Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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ART YATES, STUDENT AT SEAPLANE BASE,  
NARRATES FLEDGLING PILOT'S EMOTIONS

Wal, hail and hi ho folks and folkies,  
here sits one ppo' lil' bewildered lil' columnis  
with those last minute hurry-up-and-get-it-in blues and not  
a word of news in sight—All I can see ahead is one "dead-  
line" peering over the wall at me while it kicks its heels in glee,  
leering, "You can't make it."

But just as that villain waves the  
mortgage under my nose—out of the trees  
comes the dashing hero to spare me from  
that horrible fate, that terrible disgrace  
of the Doghouse.

And so it is with a sigh of relief and  
gratitude that I turn this conglomeration  
of words over to one of our most enthusi-  
astic Seaplaners, Art Yates ... who in a  
most delightful manner has unfolded to us  
the story of a student pilot, titled, Tribula-  
tions of Joe Jerk.

* * *

As to the emotions that run thru, envelop  
and confound the poor fledgling pilot, I  
submit the following:

First—previous to instruction the  
embry birdman steeps himself in flying lore.  
Regardless of what deeds of valor or tech-  
nique he hears, reads or imagines, he with  
sublime ease tosses out coldly the actual  
piot while he—Joe Jerk—takes over.

In fancy he performs aforesaid famous  
incidents—shoots down hordes of Japs—  
brings in his riddled plane, usually on one  
or no engines, etc., etc. He at this stage  
has the "bug" but bad.

Countless thousands of these fanciful  
pilots in "make-believe" end their days in  
such delirium, never to get closer to actual  
planes than a moving picture show. But not  
so our hero; he is made of sterner stuff.

We mercifully skip the horrible interim  
between fancy and actuality. Suffice to say,  
Joe Jerk has tortured all obstacles, money,  
family, friends, etc. He has now enrolled  
as a student pilot, passed his physical, and  
comes the great day.

He is in the plane. His instructor sits  
calmly in front. This fact disturbs our hero  
no end. He, alas, is far from calm. He hears  
the careful simple instructions (simple to  
match his state of mind). Comes the taxi
Letters to the Editor

Hutchinson, Kan.
April 29, 1943

Dear Editor:

I have been receiving the Fly Paper regularly since last August when I left the Tech School, where I was assistant to Mr. Barr in the Welding Shop.

Each edition brings more pleasure and I have certainly enjoyed keeping up with my friends in this way.

Please change my address on your files as I am now stationed at the U. S. Naval Air Station at Hutchinson, Kan.

Thanks once again for the paper—I’ll continue to look forward to it each week.

Sincerely,
Robert C. Townsend
Ensign, U.S.N.R.

Editor’s Note: We are sending the Fly Paper to your present address, Robert, but you neglected to give us your old one. We just talked to Arynion Barr and he requested us to tell you that he misses you in his department and wishes you all the luck in the world. Let us hear from you again.

Riverbank Works,
Pollokshaws, Glasgow, S. 3
26th February, 1943

Mr. John Paul Riddle and Mr. John G. McKay
Riddle-McKay Aero College
Clewiston, Florida

Dear Sirs:

I have received the illustrated book of No. 5 B.F.T.S. addressed to my son, Robert S. N. Brown, and I should like to express my admiration for the splendid manner in which you have compiled such a record of the training of that unit.

The illustrations are simply wonderful and have given to us, his parents, a better idea of the various stages of progress towards the final Wings Graduation, and along with that a knowledge of the stuff that is required in carrying through so much complicated work as is entailed in the training of a large body of cadets.

The book itself is a fine memento of his stay in Florida and of the experience he had from the time of his arrival until leaving as a fully qualified pilot.

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking you for all the kindness that was extended to him by the officials and the staff at the Air Field and which he thoroughly appreciated.

He was grateful for the keenness and enthusiasm of the Instructors and the infinite patience which they exercised in their efforts to ensure that every man who was at all capable should qualify.

For all this I thank you, and I am pleased to inform you that so far my son, as a result of that initial training, has, I understand, done his job well.

I am somewhat reluctant to send your illustrated book to him owing to the risk involved in mailing a book of this kind in the present circumstances. On the other hand, I feel it would be unfair to him not to let him have such a record, in which he would be tremendously interested.

I wonder—if you have a spare copy if you would post him one direct. That would ensure that we, the members of his family, would at least have one copy in safe-keeping as a future reference of his training in Florida.

Yours sincerely,
A. C. Brown

Editor’s Note: We are very glad to send your son one of the booklets, Mr. Brown; and we want you to know that your appreciation of the booklet is most gratifying to those who compiled it.

A FORMER STUDENT WRITES

“Just a couple of lines to let you know that quite a few of us are working now in the hangars. We are doing some overhaul on, you guessed it, BT-15’s. There are about 100 to work on. They come in about five at a time and the hangar holds ten.

We proceed according to Tech Order changes in construction, on the ailerons, flaps, and tail cones. The first week John Burlett and I worked in the Sheet Metal shop. We did riveting, etc. on the flaps and ailerons.

Lately we have been assembling the planes and adjusting the ailerons and flaps. Some other fellows have been working on the gas tanks, changing hose clamps, etc.

After talking to fellows from other schools, we realize what a good place Embry-Riddle is to train. We are really making use of the good instruction we received in Dopes, Fabrics and Sheet Metal. One fellow had 15 weeks of Sheet Metal and didn’t even know the rivet code. We had that in two weeks.

“I guess this is all the gossip for now, so I’ll close and say keep up the swell work.”

Editor’s Note: The above is a letter received by J. B. Wilbanks, a Military Aircraft Instructor, from Pvt. Kenneth De Jaflos, a graduate of 11-43-E.

COLISEUM COMMENTS

The Coliseum is now sporting a siren by means of which Instructors and Students will be notified in case of an air raid. The siren was loaned for this use by Instructor Sam Schlappeh.
"BIG SHOTS" AT DORR FIELD

You will in the future address that august gentleman who used to be known as M/S Talley as Mr. Talley. Congratulations, Mr. Talley on your recent promotion.

What, no fox, Major Barry?

Lt. Moore spent his first quiet night as the A O. Sorry, Lieutenant, better luck next time. See you all next week.

To-al'aby yours,

Jack

DORR WINS AGAIN

Carlstrom’s Courageous Competitors came, competed, counted and conveyed Carlstrom-ward last Wednesday, April 28th. All this means simply that in basketball Dorr’s “Golden Boys,” Wilburn, Greek, Ball, Gray and Golden, put Dorr in a lead that Hunter, Cabe, Walsh, Burns, Weatherby, Foy and others never lost.

Several Carlstrom Cadets were excellent individual players and were effective in breaking up passes, recovering the ball to score in many instances. Dorr’s Dribblers showed more team play, passing and team spirit. The change from clay courts to cement courts was too much for the Carlstrom Cagers.

Fine, clean, honest sportmanlike attitudes of both teams made the game fast with few fouls called on either team. Final Score: 46 Dorr; 18 Carlstrom. Boy! Was it Hot!

In softball, Lt. Troy Coley’s Dorr Dragons won 19-7. Carlstrom’s pitcher, A/C Halbirb, performed well on the mound, but Carlstrom’s infielders were unlucky with bad hops on infield hits, to allow Dorr an early lead. Dorr’s McDonald as pitcher was “hot.”

Softball Line-Up

Dorr Field

Tomlinson, H.T.—C Maxon, L. J.—SF
McDonald, E.W.—P Yatsko, M.—LF
Rhea, W. A. — 1st McCahen, T. L.—CF
Brown, H. B.—2nd Subs
Leming, G. W.—3rd Steele, J. C.—P
Curton, W. D.—SS Nader, E.—SF

Home Runs: Maxon, Leming.
Triples: McDonald, Leming.

Doubles: Rhea.

