From Prairie Lands
To Modern Air Field
Is Carlstrom’s Story

by Kay Bramlitt

On January 31, 1941, when the writer arrived at Carlstrom Field, there wasn’t much to be seen except miles and miles of prairie and mud. Of course, the framework of several buildings-in-the-making could be sighted in the building area and the earth had been removed from the spot where the swimming pool was to be, but the main impression registered on my mind was that this part of Florida certainly was muddy!

The only “completed” building on the site was the construction shack where the building contractor’s office force did their utmost to keep track of the building materials coming in and going out and to keep accurate records of their employees’ working hours. It was there that “Boss” Povey set up his headquarters.

Being January, it was plenty cold. A small kerosene heater was the only “weapon” available to combat the cold wind which blew across the prairie through the half-inch cracks between the boards in the walls, floor and ceiling of the shack! However, strangely enough, everyone who possibly could crowded into the small room to keep out of the wind. Consequently, the shack was a madhouse! Everyone seemed to acquire the pioneer spirit, though, and entered wholeheartedly into the adventure.

As the civilian and Army personnel began to flow into Arcadia, their common interest in the new School created a friendly atmosphere among the group and brought them closer together. Between the numerous rib-roasts (which were a new experience for most of us), fish fries and square dances given for the personnel at the Field by the local townspeople and the many parties given by various members of the group itself, there was no lack of entertainment and amusement in Arcadia at that time.

It wasn’t long until the buildings at the Field were completed, and grass, shrubbery and palm trees were planted. The first PT-17s arrived late in February amid the joyous shouts of the instructors, and then in March the first class of cadets arrived.

Continued on Page 14

CARLSTROM CARROUSEL

The 44-F Graduation Dance held at the new Cadet Club in Arcadia was very much of a success! The Buckingham Field Orchestra from Scharing furnished the very solid music and had an attractive brunette songstress to add zest. The floor show at the interval, in addition to having Cadets Stadd and Russell as star performers, presented two jitterbugging pickaninnies who really “gave out” with the jive.

The Cadets of 44-F deserve a lot of credit for making the dance a success. A group of approximately twenty-five boys, headed by Morris Stadd and Luther Russell, spent all their spare time at the Cadet Club repainting the walls, rearranging the lighting effects, decorating the entire hall and setting up the new tables.

Although a lot of hard work was involved, the boys felt the dance was worth it. Much credit is also due Lt. Haring, the Special Services Officer, who gave unstintingly of his time to make the dance a success.

On Friday, February 4th, A/C William J. Kinling (Class 44-F) of Baltimore, Md., and Irene J. Opitz of Cantonsville, Md., were married at the Methodist Church in Arcadia by Chaplain Shonfelt. A/C and Mrs. Charles H. Howell acted as witnesses of the ceremony. Best wishes for future happiness are extended Cadet and Mrs. Kinling from all the personnel at Carlstrom.

Byron Shouppe is a Papa! Yes, sir, Byron and Dirck Shouppe are announcing the arrival of a 5 lb. 14 oz. boy at their house as of 9:45 a.m. Feb. 1, 1944. The newcomer’s name is Byron Wendell. Congratulations!

Instructors Don Hawkins, Bill Wiggins, Ed Denham and Bill Greene left Carlstrom Field early Wednesday morning, Feb. 2nd.

Continued on Page 14
Letters to the Editor

“Somewhere in the Aleutian Area”

January 17, 1944

Dear Editor:

I have at hand your recent letter of December 16 and need I tell you how very happy I was to hear from you. Just the idea that all my true friends at Embry-Riddle Tech do write to me occasionally really does give me a great deal to look forward to.

I also realize that you are one very busy individual—therefore I appreciate the letter all the more.

I am just fine these days and in spite of our being so far away from home and our loved ones, we had a most enjoyable Christmas and New Year.

We were given quite a few Christmas gifts by the Special Services Division which made it very nice, for all the gifts from home didn’t get here until after the Christmas holidays.

We had turkey three times so we have no complaint coming at all. We had it on Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year’s Day. Naturally it didn’t taste like Mom’s, but it was pretty good.

I am still working in my Company Orderly room and by this time I imagine that you think I must be a pretty good clerk. Well, to tell you the truth, I am doing OK. I manage to keep busy eight hours a day and being busy helps pass the days and months until victory is ours for keeps.

I have been told that just being in this war is an experience I shall never forget and that is true with this soldier. You know, when I return to Miami Beach, I just dare anyone to say to me, “Gee whiz! You being a Floridian, you’ve never really witnessed a real hard winter,” for I shall mow them down with my two hands and then tell them about several interesting and hazardous experiences I have had since I have been up in this “No Man’s Land.”

I do have a great deal to be grateful for. After all, I could have been sent to many more dangerous zones than this one and I do have everything that I had when I was back in the States—a warm barracks, warm clothes, good food and entertainment. We receive some of the new films here even before they are released for public showing back in the States.

The war news sounds good and I sincerely hope it means that the war will soon be over. Oh, for a sunny beach day and a cold drink at Sloppy Joe’s, or a nice juicy hamburger at Wimpy’s, or a steak at the Park Restaurant on the Beach. Such illusions as these shall just have to wait until I return home.

I haven’t as yet received the Fly Paper with my article and photo in it, but I imagine that it will arrive one of these days real soon. Please don’t forget that if you possibly can I want you to send the Fly Paper whenever you have the time.

Well, my friends, I shall say au revoir until next time. Meanwhile, do let me hear from you both once in a while for Embry-Riddle and all the people there will always live in my memories.

Most sincerely,

Cpl. Bob Lipkin

Editor’s Note: Thanks for the very nice letter, Bob. Your last one, along with the photo, appeared in the December 17 issue of the Fly Paper, and you should receive it before long. The Fly Paper is being mailed to you regularly. We believe it will reach you more promptly as soon as the post office recovers from the holidays.

DEAR ELMER,

“I’m glad to hear that you are situated in Engine Overhaul as it seems to be quite a good deal. I already know about the Brazilian School, but I didn’t know that Kee

Dear Editor:

Harvey Benson is in the “Cadets” and at present he is in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. Bill Shanahan is in Southern Illinois Normal College. Clyde Taylor is here with me in Manhattan, Kan. We have been together ever since we left Miami.

Things here at Kansas State College are not too bad. The main thing here seems to be discipline and they really have it here. They also have a book of regulations which are called “Student Orders” and we are required to know them forward and backward. In these “Student Orders” are written everything we can do and believe me what you can do can all be written on your thumbnail.

In connection with the “Student Order” system is a demerit system whereby any infraction of a student order may result in so many demerits. One is allowed up to nine demerits a week, after which a “tour of duty” is walked for every demerit received.

A “tour,” as we call them, consists of one hour of walking at 120 paces per minute with a Springfield on your shoulder and believe me the rifles surely get heavy, as I know from being on guard duty at Jefferson Barracks, Mo. Up to the present I haven’t a single demerit against me and I don’t intend to get any.

I have been here just two months now and have three more to go, and then I shall

be sent to Santa Ana, Calif., for pre-flight. At present we are studying math, physics, geography and history and they are really throwing it at us, in fact, it is coming so fast that no one is getting it—including me, but we’re in there pitching, so I guess we can do it.

No more time at present, so tell everyone there “Hello” for me.

Love,

Wally

Editor’s Note: The above is a letter received by Mr. E. Schuwingen of Engine Overhaul from Wally Weightman, one of our former Military Engineers.

Hagerstown, Md.

January 29, 1944

Dear Editor:

I have greatly enjoyed the Fly Paper for months, as we have been receiving it regularly since our son went through your school. He was a member of Class 41-L, 1941, and from there went to Gunter Field, graduating in December from Barksdale Field, Shreveport, La.

Capt. McAdams, who served overseas in the Iowa campaign and was a member, co-pilot, of the crew of “The Swoose,” was killed in a plane crash near Warm Spring, Va., on October 14th, 1943. At the time of his death he was in Flight Test at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio.

I do not know what your policy is as to keeping our name on the mailing list, but if possible we would like to have the issues.

Mrs. M. L. McAdams, Sr.

