Jesse G. Tate, Flight Commander of Flight 5, was born on April 22, 1921 in Lobelville, Tenn. He received his public schooling in Lobelville and three months of junior college work at the University of Tennessee Junior College at Martin, Tenn.

Fishing, hunting, and swimming were his means of relaxation during these earlier years of his life. Finding that college did not interest him, he left and went to Nashville and got a job as a mechanic at Berry Field, a private flying school operating with Cubs, Stinsons and Travelaires.

It so happened that Jesse had a chance to go for a hop one day, and he decided that the experience was so thrilling he should take up flying. However, it was not the picnic he had pictured in his mind. Just a long hard grind. Day after day of hard work with flying lessons squeezed in during his spare moments.

Having logged two hundred hours of flying time by March of 1942, he obtained his Instructor's rating and started instructing primary CPT the fifth of that month.

He came to Embry-Riddle Field, signed up for the refresher course and started instructing in Potter Smith's Flight 1 on July 8, 1942. At last he had found the work he liked and felt he was most adapted to. The field was new, everyone friendly, new airplanes and plenty of chance for advancement.

Jesse liked his work so well and did such a bang up job of instructing that he was promoted in record time to Assistant Flight Commander to Ray Ryan when Flight 3 was first formed.

When the latest period of expansion started and new flights were formed, he was the logical choice for one of the Flight Commander posts. Flight 5 was formed with Jesse as Flight Commander and Charlie Vowell acting as his assistant.

While we are on the subject of Tate, what is the meaning of “Late Date Tate” and “Embry-Riddle Road”? And why does Roy North always try to wheedle him out of the parking rights to this ideal “wooling” spot?

A couple of beautiful gals are helping “Hop” Woods ladle out the drinks and “Whoa-burgers” in the Hangar Canteen. Misses Marie Greenwell and Eva Hatchet. Marie got off to a bad start by scalding her hand with hot java, but haven’t found out the name of the Cadet who did such an excellent job of first aid.

Momentary thrill: Ordering an egg sandwich from “Hop” and holding your breath as he tosses the hen-fruit upwards, but gently, and cracks the shell on the I beam of the Canteen ceiling.

Ted Overeynder and his sister, Katherine, have been on vacation. They flew home in Ted’s Waco. Unless our information is wrong, Eric Boen went part of the way with them.

J. B. Sellers is back after a two weeks’ vacation passing around the cigars, for he is the proud father of a seven pound and eleven ounce son, Franklin Owen Sellers.

The Main Canteen has been enlarged and boasts of not one but two soda fountains. Mr. Hoyt White, formerly of Evans’ Drug Store in Union City, is doing an excellent job of setting up menus and arranging attractive counter displays. The Canteen under the direction of Mr. White plans to serve short orders of all kinds in the near future.

The three phones that have been installed in the Dispatcher’s office are numbered 40, 45 and 46. Use them sparingly as they bore quite a bit of traffic before the numbers were released for general use and must be available for the use of the Dispatchers in calling Cadets to Operations. The numbers are posted on the wall by each phone in the ready rooms.

Jesse Tate would appreciate it if all the members of the Pilot’s Club would save three bucks for their dues and give the

Continued on Page 15
Letters to the Editor

Grand View Hotel
Chester, Ill.
May 21, 1943

Dear Editor,

I will appreciate it very much if you can send me the address of J. Gilbert Skipper, a very good friend of mine.

Mr. Skipper and I worked together for some time at Dorr Field and then at Mobile, Ala. Then we separated and I don’t know where he is now.

Thanks a lot.

Very truly yours,

A. J. Williamson

Editor’s Note: We can’t tell you off hand where he is, but we are publishing your letter in the hope that someone at Dorr Field will send us the information, which we shall relay to you promptly.

Headquarters
670 A.A.F.F.T.D.
Union City, Tenn.
May 20, 1943

Dear Editor:

It is with considerable misgiving that I found Kenneth Stiveron in the “dog house” in your May 14th issue.

Mr. Stiveron had the goods on the line in my office at noon, Saturday, May 8th, as required, but it was not possible for me to review his material before 5:30.

The material was reviewed and turned over to an employee of Riddle-McKay Company at that hour. As to just why it did not reach your office, neither Ken nor I know.

It seems to me that somebody else should have been in the dog house with him.

Yours very truly,

John N. Tolar
1st Lieutenant, A. C.
Public Relations Officer

Editor’s Note: If you’ll find the culprit responsible for Union City’s tardiness and send us a picture of him, we’ll see to it that he enjoys the luxury of the dog house, Lt. Tolar.

St. Francis Hospital
Room 237
Thursday A.D. & B.C.
(After dinner and before the crisis!)

Greetings Gates,

What’s cookin’ with you free mortals?

The deak doctor, being of a one-trick mind caliber, flatly refused to operate in Miami, so he hog-tied me and brought me over here to the sacred and palatial institution of St. Francis. Hi Ho! I feel like a happy little hypocrite.

Two half-witted painter’s are gleefully painting away outside my window. The whole project leaves my stomach doing loops and vertical reverences.

The service here is very good and some-one comes in to check up about every ten minutes. In between trips I get up and do the Highland Fling.

My record is wonderful. I’ve only been caught once. I was riding one of the other patients (there are two others in the same room) up and down in her double jointed bed.

The blessed event takes place Friday a.m., and I’m shakin’ in my boots. I feel as frisky as a walking zombie and shouldn’t have much trouble (I keep telling myself). Visiting hours are from 10:00 a.m. to 8 p.m., so if you all are ever over in this direction, I’ll be in a social way for at least ten or twelve more days. I’m going quietly nuts in May. The quietness is deafening.

Trusting everything is hunky-dory and Chapman Chatter comes in on time, I remain feebly lazy. Drop me a line if you find a free minute.

“Cookie”

Editor’s Note: The above is a line dropped by “our gal Cookie,” erstwhile Chapman Field correspondent who is by this time recuperating from an appendectomy.

LETTER FROM A FORMER STUDENT

“I was sent along with several of the other boys to the 80th Depot-Repair Squad-ron immediately after our graduation from the Electrical School. This particular squadron is on this Field and I was transferred to my present squadron only a few days after arriving in San Antonio.

“I worked in the electrical department for a few days, but now I am working in the squadron supply room. This is only temporary until the squadron is fully organized; then I will go back to the shops in my regular work.

“All of us have had, and will continue to have, a good opinion of Embry-Riddle and the work you are doing. May I express my personal thanks to you for the benefits and enjoyment I received from your school.”

Editor’s Note: This is an excerpt from a letter to Michael Lojinger from Pfc. Clarence Peterson, a graduate of 15-43-D who is now stationed in Texas.

GAS RATIONING

When applying for your gasoline ration books, renewals or otherwise, do not go to the Ration Board in Miami. Applications must be made through the Embry-Riddle Company at the Colonnade. You will save yourself time and that of the Miami Board if you take your problems to Mr. Jackson in the Colonnade building.
CARLSTROM R. A. I. NEWS

by Kay Bramlitt

Probably the most exciting event in Arcadia during the past week was the Graduation Dance for Class 43-H. Imagine our amazement when, at 1:30 Friday afternoon, Helen and Jackie Dillard, Lorraine Bosley, Frances Wiest and Margaret dePamphilis stepped out of the Embassy-Riddle stretchout at the Administration building and informed us that they had come to attend the dance that evening. What a pleasant surprise! And were the Cadets thrilled!

Needless to say, the dance was a huge success. Cadets and Instructors alike expressed their enjoyment of the “best dance there’s ever been in Arcadia.”

An 11-piece orchestra composed of service men from Fort Myers rendered the music—and it was superb! We’re hoping this same orchestra will be back for the next Graduation Dance—along with those Miami lovelies.

Another one of the gals on the Field has “gone and done it.” Yes sir, Margaret Heid and M/Sgt. Harry P. Reaves took that fatal step on May 15th in New Brunswick. N. J. Margaret returned to her duties as Chief of the Flight Time department this morning, while Harry is on his way overseas. Congratulations, you two, and best of luck!

Rod Vestal just showed up a little while ago—and what a sunburn he’s sporting! Well, that’s what you get for spending too much time on Miami Beach, Rod. Won’t you ever learn?

We understand that Statia Dozier is spending a few days up at Gainesville, Fla. Wonder what the big attraction up that way is. How about it, Statia?

