Dorr Field Reporter Writes of Inventor and Twin Cadets

The Man of the Week is D. C. Powell, Mechanic, who has perfected a device for trimming down brake shoes on the training planes. It is his own invention and is very simply made. This contraption consists of an old P.T. landing wheel and a small jack plane, welded together and fitted over the wheel to be trimmed and rotated.

And does it work? Ask anybody who has seen it. We certainly hand it to the Maintenance department.

Mr. Brown

Vernon Brown is back from Alabama, where he has been employed by Bates Field for the past several months. We’re all glad to see Vernon back at Dorr again. We hardly recognized him at first. His white shirt, tie and being all dressed up had us calling him Mr. Brown for the first two or three days.

Dorr Field now has four airplane tugs in operation. Carlstrom has one and do they use that one and how. Incidentally, their lone tug was made at Dorr Field (chalk that up)."Form Room" Foster does all right for himself—the past week saw his 76th birthday roll around and the Form Room girls made him a present of a nice cake (we didn’t get even a little piece).

This and That

Who said Arleen couldn’t skate? When last seen at the local skating arena, she was doing more than the legal 35 mph.

"Flip Corkin" Palmer soloed last Sunday and we’re glad to announce that the ship is still all in one piece.

Another Dorr Field inventor—none other than our old friend George Proctor who has invented an elevator stretcher. So far the sales have not been anything to brag about, but we understand that he is contemplating a trip to Clewiston to see if he can’t make a sale to the Superintendent of Maintenance down that way.

From the Time department comes the news that "Father Time" Wynn is improving right along, though still hobbling about on crutches.

Annie Laurie Clark is leaving this week for Hahn Field, S. Calif., to join her husband, Lt. Clark, who is in an Anti-Aircraft Division up there. We’ll all miss her. New addition to the Time department is Dorothy Ireland. Welcome, Mrs. Ireland.

Dorr’s Twins

Dorr Field is proud of its twins, John E. and Martin J. Queenan, who hail from Burlington, N. J. Eager, hard-working, typical American youngsters, they have literally eaten up their primary flying training at this Field.

They are the pride and joy of their Civilian Flight Instructor, Paul Simmons, who has often been heard to repeat, "There’s an example of what real down-to-earth kids can accomplish starting all the way from scratch. Why, I don’t think they had even seen an airplane up to a few months ago, and you should see what they can do with that PT today!"

Difficult enough to tell apart, their parents further aggravated the identification problem by naming them John Edward and Martin John. When John E. was asked to what advantage he put mistaken identity situations, he said, "Up ‘til a couple of days ago, Martin and I were about even. Then I grind out 100% in a Navigation test, and Martin gets the credit; and besides, I’m

Continued on Page 13

FAIRER SEX ON FLIGHT LINE AT DORR

Eloise Duncan, Gas Checker

Kathryn Lanier, Flagger
Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

I would like to submit a few slogans for the Safety Campaign Contest:

For Safety's sake, check and double check. Don't blame it on the Gremlins.

One more turn upon that lathe, a fellow workman's eye may save.

Safety becomes a habit like an old pair of shoes.

"I'll fix it tomorrow," said Imo Smart. Next day the nurse was reading his chart. Here lies the body of Nutsey McRuse, who put a penny behind a fuse. Prevent accidents now, you guy named Joe, don't be an old "I told you so."

"Burned to the Ground," Careless whined. But he knew that five extinguishers last had been checked in '29.

Here lies the body of Careless Joe, whose wet hand shorted a dynamo.

Careless today, tombstone tomorrow. 'Tis better to be Safety conscious than unconscious.

On loose clothing take a good hitch, before you turn on that switch.

Safety is like a Victory Garden—needs cultivating.

J. H. Thornell, Granada Shops Guard

Dear Editor:

J. M. Evans, Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds at the Tech School, deserves the thanks of all. Wherever one goes, from Mr. Blakeley’s office to the Cafeteria and from the first floor to the top of the building, there are beautiful bouquets of flowers artistically arranged.

Knowing the vase supply is limited, can’t we rally round and see if other flower-lovers won’t contribute some from home to show Mr. Evans how much we appreciate his efforts?

The Library

Dear Editor:

Many of us at the Tech School never feel sufficiently hungry at noon to eat a full meal in the Cafeteria; however, we do like something hot for lunch.

When the price of lunch was 35 cents, we didn’t mind paying that amount for whatever we wanted; but now that the price has been raised, we feel that we must eat “all the trimmings” to get our money’s worth.

We’d like to suggest that each item in the Cafeteria have its own price so we may have just what we want at a low cost.

A Techite

Editor’s Note: We’ll pass that suggestion along to the Cafeteria, Techite. It sounds like a good one.

March 29, 1943

Tech School

Dear Editor: Why is it that we no longer have our own Orchestra at the Embry-Riddle dances? Everyone misses the congeniality of our own room and the tunes a-la-Weiss.

Techite

Editor’s Note: If the response to the dances continue to be as good as it was at last month’s party, we shall be able to have Maurice Weiss back with us again soon, Techite.

Signal Corps

March 18, 1943

Dear Editor,

I imagine that you have been pondering over the question of where Bob Lipkin is these days. Well, I am here at Camp Crowder.

Please tell all those guys in Radio there at Embry-Riddle that Uncle Sam needs good radio operators, and talking Army slang, “let’s get on the ball.”

It’s cold here at camp, but my dots and dashes are keeping me too busy to be concerned with the weather. Please remember to one and all at Embry-Riddle, I often think of you during the routine of the day.

Sincerely,

Bob Lipkin.

Editor’s Note: Bob is very loyal about writing to his old friends, so we hope that some of his former associates in the Radio department are dropping him a note once in a while—way up there in Missouri.

347th Air Base Sq.,

Love Field, Dallas, Texas

March 11, 1943

Dear Editor,

Will you kindly add my name to your mailing list of the Embry-Riddle Fly Paper? I have asked that “guy” from the Bronx, the one and only “T/Sgt. Samuel John Graziano,” to see that I be placed on the list; but it seems that he is kept pretty busy, and now I have only one alternative and that is to write to the editor herself.

The undersigned was on Major Field’s staff from May, 1942, until September, 1942, and I must say that I miss the place a lot but hope that I may be with each and every one of you again—that is, if you come to Texas.

Wishing you, Mr. Blakeley, Sgt. Graziano and all the rest the best of everything, I remain,

Yours very truly,

Billie B. Delabana, S/Sgt.

P.S. Give my regards to the Cassells.

Editor’s Note: Your name is on our mailing list, Billie, and we’re publishing your letter to insure the delivery of all your messages.

March 26, 1943
BRUCE HAUGHTON
by Virginia Levey

Who is this chap Bruce Haughton
The Fly Paper mentions so often?
First Haughton “Hot Shots” of Instrument
jane,
Then along comes “High Blond Pressure”
all in a flame.

He Co-ordinates, Cooperates and never is late;
And handles all jobs that are put on his slate.

From the War Chest to Red Cross,
Safety and Care;
There’s barely a moment
He’s not in your hair.

He mixes his N’s and mixes his U’s
And never shows up with the nasty old blues.
Tears business apart to put “U” and “I” in it.
Says accidents are mistakes that occur every minute.
He’s not very moody—not nearly always the same . . .
Perhaps that’s the reason he’s made Safety a game.