Editor’s Note: Our deepest sympathy to you, Mrs. McAdams. We appreciate very much your writing to us, and we should like to assure you that your name will continue to be among those on our mailing list. If you will look on Page 5 of the February 4 issue of the Fly Paper, you will see that your son’s name appears on the Carlstrom Field honor roll among those who have been awarded the Silver Star.

323 Lexington St.

Lakeland, Fl.

January 17, 1944

Dear Editor:

I want to thank you very much for sending the Fly Paper to me. I look forward to reading it from one Monday to the next. Please continue mailing it to me for, even though I don’t know many of the people written up in it, I enjoy reading about the different fields and their activities.

Thank you,

Harriette Reeves
C. A. P. Cadet

Editor’s Note: The C. A. P. Cadets are the flyers of tomorrow, Harriette, so we hope that our publication will increase your interest in aviation. We also hope that some day you will have the opportunity of visiting us, at the Fields or in Miami.
Letters from England

1459561 Sgt. Turner
14 Springfield Road
Sheffield 7, England
January 3, 1944

Dear Editor:

Will you please thank the Company, on my behalf, for the Course 14 photograph which you kindly sent on.

Most of my friends also have received their copies by now, and, no doubt, you’ll be hearing from them.

I shall always remember the good time I had while in Florida, both at work and at play. I could not have wished for a better lot of Instructors than there are at Riddle Field.

Well, I’ll close now by wishing you and all the staff at Clewiston success and happiness throughout 1944.

Yours sincerely,

Henry D. Turner

Editor’s Note: We are glad to hear that the photographs are reaching England and we appreciate Henry’s prompt acknowledgment. We hope he’ll write us soon again and give us some “gen” of his classmates.

216 Deane Street
South Elmshall
York’s, England
January 3, 1944

Dear Editor:

You may not remember me as well as you remember others of Course 12, but I thought I would drop you a line just to let you know how a few of us are faring in dear old Blighty.

Along with myself are Sergeants Cherry and Bain. We have been flying Blenheim’s, preparing ourselves for either Beaufighters or Mosquitoes. (All the good pilots fly Mosquitoes.) Sgt. Lock is at our place too, but he is two courses behind owing to an illness he had. I am glad to say he is quite well and hearty again.

“Brodie” Reid, I believe, is on an instruction course somewhere in England. Tom Reynolds is taking an instructor course also, on twins. P/O Newman is also taking an instructor course—at least that was the gen given to me.

By the way, our old friend Sgt. Ted Cotton is training for night fighters too, at our place. Sgt. Spooner is on an A.F.U. course with Miles Masters and will probably end up flying Spitfires.

The only information I can give you about the rest of the gang is that the majority were taken on instructor courses.

Sgt. Jenkins, who was left behind owing to an illness, turned up with our mob and, I believe, he too is training as a night fighter. That’s all the gen I can give you now. Give my regards to all at Riddle Field, especially Mr. Leaplaine and Mr.

Keine, and ask them to drop me a line sometime.

Until next time, cheerio.

Yours sincerely,

Clifford Raikes

P.S. Do you ever hear from the American friends of our course? I would like to hear from McBride, Steuer, Powell and a few of the other boys.

Editor’s Note: Thanks for your very informative letter, Clifford. Our answer is on its way to you, but in the meantime we have received the tragic news of Milton Steuer’s death. While serving as a co-pilot on a cargo ship, he was killed in a crash outside of Los Angeles, Calif.

5 Unity Street
Sheerness
Kent, England

Dear Editor:

I wish to thank you and all the members of your staff for your kindness in forwarding me the Fly Paper, which I have received regularly since my husband, Sgt. H. A. Beer (more familiarly known as Bert) asked for them to be sent. I do enjoy this paper very much indeed and look forward to reading all the news, especially that which concerns No. 5 B.F.T.S.

I expect there are quite a number of people at the Field and in Clewiston who will remember Bert very well. He graduated with Course 12, which I believe was the first course to train both American and British Cadets together.

Since he has come home, he has been on a series of conversion and beam approach courses, but now while waiting for a posting he had to go into hospital for a slight operation on his foot. I’m sure that all his friends at Riddle Field and in Clewiston will be pleased to know that he has recovered.

I should like to take this opportunity to thank everyone who helped Bert while he was at Riddle Field, and I should also like to thank the very kind friends he made in Clewiston for their hospitality which they gave him every time he visited them.

If, after the War, they should happen to come to England, I hope I shall be able to repay, if only small, a part of what they have done for my Bert.

I should be most grateful if you will continue to send the Fly Paper, as both Bert and myself enjoy it and look forward to it very much.

Yours very sincerely,

Muriel E. Beer

P.S.—If it’s at all possible, please publish this letter, so that the many friends Bert made, and whom unfortunately he hasn’t been able to contact, may know how he is. Thank you.

Editor’s Note: Thanks for your nice letter, Mrs. Beer, and we’re glad to hear Bert is OK now. You may be sure that the Fly Paper will continue to come, and the issue requested in your letter has been sent to you.

1523122, Sgt. Endersby, J. H.
15 Fairfax Mount
Old Colwyn, North Wales
January 4, 1944

Dear Mr. Durdan:

Many thanks indeed for the copy of the photographic of my graduating class, which you were kind enough to send to me. It will form a very good epilogue to the grand times we all had at Riddle Field.

Please convey my regards to Dan Muel ler, to whom I’ll be writing soon; to Don Day, with whom I had a grand time on that long long cross-country trip up to Union City; and, if possible, to my old Advanced Instructor, Grant Baker, who, I understand, is now with Pan American Airways.

Over here with me are most of the other lads of “The 14th.” I am carrying on with training in preparation for flying heavy bombers on Operations, and I’m hoping that that time is not so very far away.

It is mighty cold here, and we are all envying you your hot sunny days. Here’s hoping we’ll share them with you again in the not too distant future.

Cheerio for the present. My best regards to all my friends at the Field.

Sincerely yours,

Bert Endersby

Editor’s Note: James Durdan, Assistant General Manager of Riddle Field, kindly gave us permission to publish the above letter. If the Chamber of Commerce weren’t looking, we’d tell Bert that some of our sunny days haven’t been so hot! However, we do hope that he will get his wish to return to this side soon.

If you would like the Fly Paper sent to you, fill out the following and mail it to the Fly Paper office, Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, 3240 N. W. 27th Avenue, Miami 30, Florida.

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Address
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FREEDOM

by Chaplain L. H. Shonfelt, Dorr Field

In this month of February, when we celebrate the birthdays of two of our greatest Presidents, my thoughts turn to the subject of freedom. I feel a poignant incongruity in celebrating the past achievements of freedom when our nation is again fighting for the preservation of her way of life.

Such remembrances should give us pause to remember that freedom will never be won with completeness and reality. It is a subject in difference and idleness. Nothing worth having is won with permanence in that sense.

We may purchase a new suit or dress and then it is ours whether we wear it or not. But it is not so with life’s higher values. You may effect a beautiful friendship, but it will be yours only so long as you continue to foster that friendship.

You may find happiness, but it will soon slip away if you do not continue to drink deeply of the well of love and service. Likewise, freedom must be won anew and repeatedly by every individual and every generation if it is to be the possession of our nation.

I want to remind you that the basis of lasting freedom is a solid foundation of living religion. Our leaders since the Pilgrims first set foot upon our shores have been devout, God-fearing men. The lure of gold took many settlers to other countries while our ancestors came to North America in search of God.

Such thoughts deserve a large place in our increased thinking about America’s contribution to the post-war world. Are we to further the cause of political independence and social equality? Or are we to sacrifice the hard won victories of the past?

Continued on Page 11
Edwin P. Stahl Is New Director of Technical School in Miami

Edwin P. Stahl, Director of the Technical School and head of the Brazilian Foreign Agency, has acquired a background which well equips him for his diversified duties. He has been an educator and a business man and has gained success in both fields.

His talents are put to full use at Embry-Riddle where he is responsible for the administrative end of training men and women, boys and girls, for their part in the world of today and, more far-reaching, the peace of tomorrow, a peace which will bring the expansion of aviation and opportunities for scores of men and women who are getting their training today.

As head of the Brazilian Foreign Agency, Mr. Stahl handles all affairs in this country pertaining to the Technical School of the Brazilian Air Ministry in São Paulo, including the expediting of equipment and supplies.

