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Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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CARLSTROM FLIGHT LINE ANNOUNCES PROMOTIONS

by Kay Bramlett

Recent promotions on the Flight Line include Charles McCoy and Bill Lightfoot, now Assistant Squadron Commanders. Congratulations, you two! Incidentally, these are the two Instructors who have been chosen to visit Bainbridge Basic School this vacation time.

The Alex Hayes' are the proud (and how!) parents of a baby boy—Alex, Jr. And the Harold Cary's have a new daughter. Congratulations, Mothers and Fathers!

Field Dances

Graduation Dances were held this week at Carlstrom and at Dorr Fields, Dorr's on Monday evening with the Buckingham Field Orchestra and Carlstrom's on Tuesday night with Chi Desidero's well-known Band. Both dances were held at the Fields in the Mess Hall Patios. More details will be available in the next issue of the Fly Paper.

Jackie Livingston was in Lakeland last week-end, and came back with a new pair of red shoes.

Flash! Buster Birdsong is back. An appendectomy had him incapacitated for a while and we are all happy to see him up and around.

Jackie Pickens and Flight Instructor Art Villar tied the knot officially on the 15th and have now joined the ranks of the married couples. Best wishes to you both. The marriage of Hazel Crews and Bob Priest already has been announced through other sources, but we'd like to take this opportunity to wish them much happiness, too! Sorry that Lydia Sammon has been out sick part of the week. Hurry back! Welcome to our new Steward, John E. Chapman.

Advancement

Another promotion on the Flight Line: Howard Bosken to Assistant Squadron Commander. Congratulations again, Bill Tanner, formerly an Instructor here for well over a year, appeared in his new Navy uniform the other day. Best of luck, Bill, in your Navy career.

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Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

It is pretty hard for me to say much in letters as I do the same thing every day, Monday again and we are off on the same routine.

It is now 10:00 o'clock in the morning and I have had two hours of Ground School already. I am awaiting until 10:20 to go to PT, and after that I eat lunch and then go to the flight line, where we stay all afternoon.

We are flying Fairchild trainers, PT-19-A's, which are very nice. They have 175 h.p. Ranger engines. There are a couple of them at Chapman Field.

I now have approximately 44 hours. We get 55 hours on PT's, 70 on BT's, 25 on AT-6's and 25 on AT-17's, which are twin engine jobs. I'll be an H.P. when I get out of here.

We usually get off on Saturday afternoons and Saturday nights until 1:00. But there isn't much of anything to do in town except eat T-bone steaks about the size of this sheet of paper and about an inch and half thick for $1.25 (cheap isn't it?). We go swimming and go to the club.

Write to me soon and tell me what's cooking and tell everyone hello from me.

As ever,

Connie.

Editor's Note: It was nice hearing from Connie Young, who was one of Embry-Riddle's first employees. She is now training with the W.AFS and without a doubt will be a Hot Pilot. She already had about 75 hours, which she logged at Municipal and at Chapman, so we are expecting great things of her.

July 23, 1943

Dear Editor:

I am requesting that you change my address on your mailing list and begin sending the Fly Paper to my parents in Illinois.

I have been reading your very interesting publication for almost two years and I hope all that time eventually I could become an Embry-Riddle employee. That hope has now materialized, for I am an Instructor at Chapman Field, where I hope I'll be able to "keep 'em flying" for quite some time.

Wishing the Fly Paper continued success, I remain

Sincerely,

Pat Willett

Editor's Note: We're very glad to have you with us, Pat, and we hope to say hello to you the next time we're down Chapman Field way.

E.M.

Dear Editor:

I deeply regret to inform you that my beloved son, P/O David Shingleton Smith, was killed in action on February 5, 1943, as a result of a flying accident.

He enjoyed every minute, except when he had mumps, of his training with you. I mention the mumps as it may recall David to your memory—you can't remember them all.

He told me all the Americans had been amazingly kind and generous to him.

I thank you so much for having made the last year of his life so happy and hope that the friends he left will remember him and forge one more link in the rapidly growing chain of American-British unity.

Yours sincerely,

Sybil Shingleton Smith

Editor's Note: Jack Hopkins of Riddle Field sent this letter to us for publication. The entire organization, especially No. 5 BFTS, wishes to extend sincere sympathy to David's mother.

50 Jessam Avenue
Clapton, London E-5
England

Dear Editor:

I thank you for the Fly Paper of May 7, 1943, in which you published a memorial notice of my dear son, D. H. Washor.

I have always received the Fly Paper so very regularly, even when letters fail to arrive, I hope you will continue to forward a copy, as it will continue to bring me news of the doings of No. 5 BFTS at which my son was a member of Course 12.

I hope to keep these weekly books and after the War have them bound in memory of our dear boy.

The illustrated booklet of No. 5 BFTS is, I presume, published by you, and if I should not be asking too much, will you please forward me a copy; also any doings and photos of Course 12.

Will you please convey my thanks and gratitude to Mrs. Vann and others, who so kindly gave flowers for the graves of our dear boys. This means so much to us in England.

Thanking you again,

Yours very sincerely,

Mrs. W. A. Washor

Editor's Note: The above was forwarded to us by Jack Hopkins, Riddle Field Editor, who has compiled with Mrs Washor's requests. We consider it a great compliment that Mrs. Washor wishes to have her Fly Papers bound, and we certainly shall continue sending them to her.
Win Five Dollars

Five dollars will be awarded to the first person completing the following quiz correctly. Submit your entries to Adriano Ponsor, fourth floor of the Tech School.

1. __________ was the original capital of Brazil.
2. The independence of Brazil was proclaimed in the city of Sao Paulo in 1822 by __________.
3. The coastline of Brazil is __________ miles long.
4. The population of Brazil is __________.
5. The capital of the state of Rio de Janeiro is __________.
6. __________, a Brazilian inventor, was the first man to demonstrate his own dirigible balloon to the public in actual flight and the first man to fly an airship in common public.
7. Aquino's Sea and Air Navigation Tables were devised by __________.
8. The summer months in Brazil are __________ and __________.
9. The national colors of Brazil are __________.
10. The monetary unit of Brazil is now the __________.

Conheca o Brazil

by Charles Maydwell


Estas contos são escritos por Hildebrand de Lima proposito de contribuir para tornar o Brasil cada vez mais conhecido de todos os pequeninos estudantes das escolas primarias.

A um pai, imagina-se, ocorreria a idéia de viajar com seus filhos, um menino e uma menina, no periodo das grandes férias, por algum Estado do Brasil usando isto como oportunidade para conhecer “paisagens e cidades, costume e modos de vida, lugares históricos e monumentos disseminados por toda a vastidão de território nacional.”

Por meio deste contos tenho aprendido algumas cousas de valor no meu trabalho. Por exemplo! Tenho sempre a impressão que Santos Dumont, “O pai da aviação” era espanhol, mas sei agora, ele nasceu na serra da Mantiqueira Estado de minas Gerais, no Brasil.

Também, que tira-se ótimo petroleo em Lobato, na Bahia. Todo isto fazem desejo de conhecer mais deste estados, porque espero ir para o Brasil e quereria aprender de maneira que possa falar inteligentemente quando a gente diz sobre eles.

Não pode você sugerir um outro livro que auxiliaria neste objeto e não seria uma boa idéia que dissertermos cousas semelhantes na classe?

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Some Facts About Brazil

Brazil is many things—most of them spectacular.

The land is vast—greater in area than continental United States—nearly half the South American land mass. It is drained by a giant river system whose flood plains are choked with the fiercest jungle on earth. It has a water fall 40 feet higher than Niagara. The Switzerland-sized island of Marajo, one of a cluster in the mouth of the Amazon, is inundated by rain most of the year—and Fortaleza, 300 miles down the coast, had its last shower 21 years ago.