After the War he asks in his mood,
Will you fish for fun, or be fishing for food;
And so it goes—isn’t it funny?
No, I wouldn’t trade jobs,
There’s not enough money!

HOME ON A HILL
by W. Bruce Haughton

Is this not true that whether the timbers rise from valley or plain or in the tumultuous city’s midst—is this not true that every home which does not perish is founded on a hill-top?
It is a peak of hope and aspiration that love has created within the human heart.
Here children sing and whistle and play. Their voices mingle with the sunshine that gladdens the hill. Here the lessons of honor and loyalty and tolerance and compassion are learned.

True, there are hours when sorrow comes. But the tears that are shed only make the hill-top soil the richer.
And then, again, the storms of adversity assail the house on the hill. But the house does not fall nor does the hill ever crumble. For the hill is made of that eternal substance we call human affection. And the home is eternally founded upon it.

Today our sons have gone down from the home on the hill—to War. Gone not to forsake us, but to defend us. Nor in their going have they forgotten.
By the magic of memory and imagination they see—even across oceans—the hill-top home remaining steadfast. Upon this crest of devotion they see Mom and Pop standing, faces both anxious and proud, turned toward them. And sisters waving. And sweethearts throwing kisses.
And, softly over the distances, they hear prayers for their well-being murmured in the stillness of the night.

Such is the magnificent “palship” of those who have built homes upon the hill-tops. Surely we can “top” that 10 per cent goal for War Bonds!—and make the hill-top homes more secure.

EMBRY-RIDDLE DANCE

This Saturday, from eight o’clock on into the night, the Embry-Riddle gang will gather at the Coral Gables Country Club.
You may obtain tickets from the following people at the following places
for the sum of $1.00 per person:

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<th>TECH SCHOOL</th>
<th>ENGINE OVERHAUL</th>
<th>AIRCRAFT OVERHAUL</th>
<th>COLONNADE</th>
<th>COLISEUM</th>
<th>INSTRUCTORS SCHOOL</th>
<th>GRANADA SHOPS</th>
<th>SEAPLANE BASE</th>
<th>CHAPMAN FIELD</th>
<th>PURCHASING and</th>
<th>WAREHOUSE</th>
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<td>Wain R. Fletcher</td>
<td>Gladys C. Goff</td>
<td>Catherine W. Kerr</td>
<td>Helen Dillard</td>
<td>Laurice Anderson</td>
<td>Harry W. Leroy</td>
<td>Joseph W. Ellis</td>
<td>Bill Waters</td>
<td>Cara Lee Cook</td>
<td>Mary Frances Perner</td>
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When Estelle Woodward had a luncheon date with a nice Tech Sergeant and they had just been seated, what happened? Her girl-friends, with cries of glee, pounced upon them, moved in and from the bystander's viewpoint ruined the whole affair.

Polly Diehl, "Queen of the Tech Orders," paid a visit to the already famous Gintzler-ville, in the rear of the Tech School. Gintzlerville is a complete municipality, even having its own mayor for whom it is named. To reach this distant point, Polly says special walking shoes are required.

If your department requires crimping tools, notify Mary Jo McDermott, who will be glad to procure them for you.

GET WELL QUICK

The entire organization extends wishes for a speedy recovery to Mrs. John Paul Riddle who has been ill in the St. Francis Hospital, Miami Beach, for the past week.

Reba Shepherd has been transferred from the Dispensary to the Army office. She had become reconciled to being a War widow but the rejection her husband received didn't exactly break her heart.

Bob Colburn said that when he arrived in Toledo and found the temperature four degrees below zero and twelve inches of snow on the ground, he would have taken the train right back to Miami, except that his mother was there to meet him.

Claire Murphy sported green hair ribbons on her braids and Bill Shanahan went in for green coat, shirt, tie and socks on St. Patrick's Day. Bill has already decided his first son is to be called "Patrick Dennis." Our choice for the next boy would be Joseph Aloysius.

Good Graces

Mr. Barker, Senior Instructor in Hydraulics, is persona non grata in the Library, having lost a valuable book. Too bad, the end of a long beautiful friendship between the two departments. Mr. Hubbell rejoices openly because the book was not out in his name, so he still basks in the Library's good graces.

In the Registrar's office Grover Gish has a new Secretary, Sylvia Matzman. Sylvia comes from Asbury Park, N. J. where she majored in Journalism, receiving a pin and a certificate for meritorious service on the city's paper.

She came to Miami four years ago and attended the Walsh School of Business Science. Since then she has been associated with the American Automobile Association and Pan American Airways. Her hobbies are reading and writing. (Yes, Wain, she promised to do "Tech Talk" for you.)

BRAZILIANS SAY FAREWELL

Brazilian Air Corps Cadets who have been learning how to use aviation technical terms in English bid farewell to John Paul Riddle, president of the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, before leaving Saturday for flight training at Randolph Field, San Antonio, Texas. They have been studying at Embry-Riddle since the first of the month. Mr. Riddle is seen shaking hands with Elidio L. Fernandez. In the back is Eric Sandstrom, Coordinator of Inter-American training at the School, and to the right is Adriano Fonseca, Brazilian student and Portuguese Instructor at Embry-Riddle. Cadets in the group include: Roberto Agostinelli, Gil S. Moura, Athos Figuereo, Carlos C. Ferreria, Luis F. Fernandez, Jose R. S. Hafer, Luis A. Pentondo, Jose E. M. Soares, Luiz F. N. Canoira, John R. Van der Put, Carlos de C. Swenson, Elidio L. Fernandez and Joey M. Campos.
New Books at the Tech Library

Electric Motor Control System and Methods, by Horstman and Tousley.
Slide Rule and Logarithmic Tables, by Clark.
Weather Study, by Brunt.
Mechanical Physics, by Dingle.
Electrical and Radio Dictionary, by Manly.
Internal Combustion Engine, by Taylor & Taylor.
Air Pilots’ Dead Reckoning Tables, by Ramsey.
Story of Aircraft, by Fraser.
Teacher Training for Industry, by Aiken & Lilly.
Oscillator at Work, by Rider.
Practical Flight Training, by Studley.
A B C of Aviation, by Page.
Drake’s Cyclopedia of Radio and Electronics, by Manly.
Aeronautic Radio, by Eddy.
Internal Combustion Engine, by Pye.
How to Fly an Airplane, by Brooks.
Airways, by Smith.
Fundamentals of Electricity, by Peterson.
Modern Battery Radio Sets, by Radio Craft.
Electric and Oxy-Acetylene Welding, by Manly.
American Wings, by Leyson.
Aerial Photography, Their Use and Interpretation, by Eardley.
Applied Photogrammetry, by Anderson.
Aviation, or Human Flight Through the Ages, by Walker.
Internal Combustion Engines, by Degler.
Giders and Gliding, by Barnaby.
Win Your Wings, by Turner & Dubuque, Volume 1 and 2.
Elementary Meteorology, by Finch and others.
Practical Electricity, by Crawford.
Personnel Selection by Standard Job Tests, by Drake.
Microwave Transmission, by Slater.
Navigation of Aircraft, by Ramsey.
Diesel Aviation Engines, by Wilkinson.
General Aeronautics, by Lusk.
Romance of Astronomy, by Grondal.
Radio and Instrument Flying, by Zweng.
Airplane Hydraulic Systems, by Aument.
Aviation Engines, Book 1, by Eveleth & Fenn.
Map and Aerial Photograph Reading, by Military Service Publishing Co.

