Students Enjoy Life at Embry-Riddle Dormitory for Girls
Letters to the Editor

93 CA (AA)
APO 956, care Postmaster
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Editor,

The Fly Paper has finally caught up with me after a chase around the country for about a year and then across the Pacific.

I'm somewhat astounded at the growth and progress of Embry-Riddle since the early days when I was an Instructor at the Tech School (just after the chickens were shoed out to make room for us).

I often wonder if any of the original gang is still plugging away on the third floor. Yes, I even read the Fly Paper from cover to cover, although I didn't recognize any names or pictures except Mr. Riddle's. Out here we read ads, etc.—anything to kill time (no sarcasm meant).

Glad to see by the paper that you all had a nice Christmas, only please change the address to the above. I've been out here on this rock in the Pacific for over a year; so you see, the address you use is a little old.

Naturally,
Capt. Henry R. Weinstein

Editor's Note: The Fly Paper certainly fixed up to its slogan when it chased Capt. Weinstein across a continent and an ocean. We've taken care of the change of address and hope he receives his copies in the future while the news is still new.

Dear Gloria:

Yesterday was the first I've heard from the States since I left there almost two months ago. A couple of letters from my folks were delivered the same time as yours.

Plenty has happened to me in that time, too. We had an extremely interesting trip over. South Africa was similar to what I had expected, coal black negroes with little or no clothes, very dirty native villages and as hot as heck.

I had a ride in a native war canoe in the ocean, which was pretty exciting. Eight negroes paddled and kept time by chanting some eerie combination of syllables. Every time we hit a wave we were thrown about six feet in the air and fell back on the water again with a terrific bang.

North Africa, where I am, is more interesting, I think. The scenery is very beautiful, with rugged mountain ranges everywhere, sometimes wooded and sometimes not. The valleys between are fertile and patchworked with fields of grain and olive groves and pasture land. The cattle are sleek and the horses, which are used only for riding, are the prettiest I've ever seen.

Every few miles in the valleys and occasionally smuggled in the mountains are Arab villages—all pure white because of the building rock that is indigenous to the region. They really are dazzling in the sunlight and even in the bright moonlight. There are red-tiled French farmhouses and many white monasteries on the hills.

The Arabs are friendly and are always trying to buy or sell something. I have a lot of fun practicing my college French on them and we get along fine.

You needn't feel the least bit jealous of my seeing these things, for I'll be mighty glad to see old Miami again. It's up to you to keep the home fires burning because I expect to drive up in a Convertible and honk the horn at your front door. And your bowling had better be super too.

By the way, Head, Dodge and I are still together, but Anderson has been sent to another organization. I have been on thirteen bombing missions over enemy territory so far, and I find combat pretty exciting but not so bad as you think.

Well, I have to eat now. Take care of yourself and give my regards to your parents.

Yours,
Carrol

Editor's Note: The above letter is from Carrol Hume who was in Class 42-D at Doro Field in October, 1941. Gloria Meyers of Military Aircraft was kind enough to give us permission to publish it.

Hello Everybody,

Been receiving your paper since I left school. I learned a lot at your school and never did have a chance to thank you in person. My address is changed. Been quite a few different places since I left there.

Mr. Walker in Sheet Metal was my Instructor. Give him my best regards. Thank all the Instructors for me and say hello. If Miss Bosley is there and also Mrs. Mitchell, give them my best. They were a lot of help.

I would like very much to go down and visit the school again. It was a swell place. Well, I will have to get my work done here, and there's a lot of it.

Sincerely yours,

Cpl. V. F. Carbone

Editor's Note: It's always a pleasure to receive notes from our former students and to note their progress. Write again, Corporal. Meanwhile, we'll pass along your messages through the Fly Paper.
CHAPMAN CHATTER
by Cara Lee Cook

The conversion of Key West,
Or outta the nowhere into Chapman

August a year ago we moved to Chapman, to the Ghost Airport, a sanctuary for landcrabs and mosquitoes. A forgotten graveyard of dead bullets left from the days of Army occupation. How peaceful and quiet. Chapman seemed after the hectic air battles that raged over Municipal, what with SNJ’s and B-24’s fighting with our F38 Cubs for the right-of-way.

How well we remember when Chapman was strictly “dry,” turning many of our flyworthy personnel into devout Republicans. And when after much untold misery, bottled spirits in the form of Tripure H2* was installed, and two weeks later we got the cups.

No More Slugs

And the sad day Fred Bull made up the soft drink profit and loss statement, and as a result our beloved Coke machine was practically given to the scrap drive. It was granted a reprieve, however, when certain Instructors agreed to quit using slugs.

And how in the Administration office we hung our lunch from a string and took drastic methods to exterminate the numerous creeping creatures. When the furniture consisted of the sum total of four desks and two typewriters and how later under the cover of darkness two unrecognized four-da-locally leather chairs out of the Canteen to fill up the empty space in the office building.

And we recall how Larry DeMarco worked up a fog with saw, hammer and re-claimed nails to construct a truly honorable parachute rack. How Hal Ball, then Operations Manager, turned chaos into order with one broken yardstick, a paint brush, a forethought of mind for systematic arrangement and much patience with the less ambitious Flight Instructors.

Boatless Boathouse

We remember the Boatless Boathouse as a refuge for overworked (1) Instructors and the day Tom Moxley made like a submarine when dive bombed by an aviatix. When Capt. Burgin sallied forth on a combat flour bombing mission and returned covered from head to foot with a certain household commodity. Said he, “The gun backfired.”

We also remember how Capt. Burgin worked to get the Control Tower, which is yet uninhabited, in running order only to be discouragingly delayed by lack of materials and equipment. And way back when we overheard C. W. Tinsley and Jimmy Gilmour, Cross-Country Instructors, planning a day of snipe hunting on one undeveloped end of the field. Those were the days when you needed an Indian guide and knee boots to get from the hangar to the Canteen.

The Canteen was then a peaceful retreat for tired souls and troubled minds, but then White man, in all his wisdom, invented the colorful jukebox, which has at times played continuously for days. Peace quietly slipped away and has not been seen nor heard of since.

“July Session”

An’ then we remember as vividly as ever that history making class known simply as the “July Session.” The wholesome merriment these boys enjoyed and the fine spirit they displayed throughout the entire course. The graduation party at the Country Club with side-splitting interpretations of flying in general and Dave Narrow and his English shorts in particular.

A few of these boys are now fighting on foreign fronts but the majority of them are just completing their final training at Advanced Bases, preparatory to active combat duty. It is fervently hoped by those who were associated with the July Session that all the boys will return again some day to play a return engagement for us at the Country Club. Long may they wave and whirl.”

Decoration Desired

An’ while reminiscing, none will forget the gallant way Mr. Gibbons kept things under control “that fateful day in September,” executing the many written reports and efficiently attending to all details. He should have been decorated with the Army and Navy E for courage and physical stamina.

And we chuckle to think how the CAA got into the pioneer spirit of things and set up housekeeping in one of Wilbur Shefield’s Ground School buildings. An’ how the homeless orphans got drenched every time it rained and sunburned every time it shined. How Mr. Hutchins, Hank Faller and Jack Bivings sat on their parachutes for lack of anywhere else to put them. An’ the day the Navy Hellbriter came in with the landing gears up in spite of all our efforts.

Another Year

An’ so another year has passed, a lot has been accomplished, and there’s still a lot to do. It’s up to us to extend every effort to help equip those fighting men of Heaven so when they go to bat for us they’ll always be one jump ahead of the enemy in knowledge and flight ability. And if God’s willing, they’ll return to tell us that what they learned here helped them win over there and return safely home. But until such a time we’ll do our bit by Keepin’ em Flying.

HYMN

Lord, guard and guide the men who fly
Through boundless spaces of the sky,
Be with them on their lonely flight
Through morning’s ray of darkening night,
O hear us when we lift our prayer,
For those in peril in the air.

