CARLSTROM FIELD OBSERVES FIRST ANNIVERSARY
OF EMBRY-RIDDLE AIRCRAFT AND ENGINE DIVISION

When Riddle Field sent six Primary Trainers to Carlstrom a year ago, no one had the slightest idea as to the fate of these airplanes. They were sent here to undergo major overhaul, but as far as those accepting the planes were concerned they might just as well have sent six submarines and our facilities for overhauling them would have been as adequate.

It was true that Carlstrom Field had the best maintenance activity of any primary training school in the Southeast Air Corps Training Center, but the function of maintenance was to maintain the equipment in service at the School and not to perform major overhaul of aircraft not in service.

Army regulation calls for DIR (Depot Inspection and Repair) and we were far from being a Depot. But something had to be done with the airplanes, so T. W. Nelson, Superintendent of Maintenance, had them placed in a hangar and proceeded along with Joseph R. Horton to make arrangements for their proper dispensation.

Within a few weeks word was received that an overhaul Sub-Depot was to be set up at Carlstrom Field. One hangar was to be equipped and used expressly for this purpose. Four men were selected to work under the guidance of Jan Klint who at that time was in charge of a small group doing minor repair work to control surfaces.

The general condition of Primary Trainers throughout the southeast was such that in order to continue training the thousands of pilots necessary they would have to be overhauled on a production basis, thereby giving a constant flow of new airplanes to be used for training purposes.

Now came the big job. Before there can be production there must be planning, intensive planning, research and special equipment, to say nothing of manpower and the training of workers.

The four men selected to work with Mr. Klint were assigned immediately the task of disassembling down to the bare framework the six airplanes received from Riddle Field, constructing storage bins, parts racks, benches, machine tool stands and constructing any pieces of equipment that could be made by hand.

During this process Mr. Nelson and Pete Prince, our Maintenance Hangar Chief, worked day and night planning for the placement of employees and ordering hundreds upon hundreds of parts while Jan Klint provided for the technicalities involved with the aid of the four mechanics—only one of which remains, our present Chief Inspector.

By this time it was safe to say that an Overhaul department became realized. With the shop as nearly complete as possible, the next step was to set it up as a separate department administratively and otherwise.

The official dedication of Overhaul was made with T. W. Nelson as Superintendent, P. R. Prince, Production Manager, Jan Klint, Chief Inspector, and department heads selected from Maintenance.

The department heads were: Les Lewis, Primary Assembly; Elmer Shultz, Disassembly and Final Assembly; Raymond Pries, a newcomer from Pan American Airways, Fabric and Stenciling; Charles Bethel, Spray Shop; Jim Suits, Wood

Continued on Page 12
Letters to the Editor

6, Vicarage Road
King's Heath
Birmingham 14
England
February 28, 1943

Dear Editor,

I hope this letter finds you, as I don't know your official address. But the fame of the Fly Paper is such that it doubtless will!

The main reason for this letter is to ask you if you could mail me another copy of the Fly Paper containing the "Listening Out" of Course 9, No. 5 BFTS, Clewiston.

I have the issue before and the one after, but this one seems to have got lost somewhere on the way. I want it particularly as my husband was one of that course, and I'd hate to miss it. Thanks very much, if you can.

At the same time as making this request I'd like to say "thanks" too for sending me all the others. It was an unexpected pleasure getting them, and I've thoroughly enjoyed reading them.

They have given me a very comprehensive idea of the "goings on" at Riddle Field, not to mention all the rest of the Embry-Riddle organization, and that helps a lot when you have to be away.

My husband has just gone back to camp after his first leave back in England—complete with the "wings" Embry-Riddle helped him to get.

Thanks once more for sending me the Fly Paper.

Yours sincerely,
Pamela Briggs

Editor's Note: We're very happy to send you extra copies of the issue you missed, Mrs. Briggs; and we are also glad to hear that the Fly Paper succeeded in forming a link between you and your husband during his stay in our country.

Letters from Former Students

"I am indeed very grateful to you for forwarding my diploma to me. I received it yesterday. I can assure you that I was as much surprised as I was pleased when I opened that envelope. It is worth far more than fifteen weeks of studying to obtain such a beautiful diploma.

"I have been rather busy during the past three months, hence the delay in writing. One of the hardest tasks a soldier has is to find time enough to write to all of his friends. It's just one of those things, Mr. Ireland.

"For the past three months I have been testing aircraft engines—Pratt and Whitney R-985 and R-1340, I like it very much and it serves as a good review of what we studied at good old Embry-Riddle. It will also be a great help to me in my future career.

"I applied for appointment as Aviation Cadet about two months ago and I have been busy ever since brushing up on my engines and planes. I am also brushing up on mathematics, which plays a great part in aviation. I have already passed my mental and physical tests, thus leaving me a final interview with the Aviation Cadet Board.

"Now that I understand aircraft engines it will be easier for me to understand the planes. It is my desire to fly one of those Flying Fortresses some day, and I won't stop studying until I attain that goal. I will try my best to make a success of it in any matter how tough the going may be.

"Most of our outfit has been shipped out at different intervals, leaving about six or seven of us here in different parts of the Field. Pfc. Mitchell and I have been together ever since we arrived here and we are still together doing the same work at the test blocks. He also likes testing the engines and is very efficient in his work.

"As the weeks go by we are proving to the civilian mechanics here that we are much better than they are. We are out-producing them more and more each week. You can be assured, Mr. Ireland, that we aren't letting Embry-Riddle down.

"With regards and best wishes to you, Mr. Smith, the entire staff and the instructors on behalf of the boys and myself, I remain

Very respectfully yours,
Pfc. Theodore Cieslewicz

Editor's Note: The above is a letter from Pfc. Theodore Cieslewicz who was graduated from Embry-Riddle September 19, 1942 with Class 4-42-A, 14th. Irish. Head of Military Training, Pfc. Cieslewicz was the honor student of the Class and is now stationed at Robins Field, Ga.

"Well, here it is just about a month after we graduated from school. We seem to have hit it very good so far because we've been working about two and one-half weeks on planes. Right now we're working on B-26s, B-24s and B-17s, but we don't expect to stay here much longer.

"We were sent to Robins Field, Ga., right from school. A few of us expect to get Sergeant's stripes in about 10 or 12 days but one never knows, does one?

"Well, there isn't much more to say so I had better close now before I start throwing the bull. So long and keep those potential crew chiefs going. Did you hit 800 yet?"

Editor's Note: The above is an excerpt from a letter received by Mr. Goeckle of the Aircraft department from Pvt. Charles Wilson, who was graduated with 8-43-E.

BUY WAR BONDS
Another of the famous “Strabismus News Letters” arrived this week from Desmond Leslie, Course 5, a former Associate Editor of this column; so we reprint it here in full. Write us again Desmond, it is always good to hear from you:

Dear Embryo Riddles: I have just read with pleasure your No. 9 Listening Out, and delighted in its originality. The photos brought back many memories. Only one thing I would not recognize, the trees, grown out of all belief from the little shrubs of ’41. (Get some in.)

Le Grand of No. 6 Course turned up here, and we are doing a rather stooge job with the Army. Shades of Brink and Hunziker. I fear our circuits differed greatly from those orderly oblongs laid down in Primary and Basic. Split S circuits at nought feet are the order of the day, dictated purely by necessity.

Landing in make-shift fields, amid trees and haystacks, Jake Field seems like Washington Airport besides them. Good practice! Next time we see a concrete runway, we shall wonder what it’s all for.

