Embry-Riddle Fly Paper 1943-03-19

Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

Follow this and additional works at: https://commons.erau.edu/fly-paper

Scholarly Commons Citation

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Newspapers at Scholarly Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Embry-Riddle Fly Paper by an authorized administrator of Scholarly Commons. For more information, please contact commons@erau.edu.
EX-JOURNALIST GEORGE MOORE TAKES OVER FOR JACK HOPKINS

Dear Editor:

Just before leaving on his vacation Jack Hopkins sprung on me the idea of handling the Riddle Field section of the Fly Paper for the next few weeks. Unhappily, I have not had a typewriter since I left the World-Telegram city desk in New York to become a Cadet, and worse yet, know next to nothing of news sources or people here at the Field.

So, apologies for not knowing what you want or how you want it . . . and would sure welcome any suggestions for the future. Incidentally, next week as far as I am concerned must be necessarily thin as far as copy goes, as am faced with Primary Wings Exams over the weekend and must spend the week learning the courses. Will try, however, to pass the buck for the issue.

Sincerely,

A/C George Moore, Class 13

INTRODUCING CLASS 13

To date little has been heard of Class 13. Properly, we think, for to date the fledglings have been reasonably preoccupied with the whims and fancies of PT 17’s, with the swamp lore of the surrounding countryside . . . and with the varied flora and fauna of Clewiston. Orientation, pure and simple.

But now with the fields . . . and Clewiston . . . seen though not noticeably conquered . . . with Primary a thing of the past and the mysteries of the AT’s about to be unveiled . . . time out. Time for introductions.

From all over, this Class. Mix up New Zealand, Wales, Rhodesia, Scotland, London . . . add Brooklyn and Arkansas and Poughkeepsie and Alaska . . . almost any place you can name . . . and you have it.

New Zealand? Bill Buckman, a long way from home. But look, Buck, the RAF flag goes right side up on the pole even way up here and even if it is Monday morning . . . Ted (Wizard) Garland, Rhodesia to Clewiston in one easy jump and very interested in that unfinished business in New York enroute. Look out for him on the golf course.

London? Lots. Wake up Fountain will you? He never got away with that as a policeman . . . Bobbie to you. And Robertson and Charlie Slater and Sandy MacDermott . . . they’re getting used to it here, cold drinks and all.

Scotland? Bob Mackie, Scotland via the Argentine and the neatest trick of the week as far as accents are concerned . . . how about saving some of those ailerons for us, Bob? And you, brother Blackhall . . . because of Form I errors that Instructor Hardin presented you with oversize eraser, was it not?

Uh-huh . . . sounds like a Cook’s Tour. From Wales our vote for the quietest man in the Class . . . Bill Fisher, arm aching from slow rolls. From the Midlands, Leo Snell, who even thought to make a left turn in true traffic pattern style after a forced landing.

Of the American group, Bill Lawrence and Dick Warner, fresh from combat in Alaska . . . Poughkeepsie (“You hold the baby!”) Morgan and Sammy Huston, only man to get away with opening a parachute at under a hundred foot altitude . . . did it on the ground, getting out of a PT.


More. Many more. Too many to mention all at once. But we’re getting to know the ropes now so watch out, for our knowledge is diversified and important. We know by heart vital statistics of bus travel from here to everywhere . . . we’ve learned that night Dispatchers run like h — when we drop a wing and head towards their side of the flare path.

We’ve learned that it’s an odd feeling to put the seat full down in a PT, then roll over upside down and release it . . . we’ve learned that the Oracle of Clewiston, Instructor Bell, knows more about the town . . .

Continued on Page 5

HOW GOES IT, CAROLYN?

John Fornosero, left, Senior Engine Inspector of the first region of the CAA, G. Willis Tyson, center, General Manager of Riddle Field, Clewiston, and Len Pavey, right, Vice-President of the Embry-Riddle Co., in charge of Flying Operations, seem pleased when Carolyn tells them the results of her Corlstrom Field Bond drive. Carolyn, Corlstrom mascot belonging to Bob Davis, was pictured “at work” in last week’s issue.
Letters to the Editor

March 16, 1943

To all my friends of the Embry-Riddle Co.:

May I take this opportunity to thank all of you for the fine co-operation and help you have given me. As I leave for other fields the memories and friendships I take with me are all pleasant and worthwhile.

I wish all of you the best of health, luck, and prosperity.

Very truly,

Richard C. Estler
Military Aircraft

Afrika
March 6, 1943

Dear Wain:

Mail from home again and are we happy! Yipper doo! We got in this morning after a rough few days at sea and there was a sack of mail waiting for us.

I got the Fly Paper again—way over here in Africa—and I certainly enjoyed reading about many of the Embry-Riddleites I met at the dances last summer. It is quite a paper. Someone—I suspect Mother—sent a bunch of funnies. The more of them we get the better our morale will be —we fight over them as if they were gold.

Our last trip out really was a pip. Being out there with those huge waves well above our mast makes one feel rather insignificant—and at the same time proud that one stays on top rather than in or under them.

I really haven’t a thing in the world to kick about except that I’m away from home. The morale is good and is the highest when the going is toughest. The men are like supermen when General Quarters is sounded and I guess I act a little like a manic myself. I’ve been trying to save a little money, but it looks as tho’ it’s going to Uncle Sammy for income tax. Well, I guess that he needs it now. He’ll repay it a million fold when I get back by just letting me walk down the street saying what I please and talking to whom I please.

I could go on and on, but you know the things we have in the States that no other country can boast of. I guess I’ll be a flag waver to my dying day.

The “Voice of the American Soldier and Sailor” is giving us the news—it sounds good but we are all holding our breath till... well, read about it in your morning papers!

Lots and lots of love,

Jack

March 19, 1943

Letters From Former Students

“Well, here I am in school again out in California and this place does not compare with Embry-Riddle. The course is 15 weeks long and we get basic instruction on fundamentals at all times. But the Instructors haven’t shown anything as yet.

“We get up at 5:30 every morning except Sunday and have to wait until 7:45 before reporting to class. The classrooms out here are all one story buildings that hold about 300 per room.

“The weather out here “ain’t.” They can talk about California sunshine but I have yet to see it. It rains all about all the time and when I say rain I mean it just pours. Well, that’s about all and I can’t think of any more dope, so give my regards to Mr. Beazle, Mr. Beatty and Mr. Newsome.”

Editor’s Note: The above is an excerpt from a letter to Mr. Slocum of the Sheet Metal department from Pvt. Frank Morse, a graduate of that department.

“Well, I am finally writing a letter to you. I am down town in the Service Men’s Center. They have a nice Depot here. There are more Civilians working here than soldiers.

“We arrived here Monday morning. Tuesday they had us go out on the drill field, but we got away from that in a hurry. They put us to work in the shop. We have a woman for a foreman. We don’t have to work hard. So far we have had it easy, but I am sure we’ll get the burn in a hurry.

“They have 3 shifts here. They are from 7:00 a.m.—3:00 p.m.; 3:00 p.m.—11:00 p.m.; and from 11:00 p.m.—7:00 a.m. So far I am on the 7:00 a.m.—3:00 p.m. It is a pretty good shift.

“Well, I can’t think of any more to write about now so I guess I will have to sign off.”

The above is part of a letter to Mr. Henderson of the Engine department from Pte. E. E. Gallther of the same department, who is now stationed in Mobile, Al a.

GOOD INVESTMENT

Visiting the Tech School Monday was Rex Williams, one of Embry-Riddle’s first Civilian Welding students, who has been employed by the Glenn L. Martin Aircraft Co. for the past year and a half.

Expressing surprise at the growth of our company, Rex said that the money he spent taking the Embry-Riddle course was “the best investment I ever made.” He added that all aircraft companies honor Embry-Riddle diplomas—that a certificate from our school is synonymous with a good job.
white caps

Greetin's and all that there sort of stuff and things—I greet ya' and meet ya' with news and views of what's been a doin' here at the ole Seaplane Base. What a week! I'm just a wearing my lil' self to a nubbin trying to keep all these things straightened out here.

If it isn't one thing, it's another and if it isn't either it's both; so in a similar situation, what can one po' lil' Gremlin do. Well, I'd say, plenty.

I have really done myself proud these past seven long days. Most of my accomplishments you will find unravelled in the lines to follow. Of course there are a few trade secrets that even I won't mention.

Let's wind up to a whirl-wind start with a fish eye view of a certain woman Instructor pacing back and forth on the main float, wearing the Embry-Riddle sign off the floor as she keeps a weather eye peeled on her first solo student.