The above verse of hymn No. 415 was written by W. Whiting for Trinity Episcopal Church, Miami. The hymn is sung each Sunday. We thank Mr. and Mrs. Frank Van D’Eldren for this contribution.

EMBRY-RIDDLE SHIPWRECK PARTY

Gather round, mates, at the Antilla Hotel tomorrow night, August 21, for a hearty party in the shipwreck style. Get your imagination working early and give yourself a chance to win a cash prize for the cleverest get-up. There will be a $5.00 prize for the ladles and a $5.00 prize for the men. Come as you might be attired should you suddenly be shipwrecked.

Music will be by Maurice Weiss and his boys. There will be a concession at which you may buy soft drinks and ice. Tariff will be $1.00 per person. All Embry-Riddle-ites and their friends are invited, and we hope to see everyone down from the Fields.
CARLSTROM CARROUSEL

by Kay Bramlett

The Carlstrom Graduation Dance for Class 44-A will be held Friday, August 27, in the Carlstrom Field Mess Hall Patio. The Buckingham Field orchestra will render the music, starting at nine o'clock, and all girls are invited. A/C Gunderson is in charge of all arrangements, and a good time is guaranteed.

Union City Visitor

Lt. L. W. "Pinkey" McRae and his wife, the former Irene Angier, paid us a very enjoyable visit last week. "Pinkey" is stationed at Embry-Riddle Field in Union City and spent his leave at his home here in Arcadia. A/C Bill McRae, his brother, is now in Advanced Training at Columbus, Miss., and is a member of Class 42-I. Many of you will remember Bill as a former Flight Dispatcher at Carlstrom and Union City and as a member of that famous Pong-Pong Team of Bill Welles and Bill McRae.

It is now 2nd Lt. John Sorrentino of the Air Transport Command, C. L. Wade (little Roy) has just received notification of his commission as 2nd Lt. (Service Pilot) in the Army Air Forces. Congratulations!

Dora Belle Hammond, Switchboard Operator, has completed one year of service with Embry-Riddle without the loss of a single day. This is quite a record, and husb. Ed "Rip" Hammond will be able to do the same for the coming year.

New Postmistress

Welcome to Lula Mackie, wife of former Chief Guard George Mackie, who is going to take over the running of Carlstrom's Post Office. We hope you'll like us, Lula.

Mary and Earl Garrett and Ella Mae Carlton spent the weekend in Wauchula.

Roberta Dudley is traveling again—this time to Sarasota to spend the week-end with Norma Tucker, formerly of Army Headquarters.

Lydia Sammon returned from a week's vacation, spent at home and in Boca Grande. There's nothing like a week's "rest" to pep one up!

Lt. Schuber, Commanding Officer of the Air Depot Detachment, is at present spending a short leave "somewhere up North." Hurry back!

Hear ye, hear ye! Rod Vestal's phonograph and public address system (the one used at the recent Kid Party—and it hasn't been the same since) is now in working condition again. The Ad building gang plans on using it at the Swimming Pool Party to be held soon. Go to it, kids!

The Bow Twangs

Cupid on the loose: It seems that Fresher Royce Cuppepper—or "Dr. Pepper" as he is familiarly known—is really a killer-diller. In other words, his conquests are mounting.

Of 'Da is really "on the ball." According to Squadron Commander Jones, Mark Ball has all the symptoms. A Tampa beauty, methinks!

Carmen Mizelle of the Time department is on vacation at Tuskegee, Ala. We don't know whether she'll be wearing a sparkler when she returns or not; but, according to the grapevine, she went away to find herself a tall, dark and handsome man. Happy hunting, Carmen!

The talk of the town: All Carlstrom is talking about "The Gator," that wonder of wonders, Joe Brown's airplane-motor-driven fishing boat—made with his own two little hands, too! This boat will go even where angels fear to tread. Give it three inches of water and the boat will do the rest—at 25 miles per, no less (and even 40 miles per at times). At least that's what we're told. I'll betcha Dorr Field can't boast of such talent (unless it's in the line of horses).

Welcome to Richard Manning of Lake Bluff, Ill., who has entered the Refreshers School. Congratulations to David Leventhal, now full fledged Flight Instructor.

Hail and Farewell

Bill Lind is leaving us for the Air Forces Ferry Command at Memphis, Tenn. Best of luck, Bill! Carlstromites were happy to welcome Jim Lavelle back to the fold.

The entire personnel of Carlstrom Field wish to extend deepest sympathies to Mildred Hollingsworth of Overhaul and her family upon the death of her twin brother, Edna Penson and Statain Dozier weekend in Miami Beach. And did you see that sparkler Steena is wearing on that finger?

Al Kyle, Charline Eller and the Frank Musengos drove to West Palm Beach and Miami to spend the week-end.

'BUD' BELLAND MARRIED

F. C. "Bud" Belland, original editor of the Fly Paper, introduced Jean Snyder of Miami to the growing army of Navy wives when he made her Mrs. Belland in a civil ceremony on August 2.

"Bud" is now a lieutenant (j.g.) in the U. S. Naval Reserve and is a navigation instructor at the Miami Naval Air Station.

Best of everything, Jean and Bud, from the entire organization. We'll expect a visit from you soon.

FEMININE PERSONNEL AT CARLSTROM

Reading from left to right: In front of the Flight Tower are Theresa Cough, Laurette Bryan, Maxine Brandston, Laurette Lowe, Virginia Blackman, Maurice Cough, Elizabeth Lopez, Marie Carlton, Louise Bryan, Peggy Brown, Carmen Mizelle, Margaret Reeve and Arlene Strickland.

Reading from left to right: At the Administration Building are Jackie Livingston, Roberta Dudley, Loretta Weaver, Lydia Sammon, Wilda Smithson, Lorene Bond, Betty Vickers, Margaret Kent, Maude Dykes, Kay Bramlett, Norma Tucker and Edna Penson.
Guys and Gals of Fly Paper Time:
Ye ghost writer’s here again just long enough to pen you a little note ’bout the going’s on at Embry-Riddle Field in north-west Tennessee in the absence of your Editor who’s vacationing this week. I was just running over some old Fly Papers in my file and thought I’d like to drop this column to you.

One Year Ago
The bells tolled this past week. Lt. Gene Kleiderer is no longer on the loose, for he has taken unto himself a wife, Mary Tom Armstrong of Alabama. They are at present residing at Aycock’s Tourist Camp near Union City. Our wish for them is a long and happy life together.

Down on the Flight Line this week James Long was transferred to Assistant in the training of our Flight Instructors. A more new addition to our team need reporting, guys and gals. Virginia Taylor, who recently has joined us from Washington where she worked in the War Department, is here as Assistant Clerk Stenographer for the Army; Virginia Kincaid is Junior Clerk Stenographer for the Army; and Virginia Roper is a new asset to the Canteen. Virginias, yeah man!

1st Lt. Walter W. Crawford is the new Assistant Medical Officer at the Field. Lt. Crawford came to us from the Greenville Army Flying School in Greenville, Miss. His home is in Tylertown, Miss. We think he’s tops!
And then a note from a Cadet! Well, with the advent of the 40-hour checks and final exams in Ground School, we’re busier than MPs on Marine pay day! From iso-hars to lazy sights in one fell and sweep. How we manage these obstacles will be found in the next installment.

In way of closing, before this brief bit of news becomes a “pressing” matter, we might add A/C D. J. Rauch’s comment of yesterday after a dual ride with Flight Commander L. P. Smith, Cadet Rauch said, mopping his favorite brow, “That man certainly gives one confidence in his safety belt.”

“The Kid”
Oh, how time changes things! They come and they go! And speaking of changes, this War has changed a lot of things, too. Excuse this personal, but it bears on me so I’ve just got to tell it. It all happened so fast! “The Kid” (that’s what I’ll call him) used to be one of my cares back before the War. He came from a good middle class family. He and school just didn’t seem to agree—so they decided to part ways when he was nothing but an intermediate with big ideas.

