CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE

Civilian flying instructors who pour into United States cities from Air Forces Training Detachments are taking one of the hardest beatings of the War.

With the demand to throw everything into the fight, not tomorrow but now, civilian instructors who teach Army pilots at primary schools must do more and more work, more and more efficiently in less and less time.

Ironically, they are getting fewer and fewer thanks.

Without Glory

They wear no pilots’ uniforms nor wings, though they make it possible for countless others to wear both. Their glamour pales and will continue to pale, as the fires which they are helping to build on the combat fronts grow brighter and make their jobs seem dull by contrast.

Every civilian instructor knows this. He would rather be in combat than where he is. Rather? He would love to be in combat, flying fast ships, lapping up a little glory for himself. And he well might do just that, for he is one of the best pilots in the world.

Just a few things keep him from going to combat: the Air Forces’ insistence that he stay where he is; his loyalty to the AAF; and the knowledge that he can create 40 to 100 pilots whereas he himself constitutes only one.

Patience Taxed

That’s why his temper and endurance and patience is taxed by the general ignorance and lack of appreciation of his essential war job.

An instructor who can throttle back his temper a hundred times a day as some new cadet bangs him in for a rough landing or dunk’s him upside down in the ozone 3,000 feet above the earth is always under a terrific nervous strain. Something snaps and he sees purple when someone asks: “Why are you on reserve status?”

You Must Back Him

It is not enough that the War Department and the draft boards have decided by mutual agreement that the civilian instructor is in his right place. This fact alone will not make him want to stay. He should have the wholehearted backing of the people for doing a tough and thankless assignment.

When the Air Forces is doing a magnificent job—as it has done to date—certainly the civilians responsible for shaping the pilot’s entire career, by starting him down the right track, should rate nothing less than the heartiest congratulations, a good handshake and a pat on the back.

This question demands straight, quick answers, and here they are:

The civilian flying instructor has been placed on Reserve status and kept at his post because he is doing a more important war job there than he possibly could do anywhere else in the world.

Civilian primary schools are under Air Forces contract, are producing Air Forces fliers. The civilian instructors who work at these schools are doing exactly the same job that Army instructors are doing at other schools.

A Greater Task

Almost the same job. The civilian instructor’s job is harder. It is up to him to solo his green students—many of whom have never been in an airplane—within 12 hours and to teach them how to fly with precision in 60.

He has an added responsibility since he gets the student from the beginning. He separates the wheat from the chaff, determines who will be eliminated in the first few hours and who will go on to become Air Forces pilots.

He, therefore, must be a specialist of the first order. An instructor, a psychologist, a salesman in one—and he is.

The civilian instructor is like an ace jockey, experienced enough to teach the kid brother how to ride an old nag in preparation for the big race and patient enough to stand at the edge of the race track and see the kid come in on a fast winner. He would rather ride the winner himself. But there are too many races these days with life and death in the balance. As jockey he could win only one race at a time. As trainer he can put winners in all the races at once.

So he stays in the background.

CIVILIAN INSTRUCTORS TEACH CARLSTROM CADETS

A Greater Task

Almost the same job. The civilian instructor’s job is harder. It is up to him to solo his green students—many of whom have never been in an airplane—within 12 hours and to teach them how to fly with precision in 60.

He has an added responsibility since he gets the student from the beginning. He separates the wheat from the chaff, determines who will be eliminated in the first few hours and who will go on to become Air Forces pilots.

He, therefore, must be a specialist of the first order. An instructor, a psychologist, a salesman in one—and he is.

The civilian instructor is like an ace jockey, experienced enough to teach the kid brother how to ride an old nag in preparation for the big race and patient enough to stand at the edge of the race track and see the kid come in on a fast winner. He would rather ride the winner himself. But there are too many races these days with life and death in the balance. As jockey he could win only one race at a time. As trainer he can put winners in all the races at once.

So he stays in the background.

You Must Back Him

It is not enough that the War Department and the draft boards have decided by mutual agreement that the civilian instructor is in his right place. This fact alone will not make him want to stay. He should have the wholehearted backing of the people for doing a tough and thankless assignment.

When the Air Forces is doing a magnificent job—as it has done to date—certainly the civilians responsible for shaping the pilot’s entire career, by starting him down the right track, should rate nothing less than the heartiest congratulations, a good handshake and a pat on the back.

This question demands straight, quick answers, and here they are:

The civilian flying instructor has been placed on Reserve status and kept at his post because he is doing a more important war job there than he possibly could do anywhere else in the world.

Civilian primary schools are under Air Forces contract, are producing Air Forces fliers. The civilian instructors who work at these schools are doing exactly the same job that Army instructors are doing at other schools.

A Greater Task

Almost the same job. The civilian instructor’s job is harder. It is up to him to solo his green students—many of whom have never been in an airplane—within 12 hours and to teach them how to fly with precision in 60.

He has an added responsibility since he gets the student from the beginning. He separates the wheat from the chaff, determines who will be eliminated in the first few hours and who will go on to become Air Forces pilots.

He, therefore, must be a specialist of the first order. An instructor, a psychologist, a salesman in one—and he is.

The civilian instructor is like an ace jockey, experienced enough to teach the kid brother how to ride an old nag in preparation for the big race and patient enough to stand at the edge of the race track and see the kid come in on a fast winner. He would rather ride the winner himself. But there are too many races these days with life and death in the balance. As jockey he could win only one race at a time. As trainer he can put winners in all the races at once.

So he stays in the background.

You Must Back Him

It is not enough that the War Department and the draft boards have decided by mutual agreement that the civilian instructor is in his right place. This fact alone will not make him want to stay. He should have the wholehearted backing of the people for doing a tough and thankless assignment.

When the Air Forces is doing a magnificent job—as it has done to date—certainly the civilians responsible for shaping the pilot’s entire career, by starting him down the right track, should rate nothing less than the heartiest congratulations, a good handshake and a pat on the back.
Letters to the Editor

Dear Jim:

You will have to forgive my tardiness in writing to you as I have really moved in the past few months. The address is Australia—that’s all we’re allowed to say.

Are you still at Embry-Riddle—if not, I know you will go farther up the ladder of success. I was sorry to leave the school—but we have to go on.

It’s rather nice here now. It’s winter in this country. The days are warm. The squadron I am in is about one-half Embry-Riddle.

If you see Mrs. Burton, give her my regards and give my best to the Mrs. Trusting we meet again.

Respectfully,
B. E. Tellier

Editor's Note: The above V-Mail letter was sent to the Tech School's Director, James E. Blakley, who requested that we print it so that all Tellier's friends will have news of him.

Sgt. S. Ainsley
1576336
RAF-BNAF
August 13, 1943

Dear Editor:

Well, here we are again. I have travelled quite a way since I last wrote. I am now in N. Africa, getting round a bit, what? This place is certainly a forgotten land; it’s a pity we didn’t forget about it!

We had a good trip here by sea and are now firmly sandaled in. It’s quite hot but I don’t think it’s as hot as Clewiston. Wish they wanted some instructors there.

We are close to a big town but it is not much of an attraction. So far I have not even spoken to a girl here. Of course, the residents are French and Arabic and speak their own lingo, and as I don’t speak either I’m at a bit of a loss. Nevertheless, they seem reluctant to even try; obviously they resent our presence.

We are living rather roughly here. At present we are living in tents on a sandy waste, fortunately near the sea so we can do quite a bit of swimming and I am regaining my Miami tan!

The food is fair. If I tried to describe it, you’d probably think we were starving, but we keep alive on it. It’s a good job to have the “sketches.” These here are particular; they look at your identity disc to find your blood group before attack. There is quite a lot of fruit to be had, cantaloupes, lettuce, etc. and oranges in season, but they are sold by the Arabs and that’s enough to put anyone off.

The last I heard from Freddie was that he had just finished training on Typhoons and Bob, I think, is on “twins” or maybe heavy bombers. I think I told you I am on (censored).

Well, anyway, this is another part of the world I have seen. Even though I don’t think much of it, I’ll certainly appreciate England when I get back.

Here’s hoping and wishing you all the best.

Sincerely yours,
Syd.

Editor’s Note: The above bit of humor from the wastelands of North Africa is from Syd Ainsley, a former Riddle Field Cadet who was graduated with Course 8. Thanks for the laughs, Syd, and send us many more of them.
Course 14 received its wings last Friday morning in the usual impressive ceremony which was witnessed by many of the instructors and friends of the graduating class.

