PEEKING THROUGH
DORR'S KEYHOLE

by A/C E. D. Hightower

We'd like to start with a brief comment upon a quartet...at least it's supposed to be a quartet. Actually, it's necessary to use lots of imagination to connect it with anything referring to music. Its members' rude attempts at harmony come under the headline of "Things We'd Love To Forget."

This unready combo is composed of four characters whose voices crack, squeal, fly suddenly off key and run amok in various other ways. Their names? Bracken, Chatwin, Kauffman and Bannister of Squadron G-1. Sometimes Malcolm M. Hanna adds his nasal whine to this unholy din but it doesn't improve the situation much.

We were amused the other day by a very interesting but certainly "typical" session with a newly returned combat pilot. The pilot, a Captain, evidently had a past-due social engagement...but every time he picked up his hat and sidled hopefully toward the door, one of our comrades would fire some brilliantly conceived query at him.

"Trapped"

For instance: "Do all the girls in North Africa wear veils?...or (our candidate for the classic question of 1944) "How do the towns over there compare with Montgomery, Ala.?...and the unfortunate Captain would be pinned to the floor for another restless fifteen minutes.

We heard from usually well-informed sources that Mr. Brooking, a former member of 44-F, became so agitated during a fire drill that he collided with a concrete post while dashing for a fire extinguisher. The post suffered only minor cuts and bruises and is expected to return to duty by the end of this week.

In case anyone is interested, Cletis C. Jerden has a watch he'd like to sell. It's a very impressive instrument with a large, alarm-clock face, simulated luminous hands, a Swiss stop-watch movement and an imitation leather band. The trouble with the watch is that the dial carries a scale of 300...and no one can think of any logical reason why a minute should be divided into 300 segments.

A Form 1-A report submitted by A/C Crum after a minor mishap last week carried this one rather terse explanatory sentence: "The plane has a marked tendency to ground loop."

Squadron 2-H claims to have set a new record at Dorr...Cadet Kearby claims ability to dress in 30 seconds flat, shave in even less time...pass on your method...we are all eager to acquire that technique!

Squadron 1-H has the distinction of having two members who were in Iceland when they applied for Cadet training...Samuel J. Mucaria and Hal "Ground Loop" Milaschewsky. Both men are big boosters of Dorr Field with its lovely tropical weather.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Carlstrom and Dorr Fields are attempting to organize a band and are in dire need of musical instruments. They only need a trombone, a clarinet, a saxophone, a tuba, a trumpet, a flute, drums, or what have you.

They are not asking for donations but are willing to pay reasonable prices for second-hand instruments.

If you can be of any assistance, there are a couple of Special Services Officers—such as Lt. Ernest L. Haring of Carlstrom and Lt. Clair McLaughlin of Dorr—and about a thousand Cadets who will be greatly appreciative.

GRINS AND GROANS
OF NEW DORR CADET

by A/C John W. Malandro

As the first gnawing pangs of hunger were beginning to make themselves felt, and just as Cadets of 44-H were starting to feel as permanent as the seats and windows, the train came to a jolting stop.

Yes, they were there, the ever-present, ever-taunting old upperclass leaving Arcadia. But they were fed and we were ravenous, and the best we could offer was a groan and a grin.

The general trend of movement seemed to be toward the door; being no instigator of new movements I fell in and stepped down. Yes, the Army had changed us all; no radicals in this group of grown-up boys.

We all know, and dreaded, what was coming. But no, it can't be. This smiling, young officer wasn't our reception committee—but then he might be. And then a roll call.

Obeying again and just loving to ride in an open truck. I went along; if only for the ride! After a half hour of open prairie we came to what looked like a mirage. This mirage materialized and after disembarking, we stood and wondered if it could all be true. Being susceptible to pinching, I found I was awake.

Cadet Guide

After being segregated into six small groups, called squadrons, we were led away by a tall, soft-spoken upperclass cadet who was to be our guiding light. The path, upon which we so wearily trod, led to a small building which to us appeared to be a select restaurant alcoyed amid a growth of tall palms. But the Army directing, it was called a Mess Hall.

And now, with our stomachs full and our eyes open, Dorr began to unfold its wealth of beauty. There was activity and an all too prominent drone of radials—that sound so long awaited.

The first few days were spent in orientation, signing numerous papers and receiving manuals which we were avowing to scrutinize—cover to cover. Ah, yes, we were an eager crew. Now, after seven days of studying, cleaning up for inspections, studying, lectures, studying, fog, studying, flight line, studying, Link, studying, studying, I stand, a mortal with 45 full minutes of flying time and ready for anything that may come.
Letters to the Editor

Somewhere in India
January 17, 1944

Dear Mr. Ireland and Helene:

Thanks a million for the Christmas card you and Helene sent. It was appreciated just as much as though it had arrived at Christmas. No one here expected his cards to arrive before or at Christmas.

Undoubtedly you, like myself, sat at Embry-Riddle and wondered what happened to the boys after their graduation. Ran into an outfit on the ship who had some Embry-Riddle graduates. They seemed to think highly of them. Haven’t run into any specifically up here, inasmuch as the Depot Overhaul work is handled by Air Depot Groups in the rear echelons, but do have the opportunity to find out what mechanics handling 3rd echelon work do.

There’s plenty of work for the boys, and they turn out some good jobs. Some men have been over here for nearly two years and it seems that they will have the opportunity to return to the zone of the interior, fondly referred to as the Good Old United States.

Of course, I’m still entangled with personnel work, although it’s on a much higher level (much higher command) than I have formerly. I’m working in. I felt about as lost over here as I did when I first entered the Army. The country is new, regulations are different, the organization was new (it started with it upon its activation) and I was in a complete fog for the first couple of months, but the light is finally beginning to show through, so maybe I’ll start earning my pay.

Regardless of what I do, good old Embry-Riddle keeps creeping into my thoughts—and all the grand people I was associated with there—that’s where you come in. Embry-Riddle was about as cooperative a bunch as I’ve worked with.

Hope everything at home is operating to your satisfaction. Would like to hear from you as often as you find the time to write.

Sincerest wishes to all,

Leslie

Editor’s Note: The above letter was received from Capt. Leslie L. Miller, former Atlinant of the Army Post at Embry-Riddle. He is now stationed in India.

February 17, 1944

Dear Wain and Vadah:

Here I am “back home again in Indiana” and enjoying my first snow in three years. I liked it so much that I took a two-mile hike while it was falling—some fun!

Since leaving Miami, I have received several letters from ex-Riddle-Fielders and am enclosing some of them for you to reprint in full when space permits.

Other news comes from Ken Bourne, Course 14, who promises to write a “copy” letter soon; John Curtis-Hayward of Course 11; and Joe Greason, Course 8, whose health is rapidly improving.

I regret to inform you of the deaths of Stan Hook, Course 8, and Bill Watkins, the Yank of Course 6. Bill was shot down in combat over Italy.

It will be interesting to some Riddle Field “old-timers” to know that Paul Prior, former Dispatcher, has won his Navy Wings and is now an Ensign.

My plans are still indefinite, as I am awaiting word from the Air Corps, so I’ll let you know my set-up as soon as I know myself.

Best regards to you and the Miami gang, and to my friends at Riddle Field.