“Goin’ to join the Navy,” he said. My protests were answered with, “I can make them believe I’m old enough.” Just a kid, but maybe he would get a lesson from it and a lot of experience. Anyway, there wasn’t any stopping him, for his mind was getting warped with everything at home—love and all else, so he thought, going wrong.

The train, enlistment papers, farewell—California. Just the opposite side of the country from where he expected to go. Then a letter or two and no more from the Kid. He had vanished. We wondered in what part of the Pacific theater he was. Was he being a good sailor in spite of youth, or was he wounded? No word. Then word came from a friend’s mother. He had been wounded—ship in harbor for repairs. Must have been a terrible battle as many were killed.

The Kid was lost again until his leave. I saw him when he came. The look of a man who had seen horrible sights was in his eyes, more weight, good complexion, but then that terrible limp. Ship had been torpedoed, leg broken and frozen while waiting to be rescued. The Kid was now a man of experience. Honorable discharge—“No”!—He still had a score to settle with the Japs.

Then the pitiful thing happened. He visited friends in the store—somebody was careless—the fire whistle blew, cars were screaming by the store. The Kid elouched in the corner—hands over ears—shaking violently—nerves almost shattered.

I may never see the Kid again but the last sight will always remain. There, happy in his Sunday School class with boy friends — requesting his favorite hymn.

He’s somewhere in the Pacific again. Other boys are there with him doing a job. Let’s bring them home by buying more bonds!

* * *

The Union City Squadron of the Civil Air Patrol has broken into the news again since it has become a part of the Army Air Forces with a recruiting drive for Army Air Forces Cadets. Of the 2000 to be enlisted in Tennessee, northwest Tennessee really hopes to do its part.

The new Instructor’s uniforms are really snazzy and we should be wearing them right soon. Our visitors of interest the past week were:

Our mutual friends Messers, Povey and Horton, Lt. Nellie Rabun, a former Instructor who came buzzing in in a famed Mustang, and Lt. L. Jeffers, Jr., a former Embry-Riddle Cadet who is now instructing in 17s at the Halls, Tenn. Air Base.

Checking the gasoline gauge, regardless of what the log book indicates, may save vital time and shoe leather!
Dorr Doings

by Jack Whitnall

The new water treatment plant is taking shape fast, with a coat of paint this week and a railing around the top of the building and the installation of some machinery. One whole week without any rain hasn’t made for cool nights, but both classes have been able to catch up with their flying, the most important thing.

“Drip” Platt is back from his vacation. He reports a nice rest, but personally we can’t see any improvement in his looks.

The Short Sooter’s Log

At last the long looked for wings have arrived, and very nice they look too. Most of the Instructors already have them pinned on their manly chests. Gordon Mougery personally presented Sharkey’s wings amidst a fanfare of trumpets. We understand that the first thing Sharkey did was go over to the Post Supply and buy all the blit cloths and silver polish they had in stock.

Note to Mrs. Evans: We hope you saw Kathryn Sandusky’s picture in the official Dog House. Let this be a lesson to you to give me some copy for the next issue.

Contemporary Delilah

Harold Kerns without his mustache. Yes sir, last week we saw what we thought was a strange man walking around the Flight Line, and in the line of duty we accosted him for his pass. He came back with. “Why, don’t you recognize me? I’m Harold Kerns.” Truthfully, we’re wondering if it’s any improvement. Harold says that Mrs. Kerns caught him asleep and with one slash of the razor it came off. Can you imagine Venus Di Milo with arms or the Statue of Liberty without arms? That’s just how we all feel.

We understand that the Army has made a bid on the Ford that Gordon Mougery drove out the other day. They want to use it as a model for a new smoke screen laying device. Gordon says he bought it for Mrs. Mougery. Hunting season opens November 21st.

Charlie “Pop” Miller was telling one of the Canteen Girls that there wasn’t any grey in his hair—that it was just naturally “silver threads among the black.” Oh yeah!

The Army Side

Congratulations to Lt. Austin who this past week changed his gold bar for a silver one. We always thought the gold one matched his hair rather well. Lt. Jennings being transferred to Miami for the rehabilitation of the wounded. Congratulations, Lieutenant. We’ll miss you and we all wish you the best of luck. “Skeret,” the C.O.’s black cocker spaniel, inspecting the early morning physical training of the Officers—Gee, if dogs could only talk, what a story he could tell us!

Lt. Hand, Dorr Intelligence Officer, on the screen at the local theatre last Friday in a short subject U.S. No, sir, he was no glamour boy; he was racked back and perspiring profusely and there was no Ann Sheridan in sight either.

Lt. Frank on a furlough with Mrs. Frank and the two children. We expect them back the latter part of this week. Here’s hoping the Lieutenant had a nice time. Needless to say, we all have missed him; even the fox came out and dared anybody to take a crack at him.

Dorr Graduation Dance

Saturday, August 28, is the date set for Dorr Field’s Graduation Dance. The Cadet Committee has worked long and hard to insure a successful affair, and the Miami Division officers are helping out by permitting some of their lovelies to attend.

Capt. Palmer went to Lakeland Saturday to meet Mrs. Palmer and children who have come down to stay. Welcome back, Mrs. Palmer.

Should Lt. Farmer at any future time need a recommendation as a short order cook, he can come to us and we’ll gladly fill out for him the needed tech orders.

Parting Shot

Roses are red, violets are blue; I like onion on my hamburgers, How about you?

Toll’ably yours,

Jack

Air Jeep

by J. Farrell

“Len” J. Povey, Director of Flying Operations, gave Dorr Cadets a little extra neck twister exercise the other day when he put that little Piper Cub, jokingly called the “P-65,” through its paces.

“Len,” an aerial veteran of the last War and the organizer of the Cuban Air Force, has a flying background that is the envy and admiration of all. He showed his amazing ability by handling that little “jeep of the air” as skillfully and precisely as he does the heavier ships to which he is accustomed.

Taking off from the taxiway like a grasshopper, he carried out an aerial inspection of the Field’s drainage canal as nonchalantly as you’d drive your car to work.

Jinx Jinked

by A/C Albert J. Hamilton

The Cadets at Dorr Field tackled the Black Friday jinx en masse and with a vengeance today. According to figures compiled by the Dispatcher at the Field, more Cadets made their solo flights on Friday, the thirteenth of August, 1943, than on any other day in Dorr Field’s history.

While the solo figures naturally can’t be released and no supplementary data are available regarding the number of rabbit feet, four-leaf clovers or horse shoes that were employed on the occasion, it is sufficient to say that the record-breaking day passed without accident and with a minimum number of ground loops.

Black Friday won’t roll around again until October 13, 1944 when the then lower class will be able to shoot for a record under similarly inauspicious circumstances. But by then the present lower class will be doing its best to make that day a very, very Black Friday indeed for the Axis.

Gently, Brother, Gently
August 20, 1943

EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER “Stick To It”

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Here it is, folks! The Riddle Field guessing game, so get started and win a prize—$5.00, $3.00 or $1.00 in war stamps. Here are the rules:

1. Anyone is eligible for the contest, although Riddle Field employees have a definite advantage.

2. The object of the contest is to guess, from the descriptions below, just about whom we are talking and write the identity of the person on the space provided. Only persons now working at Riddle Field will be described.

3. The winner will be determined by the following method: The first correct entry received will win the first prize of $5.00 in war stamps. The second prize will be $3.00 in war stamps, while the third prize will be a $1.00 worth of war stamps.

Mail Your Entries
All entries should be mailed to: Riddle Field Contest, Box 7309, Clewiston, Fla.
The date of mailing on the postmark will be taken into consideration in the case of ties. So get busy and shoot your entry in. You might win one of the prizes.

