Prelude to an Australian Bush Shop

From the vast confines of the Embry-Riddle Technical School go students expertly trained as master mechanics. Perhaps they go to the Australian Bush, where they must exercise ingenuity in a village garage and where it may be necessary to improvise while doing major repair jobs in the open bush. Only the American boy is capable of such adaptability, and the Embry-Riddle student, his technical training of the best, is willing, ready and even eager to prove his skill wherever his country may send him. Alaska, Africa, anywhere, we wish him Godspeed.
Letters to the Editor

Tech School
February 1, 1943

Dear Editor:
Just a note to compliment the station wagon drivers on their immaculate appearance.

Probably the public sees our chauffe- rettes more frequently than it does any other group connected with the company, and what could do more toward making a good impression than eight lovely girls, well-groomed and ever charming?

A Techite

Editor’s Note: I know our chauffe-recettes will appreciate the good word, Techite. It’s a job to keep oneself looking crisp and smart every moment of the day, and a group doing just that is to be commended.

Tech School
January 31, 1943

Dead Editor:
People here at the Tech School are always having arguments about the number of cattle produced in Florida.

I don’t know why it is such a burning question, but we are always having to settle it for them.

So—Florida is the 32nd State in number of all cattle, with a total of 870,000 compared to 6,944,000 in Texas.

My authority is “Statistical Abstract of the U. S., 1941,” page 718. This is a publication of the United States Government and not of any Chamber of Commerce.

Dorothy P. Burton
Librarian

Editor’s Note: Thanks for the information, Mrs. Burton. If any more questions of general interest come to you, be sure to send us the answers.

Sgt. Brooke, Denis, 1219701
Care Mather & Platt, Ltd.
Park Works,
Manchester 10
Lancashire, England

Dear Roberta:
I still receive very regularly the Fly Paper and find it is as interesting as before. I have two friends from Carlstrom Field still with me, Jones A. E. and Jim Brown. All three of us find in its contents the same amount of interest.

I just realized that a year ago I was in Alabama on my way down to Carlstrom Field. Time sure passes quickly. We are missing the Florida sunshine, but fortunately we have plenty of things to do which help keep us warm and busy.

As you probably read in the paper, the situation in England is o.k. Jerry is on the run on practically every front, and I hope we keep him running faster still. Instead of bombing us, we are bombing them and quite enjoying it too. I hope that 1943 will be more favorable than 1942 and will bring Victory in the near future.

As I probably told you before, I am now in Bomber Command and like my job very much indeed. My crew consists of some really wonderful chaps and we are getting on all right together.

Will you please remember me to everybody at Carlstrom Field and express my gratitude for the instruction received there.

Editor’s Note: The above are excerpts from a letter to Roberta Dudley, Carlstrom Field. Denis is a former Carlstrom Field 42-G Cadet who received his wings at Turner Field and is now Pilot of a Heavy Bomber.

FROM DORR FIELD

“. . . To date, I haven’t the faintest idea what my fate is to be. By that I mean that I don’t know if I will be ordered home to instruct, or if I’m going to stay here and do another tour of operations, or anything about it.

“I didn’t state any preference because I’m in the peculiar position of wanting both to return home and to stay here.

“Much as I enjoy the operational aspects of this War, I feel that I should like to return home for a while to help you chaps with the ‘insignificant’ work.

“How well we here know, and how forcefully it is sometimes brought home to us, that without you chaps having worked like — at those ‘insignificant’ jobs we couldn’t even attempt our missions.

“What we accomplish here, or in any of the theaters, we accomplish by the sweat of your brow, more so than by the sweat of our own. If we are the Flower of the Nation, as we’ve sometimes been called by imaginative sober-sisters, it is because we have you chaps for our roots.

“Aye, anyone can do what he has been taught and trained to do, but to do the teaching and training requires a skill far surpassing that necessary to carry out a mission.

“I would like to go on record here and now by saying that I consider that I owe a debt of gratitude to every Instructor, American, Canadian, British, or what-have-you, who ever had to face the difficult task of pounding into my thick skull the bits and pieces of knowledge which were to carry me through some rather tight situations . . .”

Editor’s Note: The above is quoted from a letter received at a station under the Army Air Forces Southeast Training Center from an officer assigned to an Army Air Forces Combat Unit. This officer has had a great deal of actual combat experience and is thoroughly familiar with all aspects of operational work.
TECH TALK
by Vadah Thomas

Tech Talk Time in the Thomas department and all's quiet on the Test Block Front...not a derided thing to which to pass the buck of a bad column...to...whit...to...whoo...and who's who...come here, little birdie, and tell us all.

You don't say! Now, that's the kind of stuff that makes eyes glitter and tongues twitter. Quiet now, while genii weave the tale.

(With Apologies to Everyone)

'Twas the night of USO
And all through the Surf
Every creature was joyous
But that weren't enerj.
The wind began howling
There was a terrible blow:
Soldiers stopped in their tracks,
Took one look, then said, "Whoa."
It was not the whoah one screams at a horse,
Nor was it a whoah with a tone of remorse,
'Twas the sort of whoah a man sorta sighs

When the light of beauty fills his eyes.
And what was the cause of this heart-breaking whoa?
'Twas fourteen Riddle lasses, I'd like you to know.
Light and dark and in between,
Lovelier ladies had never been seen.

Two thousand khakis stood still on the spot
And gazed in awe at the beauteous lot.
'Twas dark without but warm within,
A moment's pause, then a fearful din.

There were Miriam and Elaine, Rae and Lorraine,
Helen and Helene, Ruth and Mary Jane;
Blended with Jackie and Jinnie and June
What more could one ask for a dough-boy's boon?

Three more Riddlettes make up our fourteen
Phyllis, Lois, and Frances top off the scene.
Twenty galants each had our Riddle crew
And the steps they danced were quite a few.

Ingenious Phyllis, with aching feet
Hit on a plan that couldn't be beat
"Fall in," she ordered in a triumphant trill
And HER group of lads found themselves at drill.

KEY CLUB AND MODEL AIRPLANE CLUB VISIT TECH SCHOOL

Members of the Key Club, a junior group sponsored by the Kiwanis Club for boys between the ages of 16 and 18, toured the Tech School last week with members of the Model Airplane Club, an organization composed of boys from 12 to 16 years of age. Tom Davies of the office of the Dean of Admissions conducted the tour, assisted by Jacqueline Dillard, courier. Accompanied by one of their teachers, W. H. Shaffert, the boys, who are students at Andrew Jackson High School, had lunch at the School as guests of John Paul Riddle.

HONORABLE MENTION

This striking likeness of John Paul Riddle was submitted to Anonymous' "Caricature of Mr. Riddle" Contest by Minette Harrington, mother of Betty Harrington, who is secretary to Mr. Hobig at the Tech School.

When chaperone Patterson said, "Time to go."
Husky voices replied, "Oh, please, no."
But Patterson, Peterson, whatever the name, Stood his ground firmly, added "We'll come again."

Now hope fills the breast of many a jella
As each one dreams of his Cinderella
And each Cinderella says Friday she'll go Back to her Prince Charmings at the USO.

Editor's Note, ghost written by Betty Bruce:

Poor lil' Vadah started out sane;
Now the sad child hasn't even a brain
Chattahoochee she's bound for, but she doesn't care
So please, dear dear readers, us give a prayer.

"Dear Father in Heaven,
Take care of poor Thomas
We asked for a poem
And she kept her promise."

Genii's Rebuke:

Our poems are meterless
They may be flops
But who told Betty
Her rhyme is tops?

An inmate of an insane asylum was busy with a hammer and a nail. He held the head of the nail against the wall and was hitting the pointed end of it with the hammer.

"The people who put us in here," he said, "say WE are crazy. And look at the nails they give us! All the heads are on the wrong ends!"
Dear Guys and Guitelles,

Not many days ago the Senior Officer of the Day walked into a Ground School classroom with this announcement: "Cadet John Doe is wanted on the Third Floor of Operations immediately after Ground School."

Well, Mr. Doe, this is not the first time someone has been requested to perform this same venture, so we’ll just be curious enough to go with you and see what is going on.

And so the story continues—we go out on the porch, down a few steps over about 100 yards of walkway, across the road, through the gate, across gravel, through another door, up the stairs, one, two, and here we are—standing before a door marked “Time Department—Enter only on Official Business.”

