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Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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JACK WHITNALL COVERS DORR FIELD
FROM FLIGHT LINE TO MESS HALL

Mr. Anderson's new office in Barrack 3 is all frocked out with a new stenographer and all—a right nice looking young lady too — Miss Hilda Clark, who hails from Gardner, Fla. We've noticed that D. L. Platt has had quite a lot of business to attend to around said barrack in the last two or three days. Another young lady working in the Personnel office is Shirley Brinkman, wife of A/C Brinkham of the Auxiliary Field. Welcome to Dorr, Shirley.

Dona MeCord has been in the local hospital for the past two or three days. Hurry back Dona, we miss being able to pick on you.

Oh yes, it's "Grandma" Wendell from now on. Mrs. Wendell made a rush visit to Panama City the latter part of last week to see her new grandson and from all reports he must be a Super-Man. We also have two Auxiliary Field wives working in the Canteen, Charlotte Mitchell and Katherine McMannis. Welcome girls, we hope you enjoy your stay.

The Army Side

"Yah, Yah, Yah said the little fox, Yah, Yah, Yah you can't catch me" seems to be the new theme song of one Lt. Anderson this past week.

"If I had my choice of the three things I could have on a desert island should I ever be shipwrecked," says Lt. McLaughlin, "I'd take Ann Sheridan, a jar of peanut butter—and let me see, Oh yes, another jar of peanut butter."

Cpl. Marshak has been accepted as an Aviation Cadet, and the link department is praying that he will be sent back to Dorr Field for his Primary—poor, poor Marshak if he is.

By this time Cpl. Martin is a happy hen-pecked married man, expect back the latter part of the week.

That handsome new Captain all you girls have been wondering about, but have been too, too bashful (?) to ask about, is Capt. Weathers, who is taking the place of the recently transferred Capt. Webster. Yup, he's married too, and we understand an addict to fox hunting.

Lt. Jennings had the misfortune to suffer a broken ankle the latter part of the week. Something about the water being too hard in the swimming pool or something. Anyway we all hope for a speedy recovery.

Another new face again this week, Lt. Bennett, welcome Lt. (too bad girls, he's married too).

The Short Snorters Log

For frying size chickens see Karl Williams (before dark). Paid ad.

Two new Assistant Dispatchers Irma Thrower and Dick Sandquist in "Buttercup's" department.


R. M. Cropley and M. E. Gartin from Carlstrom Field. Many happy landings, fellows. A. F. Mielle is now Assistant Flight Commander in Flight 4, congratulations.

Fay Daughtrey ill in the local hospital with pneumonia, the last word was that he is progressing nicely.

Four Horsemen

Latest of the four horsemen is none other than "Pappy" Waterman, whose only complaint is that the dad-gum horse always stops too dad-gum soon with the result that "Pappy" keeps going. The advice from the department of Dorr Field Horse Lovers Association is that you paint the saddle with glue.

"Hop-a-long" But has entered his horse in the Arcadia Rodeo, this we can assure you will be worth the price of admission alone. We understand that he is going to ride Susie-Q personally.

Jackie Pickers all smiles Friday morning, and it wasn't just because the weather was so nice, or because someone had left her a lot of money!

Boy oh, boy, have we got Mrs. Evans on the ball! She gives us some news every

Continued on Page 13

ON THE FLIGHT LINE AT DORR

Capt. L. J. Povey, Vice-President of the Embry-Riddle Company in charge of Flying Operations, has something amusing to say to Major William S. Boyd, Commanding Officer of Dorr Field, while Director of Flying Gordon Mooney lends an ear.
Dear Editor:

On behalf of my son, Peter W. Burgess, No. 5 BFTS, I would like to thank you for the copies of the Fly Paper which have been arriving pretty regularly since October 15, 1942.

I find the paper very interesting although I cannot always understand the technical side of aircraft, being a mere woman! I like to think he is in the photograph taken in the issue of December 4, 1942—the fair haired smiling boy in the second row, but of course I may be mistaken.

I have not heard from my son for over a month and so have to conclude that he has finished his course and is on his way home.

He has written glowing accounts of his life in Florida and tells me how kind and hospitable the American people have been to him.

On his behalf and of the family I should like to thank you all, and would like to convey my grateful thanks to his instructors and all who have made it possible for him to attain his ambition of becoming a good pilot.

With every good wish, Yours truly,

(Mrs.) H. M. Burgess

Editor's Note: Mrs. Burgess is quite correct in assuming that the fair haired smiling boy is her son. Having attained his wings with Course 11 early in April we hope that if Peter is not already home that he soon will be.

Blytheville Air Base
Blytheville, Arkansas
May 1, 1943

Dear Editor:

Having waited quite some time to thank you and your staff for sending Mrs. Krick and me the Fly Paper each week certainly doesn’t mean that we don’t appreciate it.

On the contrary, we look forward to it each week, and in addition to us a number of men of various classes under Embry-Riddle guidance are also ardent readers.

Although Mrs. Krick (Naomi to you) was an employee, I am equally interested because I am acquainted with a lot of the fellows there, having had McShane as an instructor three years ago. I sincerely hope that we can pay the School a visit this summer on our furlough.

Thanking you again, we are
S/Sgt and Mrs. Jack Krick

Editor’s Note: Mrs. Krick was known to us as Naomi Moore and was one of our most charming chauffeuses. It is nice hearing from her and her new husband, and we sincerely hope that their furlough will bring them to Miami.

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9 Longfield Ave.
Mill Hill, N. W. Y.
England
April 8, 1943

Civil Aeronautics Administration
Washington, D. C.
May 4, 1943

Dear Editor:

Your organization has been so kind as to provide me with weekly issues of the excellent house organ produced and distributed by you and your staff.

Unfortunately our organization is scattered around several buildings here in Washington and the mail delivery is none too certain, particularly with personal items such as your paper.

Because of the foregoing described situation and because of a recent change in my status, I write at this time to request a favor; namely, that you correct your records to show my home address rather than the office address.

Incidentally, I want you and all your colleagues to know that I get genuine enjoyment, plus a liberal education, from each and every issue of Fly Paper.

With your organization doing an international business, the material you have at hand gives me a brief cross-section of what goes on and enables me to keep my fingers on many things that otherwise I would not be aware of in the aviation industry.

From a personal angle, I also get a great delight out of seeing the oft repeated smile of “El Capitan” Foxey, genial G. Willis Tyson, and last but not least your newest Vice-President, Joe Horton.

I trust I am not asking too much and that you will see fit at least to keep me on your mailing list.

Sincerely yours,

Earl R. Souther
Assistant Director
CAA War Training Service

Editor’s Note: This unprejudiced opinion of one outside the organization is not only encouraging but very gratifying to the Fly Paper staff, especially from so important a personage in aviation as Mr. Souther. We trust that from now on he will enjoy the Fly Paper in his home.

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LETTER FROM NEW GUINEA

"Ran into a Cadet from 42-G, I really should say Lieutenant. His name is Widen-er. There are probably more around that I haven’t met as yet. There is no doubt about our boys being in the four corners by now.

