Extraordinary Career of Captain Len Povey
Began with R.C.A.F. at Age of Fourteen

by Jack Hobler

Little do people realize what it takes to get an autobiographical interview with an important man. Trying to get Jack Hunt to talk was hard enough; getting to see Len Povey was darned near impossible. When Len is in his office he hasn’t a minute to himself—the phone is constantly ringing, there are a score or so of people to see him, and there’s his cigar which requires constant attention if he wants it to stay lit. “A busy man” is the only phrase that describes him.

On February 8, 1904, at Nashua, N.H., there came into this world a bouncing little boy whose first utterances were “Rooooaaaarrrrrr!” instead of the conventional “Wah!” From here on, he exhibited decided tendencies to stand on his head, hang by his feet, and walk on his hands. It seems that flying machines were coming into a vague vogue, and in his youthful exuberance, he just couldn’t sanction the newfangled things unless they could also be ridden upside-down.

Joins R.C.A.F. at Fourteen

So, at the ripe old age of fourteen he left his second year of high school and more or less ran away from home to join the Royal Canadian Air Force. Some officer got wise to his youth, and Master Povey was, to put it indelicately, thrown out.

Undismayed by this initial reversal, Laddie Len journeyed to another recruiting station in Canada and enlisted again. Unfortunately, he was sent to Borden Field for his training and got in two weeks of flight training before somebody caught up with him, and he was again, to put it indelicately, thrown out. You see, it was Borden Field that he’d been tossed out of the first time.

Too Good for Own Good

There intervenes a period about which he says nothing except that he was becoming a good mechanic. In fact, he became such a good mechanic that, when he enlisted in the Army Air Corps in 1922 to go to Brooks Field for flight training, the recruiting officers decided that he could do them far more good as a mechanic, and forthwith sent him to Mitchell Field.

This was hard to take, but was somewhat alleviated when Lieutenant Barksdale gave the young Povey some flight training on the side at Hazelhurst Field. When the youthful mechanic’s hitch was put in 1925, he left the Army and went to work for Rolls Royce as road tester and service manager.

In between times, however, he managed to get a flying license and organized the

Continued on Page 4
EMBRY-RIDDLE
FLY PAPER
“STICK TO IT”
Published Weekly by
EMBRY-RIDDLE

RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE
Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Florida

RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE
Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida

EMBRY-RIDDLE SCHOOL OF AVIATION
Miami, Florida

RIDDLE-McKAY AERO INSTITUTE OF TENNESSEE
Embry-Riddle Field, Union City, Tenn.

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KEN STIVERSON — JACK OHBLER
A. “JOE” WILLIAMS — SAM LIGHTHOLDER
Staff Artists

CHARLES C. ERIEBS, Staff Photographer

COME SATURDAY

Another Graduating Class will be
with us at the Deauville. So, let’s
turn out in full force and help
them celebrate. There will be no
buffet this time, but there will be
plenty of shrimp cocktail and
broiled chicken.

EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER “Stick To It”
October 8, 1942

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

JOE HORTON’S FAN MAIL

Mr. Joseph R. Horton
General Manager
Aircraft and Engine Division
Superintendent of Maintenance of all Fields
Embry-Riddle Company
Miami, Florida

Dear Joe:

Your smiling countenance looks out at me from the September 3rd issue of your good company’s “Fly Paper.”

Aside from having the genuine pleasure of learning of your many accomplishments, I get a definite kick out of reading the splendid house organ developed by your organization. Naturally, with so many of our former gang being with your outfit, the reading of the journal keeps me pretty well posted.

Actually, I believe your house organ is among the best that crosses my desk and it leaves little to one’s imagination when they start trying to keep track of what is going on in the various training centers throughout the country.

Congratulations on your well deserved climb to the heights. In addition to yourself, please say “hello” to all of our alumni who still happen to be on your payroll.

Very truly yours,

EARL R. SOUThee
Chief, Standards Division
Civilian Pilot Training

Editor’s Note: “Joe” Horton tells us that Mr. Southee, an old World War I pilot, is the “grand pap” of glider flying. He started the “flying craze” and promoted civilian interest in glider flying.

Dear Editor,

The Fly Paper always includes a number of charming candid snapshots taken at the other divisions of Embry-Riddle. Why are Tech School snaps never published?

DISTURBED

Editor’s Note: We’d love to publish snapshots of our Tech personnel and students—if said personnel and students would only send said snapshots in. So, get busy, everyone, and let’s make the Tech School page picture-conscious.

A.A.F., Barracks 415
37th Tech School Squadron
Chanute Field, Ill.

Dear Editor,

Am now stationed here as a lecturing instructor in the Link Trainer Instructor’s School. It’s quite a swell job and I enjoy it immensely. I am lecturing on instruments and advanced instrument flying. Completed the Link course here myself August 5, and was kept on as an instructor. I am also doing most of the instrument maintenance work for the department.

DICK LIVINGSTON, Pvt.
14, Boughton Lane
Loose, Maidstone
Kent, England
August 30, 1942

Dear Editor,

I feel I must write to you and show my appreciation for your kindness in mailing your intensely interesting magazine week by week, bringing as it does a breath of fresh air from so far away.

As I write this, my son, Cadet J. H. Watson, one-time resident of your lovely Arcadia, is well on the way to receiving his coveted “wings,” as Course 42H comes to an end. He has given instructions that your papers are to be saved for him, as he wants them for “keepers” after the war to revive the memories of his stay in your hospitable country.

I feel I must take this opportunity to say how grateful we parents of cadets feel for the wonderful treatment they are getting at the hands of everybody they come into contact with “over there,” whether in the course of duty or on leave. I am sure they, and we, will never forget it, and as for us, we are only awaiting the same opportunity to do something similar for your boys over here, who are, as you know, already giving Jerry a taste of their quality.

It seems to me that one thing emerges from out of this mess that the world is living in at present, and that is that the two English-speaking nations will have to get together more after the war than ever before, and that, while they do, it will be impossible for would-be masters of the world to get as far as Hitler and Co. have done up to the present.

But I have got too serious, I am sure, for the light-hearted contributors to your paper, so the final reference I shall make to the war is to say that we here, in Kent, the “Garden of England,” having seen the “Battle of Britain” fought over our heads, now crane our necks skyward as we try to identify each new type of plane that flies on its way to do its work for us—and for “you-all.”

Once again, many thanks to all for their kindness to our boys, for their painstaking conversion of the raw materials into air-men, and for the happy “Fly Papers” that come so regularly across the “big pond.”

All the very best wishes, with Victory as the greatest,

H. REGINALD WATSON
Dear Fly Paper Fans,

Just last week, we announced to you the change of our former General Manager, H. Roscoe Brinton, to Carlstrom Field. From our new General Manager, T. E. “Boots” Frantz comes this note.

“Mr. Roscoe Brinton, our General Manager, has left us to become General Manager of Carlstrom Field at Arcadia, Florida.

Mr. Brinton came here in the early development stages of Embry-Riddle Field when it was but a dust bowl. During these few months he has been our Manager and has built a fine organization, with everyone working in perfect harmony and happy to do his job. While achieving this, Roscoe Brinton also secured the love and respect of every man and woman of Embry-Riddle Field. We all feel that we were not working for him but with him. Our loss is his gain.

H. Roscoe Brinton, comes this farewell note.

“I wish to take this opportunity to express my deep appreciation for the cooperation and friendly spirit into which everyone entered to make this field reach its present success.

“It is with regret that I leave Embry-Riddle Field, and I trust that everyone will keep up the good work, carry on the fine spirit, cooperate and help to maintain Embry-Riddle Field with the same high standard which is endeavored to be maintained at all the fields.

“I wish to heartily thank the entire Army and Civilian Personnel of Riddle-McKay Company for the excellent choice for my future relaxation.