That Word “Official”

Well, let’s see, that word “Official” means, hmm! Somebody help me think of something official quick! Oh, I’ve got it, the Fly Paper. And so here we stand inside the room—The office of Warrant Officer John McCord, Operations Clerk, and the “Tower Twins,” Misses Renna Joyner and Myra Taylor.

Oh, gee, now what shall I say—but before we can stammer out an explanation of our presence, the beautiful silence (only momentarily understand—created only by our presence) is broken by the crisp voice of Miss Myra Taylor saying, “Your form one for yesterday shows an error—not much, a minute off, but these forms must be correct so—take a seat!”

Now that our friend is occupied with the Riddle-McKay Timekeepers, we may as well talk to Warrant Officer McCord, Sergeant John McCord until recently.

Warrant Officer McCord

Our friend was born in Murray, Ky., and attend school in Tennessee. During his early life, he selected wood working as his hobby, the pastime of his father. However, for the past several years, he has been an ardent participant in the field of aviation, leading up to the time when he was put on detached service in Civilian Flying Schools in August of 1940.

He has been in this type work since that time, coming to Embry-Riddle Field as Operations Clerk at the starting of the Field in the middle of 1942. Prior to his transfer here, he was stationed at Bush Field in Augusta, Ga. Mr. McCord proudly relates the fact that he has three brothers in the service of our nation and presumes that one is overseas.

And now for the inseparables, Misses Joyner and Taylor, whose job it is to keep the time of not only Cadets and airplanes, but also of the Instructors of our company.

Their favorite pastimes seem to be talking and eating. Better watch those figures, girls!

Miss Joyner is a graduate of the high school in Union City where she majored in commercial work. She has been employed here at the Field for a little more than six months.

Warrant Officer John McCord, Operations Clerk

Her co-worker, Miss Myra Taylor, is eight months old in the company, coming here from the Junior College at Martin which she attended following her graduation from the Troy High School. She had hoped to spend her summer vacation here and then continue her school work but found at the end of the summer that she was “stuck” and didn’t want to leave.

The two of them boast two new additions—wisdom teeth. Whether one in each or two in one, we just couldn’t say, and I wouldn’t like to try finding out for fear of getting hit.

Well, that’s about enough for this department except that we are interested in the outcome of the feud between the "twins" and the Paradehute department.

Post Patter

Cigars and smiles invaded the Post again a few days ago when out from the bag of good things came good-sized promotions for six of the Army Personnel stationed here at the Field—rating of Captain to 1st Lt. Fred Murphy, Flight Surgeon; First Lieutenant ratings for 2nd Lts. Gene Kleiderer and John W. Church, Flight Officers; and W. H. Semmes, Commandant of Cadets.

Then there were promotions to Warrant Officer for Sgts. Dickerson and McCord. Congratulations and the best of luck to you all!

We understand that one of our Flight Instructors, "Chuck" Waldron, former movie actor and singer, is using a bit of premeditated psychology on his Cadets by gobbling in the Gasport, saying nothing but a lot of babbles, and then asking if the Cadet understood.

This system was used by Instructor Mickey Lightholder not long since with the result that the Cadet nodded understandingly and followed by executing a maneuver that hadn’t been defined.

An Inverted Whiff-K-Dill

May we suggest that you Instructors make yourselves more clear before somebody attempts an inverted whiff-dill in an upright position.

Prominent visitors at the Field this week were Len Poeve and Nate Reece. Also we were glad to have visiting us Messrs. Riley and Burns, Embry-Riddle Canteen heads.

We regret losing Roy Wehman from the Parachute department. Roy is a local young fellow and left for induction into the Army. In spite of our regrets, we know Roy will do a good job wherever he goes. Good luck to you!

George “Flywheel” Jones, Stage Commander, stated the fact that Norman Macleod was one of his first students as a Flight Instructor at Carlstrom Field.

A letter from Norman’s Father in a recent edition of the Fly Paper told of the tragic death of his son. We, too, along with Mr. Jones, express our regret to this family.

KADET KAPERS

The Gremlins have been on the warpath again recently. Particularly noticeable yesterday were the Gremlins Gustus species, commonly known as wind Gremlins, whose actions on planes closely resemble the effects of wind. No one has ever seen these “Sky Draculas” in action but some have had the extreme pleasure (?) of meeting up with them.

Take one Ed Skrocki for instance. Ed was making an approach a few days ago
in his flight operations. Everything seemed fine; glide o.k., altitude o.k., distance o.k. Slowly he came to earth, his wheel touched and he started to pull the stick back. Then—bang!!! Oh, Oh, Knew it was too good to be true. Enter Gremlins Gustus!

First the plane rolled to the right, then to the left, and back to the right. That wing came close to the ground the first time, closer the second and there was no missing the third time—wing met terra firma.

The only thing we can’t understand is that the Gremlins didn’t do a thorough job. Guess they were tired. (P. S. Skrochi taxied back to the line with everything under control.)

The last of the 43-F solo showers took place when A/C Middlebrook, residing at present in Barracks 2, got the customary dunking. It was a lively party, participated in by all residents. Feel sorry sorry, however, for the janitors after seeing the shower room immediately following his sortie.

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**CHAPMAN CHATTER**

_by Cara Lee Cook_

What is so gay as a day in January when one’s thoughts turn to birds and trees and the bees (Shakespeare) and in the far off distance we hear silver wedding bells, Congratulations to Instructor Tom and Mrs. Moxley, formerly Gloria Brown. Tom’s many friends on the Field wish the best of luck ever to one swell couple.

Speaking of Shakespeare, “Boss” Riddle advises that he has learned through authentic sources that Sterling Camden is a poet of renown and suggests that such an endorsement should not be kept a secret and far be it from me.

“Ode to Mayhem”

If Mr. Camden’s next release is entitled “Ode to Mayhem,” I’ll hold Mr. Riddle responsible. While I’m at it, I might as well get inquisitive and ask for enlightenment on the leading question around here, “Was it animal, vegetable or human that branded Theron Reddish with those pearly imprints?”

_Peace Allah

Wain plis’ note: Romance ala da boll is, in case those that don’t know (is that possible?) may ask, is a blonde-headed facsimile of the “Acrobatic Special” which is featured daily on the Canteen Menu, but not to be confused with same even if the results are easily comparable. Nuff said, now you know. (?

Answering the call next week of Uncle Sam is “rootin’ tootin'” Fire Shooting Rudy Kane. We only hope that Uncle Sam will appreciate the special training Rudy has had along these lines and put him where he is best suited. Lots of luck, Rudy, from all the gang.

_Gadget Pilot_

Another new Instrument Instructor has been added to the ranks here, namely Tom Jacobs, a very proud full fledged gadget pilot.

Chapman was brutally awakened Monday to the horrible realities of these War times: Sugar was doled out grain for grain by the gallant Canteen staff, who cheerfully helped us to bear up under this deplorable situation.

Our honorable Accounting Department really has been pleased to have the temporary assistance of Cecil Snow who hails from Carlstrom Field. The fly-bug hit him while he was here and he has logged to date the total sum 1:16 dual hours.

_Sabotage_

We’re very sorry Henry Gardner, Cross Country Trainee, has the mumps. Hope they remove the red tag real soon. The rest of the X-C gang, having been checked out by D. Franklin Tripplet, CAA Supervisor, are streaming full steam ahead what with Cross Country Flights, Dalton Computers, and those awful Airport Problems.

In a fireside chat with Ground School Instructor Wilbur (The Great) Sheffield, we learn that said department is getting set up to tick on all 19 cylinders. The old “country club” building has been renovated and now houses assorted airplane engines and obscure parts, which are as yet unknown to the author.

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**MATERIEL CONTROL**

_by Joan Lowry_

Do the weeks just seem to fly? For me they do. During the past week we did have time to have some of our co-workers over.

Those attending our little party were Mr. and Mrs. Buxton, Mr. and Mrs. Koehl er, Jean Deringer and Nick Nickelson.

It was really lots of fun to have a get-together, and have a little entertainment when this old world is in such a turmoil.

It has been some time since Pat Irving left us. If you remember, she was such a cute blonde with lovely blue eyes. Pat left us to join her husband who is a Pan American flyer.

Mary Gamble, her very close friend, has received several letters and each day Mary says, “Joan, I will bring you Pat’s letters.”

It did take a little time for Mary to remember to bring them, but now I can say I have really read Pat’s letters and can give you a few highlights of them.

Pat was quite thrilled to see how modern Rio is, and she says the scenery is perfectly beautiful. She writes that she has a native maid who speaks only Portuguese and that she is having lots of fun learning the language.