Looking back on Riddle Field, one building stands out in memory more than others. I mean the original edifice to be reared on that four square miles of Steamman strewn wilderness—Mrs. Vann’s canteen. (Editor’s note: This canteen was recently removed because of the new barracks in that area.)

During the weary weeks when King’s regulations and S/L Burdick had decreed I should remain in camp, it was the only place not out of bounds. I’d spend the evening vaguely sipping cokes and philosophizing with the kindly Mrs. Vann.

Veteran “Riggy” Riggs (January ’41 to July ’42, by jove) was usually there helping her serve drinks. Then that green car would depart the Admin building in a cloud of dust, and I’d wish short life to its tires.

Bits stand out incredibly clear in the memory, so much so that I feel if I took off from here tomorrow, I should find myself over LaBelle and presently Jake Field and that funny little lake—what was it called—“Oskewawa?”

It would be fun to lob down at Riddle in one of these kites, even indulge in a mild shoot-up. Harry Hopkins’ circular smile still radiating; Jeff and Ken the medical orderlies; kindly, delightful folks whom one remembers clearly long after more important names have faded utterly.

Then there was Instructor Bob Walker on Primary, in those days, tireless and so very patient. He treated me like a nervous and untrained race horse, and I was very nervous at first. During those first tricky five hours, he gave me confidence.

He never nattered or “bound” at me, which to some pupils is fatal. I have seen many Instructors come and go since him, each endeavoring to thrust some aviational fact into my dumb cranium. But it was Bob who taught me to fly. More power to him.

I remember a grueling interview with Mr. Hunziker after a certain bit of horse play, when a nude taxi man appeared like a banshee in the canteen. But we cleared up the misunderstanding and it turned out for the good; we parted the best of friends.

Bob bailed me out of that scrap too. Then there was cute little Catherine Minges, who seemed so out of place in the Adjutant’s office, when you were waiting to be marched in a charge. And our old friend, Joseph Christopher Columbus, a waiter who used to organize for me black market cream, from the Officers’ tables.

Then there was Mrs. Davies who used to hold magnificent shindies for us in Palm Beach, for the good of our souls and...
CADETS OF THE RAF IN REVIEW

RIDDLE ROUND-UP

Continued from Page 3

the detriment of our flying. I remember John Paul Riddle’s black monoplane which we were indiscreet enough to “shoot up” on Basic.

Talking of Basic, how many of you remember when the whole Flight got in good and proper for beating up Fort Myers? We were the cream that curdled. You should have heard the “Gunner”!

We weren’t so bad. Only one prang (accident to you). No failures in Wings exams. (Cries of line, line—horrible line.) But we were a wild lot—always walking up elimination walk on some pretext or another.

Thank you for sending the souvenir magazine. It’s a fine bit of work. Kenneth Rampling did a good job on it. Talking of “Ken,” I ran into George last Sunday in the lounge of Grosvenor House. He informed me that Ken was C.O. of Prune’s Purgatory at Brighton (The discipline Course). We thought it highly appropriate. He invited the conviction he would have me there shortly. I told him I didn’t like the sea much anyway.

I apologize for calling this a news letter; it has turned out to be a tangled reminiscence.

Let us end with a lullaby:

Twinkle, twinkle Riddle Tower,
Natter, natter, hour by hour.
Up above the Field so high,
Like a toothpick in the sky.

Honorable letter to excellent Riddles has reached esteemed end. Miserable sign off.

—STABISMUS

Riddle Field News

from Jack Hopkins

Among the visitors at the Wings Parade last week were John Paul Riddle, Mrs. J. G. McKay, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. J. G. McKay, Jr., Bob McKay, Wain Fletcher and Vadah Thomas.

Course 12 has appointed a committee to begin work on the Course’s Listening Out, with Cadets Clarke, Rissan, Collins, Wilkinson, Davies and Allen being appointed.

Word has been received here that Dave Shingleton-Smith, Pilot Officer, who was graduated with Course 6, has been killed in action.

We have also heard from Bob Cossins of Course 10, who was discharged for medical reasons, Bob is now at a hospital in Canada and reports that his condition is much improved. He asks that he be put on the mailing list of the Fly Paper, and his request, of course, is being complied with immediately.

It is with regret that we learn of the death of Pilot Officer Melvyn Old, Course 5. Our sincerest sympathies to his mother, who informed us of the tragedy.

New Cadet Under Officers

Appointments of the Cadet Under Officers have been made as follows:

Senior Under Officer—Cadet M. B. Campbell, No. 1 Squadron.
No. 3 Squadron—To be selected later.

Propaganda

A wondrous subject to pursue,
In these days of slander,
That subject which they call the news,
In all the saner people’s views,
Is really . . . propaganda.

SQ. COMDR. COCKRILL BACK FROM ENGLAND

The Tech School had a pleasant surprise last Tuesday when Squadron Commander John T. Cockrill stopped in to pay his respects to John Paul Riddle, after a three months stay in England.

Sq. Comdr. Cockrill flew to the British Isles early in the year to attend the Standardization School for Instructors and to observe operational and training methods in that country.

After reporting to Mr. Riddle, Cockrill returned to Riddle Field, where he will meet with the Instructor staff and give them the benefit of his experience.

One of the first dozen Instructors at Carol-

THANKS, MR. HAWKINS

Just a bit, Hoppy, to say thanks for squirting us about during our stay in Clewiston last week. The Wings Parade was a ceremony we shall not forget, and our experience in the Link Trainer was equally, though not similarly, impressive.

The hospitality of Riddle Field as a whole and your own Hoosier brand of friendliness has left us without words to express our appreciation. We hope you will give us an opportunity to entertain you in Miami before much time elapses.

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Dear Fly Paper: Pals,

The turning point in “ye editor’s Fly Paper career” has come. The point where he will turn over his duties as this spasm sheet scribbler to another with newer and better ideas. We’ve enjoyed to the utmost our correspondence with you over a period of several months and will still keep in contact with you with a few words along with those of your new correspondent.

We highly recommend Kenny Stiverson to this enjoyable task. He has been our good associate for several months. Kenny was born in Chattanooga, Tenn. In his earliest years he was taken to Ohio, remaining there three years and then going back to his old home town. From Tennessee to Florida, where his high school days began and ended with his graduation in 1934 from the DeSoto High School in Arcadia. He enjoyed playing football and basketball during his school days, but his real hobbies were swimming and fishing.

Our friend took up radio work and was service manager for the Holton Electric Company for two years and also was motion picture projectionist for a chain of Paramount Theaters in Florida.

He became connected with Embry-Riddle as a Dispatcher at Carroll Field in February, 1942, and came here to Union City at the beginning of this Field the following June. He married Daisy Klenke on September 8 (and what do you know—he still remembers the date). To Kenny we say, “Happy scratching!”

Operations Communique

One new anamometer installed in Operations. We have, in the past, been compelled to call the Ground School and ask for the wind velocity. We want to thank them for their patience all these months.

A quantity of “burp bags” have been handed out to the new Class. It saves a lot of washing.

Elwood Flippin is the name. A hard working Line foreman. He knows where all the best fishin’ is to be found in this neck of the woods. “Flip” is the only man on the Field who can out holler John Brannon.

Irvin Kusrows, Superintendent of Maintenance, can take the smallest number of mechanics and keep the largest percentage of airplanes on the Line of any Maintenance man we have seen.

Lt. Kellam took his primary training at Dorr Field. He says the Field is about ten miles east of Arcadia, Fla. He worked at Carlstrom before coming here, and as near as he can remember, it’s a small airport about six miles east of Carlstrom.