We’re glad to see that Maude Dykes is back at her desk after a brief visit to Washington, D. C. Capt. William Payne is now on a seven-day leave at his home in Mississippi. Hurry back, Captain.

Also Capt. Mann, Station Surgeon, was transferred during the past few days to Salt Lake City. Best of luck! Lt. Boho, we understand, will be in charge of the Infirmary now.

On May 24th, Good Conduct Medals for fidelity, faithful and exact performance of duties, efficiency through capacity to produce desired results, and behavior so as to deserve emulation were awarded the following enlisted men at this Field: T/Sgt. John Jordon, S/Sgt. Herman B. Lane and Tech. 5th Grade Dennis J. Sharkey. We salute you!

Of interest to all personnel (especially Cadets) on the Field is the news that work has already started on the new aeration and filtration plant. Can you imagine it, no more sulphur water?

Tom Davis has his crew of painters doing their level best to make the buildings on the Field look as fresh and pretty as the grounds look after the long over-due rains of last week. Slim McAnally also breathed a sigh of relief when the rains came—he thought his flying fields might dry up and blow away. The rains also helped to cut down the troubles the Carlstrom hay-fever sufferers have been having.

Carlstrom Canteen again had its face lifted a week or so ago. Most of the building was re-painted on the inside. We’re doing all we possibly can to make the present Canteen look as inviting as possible. All you folks who eat lunch down there, how about throwing your trash in the trash cans instead of on the ground. Let’s see if we can’t help the Canteen crew to keep the place looking neat and clean at all times.

A Farewell Dance to the Class of 43-H was given Thursday evening, May 27th, in the Mess Hall Patio. Best of luck, 43-H, and keep up the good work.

Continued on Page 6

Carlstrom Cadet Pilots Crippled Plane To Safety

In response to our request for news of our former students actively engaged in the theaters of the War, the father of one of our Carlstrom Cadets has sent us an account of an appalling experience of his son.

W. F. Genheimer of Roanoke, Va., writes that he is glad that his son Bill “had what it takes” when he piloted a crippled Flying Fortress to safety across the English Channel from an engagement in France.

This amazing feat was accomplished by William F. Genheimer, Jr., who was a member of Class 41-I, the second Class to report to Carlstrom in 1941, and who has been on foreign duty since last September.

While participating in a raid on Rennes, Bill’s ship was forced to turn back after three motors had been shot out. Only a few feet above the Channel the Fortress was attacked by a swarm of German fighter planes, but our dauntless Carlstromite out maneuvered them and his crew got out shot them.

A distress flare was sent up but was not seen. Finally by waving his handkerchief Bill managed to attract the attention of an RAF Typhoon pilot, who escorted the smoking Fortress to a nearby airfield.

When his mother was asked what she thought when she heard of her son’s brilliant exploit she said, “Thank goodness he had a handkerchief!”

Our boys are scattered all over the world, heroes in one way or another, so we hope that many will follow Mr. Genheimer’s example and send us descriptions of their activities.

FIRST CARLSTROM CADET

According to information recently received through the War Department, the body of Lt. Frank Beeson was found beneath the wreckage of his plane in New Guinea. Lt. Beeson was the first Aviation Cadet to report at Carlstrom Field when it was reopened for training flyers in 1941. He had been reported missing since last July. To his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Beeson of Tuscaloosa, Ala., and to his many friends at Carlstrom Field, the entire Embry-Riddle Company and its affiliates express sincere and deepest sympathy.
RIDDLE FIELD HAS WINGS PARADE

War, of course, is unwanted by us all, but war can bring about good accomplishments in addition to the peace. One of the good things that has resulted from this war is the very great improvement in British-American relations.

Right here at Riddle Field we have an excellent example of these fine relations. In contrast to the petty jealousies which caused minor unrest and friction between our English speaking peoples at the beginning of the war, Royal Air Force and Army Air Force Cadets are training here side by side, and the spirit of comradeship and cooperation is a great thing to see.

Prime Minister Winston Churchill said in his recent address to the Congress, “The experience of a long life and the promptings of my blood have brought to me a conviction that there is nothing more important for the future of the world than the fraternal association of our two peoples in righteous work both in war and peace.”

And that fraternal association is being exemplified by our Cadets at Riddle Field.

Wings Presented

Brigadier General John G. Williams of the U.S.A.C. presented the wings at the Wings Parade last week. Also present was W/C M. W. Bovill of the RAF delegation in Washington.

Other visitors included Mr. and Mrs. John Paul Riddle, Capt. Len Povey, Wain Fletcher, Nedah Walker, “Pinky” Church, Marty Warren, Connie Henshaw and Betty Harrington, all from Miami, several persons from Palm Beach and many guests from Clewiston and Moore Haven.

Following the wings ceremony, a very excellent demonstration of formation flying was presented by several members of the Class and their Instructors.

A most successful Listening Out party was held by Course 12 at the Sugarland Auditorium in Clewiston Monday evening. An excellent dinner, prepared and served by Harley Hook and crew from the Mess Hall, was spread before some 150 Cadets and Instructors.

Senior Under Officer Mike Campbell acted as toastmaster, and after a toast to the President offered by W/C Greaves and a toast to the King presented by Mr. Tyson, several short talks were given. W/C Greaves, W/C Bovill, S/L Hill, Capt. Persinger, General Manager Tyson and Mr. Jay Moran all congratulated the Class on their fine record.

The Class expressed its sincere appreciation to Mr. Moran and the United States Sugar Corporation for their kindness in allowing them the use of the Auditorium.

Following the dinner, Cadets—Oos Sergeant (and maybe Pilot Officers) Collins, Perkins and Shepherd led a musical program.

The Mail Bag

Several letters arrived the past week from former pupils and employees at Riddle Field. We are always happy to receive them and are glad that we can pass their greetings on to you.

Sgt./Pilot Kenneth Milner of Course 8 writes that all is well with him. He has had contact with Colin Campbell and Eric Chamberlain of the same course and says they are O.K. Ken sends regards to Instructors Day, Reid and Rooney and says to tell them that all their patience was not in vain.

Course 6 news comes from Sgt./Pilot Reg Farrow. He reports that Everill and Timms are both Pilot Officers, with the former flying Spitfires and the latter Tomahawks. Bill Watkin, the Yank who graduated with this course, has been transferred to the A.A.C. Reg also asks to be remembered to Instructors Rooney and McGrawey.

P/O Skidmore, Course 6, writes to tell all his friends at the Field, Clewiston and Moore Haven “hello.”

Now studying advanced radio operations in Madison, Wis., is Pfc. Earl Smith, former Primary Flight Dispatcher.

Another Course 8 gen letter arrived from

ROYAL AIR FORCE AND ARMY AIR CORPS CADETS RECEIVE WINGS

At the graduation exercises at Riddle Field on Monday an AAF Cadet receives his long coveted wings from Brig. Gen. Williams, while John Paul Riddle presents a diploma to an RAF Cadet.
our good friend Eyd Ainsley. Everything is going well with Syd, and he sends his best to his friends here at Riddle Field.

It's always good to hear from Bob Cousins, Course 10, who is recovering from a recent illness at a hospital in Canada. Norman, Okla., is the new station of Freddi Hunziker, who is starting his flying training at the Navy school there.

Word comes from "Jock" Blue, Course 3, that he is now back at a Sgt./Pilot and going strong.

Know Your Departments

The Advanced Flight line comes to our attention this week under the expert guidance of Squadron Commanders Jimmy Cousins and Charlie Miller.

Flight Commanders on the Advanced line are Woodward, Perry, Racener, Brink, Middleton, Davis, Ellis and Schneider. Their assistants are Garcia, Brinton, Place, Day, Langhorn, Rehard, Westmoreland and McGravey.

The Flight Dispatchers are Frank Davis, Ollie Lynch and L. M. Reulerson.

Instructors include the following: Ahern, Mulholland, Fiegel, Veltri, Butler, Taylor, Greenwood, Bright, Brazell, McConkey, Baker, Leaphone, Ohliger, Chaffin, Mangold, Caris, Fitzgerald, Darby, Cushman, Barclay, Reid, Arnold, Lyons, Deacon, Binkle, O'Hara, Fisher, Sebek, Richardson, Hawkins, Speer, Driver, O'Neal, Cuthbertson and Guthrie.