Ever since Pat has been in Rio, she has been spending a lot of her time in Red Cross work. Now isn’t that just like Pat—always a good trooper.

We should love a loughly letter for the column, Pat; so sit down and write us soon.

We extend our deepest sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Lightfoot in the loss of Mrs. Lightfoot’s mother.

I tried my best to write a poem but I see that I am not so good at it. So until I do have a brainstorm, I will just have to give you facts as I see them.

A certain young lady in Purchasing showed us the latest picture of her very best boy friend the other day, and you should have heard all the sighs from the girls. Oh dear, if he were only twins!

Mr. Buxton visited our Fields this past week, and I didn’t see him on his return, so any news that he has will have to wait.

At least I hope he has some for, if he doesn’t start being a better snooper, I am going to see why he is not coming through with some gossip. I wonder if Harry Koehler is blackmailing?

I stated at the beginning that I had attempted to write a poem, and it just wasn’t there. But I do have a little jingle that might get by, so here it is.

_Materiel—Materiel_

That’s what we hear from morn til night. Our job we think is simply swell. Because, you know, we do it right. Like Tennyson’s brook, Materiel flows. In here and out, no let up ever. But whether it comes and whither it goes. We hope our jobs will last forever.

I must confess that I did not write this little jingle, but the writer wants to remain unknown, so we must oblige.
**DORR DOINGS**

by Jack Whitnall

In the near future both Dorr and Carlstrom Fields are to have a new pass system. A round metal disc containing the employee’s name, number, photo, and the Field at which he is employed, together with a regular card pass are to be carried at all times. The metal pass is to be pinned to your clothing where it can be easily seen. We understand that a person who forgets his pass will be penalized and will be detained at the front gate until his immediate superior vouches for him.

**Man Hours Lost**

One incident that happened not so long ago concerned a certain employee (yes, it was a lady) who took at least two minutes to find her pass among a bus load of people.

There were probably 35 people on the bus, and if you multiply 35 by 2, you will see that 70 man-minutes were lost.

To that one employee it may have been just two minutes, but to the War effort 70 minutes were donated to the Axis. We all have a job to do. Let’s all do it together.

Donna McLeod on a three day vacation this week spending it with her husband who is home on a furlough from Niland, Calif. The gal who can scream the loudest, Lois Ingram (and twern’t no mouse either). General trend of conversation around the Ad building about 1:30 a.m. “Wonder what they have for dinner today.” Kathryn Sandusky thinking of starting a lovelorn column catering to the employees in the Ad building only (that includes the Army too).

Well, well, well, we just found out that Virginia Jones has been a heart interest at the Auxiliary Field and it ain’t her brother either.

**Airplane Maintenance**

Archie Franklin sitting in the front gate house at 11:30 p.m. Saturday night. Yep, he got bus left. We also wonder what happened to his snazzy.

As a team of Pilot and Navigator, Walter Davis and yours truly can’t be beat. Amid words of encouragement of “go dissa way now go datta way,” we finally arrived at the arriving place (you can ask Walt where it was).

A certain green Ford sedan seen going to Church only on Sundays, fact is that is the only place it ever goes now-a-days.

The machine shop gang busy building the first two of many airplane tugs to be used at Dorr Field. These tugs are used in hauling airplanes to and from the flight line, saving a lot of man-power and time. Again we have to hand it to Mr. Callera and his men.

Another very enjoyable Cadet dance was held in the Mess Hall Patio last Wednesday night. Besides a dance, we were treated to another enjoyable hour of entertainment by the third series of USO shows that has visited Dorr Field.

We sort of wish that some of the Instructors could have been on hand to see the co-ordination exercise that the Cadets put on in the little skit where they all changed hats. Certainly was a marvel. Even the C.O. was seen to sit up and marvel.

Yes Sir, we even had an eight piece orchestra. And what made it all the more enjoyable, Mr. Nicodemus and several of his help kindly stayed late and saw that the boys had refreshments. We can certainly say that Mr. Nicodemus wasn’t stingy with the sandwiches. Many many thanks, Mr. Nicodemus and his crew.

Just what was the matter with the sandwich that Lt. Frank was trying so hard to give away? Finally he had to eat it himself.

**The Army Side**

A new addition to the Athletic Department in the person of Lt. Clair McLaughlin, Ass’t Director of Athletics. Welcome, Lieutenant. We hope you enjoy your tour of duty with us.

The enlisted men would rather not talk about any more competitive sports. Seems that in the last game of mumbly peg the Officers trounced them badly.

**The Short Snorter’s Log**

Ruthie is leaving us on the 27th of February to become the bride of Wayne Martin. We have Ruthie’s promise before she goes that she will give us all the low down on all the Instructors. Okey, fellows, the line forms on the left to deposit the hush money.

Badges “Lochinvar” Langford, the thrill of the girls in the Form Room and Operations Tower, has been most helpful in donating the pictures of various views of Dorr Field. We understand that “Locky” leaves very soon for the Army.

Johnny Lyons and H. Shepard walking for their health? “Buttercup” A-1 in the Army and 1-A in Helen’s heart. Norman McCoy strutting around. The reason, a fine boy at the home of the McCoy’s. Leo “Donald Duck” Osterdock.

Charlie Miller 38 years old—he certainly doesn’t look it (or act it), “Butch” Bart and “Butch” Bove—yea they both had their ears lowered. Dieter, the new Refreshur Instructor—quiet on the ground—but up above—censored. Some six inch wings on the way for the Instructors’ uniforms.

To’ably Yours,

Jack

P.S.—We’re celebrating our birthday February 16th. Please note: All cigars thankfully received—no tofers.

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**FLIGHT 1-CLASS 43-F**

by A/C A. H. Mansfield

Thanks to the class of 43-G that makes this article possible. At their expense the Upperclass has been having quite an experience of its own.

First, we would like to welcome the entire Underclass and hope they will keep the planes flying into the wild blue yonder, as have so many who have gone on before and are now slamming those nasty little Japs.

On behalf of the Upperclass we take great pleasure in offering our help in getting you started on the right foot (contribution of an Upperclassman that proceeds).

Second, we are wondering what has happened to all the boys that have soloed and did not get thrown into the swimming pool due to regulations.

Third, everyone is wondering why Cadet Jones is called “Down Wind” and loves to take twenty hour checks.

Fourth, what happened to all the thirty tour boys that Lt. Hargis can’t seem to Continued on Page 13
Nine more of the "Riddle Houses" are under construction in now fashionable Villa Rica Park, and judging from the speed with which the other colorfully be-shuttered homes were completed, it will he only a matter of a few weeks before the grand total of dwellings built by the Lewis construction swells to 29.

According to energetic Mr. Pendley, supervisor of the renting of the houses, two of the twenty now complete are available, and in consideration of the current rush for priorities, it's a matter of "first come, first served." If you're in search of a modern, new home, our advice is to get a move on.

Private to "Snag": talent such as yours shouldn't die of malnutrition. Come to us, and we will nourish it with hard work, very little credit and no pay at all.

You are right. Hangar three—located between hangars two and four—has been sadly neglected. All things, however, come to him who comes and gets it.

We are glad to pass along, nonetheless, explanation for the rumor to the effect that the Air Force is planning a huge bombing attack on Tokyo, using PT-17s equipped with rear gunners and baggage compartment bombardiers—an event to take place in early spring.

How It Started

The whole thing, we believe you explained, was started because a solo Cadet saw Bob Priest test-hopping a ship fresh out of overhaul.

The rear gunner was metal shop foreman Clarence Harrison, brandishing a rivet gun and putting the finishing touches on a Tech order dealing with the reinforcement of cockpit side cowling.

The bombardier in the baggage compartment was nothing other than a worker bucking the rivets for Clarence. The bomb he had released was a one-pound bucking dolly dropped while Priest executed a snap-roll.

And it does, as you pointed out, look like an early spring.

Couldn't you, oh anonymous "Snag," make a regular—if somewhat more brief—contribution concerning the ever-unfolding drama of hangar three?

* * *

We close, fittingly enough, with a greeting to class 43-G, which so recently arrived to join the Riddle family at Carlstrom Field.

Carlstrom is glad to have you, and you're going to get the best doggone Primary Training a Cadet can have in this man's Air Force—but there's one little item that's being left 100% up to you. That's the matter of your personal safety.

Nobody takes care of you when you're upstairs alone. You're in the safest, most fool-proof little ship a man could have—but the Stearman isn't built to compensate for any damfoolishness on your part.