It was a pleasure to have Mrs. John Paul Riddle present the diplomas to the RAF and AAF Cadets in the absence of Mr. Riddle.

Wing Commander George Greaves, Commanding Officer of this station, presented the wings and made the following announcements of the outstanding Cadets in this Course who were presented with appropriate awards: Best Ground School Cadet—F. W. Bush; Best Flying Cadet—P. A. Taylor; Outstanding Cadet of Course 14—M. A. N. Hills.

On Friday evening the Course entertained their Officers and Instructors with a “Listening Out” dinner party at the Sugarland Auditorium in Clewiston. Short talks were given by the various Officers and Riddle-McKay personnel following the excellent dinner which was prepared and served by Chief Steward Nicodemus and Head Chef Harley Hook and crew.

First of all, our sincere thanks to Associate Editors Kenneth Fisher of Course 15 and John Manners of Course 16 for their good work in the last issue.

Well, from all reports, Course 14 left with quite a bang, or should we say they bowed out serenely, and Course 17 has now arrived in full force.

The welcome shinglet is out for you new fellows, and we hope you will enjoy your training at Riddle Field. This brings us to our regular request to each new Course—a request for one, two, three or more of the boys to keep the news of their Courses in the Fly Paper. If any of you Course 17 guys are interested in doing this, please see the Editor at the Link department, and you shall be made an Associate Editor—but pronto!

And then—to each and every one of the new Class (old person too)—you can have the Fly Paper sent to your home absolutely free merely by printing the name and address and leaving it at the Link department. Note: No box tops to send in; no facsimilies to draw; all courtesy of the Embry-Riddle Co.

Cadet D. Marande is New Flight Leader

We of Course 16 are sorry to hear the Flight Leader of A Flight, J. C. MacIntyre, has been transferred to Course 17 because of medical reasons. The new Flight Leader is Cadet D. Marande.

Last week-end we moved into our new barracks, which we hope will be our quarters till after the New Year. We also hope that with our promotion to Senior Course (or is it next to the senior course?) our open post-week-ends will be more regular than they have been.

We are happy to see A. W. “Jinks” Lyndon back at Link instructing after a two-months’ siege of illness.

Congratulations are in order to Pvt. Ray Engblade who was married to a “home town gal” while on furlough at his home in Ludington, Mich. Pvt. Engblade is attached to the Medical Corps here.

Next week we shall have another Riddle Field contest with cash prizes of $5.00, $3.00 and $1.00 to the lucky winners.

Wing Commander Johnson and his staff from Trenton, Canada, have been at this Field for several days inspecting the School’s flying program.

While Little Tommy Tucker had to sing for his supper, 2nd/O Lawrence DeMarco sings to the Canteen Waitresses for his breakfast—a regular Caruso, they say.

F/Lt. John Crossley was especially glad to see Course 17 arrive, as his brother, Peter, is one of the new Cadets.

Dispatchers Ollie Lynch and W. C. Farabee have been enjoying a week’s vacation in Arcadia and Wauchula, respectively, Grace Hampton of the Radio department is back after a week’s leave in Miami.

Due to increasing operations and maintenance, Jimmy Pope of Miami and John Brown, formerly with the Transportation department, have joined the communications gang.
RIDDLE FIELD
Continued from Page 3

New flight refresher school on the primary refresher school are Louis Langdon, John O'Neill, W. C. Vidas, J. N. Sylvia and Arthur Whiteman. Doug Day and Reed Clary have completed their refresher and are now instructing on the Primary Flight Line.

They tell this one on Mechanic Gomez of the Transportation department. It seems that the Moore Haven bus quit running the other evening, so they towed it into Transportation to have the trouble taken care of. Mr. Gomez was on duty and after a careful check, he could find nothing wrong with the engine. He cleaned the spark plugs and checked several other parts before he finally found the trouble—the gasoline tank was empty!

The Mail Bag
1458822 Sgt. Reid
7 Swanley Crescent
Little Heath
Potters Bar
Middlesex, Eng.
August 26, 1943

Dear Jack,

How are you getting along, old lad? In the best of health, I hope. I thought it was about time I wrote a few lines to you, so here I am writing while outside the rain is pouring down and has been doing so all day.

The other day I received a photograph of Course 12 which I am sure you will agree was the best Course ever to venture into the air at Riddle Field.

By the time you receive this letter, I should be at my Operational Training Unit. I was recalled from disembarkation leave and sent to an Advanced Flying Unit onto a twin-engined aircraft called the Airspeed Oxford. I miss the Harvard and all the fun I used to have in them.

I'm still hashing around in my beloved Link. Beloved question mark. Plenty of beam work which you said I would like, but I'm afraid you were "off the beam" there, so to speak.

But, Jack, I wish to thank you and Mr. Lyndon and also Mr. Weeks who were always patient and understanding whilst I was sweating in the "Blue Terror," otherwise known as the Link. The Links we use over here have the wheel and not the stick.

I miss the T-bone steaks, milk, lemons and oranges, but of course you know I would rather be here in dear old England. Palm Beach and Miami are very pleasant memories, but London and the London Palladium are more to my satisfaction.

I'm receiving the Fly Paper quite regularly, Jack, and the last one I had was the July 9th edition. I was very glad indeed to hear that W/C Greaves and the other officers received a good heating at the sports. The July 4th celebrations surely went over very well but I'm glad I wasn't there because I expect there was a great deal of "bull" going on.

Well, Jack, I'm afraid I must close now, but I would like to be remembered to Mr. Bright, Mr. Perry, Mr. Cousins and Mr. Wirick, who is at Dorr Field, and to anybody who may remember me at Riddle Field. Thank you.

I owe a lot already to the school, and any success I may gain in the future will be because of the fine instruction I received whilst there.

So long, Jack, and if you have time, I should be glad to hear from you.

Cheerio,

B. Reid

Editor's Note: This letter is from Brodie Reid of Course 12, and we take this method of making sure that his regards to everyone are received. We are glad you wrote, Brodie, and hope you will write again after receiving our letter.

Dear Hoppie,

Just received the August 27th issue of the Fly Paper from Jimmy Taylor. My deepest sympathy to you all at Clewiston.

I enjoyed your column and would like the Fly Paper every week if you can arrange it.

We get into Miami frequently, and I had a nice visit with Mr. Riddle back in April. Saw Bob Hesford and Tom Carpenter on the other side of the "pond" last week. I haven't been able to make contact with any of my former cadets there.

Hope to get down to Riddle Field sometime this fall or winter. Lots of luck in the forthcoming basketball season. My regards to all in Clewiston.

Sincerely yours,

Fran Winkler

Editor's Note: Fran Winkler will be remembered as a former instructor here, as were Hesford and Carpenter whom he mentions. We were glad to hear from you, Fran, and hope you will get down to see us. Your Fly Paper will be sent to you regularly.
OFF TO DORR FIELD DANCE

by Lorraine Bosley

Like a sweet fleeting dream — perhaps you were Cinderella on her first night at the Ball — so was the excursion to Dorr Field for the Cadet Graduation Dance.

We were Molly Upham, secretary in Military Engines; Jo Axtell, secretary to Frank Strahan; Estelle Woodward of George Wheeler’s office; Dorothy Keyser, Air Depot Detachment at Engine Overhaul; and yours truly of George Ireland’s office.

Of course, no one did any sleeping on the way to Dorr, for the tingle of anticipation had us all wide awake.

When we arrived there were six very nice cadets waiting for us, Bill Page, Jim Kerans, George Reilly, Jack Malkaves, Paul Turk and Ed Laurita. They took us to lunch in the Officer’s Mess. There, Lt. Sam Pinion, who had assembled our escorts, soon joined us. He was more than kind during our stay in attending to the many small details which helped to make our visit a delightful one.

Melting Pot

The lunch table conversation was kept very lively by the “puns” which continually passed between the New Yorkers of the group, Dotty Keyser from Brooklyn, Ed Laurita from Flushing, Jim Kerans from New York City, and an occasional growl from our “Joisey Kid,” George Reilly. We had an amazing amount of variety, Estelle from Tennessee, Jo from Texas, Molly from Massachusetts, Paul Turk from Missouri, Jack Malkaves from Pennsylvania, Bill Page from South Carolina, and I from Miami.