I know—I was right there with her, perched on her right shoulder, offering her a helping hand in her worries. I even explained to her all the terrible things that could happen to her student but which wouldn't of course—and she'd pace all the harder—I can't for the life of me understand these women Instructors.

But then who could, surrounded by all this confusion? Why, there's Billy Waters, our Clearance Officer, working down on the ramp and Rosemary, our ramp girl, sitting at the desk clearance officering ... most upsetting ... There's a rumor floating in and about ears around here that I was responsible for the change—but a—naturally, I wouldn't get mixed up in a thing such as that.

As I understand it, Billy is getting in a little practical experience for his Ground School Instructing and even I can't deny that you gotta give him credit for it. Nor do I regret anything ... I've had one long Gall—fulgamourous week at the desk with Rosie—there's a tremendous opportunity for mischief there—keys to hide, pencils to chew, just a mass of already confusing figures to

Continued on Page 7

CHAPMAN CHATTER

by Cara Lee Cook

Things have been rather quiet on this frontier the past week. Bossman Redish, Operations, even went so far as to state that he believes the "Thrill a Minute" club has died a natural death. Gerry Cook says it's just the Fever. Ah, Spring is here, can't you hear the whispering palms trees treeing and the song birds birding (except Powerhouse Campbell) over the roaring (?) drone of Lycoming motors?

And as I said, it's all serene on the Chapman Front. I wonder if this prophetically could be "the lull before the storm," for they say the Shanghai Special arrives Wednesday with our new quota of Naval Aviation Cadets. Then we're off (even more so) to a mad-bent start to slip that ship and hit that spot.

Those Mighty Chapman Bowlers, Davis, Gibbons, Grindell, Jacobs, and Cook burst into limelight again last week and landed in Number 1 place. Please speak reverently of these energetic guys, for they are our only hopes for immortality.

Tiny Davis was the shining fair-haired boy and bowled one game of 200. Nice going, H. R. Orchids to Gerry Cook also. Mr. "G." is giving me hush money to "speak silently" about his score and I have plans of blackmailing Bill Grindell too.

In the interest of public health and well being, Chapman has inaugurated a "Sports Program." On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays we play soccer with the medicine hall. On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays we shoot a couple of rounds with Willbur Sheffield's Red Ryder B-B Gun.

This shooting iron has a very intricate gun-sight on it which is only understood by the manufacturers. For instance, if the wind-drift across the target is nil, you need only shoot 3 ft. to the left side. If the wind-drift is moderate, you aim high and allow for 5 ft. deviation. This requires that everyone hug the ground until the shell is shot or run the risk of lead poisoning. (Almost as bad as Dave DaBell's casting, huh Mac?)

Mr. Merrill, new trainee, is the William Tell of our crowd and enthusiastically has

Continued on Page 14

"POME" by "Doc"
of the Transportation department

Eight little drivers start off the day;
It's time to take the mail so one's on her way.

Seven little drivers waiting you know,
When in comes the Army and steals the last in the row.

Six, blondes and brunettes, glad to be alive,
Mr. Riddle needs a driver, so now there are five.

Five little lasses start for the door,
Telephone rings and leaves only four.

Four chauvinettes, and it's time for "Dee"
To take off for Chapman, which leaves only three.

Three girls are lonesome, with nothing to do,
Mr. Webster settles that and tells one to "skidoo,"

Two little drivers, Oh! there comes a call,
So off to the Gables and Aircraft Over-haul.

One little driver with work almost done,
Ting-a-ling goes the bell and she's off on the run.

Did you know that our Chapman Field bus driver, Naomi Moore, has left us to become the bride of S/Sgt. Jack Krick?

Have you heard, and I quote, "Something new has been added," unquote: we would like you to know Kay Dean, the latest addition to our little sewing circle, and I might add, a very attractive addition.

If you'd like to hit the high spots on the Chapman Field run,
Take a ride with "Doc," and have a lot of fun—that's me.

For beauty and glamour and mystery,
Of course you ride with our very own "Dee,"

A girl with a smile and a laugh like bells
Could be none other than Dottie Wells.

At the Country Club if you run into a dream
It will not do be our Powers model, Joan.

Then there's a girl who's a stunner, by truth.

If you can't guess it, her name is Ruth.

For a girl who's a larceny to the world, walk,
You can pick out for sure little Miss Chalk.

To the pretty little Miss in the Gables all day,
To some she's Miss Lane, but to us she's just "Roy."

Our favorite subject and department head
Is a cheerful person by the name of "Webb."

He's the nicest guy in the world to know
And we think he's tops "by cracky."

THE END

P.S. Dear public, don't hold this against me, and don't laugh, because there might come a day when you'll be the one ... I bet-cha.
CARLSTROM
FLIGHT LINE
by Tom Watson, Jr.

Most unexpected of visitors at Carlstrom last week was Lee Hipson—First Lieutenant, AAF—beaming proudly over the nose of his latest model Flying Fortress, B-17. Lee, as many old flight-liners will remember, pulled stakes about a year ago and headed for the Pan American Ferries. It wasn’t long before Uncle Sam dressed him in officers’ uniform and set him to work, flying the big boys into the thick of it.

This particular Fortress, “Hitler’s Gremlin,” is headed for the Zones of War, and wherever it goes to flatten the Axis it takes with it the distinction of being the first Flying Fortress to land on Carlstrom Field.

As the story goes, Lee had his ship out on a fuel consumption test run, and, conveniently enough, landed at Carlstrom for an oil check.

George Dudley has found the answer to the Carlstrom candy situation. George, a sturdy member of the Enlisted Reserve, simply displays his membership card, pays his nickle and picks his brand.

HITLER’S GREMLIN VISITS CARLSTROM

When a Flying Fortress lands at Carlstrom Field, that is news; but when it is discovered that the Pilot and Co-Pilot are both ex-Carlstrom-ites, that surpasses the category of news. It vies with miracles. This huge B-17 slipped into Carlstrom on a test flight last week with Lee Hipson, former instructor at Carlstrom, at the controls and with one time Refresher Student W. R. Eckard as Co-Pilot. From left to right are Cpl. R. B. Baker, one of the crew; Len Povey, Vice-President of the Embry-Riddle Company in charge of Flying Operations; 1st Lt. Hipson; 2nd Lt. Eckard; and the other two members of the crew, Cpl. W. M. Webb and 1st Lt. J. A. Luque. (Photo by Charles Ebbe)

We once knew a pilot whose daring and skill
Were such as could tingle the scalp
Of people who heard the exploits of Bill
From the Mexican shores to the Alps.

Bill was brave as an eagle, yet quick as a dove,
And we heard it once said, so we know,
That when fate takes old Bill from the skies
He will show them some tricks down below.

It isn’t just fortune makes Bill a success,
For he’s been in the air quite a spell.
It is CARE that has kept him from making a mess
Of his ship, and our William as well.

There’s a moral to draw, then, in telling this story—
It’s worked for old Bill, and it’s so!
If we mean to be living to fight for old Glory
We never should THINK — we should KNOW!

TRACK MEET
by Lt. George W. Hoffmeyer

Last week Lt. McCormick put on a track meet for 43-G. The boys were quite enthusiastic about the whole thing and “put out” in the events that were scheduled. The events were—100-yard dash, the half-mile, high jump, and the running broad jump.

Outstanding amongst the tracksters was Stanley Cope of Flight V, who stood out like a track coach’s dream. Cope won the meet, gathering 21 points with firsts in the “hundred” and the running broad jump. Bob Myers and Peter Franceschi tied for second place honors with 18 points each.

Events and Records
100-Yard Dash—Won by Cope, Flight V. Time: 10.8 seconds.
Half-Mile Run—Won by Vito Palazzolo and Robert Close of Flight III and IV, who tied at 21.9 seconds.
Broad Jump—Won by S. Cope. Distance: 19 feet 4 inches.
High Jump—Won by Don Garniss of Flight III. Height 5 feet 4 inches.

The members of the 43-G basketball team have gone on to Basic. They left Carlstrom with the fine record of not having lost a game while at the Field. Here at the Field we will recollect the fine spirit they had, the comradeship, and the will to win. Those are the things that any fighting machine needs to win greater glory.

We’ll miss Brown with his smooth ball handling, Choate and his smashing type of play, Anderson and his steadiness, Bokina his super bulk and long shots, Dobson and that “looper-dooper” of his, little Beaujeu, speedy and ever smiling. Oh! almost forgot Joe—Joe Dobson the ever present manager and team supporter, the one man team morale gang. Good luck, boys, come back and see us when you get those “Wings.”