“Good luck and Happy Landings!”

And here are notes from us to Mr. Riddle and Len Povey.

General Managers of Carlstrom and Embry-Riddle Fields

At the left is H. Roscoe Brinton, new General Manager and Director of Flying at Carlstrom Field, having been recently transferred from Embry-Riddle Field at Union City, Tenn. On the right is the smiling face of T. E. “Boots” Frantz, who stepped into Brinton’s shoes from the position of Assistant Director of Flying of the Riddle-McKay Company. In the September 24th issue of the “Fly Paper,” Larry Walden gave us two excellent write-ups on these notable gentlemen and in this issue also pays tribute to them. A little later on we will tell you more of their achievements.

Gifts From the Gang

“We have learned that down in Punta Gorda, Mr. Brinton is building himself a log cabin, and in years to come while enjoying this, lest he forget the gang up at Union City, we are having shipped to him a Rockefeller Easy Chair with Ottoman to match. We are also having three portraits made of him. One will be hung in the Administration Building, one in the Operations Tower and one will be presented to Mrs. Brinton.

“I speak for every employee of Riddle-McKay as well as Army Personnel when I say—we are sorry you are going, we hate to lose you, but to know you are going to a bigger and better job in some measure compensates us for our loss.

“So we say—Best of Luck—God bless you—and ‘Keep em Flying.’

Farewells

From our departing General Manager.

Seems as if the Flight Instructors beat the stuffings out of the Army Officers in the Volley Ball Tournament, which means that the Officers are going to be on the paying end of a party. The idea of anyone suggesting hamburgers and coca colas anyway!

Of the several Flight Instructors who are vacationing for a few days, it seems that Chuck Waldron has gone the farthest from the Field. Have a good time in California.

67th Ready Room Chit Chat

Blowing of taps and the grand finale of 43-B’s Primary Training leaves us with an empty feeling knowing that we must leave friendly Union City, where relationships have been pleasant during the past weeks.

Our ranks have thinned leaving our ready room bare so that chatter is minimized and laughter low. The remaining Cadets take this opportunity to thank the entire staff of Riddle-McKay for their close cooperation and friendly advice.

To Major James for his careful guidance. Lt. Mackey, who has been so willing to help and always tactful in the face of our short-comings and yet firm in showing the correct path for becoming officers and gentlemen. To Lts. Kominic and Kleiderer who have patiently corrected our bad flying habits. To Mr. Walden, Mr. Glover, Mr. Cottrell, Mr. McClure, who have made Ground School interesting and educational. Their teaching technique has our complete support. To our instructors who were patient and understanding during our off-the-ball-days. They have been our inspiration to fly. To the Dispatchers, check pilots, the ground crews, who have so patiently gone out of their way to help in so many ways. To the Medical Detachment who have taken care of our many and various ills.

The United States can well be proud of 67th AAF/FDT’s personnel for their spirit and cooperation. 43-B salutes you—one and all!

—Cadets Collins and Fern

Carlstrom Honeymooners Visit Tech

The Tech School was delighted to see Mr. and Mrs. “Joe” Woodward at the Tech School on Tuesday. This charming couple was married in Baltimore last Saturday and came down to Miami, where they spent their short honeymoon at the Deauville. “Joe” was recently made Director of Ground School at Carlstrom and everyone wishes him success and, of course, everyone wishes him and Edith (Doenges) a world of happiness.
ARCADIA GROUND BREAKING

Mayor Marshall T. Whidden of Arcadia (left with shovel) and John Paul Riddle, president of Eiddle Aeronautical Institute which operates Carlstrom and Dorr Fields (right with shovel) breaking ground September 23 for the new 75-house Federal Housing project, approved by the War Production Board, at the Villa Rica Park development in Arcadia, which is expected to relieve the housing shortage problem occasioned by expansion of the two flying fields. Occupancy priorities for the five-room houses have been granted to Riddle Aeronautical Institute personnel. Among the group of officials at the ceremony were: H. A. Brennan, Manager of WPB at Tampa; W. F. Keenan of Tampa, Architectural Supervisor of FHA; H. C. Lewis, President of the Lewis Construction Co. of Bradenton, who is erecting the homes at a cost of $300,000; Major George Ola, Commandant of Carlstrom Field; Major William S. Boyd, Commandant of Dorr Field; Clyde Pendley, Housing Coordinator for Embry-Riddle; Ed Welles, widely known Arcadia cottager; Glenn Ebersole, President of the Arcadia Kiwanis Club, and City Recorder P. F. Speer, who was Master of Ceremonies.

DORR DOINGS

by Jack Whitnall

This is getting quite a problem, telling you folks the improvements that take place at Dorr Field every week. The reason is that there ain’t so many more improvements that could take place (Carlstrom please note).

The grass is getting thicker and greener. We won’t say it’s as thick as Carlstrom’s yet, but just give it time.

We notice that the hangar area is always neat and tidy. That’s right folks, that’s what those trash barrels are there for.

Thought For the Duration

Let’s get rid of that old American Axiom “IT CAN’T HAPPEN HERE,” and institute in its place ‘DON’T FOOL YOURSELF—FOOL THE AXIS.”

The three “motorcycleers,” Seward, Altman, and Daughtrey are quite a convoy. Most any morning now we expect to see Gerald Taylor galloping to the flight line.

The latest we hear from Mr. Lyons is that Gerald is having trouble with his horse slobbering. On Mr. Lyon’s suggestion Gerald is teaching him to spit—we want a grand stand seat when that happens. “It ain’t the ‘eavy ’auling that ’urts the ‘orses ‘oves, its the ‘ammer ‘ammer ‘ammer on the ‘ard ‘igh way.”

Welcome, Mrs. Prevette

Welcome to Mrs. Prevette, Captain Bentley’s new secretary. Mrs. Prevette is taking the place of Betty Ballinger, who is walking the aisle with Lt. Prouty sometime this week. He will be remembered as a student officer in class 42-J. Best luck to both of them.

Bashful Johnnie

Is Corp. Johnnie Lambeth bashful? He doesn’t ever go over to the form 41 room. Mr. Foster hadn’t you better check your Chona Clippers out before going in for slow time?

Our New Switchboard operator is Lucy Brooke, (gee, ain’t she party). Too bad, you bachelors, she’s the wife of Cadet Whitfield Brooke, Class 43-B.

Our congenial bus driver, Lloyd Howze, stopping the bus while the passengers unloaded to load a large rattlesnake last Friday night, the chatting section ably taken care of by Mrs. Mizelle standing up in the rear of the bus cheering lustily.

Sour Grapes

We too, have TWO very fine watermelons coming along. Where? That’s a military secret.

We wonder how Sergeant Sterling came out on the World Series?

How do you like these coolish mornings? We notice several people coming out in their fall clothes, “Fibber” McGee all dressed up like a tired business man.

Try a bowl of that Old fashioned bean soup they have at the canteen. It’s really good and HOT. I should know. I’m still wearing a bandaid on my tongue.

See you un’s next week.

POVEY Continued from Page 1

Massachusetts Airways in 1927. Working here (in Springfield, Mass.) a few years, he became a member of the Eiddle Caterpillar Club in 1929, leaving an old OX-5 Commandant in the interests of self preservation. From this job he went on to something more thrilling by joining the Brinton-Bayles Flying Circus, working under one Roscoe Brinton. This group of commercial dare-devils was flying anything that had wings and a motor on it, the smaller the wings and bigger the motor, the better they liked it.

In 1933, Cuba’s Air Force needed re-organizing, rebuilding, and rehabilitation; so Senor Povey journeyed over to the island to be the sole Director of Flying, without any assistants. They had twenty-two air planes, shops, and hangars—but no pilots. A few Curtiss Goshawks had arrived, but the Cubans were leery of flying them.