After lunch, we were escorted to the Flight Line and made a close inspection of one small trainer. We were worse than fighter planes as we fired question after question at them. The air was filled with: “That’s the crank.” “Where do you put it to crank the engine?” “How can you get way up there?” “That’s a trim tab.” “What’s it for?” “Oh, that’s the rudder—isn’t it?”

Exploring the Town

Finally, we went into Arcadia and spent a couple of hours exploring the town before going back to the Field for dinner. When we arrived, our cadets were right there, appetites and all. We had a delightful time; Lt. Pinion joined us for a few moments. We also had the opportunity of watching all the classes come into the large Mess Hall adjoining the Officer’s Mess.

Then came preparation for the big event, and, of course, special care was taken by each and every one of us. It was a wonderful dance — smooth terrace lit by rainbow colored lights, good hand, soft cool breeze, and a myriad of “Prince Charmings” to keep us whirling round the floor.

MIAMI GIRLS ATTEND DORR FIELD DANCE

A little Miami sunshine went to the graduation dance at Dorr Field last week in the form of six lovelies from the Miami Division. From left to right are Molly Upham of Military Aircraft, Estelle Woodward and Lorraine Bosley of Mr. Ireland’s office, Jackie Wallis, secretary to Charlie Ebbets, Jo Axtell, secretary to Frank Strahan, and Dorothy Keyser of Engine Overhaul.

SECOND SINATRA

Cadet Bill Page Sings at Dorr Field Graduation Dance

To make everything perfect, one of our escorts, blonde and handsome Bill Page, a veritable Sinatra, entertained us delightfully with many well-liked and well-known tunes. As if that were not enough, each of us was presented, by the Cadet Club and Lt. Pinion, a most attractive little pin in the form of the circular Air Corps insignia with a chain guard of the Air Corps wings.

Then, along came Charlie Ebbets with that huge flashlight of his—I don’t know exactly what he was looking for; nevertheless, he evidently found it. We were glad to see that his secretary, Jackie Weld, had come along, too. It’s good to see people you know in a strange place.

The evening was positively too good to be true. There’s a song somewhere that goes: “As we come to the end of a perfect day—,” that’s the way it was. We were tired but completely happy.

Luncheon at the Field

We wound up a glorious trip by returning to the Field the next day for lunch and a few games of ping-pong and darts in the Recreation Hall. Imagine our surprise and delight at spying Laurice Anderson across the room in Officer’s Mess. She was formerly secretary to Michael Lojinger at the Coliseum. I seem to recall having glimpsed Lloyd Budge somewhere on the Field with Lt. Frank. I hear they gave somebody a real “pasting” in a hot game of tennis. Lt. McLaughlin came in to tell us goodbye, too.

Suddenly, along came the Riddle “stretch-out” and whisked us away before we could completely realize that it was all over.

And the ride home? I’m afraid we couldn’t tell you much about that—we “cat-napped” most of the way.

Yesterday upon the stair
I saw a man who had no hair;
He had no hair again today,
Hmm—he must be bald.
Dorr Athletics

by A/C Fenton F. Harrison, 44-B

The men of Dorr Field re-established their athletic superiority over the cadets from neighboring Carlstrom here today by sweeping all events in the monthly field day competition between the two rivals. Dorr-men, out to avenge last month’s narrow defeat, left no doubt as to their supremacy.

Swimming

The closest competition of the day was afforded by the swimming teams. The result was in doubt until the final event. There however, in a medley relay, the Dorr-men outdistanced their opponents with ease.

The meet consisted of free-style, backstroke and breaststroke events in addition to the deciding relay.

Dorr got off to a good start when Whitman won the free-style event. However, their lead was short lived as Sutton and Clark of the visitors led the way home in the breaststroke event. Captain Walker nosed out teammate Wells in the backstroke event to again put the home team back in the running.

The results and time follow:

100-yard free-style: First—Whitman, Dorr; Second—Sutton, Carlstrom; Third—Smith, Carlstrom. Time—63.1.

50-yard breaststroke: First—Clark, Carlstrom; Second—Sutton, Carlstrom; Third—Whitaker, Dorr. Time—35.7.


Medley relay won by Dorr (Walker, Whitman, Whitaker).

Softball

The Dorr softball club earned a 4-2 victory over the visitors in an exciting game. Playing smart baseball behind the sparkling pitching of “Downwind” Zierk, the Dorr-men took the lead in the second inning and were never headed.

Zierk compiled a total of 14 strike outs over the seven inning period and contributed to his own success by smashing out the longest hit of the day, a triple, in the sixth inning.

During the first four innings Zierk’s blazing fast ball sent 11 men back to the bench muttering about faulty workmanship of their bats. Despite an injury to his knee suffered in the top of the fourth inning, the brilliant right-hander continued to turn in an excellent performance and was master of the situation at all times.

Dorr scored first in the second inning when center fielder Roy Webster led off with a walk, stole second, went to third on Marion Woolard’s perfect bunt and scored when the Carlstrom infielder began to fumble with the sphereoid.

Woolard took advantage of the comedy of errors and raced all around the bases to the plate. Dorr’s next run came on Woolard’s next hit, a stolen base, an error and “Brick” Wade’s infield out. The last Dorr tally came in the sixth inning when Webster followed Zierk’s tremendous blow with a single.

Carlstrom scored in the fourth and sixth innings by combining two hits and an error on each occasion.

Volleyball

The Dorr volleyball club, led by Captain Miller, played a consistent game to top the Carlstrom team in a contest that was never in doubt. Volleyball is one sport that Dorr has managed to win with regularity in the past, and Miller and his squad kept up the high reputation of previous Dorr volleyball squads. The men who played for Dorr were: Miller, Pewey, Fox, Mavini, Day and Thies.

Tennis

The Dorr racquet-wielders had little trouble disposing of the Carlstrom boys, sweeping all matches and for the most part toying with their opponents. The brilliant Dorr aggregation was headed by Ray Moats, former ranking star, and Wing Commander Hastings.

In the singles Moats, seeded number one, stopped Brown 6-2, 6-1. In the number two set Wittkin of Dorr defeated Alexander 6-0, 6-4, while Hastings took the third set from Buckmann 6-3, 6-1.

The battle of the day was fought on the doubles court where Hess and Reed ebook out a 6-4, 7-9, 6-4 victory over Vine and Bunatz of Carlstrom. The set point of the second set went to deuce seven times before Vine’s placement cleared the issue. Cossnna and Wilds of Dorr defeated McBride and Hill in the other doubles match 6-1, 6-1.

Basketball

Hopelessly outclassed by a clever Dorr squad, Carlstrom basketball team dropped a 30-19 decision to their hosts. The Dorr regulars held an even more marked superiority margin over their opponents, holding them scoreless from the floor after the first two minutes of play. They amassed a 19-4 lead at half time and stretched it to 25-5 before they retired at the end of the third quarter.

Dorr used a zone defense and a planned offense in their clear-cut victory. Johnny Britton and “Ace” Werner were outstanding for Coach Red Kennedy. Britton led the scorers with 13 points, followed by Werner with 8, center Nick Menza with 6, guard Red Daughton with 2 and Dwyer with 1.

The score periods:

Dorr 1 1 3 4 T
Carlstrom 8 11 6 5 30

Farewell

The victories were particularly welcomed by Lt. Cameron, McLaughlin and Pinion since they gave Dorr Field its first leg on the new trophy awarded to the winner of these monthly competitions. Dorr retired the last Sidney-Hill Trophy 74 at the end of July and we of the class of 44-B are proud to have started another trophy toward the Dorr-way.

TENNIS TEAMS

by C. P. Cameron, 1st Lt., A.C.

Lloyd Boole, Director of Physical Training for Embry-Riddle Schools, teamed up with Lt. Bill Frank, Adjutant at Dorr Field, and gave Cadets Hastings and Moats a sound trouncing in tennis last Thursday afternoon.

Lt. Cameron, Director of Physical Training at Dorr, picked Cadets Hastings and Moats as the best the Cadets had to offer.
to play an exhibition match with Lloyd Budge and Lt. Frank during Budge's visit at Dorr Field. The "old" men proved to be masters of the situation as they out maneuvered their younger and faster opponents (6-1, 6-2, 7-5).

Mr. Budge, a top ranking player himself, is the brother of Don Budge, king of the courts now serving in the Army. Lloyd's steady play and hard drives were indicative of the great player he is.

P.S. Lt. Frank isn’t a bad player himself.