Elizabeth Barnum

RHYTHM IN RADIO

Setting aside a musical career for War work, 19-year-old Elizabeth Barnum, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Phelps Barnum of Greenwich, Conn., and Miami Beach, declares there is a similarity between rhythm of music and rhythm of radio code sounds.

“If you catch the rhythm of the short and long sounds that represent the dots and dashes, you can really swing into the code system,” Elizabeth declared. “Since music develops a sense of rhythm, training in music is good preparation for studying radio code.”

Miss Barnum is a student in the Radio department at the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, where she plans to fit herself for some type of War work. She studied piano and voice in New York last year with a professional musical career in view, but decided that her course was not helping the War work. So she postponed her musical instruction to pitch in and help win the War in the way for which she was best fitted.

Elizabeth came to Miami last summer with her parents when her father was sent here in connection with his work with the Pan American Airways. They are now living at 439 36th St., Miami Beach.

The pretty blue-eyed brunette first became interested in radio when she took a general physical science course at Westover School, Middlebury, Conn., which included some study of radio. Before that, she attended Greenwich Academy, Greenwich, Conn.

OR DIDN’T YOU KNOW?
by Lorraine Bosley

Just two weeks, then he’ll be back.
It seems so long to wait.
I never cared about Time before;
Time, to me, was second-rater.
But now? Old Time goes ever so slow;
Each hour just drags along.
Still, though Time is shuffling by,
My heart is filled with joyous song.
The lyrics remind me in manner so gay,
It’s not the time that worries you so;
You’re just in love, in love with
A soldier, or didn’t you know?

A Bit of Bad Luck, He Forgot the Chuck
Quizzing “Webb” Baffles Reporters

In shirt sleeves, answering questions darted from every corner of the building which houses our 25 vehicles, and manning two telephones, Myllion D. Webster, Supervisor of the Transportation department of the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, related the details of his life.

His amusing anecdotes and frequent pauses to call his “hen roost,” yet name for the Chauffeurrette’s room at the Tech School, made a thoroughly entertaining, if somewhat confusing, interview.

“Webb,” as he is known to members of the Embry-Riddle family, is one of six children. He was born in Lapine, Ala., and was reared in Opp, same state, where he attended school until the schoolhouse burned down.

Another School House

From Opp, his family moved to St. Petersburg, Fla., where “they had a school house.” It was here that “Webb,” in the trucking business and doing garage and machine shop work, built the foundation of a man who knows his business from the ground up and who has become one of the best loved persons in the Embry-Riddle organization.

He was State Safety Consultant for the National Youth Association before coming to Embry-Riddle and was in charge of all trucks, automobiles, and workshops for the state.

“Webb” has been with the Company since May, 1942.

Working under him are 16 men, including drivers and mechanics, and nine women—six station wagon drivers, two bus drivers, and one secretary.

“Webb’s” wife, the former Phyllis Henrietta Obermeyer of Pensacola, is as familiar to members of the Company as is her jovial husband.

Wing Flutter

AIRCRAFT OVERHAUL, MIAMI

by Catherine W. Kerr

Another week started and news seems to be scarcer than hens’ teeth down here at the Aircraft Overhaul, Miami.

For a little tip to the Safety Committee, ex-Fire Chief falls off four foot ladder and sprains back. Are there any instructions as to descending a ladder? If so, please forward same for the benefit of the ex-Chief.

Before bowling again, the Sheet Metal department suggests a little reinforcing. I believe this is enough said. Peter Prince, our new boss, is in the dog house. Reason: He forgot to order the tank of gas, and it turned pretty chilly. That’s what you get for working two shifts, boss.

Seems like a certain Bill is doing a little romancing these days. Better watch your step, boy. Somebody might tell. Our Sheet Metal girls are really coming right along. They’re getting to know what it’s all about. We certainly have a fine lot of Rosie Riveters here now and they all love their work.

A couple of our boys went hunting in the Everglades on Sunday, but as usual all they caught was a fresh cold. This trip wasn’t even interesting. No one had to run, and the cotton months never appeared. Hence no shells wasted.

Our Wood Wing department is back in full swing, and before you know it, parts will be turned out. J. C. Holt, welcome to the Wood Wing department.

Until next week, Keep ‘em Flying.

THORNTON BROTHERS AVIATION ENTHUSIASTS

Robert and Wesley Thornton, brothers, of Jacksonville, Fla., became interested in aviation when they began designing and building model airplanes as Boy Scouts in Sylacauga, Ala. Today, both have quit high school to study at the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation so they will be qualified to enter as aviation experts when old enough to be drafted.

Robert, who is 18, is training to be an airplane mechanic and hopes to serve in the Naval Air Corps when he completes his training. Wesley, 17, is enrolled in a drafting class and is looking forward to aviation drafting in either the Army or Navy.

They are the sons of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Thornton of Jacksonville, where Mr. Thornton owns a bicycle shop. The boys were students at the Robert E. Lee High School in Jacksonville, quitting the mid-term of this year to come to Embry-Riddle. They intend to return to school when the War is ended and definitely plan to make aviation their career.

Gold Loving Cup

Both are extremely proud of the Jacksonville Model Airplane club of which they are members, and both are proud that Robert was awarded the three-foot gold loving cup as outstanding member for 1942. The club has 80 members.

In 1942 also, Wesley won a gold loving cup in the Dixie State’s Model Meet in class C, gas, the largest class. They have won innumerable other cups, trophies and ribbons.

With only nine months difference in their ages, the brothers are inseparable. They have never been apart except for a short time when Robert first came to Miami to study at Embry-Riddle, but Wesley soon joined him.

At home they had a workshop in the garage, where they spent all their spare time making model planes. Both boys were out for track and were members of the Willow Branch Park football and basketball teams.

For the present they have given up all sports and social activities, intent on learning as much as possible about aviation to prepare themselves for the part they hope to take in winning the War.
ALLOVER OVERHAUL
CARLSTROM FIELD
by Blecka Kistler

Our main news item this week comes from a little white hospital room where Mrs. Robinson is recuperating from a slight accident encountered while covering an elevator. Her spirits undaunted, she submits the following:

Am I Confused

Whenever I mentioned bruising my hip on an elevator, everyone was surprised. They all thought I was an aircraft worker. Where do you suppose they got that idea?

When I said I could ease up easy on my pair of wings, they thought it was just a bold lie. Where did they get that impression? Who said I couldn't raise a pair of wings?

Of course when I mentioned center sections, their affiliation dwelt about the Dole Pineapple industry; and when the stabilizer found its way into the conversation, they associated me with Bing Crosby and his stable of "nags."

Some thought it was the aileron that kept me ailing and my mention of rubber had a few visitors highly insulted. I was becoming more rude. The fun made it all sound like a fish story, while they confused fuselage with mucilage, and that's where I got all stuck up further when asked if the airplanes belong to the Army. To whom do the ships I mentioned belong—the Navy?

About the time I thought I was ready for the psychopathic ward, I gave up the conversation concerning my work and began to wonder about the confusing work carried on here at the hospital. Just as they failed to understand me, I failed to grasp some of what was happening to me.