As ever,

Hoppy

P.S.—A letter has just arrived telling the very sad news of the death of Maurice Lang of Course 12. Russell Townsend of Course 10 reports that he is enjoying leave.

Editor’s Note: The above letter is from Jack Hopkins, former Editor of Riddle Round-Up. Thanks, Hoppy, for this note and for the letters you have sent us. We will publish them from time to time. Don’t forget to let us know your plans.

Stillwater, Okla.
February 17, 1944

Dear Editor:

I am now at Oklahoma A & M, starting my college course which is a part of Cadet training. This is a swell place and I love it. I will be here five months.

I worked at Union City for a year and I know a lot of people there. I have hopes of flying there or at one of the other Riddle Fields.

My regards to all at Union City. If anyone cares to get in touch with me, my home address is 3115 Bayville Avenue, Tampa, Fla.

Yours truly,

A/S Hilton Bonard

Editor’s Note: We’re publishing your letter, Hilton, to convey your message to everyone at Union City. May your desire to fly at one of our Fields materialize. The Fly Paper lost track of you somewhere along the line, but now that we know your whereabouts we have put you back on the mailing list. Please inform us of future changes.

Air Transport Command
Romulus, Mich.
February 14, 1944

Dear Editor:

I was formerly an instructor at Union City and have been in the Ferry Command since last May. I have bumped into ex-instructors and men who took training through Embry-Riddle all over the world.

I would certainly appreciate it if you would send me the Fly Paper.

Sincerely,

A. H. Miller
2nd Lt., A. C.

Editor’s Note: We are sending you the Fly Paper, Lt. Miller, and we’re publishing your letter for the benefit of your friends in Union City.

If you would like the Fly Paper sent to you weekly, fill out the following and mail it to the Fly Paper office, Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, 3240 N. W. 27th Avenue, Miami 30, Florida.

Name

Address
Letters from England

44 Elliott Road
Thornton Heath
Croydon, Surrey
England
January 24, 1944

Dear Editor:

I am writing to let you know that my son, Sgt. S. F. Hook of Course 7, made the supreme sacrifice for his country. He was killed in an air crash in the Middle East.

I have been passing your paper on to some A.T.C. boys, but now they have left this neighborhood so I thought I would let you know.

After my son left Florida, he had an air-bomber's course and he passed out very skilled, which made up for his disappointment in not making the grade as a pilot.

He made many friends while in Florida, but I must especially mention Mr. and Mrs. Robinson of Moore Haven, who made my son's week ends enjoyable with picnics and fishing trips. In fact, Mrs. Robinson is getting quite well known in Croydon for her kindness to our boys.

May this terrible nightmare soon be over so the slaughter of our young lives, the greatest asset of any country, can stop.

My heart goes out to all America's mothers and wives when I hear the news of the Flying Fortresses missing. I know what anguish they will go through.

Thank you, America, for your kindness to my late son.

Sincerely yours,
(Mrs.) B. M. Hook

Editor's Note: It was with great sorrow that we read the sad news your letter brings, Mrs. Hook. Our deepest sympathy to you. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, we know, will appreciate your nice tribute to them. They certainly have done their part toward making training "over here" enjoyable for our British boys.

61 Abbotsbury Gdns.
Eastcote Pinner
Middx., England
January 8, 1944

Dear Editor:

My son, Sgt. J. O. Young, 1381610, trained as a Cadet in Class 42-B and from the time he left Carlstrom the Fly Paper has been sent to this address.

When he left this country for North Africa at the end of 1942 he asked me to keep the papers until he returned, "after the War."

I am sorry to have to tell you that his plane crashed in combat at Cape Bon, Tunisia, in May last, and the Air Ministry has now presumed that he did not survive. Two Messerschmitts went with him.

I take this opportunity to thank all those concerned in his training in America, and also those very kind hearted people who entertained him and catered to his happiness when he was "a stranger in a strange land."

He brought home photos of Mr. and Mrs. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Biggar, Mr. Merricks and Mr. Harley. There have been others and to them all John's father and I are very grateful.

He was our only son, and we did not grudge him in service of our country, for a just cause. Nevertheless, his loss is a great grief.

With regard to the enclosed photo, I know he meant it sent to Lt. Hatcher. If it is possible for you to pass it on to him I should be very much obliged.

If any of your correspondents in this country would like me to send them the back numbers of the Fly Paper which I have been saving, I would be glad to do so. Thank you for having sent them so long.

Yours sincerely,
Violet P. Young

Editor's Note: Our answer to your letter, Mrs. Young, is on its way to England. We are endeavoring to locate Lt. Hatcher, whom we find was a student officer in Class 43-F at Carlstrom, and we hope that he, or someone knowing of his whereabouts, will contact the Fly Paper. We wish to extend the sincere sympathy of the entire Embry-Riddle Company to you and Mr. Young.

Leonard Stanley House
Glos., England
January 2, 1944

Dear Wain and Vadah:

Thank you very much for your letter of long ago! I must apologize for not having written sooner. Fly Papers having poured in with the usual "blue-moon-like" regularity owing to the wind and wonderful doings of the mail, I felt it was my duty to impart to my old school some more "gen" and keep the old spirit going.

I had quite a colorful Christmas, not forgetting my friends across the water. To-wit, having two Canadians help me with my Christmas dinner. We put away a four-year-old Christmas pudding too! Our friends had, with miraculous control, kept a bottle of whisky which was lavishly spread on the Christmas pudding and ignited (an old English custom which we haven't failed to observe since I can remember) even if we do have to use mentholated spirits or kerosene nowadays.

With the New Year just in, many happy memories come back of the many times Mr. Partridge had around last New Year. That party in the Sugarland Auditorium at Clewiston—I think that was the best New Year party I ever had. Course 9 passed out just about that time, and with that in mind, I have news of Brian Partridge.

He was here, on the same station as I am now, for the short space of two days, during which time I was unable to contact him. He was having a day off and when he returned, he was going around the camp getting prepared to leave for another station. So I'm afraid you missed a good "coop" then. He's attached to an operational training unit.

However, I have a certain amount of other intelligence. George Borrell and Bob Higgins were at A.F.U. when I last heard of them. But they're now on operational training. Mike Carroll and Alan Bruce were on a battle course before Christmas.

That's about all the news of a definite nature. As for myself (I have an indefinite nature, so I keep myself separate from the rest) I've just completed my operational training and spent quite an eventful leave, part of which I already have described.

The main part was spent exploring the unfrequented byways of London in search of interest or excitement, and I found plenty to interest me. If you have or haven't seen the sights of London, I hope a chance will come, after the war is over. It seems strange to see the sunlight finding the deep dark corners it never reached before, turning the gloom of a narrow street into the gleam of a country lane. I must close now.

Yours sincerely,
John A. Curtis-Hayward

Editor's Note: We certainly share your hope that we may find an opportunity to visit your country after the war. John. Nothing could be more pleasant than looking up old friends from No. 5 BFTS and seeing the many sights of Britain we've heard so much about. The new classes at Clewiston are carrying on in your footsteps and we're sure that they, as well as the members of your Course, will be interested in news of former Clewistonites. Keep writing to us whenever you have the time. We're always glad to hear from you.