**Dorr Doings**

by Jack Whinall

Murmurs heard erupting from the Postoffice department vis Hazel: "Gee, it ain’t long now till Christmas; let’s give the Postoffice a break and mail our packages early.” Fried chicken dinner at the Mess Hall Sundays. Mighty good and plenty of it too. Takes a heap of chicken to feed all these hungry cadets, and chicken always was our favorite fruit.

Leona Foster heard humming “Tell it to the Marines.” Yes sir, that’s a mighty pretty emblem that the Marines have. "Drip" Platt comes by his name honestly. We witnessed the fact the other morning when we were transporting the new class of cadets to the Field. Right down the back of his neck. Ha. Ha. Ha.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Eddie House upon the arrival of Miss House last Wednesday. Mother and daughter doing nicely. "Papa" House may possibly find that the Ground School has not been changed in its location and that it is still located on the east side of the building area. Also arriving this past week was Mr. Michikle, Jr. "Papa" Michikle is a Flight Instructor. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs.

The Army Side

Besides his Physical Training duties, Lt. McLaughlin is Special Services Officer. We noticed especially his attitude for the latter at the OSO show held at the Field last Wednesday night. Among the entertainers were three quite good looking young ladies. Lt. M was found with a QCJL on each side of him awaiting her turn to have her palm read.

Also noted with the fact that it only took him a very short time to read the palms of Lts. Hand and Rubertas but when it came to the feminine palm, Lt. M was heard to exclaim very mysteriously, “Ah, this is very interesting indeed. Most interesting, I can assure you.” At the end of five minutes he was still telling the young lady how interesting it was, never relaxing his death-like grip.

Questioned about it by the Intelligence Officer, Lt. M told him very gruffly that as Special Services Officer this was part of his job. Now Lts. Rubertas and Hand have put in for a transfer to the Special Services Branch of the Army.

Vocal solo last Saturday night by Lt. Cameron, entitled “I’m singing in the rain.”

Lt. Farmer: Sergeant, what is the difference between a cynic and a stoic?

Sgt. Sharp: Sir, a cynic is what Mrs. Sharp washes the dishes in, and a stoic is what brings the babies.

This is a true story, so help us Grandmaw, (at least part of its true). Seems that a certain cadet from 44-D assigned to Dorr Field got on the Carlstrom Field truck by mistake, arriving at the Auxiliary Field in due course. Said cadet is now in the Dorr Field Infirmary being treated for severe shock after undergoing such a harrowing experience as going to the Auxiliary Field.

Another member of the Dorr Field Horse Lover’s Association is Major Curti­n. (We also understand that the CO has a few shotgun shells. Anybody that said CO wishes to have bumped off or rubbed out, please contact this office at his convenience.)

Parting shot: Who takes care of the light housekeeper’s daughter when the light housekeeper’s busy keeping house? 

To ably yours,

Jack

**BARNSTORMING WAS NO CINCH SAYS JIM BURT**

James H. Burt graduated from New­tretch High School, Brooklyn, N. Y. He then attended New York University for the next year and a half. Upon leaving N.Y.U. in 1925, he went to Dayton, Ohio, to learn flying. For the next year and a half, Burt spent his time barnstorming in the south with his instructor.

According to his statements, barnstorming is no cinch. Many times he slept under the wing of the plane, went without food and was compelled to remain where he was until they were able to earn enough money to buy gasoline for the ship.

In 1927, Burt became employed by the Curtis Wright Company in Long Island, doing charter and passenger flying. This company was sold to Sahr, Inc., in 1935 and he remained there in the same capacity. 1935 saw Burt flying for the Nicaraguan Government.

**Treed**

After four months in Central America, Burt was involved in an unavoidable accident. He had been searching for a cargo ship that had been forced down over rough country and due to inclement weather was unable to land before nightfall set in. There being no facilities for night landings, the wing of Burt’s plane caught a tree as he attempted to put his ship down. For the next nine months Burt was in a hospital recuperating from injuries received from the accident.

Upon regaining his health, Burt went to the CAA School in Washington, D. C., there meeting Leonard J. Povey, who suggested that he apply for employment in the Embry-Riddle Company. On December 19, 1940, after spending a few months in Miami, Burt was transferred to Carlstrom Field. Later, at the inception of Dorr Field, he was transferred there as a Group Commander.

Mr. Burt’s present job involves supervising an entire class of cadets and sixty-six civilian instructors. In addition he is called upon to make check rides of cadets.

**AWASH**

Jim Burt relates that his most interesting experience in aviation was in January, 1933, at which time he was flying over the Hudson River when his motor suddenly stopped. It being impossible for him to land on the ground because of the pali­sades, he was forced to put his ship down on the river, P.S. Neither he nor his pas­senger was injured but he didn’t say whether they got wet.

**RIDDLE FIELD**

Continued from Page 4

Head of the Weather Bureau Hilton Robinson and family of Moore Haven also have received a letter from Sgt. Joe Gearden who was here with Course 7. Joe sends his regards to all at the Field.

**One Year Ago**

October 8, 1942—Story of the life of Capt. Len Povey appears on page one . . . F/L Bill Reinhart is Man of the Week . . . Cadets Bruce Crawford of Course 9 and Rae Parry of Course 8 are pictured in this edition . . . The third track and field meet is scheduled for the near future . . . Squadron Commanders Cousins and Cockrell attend the Embry-Riddle Party at the Deauville in Miami.
“THIS IS THE ARMY”

In writing Tech Talk we are inclined to believe that “Tech Talk” is a misnomer. A few weeks ago a new department was conceived at Embry-Riddle and it has grown so rapidly that it will have to absorb Tech Talk, at least temporarily. For want of a better name, the following is dedicated as “Brazilian Bater.”

You trainees who contemplate taking any of the C.A.A. examinations would do well to make the acquaintance of Dorothy Burton, our librarian. Besides having a husband who has passed all the C.A.A. examinations to date, she has a thorough knowledge of helpful technical books and it behooves you to study, for these examinations are difficult and your instructor cannot give you everything; you must help yourself if you seek good grades.

CAA Exams

To those of you who have not made the trek down Chapman Field way, you have quite an experience ahead of you. First, the ride down is very interesting, but you probably will not see any of the scenery. You will, no doubt, have your head buried in a book, or your notes, for a last minute refresher. Upon arrival you will meet the pleasant and efficient Mrs. Panco who has charge of the C.A.A. exams.

After you state your purpose, you are handed what will prove, I am sure, the cause of many a perplexed frown and wrinkle on your face. You find yourself a camp chair which will be your constant companion for the next few hours. I might add that your new found friend (the chair) gets harder and harder. You may need the time limit 9:30 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.

The examination room is airy and sometimes a stray sand-flea or mosquito picks the moment when you have just arrived at an answer to give you some diversion.

Teachers technique? Nothing to it. Ask Mr. P. Paine! You not only have to know the best way to teach, but you must be able to choose the worst way, so that you will be sure not to use it. Needless to say, many an anxious moment is endured by all between examination time and the day Uncle Sam’s hired man presents you with the results.

Eureka

To see the faces of our trainees when they receive word that they have passed successfully their examinations is a sight I hope you will all be privileged to witness. My last admonition, don’t take these examinations too lightly or we, the so-called guinea pig class, will feel our efforts and struggles have been for naught.

The Honor Roll to date:

Those who have passed successfully C.A.A. Ground Instructors Aircraft examination and Ground Instructors Engine examination:

- W. L. Boddy
- M. H. Lang
- M. C. Soukup
- A. J. Troy
- E. N. Featherstone
- S. H. Saunders
- H. W. Hubbell

Those who have passed successfully C.A.A. Ground Instructors Engine examination:

Continued on Page 15

 Quien Sabes

Buenos dias—It has been decided that we should write a column this week. If the people on the Brazilian Program think they have the exclusive rights on a column of this type, they are poco loco hombres. Column writing is no snap and we may land in the “Dog House,” but the best of people do, so here goes. What is this all about? I’ll tell you. There are bastantes personas aqui to make a Spanish column necessary and it seems to be up to us to do it.

Bajo

In writing anything, you have got to make a paragraph short and snappy—just a few lines in each, so here goes for a few “paragraphs” about some of the people que hablan español and how they got that way.

Capt. Sheffler, equipment man for the Brazilian Program, learned his Spanish the hard way by verbally conquering the Philippino Insurrectionists and their languages. Not only does he speak Spanish, but he can sing some clever native ditties, all of which helped him bajo el Rio Grande.