Carlstrom’s line-up was unavailable in the confusion following the game. Every 43-H Cadet participating was ready for more. Lt. Jennings and Lt. McCormick are to be commended for furthering a real recreational competition.

Volleyball games were hotly contested, with spiking and passes very well managed on both teams. Enjoyable competition by each player made an excellent contest of the clash. Little more can be said except that no person need underestimate the team value of volleyball as a sport. Line-ups as follows:

Dorr

Hogan, C. R., Capt. Buckalew, Capt.
Abramson Howard
Williams Hansen
Ferguson Kennison
Bateman Lesher
Whaley Hill

Game Scores

Dorr—15 Carlstrom—8
Dorr—15 Carlstrom—7
Dorr—15 Carlstrom—12
Dorr—15 Carlstrom—10

The tennis team of Dorr won all matches, a grand slam in the sport in which Carlstrom usually excels. Breaking the tournament down, we find Booker of Dorr won from Fowler of Carlstrom 6-2 and 6-4; Ellis won from McIntosh 6-3, 3-6, 6-3; Edwards over Rosenheim 6-3 and 6-2; one doubles in which Berry-Tanner in combination overcame Caldwell and Nickels 6-3 and 6-3.

The scores do not give a clean concept of the really tough, hard-earned points, nor do they show the exciting exchanges in some of the singles matches. Dorr had the advantage of being the home team, but they again seemed more spirited in a desire to win.

Reading from left to right: Jim Burt, Stage Commander; Gordon Mougay, Director of Flying; Floyd Collers, Superintendent of Maintenance; and Gerald Taylor, Chief Dispatcher.
ALLOVER OVERHAUL
CARLSTROM FIELD
by Bleeka Kister

Sincere apologies to Chapman Field for seemingly trying to steal your thunder in regard to one Lee Lewis. In the future the publicity of same is all yours—it's strictly hands off for me. Shall we sign a peace treaty?

A word of advice to my fellow workers: Don't ever make a bet with Dave Pearce, for he's sure to win. Take a tip from the voice of experience. I learned my lesson to the tune of "one dollar"—it's the straight and narrow for me from now on.

Alice Clark hears from her son, A/C Lawton Clark, who is now an Upper Classman at San Antonio, Tex. Lawton is affectionately known to his many friends here as "Speedy." We are interested in his progress and wish him the best of luck.

Vacations

More vacations this week: Pablis Keen, Alice Clark, Ethel Coleman and Olga Mack of the Fabric department. Blanche Combs of Doping. Gee, I hope these "gals" have an grand a vacation as I did.

Good to see Grovie Nicholson back at her old job in the Woodworking department. Grovie has been with us a long time and had a perfect attendance record, this being her first time off since she came to work with us.

Wilma Holloway's nice even disposition is so conspicuous that everyone is sure to notice a change in her—but these changes only come about on the days she fails to receive a letter from friend husband—Pvt. John.

A speedy recovery to Rena Waters, who is temporarily indisposed. Welcome to Sheet Metal department, Dora Davis, Rosa Thornton and Helen Garver. Ken Anderson of the Inspection department has been transferred down to Hangar No. 1. Sheet Metal hopes to keep you happy, Ken.

The folks in the Landing Gear department are breathlessly waiting for "Pappy" to send his new work suit to the laundry. It looks like a "please don't rain suit." And Pappy is having a terrible time trying to keep it clean.

More new faces in Disassembly: T. Parker, M. Zaborough and B. Gammage. Welcome, fellow workers. Linnie Varnadoe is back and seems to be completely recovered from her appendectomy. Mattie Dodds had a "bout" with a screw driver, and Mattie took such a "beating" in the ribs that she will probably be invalid for a few days.

Final Assembly turned out several ships this week. And we sometimes wonder what the folks that receive their ships back after

WOW! THAT MUST BE A SHIP FROM CARLSTROM OVERHAUL!
Caterpillar Club

by Tom Watson, Jr.

Carlstrom's parachute department has recently organized its own active chapter of the Caterpillar Club, and the impromptu membership plaque on its walls already boasts the names of three fortunate pilots who can credit their lives to the intrepid work of some unknown and industrious caterpillar.

Cadet B. N. Darnell of 43-F was the first Carlstrom Caterpillar, at the same time proving true the old adage to the effect that "A Safety Belt Can Best Be Counted Upon When It Is Fastened."

Cadet P. H. Hayden became this Field's second member, though he was hard pressed for the show spot by "Jumping George" Eckart, who followed close behind over the side of old number 119.

It has not been proved yet whether George, who left his fog-bound ship with but a few hundred feet to spare, hit terra firma after, before or when his 'chute opened.

The rumor is, however, that he has lost some 16 pounds and about four inches of height and gained a pair of fallen arches, so it is probable that George hit before the umbrella unfolded.

And then there was the pilot who had no draft worries. He was a permanent 5-B: Bald, Bifocals, Bridgewater, Bay window and Bunions.

CARLSTROM ATHLETICS
by Lt. Roy J. Werner

Individual trophies for outstanding athletic accomplishment were presented to members of outgoing Class 43-H by Lt. W. M. McCormick, Director of Physical Training, at an Officer-Cadet supper last week.

The Physical Fitness Award, "Oscar" of all trophies, was won by Francis Barzil-auskas, former Holy Cross athlete, who totaled 316 points out of a possible 620. Barzil-auskas was one of the best all-around athletes in Carlstrom's history.

Cadet Ray Eluhow was awarded the track trophy for having won the Class 43-H track meet. Eluhow was also a serious threat for the Physical Fitness cup.

The swimming standard was presented to Bill DeSavino, champion swimmer of his class. DeSavino made a clean sweep of all events in the swimming meet.

Cadet Louis Fowler received the tennis cup in recognition of having won the net tournament. Fowler experienced little difficulty in eliminating his tennis opponents.

Class 43-I will battle it out for the swimming championship soon with a large field of competition participating. Tennis hopefuls of 43-I are now matching drives and lobs in quest of the tennis championship.

HOMO SAPIEN AMERICANUS

by Wm. F. McVey, Carlstrom Field

I've trod the halls of Heaven;
Seen Angels by the score.
I've soared into the azure sky
A million times or more.

I've looped around the milky-way;
Set the mighty sun to blinking;
In the stratosphere I play
While away the earth is shrinking.

I've rounded up the comets;
Roped meteors on the run;
Braided all the thunder;
Bent lightning just for fun.

Put my spurs to Neptune;
Saw Jupiter roaring by;
Wore the rings of Saturn;
Wooded Venus on the sty.

Swam in pools of silky cloud;
Set the stars out to shine;
Pushed Pluto off the wall;
Put Juno in her shine.

I hang out all the rainbows;
Polish the tarnished moon;
Make waves on all the oceans;
The sun shine hot in June.

I'll turn off all the winds,
Turn out all the lights,
Then off to the Valley of the Shadow
To pull down the shades of night.

DORR

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The seven a.m. business occurred again last week as the Fly Paper office carried out plans to go afishing. And the plans were strictly adhered to for once.

Usually we outline our itinerary and then something comes up bringing it all to naught. But this time the elements and fate fooled us and we did everything exactly as planned... even DeMarco's spaghetti was just what we expected... superb!

Thursday was spent Fly Papering at Dorr and Carlstrom. At the latter Field we heard a few interesting tid bits about one Merry Lou Firman of the Infirmary.

It seems that she is a former newspaper reporter and might possibly be persuaded to do some writing for the Fly Paper. How about it, Merry Lou? We'd be very pleased to have you join the ranks of our associate editors.

More Time Next Time

Carlstrom also afforded us short talks with Capt. W. H. Payne, Public Relations Officer, and Kay Bramlett, secretary to Leonard J. Povey. We expect to spend more time with them on our next trip.

Editor Jack Whitmill of Dorr is the most elusive of our co-workers. Each time Wain arrives at the Field she can count on just having missed him. Your coverage has been so good and dependable, Jack, that our editor would like to know you other than via mail.