Educated in Michigan

Born in Morrow County, Ohio, he was educated in Michigan and for 13 years was associated with the Michigan State Normal College, Ypsilanti, in an administrative capacity. It was he who organized the Student Union building there.

Leaving college to set up his own business, Mr. Stahl operated the Edwin Stahl Contract Furniture Company in Detroit. Foresightfulness prompted him to liquidate the business when War was impending, for he realized that shortages would not permit him to continue on the large scale necessary in such an enterprise.

During a vacation in Miami (the Stahls have been ardent boosters of Miami for many years) Mrs. Stahl remarked to her husband, "It really would be economical to live in Miami—we wouldn't have to spend so much vacationing here." And that's how the Stahls turned native.

Interest in Aviation

Then Mr. Stahl's thoughts turned to War, to aviation in particular. His interest had been aroused during the eight weeks he attended school at the Willow Run Bomber plant in Ypsilanti, and when an Embry-Riddle plea for instructor trainees caught his eye, he made inquiries.

His courses in hardwoods, sheet metal, riveting and landing gear at Willow Run were followed up with intensive courses in engines and electricity here at Embry-Riddle. His study was identical to that of the Army Air Forces soldiers who were being trained here at that time.

In short order Mr. Stahl became Supervisor of the Aircraft department. In addition to his work in that department he taught several classes of Teachers' Technique to Inter-American Cadets.

When the Brazilian program was inaugurated, he became Assistant Director of that Division. Step by step he has risen to his present position, one for which his varied activities have well prepared him.

"Ed," as he is known throughout the Company, is a veteran of the last World War. As a mere boy he served two and one-half years as a corporal in the 32nd Division of the Infantry and spent 16 months overseas, part of that with the Army of Occupation.

Back From the Wars

Returning from the battlefield, he went to school. Within five years he completed high school and obtained his Bachelor of Arts degree in education from Michigan State Normal College, Ypsilanti.

Apparently, concentrated study was his "meat," for he found plenty of time to engage in extra-curricular activities, serving as president of the Men's Union and a member of the Debate Team. Nor was romance put aside in favor of the intellectual. It was at college that he met Mrs. Stahl, the former Rosalie Margaret Schrens of Saginaw, Mich., who was a fellow student.

Feeling a need for business administration subjects which had not been included in his Arts course, Mr. Stahl spent a year in post-graduate work at the Normal College and later studied two summers at the University of Michigan.

Father of Four

Experience in training and advising youth, so the saying goes, should begin at home. Edwin Stahl also is qualified in that respect, for he is the father of four children, the oldest, Lawrence Edwin, 20, is a midshipman at Annapolis. Elizabeth, 19, is a sophomore at her parents' Alma Mater, Michigan State Normal College. Mary, 14, and Rosalie Ann, 12, are here in Miami attending the St. Theresa Convent in Coral Gables.

Servicemen's Pier

Junior hostesses at the Miami Beach Servicemen's Pier and Branches are contributing to the War effort, and incidentally having a whirl when they come to the many dances sponsored by the Pier Association.

At the Pier itself there is dancing every evening, either on the deck or in the upstairs ballroom, with orchestras playing several nights a week.

Friday nights there are dances at Branch No. 3 at the Traymore, Tuesday nights at Branch No. 3, 4225 Collins Avenue, and the Sunday afternoon Potio Dance is at Branch No. 4 at the Whitman.

Girls in Greater Miami have an exceptional opportunity to help entertain servicemen, as dancing is one of the leading attractions. For further information about transportation and enrolling as a junior hostess, call 58-1016.

New Courses at Tech

by Billy Fernandez

Students from every corner of the country are arriving at Embry-Riddle to enter beginning classes in Flight, Instrument, Radio, Drafting and Aircraft and Engines.

Flight students began their courses of instruction last Monday and will know their way around Embry-Riddle by the time Radio, Instruments and Drafting enthusiasts buckle down to their technical work this Monday.

Close on the heels of these classes will be those in Aircraft and Engines, which will start February 28.

The dormitories are brimming over with youths who have made up their minds to get in on the ground floor of aviation and to render their country an invaluable service at the same time.

Specialized Fields

The boys and girls are preparing for wartime careers in the services and peacetime occupations later in highly specialized fields.

Flight courses at Chapman Field and the Seaplane Base are under the supervision of a notable staff of flyers, Radio is conducted by George R. Moorehead, Instruments by Alexander C. Frue, Drafting by Sheldon E. Wells and Aircraft and Engines by Rupert A. Keene.

Enrollment for the next series of Flight courses must be completed March 6.
CHARLES MAYDWELL WRITES FROM BRASIL

São Paulo, Brasil
January 22, 1944

Dear Florrie:

Faces are brightening up down here—Hamm’s wife has been here for several days, Ellis’ wife has turned up and I heard this evening that Mrs. Lehman had arrived during the day. Barker and Coupland have been advised that their wives are on the way. It makes a noticeable difference.

Maybe you would be interested in an account of our trip to Campinas as an indication of the interest these folks down here are showing in our having a good time and the limits to which they go to guarantee that we do.

We were told early last week that we were to be guests on Saturday of the President of the São Paulo Railroad, first railroad in South America, on a trip to Campinas, about 80 miles up country in the coffee, fruit and dairy section.

The genial and energetic Jim Troy has been largely responsible for the invitations that come to us, as well as for the admirable arrangements that have made things move smoothly on all occasions and we certainly are under heavy obligation to him.

We gathered at the Terminus Hotel within a few blocks of the railway station and, walking to the later, found two private cars awaiting us, attached to the train due to leave São Paulo at eight o’clock. Immediately ahead of our cars was a restaurant car serving café de mandiço to the passengers who had not been energetic enough to have this meal before starting. A similar car on the train back in the evening did yeoman service for us, of which I will tell you later.

The tender back of the engine at the head of the train was loaded with wood instead of coal which the railway is using because of the shortage of the latter as a result of the War. These Brazilians don’t let a little thing like shortages worry them. The government takes all the gas for war purposes, but the streets are full of automobiles operating on gas made from charcoal.

It is odd to see an automobile going down the street with what looks like two tall ash cans on the rear, but it works. So does the wood, and the railway is remarkably well operated.

The cars are spotless. Ted Hogan called attention to a “Restaurant Car” standing in the station at Campinas. It was so absolutely clean that I believe a linen handkerchief could have been brushed against the tracks without soiling it.

I wish I had the ability to do justice to what we saw on that trip, but I will do the best I can and leave the rest to imagination. Although São Paulo is 2,000 to 2,500 feet above sea level, I was very much reminded of the trip out of Baltimore on the Northern Central Railway to Buffalo, with scenery becoming more and more rugged as one progresses from rolling hills to mountains.

There is plenty of brick clay in this section and as a consequence plenty of brick and tile. We saw practically no “dobe” buildings of any sort, even the smaller farm houses being built of brick or concrete with tiled roofs. Add to this picture gorgeous flowers everywhere and you can imagine its beauty.

Up our wood-burning engine pulled us,
through Lapa, Juquei, Balem, Peru, (Peru means turkey in Portuguese, but here it means cement plants, enormous ones), Campo Limplo (clean country) and it is beautiful with more flowers; Varzea—more brick and tile—and then Jundiai with its railway shops and its electric motors operated from overhead lines (reminiscent of the run between Philadelphia and New York on the Pennsylvania, Louveira with more brick and tile on an extensive scale.

We had begun to see lots of vineyards, very well kept and good looking. At Vallinhos they were thick, with fig orchards and fields of coffee as well. And then Campinas. I was expecting a country town, but it turned out to be a fair-sized city. I'm guessing at about the size of York, Pa. The railway station was very large and modern in its arrangement—tile lined subways and all, although evidently some years old.

Outside the station there were two bondes awaiting us—like our one-time open summer cars, with cross seats and running boards on the sides. On these we were carried through narrow streets of the city, with narrow sidewalks reminding one of parts of Havana—out into the newer part of the city with its beautiful homes, and on to the Instituto de Agronomia, where all sorts of chemical and biological tests are made for the benefit of the farmers of the State of São Paulo.