S/Sgt. Davis of Army Engineering just returned from a short trip to Florida. He visited MacDill Field and various other points on the west coast.

Lt. McCrae, Link Officer, formerly of Arcadia, is an old friend of ours. When we were about fifteen years old and “Pinky” was around twelve, the two of us would sneak off and go swimming, stealing a few oranges to eat on the way. There was also a clubhouse in the woods back of his house. The shack was built of scrap lumber and had a secret entrance. Inside were Western magazines, stove, frying pan, and usually a sack of Bull Durham.

All the neighborhood boys congregated there and fried meadow larks and had a secret entrance. Inside were Western magazines, stove, frying pan, and usually a sack of Bull Durham.

Always, someone would get in a good shot and the game would end up in a fight. The next day, however, all this would be forgotten and the gang would be together again.

Now the boys are scattered to the ends of this old hunk of misery called Earth.

New name for “Hop’s” hamburgers: Mooburgers.

Paul Moore has a baby boy. He says that he is feeling fine. We think Mrs. Moore had something to do with it too. Paul won’t admit it, however.

Worried Mind: Mr. Whalen putting up the anemometer.

New Style Wolfing: Grow like a rooster and flap your arms.

“Clammer Gal”: Renna Joyner.

Spring: Opening the windows in Operations.

This about winds up the little ball of yarn for this week. We would like to add, however, these words of wisdom. Don’t ever take off your long handled underwear in Tennessee in the month of March. See you later.

James Whelan, Field Electrician

Frank Haynes, Photographer and Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds
AT EASE
by Lt. Franz Moch

If members of Class 7-43-AM had their way, Embry-Riddle School would soon need a full-time zoo keeper. After capturing two raccoons at the beginning of last week, they brought in succession: a snake, a baby rabbit and everything else down to a dark green grasshopper with yellow stripes.

But they could be persuaded to suppress the collector’s urge and leave the creatures on the field. They haven’t brought in an elephant yet, but they have another week to go, so let’s wait and see.

Wedding bells were ringing last week end, this time for Cpl. Laning. Good luck.

Work on the new playground is progressing and the place will be in full use by next week. Only the obstacle course will not be finished by then. We hope to show some pictures of the boys at work in the next issue of the Fly Paper. They all pitched in and did a splendid job.

Classes 15-43-E, 2-43-B and 2-43-C seem to furnish most of the working power under leadership of: Danio, Bushford, Berardesco, Lauricella, Lombardi, and Oxner—15-43-E; Gottlieb, Henrioule, Melntire, and Howe—2-43-B; Burke, Lesinski, Taylor, and Schweinbraten—2-43-C.

Credit must also be given to the men who assisted as Instructors during physical training periods while work was progressing on the new field. James Potter and Joseph Coffman, 2-43-B, and Walter Kalinoski, 17-43-E, assisted in tumbldng and apparatus; Neil Ekblaw and Paul Flintoff, 7-43-AM, in wrestling; Edward Tivman and James Knight, Jr., 2-43-C, in track.

Lt. Walker receives letters from former students from all over the country almost every day. Some sound very encouraging, others less. But all keep up the spirit, and many of them wish they were back at Embry-Riddle.

Pfc. Heath writes: “I can see now that you weren’t kidding us at the Banquet. So do me a favor and tell those boys that are there to take advantage of it while they have a chance.”

Pfc. Walker of 4-43-A got married to a red headed school teacher and writes that most of the boys have since made corporals.

Pvt. Buckman of 10-43-A got just the work he wanted (one of the luckier ones) and writes: “If it wasn’t for the swell school I got in the school’s carburetor shop, I would not be working at my present job.” He works in the carburetor department.

In a few days we hope to open up a day room for the service men at the Tech School. We have games and magazines, even writing paper (donated by the USO), but we still need a few tables and chairs. We may have those before this paper leaves the press. It’s going to be your room and we hope you take good care of it.

Don’t forget the show every other Thursday at the USO.

We tried to find out something about those camouflage activities in back of the Tech School, but they seem to be too well camouflaged. Maybe we’ll have a story on that next week.

“Syd” Barrowes, Director of Housing for Coral Gables

JUST WHOSE ROD?

Syd Barrowes was top rod on a fishing party last week end when he boated a 64½ lb. sailfish. However, his prowess is greatly belittled by his fellow anglers, Jack Riley, Pat Pettit and Lt. Don Williams, each of whom claims to have landed over his rod one second before the strike.

On board the cruiser Sport 11, these Embry-Riddle-ites apparently spent most of Sunday watching Syd pull in the day’s catch—to his credit go two sailfish, a barracuda and a bonita. The big boy has been entered in the Metropolitan Miami Fishing Tournament.

AFTER THE WAR
by Pfc. Herbert M. Brown, Class 17-43-4

Darling, just before I close my eyes
Each night right after taps,
I pray to God that I will live
To whip those dirty Japs.

You know I’m nothing special,
Just an ordinary guy
Who’ll always fight for liberty
And keep our flag on high.

And in the course of doing this
It may be a little tough
With training that will make us be
All men and not a bluff.

So sweetheart don’t you worry,
Keep your chin up in the air
For honey I am sure that you
Have done more than half your share.

I know that we can lick those rats
And when the War is over
A certain first class private
Will come knocking at your door.

So keep the home fires burning
And I’m sure the time will fly,
Till you’ll once again be greeting
Just an ordinary guy.

It is fitting that we know something of the duties of our Line Chiefs. The Line Chief gets the men in his barracks up in the morning, calls roll and marches them to breakfast, turns in a morning report to his First Sergeant, marches the men to school and turns them over to the Instructors, marches them to and from all meals, supervises their drill, and finally is responsible for their conduct while the men are under his supervision.

It’s a responsible job and one from which a lot of valuable experience can be obtained. The following men are now Line Chiefs of the classes which are housed in Coral Gables:

9-43-AMC—Pfc. Walter Bolin
Pfc. Jack Perkins
10-43-AMC—Pfc. Dwight Elzroth
Pfc. Rhoten West
11-43-AMC—Pfc. William Cox
Pfc. Phillip Lochbrunner
12-43-AMC—Pfc. Frank Vymetal
Pfc. Frederick Green
13-43-AMC—Pfc. Ivan Kostyshak
Pfc. Elmer
14-43-A—Pfc. Harold Hoffman
15-43-A—Pfc. Walter Lada
17-43-A—Pfc. Benjamin Nareski
17-43-A-1—Pfc. Royal Eaton
18-43-A-2—Sgt. Willis Horton
20-43-A—1—Cpl. James Shepherd
17-43-D—Pfc. William Wofford
18-43-D—Pfc. Russell Strand
19-43-D—Cpl. Bernard Burach
20-43-D—Pfc. Ancill Beardsley
16-43-D-1—Pfc. Elmer Van Arkel
16-43-D-2—Sgt. Claude Clark

Class 15-43-A leaves the Gables this week and for the past two weeks now the men have been trying to figure out a way to get in and out after bed check. Now, fellers, your wouldn’t climb over the fence! P. S. You might be a dead pigeon.

Congratulations are in order for Pfc. Joseph Migliorini, Class 15-43-AMC. Joe is going around the Gables these days with a gleam in his eyes and a letter in his hand to his wife-to-be. Congratulations, Joe!

This is a song written by Anthony Bufalo, Class 8-43-AMC, to be sung to the tune of “It’s a Grand Old Flag”:

We are all the boys called Class 8-43
And a fine looking bunch you can see
And we are on the start to do our part
For the land of the brave and the free.

