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IN APPRECIATION OF GENERAL H. H. ARNOLD

As the global war courses to an early climax, the roar of the United States Army Air Forces is unmistakably heard above the rising crescendo of the conflict. Thus far it has been the predominant factor in most decisive engagements in which our armed forces have participated.

The Air Force of the United States already has distinguished itself by performing a major role in all theaters. It was the air power of this country that saved Australia by a hair’s breadth from the fast-expanding conquest of the Japanese after Pearl Harbor. Our planes in the Pacific skies now have seized the initiative from the Japanese. Major General Willis Hale asserted Sunday that his command, within five months’ time, has extended the American land airplane bases at least 1,300 miles westward toward Tokyo.

The U. S. Air Force played a major role in ousting the enemy from Africa, and in reopening the Mediterranean to Allied shipping. The Italian-based and Britain-based warplanes now are pulverizing the war industries of the Reich in preparation for the final knockout blow against Europe. Massed in England are sufficient planes, men and supplies to assure unbroken air support for the impending naval and ground assaults against the continent.

As the historians poised their pencils to record the momentous events now in the offing, the name of General H. H. Arnold cannot escape them. From this war he will emerge as one of its truly great leaders, inasmuch as he is directing the world’s greatest air force in the world’s greatest War.

And in the archives of Miami Beach the name of General Arnold should be inscribed on a golden page. We have only to recall how bereft of tourist business our city would have been in order to appreciate the extent to which the coming of the Army Air Force training schools to Miami Beach has literally saved our merchants and landlords from disaster.

The entire plan to bring Army Air Force units here for training had to receive the approval of General Arnold. With his characteristic shrewdness and foresight he gave the go ahead signal, with the consequence that the Air Force has availed itself of superior training quarters and grounds, all the while preventing our resort city from becoming a notable victim of the war among America’s cities.

As the training schools of the AAF gradually retire from Miami Beach, we experience two emotions. We feel an extreme pride in the part our city has been privileged to play in the training of more than 50,000 administrative officers, and of more than one-half million enlisted men; and we feel deep gratitude to General Arnold and his staff for the prosperity that has prevailed in the community largely due to the Army’s expenditures here.

Thus, General Arnold’s decision to bring the AAF schools here was doubly fortunate for the citizens of Miami Beach.

From the MIAMI BEACH SUN-TROPICS, reprinted by permission of John D. Montgomery, Editor and Publisher.
Letters to the Editor

Lucille M. Maurer, Y2c
U. S. Coast Guard (WR)
5127 Cabanne Avenue
St. Louis, Mo.
April 18, 1944

Dear Editor:

I imagine that you have no idea who this is writing to you, but even if you don’t remember me I do remember you, and all the gang on the Fly Paper. There probably are quite a few new faces around since I left Embry-Riddle, and I just wonder how many of the old ones are still there.

First of all I want to thank you for sending me the Fly Paper all this time. I really appreciate it. It’s about the only way I have of keeping track of everything that goes on with dear old Embry-Riddle.

But it seems we have been giving Uncle Sam quite a job forwarding the Fly Paper, to at least ten different places, before it reaches me.

Oh, yes, I have been married since I left Embry-Riddle to join the Spars, and that also manages to keep my mail pretty mixed up.

I just wanted to let you know that I think of all of you often, and more than once wish I were back in Miami again. I hope you will continue to send me the Fly Paper, but please to the above address.

I just wonder where my old boss, Mr. Buxton, is now, and what he is doing. Is he still with Embry-Riddle? I believe I read in the Fly Paper that Harry Kohler was one of the lucky ones to go to Sao Paulo and if so I know he is enjoying himself immensely.

With thanks again and again for sending me the Fly Paper and hoping it will continue to come, I am,

As ever,

Lucille (Winchester) Maurer

Editor’s Note: Of course we remember you, Lucille, and we also recall the sad day about a year ago when you said adieu to the Warehouse. We have relieved Uncle Sam of the job of forwarding your Fly Paper by correcting the address. Don’t forget to notify us of any change. Yes, “Buck” Buxton is still with the Company in the Aircraft and Engine division. Harry Kohler is in Brasil and, as you surmised, is most enthusiastic about the new School. All of us want to wish you much happiness in your marriage and success in your career as a SPAR, and please write us soon again.

116 Fisher Avenue
Tuckahoe 7, N. Y.
April 12, 1944

Dear Miss Bramlett:

Our George came home yesterday. He is fine and it’s all like a dream from which you are afraid you will be awakened. He couldn’t get over how we all looked to him, especially his little sister who has sprouted so tall during the past year. He couldn’t believe that that beautiful little blonde baby, Dorothy Janette, whom he had not seen before, was his. It’s all like a dream to him.

He is home for a leave of absence after a year’s combat flying in the New Guinea area. He has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal and the Purple Heart.

On his way home from New Guinea he had the pleasant fortune to run into his brother John, so you see the blessings we have. John is a private in the Radio Division of the Signal Corps. He was in the battles of Kwajalein and Eniwetok and came through without a scratch.

I guess we have waited long enough for the above news, and now that you have it, I hope you can put a piece in the Fly Paper.

Sincerely,

(Mrs.) Florence J. Barnaskey

Editor’s Note: Thanks, Mrs. Barnaskey, for sending this exciting news to Kay Bramlett, who sent it on to us with the picture on this page. We wish to congratulate Lt. George Lathrop Barnaskey on his wonderful record—Carlsstrom’s Class 42-1 will be very proud of him.

IT. GEORGE LATHROP BARNASKY
Graduate of Carlsstrom Class 42-1

Dear Editor:

I am writing you this letter to let you know a little about the progress of Course 15.

Most of the boys are checked out as first pilots of either B-25, B-26, C-47 or C-46 aircraft and are flying regular overseas flights. I myself have made four foreign deliveries flying the B-25 and B-26 type aircraft.

“Chuck” Kohler, Stuart Rich, Lee Young and Warren Davis also have made several foreign trips, and we meet each other at flying fields all over the world.

Gene Jackson and Chuck Kohler are now stationed somewhere in India flying the C-46 cargo ships.

John Korabansics, Lou Turnes and Johnny Goodwin are flying fighter type aircraft in California; the rest of us are still here at Wilmington.

Most of us are members of the well known “Short Snorter’s Club.” I have 23 bills in my collection, one for each country visited.