Thursday night saw Riddle Field entertainment at its height. Thanks so much, Hoppy, for the grand evening at the Instructors Club, and tell DeMarco we think he's an artist at whipping up spaghetti. Don't forget to say hello to Sq. Comdr. Cockrill for us, and give our condolences to Mr. Snow.

New Buildings

Before catching the bus Friday for "home again," we spent some time at Riddle Field lunching with Johnny Cockrill and "Hoppy" in the Officers Mess and admiring the new Ground School Building, which will add much to the beauty and expansiveness of the Field. The Link Building was working full force, and every Cadet we saw was deeply intent on the business of the day.

However, we did talk to several RAfs, who assured us that they were planning on coming Miami-wards for the next Em bry-Riddle dance at the Country Club on Monday 22.

Saying good bye to Riddle Field and catching the bus for Tech, we found that genial Nate Reece, Assistant to Len Povey, was to be one of our traveling companions. The next three hours were spent in alternate naps and sprightly conversation interrupted when the "stretch-out bus" pulled into Tech, right on the dot.
After much persuasion on our part, Hunter consented to give us a brief outline of his life to date. His full name is Hunter H. Galloway, and he is Flight Commander of Flight One. He was born in Bristol, Va., on July 7, 1918.

When Hunter was about six years old, he and his cousin ran away and hitch-hiked across town. They secured a pair of finger nail scissors and a bottle of shampoo, then proceeded to cut Hunter’s long blonde curls.

This torsorial operation was followed by a shampoo, which nearly blinded the victim. After returning home, they were soundly spanked, not for cutting the curls but for running away.

In high school he played basketball and participated in other sports. Having been graduated in 1933, he entered King College, Bristol, Tenn. That school was more or less a junior college, so after a short period, he felt he was ready and went to the University of Virginia.

Hunter’s record here was good. He was on the Student Senate and was president of his class. He resumed his basketball career in a big way on the college basketball team, playing at least once in Madison Square Garden in New York.

Finishing school in 1939, he followed the advice of some friends and took the first CPT primary course. Then Instructor and Secondary followed, and he was well on his way.

From his friend, George Jones, then instructing at V.P.I., he learned that he could get some time there in Fleets and Wacos. Taking advantage of this opportunity, he paid for some of the time with work and built up his hours enough to get his Commercial and Instructors ratings.

At that time Kenny Brugh, Jack O’Brien, Jim Peters and “Flywheel” Jones were all instructing there. All these men were to become instructors at Carlstrom Field.

Hunter became an Instructor at V.P.I. and gained considerable experience. One of his students had ten forced landings in four hours flying time.

By this time “Flywheel” had gone to Carlsstrom and had written to Hunter asking him to come down there. Starting out in a Stinson, he was grounded for five days in Atlanta, Ga., by the weather. Not having time to go on, he turned around and headed back to Virginia. Later he left V.P.I. and went to Carlsstrom and entered the refresher school.

This almost reads like a biography of “Flywheel,” so closely related were his career and Hunter’s. Again he was in-

$0.000

The figures on the pay checks of Gordon McCann, Instructor at Embry-Riddle Field, always read $0.000. Every dime of every pay check that Mr. McCann receives from the Riddle-Kay Company of Tennessee is invested in War Bonds.

Sam Sparks, Assistant Manager, has announced that Riddle-Kay employees have doubled their investments in War Bonds since the second War Loan Drive started.

Under the pay roll deduction plan civilian employees were investing 6.61 per cent in War Bonds, but since the inauguration of this present drive they are now devoting 13.17 per cent of every pay check to the purchase of Bonds.

structured by his friend on the finer points of flying the Army way. Finishing up the refresher course, he was assigned to Flight Five under Sam Worley.

In June of 1942 he was transferred to Union City and was shortly made Assistant Flight Commander under (again) “Flywheel.” When George was promoted to Stage Commander, Hunter took over the Flight and became one of our first four Flight Commanders.

In December of 1942 he went on his vacation and married Miss Katherine Cosby Hines of Abingdon, Va.

Promotions and Commotions

We sure nuff have a big gob of news this week. All the promotions, commotions, new dispatchers, refreshers, and so on far into the night.

Jesse Tate and Bob Watts are the new Flight Commanders of Flights Five and Six, respectively. Bill Reese, Mose Jones, and numerous others stepped up the ladder a notch.

Bill is Assistant Flight Commander of Flight One, Mose of Flight Four, and let’s don’t forget Eddie Kairit and Bob Swennes who were also made Assistant Flight Commanders.

Four gorgeous new female Dispatchers, Helen Whitehurst, Grace Dietzell, Allice Darnell and Blanche Harris. The girls are all eyes as they watch all the strange and to them totally new activities.

T. E. Fitzner and Sam Sparks flew over to Nashville in “Bobs’” Culver and were forced to spend the night. The Culver’s engine became temperamental.

What five girls stand at the flight line guard gate and skip rope while the guard acts as rope swinger? It’s supposed to be true: a Cadet reported a rear tack out in an airplane and one of the new Dispatchers gave him a box of thumb tacks and said, “Put these in there so you won’t run out.”

Random Ramblings

Surely, great forests from little acorns grow . . . Was it only a few months ago that we from the doubtful comfort of a seat on an upturned fruit hamper, in the shade of the hangar, dispatched the entire Class with an occasional trip to the Canteen for a cold coke? Returning via the ambulance, quietly, to see if our boss (guess who) was stil’ asleep inside.

But now . . . Oh my . . . Airplanes to the uttermost . . . Barracks all over, hangars growing like weeds in a garden, and Cadets, so many Cadets.

Operations tower an orderly madhouse . . . Stage Commanders talking to Flight Commanders . . . Instructors coming in to check on Cadets and the Assistant Director of Flying asking, “Any one checked the wind velocity lately?” The Chief Dispatcher hollering and asking, “Has any one seen Lt. Church or Lt. Kleiderer?”

The anemometer buzzes . . . telephones jingle . . . Off-duty Dispatchers getting up their daily reports, asking about check rides, schedules, link trainer . . . The On-duty Dispatchers hollering politely at the
Cadets and the Cadets politely hollering back, as they report their time.

But wonder of wonders, it all comes out right and with the last flight in, all noises cease and a silence which rivals Charlie Chaplin's settles on the place. All will be quiet until the next morning, when bedlam will reign again.

The refresher school operating under the able direction of our handsome (sorry, girls, he's married) and likable Jim Long. Paul Jones and Bob Phillips, both of Union City, are taking the refresher course.

Almost A Stranger

Karl Wilson of Purchasing visiting Operations, and he almost needs introductions he comes around so seldom.

Overheard in the ready room: "How in the world," queries Eric Boen, "does Claude Myers get so much time on his Cadets?"

"Dunno," answers Roal Boen, "unless he takes them home nights."

All the new girl Dispatchers mean more blusses from Larry Sims. A coy look from a lassie and Larry colors up like a Colorado sunset.

Charlie Sullivan, Assistant Director of Flying, comes by and we say, "Hello Charlie, whadya growl?" and he grunts, "Weeds, mostly weeds," and keeps going.

Joe Harpole: The man without a type-writer. Now that Melvin has gone, Joe packs chutes with one hand and types reports with the other.

"Mee" Maniacs

Irv Kussrow and "Buster" Humphries were seen trying out the new hoist. It is mounted on the back of a ton-and-a-half Ford truck. Just the thing for lifting airplanes or what have you... Irv and Buster weren't lifting planes tho... What was it? Can't tell. 'Tis said McNeil wants a (censored by me) washed out so he can try the jigger out.

We wonder if Lynn and Nelson are training for the big league? They were seen heaving a bean bag around.

Note to Henry Ford: If you are looking for antiques, make an offer to Lee Crutchfield or guest.