An Hour’s Flight

Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo are big, modern cities which were in existence half a century before the Pilgrims sighted Massachusetts Bay. Yet, an hour’s flight by plane to the west lie expanses of unknown, relatively unexplored territory.

To the people of the United States, Brazil is important. The nation is the largest buyer of United States goods in the hemisphere and is the source of a large variety of materials essential to us in peace and indispensable in war.

Interest in Brazil is further heightened now by its geographic situation. While most Americans have been vaguely aware that the coast of Brazil was nearer to Europe than to the United States, the present war has highlighted that point.

For months, while Dakar was held by Vichy, this strategic fact was a source of potential worry. Today the Brazilian bulge has become one of the most important spots in this hemisphere from an aggressive war standpoint.

Wishful Thinking

The worry about Dakar was not entirely academic. Vichy collaborated with Hitler and it was he who told his one-time lieutenant, Hermann Rauschning: “We shall create a new Germany in Brazil. We shall find everything we need here.”

But finding resources in Brazil and seizing them are two different things. This great nation, with its enormous reservoir of power, in line with traditional friendship for the United States, was a fighting ally of the United States against the Axis aggressors long before Dakar opened its gates to the United Nations.

And even before Brazil entered the conflict in August, 1942, her planes had sunk Nazi submarines that were preying on her
THE LOWDOWN ON THE TALENTS AT DORR FIELD

by Jack Whitnall

For our text this week we are going to take the talents of Dorr Civilian Personnel and the Army’s talent and give you the lowdown on the higher ups.

First we have “Pop” Schebler, able bodied Dispatcher, who can really make a piano talk. Pop can do anything from swing to the classics.

In the musical line we have Owen Mercer and his guitar, pronounced gitter. No dance around Arcadia was complete before the War without the Mercer Brothers and their guitars. Also an expert with the gitter is Doris Hester in the Canteen; she can really make one hum.

Hither and Yonder

Mrs. Mizelle, one of our telephone operators, is a swirl with one of those come hither and go yonder contraptions better known as the accordion. Lt. Anderson of the Army Operations also pounds on the ivories and quite well too. For that nice little boost, Lieutenant, you can buy us a coke next time we see you, and we won’t be hard to find. Yours truly used to play “Home Sweet Home” on the harmonica. We were really good, too; we only used one lung.

The next list of talent comes under the heading of voice culture. First we have June Hansel, dispenser of those delicious delectable sandwiches in the Canteen, who has won high commendations on her soprano voice. Also with a nice melodious voice is Lily Montgomery of the Time department. We didn’t know it before but they do say that “Father Time” Foster of the Form Room can also yodel.

Dorr Poets

On the literary side we have Jack Pooser, Hangar Inspector, and Mrs. Archie Franklin, Parachute Rigger. Both of these write poetry. Margaret Tracy, whose cow was lost last week, also dabbles in the short story field—to those who are interested, the cow has returned to the fold.

In the sports field we have Jack Duncan, Florida’s Champion Cowboy of local Rodeo fame, and Arlene Summersville who has won recognition as a swimmer.

On the artistic side we have Eulynth Britt, Dorr sign painter who also excels as an artist, and Sam Clauson of the Grind School who is a really good cartoonist, when we can get him to do a little cartooning.

Mrs. Garnet Wendell and Arlene Fox go in for astrology and card reading and from what we hear both are pretty good at it.

THANKS TO DORR FIELD

The Miami girls who attended the graduation dance of Class 43-K at Dorr Field Monday evening wish to say thank you to the Cadets who entertained them so nicely, to the Dorr Field personnel who were responsible for all arrangements, and to Mr. Riddle who made their attendance possible.

Each and every lassie reported a wonderful time, so much so that we’re afraid some of them might abandon us for Arcadia.

The Army’s Talent

Lt. Rubertus on the piano; right nice too. Capt. Palmer and his voice. All those who have heard the Doctor marvel at the tone of it. Some say it sounds like a nightingale whilst others liken it unto a saw. Lt. Frank, we understand, is very good at card tricks and sleight of hand.

Lt. Farmer is an ichthyologist. Boy, oh boy, that is a $10.00 word. Even I had to look it up in Webster’s before I could spell it, and then it took quite a while. Well, if that ain’t enough talent for one sitting, it ain’t my fault.

Well, well, well, welcome to our Auxiliary Allies who just had to come over and fly off a really good field the latter part of the week. Sammy Bottie, Carlstrom old champ, and J. B. Scovell.

We heard the Cadets have invited the Grind to a dance and we hope they’re invited back to Dorr Field. We know there are several more weeks of school and we hope to see you all on the dance floor.

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MURPHY SOLOES AT DORR FIELD AS RAINS COME

by A/C Don Kelley

When rain closed in on Parker Field last Thursday morning, A/C Jeremiah C. Murphy took to the sky and left his Instructor at the mercy of the downpour.

Murphy, on his solo flight, shot a good landing just before the storm broke, but fearing that he bounced too high, he took off again. While he circled the field for another attempt to land, the storm set in with full fury.

Worry, Worry

Seeing that it was impossible even to try to land, Murphy retreated in front of the rain blast, then circled around to the rear and flew back to Parker Field. The rain having ceased, he went in to pick up his Instructor who was drenched to the skin and was tearing his hair out with worry over his solo student.

Murphy, gone an hour and a half, made several attempts to land, finally setting his dry ship down and picking up his wet Instructor.

What was said between the student and the Instructor cannot be printed, but I assure you that Murphy did not say much.
INTER-AMERICAN CADET WRITES FROM RIDDLE FIELD

After having spent about a year and a half in Miami where we met and made many friends and enjoyed our period of studies along with the many amusements which the Magic City offers, we now find ourselves adjusting to Clewiston.

Time has sped by so fast that we scarcely realized we had already spent two months in the Sugar Bowl. It does not simply go by as the song says, but it seems to fly because each hour brings experiences which we store as worthy treasures to apply toward the safety of ships to be flown in North, Central and South America.

Hospitality All Around

Although things are a bit different here with us, it did not take long to find new acquaintances who are willing to expend every available facility to make our stay comfortable and beneficial.

The following are some of the factors which add to the interest of our stay here:

The brave battle waged at times by the boys against those attack bombers from which, without a doubt, the English derived the name of their new and very effective plane (Mosquitoes). Galeno will verify this, for he declared a few days ago that after a desperate battle he got one as large as his fist.

On General Principles

Then at times, as is the case with all new guys on the Field, the slip of a wrench will result in the sudden stop of our knuckles against some sharp corner, drawing from our lips a rather improvised prayer. This attracts the attention of the Chief who asks us kindly to stop that swearing, although he did not know what in the world was said.

The Chief has discovered the perpetual movement; that is to say, the unending stream of planes he has coming into the hangar seem always on the go, with the shots: “Hold that wing . . .” But at the same time he is always ready to clear up with few and precise words any doubt we have on the job.

On the African front.

Fred Ross seems to be the most popular of sections chiefs. Recently we discovered that the reason is his dark-haired Latin-type daughter who has set a charm on the boys.

Tiger Man

Bob Reese, the Tiger of final inspection, has almost exhausted the supply of bungee from the stockroom. The Army specification on these are below his requirements even when they are in the best condition.

“Macfadden” Sasco divides his time between the bottoning station, where there is a blonde, and Miami, where he spends at least three days each week working on a Victory Garden in hopes of reaping some Brazilian coffee. Every time he returns he brings a carload of news.

Coordinator Eric Sundstrom will be coming up for the weekend. We shall be very glad to see him.

Eric Sundstrom Married

Ruth LaRue of Knoxville, Tenn., and Eric Sundstrom, Inter-American Coordinator at the Tech School, were united in marriage Friday in Arcadia.