I hope you will give my regards to my former instructors, Mr. W. Blume and Mr. Fritz Sebek, who taught me everything from soup to nuts about flying.

I also hope you will send me your regular issues of the Fly Paper, both to my folks at home and to me at the Base.

I guess I’ve written just about enough for one letter, so I’ll sign off for now. Until I hear from you, “Keep up the good work.”

Frederick A. Banga.

Editor’s Note: Your letter is a welcome resume of the doings of Course 15, Riddle Field, boys, Fred, and it will have many avid readers among the British lads who are now “somewhere in England.” Twenty-three countries is quite a record—we know you are doing your part in “keeping up the good work.” Let’s hear from you regularly, and tell the fellows you run into to drop us a line, too.

1512 Cabanne Avenue
April 12, 1944

Dear Editor:

I often wonder how things are getting on down at Clewiston, so remembering that we can get the Fly Paper, I hope you will add my name to the mailing list. I would appreciate it very much.

I was in Course 14 and am now in combat training flying the P-47 Thunderbolt.

Sincerely yours,

John W. Cook

Editor’s Note: Your letter has been referred to us by Matt Tierney, John, and we have complied with your request. How about writing us more details about your training—the Fly Paper is a good medium for comparing notes with members of your class who have been sent elsewhere.

Army Air Base
Richmond, Va.
April 19, 1944

UNCLAIMED LETTER

A letter addressed to L. J. Powell may be found in the Mail Room at Tech.
Letters from England

12 Blacker Street
Chesham, Bucks.
England

Dear Sirs:

I am writing on behalf of my mother to thank you for the Fly Paper. It is read from cover to cover by the whole family, then passed on to the local branch of the A.T.C.

We used to send it to my brother, F/Sgt. Pilot L. A. Baker of Course, but regret to inform you he has been presumed killed in a flying accident on July 10, 1943. He was known to Course 7 as Corrigan, as, quoting from Fly Paper, September 17, 1942, "he played follow my leader to spend a very pleasant night in Lakeland."

My mother and the rest of the family will never be able to repay you for the grand time you showed Len while he was in your country, especially Mrs. Fosdyke, whom he was always praising.

Once again thanking you from the bottom of our hearts, and good luck and God bless No. 5 B.F.T.S.

Yours faithfully,
D. L. Gould.

P.S. We hope you will continue to send the Fly Paper as often as possible.

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451 Battersea Park Rd.
Battersea, London S. W. 11
England
March 15, 1944

Dear Editor:

I would like to offer you the sincere thanks and appreciation of my family and myself for the continual and punctual arrival of the Fly Paper, which we all find so very interesting.

We have received it regularly since my wife's brother, L.A.C. W. J. Wilson, was a cadet training at Clewiston in Course 11. He has done very well in Canada, passing his Navigator and Bombardier Course with flying colors, which, I am sure, was mainly due to the wonderful training he received while at Clewiston.

I am sure that he would like me to thank you very much on his behalf for the kindness and consideration you all showed to him during his stay with you, which he thoroughly enjoyed.

I might add that the Fly Paper is eagerly read by all at home and then we send it to my daughter in the WAAF's stationed in Scotland with the RAF, and she assures me that her companions read it with great interest and it is continually passing around. Could you possibly send her a copy? If so, I am certain it will be greatly appreciated.

Might I ask you also to please rectify my address as a few days' delivery are lost owing to the Fly Paper's going to London S.W. 8 instead of S.W. 11. I trust you will kindly oblige and thank you very much again for your kindness and generosity.

Yours respectfully,
S. G. Neale

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Miami, Fla.

Dear Editor:

I received a letter from England which may be of interest to a number of your readers—sent by the father of Tony Bradshaw of Liverpool, who was graduated with Course 1 at Riddle Field, Clewiston.

In the letter, Mr. Bradshaw told of Tony's being awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, but at the time was missing. Later he was found to be a prisoner of war in Germany.

I am enclosing a copy of the Government notice which you might like to print in your paper.

Cordially,
Marion Yoder

Editor's Note: We greatly appreciate Miss Yoder's sending us the following, which is self-explanatory:

Ministry of Information
3 Cross Street
Manchester 2, England
12th January, 1944

To the Editor:

ROYAL AIR FORCE AWARD

The King has been graciously pleased to approve the following award in recognition of gallantry in flying operations against the enemy:

DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS—
Flying Officer Anthony Bradshaw,
R.A.F.V.R., No. 129 Squadron.

---

Queens Hotel
Harrogate
England

Dear Mr. Durden:

Very many thanks for the photograph which arrived safely. I appreciated receiving this very much as it now completes my album of photos taken while I was in the States.

As I receive the Fly Paper quite regularly, I still keep in touch with the events of Riddle Field.

Right now I have just returned after a two months' leave and one of the first persons I ran into here was F/O Keech, also waiting a posting, so it's rather like the gathering of the clan.

I also understand that F/Lt. Crossley is here but so far I have not seen him.

Once again thank you for the photograph and please give my respects to all at Riddle Field.

Yours respectfully,
R. T. Horwood
P/O R.A.F.

Editor's Note: James Durden, Assistant General Manager of Riddle Field, kindly sent P/O Horwood's letter to us for publication. It's great to have news of our old friends, John Keech and John Crossley. If you see any of the Course 14 cadets, P/O Horwood, say hello for us and suggest that they write occasionally.

If you would like the Fly Paper sent to you bi-monthly, 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 ____________________________
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Published Bi-Monthly by THE EMBRY-RIDDLE CO.

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AFTER THE WAR

by Chaplain L. H. SHOFIELD
Dorr and Carlstrom Fields

While walking along the street in town the other day, my attention was attracted to a little girl seated on the sidewalk playing jacks. Instead of the usual metal jacks, however, she was using dried berries about the size of marbles.

When I asked her about the "jacks" she was using, she said enthusiastically, "After the war I'm going to get a set of real jacks." Her remark set me to thinking about what people want after the war.

The Bible says, "For as he thinketh in his heart, so he is." (Proverbs 23:7). A wider application of that verse is: As the world thinketh, so it is. The little girl will have a shiny new set of metal jacks after the war. What does the world want, what will the world be like after the war? That depends upon how you and I think now.