"I really get a kick out of asking the various pilots where they took their primary training. Tell John Paul Riddle that I am his best publicity man in New Guinea."

The above is an excerpt from a letter received by Major Boyd, Dorr Field, from Capt. H. B. Nachtsall, former Flight Surgeon, who left Dorr several months ago for foreign service.
FORMER E-R STUDENT WEARS DECORATIONS

A recent dispatch from "Somewhere in New Guinea" tells us that another Embry-Riddle student has been decorated for bravery far beyond the call of duty. He proudly wears three decorations—the Distinguished Flying Cross with the Oak Leaf Cluster and the Air Medal.

Flew at Municipal
He is 1st Lt. Albert H. Burr, whose flying career started under Embry-Riddle at the Municipal Air Base in 1940. Jackie, as he is more intimately known, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Burr of Coral Gables and has been on foreign duty for over two years.

About three months ago, when he was flying P-39s in the Pacific area, he and a group of fellow pilots were accredited with the shooting down of some 50 odd Jap planes. For this feat he received the Distinguished Flying Cross. Between the middle of July and the first of October he flew on 50 different missions.

Unarmed
According to this last dispatch, Jackie and several other pilots, co-pilots, and radio men flew unarmed transports over the Owen Stanley mountain range carrying supplies to American and Australian soldiers deep in enemy territory.

HERO OF PRODUCTION
JOHN J. DEVERY

It is with pride that the Coliseum recommends John J. Devery, Electrical Instructor, as a contestant in the Miami Daily News Heroes of Production campaign.

Mr. Devery's aviation and military background have qualified him well, both practically and technically, to teach aviation subjects to Army personnel. He is considered one of our outstanding Instructors and is well liked by all.

This nominee to the Heroes of Production campaign enlisted in 1917 in the Aviation Section of the Army Signal Corps and went overseas that same year under the command of Major McMill (McDill Field) and Lt. La Guardia (Mayor of New York) second in command.

He received his pilot training with the Royal Flying Corps, was commissioned a First Lieutenant in 1918 and was promoted to Captain at the end of the War.

Army of Occupation
Under General "Billy" Mitchell he was attached to the Night Flying Bombardment Group in France and received citations for gallantry and exceptional devotion to duty from the late General and General Pershing.

He was a pilot in the Army of Occupation in Germany and returned to the United States in 1919.

In the "battleship versus airplane" controversy which precipitated the Court Martial of General Mitchell, Mr. Devery participated in bombing maneuvers at Langley Field, Va., and off Virginia Cape.

Advocated Paratroops
It was in 1922 that he advocated the employment of Parachute Troops and brilliantly demonstrated their use. For the next nine years he served in various Army Air Corps Fields, particularly Chanute Field where he spent five years training enlisted men of the Air Corps Training School.

Mr. Devery retired from the Army Air Corps in 1931 and began operating a civilian flying school at College Park, Md., the scene of some of the early record-breaking flights of General Arnold.

In 1932 Mr. Devery set aviation aside, but World War II thrust him back into his life's work and he returned as an Instructor in Electricity with Embry-Riddle.

It is to men of this type that we owe much—not only for their contributions to the last War, but for their sacrifices today in giving up well deserved leisure to again do a job badly needed—the training of soldier mechanics.

A report sent in to K. C. Smith, Superintendent of Technical Training, after a recent fire contained the following: "The fire in the Test Stand was put out before any damage could be done by Mr. Bevilacqua." (Mr. B. is senior Instructor in charge of Engine Tests.)
For some time now, we've been meaning to "give credit where credit is due," so this week we will write a few words about Squadron Leader A. G. Hill.

In his duties as Squadron Leader, Mr. Hill has charge of Ground School and Cadet activities, and these phases of training at No. 5 B.F.T.S. have shown remarkable records under his supervision.

To begin with, the Ground School records are tops among the British Flying Training Schools in the United States. Sharing this distinction of being rated highly in all the B.F.T.S. schools is the Link department, which also comes under Mr. Hill.

S/L Hill is in charge of the Cadet Athletic program, which is being handled by the very capable P.T.I. Sergeant Moyes. Organized games and calisthenics, in addition to the new "commando" course, complete a well rounded program, which drew favorable comment from Group Captain Hogan on his last visit to Riddle Field.

Besides keeping all his "Departments" in first class condition, S/L Hill finds time to play tennis and golf, at which sports he is quite proficient.

So, may we congratulate you, Squadron Leader Hill, on your fine record and wish you continued success in the future.

Sport Activities

First of all, everyone here wishes a speedy recovery to PTI Sgt. Moyes, who has been confined to the hospital with blood poison.

W/C George Geaves and Lt. Klein were crowned the doubles champions of Riddle Field after they had defeated F/L Smith and Cadet Allan Best 6-1, 6-4, in the finals of the tennis competition. The first set was won very easily by the Champs, but they had to go all out to win the championship in straight sets. A prize will be awarded the winners at a later date.

Winning 3 out of 4 games in the second play-off, the Instructors defeated the Cadets 13 games to 11 in a table tennis match at the Instructor's Club last week.

Playing for the Instructors were: Assistant Engineering Officer Bob Walker, Advanced Instructors Phil Coon and J. L. Feigel, Link Instructor Jack Hopkins and Flight Commander "Gunner" Brink.

On the Cadet team were: Allan Best and Peter Corly-Smith of Squadron 1, and John Muraile and Guy Watkin of Squadron 2.

In a regular play, which ended 8 games each, the results were: Walker-21, C. Smith-19; Watkin-21, Feigel-9; Best-21, Coon-8; Hopkins-21, Muraile-14; Feigel-21, C. Smith-18; Walker-21, Watkin-7; Best-21, Feigel-14; Muraile-21, Walker-19; Hopkins-21, Watkin-15; Walker-21, Best-15; Hopkins-21, C. Smith-10; C. Smith-23; Coon-21; Watkin-21, Coon-8; Muraile-21, Feigel-0; Hopkins-21, Best-18; Muraile-21, Coon-18.

Play-off

The first play-off found each side winning two games—Best whipped Hopkins, 21-17; Brink, substituting for Coon in the play-offs, defeated Watkin 21-14; Walker beat Muraile 21-15, but C. Smith won over Feigel 21-18.


RIDDLE FIELD SPORTS

A return match is scheduled for this week, when the Cadets hope to turn the tables on their Instructors.

Softball News

RAF and AAF softball teams have been organized and both are practicing for future games. The AAF won their first game of the season last week when they eked out a 9-8 victory over the Mechanics.

The Mechanics scored two in the first inning, but the AAF came back strongly to build up a 9-2 lead, and then saw their advantage dwindle to their final one run margin. The score by innings:

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<th>Team</th>
<th>1st</th>
<th>2nd</th>
<th>3rd</th>
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For the RAF team, playing for their Air Corps team were: Johnson, Nelson, Maloney, Williams, McGowan, Cook, Payson, Hughes, Wilson and Hopkins.

The Mechanics' lineup were: Coleman, Feldman, Donnelly, Hallock, Garrone, Silva, Watkins, Pape, Radford, Greenberger and McGee.