Mrs. Phyllis Murray, National Director of the Pan American League, was matron of honor, while Adriano Ponzo, Language Instructor, was best man.

Congratulations and best of luck, Mr. and Mrs. Sundstrom.
Another Fourth of July rolled around and the Riddle Field Maintenance department prepared for its annual outing (all day) at "Fish Eating" Creek, located about 25 miles west of Riddle Field, "Fish Eating" Creek is an ideal picnic ground where one can enjoy all the natural beauty of Florida. Here one may fish, swim, eat, play ball or carry on any other activity characteristic of a day in the country.

Each Fourth of July the Riddle Field Maintenance department gets together all employees, their families and guests and they all trek to the "Creek." This year, due to gas and tire rationing, most of the gang went by bus.

Brave Chefs

The night before, by the way, the champion Maintenance chefs, Hubert Post, Mark Kennen, C. K. Watkins and Millard "Bone" Mizell, braved galli-nippers (gigantic Everglades mosquitoes) and began the cooking.

The busses from Moore Haven and Clewiston arrived at their destination about the same time, around 10:30, and their cargo of humanity was unloaded in a rush. A few drove their cars, especially those from neighboring cities where bus transportation was impossible.

Among the guests were Jack and Betty Schopenhauer of Arcadia. Jack was formerly Engineering Hangar Chief at Riddle Field and is now Superintendent of Maintenance at Carlstrom Field. Other guests included Mr. Tyson, Capt. Persinger, Lt. Dobbin, Mr. Smith, Mr. Durden and Mr. Hunziker. There were numerous other guests present whom we were glad to have and we hope they will be with us again next year.

Still Hungry

Swimming and fishing began immediately, while others gathered around, with mouths watering, while the cooking was in progress. Still others could be seen in little gatherings and many went around nibbling here and there, but when eating time came they were still hungry.

All kidding aside, the food was plentiful and mighty tasty. The menu was a real southern dinner, including bar-b-que ribs, chops, potato salad, pickles, pork and beans, olives, etc. It looked as if nobody had eaten anything for a week. Probably reserving space for the picnic.

After lunch diamond ball was played. The married men versus the single men. The umpires (we had to have three to avoid argument) were Milo (don't call his Meelo) Jones, Mark "Red" Kennen and "Ace" Kelley. Such a triumvirate has never before appeared anywhere, and we do mean anywhere! We can't say that their decisions were unjust. They were the best they could do under those circumstances. One feature of the game was Marty Bennett's appearance on the Married Men's Team. Why, Marty, we never knew!

Single Men Leading

From the very beginning, of course, the single men took the lead. The married men had all kinds of excuses, such as eating too much, etc., so when the single men got so far ahead that they couldn't keep up with the score, the game was called. Then there was more swimming, and this is where the fun began.

At first only those fortunate ones with bathing suits ventured into the cooling waters of the creek, but after awhile, realizing what the unlucky persons without suits were missing, the fortunate ones assisted the unfortunate into the drink.

We heard of one late visitor who remarked that he wasn't going in till he ate. That was all well and good, but there just wasn't any chow left and the mob, hating to see him miss everything, took him swimming also. P.S. He didn't have a suit either! Who was he? None other than that internationally known aquatic star—G.W.T.

Biggest Splash

Biggest splash of the day was the launching of the S.S. Ira Crosby. Natives reported that the wave inundated Palmdale and almost reached Moore Haven, missing the latter by some ten feet. L. M. Hutson, though we tried hard, could only come in a poor second. We thought he was heavy till we started lifting Crosby—whatta man!

In fact, before the day was over everybody was "all wet." Swimming continued until late; then the gang was gathered together and the homeward journey began.

What this gang left in the way of scrapes we couldn't even feed to a dog.

Maintenance Flashes

The Assistant to the Superintendent of Maintenance, John B. Pittman, is now a proud papa. The little bundle of joy is a eight-pound baby girl. The day after the baby came John passed out his favorite brand of cigars, and the boys in the hangar just passed out.

Well, folks, this is about all the Maintenance news. This week your guest editors were Jerry Greenberger and Mort Feldman. Any remarks made in this article are purely coincidental and any resemblance to anything same should be strictly overlooked.

The editors were last seen going thatta way!

Capt.: "What would you do if the gun sergeant's head was blown off?"
Sgt.: "Nothing, Sir."
Capt.: "Why not?"
Sgt.: "I'm the gun sergeant, Sir."
RIDDLE FIELDS MAINTENANCE PICNIC AT "FISH EATING CREEK"

RIDDLE ROUND-UP

by Pat McGeehee

The most popular pastime among the Primary personnel during a recent week of night flying was dodging the myriads of mosquitoes that, having warmed their engines and checked their maps about an hour before dark, opened their throttles and took off with a high-pitched whine in battle formation to lay in wait at altitude for the Instructor, Cadet or anyone who dared venture outside his screened haven unprotected.

Mosquito-proof Zoot Suit

We happened to see Primary Flight Commander Willard King and Primary Instructor Fred Howe setting course for the flight line wearing their "Riddle Field Night Flyers" Mosquito-proof Zoot Suit consisting of "Frank Buck" helmet draped with several yards of cheese cloth, jacket, heavy pants, boots and gloves, all perfumed with something which smelled suspiciously like insect repellent.

Something new has been added to the Primary night line—a screened dispatch and traffic control hut. As a result, the Dispatcher dispatches in comfort and the job of traffic control with the light gun, which always suffers a lack of volunteers, now has become a much sought after position. 'Tis rumored that even Flight Commanders and Assistant Flight Commanders were volunteering.

Too Bad, Boys

We are glad to see Leola Jacobs, Assistant Canteen Manager, back in her usual position at the cash register after a week in West Palm Beach. She underwent an eye examination. Leola is very pretty, very popular, but very happily married—to the chauffeur of every new Cadet.

Speaking of the Canteen reminds us that the meals they are serving there for 35 cents are something to write home about. Although the new stools haven’t arrived as yet, Mrs. Welsh, Canteen Manager, assures us that they will be here in the near future and will speed the serving of lunch considerably. The waitresses have new blue and white uniforms that look very nice indeed.

While visiting Timekeeping for several days last week in order to check log books, we began to get an idea of the large amount of work required to tabulate accurately and record Instructor, Student and aircraft flying time. This is a very tedious job and the girls deserve a lot of credit for doing it so well.

Roger Out

Another department doing a swell job is Maintenance. We are not permitted to quote figures, of course, but L. M. Hutson and his crew certainly keep ‘em Flying.

In fact, choose any department at Riddle Field, watch it and you will see efficient operation; the results of work and cooperation at Riddle Field speak for themselves. Roger Out.

Course 15

After a fortnight’s rest and no mean encouragement from our Editor, here once again is a little “gen” on the more reputable doings of Course 15.

Flights C and D started this week on their night flying program. Congratulations to them. Apart from the excessive nocturnal activities of the mosquitoes, everything is under control.

To the Limit

At the same time the other Flights have been bringing their day-time hours up to the limit, some ending by taxiing into the line with unprecedented speed, brakes and flying dust, whilst others, to fill in those last long minutes, taxi languidly across the field to the line. Quite an absurd number seem to overshoot the parking line and go around to try again, sitting still after parking, presumably, applying brakes and switch off and when the time arrives, filling in Form I right up to the minute.

It might be remarked that Capt. Joe is once again growing his beard, but those who live at Riddle Field and know him are as aware of this as am I. And those who do not know the Corporal do not know that two weeks past he was clean shaven and so to one and all this is no news; hence it need not be remarked that Capt. Joe—a beard.

Welcome Interruptions

In the evenings now, spread round the barracks and the Intelligence Room are to be found little groups of Cadets poring over notes on bombing errors or radio procedure. They all look the same, rather depressed, welcoming any intrusion and excuse to do otherwise.