Now that I think of it, I have heard adults express their wishes and plans for post-war days. "I'm going to have a new electric stove." "I want a new home." "I want an air-conditioning system for my house." Or perhaps it is a new car or radio. But all such hopes will be futile without the kind of world in which they can be enjoyed.

I want a world of international collaboration. I hope we can provide a framework of continuing collaboration between the United States and in due course with neutral and enemy nations. I can see that international competition soon becomes world anarchy.

I want economic cooperation. I would rather have less abundance and know that nations with smaller territories and resources are having sufficient food and materials. I would rather sell or loan goods to make a have-not nation a friend than to lend-lease to others to defeat that nation when it rises to power and becomes our enemy.

I want religious liberty. We must es-

Continued on Page 8
Dear Zed:

Here's a bit of general gossip concerning the lot of us down here at the Escola Técnica de Aviação.

The Engine department is under way and so far the boys have had two weeks of Wright and one of Pratt & Whitney. Carburetion started this week and Charlene Gould and Nelson Pitzele are teaching it. The Allison engines are expected any minute so we'll be able to teach them next week.

I've been here for just four months and beginning the first day of April we are getting eight days holiday, when I hope to go to Rio or some seaside resort.

I like São Paulo and have no kick to make. Am living with Charlene Gould in an apartment which has a kitchen, living room, two bedrooms and a bath. Although we worked in the same department at the Tech School, we had to come five or six thousand miles to get acquainted. I like her tremendously and we get along wonderfully together.

We have a kitten and a parrot! We had a couple of snakes. One was very beautiful, a false coral, but the poor thing died, much to the relief of many of our friends who thought we were dumb crazy.

I just came from the Engine department where Pitzele is going to town or carburetors and farther down the line Morris is spouting on Pratt & Whitney. Pitzele is wonderful with his Portuguese. He can really talk up a storm in it.

I played tennis last Sunday and bowled with the school teams at night. I must admit that I'm quite stiff.

My best regards. I hope that a fair wind will blow you down this way one of these days.

One of your most troublesome students,

Elizabeth Conard

Editor's Note: Zed Aydelott of the Instructor's School, to whom this letter was written, tells us that Elizabeth was far from being a troublesome student. He assured us that as an instructor in engines Senhora Conard is one of the best.

This is a grand country and a grand city. São Paulo is situated about 50 miles from the coast and Santos. Its elevation is about 2,500 feet above sea level and the surrounding terrain is very mountainous and very beautiful. The city itself is quite hilly.

It is hard to realize that wild and undeveloped regions are within such easy distance of this great, sprawling, ultra-modern, metropolitan city. When I write "ultra-modern," I mean just that. Spacious, well paved boulevards, some with beautiful parkways of flowers and shrubs, many public parks scattered throughout the city, and many new and imposing buildings favoring the European types of architecture comprise most of the city. An interesting contrast are the older buildings which in many sections make one think of some part of old Europe. The houses in the suburban parts of the city will challenge anything we have in the way of modernity of design and beauty.

All construction is of masonry and I am here to state that what the Brasilians can do with concrete is nothing short of amazing. Can you imagine 15 and 20 story commercial buildings and apartment houses without a bit of steel fabrication? They are fabricated entirely of reinforced concrete with concrete slab floors.

The native woods surpass anything we have in beauty and durability, being of very hard types. Wooden blocks of much harder wood than our oak, 2½ x 6 x 2 approximately, are laid three to a square counter to each square, on the concrete floors so that buildings are practically soundproof.

We have made several trips to the outlying countryside, or hinterland as it is called here. It is wild and beautiful and unsullied by sign boards, etc. I am not a good enough writer to describe adequately the beauty of mountain ranges covered with deep forests, sunny meadows, crystal clear streams and smoky waterfalls.

We have been to Santos and it has a very fine beach known as Guaraja. That too is

Continued on Page 8
DOINGS AT DORR FIELD

MAN OF THE WEEK
by A/C Jim Null

On February 8, 1924, in the city of Antioch, Ill., Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Francisco were blessed (?) with a son, Donald Everette Francisco, Jr., born with the same friendly sparkle in his eyes that he still has.

A/C Francisco attended Oak Park High School where he lettered in football and ice hockey and was captain of the swimming team. After graduation he studied medicine until he volunteered for duty in the Armed Services.

Aquatic Star
Don's mother was a contestant in the 1920 Olympics as an aquatic star but had to cancel plans because of illness. His father was a professional ice skater and held the national championship in speed skating for quite a number of years. He also was a contestant in the 1920 Olympics held in Amsterdam, Holland.

Don's chief hobbies and pastimes in civilian life were motorcycling and speed boating. He won quite a number of races with his craft.

Bomber Bound
Having just completed his primary training here at Dorr under the instruction of Mark Brann, "Snooks" Francisco has developed a burning desire to become first pilot of either a B-25 or B-26.

We will all remember Don as being a darn swell friend, a pleasant companion, a hard worker and, in general, the kind of a person we like to have around.

Don't scatter idle chatter!

A/C DONALD E. FRANCISCO, JR., of Dorr Field's Class 44-H is Man of the Week

ONE OF THE P-51s that visited Dorr on Field Day. Vance Tonkin, Hangar Inspector, is in the foreground.

DORR FIELD STAGES FIRST AIR SHOW
by A/Cs D. C. MacGillivray and J. W. Malandro

At the conclusion of their Primary Training, Dorr's late litter of eager fledglings participated in a colorful and dramatic Air Show last week, the first of its kind ever to be presented at this Field. Major Curnutt, Commanding Officer, conceived the idea and with the assistance and cooperation of his staff and the Civilian Personnel it was a huge success.

Upperclass cadets, chosen by merit from each squadron to compete in acrobatics, spot landings and the hurdle stage, were featured during the early part of the program which started at nine o'clock Friday morning and lasted for three thrilling hours; later, guest performers were introduced.

Spot Landings
A large gathering of wives, friends of cadets and personnel collected on the ramp in front of the tower as the first plane took off. The event was an exhibit of power-off spot landings from 1,000 feet where contestant flew over objective, a circle of white baskets, twenty-five feet in diameter, cut the throttle and make a 180 degree overhead approach.

Despite the fact that there was a steady cross wind, the cadets performed very well. A/Cs Fink and Boyer succeeded in making a perfect landing right on the spot, thereby taking first and second places, respectively. They were judged on their approach and their landing as well as their proximity to the target.