From Course 14

Last Sunday the budding softball team had its first demonstration of how the game should be played, Clewiston High School being the demonstrators. The Cadets took an early lead, but the consistent play of the school's first and third basemen brought its results, the final score being 13-5. With some more practice, we hope to avenge our defeat in the near future.

This week we have seen some of the queerest aerobatics imaginable. Slow rolls that finished as spiral dives and spins that started off as an Immelman. One chap was so used to flying upside down that he tried to land that way — sorry, no prizes for guessing who.

Although the British and American nations speak the same language, we still have difficulty in making ourselves understood. Did you hear of the Cadet in the Mess who asked for some lemons and a glass and had a fork brought him?

Sometimes the difference in speech comes in useful. For instance, your Instructor starts binding up in the air with a strong B-40 or B-41, you just look vacantly at him and shake your head. Pretty soon he gives up. One word we do agree on is Victory — there is no misunderstanding there.

George L. Sloan, Jr. is the new head of the Personnel department, and he will be assisted by Miss Lois May Hefflin of Moore Haven.

Bob and Natalie Reese have returned from a vacation trip with relatives in Miami.

Ho hum, they did it again. The Ground School topped all the B.F.T.S. schools once again in the wings results to retain their position at the top of the list. We will have the figures for you next week.

It must be rather boring to read continually of these successes over at the Ground School, but that's the kind of boredom we like here at Riddle Field.

The new Senior Under Officer for the Field is Cadet C. Oettinger of Course 13. Cadet L. M. Fountain is the new Under Officer for that Course, while the Flight Leaders are C. A. Thomas, E. Garland, G. A. Renvoize and R. J. Warner.

Course 15

By the time this is printed Course 15 is scheduled to have arrived. Once again it is our pleasure to welcome a new Class to Riddle Field. Any journalists among the ranks are asked to help keep their Course in the news by volunteering to help us as Associate Editors. So kindly see the Editor at the Link building if you are interested.

Also may we repeat, for the benefit of the new boys, that the Fly Paper may be sent to your relatives and friends back home at no cost to you. Merely print the name and address plainly and hand them to the Editor. This generous offer is made by the Embry-Riddle Company through its President, John Paul Riddle.

Most of the new additions to the buildings have been completed. Courses are now being held in the new Ground School, and completion of the Canteen is rapidly approaching.

The Missing Links: Congratulations to Harold Amoss who has completed his Link refresher course . . . C. H. Haskell from Boston is a new Link Refresher . . . The new navigational and Link training rooms is about finished and the very excellent paintings of artist Schwartzkopff make a very beautiful setting for the work.

FLIGHT INSTRUCTIONS TO A FLY

by A. C. Robert Agne

Straighten your mouth, and center your nose
And tuck your feet up under;
And just cut resistance down.
Streamline your face without a frown
And never carry plunder.
Make sure that your antennae's clean.
That your wings are leveled up.
Don't fly into an insect spray
Nor practice steep turns, by the way.
Over a coffee cup.

Do not misjudge apparent space
The other side of window panes,
And never try precision flight
Inside the casement of a light,
Nor down old drains.

They're out to get you, so beware,
The sticky, hanging runway roll;
The spiders' deit balloon barrage;
And in forced landings always dodge
A closing sugar bowl.
Miami Girls at Carlstrom

by Margaret del'Amphile

Ghost written by Nancy Haines

On Friday last in the first rays of dawn, five drowsy though carefully groomed young lasses of Embry-Riddle found themselves on the inter-field bus headed for what certainly proved to be a glorious week end at Carlstrom Field. The excited five were Helen Dillard, Frances Weist, Lorraine Bosley, Jackie Dillard and myself; our destination, the graduation dance of Class 43.1.

Soon after we had started we found what was to be our chief means of entertainment on the long drive across state. Jackie and Lorraine intrigued us all with lovely harmony of tunes new and old—nothing from Radio City could have been more tuneful.

Mr. Thornton, our driver, was most patient at each and every stop while we procured dill pickles, ripe olives, crackers, etc. to munch along the way. Our first note of interest was Riddle Field where we paused to visit for only a few minutes.

Then on we traveled fortified with more pickles and olives and more merry melodies until we reached Dorr Field. There we were welcomed most cordially by Arthur Ramer, Personnel Manager, and Miss Leona Foster, his secretary.

We just had time to dash here and there for a few glimpses of this wonderful Field and, of course, we did not overlook the throngs of Cadets! Then into the bus again and in a brief few minutes to Carlstrom Field.

Upon our arrival we were greeted by Kay Bramlitt, Len Povey's gracious secretary. She was wonderful to us the whole time we were there and did everything to make our stay a happy one. We had luncheon at the Canteen and then took a sight-seeing tour of the Field.

We have all decided that being a Carlstrom Field Cadet would be most enjoyable. How could it possibly be otherwise in such gorgeous surroundings—beautiful landscaped grounds, lounges, swimming pools and tennis courts. One couldn't ask for more beauty and comfort.

For the benefit of the readers that have never visited Carlstrom. Dorr and Riddle Fields, one Field is just as beautiful as the other and it certainly gives you a proud feeling to see what wonderful things are being done.

Friday evening we were escorted by five of the Field's most handsome and gallant Cadets to a delicious dinner followed by the dance. Each of my playmates might easily have been the Cinderella of the ball.

Saturday morning back to the Field for more sightseeing and more entertainment by the Cadets to whom we are most grateful for a lovely week end. Incidentally, I talked "shop" with J. E. Harrison, Jr., Personnel Manager of Carlstrom Field, for a few moments.

Soon after noon back on the bus and off for our trip homeward. Little did we know, in fact, little did she know that we were traveling with a bride to be.

Helen Dillard, after a gay week end, came home to find "Pen" and a marriage license waiting, not very patiently, on the front door step. How we all wished we might have had such a finale to a most enjoyable week end.

CARLSTROM RAI
Continued from Page 3

Mr. Carden, the genial gentleman who delivers mail to Carlstrom Field as well as to Dorr (the Abandoned Airport), is beginning to feel a little slighted because he’s never mentioned in the Fly Paper. The writer promised him a nice spread if he would start bringing more mail this way—so here’s hoping!

While the Instructors of Class 43-H are enjoying a few days well-earned vacation, we learn by way of the grape-vine that Peggy Brown, Operations Clerk, is also taking a holiday. Can’t seem to find out where she has gone, but we can assure you she’s having a good time.

Opal Cook, the Cashier with the heart of ice, is on a three-day furlough, destination unknown. She insists, however, that she is not getting married.

According to Mr. Wallich, Canteen Manager, there seems to be an epidemic of sick grandmothers among the waitresses. Here’s hoping they (the grandmas) will enjoy a speedy recovery.

Kathryn Graper, one of our popular Cashiers, and Mary Drawdy, waitress par excellence, have both enjoyed visits by their respective husbands, who were home on furlough.

Just in case you didn’t know, we have two Arcadia boys in training here at Carlstrom Field—Lamar Albritton of Class 43-H and Dick Welles of Class 43-I. By the way, Lamar’s wife was formerly a switchboard operator here and was then transferred to Dorr as Chief Operator. Dick’s wife was also employed at Dorr by C. F. Wheeler and later by our own Time department.

We also have a new Instructor who is a native Arcadian—Doug Treadwell. Now, you Dorr Field golfers know what you’re up against, don’t you?

Thought you might be interested in a
few of the nicknames that have been "tagged" onto some of the personnel here:


Jack Hobler was in just a few minutes ago and made the suggestion that the Auxiliary Field known as Southwest Field have its name changed to "Beeson Field," in honor of the first Cadet to report to the new Carlstrom Field who has since been killed in action in the Southwest Pacific.

Frank Beeson was Cadet Captain of the first Class at Carlstrom Field and had numerous friends among the personnel of the Field. We think it's a grand suggestion. Jack, and only hope you can put it over.

**SHORT SNORTER**

The following is a list of the owners of potential Kentucky Derby winners, better known in local circles as "The Dorr Field Horse Lovers' Association": Jim Waterman, "Ole Man" McCurdy, "Ole Man" Degman, "Red Rider" Neville, "Hop-a-long" Burt, "Ole Man" Ellis, our next door neighbor, and those two dispatchers, "Buttercup" Taylor and "Warpeep" Andrews.

Quite a starting line up. Boy oh boy, if horses could only talk, what a story we could print (if it got by the censor). If the Carlstrom horse owners and the Dorr horse owners got together some evening for a polo game we could have the peanut concession, George Mackie the soft drink concession, Tom Davis the ticket selling. All proceeds to go to the Red Cross.