First—I can't understand why anyone would want to leave here. They brought me the best food upon great trays—piles of rationed food for no coupon; cream without milk, coffee without stretcher—the only stretcher I saw had someone on it—sugar without fuss. I felt so guilty.

The doctors found two things. I didn't have insomnia and a puny appetite. I felt a little cheated because everyone else had a wonderful operation and I would have to leave with everything I had when I entered the place.

Oh well, operations require a long period of convalescence which I wouldn't enjoy because I want to return to work as soon as possible. But when the War is over, I'll buy the best operation they have.

Thanks for the inquiries, all of you. I think they'll put me out of here tomorrow.

We're happy to say that Mrs. Robinson has since returned to work. Although she paints a pretty picture of her injury and stay at the hospital, we know it to have been rather painful and trying. Her good nature forces her to seek humor in every situation. Oh that we had dozens more like her.

Dear Wain,

I was just sitting here thinking how calm and peaceful everything was when this ghastly thing happened to me, pinch-hitting for Jerry Goff, I mean. There is one bright feature to this, however, I will be able to expose Jerry who has always been able to hide behind her column, but as Mr. Grafflin would say, "She doesn't tell all"—especially about one Jerry Goff. Why is she so interested in Test stands and night shifts? You might ask her.

By the way, Wain, have you seen my Boss' array of new suits? He is the envy of our campus, with his glamour shoes to match.

Life is about the same out here. Did I tell you we have a new switchboard operator? Petite Margaret McCarthy whom I so neatly "lifted" from Miss Devery. She did give up very gracefully though—for which we of Engine Overhaul are very appreciative.

Oh yes, did you know we have new neighbors? Genial Lloyd Budge and his Secretary, Connie Young. They assured us that they intended having a house warming for which we are still anxiously waiting.

Mr. Grafflin is now known as the "Bard of Engine Overhaul." It seems that he was also quite a dramatic actor at one time, playing such heavy parts as "Dead-Eye Dick," and if you doubt my word just call him via telephone. He will recite for you with the greatest of ease. Bee Munroe will be glad to tell you about it as she has spent many happy hours in his office listening to his emoting.

Well, Wain, as a writer I am quite a fizzle, but I figure one writer in one family is enough. Agreed?

Please come out and visit us anytime.

Kathryn Bruce

P.S. When you see Mrs. Burton, will you please thank her for the lovely selection of murder mysteries stocked in the library. I don't get over to the Mainland often and I may not see her very soon. Thanks again.

Listen, and be wary of Cupid.
And hark to the lines of this verse;
To let a fool kiss you is stupid,
But to let a kiss fool you is worse!
(Courtesy of "The Chaser")
HEILING THE SUN

by Jack Mayer, Instructor of
Basic Aircraft, Coliseum, Miami

Custom dictates that in Switzerland the proper thing to do is to climb the Jungfrau and observe the sunrise. Likewise, in Rio one should ascend Sugar Loaf, and on the West Coast of our own United States, Mt. Rainier.

A new candidate for similar honors is the Coliseum. None who have climbed the Jungfrau, Mt. Rainier, or taken the basket elevator to Sugar Loaf could be more courageous than the crew of Embry-Riddle Instructors as they plow their way from car to classroom in preparation for "Heiling the Sun" while teaching the Army the right thing to do so we won't have to "Heil Hitler."

The ascendant glory of Old Sol each day seems indicative of the fading glory of Old Adolf, and even the Man in the Moon has developed a benign smile as he watches the effort each and every Instructor puts forth to give "his all" to help the boys in every possible way.

Or is Old Luna just laughing in serenity at the plight of those same Instructors? He's had a night job for so long that nowadays he appreciates the companionship of the Embry-Riddle family. For a long time he's known the wisdom of the old adage "Early to bed and early to rise," but never before has he seen so many actually putting it into practice.

If the proper thing to do when taking a trip is to view the sunrise, by golly, the Embry-Riddle family is the most qualified group of regulation sightseers who ever lived.

Maybe at some later date we'll tell you more about the various people at the Coliseum. Right now, who is the gentleman in the Electrical department who apparently sleeps within the sombre walls; for the writer has tried for weeks to get in ahead of him, but with no success. Or, who is the Basic Instructor who invariably appears in ample time but always surprises himself by doing it?

More about more sunrises at a later date.

In recognition of a job well done, Pauline Powell, Ground School Instructor at the Embry-Riddle Seaplane Base, deserves a little special mention. Since last December when she took on her first batch of students, Pauline can boast that not one has failed an examination.

A brilliant Instructor, she is able to clarify her subjects and present them in an exemplary fashion.

Mrs. Powell was born in Spokane, Wash., where she took Ground School instruction at the Gonzaga University. It was also in Spokane that she learned to fly and obtained her Private Pilot's license.

100 Solo Hours

Her husband, Riley Powell, is a co-pilot for Pan American, which explains her presence in Miami. When asked how she liked this side of the continent, Pauline remained loyal to her home state in saying that she likes it now. At Christmas time she was heard to say that the Florida pine trees don't smell as nice as those in Washington.

She is most enthusiastic about Seaplanes and aspiras to a Flight Instructorship, which will be only a matter of time since she already has over 100 hours in Landplanes.

WRITE A LETTER!

What can I do to promote morale in the Armed Forces? All of us have wondered just what we can do individually to make life away from home more pleasant for our boys in khaki and blue.

There is something we can do—something that would mean so much to our former employees and students who are now waiting for "mail call" somewhere.

We can write to them—write and tell them how their friends are, what is going on in the Company, a world of things over which they would pour eagerly.

If you don't know just who has been inducted recently, and if you would like to do your part in corresponding, call the Fly Paper office. We shall be glad to give you a list of names.

TO MY WIFE

by Elmer Woods, Class 12-43-A

'Tis a day of late December
The sky is cold and gray
My mind is filled with thoughts of you
And scenes of yesterday.

The cold wind sways the maple boughs
And floats the leaves so brown and ser
And some are golden like my thoughts
Of the one I hold so dear.

Days we've spent in happiness
Not caring what the weather
Lost in joy and sweet content
Of being just together.

Outside the leaves are falling still
I watch them all the while
And the gold in them reminds me
Of the sunshine in your smile.

I feel the touch of your sweet hand
And see the twinkle in your eye
That parts the clouds that I may see
The blue that's in the sky.

Of all the words I've learned to know
Two mean most to me in life
They stand for all worth living for
They're simply these, "My Wife."

I looked ahead unto that day
Forever more I'll be with you
Sweet tomorrows with no sorrows
Nor clouds to hide the blue.

There'll be no gusts of icy wind
Nor chill of winter rain
Where all is happiness and I shall be
In Heaven once again.

Make Safety a Game

PLAY SAFE
COLONNADE CANNONADE

Mind you, there is no implication of carelessness on anyone’s part intended, but Hester Montmorency has sneaked in again. Hester, who doesn’t know a bomb sight from a damsite, has decided it’s her patriotic duty to terret out a few choice military secrets and bare them to her anxious public.

The logical place to start would be the Instrument Overhaul department, and it is there we find this fearless trapper of facts seeking to gain admission.