UNCLAIMED MAIL

Letters addressed to Belle Beals and Joseph Caspar are being held in the Mail Room at the Tech School.
Brotherhood Week
by Chaplain L. H. Shonfelt, Dorr Field

"Through Brotherhood Comes Lasting Peace." A consideration of this subject is timely, for we are fighting to make brotherhood possible. Hitlerism demonstrates the horror of a doctrine of racial superiority. The Christian Century editorializes, "It is a time to remember that the welfare of the nation, and of the world, demands the seeking of ways in which the principle of brotherhood among men may be made effective."

Brotherhood is one of the cardinal teachings of the Bible, a basic tenet of our religion and a foundation stone of the American way of life. President Roosevelt said, "While we are engaged in a mighty struggle to preserve our free institutions and to extend the boundaries of liberty on the earth, it is good for us to pledge renewed devotion to the fundamentals upon which this nation has been built. Brotherhood must prevail. Our inescapable choice is brotherhood or chaos."

It behooves us to pursue earnestly and realistically the goal of brotherhood within our national culture. The following statement issued by the National Conference of Christians and Jews expresses my thought on the subject: "Both religion and self-interest demand brotherhood among the nations. No nation can permanently enjoy opportunities it denies to other nations. This is the Golden Rule for nations: Do unto other nations as you would that other nations do unto yours.

If America is to have any part in the making of a world in which brotherhood prevails, its own practice of brotherhood must be beyond question.

This week has been set aside as brotherhood week for 1944. Let us see to it that every week is brotherhood week on this side of the water."
Dear Lorraine:

Last week I started, edited and published (via mimeograph) our first "Fly Paper." I called it "Papel Pêga-Mosca," which means "paper to which the fly sticks." It was 12 pages in size and proved to be a big hit. We just got the second one completed and distributed today. Perhaps some day you will see them.

You might tell Wain Fletcher that she has been the inspiration of something that is going to mean a great deal to us, as do the occasional Fly Papers that come through. She would really get a kick over seeing these papers gobbled up and then passed around until they look eighty years old from use.

Also tell her that I have not yet been able to get our group together for a picture as she requested. We have no official photographer at present and I don't know how we could find the time with the work that has to be done here. Some day it will happen though.

Brasil is a great and beautiful and awe-inspiring country. It is hard to believe that this ultra modern city of São Paulo with its vast population is within such easy distance of wild and undeveloped regions. Many things are different here than we are used to, but all in all it is like living in any great metropolitan city.

There is a decided European flavor and influence prevailing, particularly in regard to new and old architecture. From my eighth-floor apartment porch I can look down on a busy city highway, and at the same time on the roofs of what might be a heterogeneous group of interesting old dwellings and buildings in a section of Paris, covering a whole block on the opposite side of the street.

I like it very much and am content to stay here for a long time, if I can. I am living in comfortable solitude in a rather attractive three room, kitchen and bath apartment in a new and modern building. I have a colored maid who is here before I get up in the morning and has breakfast ready. You would get a smile over seeing me eating dinner tonight, for instance. There I sat, by myself, in a very nice dining room, overlooking a large part of the city and a beautiful sunset, with my maid serving me as formally as some old plutocrat.

The food here is wonderful, at least it is to me. I am thriving on it. I never felt better in my life and have a far better appetite than I did at home. Food of all kinds is available and it is very cheap. The quality is superb.

Rents are about the same as they are in the States. Some things cost more here but are available, and some things much less, so all in all, I would say it is better here from that point of view, with the added advantage of being able to live more graciously.

The outlying countryside is beautiful to a point challenging description. Great ranges of mountains extend in all directions covered with exquisite green verdure of all descriptions. Flowers are in profusion with a variety of all kinds available. My maid has fresh flowers around the apartment constantly and never spends over Cr. $2.00 (or 10c) at one time.

I am learning Portuguese the practical way, i.e., by talking with people and accumulating a vocabulary. It is coming gradually and I find it very interesting. I have been tremendously busy and things are getting pretty well straightened out.

Everyone has been keeping well. The weather is very pleasant and not nearly as hot as Miami in the summer. They say it gets pretty cold here in the winter (your summer) but we will worry about that when it comes. Personally, I like the higher altitude.

We have taken several trips into the interior countryside, including a trip to Santos, which is very interesting and has a wonderful beach. It is a grand resort. As for Rio de Janeiro, it passes all description for beauty. I went up to the top of Sugar Loaf mountain while there and the view is breathtaking. I think I prefer São Paulo for steady living and climate, however.

Give my best to all of my friends.

Sincerely,

Don Peck

Editor's Note: We've stolen a march on Don Peck by having his clever masthead reproduced for use in the Fly Paper. We are indebted to Charlie Maydwell for sending it to us and to Lorraine Bosley for permitting us to publish this letter. We are intensely interested in the Papel Pêga-Mosca and hope soon to have the entire issue.

We are wondering if "Stick With It" instead of "Stick To It" was deliberate. How about advising us, Don? And by the way, the great Ebbets is with you now, so please ask him to get that picture of your group.
CARLSTROM CARROUSEL
by Kay Bramlett

Sgt. Doyle Edwards is the proud papa of a husky boy, Doyle B. Edwards, Jr., born at 5 a.m. Sunday, February 20. Baby, Mother and Father are all doing nicely. Congratulations!

FLASH! The Girls' Bowling Team in the Carlstrom League defeated the Officer's Team in their scheduled match for last week. It's the first victory for the girls, but maybe the tide is changing!

Fit Again
We were all mighty glad to see Mrs. Len Povey around again after some weeks of illness.

Andy Minichello, Director of Flying, spent last week end in Boca Grande on a fishing trip. And from what we hear, he really caught some fish!

General Manager Roscoe Brinton spent the week end at his cottage in Englewood and showed up Monday morning with a nice sunburn and blisters on his hands!

A letter recently received from John D. Fradet advises that Emory Mickell, Roy Kunkel, Bob Banks and Johnny himself recently have received their Second Lieutenant commissions in the United States Army Air Force. All were Flight Instructors at Carlstrom.

At Randolph
They are still stationed at Randolph Field. Johnny adds a P.S. that he likes the Army very much and sends his regards to all the rest of the gang. His home address is 223 Claremont Avenue, San Antonio, Texas.

Lt. Sam Scurria, a 42-D Dorr-Carlstrom Cadet, visited Lois Avant of Carlstrom, while Wilda Smithsonian of Cleveland, Ohio, is a member of the Army personnel at the Field.

Lt. John D. Brannon and wife Polly announce the birth of John V. Brannon, Jr., 7 pounds 12 ounces, on February 10, 1944. Johnny formerly was a Flight Instructor at Carlstrom and was transferred to Union City when Embry-Riddle Field opened. Congratulations!

RIDDLE ROUND-UP

NO. 5 B.F.T.S.

Matt Tierney, Editor

Former AT Instructor Sim Speer, motoring from Jacksonville to Miami, stopped by the Field to say hello to his many friends here. He is now a co-pilot for National Airlines on the ATC program.

Wendel Leapline, former AT Instructor, is spending a few weeks in Clewiston vacationing from the cold and snow of Lyndon, N. J. "Leups" has been flying Hellcats for Grumman for the last few months and tells some tall tales about the "heat" of the Navy fighters.

Second Lt. John Gillette of Course 12 writes from Dallas, Texas, that he is now in the Ferry Division of ATC with four of his buddies from the same course at No. 5 BFTS. They are 2nd Lts. Lazarro, Suhu, Smith and Schmidt.