Have you heard our new public address system? MacVay calling her boss, Irv Kussrow to the telephone. According to J. B. Sallars, 15 Cadets within a radius of four miles heard her; and thinking it was the air raid alarm, they landed their planes and ran for the trees.

YATES

Continued from Page 1

a moody soul and is to be avoided by his loved ones and drivers without insurance, for he knows not whither he comes or goes.

His first solo slips upon him unawares. He has, Lord knows how, made three or four landings that day that passed the master. He is told to taxi in. He has no word good or bad from up front to guide him. So he taxis in.

Out hops the instructor, nothing new, the instructor always gets out first. He sadly begins to loosen his safety belt. What is the instructor saying? Words that burn into his brain. "Let's see how it goes without me up front."

Poor Joe—he gulps, he says, and a silly grin replaces his sad look. In a dream he watches the dock slip away with that familiar instructor standing there. All eyes are upon him as he taxies out, clears for take-off. He is icy calm now, the chips are down, this is it.

He misses that familiar head up front. Those hours of drill and instruction rule his heart and guide his hands and feet. He does pray, however. I've got to make this good, I gotta. He climbs up to 300 feet, cuts the gun for his familiar 180 approach.

He establishes his glide, not too steep, not too shallow, makes his turn. Now, Lord, you take it. I've come this far. Here I come. Hold that glide constant, level off... Am I too high or too low? Now... Level off... wait for her to start settling—back—back—back She's down. Is she going to bounce? No, she sticks. You've made it... Whew.

The reaction is terrific. You shake like a leaf, now back to the dock. And look at that crowd on the dock waving, waiting to baptise our Joe. Joe feels no pain; he's up in the clouds. Mortal man can not touch him. Today he is a Birdman.
Course 14, led by their team Captain Freddie Cox, won the fourth Riddle Field Track and Field Meet last Wednesday afternoon. The newest Flight rolled up 26 points as Squadron Two finished second with 19 1/2 points and Squadron One trailed, scoring 14 1/4 points. At the conclusion of the Meet, Mrs. George Greaves, wife of the Commanding Officer, presented the Riddle McKay Athletic Cap to the winning team and also presented the individual prizes, made possible through P.S.I.

Cox was easily the outstanding individual in the meet as he led his team to victory. Altogether he scored 11 of the 26 points, coming first in the 220 yard dash, 100 yard dash and long jump, besides being second in the high jump and running on his team's medley relay team which finished second.

One record was broken when Cadet Bill Lawrence of No. 2 Squadron hit the 5 ft. 3 in. mark in the high jump. This beat the old mark of 5 ft. 1 in. Cox, who finished second in this event, also topped the old record by jumping 5 ft. 2 in.

A feature of the meet was the Officer's and Instructor's 100 yard handicap. This event was won by Commanding Officer Greaves, with F/L Nickerson second and F/L Reinhart third. Since the handicap was awarded by the differences in ages, the winner, and especially the runner-up, had quite an advantage over the other contestants.

Another scheduled event failed to materialize, although the contestants were both present. This was a 100 yard dash between F/L Nickerson, "RAF Speed Demon," and "Sergeant Whistle," a turtle entered and sponsored by Pvt. Eddie Kowanetz of the Medical department. It is rumored that F/L Nickerson refused to run after looking at the turtle.

The entire meet was under the supervision of P.T. Sergeant "Jock" Moyes, and he wishes to thank Mrs. Greaves, the contestants, judges, timers, starters and all other who helped conduct the affair. The complete results:

- 220 Yards—Cox (S.3) first; Discombe (S.2) second; Fryer (S.3) third—Time 26 2/3 seconds.
- Cricket Ball Throw—Harris (S.2) first; Parks (S.2) second; Brookes (S.1) third—Distance 73 1/2 yards.
- 100 Yards—Cox (S.3) first; Alexander (S.1) second; Morris (S.3) third—Time 12 seconds.
- Tug of War—Won by Squadron 1 (Cherry, Lamb, McBride, Skubal, Discombe, Weber, Alexander and Renshaw); Squadron 2 second (Parks, Hardware, Thomas, Hutton, Oettinger, Fountain, Wheeler and Ridley).
- One Mile—Allen (S.3) first; Gowing (S.1) second; Cantrill (S.3) third—Time 5:14.
- Long Jump—Cox (S.3) first; Morris (S.3) second; Kelley (S.2) third—Distance 18 ft. 10 in.
- Medley Relay Race—Squadron 2 first (Gastra, Parks, Anderson and Harris); Squadron 3 second (Johnson, Bush, Morris and Cox).
- Obstacle Race—Feneck (S.1) first; Mills (S.2) second; Egley (S.3) third—Time 3:12.
- High Jump—Lawrence (S.2) first; Cox (S.3) second; Lamb (S.1) and Garland (S.2) tie for third—Height 5 ft. 3 in.—New Record.
- 440 Yards—Bush (S.3) first; Park (S.2) second; Holderness (S.3) third—Time 1:40.

The following "funny" events were also staged but were not counted in the official scoring:

- Boot Race—Morris (S.3) first; Poole (S.3) second; Mackie (S.2) third.
- Three Legged Race—Bennett and Shaw (S.2) first; Lawrence and Gillette (S.2) second.
- Officials at the meet were Lt. Sismondo, Mr. Tyson, Mr. Durden, Mr. Hunkizer, Mr. Smith, Mr. Obermeyer, Mr. Bjornson, S/L Hill, Capt. Persinger, F/L Reinhart, F/L Nickerson, F/L Smith, F/O Keetch and Jack Hopkins, besides P.T. Sergeant Moyes. Cadet Stewards were Cadets Clark, Oettinger and Hills.

Here and There

Announcement has been made telling of the approaching marriage of S/Sgt. Philip Kinmon to Miss Mary Newman of Clewiston. The ceremony is to be held on the evening of May 15th in the Community Church at Clewiston, with the Reverend Harold Montgomery officiating.

COURSE 14 CHAMPIONS AT RIDDLE FIELD

Members of Course 14's championship Track and Field team pose for a somewhat shaky camera after taking top places in last week's meet. Reading from left to right: back row, Maloney, Holderness, Jackson, Smith, Burgess, Sealey and Cestnroll. Front row, Allen, Bush, Cox, Fryer and Morris.
Presentations of Athletic Cup to Course 14

Mrs. George Greaves, wife of Wing Commander Greaves, congratulates Captain Cox of Course 14 before presenting him the Riddle-McKay Athletic Cup.

Crosley, C/O Greaves, Cadet Davies and Jack Hopkins being the survivors in this tournament.

Instructor Lawrence DeMarco, "the Spaghetti King," held forth at the Instructor's Club last week with another of his famous spaghetti dinners. The tables were set out in the yard, and the large crowd present was served promptly and efficiently with "yards and yards" of this delicious food, "a la DeMarco."

We were delighted to have Editor Wain Fletcher and Assistant Editor Vadah Thomas with us last week. The ladies inspected the Field, attended the spaghetti dinner and seemed to enjoy themselves.

It's always swell having you with us, Wain and Vadah, so come again soon. Incidentally, we shall print a picture shortly, which will be ample proof that our distinguished Editors do visit Riddle Field.

The Link department welcomes Harold Amoss, who is a new refresher. Harold, incidentally, is a brother of Dudley Amoss, another Yank in the RAF, who was graduated with Course 10 and is now in England. Harold was accompanied by his wife, who is a new clerk in the Mess Hall.

Congratulations are also due Jack Burch and Mal Wright, who just recently completed their Link refresher course.

A ping pong match between five Cadets here at the Field and five Instructors was to have been played this week. We hope to have the results in the next issue.

Bob Fowler, Navigation Instructor, is conducting classes on Celestial Navigation every Thursday evening at 7:00 p.m. in the Ground School. Any of the personnel at the Field are invited to attend these classes.