We will do our best so our people can rest
And look forward to Victory,
Should old acquaintance be forgot
Just remember Class 8-43.

Class 20-43-A-2 would like to rent or use a printing press. Rumor has it that they are running short of P.X. checks.
Sgt. “Rusty” Russell expects to be one of the happiest men in Coral Gables in the near future. Congratulations and the best of luck, “Rusty.” What does she look like?

It is understood that the Gables now possesses a talented musician. Anyone would really enjoy seeing this soldier tickle the ivories. How about hearing more of that song that you wrote, Walter?

Arnold Dowdy received a telephone call from Washington last night. The only bad part of it was that it is impossible to send money via telephone.

We are wondering what the attraction is at Ponce de Leon Cleaners.

Jim Omensetter is trying very hard to boost the morale of a certain English girl whom he met in Miami via the telephone.

SAFETY
by Pfc. Raymond L'Euyer

As I stepped into the classroom, One bright and sunny morn, I faced a yellow bulletin. Which many seem to scorn.

In bright and splashy letters It proclaims a Safety Drive, And appeals to each department To please look before you dive.

Daniel—Ernest—Archibald Won't you listen just a second For it's your name I have called.

There is nothing quite so valuable Or marvelous to you As a sound and husky body And a brain that's always new.

Now I'll agree that doctors need Our broken legs and hands And make us almost new again With sets of monkey glands.

But if you've had an accident It's made you stop and think And if you haven't you may have One foot upon the brink.

And this, my friends, is just the point Of our Play Safe Campaign You've got to use the good ole bean To save yourself from pain.

So, if our efforts help to make Your mind more Safety conscious, The posters through the coming year Will give you many hunches.

And so each year our friend, Safety Points out the ways of care, For good health is a wondrous thing And perfect bodies rare.

If a man gets money, he's a grafter. If he keeps it, he's a capitalist. If he spends it, he's a playboy. If he doesn't get it, he's a ne'er-do-well. If he doesn't try to get it, he lacks ambition. If he gets it without working for it, he's a parasite. If he does work for it, he's a sucker. But if he can make more than his competitor—he's a better showman.

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At the point of a gun, members of the Personnel Record Room consented to contribute to this week's column... Nothing like gentle persuasion to get things accomplished... you will see the results farther down the page.

Any hour now more of Tech School will have moved down to the Colonnade... We have the Welcome Committee waiting patiently... they have their little speeches rehearsed, the brass band is on hand and we have our Sunday attire on... all of this is for Mr. Hiss and his crew... We feel that we have a perfect right to be excited, because it has been a long time since we have had so many Tech folks moving down at one time.

The Accounting department reports new arrivals... Elsie Lyon and Vivian Shaffer. Welcome to both of you. We hope you like us. Vivian is another Army wife. Her husband is an Officer Candidate on the Beach... right now he is on the sick list and is in the hospital. We sincerely hope that he has fully recovered before this goes to press.

We called Buzz Cooper in the Link Room for his bit of news, but he informed us that he had nothing to report except that he is very proud of the progress his Link Instructor-Trainees are making... that is good enough, Buzz.

Rumblings From the Record Room

Overheard in passing: We three, Winkin', Blinkin' and Stinken', together with “Glam” Ramsdell, during lunch hour blissfully and very definitely unharmonizing harmonizing “Down by the Old Mill Stream.” Fact is, we were so buried in our work that we failed to note the presence of Mr. Varney at our “upstairs” window. The “Big Boss” let out a loud “What Goes On Here?” and we ended in discord right in the middle of the Stream.

Our own interpretation of virtuoso Helen Morgan—Frances Wiest singing “I'm Saving myself for Bill”—only she is minus the piano.

Over There—and we point with pride to “Congo Jake,” Gertrude's husband, who is in Africa doing his part. Gertrude swears she writes him just as regularly as she waters her Victory Garden, but he reports that her mail never “quite” catches up with him.

Seems that Baby Park and Boney Bass felt awfully industrious last Sunday. Any plutocrats in cars could see these two madly pedaling to and from Tahati Beach. Result: Two Tired Twerps!

Yes, sir—“June” McGill not only left us, but she also upped and got herself hitched as well. And another redskin bit the dust—only in this case it's a gal and Cupid did the shooting.

Maxine “Identification Dept.” Hurt celebrated her conquering of another year. Many happy returns and many more.

Baby Park has been trying to locate one “Mickey” for the past week. Any likely looking lad answering his general description who happens to pass our windows is startled by “Micco Micco Kyyyyyy.” We'll have to hide you yet, Annie.

We have a new flower girl—dainty little Margo de'Amphilis who strews her gardenias from office to office. We want her to know how very much we appreciate her fragrant gifts.

And that, Ladies and Gentlemen, is our worm's eye view of “Our Day”—and now we shall quietly retire to our little “Co·coon.”

HEROES OF PRODUCTION

To determine the “Heroes of Production” of Dade County, those who have worked untiringly to further our War effort, the Miami Daily News is sponsoring a contest.

Committees will be set up in each Emby-Riddle department to select nominees.

Emmitt Varney, Head of the Personnel department, asks all employees to cooperate by making suggestions to the nominating committee.
CADET JOE COCHRAN PREDICTS PROMOTION OF COMIC STRIP MAJOR
by A/C J. O. Laplante

That Flip Corkin, nonchalant and flip-pant Army Air Forces Major and hero of the comic strip "Terry and the Pirates," soon will be promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel is the confident prediction of this reporter.

This is no tongue-in-cheek clairvoyance or blind prognostication— it is practically a statement of fact based on his past performances, or rather, the past performances of his living counterpart, Lt. Col. Philip Cochran.

Col. Cochran’s kid brother, Joe, who arrived at Dorr Field last week end with the Class of 43-I, brought the news which made Flip Corkin’s promotion seem just about inevitable.

Milton Caniff, master mind of the comic strip which features the inimitable Flip, is a college pal of Col. Cochran—and thereby, as the old adage goes, hangs a tale.

Attains Majority

Just a few short months ago, Flip Corkin was a Captain. But his rise was assured when Capt. Cochran was promoted to Major. At the time Caniff announced that his comic strip hero would not be left in the lurch—so he was made a Major too.

Seems that when Caniff began to pencil his comic strip, he decided to pattern his hero’s life and progress after the adventures of his old college pal, Philip Cochran. And the adventures that the youthful Lieutenant Colonel has experienced form a better topic for the biography of a fictional hero than any that imagination could produce.

Some time ago Col. Cochran, who now is blazing his name in the skies of North Africa, executed a feat which ordinarily happens only in books. On a lone patrol in his P-40, he discovered what he was certain was a Nazi Army headquarters. Arm- ing his plane with the light bombs designed for pursuit ships, he set out—again alone—for the isolated building. With careful aim he released his projectiles and wham!—the building disappeared.

It was not until some time later that it was ascertained that an assorted collection of German military luminaries, including two Generals, had had their careers abruptly ended when those small bombs found their mark.

Flip Corkin hasn’t matched that one yet, probably because even the most youthful comic strip fans would scoff at such highly improbably good fortune being bestowed on one lone aviator.

Eric, Pa., has become better known since Flip Corkin began plaintively wishing to go back to his home town. But things have been happening too fast for him to get the chance.

Home to Erie

And not by coincidence, that city also is the home of the Cochran brothers. Kid brother Joe Cochran has been more fortunate than his big brother’s hero double. Just before coming here from Maxwell Field, he had enjoyed a 21-day furlough amidst the scenes which Flip Corkin is longingly hoping to see again some day.