Moral: Abide by the rules and do everything the careful way. Take that simple responsibility upon yourself, and you need have no other worries as to your safety—only watch for the other fellow. He may not be quite so careful.

CARLSTROM CAPERS

by Norma Tucker

Amid cheers and applause of the Cadets, Unit Number 18 of the USO Camp Shows presented an outstanding show, "We Are Living," at Carlstrom Field Monday night.

All the acts were well received by the Cadets, and the performers did their best to show the boys a good time; but we think one of our local boys "stole" the show.

Cadet Charles Bowles was called from the audience by Miss Gloria Jerome, a lovely and shapely blonde, who was mystifying the audience with her card and cigarette tricks.

"Bashful" Charlie was called upon to participate in a clever balloon and card trick combination act, and during the act Charlie learned to "truck" and, well... Charlie, had you rehearsed with the troupe?

Charlie's Hex

Anyway, we know he has a balloon for a souvenir and he was warned that he had better be good or she would turn him into a rabbit.

"The Lady in Red," Miss Aileen Read, talented tap dancer, who gave an excellent performance, was presented by Larry Daniels, Master of Ceremonies, and what an introduction he gave her!

Quote: "Boys, she's wonderful, she's really got something, something that will knock your eye out... a husband." Confidentially, fellows, we don't think she has.

Larry Daniels gave an exceptionally good imitation act, imitating Jimmy Stewart, Charles Boyer, Edward G. Robinson, Wallace Beery, Al Jolson, and Boris Karloff.

Mr. Daniels was formerly with the popular "Meet the People" radio program and

CARLSTROM CAPTION

by James F. Downend

"What a Difference a Day Made." On Friday they were meek Underclassmen, and the boys who had completed the course were making tracks for a basic school. The next day was Saturday, their flight caps sprout wings, Underclassmen and proud, in one of the greatest primary schools of aviation.

The class Cadet Officers have on their new insignia of rank which adds even greater dignity to the responsible positions they assume.

New Ranks

Wing Commander is A/C J. W. Brown; Wing Adjutant, A/C H. M. Cox; and Wing Sgt. Major, A/C A. T. Shape.


The new Underclassmen were piled high with baggage as they marched down the walk. "That barracks bag looks heavy, Mister?"

"Yes, Sir," he replies, "I expect to stay for the full class!" The set of their jaws and the firm stride proves further that they, 43-G, expect nothing but the hardest assignments from their Instructors and nothing but the best from themselves.

How Do You Like It?

Lt. Hoffmeyer introduced a flight of new boys to the regulations of the Field as they were assigned to rooms. "How do you like the Field, Gentlemen?"

"Boy, do we!" they shouted. "It's beautiful!"

Meanwhile there was enough traffic in the sky to make Broadway look like one way street under a strict gasoline ban. "Is it always like this?" questioned a shy Underclassman.

A solemn and very wise Underclassman enlightened him. "Son," he said, "Some

Physical Fitness Award

Max Davis won the coveted Physical Fitness award by outstripping his nearest opponent, W. McCallister, by a mere 16 points. Davis, apparently, from his past record, is quite the athlete, having played three sports—football, basketball and baseball with the Utah Aggies.

At Carlstrom, he gathered enough points to take the award that is given to the Cadet who has the greatest number of points accumulated by his physical prowess in a series of athletic events. The award this time was a beautiful gold identification brace-let.
Our attempts to explain some of the RAF expressions have got us in the well-known "soup" with one of our Fly Paper readers. The letter below is self-explanatory.

Dear Editor Hopkins:

I did not do my training in any of the "Riddle Family" Schools, but nevertheless I am an interested reader of your Fly Paper. I was shocked to see in your Riddle Round Up Section the misspelling of the word "Pukka" in your issue of January 15th.

The word has a very interesting derivation, having originated in India. Indian natives referred to the British Regular Indian Army as "Pukka Sahibs," meaning "true soldier." Subsequently, the term was taken up by the soldierly and everything which was true and correct became known as "Pukka"—but never, never "Pucka"! Jack Hopkins should be told to "wind his neck in"!

Sincerely,

Charles A. Armitage, RAF

Thank you, Mr. Armitage, for your correction and further pukka information—our neck is "wound up." But, how do you spell the word neck, sir?

Valentine Party

The Co-Pilots are having another of their super parties at the Instructor's Club a week from today, Saturday, February 13. The Valentine motif will be used, and all Instructors, their wives or dates are invited to attend; so let's keep this date open.

The Committee Chairmen for the party are: General Chairman, Mrs. A. R. Thompson; Food, Mrs. W. F. King; Decorations, Mrs. G. G. Glasgow; Entertainment, Mrs. K. Woodward; Invitations, Mrs. Archibald.

An evening social meeting was held by the Club Wednesday of this week. Knitting, sewing, bridge and other games made a pleasant evening for all the ladies present.

A very commendable act was that of the Co-Pilot's Club when they voted to contribute $5.00 per month to the Clewiston High School P.T.A. milk fund. The milk is given to the school children, and the Club felt it a very worthwhile cause.

Basketvets Win Again

The Riddle Field Riddlers chalked up their second win of the season, with a 52-24 win over Moore Haven High last week.

The Moore Haven team held the Riddlers even in the first period, which ended 4-4. The locals had only a 14-8 margin at the half, but exploded a barrage of baskets in the second half for the win. The third quarter score was 39-16.

Capt. Lou Place led the Riddlers with 19 points. Blount followed with 12.

The Moore Haven attack was evenly balanced, with Mizelle, Hendrix and Stolls all scoring 6 points each. The summary.

RIDDLES (52)  
Blount, f. 6  0  0 
Cason, f. 5  0  1 
Leaphone, c. 4  0  1 
Place, g. 9  1  1 
Taylor, g. 1  1  2 
Walker, f. 0  0  0

Totals 25  2  5

M.H.H.S. (24)  
Adkins, f. 2  0  2 
Mizelle, f. 3  0  0 
Hendrix, c. 3  0  3 
Stalls, g. 3  0  0 
Skinner, g. 1  0  0

Totals 12  0  5

Points by Quarters:

Riddlers  4  10  25  13-52
M.H.H.S.  4  4  8  8-24


New Commanding Officer

Wing Commander T. O. Prickett, Commanding Officer of this Station for the past several months, left this week for another posting.

W/C Prickett had seen a lot of action in the Middle East before coming to this Station and expressed his desire to return to action. It is possible that he is returning to a fighting front.

He, with Mrs. Prickett, have the good wishes of their many friends here.

W/C George Greaves has succeeded Prickett as Commanding Officer of No. 5 B. F.T.S.

Round and About

P.T.1. Sg t. J. F. Kitchen is leaving this week for another posting, and he is being succeeded by P.T.1. Cpl. T. M. Moyes.

PICTURES WANTED—The ban of cameras at this Field will make it very difficult for us to continue with our usual number of pictures in the Fly Paper, unless we can have some contributed by some of you readers.

Any mechanic, instructor, cadet, etc., having pictures suitable for publication, please send them to Ye Ed. The print itself is most desirable, and they will be returned after use.
Pilot Officer Dick Griffin, graduate of Course 8, has written his former Instructor, Flight Commander Fred Perry, informing him that he is an Instructor at the Waco Flying School in Texas. Good luck, Dick.

A recent edition of Ladies Home Companion presented pictures from this Field and other Embry-Riddle Fields showing the clean, efficient manner in which the food is prepared and served.

"We still need at least one correspondent from Course 13—come on fellas, don't be bashful.

Thoughts for this week: He who breaks an undercarriage in forced landing shall be in time forgiven, but he who taxicross into another shall be despised forever. More praiseworthy is he who touches tail and wheels to the earth at the same time than he who looopen and idles till some damed stars in amazement at his daring.

MAN OF THE WEEK

Chief Parachute Rigger Andrew M. Body has been chosen as our Man of the Week. Mr. Body was born in Philadelphia on July 2, 1893. He was graduated from Mechanesburg, Pa., High School and took a correspondence course in mechanical drafting.

Mr. Body has had a long and varied career. First he was a tracer for the Locomotive Works of the Baldwin Company at Philadelphia; then he set up movie projectors in several of the southwestern states; next he did repair and overhaul work for the Singer Sewing Company.

In 1921, he joined the Army and was stationed at Kelly Field as an enlisted pilot. While here, he received his A and E and Parachute Riggers rating. After leaving the Army, Mr. Body was in the motorcycle business for a number of years, selling and repairing them.