Remember, these descriptions are of personalities at Riddle Field, those now here. No former employees are described. Any part of the description might be a lead as to the person, so read carefully.

1. Our first description tells a story of a successful man who achieved his success through hard work. He came to Riddle Field nearly two years ago; and after being here some four or five months, he left for further training at a different location. Before another six months had elapsed, he was back at this Field in a different capacity. A promotion was made in due time to the position which he now holds. Much of his success he can contribute not only to his own hard work and ingenuity, but to the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation. He is happily married, and his wife is well known on the Field. Now, who is he?

Name

2. Our next man was not born in the United States. He is well known on the Field, and in a recent edition of the Fly Paper, reference was made to him as a “well-known diver.” We finish our leads to the identity of this character by saying this—One of his favorite pleasures is easily identified by the nickname of a well known sports team. What’s his name?

Name

3. Our third “Who is it” is a lady. She works in a department which receives a lot of praise and she comes in for her full share of that praise, although her work might seem unimportant in comparison with some others in that department. Her husband is also on the Field, and her first name easily could be that taken from one of the three states named here; Maryland, Virginia or Louisiana. What’s her name?

Name

4. Our next victim is one whom the majority of us see every time we come to the Field. He’s always full of pep and is a pretty popular guy despite the fact that his job isn’t exactly the type in which you win friends and influence people. A direct clue to his name is found in the popular song tune, “Smoke Gets In Your Eyes.” What’s his name?

Name

5. Speaking of song hits, “Wagon Wheels” might be adapted to our next description. This person should certainly be able to identify himself and you should too, when we say that the most popular animal, as far as he is concerned, is the horse. He is also one of the few persons to deliver some meat for a barbecue already barbecued. What’s his name?

Name

Last week saw the arrival of Riddle Field’s new adjutant, F/L G. Gibson. F/L Gibson will replace F/L D. Easton-Smith who has been acting adjutant, F/L Easton-Smith will be leaving soon, and his many friends at Riddle Field join in wishing him the best of luck.

Cpl. John Schoener, attached to Riddle Field with the 75th AAFFTD, and Mary McLaughlin of Clewiston are to be married September 2.

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A/F/G Lou Place informs us that A/F/C Bob Ahern and 2nd/O DeMarco, with plans for another spaghetti supper, imported a galvanized tub from Sarasota which subsequently disappeared from the Pilot’s Club. Now, due to the fact that this is the only clean tub in captivity, DeMarco and Ahern ask that its captors return it promptly and no questions will be asked.

Riddle Field Cadet on first solo in A.T.—“Hello Riddle Control, this is 221 calling, gear up, located, and landing”—pause “What am I saying?”

A/F/C Joe Garcia rushing home to do his chores.

F/C Noel Ellis looking for his sunglasses.

Dispatcher Frank Davis “helping” him.

S/C Charlie Miller also rushing home to do chores.

One Year Ago
New Link Trainer building is completed and is pictured in this edition along with all the Instructors—Cadet Howard Thomas, Course 7, wins the singles tennis tournament by defeating Jack Woolley. Course 7, who won the finals—Capt. Le Mesurier and Temple, Course 9, win doubles championship by defeating Thomas and Whelbe.

Course 15
Following the primary examination, we got our first leave and quickly dispersed, spreading out all over the State of Florida, some of the more ambitious members of the Course leaving the state for far away New York.

On returning to Clewiston and feeling relieved by the exam results, our five days saw us with loosened tongues shot lines. Those who could escaped to a quiet corner. Those who could not just had to listen.

The leave, by all reports, was a marked success. Daytona, Sarasota and Palm Beach bearing the brunt of the onslaught. Daytona has, we are told, many added attractions since the Army arrived, and many members of the Course spent their full five days there. For the information of Course 16, whose leave is yet to come, they were a good five days!

Now back from leave, we have made a start on the Advanced Course and are beginning to see some reason for the dazzling array of dials and switches in the AT6A. At the end of this, the first week, many

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POOR “HOPPY”

Our friend and correspondent, Jack Hopkins, Link Instructor at Riddle Field, is spending a few days in the infantry at the Field. Get well quick, “Hoppy.” You must remember your public!
Women Hold Vital Positions In All Divisions

Reading from left to right, TOP ROW: Helen Webster and Charlotte Kayser, Primary Flight Instructors; Helen Cavis, Flight Commander of Primary WTS; and Nancy Graham, Primary Flight Instructor, all of Chapman Field. Anne Cooke, Flight Instructor; and Pauline Powell, Ground School Instructor, of the Seaplane Base. Corrine Phillips, Chief Link Instructor at the Colonnade; and Ruth Norton, General Manager of the Seaplane Base. MIDDLE ROW: Pat Willett, Intermediate Flight Instructor; Helen Allen, Verna I. Burke and Marguerite Dowd, Primary Flight Instructors; Billy Fernandez, Chief Dispatcher, and Kay Kniescher, Intermediate Flight Instructor, all of
visions Of The Embry-Riddle Company

Chapman Field, Betty Bennett, Dispatcher at the Scaplane Base; Jeanne Van der Veer, Lorahne Barry and (directly above Jeanne) Helen Blake, all Link Instructors. BOTTOM ROW: Margrethe Bailey, Radio Instructor at the Tech School; Florence R. Gilmore, Postmistress at Tech; Wain R. Fletcher, editor of the Fly Paper; Lillian Bradford, Chief PBX Operator; Frances Tolman, Head of Mimeograph; Dorothy P. Burton, Librarian; Katherine Williams, Instructor in Drafting at Tech; and Marty C. Warren, Aviation Advisor to Women. Not pictured is Margaret Missio, Cashier.
ALLOVER OVERHAUL

CARLSTROM FIELD

by Blecka Kistler

On behalf of the entire Overhaul we extend our deepest sympathy to Mildred Hollingsworth upon the sudden death of her twin brother.

Congratulations and all that to Haynes B., who made his first solo flight Friday.

Good luck and happy landings to Bill Gunage of Final Assembly who left last week to enter the Naval Air Corps.

We wish Pearl Sapp a very pleasant trip. She is spending two weeks with relatives in Pennsylvania.

Who made the statement that the women of Overhaul at Carlstrom will go down in history?

Buzz, buzz. This rumored that Jimmy Davis got himself plenty of steak. Friday night down Nocatee way. Shall we have a steak barbecue, Jim?

Grape Thorns

Louise Crossley declares she got all those scratches on her arms and legs while picking grapes. Now, I'm wondering when grapevines started growing thorns—it's a good story anyway, Louise.

Helen Hill is back with her spray guns after a week's vacation. Helen reports she had the "wildest" time and surely hated to come back.

Elizabeth was really happy to see Helen come in this morning, as she has been holding down the "fort" during her absence.

Lt. Schuetz, ADD Commanding Officer, has gone to his home in Chicago where he will spend a fifteen day furlough. Rumors originating in Army Supply say the Lieutenant may bring back a wife.

Jerry Amis will return to school in Miami next month. He has spent the summer vacation working here in the fuselage repair department where he has received a good start in aviation. Jerry expects to take a pre-aviation course available to high school students in Miami. We'll probably hear about Jerry some day, for we all know his ability to accomplish difficult tasks.

Sick List Dies

Lola Browning is back looking quite well after undergoing an appendectomy at the local hospital. Lola's return clears our sick list.

Foreman Jack Pooser will take up the lonely life of a bachelor while his wife, a former switchboard operator at Carlstrom, spends a three weeks' vacation in Chicago.

Army Inspector Charles Berberian is spending a short vacation in Pennsylvania, his home state. During his absence, Hubert Drake, formerly of Army Engineering and Supply, will act in his capacity. Hubert recently was made assistant to Mr. Berberian and is doing a fine job.

Dudley Rasmussen, old time Carlstromite of Maintenance and Overhaul, paid us a visit one day last week. Dudley is now at Chapman Field and informs us that he is awaiting call to active duty in the Naval Air Corps. How about the house you just bought Dudley, and who's the lucky girl?