Instructing nine student pilots in the morning and eleven in the afternoon—for five days a week—and taking the Cuban president and his cabinet riding up and down the coast on Saturdays and Sundays, Len whipped the Cuban Air Force into shape with PT-3’s, (Consolidated) and Vought 02-U Corsairs.

Poor Shark Bait

In August of 1934, he became a member of the Caterpillars again, when he hit a buzzard at about 280 m.p.h. and tore up a wing and aileron. Parachuting down, Len landed in the shark-infested waters just off Morro Castle, but as the Cubans said, (translated) “Old Upside-Down Povey ain’t even good shark bait,” and Senor Povey came ashore unharmed.

To return to the mention of the Goshawks before, this ship’s 750 horsepower engine was just what Len wanted after nursing his old 225-horse Tapewwing around those circus years, and he really went to town—much to the consternation of Cuba. The natives thought he was crazy until they showed them that could do it too. He had one of these ships stripped down to the bare essentials and had the Hamilton Propeller Company build him a special propeller, and in this get-up he thrilled the crowds at the Miami Air Races, winning the Acrobat Championship several years consecutively.

For two consecutive years (1936-1937) he won the Mexican Trophy, which was presented for the outstanding performance at the Miami Air Races for those years.

After staying in Cuba four years, Povey returned to the U. S. A. and went to work for the newly-formed Caterpillar in January of 1938 as Flight Test Engineer and Inspector. He finally talked his superiors into a re-rating program, whereby flight instructors all over the country were standardized regarding the lessons they taught and their own qualifications for teaching.

In 1940, John Paul Riddle was starting up his new Carlstrom Field and wanted Len as Director of Flying.

Mr. Povey then came to Arcadia, and
with him were Jack Hunt, Tom Gates, Joe Horton, G. Willis Tyson, and Wyman Ellis. Since then, Len says, he has managed swimming pools, supervised barracks and sewage disposals, and overseen the construction and maintenance of hangars and airplanes.

He has two ambitions—to buy a farm in Vermont, and to be a Flight Instructor. He is happily married to a lovely and charming blonde named Edie, and will soon have as his assistant here his former boss, Roscoe Brinton, Sr, who was a Flight instructor here before he went up to Union City. He's coming back this week, and Len likes to remember what old Carley said when he first went to work here about a year ago; "Well, Len, I hope you're going to pay me the way I used to pay you back in them flyin' circus days!"

—THE MORE PLANES WE'LL FLY—
—THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY—

CARLSTROM FLIGHT LINE
by Tom Watson, Jr.

We've been attacked, and right in our own back yard—but there's no cause for alarm. Pilots taxing on Carlstrom lately have been rather surprised to find squadrons of barn swallows (subject to correction from Ornithologist Grant Baker) zooming after them and indulging in advanced aerobatics in their slipstream, but after considerable investigation it has been confirmed that the swallows pack no machine guns and have no cannon in their nose, so none of our aircraft are expected to suffer.

Only casualty reported was from the ranks of the invaders, when one of the feathered fellows was said to have spun in trying to dog-fight with George Eckart. The injury was not serious, though, and "Doc" Nethery may agree to provide hospital space until the bird is pronounced strong enough to return to his zooming.

The reorganization of the old Arcadia Pilots' Club picked up steam during the week to the tune of a contest—grand prize, one free membership, no strings—which should produce publicity as well as a new name for the much needed Pilots' haven. The Pilot who submits the name accepted for the new club will he given his membership cards sans payment of the ten buck initiation fee. Winner will be selected Monday night at the meeting of the committee heading the reorganization.

Mental Snapshots

Carl Dunn, Don Hawkins, Ed Saunders, Myrl Kitchens, Ralph Kingston and Jack Sayer, twenty years ahead of the times, commuting by air from Fort Myers... Bill Lightfoot celebrating his first anniversary as a bridegroom—one week in the harness... The mystery of "Who won the watermelon?"—George and Jake looking entirely too well fed, and planning to raffle off a turkey before Thanksgiving. Roscoe Brinton back in Arcadia, the best news we've had since Tokyo was bombed... Jimmy Laval being no relation to Pierre... Bob Priest doing a swell job as new head of the instrument school... The case of getting solo ships until the new class gets in.

Five new Assistant Stage Commanders brightened at the prospect of the twenties yet to be run... Sarasota society still in full swing, despite gasoline and tire shortage and the new 35 miles per speed limit... John Smith tangling with Florida's "open range" and swearing to hate hamburger for the rest of his life. Anyone having an old, used Plymouth fender, please contact above-mentioned Smith.

* * *

There once was a dreamer—a pilot named Hank—
Whose flying was sharp, but whose mind was a blank.
The amount of his judgment and thought was so small,
It eventually brought about Henry's downfall.
On one October day, after flying an hour, He came in to practice a landing with power.
He picked the right spot to begin to descend,
And his let-down was right—but he landed down wind.
For the breeze had been East when the dreamer departed,
And it ought to remain as it was when he started.
So old Hank failed to notice the direction he drifted, Or that during his absence the Tee had been shifted.
He simply squared off without planning or thinking—
As poor a procedure as driving while drinking—
Though hot as a pilot, his talents are frozen,
He's six feet down under, quite peacefully dozing.

—WE'LL RULE THE BLUE IN '42—

ENSIGN JUNIOR

Gladys Geff, Engine Overhaul, is now an aunt—thanks to Betty Galbraith and her Ensign "hubbie". The new nephew, John Lloyd, was born September 23rd in Rochester, Pa. Techies remember Betty as secretary to George Wheeler and her husband as a member of Material Control.
DEAUVILLE DITTIES
by Lucille Valliere

Infortunadamente jovens, nào tivermos
lar em nossa ultima festa no “Deauville,”
por conseguinete ... Well, anyway, for
those who don’t understand Portuguese
(particularly OUR brand)—it was un-
fortunate, boys and girls, that we had no
moonlight to shine on our last party at the
Deauville, so THAT leaves us only the
food and music to rave about.

It sho’ was a “pow’ful” good sight that
loomed before our eyes as we entered—
that big smorgasbord, just laden down
with delectable goodies ... potato salad,
shrimp and sauce, cole slaw, chicken sal-
ad, lobster salad, cold cuts, cheese, biscuits
and all the fixin’s. Encores were in order.
And did we encore? Just ask us.

Maestro Weiss’ product was of the usual
good quality and he dealt out more than

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION AT THE DEAUVILLE

Observing her censored birthday anniversary at the Deauville last Saturday night, Lucille (“Tia”) Valliere, of
Placement and Student Relations at the Tech School, is seen with a group of her Latin-American and other
friends. Reading from left to right (back row): Sertorio Arruda, Brazil; Pedro Flores, Ecuador, and Adolpho
Sasco, Uruguay. FRONT ROW: Miss Heinzel, guest of Sertorio; Ismael Vigil, Uruguay; “Tia”; Patrick Geogha-
gen, Argentina; “Marty” Warren, Tech School Sales Department, and Cliff P. Ziegler of Eastern Airlines.

the usual ration of rhumbas and tangos
(and we think we recognized a samba)
during the latter part of the evening ... 
but THAT brings us to the part of this
report which induced the above outburst
of Portuguese.

Distinguished Visitors
You see, the highlight of the evening
was the arrival of some distinguished visi-
tors from Brazil, Colonel Vasco Alves
Secco, the Brazilian Air Delegate to the
U. S.-Brazilian Defense Conference, now
in session in Washington, his brother,
Captain Joao Cruz Secco, Jr., of the Brazili-
an Air Ministry, who arrived with Mr.
Riddle.