Post Mortems
That hit of shining brass, that beautiful trophy is again in alien hands. Dorr Field outgunned us at the Dorr-Carlstrom inter-
JAMES DOBSON WINS CLASS 43-F AWARD

The Physical Fitness award for Class 43-F was won by James M. Dobson, the versatile athlete from Minneapolis. Dobson entered many events and accumulated more points than any other man in his class. His nearest rival was “Andy” Anderson, who gave him a hot race for the beautiful “Victory Cup.”

It was all in the family anyway as both boys were from the same squadron—Squadron Four. This makes it twice in a row that “Four” has had an outstanding athlete win the trophy for the best all-around performer.

Dobson played high school basketball, city tournament tennis, and varsity tennis in college. He was city tennis champion of Minneapolis in 1941, Red River champ in 1941 as well as Iron Range champ the same year.

At Carlstrom he played on the basketball team that represented the Post. This team went undefeated in a number of Post games as well as taking the verdict against Dodd.

James Dobson has a great backer in his brother Joe. Both are going through flight training together. Joe believes that James is pretty “hot stuff.” Joe also believes that James inherits his skills from their Dad who told them about flying at Dakota Wesleyan. Joe, it seems, didn’t inherit any physical prowess; he claims that he got a corner on the family brains though.

Sweat Box?

Speaking about an ever eager bunch of “Eager Beavers,” the Carlstrom Athletic department cops the prize. The latest to spring into the inventive mind of the “Master Maestro Mac” is a sweat box! He and the boys have rigged up a sweat chamber to back their boast that no raucy belligerent Cadet would leave Carlstrom.

It’s a mass of wire and bulbs, a thermometer, and swinging doors. At first the citizens “out there” were wondering what it could be; we had all kinds of guesses from a box for Cadets who were in the “dog house,” to one of those country affairs where they don’t have modern plumbing.

RIDDLE FIELD

Continued from Page 1

than the owners and does all to keep us happy and out of trouble.

... center the needle ... center the ball. Bring on the AT’s ... even the Wings exams. We’re learning fast, we like it, and we’ll make more noise ... much more ... later. Who said 13 was unlucky?

Notes From Everywhere

Majority of the Link Instructors, on vacation for two weeks, are choosing Clewiston as vacation spot, but some are visiting their homes up north. Paul Badger is at Hudson, Mass., Fred Allen in Kansas City, Mo., Reed Clary up in Richmond, Va.

Jack Hopkins (“I don’t know whether I’ll get married or not; it’s all very indefinite”) is at home in Huntingtonburg, Ind. She’s a Huntingtonburg gal, too.

Good luck and get-well-quick to Neal Dwyer, who was stricken with acute appendicitis last week. Rushed to a Palm Beach hospital by plane, the appendix burst and has given Neal a bad time, but complete recovery is expected.

Assistant Flight Commander Don Day and Advanced Instructor Sim Speer, who have been for a short time instructing at Camden, Ark., are expected back this week. F. M. “Frosty” Jones, former Basic Flight Commander here, visited the Field this week.

From an anonymous contributor ... you figger it out: “Perhaps you would like to hear about the Cadet from the uncivilized country of Scotland where people still live in caves.”

“Anyway, to continue, this particular Cadet dreamt one night that he was taking off in a PT and when the boundary of the Field was only a few score yards away, he realized that the aircraft wouldn’t climb; so he bailed out from the aircraft, which in this case was the top bunk.

“He landed on the floor and woke up and told his roommates the above story which is entirely wrong. The truth being that he had borrowed a parachute tag from one of his mates’ and while taking off he dropped his own parachute check and thinking he would have to pay a dollar for the check he bailed out to retrieve it.

“In the morning he found he had lost a penny. He has at last recovered from the shock of losing the penny and he has the parachute-check on a piece of string around his neck. I will not mention any names.”

Editor’s Note: Pardon us all to pieces ... we’re not quite sure it makes sense either, but we’re told it’s important.

Happy landings to Advanced Instructors Charlie Liebman and Dick Dwyer, who left us this past week to join the Ferry Command.

Make Safety a Game

PLAY SAFE
ENGINE NOISES
MIAMI'S ENGINE OVERHAUL

by Gladys C. Coff

Back again with sundry chit chat, or, to borrow a phrase from Kay Bruce, start "working the dirt."

The all-time high has probably been set in the bowling tournament, with Engine Overhaul's Bill Riedel scoring 249 last week. This reporter hears that he made eight strikes—which, in our language, is good bowling in any league. More power to Bill and his lucky team!

Mac DuBois had an unpleasant encounter with the notorious Gremlins. The nasty little guys poured kerosene all over the seat-cushions where Mac was working—some hotfoot, eh, Mac?

Welcome to Ruby Pafford, Hazel Keene (wife of Civil Engineers' Mr. Keene), Henry Zamula, Anne Berglund, John Steverding, Martha Ridings, Elizabeth McCarthy, and Raymond Hill, new Engine Overhaulers. We are glad to have you here and will welcome your contributions to "Engine Noises."

Lars Lundgren has been bursting all the buttons off his shirts lately. He became a proud grandfather last week. Congratulations!

We have a list of March people to whom we wish many happy returns, etc.: Margaret Haws, Faith Weber, Evelyn Cee, Meade Shepherd, Claude Farnham, Bill Twitchell, James Edwards, George Zateslo, Otis Terrell, and Charlie Hayes.

The other day Mr. Grafflin took Ben Monroe and Kay Bruce over to see the big bomber which is out in front of our shop. Students practicing repair work on the plane were so flabbergasted at the feminine pulchritude that the Instructor later reported ten casualties from banged fingers and stubbed toes. Two students fell off the fuselage, they were so busy starring. Tut, tut, girls, you're holding up the War!

Marian McSwain reports from the Spark Plug department a transfer from the Tech School Canteen, Louise Hamilton. Welcome, Louise. Also, Marian reports a stump­ ing new upswept hairdo on Claire Lue­ bert that is especially becoming, and prac­ tical, too, in this hot weather.

The Spark Plug department de­icers, by the way, attribute their inspiration to "Papp­py" Graflnin and his frequent visits down their way. We're jealous!

The Magneto-Starter department is charmed and pleased with about twelve square feet of additional space in which to work. Where this extra space came from is a departmental secret and will not be publicized in this column.

Jack Brady has been betrayed. Ask him about the new Sandblast equipment that got away.

SPORT NEWS. Wanted: Champions of checkers, horseshoes, pingpong, Chinese checkers, crummy, bridge, etc., from Engine Overhaul department. Are you a potential champion? Or do you just like to play for fun? Can you play any of these games, or are there others you like better? ("Post­office" excluded.)

If you are interested, contact Walter Bar­ rie or your devoted reporter, and we will try to arrange games and equipment for noon­hour recreation or after­work play. All ideas are welcome. We want you and you and you to come forth with suggestions and interest. Speak up, let's get going, and we'll all have fun.

CIVILIAN INSTRUCTORS AT TECH

Paul Elston, Senior Instructor of Engine Change at the Technical School, in the center of the above group, seems to be discussing some humorous problem with his colleagues. From left to right are Instructors William Shamahen, R. J. Atzel, J. F. Hodeck, Mr. Elston, Hugh Arnold, Robert Calburn, and J. A. Scholze.
WHITE CAPS
Continued from Page 3

further complicate, schedules to mix up and last but not least there are the telephones—three of em.

Even I have to admit I'm a baaaad boy when it comes to telephones. But honestly nothing in all the world gives me greater pleasure than to ring all three of them at once and watch Rosie go tearing around trying to answer all of them at one time. It's just about as funny tho to ring the two on her desk and, when she's sitting there with a telephone in each hand, start the third a goin'.

Haw—and after three weeks of constant vigilance, I finally succeeded in catching that hard-to-get man, Instructor "Don Juan" Siefferman, in an unguarded moment and that's bad. I was that bright little demon who sent him charging out (via rowboat) to challenge Sarah, the seacow, whose browsing graced the shores of this esteemed organization. Ordinarily, such ideas as whamming seacows with oars would never have entered the mind of a Flight Instructor, but with a little fine and fancy persuasion

Down came the oar, And up went Sarah's tail and man alive you should have seen Butch—as the waves died down. There sat Siefferman, a drenched man but far wiser. We managed to get him ashore and after such a harrowing experience he can be heard to say, "Always beware of the front end of an airplane and the tail assembly of a seacow."