We understand that T. W. Nelson was on the Field about ten days ago. We're very disappointed that he failed to come in and see us. It has been quite some time since his last visit.

A. D. D. 'S

This month of August, so far, certainly has been an eventful one at our detachment. Several of our star employees have had to bow to fate and depart on leaves to their distant homes. Their return will be most welcome.

Some of the military personnel from Warner Robin dropped in on us to see how and what we are doing. Ms. Fewwe and Lt. Henderson of the Control Section at Warner Robins were down about August 6th, and their visit was followed by one from Col. Wiggins and Pfc. Merhan of the Inspection Division at Warner Robins. Everything was found to be ship-shape, and that means we are all attending to our business.

Yours truly is offering a reward for persons wearing the surname "Devey." Life can be most complicated when filing systems are involved. I try to remind myself that "This is the Army, Mrs. Goyer," but that is still no solution.

Our stockroom is fortunate to have two new helpers, Sally Johnstone and Mary Bartetinich, both of whom seem to enjoy working with intricate engine parts and making sure they are all in the right places. (All of which, to me, is a complicated jigsaw situation.)

Our boss, Lt. Bacon, has had to invest in a pair of eyeglasses, tinted ones too. (P.S.—I believe they were bought because of eyestrain caused from reading too many Warner Robins Memorandums and T.O.'s.)

I hope everyone has recuperated by now from the "inventory ordeal." It's when you work overtime for a few nights in succession and throw your Sunday in for good measure that you stop complaining about a 6-day week. (No remarks, please.)

Miami certainly has a country atmosphere in the vicinity of our detachment. If only we could get the necessary incentive from the collection of four or five dogs and a stray horse—well, if you don't believe me, just drop in some day.

GYRO NOTES

by Walter H. Dick

It is going to be a rather hard job trying to write about the things that happened here during my absence.

Oh! What a shock when I saw for the first time the heading of this column Sunday night upon my return. First: if you will refer to the announcement of the contest in the August 6th issue, you will see that last week's article was not written by me.

Second: solved was not the word even if it did fit into the limited ems for the column, but neither Mr. Heid nor I is quite old enough to have solved the mystery. That was done some 200 years ago. The treatise was meant to expose the supposed mysteries by dissecting the gyro and dealing with integral parts.

The bug has bit again—Ty Meloche has "boat fever" and is now the proud possessor of a honey of a cabin job. There should be some good stories forthcoming at an early date, for Ty is not the silent type.

It seems that we are about to lose Mr. Clements to our Uncle Sam in the very near future. We'll miss you, Clem.

Here is a little item we saw in a central Florida paper and thought right good.

**Between Us**

A fragment picked up at the high seat of rumor, Washington.

Censored and printed confidentially.

Absolute information have I none

But my aunt's washerwoman's sister's son

Heard a policeman on his beat

Saw a laborer in the street

That he had it last week

Written in the finest Greek

From a Chinese coolie in Timbuckto

Who said the negro in Cuba knew

Of a colored man in a Texas town

Who got it straight from a circus clown

That a man in Klondike heard the news

From a gang of South American Jews

Of someone in Borneo

Who claimed he knew a man who claims to know

Of a swell society female rake

Whose mother-in-law will undertake

To prove that her husband's sister's niece

Has stated in a printed piece

That she has a son who has a friend

Who knows when the War is going to end.

See you next week, folks.
WING FLUTTER
by Otto Hempel, Jr.

It is claimed that the Greeks had a word for it, but in this case the Romans had a symbol for it and according to the Chinese a picture is worth 10,000 words. We refer to the "Fascs," or bundle of sticks which was part of the symbol of Roman Democracy. We also all know of the Fasci, a bundle of his sons because of their lack of cooperation and, by way of illustration, picked up a stick and showed them how easy it was to break and then took a bundle of sticks and tied them together and showed them that that was impossible to break.

This same idea applies today not only to individual groups but to the country as a whole. It is time that dissertation and bickering were done and cooperation was the rule.

Plenty of Air

Today, due to the press of our industrial program, there is a shortage of everything but air. This means that those things which are available must go to the places where they are needed most and when they are gone the rest will have to improvise, substitute or do without. Fortunately, this country is richly endowed with that intangible thing known as ingenuity, and our improvisations often prove to be better than the original.

It is all too liable to become a vicious circle, however, when those who think that they need something find that they have to do without. It is the grace with which they accept this that determines the extent of their cooperation. If they resign themselves to the fact that "c'est la Guerre" and find a way to do without, then they are truly adding their weight to the country's effort.

Those Who Grumble

There are those then who grumble and decry the fact that they can't have just what they want and don't hesitate to tell all within hearing about it. It is charitable to say of these that at most they don't add anything to the War effort. Then there is the third group which finds that when it can't get what it wants through legitimate channels by paying a premium, these scarce items may be obtained through extra-legal channels giving rise to so called "Black Markets.

Of these it may be said that they are in the same class as traitors and deserters and that they are definitely putting brakes on the production machinery.

In this day of shortages in time, materials, men and supplies, it requires a close cooperation among all of us so that we may remain strong. That includes individuals, groups, industries and divisions of industry. The time has temporarily ceased when John Smith is working for John Smith and the Jones Company is working for the Board of Directors or Mr. Jones; they are both working toward one end, Victory.

That is the reason why the most unprecedented event in American Industrial history occurred when the aircraft companies pooled engineers, designs, materials and all cooperated to build B-24s 2-17s and others. It is hard to imagine some ten years ago having the Dodge plant build Chevrolets, or the Philco plant fabricating R.C.A. radio equipment. That is what is happening in the industrial world today, however, and the civil population may well profit by their example. Do without if you can, improvise if you must and substitute if nothing else is available.

Our own mentor and advisor, Mr. Cornell, on being asked for a few words, declines to comment or give advice to the younger generation. Let them find out the hardships of life by themselves and carry the black and blue marks as campaign stripes in the battle of life, he says.

Oratorical Prowess

Superintendent DeShazo of Aircraft Overhaul is becoming quite an after dinner speaker. He rose to great heights and showed promise of rivaling the immortal "Silver-tongued Orator" on the occasion Saturday when he presented the bond to Pits Ingram in honor of his new addition to the family.

One would never guess that Mr. and Mrs. Wright have been married over 25 years. They still act like newlyweds.

By the time this goes to press, Mary Gamble, one of the beauties of the A & E Division Accounting, will be the wife of a Pan American Captain. The wedding is scheduled for Wednesday morning and after that a trip to Brownsville, Texas, where he is stationed, is planned. Our best wishes and luck to you both and may all your troubles be "little ones."

We have been doing our best to promote some good extra curricular reading among the Sewing Room crew, so far with excellent results. At least they are trying to get the book.

We wonder why the people in the Plant never have anything happen to them. When you ask them for news, nothing has taken place. The gossip, it seems, is always too good to put into print. But when at last the cares of day are done, comes at last the great leveler, sleep, and so to bed.

Engine Noises
by Gladys Goft

Motto for the week: "Let's buy War stamps and lick the other side."

Sorry to disappoint you, but we weren't able to persuade anyone to "take over" this week. Better luck next time.

Ethyl Casson, we hear, is back home from the hospital after a serious operation. We're glad Cassie is so much better.

There must be something to this domesticity angle. Now our Trixie Henry has left us to stay home and keep house for Joe and little Buddy. Sure do miss you, Trixie! Trixie was one of the first employees in the Engine Overhaul department, last year. How things have changed since then!

Charley Thompson has gone off on a trip that was well-earned by much hard work. Charley is right-hand-man to Earl Batterby in the Propeller department.

We walked all around everywhere and saw lots of things. We saw Kay Sieffert, née Bruce, back at work, and we mean work. Right at this point we want to put in three cheers for Bill Monroe, who has been all-in-all at A & E Dpt., while everyone was away on business trips, honeymoons, etc. Bee, incidentally, is secretary to three executives, and anyone who thinks that is a cinch had better think again.