In the same party were Colonel Harold
E. Pride, Lt. Colonel J. D. Gillett of the
Army and Captain W. L. Rees of the U. S.
Navy, Mr. and Mrs. Don Budge, Lloyd
Budge, Don’s brother (his image), Capt.
and Mrs. Len Povey, Mrs. Frank Katzen-
tine, Syd and Tibby Burrows and Flight
Commanders Cousins and Cockerel of
Clewiston.

Smart Outfits
Rachel Lane, who was in beige, and
Elaine Chalk, in dainty white, always look
so different (and so lovely) without the
grey uniforms that we must always glance
twice before recognition. Anne
Throckmorton of Instruments looked prett y,
as usual; and Betty Harrington, ac-
accompanied by Lt. Woodward, was smartly
sofisticated with un tres chic turquoise
chapeau.

Vadah Thomas, just too sweet in soft
white, attended the door faithfully—collect-

Patrick “Shanrock” Geoghan of Argent-
a; Jorge Robertson of Chile; Srs. Adolfo
“Macfadden” Saso and Ismael “Win-
chell” Vigil of Uruguay and one lone Bra-
zilian, Sertorio “Personalidade Moco”
Arruda.*

Helping us celebrate was our little friend,
“Marty” Warren (looking cute as a bug’s
ear) with Capt. C. P. Zieger. Others spied
here and there: K. F. Castledine, Charlie
Shepherd, James Esquer, John McCutchy
and Herbert Coombs. By the way, has the
tire and gas situation been keeping away
all those nice folks from Clewiston and
Arcadia? Why don’t they start a “Share-a-
ride-to-the-Deauville” club?

(Personal Note: Many thanks to the
Kitty Foyle’s for the lovely cake and cor-
sage, and to all of our friends for the
lovely birthday party. Our only regret
was that Elaine Dewey, who shares
the same natal date, was unable to be in town
for her share of the honors, but we hereby
pass on to “Dev” all the kind wishes
that we accepted for the both of us.)

* “Personality Kid”

PROGRAM
The Riddle
“Family Theatre”

Feature Picture
“LEGION OF VALOR”
With Richard Arlene
and Virginia Bruce
Monday, October 12th
RIDDLE FIELD

Tuesday, October 13th
DORR FIELD

Wednesday, October 14th
CARLSTROM FIELD

Thursday, October 15th
MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

Feature Picture
“WALLABY JIM OF THE ISLANDS”
With George Houston
and Ruth Coleman
Thursday, October 15th
RIDDLE FIELD

Friday, October 16th
DORR FIELD

Monday, October 19th
MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

For Exact Time and Place,
See Your Superior Officer
Admission Charge, Ten Cents
Sergeant John Ordway

FIRST AIRCRAFT STUDENT ADDRESSES TECH SCHOOL

Sgt. John Ordway, 23, Embry-Riddle's first aircraft graduate and brother of Peter Ordway, Dean of Admissions, returned to the Tech school Tuesday afternoon, after seeing service abroad, to address civilian and military personnel. He emphasized the vital part which trained mechanics are playing in keeping Allied planes in the air.

Sgt. Ordway, the son of Col. and Mrs. Lucius P. Ordway, was born in St. Paul, Minn. He attended Tafts School in Watertown, Conn. from 1935 to 1938, and the University of Virginia from 1939 to 1941, at which time he left to enter Embry-Riddle.

He took an aircraft course from January through September, 1941, and was the school's first student to be graduated from the course and receive an aircraft mechanics license.

After leaving Embry-Riddle, he enlisted in the army at Morrison Field and was sent into foreign service. Almost immediately he was made a corporal, and later became a sergeant while in India, where he operated as a crew chief. His was the first group of U. S. soldiers to go to India.

There they had to build the base from which to operate. Main duties of the crews were assembling planes, which was finally put on a production line basis, and teaching Chinese pilots and mechanics the workings of the ships. The base was secret and out of range and was never bombed, but the men worked under other difficulties.

145 Degrees!

They went through a monsoon. "The downpour was so terrific that the water was up to our knees within half an hour. We had to build sand bag dykes around the hangar to protect the planes. The thing we minded most were the terrible sand storms and the great heat of the sun. Daily temperatures got up as high as 145 degrees."

There was also a great shortage of water, and that which was available was always hot, but conditions improved later, Ordway said.

High Morale

Despite all these things, morale of the men was high. It was not a singing type of morale, he said, but strong determination that got the work done without running from anyone. The philosophy of the men was this:

"Let's get the darn thing over with and go home."

Most important advice Sgt. Ordway had for aviation mechanic students was to learn their job thoroughly now "because later you will be on your own and you must have the skill to improvise."

His father, Col. Ordway, is in foreign service, and his brother, Peter, in addition to his Embry-Riddle duties, is flying with the C.A.P. Mrs. Ordway and his sister, Betty, live on Banyan Road, Palm Beach. Sgt. Ordway is at present in the United States on restricted orders.

PORTUGUESE TOO

We hear that twenty-one Techites are learning "hablar espanol" under the instruction of Dr. de Valle. And we also hear that on Tuesday, October 6th, Portuguese classes will begin.

So, take your choice—Spanish or Portuguese. Better still, why not take both languages? They are so similar that it would be easy, and wise, to concentrate on both at the same time.

The rules for the Portuguese classes are the same as those for the Spanish. You need not attend EVERY class, and it's all right if you are a little tardy.

The schedule is:

Advanced Spanish Classes—Every Night—6:10 to 7:10.
Beginning Portuguese Classes Tues. and Thurs.—5:10 to 6:10.

BRAZILIAN VISITORS IMPRESSED BY TECH

It's Cadet "Johnny" Now!

Clyde William Riddle, alias "Johnny," is now an Aviation Cadet, and he's very anxious to hear from all his old friends. He can be reached at his sister's address: Mrs. Roy D. Sprague, 1123 E. 36th Place, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

After what they termed an "impressive" visit through the Tech School, Brazilian Air Delegates posed, with their Embry-Riddle hosts, for the above picture. FRONT ROW, Left to Right: Major Francis B. Clements, Jr., Executive Officer at the Tech School; Captain Jose Cruz Secco, Jr., Brazilian Air Force, and Colonel Vences Alves Secco, Brazilian Air Delegates to the U. S., who attended the Brazilian Defense Conference in Washington and were on a tour of aviation training schools in the South and East; John Paul Riddle, Lieut. Col. J. D. Gillett, Army; Captain W. L. Rees, Navy; Col. Harold E. Pridge, Miami Beach Army School, and James E. Blackley, Director of the Embry-Riddle Tech School. BACK ROW, Left to Right: Capt. Len Povey, Vice-President in Charge of Flying of Embry-Riddle; Jose Andreote, Pedro Barros, and Vinicius Vargas, Brazilian Students; Eric Sundstrom, Inter-American Coordinator of Embry-Riddle; Jorge Marize, Adriano Fonse, Sertorio Attuato, and Odvaldo Dutra, Brazilian Students.

The more bonds you buy—
The more planes we'll fly—

...
Well, here we are once again to carry forth with the Riddle Field News Letter, after enjoying a short leave. Our sincere thanks to Nelva Purdon for being Guest Editor while we were away—you did a grand job, Nelva!

Riddle Field has undergone several changes while we were away, though. A new Class arrived, the graduated Sergeant Pilots had gone—two new buildings, a garage, and an Army Supply building were rapidly nearing completion—a new sign designated these several acres as Riddle Field and had been placed at the entrance . . . Red Flight, for the most part were bragging about their staying in during the leave and “swotting” . . . Blue Flight telling of the many places they had been, with Asheville getting a lot of praise . . . But back to the regular routine now . . . “Keep ‘em Flying.”