The hurdle stage is a more complicated form of spot landing in which the pilot must clear a six or ten-foot suspension before landing on a given spot. It simulates a situation in which a high obstruction surrounds a small landing strip and the object is to clear the hurdle and set the plane down as smoothly and as close to the indicated spot as possible. Instructors accompanied the students in this event due to the precariously low speeds at which the approach is made.

Varied Techniques
Practically every contestant used a different technique—the announcer explained and made interesting, instructive comments on each. All did unusually well. A/C Lance made three spectacular landings, winning first place.

Despite the fact that the cadets had had only a few hours of acrobatics, they put on a remarkable show, demonstrating loops, slow rolls, snap rolls, Immelmans and two-turn precision spins at 3000 feet. A/C Delhuy took top honors in this event.

Hardly had the cadets landed when four P-51s, under the command of 1st Lt. Coufiant, raced across the field in an exhibition of low altitude strafing and tight formation flying. Their speed and maneuverability thrilled both guests and high aspiring cadets who were given a chance for the first time to get a close-up of the famous Mustang used on almost all the current battlefronts.

How Not to Fly
Carl Dunn, Director of Flying, then took the limelight in the Cub, giving his witty rendition of "How Not to Fly." His skillful exhibition kept the crowd in "stitches" as he slipped and skidded through lazy eights, medium banks and other fundamental maneuvers which give

Continued on Page 8
BACK DORR GOSSIP
by The Retiring Gremlin

Orchids! The “Ohs” and “Ahs” were many! The strange part is that Martha volunteered no information—just gazed at the gorgeous flower and glowed... Wonder of the week—Mr. Henderson showed up in sum-tans; very becoming, too... Two more of our Canteen girls off to join their husbands: Juanita Bond, who has been at Dorr Field a long, long time, and Alean Sullivan. Hate to see you leave but sho’ don’t blame you.

Mary Edna all aglow—her sis and the little niece are visiting her and she’s having a wonderful time—even gets up before 8:15 so she can spoil the infant, and when M. E. gets up before breakfast, that’s something... Spring is really here—everybody being comfortable in cotton frocks—fans on—canteen fountain very popular—no neckties—windows opened wide.

Doghouse Blues

Cadet Royalty bowling dismally from the Doghouse for lack of cooperation in preparing a “Keyhole” column last week... Might be well to check up on Cpl. Estes—of late he looks like the canary that swallowed the cat... Did A/C Jim Null finally get the date he’s been wanting ever since his arrival at Dorr three months ago... “Pappy” Greene has a wonderful telephone voice—no wonder the Operators like to handle his calls.

Have you heard about the new Classbook? After listening to the conversation of those who did see the “copy,” we are really eager—hurry it up, can’t you?

The Air Show very good—we employees truly enjoyed the opportunity to see some flying. Accumulated some sunburns and freckles, too!!


NEW DORR-WAY

The classes of 44-H and I at Dorr proudly presented their new and different classbook this week, the fruit of four hard days of behind-schedule cramming during which time much midnight oil is reputed to have been burned. The idea of pooling the talents of both the upper and the lower class into a single issue seems to have been a good one for out of the concoction came a book which surpassed all previous issues in uniqueness of design and presentation of material.

Spearhead

A/C Richard Neage, a former student of Carnegie Tech’s School of Industrial Designing, was the spearhead in Dorr’s latest literary and artistic endeavor. To him, as Co-Editor, goes the credit for layout and planning. He, as well as Art Directors C. M. Doyle and J. B. Smith, are to be complimented on their employment of up-to-date technique in presenting clever, original creations. Mr. Doyle’s previous experience with the **Tampa Daily Times** was invaluable, while Mr. Smith’s witty cartoons added spice and color to the magazine.

Literary Side

The literary end was handled by Co-Editor Paul Sheehan and Associate Editors D. C. MacGillivray and J. W. Bell. Included as writers on their staff were A/C J. A. Null and A/C J. B. Crear; Sheehan and MacGillivray were students in the same class at Boston College.

Credit for the excellent photography goes to Charles C. Ebbets, Chief of the Photographic Division of Embry-Riddle. A/C Kearby and E. D. Rice were Business Managers.
WHITNALL WIT
by Jack Whitnall

That yellow line which extends down in front of the hangars is the fifty-foot line and means that there is to be no smoking between it and the hangars; we think it would be a good idea that should you see someone smoking inside that line, you walk up to him, hold your palm out and have deposited within your itching palm the sum of 25c—and vicky-verv should you be the culprit.

Overheard in the Ad Building this past week: Mr. Flannigan: “Four Mustangs just flew in.” Hazel Dishong: “Gee Whiz, let’s all go down to the flight line; I always did want to see a flying horse.” . . . Martha H. telling a certain Cadet that she always goes to prayer meeting on Wednesday nights.

The Fish Net

While on a fishing expedition to Punta Gorda this past week end, we did catch some fish tooooone . . . anybody says contrary is a scoander; well, as we were coming home through the town of P. G., we heard a feminine voice . . . and . . . what do you think it said: “Hey, Wolfe!” Tsh, tsh . . . We certainly are going to have to get Mr. Stroud to get after his stenographer about this.

This past week we were told that we are losing Lt. Wilson B. Hand, our Post Intelligence Officer. We hate to see you go, Lieutenant, and we all wish you the best of luck at your new Post; what we are wondering is who are we going to get to blow the siren with such finesse as you have—maybe at your new Post they will have one with chimes on it.

Congrats to Lt. Mel Kahn upon his recent promotion to 1st Lieutenant; and thanks for the cigar.—(No. Capt. Farmer, it did not blow up—it will be quite safe for you to go ahead and smoke yours now.)

Memory Mix-Up

Note to Lt. Cameron: The next time the U.S.O. girls visit the Post we suggest that your leave your bicycle with the Editor of this column so that in all the excitement of your official capacity (Special Services Officer) said Editor can remind you where your bicycle is if he can remember who left it with him.

A visit this past week from Major Richardson, C. O. of Lodwick School of Aviation, Avon Park. Maj. Richardson is an ex-Carlstromite from way back; come back and see us again, Major.

P. S. Do your year shoes? Horses wear shoes. Look at yourself in the mirror when you get home. Who knows. You may be a horse.

