No.1 205
- Barrie—Ramblers 202
- Murray—Welding 202
- Cooper—Nut Crackers 202
- Unerite—Galiletes 200
- Evelyn Doane—Instruments 193
- Edna Callahan—Purchasing 191
- Margaret Dale—Wasp 171
- Ethyl Casson—Wasp 169
- Dottie Wills—Transportation 154
- BillieTodd 154

Women:
- Want To Play?
- Anybody interested in seeing our star bowlers perform is invited to attend the Recreation Bowling Lanes, 301 S. Miami Avenue, on Wednesday nights where the Embry-Riddle Keglers hold forth from 8:00 o'clock until exhaustion.

There are also four open alleys for any of our personnel who are not assigned to regular teams, and any one desiring to take part has but to show up at the alleys.

JOIN THE RED CROSS

OFFICIAL FLY PAPER "DOG HOUSE"

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INSTRUMENTALISMS
by Peggy Harrod and "Scoop" Setzer

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander James Troy, Jr., proudly announce the arrival of a son, Alexander James, III (Sandy), born February 23rd at St. Francis Hospital. Both mother and son are doing very well.

Jim Troy was so elated by the birth of a son that he was inspired to write us a poem about the instructors under his supervision:

We start off with Pressure
Begin at the root
First differential then absolute
It's Scoopy who's pitching
The boys get a break
As he bows them off
On their eight day wake.
Next on to Harrod
Who turns on the heat
Her lecture's real good
And her smile just as sweet
She leaves them all warm
With dope on Thermometers
Then passes the class
Right on to Tachometers
Up steps Johnny Johnson
Just fresh from his sleep
He starts on mechanical
Then goes in real deep
From Jaeger to Kollman
From Tacks into synchro
He helps them along
To their pet Fuel Air Ratio.
You've all heard of Compass
Or surely of Reed
He teaches Pelorus
With lightening speed
He's got ships in water
On land and in air
He's got the boys crazy
They're tearing their hair.
So on to the Flight Group
And pressures anew
It's Kraft who is guiding
And very well too.
He's flaring a tube
Or making a test
The boys say it's fun.
But they sure need a rest.
Then Pete Wong comes along
Will teach them the Gyro
Her real name is Phelps
And her eyes light with fire-o
The boys think she's swell
We like her too.
She breaks in for Pilot
Which sees through
For the end we have Haller
Who winds them up neat
His lecture on Pilot
Brings the boys to their feet
They leave him with knowledge
And lots of remorse
Thank God that it's over
They've finished the course.

Whoo! It's going to be hard to go on from here. This is "Scoop" talking. If you'll just wait a minute until I catch my breath after reading that bit of poetry—I've a mild complaint to make.

I was all hepped up about the Embry-Riddle Country Club Dance last Saturday night. I got there with a song in my heart. But I'm sorry to say that there weren't as many instructors from the Instrument department as I had expected.

I did run across Jerry Ellis, Charles Baker and Cussin' Kurys. I'm hoping that the reason more didn't make their appearance was either due to the weather or to the fine hard work all of our Instructors have been doing to produce future Instrument Specialists for Uncle Sam.

It appears to me that attending these dances is the best way to become acquainted with our fellow workers, especially since we are no longer located at the Tech School.

I also think that due to the odd hours we work that some of us never get to know each other, even in our own department.

So, fellows, if we can't meet during our working hours, let's make it a point to do so at the next Embry-Riddle Dance; and when I say that, I don't mean just the Instrument department, I mean the whole darn school.

"Happy Birthday" to Jerry Ellis.

"BUY BONDS"
by W. Bruce Haughton

"Today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday!"

Even the wealthiest family could not enjoy today the riches of tomorrow's America that millions will enjoy on modest incomes! For American industry is daily giving birth to new marvels under stress of War that will assure these riches when peace comes — among them cars, planes, television and "miracle homes," on a scale that defies imagination.

All this within the means of the average family?

Yes, Post-War America will be a marvel of livability at low cost, thanks to great advances arising from the vast War experience of America's industry. And liberal financing plans will make ownership of these luxuries as easy as buying an automobile.