In 1938, he went with the Piper Aircraft company as final assembly factory inspector, and remained with that company until June, 1941, when he came to Riddle Field as Chief Parachute Rigger.

Here, he set up the department which now maintains, services, repairs and repacks all parachutes, which includes repacking every chute every 60 days.

He has four assistants working with him, and one of his former apprentices, Melvin Carlton, is now Chief Parachute Rigger at Embry-Riddle Field in Union City.

Proof of the good work done by Mr. Body and his department lies in the fact that six chutes have been jumped, all of which performed perfectly. Congratulations to you, Mr. Body—you and your department are doing a grand job.

DORR FIELD SUBMITS "FOUR WHO TALKED"

by K. Kahn

An American convoy, carrying a cargo of war materiel and supplies for our Allies, was sunk.

Four loyal Americans destroyed this convoy.

This is what happened:

George F., works in a factory in the Middle West. He is as American as baseball. He despises the Axis.

He told a friend that they had just finished a large order of machine guns. He thought it was for export.

This friend casually mentioned it— to someone. He doesn't remember to whom. He knows so many people.

Berlin got that information. It was checked and analyzed. There is a special bureau in Berlin for this work. The information was put away in an active file.

Bill K., a seaman at San Francisco, had no sympathy for the Axis viewpoint. He was leaving soon. He didn't know where or even when. But there was something in the wind; he heard he was leaving soon.

He told his girl friend. Naturally, she was blue. She mentioned it to a girl in the office. This girl told it to her boy friend. She'd known him for some time.

He was a pretty nice guy—a very nice guy. But—that night Berlin put the information in an active file.

Johnny S., a sailor on a destroyer stationed on the West Coast, whose Americanism could not be doubted, wrote his weekly letter to his mother. He didn't know definitely, but he'd heard that the ship was leaving soon.

He didn't know exactly where they were going, but he'd heard something, so he ended his letter in his usually humorous way, "Send you a postcard from Murmansk."

His mother showed the letter to a neighbor. At a party, a couple of days later, the neighbor casually mentioned it. She thought it was such a nice letter.

Berlin now had three pieces of information. They began to fit like a jigsaw puzzle. That is the way the bureau in Berlin works.

Ralph V., an officer on the West Coast, who believed in the democratic way, was drinking in a night club. He tossed off a glass of rye, and said, "Last night for liberty, fellows. Leaving tomorrow.

They toasted him and wished him luck. He didn't know all the people around him. You know how it is when you go out drinking. You pick up so many people.

Berlin now had the complete story:

In a factory in the Middle West a large order of machine guns, for foreign destination, had been completed.

A seaman in San Francisco was leaving soon. He didn't know where or when. But he did know that he was leaving—and soon.

A sailor on the West Coast, stationed on board a destroyer, was leaving. He didn't know when or where. But he had heard that it might be Murmansk.

An officer stationed on the West Coast was leaving. The next day, But he didn't say where. He only said when.

The Berlin bureau got busy. The radio got busy. A message was sent to a submarine group commander:

"Tomorrow (from information unknowingly given by Officer Ralph V.) a cargo of machine guns (from information unknowingly given by George F.) will leave from San Francisco (from information unknowingly given by Seaman Bill K.) for Murmansk (from information unknowingly given by Sailor Johnny S.) Contact and destroy."

The convoy was destroyed. Nothing remained. There were no survivors.

This was done by Americans.

By loyal, decent Americans.

BY TALKATIVE AMERICANS.

Are YOU a Talkative American?

(Reprinted by permission from Cosmopolitan magazine, January 1, 1943, and distributed by the Columbia Army Air Base Intelligence Office.)
CARLSTROM CAPERS

**Continued from Page 7**

did an excellent job of keeping the boys laughing. Larry said his sister just married a second Lieutenant; the first got away.

We wonder whether not this is a slam on Arcadia, but he said that last night just as he checked in his hotel room, the closet door opened and a Confederate soldier came out and tapped him on the shoulder and asked, “Who’s winning?”

Another “top” act was given by Warren Boden and his father, Joseph Boden, who were called back time and time again to repeat and play new numbers on banjo and electric banjo.

An old favorite played by the two, “Tiger Rag,” brought as many hand claps as the blonde. This talented team has been with both Paul Whitman’s and Fred Waring’s orchestras.

All in all, the show was really good—so good, in fact, that soon the troupe will be sent overseas to entertain our boys over there.

We are all in favor of more USO shows for the boys, and our thanks and appreciation go to these entertainers who have given up promising careers to help entertain the men in uniform everywhere.

CARLSTROM CAPTION

**Continued from Page 7**

days the traffic is so heavy upstairs that we have to send planes to another smaller Field to land.”

**Call to the Sky**

There are many student officers with the class of 43-C who have had other positions in the training of America’s armed forces, only to answer the call to the sky and begin their aviation training.

All the Field is looking forward to Valentine’s Day, A bashful Cadet received an early card, “Whatcha Waiting For, A Blackout?”... “Gee!” All cards will be up with the modern military world, and the girls are out for First Sergeant rating. Wish Mr. Roosevelt would pass a law for several more Valentine’s Days in the year.

**Drop on Dorr**

Dorothy Dekel of Dorr Field is leaving for college at Tallahassee. Drop number two on Dorr—A/C Richardson and A/C Harrell from Dorr Field led vesper services and group singing at the USO club Sunday afternoon.

New line girl at Carlstrom—Miss Duval who checks gasoline on Form I as each plane is refueled. Two new devices for starting plane motors, run by gasoline engine to speed the job of cranking.

The latest release: Honor board appointments have been announced. Honor Committee Board Officer is Lt. John Strauch; Chairman Honor Committee, A/C Y. J. Maziak, Jr., Flight Four; Honor Committee Cadet Officer, A/C J. W. Shirel, Flight Two.

**SPORTS**

_by Lt. George Haffmeyer_

The “little man,” that shiny brass trophy, is now at “home” again nesting in its niche at Carlstrom. Dorr Field met its match in the inter-school classic January 26th, with Carlstrom; and they went down fighting furiously.

Carlstrom’s victory was won the hard way. It was an uphill battle—a struggle between two finely matched groups of superb, young manhood. The final victory was decided by the last contest, the touch-football game.

Five competitive contests constitute the inter-school field meet; namely, touch-football, basketball, volleyball, and softball. Following is a description of a few of the highlights of the day. These I trust will acquaint the reader with the details of the meet.

**Basketball**

Dorr lost this game, not decisively, 30-18. They weren’t outplayed but out-managed. Game time found them having six men representing their basketball team. Carlstrom had enough men for three teams simply because they were at their home Field and more men could be conscripted.

Using strategy, the Carlstrom “chukkers” used a “fast break” and a short passing system to wear down the Dorrites. The results of this system were very noticeable as the fast pace began to tell on the opponents toward the end of the game.

Carlstrom then began to forge ahead steadily. The outstanding players for the visitors were Brooks, a chunky square shouldered player—deadly, with an uncanny sense of judgment, who had Carlstrom worried for sometime with his freakish one hand shots.

Rothfelder was also “bad medicine”; he was especially good under the “bucket.” There he displayed his talent of playing the rebounds with much success until Carl-...
Shahan Soloes

Due for an extra-special dunking is Bill Shahan of Military Engines, who "beat the rap" Monday when he soloed at Chapman Field, where "ducks" are taboo. We surely wish he were a Seaplane!

SOFULL

by A.C.W. J. Brunenderman

Carlstrom "Aces" vs. Dorr "Duds"

Place—Carlstrom's beautiful grassy diamond

Time—15:00 o'clock, Tuesday, January 26, 1943

First Inning

Dorr at bat—Dupre opened hostilities by working Spinks for a base on balls and advanced to second on a low fly to Holland at second. Dingle struck out. Orndorf lined a single through King at first, Dupre scoring. Peek was safe on an error by Little. Dunfield lined another single through King at first, Orndorf scoring. Dunfield stole second. Boyd struck out. Two runs, two left on base, one error.

Carlstrom at bat—Carrisimo drew a base on balls, but was caught off base by a nice throw by Reed. Ashbury also walked. Stauffer was safe on a dropped third strike. Latter may seem illogical but it happened. Spinks struck out, ditto King. No hits, no runs, two left on base, one error.

Second Inning

Dozier flied out to right field. Davis was safe on an error by Holland at second. Finley struck out, Dupre walked, Reed was out on a fielders choice. No hits, no runs, one left, one error. Yandel, Little and Bowles struck out. No hits, no runs, no errors, none left.