Soccer Tournament

By the time this is printed, the Soccer Champions for this Field will have been decided. For during the past week, Red Flight played Blue Flight, Yellow clashed with Green, and the winners met to determine the championship.

At the conclusion of the tournament, the Sports Committee will pick an All-Star team, this team to represent Riddle Field in competition against a U. S. Army soccer team from Tech School. This game will be played here at Riddle Field in the very near future—possibly this coming Sunday, October 11, although that date is as yet unconfirmed.

While along athletic lines, the third Track and Field Meet is set for Wednesday, October 21, and the boys are already limbering up for this event.

Cadet Chatter

The new Green Flight are by now “In the know” at Riddle Field, and in another two weeks can be called “old timers.” And speaking of Green Flight, one of the most popular members of that Flight is their mascot, Timoshenko (Tim for short). He is a coal-black kitten, who strayed into the billets while the Flight was in Canada, and was instantly adopted. The “Keepers of the Kitten,” acting unpaid, are Messrs. Baker and Davis, who decided to bring him along when the Flight came to Clewiston. The transport difficulty was solved by carrying him in a gauze-covered basket.

He was a great favorite at all the Flight’s stops on the trip here, and if the number of free bottles of milk he consumed were placed end to end, they would stretch a—of a long way. Honestly, folks, his cubic capacity is something tremendous.

A certain member of Yellow Flight won the admiration of all ardent movie fans, when he very politely demanded silence from a crowd in the lobby who were waiting for the second show, at the “Dixie Crystal” last week.

It did not take us very long to get a new correspondent from Green Flight for the FLY PAPER. He is Brian Johnstone, and he has already started writing for us. Brian’s father, incidentally, is a journalist for several of the London newspapers. We welcome you to the FLY PAPER staff, Brian, and thank you for your interest in keeping Green Flight in the news.

Some proof of a story about Bruce Crawford, Blue Flight Yank in the R.A.F., being a ladies’ man can be seen in this picture:

Bruce Crawford and Friend, In this Picture, Known as “Weekend in Miami"

Rae Parry of Red Flight created quite a sensation at his performance in winning the Diving Screw Ball and the recent Swimming Meet, and in spite of his protests, we show him in “full dress,” just after his great exhibition.

Rae Parry, Screw Ball Champ

Excuse Please—Should Read:
Rae Parry, Diving Screw Ball Champ

Personal Prattle

The distribution of the No. 5 B.F.T.S. Anniversary Book has been completed, and there have been made many compliments about this book. The work of W/C Rampling, Charles C. Ebbets and F. A. Carrone was done very expertly, as these compliments verify.

Commanding Officer T. O. Prickett and Squadron Leader George Burdick returned this past week from a business trip to Washington.

TECHITES SUGGEST

That silencers be put on the test engine block.
That a lid be put on the incinerator.
That the arrival of the Camel man be announced over the P.A. system.
That a deal be made with the Miami Transit Co. to make the busses wait at transfer points until proper connections are made.
That domes of silence be put on the library chairs.
That scooters be obtained for the runners.
That a private nook be found for the station wagon drivers.
That more chocolate pie be served in the cafeteria.
That a breeches bouy be installed from the Tech school to Engine Overhaul.

Activities still continue in the Instructors’ Club and the Prop Club. President Lou Place, of the Instructors’ Club, has announced that Mr. Fred Young has accepted a position as caretaker, and that it will be open to the members at all times now. He also stated that a steak fry or barbecue will be announced for the near future.

Bob Ahern and Fran Winkler have been appointed by Basic and Advanced Flights as FLY PAPER correspondents for those two Flights, and will start actively the next issue (we hope). It would certainly be swell if the two Primary Flights would appoint a couple of correspondents too. How about it, “Gunner” Brink and Bob Johnstone?

Roy Lacey, Blue Flight, has done the following poem for us this week:

Landlubber

So you’re a pilot,
A man with wings.
You roam the sky,
In them airplane things.

Gosh, I’ll bet it’s good
When you’re up alone.
To really feel free,
With the sky your own.

Say, what’s it like
To chase the stars?
I’d reckon it’s faster
Than them dang’d cars.

I’d like to try it,
After hearing you talk.
But I spect I’d get scared,
Try to get out and walk.
WHITECAPS
by Nancy Batson

The Seaplane Base gives thanks to L. Q. Stahler cause he brought his radio over so we could keep up with the World Series between flights. There was such whooping and hollering when the "Cards"—and Billy Watters won. He cleaned us all on the betting side.

We took a vote and decided Charlie ought to leave the radio here because, after all, the football games are in season, and we MUST keep up with them. Of course, the soothing music between times helps to get the students in a swell coordinated mood for flying lessons.

Our former guest columnist, Win Wood, has returned to the roost from spending a week's vacation in Atlanta, Ga. -- I. She reports it was cold as heck up there and was glad to get back to the tropics and thaw out.

Talking about former guest columnists reminds me to say to all of you to profit from the recent adventure Johnny Carruthers experienced in Biscayne Bay. Johnny, definitely not the sailor type, overestimated his sailing ability when he started out in the Seaplane Base sailboat, got as far as ten feet from the dock, and involuntarily went swimming with his clothes on.

Next week another columnist will take over—you'll see, Goodbye, now!

NEW BOOKS

The Library at the Tech School, under the skillful supervision of Mrs. Dorothy Burton, wishes to announce the impressive beginning of a Latin-American collection: Young Man of Caracas, by Ybarra.

The Passionate Warrior: Simon Bolivar, by Ybarra.

America Faces South, by Ybarra.

The Coming Struggle for Latin America, by Deals.

New Roads to Riches in the Other Americas, by Tomlinson.

Latin America, by James.

Latin America, by Schurz.

History of Latin America, by Webber.

Historical Evolution of Hispanic America, by Rippy.

Inside Latin America, by John Gunther.

South American Primer, by Katharine Carr Rodell.

All American Front, by Duncan Aikins.

Donkey Inside, by Bemelmans.

South by Thunderbird, by Strode.
It has been said that telephone operators see nothing, know nothing, and tell nothing; so it surprises us that we were asked to guest write Tech Talk this week. By using the grapevine method, we finally found out that:

Busy little Gertrude Bohres now has a co-worker to help her—Helen Marie Bass, who comes from Missouri but doesn’t have to be shown.

Mr. Varney has a much-needed assistant, Mr. Norris G. Clay, and this is not to disappoint you, girls—but that good-looking new assistant of Mr. Ben Turner’s, Mr. David Hendricks, is—you guessed it—MARRIED.

Mary Mitchell has received a newsy little letter from her former colleague, Naval Air Cadet “Johnnie” Riddle, who sends his best to all youse guys and gals. Mary says she misses Johnnie’s happy countenance across her desk—and especially the continual fluent Spanish conversation that went on between them. Guess she’ll have to practice with Lucille Vailiere who now sits in the same room.

**Fess Up, Tia**

By the way, speaking of “Tia,” could those sunny smiles on Thursday morning have something to do with the arrival of a certain letter postmarked “Rantoul, Illinois” where a certain Cadet Gene Muller of Brazil is now studying after leaving our portals? Mr. Lilge is leaving the Aircraft Department to become an Instructor in the Sheet Metal Department.

Have you seen Mr. Kelly Newsome’s new auburn-haired secretary, Lorraine Bosley? There are also two new Instructors in that Department, Ira Johnson, a former student, and Robert Messer.

Mr. Barr, Chief Welding Instructor, was in Orlando and DeLand last week on business.

One of the former Military Welding Instructors, Ensign Robert Townsend, U. S. N. R., who is at Dartmouth hours in training, writes that he is doing along very nicely in school and working 7 hours a day.

**Comforts of Home**

The new Instrument Overhaul Department at the Colonnade Building is really SUPER—with air conditioning and the comforts of home. There are about ten former Tech School students employed there overhauling instruments.