The way to insure these advantages for your family is to put more of your dollars into War Bonds today. This will speed the day of your Post-War Luxuries and provide the down payment, too.

It is wise to start such a plan without delay. For the blueprints of the new America are ready to blossom swiftly into reality — and you will want to be among the first to enjoy their riches in better living. Talk to your department head today for plans and schedule to fit your income.

"Is the touch of tomorrow in your pocket today?"

ENGINE NOISES

Engine Overhaul, Miami
by Gladys Goff

Things are about back to normal in the Engine Overhaul hangar now that the cold bug has been subdued.

Report from Secret Operative Number One: Nellie Diamond wore a dress to work the other day instead of the usual slacks. We wonder if production dropped in the Magneto and Starter department.

Did you know we have a 3-star father in our department? Raymond Huber has two sons in the Army and one son in the Navy. We're mighty proud of Ray and his sons.

Sherman Crichfield came to work Monday a little the worse for wear. He broke his arm Sunday—playing around with a "putt-putt," he says—and is now wearing a cast and an elegant rope sling.

If that had been the "Figer" of Crichfield of days gone by, he would have stomped that little engine to death, instead of it stomping him, huh, Knute?

The Machine Shop fellows have "hearts aglow" these days, and not from Spring or Love or any such foolishness, but from some new machinery in their department.

Leon Lovington of the Ranger Engine Corporation Service department has been here for a while assisting in setting up for the overhaul of Ranger engines. Coincidentally, Mr. Lovington received word from his son, whom he hasn't seen since last May, that he had been called into the Army and would be sent to Miami Beach. We have no doubt a very happy reunion will be forthcoming.

We might warn Helen Gates that the people she invites to her parties are not mind readers. Next time, Helen, give them your address! Bet Eric never had that trouble.

Somehow we forgot to mention Dick Hourihan's fine work in collecting for the War Chest Fund. We were very grateful to Dick for taking over the job. Dick is our favorite "let George do it."

Besides turning out many fine and expert drawings each month in the position of Chief Draftsman, Dick handles our Production Reports and does many other jobs we can't get anyone else to do.

Bill Ehne has been busier than a hen on a hot griddle setting up our new Metallizing department. In this department cylinders will be coated with pure aluminum which will prevent corrosion and which improves the cylinder cooling as high as 15% over paint. Moreover, paint has to be renewed after each overhaul, whereas metallizing normally has to be renewed only at every third overhaul.

Did we tell the welcome news that the John Smith's "heir" is an "heirress" and that John is, we are glad to report, doing nicely after the strain. We haven't seen any cigars, John!

We all extend to Percy Branning our deepest sympathy on the death of his father.

So long until next week.
The Riddlers
by A. B. Rollins, Tycoon Rhymester

We Build 'em, the birds that are mounting the cloud,
And of our endeavor we justly are proud;
As they thunder along through the lanes of the sky
They issue a warning to all who defy.
And the whole world will know in the thick of the fight.
That the Riddlers are up there defending the Right!

We Build 'em to compass the span of the sky,
We Train 'em to guide the great birds as they fly.
And with utmost precision and infinite care
The Flyers and Builders contribute their share.
Yes, the Builder is earnest, the Flyer is brave,
For the symbol of liberty ever shall wave.

The skeletal structure is sturdy and strong.
As the heart of the lad who will guide it along.
The balance and spread of the wings must be true.
As they bear the huge bird to the far away blue.
For they carry the hopes of the world in their flight.
And they hast the new era of peace and of light.

We Build 'em, these birds, and we utter a prayer
As our fingers work on with such infinite care;
We are mothers and pals of the lads who will fly.
So we wish them Godspeed as they mount to the sky!
Yes, Pilot up there, we're depending on you.
For the hearts of the Riddlers are steady and true.
The above rhyme was especially written
for the Fly Paper by Mr. Rollins "in the interest of morale." We hope to publish more poems by the Tycoon Rhymester in the near future.