We soon find her in the back alley where she has been shooed by Hyman Fein who rightly feels she has no business snooping about anybody’s department, least of all, the one he works in. This setback fails to stop Hester and she wanders into Dr. House’s new office.

Her restless, beady eye falls upon a stethoscope and she concludes that this is our new secret weapon. After forty-five minutes’ earnest effort produces no explosion, Hester leaves in a dark brown huff.

Greeting the rear guard, Ross Hisey, familiarly with a cheery, “Hi, gendarme,” Hester re-enters the Colonnade. John G. Young is her next victim. She buttonholes him firmly and asks in what she imagines is an Operator 13 voice, “What’s vernal, Colonel—suh?”

Because he is a kind, soft-hearted man, Mr. Young doesn’t strike Hester but directs her instead to Miriam Hoskins whose new boy friend, Dick Middleton, is a Celestial Navigation student at Tech School.

This gives Hester the peachesy idea of making Miriam a sort of subsy. “Forget about Navigation, Honey,” she wisely counsels her eager protege, “Concentrate on Celestial.”

Sounds of revelry divert Hester momentarily. She rushes into the Personnel department where three chums, Charlene Ramsdell, “Skippy” Sandberg and Ann Park, are feeting a completely flabbergasted and grateful Helen Marie Bass on her 27th birthday.

Spurning such levity, Hester hurries on, into Vic Mercer’s office. Vic is doing mysterious things with a T-square and drawing board.

Although it’s a disappointment to find she’s only blocking out a new employment application rather than making plans for a submerged ammunition dump, it doesn’t keep Hester from gazing at Vic in open-mouthed admiration. That Miss Mercer can do anything!

Still intent on her great search, Hester casts about for new sources of information, only to find that the bright flame of inspiration has burned down leaving clean, cool ash. She puts her pencil and notebook back into her voluminous reticule and disappears into a phone booth to call Washington.

NEW BOOKS AT TECH


Technical Service Bureau: Designing and Building Electro-magnets.

How to Design and Build Solenoids and Plunger Magnets.

Practical Information on Using Resistance Wire.

Electrical Meters Easily Built.

How to Design and Build Electrical and Bimetal Control Relays.

Choke Coils Easily Made for A. C. Control Purposes.

Rewinding Electric Motors.

History of Aeronautics, by Gamble.

Servicing by Signal Tracing, by Rider.


Foremanship Fundamentals, by Kress.

Meter at Work, by Rider.

Frequency Modulation, by Rider.

GENERAL ORDER

The central Materiel Control department has been discontinued. The work previously done by that department is now performed by the Accounting and Purchasing departments.

Purchase requests in the Miami area should be sent directly to the Purchasing department.
Capt. Charles N. Breeding, 23, Commanding Officer here at Embry-Riddle Field, last week received notice of his promotion to the rank of Major. The promotion became effective on March 6. It is believed that Breeding is one of the youngest men in the entire training center to have obtained that rank.

He is a native of Oklahoma City and attended Oklahoma University. He entered the Air Corps as an Aviation Cadet in a primary school at Tulsa, Okla., in November, 1939, and he took his basic training at Randolph Field. He won his wings and was commissioned a Second Lieutenant at Kelly Field on July 26, 1940.

Maxwell Field

After graduation, Breeding returned to Randolph Field where he served as Instructor and in August, 1940, he was transferred to Maxwell Field when the first Basic Field of the Southeast Air Forces Training Center was opened there. He also served at Gunter Field, Ala., before being sent to Carlstrom Field, Fla., as Assistant Supervisor of Flying. He was promoted to a First Lieutenancy in November, 1941, and to a Captaincy in March, 1942.

Maj. Breeding came to Union City in June, 1942, as Assistant Air Corps Supervisor and later succeeded Lt. Col. Weldon James as Commanding Officer when James was transferred to Greenwood, Miss.

We all here say, "Congratulations to you, Maj. Breeding!"

Last week Lt. John W. Church, Assistant Army Air Forces Supervisor and Engineering Officer, and Charles E. Sullivan, Assistant Director of Flying, left for Randolph Field, Tex., where they will spend about four weeks in standardized flying and flying instruction. They should be bouncing back in here soon.

Visitors at the Field this week included Len Povey; as always we were glad to have him visit us. Other visitors were Brig. Gen. Robert Dolland, Commanding Officer of the 28th Flying Training Wing of which Embry-Riddle Field is a part, and three accompanying Officers who were here for an hour on a routine inspection.

* * *

Officers and Instructors basketball team was defeated by a team of Cadets last week. The game was played at the local National Guard Armory.

Just A Note or Two

Probably the most rapid take-off and climb in a B-T, especially on this Field, was made by Capt. Breeding just after he learned that he had been promoted to the rank of Major. This episode was staged at the beginning of his flight to Blytheville to obtain the insignia of his new rank.

Louise Cashon, Dispatcher, received a card from Flight Instructor "Chuck" Waldron and "Nellie" Rabun, a former Instructor. They were staying at the leading hotel at Long Beach.

Acting on doctors' orders, our Chief Parachute Rigger, Melvin Carlton, has journeyed back to Florida to recuperate from his recent illness. While there, his assistant, Joe Harpole, recently licensed C.A.A. rigger, will take charge of the department. Melvin will remain in Florida for about one month.

Cub Steals Limelight

It looked as if the whole line had turned out for a circus one day last week. Many times we've seen A.T.'s, a B.C. or two and once in a while a hot pursuit job or medium bomber come in. It's getting to the point where these are practically unnoticed. The mentioned turnout came when George Winters, linenan, set his cub down on the Field.

Hop Woods, Chef of the Sub-Canteen, will leave the 22nd for the Army. We hope his understudies have really mastered Hop's art of preparing hamburgers with onion. Hop has had previous service in the Army, and we know he is going to make a good soldier.

OH. THAT ONE!

(Swiped from "The Chaser")

Stepping from a luxurious car, the expensively dressed middle-aged woman haughtily approached the sentry.

"I wish to see my son, Montgomery Montpelier," she said.

"Who?" asked the sentry.

"Montgomery Montpelier. He is a tall, handsome blue-eyed young man with delicate—"

"Oh, sure, I know who you mean," interrupted the sentry and turning toward camp, he shouted:

"Hey, Stinkee-eeey!"
BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS
by Frank Abbott Haynes

You've had a good night's sleep and you are fresh to take on the duties of another day of continuous solving of problems amid constant interruptions to be met with a good nature and a battle of wits.

Notes on your desk tell you that the night janitors, Rawls and Howard, need wax, another broom and some light globes. The night "trouble shooter," Mr. Pruitt, tells you the No. 2 Barracks' furnace is acting up again and the fan in the school building won't shut off.

Miss Mathis, your secretary, always saves the day with her good nature and smiling countenance. She sends the night men all cheery "A.V.O.'s" on what to do as well as make out an "S.I.R." for the supplies that take care of the night men.

Out of Whack

"Hop" in the Sub-Canteen has called that his refrigerator unit is not freezing, so you make an "A.V.O."

Mr. Lobdell of Materiel Control calls you from the storage room gate and tells you of alterations needed so he can handle the laundry. Shelves to be drawn up, fence to be moved, etc.