Senor Plumapedra (guess who) has done his share of throwing the spinach south of the border.

Beware

B. G. Hanson was taught his Spanish language by Senora de Almar, mother of the Florida Consul General from Costa Rica. Sometime get him to tell you of his food experiences in Latin-America. Beware, you guys and aprender bien os idiomas de comer, or you may have to go on a starvation diet because after all scrambled eggs are huevos revolotados.

Quito, Ecuador, claims Luis Mata as a native son. His parents brought him to the United States as a niño de poco años. He reversed the process on us and learned his English the hard way by picking it up from playmates and them in school, meanwhile forgetting most of his Spanish. Wonder if he had to learn his Spanish again in school?

Killing

He went back to America del sur, en mil, novedeientos treinta y seis, Senor Mata (he is killing, and we mean it more ways than one) da ayude to his primo “cousin to you” who was a cimatero. He thinks one of the severest tests of his ability to hablar español was when he posed as a militar from another district allowing him access to the Military Club which was normally closed to all but the Military Circle.

Guess this will hold you for awhile—see you later.

Judge: “What possible excuse could you have for acquitting the prisoner?”

Foreman: “Insanity, Sir.”

Judge: “What, all twelve of you?”
Major General Manuel Tovarías, Commander of the Chilean Air Force (seen standing with John Paul Riddle in the upper right hand picture) visited the Tech School last Monday, his first stop on an inspection of production and training centers throughout the United States and Canada. While at the Tech School the General, with members of his staff, was entertained at luncheon with Army, Navy and Embry-Riddle officials. They included Brig. Gen. Oscar Herreros (on Mr. Riddle's left in the center left hand picture); Edison Díaz, Chief of Material Supply; Major Javier Undurraga, Aide to Gen. Tovarías; Col. O. O. Neergard, Chief of the U. S. Air Mission to Chile; Lt. Col. Ernest J. Hall and Capt. William Moscoso, Jr., of Col. Charles G. Mettler's office; Major O. H. Clayton, Commanding Officer at Embry-Riddle; Lt. (jg) J. R. Pepper, Aide to Admiral W. R. Monroe; James E. Blakeley, Director of the Tech School; George Wheeler, Jr., Vice-President of Embry-Riddle; David Beatty, Administrative Assistant; and Adriano Pooso of the Language Division. The group inspected the Colonnade, Coliseum and Engine Overhaul, where they were greeted by two Chilean students, Jorge Robertson, right in the lower left hand picture, and Belfor Araya, shaking hands with the General.
This week in the big city of Union City there are many changes. With the finishing of Class 44-B and starting of Class 44-D, the Flight Line goes back to the old half day and the Ground School goes to a two period six day week. Of course we have the necessary changes in bus schedule, Mess Hall, drill, PT and all the other things a cadet has to follow through. It will take us a short time to get used to things again, but before long everything will be in the groove and the old schedule will be forgotten.

News is scarce as hen’s teeth this week, so we had to do considerable scouting around to find enough to keep Union City on the map.

Another Boost

Everything is quiet on the Flight Line with the exception of one promotion. Larry Simms has been boosted to Assistant Squadron Commander.

Ole Man Weather has smiled on us this week and flying hours have mounted steadily.

Lt. Semmes has returned from a visit home and is staying just long enough to say hello and goodbye. He is being transferred to Georgia. The lieutenant has been with us a long time and we saw his gold bar change to silver. He has kept the cadets “on the ball” and has made a swell Commandant of Cadets.

Lt. Semmes’ place is being filled by Lt. Jones, who has been with us as Assistant Commandant of Cadets for several months. You should have heard the cheers Friday night at the football game when Lt. Jones walked in. He lifted all restrictions for the one night and the cadets were there en masse.

Another farewell has to be said to Lt. Smiley, our Intelligence Officer, who is being transferred to Sebring, Fla., as Assistant Intelligence Officer at the B-17 specialized school. This move will leave a vacant seat in the corner of the lounging room at the Canteen.

New Instructors

The long line of Instructors has been increased by the following “full fledged” Instructors, who deserve honorable mention in our Fly Paper. They are: Bill H. Woodward, Ralph McCune, James B. Andrews, Charles Parker, William E. Riggs, Howard Shea, Roy Worstall, Maurice Noonan and John Shimp. Welcome to the “fold,” boys. P. S. James Crawford, the handsome idol of the Recreation Hall, is also among the list of new Instructors.

After seeing the little box with the words “Post Suggestion,” on it in the Recreation Hall for several weeks, I finally let my curiosity get the best of me and called Lt. Smiley, Intelligence Officer, who originated the idea.

Lt. Smiley explained that the original intention was for the box to serve as a medium through which to obtain suggestions for naming the Army Paper. After the name “Tarhh” was selected, out of the many good suggestions, the little box was forgotten for a few days. Then cadets and others on the Field began writing out helpful suggestions for improving the Post as a whole and dropping them in the box for consideration.

Lt. Smiley was so pleased with this reaction that he decided to let the box remain and encourages Civilian Personnel as well as Army to write out suggestions for consideration. He urges that you sign your name so that if your suggestion is not interpreted as you intended it to be you may be contacted to make it more specific. Your identity will not be disclosed; and your helpful suggestions may add to all of our comforts on the Post.

The Parachute Department

It’s pretty hard to write anything with your shoes on; yep—weans folks up here in Tennessee have begun to show our feet with shoes for the cold season. It hurts but we have to do it; we often wish that we lived in Florida where one can go barefooted all the year around.

As usual, there has been something new added to the department this week. Rebecca Maupin of Union City is our newest clerk.
ARMY NEWS

Glover, Permanent Party member, was passing out the cigars in the Army office the other day. He is the father of a six-pound baby boy.

Sgt. Hawkins, Sgt. Adams and Cpl. Griffin, three well known members of the Permanent Personnel for over a year, will be leaving Embry-Riddle this week for an unknown destination.

The big talk around the Army office these days is based on who is going to win the World Series, and from talking to most of the boys, it seems the odds are on the St. Louis Cardinals.

26-43-A2

Pfc. Joseph Cappelli, who hails from the Bronx, attended New York University for two years until the Army called him. A member of the Jay-vee basketball team, he majored in Aeronautical Engineering. He likes the course here very much and hopes that he may go on further to a Specialist school.

Pfc. Fred Boyce of the West Coast claims that Los Angeles is tops and expects some day to get back to that good old California sunshine.

Pfc. John Burnett, late arrival to the class, is a native of Florida and also is the barber of his class.

Pfc. Jack Liben, a New Yorker from way back, is called the Banker of the Flight. He made his millions representing a big tire concern back home.

Pfc. Ralph Titus, the musician of the class, gave Harry James plenty of competition while he was a member of Johnny Long's and Bobby Sherwood's orchestra.

Pfc. Buster Cook, the farm boy from New York, is making out fine now as a mechanic.

Pfc. Joseph Barnes. There is one in every class. A rebel who is still fighting the Civil War.

Pfc. James E. Collins, star half-back for 3½ years at a Boston high school, is fero­cious at times, but on the whole is a swell fellow.

Pfc. Robert Kochick comes from New Jersey. Before Uncle Sam knocked on his door, Bob worked in a defense plant. He is considered the “Scholar” of the class.

Pfc. Robert Driggers comes from the Tarheel state of North Carolina. He likes the course here very much. He was quite an athlete in his high school days and his ambition is to be an aerial gunner.

ATTENTION SOLDIER

If Pfc. Joseph Cappelli will report to the Army Office, he will receive $5.00 in War Stamps. We had a picture of you, Joe, with a pretty halo around your head as the soldier chosen at random for this award, but something confusing happened. Anyway, the stamps are yours, so go get 'em.

MAIL FROM HOME

GRADUATION AT TECH

Saturday's graduation banquet marked the finish of 15 weeks of technical training at Tech School for Classes 26-43-A1 and 26-43-E.

After a splendid dinner and the usual get-together community sing led by Mr. Seerth with Truman Lord at the piano, George T. Ireland again took over as Master of Ceremonies, and after a few words of congratulations to the two classes for their fine records, he turned the “mike” over to the two Class Leaders, Pfc. Spire of Class 26-43-A1 and Cpl. Johnston of Class 26-43-E, who ably upheld their reputations.