A generous gesture was made last week by the "Dixie Crystal" Theatre of Clewiston, when prices for Cadets and Service men were reduced to 25c on Wednesday and Thursday evenings. The management of the theatre may be sure that the Cadets here at the Field are grateful for this courtesy.

A combination of players from Squadrons 1 and 2 defeated Squadron 3, 2-0 in a soccer match last week.

F/L Crosley had the rare privilege of flying a Catalina at Pensacola last week.

From Course 14

Course 14, represented by Cadets Cox, Morris, Bush, Fryer, Allen, Cantrell, Egley and Holderness, succeeded in bringing home the Inter-flight challenge cup.

Freddie Cox distinguished himself as a sprinter as well as a high jumper, while Mickey Allen surprised us all in a full blooded attack on the mile.

"Old Man Egley," our "cripple," certainly shook us when he finished third in the gruelling obstacle race.

We think our next resolve should be to get fit and stay fit in preparation for the next series of events, when maybe we will have some fresh names in the winners' roles.

The "Quarantine Kids," as we were so aptly dubbed, are, we think, slowly coming around after initial shock of rising at — well you know when. Some of us even find time to shave in the morning quite a feat when in such a hurry condition.

The chief interest, outside of flying, now seems to be mail. Occasional letters arriving now are but a prelude to the flood expected.

Some of the more ambitious fellows are, in the space of two open post nights, well acquainted with numerous members of the fair sex. A casual glance around betray the presence of a couple exchanging confidences over a milk shake, or not paying too much attention to a flick.

We are sorry there are no English football results to report this week, but we shall probably have some in the next issue.

And speaking of Course 14, Cadet Kenneth Bourne has agreed to assist us in our news coverage of his flight, so he has been added to our Associate Editors.
GABLES GAMES

In the inaugural softball game under lights Tuesday evening, the Embry-Riddle Army Officers triumphed 12 to 10 in a hard fought 12 inning battle over the Embry-Riddle civilian team captained by Lloyd Budge, Civilian Athletic Director. Lt. McCanse received the effective pitching of Lt. Martin Meyer.


In a rip-snorting hotly contested game Thursday night Class 18-43-A-2 lived up to their championship caliber rating by eking out a 7 to 6 victory over the Tech Permanent Party team.

The contest was a toss up and to settle the issue of the bitter aggregation a return engagement is scheduled for Tuesday evening on the Coliseum Field, at which time the losers are in hopes of appearing on the diamond with their full strength.

The winning battery was Kozlowski pitching and Vandetti catching. M/Sgt. Graziano, formerly under contract to the St. Louis Cardinal baseball team, was the starting twirler with Santman handling the duties behind the plate.

In the weekly all day sports carnival held every Sunday on the Coliseum Field, Class 12-43-AMC (group 1 to 4) soundly trounced Class 13-43-AMC (group 1 to 4) by the shut-out score of 16 to 0.

The winning tosser, Crowther, with the perfect support of his teammates both on the field and at the plate, hurled one of the finest games of the season in holding his opponents to three hits and allowing only one walk.

Class 16-43-T-2 not only had an easy time disposing of Class 21-43-A-2 but trampled them under foot with the blazing score of 21 to 6.


GABLES GABBLES

Congratulations are being given heartily by all members of the Post to former Lt. Donald H. Williams, Wing Commander of the Coral Gables Army Unit No. 1, upon his promotion Monday to a Captaincy.

Class 11-43-AMC left Coral Gables this week. We were very sorry to lose them. Keep up the good work over at Tech, men!

All AMC classes had a little drill session Wednesday morning after inspection. The show was an interesting one to see as each class strutted its stuff.

By the time you read this, S/Sgt. Coulthurst will be saying “I do” in Providence, R. I. He should certainly know how to handle married life from the advice that has been passed on to him by Lt. Schwab. The best of luck, Sergeant!

Greetings to Lt. Le Mire who is now in charge of Dispensary L. B. here in the Gables. We are glad to have you with us, Lieutenant! A doctor in need is a friend indeed.

Who is the girl in the Military Training office who writes “The Burn” on papers going to a certain NCO in Coral Gables Army Office? The funny part of it is that he always gets it.

Two little black Scottie dogs and a wire haired terrier came to visit our Mascots and stayed! Their owners say the dogs are getting a case of “Uniformitis.” Spotty and her eight puppies are getting along fine and dandy.

Three English Cadets, Cpl. Stanley, L.A.C. Pugh and A/C Wright visited our Post this week. Syd Burrows and T/Sgt. Unertl took them on a tour of inspection thru the Coliseum, Granada Shops and Oehlers’ Garage and finished up, luckily, with a nice roast beef dinner at the Barcelone Restaurant.

The English boys were very much impressed with our equipment and methods of operation. They also got a great “kick” out of the weekly inspection of the men.

Whoever fights, whoever falls, justice conquers evermore.—Emerson
Dear Readers:

In last week’s issue of the Fly Paper it was seen by a certain Class here at the Tech School that in the “Gambling from the Gables” there were some “sour grapes.”

Well, ’tis only natural for those who haven’t got to envy those who have. And that is what Class 21-43-E has that the rest of ’em desire, the ability to snatch that little blue pennant away from the older classes.

We know beyond a doubt that if we had remained at the Gables that the pennant would have become a permanent fixture in our barracks.

All kidding aside, friends, you just keep your eye on this Class and you will see some real mechanics develop, because there isn’t a one of them that hasn’t the stuff necessary to succeed.

Space prohibits the biography of each individual, but we come from all over the States — Pennsylvania, Alabama, Kansas, Nebraska, Florida, and last but not least Missouri, where the Army gets its best mules.

By the time this is published (or filed in the waste bucket) we will have almost completed our fourth week of school, so that won’t leave us long to linger. But, until that time comes, and even after, you will find this group all in there pitching:

Jack F. Anderson  
Charles L. Blount  
Edward M. Geib  
Mark M. Keaton  
Robert Kuntz  
Howard L. Lyons  
Elvin M. Pulley  
Leonard H. Salvator  
William O. Shelton  
Max A. Truman  
Cester W. Martinson  
Edwin L. Kasiah, Line Chief; Columbus M. Fillingin, Flight Chief; Richard L. Morgan and Edwin J. Werner, Crew Chiefs.

Sour Grapes
by Edwin L. Kasiah, 21-43-E

ARMY “E” PRESENTED TO WINNING CLASSES

The coveted Army E was awarded to Classes 17-43-D and 16-43-A for maintaining the most orderly and cleanly quarters of the Gables Technical Training Detachment. Capt. Donald H. Williams, Wing Commander, presents the banner to William E. Wofford and Walter T. Leutz, Line Chiefs of those two classes. This picture was taken before Capt. Williams’ promotion — thus the Lieutenant’s bars.

WELCOME SIGN AT GABLES USA

Thanks to Embry-Riddle for the space, and now you can give the prep a turn and prepare for a take off from the USO headquarters at 1310 Ponce de Leon boulevard in Coral Gables, “The City Beautiful,” and according to reports from the Embry-Riddle lads, “A Truly Friendly City.”

And, to you ladies of Embry-Riddle, when you visit the Gables USO where the Welcome Sign is out at all times, just remember that we would appreciate your visiting the Information Desk and leaving a paragraph about yourself or your buddies and other paragraphs of interest to all of us.

Of real importance in these notes are your rank, your initials, the correct spelling of your name and the city from which you hail.

John Kleiber of Baltimore, Md., up in this week end’s big Preackness race sector, has found the name of an ‘ole buddy in the Gables USA guest book. However, now he can’t find his buddy. The lad’s name is John Cobuzzio of Tuckahoe, N. Y.

Who can help Kleiber learn where Cobuzzio is stationed? Just leave it at the Info Desk. And we suggest you check the guest book and learn about buddies you possibly do not even know are in this area.

Fishermen, attention! If you would like to do a little plugcasting in the nearby bay or canals, you’ll find a few good casting rods and reels fully equipped at the Gables USO.