You start drawing the plans for this on your drawing board when the telephone rings again and your secretary tells you that Mr. Sullivan is asking what can be done about heat in his building. The second floor is cold and the first floor is overheated. You go to the building and close some vents that you know will be changed as soon as you leave.

What Next?

Back in your office you take out your little notebook to dictate a few work orders and "A.V.O.'s" of items of importance and the phone tells you that Mr. Boatwright of Hangar No. 2 will need a one-way shipping crate from the bone yard as soon as possible and an engine right after dinner.

The phone rings again and Mr. Baker, Steward at the Mess Hall, tells you that the gas pressure is low, the steam cooker has boiled dry, and the safety plug melted out. He also says this is causing the Chef, Bert Taylor, to have high blood pressure. So you rush around and get to the Mess Hall to straighten out things.

When you get back to the office, you find that Capt. Brunette is very unhappy because the butane heater in his office has gone out and the warehouse is too cold for his men to work.

Noon . . .

By this time it is noon and Euell Lynn informs you that there is a big shipment of motors and wings and that he will need Mr. Outland to help him on his freight trip.

Charlie Thornton is now asking for the little truck so that he and Mr. Rogers can pick up the linen in the small covered trailer hauled from Barracks to Barracks.

Mr. Janes (our young 76-year-old of the department) reports that he has the grounds picked free from paper and asks what to do next.

Mr. Carter (the employee who has been with the department the longest) has just received instruction to assist in picking up the laundry. He is a most willing person.

Flag Trouble

Out of the window one can plainly see the Cadets are having a time with the flag. It continues to roll up on the chain as they pull it up. You rush to give the swivels a drop or two of oil which will overcome the trouble.

After getting back, Miss Ernestine has the monthly report, half a dozen purchase orders, the daily outs record and other things to read and sign.

Willie Whitemore has come in to find out where to wash windows next. He has finished the Administration Building, School Building, Hospital, and you now start him on the Mess Hall.

You have to put the bulletin boards in the Barracks, but it won't take long, so you have the truck distribute the boards and you put them up as you did the razor blade cans the day before.

That's shovin' it, Bud!

A Patient Lot

About five o'clock, George Lobdell, Robert Collum and Karl Wilson, with whom you share your car, are ready to go home when you receive word that the oil burner in Barracks No. 3 is "cutting up and doing a jig" when it cuts off and on. They are a patient lot and wait while you correct the trouble.

You finally reach home and how good it is to have such a place to go. Such peace and rest with your family, but the phone rings and you are awakened to the realities of life and to the fact that the furnace in Barracks No. 1 has shut off and is getting cold. You try to call your chief assistant and find him out, so out to the Field you go to straighten out the troubles.

When you finally get home, you're ready for bed and another good night's sleep with a clear conscience.

*   *   *

Jim Long, Chief Instructor of Refreshers' School, has gone back to work again in that capacity. New Refreshers are Sid Monette, Ken Harding, Elmer Bates, and Dick Symes.

If the goblins don't get us, we'll see you next week.
END OF SECOND YEAR AT CARLSTROM FIELD

Kenneth E. Reiger, second from right, was the last Cadet to fly at the end of Carlstrom’s second anniversary last Saturday, congratulating him are, left, Capt. John E. Clancy, Commanding Officer of Carlstrom Field; H. Roscoe Brinton, General Manager, who made his first appearance after a recent illness; and, extreme right, Capt. Len Poway, Vice-President of the Embry-Riddle Company in charge of Flying Operations. A/C Reiger comes from Toledo, Ohio, is 24 years old, is married, and has a four months old son.

CARLSTROM FLIGHT LINE
by Tom Watson, Jr.

Biggest social event of the season at Carlstrom Field was last Saturday’s dance and buffet supper, an event which marked the completion of Carlstrom’s second year of operation—a year with a clean slate for safety.

The evening began dancing to the dulcet strains of the Dixieland Draft Dodgers and ended in a blaze of glory with food and more dancing and more food. Most spectacular dancer on the floor was Ed Welles, pioneer Carlstrom sponsor, with Perry Bryant running a close second.

Beauty parlor gossip has it that Saturday’s “gilt gitter” was the first of a series of Saturday night, or every-other-Saturday-night, dances for Carlstrom personnel—which, if such a rumor becomes fact, will go a long way toward creating a lift in local morale. The Mess Hall patio is an ideal spot for summer dances of this sort—even though music be of the jook organ variety—and the cost would be small.

Two Years Ago This Week

Fifty Cadets, twelve Instructors, one hangar... Johnny Fradet repacking parachutes in the Mess Hall... P.T.s all yellow and blue... one-story operations building... unpaved ramp... taxiing across a wooden bridge to get to the Field... wind tee in the corner of the Field... five-day week.

Arcadia rent reasonably low... a crew chief for every two airplanes... the wind blowing whitecaps on Lake Carlstrom... Dorr Meadow being considered for an auxiliary Field... Roscoe Brinton carrying Cadets.

The Last Mile
All indications point to an early spring at Carlstrom, what with three socially important weddings set for this week. “Cotton” Jones, it is learned from usually reliable sources, has finally consented to waltz down the last mile, and it is expected that by press time the ceremonies will have been performed in Miami. It is reported, too, by not strictly dependable sources that the venerable “Cotton” has purchased two anvils from George Stonebraker’s Arcadia Hardware. Beware of the March winds.

Cupid Again
Second Instructor to take on the voluntary yoke of matrimony is John Dawson Smith, who has chosen to spend his vacation honeymooning in Sarasota. The bridge and groom will be at home in Punta Gorda after April 3rd.

First Army wedding since the days of Doc Nethery is the marriage of Carlstrom Check Pilot Lt. John Connelly, though no details can be learned at this time. It is a reasonable conclusion, though, that John is now taking his share of kidding in the Engineering office.

NOTES FROM AFAR

“How is Florida and Embry-Riddle? Needless to say I sure miss that Florida weather. Some of the fellows from here went to other Technical schools and from what I can learn, Embry-Riddle is far ahead of them.

“I left there as a private and am now a sergeant—that is not so bad in three months. I think you have a very good school. I have used all that I learned there at some time since leaving.”

Editor’s Note: The above is an excerpt from a letter to J. L. Ridgway from Sgt. Porter Saddler, a graduate of this school, who is now stationed in Fort Knox, Ky.

“Received your letter a few days ago. Would have answered sooner, but have been too busy. For a while we were working day and night, but it isn’t so bad now. We just work longer hours in the day time. After all, a person has to sleep sometimes.

“About my saying anything that would help about the School, I don’t think I could. It is too good for much to be added. From what I’ve seen of this War, you are teaching the right things.

“The thing for the men to do is to study hard and try to learn all they possibly can, as they will surely find it comes in handy over here. We can’t say ‘let someone else fix it; he knows more about it than I do.’ We have to fix it ourselves.

“We don’t do much on engines, only change them, but it doesn’t take us long to do that, and I must say they are a lot different from the ones we had in school. Tell the engine men that all the time they spend in Engine Change will be well worth their time.

“I plan to visit the Holy Land sometime in the near future. I’ll tell you all about it when I do. Tell all the Instructors hello for me and to make those boys learn ‘one way or another.’”

Editor’s Note: The above is an excerpt from a letter to Michael Lojinger from Cpl. Lee Roy Russell, a graduate of this School who is now stationed ‘somewhere in the Middle East.”