Here we were guided through beautiful grounds and large modern buildings and listened to some interesting discussions. One for instance by friend Hamm, ably aided by his wife, with a chemist on the relative merits of starch made from manioca, with decision in favor of the latter, for one reason because of its extreme whiteness.

Then back to our bondes and across town to a densely wooded park with a restaurant in its center. Music was furnished for dancing while we waited for a bountiful and delicious luncheon—dinner really—from hors d'oeuvres, through the entree, meat course and salad to dessert. Then, by our bondes across town again and out to the hills from which we had a view of the whole city, beautiful with its tree-lined streets, varicolored tiled roofs and double-spired churches.

Then through the rolling country to a fazenda with a dairy herd of from 150 to

Continued on Page 14

Carlos R. C. Martins
Is Deeply Impressed
With Close-Up of AAF

Carlos R. C. Martins, public relations chief of the Brasilian Air Ministry, who recently completed a tour of the United States, said that he had made this trip to get what the Americans call a close-up of the United States Army Air Forces.

Accompanied by Lt. Col. John D. Gillett, G. S. C., who has been interested in the Brasilian Air Force since its inception, Carlos Martins welcomed the opportunity to visit the Training Command, Materiel Command and the Service Command as well as the headquarters of the Third Air Force.

Sr. Martins was awed when he saw not only the training of the Air Forces personnel but the vast organization behind the acquisition, storage, warehousing and maintenance of equipment and supplies.

Form Aerea Brasileira

That his itinerary included all the training centers where pilots of the Brasilian Air Force—F. A. B.—are being trained was especially interesting, stated Sr. Martins. While in Dayton, Ohio, where he visited the Air Service Command, he was heard to say, "I never knew there were so many people in the United States working for Brasil!"

The Brasilian newspaperman was intensely interested in his visits to such industrial centers as Detroit, which included Willow Run, Chicago and Los Angeles, home of Lockheed, Douglas and the Warner Brothers Studios. He was deeply impressed with the extent to which American industry and American women in industry have devoted themselves to War effort.

Before leaving for Brasil on Wednesday, Sr. Martins said, "I take with me a happy and profound impression of this vast country and its people and I will carry with me great saudades until the opportunity comes again for my return."

Adeus

He also made the statement that "the Riddle School, which is a part of this great training program, now has its counterpart in São Paulo where I feel that it will contribute a great part toward the success of the F. A. B."

Martins closed his interview with the remark that nothing has been left undone in the preparation of these thousands of young men who are to serve in the Army Air Forces and that he feels sure that the Brasilian officers and cadets now receiving this same training cannot help but bring great honor and glory to Brasil when their time comes to fly wing to wing with American pilots in hostile skies.

Sr. Martins spent much time at Embry-Riddle during his stay in Miami, and we wish to extend him a cordial invitation to return. It was a great pleasure to have him with us. Adeus, Sr. Martins.
TECH TALK
by Helen Hirsch and Jo Axtell

Phone: "Ring"  
Helen: "Hello" (interesting conversationalist)

Jo: "Helene, Lil Clayton told me to tell you that you're to write Tech Talk this week. No, not me and thee, just thee. She did not, my name didn't enter into the discussion. I know there's no news; make up something. You might call down to Purchasing and ask if Mr. Carpenter's new dependent has arrived. Well, the paper doesn't go to press until Wednesday; maybe it'll beat the deadline—no, not the column, the Carpenter baby.

"And tell about Major Clayton's (our former Commanding Officer) visit to Tech School last week. And no one ever did put into the column that Capt. Bob Walker visited Tech School a couple weeks ago. Oh, that's an exaggeration. I did not leap over the table when he walked into the Canteen.

"Then why don't you call Gloria Meyers up in the Instructors School and see if she knows anything fit to print. I know she's leaving Monday, but she might dig up something as a parting gesture. And let me see, I suppose someone in the vicinity of the Fifth Floor will write a column and cover the activity up there.

"But you can tell about Paul Lowe having his small twin daughters out for lunch the other day. Well, they're so cute they'd bear repetition. You'll what? You'll speak to Mr. Lowe about it? And by the same token I suppose some one will have to write about the group which left for São Paulo last week. The Mad Ebbets. Yes, he finally left all of us girls, but only for a short time. He'll be back. Wait a minute, Hirsch—

"What, Mr. Strahan? Bring my notebook and a handful of sharpened pencils? Goodbye, Hirsch. If you look around, you're liable to scare up something. No, not scare someone, scare up something. And thanks for writing the column. No, it doesn't have to be very long, just something to keep Lil's picture out of the doghouse. No—why should we let her get all that publicity? Her picture was in the Fly Paper about a month ago.

Mr. Strahan: "—cattle will not be denied the right of using said passageway to come and go at their leisure or as their gustatory predilections may require and that their rights of antagonistic, nutritious, disjunctive symbiosis will not be denied them without due process of law.

Phone: "Ring."

Jo: "Mr. Strahan's office. Hello, Helene, yes, busy—dictation—I don't know if it's important or not, I can't understand any of it."

Helene: "Well, this won't take a minute. I picked up a little info regarding Tech while talking to Lil Bradford and a few others. Anyhow, I know my boss, Mr. Ireland, will be in town for a few days anyway—never can tell from one day to the next how long he will be here."

"Mary Jendlin, Karen Draper's secretary, has joined the Waves; Mr. Harry Roberts, formerly of the Colonnade, is now at Tech to take over Accounting for the Brasilian Division; Lil Clayton's tastes run toward Colonelles; Pinky Church is back from her vacation; Laurice Anderson is leaving the middle of this month to join the WASPS.

"Joe Keenan says "he'll never sit again" after two trips to Arcadia on sight-seeing trips with the new Instructors. Twelve hours twice is too much. Tech Accounting is or by the time this goes to press has moved to the Colonnade.

"Reckon as how this is all I could dig up for the present—except for the brilliant tennis match of Monday afternoon which was enjoyed by all. OK, now you and Mr. Strahan can get back to your confusin' dictation."

DRAFTING DATA
by Robert E. Hoose

The family that is Embry Riddle is large. In addition it covers a lot of territory. It extends throughout Miami and vicinity. It reaches to Clewiston and Arcadia, Fla., and Union City, Tenn. And now a part of it is in São Paulo, Brasil. Yet the heart of the whole is the Tech School.

But, because the family is so widespread, there are many among us who have little conception of just what there is to the Tech School. This I know from first hand experience for I was at Carlstrom Field for seven months. During that time I often wondered and inquired about just what the Tech School consisted of and how it was organized.

Drafting and Design

First, the School is divided into several departments. One of these is Drafting and Design. Its head is Sheldon A. Wells, who founded and nurtured it to its present state of near perfection. In fact, the whole department reflects Mr. Wells.

Sheldon is neat in appearance and orderly in manner. He has an exacting manner of speech, calm and quiet and giving one a feeling of confidence in his ability and knowledge gained from experience in his field. He is matter of fact and yet softens any impression of severity by a smile and a good humour that is hard to beat.

Underlying all this is a burning and seething enthusiasm for the work that is to be done. Take these same factors and apply them to the department and you have the spirit of the whole. The same could be said about the others under him. A little time spent with them is refreshing.

The department was organized with the idea constantly in mind of its purpose—to train young men and young women in certain skills and give them a background of knowledge so that they could go into the
Second Lieutenant Bromfield Ridley, who received his Wings with Course 13, has puffed his cigars in many corners of the world. A pilot in the Fourth Ferry Group of the ATC, he has had a bird's-eye view of Africa, India, Persia, Arabia, China, England and Brasil (to mention a few).

Ridley returned for a few hours to pay his respects to W/C de Gruyther and to tell Guthrie, his advanced instructor, that he came very near being an ATG instructor. We are guessing that we owe the pleasure of his visit to the fact that Alva is not far from here—and there is a very attractive young lady living there.

Course 12 Gen

Lt. Ridley brought news that Fred Renshaw of Course 12 is also in the Fourth Ferry Group and reports back to Memphis now and then. Bromfield saw McDowell and Reeves in South America. (These two graduates of Course 13 were here for a few hours early in January.)

Charlie Miller, Advanced Squadron Commander, and Mrs. Miller celebrated Charlie's recent birthday with a dinner at their home. Main course was a 15-pound wild turkey, the result of a trip to the Big Cypress by Charlie and Johnny Davis. Those present were General Manager and Mrs. "Ernie" Smith, Sally Baxter, Mildred Sartain, F/L Trevin and Johnny Davis.