Yes suh, we’ll loan them gladly and all you have to do is sign for them at the Info Desk and return them when you finish your fishing fun so the next fellow can have an afternoon.

Say, the Gables USO wants to know if the soldier who inquired how to cook prunes had any luck?

Any news of interest to you fellows is welcomed in this column. However, we refuse to print any of the WAVE or WAAC stories. And, just a P.S. for any of you — check the daily baseball schedules at Miami Field, adjacent to the famous Orange Bowl. You can see some grand ball games there these evenings and Sunday afternoons.

USO SHOW

Last night at the USO across the street from Tech our Army boys staged a show that brought requests for “many more of ’em.”

The small but well-rounded cast starred Howard Weiner, John Fogarazzo, Ken Dixon with his guitar, songstress Lorraine Bosley, Lee Leffingwell of the Army office, James Volker at the piano and Pfc. Fike.

There is a show at the USO every Thursday night, and to make them good, the boys must have new talent. If you can sing, play and instrument, or do anything in the line of entertainment, contact Pfc. Weiner.

It’s lots of fun, so don’t be bashful!

May 7, 1943

SOUR PAPER “Stick To It”  Page 13
TECH TALK
by Don Sprague
Supervisor of Instructor Training

Phil Paine, Supervisor of Technical Orders, has been burning the midnight oil in carrying out his orders to make the entire school "Tech Order conscious." It looks from this vantage point as though Phil will cease and desist only when he sees the porters working with a Tech Order file in one hand and a mop in the other.

If the Misses Axtell and Hirsch are not the champion War Stamp purchasers at the Tech School, they will do nicely until bigger buyers come along. Each morning this personable duo can be seen waiving stamp books and open purses at the new Cashier's window in the Technical office. We'll all know where to borrow cash when this little unpleasantness with Hitler and Tojo is over.

ON THE HOME FRONT

Right here at the Tech School you can buy your War Bonds and Stamps. Just go to the north end of the ground floor and Miss Pauline Bodell will issue them to you. All of us are buying our quota, but some of us have been purchasing Stamps and Bonds outside of the Company. Let's get them through Embry-Riddle and increase our victory percentage.

The affable Mr. Gibson of the Stock Room has discovered that there is little profit in exchanging two nickels for one of the new dime-like pennies. So—we can no longer count on a bargain of two cokes for a cent.

Chief among the unsolved mysteries of the Tech School: When does Supervisor of Military and furious, get next in line for Experiment Perilous, by Margaret Carpenter, in

our growing Lending Library. It's a hair-raiser.

Popular Lt. Larkin of the Military office has left us temporarily for an engine course in the frozen North.

Chief Instructor Kelly Newsome, thrust of the fourth floor, continues to receive accolades for his song writing efforts.

We have awaited with hatred the first fire drill under the newly appointed Fire Marshal Perty.

What Station Wagon driver is so cheerful, courteous and efficient that itinerant Technicians eagerly compete for her services?

Chief Instructors Floyd Brewer of Military Engines and Joe Murray of Military Aircraft are comfortably settled in spick-and-span new offices.

Groaning On The Ropes

Demon stencil-cutters Evelyn Doane, Grace Thompson and Helen Manor are turning out material for syllabi, manuals, job sheets and quizzes at so furious a pace as to have stencil manufacturers groaning on the ropes—not to mention the Mimeograph department under the efficient and gracious guidance of Mrs. Tolman.

Music to the ears of all Basic Instructors is the news that their manual is fast being revised under the watchful eyes of Messrs. Barrett and Bouldinghouse and will very shortly be ready for use.

The new Military Engine phase in the Packard Rolls-Royce is rapidly approaching its first day of instruction. In charge will be Instructor Ralph Finn, recently returned with Instructor Humphrey from an educational invasion of Detroit.

Watch The Speed Limit

Fastest walker in all Tech School and with something to spare is Polly Diehl of Tech Order Room. Phil Paine threatens to equip her with a governor to keep within the legal speed limit of 30 m.p.h.

Adding to the decorative as well as practical state of affairs in the Tech offices this week we have Mrs. Bruen and Mrs. Gobat here from the Coliseum to contribute their efforts to the Tech Order blitzkrieg.

Senior Instructor Howard Beazle of Sheet Metal is working hard teaching soldiers to repair and maintain self-sealing fuel cells. This new course adds to the growing evidence that the Embry-Riddle School is on the beam and alert to the changing demands of modern warfare.

The romantic urges of a semi-tropical springtime display themselves on our porch daily in the whispered sweet nothings of what handsome Lieutenant and what pert Chauffeurette?

BUY MORE BONDS!

These jumps don't bother me none. I used to run the elevator at Embry-Riddle.

CHAPMAN CHATTER
by June and Jinnie

Never a dull moment at Chapman Field, that's us. So many things happen and one tries to mention all of them in a column and nobody can understand it but us. Even we can't at times, but we're happy.

Among the events of the week was the party given for the Cross Country boys celebrating the completion of their course. We're going to miss seeing those likeable chaps around with their gleeful gab and astonishing projects.

Flying Colors

We extend congratulations to these fellows, Reggie Gardner, Chuck Helm, Buzz Price, Put Putnam, Jackson McGriff and last, but by all means not least, Jerry Fugate, for not only surviving all trials and tribulations but coming thru with flying colors.

There was food and dancing in the Can-teen. For hours we sat and watched our new moving picture machine—one of those contraptions where you put your nickel in and hear not only your favorite tune but also see a moving picture with it. Anything from a strip-tease to the symphony. Quite interesting.

We danced to the music of the juke box—June Page does the rhumba gorgeously and another thing I really go for is Reggie Gardner's jitter-bugging. It's really out of this world.

Dance He Didn't Do

As well as for his jitter-bugging, we will always remember Reggie for his wit and tact at organization, Chuck for his instantaneous grin and the Russian dance he never did, Buzz Price for his modest

LOST

Pvt. Dwight L. Elroth of Class 10-43-AMC has lost a library book entitled Aircraft Instruments, by Irvin. Should you find it, please return it to Pvt. Elroth or to the Library at Tech.
honesty and sincere enthusiasm in his work, McGriff's model airplane (says "Air-
 cobra" on the box!), Fugate for those de-
 licious cookies his wonderful wife sent and
 for being an all around fine guy, and Put-
nam and his address book.

**Tip-Top Shape**

Our new maintenance man is Mr. Sutter
who is keeping everything in tip-top shape.
He has a new plan for beautifying the
Field and will graciously accept any and all
cuttings anyone has to offer. In all serious-
ness, this is a wonderful idea and if anyone
has anything to offer just contact the Field
and arrangements will be made to pick
it up.

The barbecue for employees Saturday
night was also quite an affair. Everybody
turned out for it including the Civil Air
Patrol men—oh brother! Food galore,
dancing, etc. Les Lewis sang along with the
juke.

But Poor Tim Helfin—I guess he didn’t
know he was supposed to carry that short
snorter hill around with him at all times.
Nevertheless a good time was had by all.

Incidentally, what happened to Leona
Gulko, Jinnie Mickel and "Cookie" Cook?
Would that have been called an invisible
appearance?

We are happy to see Katherine Lydn
(nurse) back for a few days. She will go
north for the summer and return next fall.

**Gruesome People**

"Cookie" just rushed in to offer us a shot
in the arm at this point, also to get a piece
of thread. Informs us that she wishes to
perform a little experiment.

Our night flying is running very smooth-
ly—those Navy boys go for it in a big way.
Did you see all their publicity in the paper
Sunday?—Great?

Then there was the one about the moron
that left his letters over his ears to listen to
the Ink Spots.

Next time we write this column (opto-
mistic aren’t we?) we are going to say
something real cute, with Helen Dillard’s
help of course, so maybe we will get a let-
ter from England or some place too.