**43-1 AT DORR**

*by Lt. Robert Peters*

Nine little shave tails were Instructors' bait
One of them quit and then there were eight
Eight little shave tails tried to fly to Heaven
One of them washed and then there were seven

Seven little shave tails playing with the sticks
One talked back and then there were six
Six little shave tails for wings they did strike
One of them ground looped and then there were five

Five little shave tails flying round at Dorr
One took an Army check and then there were four

Four little shave tails really up a tree
One came in cross wind and then there were three

Three little shave tails really in a stew
One got set back and then were two
Two little shave tails really were perplexed
Both of them wondered who would be next?

The color of the swimming pool is blue, just in case you thought it was green, and a right nice job Dave Anderson and his workers did too. Someone mentioned the fact that "Uncle" Jack Orr who bossed the paint job had more paint on him than he had in the pool.

Well, you know how these painters are, and if you ever want to see a small snake that is a snake, get "Uncle" Jack to show you the pet he has living in his trailer down at Cleveland—eighteen and a half feet of Indian Python that weighs 140 lbs, stripped.

"Uncle" Jack told us that said snake is as gentle as a kitten and follows him around like one. That's OK., we'll take his word for it. Said snake might possibly catch us even if he is as gentle as two kittens. Boy, sure would have to go some to catch up with us.

Back again to the paint business—have you noticed the blue and white striped paint, with which they have been painting the front gate house? A real first class job too. Are you jealous George Mackie?

We paid a visit down around Horace Burton's place of business last Thursday and saw the source of all the flowers which get around to all these office desks that have good looking girls sitting behind them. We also noticed quite a few watermelon vines doing very nicely.

We would like to mention to Mr. Burton that as a member of the Dorr Field Guard detail we personally think that he will need some insurance on those melons, so Monday we are going down to see if we can't interest him in joining our Watermelon Protective Association.

That's what George Mackie and Jake Newsome should have had at the Auxiliary Field last year when they raffled off their watermelon and Jake Newsome won it. Huh, them guys don't need any protection.

Dorr Field accepts the challenge of them Auxiliary-ites to a golf match. Players from Dorr have not as yet been selected; fact is, we didn't know that anyone at Carlstrom Field had ever heard of the game except maybe Doug Treadwell who has been trying to hit the ball ever since he got out of knickers.

The last report that we had was that Doug could hit the ball once out of three swipes at it; and as for the venerable Bob Bullock, he read a book on it once—how to play golf in three or four easy lessons.

Capt. Weathers here today and gone tomorrow. Well, it was nice meeting him and we all wish him the best of good luck. We heard that he was Salt Lake City bound and points E. W. N. and S.

Just why would Sgt. Smith be so interested in Tampa each week end?

Taking Capt. Weathers place in the Army Intelligence department is Lt. Sheridan. Welcome, Lieutenant. Lt.Sheridan is not the snorer. He hasn't been here long enough to get on a O.

"Hop-a-long" Burt wants it known that Susie-Q is going to take part in the coming Rodeo Parade, but he is not going to be riding her. Aw shucks, Mr. Jim, that's what we all were looking forward to.

All the Instructors getting measured for their uniforms this past week. We can almost hear Johnny Lyons "All right, Mr. Neville, get that hat on straight and button up that shirt." No spurs go with the uniforms.

Don't forget Carlstrom's Super-Duper Army Civilian Supper Dance Saturday, June 5th. Good music and plenty to eat. For putting this in the Dorr Doings, Kay Bramlett, we expect to collect a coke from you.

Wonder how many people have noticed the sign that adorns the front of the Operations Tower attesting to the altitude of Dorr Field? Shucks, way up on the Mounting.

From the Ground School comes the news that Homer Hoten has accepted a commission in the Army as a lieutenant. Congratulations, Lieutenant. We shall come over personally and salute you.

Just what does Sam Clawson carry in that brief case?

We did a whole lot better this week, only sprained one finger typing. Next week we ought to set the world on fire when our other finger is well enough to get back on the assembly line.

To'ally yours,

Jack

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Jack Whitnall of Dorr Field sent us this picture of a Carlstrom station wagon with the inserted "shirt" of its driver, Word Metzger. Incidentally, Jack says that when this appears he will be leaving for parts unknown.
INTER - AMERICAN GRADUATION EXERCISES AT THE TECH SCHOOL

by Ethel Tennyson

In the solitude of our Drafting department on the Fourth Floor, it is difficult for us to keep abreast of the times and therefore we wish to acknowledge our thanks to the different departments for their cooperation in our search for news.

First and foremost Mr. Ireland reports: All preparations for our Make-Up Time and Tech Order Reference Room have been completed. It is located on the Fourth Floor—north wing which was formerly the Drafting department classroom.

A master file of Technical Orders is now complete and Mr. Paine, who is in charge of Tech Order Maintenance and Instruction, is very happy.

Have you heard: Which girl in Military Training talks so much that she has talked herself right up to the official title of Deputy Fire Marshal? And then not being satisfied, the lady in question talked a little more and now has a fire extinguisher all her own—just in case her Tech Orders catch on fire. Now you guess—I know.

And by the way, A. Martin Tade of our own Drafting department is responsible for the information charts that he has drawn to enable the Deputy Fire Wardens to locate Fire Extinguishers. No excuses now.

The welcome sign is out for Willard Burton. Mr. Burton organized and was Chief Instructor of the Instructors' School at Coral Gables for about six months. We are glad to have you back here with us again.

Eric R. Sundstrom Reports

Last week marked the termination of the Instructor Mechanic course for twenty-three Inter-American trainees, and this week marks the beginning of six months' practical training for these young neighbors of six different countries.

The following men were selected to go to Riddle Field in Clewiston: Adolfo Sasco, Reno Bono, Ladislao Guerrero, Sergio Eberhard, William Rivas, William Tartakovsky, Chester Galeno and Samuel Bodden.

To Chapman Field went these six men: Mauricio Molino, Ramon Prado, Aristides Ferrin, Guillermo Bustamente, Enrique Arcaya and Guillermo S. Anthony.

The main object of the practical training these men will receive is to prepare them for the job they have ahead. They, the same as an officer candidate, will now learn how to "take it" before they can "dish it out."

They have proved beyond doubt through their record here and the final marks they made on over 1,400 questions in their final examinations that their selection for this job was 100% correct.

The Army office reports (not censored!)

Mail is coming in for the soldiers from their loved ones marked S.M.R.L.H. (Soldier's Mail, Rush Like H.).

Charles Hacking, a former Embry-Riddle student, will graduate soon from O.C.S. Miami Beach. Sgt. Center will soon be leaving to enter O.C.S. at Camp Barkley, Tex. Cpl. McCarthy (not Charlie) is also leaving for O.C.S. at Miami Beach.

We were very glad to have as our guests nineteen young students from the Miami Edison Senior High School who made a tour of the Tech School Monday, May 24.

Barbara Bradfield has been transferred from Military Training to the office of Adriano Ponsio, Instructor in Portuguese.

We have very favorable reports of the large attendance in the classes in Portuguese. Barbara has had several calls inquiring if there was a fee, and she is glad to report that it's for free. The classes are so interesting that one Instructor (Mr. Beazle, by name) has postponed his vacation!

And speaking of Portuguese, if you should happen around the Military Training office at 8:30 a.m., don't be alarmed at the strange things you hear. It is only the Supervisor and his assistant carrying on their conversation in Portuguese. Did I say Portuguese? Did I say conversation? I didn't call any names, did I?

Margaret Walker, Supervisor of the
Reading Room in the Library, has just completed a large Educational Album of American War Planes and it really is interesting. The photographs are beautiful and having them all in one volume will make them more helpful.

Floyd Brewer, Supervisor of Military Engines, and Fred Muller are back from a tour of Aircraft Plants and Schools.

Lester Bertram, formerly in charge of the Induction department, is now in the Army, stationed at Fort Sorn, Ga.

The following people are back from vacation: Marian O'Brien of the P.B.X. department, Betty Bruce of Priorities and Jo Schaljo, Instructor in Military Engines. Mr. Berry, from the same department, left on a fishing trip.