British Sport News

Southern League Cup—Setting up a scoring record for Wimbly Stadium, Arsenal was really "on the ball" to beat Charlton by seven goals to one. Among many notable people present in the 75,000 crowds were the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess later presenting the trophy to Arsenal leader "Ned" Lewis, Dennis Compton, making his second appearance in war-time cup finals, scored for the Arsenal.

Northern League Cup—At Blackpool, the home team made a 2-2 draw with Shffield Wednesday, in the first game of the League Cup final. The return match next week will wind up major football for the season. Liverpool finished the season as league champions, beating Bolton 2-0 in the last game.

Here and There

Louise Headley has succeeded June Crow as Chief PBX operator.

The coin collecting gadgets on the buses are a big help to the bus drivers as well as the customers.

W/O Tom Pullin, Armaments Instructor at the Ground School, left last week for Canada from where he will return to England.

W/O Pullin had been at Riddle Field longer than any of the RAF personnel and his many friends on the Field and at
Moore Haven join in wishing him good luck and a successful journey.

Two weeks ago W/O Pullin was married to Miss Helen Dunkley, daughter of Guard Dunkley here at the Field. Congratulations.

It's "Commando" Bob Fowler now.

Distinguished visitors at the Field last week included John Paul Riddle, Capt. Len Povey and two representatives of the RAF Delegation in Washington.

Larry Lillis and Fritz Bromberger are new associate editors from Course 13.

Bus Trouble

Last week was a bad one for Flight Instructor Hal Hardin rode half way to the gate before he realized that he had driven his car that day.

On the same afternoon Instructor Archibald got on the Moore Haven bus instead of the Clewiston run, but caught his error at the gate in time to change buses. Advanced Instructor J. L. Feigel received his change from the bus driver and then didn't put a dime in the coin collector—good going, Mr. Feigel.

"Ma" Wadlow of Palmdale sends word about some former students here. P/O Jim Wilson and P/O Douglas Pollard, both of Course 9, are taking their advanced training in England. Pilot Officers James L. Kerri and D. D. Campbell, also of Course 9, are still in this country as Instructors.

We have also heard from P/O Tom Rowland, former Course Commander of Course 6, and Sgt. Pilot Ronnie Vaughan of the same Course. LAC Albert Franks of Course 14 has also written from Trenton, Canada, where he is waiting to be assigned to another course.

From Course Fourteen

Having captured the sports trophy, the "Babes of Riddle Field," are now getting to work on softball. Under the watchful eyes of Coach "Tiny" Hopkins, the embryo is developing. We have two budding catchers, one from Hamersley—very nifty at first base is P. C. Adams—ace pitchers are our American Co-Cadets Bob Johnson and Willy Williams. At the end of this month we will take on all-comers—how about it you Riddle-ites?

Everyone is getting in the groove now, although now and again the groundloop Gremlins have a field day, and poor Flight Commanders tear their hair. 'Tis rumored that Wickham has a formula for anti-Gremlin spray—even the Link is protected by this magic fluid.

Overheard on the radio—Since the shortage of women's girdles, all the stores have had to widen their revolving doors—please don't let it spread.

This is your new correspondent Larry Lillis, saying cheerio, and we know that you will join us in wishing Cadet Franks (who started this series) a happy stay at his new location.

One Year Ago

May 14, 1942—S/L George Burdick is Man of the Week—L. M. Hutson, Maintenance Superintendent, is given a "free bath" in the swimming pool after his first solo in the Gab. The entire event is pictured


Katherine Baker and Julia Dyess are the stenographers.

Flight Personnel

Included on the Flight Personnel of Maintenance are: Mark C. Kennon, FlightHangar Chief; Dewey Boyd and W. B. Norton, Department Supervisors; Jerry Greenberger, Chief Hangar Clerk; Hangar Clerks and typists include Virginia Adams, Margaret Durrance, Betty French, Ann Kurzina, Ann Summers, Geneva Thielen, Betty Click and Rhuselle Prevatt.

Lineforemen are Cyril Curry, Russell

MAN IS NOT LOST

As Mr. Cowlishaw no doubt sees it

by A. C. Robert Agene, Course 13

Man is not lost: the fruitful brain

That fashioned gentle wind and rain

(Besides typhoon and hurricane)

Was really kind.

And thus it is when night is black

And altered course and reset track

Confused attempts at turning back,

We use our brain.

And so it is when E.T.A.

Becomes a number's game to play

In retrospect long miles away

From chosen base.

And when the smiling firmament

Instead frowns down in discontent,

As pilot you can still present

A smiling face.

And when the landscape seems to paint

In proud profusion all the quaint

Exasperating things you ain't

Expecting there.

And when the clouds come creeping close

And winds (from where, God only knows)

Slap you mild then mighty blows,

You needn't care.

Remember when the airspeed falls

With slipping needles, skidding balls,

And fluttering wings, inferring stalls,

You can't be bossed,

If only your computer's there.

Protractor, pencils, map and square,

Then you can cross your heart and swear,

"Man is not lost."
JUST A LOT OF HOT AIR

William C. Parry of Carol Gobles, first Engine Student at Embry-Riddle, used his technical training to put this 1910 Stanley Steamer into top condition. Discovered in a Vermont barn, Parry had it shipped down here and found its condition just short of perfect. He uses it going to and from his place of business and finds that he gets 25 miles to a gallon of kerosene or a similar fuel. With Morty Warren in the front seat, Eileen Mitchell (left) and Bernice Matthieson in the back, Parry is about to take them for a ride in his Victory Car.

SAFETY

by Doris Huntley

Our Safety Director has a pinch-hitter this week as he is attending the Safety meetings at Dorr, Carlstrom and Riddle Fields.

In connection with these meetings, Mr. Graves, with the splendid cooperation of Capt. J. W. Davis of the Miami Fire Department, arranged for all personnel to witness demonstrations of incendiary bomb fires and the latest approved combat methods.

In addition to the demonstration, a moving picture is being shown portraying the actual bombing of London, as well as others effectively showing the proper use of various types of extinguishers.

While we haven’t sufficient information at this time to announce the details here, similar programs are being arranged for Miami personnel in the near future and local announcements will be made as to time and place.

As this issue is being distributed, the Fire Marshals from six Embry-Riddle locations are attending a War Department Special School in Miami. This course pertains to Civilian Defense and covers the subjects of aerial bombardment, incendiary bombs, gas defense, fire protection incident to aerial bombardment, and other fire defense requirements.

OVERHAUL CALCULATIN’

by Yannah Witmer

A and E Accounting, Miami

Dick Hourihan came in to see us a few days ago. We gathered round to hear the news from Engine Overhaul. He could talk on only one subject—so keen was he about that one. At Engine Overhaul they have a War Bond raffle going on almost continuously. Periodically, they draw names. This is how it works:

Dick has a list of numbers, and each person pays fifty cents writing his name opposite a chosen number. He has a box with all the numbers in it and when one is drawn the bond goes to the person who has chosen that number.

If they have collected more than is necessary to purchase one $50.00 bond, they draw another number and that winner receives the balance of the fund in War Savings Stamps.