Upon entering the Administration Build-
ing on our little jaunt, we find not only
"Cookie" but practically the whole office
holding down a poor innocent little horse
fly tying him to a paper airplane with the
piece of thread she wanted. She claims he
will fly it around the Field. Could you be-
lieve there are such gruesome people in
the world?

Thanks again to Miss Deaver and Mr.
Carlisle for helping to make our parties
this week such a grand success.

**Flash!**

Last minute flash! Congratulations to Mr.
and Mrs. Chuck Helm who announce the
birth of their second son—Chuck, Jr., May
5, 1943.

A man’s worth should be judged by what
he does when he doesn’t need to do any-
thing.

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![Illustration: The Wrong Kind of Blind Flying!]

**CARELESSNESS IN FLYING IS LABELED CARDINAL SIN**

With well over a majority of airplane
accidents due to some form of pilot error,
why can’t we resolve right now to do the
intelligent thing from now on. Many of you
have the idea that a certain number of ac-
cidents are bound to happen at a flying
school and that there’s nothing to be done
about it.

And right there is where the pilot error
begins that causes so many of our accidents.
Do you think it’s absolutely essential that
a certain number of student pilots each
year forget to flip a “wheels down” switch
and thus make an equal number of belly
landings to the tune of many thousands of
dollars’ damage?

Are you among those who think that
taxiing collisions can’t be avoided? Do you
think every pilot is entitled to forget his
Form 1 check once a week and still get by?

Well, if you are, then you’re a likely
prospect for one of those “pilot error” re-
ports at an early date. Carelessness, a
cardinal sin in flying, is inexcusable.

Piloting an airplane requires constant
concentration and good, hard, common-
sense thinking all the way. Student pilots
are carefully selected and finally chosen be-
cause someone saw in them qualities of
clear thinking and serious devotion to duty.

Don’t let that someone and yourself down
by carelessness and negligence.

At all times, be alert. Fly within the
prescribed limitations of your airplane.
Obey flight rules and regulations—they are
the result of years of study and experience.
Above all, think. Think. To Forget in the
Air is almost always disastrous.

**VISITING EDITOR**

When Don Mockler, Associate Edi-
tor of Flying Magazine, visited the
Tech School last week he was all but
struck dumb over the changes that
have taken place since he was here
two and a half years ago.

One-half of the fourth floor of the
old Fritz building was the home of
the Embry-Riddle Company when he
was last here, so it is not surprising
that he was somewhat amazed over the
rapid expansion.

Mr. Mockler made a tour of Emb-
ry-Riddle to gather material for a
special edition of Flying Magazine,
the theme of which will be the growth
of aviation in the South.
Here it is another week rolling to a close with that deadline staring us in the face. Our department has really jumped this week. Our work bench space has been nearly doubled, and we have had additional mechanisms added to both day and night crews. We understand that there are still more men coming to finish filling these benches.

Our night shift will have some of the new men, and part of the former day crew are being transferred to nights. We are happy that Hugh Skinner is to be one of these. Welcome to our shift, Hugh.

Another whom we are glad to welcome is H. S. Dean. He backslid for a while, but we are glad he saw the light and will again be working on instruments instead of just teaching them.

Charles Austin was the much envied member of the night crew this week. Lucky guy—weighs anchor on his trim little craft and goes sailing down through the keys last week end—fishing and stuff. From the stories he tells he must have had a whale of a time, and from his appearance the sun must have been doing its bit.

Leo Rodenbush has about forsaken the paint shop and he and Mel Klein have teamed up on the altimeters and are really turning them out in jigg time. Larry Bernstine has been a big help to us with calibration of D.G.’s and Flights—keep it up, Larry.

Someone other than this writer likes sea food. We saw them at a popular downtown shell fish emporium Saturday night. Still, it could have been that tall, handsome soldier’s idea—which was it, Eve?

We shall make this bit of script short in the hope that there will be room to print the rhymes of one of our gang. Poem appears on opposite page.

DON’T KNOCK

“Speak of a man as you find him,
Censure alone what you see;
If a man can be blamed, be reminded
From faults there are none of us free.

“If the veil from the mind could be torn,
Thoughts written upon a brow;
Many would be passed by in scorn,
That are loaded with honors now.”

“Many a good man is rained,
And many a good woman too;
By someone starting a rumor,
And not one word of it true.

“So when you hear someone knocking,
A man or a woman’s good name;
But it’s a lie... forget it,
Never repeat it again.”

Contributed by Billie Web. Instruction in Civil Engine. Author unknown

SPEEDES WAR’S END

Jean Criddlebaugh

TEACHES ARMY BOYS TO INSPECT PLANES

Because her brother is a parachute jumper in the Army, Mrs. Walter M. Criddlebaugh, the former Miss Jean Blood of Tampa, decided to use her knowledge of aviation to speed the War’s end. She joined the group of women Instructors here at Tech and is now hard at work teaching plane inspection to Cadets in the Army Air Forces Technical Training Command.

From her, the group of boys in khaki fatigue suits are learning to inspect planes. She shows them what to look for that would ground a plane, how to fix it, and in addition teaches them cable splicing, a complicated process that might some day keep their planes flying when they would otherwise be grounded if new cables were unobtainable.

Mrs. Criddlebaugh became interested in flying through her husband, who owned his own airport and gave flying instructions at Miami Springs before the War. He is now a Flight Instructor at Embry-Riddle.

“When I began going with him, I had to learn to fly in self-defense,” she laughingly observed. That was in 1936. In 1939 they were married, and he instructed her for a private pilot’s license that she obtained that same year.

“You have to study all the time to keep up with new planes and inventions, even though they have nothing to do with the course,” she says. “The soldier boys eat that up. Although I teach only eight or nine hours a day, I put in ten or twelve studying and reading after I finish my actual classes.

“We have to keep up with Army information on improvements and change our teaching technique to correspond. For instance, if they put on new ships with new features, we have to include the new things in our courses.”

Mrs. Criddlebaugh teaches one of the advanced classes that calls into use her seven years’ experience with aviation.

PROP WASH

by LaVerna Powell

Ye proppe shoppe functions on an even keel despite dog fights, divers disruptions and the dispensary. The canine confusion arose when “Peanuts” of Class 12-43 challenged an interlope into a cold of fangs on the Granada field of honor.

Miriam Pomeroy was holding class out of doors and didn’t even unfurl a curl when the melee started. The boys swam she would be excellent at the battle front since she didn’t start running for the nearest slit trench.

The disruptions are varied but usually interesting. Last, and most lamentable, Pfc. W. Korenocki was lamed by an insurmountable obstruction whilst he was impersonating Mercury.

Likewise, Pfc. Charles Lance learned to his sorrow that to follow Isaac Walton is a dangerous dabble, or dabble, or whatever they do with fishes. Instead of snagging a fish, he found he had caught an arm—his own arm. Don’t ask us how he did it. We usually catch the seat of.

Three Musketeers of 12-43 are Pfc’s. Phil (Superman) Childress, A. E. (Chaplain) Davis and Clem (Intelligence) Churchill. Our qualms are quieted when we realize that fellows like Pfc’s. Allen Dupras, Charles Gering, Ken Lesneski and H. L. Ford are members of our Air Corps.

Why Instructor Bill Bell doesn’t bring his bedroll and camp “on the spot” we’ll never know. He always arrives early and stays late.

We are also waiting for another invitation to sample some of Dr. Stephen B. Gibbs’ scrumptious cuisine. (Sotto-voce—his Mrs. is Instructor Helen Gibbs, and our dinner hour coincides.)

Florine Hunter is one of those femmes with an enthusiastic southern drawl. Contradictory, but true.

“Overheard at the end of the blade beam: “I can’t send a box of Florida fruit to Mom for Mother’s Day—she lives in California!”