Red Cross War Fund

On March 1 the annual drive for the Red Cross War Fund will get under way and on the 2nd, 3rd and 4th Mrs. M. M. Prewitt and Mrs. George Crow of Clewiston will visit Riddle Field relative to the drive. The fund, unprecedented in size to meet an unprecedented need, certainly deserves the wholehearted support of each and every one of us.

Let's do our part in backing this grand organization.

Basketball

The Instructors' basketball team now boasts new green uniforms and two new basketballs. To date the team has won nine and lost one, but they have several games to play before the season ends.

Last Wednesday was a busy night for the boys when they played two games, winning both. The first was against the Cadets which ended in a 27-23 score. With about twenty minutes rest they went on to beat Belle Glade in an overtime period by one point, 43-42.

Golf

The semifinals of the Clewiston Golf Tournament were played over the week end and three matches remain before the championships are decided. This Sunday, February 27, is the day selected and a good crowd is expected to be on hand to encourage Instructors Phil McCracken, Lou Mancuso and Marcus Blount.

In the first flight of the semifinals Phil McCracken eliminated Joe Garcia, 3-2, so he will play Foy Dorrence of Clewiston in the finals.

In the second flight of the semifinals Lou Mancuso beat Cadet Gillies, 5-4, and will play Joe Schroeder of Clewiston in the finals in that bracket. The third flight will see "Marcus" Blount, who stopped "Ronnie" Boling, 2-2, entering the final round against Mr. McLendon of Clewiston.

Gals' Team

The girls here at Riddle Field have become envious of the splendid record set by the Instructors' basketball team and have now organized one of their own. First practice was held on Thursday night and the girls looked good in more ways than just feminine pulchritude.

PAY DAY IS THE DAY AT RIDDLE FIELD! Cadet John A. Mitchell of Newmarket, Suffolk, England, counts the greenbacks along with LT. Gibson, Adjutant at the Field. To the right of the Adjutant are Cadet R. E. Chadwick, Flight Leader, left, and CPL. K. A. Stevens of Accounts.

PAY DAY IS THE DAY AT RIDDLE FIELD! Cadet John A. Mitchell of Newmarket, Suffolk, England, counts the greenbacks along with LT. Gibson, Adjutant at the Field. To the right of the Adjutant are Cadet R. E. Chadwick, Flight Leader, left, and CPL. K. A. Stevens of Accounts.

Geneva Theilan, Ruth Ratley, Mimi Adkins, Kay French, Ruth Blount, Jeanne O'Neill and Helen Pullan were on hand at Clewiston courts and after a few more drills will be ready to play teams from the neighboring towns.

Who and Where

We now have Jimmy Cleveland, Syd Monette and Larry Walden as new Primary Instructors. They have come here from Embry-Riddle Field at Union City, Tenn.

We have an old-timer back with us in the Maintenance department, Frederico Zeires, Venezuelan citizen, as "B" Mechanic, who has done some fine work for the Fly Paper when he was with us before.

Three more mechanics are here from the Lafayette School of Aeronautics in Lafayette, La. They are Don Mosher, Charles Metzger and Wallace R. Nark.

Course 18

As we seem to have missed the last issue we take this opportunity to mention our recent week of freedom. Upon inquiry the Floridians are told that the menace has returned to the Field of Riddle. They smile, and determine to live again. Seriously, Floridians, sincere thanks for that marvelous week.

Continued on Page 10
This young man frequently invades the Mall Room and carries away the hearts of all around. Billy is almost two years old and guess who he looks like—Andy Godfrey.

"Grumps" is sure that tiny Eleanor will resemble this likeness of "The Age of Innocence" by eight-months-old Arthur E. Carpenter.

"Ma" Nan Clifford has become an avid reader of magazine ads since her pride and joy, Jimmy, began modeling. After five months of service in the Navy he was given a medical discharge and now is at the Miami Air Depot.

TECH TALK
by HELEN BURKART and FREDDA POITEVINT

In the course of conversation with the people of the Tech School, we find there are many parents who, like us, enjoy discussing their offspring. Thinking that others would be interested in the generation that will be responsible for the future of this Country, we present the inspiration behind familiar scenes.

We wish for these little ones a great future in the way of life that we are trying to preserve; for the older ones, may you soon have the leisure to enjoy the principles and ideals for which you have sacrificed so much.

"Ma" Nan Clifford has become an avid reader of magazine ads since her pride and joy, Jimmy, began modeling. After five months of service in the Navy he was given a medical discharge and now is at the Miami Air Depot.

"Buster" says he is a perfect baby! Pa Anderson, who is usually reticent on the subject of his offspring, heartily agrees!

Introducing the self-appointed, midget USO—Charlet Poitevint. Fredda never has a dull moment keeping up with her daughter's current "affaires du coeur."

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This cute little girl would like for her daddy to come home from the South Pacific so she can meet him and see what a Machinist Mate First Class looks like. Although he has been away since Teresa Ann came to stay with Mama Beryle Murray ten months ago, he has seen her thanks to V-Mail.

Ten-months-old Robert Hunter Turner was named for his grandfather. "Bobby" is 100% man and while he resembles his daddy in looks, it is felt he will be far more loquacious than Papa Benjie.

We have often admired a model boat or plane constructed by "Mac" McElanand, but Mickey confesses that he likes to build 'em too—when he can get to them first!

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This cute little girl would like for her daddy to come home from the South Pacific so she can meet him and see what a Machinist Mate First Class looks like. Although he has been away since Teresa Ann came to stay with Mama Beryle Murray ten months ago, he has seen her thanks to V-Mail.
To these young men go the distinction of being the only twins that Tech can claim. Billy and Tommy are big brothers to pretty Barbara. Their "Mom," Lilian Bradford, says they are just ordinary children—as good and as bad as any other kids.

Credit for the largest family goes to Ed Stahl. Big brother Larry (a future Admiral) is at Annapolis; sis Betty is studying at Ypsilanti, Mich.; young Mary and Ann (the family tomboy) are helping to keep the home fires burning.

Edna Callahan's "Sonny" proudly wears the uniform of a Boy Scout and takes an active part in his troop's activities. He has stars in his eyes and we wish we were "little girls next door.""Jack," a member of the Budge family for three years, seems to inherit the red hair of his Dad and Uncle Don. No doubt he too will be a champion some day.

Florrie "Mom" Gilmore and Mrs. "Jack" are anxious to see a very special (Lt. (jg)) who is in command of a subchaser in the Mediterranean area. Jack has been overseas for fourteen months and expects to return home this spring.

Blond and blue-eyed Joe of the sunny disposition. He goes to nursery school and is as independent of Mama Burkart as a three-year-old can be.

Truman Gilfe, Jr., a former Techie, is following in his father’s footsteps as an Aviation Cadet for Uncle Sam. Younger sister, Colleen, loves her horseback riding and plays the "hockey stick" in the Edison High Band.
COURSE 17

"A" and "B" Flights started night flying last week and Bill Hayman gives his impressions in the following poem.

"In The Dark" or "R.T. at Night"

Our radio procedure
We read till there was no light,
To learn or bind, Control was kind,
The Tower said, "Roger, Out."

"Wheels down, locked and landing"
On the downwind, or about,
We called with fright, on our first night,
The Tower said, "Roger, Out."