Third Inning

Dingley out on a hot grounder second to first. Orndorf popped to King, Peek popped to Ashbury at short. No hits, no runs, no errors, none left. Little safe on an error to Dingley at first. Holland struck out. Carissimo and Ashbury also fanned. No hits, no runs, one error, one left.

Fourth Inning

Dunfield singled to short but was out on Boyd's fielders choice, Boyd stole second. Dozier popped to Holland at second. Davis struck out. Two hits, no runs, no errors, one left.

Stauffer struck out, Spinks safe on an error by Peek at third. King and Yandel struck out. No hits, no runs, one error, one left.

Fifth Inning

Finley out Yandel to King. Dupre popped to King. Reed grounded to King who momentarily fumbled but recovered quickly. No hits, no runs, no errors, none left. Little struck out. Bowles was out short to first, Lightfoot out, Reed to Dingley. No hits, no runs, no errors, none left.

Sixth Inning

Dingley out third to first, Orndorf walked. Peek out on an infield fly, Dunfield popped to Holland at second. No hits, no runs, no errors, one left. Holland and Carissimo struck out, Asbury singled through short for Carlstrom's first hit. Asbury stole second, Stauffer walked. Asbury and Stauffer pulled a double steal successfully. Spinks trying hard flied out to Finley in center. One hit, no runs, no errors, two left.

Seventh Inning

Boyd struck out, Dozier doubled to center, Davis drew a base on balls, Dozier out trying to steal third, Finley struck out. One hit, no runs, no errors, one left.

King tripped to left and scored on Yandel's sacrifice fly to center. Little popped to second, Bowles tripled, Lightfoot ended game by striking out. Two hits, one run, no errors, one left.

Score:

\[
\begin{array}{cccccccc}
& & & & & & & \\
1 & 2 & 3 & 4 & 5 & 6 & 7 & R. H. E. \\
Dorr & 2 & 0 & 0 & 0 & 0 & 0 & 0 1 & 2 3 5 3 \\
Carlstrom & 0 & 0 & 0 & 0 & 0 & 0 & 1 & 1 3 2 \\

Carissimo was off to a bad start, and after settling down was unable to overcome the excellent pitching of the Dorr flinger, Reed, who proved his prowess with the 12 inch sphere by fanning sixteen of the Carlstrom Aces.

No definite opinion could be drawn of the ability of the Dorr men afield, since they rarely handled the ball. Carlstrom looked well afield, with Yandel and King looking very good on the defense and Stauffer did a brilliant job of catching. Spinks had good control after the first inning but the harm was already done.

ACES vs. DODO'S

by James F. Downend

Carlstrom won the toss and elected to kick-off. Carlstrom recovered on a Dorr fumble but got no place with the ball. Dorr took the ball on downs and had no more luck. It was anyone's game throughout most of the first quarter.

Toward the end of the quarter Taylor of the Carlstrom Aces got off for a long run making the score 6-0 in favor of Carlstrom.

During the second quarter Dorr seemed to be intercepting practically everything Carlstrom was throwing. Both sides were very tense and there were numerous off-sides. Dorr remained on the offensive and had the home team in trouble with their constant rushing.

On a kick by Carlstrom, Carlstrom recovered, A/C Constable then scrambled for a tally, the extra point was made, and the score was 13-0 in favor of the Aces.

With Carlstrom fumbling in the backfield, it was fourth and 25 to go when a long pass from Schmitz to McKenny was good over the goal line. Score 19-0.

On the kick-off Allen of Dorr ran the ball back from the mid-field line, scoring and bringing the score up 19-6 at the half in favor of the Aces.

The third quarter was uneventful. The ball seemed to revert to each team with little gain. Toward the end of the quarter, Schmitz of Carlstrom got away for a nice run of about 90 yards. Score 25-6.

The last quarter was played on a fairly even basis. As the quarter was near its end, Dorr scored on a long heave by Allen, the game ending with Carlstrom on the long end of the score 25-12.

NEW BOOKS AT TECH


New Handbook of the Heavens, by Bernhard.

Chimneys of the Continents, by Kendrew.


The Engine Indicator, by De Juhass.

Model Gasoline Engines, by Yates.

Pan-American Highway Through South America, by Lanks.

The Inductance Authority, by Shipe.

Manual on Folders and Searers, by Schroeder.

Statistical Abstract of the U.S., 1941.

Civil Aeronautics Authority Reports, V. 1, August, 1938-July, 1940.

U. S. War Department Technical Manuals, TM-430, Welding; TM-1070, The Internal Combustion Engine; TM-1470, Aircraft Radio Shop Practice; HM-10-445,

The Machinist.

ENGINE NOISES
by Gladys C. Goff

Someone suggested that since our test stands had been soundproofed, it might be a good idea to change the name of this column. But, in this reporter's humble opinion, engines still make noises, soundproof or not, and if you think our shop is quiet—well, come up 'n see us sometime!

Romance rears its ugly head between our Production Control office and the Crankcase Subassembly department. We're hoping that the Major won't offer too much competition.

Speaking of romance, you men are hereby reminded that St. Valentine's Day is barging in over the horizon, so don't forget to spend two-bits for a spot of hearts and lace. It goes over big with the O.A.O.

We have an elegant new First Aid room in our shop now, with shuttered doors and a cot and a lot of adhesive tape and stuff. Julia Tatum is in charge of this office and is very proud of her new duties.

Congratulations to Mr. Evans for the landscaping being done here in our restricted area. It's really keen, Mr. Evans, and we like it a lot.

Bill Elue, the "Beaver Boy" of the shop, has a swanky new office next to the Production Control office. He and Mr. Pelton and Lona Cochran, their secretary, are all ready to move in as soon as the finishing touches are put on.

We had a big birthday celebration for Bill about a week or so ago. There was a cake (baked by Mrs. Grafflin) with candles lit up and everyone singing "Happy Birthday Dear Bill." We couldn't get much of a speech out of him; he just stood there and blushed and chewed on his pine plank.

Dick Donovan's son was home for a short furlough before going to join the Pacific fleet. We're all wishing the best of luck to young Dick.

Our newlyweds, the Barries and Henrys, were presented with good-looking floor lamps as their wedding presents from the shop. They seemed very pleased over the gifts—and who could blame them?

Time to look up a few birthdays. Frank Perry is our Valentine-of-the-month, since he was born on St. Valentine's Day. Dick Hourihan was born on Washington's birthday, but somehow we can't believe that Dick never tells just a little white one.

Louis Layland, Oscar Moll, Bill Sippel, and Jimmy Yaucillo also celebrate their birthdays this month.

Some of the Overhaulers are still enjoying Dart Bowling at lunchtime. Nellie Diamond is the queen of them all. Mr. Grafflin proved to be a dead-eye of the first water, throwing with either hand. What other department can boast a General Manager so talented?

The latest-in fond messages is the somewhat brutal greeting "Hello Slug, whatya know." To those in doubt, consult the Test Stand crew.

SEAPLANE FLEDGINGS LEAVE NEST AND FIND WATER COLD

Willie Anderson and Bartow Vaughn have joined our happy throng. Welcome, boys.

So, as the little dog said when the train ran over his tail, "That's the end of me!"
Corny, eh what?

Spanish and Portuguese

A new series of Spanish and Portuguese classes began Monday, February 1st, under the direction of Dr. Alfredo de Valle.

Company employees who are interested in the courses may register with James E. Blakeley, Director of the Technical School, either in person or by telephone.

There is no charge for the course, no written work, no home work, and very little grammar. Text books are not required.

The schedule for these classes is as follows:

PORTUGUESE
Monday, Wednesday and Friday
5:30-6:30, Arcade Apartments
7:00-8:00, Technical School Building

SPANISH
Tuesday and Thursday
5:30-6:30, Arcade Apartments
7:00-8:00, Technical School Building
FAREWELL
by A/C Frank Macomber

The Class of 43-E has come and gone. We have said goodbye to the many friends we have made in our all too short stop here—to the beautiful Florida climate that we hope to know again some day when—
To the flight line, our Instructors, and the PTs—to the Canteen Cuties and the many members of the staff and personnel who made our sojourn here so pleasant and worthwhile—to all we extend our collective thanks and best wishes for continued success in your service to the country.

As is customary with partings, we must say goodbye to “buddies and bunkmates” who are being transferred to different Fields. Good luck, and may we meet again.