Rumblings

We saw pretty Pat McNamara hard at work; said hello to Fay Oberg and Eva Morris, both becomingly and coincidentally dressed in red slack suits; we asked "Pappy" Hale why he didn't stay put; said "Happy Birthday" to Griff (we thought for a moment that Bill Ehne was going to give him a birthday kiss); tried to get Ted Kunkel to tell on Nellie Diamond; well, we walked and talked and found out nary a bit of gossip. Guess people are too busy for that sort of thing.

We did find out about Walter Barrie's going into the Seabees. Yep, he's really joined up. Walter is another pioneer of the Engine Overhaul department having helped in organization and in training the inspectors.

Everyone in the shop extends deepest sympathy to Virgile Ruark in his bereavement.

Rollo Karkect, Louis Yelen, Jack Kene- drunk and Grace Springer are newcomers. Saludos, amigos!

We were looking all around for the boss the other day and couldn't find him any-

Continued on Page 14

TO ACTIVE DUTY

It is with sincere regret that we learn "Gerry" Goft has been ordered to active duty in the Marine Corps. "Gerry" has been one of our most faithful columnists—only occupying the Dog House once. The Fly Paper is mourning her departure, and along with the entire company, we wish her the best of luck. The Marines have landed again.
TECH TALK
by Dorothy P. Burton

No small, still voice called me to write this. It was just a case of the scheduled guest writers being unexpectedly ill, or too frightfully busy, or out of town, so a force of combined circumstances drove me to do my own work at last. Such a thing must not be allowed to happen again. But in the meantime, let’s cast discretion to the winds and let the reputations fall where they may.

Oh, I Say!
Syd Burrows contemplates a course in Portuguese and we are so anxious to hear how it sounds with a Manchester, England, accent.

Lorraine Bosley is shopping for a pair of golden-brown alligator shoes to go with a very special present she received recently.

Gloria Meyers is beaming and bubbling after her nice sojourn in the North Carolina hills. With her return, Mrs. Carty, who was helping Military Aircraft, has now gone back to her own Electrical department, leaving all her friends at Tech lonesome for her gracious presence. Upon Mrs. Carty’s return, Laurice Anderson bounces over here to give K. C. Smith a hand. Such goings on! Speaking of Mr. Smith, have you heard the gals sighing, “Oh! how nice he looks without his moustache?”

Busy Places
Don Sprague, Ed Stahl and numerous others who are on special assignment now have offices on the second floor. As for our Instructors’ School, headed by the able and affable Harry LeRoy, it is now to be found on the fifth floor and a busy place it is these days.

School hasn’t been the same this week and won’t be until our precious pair of screwballs, Josephine and Helene, return from vacation. In a too sane, serious and sensible world their nonsense is delightfully refreshing.

Richard Guthrie, the tall blonde boy who sunbathed on the front porch at lunch time, graduated last week in Aircraft Drafting and Design. He started working this week for Consolidated Vultee. Good luck, and come back to see us.

Jimmie Hodeck’s prowess as a disciple of Isaac Walton is well known to his companions at Tech. Besieged with requests for “take me along” or “bring me a fish,” he is equally good at complying with both requests. Viewed from his boat at dusk, Miami is a veritable fairyland; and when a full red moon rises, throwing a path of gold across Biscayne Bay, it is “Paradise enow.”

Chauffeuresettes
The School’s darling, Dottie Wells, is undergoing a tonsillectomy this week. Hurry back, Dottie, as you’re greatly missed.

Jackie Dillard in red from dainty shoes to lacey snood is our choice for best-dressed girl of the week. Jackie is now our newest chauffeurette.

Secret of successful dieting or how to lose five pounds in four weeks: Eat out, eat less, eat seldom.

What is it Betty Bruce knows about Vadah that the rest of us can only surmise?

Joe Walker of the dust mop and broom sweep department is leaving for his home in Alabama. Joe has been with the Company since October of 1941 and is a quiet, courteous, efficient worker who will be missed by all who knew him. Ernestine and Clayton Smith of the same department are vacationing in Baltimore where they report “the weather too hot and the city too crowded, and there’s no place like Miami.”

How our “runners” are rated (by one who works with them): lovable Lucille Nelson; ladylike Lucille Brown; impish, mischievous, devilish Libby Edwards; responsible Evelyn Prince. The “brats” have a special pet name for Sheldon Wells who would like to murder them.

Wain Fletcher has now gone in for interior decorating. Having done a very workmanlike upholstery job, she was encouraged to wield the paint brush. All would have been well except for an open window and a tropical downpour. Let this be a warning to Wain’s friends that she has standing room only. If this warning goes unheeded, don’t blame Wain for your apple green empannage.

GREMLINS WIN

By a last night stand that gave the Gremlin bowlers from Engine Overhaul a 3-0 victory over Military Engines, this team was able to take the title away from the Cincinnati Five, who had led the league since the starting night.

Larry Beyl, captain of the Gremlins, contributed sound organization to the winning of the title. As he put it, every man on the team has a definite job to perform. Percy Branning is the secretary of the team and sees that everybody is notified of all the matches. Al Brosius is the scorekeeper and makes sure that all the records are in order.

No Absences

Joe Henry, bowling in the number two spot, is the fellow upon whom they relied to get the marks when they were needed. Knute Critchfield was the clean-up man and boasted a fine 157 average to show that he did a good job in that spot. Ted Kunkel and Earl Battersby were the faithful and ever reliable relief men who made the Gremlins the only team to go through the complete league schedule without a single absentee.

As for the captain, Larry Beyl, his duty by his own statement was merely to keep
the boys' feet dry. Indeed, he did a good job of that and receives congratulations from the Atlantic office as well as the Embry-Riddle Summer Bowling trophy and a good chunk of the prize money.

A VOTE OF THANKS

August 16, 1943

Dear Editor:

On behalf of the Gremlin bowling team, which won the Embry-Riddle Summer Bowling League, I wish to take this opportunity to give votes of thanks to some of the people who have made our bowling program possible.

First, I wish to thank Mr. Riddle, whose enthusiasm for sports has made possible many hours of keen enjoyment for all who have participated in any part of the Embry-Riddle athletic program. Good recreation means a lot to people who are working together to win the war.

Without Lloyd Budge, the Athletic Director, our sports activities would never be what they are today. He cheerfully gives his time and knowledge of sports programs and has helped us get the utmost enjoyment from the bowling league.

All in all, our Summer League was one of the smoothest ever, and we also wish to thank all the bowlers from the other teams for their fine sportsmanship and cooperation which fostered good fellowship among us all.

Sincerely yours, Larry Boyle
Captain of the Gremlins

SHEET METAL
by Mary Hendrickson

The Sheet Metal department is a busy and a noisy place. Class 26-43-E is carrying on where 3-43-B left off. We miss the fellows in that class and hope they will remember Embry-Riddle with pride.

Our boss, Kelly Newsome, is really going to town, working from morn to night. Hats off to David Harlan, Instructor of the E classes, who so capably assumed the serious Instructorship of 3-43-B the last few weeks they were here.

Mr. Hart, familiarly known as "Pop," recently returned from a well earned vacation. He has the enviable record of never having been absent or late since working for Embry-Riddle.

Charles Larrimer met with an accident on his way to work Tuesday morning. At this time we do not know the extent of his injuries, but we hope they are not serious and that he soon will be back on duty. We miss you, Chuck.

Our very best regards go to Jimmie Halshad who has been quite ill since April. It is reported that he is improving. Also on the sick list is Mrs. McLaughlin of the Tool Crib.

"Red" Duncan is expected to pass out cigars soon. By the way, "Red," the boys like good ones! Pfc. Hammond was on the passing out end of cigars in honor of an 11 pound baby. Congratulations.