In Edinburg, Scotland, an undertaker advertised that there would be a 25% reduction in funeral prices. Two days later 96 Scotchmen committed suicide.
OVERHAUL CALCULATIN'  
by Vannah Witmer  
A and E Accounting, Miami

Wally Tyler, who sang his swan song at Engine Overhaul in last week's Fly Paper, is doing some planning for the Stock Room at Aircraft Overhaul.

Bill McNichols of the Inventory crew and lastly here has decided to go into welding as he has had the training and believes that it would be the patriotic thing to do. Bill was a friend to all and we shall really miss his sunny ways. Here's hoping he gets all the breaks.

Mary Gamble has successfully flagged the pneumonia germ that was trying to bite her. She was gone for several days and we didn't like it a bit.

Janet Silverblade is all smiles. Can it be the fact that Johnnie came marching home again and is now on the Beach?

All the office gang filled in the Recreational Survey No. 1 and when I saw all the interests represented, I felt a surge of pride. They all want to join in with the rest of the employees and enjoy their off hours with recreational groups.

The esprit de corps of this Company has been remarked upon by many persons and in all my years in the business world, I have never been associated with a company with more to offer in the way of pleasant relations. Esto perpetuo!

- -

ROTORITIS  
by Russell Hinton  
Instrument Overhaul Department

I worry and fret, and scold and rave,  
And work myself into a terrible rage.  
But nothing I do makes that Gyro behave.  
I clean the balls and polish and slave,  
And grind the race and polish the slot  
Till my fingers ache and my Pivot "laps" hot.  
But the "tilt" in the Bar, and the "whine"  
in the case  
Makes me raving mad, and blue in the face.  
I bang my head against the bench,  
I shout and scream, throw down my wrench,  
I am gentle and kind, and with loving care  
Clean every part of tin and hair.  
I count the swings and balance it well,  
But when I calibrate everything goes to  
H---I.  
It's slow going up and just coming down,  
Develops a "tilt" as the Rotor grinds round.  
The Radium's cracked, the bar is bent,  
My eyes see red and my nerves are rent.  
Now, I'm looking for a "Gyro King of Kings."  
Who can calibrate one of these d---things.  
It's better to have tried and lost—  
Ask the man who tried "one."

Signed: Rotoritis Tilt Jake Calibrator John

THEY CALL HER MOTHER

Our Army Cadets have affectionately bestowed the nickname "Mother" on one of their women instructors, Mrs. Thelma Woodruff, because she helps them straighten out their personal problems, along with teaching them carburetion. She is seen showing the first step of carburetion to a group of her students, reading from left to right: James H. Jones, Aberdeen, Miss.; C. J. Jones, Columbus, Ga.; Kalmon Kish, Buffalo, N. Y.; George Kirkendoll, Reading, Ohio; and Claude Keith, Bowling Green, Mo.

"HOME TREATMENT" GETS RESULTS

Mrs. Thelma Woodruff has no children of her own, but probably more boys call her "Mother" than any other woman in Miami. "Mother" is the nickname affectionately bestowed upon her by the Army Cadets at Embry-Riddle.

Mrs. Woodruff believes in mixing a bit of "home treatment" along with her lessons on plane carburetors and says it makes the boys better students to have someone take an interest in their personal problems.

Her husband, Seth Woodruff, was an Instructor at Embry-Riddle and she became so interested in what he was doing that she voluntarily gave up working in her beautiful tropical garden at their home in Coconut Grove and plunged into a heavy routine of arising at four o'clock in the morning to get breakfast, straighten the house, and leave in time for her six a.m. class.

"It is the most interesting work I have ever done," she says. "I did not know anything about carburetors before, but everything came easy because we have such grand boys in our Army, and working with them is so interesting."

"I make it a point to call each boy by his first name and to treat him like the boy down the block who drops in for bridge in the evening, or the boy you've made cookies for all your life. Very few of them fail to respond to this home treatment."

Mrs. Woodruff notices whether boys are worried or grieved over anything and talks with them after class until she finds out what's troubling them. Soon they tell her all about it just as if she were their mother, she says, and she can help them get straightened out if they are "tangled up in their minds."

"They are so far away from home and want a little care, and for anything you can do for them they are so grateful," she says.

One boy on arriving at the school assumed a belligerent attitude toward everything and refused to try to learn. He kept comparing airplanes to Diesel engines and could not understand why things that worked with a Diesel would not with a plane. She realized all his experience had been along that line, so she took him to a room with a Diesel and went over the engine with him thoroughly, explaining all the differences.

He responded to her personal interest with friendliness.

"He was a good boy," she said. "He was just homesick. Boys that age don't always figure things out."

She helped him over his homesickness and he became one of the best students in the School.

Mrs. Woodruff says that she sends the boys she cannot help herself to her husband, who is particularly fine with young people.

Both she and Mr. Woodruff get many letters from former students and always take time to write them. Mrs. Woodruff gives up her lunch period writing at least one letter a day and in that way manages to answer them all.

A young man's hardest problem is to find a girl attractive enough to please him and dumb enough to like him.
ENGINE NOISES

by Gladys C. Goff

Ho, hum, everybody. Spring is here and so are we again.

We almost had Mae Heacock to the point of putting in a Purchase Request for 3 dozen “wammies.” We told her Mr. Grafflin needed ’em, and she believed “Pop” Vail and Mr. Carter to the extent of almost writing out the request. Guess that wouldn’t hold Purchasing for a while. Anyway, we’ll have to get Brady to make our “wammies” for us now.

“Wake me early, Mother, for I’m to be queen of the May”—and here are our “queens” along with our wishes for many more happy birthdays: Lester Dunn, Tony Angeletti, Rose Busse, Ben Cooper, Ed Doucette, Marian McSwain, Charley Mack, Earl Seymour and Al Brosius.

We’ve been watching the boys in the Welding department making another mysterious something or other with pipes and stuff. Investigation has revealed that this is our new flagpole, which is to be erected in time for Memorial Day.

A real celebration is planned for this big event, so be on your toes for announcements. Thanks to the Welding department for their hard work and good ideas. The original stimulus for our flagpole must be credited to Harry Brown, Guard at Gate No. 4. We think this is one of the best ideas turned in so far.

Say, you Engine Overhaulers, how about some moral support for our Embry-Riddle softball team? The Engine Overhaul department is well represented on this team, and they’d like to hear some cheering while they play. The schedule will be posted on the bulletin board, so it’s up to each and every one to keep himself up on the whens and wheres.

Jimmy Wheeler is the new addition to the Inspection department, having been moved over from the Cylinder-Valve department. How do you like working with and among so many of our fair inspectors, Jimmy? (Silly question.)

Mr. Grafflin enjoyed his jaunt to Carlstrom Field last week, but can’t understand why Mr. Horton doesn’t requisition a stewardess for the Waco. Someone to serve sandwiches and coffee (sh!), you know.

Who ? ? ?

—romanced at the fire on 29th Street last week?
—started the E.O.T. club?
—made the vegetable girl in the cafeteria smile?
—promised one of the girls an introduction to a “Flying Tiger” and then reneged?
—hung around the shop until 6 o’clock one evening because he knew that when he got home he’d have to work in the yard?
—forgot to rescue his secretary during the fire drill?
—were all the Navy men with Pat on Sunday?
—knows the words to “Down by the Old Mill Stream”?
—does not know about the romance in the Final Inspection department?
—knows what happened to Bee Munroe’s earrings?
—knew that Charley Thompson could ride a bicycle?
—was the inspiration for McSwain’s glamour hair-do?
—has replaced Wally in Helen’s affections?
—hasn’t got Spring Fever?

WHY TRY TO DO IT THE HARD WAY?

Sure, you can try to get somewhere in Aviation without special training. A few have done it—but a very few—and the odds are all against you.

The best way and the quickest way is to put yourself in the hands of experienced men who are qualified to give you the kind of training that modern Aviation demands. Embry-Riddle, with its broad range of 41 different courses, has exactly the kind of training you need. Why not ask us for complete details?

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