This gives you some idea of the way the Engine Overhaulists are pulling together, an integral part of a program that insures a continuous flow of money toward financing the War effort. We of A. & E. Division Accounting are awaiting the day when Aircraft Overhaul will start the same thing so that we may join in.
Dear Wain:
The following has precious little to do with the "Carlstrom Flight Line. What manner of mood inspired that which appears before we cannot say, but we submit it, nonetheless, to fill our weekly allotted space.

The Ragged Rug with a Sagged Rug

Fiction

Josephine Abaphracious Jones was not, in the most unkind application of the term, a bad girl. She never had been—disregaring one or two youthful discrepancies—and never intended to be. As a matter of fact, it was the whispered consensus of opinion that she stood small chance of being, considering the thing from every angle.

And there we come squarely to the heart of the matter. Speaking of angles, Josephine had them. Candidly speaking, she had angles where women were intended to have curves. In fact, boiling the situation down to terms of diminishing kindness—but increasing clarity—Josephine was an uncommonly unpretty girl.

But we stray from the point: Josephine, you see, was selling a horse.

Now there is nothing so downright queer about selling a horse—that is, not when you take the thing on its merits and look at the picture with an open mind and an only mildly interested eye. Many a horse had been sold before this, and many, many more will be sold in years to come, but this particular transaction was one which deserved a more than passing interest. In short, there was more here than met the casual eye.

The animal in question very obviously had no kindred horseflesh moving in Derby circles. His ears were uncomfortably long, as though some doting matron mare had amused herself by gnawing and stretching them during his adolescence, and one of them, lacking the character or the strength to stand up beside its mate, drooped dispiritedly over a languorous, bloodshot eye.

The horse's name was King Richard the Lion Hearted.

King Richard the Lion Hearted—for Josephine always referred to him, affectionately by his full name—obviously was taking a something less than half-hearted interest in the whole proceedings. He was standing beside the auction block; hind legs apart and pigeon toes pointing clumsily toward opposite quadrants; front feet awkwardly draped one across the other; one thoughtful eye lazily following the gyrations of a hungry and intrepid horsefly who was operating in his immediate vicinity. At short intervals he gave voice to a wheezing sigh, his easily visible ribs creaking under the strain. He was not amused.

King Richard the Lion Hearted, it was plain to see, was neither happy nor unhappy over having been sold to the little russet gentleman in the baggy trousers. He was, withal, a quiet, unassuming sort of horse, and it was immediately apparent that these little crises were nothing new in his young life. Indeed, he seemed completely able to take them in a single—if slightly limping—stride.

There was one thing, however, which Josephine felt she must tell the russet gentleman concerning his purchase—a thing in fairness both to himself and to King Richard the Lion Hearted. The horse had a most peculiar weakness—a weakness which had never been seen or heard of before or since in a horse. In fact, it was a weakness found on only rare occasions in human beings—despite their untold failings.

King Richard the Lion Hearted loved to sit on grapefruit.

Taken at face value, that is a rather shocking statement at best—but a nonetheless true one. Richard did indeed have a passionate fondness for sitting on grapefruit, and the larger the grapefruit, the more insatiable his desire.

Knowing this, then, the little russet man was to take the creature away entirely at his own risk, and he was simply to avoid any stray grapefruit as best he could—which the baggily betroused one solemnly resolved to do.

The short trip to the edge of town was an uneventful one, though King Richard the Lion Hearted lost no opportunity to make plain his lack of enthusiasm over being saddled and ridden and steered from pillar to post by a total stranger, who had not even the common sense to shop about for trousers which more nearly approached the general requirements of his build. The uncertain cantor down the hillside pathway was likewise lacking in excitement. It was when the pair reached the ford at the creek that the trouble began.

King Richard the Lion Hearted sat down.

Richard did not pick the edge of the creek for his collapse. He did not even choose the sandy spot one quarter of the way across. He sat down precisely in the middle of the creek, in the deepest and muddiest location he could find. Having once sat, he would not budge.

All of the little russet man's pleadings were of no avail. Richard had made permanent contract, and he had no intention of moving. The little man then made a careful search for grapefruit, thinking to begin at the seat of the trouble—but of grapefruit there were none. The situation was growing more acute by the minute.

There was only one thing to do, and the little russet man did it. He returned to the scene of his recent purchase to consult the one person who was acquainted with Richard's every mood—Josephine Abaphracious Jones.

The job of arousing Josephine was not an easy one. In the corner of a petunia bed by the west side of the house she had taken up a position parallel and immediately adjacent to the ground—and she was snoring quite loudly. As I say, the task was not an easy one, but the little man was equal to the job.

Josephine, aroused, listened to his story with all the interest of a hibernating bullfrog.

"There ain't," she asked once more, "no grapefruit around? You remember I

Continued on Page 8
CHAPMAN CHATTER

by Cara Lee Cook

They tell me that the primary purpose of a column is the reporting of calamities such as deaths, marriages and the like. So this week Billy "Scoop" Fernandez of Operations gives us a play by play description of last week's calamity softball game, featuring Chapman vs. Engine, or "Blood in the first nine rows."

Billy, who incidently is a hero, composed a good part of the cheering section, and says she, "That particular section is mighty sore from yelling and laffin' at those darlin' dimwits."

Still marveling at the wonder of the whole thing, Billy continues in short pants (figuratively speaking, of course) to explain that her boss, Stuporman Redhead, was the star of the evening with everyone else running a close second.

Poor Moxley, says she in endearing terms, posed as the acrobat of the game and fell on his cute face. One Long John also suffered minor structural failures on both right and left wing assemblies. Plastic surgery is a wonderful thing. Tom looks almost like new.

Odd Regulation

To proceed with this all-star casualty list, we note that Johnny Davidson suffered most the wear and tear and had to be supplied with two pairs of pants to finish the game. This is in compliance with some regulation that compels the player to be reasonably clothed at all times.

However, in spite of this handicap, Johnny played a very brilliant game, as did our handsome pitcher, Gerry Cook. Gerry used to play professional baseball and really knows his stuff.

Bill "Musclebound" Grindell reported to work a little stiff in the joints and practically crippled in one leg. Diagnosis showed a severe case of the charley-horse.

But in spite of the injuries, the bruises, cuts and tender muscles, it was a swell game as evidenced by the final score, 16-8. To those valiant lads, both conscious and unconscious, we say nice going and more power to your bums.

Keep 'em Flying

Graduation day rolled around with speed last Saturday and wrote finish to the preliminary flight training received by our first group of Naval Cadets. Mr. Riddle graciously entertained the Class and respective Flight Instructors en masse just before their departure, and expressed for all of us our sincere wishes for their continued success and many happy landings.

Inches Into Gallons

Leona Gulko triumphantly proclaimed the practical value of the complicated Navigation computer over our skeptical heads Saturday when she proved she could use it to divide gallons into inches and feet into quarts with a minimum of wear and tear on one's brain cell. I was always led to believe that a Computer was just another means of reducing the simplest problem to its most confusing form like, W. T. S., and now I really believe it.

Things in general are running very smoothly. Mr. Helin and Mr. Gibbons, who together represent the nearest human thing to perpetual motion, are pinch-hitting as Bossmen while Mr. Camden is away.