To our successors here, 43-F, we leave and intrust with you the proud record of Dorr Field, the winning back of the Athletic Cup from Carlstrom Field, a few phone numbers and addresses—and Arcadia.

We are going on now to the next step nearer our goal, but we will always hold Dorr Field in a special spot in our memories. Here it was we first tried our wings and soloed. Here it was we got our first taste of what we have strived for so long. We hope to return some day with “Wings and Bars” to pay homage to the birthplace of the 43 Eagles.

Until then, “Au Revoir” and Happy Landings.

GLAMOUR

Endeavoring to glamorize the departure of the upper class from this Field, Major Charles S. Bentley, Commandant of Cadets, inaugurated a custom of having the lower class give the upper a graduation dance.

It is intended to expand the glamour still farther in the near future by awarding at these dances various prizes to graduates who have excelled in one way or another. Also at this time the appointment and announcement of permanent Cadet Officers of the lower class will be made. Inaugural of this custom, which took place last week in the beautiful patio, had the added attraction of a USO Camp Show preceding the dance.

WE WONDER WHY

by Horace C. Smith

Flight Four failed to win the extra open Post privileges, after having tried so diligently.

Dorr Cadets find Punta Gorda so appealing. Could it be the anticipation of the rumored arrival of WAACS?

The Cadet Officers are so modest. Not just the run of the mill can obtain this honor—there are priorities on box tops. Retreat has been called off. We become bored with so much free time.

Well, I have my check this p.m. I hope it will prove better than my attempts to write, which heretofore have been aesthetically mediocre.

LT. FRANK REPLIES
TO A. C. MACOMBER

“Mister,” when someone asks you where you got your start learning to become such a hot pilot, I know you’ll proudly, and perhaps somewhat nostalgically, answer.

“Dorr Field.” And because you’re loyal, your pride in Dorr will be completely unshaken when somebody says, “Where is it?” or “I never heard of it.”

You will confidently answer, “Near Arcadia, of course.” “Where’s that?” will be the commonplace reply, You may feel temporarily hard-put for an answer, but your loyalty will remain firm, resolute. “Where the — is Arcadia, anyhow?” you will be tempted to muse.

Remember?

Well, “Mister,” it’s this way. Remember those beautiful swamps that composed your scenery as you flew just south of here? They were the Charlotte Glades. Or if you ventured a little farther South, you were over Okaloaoochee Slough.

If you happened to go east, you were treated to the somewhat dubious scenic pleasure of the Okeechobee Highlands; and emptying out of Lake Okeechobee into the sultry Gulf was the Caloosahatchee River, and ad infinitum.

Maybe that won’t help you enlighten your inquisitor as to the geographical position of Arcadia. But you’ve still got one shot left. Tell him that Shakespeare named a town in “As You Like It” Arcady, and that Arcady was supposed to be Heaven on Earth. That might be a good spot at which to rest your case.

Romantic Names

“Mister,” you’re dead right—Arcadia, Okaloaoochee, Caloosahatchee, Okeechobee—romantic names perhaps, but unimportant. Dorr Field, located in the middle of nowhere in the heart of somewhere, is important and worthy of all your most loyal sentiments. It was here that you finally made contact with the airplane, sprouted your wings, really learned to fly.

Here in the comfort of modern barracks and a Hollywood landscape background you accomplished what was uppermost in your heart. It matters little where Dorr Field is; it does matter what it is and what is represents. Your devotion and loyalty will be gratefully inherited by the many Cadets that will be schooling here for a long time to come.

Goodbye and good luck, Cadets of 43-E — a really great class here. In your case this is not merely a trite phrase nor an empty compliment. You have the records to prove it—you graduated over eighty-three percent of your original class; you met all standards of military discipline and courtesy. May your success follow you all the way through to your country’s ultimate goal.
COLONNADE

by JUNE McGILL, Guest Columnist

Your usual faithful correspondent is haunting the mailman these days waiting for that first letter from her lieutenant who is out of town for a few weeks; so despite the threat of a "morgue" photo, this guest artist (?) is pinch-hitting in the emergency.

The Colonnade did itself proud in its representation at a dance for the enlisted men at the Surf Club last week. Jinnie Mickel, Frances Weist, Miriam Hoskins, Helen Dillard, Rachel Lane and a goodly number of the Techites turned out in style for the occasion sponsored by the Recreation Pier on Miami Beach.

The Rainy Game

And they say "Thanks" to all the soldiers who proved a wallflower is passé nowadays. Not one of us (yes, me too) would have passed up that ride over and back in an honest-to-goodness Army truck — the sprinkling system worked swell in the rain storm on the return trip.

New residents are moving into our building every week, the latest being George Wheeler and his secretary, Gene Bryan, and Texas Newbold who is back in the Advertising department. The "welcome" sign is also out for Mary Frances Quinn's sister-in-law, Florence, who's now in our Accounting department, and Ethel McCombs at our switchboard.

The Armed Services are still claiming their share of the men, and Frank Sessler will be the next to report for duty as an Aviation Cadet with the Army.

Minnie Cassel's husband, who wears that coveted gold bar, is now stationed in Washington, D.C., and from all reports is lonely — Embry-Riddle gave you this little lassie in the first place, Lieutenant, but with the stipulation that you never take her away from us.

All Well Again

That empty feeling among our personnel last week was brought about by the absence of Rachel Lane who was recuperating from a tonsillectomy, but before we could get our "bedside manner" on and visit the little gal, she was back on the job as good as new.

Connie Young is pursuing her flight lessons again and is almost ready to get her private pilot's license.

The Colonnade is rapidly "catching up" with the Tech School in interesting activities for visiting guests — it's worth a trip over here to watch Paul Baker or his versatile wife pack a 'chute, or "Buzz" Cooper and his feminine assistants demonstrate the intricate maneuvers of the link trainers.

That's our fund of news, and we guess Helen Dillard will be back next week if she has received that letter.

DOING HIS PART

by Helen Dillard

Returning from a junket to Orlando, where in the dual role of Chairman of the State Advisory Committee for the National Defense Training Program of Florida and Employment Manager of Embry-Riddle, Henry Graves, Jr., having disposed of business for both organizations, paused in the mad rush of hiring, forth, and upon request gave us the highlights of his life.

His education was just about the same as that of the average American boy, except for his having started his mechanical training at the very tender age of thirteen in his father's machinery shops.

During the last War he worked in the Research division of Taylor Instrument companies on altimeters. From there he went into Radio with the opening of the first radio station and spent 11 years in radio research.

In 1933 he entered the employ of Pamee Division of P.A.A. in the manufacture of Aircraft Radio equipment.

In 1936 he joined the Eastern Airlines, doing the same type of work he had done with P.A.A. and in 1940 transferred to the development of Welfare and Labor relations program, working directly under Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker.

He developed the first organized training program for Mechanical employees and left E.A.L during the early part of last year to produce special engraving machinany, of his own design, which is now in use by the Naval Air station, local War Industries, and State Vocational Training schools.

His small War plant now produces many parts for other War contractors throughout Florida, including many precision calibrated scales used in the Embry-Riddle Instrument shops. He gave up active personal operation of his business to join Embry-Riddle.

His aviation interest began with his first flight in 1913. He worked with Glenn Curtiss on Rodman Wanamaker's proposed transatlantic plane, "America," in 1914-15.

Mr. Graves has two sons, Henry Graves III, of the Air Corp, and Lt. Ralph D. Graves pictured with his father, who is in the Infantry and was at Pearl Harbor on December 7th, 1941.

When we say that Henry Graves is doing his part toward getting this world straightened out, you may be assured that it is a definite understatement.
RIDDLE REGULARS

by Lloyd Budge

The Embry-Riddle basketball team whipped itself into shape and again looms as a contender for top honors in the Industrial League.

The boys started on the comeback trail by taking the measure of Tycoon Tackle in their first game by a score of 15 to 10. They followed this up by sweeping through the highly touted Pan American team by the score of 42 to 28 in their last encounter.

The team is captained by Jim Prince, tall, fast breaking center from class 15-43-A. Big Jim hails from Louisville and is also a first class baseball pitcher, having been slated for a trial with Rochester Unlimited until the War broke out.

Dead-Eye Karl Grim

His teammates include dead-eye Karl Grim, who hails from Northwestern University, Karl is down here as a member of class 13-43-D. He was the high point man in the game with Pan American, when he sunk 7 field goals for a total of 14 points.