Highlights

After calling on several of their classmates for a word, the leaders introduced the heads of the three departments through which they passed during their training, Mr. Lofinger, Mr. Brewer and Mr. Murray.

The highlight of the evening's entertainment was then presented by Lt. Dowd of the Army Air Force Nurse's Corps, who is at present attached to the Biltmore Hospital. Using her ukulele for accom­pany­ment, she sang three songs in her own inimitable style. Thank you, Lt. Dowd, for your grand performance. The soldiers and guests certainly enjoyed it.

Inspiring

Guest speaker of the evening was Chaplain William Taggert. Relating some of his experiences while serving in the African campaign, he closed with a stirring mes­sage of advice on confronting the probable realities of the future. We are certain that his message will long be remembered by all present. With men like Chaplain Taggert to guide, comfort and advise, it is easy to understand why the spirit and morale of our boys is so high. Thank you, Chaplain.

Capt. Larkin, after a brief and most approp­riate bit of advice, presented awards to the soldiers voted most popular by their classmates and to the best rifle marksman of the group he fired with. Pfc. L. G. Hud­son was the popular choice of Class 26-43-A1 and Cpl. Johnston, the Class Leader, was the choice of Class 26-43-E. Pfc. Francis Mixon of Class 26-43-A1 received the $25.00 War Bond for marksmanship with a score of 169 and Pfc. Spire received $5.00 for his score of 164.

Brevity

James Blakeley was then called on and again displayed his unusual talent for impressing an outstanding point upon his audience with but a few words. After brief congratulations, he announced the names of the honor students in each class and presented the No. 1 students, Pfc. Hudson of Class 26-43-A1 and Pfc. Burke of Class 26-43-E, with letters of recommendation from their respective department heads.

Included in the guest list aside from a large number of instructors were:

Helen Burkart, Secretary to Mr. Riddle; David Beaty, Assistant to the Vice-President; Carl Anderson, a new addition to the company; Mrs. Abercrombie and Mrs. McLaughlin, Tool Room Clerks in the Aircraft department; Gloria Meyers, Secretary in the Military Aircraft department; Molly Upham, Secretary in the Military Engines department; Helene Hirsch, Edna Rusk and Lorraine Bosley of the Military Registrar's office; Lt. Cooper, Adjutant on the Army Post.

With the singing of the National Anthem and a prayer by Chaplain Taggert, the classes were dismissed by the Ranking Officer, Capt. Larkin.

Godspeed

On behalf of the Embry-Riddle Company, may we extend our congratulations, Classes 26-43-A1 and 26-43-E, for your splendid record and thank you for your fine cooperation. Don't forget that it is at Mr. Riddle's invitation that we ask you to return for a visit with us at any time. You will always be welcome at any Embry-Riddle Field or School if you are in the vicinity.

Best of luck and Godspeed.
COLONNADE CANNONADE

by Maxine Hurt

Well, kids, now that Helen has almost recovered from her Christmas rush, has those gas books and license renewals pretty well under control, and since Mrs. Prummel has gone the way of all criminals . . . guess it’s just about time yours truly should start getting things together to fill those two empty boxes (the ones with specified dimensions) . . . so next week, lucky people, I give you back “Glamor” Penoyer! Is that cheering I detect in the distance? (My Gestapo instinct.) But I don’t blame you one bit!

After all the excitement of the past week . . . the moving of desks, chairs, telephones, and personnel, things have become almost unbearably quiet around these parts! It seems that Mr. Peck’s shoes are a perfect fit for our Mr. Clay. He’s stepped into them with the greatest of ease and is doing one swell job . . . not that that’s surprising!

Among the Missing

Until around October 15th, Henry Graves, our Safety Director, will be among the missing . . . he’s probably freezing to death in Chicago right now, except for the time he’s spending in some warm room at the Safety Meeting he’s attending! On the return trip he plans to visit Union City, where he no doubt will run into a couple more Embry-Ridders, because Emmitt Varney, Personnel Director, and Athletic Director Lloyd Budge also plan to leave in the next few days to pay a visit to the Field.

Gertrude Bohres is just about as happy these days as any girl can hope to be with a husband across the pond! Husband Jake has been out of these good old States eight months now, and I would say that’s a plenty long time in anyone’s language, but she does know just about how he’s looking these days . . . ’cause enclosed in one of his recent letters was (quoting Jake now) a rather amateurish attempt at photography by a native Sicilian! Even though Jake’s blonde hair was tinted a very delicate shade of pink, Gertrude says it’s a good likeness, and it looks to her as though he’s been adding a few extra pounds!

Stick Around

Also gleaming in that Records Room is Glad Lewis. Husband Hugh receives his wings from Uncle Sam on Saturday and will then be commissioned a second lieutenant! Good luck and happy landings to you, Hughie! We are desperately hoping that those wings won’t mean that we’ll be losing Glad! We’ve all grown mighty fond of her, so try to stick around, huh?

While scraping around for that news I find that Glad doesn’t have the only husband around here who will be getting those wings Saturday! There’s also Harry Nelson, husband of Accounts Payable’s Ruth, and Homer Arrington whose wife Mary is secretary in the Link Room. Mary is leaving us today, and we really hate to see her go!

Dan Cupid managed to slip into that Link Room, and we’re wondering if he had to have a pass to get in! But no matter how . . . the thing he did . . . and so the engagement of Link Instructor Jeanne Van Devere and Inter-American Pilot Burton L. Hooker has been announced! No definite date has been set, but congratulations to both of you!

Ambitious Elizabeth

As if it isn’t enough that she is taking flight lessons at the Seaplane Base, that little slip of a girl, H. Elizabeth Barton, finds time to work as a clerk in the Advertising department. Her aim is the WASPs, but she tells me that she must grow one-half inch before she can qualify . . . and she’s stretching like mad! And I’ve heard it said that gals are lazy! Not these days, my friends!

A letter from Hugh D. Stuart, a former Embry-Riddle student, tells us that he is using a lot of that training he received to very good advantage indeed! He’s now in Camp Peary, Va., for his primary training as a Ship Fitter 2/c in the “Seabees”! Let us hear from you often, Hugh! I’m sure all your Embry-Riddle friends are proud of you!

Remember Texas Newbold? Formerly of Ben Turner’s and Peter Ordway’s offices? On September 27 she had a baby girl who will answer to the name of Laurel. Papa Newbold has not seen his little daughter as Uncle Sam is keeping him very busy at Keesler Field, Miss.

Watch Your Badge

Gotta’ get busy now . . . and here’s why . . . let this be the end of the column, and I might add that while I’ve griped a lot, I’ve really had fun doing it, and anytime Helen gets snowed under I’ll be only too happy to bore you some more . . . but that’s not the real why . . . have you noticed Robert Myers of Auditing around checking your badges and pass cards? If he hasn’t got around to you yet . . . he will, so if you’ve lost yours, or the numbers on them happen not to correspond, better bring them around and let me get them fixed up! Wouldn’t it surprise him if one whole department didn’t have a thing on which he would have to check with me?

Oh yes! Did you buy that extra War Bond while the “Back the Attack” drive was on? Melvin Jackson, the Colored Personnel Interviewer, tells me that he’s Air Raid Warden for his district and that he really went over the top selling those extra bonds. Good work, Jackson! With all of us working just a little harder, we’ll have those boys back before we know it! (I hope.)

Whitecaps

by “Pat” Hillis

When we accepted the position of columnist, we were thrilled and happy in the thought that here at last was the partial fulfillment of a life-long dream. Then came the sudden realization that there would be times when we’d have to make somethin’ out of nothin’. And, dear readers, that time has come.

Intrigue

We wish we could turn into a female Winchell. It would be such good clean fun to dig up intrigue about our oh so charming members. It would make marvelous literature and certainly would assure this column of many readers. But it’d also ins sure a couple of teeny-weeny libel suits for the author, and this chick doesn’t feel that the brig is her natural habitat.

Bill Butler finally contacted us by post card, though we weren’t any too sure about his safe arrival for a while. He’s enchanted to be back in civilization and is completely fascinated by the growing capacity of his three children, though they seem to wear out ration stamps by the score. The temperature on Long Island is practically down to freezing, and it’s probably beautiful with leaves of many colors, crisp, clear air, and a gay breeze leaving in its wake the fragrance of woodsmoke. Maestro, you can accompany this with “Hearts and Flowers.”