Helen Hirsch, with George Ireland's able assistance, arranged a surprise luncheon for Mary Jo Milligan McDermott. Those attending were: Emma Louise McEnany, Polly Diehl, Estelle Woodward, Pinky Church, Mary Mitchell, Jo Axtell, Evelyn Doane, Marian Colburn, Dorothy Burton, Gloria Meyers, Helene Hirsch, Barbara Birdfield, Edna Bush and Molly Upham.

The Fly Paper office was deserted this week end. Attending the Wings Parade at Riddle Field with our editors were: Marty Warren, Connie Henshaw, Betty Harrington and "Pinky" Church. We hear they were royally entertained by F/L Nickerson and S/L Bill.

Have you seen: Renee Jacqueline Weld in Charlie Ebets' office? Still living up to his reputation for good looking secretaries. Adelaide E. Clayton in Mr. Strahan's office? He's doing pretty well himself.

We understand that Estelle Woodward won second place in the Coral Cables Horse Show Tourny.

The Sixth Floor girls surprised Betty Harrington the other day with a lovely birthday cake and flowers, and the postman brought her a watch.

Margaret Fessenden of our Drafting department is leaving the first of June. We know we shall miss her.

Cupid has been doing his share toward the War effort. He has been out sniping and has taken quite a few prisoners. Guillermo Bustamante del Campo of Chile, one of our South American students, was married to June Louise Creager of Miami on May 22. Frank Strahan is back from his honeymoon, and Helen Dillard has joined the ranks also.

Which is brighter: the sparkle of Libby's eyes or the sparkle of her new ring?

Bernice Matthiessen and Billie Mabry are leaving to join their husbands. We will miss you!

George Uffenorde, Instructor, and Sgt. Gunter have fallen prey to Cupid's arrows. Their engagements have been announced.

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**ONWARD**

- Every hour counts
- Minutes make them complete
- Ends every effort
- Reveals your worthy soul
- Yours glory in your good work

- Each one and crush
- Orderly and deliberate
- Doubt so that we can here
- Deliver a thousand blows
- Not each one
- Enhance our Victory to come

- Time applied in practice
- Elects the learners
- Causing knowledge and skill to
- Husband wholesome effort found
- Nowhere but in the heart.
- Intelligence is flowered.
- Cooperating with energy it
- Assures successful accomplishment
- Ighting the skies of free effort

- Security and happiness
- Convey to the possessor of the
- Harmony of skill and knowledge
- Our Embry-Riddle!
- Offering help to the willing
- Liberty to all!

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**COLISEUM WINS "OSCAR" FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL**

Judged the most outstanding department for the month of April by the Army Technical Staff, the Coliseum is awarded the Embry-Riddle "Oscar." Surrounded by the instructors and office personnel, Michael Lajunger, Supervisor and Chief Instructor at the Coliseum, stands directly back of "Oscar," which is the work of Lampert Benediemans of the Research department.
NO BARS, NO EAGLES
NEEDED BY SOLDIER
tO TAKE COMMAND

If you think the lot of a non-commissioned officer is an unimportant one, just scan the tale of Ernie Pyle, published in the Miami Herald. The following is the jist of his story reported from northern Tunisia.

The whole company was pinned down on a wheat field that led up onto the slope of a hill. We were trying to take the Germans on the back slope of the hill, but from the ridge they could butcher our men from below if they stirred.

In mid-afternoon a German shell found the Commanding Officer, Lt. Richard Cole, as he lay in the wheat with his men. One of the company’s three commissioned officers was already in the hospital. As soon as Lt. Cole was wounded, Lt. Theodore Antonelli automatically took command and led his company up the hill. A hand-thrown German grenade scattered fragments over his chest and he fell.

Next in line of command was Sgt. Arthur Goodwin. Instantly he assumed the command, expected of him and carried it so well that he was promoted to a lieutenantcy on the battlefield.

Three commands in five hours of battle—that is the story Ernie Pyle reports, that is the story of War. Think it over, boys. And remember, you’ll thank your lucky stars for every ounce of training when you’re called upon to meet an emergency.

Letter From a Former Student

“Just a few lines to let you know that the men from 5-43-AMC have completed their C-46 school course at Curtissair plant in Buffalo. We came out on top with something for the other classes to shoot for, since we attained the highest average for any class going through the course. The highest mark was 88 per cent and the lowest 82 per cent, which is considered excellent.

“At the present time we are laying over here at Chicago waiting for our train to take us to our new station at Gore Field, Great Falls, Montana. The whole Class is still intact and looking forward to applying themselves to the job ahead of us.

“We all enjoyed our stay in Buffalo. The course was excellent for we learned a lot and we appreciate our good fortune in being sent there. Your school helped us tremendously in attaining the marks we made at the Curtiss School.

“The boys all wish to be remembered to you, and tell any of the new classes that the training they are receiving at Embry-Riddle is very valuable and well worth all the effort they put into it.”

Editor’s Note: The above is an excerpt from a letter to George Ireland from Cpl. Norman E. Smith, Class leader of 5-43-AMC. Cpl. Smith is now stationed in Montana.

CLASS 20-43-A1
HOLDS E BANNER
AGAINST ALL ODDS

Congratulations to Class 20-43-A1. This Class now stands in line—right onto the E Banner regardless of the tough competition that some of the newer Classes are giving them. Keep it up, men, we’re mighty proud of you all. What Sergeant could it be who is giving this Class on Menores Avenue so much praise?

At the ball game the other night held in back of the Coliseum, one of the young ladies exclaimed, “Isn’t our pitcher just grand! He hits their bats no matter where they hold them.”

Sentry: “Halt! Who goes there!”
Voice: “You wouldn’t recognize me anyway, I’m new here.”

This week we are welcoming Classes 24-43-A-1, 24-43-D and Class 24-43-E to Coral Gables. We are very glad to have you with us.

Our friend Cpl. Walsh is “on the beam” again after being in the hospital a week. Well, not exactly a week. We had better put in the exact amount of days or else Sgrt. Hawkins will be calling up and saying, “Where do you get a week on that case of Cpl. Walsh? The morning report says 3 days.” Is everything OK, now, Sergeant?

The deadline time came around so quick­ly this week. We reported to Syd Barrows that the report didn’t have much news. He said, “Send it in anyway. Maybe it will be enough to keep Wain from putting me in the dog house.”

A too-smart rookie was about to go on guard. He asked the first sergeant: “What do I do if I see a battleship coming down the street?”

“Order the crew to advance in rowboats and be recognized,” replied the sergeant without batting an eye.

PICK YOUR SPARRING PARTNER!

Army boys engage in a few fistfights, part of their physical training program.
HOT PILOT

“When a pilot thinks he’s pretty hot, he’s usually close to burning.”

There are a million cases to prove this wise statement of a veteran who helped bring this flying business up from the baby stage. But why quote him when you yourself see it going on every day.

The further you go along in this business of learning to fly Uncle Sam’s fighting planes, the better you should become, the more confident you should be in your own ability and that of the machine.

However, statistics show there are over one and a half as many accidents caused by carelessness in Basic as in Primary and over twice as many in Advanced as in Primary. A military pilot, as anybody back from combat will tell you, encounters plenty of thrills in the normal course of his flying career without deliberately inviting disaster.

If you “overshoot” there’s no harm whatsoever in taking another turn around the field for a better approach. When you drop out of a formation, be sure you know where every other plane in the flight is. A buddy might be right below.

Since no time has been allotted in the training schedule for relaxing sound judgment, learn for yourself the best possible “check” system and use it constantly. Don’t be afraid of too much carefulness because that item just doesn’t exist.

Remember, think first, act later.

NEW BOOK AIDS PILOTS FORCED DOWN IN JUNGLE

Pilots forced down in jungle or desert will no longer find themselves facing disaster because they lack the “know-how” of survival in these regions.

“Jungle and Desert Emergencies,” prepared by the Flight Control Command, is now being placed in the B-2 Emergency kits of all parachutes to be used by pilots operating in desert and jungle areas.

A bright red cover to make it easily distinguishable in any terrain and chemical treatment of cover and inside pages to guard them against effects of water and insects are features of the guide. Compact and pocket-size, it offers sound information on practically any phase of a “Robinson Crusoe” existence.

For instance it points out that food is plentiful in most jungles if you can distinguish between edible and poisonous plants. Three general rules are: (1) Eat nothing that has a bitter taste unless you know what it is. (2) Avoid all plants that have a milky sap. (3) Anything that monkey eats, you can eat. (And you can eat the monkeys, too.)