Golf Fever

An epidemic of golf fever has taken hold of the instructors and cadets here at Riddle Field and from all appearances it has grown to serious proportions. Gene Sarazen, former holder of National Championship and many other P.G.A. titles,

Although the former champion played a very enlightening game, finishing in even par for the eighteen holes and demonstrating his accuracy with his irons, we feel that a good deal of credit should be given to Cadet Wilson Galloway, who was laid up in the hospital for a week just prior to the game and whose long drives were a highlight of the game. Orchids also to Phil McCracken whose consistency was admirable in the face of the stiff competition afforded by Mr. Sarazen.

Ardent Fans

Among the many spectators were two A.T. instructors, Lou Mancuso and Joe Garcia, who were very interested in the movements and motions of Sarazen.

Joe had his high-speed motion picture camera and got some interesting shots and we believe that he will be hard to beat after he puts them on the screen in slow motion and studies the timing and stance of the former champion.

Lou has decided to change his style completely to conform to the new ideas picked up at the exhibition.

Fire Fighting Efficiency

An instructor flying near Belle Glade, on his way to Riddle Field, sighted a thick column of black smoke arising from the Field. By the time he had opened the canopy to get a better view, the smoke had disappeared.

The fire turned out to be for practice purposes, training crews in the use of the two new fire trucks—its sudden disappearance gives you an idea of the efficiency of this new equipment.

Marvin Pfander of Atlanta has been Continued on Page 12
DOINGS AT DORR FIELD

by Jack Whitall

We would like to mention to Miss Foster in the Army Intelligence department that Avon Park ain’t but 19 miles from Wau-chula and that Wau-chula ain’t but 25 miles from Arcadia—just in case she is interested.

Hilda Clark of “Pop” Anderson’s office has a secret wish that she told us the other day. She wants to hear “Pop” sing. Personally, we enjoy hearing the bull frogs croak and the cows make the noise they do and the dogs bark at night when you’re trying your best to sleep. Well, if he’s got to sing, O.K.

Anybody wanting to admire the awning at the gate house to the restricted area is welcome to do so. We’d like to point out that we built it ourselves, patent pending (and no wisecracks, thank you.)

Last Saturday night an apparition meandering down the streets of Arcadia, no less a personage than Mr. Rude. Yes sir, he had his busing suit on and we being the gentleman that we are wished him a pleasant evening. Same ole “Doc”—he comes back with, “Haw’ya, ya jerk.”

The Army Side

Another new (?) automobile on the Post (if it can be called an automobile). Claiming ownership is none other than Lt. Rubertus. It has three speeds—slow, back up and stop. We hereby challenge Whirlwind Willy to a race with our own trymotor Ford once around the circle—that is if Lt. Rubertus can ever get the thing started. Fact is, we’ll even give him a push as a handicap.

Tech Order No. 222½ says that there shall be no more parachute flares fired unless the Intelligence Officer is present. We understand that the I.O. wants to get in on the fun also (Lt. Anderson please take note). Ask Sergeant Lambeth about the two fishes that got away! Sgt. Banfield going around with his finger in a sling—those great big rough brutes.

Lt. Grewe has a new movie that will be shown every Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday during the hours when cadets are walking tours. The title is “How to March in a Military Manner.”

Tol’ably yours,
Jack

P.S. The good ole “Love Potion” has proved itself again—this time with Lt. Gailley, the Dorr Field Commandant. We don’t have complete data yet. Watch for it next week!

DORR’S KEYHOLE

by A.C. Wm. E. Stokes

Transition: This opus marks the end and the swan song of 44-F. True, some of our number will stay behind to swell the ranks of G, but most of us are on our way to Basic.

Last Friday our banquet was a success, our dance on Tuesday evening was one of the best and the first to be held in the new Cadet Club, and this week the Classbooks were distributed and ground school came to a close. So now it is farewell to Dorr.

New Face: Next week, Keyhole readers will be happy to find a new columnist. This is our last release and hereafter A/C E. D. Hightower will be doing all the pecking around Dorr. He will be the fourth writer of the column which has been appearing each week since October.

“The News” From the Squadron Reporters (Department of Ground Loops and Grassy Eights): In spite of the occurrence of a few ground loops, cross-tee landing and brain paralyzing ground school exams, Squadron 24-G’s original roster is still fairly well intact.

A/C Don Braley, the Squadron’s first soloist, discovered that the Tee on Number Two Field changes both easily and unexpectedly. Braley’s zooming diagonal takeoff added another grey streak to his Instructor’s already silvery head.

Some of the boys in G are rather disgusted when they ask upperclassmen how to land the Stearman without a ground loop; the only answer they get is “Oh, it will come to you” . . . A. P. Webb reports that with only two week-ends in Arcadia, the men in G have found the Cadet Club an entertainment lifesaver.

The “Heck,” It’s Easy Dept.: “Tiger” Henderson explained the best way to accomplish (not prevent) ground loops at the 44-F banquet, much to the amazement of the instructors and the flying officers. The cadets enjoyed it too, but in a different way. “Get that stick over to the side—bring her down on a wing, not a wheel—then when you get her on a wing, just keep her going round and round—it’s easy!”

The Fighting McCaskills

by A. C. James A. Null, Jr.

We of Dorr Field are proud to have a member of the fighting McCaskill family with us. A/C Harry L. McCaskill, now in primary training at Dorr, is one of a family of five brothers in the service—sons of Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie F. McCaskill, Sr., Rockingham, N. C.

The Navy claims the oldest of the quintet, Eainij J. Norman McCaskill, a grad of the University of North Carolina, is serving overseas on a merchant vessel. The highest ranking brother is Major L. F. McCaskill, Jr., Pilot, and an alumnus of the University of North Carolina prior to joining the Air Corps.

The youngest but definitely not the baby of the family is A/S Berniel L. McCaskill who is now at Columbus, Miss., waiting to enter Pre-Flight at Maxwell Field. He and Harry were students at North Carolina State.

The fighting McCaskills have two sisters, Mrs. P. A. Gaddy and Mrs. J. O. Prince, who are, well wager, just as proud of these five-brothers as we are to have one of them at Dorr Field.

Thus you have a brief story of one of
the many American fighting families—
boys, like we knew back home and in
college, who are doing their best so that
we may never be denied the right to live,
work, speak and worship as we please.

So to you McCaskills and all your com-
rades in arms, we wish you nothing but
the best—and Godspeed.

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**MAN OF THE WEEK**

by A. C. P. J. Dahlburg

Introduction to the Man of the Week begins this week with a challenge. Capt.
William H. Frank, Post Adjutant, offers to beat any commissioned officer of Dorr
or Carlstrom Fields at tennis, his favorite sport.

It is forewarned that the challenge is
not without backing, for Capt. Frank has
worn letters in tennis, baseball and basket-
ball at both high school and college—
Andover and Yale, respectively. If that is
not enough of a mental hazard, acceptees
of the challenge, be aware of the fact that
that Clint Frank, the famed all-American,
is a member of the Captain's family tree.

Capt. Frank does not depend on relatives
as a stepping stone to fame. He did slip
on the first stone, however, at the age of
six, by muffing a chance to be moderately
famous. The story has it that his proud
parents placed him on President Theodore
Roosevelt's special train and directed him
to yell “Three cheers for Teddy Roosevelt!”

By some quirk of chance, the word
“cheers” was mistaken for “chairs” which
boiled down to “seats” in the mind of
Dorr's present Adjutant. Consequently
“Three seats for Teddy Roosevelt!” raised
many an eyebrow and lowered the eyelids
of two abashed parents.

To get back to the more serious present,
Capt. Frank may be described as a mild-
mannered, very busy man in his thirties.
“Ever busy” best describes his activities
at Dorr—thus he is seldom seen by those
of the unworried lot but is often seen by
troubled cadets. His clear, cool thinking
doubtlessly has unloaded many a laden
mind.

The recent promotion (to Captain) is
the second since his arrival at Dorr as a
Second Lieutenant fifteen months ago.
Capt. Frank received his commission at
Miami, Fla., in October, 1942. His home
is Larchmont, N. Y., but his wife and
family have moved to Arcadia. His family
—yes, he has a son and a daughter, aged
six and four.