We taxied fast to get our time,
And used the shortest route,
The sandhill deep, entrapped our "Jeep."
The Tower said, "Roger, Out."

Tex Helms one night forgot his gear
His check was up the spout,
Unsupported, he reported.
The Tower said, "Roger, Out."

Bell and Cohen on the path,
Heard not the others about,
Each touched a wing, announced the thing,
The Tower said, "Roger, Out."

The moral of this story,
In case you are in doubt,
If when advised, be not surprised,
Repeat, "Tower, Roger, Out."

Books At Tech

Harmonic Integrals, by Hodge.
Heroes of the Air, by Fisher.
How Our Army Grew Wings, by Lahm.
Metals and Alloys Data Book by Hoyt.
Our Good Neighbor Hurdle, by White.
Principles of Mathematical Physics, by Houston.
South America, by Jones.
The Complete Air Navigator, by Bennett.
Weather Analysis and Forecasting, by Petersen.

1954 Fun Parade

One of our favorite indoor pleasures these days is figuring out just how we will spend our War Bonds when they mature ten years from now.

What are you going to do with your dough in 1954?

Sure, you'll be ten years older, but listen, brother, no matter how they knock it, that money is a powerful rejuvenator. Once you shove those bonds through the bank window and they start showing those greenbacks at you, you'll throw away your cane, stomp on your bifocals and be ready for action.

Ton of Sugar

What you do with your War Bond money in 1954 is your business. You can buy yourself a ton of sugar and sift it through your fingers like a miser does his pennies. Or, you can buy yourself four white-wall tires and roll them around the block at breakneck speed. Or, you can add an extra room to your house to care for the grandchildren your soldier son's visit to Australia brought you.

But that's not for us.

We are going to spend our bond money on tours. Here is a sample: "Now is the time to see Europe ... $725 ... Six days on an ocean cleared of Axis submarines and mines ... Land in Hamburg, site of R.A.F.'s greatest show of power ... See Hitler's tomb ... Visit spot where Goebbels was shot ... Plant a weed on Quisling's grave ... Visit Lidice, the little Czech town that has been rebuilt and is one of the model towns of the world ... Stay at Roosevelt Hotel or the Ye Olde Churchill Inn in Berlin, formerly the Kaiserhof and the Adlon."

Japan for Us

But these are not for us, attractive as they are. We're trying to buy more and more War Bonds so that we'll be able to afford the trip to Japan in 1954.

Imagine the thrill of riding down Doolittle Avenue in Tokio, on your way to the MacArthur Hotel. What could be sweeter than to drop into the bar of the Hotel MacArthur and order a Remember Pearl
WINNER OF CONTEST IN 1928
FORESAW "WOMEN IN AVIATION"

Today at four divisions of Embry-Riddle, the Tech School, the Colonnade, Chapman Field and the Seaplane Base, scores of young women are being launched upon careers in aviation. They are getting private pilot, instructor and commercial licenses, instrument and link instructor ratings, training in radio and drafting and design. They are receiving the sort of training that is in line with aviation’s "coming of age."

But it wasn’t long ago, back in the ’20s, that a woman at an airport for purposes other than sight-seeing was front-page news. When Marion Taylor of Detroit won a complete flying course at the Embry-Riddle Flying School at Lunken Airport, Cincinnati, with her essay on "Why I Wanted to Learn to Fly," she was no less a pioneer than the crusaders for woman suffrage.

Marion wanted to fly—as did many women. But she had the courage to pounce upon the opportunity provided by Charles E. Planck, editor of Embry-Riddle’s publication, Sky Traffic, and put into words her dream of flight.

High Adventure

"The opening of the highway of the sky is this age’s road to high adventure," she wrote. "I want to be in the van. Aviation has come into its estate as a practical industry within my generation. I want to ride on its wings into the new era of industry and prosperity that is already visible. It grows louder and stronger as the leaping scale of airplane production zooms daily."

Flying had become an accepted career for men, but the aura surrounding the word aviatrix was still a holy one. "Because the industry is yet young," Miss Taylor continued, "it calls with the loud voice of unknown adventure and unlimited opportunities. I happen to be of the sex that still wears skirts. But that does not debar my ears to the lure of the skyroads. Every pioneer movement has its legends of women who went along. I want to go along with this movement of aviation. It is not my great ambition in life to become a legend, but I would ride the star fields where the legends will grow. Mildred Doran, Ruth Elder, Elsie McKay, Princess Lowenstein—back before the War, Ruth Law, Marjorie and Katherine Sinton; I want to be an anonymous member of their brave sisterhood."

Romance of the Sky

Marion Taylor was not untouched by the romance of the sky, but she was sufficiently practical to realize that it would not be long before women would take their place in this as in other industries. They needed only to be shown the way—to be assured that sex was not a deterring factor in aviation. And already they were being shown the way, as an addition to the curriculum at Wellesley points out.

"Recognition of the fact that women are going to claim a definite place in aviation has already been accorded by Wellesley College, where a course in practical flying, leading to a pilot’s license, has been offered and filled to capacity since September," Miss Taylor’s essay stated.

The vital importance of specialized training, conducted by properly accredited schools, also was stressed in the winning essay. This recognition is proof that specialized training is essential in this new industry. In particular the manipulation of a plane must be learned from experienced instructors. Such instructors can be found only at flying schools recognized by proper government."

Many Fields Embraced

"For every pilot there are from ten to twenty-five ground jobs, ranging from unskilled workers to high-salaried executives. Many of these are open to women," continued Miss Taylor, bringing out a truth that stands today. Aviation does not concern the pilot alone. It embraces an untold number of fields. Planes must be built; after they are built they must be maintained. Sky traffic must be regulated from the ground. Weather conditions must be checked and rechecked. Radio contact with the ground is essential to the safety of every plane. All these jobs and many more are open to women—just as Marion Taylor predicted.

Even twenty years ago this amazing woman foresaw the present-day scope of aviation. She realized its destiny as a leading industry. The leader of industry, actually, because upon its shoulders was to rest the time-honored element of speed. Speed, the difference between life and death, success and failure, since the days of the ancient Greeks when the fastest runner was a hero in his own right.

"Business enterprises and business executives have seized on airways as the solution to time-saving, an economy that runs into big money. Passenger lines are well patronized. Men are utilizing aviation. But women still adopt a boastful tone when telling of their first hop. It remains for some women to open the industry to all women. There are opportunities for women in aviation. So I want to learn to fly," Marion Taylor concluded.

No Longer Remote

Aviation was somewhat remote in the old days. But now it is a part of everyday living, for women as well as men. Those who are not intimately acquainted with it are as far behind the times as was grandpa when he stuck to the horse and buggy while automobiles crowded the highways.

There are few of the old-fashioned left among us. Men long have taken to the skyways, women are now a usual sight in the hangar, and youth rushes to the aviation technical school and airport as soon as age permits. The glamour and daredeviltry of yesterday have been replaced by the practicality of aviation today and the necessity for its continued development to meet the demands of the ever-quickerening pace of business and society.

ORCHIDS TO MR. EVANS

J. M. Evans of Maintenance is the person responsible for all the lovely flowers that brighten up the offices at the Tech School.