As a clue for locating water it is stated that almost all animals travel toward water at dawn and dusk. Purification procedures are also described. Where no natural water source is available, stems of lianas, jungle grapevines and rattans contain good water substitutes, the book adds.

Twenty common edible jungle plants are illustrated, and methods of their preparation or cooking are discussed. Various animals and insects suitable for sustaining life in an emergency are listed. Among those are termites, which can be eaten raw after the wings have been removed, and beetle grubs which must be cooked or dried.

A section on jungle health stresses the frequent use of quinine as a malaria preventive and cautions protection against the mosquito, most dangerous of jungle insects.

Dangers from natives and jungle animals have been much exaggerated according to the guide. Most animals are harmless if left alone, and only the natives in New Guinea and parts of Assam are considered actually unfriendly.

Advice is given on how to make the most of a crashed plane and its equipment for shelter and rescue. In leaving the plane, water should be carried away in preference to food if both cannot be taken.

Warm clothing should not be left behind for in spite of terrific daytime heat the temperature at night often drops to 25 degrees.

Specific directions on using the parachute as a tent, the seat cushion as a helmet and the parachute pack as a knapsack are included.

Briefness and simplicity are the keynotes of the book. —Flight Control Command

TYPUDT’S AWAY!

Here is a poem, contributed by “none other than” our own Charles F. Grafflin. He says he didn’t write it, but has never seen a copy of it other than the copy he has, so-o this one is by Anonymous too. (That guy does get around):

My typist is on her vacation
My typist’s away for a week
My typist is in her excursion
While these dumb keys play sad and see.

CHORUS
Bring back, bring back
Oj, bring back my typist to me, to me
Bring back, bring back
Oj, bring back my typist & piit—oh helk/0

THE WAR GOES ON

Pauline Bodell, Tech Cashier, was heard to say that while the Bond drive is over the War certainly is not. I continue to spend your limit on War Bonds and Stamps—Pauline has them on hand in her office at the north end of the building.
ALLOVER OVERHAUL
CARLSTROM FIELD

by Bleeka Kister

That the Aircraft Overhaul at Carlstrom follow the pattern of the VFW cigarette committee has been discussed and heartily approved. That box on my desk will gladly relieve you of any or all loose change for the purpose of buying cigarettes for our boys overseas.

These cigarettes, for which we will get a receipt, are purchased by us and turned over to the government. They are then given to our boys overseas free of charge.

Think how proud we would be if some of our own boys who used to be at Carlstrom were to get some of these cigarettes stamped "With compliments from Carlstrom Overhaul." The most we can do is the least we can do for our boys over there.

Bond Raffle

It has been suggested to me that we start a Bond raffle here at Carlstrom Overhaul. Although we do admit that we sort of slipped when we let Engine Overhaul at Miami beat us to the draw just this once, we should like to know if everyone is as enthusiastic as we are.

If you like the idea, please "make me know it," and arrangements will be made at once for action with Overhaul's usual speed and efficiency. Say, "guys" and "gals," how would you all like to win a Bond for just 50 cents?

Louise Crossley has plenty of those buttons that indicate the person wearing it is investing 10 per cent of his or her earnings in Bonds. Those of you who wish to increase your Bond payments just get in touch with Louise in Timekeeping. Come on, fellow workers, let's make Overhaul 100 per cent for Bonds. At this time the Fabric department is in the lead.

Rumor has it that our Test Pilot, Bob Priest, is in the market to buy a house. If you would just as soon rent one, Bob, I have a suggestion. I heard that the cute little house across the street from me will soon be vacant.

Capable Girls

Mollie French and Blanch Combs have been transferred to Final Assembly. They have proven their ability to master any kind of work that comes to hand, and we have no doubt that they will prove themselves capable and efficient in this department.

Marian Stephens says, "Don't try to cram a week's vacation into two days, for it's sure to leave its mark." Sh—Marian must have tried it.

"Pappy" has been heard to say he wished he were twins—Oh "Wurra, Wurra." Think how great that would be down in final assembly, for usually they need four hands instead of two.

Betty Stephens from Dorr Field came visiting Saturday, and did you know that she is Marian's daughter? Betty has many friends here so we spent the day visiting.

Man of the Week

Man of the week in Hangar No. 1 is rather tall, dark and handsome—and single—need I say more? He is a hedging in Final Assembly and we are sure he will come through with flying colors. Now guess who it is.

We shall miss Margaret Drew of Sheet Metal, but we welcome Basil Martin, Jessie Douglas and Elberta Martin who recently joined our happy family. We hope you like it here with us.

Haven't been able to get any information about how Jack Pooser spent his vacation as he is very busy this morning running hither and yon trying to pick up the pieces in his usual fashion. So we take it he has resumed his duties with plenty of "vim."

S.O.S.—Wanted—One blonde in Landing Gear department.

We missed Skates, who has just returned from his well earned vacation.

That's all for Overhaul.

CARLSTROM REPORTER

The Carlstrom Reporter made its initial appearance on May 11 before the Aviation Cadets of the 53rd Flying Training Detachment at Carlstrom Field.

Published every day except Sunday, The Reporter presents a daily summary of the War as it is being fought on the far-flung battlefronts of the world. It does not pretend to report all the news. It has two limitations: the time available to the Cadets to read the news and the space allotted the staff to print it.

Within these limitations, however, The Carlstrom Reporter endeavor to present to the Cadets of Carlstrom Field the most important events of the War as they develop day by day.

LADY INSTRUCTOR

Women throughout the defense industries of the world have shown their ability as Instructors in every phase of work. At the Tech School we find Mrs. Mary L. Hendrickson demonstrating the use of a rivet gun to one of her students, Richard J. Shortt of Wintrop, Iowa.

STUDENT AT TECH

With four brothers already in the Armed Forces, Ted Gore is studying drafting at the Tech School in preparation for a course in Aeronautical Engineering at Notre Dame this summer. Ted, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Gore of Oak Park, III., Fort Lauderdale, Fla., is 18 years old and is a member of the Air Corps Reserve. Model trains and railroads have been his hobby since a youngster and he is seen above working on a model airplane.

WING FLUTTER

by Helen Gilmore

Hello, everybody. Writing the Fly Paper column for Aircraft Overhaul is quite new to me, but just wait, in couple of weeks I'll have plenty of dope to put in our column. Got to give me time.

Our former editor, Catherine Kerr, is now working with Civil Service under Lt. Bacon. We surely miss her. The best of luck, Catherine.

Gee, a lot has come up in the past couple of weeks. You remember when we told you a few weeks ago about our pilot Mr. Cornell, and our co-pilot, Mr. De Shazo? Our pilot is doing plenty. He has hired a personal secretary, a little red-head, and is she cute.

Our co-pilot, Mr. De Shazo, is still waiting and wishing.

We have a lot of new people with us now, and we're hoping they'll like Aircraft. We like them and want them to stay. Have you heard the latest about our office girl who has the most irresistible smiling brown eyes? Our Foreman in Wing Assembly told me personally.

I have some good news for you good people this week—the boys and girls in Sheet Metal and Wing Assembly are really putting out these days and the foreman says to keep up the good work.

In the Covering department our lead
woman has a nephew in Army Aircraft Bombardier who was recently chosen out of the three in his school, which totals 24 in all the nations, as an outstanding student and as a Bombardier Cadet. He received his first taste of Aircraft at Embry-Riddle as a civilian. You're doing all right, Gus Johnson.

The Paint and Dope Rooms had some bad news this week; Mrs. Powell's father died. She has all of Aircraft's sincere sympathy.

The Wood Work department is also putting out good work and plenty of it, thanks to those good looking boys and girls. The Foreman says he has the best looking girls in his department but you should hear what the Sheet Metal department says.

The Wood Shop foreman says he has just one little girl working in his department among all those wolves. She had better watch her step. Have you noticed the blondes and brunettes in the Stockroom? Here we take off in our little P-T-17 with our pilot and co-pilot.

GYRO NOTES

Dear readers, if any; sorry we did not make the last issue, but were unable to get this little bit typed—everyone busy.

The Day Crew are still too busy to give us any copy for our column, but we are submitting copy of some good, solid thought we found on our bulletin board. The author of it is a quiet chap, does his work and a lot of thinking.

Charlie, we like the way you broke down the word “Democracy.” It may make some of us realize a little more just what Democracy is and what it would mean to be without it.