More fun! Boy am I mean—I even go around pushing little ducks around in the water. By ducks, I mean Clarabelle duck, she's a certain little black duck who is in cahoots with the Gremlin clan here—she sits right in front of the airplanes when they're trying to taxi, gets in the way of ramping ships and such stuff—Clarabelle's pretty busy with her take-off and landing practice tho. She thinks now that she has to make a run for take-off just like the airplanes do, and you should see her go.

And speaking of go—there's a lot of unfinished business cluttering up the Base here, so mus' gotta go and see about it—see ya next week I hope—bye for now.

---

SALUTE TO CLASS 12-43-A
by Pvt. John A. Dunbrook

We were sent to fill this space, We've come and set a mighty pace; To others coming right along, Let them sing our mighty song;
Keep them flying up above, And keep it free, the land we love; Work in rain and grease and sweat, And make our country better yet;
Throughout the fields and over hills, We'll use our knowledge and best of skills;
We'll keep them humming way up high, And make our records hit the sky.

Thanks to you guys and gals who responded so generously to the Red Cross drive—our department came through almost 100%. Although yours truly did have to use pretty severe tactics on a few and wear out a No. 17 coupon, everyone was generous in his contribution, and I think it was worth the coupon.

Pop Meyers, our Assistant Fire Marshal, is always on the job. Pop has established A-1 fire equipment and a well trained fighting force of which we are very proud.

Sorry Helen Smoke is on the sick list and hope she will soon be back on the job again.

---

Flash

Flash! Flash! Reward will be paid to anyone giving information regarding Hazel C.'s becoming a Flight Instructor.

Jennie M. has taken up the study of Army Engineering—in the form of a tall, dark and handsome Sergeant.

Main event... The Inspection department has adopted a baby and all eyes are centered on its rearing. No baby has ever received such attention and care as the inspectors are giving the Dorr Field "Cub" which until adoption by them was a poor orphan scampering about the shop amongst a horde of indignant PT's.

Big brother Al Williams spends every possible moment pampering and minding the baby, while Rames spends most of his time trying to have Al drop his dope brush long enough to inspect parts. We're all anxious to see the result of such expert care when the boys have the Cub dressed up and send it out into the world.

Preparations for the building of our new hangar are well under way with the size of the sand piles each day. Perhaps this accounts for the way Freda C. has been dressing up lately. Her beau is the steel contractor and he may just happen in some day soon. Anyway, we are very anxious to see our new hangar completed.

In comparison with the banker's hours we have had all winter, this change to 7:30 and 9:00 will seem as though we are starting to work in the middle of the night. Ho hum, how we hate to get up and out of our nice comfy beds two hours earlier. But there's the redeeming feature too. Just think of getting off at 4:30. I'm going to like it.

That's all for Overhaul.

---

COLISEUM CONGRATs
Bravo's to the personnel of the Coliseum, who came through 100% in their recent Red Cross drive. And best wishes from all to Basil Winsell, Basic Instructor at the Coliseum, and the Missus, who celebrate their 23rd wedding anniversary March 29.

---

ENGINES FOR REVENGE

Law Shuck Gow, center, Chinese aviation student at Embry-Riddle, discusses his engine training with Maj. Gen. Dai-Fung King, left, member of the Chinese Military Mission to the United States, and Maj. Gen. Bukung Hsu, right, chief of staff of the Mission, and hopes that his new knowledge will soon be put to use in securing revenge for China. Gow lives at 901 S. W. 10th St. and has been in this country four years.
**TEACHING DEVICE DESIGNED AT DORR**

Army Air Force Cadets will soon study navigation problems with a "window" system designed by Homer R. Hoten and E. J. Brennan, Navigation Instructors at Dorr Field. Tests show that the system greatly simplifies and speeds instruction.

Diagrams used in aerial navigation problems are presented in book form in the Hoten-Brennan system. The student starts at the last page, which carries basic information. The upper half of the page is of cellophane and presents a single line of the diagram.

Each succeeding page is shown on a separate page of cellophane, so that when pages are turned the different lines fall into place to form the complete diagram when the first page of the book is reached. The student is thus given the problem in a logical order and can master it step by step. Any phase that is not clear can be studied separately.

The system offers vast possibilities for use in teaching in any field where complicated drawings or designs could be shown step by step, such as in meteorology or other maps.

After seeing their device, Maj. Gen. Barton K. Yount, Commanding General of the Flying Training Command, commented: "The simplified procedure to facilitate presentation of aerial navigation problems is considered to be superior in many respects, and its use is contemplated in training aids to be prepared under the supervision of the Central Instructors School to be conducted at Randolph Field, Tex. The efforts of Hoten and Brennan are considered to be highly commendable."

"We are pleased that the Army is showing interest in this 'window' system," Hoten said. "The principal satisfaction we get out of this short-cut method is the knowledge that Cadets find it beneficial and that it will speed up Ground School instruction.

"Problems are presented to the student in the same manner in which the Instructor would draw them on the blackboard step by step for his class. It should be particularly helpful in basic and advanced navigation classes where Cadets get various interception problems."

Hoten, who is Director of Academic Training, is from Springfield, Mass. He has been at Dorr Field since March, 1942. Brennan is from Taunton, Mass., and has been with the Riddle Aeronautical Institute since July, 1942.

---

**MORE DORR**

Capt. Palmer has returned to the Medical department at this station, after an interview at Hendricks Field, Selring, Fla. His return was welcomed by all who know him.

Annie Laurie Clark of the Time department left us last Saturday, and we'll all miss her. She's leaving this week to accompany her husband, Lt. A. V. Clark, to his new station in Southern California.

Kathryn Sandusky journeyed to the big city of Jacksonville last week and returned with some mighty attractive apparel.

Mrs. Hilda Prevette left us this week to move to West Palm Beach and be with daughter Vera. They're both working at Morrison Field, Taking her place in the Commandant of Cadet's office is Clara Belle Winters.

Private Evans of Army Headquarters was married about a week ago to a cute little miss from Nashville. Dorr Field wishes them both the most of happiness. Mrs. Evans is now working in the Tower for "Buttercup" Taylor. We're glad to have her out here with us.

Another new addition to the Medical department is Pvt. Ernest R. Labossiere. Wonder what Staff Sergeant in Headquarters likes to run the Mimeograph machine so well, and could it be the bright colored smock that attracts him?

Also leaving the Time department was Mrs. Eugenia Welles. She was going to join husband Dicky Welles in Montgomery, but he turned the tables on her and arrived in Arcadia last weekend for a two week stay. Dicky is in Pre-Flight at Maxwell Field — looks mighty well these days too.

Accidents are the mistakes of men. — W. Bruce Haughton.

---

**JACK WHITNALL'S DORR DOINGS**

Dorr Field's first Buffet Super Supper Dance was held Saturday night. Desiderio and his orchestra gave out good and strong. Mr. Nicodemus of Moss Hall fame, assisted by Sam and Joe, the two Chefs of equal fame, had enough tempting eats to satisfy even the most fastidious gourmet.

Among the representatives from Auxiliary Field No. 1, were: Capt. and Mrs. Povey, Mr. and Mrs. Nate Reece, and Mr. and Mrs. Bob Bullock. We might add that Bob Bullock's first question upon entering the Field was, "Are they going to have anything to eat? I haven't had any supper."

There were several telephone calls for him during the evening and each time we tried to contact him the answer was always the same—"Still eating or eating yet."

Yes sir, "Buttercup and Mrs. Buttercup" were among those present and we heard on the Flight Line that they were thinking of changing his name to "Jitterbug." An envious audience of Cadets lined the wall just watching.

All you folks who missed this party be sure to attend the next one, which will be held some time next month—the price to be $1.00 per person.

Donald Peck, genial Personnel Manager, still in Clewiston over the weekend. Now what could be of interest in Auxiliary Field?

Homer "Dare Devil Ace" Hoten, Director of the Ground School, soloed last Sunday afternoon. We understand that all the personnel of the G.S. were on hand to see the event—our advice to Mr. "H" is when you walk by the swimming pool—go the long way around. We know those guys who work in your department and see wouldn't trust any of them.

Welcome to Lt. Coley, new addition to the Athletic department, Lt. Frank was heard challenging Lt. "C"—"Come on I'll race you once around the Field." Who won?

Margie Pierce went to Marianna this past weekend. Now what could be of interest up that way? Someone told us about Class 43-C.

Who was Instructor Morrill trying to imitate the past week, Capt. Kidd?

There just ain't no more news this week. To'ably yours,

Jack

Mark Albury, Senior Instructor in Electricity at the Coliseum, and Mrs. Albury celebrated their 21st wedding anniversary March 15. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Albury, and may there be many more.
CADET CHATTER
by A/C Weber, E.C.