Near Tragedy

Lost, stray or stolen—one automobile legally purchased by the family of Betty Bennett. Same car was bought in Cincinnati and headed for Atlanta by freight. When the family arrived, no car! So Betty, being the original energetic soul, dragged herself out of a near pneumonia couch and hied herself—not to the freight loader, not to the man who takes inventories of box cars, but to the vice-president himself, no less.
The other day a radio appeared in the library. It is still there. No owner has come to call for it. No message has been sent regarding it. If you know anything about the orphan radio, please contact Dorothy Burton immediately.

She told him in no uncertain terms that he couldn’t possibly lose a box car with the Bennett jitney therein. Ergo, that now notorious box car was found within the hour. What would the world do without our Betty?

On account of the live wire’s return, we’re quite sure that next week’s installment of this opus will contain some juicy tid-bits. So keep a-listenin’.

**A. D. D.’s**
*by Dorothy Keyser*

Another week, another column, and another egg. Except for the ever refreshing sight of seeing Jack Salter roaming around this detachment minus his shirt sleeves, and plus a few splatters of grease, subjects under the heading of “sights I never expected to see” are scarce. Just to keep the slate clean I might mention that Tommy Wynns finally had that much belated hair cut. Looking mighty trim ever since, Tommy.

**Cadet Dance**

The big news this week as far as yours truly is concerned was the Cadet Dance at Dorr Field Thursday night. There were five of us Miami girls attending, and we were treated royally. You can identify us fortunate five by the Air Corps insignia pins presented to us at the dance by Lt. Pinion as a token from the cadets.

Right here I’d like to express my appreciation to Lt. Pinion for providing us with the essentials that made our visit luxurious. We stayed at the “best” hotel in town, dined in the Officer’s Mess Hall, and spent the few moments in between events at the Field Recreation Hall and touring the hangars.

**Feature Attractions**

The feature attraction was our introduction to five cadets who had just completed their training at Dorr Field and by now are well on their way toward advanced training and the accompanying wings. They ejected us throughout an exciting whirl of dining, drinking and dancing (punch). Don’t want this to be a repetition of Lorraine Bosley’s column, so I’ll merely describe them as attractive, courteous, and swell to be with.

We had a visitor this week in the person of Don Rodrick from Patterson Field where he works for Capt. Blair who is in charge of the trainer engines section of the Air Service Command. Lt. Bacon informed me that they spent a most enjoyable evening dining at the Cadillac Hotel, thus combining business with pleasure.

In the correction department, I’d like to state for future posterity and peace all around that Ed Johnson is not shy. Or perhaps he’s become better acquainted. At any rate, he’s a nice fellow to have around. That’s the ADD’s for the week. Next week I expect to be on the receiving end rather than the issuing end of this column.

**FLURRIES**
*by Minás Minnie*

Here we are again! Why, oh why, do they have so many pronouns in the Portuguese language? Confidentially, I could get along on just a couple of them. But they don’t see it that way. You can say Vi-o esta manhã, and you must say não o vi esta manhã, Nozes!

Glad to see Harry LeRoy back after a couple of days out. Too bad you had to catch cold.

At the Saturday lecture on Brazilian Social Life, Sr. Ponsie was kept busy answering questions. Most of them were in Portuguese, too. Our Mr. Blakeley started the program off with a fluent flow of Portuguese—we all can take lessons from him.

**Parties Coming Up**

At the same meeting an Entertainement Committee headed by Mr. Miller was appointed by “Prexy” Sprague. Assistants will be Mrs. Gould, Mrs. Goggin and Mr. Soukup. They are planning some good parties for the gang and their wives and/or girl friends. Hope we dance, ‘cause I’ve seen some of the lentes shaking mean feet. I’m hoping for a chance at them.

Have you seen the new “Military” class? What a big one. Poor “Prexy,” trying to teach them English so they can learn Portuguese. It must be a job.

“A” to Zed Aydelott who had us all going with the metric system. Why (to voice his opinion) can’t we be taught this system from the beginning of our school days? Then Conard, Johnston and I wouldn’t have to collaborate.

Hey! Did you know the Brazilians had an eight day week? How do they do it and still have 5 weeks in a year?

We are glad to announce to all interested that all of the last class passed their CAA Aircraft Structure Exam. Congratulations! Hope the next class can do as well.

Mr. Dosher (late of the Coliseum) joined our ranks Monday. Welcome, Mr. D.

We have a new Portuguese teacher — Alfio Vieriro. Now, girls, we have to stay in our own groups, but maybe he will hold some conversation classes.

Até Logo.

**EMBRY-RIDDLE FLOAT**

The above float was part of Embry-Riddle’s contribution to the War Bond Parade held last week in Coral Gables. Myliss Webster of Transportation furnished the truck and trailer, the Army furnished the planes, and Mr. Holdon of Maintenance provided the signs. James Blakeley extends appreciation to all who helped prepare the float and to those who participated in the parade. Don’t forget, folks, that although the Third War Loan Drive is over, the War is not. You keep buying ‘em, our aviation cadets will keep flying ‘em, and our technician students will keep ‘em flying.

**HALLOWE’EN PARTY**

Remember the Hallowe’en Masquerade Party at the Deauville last year? Remember all the fun we had over the various costumes and Madame Tamara’s fortune telling? Well, we’re planning the same sort of get-together to be held October 30 at the Antilla Hotel in Coral Gables.

Plan your costumes early, folks. There will be prizes for the cleverest. “Red” Duncan will handle the soft drink concession, and, by the way, ask him what his costume will be! We wonder if Jean will approve.

All Embry-Riddle is invited to attend and bring their guests. Tariff will be $1.00 per person. Music will be by Maurice Weiss. We’d like to see everyone on goblin night at our exclusively Embry-Riddle party, so begin planning now.
CARLSTROM CARROUSEL

by Kay Bromilw

Well, folks, I'm back again — and mighty glad of it, too. Many, many thanks to Eva Mae Lee for taking over so well and sending in the Fly Paper copy from Carlstrom. Yours truly tried to persuade her to keep the job for all time, but for some reason or other she flatly refused!

Guest Reporter's Note: An item in last week's column, "Sgt. Erwin is leaving us," probably caused a little raising of eyebrows. That's what I get for trying to be funny! Evidently my brand of humor wasn't appreciated in the editor's office. The item was originally written thus: "Sgt. Erwin gave his boss two weeks' notice that he was quitting his job." Oh well, maybe it wasn't funny — Eva Mae Lee.

Promotions

Promotions: Flight Line — Bob Davis, Byron Shouppe and Charles McCoy to Squadron Commanders; Russell Carleton, Edward Gardyan, Bob Priest and Charles Roberts to Assistant Squadron Commanders.


Congratulations to all!

Cpl. McPhail has replaced Statia Dozier in the Commandant's office. Statia was married last Sunday in Arcadia and is now making her home in Miami (temporarily, at least). Lois Avant is now assisting in the Army office in the Ad building.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fradet have announced the arrival of John Jocelyn Fradet, weight 7 pounds, on September 25, 1943. Congratulations, and thanks for the cigar!

Could Be!

Tom Davis has been wondering where our Personnel Manager, S. E. "Wolf" Harrison, received his new name. Could be!

What's this we hear about L. D. Hudson contemplating taking that fatal step? Is that why he goes to Miami so often?

Have you noticed that Instructor Phil McCracken has reported at the Field every day during his vacation? Wonder what the reason for that is — a certain little blonde in Overhaul?

Maynard Long is now a full-fledged Flight Instructor. Congratulations!

Harold Roche has entered our Refreshers School, Welcome! Mr. Roche is from Melrose, Mass.

Tis rumored that our General Manager, H. Roscoe Brinton, made record time in dashing down the flight of stairs in the Operations Tower last Field Day when those three P-70s buzzed the field for the first time! Maybe he thought they were coming right through the Tower, huh?

Carlstrom Field Day

Another impressive Field Day was held at Carlstrom Field Thursday, September 30. The day's activities were very colorful with the following events: competitive drill, athletics, flying competition, demonstration with a Cub, and exhibition flying by three P-70s and three P-51s.

Group A broke the ice and started the drill with the other Groups following in alphabetical order. When the scores were handed in by the judges, Lts. Gille, Strauch, McCormick and Graham, Group B had a score of 82.5, Group C 82, Group A 77 and Group D 76.