He grows the blooms in his neat garden just back of the building and distributes some each day throughout the School. Thanks, Mr. Evans, and keep up the good work. All of us appreciate it.
**WHITNALL WIT**

This week we are suffering from a slight case of sunburn, also a fish bone that stuck in our throat. Whoever says that we didn’t catch a fish is a (censored). Anyway, who cares about a little sunburn after all the cold weather we have been having?

Someone up in the Ad building told us that Carl Dann was thinking very strongly of taking up archery so that when next hunting season comes around he’ll be in A-1 shape to handle any situation that may arise in the field of sports. Ahem!

Art Ramer has promised a picture of Miss Ramer for the paper in the very near future. Art is boasting that his new daughter has more hair on her head than he has. All we can say to that boast is that we certainly hope so.

A new basketball and badminton court is being put in by “Pop” Anderson and his crew.

We might add that the story concerning Dorr’s Chief Guard and the snake might be true, but we would like to add that it was the same snake that had Lt. Hand up one of the palm trees the other night. Anyway, Lieutenant, you didn’t have to shake all the leaves out of the tree. Or maybe you just shake that way naturally?

Extra! Extra! Read all about big rattler killed on Field by our own Chief Guard! We were all a-flutter today when notified that Jack had shot and killed a rattlesnake of considerable size. We all were marveling at his marksmanship and his efforts to make this world a safer place when the Intelligence Officer came along to investigate—only to find that it wasn’t a rattler at all and whatever it was, Jack didn’t hit. (That’s all right, Jack, we all have our days.)

Contributed by Martha

**Ex-Dorr Cadet Lauds Training**

In a letter received by Instructor Albert L. Fredette of Dorr Field from a Cadet he once instructed, much praise is given to the excellent training the Cadets are receiving while in Primary.

Part of the letter received is given to show just how much the Cadets appreciate the cooperation and fine instruction they obtained from the Instructors while at Dorr Field.

“This is going to hurt me more than it will you, but for a moment I feel it necessary to step out of character and throw you a bouquet—even if you can’t do a left snap. After flying with us for about a week, our Instructor, during one of his little talks, asked us where we took Primary and if we all came from the same place.

“We told him we were all from Dorr Field. He said that it must be an excellent training field because it was apparent to him that we had had excellent instructors. No kidding! That’s just what he said. As a matter of fact, he could even tell that two of the fellows had had the same instructor.

“I personally must admit that there was a method in your madness (and you did get mad too) when you kept eating me out for not looking around enough and for being rough on the controls. Those are two things that he has also complained about. Guess I’ll just have to sharpen up.

“I’ll leave you now to your chandeliers and lazy eights, or is it still ‘tachometer altitude’?

“Sincerely,
“Bob Keyes”

**MAN OF THE WEEK**

by A/G Bill Carico

Whether you believe it or not, there are some pretty nifty figures passing daily through Dorr’s portals and they all go under the expert eye of L. M. Stroud, popular Field Accountant.

Like Earl Carroll, the Hollywood producer who also has a pretty good eye, Stroud has been dealing in figures all his life, and he says “My kind of figures can be fascinating, too.”

A native of Barnesville, Ga., Stroud has been at Dorr since September, 1943. He’s popular with both Officers and Cadets and is ready for a chat any time you drop in.

From behind his broad desk he’ll laughingly call attention to streaks of grey in his hair and remark, “You’d never know that it was once red, would you?” And it was, as red as the clay hills of his native state. Back in Barnesville he is still known as “Red.”

Before coming to Florida he served as bank examiner, working banks in neighboring towns. In his spare time he went pheasant and duck hunting, but since taking over his job here handling financial matters between Embry-Riddle and Uncle Sam, he’s been forced to give up his favorite pastime.

He has a special interest in the Cadet program, for besides working with them here, he has a son, J. D., in primary flight training at Albany, Ga. A member of Class 44-F, young Stroud is training with hopes of being a fighter pilot some day.

His two other sons, L. M., Jr., and Bill, are with our South Pacific Fleet. He also has two daughters, both residing in Florida.

After the War he wants to return to Gordan Military Academy, the South’s second oldest military school, and relive days past. As he puts it, “I was in the Class of ‘06 and I never did know if they all pulled through.”

A recruit was running the obstacle course, puffing and groaning, when he finally fell down.

“What’s the trouble?” demanded the PTO.

“I think I’ve broken my leg, Sir,” moaned the recruit.

“Well, don’t just lie there,” shouted the PTO. “That’s a waste of time. Start doing push-ups!”
MIAMI FLIGHT DIVISION

CHAPMAN CHATTER
by Cara Lee DaBoll

Seeing as how all good things must eventually end, I’m back, deah readers, to haunt this nook for news or the nearest facsimile.

First, I'd like to thank Tillie Tiley, June Page and Billie Fernandez for so graciously and capably pinch-hitting in this space while I was tied up with the preacher. (Dave was there too.)

"Cookie"

One of the more drastic changes I found on my return was the noted absence of Instructor Helen Webster and Byron Miller. Helen, I learned, has transferred to the seaside to instruct on those “Flying Ducks.” We’ll miss her refreshing radiance and cheerful personality. Byron left to return to his Bethany Homestead Farm in Pennsylvania. We’ll miss him too for he was one of the old Chapman Pioneers.

Good Luck

The departure of Lt. George Young, USN, for NATC brought forth good wishes for his success and good luck.

Jane Anderson, one of our New Jersey belles, came bounding back to the office Tuesday to explain in breathless six-syllable words that she’d just successfully passed a 43-minute checkout in the big Stinson by Mechanic Al “Caruso” McKesson. She’s still slightly gadget gaga and now lives in hope, if she dies in despair, that the next time she gets in the Stinson, she’ll get farther than the hangar door.

Arthur Gibbons is at present the prize picture of what the all-American business is doing to aid defense. With his sunburn as concrete evidence, he tells unbelievable stories (?) about his Victory Garden. He’s growing beans now and reaps quite a crop . . . bean by bean.

Sambo

The cute but impulsive lil’ new pup in Operations is another adopted addition to the Cavis household, Vivacious Sambo is appropriately named and belligerently defies anyone to give him any monkey business. Although he grows like a trapped tiger and would cheerfully love to dissect a finger or two, he’s cute as a wink and adds considerably to the safety as well as protection of the Control Tower and near vicinity.

Our Navy Cadet classes are running along as smoothly as a Coney Island roller coaster and the wheels of progress safely fly right along with them, thanks to Mr. Hadley’s super maintenance. By the way, Mr. Hadley is interested in anyone who might be able to assist him in the concoction of a just as efficient but more plentiful product to be used as a substitute for gasoline. Preferably inflammable.

The busman is here and this must go. See ya next week.

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WHITECAPS
by Cay Sillocks

Add A to B, subtract C, or whichever is smaller, drop 2, purl 5, pick up anything handy and throw it! Don’t mind me—it’s just the March 15th jitters. No doubt you are all in the same boat.

We really have one for the books! Mary Jessup took her solo cross-country the other day and it seems one must make a landing on this trip.

Mary picked a likely looking spot and set ’er down. At this point she decided to investigate the surroundings. To her (so she says) amazement, a huge building loomed ahead of her on the water’s edge. Hanging from every crack and crevice were literally hundreds of soldiers.

Mighty Roar

A mighty roar went up from the multitude—“It’s a girl!” After the first shock subsided, an obliging Captain, with many thousand flying hours to his credit, helped dock our young friend. The boys swarmed around and practically turned the “joint” over to her.