One of the telephone operators at the Colonnade Building is Mrs. Nancy Havas, wife of that handsome blond fellow we had in the Accounting Department.

Some other students making good here are Mrs. Williams, who is now Mr. Wells’ assistant in Drafting and Design, and Mrs. Jordan in the Radio Department.

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**CAFETERIA CULLINGS**

*by Anne Elrod*

For Sweet Morale’s Sake

It has been said that a woman’s business is morale; so, listen gals, our tiny deeds may not be written into pages of history, but they’ll be there in spirit pushing up the print so that even the blind may feel their force. Never let it be said of us, then, that we reneged on a chance to do our bit. One of the opportunities given us is the weekly dance at the Coral Gables Women’s Club on Thursday. Of those who attend almost regularly from the Tech School and Coliseum are Betty Hirsch, Betty Jo Beller, Margaret Howard, Rose’ Mary Eunice, Trixie Woods, Laurrie Anderson, Clara Young, Aldra Watkins, Emily Condon, Jane Tyler, Avonelle Holtzape, Betty Jean Holtzape, and yours truly.

None of us are too naive or blase, plain or sophisticated, too busy or too bored to attend once in a while. Besides, it’s fun for us and Lt. Flint appreciates it very much. Our attendance is a great help to him in keeping the boys contented. Can we expect a regular battery and plenty of reserves from our lovely gals at Tech School?

**Food and Stuff**

Of prime importance any time is another great morale booster and re-vitalizer in the form of food. So, seven days a week and 24 hours a day, plans and preparations are under way to see that you get all your vitamins while on the job.

I’ll bet dollars to doughnuts that, along about half past, the main topic of thought hereabouts is food. With this in mind, everyone from Department Heads on down must necessarily trek towards the Cafeteria and join the “Gonga Line” which forms at the doors and winds anxiously on its hungry way back to the Canteen and points north. It finally slows, however, and all those with late luncheon hours (the pluto-crats) wander in until one-thirty.

Besides Mr. U. J. Hiss, Malcolm Byrnes, Miss Fox, Miss Hartman (our new Dietician) and Norma Phillips at Tech Mess Hall Administration, we have our own staff in the Cafeteria. On hand to greet you are C. C. Dodge, W. W. Sayles, Fred Kesterson (Stock room clerk) and “Mother Grace” Simpson (whose day is complete when husband Joe Simpson calls from the new warehouse and says that he will be up for dinner).

Chefs Emory Lanier and Henry Ruber and their battery of cooks are dedicated to the proposition that we are all hungry and must eat. There is scads of talent among our attractive waitresses, most praiseworthy of which is the lovely soprano voice of Mitzi Culp, who never fails to thrill our very special guests each and every Saturday night.

**Maestro Shaffer**

In the Mess Hall, the rest of our female voices are being coached into shape for a Glee Club or Community Sing by the very capable Pvt. Milton Shaffer and under the guidance of Mrs. Simpson. We expect to make something really worthwhile out of it.

Thanks to Lt. Flint for the encouragement.

**Comings and Goings**

I overheard that Bill (Rabbit) Shanahan has gone to Marion, Indiana to visit his family and will be gone for about ten days—that Helene Hirsch and Sgt. Clyde Smith are seen in the Canteen quite frequently lately—what’s cooking? — that Malcolm Byrnes defeated Paul Miller at bowling last Friday night (that is no easy accomplishment either; it must be those vitamin pills that “Mac” has been sampling lately).
Here's your chance, girls, to select the Kitty Foyle emblem. Just check the number of your choice in the box to the right, add your signature, and send the verdict to the Fly Paper office.
CAFETERIA CULLINGS
Continued from Page 10

—that Harry (Mother of the Cash Registers) Rinchart and Laura Burgess will move soon to the Colonnade building to be with the rest of the Accounting Dept.

That the Caultons are comfortably installed in their apartment and are acquiring that contented look—that Ray Lipe and his gang up in Payroll will move sometime this week to Coral Gables (they say that the walls of the new office are “peacock blue” to match their checks)—that Lt. Leslie Miller knows his onions because he was in the wholesale produce business before the war —that the Simmons, Pauline and Hal, are blissfully happy, but then, how could they be otherwise?

Double Birthday

That Eric Sundstrom is aware of the dignity and responsibility of his job and has little time to be gullible or playful any more—that Pat Geoghan, Sertorio Arruda, Adolfo Sasco, Oduvaldo Dutra, Lou Jaramillo, Manuel Pico, Pedro de Barros, and Ricardo de la Pena were among the South American friends who attended the affair at the Pan American Club last Thursday night and had a wonderful time—that we all looked for Elaine Devery last Saturday to wish her a happy birthday but she didn’t return from out of town until late in the evening.

That Lucille Valliere celebrated her birthday last Saturday, too, at the Deauville and looked perfectly charming in her egg-shell satin gown—that “Marty” and Helen Willard have a lovely sister called Connie—that we have a new “Casanova” in Purchasing name of Don Bush, pricing clerk, whose favorite past-time is coffee drinking (can he drink). He was with Cameron and Barkley for ten years before coming into the Riddle family —That Charles Hinckley and Loretta Henson (runner) are seen together quite a bit these days.

R. S. V. P.

I wonder why Betty Hirsch doesn’t like tag dances at the Deauville?—Why does Mary Jo Milligan like that United Press “assignment”—what goes, Jo?—Of what does the picture “My Sister Eileen” remind our Coral Gables Military Dentist, Lt. William Marshall?—ask him some time when you need a good laugh.

Bye now, until some other time, but before I close let me say that it isn’t only our girls who are worried about their figures. The men are taking up dieting and are not cheating either. Can it be that they are really worried about their girths?

WE’RE IN IT—LET’S WIN IT!

When you’re looking for a helping hand, just glance at the end of your arm.

There are two ends to every man: he sits on one of them and thinks with the other; and his success in life depends on which end he uses the most.

Doing a job is like shaving; the longer you put it off, the tougher it gets.

Greetings from the Engine Overhaul Department. Since this is our very first appearance in the “Fly Paper” in a column of our own, perhaps you would like to know what we do here in shop.

For those who are at other Fields, our Department occupies a large double hangar in back of the Tech School in Miami. We are so exclusive that we have a high fence all around our shop, and only those with special passes are admitted. This isn’t because we’re high-hat; it’s Army orders.

Our work consists of overhauling aircraft engines. The engines are brought in, disassembled and cleaned, inspected, and then completely overhauled by our group of expert mechanics. After testing they are sent on their way to help train fliers.

“Monkey Wrenches”

The Overhaul Cadets are the girls in blue coveralls who attract so many admiring glances from the soldiers at the Tech School. These girls work in almost all of our departments, doing such varied work as inspecting, painting, soldering, and dis-assembling.

Mr. Foote, amiable assistant to Mr. Horton, was cheered Saturday by the arrival from California of his wife. Mr. Horton, incidentally, has found out that gambling does not pay. The sign on his private office door reads “J. R. Horton—King Bee.”

Billie Todd, president of the Overhaul Cadets, was guest star on the Dinky Dennis Parade a short time ago. She also had a write-up and her picture in the Miami Daily News. Billie’s foreman calls her a “spark plug demon.”

Dictating on the Road

Miscellaneous gossip-gathering garnered such information as that about Lieut. Bacon having so much to do these days that he dictates to his secretary (charming Pat McNamara) as they go from place to place in a station wagon; Emma Cardlidge’s happiness because her husband has been stationed at Miami Beach for the duration; Marion McSwain carrying a torch for a mysterious gentleman; Fleurette Geiger, switchboard operator, winning the unofficial title of “Sweetheart of the USO.”