AIR SHOW
Continued from Page 6
the novice so much trouble at the outset of a flying career.
Performing along more sober lines, Mr. Dunn climbed to about 2500 feet to execute a rather complicated spot landing. He cut the switch so that his propeller stopped turning, did a perfect loop and a slow roll, finishing up with a one-wheel landing which brought him within inches of a basket, his target. Mr. Emmitt C. L. Povey, Vice-President of Embry-Riddle in charge of all flying operations and well known acrobatic flyer, climaxed the morning’s entertainment with a series of maneuvers in an AT-6. He won the admiration of the spectators by executing perfectly the Cuban Eight, which he originated, and many of the other difficult maneuvers which have made him famous and at which he is so proficient. Capt. Povey is an outstanding personage in the field of Aeronautics and Dorr Field was honored by his appearance.

AFTER THE WAR
Continued from Page 4
establish in principle, and seek to achieve in practice, the right of individuals everywhere to religious and intellectual liberty. You, too, have thoughts and ideals for a post-war world. We must think them through clearly, plan courageously that they may become realities, and begin now to practice them intelligently.
“As he thinketh,” if he thinks, as he plans and if he practices, man will have a world of harmony and peace.

BRASIL
Continued from Page 5
a thriving city of considerable size. The beach is a grand resort with big pounding waves on a wide, hard, white sand beach that is ideal for swimming and bicycling. There are rocky, mountainous promontories that jut out into the ocean and lend grandeur.
Rio de Janeiro is a city “out of this world.” It is impossible to describe the awe-inspiring, rugged beauty of this great seaport and resort city. I never expected to see anything so wonderful.
You have perhaps gathered by now that I rather like it. Of course, yes. I do! I like the people, their way of living, which, incidentally, is very gracious, and their country.

Editor’s Note: The above excerpts are from a letter written by Donald Peck to the Coral Gables Lion’s Club. A postscript was added to the letter saying “Just a short hello and good-bye—I’m Blakeley.”

DIRR’S KEYHOLE
by A.C. D. M. Royalty

The class of 44-H is not the only ship­ment being made in the near future. Lt. Wilson B. Hand, Intelligence Officer at Dorr Field since July, 1943, will soon be on his way to Missouri, the state of spec­tics.

As for 44-I, the poor Redglings are soloing one by one. The goggle steadily have gone from neck to forehead, and the flight caps should be blooming out with Air Corps wings.

During this period of soloing, Nick Va­fades openly expressed his love for the good earth by deliberately, but tenderly, placing a kiss upon the cheek of Mother Earth . . . Dave Lassiter received some fatherly advice from his instructor before going up alone: “Bring it down safely,” purred said instructor, “because it is GI property.”

Horizon Headaches

Lou Vinnes claims that his horizon and the one the instructor uses are in different places; and Bob Watkins describes a spin as the condition, “When the plane goes down, you go up, and you both make like a corkscrew.”

Confusion is still going strong at Dorr . . . must be due to that recent air-show . . . first we are shown how we are supposed to fly and then how not to fly.

Seriously, that exhibition by Carl Dunn has been the topic of many conversations the past week. The consensus of opinion seems to be that it was all an illusion, for a Cub couldn’t do the maneuvers it was supposed to have done. While we are on the subject of this Field’s first air-show, it may be added that there will be a con­stant demand for more of the same.

Few people have learned just what the story was last week on A/Cs Null, Francisco and Jacobs. If your interest has been aroused, then see Don Cunningham—he knows the details.

Clown of Dorr

The clown of Dorr has been discovered after considerable research. Sam Mucaria had the upper class and their instructors in stitches at the farewell banquet. Pin a rose on “H” for they have been told that they were a good class. During the feed several speeches were made and will be long remembered. Lt. Gailey, our Commandant, bade us “good luck” and sent us on feeling just a little sorry to leave.

By the way, this probably will be the last time your present correspondent will peek through the keyhole for you, so there’s one good bit of news at any rate. Editor’s Note: Good news, nuthin’, Dennis. We’re crying in our cokes down here in Miami and if you don’t write us from Basic, we’ll send a Gremlin up to plague ya.
Colonnaders Welcomed to Tech

by Gene Bryan

THANKS

Many thanks to all for the desk clock which was presented to me on Monday. With a genuine airplane clock to guide me, I should keep my appointments exactly on time! I do sincerely thank each and every one of you for making my birthday such a nice one.

George Wheeler, Jr.

To cement his friendship with short and tall
Our Charlie Ebbets has been bringing to all
Those white gardenias we love so well
A practice we think is mighty swell.

Exit, Beatrice and Pauline who have turned the tables.
They’re going from the Tech School to work in Coral Gables.

Checking guests in and checking guests out
We’ll miss them a lot, of that there’s no doubt.

Here are words we all join to say
To a group who are pleasant every day.
We really appreciate our switchboard
Our girls their kindness never hoard.

Sales has a new assistant
D. B. Ransburg is irresistible.
Can you spare a pint of blood
To increase the plasma bank?
If you can, it would be good.
You might save a home-front fighting Yank.

Hillstead, for you it’s welcome home.
Brasil is a swell place to roam.
Only wish we all could go down
To see the school at São Paulo town.

One more move is being completed.
In the hall where for mess were seated
Those soldier boys we trained of yore
“Wearehouse” now says the sign on the door.

Lil, our Tech Talk gal, is leaving.
Soon for her we’ll all be grieving.
It’s bad enough to have her go away
But why to California must she stray?

Now the end is in sight
This chatter I’ll soon cease to write
We’re glad we’re all together again.
So long—this really is THE END.

If your lip has a zip
And your gob a tab,
You won’t give the enemy
Any rumors to nab!
CARLSTROM CARROUSEL

KAYDET KORNER

Welcome to Class 44-J. May you be as happy but as full of gripes, as conscientious but as heckling to your tach officers, as eager beaverish but as full of fun as your predecessors! But please! All I ask is that you handle our outstanding safety record with care. We’re proud of it!

Our thanks to Lt. Alex Marks, Public Relations Officer, for the following story on the graduation banquet for cadets and officers.

"44-H graduates of Carlstrom Field celebrated completion of their work at a dinner on Thursday, the 20th of April, at the Mess Hall. The principal talk was by Major John E. Clonts, Jr., who introduced Capt. Clarence W. Porter, incoming Commanding Officer. Awards were presented to outstanding athletes at this time.