When this reporter left Maxwell Field at the end of February, Joe Cochran’s brother was a Major, with the added distinction of several Air Force decorations. But now, just a few short weeks later, the gold maple leaf he was wearing has been changed to the silver of a Lieutenant Colonel—and he has bagged a mere sixteen planes, enough to make him an ace three times over.

While most of us may be trying to approach the feats of some hero of fiction in a bid for fame, Col. Cochran has managed to make fictional heroes pale into insignificance. His life must continue to be a headache to Milton Caniff, who has chosen to interpret the Colonel’s everyday life into a plausible story for America’s readers. The story sounds more plausible than the actual life.

BUY WAR BONDS

DORR FIELD CADET TRAINS DILIGENCE FOR CRACK AT JAPS

A/C Ed Westlake of 43-H here at Dorr is impatiently biding his time to get into the War in the Far East. It’s going to be a first class homecoming for him because he was in Shanghai when it was occupied by the Japs. He is also anxious to get in on a bombing mission on Japan—his targets have been picked since 1936.

Pretty Scenery

Mister Westlake has a few little personal grudges against Japan he’d like to settle. For instance, the next time he visits China he doesn’t want to be run off the street at eleven o’clock by the Japanese. And another thing, he thinks it will be much easier to take pictures at 30,000 feet than to hide inside a ship’s funnel to evade Jap custom guards.

Of his picture of the Mitsubishi Aircraft plant, Westlake says it got in the picture only because he wanted the scenery behind it. The U. S. Navy was very interested in the scenery he snapped of that plant, and he turned his films over to them at the outset of the War.

The Far East

Westlake’s trip to the Far East not only was interesting but profitable, for he shipped as an officer in the Danish Merchant Marine. His ports of call included every important seaport in Japan, Shanghai, and Hong Kong, as well as several ports in the Philippines.

The principle cities of Japan, Westlake says, are an unusual combination of the modern and the feudal. For instance, Yokohama has a center of a few very modern buildings surrounded by buildings of pure Japanese architecture.

We just hope we are in the Operations shack at “Shangri La” when Westlake gets his chance.

"Ground" Instructors at Dorr Field

At the left Dorr Field students are being shown some maneuver while those at the right, Cadets of 43-G, are figuring it all out

April 16, 1943
Dorr Field's next Buffet Super Supper Dance is to be held Saturday evening, May 1st. The admission will be the same, $1.00 per person, and tickets will be on sale at the front gate.

Personnel from all the Auxiliary Fields are cordially invited to attend. If you missed the last one be sure to come to this one, for besides dancing there will be a continuous beans party.

Beans will be furnished free of charge, with no ration points required either, by Mr. Nicodemus who no doubt has counted them before. He will no doubt count them after the party too and then worry all the week about the bean shortage in the Mess Hall.

War Bond

The grand prize of the evening will be a $25.00 War Bond which will go to the holder of the lucky number.

So all you guys get out your other shirt and you gals dig deep into your hope chests for the pair of stockings you have been saving (for some reason or other) and come on out and have a good time.

Transportation facilities will be adequate, and the round trip fare will be 30c per person. All employees will be required to show their passes when they enter the front gate and any visitor must be registered; so when you put your other pair of pants on, don't forget to change your pass book also.

Army Doings

In the future upon entering the Army Intelligence office the term of address will be Captain Webster. Congratulations, Captain, upon your recent promotion, and may your new responsibilities rest lightly upon your shoulders.

The first thing the Army Operations personnel ask when they enter the front gate each morning—"any inspector today?"

Cpl. Martin will soon be able to count the days upon his own fingers before the fateful day arrives.

Lt. Moore spent the first peaceful night as the A.O. last Friday. Seems that when it's his night to do a tour of duty something always turns up. Maybe next time we can do something about that.

Lt. Harris was transferred to McDill Field the past week. Good luck, Lieutenant.

More Doings

Lois Ingram is recuperating from an appendectomy in the local hospital (and we hear she's enjoying it too).

Donna McLeod is on her vacation in Leesburg, Fla. The switchboard is being held down in her absence by Mrs. Mizzle, the night shift being taken over by Mr. Fipps, guard at the Field.

Congratualtions to E. A. Blair on his recent promotion to Assistant Flight Commander.

In the future, Mrs. Evans will be the scribe for the Short Snorter's Log—OK, Mrs. Evans, I'll be seeing you every Friday—no news and into the doghouse you go.

Howard Melton, gas truck driver, spends his off time out at Pine Level digging around an old Indian Mound. All the Maintenance Personnel are wondering just what to expect.

IDLE THOUGHTS

by Lorraine Boosley

Sheet Metal, Tech

"Tis strange, at times, the thoughts that occur.

In the active, open minds of youth.

Strange, in a way, and expected, too.

For youthful minds should grow, in truth.

As time goes by, and Life moves on.

More depth and breadth is shown in thought.

Their hearts conceive a greater feeling,

And in their souls a change is wrought.

It is one of the mysteries of Life, I suppose,

This aggressive expansion of mind.

Nevertheless, it is bound to take place,

And often surprises you, too, I find.

As never before, you begin to know

Your ways and yourself as you are.

It is as though a shade were lifted

Presenting a view both wide and far.

PLEASE COOPERATE

In order to comply with the rules and regulations set forth by the Intelligence Division of the United States Army, as well as the policy of the Embry-Riddle Co., all employees must wear their identification badges plainly displayed at all times while on the premises of any Embry-Riddle operation.

Your cooperation is requested and will be appreciated.

You find you're more careful of dictation and voice;

You want to be correct in what you say.

You desire that your clothes become you well;

You try to be proper in every way.

You aspire to have habits that denote good taste.

Your fun and work must be the best.

The books you read must be "approved"; Magazines and papers must pass the test.

You decide to study and improve your mind.

Piano, dancing, or voice, perhaps,

Drawing, or painting, or drafting, and such.

You get right to work; no time should elapse.

There are innumerable fields that one can choose.

To satisfy this clamoring urge.

From concentrated application,

Pleasing results are sure to emerge.

There are times when you'd rather be left alone,

When calm and quiet appeal to you.

This gives you a chance to commune with yourself.

And keep your thoughts from going astray.

Then crowds and lights irritate you near;

There's strength and exhilaration in that sphere.

You revel in the chatter and maze of people;

The laughter and song invite no tear.

Still, there are times when the throngs are unkind;

You are just one amidst all the mass.

Strangely alone in the dazzling maze

That rather than soothes you, seems to harass.

It is puzzling to know where to end this poem

For one can't predict a changing mind;

Not even his own can be thoroughly interpreted;

So, I'll leave you, enmeshed in the mood I designed.

* BUY WAR BONDS *
TECH TALK
by Sylvia Maltzman

The sudden ringing of the phone interrupted the process of work on the desk, and the busy girl lifted the receiver. A clear voice inquired if Mr. Gish’s new secretary was there. The answer was in the affirmative. The voice introduced itself as the Librarian and said she was writing Tech Talk for that week and could she ask a few questions.

“Weren’t you standing on the corner of Flagler and 12th avenue this morning wearing a blue and white polka dot dress waiting for number 15?”

“I wait for number 15 every morning,” rather puzzled, wondering if there were spys around.

“Well, I asked you when the bus would arrive and you said you thought in five minutes.”

“Oh,” as understanding spread over her.