THE GREAT EBBETS

Charlie Ebbets, the photographic sage of the Embry-Riddle Company, celebrated his censored birthday on Wednesday. And poor Charlie had to work! How he’d have enjoyed catching another record fish.

By the way, for those not in the know, most of the pictures seen in this publication—particularly the outstanding shots—are the products of Charlie's camera.

WIN FIVE DOLLARS

The following is the third in a series of contests being conducted by Adriano Ponso, fourth floor of the Tech School. Just fill in the blanks and send your entry either to the Fly Paper office or to Adriano. You may be this week's winner of five dollars.

1. The territory of Brazil is larger than the United States, without

2. With the exception of all countries of Europe could be fitted within the limits of the Brazilian territory.

3. Brazil is times the size of Argentina, times the size of England, times the size of Mexico, times the size of Cuba, and times the size of Puerto Rico.

4. The Indian population of Brazil is estimated at

5. Brazilian laws offer the same guarantee to Brazilians and foreign residents alike, regardless of or

6. Brazilian laws (do or do not) stipulate the penalty of life imprisonment.

7. Brazilian laws (do or do not) permit imprisonment for debts.

8. The city of Rio de Janeiro has over inhabitants and Sao Paulo, the second largest city of Brazil, has

9. Rio de Janeiro is the largest Latin city in the world.

10. The original Constitution of Brazil was patterned upon

UNCLAIMED LETTERS

Stranded in the Mail Room at the Tech School are letters addressed to O. D. Brinson, M. R. Crum, Eli Hahn, Arthur MacIntire, Albert O. Clare, Norman Tulliam and W. A. Rader.

RUPERT A. KEENE HAS MANY HOBBIES

Back of the soldiers and sailors are skilled aircraft mechanics. Back of the aircraft mechanics are such men as Rupert A. Keene, formerly of Smithfield, N. C., who is Chief Instructor of Civil Aircraft and Engines at Tech.

Past the age of active duty himself, he applies his skill to turning out hundreds of boys who later will take their places in some strategic industry or on the fighting front in the Army, Navy or Air Transport Command.

He is the son of John W. Keene of Smithfield, N. C. His grandfather and great grandfather lived there before him, and he has about 500 relatives in Johnston county.

Keene has had an extensive military background in his field. He attended the Army Air Forces mechanics school when serving with that branch in 1920-21 and the Navy mechanics school as a member of the Navy, 1922-33.

Wide Experience

He maintained airplanes at the Pensacola Municipal Airport from 1933 to 1936 and went to the University of Florida for special instructor's training for teaching aviation subjects in 1936.

In 1937 and 1938, he was in charge of the engine shop of the general extension of the University of Florida at Camp Roosevelt, Ocala, Fla. He was assistant airport manager in charge of service and operation at the Municipal Airport, Lakeland, Fla., June 1, 1941 to April, 1942, and in 1942 he came here as an instructor. He is now head of both Civil Aircraft and Engines.

Photographer Too

Keene has always had a wide range of hobbies, one of which is photography. He recently has finished a two year job of making a camera, begun when he felt $100 for a Graflex view camera was more than he could afford. The camera is made of brass and the material included cost about $6, with the exception of the lens and shutter taken from an old camera. Odds and ends of material were adapted for use in its construction, such as the head of an airplane engine piston machined out for use as a lens board.

He has been "playing with photography" for ten years, and for a year and a half held a government photographic job with the Florida State Road department and WPA combined.

He was born in Four Oaks, N. C. and moved with his family to Smithfield when about 15 years old. He made his home in Smithfield until coming to Florida and was educated at Buies Creek Academy, Buies Creek, N. C. His first jobs were with the Western Union Telegraph Co., in Richmond, Va., and then as a seaman on a passenger ship.
INSTRUMENTS
by Melvin Klein

Of special interest to us all is the news that Mr. F. V. Merritt is well on the road to recovery after an appendectomy. Keep up the good progress, Mrs. Merritt.

Visiting us for a short while Tuesday was Robert Feldman, also recovering from an appendectomy.

The newcomer in our midst is Mrs. Eleanor Smith. Her husband is in the service of our country, so mark up another family on the all-out list.

The new Scorsby is now in place and is doing its duty regularly. The equipment in the shop was moved around to admit the Scorsby and to function in a more efficient manner.

New Hero
The final night of bowling in the Little League brought forth a new hero on the Instrument Overhaul team. Al (hot 'n cold) Kimbrough was the high man with a scraching 196. Please don’t ask him the score of his two games. Jo Skinner tried her best to talk Hugh into outdoing Al but didn’t quite succeed. Better luck next time.

If someone interrupts your conversation about War information with a lusty “Tiger,” don’t start running. Just stop telling what you were telling, because that is the latest warning that you are telling what you hadn’t oughta.

ENGINE NOISES
Continued from Page 11

where. When he finally came in, he said he had been at a luncheon of the Miami Beach Rotary Club, of which he is an honorary member. He brought back this little contribution, which I am sure you will put in your list of “quotables”:

It’s easy to smile and be pleasant, With a girl and a glass and a song. But the man that’s worthwhile Is the man that can smile When he’s got the old lady along.

So long until Victory!

Note to Editor: This is our last contribution to the worthy Fly Paper, as Uncle Sam has finally sent “the good news.” Thanks for your patience, cooperation and encouragement in our hours of despairing toil on this column, and so—farewell to you all.

RIDDLE ROUND-UP
Continued from Page 7

members of the Course have made their first solo hops.
If it is not too late, we should like to welcome Course 16 to Riddle Field and add that we look forward to meeting them in as many soccer and softball games as can be arranged.

COURSE 14

After a considerable period of inactivity, here are a few hastily composed lines on our present state.

Night flying has brought with it the usual conflation of sleeping Cadets, barricade inspections, and of course a fuller appreciation of the redoubtable mosquito.

Cries of dismay greet the instruction “You are clear to take off” when the same poor Cadet is just leaving the line. A plaintive appeal to “get off the flare path” has amused the participants on numerous occasions since doublets we all know of Mr. Roy’s brilliance when it comes to stretching a point.

SERIOUS PROBLEM

A more serious problem now faces the members of the happy (?) Course. Told in no uncertain manner of their status in Ground School, stalwarts can be seen pouring over books in the early hours. Some books could, of course, be the latest issues of Life and Esquire.

The associate editors are now at work on the Listening Out issue but would welcome suggestions and assistance from the more journalistic members. So do your best, you poets—cum—pilots (should that be reversed?) Get weaving on some copy.

MAN
by “Tam”

Man—What a conception thou art; One wonders how to serve thee, The flattery that thou dost impart Rebounds in clouds of mystery.

The tactics that are often used Defy all comprehension; Leaving the woman so confused, While her heart is at attention.

She must always keep him guessing, So he’ll never be too sure; Avoid too much confessing, Just keep on a circling tour.

He will say, “You are the one for me,” And then, sans explanation Drop her, with just a memory And her utter consternation.

Man—Must woman ever be a slave To thine ego and line of chatter, Within thy power from cradle to grave; But—oh, well, what does it matter?

NOT FUNNY

In the words of President Franklin D. Roosevelt: “Entertainment is always a national asset. Invaluable in time of peace, it is indispensable in time of war.”

 Foolhardy flying is not entertainment! It has been brought forcibly to the attention of Headquarters Army Air Forces by letters and telegrams from all over the United States, from individuals in every walk of life, that there exists in the Army Air Forces today a vast amount of hazardous flying.

Army pilots have made dives at civilians and Naval personnel on beaches, have flown at automobiles, trucks and gasoline barges, at small boats and Naval vessels, as well as at Army transports and Navy fighter planes. Many pilots have thusly gone out of their way to terrify civilians. Some of these attacks have proven fatal.