It seems that Capt. William H. Frank
has been busy all his life. He is a member
of the New York Stock Exchange and has
been connected with Smith, Frank and
Company.

Incidentally, he may be a brother to
some of you lads—Alpha Delta Phi.

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**A THOUGHTLESS REMARK CAN SET THE SPARK**

**LET'S KEEP THE ENEMY IN THE DARK!**

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**THE ENEMY WITHIN**

by A. C. W. E. Stokes

In a recent directive to all military and
civilian personnel at Dorr Field, Major
James L. Curnutt, commanding officer,
called attention to the considerable
number of enemy agents acting within this country
and urged that steps be taken to turn them
over to the proper authorities.

“Since the war began,” a section of the
major's directive reads, “almost ten thou-
sand enemy agents have been seized in the
United States. Not overseas, but here at
home.

Most of these ‘enemies within’ have
been captured because patriotic Americans
heard . . . or saw something suspicious
and passed their information along to the
proper authorities.”

Major Curnutt reminded all those con-
nected with Dorr Field that he has design-
nated Lt. Wilson B. Hand, post Intelli-
genious Officer, as the proper authority to
whom all reports of alien or un-American
activity should be submitted.

“Should you hear anything unpatriotic, if you
see anything suspicious . . . or pick up any
information that may lead to the capture
of any secret enemy, report it to the Intelli-
genious Officer . . . at once.”

Major Curnutt has asked that this direc-
tive be taken to heart by every member of
the Field. It is necessary for the whole
war effort that the sabotage carried on in
this country be stamped out immediately.
The Major's action is likewise a warning to
all Americans of the threats existing within
our borders.

“Your action may save an American
life.”

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**FOURTH WAR LOAN**

by A. C. Ed Hightower

The Fourth War Loan Drive gained
momentum at Dorr Field this week as Dorr
Cadets, enlisted men and officers showed
accelerated interest in the progress of bond
sales.

According to W/O Earl P. Flanagan,
director of selling operations, the reaction
to the current drive has been very favor-
able. Cash sales have increased and Class
“B” deductions have risen substantially.

Dorr Field's Army personnel, displaying
evidence of a much more realistic perspec-
tive of the war than the general public,
have continued their present bond allot-
mements and have purchased more.

Many Dorr Cadets, regarding war bonds
not only as a practical investment but as
an extremely important portion of the war
effort as well, have extended the same
enthusiasm for bond buying that they have
for flying. A large percentage of them have
authorized the purchase of one or more
bonds per month.

Increases in bond deductions for the
Fourth War Loan drive are expected to
exceed those of previous drives by as much
as 30 per cent.

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**“THE ENEMY WATCHES AND ListENS”**

—Prime Minister Winston Churchill
RAF CADET FRED BAYTON STANDS AT ATTENTION BEFORE THE PAY DESK. Seated, left to right, are: Cpl. K. A. Stevens, RAF, of Accounts, F/L George Gibson, Adjutant, and Under Officer J. C. McIntyre.

RIDDLE ROUND-UP

Continued from Page 9

at Riddle Field holding practice drills and classes in fire fighting for over a week. 

Lt. Lt. Sanford P. Gilley, former Primary Instructor at No. 5 BFTS, now with the Army Ferry Command, flew in the other day in a P-60 to say hello to some of his old friends at Riddle Field. Lt. Gilley was piloting a P-47 when he paid his last visit several months ago.

Mother Waddow

The Fly Paper is grateful to ‘Mother’ Waddow for many of the alumni news items which appeared in last week’s issue. She has many friends among the graduates and present members of No. 5 BFTS. In an interesting letter to the editor she tells how she became the American ‘mother’ of our cadets.

“My son and I, on the way to Clewiston, gave a ‘lift’ to Eric Wilson of Course 12 at the gate of Riddle Field on the third day of his stay here. We invited him, and any friends he cared to bring, to our home near Palmdale for the following week-end. After that he spent all his spare time, including his ‘long leave’ with us until his graduation.

“Since that time we have met hundreds of the cadets. Fifteen of these boys became ‘adopted’ and as dear as our own! We hear, more or less regularly, from most of them, their parents, their wives or sweethearts.

“I am very proud and honored that most of these boys call me ‘Mama,’ or one of its various forms.”

W/C T. O. Prickett, D.S.O., former Commanding Officer of Riddle Field, came down from Washington this week on a routine inspection trip. Ridditla are always glad to see him, and we hope for a longer visit soon.

COURSE 18

At last the hazards of Primary are over and those of us who were lucky enough to have passed all our Ground School exams are now enjoying the more pleasant spots of Florida.

On Saturday last we experienced our first Wings Parade and it was with great envy that we looked upon Course 16 as its members marched out to receive their coveted Wings. We would like to congratulate each of them on his achievement and wish them “Happy Landings.”

And now a friendly word of advice to the Course which is taking our place on Primary: Watch the ground loops, as we don’t wish to lose our record, and, with apologies to Mr. Mason, “If in doubt, pour on the coals and go around again.”

We are all looking forward to our start on ATs and we hope we are successful despite all the lines which have been shot to us.

Dorothy Round Little and Ruth Mary Hardwick, world-known, top-ranking tennis champions, 1934 and 1937, gave a delightful exhibition of tennis Saturday after Wings Parade. They were accompanied by Lloyd Budge, Director of Athletics for Embry-Riddle, and Lt. Campbell Gillespie, former University of Miami tennis champion.

The exhibition began with a single match between the ladies which proved brilliant to watch, and even to those not quite capable of understanding the finer points it was very interesting.

Who would have thought that so many would have to come to the United States before seeing their own ‘stars’?

The first set went to Miss Hardwick after a very close tussle 7-5, the second being a complete reversal when Mrs. Little “ran away” to take the set 6-2.

We then watched some really fine double play between Mrs. Little and Lloyd Budge, Lt. Gillespie and Miss Hardwick, which was won by the former, 7-5 and 6-3, in a close game.

DRAFTING DATA

Continued from Page 8

very matter of fact business world and take their place with a minimum of adjustment. All phases of the training have the practical in mind, but do not lose sight of the value of the theoretical. It all seems like good horse sense to me.

There are two courses. One takes up drafting and all the basic studies and detail design, while the other deals with production design instead of detail design. The second appeals to those of a more artistic turn of mind. These two courses embrace about eighty percent of aeronautical engineering, which will give you some idea of the breadth and scope of the studies.

The courses are gauged to parallel plant procedure as much as possible. Drafting is all done from design layout drawings. Thus you learn from circumstances that will be met in the factory. Full-scale templates are used, the layouts being a confusion of lines and figures to me. But anything looking so complicated just can’t be easy.

Mathematics is a necessity, covering algebra, geometry, trigonometry and descriptive geometry. Another “must” is a course in physics, the equivalent of any college course. This last is taken up in a new laboratory with some very ingenious new equipment that is far beyond my layman’s ability to describe.

Perspective Work

Especially interesting is the perspective work, as a whole object or as a cutaway. This is used in plants extensively now instead of the older three or more view drawings. It has been found much easier for the inexperienced help that often must be used today in the war plants to visualize from this type of work.

Then there is the air brush work. To my disillusionment I find that most of what I had always considered to be highly skilled brush work is really air brush work. The skill required to do this is not to be discounted, but it’s a little disappointing to learn that the—ah—very luscious creations of Varga and Petty and others are really blown from a gun. That goes for the pictures of the latest in autos and airplanes and most anything else that is illustrated in the colored ads. Even photographs are touched up with this handy little gadget.

BOND BUYING EXAMPLE

The 75th AAFTD has subscribed 100% for War Bonds through salary allotments. The seven men in this organization have set an example for the rest of us in their total subscription of $100 each month! They jumped the gun on the 4th War Loan Drive by doubling last year’s subscription!
Glamour Girls Fly At Chapman Field
by Billie Fernandez

This will have to be short and not so sweet. Ordinarily I'd be wringing Cookie's neck for not giving me more notice but it is hard to get mad at a happy bride. Tomorrow is the big day, kids, for her and Dave. It's an event we've all looked forward to. Lots of luck.