The conversation continued, the Librarian asked more questions and received, the girl thought, rather witty answers. Gradually the questions became pointed and were answered more slowly; a few words pro, a few words con, a few more words pro—and yours truly found herself with a column on her hands.

Webster describes a column as a round pillar to support or adorn a building or whatever is ornamental. When the reader concludes this column he’ll know Webster was wrong.

As support: from one sailor to another:

It was midnight on the Hudson,
The whole of the fleet was there,
And high in a Drive apartment
A flapper was in despair.

She couldn’t go out, for mother
Had locked her there in her room;
So she stared at the ships below
With eyes that were full of gloom.

The flash of the blinker signal
From the cruisers dark and grim.
Brought thoughts of a sailor’s sweetheart.
(Shed’d learned the Morse code from him.)

So she picked up her father’s flashlight,
And sent out an SOS,
And a lonely sailor on a signal bridge
Blinked back,
“Hello! Are you in distress?”

“I’m a poor little locked-in flapper,”
The girl with the flashlight whimpered.
“Me too,” said the sailor.
As he blinked, blink, blink, blinked.

“In every port you have a sweetheart,”
Said the flapper who now got flip.
“And you girls,” flashed the sailor back quickly,

“Have sweethearts on every ship.”

They spoke like this for an hour,
Of seasickness, judge, spumoni,
The park, the drive to spoon.

“May I come around and see you?”

“Tomorrow’s my day on shore.”
“I live on the Drive,” she answered.
“Nine hundred and eighty-four.”

“Good night, sailor-boy,” she signalled.
“Good night,” went the sailor’s light.
And every ship in the fleet flashed back,

“We’ll be there, little girl, good night.”

Tidbits of Tech Talk . . . our nomination for swell people—the Levoya, Virginia and Tech Sgt. Gene . . . If Eric Sundstrom continues to hide behind doors with a big black cigar in his mouth and frighten the wits out of the girls in Military Training he won’t be able to exchange witticisms with them.

We wager the anonymous soldier who was caught with a razor in his hand and clad in his shorts during the fire drill will be sure to wear more clothing in the event of such emergencies . . . What occasion will occur sometime in the future and to what people? Me know me no tell.

Like the little boy who got what he wanted after much crying, Ralph Kiel is happy that he has an AAA cigarette lighter . . . Visitors to the School may come and go but the two most constant habitats are the feline guests who nonchalantly wander in and out of the offices.

Powder room chatter . . . “Darn these erats hose, they’re forever wrinkling like an old prune” . . . “Don’t ask me to move, I can’t budge an inch” . . . “Look at me, I look as if I’d been through the ringer” . . . “Hey, Kid, did you have to have a coupon to get those shoes?” . . . “Who has to have a coupon to get some feet?” . . . “Gosh, I’m glad for my badge after seeing yours” . . . “Now, what are you girls fussing about?”

Here’s a challenge, men of Embry-Riddle: Stand up against the wall, facing it and take three steps back. Place a chair between you and the wall; bend down and put your head flat against the wall; take the chair by both sides of the seat and raise it, then stand up straight. The trick is to stand up—if you can.

George T. Ireland, Supervisor of Military Training, is soon being congratulated by Jo Avall on his 365th day at the Tech School. Reading from left to right are Helene Hirsch; visiting Basic Instructors from the Ohio—Mar. John Godet and Mrs. Nell Bruen; and Barbara Bradford.

BOWLING

The Embry-Riddle Ladies Bowling team made a very creditable appearance in local kegling circles by taking fourth place in the City Championships held Sunday night at the Palace Alleys. Their showing was exceptional in that it was their first match together and that they were bowling against the best hand-picked teams in the district.

The team is composed of Billie Todd, Edna Callahan, Evelyn Doane, Ethyl Casson and Margaret Dale. Ethyl Casson took top honors in their initial appearance with a set of 460.

The girls are going to compete in the singles and doubles events of the City Tournament this coming Sunday. After that they plan to challenge the leading industrial teams of the district.

The Aircraft and Nut Cracker teams took the A and B tournament honors in the Embry-Riddle Fall and Winter Bowling Championships. Aircraft ran up a total of 2,475 pins to win their division by a margin of 175 over Accounting, their nearest rival.

In the B division the Nut Crackers were closely pressed by Transportation. However, pepped up by the return of their Captain, Billie Todd, who has been on the sidelines for some five weeks because of an appendectomy, they came through by a margin of 32 pins.

Fred Wignall of the Cincinnati Five took the Singles honors with a set of 499. His nearest rival was Ray Lipe of Payroll, who posted a 494.

The doubles were won by the mixed team of Evelyn Doane and Dave Thomas representing the Instrument department. Their score of 396 put them ten pins in front of their closest competition, Wignall and Schwartz of Cincinnati Five.
Hi Yo Ye Lads. Blow up the sails, batten down the hatches, and jack up the airport, for here comes that first solo, namely Captain Wheeler King Smith, followed closely by Lewis E. Werner.

As typical of the first solo, the ship careers drunkenly from side to side as the student pushes, pulls, kicks and tries to remember the fundamentals of coordination.

The Instructor turns pale then limp. First Aid is administered. Student manages however to hit the airport not once but fifty times for good measure. A Kangaroo landing!

The student is down and furthermore the ship is too. The ship is intact and the student reasonably so. Ahhhhh a successful landing!

Instructor looks like the wreck of the Hesperus but is breathing. Student is very happy about the whole thing and so are all those other coke-thirsty well-wishers.

Shangri La

Now that the solos are over, the Navy Boys come to that phase that calls for shooting carrier precision landings. The top deck of the Shangri La seems the most logical place, that is if the C.A.P. doesn’t set up a barrage of anti-aircraft fire.

Speaking of barrages, what Flight Instructor received the Distinguished Service Cross for bravery under the most nerve-racking conditions last week? I asked Jenny what a barrage was and she says, “isn’t that where an inebriated moron would keep his car?”

Embry-Riddle has furnished the WAAF’s with a fair (ah, how true!) portion of feminine pilot material. Catherine Jones, our mainstay in Operations, is the next to go, and altho we hesitate to say goodbye, we hold no restraint in wishing her lots of good luck and many happy landings.

Two Silver Stars

That makes two silver stars on our service flag in Operations now. By the way, Cathy, if you ever get across, will you tell us what happened to Lucky Strike Green?

The Luncheon Club was honored last week with the presence of Babs (Sport) Beckwith, Beverly White, Martha Bronson and Catherine Jones. The point of the meeting cannot be revealed as yet, for I haven’t found out exactly what it was.

One Happy Family

Cute lil’ Anna Posey moves today from the stockroom to the Administration office to increase our happy number to one dozen. An so the wheels of progress purr on.

Those gay Lads on our immortal Army X-C program are still Cross Countrying with a fervent hope of finishing soon while conditions allow. If they stay much longer, they’ll be here when we christen Jungle Jim with Champagne in inauguration of Pollard Field. For Champagne Reggie says he’ll stay six months.

Now we pause to dedicate a moment’s silence in fond memory of the Waco Trio, which have been absorbed by the new order. From now on those 0.330 H. P. Ratings will have to be given on the Link.

A gentle bird is the dodo
His mentality is so so
He’s extinct I know so
But where the heck did he go, though?