Mr. Grafflin, popular General Manager of Engine Overhaul, has a collection of oddities and souvenirs on his desk to rival President Roosevelt’s. The most interesting of his collection is a magic foot which, when rubbed, makes wishes come true. Its reliability has already been proven by Kathryn Bruce and Dorothy Vaccaro. If any of our gentle readers care to enlist the aid of the magic foot, they are cordially invited to visit Mr. Grafflin’s office.

See you next week!
Excerpts from Foster Blakeley's Letters to His Mother

The following are extracts from three recent letters sent by Lieutenant Foster Blakeley to his mother. I feel they may be of interest to everyone since they are enlightening incidents in a bombardier's life in the RAF.

Lieutenant Blakeley enlisted with the RCAF in Canada two years ago and has been on a steady diet of bombing raids for the past year.

James Blakeley, Director of Technical Division

August 12, 1942: "... This will give you a rough idea of one of our usual days and nights. We wake up at noon, wash and have lunch. Then over to our hangar where we must check our various instruments and see that everything is in perfect (and I mean perfect) working order. This generally takes two hours. After that we fly for an hour to test everything all over again to make sure that they are workable under flying conditions. Then make for the mess, which is two miles away, and have tea and supper combined. Back to the briefing room for our night instructions and orders. Afterwards we work out our route, etc., and by then it is time to take off.

We seldom get back before (censored) in the morning, and by the time we have the kinks out of our backs and some hot food in our stomachs it is 4:30 or 5 before we turn into bed. It is now 5:15 in the morning but I know if I don't write at this time I shall not have the opportunity to do it during the day ..."

Sergeant Death

"Sgt. Death, my new pilot, has turned out to be a peach of a pilot and a grand person. I do believe he is going to be lucky for our crew.

"Sleep is creeping up on me as the dawn is beginning to break. I must get to bed before the darn chickens and cows start yelling their heads off. I had no idea that animals could make such a din until I was stationed here right next to a farm yard—it's much noisier than the Third Avenue 'el' or the busses on Madison Avenue ..."

August 20, 1942: "... Last night we were in a very long flight lasting nearly (censored). When we landed it took ten men and a boy to straighten my legs and back. Just try sitting in the waste paper box for a few minutes and you will get a slight idea of my feelings. If you have ever seen pictures of large bombers you can locate my little quarters: I sit in that glass cage at the very front of the plane, way ahead of the pilot with a wonderful view of everything for miles around. There are times, I must admit, when I have wished that the scope of my vision wasn't so darn good!

"My crew has turned out to be a grand bunch of fellows—which is half the battle. We get on famously and have a good many laughs just when things are getting tense—it helps a lot to have a group with you who have the ability to laugh in these spots.

"Tomorrow is inspection day so we are all as busy as been sweeping out corners, polishing boots and buttons and generally trying to pretend that this is our usual state of neatness. I don't think the C. O. is fooled for a minute but he pretends he is ..."

"Pranked"

September 5, 1942: "... I thought I wasn't going to be able to give you the whole version of my accident, but I now find I can—the best place to start is the beginning, so here goes.

"We were just returning from a long night's trip and were about 15 miles from our home base when the port engine decided to quit. This wasn't too serious as it is quite possible to land with one engine gone. A few minutes later the other engine started puffing and wheezing, then we knew we couldn't make the base so started looking for a suitable field in which to land.

"All this time we had been losing height and were now only 300 feet up—too low to bail out. As we were looking the pilot discovered that the landing gear had jammed and we couldn't put it down. Then everything happened at once. The plane got out of control and we spun to earth. The pilot, Loyd Death, was magnificent, cool as a cucumber and struggling the whole while to straighten out. We pranked (crashed) into a corn field and burrowed along for 200 yards, finally doing a complete ground loop and ending up facing the way we had come in.

"During the few moments that we were losing altitude and when we hit I was madly trying to get out of my turret, because being in the front it is the first place that strikes the ground. In my mad rush to remove myself I caught my leg as I have already described to you, but I did succeed in scrambling back into the main part of the plane."

(Continued on Page 15)
GABLES-TECH TRAINEE NEWS

CLASS 2-43-E
by Pvt. T. W. Martin

A vote of thanks from the class to Mr. Johnson (Bell Aircraft, Buffalo) and Mr. Cridlebaugh (Aircraft Final Assembly Department) for an interesting two weeks study of the “whys” and “wherefore’s” of the Airocobra. If you think it easy to stand and answer the questions put forth by the 2-43-E boys, try it sometime.

However, Mr. Johnson never once flinched, and answered them all to the satisfaction of the entire class, and the boys feel that they learned many things, some of which would be hard to find out except from a factory man.

Also much of what the boys have learned was put into actual practice in many different ways while rigging “our” Airocobra. We don’t know how long Mr. Johnson will be here at Embry-Riddle, but we’d certainly like to continue our discussion of the ship with him before he leaves.

Pvt. Speery, Hekeith, and Gilliland claimed to have actually stumbled onto a hill here in Florida—we hate to doubt their veracity, but we’d like to see the hill. Seeing is believing.

Boys Take Over Controls

By the way, the same boys all took separate rides in a Cub Sunday morning, and the instructor who took them up let each one take over the controls while in flight. From what we heard, I guess “Alabama” got quite a thrill when the instructor gave the plane a couple of snappy slips. It was the first time in the Air for two of the boys.

Pvt. Giampo finally went on his big fishing trip and did very well for himself—save them for Friday, Pat.

Mr. Cridlebaugh inflated our ego last Saturday when he told us he’d had worse classes than ours in Final Assembly. Incidentally, he probably made Pvt. Farquhar the happiest soldier in the Army when he handed him a box of nails and put him to work on a project that took him back to the many years spent at his real love—the carpentry trade.

Want to see how a triple-threat man operates? Watch Pvt. Crable (Slim) in action on the drill field—volleyball, softball, football, etc. He does a real job of playing all of them.

For an “accurate” prophecy as to the duration of the war, see “Commissioner” Mc Ardle. His guess is as good—if not better than ours. Anyway, we like his prophecy because he’s all for getting it over in a hurry.

We’re all glad to see Pvt. Ray Matson, A.C.L. back again after spending Monday and Tuesday in the hospital with an attack of the grippe.

CLASS 3-43-A

Last Wednesday was not only pay day for the class, but quite a few of the fellows made it. Bond day. Some of the boys were seen coming from local movie houses having bonds. Johnnie Townes hit the top with a Hundred Dollar bond!

Two of the “whys” and “wherefore’s” of the Airocobra. If you think it easy to stand and answer the questions put forth by the 2-43-E boys, try it sometime.

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CLASS 1-43-A
by Edward F. Lynch

Last Saturday night at the regular Embry-Riddle dance, a party was held celebrating the birthdays of Miss Helen Stefani, of the Engine Overhaul Department, and Pvt. “Bud” Murphy, of class 1-43-A.

Those joying, with the guests of honor, a wonderful evening of dancing and entertainment were: Misses Louis Allison, Ruth Stefani, Verna Williams, Marie Reese, Alene Johnson, and Fairest Brown.

Other members of the party were: Pts. John McClutich, Walter Riley, Johnny Schiman, Gene Loparlo, Dean Hamilton, James Alexander, Corporal Edward Lyngh, Lt. David Silverman, and Mr. Howard Graham.

Lt. Silverman, who is a proud graduate of Embry-Riddle’s first army engine class at Tech School, and his partner, Miss Johnson, “copped” the second prize in Mr. Riddle’s rumba contest.

"BIG TIME"

The class trio of 1-43-A, Riley, Murphy, and McClutich, gave out with a few vocal selections to add a little to the entertainment, while Gene Loparlo was so engrossed in his partner, Louie Allison, that he missed the rumba contest entirely and still remains to be convinced that one ever took place.