Forty hour checks were the predominating subjects of discussion by Upper Class Cadets this past week. To those who passed, our heartiest congratulations; to those who failed, our sincerest sympathies.

With all due respect to Mr. Huggins, our Meteorology Instructor, we wish to point out that the Florida Chamber of Commerce is getting a trifle put out about his prophecies of cold fronts and rain. Perhaps Mr. Huggins hasn't heard that Florida is the "Land of Sunshine."

And speaking of weather, your correspondent believes that out of the dense fog last week came a story that should entitle the originator to admittance into the Annias club.

Seems as though one of the Cadets was out on a solo mission and upon his return to Dorr Field found that it was completely obliterated by a thick ground fog. Being low on gas, he decided that the only thing to do was to land on the fog and wait for it to blow away enough to see the Field. But the fog stayed longer than he expected and he was soon sound asleep in the cockpit.

Upon awaking, he found to his surprise that he was on the Flight Line in the exact spot that he had left a couple of hours before. He reasoned that the only explanation was that he had somehow managed to land in the fog over the exact spot where he should have parked on the Flight Line. While he slept, the fog had gradually dissipated and the plane sank slowly down to a three point landing. The Cadet swears by the story.

WHAT'S YOUR ANSWER?

The American soldier, fighting in desert and jungle, must often ask, "What are the folks at home doing to win this War?" If you can tell him that you are on the job every day, that you're giving it all you've got, that the work you turn out is done with the least possible waste of time and materials—then you have the right answer.

If you can say that you have helped to push the line of production steadily upward on the graph which means life and death to our men who fight steadily on at the front—then you have the right answer.

At the end of the day, ask yourself whether you've been fighting for America or stalling for the Axis. You know all the questions. What's your answer?

Then there was an A/C Sgt. Major, who strolled into the Parachute department one day last week when there was no flying and said he wanted to check out a 'chute. When questioned as to what he was going to use the 'chute for, he innocently replied, "Oh, I've got Link trainer at 9:15."

And we mustn't forget the Flight Captain, who had never been in a Link trainer before, firmly convinced that if he didn't fly the trainer straight and level, the ship would fall off of the pivot it rests on to the floor.

SUPER DANCE
by A/C Parke, R. M.

A super dance sponsored by the class of 43-G provided an opportunity for the final roar of the class of 43-F on Dorr Field last weekend. By all accounts the occasion was an unparalled success, with the music ably handled by a small though competent group of local musicians and the Arcadia and hometown girls capably handled by the combined Corps of Cadets.

A cool Florida evening provided a perfect set-up for some hot though dignified dancing under the open sky, on the twin dance floors outside the Mess Hall. The Arcadia belles rose admirably to the occasion, presenting themselves in force as dancing and sideline partners.

A natural romantic touch added to the "farewells" of 43-F and the "welcome" of 43-G as a fine southern moon embellished the palms surrounding the dance floor.

The high point in the evening was reached when the new permanent Cadet Officers were presented by Lt. Moore, with Lt. Gailey in attendance to distribute the awards and congratulate the honored men.


Aviation Cadet Wofford, "Brad," of Gainesville, Ga., was selected as Sgt. Major.

Aviation Cadet Post, "Zeke," of Newark, Ga., was made Supply Officer.

Aviation Cadet Dooney, "Bungle Boy," of New York City, is the new Official Bugler.

Color Sgt., Aviation Cadet R. O. Dangladay.

Color Sgt., Aviation Cadet W. G. Ingram.

With perfect timing the graduating class left Dorr Field the following day and moved on to their respective Basic schools. The new class moved in as they arrived from the train, tired though eager. It was easy to see they were pleased with the peaceful exterior of Dorr Field.

LET'S CALL IT "U" AND "T"
by W. Bruce Haupton

When we separate the word business into its component letters B-u-i-n-e-s-s, we find that "U" and "I" are in it. In fact, if "U" and "I" were not in it, BUSINESS would not be BUSINESS. Therefore, if business is to remain business, we must keep the "U" and "I" in it.

Furthermore, we discover that "U" comes before "I" in business and that "I" is silent . . . it is to be seen and not heard. Also, the "I" in business has the sound of "I," which indicates that it is an amalgamation of the interest of "U" and "I," and when they are properly amalgamated, business becomes harmonious and altogether profitable.
The silent Sleuth sat slowly sipping a somewhat carbonated concoction amid the clatter and the chatter of the Tech School Canteen. There was a mystery brewing—a possible murder—in fact, a quite probable murder. But the animated air, alive with conversation of varying types and qualities, was known to our shivering Sherlock to catch fleeting the lacking links and leads necessary to undo our mystery and pad the fall of the dead.

The mystery in question was: Where's this week's Tech Talk? The hushed follow-up being: If it exists, has it been murdered? Hanging in the balance and completing in gory detail the significance of the scene were the reputations, both professional and private, of our slinking Sleuth.

A technical book has been turned into the Tech School Library. The owner may have it upon proper identification.

But a clamor arises and bursts like a bombshell, shattering the familiar drone of the clatter and chatter and invading the private drama of the Sleuth who by this time is slurring intently, ignoring the delicacies of a proper rendition of the drug store cow-cow blues.

Henry Desjardins has opened his mouth in justifiable indignation and is calling upon the seven hammer of Satan and his blood-red Gremlin to fall without further delay upon the two unsuspecting personalities of the Fly Paper office and decapitate them without further ado.

_Tsik . . . Tkik_.

Henry, ardent Fly Paper devotee, but still more ardent New Englander, roars to all within, and, we suspect, some without, that Helen Webster, Massachusetts born and bred Flight Instructor at Chapman Field, erroneously was reported last week to have first seen the blue of sky in New Bedford, Connecticut.

With impressive crescendo, he continues: Chauffeurette Naomi Moore was married in Bob Burns' _Arkansas_ not in the romantic hills of Tennessee, Reaching the near tre-molo suggestive of a practiced orator, he announces that the name of Henry Desjardins appeared not once in last week's issue and winds up on a note of despair with, "My girl friend has not been receiving the paper."

What can we say to Henry . . . what salve is strong enough to ease so many wounds . . . perhaps another bang-up Embry-Riddle dance will . . . what say, Henry? Is forgiveness budding . . . will it blossom . . . the dance will be March 27, ya know.

While entreaties are easily set out in the safety of one's own office, not so when Henry sobbed his dramatic ending. Covering and babbling incoherently before the heartrending onslaught, our poor Sleuth stumbled toward the door, leaving behind all hope of plucking from the fertile air of the Canteen the missing Tech Talk, sound in text and tone.

_Sanctuary_

Sanctuary . . . a place of peace and love where one may pursue the problem of the day without enduring raucous tirades brought on by what has gone before and is content to remain at rest. Where is such a place . . . where . . . where.

In frantic confusion we see our Sleuth open a door and disappear. We follow her into the Library and note that she is receiving consolation at the hand and tongue of Dorothy Burton.

Mrs. Burton has a clue . . . no, not just one . . . many, it seems. Sleuth's eyes brighten and she learns that Tech Talk is safe and well guarded. Mrs. Burton promises that it will meet the deadline very much alike.

Soothing Sleuth, she drops a few harmless hints, such as the terror she encountered last Sunday riding a tandem propelled by husband Willard. Under compulsion, she expects to solo next weekend and thereafter monopolize the monove-hicle to which Willard has fallen heir.

_Silver Lining_

Pointing out the bright side of life, she tells of the birthday Monday of Margaret Walker, Supervisor of the Reading Room, and of the new job with Pan American obtained by Mary Jeane Perez, who completed a course in Drafting at the Tech School.

Comings and goings include LeVaudnh Lee, new Supervisor of the Canteen from which Sleuth fled a moment ago; Connie Young, who has been transferred to the Athletic office from the office of the Expeditor; Florence R. Gilmore, sister of Wain Fletcher, who will be with us Monday in the capacity of Postmistress; Truman Gile, Jr., who has been accepted by the Marines and is saving good-byes; Elizabeth Walker, new Secretary of Truman Gile, Sr.; and Frances Tolman, new Head of the Mimeograph department.

Leaving the safety of the inner sanctums of learning in spirits much more likel unto that of a super-sleuth, Sleuth uncovers further strength-giving herbaceous news-plants to be brewed for the tea of Tech Talk.

A few feathers from the hack's of Art Rhunke's unequaled chickens — eleven chicks which give forth to their master 12 eggs in one day, a leaf or two from the new farm of Milton Roberts, a dash of the healing potion which brought Bob Habig back to us so quickly when a sore throat threatened to make us short-handed on the sixth floor . . . all these, blessed with the purr of Toby, favorite newcomer to the extensive family of Madame Tech, cannot help but bring Tech Talk out of oblivion and save from shame our slaying Sleuth.