Orchids and red roses to Al Sutter, who has pushed our beautifying project off to a wonderful start with the planting of 15 mahogany trees in the near vicinity of the Canteen.

Numerous cuttings have been set out and before long we hope to boast of everything from flowering cherry trees to blooming idiots. (Does anyone know where we might locate the cherry trees?)

CARLSTROM

Continued from Page 7

warned you — King Richard the Lion Hearted sits on grapefruit.

The little russet man's tone was one of finality. "There is not," he said—and he spoke with some authority—"even a single grapefruit. He just sits there—in the creek."

"In the creek," repeated Josephine thoughtfully, her tongue moving in her cheek as if to stir up the mental processes. "Well, I should've told you before—must have forgot it myself. Funny thing about King Richard the Lion Hearted—awfully funny. He sits on fish too!"

And there—peculiarly enough—the story ends.

Naval Cadets in the new War Training Service, set up at Emby-Riddle and the University of Miami, wend their way to their bus for Chapman Field.

Logging about 50 hours flying time, along with Ground School, is part of the new program inserted between flight preparatory and pre-flight School.
ALLOVER OVERHAUL

CARLSTROM FIELD

by Blecka Kistler

Methinks spring fever has me in its clutches. I sat and pondered and exerted this feeble brain of mine, but nothing happened. The "Bost," says I must submit a column come what may, so please bear with me while I try and give you a blow by blow account of our goings on this week.

The "femme" personnel eyed Martha Jahn, a Dispatcher at Champion Field, with envy yesterday when she landed here in a plane with Mr. Horton. She had decided to go down to Chapman—maybe we could wrangle a ride once in awhile, as most of us are air minded.

If any of you "guys" and "gals" are interested in galloping around on a "hoss" Sunday afternoon, see Helen Hill—she can tell you everything—except where to find a "hoss." At any rate she can tell you how much fun it is.

Nose Dive

Claude Bellflower made a nose dive through the windshield when his car happened to accidently plunge into a broken cattle gap going home from work Thursday night. Claude received a number of severe cuts and bruises around his face and neck, and will be laid up in the hospital for quite some time. Claude is a quiet and steady worker and is missed by everyone. We hope he has a speedy recovery.

Levi Whittle is leaving to join the Armed Forces May 12. Good luck, Levi.

Louise Crossley has good reason for looking so supremely happy, for her mother has arrived from Orlando to spend the week end with her.

We hope that Johnny Saulserson's son is well on the road to recovery.

Do you know what Charlie Bethel does nights? He counts eggs and 'tends to his huge flock of chickens. I am in the know about these chickens and believe me he has a flock of them. He also has some ducks, which Mrs. Charlie has, too, during the day.

Haynes Brantley, the tall dark and handsome Sheet Metal Foreman, certainly has an "air" about him. Congratulations to Colleen Welch, who celebrated her birthday this week. Frank Meade has returned after a week's vacation. The hangar has been pretty quiet during his absence. Welcome back.

Lady of the Week—she is rather small, weighs 110 lbs., hazel eyes, dark hair, and a glutton for work. Her only son is in the Service and she has three daughters.

During the six months she has been with us she has worked her way through the Fabric department, etc., and is now in Disassembly. Joe says she is a grade A mechanic.

Charlie McRae is due back from his vacation, and the girls in his department can hardly wait for him to return. Charlie is one of the most likable Foremen and is very efficient in carrying out his duties as Department Head.

Hazel surely rates these days—a beautiful cross for her birthday, and a gorgeous bracelet for Easter. It reeks of romance and we are anxiously waiting for the customary cake.

Deepst sympathy to Myrtle Selph and family at the death of their grandfather.

Eliice Cross can really cram a lot of work into a few short hours especially on Saturday. 'Cause that's the day the boy friend comes up from Clewiston — Oh! Happy Day!

I heard that Lloyd Rames bought a beautiful rod and reel last week. So that accounts for these fish stories going around this week. He is taking easy lessons from the old fisherman Frank Zetoureeur. I haven't been able to find out what they do with all those pounders. Where do you cook "em boys? Let us in on the know.

Elizabeth Cooper has been on the sick list a few days. Hope to see her back with her "dope" bucket and brush real soon.

Hattie Goodell is sporting a "snazzy" pair of wings. Scuse please, I meant silver wings.

Flying Colors

Pearl Sapp has been transferred to Final Assembly. As usual, she has proven very adept and is going to make the grade with flying colors.

Cpl. Treadway, Physical Instructor here at Carlstrom, just came in to bid us a fond farewell. He is leaving for Miami where he is to take a specialized course in physical training. The Corporal is well known around the Field, and liked by everyone.

MORE THAN 100 PER CENT

Miami has nothing on Carlstrom when it comes to War Bond purchases. Our genial Steward, Ray A. Jayette, besides doing an A-1 job for Embry-Riddle is doing even a better one for Uncle Sam by contributing his salary 100 percent to the purchase of War Bonds.

Jayette of former Cottage Inn fame (now closed for the vacation) last week handed his pay check into the Accounting department together with a personal one for the outright purchase of 11 additional "Baby Bonds." Contributions of this sort deserve recognition.

TECHITE NOMINATED FOR HEROINE OF PRODUCTION

Spirit can be as important as deeds in keeping production up on the home front, the nominating committee of the utility division of Embry-Riddle, decided this week in selecting its candidate for the "Heroes of Production" contest.

In nominating Mrs. Stanley Balcanskas of the Mimeograph department, the committee gave these reasons:

A Job To Be Done

"First, for her everlasting effort to keep things moving, and getting things done in a quick and easy manner. Her constant thought seems to be, 'This is not just a job I'm getting paid for,' but, 'There's a job to be done, let's do it!'

"Second, for her efficiency, dependability and thoroughness in all her duties, and the importance of conservation of materials always present in mind.

"Last, but not least, for her eagerness to cooperate with other employees. Her honesty and straightforwardness would be a boost to the morale of any organization."

Despite the fact that she must come from Miami Beach, where she lives with her husband, S/Sgt. Stanley Balcanskas, Mrs. Balcanskas arrives at her work at 7:45, fifteen minutes ahead of time each morning.

Energy and Spirit

"And at five o'clock she is still working with the same energy and spirit that she displays early in the morning," Mrs. Frances R. Tolman, head of the department, reports.

"With the paper shortage a national problem, Mrs. Balcanskas is always careful to avoid waste, using the back of sheets when possible, and using cheaper grades of paper on less important work."

Sgt. and Mrs. Balcanskas have lived at the Beach for nearly a year, coming from Waterbury, Conn. Both are strong supporters of the War bond purchase plan.

BUY MORE BONDS!
COLONNADE CANNONADE

by Helen Dillard

On behalf of the entire Colonnade, the welcome committee greets Gordon Bowen's new secretary, Adele Grant, and Avis Hobeland of the Information desk.

Dorothy Kenny, former P.B.X. operator, has taken Kitty Golf's place in the Ration Board office, and Mr. Jackson reports that she is doing very well.