No Beachcombers, Please

It is not entertaining to a war worker, who has put in a full week plus overtime at an airplane factory and who has finally managed to take the family out to the beach for a few hours of badly-needed relaxation, to be frightened half to death or forced to dive for cover in order to avoid being decapitated just to satisfy the thrill-seeking appetite of some beach-combing pilot.

It is definitely un-funny when a truck driver has to leave the highway and ditch his vital cargo of medical supplies in order to satisfy the adventuresome whim of another ground-strafing (HP) hot pilot.

And when HP Show-Off finally plays his luck a little too far, as he undoubtedly will, and the accident report reads—“PILOT—(Fatal) . . . AIRCRAFT—(Destroyed),” you can just bet your bottom dollar there will be no applause, no curtain calls, because the American People had a stake in that airplane and in the pilot himself.

They Observe

The folks on the home front know why they work longer hours, why they dig deeper to buy more and more war bonds, why taxes have increased, why automatic deductions are taken from their weekly pay envelopes, and they have become highly observant of anything that has a tinge of waste and extravagance.

In addition to endangering their own lives, in which the Government has considerable investment, and creating a hazard to Government and civilian property, reckless pilots who engage in stunt flying are running the risk of creating resentment among the civilian population against the Army Air Forces.

In the words of General Henry H. Arnold: Quote: “Hazardous flying must be stopped and stopped now!” Unquote.

Flight Control Command
COLONNADE CANNONADE

by Helen Pennoyer

Another week, another Tuesday, another copy to get busy on. To tell the truth, I have been so busy ... no remarks please ... that I completely forgot to make my tour for news. Here I sit with nary a thing to tell all my dear readers ... hopeful critter, ain't I? Perhaps I could dig up a few things of interest via Mr. Bell's little toy.

In checking with the Personnel department, I learned that Frances Weist is all excited over the news that Vinicius Vargas, one of our South American students of a few months back, is returning to Miami today. She received a wire to the effect that she had better cancel all previously made plans because he intends to park on her doorstep for as long as he is in town.

Let Us Say Hello

Now don't be selfish with him, Francis. Bring him to the Shipwreck party at the Antilla Saturday... his many Embry-Riddle friends would like to say hello.

Kay Dean, our chauffeurette, has deserted us, but only for a week ... pinch-hitting for Kay is "Dee" Miller. Welcome, welcome, Dee.

Ethel McComb is also missing from our ranks. Hey, what goes? Hurry back to work, Ethel.

Lucille Nelson, messenger at Tech, will be with us for a few days, by courtesy of Florrie Gilmore, our Postmistress at Tech. Thanks for sending us such a nice little girl, Florrie.

Arthur Ramier, Personnel Manager of Dorr Field, paid us a visit last week. It was the first time Mr. Ramier had ventured down this far and Mr. Peck, our Personnel Manager, did the honors of showing him around. Come back to see us again, Mr. Ramier ... we enjoyed having you with us.

Nice Shoes

There is always something happening in the Advertising department. This week it is the news that Suzanne Bryan has stepped into Texas Newbold's shoes ... quite exclusive too, with her own office and everything. Taking over Lois Johnson's duties is Lucille Hardman. Welcome, Lucille.

From upstairs, in Accounting, comes the news that A. H. McAdams has returned from his vacation. He reports that his chickens are very well, thank you, but hated to see him come back to work ... what devotion.

Our sympathies are with Mrs. Gross, who is still in the University hospital ... we are all wishing you a very speedy recovery, Mrs. Gross.

Glen Kuhl, head of the Insurance department, reports that last year, ending June 3, 1943, insurance claims amounting to approximately $30,000 were paid to Embry-Riddle employees. A more detailed report will be given as soon as the figures can be compiled.

2,160,000,000

by Henry B. Graves, Safety Director

The figures above, two billion, one hundred sixty million, is the time in man hours which American industry expects to lose during 1943 in "off-the-job" accidents. Incidentally, this figure is much higher than that which will be attributed to accidents on the job.

Many of us smoke in bed. Many people have died in bed and their homes have been destroyed because of this habit.

In many sections of Miami sidewalks are missing or are inadequate. If you have to walk in the street, face traffic and, at night, wear something white.

Drive Carefully

In spite of reduced speeds through the war emergency, traffic accidents still take a heavy toll. Drive carefully and, even though you have the green light or right of way, always remember there might be a man around the corner who is color blind, careless or "under the influence."

Be as fussy about safe ladders at home as you would on the job.

Don't handle electrical appliances and switches or pull chains while standing in the bath tub or while barefooted on tile floors.

Identify Poison

Carefully identify poison bottles kept in the medicine cabinet. Pins sticking out of the cork will prevent the possibility of taking poisons by mistake.

Don't jay-walk. Watch traffic lights at crossings.

Don't clean indoors with gasoline or inflammable cleaning fluids.

Teach your children to keep toys off the floor, to prevent your tripping and finding yourself there.

Keep the first aid box full and treat all minor cuts promptly.

* * *

The new "slow" traffic sign in the alley behind the Colonnade building is the result of a safety suggestion of Colonnade guard Ross Hisey and is the topnotch art work of Chapman Field's fine painter, F. J. Rollins.
ALL-OUT FAMILY

With her father and two brothers on active War duty and her mother a leader in civilian defense work, Betty Ordway of Palm Beach has enrolled in radio communications at the Tech School to round out the family’s War effort.

Her father, Col. L. P. Ordway, is Chief of Intelligence for the Eighth Air Force and is stationed abroad, while her brother, John, is a lieutenant, also with the Eighth Air Force. Her other brother, Peter, our former Dean of Admissions, is now in Texas as an ensign in the U. S. Navy.

Her mother is active in the Nurse’s Aide at Palm Beach and has been awarded a 500-hour ribbon for civilian defense work. Betty’s aim is to enter radio control work after she completes her course at Embry-Riddle.

From a family of globe trotters, Betty, born in Lake Forest, Ill., first crossed the ocean at the age of six months. She has made six trips to Europe since then with her family and has visited Panama, Honolulu and other countries.

Maintaining their residence in Palm Beach, the extensive roamings of her family are attested by the fact that she has attended 18 schools. She has had a course in primary aeronautical engineering and also has studied flying. Photography and sports are her hobbies.

Betty Ordway is the third member of her family to be connected with Embry-Riddle. Her brothers, John and Peter, were students before her, and Peter was later Dean of Admissions and Head of the Advertising department before leaving for duty with the Navy.

She is living here at the Embry-Riddle girls’ dormitory, 235 Majorca Ave., Coral Gables, pictures of which appear on the front page of this issue.

RADIO FREQUENCY

by Betty Ordway

If poor Angelo Sands has to continue saying “hello” into a microphone at the rate of once every two seconds much longer, he’ll end up at the Hartford Retreat. One suggestion to you, Angelo. Vary the emphasis on the two syllables; once and awhile say “Hello” using more stress on “Hello.” it’ll make you feel better.

Ann Bailey’s eyes really light up when she talks about her husband who’s a Captain stationed in Casablanca. Here’s hoping he gets home very soon, Ann.

It must have been a girl in Mimeograph who set the type for our last set of notes. The heading read... “Air Corp Choke Coils”... Look, lady, in radio we spell it Core.

Happy birthday to Gadsden Smith who also had to register for the draft. He and his twin brother, Pringle, hope to enlist together when Gadsden finishes his course.

A resistor resists,
It never desists;
Though from effort the voltage moans,
But use too much current,
Resistors get burnt;
And gone are the obstinate Ohms!

SOME JOBS ARE JUST NATURALLY TOUGH!

If you think the salesman in this picture is having a tough time, just try to sell yourself into a successful career in Aviation, without the right kind of training to back you up. With it, your opportunities are unlimited. Without it, not so good.

Embry-Riddle can give you the kind of training you need to sell yourself into a glorious future. There are 41 different courses from which to choose. So pick the branch of Aviation in which you’re most interested—get all the facts—and plan to enroll soon.

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