So they sit, not seeing their notes, ears open for an argument in which they might join and thus relieve the monotony of wishing the Canteen was not so far or so

Continued on Page 12
Greetings good people: Another week has raced by with its accompanying deadline, all of which goes to prove that nothing can fidget like tempest.

In the welcome home department: Our mutual friend, Gardner Royce, has returned to us after a tour of California, and it surely seems like Chapman having him back again. His statement on the popular subject "weather" is not obtainable.

Gardner's son Bob who is in the Air Corps is here and looking like a million. Bob tells us that he is slated to spend the next twenty-seven weeks at Clewiston, after which he will attend twin engine school for A.T.C.

Prodigal Child

Another returning prodigal was Carlos Alexandro Helmowitch, who made a fine record in the Instructor's Course at Griffin, Ga., and who is here for a few days before getting into harness at Gainesville. Carlos will later go to Randolph Field to prove to the Army that "flying ain't safe."

Rumor also has it that Johnny Fouche will be down the last of the week for a few days leave from the Naval Air Corps. Charlotte Kayser, judging from her sparkling look, certainly found the right place for rest and relaxation.

In the going away department: Leland "Mac" McDaniel has left God's half acre to join TACA Airline and Gerry Cook has been transferred to Riddle Field. Both Mac and Gerry were part of the old Municipal 20 and to say that they'll be sorely missed would be a gross understatement. Lots of luck and many happy landings to you two swell guys.

Broken Hearts

Dave Pearlman, Instrument, Night Flight and Cross Country Instructor, may accept a commission in the Marine Air Corps; however, as yet he hasn't committed himself. If Dave (Dangerous, for short) and the Marines get together, there certainly are going to be a lot of broken hearts.

Flash—Sights seen from the lofty Tower: David DaBoll reduced to a 65 H.P. Lycoming. (Ohhhhh, what price glory.)

We overheard Tiny Davis in the Canteen claiming that he would have no difficulty getting out of a cub in case of an emergency; however, getting in seems to be the problem.

Since the publication of our last column, we seem to have accumulated numerous skeptics, so for the benefit of all non-believers we have arranged sort of a "Cook's Tour" under Sir Campbell's guidance. Yes, we are offering all Missourians the opportunity to witness the greatest sight since King Kong. For those of you who still live in doubt that this strange monster exists, the Campbell Caravan leaves the gate on the hour.

New Record

A new record was hung up Sunday by Helen Cavis' hard working 43-J Primary Class. From nine to six the Kidoodles logged 116:00 Hours, which is plenty of flying. Nice work, Helen and gang.

George "Super" Lambros set a record by flying eight dual hours Sunday and then pulled a Busman's Holiday by taking the low-wing up on his Bi-Monthly time. Vitamins, eh? Incidentally, Instructor Lambros would like to express publicly his appreciation for the Gold Crash Bracelet his 5 Cadets presented him for their first solos. I've seen it and it's pretty nice.

We all look forward to week-ends, but the next one should be a success with DeMarco's Spaghetti Party coming up. Larry and Bob Ahern are making a special trip down from Clewiston for this occasion.

By this time next week we will be doing business in the new wing of the Tower, so until then we bid you adieu. Signed: Powerhouse and Available.

Guest Editor's Note: They bid you adieu, but Cookie says in no uncertain terms "500 words," and our own Mr. deVay (the only man on the Field who can count to 500) tells me I've a few to go. Soooo I'd like to take this opportunity to thank Ghost Writers "Available" and "Powerhouse" for helping me out of a spot.

In a wild moment I agreed to take over for Cookie, but then the days slipped by on winged feet (as days have a habit of doing at Chapman) and there I was, two hours from the deadline without two brain-cells working in one direction. The above is submitted as concrete proof of what two master-minds can do when they get together even on short notice. Thanks, Buddy Pals.
MISSING IN ACTION

Roberta Dudley received word last week that Sgt./Pilot Denis Brooke of Class 42-G has been missing in action since June 22, 1943. Denis was one of the British Cadets who trained at Carlstrom Field and was well known and liked by all.

Denis and his crew were sent on a mission over Germany and no word has been heard from any one of them since that time. Our most sincere sympathies are extended to his family and friends.

CARLSTROM

Continued from Page 1

The weekly dance at Carlstrom Field last Thursday evening was a huge success—in spite of the rain. A. G. Dempsey, Wing Commander, was in charge and deserves much of the credit. Cold drinks and several kinds of cake were served, and it is heartily agreed that “we should have more of those dances.” A good number of Arcadia’s attractive belles attended and spent a thoroughly enjoyable two hours dancing with members of Class 43-K.

A.C. Arthur G. Griffiths of Class 43-K at Carlstrom formerly worked for Bob Hillstead in the Miami Accounting department. Margaret Kent and Roberta Dudley have returned from their vacations. We’re glad they had such a good time, but we’re also glad they’re back!

Good Conduct Medal

S/Sgt. Doyle Edwards has been awarded a Good Conduct medal. Congratulations! Lt. Marks has moved his family to Arcadia. Lt. Stuard is now back at Carlstrom Field after having been on detached service for a week or so. Merry Lou Pirman of the Infirmary is back from spending a week’s vacation in Bradenton—and is Wilda Smithson glad!

Arcadia played host to a Carnival last week. Everyone at the Field attended at least one night—or so the report goes anyway. Ask Slim McAndy about the Loop-O-Plane, Cpl. Treadway or yours truly about the Octopus (Sgt. Hersperger and Opal Cook might be able to throw a little light on this subject, too), Cecil Hollingsworth or Lorence Bond about the Ferris Wheel, and most anyone can tell you plenty about the Whir-L-A-Gig! ‘Twas fun, though, and provided numerous laughs for the bystanders!

Reports have it that George Mackie does not much like “Life at Camp Blanding,” but then he doesn’t expect to stay there very long! We’re still waiting for that address, George.

Glen Kuhl was a most welcome visitor during the week! Bill Liversedge also has been at Carlstrom.

Eva Mae Lee will be guest columnist next week for Carlstrom Carousell, so don’t miss it!

FORMER CADETS VISIT DORR FIELD FOR EXHIBITION

by A/C Don Kelley

For the purpose of orienting primary students with Basic Trainers, Lt. Howland and Cadets Murray, Connelly and Dobda arrived at Dorr Field early Sunday morning.

The planes were sent out from Gunter Field, Montgomery, Ala., for exhibition here at Dorr Field. The foursome was received with open arms by the Cadets who shot questions at them all day Sunday and early Monday morning.

Once again the three Cadets had a chance to sleep in the barracks at Dorr Field, their home less than a month ago, and take advantage of Embry-Riddle’s hospitality.

Dorr Field thanks Gunter Field for its fine cooperation in making this exhibition possible for the Cadets here.

MERITORIOUS SERVICE

Two more Carlstrom graduates have received awards for meritorious service while overseas. They are Capt. Eugene V. Raphel (Class 41-I) and Lt. Joseph W. Brookhart (Class 41-H). Both have been awarded the Silver Star.

DOHR

Continued from Page 5

timer, heard muttering to himself in the Dorr Operations shack. We didn’t ask him what the mutters were about but we’ll bet they were not complimentary. All we can say, folks, is that we always welcome people to the main field to keep ‘em flying. (I guess Kay Bramlitt got that one.)

John Hudson, Guard at the main gate, wanted to charge five cents admission to all Carlstromites to see a really beautiful field (Jake Newsome please note). Boy, oh boy, are we in our glory this week. Carlstrom will never live down the fact that they had to come over to Dorr to finish their flying. Methinks it may not be safe for yours truly to go over that way until it’s all over. Attention, Angy Minichello. What was it you said you were going to give us?