No doubt you’ve guessed by now! That’s right, she had landed at the Boca Raton Bachelor Officer’s Club. She swears it wasn’t a deep laid plot, but it looks mighty suspicious to us. Don’t crowd, girls. It isn’t a regular stop.

The welcome mat is out for our two new Instructors, Kay Kniesche and Helen Webster. We are all simply leaming over the additions. Our line crew boasts a new member too. “Rusty” Shethar has taken on the job of ramp girl and from now on she’ll be “a busy little bee,” as one other member of the line crew remarked recently. Hey, Rusty, where did you get that red, red face?

George and Lee Maxey paid us a visit. It was nice to see you again. We feel quite honored at having Capt. Wadsworth, a Flight Surgeon, no less, taking a fling at a water rating.

Flight Surgeon

George Masengart of Rockford, Ill., is listed among our students. It also seems fitting that Harriet Leon and Marguerite McKachern, “Candy” if you please, should be learning to handle the flying boats. They are WAVES. Louis Marsh is another new student we wish to welcome.

You’ll probably all welcome the termination of this poor effort, so until another day—so long!

"I used to think that nothing was impossible. Now I know better."

"Well, what happened?"

"I tried to go through a revolving door wearing a pair of skis."

FRANCES LETSON, DISPATCHER AT CHAPMAN FIELD, checks the log book of Navy Cadet Hugh Wilson. Frances is doing her part in the War effort while her husband, Lt. A. Benton Leaton, U.S.N.R., is a Pilot overseas.

SALUTE TO INDUSTRY

The radio program, “Salute to Industry,” which is heard at 1:30 p.m. each Saturday over WQAM, will feature Embry-Riddle on its program tomorrow.

Sponsored by Leonard Brothers Transfer and Storage Company, the program honors industries which are playing a vital part in the war effort on the home front.
Now that Bill Liversedge has gone back to Florida, the weather here has settled down to normal and the sun has peeped out from behind the clouds. Somebody keep him down there until the winter is over, please!

Things are buzzing around thick and fast and flying time is piling up.

Union City has been going around in circles the last three nights wondering who the winners in the Golden Glove Tournament will be.

We were well represented in the official line-up with Capt. Bourkard and Lt. Jones acting as timekeepers and Lt. Palmer as referee.

### Exhibition Fight

Last evening was climaxed with an exhibition fight between our ace ping pong player, Sgt. Bodle, and Cpl. Brock. Bodle says they had to catch him to get him in the ring, but they put up a swell fight.

Congratulations are in order for Lt. Jones, Lt. Beall, Lt. Wilkins and Lt. Beaupre, who have been made First Lieutenants.

Capt. Cromwell, Adjutant, has a new assistant, Lt. Robert J. Goding, who was transferred from AAFWSTD No. 39, Youngstown College, Youngstown, Ohio.

We welcome our new PBX operator, Sue Smith of Union City.

### To Tennessee

Pvt. Chesley will be transferred to Jackson, Tenn.

Kathryne McVay, Chief Clerk in Maintenance, and Laveren Emil Erickson, Instructor, were married February 20.

Folks, here is something I bet you didn’t know about Tommy Teague. He claims he won a baby contest in Ridgely, Tenn. After investigating we find that Ridgely was uninhabited at this particular time. However, he still says that he was the most popular baby. We hereby dedicate the song “You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby” to Thomas Elmer Teague, Jr.

### Contentment

Why is Instructor Stone looking so contented these days? Could it be because his wife is here and they are happily settled at home?

Is Johnny Orr really going in for this educational stuff, or is it just an excuse to get a certain teacher to help him with his homework? You know, grade slips and things.

### Union City Ham

It’s rumored that the National Barn Dance program is willing to sponsor our genial Cooper as the star announcer for “Grand Ole Opera” on Saturday nights. It might not be a bad idea to be close to so much H-A-M during these times of rationing, Cooper.

The two lovely dark-haired señoritas at Army Supply who have just started working there are Mrs. Irving J. Swartz, wife of Sgt. Swartz of Army Headquarters, and Mrs. Carlton F. Dow. Mrs. Dow is doing her part while her husband is flying in England. Welcome, ladies, we’re glad to have you with us!

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**PROVIDE FOR YOUR FUTURITY WITH MILITARY SECURITY . . . DON’T TALK!**

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**“THE OLD HOME TOWN”**

I’ve tramped through the streets of Colon
At a hundred and ten in the shade,
I’ve shoveled snow in the winter
So hard it would bend the spade.

I’ve walked post up at Slocum
Where north winds make you shiver,
And I’ve gazed at the Empire State Building
From a tug on the Old East River.

I’ve stood on the deck of a transport
With a couple of tears in my eyes,
Watching crowds on the pier
Cheering and waving goodbyes.

I’ve spent a while at Fort Hamilton,
Looking out across the bay,
Watching the lights of Brooklyn,
Where everything seemed so gay.

I’ve admired the Panama sunsets
Gleaming through Gaillard Pass,
And I’ve slept in a fishing village
In a hat that was made of grass.

I’ve lived a life of adventure
And I’ve had ‘em up and down,
But the biggest thrill I expect to get
Is a sight of the “Old Home Town.”

From “Tarfu,” September 16, 1943
—by Bud Charlie

(Tarfu—an old army expression meaning “Things are really fouled up.” The name of a one-time student publication at Riddle-McKay Aero Institute, Union City, Tenn.)

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1954

Continued from Page 10

Harbor cocktail served by a Japanese who does and always will?

What could be more gratifying than to step into the restaurant and order chicken O’Hara, or, when asked how you want your steak done, to answer the slant-eyed waiter with “Just make mine Midway, if you don’t mind.”

Yes, it’s nice to know that when you buy bonds today, you’re building up to a tremendous satisfaction ten years from now.

If any people are interested in the Tokio trip, let us know and we’ll plan to go on the same boat. Maybe by paying a little extra we can have Hirohito haul our rockshaw.

Don’t tell me it wouldn’t be nice to say “Ciddy-up, you Son of Heaven. Whoa, you ancestor-ridden Jerk!”

So keep buying those Bonds. When we go to those third-class countries after the War, let’s go First Class!

_Daily Dope Sheet,_

_Naval Air Station, Norfolk_
WING FLUTTER
by Chester Alsford

Recently the Field Service department, one of the more recently formed departments of the A. & E. Division, stationed at Aircraft Overhaul, had one of its first real opportunities to swing into action.

One of the Aero Expresso Inter Americano S. A. trimotor Ford cargo planes, flying on one of its regularly scheduled runs to Cuba, developed engine trouble over the Florida keys and had to make a forced landing on Marathon Key.

Embry-Riddle Field Service was called into action and rushed to the Keys to repair the plane. On arrival at the spot where it had made its forced landing, the plane was found guarded by the Coast Guard who had arrived on the scene soon after it had landed.

The highly trained Field Service crew swung into action, removed the damaged engine and installed a new one. In the midst of making the engine change, a number of dive bombers appeared overhead and made the grounded plane a target for a simulated dive-bombing attack, giving the Field Service crew one of the real thrills of the trip.

Up on the completion of the repairs, the cargo plane was able to proceed to Cuba, and the tired Field Service crew returned to Miami.