THAT DAY HAS COME
(Courtesy of "The Chaser")

"When I was a little child," the sergeant sweetly addressed his men at the end of an exhausting hour of drill, "I had a set of wooden soldiers. There was a poor little boy in the neighborhood; and after I had been to Sunday School one day listening to a stirring talk on the beauties of charity, I was self-conscious enough to give them to him. Then I wanted them back and cried, but my mother said:

"'Don't cry, Bertie, some day you'll get your wooden soldiers back.'"

"And believe me, you lopsided, mutton-headed, goofus-brained set of certified rolling pins—that day has come!"
**TECH TALK**

*by Jo Milligan McDermott*

What would you do . . .

If you had gone fishing with Mr. Brewer, Military Engines Chief, last Sunday and had seen Mr. Brewer get green around the gills when the boat rocked on the waves?

If you had to make a speech to the Women's Rotary club of Miami entitled "A Woman's Place in Aviation" as did pretty Mary Mitchell, Secretary to Mr. Blakeley at Tech School.

If you saw Nurse Marion Colburn in a telephone booth reading Eaton's catalogue while hubby Bob—his battered brown hat polished up and looking like new—was visiting the homefolks in Toledo?

What would you do . . .

If you realized the ritty atmosphere which has taken the Military Engines department by storm since the arrival of Molly (Uppy) Upham, Secretary deluxe from Wellsley Hills, Mass.?

If you liked to sleep in the morning, yet had to be at work at 6 a.m.?

If you had been in "Pinky" Church's shoes after she had spent last Saturday night dancing with the "Iron Men" of Squadron 17 at Miami Beach.

What would you do . . .

If K. C. Smith, well-liked Techite, should dye his recently acquired gray moustache?

If you had to play nursemaid to "Tiny Terry the Terrible," three-year-old nephew that Lester Bertram brought back to Miami from Ohio?

If you had gone through the turmoil which Mr. Bertram endured recently including:

- Expected induction into the Army, the trip to Ohio in his "jeep," the Army's decision that he was more valuable in his job at Embry-Riddle, the purchase of a trailer to get the "jeep" back to Florida.
- The three blow-outs the trailer suffered while enroute back here, the bouncing around in Bill Schooley's Ford as it pulled the trailer, and the antics of "Tiny Terry the Terrible" during the return trip.

What would you do . . .

If Claude Miller invited you to spend the night at his house and you then discovered that you must walk from 127th Street, N.E. to 93rd Street, N.E. at 5 a.m. in order to catch a ride to get to work at 6 o'clock.

If you grew as excited as Joy Mason did recently when she attended her husband's graduation from Pre-Flight School at Maxwell Field, Ala.?

What would you do . . .

If you knew why newshawk Bob Colburn is called "Scoop"?

If you failed to catch a fish while Mr. (Seasick) Brewer and John Barry were landing 35?

If you had to pinch-hit for Paul Elston, best "swapper" in Tech School who always gets what he wants?

If you had to take over Fred Mueller's job of clock-winding on the first floor?

If you could give a plausible explanation as to why Truman Gile, Jr., has a swollen lip which he said he got in football practice at the University of Miami?

If Mario Bevilacqua took you for a ride in the little car he drags his tools around in?

What would you do . . .

If you were a bride of less than two weeks and were called on to write this column as I was?

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This space is dedicated solely to the praise of the Embry-Riddle Telephone Operators, whose efficient handling of thousands of calls daily and whose courtesy at all times is, we are sure, unparalleled.

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You Can't Drive A Nail With A Sponge

- No Matter How Long You Soak It

Behind that very corny bit of gay 90's philosophy, lies a very good moral. It's just another way of saying that it takes the right tools to do any job.

For example, Aviation right now offers unlimited opportunities for big jobs—jobs with a future. And the one tool you need to make the most of any one of them, is TRAINING.

Whether you choose to build 'em, fly 'em, or keep 'em flying, Embry-Riddle, with a range of 41 different courses, can give you the training you need. Get all the facts and plan to enroll soon.

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