Birthdays celebrated this past week: Marion Crosby—happy birthday, Marion. “Pop” Anderson—we all wish “Pop” the best of returns. His age is a civilian secret; in fact, it’s in the archives of the museum of Ancient History.

“Drip” Platt, another who has passed another milestone. Happy birthday, “Drip.” All “Drip” had to say to us was that when he was a young shaver at the battle of Bull Run ... " Our reporter left him before he could get any further. We got to go now.

To'ahb yours, 
Jack

On the Carlstrom Flight Line
Entitled "A Day at the Shop," or, "You Don’t Have to be Nutty, But it Helps."

7:30 Arrive at shop, park bicycle, say hello to guard. Enter shop, say "good-morning" to Mac Heacock, who is punching the time-clock.

7:31 Climb stairs to office, say "good-morning" to Mr. Grafflin, who is already busy at his desk.

7:35 Arranges desk for day, sharpen pencils, etc.

7:45 "Bad" Youngman, Timekeeper, comes in with names of three new employees—welcome to Martin Flaherty, Edward Stahl and Harold Saunders.

7:50 Start on absence report for last week. Eleanor Swan is back after a short illness. We notice more new names on the payroll: Bennett Varker, Lambros Camitos and Robert Oxsholt—a welcome to these boys, too!

8:30 Checking with Margaret Howell on a list for Mr. Foote: draft classifications, order numbers and board numbers. We see Bill Twitchell, industrious mechanic in Disassembly department, back from Blanding. Well, their loss is our gain.

8:45 Looking out the window for a moment, we see Wally Tyler is here for the day to help Bud in the Timekeeping department with his all-too-numerous duties. Seems to be a conference of some kind in the Propeller department. Notice Earl Battersby, Charley Thompson, Les Dunn and Jack Hale deep in conversation.

9:00 Jack Hale and Les Dunn come into the office to talk to the boss. We overhear remarks about "gasoline," "drums," "octane," etc.

9:15 We make out a Vacation Authorization for Chester Nelson, who has been with the company for a year.

9:30 Talk to Margaret McCartney, switchboard operator. We certainly are glad to have her back after her illness.

9:32 Make out Leave of Absence for Walter Carter, kindly stockroom clerk, who has gone to be with his son who is about to go overseas. The best of luck to young Carter!

9:34 Bill Ehne, Shop Superintendent, in for a friendly glance and a moment’s consultation with Mr. Grafflin.

9:45 We walk downstairs with Margaret. Notice Hazel Keene hard at work and Dotty Shelnutt bustling around. Stopped on the way back for a brief conversation with Mr. Pelton, Assistant Superintendent, about the new office partitioned off for the Army Inspectors. Now they won’t have to go into their huddles under the stairs.

9:05 Rain pouring down outside.

9:10 Pat Drew, with a pretty red ribbon in her hair, comes up from stockroom office to get Mr. Grafflin’s signature on a Purchase Request.

9:15 We make out a Vacation Authorization for “Ike” Haviland—another who has been with us for a year—and Martin Ganet. Milestones are rolling around fast.

9:30 Downstairs to give Bill Woodcock his Tire Certificate. Admire Fay Oberg’s new and cool-looking hairdo.

9:35 Joe Horton and Dave Beatty breeze into shop and out again.

9:50 Back to office, having chat with “Cassie” on the way and nearly walking through the new forbidden area next to the new walkway.

9:55 Mr. MacMurray of Standard Oil Company stalls in with a sporty hat on. “Mac” is a fashion-plate straight from Esquire.

10:10 Downstairs again to talk to Minnie Smith. On the way back we notice Mr. Graves, Safety Director, looking over our new walkway.

11:30 Lunchtime! Let’s go!

12:12 Back from lunch and helping Margaret on list. Talk to Betty Bruce, Mr.

Turner and Mr. Foote on the phone—really getting around. A brisk skirmish at the last minute and the all-important list is finally on its way.

1:15 Two representatives from the Metalizing Company of America drop in to see the boss. “Mohammed Abdullah” comes in with a Personnel Sheet, stays to converse in dialect about his impending visit to Chattahoochee.

1:30 We went over to A & E Division Headquarters to give Kathryn Bruce, Mr. Horton’s attractive and vivacious secretary, our best wishes. Kay is to be married soon, and we all think Bill is a mighty lucky fellow.

2:05 Making the rounds with the mail, now that our runner Polly has deserted us for married life. New ‘phone directories to give out here and there.

2:15 Back in the office; Margaret typing for dear life; Bruce Hadley calls and we run downstairs with a message for the boss and Bill.

2:35 Mr. Lennox, “Honorable Coordinator,” calls, talks to the boss who is upstairs again.

2:37 Mr. Grafflin talks to Mr. Clay of Personnel about spray painters; we find out that Mr. Clay’s name is “Norris” and not “Henry” as we had thought.

2:50 Time for ice cream.

2:51 Back to work.

3:30 Thirty minutes of making out a Change of Status, answering ‘phone calls, talking to Mr. Grafflin (it seems he has to get a pass to get into the Spark Plug department now), and other things.

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SHANGRI-LA

Let’s give the Shangri-La a push down the ways, Embry-Riddle-ites. Buy your dollar’s worth of war stamps today. The money for all stamps bought during July will be used to build the aircraft carrier Shangri-La. Your stamps will lick the Japs.
ALLOVER OVERHAUL
by Bleeka Kistler

Gracious, this is painful; I have been sitting here an hour and still no "brain-storm." What am I to do? Here I go tearing around trying to gather a little "gal" and about the only replies I get are something like this from Joe Garman: "Gee, Bleeka, I don't know anything fit to print," Charles McRae, "No, I surely can't think of anything to-day"; Dave Pearce, "I don't know any gal, but sister I'm going to send in some about you one of these days." Well now Dave, why don't you stop blackmailing a poor gal? Lay off, will you?

Hail and Farewell

Welcome to Ruth Wallich, who has recently joined our happy family. Ruth hails from Miami and will fill the vacancy left by Freda Clark, who is soon to leave us.

Caroline Clement of the Army Supply is back at her desk after two weeks' illness. These folks are so closely connected with Overhaul and so well liked by all that I feel we should include them in our news column each week. Louise McIntyre spent the weekend in Auburndale visiting relatives.

If anyone saw the peculiar action of Charles Bethel over at the Supply Saturday, he was only demonstrating to Helen Taylor how her husband, "Buttercup" of Dorr Field, marches since he has gained so much weight.

Another Bride

Look who's back—if it isn't Hazel, pard. I meant Mrs. Bob Priest. Anyway Hazel, we are glad you're back with your happy smile. Be sure to keep your mind on those time cards.

Mildred Hollingsworth is back this morning, all smiles after spending a week's vacation in St. Petersburg. Millie says she had a swell time but just couldn't find time to write a card to her friends.

Overhaul was well represented at the Carnival Saturday night. Everyone seemed to be enjoying the riding devices, except yours truly. Only a short ride on the Octopus and "Oops" I was ready for the stretcher. How was I to know that I had eaten too much supper? But Rames came to the rescue and I was soon able to resume the fun along with the rest of the crowd. By the way, "Lulu" really was carried away with the Octopus and just rode again and again with never a sign of seasickness.

Al Williams has a new recipe for making sandwiches. He says, "Just open a can of lobster and pile it on top of a slice of bread, then another slice on top and you have a swell lunch for a bachelor." He is very proud of his ability to prepare his breakfast and pack his lunch while Jean is in the hospital. Just don't forget all you are learning, Al, and I am sure Jean will be proud of you. Jean and baby June getting along fine and soon will be going home.

Freda Clark has just received orders to report to Daytona Beach August 7th for induction into the WACS. Freda has had a long period of experience in the business world and has proven her ability in every way. We are sure that wherever she goes she will succeed and we are sure all join me in wishing her the best of luck.