Link Instructor Winifred Wood is leaving us to become one of the WAFS. We all wish you luck, Winifie.

Margaret de Pamphilis of Personnel has changed jobs...we don't mean that we have lost Margaret...she is still in Personnel but in the capacity of secretary to our Employment Manager, Donald Peck. Her job as Chief File Clerk has been taken over by Nancy Hawes.

Tuesday was moving day in Personnel...if any of you other Embry-Riddle-ites have happened down this way, you learned that only too well.

Maxine Hurt's identification office is no longer "Times Square" of the Colonnade...she has moved right next door to Mr. Hiss and the new office provides all sorts of privacy.

The record office is no longer where it used to be. It is now next door to the Identification department...Mr. Peck is in the former site of the record office...follow me? Don't any of you say you do, because I am writing it and I am not even sure if I have it straight. So just read and don't comment, unless it is to agree with me that it takes up a little space.

Jinnie Mickel from way down Chapman way just called...she said she was guest writer for Cookie last week. That is a mean trick. Jinnie. This is the third time you have been guest writer and not once did you write the Colonnade Cannonade when you were here...what does Cookie have on you, anyhow?

Frances Wiest, receptionist for Personnel, is wearing most attractive gold wings...upon close examination it was discovered that they are Brazilian...a gift from one of our South American students, Vinificent Vargas...my oh my!

VITALLY STATISTIC

John Riley, Director of the Mess Halls, and wife have followed up the feat of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Turner with the arrival of little Michael, a seven pounder.

Cigars on the sixth floor of Tech are no longer a novelty, but Mr. Riley added something new in the form of banquet cigarettes for the ladies.

war weary shoulders.

war weary shoulders.

You are sad­

i
duced by interment in Virginia. Our grat­

itude is extended to Class Leader Pfc. Ivan Kostyshak and all the boys of 13-43—we're proud to know you.

To Shangri-La

If we were a Flying Fortress and had Pfc's. Reginald Griswold, Hugh Chenoweth, Noah Lowe, Howard Allender and Anthony Benedetto keeping us aloft, we could fly from Shangri-La, back to Shangri-La, and deliver the mail between round trips.

Champion chameleon catcher is Pfc. Richard Gockenbach—will even Leah them to your lapel, if you go for animated jewelry. To Pfc. Bob E. Beatty—pu-lea-a feathered prop won't lift you high enough to peer over an ant hill.

We introduce our 1943 version of Damon and Pythias. In this corner we present Pfc. Roland Garland, and in some other corner, Pfc. Aldin Harris. Neither threats nor tears will bring them together or keep them apart. Figure that one out—we had to toss in the towel and admit defeat. Pfc. Loren Berry's grin would look good on canvass, preserved for posterity. A perpetual smile like that shucks the cloak of gloom from our war weary shoulders.

Even the blade beams are drooping at the ends like wilted petunias, so all we can say is—it takes prop wash to "Keep 'em Flying."
Here is the beginning of a series by Mickey Lightholder, telling the experiences of a Primary Flight student at Embry-Riddle Field.

**Jan. 5 - 1943**

DEAR MOM & DAD;
I GOT MY FIRST RIDE TO-DAY
AND

LOVE,
Your Son

**Jan. 11 - 1943**

DEAR MOM & DAD --
ALMOST A PILOT NOW -- ALTHOUGH
THERES A FEW LITTLE THINGS .......

STEERING WHEEL?:
SPINS
WIND DIRECTION
ALT. THROTTLE
ELE 8's

LOVE,
Your Son

**Jan. 16 - 1943**

DEAR MOM & DAD,
TODAY I SOLOED AND I WASN'T
SCARED A BIT .........

LOVE
Your Son

**Jan. 23 - 1943**

DEAR MOM & DAD,
HAD MY FIRST CHECK TO-DAY
AND I KNEW I WOULD PASS ....

YES, YES, YOU'VE
PASSED.

LOVE
Your Son
Of Sol proved a bit too much for some of our Engine Overhauliers, namely Paul Meiners, who went fishing Sunday and suffered the consequences (we never did find out if he caught any fish!); there is Helen Steffani, also, who got too much sunburn from sunbathing, to her sorrow. When will people learn that the Miami sun burns with a vengeance? We speak from the depths of bitter experience.

Apologies to Joe Henry for not mentioning his name in connection with the new flagpole. Joe is the Welding department, hence he’s been doing all the work on the flagpole. Anyone have anything to weld? From flagpoles to hearts, just let Joe fix ‘em.

The little “Who?” feature seemed to make a hit last week, to our surprise. The “Boss-Man” went around quoting “The wise old owl said ‘Who?” all afternoon. It isn’t “Lucky” Lutz any more. The Tire Gremlins have changed his name to “Unlucky” since Sunday’s unfortunate mishap. Bob has better luck with the gals than with his tires, it seems.

Hirohito would probably be peeved to learn that we are saving for war bonds with the use of an old dime bank stamped “Made in Japan.” Anyway, we can’t think of a better use for such an article.

Best brainstorm of all is the “Suggestion Box,” posted in the hangar. There is a lively interest in this box—also in the amazing rewards that are given for good ideas. The ideas, so far, have been dillies—we already have a public pay ‘phone installed (one of the first suggestions).

Whenever you Engine Overhaul folks have any ideas about improvements or complaints, no matter how small, be sure to get a Suggestion Card and write down your idea.

Of course, we could stretch the column a little by mentioning Mr. Pelton’s liking for Hourihan’s office, Wally Tyler’s brief return to Engine Overhaul for payroll blues, Charley Thompson’s affinity for brunettes, or Marie Bushgen’s proboscidian accident, but maybe you already knew about those things.

You might, however, be interested to learn why Harry is called “Snapshot” Green; why “Georgia Boy” Bayard has more than his share of troubles; why Max DuBois is called “Tires”; why Brady doesn’t wear his overseas cap any more; why Judy is so crazy about fudge; or why Mr. Lennox doesn’t come to see us oftener. Your roving reporter doesn’t know half of these things either, so we’re even. Maybe we’re not snoopy enough (no cracks, characters!).

Engine Overhaul hit the all-time high (as they would say on the Lucky Strike programs) in production just one week ago. We know this couldn’t have been done without the cooperation and hard work of each and every person in our department, and we’re mighty proud of such a fine group of workers.

We will close in a lighter vein with a quotation from Mr. Grafflin’s vast repertoire of verse and patter:

The broad-backed hippopotamus,
Rests on his stomach in the mud,
Although he seems so firm to us,
He is only flesh and blood.
If that one points out a moral, we’re sure we don’t know what it is. If we survive, we’ll see you next week!

LATIN-AMERICAN INSTRUCTOR MECHANICS IN PROP SHOP

Group No. 1 of the Latin-American Instructor Mechanics admire the propeller stand which they constructed in the course of their studies. From left to right: Florentino Sequino of Cuba, Aquilino Machado of Uruguay, Antonio Medina of Cuba, Propeller Instructor W. Bets, Ramon Prado of Cuba, Arístides Ferrín of Uruguay, William Tartakovsky of Chile, Jorge Robertson of Chile, and Adolfo Susco of Uruguay. Knowing are Latin-American Instructor Luis Jaramillo and Rene Bono of Argentina.
Dorr
Continued from Page 1

week without fail or else! Dad-burn, it there goes our finger between the keys again, why don't they put the keys farther apart for people like us who don’t know our own speed.