We have had three new members added to our Night Crew — Mr. Heil and Mr. Clements who are new to the department and Mr. Ellis who transferred from days. Welcome all.

New Member

In this connection the Day Shift has at least one new member—Gwen—who has forsaken the Stockroom for the Mechanics bench. You’ll like it, Gwen, and good luck. The Stockroom boasts a new face—that of Ethel Koyack who has taken Gwen’s place.

Rus Hinton and Charlie Austin were out on the Bay down Key’s way Sunday aboard the latter’s boat. They encountered adverse winds and were all but stranded. I don’t suppose they really minded, for they reported a wonderful time, but Hinton was nearly late for work. The Sun wrote its own record—Yep, you guessed it—in red.

Virginia Cable of the Day Crew is having a big time with her Tachometer. They are contrary critters at times aren’t they, Virginia? Raudenbush and Klein had themselves a picnic down at Chapman Field a few days ago. They were installing instruments in some planes which were very much

Back again, like the bad penny. Thanks, Wain, for not putting us in ye olde dogge house. We were considering taking a lease on it.

We wonder how many of you Engine Overhaul people have noticed the map of Miami that is on the wall opposite the time clock. The map is for the purpose of setting up a Share-Your-Car system within our shop.

There are cards tacked up next to the map with the names of some of those people in the shop who can carry riders to and from work.

Employees desiring to share their car or obtain a steady ride, for a nominal fee of course, to and from work, should consult the cards and map and contact either the car owners and riders directly or inquire at Mr. Griffin’s office.

Don’t Chauffeur Japs

Many of our employees already have formed Share-Your-Car groups and they find them convenient as well as interesting. Don’t carry any Japs in the empty seats of your car? Share your ride and help our side!

We have a few newcomers to welcome, among them Freda Golby, Travis Durance, Phyllis Farnham, wife of Claud Farnham of our Wiring department, Ray Thompson, Albert Brosius, Reginald “Pete” Brooks, Aristides Ferrin and Ramon Prado. Welcome, folks!

George Zateslo has been the lucky man twice in the drawings for bonds. We hear that Harold Dickey won a bond, too. These drawings—for those who are not “in the know”—take place after each pay-day. The chances are 30c apiece, and anyone is eligible. So step up and pick a number.

Distinguished Visitors

Service representatives from the Lycoming, Continental, and Jacobs corporations were our welcome and distinguished visitors last week. They were accompanied by Air Service Command representatives from Wright and Patterson Fields.

Production Control department has made the coup d’etat beyond compare with the glamourizing of their office. Pale green walls with natural color wood panels help to make this office cool-looking and attractive.

Mae Heacock is traveling to Chicago with her son, who is on furlough from the Army. When Mae gets back she can show us how to loop the Loop (joke; laugh here).

Joe “Red” Baum is the new cylinder-grinder operator and couldn’t be any wronger about what he’s doing. Mr. Ehne reports that Red is doing an excellent job and we know he’ll keep up his good work.

Ignorance is Bliss

Our hopes were dashed to the ground when we found out that thing Dan Nolan is working on is a generator test bench. It looked for all the world to us like a super-duper radio. Ignorance is bliss, but oh, the rude awakening.

Engine Backfires: How many miles does Bill Ehne walk in a day? Where did McSwain learn to do the fancy riding on a bicycle? What happened to the boy who sold sweet-peas at the gate? Why was “Shorty” so generous with his chewing gum?

Engine Sparks: Ace Brindley busy chasing Gremlins out of his department; Mr. Foote and his new crew-cut, which must be the original warm-weather clip; Ike Havieland with a glad light in his eyes because of the arrival home of his son, “Major” Havieland, from Africa.

Feminine Note

Hazel Keene and Marie Bushgens adding a feminine note to the Final Assembly line; test stand boys going through the “changing of the guard” at the beginning of the new shift. That whirlwind that just blew through the shop was Mr. Horton.

Your devoted reporter showing Mack and Magee how to drive a nail; the Sandlot department all smiles because of the installation of their new cabinet; the “Boss” yodeling to the ice-cream girl (only he never gets any extra ice cream—that).”

More visitors were: Mr. Hutson, Superintendent of Maintenance, Mr. Hunziker and Mr. Schopenhauer, from Riddle Field at Clewiston. Somebody ask Mr. Hutson why we have to put two guards at the entrance of our stockroom whenever he comes to visit us. Don’t let us discourage you, though; we like to see you and hope you’ll come often!

So long.
COLONNADE CANNONADE

by Maxine Hurt

Alas, alas! 'Tis not that I have turned literary (heaven forbid), nor have I been brow beaten into this . . . it's just that this has been such an eventful week that we of the Colonnade flatly refuse to have our column among the missing in this week's Fly Paper . . . so, boys, get your weeping towels, and, girls, don your very best "envy make-up."

Steady now . . . for our very beautiful and extremely popular editor and friend, Helen Dillard, now answers to the name of Mrs. Jordan M. Pennoyer . . . take the smelling salts away . . . because this really shouldn't be such a big surprise to any of us, but somehow it was.

Congratulations

"Pen" is well known to most Embry-Riddle-ites and I'm quite sure that I speak for all of us when I say, "Our most hearty congratulations to both of you, Lt. and Mrs. Pennoyer!" We understand that the happy couple are "honey-mooning" in Virginia, but hurry back to us, Helen, we miss you plenty!

And now to settle down and quit singing "Wedding Bells are Breaking up That Old Gang of Mine" while I impart to you a little bit of this and that, the result of my snooping.

The week end was far from being dull for several of the other fair lasses around the Colonnade. It seems that . . . from the gleam in the orbs of Jackie Dillard, Frances Wuest, Margaret dePamphilis (and of course no doubt Helen's have a double gleam) those trips to Carlstrom to attend the graduation dances given for the Cadets are more than successful!

Even at this late date, they all are walking around with somethin' which closely resembles Spring Fever, leaving those who didn't attend no alternative but "I wish I could have gone, too!" And the boys seem to enjoy them equally as well! Frances has already received a long distance call and a letter that practically beat her home!

Rae Lane is gonna' be awfully mad when she finds out that they had to go and pick the very week end that she's up Pensacola way. Well, honey, just you wait, there'll be some more, we girls hope.

The welcome mat is put in a very prominent place this week for Harold Plummer and Martha Cooper . . . Mr. Plummer, former Assistant Steward at Arcadia, has taken up duties in Mr. Hiss' Mess Administration offices while Martha moves into Mr. Jackson's very busy Rationing Office, replacing Dorothy Kenny who has returned to her home in Indiana. Welcome to both of you and we sincerely hope you like the Colonnade as well as we do!

Varney Elected

Congratulations are in order for Emmett Varney, Embry-Riddle Personnel Director, who was last week elected Chairman—Director of the Miami Personnel Director's Association . . . which consists of forty-four tentative members representing the chief War Industries of the Greater Miami District.

These Association Members meet once a month to discuss War Man Power and employment problems in order to increase a closer cooperation between the various Industries in this locality.

Well! I have a confession to make! Time has been when I've ribbed Helen a great deal because she couldn't find anything to write about! Says I, "My, with all the things that happen around here, I just don't see how you could ever stop writing."

Keep Up the Good Work

"F'give me, please! Most response to my snooping was "Nothin' happening." Anyway, since this is my very first attempt, we'll let it go at this except for one little plea from me whose very favorite husband Johnny was sent to where and all the other girls who are in the same boat . . . let's all keep up the good work and bond buying so they will come back in a hurry. I'm lonesome. How about the rest of you girls?

MY COFFEE
by Raymond Lipe, Payroll Department

Each morning, when I first awake, A craving comes to me; I want right then—immediately! A cup of Hot Coffee.

I crave this soothing steaming draft, Regardless of how hot 'tis; It warms the cockles of my heart, And calms my epiglottis. It tickles down my trachea And makes my lungs inflate— My larynx and my diaphragm Begin to palpitate.

Down through my thorax, then it runs, No sting—no burn—no juss; Caressing, as it oozes down My old esophagus. It feels so good! So nice! So warm! A nestling in my tummy— It's more than just a morning drink— It's inspiration to me.

From head to toe, I am enthused, With coffee, in my middle— I'm eager then, to get to work, For dear old Embry-Riddle.

SHOWOFF
by Henry B. Graves, Safety Director

A showoff exhibited his prowess by carrying a one hundred fifty pound piece of stock from the supply room to his machine. He felt a sharp pain in his groin and was absent several days for treatment of hernia.