Kenneth Anderson has just been transferred to foreman of Sheet Metal from inspector of that same department. Just called Marrian Stephens and asked her about her trip to New York. Marrian reports she had plenty to eat and just lots of fun. She also says that after she left the state of Florida she didn't see one PT and all the time she was gone she kept her eyes on the alert for planes. She had so much fun she couldn't relate it all by phone. Welcome home, Marrian.

Enunice Scarborough is back home the worse for wear after a week's vacation spent at home doing the chores she has long since abandoned for defense.

Wing Flutter
by Otto H. Hemple, Jr.

This story has been told and retold and is quite well known, but is the best example that we know of to prove our point.

There was once a football team playing its final game of a season thru which it had gone unscorcd on and untied. Much credit had been given to the brilliant touchdowns of one half-back who had been responsible for most of the points the team had scored.

The final game ended with this half-back making a touchdown, the team victors as usual.

As the team was coming off the field, one of the spectators was heard to remark that was certainly a brilliant run and score the half-back made. The coach overheard the remark and then made this classic speech:

"All season the spectators, the sports-writers and the public at large have praised Joe, our halfback. He has been given credit for our great success. Let me say now that when you saw that last score made as well as any other scores we have made this year that Joe didn't make them. Oh yes, he carried the ball, but there were ten other men making that score too.

The Team Won

"Imagine if you can, yourself, or Joe or any other individual carrying a ball over for a touchdown with eleven men opposing him and trying to prevent him from doing it; then you can see that without someone to decide the play to use, someone to pass the ball accurately, someone to block each opposing player, someone to make the hole through the line and someone to be advance guard and take out the safety man, Joe might just as well be sitting on the bench. Remember then that the team made the score and the team won the game."

That is the way we consider ourselves here at Aircraft Overhaul. Not as individuals in brilliant spots but as a team working together with the finished product being delivered as a symbol of the team's work.

Yes, we have individuals with titles, but they are doing their part toward the common end and their title would be useless without the workers to direct.

It is for this reason that we wish to correct an impression which may have been conveyed by our anonymous but none the less esteemed contemporary writing the Army Air Depot Detachment column.

Correction
Mr. Cornell is not Supervisor of Aircraft Overhaul. He is Assistant General Manager of the Aircraft and Engine Division of the Embry-Riddle Company.

Mr. DeShazo is Superintendent of Aircraft Overhaul of the Aircraft and Engine Division. In addition, he has supervisors and foremen and leadmen and mechanics and woodworkers and wingmen and sewers and finishers and painters and cleaners and helpers other than those mentioned.

We also have a stock room, a tool room, a cleaning department, a forming department, final assembly, welding, a sewing room and our own inspection division, all of these a part of our great team and all deserving of mention.

Editor's Note: The editor of Army A.D.D.A. assures us that he (or she) only toured the part of Aircraft Overhaul that deals under the Army. Slighting any one person was purely unintentional and he (or she) wishes to apologize for any confusion of titles and is glad to be corrected.

Burn, Burny

We walked into the stockroom Monday and wondered why the new exit lights had been installed, but on looking again we found that the slash on the arm of one of our fair stockroom clerks lighting the room with a blaze of glory(ous) sunburn.
COURSE 15
Continued from Page 7
crowded. The object of this industry is the Primary Wings Exam, now not very far distant and more frightening with every day that passes. Here’s to some good results from Course 15.

Course 14
Course 14’s softballers got a taste of the Embry-Riddle Tech Trainees’ brand of ball at Coral Gables last week-end and didn’t especially like it. One RAF team took the count by a 7-4 score, and the other RAF team was edged out 14-13. A fine display of sportsmanship was evident on both sides and we are happy to congratulate the winners.

In the first contest the winners exploded all their runs in the fourth inning to coast to the 7-4 win. A local rally in the last inning fell short. The score by innings:
RAF 000 100 3-4
E.R. 000 700 x-7

A wild slugging game saw the RAF team go down 14-13. Trailng 14-4 in the last inning, the locals clubbed nine runs across but couldn’t get the tying one in. The score by innings:
RAF 010 030 9-13
E.R. 203 711 x-14

A feature of the visit to Miami was the excellent dinner party which Mr. Riddle gave the players at the Coral Gables Country Club following the game Saturday. It was great fun, Mr. Riddle, and the boys appreciated it a lot. Thank you very much.

Entertaining the fellows following the dinner were Wain, Vadah, Syd and Tibby Burrows, Helen Penhoyer, Jo Axtell, Adelaide Clayton, Dottie Wells, Betty Hirsch and Connie Henshaw, Marty Warren and S/Ldr. Hill dropped in later in the evening.

Playing on the teams were Cadets Holderness, Maloney, Adams, Roy, Koff, Bright, Macgowan, Nelson, Taylor, Johnston, Burling Stewart, Cooke, Betta, Hospital Attendant Enblade and Link Instructor Hopkins. Cadets Harwood, Mutters and Blackhall also accompanied the team.

REQUIEM
by Claude Miller, Military Engines

I was an engine, mighty and great,
Heart of an airplane, power ultimate.
Scion of Otto, nurtured by Wright,
Sired for the stratosphere, destined for flight.

Made of magnesium, wrung from the sea,
And of aluminum, thus to be free.
Bronze and beryllium, silver and lead
Strengthened my sinews, cosmedly bred.

Iron from the mountain, coal from the pit,
Cunningly blended, chromium knit,
Forged into cylinders, shaped into rods,
Blazing infernos, wrought by the gods.

Nerved by electrons, lightning enchained,
Laved by petroleum, brightness unstained,
Coursing the ether, led by the stars,
Roaring crescendo, my pilot was Mars.

Writhing and diving, stricken by shell,
Broken and bleeding, aerial hell!
Earthward for aons, seeking soonerase,
Black-banneled meteor, searching for—Peace.

Peace in a classroom, shades and cool,
Sheltered and lifeless, engines in school,
Dreaming of glory, combat and fire,
Valhalla of Engines, fresh from the pyre.

Feminine teacher, blue-eyed and fair,
Slender and quiet, brighi golden hair,
Far from the battle, smiling sincere,
Valhalla of Engines, goddess of Peace.

ENGINE NOISES
Continued from Page 10

Kathryn Bruce comes in with the mail, we straighten out a misunderstanding about a ‘phone call and Mr. Edwards comes in to check the ice in the cooler... these things go on forever.

3:55 After a talk with Harold Malcolm on the ‘phone, we are convinced that Malcolm is one person who can remain calm and pleasant in the face of any difficulty.

4:12 We come to the end of a typical day—Hi yo, Silver, awa-a-a-a-a.

It would be hard to include in any schedule the many things that happen and are happening all the time, but to sum them all up, the work and the pleasant contacts that are made here make this a mighty pleasant place in which to work.

INSTRUMENT OVERHAUL

Of interest to a large number of us in the Instrument Overhaul Shop is word that Leo Randenbush, the Instrument department’s latest contribution to the Army, is stationed at the Beach for basic training.

Interesting items can be uncovered about the lives of some of our employees. Our newest employee, Mrs. Floy Rosebush, came here from Alameda, Calif., to be with her husband, Lt. Rosebush of the C.S.R.N. who is stationed at Richmond Field.

Mrs. Rosebush worked in the Instrument department at the Naval Air Station for a year and a half, overhauling Gyro instruments. A welcome addition to our forces, indeed. Let it also be known that the Rosebush family is 100 per cent on the job. With a son an Army Air Corps Cadet, every member is actively participating in the War effort.