TOMBSTONE TECHNIQUE
by R. L. Brooks

2. Start motor without chocks and nobody in the cockpit. The airport is equipped with high nets to catch ships flying without pilots.
3. Take off quickly in front of landing ships. Two crack-ups are always better than one.
4. When motor quits on take-off, circle the field before landing. The fire truck and crash wagon must be kept in working condition.
5. Turn against traffic to keep the other pilots alert. Parachutes are guaranteed to work.
6. Look for traffic only out of the left side. The C.A.A. takes care of the right side, also the pilot.
7. Now assume a graveyard glide . . . cross controls in a low, tight turn and if the flight doesn’t end there:
   (A) Don’t look for the red checkered flag.
   (B) Just land in front of the Stratoliner as it is taking off.

Make reservations now for your Stratoliner.

Last week’s White Caps carried an article dealing in part with the arrival of the Seaplane Base’s latest feline mascot, to-wit, Perseus, more commonly known as Stinky. Perseus received a glowing tribute, but the author of this chef d’oeuvre was accused of “sitting complacently on the ramp feeding Ad’s catch of lil’ minnows to Puss.”

Now, no one—and least of all I, would think of attacking or belittling the actions of the benevolent Mr. Yates, but simply in the interest of clarity and justice we should impartially like to take this opportunity to state that that worthy gentleman was merely following an example previously set by the so-called ramp sitter who, it may be said without fear of contradiction, has a heart of gold as far as animals are concerned. So much for local sabotage.

Laurence de Marco, spaghetti king and Instructor par excellence, roamed in from Clewiston a fortnight ago agog with tales concerning the discomforts of transportation and the faster flying tempo there as compared with that here at the Base.

Day before yesterday the “playboy” of the Base, Willie W., aided and abetted by his unofficial assistant, took it upon himself to erect the wind sock which had unceremoniously toppled over the day before.

Said assistant clung precariously to the slender rod with the twelve foot wind sock pipe teetering overhead.

W. W. firmly attached himself to the lower one’s left foot and placidly observed. The wind proved the winner that day, and the task was abandoned till next morning when reinforcements pitched in.

Now she stands firm—so darned firm in fact that it will take a first class hurricane to dislodge her; but alas and alack, the swivel housed a Gremlin, for regardless of the wind the dear old sock just sagged in the same direction and refused to rotate.

April 12 was a memorable one for not a few here at the Base; on the more cheerful side of the ledger stood the fact that four fledglings attained the first milestone in their flying careers, in that they received their Private Pilot licenses. The happy wing-getters were Clarice Woods and Messers. Cornell, Ingraham, and Wright.

A less happy note was struck in the departure for parts beyond of Steve Grant, popular Instructor; his serene good nature and exceptional ability which have endeared him to us all will be painfully absent from our midst. But to him from us here at the Base comes a whopping big load of good wishes for the best of luck and success in his new venture.
FIRST ANNIVERSARY
Continued from Page 1

Working: Al Williams and Lloyd Rames, Hand Dopeing and Taping; David Pearce, General Inspector; Clarence Harrison, Sheet Metal; Your Truly, Supervisor of Women Employees.

Today I'm sure you would be interested in knowing of the advancement attained by these same people and the whereabouts of those from the group who are no longer with us.

The expansion and growth of Aircraft Overhaul has brought about these promotions: T. W. Nelson, Technical Inspector and Advisor for the entire Aircraft and Engine Overhaul Division; P. R. Prince, Shop Superintendent of Aircraft Overhaul at Miami; Jan Klint, Superintendent of Aircraft Overhaul at Carlstrom; Les Lewis, Chief Inspector and Production Control at Carlstrom Overhaul; Your proud Correspondent, Fabric Department Head; Charles Bethel and Albert Williams, General Inspectors.

In addition, our Service Flag contains stars for Raymond Pries, Elmer Schultz, Jim Suits, D. F. Ponder, Sam Tyson and Ray Prescott. Our Honor Roll proudly displays the names of such loyal and diligent employees as Mrs. Robinson, Anne Baum, Blanche Combs, Alice Clark and Ethel Colman, these comprising the first group of employees to be hired.

After the official start, many problems were yet to be solved. The amount of work available exceeded by far our capacity for producing it at a nominal and smooth rate of production. The reason for this was lack of skilled workers, meaning nearly every worker employed had to be trained for his or her job.

The efficiency of the skilled workers, although very high, was hindered because it was they who had to train the others.

Priorities and scarcities slowed our input of materials, machines and tools. But these problems had to be ironed out as fast as they would arise because time was the predominating element and the same time constitutes the life of an airplane—the life of each airplane allowing the training of a definite number of pilots.

It was our job to work against time in restoring new life to every airplane and at the same time do it in such a way that the new life would exceed the old.

Expansion seemed to be the logical solution to most of our problems, so from the confines of a single hangar we spread to two hangars. Two shifts were formed and the number of employees increased proportionately.

It wasn't long before the unskilled became skilled and our rates of production increased to such an extent that it was necessary to abandon one shift.

Carlstrom Men Who "Keep 'em Flying"

In May, 1942, our first airplane rolled from the hangar to shine in the sun, a silver stranger against a flight line consisting only of blue and yellow ships, each of which was within a few hours of reaching its own time for overhaul.

By October, 1942, the blue and yellow was completely gone, having given place to a line of silver airplanes unrecognized as the same ones. And while a transformation was taking place at Carlstrom Field the same was happening at Dorr and Riddle Fields. Aircraft Overhaul was reaching out.

The quality and substance of the work performed by us here was becoming known throughout the Southeast as the best of its kind. Ranking Military Officials spoke highly of it and we were proud. Our stenciled mark was becoming more and more popular and was seen throughout the country on airplanes and components.

THE ORIGINAL FOUR

Seen above are the four men who started with Carlstrom's Overhaul at its beginning a year ago. From left to right: Lloyd Rames, Chief Inspector; H. L. Fooser, Departmental Foreman; David Pearce, Supervisor; and Jan Klint, Manager.
At the end of a year's time, one can now walk through our shop and find aircraft from four different states, and within the near future four more states will be added to our list.

The number of overhauled airplanes released during the past year is in the hundreds, while the number of wings and relative component parts totals in the thousands. Out of these numbers, not a single failure has been counted.

Our safety record is one hundred percent—personal injury among the workers has been a minimum of minor cuts. The records set here have spoken and will continue to speak for themselves from the standpoints of quality, efficiency, safety and personal pride.

Not one day passes without improvement in our workmanship rate of production. The workers know this to be true and realize the necessity of such progress toward the safety of the boys flying the airplanes and the ultimate winning of the War.

While each and every worker, from our Superintendent to the lowly sweeper, is equally responsible for the amazing progress made by Overhaul in its first year, much credit is due to the fine cooperative attitude of our Army representatives and Charles Berberian, the Army Inspector who has been assigned to Overhaul since it began.

Mr. Berberian's honesty, fairness and ability have made him extremely well liked among the workers and have done much toward maintaining a high standard of workmanship and morale throughout the shop.

As we go into another year it is our firm belief that we will double or even triple the amount of work produced by us. Within two months Aircraft Overhaul will move into a new home.

While we will still be at Carlstrom Field, we will have our own home in two new buildings undergoing construction at this time.

These buildings are to be furnished with the finest equipment available. They have been planned to accommodate a greater volume of work than we are now doing, with the utmost of ease in handling.

To the President of our Company, John Paul Riddle, to the Vice-President in charge of the Aircraft and Engine Division, J. R. Horton, and to T. W. Nelson we extend our fullest appreciation for the kind consideration they have always shown everyone here and for their excellent guidance in making Aircraft Overhaul the successful and important operation it is today.