EVERYBODY
Every Hour
10% off
U.S. War Bonds
GHOST STORY

Aviation Cadet Willis O. Gilleland of Bozeman, Mont., is finishing his primary flying training at Dorr Field in great style. Cadet Gilleland will rise as a ghost to haunt the Japanese in the near future. He was reported killed in action at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. Anyone who has seen him handle his primary trainer would be glad to give the lie to that fact.

DORR
Continued from Page 1

faced with taking another test to boot. It’s obvious that Martin is way ahead at the moment.”

Asked how they liked flying, Martin answered, “It took about thirty hours for the flying bug to get in our blood, but it’s really coursing through our veins now, and we look forward most enthusiastically to our future flying training.”

Queried as to their advanced flying preferences, they were consistent in their desire for the twin engine fighter type. Reminded that the heavy bombardment plane would allow them to make a family affair of pilot and co-pilot, their response indicated that each was anxious to take off on his own career. “No more two-for-one bargains,” they insisted.

MORE DORR
Short Snorter’s Log
For Sale: Mule. See K. Neville—four good legs to stand on. That is all.
Wanted by Gene Payne: Some props for his horse. Vitamins have been tried without much success so we suggest that Gene put the saddle on his back and let the horse ride.

From No. 2 Field (Clewiston) comes Instructor Walter C. Wirick. Wonder where he got the fancy hat?
With whom could Marion Crosby make such Beeeee-ute-iful music?

MAN OF THE WEEK
Inventor D. C. Powell

Welcome to Lt. Anderson and Rubertus, new arrivals at Dorr this past week. Lt. Rubertus was in Class 43-B at Carlstrom.

“Swede” Lofgren in his all out move for Victory—ploughing up a Victory garden with a mule borrowed from some good hearted neighbor.

To’l’ably yours,
Jack

P.S.—Do right and fear no man. Don’t write and fear no woman.
P.P.S.—Happy Birthday to C. F. Cullers and Mary Edna Parker who both celebrated their birthdays on March 23rd.

WHAT TIME IS IT?
(Swiped from “The Chaser”)

The sailor was going home on leave. Across the aisle from him on the train sat a distinguished looking gentleman. Trying to make conversation, the sailor rose from his seat and approached the distinguished looking gentleman.

“Pardon me, sir,” said the sailor, “but could you tell me what time it is?”

The man questioned, squared his shoulders, straightened his tie and cleared his throat. Then he replied, “Son, I make a point never to tell anyone what time it is. If I were to tell you what time it is you would thank me, and then you would say, ‘Nice weather we are having,’ and I would say, ‘Yes, but it is a little dry for this time of the year,’ and then I would ask where you are going, and it would turn out that your destination is the same as mine, and then I would ask you into the lounge car for a drink, and then I would invite you to dinner with me. By that time we would be pulling into the station, and my wife would meet me at the station with our car. I would offer to take you to your home, and then I would invite you to my home to have dinner with us. You would take me up on it, and you would meet our beautiful daughter, and you would fall in love with her, and eventually you would marry her—and I’ll be da—if I’m going to have a son-in-law who doesn’t own a watch!”

AIRPLANE MAINTENANCE

This is the story of over the Hill to the pig Hunt—such a cute and Cunningham she was, and believe me that pig was All-good too, with the price of pork nowadays.

We first caught sight of her down by the Branch as we were driving along in our Green Ford with the Bellflowers on the Fennier. We certainly were a Hardy bunch of boys. Not a Dacey in the two Creeks and all of us Dunn up Brown too and I don’t mean Gray.

Got the Works

After Weeks of chasing the pig without much success, we decided to Steele one, but the farmer to whom the pig belonged gave us the Works from the business end of a shotgun.

We Hope we get all the shot out—been standing in the Parlor now for nigh on six “weeks.” The next Hunt we go on, we’re going after a Lyon with a Beard if we are still Young enough.

We all want to know Wherrell Mr. Cullers was all this time? Talking to the Bishop or the Pope?

“Safety First Makes Safety Last”

In response to our call for Safety Campaign Slogans, Donald F. Peck, Personnel Manager of Dorr Field, submits the above.
A long-felt need within the confines of Clewiston was filled this week with the formal opening of the Cadet Club in the Community Center building. With music, dancing, crowds, food and frolic, the opening on Saturday night marked the start of an organization which promises much for us all.

The brainchild of Cadets Charlie Weber and Cliff Suhm of Course 12, the Club was made possible through the efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Ira L. Nesmith of Palm Beach, who called for donations of money, furniture, and equipment of all kinds from the people of that city.

Well Appointed Club

The result is a tastefully furnished, completely equipped lounge room with kitchen, radio, Victrola, library, and every facility of a well appointed club.

To be open during all open post periods for Cadets and their guests, food will be served almost continuously, at no profit to the organization.

And . . . believe it or not . . . dancing and a floor show every Saturday night, talent to be imported from Palm Beach, and, in connection with the Club, a dance and supper every month in Palm Beach sponsored by the Norton Art Gallery.

We Thank You

For all, sincere thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Nesmith, Mrs. Elbert Stewart, chairman, and her committee of ladies of Clewiston who have so kindly taken over the management of the kitchen and working organization. Also to L.A.C. Stan Woodhams, Course 12, who has assumed the burden of treasurer-manager, and to our Medical Officer, Lt. Wilkins and his wife, who did much in getting things started. The work of all is deeply appreciated, and they may be sure that the Club will be used well and often.

SMALL TALK ... as collected by
Associate Editor NELVA PURDON

Present at the St. Patrick’s Day dance sponsored by the Catholic Women of Clewiston last Wednesday evening . . . Jack Schopenhauer and wife, Jack acting as host and Mrs. as hostess, R.A.F. and U.S.A.A.F. officers, Bob and Nattie Reese, Mort Feldman and Betty, Instructor Deacon and Marjorie, Lone Place and June, the Dulls, Cochranes.

American Cadets Renshaw, Lamb, Alexander and wives, Morty Bennett, Alonzo Goetz, Milo Jones, Bob Walker, Nettie Pearl Rigbee, Gloria Cochrane, Geneva Thielens (singing) . . . the Morrison Field Band and “Doc Foss and his boys” . . . if you were there and your name isn’t here, come round and we’ll apologize for a bad memory.

Into Their Own

The A.A.F. have come into their own and will now be known as the 75th A.A.F. Flying Training Detachment . . . Sgt. Kemmin returned this week from a furlough spent in N. Carolina.

New Assistant to the Assistant: Mr. Buxton, formerly of Materiel Control in Miami, has been transferred here to act as assistant to Mr. Tyson and Mr. Durden . . . “too far between buildings” his only comment so far, made while walking . . . Course 13 on a week’s leave . . . look out below.

Mr. Tyson and Mr. Durden spent another couple of days at Selective Service Headquarters, St. Augustine, working out our manpower problem . . . Ralph Kiel of the Publicity department, Miami, was on the Field last week hunting news . . . we turned him down out of pure jealousy.

Woody Emmonds, a former Instructor at the Field, visited on the weekend . . . George Myers, former assistant to Loren Hutson of the Maintenance department is reported stationed at Lebanon, Tenn.