GYRO IDIOSYNCRASIES

After many weeks we finally prevailed upon Gonzalo Lopez y Carrion, our good neighbor from Buenos Aires, to tell us about himself. He has been studying diligently the idiosyncrasies of the gyro. But let’s hear his own story:

“I don’t really believe in Gremlins, but I have no doubt about their existence since I learned such words as till, drift, friction, baldtup while working on these gyro instruments.

“But really I’m having the best time of my life. It is so wonderful to see how interest in the South American countries is increasing day by day and to watch the bonds growing stronger through the policies which are developing a deeper understanding between the Americas.

“Since I was a child I had dreams about coming to this country, so I studied English for five years and mingled as much as possible with American people in Argentina.

“My dreams came true when I obtained one of the scholarships granted by the United States Government to all the South American Republics as a part of the Inter-American Aviation program.

“I left Buenos Aires on a hot day after Christmas of 1941 and arrived in "snow-
Mr. Klein, our versatile instrument man, has been particularly busy the past few weeks. He has been working down in Link Room in addition to his regular work.

We had quite a little story written about one of our new mechanics who comes to us from Argentina via Tech School, but we hear that he has been persuaded to give us a story of himself and his country—this is sure we shall be very glad to read in Melvin's portion of Gyro Notes soon. Let us just say that Gonzalo Lopez y Barzon is coming along nicely as a Gyro man.

Long Hours

Our parts stock room set-up has undergone drastic changes the past week and Messrs. Hill, Merritt and Hendrix have labored long hours getting the change over into operation. There are still a few "hugs" to get out, but this I am sure will be done shortly. Fine work, gentlemen, and may you receive some well earned rest for your tireless efforts.

Mr. Cross has been transferred to our night crew—glad to have you, "Whitey." The blackout in Dade County may not have been satisfactory as a whole, but it was perfect here at the Colonnade. It gave the writer time to discover what Mr. Heid had in his mind for our column; we had spoken to him about a contribution some time back. All you in Instrument Overhaul and many at Tech School will be interested in his articles—yes, interested in the way of War Savings Stamps—watch for them.

War Bond Quota

Now on the subject of savings, how about your War Bond quota? Have you increased your bond purchases? The past two weeks have brought very good news from all our fighting fronts, but don't be disillusioned. While all this is good, it does not mean in any sense that the scrap will soon be over. We still have a long hard fight ahead, two, three years, possibly longer.

Your work is helping—now let your dollars help, and when they return to you you will see that they have increased in size and can help you more. It takes one ton of supplies and equipment to keep one soldier on the fighting front one month. Your dollars help supply this ton—don't fail these men.

Goodbye, Gladys

We are losing Gladys Goff from our Embry-Riddle family and from the Fly Paper group. Sorry to lose you, Gladys, but it is a big gain for the Marines. We had not met Gladys until our Clewiston party, but we had heard and enjoyed her singing at our church. We add to the list of those extended in the last issue of the Fly Paper. Good luck, Gladys, and we are sure the Marines will find a spot for your musical talents.

ARMY A.D.D.'s

There was a birthday anniversary Wednesday, and your first guess is right. It was ours, the Air Depot Detachment at Miami. One year ago Col. Fite, Lt. Hicks and L.t. Bacon arrived at Embry-Riddle Co., Miami. The engine overhaul contract was signed by Mr. Riddle and by representatives of the Army, and the Air Depot Detachment came into official being.

It didn't have a place to hang its hat, the headquarters building still lacking such things as a floor, lights and telephones, so it was a week or so later that it became usable as headquarters.

Lt. Bacon held the fort alone until Mr. Varney was able to take charge of the possible assistants from his hat, or rather from the files of his employment bureau.

Pioneers

First to join the Army (in Civil Service of course) was Pat McNamar; then came in quick succession Sarah Squirro, Ernest Stone and Eugene Reynolds. Meanwhile Edward Busing "Bus" had arrived from Moonston Field to be the Engine Inspector. Leonard Hendrix arrived from Hendricks Field, Sebring, to be the Instrument Inspector, and Malcolm Porter arrived from Columbus Flying School, Columbus, Miss., as Storekeeper.

Pat struggled along for—well it wouldn't be nice to say how long mastering the intricacies of military letters, ordinances, morning reports, etc. while the rest struggled with stock lists, Technical Orders, requisitions, shipping tickets and bin cards, attempting to stock a good supply of parts well for the engine and instrument overhaulers.

Jimmy Vacaro, not a member of the staff, also, Dorothy Sheflumt, joined the Army August 29, and Mildred Brooks, September 2. Since then we have had many additions and a few subtractions but all of the original crew just mentioned except "Busing" are still with us and we hope will be when the last shot is fired.

MIAMI'S 100th WAVE

Carol Weggonner of 1023 S. W. Second St. is the 100th Miami girl to join the Waves. With Embry-Riddle since October of 1942, Carol worked as a Timekeeper at Aircraft Overhaul and studied radio communications at night, obtaining her telegraph license. She will report to Hunter College, N. Y., in August for training.

GYRO NOTES

by Walter H. Dick

At last appeal for news items from the day crew made through this column and our bulletin board has been heard. We are now going to have a contributor for this column who will cover the activities of the day crew. I believe Melvin Klein is slated for the job—give him your support, folks.

Our script was missing last week because of dengue fever would not let me complete it nor get that which was written to the editor's office.

We have had a number of visitors at our shop the past two weeks. To start things off we had a visit from the Brazilian Air Minister and his staff. The following Thursday Mr. Rose, an Instructor over at Tech High, dropped in. He was accompanied by six of his students.

Miami Like Home

Last Tuesday night Mr. Horton came by. He had just flown in to Chapman from Carlsstrom Field. Yes, Mr. Beckwith was with him, but he is at home when he is here.

This Friday saw another group of Army officers visiting us; but since they came through in daylight, I did not learn their names. I do know, however, that Lt. R. W. Denmore was in the group.

I, like Skinner and Kimbrough, was very glad to see Lt. Denmore. We all worked together before we came here and he went to the Army. We are proud of our shop and the work being done. The comments from the above mentioned groups were very nice to hear.

We have had more new equipment added to our shop the past two weeks, including two new bench lathes and new sensitive drill presses in addition to smaller items.
UNION CITY REPORTERS
PLACED IN DOGHOUSE
BY VACATIONING EDITOR
by Ken Stivers

We are sorry to say that Sgt. Cannon, Howard Cooper and B. C. Humphries are in the Dog House. It is not their fault, though. I'm trying to get this off a day early because your lil' ole Editor is going to the country tomorrow to partake of gobs of country ham and everything that goes with it.

So, around the grocery stores: Branch and Mott trying to stretch their ration points to include a steak in their menu. They made out all right, though. They settled for black-eyed peas.

Marie Burcham brought her sister out to look over the Field last week. She is red headed, too. I wonder why Marie pulls out her dagger when you call her "Red"?

Frank Havnes and his men watered the grass around Operations with a fire hose. It took three of them to hold the nozzle. It was so hot that some of the boys walked right through the spray to get cooled off.

BARRACKS AT EMBRY-RIDDLE FIELD

COLONNADE CANNONADE
by Maxine Hurtt

Ah! Ah! Don't touch that dial! (Original, no?) Once upon a time there was a very happy gal . . . she had three swell letters from her favorite husband who is "abroad" at the present. She also had a swell young son and lovely mother who came all the way from San Antonio to visit her . . . everything looking up . . . and then what happens? "Glamour" Pennoyer dashes off to the graduation dance at Dorr Field . . . Wain calls and asks me to pinch hit . . . but mind you, that's not the cause of all my grief.

Walking Zombie

There's a certain long, lanky photographer from a certain Tech School who is my pet hate! He bounds in and practically sits on top of me . . . then almost scares me to death with that horrible thing called a camera! He admitted himself that it should be entitled "I Walked with a Zombie!" All right, Art, I'll get you yet! Oh, well, we can't all be beautiful, can we? How can I ever feel right about taking these Identification pictures again?

To Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wigman the whole Colonnade says thank you for that lovely party last Friday night. Everyone who went is still raving about the wonderful time, and let us assure you that your invitation to come again real soon certainly will be put to use.

Of course, there were some of the Colonnades who let that old man weather talk them out of going, and there were a few who missed the announcement that was sent to the various departments. So while thanking our very nice host and hostess, let this also serve as an invitation to every single one of the Colonnade gang to be sure not to miss the next one. The time will be supplied by Harvey Mitchell of the Payroll department. And that the invitation includes your friends and families, too! Mr. Mitchell tells me it even includes Mothers-in-law!

Things are humming on the second floor this week . . . Kay adds "for a change" but I'm inclined to disagree . . . we're really brushing that old welcome mat off what with all those people returning from vacations and sick leaves, and those taking over new jobs.

There's Fletcher Gardner, Harvey Koehler, Laura Bargess and Thelma Norton back on the job . . . and Lucille Fox taking over Louis Nelson's place in Mr. Hillstead's office. We've made a trade with Tech School Accounting, too . . . The Colonnade gets Margaret Missio and we lend Natalie Simons to 27th Ave. for a few weeks.

Super Derm

Mary Frances Quinn and Josephine Wooley are in the process of moving into the new Girl's Dormitory. It sounds mighty nice over there, and I think it's a perfectly super idea, too!

Kay Wiedman went on a jaunt to Chapman Saturday, so we hear. She said it was taxes, but we wonder.

Another letter from Ensign Rinehart informs us that he's assistant to the Disbursing Officer. Harry says, quote: "Although my feet hurt, I eat three meals a day, sleep well at night, and miss every darn one of you." Unquote . . . we miss you too, Harry, and thanks for remembering to write so often.

That charming young "feller," Gonzalo Lopez y Garzon who hails from down Argentine way and is working in the Instrument Overhaul department, tells me that
he is very rapidly becoming an American...he runs all over the place equipped with pencil and paper, writing down every new word he hears.

He came into my office the other day...proudly showing me some new words he's learning...the words(?): Gesundheit, Donkey-shane, and Fer Der Hafreikart! Gonzalo, those words may mean God Bless you, thank you, and you've got me on the last one...but why don't you stick strictly to that good old American slang? I'm sure any of the gals and boys around here could supply a few for your collection!

Well, Amigos, thanks for reading this (or did you?) and please, please, don't look too hard at that terrible thing called a picture, which is supposed to be me! Honest, when you get to know me, I'm a pretty good girl...or so my Mother tells me!

TECH TALK
by Grace Simpson

Thanks to the Fly Paper for writing such nice things about the cafeteria staff in regard to our banquet for Mr. Riddle Sunday before last. We were flattered to be given such an assignment as that of entertaining Dr. Salgado and the other distinguished guests.

All was serene in the cafeteria when Jo and behold W. J. Hiss, who has worked hard for a long time, had to give up and go to the hospital. We all send best wishes to him for a speedy recovery.

Malcolm Byrnes, who was married July 10 to Ruth Richardson, moved over to Mess Administration to take over Mr. Hiss' duties while he is away. Frank Reardon is now steward at Tech School.

A MATTER OF SPELLING

Harold Soper, assistant steward, Toby Lanier and his crew of fine chaps and Fred Kesterson, our storekeeper, deserve a world of credit for their work.

Patty Keye has taken over the duties of cashier.

Now may I praise the splendid waitresses we have in both cafeterias. Many of these girls have been here for a long time. They have been loyal, coming to work at any hour of the day or night that we need them. Thank you, girls.

News I hear roaming around the cafeteria: Fredda Pointeviewt is the very attractive addition to Mr. Riddle's office. I understand she has a lovely baby daughter who is her pride and joy.

George Uffenorde of Military Engines and Miss Tui Anderson, attractive nurse of Jackson Memorial Hospital, are to be married August 9th.

I saw Ray Lipie, head of the Payroll department, the other day. He and Peg, his very nice wife, have just returned from a vacation in North Carolina.

Also vacationing are Kay Gorman of the Switchboard and Aldra Watkins of Purchasing.

Adriano Ponso, who is teaching us Portuguese, was so excited in class the other day. He must have been talking long distance.

Lt. Howard Van Buskirk, who was our first steward at Tech School, visited us Monday. He is steward at the 36th St. Airport.

Jean Derringer of Purchasing came in to show us a lovely ring given her by Z. A. Nicholson, Chief of Inventory crew. We wish them both much happiness.

To the Latin American boys who have left us and are at the various Fields, we would like to send best wishes. We miss you here in the cafeteria.

Anne Elrod and Willie Rivas of Riddle Field lunched with us Monday. We'd like to see more of you boys more often.

Must close now for here come James Blakeley and Jack Riley for a snack. So to all—Obrigado et volta depressa a Cafeteria.

NEW BOOKS

Tactics, Parts 1 and 2, by Bond.
Basic Infantry Training, by Bond.
Flight Training for the Army and Navy, Aviation Engines, Book 2, by Eveleth and Fenn.
NAVIGATION STUDENTS EXPRESS PROGRESSIVE VIEWS

Two sisters now enrolled in the celestial navigation class at the Tech School believe that women should master as many trades as possible to prepare themselves for an uncertain future.

They are Juanita Stocks and Mrs. Granville Fisher, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Stocks of 7544 N. W. Fourth Court. Both attended the Northwestern Dental School in Chicago and are graduate dental hygienists, but both believe in the old proverb that it is good to have more than one string to your bow.

Miss Stocks speaks highly of education for women. "You never can tell what lies ahead, especially today, and we feel a girl should become expert in more than one line of work so she can take care of herself under uncertain conditions," said Mrs. Fisher.

John is married. The mother of a two-year-old daughter, April. She does not plan any immediate use for celestial navigation, but in addition to being a possible profession, she thinks it is a fascinating study. "We both realize the future development of the world lies in the sky," she says, "and want to prepare ourselves for work along that line."

Her husband, former art director of the Surf Club, is studying at the University of Chicago, where he obtained his Bachelor of Philosophy degree June 22 and will remain throughout the summer to work on his Master's degree.

Keeping Up with Hubby

Mr. and Mrs. Fisher enjoy sports together and do a great deal of snake hunting in the Everglades. He is studying two foreign languages at the University of Chicago, and to keep step with him, she is enrolled in the Portuguese class at Embry-Riddle. Through her husband's interest in art and sculpture, she developed her hobby of making plaster models of people's hands. The first one was of her baby's hand at the age of two months.

Miss Stocks also enjoys sports, is improving her swimming at a Y.W.C.A. class, and spends her week-ends on the beach at her Roney Plaza cabana. Always interested in learning something new, she has been studying piano for the past year.

Television is her principal interest and she hopes gradually to prepare herself for future work in that line. She considers the celestial navigation course as a first step, to be followed by a radio course.

She and Mrs. Fisher are both affiliated with the Pilot's Club, of which Mrs. Fisher once served as an officer.

SISTERS STUDY NAVIGATION

Two sisters studying celestial navigation at the Tech School are Juanita Stocks, left, and Mrs. Granville Fisher, seen checking time differences on the globe.

Emby-Riddle Graduates

Twenty-five men from Class 11-43-AMC were sent to Curtiss-Wright in Buffalo when they were graduated from this school. Of those 25 men 14 are now stationed at Homestead and 10 are at 36th Street.

Cpl. Robert Pennington and Cpl. George Pena visited the school a few days ago. They are stationed at 36th Street. They report that these boys are doing a fine job and appreciate the training that Embry-Riddle gave them. They also report all the boys are very happy in their work.

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