All is confusion in Operations these days. At least for me. It seems that while I was in New York glamour girls from all over the country came to Chapman to fly. I'll never get them all straightened out.

It was also good to find some old names on the blackboard. Model is back flying the gadgets. And Tanambau is here doing a little acrobatic work in the low wing. Audrey (Spotty to me) Johnson is back again and very welcome.

We said goodbye to Bill Hayes this week. He is off to Texas to be a test pilot. It was not easy to get to know Bill but those of us who did hate to see him leave. All the luck in the world, fellas!

Dave Pearlman has gone north for a week-end. Lola Hayes has left us. Guy Havgood expects to leave soon for ATC.

George Lambros asked to be remembered to all the Chapمانites. He is in Allentown, Pa., on WTS—doing most of his flying in the Instructor's recreation room. Weather conditions in that part of the country last week were best suited for ping pong.

Not so with us. We are graduating two more classes this week and I've got some scheduling to do for them. Sorry to rush off like this. Don't think it ain't been charmin'. Next week Cookie will give you all the dirt I've missed. 'Bye now.

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Don't be free with military information! Protect freedom of speech . . .

CARA LEE COOK AND DAVID W. DABOLL will take the fatal step tomorrow. Before the Fly Paper went to press Cookie, who is secretary to Assistant Manager Arthur E. Gibbons of Chapman Field, was unable to tell us where or what time the great event was to take place. Instructor Dave was not to be found. Anyway, we understand he was speechless. Next week we hope to have an articulate account of the wedding.

WHITECAPS
by Rosemary Bryant

Cay has been after me ever since November to write a column for the Fly Paper, but remembering something similar I did one year for the Shortridge Daily Echo back in my high school days, I declined with regret. For I like the people at the Seaplane Base and have no desire at all to lose my friends here. However, these Fridays with no Seaplane Base representation in the Fly Paper are rolling around far too frequently and I'm tired of them—so here I go.

This week at our cozy little nest saw the following—everyone excited about flying our new ship which is a honey—a lot of pounding and hammering as the new ramp was built. Incidentally, the construction of said ramp was a source of disgust to quite a few, notable among whom was Walter Blake whose curiosity as to why a certain board was sticking up near the water's edge led to a nice slide down the slick slope and almost a plunge into the Bay.

It was Walter, you may remember, who smugly asked Emmett Brown if he'd been wading the day the same thing happened to Emmett. Retribution?

The girls at the Dorm were far too excited to speak to the rest of the common herd down here as they had been photographed by Life magazine's photographers. Gardner Royce, Chief Pilot, had quite an exciting week-end as his son received those precious Wings and a Lieutenant's commission at Clewiston on Saturday. Congratulations to both father and son.

Gardner flew up for the graduation—a most eventful occasion.

The imminent departure of Emmett Brown for that well-known "active duty," though Heaven knows flight instruction is active enough, is resulting in a great deal of hustle and bustle by those of his students who are getting near that old flight test time.

Wearing worry frowns and discussing the more astute points of 720s, plywood 8s, spines and stalls are Jo Rudford and me. Walter Blake is more concerned with lazy eights and chandeliers and he's "polishing off" for his commercial.

Connecticut becomes represented at our little haven on the water's edge by a new flight student, Poli Sheahan, who brings a good refreshing humor to the Base. Welcome, Poli.

And in the "hello again" column we find Billy Waters who dropped in from Tipton to pay his respects to the old gang, Billy used to be a Ground Instructor here.

Congratulations go to Marilyn Coleman for her Private Pilot's License, to Gordon Walters and Charles Gildersleeve for their Water Ratings. Also to Jo Rudford and "Rusty" Shethar for completing both their dual and solo cross-country flights.

I could think of a lot more to write. Everything is fun at the Seaplane Base and there are lots of nice people here to write about, but guess I'd better stop and spend some more of my time over my Civil Pilot Training Manual—in the sections devoted to precision spins.

'RUSSY' BOWN, FLIGHT STUDENT at the Seaplane Base, gets a little practical advice from her ground school instructor, Lorraine Mahoney.
2 February 1944

201.22

SUBJECT: Commendation.

TO: All Military and Civilian Personnel, 53rd AAFTD, Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Florida.

1. It has come to my attention that during the past year you have engaged in 192,047 hours of flying instruction and graduated a total of 2,381 without loss of life. This is a truly remarkable record and indicates high standards of instruction, maintenance and administrative supervision.

2. I wish to congratulate each of you who, through your unflinching efforts and the employment of your particular skill, has made this record possible. You are nearing your third complete year of operation without a fatality. It is hoped that continued efforts on your part will extend your period of instruction without loss of life far into the future.

T. J. HANLEY, JR.,
Major General, U. S. Army, Commanding

CARLSTROM
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to begin their training at the new Carlstrom Field.

In the many months that have followed new buildings have been erected, additional planes have been added to the first group of PT-17s, many American and British cadets have graduated from Carlstrom and gone on to receive their Army Air Forces and Royal Air Force pilot’s wings, the grass and shrubbery have flourished (the mud having completely disappeared), and Carlstrom has grown into a beautiful “Oasis on the Prairie” with a most enviable safety record as a Primary Training School.

During my three years in Arcadia and at Carlstrom I have met many people and made many friends whom I shall never forget. It has indeed been a happy and interesting experience, and I wouldn’t trade it for anything!

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200 Holstein-Friesians in spotless burns. The dono himself was our guide and he rightly showed his pride in his modern plant and his cows, washed daily from head to tail with soap and water. Later he took us to his beautiful house with tile-floored salon, on which opened living rooms, music room and dining room.

We were presented to his dono who took us to her large garden and personally superintended the serving of cold pasteurized milk with wafers of the Nabisco variety and almondina under an enormous banyan tree (figueria grande), seventy-five years old with a root spread above ground at least twenty feet in diameter.

The milk was brought from the cold room of the barn—large trays of litre bottles and I saw forty-two bottles disappear in a hurry. The flowers here too were beautiful, particularly a yellow double hibiscus and an acacia imperial with its long golden spikes drooping toward the ground.

Back to our bondes and to our park restaurant where we had sandwiches, beer from a local brewery, and what have you before taking the eight o’clock train (to which our cars were attached) back to São Paulo. A number of our party took over the restaurant car, again immediately ahead of ours, and sang all the songs, new and old, you ever have heard.

Just one day in the life of an instructor in Escola Técnica de Aviação de São Paulo.

Charles

CAROUSEL
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to pay a visit to the Basic School at Gunter Field, Ala. Although they were expected to return the following Saturday, the same Wednesday afternoon found all four of the instructors back on the Field—couldn’t get through the weather!

Monday the 7th found Bill Greene trying again and Saxon Rowe trying for the first time. The instructors certainly seem to get a lot of pointers from their trips to the Basic Schools and enjoy their visits at the same time.

Freddie Lewis of Army Engineering has left us for the WAVES. We’ll all miss you, Freddie, but wish you the best of luck. Judy Cooper (daughter of our Mrs. Cooper in the Mess Hall) has taken over Freddie’s job. We hope you’ll like it here, Judy.

Blonde switchboard operator Betty Vickers has left us to join her husband in Mississippi. This will be Betty’s first trip out of Florida, so everyone had better watch the newspapers for Missing Persons! Seriously, though, we all know Betty will enjoy being with Hubbie, but hope she won’t forget to come back to Arcadia some day soon. We all wish to welcome Jennie M. Rude, who is replacing Betty on the switchboard, and hope she’ll enjoy her work.

ATTENTION! The Administration Bowling Team would like to challenge any of the bowling teams from the Miami Divisions to a game on the Arcadia Bowling Alleys at any time it is convenient for the Miami bunch to come up. Any team interested should either accept the challenge through the Fly Paper or contact Bob Bullock.

Instructors who have passed all preliminary examinations for the Air Transport Command, and who probably will be leaving us shortly to report for duty with the ATC, are Sammy Bottom, Charles Cross, Mack Trahan, Lawrence Scott, Darwin Bloker and James Sapp. Good luck to all of you!

Word recently received from several former Carlstrom Instructors reveals that 2nd Lt. Kunkel is now in training for combat duty, while Roy Kunkel is shortly to become a Basic or Advanced Instructor and “Bing” Crosby is receiving training to become a check pilot at a Primary School.