Anniversary Party

Saturday we celebrated the First Anniversary of Aircraft Overhaul at the Tourist Camp here in Arcadia. In a beautifully decorated hall a buffet supper was served and enjoyed by Overhaul personnel and their families. Turnout was 100 percent.

The hall was decorated with sprays of colorful streamers, evergreen and flowers of all descriptions, artistically arranged to provide the most beautiful setting ever enjoyed by anyone at this same hall.

Supper consisted of perch filet, salads, sandwiches and an array of appetizing snacks. A delightfully decorated cake made the scene complete. Round and square dancing was enjoyed by all, and various amusements took place throughout the evening.

A speaker's stand, arranged in the center of the stage amidst an array of young myrtle and subdued lighting, created a most inviting effect.

First speaker of the evening was Jan Klint, who spoke briefly on the importance of our work and thanked the members of Overhaul for their efforts during the year.

Continued on next page
Wing Flutter
by Catherine W. Kerr
Aircraft Overhaul, Miami

Down here at Aircraft Overhaul, Miami, work is plentiful and news is scarcer.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Holt on the purchase of their new home. Jack tells me that we are going to have a house warming. Goody, goody, as all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy—and us too.

Glad to see the smiling face of Gladys Farr back in the dope room from her vacation.

R. H. Savage, one of our first employees at Aircraft Overhaul, wants to tell us about the birth of Florida, so here it is. I am sure everyone would like to hear his version.

When God created America, the cradle of Liberty, where the stars and stripes, the emblem of freedom, should forever wave, he placed on the west the lofty Rockies, with their towering peaks penetrating the blue canopy of Heaven, standing like sentinels over the broad Pacific. On the East he placed the Appalachians sloping gently to the Atlantic, inviting people of other lands to come and dwell thereon.

When God had made this wonderful land, and with vision limitless looked down the aisle of time and saw the mighty empire that would be built thereon, he said it is well that these people should have some place, some spot, where they may have a vision of Paradise and partake for a moment the sweetness of the everlasting.

So he took from every part of this great land of ours some of the best of each and with it he mingled the sparkling moonbeams of a mid-summer night and the glorious golden sunshine of a perfect day, and into it all he breathed the spirit of happiness and thus was Florida born.

The writer might add that Mr. Savage, with all his romance, has celebrated his golden wedding anniversary.

Peter Prince just posed for some lovely pictures, and if they're not good maybe we can tell you the reason.

Until next week, keep 'em flying.

At the Aberdeen (Md.) Proving Grounds, according to Camp Newspaper Service, a basketball game among some officers was waxing hot and heavy. Toward the end of a hectic period, the referee—an enlisted man—loudly blew his whistle and brought the play to a stop.

"One more trick like that," he bellowed at one of the players, "and I'll throw you out of the game—SIR!"

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Office Personnel at Carlstrom

Left to right, standing: Elmo Mac Carlton, Freda Clark, David Garrett (the thorn among the roses), Marjorie Combs, Hazel Crews and Mildred Hollingsworth, left to right, kneeling: Louise De Vane, Louise Crossley, Jean Daughtrey and Jeanie Mack.

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Vice-President in Charge of Aircraft and Engine Division

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SORRY!
The Fly Paper erred last week—it was Capt. D. J. Schoonnaker, not R. J., who was seen chatting with Tech’s Director, James E. Blakeley, and he attended OTS at Miami Beach, not OCS. Please accept our apologies, Captain.
Everyone is news-less, including your faithful reporter. We firmly believe that Spring Fever is on the rampage, which un-
nice in cool weather but slightly uncom-
fortable to be near in this warm weather.
Ingenuity is the result of necessity, in
this case Hazel Keene’s quick thinking.
Sewing a split uniform with wire isn’t being
done in the best circles, but sometimes it
saves embarrassment, eh, Hazel?

Our Romance department, which used
to be under the able direction of Joe Henry,
is at low tide since Joe got married. Other-
wise we probably have all kinds of things
to put in this column.

We are on the lookout for another writer,
so beware. This is a warning to all those
brainy enough to even make X’s in the
proper places. If some news doesn’t occur,
we’ll all give up the ghost.

(Note to Editor: You can see, Wain, we
are in desperate straits. Not dat ol’ Black
Magic, either. A touch of you-know-what.
Please pardon us while we yarn.)

**Gyro Notes**

*From the Colonnade*

Here at the Colonnade Embry-Riddle has
a real Instrument Overhaul Shop. We who
work here are, we believe justly, proud of
our Shop and the work being accomplished.

Just by way of introduction to those of
you who may not know—the shop is in
charge of and under the direct supervision
of Maurice Westervelt, who has spent many
anxious moments and much time and effort
in bringing it to its present place in the
sun.

Around a very small nucleus including
the Stockroom girls, we have today enough
to employ two shifts on overhaul. We are
now working those two shifts of eight hours
each, and who knows but what we will be
working around the clock in a short while.

Mr. Westervelt is working as hard as ever
to improve our shop and set a higher
standard of efficiency.

This past week has seen the coming of
additional equipment which will make for
more and better results in point of instru-
mments turned out. W. C. “Bill” Beckwith is
responsible for a lot of this new equipment.
He has supervised the building of much of
it now in use.

Now, as to Shop Foremen—on the day

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TYPEWRITER GREMLIN

The typewriter Gremlin is a peculiar little devil and is the cause of many a nervous breakdown among stenographers. They will not attack a one finger or two finger expert, because they are too easily detected by a person who watches the keys instead of watching the paper.

If a Gremlin is detected pressing the wrong key, do not attempt to smash him with the finger, but gently remove him and place him in an ink well, to teach him a lesson. If a Gremlin is injured, he will be sure to take revenge by moving the margin stop, locking the ribbon or changing the space to double space.

To get on the good side of a typewriter Gremlin, sing “Holy Night, Silent Night” in a loud shrill voice, at the same time keeping time by banging your head against the desk. While doing this, type the alphabet backwards ten times without stopping. The Gremlins greatly enjoy this performance and will, usually, refrain from hitting the space bar for several hours after each occasion.

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shift, Hugh R. Skinner, Jr. is very much on the job. Say—and when things aren’t going just right, some of his philosophical utterances are worthy of the great Confucius.

The night shift is watched over by “Al” Kimbrough and Walter Dick, who alternate each month. Al is a swell guy, while Dick is not far behind.

This Tuesday just past saw our Government Inspector, “Bro Brown,” leave for service with our Armed Forces. We still have our good friend Fred Vernon Merrit, but he cannot work day and night too, so the night crew have a job figuring out their wants in advance.

“Pinch Hitter”

Leo Raudenbush, who went into our Paint and Radium Room to tide over after Jack Dalton left us, is doing a fine job—a real “pinch hitter.”

Gremlins? Yes, Instrument Overhaul has them. They ride the rotors of the Gyros and cause the most uncanny noises—also swing on the pointer bars, causing tills. They even attack the Altimeters, putting lint, oil or other foreign matter in the pinions, causing erratic readings—or sometimes they even kink a hairspring.

“Voodoo”

Sue Villeneuve, who calibrates our Flight and Turn Indicators, has been practicing “voodoo” or sumpin’ on them. She made a “Gremlin Guard” of modeling clay, safety wire, two worn ball bearings for eyes and bristles from a scrub brush for hair and moustache. He sits up at the head of the room under the clock and must be doing his stuff—the Gremlins haven’t been so bad of late.

Enough for this time. Will try and have more news of activities in the next edition—that is—if there is a next time. This was intended more to introduce you to Instrument Overhaul and some of its personnel.