A large percentage of our "lost-time" accidents are caused from lifting strains. Get help to carry or move heavy pieces. Leave exhibitions of strength to professional weight lifters. They get money for it; you lose money by it.

Since her face doesn't peek at us from the lines of Colonnade Cannonade this week, we had to put Helen Dillard into the dog house. Pardon us, we mean Mrs. Jordan Pennoyer. Yep, Helen deserted us this past week end, and all for a mere husband. But she'll be back from her honeymoon and back to her column in before long, so we'll forgive her in advance.
FUTURE WAF FROM TECH

Connie Young, until recently secretary to Lloyd Budge, Athletic Director, is on her way to train as a WAF at Avenger Field, Sweetwater, Tex.

GYRO NOTES
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in the sun. Maybe it wasn’t such a picnic at that—How about it, boys?

Thanks to Mr. Beckwith who gave permission and to Mr. Terry who took over my duties Friday night I was able to visit my Mother in Leesburg who is very ill, as well as my wife who is the nurse in attendance. Those Eastern Air Line planes give you a swell ride.

We have been over-run with Engine jobs of late, so everyone has been on the double with the result that those jobs are going out on schedule.

That’s all, folks, till next week at which time I may have a story about a Mule—hope you’ll like it.

DEmOCRACY U.S.A.
by Charles E. Howard

D—For DOWN the Axis leaders.
E—For END their mad career.
M—For STOP the crazy hate breeders.
O—For OVER, we soon shall hear.
C—For CRIMES against our liberty.
R—For ROOSEVELT’s aim to win.
A—For AMERICAN ARMS wher’er they may be.
C—For CHARGE and take Berlin.
Y—For YANKS, our boys so brave.
U—For UNITED, we stand today.
S—For SCRAP, buy Bonds and save.
A—For our ALLIES — Democracy is here to stay.

A FATHER’S PIÓUS PHILOSOPHY

“My son, never speak unkindly of careless people. Never knock them, because God made careless people, my son. He made them the same as He made Snakes, Lice, Polecats, and Politicians in his inscrutable wisdom. He made them. Why He made them only He knows—I’ll be darned if I do.”

CHAPMAN CHATTER
by June Page

Well, well, me of all people being guest columnist while Cara Lee Cook, better known as “Cookie,” is recuperating from an appendectomy. “Cookie” is doing fine over at St. Francis, and we hope to see her around soon.

Last week you no doubt read about the ill wind playing “Strip Polka” and “Blow The Man Down,” but Chapman has calmed down and everything is in tip top shape again.

In my rambling excursion into the gentle art of snooping, this being my second offense (I mean attempt) as a pinch hitter for our lil “Cookie,” some of my doting (?) friends have told me that if I stuck to it all my life I might become a “super-snooper”! Bragging again.

A Friendly Bunch

Well anyway, a few days ago I peeked into the hangar and found the friendliest bunch of guys I’ve ever met. Each one seemed imbued with a spirit of loyalty and respect for Bruce Hadley, the guiding spirit of the Maintenance department—the man who wouldn’t lose his calmness and poise if he was hit by an earthquake.

Those four swell boys are now in the Service and are greatly missed by the gang. We are proud of them, knowing that each will do his “stuff” in a pinch as he did it here.

The Cross Country boys are now in Griffen, which is a pretty little town. We surely miss Theron Redish, better known as “Bird Dog” around Chapman. Good luck to you, Theron! Billie Fernandez is now in charge of Operations. By the way, Billie happens to be a “she” (information for those who don’t know).

Received a letter from Catherine Jones, who is doing fine with the WAFS deep in the heart of Texas. She said to tell everyone hello for her.

Sterling Camden returned last week and said he had a very nice trip. Happy to have you back with us again.

We have three guests this week in the Administration building: Leonard Brown and L. L. deVay from the Auditing department at the Colonnade, as well as Jeannette McKel, sister of our own Jinnie.

Shame, Shame, Tom

The baseball game last week was a complete wash out, but this week we took it with an eight to five. Jerry Cook pitched a very good game. Tom Moxley almost surprised the crowd with a “strip tease” before his aides took him in hand. Outside of this excitement the boys are doing fine—keep up the good work!

The Field has greatly improved in looks, with all the buildings, including the Canteen, dressed up in white. Mr. Sutter is surely doing his best to make Chapman Field a place of beauty.

UNION CITY
Continued from Page 1

money to him on time. He doesn’t have time to hunt each member up.

“Books!” Franz, our General Manager and Director of Flying, is back from a quick trip to Miami. He made a complete tour of all the Fields and met many old friends.

PING PONG

Though ached, disgraced and double-crossed By each elusive little ball, It’s better to have pinged and lost Than never to have pinged at all.
WHITE CAPS
by Pat Grant

What ho and to Tao ... 'tis a bright and shiny Spring day that we bring youse (or is it youse?) these cherriy greetin's ... Those highly innaminate creatures you see milling around the Base are none other than our flight personnel who—by all 'tis said—due to the Fever of Spring have taken on the attitude of a well wet shoe string ... All the pep and vim and vigor seen here abouts in that notorious past could be scooped up and piled up under a thimble.

As a matter of pure and simple fact the only real source of energy and activity herewith, other than the steady buzz (or is it hum, or chug?) of our sturdy lil' craftees, was the dual splash created by Sergei Selby and Jerry Williamson Post Solo. A flock of blood thirsty buzzards has nothing on our gang here at the Base when they're sharpening their claws on the docks with that certain "duke'em" look in their eye waiting for that dazed first solo victim to pull in to the dock.

And which all brings to mind the usual custom here that "he who takes off" but need I continue? ... said victim is greeted by a whoop that tapers off to a howl, and whose fuselage is triumphantly escorted to the Clearance Desk where he or she (the offender) much ashamed deposits sheepishly one quarter to the fund that will one day we hope not too far in the near future furnish said Base with a party.

One good deed always leads to another, and comes now a poem ... author prefers to remain unknown and maybe it's just as well at that.

Ode to a Water Rudder
There's a see blightly rudder hangin' way back there
When that bloomin' little gadget's hangin' down in the air—
There's a fussin' and a jamm'n and a "bind" to a ditty—
"Please give the little girl a quarter for the Kitty."

It's down in the water and it's up in the air
One way or t'other ed save a lot of wear and tear,
I can't seem to bother it and more's of a pity—
For I always pay the little girl a quarter for the Kitty.

I'll be flying up to Heaven, of that I'm really sure,
And I'll sail right up to Peter with a smile that's quite demure
But I know as sure a shootin' he will send me with a brooz
On down to the bad place 'cause I left the rudder down.

Enough of this frivolity, It's news when we have news here ... Our Seaplane Base flock has increased and multiplied since last our scribbled wanderings of the mind grace these esteemed pages ... Four new Instructors have joined our crew ... and it's really swell to be able to greet Mr. Van Scoik, Major Cook and Galloway and to offer them a warm welcome into our Riddle gang.

But now it is my honored privilege to announce the return of one of the old gang here at the Base ... Commander A. J. Bertram—who has just returned from a year's active service with the United States Naval Medical Corps in the South Pacific.

We burst with pride when we realize that his tireless efforts while at the Front have saved hundreds of our boys who are fighting for that greatest of great Causes. A hearty welcome back, Commander Bertram. May all our small efforts be half as successful as yours have been.

That strange accent which has been flowing between a certain Instructress and our Clearance Officer for the past several weeks, has not only lifted eyebrows all up and down the East Coast but has even sent two strangers shrieking out the door when Miss Norton calmly announced (in answer to their puzzled query) that the accent in question was Eskimo.

We are sorry as can be to hear that our No. 1 ramp girl, Gloria Van Riper is ill ... We wish her a speedy trip back from "overhaul" and hope that her repairs are not major ones.

'Tis a goodly amount all this nonsense and high tide for take-off so I'll pull up the water rudder with a nah-nah and trim it for smooth sailing until next week.

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If he could only see me Now!

There's one guy back in Florida who would get just as big a hang out of this as I do—my first instructor. And in a way he got the ZERO, not me. I wouldn't have been up there in the sun when they came over this morning if he hadn't had the confidence and patience during those first hours. Sometimes I think the primary instructors are the guys that are really winning the War.

"Keep 'em Flying"

Embry Riddle

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