"In his talk Major Clonts thanked the members of the class for their cooperation with the officers assigned to Carlstrom Field, asserting that without this cooperation the mission could not have been accomplished.

Pitfalls

"Most of the Commanding Officer’s talk concerned the problems Cadets would face in the Basis stage of training at Gunter Field. The first week will see a stiffening of discipline with standby inspections to keep them ‘on the ball.’

"With respect to the ships at Basic, Major Clonts declared that the BT-13 is not a dangerous plane, but that the transition from primary to basic is probably the most difficult change a pilot must make. The basic engine has much greater horsepower and the ship flies 50 miles an hour faster, so it is necessary to think more rapidly and planning ahead is much more important even than at Primary.

CAPT. CLARENCE W. PORTER

We welcome Capt. Clarence W. Porter back to Carlstrom Field. Having served as Operations Officer here from the latter part of 1942 through the spring of 1943, it is a home-coming for Capt. Porter as he returns to succeed Major John E. Clonts as Commanding Officer of the 53rd Flying Training Detachment.

"Following the presentation, Cadet Wing Commander Robert J. B. Bowers toastmaster, introduced Capt. Wilson M. McCormick, physical training director at Carlstrom. This officer pointed out that during the stay here the class average in the physical fitness tests had risen from 51.9 to 62.1 points, a notable improvement. Capt. McCormick announced that although the Carlstrom-Dorr Field Meet was a tie, Dorr Field would retain possession of the Cup.

Trophies

"Lt. Roy J. Weiner was introduced to present the individual athletic trophies won by Cadet Henry F. Heyl, Jr., in swimming and Cadet William A. Blackburn in tennis. Cadet Richard G. Genth of Group B was presented a handsome trophy as the outstanding Cadet in the class, having won the physical fitness test which included the obstacle course run, swimming, tennis and several track events.

"The closing event in an interesting and inspiring program was the delivery of individual certificates to Cadet James K. Britten, in charge of athletics for Group A which won the group competition."

ROUND THE FIELD

The headline for this week concerns the Maintenance department and its rating of "Excellent" on the recent inspection tour of Brigadier General John G. Williams, Jack Schopenhauer, Superintendent of Maintenance, is justified in wearing that smile which easily could be used for a foot rule. Both he and the entire department are commended for their efficiency.

You’ve heard of unsung heroes. That title well describes many of the civilian personnel who help to “keep ‘em flying” at Carlstrom. I paid a visit to the 50-hour crew in Hangar No. 1 the other day. I had always wondered why they were called 50-hour men. Perhaps many of such terms, so blithely used by those “in the know,” have puzzled you too. Well, although my visit was a surprise and I suppose interrupted the routine of their work, they were very courteous and stopped to give me the information I sought.

No Less Than Perfection

The Hangar Chief, Pasco Mannfield, was not in but his assistant, Ernest Krell, and Inspector Johnny Payne were most helpful. Paul Sloan and Basil Keen also were there. The 50-hour crew is comprised of about 30 men, some of whom travel 50 miles per day. They are the men who actually keep
MAJOR CLONTS

It is with deep regret that we of Carlstrom Field say goodbye to Major John E. Clonts, Commanding Officer of Carlstrom from December 15, 1942, to April 24, 1944.

Major Clonts leaves Carlstrom to report to Hendricks Field, Sebring, Fla., where he will be given transitional training on the B-17 preparatory to combat. He takes with him our good wishes for his continued success and happiness.

Major Clonts entered the Army in November, 1940, as an Aviation Cadet. After training at Darr Aero Tech, Albany, Ga., Gunter Field and Maxwell Field, Ala., he received his wings and commission at the latter field on July 11, 1941.

In August, 1941, Major Clonts reported to Carlstrom Field and assumed the duties of Assistant Air Corps Supervisor. Since that time he has served ably in almost all the duties of the post, which afforded him an excellent understanding of the many problems confronting his fellow officers and contributed to his success as Commanding Officer when he succeeded Major George Ola. During the past two and one half years he has risen three full ranks, from gold bar to gold leaf, his majority coming in November of last year.

Youngest Officer

During his career of flying Major Clonts has logged more than 1,440 hours without an accident of any kind to himself or his plane. He has a lifetime of first-hand observation of Florida weather and Florida terrain. He is the youngest officer to command the Carlstrom Field Detachment, having been only 25 years of age at the time of his appointment.

Major Clonts was born in White, Ga., but moved to Oakland, Fla., at an early age. He joined the Air Corps from Orlando where he had practiced law for about six months after graduating from Stetson University, Deland, Fla. In college the Major was active in campus sports and activities. He was captain of the football team and an officer of Phi Alpha Delta legal fraternity. In December, 1941, shortly after his arrival at Carlstrom Field, Major Clonts was married to Miss Sara Freeman of Orlando.
THE ARMY SIDE

Farewells, adieux and godspeeds were given Lt. Charles Gillo recently when he was transferred to the Army Air Forces Primary School at Douglas, Ga. Assigned to Carlstrom in December, 1942, Lt. Gillo progressed to the Adjutant’s desk in February, 1943. He is succeeded by Capt. Arnold Edmonson.

Cpl. “Scotty” Seres has returned from furlough spent at his home in Ohio where over indulgence in his mother’s superlative cooking put an extra eight pounds on him. Cpl. Lane of the Link department also has been on furlough, visiting Baltimore and New York City.

Sgt. Jesse Townsend’s mother, Mrs. Elsie Gould, visited him from Washington, D. C.

About 60 enlisted men and wives of both Carlstrom and Dorr enjoyed a Pork Chop Roast (ribs are scarce at times...). The War, you know) at the USO picnic grounds. After feasting to their hearts’ content (I wonder why they say “to the heart’s content?” Surely one doesn’t eat to satisfy the heart!), the party moved on to the C-D Enlisted Men’s Club where the evening’s frivolity continued.

Sports Review

After continued victories in the first four games of the season, the Carlstrom baseball team was defeated Sunday afternoon by Buckingham Field. Star of the outfit was pitcher Sgt. Wayne Whitton of Army Engineering. We’ll be cheering for you next week, fellows, when you play the Venice team.