CARLSTROM CADETS OF CLASS 44-G PAUSE IN FRONT OF THE OPERATIONS TOWER. Left to right are: Cadets Paul Hunsinger of Dushore, Pa., Don Butterfield of Montgomery, W. Va., and Dick Lenhardt of Altam, Ill.

AIR MEDAL

Word recently received from Headquarters, United States Air Forces, reveals that Lt. Arthur D. Karp of Class 42-G at Carlstrom has been awarded the Air Medal while serving with the Air Forces overseas. Congratulations to Arthur.
ENGINE NOISES

by Dick Hourihan

Our Get Acquainted Day was a success, although the best laid plans of mice and men, etc. Due to circumstances beyond our control, our plans were altered at the last minute and consequently there was little or no order in our schedule of events.

Aircraft and Instrument Overhaul departments arrived shortly after 3 o’clock, but due to the large number attending and the lack of guides we were unable to give our guests a complete dollar and a half tour.

Nevertheless, with the able assistance of Charlie Pothin and Jack Brady, we believe all the operations of Engine Overhaul were shown and an attempt made to explain them, but because of the noise we’re afraid the explanations were not heard by everyone. We personally know of several who were enlightened to the extent of telling a cylinder from a crankshaft, so perhaps our tour was not in vain.

Another Day

The biggest disappointment was the absence of our scheduled speaker, Wenzel Brown. We had the right time but the wrong day, and I offer my sincere apologies to our guests for this error. We will, however, have the privilege of hearing Mr. Brown before this issue of the Fly Paper is published.

After the Engine Overhaul tour, the entire Division attended the tennis matches and witnessed tennis as it should be played. We wish to extend thanks to Dorothy Round Little, Ruth Mary Hardwick, Lt. Campbell Gillespie and Lloyd Budge for the wonderful exhibition. For the tennis lovers amongst us, we could have wished for nothing better in the way of entertainment. We were a bit disappointed, however, that Miss Hardwick didn’t win at least one set because we all thought she was such a good sport. We all wish her better luck next time. As “Shorty” Muzzio said, “She’s a tricky player.”

“Cap” Stanley

“Cap” was born on Cranberry Isle, Me., way back in 1890. He started his sea career at the age of 12 as a helper on a boat carrying sardines to a factory in Brooklin, Me., and at 13 was fishing on the Banks.

“Cap” fished the Banks for 25 years and has many interesting experiences to relate—ask him about the delicious salt beef.

During World War I Stanley worked as a stage builder in the shipyards at Bath, Me. After the War he tried working in a woolen mill but he couldn’t resist the call of the briny deep and shipped as a mate on a yacht out of Seal Harbor. During the winter months, he came South to fish for crabs in the Gulf at Clearwater, Fla.

“Cap” finally assumed the responsibility of Captain on a yacht in Boston. He brought it South each winter and docked at Miami Beach at the Beach Boat Slips. It was here that he met Charlie Grafflin, then manager of the Slips.

Stanley has had command of many boats since, the last one belonging to Mayor Hague of Jersey City. He chartered this boat to many prominent people, among them Cardinal Dougherty.

When the present War started “Cap” was interested in doing something to help the War effort and he wrote Charlie Grafflin who was then Manager of Engine Overhaul.

Perley Stanley has been with Engine Overhaul 13 months. He has done an exceptionally good job and has only missed three and one-half hours, which is close to perfect.

INSTRUMENTS

by Walter Dick

Another week has oscillated by and believe it or not our lads and lasses have turned out so many tachometers that they about wore out two stroboscopes to say nothing of our genial inspector, Ray Crowford, who must inspect each instrument.

By the way, have you noticed the wrist muscles of Skinner and Moore since they joined the “Loyal Order of Post Twisters”? Rod and Upson are licking those altimeters into shape. They don’t get “all up in the air” about them—they got the right “altitude.”

This week Frank Torian is assisting Upson with the altimeters as Rod is laid up with the measles. Nice of Hugh Skinner to invite Hi Fein for an airplane jaunt. Only catch is that Hi must wait until the club can buy a cargo plane.

Mr. Heid has been very busy setting up the gas analysis equipment used in checking fuel analysis cells. Get him to explain it some time. It’s interesting even if you don’t understand it. He does. What a man!

This has been a particularly busy week with the watchmakers in the shop—Snyder, Fein, Fieldhouse and Dick. It would appear from some of the jobs, especially the ellipse time clocks, that someone had been flying thru some pretty heavy weather.

Carrie Carter, the young lady from Government Stock Room was very happy last Saturday—when her handsome husband appeared in his Navy uniform.

Now here is some verse, written by a twelve-year-old girl whom some of you know, which expresses quite well the value of buying War Bonds.

America

Our country America is the land of the brave and the free—

Where people can live and enjoy the wonders that they see.

People don’t have the fear of hate in their minds each day.

And can go around in their own peaceful way.

If you want this freedom of liberty, buy War Bonds and Stamps—

So this war will cease.

And we will have everlasting peace.

—Miriam C. Fein

A. D. D.’S

by Dorothy Keyser

There’s plenty of excitement ’round these parts. For those who’ve noticed our smug expressions, this is to inform you that we’ve reason to be proud. Our new quarters are now under occupation as per schedule, and they’re all that we hoped for and then some.

The new building has been divided into sections consisting of seven small offices and an extra large office for the stenographers and bookkeepers.

Milly and I have petitioned for a telephone connection between our desks to save wear and tear on the vocal chords and we anticipate action in the very near future. Many thanks to Embry-Riddle Company for making us comfortable, and we do hope that you all will come out to see us.

One of the nice people we’ve had the pleasure of meeting lately is Mr. Porter’s new secretary, Jo Rudinski. She’s a new-comer to Miami, and for the benefit of the male gang, the best source has stated that she’s unattached.

New to the flock of ADD’s, but not to Embry-Riddle-ites, is Bud Youngman, formerly Engine Overhaul Timekeeper and more recently an Engine Overhaul mechanic. Bud now holds forth as Chief Cook and Bottle Washer in the new Repairable Issue Stockroom. Welcome to the fold, Bud!
DORMITORY LIFE
by Susie Bryan

Wandering through the Dorm Monday night I bumped into a strange but very attractive girl. Upon inquiring whether she was a new student, the answer was in the negative. I was stunned to learn that this was Bette Moffett who has been at the Dorm a whole month but somehow was missed by ye olde sleuth.

Bette comes from Grose Pointe, Mich., where she attended the Grose Pointe Country Day School and Wayne University for a year and a half, majoring in Child Psychology. In between times she taught dancing to the small fry around Grose Pointe. She decided, however, that Link was more interesting to teach—and here she is taking Link at Embry-Riddle.

Wings Parade

Edith Benson invited Bobby Jelonik, Mary Amanek and Blanche Sewick to Clewiston for Wings Parade last Saturday. A grand time was had by all, thanks to Edith. Our other Edith, Edith Chapman to be exact, is in Plant City for a short visit but is expected back very soon.

Rusty Shethar is now working at Embry-Riddle in the Transportation office. To her day she appeared rather like a lost chick as she wandered through the Tech building attempting to deliver a message to a Mr. Miller—in time, though, she did locate him. Her roommate, Mary Jessup, of whom one catches fleeting glimpses now and then, is going to drive an Army staff car on the Beach.

Superwoman

Not to be outdone by this sudden frenzy of driving is Mary Gilman—she's really got a job! Mary has taken over the task of driving one of those half-ton trucks for the Army on the Beach. Her roommate, Topsy Gaston, soloed recently and as per usual the gals at the Dorm gave the victim a good dunking.

Margaret Van Over and Betty Just have a grand time together—both of them being born sailors—going over to the Seaplane Base for hours of sailing.

Monday night the Dorm gals were supposed to have had their third basketball game with Engine Overhaul, but it has been postponed until next week when the tournament will end. Not having any opponents, they played among themselves with Helen Allen of Chapman Field as captain of one team and "old lady" Shethar as captain of the other.

Although we saw the game, it was all rather confusing, so bright and early this a.m., we called Rusty for information on just who won. Even she was uncertain, but we think Helen's team had the high score.