All in all, everyone spent an enjoyable week-end, and are looking forward to the next one. The class has its “big time” to celebrate the completion of its training, and to go out and show the army how to “Keep ‘em Flying.”
AFTER THE WAR
by Melvin Klein, Instrument Dept.

No doubt, this may seem premature, but have you ever stopped to consider what you will be doing after the war? Or have you thought about what you can do after the war?

I would like to pass on my impression of what we can do if we are prepared, after the war.

Those of us who are working in the aircraft industry in some phase, can look forward to a bright future if we are so equipped with knowledge and the desire to do, that we will be able to take advantage of the opportunities as they present themselves.

The opportunities? Let's look at what some of our experts tell us and visualize the tremendous size of the field.

Tremendous Expansion

At the time of entry into the war, the domestic airlines were using just under 400 airplanes. After the war, the tremendous expansion in airline travel due to the public acceptance of that method of travel will make a large number of airplanes necessary. Due to advanced design, larger seating capacity and the large number of passengers, the rates will be lower, thus further increasing the number of passengers miles. Short feeder lines converging on the main lines will require numerous airplanes.

Conservative figures from several sources seem to point out the use of around 600 large transports (in the Douglas DC-4 class) and about 1000 smaller airplanes on the feeder routes. The experts place the annual replacement figure at 20% so we can see that factories will have work on replacements even after they have filled the initial demand. This covers only the passenger service.

100 Ton Capacity

The freight and express figures are much more astounding. The experience of the various agencies in transporting war materials will lead the way for similar establishment of freight lines both within the United States and to foreign markets. In the pre-war era, merchandise was not carried to any great degree on passenger lines. The cost of such transportation has been much too high, being approximately

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"Well there we are and you can well imagine the grins of delight on our faces when we discovered that all of us were alive and kicking.

"The leg is coming along beautifully and I shall be ready for action in no time. Funnily enough the crash has made me more confident than I ever was, because I know we have an excellent pilot who is completely dependable."

35c per ton-mile. In a short period after the war, we will have airplanes able to carry cargoes of all sizes up to perhaps 100 tons.

On the performance of some of our present planes, it is possible to carry eight tons of freight at the surprisingly low cost of 7c per ton-mile at a speed of around 200 miles per hour. If you compare this with the present day cost of freight by rail of approximately 15c per ton-mile moving at the rate of around 5 miles per hour (elapsed time between pickup and delivery) you can readily see why the possibilities are so tremendous.

With every domestic airline running freight carrying planes as well as passenger airliners, and trans-oceanic freight service on an even larger scale, we become awed by the thoughts of how far this industry will go.

Need of Trained Men

We mustn't overlook the expansion that will take place in our neighboring Latin-American countries. The need for well trained men will be tremendous there. On top of all that, we can logically expect tremendous increases in civilian flying.

I am not going to say anything about the probable size of our air forces after the war, but it is my hope that the gentlemen with whom that decision rests will see the wisdom of maintaining an adequate air force, instead of following the 'scrapping-the-battleship' program that followed the World War.

There will be much that the well-trained conscientious workman can do in that field, so it will depend on who utilizes his time and effort to the best advantage for the limiting factor of how far YOU will go in that post-war set-up.

In the meantime, use every ounce of your energy to do the war effort so that the day of peace, and the developments of our industry can be brought to a quicker realization.

ELECTRIC SHOCK

Welcome to the Coliseum office staff, Miss (she's really capable) Lorene Barnes. And we don't wonder how come the pencil sharpener just outside the office door is doing a rushing business.

Why even Mr. Lojinger, Department Head, found it necessary to stop the pencil sharpener during the day—and he's really busy with our new expansion program these days; now, supervising the assembling of a new plane for use in fuselage wiring; now, drawing up plans for expansion to accommodate the new enrollments; now, phoning (and I wonder if his ear doesn't really revolt at times). But, we're not too busy here to enjoy the Fly Paper from cover to cover.

The following are fine gentlemen taking advantage of our Instructor Trainee Program under the supervision of Mr. Willard Bottom; Thomas L. Moore, John B. Hardin, Charles W. Maydwell, John A. McFall, Edgar H. Montgomery, Philip E. Paine, Carl Russell Nichols, Leonard J. Shreiner, William E. Winegar, and A. D. Zieman.
LANDBASE LAMENTS
by Cara Lee Cook

We flew the flag at half mast Friday for the missing Landbase column. It missed connections somewhere between the Fly Paper department and the printing press. Public opinion here suggests that sabotage ... but no, I don't think the Seaplane Base would do that even tho we may beat them to the latest news.

Anyhoo, here it is, rigor mortis has set in and it's suffering a mute from shock and overexposure contracted from lying in some dark corner but we'll try and patch it up.

I could repeat that our Instructor Course boys are in the process of enlisting in the Naval Air Corps Reserves, but when I heard ENSIGN Paull Dixon and ENSIGN Wallace Peterson announce themselves this morning, that ruined that.

Feminine Personnel

I might be redundant (I think that's the word) and say that the feminine phase of the Personnel Division at Chapman is really on the up beat. Miss (please note) Charon Page is the new addition in the Administration Building, and a Private Pilot no less. Miss Betty Shultee is Les Bowman's new secretary in the Maintenance Division. The Purchase Request read, "Please send Venus, or Facsimile," and so they did, only Betty has TWO arms. Chico Bright would like to know if they keep items like that in stock?

Operations has acquired two new rays of sunshine in the personages of Pat Guthrie, who claims to be true to the R.A.F. and the Army Air Corps, but otherwise unattached, and Mary Grace Devine, who won't commit herself. Niles Morey, Operations Dispatcher, the man with the smiling personality, is transferring to the Tech School to teach ground school. Sorry to see him go, but then glad to know he'll still be one of the family.

Personalities seeming to be the theme, I would like to elaborate on the 3 minute interview with Instructor Dave Narrow, the gent with curly hair and English shorts, and "a way with the gals." Quote, (in all seriousness) Dave, do you think Cubs are here to stay? Dave frowned and seriously replied, "They can't be with the World Series running the way it is."

Mr. Miller, the radio man, has a sure-fire cure for boredom. He picks out a nice comfortable plane, climbs in with his little portable radio, hooks it up with the radio in the plane, and proceeds to mumble something about one, two, three, to himself. Something along the theory of the music goes round an' round, Mr. Miller.

I might add, is putting our Public Address system into working order, a big step towards efficiency and fewer strained vocal cords.

Spreading Wings

Our new C. P. T.'s are chuggin' off to a grand start. Elementarys are reaching that "I'll stay here, you go up alone" stage, as is evidenced by the line of Coke Cola bottles, the pay-off for first solo flight, in the hangar. Looks like the fifth column.

Tom Lunsford was first to spread his wings, followed by Carl Burris, Carlton Regan, Bill Wightman, George Parker, and so on down the list. More fanfare will be forthcoming unmentioned individuals as their progress and achievements present themselves.

That super-duper C. P. T. class of the July session has completed and migrated northward and westward. Roy Majors and John Wood wrote finish on Navy Secondary, and Fred Friant and Butthead Bailey drew the curtains on Army Secondary.

Tom White writes that he and "the gang" are nearly set up for housekeeping at the Glider School and like everything 'just fine.' Van Burgin, Jr., is sojourning at Atlanta for a short intermission, and Ned Dickson is off to accept appointment as Second Lieutenant in the Army Air Corps. Hope to hear from more of the gang later.

How about it fellows?

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NO FLIES

Last week Catherine Kerr, Aircraft Overhaul, asked one of the new girls if she would like some Fly Papers for her department. The crushing reply was, "We don't have any flies in our department!"