Final bowling scores are not yet available, but be assured I’ll not forget them.

Golf enthusiasts are looking forward to that match with Clewiston. When you put Bob Bullock and Phil McCracken on the same green, you’re bound to have some excitement. So hurry and set the date!

ON THE LINE

Continued from Preceding Page

week while Metzger, our station wagon driver, took his aged father to Tampa for treatment of injuries sustained when he had a bad fall. We all wish him a speedy recovery.

Billy Ebersole graduates—Lt. Ebersole of Arcadia and Flight Officer Joseph R. Coker, recently commissioned, visited their Primary instructors, Roy Wemett and Ed Denham, last week. Both of these boys were members of Class 44-D and are on their way to Craig Field for transitional phase in P-40s. Good luck, Billy and Joe!

“I understand your wife came from a fine family.”

“Came is hardly the word. She brought it with her.”

—Geba News.

CARLSTROM ORCHESTRA

The Cadet Club now worries no more over the music for Saturday night dances. The newly formed eight-piece cadet dance band fills the bill. The orchestra of this octet was A/C George T. Christ who played trombone in his hometown dance band before entering the Army. Mr. Christ not only arranged the orchestrations for this cadet group but played the piano as well. Others of the original company were Cadets C. G. Dehrite (trombone), E. T. Jamieson (drums), George St. Pierre and J. W. Wright (sax), W. D. Byrnes and R. J. Schieberl (trumpet), and F. O. Davis from Dorr Field (guitar).

A/C Byrnes is hot on the trail of his cousin, Bobby Byrnes, famous orchestra leader who now pilots a Thunderbolt. William D. already has mastered the trumpet and is now engaged in learning (his instructor hopes) this business of flying in Class 44-I. I expect he’s got his eye on the Thunderbolt, too, as the ultimate goal.

Time Marches On

Four of these men graduated in Class 44-H; but, although they will miss the direction and untiring efforts of Mr. Christ, the band is expected to enlarge again and grow bigger and better as time marches on. It is believed that Carlstrom has scored another first in having a band, also organized by A/C Christ, to play for reviews and at retreat, being the only Primary Field to have such an organization. This band is slightly larger than the dance band and will become even larger as additional instruments become available.

To Capt. Wilson McCormick and Lt. Roy Weiner goes a great deal of credit for the cooperation and encouragement they have given in these projects.

A letter from Brig. Gen. Edward M. Morris, Commanding General of the 12th Fighter Command overseas, to Mrs. John A. Blackburn commands her son, Joe, for distinguishing himself in a manner especially deserving of praise.

“On April 6, through extraordinary individual courage and skill, Joe destroyed two German ME-109’s, thereby contributing in large measure to the success of a vital mission in which his unit was engaged.”

Lt. Joe Blackburn, a Carlstrom cadet in Class 43-B, has been awarded the Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters. He has seen action in Sicily, Corsica and North Africa, having over 50 missions to his credit.

Joe’s brother, William A. was graduated from Carlstrom just recently in Class 44-H. He hopes to follow in his courageous brother’s footsteps. Good luck, William!
**CHAPMAN CHATTER**

by Cara Lee DaBoll

Time flies and history is being made while this correspondent dreams of sneaking away to hibernate with the landcrawlers who worry not about flight time or deadlines. But no rhymes nor matter of reason will keep me out of the doghouse dungeon so I had better make haste with the news of the week before somebody burns my bridges behind me, which is not good!

To get off to a happy start may we extend congratulations to Riddle Fielder Jack McConkey, blond, single, 5 ft. 11 in., who proudly waved that instrument pilot ticket as he bade Chapman goodbye. Con- 
dolences to Personality Kid Bill Fisher and Papa Lyons who had more than their share of bad breaks.

**Off to the Big City**

The entire Field bade faretheewell to flight student "Chris" Tuck, well known to many Miamians, and wished her god-speed to New York. Keep us posted on your future aviation career.

"Twas not all farewells this week, however, for we found an occasion to haul out the brass band and pipe in ole' timer Jack Wantz who was the first student to be graduated under an Approved Commercial Course at Municipal Airport back in 1940. He stayed with the Embry-Riddle family until 1942 instructing trainees on C.P.T. Programs.

Arthur Gibbons remembers Jack as the "Famous Stinson 105 Pilot" before aviation became so safe. He is now a first class Captain with the Air Transport Command stacking up lots of valuable time and flying everything in the books. Lots of luck, Jack. Come back and see us.

**On Furlough**

Another notable visitor, but no stranger, was Katheryn Jones on furlough from the WASPS. She too has lots of exciting stories to tell about her training, which includes most everything from AT-6s to B-26s, and the adventures in general she's had at Sweetwater and other advanced flight training centers. Many happy landings, Kay. Give us a buzz if ever you fly this way.

You fellows who remember Robert McNernay will like to know that he's now with the Fleet in the South Pacific holding forth on a deserted island 1,500 miles from anything human and keeping just as happy as a Hindu Nightingale in Brooklyn. I have his address so how about you who have a few free minutes dropping him a line?

**LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON**

Counterpart of the late William DaBoll, famed acrobatic flyer of early barnstorming days, is his son, David W. DaBoll, Flight Commander of the Intermediate Navy Program at Chapman Field.

In 1942, at the age of 18, Dave was the youngest flyer in the country to hold a commercial pilot certificate and an instructor rating. Now, at 21, he has added to his aviation record an instrument rating and a reputation for proficiency as an acrobatic flyer.

Dave joined the Embry-Riddle family in May, 1942, and flew at Municipal until operations were transferred to Chapman Field. In two years he has trained about sixty Army and Navy Cadets and thirty private students.

Dave was reared in Lakeland, Fla., and received his commercial pilot certificate and instructor rating at Lakeland Municipal Airport. As a boy he worked for the Tampa Morning Tribune.

Last February Dave took off on a lifetime dual flight with Cara Lee Cook, secretary to Arthur Gibbons and editor of "Chapman Chatter." Happy Landings, "Cookie" and Dave.
RIDDLE ROUND-UP

NO. 5, B.F.T.S.
Matt Tierney, Editor

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Associate Editors: Jeanne O'Neill, Neil Dwyer, Lois Hefflin, Jock Moyes, Ruth Elmont, Walter Todd,
Arthur Rushworth, Virginia Dwyer, R. F. Wye, Bill Hayman and Francis Sharples

JUST A-FLYING
by Betha M. Socin
Dedicated to her son, Ernest J. Smith,
General Manager of Riddle Field

That son of mine, just a-flyn'
Making long sweeps thru the sky,
Stirring up clouds with the sunshine,
Choosing his path very high.