If you don’t believe Bob Reese can plan a “super-super” party, just ask any of the guests who helped celebrate Bob and Natty’s first wedding anniversary. Every detail was worked out perfectly, without Natty even suspecting the least thing. If her startled scream when she discovered a house full of guests can be used as evidence, she was thoroughly surprised.

Bingo and quiz games were thoroughly enjoyed; and Mrs. Dull was complimented on her “clever” prizes.

Eats and Drinks

As for eats! Drinks and sandwiches galore! Bob surely believes in having plenty to eat, even if he does have to feed the leftovers to the hangar crew the next day. (Nellie got a little over enthusiastic with the sandwich making.)

Not only did the “happy couple” receive many anniversary gifts but the best wishes of all present . . . Cheer up, kids, the first year is the hardest . . . (voice of experience).

New Faces

Mrs. Ross, new Personnel Supervisor and her Assistant, Mary Anderson, Clarise

KEY MEN OF RIDDLE FIELD, NO. 5 B. F. T. S

From left to right are: Fred C. Hoxieker, Director of Flying; Loren Hutson, Superintendent of Maintenance; G. Willis Tyson, Gen. Mgr.; James W. Durdin, Ass't. Mgr.; and Ernest J. Smith, Chief Engineering Officer.
Carlise, new Messenger, and Hortense Driggers, A.A.F. Secretary...good-bye to Jane Blake of Accounting who left with husband for Miami, and to Sally Murdock who is moving to Wauchula.

Unfinished Business
If interested in bonds, see Joy Roberts, Accounting...for insurance claims see Nathalie Reese, General Manager's office...for passes, Ruth Chaffin, Payroll department...for bus tickets, see Mrs. Ross, Personnel...if you have any draft problems or troubles in general, tell 'em to Nelva Purdon in the General Manager's department...skool.

Sports
In the final soccer competition, F team came out on top, beating B team 1-0. No holds barred in that game and a seesaw from end to end until the last seconds when Gowring snapped at the chance for that one point.

Canteen here and at present a Physical Training Instructor at Pahokee High School, were married a few Sundays ago at the Rectory of St. Margaret's Catholic Church in Clewiston.

The Reverend Father Gerry officiated at the ceremony, with Mr. Veltri's brother and Leila Brannan serving as attendants. It is a pleasure to extend to them our sincere congratulations.

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FLY BY NIGHT
Riddle Field
Somewhere between Dark and Dawn

My Dear Rupert E. "Booger" Jr., Inc.
Line Foreman & Mechanic "B" Grade Department Supervisor, etc.

I, D. C. Prevatt, the undersigned, have just about found out all I want to know about night flying. It is almost the same as your shift except for the dark; it seems to get in my eyes and fill them so full of unlighted space that I can't see.

I wish you would have your "Chief Assistant," Fireball Randall the "Carrot King," to check the amount of empty space in the petrol tank before I, D. C. Prevatt, the undersigned and the party of the second part, come to take complete charge of all of the unlighted hours of forthcoming day.

This dark part of the day is very nice to work in. It makes you put on weight. I can even feel some of it on my eyelids.

The atmosphere turned off to a much smaller degree in the latter part of this one section of my laboring life; therefore would you please shut the door of your ice box at sundown tomorrow.

As Shakespeare once said, "To be or not to be" is the question. I seem to be and at most time not to be able to even struggle with any question.

I hope you enjoyed or are enjoying the blissful sleep of the innocent at the present hour and can always do the same in the future. I guess it is the terrible work of this cruel world on my soul that is keeping me from the shores of peaceful slumber on this night of bliss. I guess you know the mark $.

I hope the future is a much happier one than the present as the past has set a standard that the present doesn't equal and that the future can try for.

May we always remain friends and brothers under the skin of civilization.

I remain, and hope to do the same for a long time.

D. C. Prevatt

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THE MISSING LINKS
Can You Imagine...
Carl Ziler swimming around in the lake on one of the coldest days we've had? Well, he did it. He and Mr. Lydon, better known as "Jinx," were out sailing one afternoon when "Jinx's" hat was suddenly seen floating alongside the boat. Carl reaches out to get the hat and bingo! He takes a swim. And what amazes us is the fact that he enjoyed it so much that he repeated the accident the next afternoon.

Welcome
We are glad to welcome Mrs. Neal "Yankie" Dwyer to Clewiston and Riddle Field. We understand she is working in the Administration building. Hope you'll like it here, Mrs. Dwyer.

Harry Hulsey is our new Maintenance man now. He hails from Mississippi where he has been working for some time. However, his home is none other than our neighboring city, Okeechobee.

Reed Clary is a "Grand-New" Link Instructor. He finished his Refresher Course last week.

Congratulations
Advanced Flight Instructor Frank Veltri and Genevieve Summers, formerly in the Cadet Evans, Course 12, Waiting for a Solo Ship

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A SERVICEMAN'S PRAYER
by Stanley T. Casey, Sr. USNR
(Swiped from "The Chaser")

Heavenly Father, up above,
Please protect the girl I love,
Keep her always safe and sound
No matter with whom or where she is found;
Help her to know and help her to see
That I love her and I hope she loves me,
And then, dear Lord,
Help me to be
The boy she'd expect of me.
**CHAPMAN CHATTER**

by Cara Lee Cook

This bit of oratorical philandering is in deepest apology for almost not furnishing the honorable Fly Paper with a bit of Chapman Chatter for *this week*. I wouldn’t class the week as being dull, but it was uneventful. Peace is still reigning, seeing as how the Navy Cadets have not as yet arrived.

But then on the other hand the elements that tear loose occasionally to make up for this peaceful condition and the adjective “drip” (that’s French for drip) cannot always be applied to the human portion but also to the meteorological phase of life here, Consequently with the saturation point exceeding the dew-point, excitement has died a natural death.

**At Any Cost**

Then domestic tranquillity must be preserved too, in spite of snow, sleet, hail or draft boards. This requires not only a momentous effort but leaves one mentally and physically exhausted. Peer on an exhausted human.

Consequently, my one working brain cell is playing “Lights Out” and my mind is a blank. I feel like Rosie the Riveter on a 52 hour shift.

Various attempts to persuade my colleagues to pinch-hit failed. I threatened brutal measures, but they all would rather die a martyr’s death.

**“Open House”**

And then to add to my physical disability, Tiny Davis threw an “Open House” Saturday and yours truly was checked out in “The Coordinator” (an undegraduated wash-tub suspended on a broom between two chairs).

The victim rides the broom, witch-like, plants two feet in the tub, and prays that a miracle will keep said victim from spinning in and splatterizing up the woodwork. Yers truly didn’t pray loud enough.

The party was a grand success, climaxed by the presentation of a crash-bracelet to Jimmy Gilmore inscribed with "Lots of Luck From the Chapman Field Gang." So Jimmy’s Griffin headed, leaving our lil’ Jenny. Methinks she will recuperate.

**Oops! I forgot to fasten my safety belt!**

*Contributed by Barbara Moon, Chapman Field*

I have stated my case. My only plea is for mercy and a little humanitarian consolation lest Chapman Chatter fade away into oblivion.

Tuesday morning this is and business must go on as usual, so I must close and do something constructive. Hope you are the same.

Which all reminds me of one of Ogden Nash’s poems.

*God in His wisdom made the fly,*

*And then forgot to tell us why.*

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