Airplane Maintenance

Mr. Cullers has built himself a dog house. From Doc Rude we hear that it has two doors, one for the dog and one for Mr. Cullers.

Mess Hall

Dan Weeks on a fishing trip to Fish-eating creek the latter part of the week, but nary a fish. Dan's excuse—too many people fishing. Well, that is a new one.

Joe Briggs going to Miami over the week end and coming back with a bad case of sunburn. Says he worked in his Victory Garden all the time he was away. Huh, we know Joe.

Nicoedamus complaining about the huge cost of breakfast every Monday morning. Could it be because we eat breakfast over there Mondays? This morning our appetite was poorly, we couldn’t eat more than nine hotcakes.

Well, we sure are improving in our typing at least we think so. Only got our finger caught three times in this page.

Can you imagine George Mackie with a handlebar mustachio! We're both thinking of growing one this next winter.

Tol’ably yours,

Sherwood Hall, Margaret Startling and Mary Wenderoth are the stock clerks, and Al Carrone, the painter, is also in this department.

“MISS DORR FIELD”

Here is a potential WAF for the year 1963—Little Sheila Anne, just five months old, is definitely minded according to her parents, instructor and Mrs. Lee Pike.

Wing Flutter
by Catherine W. Kerr

Instrument Overhaul has been unusually busy the past week. The day crew have been so occupied getting out Instruments that they haven't taken time to contribute to this column. I know the Instruments are the all-important thing just now, but, gang, how about giving a few items. Peggy—please—thanks.

We have a good Gyro man on the day shift who has a peculiar hobby. He collects reptiles. You should see the beautiful belts, ladies' hand bags, etc. he makes from the skins—they would make any leather craftsman green with envy. Oh—who is this chap? Sherman Garnes.

Mr. H. Fein, or jolly "Mr. Five by Five," has been transferred to our night shift. While he works on Chronometric Tachometers and Altimeters, Clocks and Chronographs are his dish.

Clarence Terry—a co-pilot with Eastern Air Lines—has come to Instrument Overhaul. He is with us on his spare time. He is an A-1 Instrument man and was so employed at Eastern prior to becoming a copilot. Welcome to our shop.

Sue Villeneuve has an understudy on calibration. She is Mrs. Dorothy Woolsey. It is reported that she is doing fine. Keep at it Dorothy—you'll like the work.

Mr. Feldman who came to us from Marianna, where he was doing similar work under Civil Service, has really been doing a fine job in getting out the Jaeger Tachometers. Keep at it, Robert, for the boys have to know what their engines are "revving up."

The news from North Africa has been very encouraging this week—but remember—we have a long hard fight ahead. Let us here on the home front not slacken our pace, but rather let us strain every ounce of power at our job, and by so doing hasten the day when victory will be ours.

Yes, beside doing our best at our jobs, let us also buy War Bonds with all the spare money we have.

Her Highness Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, in her radio address to her friends and Allies in the Western hemisphere on Monday, said in effect that by all working together and to the utmost we can wipe out the Axis powers. She and her people know what it is like to be under Nazi domination... Monday was the third anniversary of the invasion of the Lowlands.

Let us not fail in doing our part to help restore the homeland of these and other people as well as protect our own homeland.

Now, to those who still have tires and gas for their cars remember—if you would live to be eighty—don't try driving your car at eighty.
**GABLES ARMY SPORTS**

The boxing squad is sending their best wishes to their coach Dom Vandetti, who is laid up with an injured knee received while catching a softball game for his Class 18-43-A-1. John Pallatini, Assistant Coach, has moved to Tech. Bill Ettore and Ray Siccone, both well qualified and popular, are taking over their duties.

Lt. Meyer has announced that as of last Tuesday all contestants who win three of their bouts will receive an engraved pair of Golden Gloves. Each winner will be presented with them in the ring immediately upon their third victory. Keep your eye on a new comer and novice, Joe Aunby of Class 20-43-D.

**EMBRYP-RIDDLE SOFTBALL LEAGUE GETS UNDER WAY**

At the initial game of the Embry-Riddle Softball League, played in Coral Gables last week, we see the Commanding Officer of the Embry-Riddle School Detachment of the AAFTC, Capt. Oliver H. Cloyton, at the bat in the opening ceremonies. Believe it or not, the gentleman behind the mask is none other than Charles F. Gafflin, Manager of the Engine Overhaul Division, and that in George F. Wheeler, Vice-President of the Embry-Riddle Company, making a mighty business of tossing the first ball.

The chair seating capacity will be increased in the near future. The boxing squad is larger than ever, due no doubt to the fine coaches and the improving training facilities. All soldiers who wish to learn how to box, or who have had previous experience, please see the coaches, Lt. Meyer or Sgt. Wette.

**Softball**

We hear that George Applebaum of Class 18-43-A-1, who lost to Class 18-43-A-2 in the tournament, appreciates the present from the winners. He said the fish tasted excellent.

The soldiers are doing a fine job of fixing up the diamond in preparation for the Championship play-off this coming Fri-

day evening at 7:00 p.m. The players are Class 18-43-A-2 versus Class 16-43-A-2, Sgt. Holsman in demand both as an umpire and ball player.

Our Commanding Officer is quite a ball player and once played semi-pro ball. He handles First Base very well. Class 13-43-AMC (group 5 to 8) is having a game among themselves. The married men versus the single men. If the married men lose they threaten to bring their kids down to beat them.

**Here and There**

It isn't often that a track man excels in aquatic sports as does Lt. Meyer. Before

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**CAPT. WILLIAMS AT TECH**

Capt. Donald H. Williams, formerly Wing Commander, Unit No. 1 in Coral Gables, has been transferred to Tech School in order to assume his duties as Executive Officer. We were very sorry to lose Capt. Williams but are fortunate indeed to have Lt. Charles Moore with us again.

**BOXING**

Tuesday's large and enthusiastic turn-out was treated to a thrill packed evening of boxing, when Lt. Franz Moch's Tech School Army squad came from behind in the last bout to battle to a draw with Lt. Martin Meyer's squad from the Gables.

One of the main features of the card was the first appearance of the likable middle weight William (Bill) Ettore, kid brother of the World's Ranking Heavy Weight Championship contender Al Ettore, who has gone the distance with Joe Louis and is now polishing off the Japs with the Marines.

**Fistic Future**

For the few fights that young Ettore has under his belt he is already showing some of the class and all of the spirit of his famous brother in winning a tough but clear cut victory over Sgt. Audley Kinter from Tech. His performance of the night stamps him with a promising future in fistic circles should he care to follow it up on his return to civilian life.

In the opening round both boys cautiously but confidently felt each other out, but finally broke loose at the close of the round in a furious exchange of blows that instantly had the crowd on its feet. Ettore came out a shade better with the round going to him.