Moving Day

Division Accounting moved to the A. & E. Division offices this week, leaving our Timekeeper, Jacqueline Gross, to hold down the fort all by herself. "Jackie" says she is going to feel like she has been left on a deserted island after the others have gone to their new offices.

Mr. Benson, our genial Assistant Superintendent at Aircraft Overhaul, one of the crowd of Sunday golfers, has entered the Dixie Amateur Tournament at the Miami Country Club. We sincerely hope that he will give the Field some stiff competition and come through with flying colors.

Mr. Smith of Division Accounting must have high hopes of becoming a gentleman farmer. It is reported that he has purchased a ten-acre farm south of Miami and that he spent last week end grubbing palmetto stumps.

Charlie Benford, one of the porters, is responsible for those lovely bouquets of flowers that are appearing daily on the desks in the offices and in the plant. They were grown by him on the plant grounds. Among the varieties that are now growing along the front fence are calendulas, zinnias, larkspur and marigolds.

For the benefit of those who have not yet met her, the new secretary in the Inspection office is Mary Schwarz. Mary came to Miami from Lancaster, Pa., where she was employed by the Armstrong Cork Company.

Myrtice McCook is on a week's vacation, going by way of Atlanta to her home in Fitzgerald, Ga.

The Dopers were glad to see Bessie Carter back on the job after a few days home with a cold. Harriet Hunter and Lillian Coyle also have been home ill this past week.

Next week we hope to be able to bring you a report on the numerous cases of sunburn that appeared last Monday morning.

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A. D. D.'S
by Mary Frances Pernar

Well, folks, here we go. That McNamara girl and Capt. Bacon kinda ganged up on me while I was a "guest" at the Bilmore. Also, I think my Mother had a hand in it too—remind me to speak to her. She spilled the beans that I was a journalism student at Tally but failed to mention I almost flunked the course.

We are all happy to learn of Major George B. Sandrecous's promotion. He is stationed in Jacksonville, Fla. He is former Commanding Officer of the Air Depot Detachment at Carlstrom Field and at one time was on temporary duty here in Miami at our Detachment. We hope he can find time to come see us.

Two familiar faces are missing from the Detachment—Catherine Kerr and Erma Dienes—and we hope their illness won't keep them out too long.

A number of our good people tried to get all their sunshine at one time Sunday. The colors range from lobster red to well-done brown. Nothing like spending the winter in Florida. (Chamber of Commerce please take note.)

Our new offices are very lovely and if you are out our way we would be glad to have you come in to see us. Hint: Capt. Bacon, how about a house-warming?

We are looking forward to a visit from Major Conrad C. Schatte of Warner Robbins Air Service Command the last of this week. He is making a Manpower Survey.

There goes the 'phone and it's time for the mail, so "bye bye."

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I shall pass through this world but once.
Any good therefore that I can do
Or any kindness that I can show
To any human being
Let me do it now. Let me not defer it
For I shall not pass this way again.

-Anon.

ARCADIA OVERHAUL
by Bleeka Kistler

And so we come to the parting of the ways. Charles Berberian, Army Inspector, has up and left us, moving into Hangar No. 5 along with the Army Supply personnel. Charles has occupied an office in our hangar since the start of Overhaul which for the most part has been very pleasant for all. We shall miss him even though he is in the next hangar.

The Time department seems to be enjoying the office vacated by our Army Inspector as they now have the quiet and privacy they have longed for.

Pvt. Freda Clark spent Friday at Carlstrom Field greeting old friends and looking over our new shop. Pvt. Clark makes a swell looking WAC and we are very proud of her. She says she likes the Army and wouldn't be back in civilian life again for the world. "But I'm not recruiting," she said.

Freda complimented us on our new shop. She said everything was so nearly perfect that she couldn't suggest even one change in only WAC and some of us are rather envious of that "snazzy" uniform which Freda wears with great dignity.

Jeanne Mack trekked off to Tampa this week end. The object of these periodical visits to Tampa has not been divulged but some of us have our own ideas about it.

Nell Turner is back from a trip to Augusta, Ga., where she visited her brother who is confined to a hospital there. She reports his condition as improved.

New faces seen in Overhaul this week are those of Hubert Blair, Jimmy Miller and Harold Roche. We are glad to welcome you boys. Dorothy Bekker is quite a sensation these days with her newly acquired pig-tail hair-do. Mildred Forrester has decided she is not air-minded. Rumor has it that Lulu Daughtery is interested in parachute rigging.

Al Williams finally has finished his Taylor Craft after many, many months of hard work. Mama Jean spent Sunday afternoon at the Auxiliary Field patiently waiting for Papa "Al" to appear on the scene with said Taylor Craft. But alas, it was a futile wait for he was detained for reasons unknown. Now it's the doghouse for Papa.

SILENCE ASSURES VICTORY!
Talk can defeat . . .
DORM LIFE

by Suzie Bryan

Eight months, as measured in time, is three fourths of a year, but to me it seems as if it were just yesterday that Embry-Riddle opened the doors of the first Girls' Dormitory. Betty Ordway and I entered 235 Majorca in Coral Gables when paint was still drying, carpenters were still hammering and the measurements for draperies and slip covers were the topic of the moment.

Karen Draper and Syd Burrows did their utmost to obtain stoves, ice boxes and other articles the War had made almost extinct. It was fun seeing things take shape and grow to what is now a well-lived-in-building with fun and laughter around each corner.

Frankie Gilmer soon followed our footsteps; then came Jan Williams, Dot Crabtree and Edith Chapman. I could go on, but the old faces have gone and new ones are coming in every day to take their place. We have fifteen states represented, from New York to California.

Then came the day when one dormitory was not enough and another, not far from Majorca, was opened. One noticeable difference is the twin beds rather than double-deckers; otherwise, it is much the same. However, the girls who sleep in those double-deckers regard them with fondness. One thing that will always stand out in my memory is "Skeeter" Barton flying through the air very early one morning when she forgot she was on top, then brushing herself off and climbing back up to fall soundly asleep with no harm done, while I tried not to laugh too hard.

What makes the gals worthwhile, and what they are doing worthwhile, is that most of them worked before coming here to enable them to take their courses. And while here most of them are working hard at something during their few spare hours. They are not flying because it would be nice to have a private license, or taking radio because it might be fun in later years, or taking Link because the little plane does funny spins—they mean to do something now with the training they are receiving.

But it is not all work and no play. There are dances on the Beach and all kinds of sports activities are offered. The Coral Gables Riding Stables are just two blocks from the Majorca Dorm; there are pools and the Atlantic Ocean for swimming; tennis here at Tech; basketball for those who want to play.

GENERAL ORDERS

Effective immediately, all Company correspondence to be mailed to the Aviation Technical School for the Ministry of Aeronautics at São Paulo, Brasil, should be sent to the office of the Director of the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation at Miami where it will be cleared for mailing to the Brazilian school.

Please do not seal the correspondence as it will be censored in that office before it is forwarded. This is being done to avert trouble with our correspondence passing the censors.

It won't be long now before I'll be off for the cold snow and ice of Lake Erie, but I won't forget the many wonderful friends I have made here at Embry-Riddle. I consider it a privilege indeed to have worked and played with you girls of the future, living at 235 Majorca and 221 Menores respectively.

So, bye for now, and best of luck—it's all yours, Gillie, and make it good.

Every time you guard your speech
You are guarding a soldier's life!

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