Leo DeWitz of class 10-43 is a serious threat to opposing forwards when our team is on the defensive; and he is a tough man on the offense because of his habit of throwing in field goals with uncanny accuracy from out around the foul circle. Leo tossed in 5 of these in the Pan American game when they were needed badly to get the team started.

Irving Gerber, with his deceptive dribbling and passing, is a Brooklyn representative. He is a member of class 12-43-A and is one of the mainstays of the Embry-Riddle team.

Fast Breaking Forward

Vernon Kesel of class 17-43-A is a fast breaking forward, who played his college ball at the University of Cincinnati. Vernon's specialty is getting that ball down the floor before the opposing guards can get themselves set.

The team rounds out with Mike Elias of 13-43-A, a scrappy guard; George Atkin, a fast smooth-ball handling left handed forward; and Ted Breinsky, a redheaded basket getter, par excellence.

It is a real treat to watch these boys play, and it will give some of our sports minded Embry-Riddle-ites a chance to see some big time basketball, as played by a bunch of transplanted northerners.

The League games are played on Thursday nights at the Miami High School gym, and the admission charge is only 25c. You can always find out the time of the game from the Athletic Office, and we hope to see a few of our co-workers in the stands at the next ball game. The box score for the previous game with Pan American follows:

Emory-Riddle—42

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Players Names</th>
<th>FG</th>
<th>FT</th>
<th>PF</th>
<th>TP</th>
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<tr>
<td>Grimm</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>14</td>
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<tr>
<td>Kesel</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
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<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
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<td>10</td>
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<td>1</td>
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<td>1</td>
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<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mills</td>
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<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elias</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gerber</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Totals        | 19 | 4  | 12 | 42 |

Pan American—28

<table>
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<th>PF</th>
<th>TP</th>
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<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tanner</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kelley</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martin</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Totals        | 12 | 4  | 7  | 28 |

ATHLETICALLY SPEAKING

by Janet Silverglade

Well the athletic program is back in full swing again, despite the gas rationing. We had our bowling meeting at the Recreation Bowling Lanes, and everyone seemed to give it his stamp of approval, which is one of the necessary things around here.

All twenty regular teams were there going full force. They seem to be pretty evenly handicapped, and oh me what competition!

Billie Todd's Nut Crackers gave the Sandblasters a run for their money, despite the "curse" that Jack Scale tried to put on their players; in fact, it might have backfired a little, because his score was not up to par.

A Wonderful Time

Eric Sundstrom, having finally given up trying to get his Inter-American team out, joined up with the Purchasing department — and had a wonderful time.

The Administration team really turned in a good performance this week. Peter Ordway rolled a 193; Ben Turner and Emmett Varney both turned in a 162 high game, and Jim Blakeley had a 152.

They really showed their masculine superiority over the all feminine Wasps by winning all three of their games. But the girls turned in good scores too.

My nomination for the smallest bowler with the strongest arm is little Edna Callahan, captain of the Purchasing team, who rolled a 152 this past week and spells competition for any team.

Mel Goecke had the high score for the night with 218 "maples" to his credit; and Sgt. Uarterle had a high of 200, which isn't too bad.

We now have an independent league going — and although we only had one team out this time, we have room for at least three more. There are at least four alleys, open to any independent bowlers, at 8 o'clock on Wednesday nights.

They will have a chance to collect that ever precious prize money, just as the regular teams do. It will be awarded on a point and an individual honor system at the end of the league.

At the last meeting, the five participating were: Gladys Goff, who earned for herself the high total of 5 points; Albert Dick with 4; Pat McNamara with 3; Catherine Dick with 2; and Lois Johnson who brought up the rear with only 1 point, but who is one of our most consistent enthusiasts. So let's see more of you out there next week!

Basketball Team

Well, we really have a honey of a basketball team now. The boys have won their first two games; and we have only lost two during the season; so we are now in second place — with Eastern Airlines looming as our biggest threat.

These fellows really enjoy playing, and I think that you would enjoy watching them, and your support there in the stands is bound to make them work harder.

We were very disappointed not to see any of our Embry-Riddle-ites out there last week; and although we cheered as loud as we could, it could not come near being heard over the many fans that the other teams drew — so come on out there and give those boys the support they need and deserve.

The League games take place every Thursday night at the Miami High Gym and cost only a quarter for all three two-hits; so let's have a big turnout this coming week. See the article by Lloyd Budge for more specific details on the basketball team.

Well, we'll see you next week, with more ups and downs about "the sports world of Embry-Riddle."

OLD MAN: There's a boy named Reinhardt here at the Post. I'm his grandfather. May I see him?

LIEUTENANT: Sorry, you've just missed him. He's home on leave to attend your funeral.

ENGINEER: I understand this war is to be a battle of brains.

SECOND ENGINEER: Yes, it's too bad you have to go unarmored.

PRIVATE: Is the steak tough?

SECOND PRIVATE: Yeah, but I've managed to bend the gravy.

GAL: Whenever I'm in the dumps I get myself a new hat.

PAL: I was wondering where you got them.
Maybe You Wondered . . .

Each week everyone who reads the columns of the Fly Paper sees the Embry-Riddle ad on the back page. We thought you might wonder, as you look at the grin-provoking figures illustrating the ad, just who draws these clever bits. Paul Pinson is the artist, and the following tells us something about him:

Some Day . . .

Birth: January 28, 1915, Muskogee, Okla. Drew cartoon with nurse’s pencil on back of presiding doctor’s white coat. Nurse said: “Some day he’ll be a famous artist!”

Schooling: Muskogee and Tulsa public schools. All teachers despair, except art instructor, who said: “Some day he’ll be a famous artist!”

First Job: Chain grocery in Tulsa, 80 hours a week for $6. Was fired when I rested on sack of Pillsbury’s Best on Saturday after 17 hours of carrying customers’ groceries to cars outside. Boss said: “We want boys with enthusiasm and ambition—if you can’t do the work here willingly, we know plenty of boys that can!” I thought: “He’ll be sorry, some day I’ll be a famous artist!”

Second Job: Department store in Tulsa, where I drew fashions, furniture, rugs, radios, pianos, and cushions for their newspaper ads. Successfully persuaded promotion manager to use Pinson cartoons in his advertising. Finally gathered courage enough to ask for a raise. Promotion manager said: “Some day, Pinson, you may be a famous artist, but right now I’m stretching my budget to pay you $12.50 a week!”

Further Schooling: American Academy of Art in Chicago. General opinion here was: “Hmmm!”

Time Lunches On

(Time is lurching on, but I’ll draw the curtain here over many a missed meal and many a shoe worn thin looking for work.)

1937-1942: Sold first ad-comic in Chicago to appear on page with regular comics—for Red Heart Dog Food. Worked a spell for Esquire and Coronet Magazines, illustrating stories, etc.

Today: I am drawing “Dan Dunn—Secret Operative 48,” a serio-comic syndicated newspaper strip. Am living with my wife, who still says: “Don’t worry, honey, some day you’ll be a famous artist!”

COURAGE

Every Cadet and every pilot now in training knows in his heart that there are two kinds of courage. One he wears jauntily, as he wears his service cap, for all to see. The other he hides; he knows it is courage but he sometimes hesitates to show it for fear it will appear to others as cowardice.

There is a thin line between these two kinds of courage. The moment will come when a decision will have to be made—if he is nervous and fearful of criticism the kind of courage that lies on the surface will prevail.

In training, especially, foolhardy courage cannot be condoned. There is plentiful proof that many fliers in our Air Forces who are lost in accidents would have been far braver had they never made the start. They did not possess the inner courage to face what might have appeared to their comrades as lack of courage.

Youth, as a rule, recognizes only the obvious kind of courage. The real hero is the pilot who watches the weather reports, who heeds all regulations, who studies his loads and balances, who awaits better equipment; who flies, in short, with all the odds in his favor. He is the man who will reach a combat zone, fit and ready to turn his hard-won ability on the enemy.

HAVE YOU GOT YOUR EAR TO THE GROUND?

If you have, you’ll realize that opportunity is knocking long and loud, right now, in the field of Aviation. Today the demand for trained men is tremendous. Today is the time to start building a career which can grow with one of the world’s fastest developing industries.

Do you want to build ‘em, fly ‘em, or keep ‘em flying? Or perhaps you’d like to be an instructor. No matter which branch you prefer, Embry-Riddle, with a wide range of 41 different courses, can give you exactly the training you need.

Emby Riddle SCHhOOL OF AVIATION

3240 N. W. 27th Avenue Miami, Florida

Phone 3-0711