---

**INTO THE SCRAP**

Mary Mitchell, secretary to James Blakely, Director of the Tech School, asked women to get into the scrap when she spoke at a meeting of the Zonta Club Thursday evening in the Bahama Room of the Columbus Hotel.

Women, she said, can help materially to shorten the duration of the War by getting into War work. There is a place for everyone. Embry-Riddle, for example, is in need of 75 women Instructor Trainees at the present time.

"If you have a son or husband or friend Overseas somewhere, you and I and 200,000 other women like us can bring him back that much sooner if we will only face realities and do something about them," Mary stated.

Voicing the feelings of all of us here at Tech and throughout the other divisions of the Company, Mary emphasized that it is the obligation of every woman, where home situations permit, to do her part during our national emergency.
This Is War

by Pvt. Herbert M. Brown, Class 17-43-A

The boys awoke at the crack of dawn; There was a dead still quiet. They quickly dressed and stood abreast And their thoughts went back to the night When they were marching to the front All happy, carefree and gay. There was Slim with his grin and Tom with his song And the Corporal who never would play.

Forty strong they were that night, Each with his memories of home, Of the fun they'd had with their wives and kids Before they went over the foam. Those boys were courageous and nary a one Filtered or got out of step; You see they had trained for quite some time To the tune of "Hep, hep, hep!"

Closer they came to the noise and the din. No longer faint was the sound Of the guns and rifles and rumbling roar Of artillery striking the ground. The Sergeant got tough—he had to be— He bellowed at his men like a bull; But he was only trying to keep Their minds from the on-coming duel.

How well they remember the battle front And the things they were forced to do Like running up to a German face And stabbing their bayonet through. Those sickening things just had to be done. For falling in the fight Were also men who chose to die For Liberty and right.

There's Tom who always sang so much And the Corporal who never would play Who now will never live to see The light of the coming day. Let not those boys have died in vain, You guys who're working at home; Just give us all the things we need And we will their death aone.

It was ghostly still, the roll was called. No Tom, no Corporal or Slim To watch our country's flag in awe As up the pole it climbed. The bugle notes died in the air. The men then knelt to pray For men who fought to keep the flag And those who'll make it stay.

$5 FIVE DOLLARS

Let's have some good phrases, Embry-Riddle-ites—good phrases to make a good cause better. Five dollars will be awarded to the person who submits the best slogan for the Embry-Riddle Safety Campaign. All entries must be in the Fly Paper office by Monday, March 29. The contest is open only to employees and students of the Embry-Riddle Co. and its affiliates.

Famed Artist and Inventor at Tech

Up in the north penthouse of the Tech School we find James Lunnon deep in the problems of experimental work for the Embry-Riddle Company. We find him surrounded by such strange contraptions as the Embry-Riddle Trainer, blue prints and all the tools of the designer.

On the wall we see a magnificent portrait of Will Rogers and learn not only that Lunnon painted this oil of the famous humorist but that it once hung in the National Academy.

We find that Mr. Lunnon has an interesting combination of talents— he has achieved fame as a portrait painter and as an inventor.

When World War I broke out, Mr. Lunnon was in Paris where he had won a scholarship to the Julien Academy. Immediately he went to England where he joined the British Marines and a while later was attached to a bombing squadron of the RAF.

After the War was over, he became director of transportation of the Friends Relief and helped fight typhus in central Europe. Later he was head tester for the Rolls Royce company in London and was sent to Montreal where he was branch manager.

His company was hit by the depression when he was experimental engineer in their Springfield, Mass., factory, so he decided to take up painting more seriously.

He proved successful in his portrait work, but once again a War interrupted and he came to Miami as color chemist in charge of the laboratory for the Fleischer Studios.

Now with the Embry-Riddle Company, Mr. Lunnon is designing blind flying instruments and trainers and has set aside his brush and pallet, except for special jobs.

Aside from his meticulous work at the Tech School, he is Commander of the Miami Power Squadron, where he teaches and is taught navigation and piloting. He is President of the Florida Painters Association and of the Blue Dome Fellowship, but at the moment his talents as an artist have given place to the engineer.
Well, at last we're introducing a department to you that we haven't over-worked in a newsy way, because it just arrived here yet.

Honesty, folks, that new Link Trainer department is a honey. Not big, but oh so shapey with a complete personnel and those cute little, witty Links going full blast.

But let's not go too fast. We'll visit the department and see who's who. Walking into the front offices and past the Cadets eagerly receiving mail, we enter a large room, where we find Lt. Lawrence McRae supervising the Link training.

This department began operation in full Saturday, March 6, with S/Sgt. Robert Bond in charge, one swell fellow. Instructors are Sgts. Fred Baranyay and Larquins Cunningham. Cpl. Robert A. Storms and Pfc. Harvey Bisey.

A brief human interest story comes along with the arrival of Lt. McRae at this Field. The moral of the incident seems to be somebody chasing somebody. Our friend has been with Embry-Riddle Co. for some time.

His first experience with flying came with his connection with the Company as a Civil Service worker in the Army Supply at Carlstrom Field. Later he joined the Army as a private and went to the Third Air Force Command at McDill Field where he remained for three months.

From McDill Field he was transferred back to the same post at Carlstrom, same building, same desk, and same chair. After remaining there for a time, he went from Carlstrom to Officer Candidates School, where he received his commission as Second Lieutenant and recently was transferred here to Embry-Riddle in charge of this new Link Training department.

An interesting part of the story is the realization of the fact that while he was at Carlstrom the first time he was under Capt. Charles Breeding. The same situation was true of his second experience there, and now here at Embry-Riddle he again has Capt. Breeding as his superior officer. Capt. Charles A. Breeding is none other than the Commanding Officer on this Post.

Again I say somebody's chasing—Ah skip it! Lt. McRae's home is Arcadia, Fla., and he is married. Link instruction for the Cadets is beginning with the present Lower Class, 45-H, and the Civilian Instructors are receiving this training now.

Among recent visitors to the Field were:

J. W. Liveredge, Embry-Riddle Accountant; Bill Weed, with C. F. Wheeler, Construction; C. F. Wheeler, Contractor; C. C. Hone and Rufus Holiday, Auditors from Nashville; and Ed Avery, DPC representative. These are all old friends and we enjoy their visits. We should be seeing a lot of C. F. Wheeler with new construction going full blast now.

Lt. James O. Fields, a doctor whose home is at Milan, Tenn., came to Union City and Embry-Riddle Field Saturday from Maxwell Field. He succeeds Lt. Walter Crawford, who left here week before last to train in Aviation Medicine at Randolph Field in San Antonio. Lt. Fields will work under Capt. F. E. Murphy, Flight Surgeon and head of the Medical department.

Lt. Fields, who was born and reared at Milan, Tenn., reported for active duty at Maxwell Field last October 5th. He is a graduate of Milan High School and the University of Tennessee and practiced in Milan until he joined the Army, as an industrial physician at the Wolf Creek Ordnance plant for 14 months.

Mrs. Fields will join her husband at Union City in a few months as soon as a home is found. We welcome Lt. and Mrs. Fields to this Post and hope they will enjoy their stay with us.

This week ended a five weeks' Bridge Tournament at the Pilot's Club. The contest was fought to the bitter end with Mrs. C. B. "Millie" Clark winning high score for the fairer sex and Mrs. J. D. "Pollie" Brannon a close second. The winners for the "gents" were Larry Walden, first, and George "Flywheel" Jones, a photo finish for second place.

Charles B. "Chick" Clark reports that he received a letter from one of his former English Cadets saying that he certainly does look forward to receiving the Fly Paper, as it keeps him posted as to what is happening over here.

In closing this letter to you, we wonder: What would "Chick" Clark look like without his cigar?

How George Washington, alias "Flywheel" Jones, would look in stripes?

How Larry "Walrus" Walden would appear in knee pants?

Good ole' fish from Reelfoot Lake in Tennessee. Left to right. (The fishermen, not the fish.) Ed Kairri, Larry Walden, Paul Moore, and Chuck Waldron. The big fish in the center (foreground) is typical of Tennessee prize catches. On a small order, of course.
How the “Tower Twins” would look without a tower?
If Kenny Stiverson has any hair on his head? (Pull your hat off, Ken!)
If Mary Lou Joyner really has a secret admirer? Could be!
And last but not least (wonder I mean):
How your writer would feel with “lots of news”? Hummm! Bye!