Apparently satisfied with his studies of Sgt. Kinter in the first round, Ettore opened the second stanza with a devastating combination of power and deceptiveness that had the Sgt. in a bad way. Kinter, making a game but ineffective rally in the closing seconds of the round, found the bobbing and weaving style of his opponent too hard to solve and was forced to cover up under a counter-attack. But the bell saved Kinter from getting into serious trouble.

At the close of the fight both fighters were given a rousing cheer from the pleased gathering who are in hopes of witnessing further action from these two boys.

**Shows Promise**

Another youngster who has shown considerable promise in our weekly soldier boxing show is Ray Siccone of Class 21-43- A-1, who is in the middle weight division. Ray resembles the former welter and middle weight champion Mickey Walker in his style and willingness to take on all comers.
CONGRATULATIONS, CAPTAIN

On the left is Capt. Oliver H. Clayton, Commanding Officer of the Embry-Riddle School Detachment of the AAFITTC, offering congratulations to Capt. Donald H. Williams, Wing Commander of the Carib Gables Army Unit No. 1, on his recent promotion.

SOFTBALL

Class 18-43-A-1 is going like a house afire, and to prove it they easily overpowered their semi-final opponents Class 12-43-AMC (group 1 to 4), by the score of 9 to 4.

After taking a three run lead in the first inning they were never seriously threatened except in the fifth when two AMC men crossed the plate on a double by Crofoot, who did likewise on an infield error.

The A-1 Class came back in the last of the same inning and added three more tallies doing the same in the sixth.

Bob "Steamboat" Fulton pitched his usual game giving up seven scattered hits while his opponent Davis gave up 15 hits. "Slap Um" Sammy Moore accounted for four of these, getting two singles, a triple and a home run.

Do you know that our Coca-Cola profits go into the Embry-Riddle Athletic and Recreation fund. Be careful not to break the bottles, and please return the empty ones.

Apparently the boys still don't believe that this is their column and that we would like them to contribute to it. So let's start out with a contest to get a fitting name for this column.

Anyone who has any suggestion, write it down on a piece of paper with his name and class number. There will be a prize for the winner. Turn in all entries to Lt. Moch.

In his match with tough Bill Wilson from Tech he spotted him weight, height and reach, and wound up putting a T.K.O. stopperoo on the bigger boy at the close of the second round.

Wilson opened the match with an aggressive two handed attack, in which his right hand found its mark and dropped Siccone for a no-count knock down. Siccone got off the canvas all the more determined and fought Wilson in a sizzling toe to toe slugging bee. Only the bell saved either one from going down for the count. Wilson gained the round by a scant margin.

**MIGHTY TIRED**

Wilson was a mighty tired fighter in the second frame and found it impossible to continue the pace of the preceding heat. Siccone's excellent condition, on the other hand, gave him a chance to batter down Wilson's defense and land so many solid punches that referee Homer Mobley stopped the show, awarding a T.K.O. win to the Toy Bull Dog Siccone.

Lt. Moch's squad won their first bout of the contest when Russell Hasting from the Gables lost a decision to the seasoned middle weight fighter Homer Mobley. Mobley had too many guns for the less experienced Hasting and won the nod in a handy manner.

The last bout between the two squads brought together Phillip Lochbrunner, former runner-up in the 1941 Louisiana State Golden Glove Tournament, and Larry Gebbie from the Gables.

Lochbrunner at 135 pounds looked in the pink of condition and handled the 230 pound Gebbie in a masterly fashion. Apparently annoyed in the first round, Gebbie moved in close and catching Lochbrunner in a corner let go with a two fisted barrage, in which Lochbrunner not only fought his way out but had Gebbie covering up and going away.

**A DRAW**

In the exchange of the first round Lochbrunner sprained his right thumb, but was able to continue boxing out a decision over the game but less experienced Gebbie. Lochbrunner's victory earned the Tech School a draw with the Gables boxing aggregation.

The two remaining boxing bouts brought together five boys from the Gables. In the clash of welter weights Lyda Good repeated his fine performance of last week in battling to a draw with Paul Ebert.

**SPLIT DECISION**

In the light heavy weight meet Joe Whaley put up a surprisingly good contest to earn him a draw with Roy Newall who took the first heat, but had to give ground to the willing Whaley in the second to earn a split decision.

The officials of the evening were Harold Warren and Wallace Murphy, Judges; Peter Dobransky, Timer; with George Applebaum, Phillip Lochbrunner and Homer Mobley sharing the Referee duties. Dom Vandetti and John Pallatin are the boxing coaches for the Gables squad.

**THURSDAY NOT TUESDAY**

Lt. Martin Meyer, Director of Physical Training, has announced that hereafter the weekly boxing shows will be held on a Thursday evening, instead of the customary Tuesday.

The change has been made to enable more soldiers to attend on the new schedule than previously was possible, due to preparations being made by them for the weekly Personnel Inspection held each Wednesday.

All soldiers and civilians are cordially invited to attend these shows, admission free. The first bout gets under way promptly at 8:00 p.m. Next week will see a return match between Tech School and the Gables.

“UNIFORMITIS”

Just when they will be sworn in is a military secret, but these two Scallies are best on joining the Army.

Pfc. Ralph Smith of 11-43 AMC is convincing the sulky one that he doesn’t have to go home, but may stay and play with the Gables boys.

**BUY MORE BONDS!**
Meterology certainly does confuse one nowadays. I had always been under the impression that those not too gentle looking animals one finds in the zoo, namely the bear and the lion, were referred to as such. Now after extensive study of Meteorology, and my conscientious skimming of one of the films, Air Masses, I find that they are known as Polar and Tropical respectively. Ah, well, someday I too will have a brain.

While performing what I deemed an act of encouraging progress at the old Seaplane Base, another student and I found ourselves out at Chapman Field (you can see I did not do the navigating) to pick up some films and a projector.

Nice Students

A young chap approached us and inquired if we were the couriers from the Base. "My, I marveled, what nice students they have at Chapman." Upon our return to our old stamping ground, I conveyed my opinion to one of our Instructresses.

After allowing me to rave on for a number of minutes, I was finally made aware of the fact that "this young student" was not a student at all but Mr. Sheffield, the head of the Ground School at Chapman. My sincere apologies, Mr. Sheffield. Now I know there is no place like home.

Cat Session

After everyone had recovered from the effects of my misfortune, we gals settled down to a good old "cat session," after scaring the men folks away. Our topic was: Amusing happenings around the Base. A few were as follows:

During one of my first lessons in landings I wasn't aware of the fact that the rudders must be moved rather quickly. I insisted on staying on my right rudder. Meanwhile, my Instructress tried to get me out of my difficulty by applying opposite rudder. It finally resulted in a regular test of strength. Well, who wants to be strong?

You want another? Mrs. B. asked me to poke her in the back if there was any doubt in my mind as to anything she had asked me to do. Funny, I never could get up the nerve.

"You'd better start poking in the back or you'll get poked in the head."

I must say adieu for now. Any part of this article which has made sense is purely accidental.

Remember that all efforts to make you safe need your cooperation. Safety is up to you!

Well, this is my first ride in a seaplane and I thought I might have to bail out