Athletics were next on the program with the following events: basketball, broad jump, football, shot-put and track, with a total score of 125 points on all activities. Group A was winner in football and broad jump with a total score of 140 points on all activities.

Group B was winner in softball with a total score of 104 points, and Group C was winner in tennis and volleyball with a total score of 145, which was the highest on all activities.

Athletic Honors

The outstanding athletes for the day were: A/C J. H. Stevenson, winner of the 1 1/2 mile in 2:7, just one second over the Field record; A/C J. A. Edelman, winner of the broad jump with a distance of 19 ft. 5 in.; A/C J. F. Murphy, winner of the 100 yd. dash in 10.6; and A/C L. E. Tripp, winner of the shot-put with a distance of 50 ft. 6 in.

The afternoon events began with much enthusiasm as the cadets competed in 180° side stage landings, 2000 ft. overhead dead stick landings and aerobatics, which consisted of slow rolls, snap rolls, chandelies and Immelmans.

Cadet Guy R. Brackett was winner of the 180° side stage landings, Cadet Thomas O. Batey took top score in the 2000 ft. dead stick landings, and Cadet Eugene E. Armstrong was winner of the aerobatics.

Next on the program was a demonstration on "How Not to Fly" by Bill Henderson, a civilian flying instructor, with a Cub. Shortly afterward came the thrill of the day when three P-70s from Orlando gave the cadets a mock demonstration on strafing and low level bombing. Later in the afternoon three P-51s from Bartow buzzed the Field in formation and then separated to perform singly.

The closing event of the day was a re-
treat formation at which Capt. John E. Clonts, Commanding Officer, presented Group B with a guidon ribbon for winning the competitive drill. Group C won a guidon ribbon for the athletic contest, and gold cups were presented to Cadet Brackett, Batey and Armstrong, winners of the three flying events.

Welcome and Good Luck

Welcome to Class 44-D! We're glad to have you and hope you will enjoy your stay here. If there is anything any member of our personnel can do for you, just let us know and we'll do our best. Good luck!

A/C Edwin M. Hiskman is a member of Class 44-D. Many of you folks in the Miami offices and at all of the Fields will remember Ed as a partner of the Miami Inventory Crew.

Switchboard operators Sara Jones, Betty Vickers and Alma Carter are all on the "sick list" this week. Hurry back, girls, 'cause we surely do miss you. Jackie Livingston, Mr. Vestal's right-hand "man" in the Accounting department, is also ill and has been home all week. Hurry and get well, Jackie!

The Postoffice has been moved to the east side of the Ad building (with Lula Mackie in charge), and the Accounting de-
Our department has really jumped this week on account of the new work we have had. Work in general is plenty but news is scarce.

We missed Jan Klint, who made a business trip to Miami this week. Incidentally, we understand that Mr. Klint is "hatching" these days. Mrs. Klint and little Noel have gone on a month's vacation to New York State to visit her parents.

Sorry Jack Pooser is on the sick list and hope will soon be on his feet again.

Notice to Foremen: You are welcome in the Timekeeping department at all times, but please check your colds at the door. This from the head timekeeper.

I am proud to announce that our Bond deductions have increased throughout the department. At this time I cannot give our percentage but hope to before long. Keep it up—let's do our share.

Lt. McRae on Leave

Lt. McRae, known at Carlstrom as Billy and son of Charles McRae, a department head in Overhaul, is at home on a ten-day leave. Billy received his wings last week. We are all interested in the McRae boys and are looking forward to Billy's paying us a visit while he is here.

Cora Bostright's husband came home last week with a medical discharge from the Navy. He was injured while in training. Cora says he is very unhappy over it, but she is glad to have him home again.

Caroline Clement of Army Supply is leaving the 15th of this month to join her husband who is in the service. Caroline is very happy over the prospect of seeing Bill for she hasn't seen him in ten months.

"Pappy's sassy news from Dog Patch": He-man Brantly attended the football game at Punta Gorda Friday night. His chief interest was Louise DeVane, sniffl, sniffl, romance.

Mr. and Mrs. "Pappy"

Mrs. "Pappy" returned from a six weeks' visit in Ohio. Pappy says his conscience is clean, but the house wasn't. Pop Myers, the eagle-eyed Fire Chief, passed through on an inspection tour and gave Snoozer Bishop some hard looks on account of the cigar in his mouth which was unlit. Field Day was well attended by the folks of Dog Patch. Mammy Keene wore her blue slacks and accessories to match and blue lunch box and her usual smile.

Blondie Carlton and Hairless Skates were all "agog" during the program. Skipper Pooser is off today. We heard he was indisposed but confidentially we think he is sick. Available Kelly, the office and blaster, is at home with a wrenched back. Hurry back, Available, we miss you.
CHAPMAN CHATTER
by Cara Lee Cook

Tragedy stalked the highway last week and nearly took its toll in Pork Chops. It was reported from official sources that the renowned half-ton hawg, Heathcliff, was the victim of two hit-and-run drivers who apparently had run out of red coupons. Doesn’t the culprit know that it’ll take something larger than a 60 h.p. gas-buggy to ground the honorable Heathcliff?

They tell me that in cooperation with the management the instructors are now working on a program of “staggered hours.” If I recall distinctly, it seems that such a program was first inaugurated by D. Dave Pearman and Droop Suit Tierney to whom should go full credit. We also note that among those pretty new signs at the Control Tower the one above the Instructor’s Room “Prohibits Students.” Is that all?

Back to the Salt Mines

We see Instructor Herr Muller back from his vacation to New York looking mighty fit and corkin’. Don’t treat him maliciously, Guards. He didn’t wash up on the shore with that submarine; that red moustache was grown to help keep up civilian morale, like Victory Gardens, ‘yu’ know. While we’ve got the brass hands out, we’d like to welcome the cute lil’ eyeeful, Helen Webster, Cheerful Pat Willett and revigorated Kay Knieche back to the Flight Division.

Have fun on the new classes, people.

What well known Chapmanette patiently waits for Leap Year to roll around so she can try out Dorothy Dix’s suggestion by dropping those leaflets over the Y.M.C.A.? Seems like all the “eligibles” here have dependents and those that haven’t are “Wanted by Uncle Sam” or are wired with Radar, like DaBoll, for instance.

Pin-up Man of 1950

We girls were pleasantly pleased with the short visit Stanley Wright, youngest son of M. S. Wright, Riddle Field Link Instructor, paid us last week. Stan told of big things he has imagined for the future and we certainly hope all his dreams will come true. Come back again, Stanley.

Mr. Gibbons explains his conspicuous absence from the Wednesday night bowling as being due to the bit of “edjukation” he is getting in night classes at the University of Miami.

The mythical uniforms that were so widely publicized a couple of months ago have materialized and are here, made to order and lovely to look at. When you gonna’ run that pre-Easter parade, Mr. Camden? Now they won’t have to wear knickers and walk on their knees to get into the movies for a quarter.

Week-end in Melbourne, or, from Carlstrom to Miami in 22 hr. 10 min.: A tale of woe, bewillement, joy and complete happiness was told by a prominent group of Chapman Field Ferry Pilots about the escapades of a compassless ship in stormy weather. The Pilot left Carlstrom Field Saturday p.m. and arrived at Chapman Sunday a.m., defying all other endurance records. It was explained later to me that this could only be accomplished if the Pilot had been flying the oil pressure gauge!

All kidding aside though, the boys, Helfin, DaBoli, Jourdan and Young wish to thank the guys at the Melbourne Naval Air Station for the wonderful hospitality offered them after bad weather had forced them down at that airport.

It will be of interest to those who remember Barney Turner, Primary and Secondary CPTer of 1940, to know that he is back in the States safe and sound after participation in 91 successful missions in Africa. We agree with George “Yardbird” Echard, his Secondary Instructor, and Gardner Rowe: “You really have to take your hat off to a fellow like that.” Barney is now a captain in the Army Air Force and is raring to get back into action.

Very definitely, this is NOT the theme song of the folks who are building their careers in Aviation. For Aviation is young and ambitious. It is on the move and in one direction—forward.

The trained men and women in Aviation are on the move, too. They’re growing and developing—moving forward to work of ever-increasing importance and remuneration. If you would like to grow with Aviation, why not get the training you need at Embry-Riddle? Write us for the details and plan to be with us soon.

Emby Riddle
SCHOOL OF AVIATION
2128 N. W. 23rd AVENUE • MIAMI, FLORIDA