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT
OF ADOLPH HITLER
(Selected)
Phew Roar of Cholmony
(Dated — Very Soon)
I, ADOLPH HITLER, being of unsound mind and misery, and considering the possibility of a fatal accident known as assassination, declare this to be my last (you hope, you hope) will and testament.

To RUSSIA, I leave the Russian Winter where my brave Aryan soldiers froze to death, just when we expected to land Deep in the Heart of Moscow.

To ENGLAND, I leave the original manuscript of MEIN KAMPF which their RAF spoiled. I had written a different finish, but their flyers got me in “the end.”

To NORWAY, I leave my advice for any potential Quislings. To wit, “There’s no social security for the Wages of Sin.”

To ITALY, I leave Japan the land of the Rising SCUM, and vice versa. It’s a question who’ll be getting the worst of it.

To POLAND, I leave a 16 x 10 gold framed photograph of myself to hang in their public schools to scare the h—— out of any kid who might even think along Nazi lines.

To AMERICA, I leave Walter Winchell who always said, “To Hell with Hitler.” I know he’ll be very busy on my funeral day so he’d better not come — business before pleasure.

To MUSSOLINI, I leave my Chaplin moustache, which he is to make into a toupee for his ivory dome. That’s to make up partly for the loss of his African Empire.

To FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, I leave my apology for interrupting his fishing, but he got even.

To COUNT CIANO, son-in-law of Mussolini, I leave the Victoria Cross for bringing down in one day, 41 bombers and 72 fighters (all Italian).

To WINSTON CHURCHILL, I leave a box of matches. I never yet saw his cigars lit. Besides, who’d need matches (where I’m going) in Hades?

To GENERAL MacARTHUR, I leave money for my tombstone with this epitaph:
EENEY MENEY MINY MO.
HERE LIES HITLER BY THE TOE;
UNDERNEATH HE SEEMS TO SAY:
“MY MASTER WAS THE U.S.A.”
AND TO THE ENTIRE WORLD, I JUST LEAVE, AND THEY THANK GOD!
(Signed) Adolph Der Fewer Der Better

FERNANDO NARANJO
The many friends of Fernando Naranjo, former Inter-American Cadet at the Tech School who is now with the Inter-American Airways, Inc., will be happy to know that he has recovered from an appendectomy recently undergone.

GLAD TO PAY
by Betty Bruce
A War Bond? Why, I need so many other things today,
And really after all there are others who will pay.
I want a hat, a dress, a bag, and, yes, a pair of shoes.
These help me so to build morale, when I have got the blues.
I know my friend, you mean all right, but take a look at France,
There was a place of gaiety, where Frenchmen sang and danced.
They didn’t stop to buy their share, in Paris they laid down,
But now they have to pay a debt to Huns who wrecked their town.
Here in our Land we have the things no other Country knows,
Our little things, like clubs, and parks, and even picture shows.
Each one in any other place would be a luxury.
Where to us they mean so little, in this Land where men are free.

So buy the Bond, forget the hat, the dress, and even shoes,
You’ll have a better reason for chasing all your blues.
If you can say (just to yourself) I’ve done my share today,
To keep us free, to keep my land, I’m very glad to pay.

HIGH BLONDE PRESSURE
by W. Bruce Haughton
I’m through with all women. They’re fickle, untrue. They make you, then break you, and laugh when they’re through. They wreck and degrade you with motives with lace, then reward all your love with a slap in the face.

There’s not one alive who’s worth all the misery that men must survive to win their black hearts (where a flame seems to dwell, that is fed by the men who are under their spell).

I’m through with all women. They cheat and they lie; they prey on us males to the day that they die. They tease us, torment us and drive us to sin. Say! Who is that blonde who just now came in?

ENSIGN MEYERS

Ensign Geraldine Meyers (right), a Miami girl who completed a course in Radio Communication at the Technical School before entering the WAVES, laughingly refused to reveal her destination or the nature of her work when she was quizzed by “Slave” Thomas during her visit to the School on Friday. Geraldine’s father, Ray Meyers, is Chief Electrician of the Tech School.
If you have been down this way recently you have seen the large Red Cross Flag and posters in our main lobby. No one can say that they were not placed prominently because a gentleman, unknown, recently asked Minnie Cas- sel to confirm the fact that he was in one of the Emb- ry-Riddle buildings and not the Red Cross headquarters.

We welcome to Embry-Riddle and the Colonnade building Helen Blake and Jeanne Van Devere, the most recent members of Buzz Cooper’s Link Harem. Helen, by the way, is no amateur at this flight game, having 120 hours flying time. Jeanne should feel right at home as she is a graduate of the University of Miami which is just a “stone’s throw” from the Colonnade.

Speaking of the Link Harem, they are looking very trim in their new regulation blue slacks.

Frances Weist has the outer office look- ing just like home . . . every day she brings a lovely bouquet of flowers to grace her desk . . . certainly cheers things up, Frances.

Our boy Johnny, who is Maxine Hurt’s husband, has been made Permanent Party and this pleases us almost as much as it does “Max” . . . she has unselfishly shared him as an escort for many a weekend, which otherwise would have been very dull, due to the absence of . . . well, you know who, Johnny is in the Navy.

Nancy Hawes Patine of the Radio department has joined the Personnel staff. She was secretary to Mr. Matney. Gertrude Bohres is back at work in record time, after having a touch of the flu. Glad you are back and fully recovered, Gertrude.

It was like “Old Home Week” at the Deauville on Sunday . . . everyone and his brother was there . . . Tech folks we haven’t seen since we moved to the Colonnade Building. We missed Wain and Vadah (of the Fly Paper, naturally) and a few others. They had better get over here and get in on some of the unrationed sun and stuff. We aren’t kidding when we say unrationed . . . yours truly looks just like a first cousin to a lobster . . . our best friends don’t even recognize us.

Emmit Varney, Personnel Director (boss to us) recently received the following: “Enroute to Camp Grossed Goo . . . via the usual procedure: Swell gang of men here, food has not changed in quality or quantity, awaiting with expectation assignment out of Blanding. Signed, General Peterson, Alias Private J. K. Patterson.

We would like to know who Margaret de pamphila of Personnel was thinking of when she made a neat little holl of a five dollar bill and calmly tossed it into the waste paper basket. It didn’t stay there long. Of course . . . Bones were almost broken when the entire Personnel department made a dash for the basket.

When Margaret came out of her beautiful daydream, she demanded that Mr. Wimbles give it back. He did, but most re- luctantly and we don’t blame him. It was a tough fight getting it.

Mr. Varney spoke Tuesday evening at the Miami Y.W.C.A. Business and Professional Girls Club. He stated that women are now able to handle jobs previously performed only by men. Some five million women are working at these jobs as compared to a few thousand a few years ago. Embry-Riddle exemplifies Mr. Varney’s statement.

The following is a sequel to Jim Troy’s poem which appeared last week. It is sub- mitted as an apology to Mr. Hickey (Sparkie) whose name was left out of the poem by mistake.

From East and West and North and South
It’s being passed by word of mouth
That someone went upon a lark
And didn’t even mention Sparky.
Now that’s not true, as we well know
So here and now I’ll tell you so.
First let me say it must be great
To be so good a poem you rate.
But of this man we will impart
He’s witty too as well as smart
It’s Hickey this and Hickey that
It’s Mr. Hickey who’s at bat
With Selwyn, Fuel and Ratio too
You’ll know a lot before you’re through
On talks of clubs you’ll find him mum
But brother does he beat the DRUM
With Medelaf and scales Atomic
He can really turn your Stomick
Don’t take offense at your omission
For now we’re square with this edition.

Now that that’s settled we can tell you about the Houghton’s Hotshots. They took three games from the Purchasing department. “Doubting” Thomas is leading with an average of 171. Good work, boys!

We are very sorry to bid our friend and co-worker, Bob Kraft, adieu. We wish him all the luck in the world as he goes to work on the line and hope that when he has perfected his skill in Instruments, as he hopes to do, we’ll see him come back.

To The Passing Students

Now listen you Guys in AMC
I’ve two swell brothers in this Arm-ee
John’s in the Meds
Joe’s a Cadet
It’s up to you Guys
Which brother will sweat.
I love both my brothers
As you can see,
But this is the thing that’s worrying me
Are you going to give John—
BONES TO REPAIR
Or are you going to keep Joe—
UP IN THE AIR?

---

CHAPMAN CHATTER

Continued from Page 3

offered to make us a target. It seems kinda’ silly to waste shot on a target though when there’re so many unprotected students wandering around loose, but then that’s one rule of the game.