He sets his days to a flying song,
Following the rainbow trail
Thru limitless space, while the day is young.
Flying on like a meteor's tail.

Why should he be earthbound,
With the sky so warm and blue?
Why should he wait clocks around
When his guiding star shines true?

He thinks his time was wasted
Before he had a plane.
He shouldn't been born a-flyn'
To start him off to fame.

Just a-flying.

KEN RUDD, the new Cadet Wing Commander
of Course 18

COURSE 20

Course 20 has arrived at Clewiston; as yet the fact may only be apparent to Course 20. We venture to prophesy it may not always be so. Course 20, "Booby Boys," has a hoo-doo on it. Ever since it missed its leave at I.T.W. six months ago, it's lumped a specially evil geni around.

Course 20 is so odd it carries a couple of Warrant Officers 'round as mascots, one tame.

Course 20, awkward as usual, came from Toronto. Three of four weeks at Toronto were spent behind the scenes; but in one week we got to know more about Toronto than we ought. Incidentally, Toronto seemed to like it. We figure we're going to like Clewiston; we're mad about flying, so it ought to add up.

One of the warrant officers won three prizes in one night at Toronto—for being the oldest cadet, for being the longest married cadet, for having the most children. Other W/O is shy and single, and hides behind a bush.

There are even more colorful personalities in this strange assembly of "Jonahs," and of respectable lovely rank. We'll reveal them to you, issue by issue, as they hit the headlines some way or other.

Although we've a lot to beef about—lack of leave and all that sort of thing—Course 20 are not pukka line-shooters. We'll tell you a lot of silly stories about Toronto, maybe, and you might even be inclined to believe some of them, but generally speaking, we're comparatively harmless—as yet.

"Brother, can you spare two bits?"

"Why don't you ask me for a dime like other panhandlers do?"

"Mister, it's after 6 p.m., and everything after 4 o'clock I hafta charge time-and-a-half for overtime."

COURSE 18

Last week brought A and B Flights to their nocturnal wonders and night flying was started in earnest. A week, a hectic week, in which all the untried little knacks were tried and one in which Sam Boyce and Johnny Page distinguished themselves.

Meanwhile, C-D Flights had been busy boosting their Instrument Time, refusing solo ships, getting the story on the square search and the elusive light 16, and above all getting those cross country hours in.

On Saturday most of the Cadets flew all day and made both Pilot and Navigator trips to Homosassa, but not without a little wear and tear on their persons. Maybe it was just a coincidence that the "Dead End Kids" were showing at the Dixie Crystal that night?

Acting on the "it's easier than you think" adage, several resolutions have been made by our boys on the subject of "Binding."

COURSE 19

The early part of the week was spent attempting to learn cockpit procedure and wondering about the weird and wonderful PT-6s. Although the weather damped our spirits somewhat, it reminded us of one of our previous R.A.F. stations and its wonderful climatic conditions.

Thursday saw us once again in Clewiston, which, one might add, has not changed very much in the past month or so.

Mrs. NeSmith was at the Cadet Club on Thursday organizing a weekly dance for us, which, if possible, will be held on a Wednesday evening.

On Saturday night a dance was held at the Sugarland Auditorium. A dozen or so of the course attended and according to the reports the dance went off with a "Swing."

A few reached Palm Beach again and spent a few hours swimming. We all noticed the absence of the "winter" holiday makers and wonder what it will be like during the summer months when all the girl friends have journeyed northward.

We hear that one of our Cadets met two girl friends from Pahokee. Gosh! What a town.

JOHN CROW, CHIEF MAINTENANCE MECHANIC
and Radio Technician of the Link department at
No. 5 B.F.T.S.
WINGS PARADE AND FIELD DAY

As the historians poised their pencils, momentous events now in the offing, the name of H. H. Arnold cannot escape them. From this he will emerge as one of its truly great leaders, as he is directing the world's greatest air force in the world's greatest War.
EMBRY-RIDDLEITES ANSWER CALL OF DADE COUNTY BLOOD BANK

The response of Embry-Riddle personnel to the call of the Dade County Blood Bank has brought forth praise from many quarters. To every one of you who offered his blood, the Bank wishes to express sincere gratitude. Well done, Embry-Riddleites. You have exercised a unique privilege.

Unique? Yes. The Dade County Blood Bank is a pioneer in its own right. It has the distinction of being the first community blood bank organized in the United States.

There has never been a Red Cross Blood Bank in this area—there has always been a need for one. The people of Dade County met that need admirably, and Embry-Riddleites are helping to carry it on.

The Bank has grown rapidly and now serves most of Florida. It is patterned after those of the Red Cross and hopes soon to have mobile units to facilitate blood donations.

Plasma is at the disposal of the Armed Forces as well as the civilian population in this area, and, at the request of the Red Cross, will be sent overseas.

The Bank, in conjunction with Miami industries, has inaugurated an organized effort to build up a surplus for emergencies, such as hurricane disaster or epidemic. We are proud that groups of Embry-Riddleites were among the first to respond.

Those who would like to become regular donors, who would be willing to give blood once every eight weeks, may register with the following people: Marie Jewett at Tech School; Arthur Gibbons at Chapman Field; Jack Young at the Colonnade; Dick Hourihan at Engine Overhaul.

BLOOD BANK DONOR AILEEN DEVEREAUX of the Sales department was one of the many Techites who recognized the importance of the plea of the Dade County Blood Bank.

EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER "Stick To It" May 1, 1944

Sr. Samuel Bosch
Direccion General de Aeronautica Civil
Ave. Quiniana 531
Argentina

In the Spotlight!

Today . . . and Tomorrow

In the newspapers and magazines—on the air—everywhere—attention is focused on Aviation! And it will still be in the spotlight in the years ahead, as it hits its full stride of commercial development.

Aviation needs trained men and women right now. And right now is the time to get Embry-Riddle training in whatever branch you choose. A moderate investment in sound schooling can pay you big dividends the rest of your life. Write us for complete information today.