The day has come when the best of friends must part, and so Jimmy “Thigrate” Gilmore leaves us to seek fame and fortune in the big city and requests that there be no “moaning at the bar.” It’s been loads of fun working with Jimmy and listening to his inexhaustible bits of poetry, the least of these being the one about the “geese.” All the gang wish Jimmy the very best of luck. May he always keep the gals happy and those spurs jingle jangling.

It’s nice seeing Dave Narrow, Jim Pol- lard, Martha Brosnan and Lil David back in the line of duty after illness, vacations and such. It’s also extra-special nice having Bob Woodward down for a short visit. We would like to make a permanent fixture out of Bob, but so would Mr. Ford.

An Instrument Rating and all the glory attached thereto was Dave Pearlman’s Mon- day following a nerve racking period of trial and tribulation. Congratulations, my friend.

The $64.00 question this week: Why were Lewis Loitner, Melvin Brown and Paul Lovett so tartibly tired when they got back from Lantana last week? Anna Poszgay knows, but she won’t tell.

Next week “The Happiness Boys” are going to edit a “My Day” column, so don’t miss it.
Athletically Speaking

by Lloyd Budge

The athletic endeavors of our students and fellow workers continue at a hectic pace as the Fly Paper goes to press this week. The new Inter-Mural Basketball league got under way; Badminton play for mixed groups on Friday was again a huge success; the Gold Ball Basketball Team put the finishing touches on their fast break system in preparation for the tournament beginning Monday; the Bowling league saw a few upsets as it finished its seventh week of play at Recreation; and the Spring weather brought out the talk of Softball leagues so it probably won't be long before we are hearing the familiar third of bat against ball.

The Inter-Mural Basketball league was opened by Class 16-43-E taking the opener from Class 17-43-E by a score of 33 to 20. Zientarski and Romano of the winners were the high point getters for their squad, bagging 14 and 13 points respectively. Each hit the basket six times from the floor.

Lovin' of the losers scored 13 of his team's points and also connected with six field goals. In the second contest, Class 2-43-B's No. 2 team defeated Class 15-43-E by the count of 36 to 24. Caldwell, tall center for the winners, was high scorer with seven field goals and two free throws. Hopkins, forward for the losing team, gathered six field goals for a total of 12 points.

The refereeing and scoring duties were performed by Irving Gerber and Vernon Kesel of the Military Trainee Varsity Basketball team and the games ran off quite smoothly. League play will be held on Monday and Thursday nights at the Dade County Armory.

The Badminton play saw Cpl. Wettle of the Coral Gables Military office take the major singles honors for the evening, with Lts. Moch and Meyer dominating the doubles play in the men's divisions. In the ladies' events Mrs. Wilkinson and Mrs. Matz won out in a close contest with Mrs. Wele and Mrs. Moch.

Mr. and Mrs. John Nolan and Miss Lucille Wells of Aircraft Overhaul were newcomers who got on to the game rapidly and did well on the practice play. Play will again be held Friday evening at the Armory.

The Embry-Riddle Gold Ball Basketball Team soundly trounced the duPont Navy Headquarters 73 to 36 on Monday night. These boys play in the Florida Gold Ball Tournament opening at the Miami High School Gymnasium on Monday, March 22. They are expected to finish right up in the running with Five by Five, Naval Air Station of Opa-Locka, and Eastern Air Lines in the annual battles for basketball supremacy in this district.

Boasting several former college and high school stars and employing a fast break offense, these boys put on a real show and are worth watching.

As the seventh week of play was completed in the Bowling League, the Tech School P. I. Team was locked in a tie with the Accounting department for first place in the "A" League standing. Each team had won 14 victories and tasted defeat seven times. The Seaplane Base is in third place, trailing the leaders by two games.

In the "B" League the Chapman Field No. 2 Team made a clean sweep of its series with Instruments to go into undisputed possession of first place with 14 wins and seven losses. Administration. Sandblasters and Military Engineers are tied for second place, one game behind the leaders with 13 victories and eight games dropped.

The Independent League play finds Gladys Goff of the Engine Overhaul department four points out in front of Albert Dick who is her nearest rival. Mrs. Meade Shepherd holds up third place in those contests. After the remaining two weeks of play are completed, there will be an elimination team tournament for the Company Championship. For further information, bowlers should consult Lloyd Budge at the Athletic office.

Plans are now under way for an Inter-Company Softball League which expects to get started about the third week of April. Devotees of the diamond sport are being warned to get in shape since Accounting, last year's winner, have already expressed their intention of again taking the winners.

This guy tickles Cadets at attention

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
2-43-C 0 1 0 0 1 4 0 6 3 2
2-43-B 0 0 0 1 0 2 1 4 1 1 6
Line-Ups
2-43-C

A B R E E
Hopkins, sf 30 10 Clark, c 4 0 1 1
Webber, 3b 30 10 Bosec, f 4 0 2 1
Vogelsh, rf 31 00 Caldwell, lb 4 0 1 0
Gibson, H 30 00 Coffman, 2b 3 2 1 1
Crochios, p 32 10 Thomas, ss 3 0 0 0
Spack, 1b 31 10 Mauro, 3b 3 1 2 2
Simonson, 2b 32 20 Casey, H 3 0 1 0
Roudebush, c 30 20 Stanwood, cf 3 0 1 0
Liner, cf 20 00 Penell, rf 3 0 0 0
Burke, ss 30 02 Knight, sf 3 1 2 1
Total 30 6 8 2 Total 33 4 1 6

SHOOT 'EM DOWN

To the Tune of
"Put On Your Old Grey Bonnet"

Shoot down that damn jap bomber
With the rising sun upon her,
And we'll make those yellow devils pay.
We will fight all the harder
When we think of Pearl Harbor
And that Wake Island was hell.

Tell the United States Marines
Fighting in the Philippines
And the Sailors at Manila Bay
That the Air Corps is coming
With the big motors humming
And we'll make those yellow devils pay.

With the Flying Fortress loaded
And the bombs to be exploded
Upon Tokyo, the capital of Japan;
So, they'll always remember
The Seventh of December
When they tangled with Uncle Sam.

by S/Sgt. Ernest W. Hepp
Class 3-43-BSp.

VICTORS

by Sgt. Gunter

The 2-43-C Welding class emerged victorious in the Embry-Riddle Softball Elimination Contest.

Defeating a fighting 2-43-B Sheet Metal team, the Welders took advantage of the six errors committed by the opposition and poured out hits when most needed to come out on the top of a 6-4 score.

Featuring the game for the Welders was the hitting of Roudebush and Spack. Roudebush driving in two runs with two hits and Spack putting the game in the bag in a lucky triple with bases loaded in the sixth inning.

Bosec, Knight and Mauro predominated in the hitting for the Sheet Metal team, gathering two hits apiece.
THE "GOSSIP GREMLINS"
by Patricia Drew, Engine Overhaul
Department, A. & E. Division

I've been reading in magazines and papers,
Of the funny little Gremlins and their capers,
Some are naughty—some are mean,
Some just mischievous—others a scream.
It seems they get the blame each day,
For tricks or accidents that the Fates play.

But two Gossip Gremlins are loose in our city,
And the trouble they cause is really a pity.
One is called "I Heard," and the other "They Say,"
And the gossip they create grows worse each day!

Already they have planted seeds of discontent,
And made things seem worse than ever were meant.
People have been hurt—and friendships scattered.
But the Gossip Gremlins laugh harder, to them it doesn't matter.

So let us firmly resolve the next time they appear,
To ignore all their gossip—don't lend them your ear;
When they and we are united—this is my firm belief—
They'll disappear like magic—and won't that be a relief.

OLD BLACK JOE GREMLIN

Old Black Joe Gremlin Decides
That A Control Cable Will Make
Make A Fine Guitar String

No Time to Putter Around

You can't get very far down the fairway without a driver. And you can't get very far in Aviation without training. But with it, there's practically no limit to the advancement you can make.

Right now, there's an unprecedented demand for trained men to fill important jobs in every branch of Aviation. Good jobs which will be even better in the years ahead. Why not build your future where opportunity knocks the loudest?

Do you want to build 'em? Fly 'em? Keep 'em flying? Would you like to be an instructor? Embry-Riddle, with 41 different courses, can give you training you need to qualify. Get the facts now. Plan to enroll soon.

Emby Riddle
SCHOOL OF AVIATION
3240 N. W. 27th Avenue Miami, Florida
Phone 3-0711

Paula Garzon de Lopez
Cochabamba 721
3° piso dte. O
Buenos Aires, Argentina